

11-18-33

THE  
GREENIE

KENTUCKY  
VS.  
TULANE

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# KENTUCKY VS. TULANE

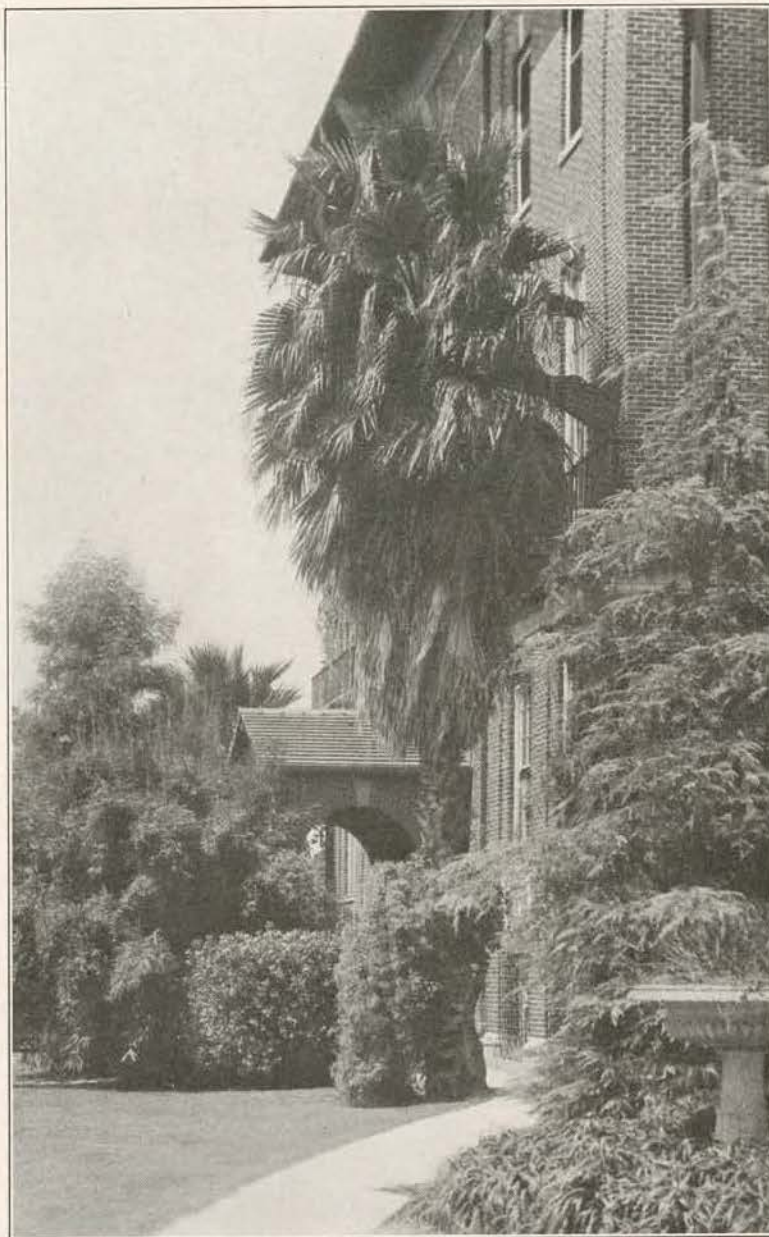
AMERICAN FOOTBALL  
1933 SEASON

Tulane Stadium

Saturday, Nov. 18, 1933  
2:00 p. m.

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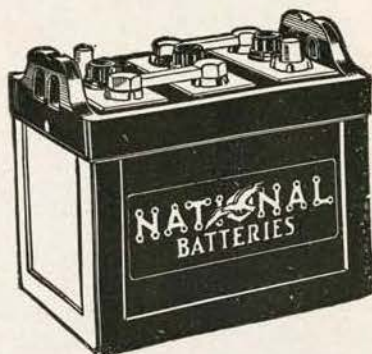
A GLIMPSE OF THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING, NEWCOMB COLLEGE  
OF TULANE UNIVERSITY

## The Greenie

Vol. 3

No. 5

Official Souvenir Program of Tulane University  
Published for Each Home Game.



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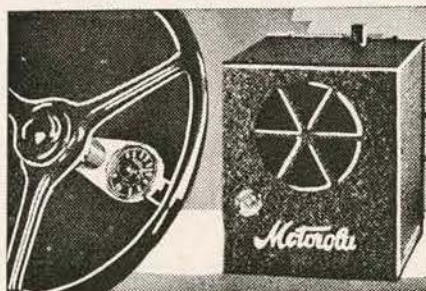
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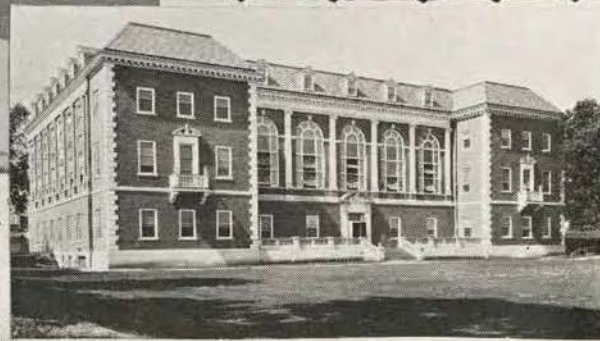




