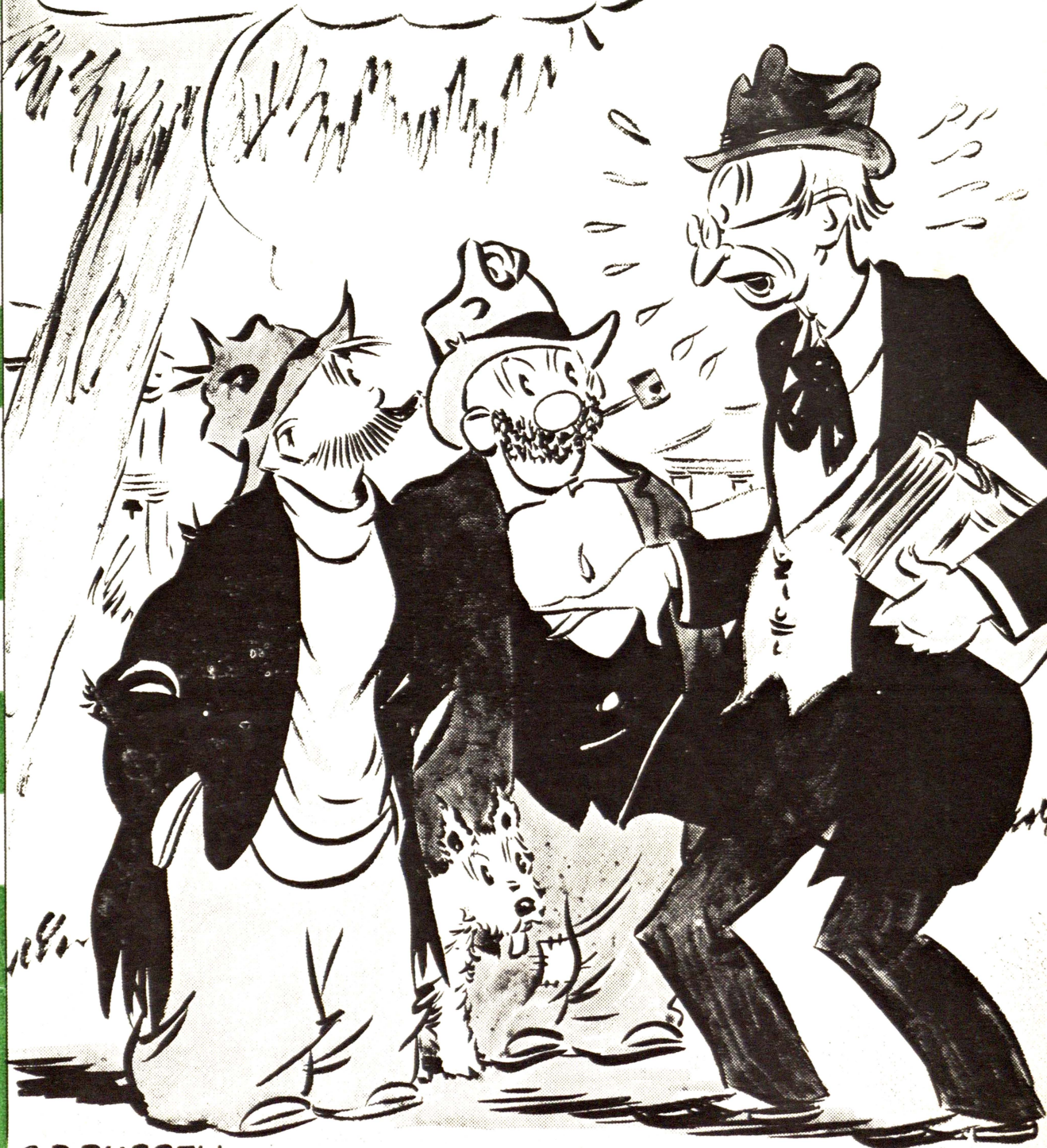


Missouri *Showme*

WHO DO YA' SEE ABOUT
THOSE TRAMP ATHLETE
JOBS PROFESSOR?



C.D. RUSSELL

Politics

Spring Styles

Pictures

Campus Life

Humor

APRIL 1939

Fifteen Cents

● WITNESSED STATEMENT SERIES:

"SOLD AMERICAN"

MEANS FINE TOBACCO FOR LUCKIES

F. E. McLAUGHLIN, auctioneer, has been "in tobacco" for 13 years. He says: "I've never yet seen Luckies buy anything but the best tobacco ...so I've smoked them since 1928."

Have you tried a Lucky lately?

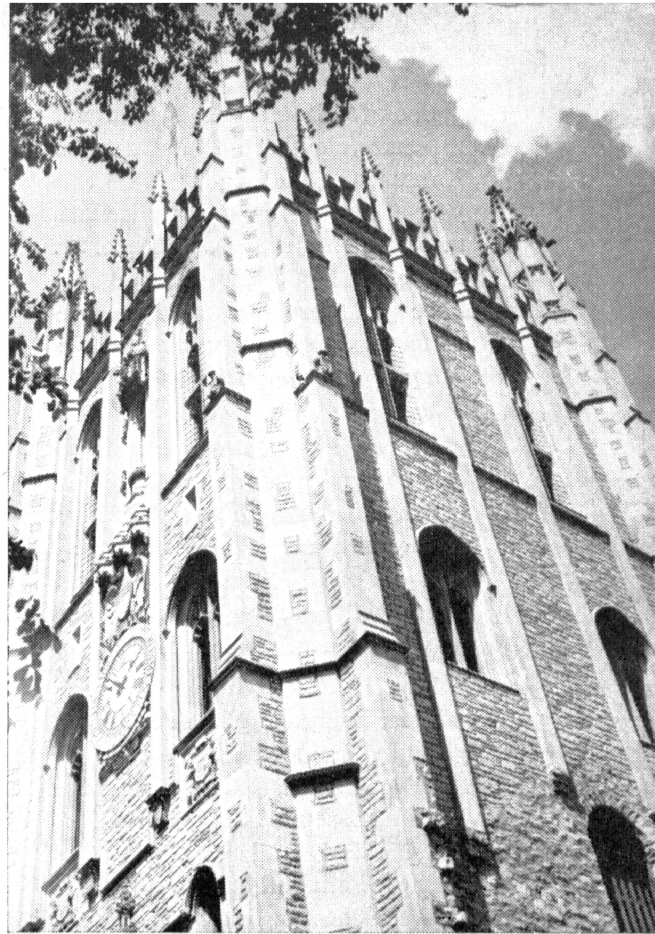
RECENT tobacco crops have been outstanding in quality. New methods, developed by the United States Government, have helped the farmer grow finer tobacco. As *independent* experts point out, Luckies have always bought the cream of the crop. Thoroughly aged, these fine tobaccos are now ready for you. And so Luckies are better than ever. Have you tried a Lucky lately? Try them for a week and know why...

**With Men Who
Know Tobacco Best—
It's Luckies 2 to 1**

Copyright 1959, The American Tobacco Company



*Easy on Your Throat—
Because "IT'S TOASTED"*



*Spring—loveliest of seasons—finds nature
and hearts in tune. Trees wake from a
peaceful winter's sleep. Flowers vie with
one another to be more gay—more joyous.
Even the air, warm and balmy, harks of a
new season filled with romance. The sky is
clear and painted with a new and richer blue.
Spring is truly the dawning of a new year.*

Look for Uncle Tom Pendergast to send talent scouts down from Kansas City to look over this year's crop of campus politicians in action on election day, April 21. Actually, some M. U. politicians have gone on to be big names in Jefferson City, and some of our campus contemporaries are no pikers.

