

## Ask Bill Bowerman

# Steen Tops In Shot (and Milk Drinking)

By JOHN BUCHNER  
Emerald Sports Writer

Dave Steen may be the dairy industry's new advertising gimmick for 1963.

It was Steen who drank a glass of milk and then set a new University shot put record of 61'5½" at the Oregon Indoor Invitational Track Meet in Portland. At least that's part of the story.

At the pre-meet dinner, the University delegation was being served hot broth as a beverage. That's when Steen spoke up and asked if he could have milk instead. Coach Bill Bowerman approved the request and added, "If you throw the shot over 60 feet tonight, I'll buy you all the milk you can drink."

**BOWERMAN** is now seriously considering the dairy business as a side line.

Whether Bowerman lives up to his off-the-cuff remark is of little importance to Steen. The important thing is he set a new school record.

"I aimed for 60 feet for nine years," Steen related. "I haven't decided whether I'll set a new goal or not."

**THE NATIVE** Burnaby, B.C., athlete estimates that he threw

the shot over 100,000 times before reaching the 60 footmark. Steen recalls with a chuckle his junior high school days when he was tossing an eight pound shot about 21 feet. But he's been improving, and how.

During his freshman year at the University, Steen's top "put" was 52'10". As a sophomore, he hit the 55 foot peg and as a junior he increased to 58'8". Now as a senior he has already reached 61'5½" and the spring track season is a month away.

**STEEN'S ADVICE** to the up and coming young shot putter is to be dedicated and ambitious. "Initial talent means very little," according to the crew-cut senior. Steen practices what he preaches. He works out about two hours each day, 365 days-a-year.

Why does he throw the shot put? Steen divides his reasons

into two general topics, one psychological and the other philosophical. Under the psychological heading comes such things as "need of recognition." Steen likes the philosophical reasons best.

"This one action lasts 3/5 of one second, every 'put' being one moment in your life," Steen relates in a soft, deep thinking approach. Other philosophical comments by Steen include:

- "I know someday my body and mind will decay."
- "When I'm on a circle (platform on which a shot putter stands), I'm most aware of my body and mind at work."
- "I want to be active."
- "This is the most meaningful thing in my life."

Steen speaks of his coach with deepest respect. "He (Bowerman) is intellectually humble, always willing to listen to your ideas.

Nothing small is overlooked."

The champion shot putter says that what defeats most coaches is self-pride. "This is where Mr. Bowerman is different; he's young in ideas." And why does Steen call Bowerman "Mr." instead of "coach"? "He's a teacher, not a coach."

**STEEN COMES** from a very athletic family. His older brother Don was a decathlon man at the University several years ago and also held the Canadian Decathlon Record at one time. His father was a professional boxer and his

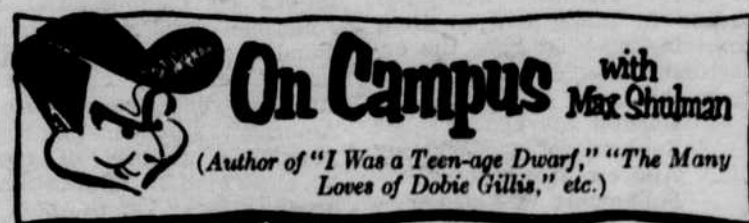
grandfather was an ace soccer player in Ireland.

Track is not Steen's only interest, either. He is a history major, likes to write short stories and paint. He relaxes by sleeping.

What's Steen's favorite food? MILK—of course.

## ORDER OF O

The Order of the O will meet at the Chi Phi house. Lettermen are required to wear their sweaters.



## THE CURSE OF THE CAMPUS: NO. 1

Hate me if you will, but I must speak. We college types are far too complacent. Sure, we've got plenty to be proud of. We've got atom smashers, we've got graduate schools, we've got new peaks in scholarship, new highs in academic honors. And yet, in the midst of these triumphs, we have failed dismally to make any progress in solving the oldest and most horrendous of all campus problems: we've still got roommates.

To be sure, all roommates are not bad. There is the well-documented case of Hilquit Glebe, a student at the Manhattan College of Agriculture, majoring in curds and whey, who admitted publicly that he actually *liked* his roommate—an odd admission when you consider that this roommate, Mervis Trunz by name, was frankly not too winsome a fellow. He practiced his tympani in his room, he kept an alligator, and he collected airplane tires.

But, on the other hand, Mervis bought two packs of Marlboro Cigarettes every day and gave one of them to Hilquit and—I ask you—who can stay mad at a man who gives you Marlboro Cigarettes? Who, upon tasting that flavorful blend of Marlboro tobaccos, upon drawing through that pure white Marlboro filter, upon exulting in this best of all possible cigarettes, Marlboro—who, I say, can harden his heart against his neighbor? Certainly not Hilquit. Certainly not I. Certainly not you, as you will find when you scurry to your nearest tobacconist and buy a supply. Marlboros come in soft pack or Flip-Top Box. Tobacconists come in small, medium, and large.



But I digress. Roommates, I say, are still with us and I fear they always will be, so we better learn how to get along with them. It can be done, you know. Take, for instance, the classic case of Dolly Pitcher and Molly Madison.

