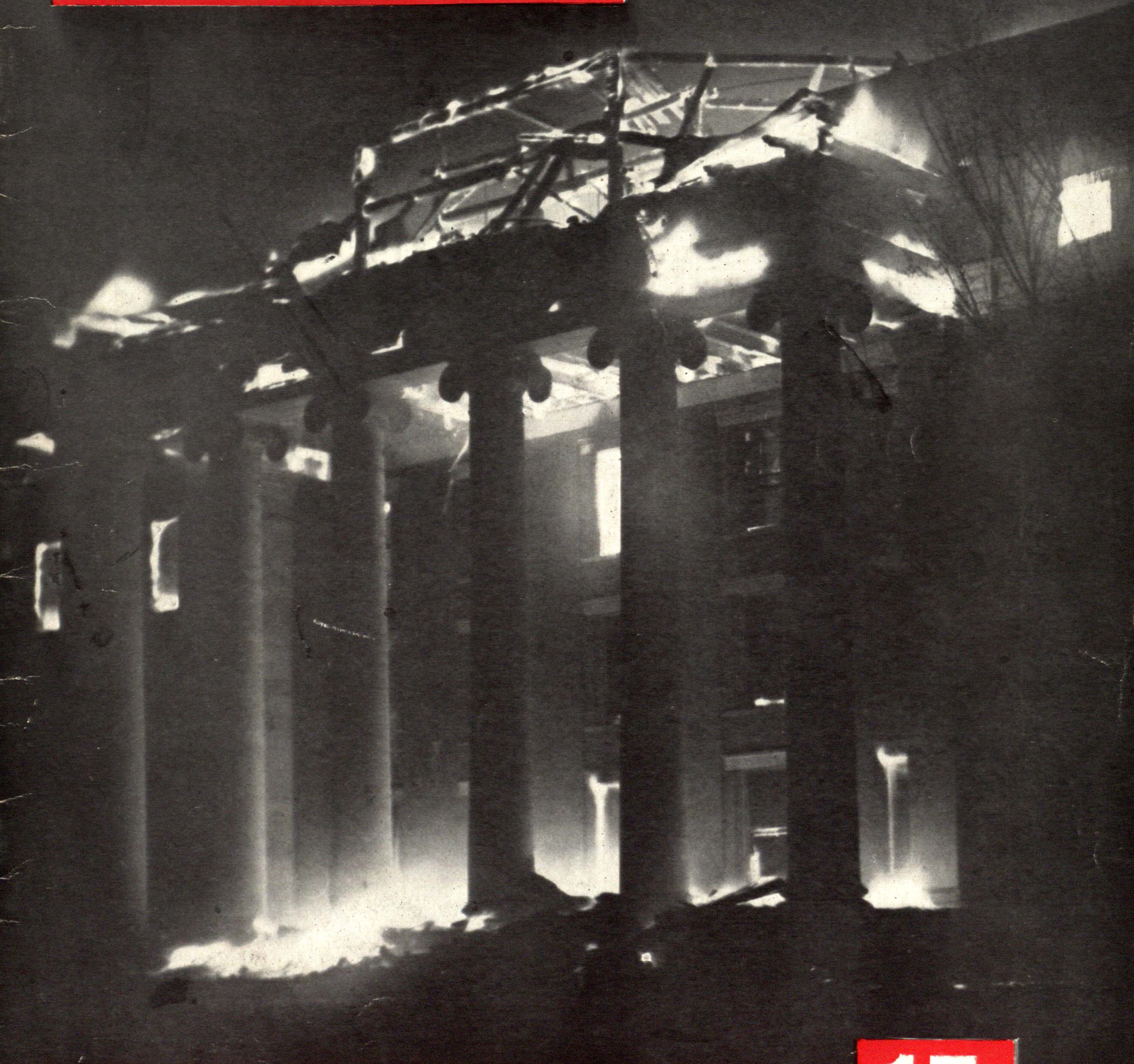


STRIFE

Def.



SHOWME
PARODY NUMBER

FEBRUARY

15 CENTS



For Digestion's Sake... Smoke Camels

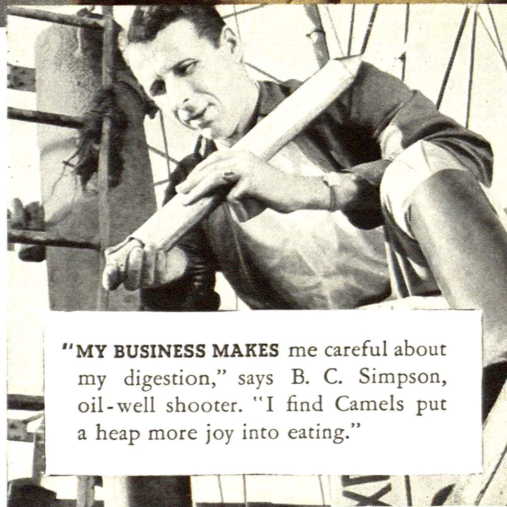
"I'll back that to the limit," says Miss Dorothy Kilgallen, spunky globe-circling girl reporter

AROUND THE WORLD IN 24 DAYS. "It was a breathless dash," said Miss Dorothy Kilgallen, famous girl reporter, back at work (*above*) after finishing her assignment to circle the world by air in record-breaking time. (*Right*) Her exciting arrival at the Newark Airport. "I snatched meals anywhere," she says, "ate all kinds of food. But Camels helped me keep my digestion tuned up. I'll bet on them any time — for mildness, for their delicate flavor, and for their cheery 'lift.' Camels set me right!"

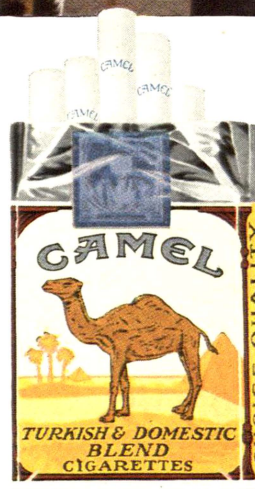


HEALTHY nerves and good digestion enable you to glide over trying incidents and get the full enjoyment out of working, eating, and playing. No wonder that so many who make their mark in the world today are steady Camel smokers!

At mealtimes — enjoy Camels for the aid they give digestion. By speeding up the flow of digestive fluids and increasing alkalinity, Camels contribute to your sense of well-being. Between meals — get a "lift" with a Camel. Camels don't get on the nerves, or irritate the throat. Join the vast army of smokers who say: "Camels set you right!"



"MY BUSINESS MAKES me careful about my digestion," says B. C. Simpson, oil-well shooter. "I find Camels put a heap more joy into eating."



Copyright, 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

**COSTLIER
TOBACCOS**

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



The original building of the University of Missouri as it appeared before it was destroyed by fire in 1892. The school was then known as Missouri State University.

On the cover is presented a graphic picture of the great conflagration. The six ionic columns of the original building, erected in 1840, still stand.

THE BURNING OF THE UNIVERSITY

“Fire Fire! The University is on fire!”

The startling cry was raised about seven o'clock in the evening of Saturday, Jan. 9, 1892. The building had just been opened for an entertainment by the Athenaeum literary society. In a few minutes almost the entire population of Columbia was hurrying breathlessly toward the lurid light reflected against the sky. The night was bitterly cold; freshly fallen snow covered the ground.

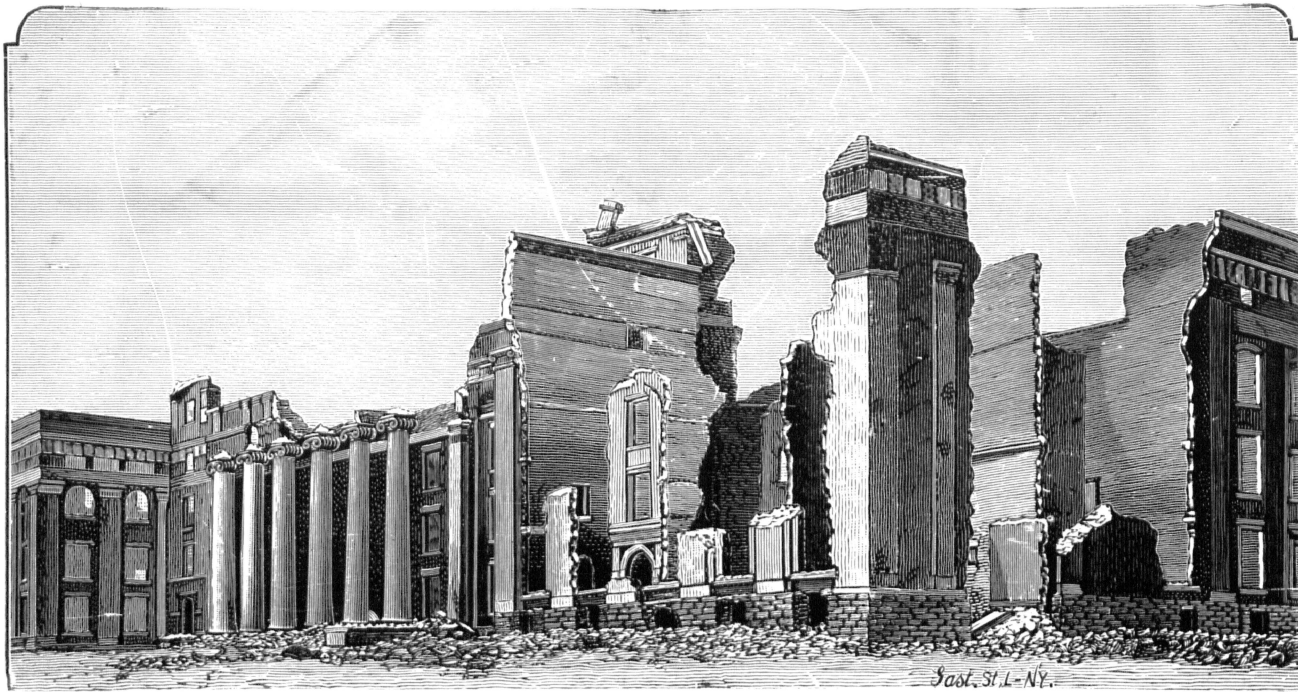
Doors and windows of the huge building spouted great torrents of fire; the red flames, licking their jaws like ravenous dragons, caressed and entwined themselves about the columns or leaped boldly into space.

