

THE MISSOURI SHOWME

APRIL
15¢



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NOT the top leaves—they're under-developed—
they are harsh!

The Cream of the Crop

NOT the bottom leaves—they're inferior in
quality—coarse and always sandy!

What's in a Name?

So it came a spring night with a balmy briz
 We got ourselves together, broke the ice and start-
 ed chewing the fat in a vat of moose milk down by
 the shoe factory. One gentleman 'lowed that a
 gently lowing bovine reminded him of Betsy. An-
 other asks "Betsy Baldwin or Kempster?" Wall,
 suh, it warn't neither one but that just shows how
 parents breeds discontentment in their chilluns by
 naming them onethingernuther. Now the Eliza-
 beths Adams and Abernathy prefer Betty for an
 everyday handle.

Saradora Denton says it's Sally, and who
 wouldn't? Most of a certainty our good fran' Mar-
 lee Evans is correctly titled Margaret Lee. GERAL-
 dine Mos is Jerry and we can see how that is. Jo-
 sephine Flory cut it to Jo, but Showme has it
 straight that she is no relation to Old Joe of the
 barroom. Katherine Petterson decided in favor of
 Kay, or have you heard? Kitty Katherine Cous-
 ley of Alton, Illy.—So! Maybe Mimi Buescher
 didn't doctor hers either but

The last straw that curdled the moose milk was
 Isle Mona Ketcham, and honest to goodness, up
 and above board, bona fide name. It may remind
 you of palm trees in the sand and tropical breakers,
 but it's the real McCoy. Now, my fran', the grass
 was getting greener—besides it was 12:15—So!

THEN HE FEELS BETTER

"Gee, Sue, your boss is sure grouchy when he
 has a cold!"

"Yeah, and when he has one—boy, do I catch
 it from him!"

"Listen, baby, I drive a car for what I can get
 out of it!"

"Fine, big boy, 'cause I'm getting out right
 now."

Missouri Showme

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THE COLUMBIA MISSOURIAN

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MISSOURI SHOWME



APRIL, 1934

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Concerning the Uncalled-for Extra

Editor, *Missouri Student*
Columbia, Missouri

Dear Sir:

I was quite surprised the other day to find the *Student* parked on the front doorstep two full days before its usual time and my astonishment was even greater when I discovered that the issue was an extra.

A hasty glance at the *Student* contents revealed an absence of O.P., former press agent for the *Showme*, the presence of an attack on Frank Carideo, Tiger football coach, and a commendable defense of "Doc" Huff, Missouri track coach.

It was the attack on Carideo which was upsetting, for it was both uncalled-for and childish. That you should wait until spring football practice was well under way to stage a move for a new coach shows that you had a com-

plete lack of understanding of what was best for Missouri.

Of course, I have no doubt that you are an expert as a judge of football coaches and can spot a bad one at forty paces every time, but I still think that you should have remembered the disgrace Missouri brought on itself not so many years ago by firing Carideo's immediate predecessor, Gwinn Henry, during the spring season. The removal of Carideo at this time would bring forth another storm of justifiable criticism which would undoubtedly work to the disadvantage of the school.

As I say, I am not questioning your evaluation of Mr. Carideo's worth. That is merely a matter of opinion, and in this instance your opinion does not correspond with mine. But I do think that even you will have to admit that the prospects for next season are

better than ever before. I am sure that in your studies of the sports situation here, which you must have made before you staged such a direct attack, you became convinced, as others have been convinced, that Carideo will have a better team next year in view of what he has out at spring practice right now.

Would you shoot the miler who has started his sprint on the last lap? Would you take out the entire eleven of a football team when the ball is within the ten-yard line and send in an inexperienced team which is unfamiliar with the situation? Then why would you fire a coach when it begins to look as if the future is a trifle brighter than before?

Continuing in my disapproving vein, I can not help but believe you were having decided flights of fancy when you said a major-

(Continued on page 12)

I Cover The Student

Well, all I know is what I read in the Student or hear over Station KFRU, so I don't know much this month, except that I did hear that O.P. column is dead—long live O.P.! I come to bury O.P., not to praise it. The evil that columns do lives after them—the good is often non-existent. So let it be with O.P.

Well, as for O.P., it looks as if the old law of supply and demand got in a few vital blows. There is a limit to everything and even a hog can stand only so much slop. Its sponsors, the curators, got a belly-full too and stepped in and stopped this wanton waste of space as a receptacle for filth and dirt. As King Solomon, the biblical sage, once said: "No woman, having swept her house, will dump the dirt and refuse upon the front porch, but disposeth of it; just so should a newspaper refrain from making wastebaskets of its columns." Proverbs 56: 13.

At any rate O.P. got its just desserts. 'Sfunny thing about this here O.P. I didn't know that it had folded until about three weeks after the folding took place. And I probably would never have known it except that when I got ready to write this column the night before we go to press I started looking through some back Students and saw that O.P. has been slain by the cruel blows of the curators. And what's more, I'll wager my back salary that half the students don't know that O.P. is now in the past tense and what's more than that I'll wager further that the other half don't care what tense it's in.

With a masterful stroke of his pen, Bill Schroeder, "Student" editor, broke down the structure of the Women's and Men's Pan-Hellenic Councils, when he labeled the slate headed by Neidner as the Independent ticket. We

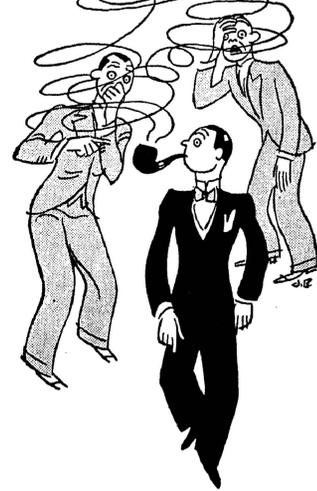
always thought Kappa was one of our leading sororities, but evidently not, for the "Student" lists Jane Kelly on the Independent list. And looking down the list, we were glad to know that Schuepbach is an unaffiliated man. That lifts a load off some fraternity's shoulders. The Phi Gams, too, must be feeling the drawbacks of being alone politically on College Avenue, for Thurman and Noyes are also Independent candidates. The first thing we'll be hearing is that the "Student" is an Independent sheet.

With the abolition of O.P., it looks as if the dirt department will change its address to "Around the Columns!" Here's the wish of the Showme staff that the parents of O.P. manage to prolong the life of their wretched offspring (conceived in slime and dedicated to the propagation of filth) so that budding and would-be journalists may see the results of certain journalistic endeavor and direct their faltering footsteps to safer avenues of journalistic pursuit.

Mournfully yours,
The Slam Editor



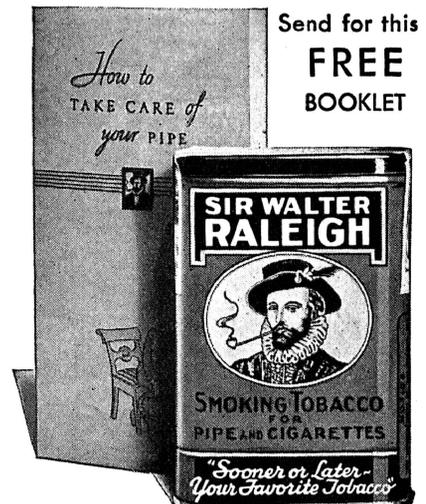
"EVEN HIS WORST FRIENDS TOLD HIM!"



