

The Month in Sports

By H. F. WILKINS

Outstandingly notable in fall season sports of the Philippines is the advent of a game new in the Orient. American football has crashed the Asiatic gate on a basis that makes it look like a permanent addition to the field of athletic entertainment.

You never can tell for certain about the permanency of such innovations. The grand old game of the pigskin and gridiron may *fa' down* badly with the climatic and environmental test with the Philippines will put upon it. But it has caught the imagination of both American and Filipino sports fans to the extent of jamming Wallace field with three or four thousand persons on three outstanding occasions, and it has led to the formation of at least four teams, now developing under capable coaching into formidable football machines.

At least some measure of credit will always attend the Philippines for being the first oriental country to foster if not to adopt the game of American football.

The game started in Manila the first of August, with the formation of a team composed of young men in business in Manila calling themselves the All-Americans. With commendable initiative and perseverance they dug up enough equipment to fit out eleven men in football togs, and began consistent and persevering practice every afternoon. Fortunately they had enough really capable football material to furnish a flip and a thrill to those who saw their first game against a makeshift team from the 31st Infantry, which the All-Americans won, 12 to 0.

That was August 6.

On the following day, the University of the Philippines announced the formation of a football team under the leadership of R. G. Hawkins, a law student. This team is scheduled to play soon, after a month and a half of practice, during which Johnny Tadoran, one of Manila's foremost athletes, got his collar bone broken. That was the first casualty of the season. The University team is not under the college banner, but authorities are seriously considering making American football part of their athletic program next year.

On August 20, the All-Americans had their second game with the 31st Infantry. They won again, this time 7 to 0, and Bill Young, captain of the team, stood out as the conspicuous star. Others in the lineup, which was fairly well standardized by this time, included Steves, Ray, Dolan, Richard, Killman, Cochrane, Barbier, Ellis, Tremblay, Johnson, Lash, McCarthy, Kneeder, Clausen and some substitutes. If the game flourishes, their names will become historic.

A flying squadron of experienced football men from the Camp Nichols Air Corps came on the scene and administered to the All-Americans their first defeat, September 3. There was a crowd of nearly 4,000 out to see this game. The All-Americans put up a good fight against a heavier and faster line and back-field, but lost, 6-0. It was a bitter pill. They met Camp Nichols again September 30 and tied them in a scoreless game on a field of mud, so that took some of the sting out of that first defeat.

Another team calling themselves the Internationals has thrown in the gantlet. If heavy football togs and the strenuous nature of the game combined with inevitable injuries to inexperienced players, and a climate that makes heavy clothing unbearable, don't clog the game, American football has a fair start toward becoming one of the orient's best drawing cards in athletics.

Soccer.—It took Filipinos and others, even qualified sports observers, a long time to discover that American football is not by any means the same game as soccer football, which has been for years the football of the orient. Sports editors persisted for a couple of months in calling the All-Americans soccer players, which disgusted them. Not until the advent of the famed Loh Hwa soccer team, champions of China and Australia, did it become clear that

soccer football and American football are in classes by themselves.

The Loh Hwa team came, saw, and virtually conquered in Manila. They won five games, tied one and lost one. Had it not been for an unfortunate and sensational circumstance in their last appearance on Wallace field, the invasion would have been entirely successful—from the Chinese point of view. As it was, they departed with every assurance to their Filipino hosts that they held no hard feelings and that they were going back to their homeland with nothing but praise for the land to the east of the China sea.

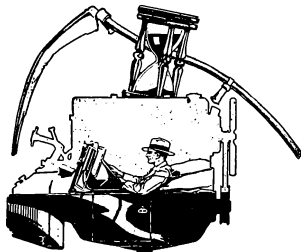
Their manner of winning those five games was never more apparent than in their first appearance, September 9. They were playing the so-called All-Manila team, a composite of what were supposed to be the best soccer players in

Manila. The Chinese won a moderately fast game solely because of superior teamwork. They knew how to play together, and the All-Manilans didn't; they took the game, 3 to 1.

They next played San Beda and met a bunch of players that held them to a scoreless tie. This was something of a surprise, for San Beda was regarded as inferior to the All-Manila aggregation. The Chinese won their next two games, against Santo Tomas and a composite team from the National Collegiate Athletic Association, both of them by a 3 to 2 score. Then they met their Waterloo in a clash with the Philippine Amateur Athletic Federation team. The P.A.A.F. won, 3 and 2. There was a pardonable objection on the part of the Chinese team to the authenticity of the winning score. They claimed it was not a scoring shot, and the matter was put up to the committee in charge of promotions and never properly settled. The game stands on the books as a loss to the Chinese.

