

JAYSHOW NUMBER



SWING

MARCH

SYKES

“Stupendous”

Say critics as they bite into an ice cream bar after seeing preview of J. Show.

“Colossal”

is just as inadequate in describing both the show and Central's sparkling orangeade.

“Gigantic”

treat . . . no matter how you feel you are sure to feel better after a glass of Central Chocolate milk, it's

“Unequaled”

for flavor and has that satisfying tang.

“Dynamic”

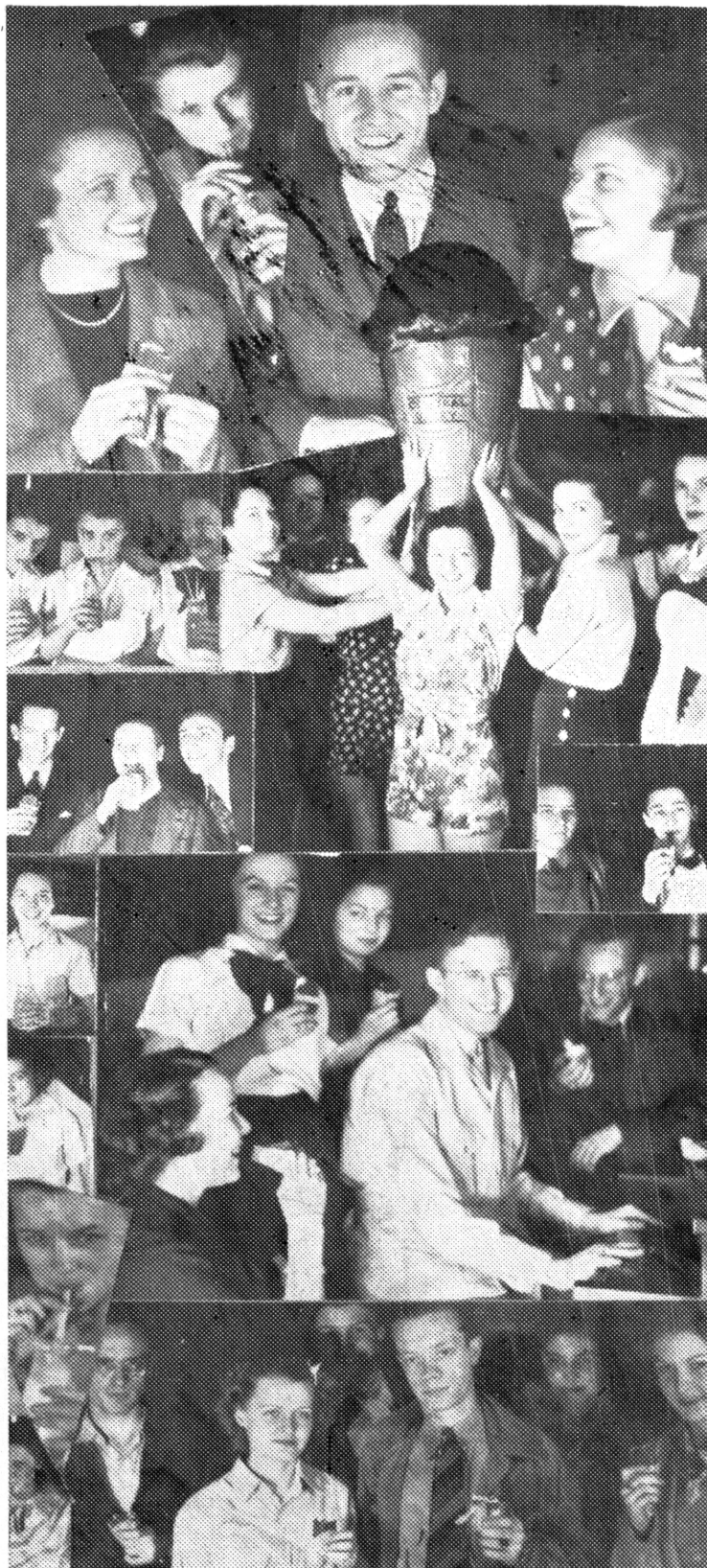
is the word for the plot of the J. Show and Chorus . . . ah it's

“Magnificent”

just as refreshing as a glass of Golden Flake buttermilk the morning after.

Don't Miss It

You may have seen shows in the past but a REAL production is in store for when you see



Always a HIT . . .
JOURNALISM SHOW
and CENTRAL DAIRY PRODUCTS



It's pretty obvious who the Phi Delt's prefer when thirty of the forty dates at their last party came from the Pi Phi and Kappa houses. . . . When it comes to dating, D. G. JUANITA MAIRE gives a lot more than she gets. . . . Pi Phi JOANNA MORGAN dug clams at Springdale after the "Crumb" party which included lap sitting, glass throwing and other such "MINOR" sports. . . . S.A.E. HENRY BUSHYHEAD finds his apartment fair happy hunting grounds. . . .

And then there's the story of REX TAYLOR, Sigma Nu who couldn't wait until 12 o'clock so he could take Kappa TANZEY home—and on the night of his party. . . . Seems the Gamma Phis aren't saying too much about one of their sisters who got in at eight one morning from the Sigma Chi house. . . . If STINKY DAVIS, Phi Delt thinks he is chumping off at the Pi Phi house, we wonder what he thinks he's doing at the Kappa House? . . . JAYNE SOLT wears Phi Delt JACK KINNISON'S picture in a locket given to her by JACK McCLOSKEY. . . . Number one cowhand of the junior class at the law barn, GEORGE W. WISE took a mental recess at the Dixie the other night. Said playster Wise, "I'm the one man in law school unafraid of Bull Overstreet." We wonder. . . . After a round-robin schedule in the Kappa house for the past three years, Kappa Sig prexy, Silent ALAN SEILER

has settled his attentions on lovely ANN SIMRALL, Kappa. . . .

K. A. PODY WHITEHEAD has discovered what Tri-Delt EDITH HARRIS has had on her mind all winter making one of the better stadium couples. . . . Very lush Pi Phi prexy, EVIE FOREMAN is seen once again with Phi Delt PAUL VAN OSDOL, now that Beta BOB McNAB is definitely out of the running. . . .

We can't help but doubt the D. G.'s popularity when we see twelve of them window shopping of a Saturday night. . . . O. D. McKASSON, Kappa Sig, drove down from Des Moines to see Kappa MARJORIE MANN about a date for the hard times party. Result, she went with JACK OLIVER. . . . HELEN SEEVER, Alpha Gam, still wears Acacia WEISBECKER'S ring—but her date to the dance was PERRY CUPPS, Rho boy. . . . A.T.O. HARRY MISSILDINE bragged that he'd have nothing but the best, and he got it, right in the eye. . . . Looks like the bracelet Sig Alph HOGAN gave to Alpha Chi MARY K. LICHTY was to smooth a troubled situation. . . . An omission in last month's issue of potential pinnings is A. E. Phi WEEZIE FROUG and Zebe DON GALAMBA, he of Savitar fame. . . .

Seems that someone is getting a raw deal when Sigma Chi MACK DUDERSTADT, borrows his girl's car for a flying trip to K. C. to see another admirer. . . .

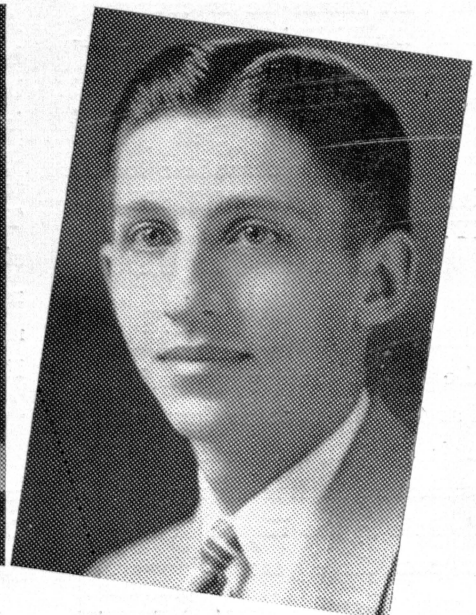
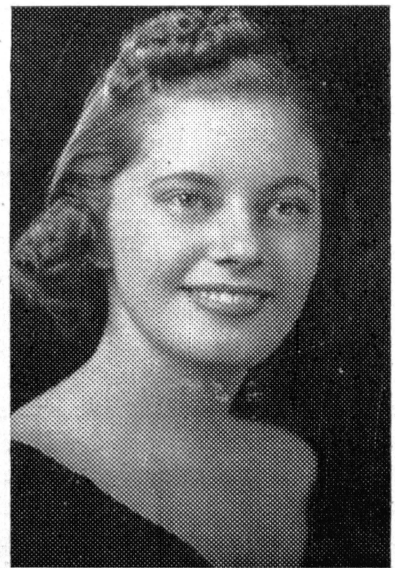
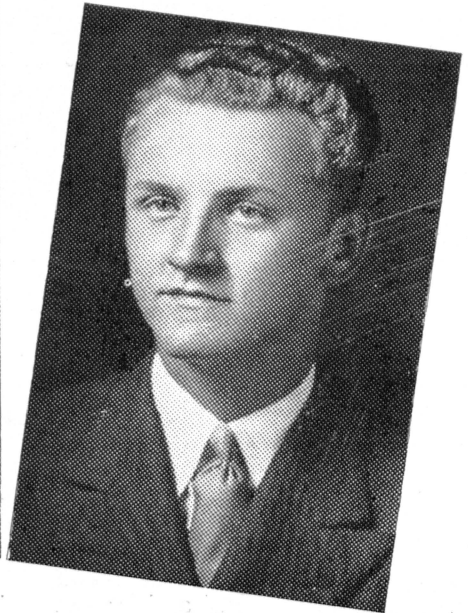
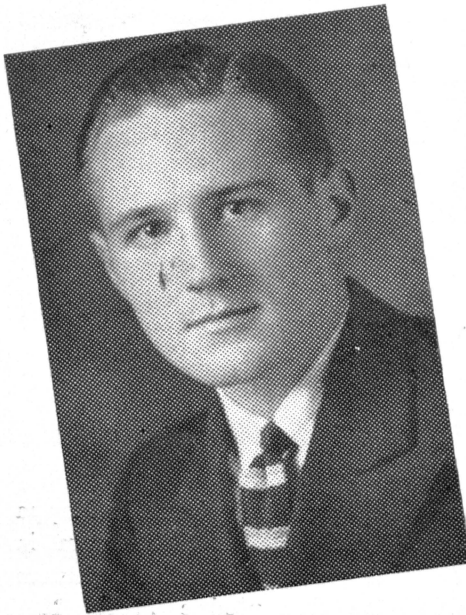
The private phone in Kappa Sig KEN TAYLOR'S room is for longer conversations with smooth De Gee pledge McFARLAND. . . . Very smooth and lovely Pi Phi, JOAN CARGILL, continues to top the list of most desirables.

Why JOE HOGSETT sulks in the house on the hill — too many engineers on the doorstep of Tri Delta's MARILYN BUESCHER. . . . SID GILLETTE, Delt and ALINE DAY have decided to steady it. . . . BILLIE FULTON, Alpha Gam and VIRGIL BRAKEMEYER, Farmhouse, are worried about the picture someone took of them saying goodnight. . . .

S.A.E. CHAMBERS thought he was going to get some place with "PEACHES" ROUNDTREE, D.G. after she gave Sigma Nu JOHNNY GARDNER the air, which was before Phi Gam BRYAN FINNIMORE stepped into the picture. . . . Too bad Sigma Chi MIKE DIRICKSON has his apartment all to himself this year—well, almost to himself. . . . We vote ROGER STRAUS to oblivion. . . . Weekends in the Ozarks don't make news anymore. . . .

