

No. 3
36

MISSOURI SHOWME



Homecoming



All Big-Six
Selections



Showme Show



Theatre Talk



Satire



Humor



Cartoons

15c



For that uncertain feeling—

- Do sudden swerves
- Upset your nerves?
- Does traffic get your goat?
- Do stomach ills
- Disrupt your thrills
- On board a train or boat?
- If so, be ready—
- Keep calm and steady—
- Give Beech-Nut Gum your vote!

Travellers! keep calm with BEECH-NUT GUM



BEECH-NUT PEPPERMINT GUM ... is so good it's the most popular flavor of any gum sold in the United States.

BEECH-NUT PEPSIN GUM ... candy coating protects a pleasing flavor ... and, as you probably know, pepsin aids digestion after a hearty meal.

BEECHIES ... another really fine Peppermint Gum—sealed in candy coating. Like Gum and Candy in one.

BEECH-NUT SPEARMINT ... especially for those who like a distinctive flavor. A Beech-Nut Quality product.

ORALGENE—Its firmer texture gives much needed mouth exercise ... and its dehydrated milk of magnesia helps neutralize mouth acidity. Each piece individually wrapped.

GET YOUR SUPPLY OF BEECH-NUT BEFORE THE TRIP BEGINS

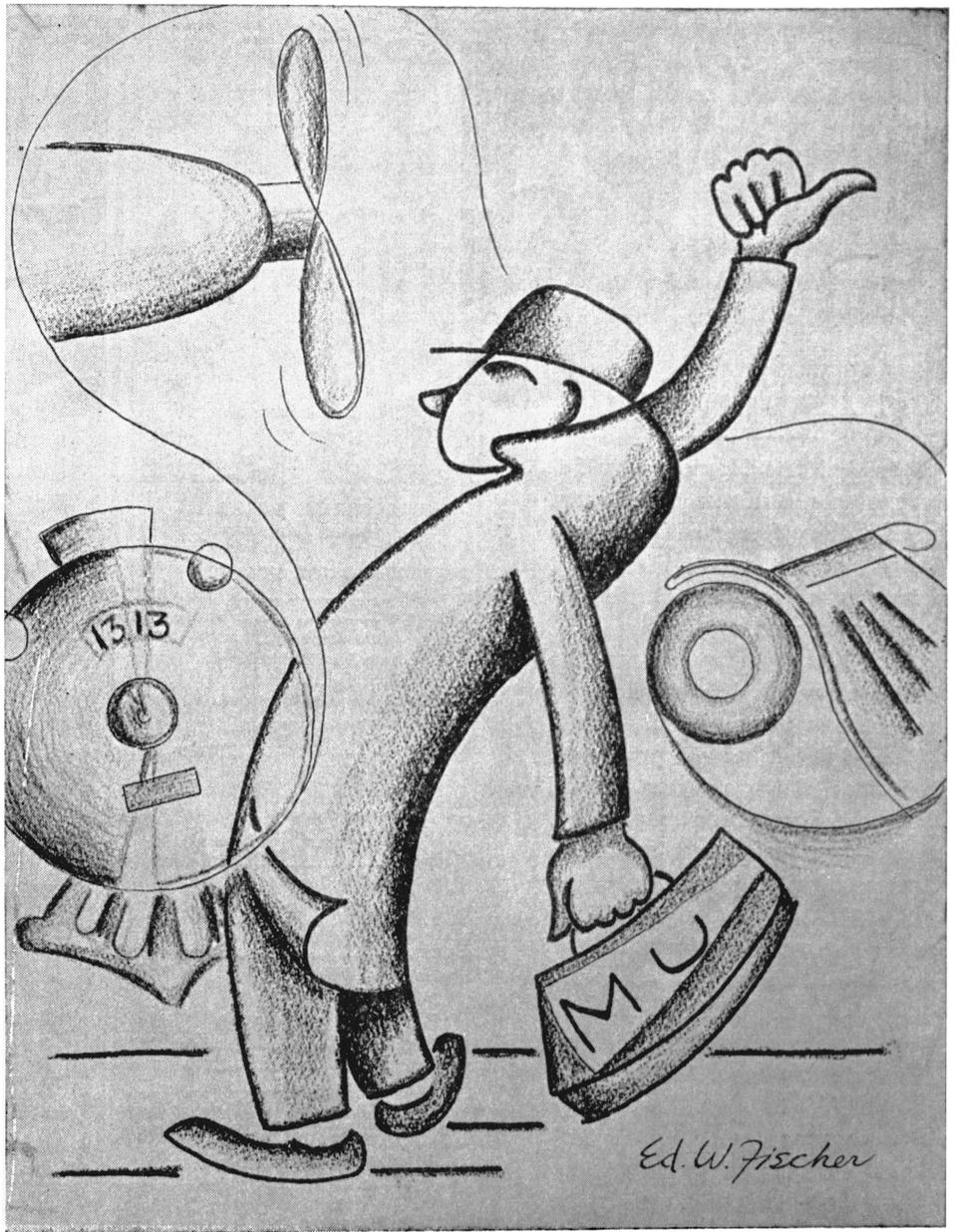
SHE
 is wearing
 Exquisite Chiffon
 by
 GORDON
 She
 is a member of
 of
 GORDON
 HOSIERY
 CLUB
 79c-\$1.00
 \$1.12-\$1.35
 Be as smart as she . . .
 Let your next pair
 be GORDON
 from
Miller's
 805 Broadway

●

HOPE OF TOMORROW
 and
 MEMORIES of YESTERDAY
*You live again in the
 atmosphere of . . .*
 "UNIVERSITY LIFE."
*may it now, as then,
 be your
 "Open Sesame"*

GAEBLER'S
 BLACK and GOLD INN
 "The Center of Student Activities"
 Conley Ave. at Gentry Place

●



Back to the old stamping grounds

*Glad to see you back—Brother Jones—
and let's hope the likker in your
luggage is as old as your jokes.*

MISSOURI SHOWME

Rationale

By the time Homecoming finally comes, students and alumni are so dizzy from "advance publicity" on the event, they don't know whether they are homecoming or going.

The homecoming lads on the cover carry the biggest share of our part in the program.

The hitch-hiker on page one, a former Showme editor, shoved Showme Show back to page 15, and that's our contribution to homecoming.

Surprise! Not only did we come out with a cover, following Mr. Panitt's declaration and quotation in the Missouri student that we would come out "Cover or no cover," but we appeared Wednesday, instead of Thursday, as quoted in the Student.

From reading the plugs on the front page of the Missouriian the J show apparently is shaping up. (But the plugs have one virtue. The lone author this year is getting much less publicity than the co-authors of last year. But maybe he is not on the Student or Missouriian staffs.)

Getting back to the Showme, the staff made every effort to pack this issue with reading matter. (See "Are you a Misanthrope?" and "Monday 8 O'clock or Asleep In The Seat.") We

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Rationale

asked for levity in this month's copy and received Liederkrantz. But it was tasty and is presented for your judgment.

BLACKMAIL

Showme is scheduled to move from the Black Hole of Calcutta (Virginia building basement—away back) to a new office when the new journalism building is completed. One of the privileges of the editor and business manager is to confer privately with the journalism dean. The expected invitations came the other day, and what held them up so long we don't know. We figured the nine weeks were up at least a week ago.

As to campus activities, we suspect that numerous dances have been given by fraternities and sororities. We suspect, for we are not sure. We didn't receive bids. About time to go through the files and do a little blackmailing.

Just in case the printer leaves out some of the names in the mast head, we'll mention here the names of Maddie Breinig and Joy Smith who handled Showme business affairs while the business manager attended the Sigma Delta Chi convention in Texas.

You did read it, didn't you, Amper?

THE EDITOR

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS



A HANDY TRICK



IT'S FUN WALKING IN THE RAIN! ISN'T IT, TIM?

YES, CHUBBINS- BUT IT'S TOUGH KEEPING A PIPE GOING

SPITTER SPITTER



TIM, WHY DON'T YOU TURN YOUR PIPE UPSIDE DOWN?

IT'S AN OLD DODGE OF WOODSMEN AND SAILORS. THE TOBACCO STAYS DRY AND THE PIPE DRAWS WELL. SEEMS LOGICAL



BUT- IT TAKES A TOBACCO THAT STAYS PUT LIKE CRIMP CUT' PRINCE ALBERT

MY LAST LOAD OF TOBACCO TOO



YOU'RE RIGHT, JUDGE- THIS PACKS EASIER AND SNUGGER THAN ANY TOBACCO I'VE RUN INTO

TOBACCO



LATER WELL, OLD RAIN-IN-THE-FACE, HOW GOES IT?

SWELL! P.A. NOT ONLY STAYS PUT- BUT IS SO MILD AND TASTY -I'M PUT TO STAY WITHRA. FOR LIFE!

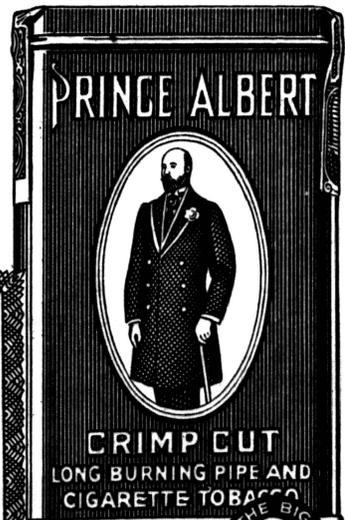
Copyright, 1966, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company



P. A. IS MIGHTY FRIENDLY SMOKIN', MEN!

Yes, sir, Prince Albert is a real delight to steady pipe smokers. Being "crimp cut," you can count on P. A. to pack easily, burn cool and sweet, and cake up nicely. And thanks to our special "no-bite" process, Prince Albert *does not*

bite the tongue! You're in good company when you smoke Prince Albert. It's the largest-selling smoking tobacco in the world. And it's swell "makin's" too. Try a handy pocket-size tin of Prince Albert—the "national joy smoke."



PRINCE ALBERT MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

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.

PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

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



1891 --- 1936

AND MISSOURI HASN'T

About 2,000 spectators lined up their carriages on one side of Exposition Park at Kansas City that memorable October day in 1891 and stood on the other side to watch the first K.U.-M.U. football game.

Compared to the worries that beset present mentors of the two schools, Professor E. M. Hopkins' troubles over a shortage of suits and shoes for his Jayhawk eleven just can't hold a handle.

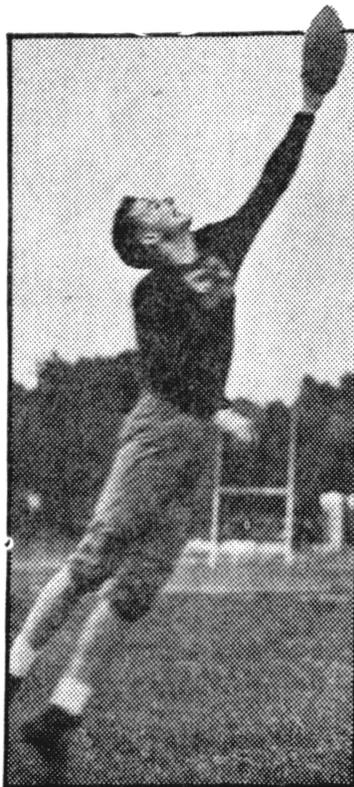
Coaches' worries have increased, the crowds have multiplied about tenfold and the game is still about as rough as in the old days, expert opinion to the contrary notwithstanding.

Critics prone to prophesy that the game of football probably will become less virile as slick pompadoured beau brummels lineup eleven deep, take just one look at the Jayhawk-Tiger fray and withhold their preposterous prophecies. The boys are still as uncourtly on the gridiron as ever before.

There's sportsmanship, but it's a type of gridiron etiquette, apparently especially ordered for this special occasion.

In this annual mixup everybody manages to become involved. In Kansas City where belligerent supporters mingle freely, there is a melee a minute before, during and after the great battle at either Lawrence or Columbia.

It's something like a civil war. Partisan newsboys engage in fist-cuffs, office workers do the same, and St. Louis bank presidents get off speaking terms with certain of the board of directors.



HERB GREYDA - END

But that's just a start. In the great executive mansions of their respective capitals, chief executives keep the telephone wires hot between there and the respective gymnasiums of their respective state universities.

And the coaches express confidence and reassure their respective chief executive that all is well, but that it will be a battle.

That last statement generally holds more truth than all the others made by various commentators.