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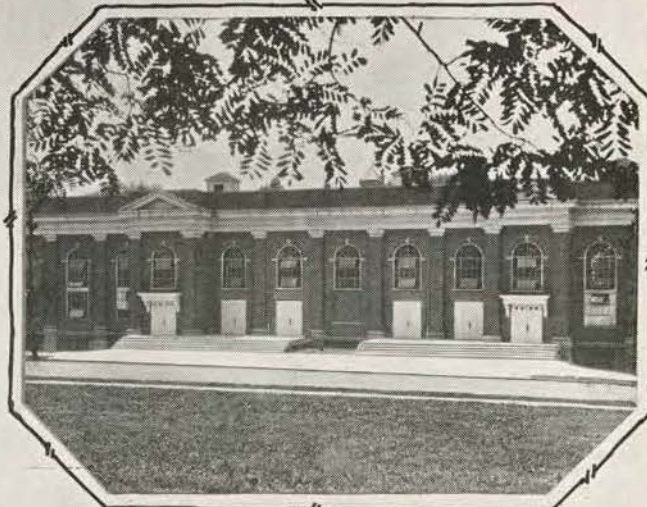
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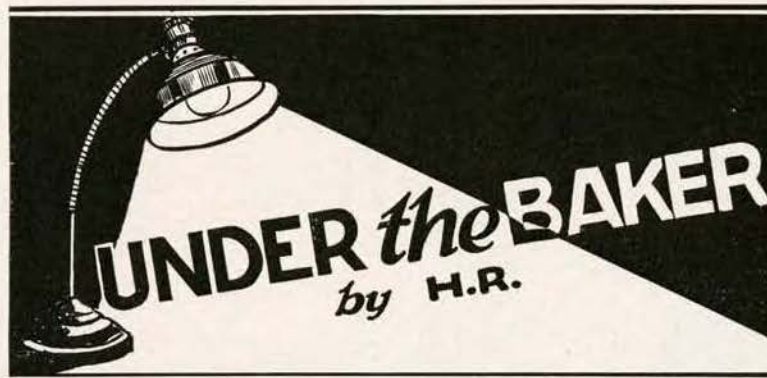


PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF KENTUCKY  
DR. FRANK L. McVEY



ALUMNI GYMNASIUM  
BASKET BALL BUILDING





● Hail to the Big Blue from Kentucky!

● Welcome, sons of the Bluegrass!

● Tulane is honored today to have Dr. Frank L. McVey, President of Kentucky; Athletic Chairman W. D. Funkhouser; Athletic Director S. A. "Daddy" Boles; Sports Publicity Director Niel Plummer; Coach Harry Gamage, his assistants and his team; and scores of other Kentuckians as its guests.

● We also are glad to have Neville Dunn and Brownie Leach, sports writers of Lexington, with us.

● Tulane was given a most cordial reception at Lexington last year. The wonderful treatment accorded the New Orleans team and fans making the trip is a great memory.

• • •

● This Kentucky team is one of the best in the South. They made 12 first downs against 6 by Duke. They beat Georgia Tech, 7 to 6. They licked V. M. I., 21 to 6. They took Sewanee over the hurdles. They have perhaps the greatest kicker in American football in Ralph Kercheval, who is also a very fine fullback. They have a fine pair of ends in Joe Rupert and Captain Dutch Kreuter.

• • •

● The Kentucky squad, physically, is the biggest in the Southeastern Conference. They compare with the giant Texas Aggies, the Southern Cal team of 1931 and Washington State's Cougars of that same year in physical make-up.

• • •

● Getting away from the Tulane-Kentucky game for a moment, we have a poem in today's mail that we will pass along to you. It's naturally all in the spirit of fun and pigskin rivalry:

• • •

OLD TULANE  
BY  
JOE HOLMES

I'd rather be a freshman up at old Tulane  
Than a senior at L. S. U.

I'd rather be sitting in the West Side stands  
Rooting for the Olive and the Blue.

For the Olive and the Blue is the team out there,  
That's fighting for old T.U.

And that line out there is charging now,  
And those backs are tearing through.

So a big fifteen for the whole Damn team,  
And a hell of a Hullabaloo.

I'd rather back a loser from old Tulane,  
Than a winner from L. S. U.

● The New York Sunday papers expressed the unanimous opinion that Yale had won a moral victory by holding Georgia to a single touchdown. The victory of Tulane over Colgate and Georgia over Yale are real triumphs for the hot biscuit belt.

● Imagine mighty Yale being elated over holding a Southern team to a one touchdown margin. That's respect for Dixie football.

• • •

● Reports from Los Angeles are to the effect that the University of Oregon is the probable representative of the West for the Rose Bowl game this year. Southern Cal, however, meets the Web-foot outfit today and may spill the plans.

● If the Trojans should upset the Oregon team, then Southern Cal, Stanford and Cal will move into the picture.

● The Minnesota-Michigan game today is another major attraction. While the Wolverines will be the favorites, they can not underestimate Bernie Bierman and his Gophers. Bernie's team held Harry Newman and his Big Ten title mates to a 3 to 0 margin a year ago.

• • •

● A sharp eye will also be kept on the battle today between Chicago and the vastly improved Illinois team. Clark Shaughnessy, head man on the Chi midway, has been making great strides with the Maroons this year.

• • •

● Texas and T. C. U. offer a big attraction this afternoon in the Southwest. It's a traditional rivalry game. The same goes for today's contest between the Texas Aggies and Rice.

• • •

● Auburn will try to spoil Georgia's great record today at Columbus. The Athens Bulldog may have an even tougher time with the Plainsmen than they did at New Haven against Yale last Saturday. Georgia Tech and Alabama meet in another fine battle at Atlanta. Alabama hasn't forgotten that 6 to 0 licking that Tech hung on them last year.

