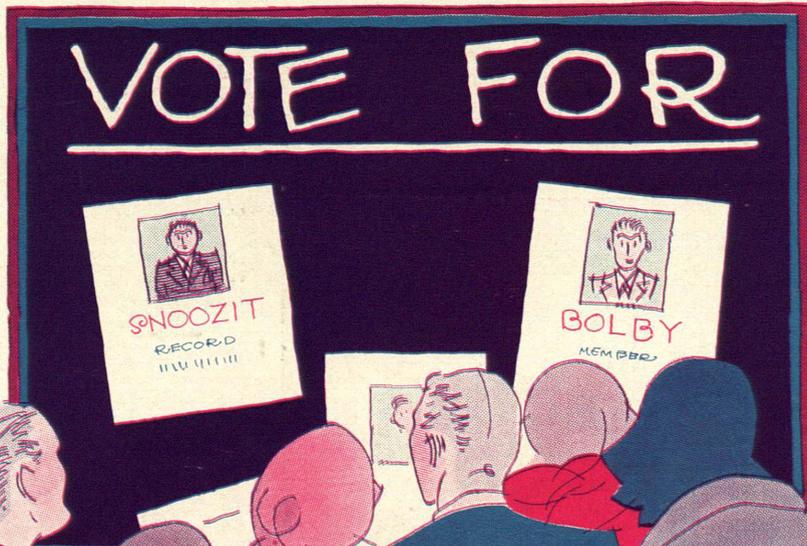


THE NEW SHOWME

POLITICIAN'S
NUMBER

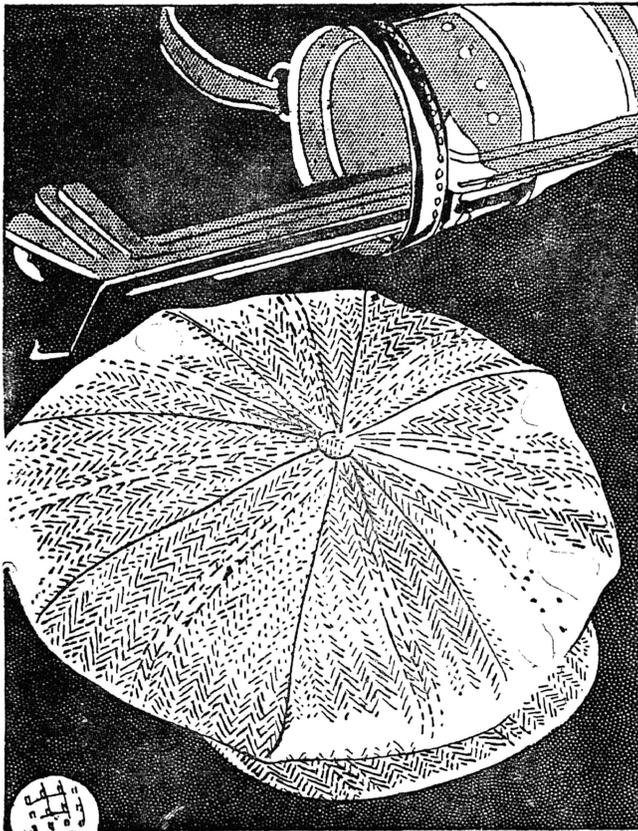
15¢



PROPERTY OF
BRAXTON POLLARD

BRAXTON
POLLARD

To see how becoming
a cap can be ♪ ♪ ♪
try on our Waverly



\$1.98

When you try on a Waverly cap in your own headsize, one look in the mirror will tell why 2,000 men a day buy caps like these in J. C. Penney stores! Finely tailored of rich, woolen fabric thoroughly pre-shrunk. Lined with silk and banded with genuine leather. Best of all, it's cut on a new, becoming line. This is one of our nationally advertised values.



J. C. PENNEY CO. INC.

'32: Yes, I'm a track man.

'30: What section do you work on?—*Ollapod*.

She—Say something soft and sweet to me, dear.
He—Custard pie.—*Northwestern Purple Parrot*.

"Here, I'll let you have the Union Depot for ten," said the smooth city slicker to the hick from Podunk center.

"Say, Mister, I'm not as simple as I look, but I'll take that there Public Square for five."

"Sorry, but that costs ten also. But, by the way, seeing as it's you, I'll let you in on something good. Here's the zoo, and you can have it cheap."

And the hick from Podunk center took the postal card from the rack and handed the clerk a penny.

—*Reserve Red Cat*.

The commencement orator was waxing eloquent. "Gentlemen," he shouted, "in my opinion the greatest day in the history of our nation was the last March Fourth—March Fourth—"

And three seniors, awakened by the noise, did so.

—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl*.

Indignant wife (to incoming husband): "What does the clock say?"

Semi-plastered Husband: "It shays 'tick-tock', and doggies shay 'bow-wow', and cows shay 'moo-moo', and little pussy-cats shay 'meow-meow.' Now ya satisfied?"

—*Flamingo*.

Edmond: "I'm groping for the right word to use."

Alberta: "You won't find it where you're looking."

—*Exchange*.

"Oh-h-h, Abie, vat you tink? I vas arrested today for speeting."

"Vot, you haf no car, haf you?"

"No, not that, speeting on de sidevalk."—*Sniper*.

"Aren't those flying buttresses picturesque?"

"Hell, them's pigeons!"—*Yale Record*.

I may not have a little fairy in my home, nor a little miss in my motor, but I have a little made in my cellar.

—*Sniper*.

"The school is in an awful jam."

"How is that?"

"More men turned out for football than there are in school."—*Iowa Frivol*.

OUR VOTE IS NOT TAKEN BY BALLOT

But the votes we receive are as sure an indication of approval as any ballot could be.

Our steadily increasing business shows us that we are receiving the regular votes of both new and steady patrons.

**TIGER LAUNDRY & DRY
CLEANING CO.**

"Service & Quality"

Phone 4156

1101 Broadway

Plate Lunch

30 cents

Tables for co-eds

Open till 2 a. m.

Speedy Service

EVER EAT LUNCH

440 South 9th St.

L. MORRIS

It's never too late

to form the habit of saving. A few dollars saved each month will mean a lot to you when you finish school.

