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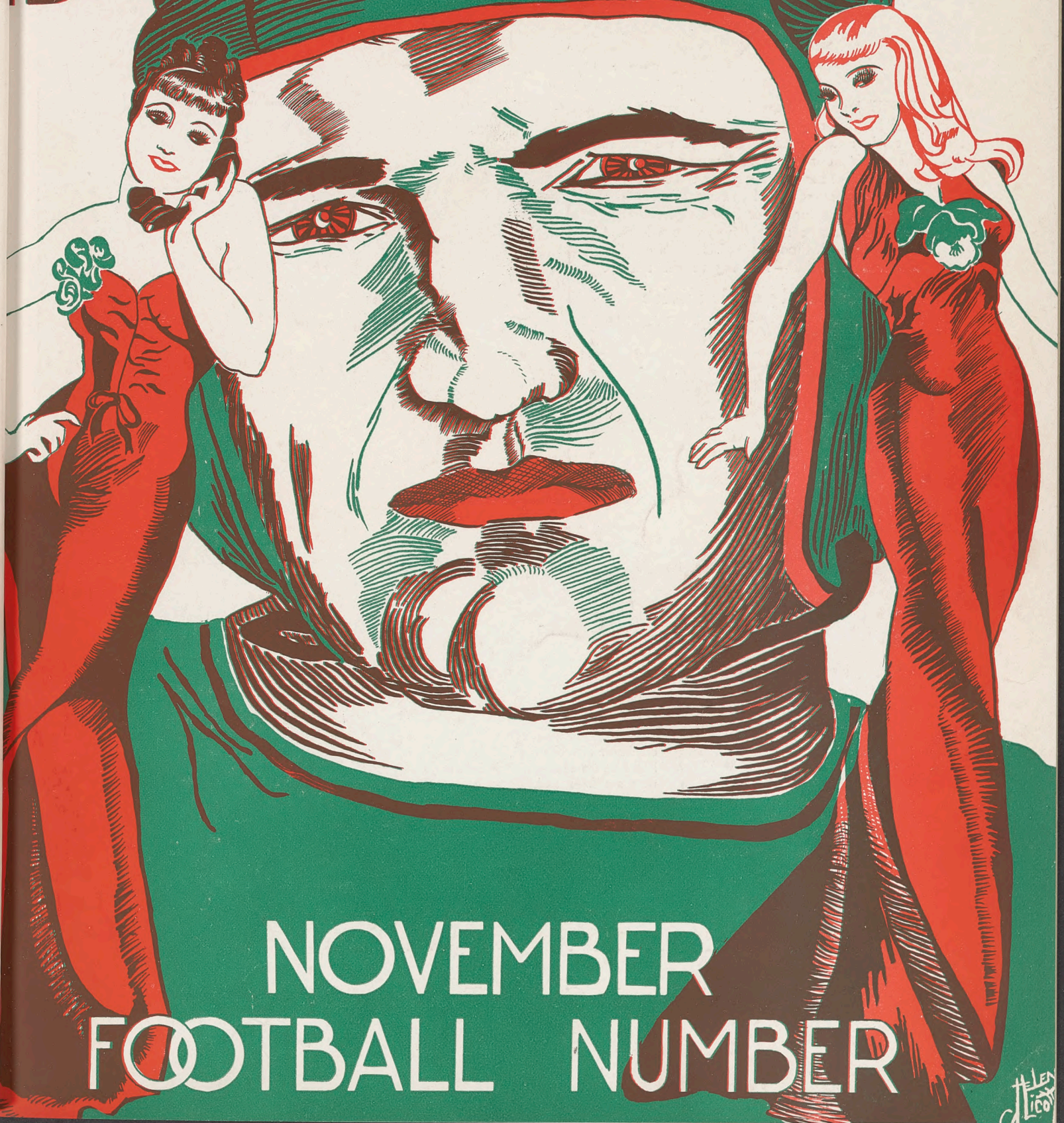
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# ELLIOT

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NOVEMBER  
FOOTBALL NUMBER

Allen  
Licox



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**SCOTTIE** Known variously in early history as Skye, Highland, Cairn, and Scots terrier. Nicknamed the "die-hard" for stout heart and unquenchable love for sport. Extremely independent.



He's giving his  
nerves  
a rest...

and so  
is he

**L**IKE humans, dogs have a complicated, highly developed set of nerves. But dogs rest when they need rest...while we plunge ahead with our hurry and worry—straining our nerves to keep up the pace. We can't turn back to the natural life of an animal, but we can soothe and rest our nerves. Camel cigarettes can be your pleasant reminder to take a helpful breathing spell. Smokers find Camel's costlier tobaccos are mild—*soothing* to the nerves.

Successful people advise  
"Let up...*light up a Camel*"



**RALPH GULDAHL** (above), U. S. Open golf champion, reveals: "I've learned to ease up now and again—to let up . . . and light up a Camel. Little breaks in daily nerve tension help to keep a fellow on top. Smoking a Camel gives me a grand feeling of well-being. Here is a cigarette that is actually *soothing* to my nerves!"

## DID YOU KNOW:



—that tobacco plants are "topped" when they put out their seed-head? That this improves the quality of leaf? That most cigarette tobacco is harvested by "priming"—removing each leaf by hand? The Camel buyers know where the choice grades of leaf tobacco are—the mild tobaccos that are finer and, of course, more expensive. Camels are a matchless blend of finer, **MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS**...Turkish and Domestic.

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of Camels  
and find out  
why they are  
the **LARGEST-  
SELLING  
CIGARETTE  
IN AMERICA**

# LET UP—LIGHT UP A CAMEL!

Smokers find Camel's Costlier Tobaccos are Soothing to the Nerves



Read the Student Life Review Now!

Football Number Of Eliot Again Attains Perfection

by Rosen Rosenrosen, Jr.

At first glance the November Eliot would seem to have set for itself a new all time high, for the articles and cartoons positively had the Student Life staff rolling in the aisles. At second glance the stuff still looks pretty good. However, at third glance the November Eliot seems to have set for itself a new all time high. HOWEVER, along about the nineteenth glance one begins to discover little errors here and there scattered willy-nilly among its pages.

10 Shopping Days til Xmas

We wouldn't mention the cover except for the fact that we wouldn't mention the cover—COVER, COVER, COVER.

Starting with the cover, it just isn't the sort of thing that you would like to take home and show to your diabetic great-great-great grandmother who is in for a visit from Puhkippsie (great town Pough-kipsee, if you know how to spell it).

Faculty Escapes

We would like to pass over the diabetic record column called "The Music Goes Round" with a look of indignation but since we can't register a look of indignation we can't pass over it. We have definite criticisms which we have of this column:

Now we come to a feature which we would like to wax over for pages, a diabetic space-filler-inner called "Towers and Town"—except for a few facetious paragraphs it is very facetious.

McKinley Assassinated

The article on Jimmy Conzelman's life is vitally new and refreshing and diabetic. Not one word is said about football, not one word is said about vodvil acts, not one word is said about the Saturday Evening Post, not one word is said about Jimmy Conzelman.

Now we have some serious charges to level against the erst-while gossip column which runs this month under the diabetic title

—"Monkey Chatter." Here are our criticisms: &\$#ghkm (%ccuiwe\*3/4.wqzx"....—student life\*% 6842? , , , , stinks.

May Pole Collapses

Now we have several words to say about the diabetic author who signs his name, Walter W. Mead. The title "Return of the Native" was obviously cribbed from the title of Shakespeare's play, "As You Like It." We suggest something original in the way of a title—now, if it had been called, "The Native Returns," that would have been just peachy; or even if the diabetic one had called it "The Return of the Native" we would be.

We will have to pass over "The Saga of Tad Wilson" cause nobody on our staff knows anything about poetry. The meter is obviously iambic pentameter with a smattering of heroic couplets done in an anamatapoetic manner covered with obscure subjectivism of the later 19th century Lake poets, who lived by the lakes.

R.S.V.P. by Carrier Pigeon

The short story is just plain fiction.

Throughout the magazine you will find cartoons which are drawings which take up much space which would be much better if they didn't take up space.

Campus A Huge Success

We will pass over very quickly the one or two good diabetic articles which are really diabetic such as "Greek Letters," Clark's story, King's football article, "Cherchez la Femme," the Popularity Queen Pictures, The Better Things, the Petty cartoon, and a few other articles which are very, very good. But there are not more than 10 or 12 of these.

As we said before, time and time again, almost to the extent of boring you, the best thing about this issue is the fact that there are no allusions to the Student Life reviews of Eliot.

It was lot initiation girls da Apple" Holmes' of myste races; a ligious to the in their ce. and custor graphed. obviously The pri Last Tonight

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

**Aaron Hotchner '40**

ASSOCIATE EDITOR

**Louise Lampert '39**

MANAGING ED. (Nov.)

**Walter Mead**

LITERARY:—

George C. Smith, L. W. Triefenbach, Louis Gottschalk, Jack Cable, Juanita Hunsaker, Dolly Pitts, Mary Wilson, Marjorie Sebastian, Joe Edlin, Ann Livingston.

CUBS:—

Ellman, Skinner, Choate, Bohlman,  
Weiner, Murray, Murtfeldt, Campbell,  
Friel, Ramsey, Allen, Webb.

ART:—

Helene Callicotte (Ed.), Hi Neuwohner (Associate), Jim von Brunn, George Schneider, Al Koken, Childs.

PHOTOGRAPHY:—

Dave Boyd (Ed.), Jules Schweig, Al Haines, George Weber, Dick Prentiss, Henry Nelson.

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Peggy Woodlock

STAFF:—

Betty Kentzler, Jean Lampert, Doris Cospers, Sophie May McCallum, Dorothy Tracy, Bette Camp, Dolly Pitts, Olive Depelheuer.

Best-Sellers for October:

Cordelia See (Capt.), Peggy Woodlock, Frances Kislingbury, Virginia Morsey, Clarabelle Murtfeldt, Barbara Miller, Margaret Honk, Jacqueline Davis, Ann Clark Lewis, Tansill Moore, Betty Turner, Betty Becker, Vivian Milam, Ruth Miller, Kathleen Reardon, Mary Evelyn Shepherd.

Washington University Eliot, Skinker and Lindell, St. Louis, Mo. Vol. 6, No. 2, November, 1938. Price \$1.00 a year, 15c a copy. The Eliot is published monthly except in June, July, August and September. Entered as second-class matter, under Act of March 3, 1879, at the Post Office, St. Louis, Mo.

## CONTENTS FOR NOVEMBER, 1938

Student Life Reviews ELIOT .....	Page 1
BETTY BUDKE—The Music Goes 'Round .....	Page 5
The Towers and the Town .....	Page 6
LAMPERT and PITTS—Conzelman Through A Co-ed's Eyes .....	Page 7
WALTER W. MEAD—Return of the Native .....	Page 9
L. W. TRIEFENBACH—Cherchez la Femme .....	Page 10
RALPH BRADSHAW—The Case of A. Syzmanski .....	Page 11
Frosh Queen Candidates .....	Pages 12 and 13
A Toast to the Bears .....	Page 14
JIMMY THE MONK—Monkey Chatter .....	Page 17
RICHARD CLARK—An Almost Success Story .....	Page 18
SMITH and CABLE—Greek Letters .....	Page 19
MEAD and GOTTSCHALK— A Faculty Man Talks About Football .....	Page 21
L. W. T.—Saga of Tad Wilson .....	Page 22

Cover by Helene Callicotte

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Old Golds try to  
 Please *everyone*, too.  
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 Prize crop tobaccos  
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 To keep them just as  
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For Finer, *FRESHER* Flavor . . .  
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# OL' JUDGE ROBBINS'

## TRAILER TRIP AT MT. MANSFIELD, VERMONT

GLAD YOU'RE FEELING BETTER, CHUBBINS --- BUT I'D LIKE YOU TO SEE THE DOCTOR JUST ONCE MORE BEFORE WE GO ON

I'M GLAD YOU FIND ME O.K. TOO, DOC! NOW FOR THAT TRIP UP MT. MANSFIELD. I HOPE YOU'VE GOT TIME TO GO WITH US

DELIGHTED, JUDGE? WHY NOT LEAVE YOUR TRAILER HERE AND DRIVE UP IN MY CAR?

