

3

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MISSOURI Showme

February - Fifteen Cents



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OS. SPENCER

NOTRE DAME
JUGGLER

-- CO-ED NUMBER --

"Watch out, you'll spill the beans . . .

"...but before you say any more, I want to ask you one question.

"Why do they use pictures of pretty girls in advertisements?"

"And while you are thinking about what you are going to say—

"I will tell you this much:

"Many pretty girls like a MILD and PURE cigarette that TASTES BETTER . . . and that's Chesterfield."

They Satisfy

WRAPPED IN DUPONT
NO. 300 MOISTURE-
PROOF CELLOPHANE...
THE BEST AND MOST
EXPENSIVE MADE



GOT A DATE TONIGHT? Hear "Music that Satisfies"
—Nat Shilkret's Chesterfield Orchestra and *romantic*
songs by Alex Gray. Nearest Columbia station, 10:30 E. S. T.



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MISSOURI SHOWME

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NOTHING BUT—HER—MILK

And does your nice little cow give milk?
Well, not exactly; you gotta sorta take it away from her.

—Log



I know hundreds and hundreds of girls,
But the dumbest is Lillian Dare.
She thinks the Eternal Triangle
Is something that babies wear.

—Pelican



WHAT A NOSE!

She (at prom)—Wait here for me, Bill, while I powder my nose.

She (three dances later)—Been waiting long?
Frosh—No, but I've been looking all over for you to give you your compact.

—Humbug



ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN

Pawdon me, Mrs. Astor, but that would never have happened if you hadn't stepped between me and the spittoon.

—Zip 'n Tang



They laughed when I sat down at the piano.---
for I had lost my trousers.

—The Battalion



A FLOWER OF ...?

Have you any pansies for an old lady?
Just a moment mum. I'll call the floorwalker.

—Sun Dial



"Mother, mother, I must confess."

"Yes, Ronald, but don't take it so hard."

"Oh, Mother, I can't go around with this great secret in my bosom."

"Yes, Ronald, but tell me what it is. Mother understands."

"Oh, Mother,—how can I tell you?"

"Go on, my child."

"Mother, I don't believe in fairies."

"But when you are as old as I, you will, my son."

—Sun Dial

... Concentrated Coverage
 ... Reliable News
 ... Faithful Service



**THE COLUMBIA
 MISSOURIAN**

NATURAL LIGHT

Relieve eyestrain with the new natural daylight bulb. Get one today and notice the difference in studying. Only 38 cents.

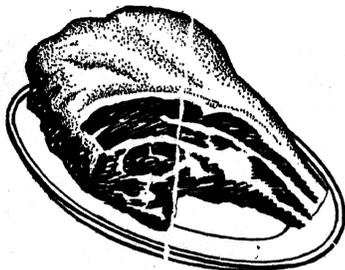
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Dial 4435

12 South Ninth

Patronize Showme advertisers

Wouldn't a juicy, tender roast taste good for dinner?



Just call

Jackson-Finley Market

8th & Cherry

Dial 3136

"The waiter spilled ice cream down my girl's neck at the Prom."

"Did she have to take her formal to the cleaners?"

"No, she just washed her back."

—*Wisconsin Octopus.*



Visitor: "And what's your name, my good man?"

Prisoner: "9742."

Visitor: "Is that your real name?"

Prisoner: "Naw, dat's just me pen name."

—*Iowa Fivrol*



A HELPING HIRED-HAND

The haughty senior girl sniffed disdainfully as the tiny Freshman cut in. "And just why did you have to cut in when I was dancing?" she inquired nastily.

The Freshman hung his head with shame. "I'm sorry, ma'am," he said, "but I'm working my way through college and your partner was waiving a five-dollar bill at me."

—*Purple Parrot.*



ANOTHER FOR DUMB DORA

She thought Pied Piper was a drunken plumber.

—*Wabash Careman*



NOW—this!

First horse: Who was that nag I saw with last night?

Second horse: That was no nag, that was a nightmare."

—*Wisconsin Octopus.*



AND OUR OWN VERSION:

Who was that gal I seen you walking down the street with last night?

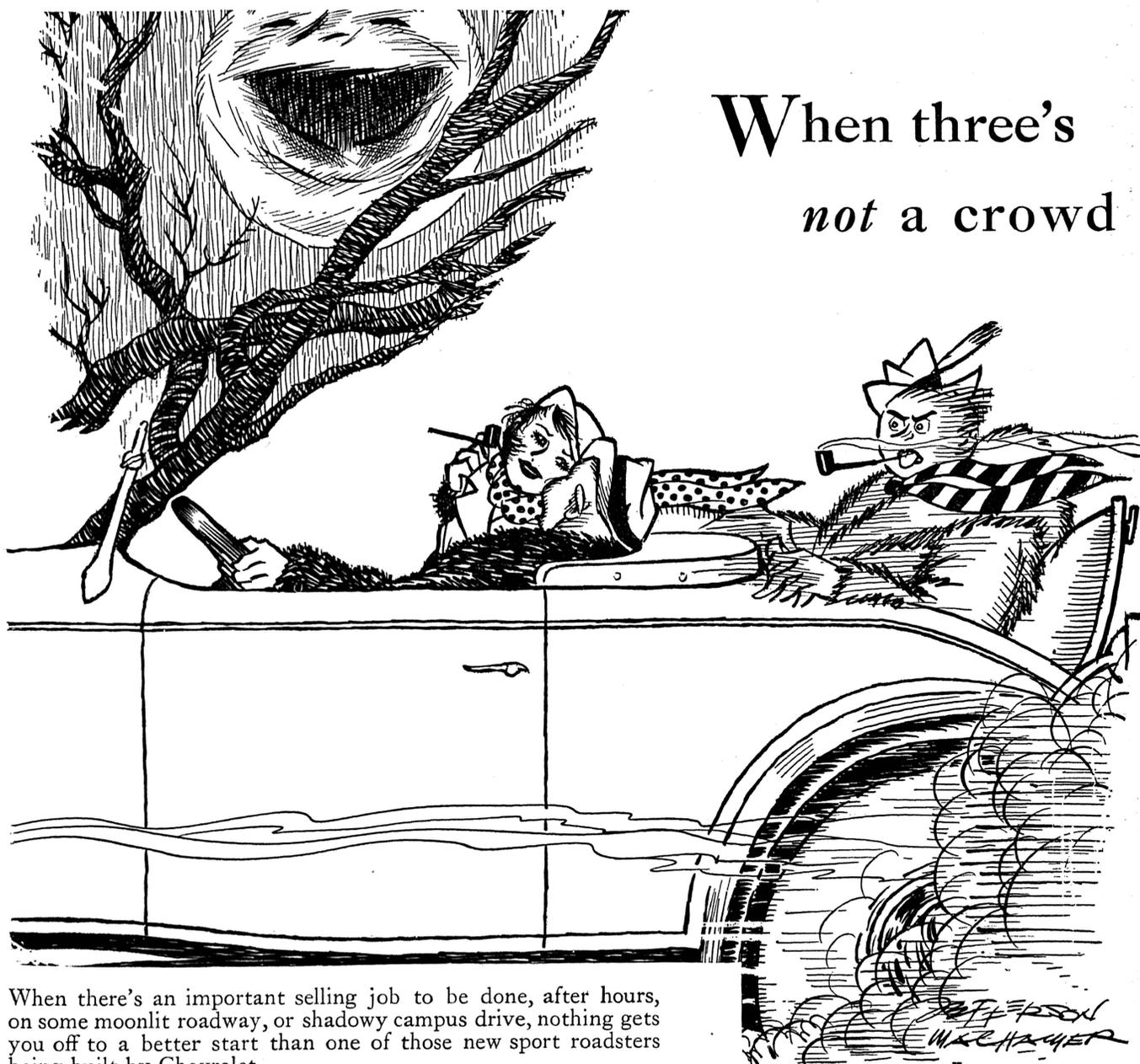
That was no street, that was an alley.