THEY SURE DID—when they recovered! But recovering from the K.O. of that sullen, soupy pipe was harder than holing a golf ball from a sand trap!

A pipe-cleaner, an orange-and-black tin of Sir Walter Raleigh—and how his circle of admirers will widen! This happy mixture of fine Kentucky Burleys has the body that men want, with a calm fragrance that raises you in the estimation of your friends and yourself. Try it. You'll like it.

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It's 15¢—AND IT'S MILD

Mizzou Merry-go-round

A Scramble of Big Caucus - Little Caucus - Unionists - Machine - Independents - Free-Lances

"Once I tried to railroad
But now I'm through."

The above could have been Cy Young's attitude after his attempt at railroading at the Student Council meeting a couple of weeks ago, when he proposed a membership in the Student Council as a requirement for Student president candidates. Despite the fact that it was passed by Big Caucus followers, after Carl Rigrod had filibustered for forty-five minutes at the risk of actual physical injury, it was declared unconstitutional by the Faculty Committee.

However, Young, expecting a reprisal and faced by a strong Independent opponent, Spencer Allen, set the party machinery working at full gear. When the smoke cleared, Bob Neidner,

champion of Independent rights last year, had cast his much-needed Student Council vote for Young. So now, Neidner heads the slate which the Big Caucus is supposedly running in conjunction with the campus Independents. The Independents stick together except when it comes to the race for the grab-bag.

Allen Hatfield, whose only bid for fame lies in the fact that he's Woody's brother, has been recruited to oppose "Duke" Jorgensen, basketball captain-elect and the Unionist candidate for vice-president. Woody himself is supporting the Unionist ticket, so the brothers bid fair to have some pleasant evenings until Election Day. Coy Mary Va. Edmiston will match charms with lanky Jane Kelly in the Secretarial

race. Theta versus Kappa.

For once all the Savitar appointments were made on a basis of merit, due to the excellent work of this year's editor Lester Sibernagel conscientiously carrying out his ideals of fairness in the face, perhaps, of attempted interference from party bosses. Party split-ups happily lightened his task and made it a little easier for him to recommend Ralston, Little Caucus man, as next year's editor. The Big Caucus opposition wishing to throw a monkey wrench in the works, have refused to give Vranek the necessary two-thirds majority for business manager of the Savitar, even though Borenstine and Gertie Powell have voiced their refusal to run against him, but action will most likely be taken before the administration retires. The reputation of the Savitar, made without peer last year by editor McEnnis, and probably to be sustained by editor Sibernagel this year, makes the editorial position a post that should be kept out of the reach of small fry campus politicians.

Only two parties will be in the field for the coming Student Government Association election on April 20. The newly-formed Unionist Party, with Morris and Jorgensen as its candidates for president and vice-president, and the remains of the Big Caucus parading as a wolf in cheap clothing by putting several Independents on its slate, will fight it out alone, without any of the usual smaller groups around to get under their feet—and, as in the case of the Little Caucus's ex-

(Continued on page 19)



*"But I'm tell-
ink you, I broke
et playink feet
ball!"*



AGAIN IN DEMAND . . . THE WORLD OVER

In the last eight months, more and more requests for BUDWEISER have been received from every civilized country in the world. . . . In the fourteen years that American beers were off the market, these foreign countries still had their own good beer. Yet, after fourteen years, they again single out BUDWEISER among American brews, because it has an unforgettable personality — identified with the fine art of living the world over. . . . The biggest-selling bottled beer in history and the demand for BUDWEISER quality built the world's largest brewery. . . . Order by the case for your home.

For those who make living a fine art . . .

Budweiser

KING OF BOTTLED BEER



A N H E U S E R - B U S C H . . . S A I N T L O U I S

Showme Show

Sort of an Error

Hospital authorities must have their little jokes, so when Hayes and Eliot of the D. G. group suspected appendicitis in the offspring and went to the hospital, they were confined in the maternity ward. Both are doing nicely.

Campused

It was such a shame for the A. D. Pis to campus McLaughlin the week-end of Engineers' Ball. But if you doubt their sincerity, just ask Doris about it. She won't tell you.

Men

Hendrix had to hang out a sign with "Men" written on it. But then there are a lot of women over there. Sally Denton had something to do with it, we hear.

Phi Gam Rubbers

A prudent lot, those Phi Gams. Health before all, safety first—for Bown Adams and Max Caruthers, at least. We didn't notice it especially until recently. During the last spell of snow, 'twas. Our eye being attracted one day by a shiny black surface, we looked closer and discovered that the shiny black surface was just one of the many attractive features of a pair of rubbers which adorned Max's feet. This noted, we turned our attention to Bown, two seats over, and lo! more rubbers.

Expose

A local gal who has been around school ever since summer school and before—and how she has been around!—loosened up during a female bull session recently and told the gals who she had dated during the summer here.

Among others, she named several gentlemen - about - campus who now have pins, out, and are they getting h— from their

lady-loves! Murder and sin will out, boys, so you'd better be careful about who you, er, murder.

"Come in!"

Knock, knock, knock!

"Who's that knocking at my door?"

Bang, bang, bang!

"Who's that knocking at my door?" repeated the fireman to the gentleman below who was belaboring the door of the fire station.

He continued to knock in no uncertain raps, and pretty soon the door opened—next door—and he was invited in. He introduced himself as Ed Brown of the University, mentioned Phi Delta Theta, and was given lodgings for the night. The next morning he arose and found he felt much better, except perhaps for a slight headache and nausea upon sitting up.

Next day he came back to see about settling the bill for his stay in the place, but the kindly old judge, hearkening back to the days when he was a student here, let him off a few well-put admonitions against revisiting the fire station with so little purpose and so much noise at such an hour.

Reid Rumpus

Elsa Martin and Mary Pittman, Reid Hall daffydils, recent-

ly went 'round and 'round at a local plate throw. Seems as how Pittman wanted out for reasons very obvious to her, but the doors were locked. She seized an umbrella in a fit of something or other and started laying a few on the windows, all in a spirit of fun of course. Things soon came to a pretty pass with Martin and a battery of highballs on the casualty list. Funny what spirits will do.

Jim Crow Denied

"I'm sorry, but these seats are reserved," said the usher at the Missouri.

"We bet they aren't either," said the three Alpha Gamma Deltas. "You're just saying that! Why should they be reserved?"

Before he was through, the usher was about ready to go out and summon in a few colored gentlemen to set an example. But Anne Wilcox, Mildred Windmiller and "Rasputin" finally got the idea, and moved out of the Negro section of the balcony.

Strange Are the Ways—

We were much amused when we heard that Bob ("I'm-100%-Independent") Neidner voted for Cy Young, Big Caucus kingfish, for next year's Student editor when Spencer Allen, 99.44% Independent, was also a candidate for the same office. The political situation is getting too much for us, really.

Social Note

Undoubtedly the Greater Little Caucus members enjoyed their party at the Pennant the week-end before Easter.

Sub-rosa Merger

The better sub-rosas are considering combining long enough to open the oaken barrel together, according to underground murmurs. The various orders are

(Continued on page 14)



"Did ya ever try blowing in her ear?"

Here and There

Items of No Particular Interest Picked Up As Time Marches On

We have a gal and she is like an angel in three ways—She's always up in the air, she's forever harping about something and she never has an earthly thing to wear.

