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Saturday,  
November 30, 1935

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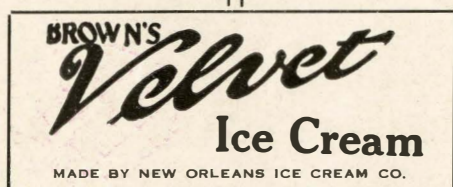
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# The Greenie

Vol. 5 NOVEMBER 30, 1935 No. 9

HORACE RENEGAR - - - Editor

Official Souvenir Football Program of Tulane University, Published for Each Home Game

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## TIGER-WAVE RIVALRY

There is no more colorful rivalry in Southern football than the long standing but friendly feud of the Louisiana State University Tigers and the Green Wave of Tulane University.

Dating back to 1893, the Greenies and Tigers have played every year with few exceptions. Only the finest of sportsmanship has predominated in the series, especially over the past decade, when not an untoward incident has marred the game.

That is as it should be.

Both are great institutions in which Louisiana may take a natural pride. The great outpouring of fans today is a tribute to the game of football as played by these universities.

The fans are partisan to the 'nth degree—no middle ground when these two old rivals meet. Yet, ever have the boys who play the game been fine winners and good losers.

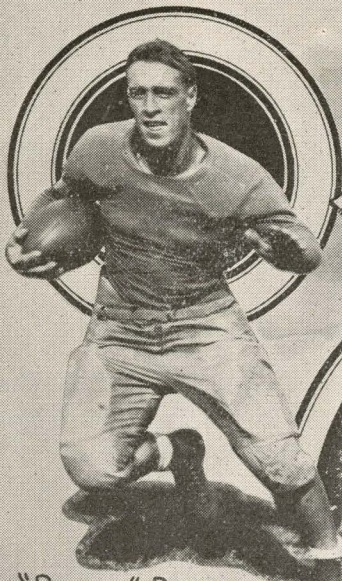
Since the series began in 1893, Tulane has won fifteen games, the Tigers have won thirteen, and four have resulted in ties.

## Past scores of the games:

|             |              |    |
|-------------|--------------|----|
| 1893—Tulane | 34; L. S. U. | 0  |
| 1895—Tulane | 4; L. S. U.  | 8  |
| 1896—Tulane | 0; L. S. U.  | 6  |
| 1898—Tulane | 0; L. S. U.  | 37 |
| 1899—Tulane | 0; L. S. U.  | 38 |
| 1900—Tulane | 29; L. S. U. | 0  |
| 1901—Tulane | 23; L. S. U. | 0  |
| 1904—Tulane | 5; L. S. U.  | 0  |
| 1905—Tulane | 0; L. S. U.  | 5  |
| 1911—Tulane | 0; L. S. U.  | 5  |
| 1912—Tulane | 3; L. S. U.  | 21 |
| 1913—Tulane | 0; L. S. U.  | 40 |
| 1914—Tulane | 0; L. S. U.  | 0  |
| 1915—Tulane | 0; L. S. U.  | 12 |
| 1916—Tulane | 14; L. S. U. | 14 |
| 1917—Tulane | 28; L. S. U. | 6  |
| 1919—Tulane | 6; L. S. U.  | 27 |
| 1920—Tulane | 21; L. S. U. | 0  |
| 1921—Tulane | 21; L. S. U. | 0  |
| 1922—Tulane | 14; L. S. U. | 25 |
| 1923—Tulane | 20; L. S. U. | 0  |
| 1924—Tulane | 13; L. S. U. | 0  |
| 1925—Tulane | 16; L. S. U. | 0  |
| 1926—Tulane | 0; L. S. U.  | 6  |
| 1927—Tulane | 13; L. S. U. | 6  |

(Continued on page 38)



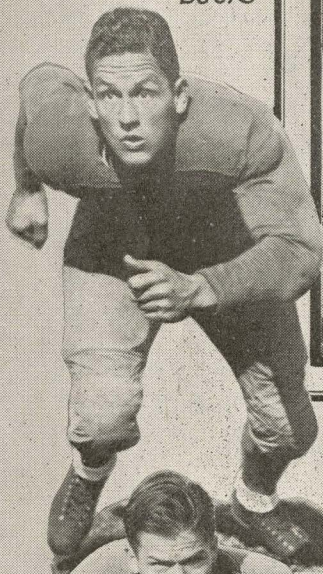


"ROCK" REED  
*Back*

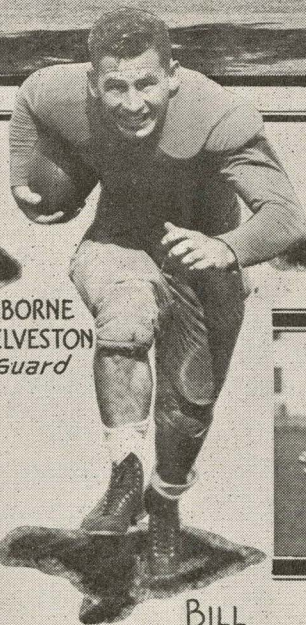
# FOOTBALL



BILL MAY  
*Back*



OSBORNE  
HELVESTON  
*Guard*



BILL  
CRASS  
*Back*



JOE LAWRIE  
*Back*



PAT  
COFFEE  
*Back*



# Tigers

SHELBY  
CALHOUN  
*Tackle*

ABE  
MICKAL  
*Halfback*

AUDRA  
BROWN  
*GUARD*

WARREN  
BARRETT  
*End*

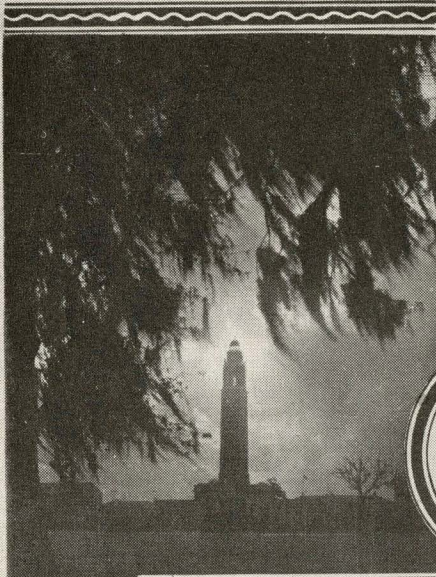
JESS  
FATHERREE  
*Halfback*

JUSTIN  
RUKAS  
*Tackle*

GAYNELL TINSLEY *End*



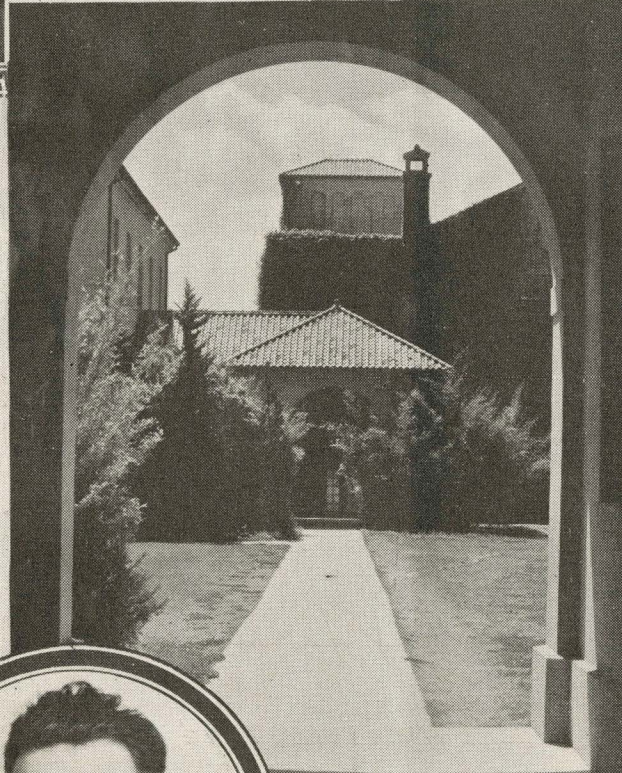
# Ole Lou



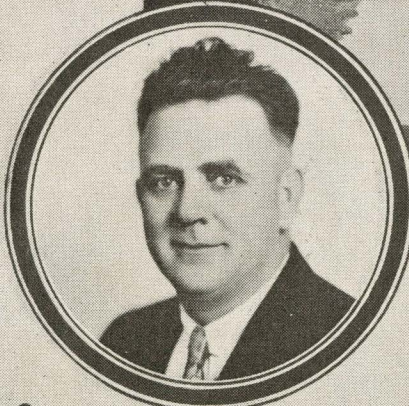
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PEABODY TOWER, FROM CENTRAL  
ARCH OF FOSTER HALL ~ ~ ~



# THE RECORDS

## 1935

### LOUISIANA STATE

|         |                       |    |
|---------|-----------------------|----|
| 7.....  | Rice .....            | 10 |
| 18..... | Texas .....           | 6  |
| 32..... | Manhattan .....       | 0  |
| 13..... | Arkansas .....        | 7  |
| 7.....  | Vanderbilt .....      | 2  |
| 6.....  | Auburn .....          | 0  |
| 28..... | Miss. State .....     | 13 |
| 13..... | Georgia .....         | 0  |
| 56..... | Southwestern La. .... | 0  |
| <hr/>   |                       |    |
| 180     |                       | 38 |

### TULANE

|         |                  |    |
|---------|------------------|----|
| 44..... | V. M. I. ....    | 0  |
| 0.....  | Auburn .....     | 10 |
| 19..... | Florida .....    | 7  |
| 0.....  | Minnesota .....  | 20 |
| 33..... | Sewanee .....    | 0  |
| 14..... | Colgate .....    | 6  |
| 13..... | Georgia .....    | 26 |
| 13..... | La. Normal ..... | 0  |
| <hr/>   |                  |    |
| 136     |                  | 69 |

### L. S. U. ALMA MATER

(Sing as the Band Plays)

Where stately oaks and broad magnolias  
Shade inspiring halls,

There stands our dear old Alma Mater  
Who to us recalls:

Fond memories that waken in our hearts  
A tender glow,

And makes us happy for the love that we  
Have learned to know.

All praise to thee our Alma Mater,  
Moulder of mankind,

May greater glory love unending  
Be forever thine.

Our worth in life will be thy worth  
We pray to keep it true,

And may thy spirit live in us forever  
L. S. U.

### TULANE ALMA MATER

(Sing as the Band Plays)

#### I

We praise thee for thy past, O Alma Mater!  
Thy hand hath done its work full faithfully!  
The incense of thy spirit hath ascended  
And filled America from sea to sea!

#### II

We praise thee for thy present, Alma Mater!  
Today thy Children look to thee for bread!  
Thou leadest them to dreams and actions splendid!  
The hunger of their soul is richly fed!

#### III

We praise thee for thy future, Alma Mater!  
The vista of its glory gleameth far!  
We ever shall be part of thee, great Mother!  
There thou wilt be where e'er thy children are!

