

MUSOUPI Ahowme

EXCHANGE
NUMBER

15c
JUNE, 1932

THE IDENTITY OF THE OBSERVANT MULE
REVEALED IN THIS ISSUE

THE LOG PHOENIX GEORGIA TECH. THE SATYR LEHIGH BURG NOTRE DAME OWL PITTSBURGH THE LOG
THE TROJAN DENISON DODO PENNSYLVANIA KITTY O'CONNOR ALABAMA CAJOLER GREEN JUGGLER DODO THE CAJ
GREEN FLAMINGO CLOVER GOAT GREEN GATOR KANSAS SOUL OWL PRINCETON DREXEL
COLUMBIA BURRLEIGH PUPPET BOYD BOMBO OKLAHOMA GATOR IOWA STANFORD EXETER THE PELL
CALIFORNIA CAJOLER PENNSYLVANIA KITTY O'CONNOR BOYD BOMBO OKLAHOMA GATOR IOWA STANFORD EXETER THE PELL
BOREMA WALK TEXAS TECH. YEAN PUNY PUNCH BOYD BOMBO OKLAHOMA GATOR IOWA STANFORD EXETER THE PELL
INDIA RESONA ALEMANIA VALE RECRASIA ANGWAN MUGWEE WUMP MINNESOTA SIREN
TEXAS SORRED RED BURR NEORD GABOON BORED WALK IOWA FRIVOL MAJORITY
COLUMBIA FLAMINGO CAT MOJORD CALIFORNIA BORED WALK DESERT AVERNAN NEW YORK CASER
THE Y. MERCURY WABASH GABOND MOUNTAIN GOAT W. U. DIRGE WABASH PELGE PRINCETON MERCURY
DREXEL DREXEL IOWA FRIVOL THE GAROLINIAN WASHINGTON U. MINNESOTA ORANGE PEE
THE CAJONS PERD YALE RECORD SOUR OWL W. U. DIRGE WABASH PELGE MICHIGAN TIGER
ALABAMA WALK THE SNIPER THE GAROLINIAN WASHINGTON U. MINNESOTA ORANGE PEE
CORNELL RAMMER THE SNIPER THE GAROLINIAN WASHINGTON U. MINNESOTA ORANGE PEE
BORELL WIDOW JAMMER THE SNIPER THE GAROLINIAN WASHINGTON U. MINNESOTA ORANGE PEE
WESTERN JACKET WOTRE CAVEMAN THE SNIPER THE GAROLINIAN WASHINGTON U. MINNESOTA ORANGE PEE
WYOMING BOT WOTRE CAVEMAN THE SNIPER THE GAROLINIAN WASHINGTON U. MINNESOTA ORANGE PEE
INDIANA RANGER WOTRE CAVEMAN THE SNIPER THE GAROLINIAN WASHINGTON U. MINNESOTA ORANGE PEE
OKLAHOMA WHIRLWIND THE SNIPER THE GAROLINIAN WASHINGTON U. MINNESOTA ORANGE PEE
THE DNS LOWA FRIVOL THE SNIPER THE GAROLINIAN WASHINGTON U. MINNESOTA ORANGE PEE
RELUCE MERCURY PHOENIX PRINCETON TIGER THE OLD MAID PENNSYLVANIA PUNCH JAMMER
N. MWL PHOENIX THE SNIPER THE GAROLINIAN WASHINGTON U. MINNESOTA ORANGE PEE
GEORGIA TEID GRINNELE STANME GREEN DOO OCTOPUS PENNSYLVANIA PUNCH JAMMER
HARVARD MCH GRINNELE STANME GREEN DOO OCTOPUS PENNSYLVANIA PUNCH JAMMER
THE DORR RAMMER JAMMER THE SNIPER THE GAROLINIAN WASHINGTON U. MINNESOTA ORANGE PEE
THE DAMMA LAMPOON BLUE JACKET THE VOG GANDER BOSTON SHADOWS PENNSYLVANIA PUNCH JAMMER
ALABAMA MOUTH LACK-O-LAMMINE SORD CHAPPARRAL SHADOWS PENNSYLVANIA PUNCH JAMMER
BLUE JACKET YERNEAL MINNESOTA CHAPPARRAL SHADOWS PENNSYLVANIA PUNCH JAMMER
COLUMBIA CRAB THE BROWN POT MASHADO BOSTON SHADOWS PENNSYLVANIA PUNCH JAMMER
ALPPE TROJAN WHIRLWIND THE BROWN POT MASHADO BOSTON SHADOWS PENNSYLVANIA PUNCH JAMMER
ALABAMA GE WHIRLWIND THE BROWN POT MASHADO BOSTON SHADOWS PENNSYLVANIA PUNCH JAMMER
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MISSOURI SHOWME

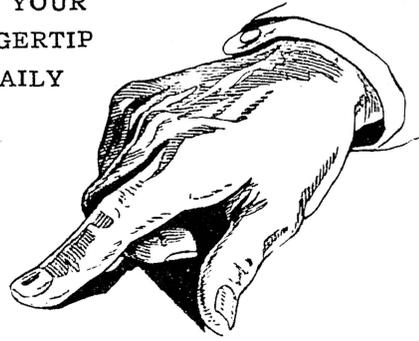
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Sweet Young Thing: For goodness sakes, use two hands.

He: Can't, gotta drive with one..

—*N. Carolina Wataugan*



"What did you operate on this guy for?"

"\$800."

"No, I mean what did he have?"

"\$800."

—*Chanticleer*



Sign seen recently in maternity ward of hospital:

NO CHILDREN ALLOWED

—*Montana Beaut*



Her patience had been sorely tried and so she took the only course which might save the evening from being a total loss. She kissed him full on the lips.

"Oh! You scared me!" he stuttered.

"Now you scare me."

"Booh!!"

—*Ohio State Sun Dial*



The husband who knows where his wife keeps her nickels has nothing on the husband who knows where the maid's quarters are.

—*Green Goat*



Professor: Can you give me an example of a commercial appliance used in ancient times?"

Student: "Yes, sir, the loose leaf system used in the Garden of Eden."

—*Nebraska Awegwan*



"Young man, you will find that my daughter has lots of horse sense."

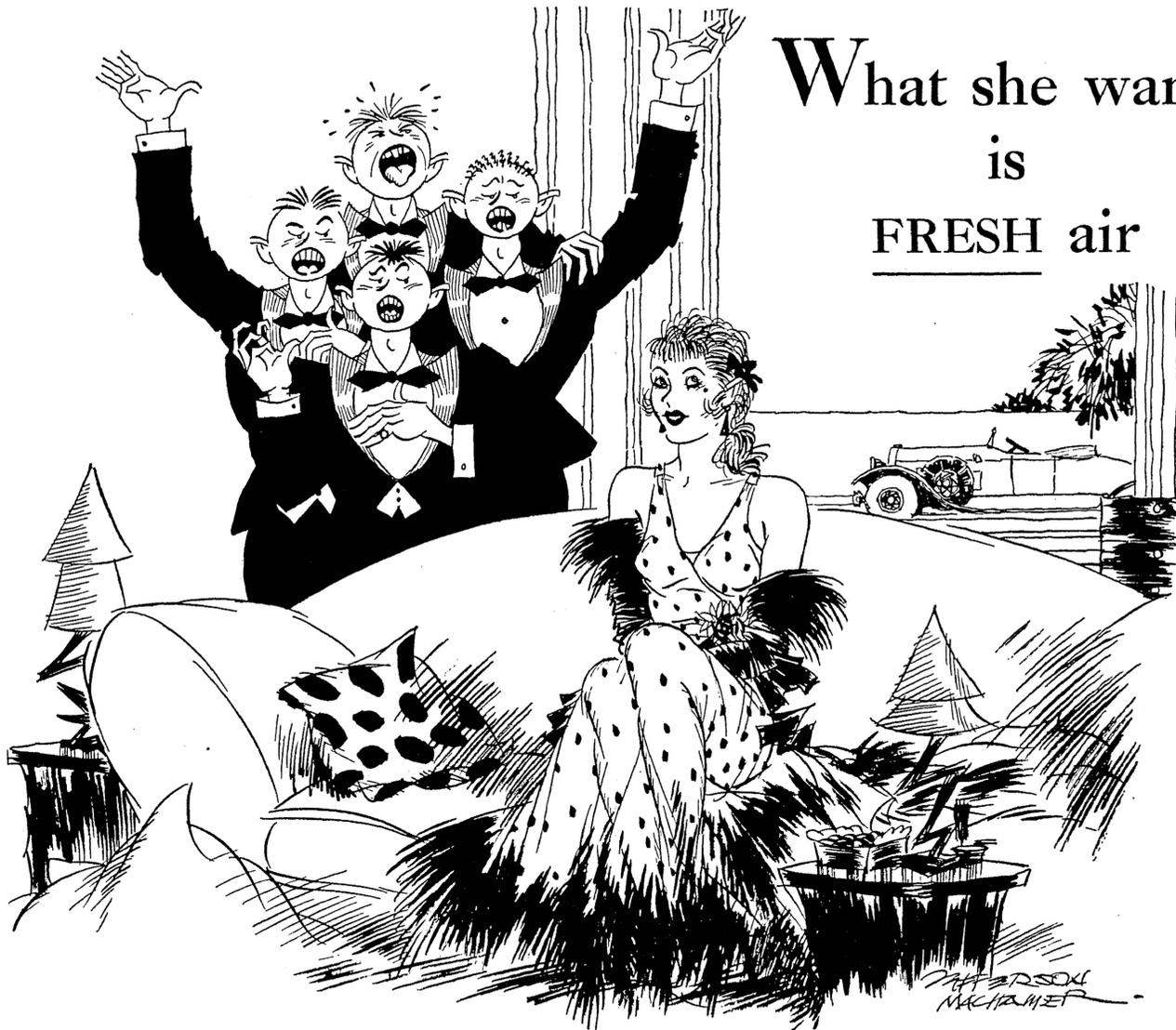
"Yes, sir; she certainly nays often enough."