Boone County National Bank

ESTABLISHED 1857

R. B. PRICE, President



VOL. I

APRIL

NO. 2

The Missouri Outlaw Combined with
The New SHOWME

Editor-in-Chief, MELVILLE HOHN
Business Manager, GEORGE BAKER

Exchange Editor, C. CALHOUN MOORE

Managing Editor
 HOWARD LONG

Advertising Manager
 EDWARD MARTIN

Circulation Manager
 LAWRENCE ARCURY

Art Editor
 DAVID PAISLEY

Advertising Staff

Humor Editor
 VIRGIL HERALD

Staff

Douglas Attaway

Staff

Braxton Pollard
 Frank Wilmarth
 Ed Humston
 Lovan Hall
 Jack Hackathorn
 Zona Moore
 Don Goe
 George Cosmos
 F. R. Patterson
 Sam Nutting

Allan Marshall

Foust Roper
 Bee Thrailkill
 Merrill Swedlund
 Nathan Coppersmith
 Maxine Bickley
 Pat Herbert
 H. Fellman
 George Brinkmann
 Ben Weinbach
 Lynn Mahan
 Kenneth Kraft

Cover—BRAXTON POLLARD

Contributors: Ellis, Baker, Bond, Bigler.

Copyright, 1930 by Missouri Chapter of Sigma Delta Chi. Exclusive reprint granted to College Humor Magazine. Published by Sigma Delta Chi as the official humor publication of the University of Missouri.
 Address all communications to the Showme, care Herald-Statesman, Columbia, Missouri.

THOUGH WITH THE DAWN

An article by the editor of the Dawn printed as a feature of unusual interest in this issue of the Showme makes it necessary for two points to be clear.

In the first place the article is authentic and we vouch for this with our personal honor and integrity at stake. A note at the beginning of the statement with which the Dawn editor breaks his silence of months explains how the Showme gained its story from the candle-lighter.

Equally important is the fact that the editors of the Showme were not connected with the Dawn in any way. We learned of it for the first time when it appeared upon the campus. We again stake our honor and integrity on this statement.



There's Blood on the Moon

The Steam-Roller has gone forever. That magnificent, glittering machine of Caucus manufacture and Greek body, has stripped its gears on a last long hill, and has been torn to pieces by its own designers because it had too many seats.

The campus has seen the time when a well-known golf player, a royal personage, and a tall lawyer could climb aboard a massive mechanical marvel constructed by ingenious electricians from local power-houses, grasp the throttle and sweep twenty handpicked candidates down the royal road to office.

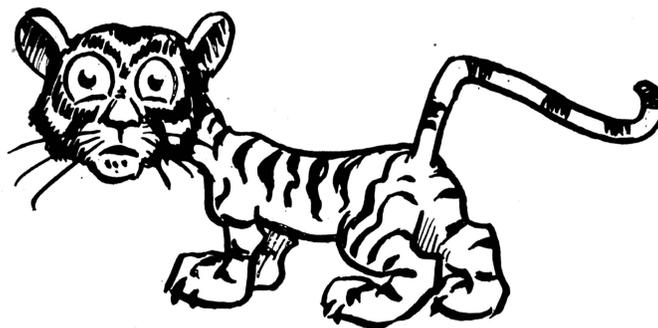
But this year the big steam-roller has lost its drive-wheels. One big wheel with many spokes and two strange new ones added, has taken a different route than the one chosen by the other big wheel with more spokes.

The campus now flattens under the weight of two iron monsters, neither of which has the tremendous power of the old Steam-Roller. And there is in process of construction another machine of independent design, parts of which are being eagerly sought by the drivers of the first two monsters in an effort to add crushing weight.

Two smaller machines of fair design, one of which proved twice as well-built as the other in a recent clash, will roll once more, though the bigger monsters are looking for aid from both of the smaller ones.

So there's blood on the moon this year and queer omens in the skies, with former allies rolling their own down two long roads which come together April 11, with a certain crash in sight.

The Sixth Column will go to riders of the surviving machine for erection in front of the office of the student president.



"I THINK MY SIDE WON"

POLITICAL ABC'S

P for promises—you sling 'em
around,
O for oil—in which you abound.
L for Lincoln—his success you'll
be,
I for I—just only thee.
T for torch—hot to light the way,
I for infallible—not impossible,
you say.
C for corruption—none shall ex-
ist,
I for ignoramous—all opponents
are bliss.
A for April—when you shall be
fooled.
N for nugget—unappreciated but
schooled.

The average restaurateur's idea
of a well-balanced meal is one
that is equally light on both ends.

POLITICIAN is only a ten
letter word and "I" is repeated
three times. Watson, the needle.

And in her tears, never did
Sarah Sadtitter dream that the
lowly bustles would ever develop
into the bus system of today.

Moronia says that she may
have been born yesterday, but
she was out last night.

ADMIRATION

You crazy sap!
You hunka cheese!
Whenever you kiss me
I wanna sneeze!
I give you dates
'Cause you got coin
An' I like onions
An' tenderloin.
You're so darn faithful
You make me sick,
Speaking of mucilage,
You could teach it to stick!
Heavy on dollars
An' light on sense,
Like nothin' human
You're so dense.



Editor: "Did you get a scoop on that
election story?"

Reporter: "No, but if it's about poli-
tics I'll need one!"

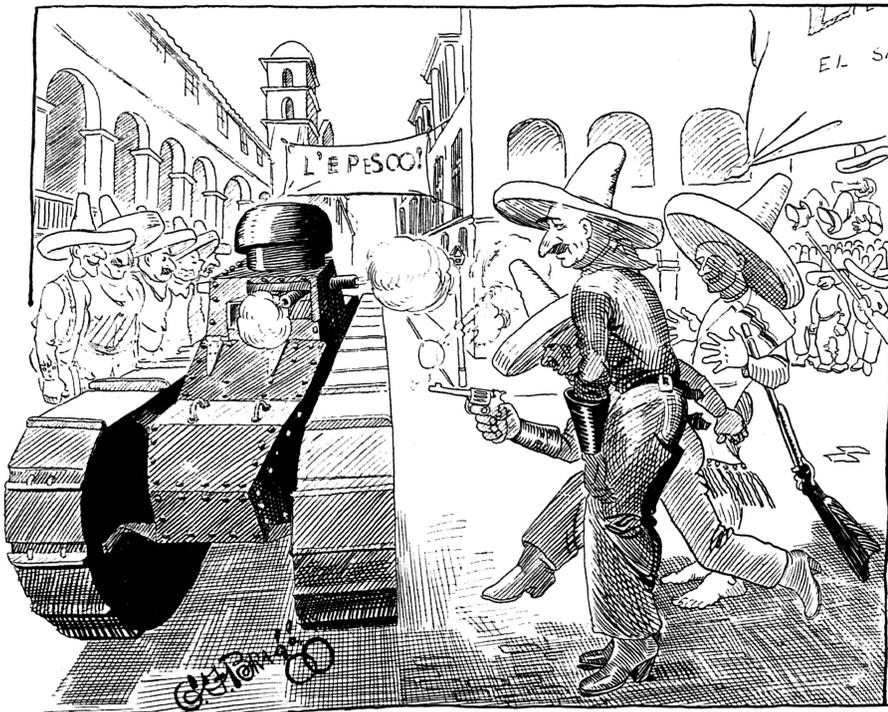
THE BRUTE

She covered before him. The
hum of a powerful electric cur-
rent smote her ears. Her smooth,
white body quivered. She leant
lightly toward him, pleading
with her liquid brown eyes for
release, but he was adamant. It
seemed that nothing could move
him.