Coach Ad Lindsey hasn't forgotten the last game he played for K. U. Neither has Don Faurot, but here's Lindsey's story first, mixed in with Anton Stankowski's.

It was in 1916 and Stankowski was all-valley quarterback that year when Missouri won the game 13 to 0. Here's how:

Missouri added its second touchdown of the game with only 30 seconds left to play. But as much can happen in that period of time as can happen in 30 minutes in an ordinary game.

Some Lindsey strategy was explained to referee Joe Reilly just before the Tigers kicked off to Kansas. The plan was that two Kansas men would be onside and that the kickoff would be punted back to Missouri.

That was what happened. Stankowski, seeing the ball returned by the kick, allowed it to roll deep into Missouri territory so as to kill time. But the Kansas hoax was working and one of the onside Jayhawkers pounced on the ball. It was Kansas' ball and there was time for one more play.

Forty-Five Years of Rivalry

WON A GAME SINCE PROSPERITY

Since supporters always take up any differences, however slight, that arise on the field, the spectators went wild—among themselves—and not from excitement exactly. Missourians protested.

Tiger players on the field protested and substitutes along the sidelines made kindling of the bench. Robbery was the charge.

Officials had the last word, ruling an onside kick, and Kansas took the ball at the point where it stopped.

It was a shot at fighting off that coat of calcimine which the Tigers were attempting to apply. But the plaster stuck as the infuriated Bengals slapped down the Kansans' attempted pass and the game ended—so far as the playing was concerned. The re-telling probably will never cease.

Don Faurot, now Coach Faurot, remembers the blizzard that raged during the 1923 game, and how Captain Charley Black place-kicked a field goal from the 20-yard line in the first five minute of the game, putting the Jayhawks in the lead 3 to 0.

In the third quarter Faurot decided Missouri should score a touchdown so he took the pigskin and raced 17 yards before the Kansas captain overhauled him.

With the ball on the 33-yard line, Walsh showed Black something about making field goals, successfully guiding the oval smack between the goal posts. And that's the way that contest ended, 3 to 3, as a blinding snow storm raged.

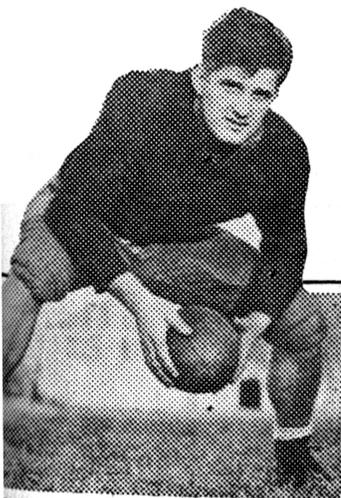
The next year Don was on Coach Gwynn Henry's team, with Art Bond, Carl Bacchus, Lindemeyer, Pete Jackson and Sammy

Whiteman. They took Coach Potsy Clark's Jayhawkers to town, 14 to 0. And that avenged the tie game of the previous year.

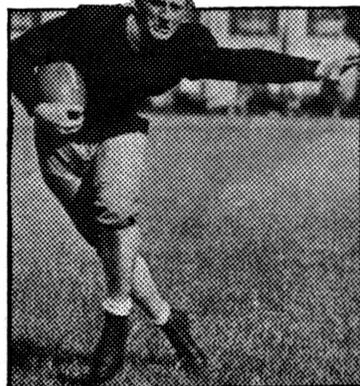
A tie score of 5-all ended the game in 1910, and the bitterness arising from that contest lingered long in the minds of Bengal fans. For fuller details of what happened that year, it is suggested that Mr. Frank B. Thatcher, captain of the Tigers in 1910-11, be questioned. He knows all about it.

An army officer umpired the game, calling fouls that seemed unreasonable to the Missourians. Ted Hackney placekicked a field goal that would have won the game, but the umpire called a line-holding penalty against Captain Thatcher, nullifying the score.

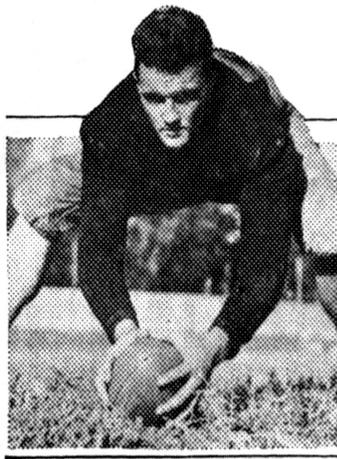
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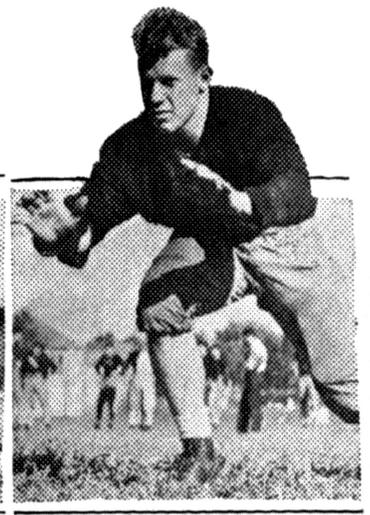
DAN CALDWELL — CENTER



SID JOHNSON
HALFBACK



WARREN ORR — CENTER



JOHN KRAUS — TACKLE

THE ROVER BOYS AT STEPHENS or WHY I LIKE PRUNES

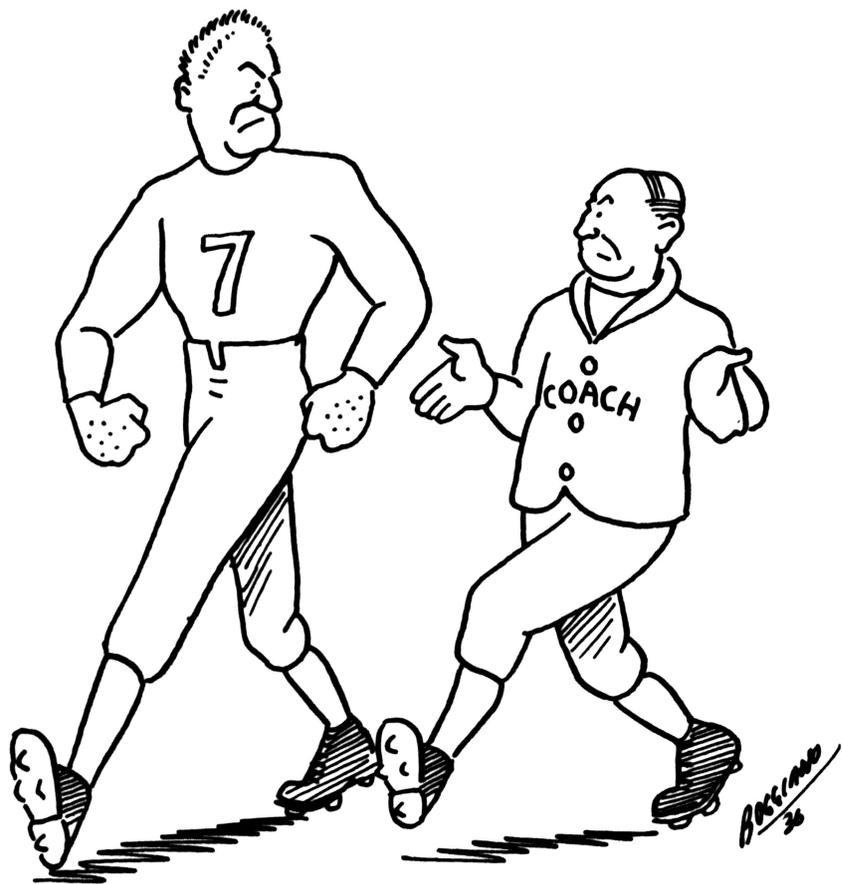
Once upon a time there were two Mizzou students. The first was named Clarence, the second, Joe.

Both decided they wanted dates at Stephens. But there the similarity between the characters ended. Clarence spent all his time shining his shoes, combing his hair, and preening himself. Joe, on the other hand, read advertisements in the Showme. He read all about the nice shops and places in Columbia, and all about the nice things the nice shops would sell him.

One fine afternoon they went to Stephens. Each had a blind date. When they got there the hostess of the hall informed them, "Your dates will be down in a minute."

So Clarence and Joe were left with two hours to waste or spend wisely.

What did Clarence do? He moped. He brooded. He thought of the injustice of it all. He frowned. He stalked up and



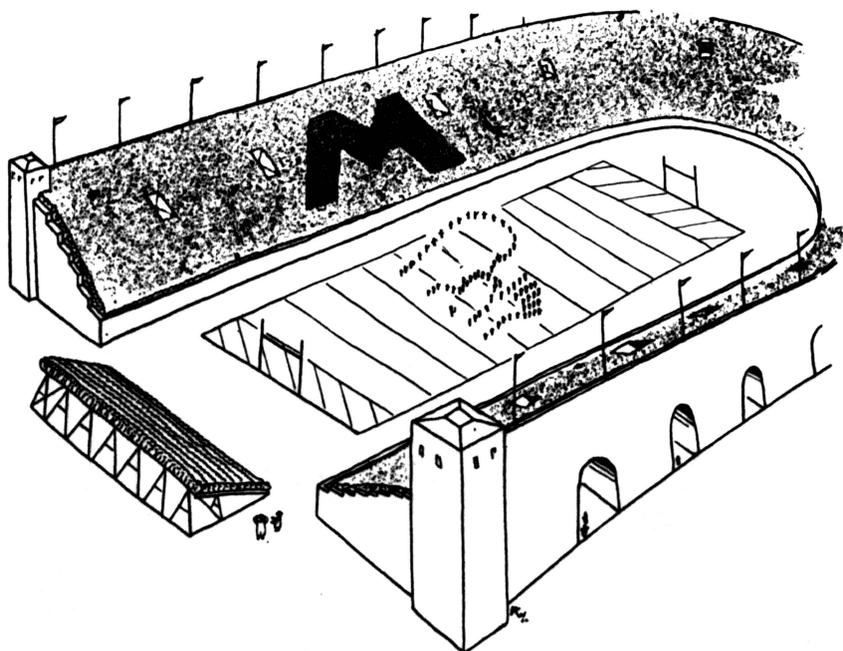
● FIFTY A WEEK?—THAT'D MAKE YOU PROFESSIONAL !

down. He was fraught with gloom. For two hours he waxed gloomier and gloomier on a lush divan in the parlor.

What did Joe do? Joe had read the advertisements. When he found he had two hours to spare, a look of joy came over his face. He beamed. All was well—he would go down and spend money in the nice shops for nice things. So off he went and spent two delightful hours buying things. He knew where to get things because he had read his advertisements. How gaily he scampered from store to store! Gad, what fun he had!

Two hours later the dates came downstairs. Clarence's turned out to be a beautiful wench indeed, whereas Joe's was one of the most horrible examples of the female species extant. At this point it would seem that Joe was out of luck. Virtue was not to be rewarded. Alas. Alack.

But Clarence had worked himself into such a state of gloom his beautiful wench soon tired of him. She preferred Joe,—Joe, the cheerful boy with the gay laugh,



Ski-U-Mah

the joyful face and the nice things from the nice stores.

Joe was only too glad to let Clarence take Hepzibah, the horrible hag, while he ingratiated himself in the good graces of Daphne. They are busy talking about plans for the future and such-like stuff, while Clarence is still endeavoring to explain his gloominess to Hepzibah, the horrible hag. Joe is extremely happy. Clarence is indeed unhappy.

The moral is simple, isn't it? All you have to do is read the advertisements. Go ahead and read them now. Take your first step towards success and a beautiful date. Remember . . . ah, yes, remember the horrible fate of Clarence. Don't say you weren't warned.

—bob hannon, with thanks to the Dartmouth "jack-o-lantern."

● OPPORTUNITY BANGS ON DOORS

Sunday rolls around once each week—a holiday when Student meets no classes. Since he doesn't go to classes, Student doesn't sit and listen to lectures.

Since he hears no lectures, Student doesn't scribble bright sayings by professors in his notebook. Since he doesn't write, Student doesn't need ink in his fountain pen.

The point we are trying to make is that opportunity is knocking at a door—probably at one of the fireproof steel contraptions hinged to the new Engineering Laboratories Building.

Maybe some day soon while some bright young engineer sits gazing vacantly at a four-horsepower motor—thinking of the jelly date he is to have with a Heavenly Thing as soon as Switzler's bell tolls—he will hear opportunity knock-knocking and will answer.