—*Penn Punch Bowl*



A lot of fellows are caught in the act who are not vaudeville performers.

—*Utah Humbug*



What she wants
is
FRESH air

YOU resort Romeos who are relying on vocal efforts to win your summer conquests, take heed of this advance tip. The leaping larynx has lost its allure. Singing alone, or in groups (*especially* in groups), is definitely outmoded. You may get *some* attention, but there'll be a wistful, far-away look in her eyes—a vision of white, moonlit roads and other appurtenances of real romance.

So what? So include a Chevrolet Six in your equipment, of course. It has those long sleek lines that act like a flame to a moth. It has the speed, power, and riding ease to negotiate even rural roads without trying your soul, or anything else. Syncro-Mesh gear-shifting combined with Free Wheeling will relieve you of most of the responsibilities of driving. And best of all, first-cost and running costs will make only a minute dent in your summer finances.

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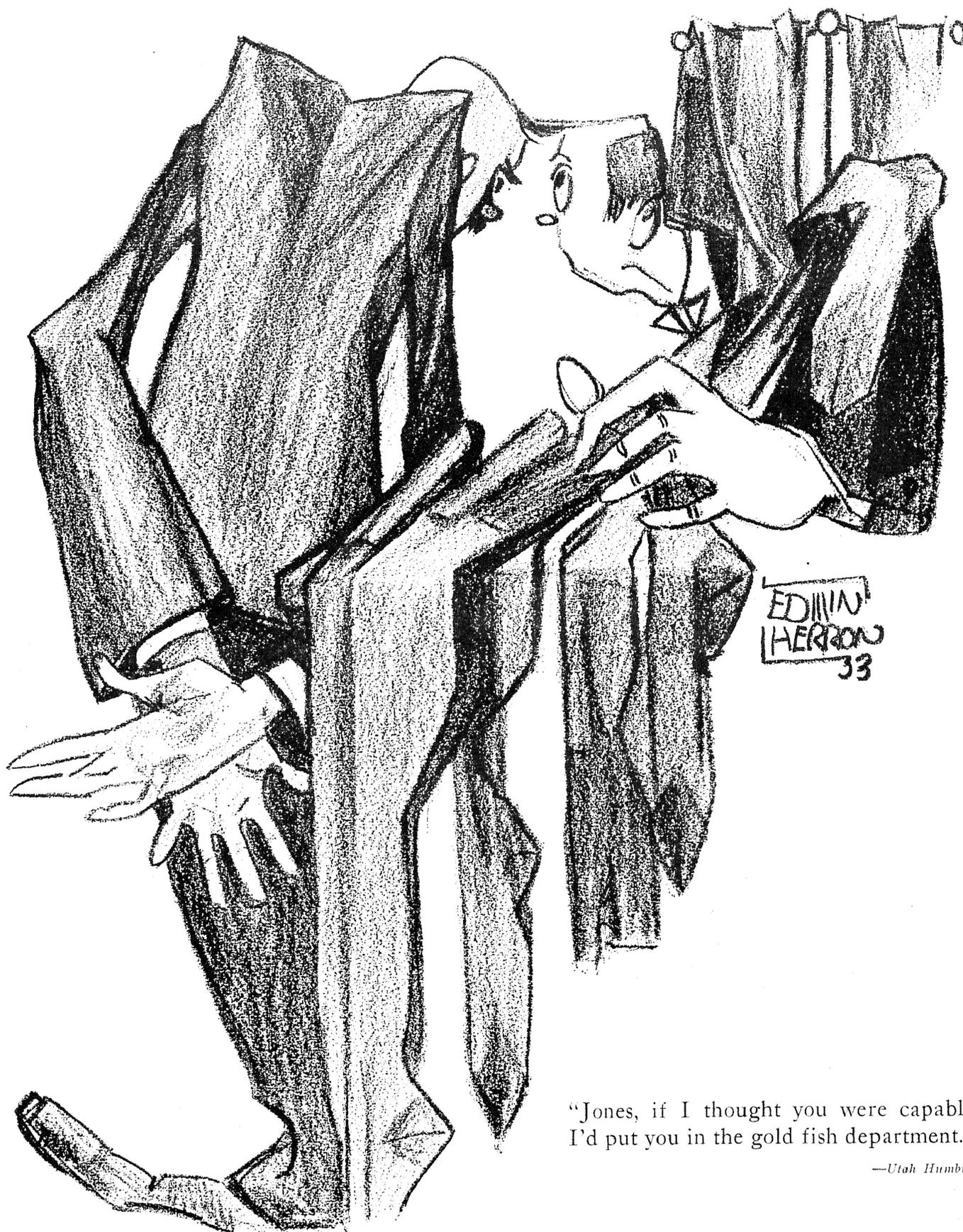
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—Utah Humbug

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the Cigarette that TASTES BETTER



MISSOURI Showme



“NONSENSE, SENSE, AND CONSEQUENCE”

VOL. III

MAY 23, 1932

No. 10

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IN RETROSPECT

LOOKING BACK over the year we have many apologies to make. To some of you we wish to state that we are sorry if we have punctured your ego, trod on your toes, or exposed your biggest weakness. To those of you who haven't rated we must add that often your antics have been censored. Still others among you were too cozy and we couldn't find out about you. Then too, there are those we ignored on purpose. We haven't meant to do any real harm to anyone; just good, clean, wholesome fun and a few birds for some of those who deserved them. We could have done worse in some cases had not either our conscience or censor held us back.

THIS ISSUE has been put out entirely by the staff for next year and with them goes the hope of this year's group. May their success be great. "Zeke" McIntyre will continue to pinch pennies for the Showme as Business Manager. On the Editorial staff are Ben Stone as Editor, aided by Sid Shapiro, John Ardinger, and Bob Stennis. Advertising will be handled by Bob Race next year and Andrew Young with his staff of coeds will tend to the circulation. We hope in the future that the new staff will carry on and please you. With this, our last issue of the year, we leave you till next fall.