She fearfully eyes his hand
moving menacingly toward the
electric switch, and shivered in
her scanty coverings as he eyed
her coldly. She piteously stretch-
ed imploring, quaking arms to-
ward him.

"I'll do anything else!" she
screamed desperately. "Anything!
Only turn off the current!"

"No!" he sternly replied,
"You're going to do your ten
minutes a day in that electric re-
ducing belt until you've got back
the figure you had when I mar-
ried you!"



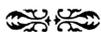
Newly elected student-president of the University of Mexico takes his in-
augural drive about the campus.

The Showme Show

The present campaigns have moved us to the point where we go around thinking up cute slogans for the candidates. In case any of the aspirants are lacking in snappy, timely battle-cries, we shall run off some which have occurred to us.

The Sig Chis have a wealth of material, and all it needs is developing. To wit: "Vote for Buchholz, 'The Sweet-man of Sigma Chi.'" Or if something more militant is preferred, there is "We're Bucking For Buchholz." "Let George Do It," might influence some people, even. Or becoming personal, they might use "Pinch Finch," although this would probably suggest to the Phi Gams the motto, "Finch In a Pinch." "Finch will Flinch" would do also.

As the piece de resistance for the Phi Gam crowd, we offer "Buchholz Will Buckle," or "Don't Pass The Buck by Voting For Buchholz." "James Will Not Jimmy The Council Safe," might go too, although it rather eats up the space. He could run to music too, with something like "With the Fiji Honeyman." If they desire something touching of the ultra in confidence, they could placard the campus with "Finch Is a Cinch." Some fair poems might be worked up on the race too, but we'll spare you that.



The way we figure it, Senor Jose Santos Gollan, Jr.'s about due to displace Donovan Rhynsburger as the most sartorially perfect instructor on the campus.

The newcomer's attire gives us utmost confidence in Argentina. We had always thought of it as a rather hopeless place where men wore sombreros and blankets, but el Senor smacks of Broadway.

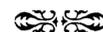
The Rhynsburger influence ran a little too much to the flashy as we diagnose it. The idea of matching cravat with breast-pocket handkerchief is a good one if not carried too far—which can easily be done. Then also, the old school ran to large knots in the cravat, college stuff, you know.

The Gollan trend is really slick. Neat, small knots in the neck-piece; breast-pocket handkerchief always white, or perhaps in a color to blend with the shirt—nothing striking, but showing attention to detail. The starched collars are another pleasing feature of the scheme. The idea is William Powellish rather than of the rah-rah type. Incidentally, Senor Gollan had a terrible time getting all his luggage in the hotel room on his arrival here.



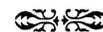
What we miss most nowadays are the scales down in Taylor's entrance. Time was when we used to climb on them as regularly as we brush our teeth or empty the ash-trays. Their readings were our signals whether we would have a salad or a meat with our next day's sandwich. Now we are lost. Of course we could use the city's scales, but we are loathe to try its kindness what with the trouble that it's having with the water softener and all.

Besides, we are touchy about our weight. It's enough of a trial to see ourselves broadening (and not from travel) without having to pay out money to keep tab on our outgrowth. It's just life though, and we've discovered a practical but most expensive solution. We just order the malt and salad both with our toasted ham.



We wonder if you've had the same trouble in restaurants as we have. It all deals with ash-trays, or rather the lack of ash-trays. Having been raised after a more or less Christian manner, we hate to throw the cigarette stubs on the floor or stand them up in the butter.

For months we have been asking waiters and waitresses, as the case might be, "May we have an ashtray?" We are always assured that we may with the invariable result. We burn our fingers by holding the fags, thinking, liked a condemned man, that the ashtray or pardon, respectively, will surely come in time. It always ends up with our immersing them in the soup, which has arrived long before the ashtray. Messy, we think.



Orville Bird spent the weekend at his home here, returning to Columbia on Sunday. We believe he has a slight attack of homesickness. — Union Liberty correspondent in the Greenfield Vedette.

We like your spirit. You interpret as well as record the news!



Which will it be?

To be a gentleman
I shall be like Silent Cal,
Since another guy
Is marrying my old gal.

Candidate—"I shall conduct a campaign that is based upon a platform of absolute truth."

Publicity Expert—"Well, I'm just the guy to publish the kind of bull that'll put that hoey over."

Visitor: "I am a two gun man. I want to see the boss."

Office Boy: "Here, Mr. Jones; a man from Chicago to see you."

Consider the sad case of the wooden Indian. That is why he was stood up.

I think you are just weevil minded said one little cotton bug to another.



Beter: "But I tell you we're in, this year."

Beth: "Another lover's quarrel, eh?"

Seth: "Yes, love will always find a fray."

Jim: Doesn't Ruth look sweet in that aviation costume?

Tom: You bet! I'd like to see her take off.

Yes, Dora, a fellow who is baseball crazy might be said to have bats in his belfry.

Politicians: Don't let your left hand know what your right hand is doing for perhaps your left hand is busy, too.

Jack: "Let's ski?"

Janet: "I don't understand those Russian terms. Let's neck."

A wise-cracker is not a safe-cracker.

Jones: "Where did you go after the Sausage Makers' convention?"

Brown: "Back to the old grind, dog-tired."

The apparently difficult task of flipping pancakes in show windows is in reality only Child's play.

A great load is gone from off the shoulders of all young Democrats. They know they will never have the responsibilities of being president.

Our idea of a swell theme song for the London conference would be "Hinky, Dinky, Parley--DO!"

We suppose that Russia college students are persisting in attending church on Sunday just to show the atheistic government that they won't obey the "blue laws."

The Editor of The Dawn Looks at Politics and Strife

Ed. Note—When the attention-compelling Dawn first hurled its broadside face before the campus headed “CASTE COERCION AND CORRUPTION” we were as mistified in regard to its authorship as any man or woman on this campus. However we did one thing that doubtless many who wondered did not do. We made as thorough an investigation in an effort to find its source as we could possibly make. We made inquiries; we traced down every lead we could find. The list of persons we considered eventually was narrowed down to a single student. Last week we approached this individual and told him of our belief concerning his connection with the Dawn. We were correct. We then asked him to write us a non-partisan article on the present political situation as a great favor to us. He complied after some slight hesitation. The following is his statement exactly as written. We have read it carefully and believe it to be very nearly what we asked for. If any reader can find a shading of opinion we ask him to bear in mind that what he sees is from the Dawn and not the Showme.