In the Loh Hwa team's fifth game in Manila, their second meeting with San Beda, which team

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had previously held them to a scoreless tie, occurred the incident that put a blot on sportsmanship and will linger unpleasantly for some time to come. Some call it an echo of the riot that occurred in Shanghai at the time of the Far Eastern Olympic games last year, when some Chinese mobbed a Filipino team that beat them.

In any case, the last quarter of the game ended in a thoroughly unpleasant riot that taxed the ingenuity and craft of the police. The Chinese

the flyweight title from the heretofore invincible Little Moro. The conqueror is Pablo Daño, at present writing seeking the bantam crown held by the same Little Moro, long armed and cagey.

E. G. Redline, genial and well-known sportsman of long standing in Manila, is secretary of the reorganized Olympic, and upon him devolved the duties of matchmaker and manager when Eddie Tait went to America to see the Democratic bout at Houston.

Kid Johnson, featherweight champion of the orient, continues to be the stadium's best drawing card. His title has been at stake several times recently, once in the last month against Joe Hall, highly touted Negro fighter from Buffalo, who outboxed Johnson but lost the decision anyway, and more recently against Young Alke, who went to Australia and annexed the featherweight crown of that island continent. Alke took a terrific beating from the champion. Joe Hall went to Shanghai.

Filipino fighters have been doing well in the

States. Young Nacionalista is making almost as much money as Pete Sarmiento used to. Pete, by the way, is about through. He went back to the States after failing distally here, and lost his first fight hopelessly. Nacionalista nearly kayoed Fidel La Barba, the college fighter recently, but lost the decision. Speedy Dado is doing well, so is Syd Torres.

Olympic Games.—No resumé of recent sports news would be complete without mention of Filipino participation in the Ninth Olympic Games at Amsterdam, Holland. Four returning athletes with Dr. Regino Ylanan of the P.A.A.F. coach and mentor, got the reception of a lifetime when they returned September 19 on the German ship *Derfflinger*. They were winned and dined and feted and congratulated by congressmen, tradesmen, sportsmen and representatives of the governor general. Dr. Ylanan told Manila at a banquet that "they did their best," and Manila took the four athletes to its bosom.

The four thus honored were Simcon Toribio,



Major General Douglas MacArthur, U.S.A., Commanding the Department of the Philippines. Patron of Sports for Sports' Sake: Recently in Charge of the Americans at the World Olympic Games. His statement: "Though the Filipino athletes were but four at the Olympic games, they were one of the sensations of the meet. Toribio is perhaps the best natural jumper I ever saw. Trained by an expert coach, such as we have in America Toribio would, in my opinion, be a world's champion. Idefonso took second in swimming. He has excellent form and was at his best; he won a great triumph. Filipinos are an athletic people, natural athletes, bound to be reckoned with as competent contenders in future Olympic meets and world sports generally. I have always taken pleasure in their progress in sports and shall continue doing so. The outstanding fact in this year's Olympics was the broadening of interest in sports and the consequent narrowing of the gap between America and other countries. America won the meet, but did not do so with the same ease as in the past. Next time the competition will probably be even keener. The points and events taken by countries hardly heard of heretofore in organized athletics indicate how the spirit of sportsmanship is spreading. This is just what every-one wants—it is the end sought."

goal keeper was knocked sprawling by a San Beda man, and rabid fans on the sidelines joined the fray. It is deplored that some of these latter resorted to certain tools of unorganized warfare known as pocket knives, which were wielded with telling effect in certain quarters. The Chinese team, with the assistance of two police and a gang of roughnecks said to have been hired for the purpose of preventing wholesale slaughter in case of emergency, escaped with little or no injury, but the pride of Filipino sportsmen who do not countenance such performances was sorely hurt.

The business, muddly as it is, offers an interesting commentary on the oriental attitude towards all forms of contest. One of the Filipino soccer players, a rather wise observer of his own race, explained that "they can't get over the idea that defeat means insult, and that it can only be wiped out in blood." Too bad, but the Filipinos are not the only oriental race that hold the same attitude, and they will probably be the first to get over it.