A DIEU! ADIOS! AUFWIEDERSEHEN! . . . the three "A's" for you and so we go to press for our last revealing number. Three months of vacation (thank gawd) and peace . . . because we do get circles under our eyes from looking through key holes and crawling under davenport, or scaling fire-escapes . . . but we keep right on Winchelling along. If you hear anything good for the September Number we'll be seeing you, or better still, just drop us a line. We hope our revealing hasn't hurt your reputation (why worry . . . we never sent copies to your folks) but then there is the SAVITAR MUD SECTION to consider. No, JANE LILLIS isn't buying this year's edition . . . she had a helluva time explaining last year's cracks to the folks . . . BUD POLLITT is still a little worried too.

MAY is a rather nice month after all and it does have lots of things for us to do. JOURNALISM WEEK with its visitors and three hours a day . . . unless you had a friend at the door. FARMERS FAIR and its carnival spirit. HIGH SCHOOL WEEK and its three hellish days . . . TIPPY SMITH pulling her hair on the KAPPA front porch . . . sorry, but that rushee was at the PHI GAM house for dinner.

TOMMY FRANCIS we hear was certainly in a hot argument recently . . . the PI PHI domination, but the way he hung up on the phone was rather abrupt . . . VINCENT just sat there with her teeth in her mouth . . . what else could she do?

Ask the SIGMA CHI freshmen about an island in the Hinkson . . . "Water, water everywhere —." JULIA CALLAWAY says she's going to stay after school and cut grass to pay off her fines . . . a salty steak just does call for a tin of beer. The PI PHI'S have their urns back in place . . . now they're looking for flowers . . . here's your chance you pansies!

WHO took JANE MILLER'S pants in the recent robbery at the TRI DELT house . . . we hope they fit. And who were the two maidens from that house of VESTAL VIRGINS that threw gin bottles at the tombstones in a local cemetery? FLO McADOW says that she is the great, great so and so's of Daniel Boone's . . . fear not, SANDBORN, a shot gun is part of that family tree. BOOKOUT aren't these trips to St. Louis getting a little too numerous . . . please use discretion after this when registering at the Jefferson or where ever it might be.

The "Pin Mart" is really going to town . . . KELLOGG is looking blissful and PROCTOR is doing her best . . . KERMOT not only takes a crown but a SIGMA NU pin. Pledge SIGMA NU and let your pins go to hell . . . what's

the matter boys? Don't you want your mothers and fathers to see those pins? There certainly aren't many left with 12 pins out . . . Safety—don't make your grades and keep your pledge buttons. Why is FRANK FAXON rushing KAPPA this year . . . well, you can't blame him . . . everybody sooner or later realizes the best.

810 Richmond comes through again . . . PEN McLAIN had all her cousins down at one time and if you don't believe that ladies swear . . . whew! . . . we refer you to MARY LIZ for further information. MERREL'S secret passion is a Duesenberg . . . she'll show 'em that a Cord can't down her . . . meanwhile a Buick, or a new tan De Soto serves the purpose. Just a little gal with decorative ideas for the GAMMA PHI street front. ELEANOR GOODSON comes nonchalantly in with two blankets under her arm . . . we wonder if she mumbled prayers on the sleeping porch that night.

WONDER what BECKER, STEARITT, FARRINGTON, and GIBSON held conference for lately . . . GAIL seemed to be the center of interest . . . the honor of both chapters being at stake. JOHNSON, you big bully, trying to scare our girls like that. Is the PHI DELTA PHI house really a whisper-joint? MARY E. how is your "fountain of youth" holding out?

Rushees may come and go . . . but they always seek our points of interest:

1. Professor Wrench.
2. The Columns.
3. Professor Dover.
4. Black and Gold Inn.
5. Mary Butterfield.
6. Savitar Queens.
7. The Stadium.
8. Tri Delt House.
9. Davis Tea Room.
10. Rock Quarry.

The THETAS had their formal . . . Country Club . . . puzzle: where were the Thetas? . . . out flying Kites? RUTH PINKHAM bids her boy-friend good-night on the Tavern elevator . . . sorry, but we didn't stay. Ask "Axle" FRUIT about the girls in Rockford . . . the successful politician manager's late date between the columns . . . and he thought no one knew about it. Why were the lights put around the outside sprinkler of the engineer's school . . . you guess.

Home town papers sure write up the local girls when they are elected queen at the state university . . . reference, the CLINTON EYE. The PI PHI party was a success with only 39 SIGMA CHI'S on the stag list . . .

about the pictures taken of their Sun Bathers on the roof. Senator BREET we hear is an all star Ball Team . . . plays every position at once. For that Dime-a-Dance-Girl we nominate BETTY HERD at Orschlen Heights . . . SHAW just whistled and walked off with both hands in his pockets. Are the SIG ALPHS really trying to drown each other . . . ask BERT ROUCHE for further information.

And so even we have to study for finals . . . can't get the questions this year . . . we hope you have a swell summer and get abroad . . . do you take trips? Nevertheless, if you can't remember what has happened during the semesters just write us, or take home a Savitar, they're off the press now and the Mud Section is gory . . . wish we could keep right on Winchelling along, but we've got to hurry . . . before we leave, however, we'd like to ask why BILL HARRISON is so unpopular with his fraternity brothers . . . he'd like to be a real bad man with the women and can't . . . wotta shame! Ask BETTY KNIGHT about the red ants . . . has she still got them?

Now that it comes time to expose the OBSERVANT MULE we're going to do a bit better than O. P. . . we won't name all the staff and a thousand others . . . the OBSERVANT MULE, too, is a composite. The chief is

MISS MAXINE HOPE

of the Alpha Gamma Deltas, aided by SID SHAPIRO, JACK HACKETHORN, and BEN STONE. Your friends have given us many tips . . . and we thank them. And so off we go till next year, to lead a pure and simple life and vacation free from gossip and chatter.

—THE OBSERVANT MULE.

EXCHANGE SHOW

Observant Mule Goes Wandering In Neighbors Pastures

They say she was truly embarrassed, this little Miss Josephine Hellings, at the Sig Alph party. But it really was the housemother's place to be sorry we thought. In attempting to raise their social standing the Sig Alphs had employed the services of a maid for their party, and had stationed her in the dressing room.

In walked Josephine, right up to the maid, and said, "I'm Josephine Hellings." Well, nothing happened, so she tried it again. Still no response. The maid looked at her, as if to say, "What the hell if you are!"

—Hill Halftones, Kansas Sour Owl.

* * * *

As the old saying goes there are more ways to kill cats than by choking them with butter, and the Alpha Chi Omega's seemed to have learned that. It is reported that there was one lone gal left in the house after their recent formal. The rest of the family was spending the night with relatives.

—Kat-Krax, Arizona Kitty Kat.

* * * *

Tubby Steuernagel has gone Kappa.

Kay Palandek, Chi Omega, is one of the most spectacular beauties on the campus.

The Sig Alph's and the A. E. Phi's have more damn fun with their window shades.

—Broad Walk, Illinois Siren.

Wonder if Gene L. Portteus, Kappa, has finally given up the Beta pin as a hopeless conquest.

—Borings, Indiana Bored Walk.

* * * *

Thus, not long ago when we walked in late to dinner at the Pi Kay A basement one night, the fetid aroma of stale cigar smoke nauseated us. We knew one of the boys must have put out a pin. You can always smell those pins for a week afterwards in the house. Sure enough, Oz had done just that roping in "Larry" Judd, who is still in school across at the A. D. Pi house.

—Hill Halftones, Kansas Sour Owl.

* * * *

All is not well on Sorority Row. Mrs. Budd has declared an ultimatum to the effect that Betas are persona non grata at the Chi O house, (at least we heard); they keep much much too late hours. Also it strikes us pretty funny when we hear about the blistered lad at the last Chi O party who heated up the iron over the lighted candles and tried to iron out the wrinkles in the stuccoed walls.

—Greek Garble, Utah Humbug.

* * * *

Mary at last got Beck's pin unclasped. These Phi Psi's hold out a long time it seems.

We hear that the D. U.'s have at last found two fancy dates.

—Borings, Indiana Bored Walk.

* * * *

Did you know that Bill Singer, who's been hanging around the A D Pi house since class election, fell asleep on his date—Jo Smith—while sitting in the "petite salon," the pride of the house? And then Jo hauled in the whole house to see how Bill looks when asleep.

And how does this suit you for the perfect address from one of the local hotel registers—Mr. W. E. R. Notman and wife, Norfrum, Iowa.

