Sports of all sorts

HOMECOMING

Mark this down in your date book:
February 8.

That done, come to Norman February 8 and watch Hugh McDermott’s Sooner basketball team in action in the fieldhouse against Nebraska.

Mac’s team hasn’t had the same notable record this year that it had the last two, but all the more reason for your coming homecoming night to boost the team. Anyway, two years without a conference defeat is nothing to hide under a bushel. If you haven’t done so already, order your tickets now.

* * *

CAPTAIN FIELDS

Soonerland’s new football captain is a six footer whom you have heard about before, Bob Fields of Ponca City. Captain Fields, elected by his teammates, played center last year without missing a minute’s play.

Eighteen Sooners were awarded letters for football representation last fall. They are: Captain Frank Crider, Tom Churchill, Dick Marsh, Al Mayhew (all of whom have won letters three consecutive years), Weldon Gentry, Fenton Taylor, John Lee, Bob Fields, Curtis Berry, Earl Flint, Buster Mills, Clyde Kirk (all of whom have won two letters), Raymond Stanley, Hilary Lee, Guy Warren, Roy Nelson, Ernest Massad and Darrell Ewing.

* * *

THE GREAT SHELBY

Bus Ham in the Daily Oklahoman has high praise for Parker Shelby, artist and trackman. Says Ham:

There were other great track men in the state during 1929 but none so consistently dominated all opposition in his event as did Parker Shelby, towering University of Oklahoma high jumper.

Shelby won first place in the national inter-collegiate, first in the Kansas, Drake, Southern Methodist and Texas relays, first in the Big Six indoor and outdoor meets.

His only defeat was in the K. C. A. C. indoor meet, in which Tom Poor, former University of Kansas athlete, bested him out. Shelby later got a measure of revenge for that defeat by breaking one of Poor’s records.

“Icky” Williams, Oklahoma Baptist university’s brilliant quarter-miler, also brought fame and glory to himself and school, but his record is not as convincing as Shelby’s.

* * *

NO BIFF

Noted Capt. Lawrence “Biff” Jones, coach of West Point, asked to be assigned to the school of fire at Fort Sill. Enthusiastic Sooners wired War Secretary Pat Hurley to assign him to the university R. O. T. C. Replied Oklahoma’s Hurley that Biff was serious about his army career and wanted the school of fire.

* * *

TOUGH BREAKS

Fighting doggedly to the last minute of play, Hugh V. McDermott’s Sooner basketball team met its first conference defeat in 33 games January 11, when a team of Kansas long-range sharpshooters invaded the Norman court to take a 34 to 22 victory. Kansas thereby saved its own all-time record of 34 straight conference wins.

For the first time in his career Captain Tom Churchill, playing with a sprained ankle, was held scoreless, and with the main-spring of their attack crippled the Oklahomans were never able to hit a winning stride.

The Kansas loss was the second for Oklahoma this year. An inspired Oklahoma Aggie quintet, playing on its own court, sent the Sooners home with the short end of a 28 to 22 score January 7. McDermott’s team had previously defeated both the University of Texas and Southern Methodist University in two-game series, with close scores in all four matches.

The almost impossible task of filling gaps left by Bruce Drake at running guard and Clif Shearer at center has been McDermott’s chief problem. Gordon Graalman and Jerry Jerome, sophomore centers, lack height to make invincible pivot men, and no candidate has been able to duplicate Drake’s brilliant floor work. Three of last year’s veterans, Churchill, Bill Noble and Laurence Meyer have been the nucleus for the Sooner team, with Melvin Culbertson and Harold Roberts fighting for the guard position, while Graalman and Jerome take turns at center. With Churchill out of the game, Charles Grady and Garland Emmons, speedy second string men, pulled the Sooner bacon out of the fire in the S. M. U. series.

Oklahoma will have a chance to avenge its defeat by Kansas when the Sooners invade Lawrence for the last conference game of the season February 15. Most important match on the home schedule is the Missouri game February 1. Other games on the Sooner schedule are: Iowa State at Norman, January 18. Nebraska at Norman, February 8. Oklahoma A. and M. at Norman, February 11.

* * *

A WORTHY RECORD

In these days of athletic storm and stress, figures compiled by Registrar George Wadsack as to the number of athletes at Oklahoma who take degrees, are interesting.

Out of 222 men (excepting those now enrolled in the university) who have made Oklahoma letters since 1895, 140 or 63.6 per cent, completed their college work and received degrees.