The recent talk of war brought about the following statement from one supposedly in the know. He said that the Germans named their ships after jokes so the English wouldn't see them.

Even her best friend couldn't tell her. Her breath was so strong he could have chinned himself on it.

Did you read about the magician's wife that gave birth to a bowl of goldfish?

Add sad cases: Sadie, the steno, had to quit her job because the boss was so bowlegged that she kept falling through his lap.

After all it really wasn't the driver's fault. He admitted driving over the man with a loaded truck but pleaded not guilty because he didn't know it was loaded!

"I'll see you," said our hero as he laid down four aces in a strip poker game.

Many a sorority sister has proven that two can live as cheaply as one. They are living as cheaply as their parents.

And always remember that girls and billiard balls kiss each other with about the same amount of feeling.

"Hello, is this Mr. Goldfarb?"

"Yes."

"This is Mr. Schneck's office. Will you please hold the wire?"

(Pause).

"Hello, is this Mr. Goldfarb?"

"Yes."

"This is Mr. Schneck's private secretary. Hold the line a minute, please."

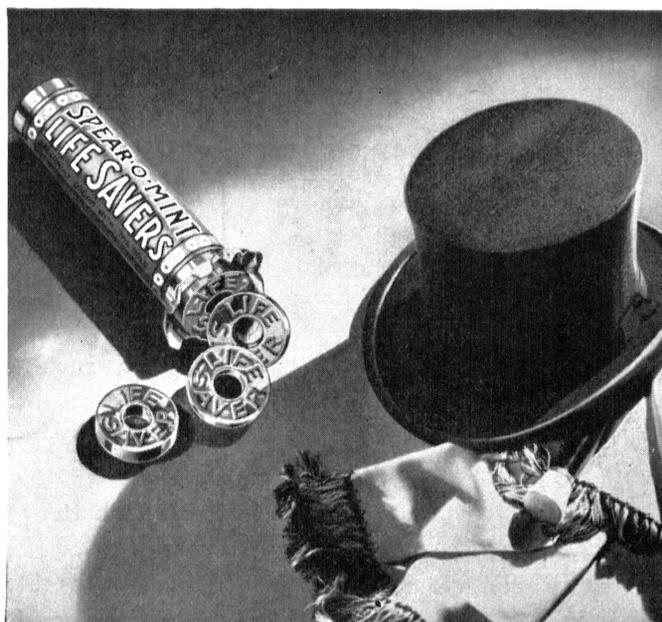
(Pause),

"Hello, is this Goldfarb?"

"Yes."

"Well, this is Schneck. Goldfarb, you stink!"

new york medley



LIFE SAVERS: "Stepping out?"

HIGH HAT: "My good fellow, we're calling on the future Missus."

LIFE SAVERS: "Better take me along."

HIGH HAT: "And what will you do?"

LIFE SAVERS: "Take your breath away, ol' top."

FOR A NEW THRILL SPEAR-O-MINT LIFE SAVERS

LAST MONTH'S WINNER

The toast of the campus really knows which side her bread is buttered on.

—Eric Lowenstein,
500 Rollins

USE NATURAL GAS

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"The Modern Fuel"

MISSOURI UTILITIES CO.

706 Broadway

Dial 5329

IN MEMORIAM

"O. P."

Sorry, O. P., old friend,
For you such tragic end,
Though 'twas little you did
know,
We hated to see you go—
But 'tis better you drained to the
dregs,
(For you were on your last legs)
The Curators' bitter cup
And gave your sad ghost up.

Requiem

Now stands the Showme Show
Alone to face the foe,
To carry on the torch,
The erring one to scorch;
One by one, our fellows died,
Who in life we used to chide,
And now their ghosts arise
And glare with staring eyes,
Shrieking: "You must carry on!"
Quoting from 'Thanatopsis':
"So live, that when thy summons
come to join
The innumerable caravan, which
moves
To that mysterious realm, where
each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of
death,
Thou go not, like the quarry
slave at night
Scourged to his dungeon, but,
sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach
thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery
of his couch about him
And lies down to pleasant
dreams."

"Talk of the Town"

Warned by the Dean
That it must be clean,
For high school children all
around
Hear the program, so renowned—
So shed a tear for this scandaleer,
Who's changed from bed to bed-
time stories,
Emasculated, no more recounts
soirees.

"CAMPUS KING"

"Mud"

Here lies unmourned, unwept,
From "Savitar" forever swept,
The Campus King and his Moth-
er Mud,
Once campus scandal's raciest
blood;
Slain by a gold-conditioned de-
cree
From the powers on high that
be—
The King is dead! The King is
dead!
Easy rests many a potential
crowned head.

A REAL GAL

Harry was in a passive mood. He was a rural boy, but girls had always been his specialty. Thus it was that when he started to reflect the rest of us kept still. It sounded like a hot story.

"The first time I saw her I knew she was the answer to a youth's prayer. Nancy had it all; looks...vivacity...style...yes, she was just about it. You've heard of conformation even if you do live in the city. Hers was perfect. When she stepped out everybody turned around for a second look.

"She would toss that pretty head of hers, pick up those dainty little feet, and...well, I was plenty proud of her. I 'cultivated' the little lady for every bit of two years. She had a sweet tooth which came to be well taken care of. Every day of the world we went out together...used to go out in the hills and ride.

"Nancy was sweet, but she liked her fun too. Not a 'hey-hey' girl, but one who knew her oats...a tricky little devil if you didn't keep your eye on her. I did though.

"She fooled around occasionally; once she tried to give me the run-around but I didn't get mad at her. Blonde as they come...a golden blonde. I used to like to put my arms around her slender, pretty little neck, and lay my head against that lovely hair—she would almost invariably shy off, though. She was capricious, all right.

"But the climax finally came. Her first colt was the shaggiest, scrawniest darn cow-pony you ever laid eyes on. It didn't even..."

We hit Harry like a ton of brick. He had it coming, leading us on.



"Well, gee, professor, how was I to know 'out, damn spot' wasn't part of my direction?"

April

Can pipe tobacco have SEX APPEAL?

JILL: "M-m-m. That pipe smells good!"

JACK: "It is good. But I thought most girls disliked pipes."

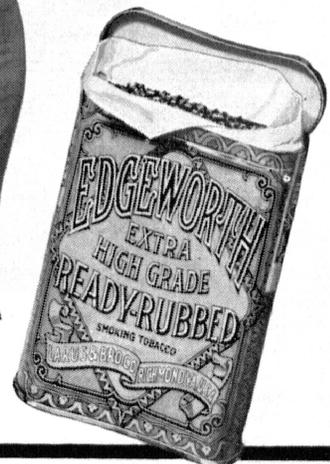
JILL: "Maybe it depends on what a man puts into a pipe."

JACK: "A good point. There's Edgeworth in this one. It's my idea of a man's smoke."

Maybe we're stretching a point to claim sex appeal for Edgeworth. But the fact remains, most girls do like its aroma. It is, as Jack says, a man's smoke. Mild, yes—in fact, it's made from the tenderest leaves of the Burley plant. But it's not tasteless, flavorless, because it's mild. Edgeworth is skilfully blended to bring out the rich, full-bodied flavor of the choicest Burley.



Ask for Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed or Edgeworth in Slice form. 15¢ pocket package to pound humidor tin. Several sizes in vacuum packed tins. Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va., Tobacconists since 1877.