DICK AIKEN, Beta hermit likes the likes of SUE DAVIS, Theta but so far has failed to let her in on the secret. . . . Phi Gam JACK RACKEY was seen shopping for a dime store diamond for a Stephens lassie. . . . Alpha Chi FANCHON BARBEE has

(Continued on Page 19)



*Top Row: BILL STONE, Lead; KATHERINE SMITH, Lead; JOHNNY REICK, Band Leader.
 Second Row: BETTY OHNEMUS, Cast; FRED CARL, Chairman Jay Show Commission; VIRGINIA WOLK, Cast.
 Bottom Row: VICTOR TAKE, Cast; JOAN HOWE, Play Director; RANDALL DECKER, Cast.*

... SOUVENIR PROGRAM ...

"To Swing or Not to Swing"

MARCH 16, 17 JESSE AUDITORIUM

Journalism Show---1938 Edition

Schedule of Performances—Wednesday 8:30 p. m.

Thursday 8:15 p. m.—8:15 p. m.

PROLOGUE

ACT I—In the producer's office.

Act II—The rehearsal stage.

THE CAST:

Max Feinbart Victor Take
Earl Caraway Randall Decker
Sally Barton Virginia Wolk
Tommy Harrison Norton
Clayton Holmes Bill Stone
Mrs. Taylor-Beaumont Betty Ohnemus
Phyllis Taylor-Beaumont Katherine Smith
Joe Clink Richard Timmis
Marco McGillicuddy Martin Umansky
Blake Joe Mitchell
Mrs. Blake Lucille Miller
Pierre De Fromage Charles Newton

TAP CHORUS:

Jane Force	Mary O'Connor
Ruth Shifflin	Marie Hansen
Helen Stigall	Felicia Hochman
Elizabeth Nye	Mary Ellen Dacy
Mary Griffith	Micrene Rebbe

BALLET CHORUS:

Lorraine Elswick	Jeanne Ann Lambert
Jane Ann Williams	Mary O'Connor

SPECIALTY NUMBERS:

Instrumental Quartet—Jim Stokes, John Birke,
Conrad Squires, Foster Brown
Dance Norman Perlstein
Piano Joe Raymond
Song Martha Green
Comic Joe Jones
Dance Lucille Miller and Joe Mitchell

DIRECTORS:

Show Joan Howe
Music Jack Beck
Dance Mrs. Max Patrick

TECHNICIAN Ivan Sullivan

BAND Johnny Reick

MAKEUP Louise Mairs

MUSICAL SCORE AND LYRICS:

Jack Beck	Dorothy Richards
Mickey Sharp	Robert Le Moine
Matt Kenney	Robert Lindley
Gladys La Vance	

ARRANGEMENTS Worth Lindley

AUTHORS:

Merrill Panitt
Richard Amper
Robert Duncan
Beryl Rubenstein

JOURNALISM SHOW COMMISSION:

Chairman Fred Carl
Promotion Robert Lando
Publicity Hugh Wylie
Missourian Supplement Vaughn Bryant
Tickets Ruth Kinyon
Costumes Avis Lee McElvany
Properties Maryellen Reyburn

Skets and Skitches from the "J" Show

by Barbara Holliday

PROLOGUE

Hamlet turned over in his grave and moaned, "They can't do this to me. I'll swing before I'll let them throw out my soliloquy."

Fred Carl, decked out in slacks and bedroom slippers, moved closer to the table in Springdale Gardens and hacked another line out of the script.

"You're getting reckless there, old man," said Beck, who was sitting in the corner with pieces of his pajamas peering out from beneath his clothes.

"Reckless, huh! It's the last time you swing me out in the middle of the night to swing over a script."

"The show's got you, lad! You've got to swing!"

ACT 1

Two doleful creatures walked down the room.

"How's the script coming?"

"Terrible. Can't get a thought."

Vic Take smiled consolingly at Randy Decker. "Take this. It's the classic touch you need. Hark! Lipstick is made out of beetles."

"Vic, you're wonderful! I see it now. Girls, millions of girls, dressed in beetle's wings!"

Vic snickered. "Randy, how careless of you."

"Huh?"

"Beetles don't have wings."

(If any resemblance to actual people, think nothing of it. You'll see them in the "J" Show.)

ACT II

Bill Stone was thinking. Someone said, "Can you take care of your bylines for this script?"

He blinked, sighed, looked back at Virginia Wolk and Katherine Smith, crooned happily, "Yes, I can take care of all my bylines."

ACT II (continued)

This can't go on forever. But there are certain spots in the big 1938 Journalism show, "To Swing

or Not To Swing,' which are very super-special.

Virginia Wolk and Dick Timmis put their conspiring heads together and brought out a dance which we bet a pink-tinted elephant you never saw before. Take a rhumba, take a tango, take the "Big Apple," and a few snappy tap routines, throw them together and maybe you'll get what Wolk and Timmis got. One way or the other it's "Swing" with a capital S.

Then there's a voice which comes straight "out of the blues" belonging to Martha Green. We can't decide whether it's the lighting, the atmosphere, the song or the voice but it's touching, "frans," and good!

You've seen ballet and more ballet, but when you see Joe Jones in a ballet, that's news. Rather than reveal the gruesome details we change stages and catch a glimpse of an undulating quiver which is—just a minute, it's slowing down—it's Norman Perlstein! The way he goes in and out of spins, shuffles, jigs and smoother rat-a-tats is better than the latest Fred Astaire nip-up.

The instrumental quartet has one of the smoothest arrangements of "Twilight in Turkey" we've heard, but one says that's only half the story. Meanwhile the girls in the chorus are hitting away with a wicked heel and toe that bodes no good for the non-swing ballet dancers. But then "To Swing or Not to Swing," that is the question.

FINALE

Silence fell. Vic Take gasped, "Ohny, marry me. Take—me!"

Betty Ohnemus smiled. "Vic, what a cute pun. Take—me. Or is it?"

Vic swung his hands through his hair and shouted, "Well, will you or won't you?"

Ohnemus ignored him. "Take—me."

"Vic, a man to see you." Harrison Norton bowed in and bowed out.

"Umomsky, come in, come in."

Ohnemus, in the corner, muttered, "Take—me. Hm-m-m."

"I beg your pardon, lady," Martin Umansky looked startled.

"It's nothing, nothing at all," murmured Viv. "But if I hear that once more—oh well, what are you selling today?"

"A new book called "Take Me."

QUICK CURTAIN

Back again to say that Charles Newton goes temperamental in a new rhythm. And Joe Mitchell and Lucille Miller have a clever routine that swings 'em on and off again.

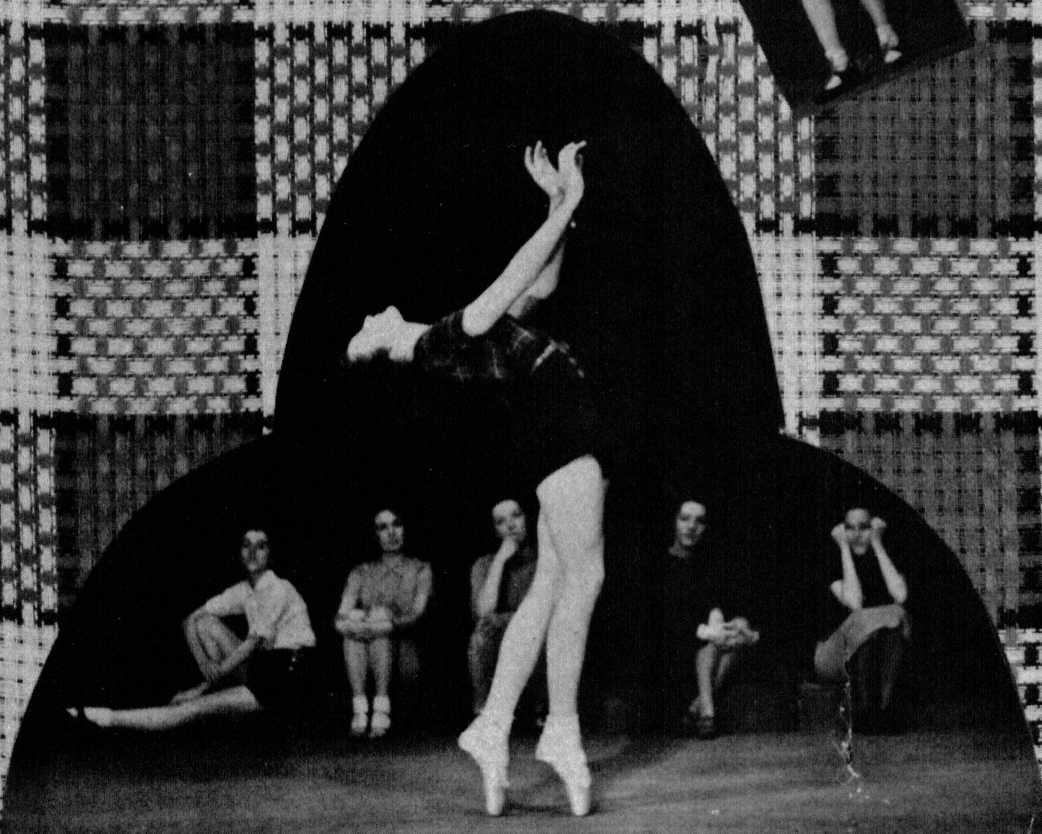
The grand finale whips the foam off the glass in one of the wildest, swingiest, loop-the-loop nip-ups seen yet on this old campus. And if the lines of dialogue above (not from the show by the way) do not fit the characters it's because the lines are too mild. "To Swing or Not to Swing" is the biggest question of the year and the biggest show.

FACING PAGE

At top—Mrs. Patrick, Show Dance Director, explains some of the finer points of a dance routine to the chorus. Center left—Jack Beck, Musical Director. Center—Felicia Hochman, who does a tap specialty and leads the Show Chorus. Center right—Mrs. Patrick. At bottom—Jeanne Ann Lambert practicing for her toe dance specialty, one of the Show's main attractions.

NEXT PAGE

Upper left—Fred Carl, Show Director, looks over some of the cast. Upper right—Chorus does a little toe work on the ceiling. Lower left—The Show Commission maps out "To Swing or Not to Swing." Lower right—Martha Greene, a featured singer in the show.





Leading a Double Life!

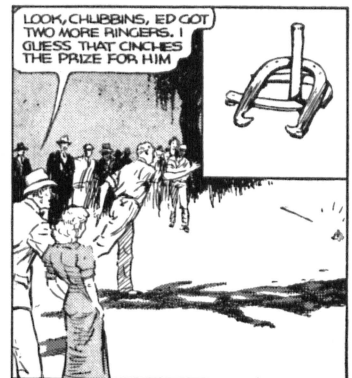
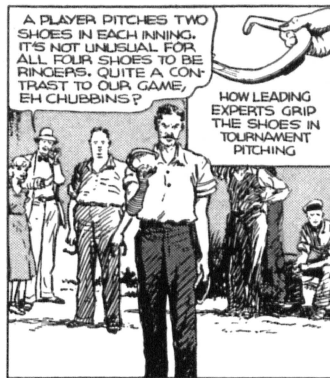
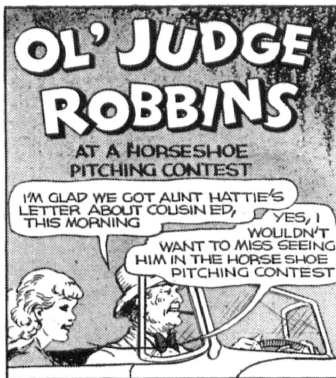


Every pack wrapped in two jackets of Cellophane;
the *OUTER* jacket opens from the *BOTTOM*.