YOU'VE CERTAINLY MADE US FEEL AT HOME HERE, DOCTOR

I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU FOR ALL YOUR HOSPITALITY

TUT, TUT, JUDGE --- HOW ABOUT THE FAVOR YOU DID IN INTRODUCING ME TO PRINCE ALBERT?

NOW YOU CAN SEE THAT MT. MANSFIELD LOOKS LIKE A MAN'S FACE LOOKING UP AT THE SKY. THERE'S HIS FOREHEAD, NOSE, LIPS, CHIN, AND ---

EVEN HIS ADAM'S APPLE!

ISN'T THIS PEAK A LONELY SPOT?

WELL --- LOOK AT THE EMPTY PA. TIN. SOME UNFORTUNATE FELLOW RAN OUT OF PRINCE ALBERT WAY UP HERE

I'M ALWAYS READY FOR THAT EMERGENCY, JUDGE. I GET STUCK IN PRETTY REMOTE PLACES MYSELF; SO I ALWAYS CARRY AN EXTRA TIN OF PRINCE ALBERT

A WISE PRECAUTION, DOCTOR. THE MAN WHO SMOKES PRINCE ALBERT IS GETTING EXTRA SMOKING JOY --- ALL THE MORE REASON WHY HE DOESN'T WANT TO MISS A SINGLE PIPE-LOAD



BREAKING IN A PIPE? DO IT WITH THAT NO-BITE PRINCE ALBERT. IT'S **SLOW-BURNING** AND TOPS FOR **COOL, MELLOW SMOKING**



**SO MILD!**

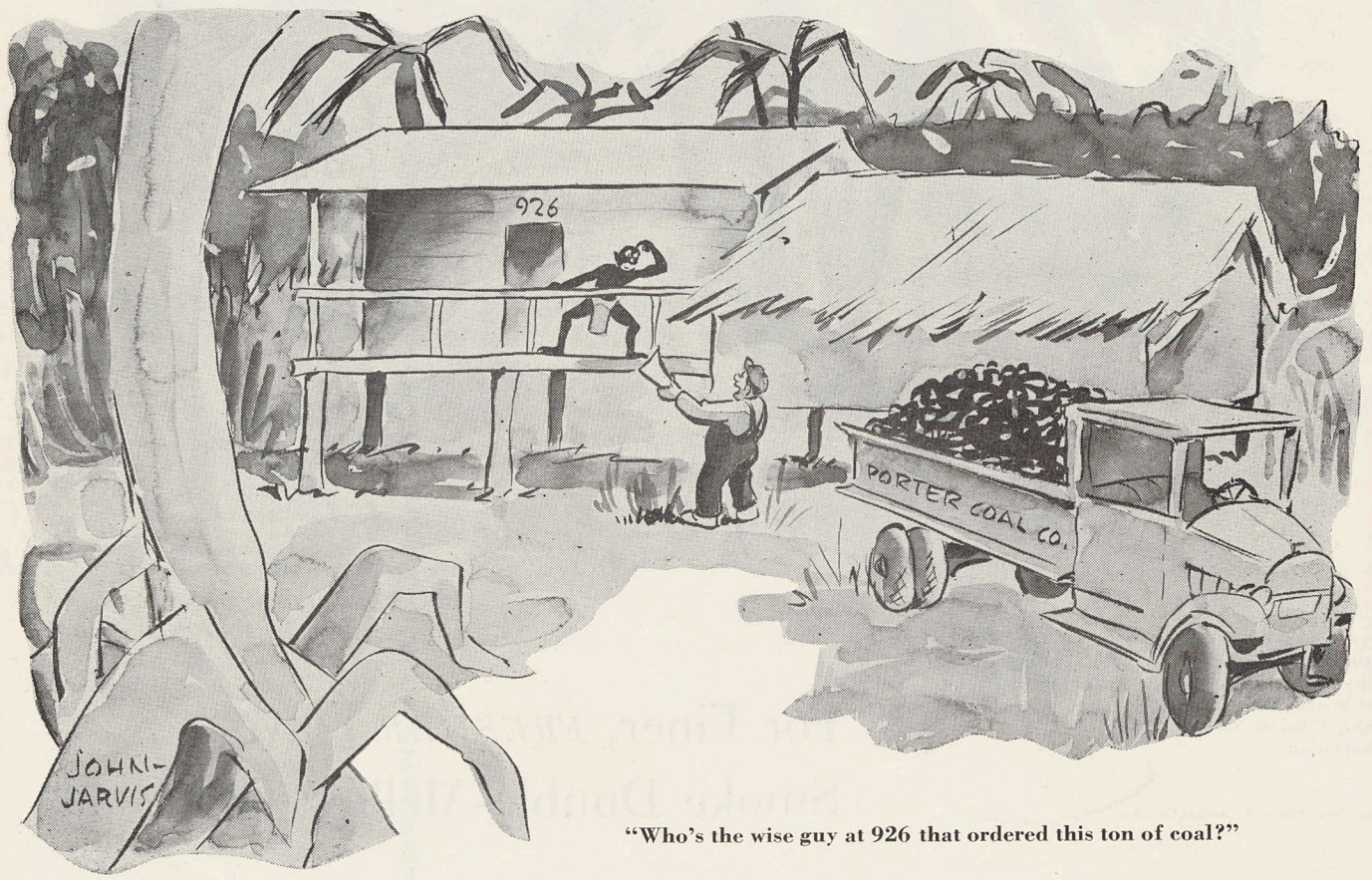
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JOHN JARVIS

"Who's the wise guy at 926 that ordered this ton of coal?"



## THE MUSIC GOES 'ROUND

by BETTY BUDKE

The *Eliot* jam session attracted a capacity crowd who listened attentively to the new disc releases and then rated them 1, 2, 3—(fair, good, and in the groove.)

My choice for the best record of the month:

*Indian Love Call, Begin the Beguine*, an Artie Shaw double.

- |   |                               |
|---|-------------------------------|
| (3) My Reverie                          | (2) Boogie Woogie Blues       |
|   | Larry Clinton (Victor 26006)  |
| (2) Margie                              | (2) Russian Lullaby           |
|   | Benny Goodman (Victor 26060)  |
| (3) Yesterdays                          |                               |
| (3) What Is This Thing Called Love      |                               |
|   | Artie Shaw (Bluebird 10001)   |
| (2) Just You, Just Me                   |                               |
| (2) You Must Have Been A Beautiful Baby |                               |
|   | Red Norvo (Brunswick 8243)    |
| (3) Two Sleepy People                   |                               |
| (2) Have You Forgotten So Soon          |                               |
|   | Kay Kyser (Brunswick 8244)    |
| (2) At Long Last Love                   | (2) You Never Know            |
|   | Glen Gray (Decca 2010)        |
| (3) Indian Love Call                    | (3) Begin the Beguine         |
|   | Artie Shaw (Bluebird 7746)    |
| (1) Weary Blues                         | (2) Boogie-Woogie             |
|   | Tommy Dorsey (Victor 26054)   |
| (3) Heart and Soul                      | (2) Dodging the Dean          |
|   | Larry Clinton (Victor 26046)  |
| (2) Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son           |                               |
| (2) Sailing at Midnight                 | Jan Garber (Decca 8251)       |
| (2) I Used to be Color Blind            | (2) Pealin' the Peach         |
|   | Paul Whiteman (Bluebird 2073) |
| (2) How Little I Knew                   | (3) Summer Souvenirs          |
|   | Paul Martin (Bluebird 7811)   |

According to the magazine "Downbeat" the ratings of the bands for 1937 were:

## BETTER THINGS

Nov. 18-Nov. 19—Saint Louis Symphony Concert with guest artist Fritz Kreisler at the Municipal Auditorium.

Nov. 19—Jessie B. Chamberlain continues her gallery talks at the City Art Museum at 3:30.

Nov. 20-Nov. 27—*The Women* at the American Theatre.

Nov. 25-No. 26—St. Louis Symphony Concert with guest artist Maria Reinia at the Municipal Auditorium.

Nov. 26—Jessie B. Chamberlain conducts another of her gallery talks at the City Art Museum at 3:30.

Nov. 27-Dec. 3—*What a Life* at the American Theatre.

Nov. 30-Dec. 10—*Blind Alley* at the Little Theatre of St. Louis.

Dec. 3—Jessie B. Chamberlain continues her gallery talks at the City Art Museum at 3:30.

Dec. 9-Dec. 10—The St. Louis Symphony Concert with guest artist Lottie Leyman at the Municipal Auditorium.

Dec. 10—Jessie B. Chamberlain continues her gallery talks at the City Art Museum.

Dec. 12-Dec. 26—*Of Mice and Men* at the American Theatre.

Dec. 17—Jessie B. Chamberlain continues her gallery talks at the City Art Museum.

Dec. 19-Dec. 20—*He*, a laboratory production, at the Little Theatre of St. Louis.

Dec. 22-23—Myra Hess and the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra at the Municipal Auditorium.

Dec. 24—Jessie B. Chamberlain conducts another of her gallery talks at the City Art Museum at 3:30.

*SWING BAND*—1. Benny Goodman—2. Tommy Dorsey—3. Bob Crosby—4. Casa Loma—5. Duke Ellington—6. Jimmie Lunceford—7. Jimmie Dorsey—8. Count Basie—9. Chick Webb—10. Red Norvo—11. Scott Quintet—12. Woody Herman—13. Bunny Berigan.

*SWEET BAND*—1. Hal Kemp—2. Casa Loma—3. Guy Lombardo—4. Tommy Dorsey—5. Fred Martin—6. Wayne King—7. Horace Heidt—8. Andre Kostelanetz—9. Will Osborne—10. George Olsen—11. Russ Morgan—12. Isham Jones—13. Woody Herman.



"As  
You  
Like  
It"

7716  
FORSYTHE

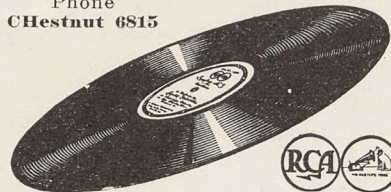
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# THE TOWERS

## 16 Saw XVI

For many years now, the English XVI plays have brought recognition to the dramatic efforts of Thyrsus, in particular, and the Hilltop, in general. Drama critics from numerous other schools have repeatedly paid tribute to these one-act plays which afford such splendid opportunities for ambitious young playwrights and actors. Prof. Carson has often been praised for his outstanding work.

The set of English XVI plays given this year was again very well presented, but despite the excellence of the performance and the rich tradition behind the performances, there were fewer people in *both* audiences this year than there were in *one* audience last year. Moreover, a great majority of those who attended, this year, were from off campus. As a result, a good deal of the color and spirit were missing.