—Broad Walk, Illinois Siren.

* * * *

A Delta Gam on a train was trying to ignore the advances of a hick across the aisle by reading a newspaper. He got up, came over to her and looking at her pin said, "I had a brother in the navy once, too."

—Oklahoma Whirlwind.

* * * *

Did you know that Herm Troch, Pi K A, receives letters on infant feeding and the care of children, not to mention maternity bulletins—all under the name of Miss Hermina Troch?

—Broad Walk, Illinois Siren.

* * * *

Major-General Smedley D. Butler, the militant marine who lectured here recently caused a ripple of comment due to the outcome of a meal which he had at the Sigma Chi boarding house.

Mrs. Stover, the housemother, played an important role in the comedy. That kind soul, unfamiliar with army terms, was really responsible. Butler was apparently enjoying his free meal with college youth. He expressed himself to that extent when he remarked to Mrs. Stover: "Mrs. Stover, do you run this mess?"

The housemother sat up straight and prim in her chair, and stabbed back. "Mr. Butler, I'll have you know this is the finest bunch of boys you'll ever meet!"

—Hill Halftones, Kansas Sour Owl.

According to the **Gamma Phis**, Stella Grant has composed a new after date song, "What Did I Do To Be So Black and Blue?"

—*Oklahoma Whirlwind.*

* * * *

The **Phi Gam** terrace is going to furnish keen competition with the **S. A. E.** fireplace.

Tex Guinan is a **Phi Mu** from Virginia, yes, a real collitch woman.

—*Borings, Indiana Bored Walk.*

* * * *

What is the **Z. T. A.** jungle? It is a place where men are men and girls are wild?

—*Campus Chatter, South Carolinian.*

* * * *

Anything with pants on can date at the **Pi Phi** house.

A bonny wee bit south is yonder **Tri-Delt** house . . . the home of big women, lousy steps, fat ankles, and fast horses.

—*Cyclone Chatter, Iowa State Green Gander.*

* * * *

Why is the **K. A.** basement so popular?

It might be a good idea for the **Betas** to get Truman Tomlin to explain just what was going on in the **Beta** barn back-yard the other night.—A perfectly nice little party just among us fellows—and a **Chi Omega's** wardrobe.

Other sororities may have their troubles, but the **Alpha Gams** have Kay Putnam and Gwen Wilson crooning at 6:30 A. M.

Hints to the **Sigma Nu** pledges: They are for sale at the Co-ed Shop for \$1.25 (with two pair of panties).

Two ways to enter the Kappa house. 1. Social ladder. 2. Ordinary ladder.

—*Oklahoma Whirlwind.*

•

Clerk: "What's the matter, sonny?"

Billie Becker: "Please, sir, have you seen a lady without a little boy who looks like me?"

—*N. Y. U. Medley*

"Geraldine, where is your doll?"

"Aw, Bill has the doll and I'm awarded five lollypops a week alimony."
—*Penn Punch Bowl*

She was only a preacher's daughter, but I couldn't put anything pastor.

—*Grimmel Malteaser*

A fond mother, whose daughter had not come home at the usual times, grew worried at her absence, so she telegraphed five of her daughter's best friends, asking where Mary was. Shortly after her daughter's return, the answers to her telegrams arrived. Each one read, "Don't worry, Mary is staying with me tonight."

—*Harvard Lampoon*

Bob met a wonderful girl in Iowa last summer and had such a good time that as soon as he graduates this spring he's going to get a job in Peru.

—*Stevens Stone Mill*

"Mary has a wonderful husband."

"Yes, howzat?"

"Why he helps her do all the work. Monday he washed the dishes with her. Tuesday he dusted with her, and tomorrow he's going to mop the floor with her."

—*N. Carolina Wataugan*

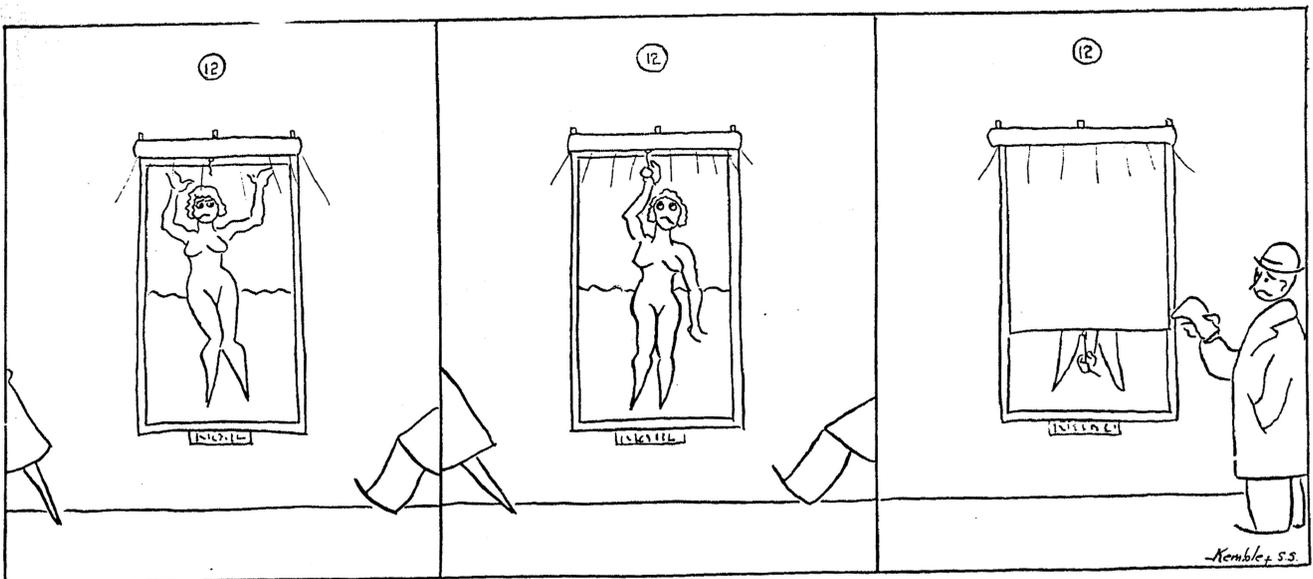
Delta Kappa: "I had a little Hindu out last night."

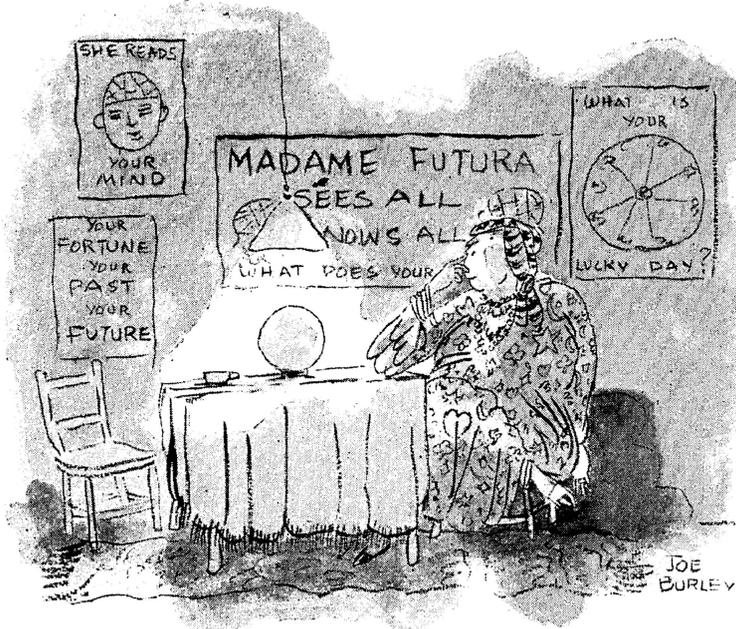
Ex-Psi Chi: "Did she give India?"

—*Cornell Widow*

Pony Boy Eichman: They laughed when I pour out the drinks, but when they drank them, they died laughing.

—*Hamilton Royal Gaboon*





Now I Wonder Where the Hell Harry Is?
—Wabash Caveman

Salome, the first woman to discover the relation between gauze and effect.

