



If it isn't one thing . . . it's two! Hobby Hobson's devastating Duck stickmen, who have been clanging the title gong around these northwest woods at such a steady tattoo the last few years that other clubs have scarcely a look-in, seem now to be running into their share of bad luck—long over-due.

First off Big Johnny Day, an extremely huge individual for just a freshman and extremely talented with his left flipper, was given fond glances by Uncle Sam's army representatives. As a result Big John, his arm loaded with hurling dynamite, bridges off with the ERC to do "squads right," leaving Coach Hobby a sadder man. Mr. Day was just the prescription the doc ordered to cure the Webfoots' pitching ills. The most effective portsider to wend his way into the Duck camp since the altitudinous Bob Hardy hit town from SOCE in 1936.

You Ain't Heard Nuthin' Yet!

But that was just a starter. Next disaster to strike deep into the Duck bailiwick came when Bill McKevitt, two-year carry-over catcher, stopped a foul tip with his left wrist. Two days later McKevitt sought medical consultation for his "bruise" and found he was packing around a fracture. A month at least on the shelf for the badly needed McKevitt.

And Saturday the queerest and most ironical of the disasters struck home. Young Bob Caviness, youthful but brilliant lefthander from McMinnville, was working on the hillock in an intrasquad practice. An opposing batsman got hold of one on the edge of his stick. The ball spiralled high along the third base line, between home and third. Now Caviness as all pitchers, had been receiving intensive training on covering balls hits in the infield along the baselines, and moved in fast to nail it in flight. Young Catcher Haynes, with the same idea in mind, sped out from behind the bat, neglecting to remove his mask.

"Boob" Tried to Warn

Captain Johnny Bubalo, covering first at the time, foresaw the impending collision, and opened his mouth to voice a warning. But not a sound came forth and the charging Caviness and the running Haynes collided with a thud.

The youthful twirler spat out three front teeth, bled from from the chin and inside the mouth. Haynes had a gash opened on his face from the Caviness ivories.

Two days later both were getting around almost as steadily as normal, though Caviness still had his mouth puffed up to outlandish proportions. Caviness will be out for the Linfield opener today, and it might be some time before he'll feel up to snuff again.

Opener Today?

According to schedule, baseball a la 1943 is all set for an auspicious opening today, with Linfield's unknown Wildcats the "cannon-fodder." It's all set, the Ducks primed, though not at full strength. All that's uncertain is the way the weather man will react. If he withholds his (censored), things will go gayly on their way, baseball's birth for this year will be realized. Otherwise, no contest.

Dapper Hobby Hobson, the Duck's itinerant, travel-conscious leader, will only have five days to size up his squad before plunging into the scorching northern division conference race. Attending a crucial conference of the National Basketball Coaches association in New York City, March 29 and 30, the Oregon basketball-baseball prompter will not return to Eugene till April 4. When Hobby does arrive, acting-coach Dick Whitman will have to sum up his observations quick-like as he (Whitman) is all set to assume a soldier boy's role.

As Good as 1935 Infield?

For Duck partisans this will be the last year to watch the smooth-functioning Oregon infield work as a complete unit. This season's inner four should be quite able to match any Webfoot combine, perhaps even including the gold-plated quartet of 1935—Harry McCall, Ray Koch, Joe Gordon, Johnny Lewis—though old-timers might contest such a statement.

For sake of argument, we'll compare these two infields. The 1934-35 bunch won two straight pennants, the 1943 bunch grabbed buntings in 1941-42, though shortstop Bob Farrow didn't figure in the first conquest.

At first Bubalo of the present Ducks rates over McCall of the '35ers with a fat .339 hitting average, compared to .286 for the latter. McCall might have had an edge on "The Boob" in fielding. Second Baser Koch was a real house-afire, clubbing .339, compared to Donnie Kirsch's .233 of last year, but we'll lay our shekels on Kirsch.

Present Shortpatch Farrow, despite a .316 hitting mark could hardly expect to hold a candle to the "Flash," who carried the horsehide for .393. Superior hitting goes to present third sacker Bill Hamel with .407. Johnny Lewis could muster but .286.

So, as we see it, the present Oregon infield rated over that of the great 1935 champs.

Pi Kaps, Theta Chis, Delts Post Swim Wins



Clubs Advance To IM 'Semis'

By BILL DYER

Blasting their way to the semi-finals, the Pi Kappa Alpha, Theta Chi, and Delta Tau Delta swimming stars poured on the power to rack up decisive wins in yesterday's "tub" tilts.

Each club turned in large scores, the closest meet being the Chi Psi, Delt contest with the Delts coming out on top, 28 to 19. Pi Kappa Alpha flashed unexpected power in downing Kirkwood co-op, 40 to 7, and Theta Chi nearly equalled that score by piling up a 35 to 12 victory over Delta Upsilon.

