Stoudamire receives MVP at hoop banquet

Oregon senior Antoine Stoudamire picked up his second straight Steven J. Award as the men's basketball team's most valuable player at the annual basketball awards banquet Monday night at the Eugene Hilton.

The 6-foot-5 guard/forward averaged 18.6 points, fourth in the Pacific-10 Conference this season. Stoudamire also led the Ducks in steals and rebounds.

Sophomore Aaron Johnson received the Harry Ritchie Scholar-Athlete Award after coming back from a two-year Mormon mission to average eight points and five rebounds a game while maintaining a 2.65 GPA.

Sophomore Orlando Williams was given his second John Warren Most Inspirational Player Award. Williams was Oregon's secondleading scorer this season with 12 points a game. He also hit 69 threepointers and is second in school history with 107 three-pointers for his career.

Jeff Potter was awarded the Jesse Nash Most Improved Player Award. Potter, a sophomore, averaged 9.6 points and four rebounds a game this season.

Former walk-on Jon Mitchell and head manager Brad Nelson received academic awards for maintaining 3.0 GPAs.

UCLA sneaks by Ducks

The Oregon softball team played well against defending national champion UCLA Monday but eventually lost both games of a doubleheader in Los Angeles.

1. 1. 1. A.A.

the state of the

In the first game, the Bruins jumped out to an early lead with two runs in the first inning and held the Ducks to one hit in the game, to win 3-0.

Oregon led 1-0 on a home run

by shortstop Kathy Stahl in the sixth inning of the second game. but UCLA stole the game away in its final at-bat when Felicia Cruz hit a two-run double with one out.

Duck pitcher Rachelle Taylor was the losing pitcher in both games and is now 6-8 on the season. The losses dropped Oregon to 3-3 in conference play and 11-11 overall. No seat too high in Superdome

NEW ORLEANS (AP) — Final Four fans in the Louisiana Superdome's cheap seats — the ones that go for a mere \$275 — will be 20 stories above the action. Not that they mind.

The dome, the tournament's first big-time arena, may not afford all fans a chance to get close to the court, but it still has plenty to offer. It has more seats than just about any other location, a selling point even if some of those seats are roughly 200 feet high. "We handed out cards to people after the 1982 game," said Superdome spokesman Will Peneguy. "Out of all of them, we got only two complaints about the seats, and they weren't about the sightlines. In fact, the only real complaint now is that they can't get one."

When the NCAA basketball committee decided to move the tournament from the intimacy of on-campus gyms, it did so in a big way. In 1982, the Final Four was played under the 280-foot-high. 10-acre roof of the Superdome, and what was lost in atmosphere was made up by the excitement of the thousands who got to see the game in person, if not close up.

"I saw the Indiana-Syracuse game there," said Tyrone Murray, 33. "I was way up there by the roof, but it was great. I'd pay \$150 for a ticket up there in a New York second if I could get one."

Unfortunately for Murray.

Turn to DOME, Page 13

FISHING

Continued from Page 10 However, this day was one of those "you-should-have-beenhere-last-week" kind of days.

Like all fisherman, Dennis Arnold, our expatriate American captain, speculated why the fish had gone off the bite and told exciting tales of last week's nonstop action.

Birds are a fisherman's eyes, and a flock of circling Booby birds led us to a giant sea turtle bobbing around on the swells enjoying the sunshine. Evidently, the birds were competing for a resting spot on the turtle's broad shell.

One bird perched smugly on

1993 UO

schedule of

Summer Session

Bulletins with

the turtle as the other birds swooped and dived in vain attempts to gain the refuge for themselves. Meanwhile, the turtle peered about like an old man at a rock concert, wondering what all of the fuss was about.

Late in the afternoon, a marlin jumped out of the water about 150 feet behind the boat. Silhouetted against the bright sun, the marlin looked like a giant, neon-painted prehistoric bird. Adrenalin surged through my body as I imagined the huge fish swimming up our wake and crashing one of our baits.

Soon afterward, we turned for home and prepared to make the run back to Quepos. We still hadn't hooked a fish, and time was running out.

"I'll pull in the lines as slowly as I can." Dennis said. "We'll keep trying."

As Dennis reeled in one of the lines, two wahoo porpoised through the boat's wake and slammed the bait. The razorsharp teeth of one fish cut through the wire leader, but one fish was securely hooked.

After the handshakes and the laughter, we headed back to Quepos at full speed. Fifteen miles from the harbor, a pack of dolphins appeared all around the boat, effortlessly outpacing us across the ocean.

It was a perfect day.

Chester Allen is a reporter for the Emerald.

Pick up your free copy of the bulletin at the Summer Session Office, 333 Oregon Hall, or call (503) 346-3475







