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Mar., 1939

UNIVERSITY OF MISSOURI
JUN 6 1939

SHOWME



C.V. WELLS

SHOWME PLAYS HELL WITH CAMPUS RAGS!

You'll be the Life of the Party

in one of
Suzanne's Smart
New Spring

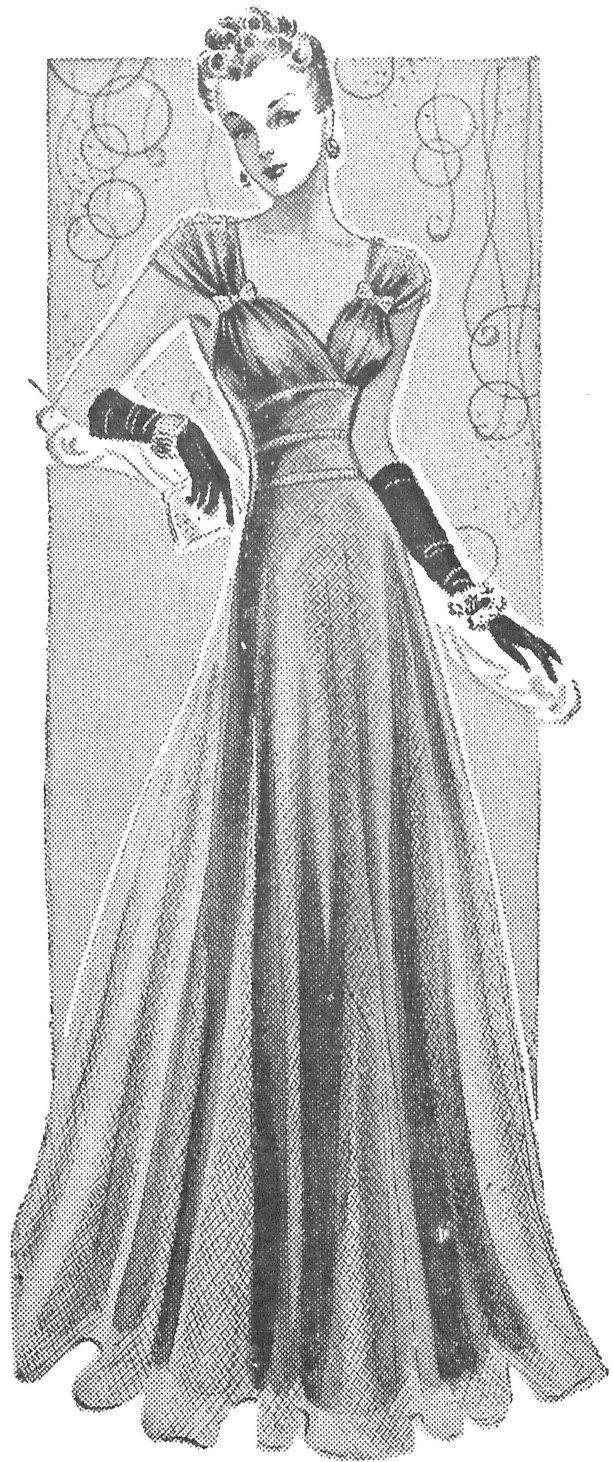
Formals

You really must stop in Suzanne's soon and see our beautiful new spring formals—smart new shades—shartruse—aqua—white and many other naturals. Silk jerseys—crepes—chiffons — taffetas — marquisettes — cottons and laces, beautiful prints, stripes and plaids with cute Lingerie Blouses.

Wide pleated skirts, shirtwaists. This season's evening styles are so beautiful, they can't be described. To appreciate them, you must see and try them. You are cordially invited to do so.

Come to Suzanne's often — our evening gowns are styled by Kalman, Ellen Kaye, Louise Mulligan, Patricia Perkins and Adolph Zukin.

Remember—for the smartest, visit



Suzanne's
Columbia's Smartest Shop for Women

“Discovery” Captures Pink Ribbon

Lulubelle Says “Just Let Him Run”

“Discovery”, that streamlined flash of Christian College, ridden by Miss Lulubelle Pinkney in the Kansas City handicap race Friday, has done it again!

Lulubelle and “Discovery” came in together early Saturday morning to cross the line for seventh place, and the coveted pink ribbon.

When asked about the handicap Lulubelle said, “It certainly was!” Miss Pinkney continued by saying it was the fastest race she had ever ridden in.

“I only remember seeing a sign flash by”, gasped Lulubelle, “that said ‘You Are Now Entering Kansas.’”

“For awhile, I thought we wouldn’t make seventh place. They almost entered another horse in the race!”

“Discovery” was found by Miss Flora Gaits, riding instructor, while scouting ploughed fields for local talent. Miss Gaits says of “Discovery”,

LUCILLE GUPTON never worked for a good rag until she came to SHOWME. Her trick as editor of Stephens Life particularly fits her for this display of venom.

SENIOR RECITAL WELL RECEIVED

Clara Buttinsky executed Back tonight with a dexterity surpassed only by Back himself. When she had finished an awed silence pervaded the concert hall—broken only by snores.

But when awakened, both people applauded vigorously and shouted “Bravo!” as Clara’s roommate handed a potted plant over the footlights.

Said Clara, flushed and triumphant after her brilliant performance, “I could have done much better had the piano been tuned!”

“He is the greatest bit of horse flesh since Dog-Biscuit!”

Christian will give a Victory Dance Friday night around the new teacup in the trophy case.

CUTIES TOUR TO OZARKS

Take In Farmer’s Fair

The Annual Christian College Tour this year will not only include an extended cruise on the Lake of the Ozarks, but a two day stop over at the Farmer’s Fair.

Another feature of the educational spring trip is a dance at Kemper, the West Point of Missouri. Says a southern student, “Ah jus’ love military tactics!” A second hop has been scheduled with the sharecroppers. (The girls will not wear shoes at this dance to avoid “spiking” their escorts.)

On the return trip the girls will stop over in Jefferson City to see the famous capital morals, depicted by Thomas Hart Benton. That noon, luncheon has been arranged in the state penitentiary for the students to meet their Senators. Later the girls will be guests of the W.C.T.U. at a tea in the Wonder Bar.

Forty-three chaperons will accompany the twenty-five girls on the tour (the other two faculty members being confined to their beds with influenza.)

Said Miss Anita Mann, the designing instructor, “You’ll need one mannish suit, girls, (preferably on a man); one low formal or bathing suit with skirt; and a little something to alleviate sea-sickness on the Lake!”

FANNY HOTCHKISS HAS BIG SPREAD

This department has just gotten wind of a big limburger cheese and Schnapps spread with which Miss Fanny Hotchkiss entertained 3rd floor girls last Wednesday.

The event was Fanny’s seventeenth birthday, upon which, she inherited her grandmother’s one-piece bathing suit.

When interviewed over a limburger sandwich on her views of girls’ school, Fanny said expressively, “It stinks!”

C. C. GETS NEW PHONE BOOTH

Construction got under way today for the new building on Christian campus that will make Christian College the most progressive school in the country.

After consultation with a St. Louis architect the excavating was begun by five sleepwalkers sent out by W.P.A.

The dimensions of the structure will be 4x6, with a height of 8 feet. Other plans for the structure call for a sloping roof with tile shingles, sound proof walls, the new crescent-shaped ventilation, and accommodations for two or more.

There are to be electric lights, heat in the winter and a cooling system in summer.

I’ll Take Vanilla



Peggy Hussey, co-editor of the Christian College Microphone, smiles while eating one of CENTRAL DAIRY’S delicious cones. Picture yourself eating CENTRAL ICE CREAM. Rush to your nearest dealer now.

Millers

800 Broadway

**Dorn-Cloney Laundry
and Dry Cleaning Co.**

DIAL 3114



That’s “Discovery” the second from the left. Miss Pinkney’s jockey, F. D. Jones, is holding the fiery mount.

CENTENNIAL SAVITAR

After all these years the Centennial is finally upon us. We cast aside modesty to admit we have outdone ourselves on this year's Savitar. As you see the book this year is really no different than any other year, but you'll have to admit it was a good idea to use in getting \$5.10 out of the boys. In fact, it was so successful that we think we'll have another centennial next year.

We point with pride to the high achievement of the Centennial Savitar Frolic. Our B. M. has received offers from New York and San Francisco to appear with Sally Rand's Nude Ranch. Ditto Minskys. The cadet band isn't the only thing that can advertise M. U.

We-er-a would like to say a few words about the 1939 Savvy queens. We always circulate a rumor early in the year that this time picking the queens is going to be strictly on the legit. It sounds good, anyway. Front man for our high-handed work this year was Cholly Knickerbocker of Cafe Society fame. Cholly works for Hearst, so we figured he wouldn't be doing the selecting anyway. Just to make sure we slipped in a picture of Marion Davies, and sure enough it came back as first choice, so we picked our own.

This year by popular demand we are printing a special edition of the Savitar for the senior class. This edition is printed on newspaper size stock so the seniors can save the price of a Sunday paper when they sleep on park benches.

Don't forget it's only 99 years and 10 months before the deadline to buy your copy of the bicentennial Savitar. Order your copy now and save 10 per cent.

Miller's
SUPERIOR SHOES
800 Broadway

"Mother May We Have More"



Say Joan Murcheson, Rundie Autenrieth, staff members, and Eleanor Haley, associate editor of the Savitar. One taste calls for another as the Savitar Staff takes time out for **CENTRAL ICE CREAM.**

Savvy Queens

No. 1: At right is a pretty choice queen—first choice. When we said we were going to run a Thomas Hart Benton painting, we forgot to mention we would enter it in the queen competition. A well-known Delta Gamma modeled for this Benton, "Sussanna," on the banks of the Hinkson. Jesse Hall and two interested Ag students are visible in the background.



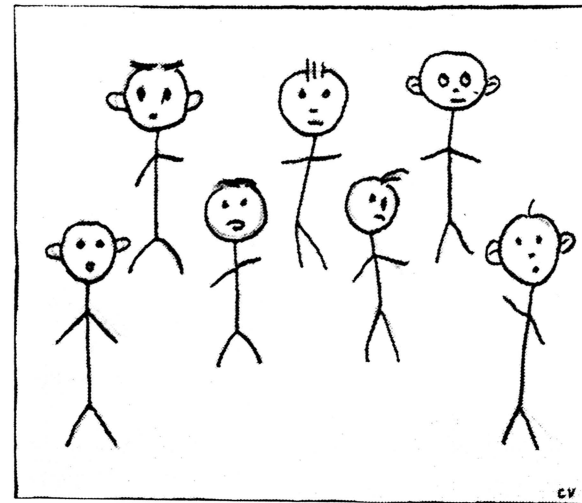
No. 2: Left we have the runnerup. Miss Clang Clang is a foreign student in the Jay School. She is shown in her native dress. At the request of Miss Mills she does not wear her native dress on the campus. The Dies Committee is investigating her for spreading Bali propoganda. She is a Kappa.