—Blue Ribbon

Jim Johnson: "Fer two cents I'd kiss you."
N. E. Kappa: "Gigolo—"

—C. C. N. Y. Mercury

Farmer: "Woman's greatest attraction is her hair."
Cosmas: "I say it's her eyes."
Elliot: "It is unquestionably her teeth."

Hilsabeck: "What's the use of us sitting here lying to each other?"

—Carnegie Tech Puppet

"I know," said the violet, "the stalk brought me."
—Illinois Siren

Mrs. Anderson of Hendrix Hall: "What's the idea of bringing one of my girls home at eight-thirty in the morning?"

Dick Whitehead: "Well, you see, mam, I had a class at nine."

—Boston Beanpot

They were watching the colored lights illuminate Niagara Falls. The bride bestowed a tender kiss on the lobe of her spouse's left ear, then whispered shyly, "Did all your friends at the stag supper congratulate you?"

"Some," he frankly admitted, "but eight of them thanked me."

—Clarkson Green Griffin

Friend: "Where ya goin'?"
Wrestler: "Oh, I'm going to throw a party tonight."

—Northwestern Purple Parrot

"Oh, I'm just a loose woman," piped up the scared little rushee when interrogated why she was sitting all by her lonesome in the corner during the party.

—Montana Beaut.

"Was that Virginia Davis I saw you with last night?"

"Nope. It must have been two other people."

—Good Times

How about a little kiss, girlie?"

"No, I have scruples."

"Well, that's all right, I've been vaccinated."

—Brown Jug

Femme: "Jack and I went hunting today."

Another: "Get anything?"

Former: "Let's change the subject."

—Exchange

The sign in the library which says only low talk permitted, doesn't mean you can tell dirty stories.

—Utah Humbug

"Got a cigarette?"

"Naw, I'm all fagged out."

—Depauw Yellow Crab

Faculty Adviser: "Well, young men, which do you prefer, Psychology, Philosophy, Problems of Democracy, Economics, Survey, History, Ethics, Religion, or Geology?"

Bill Nixon, Chick Hader, and Clair Houston: "We're football players."

Fac. Ad.: "Oh, pardon me, sirs, I didn't know that you were university employees."

—Pitt Panther

"Where is the best place to hold the world's fair, Percival?"

"Just above the waist, Archibald."

—Brown Jug

Bill Hunt: "Have you seen the new spring dresses?"

Hope: "No, what are the girls showing this season?"

—Arizona Kitty-Kat.

FRANK CARIDEO and CO.

Experts in the Ups and Downs of Footballdom

SEATED in a corner of the hotel lobby, smoking and reading, we found Frank Carideo and his pretty blonde wife, who is the other half of the firm of Carideo and Company, expert in matters pertaining to football. A small, well-built man who at first appears very unassuming, even almost shy at a glance. A quiet, soft spoken man whom one would hardly think was an ALL AMERICAN for two seasons. Very friendly, he gradually warms up to the inevitable topic of football. When he begins to talk "shop," as it might be called, his shyness disappears and one can see the reasons for the success he has had as a player and an indication of his future successes as a mentor. His conversation about football is so well spoken that his listeners become all absorbed and the time flies all too fast. Soon he is off to Rothwell to begin his work.

In our talk with the newly appointed coach we felt that Missouri had done well to get him for the coming year. One can't talk with him more than a minute without feeling the same enthusiasm that he feels. The future of Missouri, as to football, is bright provided we will work with him. A coach, alone, can't make a football team. He needs good backing from the faculty, the student body, and the alumni. We've got to be behind him from the first game on through the season. There can be no such spirit as has been in the past; Carideo made no comments upon the past. He looks to the future and hopes that he will get the best possible support from the student body as a whole. Support, spirit, and backing which the student can give the team and the new mentor are their contributions which they can make to help the athletic situation next fall. In the past few years the spirit at Missouri has been poor. With the prospects of a better season next fall they should be much improved. One of the biggest things Coach Carideo hopes this University will do for him is to give him a chance to show his wares. He doesn't tell you so, but one feels that he'll come through with the goods.

Fresh from the field himself and tutored in the game by its late master, his fresh and well

founded knowledge of all the angles of the game go to make Frank Carideo a valuable addition to the Athletic Department of the University. One can't feel his dynamic personality without realizing that here is a man whose knowledge isn't limited to his game. His scholastic record at Notre Dame was enviable and his honors weren't limited to football. He commands respect and those who meet him realize that he is as diversified in his interests and knowledge as he was brilliant on the gridiron



Frank Carideo

a few seasons back. One can't expect, with so short a time, that miracles will be performed between now and the first game next fall. But one feels that the foundations of the system to be used in the future will be well drilled into the squads of future years. During the short period in which he has to attempt to create a team, Coach Carideo intends to teach his players a few principles of his system. Next fall these fundamentals will be enlarged upon, and the resulting team will depend upon its spirit of cooperation and the support which it will receive from those in the stands. Carideo said that with the system that he will teach there will, no doubt, be some men who will fit in who haven't been on the field in past seasons and also there may be a few who won't fit. He feels that the team will develop and that the sup-

port of the student body should develop as well.

When asked what he thought of the system of student hashing used other places, Carideo expressed his ideas that this had worked well elsewhere and should here at Missouri, too.

At Purdue, Michigan, and other Universities there is a tradition that all waiters are athletes. This could be put into effect here at Missouri with the backing of students in their boarding houses, fraternity and sorority houses, and in the local jelly joints and cafes. Undoubtedly this would be a great help to worthy students in getting a college education. This system allows athletes to work their way through a university without too much strain on their scholastic standing due to long hours of working. Due to this aid many good athletes would be able to attend Missouri who otherwise would go to smaller colleges near-

by. There could be under such a system no charge of subsidising of athletes. They would merely be working for their meals and perhaps their rooms too. Such a system would undoubtedly help matters here at Missouri, and our new Coach would be one of its most ardent supporters.

Carideo has an enthusiasm for the coming fall's prospect which should be instilled in every Missouri supporter. He doesn't promise anything at all, for he fully realizes the very difficult job that he has before him. He makes no guesses as to what will happen in the future. However anyone who talks with him will have the feeling that he will not only be doing his best for the university but that he is building up something which in seasons to come will show its merit more as time goes on. He will be building up tradition of smooth working teams; and we should build along with him, the tradition of supporting our teams whether they win every game or not. A good team is not always unbeaten; whatever one is Frank Carideo will, in as short a time as possible, build one. He leaves one with the feeling that he will do the job and do it well. To our newly acquired mentor we take off our hats and wish him the best success possible. Welcome, Mr. Carideo.



Traveling Salesman: "My, how familiar this town seems to be."

—Western Reserve Red Cat

A man advertising for a lost wife gave this description: "Blonde, pretty, age 19, tattooed above both knees. But don't let this get you into trouble by asking pretty blondes how old they are."

—Harvard Lampoon

Quoting **Jim Wilson**: "Stolen kisses may be best, but I like a little whole-hearted cooperation."

—Dartmouth Jack-O-Lantern

"Hey, you can't dance that way in here."

"But this is interpretive dancing."

"Then I'm interpreting it in the wrong way."

—Wisconsin Octopus

Ted Wallower: "Can I take you home?"

Alpha Chi O: "Sure, where do you live?"

—U. S. C. Wampus

POST MORTEMES

Professor: "If molecules can be split into atoms, and atoms broken up into electrons, can electrons be split up further?"

Stude: "Well, Professor, they might try mailing them to somebody in a package marked "Fragile."

—Indiana Bored Walk

A knock on the door of the Phi Sig house at 2:30 A. M.

"Does **Stoogie Smith** live here?"

"Yeah, drag him in."

—Good Times

Burglar: "Don't be scared, lady, all I want is your money."

Helen Bronkhorst, ZTA: "Oh, go away. You are just like all other men."

—Rice Owl

Her: "I think dancing makes a girl's feet too big."

Him: "Yeah!"

(Pause)

Her: "I think swimming gives a girl awfully large shoulders, don't you?"

Him: "Yeah!"

(Pause)

Him: "You must ride quite a lot, too."

—West Point Pointer

THE EVOLUTION OF A PROPOSITION

Frosh: "Let's go to a show?"