#### CHORUS

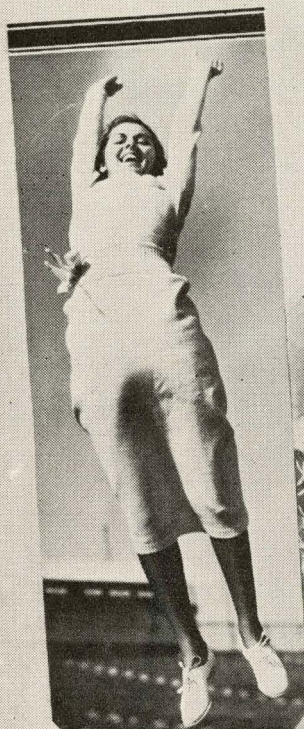
Olive, Green and Blue, we love thee!  
Pledge we now our fealty true  
Where the trees are ever greenest,  
Where the skies are purest blue!  
Hear us now, O Tulane, hear us!  
As we proudly sing to thee!  
Take from us our hearts' devotion!  
Thine we are, and thine shall be!



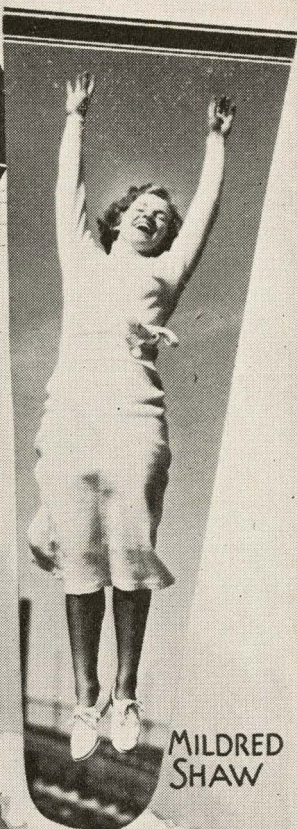


# Hooray

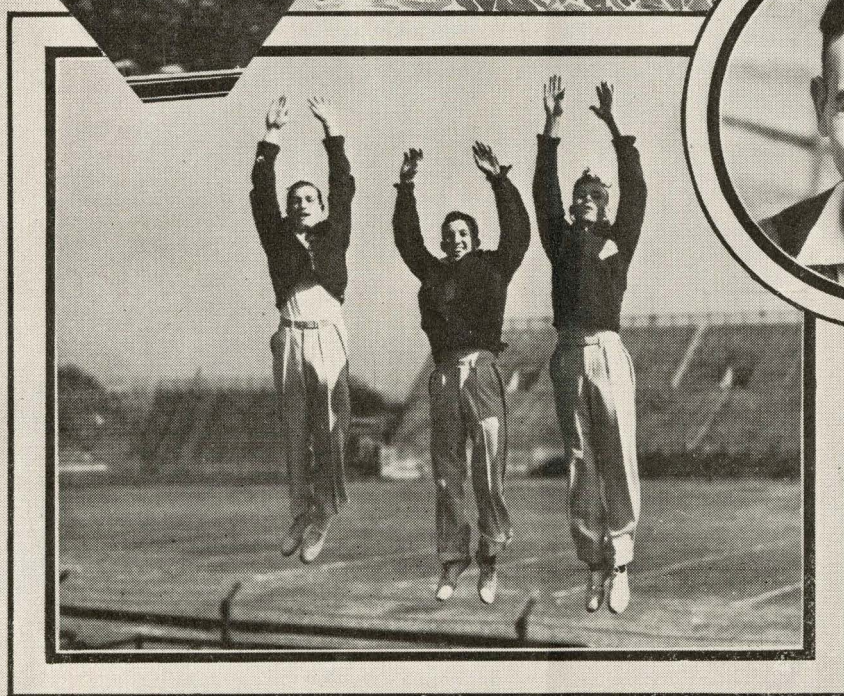
## FOR THE GREEN WAVE



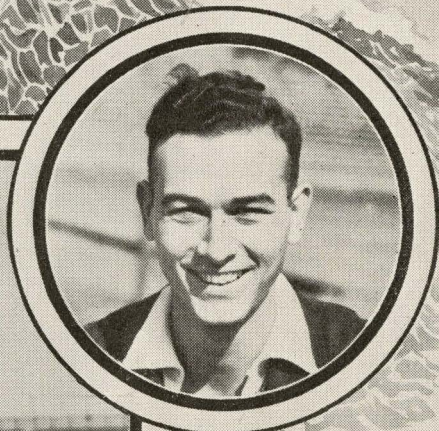
ESTHER  
JUDLIN



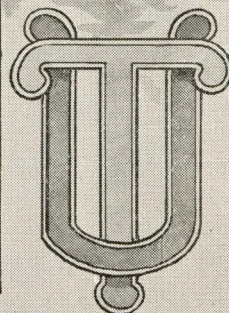
MILDRED  
SHAW



HOMER RANKIN, ROBERT LECORGNE AND KENNETH GONZALES



KENNETH GONZALES  
HEAD CHEERLEADER

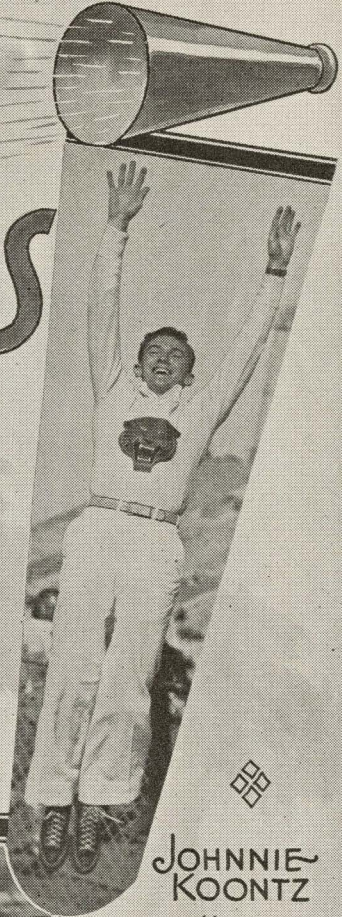




# RAH RAH TIGERS



LEFT TO RIGHT:- T. FURLOW,  
JULIET BONNETT,  
JOHNNIE KOONTZ,  
HEAD CHEER LEADER  
SHIRLEY HOWARD  
CHAMP GLAZE  
MARY ELLEN  
MCELROY



JOHNNIE-  
KOONTZ  
HEAD  
CHEER  
LEADER



JOHNNIE KOONTZ ♪ JULIET BONNETT  
IN THE AIR ♪ ♪



♪ ♪ SHIRLEY HOWARD ♪ ♪



# HOW IT BEGAN

Two football teams in November, 1893, battled it out before an enthusiastic crowd of fans. One was the team of Louisiana State University and the other the team of Tulane University.

The unusual in that picture was the fact that the umpire in the game was the coach of both teams!

T. L. Bayne was the coach and incidentally the father of football in Louisiana.

"Nervy" Bayne, they called him while he starred at Yale in the middle eighties as quarterback. He had returned home with his interest and enthusiasm in the game close to his heart and as a student in the Law School at Tulane he had gathered a team and coached it.

"I met Dr. Coates of L. S. U." Mr. Bayne said, "and we got to talking about a football game between the universities. He agreed to get a team started at L. S. U., and I agreed to organize one at Tulane. So we started work."

Mr. Bayne said Dr. Coates was thoroughly familiar with the technique of football but was a bit short in actual grid experience, so Bayne used to go to Baton Rouge every once in a while to help his friend along with the team. And he had to take the one and only ball up to L. S. U. on those trips so L. S. U. could get the hang and feel of it!

But in New Orleans Mr. Bayne had his hands full. All the preparations for a game he had to do himself. He had to find a park, erect the goal posts, mark off the field, pick the school colors, make up a yell, entice an audience at fifty cents a head, rig his team out with uniforms and then umpire the game!

He did it all. He made arrangements to use Sportsman Park. He measured and marked off the field and built the posts. He decided after much consideration and discussion that Olive and Blue would make a good color scheme. He made up a yell: Rah, Rah, Sis Boom Ah; Rah, Rah, Tulane! He made a house-to-house canvass and gathered an audience.

Thus was born intercollegiate football in Louisiana and a traditional colorful rivalry was inaugurated that lasts and grows even to this day.

On the Tulane team were three former Southern Athletic Club players, (Judge) Rufus E. Foster, Walter Castenado and Hugh Bayne, brother of the coach. Jack Dowling and Allen Mehle were on the team and played star ball, according to Mr. Bayne. John Lombard was captain. The captain of the L. S. U. team was (Former Governor) Ruffin Pleasants.

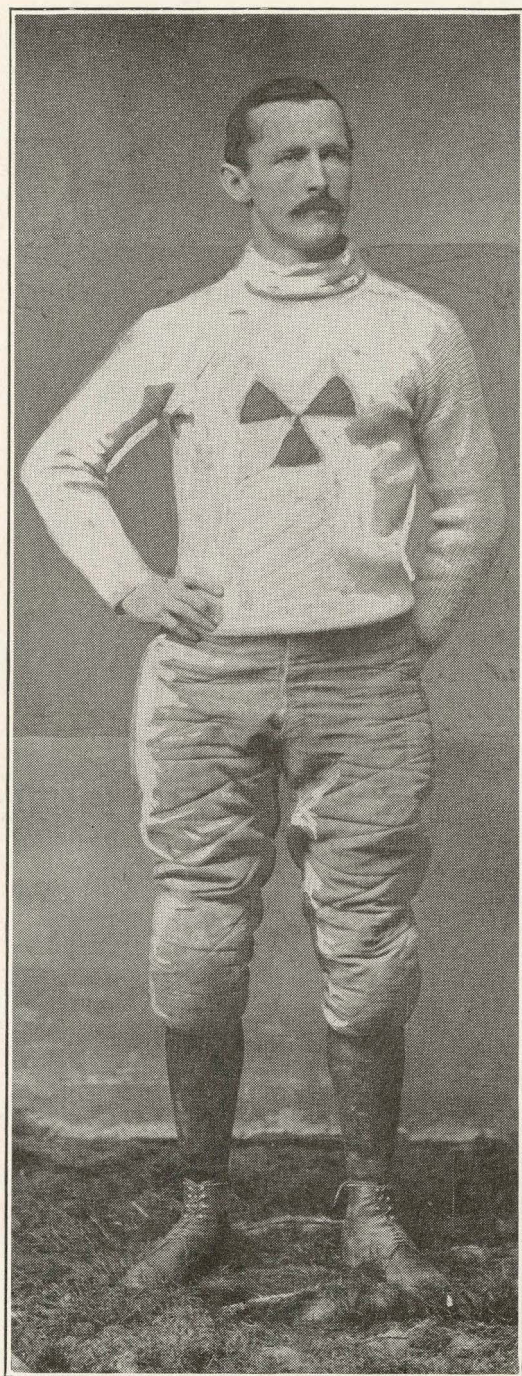
After the season was over the Tulane University presented Mr. Bayne with a token of appreciation for his services. The present was purchased by popular subscription. It was an umbrella.

"I lost it the next day," Mr. Bayne said.

Mr. Bayne died only a few months ago. He was interested in amateur sports and fair play to the end.

A salute to him from L. S. U. and Tulane!

May his spirit of 1893 carry on today and through the decades!



T. L. BAYNE



**Riled by a Raccoon Rah-Rah?**  
*... light an Old Gold*



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INC.