Boxing.—The manly art of self-defense continues in the limelight of sportsdom in the Philippines, as it probably always will. Outstanding among events of significance in recent months is the changing of the financial control and management of the Olympic stadium, and the advent of a Filipino fighter from a sojourn in the States that taught him enough to wrest

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who took place in the preliminaries and finals of the high jump. Theophile Hietala, who won points for the Philippines in swimming; Anselmo Gonzaga, sprinter, and Tuboran Tamsi, swimmer. The captain of the American Olympic track team said of Toribio after he got home that the Filipino should have won first place in the high jump; he never saw such a marvelous natural spring in his life; but Toribio hadn't the form.

Basketball.—Manila and the Philippines in general have seen an active season in the well known cage game. The Ateneo won the N.C.A.A. championship among schools of Manila. This is the big prize in scholastic basketball. They did it by beating Letran college in their final game, 32 to 14. It was the first time in five years that Ateneo had taken the cup.

The best brand of basketball is seen in the Army leagues. Most of these have not finished playing. Interservice games have drawn packed houses all season. The American Association Basketball League is the big league among the service men. There is a stiff jolt for supremacy.

Bowling.—Basketball has attracted no more attention than has bowling, both in the schools and in service competition. The Philippine Bowling Association, the big league of pindoo, got into action October 2 with eight teams competing for supremacy. Rivalry is keener this year than ever before.

Baseball.—The coming season in the king

of sports looks promising indeed. Two teams, one from Cavite navy yard, and one from Meralco, are pledged to enter the Philippine Baseball League this year, and Judge Frank B. Ingersoll, the *Judge Landis* of the Philippines, has been working on organization of service



Captain "BIM" Young

teams until the optimistic tone of his predictions begins to build up a solid background. There will be something doing, and baseball in the islands is due for the jolt that it needed last year to bring it to life.

The King's Horn: A Moral Legend of Sulu

By FRANK LEWIS MINTON

It is easier to close the mouths of rivers than the mouths of men. This is a Sulu proverb.

Once upon a time, according to the aged story tellers of Sulu, there lived a great and powerful king, an emperor of many lands, who collected tribute from all the islands of the east. Because of his tremendous power and wealth, everyone thought that this monarch must be a very happy man, and perhaps he would have been—for he was a wise ruler—but for the fact that he was afflicted with an unsightly and rather ludicrous blemish. He had a small horn growing near the top of his head.

Of course the people did not know of the king's horn, as it was ordinarily covered by his own turban, and he was most careful to keep it hidden from his wives and the household servants. But the fear that it would eventually be discovered, and would make him ridiculous in the eyes of his subjects, preyed upon the monarch's mind until it became an obsession which threatened to unsettle his reason.

It was the king's habit to have the court barber cut his hair at regular intervals, as he was most fastidious in matters of personal appearance, but after the appearance of the horn, he allowed his hair to grow to such a length that it became quite noticeable, and finally caused sarcastic comment among his wives. So the king, being a man of great wisdom and resourcefulness, decided upon a novel and obviously feasible plan to guard his secret: *He would kill the barber immediately after having his hair cut, so there would be none to betray him.*

The king was a man of action. The morning after he had hit upon his ingenious plan, he appeared with a stylish haircut. His wives fawned upon him, and the public smiled approvingly. That same afternoon it was announced that the court barber had mysteriously disappeared. A searching party was organized, but no trace of the missing barber could be found, and it was finally decided that he had been spirited away by a jinn, fallen a victim to black magic, or possibly had been seized by a crocodile.

Four weeks later the acting court barber disappeared under circumstances similar to those surrounding the mysterious disappearance of his unlucky predecessor. And thereafter, with appalling regularity, the court barbers of Mantapul^{*} disappeared one after another within a few days after the advent of each new

moon. The terrifying mystery of the disappearing barbers caused much consternation among the people, and actual panic to the towsorial craftsmen of the capital. No trace was ever found of the missing men. True, a turban which may have belonged to one of the barbers was found in the river, and some maintained thereafter that the crocodiles had eaten the barbers. But why should the crocodile attack but once each moon, always at the same time? And why should he invariably choose the court barber?

Sage, soothsayer, priest and medicine man vied with each other in theorizing over the fate of the unfortunates. The consensus was that it was all the work of wicked jinns. No one dreamed that the king had killed his barbers. Why should he try to keep the deed a secret? He was an absolute monarch. It was his right, even his duty, to kill such of his subjects as displeased him. But no amount of moralizing could alter the dreadful fact. Barbers began surreptitious migration to parts unknown. Barbers complained of the lack of apprentices to their honorable craft. Barbers looked fearfully at each other, wondering who would be the next to receive the dread command to attend the king.