Then he will go to work to invent a fountain pen that won't hold ink, to be used by Student for not taking notes on lectures he doesn't hear in classes he doesn't attend on Sunday, which is a holiday that rolls around once a week.

Then there is the alarm clock. On the whole it is a wonderful institution—but, like most institutions, it can be improved.

This age demands less noise.

Milk-wagon horses are shod with rubber shoes; motorists are forbidden to ride their horns longer than two minutes per toot; Student doesn't yell from Jesse at his friends on the steps of Neff Hall; and even the voice of the dining-car waiter is somewhat modulated when he bawls to the cook Student's order for ham and eggs.

Question: What has the alarm clock done to keep up with the times?

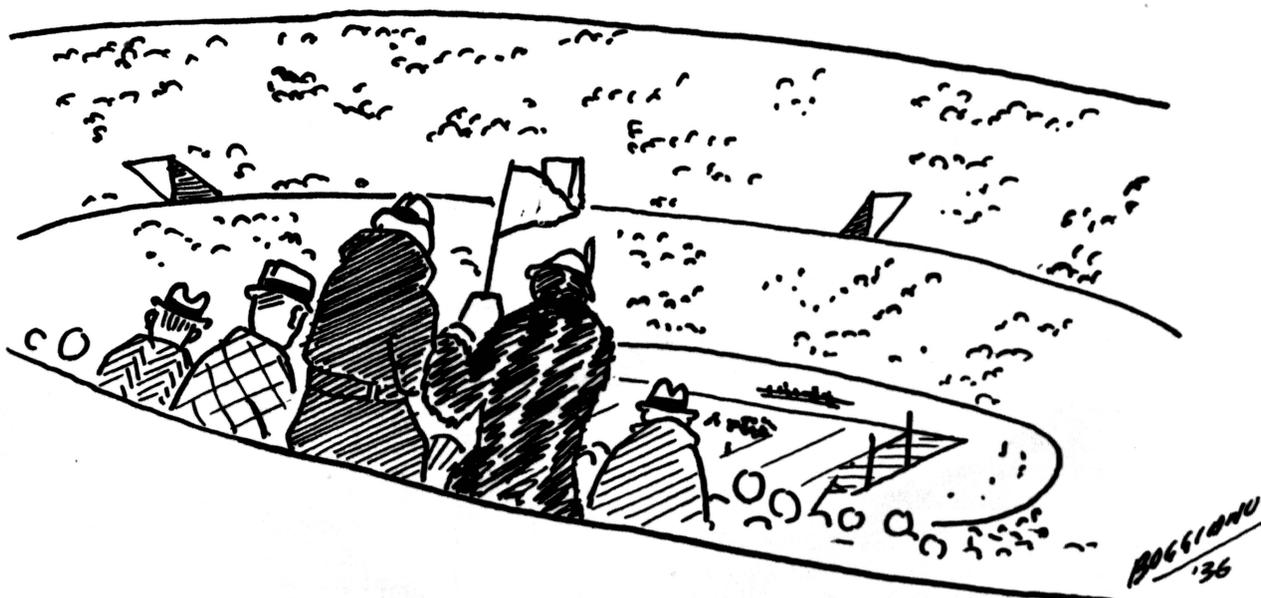
Answer: Not a thing! It clangs just as loudly today as it did when coeds wore highwater skirts. Civilization progresses, but not the alarm clock.

Question: What should be done about it?

Answer: Cut out the clang. Think how happy Student would be if he had an alarm clock he could set for, say, 7:30 o'clock and know all the time the infernal machine wouldn't make a sound at that time the next morning.

So another field opens itself to a campus inventor. With a noiseless alarm clock at Student's bedside the Make-This-University - A - Better - Place - To - Attend movement would

(Continued on Page 28)



● "THAT FELLOW PLAYING OPPOSITE ELMER HAS A MEAN LOOK IN HIS EYE."

YOU KNOW HER AL

An Expose of a Notorious Feminine Technique, Apparently Individualistic but Actually Practiced by the Masses

By NORTHRUP PORTERFIELD

Sally is a composite coed with a composite name—she's a slice of this and a hunk of that jumbled into a hodgepodge that represents the SOPHISTICATED college gal.

Sally once read the preface of a Havelock Ellis book; so she knows sex. She's studied the lives of the movie lads and lassies—she can tell you that Jean Harlow wears pink nightgowns and that Dick Powell eats raw onion sandwiches—so she knows the famous folks.

She's quaffed a few anemic whiskey-sours and gin-fizzes; so she knows her liquor. She's an accomplished pianist—she can play "Come to Jesus," in whole notes, if she has the music—so she's an artist.

For winning a high school oration contest, where she spoke and emoted "The Night Before Christmas," she was given a trip to New York; and in the city she rode atop a boob-bus through Greenwich Village and the Bowery and the Harlem jungles; so she's been places and done things. She's memorized a few lines from Ogden Nash and Dorothy Parker; so she's a recognized wit.

Although her papa runs a grocery store in Corn Hollow—he's been watering the hamburger and weighing his thumb for years to get cash so that his Little Nell could come to school, become a Greek, and acquire culture. Sally acts like a debutante; and a deb acts like—(What does a deb act like?)

Once when Sally had the hives and her social calendar was curtailed, she read a book in which the blase heroine spat that she'd had too much of everything and was bored with it all. Sally's been, oh, so bored ever since.



Now that we've studied the background of our composite and SOPHISTICATED femme, let's date her. The following episodes will contain just a few of the high-spots in Sally's SOPHISTICATED life, including Sally at the movie, Sally, and the art of conversation, Sally quaffing at a night club, Sally jellying, and Sally being bored.

When Sally and you reach the cinema palace, and while your slapping down money for ducats at the "how-many" window, Sally's face, for the benefit of plebian onlookers, is a cross between

somebody not thinking anything, Sally's favorite pose . . .

Naturally the show tickets are downstairs. Sally isn't a bit whimsical, so she refuses to ever sit in nigger-heaven and eat peanuts. Gad, no!

When a Donald Duck short comes on and everyone gets a good belly-laugh, Sally is silent. It's much too childish, don'cha know, for her matured brain. But when the feature unfurls and the slinking heroine in a slinky gown slinks across the screen—pursued by a plucked-eyebrowed sheik with evening dress draped over his manly back—then Sally comes into her own. There is the SOPHISTICATED life she knows! There is drama! . . . and stuff.

Sally gleefully coos and waits for the situation to develop. From the Hollywood angle the plot—so trite it stinks to high heaven—will be this: Either the eternal triangle will develop, or somebody will have a baby, or both.

When the opus ends, Sally and you wend your way to a cozy dump, one of Sally's favorites. Entering the place—Sally's nose is at such an angle that if the spider on the ceiling jumped downward, he'd land in her right nostril—you find a booth and flop.

There you sit while Sally orders and eats a slop concocted of stale pineapple, acid cherries, sour whipped-cream, wormy pecans, and lumpy sherbet, called on the menu "Lovers' Delight."

(Continued on Page 21)

Knock, knock!

Who's there?

Wetherby!

Wetherby who?

Wetherby hanged, Lady! "Weather" gets the ha-ha from Double-Mellow Old Gold's *double-Cellophane* package. Rain or shine! Hot or cold! Any climate! Anywhere! Any time! . . . you'll find Double-Mellow Old Golds are always factory-fresh. Thanks to those 2 jackets of the finest moisture-proof Cellophane on every package. And don't forget O.G.s. are blended from the choicest of the *prize crop* tobaccos!



ZIPS OPEN DOUBLE-QUICK!



Outer Cellophane Jacket opens from the Bottom.
Inner Cellophane Jacket opens from the Top.

Copyright, 1936, by P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

PRIZE CROP TOBACCOS MAKE THEM **DOUBLE-MELLOW**
2 JACKETS OF "CELLOPHANE" KEEP THEM **FACTORY-FRESH**



"What Does All Them Kisses Mean?"

SHOWME'S BIG SIX

HEROES OF THE 1936 CONFERENCE FOOTBALL BATTLES

BY MARK COX

FIRST TEAM	SECOND TEAM	HONORABLE MENTION
L. E. Nelson Missouri	L. E. Gustine Iowa State	Backs:
L. T. Heidel Missouri	L. T. Brown Oklahoma	Q. B. Howell Nebraska
L. G. McGinnis Nebraska	L. G. Bock Iowa State	H. B. Hewes Oklahoma
C. Betty Missouri	C. Conkright Oklahoma	F. B. Mason Missouri
R. G. Holland Kansas State	R. G. Kirk Missouri	Linemen
R. T. Shafroth Iowa State	R. T. Shirey Nebraska	E. Dohrmann Nebraska
R. E. McDonald Nebraska	R. E. Shirk Kansas	T. Rau Missouri
Q. B. Frye Missouri	Q. B. Cleveland Kansas State	G. Winslow Kansas
L. H. B. Elder Kansas State	L. H. B. Mahley Missouri	C. Brock Nebraska
R. H. B. Cardwell Nebraska	R. H. B. Londe Missouri	T. Fanning Kansas State
F. B. Francis Nebraska	F. B. Breeden Missouri	

The 1936 football season has come and gone!

Heroes have been made over night, only to be shorn of their glory ere another weekend has rolled around. Coaches have aged five years in a single sixty minutes of play. Publicity men have racked and reracked football-weary minds to make the stadium turnstiles click with greater regularity.

But a single scene remains to be enacted in the great American drama of collegiate football—that of the selection of the mythical all-star elevens. To Missouri, this has but a single significance, the selecting of those coveted gridders who may be proudly referred to as symbolic of Big Six supremacy on the green-turfed gridirons of the nation.

Our all-Big Six selection, as viewed from the press box of every stadium in the conference

with the exception of those of the two teams who traveled here to play, includes the monickers of at least two members from each of the six conference schools.

The first team roster presents a cross section of the conference approximately as a whole with the championship Nebraska Huskers and our own runner-up band of Tigers placing four names apiece. Kansas State tallies a pair and Iowa State gains a single name.

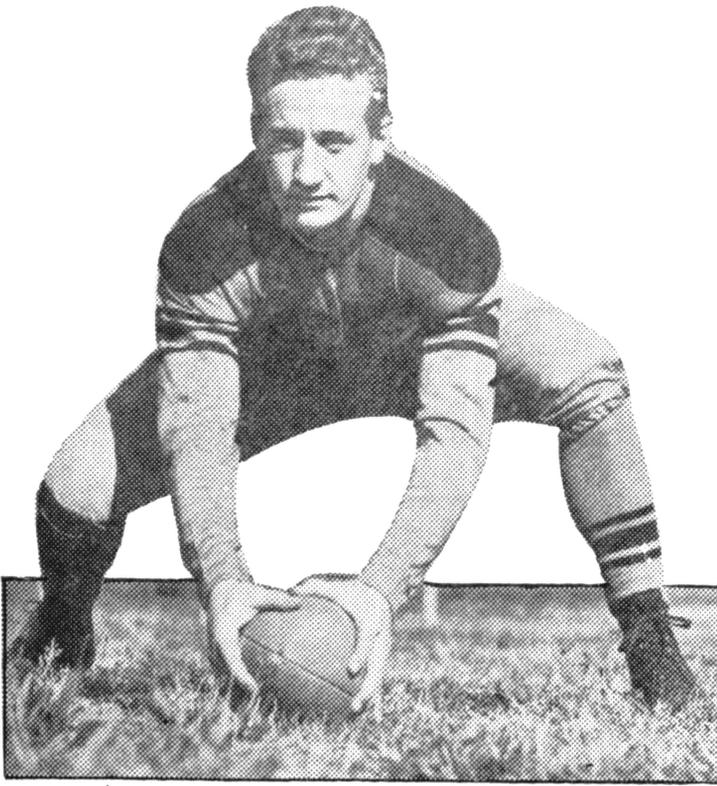
The end positions are awarded to two 190-pound lads who stretch well above the six foot mark. Clyde Nelson, Tiger 6-foot-2-inch junior from Granite City, Ill., is given the nod at left end, with Lester McDonald, 3-year letterman of Nebraska, earning the right end assignment. Both Nelson and McDonald are excellent pass-snaggers and are, without a

doubt, the strongest pair of defensive wingmen in the conference.

Missouri's own Frank Heidel teams with a hold-over all conference performer of a year ago, Iowa State's Harold Shafroth, to handle the tackle posts. Shafroth, a strong player on a weak team, gained his label over Brown of Oklahoma and Shirey of Nebraska by his brilliant offensive play of getting down under a majority of Poole's kicks to nail the ball-carrier before he could get underway.