"Soph.: "How would you like to take in a couple of house dances?"

Junior: "Come on over to the house."

Senior: "I've got an apartment—"

—Indiana Siren

And then there's the boy from Patagonia who made good at the University. On a visit home he proudly displayed his new **Kappa Sig** pin to his discarded sweetie (**Pi Phi**, '17).

And that worthy one said, "Oh, isn't that cute! I got one of those in a Cracker-Jack box one time."

—*Arizona Kitty-Kat*

Old Lady (in bookstore): "What's that large book over there?"

Clerk: "That madam, is "Songs the Fraternities Sing."

Old Lady: "And what's that little book right beside it?"

Clerk: "That's the expurgated edition."

—*Northwestern Purple Parrot*

Editor: "Did you cut down the farm story to a thousand words?"

Reporter: "Yes, even the cows give condensed milk in it."

—*U. S. C. Wampus*

SONG WITHOUT WORDS

(of any importance)

Spare, oh, spare, my baby's chair!
You may sell old grandpa's fiddle.
But spare, oh, spare, my baby's chair,
The one with the hole in the middle.

—*Arizona Kitty-Kat*

"Operator, give me double two, double two."

"2222?"

"Never mind, I'll play train with you later on."

—*Alabama Rammer-Jammer*

O. P.: "There are lots of couples that don't pet in parked cars."

Observant Mule: "Yeah, the woods are full of them."

—*Utah Humbug*

WHAT'S THE USE

"Watcha studyin'?"

"Sociology."

"Hard?"

"N'vry."

"How many cuts y'lowed?"

"Never call za roll."

"Lotsa prelim?"

"Never gives any."

"Outside readin' and writin'?"

"Nope "

"Called on offen?"

"Once a week."

"Thought there was a string to it."

—*Cornell Widow*

Many a father has looked at his son and exclaimed:
"My God, what has I done?"

—*Minn. Ski-U-Mah*



"Miss Schmaltz, will you please keep my mind on my work?"

—*O. U. Whirlwind*



STICK TO IT

A man had been waiting patiently in the post office, but could not attract the attention of either of the girls behind the counter.

"The evening cloak," explained one of the girls to her companion, "was a Redingote design in gorgeous brocade, with fox fur and wide pagoda sleeves."

At this point the long suffering customer broke in with: "I wonder if you could provide me with a neat red stamp with a dinky perforated hem, the tout ensemble treated on the reverse with gum arabic? Something about two cents."

—*Carnegie Tech Puppet*

HORRORS

Several visitors were being shown through the Princeton infirmary. One of them, exceedingly curious, turned to the nurse and said, "here's one thing that I've always wanted to know. What do you do with arms and legs that are usually amputated here?"

"We usually save them for a day or two and bury them with the body," replied the nurse.

—*Princeton Tiger*

LIFE! LIFE!

The moon is shining clear and bright,
It gives a fine, romantic light,
I wish to hell the moon were dead,
For here I am at home in bed.

—*Vanderbilt Masquerader*

Brassieres, Algernon, are articles of feminine under-clothing, which co-eds wear for two obvious reasons.

—*Oklahoma Whirkwind*

Bill Harrison: "I was very mature even at the date of my birth."

Voice in "Student" Office: "Oh, yeah?"

Will: "Yeah, I had as many teeth as grandpa, could walk as well as grandma, and had as much hair on my head as dad."

—*Annapolis Log*

They say that the very last thing Burbank did before dying was to cross a street car track with a baby buggy.

—*Oklahoma Whirkwind*

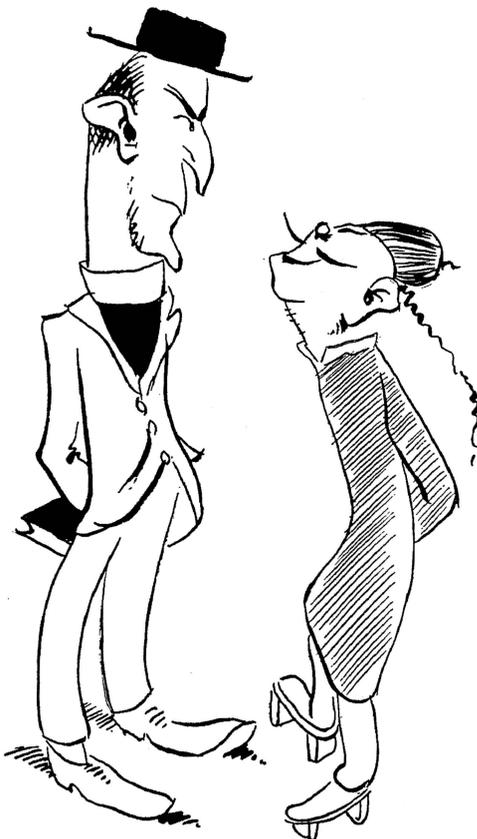
"Heard **Jim Lawrence** is in trouble in his R. O. T. C. course for standing in front of the class with an insipid look on his face."

"Yeah, he got two demerits for impersonating an officer."

—*Penn State Froth*

A dead-end street in Scotland is one with a toll bridge at the end of it.

—*Penn Punch Bowl*



"What did you give up for Lent, my boy?"
"Manchuria, Sir."

—*Harvard Lampoon*

Ben Freeman was walking down the street wheeling two bicycles when he met his pals.

"Where'd you get the two bikes?" asked one, being inquisitive as all fraternity brothers are.

"My girl and I were out for a ride," he advised, "and we stopped under a tree to rest. After a while I kissed her. 'That's nice,' she said. Then I put my arm around her waist and asked her how that was. She said it was great. So I kissed her on the cheek and squeezed her, and she said, 'Oh Boy! You can have everything I've got!' so I took her bicycle!"

—*Hamilton Royal Gaboon*

It was a dark night, star-powdered; it was the sort of night that makes love-making almost a necessity. They were riding slowly along in a cozy coupe, the night air softly fanning their faces. Yet neither of them made any movement toward the other. They hardly spoke. In fact, the entire width of the seat separated them. The situation was incomprehensible. Suddenly, the boy at the wheel murmured, "Jim, gimme a cigarette."

—*Oklahoma Aggievator*

A TOAST

Here's to the girl who steals, lies and swears—steals into your arms, lies there, and swears she'll never love another.

—*Carnegie Tech. Puppet*

MEOW!

Claire Ing: I've said no to dozens of men."

Betty Herd: What were they selling?"

—*C. C. N. Y. Mercury*

The great ambition of every college comic editor is to put out just one more issue after he gets his diploma.

—*Grinnel Malteaser*

POME

A candle flame
Blown high and bright;
The sound of wind
On a rainy night;
Scarlet poppies
In a silver bowl;
The quiet radiance
Of the glowing coals;
A ruined temple
An incense spice—
This doesn't mean anything,
But it sounds sort of nice.

—*Penn State Froth*

Jack: "I had better kiss you goodbye now."
Jill: "Why? Your boat doesn't leave for ten minutes yet."

Jack: "Yeah, but that'll only give me a minute to get on board."

—*Penn Punch Bowl*



A nabisco or a pretzel, Mrs. Applethwack?
—Chicago U. Phoenix



Pretty Shop Girl: "Could I interest you in a bathing costume, sir?"

Mr. Gay: "You certainly could, baby, but my wife is over there at the glove counter."

—Exchange



The rain beat upon the roofs and upon the earth with a fury that tore trees from their places and made sailors' wives pray for their dear ones. The wind swished its way through the little village carrying almost everything in its path. This was the night that would leave destruction and waste in its wake.

In the dimly lighted shop the work had to go on. The Christmas season was rapidly approaching and there was lots of work to do. Every minute was precious and every minute meant 60 seconds of work, work.

Slamming the door close upon the rain and winds, Santa Claus leaped into the shop. He was amazed for his workers were not working but sitting around.

"Is this mutiny?" he bellowed.

Going up to the brownie who made the toy dogs, he said, "Why aren't you making your toys?"

The brownie replied, "I wouldn't turn out a dog on a night like this."

—Northwestern Purple Parrot



"What, thirteen spades and you didn't bid?"