Out of the remaining number, sixty-two left school in good standing and could re-enroll if they desired.

Only eighteen lettermen have been dropped by the university in thirty-four years for failure to do their work.

Thus two-thirds of the lettermen take degrees, while only a third of the average student body complete their work.

Clinic of our times---the alumni university

The traveling theater

By Winifred Johnston

T IS to be hoped that Southwestern trails broken centuries ago by Indian, friar, and cowboy may soon be followed by theaters-on-wheels. For the theater is taking to the road, and in this revival of the medieval pageant-wagon provincial America may well find its solution to the problem of theatrical isolation.

America has suffered much from theatrical tastes artificially fostered. Provincial America in particular has suffered from the high cost of theatrical dainties. Yet carnivals and circuses have known for many years that there are paying audiences in prairie towns and crossroad villages. For several years commercial companies playing the small towns of the Southwest have swelled profits by pro-

THE SOONER MAGAZINE
eds from dance-halls conducted in connection with their sure-fire shows. Barnstormers in the prairie lands have even occasionally braved disaster by offering something more than Tom-Show and slap-stick and low sex. Statisticians seem to show that the provinces are so hungry for entertainment that they will swallow even something good.

Credit is due Stuart Walker for discovering that there is in America a large body of people that do not have to be tempted to the theater by high-priced seasonings, that there is in this country a very wholesome appetite which can be pleased with other food than the dainties prepared for depraved or jaded tastes.

When Walker gave his initial dress rehearsal at the Christodora House in New York City his idea was to present plays with the best actors available and with the best scenery and costumes for the entertainment of the Settlement people. What he achieved was a beauty of simplicity recognized even by the commercial theater. What he made possible was a theater of the people, by the people, and for the people. It was Montrose Moses who some twelve years ago remarked that the sooner the theater economically made it possible for productions to be brought to the people, rather than for the people to be brought through extensive advertising and expensive costuming to the theater, the sooner would the socializing of the theater take place. And he followed his discussion of Stuart Walker's influence with this prophecy: "It would not surprise us to find later on this example greeted eagerly by isolated communities in the rural districts, where stage accessories are difficult to procure."

Before Stuart Walker deserted his original idea to enter the competitive field of the theater; the glamour of the movable stage accessaries are difficult to procure."

"It is interesting to see one of these traveling theaters set up or to wander around its grounds on the inspection of equipment always invited. Adams Rice has one of the most elaborate of the organizations. The troupe lives under canvas all the time. Claim is made that it is the only show in the country that carries hotel equipment. This includes a dining tent and four sleeping tents: one each for the single men and women, one for the cook's family, and one for Rice and his wife. Trucks house the Frigidaire-equipped kitchen, and the pantry, as well as the showers and the lavatories for players and audience. The end of the truck opens up to disclose the grating of the ticket-office. The side of another opens down to disclose the Pierrot-clad orchestra. A trailer carries stage props and lights; another, the flooring and seats; another, the big-top that seats over eight hundred people. It takes six hours to set up. A state-driving machine, run by a three horse power engine, does the work of twelve men. Five hundred stakes are pulled every time the show "strikes." The sides of the tent are raised during the last act of the last performance and before the audience disappears chairs are being slapped down in preparation for the next move. The show made thirty-eight stands in the 1929 season, with an average of two nights to a stand, presenting a repertory of three popular Broadway successes. The audiences were a strange mixture of children, carnival-lovers, and those who knew by reputation the high standing of the Detroit Civic Theater, of which Rice is the director.

The equipment of the Jitney Players of New England is less pretentious than that of the Detroit Players. Unpacking and setting up takes little more than an hour, although the present company numbers seventeen and the present equipment includes a tiny red piano, several hundred red lacquered chairs, and a Kohler generator. College boys double as orchestra and stage-hands. The big top is erected only if the sky looks threatening. Last year the company tried its first winter tour, playing on inside stages. "Instead of heat waves they ran into snow drifts," Constance Smith writes. "But they proved they could travel by car in winter as well as summer, and that the demand for the sort of entertainment they offer is non-seasonal."