The lofty Heidel left little to choose in the line of left tackles as he showed by his defensive play against the veteran Kansas State and Oklahoma lines. It was plain to see that no all-conference picks could be complete without his presence.

(Continued on Page 24)



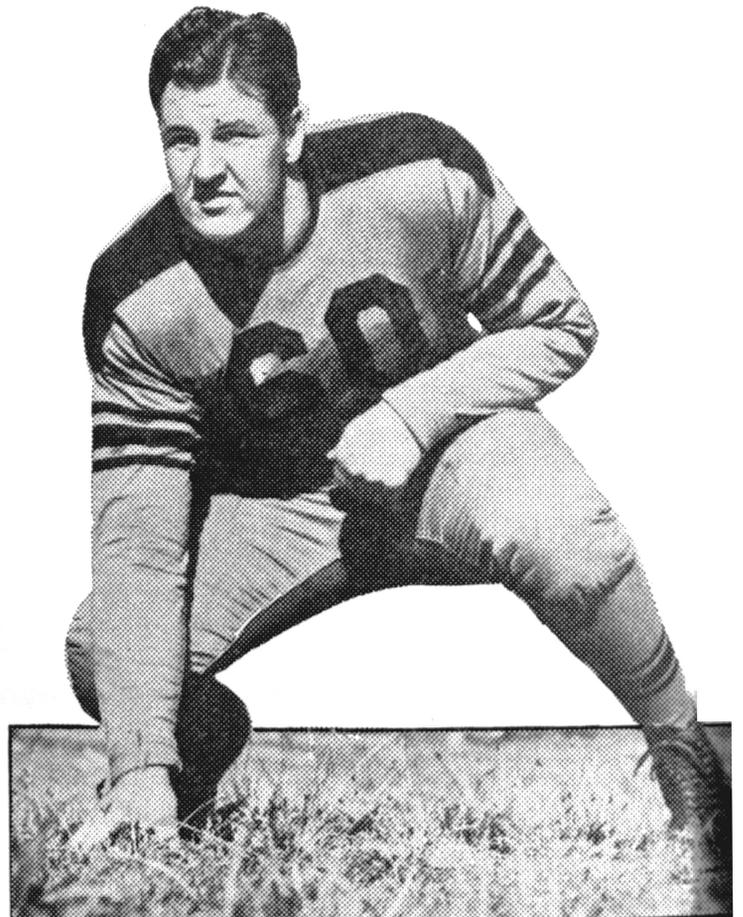
HOUSTON BETTY - CENTER



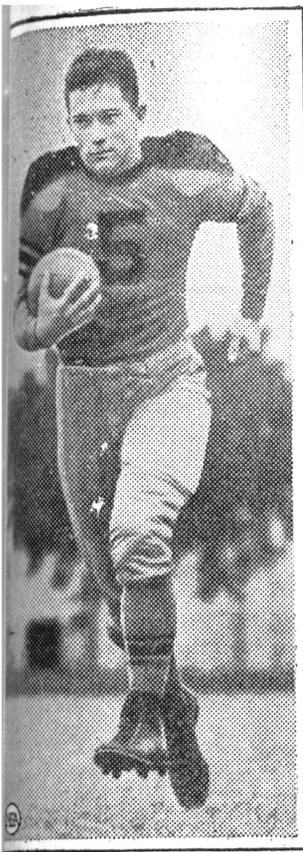
CAPT. AL LONDE . . . HALF BACK



CLYDE NELSON - END



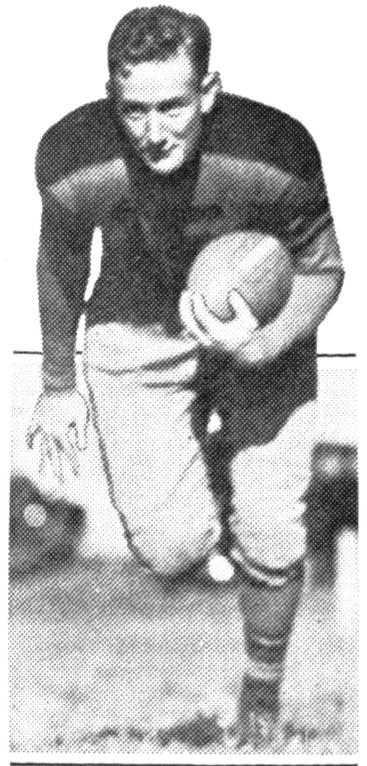
GODFRIED RAU - TACKLE



Henry Mahley



JACK FRYE - HALFBACK



HARRY MASON
FULLBACK



FRANK HEIDEL - TACKLE



MAURICE KIRK - GUARD

Spirit of '06

"WELL—I'LL HAVE ANOTHER DRINK IF YOU INSIST," SAYS DOOLEY JACKSON '06, THE LEANING AND SLIGHTLY WOBBLING TOWER OF STRENGTH IN THE CENTER OF OUR COVER THIS MONTH. "BUT," HE ADDS, "MAKE IT A LONG ONE, PLEASE."

Dooley is back at the State U. to beer the boys on to victory over Kansas and with him are his two State U. pals of yesteryear. "Red" Impey (waving at you) and "Tiger" Joe McGillucudy (the flag bearer of the party).

Dooley is in the insurance business and while at the State U. he was a great mixer—of home brew. He became famous over night when, upon selling an insurance policy to one of our diary keeping screen stars, Dooley said, "Of course, this policy doesn't cover all accidents."

His pal, Red, also attended the State U. in days of old. He it was

who first said, when he and several other of his freshman buddies were tapping the home brew, "Well, boys, freshmen on the foam." Later he left school for reasons that seem self-evident.

And now for "Tiger Joe". The Tiger, as he was called because of his caveman appearance, is an author of some little consequence. Back in 1921 he had the best cellar of anyone in his neighborhood. Tiger Joe once became very drunk while drinking scotch and "sodies" at Billie's bar in New York.

The next morning he went back to Billie's to get some more scotch, because he felt that a little hair off'n the dog that bit him might help his hangover. That night he didn't come home—nor the next night—and in desperation his family called on the G-men to find him. The G-Men, fearing foul play, searched high and low for the "Tiger" and after a month had passed they finally located him in Billie's Bar.

He had been sitting at the same bar—on the same stool for

thirty-two days. He said that he never had a hangover.

And so we present the "boys" to you and we do hope you'll like them and be nice to them. And might we add that we hope that each and every one of you will have as good a homecoming as Dooley and Red and the Tiger are going to have. As a parting shot, the Tiger yells, "Yea Mis-houray—whip them Kansas 'Bears'."

* * * *

THE COVER

The cover was modelled in clay by George Hawkins and photographed by Mr. English of the Estes Parks Studio. If you care to see it in real life it is on display at the Campus Drug Store. Thanks goes to P. G. Keith for his assistance with the dressing of the figures, to Mr. J. Neukom for the material, and to Mr. Red Graham, who served as chairman of the transportation committee—that is—getting them to the Photographers in a good condition. Also a word of praise to the Deacon at the Campus Cab Company for his excellent handling of the wheel of his magnificent taxicab. (Now do I get to ride free, Deacon?).

G. L. H.

Renunciation

Yes, my dear, I'm fond of you—
I like the way you smoke that
pipe.

I like your eyes, your voice, your
hair—

I wouldn't have you changed at
all—

You're perfect, as you are.

I hate to lose you, but—fare-
well—

You haven't any car.

—Margaret Reeves

There was an old maid named
McKail

And each morning at ten she
would wail

As the mailman went by

She'd sigh and she'd cry

"Oh, please,—won't I ever get
any mail?"

Stoke

She: "No, I never fall in love;
I'm a stoic."

He: "Gawn, you can't fool
me; you're not one of them things
what brings babies."



● PROF OR NO PROF, THIS IS THE LAST OUTSIDE
READING I'M GOING TO DO!

Monday 8 O'clock

OR ASLEEP IN THE SEAT

By Nomme de Plume

Because I am being a serious-minded student of which there are few on the campus, I sign up for Psych 182, which is Practical Psychological Interpretation of Dreams. When I am filling out my course cards someone refers to the course as a snap, but that in no way influences my choice.

I am jelling down at one of the local spots the first day of school and happening to glance at the time, find I am one hour and forty minutes late to the first meeting of the class. However, having noted well that comment on the snappishness of the course, I am not worrying, thinking I can explain away my absence with day-dreaming.

On Wednesday I am going to the class the first time. Being a few minutes early I don't think it unusual to find the professor sound and snoringly asleep at his desk, but I am not a little bit surprised when one after another the students slip quietly in, find comfortable positions in the seats and go to sleep. I worry about this for almost one minute after which I join the class in laboratory work.

Three times I come to class and go asleep immediately as do all the students and the professor. No one speaks a word to me and I speak a word to no one, which is an ideal situation except that the seats are as uncomfortable as a chaperoned freshman.

The fourth time I am thinking that today I will stay home to do my lab work in a comfortable place—my bed. Next day I get a letter from the dean who is suggesting that I pay him a social visit. Which I do.

"You are cutting Psych 182 twice already now," he says piercing me with a practiced

deanish eye. I am wisely refraining from speeches. After a time he opens the oracle of wisdom again and is reminding me of certain University blue laws having to do with cutting of classes. I am yes-siring him. And as I am leaving I am filled with wonderment about how he is knowing all. Also I am worrying about my grade, as grades mean everything in a university and I am liking high grades for myself when possible.

The next class meeting is here and I am deciding to have words with the professor so I approach him for that purpose when a student in the back of the room is shushing me so violently as a law professor, saying, "Shush, you will be upsetting his neuronc psychosis and things." That day I am not getting any sleep at all.

One day a notice is posted on the bulletin board. There is being a test in Psych 182 come Friday. I go into the professor's office and am finding him awake. "You look unnatural to me that way," I say and he is returning the compliment by saying that I look natural enough to him. Inquiring what the test is to be about I am no little put out when he replies that it is covering the lectures and text assignments. I am mystified and go away scratching my head.

On Friday I go to class and am finding everyone snore asleep as usual. Not wishing to be left out of anything I sleep too, and on Tuesday it is announced on the bulletin board that I have flunked the Psych test. Everyone else makes E's.

I am catching the prof awake again in his office and asking him what is what and explaining that being a serious student I am worrying about the course since grades mean all to me. He is

telling me that I can't expect to pass if I don't pay attention in class, and I begin to worry seriously about my mental health.

Finally he is saying to me, "Aren't you ever doing anything but sleeping in class? Aren't you ever listening to lectures? Aren't you ever reading the text?" I am mystified as a detective in the first chapter. He is further saying, "You are redeeming yourself on the next test—maybe."

But when I am getting to class everyone is asleep and I can find out nothing, so I am sleeping at home the next period. Sure thing the dean is calling me again and I am asking him what is what about this course Practical Psychological Interpretation of Dreams. He is saying coldly I can't expect to do University work without textbooks. I remove two handfuls of hair from the top of my head as I go out of his office.

Things are not for the better or the worse. I am flunking the next test and getting really worried as I am a serious student and like to make good grades, having made several S's and one E. Grades mean all to me.

At last the day of the final examination is coming and I am sleeping comfortably like the other members of the class, when I am dreaming that I am in a class called Psych 182 which is a class on Dream Interpretation, and I am having a hell of a time finding out what it is all about.

And I am going to flunk? Finally in a cold sweat, because a flunk is disgracing me for life, I wake up. The professor is looking at me sternly and saying, "I should think you could at least stay asleep on the day of the final."

When the grades come out it is as I fear. I have flunked. So I go to a dance and have a fine time, because I am a serious student and grades mean everything to me.

ARE YOU A MISANTHROPE?

Herein is presented the misanthrope's idea of the world in general and the campus in particular.

By PAUL ULLMAN

We misanthropes lead an unhappy life. Frowned and looked down upon by the rest of the intellectually hibernating populace, we wander miserably through the various stages of a rabid misanthropy.

But perhaps you've never met one of our great clan, perhaps you've never been initiated into the are and mystery of finer



hating. At least you will recall, somewhere in the deep past, the face of some fellow animal who looked at you with such a genuine sympathy and understanding that you were embarrassed. That is one of the mighty organization of man-hating misanthropes.

This fortunate fellow hated you and your neighbors with such a profound and unrelenting hate that he was moved to sympathy with you as the object of such a terrible emotion. We are fierce fellows, we man-haters.