A terrible roar pervaded the air. A billowy sea of flame mounted into the sky. There came a terrific crash, and the colossal, copper-sheeted dome was blasted high into the air.

The great roaring palace of fire with its red-lit windows, its flame-wrapped cornices, its fire crowned dome, standing out against the black shadows of the night, and the white waste of snow, formed a never-to-be-forgotten picture.

Daring men dashed into the inferno to save what they could. Some came out bearing armfuls of books, but twenty-two thousand volumes, eighteen thousand pamphlets, newspaper files, magazines, portraits, statuary, and rare autographed letters were destroyed when the entire library was precipitated into the raging furnace as a girder gave way.

Contents of the museum were strewn about the ground where they had been flung by volunteers who braved the flames. A big stuffed elephant lay on his side in the snow; nearby was a tiger with a little grinning monkey perched on his back; here a gorilla and a fox were keeping each other company, while a huge crocodile peeked from a snow drift.



Above is an artist's impression of the ruins of the old University building after the disastrous fire.

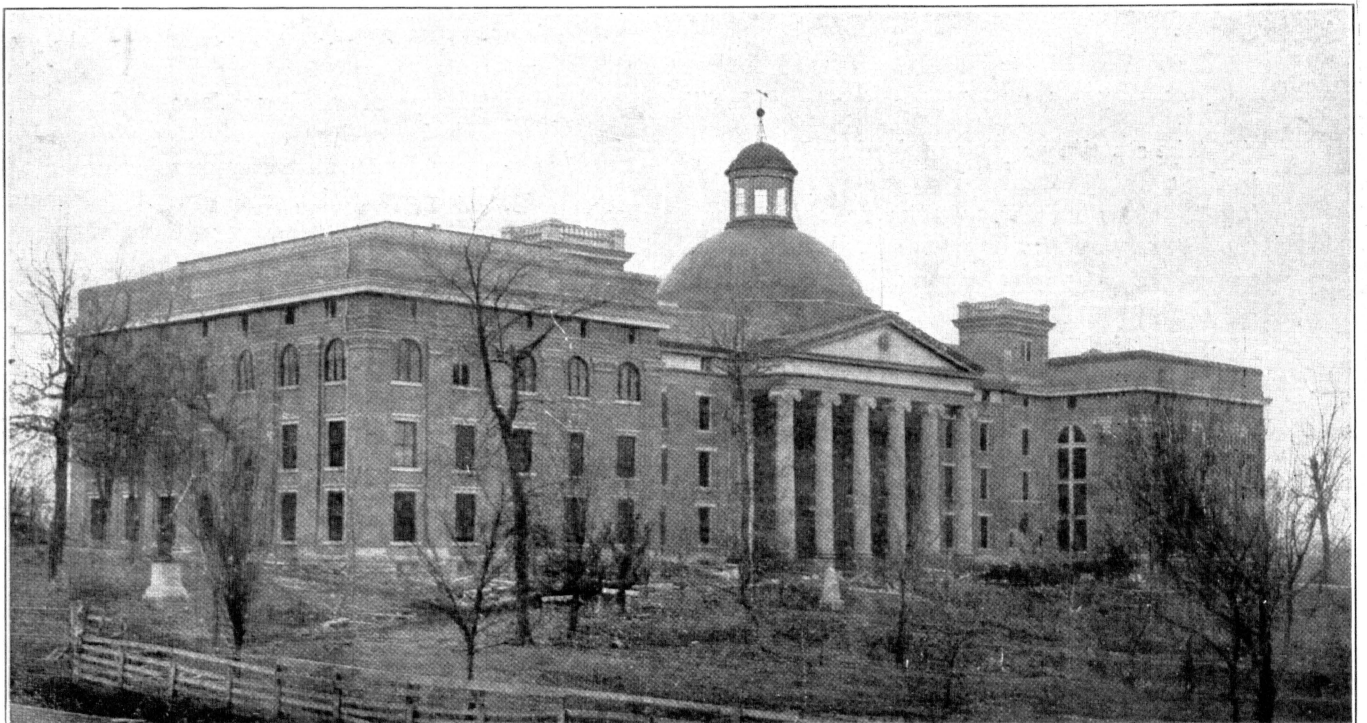
Shortly after midnight there was another heavy fall of snow. The campus was almost deserted, and the ruined walls appeared grim and spectral in their snowy mantles.

So intense was the heat of the fire that workmen, clearing away the debris four months afterward, unearthed heated stones and red-hot iron rods.

About \$350,000 worth of property was destroyed in the conflagration. Crossed wires or poorly insulated electric light wires in the library ceiling are blamed for the disaster. The structure was originally built in 1840, with the wings added later.

The six ionic columns still stand, somewhat shattered, fire-scarred, and time-worn, a silent memorial of the fate of the old University.

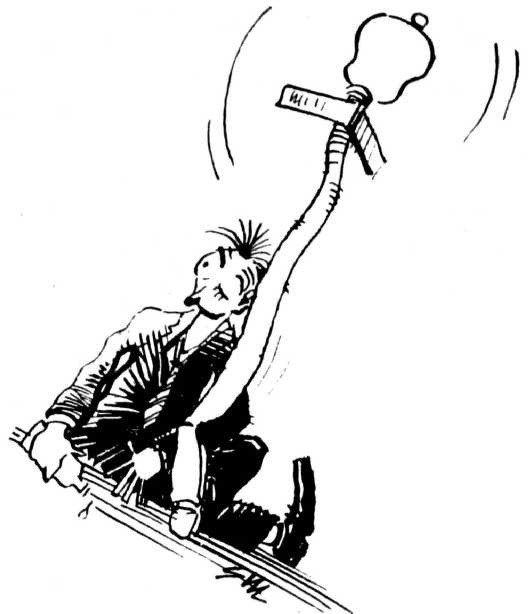
The picture below was taken just after the wings were added to the original building at the cost of \$125,000. Five years later the entire structure burned.



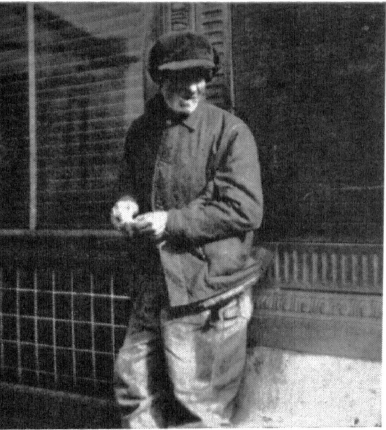
STRIFE



DIPSOMANIAC'S IMPRESSION OF THE COLUMNS



PICTURES TO THE EDITOR

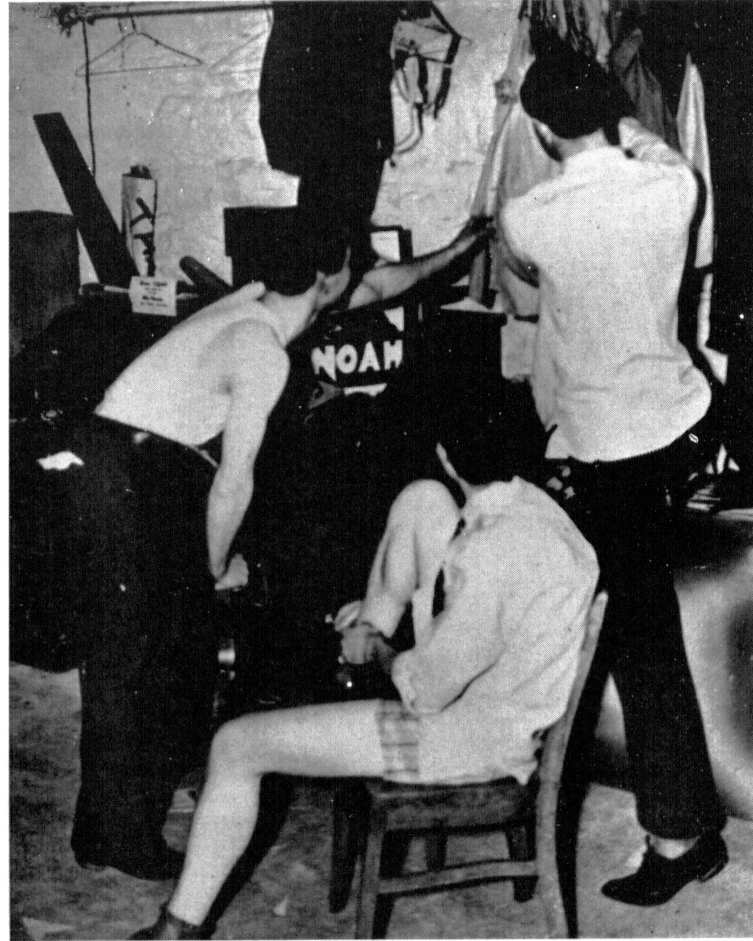


Jelly-Joe
Sir:

While browsing around, I noticed this Sig Chi standing in front of one of the local jelly-joints waiting for his Kappa date to go to an 11 o'clock. The crooked mouth comes from standing on his head while drinking beer. This picture is authentic: note the hunting cap and lack of books.