AND FLUNK

"Many worse things have come to pass," sighed the professor as he gazed at the incoming class.

—*Log.*



When three's
not a crowd

When there's an important selling job to be done, after hours, on some moonlit roadway, or shadowy campus drive, nothing gets you off to a better start than one of those new sport roadsters being built by Chevrolet.

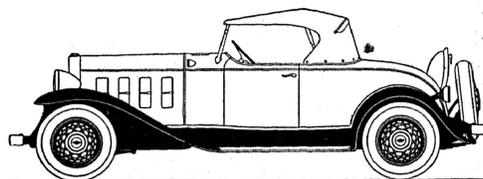
The front seat has plenty of room for the great American blonde, *yourself*, and several tons of raccoon coat—as well as a second blonde, if you believe in numbers. Then, if some offensive male decides that he'll go along too, there's a pleasantly remote rumble seat, where he can be placed in cold storage indefinitely.

In addition—with Syncro-Mesh and Free Wheeling, you can let the car practically drive itself. Chevrolet's six-cylinder motor runs so noiselessly that you can put across your personality without using a gold-lined megaphone.

And just as the Chevrolet Six never cramps your technique, it never cramps the allowance, either. Gas, oil, and servicings can be paid for, with plenty of change left over for cover charges and refreshments. And as for first-cost—well, bless your soul—just snap on the bifocals and take a look to the right!

NEW CHEVROLET SIX

The Great American Value for 1932



The Sport Roadster, \$495

Twenty beautiful new models,
at prices ranging from \$475 to \$660

All prices f. o. b. Flint, Mich., special equipment extra. Low delivered prices and easy G. M. A. C. terms. Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan. Division of General Motors.



GOSH! WHERE'LL I TAKE
HER NOW???

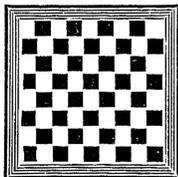
Here I've got a heavy date with the
pet wren Wednesday night and I don't
know where to take her. Wait! I've got
it! I'll take her to Harris' where all
the gang will be dancing to Johnnie
Harrison's Orchestra.

HARRIS' CAFE

Patronize these merchants

It's Our Move!

Watch
Our
Windows



See Us
At
14 S. Ninth

* --- Your Move

Is to Visit Showme's New Office

Missouri Showme

14 So. Ninth

Dial 4919

TO A CO-ED

The silence of the dream was broken
Only by my words soft spoken
Of the beauty of the place,
Of the wood's somnolent grace,
Of your eyes or of your hair;
Apologizing for my stare . . .
And then that breathless moment when
We saw an elf dart down a glen.
And trembling there together we
Fed our souls on witchery.
He darted . . . My eyes followed after
My heart on the verge of song or laughter . . .
'Till you lashed out to strike me mute
With . . . "O my gawd but ain't he CUTE?"
—N. Strickland



HELLO, SUCKER

They said "Hello' to me first day,
And at their home they let me play,
Then I became their pledge, hey, hey!
I'm a sucker.
They took my money, I am gay,
They paddled me, alright, o. k.,
I have a pin, a frat man's sway,
I'm a sucker.
And at their party, Venus Kay
Cornered me, a helpless prey,
She took my pin. In every way
I'm a sucker.
She'll marry me, with dough in mind,
But she is dumb, and I am blind,
For she is broke, and I, no "find,"
She'll be the sucker.

—Ozel



The freshman was shy. So he wrote a little
note, unsigned, to his love: "Will you be my valen-
tine?"

The next day the answer came: "Delighted; be
at my house at nine sharp, wearing a red rose."
But it was mimeographed.

—Pitt Panther



"My gosh, Marie, this bathing suit of yours
is cotton; it'll split up the sides the first time you
wear it"

"That's what I figured."

—Pitt Panther



TERRIBLE

Proud Mother: Yes, he's a year old now and he's
been walking since he was 8 months old.

Bored Visitor: Really? He must be awfully tir-
ed.

—Lyre

MISSOURI Showme

Presents Its



THE CO-ED

*Some say she's dumb; some say she's silly,
And that she always acts willy-nilly;
Some have been captivated by her charms,
And they have learned much to their alarm
That her sweet smile and her sad tear
May not after all be sincere.
But howevermuch she may irk you,
Or whether you distrust her purr,
This you will admit is true,
We would not do without her.*



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Feature Editor, Ben Stone

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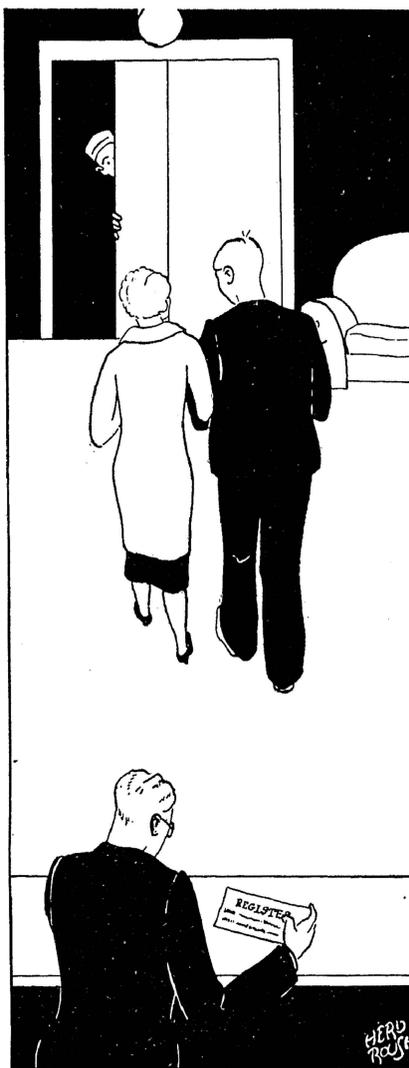
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And What Did You Say Your
Name Was?



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“NONSENSE, SENSE, and CONSEQUENCE”



WHAT WITH PEOPLE studying for finals and not running around so much, the WINCHELLING hasn't been the best lately. However I have discovered that even a young lady *may* be a candidate for BEAUTY QUEEN . . . she doesn't look like a rose the morning after the celebration . . . with her hair hanging down and weary looking eyes . . . Richmond Avenue? . . . AND WERE ALL THE GANG *really* drunk the last night after exams? Terrible, isn't it, how the smell of cork INTOXICATES some . . . at least in their own mind . . . AND WHO all are on those parties at the Tavern on Saturday nights . . . they go early and stay late, in fact until morn? . . . poker . . . perhaps.

WONDER WHAT HAPPENED after the guests and dates left the time a pledge cussed SUE SEIGLER out in front of the outsiders? . . . SEE RUTH BURDETT is back with us again. Better luck this time and in more

ways than one, RUTH . . . Stay away from the HITT ST. APTS. is our advice . . . Find out what happens to MAX COLLINGS when someone calls him ALL-AMERICAN . . . and FRITZ GUILSELN is back on the Ag campus again . . . if only all ags were as smooth as he . . . does HORSEY RANDALL sleep in riding habits?