We have at least one hope in common among our select group, the hope of running away and burying ourselves upon some coral atoll in the south seas, where the waves and the women dance, where we may spend our days eating bananas and hating people, I mean the civilized kind.

And most of us have more than enough money to book passage—for you see we are rich. We have none of the scruples of other business men, no golden rules to observe. Our motto: Defy, detest, and de-monetize. We simply wallow in wealth. Misanthropy has never been so popular.

Allow me now, as rush captain for the international society of human haters to make a formal bid for your application of entrance. Mayhap you are already one of the brotherhood without realizing it. For you, then, I will list some of the entrance requirements which are standard all over the world.

Parties are usually dull. Perhaps we are sitting happily alone before a convenient radio listening to the lovely strains of a waltz, Strauss or otherwise.

Comes then the Public Detest number one, with a depreciative grin on his face and a pat on the arm, the latter to better help you stand the stuffy boredom of the waltz.



"Ah, ha," he'll observe intelligently, while turning the radio knob. "Ha," he'll continue in the same deep manner while tuning the pitch to a roar. Finally, with a convincing and soul-stirring "Ah, he'll find his favorite program, and a thousand devils of sound will come twisting from the loud speaker.

And such sounds, such twisting, such writhing, such horrible groans the like of which Hades never envisioned. Perhaps it was an imitation of the Hell-fires, an imitation of the third degree. The words went like this:

"Hi de hi de hi, ho de ho de ho, with a watta, a batta, a woodey-do, woe o-o-o-o."

It is impossible to tell what it is because a dance band keeps en-

croaching upon the other's territory, and between the two stations we can never catch the identity.

Are you a qualified member yet? No? Then perhaps we've shared the experience of the blow-sy Bohemian, which is perhaps on a par with the fat woman in riding pants, whom the good Lord made to inhabit a swimming pool—one with muddy water. But back to the Bohemian—perhaps the name confuses you. Then a brief word picture.

In any mass meeting, in public halls, or even in the embryonic state of a college classroom, we find the long-haired, bespectacled individual who looks as if he had just emerged from the sunless interior of a cocoon, and whose bony joints could scarcely be other than the foundation for a pair of sprouting wings. The whole is shrouded in garments of an undefinable age, color, or degree of fashion. From this, then, comes the redoubtable arguments which antagonize speakers, irk lecture leaders, and confuse a professor and his class.



His is the free type of intelligence, defiant for Karl Marx, economic liberation, and free love. How his political and economic theories do set him apart. He is ready at any moment to talk of the coming revolution or class thesis; he is careful that his source book on anthropology is always under his arm, with the name label out.

(Continued on Page 30)

Chesterfield

Wins



Know the answer? So do I
These Chesterfields -

They Satisfy

THEATRE TALK . . . By Porter Randall

DRAMA

THE CINEMA

In every other city of the land it's the newsboy crying his wares. In topsy-turvy Hollywood it's the lowly, inglorious, supernumerary of the films; the inarticulate anonymous player of the mob scene—atmosphere on the hoof.

Glory

Like the once-lauded Valentino, Bob Taylor is deluged by the nation's admiring pulchritude wherever he goes. They had to call out the fire department to rescue him from a swarming throng at the recent California-St. Mary's football game.

And at Ocean Park, a couple of weeks ago, Taylor had to take refuge on a roller-coaster to escape a horde of his fans. He stayed with it for nineteen rounds until the crowd finally dispersed.

Fugitive

Not so long ago when the hounded Taylor returned to his home town of Beatrice, Neb., for a much-needed rest, he found blare of mob attraction, he found the city's 12,000 population at the depot to greet him . . . a city and school holiday in his honor . . . four brass bands . . . a parade two miles long, led by the National Guard.

Research

Movie fans know no bounds. Hollywood conducts the largest romantic clinic in the world. The "fan mail" heart of the nation beats violently for its favorite stars—a great sea of letters pour in.

They're signed by everybody from college professors to Chinese junkers.

Myrna Loy tops the list for matrimony propositions. Even after her recent marriage she has netted as high as 79 proposals a week.

And on a recently compiled list of Hollywood's femininity who receive regular proposals were included the names of Edna May, Oliver, May Robson, and Allison Skipworth.

Fo'give us.

Romance

Even youthful, wavy-haired Freddie Bartholomew, English importation to the M-G-M lot, not so long ago received a proposal by way of mail.

Quote from the epistle ran: "I am eleven years old with natural curly brown hair and very white teeth. And I love you dearly. I have just seen you in **The Devil Was A Sissy** and would like to marry you some day. As soon as I am old enough."

Thought

Out on the 20th Century-Fox lot Warner Oland is making another. This time, **Charlie Chan at the Opera**. And when it's finished, he's calendared for **Charlie Chan on Broadway**. Wonder if they'll ever make one, **Charlie Chan at the University of Missouri**?

Spotlight

Once upon a time it was Garbo, then followed Dietrich, then Sten. Now it's slim, blonde Gladys George, latest of screen proteges to feel the heat of publicity lights. She came to Hollywood as a comedienne. She's to emerge to stardom as a tragedienne. Her debut: "Valiant Is The Word For Carrie," just released. She's bound, we're told, for a new high in box office records.

Chatter

On a Paramount set for **Man and a Woman**, an oiler has been employed to dog the footsteps of Edward Arnold and George Bancroft to touch up the squeaky places in the floor . . . And on an M-G-M set, Garbo was heard singing **Home, Home On The Range** . . . the University of San Francisco recently adopted the title number from the production **San Francisco** as their college song . . . Sonja Henie, world champion ice star now making **One In A Million** for 20th Century-Fox, will skate on a rink of skimmed milk because it photographs better . . .

LOCAL DRAMA

Premiere

With the racket and bombardment of **Bury the Dead** now stilled after its production here several weeks ago, the next presentation of Missouri Workshop is **Wings of the Morning**, slated for world opening here Dec. 1. If it succeeds here, we're told, it may be taken to legitimate stage in New York for marquee billings under the bright lights of 42nd Street and Broadway.

Hope

It's such breaks that sometimes spotlights an embryo actor for the national register. We're told that the premiere will beckon to syndicated critics and reviewers from all over the country. A plug in their columns, and the big-time producers focus their scrutiny in this direction.

Tie-In

Negotiations went into order last week with Andre Kostelantz, dance-band director for CBS, in an attempt to hand over six J-Show tunes for musical rendition on the Kostelantz broadcast Dec. 7.

Publicity staff of the show fevered to get Ozzie Nelson to play the numbers when he takes the air-lanes at Chicago's Drake Hotel that night.

MUSIC

THE RADIO

When music speaks, the whole world listens. A note of melody speaks more than volumes of words.

Rumor

'Tis whispered that "Sugar Blues" Land of Reich-Johnson band at Harris' will switch orks and employers. If he does it will be the first **such** occurrence in local band history here on the campus of this Factory of Learning.

We wonder if the change was caused by popularity . . . its lack in one place . . . affecting one's head in the other.

Trend

Notice some of the more popular bands now making use of the small electric organs to augment their sax sections. Horace Heidt, you'll hear, has scrapped the perennial piano in favor of the clavier.

Steal

Comes now the news that the theme for **Rhapsody in Blue** was pilfered from a waltz, **Blanche Alpen**, published in Pennsylvania back in 1855. We're told that Ferde Grofe worked it into the arrangement which he made for George Gershwin. We're not told what Gershwin, the composer, has to say about it.

Collich

Dick Mansfield, guitarist-director of the "Four Aristocrats of Rhythm" is a licensed aviator and once studied medicine at the University here. And in Bob Crosby's band, Yank Lawson, whose swing trumpet is known wherever swing music holds sway, is a former Mizzou man.

What ? ?

Swing and jazz are inherently American musical products. But the only comprehensive literary works on the subject are those of Mary Lytton, an English woman, and a book, **Hot Jazz**, by Hueges Panassic, a Frenchman. Incidentally, we hear that Panassic has never visited America.

Orchids

We throw our bouquets to petite, songstress Dolly Dawn, who warbles the lyrics of George Hall's band. She sings a unique, distinctive style . . . her voice breaks into a yodel that fascinates . . . a swingy, southern rhythm that gurgles.

Style

The band, left leaderless by the death of Orville Knapp, is now under the baton of George Olsen. But the outfit's arranger evidently did not change. It's the same velvet rhythm, the same sweet and smooth syncopation. Always acceptable by the best of dancers, the modern lovers of sweet swing.

Metamorphosis

Kay Kyser began back in 1926 at the University of North Carolina when a local campus band there clamored for a front man. . . . Kyser accepted the bid. . . . Then came . . . small jobs . . . college affairs . . . ballrooms . . . at last . . . radio . . . and national spotlight.

Kyser believes that personality is registered over the radio and insists that his vocalists register facial emotions while they sing . . . known as stylist in that warm friendly type of music . . . won't allow mustaches in his organization . . . likes everything to eat except liver . . . very conscientious about his work . . . considers Merle Oberon as outstanding screen personality . . . deems Hal Kemp as his favorite dance band leader.

THE RECORD

Tops

It's old, we know, but listen anyway to Benny Goodman's disc of **China Boy** and **Exactly Like You**. Goodman's Swing Trio, who take vocal honors for the numbers, are beginning to rival his band in popularity. Teddy Wilson's eccentric right hand tickles the piano in glorious style.

Return

LaRocca - Original Dixieland band, who are now scoring a tremendous hit in New York, recently waxed **Did You Mean It** and **Who Loves You**, featuring their style of thirty years back.

Academicians

Much praise for the recording, **Bughouse** and **Blues in E Flat**, transcribed by Red Norvo and his Swing Octet. You'll recognize Teddy Wilson on the piano, Gene Krupa of B. Goodman's band on the drums, Van Epps of R. Noble's band on the guitar, Choo Berry of F. Henderson's band on the sax-tenor, and the expert Bunny Berrigan on the trumpet. It's a disc of undiluted swing. It's played by an honest to goodness "all in" outfit.

Others

A new Jimmie Lunceford recording of **On the Beach At Bali-Bali** is better, we believe, than Jimmie Dorsey's gallant arrangement of that number . . . Russ Morgan recently put **Midnight Blue** on the Brunswick platter . . . Duke Ellington's newly recorded stomp tunes are **In a Jam** and **Uptown Downbeat** . . . Benny Goodman has finally recorded Fletcher Henderson's arrangement of **St. Louis Blues** for Victor . . . Hal Kemp's latest are **I've Got You Under My Skin** and **Easy to Love** for Brunswick.



Beta Be Good

This one happened at Harris' and for very obvious reasons names must be omitted—but it makes a good story anyway. One of the more popular campus gals was trying to make the usual big impression on an unsuspecting sophomore. "Oh yes," said she, "I had a date to the Beta party—a Beta took me to dinner last Sunday, and they tell me that five fellows in the Beta house are fighting about who is going to date me next."—At this point, the waiter who had overheard this uttered a muffled, "Oh Yeah?"

The girl heard him, but went on with her Beta talk. Finally, as she was about to leave she said, "Waiter, why did you say 'oh yeah' a minute ago?"

"Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't mean for you to hear it—but you see,—I'm a Beta"!!!!

Jay Show Jottings

Nadine Guernsey's dark beauty glamouring the Greeks. Mary LeVec swinging it with Vernon Nolte's irresistible tune, "You've Got Something." Riotous Zuzulo, last year's stealer, keeping the cast in an uproar. Phi Gam Leonard Howe's voice will have you feeling that way for days. The adorable Riepma enlivening another show while the insane antics of Max Cole and Sig Alph Louie Gilpin promise to riot the Hall Theatre.

Just a hint

When Dick Timmis, Sigma Nu biggie, asked Betsy Sherman, Kappa coy-ed to wear his pin, our heroine with fluttering eye covers and rapturous look whispered, "Not unless it's a real love affair, ducky dear."

Betty Meier, Kappa prexy, soothes George West with the affectionate tag, "Big Sug" and he retaliate with "Little Sug." Yes, we too knew him when he was as hard boiled as that picnic egg.

Did you get in on the most indiscreet love scene in Gaebler's the other eve? Yes, you know them and last year it was Campus Drug's back booths that rated first choice.

About town—

D. U. prexy, B. K. Flanery and Jim Mickey of "Knock-knock" fame, amongst afternoon beer, pretzels and checkers in the Shack.

Florentine Wilson, Alpha Chi continues to charm Sid Wipke's heart and station wagon away from him.