• • •

● Louisiana State and Ole Miss meet in an interesting affair today at Baton Rouge. Duke meets a traditional rival in North Carolina's Tarheels this afternoon and Wallace Wade can't afford to let his team relax in this game.

• • •

● In the East, the improved Princeton team battles Navy. Other big games of the day bring together Tennessee and Vanderbilt, Nebraska and Pitt and Syracuse against Colgate.

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# Names

## By

To say that Jerry Crane was annoyed would hardly be adequate. Jerry Crane was furious; burned up; fit to be tied and damned mad. He re-read the telegram he had just received and swore as only Jerry could swear, then crushed it in his big bony hand and threw it at the wastebasket. He missed.

So Martha couldn't come to the game eh? She was terribly sorry huh? Nuts! Jerry knew the answer. She was going to the State game with Milton Spalding. Well that was the end. She couldn't pull that on him.

Jerry yanked his top-coat from the bed and stalked out of the room. A well-slammed door punctuated his departure. He was due at football practice in ten minutes and he had to cool off or he wouldn't go worth a darn. All women are alike, he mused. Can't depend upon any of them. Here he was scheduled to play his first regular assignment at fullback and his girl wasn't interested enough to watch him. Milton Spalding of State had a big sport roadster. Milton Spalding spent lots of money on the girls and so Martha preferred Milton Spalding to him eh? Well that was O. K. with Jerry. Glad to know what kind of a girl she was. After the "big time Charlies" just like any cheap little wren. And he had thought she was different. Well forget it, that was the thing to do. No woman was worth worrying about.

By the time he reached the gymnasium he felt better and once he was in his football togs and had caught the spirit that seems to float around a group of big husky athletes, he was all right. Huh—great big horse like Jerry Crane letting a mere girl get his goat.

Practice was a long grueling session. The game on the morrow was a tough one and to make matters worse they didn't know much about the other team's plays. The two schools had entered into a non-scouting agreement and so they were both preparing for the tussle more or less in the dark. Coach Hardy did know however, that

Crestwood's line was very formidable and that a good punter was to be an important factor. The week's practice had revealed that Jerry Crane was the outstanding man of the squad in this department and so he had been assigned the fullback position.

The clatter of the big alarm clock gave convincing notice to Jerry that the big day was at hand. He arose quickly and ran into the shower. There's something about a shower bath that has a way of bringing out temperamental outbursts. Either you sing or you swear. Jerry Crane swore. Milton Spalding. Bah!

The day was perfect and the stadium was filled to overflowing as the two teams trotted out on the field at exactly 1:50. They ran through a series of limbering up maneuvers and at 2 o'clock the coin was tossed into the crisp cool sunshine. Crestwood won the toss and elected to kick. The whistle blew and the thirty-first meeting between Crestwood and Payton was under way.

At half time the score was noticeable for its absence. Nothing to nothing. Neither team could get anywhere and practically the whole play had been between the forty-yard stripes. The game had developed into a punting duel, with Jerry getting off some beautiful spirals but having his yardage erased by the equally efficient toe of the Crestwood kicker.

In the third quarter Crestwood opened up with a dazzling aerial attack and with three completed passes of 12, 20 and 22 yards they were in the shadows of the Payton goal line. Two plunges at the center of the line gained but a yard and then they pulled the play that scored the first touchdown. A play that left the stands in a stupor and the Payton team frozen in their tracks, hardly believing their eyes. A play that hadn't been seen or heard of for years and years. A play that smacked of the sandlots. The old "Statue of Liberty" play which because of its senility caught the Payton players flat-footed. The Crestwood quarterback received the ball from center, extended his arm way back as if to pass and around swept the right end, picked the ball off the outstretched hand and romped around left end for the score. They missed the extra point.

# Make Games

## Lester C. Bennett

Crestwood kicked off and Jerry caught the ball. Behind perfect interference he galloped forty yards to the Crestwood 45-yard line. It was a fighting team that lined up for the next play and again Jerry took the ball, this time on an off-tackle play. He made about two yards and was buried under a pile of Crestwood jerseys, his face flattened out on the ball which he had nearly fumbled. As the pile untangled itself the name on the ball caught his eye. SPALDING! That was enough. Just the sight of that name to his taut nerves was more than he could stand. He pushed, shoved and swore until he had regained his feet and the boy that stood in the huddle getting the signals for the next play was a different Jerry. A fighting mad Jerry. It was third down and eight to go and the play was to be a quick kick. They lined up and Jerry stepped back, caught the ball and booted a beautiful spiral which went out of bounds in the coffin corner right on the two-yard line. With their backs to the wall and a stiff breeze against them Crestwood was in a tough spot. The kick out was poor and was downed on their own fifteen-yard line. An inspired Payton team opened a hole through which the quarterback plunged for seven yards. Three more desperate thrusts at the line and the ball was over. Six to six. Jerry missed the extra point by inches. SPALDING! Damn that name. Was it always to be his jinx?

The scoreboard read: Payton 6, Visitors 6—4th period—Payton's ball—2nd down and six yards to go—ball on Crestwood's 35-yard line and eight minutes left to play.

A double reverse around left end was good for nearly five yards and a first down. Three desperate drives at the line brought the ball to Crestwood's twenty-two-yard line, where Payton called time out. Jerry held a consultation with Joe Drake, the quarterback. "Let me try a field goal, Joe. It's our only chance and I can't miss."

"You can't miss huh? Listen, Jerry, the best of them miss."

