

Sport Chatter

by MONTE BYERS

I looked through the museum of the college. It was in the year 1930 or very close to that date. In a case by the wall there was a great deal of paraphernalia, the use of which I did not know. It was clothing and other equipment, but of a by-gone period.

I asked an attendant what the stuff was, and he politely informed me that it was athletic goods, used in the colleges of the country B. H. S. T. E. (before higher standards took effect).

So it came to pass that the mole-skins of the football hero, the spikes of the track athlete and the baseball cleats of the diamond artist have been shelved for a pair of horn-rimmed goggles and a bound volume of the "Whichness of Why Not."

Right now, reader, athletics on the Oregon campus look like a village somewhere in Belgium after Wilhelm and the boys marched through on the way to Paris, before they turned around for Potsdam. It is pitiable, tragic, and yet humorous when we think what we might have had.

We had a wonderful bunch of freshman athletes to start the football season with, but as that song goes, "Where are you now?" I'll bite. Where are they and where are they going?

Where Tidewater and productive soil meet, we gleaned some good looking athletes and then we gleaned some more from the big open spaces of the eastern part of the state.

It seems that, as the standards get higher, the athletes get dumber, and then again they aren't so dumb. Rosenbraugh was altogether too bright. You either overdo or you don't do enough. Rosenbraugh is the first to overdo. Rosenbraugh seems to have had hard luck, which can hardly be held against him under the circumstances.

We'll grant that there are some dumb athletes, but then the general run of them aren't so dumb.

Oregon once had an athletic name that was worth while. This year's athletic record doesn't loom very big, does it? It is going to get worse by the time 1930 looms, unless we take a brace.

Oregon has a chance to keep the conference baseball pennant in sight. If we make the grade on the trip, it will make some change in our standing.

Spirituality Has Place in Culture

(Continued from page one)

which lifts man up and out of himself. Spiritualization can be gained through the study of science, the study of the human race, the study of philosophy, the study of art through revelation. To explain this idea, he took the example of art. The average student, he said, is barren from the standpoint of art. He does not find much meaning to poetry and painting. By the time a college student has reached his third year, Mr. Wilson believes, he should derive from art something as rich as religion.

"We have suffered from the loss of the ancient Greek sense of beauty. That sense of beauty is a great field for the spiritualization of life," declared the speaker. He continued, "The study of English literature should buoy up the soul instead of becoming a grind. If ever one gets that sense of beauty, he will hunger for it and strive for it repeatedly until it comes into his life as a permanent fixture."

It is just as possible for one to receive the sense of beauty, the spiritualization of life, from science as from art, stated Mr. Wilson. "Science is an agent of the mind as the eye is an agent of the body." He went on to show that life is more than a struggle to exist. Science, he believes, teaches more than that. It teaches that whole of life is not a struggle for self but a struggle for others. In the constitution of animals, the struggle for self is decreasing and the struggle for others is increasing. That is why the mammals have proved to be superior to the reptiles, Mr. Wilson stated. He showed that the mammals have the instinct of protection and that they have learned the lesson of selfless love and devotion in their struggles to protect their young and their mates.

"Selfishness of any type destroys the richness of life, announced Mr. Wilson. He made an appeal to the students to give thought to the less educated people. "Give yourselves. The limitations of selfishness which you may bind around yourselves are like the claws of death. It is good to give of your physical being, but give of your soul."

Robert Shiomi from Japan Island of Wash-tub Boats

By Frances Sanford

A land where a boy is taught to swim at the age of two years, where his home is on one island and his school located on another, where all the games that he plays are games of war, this is the sort of environment in which Robert Hajime Shiomi, medical student on the campus, grew up on his Japanese island home in the Inland sea.

Five years ago a lad bade farewell to his friends and set sail with his parents for America and an education, but the bright-faced little son of the Pacific still cherishes a desire to some day return to Sashima, his happy boyhood home.

On this small Japanese island, which is only six miles wide and has a population of 200 people, spring is more than a casual visitor. The days are warm and balmy a large part of the year, and the children live in the quiet water.

Swimming and fishing and sailing in wash-tub boats are the most common pastimes of the boys and girls who live on the island Sashima, the Japanese boy said, giving a generous glimpse of his winning smile. Every day, Hajime, the name by which he was known in his native country, had to cross to an adjacent island for his schooling. Very frequently he and his friends tied their clothes, consisting largely of a kimono, upon their heads and swam across to the school.

When the boys aren't swimming, they are very likely to be sailing the unruffled waters of the Inland sea in their mothers' shallow wooden wash tubs. It is a very common sight to see a small fleet of these tubs propelled by a bam-

boo paddle or anchored with a large stone. A boat of this sort requires no little skill of handling to keep it from overturning, the Japanese boy declared.

When Hajime Shiomi was questioned concerning the sports of a Japanese boy, his radiant expression dimmed perceptibly. "All the games represent wars," he said a little sadly. "The two sides have commanders, and the battle never ends without a fight between the commanders. The boys care more for winning than for the sport, and they cry if they lose. That is the spirit of Japan," he continued earnestly.