WOTTA LAUGH . . . OUR STUDENT PRESIDENT in his stocking cap . . . just a big



out-of-doors man, isn't he? Last year's president is keeping company now . . . what goes on . . . wouldn't it be swell to sing to your dates? The PHI GAM demi tasse (POWELL calls him that) does it and seems to think it goes over. "BING-COLOMBO-CLAY" . . . PI PHIS don't go to the Coronado at 2 A. M. Saturday night do they? Those green pants that JERRY CEBE wears in the Engine School . . . foul, no end. TIP, how did you come out on the delayed grade

in H & P? We hear you sounded queer that morning over the phone . . . WHY WAS THRAILKILL dissappointed in her REPORTING grade? Be careful of dating MARIAN KISER . . . we understand she writes back to ma up in DAKOTA about all her dates . . . she wrote that she had a wonderful time at the basketball game with CREIGHTON and the mater writes back and asks: "Who is CREIGHTON?"

THE OBSERVANT MULE notices that guilty consciences are sure to pop out now and then . . . There is a good looking THETA in school now, and she is initiated too . . . And the wop from down south is back too . . . SCHMIDT (if that's the way she spells it) a new good looker and a KAPPA . . . but is a journalist . . . Educational Psychology class last semester used to sit and count the "OH'S" and "AH'S" . . . How many were there in 20 minutes?

(Continued on page 16)



THE TACK IN THE EDITOR'S CHAIR



IN BEGINNING the broadcast, please permit me to correct the misunderstandings of our last number—THE BLUE BOOK NUMBER . . . First, the issue was NOT dedicated to the PI PHI'S . . . nor the KAPPAS . . . nor the CHI O's . . . or to anyone in particular . . . that should help some.

SECONDLY, many failed, in their interest to read everyone's name at once, to read the DIRECTIONS above and below each examination . . . consequently they did not get our REAL intended meaning. One helluva job that was getting those names . . . and now can you imagine this: some SAP comes forth and tells us that we DIDN'T have 400 NAMES but had about 368 . . . can you beat that??? . . . Well, even to my intimates, I was never known as "HONEST ABE."

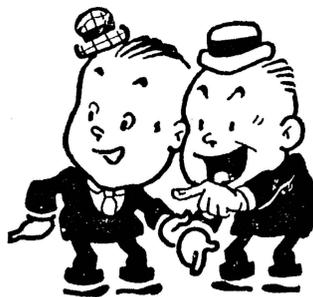
NEVERTHELESS, the BLUE BOOK was "A HAT FOR OUR FEATHER" and we take this opportunity and space to thank those of you who really appreciated it . . . and to those of you who were slighted on the name propo-



"A hat for our feather . . ."

sition all we can say is: "Reward comes to he who waits."

WHAT A COVER WE HAVE ON THIS ISSUE? Yes, WHAT a cover . . . and we are indebted to the NOTRE DAME JUGGLER and the artist, JOE LOPKER, for the use of this engraving. So much did we hate to spoil part of its beauty in printing our name, etc., over it, we have done this: We have printed 250 extra prints of this engraving in red, with no printing on the picture. (Which makes it look even more beautiful) on paper that will



"People are talking . . ."

be suitable for framing. (And now that old gag about she's as pretty as a picture, so he framed her—Phew! . . . terrible pun, eh?) And anyone of our readers who desires a print of this drawing may secure one by sending his or her name and address to THE MISSOURI SHOWME office . . . no enclosed stamps are necessary . . . no money or anything else is necessary, and we will mail ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE a print of this beautiful girl which adorns the cover of this issue.

WHILE DWELLING on the cover, let me add that the artist, JOE LOPKER, is a stu-

dent of NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY, and art editor of the NOTRE DAME JUGGLER . . . if he is as good in his studies as he is in his art . . . WHAT A MAN!

We have always contended that pessimism is one of the worst qualities a person can harbor . . . without a doubt, one of the worst. A striking example of what we mean is supplied by a self-supposed wise-to-it-all sophomore who went out on a blind date expecting the usual ghastly thing, and the worst of that, found an amiable, darn good-looking, snappily dressed, possessed of a bright little personality . . . all in all, the niftiest kind of a companion for the evening . . . And he had brought with him just enough to pay for A COUPLE OF COKES!

A GOOSE IN THE STOMACH IS WORTH FOUR OR FIVE ELSEWHERE, which proves nothing and has nothing to do with all of this . . . but I found it in the contributor's basket in the office and threw it in here instead of the wastebasket . . .

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT US . . . and we are darn glad of it . . . more will be telling their friends about it . . . WHAT IS IT? WHY . . . SEE OUR ADVERTISEMENT on page 27 . . . CIRCUS DAYS ARE COMING and we promise a lot in the CIRCUS NUMBER in which we present an iron bound, hand etched view of the FRATERNITY and SORORITY SIDE SHOWS . . . 'Til then, BON ADIEU (Whatever that means.)

—ABE.



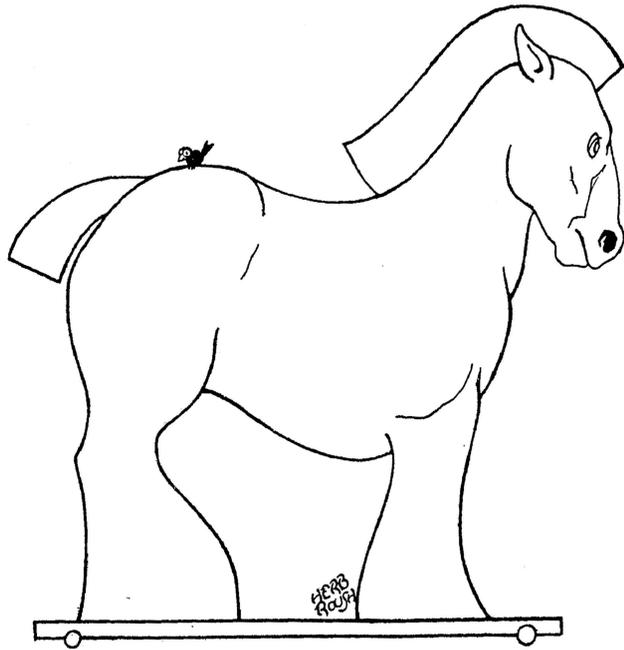
WHAT more has she to give than I,
That you should go to her?

What mystery of lip and eye
That you so much prefer?
What depth of mind,
What warmth of heart,
That you so willingly depart?

NO more is offered you . . . you say,
No greater charms enthrall . . .
Then why in peace did you not stay?
. . . For I, I gave you all.
Is this the truth,
That you confess?
You love because she gives you less!

—M. A. M.





ILLUSTRATIVE DEFINITION OF THE HEIGHT OF OPTIMISM



CORRECT!

A collegian wanted to have some fun one night, so he called over one of the kids who so kindly offer to keep a faithful guard over your automobile for a dime.

"Listen, son," he asked, "do you know what tact is?"

"I can't define it," replied the kid, "but I can give you an example for a dime."

"Here's the coin. Let's hear it."

"Well, if you came along here and parked that old wreck of yours, I'd go up to you and ask, 'Watch your car, mister?'" Well that word 'car' would be tact."

—Pitt Panther



VERY TRUE

Architect: "Here are the plans for your new University, Mr. Newrich."

Mr. Newrich: "This is very fine—stadium, science hall, old main, alumni hall, fraternity houses, chapel, auditorium—but where are the dormitories?"

Architect: "I didn't think them necessary, sir. You'll notice that I have the classrooms unusually large."