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Robert Surrey*

Exclusive Hart Schaffner &  
Marx Stylist



# All-Time All-Star Team

## Louisiana State University

(Baton Rouge, La.)

By George Trevor

|                              |              |                         |
|------------------------------|--------------|-------------------------|
| John Kent '33.....           | CENTER.....  | Thomas Dutton '19       |
| Norborne Wilson '28.....     | GUARD.....   | Roy Wilson '32          |
| Orren Noblett '09.....       | GUARD.....   | William Hillman '08     |
| Justin Rukas '35.....        | TACKLE.....  | "Jess" Tinsley '27      |
| Jack Torrance '33.....       | TACKLE.....  | Marshall Gandy '09      |
| John (Bill) Seip '09.....    | END.....     | Otto Weaver '24         |
| Ray Edmonds '21.....         | END.....     | Walter Flemming '32     |
| George (Doc) Fenton '09..... | QUARTER..... | L. Thompson Godfrey '27 |
| Abe Mickal '35.....          | BACK.....    | Jesse Fatheree '35      |
| "Mike" Lally '10.....        | BACK.....    | Newton Helm '25         |
| Lawrence Dupont '13.....     | BACK.....    | C. Albert Ives '22      |

Founded in 1860 as a Military School with General Bill Sherman as its first superintendent, Louisiana State sent its first graduates into conspicuous roles with the Confederate Armies. The Tigers of the Bayous had played football since the 90's but they reached the pinnacle during the regime of Biff Jones in 1923-33.

It is almost impossible to choose between Tom Dutton and John Kent for all-time L. S. U. center. Dutton, a towering shot putter, starred on a post-Armistice team of 1919. Many Baton Rouge observers prefer Kent who snapped the ball for the 1932 team. He had the wider lateral range though less driving power.

Norborne Wilson weighed 218 pounds yet carried it so speedily that he was sometimes shifted from guard to end. Orren Babe Noblett was the key man in the memorable 1908 line, playing offensive tackle and defensive guard. Carrying the ball on the tackle-over-tackle play he averaged 9 yards in 10 successive plunges against Auburn that season in the game that decided the Southern title. Coach Biff Jones considered Roy Wilson one of the hardest running guards he ever coached.

Jack Torrance, the man-Mountain from Oak Grove, might have been the greatest lineman American football has known had he possessed a more aggressive temperament. This good-natured, easy-going behemoth weighed 275 pounds and stood 6 feet 4 inches tall, yet was nimble enough to break the World's record in the shot put—an event which requires agility as well as sheer strength. Torrance had such unusual speed for his size that he played end one year and by reason of his basket ball skill became a good pass receiver.

Justin Rukas was not a showy type of tackle but he did 60 minutes worth of damage in every game.

Jess Tinsley, now a professional star with the Chicago Cardinals, developed into a master tackle in senior year.

The South has had few ends to rival Bill Seip, giant wingman of the 1908 steam-roller. This spartan broke his arm in scrimmage before the final contest with Tulane but insisted on playing with his arm in a cast. He lasted the entire game and held off the Greenies with one arm. Ray Edmonds beat Tulane in 1920 with his consistent catches of flat tosses. Going down under kicks he forced many a fumble by his ferocious tackles while his teammate, Cooper, scooped up the loose ball and ran for touchdowns.

Doc Fenton, quarterback of the memorable 1908 team, was L. S. U.'s headiest field general. His rugby punts on the run are still remembered at Baton Rouge.

Abe Mickal, a protege of Biff Jones, developed into one of the greatest punters and passers the South has known. His overhand pass was so deadly in precision that the receiver had only to side-step his foes and the ball would drop into his arms. The stocky Syrian could place his 50-yard punts on a dime, frequently kicking out of bounds on the enemy's two-yard mark. One of his greatest kicks covered 60 yards against Rice in 1934 and was grounded on the one-foot line.

Larry Dupont was a 60-minute player in a tough ten-game season. Mike Lally, key man on the 1910 back field, cannot be overlooked though the modern generation of L. S. U. grads may prefer Jesse Fatheree whose average gain from scrimmage exceeded that of any of his mates last fall.

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# The FLAME

(Mr. Green is an authority on Tulane's early athletic history although he is a comparatively young man in age. He was Director of the Division of Records and Research a number of years ago and made an intensive survey of the Green Wave athletic history.—Eds. Note).

BY THOMAS GREEN

● Those of us who were fortunate enough to see a production of Shaw's "Dark Lady of the Sonnets" some ten years ago remember how Will Shakespeare went about, note book in hand, jotting down things of merit for future use. Had a Shakespeare been behind my note book and pencil, in the good year 1935, then would these gleanings of mine receive the publicity that they merit?

One of the stories is about a migratory athlete. And how he did migrate. He had the pleasure of playing against Tulane three times in one season, and starring each time—in football, in basketball and in track. The unusual feature of the story is that he was playing for a different institution each time. Then there is the Tulane pitcher who pitched a no hit game and lost it. Another one is about a Tulane baseball player who was put off the team for hitting a home run. (The answer to that one was that he was sent to the bat instructed to bunt.)

Here are a few glimpses into the past:

## THE FIRST GAME

Once upon a time (Saturday, November 25, 1893, according to the files of The Times-Democrat), about 2,000 people turned out to see a game of football between Tulane and Louisiana State University, played at Sportsman Park, New Orleans.

This game was the first intercollegiate game in which Tulane took part, and I believe it was L. S. U.'s first game. There was even then the brilliant gathering and enthusiasm that to this day has made this particular game the feature on the schedules of the two universities.

Both teams were encouraged by the cheers of their supporters.

The Tulanians were yelling RAH! RAH! SISS!-S-S! BOOM! AH! RAH! RAH! TULANE!

The Tiger fans were consuming their energy on:

RAH! RAH! RAH!

RAH! RAH! REE!

LOUISIANA, LOUISIANA, U. VI

The officials were Captain T. L. Bayne (the man who coached both the first Tulane and L. S. U. teams.—Eds. Note); and Dr. Coates of Baton Rouge.

Tulane scored in the opening minute after rushing the ball down the field, and Hugh Bayne crashed through the L. S. U. line for a touchdown. The Tulane fans went wild. The cheering died down. Bayne had been hurt. He had landed eye first on

the wet, pasty lime, marking the goal line, and the game had to be held up while the lime was washed out of his eye. He continued in the game and starred.

The second, "A Sad Story," comes from the 1903 Jambalaya. College opened late. The team played only one game, that with L. S. U., and entered that with only a small amount of practice. Quoting from Jack Chambers, the 1905 captain:

"At first L. S. U. swept Tulane off its feet, and it was only by a desperate defense that Tulane's goal line was not crossed in the opening play. Five times the ball was brought to Tulane's ten-yard line, and each time it was punted out of danger, the kicker standing sometimes with his back against the fence. But as the game progressed, Tulane gradually forced her opponent down the field, and the half ended with the ball in L. S. U.'s territory.

"In the opening of the second half, Tulane seemed to have things her own way. Weak points had been found in the opponent's line and they were hammered until L. S. U.'s 15-yard line was reached. Here was the turning point of the game. Tulane lost the ball on third down by inches. L. S. U. then started the long march and finally shoved the ball over in the final ten seconds of the game, after twice losing the ball inside the 15-yard line only to march back. The score was 5 to 0 for L. S. U.

Another glimpse shows us a football crowd that turned out Monday, December 12, 1898, to witness the Tulane victory over



# Still Burns

## *Football Was a Great Game in 1893 and It's a Great Game Now.*

Mississippi. The Olive and Blue (student publication of that time) on December 14, 1898, is the source of the quotation:

"Too much cannot be said of the enthusiasm and support of the student at the game. The academics were present in large numbers and made the afternoon lively with their artistic productions on tin horns.

"For the first time in the history of the university, the faculty of the medical department, chiefly through the influence of Professor A. L. Metz, the popular professor of the Medics, suspended session, and the medical students, led by President Ayo, attended in a body, and proved themselves our most vociferous adherents. The law department was not to be outdone, for, with President Gleason in the vanguard, the lawyers presented a solid phalanx and cheered every play of our men. Here and there the grandstands were dotted with sweet feminine faces, and the many young girls who were present evinced their love for dear old Tulane by their beautiful display of Olive and Blue."

---

Here are a few high spots regarding the early football history of Tulane:

This story was told by the late T. L. Bayne, Tulane's first football coach, concerning a game in which he played at New Orleans in 1888.

It was during the Christmas holidays, and Mr. Bayne, a member of the Yale varsity, was home for the occasion. The game was a charity affair between the Orange and Blacks and the Red and Blues with the proceeds to go to the Charity Hospital fund to buy horses for the ambulance.

"During the game I suffered an injury to my thumb," recalled Mr. Bayne. "We had a scrimmage and a very good friend hit me in the eye and I let him have it. My thumb worried me a great while.

"Pretty soon I got away and ran for a touchdown. We lined up to kick goal. The ball was kicked and away it went, over the fence into the canal. We got it out after swimming for it, but the bladder had been punctured in some way and we had to call off the game."

Mr. Bayne was called "Nervy" at Yale, where he starred in 1884 and 1885. After leaving there he kept playing and coaching until 1908. In those days an amateur coach was eligible to play on the team and he took advantage of the rule.

While at Yale, Mr. Bayne was considered as the best player in the country for his weight, which wasn't high. He played quarterback and was often too slick for the opposing team. He invented the center to guard to quarterback play that wrecked Harvard and others in 1885. In his day, the ball was rolled on the ground from the center and two players had to touch it before it was legal.

"We had no times out," he recalled. "There were two halves of forty-five minutes each and ten minutes between the halves. No subs. If you were knocked down you were given one minute to get back on your feet or they threw you out of the game.

"It was considered a disgrace to be knocked out and very few were. Black eyes were common in those rush days. There were sixteen black eyes in one game that I remember. You couldn't afford to get knocked out. There was nobody to put in your place. We had five subs during the two years I played at Yale.

"We had forty signals at Yale. Each was a sentence. If we said 'Move up a little closer' it meant something. We first started the series of plays that later became prominent. I would call a signal which regulated several plays in succession without more signals.

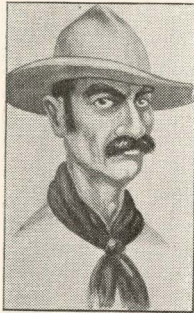
"All in all the old days were as thrilling to us as modern football games are to the crowds of today."



# THE GRIDIRON ROUNDUP

## The Score to Date:

| Picked | Winners | Losers | Ties |
|--------|---------|--------|------|
| 96     | 69      | 24     | 3    |



Col. D'l'h'f'r

David Dabster Dingel-hoffer, erudite demon of dope (the kind football experts manufacture), was found at his usual street corner Friday morning. He was outfitted as a country gentleman, wearing a soft felt hat, hip boots and a corduroy overall suit with bow tie to match.

A very striking sight indeed!

We circled the Colonel cautiously, listening all the while to the casual and modest remarks that he was lending to an appreciative audience, made up of two ebony boot-blacks, a monkey with the picturesque organ grinder attached, and two alley cats who were waiting for him to drop some of the grease from the hot catfish sandwich he was devouring.