Skulkingly yours,
Zuzu Lo

P. S. Notice the pants; they're a new wrinkle on the campus.

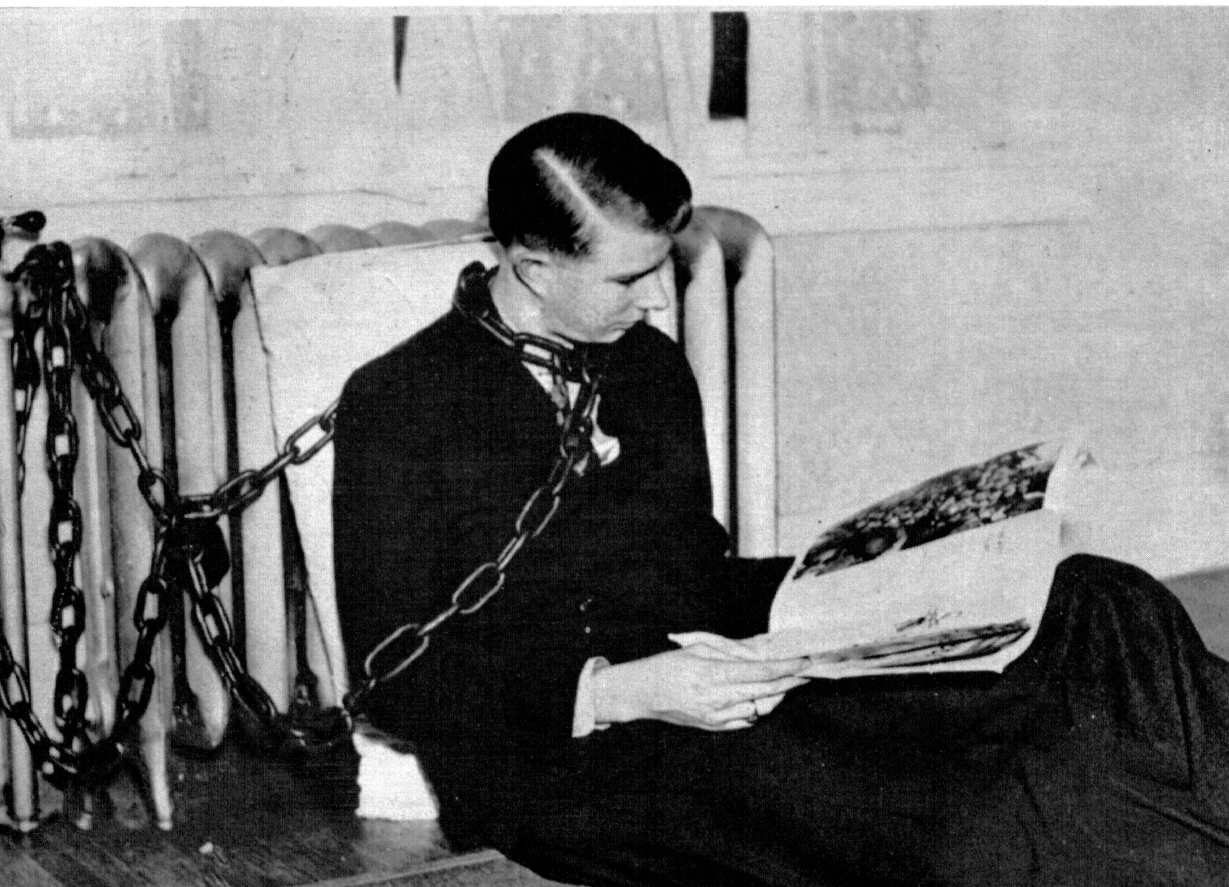


Missouri Legs
Sir:

Not Broadway chorines, not Joe Louis, not Pi Phi's, but American college boys have the most beautiful legs in the world. I know; I've been on the University of Missouri campus eight years and haven't graduated yet. This picture of the three sons of Noah, changing into their loin-cloths for the Workshop production, proves the point. Had it not been for me, the world would never have seen those legs, because, at the suggestion of the dean, the boys donned night-shirts. Thighed the dean, "The more seen, the more obscene."

Bill Brawn

P. S. I'm a photographer.



Sit-downer
Sir:

Excelsior Springs has nothing on Missouri U. John Calous (shown in picture) has been on a sit down strike for two months. He said he'd sit until Landon was elected.

Divided Press predicted he'd get up next week. Their correspondent fed him a c. c. pill.

Love and kisses,

Smarry Larr

P. S. Don't let the log chain fool you; he's a Beta.

P. S., jr. Since going to press, he has moved.



OL' JUDGE ROBBINS

THE DISCOVERY OF TOBACCO

PHOOEY ON THIS WEATHER. I'D GIVE UP ANYTHING, **EVEN MY PIPE**, IF I COULD BE WARM AND CLOTHES-FREE LIKE THOSE SAVAGES COLUMBUS DISCOVERED

SURE - BUT WHY GIVE UP YOUR PIPE?




BECAUSE MY PIPE IS IMPORTANT TO ME - AND THOSE WEST INDIAN NATIVES DIDN'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT TOBACCO

THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE WRONG - THEY WERE SMOKING WHEN COLUMBUS DISCOVERED THEM




THAT OCTOBER MORN IN 1492, COLUMBUS WAS DUE FOR SOME SURPRISES -



ONE OF THE MOST CHERISHED OFFERINGS OF THE NATIVES WAS LEAF-TOBACCO, WELL DRIED AND READY FOR SMOKING



MOST OF THE NATIVES SMOKED BY MERELY INHALING THE FUMES, BUT SOME OF THEM HAD A LONG, HOLLOW TUBE WITH THE FORKED ENDS INSERTED IN THE NOSTRILS



WELL, COLUMBUS MAY HAVE DISCOVERED THIS INDIAN CUSTOM BUT **PRINCE ALBERT** BRINGS IT TO PERFECTION

YOU BET! IN ALL THE YEARS I'VE BEEN SMOKING P.A. IT HAS YET TO BITE MY TONGUE OR BURN TOO HOT FOR COOLENJOYMENT



Copyright, 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company



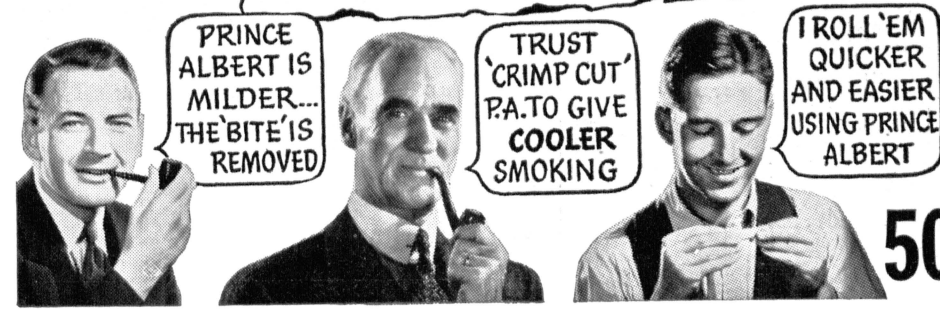
DON'T MISS THIS FAIR AND SQUARE OFFER!

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.

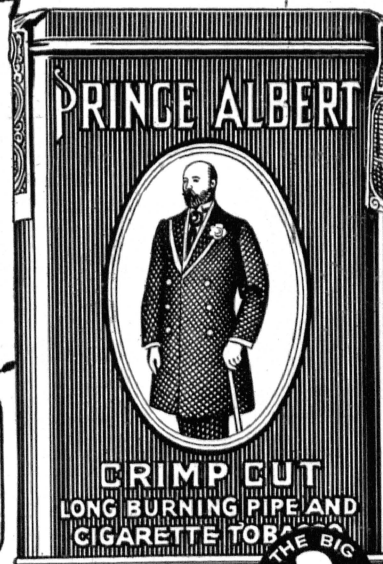
PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE!



