

# Showme

15 Cents

**Paul Gallico**



**Bob Brent**



**Showme Show**



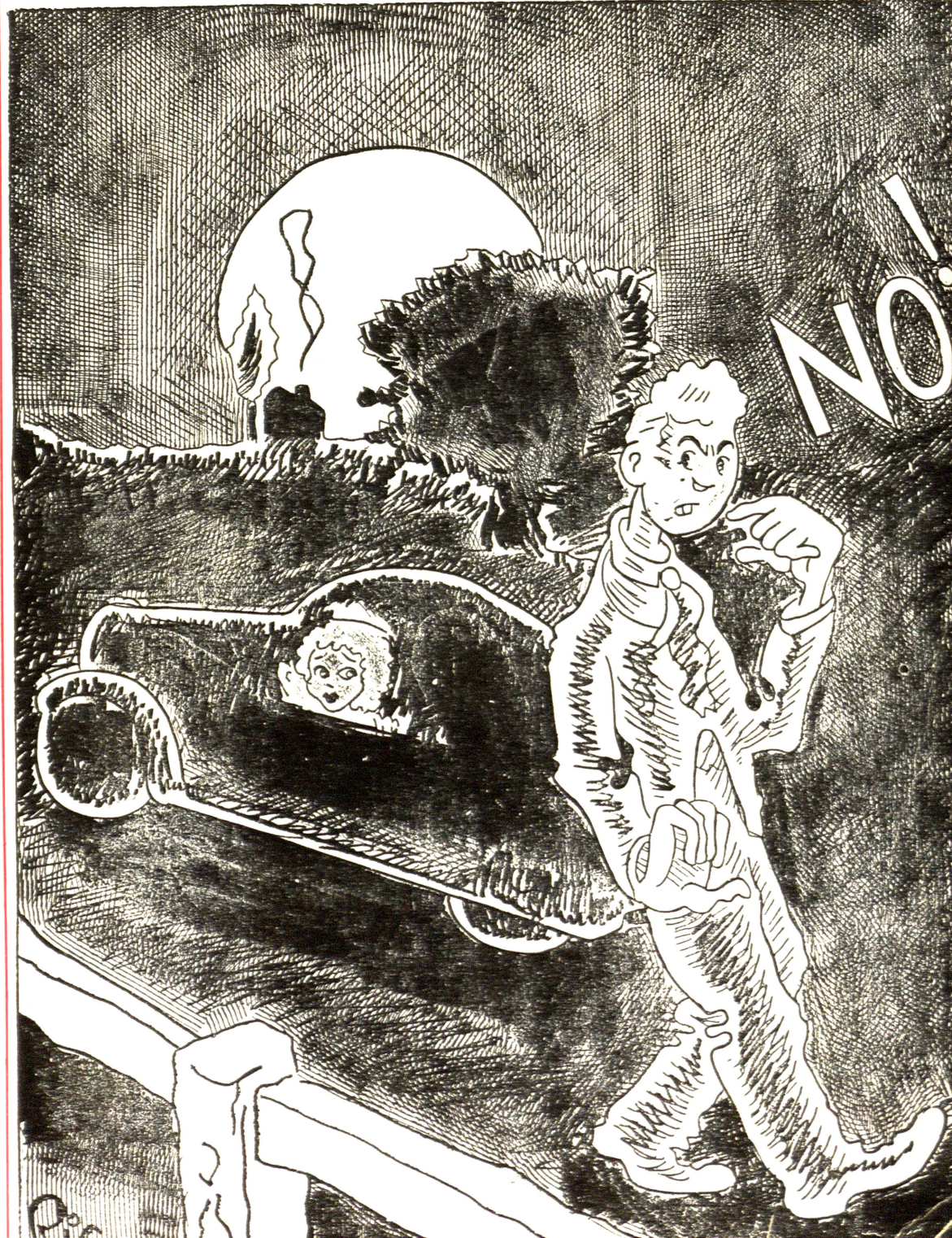
**Bond**



**Will Hayes**



**Bill Long**



LEAP  
YEAR

**Discriminating  
Travellers  
Prefer**



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Leap year comes but once in four  
years  
A hip-hurray and a loud three  
cheers,  
The women will now buy us all  
our beers;  
And blow very hard on the backs  
of our ears.

Hic Hic Now that finals are over  
Hooray! it might be well to think  
of ways to recuperate. From our  
Mexican representative comes  
news of a drink that is causing a  
sensation there and wherever it



appears. It's called "Tequila"  
and it packs more wallop than an  
angry Joe Louis. Its most out-  
standing feature is that there is  
no such thing as a hangover con-  
nected with it—merely because  
the day after a "Tequilla" night  
you feel the same as you did the  
night before—and it goes on for  
days and days. In fact a "Tequi-  
la" inebriation is said to have  
lasted for as long as three weeks.  
It's a hard drink to take—down  
in Mexico they hold a slice of  
lemon in the left hand between  
the thumb and index fingers. Be-  
tween the knuckles of the same

fingers they place a pinch of salt.  
The object is to guzzle the "Te-  
quila," lap up the salt, and suck  
the lemon before the drink has a  
chance to come right back up  
again. Yes, it's hard to keep  
down, and it's a lot of bother but  
they say that drinking this liquid  
dynamite is worth the effort. Vi-  
va Tequila!!!

**Mistakes In** We found the  
**Missouri Student** following mis-  
information in the "Society col-  
umn of the "Student" — we  
thought you might be interested  
in knowing the truth of some  
matters. Here they are:

1) The Student column said—  
"Emily Roach, Theta pledge,  
brow puckered, is weighing the  
relative merits of Bud Holmes  
and Roland Pundman, Phigams.  
Complications make a choice  
something of a matter of neces-  
sity." To those of you who are  
lucky enough to understand this  
choice bit of English rhetoric we  
beg to inform you that Pundman,  
and Pundman alone has any stat-  
us in Miss Roach's estimation.  
Emily is asking him to this Leap  
Year shindig—that is if Roland  
still insists on waiting for her bid  
before accepting either Pam  
(Kappa) Switzler or that other  
Kappa's invitations.

2) The Student column said—  
"Annabelle Farley of the Thetas  
and Phi Psi Billy Bates have  
written finis on the scrap heap  
and are clutching each other's

mits again." Our interpreter in-  
forms us that this morsel has  
somewhere in it the idea that  
Farley and Bates have patched  
up their quarrel and are once  
again happy together. To this  
we use the very popular—"Oh  
Yeah?" The story is this: Far-  
ley and Bates of the Theta house  
and Bates and Dungan of the Phi  
Psi house make up an eternal  
triangle. Bates dates Farley and  
then Brooks. And Dungan dates  
Brooks and then Farley. The  
girls burn up every time their  
man dates the other woman and  
the boys get a great kick out of  
it. The couples make up every  
so often but sooner or later the  
boys get devilish and start  
switching dates again. And that  
is the condition of the affair right  
now, and nobody is grabbing  
anybody's mitt. Next month  
there'll be plenty of new mistakes  
so read the "Student"—if any of  
you do—with a grain of salt.

**Confidence** Irwin Reif, of the  
**In Crystal Delta Theta Phi**  
Reifs, has a novel method of pass-  
ing exams, and especially in the  
law school. He didn't want to  
study so he went to a fortune  
teller and asked her if he would  
pass his exams. "Yes," she said  
as he crossed her palm with sil-  
ver, "don't worry, you'll pass your  
exams." So Reif didn't study.  
"Hell, why study if you're going  
to pass them anyway?" he says  
and so we're all waiting to see

(Continued on page 2)

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# SHOWME SHOW

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(Continued from page 1)

how he made out. If he does pass there will be one rich fortune-teller in this town around the end of next May.

**T. N. E.'s Toss** We had almost **Tipsy Tunes** formed the impression that T.N.E. existed no longer on this campus until the D. G. house reported the T.N.E. serenade that took place the other evening. Some of the boys—in a usual T.N.E. state of mind—started yipping songs outside the anchor mansion. Provoked by the lack of response from the girls inside they went up on the porch and a couple of them, finding the door open (the girls had neglected to lock it again after the Topic delivery) wandered inside the house. The girls ran, screaming, to the upper floors and the lads decided they'd better not so they departed, leaving behind some broken furniture on which a couple of the "far gone" members had settled too heavily. The girls would like to have a remittance on the part of the T.N.E. organization.

**Ancient Passing** by the Kappa **Humor** house early one morning we heard frenzied shouts of "Go-Way-durn ya—go way." We scooted around to the back of the house to find some of the girls pleading with some of the Zebes to "Please get off our fire-escape." Gosh, won't the Zebes ever learn that climbing the Kappa fire escape is passe?

**No-No-No!** Pete Rae (Sigmanu) seems to believe in this leap year idea. Mary Belle Barnes spent a whole hour one evening in front of her Pi Phi house trying to wear down his resistance. But Pete was true to tradition and just wouldn't kiss her goodnite. They've been going together for

quite a while too. There oughta be more Pete Rae's on this campus—or would you rather have more Mary Belle Barnes's?

**Fickle Woman** Mary Helen Hirshfield proves to us that an Independent can still go places. For her Christmas vacation a boy friend in California, who is going to Stanford, sent her plane fare both ways. She went, of course and there they hit the high spots—Cocoanut Grove, Brown Derby, etc.—but the payoff is when she got home and girls asked her if she loved the fellow. "No, I'm not so sure—He loves me, but I don't think I love him." Nice, huh?

**Tippy's At Tippy** (Piphi) besides spending her time as Tilda in the Showme Nite Club of the Air, (fo'give the plug) is keeping two swell fellows guessing. They're John Howie (Lambachialpha) and A. T. O. Earl Forrester. Ah, Tippy, and won't you tell us what hap-

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## Yazzah!

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An old darky approached the minister cautiously and very lightly tapped his shoulder.

"Parson, suh," he said, "Ah wants you all to pray for me. "Ah in a bad way, suh."

"Well, Rastus, what's wrong with you?"

"Suh, Ah's got a floating kidney, Ah has, suh."

"But Rastus," replied the minister, "I can't pray for physical things like that; I only pray for spiritual things."

"You can't pray for a floating kidney? Then how come you all prayed last Sunday for loose livers."

—Texas Ranger

pened to the three pins you had at various times last year?

**A Goon Club** Yes, lads, there is a "Goon" club at the Pi Phi house. It was formed during rush week by some of the "but she has a nice personality" girls. Members include Betty Cabeen, Jane Alford,—but why go on, you know them.

**Poetess** Some gals will do any-  
**At Large** thing to tell a fellow what they think of him. For instance—Paul Guilliford called Kathleen Houston for a date. She accepted. Then he asked her to get a friend for his roommate. She did that too. Later that evening two boys called for their dates—and Paul Guilliford wasn't one of them—he had sent two totally strange A.T.O. lads over. Well, this A.Chi O. Houston was plenty hot about it—so she didn't go. Instead she sent Gulliford a box of rat poison on which was written the following verse—

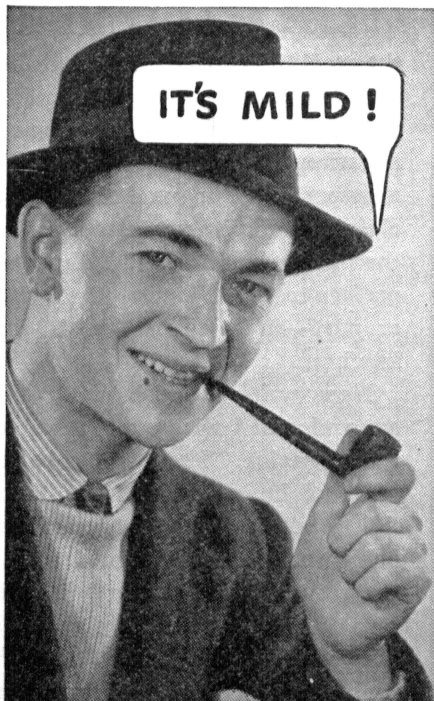
**Nuts to the Nuts,  
Crackers to the Cracked  
And rat poison to you—Mr.  
Gulliford.**

**Nice** Louise Frost, the Theta **Hobby** beauty, has a novel hobby. She goes out with boys until she knows them well enough to ask them for their picture. After she gets the picture she drops the fellow. Louise has quite a collection of pictures, and we imagine, broken hearts.

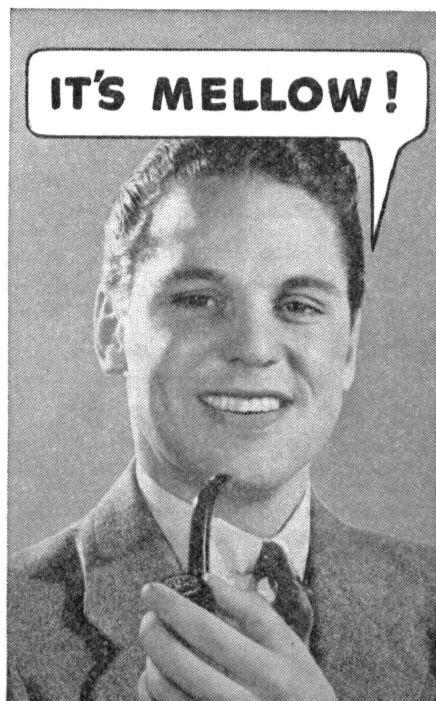
**Shhhh** The Pi Phis have a deep dark secret—F'goodness sakes don't tell the Kappas, they say. And in keeping with the spirit of the column we are printing this for everyone but the Kappas. Kappas!—avert your eyes and skip this item. It's all about how Sam Montague, Florence Mack-

(Continued on page 5)

# THIS NO-RISK OFFER ATTRACTS PIPE SMOKERS BY ITS FAIRNESS!



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In smoking P.A. you will notice, we believe, an unusual mildness, a distinctive flavor, a delicate aroma.