—Panther

STILL ANOTHER

And have you heard the one about the Scotchman who stood so long in the bread line he lost his job?"

—Penn State Froth



"My wife just ran away with my best friend."

"Was he good-looking?"

"I don't know. Never met the fellow."

—Whiz-Banz



"Who was Stephen C. Foster?"

"He wrote the 'Old Folks at Home.'"

"Why didn't he telephone?"

—Pitt Panther



Co: "How did the seance turn out? Was there any table tipping?"

Ed: "No, we turned the tables on the medium."

... *Familiar Faculty Faces* ...



Dean James T. Quarles

Another Jesse Crawford when it comes to playing and teaching organ music . . . an artist *par excellence* . . . whose name is somewhat misleading for he is considerate and kind and far from QUARLES-some.



Dean E. J. McCaustland

The "Big Boy" among the engineers . . . the man who directs the machinery of building civils, electrics, and mechanicals, (as the engineers call themselves) . . . The Dean is a loyal wearer of the green!



Eely

President Walter Williams

Mrs. Williams' little boy, Walter, the grand old man . . . referred to amongst us as "Prexy" or better still, as "Dean" . . . may be seen nearly every day at the noon hour as he slowly walks homeward from his office, greeting everyone with his cheerful "Walter William's" smile.



Dean J. L. Parks

"The Baron" as he is known to his subjects over in that distant corner of the Red Campus where the architects wisely placed the "Law Barn" to keep the remainder of the campus away from the lawyers, and the lawyers away from the rest of us . . . Beneath those hard-boiled lines, any lawyer will tell you there is a real man whom they gladly call dean of their school.



Dean Mumford

"Sower of the seeds of learning" into the cranial furrows of the Agriculture students . . . the most active man and chief asset to not only the College of Agriculture but the farmers throughout the state.

THE MISSOURI SHOWME



He: "So you're a Tri Delt pledge?"
 She: "Yes, why?"
 He: "Well, don't believe all they require of you."

A FOOL THERE WAS

In Freshman day I knew a co-ed.
 With eyes of blue and hair so red,
 Mused I how nice a mate for bed,
 Till finally to the altar I was led.

I discovered, all too soon,
 Upon my honeymoon, She was a blonde
 with a henna wash, And I but a
 d—n fool Frosh.

"Aha, dear Madam, I am deceived,
 but heck, do you think that makes me
 peeved? C'mon, a kiss and a hug for
 old time's sake . . . And, I'll never
 give a darn if you are a fake."

Now we've children with hair quite red,
 We've also an iceman, a carrot-top
 head; Have I been fooled by that
 co-ed, Or was she originally a
 real red-head? —S.O.S.

Have you heard of the jelly that
 got into a jam with a peach?

AN ODE TO BETTY

There once was a college co-ed
 Who had trouble in making her bed
 So she cried in alarm
 "Since I left the old farm,
 I've learned to make people
 instead."

Not Bad, In Other Words
 "How do you do," she, Miss
 Guinivere, said.
 "Oh, very well, thank you,"
 replied the frivolous co-ed.

R. O. T. C. artillery grades
 reveal that everyone in the
 University is a Big Shot.

Sergeant: Would you rifle
 bullets?
 Roomie: No, but I'll steel
 jackets.

How about the sweet young
 thing in Sociology who thinks it's a

feather in your hat to raise
 Eugenic children?

RAW-THER!

"Johnny (to use the usual
 name)," queried the teacher of
 one of these little district
 schoolhouses of one of her
 habitually late pupils, "Why
 aren't you ever on time in
 the morning?"

"Wal, you see, I gotta take
 the bull over to the cow every
 mornin'."

"Can't your father do it?"

"Wal, the bull's sorter used
 to it."



"WHAT I CRAVES, BABY, IS ROMANCE!"

—Utah Humbug

First Cow (to other in stockyard): "Why did you choose this for a career?"
 Second Kine: "I didn't—I got roped in."
 —Dirge



He: "I say dear, I have some tickets for the theatre."

She: "Fine, I'll start dressing."

He: "Yes, do dear, they're for tomorrow."

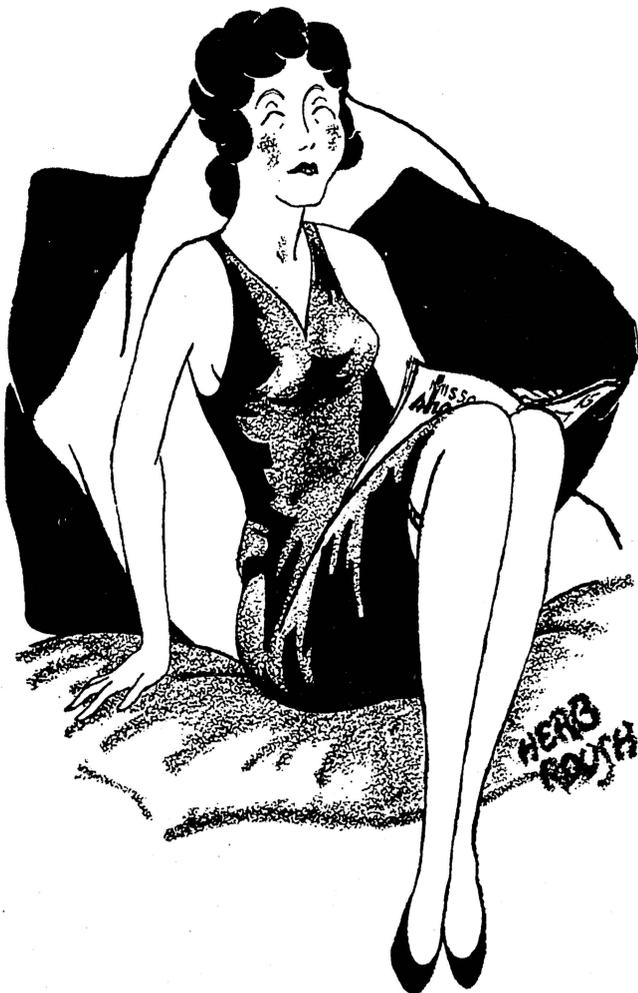
—Western Reserve Red Cat



"Big boy, Ah heahs you was makin' love to mah wife!"

"Only practisin', brother, Ah's gotta propose to mah girl tomorrah night."

—Octopus



AH! SOCIAL EMINENCE AT LAST; I AM NAMED IN THE SHOWME'S 400



She has no one to blame for her downfall but herself, for she certainly was well-reared.



HOSPITAL-ITY

Herman Rosenblatt had had a serious abdominal operation at the Hebrew Hospital, and was slowly recuperating. It was impossible for him to take nourishment in the normal manner, by way of the mouth, and for several weeks following the operation he had been nourished subnormally. He was getting awfully tired of glucose and other liquid foods which the nurse administered to him daily.

Having a telephone by his bed, one day he called up the eminent surgeon who had operated on him, and had the following conversation:

"Dr. Schwartz, dis iss Herman Rosenblatt, at the Hebrew Hospital. You remember me, doctor?"

"Certainly, Mr. Rosenblatt, quite well. What can I do for you?"

"Doctor, haf you got enny more of dose rubber tubes dey haf been feeding me vith?"

"Certainly, Mr. Rosenblatt, we have lots of them. Why?"

"Vell, I chust wanted to say dat the next time you come out here I vish you would bring an extra one of dose tubes vith you and haf dinner vith me."

—Charles T. Butler.



A recent telephone conversation between a newly initiated Kappa Sig and a friend back home:

"Hello, what's been doing at school lately?"

"Hell Week!"