No, no! We don't
Mean the gal!
We wouldn't know
About her.
We're talking about
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You see,
Old Golds are
Double-mellow
Because they're blended
From double-fine
Prize crop tobaccos.
Really double-aged
(3 years or more).
And they're
Double-delightful
Because they're always
Double-fresh . . .
Kept that way
By a
Double-wrapping
Of Cellophane.
Two jackets
Instead of one
Double-guard
O. G.'s freshness.
You'll find
Fresh Old Golds
Double-rich
In flavor,
Double-pleasing
To your taste.
We'll bet
You'll say . . .
Old Gold's
A sweetheart
Like the gal!

TUNE IN on Old Gold's Hollywood Screenscoops, every Tuesday and Thursday night, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast

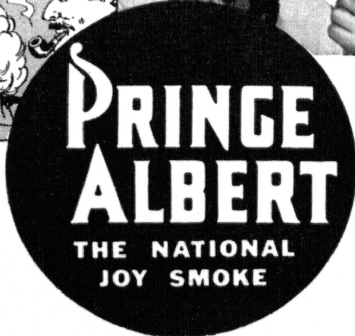
For Finer, *FRESHER* Flavor . . . Smoke Double-Mellow Old Golds



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ALL MY PIPE TROUBLES ARE BEHIND ME. EVEN BREAKING IN A PIPE IS NO PROBLEM WITH **MILD-SMOKING, GOOD-TASTING PRINCE ALBERT**



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

P. A. MONEY-BACK OFFER. 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 Company, Winston-Salem, N.C.

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Darling, I'm sure that you are only pretending to love me. I'm sure that you really don't care; You're acting so sweet that it's hard to convince me You're not getting ready to give me the air.

A man from Kansas was looking into the depths of the Grand Canyon.

"Do you know," said the guide, "it took millions of years for this great abyss to be carved out?"

The man from Kansas was tremendously impressed.

"You don't tell me!" he commented. "Why, I didn't know this was a government job."

"Here's a man trades his wife for a 1936 model car. What do you think of that?"

"I hardly know. What model was she?"

Miss Elder: I will bet you anything you like that I will never marry.

Mr. Easy: I'll take you.

Miss Elder (rapturously): Will you, really?

"Look here, waiter, is this peach or apple pie?"

"Can't you tell from the taste?"

"No, I can't."

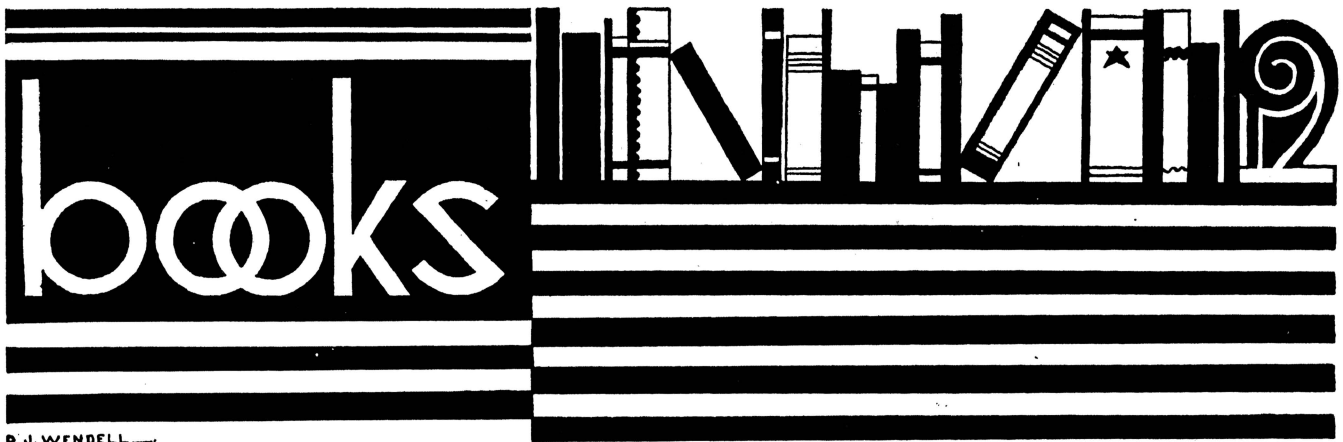
"Well, then, what difference does it make?"

A doctor in our town thought he had completely cured a bad mental case when the fellow suddenly insisted on paying his bill in full.

Teacher: Every one of God's creatures is here for a useful purpose. Now what do we learn from the mosquito, Jimmie.

Jimmie: We learn from the mosquito how easy it is to get stung.

Do you remember 'way back when the college graduate was afraid his old man would put him right to work?



R. J. WENDELL

**U. S. A.
John Dos Passos**

Unquestionably one of the most significant events in modern American literature occurred when Harcourt, Brace and Company published three old works in a new form—U. S. A.—a compendium of John Dos Passos' *THE 42ND PARALLEL*, 1919, and *THE BIG MONEY*.

All these books have been published since 1930, when the first of them, *THE 42ND PARALLEL*, came off the presses to startle the reading public. Since then he has written 1919 and *THE BIG MONEY*—the last named of which was published just last year.

U. S. A. was written carefully from the first word in *THE 42ND PARALLEL* to the last in *THE BIG MONEY* with a single idea in mind—that of putting together a trilogy with a sweeping picture of 20th century America.

And we would be presumptuous to say that he has not succeeded. He has not, at least not wholly, but where he succeeds he does so in the grand manner, and where he fails he fails similarly.

Each of these three novels is a story in itself—each is a carefully chiseled-out description of the age and selected people who lived during the age.

Those who have read one or more of these books are already familiar with the mechanical devices—News Reel's and Camera Eye's—which Dos Passos uses to give a sweeping background on which to brush his characters.

His portraiture of Eugene V. Debs is sympathetic, for Passos is socially conscious—his sketch of Meester Veelson, (President Wilson) sorrows for an impractical idealist who was ravished in the bawdy house of the Peace Conference—J. Ward Morehouse, a picture of one of the big public relations counsels (press agents) of the day is subtly ironic—and Passos is particularly good in catching the nervous neurotic women who serve as companion pieces to the characters that march through this contemporary history.

Many people do not like Dos Passos—they accuse him of being out of sympathy with his characters—but he saw his job as an historian, an historian of a new type—and he put his heart and mind into his work to evolve something new and startling.

—H. H. S.

BOW DOWN TO WOOD AND STONE

By Josephine Lawrence

"But if she had it gladly, why should she seek to exact payment?" Thus speaks Josephine Lawrence through the medium of Hugh Kent, the most sane character in her new book, *BOW DOWN TO WOOD AND STONE*. This is her first book since *IF I HAD FOUR AP-*

PLES. The three Field sisters, Brosia, Senneth, and Gillian, each "sacrificed their lives" to either persons or things, and Miss Lawrence takes over three hundred pages to protest vigorously against useless self sacrifice..

Senneth fought her desire for a second marriage by insisting to herself that "her children came first." She developed a neurotic maternal complex that drove her frustrated, angry children from her, and then spent the rest of her life trying to creep again within their affections.

Brosia sacrificed her life that her doctor-husband, Hugh Kent, should make progress in his profession. To this end she forced him into a town practice when he felt at home only in the country. She told herself that she was maintaining a beautiful soul through keeping her beautiful house, and Brosia was puzzled and irritated when, after twenty-five years of marriage, her husband's successful suit for divorce left him a happy man.

Gillian sacrificed herself to her job. Her head, with the long, untidy hair, which she would never have cut, bent over the same desk in the same office for over thirty years. She felt no wish to improve her lot; she found complacency in feeling that in allowing her distant cousins to drain strength, she was assuring herself a box seat in Heaven. She found instead a drab existence in a dank and smelly boarding house.

—J. R. M.

● ————— ●
Books Reviewed Through
the Courtesy of
The Missouri Store.

Editorial Ego

A thought! Why not organize an athletic league from sundry talent in the various campus publications? The church student associations have done it; so have the independents. To say nothing of the fraternities and sororities!

The recent Missouri Student—Savitar basketball fracas was a friendly gesture in that direction, think we. Certainly the Shamrock and College Farmer can boast of scribes with as much athletic prowess as the Mighty Fuqua or Biglittleman Wylie possess. As far as Showme is concerned, our quiet dignity is not above a little "clean" sport. With a little subsidization, were ready to take all comers—even those Savitar trilobites and Student paramecia.

Softball looms on the immediate horizon. And volleyball. Horseshoes? Yes, if you exclude the College Farmer boys. Publications' Athletic League. PAL. Sounds rather cozy and sweet, doesn't it? Say, that's a thought!

Last issue in this column, SHOWME invited contributions from anyone on the three campuses in Columbia to submit articles, snapshots, cartoons, etc., and to slip same under the office door if they were too timid to bring them on in. The result was encouraging. Far from being timid, new contributors came through in fine fashion and much of the material in this issue is their work. The policy of giving SHOWME back to the students instead of using it for experimental purposes is working out far better than expected and it will be continued through the remainder of the school year. To repeat, all contributions welcome.

MISSOURI SHOWME

"A Reflection on Modern Campus Thought"

ROOM 13, WALTER WILLIAMS HALL
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SHOWME gets out of the rut this time, casts off much of the old style, adds a picture spread or three, and dolls up to appeal more convincingly to student favor. This month we offer shots on a wide variety of subjects, some of them mounted on a background which does much to add to the issue's attractiveness. We must add here that our editorial thanks goes to Anne Fuqua and Bob Glenn, Savitar Bigwigs who assisted SHOWME in getting suitable shots for the picture spreads.

SHOWME scoops every other campus publication—as well as LIFE and the picture services—in presenting the first "different" picture of the Columns since the Jayschool Lions began their eternal search.

We thought the picture was a lie, too, until Joe Raymond told us how he snapped this, the most historic picture since the Hindenburg disaster.

From Jesse he carried a bucket of water and enlarged a small puddle on the walk. Getting down close to the water, he took a time exposure of the scene.

So cheer up, R. O. T. C. 'ers, you will get to have parades, despite the flooded appearance of the Quadrangle.

Spring will blossom forth in the next issue of this renovated humor magazine. Spring fashions, advice to the ladies, how to drink Bock Beer, and how to make an E in Medieval Church—all will be included. It will continue to cover the three campuses like a blanket.

THIS IS MY STORY

by ROSIE VELTSKY

I came from a large family Mama couldn't count and before she'd finished her correspondence course Papa had to build another wing on the house As the eldest I was sent to college All the other children were quite normal

So I arrived at dear old Penwood with my future and a black umbrella in my hands That was the last I saw of myself It was rush week and sorority girls were standing three deep at the station

Seventeen rushed me got samples of my clothing opened my bags to borrow what they wanted and left me with dozens of telephone numbers and dinner invitations written on the hem of my petticoat I never wore a petticoat again Gave it to the museum of unnatural history Before we left the depot the station-master had been rushed hazed and pledged to Eta Epsom Salts

There was scarcely standing room on campus The bands were out the football teams were out the track teams debating teams frat men and coeds knees The faculty had just been let out to teach

I registered in four buildings before I found the right one Later discovered I had registered for an Ag course signed a petition to oust the dean joined the organization for free love and pledged money for a new library

Oh it was wonderful I was wedged in between companionship and fellowship like an olive at an eight course dinner In two weeks I was revamped refinished and pledged to the Sigma Phi Nothings

Me whose individuality had stuck out like papa's ears Me the pride of Oskalusa High School The contradictorian The President of the Pep Club Ach

And so I moved into the Sigma

Phi house with its gorgeous mortgaged parlors and baby grand piano Moved into the upstairs with its twenty telephones and ten beds They even admitted the house was a bit too full that year So I lived with three others in the linen closet and we studied in the telephone booth



● "So I arrived at dear old Penwood with my future and a black umbrella in my hands."