"But I'm telling you I can't miss."

"O. K., Jerry, if your so cocky about it, go ahead."

The whistle blew and play was resumed. Payton lined up in place kick formation, with Jerry back. The pass of the ball from center, the thud of leather upon leather, and up went the ball from Jerry's toe, end over end for twenty-five yards and right over the cross-bar for three points.

The stadium was a bedlam. Hats and programs went sailing into the air. People tense with excitement burst into a wild frenzy. Crazy with joy the team rushed at Jerry, embracing him and slapping him on the back.

Joe Drake threw his arm around Jerry's neck. "What a kick, boy. I knew you wouldn't miss, you were so damned sure of yourself. What's the dope, have you been holding secret practice on us?"

A big grin spread itself all over Jerry's broad countenance. "Hell no, Joe. I just had to get the best of a name. You wouldn't understand, Joe."

There was a telegram for Jerry at the Gym. It read—

Heard game over radio you were wonderful stop Have the grippe but did not want to worry you

Love  
Martha

Jerry grinned a rather sheepish grin. "Well, Martha," he said to himself, "you don't know it but you and that bird Spalding plus my jealousy won a football game for Payton."

THE END.

Insignificant Parent: "Isn't it time he could say 'Daddy'?"

Fond Mother: "I've decided not to tell him who you are until he gets a bit stronger."

•••

A lady writes in and wants to know the age limit for sailors. Listen, Dearie, a sailor at any age is the limit.

•••

Doctor: "To be quite candid with you, your trouble is laziness."

Patient: "Yes, Doctor, I know, but what is a scientific name for it? I've got to report to the wife."

•••

Don't question your wife's judgment—look who she married.

•••

Little Boy: "Mother, I was a good boy today. The boys wanted me to go out and shoot craps, but I wouldn't go."

Mother: "That's a good little boy, darling, those poor little animals want to live just as much as you want to."

•••

He: "Let's get married or something."  
She: "We'll get married or nothing!"



# TULANE ROSTER

No.	PLAYER—	HOME—	POS.	WT.
15	Born, Thos.	New Orleans	HB	160
19	Hillyer, H. H.	New Orleans	E	158
20	Allain, Daniel	Patterson, La.	T	180
32	Sundbery, Frederick	Houma, La.	E	165
36	Rea, Edgar (Ike)	New Orleans	G	173
37	Nichols, William	Orlando, Fla.	HB	163
38	Henderson, Jas.	Clarksdale, Miss.	HB	152
39	Menge, Francis (Pete)	New Orleans	HB	165
40	Kyle, Chas.	New Orleans	E	165
41	Feathergill, Wm.	Independence, Kan.	T	199
42	Thomas, Farrell	Ft. Smith, Ark.	HB	170
43	Phillips, Milto.	New Orleans	E	174
44	Westfeldt, Geo. (Sonny)	New Orleans	E	179
45	Clark, Augustus (Gus)	New Orleans	E	180
46	Loftin, Jos.	Baton Rouge, La.	FB	188
47	Simons, Claude (Monk)	New Orleans	HB	187
48	Robinson, Homer	Lake Charles, La.	C	180
49	Page, Richard	New Orleans	QB	165
50	Roberts, Floyd (Preacher)	Stigler, Okla.	HB	176
51	Henriques, Edouard	New Orleans	G	165
52	Stroble, Chas. (Bunnie)	Covington, La.	G	182
53	Schroeder, Wm.	Donaldsonville, La.	G	185
54	Brownson, B. C. (Lefty)	New Orleans	QB	172
55	Smither, Chas.	New Orleans	C	182
56	Mintz, Barney	New Orleans	HB	172
57	McDaniel, John	Camden, Ark.	QB	190
58	Boasberg, Louis	New Orleans	E	176
59	Memtsas, Harold	New Orleans	T	167
60	Could, Ernest	New Orleans	C	180
61	Bryan, Howard (Bucky)	Shreveport, La.	HB	166
62	Tessier, George	New Orleans	G	191
63	Paddock, Alfred	Ft. Smith, Ark.	G	170
64	Bruno, John	New Orleans	FB	170
65	Hardy, Richard	Hattiesburg, Miss.	E	183
66	McIlhenny, Paul	New Orleans	G	189
67	Page, Cromwell (Piney)	Dover, Ark.	T	187
68	Hartison, Wm.	New Orleans	T	187
69	Tessier, Robt.	New Orleans	T	203
70	Simon, Robt.	New Orleans	T	184
71	Linam, Albert (Tex)	Bay St. Louis, Miss.	FB	185
72	Poitevent, Edward	New Orleans	C	200
73	Ary, Roy	Stigler, Okla.	T	201
74	Calhoun, Chas.	Bastrop, La.	FB	198
75	Lodrigues, Stanley	New Orleans	FB	175
76	Hall, Thos. (Whitey)	New Orleans	E	178
77	Sample, Wm.	Shreveport, La.	G	205
78	Lawson, Thos.	New Orleans	C	230
79	Sproles, Arthur	New Orleans	T	193
80	Thames, Louis	Natalbany, La.	E	160