Campus-Onalties

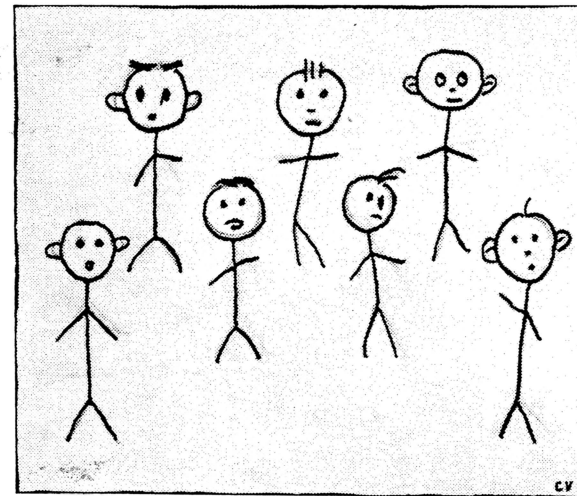


No. 1: Everyone likes Hilda but the Southern gentlemen from South St. Louis. She entered M. U. right after the Gaines case was settled(?). She works her way through school by taking in laundry and that's no damn fun. Hilda's home is Sharp End. Hilda is a Pi Phi.

No. 2: Jake is a campus-onality because he is the Savitar Photog. Besides the editor owed him a sawbuck as the result of an unlucky day at craps, and Jake said he would forget about it if we called him a campusonality. Everyone likes Jake. He's a good boy. He's popular as hell. Everyone likes Jake. He's plenty popular. And everyone wants Jake to take his mug for the Savitar. He is shown shooting an intimate scene on the divan in the Sammy house. Jake is a Sammy. Jake thinks a lot of people on this campus should be shot.



THE AG CLUB

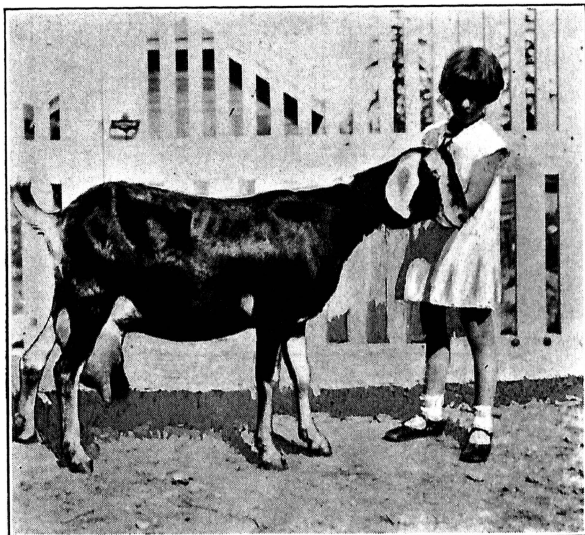


ADVANCED R. O. T. C.

The College Farmer

GROWIN' GOATS OR JUST KIDDIN'

Next to Albania, Missouri is the greatest goat raising state. Missouri has many goats, and thanks to the College of Agriculture gentlemen farmers are learning how to get more goats. Be-



The pretty goat I raised from a kid. That's my kid sister holding the goat. She'll be at M. U. in a year or so.

cause several of our professors spent three years studying the habits of goats, we are now favored with three new textbooks at three dollars a throw. With so many authorities on goats in the College plans are going forward for a Goat Building on the White Campus. Petitions have been sent to the legislature, and we have learned from Senators in the outlying districts and the University's able representative in Jefferson City that the measure will not be opposed.

In fact, Senator Y. B. Honest spoke for three hours on the great need for a goat building at M. U. We quote from the honorable Senator: "I am in favor of appropriating \$500,000 for a goat building that will make Jesse Hall look like the Scene Shop in comparison. They have everything

(Continued on Page 21)

Just Dirt

A. B. Smaltz, '00, has just bought a new harrow for his farm up north. Smaltz says it is painted bright red, and in the deal, the harrow agent threw in a pair of yellow shoes. But we always knew A. B. was capable of driving a hard bargain.

Z. V. Heck, '23, writes ye editor to tell him that farming is the most lucrative business in the world. Says Z. V. "To date I've sold 400,000 automatic fly catchers to farmers from coast to coast. Who says there is no money in farming?" Z. V., in case you didn't know, got his degree in Business before coming to the College of Agriculture.

Zeke Barnum, former manager of Barnwarm-in' several years back, is now making a lot of money managing, and playing for the Iowa Kadoodlers. Zeke also pinch hits and does announcing. The Kadoodlers will play over a local station soon.

Because he's one of the original Pennsylvania Dutch, John Hartzell has always disliked farmers. Here he gets revenge—he thinks. As for the story on goats—it stinks.

Important Announcement

The Stock Judging Team will meet with Prof. Throw D. Bull next Monday afternoon. At that time a team to judge the stock judging team will judge. A number of professors will then pass judgment on the Stock Judging Team's judging team.

Just between us Ags, the Farmers' Fair Commission is trying to make a deal with Rally Sand to come down here for the Fair. Rally insists that she is an artist, but we're not so dumb either. A dozen faculty members and one or two students will talk things over with Miss Sand when she appears in St. Louis. Watch the College Farmer for details of the conference.

**Dorn-Cloney Laundry
and Dry Cleaning Co.**
DIAL 3114

*Milk in its most
delicious form—*



"Pressie" McDaniel, editor of the College Farmer, being an Ag student, appreciates the extra sweet cream that **CENTRAL DAIRY** uses in making their ice cream.

Don't Fail to Listen for

"PORTS OF CALL"

Station KFRU

SUNDAYS

1:30-2:00 o'clock

Miller's
SUPERIOR SHOES

800 Broadway

A Whirl of Charm!



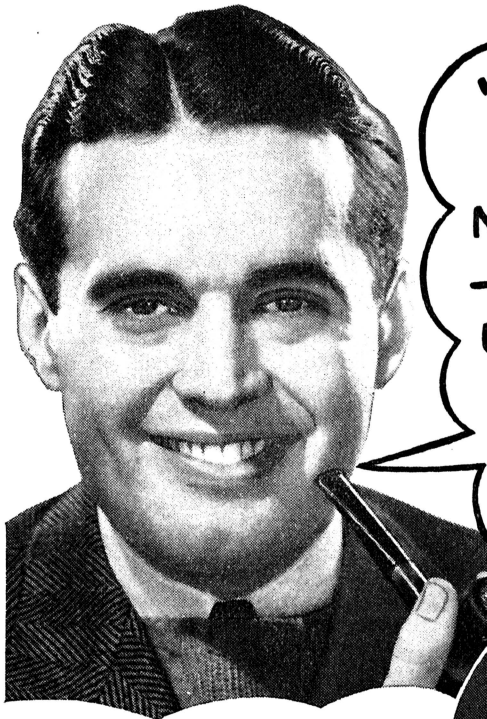
Take a whirl
At Old Golds!
And your taste will
Tell you what a world
Of charm they hold!
The charm of
Utter freshness . . .
Guarded by their
Double Cellophane
Package! The charm
Of prize crop
Tobaccos aged extra
Long to give that
Famous Double-Mellow
Flavor! Give O.G.s a
Whirl! And they'll glide
Right into your favor.

Every pack wrapped in 2 jackets
of Cellophane; the *OUTER* jacket
opens from the *BOTTOM*.



TUNE IN on Old Gold's "Melody and Madness" with ROBERT BENCHLEY and ARTIE SHAW'S Orchestra, Sunday nights, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast

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



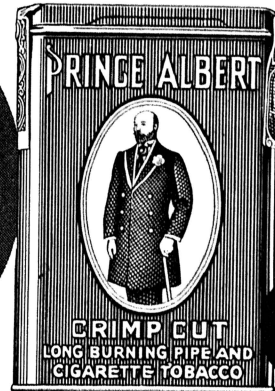
'REAL PIPE-JOY
TO GAIN,
NOTHING TO LOSE'
— IS HOW I SIZED
UP P.A.'S NO-RISK
OFFER.
PIPE-JOY
CAME OUT
ON TOP!

Coolness . . . mellowness . . .
and plenty of rich, full body! That's the combination it takes to put real joy in a pipe. Get it with Prince Albert—the tobacco that's "no-bite" treated to remove harshness. Prince Albert is "crimp cut," too, to pack easier, smoke slow and even, and cake your pipe up right. P. A. is a "buy" in any man's language. Get that big red Prince Albert tin today and start on a career of smooth smoking *now!*

P.A. PLEASES—OR IT'S ON US!

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, North Carolina

**PRINCE
ALBERT**
THE NATIONAL
JOY SMOKE



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

**SO MILD
SO TASTY**

Copyright, 1939
R. J. Reynolds
Tobacco Co.

Caller: I would like to see the Judge, please.
Secretary: I'm sorry, sir, but he is at dinner.
Caller: But my man, my errand is important.
Secretary: It can't be helped, sir. His honor is at steak.

The two pretty young things were having an awful time backing the car into a short parking space along the curb.
One of them called out a warning: "Look out, or you'll hit that tree!"
"Oh, that's all right," replied the girl at the wheel. "Can a tree sue?"

"The bravest man I ever knew," said Smith, "was the chap who took a taxi to the bankruptcy court, and then, instead of paying his fare, invited the driver in as a creditor."

Dizzy Definitions

Catarrh is a musical instrument, especially in Spain.
Louis XVI was *gelatined*.
The *liver* is an infernal organ.
The Tropic of Cancer is a rare disease.
An *etching* is a ticklish feeling.
A *momentum* is what you give a person when they are leaving.

Boastful Angler: I've had a three hours' fight with a salmon.
Bored Friend: Yes, can-openers are most annoying.

Hostess (to newly-married naval officer): They tell me your wife is one in a thousand.
Officer: Oh, I say, you mustn't believe all you hear about the navy.

Conductor: How old is your little boy?
Mother: Four.
Conductor: How old are you, little boy?
Boy: Four.
Conductor: Well, madam. I'll let him ride this time, but when he grows up he'll be either a liar or a giant.

Salesman: Now here is a book entitled, "How I Worked My Farm for Profit."
Farmer: I haven't any time to read fiction.

Actress: Tomorrow evening, darling, I make my debut. Send me flowers—lots of flowers.
Manager: Oh, don't be so pessimistic, dearest.

"I want you to meet him. He is a good mixer!"
"But I never drink!"

