



From riches to rags with a dash of Ponce de Leon thrown in. That might describe the 1943 basketball team that has been performing under the green-and-gold banner that symbolizes Oregon. Riches? Yes, gold and silver and plenty of extra tires, and sugar and coffee. The beloved Ducks were outfitted with flowing adjectives at the start of the current spheroid chucking season. And the lad responsible for this flow of honey dripping compliments was a football-basketball prognosticator, hailed by his friends as Dick Dunkel. D. D., in his spare time, chips up a little form chart in which he grades the respective merits of casaba flipping aggregations all over the country.

A Dose of Dunkel

Richard Dunkel went overboard on our sterling gang of Ducks and hoisted them far above the common heaps of clubs to the most coveted position of all—the number one ranking spot in the nation! Pass the smelling salts, and some of the corn in "The Corn Is Green"! It was a surprise. But definitely. Mr. Dunkel's announcement came prior to the varsity's initial northern division loss to Washington State.

But what a reputation to live up to! The Webfoots, in northern sportcasting circles had not been tabbed for better than fourth or third placement in the final standings of the loop jaunt. And here was Dunkel showcasing the Hobson men before the eyes of the nation. Time went on, and things changed. Oregon lost a couple of games. The Dunkel patience collapsed like the holder of a show-ticket in the fourth race at Santa Anita who has seen his nag romp in a dead last. Gone was the lofty rating, dextrous coating of words. Oregon basketball team? Hmm. Don't see 'em on the new list. . . . And so, the Dunkel pressure off, the Hobsonites settled down to a regular season. It has been a more win-than-lose season. But that's the riches-to rags picture.

And now you're wondering about Ponce de Leon. Yep, we know, he was a brilliant explorer. The most noted thing about this Van Dyke bearded gent was the fact that he was searching for a mysterious palm-dotted, sun-bathed, treasure-laden land called the Fountain of Youth. Even you "D" students in history recall that Ponce never caught up with that terra firma. It was, like prosperity, always "just around the corner."

Hobson Goes One Better

Howard "Hobby" Hobson, however, has gone P.D.L. one better. A manpower shortage and the failure of veterans to play up to their customary standard of ball, sent the good Dr. Hobson on a basketball talent hunt.

Stealthily he moved in on the Oregon freshman camp, and before a sentry could cry out, the cunning cage chief had captured three wet-behind-the-ears yearlings. You know their names: Roger "I get dust on my hands from touching the Igloo rafters" Wiley; Ed "I'm as cool as my brother" Dick, and Stan "The best way to get down court is to beat the other guys" Williamson.

Wiley and Williamson, the two "W" boys are currently reposing on the Hobson first unit. Dick has seen his share of action in melon wars this year. And the Hobson experiment has evidently proved to be successful. Howard Hobson has discovered his own "Fountain of Youth."

Exit Hank?

This week-end the greatest name that basketball has ever known, may depart for good from the casaba sport. Ensign Angelo Henry Luisetti of the USN, stationed at the naval pre-flight school at St. Mary's, California, may decide to hang up his "sneakers" for the duration, even for good. He's twenty-eight years old now, and that's pretty old to be competing week-with guys around the nineteen-twenty-twenty-one year mark. We dare say that the former Stanford University cager can live off his press clippings for a good time to come. Incidentally, the possible Luisetti farewell appearance will be the game between the Pre-Flight lads, and the St. Marys collegians.

For the Good of the Cause

Jovial John Warren convinced himself the other day that his ten ayem basketball fizz-ed charges had been a bit lethargic of late, so he proceeded to devote an entire period of the casaba class to running his boys through the stiffest workout they have seen in many a moon. The by-now-famous "burpee" and the established "Duck walk" were probably the only two outstanding exercises that Honest Jawn omitted in his calisthenic spree. But although the young men rubbed arms and legs and torsos ruefully for the following two days, they were aware of the importance and value of J. Warren's workout.

The 1943 Emerald all-intramural squads will be picked next week. See the story in today's sport section.

A Hectic Day For the Lads

Sherry Ross, 'Awfuls' Corner Victory Jackpot

By STAN PIERSON

"As hectic a day as has ever been seen in intramural athletics" was the comment of officials and spectators alike, after viewing the big opening of the 1943 basketball play-offs.

Twelve hopeful squads, representing ten organizations, were entered in yesterday's frays. By 6:30 p.m. both of the rough, tough, squawking teams from Sigma Nu had been eliminated, while only the "B" quintet from

Phi Delta Theta survived its initial battle.

Omega, Too

Mainly due to surprising upsets, Sherry Ross hall, Beta Theta Pi, and the Awful Awfuls came through unscathed in the "A" ranks, while the "Bees" from Sigma Chi, Phi Delt, and Omega hall emerged into the semi-finals as expected.

"B" league scores:

Sigma Chi, 20; Sigma Nu, 15. Phi Delt, 15; SAE, 9.

Omega hall, 20; Yeomen, 12.

Featuring the Potestios and the Unkeles, Sherry Ross hall after being held to a 12 to 12 halftime score, took a 20 to 15 verdict from the battling Phi Delt. Although not exactly spotless, the game was probably the cleanest of the three "A" encounters. Close throughout, the winner was not decided until late in the final period when baskets by Harold Potestio and Benny

(Please turn to page eight)

Rival Health Set-up Helps

By FRED TREADGOLD

The "back to health" plan, inaugurated at Oregon State a short while ago, is bearing a luscious and tasty fruit, as a communique from the Corvallis home of the Beavers reveals that the last of Slat's Gill's "hospital battalion" has returned to service what with the Oregon brush just one day distant.

Don Cecil, who was firmly implanted at a forward niche till influenza put him down for the count, is expected to barge his way right back into the starting lineup. The California J.C. transfer second best Orange scorer before he was stricken, un-

doubtedly would have abetted the anemic OSC cause last Saturday night.

Over the Wires

Beaver propaganda bulletins describe the Staters as being at "full strength for the first time since the opening conference series with Washington a month ago."

With sharp-shooter Cecil in the fold, the "Slatted One" of Beaver coaching fame, will probably chuck these five fellows against our Ducks tomorrow night at Corvallis and Saturday at the home floor:

Glen Warren, tall and rather consistent point-artist, and aforementioned Cecil at forwards; Andy Anderson, blond backboard bombshell, at center; and that Lilliputian guard duo, packed with speed and scoring dynamite, Don Durdan and Lew Beck.

Such a set-up insures Gill of

(Please turn to page eight)

Sigma Kappas Win

Sigma Kappa's smooth-working six won the girls' basketball title yesterday afternoon as they won a 33-14 victory over the A.D.Pis. The champs have gone undefeated throughout the whole season.

Pat Carson was sensational; Pat Howard was as fast as lightning; the other Sigma Kappas

(Please turn to page eight)

New T Shirts

See them at

DeNeffe's

They are knitted, and very good looking.

Especially designed to meet the first call of Spring!

Sizes small, medium, large, and only—

\$1.50

ALSO LOOK

at the last word in

SPORT SHIRTS

in plain color and the new Plaid Effects. All sizes.

\$3.50 to \$5

DeNeffe's

Your Downtown Campus Store
1022 Willamette

Today

L. G. Balfour Co.

presents

Jewelry Leather Goods Display

at the

COLLEGE SIDE

9 to 11 a.m. 2 to 5 p.m.

Hal Gray, Representative