The Editor of the Dawn Looks at Politics and Strife

as editor of the Dawn, unofficial but fearless publication which startled this campus soon after the Christmas holidays, I have been approached by necessarily indirect methods, since the web of our organization is a labyrinth of false channels, to express my viewpoint of the present political situation on the campus at this critical time.

Fearlessly the Dawn spoke—and there was light. Radical, yes, but collaborators in the candle lighting crusade were of one accord, in that radical tactics only could accomplish the pur-

pose of stirring to action, to political consciousness, this dullard Missouri campus. On that premise the Dawn was issued. Undoubtedly it created a stir, whether for the best, perhaps only the coming election can tell.

Common to the knowledge of what we safely can say is a larger majority than ever before is the fact, that there is a political situation—perhaps an abominable situation, but interesting. We have on the one side the stand-patters—those who cling to caucus methods of nominating and electing candidates; on the other we have the long threatened, as the Dawn foretold, coalition of protesting groups who have brought the issue to a split. Thus they are aligned. George Buchholz bears the banner of those groups campaigning under the appeal of anti-caucus plunder. Jim Finch leads the ticket of stand-patters. Charley Hughes is the candidate for vice-president, and who will enter the field, this being written long before filing time. And since he is likely to be in my mind the only candidate unopposed, it would be only fair to Charley's magnificent political sense to guess that he will not bind himself inextricably to either of the blood-sucking groups. “Blood-sucking,” I say, because politics is that way.

And then the women must figure—they are that way. Connie Read, Chi Omega brunette of potential possibilities, has been upon the scene as secretary-treasurer candidate for a month or more (more to those who know nothing but see and hear all). As to her opponent, if any, how is a mere editor to know? Perhaps too pridefully, tho, I can say I

have my ideas. Ideas as such, however, when this issue of the Showme comes out will be but the rot of political conjecture, and the truth will likely be known. My guess at this early stage is Jean Stuerke, able connoisseur of the Gamma Phi Beta stronghold. I definitely say Jean because Erma Smith of Tri Delta stamp unfortunately is ineligible. The old sorority cision then will fight anew, altho plotting political pogroms of both camps had hoped to consolidate all female Greeks behind the Chi O Connie. A situation, too intricate for description here, made it possible, and perhaps poor political sense on the part of one group made it impossible. A divided sorority vote is mosaic; a solid front would be sensational.

As to the hell-raising, hair-twisting, temporarily “sophomore” meeting, first announced for Jesse Auditorium, then adroitly shifted to Waters in political smartness, after non-fraternity voters had received their instructions, only the bravest should meeting never could have molested dare to speak. A more crooked ed the Ag campus, let alone get into the sanctity of one of its buildings. Both sides were stacked, but, possibly not from altruistic motives, the Carlisle contingent ostensibly was out-numbered in “alien” votes. This opinion is borne out by the fact that repeatedly, the Dunwoody forces demurred from suggestions that all extraneous material be boosted out in order to temper the true sophomore sentiment. Degner, as chairman, occupied a conspicuous

(Continued on page 18)

Who's Who at Mizzou



Jean Stuerke
For Secretary-treasurer



George Buchholz
For Student President



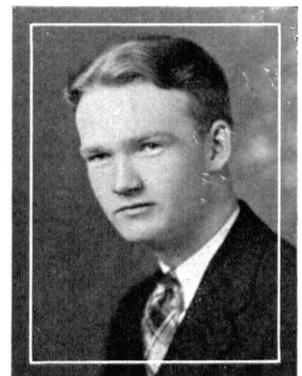
Constance Read
For Secretary-treasurer



Lucy Wilson
W. S. G. A.-president



James Finch
For Student President



Charles Hughes
For Vice-president

BROWN SUGAR LUMP

Tiny nose 'n' cu'ly hair,
 Clothes she knows jus' how to weah,
 Eyes that has "come-hitkeh" sta'e.
 Lips as says "fo you ah ca'ah."
 Real silk stockin's—some of lace.
 Rouge a-dottin' her sweet face
 Does ah love her? Man I does!
 Ain't no-one else loves lak she loves.
 When she ain't with me it's jus' hell.
 Jes' look at her; now ain't she swell ?
 When she looks at me real ha'd
 Boy! I feels all dog-gone fi'ed!
 She's preciouser than diamonds rar,
 She's pe'fect man; to that ah'd sweah.
 To me in gold she's wo'th her weight.
 Her weight you ask? Two-fo-ty-eight.

A girl we love
 Is Sarah Hood
 Whatever we do
 She say, "You would."

ODE TO A HAIR

Farewell, thou hair within my
 soup entwined,
 Thou limpid curly strand of
 golden hue
 Once I loved thee, and wished
 thou were't mine,
 But now thy length I would
 eschew, not chew.
 No longer do I long for curly
 hair,
 No more pray I for hair of dazz-
 ling shade;
 I only wish to get thee from my
 sight
 And go and give the devil to
 the maid.



HALL

"How can I butt in on this party?"
 "Use your head."



Vote Getter: "Do we have any supporters at your house?"

Co-ed's Voice (indignantly): "How should I know? We have enough trouble looking after our own."

Henry: "Darling, you have the most wonderful form."

Henrietta: "Now, what do you want?"

Hank, the First: "You ought to know!"

* * *

"And what are the three cardinal virtues?" boomed that moulder of men, the school-teacher. "Frisch and Bottomley are all they have left since they sold Hornsby," replied our own little Johnny.

* * *

Motto of the Benevolent and Protective Order of the Elks: "The Tooth, the Whole Tooth, and Nothing But the Tooth."

* * *

And as the French representative to the disarmament conference said to Secretary Stimson, "Parley-vous?"

If you want to see how a politician acts behind your back, go to a zoo that has a laughing hyena.

* * *

The original politician was not an orthodox Jew. He brought home the bacon.

* * *

If all the politicians were put end to end, there would be more of a Babel than in Biblical times.

* * *

Like the mountain from the mole-hill, so the politician makes his reform promises.

* * *

After all is said and undone, there's no place like jail.

* * *

Money and talk go hand to mouth.

* * *

The bride and groom's answer to the minister's question never enters the office-grabber's mind. He never "does."

* * *

Co-eds can well take lessons from a politician. He knows how to make-up.

* * *

A politician is a good necking party. Sort of a guillotine affair, you know.