The Colonel was so absorbed in his hot catfish sandwich and carefully chosen verbal prose that he showed not a whit of interest in the addition of one to his gathering. It seemed that the catfish was a little warmer than he liked although he was obviously in too great a hurry to permit it to lose temperature. (The Colonel is that way, a man of sparkling energy.)

Stepping on a loose shoestring, to avoid the greyish black cat which was jumping almost to his waistline, the Colonel all but lost his balance and fell into a garbage can of fish heads. With remarkable poise, however, he regained his equilibrium by grabbing a heavy pair of red union suits which were suspended to the alley clothes line.

We never believe in interrupting the Colonel when he is in the midst of weighty discourse. He is a man of forceful thought, in fact a human locomotive with a one track mind.

"As I was saying," Colonel Dingel-hoffer was explaining to his audience, "there's no better grubbin's anywhere than catfish when it's hot unless it be 'possum and 'taters or cracklin' bread and croakers."

The ebony boys with the half-filled bottles of light tan polish, nodded approval. In fact they appeared almost as interested in the fast disappearing catfish sandwich as did the cats, although they seemed far less hopeful. A wonderful thing, the human mind.

The monkey and the quaint organ grinder showed little interest in the hot catfish but did perk up at the rattle of the pennies which the Colonel held in the unoccupied right hand. (Yes, the Colonel would be left handed.)

"And as I was saying, catfish cooked in a skillet of grease on charcoal or wood is better than this new fangled gas the people are piping into their houses nowadays."

The fish had now disappeared and the cats were almost kicking up a furore with their heavy footfalls, so utter was their disgust.

The Colonel was now counting the coppers and looking to the beer counter across the street. Obviously, he was shy five, as he didn't move a peg.

Just then the monkey spied a prospective customer and began tugging his organ man down the street. It would be amiss not to recount the scene which occurred at this juncture. The monk tipped the tin cup and a copper rolled out. Only a trained eye would have noted the slight movement of the Colonel's foot. I didn't and neither did the rest of his audience.

The Colonel, without moving a foot, joined in looking about for the coin. The haste to get to the promising field of other pennies, however, soon ended the search but the Colonel didn't move even a loose shoe lace.

Hardly had the audience dispersed before the Colonel had retrieved the copper from



## THE GRIDIRON ROUNDUP

beneath his neatly dusted shoe and was headed into the beer parlor.

No more admirable character could be found anywhere unless it be the estimable Mr. J. Wellington Wimpy of Hamburger fame. The Colonel, shrewd, game and a gambler of small parts, had taken a chance and won.

It was here that he recognized us. With a magnificent gesture of his hand, blowing the suds off the glass, he invited us to a stein of cold beer.

But no, we were familiar with the Colonel's forgotten pocketbook yarn which we knew would only be related after he had made away with numerous glasses.

Big hearted, lovable old Colonel Dingelhoff. Generous to a fault: and he had many!

"My good fellow," he drawled, "you're looking for the winners."

We nodded.

"I have them for you," he nodded modestly. "You have only to call 'em and I'll name 'em."

Here they are, direct from the Colonel: NAVY-ARMY — "When there's the homeland to be defended, give me the Army. Yes, everytime. But if there's an ocean to be crossed, give me the Navy."

(We assured the Colonel that the Gold Reserve was perfectly safe and that the 12-mile limit was far enough to take the Navy just now.)

"Well, then, I'll take the Marines," he hedged.

"That won't do, Colonel," we retorted, "you must take the Army or Navy."

"The Army then," the Colonel replied, nonchalantly.

"Why?" we asked.

"Because they have more man power."

"Yes, yes, Colonel," we answered, "but have they?"

The Colonel looked at me with disgust. "Of course," he jabbed, "they have two million and the Navy has only a hundred thousand or so."

The Colonel, of course, was thinking of the war time strength of the two branches but we let it go at that.

So, it's the Army.

FLORIDA-AUBURN—"Well, how about the Florida Alligators, Colonel?"

"I likes Florida," Colonel Dingelhoff came back.

We almost swooned.

"You can't mean that you think Florida will beat Auburn?"

"Oh, no," says the Colonel, "I mean that I likes Florida better than California. Why the nights in the California mountains are downright cold and —"

We stopped the Colonel by offering him a cigar.

MISS STATE-OLE MISS—"That's easy," says the Colonel, "Mississippi State beat the Army and the Army won the War—"

"And so you'll take Mississippi State," we said, cutting him short.

"No, Ole Miss!" he replied, briskly.

•••  
GEORGIA TECH - GEORGIA — "I'll take the Crackers there," says the Colonel, looking around the counter and picking a few saltines out of an open glass jar.

"You'll take the Crackers," we parried, "listen, Colonel, you can't hedge like that. Both teams are made up of Georgia Crackers but neither team is called by that name."

"Oh, I was talking about these heah crackers," he said, munching two.

"Well, say Bulldogs or Yellow Jackets?" we demanded.

"I don't like Yellow Jackets," he replied, scratching his head.

So, it's the Bulldogs, although frankly we don't think the Colonel got the drift of that one.

•••  
PRINCETON-YALE—"We have a Yale lock on our barn down home," says the Colonel. "I likes Yales."

We were sure the Colonel thought a Princeton was another type of lock so we are venturing to veto his selection.

•••  
DARTMOUTH - COLUMBIA — The Colonel recalled "Columbia" the Gem of the Ocean" and thought it was another branch of the Navy, insisting he had already selected the Army.

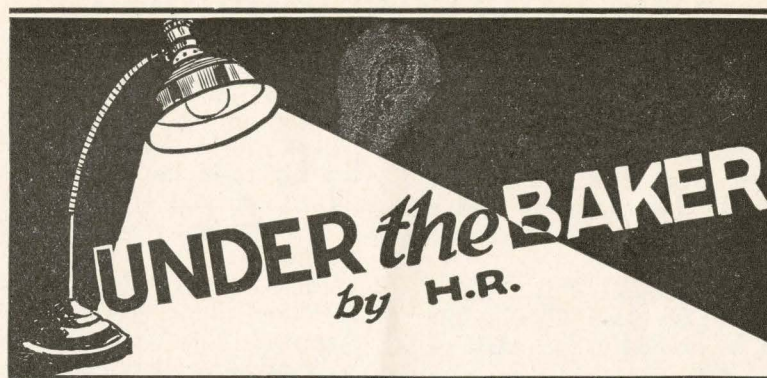
He said Columbia must be the second team and therefore he would take Dartmouth.

•••  
HOLY CROSS - BOSTON COLLEGE— We felt sure the Colonel liked Boston baked beans and feared for the worst but were surprised. With a reverential air, he selected Holy Cross.

WESTERN MARYLAND - GEORGETOWN—"If I can't take the whole state of Maryland, I won't take any part of it," declared the Colonel. "It's small enough as it is."

So Georgetown it was.





An all-South football honor roll would have to include:

Ends—Galatka (Miss. State); Tinsley (L. S. U.); Buck (North Carolina); West (Duke); Geny (Vanderbilt); Memtsas (Tulane).

Tackles—Whatley (Ala.); Paterson (Auburn); Rukas (L. S. U.); Eubanks (Georgia Tech); Nevers (Kentucky).

Guards—Johnson (Georgia); White (Alabama); Fitzsimmons (Ga. Tech); Helveston (L. S. U.).

Centers—Gilbert (Auburn); Sabol (N. C. State); Gould (Tulane).

Quarterbacks—Smith (Ala.); Schwerdt (N. C. State); Treadaway (Ga.).

Halfbacks—Pickle (Miss. State); Mintz (Tulane); Jackson (North Carolina); Rodgers (Miss. State); Bond (Georgia); Chase (Florida); Davis (Kentucky); Fatheree (L. S. U.).

Fullbacks—Hutchins (North Carolina); Andrews (Tulane); Appleby (Georgia Tech).

•••

If you had to select your composite eleven from that array, this might be the most effective combination:

Ends—Galatka and Tinsley.

Tackles—Whatley and Paterson.

Guards—Johnson and White.

Center—Gilbert.

Quarterback—Smith.

Halfbacks—Mintz and Fatheree.

Fullback—Hutchins.

•••

Fordham's Rams are taking on an ambitious schedule in 1936. Their chart includes S. M. U., Purdue, Pitt, St. Mary's, Georgia and N. Y. U.

Walter Gilbert, Auburn's great center, is bigger than his dad, who is a "smart" size man. Wally is said by his father to be a throw back to his great grandfather on the father's side.

"The old man—my grandfather—could pick up a barrel of water and tilt it on his knees, and drink out of the bung hole," the great center's father told O. B. Keeler of the Atlanta Journal.

Mr. Keeler points out that a barrel holds 52 gallons of fluid. A gallon of fluid—say water—weighs eight pounds. A barrel of water, then, by simple calculation, weighs 416 pounds—not counting the barrel.

Mr. Keeler thought that was considerable energy expenditure for a drink of plain cooking water, which could have been had from a gourd just as well. He asked the elder Gilbert if he were sure it was water.

"Well, they told me it was water," said Mr. Gilbert, "it seems that it was a stunt."

It was a stunt, all right.

•••

A "Greenie" fan comes up with the following mythical eleven:

Ends—Frankenstein and Dracula.

Tackles—Toar and King Kong.

Guards—Buck Rogers and Daddy Warbucks.

Center—Uncle Willie Mullins

Quarterback—Moon Mullins.

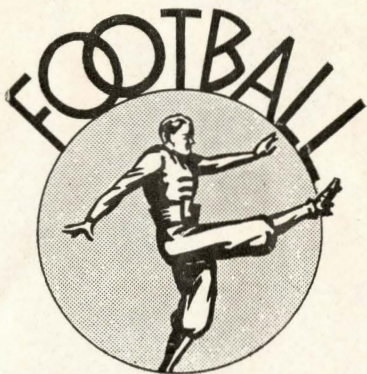
Halfbacks—Popeye and Joe Palooka.

Fullback—Tarzan.

Coach—Mr. Wimpy.

The expert picking that team points out there isn't a weakness except brains.





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and play it fair  
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do or die  
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to SATISFY.