# KENTUCKY ROSTER

Blue	White	PLAYER—	HOME—	POS.	WT.
00	00	McMillan, Norris	Millington, Tenn.	B	152
11	11	Kercheval, Ralph	Lexington	B	191
18	37	Jobe, William	Youngstown, Ohio	T	245
22	21	Darnaby, James	Lexington	G	170
24	12	Parrish, Douglas	Paris	E	180
25	23	Bach, Stanley	Lexington	B	180
26	26	Walker, Harry	Glendale	B	165
27		Nicholson, Ken	Ashland	B	165
28	18	Rupert, Joe	Catlettsburg	E	188
29	32	Fish, William	Lexington	G	225
30	27	Oiab, Arperd	Conneaut, Ohio	C	205
31	43	Miller, James	Henderson	B	162
32	34	Cassady, Tom	E. St. Louis, Ill.	B	180
33	33	Kreuter, H. (c)	Newport	E	182
34	44	Hav, Langon	Irvine	B	170
35	42	McClurg, Charles	Erlanger	B	170
38	35	Long, James	Smithfield	E	175
39	10	Shanklin, E. C.	Elkhart, Ind.	B	170
40	40	Jean, Jack	Owensboro	E	175
41		Bryant, Eugene	Lexington	B	180
42	25	Ayers, Clarence	Corbin	E	157
43		Huddleston, Joe	Winnemack, Ind.	B	170
45	19	Kelley, Henry	Sturgis	C	200
46		Ross, D.	Ashland	T	170
48	29	Davidson, O. L.	Evansville, Ind.	G	215
49	16	Aldridge, Burton	Benham	G	176
50	50	Frye, John	Louisville	E	155
51	31	Tichenor, William	Lexington	T	190
52	36	Potter, Sam	Whitesburg	B	170
57	13	Jackson, Doty	Kosciusko, Miss.	E	175
58	28	Dickey, Robert	Conneaut, Ohio	C	220
60	20	Murphy, O. B.	Lexington	T	170
61		Asher, Letcher	Pineville	E	152
62	45	Gilmer, Fillmore	Big Stone Gap, Va.	B	160
64		McCool, Frank	Kosciusko, Miss.	B	165
65	16	Jacobs, William	Cumberland	T	191
67		Fehrman, Ray	Newport	T	178
69	17	Aulick, Wade	Latonia	G	219
70	39	Pritchard, Robert	Princeton	T	170
84	30	Wagner, Frank	Newport	C	186
86	14	Janes, Ernest	Bardotown	T	195
90	41	Sympson, Gordon	Bardotown	B	173



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## TULANE SQUAD

TED COX, Coach

15 Born, h	57 McDaniel, q
19 Hillyer, e	58 Boasberg, t
20 Allain, t	59 Memtsaa, e
32 Sundbery, e	60 Could, c
36 Rea, g	61 Bryan, h
37 Nichols, h	62 Tessier, C., g
38 Henderson, h	63 Paddock, g
39 Menge, h	64 Bruno, f
40 Kyle, e	65 Hardy, e
41 Featherngill, t	66 McIlhenny, g
42 Thomas, h	67 Page, C., t
43 Phillips, e	68 Hartson, g
44 Westfeldt, e	69 Tessier, R., t
45 Clark, e	70 Simon, t
46 Loftin, f	71 Linam, f
47 Simons, h	72 Poltevent, c
48 Robinson, c	73 Ary, t
49 Page, R., q	74 Calhoun, t
50 Roberts, h	75 Lodrigues, f
51 Henriques, g	76 Hail, e
52 Stroble, e	77 Sample, g
53 Schroeder, g	78 Lawson, g
54 Brownson, q	79 Sproles, t
55 Smither, c	80 Thames, e
56 Mintz, h	

## KENTUCKY SQUAD

HARRY GAMAGE, Coach

Blue	White	Blue	White
00	00 McMillan, b	43	.... Huddleston, b
11	11 Kercheval, b	45	19 Kelley, g
18	37 Jobe, t	46	.... Rosa, t
22	21 Darnaby, g	48	29 Davidson, g
24	12 Parrish, e	49	15 Aldridge, g
25	23 Bach, b	50	50 Frye, e
26	26 Walker, b	51	31 Tichenor, t
27	.... Nicholson, b	52	36 Potter, b
28	18 Rupert, e	57	13 Jackson, e
29	32 Fish, g	58	28 Dickey, c
30	27 Olah, c	60	20 Murphy, t
31	43 Miller, b	61	.... Asher, e
32	34 Cassady, b	62	45 Gilmer, b
33	33 Kreuter, e	64	.... McCool, b
34	44 Hay, b	65	16 Jacobs, t
35	42 McClurg, b	67	.... Fehrman, g
38	35 Long, e	69	17 Aulick, t
39	10 Shanklin, b	70	39 Pritchard, t
40	40 Jean, b	84	30 Wagner, t
41	.... Bryant, e	86	14 Janes, c
42	25 Ayers, b	90	41 Symphon, b

# Chesterfield signal

## Kentucky vs. Tulane

THE STARTING LINEUPS  
(Subject to Change by Coaches)

### TULANE

### KENTUCKY

No.	Name	Position	Name	No.	Blue	White
65	Hardy	L. E. R.	Kreuter	33	33	
70	Simon	L. T. R.	Aulick	69	17	
74	Calhoun	L. G. R.	Darnaby	22	21	
48	Robinson	C.	Janes	86	14	
53	Schroeder	R. G. L.	Davidson	48	29	
73	Ary	R. T. L.	Jobe	18	37	
40	Kyle	R. E. L.	Rupert	28	18	
57	McDaniel	Q. B.	Jean	40	40	
47	Simons	L. H. R.	Cassady	32	34	
50	Roberts	R. H. L.	Ayers	42	25	
46	Loftin	F. B.	Kercheval	11	11	

### OFFICIALS

Referee—Jas. Cheeves (Georgia)

