

News Letter

TO UNIVERSITY OF ROCHESTER MEN IN THE SERVICE



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Dear Friends:-

"Chuck" is on his vacation and so is Mrs. Thompson from the same office, but any similarity of vacation dates--I have been assured--is purely coincidental. That leaves Mrs. Zoller and me to get out this note and we are both of the conviction that it will be a hell of a mess. Please pardon all the personal pronouns that might appear but I am just writing this thing like I'd be writing to one of the boys with whom I correspond every once in awhile--which, I must say, is all too infrequent. This will also serve as an answer to a number of letters I have received in the last few months.

I believe that I am still remotely connected with the Physical Education Department, although for the past few months I have had my doubts. Anyway, here comes an Athletic Department letter. I heard a term several weeks ago, which, of course, I don't know the exact meaning of, but-- --it seems to describe the situation here at the University quite accurately. That is, "Everything is SNAFU."

You boys can recall without too much effort, I guess, this beautiful campus--the trees and the green grass--coeds strolling about--and all that type of thing. But, if you haven't gone to school here in the summer time, you ain't seen nothin'. At ten o'clock, just as the boys are preparing to go to bed (supposedly) and the beautiful moon lifts her head over the Genesee, there can be observed quite a variety of activities on the dear old campus. Coming up the Boulevard--crossing Elmwood Avenue bridge can be seen a stream of young ladies, riding bicycles, walking--there is even an occasional canoe (as yet I have seen no one swimming)--and pretty soon, if you observe closely, you find Marines and sailors crawling out of windows and down drain pipes and such. Undoubtedly it is just the beautiful scenery and the night air that attract them--but they could enjoy these things by merely raising the shade and looking out the window. (Come to think of it, they don't have shades--which might explain the situation.) One of them fell off the second-story ledge in Burton a week or so ago and had a nice rest in Strong Memorial. So much for the social goin's on--and there are some goin's on.

Mrs. Zoller just informed me that I could only write two pages and at the rate I was going would fill up the two pages before I got around to saying anything. That seems to always be the case--even with the Dandelion Dinners I was only allowed three minutes--and for my guitar playing I think they even wanted to cut me down to less. Now she's drawing the line at two pages--and, great guns, I'm just getting warmed up now--but then I find as I grow older that the warming-up period grows longer and longer.

Which brings me to the subject of our Squash Tournament, participated in by the members of our department even during the hot months of July and August. Right now the toga is being worn by Mr. Bitgood and we had a formal presentation a few days ago. The emblem of the championship consists of a jock strap, embroidered in red with the words, "Squash Champion", prominently displayed in the front. The only requirement is that this championship emblem be worn during the match and the winner wear it off the court. In such hot weather I think that's asking quite a bit of the champion.

I guess you knew that old "Bald Eagle" Garnish is no more the trainer but a full-fledged assistant coach and you can imagine that he is doing a bang-up job. The only

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thing that gets us is his going around bragging about getting a haircut every two weeks. It is getting tougher and tougher to get any work out of the department on account of the squash and also because our dressing rooms have been moved down underneath the swimming pool, where the Navy has moved in four very comfortable cots--and I never saw such a bunch of fellows get so far behind in their sleep at night.

Now, if you would like to have a little inside dope on the football situation, you naturally know that I am not the person who can give it to you. DeGroot really has the makings of a great football team--but it seems that the Navy has certain rules and regulations that are apt to interfere somewhat, particularly with length of practice. So, Dud says, don't expect an overwhelming victory over Colgate and Yale because, personally, he thinks they are out of Rochester's class. We had a scrimmage with Sampson last Saturday in which Rochester scored four touchdowns to their one--and all of those were made by a young lad named Bob Polidor, a great halfback from Temple. I guess he was a great halfback--I understand he ran very fast with the ball and caught a lot of passes--as I was taking movies, I had one eye shut and couldn't see too much. Dud swears, after looking at the pictures, that I had both eyes shut. I did ask people who saw the scrimmage afterward and they agreed that the boys really had the stuff. Eddie Fox, Syracuse quarterback last year, was elected co-captain, along with Bud Baybutt, who is a civilian. He takes the place of Jimmy Secrest, who is in the Army somewhere. Rochester goes down to Sampson this Saturday--so, by the time the first game rolls around with Baldwin-Wallace, September 11, the boys should be in pretty fair shape.

Personally, I think I am due some credit, if we do have a winning football season, because it seems that Dud has a very good blocking back who can't swim. I had to pull him out of the deep end of the swimming pool the other day and in so doing fell in on top of him, cracking part of one of my front teeth off. Anyway, we saved the back.

"Chuck" will tell you more about the football season as it progresses. Ohio Wesleyan has been replaced by Baldwin-Wallace and the Union game has been cancelled, which puts Alex back in the spot of tearing around trying to get another opponent or so. The poor guy has been having quite a time wrestling with all the "ifs" connected with the program--but right now it looks as though we'll have a fairly well filled schedule in all sports. "Doc" Campbell started his soccer practice yesterday and about 60 men turned out. But he is wondering where he is going to have his practice, with 80 football players scattered all over the field.

I ought to say a word about Dr. Canfield and his bicycling experiences. Really all it amounts to is that he took a trip down to New York on his bicycle a couple of weeks ago to learn Portuguese--and you fellows that remember Delos will recall that he doesn't have an awful lot of flesh on his body (particularly on his fanny)--so that the whole point of the story, if there is any point, is that he hasn't been able to sit down or lie down since he got back. He just squats--but, always having a ready answer, he explains that that's the natural way for Mexicans to relax.

Well, I am going to knock off for the present and have this typed up. Then, if we find that it doesn't take up two pages, there may be some real news to add. If it takes more than two pages, we'll just begin cutting. (Proof reader's note: We really lopped it off.)

I have enjoyed writing you fellows--thanks for listening--keep swinging and don't forget to duck. Good luck- - - -

