

## Around The Clock With Duke

By Duke Dennison

Well we're dropping off for a lull after this session, and in a way it's good, but in other ways it's bad. I, for one, am not in favor of this action, but who am I? After dispensing this cleanup, we'll round off by dispensing with the clockwork temporarily, if not for a while. So it goes.

If my flunkies haven't anything else to do this balmy day let's trek across country to the home of real oranges and grapefruit, and the garden spot of the south, with all due respect to the Hollywood grape(vine), and see the action that we will be reading about for the next six months.

### Scenery All Over

This is truly beautiful country. Nothing but palm trees, beautiful women (from New York), excellent Hai-alai, sharpies (from Cuba and Mexico), sharpies in their fancy-dans (from the north, where else) and the beachcombers from the south. (What am I saying?)

We get down Miami way, and then we really run into the cream of the crop, and that's spelled with an "O." You can knock the south all that you so care, but when it comes to all around climate for sports activities and/or women, you just can't take it away from the tank and file of Flagler Street across to Biscayne Boulevard via the Venetian Causeway and thence to Flamingo Park; that is, if you can tear yourself away from Hialeah and Tropical, not to mention the various and sundry kennel clubs that are operating with renewed vigor at this stage of the year.

Ah, Flamingo Park! Gad, can you just imagine the enormous itinerary of champions that frequent this spot year in and year out. It is definitely beyond any feasible numbering, but they are there, and they will be back come next season. It has everything that the sportsman and the addict could ever hope to look for in such a memorable spot, including the class in females, and not the four-legged type, Tout.

### The Great John J., His Wife

Cutting down to the Deuville Club past Lincoln Boulevard and the Roney Plaza, the boys adjourn and adjourn to the beach, bespotted with gangrenous colored umbrellas. Of course, we know who we have come to see, so it will be no surprise to us, but you, my friends, haven't as yet been let in on the know.

Digging out of a sand dune with a bulge around the waistline that is unmistakable is our old friend of Giant fame, Mel Ott. He welcomes us in a true Ott fashion, and we have a chaser along with the token, and introduces us to the heroine of her day, the brains behind the Great John J., McGraw, the Mrs. John J., and she looks like a little number that has recently come out of a fashion book. I drag up a chair and get down to business, on account of I've got to run down to the Plaza to check in on a sidewinder named Lou Prima, who is messing around at 8th Street Beach at the moment.

So, without further ado, I am saying to Madam McGraw little things about this and that incidental to past performances of the Great John, and she is coming

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## CAPTAIN BOB ENDS THREE YEARS



Captain Bobby Hamilton played the last game of his career for the Oregon Webfoots last weekend against Oregon State at Corvallis. The three-time captain of the Webfoots got a late start this year due to an old leg injury that kept the little guard on the bench throughout the first three weeks of conference play. He returned to form in time to lead his teammates through close games and third place in the northern division race.

## Varsity Swimmers Garner Laurels in Past Seasons; Inexperienced, Ambitious

### Football Line Coach Vaughn Corley Guides First Post-War Tank Crew Through Meets

Oregon's first post-war swimming team faced problems from lack of experience and material to no coach until football line coach Vaughn Corley took over the helm and guided the bobbing raft of Webfoot chances through a season of four wins against one loss in northern division dual meets and second place in the championship meet at the end of the season.

At the beginning of winter term the tale of the Ducks' tank was one of woe. Two lettermen were back for a nucleus of a team, but campus swimming prospects were slow in turning out.

### Corley Takes Over

The Oregon mermen were resting uneasily on a pre-war reputation built by former sterling splashers, but Coach Vaughn Corley changed all this when he walked in the pool for the first time during the latter part of January for his first year as a swimming mentor.

Co-captains Cub Callis and Bob Prowell, the only lettermen, more than lived up to pre-season doping. Neophyte dash and distance water splashers began to cut down their time in all events. More men came out for the squad and the season was underway.