Umpire—Jack Black (Davidson)

Head Linesman—G. M. Phillips (Ga. Tech)

Field Judge—Boyd B. Chambers (Denison)





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# KENTUCKY



LEM JACKSON  
BACK

LEFT TO RIGHT  
LEN MILLER  
ASSISTANT COACH  
JOHN CAMPBELL  
BACKFIELD COACH  
BERNIE SHIVELY  
LINE COACH  
HARRY GAMAGE  
HEAD COACH

JACK JEAN  
BACK

RALPH KERCHEVAL  
BACK

LANGON HAY BACK

CLARENCE AYERS BACK





HENRY  
KELLY  
C. WARD

FRANK  
WAGNER  
TACKLE

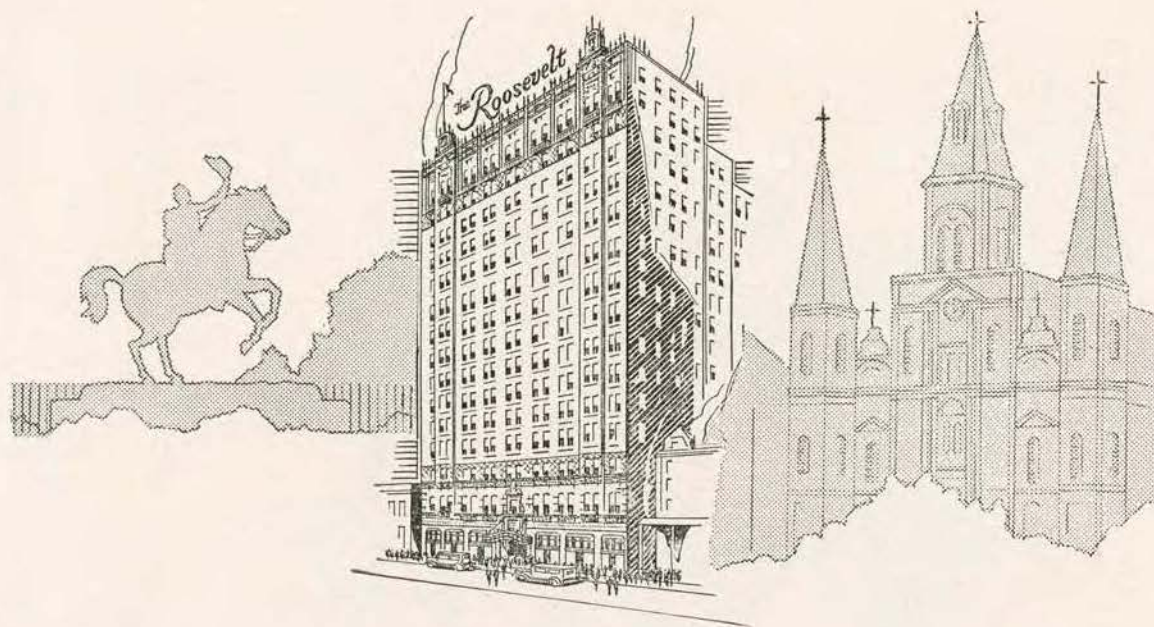
ROBERT  
PRITCHARD  
BACK

HOWARD  
"DUTCH"  
KREUTER  
CAPTAIN  
AND  
END

JOE RUPERT  
END

ERNEST JONES  
CENTER  
(LEFT)  
AND  
BILL JOBE  
TACKLE  
(RIGHT)





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Garage*

*Rooms  
AS LOW AS  
\$3.00  
a day*

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BAR**

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BIENVILLE**

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Rates begin at \$1.50

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**NEW ORLEANS**  
*"Pride of the South"*





COACH TED COX



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Distributors of--

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Domestic Soaps and Soap Powder Products.



Importers, Jobbers and Distributors



*Complete Line of Laundry and Dry Cleaners  
Supplies.*

Also Dealers in Liquid Soap



# TIME OUT

"What's the matter?"  
 "I've got Indian underwear."  
 "What's that?"  
 "It's always creeping up on me."

• • •

"Daddy, are kings and queens always good?"  
 "No, son, not when there are aces out against them."

• • •

Times are so bad now that even the wages of sin have been reduced.

• • •

First Student: "They say times are bad now."  
 Second Student: "Yeah, especially meal times."

• • •

First Youngster: "My dad is a Moose, an Elk, an Eagle and a Lion."  
 Second Ditto: "Gosh, how much does it cost to see him?"

• • •

Teacher (very exasperated): "Now, Willie, I'm going to give you an easy problem. Suppose I had two eggs on this desk and should lay two more beside them, how many would I have then?"  
 Willie (some seconds later): "Teacher, I don't believe you can do it."

• • •

1st Drag: "Yesterday I confessed my past to my sweetheart."  
 2nd Ditto: "What did he say?"  
 1st Drag: "He didn't say anything. He went to the mirror and combed his hair. It was standing on end."

• • •

Medic (to Drag): "My dates with you are just like a string of pearls."  
 Drag: "How's that?"  
 Medic: "Neckless, baby, neckless."

• • •

The Cannibal's motto — First come — first served.

• • •

The Ideal History Exam.  
 1. Who formulated the Monroe Doctrine?  
 2. How long did the 100 years' war last?  
 3. Where was the Treaty of Ghent signed?

• • •

"Say, mister," said the bright youth to the butcher, "do you keep joints to suit all purses?"  
 "Sure," said the butcher.  
 "Well, what have you for an empty purse?"  
 "A cold shoulder," said the butcher.