This spring's campaign reduces down to just this: The Haves or Union-Independent Party will go to any extreme to stay in power, and the Have-Nots or Missouri Party will use any strategy or travel under any colors to get into power.

After being caught off base last year by smart Politician Black, the Big Greeks, kit and caboodle of the Missouri Party, got down to some early and hard work this spring. Politically wise boys figured somehow or other they would have to crack Black's nest-egg of Independent votes. Head-guy Harry Thompson knew his most fertile block of organized Independent votes lies in the Ag School. After consulting the three Ag fraternities the Missouri Party asked Chauncy Stanberry, Graduate Ag student, to carry their hot torch.

Chauncy, College Avenue said, would deliver enough Independent votes to overcome the opposition. Stanberry is well liked by his farmer friends, and they will vote for him. But some Ags are grumbling because they think Stanberry is merely stooging for College and Rollins Avenues. Nevertheless, he's an Ag, and the bumpkins will vote for him, by golly.

Stanberry will probably be the only Independent on the Missouri Party ticket, because there is a lot of gravy to go around to a lot of houses, some slightly dissatisfied. The Union-Independents are hold-

Heigho-Ho The Rat Race

ing a few plums open for any house that's willing to come over, and it's not unlikely that a few houses will find better pickins with the U-I's.

BETTING ODDS

Figures for Showme's annual Presidential Poll, modeled after the Literary Digest and now copied from the Showme by the Stoodent, have just come in from the stuffed ballot boxes. They show each candidate's popularity running neck and neck, but don't worry, things don't look Black.

The Tabulation

Stanberry	-----	2.	%
Bidstrup	-----	2.	%
Roosevelt	-----	90.	%
Middlebush	-----	.05%	
Hitler	-----	.00%	
Hedy Lamar	-----	100.	%
Humidity	-----	36.	%

Meanwhile, the strategy of Black & Co. is to lie low, wait for the Missouri Party to show all their cards, and then to trump a few of their aces. This technique has already caused their biggest sorority house, Delta Gamma, to go over to the other side. This move was neatly maneuvered by several D.G.'s who pointed out "the greater social prestige of belonging to the Missouri Party."

Because of law worries, love life, and his unpopularity in some quarters, Black is not taking an active part in his party's affairs this year. The party which he so

by
Prof. Ratshaw

brilliantly created last year is now actively headed by Independent Bob Wollard, not so dumb himself. His party wheelhorses are Charles Underwood, Walt Keil, Jim Ridgeway, and George Olecott.

The Little Greek-Independent party members don't appear worried, claiming all the time that they have plenty of tricks to show Thompson & Friends. If they have any Aces they're not playing them. Maybe they don't have any, but Missouri Partyers wonder if the Election Board to be named by Black is one of them.

Lo, the poor Independents; they don't know what to think. Both sides claim they are the champions of the Independent cause. The Missouri Party bunch can hardly point to those four fat years when they were in power and gave the Independents practically nothing. The Union-Independent gang can claim that their one year was truly an equal representation of small houses and Independents. The Independents can pick the lesser evil, whichever that is.

Not one to let a party name handicap them, the Missouri Party thoughtfully adopted the name of the old Ag party, Independent Coalition Party. A piece in a little-read (or Red) weekly publication quoted Boss Thompson as saying the Missouri Party is dead. Somebody should bury it before it starts stinking.

The Union-Independents will run Dudley Bidstrup of Homecoming and debate fame as president, leaving vice-president open until the last minute to crack the Ags or Engineers. Secretary-Treasurer will go to an Independent girl. Little Greeks will squabble for half the senate seats, the other half going to Independents. Little Greeks complain they are having a hard time getting on

(Continued Page 28)

No Matter Which Party Wins—

The Independents Get It in Th' Neck

Just can't be Weather-Beaten!

Just like
 Betty Petty . . .
 Old Golds love the
 April Showers
 For the bloom they
 Give to May flowers.
 But like smart Betty,
 Old Golds are
Doubly Protected
 Against the
 Spring dampness
 That steals the
 Freshness of a
 Girl's curls or a
 Cigarette.
 Working together
 Like slicker and
 Umbrella . . . those 2
 Cellophane jackets
 On every pack
 Just can't be
 Weather-beaten.
 They keep O. Gs'
 Extra choice, extra
 Long-aged tobaccos
 As fresh and fragrant
 As the Tulips of
 Spring . . . ready to
 Delight your
 2 lips in any
 Climate
 Anywhere!



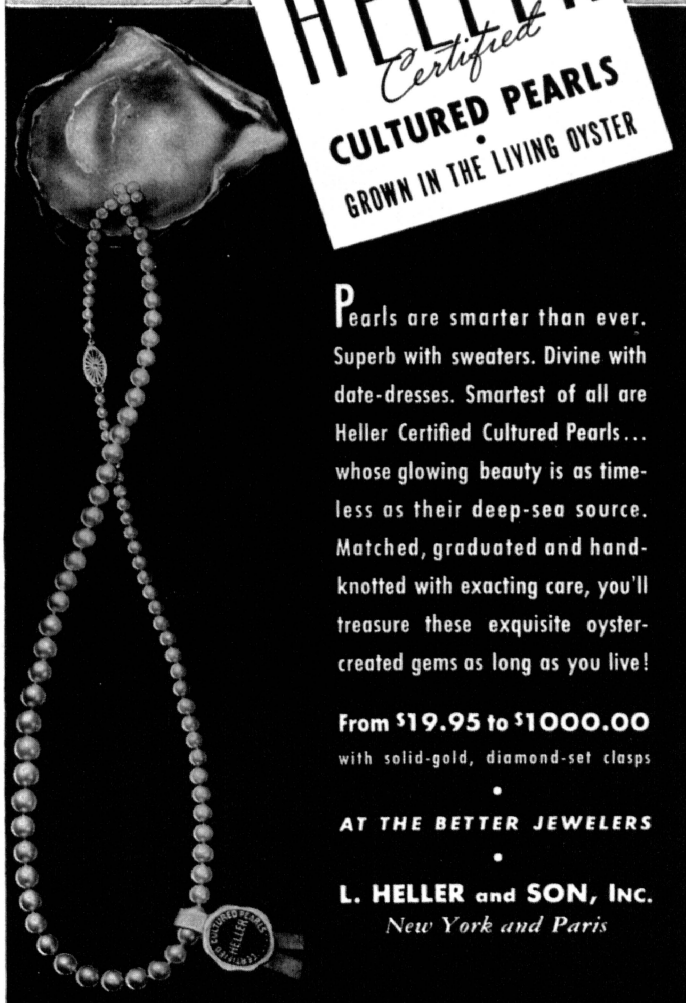
Every pack wrapped in 2 jackets
 of Cellophane; the *OUTER* jacket
 opens from the *BOTTOM*.

ATTENTION! YOU PETTY FANS!

Send 10¢ and 2 Old Gold wrappers for a
 beautiful 4-color reproduction of this pic-
 ture of "Betty Petty," without advertising,
 suitable for framing. Address: OLD GOLD,
 119 West 40th St., New York City.

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



Pearls are smarter than ever. Superb with sweaters. Divine with date-dresses. Smartest of all are Heller Certified Cultured Pearls... whose glowing beauty is as timeless as their deep-sea source. Matched, graduated and hand-knotted with exacting care, you'll treasure these exquisite oyster-created gems as long as you live!

