

PREZ SEZ

Editor's Note: Mark Schreiber pinch-hitting for Dr. Bumpus, while he is vocationing in California.

Denver's dribble derby legions will be bounce-batty by March 24 when the National AAU titleholder will be decided for the hardwood during 1945.

Boots Adams, genial headman of Phillips Petroleum of Bartlesville, Okla., sent his cagers here a week in advance of the opening firing so the green and orange bedecked Phillips crew would be completely acclimated for the week-long grind which will find them shooting for their third straight championship.

Again this year it will be a big, wise gang of swell guys who will carry the Phillips banner. Bud Browning, the aging forward, who also masterminds as coach, has his club ready to display a bagful of hoop tricks. There's Fred Pralle, who is nursing a bad knee, but anxious to go, and Willie Rothman, plus Skyscraper Charley Harbert, Paul Lindeman, Shorty Carpenter, Scat McNatt and Dick Yates, just to mention a few. These men will all be firing from the hip. Yes, Phillips will be hard to dethrone.

But if the job can be done this year it's up to Jay Ambrose Jellymakers to do it. A lot of people fail to give credit where credit is due. Capt. Charley Hyatt, the WAC recruiter, for some ten weeks, has been coaching Ambrose. And since Hyatt's bench work, the Jellymakers have started to jell. Hyatt is just about the only man in basketball who can tell Ace Gruenig and Jack McCracken strategy and have those two greats follow instructions.

The Acer has come back strong. Once again he is agile off the post and can pivot open and whip those long arms of his high into the air to bank that spheroid off the board and into the net.

McCracken, a great guy and an amazing hardwood performer, is again showing his oldtime form at stealing passes and in general directing the club on the court. McCracken is driving in under well for layup shots on screen and cut plays from the post too.

North high's sterling product, Chuck Hefti, is doing his share for the Ambrose cause as is Art "Ug" Unger.

George Hamburg is an all-American cager in anyone's book. One of the best defensive players in the game, Ham can also hit well with his favorite long, flat shot.

The new acquisitions, Max Briggs, a big edition of popular Ken Jastrow, who can shoot, drive and fight plus Bob Hendren who tips 6-8, both from the Second Air Force, and dynamic Les McKeel, of Fitzsimons, a fine team player who can score, makes Ambrose certainly the number two choice.

But don't overlook Gail Bishop's army team from the northwest, nor the Broncs from Ft. Warren, who can and may be troublesome for the favorites, plus plenty of other capable crews who will be in the field of more than 40 teams that start the hardwood parade Sunday. See you at courtside. May the best team win!

FILLING BIG SHOES

Thanks to Roy Erickson, the newly appointed publicity Chairman, for the grand job of organizing the committee to welcome Tom Breneman. Photographs of the meeting at Denver Union Station more than substantiate the committee's activity. Yeah, and when were we ever on a nation-wide hook-up before?

The Denver Chapter of the American Red Cross, thru Phil Hewitt, is to be complimented on staging such a fine campaign. Let's give them all the support they need.

Thanks to Harry Huffman, Fox Denver Theatre, and to Bernie Hynes, Manager of the Denver Theatre, for their cooperation with our publicity stunts with Tom Breneman.

United Air Lines came thru with the breakfast and Hostess Frances Webb. Thanks a million, United Air Lines.

Thanks to Mose Iacino and the Seattle Fish Company. The trout we gave Breneman was donated by the Seattle Fish Co.

Chester Johnson of the Mello-Moon Do-Nut Company, together with Ted Kunde, were responsible for baking that Colorado size Red Cross Do-Nut.

NEW MEMBERS

Dale Richard Nordstrom
Dental Specialty Mfg. Co.

Dick Jones
Occidental Life Ins.
Company

Dr. Eugne W. Egle
Osteopathic Physician and
Surgeon

John M. Gurtler
The Elitch Gardens
Company

Roy Erickson
Erickson Memorial Co.

Wm. Justus Wilkinson
Brock, Akolt, Campbell &
Myer

Earl Kimmel
Western Air Lines

They were driving in a secluded spot when the car sputtered and stopped.

He: *Outta gas, by golly.*

She: *Oh, yeah?* (Pulls out flask)

Girl: *Gasoline.*

Knees are a luxury. If you don't believe it, just try to get hold of one.



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