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tin. Hence no fuss or bother, no spilling or waste. Your tobacco keeps in prime condition to give a smoke that is mild—yet with plenty of real man-sized good taste. So try Prince Albert and be the judge of its appeal and quality. Get it at your dealer's now.



# PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

**50**  
pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

# MISSOURI SHOWME

## editorial mouthings

With the new year leaping well on its way into the second semester and freshmen still wandering wild eyed, wondering what became of the first and hoping the second and the leap year will bring them new and better things this issue comes to their eyes and begins with a sentence almost equal in length to the one they received when they entered the University.

While hunting for something new and different for a short story we met up with BOB BRENT and could tell by the light in his eye that our quest had ended. Amid shivers and looks of blank wonderment we read through "Fantasy Fana-tique" and then passed it on to be read and re-read by the rest of the staff. We weren't certain but we were pretty sure that we didn't know what it was all about. But then that part about the ship on the ocean of sand and the talk between the skeletons sort of er—intrigued us.

The Music continues to go round and BILL LONG felt it his duty to say it in verse. His little ditty adorns the page with DAVE DEXTER'S "Music Box" which, incidentally, continues to slap Fred Warings' Ford Programs in the face with much gusto.

Showme Show grows to greater lengths and boasts this time of several more scoops. And next month, if our reporter can get in,

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he will look through his jaundiced eyes at the Journalism Show and emit a few terse comments.

Showme again changes its makeup. In an attempt to be more than a rah-rah joke book and still refrain from becoming intellectually stogy, and more, we hope, better articles are being printed.

Oftimes we are questioned about more serious articles. Why doesn't Showme have a word to say about the wars and ways of

## More Mouthings-

the world? Why do we not delve into the more philosophical side of life? Our best answer to such questions is that there are enough answers given to us daily in our classes to fulfill our yearnings for the "deeper things," and Showme prefers to offer, instead, the lighter part—and join in with the laughter.

New writers and new artists are welcomed with open arms to the magazine. Those of our readers who have long held in their cloistered bosom the desire to bring forth into the world something new and startling in the way of writing or art are greeted whole heartedly even though their contributions are not always printed. Some of them will try again but for most one try seems to weary them; we try to be encouraging.

HERBERT KRAUSHAAR again wields the feathered plume to produce another of his poems, this time, "Ode to a Campus Queen." He and BILL LONG seem to be running neck and neck for Showme poet-laureate with BOB HANNON sticking in his fist full of poems every now and then. And, although the English professors look askance at us, we still find the "poems" interesting and not at all harmful to our tastes for Shakespeare or Rosetti. Kraushaar says modestly that he thinks Rosetti writes good stuff too although not quite up with the times.

The Editor

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# More Showme Show

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enidge, Art Williams, Betty Ca-been, Jane Alford, and Ed-(we-can'tgethisname) triple dated and went to Jeff City to the Rathskellar. They got in too late and couldn't get in the Pi Phi house so it was breakfast at the Topic and eight o'clock classes. There's nothing wrong about the whole thing, but please—don't tell the Kappas.

**Good** Ruth Sowers is **Combination** scholarship chairman of the Theta house and Don Dittmore, her steady, needed some help in Spanish. The combination is working out ideally. Incidentally, Dittmore will pass the Spanish.

**No Wanna Elope** "No," said Avis Green, Theta, leaning out the window at Harvey K.A. Allen, "not tonight." They were going to elope it seems—or so the Thetas think, but maybe it was just a late date. At any rate, he didn't have a ladder with him—or if he did he concealed it pretty well. Wonder when they are going to try again.

**Joke** A voice of much experience on the campus informs us that the reason fellows aren't dating blondes this year is that they get dirty too quick.

**Wuxtry!** Mable's back in town!  
**Always Fun** Those big jelly booths in handy. Why only the other night we discovered that the cause of the commotion in that big one to the right in the rear was an innocent game of "spin the bottle." Only they weren't spinning a bottle. 'Twas a sugar bowl cover with an arrow marked on the underneath side of it. Those things spin well and usually land on the right person. It really does require a minimum of three couples to play—but the game retains all of its old pep.

Why don't you try it some time and see?

**Kootchie** Sally Bancroft (Theta) Kootchie is ticklish. And John Skinner (Sigep) knows just where she is ticklish. The result is that the other night Sally came home from a date with him with a torn coat, a ripped dress, and stockings full of runners. Anything for a laugh, they say. Anyhow Skinner told her to go buy herself a new dress on him so the episode was forgiven.

**Pin Complex** That Beta man of the pin complex, George Klein, had a nasty trick played on him by his workmates at Harris'. One of them called a well known town girl, told her he was George Klein and asked for a date. He asked her to call later to let him know about it. The girl called and asked for Klein, but he got huffy and refused to take the date. Whereupon the gal got huffy and told him where to get off. We don't quite get the object of the affair but Klein, if he had taken the date, would probably have pinned her so maybe it's just as well.

**Two To This** column wouldn't **Tahiti** be complete without some mention of "Two to Tahiti" the Journalism show. Clair Callihan is mighty proud of the fact that the students and the students alone are putting on this show in its entirety. Mr. Callihan also informs us that some of the gowns used in the show are to be shipped to Hollywood—presumably for use in the movies. Here's a hint—while you're watching the show, keep an eye on Aaron Shifman—they say he's going to steal the whole thing from the principals.

(Continued on page 25)

A Missouri freshman, returning home by train for the holidays, was very interested in watching a baldheaded man scratch the fringe of hair around the side of his head. The man kept up so long that the Frosh finally reached over and said in a loud whisper:

"Say mister, you'll never catch him that way. Why don't you run him out in the open?"

—Varieties

A Colgate prof asked a student if heat is generated when two bodies come together with some force. The student nodded, gave a sly wink, and replied that force is not necessary.

—Varieties

Suitor: I wish to marry your daughter, sir.

Father: Young man, do you drink?

Suitor: Thanks a lot, sir, but let's finish this other matter.

—Punch Bowl

## WINTER SONG

Here's to the breezes  
That blow thru the treeses  
And blow the chemises  
From 'round the girl's kneeses  
So all the boys seeses  
And thinks what they pleases.

—Varieties

Then there was the man who just couldn't bear to see his wife get up in the cold and start the fire—so he turned his face to the wall.

—Red Cat

Why can doddering dodos with lots of pelf

Always snare maids from guys like myself?

—Varieties

Simile for the day: As careful as a nudist climbing a barbed wire fence.

—Widow

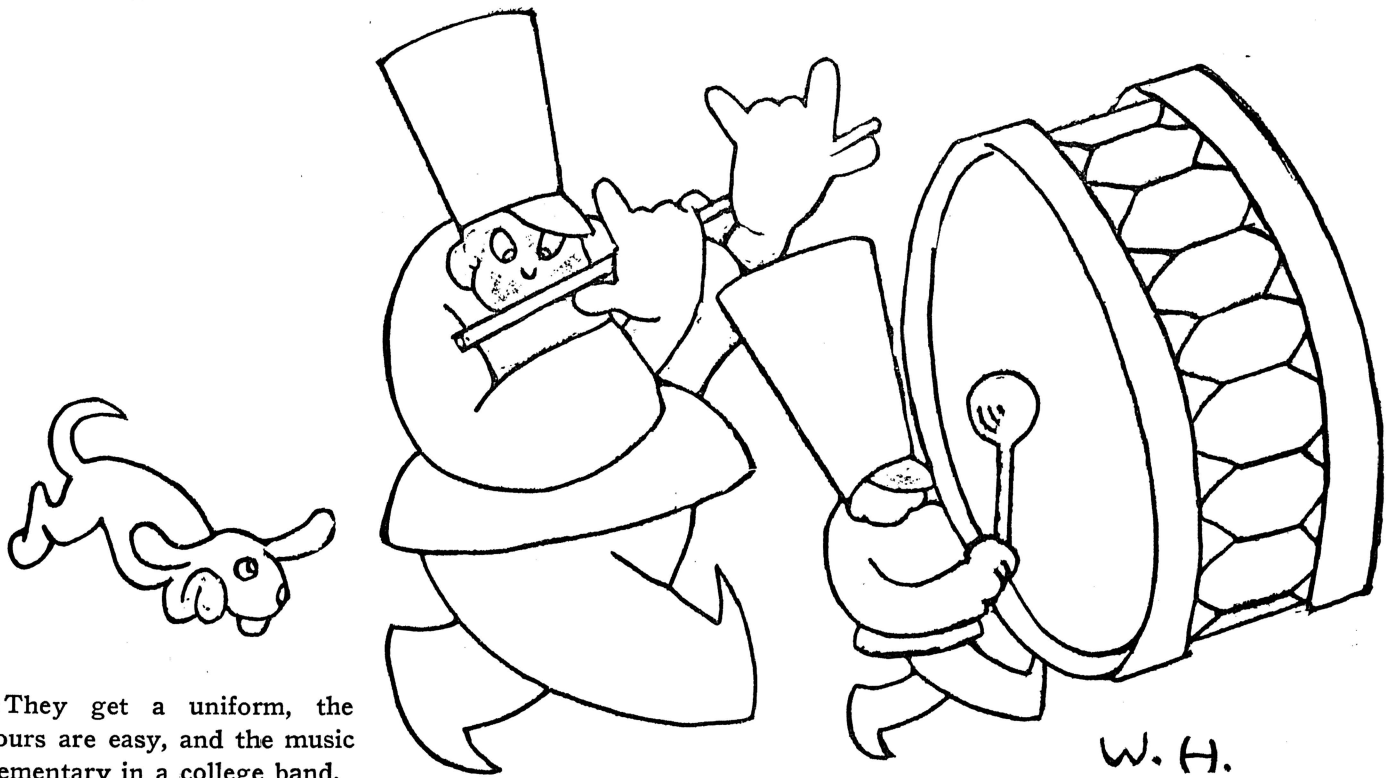
**SOCIAL LIFE**



● "HE SAYS HE'S GOT THE DEAN FOOLED. I T LOOKS LIKE COCA-COLA IN THE BOTTLE."

—Carolina Buccaneer





● They get a uniform, the hours are easy, and the music elementary in a college band.

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# *Strike Up the Band*

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**BY PAUL GALICCO**

**All the Best Musicians Are Playing in College Bands,  
and it Seems Even the Glockenspielers Are Ringers**

**T**he deadline of this magazine is just a trifle too far advanced for me to complete my investigation of the nastiest scandal ever to explode in the face of the world of campus, and chapel; but, fortunately, I have pursued the subject sufficiently to give you an outline of what may be expected when the storm breaks.

I stumbled upon it quite by accident, when I took my friend X to the Fordham-St. Mary's game at the Polo Grounds in New York. X happens to be a musician, a deep student of instruments, scoring, harmony, and counterpoint.

He sat quietly through the first half of the game, watched the Fordham band parade between the halves with sullen eyes and, finally, about the middle of the third quarter exploded with, "Pah! Dirty professionals!"

"Shut up!" I said. "The St. Mary's rooters are right in back of the press box. You'll get us killed. Can't you wait until we get home?"

"I'm not referring to St. Mary's. I do not know anything

about them . . . I am referring to Fordham's . . ."

I kicked him on the shins and said, "For Pete's sake, keep quiet! Jim Crowley is a nice guy. What the hell you've got to have football players to play football. All the boys go to classes, and carry books. What difference does it make where they came from, or whether they get a couple

of bucks for dropping in and looking at the steam gauge in the boiler room every morning?"

"I am not referring to the Fordham football players," he said, a little indignantly. "I assume they are all amateur athletes, scholars and gentlemen. I am referring to those ringers in the Fordham band. Did you see them? Seven tuba, indeed! Why, there aren't three good amateur tuba players in the whole metropolitan area, let alone seven. I wonder who they think they're kidding? And did you hear that glockenspieler?"

"Sure I did. What about him? I thought he played the 'Bells of St. Mary's' swell."

"That's just it. Too damned swell. Where do you think glockenspielers grow, on trees?"

"I—I had never thought of it."

"Of course not. You sports writers wouldn't know a professional if you heard one. There's a second oboe playing for Purdue that Koussevitsky would give his right arm for. No,

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# THE UNGODLY HOUR

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or

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## THE PLEDGE'S LAMENT

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By Bob Hannon

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Canto the first.

**B**etween the dark and the daylight,  
When the night is beginning to lower,  
Comes a pause in the evening's occupations,  
That is known as the Ungodly Hour.