They Satisfy



# TULANE SQUAD

TED COX, Coach

- |                   |                   |
|-------------------|-------------------|
| 1 Henley, e       | 56 Mintz, h b     |
| 2 Carnegie, h b   | 57 Payne, W., h b |
| 3 Tull, c         | 58 Ott, q b       |
| 4 Wight, h b      | 59 Memtsas, e     |
| 5 Neyland, e      | 60 Gould, c       |
| 6 Weaver, c       | 61 Benedict, q b  |
| 7 Daly, t         | 62 Graham, q b    |
| 8 Hillyer, e      | 63 Monk, g        |
| 9 Eddy, t         | 64 Payne, H., h b |
| 24 Flettrich, f b | 65 Goll, g        |
| 32 Accardo, c     | 66 Loftin, c      |
| 35 Dalovisio, e   | 67 Freese, c      |
| 38 Henderson, h b | 68 Buckner, g     |
| 39 Nichols, h b   | 69 Hall, g        |
| 40 Manteris, h b  | 70 Avants, c      |
| 41 Andrews, f b   | 71 Friedrichs, t  |
| 42 Watermeier, g  | 72 Upton, t       |
| 43 Johnson, h b   | 73 Ary, t         |
| 44 Schneidau, e   | 74 Moss, t        |
| 45 Moreau, q b    | 75 Lodrigues, f b |
| 46 Watson, h b    | 76 Pace, t        |
| 47 Flowers, h b   | 77 McGrath, t     |
| 48 LaRocca, e     | 78 Nussbaum, t    |
| 49 Page, q b      | 79 Miller, t      |
| 50 Odom, h b      | 80 Thames, h b    |
| 51 Preisser, e    | 81 Dexheimer, h b |
| 52 Dirmann, e     | 83 Lewis, h b     |
| 53 Evans, g       | 86 Toluoso, f b   |
| 54 Gamble, e      | 96 Cooley, g      |
| 55 Smither, g     |                   |

# L. S. U. SQUAD

BERNIE H. MOORE, Coach

- |                  |                     |
|------------------|---------------------|
| 10 Carroll, t    | 42 Urbanic, g       |
| 14 Brown, A., g  | 43 Mihalich, e      |
| 15 Brown, E., c  | 44 Stewart, c       |
| 16 Reed, h b     | 45 Calhoun, t       |
| 17 Lester, t     | 47 Rohm, h b        |
| 18 Myrick, e     | 50 Morton, f b      |
| 19 May, q b      | 51 Knight, c        |
| 21 Strange, t    | 52 Helveston, g     |
| 22 Bumpers, g    | 53 Wixson, h b      |
| 23 Coffee, f b   | 54 Magness, A., g   |
| 24 Tinsley, e    | 55 Magness, W., g   |
| 25 Nolen, t      | 56 Friend, t        |
| 26 Blakeman, h b | 60 Springer, q b    |
| 29 Warmbrod, c   | 62 Barrett, e       |
| 31 Wroten, t     | 63 Plauche, q b     |
| 32 Baldwin, g    | 64 Rauchenbach, h b |
| 33 Manuel, e     | 66 Brooks, g        |
| 34 Rukas, t      | 69 Bowman, h b      |
| 35 Stupka, t     | 72 Lawrie, q b      |
| 36 Humphrey, e   | 76 Seago, q b       |
| 37 Dumas, e      | 77 Fatherree, h b   |
| 38 Crass, f b    | 82 Leisk, g         |
| 41 Walker, h b   | 84 Mickal, h b      |

# L. S. U. vs. Tulane

## THE STARTING LINEUPS

(Subject to Change by Coaches)

## TULANE

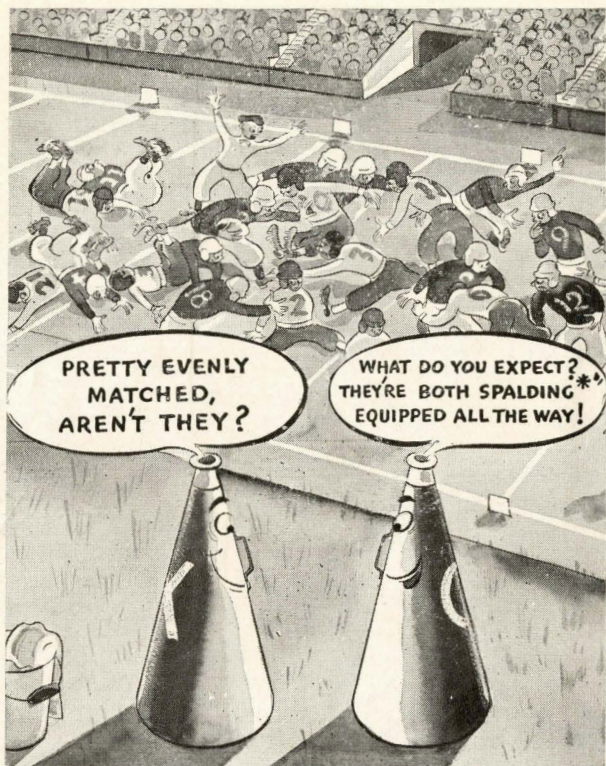
## L. S. U.

| No. | Name          | Position  | Name      | No. |
|-----|---------------|-----------|-----------|-----|
| 59  | Memtsas.....  | L. E..... | Tinsley   | 24  |
| 74  | Moss.....     | L. T..... | Carroll   | 10  |
| 65  | Goll.....     | L. G..... | Brown     | 14  |
| 60  | Gould.....    | C.....    | Stewart   | 44  |
| 69  | Hall.....     | R. G..... | Helveston | 52  |
| 76  | Pace.....     | R. T..... | Rukas     | 34  |
| 51  | Preisser..... | R. E..... | Barrett   | 62  |
| 49  | Page.....     | Q. B..... | Seago     | 76  |
| 56  | Mintz.....    | L. H..... | Reed      | 16  |
| 50  | Odom.....     | R. H..... | Fatherree | 77  |
| 66  | Loftin.....   | F. B..... | Mickal    | 84  |

## OFFICIALS

Referee—Harry Viner (Missouri)  
Umpire—Jas. Y. Perry (Sewanee)  
Head Linesman—O. W. Severence (Oberlin)  
Field Judge—Roy B. Striegel (Tennessee)





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# TIME OUT

Portraying scorn mixed with the utmost contempt, no actress (not Bernhardt herself) could reach the heights attained by a woman returning from a summer vacation when she views the house which, during her absence, has been kept by her husband.

• • •

Marie: "Are they in love?"

Mazie: "They must be. She listens to him describe a ball game and he listens to her telling how her cousin's new dress was made."

• • •

A junior reporter, frequently reprimanded for relating too many details and warned to be brief, sent in the following:

"Last night, Sir Dwight Hopeless, a guest at Lady Panmore's ball, complained of feeling ill, took a drink, his hat, his coat, his departure, no notice of his friends, a taxi, a pistol from his pocket, and finally his life. Nice chap, Regrets."

• • •

The return of the hop-picking season recalls the convict whom Captain Spencer, when senior prison missionary of the Church Army, once visited in his cell.

"Well, my man," said the captain, "and what do you do when you are out of prison?"

"Well," said the convict in a philosophical manner, "in spring I picks peas, in summer I picks fruit, in autumn I picks 'ops, and in winter I picks pockets."

"And what happens then?" asked the missioner.

"Then," continued the prisoner, "I comes in 'ere and picks oakum."

• • •

Boob: "Is insomnia catching?"

Simp: "It is when your baby has it."

• • •

Molly: "This magazine writer says some of the movie queens are 'putting on airs'."

Cordelia: "Well, I'm glad they're putting on something."

• • •

And dames endowed with pretty legs  
Make soft a lot of hard-boiled eggs.

• • •

Miss Catnip: "What do you think of matrimony?"

Mr. Dogbone: "Sorry, but I don't choose to answer; you see I've been married."

Boob: "How is Bill getting along with that airship he is building?"

Simp: "Just so-so; he's got the air all ready to fly it in, though."

• • •

Molly: "It took a long time for you to give that message to your chum over the phone. What were you talking about?"

May: "Oh, I wasn't talking; I was just listening."

• • •

Miss: "What is the best way to preserve peaches?"

Mr.: "See a druggist; he can provide both the information and the materials."

• • •

Mr. Henpeck: "In me you see a henpecked husband."

Miss Lovejoy: "Well, at least you can be glad that you're not a bigamist."

• • •

A girl is considered beautiful these days if she looks as good after washing her face as she did before she washed it.

• • •

A lot of sheiks who think they are Heaven's gift to womankind turn out to be the answer to a squirrel's prayer.

• • •

First Mrs.: "Susie's husband says she is a wonderful cook."

Second Mrs.: "Well, she always did know where the best restaurants were located."

• • •

Housewife: "You promised to saw that pile of wood for me. I gave you your breakfast and now you're going. What's the idea?"

Tourist: "I've declared a moratorium."

• • •

"I don't see why Jack should get sore because the school paper announced he was leaving at the end of the semester."

"Oh, it wasn't just that. What made him sore was that they put it in under the 'Campus Improvements' column."

• • •

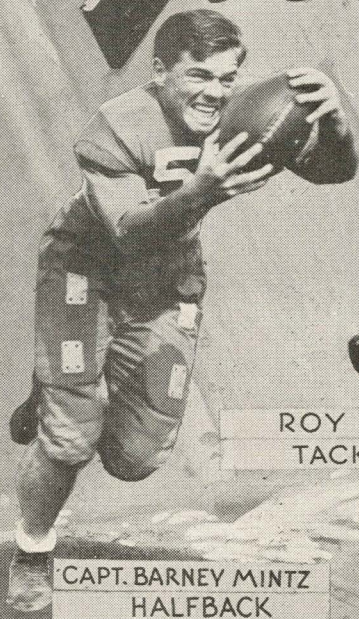
A candidate for the police force was being verbally examined.

"If you were by yourself in a police car and were pursued by a desperate gang of criminals in another car doing forty miles an hour along a lonely road, what would you do?"

The candidate looked puzzled for a moment. Then he replied: "Fifty."