Classes were so crowded that most of my professors sat on dictionary stands to leave more floor space I sat on the basketball center's lap first semester until a red-head edged me off

At first we all took quizzes on separate sheets of paper but it didn't prove practical The answers all came in the same anyway So the professor just gave the class one sheet and we took turns filling it out It never did get to the students in the back of the room and I've heard many of them say they'll always regret that they never learned to write in college

● All References to Persons Living or in College are Purely Intentional.

That was the year my sorority sisters bribed the fraternities into putting me up for Student Council I had good ideas though Everyone said so We put alarm clocks in every lecture hall so the students would get to their next classes on time and did a lot to improve library conditions

Sometimes the congestion was so great in the encyclopedia section that students camped in the periodical department for two days So we installed a hot dog stand in front of the biography shelves and gave away one Complete Works of William Shakespeare with every cup of coffee Cleared out the History of the Civil War section to put up a shooting gallery Experience is the best teacher anyhow

But the extra-curricular activities were where we really got together to show school spirit Never will forget those football games They always used a snow plow before the game to clear the stacks of racoon coats but nobody complained as long as the drinks were good

We were awfully proud of our Penwood fans They could out-hiss any student body in the state The team was remarkable too All nice boys Five of them can still be found in freshman English They not only haven't learned anything but don't even suspect anything Will always remember that tense moment in one game when our captain had fumbled his brass knuckles and the team had only three footballs tucked under their sweaters And how the crowd did cheer when the water-boy finally made the touchdown

Few of us went to convocations They were too deserted and quiet Finally couldn't stand any vacations at home either Only had my five sisters seven brothers and Mama and Papa for company

(Continued on Page 25)



HEROES, HAMLET, AND HILARITY

A YANK AT OXFORD

Replete with action, laughs and fine characterization, A YANK AT OXFORD offers Robert Taylor his most convincing role to date. This is the studio's first British-made production.

In fact, the authenticity of the background and atmosphere of the picture proves that only in a British setting could it have been so successfully evolved.

In presenting Taylor in the title role as the cocky all-star athlete who comes to Oxford to "teach the natives" and himself learns plenty in return, A YANK AT OXFORD affords the star his greatest opportunity to demonstrate his athletic ability, his flair for comedy and his ability to handle genuinely dramatic scenes.

Lionel Barrymore, as Taylor's father, and Maureen O'Sullivan, as the English undergraduate whom the hero meets at Oxford, lend their accustomed polished performances, while in the British players who also have leading roles, audiences may note at least one potential stellar "find" of tomorrow.

ROMANCE IN THE DARK

Hamlet is now Hollywood's ranking comedian!

It's madcap John Barrymore, who won his greatest fame in the theatre playing the role of Shakespeare's melancholy Dane and is now, due to his performance as the pixilated inebriate of TRUE CONFESSION, one of the most sought after laugh-pullers in the motion pictures. He has another of these comic roles with Gladys Swarthout and John Boles in ROMANCE IN THE DARK.

As the Don Juan theatrical producer, whose chief diversion lies in snaking Boles' women away from him, Barrymore furnishes the comedy in this romance of stage life in sophisticated Budapest. His success at this game becomes so provoking that Boles palms off his housemaid, Miss Swarthout, as a glamorous Persian princess, in order to keep Barrymore occupied and to have a countess, played by beautiful Claire Dodd, all to himself.

MERRILY WE LIVE

Few comedies maintain the dizzy pace set in this picture, directed by Norman McLeod, or have the ability of creating such continuous laughter as evoked by its co-stars.

Miss Bennett interprets the role of the petted darling of the Kilbourne household with commendable skill, making the debutante both amusing in her wise-cracking and tempestuous outbursts and appealing in her search for romance. Aherne is excellently cast as the mysterious hobo who appears one morning at the Kilbournes' door and later becomes their chauffeur and more startling, their dinner guest.

Delightful, too, are the scenes in which Billie Burke appears. Her role, that of an absent-minded philanthropist whose mission is to rehabilitate hoboes, is almost tailor-made for Miss Burke's comedy talents. Alan Mowbray, Patsy Kelly and Bonita Granville are others who keep mirth in the foreground and the plot moving briskly with their antics.

in the

- *America's*
- *Greatest*
- *Stars*

College Theatre
Company

- *World's*
- *Best*
- *Pictures*

MISSOURI

HALL

VARSITY

CONFESSIONS OF A PRESS AGENT

THE room was full of smoke. The gentleman of the press pressed a little closer about Oscar Krantz, press agent supreme.

"Now, I ask you," says Oscar, "was that a fair deal? I was good enough for that ham actor, Bruce Martin, up until the time I made him in the movies, but the moment he gets plastered—I mean his feet plastered outside Grauman's Chinese Theatre, he gives me the air. If I was a different sort I could give you guys a real story, but Oscar Krantz bears no grudges. 'Live and let live,' that's my motto. Oh, you only want the good facts. Well, that means this interview is over; there ain't anything good to say about that ham—and why a pig should have to suffer being connected with him is also beyond me. Sure I'll answer your questions.

"When did I meet him? I met him ten years ago. He was down and out. In fact, if he'd have worn a carnation, he would have looked like a well-kept grave. Did he have any talent? Talent? Say don't make me laugh, or I'll split my lip. The only parts I could get him were dumb parts and that was because producers were casting to type. He went over pretty big during the hot summer months—he always left the audience cold.

"Things went from bad to worse and every time I tried to sell him to the public, I felt like a confidence man that just sold his grandmother some worthless stock on money she got by mortgaging the old homestead. I finally got him a part in a Little Theatre play, and when I say little theatre, I mean little theatre. They called the place the Garbo Playhouse because it was only a couple of feet. The show only ran two nights—well it really isn't right to call that a run—it was more like a hundred yard dash. The reason the producer closed the play so quickly was that he was afraid the cast might become lonesome. He was also afraid that if the leading lady's mother sat by herself much longer, she might become a hermit. It's a lucky thing the play wasn't raided, or the doorman might have been locked up for loitering. Oh, Bruce? He went over big un-

ti he got temperamental, and held the show up two hours by tossing his teeth out the window. What a job we had finding them. The play was so bad in that theatre that an efficiency expert, after witnessing a performance, suggested that if the owner wanted to make money (without encroaching upon the field of



counterfeiting) he should let the customers in free and charge them to get out. The earlier they left the more they would have to pay.

"Then I decided Bruce might be suited for night club work. It wasn't long before I convinced an unsuspecting manager that Bruce had a voice. I told him Bruce sang for charity—and heaven knows, he needed it. It was supposed to be a pretty high class night club, although I must admit that it's the first time I'd ever seen a doorman outside of a sewer. There were three waiters to every ta-

ble in the place. One gave you the check and the other two revived you. The entertainment consisted of the largest midget in the world, a fellow about six feet two, and Bruce. After Bruce sang his first song, a man at a rear table presented him with a gold-headed cane—right across the head. I always did tell Bruce he should have taken up the saxophone instead of the piano—it would have been much easier to play in the street.

"And then I decided that I had spared Hollywood long enough. If Charlie McCarthy could get along, Bruce, I figured, should be a natural. He had the same line as Charlie, and what's more, he didn't need anyone to work him. I talked Metro-Warner into giving him a screen test, and no sooner than they had looked at the test, they offered him a twenty minute contract with ten minute options. He was given a part of a villain in his first picture. The leading lady in the picture divorces her husband and wins the custody of her parents. At the end of the picture, the heroine died, and Bruce had to go back to his wife. Talk about 'Quickies'—it seemed as if they made that one during a spare lunch hour. They billed Bruce as the mystery man—the only mystery about it was what he was doing in the picture.

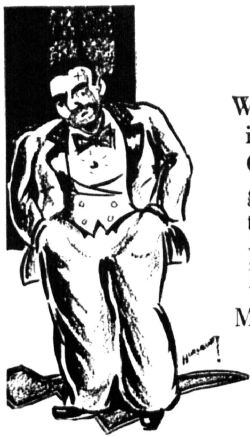
"Then came his big break. Metro-Warner couldn't decide between Robert Taylor and Bruce for the leading role in their planned spectacle, so they decided to have them flip a coin for the major role. Bruce won the toss—so they flipped again.

"And then came the picture that made him and so he bounced me out on my neck. Is that justice?

"What do I think of his latest picture? Say, I saw it yesterday and someone dropped a stench bomb in the theatre, and no one noticed it until the picture was over. At least, when he was an amateur, he was a good-for-nothing.

"But get this, boys. Oscar Krantz bears no one any grudge. I wish him the best of luck, but if I wanted to talk, could I give you a story!"

ALCATREZ ISLAND



Warden (entering into cell block):
Gentlemen, I've got a complaint to make against you. Where is Boss McGuire?

McGuire: Right here, Louie, old Kid. And you gotta noive busting in here wid complaints. We gotta few things to yell about, too. Well, spill wat's eatin' yer.

Warden: In the first place, don't call me Louie here. Why did you slug that guard?

McGuire: He's an officer of the law, ain't he?

Warden: Yes, he is.

McGuire: If he's a bull, then he's a public servant?

Warden: Yes, he is a public servant.

McGuire: Well, if he's a public servant, he shoulda brung me de glass awater when I ast him for it.

Warden: Do you mean to tell me he refused? I'm going over to the hos-

pital and bawl him out. I don't blame you a bit for slugging him.

McGuire: He ain't in de hospital. He's in Cell 13. There ain't no more room in the hospital.

Warden: No more room in the hospital?

McGuire: No, we boys sleep there. You know de beds are softer and anyway, the ventilation here ain't so good.

Warden: I only put two in a cell.

McGuire: Yeah, but our pets take up de room.

Warden: One thing more, boys, about your wives and sweethearts: I don't mind them week-ending here, but, Gentlemen, please be reasonable. It's impossible for me to arrange suites for them. Also, no more suicides in here or there'll be no more guns.

McGuire: Talking about rods, that last bunch weren't union made. Dey had no union label on them.

Warden: But they're \$2 less on the dozen.

McGuire: Listen, Louie, I'm shocked by your selfish actions. In times

like dese, we gotta woik as a group and pull togeder. If the next bunch ain't got no union stamp on dem, I write Roosevelt, and a carbon copy goes to Johnny Lewis. Do youse want this joint picketed by the C.I.O.?

Warden: I suppose you're right. Now, what's on your mind?

McGuire: We, me and the boys, we don't wanna eat fried chicken every day.

Warden: But, I eat it every day.

McGuire: So what! You're only de Warden, Louie.

Warden: I'm sorry if I caused you an inconvenience, Mr. McGuire.