PRINCE ALBERT IS Milder... THE BITE IS REMOVED

TRUST 'CRIMP CUT' P.A. TO GIVE COOLER SMOKING

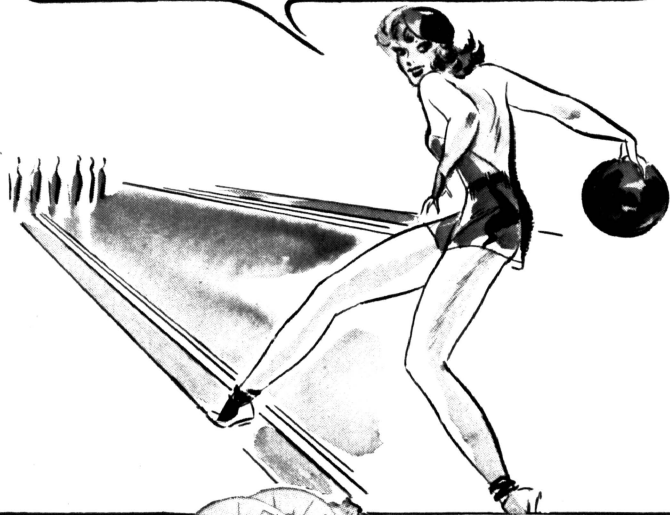
I ROLL'EM QUICKER AND EASIER USING PRINCE ALBERT



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



WHEN A GIRL SAYS A MAN BOWLED
HER OVER — SHE MAY MEAN
HIS BREATH KNOCKED HER DOWN



MORAL:

Everybody's breath
offends sometimes...let
PEP-O-MINT save yours after
eating, smoking and drinking



**FREE! A Box of Life Savers for the best
wisecrack!**

What is the best joke that you heard on the
campus this week?

Send it in to your editor. You may wisecrack
yourself into a free prize box of Life Savers.

For the best line submitted each month by one
of the students, there will be a free award of an
attractive cellophane-wrapped assortment of all
the Life Saver flavors.

Jokes will be judged by the editors of the publi-
cation. The right to publish any or all jokes is re-
served. Decisions of the editors will be final. The
winning wisecrack will be published the following
month along with the lucky winner's name.

Private Lives



Holding his
own. Don't let
the hat fool
you; he's a
Beta.

SLURP!



Strife Goes to the Dives



NIGHT LIFE AT M. U.

Endeavoring to forget the woes piled up during the day's mind-burdening classes, these scholarly students are drowning their sorrows in deadly cokes and nasty old beer. Someone ought to show these scenes of dissipation to the state legislature—then we'd get the Memorial Union with nice clear sparkling water.

These candid pictures of unthinkable dissipation were taken at the risk of life and limb by our demon photographer. The coked up subjects, surprised in their darkened meeting places, were frantic upon being exposed. Let this be a lesson to all nice people and the Betas.



A

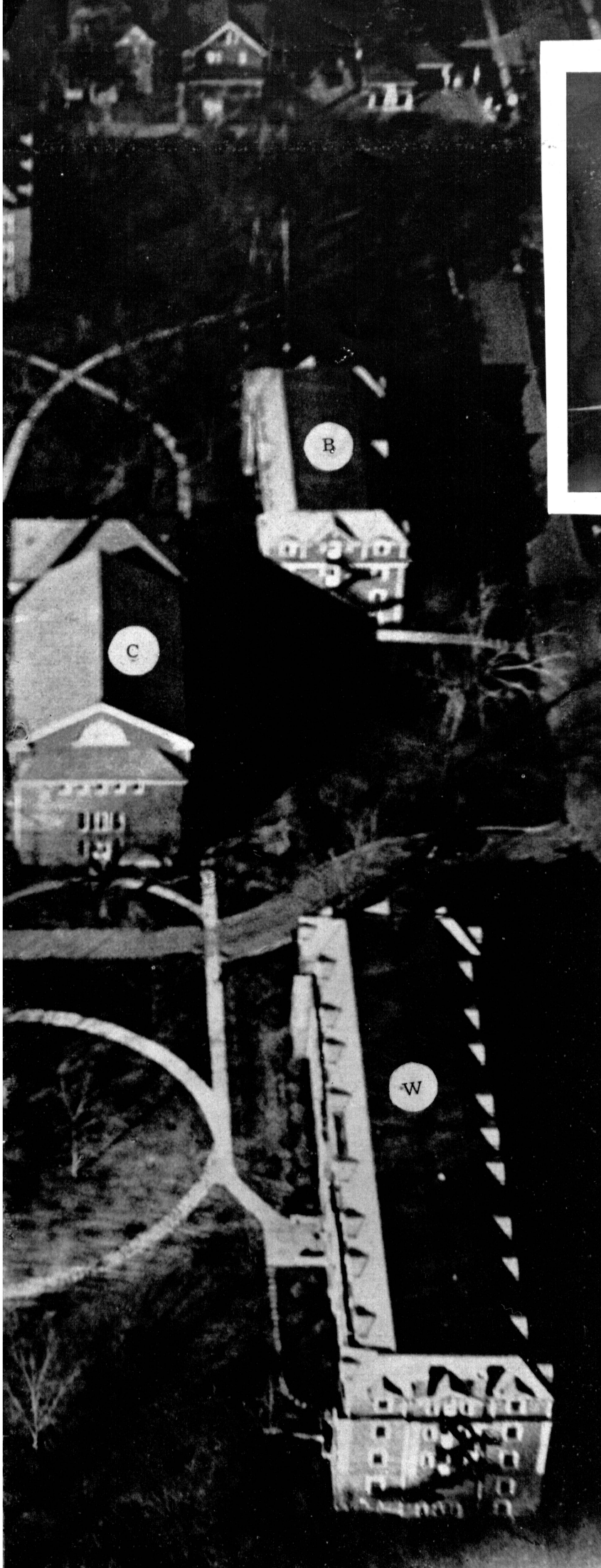
X

S

D

Y

P



Through Administration Arch you enter Stephens campus. The entire school covers 200 acres, with 21 buildings.

STEPHENS: A SHINING PEARL IN U. S. EDUCATIONAL DIADEM

OF FEW things is the U. S. more proud than of its vast educational system. In the matter of women's colleges this pride is well-placed because no other country can match the girl's schools of our land. Which is best, educationally or socially, remains a debatable question; they all are excellent. But Stephens, at Columbia, Mo., has the distinction of being one of the largest women's colleges west of the Mississippi. At the left you see the main part of Stephens campus. The 900 girls who inhabit it each pay \$875 a year for tuition and keep. Stephens girls sleep in the dormitories: Columbia (X), Senior (S), South (Y), Wood (B), and Wales (W); enter college through Administration Building (A); go to classes in Conservatory (C); hold their plays in Auditorium (D); the president's home is (P). Other buildings not shown are: North, Moss, Thatcher, and Faculty Club, dormitories; Walter Hall, class building; stables, athletic club and country club.



This year Stephens is celebrating the silver anniversary of the inauguration of Dr. James M. Wood (above), the jovial, democratic, and friendly president of the college.

STEPHENS girls are a cosmopolitan group. Girls from 46 states are registered, while one came from as far as South Africa. The reputation of the school is unexcelled, among both parents and girls, for it provides a well balanced mixture of study and relaxation. The girls in the window are resting their heads after six hours of classes.



Miss Pauline Crook's personal grooming department has gained nation-wide renown. She holds no classes, but is merely employed by the college to advise girls on the use of cosmetics, coiffures, and clothes in making the most of the features nature gave them.



At Stephens there are many dances sponsored by classes, halls, and sororities. The receiving lines at the informal dances are short enough to make the

dances successful. At the junior and senior proms, however, many a Mr. Jones has found himself being addressed as Mr. Gropes when he reached the end of the receiving line.





The girls take their classes seriously, for Stephens scholarship requirements are exacting. Dress in class is not important to them. Ankle socks pre-

dominate, and in this class of thirty-five only two wore hats. That tie in the next to last row might have been borrowed from last night's date.

Below we have more relaxation. Again, notice the anklets and tie. This shot might have been labeled "American girls," or "ain't it strenuous."





These sport shots prove beyond a doubt that girls do spend some time not thinking of men. The horse (in circle) is one of the many at the Stephens stable, the largest of its kind in this section of the country.

The mail rush needs no explanation—each girl has her own combination and mail-box. It makes it a little hard when they all dive for the mail at once.



This "spread" scene is a classic. It was snapped and rushed to STRIFE at the risk of the photographer's life and camera. The camera was saved. These late "spreads" are common at Stephens, but pictures of them are rare. The girl with the glass to her mouth is drinking a coke.



..one of the first pleasures of 1937

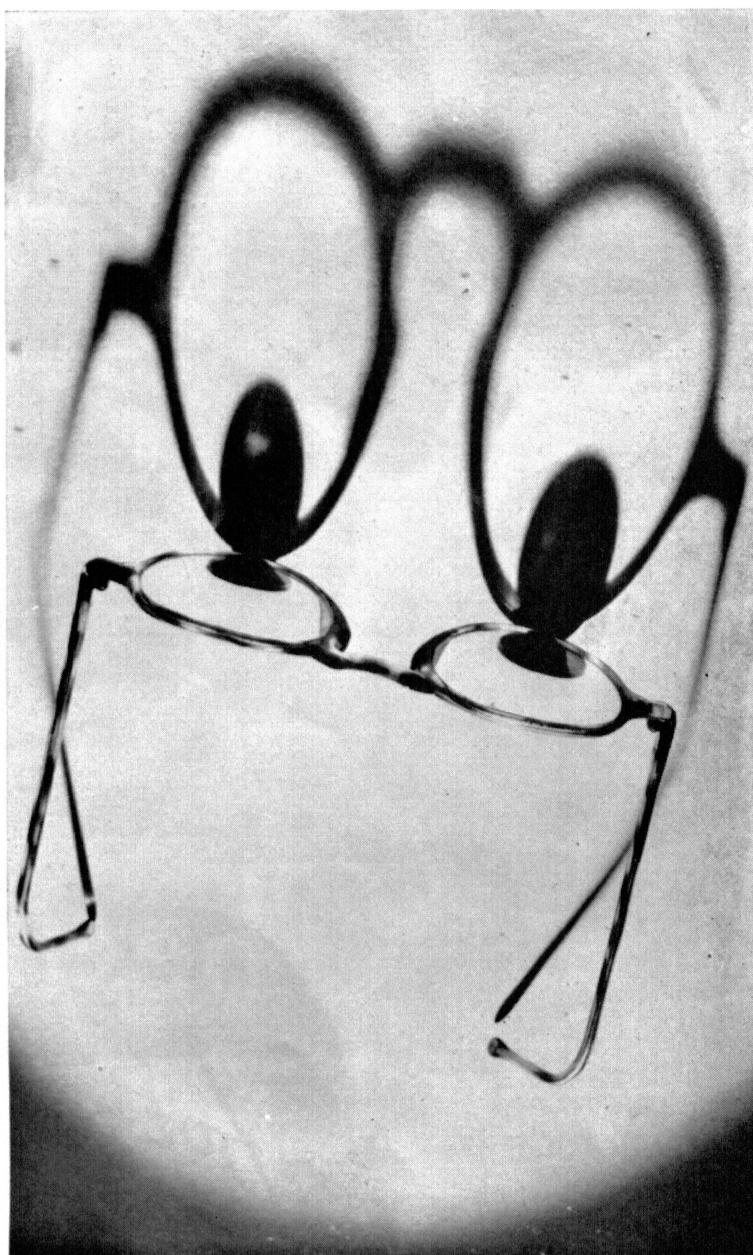
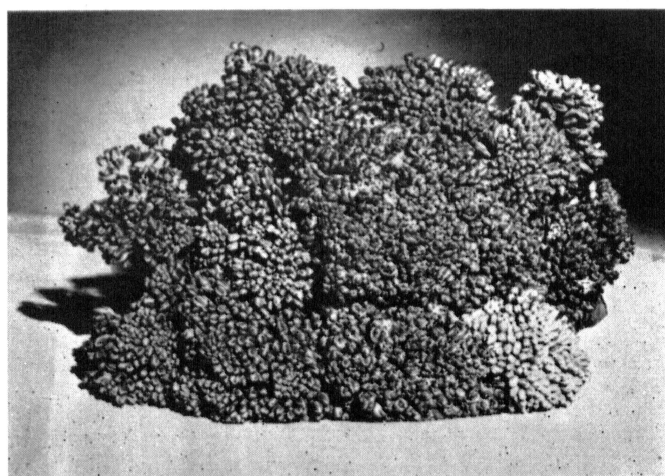
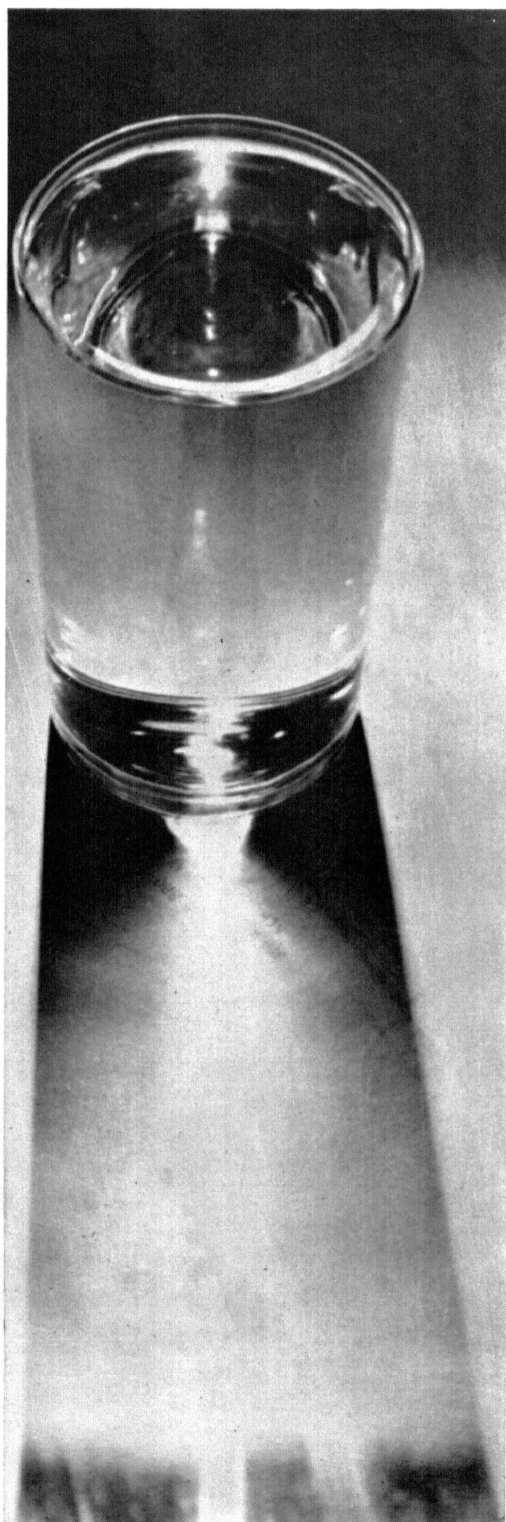


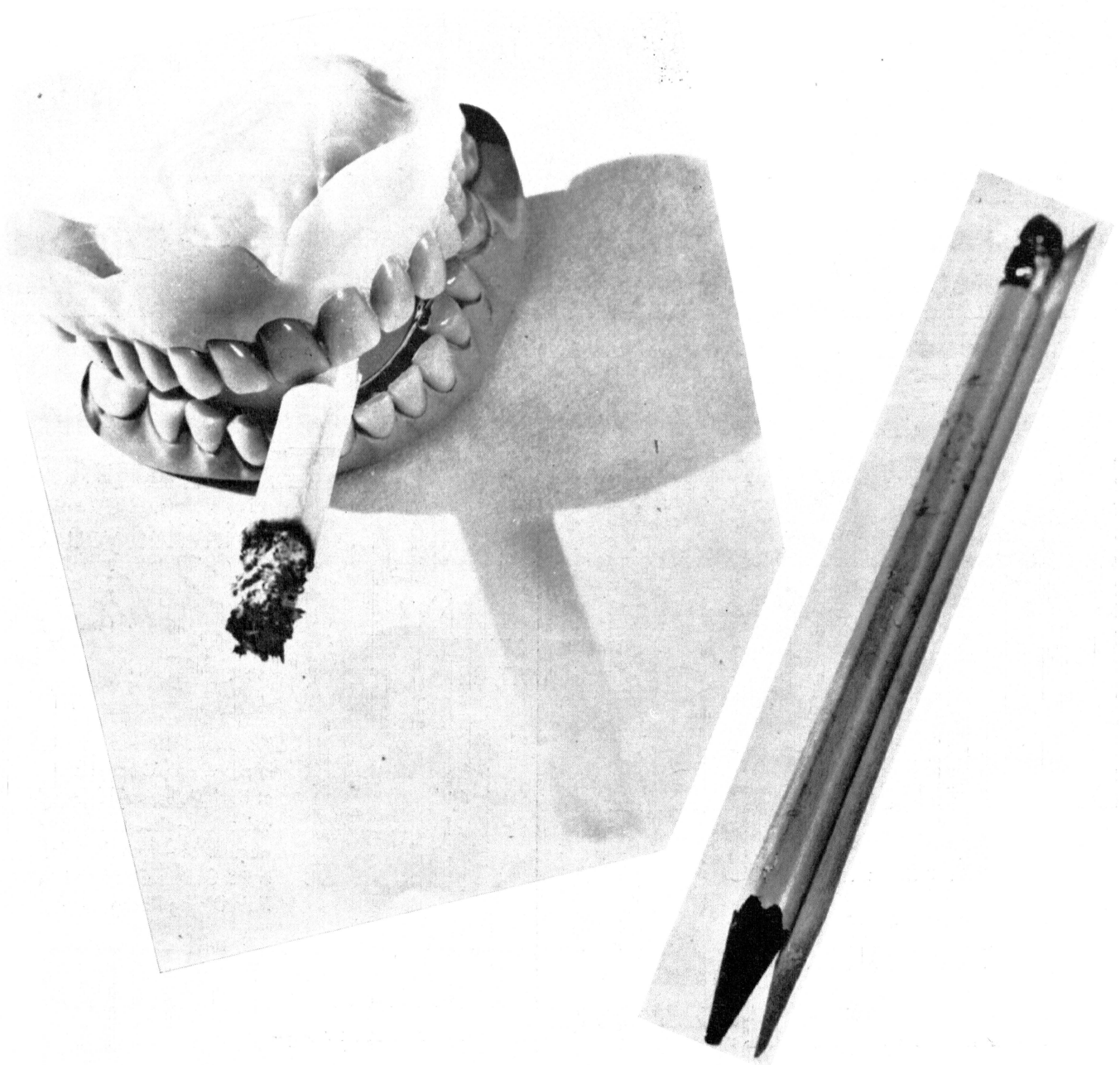
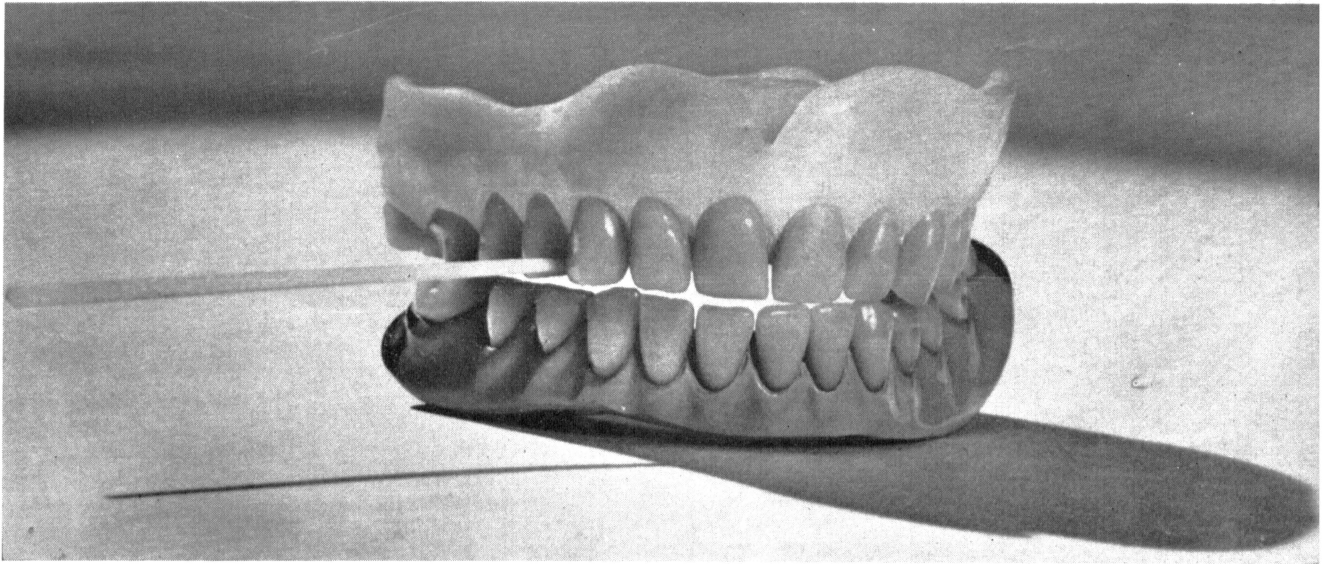
Enjoy

Chesterfield

*for the good things
smoking can give you*

SPEAKING OF PICTURES . . .







AT LAST SOME NEW ANGLES (or should we say "Curves") on the COLUMNS OF OLD MISSOURI



Personal Service
for
Your Clothing
DORN-CLONEY

Dial 3114

ST. LOUIS
invites you to
Relax

**LINDELL
AT GRAND**



You awake refreshed and full of pep when you spend a night at Hotel Melbourne. Splendidly convenient—close to everything worthwhile—with fine food in the Coffee Shop and the Main Dining Room.

**HOTEL
MELBOURNE**

O. P. GREATHOUSE *Manager*

400 ROOMS from **\$2.50** WITH BATH

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Guys:

My cup of gore runneth over.
STRIFE is the nuts—

Bernest Gemmingway

—o—
May de Lawd praise yo' all—

In heaven shall we rest—and
in heaven shall de edditors of
"STRIFE" rest—yea, it is swell—

Father Deewine

—o—
Fellow Tigers:

You've captured the true Miz-
zou spirit. Hooray for the Tigers
and Missouri and STRIFE. The
campus salutes you.

Chick Gefferys

P. S. No more petitions for a
Memorial Union.

—o—
Dear Sirs—

You are not to be commended
upon this issue of STRIFE—
you're to be praised, showered
with honor, congratulated—
NOTHING is too much!

It is marvelous, terrific, gigan-
tic, stupendous, colossal, in fact,
the entire thing is good.

Please accept the congratula-
tions of the entire STUDENT
staff upon your most worthwhile
venture. We apologize for any-
thing we may have said in the
past and assure you that whatever
you do in the future will be heart-
ily recommended by the STU-
DENT staff and myself. We bow
to SHOWME and STRIFE. If
we could put out half as good a
newspaper as you do a magazine
we would be satisfied.

Your humble, obedient servant,
Sil Geidel

P. S. I promise never to start
another petition for a Memorial
Union again.

—o—
Gentlemen:

We've reached one unanimous
verdict in all these years —
STRIFE is constitutional — the
only New Deal effort that is.
Whether there are nine or fifteen
of us, we're all for STRIFE.

Love and kisses,
The Supreme Court.

Gentlemen:

Upon receiving a dummy of the
STRIFE issue of SHOWME I
was pleasantly shocked. Never, in
my many years at this university
have I seen a magazine as well
done as this issue of STRIFE.
Please accept my congratulations.
It's marvelous.

Forever thine,

Gob Kase

P. S. How about coming over
to help me with the Slavitar?

—o—
HAW HAW HAW

DEAN HECKEL

—o—
STRIFE HAS ATTAINED
SEVENTY-SIXTH STAGE IN
STREAM OF LIFE STOP
GOOD WORK

R. B. ELLARD

—o—
STRIFE IS FINE EXAMPLE
OF LAYOUT STOP IT HAS A
THREE HUNDRED FOOT
GRAB STOP CONGRATS

E. K. JOHNSTON

—o—
CONGRATULATIONS ON
STRIFE'S SLUG LINES

MORELOCK

—o—
Sirs:

May I say here, that the ad-
vance copy we received of
STRIFE was of primary impor-
tance in the settlement of the
General Motors labor disputes.

STRIFE was a God-send dur-
ing those long grinding hours of
conference. We sat around for
hours and chortled.

It took nine days to solve the
photo-crime.

Finally, after we finished the
magazine, we decided to end the
strike and give the workers five
cents an hour more so that they
too could buy copies of STRIFE.

I'm advising Roosevelt on the
national importance of your pub-
lication.

Yohn L. Louis.
Detroit, Michigan.

PIPE "BUSTS UP" HOME!



...then he switched
to the brand of
grand aroma



A GURGLY pipe stuffed with wife-
strangling tobacco can wreck a
love-nest. So keep your briar clean
and tidy, reader; fill it only with Sir
Walter Raleigh's fragrant, sweet-
smelling mixture. Sir Walter is Bur-
ley, all Burley, Kentucky Burley. A
supreme combination of leaf, easier on
your tongue and the other half's nose.
Well-aged, slow-burning, cool. And
quite a bit milder: we've blended it
for the man who wants to save his
throat (as well as his sweetheart). Try it.



FREE booklet tells how to make
your old pipe taste better, sweeter;
how to break in a new pipe. Write
for copy today. Brown & Williamson
Tobacco Corporation, Louisville,
Kentucky, Dept. W-72.

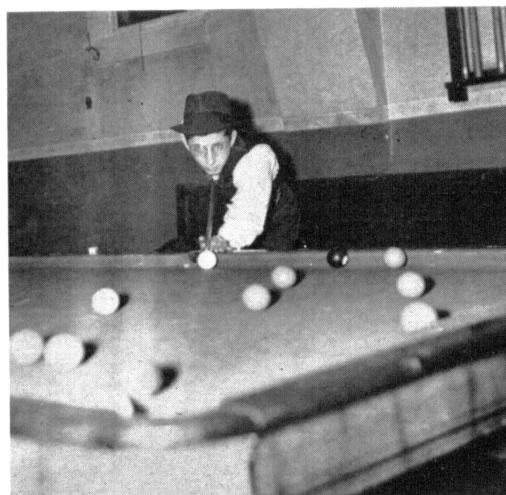
HOW TO
TAKE CARE
of
YOUR PIPE

TUNE IN JACK PEARL (BARON MUNCHAUSEN)
NBC BLUE NETWORK, MON. 9:30 P. M., E. S. T.

STRIFE ON THE MISSOURI NEWS FRONT



The boys meet to discuss plans for the Miami Triad. The little feller had on wading boots.



A law student shows how tough it is to stay in law school. He made the shot using "triple english."

Photographer's composite of last year Savitar queens. Note the "Come Hither" look the queen is flashing at the photographer.



Strife's own scoop—this is the STUDENT pig. Then, again it might be the STUDENT editor. Oh well, what's the difference?

Philips & Co.

NEW 1937
ZENITH

Tiger Hotel Bldg.

Phone 5666

CARS FOR HIRE

Long or Short Trips

Gas and Oil

Cars Repaired

BENEDICT'S GARAGE

Dial 4309

111 S. Ninth

FRATERNITY MANAGEMENT

A Personal Service for College Fraternities and Sororities



The Journalism arch, with its inscriptions, "Wise Shall Be the Bearers of Light" and "The

Schoolmaster of the People," affords a new entrance to the Red Campus of Missouri U.

STRIFE'S PHOTO-CRIME

ROSE IS IN PICCARDY, OR DON'T DRAP THET BOTTLE



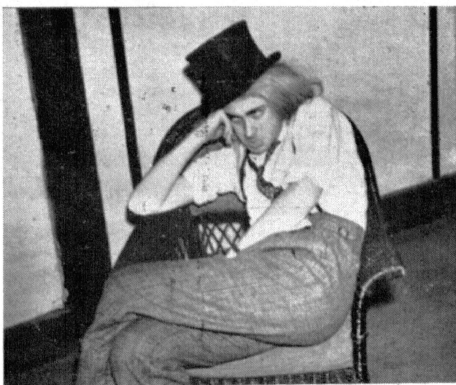
1. John and Jane meet in a jelly-joint. Looks like love at first sight.



2. They dance—it's heavenly; in fact it's unearthly.



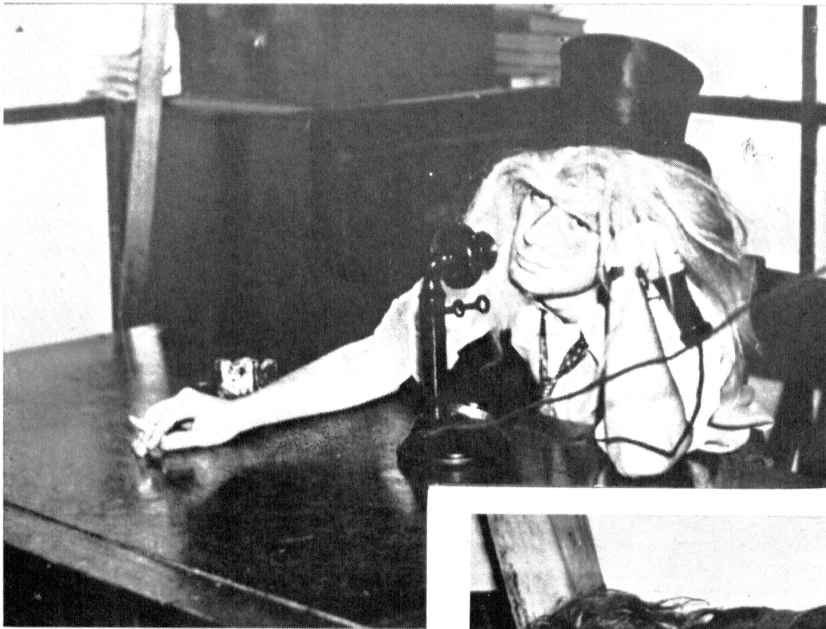
3. Ah, it IS love at first sight. He pins her.



4. John suffers from a guilty conscience when he gets home. In reality, he is Vladmir Glosdarn, wealthy artichoke merchant, international murderer and anarchist.



5. Jane also suffers from a guilty conscience. She is, in reality, Slippery Mehitabel, international jewel thief and confidence gal.



6. John, or Vladimir, (left) calls to reveal all.

7. Jane, or Mehitabel, (below) doesn't answer. She's lying dead in an alley.

WHO DID IT?

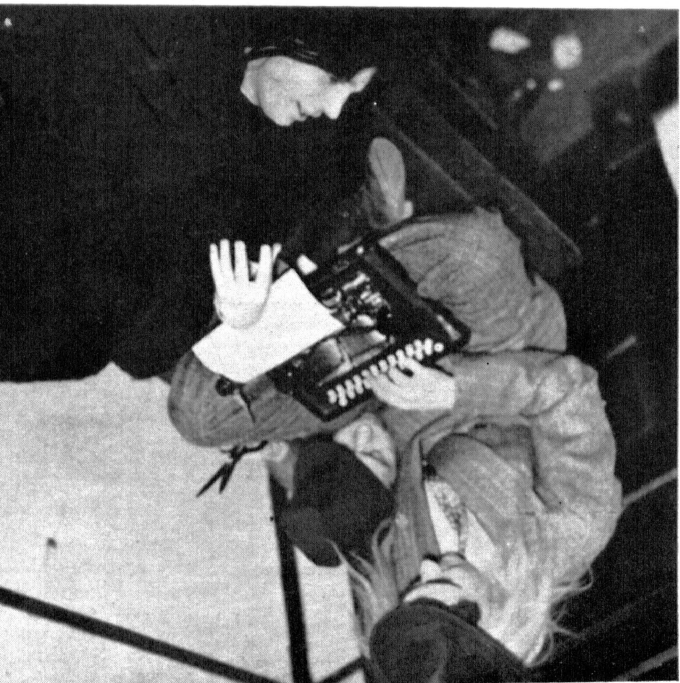


8. Vladimir slays Editor of humor magazine.

WHY?

Because Editor printed funny joke in Show-me, and Mehitabel dropped dead from the shock. (Why she was reading the magazine in an alley, we know not.)

Anticlimax—upside down



9. With gore dripping from his fingers, Editor sits down to write the memoirs of his unhappy love life.

STRIFE

MISSOURI SHOWME

PARODY NUMBER

February - - - - 1937

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THE FRONT COVER IS A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE OLD UNIVERSITY BUILDING BURNING. IT WAS TAKEN BY JOE DOUGLAS, A LOCAL PHOTOGRAPHER NOW DEAD, BUT HIS NEGATIVE, THE ONLY ONE IN EXISTENCE, IS PRESERVED IN THE FILES OF THE J. FRANCIS WESTHOFF STUDIO, FORMERLY BLACKMORE'S.

Editor.....Robert E. Hannon
Business Manager.....Merrill Panitt
AssistantGeorge Palmer

SecretaryPeggy Phelps
AdvertisingVirginia Coulter
Exchange.....Maddie Breinig and Thetas
CirculationCharles Callison

CONTRIBUTORS

Jean Sheriff William McElvain

We thank everyone who consciously or unconsciously appears in this issue.

STRIFE'S PICTURES



While N. S. (Bud) English of Estes Park's studio was taking this month's pictures for Strife, his wife thought she had married a country doctor. Many times we dug him out of bed to dash out into the cold, wintry blasts to snap something for us.

Bud has been playing around with cameras and developing solution since he left the University of Michigan a few years ago. And need we say he knows how to take pictures.

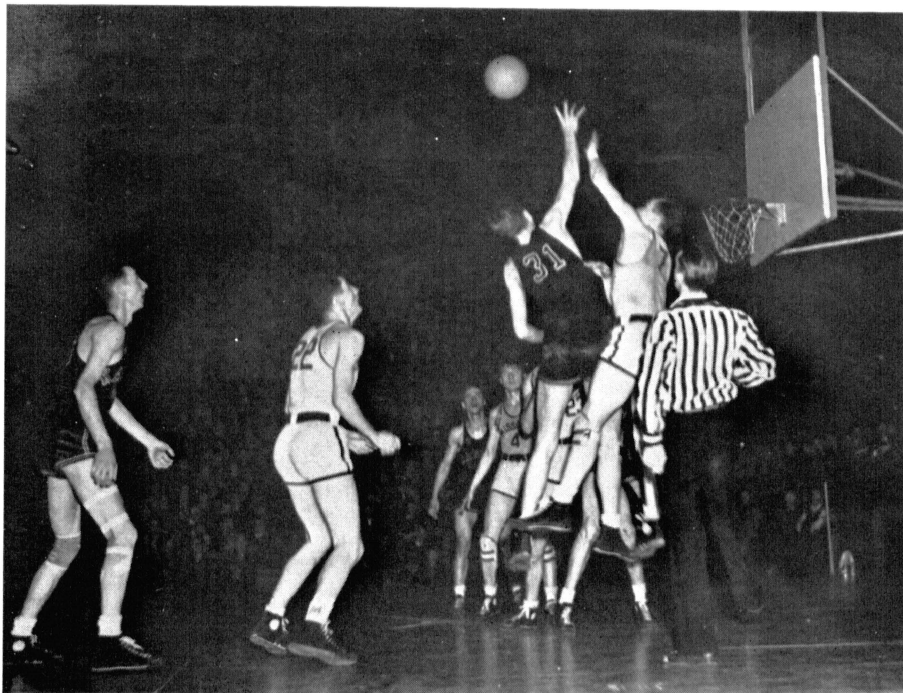
To Mr. English, then, goes most of the credit for this magazine. We thank him for his time, trouble and unending patience.

The credit for all the engravings used in this issue goes to the Artcraft Press, here in Columbia. We thank them for their patience and commend them upon their skill.

Blushingly, we present this one. It's us . . . at work. Forgive us . . . we promised Mother.

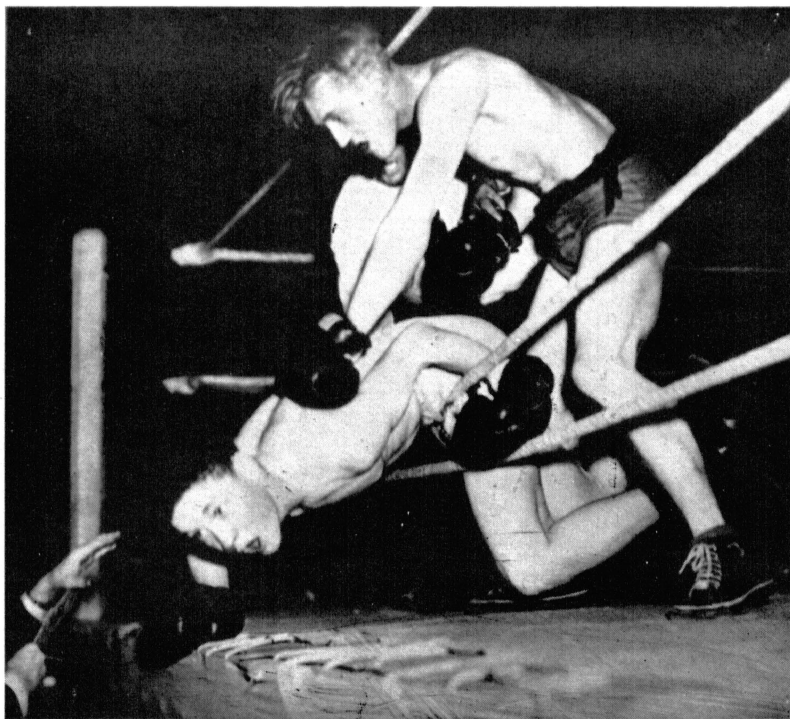


STRIFE ON THE SPORT'S FRONT



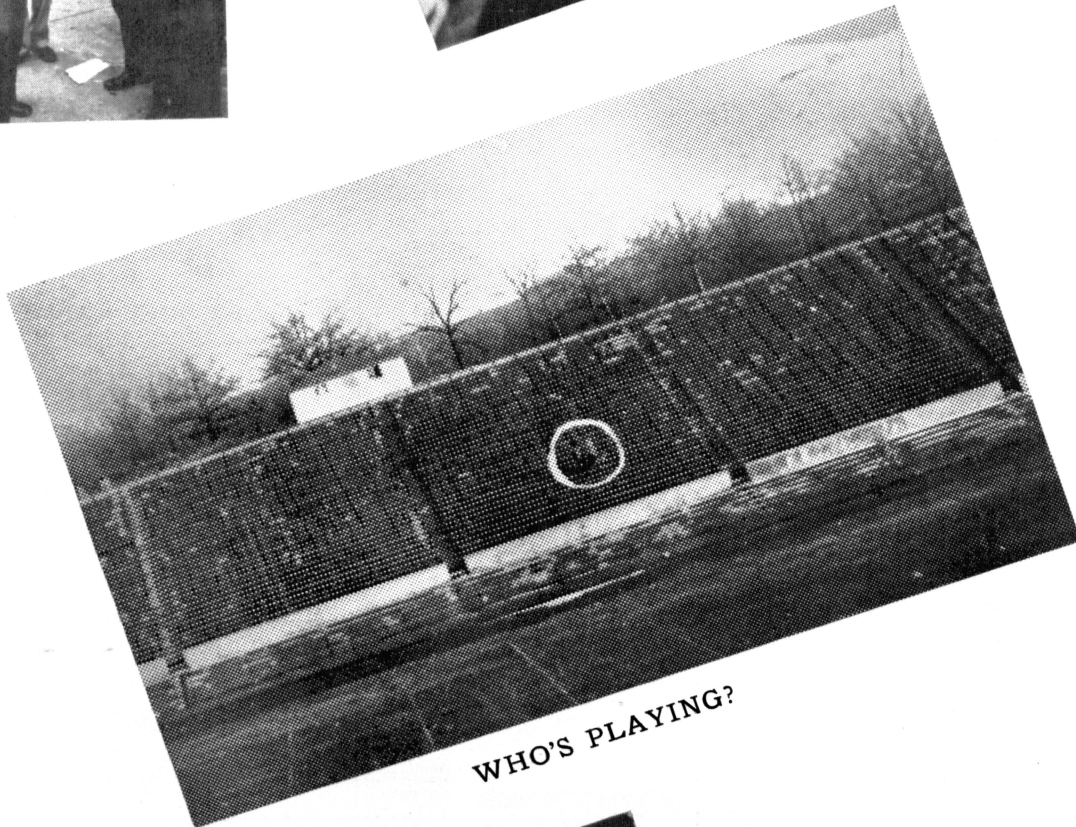
Missouri's much yipped about basketball team is suffering from the usual thing. What the usual thing is remains a question, but it is the same usual thing that has kept Missouri out of the Big Six lead for many a year. Here they are in action against Kansas State — the photographer might have taken a time exposure — the game wasn't very fast. Oh, Missouri lost — or need we have mentioned it?

Whoopsy-daisy. See, we told you not to take that last beer! The gents with the open mouths are Columbia's Golden Gloves aspirants putting on an exhibition for the local fans. The one on the bottom won the fight.



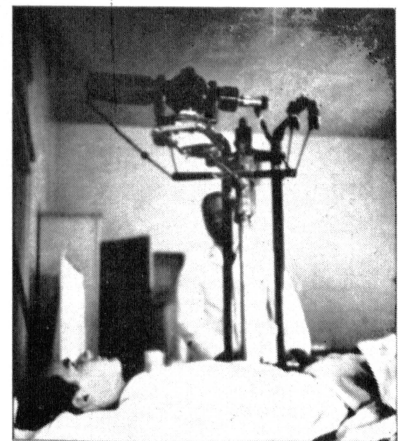
J. SCHOOL POTENTATES

Reading their brain-child after press time. (Extreme left), Taylor, Morelock (behind paper) and Sharp (holding paper). The guy in the back is a student (homo studiens, rare). Taylor (near left), the "man in the slot," at work.

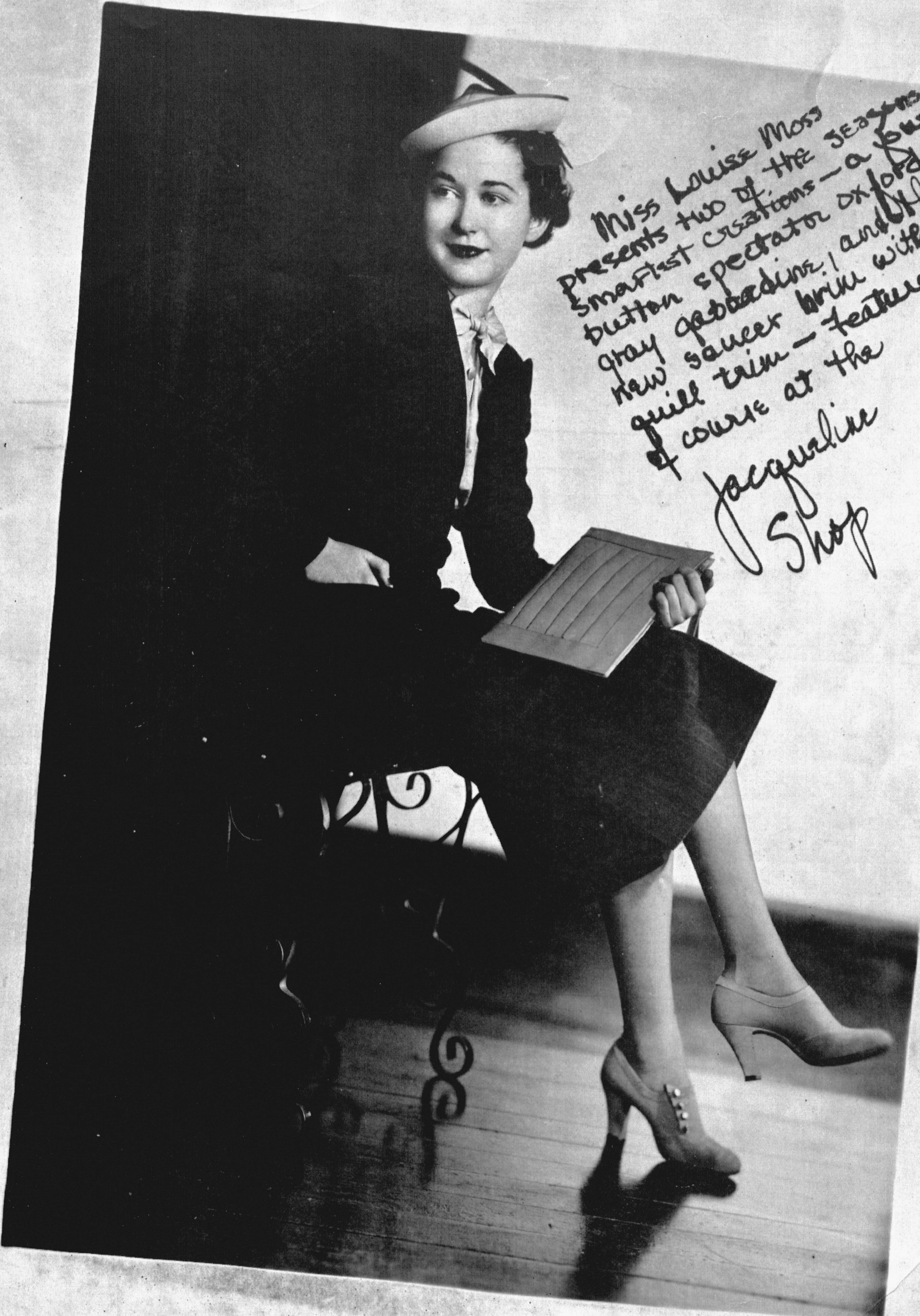


WHO'S PLAYING?

FLU HITS M. U.



Fun in the hospital, or "What! No bed-pan?"



Miss Louise Moss
 presents two of the seasons
 smartest creations - a ~~box~~
 button spectator Oxford of
 gray gabardine. and the
 new saucer brim with
 quill trim - featured
 of course at the

Jacqueline
 Shop



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