Big Shots Come To Sniffens

TOOTIE FROOT SHOWS HOSE

In line with the Sniffens policy of bringing big shots in many fields to speak to Our Girls, the administration announced today that Mr. Aldous Q. Norsider will appear at a special assembly next Tuesday.

Mr. Norsider, it will be remembered, is the only weather forecaster ever to predict rain in Beachpebble, Calif. He will talk to Our Girls in special conferences during the day, in addition to his assembly address. His topic will be "Rain in Beachpebble as it Affects Senior Students at Sniffens."

Another special convocation has been planned for Wednesday of next week, when the Department of Visitors and Budget Troubles will present an even more outstanding personality. She is Miss Tootie Froot, a graduate of the college in 1895. Miss Froot is one of the world's best known stocking designers. It is she who designs most of the stockings that are not worn by Sniffens girls.

For the last ten years she has held the distinction of designing more stockings not worn by Sniffens girls than any other designer in the world. She has worked hand-in-hand with some of the finest silkworms and rayon factories on this or any other planet.

Right now Miss Froot is working on a new type of hosiery—one that will require special forbearance not to wear it. If her experiments reach the proper stage (knee-length) during her visit here, she may introduce her new stockings and describe several of the best ways to keep from wearing them.

John Hartzell and Phil Dessauer, who think they know a thing or 3 about Stephens, turned editors of the Sniffens Life—which proves they know nothing.

Visit FDR and Other Help at White House

Education with a capital E began for the Sniffens girls on their trip through the East. The study tour will include visits to the Vo De Oh Club in Memphis, luncheon at the Razz Matazz in Washington, and an all night swing session at the Low Down and Hot in good old Noo Yawk.

There is education and enlightenment that hasn't gotten this far west.

The Snuzies, it is reported, will take over the White House for one day. The Roosevelts and the rest of the help will then become the students, and what they won't learn.

Improve Eleanor

Some girls will suggest means of improving the old homestead, others will give the First Lady pointers on dress and style. The First Lady in turn will give the girls the secret of getting around. Then the rest of the crowd will raise merry hell in the Red, Blue, Green, and East Rooms of the old manse.

In the evening Sistie and Buzzie will hold a jitterbug contest for the Sniffens girls and instructors. The girl winning will get her picture in every paper in the land. (Note Missouri Papers: the picture deluge will be along any time now.)

The girls will broadcast from every town along the line of march, and the Lord High Chief of Information for the Lowly Public has been working on the extemporaneous scripts for several weeks.

The Sniffens girls will raid the shops of Lily Dache, Hattie Carnegie, Bonwit Teller, and I. Glutzman on Thoid Avenue for the latest in styles. Also the screwiest thing in styles will not be overlooked. The

Society

Sadie Hushup visited with a former Sniffens chum in Rochepport Sunday.

Girls of Senior Hall will hold a dance Monday night in the ballroom. Two thousand M. U. boys have been invited.

Fifty-two girls served a 5 o'clock breakfast at the Country Club last Sunday morning. It was such a success that the girls decided to hold one again next Sunday at 4:30 in the morning to be able to see the sun rise over the Hinkson.

It was revealed in an informal poll that 99 per cent of the Sniffens girls wear flat sole shoes, kerchiefs, and no make up. The girl who is outstanding in her rash individualism is Sarah Mutt of Sauk Center, Minn.

SQUIRREL CLASS

KICKS BUCKET

The end of Squirrel Bible Class was prophesied this morning by Dr. Aldous Q. Weaver, its director.

"I plan to turn Squirrel Class into an informal jam session every Sunday morning," he announced. "I have been in touch with several of the country's best collections of hep-cats, and I'm anxious to get in the groove."

Snuzies Swing

Kartha Siggs, and her troupe of Snuzies have started a most distinctive swing band.

The group sent to Chicago for some top swing tunes of the day. Among the tunes are "All Alone," "Kankakee Gal," "Alleghany River Blues," and "Old Black Joe," which slipped in by mistake.

Miss Siggs, the Sniffens Ina Rae Hutton, expects the band to go "big time" any time now. Talent scouts

DR. WOODS SAYS

'DORM FOR EACH GAL' — MY PLAN

Dr. Aldous Q. Woods, president of Sniffens College for Social Castoffs, will personally conduct the most intensive building campaign in the history of the college during the next twenty-five years, he promised today.

Pleading with the girls in the school to re-elect him president, Dr. Woods said he plans to supervise construction of fifteen more dormitories next year.

"I shan't rest until every girl in Sniffens has a dormitory all to herself!" the intrepid candidate shouted. He then told how he had considered a building program for out-houses, but that contractors had advised him dormitories would cost more. Dr. Woods' opponent in the election, a tall smooth-faced youngster named Tyrone Power, has promised nothing except a personal date with every girl in school. Political observers concede him little chance in the heated campaign. He has had little educational experience, save in extra-curricular activities.

Arline Slurp told us only yesterday she's underwearing Tom Yack's pin. And Blondie Flapp has been underwearing Joe Twupp's pin ever since last Wednesday. But the record goes to Randy Plontz, who's been underwearing red flannels ever since that first snow in January.

"This is the LIFE"



Layne Perkins, managing editor of the Stephens Life, agrees with other tri-campus journalists that CENTRAL DAIRY'S ICE CREAM is delicious.

Central Milk and Ice Cream served exclusively at Stephens College.

Miller's
SUPERIOR SHOES

**Dorn-Cloney Laundry
and Dry Cleaning Co.**
DIAL 3114

Waiter—
There's a fly
in my soup.

The Missouri

Showme Gridmen

NEW POLICY OF PAPER FORCES OUT TRUE STORY OF 7-0 SHOWME VICTORY

By Bob Dregg

Student Sports Editor, Football Captain and
Intramural Quarter - Finalist in Croquet

Editor's note—Some months ago, the staffs of the Missouri Student and the Showme tangled in a rainy Saturday afternoon football game. The affray, when reported in the Student, looked like somebody else's game. The story was obscured beneath the fold of the paper, the score was treated condescendingly, and the Showme's decisive victory was covered up like a family scandal.

But since that day, two members of the Student staff have been admitted, under protest, to the School of Journalism, thus breaking a precedent. They have learned all about the noble qualities of truth and accuracy. They have read creeds and heard lectures. And so they are doing their best to make a good woman out of the Student.

For this reason, and with tears on its now honest face, the Student herewith presents the true story of its inglorious defeat.—End Ed note.

Showme's gridiron stalwarts kicked mud in the faces of their Student opponents in an unknown game on an unknown field this week, and ended up with a topheavy shutout victory.

The Student had more men in the game at more times, had the referee, had the time-keeper, had the game's only cheering section. But the Showme had the seven points.

At times the rain fell so hard the players couldn't even hear the referee's whistle. To tell the truth, he didn't have a whistle. He just ran around with his mouth open, crying: "Hey, fellows, cut it out, willya? I just seen a offside!"

But the warriors didn't stop, kept right on slugging each other in the mouth. The game was so rough that even the pig-skin wore a leather cover for protection. It was dirtier than the Savitar Frolics, and that's no place for kids under 30.

But anyway, the Showme was easily the better team, and besides, they brought umbrellas.

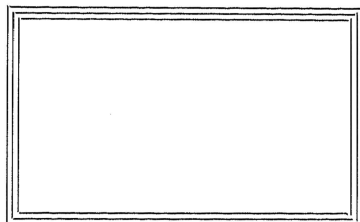
The Student men just stood around and sneezed. Then they all began to cry because nobody had any Kleenex.

The Student staff used its brains, though. Kept calling time out everytime a Showme backfield man got out in the open. Even so, the Showme could have scored three or four more touchdowns if the editors hadn't used the huddles to talk over next month's issue.

The Student boys quit after the first touchdown, saying they were gonna take their ball home. You couldn't count that score, they argued, because you have to cross that last white line to score. And the rain had washed away all the white lines.

Besides, they said, they wanted to play some nice boys. They were going straight over to the Savitar office to schedule a pillow fight for next week!

WHITEWASH



Unspeakable Showme white-washes flawless Student.

Society

All the Dope on all the Dopes

March 14—Alpha One, afternoon tea; Cramma Hard, winter formal.

March 15 — Slippa Shod, political party.

March 16—Jerry Snoot and Mary Goonbum, at 8:30 for a movie.

GUESS WHO was seen on the front porch of the Triple Stuff sorority house the other day! You'd never guess! Aw . . . who told you it was the post-nan?

Here's some real scandal! Mabel Gooley was seen holding Al Blonker's hand the other day, and right out in the open, too! And Al was holding her books! And the guy behind 'em was holding his nose.

We heard Gladys Klunk sayin' the sweetest things to a fellow over the phone the other day! Wanna know who he was? All right, but don't bur-reathe it to a soul! She was ordering sugar from the grocer!

ONLY ONE MORE ISSUE OF STUDENT—

BETTER GET YOUR SUBSCRIPTION EARLY

Next week, dear readers, will mark the last issue of the Student for the year. And do you know what that means? (Not you, you heckler!) Why, it means you have only one week in which to buy your subscription to the Student!

When you passed us up at the beginning of the year and spent your 75 cents on beer, we didn't blame you a bit. We'd have done the same thing, if we'd had six-bits. And then, when you ignored us throughout the first semester, we didn't get sore, now did we?

Even when you didn't come across at the end of the first term, we were pretty easy on you. We didn't try to garnishee your wages or tell Dean Heckel or put the Curse of the Seven Antelopes on you. We've been

HERE ARE THE PRIZE QUOTES OF THE WEEK

Super-quotes of the week, as distorted by the Student staff, may be found simply by looking directly south.

Professor Xavier Q. Sabotage—The trouble with the world is, there's too much trouble with the world!

Sonny Schmidt, campus mooch—Got a cigaret, buddy?

Jack Cornstarch, head of the Missouri Caucus Party—Sure, we got the election all sewed up. We got the Ag votes in the bag!

Butch Gurgle, leader of Coalition-Independent-Ag-Engineer-Fraternity-Bank Night Party—Sure, we got the election all sewed up. We got the Ag votes in the bag!

Bill Fold, alibi artist—Sorry, prof, but I can't turn that paper in until it gets a little warmer. We're using it to stuff up a hole in the window at home.

Bull Durham, senior—Buy a Student? H—L NO!

Don Patrol, football coach, on next year's conference race—Sure, we got it all sewed up! We got the Ag votes in the bag!

nice and gentlemanly about the thing all year.

But now, buddy, ya better come across. We need that six-bits, see! And our creditors ain't takin' no fer an answer, see! An' we ain't had no beer since last Monday, see!