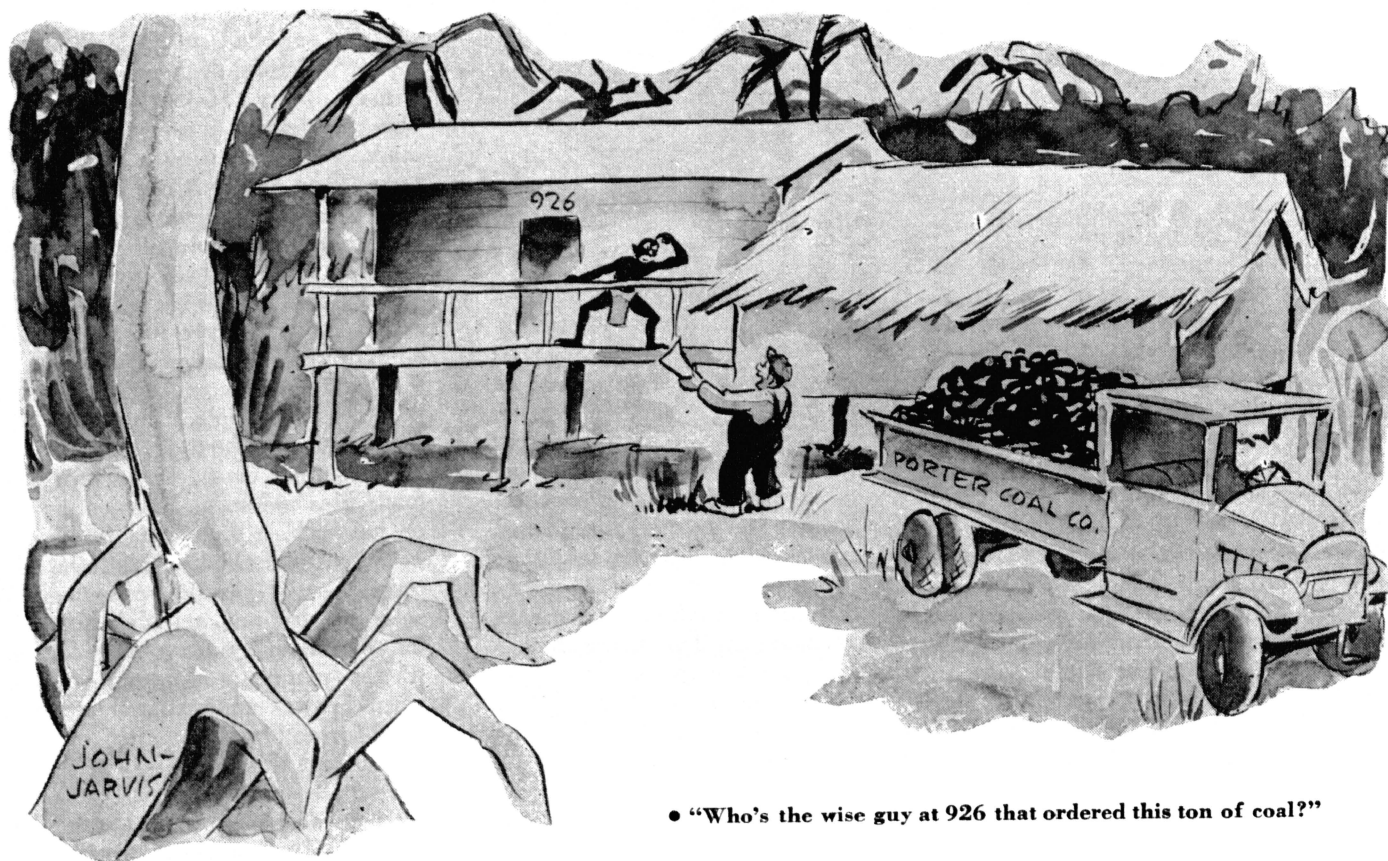
McGuire: It's O.K., Louie. But before you go, I'd like to remind you that I'm checking up on you.

Warden: Checking up on me?

McGuire: Yep. You ain't giving the leaving boarders the full discharge money.

Warden: How dare you?

McGuire: Listen, Louie, you've been gyping them right along and you ain't got no right to give them a cut. I don't mind a little graft now and then, but honesty is honesty, and you gotta be honest, or I get half . . . and if things ain't got union labels on 'em in de future . . .



• "Who's the wise guy at 926 that ordered this ton of coal?"

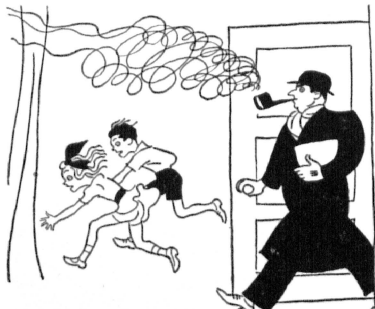
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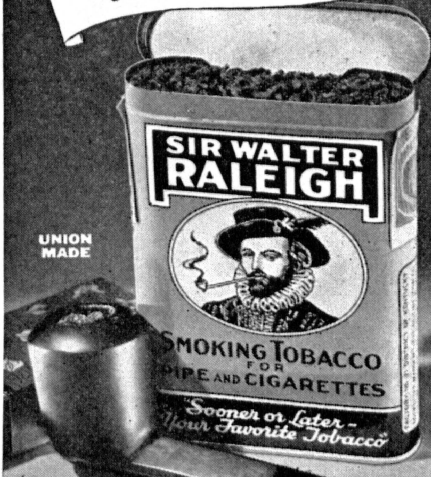
Chesterfield
They Satisfy

**CHEESE IT!
HERE COMES
FATHER!**



WHAT A SMELLY PIPE! Mother tried a dozen times to make dad throw it out. But Uncle Ted had a more reasonable suggestion. He said to clean it well, and—

**SWITCH TO THE BRAND
OF GRAND AROMA**



NOW WE ALL WEAR GRINS. Father says it's the world's mildest blend of tasty burleys. Even mother likes that sweet-and-lovely aroma. Try a two-ounce tin today!

PREFERRED BY COLLEGE MEN. In a recent survey by Self-Help Bureaus of 25 representative universities, students rated Sir Walter Raleigh first or second out of 66 competing pipe tobaccos at a majority of these colleges.

TUNE IN Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra. Every Wednesday, 8:30 P. M., E.S.T., NBC Red Network.

"DOING THE PROM"

As soon as the date for the Prom has been made definite, there arises the necessity of choosing chaperones so that the fair name of our school may not be blemished. Not that the students attending will do anything unethical, even when unwatched, but public opinion demands supervision, and to convention everyone bows. These chaperones are members of the faculty, and are not really chaperones, for their invitations definitely state that they are invited guests. But unfortunately the guests (remember, not chaperones) selected, are invariably unable to attend at the last minute.

During the prom, the escorts dance with the girls they brought when they can get them away from those who crashed or came in on comps. Otherwise they listen to some official tell them what a wonderful time they are having. At the half-hour rest period, between five-minute medleys by the band, the various swains unsuccessfully attempt to get within ten feet of the punch bowl. Experienced prom-goers drink their punch during one of the dances and spend the half-hour on-the-make for their friend's girl.

The Prom winds up at two when the band plays "Home Sweet Home." At that moment, all the couples who have been resting on the side lines, decide that they *just* feel like dancing and importune the band for a few more numbers. The leader has been expecting this, and has left one number out. While he is playing this number, a confederate comes and takes the rest of the music away, so further entreaties unfortunately cannot be fulfilled.

To end the evening properly, couples go to various small places, where the most delightful dishes are served at the most surprising prices (*shocking* may be substituted for the word surprising). Then there is some more dancing. After this, everyone goes home agreeing that he had a wonderful time. But no one ever asks "why?"

An after dinner speaker is a fellow who eats a meal he doesn't want so he can get up and tell a lot of jokes he doesn't remember to a group of people who have already heard them.

*Did you ever stop to think,
That if you should stop to think
That you would get run over?*

Three freshmen visited a bar. "I'll have a Coca-Cola," said the first. . . The bartender turned to the second one. "I'll have an orangeade," was the order. The bartender turned to the third—who said: "And I'll just have a glass of water. You see, I'm driving."

In China the people have the right idea. They sit on the floor at the beginning of a party instead of near the end.

Patient: But how can I get rid of that constant ringing in my ears?

Doctor: Why don't you pay cash for what you buy!

"Did you hear about the Scot who suddenly went blind?"

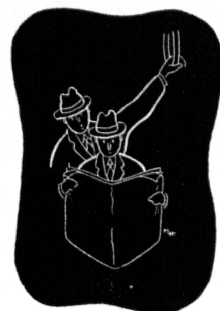
"No, what about him?"

"He had the electricity taken out the next day."

Salvation Nell: Do you want to join the Salvation Army?

Drunk: Who are they fighting?

She has a queer way of getting even with the telephone company. She uses my car to knock down their poles.



Mizzou Males---Phooey!

by Christine Stephens

Living with a bunch of women may be a thrill for the Sultan—but it's no thrill for a Sultana!

The only place more maleless than a girls' school is the Dionne quintuplets' nursery. See girls in classes; girls at dinner; girls at the movies; and sleep with a baker's dozen!

Didn't know people wore anything but skirts until somebody sent me an Esquire. Then, one day, I thought I saw a man. Wasn't sure because he didn't have a secretary on his knee. Circed him warily a few times. He was wearing trousers like I had seen in a men's clothing store when my chaperon took me by! Was convinced! Touched him. It was a man—but he got away!

Discovered there are three varieties of the species in town—corner-standers, car-wavers, and jelly-twerps. None of them have a movie mag face or a Kenny Baker voice. Decided I have been aiming too high. Came down to angora sweaters, big ears, and Rudy Vallee glances. Sort of an orientation to reality that we girls go through!

At last one condescended to shuffle off his street corner and drop a few gems of nasal twang calculated to thrill any female above the age of six. He got my telephone number before I recovered—from the shock.

Dashed back to my embryonic Ladies Aid where glances don't make me feel like I've got a mole on my floating ribs, at least! Resolved never to go downtown again without a tin overcoat.

Took three showers a day for a week. Finally did get a phone call! Wasn't room for me and the bath towel in the telephone

booth, so I gave the bath towel to a guest in the parlor.

A man's voice! Didn't know him but he told me that was my hard luck. Just wanted to ask about several girls in the dorm. Asked if it were true that Hortense had inherited a hundred thousand dollars last month, which girls came back with fur coats at Christmas time, and if there was anyone around here who believed in free love!

Told him this may be a date bureau but it wasn't an investment company and he'd better pay up his life insurance before he asked me for information again!

Was ready to hang up when he said I'd lose money if I cut the call short—he'd charged it to me! But I got even! Gave him the

name of a goon who still wears high-laced shoes and petticoats. Her father makes scads of money working the numbers' racket. She believes in free love—but she's muscle-bound! Hope she catches him!

Just stepped back into the shower when Romeo called. Dripped through the parlor again to hear that beloved nasal twang announce that it had twenty cents and would I like to go on a date? Told him yes, if I wouldn't be a drain on his time and money!

Wore my best clothes for the date. Was entirely without B.O., hally, pink toothbrush, and cosmetic skin—according to the ads. Had a million-dollar smile, was emanating personality, and came out P.D.Q. when he called for me!

House mother pointed out the object leaning against the bookcase with its hands in its pockets.

(Continued on Page 26)



"The Big Apple"

● THE BIG APPLE

WATCH YOUR I. Q.

OR

Button, Button, Whose Got the Answer

BY PHIL DESSAUER

In the good old days things weren't so bad. Men were men, and women hadn't changed much either.

Those were the days when you could ride your bike to school and carry your books, your lunch and your girl with you. Today you take a cab—and leave your books and lunch at home.

Those were the days when a lad at college let his parents have at least half the family income. Today his parents are living with their parents.