* * *

If you build a better mouse-trap than your neighbor, you're a success. If you wag a wiggling mouth-trap, you're a politician.

* * *

Bribery and politicians will never get divorced. One cannot alienate the other's affections.

* * *

Who's Who would not be complete without the name of someone, somewhere who did something for somebody for some sum so that some fraud could get into some office somehow.

Abel: "If I kissed you would you scream?"

Mabel: "No; long ago I learned to suffer in silence."



He: "Do you work on the Student?"
Gold Digger: "THE student, the devil, I work on all students."

DE MEN TIA

I've often wondered if you loved me

As I gazed in your green eyes,
I've often wondered why you watch me,

With that tender look, yet wise.
I long to touch your smooth strong throat,

But I fear me I would kill you,
If once I touched that tempting throat,

'Twould be my way to still you.
But I will never kill you dear,
And after all, 'tis well,
That you are the warden's favorite cat,
And I'm in my padded cell.

Rastus (as high-powered limosine swings down street: "Mmm, mmmmp! Ahnita Page."

Sambo: "Man, ah could manage with a Fohd."

A boudoir cap for Oscar Doakes
He ran a humor magazine
Free from dirty jokes.

Automobiles, radios, and iceless refrigerators that are "ten years ahead of the times" are considered wonders. Humor publications—if any—that are so advanced are considered obscene.

"What is the technical term for a girl who won't neck?"

"Why, 'pedestrian,' of course."

"And what did you say when she wouldn't neck?"

" 'Listen,' I said to her, 'are you old-fashioned, or just particular?'"

"I think I'll just sit this one out," said the culprit when he was fined \$25 and costs.

If you think religion is a lot of hooey, reflect how rotten life would be without being able to sleep until noon on Sunday—to say nothing of Christmas and Easter vacations!

After you bum around college a while you meet a lot of men who are gentlemen but then there are a few politicians on every campus.

Cop—On your way young man you have no business being out this time of night.

Young Man—It's all right officer. I'm just deliverin' the Student.

Our idea of entirely wasted effort is a talking news sketch of the Sphinx and next to that would be one of Mr. Coolidge.

A Homily on Homely Hides

A certain prominent social fraternity on this campus entertained dates at the chapter house one evening. The following Monday night in chapter meeting this petition was read:

"To Omega Omega Omega of Omega Omega Omega in meeting assembled. Greetings! We, the undersigned, do this day come before you in heartfelt supplication and with the protection and preservation of the entire fraternity in our minds.

"Be it by these presents known that it is the will and desire of the brothers who have hereunto affixed their seals and their good names that all members of this chapter shall with their life's blood and last ounce of manly vigor, strive that the high name of our noble fraternity shall remain in the future, as it has in the past, a coruscating example of a brotherhood of chivalrous gentlemen, and that aforementioned high name shall remain unsullied by the desecrating touch of such homely hides as our esteemed Brother X has been recently imposing upon our hospitality.

"Although, no doubt, Brother X was laboring under the assumption that this is a charitable organization, we would respectfully aver that such impositions are unfair and a burden to the brothers who exercise that charity. And these brothers take this opportunity to inform Brother X that they are not that charitable, and at the same time, begging to remind the offending brother that charity begins at home and that such homely creatures should remain at the beginning. We feel, however, that this mistake is nature's, and that it is not directly attributable to any fault of Bro-

ther X.

We respectfully request that in the future Brother X's charitable nature will find its expression in more consideration of the brothers and less for similar young women—if, God forbid, any similar women be found.

Done this twenty-ninth day of February, Anno Domini nineteen hundred and thirty, at the Omega Omega Omega Chapter House, City of Columbia, County of Boone, State of Missouri.

Signed: Every Other Member.

He: "Let's go riding."

She: "No fooling?"

He: "That depends on you."

Lover (to two girls): "Let's all get married."

Two girls: "Why that would be bigamy."

Lover: "Yes, I think it would be big of me too."

A fellow who is hungry for love is apt to grab the first sweet young thing that comes along.



Horace Hardwater, bustle busting college politician of the gay nineties, about to beat down the opposition of bustling co-ed.



"Who was that handsome gentleman we saw you with last night?"
 "Verily I was out, but herein you err; that was a politician."

CHICAGO NOTES

And even the week-ends slip by under a convoy of gunmen.

More night sticks and less night clubs would make this particular part of the world much safer for democracy.

Under cover charges are causing higher prices.

Society Note: Mr. S. F. Capone has recently returned from an extended eastern trip. He says Chicago bars, altho not as permanent, are much more pleasant than those in Philadelphia.

Present market prices quote Dingbats at \$15,000 a crate.

The 15 & 5 taxi rate used here differs a bit from that used in the east. Here its 15 miles, 5 shots, and the rides over.

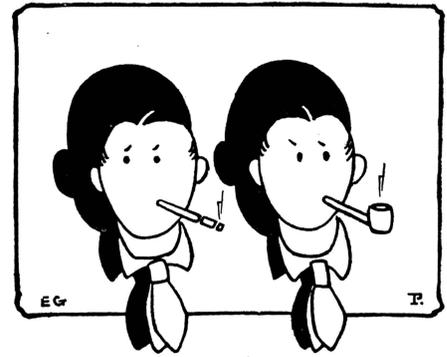
Downtown diplomacy encourages the "hands-up" policy.

Chicago University is having difficulty with the track team. The dash men are rum-runners, the distance men are barred, pole vaulting is over-stressed for a wall-leaping future, and all the weight men are half-shot.

American Lead and Zinc jumped seven points when the news leaked out that a chain undertaking establishment had sold a substantial interest to them.

A part of the \$3,000,000 that was used to build the new aquarium could have been diverted to construct quarters for the white elephant herd that is at present housed in the city hall.

Gun packing long ago surpassed meat packing as an industry here.



"Look a yonder. That guy's a politician."

"Yeah, that geyser politician, is correct."

Politician (attempting to gather a vote). Don't smoke, eh, and won't drink? Well then, I'll knock you down to the keenest skirt that's ever flitted past the Columns.

Engineering stude: O.K. by me, I'll be pleased to meter and my volt'll be yours, although it amperes you know little of watt it's all about.

Chef: "Your majesty, we have just captured a flapper."

Chief: "Youth must be served."

Fallen women are usually the easiest to pick up.

Taking everything in good form isn't always just the thing to do, is it Mr. Pantages?

"I just don't know who kneads dough any worsern you do," said the baker to his assistant.



Taxi driver making a running broad jump.