And besides, think what yer gettin'. All the latest stuff, even stuff the Missourian has forgotten about. Pictures, cartoons, gossip, society, columns, sports, society—yes, and even news!

So come on, buddy, how's about a subscription? On'y seventy-five itsy-bitsy cents. And on'y a week to go. Even if you don't like it, you'll only get one issue. Come on, buddy. MIGAWD, HOW WE'D LIKE TO HAVE JUST ONE SUBSCRIBER!

Stewdent

Whaddaya
think this is
—the Showme?

Whitewash Stewdent

PHIL DESSAUER is a journalist. That means he has only contempt for the Student. We asked him for stories—like the Student uses—and in three minutes he produced these pages.

Student Prison Editor Tells All About "Pews"

By Two-Gun Klutch,
The Student's Prison Editor
Editor's note—The following is an authentic account of how Two-Gun Klutch, prison editor of the Student, spent the first twenty-one years of his life in a federal penitentiary. "It wuz all a mistake," says Mr. Klutch.

I wuz framed, see?

I jest wanted to visit dat penitensh de day I slugged da guy wit dat milk bottle, see? And wen d'judge sex fi'ty years or fi'ty bucks, I sez to m'self: "Dis is my chance t'visit de pen Two-Gun!"

Besides, I didn' have fi'ty bucks.

But after I wuz in d'pen fer a coupla days an' tasted dat slop dey called tea an' crumpits ever' afternoon at four, I begar t'git discouraged, see? So sez t'de warden, I sez, "Warden git me outa here so's I kin earn fi'ty bucks so I won't have t'stay in here fer half a hunnerd anums, see?"

So he sez he'd do wut he cudd, see? So one day a guy frum de Stoodent comes in an sez dey needs a prison editor, see? So I jumps at d' chance, see? An' here I am.

I bin here forty-five years already, an' I ain't made dat fi'ty bucks yet. In fact, I ain't made ten bucks yet. I might as well a stayed in de pen, see? I figger dere's more money picked up in de pen dan ever trickles into dis office.

I wouldn' mind s'much, 'cept dat I ain' got nobuddy t'talk to aroun' here 'cept a bunch a noos hacks wich don't know nuthin' 'bout nuthin'.

Gee, how I wish I cud hear somethin' frum de mob!

Favor It

Poll of Every Campus in Nation Shows Lotsa Stuff

Note—This story shows the results of a nation-wide survey, in which the Student co-operated with 35,240 college newspapers, 284 high school annuals, 5248 grammar school weeklies, 457 student directories, fifteen telephone books and six cafe menus.

To begin with, 35 per cent of all college students say yes. And only 12.7 per cent say no.

When our interviewers called on 8528 juniors and seniors to ask 'em what they thought of it, 3473 were asleep in bed. Another 2046 were asleep in class. 849 said they favored it, and only 37.5 had courage enough to say they didn't.

And on question No. 2, 84.3 per cent replied: "I dunno."

The fourth question brought a terrific response. More than half of all the students interviewed asked for ham and eggs. The rest referred the reporters to "Gone With the Wind," saying it was pretty good if you hadn't already read it.

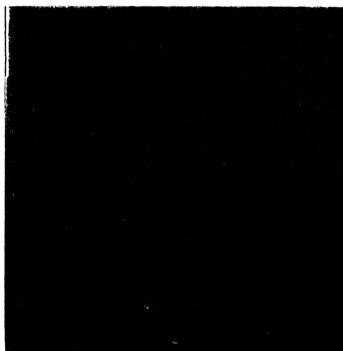
On the fourteenth question, which was one the interviewers thought up themselves, 935 girls replied: "So you've been to college, eh?" and the other 579 just slapped the interviewer's face.

More than 91.7 per cent of the college freshmen asked said they often wonder.

The last question was a real honey. 24,590 said they thought it was a good idea, especially when the people next door had such good luck with theirs. 3639 replied, however, that it depends on whether you like sea food. 248 others answered by singing the chorus of "A-Tisket, A-Tasket."

And then there was that girl in Syracuse who said, "Sorry, but I've got a date tonight!"

BOB BLACK



Bob's out of town — but here's Black

DON'T MISS THE STUDENT STAGGERS

Don't fail to be on hand Saturday night to see this week's edition of the Student Stagers, presented by members of the Eta Suppa sorority at Jake's Barbecue Stand.

This weekly show, sponsored by the Student, is growing so popular that at last Saturday's performance the police had to be called out to quell the enthusiasm of the audience. (Well, they had to be called to quell the audience, anyhow.)

In fact, if three members of the Taka Nappa fraternity hadn't engaged in a free-for-all with four waiters at Butch's Place, the show this week would not be scheduled for Jake's Barbecue Stand.

But don't forget, now—the weekly Stagers Saturday n'ght! It'll be a great show, with free dishes, balloons and brass knucks for all! Remember now!

For the Student's sake
Please patronize Jake!

Miller's
800 BROADWAY

STUDENT PREXY OUT-OF-TOWN; HERE'S PUBLICITY Devoted Rag Sticks by Chief Through Thick and Thin

Editor's note — Every week the Student devotes at least a column of personal publicity to its good friend and yours, Bob (Rumor-Starter) Black. This week our illustrious prexy has been out of town, so we're hard pressed for ways to get his name in print. But we've hit on a new scheme, and in the following story we're giving our pal Robo all the space we can spare, just to keep him on the front page and in the public eye.

Bob Black, Bob Black, Bob Black, Bob Black, Bob Black, Bob Black, Bob Black.

President of the Student Government Association, President of the S. G. A., President of the S. G. A., President of the Student Government Association, President of the S. G. A.

Big Man on the Campus, Big Man on the Campus, B. M. O. C., B. M. O. C., B. M. O. C., Big Man on the Campus, Big Man on the Campus, B. M. O. C.

Everybody's Friend, Everybody's Friend, Everybody's Friend, Everybody's Friend, Everybody's Friend, Everybody's Friend.

American Student Forum, Channing Pollock, Republicans and—er, ah, pardon, folks; just a typographical error!

It's the "berries"



Rich Armfield, "Society Editor" of the Student, says "CENTRAL RASPBERRY SHERBET is Tongue Tantalizing. Ask for a cone at your dealer's or Dial 3151.

THE MISSOURI SHOWME

"A Reflection of Modern Campus Thought"

J. V. CONNOLLY, *Godfather*

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GOOD WORK

For an excellent season in basketball, Showme wishes to add its praise to Coach Edwards and his fine team of players.

But winning games is not the whole story. It is the fair play, good sportsmanship, and the never-say-die spirit that pleases fans as well as victory.

However, a greater turn out at the Victory Dance by the same people who regularly crowd the Field House would not have been amiss. Indeed it would have added a really appreciative finish to a fine Missouri basketball season.

"HE WHO LAUGHS LAST . . ."

This month the Showme staff went on a Roman holiday to lampoon, jibe, and roast other student publications.

We did our best to find people who cherish particular "gripes" against these particular publications. No holds were barred, although we hope no toes were stepped on badly.

RENT A TYPEWRITER

and

Bring Up

Those Grades

We rent new portables and re-build standard machines. If you decide to purchase the machine as much as the first 3 months rent will apply on the purchase.

Service on All Makes

Ribbons—Paper

Central Office Equipment Co.

Virginia Building

111 S. Ninth

GEORGE OLCOTT is trying to develop his photographic eye, so we let him edit this Savvy-itar.

Showme is not beyond reproach, but Showme's Jester could not resist laughing at the efforts of fellow journalists and partners in ink dabbling. It's all in fun, and the one who laughs last laughs longest and heartiest.

AH, SPRING

The poets will soon be versing, lovers will continue loving with greater emphasis, and "Nature will adorn herself with a dress of green." (Pardon us for being trite, the punch line is on the way.)

But we have fears in regards to a beautiful green campus this spring. The annual plowing seems inevitable, but we hope that the plowers follow up with some grass seed. The Showme Jester wonders why the agricultural brain trust on the White Campus is unable to do something about the mud which seems to have the upper hand. Let the cry ring loud and strong, "Take the M. U. campus out of the mud by Spring."

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NO. 7

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HIGHER MATHEMATICS

"Pop, can I have a nickel?"

"No, I just gave you a dime when I came home."

"Gee, Pop, who do you ask for money?"

"I don't ask anyone for money. I earn my money by working. Everyone has to work for the money he gets."

"What kind of work do you do, Pop?"

"Well, I go to the office every morning, read my mail, dictate letters, talk to people——"

"But is that all you do? Don't you work?"

"That is work. I earn my money. I do other things, of course. I study reports from other people, write reports, give orders, and lots of other things."

"But don't you do any real hard work like Tony's father who digs sewers?"

"No, Son. I don't do that kind of work. Tony's father is a laborer. Men who work in offices, as I do, are called business man."

"And all you have to do is sit in your office all day, Pop?"

"Eh——among other things—I sit in my office all day."

"But you get paid just the same, even though you don't do any real *hard* work, but just sit there."

"Yes, I suppose so."

"When I grow up, I hope I can get a job sitting. If I sit now can I get a nickel?"

"Here's your nickel, and if you don't get out of here right now, you won't be able to sit down!"



"With only one mirror in the house, it's lucky that I have a pair of blue serge pants."

PLEA — 1938

*Although this strapless gown is new,
I ask no heavy boon of you...
I ask of you no flowers to wear
At my waist—or in my hair...
And though 'twill touch the pavement
slab
I ask of you no taxicab...
ONE thing I ask...it's not appalling...
Just tell me if you see it FALLING!*

There was a rumor yesterday, that the Tower of Pisa was about to be torn down, because Mussolini contended that it leaned too much to the left.



"Ye gods! I'm a pauper!"



"I'm sorry, but he used to be a police horse."

THE

RIGHT COMBINATION

FOR MORE

SMOKING

PLEASURE



Chesterfield

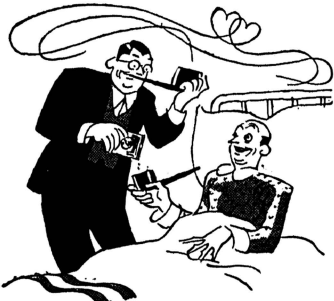
THE BLEND THAT CAN'T BE COPIED

THE RIGHT COMBINATION OF THE WORLD'S BEST CIGARETTE TOBACCOS

**NO WONDER
HIS PATIENTS
LOST PATIENCE!**



FAINTED DEAD AWAY! But Doc can't seem to figure *why*. Of course Doc doesn't think to blame that cut-throat *tobacco* in his briar. Get yourself a *milder* blend!



THE CURE! Doc switched to a 2-oz. tin of Sir Walter. Now his patients perk up and cheer. Know why? It's burley of A+ mildness . . . good-smellin' to *others*.