EDGEWORTH

SMOKING TOBACCO

MADE FROM THE MILDEST PIPE TOBACCO THAT GROWS

Page Nine

PINANCIAL PAGE

SALES EQUAL FOR PAST MONTH THIRTEEN HOUSES TIED PINNING FALLS OFF

Easter Vacations Probably Cause Drop

This month there has been a decided drop in the pinning of the co-eds at the dear old State U. The boys are either losing their stamina or else the girls are looking forward to variety this spring. However the situation is becoming decidedly more pleasant for the campus playboys who love to flit gaily from one house to another, never staying long in any one particular spot. It looked for awhile as though all the fancy girls on the campus were going to be taken out of circulation.

Thirteen Pins Recorded For March

Thirteen pins were reported to have been put out this last month and strange as it may seem, each pin was from a different house. Not another house on the campus can equal the record set by the Betas, who have some six or seven pins out so far. The Phi Deltas are a good close second with four or five.

Possible Disclosure Section In Next Issue

If we can get together a list large enough to be of any interest we may possibly print the names of about three Kappas,

two or more Pi Phis and a couple of Tri Deltas and Delta Gams, these girls being the ones that for some reason or other do not choose to wear the badges publicly. Any time now this list may be made known. Of course we can make mistakes now and then

A Couple of Sidelights and A Couple of Apologies

To begin may we apologize and that very sincerely. To Billy Nowell, we are very chagrined for having misspelled your name. There was something else but I can't remember just what it was.

Bob Seiler and Betty Abernathy have finally decided to stop messing around and get down to something stable. After running around together for years and years, Bob finally puts his pin out on the fancy little brunette Pi Phi. This affair has already lasted a long time and I for one hope that it will last for much, much longer. I don't know about the candy, but I do know from what I've been told that Seiler bought some of the very best ten-cent cigars for the brothers at the Kappa Sig house.

Another thing, Akibo Carl Rigrod finally put his pin out on June Wise. It was a long hard job for Akibo but he came through at last.

I just remembered about that other apology, I don't know whether Bill Scott felt slighted or

not for being left out of this column but if he did we are sorry. If he never noticed it, the Student did, so we have included the names of both J. Lo McGraw and Billy Scott.

Come to think of it, an apology is due Charley Proctor, ATO, whose pin has not been out before. "This," says Charley fervently, "is the first and last time."

I have one thing to regret—I can never be another Winchell, My nose is too big, I can't get near a key-hole. Heh-Heh—hhh-hhheh—Some Humor HuH?

—Pinancial Editor.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE BY THE PEOPLE FOR THE PEOPLE

Editor, the Showme
Dear Sir:

Col. Roscoe B. "Ten-Gallon Hat" Ellard, that famed exponent of girth and gusto, has announced to his H. & P. class that he did not know Horace Greeley.

This direct statement comes as a surprise to us. Anyway, Horace is one fellow who didn't walk down the streets of Chicago with Ellard declaring the while, "Ah, Roscoe, Roscoe, the windows grimace at you!"

—A Journalist

"I believe that boy tenor's voice is changing!"

"Sir, that's a bass insinuation!"

Student: "But professor, lots of us are better students than our themes would indicate!"

Professor: "Well, all I know is what I read in the papers!"

To turn to nature for a moment, no doubt an old-fashioned fish is known in aquarian circles as a gentleman of the old school.

Showme

Her	Him	Hers	His
Mary Wilson	Bill Harrison	Alpha Phi	Alpha Gam Sig
Ruth Ann Tillotson	Dick Whitehead	Alpha Phi	Kappa Alph
Edith Simon	Gil Barber	Tri Delt	Sigma Nu
Betty Abernathy	Bob Seiler	Pi Phi	Kappa Sigma
Elizabeth Huntsman	Allan Bird	Theta	Phi Gam
Wilma Wilkerson	Lloyd Smith	Gamma Phi	K. A.
Lorraine Quigley	John Hughes	A. D. Pi	Phi Kappa
Betty Brooks	Ed. Diamond	A. D. Pi	Delt
June Wise	Akibo Rigrod	A. E. Phi	Phi Sig
Sally Charak	Elliot Levin	A. E. Phi	Sammy
Jane Simral	Melvin Thompson	Kappa	Kappa Sigma
Dorothy Bagby	Duane Randall	Delt Gam	D. U.
J. Lo McGraw	Bill Scott	Tri Delt	Sigma Nu
Rosemary Lucas	Stan. Ginn	Tri Delt	Delta Theta Phi

*- as we
go along*



*We believe
you'll enjoy
them*

Chesterfield they're Milder
they TASTE BETTER

Concerning the Uncalled-for Extra

(Continued from page 2)

ity of the students here at the University would favor the ousting of Carideo. I personally believe a majority of the students don't give a damn whether Carideo comes or goes, and therein lies the tragedy.

Long years of losing teams have destroyed the Tiger spirit, and while most of the students would rather see a good team than a poor one, I fear they aren't very excited over the issue. You didn't have a majority behind you, for the majority didn't care.

It is this apathetic attitude which hinders developing a team here about as much as anything else. And here I saw the one good thing in your attack. You at least called to mind that we had a football team, which undoubtedly had its good effect.

It is with this in mind that I'm writing you. I'm hoping that through your continued efforts to build up a schol spirit, we may some day witness the rebirth of the "Eat 'em up, Tigers" attitude.

I am hoping that you and your successors, through the use of judicious editorials in your ducky *Student*, may some day build up the interests of the students in football to such a point that they will be actively interested in any discussion which concerns the gridiron sport.

And that these students will read such an attack as the one which you recently made on Carideo, realize the obvious fallacies and prejudices under which you were laboring, and calmly and judiciously toss the paper into the waste basket.

So here's for beter football

teams, sir, and better Tiger supporters.

Love and kisses,
Showme Sports Speculator

GREEK SURVEY

Never slappa
Kappa.
Good—gotta be!
Alpha Phi.
Phi Mu...
Wottle you do?
Kappa Alpha Theta
Stays out late-a.
Why try
A Pi Phi?
Ever felt
A Tri Delt?
Alpha Chi
Never gets him!
Delta Gam
Traffic jam.
Never say dye
Gamma Phi.

And then there was the cam-
pused queen.

A REPUTATION

For thirty-four years the Co-Op has had the reputation of giving true value to the student who wants the best in school needs.

Now as ever before, this reputation still holds true—come to the Co-Op for your requirements in textbooks, art supplies, and athletic goods, and at the same time take advantage of the cash refund on your sales slips at the end of the year.

THE CO-OP

Election Day at Old Mizzou

or

Kansas City Culture Reaches the Campus

SCENE I

Place: S. G. A. Polls, Jesse Hall.

Student: I wanta vote.

Election Judge: Watch' party?

Stude: Unionist.

Judge: G—D—! (Seizes ballot, scrawls on it and stuffs it in the box) Y'already voted!

Stude: Why, Watcha mean! I'll report this—

Judge: Oh, yeh? (Dons brass kncks)

Score: four Unionist teeth missing.

SCENE II

Place: Same

"Big Stick" Joslino: Watcha name, fellah?

Morris: Morris.

Joslino: Dust heem off, boys.

Score: one slugged Unionist candidate.

SCENE III

Place: Front Steps of Jesse.

Action: "Izzy" Mayesano and several other Big Caucus mobsters taking a powder out of Jes after an orgy of brutality at the polls.