Lack of student interest can weaken dramatics just as it has weakened debating and many other worth while activities—with the student body in back of it, any student activity can easily succeed.

## Wear Your Medals

Every season Bear teams and organizations bring home the trophies in intercollegiate competitions of one sort or another. The swimming team wins the Missouri Valley award consistently, the track team copped honors last year, the rifle team, debating team, publications, and singing groups have won cups, plaques or medals at one time or another. Even the sophomores won a beautiful trophy this year.

But what happens to all these awards and plaques? Come to

think of it, have you ever seen them? Some of the athletic trophies find their way into a large case tucked away on the second floor of the gymnasium. Other awards are either buried in desk drawers or battered around until they are unrecognizable lumps of lead. The sophomore trophy has found its way to the K.A. mantel where it will probably stay until next summer when it can be used for rushing material—"See that cup? Well, our sophomores won it single handed!"

If you'll think back you'll distinctly recall that every time you walked into your high school, there was an elegant trophy display which always met your gaze. It doesn't seem particularly "grown-upish" not to display all the handsome trophies and medals which we have won and we would like to suggest that a large glass trophy case be placed in the Quad Shop or some other conspicuous spot where the awards can be put to the obvious use for which they were intended.

## Road Gang

The complaints continue to annually pour in regarding the need

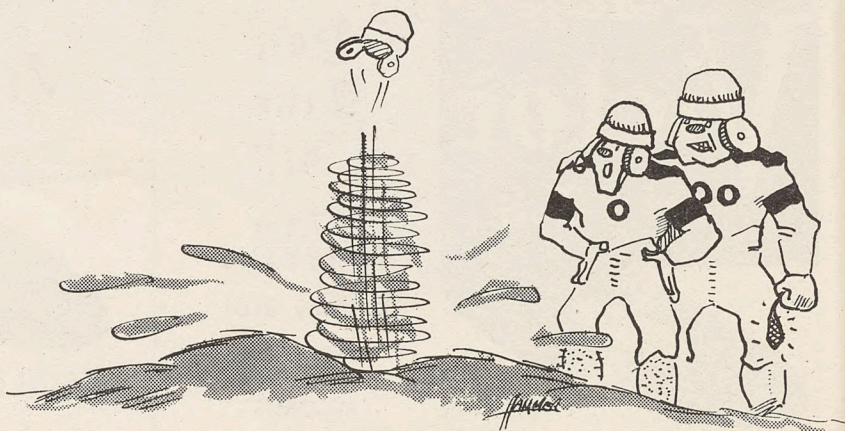
for a walk leading to fraternity row. When it rains the field gets very muddy and dirties the boys' trouser cuffs and although the Betas are not troubled, the other fraternities will not adopt the ankle-cuff pants in deference to the muddy field.

The best suggestion which has rolled in thus far is to organize the freshmen in the various fraternities on the row into construction units, and with the partial aid of Student Council funds, the bricks and necessary supplies could be purchased and not only could the walk be completed but the freshmen could get some good practical experience in masonry and have something to fall back on when they graduate.

## Here Come the Grooms

Marriage is a wonderful institution. Undergraduate marriage is an even more wonderful institution if the rantings of an undergraduate groom and groom-to-be can be believed. Ed Schaeffer of the middle lawyers, who was recently feted by his brother classmates, has entered the wedded state and Phil Willmarth, whose claim to oblivion is being editor of *Student Life*, has announced his wedding for January.

Being married will undoubtedly take up a lot of their time from now on, an dSchaeffer will certainly be hard pressed with the tough schedule in the law school; but things should work out just fine for Willmarth who has an easy curriculum and spends 30 minutes a week putting out two editions of *Student Life*.



That new guy sure takes the spinner play seriously.



# CONZELMAN THROUGH A CO-ED'S EYES

by LOUISE LAMPERT and DOLLY PITTS

CHATting with coach Jim Conzelman is like trying to have a nice, quiet, little tete-a-tete with a grasshopper, for all the time you are interviewing him he dashes up and down his office from chair to desk to telephone to filing cabinet and back again, until your head whirls like a spinning mouse from keeping up with him. At last you coax him into a nearby chair and open your mouth quickly to fire out a question, but before you can even sputter, he leaps up and bounds across the room without warning. When you recover, you are likely to find him lying prone across the radiator or swinging gaily from the chandeliers.

But you like Jimmy in spite of his distracting antics; and even the healthy crop of whiskers, so inexcusable on the chin of your best beau, seems delightfully appropriate for a football coach on the day before a big game. For Jimmy Conzelman is, without a doubt, first, last, and always a football player and coach. Ever since he has been old enough to hold a football, practically, he's been running up and down—and at top speed, too, over a hundred yards of gridiron.

However, it takes more than a pigskin profession to occupy the versatile Jimmy; his brief career up to this time is as variegated as a patchwork quilt and as colorful. He has experienced the glare of the footlights, having been billed for a month in a vaudeville act playing the piano and ukeleles; he was boxing champion in the middleweight division while at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, and nearly signed a contract in New York to become one of a string of fighters with Philadelphia Jack O'Brien. He has been newspaper editor, columnist, short story writer, orchestra leader, song writer, business manager for a sculptor, and half a dozen other things which he cannot or will not recall.

From the day that Jim put on cleats and helmet and raced down the field to score his first touchdown under Coach Mike Walker at Central High School, it was obvious that he was a "real McCoy." He began his list of football triumphs as half-back on the mid-city eleven and member of the all-star high school team and then in 1915, because of a shift in school districts, attended McKinley High where he was selected for the all-star football, basketball, and baseball teams.

Jimmy played on the Washington University freshman team the following year, but when America entered the war in 1917, he enlisted at the Great Lakes Naval Training School. The Great Lakes team was victorious in its district and was sent to represent the East in the New Year's Rose Bowl game. The western opponents, the Mare Island Marines, were defeated, the first time an eastern team had carried off the honors.

To celebrate the victory, a formal ball was given for the football players. Ordinarily a full dress occasion after a game would have caused a din of disapproval, but this affair was different; for all of the team were to have dates with Hollywood movie stars.

Jimmy became more and more excited as he imagined himself waltzing around a polished floor with a glamour girl of 1919 in his arms. He had recently

received his ensignship and with it a fancy dress uniform; he wore this to the ball, certain that the actresses would prefer him to the regular sailors in their common attire. The ballroom was teeming with stars, as scintillating as the movie magazines promise, when Jimmy entered the ballroom; but he did not have an opportunity to test the power of his uniform and personality on any of the famous beauties. The players were lined up along one



To all those loyal lads who go "out" for the team.

(Continued on next page)



## FREE! A box of Life Savers

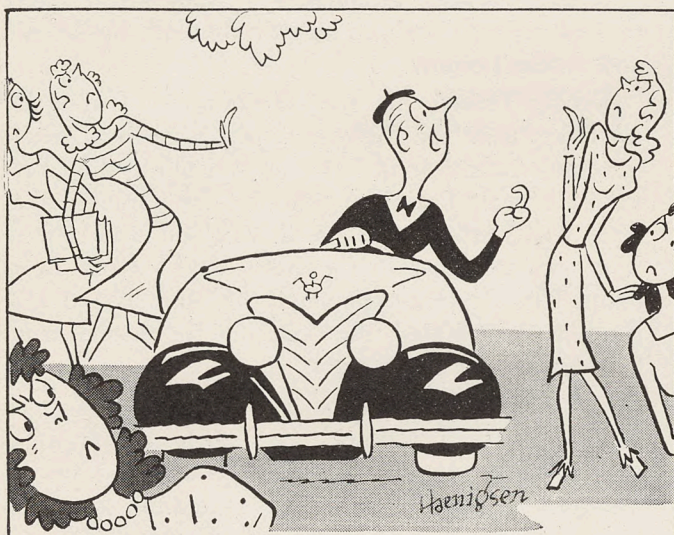
to

Betty Budke

for the following joke:

She: "Why so silent?"

He: "I can't find a cuspidor."



Poor Ned was rich, but he had no pals,  
His breath drove off both the boys and gals,  
Then someone slipped him some Cryst-O-Mints,  
And Ned's been popular ever since!



**MORAL:** Everybody's breath offends now  
and then. Let refreshing Life  
Savers sweeten your breath after  
eating, drinking, and smoking.

What is the best joke that you heard on the campus this week?

Send it in to your editor. You may wisecrack yourself into a free box of Life Savers!

For the best line submitted each month by one of the students, there will be a free award of an attractive cellophane-wrapped assortment of all the Life Saver flavors.

Jokes will be judged by the editors of this publication. The right to publish any or all jokes is reserved. Decisions of the Editors will be final. The winning wisecrack will be published the following month along with the lucky winner's name.

## CONZELMAN THROUGH A CO-ED'S EYES

(Continued from page 7)

side of the hall, and the stars along the other, with instructions to move forward until they met their partners for the evening. The lines advanced and Jim found himself face to face with homely and unsophisticated Zasu Pitts, a new comedian in Hollywood.

During his two years at Great Lakes, Jimmy also played on the basketball and baseball squads, and took up boxing. After winning the middleweight championship, he refused a contract calling for six fights and promising a neat sum of money. He returned to Washington in the fall of 1919 to play quarterback on the varsity team. Quick-witted and swift as an arrow on the field, Conzelman developed into a spectacular quarterback whose brilliant plays brought enthusiastic cheers from the grandstand. At the end of the season he was named all-valley quarterback. This was during the lean, post-war days when the football players lived in what is now the office of Francis gymnasium and did their own cooking over the furnace. Hamburger was their steady diet, and in the event of a faculty dinner guest, variety was added to the menu by an extra piece of bread in the hamburger.

Finding a few leisure hours in his schedule, Jim decided to organize an orchestra to play for campus dances and earn a little extra money. He had learned to play the ukelele at Great Lakes and applied this knowledge to the banjo. The band became so popular that he organized two others, one of which toured the south during the summer.

Jimmy left Washington the following year and soon afterward went "arty" in the famous McDougal Alley in Greenwich Village. Here he took up the Bohemian life, rubbing elbows with celebrities who lived nearby in converted stables from the Gay Nineties period. He exchanged backyard gossip with rotogravure folk such as Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney and Westbrook Pegler. His friendship with McMonnies, the sculptor was especially significant as it resulted in Jimmy's immortalization. The sculptor was working at the time, on his "Battle of the Marne" to be presented to France by the United States. The monument depicted the heroic picture of a woman with a wounded soldier flung across her knee. Jimmy modeled for the warrior, having his physique cast in bronze. One of the chief desires in his life at present, he jokes, is to go to France and hear the comments of French sightseers upon his physique.

After venturing into professional football in 1921, Jimmy accepted a coaching position on a Milwaukee football team. On this squad was a large negro player who liked to sing. He became a member of the team's quartet that harmonized in many a Pull-

(Continued on page 20)



# RETURN OF THE NATIVE

Dedicated to those bleary-eyed grads who groped their way back to the Alma Mater last month.

by WALTER W. MEAD

THE interior of a fraternity house. To those of you who have never been in one, I might add that they look a hell of a lot like ordinary houses, except for the trophies all over the piano. This one has a great big banner on the rear wall, bearing the letters "Epsilon Epsilon Epsilon." As the curtain rises, Mr. Gillingham, the hero, enters from the left, stumbling over a lamp cord. He is a timid little man with a foolish smile on his face. As he comes in, he makes a half-hearted attempt to wave a little pennant he's carrying, but seeing that nobody else is there, he walks around looking at the ceiling, still smiling with satisfaction. A door slams and two students enter.