From \$19.95 to \$1000.00
with solid-gold, diamond-set clasps

AT THE BETTER JEWELERS

L. HELLER and SON, INC.
New York and Paris

FAMOUS LAST WORDS

Stand by for important denouncements.
Sign here.
With or without onions?
I think I've made myself perfectly clear.
A rejection does not necessarily imply a lack of literary merit.
Well, as I always say, life is a funny proposition no matter how you take it.
Don't be silly, officer, somebody put that bottle in my car for a joke.
Shall we sit this one out?
Of course, I believe you, dear, only your story sounds a little far-fetched.
The only reason I keep the wedding ring in my handbag, dearie, is because I'm afraid I might lose it.
Count your change.
You wait here while I play another hand to get even.
I didn't pass out—I was just resting my eyes.
All I did was shave my legs with your razor.
I read that mystery story—I'll tell you who killed him.
But then I was only a girl when I married.
You're a tolerant man—so listen to my side of the story.
On with the dance.
Let's just act as if nothing happened.
Wash the dishes, big boy! I had a hard day at the office, too.
Your baby's very pretty. Does she look like any of the family?
Tears won't get you nowhere with me, baby.
I may be crazy, but I ain't no fool!
I hid your present, dearie, and I can't remember where I put it.
Case dismissed.
Put it away and forget about it.
Quiet, please.
If you've got anything to say, say it to me.
After all!
I thought you told me your wife was an invalid.
Any questions?
What a pretty dress! But satin does make one look fat.
You can't cut my salary. It won't be patriotic.
I sent you that check all right—it must have been lost in the mail.
You're only young once.
I won't call a cab, baby, a brisk walk will do us good.
Tune in at this same time tomorrow.
Pass the hat.
Cheese it, the cops.
But I thought you liked me because I was such a plain spoken guy, dear.

Collegiate A: That chap over there uncovered a rich vein yesterday.

Collegiate B: Is he a prospector?

Collegiate A: No, he sold a pint of blood to the hospital for \$25.

When women go wrong, men go right after them.

“There’s something about our child that is dove-like.”
 “Yeh. He’s pigeon-toed.”

Daughter: “Has my mail come yet?”
 Mother: “Daughter, you must stop using that terrible slang.”

Boy Friend: Everything I touch seems to go wrong lately.
 Girl Friend: Then keep your hands off of me until we’re married.
 —Wampus

Whatever happened to the little girl in the cotton stockings?
 Nothing.
 —Drexerd

He: Do you know the secret of popularity?
 She: Yes, but my mother said I mustn’t.

ODE TO RED FLANNELS

All of spring’s historic annals
 Show no ease where two-legged mammals
 Had the sense to wear their flannels
 Right up into May!
 March and April’s arctic breezes
 Fan the coeds’ purple kneeses,
 Start a hundred million sneezes
 By the bare display.
 Weather-trusting college Joses
 Go beer-busting, get red noses,
 More from shirtless, shortless clothes,
 Than from filthy brew.
 Gals too early hide their snuggies,
 Woolen skirts, and red fox chubbies,
 Hatless ride in horseless buggies,
 Then come down with flu.
 People are such crazy creatures!
 Spring’s not all golf-course and bleachers,
 Blanket parties can be freezers
 In an April rain!
 Worse than pitching woo off-season
 Is the darned fool stripped of reason
 Who goes swimming with ice freezing
 Round his balmy brain!
 When you Jellies catch pneumonia,
 Just remember that I told you,
 Summer’s undies that enfold you,
 Won’t keep colds away!
 Go on! Rush the spring, you Ghandies!
 Wear your ankle-sox and scanties!
 But I’ll keep my woolen panties
 Scratching me ’till May!

HELL! IT'S SPRING

by C. V. Wells
 Bob Richards



Tried on the embossed soup bowl with the snipe feathers, the bunch of grapes and old curtain on a doilie, and the pillbox with a potted plant on each side (ever-blooming). But somehow this hat looked like **me!**

My

It was shaped like a coal bucket with a strip of linoleum around the middle and the American flag hanging down the back. I bought it. Positive there was nothing like it this side of Vogue.

Only difficulty lay in getting the bucket handle under my chin. Wore it to try out its pedestrian appeal. Very successful. Hat stopped people dead in their tracks—which I had formerly done with my face.

Got the biggest reception on street corners. Jellies not only whistled but gave me the flag salute. Policeman stopped traffic when I crossed the intersection. Asked me how long it would be before the rest of the parade came by.

Was walking quietly along thinking how well my new soleless shoes would match the linoleum on my hat when car stopped me.

Young man in swimming trunks and pajama top asked did I want

a lift to the party. Couldn't see him very well because my myopia was eclipsed by the brim of my coal bucket.

But he looked like my zoo teacher. And I believe in shining the apple whenever I'm near an orchard. So I climbed in. Could see we were evidently not dressing.

Was glad I had something new for the party though. Told him I thought I was flunking zoo. He said not to worry—even if I flunked out nobody would recognize me in that hat.

Hard-Time

Stopped before a fraternity house with lights on all three floors and a canopy over the chaperons. House so crowded we pushed three people out the back door as we came in the front.

Orchestra sat tight and jammed in one corner. Musicians so close together the drummer played six instruments himself every time he turned his head. Trombone player was aiming out the window to keep from stabbing the dancers.

Everybody dressed in awful clothes! Didn't recognize anybody dancing, and only half those on the floor.

We mangled a dozen people getting to the large punch bowl—although nobody was around the punch bowl near the chaperons. Crowd reported punch very excellent. To date, seven teeth and three permanent waves had fallen out.

Zoo teacher gave me a glassful. Said he wanted to perform a little experiment on me—he'd heard it hardened the liver.

So I raised the handle on my coal bucket and drank it down. When I picked myself up off the floor, the linoleum on my hat was waxed and my American flag half-mast.

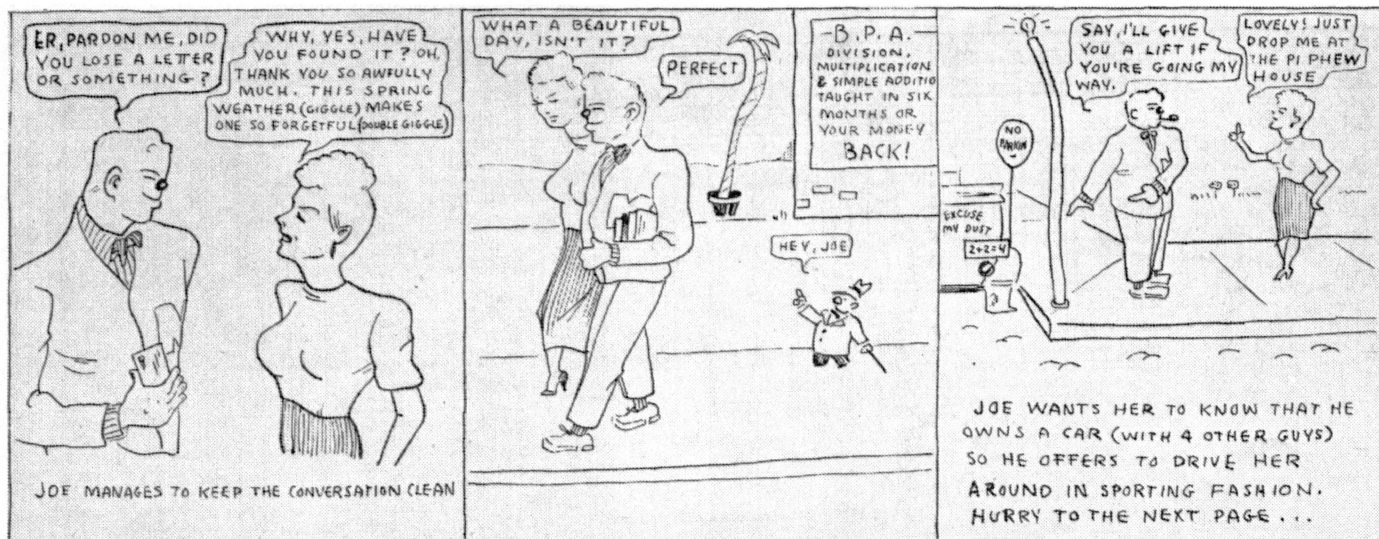
Just then three people asked me to dance so I danced off in different directions with all three of them. Two ran interference and we shagged right up the stair-case to second floor.