Finally, when only a scant half-dozen barbers were left in Mantapul, the choice of the king fell upon one Uzman, an old man who was accounted very wise. Uzman received the summons smilingly, and with a reassuring word to his lamenting friends and family, arrayed himself in his finest robes. "I am an old man," he said, "and I doubt if either jinn or crocodile would have much use for this tough old beard."

Now he it said to the king's credit, that he had long cudgeled his brain in an effort to devise some scheme whereby he could avoid the monthly murders of his barbers. He was not particularly cruel at heart, and the disposition of the remains entailed a lot of hard, uncongenial work which could not be trusted to any of his servants. Moreover, he had taken an instant liking to old Uzman, who was deft in his ministrations, a model of decorum, and seemed to have an infinite capacity for silence. So when the monarch's hair had been cut to his satisfaction, he was loth to strike the blow that would send another court

barber to the ugly, wallowing crocodiles at the river bank. And the old man had not once mentioned the king's deformity, apparently had not even noticed it.

"If he had been the ordinary garrulous type," mused the king, "it wouldn't have been so bad. There is really some pleasure in killing a barber who talks too much." So he bade Uzman to sit beside him, and began talking to the old man of current topics, ultimately referring to the disappearance of the court barbers, and commenting upon some of the ridiculous theories advanced by the wise men of the kingdom. Then he changed the subject to human weaknesses, notably the prevailing tendency to talk too much and man's inability to keep a secret.

"It is a habit which often proves fatal," he concluded.

Then Uzman arose and addressed his king. "Your Majesty," he said earnestly, "I understand your meaning, and appreciate the situation in which you are placed. I know, moreover, what becomes of the court barbers. I am an old man, somewhat learned, and although my insignificant life is not worth the snap of your Majesty's fingers, yet would I beg you to spare it for the little time I have left to live; for with age has come wisdom and discretion. Your secret is safe with me; and since the gods command that even the king shall not kill except in cases of necessity, or to glorify him, my death would only cause Your Majesty unnecessary annoyance and, possibly, a measure of sorrow."

The king looked long and searchingly at the barber. "Are you sure," he demanded sternly, "that you can keep my secret?"

"I am sure, O Mighty Emperor," replied the barber. "I swear it by the honor of my wives and the heads of my beloved sons."

"Your life shall be spared," decided the king, with a sigh of relief, "and you shall be my court barber to the end of your days."

For several months Uzman lived quite happily in the midst of the luxury with which the king showered him for his faithful service. The old barber's food was of the choicest from the king's own table, he was arrayed in silks, the number of his wives had been doubled and he was the favorite companion of the monarch. His former friends who had lamented him at parting, now forgot their fears and became envious of his good fortune. Priest, soothsayer and medicine man secretly hated and feared him for his apparent immunity to the jinns, and for his rather patronizing manner. A proud man indeed was the court barber of Mantapul.

But there was one flaw in the beautiful fabric of this new life. He was possessed of the greatest secret in the world, and he dared not tell it! He could not tell his admiring friends how important a personage he really was. He could not brag to his chattering wives that he was, as he believed, wiser than they. He mused, "O what use all this glory if I may not tell it to my sons?" The great secret grew irksome. It fairly gnawed at his vitals. He became nervous, irritable, morose. He avoided company. Fearing for his life, should he let slip some hint of the secret, he drove his wives from his quarters and barred the door so that none might enter unannounced. Often he considered coming into the king's abode, showing his secret to the world—until swift death should relieve him from his suffering; or going to the monarch and requesting that he be executed lest he violate the royal confidence.

He was not of the stuff of which suicides are made.

At last his mind could stand no more. He became partially demented, but even so his discretion did not quite desert him. One day he broke completely under the strain.

"I will run away," he decided, "so far that no man can find me, and there I will show the king's secret to the very skies—to the very City of the Gods." He slipped out of the palace, hurried through the outer gate of the city, and dashed into the neighboring wood with a speed well nigh incredible in one so old. "I must hurry," he panted, "lest I should my master's secret where all may hear. Hour after hour I pored bitily on through the forest, stumbling over tree trunks, falling, cursing, crawling, throughout the day and far into the night, until at last he fell, exhausted and fainting, at the

**Mantapul*: Name of the fabled ancient capital whence came the *ulandras*, the rulers who flew to Sulu, mentioned in folklore narrated by Dr. N. M. Saleeby.