**I** hear in the room above me,  
The stomping of little feet,  
The din of furniture thrown,  
And voices raucous and vociferous.  
(Couldn't find a word to rhyme)

**F**rom my study I see in the lamplight,  
Descending the broad hall stair,  
Three snarling, hellion actives  
Clutching paddles, paddles; clutching  
paddles. (the Gertie Stein in me)

**A** whisper, and then a silence  
Yet I know by their gleaming eyes,  
They are plotting and planning together  
To seize me by surprise.

**A** sudden rush from the stairway,  
A sudden raid from the hall!  
They charge thru my door left unguarded;  
I prepare for the end of it all.

**T**hey climb onto my worn desk,  
O'er the arms and back of my chair;  
If I try to escape, they surround me;  
They seem to be everywhere.

**I** am propped up in a corner  
With my head near touching my toe,  
My body is bent at an angle,  
I steel myself for the blow.

**T**o you who are now pledges,  
You know how I then felt.  
And to you who never went thru it,  
It is like the woodshed and belt.

**A**s those actives stood behind me,  
Arguing who should be first,  
An ennui crept upon me,  
While I began to thirst.

**W**hy did I come to Missouri?  
Why did I pledge a frat?  
Why do they want to beat my tail?  
Guess I'm just a sap.

**B**ehind me I felt the air stirring,  
A sound like wind in tall grass.  
There is a loud resounding whack  
As the paddle cracks my . . . posterior.

**T**hose actives beat me 'till I'm numb.  
My very ears burn and twitch,  
But I'll get even with some guy,  
The dirty son of a . . . gun.

Canto the last (thank gawd)

Someday, perhaps, I'll be an active,  
And looking back on days of yore,  
I'll not paddle pledges who  
Live in fear of the Ungodly Hour.

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(With due apologies and acknowledgements to Mr. Longfellow and his "Children's Hour")

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● MAYBE NOW MAMA'S LITTLE PET WILL KNOW BETTER THAN TO PLAY WITH THE MEAT GRINDER.

## Daughter's Letter Home

Dear Daughter:

I just read in the paper that students who don't smoke make much better grades than those who do. This is something for you to think about.

Your Dad

Dearest Father:

I have thought about it. But truthfully, I would rather make a B and have the enjoyment of smoking; in fact I would rather smoke and drink and make a C. Furthermore, I would rather smoke and drink and neck and make a D.

Yer Datter

Dear Daughter

See that you marry him if you flunk anything.

Father

—Varieties

## Embryonic Reformer

From my day of graduation  
I'll begin to shake the nation  
Sponsoring the reformation  
Of each known abomination.  
I will make the whole creation  
For the masses one vacation.  
(That's until my indignation  
Brought about by education  
suffers early expiration,  
After all the situation  
Calls for earning daily ration.

—H. Kraushaar

### TOAST

Here's to every sweet and pure  
girl at old Mizzou—congratulations!

I once knew a girl who woulda.  
I knew any time that I coulda.  
But I don't know why,  
I just didn't try.  
Perhaps if I coulda I shoulda.

## ODE TO A CAMPUS QUEEN

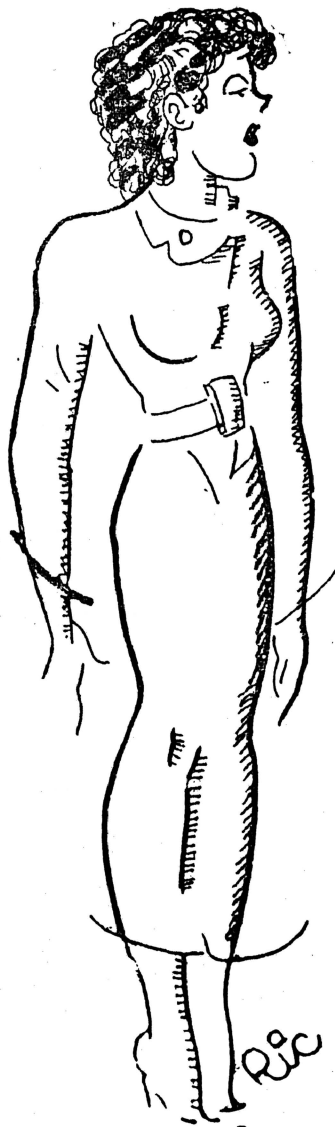
Oh campus queen with upturned nose,  
With lipstick, line, and fancy clothes,  
You'd need no rouge to red your cheeks  
Could you but hear the male Greeks  
When in their rooms behind their doors  
In fraternity houses' second floors.

Though you may be of virtues full  
They disappear in sessions bull.  
Your pretty self, though near perfected  
Will be in detail vivisected.  
Your goddess features, face and form  
Will be as nought in room or dorm.

Each thing you say, each thing you do  
Will coin some trite expressions new.  
Expressions full of dirt and sex  
That picture you as moral wrecks.  
Just low remarks that you inspire  
About your face, form and attire.

So read the Bible every day  
And be SO good in every way.  
Don't dare to drink; don't even smoke.  
Forget you've heard a dirty joke.  
Be nice—but still it's just the same—  
Above first floor you'll make your name.

—H. Kraushaar.



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## IN DEFENSE OF THE SEX

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Why do women condemn us for being "gimme" boys? Why do they say that we are only in school to find rich wives? Why do they insist that Missouri is just a bureau for homely bachelors?

The other day I was sitting in a booth in one of the local "jelly joints" and as usual the girl opposite me was stringing me the old line about how it was perfectly all right if I'd come up to her apartment the next night. Of course I wasn't listening because I knew her reputation, and if a fellow ever let himself be alone with her for an hour there was no telling what would happen. So I started listening to the conversation between two girls in the next booth. They certainly shocked me.

One was saying, "Oh he's all right, but you know how these high class fraternity fellows are. If you don't spend money on them they don't have a good time. They want to go out to a show on Sunday, they aren't happy if you don't buy them popcorn, and then you have to take them out to dinner. After that they won't even come to your soroity house and neck with you—they want to sit and jelly. And Hell—there goes your money, and what've you got for it?"

The other girl agreed with her. "You're perfectly right, they like necking as much as we do—but they just won't neck until you've dated them three or four times. I'm sick of these University boys. You can have a much better time with the Kemper fellows and you don't have to spend money on them. They'll drink with you too—and they don't object to Gin."

Well really now, I never thought the girls could be so blunt. Why don't they put themselves in our position?

We are, and have been for centuries, the weaker sex. Women have been taking advantage of us for as long as anyone can remember. Heavens, we have to do something to protect ourselves.

We can't do like the girls can, go through life without marrying. When we get to be thirty years old we lose our attractiveness and then no women would want us for a mate. We have to make the most of our younger days to see if we can't snag a woman while we're still desirable. We must, in order to hook a girl, seem hard to get. When they call us for dates we have to appear popular—because every boy knows that he is made more interesting to a girl if he has other girls dating him. Only when you get her pin can you be certain that you have her—and even then you can't be too certain. There are

(Continued on page 21)

A drunk staggered into a trolley car and seated himself next to a man absorbed in the newspaper. He was at that stage of inebriety which makes one very talkative. He bent over the man beside him and whispered.

"Shay, did you ever shpeak to a horsh?" The reply, "No, I never spoke to a horse."

"Well, d'j'ever shpeak to a skunk?"

"No, I never spoke to a skunk."

"Well, th' next time you shpeak to a skunk, ashk him what the hell's the big idea."

—Owl

Conductor: "How many in that berth?"

Answer: "Only one. Here's our ticket."

Mechanics Prof.: "Name a great time-saver."

Sophomore: "Love at first sight."

—Perspective

You can lead a girl to water, but she'll only use it for a chaser.

—Owl



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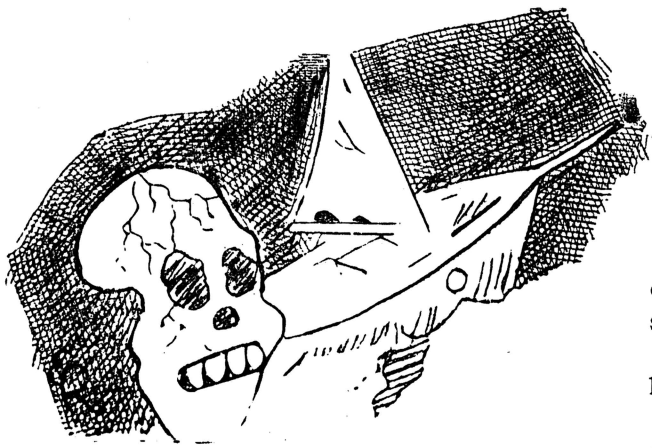
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# FANTASY FANATIQUE

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BY BOB BRENT



The scene was as unreal as a modernistic painting. Colors predominated, but they went badly together and lacked all semblance of coherence. A snow white ship was plowing its way, not across an ocean, but across a scorching desert of greenish sand. It pitched and rocked and threw mountainous showers of green from its bows, and its two masts described great discordant arcs as they pointed at a pink endless sky. The ship's forward course was spasmodic. It struggled, and sometimes seemed to stand still. At other times, it raced forward with the speed of lightning.

Aboard the ship were two-score skeletons as passengers. There was no crew. But the ship sailed on. Whither, none knew or seemed to care.

Doubtnal lay upon the deserted forward deck, his skull resting across the backs of bones that were his hands. His sockets looked across the green and pink wastes where the monkeys climbed icebergs and polar bears beat their breasts from the tops of jungle trees. Doubtnal lay thinking.

Languor, her bones and joints working silently, crept beside him. Her movements were like the flow of oil. She lay down and placed a claw over Doubtnal's own.

"Why have you come?" he asked, without moving his sockets from the wastes.

"You can hear," Languor replied.

From the afterdecks rose weird music that resembled the roaring of great fires and the screams of things wild, the moans of things

dying, the shrieks of tortured souls.

"Yes," Doubtnal said, "I can hear."

"I get so tired of parties," Languor sighed.

"Only morons enjoy parties," Doubtnal said.

Languor tightened her claw over his. "You are so handsome, Doubtnal."

"I am troubled, Languor."

"Troubled, my Doubtnal? Please do not be. You must be gay and not crack your forehead with worry. You must not take things so seriously. You must live and love and accept things as they are."

"That I cannot do, Languor. I am a wretched wreck of bones. Perhaps I am a sort of extremist—I must love furiously, Languor, at a killing pace; I must die for my love, or love not at all."

"Oh, my darling!" Languor's breath escaped with a gasp.

"It is you I love, Languor. In you are all the things my soul has cried for. I love you with the fires of hell."

"The fires of hell, my darling—are also my love for you."

"Still I am troubled," Doubtnal said.

"And why?"

"I do not know," Doubtnal replied. "Once, my Languor, before you swore your love for me, I said, 'I love her. Whether she loves me or not, whether the flames of hell reach up and sear the heavens, even if she turns me under her heel, I will still love her.' Then I went on: 'I will love her. I will possess her. I will take her even against her will, for my love has now grown great and nothing can turn it aside.' That, my darling was before you acknowledged your love for me."

"And now?" Languor asked breathlessly.

"And now you say that you love me, Languor, and I have become cynical. I laugh at you in my heart and cannot believe it is so. You were always such a shameless flatterer, Languor."

"I was never a flatterer, Doubtnal."

Doubtnal thought in his hollow skull, "You lie!" and said slyly, "Was it because you loved me from the first Languor?"

"Yes, my darling."

Doubtnal laughed ironically.

"I am laughing at you, Languor. But still, I believe you, at last—I think I believe you; I want to believe you."

"You take things too seriously, Doubtnal. Believe me, and let it go."

"But I cannot believe you without proof. Why isn't there some proof that you could give me—some proof that I can believe!" Doubtnal cried miserably.

Languor sighed, but the sound, to a human ear, would have been the hiss of a vampire.

"I have given myself to you, Doubtnal. You have my soul. You have possessed me."

Doubtnal thought for a moment.

"Once I said no matter who loved you or how many you had loved, Languor, I would love you still. But now that I have demonstrated my love, now that you have given yourself to me, I am jealous. I never thought such a thing could be, but Languor, I find myself troubled. I want your every thought. I wonder if you have ever given yourself to another. The thought drives me mad."

"You are silly Doubtnal."

Doubtnal turned his skull away from her to gaze upon the drifting desert. The terrific music of the party on the afterdecks seemed

(Continued on page 24)

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# OPEN SEASON FOR MINXES

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By  
BOND

If you think that the twelve o'clock curfew on January 1, 1936, simply announced a new year, you're sadly in the gauze. Do you know, and if you don't, be warned, that the fanfare started palpitations in the breasts of millions of maidens who wait for 1936 or 1940 or 1944 to do what their less reserved sisters need no excuse to do. Do you know that signal unleashed millions of glances, advances, coaxings and hoaxings that otherwise go pent up unless sanctified in the name of Leap Year? Well then, you stalwarts who have come through unscathed up to now, beware and be wary, because a new menace is threatening you, a concentrated menace that is vowed not to let you slip away this time.