A three-ring circus was going on in the hall, with the seven dwarfs juggling glasses, Jesse James and Snow White doing an

Party

Apache dance, and Mae West giving out passes to the after-show.

Everybody there seemed to be in tights—except my zoo teacher's roommate. He wanted to come as Ghandi but didn't have a clean sheet. So he came anyway.



The entertainment committee was mixing punch in the bath tub. The chairman had already fallen in but protested he was very comfortable and dared anybody to remove him.

Zoo teacher invited me into his room while he selected a more suitable necktie for his bathing suit.

Asked me to sit down and after a short struggle I accepted. No wonder they called it a crum party! Someone had been eating crackers in bed!

Zoo teacher insisted on talking shop. Asked me if I had ever performed experiment 27. Had to black his eye to convince him I could get somebody's notes on it.

Just then six people walked out of the closet and announced there would be a style show downstairs immediately—a spring showing of nudist suits for town and country.

I protested I wasn't in fancy dress. They entered me anyway. Everybody lined up while the judges finished off the punch. What a place to wear a new spring hat! Fellow even asked to borrow it to run out and get some ice!

Parlors so crowded when everyone came downstairs that they had to send the chaperons home. I was wedged in between a trumpet player and house boy. Some goon four feet away kept neck-

ing me by mistake. Finally slapped him and knocked a whole row of people down.

Judges eliminated contestants by throwing them through the French windows. And then I was never so insulted in my life! I won! Some judges haven't any taste in hats!

I was so mad my American flag positively furred and unfurred! So the band struck up the "Star Spangled Banner" and my zoo teacher requested a "stripe" tease. Threw the cup at him and left.

Say—I don't think that was my zoo teacher!

by Lucille Gupton

First She: "How do you keep the boys from peeking in the key hole?"

Second She: "I keep the door open."

—Froth

Sweet Young Thing: "Have a cigarette?"

House Mother: "What? Smoke a cigarette, I'd rather kiss the first man that came along."

Sorority Girl: "So would I, but have a cigarette while we're waiting."

—Rammer Jammer

He: "Do you know the difference between being good and being bad?"

She: "What's the difference?"

He: "That's what I say."

—Mis-A-Sip

Jack and Jill went up the hill,
Upon a moonlight ride.
When Jack came back
His eye was black.
His pal, you see, had lied.

—Ranger

Clerk, to a suspicious looking couple in the hotel lobby: "I don't believe you people are married after all."

Lady: "Sir, if my husband were only here he would make you swallow those words."

—Varieties

Mistress: "You know, I suspect my husband has a love affair with his stenographer."

Maid: "I don't believe it. You are only saying it to make me jealous."

—Mercury

"Let me show you something new in a snappy sedan," suggested the salesman.

"I don't think you could," she sweetly replied.

—Covered Wagon



THE MISSOURI SHOWME

"A Reflection of Modern Campus Thought"

J. V. CONNOLLY, *Godfather*

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Showme's Jester started thinking about Mizzou traditions the other day. And at first he could remember only about the 10,000 Missourians whose parents pledged their "all" beneath the columns.

And on second thought he remembers the J-School Bridge, Barnwarmin' and the political elections. Of course, reasons the Jester, there's always the J-School lions and the golf course

—each traditional in its own little way.

But in recent years no new Mizzou traditions have been started. (Over-looking the pickets.)

So, the Jester explains, here's an opportunity for some-one with the path-to-my-door-for-a-geed-mouse-trap complex to do something. Start a good tradition that will last the next century at M. U.

Our political reporter isn't modest; but wise. So he, too, wanted his name withheld. For, assets our p. r., he has his own future at MU to protect.

* * *

Gossip writer, petite little—er—(oops, almost gave it away) hints April is providing plenty of ammunition for her stooges. In fact, she advocates a dirt issue. But, we explain, there's already the Stoogent. Anyway watch for fireworks come May's Showme.

VOL. VIII

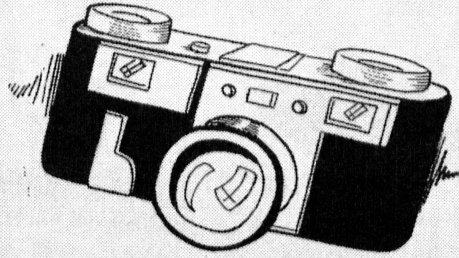
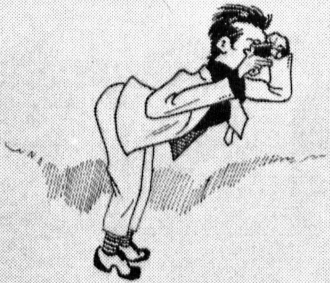
APRIL, 1939

NO. 8

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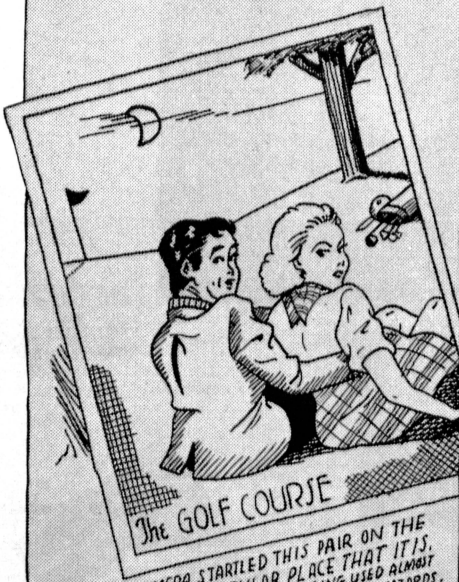


SHOWME'S *Candid* CAMERA



THESE CANDID SHOTS WERE TAKEN BY A ROVING SHOWME PHOTOGRAPHER—WHO MUST HAVE HAD A COUPLE OF SHOTS TO BEGIN WITH

... by c.v.wells...



The GOLF COURSE
THE CAMERA STARTED THIS PAIR ON THE GOLF COURSE, POPULAR PLACE THAT IT IS. THE OVER-LAPPING GRIP IS BEING USED ALMOST EXCLUSIVELY ON LOCAL GREENS, DESPITE HAZARDS.



The COLUMNS

THIS SNAPSHOT IS CALLED "MARCH WINDS" AND IT IS AN UNUSUAL VIEW OF MU's FAMOUS COLUMNS. THE GAL OBSTRUCTING YOUR GAZE ASKED THE PHOTOGRAPHER TO WAIT UNTIL SHE PUT ON HER HAT AND POWDERED HER NOSE BUT HE DIDN'T THINK YOU WOULD NOTICE - DID YOU?



NEFF HALL
OUR CAMPUS HAS RECENTLY BEEN INVADDED BY PICKETS. THE FILM ABOVE SHOWS AN EXAMPLE OF THE UNION'S NEW IDEA OF PICKET LINES. NICE LINES, EH? THIS SORT OF THING WILL GET THE UNION PLACES — AND THE PICKET!