Mr. Gillingham: Uh . . . Hello, there. My name's Gillingham. Class of 1919.

One of the Students: Hello.

*(Both students go upstairs, leaving Mr. Gillingham standing in the middle of the room with outstretched arms. Two more come in.)*

Mr. Gillingham: Hello, there. My name's Gillingham. Class of 1919.

First Student: Dilling what?

Second Student: What Class?

Mr. Gillingham: Dilling . . . er, Gillingham. Class of 1919.

Students: Oh.

*(Both of them leave immediately by the back door. Mr. Gillingham, still smiling, begins to whistle one of the old fraternity songs.)*

Voice from Offstage: Hey, you. Cut that noise. I'm telephonin'.

*(Mr. Gillingham turns to inspect one of the loving cups and bumps into two old grads who have just arrived. One of them accidentally sticks him in the eye with a cigar butt.)*

First Old Grad: Well! If it isn't old Spivvels!

Mr. Gillingham: *(Rubbing his eye)*: Er, hello . . . Uh, Gillingham's the name.

First Old Grad: Oh, of course! You remember Blodget. Blodget, this is old Hammerstein. Class of 1924, weren't you, Hammerstein?

Mr. Gillingham *(Beaming)*: No, No, 1919.

Mr. Blodget: Well, how are you, anyway?

Mr. Gillingham: Fine and dandy. How are you, anyway?

Mr. Blodget: Fine and dandy. How's everything with you?

Mr. Gillingham: Just fine. How've your folks been?

Mr. Blodget: Just fine.

First Old Grad: See you later, Hammermill.

Mr. Blodget: Yeah, see you later, Ammerman old boy.

*(The two old grads leave. Mr. Gillingham notices another student coming down stairs.)*

Mr. Gillingham *(Clearing his throat)*: Well, you fellas have a real team this year.

*(The student doesn't reply. He sits down and picks up a magazine.)*

Mr. Gillingham: Think we're gonna beat 'em this year? Student *(Not even looking up)*: Who?

Mr. Gillingham: Why, Missouri, of course. That's who we're playing, isn't it?

*(No answer.)*

Mr. Gillingham: *(Clearing his throat again)*: How's this fella McCasserty?

Student: Who?

Mr. Gillingham: McCassity.

*(Continued on page 23)*



"If you get that sweater done, I'll use you in the last quarter."



# CHERCHEZ LA FEMME

Here's a real scholarly treatise on that sweet mystery of life—women.

by L. W. TRIEFENBACH

SINCE back in the long past when we suspended our first pair of full-length trousers and thought that a candy lamb was an accompanying requirement of coming into man's estate, we have been in a dither of perplexity over woman and her peculiar brand of psychology.

Our research was direct when we could afford it and indirect when one of our colleagues could afford it. We studied the girl in the corner house from her blue graduation ruffles through high school and rumble seats, courtship and marriage, and with much wonder and awe and not a little shaking of knees. We discovered she was always a leap or two ahead of her male contemporaries.

There is the question of beauty and the box, or makeup in the public eye. A woman from the upper-case society circles who writes a column on etiquette has repeated consistently that application of fresh glamour should be done only in the privacy of the boudoir or powder room; elsewhere—NEVER.

Women readers would stake their right to mention in the Social Register on her advice on other matters, but they pass blithely over what she says on this subject. All hours, all places, the puff is mightier than the pen.

There is absolutely nothing a man can do about it. One male on record tried, and was a martyr for a lost cause. Harrassed and heckled by an addict to the vanity case, he grew desperate during a dinner date and when the beauty preparations appeared for the last straw time, he asked the lady for a hair pin.

"For what?" was the surprised query.

"To clean my ears," he answered with blunt masculinity.

Another field of rivalry and pother is the matter of drinking. Maybe the physical constitution is involved in this, but it has always been a gnawing source of pique to us. Ask any barkeep, honest and not inhibited by chivalry, about women and wine, or drop into a Yam joint and gather

your own information.

Man, for reasons he knows best, has learned not to mix his drinks; let him never change that policy. Yet we have sat in the chromium-plated corner of a liquor dispensary and watched an adjoining table of females in their cups. They order as if some insane force moves them and they can drink any ordinary man down to the floorboards.

Fascinated we have watched these women down their array of tall and short ones, rise, and march across the room with never a stagger of a cuban heel. It has made us grind last month's dental work because we conscientiously turn away the waiter after our third glass of very old special.

We don't know what the light of day reveals to them, but we know what would happen to us. But apparently such habits don't phase them. The next morning we have seen the same invincibles bounding into class, clear-eyed, head high, knowing all the answers, drinking cokes, and spending the afternoon in the shopping district.

And shopping: horrified is a mild way to express our reaction to methods employed by women on the buy. Keep your wits about you and don't succumb to any invitation, even though you have her solemn promise that it will only take a few seconds. Times too numerous for memory's comfort we have sat in a hat shop while our luncheon engagement tried on

hat after hat, turning, tilting, and adjusting, flirting seriously with herself in the mirror when we had her own word for it that she just wanted to see what the establishment had, with no thought of buying anything.

As we said, it's something in woman's psychology, an unpredictable, indefinable type of floy-floy in her complex.

(Continued on page 23)





# THE CASE OF A. SYZMANSKI

by RALPH BRADSHAW

State College, College Station, Iowa  
Office of Director of Athletics  
April 20, 1937.

To: Members of Alumni Talent Scouting Committee  
Gentlemen:

Enclosed are ten of our form X-4 football prospect rating blanks. The procedure this year is the same as in the past. Give us the fullest possible information on ten good prospects in your district, if you're lucky enough to have that many.

As you doubtless remember we had a good season last fall with a seven and three record, but also, as you have probably forgotten, we are losing nine of our first string men including Morrie Goldman, "Tiny" Zimmer, and Joe Guardino. There are maybe three or four good boys coming up from the freshman team if the faculty gives us a decent break, but we are still in a spot losing two All-Conference backs and our best tackle in fifteen years.

One thing that will help make it easier for all of us this year is the fact that the faculty are beginning to see things our way. I think practically all of them saw that Thanksgiving Day win over Northwestern last fall, which was, if you recall, very tough and the kind of game a professor is likely to remember when grading examination papers. Also, this isn't definite, but we may have a few more scholarships and jobs next fall. Don't quote me on that. Things look pretty good right now, but you never can tell. Get the blanks back to me as soon as you can and if you *should* need more advise me.

Yours for a big State season,  
JM:b James Murphy,  
*Director of Athletics*

JONES AND NELSON  
Wrigley Building  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS May 10th, 1937

Mr. James Murphy, *Director of Athletics*  
State College, College Station, Iowa  
Dear Jimmy,

Enclosed are your blanks with prospects from my area. You will note that three of the blanks are not filled out. Let me advise you at this point that I could have filled them from the list of about thirty possibilities which remain, but did not do so because I feel that it would be wasting your time and mine too. The seven names I am sending are real standouts, boys who could make any team in the country, and I'm sure will bear any further investigation you may care to give them. Sorry I couldn't find a tackle to replace Guardino, but maybe some of the other boys will have better luck.

Yours for a great year,  
GN/sw George Nelson.  
P.S. Please have the office send the same seats I had last year, Jimmy.

Mister Murphy, *Football Coach*  
State College, Iowa.  
Dear Mister Murphy,

I hear you help football players go to college. I want to go to college. I want to play football. If you want me let me know. If you don't you can go to hell.

Yours truly,  
A. Syzmanski

State College, College Station, Iowa  
Office of Director of Athletics  
August 10th, 1937

Mr. George Nelson, Nelson and Jones  
Wrigley Building, Chicago, Illinois  
Dear George,

I am enclosing a copy of a letter I got the other day from one A. Syzmanski of Gary, Indiana. I don't suppose he's any good

or somebody would have him spotted by now, but maybe you could take a run over to Gary and look around the steel mills, just to be sure we aren't passing up any bets. And incidentally, I don't like the way he tells me to go to hell and should like to have him at the first practice for personal reasons if nothing else.

Thanks for your trouble, George, and your tickets are in the mail.

Yours very truly,  
JM:b James Murphy, *Director of Athletics*

JONES AND NELSON  
Wrigley Building

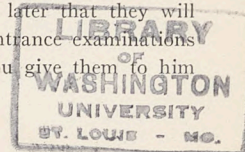
Dear Jimmy, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS August 14th, 1937

I have plenty of information that will be of interest to you but it is all a little complicated, so I will start at the beginning and explain how everything happened. I went over to Gary yesterday as you suggested and started looking around the mill yards for this A. Syzmanski. I didn't have much luck at first, but about noon I see a bunch of guys kicking a football around over in the Republic yards. Right away I see this big fellow who is a head taller than the other millworkers, whom, as you know, are not midgets, and I walk over to watch from closer up when whom should I run into but Harry Mills. You remember Harry; he played end for Northwestern ten years ago. Harry was looking at this big guy very sadly and after a minute he turns to me and says, "George, there is the best line prospect I've seen since I left school." I mention that he doesn't seem very happy about seeing this hot prospect and ask Harry who he is and who has him signed. Harry tells me that the boy's name is Alexander Syzmanski and nobody has him signed. Of course I recognize the name and I also decide that there is something screwy about the whole deal so I casually angle around Harry to find out the trouble. While I am angling I am watching Alexander who is about six three, two hundred and ten or so, and moves fast as a cat. The more I watch Alexander the better I like his looks so that when Harry finally spills the story I am very sad, too. This big steel-worker who is All-Conference sure and maybe All-American is also a professional.

Harry tells me he has talked to the boy and Alexander got ten bucks for playing with a pick-up outfit two years ago and it's in the records in black and white. Harry seems pretty discouraged and leaves right after that, but I watch the kid some more and pretty soon I get to thinking that ten bucks isn't much and maybe there's an out, so I go over and start talking to him. He catches on kind of slow but I finally get out of him that he did play and did get paid, which looks bad. Then I find out he's got an older brother who is named Anthony and Anthony works at Republic also. I think a little while and then we go find Anthony and pretty soon the boys understand that Anthony is the one who got the ten bucks and Alexander merely played for the love of the game. (I may have a little trouble getting this fixed up, but I think I know the fellow that promoted the game and everything will be all right.) Anyway I persuaded Alexander to come back to Chicago with me for the week-end and he is here in the office now.