A substantial motor-coach carries the Arts League of Service company of seven or eight through fen-land and farm-land and wild mountain-passes. For ten years this group of gifted and experienced people has traveled the length and breadth of Great Britain. Their annual visit is eagerly looked for in remote places," says Gordon Bottomley, "and everywhere it has set new standards and ideals for country dwellers in their own entertainments... They are their own scene-shifters and property-masters and wardrobe-hands. From time to time they drive into London or Manchester for the comparative rest that two or three weeks' performances in one settled building means to them; and there they set no less a standard of fine artistry among their commercial rivals." The desire of the founders of the Arts League was to find a means of allaying the theater "to the happy audacities of design and rhythm and color which were exciting their contemporaries in the other arts." Carrying out this ideal the company has acted and given picturesque mountings to songs as well as to modern plays by well-known writers. It always carries with it at least one accomplished dancer for the rhythmic and plastic interpretation of great music; for many years the Highland singer, Hugh Mackay, gave his interpretations of Gaelic songs as a member of the company.
THE PASSING OF RED EAGLE

(Continued from page 160)

of an intrinsically great race. Dying with him is something of another day which one wishes to hold in his most cherished memories; which one continually reproaches himself for neglecting. Memories which are colored or lost in the activity of the present. The modern cars parked in the ranch lot in contrast to the tribal burial ceremonies, brought the past forcibly to mind. High powered cars at the burial of Red Eagle.

One of these scenes is the Osage ranch. In one of these small one-room houses, in one of these the body of Red Eagle rested. The casket, a large metallic thing, jarring the sense of harmony, was in the center of the long room. Blanketed forms sat in a circle round the casket; passive; inscrutable. There were a few uncontrolled sobs. As one looked upon the long gaunt figure lying there, the impression was of barbaric dignity. A dignity which strained mawkish display. Red Eagle symbolized the dignity of a race.

On his left cheek was the daub of black. On his right cheek the five red lines alternating with as many black ones. These were parallel with the long axis of the ear. He wore his beaver skin turban; his shell neck ornament, and his wristlet of silver. In the right hand he had his eagle-feather fan. His mocassins were unornamented. He was wrapped in a new red blanket. No Pharaoh in all the magnificence of his transition could have been more regal.

I t was not so much the long painted figure in the finery of his race, which caused emotion of sharpest regret, and brought brave efforts to check visible evidence of the disturbance within, but the end of an epoch. A past of which there is little evidence other than a few faded ribbons, a few pictures and a disconnected story in the precarious memories of those whose chief interests were trade, and in many cases actual existence.

There was the sermon, then a short prayer by the Christian priest. The responses to the prayer were feeble; uncertain. Then the son of Red Eagle and his wife stepped up to his father's rigid form and began that heart tearing wail of the race. No suffering European could touch the deepest chords of one's heart as does the long, quavering cry of a mourning Osage. It has the same effect as the agonies of a dying horse.

We followed the party to the little burial ground under the jack-oaks at the foot of the hill. The Autumn seemed a as the agonies of a dying horse.

As one looked upon the long figure, the impression was of barbaric dignity. A dignity which strained mawkish display. Red Eagle symbolized the dignity of a race.

On his left cheek was the daub of black. On his right cheek the five red lines alternating with as many black ones. These were parallel with the long axis of the ear. He wore his beaver skin turban; his shell neck ornament, and his wristlet of silver. In the right hand he had his eagle-feather fan. His mocassins were unornamented. He was wrapped in a new red blanket. No Pharaoh in all the magnificence of his transition could have been more regal.

I t was not so much the long painted figure in the finery of his race, which caused emotion of sharpest regret, and brought brave efforts to check visible evidence of the disturbance within, but the end of an epoch. A past of which there is little evidence other than a few faded ribbons, a few pictures and a disconnected story in the precarious memories of those whose chief interests were trade, and in many cases actual existence.

There was the sermon, then a short prayer by the Christian priest. The responses to the prayer were feeble; uncertain. Then the son of Red Eagle and his wife stepped up to his father's rigid form and began that heart tearing wail of the race. No suffering European could touch the deepest chords of one's heart as does the long, quavering cry of a mourning Osage. It has the same effect as the agonies of a dying horse.

We followed the party to the little burial ground under the jack-oaks at the foot of the hill. The Autumn seemed a as the agonies of a dying horse.

As one looked upon the long figure, the impression was of barbaric dignity. A dignity which strained mawkish display. Red Eagle symbolized the dignity of a race.

On his left cheek was the daub of black. On his right cheek the five red lines alternating with as many black ones. These were parallel with the long axis of the ear. He wore his beaver skin turban; his shell neck ornament, and his wristlet of silver. In the right hand he had his eagle-feather fan. His mocassins were unornamented. He was wrapped in a new red blanket. No Pharaoh in all the magnificence of his transition could have been more regal.