# Tulane



ROY ARY  
TACKLE



DICK PAGE  
QUARTERBACK



LOUIS THAMES  
HALFBACK



STANLEY LODRIGUES  
FULLBACK

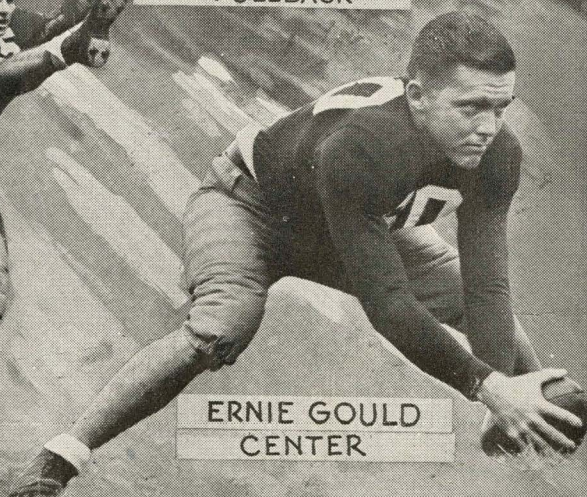
## GREEN WAVE



HAROLD MEMTSAS  
END



ERNIE GOULD  
CENTER

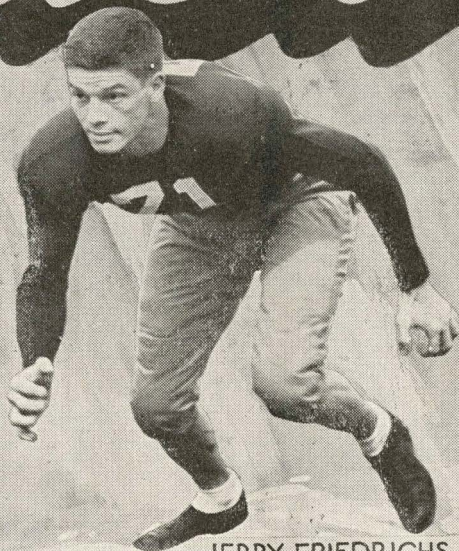




# Tulane



JOHN ANDREWS  
FULLBACK



JERRY FRIEDRICHS  
TACKLE

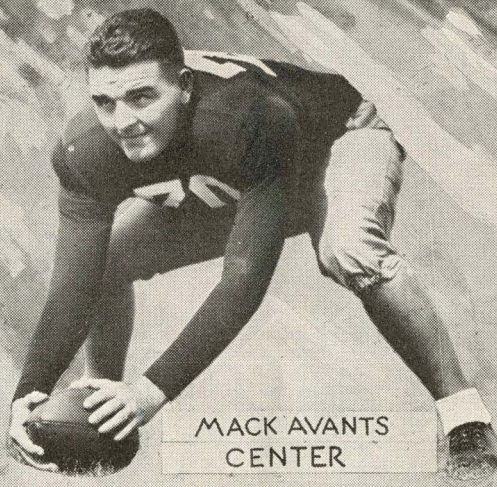


DICK WATSON  
HALFBACK

## GREEN WAVE



BILL FLOWERS  
HALFBACK



MACK AVANTS  
CENTER

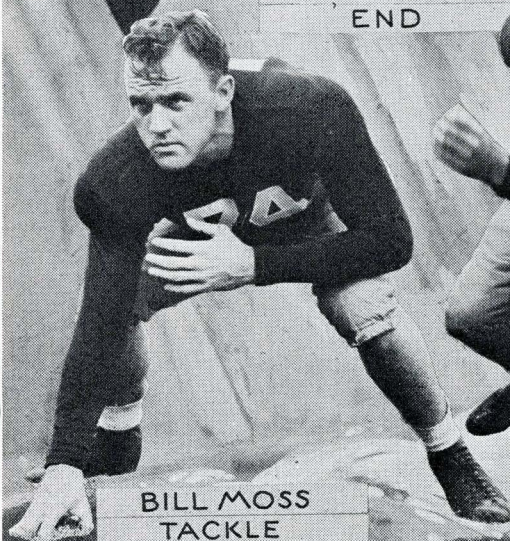


TROY ODOM  
HALFBACK

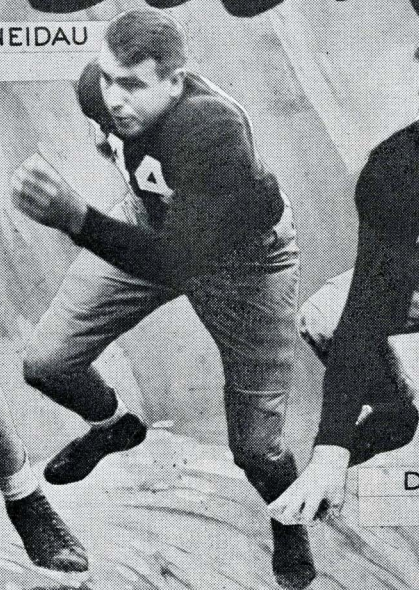


# Tulane

DOC SCHNEIDAU  
END

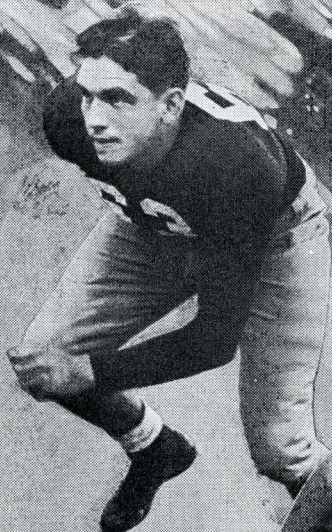


BILL MOSS  
TACKLE

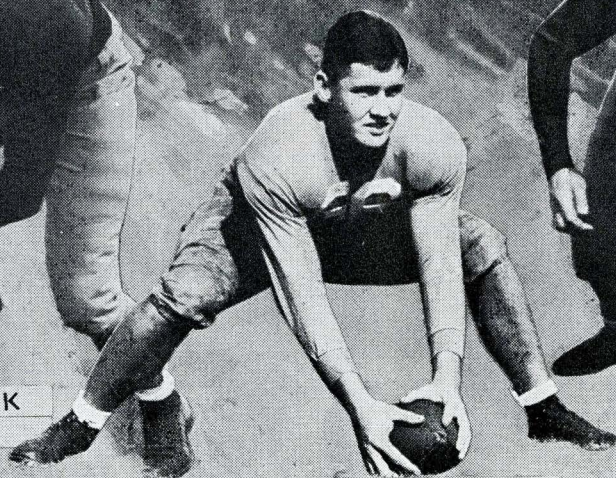


DAVE PACE  
TACKLE

## GREEN WAVE



MARION MONK  
GUARD



NOEL LOFTIN  
CENTER



CHARLIE SMITHER  
GUARD



# Tulane

FRED PREISSER  
END

DOUGIE JOHNSON  
HALFBACK

CAL BENEDICT  
QUARTERBACK

CARL GOLL  
GUARD

RAY MILLER  
TACKLE

JIMMY McGRATH  
TACKLE

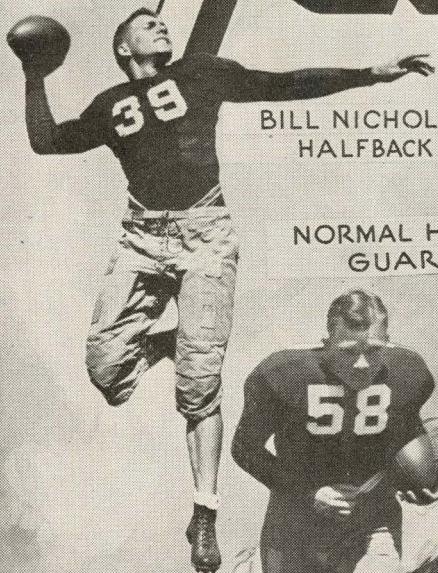
RAY NUSSBAUM  
TACKLE





# Tulane

JAS. BILLY HENDERSON  
HALFBACK



BILL NICHOLS  
HALFBACK



NORMAL HALL  
GUARD



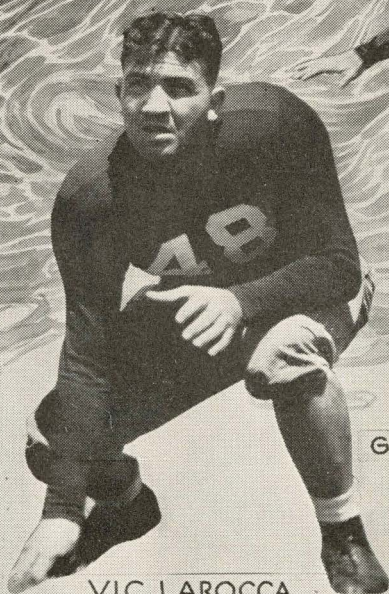
AL FLETTRICH  
FULLBACK



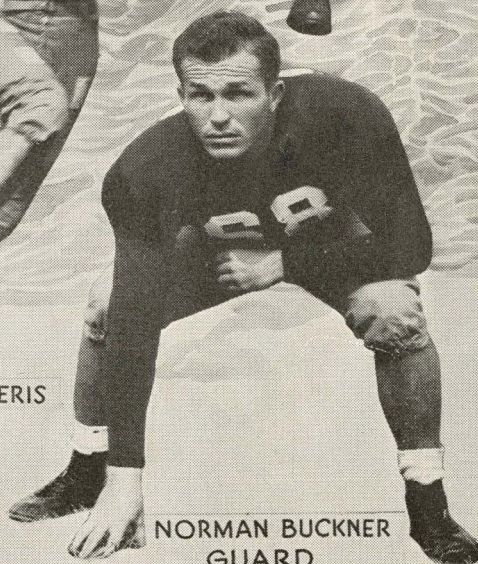
WILTZ OTT  
QUARTERBACK



GEORGE MANTERIS  
HALFBACK



VIC LAROCCA  
END



NORMAN BUCKNER  
GUARD

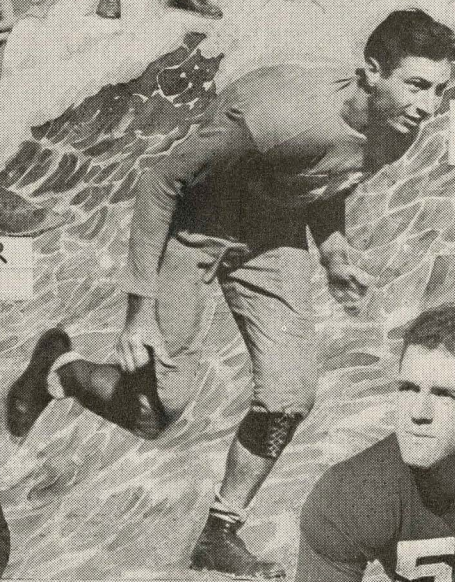


# Tulane

JAMES MOREAU  
QUARTERBACK



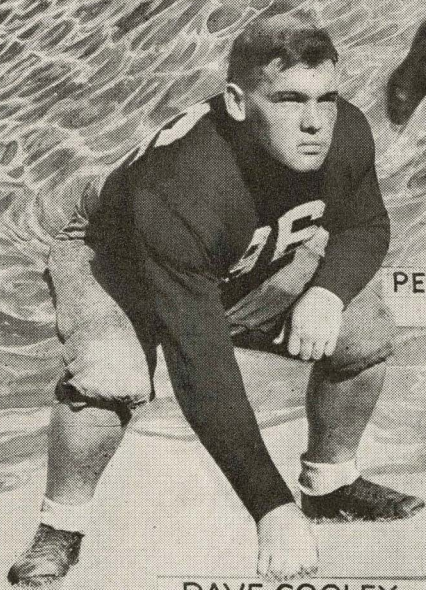
DAN WATERMEIER  
GUARD



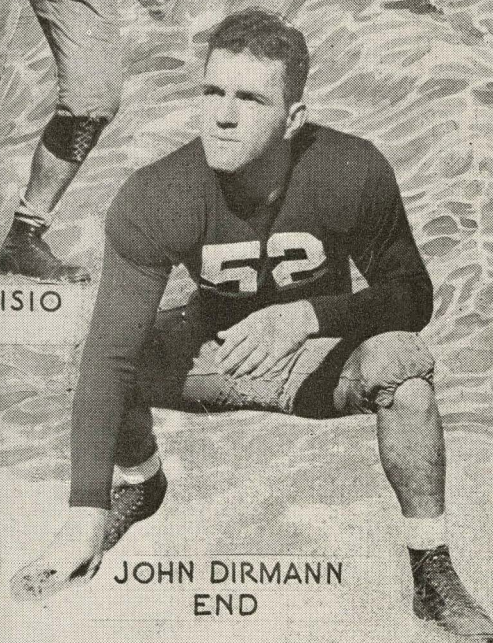
BOB DEXHEIMER  
HALFBACK



PETE DALOVISIO  
END



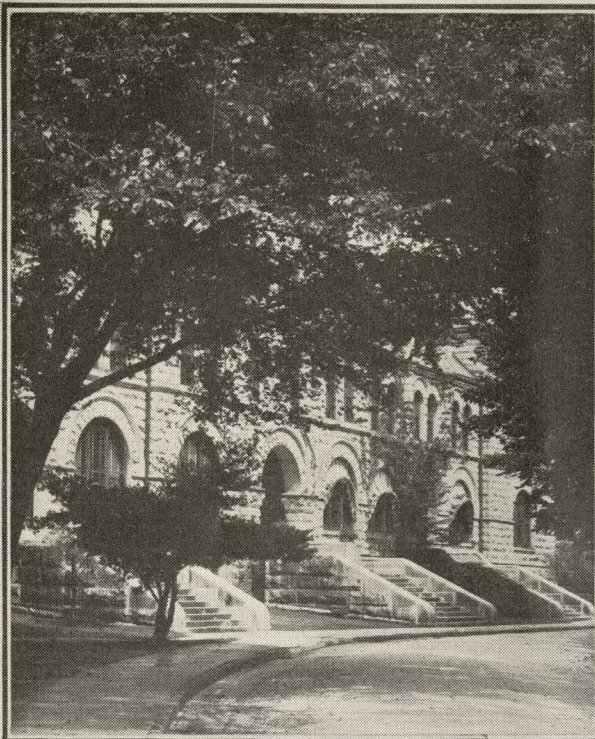
DAVE COOLEY  
GUARD



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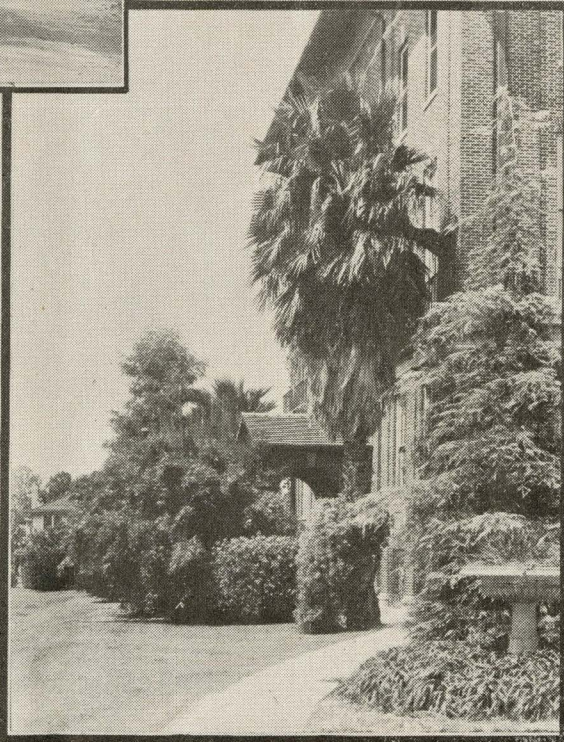
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# TULANE ROSTER

| No. | PLAYER—                  | HOME—              | POS. | WT. |
|-----|--------------------------|--------------------|------|-----|
| 1—  | Henley, Cecil            | Rosedale, Miss.    | E    | 165 |
| 3—  | Tull, Porter             | New Orleans        | E    | 170 |
| 5—  | Neyland, Dietrich        | Shreveport, La.    | E    | 195 |
| 6—  | Weaver, Claude           | Brewton, Ala.      | C    | 190 |
| 7—  | Daly, Bill               | New Orleans        | T    | 200 |
| 8—  | Hillyer, H. H.           | New Orleans        | E    | 165 |
| 9—  | Eddy, Charles            | New Orleans        | T    | 180 |
| 24— | Flettrich, Albert        | New Orleans        | FB   | 188 |
| 32— | Accardo, Nick            | Patterson, La.     | C    | 193 |
| 35— | Dalovisio, Pete          | Lake Charles, La.  | E    | 180 |
| 38— | Henderson, James (Billy) | Clarksdale, Miss.  | HB   | 154 |
| 39— | Nichols, Bill            | Orlando, Fla.      | HB   | 179 |
| 40— | Manteris, George         | Monroe, La.        | HB   | 160 |
| 41— | Andrews, John            | New Orleans        | FB   | 196 |
| 42— | Watermeier, Dan          | New Orleans        | G    | 175 |
| 43— | Johnson, Douglas         | New Orleans        | HB   | 172 |
| 44— | Schneidau, Hughes        | New Orleans        | E    | 185 |
| 45— | Moreau, James            | New Orleans        | QB   | 160 |
| 46— | Watson, Richard          | Lake Charles, La.  | HB   | 199 |
| 47— | Flowers, Bill            | Big Spring, Texas  | HB   | 175 |
| 48— | LaRocca, Vic             | New Orleans        | E    | 183 |
| 49— | Page, Richard            | New Orleans        | QB   | 170 |
| 50— | Odom, Troy               | Oakdale, La.       | HB   | 185 |
| 51— | Preisner, Frederick      | New Orleans        | E    | 175 |
| 52— | Dirmann, John            | New Orleans        | E    | 172 |
| 53— | Evans, Bernard           | Memphis, Tenn.     | G    | 205 |
| 54— | Gamble, Cameron          | New Orleans        | E    | 180 |
| 55— | Smith, Charles           | New Orleans        | G    | 210 |
| 56— | Mintz, Capt. Bernard     | New Orleans        | HB   | 180 |
| 57— | Payne, William           | Winterville, Miss. | HB   | 174 |
| 58— | Ott, Wiltz               | Osyka, Miss.       | QB   | 180 |
| 59— | Memtsas, Harold          | New Orleans        | E    | 171 |
| 60— | Gould, Ernest            | New Orleans        | C    | 182 |
| 61— | Benedict, Calvin         | New Orleans        | QB   | 161 |
| 62— | Graham, Louis            | New Orleans        | QB   | 180 |
| 63— | Monk, Marion             | New Orleans        | G    | 181 |
| 64— | Payne, Hugh              | Winterville, Miss. | HB   | 161 |
| 65— | Goll, Carl               | New Orleans        | G    | 196 |
| 66— | Loftin, Noel             | Baton Rouge, La.   | C    | 205 |
