

Duck Marksmen Anex Rifle Win

The William Randolph Hearst trophy, awarded annually to the highest scoring rifle team in the Ninth service command, was won by the University of Oregon ROTC rifle squad, it was announced Monday by Sergeant Malburn Mudd, squad instructor. This is the first time since 1939 that the squad has won first place in this match.

The Hearst trophy, given by the famous publisher of the newspaper world, goes to the highest scoring team in each of the nine service commands throughout the United States. Each command, after firing in its meet, submits the winning team's score to the secretary of war. From these records the national winners are determined.

"I doubt if we will be able to make a showing in the final score tally, but I have hopes," Mudd said.

In the Ninth service command match the University of Oregon placed first with a score of 834, the University of Arizona placed second with a score of 877 and the University of Idaho third with a score of 876.

In the past years the University of Oregon has won three first place awards, three second place awards and one third.

Members of the winning squad are: Richard E. McCoy, William A. Marshall, Gordon P. Swan, who was recently drafted into the army, David E. Mortimore and Ronald E. Schmitz.

"Do you neck?"
"That's my business!"
"Oh, a professional!"

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AROUND THE CLOCK

(Continued from page ten)
down off her perch and giving me the lowdown on her true love and his capers.

The Tale of Fame

It seems that she is hailing from Baltimore, and during such time as J. J. was cavorting around Buzzards Pernt and Havre De Gras in the Oriole City, he was manhandling a lot of pitchers and players alike with these same Baltimore Orioles. Comes a nice bright, sunny day like you read about and have to wait all winter to see out her (there I go again, glad nobody heard me) John ups and meets Mary Blanche Sindall and begins paying a lot more respects to her than he does to a supposed somewhat respectable pitching and batting average.

Of course the coach and the fans don't like this kind of action and decide that something has gotta be done about this situation or the Orioles will go to pot. So they become Mr. and Mrs., and John starts eating regularly. That in itself is worth all the trouble to J. J., so he decides to keep up the common people's morale, and hit at least 250.

Soon, it might as well be spring again, and Mac finds himself up in faster company with some Giants in the National League, and he finds that he can function just as well there, so he does. He ain't scered. But, what does he do then? He ups and writes snafu on his career as a chucker and lights out as a manager for these same Giants from New Yawk.

How It Happened

This kind of action is right down his alley, and he decides to make the other element do all of the playing and he would play around, which would mean that he would see that they maintained training schedules, and he would go out and slop up all of the good drinking liquor on Collins Avenue in Miami Beach. So one fine day he is drinking up a gob of brew and sundry other potent tonics and the bartender, a joik named Joe, daubs his finery with some choice spirits.

Of course, this don't make J. J. feel any more tranquil, so he hangs a couple on the kisser of this Joe and calls him "Sloppy Joe." Now it comes to pass that this moniker sticks fast to Joe, like a greaser with a couple of iron men in his jeans, and the mob starts calling him this and that as usual, but "Sloppy Joe" with added vigor. This Joe becomes one of Miami's outstanding citizens and makes for better drinks with umbrellas attached for effect.

Along about this time McGraw is having all his kicks with his team and has such worthys as Christy Mathewson hanging around with nothing else to do but win games, knowing, naturally, that Mrs. J. has to have sufficiency to

feed John, so he plays along. He also does same on account of he can't find a likely spot to hang his hat and he can't think of a better platz than that of the McGraws, which makes for two more plates at the table.

So getting fed up with oranges and the horses they meander northward from spring to spring to try their luck at keeping the Giants on the front page and the turnstiles clicking with added fervor. By this time he ain't getting any younger, and is finding his health a little bit impaired, which ain't good for the management, because it's strictly a bother to go around looking for new managers every 15 years. But John has an ace in the hole. He is protegeyng a slightly built operator from the port side named Melvin. "I started playing ball at an early age of 16" Ott. He is telling this Ott all he knows and supporting him at the same time, which is like making for old age insurance, and Ott takes it, whether he likes it or not. He don't want to know nothing else.

McGraw Passes

Around 1934, John J. McGraw, the venerable old man of baseball, passes away amid the fanfare of his beloved players, fans and cohorts, and I can't imagine a longer procession that could ever have been had by a luminary at a funeral than what was had by this tops in men and athletes. It was strictly there. He was as fine as is the game of baseball, the national game of our United States.

Concluding this masterpiece for us, the Mrs. started unloading a tear or two, cut in with a charming, "Dig youse later, men," and meandered off to the showers. Finding that type of atmosphere just a little showy for our affected natures, we, having a prior engagement with an operator, we excuse ourselves and cut on down to the avenue of broken dreams and broken bottles, and have since then and forever held our peace.

That's the way it goes. Speaking of "Around the Clock," there is a certain ditty on a record under that same misnomer, and if you haven't dug that action, by all means do, because it is really solid. I'll be seeing youse next toim with the column, and an additional "Duketracks," if you can stand it . . .

VANDAL CINDERELLA

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action against the 1923 Idaho wonder team as players.

The two teams, although 23 years apart, are like twins," says Friel. "This one will be just as tough with California."

VARSITY SWIMMERS

(Continued from page ten)
count of 53 to 22 in Moscow. Val Robbins chalked up high score honors with a first place in diving, a first in the 200-yard breaststroke and was a member of the winning 300-yard medley relay crew.

A short trip over to Pullman proved valuable to the surging Ducks, as they dropped the Cougars 50-25 in a nine-event meet at WSC. Co-captain Cub Callis paced his Webfoot teammates in this meet with two first place positions, in the 50-yard free style

and the 150-yard backstroke events.

The swim finale of the season at Corvallis saw the men of Coach Corley splash out positions for 46 points and second place honors, behind the heavily favored Washington Huskies who took first place with 71 points.

Next Year's Chances

In commenting on the prospects of next season, Coach Corley states, "We will have a stronger and better balanced swimming team in 1947 because of the returning lettermen from this year and the prospective return of several former lettermen who will re-enter school next term."

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