Even without the services of their ace paddler, Putnam, the Theta Chi mermen had an easy time with the DU squad. Lerwick of Delta Upsilon garnered his team's only first place by taking the 40-yard back stroke. He and Hoffman, who copped two second spots, counted 11 on their team's 12-point total.

Anderson of Theta Chi was clocked at :21.07 in the 40-yard free style for the day's fastest time. Childs, and Cramer both racked up first places, along with the winning relay teams, to lead the Theta Chis to victory. Wirt, Potts, Arnes, and Kaegi also swam hard for the winners.

Pi Kaps Strong

Pi Kappa Alpha established themselves as power to be reckoned with following their overwhelming win over Kirkwood. Led by a brother duo, Bob and Jack Gurley, the Pi Kaps swept every event. The Gurley boys took three first places and swam on the winning relay squads to score nearly half of their team's total.

Giffin won the 60 yard individual relay, Withers and Jackson took second spots to help pile up the score. For Kirkwood, S. Durland Peterson, and Kisaberth tried hard but futilely to stem the tide.

Still following their winning ways, the Delta Tau Delta mermen scored a well earned victory over a hard fighting but out-classed Chi Psi group. By virtue of their triumph today, the Delts go on to the semi-finals tomorrow facing the Pi Kappa Alpha squad in the deciding contest.

Today's match was close and interesting with the Delts always holding a slight edge. Pete Hill was the big gun for the winners, with firsts in the backstroke and the individual medley while Donahue also tried hard. Tryon placed first in the 40-yard breast stroke while Maize Stewart and Welbourne piled up much needed points in second and third places.

University of Texas is studying storage of high-octane gasoline

Colonel Bill Mum After Trial Runs

By GEORGE SKORNEY

It was a blue Monday for Colonel Bill Hayward and his tags yesterday what with weather conditions as they are now.

The time trials, scheduled for Saturday afternoon, went off like clock work, lasting only an hour. No times were taken. Coach Hayward was rather reluctant with questions concerning the performances and brushed off any queries with the statement that it was too early in the season to give any definite information.

Ralph Kramer, veteran hold-over, nosed out Skiles Hoffman by a mere 18 inches in the 75-yard dash, modified version of the hundred. Spindle-legged Browning Allen took a slight lead in the 150-yard event and held it to the tape.

In the 300-yard run, Bechnor won from barrel-chested Stan Ray by half a step. The first three spikesters — Bechnor, Ray, and Kennedy — finished in a knot, after sprinting the entire route. Black-haired Don Wilson sped through the half-mile in amazing fashion, a hundred yards ahead of Tom Boylen.

Kramer Wins Dash

Summary of events: 75-yard dash — first, Kramer; second, Hoffman; third, Browning; and fourth, Bechnor; 150-yard dash — first, Browning; second, Kramer; third, Hoffman; and fourth, Simpson. 300-yard — first, Bechnor; second, Ray; third, Kennedy; and

fourth, Burns. 660-yard — first, Wilson; second, Boylen. ¼ mile — first, Martin; and second, Nicholas. All distances were three-quarters their usual route.

Another Duckling was added to the flock during the past week. Ray Dickson, as his name goes, has served a season under the old master and is a one-year letterman. His return after a year in the air corps will add much needed strength to the already handful of harriers. Dickson lists the high and low hurdles and the broad jump as his specialties.

Colonel Bill has a high jump find in Morris Drenkle, a freshman. Hayward could certainly use another high jumper as he only has one so far—Bob Newland, one-year letterman whose best last season hovered on the 6 foot 3 inch mark.

That same Saturday afternoon Hayward had a surprise when Les Steers, world's champion high jumper—6 foot 11 inches—came down to look the boys over. Steers, who quit school two years ago, with a year of eligibility left, is now married and works in the shipyards. Les could be termed a "jack of all trades" when a Webfoot. He brought in a score of points through his efforts in the javelin, discus, shot put, hurdles, and high jump. The huge Steers whose jumping weight was 190 pounds has put on a roly-poly appearance, weighing now approximately 210.

The University of Buffalo has established a course in military German.

Students of the College of New Rochelle (N.Y.) have enrolled in a class in postwar rehabilitation and reconstruction.



DODGER MAINSTAY . . .

. . . Arky Vaughn, veteran Brooklyn infielder, may assume new duties in the Bums' inner defense. He may get a taste of third base, forsaking his old shortstop post.



THREE BLIND MEN

(BLIND TO AMERICA'S WILL TO WIN)

OPEN THEIR EYES BY INVESTING YOUR CHANGE IN WAR STAMPS