IT SMOKES AS SWEET AS IT SMELLS

**UNION
MADE**



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, coast-to-coast, NBC Red Network.

MINOR EMERGENCIES

- Writing home for more money.
- Tying a bow tie.
- Making a blind date.
- Hunting for a blotter.
- Turning on a strange radio.
- Reading a timetable.
- Getting rid of old razor blades.
- Cashing a personal check.
- Searching for a needle in a phonograph.
- Putting up a one-man top.
- Accepting a collect telegram.
- Opening a bottle without a corkscrew.
- Introducing people you know only by first name.
- Coming into a True-False exam without a coin.
- Getting caught in the rain with your roommate's new suit on.
- Waiting for your tux to come back from the tailor at the last minute before the prom.
- Finding yourself at an important exam without your crib notes.
- Panning a Professor to a charming lady who turns out to be his wife.
- Writing home for more money.

•

She had just been introduced to an actor. "Oh, Mr. Blank," she said, "I suppose you actors hate boos more than anything else."

"Well, madam," was the reply, "it all depends on how you spell it."

•

Genial Old Clergyman: Now, Pat, what have ye in that jug?

Pat: Sure, yer riverence, I have two pints of beer—wan fur me brother an' wan fur meself.

G. O. C.: But, Pat, ye signed the pledge last week to keep from the drink? Now I can't interfere with your brother's pint, but you must throw yours away.

Pat: Sure, an' I can't be doing that. My pint is at the bottom of the jug.

•

Tenant: Why raise my rent when I am only occupying this miserable little attic?

Landlord: Well, you use the stairs more than anybody else.



The 'Sham'-Rock



(Published surreptitiously on the Campus of the Univ. of Mo.)
Editor-In-Chief—Doward Sideburns; Editor-in-Every afternoon at 5.
(The turbines and generators mentioned herein are purely fictitious and are not to be confused with turbines and generators living or turned off.)
(More on Page 21)

St. Pat's Week, Like Christmas, Comes Each Year

Sure'n it won't be long now before ole Saint Patrick will be arrivin' and it's high time we were makin' some plans for the occasion. Here are the salient points to be remembered about this year's festivities:

1. There will be still another banquet in addition to those already in session. This is to be called the Engineer-Ag-Engineer banquet, and will be built on the **cannibal**ese motif. Each Engine student is to bring an Ag for dinner—but he must decide how he wants his Ag done.

2. St. Pat will be made unattractive this year in order to stave off any undue attacks. **He** will be a feminine Sainte Patricia—her hair will not be done up well, her breath will be bad, her robe will be made of old desecrated cheesecloth and her attendants will be twenty bags gathered at random from various points of our city and schools. But still, being acquainted with the taste of the Ags and the Shysters, we fear above may prove more of an inducement than a deterrent.

3. In order to confuse any parties that might try to way-lay Ste. Patricia, she will arrive via a Wabash train. In this manner there is no telling when she will pull in. And despite the fact the Engine students themselves won't know when she pulls in, it will be consoling to know that the Lawyers will not be aware of it.

“NUTS FROM OUR DEAN”

“Nuts to all Engineers!”

—The Dean.

Ever since St. Pat chased the snakes out of Ireland and he had to come over here, Paul Law sees green when he sees an engineer. Here is his latest tirade.

ALUMUMIUM NOTES

Dreyfigs Lombins, M.E. '33, recently tested the new electrical seating apparatus at a popular eastern institution for incorrigibles. He says it was for science's sake—but the state said it was for Maizie's sake that he pulled the fatal trigger and killed a man. . . . General Lektrick will take on fifteen Engine school grads at the end of the year. The general is head of a W.P.A. project in the near east. . . . Tuy Bulvoni, M.E. '03, has a ghost-written article, “Why Turbines Are Essential in a Democracy,” in the new mimeograph semi-biennial, “Heat and Water, \$5 Per Week.”

“It's verra, verra good”



The chief of the Irishers, Howard Burnside, editor of the Missouri Shamrock, stamps the mark of the Shamrock on **CENTRAL DAIRY ICE CREAM**. Dial 3151 for St. Patrick's Day Ice Cream.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS:

Duggby Pzithbaum, head engineer on the C. B. & Oh Oh for twenty-five years.

J. Piercebottle Turnstilly—the world's most highly educated robot and the only robot to hold an A.B. degree from Oxford.

Argofile Grumpbottom—world reknown for his book on progressive sewer construction, “**Mon** Sewer,” which translated roughly and with fingers over nose means, “My Sewer” or “Sewer Constructed by Me.”

**Dorn-Cloney Laundry
and Dry Cleaning Co.**
DIAL 3114

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SUPERIOR SHOES

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Your Flower
Headquarters
For
St. Pat's
**Wray's Flower
Shop**



LET US LIVE

"Let Us Live" has been hailed as one of the greatest screen dramas, and Maureen O'Sullivan, Henry Fonda, and Ralph Bellamy are in the featured roles.

Miss O'Sullivan is seen as the little waitress who defiantly fights the world in order to prove the innocence of her sweetheart. Fonda is the innocent cab driver, and he exceeds even his most memorable performances of recent years. Ralph Bellamy is the police official who unearths the true killers.

Others in the cast are Alan Baxter, Stanley Ridges, and Henry Kolker. John Brahm, director of "Penitentiary" is responsible for "Let Us Live."

WIFE, HUSBAND AND FRIEND

"Wife, Husband and Friend" is a delirious romance that's as gay as New Year's Eve. The picture stars lovely Loretta Young, and handsome Warner Baxter.

With Loretta as the beautiful and gay wife, and Warner as the husband, debonair and ardent, there's unrestrained fun in this slam-bang show.

Everything would have been peace and quiet in the family if Loretta hadn't decided she could sing, and if Warner hadn't told her she had a terrible voice. It's one riotous scene after another, and Binnie Barnes and Cesar Romero step into the story with Binnie on the side of Warner and Cesar on Loretta's side.

THE ICE FOLLIES OF 1939

Hitting a new high in entertainment, "The Ice Follies of 1939" contains the happy combination of plot, extravaganza, and some of the best tunes to come out of Hollywood this season.

The story centers about Joan Crawford, a singing ice skater who finally finds herself on the top rung of the ladder to film fame. Her quick ascent, however, leaves husband Jimmie Stewart behind, and the manner in which the two are reunited supplies plenty of punch to the dramatic action of the story.

The famous International Ice Follies, Lew Ayres and Lewis Stone, ably support the leading players.

LET FREEDOM RING

The West breathes new life with every note of Nelson Eddy's songs in "Let Freedom Ring." The picture presents skill in blending the romantic action drama of pioneer days with music which fits the setting.

Despite the competition of Virginia Bruce, Victor McLaglen, Lionel Barrymore, Edward Arnold, Guy Kibbee, and Charles Butterworth, Eddy emerges preeminent as the young Harvard law graduate who is expected to champion the embattled farmers against the encroachments of a ruthless railroad gang.

There are eight songs in "Let Freedom Ring" including "Dusty Road" and "Where Else But Here," which were written especially for the picture.

★ AMERICA'S ★ GREATEST ★ STARS	IN THE COLLEGE THEATRE COMPANY	★ WORLD'S ★ BEST ★ PICTURES
Missouri	Hall	Varsity

Here is the pitiful attempt of Dick Armfield who is really a BIG man on the Campus to write humor.

Missouri Showme

A Love Story

(From Showme, Sept. issue 1939.)

After three years' reading . . . Who was that woman I saw you with last night? . . . That was no wom— . . . credited to Dartmouth Owl . . . Under pressure of my studies I am forced to resign from an editorial board of which I am proud to have been a member . . . There's a waiter in my soup . . . Quick, dearie, gimme that 'Student'; I gotta society column to write for Showme . . . Oh, that Student is awful . . . the only difference between Showme and a humor magazine is humor . . . god-father: Erasmus Codren, inventor of the scissors . . . Typographical errors in Showme are very funny . . . Covers drawn by famous artists—checks by infamous editors . . . 1926 was the year that there never once appeared "My First Impressions" by a Missouri freshman. And in 1928 some unconsciously wise editor fortunately misplaced the annual (twice on leap years) expose of "I pledged a Fraternity" . . . All Stephens girls are goons, hens, and witches . . . There never has been a beautiful girl on the Christian campus . . . All Missouri girls are beautiful queens capable of doubling for Hedy Lamarr without practice . . . I resign . . . "What Happened to Margie" or "All that is lost in the hay is not needles" . . . A reflection of campus thought, huh? . . . A reflection is made by a mirror . . . All a mirror does is imitate! . . . Q. E. D. . . . At that, Showme does show the initiative of a mirror . . . I quit . . . White space is very effective says an advertising prof . . . Very effective in showing a lack of copy . . . Why does a chicken cross the road? . . . Showme started out on a shoestring—now, it's ended out on a limb . . . Who was responsible for shoestrings anyway? . . . Perhaps we could have been spared . . . It was learned here on high authority that Sherwin Garside, former Minister of Propaganda, was sent to a concentration camp for accusing Dictator Schulte of being (of all things) a dictator . . . I quit Showme is no newspaper . . . Interesting to note that Schulte's name appears in 10 point type right under Godfather Connolly.

I am a freshman. I came here from Sedalia. I was awful scared when I got here. I was awful scared. Oh, I said that once didn't I? Well, anyhow, they got me in a smoke filled room and then it was all over. And now I'm a member. Well, anyhow we had a date and we went down to Harris' (I'm not supposed to mention Gae—the other place, because they don't advertise) to JELLY. Well anyhow she liked me and I liked her 'cause she didn't come from Stephens where all women are goons and pretty soon we were out on the golf course and down in Sedalia I'd heard all about what I hoped was going to happen. She snuggled up to me and I snuggled up to her. Then she kissed me and then I kissed her. Then she held my hand and then I held her hand. Well, what was I to do? I deleted by Dean Heckel and company and so I went home very tired."

There are certain words and phrases which were trite to start with which the Showme invariably uses in its stories. They are: 1. Jelly. 2. Harris'. 3. Bull session. 4. And if they can work it in at all, The Missouri Student.

There are certain words and phrases which were trite to start with which the student body uses to describe Showme stories. They are: 1. Adolescent. 2. B—deleted by Dean Heckel and company.

3 on a bottle



We work and work and work
all day—
And avoid fatigue when it
comes our way—
by Drinking
CENTRAL MILK
—Showme Editorial Board

Miller's
SUPERIOR SHOES

800 Broadway



The current Spring has brought on many sweet romances. Girls in jackets and boys in sweaters will be walking around the campus, holding hands, according to custom, if this keeps up. Ain't it grand?

