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Sport Chatter

by MONTE BYERS
Crew Coach Rusty Callow has signed another contract to coach the Washington Huskies. Washington appreciates a good thing when they find it. Right now Callow is among the most successful shell coaches in the country. If you doubt it, ask them back east.

Callow isn't so old, but he's turning into a veteran for a young man. Carnegie Tech is thinking seriously of disbanding the baseball team for the season on account of the ineligibility of a player. They would disband and refuse letters. This may be a good move, but at the same time it is hard on the rest of the team, who have been playing.

Heinie Odom, captain of the Texas Longhorns, has been receiving flattering offers from some of the big major league ball clubs. Odom seems like a nice morsel for someone to grab. He bats in the neighborhood of .5000, is a good fielder and is speedy on the bases. There are a number of major leaguers right now who started their careers in collegiate circles. Carson Bigbee, with Pittsburgh, got his start at Oregon.

The United States soccer team sailed for France, May 6. Seventeen players are making the trip back to the Paris Olympics to engage in the Scotch pastime. They will have some real competition in this sport as it is the big game in England and Scotland. A championship soccer tilt in England draws bigger than a world series game in New York.

When the American Olympic track and field team sails for France in June, on the liner America, it will have a special banked track to work out on the deck of the vessel. This will be a great improvement over the training conditions experienced by the team which represented the United States at the Antwerp games in 1920. The conditions were almost unbearable, but still the team came out ahead. Can't keep the Yankee down in athletics, although the Finns have vowed to do this in the games this year.

Well, we saw the varsity ball team come to life and take two of the prettiest exhibitions of baseball ever seen on the old ridge diamond. In the past four years there haven't been better games. The team had the real pep this weekend and let's hope they stage a real fight against the Aggies this week. Some people may have started the usual clammy howl about the coaching situation, but let us give you a tip. If that team doesn't win another game this year, it isn't the fault of the coach.

Billy Reinhart is giving the team a lot of stuff it never had before. He has changed the style of a number of the men and they are going to benefit by it. The pitchers have been weak, but that isn't Reinhart's fault. Give him the right pitching and watch his ball club. The club has five wins to its credit now, providing the game which Snow of Idaho, pitched is forfeited. The Vandal hurler uses the spit ball and it seems that it is barred. If so the Moscow nine is going to lose a few games by forfeit. Snow has won several victories since the season started.

Literary Gossip
by PAT MORRISSETTE
Percy Marks, author of "The Plastic Age," is a college professor. Percy finds it very embarrassing to be the author of a best seller, particularly as the book has both "hell" and "damn" in it.

The piffle about an undergraduate not being able to write a novel was exploded when James Gould Cozzens, a sophomore at Harvard, published "Confessions." The critics admit he is confused, however. The Provincetown players are scoring a hit with Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner." They give it as a chant, and with grotesque backgrounds. Their crew of dead men raised the hair on Kenelm Digby.

"No really intelligent person," contends Herbert S. Gorman, "can fail to discover the vast superiority of George Herriman's Krazy Kat to Carrie Jacob Bond's 'The End of a Perfect Day.'" And this all started in an argument about Gilbert Seldes, "The Seven Lively Arts." Seldes is the man who first found music in jazz.

After writing 40 novels, Elizabeth Ostrander has died. She was 39 years old. Pretty good average. They claim she died of heart failure. Such is life in California. A very neat book of poems, which will undoubtedly prove popular with what is known as "the younger generation," is Dorothy Dow's "Black Babylon." Dorothy is one of those girls whose poetry appears alike in

Musical Banks of Erewhon

Satire---Criticism---Humor

By E. K. B.
Samuel Butler, with his keen insight into the life and thought of his age, dared in "Erewhon," a most shrewd and clever satire, to criticize practically every existing institution of the nineteenth century. Not the least of these was the church to which he gave the name of Musical Banks. Denominations, services, creeds, all came in for their share of ridicule. Ministers of the church, extending to their congregations valueless messages which they, themselves, did not believe and make a part of their lives, were scathed. The sermons were beautiful, but empty, shallow—covered with a veneer easily bent and shaped to assume almost any form desired. The fact that in times of great unrest and general distress the people as a mass did not even think of going to the church for comfort was pointed out. If any went, it was from habit and early training. They attended services more to be considered respectable than from any spiritual benefit which might be desired therefrom. Most of the ministers were misfits, occupying their positions from force of circumstances. There was no religion which was "in harmony with both the heads and hearts of the people."

The twentieth century has not progressed far from the conditions portrayed by Butler in his century. Most of his criticisms are deserved in the world's religion of today. The message of "Erewhon" has not been taken seriously. We have more sects, creeds, doctrines, than ever Samuel Butler's Erewhonians knew existed. We have the same pretense, the same sham and show, the same indifference that was displayed then.