A SPRING DANCE

SNAPPED AT 1/15 OF A SECOND. AT THIS RECENT AFFAIR BOTH STUDENTS AND FACULTY RUBBED ELBOWS

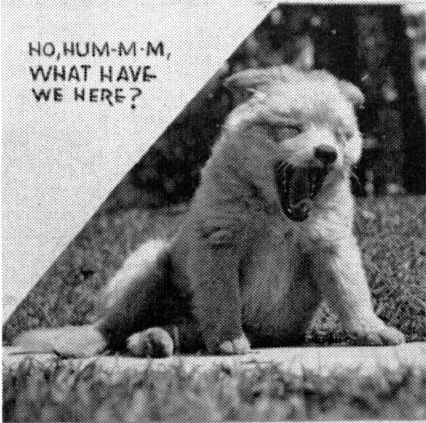


FRATERNITY HOUSE

SUNDAY MORNING AND THE LAD IS EVIDENTLY DEBATING WHETHER OR NOT HE SHOULD GO TO CHURCH

IT MUST BE THE WEATHER!

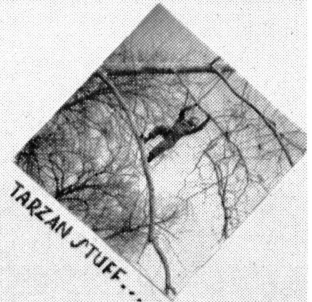
NO, HUM-M-M,
WHAT HAVE
WE HERE?



"PICNICS . . ."



HORSEHIDE HARRY AND FRIENDS...



TARZAN STUFF...



THE WOLVES ARE AT IT AGAIN . . .



CULTIVATION...



... AND "SNAPPERS"



SO ARE THE SOLDIERS.



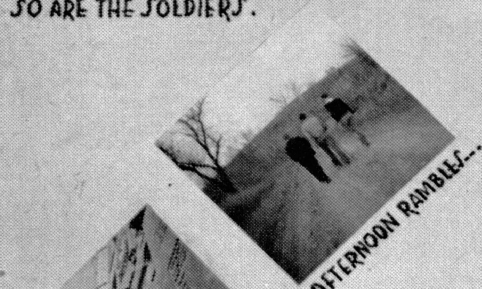
APRIL MORN'...



WILD OATS...



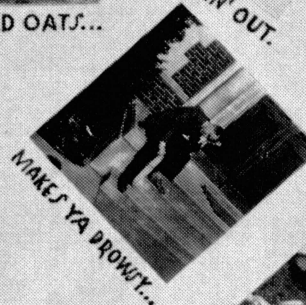
AND "STUDYIN' OUT."



AFTERNOON RAMBLES...



BY GOSH, MUST BE SPRING!



MAKES YA PROUDY...



HO HUM-M-M,
SEE YA LATER

PIX BY
DIAMKE AND OLCOTT

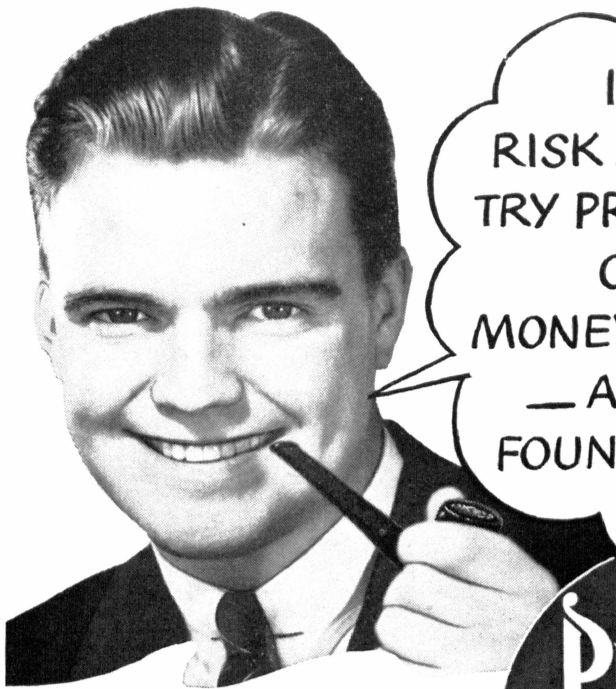


The Right Combination does it...

THE SECRET of Chesterfield's milder better taste...*the reason why they give you more smoking pleasure...* is the right combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos rolled in pure cigarette paper... the blend that can't be copied.



Chesterfield
THEY SATISFY



I DIDN'T
RISK A PENNY TO
TRY PRINCE ALBERT
ON THAT
MONEY-BACK OFFER
— AND I SURE
FOUND SMOKING
JOY!

PIPE FANS, HERE'S P. A.'S GUARANTEE!

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

**PRINCE
ALBERT**
THE NATIONAL
JOY SMOKE



**SO
MILD!**

50

pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every handy tin of Prince Albert

Copyright, 1939, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.

THE POISON APPLE

"Snow White had a baby."

"How come?"

"Do you think that all the dwarfs were dopey?"

•

Before the last dwarf was born they gave his mother golden rod — that's how she got Sneezzy.

•

Nudist colony theme song: "The Thrill Is Gone."

•

No matter how bad times are, the Siamese twins can always make ends meet.

•

Today the zipper is the undoing of the modern girl.

Man (in restaurant to waiter): I like weak coffee, but this is helpless.

•

Look at me—I can't write and I was convicted of forgery—did I have a lousy lawyer.

•

I once met a man who owned a baby tiger that he said would eat off your hand—and he did.

•

Actress Celebrating Silver Anniversary.—*News item.*

Married twenty-fifth time, eh?

•

New traffic rules: If you're hit on the white side of the line, it doesn't count.

THE ARTIST

He lived in an attic of an old, shabby building in the poorest section of town. There was no steam heat, and the little fire he had built was out. He was very cold, and as he sat by the window, he shivered. His eyes kept wandering; he was hungry. It seemed like years since he had last tasted food. There wasn't a crumb in the house. The broken-down ice box was empty. There wasn't even any ice in it. Must he starve like this—alone and friendless in this cheerless little attic room? Hunger gnawed and gnawed. He looked again. This time he made a complete search of every shelf, the ice-box, and everywhere else. Not a crust. So he went out to a restaurant and ate a big meal.

•

REINCARNATION

Washington came back as a bridge; Lincoln as an auto; Bismarck was a herring, and *You* as a pain in the neck.

Spring



© American Exchange Co. 1938

INVITATION



Fire your beauty with the excitement of a brand new coiffure, and you'll go places—do things—have a wonderful time! Our stylist is full of grand ideas for making your Spring permanent a spellbinding success. Make your appointment today!

PERMANENT
\$3.50 \$5.00 \$6.00

GREENSPONS PHONE 6303
900 B'WAY Beauty Salon

DEANS

COLUMBIA'S MOST
COMPLETE SPORTSWEAR
SHOP

▼

Catering to the
College and
Younger Set

DEANS

▲

10 S. 9th



Wear the kind of clothes this Spring that will make people turn around and look twice. Make 'em blink their eyes and want to meet you.

The colors this season are luscious shades of lavender, fuschia, lime, (they **used** to call it chartreuse!), and a pretty dusty pink. Of course, navy blue and white are always good for the old conservaties, but this is 1939, so let's be modern and colorful.

The best looking outfit we've seen in many a day is that of Kappa Emily Burnett. Lime, flower-covered pill-box and shirt-waist of the same shade. With it, she wears a grey and black plaid coat with a widely flaring skirt.

Get dressed up with dots or dash, but have lots of flash (yeh, Winchell). You can wear a strictly tailored suit, yes, but with it a saucy, frothily veiled hat. The Campus Shop has just what you want with flowers, birds, veils, 'n everything.

