

# The Lady Athlete

By W. E. Hill

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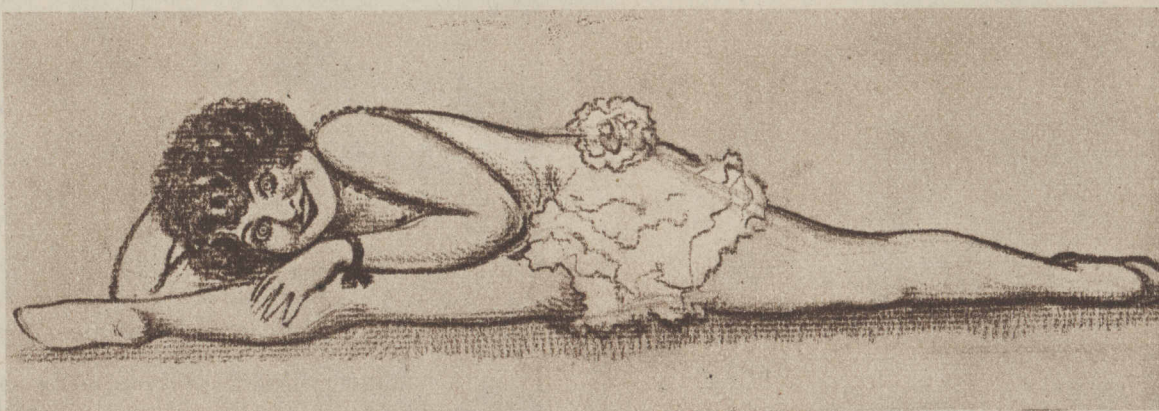
The young lady tennis player of thirty years ago, of whom we show a faint memory on the left, was considerably less peppy than the 1930 girl. A tennis girl of this advanced day and age can do things to her face when posing for a news photo that the old fashioned girl never even thought of attempting.



Emily is a golf bride. Before her marriage to Frank she practically took no exercise at all, except, perhaps, to get up from the davenport and walk over to see if the radiator was on or off. But Frank has got Emily to take up golf, and Emily is just dear enough to want to be a dutiful wife. And for a whole week Frank went around telling the boys in the club that Emily said she didn't know how to hold her caddy. Then some spoil sport told Frank the joke appeared in Puck 'way back in 1898.



Mrs. Olga Wolquist is a very strong girl and gives assorted Swedish massage to a select few who can withstand harsh treatment. Loves to confide her hopes and ambitions to her clients. Tonight she's opening her heart secrets to Mrs. Horace Runkle. "If I had my life to live over again," says Mrs. Wolquist, "I'd take up embalming. That's a grand profession for a lady. No complaints from the customers and no back talk."



Clarine is a vaudeville acrobat and makes a refined art of her athletic ability. Listen to her, if you please, telling the orchestra leader to "try this on your piano!"



Many elderly ladies, although they seldom realize it, are very athletic around the house, at high jumps and ordinary leaps, whenever a moth shows its nasty face in the open.



The Sunday afternoon girl hiker will rush up and down small hills and big, uprooting big trees and leaving a trail of picnic lunch for miles around. She regards "No Trespass" signs as just a good joke on somebody's part, and when weary of the road will spend hours waiting for a hitch hike in just the right make of car.



Madame Sonia Breitkopf (nee Mandelbaum) is a professional strong lady of the more refined type. By that we mean that she never crushes any one's ribs or snaps a tibia in two off stage. The climax of Sonia's act is when she lies across two chairs with a board on top of her lovely body and lets an elephant, ridden by twelve stage hands, walk across.



Newsreels and roto sections are full up these days with pictures of athletic bathing girls, shown climbing in and out of pools and tossing off neat jackknife dives.