Those were the days of surplus profits. Today is the day of the surplus profits tax.

In a word, those were the days of no intelligence tests.

You know what an intelligence test is. One of those printed products that say, "**Apple** is to **worm** as **Mahatma Kandhi** is to: **doughnut, Mutiny on the Bounty, botany lab, nickel cigar, or soda-jerker**. You tell the answer, and the grader marks it wrong.

There are always two sets of answers. Yours and the grader's.

The three human forms of lowest mentality used to be the moron, imbecile and idiot, grading down in that order. But now the idiot has given way. He's an intellectual Atlas compared to the guys who draw up intelligence tests. They think packing the Supreme Court has something to do with cardboard boxes.

Anyway, the occasion for this crusade is that after this paragraph you will be inside the latest edition of these mental jigsaw puzzles. While you are

working on it, concentrate intensely on what that radio orchestra is playing, and glance across the table every once in a while to see if your partner is making that grand slam. This is a supreme effort at the Intelligence Test to End Intelligence Tests. Get ready! Get set! Er—hold it just a second. The watch stopped. . . .

Now! Remember, you have only three days to work on this! Ready, now! GO!!!

Department of Current Events and Miscellaneous Orange Peels

Directions: Break off your pencil point and empty your fountain pen. You have to work this test in your head. And don't forget to pray, mister.

1. A crisis in European politics recently occurred when:
 - a. The Czechoslovakian foreign minister's wife had triplets.
 - b. A Russian diplomat named Ivor E. Zoapp slept for five days and nights without getting up even for vodka or the Kraft Music Hall.
 - c. A German inventor found a new way to pour cream on breakfast cereal without getting the cereal wet.
2. Second-hand stock market ticker-tape is used as:
 - a. Music for player pianos.
 - b. New Year's Eve confetti.
 - c. Copy for college humor magazines.
3. The Duke of Windsor married Mrs. Simpson for the following reason:
 - a. Pappy had a machine gun.
 - b. He felt sorry for his brother.
 - c. She bought the license.
4. The hardest school in this university:
 - a. The school of medicine.
 - b. The school of law.
 - c. The school of engineering.
 - d. The school of journalism.
 - e. Well, what school ARE you in, then?
5. Sinclair Lewis is noted for:
 - a. His new Olympic pole vault record.
 - b. Being the brother of John L. Lewis.
 - c. Having written "Bei Mir Bist Du Schoen."
6. Adolf Hitler's greatest ambition is to:
 - a. Get a baseball autographed by Lou Gehrig or win the Irish Sweepstakes.
 - b. Bring "It Happened One Night" back to Berlin for a second run showing.
 - c. Unite the German people so he can have ice skaters for a full hockey team.
7. The new bridge deck, consisting of 65 cards and five suits, is expected to:
 - a. Eliminate kibitzers by making them either take a hand or shut up.
 - b. Stimulate refrigerator sales in 1939.
 - c. Make everybody stick to pinochle.
8. Kurt von Schusnigg is:
 - a. A female impersonator scheduled to appear at the Varsity theater next Saturday night.
 - b. One of the seven dwarfs.
 - c. The F.B.I., a gent who arrested Jack Benny for 1934 income tax deficiency.

9. There is a split in the Democratic party because:
 - a. Some red ink manufacturers bought out Congress.
 - b. The House of Representatives is really working for William Randolph Hearst.
 - c. Three Senators are secretly married to daughters of Supreme Court members.
10. Next to intelligence tests, the most inane things in the world are:
 - a. Intelligence tests.
 - b. Intelligence tests.
 - c. Intelligence tests.

SHOWME SHOW

(Continued from page 1)

taken back BILL BRITAIN'S Kappa Sig pin which means more peaceful romance for awhile. . . . JANE ARCULARIUS, D. G. and HERB JONES, Kappa Sig are that way. . . . The Triad gives the Betas an excuse for lots of things such as FRED BROWNELL who will take Pi Phi MARY JANE YATES, and DON KLEIN who will not take Kappa GWEN KNIGHT. . . .

Chi Omega LUCILLE WITHERS does not let the ring of a home town love effect her feeling for Fiddle-de-fee HASELTINE, very suave lawyer. . . . MARJORIE McVEY is one smoothie who should not be taken out of circulation by a California interest. . . . What did MATT KINNEY, Phi Gam think when he saw the Tulsa paper carrying the picture of the wedding party of LOUISE DAVIS, Pi Phi love. Perhaps a Stephens gal can console him. . . . Kappa STANTON is doing well—what with a Phi Delt pin, Beta yearnings, and a different color scheme in cars. . . . Looks like serious developments after Pi Phi JEAN

100 CALLING CARDS 25c

Names neatly printed on good quality cards (1½x2½ in.). If address is desired, add 10c extra. Send 25c coin. Postage prepaid. **U. S. Only.** 6019 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa., THE CHESTNUT PRESS, Dept. C.

—Ad in STUDENT

Readers in Patagonia, England, and Tahiti will please ignore.

MAYOR IS READY TO IMPART MILK IF CRISIS COMES

—The Times

Versatile, the mayor.

—Jack-o-Lantern

Versatile, hell, he's colossal.

MURRAY drops in from Tulsa to see barrister DAVE TRUSTY.

Shanghai, March 4 (Friday).—Japanese army dispatches said today that a Chinese army of 100,000 men had been caught in a virtual "death trap" in Southwest Shansi province.

Buy a better used car, Exceptional bargains are offered in Star Want Ads during National Used Car Exchange Week.—Adv.

—K. C. Star.

Yeah! Let China be a lesson.

JEWELS ON HER EYELASHES

Paris Outdoes Hollywood in Giving a "Come-Hitler" Look

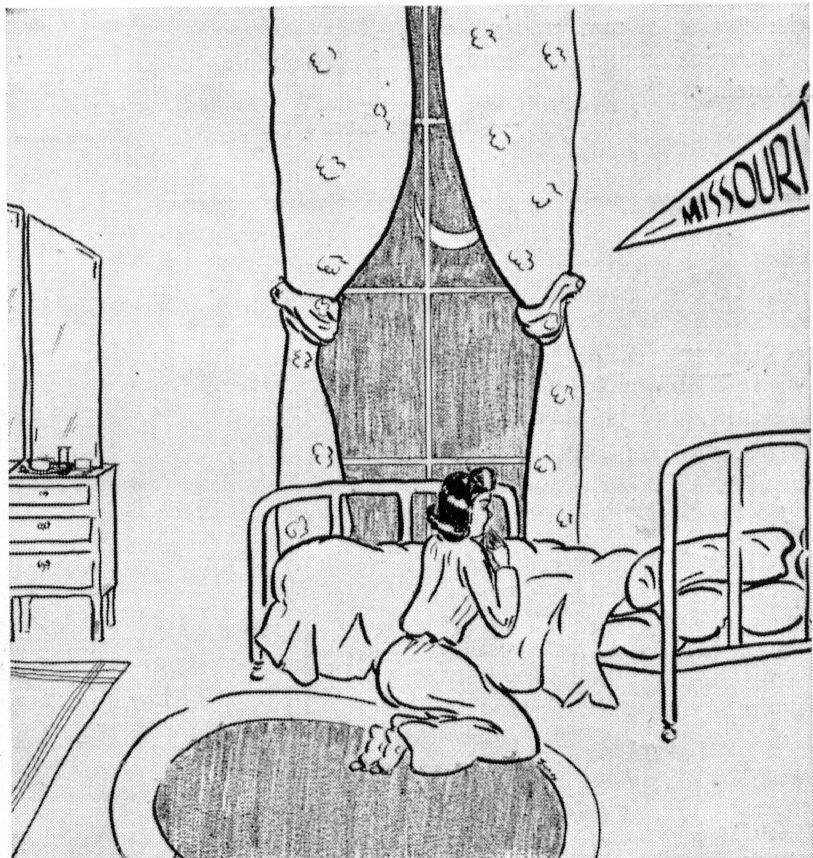
—K. C. Paper

No wonder Eden quit.

In some rocks we find the fossil footprints of fish.

—Yale Record

What, no snake hips!



• . . . and make me a good girl—but not so good that he won't ask me to the Jayshow.

FRATERNITY MANAGEMENT

A Personal Service for College Fraternities and Sororities

"This class reminds me of Kaffee Hag; 99% of the active element removed from the bean."

—Sundial

A gentleman, on being informed that he was the proud father of triplets, was so overjoyed at the news that he rushed to the hospital immediately, where his wife and newly acquired family were, and dashed pell-mell into the room.

The nurse being out at the time was irritated upon her return and remonstrated with the father:

"Don't you know better than to come in here with germ-filled clothes? Why, you're not sterile."

He looked at her a moment and then said, "Lady, are you telling me?"

—Rammer-Jammer

"I represent the Mountain-Cheap Wool Company," began the snappy young salesman. "Would you be interested in coarse yarns?"

"Gosh, yes," breathed the gal, hopefully. "Tell me a couple."

—Bored Walk

It was Prom time. Fifty couples were dancing to the strains of mad music.

It begins to rain. A hundred and fifty couples are dancing.

—Amherst Lord Jeff



Be Sure That
SPRING *Is in the Hair!*

Spring dresses! Spring hats! Spring fever! But are you sure that your hair is smart for Spring? Our modern facilities and personal services make it possible for you to receive the best spring beauty aids at the lowest cost.

Lasting loveliness is assured you with our painless permanent wave. No wires, no heat, no harmful chemicals are used. We specialize in machineless permanents of all kinds.

GREENSPON'S
Beauty Salon
MARGUERITE CRILEY, *Manager*



SHE: Have you tried the Big Apple? It's really breath-taking!
HE: Say, when I want to take my breath away, I eat LIFE SAVERS!



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 publication. The right to publish any or all jokes is reserved. Decisions of the editors will be final. The winning wisecrack will be published the following month along with the lucky winner's name.

ANNE HURD

"What would this country be without men?—
Stagnation."

IN THE SPRING —

*In the spring the old man's fancy
lightly turns to thoughts of:*

- Whether the coal is going to last through April.
- Whether it wouldn't be more advisable to buy a trailer than agree to another raise in rent.
- Whether daughter is ever going to remain engaged long enough to really get married.
- New remedies for incipient baldness.
- The high taxes, and if it wouldn't be more advisable to chuck everything and get on some government project.
- Whether Junior is going to flunk in his final exams, and why the dickens he should choose just this time to get foolish about some girl.
- Whether there is going to be another war.
- Why no one pays any attention to him.
- Why somebody doesn't figure out this crazy existence.



"Insurance people are certainly queer," remarked a young prospect at the club one evening.

"In what particular way?"

"First they come around and convince you that you may die at any minute to get you to apply for a policy and then before they'll issue it they take every measure to convince themselves that you'll live for years and years."



"Good morning, Madam. I deal in cast-off clothing."

"Oh, how lucky! Do you think you have anything that would suit my husband?"



The clergyman of a poor parish was showing a rich lady around, hoping to touch her heart and so receive a big check for his people.

"We are now passing through the poorest slums," he said, as the car turned into a side street. "These people have little to brighten their lives."

"I must do something for them," sighed the lady, adding to the chauffeur: "James, drive the car slowly, and turn on the big lamps."



Your
choice is *right* with
**BEECH-NUT
GUM**

for flavor and refreshment



WHEN WORK PILES UP

...the use of chewing gum lessens fatigue, improves alertness and mental efficiency. BEECHIES are the "candy-coated" variety in your choice of flavors . . . Peppermint, Pepsin or Spearmint.