Be impudent, have a flair in your skirts and a curl in your eyelashes. Greenspons Beauty Shop can ably take care of the curls not only in your eyelashes, but in your hair as well. And they do a very fine job of everything.

Let an immaculately starched ruffle show beneath your skirt when you walk or dance. The

by
Mabel
Kinyon

Tiger Laundry is the place to take your fine things to be cleaned and pressed. They'll keep your ruffles white and your gloves holdable.

For campus wear, have at least one good looking jacket and two skirts and several changes of accessories. Suzannes have a smart collarless jacket striped in rust, brown, and white on a slate background, flecked in dark brown. The accompanying pleated skirt is a matching brown. Being broke when I saw it, I wanted to grab it and run out of the store quick like an Easter bunny, but restrained myself. Jacqueline Shop has just the shoes to wear with this outfit: Toeless, heelless, of the new shade, "Japonica." The best looking pair of shoes on the campus belong to Ruth Schiffin, Pi Phi. They are of shocking pink, with little bows, and are toeless and heelless.

Saw a slick looking outfit across the campus the other day; fuschia skirt, chartreuse jacket with a lavender chiffon scarf tucked in the neck. Very tricky and eye-drawing.

For fun on a date, grab someone's car and drive out to Ernie's or Texaco Town for a coke and one of their fine hamburgers. Sort of a back to nature movement.

Dean's have some of the cutest sweater and skirt combinations in town. Their windows are always full of smooth colors and darling accessories.

Millers Shoe store have all the necessaries for your springy feet. Spectator sport pumps and dressy pumps and sandals for evening.

The most important part of every college girl's Spring wardrobe is her formals.

(Continued on Page 18.)

Suzanne's
Columbia's Smartest Shop for Women
presents a

Preview of **EASTER**
FASHIONS

Let Suzanne's make you the Grandest Lady
in the Easter Parade—with
Our Beautiful Clothes

At Suzanne's, 912 B'dway, you will
find a beautiful selection of Coats —
3-piece Suits — Dresses — Dress
Maker Suits — Tailored Suits —
Bags — Hose and other accessories
to make you the best dressed and the
most attractive woman on the
avenue.

IT'S

Suzanne's
Columbia's Smartest Shop for Women

COLUMBIA'S SMARTEST SHOP FOR WOMEN

Join in the **SWING**

by J

THE FAD OF THE LAND

—The Parade Drags On—

(Although we personally contend this selection shows up the Ogden Nash in us,

Others seem prone to suggest it merely brings out the literary hash in us.)

I

At the outset of these brief fashion analyses

Let it be our purpose to dispell one of the season's time-worn fallacies.

We care little for tearing established ideas asunder,
But clothes no longer make the man—they merely make him wonder.

And those poor unfortunate masculines with wives
Do especially fear for their financial lives.

For many a man, upon noting his wife's new trappings,
and seeing in his mind's eye the bills for 'em,

Well knows he doesn't have even **mills** for 'em.

And so, while much of the season's trouble may be laid in the lap of the bunny,

It's really the man, in the end, who is left clutching the gunny.

And this is the reason that many a man who might otherwise be top—or straw-hatted, derbied or even beret-ed.

May put in his appearance **bare-headed** in the Easter parade!

II

Having finished out introductory critique,

Let's look at the items themselves, to see just what it is that makes them eligible for the adjective "chic."

Let's look at the figures already arrayed

In the best they can find for the Easter parade.

With a glance at all the pre-season finery—

The best in nineteen thirty-ninery—

We can preview the work of those Hollywood stylists

Who perhaps merit better the nomen of "guile-ists."

III

While it's true that men don't know much about what women are wearing,

Inasmuch as they form most of their judgment by standing on street corners and staring,

There's still no denyin'

The gals do the buyin',

Even tho some of their effects sartorial

Have a color aspect rather arboreal.

(That one over there, for example, in her attempt to find colors that are faddish,

Has given herself the appearance of a salad-plated radish!)



ohn Hartzell

IV

But now to proceed to particular styles of apparel
That keep Milady from Easter parading attired in
nothing more clinging than a beer barrel.

To begin at the bottom, shoes of the season—

For no apparent reason—

Are heel-less and toeless, and indeed, almost shoe-
less, which, it is argued, saves leather.

And which does. But what about wet weather?

And who gets the leather that's saved? Is it piled
up til the factories are full,

And then given back to the bull?

In addition, a few junior nincompoops

With mental loop-the-loops

Have adopted wooden shoes, and you can tell 'em
by the clomp,

Which suggests a modern dance that might perhaps
be called the Flatbush Stomp.

Moving a notch higher, we come to the stockings;
all the girls, including those of Stephens Col-
lege and Mrs. Van Sweringham,

Are wearing 'em.

This season they're possibly a little louder, but cer-
tainly no funnier,

And no runnier.

Perhaps we may describe the dresses of the day by
saying, in brief,

They put the stress on bold relief.

Brevity, too, is a chief

Motif,

So that legs will stick out under 'em in batches

Like matches.

And not the least important is their utter disregard
for knees-es,

Which will considerably heighten the interest of
the lads-about-town in windy days and lusty
sneezes!

We come last to the subject of hats, a topic which
has led many commentators to rant and tear

Their hair.

This type of histrionics we shall forego, and with
merely an allusion to insanity,

Pass on to matters which may be discussed with-
out recourse to profanity. . . .

V

Before we come to the end of our feminine fashion
exhibit—

Permit us to quietly and lib it—

That if you like your parading in terms of action
rather than speech,

Brother, don't hang around here—scram out to the
beach!

SPRING

(Continued from page 14)

The are, of course, what we have been waiting for all year. Pretty, naive, and most important of all, the kind of clothes that boys like best (that is, if they have been telling me the truth!) Huge, gigantic, postively enor-

mous skirts, puffy sleeves, and slim, slim waists. Fredendalls have exactly the dress to fit into this mood. It's turquoise, the big skirt is made up of lace and net godets. The bodice is tight, and all lace, the sleeves demurely puffed. It looks like a sweet dream and a pretty girl.

Lapels are especially designed for dangling gadgets or boutonnières. Muellers Florist have trained salespeople to help you select just exactly what type of flower to wear. One thing that intrigues us is the fact that every one at Muellers must go to a special school to learn the tricks of the trade. They grow all their own flowers in their own green-house, too, which is a big point in money, we're going to have a their favor. When we're in the drive me mad, but almost every-fresh gardenia or camellia in the buttonhole every morning of the world!

Flowers lead us to accessories—gloves, bracelets, necklaces, handbags, hats, et al. For gloves, the best on earth are white, and we mean WHITE, too. Bracelets

drive me made, but almost everybody likes a clever charm bracelet or a few strands of small pearls strung together. Around the neck, the snitzy new shell jewelry and the bubble necklaces that the Campus Shop is featuring. Old fogey that I am, I caught myself fingering them lov-

(Continued on page 20)

FOR SCHOOL

We recommend
Baby Sweaters
and Blouses
Pastel Cardigans
Striped Shirts
Pastel Shirts

FOR PLAY

Graff Shorts
Slacks
Play Suits
Bonnie Doon Socks
Overalls
Tennis Dresses

Campus Shop

706 Conley



Stocking wrinkles, runs and such,
Will never help your date bock much
Little lady, why don't you
Do what other smart gals do—

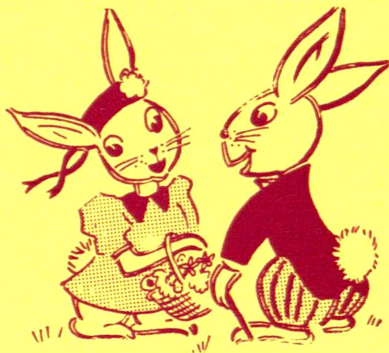
Buy Belle-Sharmer

STOCKINGS

in your own leg size

Fredendalls

\$1.00 - \$1.15 - \$1.35 a pair



TIGER LAUNDRY
and
DRY CLEANING CO.
CALL 4155

DRESS-UP
for
EASTER

IN CLOTHES THAT LOOK
NEW BECAUSE THEY
ARE FRESHLY CLEANED

You'll look smart and well turned out in the Easter promenade if Tiger Laundry cleans your clothes beforehand! Superior methods, equipment and employees produce superior work that you'll be pleased with!