• • •

"What is an operetta?"  
 "Don't be foolish. It's a girl who says 'number, please'."

• • •

Two fair hitch hikers were overtaken by darkness and stopped an officer to inquire as to the nearest farmhouse that would provide a night's lodging.

"Just take the road to the right," replied the officer, "and you cannot go wrong."

"But, aren't there any other roads?" asked the coeds.

"That girl's a lady. I'll have you know!"  
 "How do you know she's a lady?"  
 "Look at the sign on the door she just went in."

• • •

Prof.: "Parse the word 'kiss'."  
 Student: "The word is a noun, but is generally used as a conjunction. It is never declined, and is more common than proper. It is not very singular, as it is usually plural. It agrees with me."

• • •

Girl: "Would you come to my aid in distress?"  
 Boy: "I'd come to you no matter how you were dressed."

• • •

Collegiate: "Father, I've got a notion to settle down and raise chickens."  
 Father: "You'd better try owls—their hours would suit you better."

• • •

Freshman: "Did you ever get a letter playing football?"  
 Varsity: "Yes—and I had to play like hell to get it."  
 Freshman: "I'll get one then—the coach says that's the way I play."

• • •

Doctor: "The best thing you can do is give up cigarettes, liquor and women."  
 Patient: "What's the next best thing?"

• • •

"My mother-in-law reminds me of a Pullman car."  
 "How's that?"  
 "When she opens her mouth there are no lowers and only a few uppers."

• • •

Late to bed and early to rise  
 Keeps your kid brother  
 From wearing your ties.

• • •

He: "Darling, you know I have loved you all my life. You're everything to me. Without you, life would not be worth living. I want to ask you a very important question."

She (thrilled): "Oh, John, dear, ask me."  
 He: "Knowing that I love you only, would you mind if I had a date with Betty tomorrow night?"

• • •

Freshman: "Why were you kept in at school?"  
 Soph.: "I didn't know where the Azores were."  
 Freshman: "In the future, just remember where you put things."

• • •

Man: "But, Madam, I merely wish to find out to which party your husband belongs."  
 Woman: "Well, take a good look at me. I'm the party he belongs to."

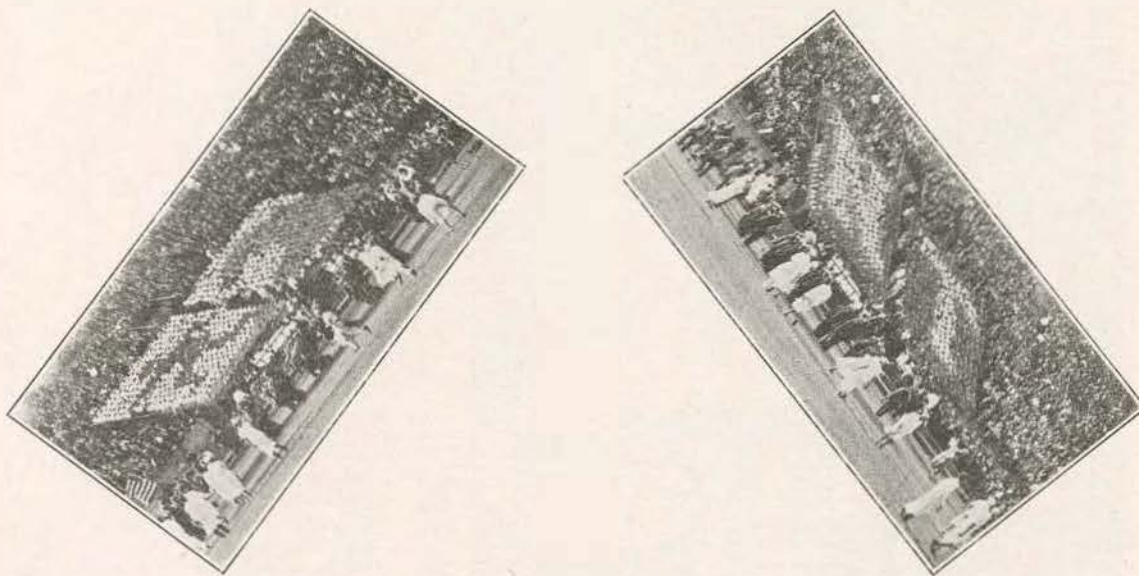
• • •

A recruit who wore size 14 shoes was missing from drill one day. When the officer in charge noticed his absence he asked: "Has anyone seen Kirkpatrick?"

"Yes," said a voice, "he went up to the cross-roads to turn around."



# *Turks Score Hit!*



Here are a couple of snappy card displays produced by the Tulane students at the Auburn game recently.