ALWAYS REFRESHING

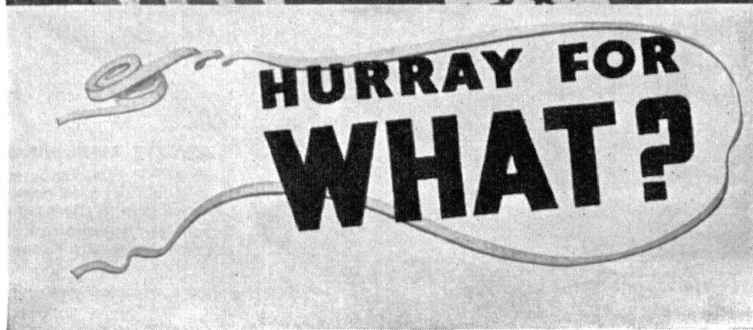
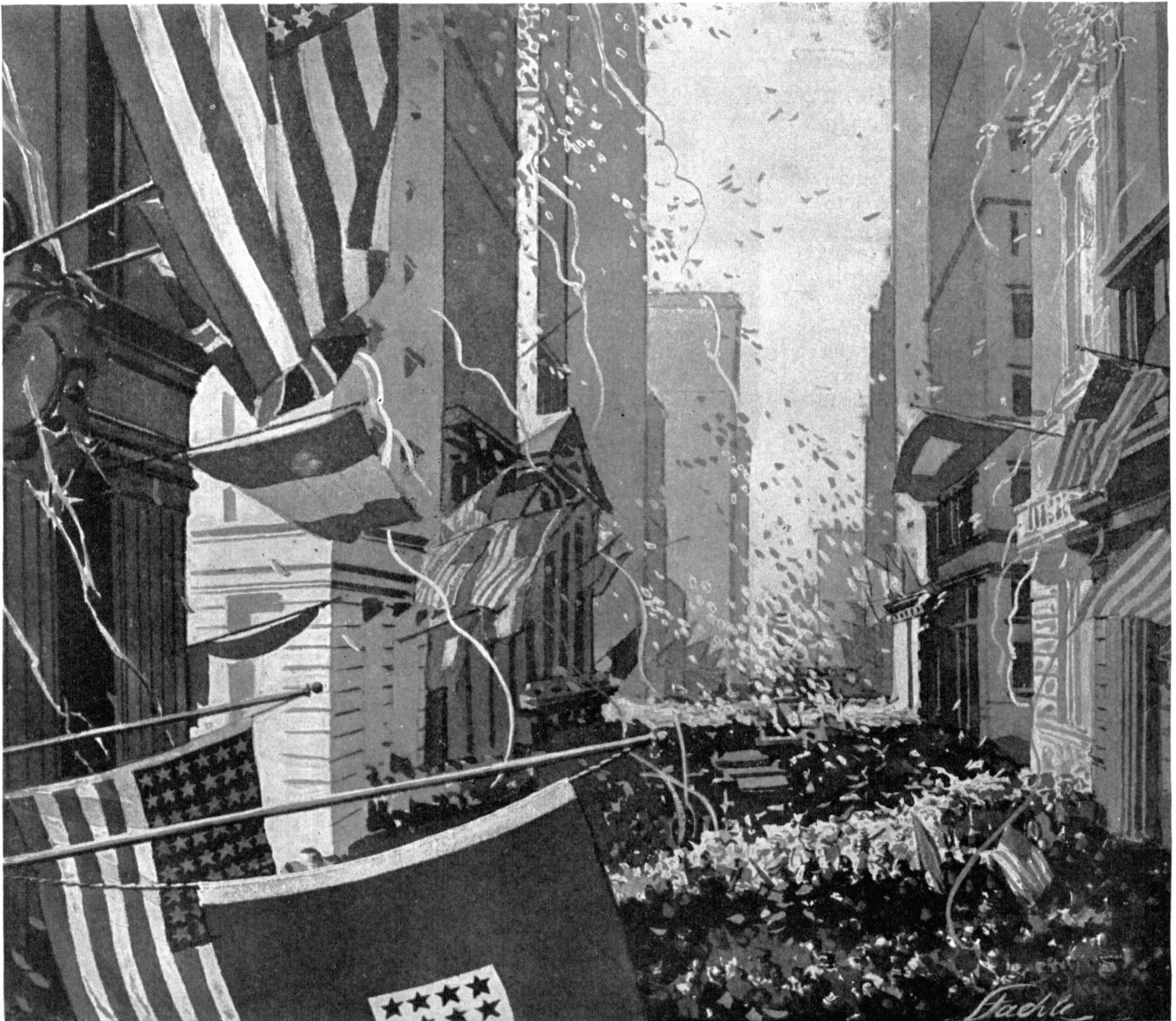
Beech-Nut Peppermint Gum is so good it's the most popular flavor of gum in America. Beech-Nut Spearmint has a richness you're sure to enjoy.



"CHEW WITH A PURPOSE"

The use of chewing gum gives your mouth, teeth and gums beneficial exercise. Beech-Nut Oralgene is specially made for this purpose. It's firmer, "chewier" . . . helps keep teeth clean and fresh looking.

Always worth stopping for



The war is over?

Is it over, Mother?—No, your son was killed.

Is it over, little girl with the big blue eyes?—No, your daddy was killed.

Is it over, soldier?—No, you lost a leg.

Is it over, laborer with the horny hands?—No. You, and your children,

and *their* children, and **THEIR** children must lay out their hard-earned dollars in taxes to pay for it!

So why do we cheer?

Only the fighting is over. Hearts will go on aching. And men will walk on crutches. And laborers will work and work, and pay and pay—for years. For years, and years, and years.

Let's not have another war.

What to do about it

Hysterical protests won't avert another war, any more than will "preparedness".

Civilization must build its own defense out of human reason and intelligence, properly organized and applied.

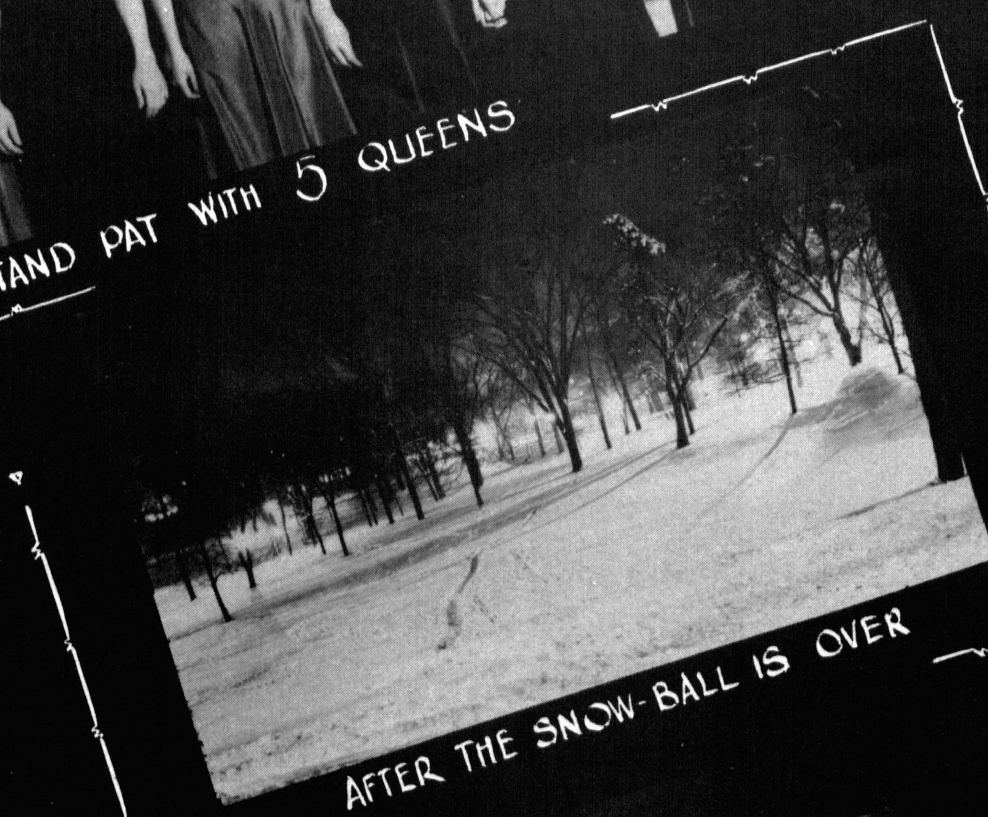
To every reasonable and intelligent man and woman in America goes the responsibility of doing his or her share to avert the coming war.

World Peaceways offers a practical plan of how you *can* help. Write for it. There is no obligation involved in your inquiry, except the obligation to your conscience and to your conviction that *there must be* no more wars. World Peaceways, Inc., 103 Park Ave., New York City.

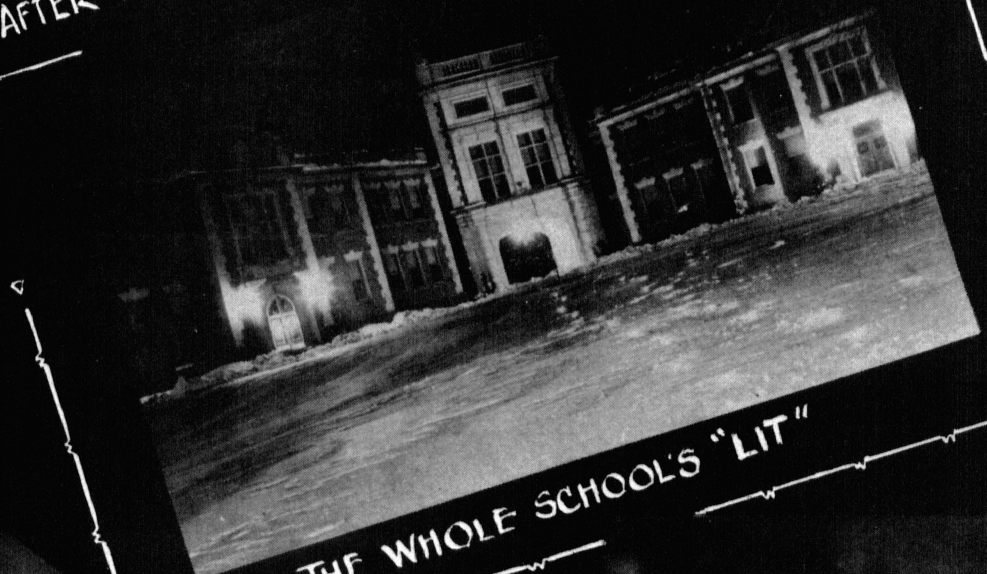


STAND PAT WITH 5 QUEENS

A WELL-BRED CRUMB



AFTER THE SNOW-BALL IS OVER



THE WHOLE SCHOOL'S "LIT"



DON'T PIN— ZIP !!

BEWARE OF THE HARE SYSTEM

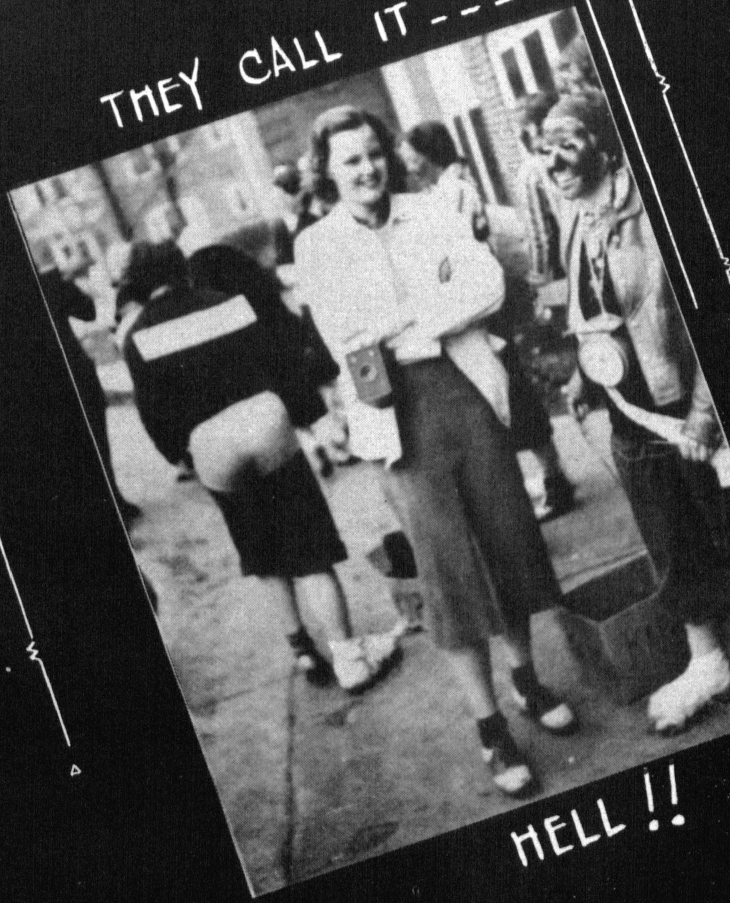




AT STEPHENS ---



DAMN THESE W.P.A. DAMS !!

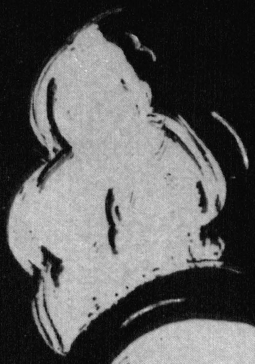


THEY CALL IT ---

HELL !!



ZICK, BUT HEALTHY



"THAT'S ROSIE BEHIND"

THIS IS MY STORY

(Continued from Page 11)

They didn't like the way I talked in monosyllables But then I hadn't finished my own sentences for months Even had whole chairs and a bed to myself It was deadly

Surprised there was only one of Abie Had begun to think of him as a fraternity Then Abie visited me at Penwood and I had one date with him The girls insisted I share him Too bad the night he had planned to give me the ring my pledge daughter had him out So Abie left saying he wasn't quite up to marrying the whole sorority and when he felt in a harem-scarum mood he'd be back

But the world was full of able Abies just as ready and willing My main-stay gone all stays are out anyway I went back to mass dating

We always dated in groups and it was a disgrace to leave and come back with the same escort The night I was pinned I came home with the Dean Didn't see my finance again until the Spring Formal

That was a dance Five of my formals went The orchestra was marvelous even without the trombone players There wasn't room for them to play We were packed in like assorted asparagus and never moved all evening In fact the nails in my date's shoes wore a good-sized hole in the floor before midnight Had a terrible time getting out after the dance The doors opened from the inside

But that was nothing compared to the post-office brawls we used to have The mail man got so he used to sneak in at night with the mail We caught on to that The college authorities banned the use of black-jacks and billy-clubs But one could still get through with hat pins Boxes from home never got past the door Finally the post-master quit because he didn't have time to read all the post cards

Commencement rolled around before we had time to concen-

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trate Very jolly affair Didn't feel at all sad as I sat in the auditorium with 400 others Same diplomas were passed out to everybody Some drew blanks but I had a lucky number

Then people began offering me jobs Most embarrassing was private secretary for awhile Didn't get along with the boss He was not a fraternity man Appointed dietician at a deaf and dumb institute Quit third day Missed the wisecracks Modeled for table legs a week Very solitary job Not enough opportunity to work up

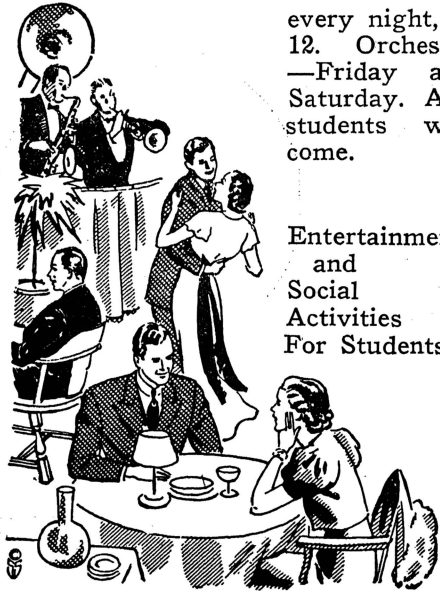


• "Same diplomas were passed out to everybody. Some drew blanks but I got a lucky number."

Was so lonesome I lost my appetite Would stand around in crowds with tears in my eyes Then I enlisted in the army of the unemployed At last I was happy again Twelve of us girls live in a fifth floor room and sleep in two beds Every day we join the crowd holding rallies in the town square Sometimes we march and sing But we never get lonely Our meals are the greatest sport Everyone grabs for himself And now we're starting WPA plays a symphony concert group and boxing matches

It isn't that college grads can't

(Over, pliz)



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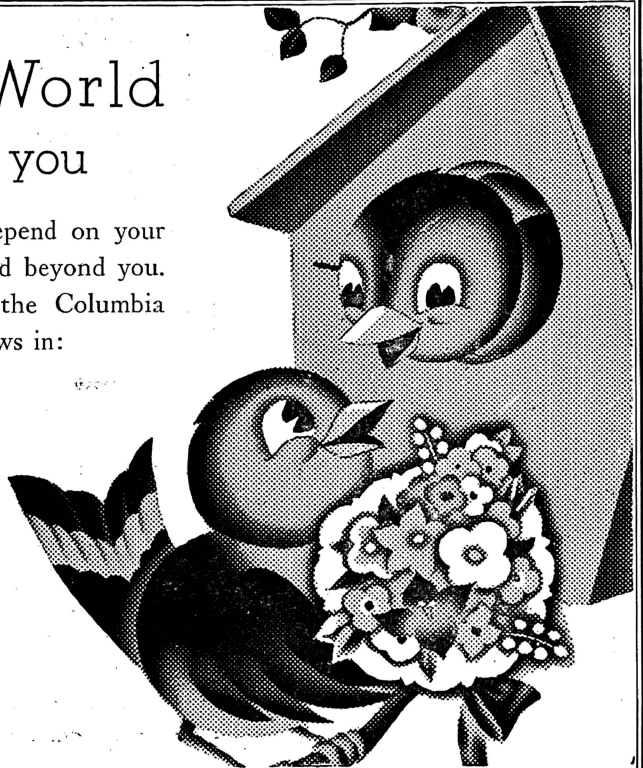
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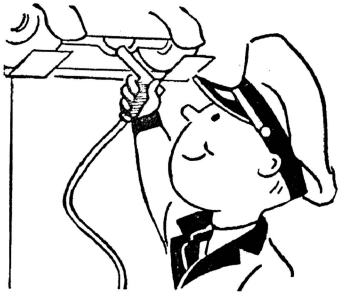


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PIDDLESTICKS

It's a good thing the St. Pat's queen isn't judged by beauty standards or a three-way tie would have to be called. A shame so many lovelies have to be sacrificed for one queenship. . . . If 10 cents is to the Savvy Frolics as \$5 is to the next Savitar, then this year's book should be all-universe. . . . A course that could be substituted neatly for one of the many griped about required courses is "Application of Psychology to Student Problems." . . . A composite Phi Gam and a ditto Kappa would make an ideal all-around campus couple. (We're neither). . . . "School of Love," an Eldon Jones feature, hasn't been snapped up by some "name" band 'cause the owner of the copyright hugs it for sentimental reasons. . . .

Candid Shots. . . . Eleanor Halley wearing a bright yellow felt chapeau in a drizzling rain. . . . Paul Van Osdol giving a McKinney-like greeting to a janitor in Jesse. . . . A candidographer leaning out of Gaeb's diner to snap a picture of Helen Nichols and Evelyn Myers. A guttural shout brought their attention, but the distance from lens to subjects will result in two Kappas being no bigger than a pinhead, which isn't a nice thing to inflict on a Kappa. . . . Four Stephens kids skating on Rollins during their two-day period to catch up on studies, sleep, etc. . . . The viper on a Campustown roof, who, during the last snowfun, amused pedestrians 10 feet below.

Why not a tan or light brown fingernail polish for blondes. Joan Cargill's nails suggested it. . . . Some day the Sanford Pl. Thetas are going to get real peeved at the boys next door and pull down the shades. Or will they? . . . The latest dope from Eastern collegiate circles (Colgate in particular) says that Tommy Dorsey is fast replacing Goodman. That won't affect us. . . .

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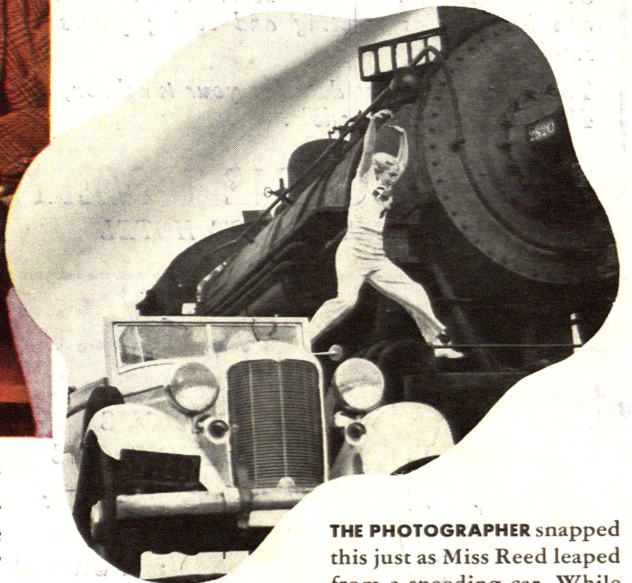


"I've noticed that you are a steady Camel smoker, Miss Reed. Do you have definite reasons for preferring them to other cigarettes?"

"Yes, indeed, I certainly have. They are distinctly different in so many ways. I smoke Camels all through the day, and my nerves don't feel the least bit frayed. And they are so gentle to my throat. After a meal, I enjoy a Camel 'for digestion's sake.' You see—in so many ways, Camels agree with me."

MISS IONE REED, DARING MOVIE STUNT GIRL, ANSWERS A QUESTION ABOUT CIGARETTES...

SHE jumps off rushing trains. She changes from speeding car to train and back again. She is the girl stunt star of Hollywood. Laughs at danger—because she knows what she is doing. Is extra careful in her choice of a cigarette, because, as she says—but read below and let her tell her ideas in her own way.



THE PHOTOGRAPHER snapped this just as Miss Reed leaped from a speeding car. While making pictures, Ione often has time for only quick snacks. "Smoking Camels always helps me to enjoy my meal more," she says. You'll find that those finer, more expensive tobaccos in Camels mean much to *your* smoking.

OFTEN MISS REED has to go through the same danger—the same strain—five or six times before the "take" is right. "I know what hard work is," she says. "Many a time I've been thankful for that cheery 'lift' that I get with a Camel."



FOR RECREATION Miss Reed likes cooking... dancing... outdoor sports... and Camels! "On almost every movie lot, I notice that so many of the stars prefer Camels," she says.

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ONE SMOKER TELLS ANOTHER.. *"Camels agree with me!"*