Dolly and Molly, roommates at a prominent Midwestern girls' school (Vassar) had a problem that seemed insoluble. Dolly could only study late at night, and Molly could not stay awake past nine o'clock. If Dolly kept the lights on, the room was too bright for Molly to sleep. If Molly turned the lights off, the room was too dark for Dolly to study. What to do?

Well sir, those two intelligent American kids found an answer. They got a miner's cap for Dolly! Thus, she had enough light to study by, and still the room was dark enough for Molly to sleep.

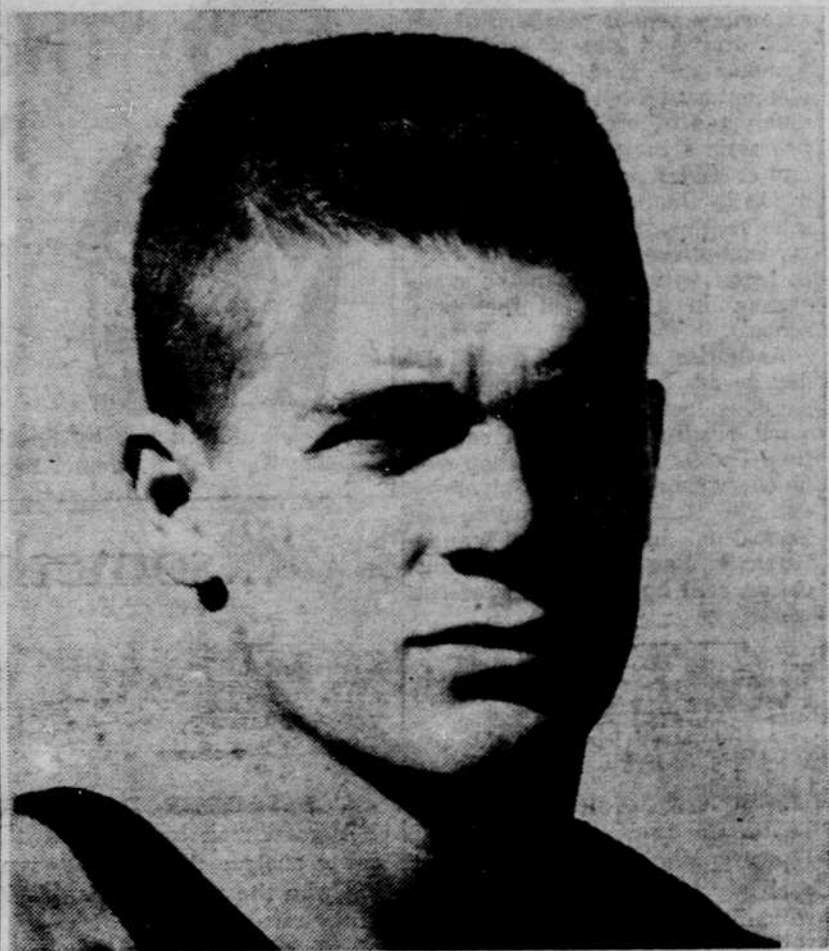
It must be admitted, however, that this solution, ingenious as it was, had some unexpected sequelae. Dolly got so enchanted with her miner's cap that she switched her major from 18th Century poetry to mining and metallurgy. Shortly after graduation she had what appeared to be a great stroke of luck: while out prospecting, she discovered what is without question the world's largest feldspar mine. This might have made Dolly very rich except that nobody, alas, has yet discovered a use for feldspar. Today Dolly, a broken woman, squeezes out a meagre living making echoes for tourists in Mammoth Cave.

Nor has Molly fared conspicuously better. Once Dolly got the miner's hat, Molly was able to catch up on her long-lost sleep. She woke after eight days, refreshed and vigorous—more vigorous, alas, than she realized. It was the afternoon of the annual Dean's tea. Molly stood in line with her classmates, waiting to shake the Dean's hand. At last her turn came, and Molly, full of strength and health, gave the Dean a firm handshake—so firm, indeed, that all five of the Dean's knuckles were permanently fused.

The Dean sued for a million dollars, and, of course, won. Today Molly, a broken woman, is paying off her debt by walking the Dean's cat every afternoon for ten cents an hour.

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We, the makers of Marlboro and the sponsors of this column, will not attempt to expertize about roommates. But we will tell you about a great pocket or purse mate—Marlboro Cigarettes—fine tobacco, fine filter, fine company always.



DAVE STEEN  
Drinking Milk at Coach's Expense

## Frosh Ruggers

The Freshman Rugby team will meet at 7:00 tonight in the SU. The room number will be posted. All freshmen students interested in learning the game and playing regularly scheduled games are invited to attend the meeting. No experience is necessary. Practice times will be one of the topics of the meeting.

## IM Schedule

### Basketball

3:50 Court 40 DeCou A vs Omega A

4:35 Court 40 Legal Eagles A vs Philadelphia A

5:15 Court 40 Theta Chi A vs Beta Theta Pi A

### Handball

Delta Chi vs Collier

**75<sup>TH</sup>**  
**YEAR ON CAMPUS**  
**University of Oregon**



## Program '63:

Afric-Ore, Culture and Language of East Africa (Swahili Class)  
Ind-Ore, Culture and Language of India (Hindi Class)  
International Program  
Dialogues and Discussion Groups  
Community Service  
Little Brother Project

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Frosh Program: Profs are People  
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