Spencer T. Allensock: I am Spencer T. Allensock, reporter for the Missouri Student, and—

"Issy": Push dis guy inna mush, mugs, we gotta scam!

Mugs: Hokay, Boss. (They push).

(Exit mugs and "Izzy," enter Schroeder and Young.)

Schroeder: Allensock, what happened!

Allensock: Uh? Er, oh, they slugged me.

Schroeder: What! Slugged you! Why, the dirty—

there'll be a \$5000 reward for their capture for this offered by the Student!

Young: Yeh!

Score: One slugged reporter.

SCENE IV

Place: Rollins Avenue.

Action: "Bugs" Genungo and several of her freelance hirelings, sitting in sinister touring car without license plates.

Genungio: Hey, onna toes, stiffs, here comes da mug we yah lookin' for—thees-a Leeddela Cawcus mout'piece Rigrodent whatsa gotta too moch ta say!

Gesungio: Pour eet on heem, and-a geeve hem plenty!

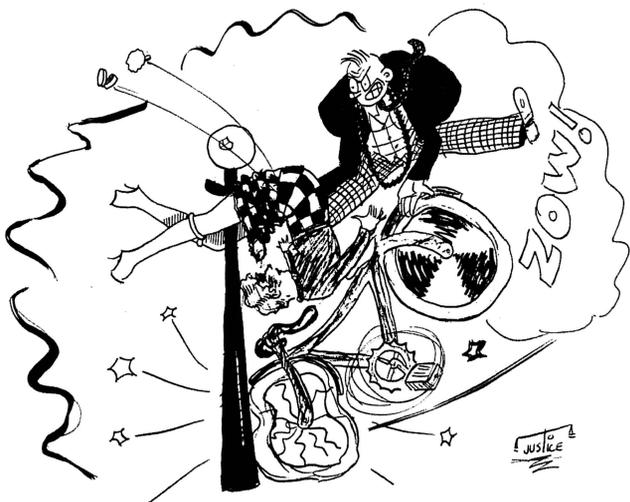
Rigrodent; I object to this outrageous defiance of what is fair and fundamentally—

Score: One riddled opposition ward heeler.

A BROAD CONTROL PLAN

—K. C. Star Headline

Dat's de idear! Keep de twists in line!



"Whatcha expect—powdering your nose when we're rounding a corner!"

Always One Place to Buy the
New Things

"Come in and Get Acquainted"

White Flannels

Fine Quality—Correctly Tailored—\$5.50

White Shoes

More Popular than Ever, Combining Comfort and Good Looks—\$350 up.

KNIGHT'S

1003 Broadway

Showme Show

(Continued from page 6)

having their diplomats take up the matter through liason offices, and definite arrangements are expected momentarily.

Lost—One Wrist-watch

Has anyone seen a wrist-watch that was lost in the Kappa Sigma cottage on the night of Good Friday? The finder will please return to Marguerite White, who will then do some returning herself.

Bum Songs

We wish the Kappa Betes would learn a few new songs. We are particularly tired of hearing them sing "I love you truly, K. K. G." to the Pi Phis. But we're not near as tired of it as the Pi Phis, no doubt.

Paradise Lost

Imagine the Delta Gammas' disappointment on Thursday of the holiday week-end when at about 12:30, they thought they saw Dean Priddy's car drive slowly past, a la carload of gangsters about to put miscreant on spot.

They hastily ejected all late callers, and felt somewhat better. But can you imagine their surprise and chagrin when they found out later that Dean Priddy had left for St. Louis on Wednesday?

Flight and Pursuit

Noting the fact that a gentleman friend was following them, and wishing to test his blood-hounding abilities, two young ladies of the University ducked into the Central Dairy Ice Cream plant at 8th and Locust and asked if there was a back door through

which they could quietly and unostentatiously exit.

They followed a polite attendant through the back part of the plant, down a rickety flight of wooden stairs to the basement, where they found a back door made to order for their purpose—obscure, out-of-the-way, just the thing to slink silently out of.

They slinked, and there was their friend waiting to greet them. So they awarded him the purple ice-cream doll-house they had picked up on the way through the plant, and went their way.

Out on a Big Bus

The busses returning from the cities after Easter were scenes of infinite jollity, but none jollier than one from Kansas City bearing Reiger and Nichols, Phi Delt, Dodd, Theta, and McCartney, Kappa. Being in very convivial, even slightly hilarious spirits before they started, they



"I never get to see much of you anymore."

prolonged the party in the back end of the bus, and had, it is said, an excellent time of it.

Who's Who

Spying a girl of his acquaintance behind him while strolling down Maryland, Buzz Clock waited for her to walk a block or so and catch up with him. She proved to be another girl entirely, one who worked in a local beauty shop. Undaunted, however, Clock took her arm and walked her to school. Carry off a situation or else, that's his motto.

The How of S. A.

Some indiscreet Pi Phi left her copy of a book entitled "Sexology" or something of the sort lying around loose, for otherwise we would never have had occasion to note that the coupon in the back of Dr. Rubin's book on "Sex Harmony" was gone. Maybe some girl just likes to tear perforations.

Haunted Houses

One of our staff approached the Acacia house during the Easter unolidays, and knocked loudly on the door, loudly in order to hope to make himself heard above the blare of the radio, squeals, and peals of laughter that were issuing from within.

After a long time, a sunken-eyed, gaunt individual appeared at the door, opening it cautiously a few inches.

"Sorry, the house is closed, everyone's gone home, and there's no one here, heh, heh, heh," he cackled sinisterly, and closed the door again.

It was the same way everywhere.

(Continued on page 18)

It Takes All Kinds of People

1. **The girl who talks about her boy friends.** She's the toast of College Avenue, and the other girls in the house aren't given a minute to forget it. She feels sorry for the boys, but they're so brave about being satisfied with one date every two weeks. She keeps a huge "Engagement List" pasted on her mirror.

2. **The boy who says "May I?"** He is a thin blonde with a seedy mustache. He keeps the conversation on impersonal things until you get to the door. Then, because somebody told him that spring was the mating season, he gathers his courage and asks the fatal question. He would like to be a great lover.

3. **The girl with buck-teeth.** She also talks with her mouth full and slurps her soup. The West-Kansas type with a wardrobe picked by her aunt in Shelbina.

4. **The boy who talks shop.** He sells sand and gravel for Dietrich-Stenner in St. Louis, and although he's the youngest salesman in the business, he gets all the best contracts. He smokes cigars and wears spats. His favorite saying is "Just stay in there and pitch."

5. **The poor sport.** She huddles over her quizzes so the potential flunks on each side of her don't have a chance. She beams benignly when she makes the highest grade in the class, but raises a terrific howl if she makes a 75—the grader just had a grudge against her, that's all. She borrows cigarettes by the pack and stamps by the strip, and hides her own under the mattress.

6. **The pest.** He is usually chubby and just out of military school. He writes you poetry of the "Your-eyes-are-like-limpid-pools and I am your slave" type, and sends it through the mail anonymously. You never give him a date, but he calls up every night just the same. He sits in the library and stares at you. He has all his fraternity brothers tell you what a swell guy he is.

7. **The girl who is two-faced.** She insists that the pledges be campused if they come in smelling faintly of alcohol, and sneaks out on late dates—of the apartment type—on the average of twice a week. She keeps the boy you're in love with posted on all your affairs, and puts out the slushiest line of sympathy when you finally break up with him.