What I want to know is what can I offer him? I will stake my reputation that he is one of the five best tackles in the country after you work with him for a year and you might be able to make him All-American in his junior year. He has everything with one exception. This spring you mentioned that the faculty was coming around and you might as well know now as later that they will have to come all the way for this boy. The entrance examinations will be a little difficult and I suggest that you give them to him

(Continued on page 24)





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<p><b>Libby Goetsch:</b> Alpha Chi . . . 5'-7" . . . 120 lbs. . . . golden hair, blue eyes . . . only vice is jellifying . . . no ambition . . . likes men in uniforms . . . likes swimming, horses, and dramatics . . . likes masquerades . . . and thinks the men around here are swell.</p>	<p><b>Elizabeth Borgsteadt:</b> Alpha Xi Delta . . . 5'-5" . . . 117 lbs. . . . has dark hair and brown eyes . . . chews gum for excitement . . . a jitter-bug who wouldn't spend five cents for Student Life . . . hates Roosevelt . . . likes hockey . . . likes single dates better than double dates . . .</p>	<p><b>Charlotte Nelms:</b> Delta Gamma . . . 5'-5" . . . 114 lbs. . . . chestnut hair . . . big, hazel eyes . . . smokes, drinks, chews gum . . . likes "jooky joints" (as in Florida—where she comes from) . . . wants both a home and a career . . . thinks our climate is better than Florida's!!</p>	<p><b>Beverly Raymond:</b> Tri Delta . . . 5'-7" . . . 125 lbs. . . . a brunette with brown eyes . . . (beautiful teeth) . . . from Kansas City . . . thinks she can handle herself with the fast college men . . . (thinks high school life is faster) . . . thinks getting stuck at a dance is the worst thing imaginable . . .</p>	<p><b>Elinor McC:</b> Th Delt . . . 120 lbs. . . . ha with green s . . . violent gu com . . . sings in tub, and . . . sa disappointotter blind datesto to be a mell writer . . . dy d bition; teat school for d day without dar run in her e?)</p>
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Reading from left to right



<p><b>Marjorie Johanning:</b> Theta . . . 5'-4" . . . 115 lbs. . . . blue-eyed blond . . . with no vices . . . beginning to like Washington . . . looking for a tall (not too tall) man with dark, curly hair and broad shoulders . . . likes chocolate-marsh sundaes . . . likes to "act simple"</p>	<p><b>Tony Gatzert:</b> Phi Mu . . . 5'-3" . . . 120 lbs. . . . chestnut hair and brown eyes . . . likes steaks and thinks the men are all right . . . thinks they should dress conservatively . . . loves to dance . . . ambition is to make friends and grades. . .</p>	<p><b>Venita Schnitzer:</b> Zeta Tau Alpha . . . 5'-3" . . . 123 lbs. . . . brown hair, blue eyes . . . used to drink beer . . . her ambition is to date a senior . . . likes chocolate-marsh cokes, and conservative dressers . . .</p>	<p><b>Rosemary DeVoto:</b> Kappa . . . 5'-2½" . . . 105 lbs. . . . smooth brunette hair with hazel eyes . . . also wants a home . . . prefers campus men to others . . . doesn't like smooth dressers . . . says she hasn't met the right person yet . . . plays the piano and likes to ride bicycles . . .</p>
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<p>Mc... Theta ... ... 100 lbs. ... hair, blue- green ... wants at gu... commercial ings in ... says she and ... often close pointe... Student dates... a smell it ... r ... dy dates ... ; toat ... does l for... getting withou... dances (is n here?)</p>	<p><b>Doris Hartmann:</b> Delta Gamma ... 5'-1" ... 102 lbs. ... brown hair with green (oo-la-la) eyes ... drinks plain cokes ... wants to be a foreign correspondent and date upperclassmen ... likes a talkative man if he has anything to say ... (his automobile makes no difference) ...</p>	<p><b>Jo-Ellen Kidd:</b> Alpha Chi ... 5'-1<math>\frac{3}{8}</math>" ... 110 lbs. ... brown hair, blue eyes ... no vices ... ambition is to have her name spelt correctly in Student Life ... comes from New Orleans, and likes fried chicken ... likes everything about Washington except her grades ...</p>	<p><b>Elaine Esselbruegge:</b> Phi Mu ... 5'-3" ... 114 lbs. ... blond hair and blue eyes ... no vices ... thinks our men are smoother than high school boys ... says that necking depends on whom you are with ... likes chicken, smooth lines, and horseback riding ...</p>	<p><b>Carol Wille:</b> Alpha Xi Delta ... 5'-4<math>\frac{1}{2}</math>" ... 120 lbs. ... brunette with brown eyes ... wants a small family ... eats before she goes to sleep ... and hates Roosevelt ... prefers the talkative type of male ... does not want a career ... doesn't drink, smoke or chew ...</p>
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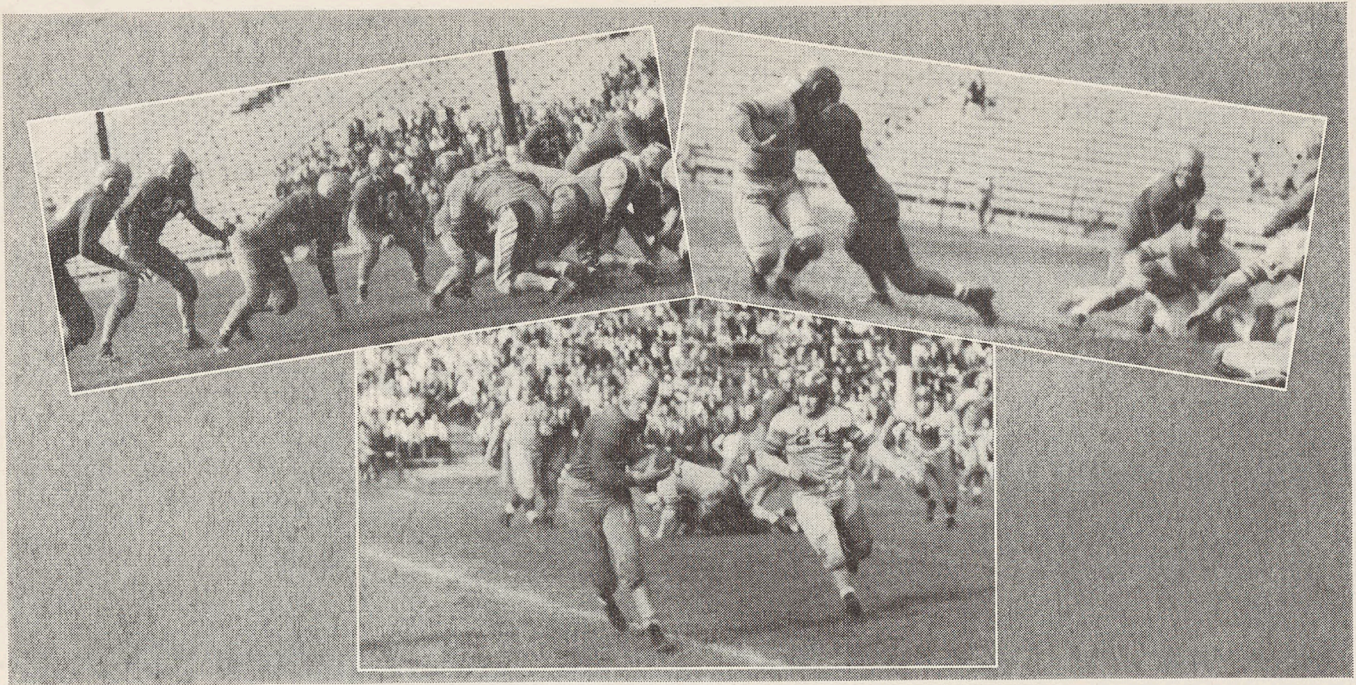


Photo by Dave Boyd

<p><b>Do... May Ruester:</b> Gamma Phi ... 5'-2" ... 104 lbs. ... brunette with green eyes ... has met man she thinks she can fall in love with ... detests vanilla ice cream ... likes kind of date where you just eat licorice whips and walk the dog around the block ...</p>	<p><b>Mary Evelyn Shepherd:</b> Gamma Phi ... 5'-4" ... 113 lbs. ... honey-brown hair and blue eyes ... no vices ... purity girl ... wants to be in Quad Show ... favors pinning ... loves chocolate pie ... prefers going with campus big shots ... wouldn't read Student Life if she had to pay for it ...</p>	<p><b>Bettie Halliday:</b> Pi Beta Phi ... 5'-5<math>\frac{1}{2}</math>" ... 122 lbs. ... also has golden hair and blue eyes (with a bit of green) ... likes to eat ... thinks women's place is in the home, but enjoys hayrides ... was president of student body at U. City ... her ambition (honest) is to become editor of Eliot ... looking for a man with a good sense of humor, 6'-2", blonde curly hair, and a good dancer ...</p>	<p><b>Dorothy Tracey:</b> Pi Beta Phi ... 5'-6", ... 125 lbs. ... gold hair and blue eyes ... likes to swim, skate, and ride (horses) ... thinks Washington boys are 100% better than those of her home town Kansas City ... wants to be president of W.S.G.A. and hopes to make Phi Beta Kappa ... definitely the Petty ad type.</p>
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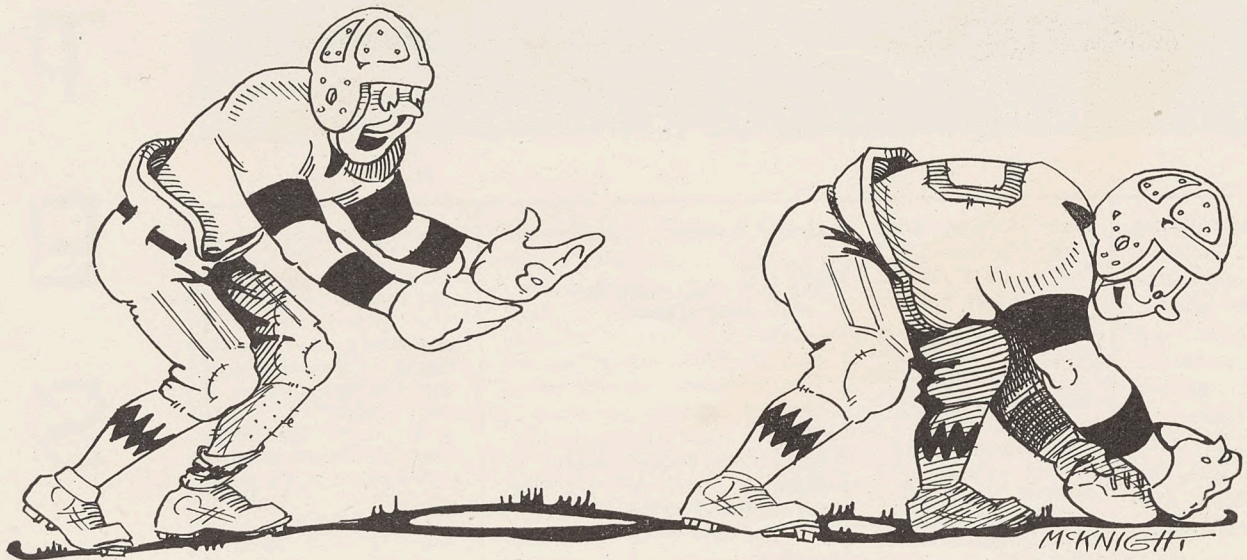


Photos by J. Schweig

# A TOAST TO THE BEARS

No matter what the season's record has been, no matter how many victories or how many defeats, if you burly Bears can summon the same fine courage and fight that you displayed last year, and again whip the Billikens on Thanksgiving day, you will make our season a successful one and reward a student body which has always stood solidly behind you . . . . .

## BEAT THE BILLIKENS!





A woman in a nautical outfit, including a white sailor's cap and a dark pinstriped jacket, stands on a grassy shore. She holds a large white flag with a red border that says "They Satisfy" in blue cursive. The background is a tropical beach scene with a blue sky, a palm tree, a blue ocean, and a red boat. In the foreground, a large pack of Chesterfield cigarettes is open, showing several packs of cigarettes inside. The pack is white with green and gold accents and has "Chesterfield" and "200" printed on it.