"But, Lord Whipplebottom, I had no side suit."

Carnegie Tech Puppet

A woman arriving in this country after a short trip in Canada, was asked by the customs officials at the landing port:

"Anything to declare, Madame?"

"No," she replied sweetly, "nothing."

"Then, Madam," said the official gravely, "am I to take it that the fur tail I see hanging down under your coat is your own?"

—Clarkson Tech Green Griffin



Teacher—Give me an example of nonsense.

Johnny—An elephant hanging over a cliff with its tail tied to a daisy.

—Clarkson Tech Green Griffin



Man in restaurant: "You call this short-cake? Take it out and berry it!"

—Northwestern Purple Parrot



According to Winchell, a doorknob gets more handshakes than any other object, but he never saw the rushee who owned a 16 cylinder Cadillac.

—Washington Dirge

Neither have we!

—Showme



for the Graduate

Many New Items

Priced in Keeping with the Times





“Watch your Pterodactylgloatosaurus, Mister?”

—Harvard Lampoon



"What a bargain, Sir, at \$2.49. Take them home and surprise your wife."

—Princeton Tiger

Good Old Northie: "If you try to kiss me, I'll scream.

Bud Pollitt: "Not with all these people around.

She: Well, let's find a quieter spot.
—*U. S. C. Wampus*

"Why do you put the name of the exchanges after some of the jokes "

"So that people will think all of the others are original."

—*Hamilton Royal Gaboon*

May we present Cavalry Cora, whose love for the Army was merely Platonic.

—*Penn State Froth*

Marg Merrill queries: "Should evening dresses ever be worn to bridge parties?"

"No. In playing cards it is necessary to show only your hand."

—*Carnegie Tech Puppet*

Why do doctors tell you to open your mouth and say "Ah-hh?" Has anyone ever said it with his mouth closed?"

—*Washington U. Dirge*

Bill Findley: "I like to take experienced girls home."

Stephens Girl: "I'm not experienced."

B. F.: "Well, you're not home yet, either."

—*Alabama Rammer-Jammer*

Nature is a wonderful thing! A million years ago she didn't know we were going to wear spectacles, yet look at the way she placed our ears.

—*Annapolis Log*

I used to love my garden,
But now my love is dead;
For I found a bachelor's button
In black-eyed Susan's bed.

—*South Carolinian*

"Extra! Extra! All about the big swindle! 365 people swindled! Extra!"

"Here boy, give me a paper. Why, the rascal, there's nothing about a swindle in this paper!"

"Extra! Extra! All about the big swindle! 366 people swindled! Extra!"

—*Nebraska Awgwar*

THE MISSOURI SHOWME

No, sir. Our laundry does not tear your clothes by using machinery; we do it thoroughly by hand!"

—*Harvard Lampon*

They say a woman can do anything a man can do.

Yes, even the little girls grow up and make good men.

—*Ohio State Sun Dial*

DEADLOCKED

Maw and Pa had an awful hard time gettin' married. Maw wouldn't marry Pa when he was drunk and Pa wouldn't marry Maw when he was sober.

—*Exchange*

Voice on police station telephone: Officer, a burglar broke into the old Maid's Home and they caught him. Could you send someone down to take him into custody?"

Cop: "Sure, who's this calling, please?"

Voice (now with a Helen Morgan tear): "The burglar."

—*Michigan Aggravator*

As befits custom:

The **Sig Alph's** breath came in short pants.

—*Good Times*

We're just waiting for some freshman to suggest luminous figures for the sundial so we can tell time by it at night.

—*South Carolinian*

My boy, beware of the baby stare,
Because if it's a bluff,
She knows too much—and if it's not
She doesn't know enough.

—*Punch Bowl*

Heard after the Prom: "Aw! He's too drunk to ride in the back seat; let him drive."

—*Texas Battalion*

Phil Browning: "You're the world to me."

Sweetie: "Yeah? Well, you're not going to make any Cook's tour tonight."

—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl*



Fee Gee: "Who was that dame you had at the dance?"

Fulton: "She's the one who has my pin. Want an introduction?"

Fee Gee: "No, just ask her what I did with my vest, will you?"

—*Illinois Siren*

He (to date): "Let's play bakery and I'll need you."

—*Good Times*

"What's the matter with "That Gorgeous Creature" Ed Cleary?"

"Too conceited! The other day he bought a book called "What Two Million Women Want" just to see if they spelled his name right."

—*Arizona Kitty-Kat*

He was a bit shy and after she had thrown her arms around him and kissed him for bringing her a bouquet of flowers, he arose and started to leave.

"I'm sorry if I offended you," she said.

"I'm not offended; I'm going for more flowers."

—*Illinois Siren*

Thelma E.: "Look at the man in the moon, dear."

Max Collings: "I'd rather see a lady in the sun."

—*Carnegie Tech Puppet*

And there must be a submarine captain who has a sub-deb in every port.

—*Penn Punch Bowl*

Then there was the absent-minded professor who forgot to write a \$3.50 textbook to sell to his classes. **Wrench?**

—*U. S. C. Wampus*

A Yale professor was lecturing to a large class of Eli's. The hour had been long and uninteresting and now at five minutes of, there began a considerable rustling of note-books and hats and coats. The professor paused and said, "Gentlemen, I still have a few more pearls to cast."

—*Harvard Lampoon*

Little Bo-Peep
Is losing sleep,
Running around to dances.
Let her alone,
And she'll come home,
A victim of circumstances.

—*Ohio State Sun Dial*

Reaves: "Why you low-down, knock-kneed, bow-legged, double-jointed, spavined, horse-collared, wheat faced rat; you no account, dirty, little heel."

L. Scott: "Who's dirty?"

—*Wesleyan Wasp*



It won't be long now

● The time has come (the walrus said) when freshmen doff their dinks, sophomores and juniors tear off to Europe and seniors discover whether or not there is life after college.

Make your last days at school more pleasant by reading *Swizzle-stick*, a novelette by a débutante, which is as stimulating as the title implies; *Know Your Olympics*, an informative article on the event which holds the spotlight; and many other fiction and fact features reflecting all your high moments. There is rollicking, panicing humor to cheer your remaining days, in the July issue of

College Humor

1050 North LaSalle Street

CHICAGO



at low prices.
 tation of serving the best food
WHEEL makes good its repu-
THE ad. See for yourself how *THE*
 leaf—the same way you did this
 place to eat, *turn over* a new
 crowd that has found a real
 been among the congenial
 agree with us. If you haven't
 have ever eaten here you'll
 just like our food. If you
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Something Different!

FLOWERS
 FOR GRADUATION
 Tastefully Arranged
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 Dial 4412
Missouri Flower Shop
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Don't neglect your eyes; they are invaluable. Protect them with glasses. The latest scientific methods of refraction are used in our examination. We do not use drugs or other harmful ingredients in the eyes.



THE STUDENTS' OPTOMETRIST
DR. G. E. WARD, JR.
 Dial 6979 for appointment to avoid waiting.
 Suite 106 Metropolitan Bldg.

CREDIT WHERE CREDIT IS DUE

Dear Dean:

You may be a busy man and all that, but I have a serious complaint to make, and I demand justice from the Executive Committee!

Last term when the deficiency list was posted, I was number six. That was a pretty good ranking—but when the lists went up this term, where was I? Number fourteen! That's where I was!

Onderdonken, Sliffznik, Jones—names like that you rate ahead of me. What did they ever do? How many laugh! Now, Dean, all I can say is that when a lily like him ranks above a Gaffney, it's bare-faced discrimination, that's what it is! If you keep on playing favorites like this my old man'll yank me right of this college, and that's no bluff.

I may not be a campus leader like the first two or three on the list, if that's what you want, but I want credit for what I deserve. You look up my record again, and I'll pay my back tuition if you don't find I've outflunked and out-cut any of the ten guys above me.

I don't want to have to call this to your attention again, and I'll expect to see the name of Gaffney in its proper place at once!

Yours truly,
 HOSIAH AA'OYIUS GAFFNEY, JR.
 (Alias "Bylo Baby" Shy)

—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl*

"No, Oscar, a neckerchief is not necessarily the president of a sorority."