When beholding any one of the many beautiful cathedrals, especially in the European countries, one cannot but feel with Butler as he said, "it was an epic in stone and marble, and so powerful was the effect it produced on me that, as I beheld it, I was charmed and melted. I felt more conscious of the existence of a remote past. One knows of this always, but the knowledge is never so living as in the actual presence of some witness to the life of bygone ages. I felt how short a space of human life was the period of our own existence. I was impressed with my own littleness, and much more inclined to believe that the people whose sense of the fitness of

things was equal to the upraising of so serene a handiwork, were hardly likely to be wrong in the conclusions they might come to upon any subject. My feeling certainly was that the currency of this book must be the right one." But only disappointment awaited him, and so it is today. The glaring inconsistencies of professional religion and conditions as they actually exist are astonishing if not appalling. Visit the city of Rome, for example, and see there the many fine and expensive churches, worth hundreds of thousands of dollars. No expense has been spared to make them splendidly gorgeous—jewels and precious metals have been used lavishly, but—before one can open the doors of the churches—before even mounting the steps, he is besieged by beggars of all descriptions and ages, asking for money—old men and women and children. How can anyone with a normal sense of humanitarianism pass a hungry child on the doorstep and enter the church containing the Golden Bambino, a child image of gold covered almost completely with valuable jewels without feeling that there is a great need which is not being met.

In the same city is the Capucian church, where earth was brought from Jerusalem and placed in the lower part of the building. For hundreds of years, monks have been buried in this earth, but as the supply of space was limited, when a monk died, to make a new grave, the bones of his predecessor who had been buried longest were disinterred and used for decorations in the church. Certainly, no right thinking person can reconcile this custom in the name of the church with the fact that at night one sees men, women and children asleep on doorsteps, in the alleyways, gutters—any place that they can find to lay their heads. Hoarded up wealth of churches—a crying social need of a people! Why cannot some material aid be given them! The religion of such churches is only a shell—a custom—empty, hollow. There are yet applicable lessons to be learned from Samuel Butler and his "Banks of Erewhon."

Wake Up; It's Time to Start for Work
(Continued from page one)

duce it, and I take the responsibility of converting blank paper into printed information mightily seriously. "So much can happen to the press, you know. See the gas flame at the end of that moving delivery rack? How many readers of the Emerald know that the newspaper they read at breakfast time has been toasted on both sides before it comes to them? That flame is nearly half my grief. If a sheet of paper has a fold, a tear, or one corner turned up, it may catch and poise over that flame for an in-

Account of the Walker Whiteside engagement Tuesday, this noted picture can only be shown one day.

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stant. You know how long it takes to start a piece of newspaper burning when you hold a match under it? If one of these sheets of paper hesitates only a moment it is in flames. The fire may run down a whole pile of finished papers and spoil them; it may burn off two or three tapes. I can't let it happen, for it means half an hour's delay, and wasted newsprint besides.

"There is another angle to my responsibility. As the papers roll out from the cylinder, as they travel down the tapes and fall before the jogger, I know that one is going to be read by a professor, another by a student, a third by some editor in another university, a fourth is going to another state, where a former Oregon student is reading of the success of the Gift Campaign, of the doings of his fraternity, or a thousand of the profuse happenings of the old campus."

"Well say," I broke in, "can I have one of these papers? You see that's what I stayed here for. You won't mind?"

Afterward, as I walked home, it came to me that this was a strange thing, staying up half the night in order to publish the Emerald, and that the Emerald pressman and his clock were important enough to write about. Other people on the campus have been written about, but seldom this man. Why not? So I did.

Huskies Winners in Track Contest
(Continued from page one)
Broad jump—Egtvet (W), Rosenberg (O), and Spearow (O); 22 feet 1.2 inches. Javelin—Rosenberg (O), DuBois (W), and McAnuliffe (O); 169 feet 7 inches. Referee—Walter Hummel. Starter—Ole Larson. Timers—Billy Reinhart, Harry Scott and Clyde Johnston. Head field judges—Dean Walker and E. C. Simmons. Clerk of course and announcer—Haddon Rockhey. Scorer—Ed Fraser.

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THE TERRIFIC PLAY "MR. WU"
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Prices—Lower floor, 10 rows, \$2.75; last 8 rows, \$2.20. Balcony, first 3 rows, \$2.20; next 3, \$1.65; balance, \$1.10 (tax included).

What a Day for PICNICS
To stay inside on such a day would be criminal neglect to your health. Get into the swim—take one of our excellent lunches and drift out of the city for a few hours complete relaxation.

The best picnic lunch you ever ate for 75 Cents
Put up in neat package and fresh when you eat it

Ye CAMPA SHOPPE

"Mothers for Tomorrow"
The past is past. Through mothers flows the tide of life from generation to generation. Tied by habit and social custom to their own generation, mothers have the difficult task of visioning the future sufficiently to train their children for new and untried experiments.

Such is the question which will form the basis of sermon of the Rev. Frank Fay Eddy Sunday morning at the Unitarian church. The soloists in the musical program will be Robert McKnight, vocalist, and Nina Warnock, violinist. A cordial invitation is always extended University men and women to attend the services of this church. The Morning Service begins at 10:45 o'clock.

It is the little brown church on East Eleventh Avenue where the "Wayside Pulpit" preaches every day. Its members like to call it "The Little Church of the Human Spirit."