They Satisfy

*Discovered*  
...a new pleasure  
in smoking

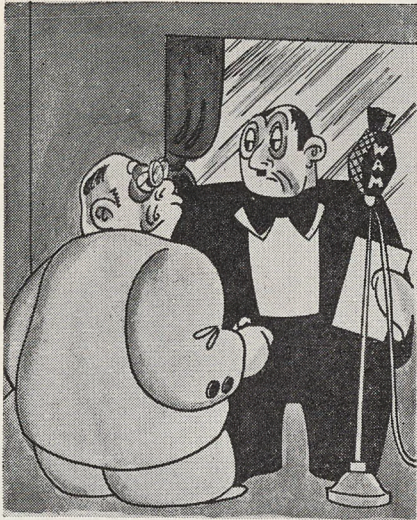
You too will find more pleasure  
in Chesterfield's refreshing  
mildness and satisfying taste.

That's why smokers every-  
where are now saying...

*"More pleasure than any  
cigarette I ever tried*

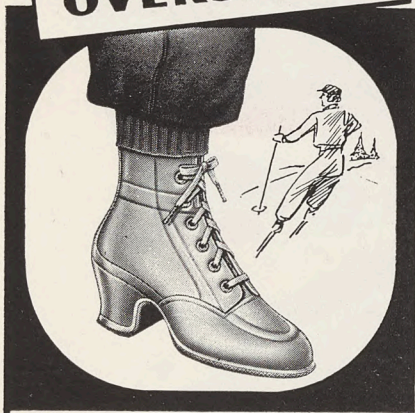
*They Satisfy"*





"Look here, Williams, we don't mind your occasional 'hello' to the wife, but this 'what's for dinner' business must stop!"

Match every costume  
Master any weather  
**SNO-PAC  
OVERSHOES**



CHOOSE your own costume and any Winter weather — SNO-PACS match the one and master the other. Stylewise, they complement every costume—street wear, sports outfit, or carefree campus attire. Rain, hail, sleet, snow, or biting cold days succumb to the snug warmth of SNO-PAC'S colorful plaid fleece lining. Worn over your leather shoes, SNO-PACS provide perfect fit for arch, instep and ankle. This season, combine complete comfort with major accent on fashion . . . wear SNO-PACS.

**CONVERSE RUBBER COMPANY**

MALDEN, MASS. • Chicago • St. Paul • New York



# Hilltop Cafe

## MENU for THANKSGIVING DINNER November 24th

### COCKTAIL

Billikin on the half shell

### HORS D'OEUVRES

Billikin meat au jus

### CONSUMME JULIEN DE ST. LOUIS

Billikin Blood

### ENTREE

Cooked Billikin Goose (Half-baked)

### LA SALADE

Billikins stuffed with herrings (spineless)

### VEGETABLE

Billikin squash

### DESSERT

Jelled Minced Billikin Meat Pie on the half shell  
(spineless)

### DRINK

Billikin Milk

### BILLIKIN-SELTZER



"Going Billikin Milliken!"





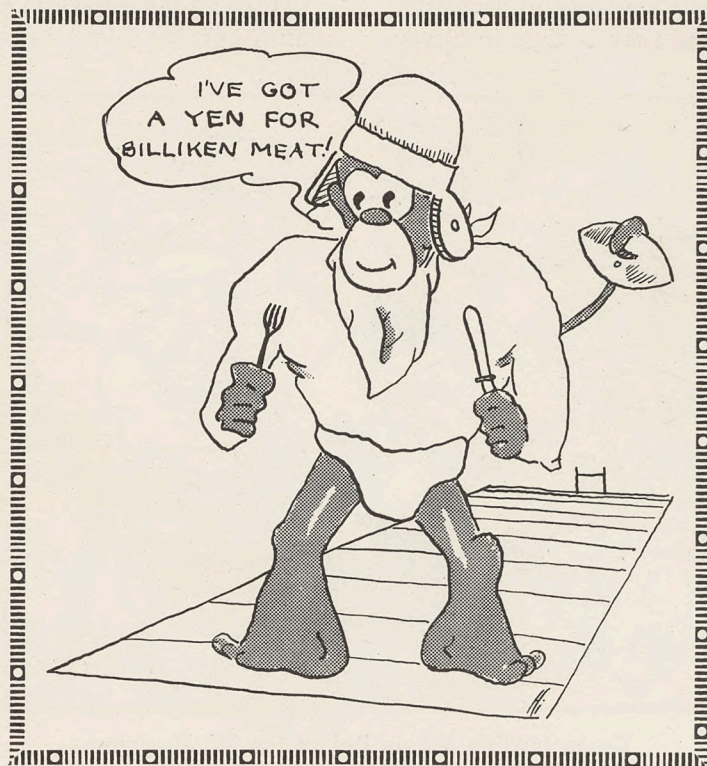
### HOMECOMING HIGHSPOTS

THE RECENT homecoming dance was evidently a success although the girls' feet hurt so much that some have started a petition to prevent having the Military Ball in the Field House... Even Mary Ramsay refused to run down the hill to Emil's... but Alice Lloyd walked (we mean limped) off with the prize... just before twelve when everyone was at his gayest, Lloyd was dancing with a little jitterbug (not the Bastman), "Let's swing it" he lisped in her ear, when all of a sudden he came down on her toe! Sparks flew, and Alice screamed, "My Gawd, my ingrown toenail" as she hopped off the dance floor... The Pi Phi float may not have made such a showing at the judges stand (it was in ruins, and the gals in tears by that time) but behind it was a tale of heroism and self-sacrifice as these old ears haven't heard in moons... the gals were ready to go... the parade scheduled to start in five minutes... when they found that the iron bell (for Victory) was missing (ah, ha! dirty work) well, four of them tore up to the room, cut out a cardboard bell, got out paint—but alas no brushes, so, nothing daunted they cut huge locks of their own hair, tied them to pencils with thread, and painted the bell... it didn't look so good—but it was the idea of the thing... chee chee chee... Toni Wagenfuehr and "Doodle" Kletzker are a "two-in" it...

Jelly Joe Kelly and the Blonder of the Dooley dingers, while her twin and Bob Conzelman are getting thicker than stuff... speaking of Conzelmans the Jimmie's other brother and Betty James (Theta pledge) being seen (this is in good plain English so all you kiddies will get it) everywhere—which is a mild understatement... chitchy chitchy... Bruce Higginbotham and Kay Reuster... Ann Clark Lewis and Northcutt Coil... Bud Bohn and Margaret Allen Honk... once again we offer odds... Floyd Johnston and his Pi Phi harem, Horty, Mary, and Dottie... Lew Hardy and his Theta followers... Longworth and Fischer (not to mention some of his little friends from his cruise, (June and Jean—ask to see his snapshots)... Peggy Lou Baker gave Kuehner his Beta pin... ho hum... it seems like only last week she was lisping "You Couldn't Be Kuehner" in his shell-like ear... Law

School Dribble... Chris Donohue and Doris Cospier briefed their case... Demi Martin and Clyde Berry on the verge of Brawling at Candlelight... Bookstore Lore... J. "Scamp" Ritterscamp in the Hampton league... Isabelle Andrews beams over the counter at Hank and at Bob Scott... chakka chakka... Where did Bob Gerst get the nickname Moe?... we know... The daughter of the new house mother at the Phi Delt lodge must have cleaned up on the Mizzou game...

(Continued on page 23)





# AN ALMOST SUCCESS STORY

Dick's play didn't win, but we like him anyway.

by RICHARD A. CLARK

LAST SEPTEMBER Bradshaw and I began a little contest about writing plays. I thought first of staging my play in a bar. Most college kids are well experienced at the art of brass rail riding. Bradshaw thought it was a good idea too and lo and behold, two plays of barrooms began to compete for Mrs. Wilson's fifty bucks.

Trouble started when I got six guys in front of a bar with nothing to say. Bradshaw forged ahead with more characters in front of a bar and put words in their mouths and washed it down with beer. It looked like I was going down to an ignoble defeat but with unusual aplomb and facetiousness I abandoned the bar and turned to a bedroom. After all more goes on in a bedroom than meets the eye.

The contest closed the day we handed in our plays, and we decided to call the whole thing off as a draw. Bradshaw had a bar and one drunk. I had a bedroom and four drunks. Nobody can win at that rate.

Another reason for putting characters in a bedroom, is that most anybody can think of something to say in a bedroom. Try it yourself sometime. Close yourself up in your room, drink several bottles of true light lager brew, and think of the silliest thing you can imagine. Then the first thing you want to say about your brain child write down as the opening speech of your leading character. The rest of writing a play is comparatively easy. Somebody comes in the room and says something to a character. The character replies and they engage in clever

repartee for several minutes while other members of the cast come and depart. After while the stage manager decides that the curtain should be pulled. Then you have to have an ending for your play. In my case this problem was very easily solved. Four men are sitting in a bedroom talking about things. With no women present the conversation has but one thing left to turn to, "good ol' amelioratin' spirit improving scotch." Scotch is to be had and before the party ends the four men are practically out cold and the play ends. See? It's all very simple.

To be serious for a moment, if you want to write a play, take Carson's English course, be in some of the workshop productions, throw in a little of the philosophy of "You Can't Take It With You," some of Gordon Carter's ideas about staging, a few drinks, and long hours of hard work. If you have an idea that some of your lines are funny, clean them up, tell them to your friends, and if they laugh, throw them away. They're no good and won't draw a ripple from a college audience. Listen to the radio, steal the oldest gags you can find that amuse children, put them in a new setting, and you have a hit.

When your "hit" is to be produced, don't let your best friend try out for, and get, the lead. Before the show is over your pal will be a heel of the first water. If you want to be really popular call up all your friends and ask them to buy tickets to the show.

All in all it's good fun and if you win fifty bucks you can go on a lot of good parties.



Those terrible Tigers before the W. U. game



**GREEK LETTERS**  
by  
**GEORGE SMITH and JACK CABLE**  
We Pan-hel out of 'em.

**EXTRA-----EXTRA**  
**PHI DELT ALUMNUS KNIFED IN BACK**

7 FRATERNITY ROW, Oct. 22 (Homecoming)  
—Early this morning an “old grad,” whom the Phi Delt carelessly left out all night, was found slumped over a desk in the front yard, with a gory dagger, bearing the mystic symbol O M O, protruding from his left shoulder blade.

The Phi Delt made a crude effort to cover up the murder with a little gray paint. But murder will out, and long before dawn the news had reached the ever-alert ears of the press.

Whodunnit? . . .

“I am informed of a dangerous condition which exists at No. 8 Fraternity Row”—so said Dean Stephens at Panhel meeting. We suspected something of the sort all along.

The Thetas never tell us anything for this column. Wonder what they're trying to hide?

*Notice to Betas:* The KA's have just bought a fine new set of dining room chairs. Anytime you want to do a little rushing . . .

We were amazed at the number of children pouring out of the SAE house during homecoming . . .

A little boy took one look at the SAE's spitted tiger and said, “Gee, Daddy, is that a *real* leopard?”

. . . Some time later, a little girl said, “Aw, it's only a blanket stuffed with newspapers!”

The Sig Chi's display was swell, and so was their ticket girl, all you could see of her. Closer inspection showed she was dialing a Philco radio.

The KA's spent an anxious evening trying to figure out which end of a bee stings. The matter came to a head quickly, but the sting went to the other end.

We used to say, “Those Pi Phi's!” but now we'll have to start saying, “Those Gamma Phi's!” A few weeks ago the Gamma Phi's gave a “Cozy” (dinner to us ignorant people) for one of their province commanders. A pledge was delegated to get ice-cream for the party, and having some sense of the fitness of things, she decided on fancy molds. She explained to the caterer's, and asked them to send something appropriate . . . The Gamma Phi's ate frozen storks and booties.