K. A. Longgood scratches off hill billy poems of perfection to Jean Camp, Tri Delt lassie.

We find "Robbo" Black, S.A.E., the best known and the best liked orchiding cute little Pi Phi McInch.

St. Louis-M. U. Game—

Web Bracy, the Sig Alpher who is remembered for the years he had his campus in an uproar—At the Chase after refreshments around had been ordered, "And, my good man, a plain hershey for me."

To the lovelorn

Theta Carolyn Jenkins is alarm-clocking it at 6:45 these dawns to make a breakfast date at Gaeb's. Who's rating it?

The year's record

Dean McKenna and Johnny Roberts, Kappa Sigs, warmed the Dixie benches from 10:00 A. M. to 10:00 P. M. last Saturday.

Peterson of the Alpha Chi House lost her Kappa Sig pin in St. Louis that week-end. So still

Familiar sight

"Stan" D. U. Boughton's ten o'clock trudge to the Theta hut for those thirty front-step minutes with his pinned love, Jane Hopkins. Is it just a rumor that she underwore his pin after one date?

The off-the-face sport bonnets of the charmers are proving an okayed fashion note by M. U. men—topped by Ruth DeVault in a red one.

John Ammerman says that some sprinters practice on the track by the field house at the unholy hour of midnight. Just can't understand it!

(Continued on Page 26)

YOU KNOW HER AL

(Continued from Page 8)

Now Sally and the art of conversation appear, giving you the lowdown on movie stars, crooners, herself, and other staunch supporters of the commonwealth.

" . . . Robert Taylor has the sweetest mouth . . . I simply adored Bing in "Rhythm on the Range" . . . Cab Calloway is off the air for jazzing the "Star Spangled Banner" . . . I'm different . . . people, ordinary people, don't understand me . . . Mabel is too shallow and childish . . . she hasn't been around, as I have . . . that new pledge actually called dinnah, 'suppah' . . . can you imagine . . . I've seen so much of life . . ."

Sally wants to dance, so you squirm around on a checker-board square to the wheeze of a tinpan band. You'd like to say to Sally, "Let me hop up and ride on your feet a while," or, "You dance; I'll just walk around you." But you don't.

Seated again, you mention a few trivial things, such as the presidential election, and she says she doesn't exactly know who is against whom but she's for F. D. R. because he has cute ears.

And at the mention of the trouble in Spain, she doesn't know anything about it except that there's a brand of stuffed olives, which she adores, imported from Spain.

SOPHISTICATED Sally at a night club is quite a sight. She swoops in with a swirl, acts as though she were an habitue of the joint, regards the waiter haughtily, and orders a drink that has a cosmopolitan name, something strange and foreign—instead of a good old plebian whiskey-neat.

Sally's drink, when it arrives, looks like a drink made of liquid rainbow. It's really a poor grade of gin mixed with red ink, orange jello, creme de menthe, an assortment of ground-up crayolas and any other odds-and-ends that are lying around.

As the evening drags on, Sally continues to display the fact that she knows her liquor. She orders in an eenie-meenie-minie-mo manner, choosing the ones with the gaudiest names, which is a good way to quaff; anyone knows that.

Finally, she, for some unknown reason, loses a bit of her bored SOPHISTICATED, and while you're dancing she wants to try

the latest step from Paris—which is a cross between a flea hopping, a lobster crawling, and a canned sardine suddenly come to life and trying to flick the mustard off its tail.

About one more drink—she hasn't imbibed enough to titillate a W. C. T. U. babbler—and Sally wants to go home. Her SOPHISTICATED has whisked away like breath on a mirror, for in the cab she murmurs: "Y'know, you're uh wunnerful fella; a wunnerful fella." In attempting to kiss you, she gets out of focus and leaves a large gob of very wet and very red lipstick on your best suit.

After you get her home, she usually has to pitch her cookies. When this matter is attended to and her mouth is wiped, you leave with the murmur of "wunnerful fella" buzzing in your ears.

The next day she is her usual poised and bored self, which gives her a pleasing and interesting personality—much like the loony in an institution for mentally deficient who though he was a sack of cement. He would sit in a corner, rigid. Once in a while he would mumble, "Since the age of two I've been a sack of cement. I'm solid concrete from my toenails to my dandruff."

It's too bad we can't all be SOPHISTICATED like Sally!



IT ACTUALLY HAPPENED

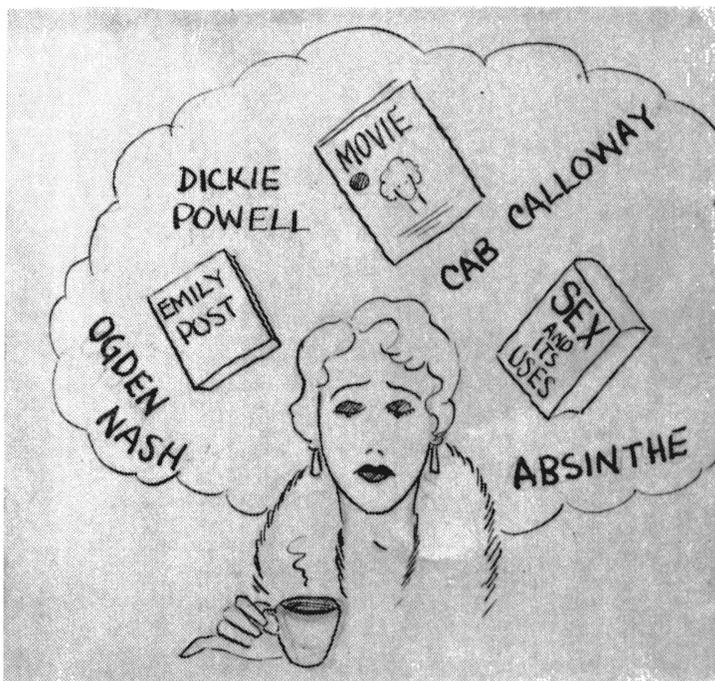
The following note, apparently left by a budding young reporter, was found on the city editor's desk at the Journalism School.

Mr. S——:

I am going out to dig up a story.

Love and kisses,

Jim ——



ANOTHER



MASONER



MAURICE CANNADY



HOWARD MORLAND



BOSELIVAC



MAX REPLUGLE



ANDERSON



LEWIS WARD



HARDACRE



JOE RICHARDSON



HOWARD BURNETT



MILTON MEIER



JACK HALL



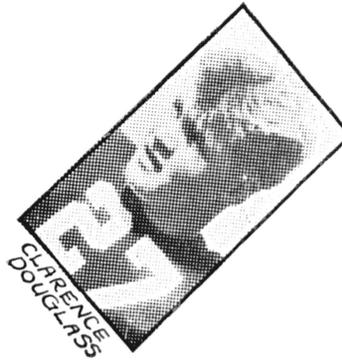
DAVE SHIRK



NATHAN AXEL



CLARENCE WINSLOW



CLARENCE DOUGLASS

SUNFLOWER WILTS

BIG SIX

(Continued from Page 11)

Three guards stood out in conference play this season; but only a pair of potential All-Americans, Holland of Kansas State and Ken McGinnis of Nebraska, were good enough to nose out Maurie Kirk, Missouri's ace guardsman. Both 200-pounders, McGinnis and Holland, were the power in their respective lines, both on defense and offense.

The pivot post is undoubtedly the hottest contested position of the lot, with Betty Conkright, Brock and Hanna making potent bids for Missouri, Oklahoma, Nebraska, and Iowa State respectively. Named as second-all conference center a year ago, Huston Betty, the Tigers' "nuptial neophyte" is our choice for first place honors. A demon on defense and a flawless passer on offense, Betty packs all the characteristics of a champion.

In the backfield we have taken the liberty to make but a single act which might not be to our good friend Mr. Hoyle's liking. But in order to present a quartet of backs which we defy any single conference in the nation to excell, it was necessary to shift the Wildcats' chief growler, Maurice "Red" Elder into the role of a halfback.

Teaming with Elder at the other halfback is "Wild Hoss" Cardwell, the Huskers' eccentric pigskin pusher. At fullback we are proud to present Mr. Sam Francis, who is Nebraska's bid for All-American honors. Sam is the controller that makes the wheels go 'round in the Huskers' powerful machine as well as port-siding the Nebraska passes and punting on a game average in the neighborhood of 45 yards.

Now a perfect team must first have a perfect quarterback, and whether or not this team is perfect is a factor that can never be proven, but, at least it will be

hard to find a football fan in Tigerland that does not think Jack Frye the logical man for the quarterbacking duties. A marvelous passer and an excellent kicker, Jack is one of the most consistent ground gainers in the Big Six. His judgment of plays is unquestionable and his reeling, twisting returns of punts have earned the Black and Gold much yardage this season.

A slant at the second team will find the Oklahoma Sooner dominating. Placing the aforementioned Brown and Conkright at tackle and guard respectively, "Big Bill" Breeden may also be found in the fullbacking seat.

The flankers are paced by Clarence Gustin, Iowa State's flashy end, who has Dave Shirk, the Jayhawker's remodeled backfield man, for a partner. Gustin is completing his third year in conference competition and ranks close on the heels of Nelson and McDonald.

Maurie Kirk has Ed Bock, another revamped backfield man, as a running-mate to help with the guard chores. Bock, who was a regular blocking back for the Cyclones a year ago, was shifted into a guard hole where his blocking talents could be capitalized

on in the majority of the plays. Although he does not possess the all-around ability of Kirk, his fine blocking stamps him for the position.

"Red" Conkright is given the second place center title with Brock receiving honorable mention. Playing his first year of varsity football, Brock looks like one of the most capable centers in the country, but lacks the necessary experience that rates Conkright the edge.

The only hefty performer in an otherwise light backfield, Breeden is surrounded by Londe and Mahley of Missouri at halfback, and the agile Cleveland of Kansas State at quarterback. Breeden is a cracking good line backer, or buckler, have it as you may, while the remaining trio are three of the neatest open field runners in the Midlands. Cleveland is also on the tossing end of the Wildcats passing attack as is Heinie Mahley, first lieutenant to Jack Frye in the Tiger kicking corps.

The group selected for honorable mention is also one that any coach would welcome to his team. Johnny Howell, Nebraska's invincible quarter, "Bo" Hewes, "Biff" Jones' hard running half,



DESIRE — SATISFACTION

and Harry Mason, Missouri's "mighty atom" fullback cannot be counted out of any offering where all-conference honors are being handed out.

The linemen scheduled for honorable mention are every bit on par with their backfield friends. This group is composed of Elmer Dohrman, Nebraska's great end, "Tiny" Rau, the Bengals' sophomore bid at tackle, Winslow, the veteran Kansas guard, Brock, and Fanning, the Wildcats' mighty tackle.

The honor of coaching a team of this ranking could go to no more fitting a mentor than Missouri's own Don Faurot. Bringing the previously "cellar-struck" Bengals from sixth place in the conference to second in two years is a feat that cannot be overlooked. Missouri congratulates you, Don Faurot.

Dean (to unruly freshman): Do you know who I am?

Frosh: No, but if you'll give me the address I'll take you home.

Frosh: "I'm working my Dad through college."

Victim: "Yeah? What's he taking?"

Frosh: "Headachepills."

What's the difference between a "jelly bean" and a "jellyfish?"

Crack: A "jelly bean" drinks "cokes" but a "jelly fish" pays for them.

Kappa: It's midnight. Do you think you can stay here all night?

Beta: I don't know. I'll have to ask mother first.

They had a baby Austin parked by the side of the road.

They had a baby Austin parked.

They had a baby Austin.

Oh, Well.

—Red Cat

WOMAN WANTED

I'm looking for a PRACTICAL GIRL, one who STAYS HOME on WEEK-ENDS, and STUDIES HARD, not one of your SOCIAL BUTTERFLIES who SMOKES CIGARETTES, GOES TO DANCES, and SLEEPS UNTIL 11:30 on SUNDAY MORNING. The girl I choose must have HIGH IDEALS like a HOME ECONOMICS MAJOR, or a SOCIAL WORKER. I want the kind of a girl her sorority sisters call A KEEN KID, INTELLIGENT, PEPPY, and a GOOD STUDENT. She doesn't have to be a CAMPUS QUEEN or a GODDESS OF AGRICULTURE. After all, many a HEART OF GOLD beats beneath a leaden exterior.

"A HOME GIRL TO TAKE TO MOTHER- . . . HELL NO. ! ! ! I'M LOOKING FOR A CAMPANION FOR MY MAIDEN AUNT ! ! ! !

On the Stalk

Do you know Joe Banana?