"How do you feel?"

"Hell, Weak!"

THE MISSOURI SHOWME



OBEY . . .

WHAT CAUSED THE FIRE in the GOOGLIN basement recently? . . . Imagine them birding the chief in his efforts to save the kennel . . . The SWIG ALPH PLEDGES we hear are having to carry bottles around now for the actives . . . and how is the down-stair's room getting along now? Quite a congestion of dates from various houses wasn't there recently?

LOOKS LIKE THE GOLDEN LEGG and the SIGMA CHI basement of old are being revived again . . . And dwelling on the Sig Chi's, in November I forgot to mention that BEN STONE stayed over in Columbia for the TURKEY HOLIDAYS . . . Whatsamat Ben? Didnt the girl fren go to the city then? Pennant boys seem to be carrying on as usual . . . why won't nice girls be more careful when they go out there, 'cause people do see and talk.

IMAGINE THE PI PHI being arrested for a BAD CHECK on a DETROIT bank . . . AND a

couple of weeks ago, WASN'T there a KENTUCKY AVENUE BOY, and a BIGSHOT, TOO, who spent some moments in the local BASTILE??? We all know him, of course . . . With Ross gone now, how will the KAPPA SIGS get along within their chapter as well as without? . . . Does HARRISON *really* intend to be our NEXT STUDENT PRESIDENT . . . Hadn't he better get BILL DALTON'S consent first??? . . . Have you heard of the freshman in one of the better houses buying exam questions? They were last year's too . . . and expensive at that! Soc questions sold by an ath-



THAT . . .

lete were wrong . . . THETAS do go shady places don't they? . . . HITT STREET HOUSES for instance . . . AND hadn't the plump and fast TRI DELT pledge better be more careful where and with whom she does things in the future?

IT'S FUNNY but true . . . that old saying that EVERYONE LIKES TO SEE HIS (or her) NAME IN PRINT . . . even the Pi Phi's after declaring a boycott on the Showme, weakened and al-

most went 100 per cent in buying copies . . . Funnier still is the fact that some people on this campus will break their necks to read the other fellow's SHOWME but they themselves are too Scotch to put for a copy of their own . . . anyway, it's a great thing that THE SHOWME'S dealers are SO accomodating as to let you sprawl all over their counters to read the magazine TO SEE IF YOUR NAME IS IN FOR THE MONTH . . . although pyschologists disagree with us, you can't tell me EGOTISM isn't an inherited instinct.

And now for a little touch of the personal element (if the editor will permit it and not cut this part of my copy). SO MANY PEOPLE (especially after the BLUE BOOK number came out) are wondering about the IDENTITY OF THE OBSERVANT MULE — some even say that I should have chosen ASS for my title— . . . let me save some of the staff members a little embarrassment . . . my real name does not appear on the staff page . . . but I am familiar to many of THE SHOWME readers . . . sometimes I am not always responsible for all that appears under the name of the SHOWME SHOW for other tips are turned in to various staff members and they in turn are forwarded to me to work into my column . . . I mingle with you at your "jelly-joints" and am always in the hall of JESSE between the 10 and 11 o'clock classes . . . look for me; I'll wear a RED TIE ALL



IMPULSE!

—Carnegie Tech Puppet

WE WONDER

"Oh, where is my wandering boy tonight?" cautioned Sorority Sue, the pet of the campus.

The only place the jokes of a contributor to a national humor magazine have registered is at the Post Office.

His wife was expecting a baby on Valentine's day, so the dutiful husband sent a Valentine by Special Delivery.

Seen together recently, the toast of the campus and a little cherry jelly.



SEE

NEXT WEEK, see if I DON'T . . . your money back if you find me.

HOW DO YOU LIKE THE CARTOON GIVEN MY PAGE this time . . . I really wanted another but unfortunately couldn't get it . . . the cut I requested was that traditional one of the three monkeys, y'know SPEAK, SEE, and HEAR NO EVIL . . . Ha! Ha! . . . Oh well, next month I'll let you in on the REAL RING of the BIG TENT'S CIRCUS, for instance . . . Some items about the PIN EXCHANGE MARKET . . . you realize spring is coming soon and this IS LEAP YEAR . . . well, heres to the girl on the hill . . . 'till next month.

—THE OBSERVANT MULE

Three co-eds are now neck-and-neck for the title of most popular girl on the campus.

Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
I know Betty Co-ed
And she no's me too.

—S.O.S.



WHAT YOU

MEANEST MAN IN THE WORLD DEPARTMENT

"Gives Goose for Kiss."

—Headline in Kansas City Star



In these times of jobless alumni fraternities are receiving a thorough demonstration of improved free-mealing.

"I wasn't initiated," lamented the Iota Psi pledge, "on accounta weak I's."

The geology professor was droning monotonously: — "is one of the most precious gems in the world. One diamond—"

"Two no-trump," snapped the sleepy Kappa.

YELLOW

Well, I asked myself, why didnt I say it? There he stood, tantalizing me. Why shouldn't I say it to him? The after-theatre crowd was still milling about on the sidewalk in front of the great show place. He wouldn't dare do anything about it, not with all these people around. And I was seething with a desire to say it to his face. What the hell! Life is altogether too full of inhibited impulses anyway. Restraining urges like this is what makes such miserable hypocrites of the human race. I wanted to say it and I would! I stepped up boldly and faced him, looked him directly in the eye.

"Yellow!" I hissed. "Yellow is what I said."

The man raised his whistle to his lips, blew a trill, and beckoned. The cab rolled up to the curb and I got in.

"That girl with the cross-eyes skating over there is terribly sympathetic."

"If I fell on the ice and hit my head, I'd make an awful crack."

"Some can and some can and some cannot," gasped Joe Engine as the beautiful Pi Phi ankled down the campus walk.



GET!!



ANOTHER BAD CZECH THAT CAME BACK.
—Ski-U-Mah



THE MISCONSTRUED MISS

A co-ed is similar to an interpretative, graceful dancer swaying to the tempo of strange music, in the glare of a vivid spotlight with a harsh critical audience "out-front," and her companion in the wings. He is the college man who lives her life and who dreams the same dreams. The spotlight is publicity; the music is the modern life of our day.

The dance is the effort to interpret it and to bring forth its finer qualities. The audience of course is the public. To that audience, the dancer is a painted hussy, a woman who lives fast and free and is utterly lacking in the morals as they expound and understand them. The white, blinding light of publicity silhouettes her against a background of tawdry cheapness. Moreover does the audience remember that the man behind the light is never backstage; that he too is an outsider.

That strange restless music, it moves too swiftly, too changing in its tempo for anyone but the dancer to adjust its adagio to her own thoughts. The audience too stupidly reluctant to understand the dance sighs for "the old days" of the chorus girls whose imaginative powers ran no farther than the tips of their upraised limbs. So let the audience leave, let the spotlight fade into darkness; the music still plays and the show goes on.

—Dick Slack

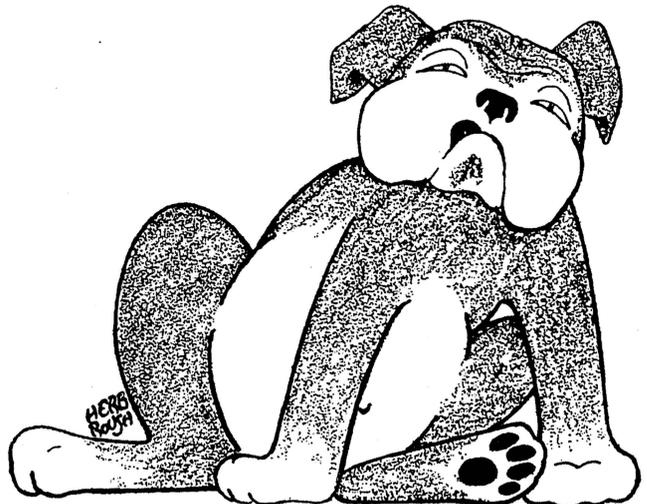
A TALE OF THE TREMBLING CO-ED

Once there was a little girl, dumb and pretty to be sure. She was bashful, she was simple, she was blushing and demure, but when she went to college they all thought she could be taught how to speak when she was spoken to and say just what she ought. But her sisters among the Greeks when they saw her pretty face did not worry how she'd get around, her shyness they'd erase.

As time passed on, the stags did give this little girl a great big hand, and soon all the boys in campus town were e'er at her command. She'd say with trembling lips and with heart a-thumping fast, "I feel as if I'd known you in the ages long-gone past." Or when the Greeks threw a dance and everything was festive, every man's heart would expand when she murmured, "Your're so possessive." Her line went over and for one year she fooled them all; not once did she stammer and for words have to stall . . . She knew her line and never forgot, and always at her cue, she smiled and murmured softly the line so tried and true.

Soon there came the time to choose the popularity queen . . . Pretty girls were numerous, and the competition was so keen . . . But our little friend with the lengthy line had the most votes of all, and was duly kissed and crowned at the popularity ball. The band waxed hot and the stags waxed loud and they called her for a speech. Her lips went dry and her cheeks paled, and her eyes did beseech them piteously, for she didn't know a single word to say . . . But they shouted and pulled her to the stage; they insisted on their way . . . Then she collected her wandering thoughts, and with prayers to the heavens above . . . Confesed to the assembled throng—"Your're the only man I've ever loved."

—Dorothea Pickett.



"WELL, I'M A SON-OF-A——!"



RHYME and RHYTHM



I Can't Remember

It might have been a thousand
years ago,
Or twice ten thousand—
I cannot remember the time.
It might have been a prehistoric
world,
Or some far-distant star—
I cannot remember where.
I might have been a waterlily,
You the river,
Or I a mountain crest
And you a hanging cloud—
I cannot remember.
I know only—
That somewhere before last night,
You kissed me.

—M. A. M.

She

by More Kiljoy

(Apologies to Joyce Kilmore's "Trees")

I think that I shall never be
A co-ed well berouged as she,
She whose lovely mouth is prest
By every frat's all-knowing best,
Who stands and looks so odd all
day,
And lispers her weepy charms to
prey;
She who May and Summer wears,
But little left for wear and tears;
Upon whose bosom beaux have
lain;
She who hints of love insane;
Boobs are made by prudes like me,
But only snobs can make her key.

—S. O. S.

A Year Ago

A year ago we laughed,
And holding hands,
We watched the moon rise over
the cottonwood grove.
"A toy balloon," you said,
"With a painted face."
But I said, "No, a golden bubble
Which will not break."
And that was only
A year ago.

—M. A. M.

Hypocrite

Blue vase,
Standing fragile and lovely
On the mantelpiece,
Delicate figures
Playing over your smooth surface
In shafts of color—
To-day you should be filled with
flowers
Hypocrite!
I know why no flowers
Are given you to hold.
Hypocrite!
To stand there smiling and com-
placent,
As if flawless.
I know there is a crack in your
side—
That's turned to the wall!

Early Spring Pome

On such a day as this
With warm winds blowing
In cumulative sweetness grow-
ing
Like my lover's kiss,
I see my love come
Swinging down the path,
Bestirring in me thoughts
Antagonizing February
And desecrating buried
January, Oblivious of
Impending pluvial wrath.
O base Winter, that you
Could addle me this way
With soft deceitful sunlight
And caressing breeze,
Releasing in my heart
So beastly many of these
Love thoughts, never normal
Until April . . . even May.

—Cyril C.

My Burden

The thought of you
Is like a parasite,
Feeding on the full body of my
mind,
Draining it of the rich food of
finer flights;
Leaving it weak, unhealthy, sapped
of strength.

Moon Magic

Moon Witch!
Do you remember that night
When we stood on the hilltop,
He and I,
Close to you?

Conjuror Moon!
You bewitched us with your magic,
And we sealed your spell,
By uttering—
Mad words.

Moon Woman!
In pity you released him
From that madness.
From that madness.
Why am I left
Spell-bound? —M. A. M.

Cupid's Off Day

He went to Cupid's garden
He wandered o'er the land
The moon was shining brightly
He held her little—*shawl*.
Yes, he held her little shawl
How fast the evening flies
They spoke in tones of love
As he gazed into her—*lunchbas-*
ket.
Yes, he gazed into her basket
He wished he had a taste
There sat her ardent lover
His arm around her—*umbrella*.
Embracing her umbrella
This charming little Miss
With eyes so full of mischief
He slyly stole a—*sandwich*.
—Anonymous

Nocturne

My soul is not the shining taper
Gleaming through your night—
Straight and slim, and palely glow-
ing.
No,—the faintly lurid light
Which draws you thru the shadows
And the murky sensuous dark,
Is the moon, reflected on the po-
lished
Surface of my body, white and
stark. —M. A. M.

THE MISSOURI SHOWME



Bowser: "So you've been chasing your tail again?"

Oscar: "Well, not exactly, but I've been around some."



AN INTERVIEW

Hail, I don't know weather or not that lone co-ed in my eleven o'clock will succeed in her Leap Year plans. She's going to Spring a surprise, expecting the men to Fall easily. However, among the men, Summer slickers and I won't be surprised if they Winter one better and took over the rains. In case the result snow, she's sure bound to get in a social doldrum.

—Windy

"I have a sweet tooth for that gal," mused the pre-dental student, "but to keep her love from *decaying*, I'll need a *gold filling*. She won the *crown* for queen last year, and she sure is putting a *dentine* my bankroll. Quite a *cavity* last month. She chews *gum* something horrible and I am thinking of leaving her, but I'm not going to cross *bridges* until I come to them.

—Windy

The British are installing a cooling system, similar to that used by the American forces, on their machine guns. You never heard of the Americans losing an engagement on account of a hot muzzle.

COLLEGE FORM-ULAS

1 pt. of alcohol plus 1 pint of water will not make 1 quart. (This is a true chemical fact).

But 1 pt. of alcohol plus 1 half-pint co-ed will make for one helluva time.



Constable: Pardon Miss, but there ain't no swimmin' allowed in this lake.

Donnia: Why didn't you tell me before I undressed?

Constable: There isn't any law agin' undressin'!

—Green Griffin.



"Are declarations of war made on scrap paper?" inquired Dumb Dora in the Introductory History course.



Soph: "Will you give us ten cents to help the old ladies' home?"

Frosh: "What, are they out again?"



Two seniors were discussing their experiences. Narrated one:

"Once I was visiting over at a fraternity brother's home. I went upstairs to go to my room and when I opened the door, I saw lying on the bed, most invitingly, a gorgeous blonde, wearing the most delicate of lace garments and if ever a girl had IT, she did. Well, she beckoned me to come in and you know what I did? I turned around and ran out of the house. What would you do if you were in my place?"

"I'd do the same thing, only I wouldnt lie about it." —Windy



THE FROSH NEEDS CO-EDUCATION

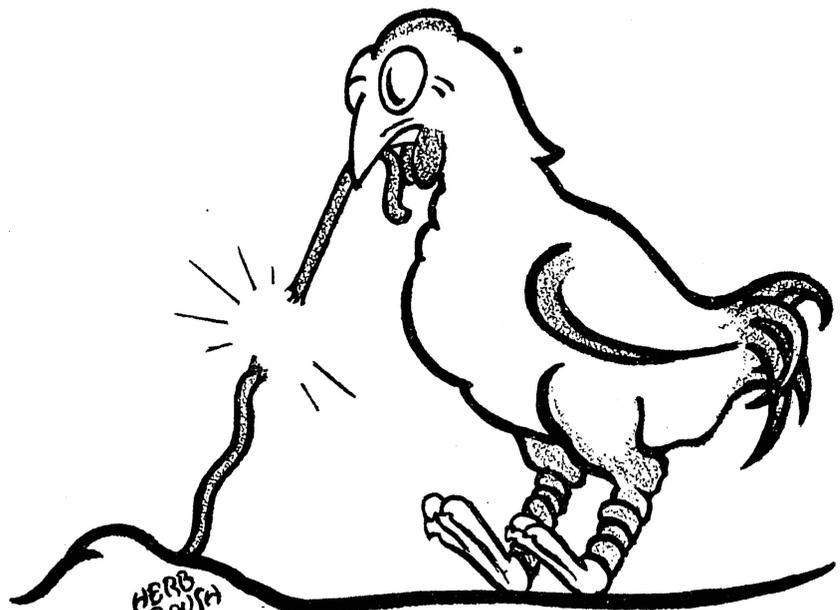
Some freshmen believe that:

Slip—is an error, small sheet of paper.

Dance set—a group of dances.

Brassieres — Brass rods with knobs on the end for holding up portieres. (We know they're for upholding virtue.)

Bloomers—a faux pas.



WHY NOT TAKE ALL OF ME?

AT REGISTRATION, OF COURSE

Date: "I just can't adjust my curriculum!"
 Frosh: "Oh, that's all right, it doesn't show"
 —Voo Doo.

"They call that couple over there the 'Teddy Roosevelts.'"
 "Why?"
 "Well, he's always rough, and she's always ready."
 —Banter.

Customer: "I don't like the looks of that cod."
 Dealer: "Lady, if it's looks you're after, why don't you buy a goldfish."
 —Widow.

"I never kissed a girl in my life."
 "Well don't come buzzing around me. I'm not running a prep school."
 —Exchange.

"Betty's one of these parlor-bedroom-and-bath girls."
 "How's that?"
 "Suite."
 —Purple Parrot.

The nurse entered the professor's room and said softly: "It's a boy, sir."
 The professor looked up from his desk. "Well," he said, "what does he want?"
 —Log.

As the meanest man in the world said one cold, below-zero, blizzardly January night, . . ." I wish I had a fallen daughter to put out on a night like this."
 —Pointer.

Webster says that 'taut' means tight. I guess I've been taut quite a bit in this school, after all.
 —Green Gander.

DO YOU THINK SO?

Janitress in sorority house: "I was never so insulted in my life. He thought I was one of the co-eds!"
 —Purple Parrot.

GET A WHIFF OF THIS



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 Like You Get at Home

35c

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7 a. m. to 9 p. m.

TEN YEARS FROM NOW—1942

You will be looking at the world through different eyes—eyes that have seen many ideals made and broken by the tricks of life. Yet there shall be forever mirrored in them those memories of college days when you met and wondered at the marvelous things that stood for the best four years of your place on earth. And then you will remember how many pleasant, unforgettable hours you spent in

GAEBLER'S BLACK and GOLD INN

Patronize these merchants

Service for Sale!

Strange as it may seem this is one hardware store that sells service; the kind of service that gives the students what they want in hardware and electrical supplies.

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YELLOW C A B CO.

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"A Thinking Fellow Calls a Yellow"

PAN-HELLENICRIME

Chi-O

Chi O, everybody!

* * * *

Sig Chi

Sing a song of suspense,
A bottle full of rye,
Four and twenty wise guys,
Plastered in Sigma Chi.

* * * *

Sig-Ep

Bla, Bla, Sig Ep,
Have you any pull,
Yes, sir, yes, sir,
We wags bull.

* * * *

Gamma Phi

Gamma Phi daze, Gamma Phi daze,
Dear old broken rule days,
'Reeling, and 'rithin', and rhythmic kick;
And tought too spoon by a tricky hick.

* * * *

D. U. and Phi Mu

There was a bold laddie who lived at D. U.
He hadn't any money, children, but he knew what
to do,
Now there's a bold lady who lived next door at
Phi Mu,
She hasn't any children, because she also knew
what to do.



Him: "Have you ever tried the faith cure?
Her: "It's not my faith that's sick!"

Delts

Under a spreading athletic spree
Delta Tau Delta stands,
The Delt a mighty man is he,
With strong and showy demands,
And the miracles of his brainy charm,
Stands out with I's in bands.

* * * *

Phi Gam

Fifteen men on a Phi Gam's quest,
Yo, ho, ho, and a bottle of rum.
Drink and the Theta's have done for the rest,
Yo, ho, ho, and a bottle of rum.

* * * *

Alpha Gam and Phi

Alpha Gamma,
And Alpha Phi,
An anatomy major
Made love to me.

* * * *

Zebe

Little Beau Zebe
Has lost his sleep,
Because he can't tell where to find 'it,'
But leave him alone,
And he'll come home,
Dragging his tale behind him.

* * * *

Beta

Beta, leave them alone,
We suggested in a sinister tone.
Shave and a haircut!
NOT me.

* * * *

A. D. Pi

Little Jack Horner, sat in a corner,
Petting his A. D. Pi,
He stroked her there, right on her hair,
And said, "What a good boy am I!"

* * * *

Kappa

Gear, Boys, Gear!
For Kappa's crew tonight,
There'll be a hot dame,
In the old town tonight!

* * * *

Let's go Pi Phi!

Uncle and niece stood watching the young people dancing about them.

"I'll bet you never saw dancing like that back in the nineties, eh, uncle?"

"Once—but the place was raided."

—Bean Pot

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and
\$7.90

● Newest Fashions of 1932 . . .
gay, bright colors as well as dark.

● Plenty of separate dresses
with jackets!



STYLES and
SIZES for
MISSES and
WOMEN

J. C. Penney Co. Inc.
Columbia, Missouri

PAGES FILCHED FROM A CO-ED'S DIARY

Sunday

A very boring day. Went for a ride this afternoon with Charlie. A good-looking boy and a swell car, but Charlie is well aware of both facts. Had dinner with that cheap skate Bill. He gave me the choice of going to dinner, or to a show. Stomach first, I say. Rest of evening spent in wasting a hot line on the miser. Wished I was with Harry.

* * * *

Monday

Called down twice in class today. Once for sleeping, and once for powdering my nose. Beasts! Outside of class had a fairly good day; two "jellies" and a ride. One sap had the nerve to tell me that I was getting to be a regular booth broad. What the devil? Isn't a co-ed known by her jelly dates? Date with Harry. Got his pin; the end of a perfect social day.

* * * *

Tuesday

My lack of success in "jellying" today makes me wonder if I am losing my power. Oh, well, we all have our off days. The same old grind in school. The big brute I'm sitting next to in History has the most adorable eye-lashes that I have ever seen. Came in from my date tonight exhausted. The gorilla I dated was plenty hard to strong arm. If the Society of Roving Hands is ever organized, he'll be a charter member.