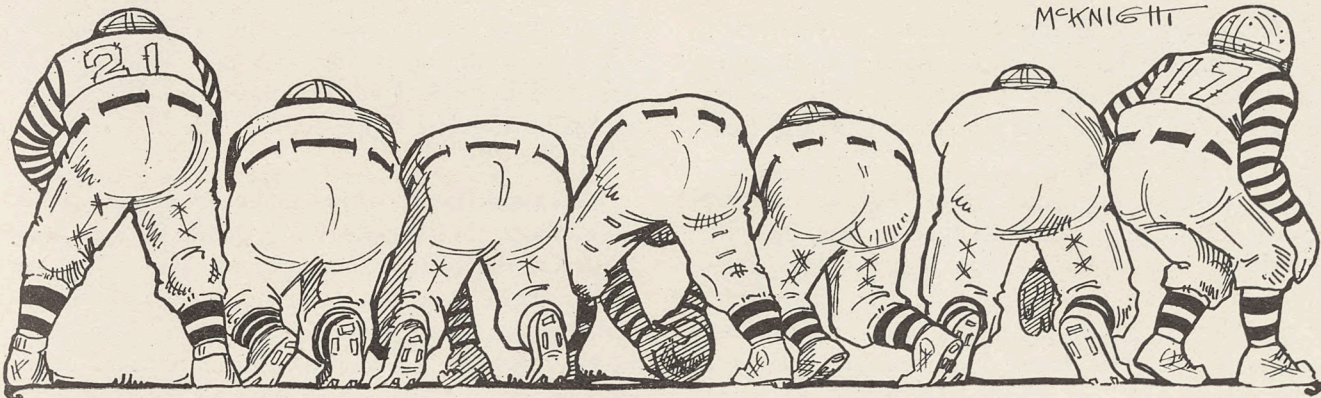
Some fraternities really go in for early rushing. Friday before homecoming there was a Boy Scout Cub Meeting on the third floor of the Sigma Nu house.

At the Panhel dinner, SAE's President, Carroll Cartwright, spent a full ten minutes trying to remember the names of all the boys pledged since Rush Week—and no one had an aspirin!

The Coco-Cola man says they're going to have to put a bigger machine in the Sig Chi house, which upholds the Sig Chis' age-old reputation as hard drinkers.

Betty Mills spent ten days in bed after a Phi Delt hayride. The Phi Delt (hospitable fellows) always mix poison ivy with their hay. We have always warned “innocent” young freshmen girls that hayrides were poison.

(Continued on page 24)



Seats of the Mighty



### CONZELMAN THROUGH A CO-ED'S EYES

(Continued from page 8)

man smoking car as the team traveled from city to city. Conzelman now remembers with a smile that the other quartet members—and also their football coach—used to think they could sing as well as the shy football star. At the end of the season, the negro left the team explaining that he was going to New York to try to get on the stage. He soon realized his ambition behind the footlights and is now one of America's foremost actor-singers, Paul Robeson, who has achieved world-wide acclaim; one of his triumphs was the motion picture version of Eugene O'Neill's *Emperor Jones*.

When Conzelman's Detroit professional team folded in 1924, he turned serious thoughts towards song writing, a career in which he has dabbled for pastime up to the present day. Jimmy plays entirely by ear and is unable to distinguish one note from another. He has to pick out the melodies for his songs on the piano while someone writes down the notes for him. His first success netted him but \$25; however, it does not take long to rise in the song-writing profession. For the nine songs he wrote soon afterwards, Jimmy collected \$2000, and phonograph rights on piano and ukelele pieces increased the profits. Both words and music were his original creations, one of his earliest pieces modestly declaring, "There Isn't Any Lovin' Like My Kind."

His next job as coach and player with the Steamroller team of Wisconsin established his great professional reputation. The team went through the 1928 season undefeated, to win the National League, and the world's title, so to speak. Jimmy was voted by his teammates as the most valuable player and received a walking stick and silver loving cup for this distinction.

In the third game of the season, Jim twisted his knee so badly that he thought he would never carry the pigskin again; 1929 saw him back in the game but the knee was still too weak for play. He accepted the advice of friends and family, and his own secret yen for his home town and returned to St. Louis.

After editing the Maplewood Press for two years, Jimmy accepted the position as coach and manager of athletics at Washington University, where he has been kept busy for the past six years whipping football teams into shape.

In spite of his long hours and strenuous work on the field, Conzelman still finds time to keep up with his writing. His football column appears three times a week in the *Post-Dispatch* and he is under contract for a series of gridiron articles for the *Saturday Evening Post*. His latest contribution, "To the Backs, Bless 'Em," in which he defends the backs instead of the linemen as mainstay of a football

team, will appear in the November 5 issue of the magazine.

Like most veteran coaches, Conzelman has a long list of superstitions in which he has great faith. When a game is stopped and he leaves his seat, he always returns to the same spot again, claiming it brings him good luck. He once had another pet standby which didn't bring favorable results: "I used to have a superstition about how to make a touchdown, but it always failed so I gave it up," he grinned.

He wore a lucky "football hat" for the four years that Washington defeated Mizzou and the two years that the Bears beat St. Louis U. When his team lost to Mizzou in 1936, he donated the hat, containing all the scores, to Al Iezzi, a team member.

Worrying is but one of the many characteristics that makes Jimmy seem peculiarly maternal in spite of his "he-man" profession, physique and hobbies. He is as careful as a mother about protecting his team members from injury while at play. "Now take good care of yourself, Zibby," he is said to have remarked to his sturdy quarterback of former years, each time the player went into a game.

If we look back into Jimmy's early life, however, his present super-sensitiveness and keen sense of responsibility do not seem so extraordinary. His father died when Jimmy was a sophomore at Washington and the care of his mother, and two younger brothers, Jack then five years old, and Bob, aged three, was thrust upon his shoulders. He did a good job of looking after his "family" and is now equally as particular about his team. Jimmy's shaggy brows knit in anxiety as he explained how closely he is watching the grades and number of cuts of his freshman team members. "I can't take a chance on losing any of them—they are too outstanding," he frowned. "Anyway, I don't have to worry this season about discipline and cooperation," he continued, his frown lightening.

But "in spite of the headaches that coaching brings," Jimmy would not exchange it for any other job.

"I sure like it, coaching," he exclaimed. "When I'm working out new plays on the field with the kids, I don't feel any older than they are. I can close my eyes and imagine I am out there myself kicking a football around; I suppose that's one of the reasons I like this job."

Although Jimmy would make no definite predictions about the Thanksgiving game, he was eager to praise the team. "Our present team is the best group there ever has been or ever will be. All through the squad, from the Freshman team to the varsity, they are a bunch of thoroughbreds," he exclaimed finally while edging towards the door, ready to dash across the campus to his next appointment.



# A FACULTY MAN TALKS ABOUT FOOTBALL

Prof. King has a lot of interesting things to say about the pigskin pastime.

by MEAD and GOTTSCHALK

FOR many years Mr. Paul C. King, Instructor of Romance Languages, has been an enthusiastic supporter of the Washington Bears. When it was suggested that he write an article on football, Mr. King modestly declined on the grounds that he didn't consider himself qualified. But Mr. King is always willing to talk football, and his comments cannot fail to arouse interest in the student body.

Mr. King, a picturesque combination of scholar and bruiser, briefly recalled his own experiences on the gridiron, when the game was based on sheer man power; when a team was given three downs to gain five yards, and the famed tandem play was frequently called upon to cover the distance. This variation of the line plunge, supercharged by two or three stalwart backs ranged behind the ball carrier, was never considered completely over until the runner hollered "Down," and the resulting pile-ups did much to detract from the gentility of the game. Mr. King himself was seriously injured more than once, and a broken nose, trick knee, and an unpredictable elbow, bear witness to a career finally halted by badly pulled tendons.

Commenting on the improvement in Washington teams since the coming of Jimmy Conzelman, Mr. King said that the Bears of today would find little difficulty in "beating the life" out of the Bears that played ten years ago. Likewise, he added, the whole Missouri Valley standard has risen along with them, and Tulsa, especially, ranks with the great teams of the nation. Conzelman, he continued, has not only given Washington a more modern, open, and scientific style of play, but through his reputation as a coach has attracted fine material from all over the Mid-West and the South. The popular Spanish teacher spoke fondly of Harry Brown, whom old timers will remember for his brilliant off-tackle slashes, and Mike Zibby (that's what we used to call him, anyway), one of the most colorful little players Washington has ever produced.

Mr. King frowned as he recalled an exhibition of former years during which a pathetic aggregation of Bears was slaughtered by a bone crushing team from Nebraska. The demoralized student body was assembled in the rickety old North side bleachers, and during the massacre Mr. King admitted that he himself began to lose interest in the fate of the Bears. He contrasted that sorry organization with the Bears of today, boasting a line through which any team in the country would find real difficulty in gaining.

He admitted, of course, that there's still plenty of room for improvement. Blocking, he said, has looked bad in several games this season, and particularly "blocking down the field." He recalled the fine interference given to Bobby Wilson of S. M. U. several years ago; blocking that not only brought him untouched through the line of scrimmage but carried him on down the field for a touchdown. The passing defense, he continued, has not been all that it might be, the safety men occasionally allowing the opposing ends to get between them and the goal line. Also, Mr. King doesn't believe that the reverse plays are either deceptive enough or fast enough to "click" against strong opposition. Mr. King was emphatic over the matter of extra point kicking, and said that a man should be trained especially for this function. (Since Mr. King was interviewed a point kicker has apparently been found

in Charlie Dee, he of the famed educated toe, whose entry into the lineup never fails to amuse the Bear rooters.)

Mr. King agreed, however, that any school with the high scholastic requirements of Washington University could be justly proud of the showing our Bears have made in recent years. He expressed little doubt that direct subsidization of players is carried on to a large extent among many leading universities. He gave several examples of how a boy can work his way through college with a minimum of distraction from his gridiron duties. For instance, a foot-



(Continued on page 23)





# THE SAGA OF TAD WILSON



Tad Wilson came down from Thorn-  
top Ridge  
To play full back.  
A Coach in charge of Lee Tech saw  
him,  
Knew he had the stuff for football.  
The Coach said, "Tad Wilson,  
How'd you like to go to Lee Tech?"  
Tad looked at his Pa.  
Tad's Pa spat tobacco juice, said,  
"Is it free?"  
The Coach took Tad Wilson back  
with him  
Because it was.

Tad Wilson came down from Thorn-  
top Ridge  
With good shoulders  
And heavy muscles from the work he  
did.  
Walking behind a plow  
So he could plant corn on Thorntop  
Ridge  
Made him strong. He grew the corn  
And carried it to the still  
His Pa had.  
Tad's Pa made the jugs of likker  
That every shindig on Thorntop Didge  
Needed for entertainment.

Tad Wilson came down from Thorn-  
top Ridge  
And played football,  
The way Lee Tech had never seen  
before  
Or the schools it defeated.  
It looked like a good year.  
"You'll make the All-Star, Tad,"  
The Coach said to Tad Wilson.  
Tad wrote to his Pa  
And his Pa sent him a jug of likker  
For encouragement.