| 67— | Freese, Sam              | Wheeling, W. Va.   | C    | 201 |
| 68— | Buckner, Norman          | Marshall, Texas    | G    | 198 |
| 69— | Hall, Normal             | Sweetwater, Texas  | G    | 199 |
| 70— | Avants, Mack             | Baton Rouge, La.   | C    | 197 |
| 71— | Friedrichs, Jerry        | New Orleans        | T    | 185 |
| 72— | Upton, Miller            | New Orleans        | T    | 195 |
| 73— | Ary, Roy                 | Stigler, Okla.     | T    | 201 |
| 74— | Moss, William            | Montgomery, Ala.   | T    | 197 |
| 75— | Lodrigues, Stanley       | New Orleans        | FB   | 180 |
| 76— | Pace, David              | Monroe, La.        | T    | 190 |
| 77— | McGrath, James           | Montgomery, Ala.   | T    | 201 |
| 78— | Nussbaum, Ray            | New Orleans        | T    | 205 |
| 79— | Miller, Ray              | New Orleans        | T    | 196 |
| 80— | Thames, Louis            | Natalbany, La.     | HB   | 155 |
| 81— | Dexheimer, Robert        | New Orleans        | HB   | 170 |
| 83— | Lewis, Frank             | Baton Rouge, La.   | HB   | 172 |
| 96— | Cooley, David            | Slidell, La.       | G    | 189 |

# L. S. U. ROSTER

| No. | PLAYER—              | HOME—                | POS. | WT. |
|-----|----------------------|----------------------|------|-----|
| 10— | Carroll, Paul        | Loflin, Tex.         | T    | 204 |
| 14— | Brown, A. D.         | Laurel, Miss.        | G    | 190 |
| 15— | Brown, Earl          | Baton Rouge, La.     | C    | 193 |
| 16— | Reed, J. T.          | Haynesville, La.     | HB   | 165 |
| 17— | Lester, Gordon       | Dallas, Tex.         | T    | 184 |
| 18— | Myrick, Basil        | El Dorado, Ark.      | E    | 180 |
| 19— | May, William         | El Dorado, Ark.      | QB   | 185 |
| 21— | Strange, Clarence    | El Dorado, Ark.      | T    | 197 |
| 22— | Bumpers, Thomas      | Ranger, Tex.         | G    | 180 |
| 23— | Coffee, James        | Minden, La.          | FB   | 185 |
| 24— | Tinsley, Gaynell     | Haynesville, La.     | E    | 185 |
| 25— | Nolen, Maxwell       | El Dorado, Ark.      | T    | 200 |
| 26— | Blakeman, Jimmy      | Morgan City, La.     | HB   | 180 |
| 29— | Warmbrod, James      | Winchester, Tenn.    | C    | 185 |
| 31— | Wroten, Leo          | Alexandria, La.      | T    | 222 |
| 32— | Baldwin, Marvin      | Lake Charles, La.    | G    | 210 |
| 33— | Manuel, Elbert       | Biloxi, Miss.        | E    | 192 |
| 34— | Rukas, Justin        | Gary, Ind.           | T    | 200 |
| 35— | Stupka, Frank        | Bogalusa, La.        | T    | 198 |
| 36— | Humphrey, Newton     | Minden, La.          | E    | 173 |
| 37— | Dumas, Bernie        | El Dorado, Ark.      | E    | 188 |
| 38— | Crass, Bill          | Electra, Tex.        | FB   | 200 |
| 41— | Walker, Jack         | Dallas, Tex.         | HB   | 170 |
| 42— | Urbanic, Charles     | Lorraine, Ohio       | G    | 185 |
| 43— | Mihalich, John       | Gary, Ind.           | E    | 185 |
| 44— | Stewart, Marvin      | Picayune, Miss.      | C    | 205 |
| 45— | Calhoun, Shelby      | Bastrop, La.         | T    | 210 |
| 47— | Rohm, Charles        | New Orleans, La.     | HB   | 168 |
| 50— | Morton, Arthur       | Tallulah, La.        | FB   | 165 |
| 51— | Knight, Roy          | El Dorado, Ark.      | C    | 225 |
| 52— | Helveston, Osborne   | Biloxi, Miss.        | G    | 195 |
| 53— | Wixson, Cy           | Tallulah, La.        | HB   | 175 |
| 54— | Magness, A.          | Corpus Christi, Tex. | G    | 192 |
| 55— | Magness, W.          | Corpus Christi, Tex. | G    | 198 |
| 56— | Friend, Ben          | Biloxi, Miss.        | T    | 255 |
| 60— | Springer, Ralph      | Ottumwa, Iowa        | QB   | 170 |
| 62— | Barrett, Jeff        | Houston, Tex.        | E    | 170 |
| 63— | Plauche, William     | Lake Charles, La.    | QB   | 160 |
| 64— | Rauchenbach, Herbert | Los Angeles, Calif.  | HB   | 181 |
| 66— | Brooks, Maurice      | Dallas, Tex.         | G    | 180 |
| 69— | Bowman, George, Jr.  | Hammond, La.         | HB   | 144 |
| 72— | Lawrie, Joe          | St. Petersburg, Fla. | QB   | 170 |
| 76— | Seago, Ernest        | Temple, Tex.         | QB   | 183 |
| 77— | Fatherree, Jesse     | Jackson, Miss.       | HB   | 175 |
| 82— | Leisk, Wardell       | Shreveport, La.      | G    | 185 |
| 84— | Mickal, Abe          | McComb, Miss.        | HB   | 178 |



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# MEN IN THE

Stanley Woodward wrote a very interesting article several years ago which appeared in the Harvard A. A. News at its Yale game. It was about the men in the press box or "Important Fellows" Who Are Unnoticed Until Sunday Morning."