—*Northwestern Purple Parrot*

"Let's play house," suggests Dick Shaw, Delta Sig Beau B-rum-mel, "I'll be the walls and get plastered."

—*Annapolis Log*

The lowest thing in the world is the ring around a Scotchman's bathtub when the water is on a meter.

—*Drexel Drexerd*

A customer sat down to a table in a smart restaurant and tied his napkin around his neck. The manager, scandalized called a boy and said to him: "Try to make him understand as tactfully as possible that that's not done here."

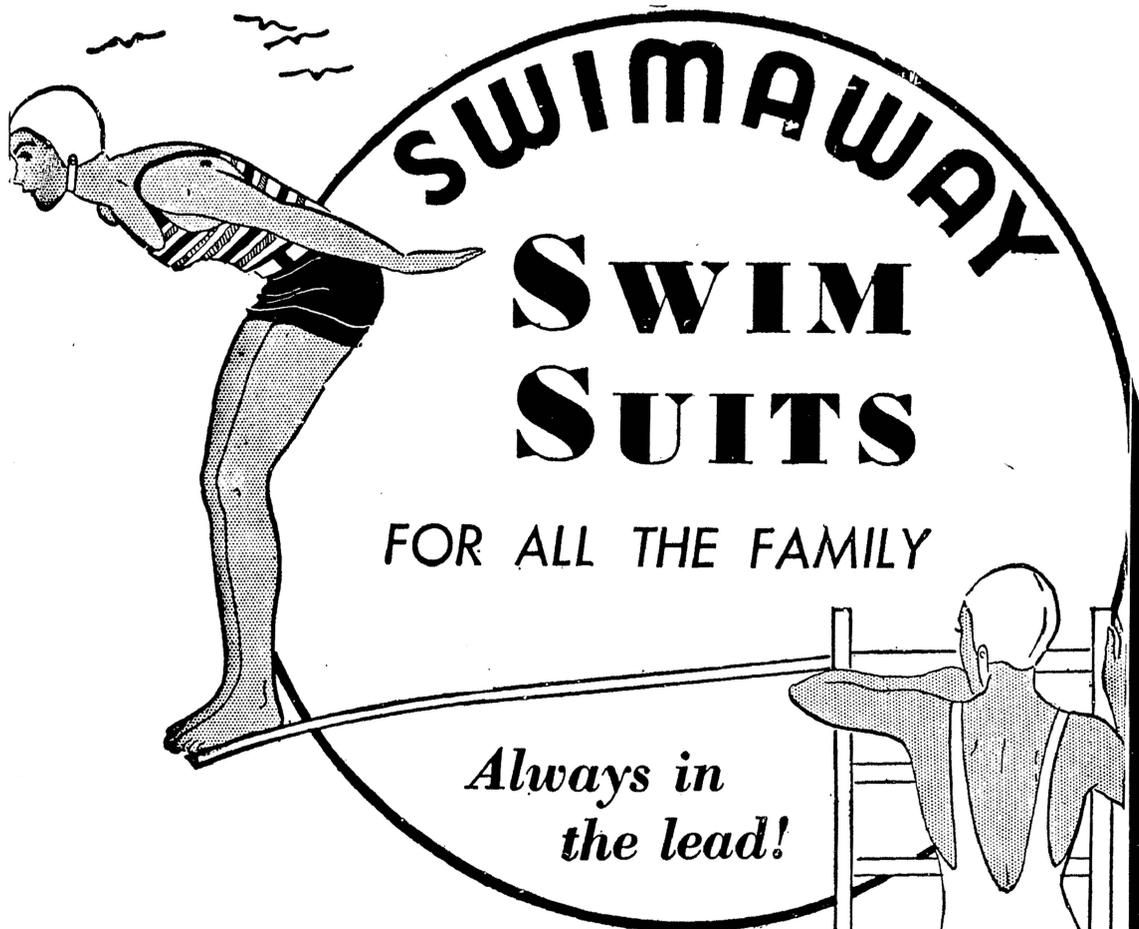
Boy (seriously to customer): "A shave or a haircut, sir?"

—*Annapolis Log*

AN OLD FASHIONED RECIPE

One arm full of well formed girl, two mischievous brown eyes, and cherry lips. Squeeze until warm, add a little spooning to make the moonshine brighter. When your sugar has reached the boiling point, add a dash of spice, a handful of caresses, and a few softly spoken words of endearment. Then crush the cherries until the two eyes roll with a sigh of delight—and the cake is done.

—*Colgate Banter*

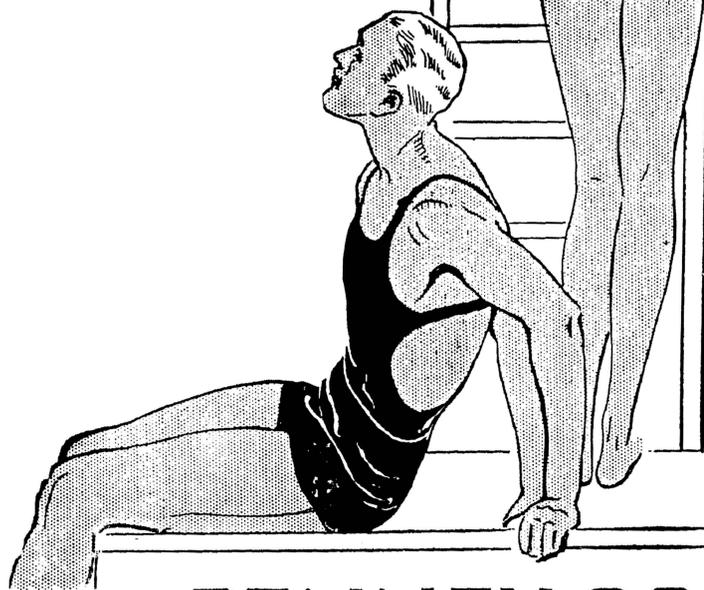


"Smart" doesn't begin to describe them!

**"SWIMAWAY"
Speed Suits**

\$2.98

- Of fine-gauge pure zephyr yarn
- Cut-away and suspender backs
- Rich solid colors and gay stripes
- With and without white web belts



J.C. PENNEY CO. INC.
COLUMBIA, MISSOURI

O K - AMERICA!



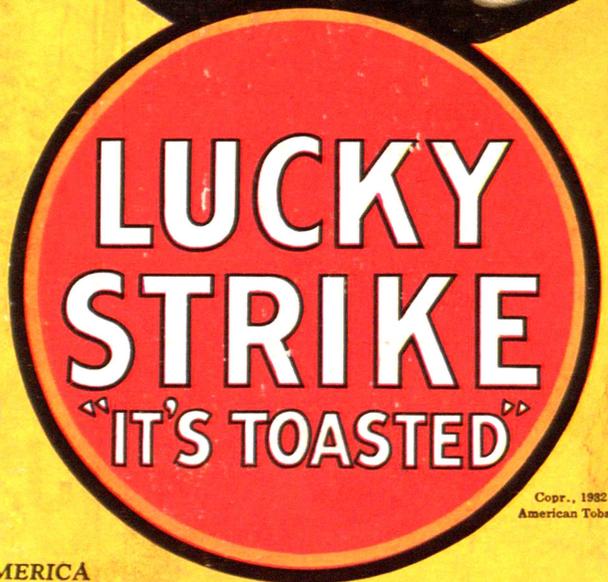
LUCKIES are kind
to your throat...
I KNOW...i've smoked
them for eleven
years
*Walter
Winchell*

**More for your money than
in any other cigarette!**

You get many extras in LUCKY STRIKE as a result of that famous and exclusive "TOASTING" Process. Extra Goodness—forced in when certain harsh irritants are forced out. Extra mildness, mellow-mildness—resulting from the purging and purifying of every tobacco leaf. Extra Deliciousness—from the world's choicest tobaccos—the Cream of many Crops. Extra Mellowness—from the use of modern Ultra Violet Rays.

"It's toasted"

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



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O. K. AMERICA

TUNE IN ON LUCKY STRIKE—60 modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras and Walter Winchell, whose gossip of today becomes the news of tomorrow, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evening over N. B. C. networks.