There's Suzabella Plunkett—you've probably missed Suzi—she's the one you haven't noticed around, who wears the ground-grippers and quotes Chaucer to give things emphasis. Suzi has girded up her lean and bony loins in the most dashing of plaid skirts, has pulled a gay roman-striped sweater over her meagre bosom, and with a blazing fire in her bespectacled eyes, has sallied forth to find her dream man. You will see her skulking in booths at coke parlors, swaying her head in faulty rhythm to the tunes of the orchestra. As you pass, she will pretend not to notice, but at the same time she will move her elbow ever so slightly, just enough to knock her books, purse or handkerchief into the aisle at your feet. Then with profuse thanks, if you are gallant enough to stoop and retrieve them, she will invite you to sit down and visit. This is the beginning of the end, because you will probably come away feeling that Suzi has a "marvelous mind", that she "understands" you better than anyone else ever has before, and you are determined to see her again because Suzi's old man is head of the Amalgamated Mouse Trap Factory of Peoria and is looking around for a "junior partner".

Then there's Clara Hotchkiss. Clara has been teaching in the elementary schools for five years, but has come back to the university to get her Master's. You met in Geology, but you really didn't appreciate her until just before finals when she coached you. In fact she coached you so well, at the same time feeding you apple strudel and banana cream pie that she baked in the little

oven in her kitchenette, and so sympathetically and efficiently stopped your head cold by doses of hot 'rock and rye' that you find you can't do without her. Especially since she is next in line for a fat paying little job of Superintendent when she goes back to Homeburg.

Look out for Alicia Waterbury! Alicia is the daughter of the dean, a thoroughly maiden-lady with ideas on sex and modern youth that she didn't learn through the follies thereof, but only through surreptitious reading of the classics. She is somewhere on the "other" side of twenty-five and virtue is about to get her down. If you date her, you'll pull through all sorts of scrapes



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when she puts in a word for you with her pa, but you'll finish being his son-in-law and the aide-de-camp in his office.

Now Kitty O'Dowd is the one of whom you must be most cautious. Kitty is a sorority girl, but no one seems to know what she has done with her time the three years she has been in college. The truth of the matter is, that Kitty worked up such a fine reputation for popularity that the boys have hesitated to ask her for dates for fear of being fluffed off. So Kitty took to leaving town over weekends because she doesn't want anyone to know that she doesn't get invited to parties and things, and during the week, she studies hard and busies herself with activities. But with the new year, Kitty returned to school with a light in her eye, rather desperate, to say the least, and a Packard convertible. Her stock characteristic is *charm*—she's *perfectly* charming when she calls you up and suggests a ride in the moonlight. And she pours Haig & Haig Scotch into your glass in the daintiest way imaginable. And when you find

you're just a little short of being able to pay the check, Kitty blushes and, warning you to save your money, puts up the dough so sweetly that you can't help but be impressed and you end up by being charmed completely out of your freedom.

So, me lads, when you're beset upon and begin to wonder if you haven't just been wrong about some gal all the time, and you get inclinations toward the altar, don't say that nobody told you. Remember that the season is officially opened and from now until Next Year YOU'RE the target. Don't forget to duck!

●  
"Going around with women a lot keeps you young."

"How come?"

"I started in going around with them four years ago when I was a Freshman, and I'm still a Freshman."

●  
"If you kiss me I'll scream."

"But there's no one within hearing distance."

"Then what are you scared of?"

—Exchange

●  
She: Scientists say that every time a boy kisses a girl it takes five minutes off his life."

He: "Let's knock off a couple of days."

●  
He kissed Helen  
Hell ensued  
He left Helen  
Helen sued.

—Varieties

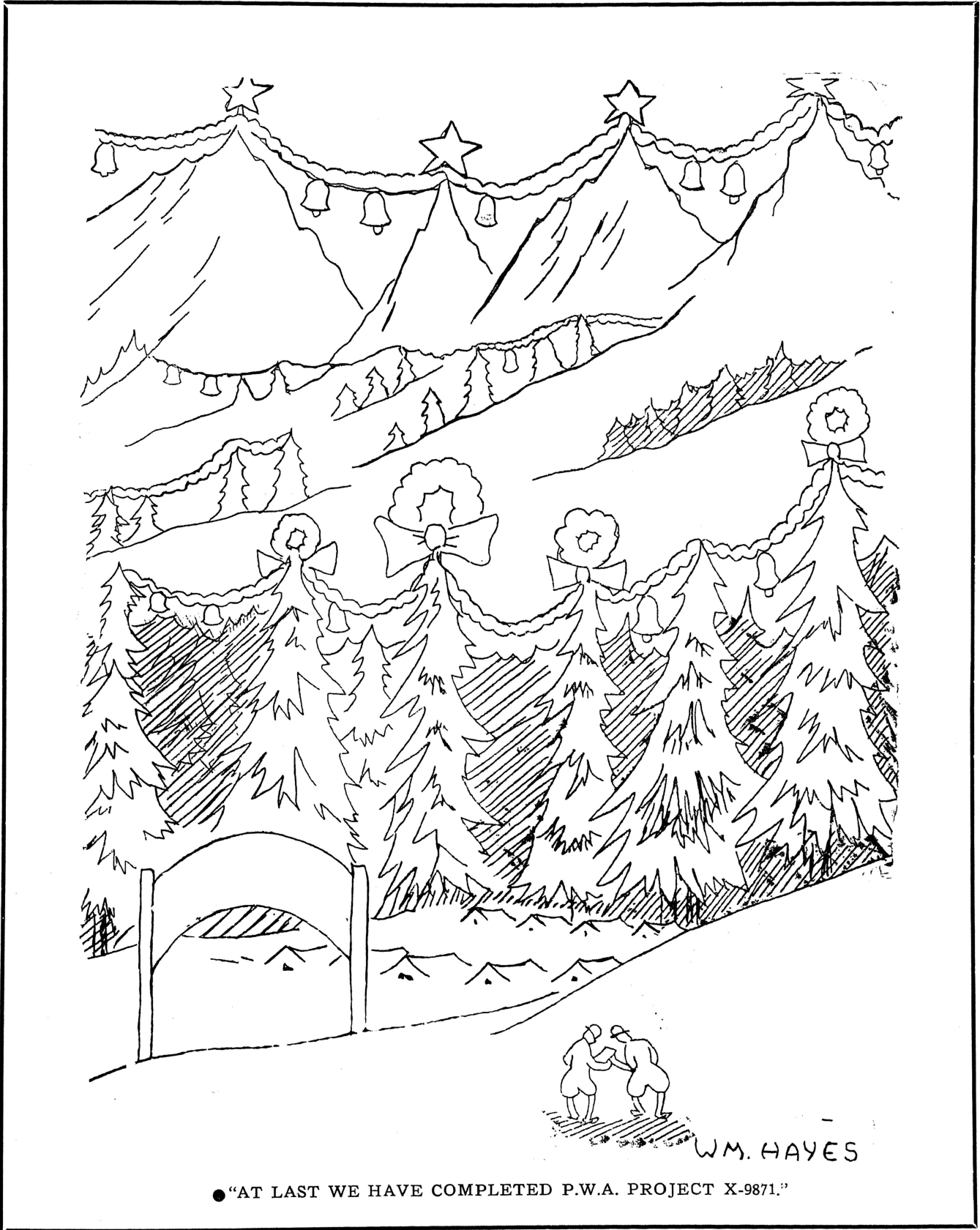
●  
Dean: When I was a student I thought nothing of studying four or five hours a day.

Students: We don't think so much of it either.

—Arkansas Storage

●  
Our idea of a man with strength of mind is one who can eat one salted peanut.

**Our Administration**



● "AT LAST WE HAVE COMPLETED P.W.A. PROJECT X-9871."

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# SHOWME ON THE AIR

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By  
ROY FIENBERG

A few curious souls have asked us how we turn out these Showme broadcasts, and we usually answer by a vague, haggard shake of the head. It's a mystery.

Our main problem is the fact that we're putting on a Showme program, and people automatically expect the Showme Nite Club of the Air to be a humorous riot. As far as we're concerned, only the riot part goes.

Our first worry in getting a program together, is writing a script. Somehow, when you take the funniest jokes or experiences and convert them into radio dialogue they sound like a Shakespearean tragedy. We can never figure which gags will go over and which won't. When we expect a laugh we get blank questioning looks, and when we duck after pulling an old one, they laugh. We just look up, thinking that someone spilled a coke in his lap to find that it was the moth-eaten gag that brought the giggles.

Most of the time we spend writing script is wasted anyhow. Nobody even bothers to read it. It's much more fun to ad lib. At least that's what Red Tourney and Ed "Georgia Cracker" Turner think. We usually stand by, getting hardening of the arteries while Tourney and Turner become involved in a bull session over the "mike," and the minutes flit by. Even our sound-effects man ad libs his pet gag into the middle of the show.

Rehearsal is a mystical word to us. The boys in Red Tourney's band work hard at Harris', hard enough without spending additional time on rehearsals. As a result we get down to Harris' fifteen minutes before we go on and rattle off the cues as fast as we can. Tourney's lads listen to our instructions and carry on a discussion about their girl friends at the same time. We start biting our finger nails as the minute hand on the clock slides along, and we mumble a silent prayer that they're listening to some of the cues.

It dawned on us one day that there was no reason why we couldn't rehearse the skits for each week, and so we set about trying the idea. We wound up running over our lines in the Campus Beauty Shop, while Genevieve Tipton coyly spoke her parts in muffled tones

from underneath an hair-dryer. We were rewarded for our efforts by having someone glare at us on the way out, and say, "So you're the folks who put on these Showme Broadcasts!"

It's a question of who's more unreliable than the other in our show. When we had Ted Bland doing our sports commenting, people used to kill time making even money bets as to whether he'd show up or not. John Alden, one of our regular crooners, heard that there was a good movie in town on Wednesday night and didn't show up at all.



Something always goes wrong at the last minute. It's a tradition by now. Once we were surprised at the start of a broadcast to find Billy Smith, who usually opens the show with a chord on the vibraphone, had neglected to pay the last installment on the instrument and the Showme Nite Club of the Air started off majestically with blank silence. We changed the opening to a Chinese gong until Billy lost that too. We were thinking of starting by letting Billy burp into the microphone. They couldn't take that away from him.

Ed "Mustache" Turner always injects a few extra thrills into every program with his tongue-twistings. One night he came out with "a love, young-sick girl," instead of "a young, love-sick girl." This made the confused introduction to our skit even more confused than ever, to say nothing of what it did to us. In fact the less we say of it the better.

John Sneberger, the guy who does our sports talks now, always keeps us guessing. In fact he's got himself puzzled most of the time. He doesn't bother to write out a script for himself. He just picks up a couple of scraps of paper on which he has scribbled some loose facts. Then, when he gets before the

"mike" he throws them away and . . . Talks . . .

Clancy, the KFRU engineer, has a cute way of sliding into Harris with the "mike" and connecting it 30 seconds before we go on. Then he adjusts it so high that we have to stand on our toes to talk over the darned thing . . .

Then the station has a few original practical jokes they work on us once in a while. They just love to cut in police bulletins in the middle of the show, so that we find out after the program that a script we worked on a whole week wasn't even heard over the air. Boy, do we have fun!

Witness a typical Showme program. There is a second of silence during which the boys in the orchestra are whispering to each other, trying to find out what the first number on the program is. Then we start. Ed Turner gets mixed up and announces us as the Ex Lax Nite Club of the Air. Sneberger isn't in sight and he's second on the program. John Alden is sitting in a corner, seeing if he can possibly learn the middle to some tune he is going to sing that same night. Our background man, "Sound-effects" Palmer, starts a contraption he has made out of an electric fan to sound like Cluck Bodger's rocket ship, and the fan is so powerful that it blows the scrips out of our hands and we have to chase them under the tables. The program is only timed by intuition, so when we get near the end we realize that we're going to be through ten minutes too soon. Ed Turner announces an extra number to fill in the time, and the orchestra boys fumble through the music, trying to find it.

Oh yes, it's fun all right. Think of what we get out of it. After the final notes have been played, and the closing announcement made, we have the satisfaction of coming back to the old fraternity house to be greeted by these kindly words. "Boy, were you guys lousy tonite!" . . .

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## prestige

Frosh (bumping into grey-haired man on campus): "Say, where d'ya think you're going?"

Man: "Listen, I guess you don't know who I am. I'm the assistant football coach."

Frosh: "Pardon me, I thought you were the Dean."

—Ski-U-Mah

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our radio director tells his experience

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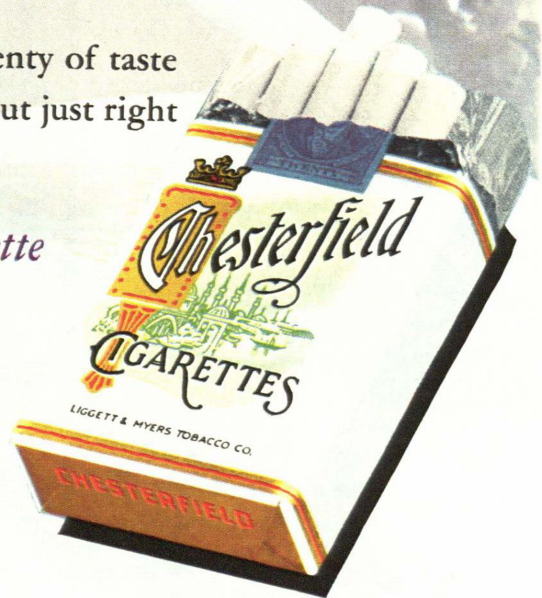
Chesterfields . . .