Who?

Joe Banana.

What's his name?

Joe Banana.

What about him?

Do you know him?

Who?

Joe Banana?

No, I don't know Joe Banana.

You ought to, he's one of the bunch.

I don't know all the bunch.

My lover him have gone away

My lover him have went to stay

Him won't come to I

Me won't went to he

Don't it awful.

A certain Gamma Phi when asked how foreign dishes compared with American dishes said, "oh they break just as easily." We presume she went to China.

NOW 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 3 times as much as ordinary briar (2) Its famous Drinkless Attachment improves the *taste*—keeps your smokesweeter, 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

SHOWME SHOW

(Continued from Page 19)

As intimate as soap—

John Bailey, Phi Gam and Virginia Vineyard, Theta.

Ob Sherman, Delt and Annette Tucker, Theta.

John Reading and Kite Atkins.

Snake Brownlee and Pi Phi Frances Fouke.

Jay Buckingham and Mary Jane Yates, Pi Phi.

D. U. Jim Mickey and "Corky" McCorkle, Tri Delt.

Foiled

The fencing crowd at Gail Potter's Academy is raving about the best fun they've ever had.

For many nites a private band has almost constantly serenaded Ohnemus of the Tri Delt lodge. Sleepily late boom forth cheers and yells—Ohnie's appearance at the window and they depart satisfied.

Al "Robert Taylor" Waters confiding to his date at the S.A.E. dance, "Honey, you may not be in love with me now, but you're gonna be and you'll never get over it!"

Society

Theta Ruth Sowers of last year indiscriminately welcomed guests to a mob scene Delt party week-end that made the "Derby" blush for its inadequacy—and the wet kiss on blonde DeVault's cheek for picking the sweetest boy alive, Don Dittmore, her last year pinnee.

Kay Kavanaugh, Alpha Chi, and Ted Schweitzer, Delt, are back throwing bricks at each other and apparently loving it as much as ever.

We didn't

That Kay Fahey, last year's vest pocket Tri Delt, and lawyer Bill Barnes have been rolling-pinping it since last May the ninth.

Dirt

A muddy day—a rural day by the polo field—a roadster buried in the mud fender deep—Stars shone on them ploughing comically homeward barefooted after giving up digging for their shoes buried two feet below.

Arlene Leslie sat down the other day and seriously took a mental look at her social calendar before replying,

"This week-end? No, I'm sorry, but I'm busy all week-end."

"Next week, busy then, too, but I might make it two weeks from next Saturday."

"Jelly date? I think Thursday is free, I'll try."

Prof's son (pulling out flask):
Would you like a drink?

Before Chi O Neal could reply—

Prof's son (sadly): No, you're not the type.

Study Hall

Harris' is again finding favor with the journalists. The quiet atmosphere and good coffee seem conducive to study. At any hour of the morning the people of the fourth estate may be found there mulling over their Ad Principles and H & P.

Having received many inquiries as to why certain girls are decked with a beribboned corkscrew gadget, we pause now to offer explanation.

The corkscrew is the pledge pin to the honorable order of the T G's (Tau Gamma Sigma) a national secret inner-sorority organization. Since only five girls on one campus can belong and the five don't seem to know much about it themselves, we can't be definite now, but promise more complete information next month. We know there's a chapter at Virginia, one at Drake, and one at Nebraska, and have our own ideas as to what the corkscrew signifies.

GOSSIP

We hear from very reliable sources that Gaebler's, which has always been the favorite fun-place of the campus smoothies, is better than ever this year. From ten in the morning 'til eleven at night you'll see everyone who is anyone coking and smoking. By the way, Eldon Jones and his band have the yummiest arrangements of all the season's hits, plus novel swing-technique to the old-favorites. Be seeing you there tomorrow.

Will Wad McCarty, Beta, philanderer, stop chumping it at the Pi Phi house now that Martha Woodfill is head-whirling Gene Fellows, smoothiest looking Phi Delt.

Betty Brooks, red-headed Kite, lovely threatens to snatch a Phi Gam badge if Earl Sleuter can make some passes at the books.

Virginia Voigt, Alpha Chi, rated the Sig Alph twirler with Dick Largent in preference to a certain infuriated Kappa.

Love Story

Characters: "Sweet Lips"—Beta Brookfield; "Blondie"—Kappa Meier

Setting: Campus Cabbng it to Econ. class—8:00 a. m. MT WTH

Plot: An intriguing romance about a boy who stumbles to his seat vigorously handkerchieving gardenia lip rouge from his mouth.

Ginnie Myers, titian Tri Delt, is removing gloves for both a Sig Alph and an engineer.

Four men sat in a restaurant. First: "I'll have a steak dinner."

Waiter (to the kitcher):
"Steak me!"

Second: "Roast beef."

Waiter: "Beef me!"

Third: "Ham and eggs."

Waiter: "Ham and egg me!"

Fourth (rising): "D--- if I'll eat here! I wanted milk!"

HEY, LOOK FELLOWS!

**A FIVE-POUND CHRISTMAS
PACKAGE OF
BUSY BEE CANDY**

Given Away
Every Wednesday Night
From Now 'Til Christmas



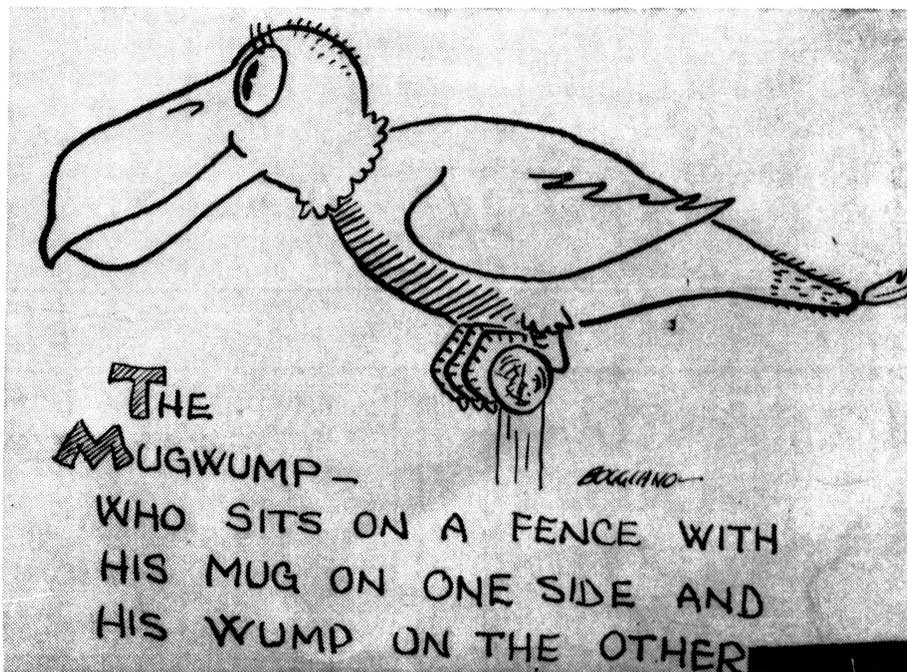
*Every fellow with a dinner date any time during the week—or on SUNDAY
NIGHT—gets a chance to win the Five Pound Box.*



WINNER ANNOUNCED EVERY WEDNESDAY NIGHT AT
DANCE INTERMISSION

HARRIS' CAFE

WE RECOMMEND FOR OBLIVION



(Continued from Page 5)

There are other Jayhawk-Tiger battles that will live so long as the school exist. Bill Roper's season in 1909 is rehashed every time Missouri fans speak of gridiron glories.

There have been upsets, bitter disappointments and just as bitter disputes, but all these go to make up the finest traditional football rivalry in the nation. Long may it prosper.

ALARM CLOCK

(Continued from Page 7)

stagger another step toward the plus sign.

Question: What is the present day alarm clock, anyway, but a noisy interruption between Student's nap in bed and his nap in general econ?

Answer: You've got me there, professor! What?

Class dismissed.

—John McNutt.

IN MEMORIAM

Breathes there a roommate with soul so dead

Who never to himself has said
This is my own, my own darned tie?

Disastrous Squeeze

"When I squeeze you in my arms like this honey, something seems to snap."

"Yes, pardon me a moment till I fasten it."

—Malteaser

You Win

"Let's go sit on the porch."

"No, I'm afraid if we do you'll . . ."

"No, honestly I won't"

"Well, what's the use then?"

—Banter

Once there was a man who went to the mountains to escape the heat. But Little Audrey laughed and laughed because she knew he had taken two red-heads along.

—Growler

"You're an apt boy. Is your sister apt too?"

"If she gets a chance, she's apt to."

M. U. Students Notre Dame Missed

- Efthem Demosth Chiamarlias
- George Joseph Czarcinski
- John Bernard Modzelewski
- Julius Savanovsky
- John T. Zakrzewski

Helen—I don't see why he dates her—she's a terrible dancer.

Mary—No; she can't dance, but she sure can intermission.

—Puppet

He: Have you ever been in love before?

She: No, have you ever felt like this before?

He: No, . . . if I had, I would have gotten my face slapped.

The little lawyer man

Meekly smiled as he began
Her poor dead father's will to scan.

He smiled while
Thinking of his fee
And said to her
Most tenderly

Next day while lying
On his bed,

With bandages round
His aching head,

He wondered what on earth
He'd said.

Sign in a Cuban dance hall:

**NO DANCING WITHOUT
MOVING THE FEET.**

—Chaparral

Two little boys stood on the corner. A little girl passed by.

Said one: "Her neck's dirty."
Said the other: "Her does?"

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ZENITH
Tiger Hotel Bldg. Phone 5886

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Football Glossary

Referee—beginning words to well-known songs,
“Referee’s a jolly good fellow.”
Umpire—synonym for thief, robber, etc.
Huddle—crap-shooting formation.
Single-wing back—one arm thrust out behind.
Double-wing back—both arms thrust out behind.
“T” formation—grouping of players at halves for refreshments.
Fumble—a style of play developed and copyrighted by the Missouri varsity.
Quarterback—two bits in the pocket.
Halfback—four bits refund.
Fullback—goes with a weak mind.
End—finis, but different from kickoff.
Tackle—fishing gear.
Guard—hired thug.
Center—one who cents the ball into play.
Punt—lowest form of humor.
Pass—form of action having to do with movements of spectators in the college section.
Kickoff—to die
Lateral pass—one made maid on the side.
Line buck—Indian playing in the line.
Off-tackle—tackle who isn’t quite right.
Goal—a grave robber.
First and ten—popular song, “Take a number . . .”
End zone—reserved seat section.
Safety—kind of pin.
Touchback—returned loan.

Bailey’s Comet

Try to remember Professor Joe Bailey
Who taught his Zoology at ten o’clock daily
His love life was nil, he was weak in the knees
He garnered his sex from the birds and the bees.
Eventually he tired of his passion for botany
He hated it’s boredom, drudge, and monotony
He decided to study the stars in the sky
He watched while the wonders of heaven rolled by.
One day in a brainstorm he decided to build
A rocket that with all of his instruments filled
Would whizz through the air with a terrible speed
With “Old Baily” himself at the helm of the steed.
The Rocket was built, and one day at high noon
Old Bailey prepared for his trip to the moon
The crowds were gigantic, the day was just right
As Bailey made ready for his marvelous flight.
His colleagues were smiling, but changed to a frown
When Old Bailey went up, but the rocket stayed
down
The crowds were amazed at his breathtaking pace
And he soon disappeared in the outskirts of space.
For about fifty miles, he continued his trip
’Til the earths gravitation exerted its grip
It was then that he started encircling the earth
He was holding his breath for all he was worth.
He’s just like a comet that comes out at night
The light from the friction’s a beautiful sight
The students he flunked in his manner so trite
Now neck in the spell of his glorious light

“There Comes A Pause—”

Between your French and Zool class,
When your pep begins to lower,
Comes the pause in your day’s education,
That’s Mizzou’s famous “jelly” hour.

You meander yourself into Jesse,
To wait around for your date,
Till you realize that you’ve been “stood up,”
As you came on the scene quite late.

But soon the crowd gets thinner,
In the hall are much fewer “babes,”
So you grab a date with a girl you don’t hate,
And take you both over to “Gaebe’s.”

You chat as you smoke and you “coke,”
While she ogles with all of her power,
Although you will “crack” that you have no “jack”
You’ll ne’er “cut” your one “jelly” hour.

—Thelma L. Smith

... Who is the girl in the picture?