1101 BROADWAY

BLUE
*gets the call
 for Easter*



and **WE HAVE EVERYTHING
 THAT'S NEW IN BLUE**

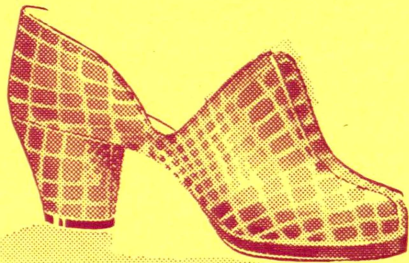
Featuring Exclusively These Nationally Advertised Lines!



\$2.95
 AND \$3.95



\$3.95
 AND \$4.95



\$4.95

* seen in Vogue and
 Mademoiselle.

a rich *blue blue* in styles so gorgeous you'll
 want every one! DUTCH DEBS! DOLL
 SHOES! SLIM SANDALS! V-NECK
 PUMPS! OPEN or CLOSED BACKS. . . .
 Mesh, Calfskin, Stretchable Serge, Alligator!
 Choose your "blues" now!



THE
Jacqueline
SHOP

**910 Broadway
 Columbia, Missouri**

Spring Head Turner

(Continued from page 18)

ingly the other day. One of the smoothest pocketbooks in town lives down at Fredendall's, but not for long, we think! It's about a foot square of British tan patent leather with a handle of soft crushed kid tied into a bow. Very slick.

Hats are crazy, of course, but we love 'em. Our favorite is of chartreuse—pardon, lime—with a tiny brim and high crown and streamers to tie under the chin.

There is a contrasting note in the Spring formals, too. The wanderlust bug bit our fashion designers and they've turned out clothes styled the Gypsy way. Big, boldly striped skirts and simple shirtwaister silk blouses.

Now, last, and anything but least we come to the favorite of every gal on this green earth, the men! For the favorite indoor sport, jelling at Gaebler's, get a sport coat with slacks that contrast. Barth's have all your big hearts could desire; their selection of coats positively makes your mouth water. Bob Symmonds Delt tops the list with a jacket of brown and green tweed with dark green leather-covered buttons. And then there's the K. A. who has only seventeen suits, which is practically illegal. Saddle shoes for school and brown wing tips for dress.

Men should dress up just as much as girls and they don't have to get the idea that just because

(Turn to page 28)



"Fashion News"

Whether you like it or not, the "doll's" hat is "in" again. Larger, perhaps, and going in for surprising new color combinations. But "in"—and definitely. Crowns are decidedly higher and brims on the wider side.

* * *

While the battle of the hair-do's has simmered to a faint hiss, the coiffeurs have been busy at work all the while, it seems, on hair-do's that work. Apparently, you're to look either like Apollo with your hair cut short and set in soft loose curls, or like Aphrodite with your hair in a mane that frames your face. Choose the coiffure that best suits your face and you'll look more chic, more neat and more important; either hair fashion will give you new smartness, and either goes with tweeds and with hoop skirts, too.

* * *

Speaking of tweeds and hoop skirts, perhaps you've noticed that pearls, figuratively as well as literally, straddle both these



extremes in the dress calendar. Always the most versatile of jewelry companions, pearls are today to the fore as never before. To drop a pearl of wisdom, though, the finer the pearls, the longer you'll enjoy their subtle flattery. While this isn't the Educational Science period, still you might be glad to know that Heller Certified Cultured Pearls are especially notable because they are snatched from the forbidding jaws of the living oyster. As Nature's own gift to the Girl of Tomorrow, perhaps we should be almighty grateful for these deep-sea gems of wondrous lustre and loveliness.

SAY IT WITH FLOWERS

for EASTER



... and every other special occasion ... there's nothing like

FLOWERS

and no flowers are like those from ...

W. R. Mueller
FLORIST

We TeleGraph Flowers—FTD
16 S. 9th St. — Flower Store

Edgerton

SHOES FOR MEN



Only
\$5 to \$6

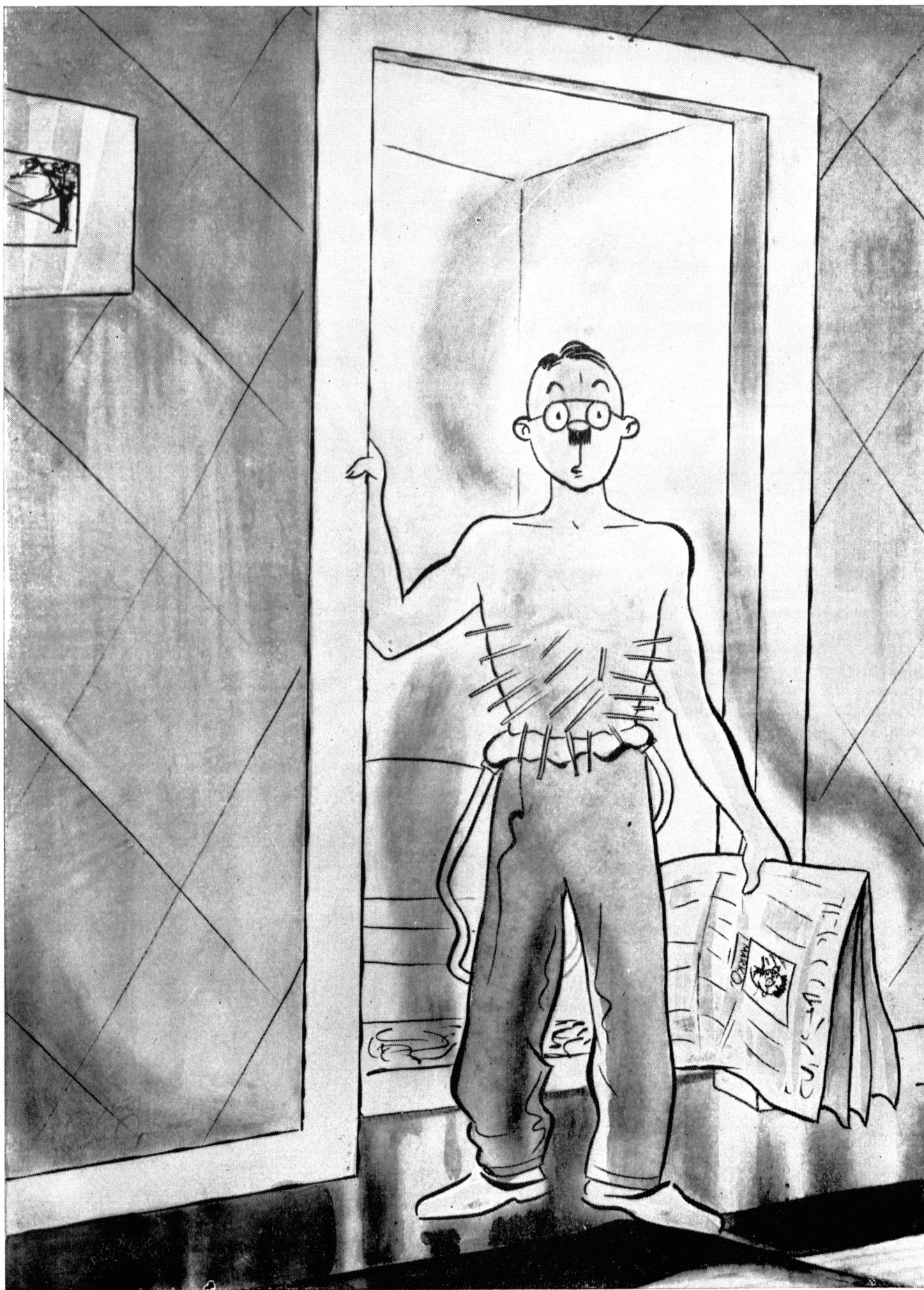
A Few Higher

Daisies Won't Tell!