The island of Sashima boasts a number of interesting customs. Hajime Shiomi thinks the celebration of the completion of a new house, which is a rare occurrence, particularly enjoyable. After a house has been built, the townspeople gather around it and throw hundreds of rice cakes from the roof.

"Then they have a fine time picking up the rice cakes," the lad said with a gleam in his eye, remembering his pleasure at one of these celebrations. Most of the people in Japan keep the same house for generations, however. The structures are white plaster over a wood skeleton, and roofed with a tile found on the island.

Toward the end of March the islanders participate in a pheasant hunt. Everyone watches the slaughter with great interest, although only about one out of 20 men succeeds in bringing in one of the birds. Following the hunt, the people gather around a huge bonfire, and, concluded Robert Hajime Shiomi, "it always rains the next day."

Editor of Oregana Follows Medieval Ideas in Year Book

The old English knights, clad in coats of mail, and disporting themselves in all sorts of undignified ways, are among the first things noticed when one starts to peruse the new Oregana. The decorations for the whole book follow this idea. The borders on the pages show a scene from medieval times, with a castle in the center and a battle-axe and lance on each side. The sectional division pages are all made with an illustrative picture inserted in a medieval castle. The inside cover pages picture an armored knight mounted on a horse with medieval trappings, and bearing a banner with the word "Oregana" inscribed on it. Behind the knight lies a fortified castle and the hills and dales of the King Arthur stories.

When questioned as to the origin of these decorations, Freda Goodrich, editor of the Oregana replied: "The principal idea was to have uniformity in the book. We wanted some idea which could be carried out in color, artwork, type, lettering and general appearance, and yet wasn't too different, so we chose Old English. I guess we looked through every book in the library containing Old English pictures, before making definite decisions. Brown is a color I am par-

tial to, and it blends so well—there are so many different shades—that we decided to use it.

"The first idea of the art work, may have been the result of building castles, and dreaming dreams, but I think they are very artistic, anyway. "All of the staff was so interested in the book, and a whole lot of its success was due to the spirit among them. I really think I had the finest gang in college to work with. We had lots of hard work, but we also had lots of good times. It was a real pleasure to watch it grow, page by page; selecting the best paper, best pictures, and best of everything. "I guess we are proud of it—we ought to be, now that we are all through, but it's more than pride. It's the satisfaction of doing work we had to do, the best we possibly could. I get something like a lump in my throat now when I look at it. It doesn't seem possible that so much work could be crowded between two covers, and handed out and received so impersonally.

"I'm awfully glad the book is out, but it is lonesome to come up to the office with no one around. We are quite willing now to turn over the work to the new editor and staff, though, and wish them the best of luck with the next Oregana."

are only in the way and decide to wait in the corridor.

"Got your book for this act?" The property man again. How patient he is. Yes, every night he does it, it seems. Over and over again. The property man must regard all actors as if their memories were blank. They might remember every night for three months and then, one night, forget. "Set!" shouts the stage manager. "Bang!" Someone has fallen down stairs.

"Hold her, hold the act!" the director calls. He is the first to reach the super. In a moment he ascertains the extent of the injuries.

"All right, put her on." The act begins. You slip on the stage to watch. The prompter gives the signal for the music and noises off stage. If someone loses a line he has to be sure of the place in the prompt book and set him right.

The first and second act supers come up the stairs quietly. They are dressed for the street. They stop a moment at the call board and read the rehearsal notices. Why tomorrow they must rehearse for six hours. You decide never to be a super.

The last act is over. The lights flash out. You follow the lead to his dressing room. He works an hour getting ready to go home.

How much cream it takes to get the make-up off. You invite the lead for an after-theater dinner. He thanks you but refuses. He has to have his rest, he says. You leave him talking to the dresser about the first act change. You decide never to be a lead.

Illustration of a man in a cap and a woman. Text: "You're invited!" "to Call 914-J"

Advertisement for Williams Butter-Krust Breal. Text: "We want you to become acquainted with us and our bakery goods. Use the telephone—prompt deliveries." "WILLIAMS Butter-Krust BREAL YOUR STAFF O' LIFE"

Back-stage Life Revealed by Uninitiated Observer

If you are subject to nervous prostration or hysteria, you don't want to be back stage during a performance. If you have excellent nerves and an ability to keep out of people's way, it will prove a very worth-while experience.

You slip into the stage entrance past the doorman a few minutes before the rise of the curtain. On the stage all is excitement as far as you can perceive. The property man is checking over the props for the last time. The prompter is in the prompt box and is making sure the signal flash works perfectly. The wardrobe mistress looks at each costume to see that everything is all right. The stage manager stands at dead center of the curtain.

"Set!" cries the stage manager, as the overture swings into the finish. The electrician turns on the lights.

"All ready," again the stage manager. There is a swish of the curtain as it opens and you look out on a sea of faces. You experience stage fright and vow that nothing will ever persuade you to become an actor.