8. **The boy who is full of cute little tricks.** He calls up every five minutes for an hour and says, "Do you wanna buy a duck?" He unties the bows on your dress, and musses your hair right after you've had it set. He calls you "babe," and "kid."

9. **The girl who knows everything.** She is the

(Continued on page 16)

The Iceman Has His Pick—

So Why Not The Showme Reader

(A King and Queen—Best-this-and-that ballot to end King and Queen—Best-this-and-that ballots. No Campus King in the Savitar? All right, then, pick your own. Also any kind of queen you want.)

Drop your entries in ballot-boxes at Gaebler's and other dealers, and we'll let you know next time how it comes out.)

- Campus King?
- Ace of Hearts?
- Queen of Queens?
- 1. Engineer Queen?
- 2. Scoop Queen?
- 3. Law Queen?
- 4. Ag Queen?
- 5. Med. Queen?
- 6. Army Queen?
- 7. Phi Beta Kappa Queen?
- 8. Kappa Beta Phi Queen?
- 9. Gaebler's Queen?
- 10. Workshop Queen?
- 11. Student Queen?
- 12. Hinkson Queen?
- 13. Golf Course Queen?
- 14. Brown-eyed Queen?
- 15. Blue-eyed Queen?
- 16. Left-handed Queen?
- 18. Chess Club Queen?
- 19. Queen of the Week?
- 20. Emergency Queen for any odd occasion?
- Prince Charming?
- Coquette?
- Playboy?
- Champion Jelly?
- Champion Jellyette?
- Politician?
- Politicienne?
- Best-dressed Boy?
- Best-dressed Grl?
- Wierdest Dressed Boy?
- Favorite Fraternity?
- Favorite Sorority?

- Most Loving Couple Publicly? -----
- Most Loving Couple Privately? -----
- Most Charming Couple? -----
- Don Juan? -----
- Favorite Fraternity Pin? -----
- Favorite Sorority Pin? -----
- Favorite Course? -----
- Dryest Course? -----
- Favorite Professor? -----
- Favorite School Bldg.? -----
- Prettiest Girl? -----
- Favorite Automobile? -----
- Magazine Preferences? 1. -----
- 2. -----
- 3. -----
- Favorite Drink—hard? -----
- soft? -----
- Best Dancer? -----
- Most Likely to Succeed? -----
- A Composite Campus Beauty:
 - 1. Nicest Eyes? -----
 - Most Alluring Eyes? -----
 - Roguish Eyes? -----
 - 2. Prettiest Colored Hair? -----
 - Nicest Coiffure? -----
 - 3. Slinkiest Figure? -----
 - Most Mae Westish Figger? -----
 - 4. Legs? -----
 - 5. Mouth? -----
- Most Stubborn Girl? -----
- Most Stubborn Boy? -----
- Social Lion? -----
- Gentleman? -----
- Smoothest Man? -----
- Social Lioness? -----
- Most Ladylike? -----
- Smoothest Girl? -----
- Most Bookish? -----
- Your Frank Opinion of the "Student"? -----
-
-
- Your Frank Opinion of the "Showme"? -----
-
-
- Pet Superstition? -----
- Pet Color? -----
- Pet Petting Place (i. e. Stadium)? -----
- Favorite Poem? -----
- Favorite Quotations? -----
- Most Genial? -----
- Quickest Tempered? -----

"Mumbo-Jumbo gobbled down that old witch I broiled all by himself!" sneered the cannibal cook.

"That's the way with the greedy old fool," declared the assistant cook, "might know he'd go the whole hog!"

It Takes All Kinds of People

(Continued from page 15)

only one who can speak the Parisian French. She correct you on anything you say, whether it's about politics, the Semangs, or crime in Kansas City. She talks about Schopenhauer on dates. She also reviews the recent books and recites poetry for you. She went to Vassar for three years, and came down to State U. because she thinks "every-one should be democratic."

10. **The boy with the undergraduate ideas.** He dates up all the best pledges right after rush week, and pulls the line about "Haven't you ever felt the urge?" He takes them out on picnics and doses the beer, if necessary. Girls were only made for one purpose. His date goes through either the first or last round of a Dempsey-Tunney fight, depending on her choice.

11. **The girl with the southern accent.** She spent two months in Dallas the summer before she came to school. Her mother's name was Ritchie, of the Carolina Ritchies. All she has to do is look sleepy and god-awful pale and throw in the "you-awl's" at appropriate times. Its goes over unless you meet the family from Cairo, Illinois.

12. **The boy who brags about how much he can drink and then passes out.** "The night I was at the Blue Lantern in St. Louis I drank seven gangsters under the table." He buys it at a quarter a pint and takes it straight without a sign of a chaser. By eleven o'clock he is poured into a cab—sans bragging, practically sans life.

"I hear you demoted Sergeant Barnes after he wounded himself in the leg with his own gun," said the chief of detectives.

"Yes," admitted the chief of police, "he shot his leg and we had to break him."



"Oh, Mr. Barstow, I wouldn't take money for this wonderful dance!"

"You ain't alone, baby!"

Those Spring Days--

*Sometimes cause your
appetite to be a bit off.*

*We offer many varieties
of luncheons and cold
plates that are sure to
please you.*

GAEBLER'S
Black *and* Gold Inn

Showme Show

(Continued from page 14)

Old-timers Lament

Old-timers complain that it isn't like it used to be. How can there be any good old-fashioned graft when there's no big campaign fund? Political tycoons of another day would turn over in their graves at the thought of a quiet election. No handbills, no banners, no bands, no serenades, no cash register, and with the greater Little Caucus, no election. "After all, why should we spend money," said one campus Titan. "We have 100% control of the Council, and the Council counts the votes."

And here we pause to list in memorium the names of those who Knew What It Was All About in days of yore:

Jim Finch, Phi Gam, Jap Smith, D. U., Greg Hutchinson, Ind., Tom Brett, Beta, Hal Foster, Alpha Gamma Sigma, Dan Joslyn, Delta Theta Phi, Ross Dunwiddie, Kappa Sigma, Bill Dalton, Phi Delta Phi, Benny Freeman, S. A. M., Jonathon ("You trust me, boys") Schultz, Unmentionable, Ted Graham,

League for Industrial Democracy, Johnny Ferguson, Alpha Gamma Rho, Fern Spolander, Alpha Delta Gamma, Dorothy Andris, Phi Mu, Betty Trimble, Kappa, A. and K. Roach, Delta Gam, Mary Jim Barnes, Alpha Gamma Delta, Helen Hawkins, Gamma Phi, Lester Hardy Paxton, Acacia, Elmer Sharp, K. A., Sterg Bouleware, Alpha Gamma Sigma, Duke Carrall, Acacia, Lucy Wilson, A. D. Pi, and Marion Keller, Alpha Chi.

Having only some twenty pages at our disposal, we won't attempt to recall all the stooges, foils, pawns and figureheads who only tried to find out what it was All About.