REAL TREASURE from Pleasure Island

The Spanish Main has given us no more gorgeous gift than the "chocolat!" of Montezuma. Chocolate treasure has endured longer than silver, gold or jewels. This romantic package, with its chocolate nuggets, its bags of Pieces of Eight, speaks of Trinidad and Caracas, Havana and Yucatan, to lovers of chocolates in prosaic American homes.

It is our aim to give more than sweets when you buy Whitman's. You get full value in chocolates. You get also the charm of playful fancy and all the prestige that surrounds the name when you buy

Whitman's

PLEASURE ISLAND
CHOCOLATES

©S.F.W.&Son,Inc.



Special Missouri Package

Whitman's Famous Candies are Sold By
Peck Drug Co. Harris Cafe

Fan Mail - - -

Fan mail is supposed to be a part of the glamor attached to raise to fame as a movie star or a flag pole sitter. The following billet doux received recently at the Showme office from the home town of Buddie Rogers indicates that even staff members may rise from their low estate to a position in the world carrying with it a train of unknown admirers.

Olathe, Kansas.
March 4, 1930.

Dear N.....:

I have been thinking I would write to you ever since I met you at a dance one night over at Columbia. I attended Christian College at Columbia 2 yrs. ago but didn't go back as their rules are to strict. I went to K. U.

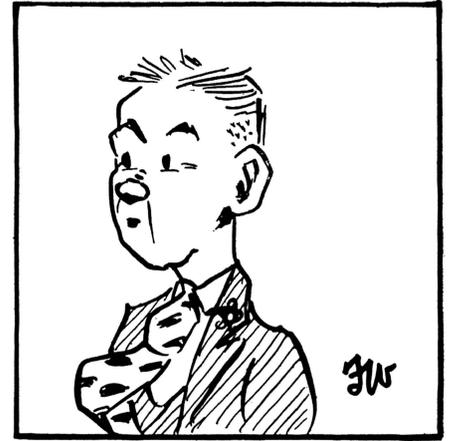
last winter and a member of "Sigma Chi"; but I didn't go away this year as I was in Los Angeles Calif. with my Aunt and couldn't get back in time: Gee—I sure had a good time while their had a chance to see the Studios & met several Stars which was quite a thrill!

I am sure lonesome to-night wish you were here with me to go to a picture Show (Talkies). never have heard any. Monday night was the first night of them."

I was over to K.U. Sat. night they are getting ready for their annual Spring party like they have every Spring.

Well Dearie I haven't Any more news ans. real soon. Love.

Miss
121 N



Bulzmore Bolby, endorsed by the Showme, who is being different by **RUNNING ON RECORD.**

"Tango, tango, tango. Tango with you," wailed the senorita when her boy-friend drove up to take her riding.

* * *

?—?—?

LOST—Flashlight on or near golf course Saturday night. Finder please return to N. J. Weber, 1007 Cherry, Apt. 6.—The Mis-sourian.

* * *

"This quiz will be given not to see if you know anything, but to see if the professor has been doing any good."

* * *

It's the birthday anniversary of the genial weather man and he says "maybe showers."

Just how old Mr. Connor will be must remain a mystery.—The Kansas City Star.

Well, we'll hope the old boy will be all right.

The most worthy cause in a long time was that of sending Mr. Shearer to the Disarmament Conference to lobby against the R. O. T. C.

* * *

The way things were going in Washington one week-end, it may be said with no disrespect that for a while it looked like "There ain't no justices!"



Bill Flinthatchet: "I'm going to take you home with me."
Stone U. Co-ed: "You old cliff dweller, you can't bluff me."

...on the court it's **FLASH!**



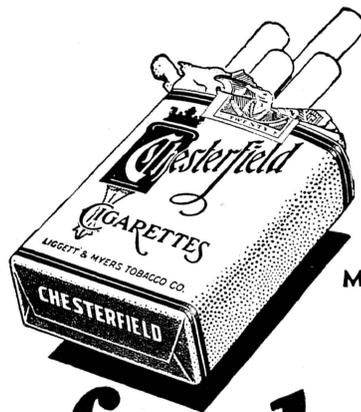
...in a cigarette it's **TASTE!**

"A FACT is more powerful than twenty texts."
Two puffs tell more of a cigarette's *taste* than any two-hour speech.

Taste must speak for itself... and Chesterfield's refreshing, spicy flavor, its characteristic fragrance, do just that.

Making Chesterfields, making them right, making you like them, requires only this:

"TASTE *above everything*"



MILD...and yet
THEY SATISFY

Chesterfield

FINE TURKISH and DOMESTIC tobaccos, not only BLENDED but CROSS-BLENDED

"Can you tell me what the color for brides is this year?" asked a young lady upon walking into a department store.

"It is merely a matter of taste," replied the clerk, "but I prefer white ones."—*Exchange.*

"Well," said Dante, grinning, "I'm the man that put Hades on a pain basis."—*Cornell Widow.*

"And what do you do when you hear the fire alarm, my good man?"

"Oh, I just git up an' feel the wall, an' if it ain't hot I go back to bed."—*Tiger.*

Senior—"What's your name?"

Frosh—"Tom Swift."

Senior—"You can't fool me—where's your electric rifle?"—*Juggler.*

A young man walked up to the counter of a cigar store and said: "Have you Prince Albert in a can here?"

"Why, yes," the clerk replied.

"Well," said the youth, "why don't you let the poor man out?"—*Green Goat.*

Doctor: I'm afraid I have bad news for you. You will never be able to work again.

College Student: Whadda you mean, bad news?

—*Jack-o'-Lantern.*

Little Sandy: "Hey, pa, let's go to the Centennial Pageant, it's only a dollar."

Sandy: "Next time, laddie, next time."

—*Wabash Caveman.*

Cop—I'll have to give you a ticket.

She—No, thanks, I wouldn't care to go to the policeman's ball.—*Colgate Banter.*

The loose habits of most women are nothing but night robes.—*Sturgeon Leader.*

*When It Comes to Politics
We Withdraw in Your
Favor*

But when it comes to Hosiery, you will find at Libson's those chic lisle nets in all the flesh tones, for school wear.

\$1.50

Libson
HOSTIERY
SHOPS
"MORE WEAR IN EVERY PAIR"

813 Broadway

Shop No. 5

The Bank

with
a perpetual
WELCOME
invites YOU to become
One of its Satisfied
customers

Boone County Trust Co.

At Columbia's Busiest Corner

The People's Choice

No — it isn't another campaign speech. It is DORN-CLONEY that has been chosen by discriminating students for 21 years.

**Dorn-Cloney Laundry
and Dry Cleaning Co.**

"Be Good to Your Clothes"

Dial 3114

Missouri Loves Company

In which Gym Works A. Degree

CHARACTERS

ALMA MATER

GYM NASIUM

ABIE DeGREE

ACT I

Scene: A cozy corner in a sorority parlor.