The act is on. The lead enters. You thrill to the action of the play.

The curtain swings down. What a rush! By the time the lead reaches the dressing room he has his coat and collar off. How fast the stagehands work. Look at them "kill" the first act set. In a moment it is off the stage and the walls are in place for the second act set.

"Get 'em up!" the stage manager yells at the call boy.

"Remember the music for this act." The director speaks to the musicians off stage.

"Carry yourself erect in that coat, or you will look like a fish."

The wardrobe mistress speaks to an actor in a dress suit.

"All up for the second act!" the boy shouts below stairs.

The actors come up one by one. The character lead is putting on his collar.

"I'm here," he shouts. An act can never start unless every one is ready in the wings for his entrance.

"Set," shouts the stage manager. "Quick, a pin," whispers the leading lady, and with a smiling faze and quick hand at the back, she enters.

"Off stage stand this way, keep your arms from your costume. Don't rumple it that way."

There, the red light flashes. It was the signal for the musicians to begin the music. How softly they play.

The director calls all the supers and actors who are off the stage about him. How odd! They all turn with their backs to the stage. Suddenly, the director signals and they shout and clap their hands. So that is the way it is done. Those off stage noises. You ask why they turn from the stage.

"Because noise floating back sounds more realistic than given directly to the stage.

The act is at an end. You try to get on the stage but find you

Advertisement for Yellow Cab 80. Text: "Yellow Cab 80 Also CARS WITHOUT DRIVERS"

Advertisement for Dinner Sandwiches with Vegetables 35c. Text: "DINNER SANDWICHES with Vegetables 35c Beginning Monday" "Come in and eat a whole delicious meal, quickly served." "We will not serve our 40c lunches and 50c dinners after Monday." "Ye Campa Shoppe"

"Democrats of the Kingdom"

Walt Whitman was a democrat. He so proclaimed himself as one responsive to the universals of Nature and humanity and found God as the totality of all.

Robert Browning, for all his living in an atmosphere of literary remoteness from the work-a-day world struck frequently the democratic note. Abraham Lincoln, as the world recognizes, was the great democrat in politics.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, with all his philosophic poise, scorned the usual distinctions by which the world grades men and although he seemed to tread a way along from the common herd, was yet a noble democrat.

Jesus of Nazareth was probably the democrat supreme. Now as in

these days scientific scrutiny of his period in history dims the dogma of his divinity, there rises proportionately his message of democracy. He was the great democrat of the spiritual life.

The above are introductory thoughts interpretative of a theme which will be discussed by the Rev. Frank Fay Eddy at the Unitarian church Sunday morning.

Services begin at 10:45 o'clock. University men and women are always welcome at the little brown church on the corner of Eleventh Avenue and Ferry Street, known as the "Little Church of the Human Spirit."

Advertisement for Jim Says---. Text: "Jim Says--- If you need shoes repaired while you wait we have a nice waiting room and lots of good reading" "JIM the Shoe Doctor" "Convenient shine parlor on right of entrance."

Advertisement for HEILIG. Text: "HEILIG Three Miles Out with MADGE KENNEDY by John Emerson and Anita Loos" "MONDAY Tuesday, Wednesday" "A smashing story of rum running perils, exciting romance and real comedy" "ADDED ATTRACTION The LA-MONTE WHEELERS in two acts of high-class vaudeville. A musical act of novelty and a comedy skit, featuring LARRY LA-MONTE, 7 feet of laughs." "E. LACHELE on the night ROBERT MORTON" "Nights 30c Matinee 20c"

Advertisement for REX SHOE SHINING PARLOR. Text: "EXPERT SHOE SHINING" "For a number of years we have been the students' headquarters for shoe shining. We clean, dye and shine any color shoes. Orders for repairing taken." "REX SHOE SHINING PARLOR (Next Rex Theatre)"

Advertisement for Professional Directory. Text: "PHYSICIANS and SURGEONS" "DENTISTS" "DR. M. M. BULL" "Reasonable Prices for Good Dentistry" "M. & W. Bldg. Phone 627" "DR. L. L. BAKER" "Eugene, Ore." "Demonstrators diploma Northwestern University Dental School, Chicago. Gold inlay and bridge work a specialty." "W. E. BUCHANAN" "Dentist" "Office Phone 390, Res. 1403-J Suite 211, I. O. O. F. Temple Eugene, Ore." "DR. LORAN BOGAN" "Practice limited to extraction Dental Radiography Diagnosis Oral Surgery" "938 Willamette Phone 302" "DR. W. E. MOXLEY" "Dentist" "Castle Theater Bldg. Phone 73 Eugene, Oregon" "CHIROPDIST" "DR. M. L. HANDSHUH—Foot specialist: corns, callouses removed; bunions, fallen arches, all foot ailments. Hours, daily, 10 to 6. 613 Willamette, ground floor. Phone 308." "It Pays to Advertise in the Professional Directory"