Oregon State tankmen visited the men's pool on the campus for the opening dual meet of the northern division after a three-year lapse due to World War II. Beavers proved no world dogs and the Webfoot swimmers won handily 56 to 18, taking first place position in all nine events.

### Stars Glisten

Bob Hiatt, powerful distance swimmer, was declared eligible for varsity competition at this point and the fortunes of the Webfoots

continued on the up-beat. Alden Sundlie and George Moorehead displayed talent in the 100 and 220-yard free-style events; Val Robbins and Cliff Brooks offered smooth coordination in the breast-stroke event, along with Dick Tretheway, distance swimmer; John McGee, manager and substitute distance swimmer; Willis McCullough and Cy Garnet, divers; and "Pug" Mayer, relay paddler.

Washington Huskies, defending champions of the northern division swimming crown, arrived in Eugene for the next test of the swimming Ducks. When the splashing settled down the Huskies had accumulated a lead of 58 to 19 for an overwhelming win.

The Beavers of Oregon State again came up on the schedule for the Duck mermen, this time for a meet in Corvallis. Again the Webfoot swimmers proved superiority over the OSC team and emerged with a 66 to 8 victory over their traditional rivals.

### Inland Empire Trip

An Inland Empire tour and two dual meets, one with Idaho and one with Washington State were next on the schedule for the Webfoots. Vandals were first on deck for the ace Duck splashers, and they fell in their own pool by a

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## Horsehide Candidates Limber Up

By Bob Reed

Varsity baseball practice got under way Thursday when pitchers and catchers reported to Coach Howard Hobson to check out equipment and start easy workouts in preparation for regular practices and intensive workouts scheduled to start March 29.

Infielders and outfielders will report March 12 to check out equipment and get instructions on conditioning. No regular practices will be held this term because of the weather and the fast approaching final exams for winter term.

At a meeting held in the P.E. building last Tuesday, Hobby outlined the program and schedule for the coming season, and told some of the history of the previous

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## A Tout's Report

By LARRY LAU

A crowd of 100,000 people is expected to be on hand to witness the ninth running of the Santa Anita Handicap Saturday. The world's richest race, it has a gross value of \$130,000, a piece of change that cannot be ignored by any stable.

We'll string along with First Fiddle. The gallant "grey ghost" seems to be in winning the San Antonio was good enough for us. He is high-weighted with 126 pounds, which is a big load to carry for the gruelling mile and one quarter. Johnny Longden, the jockey that "was born to ride the Ghost" will have the task of bringing him home to the wire.

### Paces Winners

If First Fiddle wins this race, it will boost his total earnings up over the marks set by Equipoise and Sun Beau, making him the second highest money winner of all time, topped only by the immortal Whirlaway. The race is anything but "in the bag" for the "Ghost." Such great horses as Snow Boots, Knockdown, Challenge Me, Sirde, Jeep and a host of others will offer serious contention.

Canina is listed as 30-1 with the future betters in Mexico. From her showing Saturday, 30-1 sounds a little rash on the part of our "good neighbors" from South of the Rio Grande. All together, seventeen horses will take to the post, although probably a few of these will be late scratches.

Canina, whom we mentioned a few weeks ago as worth watching, proved herself by winning the richest filly and mare race in the world, the \$50,000 Santa Margarita at Santa Anita last Saturday. Canina is the "fire sale" horse Murray Hirschburger bought in Chicago a few years back for a paltry \$6000.

Biggest surprise of the Santa Margarita came when Happy Issue, the richest filly and mare who won the Hollywood Gold Cup (\$75,000) in 1944 and then slid, through a series of misfortunes, into obscurity and the classification of a "has been" by racing experts (although beaten a neck by Canina) garnered the place money. Happy Issue was claimed for \$2500 some three years ago, rocketed to fame, and then just as suddenly, slipped from the front pages. It looks as though "Frenchy" Pinion has his charge in that rare form again.

Basil James, one of the great

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