... O, just Peggy. Too bad the picture is retouched to a dough face. But here, lookit this one of Betty . . . what a girl. Class. Personality. Taste of a Duchess. . . . She had this picture made at the Studio of Paul Parsons.—*Adv.*

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If they are, you want a copy of our new illustrated book—“The Psychology of Getting Grades”—Price 50c. 90 pages of help for harassed students, written by a graduate with M.A. in Psychology, who treats the following subjects, among others: Selection of courses; Choosing professors; Impressing the “profs.”; Selective reciting; Hitting exams; Grade getting ability. Learn how to get grades with half work and half salesmanship, instead of all work. Buy your copy from your college book store, or address us as follows:

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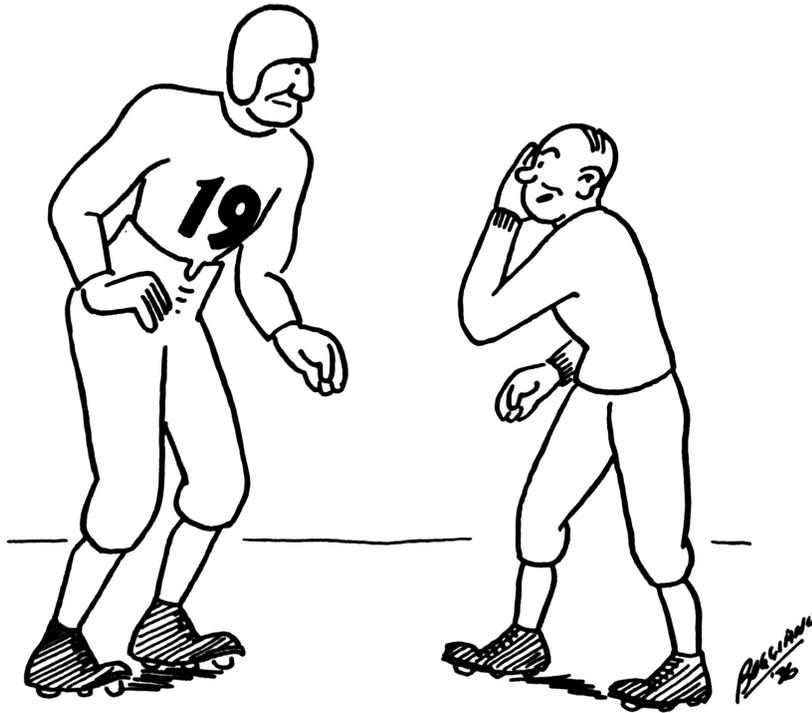
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Gentlemen: Here is my ½ dollar. It hasn’t done me much good, so I am willing to trade it for a better grade. Send me your book, prepaid.

Name

Address

On Sale at The Missouri Store



● GO IN THERE, COHEN, AND BRING HOME THE BACON.

MISANTHROPE

(Continued from Page 16)

He is good material for the misanthropic clan, but unfortunately he does not hate, he loves. He loves the hordes of people, you and I, who call him strange and who offer him an opportunity to climb to publicity's flagpole when he really belongs among mediocracy's dusty boulders.

Then there are the college professors, well meaning but inexperienced in life. They catch the flitting spirits of their students and mold them into a cement-like wall upon which the millions of words and facts are engraved, beautifully but with no apparent use.

Well up in the misanthropic ranks are those members who took the advice to heart and read newspapers while at work, philosophized in undertaking establishments, quoted the happiness of true and righteous principle in certain newspaper chains, and quoted law before a political boss. All are potential banana pickers.

There are professors who once believed in the right of free speech and uncriticized opinion. The right to misanthropy is not excluded from college professors.

A general category of social ills will suffice to make you one of our number. Among these are: the before breakfast smoker, who comes shuffling in with baggy pajamas, peers about the room from behind a tangled underbrush of hair, and avidly tongues a cigarette. From him exude the thin tendrils of smoke which to his hungry companions cause the acute symptoms of acrobatic stomach.

The foregoing animal is probably one of the same breed of species which asks questions when you are reading and upon receiving no answer will not hesitate to toss pillows or marble statues in your general direction.

There is nothing which causes indigestion and resulting misanthropy so easily as the dinner table extremists. One extreme, usually the feminine gender of the male or female, extends her

little finger in such a way that you are reminded of the steering rudder of a boat and which undoubtedly serves as an emotional equilibrium for a cup of coffee.

This type continually pouts into her napkin and gazes with such distaste upon a heaped-up plate that one suspects the era of concentrated food capsules to be nigh.

Then, the other extreme, the glowing gobbler. He, it is, who beams happily to himself as he tucks layer after layer of chicken under his belt, marveling at each bite, grunting with pleasure at each mouthful. It is also he who sweeps a host of dainty hors d'oeuvres and palatable knick-knacks into a heap, remarking the while that combined they make but one man-sized mouthful.

Many more examples could be cited which would qualify you for membership in our group, for instance, the movie-house extemporaneous narrator who can tell everyone around him who the murderer is, and why.

Then there is the male study hall companion who sighs into his pipe with accompanying grunts and exhalations. In fact, the world is full of living examples.

So stop tearing your hair, give that illegitimate impulse a name and join the grand society of misanthropes. Then we're off to the south seas, and the waves, and the bananas, to coral atolls with languid islanders and reformed college professors. Away to our paradise of hate.

●
SETUP

There was a little pup
That met a little tree;
The little tree said,
"Come, pup, have one on me."
The little pup replied,
As gentle as a mouse,
"No, thanks, little tree,
I just had one on the house."

FRATERNITY MANAGEMENT

A Personal Service for College Fraternities and Sororities

Voice on Police Station Telephone—Officer, a burglar broke into the Old Maids' Home and they caught him. Could you send some one down to take him into custody?

Cop—Sure. Who's this calling, please?

Voice, (now with a Helen Morgan tear)—The burglar.

—Michigan Aggievator

FOR BETTER OR FOR NORSE

Ban Bjordson Bjordson, the traveling salesman, drove his Fiord up to the palace gates. "Why, King, you're a new one on me. My last trip it was King Haakon. Who are you?"

"I," said the king, "am King Hoke."

"Well," replied the salesman, "great Hokes from little Haakons grow, don't they? I've left my best Stockholm, but Woden you like to see my new men's apparel line?"

"No," said Hoke, slamming the door in his face.

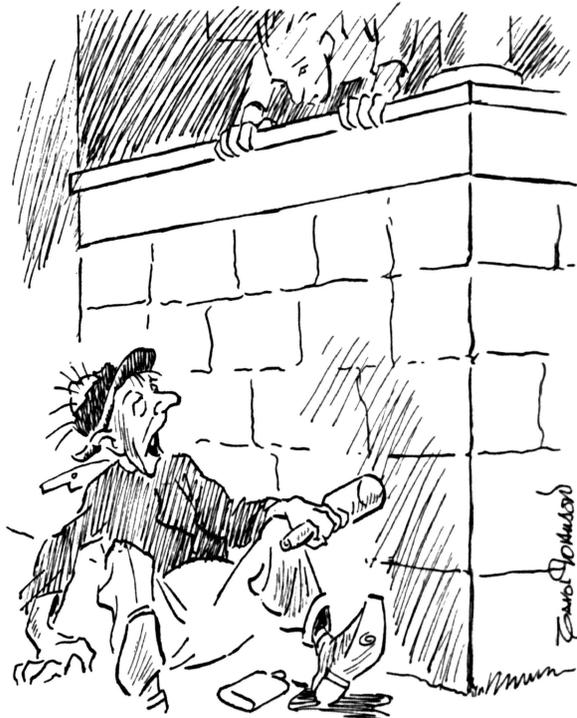
"Don't get Thor about it," returned the doughty Ban, as he spied a Swede little girl on the palace steps.

"Oh, my Great Dane!" said the Swede little girl, or the little Swede girl, "are you an admiral in the Scandnavy?"

"No, but I'm on the last Lapps," said our warrior.

And that was the Druid, the whole Druid, and nothing but the Druid.

—Juggler



● "HAVE YOU SEEN ANYTHING OF A HELIOTROPE AARD-VAARK?"

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Collegiate Experts
when it comes to
Presenting Clothes

Harzfeld's



BROWN DERBY

Columbia's Finest
Selection of

- Fine Liquors
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Reasonable Rates Free Delivery
"Next Door to Harris"

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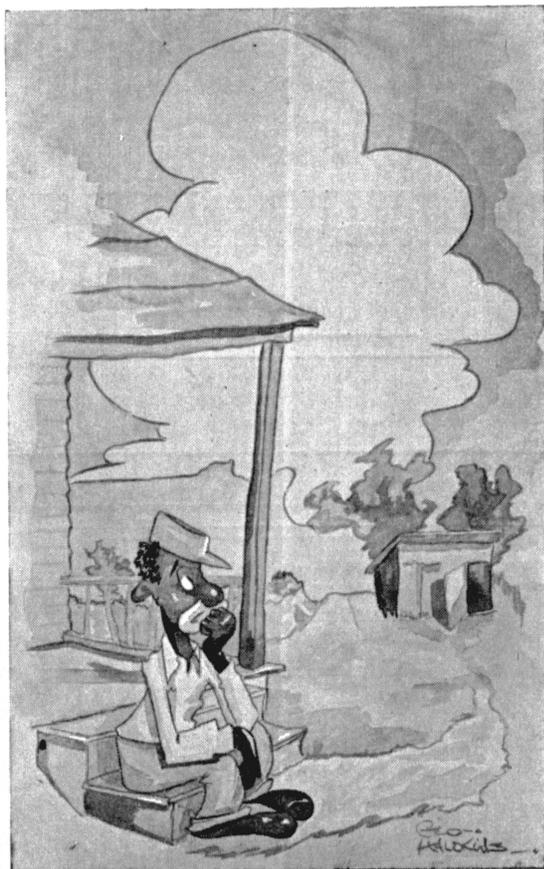
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There's a warmth of greeting — a restful comfort and luxury at Hotel President that makes your visit so much more pleasant. A splendid location; food that spurs the jaded appetite — all at low cost. Garage directly opposite entrance.

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BALTIMORE AT 14th ST.



CHIC CO-EDS CHOOSE...



- CONNIE
- PARIS FASHION
- JACQUELINE SHOES

Take Pat Martineau, Tri-Delt's, word for why she always wears shoes from the Jacqueline Shop:

"I wear them because they are so smart and comfortable, yet they are so reasonably priced that I just can't afford to be without them."

We take great pride in the fact that Pat Martineau, Homecoming Queen, reigns at the dances in captivating Silver Sandals, which are of course from the JACQUELINE SHOP.



THE *Jacqueline*
SHOP

DEEP INTO THE WOODS.

No luxuries here, as "Herb" Welch — famous Maine Guide — makes noon camp. Hearty outdoor appetites welcome the sense of digestive well-being that smoking Camels encourages. As "Herb" says: "I've lived on dried meat and I've dined on the best—but no matter what I'm eating, it always tastes better and digests better when I smoke Camels."



**WHEREVER...
WHATEVER...
WHENEVER
YOU EAT—**

*For Digestion's Sake...
Smoke Camels!*

Smoking Camels encourages a proper flow of digestive fluids...increases alkalinity...brings a sense of well-being

YOU eat over a thousand meals a year! Food is varied. Place and time often differ. Yet, thanks to Camels, you can help digestion meet these changing conditions easily. Smoking Camels speeds up the flow of digestive fluids. Tension eases. Alkalinity in-

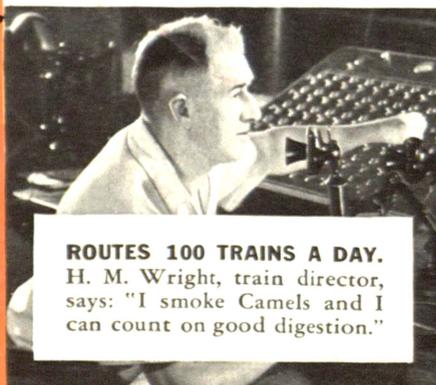
creases. You enjoy your food—and have a feeling of ease and contentment after eating. Meal-time or *anytime*—make it Camels—for digestion's sake, for Camel's invigorating "lift," for mildness and fine flavor. Camels do not get on your nerves.



Costlier Tobaccos

Camels are made from finer, **MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS**...Turkish and Domestic...**than any other popular brand.**

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GLIDER CHAMPION. Mrs. D. Holderman says: "A few Camels, and I eat with relish and feel cheery and at ease afterward."