Time: An evening in early spring.

(Enter Alma Mater on the arm of Gym Nasium.)

GYM—Jesse the moon, Alma?

ALMA—Yes. It was Hall right.

GYM—I Whitten be too sure about that.

ALMA—Why, Waters the matter?

GYM (Modern Dramatically)—It scholar was green. Besides, I sophomore moons. Those are evil science.

ALMA—Thesis foolish.

GYM—Mark my words. Besides, school outside.

ALMA—Tate so. It's warm.

(They sit on the divan. Alma produces a package of Rollinsfield Sig Eps.)

ALMA—Have a Sig Ep.

GYM—No, thanks. I prefer a good 5-cent Sig Alph.

ALMA—Have you botany lately?

GYM—No. I have been a bit law on money.

(Alma lights a Sig Ep and smokes.)

GYM—You'd Savitar able lot if you'd buy tobacco enroll your own.

ALMA—Sez U.

(Pause.)

GYM—You're Alpha Tau for a girl.

ALMA—You're not s'Omega yourself.

(Gym Extension arm about her waist.)

GYM—You have pretty blue I.

ALMA—S nice of you to say that.

GYM—I Whitten say so, F I didn't think so.

(Gym attempts to M brace her. Alma's Expression falls. Gym registrars dismay.)

ALMA—Y. must you do that? Univ. did that before.

GYM—Because I love you. I Prof. er you my heart.

(Alma climbs upon his lab.)

ALMA—It themes like you really mean it.

GYM (in a law voice)—I do. And hours shall be a great love.

(He M braces her. They look into each other's I's.)

(Suddenly there is a loud Noyes, and Waters begin to drip from a hole in the ceiling.)

ALMA (shrieking historically)—Look! Waters!

GYM (leaping to his feet)—Gee Quiz! Call diploma!

(Curtain falls for 10 minutes)

ACT II

Scene: The Same.

Time: Ditto.

(Waters drip from the ceiling. Alma is on divan, head in hands. Gym is pacing up and down.)

ALMA—Oh, I'm so Missouri able.

GYM—Is there nothing I can do to allay your Missouri?

(There is a knock at the door. Gym answers it.)

GYM (to Alma, as he opens doo)—Harris' diploma.

ALMA—Column in.

(Enter Abie DeGree.)

ABIE—Alma!

ALMA (wildly)—Abie DeGree, are you diploma?

ABIE—No. I M. A. sheepskin Wolff's clothing.

(Alma sways. Gym dashes to her and supports her.)

GYM (to Abie)—If you are not diploma, get out!

ABIE—Oh Alma, what are you doing here with Gym Nasium?

ALMA—I shall naught say anything.

ABIE—Is zat zoo?

ALMA—Yes.

ABIE—Are you minor his?

GYM—She is mine.

ABIE (sneeringly)—Ah! So you have at last become a Women's Gym.

(Gym is Ag riveted.)

ALMA—Please go, Abie.

ABIE—Oh Alma, you have broken the co-ed.

ALMA—That's Hall right.

ABIE—Courses! I will go and get stude!

ALMA (drawing up her physic)—You Beta not.

ABIE—I will slit my throat with a Razzar.

GYM—Co-op on a high building and just lecture self go.

ABIE—Good biol.

GYM AND ALMA—Goodbye.

ABIE—I shall die in Missouri. You will Read Hall about it in the papers.

(He goes out.)

GYM—I shall Neff air leave you, Alma.

ALMA—My Gym Nasium. D. U. know how to love?

GYM—Do I?

ALMA—Showme.

(Curtain)

THE EDITOR OF THE DAWN . . .

(Continued from page 7)

position as arbitrator few willingly would have assumed. On contested votes, it is my belief, he erred in putting a vote to the body as to whether they should be read, having previously announced such votes would be ousted. Dunwoody, by the vote there, stacked as it was on both sides and hardly legitimate from any angle, won on three ballots, but Carlisle forces maintained objections until the chair in conference with a Student Council conflag determined, it seemed, by a non-sorority woman, sustained the appeal for a new election by ballot.

And so politics exists. The fight with an array of strong candidates leaves nothing to certainty. Conjecture and faith are the only determinants. Nothing

of last year's political complexion will detract color from the 1930 melee. Echoes of the Knight—Dry pig-sticking impend, and the campus awaits the roll of Concord guns as did Patrick Henry in 1776. Meanwhile the Dawn says still "Let There Be Light," and in its altruistic complex, earnestly hopes that after-election results may justify the only possible complement of this famous repartee, "And There Was Light."

IDYLLIC PASTORAL

*Now April is a famous month
Which you and I allow
Its grasses green bring vast content
Unto the gentle cow.*

Eve: "Who told you I was eating apples?"

Adam: "It must have been a Northern Spy."

Oh, dullness, has beaten us
(In a year, in a year, in a year);
And poverty's swept us
(In a year, in a year, in a year);
Wall Street has cleaned us
(In a year, in a year, in a year).
And though we don't run to fads,
Just note the Hoover ads:
"It beats—as it sweeps—as it
cleans."
(At least for three more years).

*"Give men plenty of theaters,
and they won't want saloons. Give
the unhappy homes with radio on
tap and plenty of books, and they
won't want theaters, even." —
George Bernard Shaw in Cosmo-
politan.*

*And since that's the point, why
not give them a few more Rudy
Vallees, and "Cradles of the
Deep," and they won't want homes,
egad. You could cut the whole
business by merely having saloons.*

for
student
president

*for
progressive
administration*



GEORGE J. BUCHHOLZ

Cooper—Honestly now, you would never have thought this car of mine was one I had bought second hand, would you?

Coles—Never in my life. I thought you had made it yourself.

—*Answers.*

“Do you ever gamble?”

“Well, I put out my pin the other night.”

—*Wisconsin Octopus.*

Jones—Have you seen one of those instruments that can tell when a man is lying?

Smith—Seen one? I married one.

—*Malteaser.*

Lives of gunmen are uncertain: here today and gone tomorrow.

—*Friivol.*

Englishman: What's that bloomin' noise I 'ear outside this time of night?

American: Why, that's an owl.

Englishman: Of course it is, but 'o's 'owling?

—*Aggievator.*

Attorney: And where did you see him milking the cow?

College boy: A little past the center, sir.

—*Longhorn.*

Copyrights claimed on the rumble-seat song, “Oh How Am I Tonneau?”—*Exchange.*

Texas Dick—And do you want an English saddle or one with a horn on it?