*a corking good cigarette . . .  
they've been hitting the trail  
with me for a long time*

They are milder . . . not flat  
or insipid but with a pleas-  
ing flavor

They have plenty of taste  
. . . . not strong but just right

*An outstanding cigarette  
. . . no doubt about it*



## RAMBLING THOUGHTS

I guess

Practically every man has certain things that now and then arise to bring him distress.

For example.

Here are a few things that invariably work, and irrevocably irk me; not a complete list by any means, but fair sample.

Any sane

Man, however, finds an occasional thing that, small as it seems, does much to alleviate the pain.

We'll cut

Out further preliminaries and, as law students say, get down to cases; but one must leave it up to you (and you) to decide which is what.

Split skirts

Reveal, on a windy day and sometimes when the wind isn't blowing, too, the nude knees of their wearers in a way that is most intriguingly the nerfs.

Wise guys

Sometimes get fresh with the wrong person and get blue shiners hung over one or even both of their eyes.

One can't endorse

Maidens who stroll the streets in jodphurs or go to classes in sloppy riding boots that obviously have never seen a horse.

It isn't nice

That almost every day one gets some sort of letter, or postcard, or home town paper, and the Postman always rings twice.

Smart Alecs

Give most persons a pain that they wouldn't think of mentioning, but which cruder persons might term balecs.

One is right

In supposing that this would be a much better world to live in if it were twice as easy to get up

in the morning and twice as hard to stay up at night.

Look down

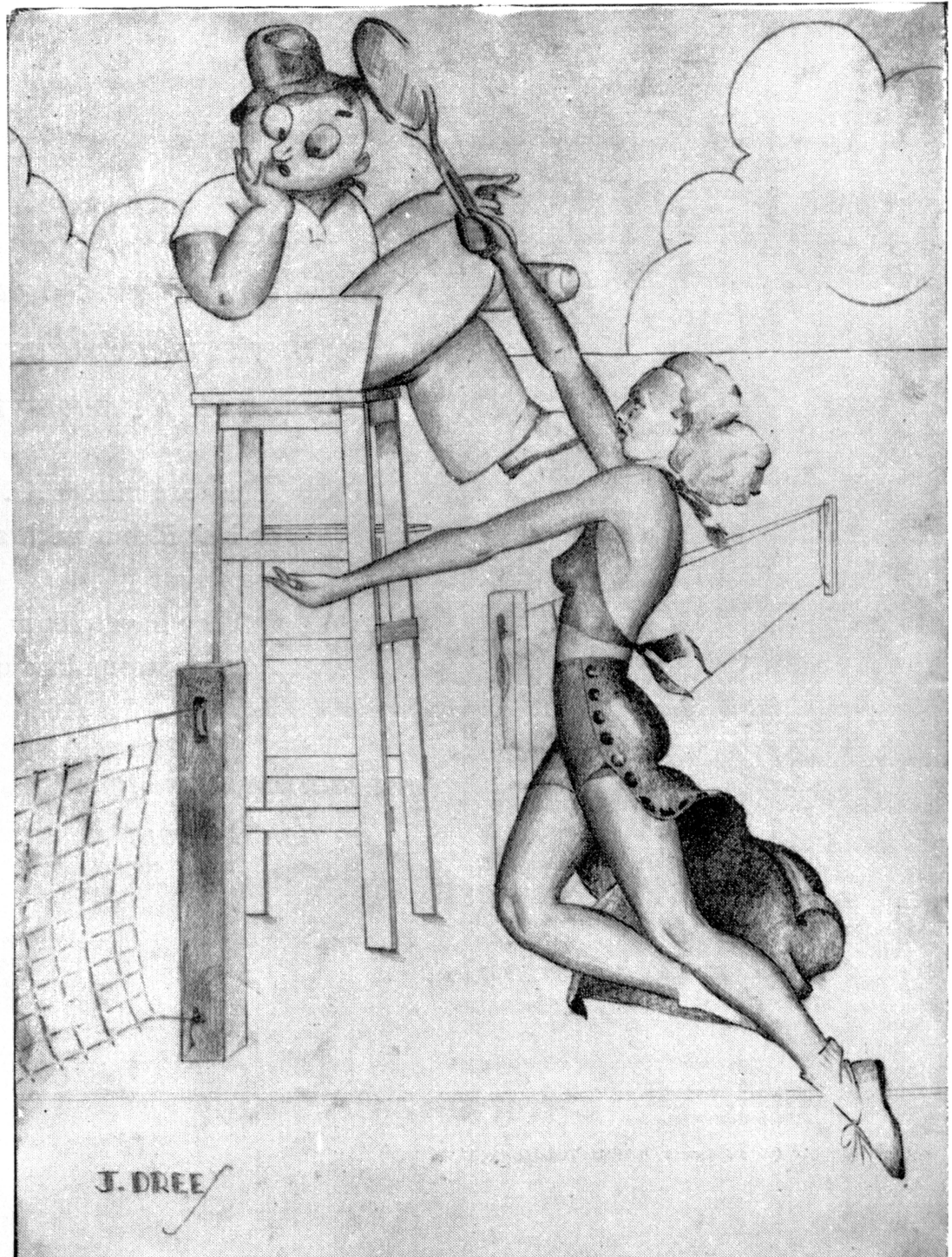
Your nose and say nothing when the date from the big house tries to impress you with the fact that you're mightily lucky to be out with her, for there is no need of letting her know that you could have picked up one much smooth-

er at Stephens or Christian or even out of town.

Ogden Nash

Can actually crash the slicks with this sort of stuff, and what's more it's called poetry, but if the editor weren't so terribly low on copy this month the blue pencil would baptise this stuff and christen it "trash."

—Bill Long



● 40 LOVE—HIS MIND AIN'T ON THE GAME.

—Frvol.

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# THE MUSIC BOX

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by dave dexter

**T**eddy Farley and Mike Riley are the writers of that ditty "The Music 'Round and 'Round." Leaders of a small but versatile jam combo at the Onyx Club in New York, the two are famous the country over for their unorthodox interpretations of swing tunes. The pair is now making Decca records.

**K**ay Kyser's work improves with every broadcast—and that's saying plenty. Chief reason for success of the crew is George Duning, who makes those distinctive arrangements. Personnel of Kyser combo includes—Saxes; Sully Mason, Morton Gregory, Armand Buissert, and Harry Breeding; Trumpets; Dick Barry and Mern "Isch Ka Bible" Bogue; Drums; "Muddy" Barry; Trombone; Charles Probert; Bass Tuba; Lloyd Snow; Piano; Lyman Gandee; Vocalists; Bill Stoker, Arthur Wright, and Virginia Sims.

**S**ongs destined for popularity in a few weeks—"Moonburn," "I Don't Have to Dream Again," "Summer Night," "So This Is Heaven," and "My Heart and I."

**B**rooks Bowman, Princeton student who last year wrote "Love And A Dime," "East Of The Sun," and "Will Love Find A Way" for the Triangle show, is at it again. His latest group of tunes for the 1936 show at 'Nassau includes "I Shan't Love You Anymore" as the featured hit. Bowman writes both words and music himself.

**A**nother crew that is going places is Art Kassel and his ork. Featured currently on the Mutual system, Kassel has opened up with some very neat arrangements that are different and plenty danceable. Biggest handicap



RAY NOBLE

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—lack of good vocalists. At present there are none with the "Kassels In the Air."

**O**utstanding recording of the month—Ray Noble's job of "Dinner For One, Please James," with Al Bowlly, diminutive South African, doing the vocal manner. Noble with this piece reaches the heights of his arranging ability. Swell tune; swell handling.

**T**he theme-song medley being featured here lately by "Red" Graham and his ork leads all other requests at the dances where the little New Yorker plays. Arrangement includes the themes of Casa Loma, Art Jarrett, Jan Garber, Clyde McCoy, Kay Kyser, and Jimmie Lunceford.

**R**ounds Off The Cob to me—Horace Heidt's trumpets when featured alone. . . Fred Waring's last three Ford programs . . . George Olsen and Ethel Shutta with their rural, baby, and foreign

songs that they continue plugging . . . Dick Himber's ork without Joey Nash . . . Wayne King trying to sing . . . Anything the Lombardos try to play . . . Leonard Keller's violin, even though he did recently pay \$35,000 for it . . . Henry King at the piano . . . And plenty more—but I'll get around to them next month.

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## music goes 'round

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It's driving the masses of maestros insane,

This asinine air with its crazy refrain.

Though I haven't gone quite psychopathic till now,  
I raise my complaint to the skies anyhow.

'Twas a hit in a minute, it spread overnight

Through a populace, tone-blind,  
that can't sing it right.

It irks on the ether, becomes a real pain

When some listener helps with the vocal refrain.

In restaurants, night clubs, at campus frat houses

It's yodeled with glee by the Jo College louses,

Till I feel I could stand on a hill-top and shout

**I DON'T GIVE A DAMN  
WHERE THE MUSIC  
COMES OUT.**

—Bill Long

●  
"Ma, kin I go out and play?"

"Not with that dirty neck."

"But, maw, she's a nice girl."

—California Pelican

●  
**Tuff!**

First Gladiator: "Give me a steak and make it thick and rare."

Second Gladiator: "Give me a steak and make it thicker and rarer."

Third Gladiator: "Chase the damn bull through here and I'll bite him on the run."

—Awgwan

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# I MARRIED A GAG MAN

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I don't know why I think I can get away with this, but I'm taking a crack at it anyway, even if I appear one of these days with a couple of shiners and a missing tooth. This has been haunting me for some time but it was the last joke pulled that has given me courage to tell all. You see, it was the coffee. I've always had trouble with the coffee, I know, but I'm damned sensitive about it. I tried to apologize the other night by suggesting that maybe a few too many grounds *had* slipped into the cup. "Grounds, hell," gags my better (?) half, "Looks like a whole goddam estate!" Well, that was too much and I might as well go back and tell how the whole thing came about.

It was spring and I was young and innocent, sorry, that's another story.

To begin at the beginning. We started by studying together. I should have known that right away for a gag, but I went on never suspecting. Then one night, we went into the kitchen for a drink of water, not a gag, honest. "Jeez!" he jeezes, "Wouldn't it be a howl to surprise the local yokels by us getting married?" I should have known then, but I was too starry-eyed with love's young dream, I guess. So we ups and does it. We got through the ceremony all right, but when we came back to town, he took me to my doorstep and left me. And he thought it was funny. It took an half-hour's coaxing over the 'phone for him to convince me too that it had been funny, but I finally accepted the spirit and forgave him. That was my great mistake. I should have put my foot down then and there. But us women, alas!

Well, things went fairly nicely until we moved into our apartment. When we got our things put away, we were tired and ravenously hungry. So I said, "Now honey, you just lie down for a while and I'll fix you a bite to eat." It was my first meal and I did take a lot of pains with it, yeah, three burned fingers and a sliced thumb. I woke him up and we sat down as cosy as can be and he ate like a wolf, gulping things down without ever tasting them. I was so pleased! And then when we were sitting there, smoking an after-dinner cigarette, enjoying the privacy of our own little home, his face assumed the strangest expression I've ever seen. Then he sort of bent double, gave a few groans, and kneeled over; out like a light. Of course I was frantic! I

stretched him out on the floor and began rubbing his wrists and sprinkling cold water gently on his forehead. I was afraid to leave him even to call a doctor, so I sat on the floor, cooing helplessly, trying to revive him. And then all of a sudden that beast vociferously burped out, 'Musta been somethin' I et, no doubt.' He then looked at me again and laughed 'till I thought his sides would burst. The dog! I wish they had!

It's been that way all along. Sometimes he brings six or seven friends home to dinner—also gag men—who sit around and roar at each other's puns, quips, and ribaldries which they tag with the name of humor—and I'm supposed to feed them all from one can of spaghetti and meat balls, and a loaf of bread.

I didn't mind the turtle in my bed. I didn't mind so much his calling me 'his little Ubangi' the time I had the fever blister on my lip. I didn't even gripe when he caricatured my favorite brother in a humorous article. But when he lifted my only original gag and submitted it under his own by-line—that was the beginning that the crack about the coffee ended.

I've pinned a little note to the lamp beside his bed. It is a direct plagiarism, but it says, "You louse. I'm going to Reno-vate."

*Bond*

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## Biography of a Sadist

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I will always think that he was crazy as hell.

When he joined the fraternity we didn't notice anything queer about him until the time he threw his dinner plate at the cook, catching her neatly alongside the head. But he apologized for his poor aim so we thought nothing more of the affair. The cook never did think much of it.

He was a pledge for two years. He didn't seem to be able to get down to a very intensified schedule of study. He was a good pledge but he had a tendency

toward what we laughingly called mental inversion—he got things mixed up. He insisted on beating up the actives, and after he had killed the Worthy Master and was caught thrashing the Worthy Scribe we felt it time to explain things to him. One of the seniors spent most of the morning talking to him in an attempt to explain that it was the actives and not the pledges who did the beating. He didn't seem much concerned with the talk and picked up a paddle into which he had ingeniously driven a naid, made for the senior. Winging him with a forty-five bullet seemed to dampen his ardor for the sport, and we sent him to the hospital for a week, where he cornered two surgeons and operated on them. The operations were so successful that the doctors and two nurses died. He was very happy all next week.

He returned from the hospital and informed us that he had brought home a complete set of appendices—it was really an arm and leg, but then he was never greatly concerned with minor details.

The chapter began to be bothered a bit by his attitude, and some members even went so far as to advocate breaking his pledge. The newly elected Worthy Master rose in meeting to protest the continuance of his pledgedship. The W. M. had a bit of difficulty in addressing the chapter, due to the absence of one leg which he had lost in an argument with the pledge. He spoke, (as well as he could with the lower part of his head bandaged—the result of another minor skirmish) saying, "It isn't that I resent his boisterous conduct, but it is the fact that I fear people will talk on the campus."

"We need publicity," another active supplied, "and we are getting it. He killed the prexy ten

minutes ago—that should really get our name before the campus. I move we initiate him.”

Initiation was held. A special one for him, as the other pledges had seen fit to move into other fraternities. We felt that if we couldn't have MEN in the house we didn't want a fraternity anyway.

The initiation went along in grand style until he ran into a machine gun and proceeded to eliminate the remaining actives. I escaped by knifing him as he put aside the machine gun for an axe.

I still think that he was a little odd.

*C. C. Condon*

Lecturer (giving a travalogue on wild beasts): When the bull moose . . .

Student: Beg pardon, sir, the bull bellows—the cow moos.

George Washington: “Yes, father, I cannot tell a lie. I cut your sherry.”

*—Temple Owl*

“Say, this is swell liquor. Where did you get it?”

“We just distilled the roommate's blotter—the one we have mixed drinks on all year.”

*—Punch Bowl*

Prof.: If you boys keep up as you are now, you'll be like Napoleon.

Class: How is that?

Prof.: You are all going down in history.

*—Banter*

Doctor: Congratulations, Governor, you're the father of triplets.

Governor: I demand a recount.

*—Pointer*

“What do you think would go well with my new purple and green golf sox?”

“Hip boots.”

## THE AVENGING COW

THERE'S a cow after me.” shrieked the man, sinking down into the chair.

“A cow?” inquired Dr. Thompson, noted psychiatrist. “Oh, come now. I'll get you something to drink. Just take it easy.”

“Don't leave me, Doctor,” the man cried, tugging at the physician's coat-sleeves, “I know you don't believe me, but listen.”

“Oh, all right,” shrugged the doctor, “Go ahead.”

“The feud between this cow and myself” (said the man) “began nine years ago when I was a senior at Kibosh University. One night I was parked out on the desert with my sweetheart when suddenly a face appeared in the car, to our annoyance and chagrin. A mild, gentle, inquisitive face—a cow's face. In spite of our alarm, I was very gentle. I endeavored to push the cow away but she persisted. She was an old-maidish type, and obviously her bovine desires had not been fulfilled.

“I had some itching powder, so I took some and blew it on her flanks. How we laughed as we watched her strop herself against the sand. She showed little resentment, but I do remember that she moored at us in a rather meaning way.

“I never thought that a grudge-bearing cow could, outside of indigestion, do me any harm, but I soon learned.

Her first reprisal came at graduation. She waddled majestically throughout the entire crowd, interrupted the ad-

dress, and then nuzzled me affectionately. Then she went away, lowing satirically. It was months before I regained my prestige.

“Then I began meeting her places. At theaters and at nite clubs. Somehow she'd find out where I was going and then she'd be there. The police thought I owned the cow and I had to pay all sorts of fines on her for illegal parking. I complained to the owner, but he said he couldn't keep her home.

“She played her trump card at my wedding. When the minister asked for objections, she objected; she moored pitiously and gave everybody the impression that I had wronged her. My friends cut me dead; my fiancee broke our engagement. Oh, Doctor, you gotta do something about that cow.”

R. Thompson stirred restlessly, “Oh come now, all this bosh about cows. Why man, it's ridiculous!”

As if in answer to his gibe, the porch rocked and something heavy thudded against the door. The man leaped up and screamed, “Oh God, it's her! That damned cow is here again!”

He turned and leaped through an open window. Scarcely had he cleared the sill when the door broke open and in rushed a large, excited cow. She moored reproachfully when she saw that the man had fled, shrugged her shoulders slightly, and with a doggedly faithful air, took up the pursuit. Down the road, more and more faintly echoed the screams of the man and the lowing of the beast.



● “YOUR 5 O'CLOCK DEMI-TASSE, SIR.”

*—S. C. Wampus*

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## how she proposed

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I have always been the clinging vine type that appeals to strong, healthy women. Of course, the other boys don't like me; I've heard that I make some of them nauseous. But of course it's pure jealousy on their party. I have a knack of stealing their beaux.

When I first saw Fredericka, or Freddie, as she is popularly known, I felt delicate little shivers run up and down my spine. She was so big and strong, I could just imagine what it would be like to be enfolded in her powerful arms. And when she asked me to dance! Well, it was heavenly, simply divine!



We strolled out onto the terrace later. The moon was hidden by some passing clouds, leaving the garden dark and terrifying. Being a little frightened, I nestled closer to Freddie, or Froozy-Woozy, as I now called her, and put my arms around her neck. I could feel the beating of her heart next to mine and a great wave of passion swept over us both. It was the beginning of a beautiful friendship.

A few weeks later, while driving through the park with Froozy-Woozy, I was torn between two fires. Should I tell her? Freddie divined my troubled state of mind through the sixth sense; perhaps it was my nervous habit of kicking her shins whenever I was in doubt. At any rate, she

*(Continued on page 19)*

## THEIR DATE

By  
B. Plummer

Before he went out, Clement Theodore, Joe, Fred, or does it matter, took a drink. He was nervous, so he opened a can of grapefruit juice and pulled the gin from its hiding place. He was to see her again and though thrilled, he felt scared.

"I always feel tongue-tied, and can't talk," Clem, Ted, Joe, Fred, or anyone, explained to his roommate. "She's above me—oh I know I shouldn't think that, but she's got class, that girl has, plenty class, and I ain't no frat man, or okey—I'll shut up."

Later, he elbowed her awkwardly past the taxicab at the corner and they walked to town. She smiled at him when he asked her if she wanted to see Carol Carrol at the show. She said sure, anything you wish to do.

He didn't think the show was very good, but talked about it and said he enjoyed everything or anything if he was with her. She told him he was sweet and he got in her way opening the door of the jelly joint.

Mary Jane Virginia ordered a coke and Clem, Ted, Joe, Fred, or who doesn't, mentally tabulating expenses, guessed he'd have one too. Sipping their drinks, they began to talk. Before long he felt fine and congenial. She was a good talker. He opened up and actually felt sure enough of himself to tell her what he had read that afternoon in Wilde. She said she had read it too, and told him that he was very intellectual, because most boys that were juniors in the University weren't interested in that sort of thing.

For an hour they sat and talked of many things. He repeated a phrase from Aldous Huxley about

women and guffawed. Several people in a nearby booth stared and he felt embarrassed again. Arriving at the inevitable sex and marriage question "Mr. Pettibone, whom you all know so damn well" aired his. She gave her theories. Mary Jane Virginia said softly: "It's love that counts. I think that a girl can love a man a lot even if he doesn't belong to a frat."

"It helps a heluva lot though, because as it is generally believed that women come to college for the underlying purpose of getting married, they wanta get the best men they can."

"I know," she salved, "but the best men aren't necessarily the moneyed ones. Take you for instance; you're very ambitious and may someday be a rich and respected man."

Mary Jane Virginia was thoughtfully agreeable and the adolescent raved on to the temporarily unsophisticated. He tingled to her brightness, saying to himself, "Gee, she's swell." Finally he told her so.

Her smile and the way she said "you're nice too" gave him wings. When she glanced at her watch, he flew to the cashier. She was kept waiting while they gave back a nickel change.

At the door of her sorority house Mary Jane Virginia turned. Fumbling Clem, Ted, Joe, Fred, or all, pulled her soft, secretly-girdled body close. "I love you." He spoke haltingly. They kissed passionately.

"I'm crazy about you, too," she lied sparkingly. They kissed again as the lights blinked.

They parted. Thinking about the ninety-five cents he'd spent, with three sticks of gum left over, he finished the gin straight. She went to her late date.

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## how she proposed

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(Continued from page 20)

finally parked the car and turned toward me.

"Come now, my little petunia, (she always called me that) just what is troubling your infinitesimal brain?" I couldn't help smiling. Freddie was always complimenting me, even when I wasn't feeling well. However, I had a serious problem confronting me, and this was no time for pleasant-ries. "Fredericka," I said in solemn tones, "something awful has happened." Our eyes met in a bond of secret meaning and in an instant I knew she understood.

"My God," she exclaimed, "not that!" I nodded slowly, and then cuddled into her arms and gazed up into her blanched face.

The next day we were married.

—Bob Kuhn

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## in defense of the sex

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(Continued from page 20)

some fellows who take pleasure in stealing the girl whose pin you are wearing. They always hang around dance floors as stags and cut you when you're dancing. Then you have to wait around while he tries to take your woman away from you.

Of course we can't neck on the the first date. Fellows who get reputations for being "easy-necks" who are woman-handled by every girl on the campus stands little chance with the girl they finally fall for. This system of dating is so unfair too. We can't call and ask for dates we have to sit at home and haunt the telephone until SHE calls—and then we have to act coy and make her coax us for a date.

These Kemper boys are a problem too. They are notoriously "easy-necks" and if you try to

be "too hard to get" your girl is liable to get disgusted and call one of them. Girls can get dates with them the last minute and since they aren't seriously intent on getting wives they don't care whether a girl dates them again or not. They're just good-time fellows—and it isn't fair to have them so near the University where they take unfair advantage of us "nice" boys.

Oh it's very easy for the girls to condemn us but now that I've shown them how we must fight for our women—in a subtle way—I hope they'll understand how we feel—the brutes!!!!

—Merrill Panitt.

She: How did you get that red on your lips?

He: That's my tag for parking too long in one place.

Customer: You know that music stool you sold me?

Shopkeeper: Yes.

Customer: Well, I've twisted and turned it in all directions but I can't get a single note out of it.

Add to the Hall of Conceited Men the engineer who wouldn't take an eraser to a calculus exam.

A policeman making his rounds in the early morning, found an inebriated individual standing in a horse trough and waving his handkerchief over his head.

"Hey, what are you doing there?" asked the cop.

"Save the women and children first—I can swim."

—Punch Bowl

"Did you kill all the germs in the baby's milk?"

"My, yes; I ran it thru the meat chopper twice."

—Frvol.

When asked by a cop why she didn't have a red light on her car, Sadie said it wasn't that kind of a car.

—Claw

"Suppose you made a million dollars; what would you do?"

"Marry him, of course."

Buccaner.

Nurse: I think he's regaining consciousness, doctor; he just tried to blow the foam off his medicine.

—Yellow Jacket

"That girl you are going with is a little golddigger."

"Then all I've got to say is, she's a damn poor geologist."

—Pelican

Until the advent of firearms, many weddings were a case of beau and error.

—Punch Bowl

"My goodness but that skirt is tight around the bottom."

"Yes, around the a-hem, too."

—Jug

"His love is so touching."

"Yes, he loves with a great deal of feeling."

—Bison

"I draw the line at kissing,"

He said with fiery intent.

But he was only a football player

So over the line he went.

1. Are you a Phi Psi?

2. No, why?

1. Then what were you doing lurking in the alley back of the Phi Psi house last night?

2. Oh, I was just looking at the Deegees.

It's a great life if she weakens.

—Punch Bowl

# ARE YE MEN?

OR

# ARE YE MICE?

**Rise Comrades - - -  
Fight Tyrannous  
Womanhood**

**This Is Lear Year---  
Let the Worm  
Turn**

**MEN  
Will Ye Fight?**

**WOMEN  
Are Ye Game?**

Sign the pledge below—and keep it!

If you are a sport—sign the pledge below  
—and Keep It!

I

I hereby swear that for one month—start-  
ing Feb. 1—I shall call no women for dates—

I will not go out with a female unless she  
asks me for the date—

I will absolutely refrain from paying for  
these dates—

If she hasn't any cigarettes she will have  
to buy her own—I will not be a cigarette ma-  
chine for her—

At dances I will not carry compacts, hand-  
bags, or any other toilet sundries for the girl—

I will however—if my house is throwing  
a dance write a girl a note asking for the  
date—I will not ask for it verbally.

II

I will, on my dates, refrain from being  
aggressive—if she wants it she'll have to ask  
for it.

I will not drink unless I am coaxed first.

I will not pin a girl during February.  
However if she insists, I will wear her soror-  
ity pin.

These things I do so swear.

Signed .....

I

I hereby swear that for the next month—  
starting Feb. 1—

I shall call men for dates and will not, for  
any reason accept a date with a man if he asks  
me to.

I will refuse to let my date pay for the  
evening—I will.

I will carry my own cigarettes.

At dances I will not make him carry my  
compact, etc.

II

On dates—I will be the agressor if there  
is any agressing to be done.

I will not accept a pin during February—  
if he wants to pin me I will let him wear my  
pin until March 1.

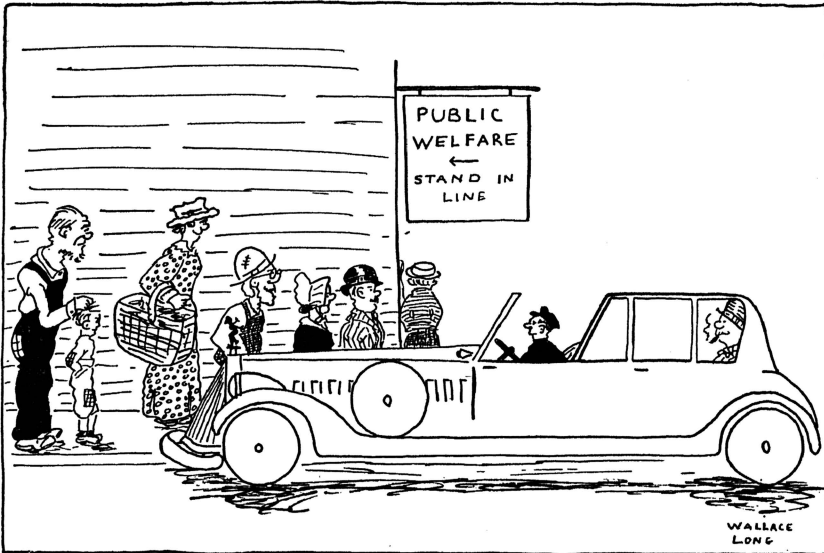
These things I do swear.

Signed .....

We're keeping count of these things—so after you've signed, tear out this item—with  
your signature and drop it in the ballot box either at Gaebe's, Harris', or Campus Drug.

**sign this pledge**





● "JAMES, GO IN AND GET MY CHECK."  
—Carolina Buccaneer

Padre: "Still running around with that little brunette of last summer son?"

Hijo: "Why dad, she's married now."

Padre: "Answer me!"

●  
And God said to all the animals "Go forth and multiply." But the snake remained behind. It was the adder.

—Varieties

Mother: Have a good time at the dance to-night, dear, and be a good girl.

Daughter: Make up your mind, Mother.  
—Navy Shipmate

●  
"D'jever hear the proposal song?"

"No, what is it?"

"Heh! Heh! It's the 'Old Winning Spiel in the Parlor'."

—Whirlwind

●  
Lady in Restaurant: "Why don't you shoo your flies?"

Chef: "Well, you see it's hot today, so I thought I would just let them run around bare-footed."

—Sulphur Spray

It was one of those Monday mornings, when the events of the previous week-end begin to take form that is most noticeable by a pounding headache, that this freshman friend of ours ordered an egg in one of the campus dineries. On her way to the table the waitress dropped the egg and in alarm cried out

"Oh, what shall I do?"

"Cackle like hell," advised our friend, raising up from his semi-stupor. "You'll have one hell-uva time doing it again."

—Ohio State Sundial

●  
Doesn't that girl over there look like Helen Black?

I wouldn't call that dress black.

—Texas Ranger

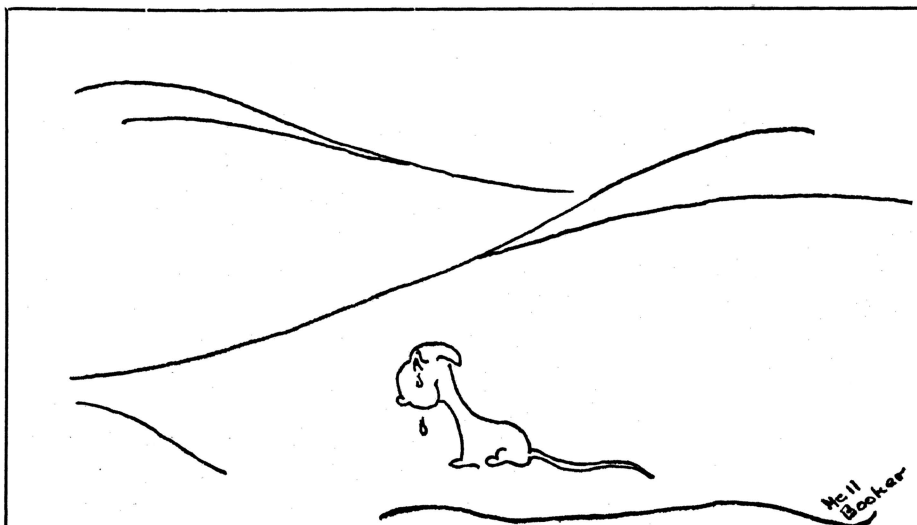
●  
Heard at Hop, 1906—"Stop! I'll call the chap-eron."

Heard at Hop, 1936—"Stop! Wait'll the chap-eron passes."

—Siren

●  
Another fellow who lives off the fat of the land is the girdle manufacturer

—Augwan



● "BUT ONLY GOD CAN MAKE A TREE!"  
—Carolina Buccaneer

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## Fantasy Fanatique

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(Continued from page 11)

suddenly to grow into a voice of unharnessed thunder.

They continued to lie silently for minutes, and then taking advantage of a lull in the music, Doubtnal turned to her. He raised himself on one elbow and bade her to do the same.

"Look," he said pointing, "Can you see yonder where the dancers are whirling; can you see those women sitting in chairs along the side of the dance floor, watching, with their elbows drawn in, virgin-like, against their sides?"

"Yes," Languor replied, "I do not like them."

"And why do you not like them?"

"Because they do not like me. They are hypocrites. They are the cause of the trouble that is in your soul."

"How do you know?"

"Women know many things, my Doubtnal, without having to be told."

"Those women," Doubtnal said, drawing the bones of his legs up and folding his bones of arms around them, "are the kind of women I knew before I met you."

Languor reclined, her face to the pink heaven, the back of her skull resting in her claws.

"Yes, my Doubtnal—"

"I could never lose myself to one of those, Languor. They are too chaste. They have looks of innocence in their sockets. They are shocked if I say damn. When you came, you had a different look in your sockets. It was that look, Languor, that first attracted me to you, and my first thought was, 'I would like to possess her—I must possess her.'"

Languor made no answer.

"It was all well and good—until I made a terrible mistake and fell in love with you. I fell madly

in love with you. Some of those women," he said, nodding at the chaste ones, "they knew you before me. When I mentioned your name, they looked askance. They gossiped about you and I disgustedly found myself listening. They said things that confirmed my first thought and desire for you. You were a shameless courtesan, they said—still, I could love none of them. I stooped to trying to find if the things they said were true. Always I ran into a blank wall. My darling, you are very clever, or—you are the chastest of them all."

No sound or movement indicated that Languor had heard. Doubtnal felt as if he were hunted.

"When I am apart from you Languor, I say that I will never see you again. I say that I will leave you because the hell is too great for the reward. Conflicting forces are terrific and terrible because they are unknown. I come to tell you and I find myself speechless, bound by your charms. I weaken. I whisper that I love you. You whisper, 'I love you, too.' I am beaten. I do love you, but when I am gone, I hate you; I despise you; I despise myself for becoming enshrouded in you like a little fly in the web of a spider. You are a monstress, —Languor have mercy upon me!"

Still Languor did not move, and Doubtnal wanted to destroy her. But he throttled his rage and continued in a quivering voice.

"I have possessed those women, Languor, in spite of their chaste looks. They are shameless. I have convinced myself that all their prattle is because they are jealous of you. But still I am troubled. I have loved you so, I have wanted you so frantically that I think my very desire, so intense in its nature, has exhausted without enough reward the passion within me for you."

Doubtnal stopped and thought a while of all he had said. The hellish music of the party of his life was a din in his ears. It

confused and sickened him. He looked at Languor's beautiful skeleton where it lay upon the scorching deck. She was asleep and had heard none of his words.

Doubtnal started incredulously. To think that he had poured his soul out to a woman, and it had tired her so to make her sleep. Suddenly, he cackled wildly with the laugh of an idiot. He stopped, sobered again, and made up his mind coolly and definitely. He got up quietly in order not to disturb the creature whom he could not love enough, and slipped to the rail. In one continuous motion, he climbed and leapt to the hard swirling sands below. And the ship sailed on, leaving his lifeless bones to be decomposed into an ordinary human being.

"I've just patented a lipstick that will never wear off."

"Is it scented?"

"Yeah, with garlic."

—Tiger Rag.

"I wore more clothes than any other girl at the mask ball."

"Is that so! How did you go?"

"Unnoticed."

—Exchange

Glutz: Pardon me but is your name Jo Glutz?

Glutz: No, Why?

Glutz: Then get out of my topcoat, I'm going home.

—Exchange.

Landlady: "A professor formerly occupied this room, sir. He invented an explosive."

New Roomer: "Ah! I suppose those spots on the ceiling are the explosive."

Landlady: "No, that's the professor."

—Exchange.

"But, Mother, he treats me just like a father."

"What did you say his name was?"

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## Showme Show

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**Sauce For The Senior Class in the Geese** Law school was quite puffed up over the clever trick it pulled on Dean Overstreet. You remember when they all brought apples to class and put them on the desk with a note saying, "Good-Morning, teacher"—and signed it—"The Class." We wonder how they feel about the episode now—now that they have taken the toughest final ever given in the Law school—with the first case being "The Amalgamated Burnished Apple Company" versus somebody or other. We don't imagine they'll try any more apple tricks on Overstreet.

**Fiend** Hah—we got him! The cad **Found** who has been swiping Victrola records from the fraternity and sorority houses is none other than—but wait—maybe we'd better explain why he does it first. This lad—a Sigma Chi, has a mania for listening to records. He's even got cohorts—Evelyn Foreman and Henry Craft. These three played Victrola records day and night in the Pi Phi house. Which all proves that he swipes records for a worthy purpose—and not for the sheer joy of swiping. The boy, of course, is Bob Dirickson.

**All Hail Louis Achilles (Digy), one Anyway** of last year's most popular women, is back in school again. Lois was a Savitar queen candidate but she wasn't chosen among the lucky ones. Lois was a blonde last year—a distinct shade of blonde. Now she is brunette—and if possible, she is twice as pretty.

**Well, Will He?** Friends (or are they?) of D. U. Red Graham are waiting with bated breath for him to pin Betty Stewart—one of the prettier Stephens gals. Incidentally, there are three Sigma Chi pins out at Stephens—but they're not Missouri Chapter pins—so pout not, University co-eds.

**That Kappa Sig Touch** We had a brief spasm of rushing between semesters and this story emerges as the winner of the crocheted date card. It seems Jim Alexander and another Kappa Sig were celebrating final exams while waiting at the Dixie for a rushee from Jefferson City. All of a sudden the fellow with Alexander hopped out of his seat and slugged a guy who happened to be walking up the aisle. "My God," shrieked Jim, "that's the rushee!"

(Continued on page 28)

**NEW CAMPUS STAR . . .**  
*All the boys are talking about  
the new double-duty tobacco for  
both pipe and cigarettes—new  
blend, new cut, new mildness—*  
**EDGEWORTH JUNIOR**  
LARUS & BRO. CO., RICHMOND, VA.  
15 CENTS A TIN

**EDGEWORTH**  
*Junior*  
EXTRA HIGH GRADE  
**TOBACCO**  
*for pipe or cigarettes*

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Back on the air . . . Crossroads fun, frolic and old-time music.  
Every Saturday Night at 10:30 (Eastern Standard Time) over  
coast-to-coast NBC Red Network, direct from Richmond, Va.

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# SONG TO LEARNING

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## lyric by landish

1.

I sing to propositions,  
Infinite definitions.  
The logical processions  
Of mad metaphysicians.  
I sing to truth pragmatic  
And reason made phlematic,  
The rules axiomatic,  
Neurotic and erratic,  
The dogmatic dominion  
Of rational opinion.

2.

Ah, once the world went round and round.  
The sky was there above the ground.  
And 2 plus 2 could equal 4  
Or maybe less or maybe more.  
But I, alas, am proven blind,  
For men of scientific mind  
Have all the universe outlined;  
And 2 plus 2 is ever 4  
And never less and never more.  
The provinces of bird and beast  
And man and God are clear, at least —  
The source of beauty is preserved, declared  
In measured terms of grams and feet  
Till heaven has no golden street  
And hell's devoid of heat.

3.

I sing to worlds empirical  
(The age's new-found miracle),  
This generation's flight to glory,  
Inductively posteriori.  
Since luxuriantly bearded men  
Have been to Mars and back again,  
Returning here amidst applause  
For formulating cosmic laws,  
My life is one of dark defeat,  
Anacronistically, I bleat,  
For I like heaven's golden street  
And hell's embittered heat.

Envoy

And even in the sexual  
The prying intellectual  
Treats matters biological  
With methods dialectical,  
And love is to cold reason wed  
And passion is not overfed,  
But tenderly is cleansed and weighed  
With active scientific aid,  
Disporting amorous delights  
Through sanitary nights.

---

H<sub>2</sub>O


"Frequent water-drinking," says the specialist,  
"prevents you from becoming stiff in the joints."

"Yes," says Imogene, "but some of the joints  
don't serve water."



According to President Angell of Yale, an historical novel is like a bustle: It is a fictitious tale based on a stearn reality.

—Pointer.



DA-NITE STUDIO

809 Broadway

*Kodak Season Is Here*

One 5x8 Enlargement with Each \$1 Worth  
of Finishing

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# FRATERNITY MANAGEMENT

A Personal Service for College Fraternities and Sororities

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## STRIKE UP THE BAND

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(Continued from page 7)

he'd rather take money from the colleges than sit in an orchestra pit.

"It's their damned proselyting system. They get a uniform, the hours are easy, and the music elementary. Why wouldn't they rather play in a college band?"

"But——"

"There are probably a dozen dummies in the Fordham band right now. I'm not saying about that, because it's done in every university in the country, but——"

"A dozen wha-what?"

"Dummies. They don't play. They just puff out their cheeks and march. They need them to spell out the letters, and makes the bands look bigger. And you can't tell whether they're playing or not."

"B-but that' cheating."

X snorted, "*That's* cheating? That's nothing. You think that big midwest college that has a hundred-piece band has a hundred instrumentalists, do you? If sixty out of the hundred are playing anything I'd like to frisk the sixty for Union cards and see how many turned up. Hah!

"I heard a clarinet obligato up at New Haven last week during a rendition of 'Bulldog, bulldog, bow, wow, wow,' that almost made me weep. You don't think they learn *that* in college, do you? It takes years to make a clarinet player. The whole racket is shot through with professionalism."

"You mean they *hire* professional musicians?"

"They hire 'em and they steal 'em. Why is the the best slap-tongue tenor saxophone that ever came to Harvard playing for Yale now? What is there behind the story of the three trombone players and a French horn who couldn't pass entrance examinations at Columbia and wound up spelling out 'P' for Pittsburgh, every Saturday afternoon?"

"Yes, and then hoity-toity Columbia has to go out and get a band after Pennsylvania played them off their feet in fifteen minutes. The alumni raised hell about it and wanted the band leader's job."

"I never dreamed——"

"Of course you never dreamed. You don't know. You watch those football players throw the ball around and close your eyes to the real story.

"You take Yale, for instance. Yale's smart. They hide their musicians under those tacky outfits, the white pants, blue sweaters, and white sophomore hats to make them look more like students. But they play the music.

"There was a Carnegie Tech scout up in the Yale press box two weeks ago who——"

"Here, here! Wait a minute, now you're up my alley. Go slow. Carnegie Tech doesn't play Yale or anybody on Yale's schedule."

"I didn't say they did. He was up there scouting Yale's bagpipe player. They'll have him next year as a transfer—if the Coast hasn't got him signed up."

"The Co——"

"You mean to say you haven't heard about what's going on on the Coast."

"Well, there was a sort of scandal at U.C.L.A. when they couldn't identify one of their halfbacks. It seems he'd played at other places under different names, or was his own brother, or something like that, anyway——"

"Pah! Kid stuff! The boy simply wanted an education. I mean about Southeran California signing up three prep-school cornets and a piccolo player, and arranging for their board and tuition and cars and everything, and promising them a job in the movies when they graduated, and even giving them a—ah—sort of a bonus for signing. And then when school opened they never showed up."

"Well?"

"And then between the halves of the Stanford-Southern Cal. game, the Stanford band makes a giant 'S' on the field, and there are the three cornet players at the top of the 'S,' and the piccolo player is the fourth man in the period."

"That's pretty bad"

"Bad! That's nothing! And the time Paul Whitman was making a picture in Hollywood, and sent all the way to New York for his triangle player. When the triangle player got off, the Chief in Los Angeles, he was met by three strangers who said they had been sent by Whitman and who took him out and got him drunk, and when he woke up he found himself in Washington State."

"I thought all a triangle player does is go 'ping'."

X gave me a withering look. "A triangle player who can go 'ping,' as you put it, at just the right fraction of a second is worth his weight in gold. They made it worth his while and he stayed on. The three men were the kapellmeister, and the flutist of the Washington State band, and a prominent alumnus."

"Do they *all* do it?"

"Certainly. The only game that is on the level is the Army-Navy game. Both bands are strictly professional. And

there's trouble about that too. They say that any college player who makes a name for himself eventually turns up in the West Point band. There's no age limit at West Point or something.

"Southern Methodist had an All-American trumpeter, two years ago, who could play arpeggios. He turned up at Franklin Field this year between halves doing improvisations on 'Slum and Gravy,' and Navy was pretty sore and threatened to break off relations. Navy has been playing 'Anchors Aweigh' the same way for the last forty years, and they think Army ought to do the same."

"Did you say something about all-Amer——"

"Certainly, and don't tell me you think that's on the level."

"Well, there are some pretty good football players all over the country now and it's pretty hard to——"

"Who's talking about football players? There's nothing wrong with football. If college bands were run as honestly as football, nobody would have any complaint. Everybody knows that the best musicians are in New York, Chicago and the Pacific Coast, and you could pick your All-American band in that territory, and come with a good one every time.

"But nowadays, if you don't stick a half dozen brasses or woodwinds from jerkwater colleges in the sticks that have suddenly gone nigger rich and bought themselves bands right out of the Musicians Union, there's Hell to pay. A lot of people write letters, and want the music critics fired, and the local editors throw the syndicate critic's column out of the paper, and cancel."

"*Tsk, tsk, tsk.*"

"And they don't play any kind of program—a lot of them never get past 'The Stars and Stripes Forever,' and a slow waltz. They play against a lot of other hired bands and then make life unpleasant for you if you don't name them All-America. Well, there was some nice stuff shown here between halves. Thanks for the ticket."

There was still some ten minutes left to play and the two teams on the field were deadlocked in a grim and thrilling battle. X was buttoning up his coat.

"Hey wait a minute. It isn't over yet. Where are you going?"

"I want to get down on the field before that band gets away," said X, "I may have been out of school for ten years, but I still think a lot of my Alma Mater. I'm going to see if I can't get that glockenspiel player to transfer to Ohio State. I think I can get the Governor of Ohio to give him a job in the State Department. We need men like that."

—Courtesy of *College Humor*.

by frank huddle

She watched him out of the corner of her eye. She had noticed him when he entered the library. He was a type

Every time anybody passed between them, obscuring her view, she felt vaguely annoyed. She wanted to see him—see him more often, and all the time. He looked romantic. The attractiveness of his face was enhanced, somehow, by the tan smoking jacket he wore. He was the kind of man who could say wonderful things and mean them.

Maybe she was incurably romantic. But she had always wanted to know somebody like that—an never had. All her friends said the same things and meant no more than they said. Oh, she had read in books about people who spoke with gifted tongues, and meant ever so much more than they said. They spoke beautiful words.

He had those deep-set eyes. He must be the thoughtful kind—when he spoke he might utter only a few words, then she would have to think terribly hard to see what he meant. Strong and upright, handsome and deep—she had a whole list of the virtues a man must have before she could be really interested in him. She had never met anybody like that.

But he was different. She could see that at a glance. The way he held his book, with tanned, firm hands. Firm, taking his knowledge straight, with an intelligent, understanding look. He wouldn't be a bookworm; he'd study just enough to get good grades. Most of his time he probably spent just thinking. Thinking the deep thoughts that she, too, thought, when she gazed up at the stars.

Finally he stirred. He was getting up. In a panic she closed her unread book, dropped it on the desk, and hurried out. She was just ahead of him. It couldn't exactly have been clumsiness that made her drop her notebook. He picked it up for her. Handed it to her without a word.

"Thank you," she said. (That was inane enough. I hope he didn't hear me. Will he speak to me?)

He glanced intently at her in the half-light. She was quite pretty.

"Say," he said. "Haven't I seen you some place?"



Guess  
what!

Showme Show

(Continued from page 25)

**No, No!** Jack Hackethorn, besides **Not That!** running this Leap Year shindig, had the shock of his life the other day. Someone had published a fake grade list in Feature writing and had posted it on the J. School bulletin board. The list gave Jack an S in the course, and he worried for a whole day before some one told him about it. Imagine besmirching the Hackethorn name with an S.

**Too, Too** Incidentally, we hear the "Bull of the Ball" election takes place Thursday in Jesse Hall. At first we were told the "Bull" was something like Campus King—and of course we had visions of being elected. But now we hear, and this is from an authority, that this heah "Bull of the Ball" is really an honor. It is supposed to be something like choosing the most eligible bachelor in the University—money-brains-personality-and looks. The gals are thinking seriously about Evans Powell—at least some of them are.

**Fun for K. A. Dick** Gehrig and his **Kiddies** Chi Omega girl friend have finally thunk a thought. Disgusted with last year's half-hearted boycott on thirty-five cent movies they have decided to "show" the shows how clever University students are. Their plan is to go to the seven o'clock show and see the picture. Then, when the second show starts they start hissing the hero. They are kicked out of the movie and their money is refunded—no questions asked. Clever—wot?

**Who, No** Doris Chi. O. Cloud **Silver Lining** claims the most tragic story of the year. She slaved away at Reporting for the usual few hours University credit for an entire semester. She pounded the pavements for stories, she haunted the mayor's office and hung on to fire trucks. Then, when she went to find her grade, she discovered she wasn't enrolled in the course—hence no credit. It seems her card wasn't sent to Mr. Sharp and so officially she wasn't in the course. Well, there's one consolation, Doris, the cuts in that course won't count toward negative hours—in fact no one knows when you cut the class—if you did.

"If you don't raise my salary," announced the minister, "You can all go to hell."

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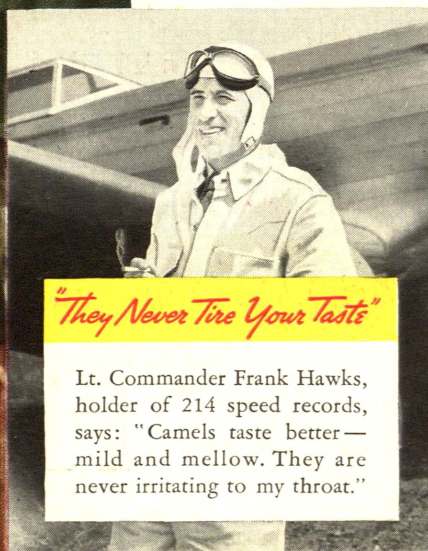
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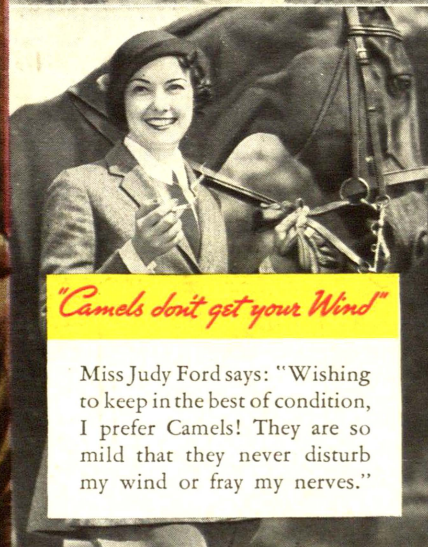
## *"They Never Get on Your Nerves"*

Henry Clay Foster, explorer and tiger hunter, has faced many a tense moment when nerves were tested to the limit. Speaking of nerves and smoking, Foster says: "My idea of a mild cigarette is Camel. I've been in some tough spots, but Camels have never thrown my nerves off key, although I'm a steady Camel smoker and have been for years. Camels give me the mildness I want—better taste—the fragrance and aroma of choice tobaccos."



## *"They Never Tire Your Taste"*

Lt. Commander Frank Hawks, holder of 214 speed records, says: "Camels taste better—mild and mellow. They are never irritating to my throat."



## *"Camels don't get your Wind"*

Miss Judy Ford says: "Wishing to keep in the best of condition, I prefer Camels! They are so mild that they never disturb my wind or fray my nerves."

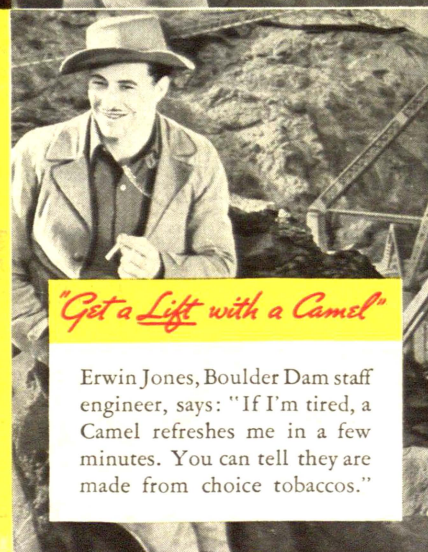
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Erwin Jones, Boulder Dam staff engineer, says: "If I'm tired, a Camel refreshes me in a few minutes. You can tell they are made from choice tobaccos."