Mr. Woodward admitted in the final paragraph that he had stolen the idea from John "Red" Moore, a talented Yale law student who served his paper, the New York Herald-Tribune, as correspondent.

It was an interesting article and a little more larceny seems proper.

It is funny, once you think of it, that nobody seems to pay much attention to them at a football game. They climb our rookery; ascertain who wins and, if possible, why; bat out their stuff; and run for the office or the train.

The "men in the press box" scan the crowd for color and human interest features, looking for silly gals and students foolish enough to fight over goal posts. Now and again they mention them in their stories. They write several million words a game. Occasionally they pan football teams and coaches.

They are, in short, damned important fellows, and yet if they went on a strike one day and failed to show up at a given football game, nobody would notice it until Sunday morning.

Honest, Mister, they are interesting. They have qualities and characteristics that never get into the paper. Here are some of them:

Ralph Wheatley, Associated Press: A gentleman who gets as much kick out of the game as do the freshmen. An erudite reporter who is just as much at ease reporting a fire, flood, Central American revolution or a hanging as he is a football game. His left hand never knows what his right hand is doing—yet he gets them done. And after the story has ended, he can sing a lusty Irish tenor and eat as many hot cakes as the next one. He is manager of the As-

sociated Press in this section of the country, in charge of an area covering several hundred miles in radius and embracing several states. He is the fastest worker extant on a spot news story. He served with distinction as a Washington correspondent of the AP for years. He travels light when on a major assignment, usually having two stub pencils, a few envelopes and perhaps an old letter or two in his pocket for note paper. His pipe is an old standby and his service in tennis is most wicked.

Wm. Mc.G. Keefe, The Times-Picayune: The last word in smoking compartment raconteurs. Also has a very fine drawing room voice on "Football Specials." Knows all choice spots to eat anywhere in the country, especially in the Ozark Mountains of Arkansas, the real fried chicken emporiums of Iowa (yes, Iowa), and all of the Louisiana restaurants that should be known. He carries more duffle than any other touring reporter, invariably arriving in press box with suitcase, brief case, typewriter, glasses and enough copy paper for everyone. Always knows what is going on but won't write it if it is going to hurt anyone. He is a leading journalistic authority on hosses and baseball and knows about as much of any other sport as anyone you'll name. A big two-fisted bachelor for scores and scores of years but just another home-man now.

Charles L. Dufour, The Tribune: Appreciates opera and apple pie. Has toured France and didn't bring back any post cards. His philosophy of life: "There's more ways of curing a cat than feeding it milk of magnesia." His Gallic temperament is most inspiring to his friends, especially in mid-August when the alumni are looking over the prospects as to all-Americans among the sophomores. Has no superiors in writing football and knows all branches of sport thoroughly. He is now the oldest bachelor among Southern sports writers. A good "hearts player"—one of the few who can take the coaches over during their "in" weeks (those dull periods just



# PRESS BOX

## *Important Fellows Who Are Unnoticed Until Sunday A. M.*

after their team has taken a licking and they can't afford to be seen on the streets, even at night.)

Harry Martinez, *The States*: An enormous worker and one of the kindest, most conscientious men in the business. Always on the job and never off the key. Has never missed a train or an appointment. Unless under pressure, will read over everything he writes three times. Studious looking but doesn't use a pipe. Doesn't go in for trick leads to his stories or crimson sunsets and blue hazes but packs the news into his stories. Known as the "Grey Eagle" of Sports in the South. Calm and unhurried amid the world's greatest rush hour—that period just before edition time. Yet, he never misses the story.

Fred Digby, *The Item*: He can think of all the words when the time comes for "putting on the brass band," i. e., covering these high-toned intercollegiate brawls with fitting glitter. A highly praised sports writer who says what he thinks. Knows the old-timers since he has been in the game since he was big enough to get to the place where the events were being held, whether it was boxing, baseball, racing or football. Has a knack for news that makes blood hounds envious. Has a large family which includes one son who is at Notre Dame and who promises to be a sports writer since he is now on the editorial staff of his university publication. Serious minded but an interesting conversationist.

Merlin (Scoop) Kennedy, *The Item*: Here's an air-minded reporter who travels the sky-ways to all football games. A lot of people think of him as a statistician of football. Well, he is, and one of the best in the business. Yet, he's a lot more than a statistician. He is a very capable writer of straight news as well as sports, a feature writer of ability and a demon for getting facts. He is a born crusader, ever ready

with constructive criticism. He stays up nights figuring out things that would make life more pleasant for the masses. He was instrumental in getting overcoat racks for the press box. He would rather worry over thinking up things to benefit others than eat or even fly. The world always needs it's Merlin Kennedys.

W. I. Spencer, *Baton Rouge Morning Advocate*: "Spence" is a youngster who is an oldster in writing sports. He really covers the waterfront — (beg pardon) — battle front of the Tigers and everything else in Baton Rouge sports. He is a sentimentalist at heart, quick to recognize and boost the kid along who needs a boost. It is no small wonder then that his column carries a "pep" talk for the Tigers occasionally when he feels the urge. Spence knows his amateur sports thoroughly.

M. G. (Mickey) McCann, *The State-Times*, Baton Rouge: One of the best in the business, and that takes in the metropolitan centers. An affable Irishman who battles for his friends but who is big enough to see their errors, if any. He is the type who would write the stories for the drunks and lend money to a guy. He played football at L. S. U.

Wm. Gaudet, *Universal*: A real Hearst man! That covers a lot of territory. His chief ambition is to pick a winner. He does most of the Southern football reviews for his service. He served the *United Press* for a spell. An egotist who has flashes of appalling modesty. A sentimentalist with a past. He was a Mexican correspondent for a while. The *Senoritas* were very beautiful and the Revolution was warmish.

James Russell Baird, *Times-Picayune*: He might "double" for the Prince of Wales if His Highness ever decided to take a Hollywood whirl. Or he could "double" for Robert Montgomery. We know nothing of Pete's histrionic talents but he can bam a typewriter with the best of them.





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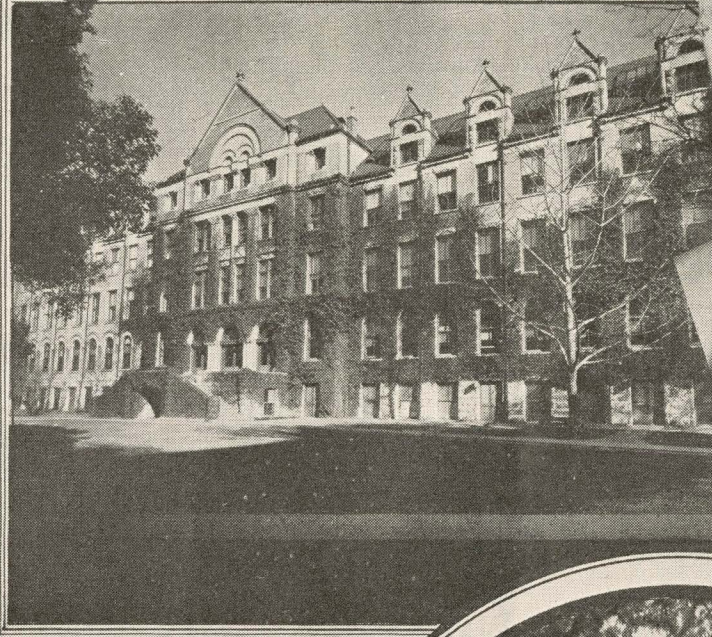
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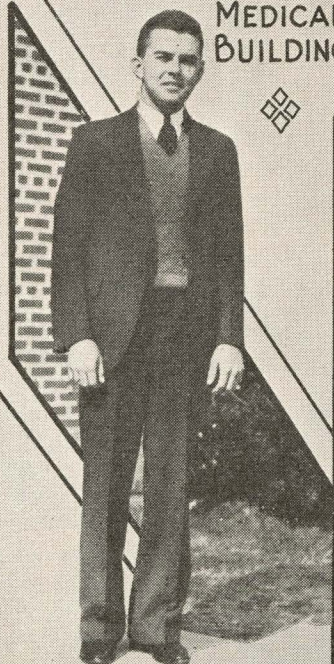


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# TIGER-WAVE RIVALRY

(Continued from page 3)

1928—Tulane 0; L. S. U. 0

1929—Tulane 21; L. S. U. 0

1930—Tulane 12; L. S. U. 7

1931—Tulane 34; L. S. U. 7

1932—Tulane 0; L. S. U. 14

1933—Tulane 7; L. S. U. 7

1934—Tulane 13; L. S. U. 12

•••

Incidentally, Tulane's 13 to 12 victory last year was the narrowest margin ever to mark a triumph in the long series. In all past games, with the exception of the ties of course, at least a touchdown's difference had separated the teams at the finish.

•••

L. S. U. has won only one game from the Greenies since 1926 although they have two draws in that span.

•••

Ten of the Wave's fifteen victories have been achieved since the war. Since the year 1919, Tulane has won ten games, lost four and tied two.

The first touchdown ever scored in the series was made by Hugh Bayne, brother of T. L. Bayne, first coach. That was in November, 1893, when the Olive and Blue won, 34 to 0.

## RAZZLE DAZZLE—PHOOEY!

What's happened to all of the magic we were to have seen in collegiate football in the good year 1935? The broader rules permitting all the downfield laterals and backwards were supposed to have turned the game inside out. It was to have been a spectacle that would make strictly power football look tame. It was to have resembled streaked lightning, striking where least expected. The nation's football was expected to glimmer with legerdemain—a good \$5 word that caught the fancy.

Instead, it's been a dud.

Where razzle dazzle has succeeded in American football once this year, it has failed often. Instead of poise and trickery, we have usually had juggled passes and dribbles. The defensive teams have gained more by laterals than the offensive teams.

The best of teams in 1935 didn't win major games with magic. Colgate, a very fine football team and the leading exponent of hocus pocus, didn't pull three major games out of the fire with it. Canny Andy Kerr, realizing the limitations of razzle dazzle, didn't dish it out except in the dying, desperate moments of two of the three games his team lost.

Tom Lieb, coaching at Loyola of Los Angeles, summed it up when he stated that some of the finest forward passes thrown by his team were nullified when the backs tried to lateral before being tackled and instead threw the ball to the opposing backs.

Charlie Bachman at Michigan State is against the laterals beyond the line of scrimmage.

Minnesota's all-sweeping Gophers had none of it but proved that power goes before the ball very well, even in 1935.

Wallace Wade's Duke Blue Devils using good old tackle smashes did right well against Carolina. His Rose Bowl teams at Alabama fared satisfactorily on the old time football, too.

So, with most of the 1935 returns at hand, it looks like American football will get along a while longer on fundamentals and an occasional unexpected jab or pass here or there.

The open shuttling and tossing of the ball may eventually be brought to perfection in the high school teams. Then, and only then, will it be satisfactorily introduced as an asset in the college game.



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