Buffalo Bill—Give me the English saddle; we won't be in any traffic.—*West Point Pointer.*

He thought he made a hit
When for his photograph she prayed
“Out when this calls” she wrote on it
And gave it to her maid.—*Bison.*

“I just knocked my math final cold—”

“Really—”

“Yea, below zero.”

—*Brown Jug.*

“Tommy, can you tell me one of the uses of cowhide?”

“Er, yessir. It keeps the cow together.”

—*Detroit News.*

“When did you first suspect that your husband was not all right mentally?”

“When he shook the hall tree and began feeling around on the floor for apples.”—*Ollapod.*

One thing that can truthfully be said about Brigham Young is that he was truly one of the foremost makers of the west.—*Kitty Kat.*

“You say your girl's legs have no equal?”

“No, no. I said they had no parallel.”—*Sour Owl.*

*Make
A Campus Leader,
Leader of your
Campus*

Choose
James A. Finch
your president

*These activities show he is
worthy of the honor and
qualified for the job:*

Varsity Debate, Two Years

Captain Varsity Debate '29-'30

Student Council '29-'30

Y. M. C. A. Board

Executive Committee Memorial Union Drive

Charity Ball Committee '29

Athenaeum Literary Society, (Pres. 1929)

Phi Beta Kappa, Junior Five

Senior Alumni Endowment Drive, 1929

Missouri-Yenching Executive Committee, 1930

President Arts and Science Seniors 1929

"Mama—where from doth elephants come? And don't try to stall me off with that gag about the stork."
—*Pointer.*

First Golfer: Your wife has good form.
Second Golfer: Yeah! By thunder I told her not to come out when the wind was blowing.—*Kitty Kat.*

"Are you a travelling salesman?"
"Yes."
"And are all travelling salesmen as bad as everyone says?"
"Yes."
"And are you as bad as the rest of them?"
"Yes."
"Why do you sit there so stupidly and just answer 'yes' to all my questions?"—*Columbia Jester.*

"What the dickens are you doing down there in the cellar?" demanded the rooster.
"Well, it it's any of your damn business," replied the hen frigidly, "I'm laying in a supply of coal."—*Life.*

Hard winters are often the result of summer flirtations.—*Desert Wolf.*

The gentleman had sent for a plumber to fix an upstairs tap, and as he and his wife started downstairs they met the plumber coming up. The gentleman stopped the plumber and said:
"Before I go downstairs I would like to acquaint you with the trouble."
The plumber politely removed his hat and murmured:
"Pleased to meet you, ma'am."—*Dirge.*

It has been rumored that Rudy Vallee has set a post-mortem price on his body. If cremated, his dust would make the loveliest bath salts.—*Wasp.*

A Russian was being led off to execution by a squad of Bolshevik soldiers on a rainy morning.
"What brutes you Bolsheviks are," grumbled the doomed one, "to march me through a rain like this!"
"How about us?" retorted one of the squad. "We have to march back."—*Exchange.*

I never worry about how much a girl knows: it's where she learned it.—*V. M. I. Sniper.*

"What did the doctor say when he was late on that rush call?"
"Hello, Baby!"—*Octopus.*

Planning Meals?

Our wide assortment of appetizing foods offer you a number of excellent suggestions. Come in for ideas on the next meal. We handle the best in groceries and meats.

JACKSON-FINLEY GROCERY

8th & Cherry

Dial 3136

Critics of Style and Quality



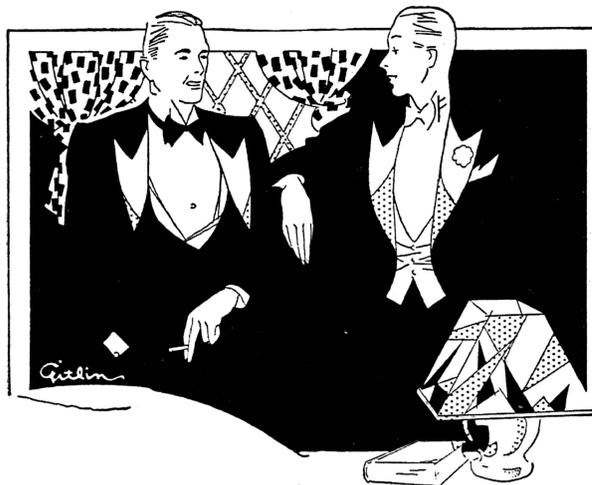
Among the many things that can be said for the college men of today—they know style and quality. Their judgment is our standard.

Learbury says: "Watch for the famous blues and grays of Learbury."

LEARBURY

Stop in and get your free style leaflet—includes swatch card and ensemble contrast chart.

Head and Judge



Best Man: I just came from the sweetest, most refreshing wedding I ever saw.

Bachelor: How's that, old timer—don't keep me breathless!

Best Man: The bridegroom forgot the ring and used a Life Saver.

"The interview is ended," she said as she tugged at her skirt to pull it over her knees. —*Phoenix.*

"Remember what the fly said when he sat on the fly paper?"

"This stuff sticks to the end!"

Is that a course book?

"No, I'm reading it for Chemistry B, not pleasure."

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

She is only a real estate man's daughter, but, oh, what a development.—*Bison.*

"Where do bad little girls go?"

"Most everywhere."

—*Frivol.*

Chicago Cop: "Whatcha shootin' that guy for?"

Gangster: "None o' yer dam business."

C. of C.: "Don't get smart now or I'll run ya in."

—*Frivol.*

Prof.—What made you leave my class this morning?

Student—I was moved by your lecture.

—*Burr.*

"She laughed when I sat down on the park bench, but when I started to play—"

—*Frivol.*

Reader Confidence

Gained through years of complete and accurate coverage of the news of Columbia and the University.

THE COLUMBIA
MISSOURIAN

and now . . .



College Humor
Presents the

ALL-AMERICAN BASKETBALL and Hockey Selections for 1930

In the May Issue by
Les Gage, former Big Ten Star

SPECIAL OFFER

for the balance of the school year 4
interesting issues of College Humor for
\$1. Just tear out this coupon and mail
with your remittance to

College Humor

1050 N. LaSalle St., Chicago

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

"The Magazine with a College Education"

BETTER Prom than last year . . .
look at that something in the blue
dress. . . . Hey, Tubby . . . you
passed my Camels to the whole
stag line. . . . Never mind . . .
another carton in the booth. . . .
Hello, Jack . . . why the fatigue?
. . . This committee racket's no
cinch . . . been trying to keep the
boys from crashing the gate . . . I
need a breathing spell. . . . You
need a Camel . . . have one. . . .



When they tell you they smoke Camels "just because they're good," they mean that Camel is a better cigarette.