Piffle

Unexpected sight: Ursula Gengung, Tri-Delt pres., waiting for somebody and doing her waiting at the Alpha Chi jelly corner, of all places. Maybe she didn't know . . . Johnny Paxton had a strange-looking button on his lapel last week. Another trick org? . . . Rutherford certainly leads a good, queen life. Bet it's

all the same after the first three nominations . . . strange as it may seem, one Journalist, Eddie Ellis, claims to have cinched a newspaper job—and on his home-town paper, too. Strange, a J. school graduate going into journalism. We know of a couple of B.J.'s from a year or so back who landed jobs in a fish market (like that?—**landed, fish**) and are doing very nicely in the cod and tuna industry . . . Jo-Jo Johnson used to get himself more publicity than he has this year . . . by the way, we hear that Jim Freedman's hair has pretty nearly recovered from the Beta bob it received last spring. Losing that cat's-back attitude . . . Tom Brett would be busy bossing the Little Caucus about now if he were here . . . one of the A. D. S. boys had a hard time getting the idea that she didn't wanta at their spring outing, steak fry, or picnic, which ever it was . . . osculation with a red-haired Kappa is desirable, but an advertising class is a poor place for it, Mr. Harold Green . . .

Key to Happiness

One Gamma Phi found where the only house key was kept. She slipped it out and had a duplicate made and now she has all the privileges, but she is afraid to use it. Sissy.

One thing about those lucky Kappas, every girl has a key.

Femmes Crashing

Two A. D. Pi pledges seemed to have a good time at the Zeta Sigma dance, even though they weren't invited to come down and join in the dancing. The stags flocked to the top of the steps and Burnham and Stephens relieved some girl of a few cuts.

Getting Her Numeral

An A. D. Pi bet her midshipman that the Army beat the Navy at football. She got the pajamas with the number 12345 across the s . . . When the Log issue featuring phony femmes appeared,

(Continued on page 20)



"Gotta cold
ain'tcha, big
boy?"

Dependable Used

Cars Bought and
Sold

BROADWAY STORAGE GARAGE

615 Broadway

Phone 5922

—Day and Night Service—

Washing and

Polishing

Lubrication

Missouri Merry-go-round

(Continued from page 4)

perience with Jonathon Shultz's Protest boys last year, to trip them up.

“As fickle as the Tri-Delt political policy” is a simile we'd like to get off our chests. The Delta girls, after getting the support of the Unionist faction for the Y.W. C.A. president, reneged when it came to supporting the Unionist ticket in the W.S.G.A. elections. Genung, Tri-Delt prexy, tried to play the game with five aces and fifty-four queens, but she didn't have the girls as completely under her control as she thought. But enough of them double-crossed the political line along with her to defeat the Unionist candidate. The Deltas are going to wound themselves with that political free-lance some of these days. They remind us of that story about how, when somebody wanted to know why the sun never sets on English soil, an Irishman interjected, “Because God wouldn't trust them in the dark.”

A lot of people regret the passing of campaign literature, which the Student Council abolished on the urging of Blue Key, service group (yes, that same old service group whose firm stand on Carideo so influenced the Board of Curators).

No more pictures of candidates on which to draw mustaches, beards, broken teeth, and monocles. No more party platforms and campaign promises to which campus wags can append question marks and add inserted

words. No more scrap paper on which to put class notes or write poetry. How unfamiliar the classrooms will look at election time without their litter of leaflets and handbills telling you glorious legends of what “our man” will do. Who can forget those slogans such as “A Round Vote Will Insure a Square Deal,” and “Kellogg for Kultur.” No more will we get out of bed in the morning and see a forest of white, green, yellow and blue posters tacked to laths, which had mushroomed up in the early hours of the morn. By noon, all that remained was a litter of broken laths and torn poster cards.

The urchins-about-town used to have quite a racket of being employed at smart sums to tear down opponents posters. Ere long, though, the kiddies got to working for both sides, so the caucuses let the street-cleaners do the job.

We are told that the Kappa Alpha boys raised an objection to the name “Unionist Party” for the new organization, on the grounds that they are a good old Southern fraternity, and have no place, sur, fo' anything puttainin' to the Union. Dixie lan', Dixie lan', they must be full up with Illinois and New England boys this year. Only a Yankee with a hankering for them ol' Suthen manners would think of such a thing. Put away your swords, boys, you've been reading too many Civil War stories.

Maybe they're afraid the United Daughters of the Confederacy might not give them the annual Robert E. Lee dinner if they had any doin's with such a party.

BANALITIES OF 1934

I don't like dances,
Because my chances
Of dancing
Are few.

Too many stags,
Not enough hags.

But the girls at Missouri
Don't have to worry.

There's always some sap
Who will waltz a lap.

And after the mazurker
To jelly he'll jerk her.

On anything with pants
They'll take a chance.

But I would really
Rather not jelly.

It's so asinine.

Refrain:
I don't like dances, etc.

“See that girl over there with
the red dress on?”

“Yes, I brought her. Why?”

“Why—er—a, nice eyelashes,
don't you think?”

reserve red cat

the best times
that i ever had
were always
elegantly bad.

puppet

Hey, what are you doing?
I'm drunk.
You're drunk?
Yeh, I'm drunk pictures on the
wall.

cornell widow

Did you ever hear a dean talk-
ing? Well, we did!

snitched

Showme Show

(Continued from page 18)

she wrote the editor, whose name also happens to be Fisher, what she thought of the publication. His reply was this, "Why not console yourself with the thought that there are always exceptions to the general rule? Even way out in Missouri, you sweet things mean a lot to us."

Stuck

Receiving a phone call asking for a tow-car at five o'clock one misty morning of late, a local garageman, whose name ethics precludes our mentioning, drove out to the designated lonely road and found a car securely mired.

It seemed that the couple within had parked there the night before, not anticipating the down-pour which was so soon to root them to the spot.

The night had been balmy, and the road that stretched away in the moonlight bore no evidence of its muddy possibilities. Then came the deluge, and to their horror they found themselves quickly transfixed to Mother Earth.

Efforts at pushing were fruitless, except for leaving both parties clothed in loam. Not until the aforementioned hour did they call quits and resort to professional aid.

Ah, cruel Nature!

"Draw My Bawth!"

Morgan Winsborough, pride of the Ad Selling class in Journalism, felt the call of spring the other day and wandered home with five pounds of lavender scented bath salts.

Mr. Winsborough, when interviewed by a SHOWME reporter, stated that he was well pleased with the results which the lavender stuff has made on the faltering females who infest our campus.

"I feel," said Mr. Winsborough with a gallant wave of his hand, "that I'm going to get my mon-

ey's worth from the bath salts. I believe they are worth every bit of the 59c which I paid for them."

Mr. Winsborough is now hard at work preparing a table which will demonstrate that there is a direct relationship between the amount of the lavender salts used and the reception accorded by the girl-friend. He refuses to reveal whether it works by direct or inverse proportion, however.

Sing

Capping an active year of projects, the Pan-Hellenic Council is backing the Inter-Fraternity Sing, a novelty for Missouri U. Many of the other campuses in our major colleges hold these sings with great success and there is no reason to doubt why this one shouldn't go over and be incorporated as a permanent feature of Missouri U. fraternity life. Jack Shelley, Acacia representative to the Council, is Chairman of the committee on the sing. The date, which had been previously set for the 19th, has been shifted to the 26th, due to the Student Government Association elections coming on the 20th. Put it down in your book, Around the Columns, 7:30, April 26th.

Play Ball

The Kappa ball team put it over on the Delta Sigma Phi's to the tune of 21-7 last Saturday. It was a peach of a game with the exponents of the curves on top all the way. We always thought that there were only a few Delta Sigs that could get to first base with the Kappas, but the score proves otherwise. Maxine Maloney had seven strikeouts to her credit, while the Delta Sig battery needed recharging three times.