We wonder how long it will be before Linda Cannon, Pi Phi, will put out the K.A. pin of Bus Hackethorn.

Bill Pelsau, Sig Alph, and Betty Jean Wallin, Tri Delt, are doing the rounds in fine style. They very obviously enjoy each other's company immensely.

The recent D.U. convention ended with a very royal brawl. The boys came to town with the idea of repeating in action what they had heard about American Legion conventions—and they did quite well. The local frat was not a little put out about it and was very smart in apologizing with flowers and messages to various girls who dated the worst pills.

Jean Fontaine, Theta, and Herb Bassman, K.A., were a very effective couple at the Pan-Hel Ball. She is the personification of Jaro Fabry's slick drawings of the New York glamour-girls — very smooth, very.

Le Roy Dixon and Bill Frechhof, Phi Gams both, have decided that it's every man for himself as far as the affections of Gerry Rooney, Pi Phi prize, are concerned. But she's still Middle-of-the-roading it. So Randy Decker, Kappa Sig, seems to think that he may as well give up in that field and stick to Margie Ellis, Theta, continuing where Dixon left off.

You may have heard that the most photogenic girl in Columbia resides at Stephens.

It has been said that Martha Bryant, very cute Kappa, and Bob Waldorf, Sig Alph, are just good

friends. But we'll wager a goodly sum that they don't talk about the weather when they're alone. If they do, why did Martha send a fraternity pin back to Chicago a while back?

In the midst of a scramble for the affections of Emily Korpianoch, Hendrix Hall newcomer, who last year was a beauty queen at Southern Methodist U., are Zeta Beta Taus Al Brodkey, Bob Mallin, and Bernard Ginsberg.

Frances Tucker, Gamma Phi, likes 'em funny, so she dates Fred Haines, a crazy nut if there ever was one.

Dundee Autenreith, Theta, seems to have Bill Schick, Kappa Sig, who is slick, coming back for more and more.

The boys at the Sig Ep house wish that the girls would stop calling Jack Blair all the time. There is talk going around the house that he may put his pin out at Stephens some of these days.

Marjorie Joyce over at the Chi Omega house has started going steady at it with Bob Geaque, Pi K.A. President of the Engine school.

Bob Johnson, self-satisfied Sig Alph, and carrot-topped D. D., Jerry Reilly don't ever seem to get tired of each other. Maybe they are planning on doing something about it.

The Gamma Phis are scratching their heads and wondering whether Mary Elizabeth Smith is going to put out the snake badge of Jim Hayes and if Helen Smith will take Norman Kloker's Alpha Gamma Rho pin.

We don't want to seem insistent but we really do think that Harry Wisner, Delta Tau, will put his pin on Doris Wallace, pretty pretty out at Christian.

(Continued on Page 23)

THANK YOU, MR. MOTTO

The road to hell has some wonderful parking places.

It's an ill wind that blows a saxophone.

Time is money. It's always the zero hour with us.

Every man should live within his income even if he has to borrow the money to do it.

Talk is cheap. We wish our lawyer heard of that.

We know a married couple who are just two minds without a single thought.

The oily woodwork catches the dust.

A divorce court scene is often a double exposure.

Keep that fool girl complexion.

The straight and narrow path is the only road that has no traffic problem.

Reaching for the hip still indicates that someone is going to be carried out.

He was stretched out under the protecting shade of a tree when his wife went out and awakened him.

"Loafing, loafing, continually loafing!" she said.

"Well," he replied. "It beats doing nothing, don't it?"



"Calling Car No. 4! Calling Car No. 4! Hurry up on dat Foist National Bank job, youse guys!"



"Oh, the baby? He's fine; he's going to be married tomorrow."

A KISS

For Gentlemen

When kissing a girl lingeringly, leave at least one nostril unrestricted. Remember that a lady must breathe.

Be gentle. The "Big Bad Wolf" technique went out with little red riding hoods and gaiters. This is the Era of Soft Lights.

Pencils and fountain pens and glass-cases should be removed from vest pockets.

Second-hand alcohol has a nasty taste. You can't blame the wren for chirping "Lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine!"—for it does taste terrible. And, of course, anyone who chews tobacco had better confine himself to patting shoulders.

Don't be wholesale . . . at least try to kiss but one lady per evening.

Don't kiss her where the neighbors or her mother might peek.

Never kiss a lady with your hat on—it's disrespectful and ample grounds for a sound slap.

Don't ask for a kiss. Any self-respecting lady must answer NO at such a request. Take it.

For Ladies

Three of man's senses should be appealed to in a kiss. You should be careful to smell sweet, feel soft, and taste pleasant.

If you're in the slightest danger of being kissed, remember not to wear earrings, big hats, hairpins, wooly sweaters, crushable flowers, oily lip-rouge, mascara, or organdy dresses.

Don't get your lip-rouge on him, either on lip, ear or collar. It causes him to be recipient of titters—and man can't take it.

Don't kiss everybody in town—it gets around and your kisses lose value.

Don't think a man's kiss is a proposal of marriage. If you do, you lose the little yardage you may have gained on that play!

Don't think it is Garbo-ish to ruffle his hair on the back of his neck. It gives him gooseflesh, than which there is nothing less romantic.

Don't flirt! Unless you're willing to take the kiss when it is offered, it isn't square to invite it.

"THE LIGHT THAT FAILED"

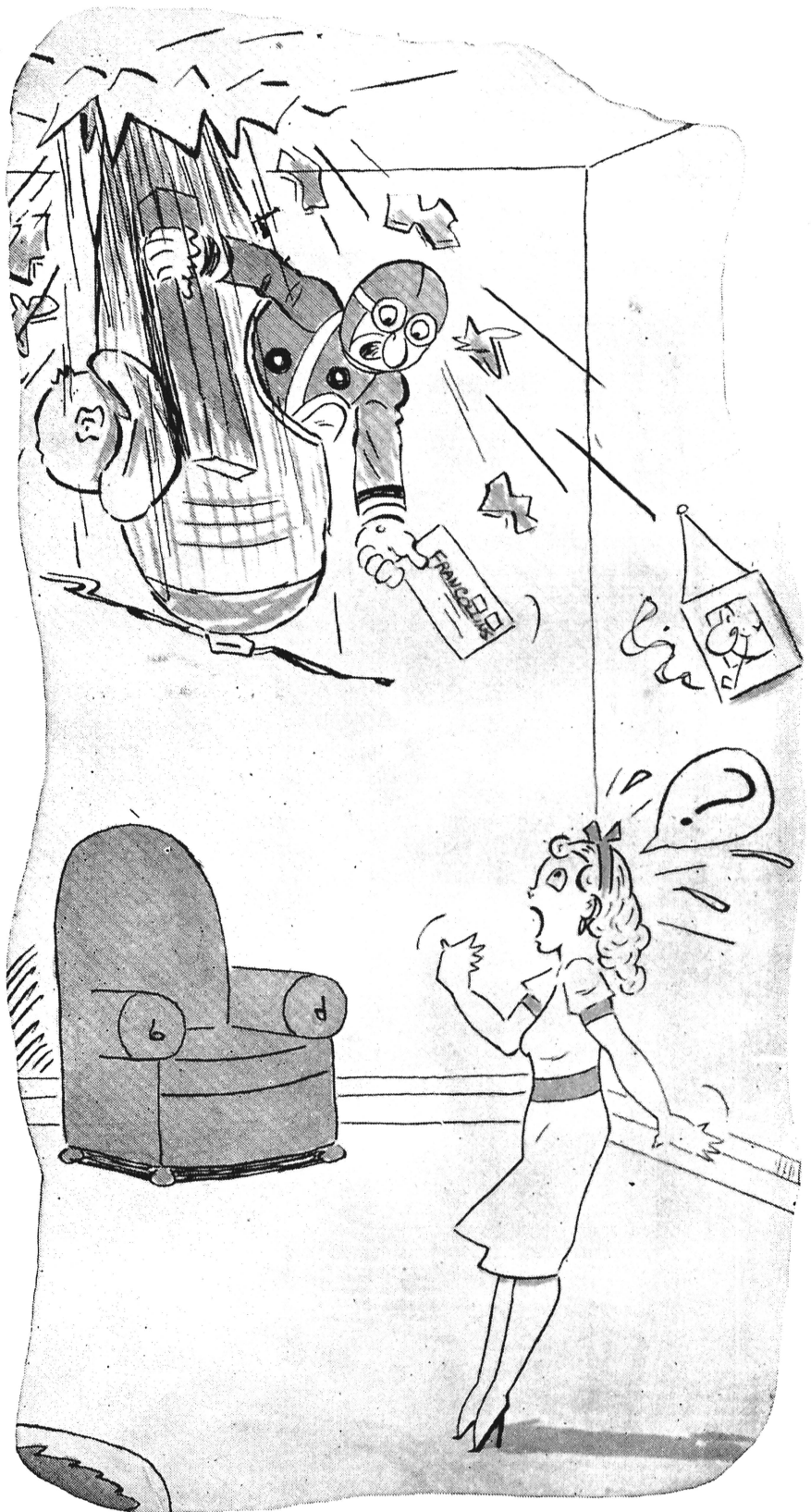
Having heard that one of our friends was losing sleep lately, we decided to find and remove the cause for his insomnia. He told us that during the Christmas recess, he had visited a new movie house which was the largest one he had ever been in. While waiting for a seat, he happened to glance up and notice a huge chandelier, with more bulbs in it than you can imagine, hanging from a very high ceiling in the middle of nowhere. Immediately as he looked at the electric bulbs, a question popped into his mind, "How do they change the bulbs?" The chandelier was too high to be reached from the floor, and too far away from the balcony to be reached. It was his attempt to solve this problem that kept him awake.

In an attempt to enable our friend to sleep, we cut school and visited the movie house, and made the rounds of the entire staff interviewing each one.

The chief usher didn't know how they were changed, and in fact he didn't even know which switch illuminated them. He further admitted that this same bulb-changing problem bothered him, and that he frequently tripped customers going down the aisles by keeping his eyes on the chandelier wondering how the bulbs were changed.

The assistant manager wasn't to be found. The manager could not solve the problem either. All he did tell us is that the only time all the bulbs were lit at one time was when the owner got "lit" five months ago and pulled all the switches just for the heckovit.

Finally we cornered the porter who told us that when a bulb had to be changed, a professional steeple-jack was hoisted off the edge of the balcony and was able to reach the bulbs with one of these long poles with clasps at the end.



"Special Delivery Air Mail letter for you ma'm."

We told all this to our friend, hoping that it would keep him; but alas, he came right back with, "How do they clean the inside of the chande-

lier?"

You can find our friend in the nearest paper basket. How peculiar he looks with a busted head.



GROWIN' GOATS

or

JUST KIDDIN'

(Continued from Page 4)

else at the University, why not a goat building and a course of instruction in goats that will make Dr. Hutchins and some of those other know-it-alls praise Missouri's progressiveness." End of quote.

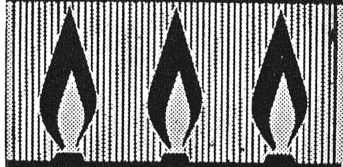
Approximately 150 A.A.A. officials in Washington have notified President Abner Lunk of the club that they will be in Columbia for the big goat banquet. Several of the agricultural officials were quite enthusiastic about the movement to make the goat the national animal, overthrowing the eagle. It has been proven that the goat was the only animal Columbus discovered in America some 500 years ago, and the species has never become extinct. In fact there are more goats in the country now than ever before, according to a W.P.A. survey.

FROM THE 'SHAM'-ROCK—

**"A COLUMN
AROUND THE COLUMNS
BY MAC COLLUM"**

We notice Emil Clusky has been burning the midnight oil lately. He says he's conducting an experiment—to see if a student can really study by an oil lamp. . . . We're sorry in a way for Sophomore Gormand Funtsbinder, who went the way of all flesh when he flunked out of school last semester. He had already subscribed for the year to The Student, The Showme, The College Farmer (to find proofreading faults in it!), The Microphone, Stephens Life, the University Press Service, not to mention several other publications on the campus. . . . We saw several Engineers at the dance out at Stephens the other night. It just shows that because we draw figures during the daytime is no sign figures don't draw us at night. . . . We hear that Junior Gramble Twunks is that way about a new generator in a certain mail order catalogue of national circulation. . . . Rombling Turnskink, the Engine smoothie, isn't explaining why he broke diplomatic relations with that Christian girl. He merely says they had words and one thing led to another until she led him to the door and said, "Don't come back until you take that awful t-square out of your vest pocket. It tickles me to death every time you kiss me."

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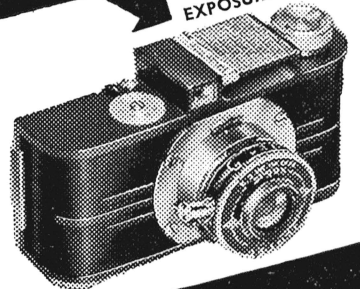
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18 South Nin'h

Waiter, there's a fly in my soup.
Please don't point, sir. This is a classy joint.

Waiter, there's a fly in my soup.
That's his own hard luck.

Waiter, there's a fly in my soup.
Throw him a cracker for a raft.

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

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

Send is 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.

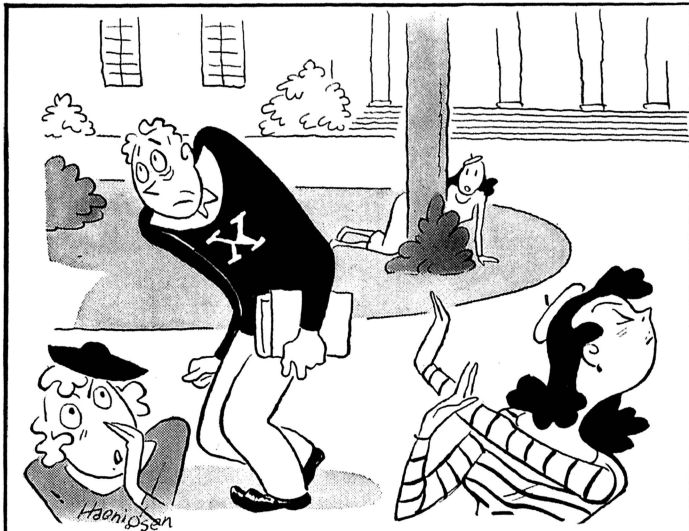
Jokes will be judged by the editors of the publication. The right to publish any or all jokes is reserved. Decisions of the editors will be final. The winning wisecrack will be published the following month along with the lucky winner's name.

This Month's Winner—

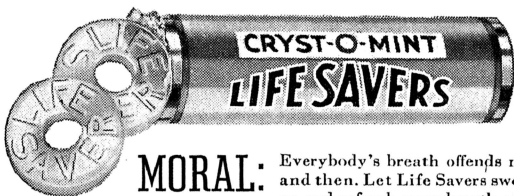
George Olcott
Alpha Sigma Phi

She: Do you know the awful things they have been saying about me?

He: Yeh, whaddaya think I'm datin' you for.



On campus, Henry walked alone,
His breath made all the "lovelies" groan.
But then he took to Cryst-O-Mints,
And now he's treated like a prince.



MORAL: Everybody's breath offends now and then. Let Life Savers sweeten and refresh your breath after eating, drinking, and smoking.



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When there's dry, hard soil to be loosened, that's when you need a good hoe, a KEEN KUTTER! Its tough, forged steel blade stays sharp longer. Straight-grained, waxed handle. \$1.00 to \$1.40.

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Rugged, sharp-tined spading forks that dig deeper more easily and stand abuse. Pressed steel "D" handle with large, comfortable wood grip. Priced from \$1.75 to \$1.95.

KEEN KUTTER DIRT SHOVELS
Here's a dirt shovel that will make the hardest work easier. Properly balanced—correctly designed—clean scouring. High carbon steel, heat treated. Wide range of styles and sizes. \$1.90 to \$2.25.

KEEN KUTTER SAWS
For fast, clean, easy cutting—use a KEEN KUTTER Hand Saw! Blades are of special saw steel, uniformly tempered and evenly tapered. Filed and set, ready for use. Priced from \$1.75 to \$2.90.

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SHOWME SHOW

(Continued from Page 18)

Anne Sonin, undoubtedly the best dressed girl on the campus, and George Fisher, whose father is the Italian Consulate, make a beautiful picture in that gorgeous horseless carriage of his.

Maxwell Shields Page of Sigma Chi has a queer idea concerning the entertaining of dates. He took out Betty Jane Thompson, Pi Phi, to celebrate her coming initiation and spent the entire evening throwing ping pong balls at electric lights in the Sig Chi rec room.

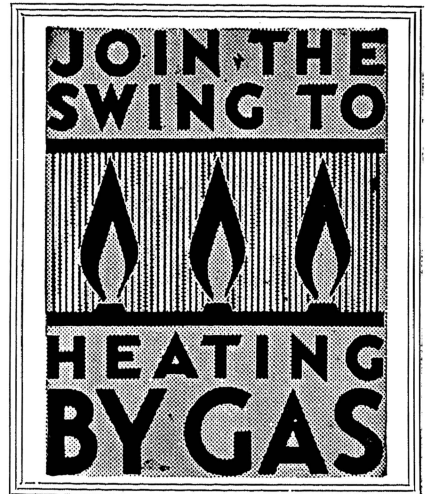
Jane Williams, Theta, and Don Fittimore, good-looking Delta Tau, seem to be definitely on the down grade. She was overheard saying, "We just don't play the game by the same rules." We think that Don wants to include Jane Biebel, Jane's roommate, and Jackie Stewart in his set of rules.

Still going strong after four weeks are Ralph Tucker, ex-prexy of the Zebe lodge, and Peggy Phelps, former Gamma Phi darling. Has little Ralph finally fallen?

At the Alpha Gamma Delta party, Ann Shock, as usual, had the entire stag line following her all night. Her date, Bob Trulaski, basked in the reflected glory. Among the more outstanding couples were Betty Ream and Johnny Cockrell, Phi Beta Pi, and Eileen Leathers and Don Camield, Alpha G. Rho. Iowa State has invaded the Chi Omega house. Anne Askren will soon be wearing the Sigma Nu pin of Martin Boswell, football captain.

We used to see Bill Powell, Sigma Nu, with Harriet Robnett, Kappa, all the time. Now they're still together, but on double dates and with other people!

You want more, Huh?
See next page



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SHOWME SHOW

(Continued from Page 23)

A.D. Pi pledge, Venita Randels, has finally ended her topsy-turvy romance with the boy back home. The ring which has had quite a siege of being slipped on and off is finally on its way back.

Joy Yousem, A.E. Phi, says that a girl can't have a career and a love-life, too, but we think that one of the many people clamoring at her door will break her down.

Jim Reid, Alpha Sigma Phi prexy, says he has lost his pin. We believe that Betty Miles, Tri Delt, has found it.

Hi-pants Joe McDermott out at the Sig Alph house pinned Helen Matson, Delta Gam, and the brothers came through with a serenade for the lucky girl.

The Alpha Chis have always been able to tell the Sharp twins apart because Cora wears Bob Jet's K.A. pin. But now that Mabel is going so steadily with Kenny Haus, another K.A., they aren't going to be able to tell them apart long.

SNUZIES WANT SOMETHING— IN POLITICS

Overlooking nothing and desirous of getting to first base, the Sniffens Snuzies will learn practical politics by taking over the city government for one day. (You keep out of this, Bradshaw.)

President Woods believes that women have a place in politics as well as men. They are in everything else, why not politics? The girls will have opportunity to take over all the offices. In the evening they will become council members sans foul cigars, and jokes of various sorts.

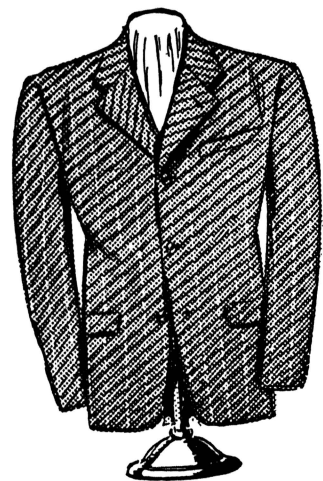
As far as we know this is the first attempt to inject charm into city government.