She didn't want to but Tad's Pa  
Was there to persuade her  
With a loaded rifle.  
"Come home," Tad's Pa said, "we  
need you.  
The Shaws are feuding.  
They shot your cousin Eric last night,  
They're out to get us.  
Come home, Tad." Tad got the letter  
And left Lee Tech.

Tad Wilson went back to Thorntop  
Ridge.  
And Lee Tech didn't win another  
game.  
"I'm home," Tad said and took a gun.  
"We'll get the Shaws." He went out.  
There was feuding on Thorntop Ridge  
And it was bloody.  
Lee Tech never saw Tad Wilson  
again.  
"Too bad," the Coach said,  
"He could have made the All-Star."  
Tad Wilson would have made a good  
player  
If a Shaw bullet hadn't got him.

—L. W. T.

Tad Wilson played football for Lee  
Tech.  
But there was trouble brewing.  
He made touchdowns and won games  
And looked like an All-Star player.  
The girls all fell for Tad Wilson.  
But he played football and stayed  
alone  
Singing and drinking his Pa's likker.  
But there was trouble brewing.  
Tad got a letter from his Pa.  
The teacher of Thorntop Ridge wrote  
it.





**CERCHEZ LA FEMME**

(Continued from page 10)

One night she will plug the simple life and have you believing you have finally found the right soul mate to share your declining years. But the next evening when you suggest hot dogs and a mug of root beer, she will steer you gently, but so persuasively, into an atmosphere of foreign accents where you toss out your last shillings on crepes suzettes.

All of which leads us to the conclusion that she must never be taken at her word. When she sees a man in an undershirt, resting his weary torso after a day's work, she will go into a tirade on masculine uncouthness and dismiss the person as vulgar and downright nasty. But the next time you see her she'll have on shorts and a halter, regardless of how much better she looks when she partially conceals what nature provided.

Signs bring out another trait in the female of the species. While you snuff out your gasper at the first sight of "No Smoking," she lights up and scatters her ashes with complete abandon. "One Way Street" is always the way she happens to be going. And "No Parking" markers are W.P.A. projects that give employment to worthy men with families to feed but they don't mean anything.

A campus caper very recently left us in a state of insanity. Bound cheerfully on our masculine way inhaling the fresh air after a rain, we saw a pre-Social Worker step into a puddle of water and paddle about in it. She lifted one foot, examined it, swished it in the water, and walked on. Before we collapsed we noticed the mud on the sidewalk, some of which had apparently soiled her saddle oxfords. She preferred wet feet to dirty shoes.

These are a few of the observations we have come upon in our fruitless attempt to understand feminine psychology. It is not a problem for wearers of the green—or their lordly brothers, for that matter—it is one that requires a man like Einstein to solve. Unfortunately for us males he decided he wanted to grow a good head of hair, so he chose the easier task of discovering Relativity and Quanta.

**THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE**

(Continued from page 9)

Student: Never heard of him.

*(The student gets up and leaves. Just as the door slams, a stoutish gentleman falls down the front steps and lies on the floor unconscious.)*

Mr. Gillingham: Suggs! How are you, old boy?  
*(Mr. Suggs, whose real name happens to be Schultz, rolls over on his stomach and belches. Mr. Gillingham looks around cheerfully, and, waving his little pennant, marches out the front door.)*

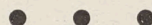
CURTAIN

**A FACULTY MAN TELLS ABOUT FOOTBALL**

(Continued from page 21)

ball player is given a job in the campus "tobacco" shop. There he may frequently find himself left with the change of a twenty dollar bill after some stranger has purchased a pack of cigarettes. Other boys have been in the habit of finding fifty dollar bills in their shoes when they return from practice.

The enthusiastic faculty member, in closing, predicted that the time is approaching when Washington teams will figure prominently in the national gridiron picture. We hope he's right, and, if our roaring freshmen are any indication of future Bear greatness, we're inclined to believe that he is.

**MONKEY CHATTER**

(Continued from page 17)

Tom Stauffer was in the extremes of ecstasy at the Kappa dance . . . he was the first, the *very first* to be shown Edi Marsalek's supra-pedimental embellishments, that went with her hooped skirt . . . namely her 'lil ruffly pantalettes . . . John Stoecker dividin' his time 'tween G. A. Cook and B. Binkard, whom Roy Cosper took a fancy to . . . Gene Pennington and Doris Gates . . . Betty Graham took Gil Pitcher's Sigma Nu pin . . . Jane Taussig, the reason Shelton Voges' hearts a 'beatin' (but Janie has off-campus idears) . . . Carl Barker and Dottie Cornwell . . . Miles Johns and his sweethearts of Sigma Chi—had at least four dates for his dance (Page, Dottie Tracey and Valerie Brinkman)—to say nothing of the gal he finally showed up with . . . broke another date for the game Saturday, and while there, broke one for the Sigma Chi picnic . . . after four years of college . . . weeweewee . . . Don Fischer saw the light and learned how to play "Spin the Milk Bottle" at a Hallowe'en party . . . Byars and The Eternal Glory . . . Rinehart and Galle . . . Capps and Brinkman . . . Hunker and Hortense . . . O'Toole . . . Wilkinning and Sal . . . Wright and Gal . . . Fischer . . . Theta house-party explains Don's and Jack's singleness . . . but the suckers—pardon us—boys drove down for Barbara Moore and Agnes Jane Gilliam . . . Bonnell and Logan . . . Garvey gave out cigars when Ketter flaunted his badge . . . Oliver (Fickle) Hickie humming "This time it's real" in his husky monotone as he pinned a cutie from Springfield . . . they take turns visiting each others homes for the week-end . . . Evelyn Bloodworth has been on a 21 day diet for about 3 months . . . she got as far as the 18th day one time and couldn't stick it out any longer, so she just started over . . . Earnest doesn't care—it's good on the pocket-book, unless it's the twenty-second day . . . tshik tshik . . . Bob Cooper with his torch in his eyes for a Pi Phi transfer from K.U. who flits from Capps to Brookings (no, not Hall) to Lutz.

Jimmy the Monk.



### THE CASE OF A. SYZMANSKI

(Continued from page 11)

yourself if that is possible. Outside of this minor point he is perfect. Will you please advise what to do immediately.

Sincerely,

GN/sw

George Nelson

Dear George,

If this boy is as good as you say offer him everything we've got. I believe you have a schedule of rates. I suggest you start with a low offer, possibly a scholarship and cafeteria job. Maybe since no one else is interested in him we can get him reasonable. And don't forget to mention the advantages of our healthy country climate.

Yours very truly,

JM:b

James Murphy, *Director of Athletics*

Dear Jimmy,

August 16th, 1937

Everything is working out nicely. The amateur standing is now all straightened out as it just happened that I did know the fellow who promoted that game. I am attaching my expense account on this case and the item for fifty dollars labeled "certification of records" is to reimburse my friend for time spent on said "certification."

Alexander is in good shape and enjoying himself one hundred per cent. He has taken a considerable fancy to my secretary, Miss Williamson, and she, being a smart girl, is playing right along. I watch him during the day and she keeps an eye on him at night and everything works out fine.

I saw Harry Mills outside the Wrigley Building this noon and it got me to thinking that we had better get Alexander out of Chicago pretty soon, or Harry will see him and we'll have trouble. As it now stands we have him for what I think is a very reasonable figure—all expenses and fifty a month. You can see that Alexander is a practical boy. And of course there is my expense account to the extent of one hundred and fifty odd to be added, but I still feel that we are getting a great bargain and feel confident you will think the same. Please advise how soon I can send Alexander on as I am a little nervous about Chicago, since seeing Harry today.

Sincerely,

GN/sw

George Nelson

Dear George,

Fine work! I was very glad to hear you have the amateur standing cleared up. Some of the alumni committee felt that the price was rather high for an unknown, which I granted, but also pointed out your excellent reputation in the past and finally put the deal through. I hope he's all you say for my good and for your own.

I thoroughly agree with you that we shouldn't leave Alexander in Chicago with such wolves as Harry Mills running around and suggest that you send him immediately to Camp Brannon where I am again running a special camp session for college men until we can officially begin practice. Advise me when he will arrive.

Yours very truly,

JM:b

James Murphy, *Director of Athletics*

P.S. Am enclosing check to cover your expense account. There was a lot of kicking about that, too, as well as some aspersions cast on your character. Prices are high in Chicago, aren't they?

Dear Jimmy:

I am enclosing my resignation as a member of the Alumni Committee on Talent Scouting for the Chicago Area. Since this may come as a surprise to you, I will tell you how I have arrived at this decision, so that you will not think that I am resigning because of any aspersions cast upon my character by the alumni committee on finances or anything else, although you can tell those guys for me that they are true representatives of what you used to holler at us when we dropped punts in a tough game.

I got your letter and check this morning and without losing any time asked Miss Williamson, who you may remember as my secretary, to go out and get a ticket for Alexander to Camp Brannon on the next train. Alexander happened to be sitting in the

office and she suggested that he should come along with her, which should have made me suspicious but didn't, knowing Miss Williamson to be one hundred per cent all right. So they left and said to wait and they would come back and let me know when the train left and we could all go down to the station together. I waited for nearly an hour and was just ready to go to the station myself when a messenger came in with two envelopes for me.

The first was from Alexander and said that he wanted to thank me and State College for everything we had done for him, but that he had been talking to Harry Mills and had decided to go to Northwestern. He said he figured he didn't need State's healthful climate because he was pretty healthy anyway and besides he wanted to be near Sandra (my secretary, Miss Williamson) because they had just become engaged and were going to be married and he didn't think it would work out so well if she were in Illinois and he in Iowa. And he didn't say so but Harry Mills probably gave him half of Evanston, Illinois just to make sure he wouldn't change his mind. I believe I told you Alexander is a practical boy.

Then I opened the other letter. It was from Miss Williamson, my secretary, saying that she was resigning her job effective immediately because Alexander had asked her to become Mrs. Syzmanski and she had accepted. She also mentioned that she had accepted a position as secretary to the Athletic Director at Northwestern University, which she had been fortunate enough to obtain with the help of her cousin, Harry Mills. I stopped reading at that point and went out and hired a new secretary so that I could write you this letter of resignation.

Now maybe you will understand how I feel about scouting for State any longer since scouting has cost me the perfect secretary whom I had been training for two years so that she was nicely broken in. For the next six months I will be too busy training my new secretary to do anything but go to State games on Saturday afternoons which I feel I should do as a loyal alumnus and a holder of very good season tickets. And I will mention in closing that my new secretary is a man, weighs one-ninety and could play fullback for any team in the country, only he won't on account of I am going to spend the next six months explaining to him what a hell of a racket football really is.

Yours for a great season,

GN/cs

George Nelson.

### GREEK LETTERS

(Continued from page 19)

The Sig Chi's openly claim to have great influence with the Kappas, but the SAE's were the ones who founded the Kappa chapter here. It seems that way, way back, Herbert Cann, an SAE, was flunking Sophomore English, and the teacher was a Kappa. He complained of his F, and she complained of the absence of Kappa from the Washington campus. The brethren got together, the Kappas got a chapter, and Herbert passed.

We would like to close on a serious note by remarking on homecoming. For once, the judges seem to have picked the right winners of the contest, but it probably doesn't keep the Sig Chi's or the Betas, or all the other fraternity men from feeling like suckers. It's a wonderful feeling to have worked like Hell on displays during the week of the first monthly exams, cutting classes and having grades fall to pieces, just to advertise Washington University to the world, and then have whatever powers that be charge parents and friends and alumni a quarter for the privilege of viewing the great work.