* * * *

Wednesday

A hard day at the office today. Dot and I took in a few. Went to a fraternity house for dinner tonight. The manners of some of those yokels is appalling. Must study for a quizz Friday, but I'm too sleepy. So to bed.

* * * *

Thursday

And the "jellying" goes on. Met an Adonis today. A bit quiet and serious, but he has possibilities. Have a date with Saturday night. Planned to study tonight for an exam tomorrow, but a cut-throating session originated in my room, and I couldn't resist. The blood ran deep. I'll get by tomorrow. The prof is young, and I am young . . . and shapely.

Friday

Another bird has flown the coop. I've broken up with Harry. I went to a dance with him, and he got grueled because he said I sat out three-fourths of the dance with a fellow. The nerve of him. I doubt whether I was off the floor more than half the time. I did get a dance and talk with John, the boy I met yesterday. Possibilities no longer, he's made as far as I'm concerned. Oh, yes, I flunked the exam this morning.

* * * *

Saturday

I'm not in the Royal Mounted, but I'm after my man. I'll have to change my technique, but I am glad because I'm tired of all this shallowness. John showed me up. He's frank and understanding, and he makes a girl take pride in her opinions. She is not to be mauled; he respects her. I view the future with pleasure and anticipation.

The rose-red of a Pi Phi's lips
 And the blue of a Kappa's eyes,
 A golden thread from a Theta's head
 Is indeed a worth while prize.
 The flashing clothes that a Chi O flaunts
 make a world that is truly divine.
 But these things don't mean a thing to me,
 For, dammit all, I'm color blind.

—*Sour Owl.*

ADVICE TO CO-EDS

When sitting on the ragged edge of despair, be non-chalant—buy a new pair.

—*Utah Humbug.*

AIN'T YOU GOT NO MANNERS?

"What's the idea of spitting in the wash bowl?
 What do you think the floor is for?"

Our term for a girl who gets married while attending school is co-wed.

What is it in women that men are so crazy over?
 Nothing, dear readers, nothing.

A bachelor is a man who never has any children to speak of.

—*Bucancer.*

And for this month there's the tall story about the absent-minded professor who slept through his own lecture.

—Red Cat

Frosh: "That chicken that we had at dinner today was an incubator chicken."

Ditto: "How do you know?"

Frosh: "Any chicken that had a mother couldn't get that tough."

—N. Carolina Carolinian

A news reel features "Intimate Glimpses of Gandhi." What glimpses of Gandhi, we ask, wouldn't be intimate?

—Notre Dame Juggler.

Reservations for Freshman

Thaddeus Freshman got off the street car, marched down to the Main Building, stepped inside the offices, and set his grips down. He took one look at the line in front of the registrar's window, then acted. That was Thaddeus all over. Action. "Say," he chirped, shoving through the crowd and sticking his face into the window, "send somebody up with my bags, willya? I wired for reservations."

—Notre Dame Juggler.

A small town editor and a small town doctor became embroiled in an argument.

"Shut up," screamed the angry editor. "Editors are born, not made; any half-wit can go to school two or three years, buy a saw, hatchet, chisel, hang out a sign and call himself a doctor. But that ain't all.

"When an editor makes a mistake, he must apologize for it in the next issue of his publication. When a doctor makes a mistake he simply buries it.

"If the editor calls on another man's wife he will get a dose of buck-shot if he is caught, but when a doctor calls on another man's wife, he charges the husband three dollars for the visit."

—Puppet.

Carveth Wells, a well-known wild animal hunter and explorer, goes Ripley one better by telling about a bird in Africa that lays square eggs and says, "Ouch!"

—Pathfinder.

"Had a rather bad time last night at the Drake's dinner. I told Mrs. Gray how well she looked in a bustle."

"What's wrong with that?"

"She wasn't wearing a bustle." —Jack-O-Lantern



SMOOTH or SHAGGY?



WHICH shall it be? The good old grads are attacking the Eastern colleges and calling names. It all came about because their football teams didn't win. If you want to know why, read HENRY MOTON ROBINSON'S defense of the effete Princetonian in the March COLLEGE HUMOR.

Darrell Ware again writes a smooth story about LITTLE BLACK CLOUD; and the smoothest novelist of them all, DONALD HENDERSON CLARKE, has turned out a serial especially for us concerning "Baby Face," gangster's son and college man.

Other smooth stories complete an issue that is a tribute to the campus.

College Humor
MAGAZINE



“AND THERE I STOOD, DICK, IN MY CHEMISE”

—Utah Humbug.

BEAUTIFUL STRANGER

She is new to this campus, unspoiled by the thousand and one petty intrigues that lurk on the grounds of our old Alma Mater. She has a divine figure; twinkling toes, aesthetic ankles, lovely legs, _____, slender-waisted, and beautifully bosomed. Her facial features are the meeting place of a happy harmony of tilted nose, sweet rosebud mouth, and deep, sad eyes. Her skin has the dazzling whiteness and texture of purest marble. She is so gorgeous and lovely, and I know it won't be long before Springtime will be here and love-sick college lads will be placing their adoring loves at her feet. She is as clever as any co-ed you will find, but no sorority will ever be able to pledge her to their ranks, for she is the new statue of Diana, that stands atop that grassy knoll in a secluded beauty spot near the campus.

THE CO-ED

You've heard of Betty Co-Ed
 And Joe College, too.
 This is for Betty—
 For Joe will do:
 She has lips of crimson
 And hair so blonde and fair.
 Though she has no mon,
 She surely gets there.
 Her neck is long and slender,
 Her eyes a rolling kind,
 Her skin is very tender,
 Her nose does never shine.

—Mabel Hendrick



Bowser: “What is your opinion on capital punishment?”

Towser: “Well, I think I'd rather be electrocuted.”



LADEEZ AND GENTS!!

“LADIES and GENTS!” bellows the Circus Barker, “STEP RIGHT UP . . . for the BIGGEST and BEST attract-shun . . . SEE MADAME FIFI, the ONE and ONLY one . . . she eats, sleeps, and lives JUST LIKE A HUMAN BEING . . . BUT HOW DOES SHE DO IT?? And HOBBA HOBBA, the FI-AH eatah . . . he eats FI-AH! Bla, Bla, Bla, and Bla!”

So goes the spiel of the circus barker . . . we too have our spiel for next month **THE SHOWME** presents **THE CIRCUS NUMBER** . . . STEP RIGHT UP and get your copy . . . FOR THE BIGGEST AND BEST ATTRACTION of the month . . . SEE the FRATERNITY and SORORITY SIDE SHOW . . . LOOK FOR THE SHOWME'S SELECTIONS of the CAMPUS FREAKS . . . (good enough to be in any one's CIRCUS) . . . SEE THE REST FOR YOURSELF!

CIRCUS
NUMBER
●
MARCH 10



"Cream of
the Crop"



Copr., 1932. The American Tobacco Co.

"The extra protection to my throat"

MIND IF I COLLYER "JUNE"? June gave Park Avenue something to boast about . . . she's one of New York's "400." When June middle-aisled it, dozens of eligible bachelors went back into circulation. Did you see her in WARNER'S "ALEXANDER HAMILTON"? For 4 years she has smoked LUCKIES. That nice statement of hers was not given for money. "Thanks, June Collyer."

"It's the extra things I get from Luckies that make me so enthusiastic. The extra protection to my throat, the extra fine flavor of Lucky Strike's choice tobaccos. And the extra convenience of the little tab which opens the Lucky Cellophane wrapper so easily."

June Collyer

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough
And Moisture-Proof Cellophane Keeps that "Toasted" Flavor Ever Fresh