*Spring is Here
And Lonely You May Be*

*But Don't You Fear
April Brings the*

Missouri
Showme



SUITS
For Spring
With Lots of Color

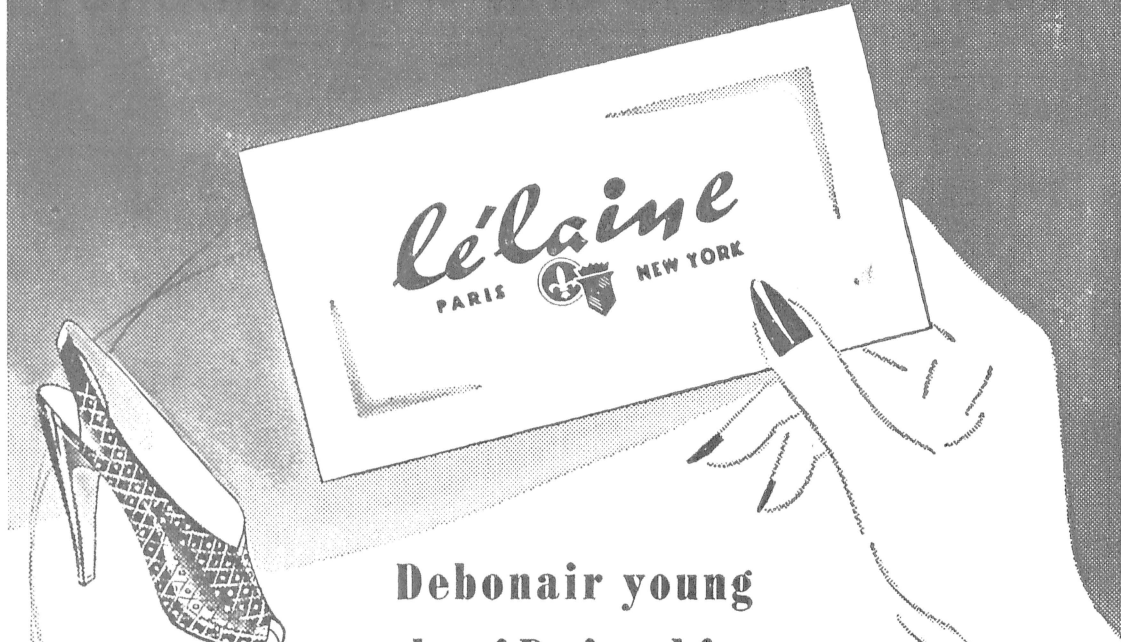
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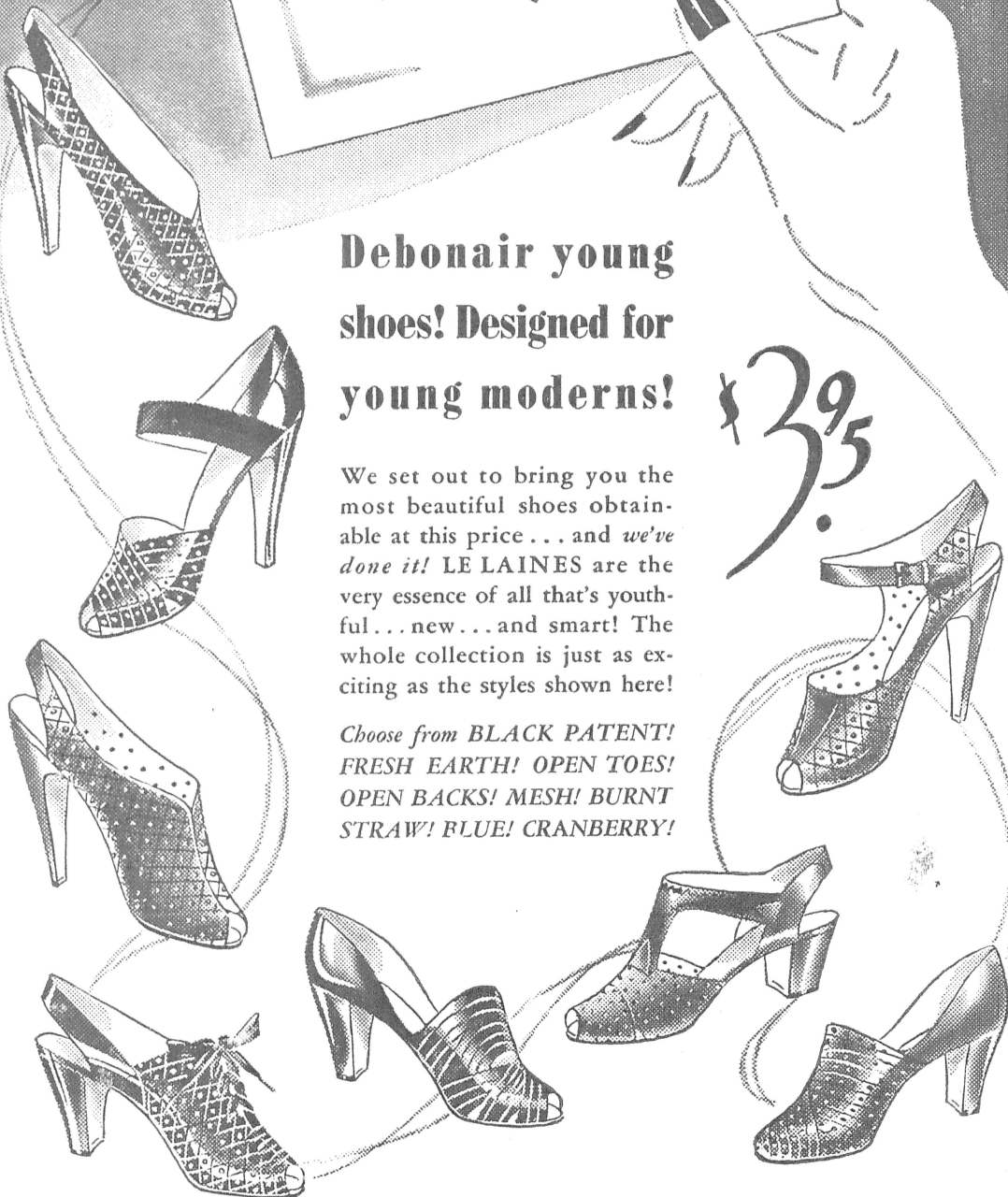


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We set out to bring you the most beautiful shoes obtainable at this price... and *we've done it!* LE LAINES are the very essence of all that's youthful... new... and smart! The whole collection is just as exciting as the styles shown here!

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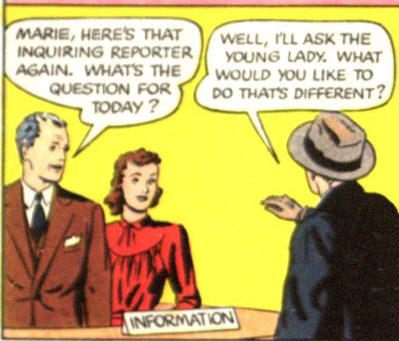
4 MILES UP!

HOW A FORMER INFORMATION CLERK JUMPED 20,800 FEET TO A NEW RECORD



MARIE McMILLIN, RECORD-HOLDING WOMAN PARACHUTE JUMPER

MARIE McMILLIN WAS ON HER JOB AT THE INFORMATION COUNTER OF A COLUMBUS, OHIO HOTEL WHEN...



MARIE, HERE'S THAT INQUIRING REPORTER AGAIN. WHAT'S THE QUESTION FOR TODAY?

WELL, I'LL ASK THE YOUNG LADY. WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO DO THAT'S DIFFERENT?

OH-H-H—I'D LIKE TO FALL OUT OF AN AEROPLANE. HA! HA! HA!



OKA-A-Y—I'LL FIX THAT RIGHT AWAY. WE'RE RUNNING A STUNT PROMOTION AT THE AIRPORT TOMORROW. YOU GO UP FOR A PARACHUTE JUMP

NEXT MORNING—MARIE FELT PRETTY SCARED BUT—



OH-H—I JUST CAN'T GO THROUGH WITH THIS

TOO LATE NOW—UP WE GO

—AND SHE LOOKS SO NICE, TOO!

3000 FT. UP—MARIE IS TERRIFIED—



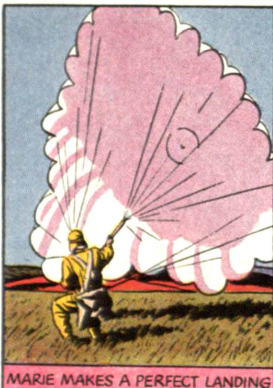
GET GOING—WE CAN'T DISAPPOINT TWO THOUSAND PEOPLE

OH—OH, I TELL YOU I CAN'T DO IT!

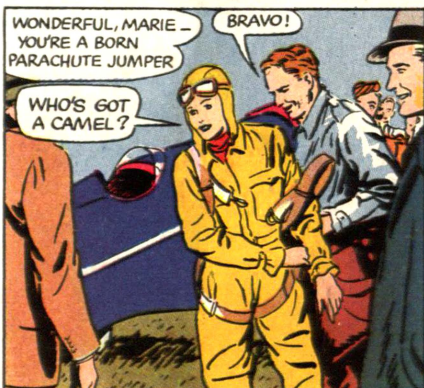


DON'T FORGET THE RECORD!

O-O-O-O-HH



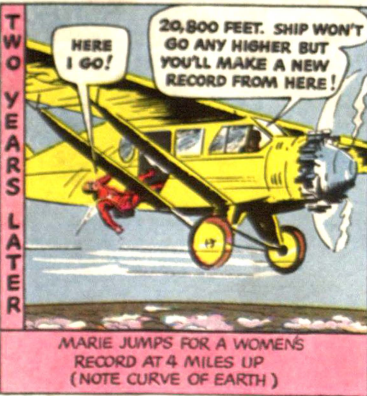
MARIE MAKES A PERFECT LANDING



WONDERFUL, MARIE—YOU'RE A BORN PARACHUTE JUMPER

BRAVO!

WHO'S GOT A CAMEL?



TWO YEARS LATER

HERE I GO!

20,800 FEET. SHIP WON'T GO ANY HIGHER BUT YOU'LL MAKE A NEW RECORD FROM HERE!

MARIE JUMPS FOR A WOMEN'S RECORD AT 4 MILES UP (NOTE CURVE OF EARTH)



MARIE LANDS 13 MILES AWAY



CONGRATULATIONS, MARIE—A FOUR-MILE JUMP MUST BE A BIG STRAIN ON THE NERVES



YES, LONG PARACHUTE JUMPS ARE ROUGH ON THE NERVES, BUT I DODGE NERVE TENSION BY LETTING UP—LIGHTING UP A CAMEL WHENEVER I CAN. I FIND CAMELS SO SOOTHING!



(left) WHEN BUSY, STRENUOUS days put your nerves on the spot, take a tip from the wire fox terrier pictured here. Despite his almost humanly complex nerve system, he quickly halts in the midst of any activity, to relax—to ease his nerves. So often, we humans ignore this instinctive urge to break nerve tension. We may even take pride in our will to drive on relentlessly, forgetting that tiring nerves may soon be jittery nerves! Yet the welfare of your nerves is vital to your success, your happiness. Make it your pleasant rule to pause regularly—to LET UP—LIGHT UP A CAMEL. Start today—add an extra comfort to your smoking with Camel's costlier tobaccos.



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COSTLIER TOBACCOS

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LET UP—LIGHT UP A CAMEL!
SMOKERS FIND CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS ARE SOOTHING TO THE NERVES