Good old Hortense Peetz, freshly returned from the sunny Florida clime to visit the girls, was in there batting for dear old K. K. G. The Delta Sig's protest-

ed her on the grounds that she was a ringer, but they were lenient for they let that cute little Etling boy play backstop for the Kappas.

Scoop!

Clap hands! The Scoop Dance is coming to town. After a three year lapse, the Journalists are going to throw their annual Rothwell shindig. It's always a wow, with everybody except the chaperons past the point of saturation. It's tacky, too. The Engineers will get dressed up in their best and attend. We might put on our cords and sweaters and come disguised as Betas. You should have an excellent time, but it's all in the bag. If she will get into the swig of things, you both will arrive as potted as a hot-house palm and looking tackier than a left-over suit in a flop-house. Come one, come oiled!

Ringo-round-a-Rosie

The University authorities, overwhelmed with petitions containing seven or eight hundred student names, are reconsidering the case of reinstating Eugene Ringo, Ag student, who protested against taking compulsory military training on the grounds that he was a conscientious objector, and for his refusal to take military was dismissed. However, they have been stalling him off and when it does happen that he is re-instated, it will be rather late for him to continue his studies.

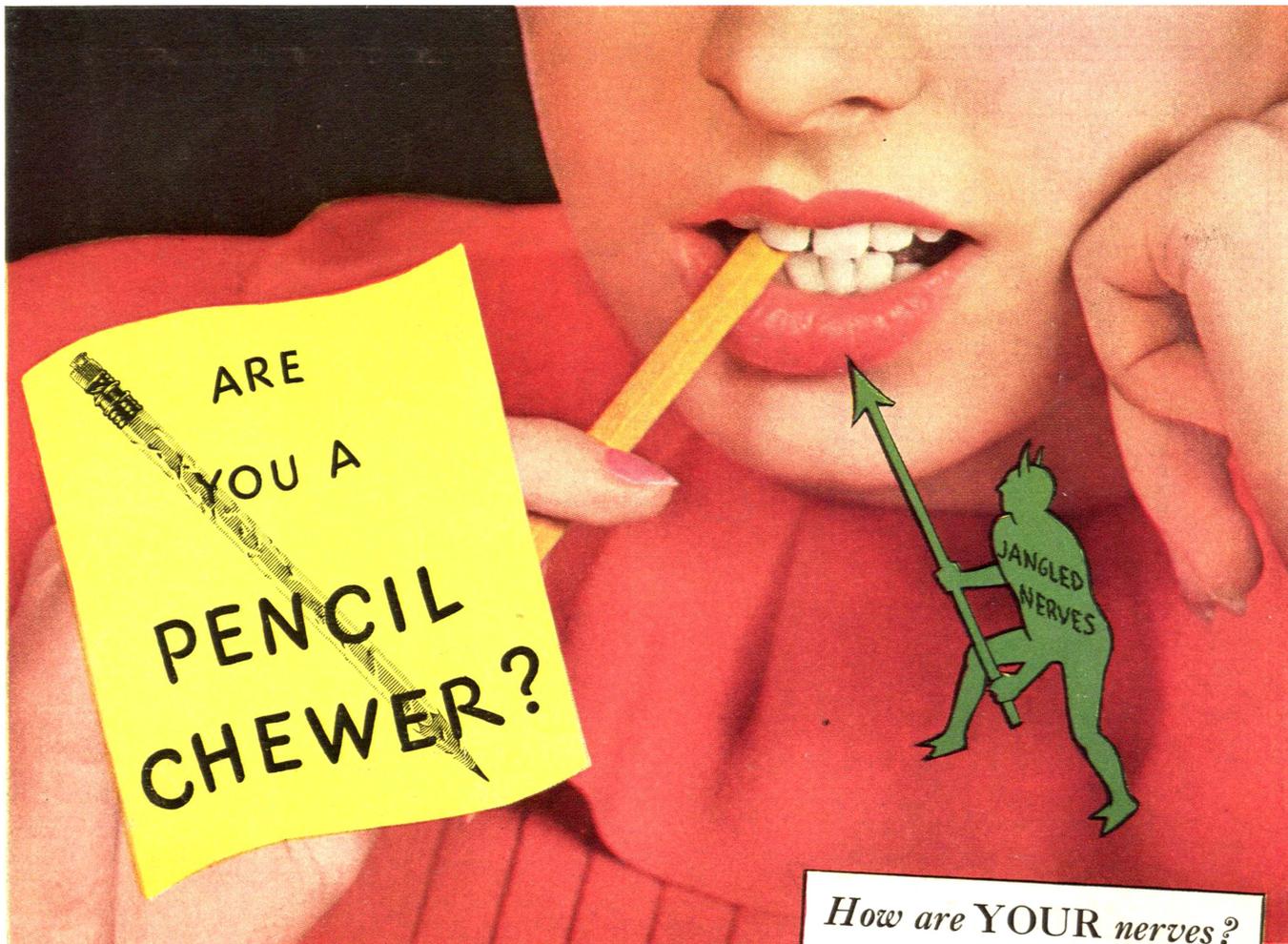
Water Torture

Delta Sig's Hell Week was considerably aided by Neophyte Cochrane. Banished to sleep in the house bathtub, he inadvertently pushed on the tap (which one it was makes no difference for water is of one temperature in fraternity houses after the dinner hour) and woke up in the morning in a bathtub half full of water. He went over to the hospital with a case of flying flu, but is fully recovered now.

Big Revival Meeting---

Yes Siree! A new opportunity presented in the same old way! A reinstated tradition is being brought to the minds of each and every one. 'Tis your duty not to let tradition slide—it's a new revival—so come one—come all—to Rothwell Gymnasium around nine on the evening of April 14th, and bring your collection of seventy-five cents to get in. Share in the free food, frivolity, and excitement of

The Annual
Journalism
Scoop Dance



Watch out for the telltale signs of jangled nerves

Other people notice them—even when you don't—little nervous habits that are the danger signal for *jangled nerves*.

And remember, right or wrong, people put their own interpretations on them. So it pays to watch your nerves.

Get enough sleep—fresh air—recreation—and make Camels your smoke, particularly if you are a steady smoker.

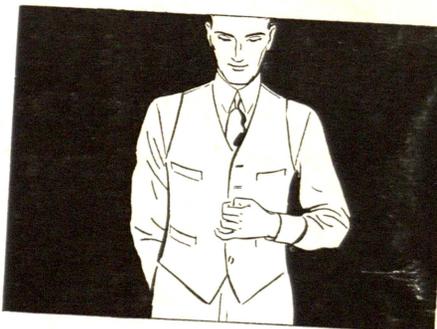
For remember, Camel's costlier tobaccos never jangle your nerves—no matter how many you smoke.



COSTLIER TOBACCOS

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS than any other popular brand of cigarettes!

How are YOUR nerves?
TRY THIS TEST



See how speedily you can complete this test. With your left hand (or with your right hand, if you are left-handed) unbutton your vest beginning at the top. Now button it again, beginning at the top. If you use more than one hand you are disqualified. Average time for six-button vest is 12 seconds.

Jack Summers (Camel smoker), national professional squash racquets champion, completed the test in 9 seconds.

Copyright, 1934, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

CAMELS

SMOKE AS MANY AS YOU WANT

...THEY NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES