

MISSOURI SHOWME



15¢

BEGINNERS
NUMBER

Steve Miller

C:22/8/8 Ptg. 1



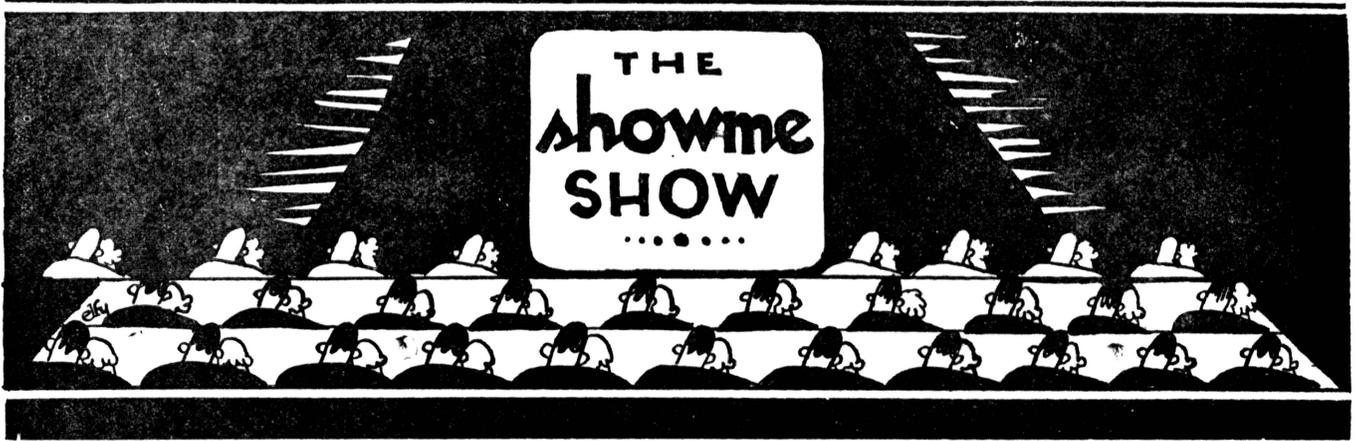
Smoke to Your Throat's Content

Many smokers have chosen Lucky Strikes simply because they *taste better*. Then as the days go by they sense that Luckies make *smoother going* for their throats—that they are a Light Smoke. Certain acids and other heavy, harsh irritants naturally present in all tobacco are removed by the famous process—"It's Toasted." *Only* Luckies are "Toasted." Smoke Luckies to your throat's content.



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Luckies—a light smoke
OF RICH, RIPE-BODIED TOBACCO — "IT'S TOASTED"



BACK on the campus—the old and the new—all set to make history as old Mizzou's greatest Jelly year. Our favorite old booths—the black and blue spots covered with fresh paint and fresher talent—and bands like the Jones Boys at Gaeb's. An outfit just about twice as good as our collitch town has ever Joplin-hopped to.

Temperature around two hundred sees the new queens in black velvet and furs—with their blind dates in faded white linens—what is conceit but Man? The new frat pledges it seems are goofy-eyed readers of Esquire—no less—checkered jackets, bright blue trousers, no ties—Oscar, hitch up my polo pony.

They should hang over about four more days and then the same seven Fords will be bumping the streets. The smoothies go with them, girls—and the diet of swollen ankles and nickel cokes start—we hear the Theta widow Marks is remaining to breeze by us in the super-charged Auburn streak. And life is hard as it is. At first you'll rate a few taxi rides, but wait until they know you better.

There was a burlesque show in St. Louis last week-end—which reminds us that a Rollins Street sophomore from K. C. is heaving two Beta pins.

It's Clair to us that everyone is glad to see our talented and charming Mr. Callihan back in

Here ya are, lads and lassies—the ol' campus snooper has been running his vacuum 'round and about and when he opened the bag all this came out.

town (it's no worse than playing knock-knock). A break for us if he helps us with the Jay show this year.

Wonder how Kappa Crisp and "Chop-Chop" Cole of the Sig Chis will get along this year. A grand summer, wasn't it, Dorothy?

They learn young—a small lad was asked during rush week if he wouldn't like to come to the University and be a Phi Delt—cleverly he replied, "No, I want to go to the Elementary and be a Beta."

Crowds

Why let the Stephens girls monopolize Harris' this year? Let's take over a swell place to loaf—redecorated, decent floor, and best of all Johnny Rieck's likeable band with the outstanding trumpet.

Not Forgotten

"Drahma" Rotenhagen, D. G., is one girl that will be missed this year, but then she's left the priceless Paul Hunt, Delt, behind so good-bye Dot and good luck!

Kappa prenze, Betty Meier—besides having always been the

best of them all in this town, now finds three stars after her name for turning into an A-1 party girl, filling all requirements.

We forecast the top this year for Workshop with a man like Herb Hake on the rug. It takes a real person to be that fair and unassuming.

Wonder what Joan Howe intends to do this year—her third and hard going—now that Hensley, Phi Gam and La Rue of the D. U.'s are both gone.

Pi Phi Royse bounced Chuck Kelly, Sigma Chi, out on his ear this summer and walked over him with Sam Pearson, Beta.

Don Dittamore, Delt, and Ruth Sowers, Theta, are just another case of breaking up rush week after going steady for a year. It only takes three months to do it.

Helen Whitesides, outstanding Tri Delt is back again with all her pins. It is absolutely true that last year she had more than five pins and was working on another. Here's to ten more this year, Helen.

Were the brother Phi Delt in St. Joe taking care of Jayne Wolvers, Theta, for themselves or for Jack Oliver this heat wave when one in particular was seen at that famous swimming pool in full view of mothers and fathers, kissing our pretty Jayne. Did you, too, overhear Miss Wolvers in one of her mad moments, asking Bill Gregg for his Sig Chi pin at their spring formal?

(Continued on Page 18)

MISSOURI SHOWME

Rationale

There has been a change of horses. Each year a new horse is chosen to pull Showme things along and relieve the old horse who, generally, during the course of the year has changed from a hard-working plug horse into an ass.

We will waive horsing around any longer than to welcome, in a more or less official manner, new and old students. Welcome freshmen! Welcome campus vets! The keys are yours.

We join with you in anticipating a successful school year.

A greater Showme will be presented to students this year. Thanks to last year's management, our books balance more exactly than the scales of justice.

Our staff is organized stronger than student politics, meaning of course, we crossed ourselves up several times, but we have two men on every job, so everything will be done. When the job is done we will appear on time each month. Regularly, we will be just one step ahead of your landlord or treasurer with the house bill. That even beats clockwork.

This change of policy, viz., regular publication dates, is a part of the "drastic revamping" that Showme successfully underwent last spring.

O. O. McIntyre
Godfather

Howard Brickey
Editor

Merrill Panitt
Business Manager

EDITORIAL STAFF

Mark Cox
Bud Wylie
Jim Weber
Bob Hannon
Ray Colcord
Dave Dexter

Phil Bronson
John McNutt
Charles Callison
F. Paul Margolis
Frankie Ricksecker

BUSINESS STAFF

PROMOTION—Bob Hannon, Charles Callison, Phil Bronson, Hugh Wylie, F. Paul Margolis.

ADVERTISING—Ed. Boughton, Vernon Nolte, Louise Caffey, Frankie Ricksecker.

CIRCULATION—Ira Kohn.

At the time the changes were planned for Showme a handful of leftists whispered that a magazine would never sell on the Missouri campus unless it was packed with filth, big portions of it.

We beg to disagree. Spice makes a magazine. When there's no spice there's no magazine. Showme has always printed some spice.

But there came a time when the quality of this valuable magazine ingredient was lowered to the point where it was no longer spice. It was sewage.

Filth can be purchased in booklet form, without illustrated covers, for twenty-five cents a copy. We propose to leave that field to its present proprietors.

Our field is humor. Mix with it interesting pictures, sports, and special college features and you have the new Showme. There's spice in all of it. Have a look.

Rationale

A short prospectus won't hurt. Here are a few of the staff who do things you'll want to see.

The inimitable Dave Dexter, now famous as chief grinder of "Music Box" will strike blue notes in each issue. (Congressional Library should secure a copy of the data compiled by Dexter in this issue. See "The Duke vs. Lunceford." Page 10.)

Chance Boggiano and George Hawkins, two men who have never heard of "art for arts sake" will contribute cartoons.

Versatile Bob Hannon, writer of poetry, sports, humor, and good quality fiction, will clear the decks for action each month.

Hannon gives a short sprint performance in this issue. (See "Cinder Ellen," page 13. When we first read the title we thought it might be about Helen Stephens, but changed our mind before we read far.)

We sincerely hope that our oak desk will be piled high with student mail. Next issue will have a page of compliments and complaints. All compliments will be read as fast as they can be sorted from the complaints. We welcome both. Mail us something, good or bad.

This should be a big year at Mizzou.

THE EDITOR

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS



TOBACCO BAIT



LET'S SEPARATE THIS MORNING - FISH IN DIFFERENT PARTS OF THE LAKE AND MEET HERE IN TIME TO COOK LUNCH

AND THE ONES WHO COME BACK WITHOUT FISH WILL HAVE TO DO THE COOKING!



NEARLY LUNCH TIME AND NO FISH. I'VE HAD MIGHTY POOR LUCK THIS WHOLE WEEK-END



NICE MESS O' BASS YOU'VE GOT THERE, STRANGER - I HAVEN'T EVEN HAD A STRIKE YET

WELL, YOU CAN'T HAVE EVERYTHING. I HAVEN'T A CRUMB OF TOBACCO WITH ME



I'LL SWAP MY EXTRA TIN OF PRINCE ALBERT FOR A COUPLE OF THOSE BEAUTIES

PRINCE ALBERT - MAN, OH, MAN - THAT'S WORTH THE WHOLE STRING O' FISH



I ALWAYS KNEW YOU WERE A GOOD FISHERMAN, DADDY, BUT -

I'M AFRAID YOU WEREN'T USING THE RIGHT BAIT

NONE OF THE REST OF US CAUGHT ANYTHING!

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bite" process takes the nip out of every fragrant, nut-brown particle of Prince Albert.

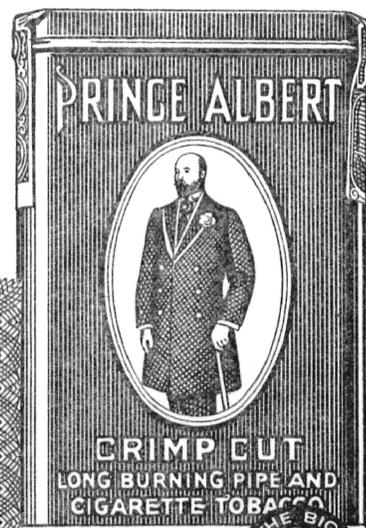
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Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

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The student will fill out forms 1, 2, and 3 below, using ink.

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Name in full { Mr. Miss (first name) (middle name) (last name)

Home { R.F.D. No. St.—City of

County of State of

Parent or Guardian is

Address—No. St.—City of State

Occupation of Parent

Date of your Birth—Month day

Have you been enrolled in the University for either Correspondence work

Have you heretofore in the University of M

Wish to in

(G)

DEAN OF MEN OR WOM

First

STUDENT'S RECEIPT Fees paid

First Semester No. 3

The stud. respons

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coupon with receipt attached Activity Book, if presented West Corridor in Jesse Hall No book will be issued except and no duplicate coupons will

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COVERING THE WORLD IN AUGUST

A Reporter Encounters a Good Old Summer-Time Murder, A Hot Political Rally and a Centennial Celebration

By JOHN McNUTT

AND they told him going to school in August would be dull!

Even before July handed the baton of Time to August, a Missourian reporter who had sentenced himself to intersession against the advice of experienced students was riding high on the political bandwagon that was touring Boone County. But, finding little in the performances given in each township by the members of the political show, he suffered an attack of regrets.

He learned that the primary requirement necessary to a candidate for county office was that the candidate have a birth certificate in the county records. Any man who has been born and raised in the county where he wants to "run", mounts a stump in that county and shouts to those who will gather around him. That procedure constitutes the first big step toward being elected to the office of county something-or-other.

Before the primary election had run down the final curtain on the campaign, the "dullness" of



August reporting took another hard blow on the chin. The blow was in the form of a murder—a murder packed with gory details.

One can never tell just when a murder will occur. For instance,

the reporter was riding a chair on the speaker's platform and dutifully taking down every line uttered by the office seekers that he thought would look good between quotation marks in Missourian print, when what happens but this murder.



From the time the murder news reached the reporter, his left ear was turned in on the scattered details he could hear from the crowd. Only the duty-conscious right ear caught the sales talks of the politicians.

The next morning, after his "review" of the night's entertainment had been salted away on copy paper, the reporter was awarded the assignment of writing up the murder story for that afternoon's paper. It was no dull job, and he began to sniff around for the facts.

It seemed, from the number of wild rumors floating around, that every false report of the night before had given birth to offspring, and they in their turn likewise. Worse than rabbits!

Finding nothing new around the courthouse, the reporter managed for a ride to the scene of the crime, a place near Midway. On the way out he wondered if the things he had heard about a murderer always returning to the

scene of the crime were true, or just some more false rumors.

The murderer didn't show up at the scene, but two farmers did, and from one of these men came the story which appeared in the paper that afternoon.

The scene of the crime was a burning barn. The murderer had battered his victim, placed the dying man in the structure and set fire to it. Arson and murder!

But instead of burning to death in the barn as the killer had planned, the victim staggered from the blaze and attempted to reach help. The wife of one of the farmers had actually seen the blood-covered victim stagger down the road in front of her house—after he had regained consciousness and crawled from the blazing barn. She had heard him utter groans as he passed her house.

The farmer showed the reporter the path taken by the man. It led through a corn field and down



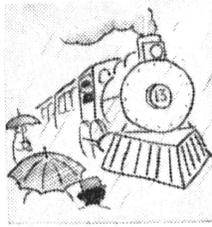
a lonesome road. The end of the trail was marked by two large blood-stains in a ditch where the victim had fallen, writhed in pain, and died.

The farmer and his wife appeared the next day before a coroner's jury as two of the chief witnesses, but what they had to tell had already been printed in the Mis-

(Continued on Page 20)

TO THE NEWCOMERS---

By BOB HANNON



WITH the train backing into Columbia five hours late in the midst of a downpour, it is a small wonder you newcomers write home in your first letter—"this is a hell of a place."

(If there wasn't a cloudburst when you arrived, it was most unusual; and if the train wasn't late, it was a miracle.)

But wipe this unfavorable first impression from your minds, for you are now in Columbia, the jam of Missouri, where it never becomes hotter than 130 or colder than 40 below and where, if it isn't raining, it's cloudy; and if it isn't cloudy, it's raining.

Remember, there must be a couple of thorns on the cactus and every pillow-case has two sides, so be optimistic and look at the good times in store for you.

Tradition covers Mizzou like the journalists cover the Wabash station. Whether the stories are true or not, some spirited tales are told about the Columns, the Ag.-Engineer feud (formerly a private fight between the sons of Erin and the lawyer clan), old Jesse Hall, the great fire of '92, Jefferson's tombstone, the J school bridge and lions, and on back to the time when a saloon graced the spot where the Sig Chi house now stands. O tempora, O mores !!

More social activities are staged here than by the 400 in New



York, Palm Beach or any other point, east or west. The perennial Ag "Barnwarmin'," Homecoming, Freshman Mixer, Christmas vacation, Workshop dramas, concerts, Journalism Show, Farmers' Fair, Military Ball, St. Pat's festivities, M-Men's dance, and Journalism Week are but a few of the many highlights awaiting you.

Then, too, there are the football and basketball seasons. And remember it is the duty of each and everyone to get out and support the teams. It's no fun jumping rope by yourself, you know.

Someone must play the role of the wet blanket and each year the faculty handles the part competently. As you have observed there is an awful scramble, with the freshmen wondering what it is all about, the sophomores asking where Jesse Hall is located, the juniors groping along the hallway with that tell-tale hangover



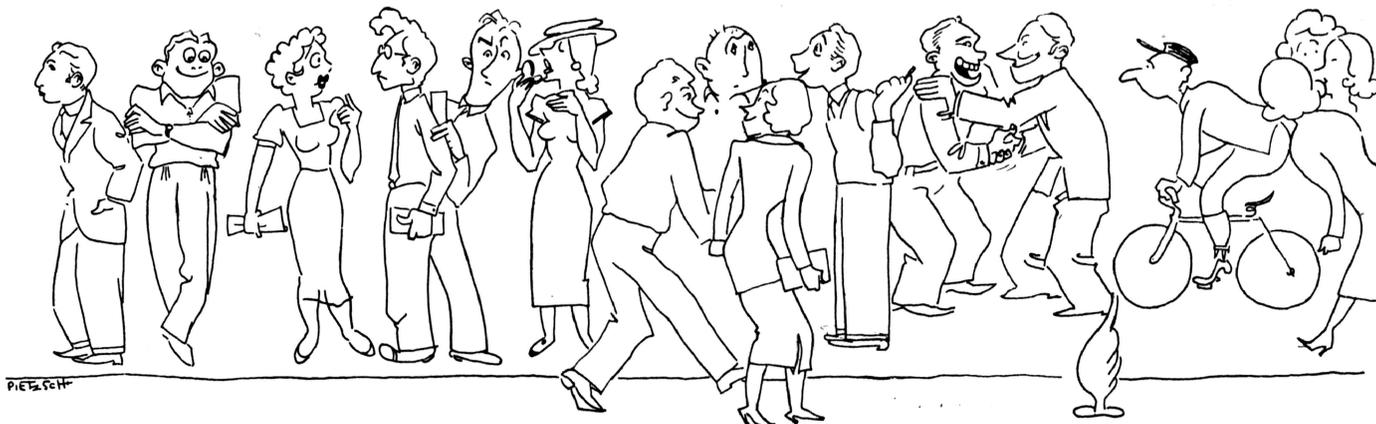
appearance, and the seniors forgetting to come.

After you get on to it, it's easy to distinguish one upperclassman from another. If you see a haughty-looking fellow swinging down the walk as if he owned the school, he is a sophomore. And if you scrutinize closely, you will notice he has a fraternity badge pinned to his skin—a sure sign.

The odd-looking specimen of humanity lolling over his coke in a jelly-joint with some blonde whose smile is as cold as a chorus girl's, is a junior. Poor fellow; he's in love. This rather complicates things, because both freshmen and juniors fall in love. The first may be discounted, for it's one of those "in again, out again" affairs; but of course, with the junior, it is the real thing. To distinguish between a freshman and a junior in love, the former looks as though he had just suffered a stroke; the latter appears paralyzed.

Both are minus fraternity pins before the end of the year, with the freshman putting up the loudest squawk in June to get his back. He wants to dazzle the hometown natives with the purty greek letters.

In spite of what you think, the boys dashing thither and yon clad in those classy blue denim sport clothes (the illiterate call them overalls) are not lawyers;



they are Ag students and are justly or unjustly proud of the fact. As a parody on an ancient warning we shall here say "beware of an Ag bearing a paddle."



If they are not lawyers, we hear you ask, how can one distinguish an embryo-barrister. Simple: the boys from the law barn are cripples—they carry canes and look snooty.

Rarely do you catch a glimpse of a real Med student, although there are myriads of self-styled pre-medics. The latter group usually talks about chemistry; thus you shall know them.

If you see a nose poked between a crack in a door, or sticking from under a bed, or peering from behind a telephone pole, you may be sure a journalist is attached to the other end of it. But don't be alarmed—they are merely developing "a nose for news," and are quite harmless.

Engineers do not make an appearance until St. Pat's day, at which time they become obnoxious. Their habitat is the west side of the campus and they may be seen prowling about at all hours. Should an open season be declared on the engineers at that time, it certainly would be good hunting.

Those who loiter about the B. and P. A. school need not be pointed out to you. This species is in training for loafing jobs on court house lawns and is very adaptable to park benches in later life.

Since there is neither the time nor the space to devote to the inmates of fraternities and sororities, we shall not dwell on their differentiating a b n or m a l i t i e s. However, in order that you shall not be guilty of an unpardonable offense, the Kappas are the "sisters of the Key" and the Pi Phi's are the "Arrowites."

To further enlighten you who are about to be baptized into the sink or swim atmosphere of university life, we shall mention a few of the more popular spots about the campus.

For the lovers of the great outdoors, and in the great out-doors, we highly recommend Lovers' Leap—a very rustic bit of countryside south of the Ag barns. Balanced Rock, which overlooks the mighty, muddy Hinkson River wallowing along fifty feet below, is the usual pretext for visiting Lovers' Leap—Mizzou's own Old Ox Road.



A hermit who cavorts about the cliffs is reported to have been a Kappa Sig disappointed in love.

If Lovers' Leap is still too close to the hurry and scurry of Rollins alley, take a hike to Devil's Ice Box—a cave which compares with any hole in the ground. Zoology students love this place, for besides university men, rattlesnake abound in the dell.

The lexicography of a Mizzou collitch man looks like a page from a Chinese dictionary. One expression with which every newcomer must become acquainted is "Jellying." This pastime takes place in jelly-joints, which cognomen is applied to any refreshment dispensary where such hard drinks as coca-cola, root beer and coffee are served. Here you sit with the light of your life, sipping your coke and discussing pertinent subjects of world affairs—such as "what shall we do tonight"—all while you're supposed to be in econ class.

There are hundreds of things that could be told the newcomers, but half the fun is living and learning. So without further ado, we shall leave you on your own. Write Mother once a week, brush your teeth daily and from there on out you can't be advised—but you can go wrong.



The eminent, itinerant Hjalmar Niemela, writer and hobo, presents a detailed, analytical study of the art of expertly packing a wet turkish.

By HJALMAR NIEMELA

IT'S a problem. A major problem.

Vacations are ruined, hotel patrons suffer untold loss annually, and even otherwise happy marriages are ruined—all because of ignorance in packing a wet towel.

What's the good of spending five dollars for a good night's rest when all you do is roll and toss, worrying about how you are going to get that big turkish out of the bathroom and into your bag? Of course, it will be wet



from your morning shower—and that's why you worry.

I didn't used to worry, but I do now. You will see my point when I relate one experience I had. I have a turkish (Y. M. C. A., 1934), that first impressed me with what a weighty matter wet towels really can be.

Thirty miles a day was a normal day for me at the World's Fair in the summer of 1934. The week I was there the mercury hit 100 degrees every day by 10 o'clock in the morning. By 3 o'clock it got hot. By 6 o'clock I needed both a tub and a shower. I used a strong soap for the first lather. I had no friends at the fair, but it didn't take friends to tell me. Strangers (hinted, in one way or another, and I took the que.

It got to be a ritual with me, and so by 6 p. m., I took a bath, first hot and then cold, rubbing well with a medium grade, rough turkish. It soaked up water like

a blotter. Then twelve turns around the loop and a round-trip stroll on State Street, non-stop, was good for at least a rinse after dinner, so you can see I was using up some bath napkins.

Boy! How they piled up! There are no Mondays on record where a washerwoman ever saw such a soiled mountain.

When you get ready to pack a bag, just reconnoiter a little through the house. Generally you will find at least one towel—soaking wet. It has to go. Well, I didn't have to look for these towels. They were there on the tile—oozing. I decided to pack one in my suitcase. Just one. (I only had a gross of short yellow pencils from the Y. The Y fared better than most places I visited.)

I couldn't find any vacant space in my suitcase, what with the Sally Rand stuff and all I got at the fair. But I made room—in between the coat and trousers of my new Palm Beach. It fit pretty nicely, all wrung out so it wasn't wet—only damp.

Three days later when I got back to Toledo township—the old home place—I unpacked my suitcase, the contents of which possessed the most perfect culture of mildew, brewed under ideal conditions of moisture and temperature, that has ever been produced in a traveling bag, laundry shute, or musty basement.

The coat of my Palm Beach was a ringer for a salt and pepper. The red stripe down the center of the turkish had transferred beautifully the letters "Y. M. C. A." on the left leg of the trousers.

Even my prize picture of Sally had not escaped. Her nude torso appeared draped in a shapeless, wooly polk-a-dot robe. My pulse rate dropped off ten beats.

Something of a chemical nature happened too. The three pairs of socks I had worn that week, always able to speak for themselves after one day's wear, were limp and soggy from direct contact. They defied washing, turning soap suds to curds. My terrier buried one pair and the other two quickly and quietly decomposed.

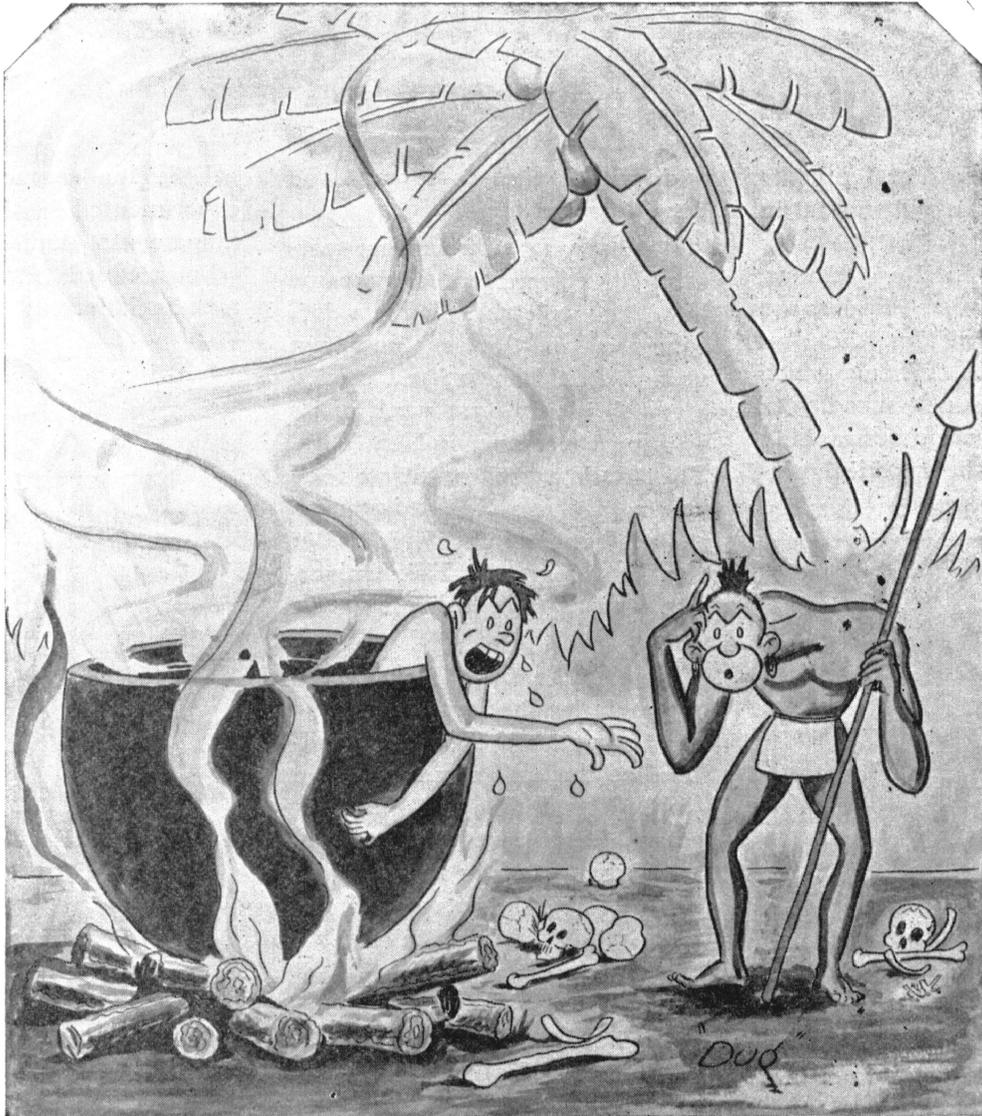
Except for my imitation leather case, one side of which bulged up and came apart, I counted only minor damage to handkerchiefs and underwear. But I still think I paid an exorbitant price for that cotton textile. However, it is rugged, and is still giving service.



Right then I started my famed experiments and research in that field—wet towels.

In the last few years many troubled people have called upon me for advice. Among the more notable have been the Court of St. James, the traveling Roosevelts, and others. The incessant rains of India presented a knotty problem to Mahatma Ghandi and his bed-sheet robes. A little out of my regular line, but when he wrote that he couldn't pack the wet garments, I sent him my soundest advice on wet towels.

(Continued on Page 22)



● "HEY—I CAN'T BATHE WITHOUT LIFEBOUY!"

Your line is not as smooth as
 Phil's
 Nor are you blond like Ted.
 You're not a football star like
 Bob,
 A millionaire like Lee:
 You wonder why I love you?—
 well,
 The others don't love me.

●

BLUSH

He—See that man playing full-
 back? He'll be our best man in
 about a week.

She—Oh, this is so sudden.

●

Waitress—Do you want your
 eggs turned over, sir?

Sophomore—Yes. Turn them
 over to the Museum of Natural
 History.

●

KNOCK-KNOCK

Prof.—What do you mean by
 saying that Benedict Arnold was
 a janitor?

Frosh—The book says that
 after his exile he spent the rest
 of his life in abasement.

WHO'S DRUNK?

"Papa, how can you tell men
 are drunk?"

"Well, my son, do you see those
 two men over there—well, if you
 were drunk they would look like
 four!"

"But papa, there is only one."

●

NOT IMPORTANT

Frosh—What did the Dean
 want to see you about?

Soph—Oh just a matter of pass-
 ing interest.

The DUKE vs. LUNCEFORD

By DAVE DEXTER

Jimmie Lunceford or the Duke of Ellington—who will win out in the end?

Already nationally famous, these two Negro band leaders are awaiting the bell for the first round of a battle of bands which by the end of this new school year will find one or the other ranking at the top of the mythical pinnacle of popularity.



DUKE ELLINGTON

In another month the two orks will have settled down for a winter spot, and in the next few months one will be determined the winner of the coveted title of "the nation's favorite."

Both bands are somewhat alike, and yet they each have their own peculiar styles which are instantly discernible to the average listener.

The Duke has been in the game a long time. When he was 14 years old he earned cigaret money pounding the piano at private parties in the neighborhood of his home in Washington, D. C. He is 37 now, and since 1927 has held

undisputed reign as tops in the band business.

But early in 1934 another fast-stepping colored orchestra came into the picture. Unheralded, composed of thirteen unknown musicians, this new band proved a smash hit the first week of its opening appearance in New York. The "dark horse" outfit was led by a 34-year-old Missourian named Jimmie Lunceford, holder of a B.A. degree at Fisk University and a four-letter man in sports.

Lunceford's boys skyrocketed to popularity the first six months they occupied the ornate bandstand at Harlem's swanky Cotton Club. The Duke and his men, meanwhile, plugged right along, spending most of the time touring the country in theaters and the better night clubs.

By late 1935 the remaining colored name bands, including those headed by Noble Sissle, Cab Calloway, Earl Hines, Fletcher Henderson, Claude Hopkins, Lucky Millinder, Chick Webb, and Don Redman, all dropped by the wayside in the spectacular race for highest honors in musicdom. Henderson made a brief rally early last spring, and Chick Webb appears to be up-and-coming at present, but neither ever approached the records set by the Lunceford-Ellington combination.

The Duke and the "Harlem Express," as Jimmie is labeled, have had similar careers. Ellington first went to New York back in '23, with Sonny Greer, who is his drummer today, Bill Miller on banjo, "Tobie" Tobin in the sax chair, and Otto Hardwick with his clarinet. They ganged up, worked off and on, and in December, 1927, opened the Cotton Club, where later was to be the scene of their rival's first triumph.

Ellington augmented his band, experimented with stylized arrangements, and by 1930 was acknowledged everywhere, Europe included, as the peer of all



JIMMIE LUNCEFORD

band leaders. His inherent musical genius added to his popularity with his composing numerous tunes, virtually all of which caught the public's fancy. A long string of waxings for Brunswick and other companies established him further. Commercial radio programs gave him still another boost. He and his band were even featured in motion pictures.

Lunceford waited until 1934 to blossom out with his band. Instead of a gradual rise to the heights, the former Fulton, Missouri, virtuoso established himself on the same par with the Duke in a few short months. Eddie Tompkins and Paul Webster, the boys who hit the high E above F's on trumpets, were Kansas City boys who the winter before had cast their lots with Jimmie when he announced his plans to crash the big time with a bang.

(Continued on Page 23)

Today in Missouri

—As Arthur Brisbane Might Write It

There are many freshmen entering the University. That is good. Any university should have freshmen—in fact all universities have freshmen at some time or other. Let us be thankful that there are freshmen.

Freshmen go in for sports. I heartily believe in this. I have a great respect for athletics. Athletics build men. And Missouri needs men. We should be happy that freshmen go in for sports.

Freshmen are impressionable. That is not good. They are liable to listen to COMMUNISTS! THEY SHOULD NOT LISTEN TO COMMUNISTS! COMMUNISTS EAT BABIES! MOSCOW GOLD SHOULD NOT HAVE ITS EFFECTS ON OUR NICE FRESHMEN. EVERYBODY IN RUSSIA IS STARVING. That is not good. People should not starve—not even in Russia. Even Stalin is starving—THAT IS GOOD! STALIN SHOULD STARVE—THEY SHOULDN'T LET HIM EAT ANY MORE BABIES! Our freshmen should not be impressionable.

Women also are entering the University. Women are a necessity—and it is a great American principle in this beloved land of ours that we must all be equal, and that even women can get an education if they have tuition. We are all equal—until the women get into sororities—then of course, they should fall into a caste system—Pi Phi—Kappa, and on down (or up). But women are nice—I have great respect for womanhood.

Freshmen have trouble with registration. That is not good. Registration is very simple. IN RUSSIA REGISTRATION IS COMPLICATED—it should not be so! RED TAPE IS ALL

THE RUSSIANS HAVE TO EAT!

Many Stephens girls are coming to Columbia. Freshmen should be democratic and tolerate Stephens girls—because by January they will be glad to get a date at Stephens. I have a great respect for Stephens girls.

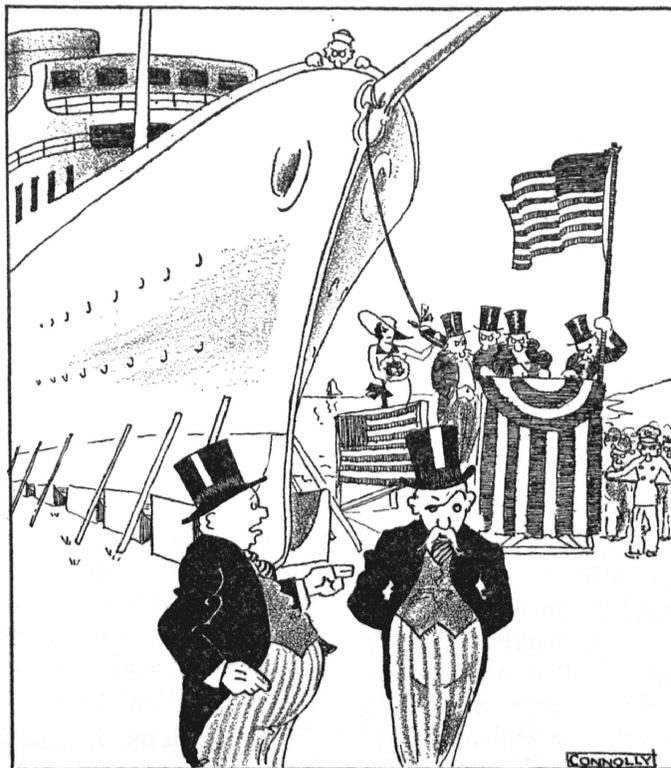
Landon is our Saviour! We must elect Landon. Even freshmen should vote for Landon—he will put an end to this reckless spending of our hard-earned money. Roosevelt is a demagogue—he tries to feed starving millions. Feeding starving people is reckless spending. They could work if they wanted to work. Vote for Landon.

(Is that all right, Mr. Hearst?)

Shakespeare Lives On!

Editor's Note: The classics always live, and we nominate the following paragraph, clipped from a Columbia daily, to be preserved with the great collections of real art. Showme hopes to beat Street & Smith publications to the door of the writer of this gem that appeared on the front page in connection with a news story. The paragraph:

The setting for the robbery last night was ideal. Intermittent showers, continuous flashes of lightning and cracking bolts of thunder which seemed to split the very firmament and tear into shreds the heavy black and gray storm clouds which hid the full moon, gave to the criminal abroad last night, a night of nights for his work. Too, the eerie, fantastic electrical displays overhead held law-abiding citizens at home behind drawn blinds and thus lessened the potentiality of detection.



● "NOW JUST WHAT DID WE DECIDE TO NAME HER?"

KING FOOTBALL REIGNS!



Local Observer Peeks Behind
the Scenes of the Big Six,
prophesies and prays

By MARK COX



KING Football reigns again! Every year, when the glow of early autumn comes creeping over the college campuses of the nation, the mighty monarch of collegiate circles strides to the sports throne once more.

And every loyal subject of the athletic kingdom thrills to the core, for here is the great and magnetic ruler who works his miracles with a magic touch.

The secret of the king's power lies in his uncanny ability to hold his subjects enthralled, to grip them with dozens of surprises, astonish them with undreamed of events—twists and turns of grid-iron fortune that seem the workings of a harassed and addled fate. Indeed, the king has been accused of vagaries, but the net result each year seems more like the creation of an inspired, unfathomable intellect.

Now it is the sport of the king's jesters, each year, to try to predict the royal will, to attempt a forecast of the fortunes of football wars before the king's finger has moved and cleated shoes have written history across the white-striped field.

As one of this ancient and honorable troupe, the king's jesters, we shall contribute our part toward our ruler's amusement. Our particular assignment has to do with a sector called the Big Six, and we shall predict what will happen across the plains of Missouri, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma and Iowa State and you can smile with the king as, later, he does as he pleases.

Down in the state of "You gotta show me" fame, a band of footballers, commonly referred to as the Tigers, are being looked after and brought along by their youthful handler—Coach Don Faurot—who is fast becoming one of the most popular grid mentors in the Middle West.

Sixteen lettermen, a dozen capable reserves and a host of promising sophomore huskies will compose one of the most formidable squads to defend the Black and Gold goal since the days of Gwynn Henry.

For several years past the Tigers have been practically a door-mat for the entire conference, but now the worm has turned. Last fall saw the M. U. forces upset by but two outfits in the Big Six—the championship Nebraska Cornhuskers and the powerful Oklahoma Sooners. This year promises the Tiger fan a still more pleasing story, with even these two aggregations surveying the Missouri striper with a wary eye.

This year we predict Tiger defeats at the hands of only these same two teams, but we further predict victories instead of ties in the other three conference tilts.

The annual Missouri-Kansas State game will open the conference schedule Oct. 10 at Manhattan. The Wildcats will place a veteran team on the field, with juniors and seniors filling in most of the starting berths.

"Enthusiasm is running high and we expect to have a good football team," Wildcat Coach Fry exclaims, "but as to championships," he continued, "let us

dismiss all thought of a title. We can, I hope will, have a good team."

The Aggies' neighbors, the K. U. Jayhawkers, are making no bones about their losses suffered by graduation. The 1936 cap and gown toll played havoc with Jayhawk chances of putting a championship contending team in action this fall, or at least before midseason.

Up at Iowa State, also, the outlook for a successful season appears to be far from cheery. A light but scrappy team seems to be the Aggies' bid for its share of conference laurels.

Word comes from Harold Keith, director of the Sooner sports service, that Oklahoma will be ready to march this fall. Says Keith:

"Major Lawrence ("Biff") Jones' young Red Shirts—four teams of 'em wheeling and cutting with the snap of trained cadets—got a thorough drill in their new double wing-back formations during the spring practice and early season drills, and are eager for the season to get under way."

Nebraska's crimson bedecked Big Six champions rule heavy favorites to cop the conference gonfalon again this season. Coach Dana X. Bible will be missing only Jerry LaNue from his flashy backfield of last fall. And with a trio like Caldwell, Howell and Sam Francis, the U. S. Olympic shot-putter, returning for another campaign, nothing short of a Kansas dust storm can stop them from repeating this fall.

Introducing Captain Al Londe

By F. PAUL MARGOLIS

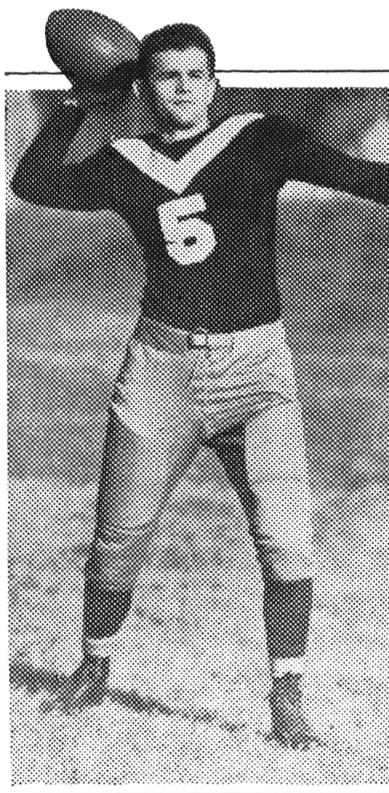
A native of St. Louis, Al first saw the light of day twenty-one years ago. However, he did not have a varied and checkered career, as many journalists would be wont to say. He passed as normal a life as any other youngster growing up in the wilds of St. Louis. He went through Roosevelt High School, playing football only in his last year.

Al is at present a senior in the School of Journalism, majoring in advertising. He lately was honored with the Harry Tidd Scholarship given for scholastic and athletic ability.

When Al first entered the University he packed only 150 pounds on his 5 foot 9½ inch frame. Since his freshman days he has added ten pounds. He first won his letter in 1934 and repeated the following fall. His greatest ambition every fall is to beat the two St. Louis teams, St. Louis and Washington.

His greatest thrill in football was the comeback the Tigers made against Colorado last season. As Missouri fans will remember, Colorado received the kickoff and marched down to a touchdown within five minutes. Instead of folding up as had so often been the case in former years, the Bengals set to work and a few minutes later took the lead, never to relinquish it for the remainder of the game.

Captain Londe likes the gals but takes his studies and football more seriously—so he says. His



CAPTAIN AL LONDE

ideal girl must have a good shape with an All-American halfback's swivel hips. Of secondary consideration are the face and disposition although a pleasant face and cheerful disposition are much to be desired. The color of her hair and eyes also are not of prime importance. Al doesn't explain why, but intelligence does not enter into his idea of the ideal girl. However, we have a hunch that Al doesn't want any intelligent girl making a sucker of him. A girl would have a tough job doing it, for the wise tackles and ball luggers of the Big Six schools try it and have no luck.

CINDER ELLEN

Once upon a time there was a poor little girl named Cinder Ellen, who pledged a sorority when she went to college. She was called Cinder because she was once hot stuff, but was all burnt out. Rather than keep her stored away in an asylum, her parents sent her to a university. Like a fellow who gets on a street car with a dime, there was no change.

She was a poor little girl with only a V-8, whereas her sorority sisters owned 12's and 16's and Cinder had only 12 hats, 10 pairs of shoes and no mittens. Mocked and scorned, she cheerfully went about her pledge duties because she knew no better.

On the night of the Frog Hop Formal, the sorority house was a-buzz with activity. The girls were gulping shots of bracer in preparation for the ordeal, but poor Cinder sat alone in a corner crying, for she couldn't go to the party with a run in her hose and no fingernail polish on.

Hours later the house was deserted. Little Cinder remained propped up in the corner, when suddenly there came a blinding flash. In the center of the room stood Robert Taylor, Clark Gable, Fred MacMurray and Mickey Mouse, all rolled into one.

"Come, my fair one, don't you cry," spoke the handsome figure. "You shall come to Hollywood with me where I will make you the toast of the town."

"But I'm half fried already," sniffed Cinder.

"No time for banter," replied the lothario. "We must be away; quick like a moose."

Thoughts of the future stormed Cinder's weary brain-cell. How she could gloat when she peered from the screen at some sorority sister clutching hands with a dim-witted junior!

The figure was speaking again. "Come, come, Miss Ellen. If you insist upon sleeping in class, I shall report you to the dean."

—Bob Hannon

The MUSIC BOX

By DAVE DEXTER

The Casa Loma gang is due to move into the newly-remodeled Urban room of Chicago's Congress hotel soon . . . Ray Noble goes back into the Rainbow room atop Rockefeller center . . . Kay Kyser opens the Trianon ballroom in Chicago . . . Hal Kemp remains at New York's Astor hotel after breaking all attendance records there this summer . . . Little Jack Little follows Ozzie Nelson at the Palmer house in the windy city soon . . . Benny Goodman has left the Palomar in Los Angeles and is now dickering for a New York spot . . . Ellington is touring theaters . . . Fletcher Henderson also traveling at present . . . Jimmie Lunceford hangs on at the Larchmont casino near New York and Paul Whiteman will remain at the centennial celebration until its close late in November.

Ben Pollack's band has shown the most improvement in the last three months, and it is a former Mizzou dance band leader, Opie Cates, who is largely responsible. Opie is featured on virtually all the clarinet rifts, in addition to most of the vocals. A few years ago Cates led the campus ork here in a joint.

Best Record Of The Month—Hal Kemp's "Sweet Misery Of Love" on Brunswick. Skinny Ennis delivers in his usual superb style and Clayton Cash and Mickey Bloom are right there with their triplitized trumpets. Don't miss this platter; it's bound to send you.

Jane Froman, another ex-Missouri U. singer, was suddenly ousted from the cast of the new Paramount production "Big Broadcast of 1937," which, incidentally, will star Benny's Goodman. Warner Brothers took Jane's option immediately after Paramount dropped her.

Officials of the Music Corporation of America are still trying to

sign a "name" leader to front the late Orville Knapp's sweet ork. The Knapp boys were left stranded in Boston when their youthful leader was killed in an airplane spin-in last July. Knapp, too, was a former jelly-joint musician here, playing with Harold Stokes back in 1930.



JAN GARBER

"Smiling Jack" Hackethorn, prominent on the campus here from the time he enrolled in the J-school about seven years ago until he graduated last June, is now in Washington, D. C. shooting pictures for Acme. His first assignment this summer was covering one of President Roosevelt's jaunts in his private yacht. Jack booked all the name bands here and was a cat of the first water when it came to discussing dance bands.

Waxings you'll like—Hudson-Delange's "I Never Knew" and "Sleepy Time Down South" on Brunswick . . . "Give Her A Pint" paired with "Moten Swing"

played by Andy Kirk and his Kansas City swingsters on Decca . . . Casa Loma's new arrangement of "Rose of the Rio Grande" and "Bugle Call Rag," featuring Pat Davis on tenor sax, also on Decca . . . Fletcher Henderson's "Grand Terrace Rhythm" coupled with "Rifflin" on Victor. Note Chu Berry's sax and Roy Eldredge's trumpet antics . . . Hal Kemp's stylized "Star Fell Out of Heaven" and "Me and the Moon," featuring the sax section of Ben Williams, Porky Dankers and Saxie Dowell on Brunswick . . . Helen Ward's vocal on "Sing Me a Swing Song" with Benny Goodman's band on Victor.

Jan Garber is still in the hole.

Just about the time we were taking our finals last May, Jan's ace singer, Lee Bennett, up and got married to a little blonde named Judy Randall. Jan's ork at the time was on the road; in fact, the night after Bennett's marriage the band played Kansas City's Pla-Mor ballroom.

Jan didn't like the idea of Lee taking marital vows, so he promptly fired the singer on the spot. Then the fiery little leader had to find a new singer.

Russell Brown was his choice. He made his debut in Kansas City May 27. Then the band went west to Los Angeles, and later, Catalina Island.

But since Lee Bennett left the outfit, the band has had difficulties. The usual successes, despite a sour sax section, turned into flops. Now Jan and his boys are returning to Chicago, where they will try for a comeback.

Maybe it's stubbornness—but Jan won't resign Bennett. Young Brown has a nice barytone voice, but patrons expect Lee's crooning and nothing can take its place.

So Jan Garber is still in the hole. He knows he and his band are slipping, but he does nothing about it.

So perhaps he deserves to slip.

When Irish Eyes
are smiling...



They Satisfy

..all you could ask for

Made by LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO COMPANY—*and you can depend on a Liggett & Myers product*

W E L C O M E



Welcome Freshmen

Showme welcomes you to the University of Missouri. "Beginners' Number" is dedicated to you.

Beginning next month, each issue of Showme will feature an article or story by a freshman author, printed with the writer's picture and a short biographical sketch. Read Showme to get an idea of the type of material suitable for publication. Original ideas receive first attention.

Freshmen artists, writers of sports, fiction, humor, society, gossip, and other special features, are welcome to try-out for staff positions.

Welcome Upperclassmen

Showme welcomes you back to the campus, with our sincerest and best wishes for your success throughout the year.

We hope to add to your enjoyment and entertainment by presenting a lively and interesting magazine. Make known what features are tops with you, and what ones you would like to see in the discard.

Every student in the University is invited to submit material for publication. We will print all that is suitable.

All students are invited to join with us in producing the finest magazine ever presented on this campus. Make known your likes and dislikes. Make your demands to the editor and every effort will be made to comply with them.

We urge you to send us any material you think would be interesting to Showme readers. We will give such material the same careful consideration as is given materials submitted by regular staff writers. Mail, or present in person, all material to the Showme office, 107-109 Virginia Bldg.

We will appreciate your comments on this issue. The October issue will have in it a full page of your criticisms and suggestions, printed with the letter writer's name.

Send in your manuscripts. Send in your letters of criticism. A better Showme is our goal.



SHOWME MAGAZINE

Official Humor and Literary Publication of the University of Missouri

FRESHMAN PERSONALITIES

A Staff Writer Learns of a Few Idiosyncrasies
of Beginners. Some Answers to Writer's Questions
Are Downright Confessions.

By HUGH WYLIE

Charles Stevenson, Cambridge, N. Y.—Peoria born, but managed to escape to Brooklyn at the age of ten months. His father publishes the 142½-year-old Washington County Post, oldest weekly in United States. Young Stevenson hopes to continue the family tradition of running it, after J-School graduation. Came to Tiger Town to forget a girl. Sincerely believes the N. Y. Giants will be the '36 world champs, and refuses to comment on the Brooklyn "team."

Joe Peck, Tooele, Utah—Military, football, and women are the three things Joe plans to study at Mizzou. Played football center for three years way back home. Girls are his biggest weakness. Brunettes rate first and blondes second, but only because they always stand him up. Never read Shakespeare and doesn't care to. Likes beer anytime, anywhere. Expects to make \$300 a month after graduation. Good old Joe.

Al Goldman, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Advised by Bill Corum, noted sports authority, to learn journalism at Missouri. Father manages ex-lightweight champion Tony Canzoneri, who, by the by, will have a return match with Lou Amber soon, according to Al. Doesn't smoke cigarettes, but buys 'em to pass out. Has read Shakespeare and likes parts of it. Doesn't consider himself a gentleman because he prefers blondes. Hangs his hat at the S. A. M. house.

Audrey Zeiser, Webster Groves, Mo.—Another would-be journalist. Likes to play, but studying may come in handy. Her brother, a Tiger grad, recommended this spot. Benny Goodman's band makes her hold her breath. Thinks Columbia a friendly place. Type of man she likes depends on the time and place. Can be found out at the Phi Mu house.



HVR, St. Joe, Mo.—Comes from the land of milk and honey—and Goetz beer. Wine, women, and song is his ambition. Doesn't drink everything, because milk is repulsive. Sings at home and calls Irving Berlin a good composer. Blondes and brunettes and titians are all okay, and the best gals come from St. Joe. Likes Popeye but hates spinach.

Milton Moran, Alliance, Neb.—An honor student from Wentworth Military Academy. Had an appointment to West Point, but came to Missouri. Doesn't smoke or imbibe of liquors. Blondes appeal to Milt, but he has more fun with the redheads. Plans to enter chemical engineering and study hard. Likes to be sociable and pledged S. A. E.

Harry Backer, Chesterfield, Ill.—J-School his incentive to come to Columbia, and Mizzou was more than he expected. Worked for oil company for two years before entering school. Give Harry a tennis racquet or a football and he feels at home. Girls don't bother him, but dancing is his favorite past time. Broil a rare steak and he'll accept your invitation to dinner. Finds joy in reading Oppenheim stories, and would like to write a good detective yarn.

Ruth Hope, Doniphan, Mo.—The Columns remind this Doniphan Hope (pun) of Rome. Came to M. U. to indulge in home economics. Favorite sport is basketball, and she captained a championship Southeast Missouri High School team. Piano-tickling Eddie Duchin leads her favorite orchestra. Ruth likes Shakespeare and had the courage to memorize McBeth. Tall, dark-haired, ambitious men stand a good chance with her. If Fredric March movies played seven nights weekly, Ruth would have seven busy nights.

(Continued on Page 26)

SHOWME SHOW

(Continued from Page 1)

It seems that Kay Webb, Pi Phi, was Frank enough this summer to let him know of Springfield loves. He has his Sigma Chi badge back. Watkin she do about it now that Kappa Humphries is working on another rebound?

A hot summer, Mike Dirickson? We hear Texas was really torried. She was a fan dancer and he, our lovelorn Sigma Chi boy. He missed his bus and remained behind to ask her to sign a contract granting him the privilege of buying her fans for life.

It seems that a Manhattan girl this summer was so hard up that she's now wearing the poor, old, tossed around Sigma Nu badge of our own Cliff "A new one every minute" Faddis.

Cutino of Theta fame vows that Carl Winter's Phi Delt pin isn't going out this year. They will remain dear, dear friends, "Cutie" says.

Have Clyde Dillender, Phi Delt, and Louise Carroll broken up because he was afraid of getting the run around that the "college glamor" girl gave the nice looking Case boy and R. C. Pruitt, Beta.

Outstanding new girls on the campus:

Mary Le Vec, Pi Phi—who is so personable that she could even talk a Beta into "tea-dancing" at Gaeb's.

Barbara Brink, Kappa—she is twice as full of fun as her naive expression would lead you to believe.

Billie Dee Durkin, Delta Gamma—the men are all talking about her.

Nan Barnes, Pi Phi—a gorgeous voice as well as looks.

Barbara Porter, Kappa—the mannekin type—known for wearing four bathing suits in one afternoon and for being so beautiful.

Peggy Phelps, Gamma Phi—an adorable little blonde thing.

ELMER'S LETTER HOME

Dere Ma :

Well I am back at skule an everthing semes alrite so fur excep that I am awful onhappy. Yew see, Ma, the gal I had ben goin last yere has lef me. She sez she is goin to be a housemade an since that she is bizy all the time and I caant see her. She mentioned som other man too, I believe.

The boys at the house have got me a date with a gal who they say will increase my me-tab-o-lizm. I dont kno what that is but everybody has got it they say and so if ever one has I guess it wont hurt none to have a little more than usual. So I will let you kno if I feel any diffрут after my date.

I almost decided to go into jernalizm on account of the fellers say I am powerful hoomerus. Maybe I cud be a Brizbrain. They sed it wouldn't Hearst to try.

I am in military now again. I am a Perishing Rifle they say. I dunt know weather that means I'm goin great guns or am a goner. Dagnab it, all I do is walk!

The guys say now that I am disappointed in luv I orter take hearticulture. I dont see nuthin so funny there but they jist luffed an luffed. These guys is sometimes awful. T'other day it was bodacious humidifous and I was hottern hell. The guys sent me down to the city cooler and when I got there, bathin suit onder my arm, it warn't nuthing but a jail-house. I got powerful discomberated.

Well, I gotta go now, on account of how I gotta work. The DinGee (don't that mean like close are not quite clean?) girls have got them a new house almost. I dunno why they call them the dingy or DinGee gals cause they is all clean. Anyway,

A CONVERT SOON

"I can't marry him, mother, he's an atheist and doesn't believe there is a hell."

"Marry him, my dear, and between us we'll convince him that he's wrong."

DAIRY HUSBANDRY THEN

Soph—Why don't you major in pharmacy?

Dumb Frosh—Oh, no! I could not think of living on a farm all of my life.

SCOOPED!

Country Cop (on guard at scene of tragedy): I tell you you can't come in here.

Cub: But I'm a reporter. I've been sent to "do" the murder.

Cop: You're too late; the murderer's been done.

WITH HONORS

"In what course will you graduate?"

"Oh! in the course of time."

they have almost got a new place to live in and the boys here at the house have ast me, on account of how I am so strong, to go over and get the sky hooks and help them raise the roof. I never heard of building a house like that but people is funny here.

It may get cold hear now Ma so maybe you better send me some of Pa's old heavy underwear. Pleze dont send none of that with the trap-door effect. (P.S.—Mebbe a little mony too Ma?)

Love,
ELMER

—jim weber

Bids and Programs

by Ray Colcord

You are now witnessing the birth of a new column. Probably not the worst and surely not the best. My own impression that a column was supposed to treat only one subject at a time has been shattered. It's not that way at all.

There seems to be no limit to the number of things that may appear in a column. So now I have freedom to drift from my main subjects of dances and dramatic events on the campus, to take a few stabs into the darkness of scandal and stuff.

This month's column can be nothing more than an introduction. I'll introduce a dramatic organization to you who are not acquainted with it, and make myself acquainted at the same time.

Workshop, campus dramatic organization, will make its seasonal debut September 23, when Irwin Shaw's gripping "Bury the Dead" is presented, under the direction of Mr. Herbert Hake.

First, a word about Mr. Hake. He comes to Missouri this year from Port Arthur, Texas, where he built a splendid organization in the Port Arthur high school. It is ranked among the top best in the country.

And now for Irwin Shaw's one-act play. See it. That is my important announcement this month. See this powerful indictment of war that is as original in its conception as it is stunning in its impact.

Anti-war plays grow on bushes these days, and the certain ritual of Spanish custom now being executed in not-too-far-away Spain promises to increase production of plays with this sinister theme. However, Irwin Shaw is one of those writers who will bear watching—a thing also true of

the St. Louis Cardinals, children at play and sorority pledges. But "Bury the Dead" is of the caliber fired from the pens of powerful playwrights. It's one reason why Shaw will bear watching.

Mr. Hake informs us that new students will be given ample opportunity to try-out for the production. And to use Mr. Hake's own words, "Everyone interested in Workshop is welcome to attend our meeting."

There are vacancies for directors and technical workers in the organization. Shakespeare was all wrong about everyone an actor.

Everything in its turn, so now for dances. There has been not one—not a single one. That's not a statement of rule, but a law. So the freshman mixer cannot be made an exception. Law is law.

It's not correct to say that the first social venture of the year was a bust, because the mixer is not really a social function. Rather it is one of the things that happens, unnatural, grotesque, monstrous. It just flies off into space and leaves the natural order of things. A nebulous cycleball.

The freshmen were quick to pick up the five-word phrase used by the upperclassmen when cutting in: "What school are you in?" The oldsters should have at least introduced an alternating line. In fact, they might have asked a better question.

And the freshmen ladies could have given better answers in most cases. "The University of Missouri," wasn't a good answer. And the three or four Stephens girls in attendance lied. All in all, everyone bore up wonderfully well, and the curse is over for another year.

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GRADUATE
TO
KAYWOODIE**

*The World's
Finest Pipe*

\$3.50
and up

No. 40

**-AND YOU'LL NEVER
BE SATISFIED WITH
ORDINARY PIPES AGAIN**

Light 'er up, and see how much better Kaywoodie tastes. Gosh, what a difference! No ordinary pipe comes anywhere near it. How comfortable Kaywoodie is! Your ordinary pipes will seem clumsy and heavy in comparison. And is Kaywoodie easy to clean? Just give 'er a twist and off comes the "Synchro-Stem" — no sticking or yanking. There's plenty of draft, unlike some other pipes. Yes sir, it's Kaywoodie you want, because (1) Kaywoodie briar wood costs 8 times as much as ordinary briar (2) Its famous Drinkless Attachment improves the *taste*—keeps your smoke sweeter, cooler and drier. Four finishes: Suntan, Walnut, Thorn and Dark. Kaufmann Bros. & Bondy, Inc., New York and London.

Drinkless, \$3.50,
Super-Grain, \$5,

Carburetor, \$4,
Straight Grain, \$10

*The Famous
DRINKLESS
ATTACHMENT*

Greatest
Improvement
for pipe-smokers
in 50 years

Covering the World in August

(Continued from Page 5)

sourian the night before. The significance of the early story in the paper, so far as the reporter was concerned, was his knowledge that he was "getting the news." Real news, too.

—And they told him going to school in August would be dull!

Well, after that, Audrain County decided to celebrate its 100th birthday anniversary. The committee in charge of the hullabaloo made big plans—and that made big news.

More than \$13,000 was spent in preparing for the affair. Gov. Guy B. Park and Mrs. Park were invited, along with several other state officials; a famous radio star; and two squadrons of airplanes.

The Missouriian reporter, with the murder mystery behind him, left with a photographer to cover the blow-off. The story was telephoned to the paper, a story with color, hurly-burly, and a lot of noise. A public address system, a salute of thirteen guns, and the airplanes, taken all at once furnished sound aplenty.

There was nothing dull in the ride the two Missouriian newspapermen had in one of the official cars. It wasn't according to Hoyle, maybe, but the two sneaked into a car behind the Governor's party. Behind wailing sirens and with complete disregard to winking traffic lights and stop signs the two stowaways drove to the fair grounds—across town at sixty miles an hour—and it was legal.

—And they told him going to school in August would be dull!

Disasters happen just like murders. One can't tell when they will happen. So before the centennial celebration had got a full head of steam a big story broke.

It was the Moberly mine disaster.

The Missouriian photographer hopped into a car with Homer McCowan, Mary Kathryn Williams and Jo Ann Mason—the latter three were reporters from Mexico—and hit the highway toward Moberly. The reporter whose fate had been forecast by those who predicted a dull summer for him, stayed behind. It looked as if it would be a dull time, for he had to cover the horse show at the celebration.

Nothing lasts forever and the horse show was no exception to the rule. As soon as the last horse had pranced before the judges, the reporter was enroute to Moberly where things were going on.

Four men were trapped in a mine shaft, apparently doomed to die there despite promises made by rescue crews. It would merely be a matter of time until the fate of the men could be learned—and the length of that time was rather indefinite.

The reporters stayed at the mine all night and until noon the next day. Progress in the mine was slow and it was known that the men could not be reached for several hours, so the reporter returned to Columbia.

He was conspicuous with one good-sized beard, one pair of ruined flannels, about a pound of caked dust, two heavy eye-lids and an empty stomach.

—And they told him going to school in August would be dull!

Two days later when he returned to the mine he witnessed the rescue. Two of the four men had succumbed to the seventy-two-hour ordeal in the tomb. The other two were alive.

The reporter saw the first come up and wave his hand in acknowledgment of the cheers from three thousand people at the top of the

mine. He saw the two sheet-covered bodies of the dead lifted and placed in ambulances.

That was all there was to it. Time had come for another big story to break, but it didn't because the summer had officially closed for the reporter.

A few days later the reporter attended a movie, and there on the screen were the pictures of the mine disaster. But it was different. There was no feeling of the 108-degree temperature as there had been at the mine, and the dust didn't swirl in the wind and get into the eyes.

For the first time the summer had begun to get dull.

FUSSY

"Do you like short skirts, Mike?"

"Naw, they get lipstick on me shoit when I dance with them."

"I won't write any more, dear, my roommate is reading over my shoulder."

"You're a liar."

The chemist had had a scene with his wife, who finally broke down crying. Whereupon he ejaculated.

"Stop crying! Your tears have no effect on me. What are they? A small percentage of phosphorus salts, a little sodium chloride. All the rest—water. Bah!"



By Courtesy of PIX Magazine, Aurora, Mo.

by Irby

● "THE DIGNITY OF THE LAW AND THE POWER OF THE PRESS."

WET TOWELS

(Continued from Page 8)

To start with, in order to pack a towel, you first have to get your hands on it—and if it belongs to a hostelry, this job of placing hands on is not always easy.

A bath turkish is too large for an amateur to even consider packing wet—and always they are wet. A Pullman towel offers the amateur better odds for success. In fact, even I, an experienced wet packer, favor the Pullman hands and face variety.

They are popular too. Everybody tucks one in his shaving kit or his bath robe pocket. The Pullman towel has great mobility. Experts can deftly stow away one with three bars of Pullman soap wrapped inside, and talk to the porter, George, at the same time. A minimum of sleight-of-hand ability is necessary.

Here's the technique I recommend. The big thing is to keep talking to George. Keep him interested. Placing yourself in a high income tax bracket is something George will listen to while you hook a fifteen cent towel. And after you have the prize in the bag and step off the train, tipping George only two-bits for his two or three night's service is a give-away on your high salary gag. But what's the difference? You may have four-flushed, but you got the towel you were after. It's packed and in the bag—and let's pray it's packed correctly—because it's wet.

The real solution to this problem has not been found. Scientists are baffled. But I'm not. Here are some pointers for you to get along with until the time comes when I can perfect a scheme.

For a long time I packed wet towels by slipping them in between the folds of my slicker.

(Continued on Page 24)

The setting is the terrace steps of President Middlebush's residence.

* * *

Two 17-year-olds rest there, each a stranger to the other.

* * *

"You a freshman?" asks one. He wears a white Panama, and asks everybody he sees the same question.

* * *

"Yeah," says the other. "Graduated last May. Cannon County Consolidated. You a frosh too?"

* * *

The Panama nods. "Got here last night. Some burg, huh?"

* * *

The hatless one peers at the Columns. "Real college town. First time I ever was here."

* * *

The one in the Panama rises. "Wish I had it. Where's Waters Hall? I gotta go there with this card." He's got a fist full of cards.

* * *

"I dunno. There's Jesse Hall," and he points. He's right, it's Jesse Hall all right.

* * *

"Then where's Jesse Auditorium?" This from the Panama guy.

* * *

"I dunno." You can tell by now that this guy is a beginner.

* * *

You don't have to guess about this guy in the Panama, either. He's a real beginner, listen. "Where's room 108?"

* * *

"I dunno. It ought to be around here some place. I think it is Red. Or maybe White."

* * *

"The hell with it." That's the Panama guy speaking. There's some action in this boy. He stuffs the cards into his pocket. "Let's have a beer. Want a beer?"

* * *

"Sure." There's life in this 'dunno' lad.

* * *

"Where's a good place?"

* * *

"Let's go to the Dixie," and he points the course as true as a compass.

* * *

And they were off.

* * *

Freshman learn with incredible speed.

* * *

—Goeltzenlewchter.

(Continued from Page 10)

The rest of the personnel was made up of capable, but unknown performers who had never before played with a name outfit.

Dancers and music fans over the country began to take sides on the respective merits of the two bands. White orchestras were forgotten, to a certain extent. Arguments became more heated all the time, and today the competition is keener than ever before.

Lunceford at present is packing them in at the Larchmont, N. Y., Casino, an elaborate new night club which was opened only four months ago and in which only the Lunceford combination has played. The Duke is still touring the country, playing the best theaters and night spots, after creating a minor panic at the Texas Centennial earlier this summer.

It might be mentioned that the two maestros are the best of friends. Each has a personal high regard for the other. Both unhesitatingly claim the other to have the better band, and they'll both laugh when you tell either of them that they have the "best" outfit in the country.

But despite this lack of personal rivalry, the battle continues among the more rabid dance music perverts, especially on university campuses in all sections of the United States.

And it won't be long until these two famous musicians and their boys burrow in for the winter at one of the more swanky spots along the main stem in the big city. Whether they know it or not, the eyes and ears of a dance-loving nation are going to be trained in the direction of the Duke and the Harlem Express and their bands. By June one of the two leaders is going to be at the head of the class—undisputedly.

Jimmie Lunceford or the Duke of Ellington—who will win out in the end?

She was a good little girl as far as good little girls go, and as far as good little girls go, she went.

—*Kansas Sour Owl.*

"Another combination shot," said the co-ed as she leaned too far over the billiard table.

—*Northwestern Purple Parrot.*

She laughed when I sat down to play.

How did I know she was ticklish?

—*Washington Dirge.*

A noted chef, asked the recipe for his equally famous corn beef hash, replied: "There is no recipe, the stuff simply accumulates."

—*Leigh Burr.*

They call 'em virgin pines, because they've never been axed.

—*U. of S. C. Carolinian.*

First Negro: What fo' dat doctah comin' outa youah house?

Second Negro: Ah dunno, but ah's gotta inkling.

—*C. C. N. Y. Mercury.*

Freshman: May I have the last dance with you?

Footsore: You've had it.

—*California Pelican.*

Mr. Jones: Do your daughters live at home?

Mrs. Smith: My, no. They're not married yet.

—*Annapolis Log.*

Patient: Doctor, are you sure this is pneumonia? Sometimes doctors prescribe for pneumonia and the patients die of something else.

M. D. (with dignity): When I prescribe for pneumonia, you die of pneumonia.

—*Williams Purple Cow.*

Some girls are not afraid of mice; other girls have pretty legs.

—*Nebraska Awgwan.*

"I've got a fine Arabian antique."

"Maybe so, but I've got a Bedouin."

—*Penn State Frosh.*

THAT WOULD HELP

Editor: Say, this story can't be printed. It says here that the heroine was nude.

Author: That's all right. I cover her with remorse in the next paragraph.

—*Ohio Sun Dial.*

Parable

It seems a young man on his way to a date had a flat tire. He got the flat off after much trouble and then went to the rear of the car to attempt the spare. He exhausted every tool in his kit on the thing, but still it would not come off. Finally, he just stood there swearing at the top of his voice. Imagine his embarrassment to find the minister of his church behind him with a very disapproving look on his face.

"Young man, why don't you try praying?" said the minister sternly.

Being at the end of his rope, the young man got down on his knees and prayed:

"O, Lord, please loosen this tire for me. Amen."

As he got up from his kneeling position, he touched the tire which fell off into the road. The minister stared open-mouthed for a moment.

"Well, I'll be damned!" said he.

—*Ohio Sundial.*

Turnover

During the recent turmoil in Cuba, the U. S. Ambassador was having a conference with the president at the capitol when a messenger entered hastily, went up to the president, whispered something in his ear, and then dashed out. The president rose slowly and with an apologetic look on his haggard face, said, "Excuse me, sir. I'll send the new president in to finish our conversation."

—*Penn Punch Bowl.*

WET TOWELS

(Continued from Page 22)

That was an ideal place and nothing else ever got wet. I heartily recommend this trick to those who are in a position to use it.

But I got married soon after I devised this unique feature of wet towel packing. Marriage always complicates the packing of a suitcase. By the time all the silks and rayons are in, there's not much room left. A tooth brush and razor and that's about all. Then there was Junior at a very early age. My wife threw a wet blanket over my slicker idea and I was crowded out.

I switched over to hat boxes after that, but again there was a vehement veto from the little woman. Wet towels and hats mix—especially if the hat happens to have a feather.

There is nothing as lovely as a genuine, long, heavy turkish. I admire them like other people admire pictures or horses. A towel is a work of art to me. That's why, when I can't think of a way to pack one from a hotel, I become desperate.

I remember the last time I became desperate. The most luxurious piece of bath drapery I ever beheld was what motivated me. It was one of those expensive bath turkish that the Statler system supplies in five dollar rooms. I wrung it out and held it before a fan, but it dried slowly. My train was about to leave. I could not miss it, and I couldn't pack the towel. My wife said I couldn't. It would spoil her clothes, she said. I wanted to risk it.

I thought. And I thought. But I couldn't think of a way. At last, as the bell boy was carrying our bags out into the hall, I rushed back to the bathroom and stuffed the precious towel into the pocket of my polo coat. Polo coat pockets are large.

Nothing would have happened had I not forgotten. As I stepped into the main lobby I reached for my wool scarf. I tugged at my pocket and pulled out the towel. It uncoiled, a loose end hit the floor with a watery swish, and there it hung—me holding it up with my hand to its full six feet.

Later, the Statler management sent me one just like it. Now, if I can get one more like the one given to me, my wife will make me a bath robe.

Our linen closet at home is a revelation. The towels there represent dozens of damaged suits; hard, leather—curled shoes from water soak; spoiled shirts from mildew; and once a two-week supply of clothing was destroyed by fire when, spontaneous combustion took place. A wet towel did it.

Some of the towels are dainty. No bigger than a handkerchief. Others are rugged and heavy, like those from my club, turkish baths, gymnasiums, and hotels. Others are decorative. Most of the pretty ones have come from homes where the hostess dared to use her guest supply.

But they all were wet when I first got them. My research in this field will go forward. My ingenuity and resources will be put to it until I get a workable plan for packing them wet.

Big Cash Reward

Are you so homely that you always look at the reverse side of a pocket mirror to keep from scaring yourself to death? Do you sleep with your face in the pillow just to be kind to burglars? Do men dodge you when you walk down the street instead of Packarding or Rolls-Roycing you? Are you knock-kneed, cross-eyed, pigeon-toed, and hawk-nosed? Do you have to pretend that every day is Hallowe'en before you have the courage to go downtown? Are you the kind of girl that jealous wives like their husbands to go out with? Are you lantern-jawed and droop-lipped? Do you pray for rain so that you can hide behind an umbrella? Are you sweet sixteen and never been kissed? Do crooners swoon when you look at the radio? Do your hands dangle below your knees and do your pair of shoes equal one cow? Are you called to the 'phone every five minutes to turn down a side-show offer? Do you protect yourself from peeping Toms by leaving the shades up?

Now then, take stock of yourself. Get a toe-hold in the carpet and crack the mirror with one good stare. Are you the female described above? If so, sister, I'll pay you fifty dollars spot cash for an answer to this article. All you have to do is drop me a line and tell me the hiding place of that dizzy, long-eared bum who dug you up for me in a blind date last Saturday night.

—Penn Punch Bowl.

●
Mrs. Jones: "Look, dear, how picturesque; the Browns are bringing in a Yule log."

Mr. Jones: "Yule log hell, that's Brown."

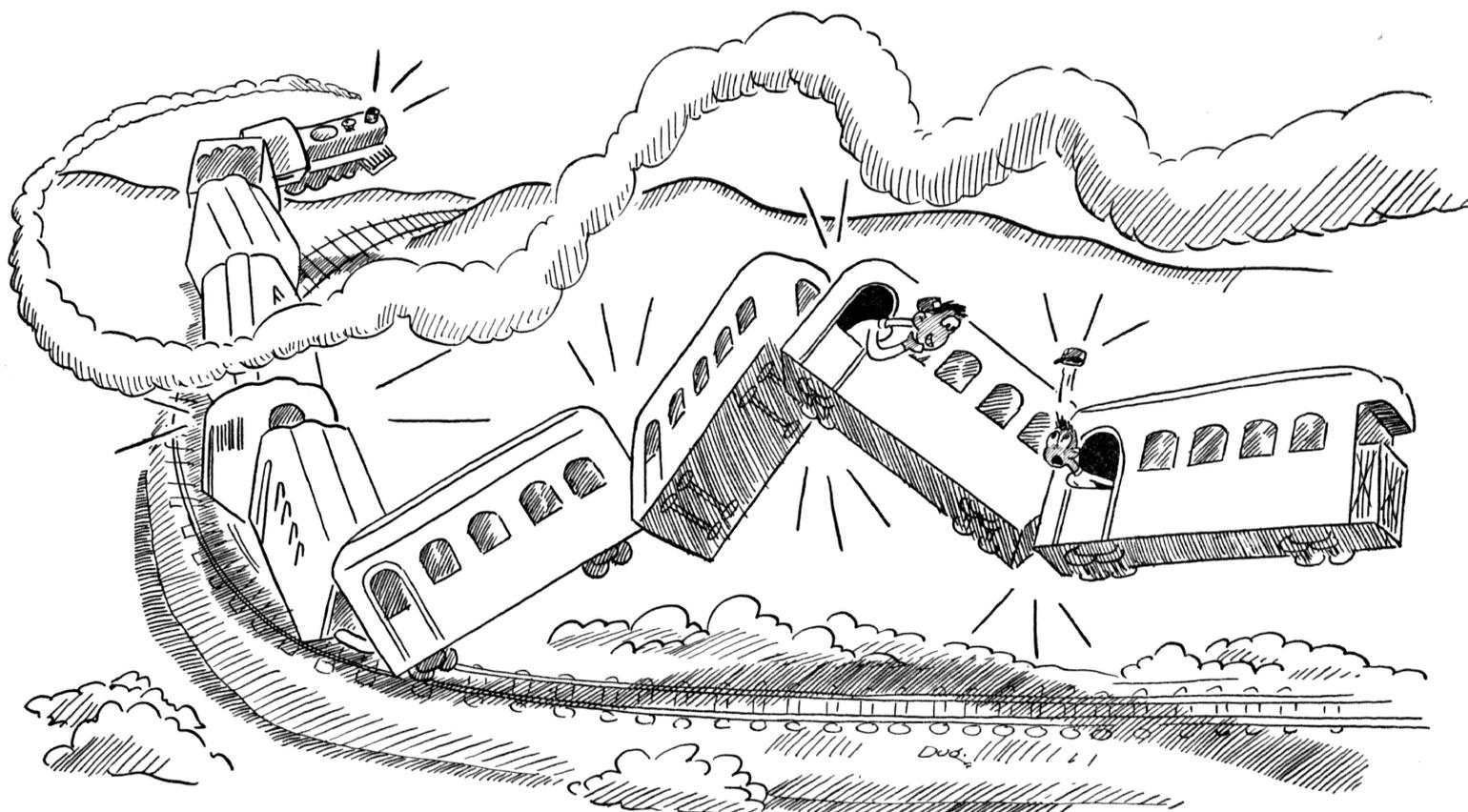
—Exchange.

●
"Do you know what time it is?"
"Yeah."
"Thanks."

—Exchange.

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LETTER FROM HOME

Dear Son:

I do hope you will come for the Christmas holidays. Mother and I have arranged everything so that we will be ready to receive you. All the cars are going to be overhauled and painted during the vacation so that you will not be able to wreck them. All my champagne, beer, wine, and gin will be locked in a steel vault which I had installed in my cellar. Your brother's bank has been emptied and the money deposited in the bank where you cannot get it. My ties, shirts, socks, gloves, tux, etc., have been placed in a strong trunk, for which I have the only key. My cigars and cigarettes will not be available as I am also locking them in a humidor. I hope you will come to see us. I know that I shall enjoy your visit very much.

Love,

Dad.

P. S.—I also fired the maid.

—Cornell Widow.

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Freshman Personalities

(Continued from Page 17)

Lucille Shy, Ellington, Mo.—Her name is misleading. Spent two years at William Woods College. Has blue eyes, blonde, 5 feet 6 inches tall, and tolerates the boys, especially the tall ones. To her the local expression, "Jelly Joint," meant a place for people to relax and let themselves go. "Sophisticated Lady's" her musical weakness, and she does the number on a piano. Considers smoking and drinking okay. Chi Omegas call her sister. Writes poetry but says not to hold it against her. Final quote: "Eating wheaties makes me the girl I am."

Elaine Lou Jenkins, Kansas City, Mo.—Dropped down from K. C. with a scholarship, and thinks Columbia is unique and friendly. Curly blonde hair is one of her charms, and her ambition is writing. Once worked for her aunt, Mrs. Stover, famous name in candy. Celery appeals to her more than candy, however. Reading always delights her, and Elaine makes a hobby of collecting story plots. Intellectual boys that can be good friends are welcome. Likes Shakespeare because his writings seem so modern.

Thomas Fagan, Colorado Springs, Colo.—"Columbia's hot as hell, but friendly," says Tommy. His first train ride from Centralia to Columbia was "miraculous and sensational." Beautiful girls and display of prosperity impressed him. Out of business school for several years. Worked in U. S. forestry service, and tossed over a secretarial job to enter M. U. as a pre-journalist. He's a true democrat and favors F. D. R. Favorite color is blue, prefers brunettes, whiskey is the tops in drinks, and Tommy can really massacre a plate of fried chicken.

Jim Ashley, Salmon River, Idaho—Comes from the land of potatoes, but doesn't especially care for them. Thought Centralia-Columbia train ride was "rotten," but says Idaho boasts of some poorer lines. Understood "Jelly Joints" to mean a sissy outfit. Plans to study chemistry, and ambition is to go a-sailing to Annapolis. Doesn't drink or smoke, but girls are all right once in awhile. Drowns his sorrows by playing a clarinet.

EPHEN STEPHENN

'I shall put you fellows in this room,' said the host, "you'll have a comfortable night, for it has a feather bed."

At two o'clock in the morning one of the guests awoke his companion.

"Change places with me, Dick." he groaned, "it's my time to be on the feather."

—*Aggievator.*

Speaking of songs, have you heard the parachute song—"It don't mean a thing if you don't pull the string."

—*Log.*

"My grandfather was the hardest-drinkin' fastest-shootin', quickest-killin' bad man on the Texas border."

"Did he carry two guns?"

"No, when he had two men to kill, he made a billiard."

—*Texas Ranger.*

A preacher walked into a saloon, ordered milk and by mistake was served a milk punch.

After drinking it, the holy man lifted his eyes to heaven and was heard to say: "O, Lord, what a cow!"

—*Texas Ranger.*

Things are so bad in Hollywood that King-Kong is working for an organ grinder.

—*Medley.*

Undertaker: "Come, come, where is the sixth pallbearer?"

The Minister: "Pardon, sir, he's proposing to the widow."

—*Texas Ranger.*

Long-Winded Lecturer: "If I have talked too long, it's because I haven't any watch with me and there isn't a clock in the hall."

Student: "Yes, but there's a calendar behind you."

—*Phoenix.*

"We'll have to rehearse that," said the undertaker as the coffin fell out of the car."

—*Iowa State Green Gander.*

GUNSHOT AND BLOOD

Crack! A rifle report shattered the stillness of the early morning.

The horse snorted, reared, and the rider slithered from the saddle, disappearing into the scrubby underbrush.

Stealthily the man crawled forward on all fours, gripping his rifle in one hand.

"Ah ha!" he cried fiendishly, as he seized the crippled rabbit before it could duck into a gopher hole, and ducked into the hole himself.

We always laugh at the prof's jokes,

No matter what they be;

Not because they are funny boys,

But it's darn good policy.

—*Phoenix.*

And it took us three months to figure out if the word "Petty" on those luscious bits of cartoon femininity in *Esquire* was the artist's name or just an editorial comment.

—*U. of Wash. Columns.*

THAT DRUNK AGAIN

Drunk (phoning to wife): "Thash you dear? Tell the maid I won't be home tonight?"

—*Yellow Jacket.*

THE VILLAIN HRS.

A man was once caught by his Mrs.
To the maidservant giving some Krs.
On perceiving his plight,
He suggested in fright:
What a most inconvenient mess Thrs.

—*Exchange.*



Polite Salesman: Yes sir, and what is your pleasure?

College Stude: Drinking and necking, sir, but just now I would like to buy a tie.

—*Mercer Bear Skin.*



Joe (reading death statistics): Say, Phil, do you know that every time I breathe a man dies?

Phil: Then why don't you use a mouth wash?

—*Ohio Sundial.*



Math Prof. (after finishing a long problem)—“And so we find x equals zero.”

Plebe—“All that work for nothing.”

—*West Point Pointer.*

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A young lady was called out of bed one morning at 5 A. M. The following dialogue ensued:

Voice: “Hello!”

Lady: “Hello.”

Voice: “How are you this morning?”

Lady: “All right.”

Voice: “Then I guess I have the wrong number.”

—*Widow.*



“Stand in back of your lover, false woman,” shouted the Scotchman, who found his wife in the arms of another man, “I'm going to shoot you both.”

—*Lord Jeff.*



“Do you remember what Juliet said to Romeo on the balcony?”

“Why in hell didn't you get orchestra seats?”

—*M. I. T. Voo Doo.*

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In Julie's Balcony

TEAR DROPS IN A GLASS OF BEER

A LITTLE advice to freshmen seems to be the keynote of this issue so I'll dish up just a little more. Sooner or later you're going to date at Stephens or Christian, just to relieve the monotony of hearing about what your date did two weeks ago when she dated that notorious Kappa Sig.

Anyhow—I once dated at Stephens—and for Heaven's sake profit from my experience.

As I was saying I got an introduction to a long lanky gal—I forgot where her home was—and proceeded to date her. She descended from a family of ministers but was a nice girl anyway. I dated her somewhat steadily for about a month and then I met another Stephens girl. She was gorgeous—at least so I thought. Well, I dropped the mistress like a hot potato and went after the new one. She was sweeter than all hell and so I fell in love—you know—love is when your allowance goes for paying for her Sunday night meals.

There was a hitch in it though, for she told me she was in love with a boy back home but that I shouldn't mention it and she'd forget about him. Within two months she was wearing my pin and saying she "thought" she loved me. I walked on air and kept on spending the allowance on her but she was so sweet she was worth it.

Came the end of school and she didn't think she'd come back for her senior year at Stephens. Well, I used all kinds of salesmanship on her and when she gave me my pin back for the summer she said she "might" come back.

I sent her three letters a week during the first part of vacation and she answered once in two weeks. Then she stopped writing and I wired her. No answer. I then sent her a questionnaire like

By **SLEWFOOT SIMPKINS**

Eminent Authority on Stephens Girls

this, asking her to check the correct statement.

Are you alive () Dead ()
Married () Divorced () Engaged ()
Are you in love () Mad at me ()
Happy () Sad () Have I offended you in any way () how (.....)

Whereupon I get a note from her saying she is still in love with this bloke back home and that I didn't do a good job of making her forget him last year. However she says she still wants to see me.



Well, I got back to Columbia September first just to be on hand when she pulled in on the fifteenth. I still loved her.

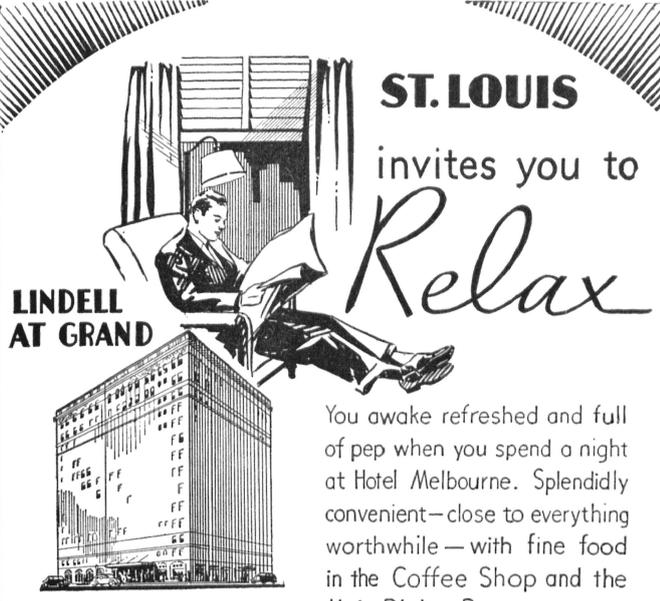
I called her up after she got in—I didn't meet the train—and she said she'd see me that night. In the meantime I heard stories about how she was wearing orchids from the lad back home when she stepped off the train—this, of course, made me feel fine.

When I called for her she looked more beautiful than ever and rushed up and clasped my outstretched hand. She looked like

she was waiting for me to kiss her but I was too stunned to do anything like that.

On the date—jelly—she told me she stopped off in Chicago for twelve hours and that she was tired as all hell. She was, so we went for a walk and sat on the same bench we did all last year—that little nook next to Switzler hall. We just sat and talked about everything but us. So far nothing exciting had happened but at least she looked plenty good to me and I was satisfied just looking at her. I took her home and as I was about to kiss her goodnight she dodged cleverly and said I had to leave because the housemother was coming. She was—coming down from the third floor and we were on the other end of the first. Well, I didn't argue the time of duration of a kiss with her and I left. The next evening I saw her in Harris' and she gave me a hello that would freeze Admiral Byrd's prize penguin. I stopped and talked for five minutes but, when she didn't invite me to sit down, I left her booth and went upstairs. Fifteen minutes later I saw a fraternity brother sitting with her so I decided she doesn't want to see me any more. Hell, I don't have to be hit with Jesse Hall to make me see what's what. Since then I've sent her a note but no answer has come, so I sit in Ad Principles class and listen to E. K. talk about the depression of love and all that kind of stuff. All the time I'm eating my heart out because she's here and she doesn't want to even look at my ugly countenance. I don't sleep nights, I don't eat and I smoke three packs of cigarettes a day—that's love too.

So you see, freshmen—watch yourself when you date at Stephens—some of them gals is poison—so don't fall in love.



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“Young man, what do you mean bringing my daughter in at this hour?”

“Gosh, I gotta be at work by six.”

—*Ohio Sundial.*

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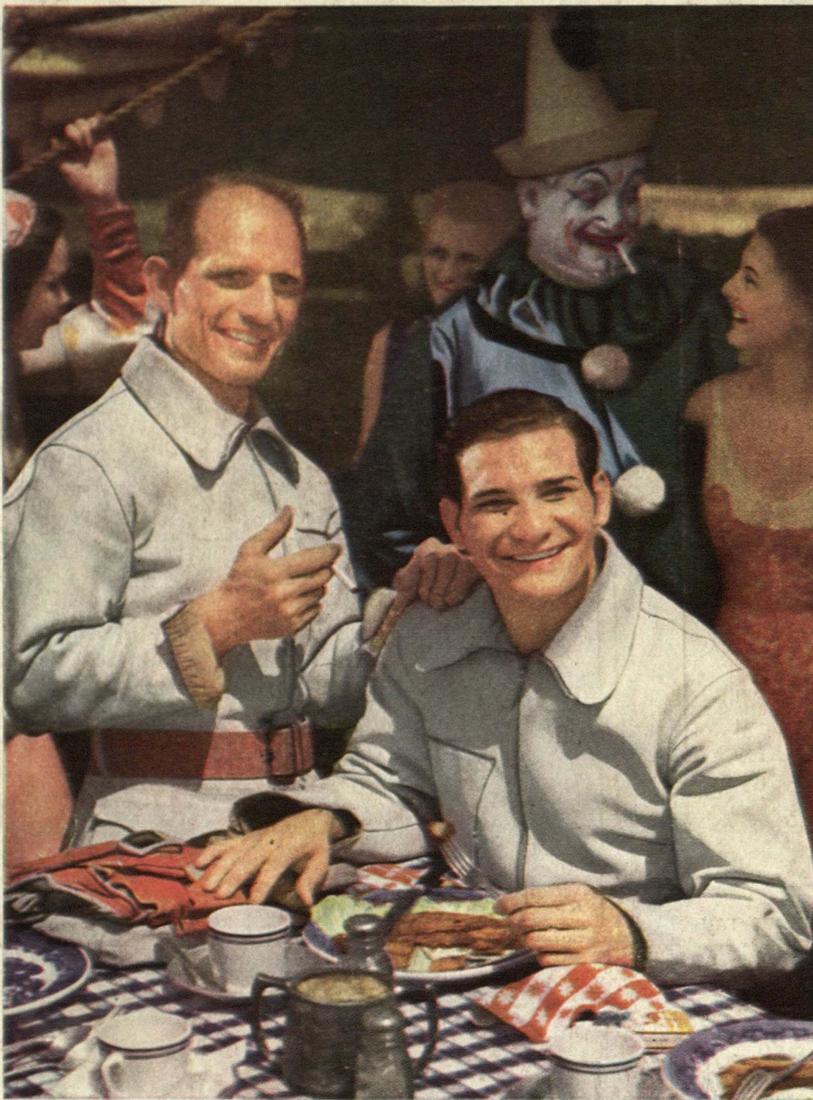
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MODERN life bombards us all with a thousand and one little jars, shocks, and nervous irritations. The strain tells on digestion...slows down the flow of digestive fluids.

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Camel's invigorating "lift"...Camel's aid to digestion...Camel's matchless taste and fragrance—all these are yours when you make Camels *your* cigarette. Camels set you right! And they never get on your nerves.