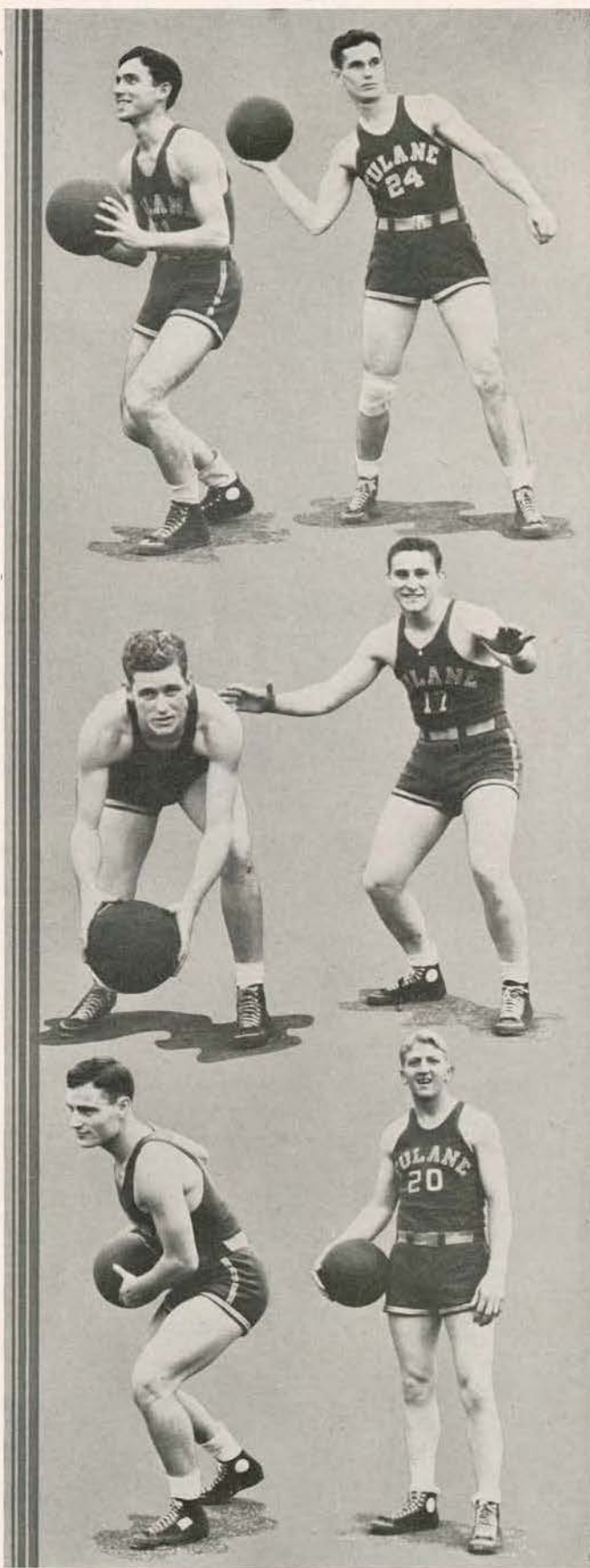
The display at the left portrays the Green Wave rolling after a football player. The display at the right produces an "N" from the Newcomb femmes and a "T" from the Tulane men.

Snappy card displays were also given at the Maryland-Tulane game and a new series will be presented at the Wave-Louisiana State game here on December 2. The displays afford a great treat for the thousands on the East side of the stadium.

Credit must be given to L. T. Kuhner, head of the Tulane University Rooters' Klub, in short "The Turks," and the students who have worked hard to put the stunts over. It's a great pep builder for the University.

The Turks are doing many other things besides putting on the card displays. They have co-operated in radio programs, contacting the Canal street merchants in regard to window displays on days of games, meeting the visiting teams and sundry other valuable duties.





## Next on the Calendar!

---

Coach Ray Dauber's basketball team will be ready to make its bow in the new gymnasium against the strong University of Kentucky championship aggregation, December 21 and 22.

On the left, we present six lettermen who are expected to represent the Olive. Top, left to right, Ernie Beck and Murray Cleveland; second row, Harry Vorhaben and Little Monk Simons; third row, Little Preacher Roberts and Whitey Hall.

We will today see three basketball players in action in the pigskin role. They are Roberts and Simons of Tulane and Captain Dutch Kreuter of Kentucky, a cracking good man in either field of sport.



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MISS JANET QUILLIAN



# TULANE GREENWAVE —

♩ RAH HURRAH! RAH HURRAH! RAHRAHRAH RAH RAH, JUST WATCH THAT TULANE GREEN WAVE

ALLEGRETTO.

ROLLALONG — YES, ROLLALONG — JUST ROLLALONG. THEY'RE NOT A-

FRAID OF AN - Y ONE — THEY'RE IN A CLASS, YES BAR - RING

NONE — FOR WHEN THOSE GREEN BACKS FIGHT, THEY FIGHT LIKE HELL: YES

FIGHT LIKE HELL, SO WELL — JUST UP AND SMASH AND CRASH 'EM WIDE,

DASH AND SPLASH 'EM TIDE, GREEN WAVE OF OLD TU-LANE. RAH!

WORDS AND MUSIC BY MEMBERS OF N. O. KIWANIS CLUB.



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need"



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BASEMENT, GIBSON HALL





## IT TAKES HEALTHY NERVES TO FLY THE MAIL AT NIGHT

● A. M. WILKINS has flown the night air mail over 150,000 miles for TWA. It takes healthy nerves to hang up a record like that!



● WILKINS joins a fellow pilot, W. Niedernhofer, at Newark Airport, for a chat and a smoke. "Camels never ruffle or jangle my nerves," Wilkins says.

### IT IS MORE FUN TO KNOW

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand. They are milder, richer in flavor. They never tire your taste or get on your nerves.



## STEADY SMOKERS TURN TO CAMELS

A. M. WILKINS, air-mail ace, says: "It's a steady grind, all right, living up to our tradition that *the mail must go through!* That's why I smoke Camels. And I smoke plenty! Camels never ruffle or jangle my nerves, and I like their mild, rich flavor."

Camels never tire the taste—never get on the nerves. *Your* taste and *your* nerves will confirm this. Start smoking Camels today and prove it for yourself.

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*Camel's Costlier Tobacco*

NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES  
NEVER TIRE YOUR TASTE