But value in sports shoes will! See our large stock of Edgertons for *unusual* values.

BARTH'S

Established
1868



“Dear . . . that spaghetti we had for supper . . . I don’t think you cooked it thoroughly!”

THE EX-GIRL FRIEND

"So she said she gave me the air; what a joke! Boy, I wouldn't be seen dead with her at a funeral. Why she's so dumb she thinks sap from the trees is an ignorant backwoodsman, and that a refinery is a school of etiquette. Last summer when I tried to teach her how to swim all she wanted to learn was the sun stroke. She has an idea that a run-around is a small roadster, and that you need a key to open an arm lock. She bought a car that has 'free wheeling' and was shocked to learn that it still needs gas and oil.

"She is convinced that locomotion is crazy rhythm, and that you have to water an industrial plant. She is certain that only married couples use the bridal-path, and that a sewer is a guy who goes to court to collect.

"She insists that a membership drive is a new highway, and that a bank keeps its liquid assets in a bottle. She thinks Tennessee is a Chinese tennis game.

"She thinks Premier Mussolini is the opening night of a new show, and she won't allow stewed prunes around the house because she hates drunkards. She is certain the French Cabinet is a piece of furniture, and that the D. C. after Washington stands for Dumb Congressmen.

"She has an idea that the Automat is a small rug for automobiles, and she knows definitely that a Brazil nut is a South American lunatic. She told me marble cake is made of stone, and that a Chinese coolie is an Oriental refrigerator.

"She insists upon going to baseball games but can't get it out of her head that they don't hit the ball with acrobats.

"Last week she started to write dime novels. She says it's an easy way to get rich. Only ten of them and she'll have a dollar. She thinks she's a self-made woman. If she is, she ought to tear up the pattern before someone else gets hold of it. She spent eighteen years getting an education and now she can't remember where she put it.

"No I'm not sore. But she's the last college girl I'll ever take out!"



"Either you buy your shoe polish from us, or we'll blow up your box!"

LEXICON OF AN M. D.

Corpuscle—An officer in the R.O.T.C.

Hormone—Blending of notes in music.

Nasal—Pertaining to the navy.

Tonsil—Decoration used on Christmas trees.

Knuckle—Five pennies.

Dysentery—Not interested.

Diseased—Dead.

Cyst—Abbreviation for sister.

Surgeon—Rushing forward.

Bile—Provincial for boil.

Lung—Jump forward.

Scalpel—Top of the head.

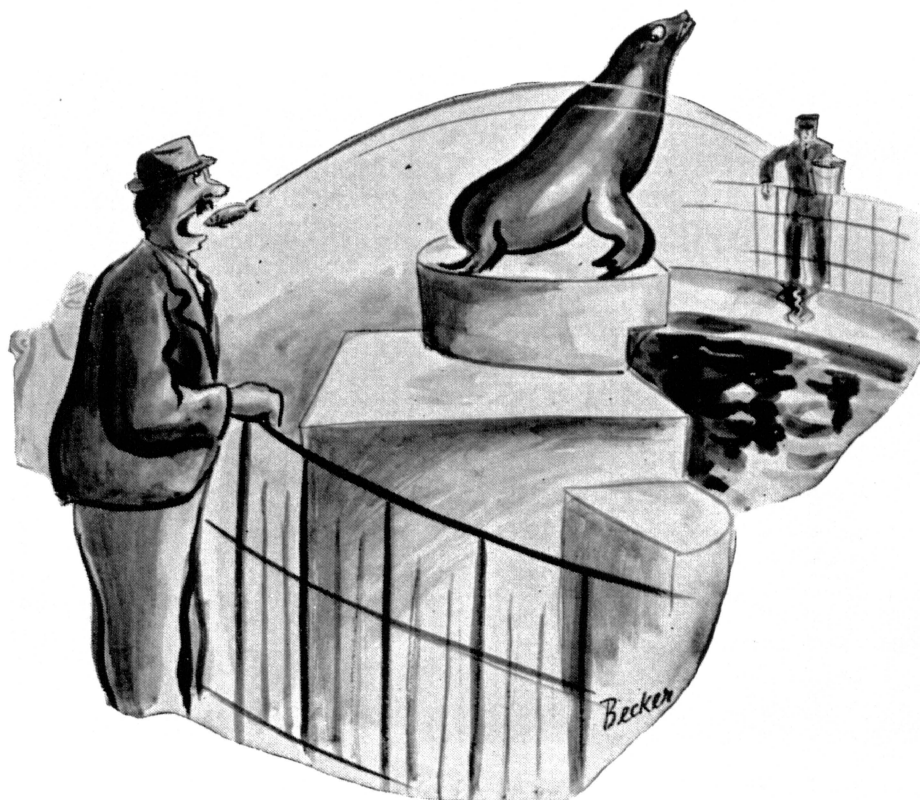
Ulcer—Raincoat.

Anaesthetic—A graceful person.

Medicine—An Italian family of bankers.

Liver—A long rod for lifting heavy weights.

Bleed—Photograph extending to edge of the page.



People who drink liquor only know one season—fall.

POLITICIANS and HOW THEY GREW

DEACY, Mc CARTHY
PLAN A MO.
PARTY COUP D'ETAT

LANCEY, UNDERWOOD,
GERMAIN PLOT U-I.
STRATEGY



GRIN/PAN, BLACK
& WOLLARD -
"BUZZARDS
O'ER JESSE'S
DOVE"



BILL STONE (RIGHT), MO.
PARTY STRING-PULLER



U-I. DARK HORSE



BOSS THOMPSON
(WITH DINEE) -
WHY SO GLUM?



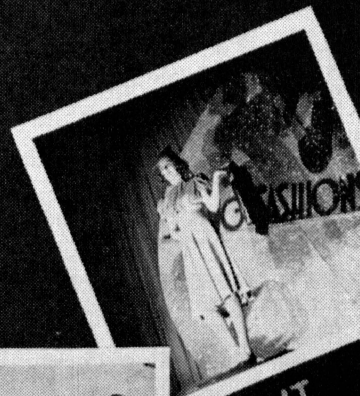
MO. PARTY'S PRESIDENTIAL BILITY,
J TANBERRY



M.U. LOOKS DOWN ON...



GRANDMA CALLED
IT CARNAL



TAKE IT
OFF!



READING FROM LEFT TO RIGHT



KEG
FOR
WOOD
HALL

THREE MAIDS ARE WE
STEPHENS COLLEGE

PIX BY
DIMKE · OLCOTT



CLOTHE S-HORSE



It's here!, Spring, we mean; the Phi Psis are asleep in their classes, the Phi Gams are all drunk, and the Betas just sit under their cork tree quietly smelling the pretty flowers.

The boys at the K. A. house wish that Pody Whitehead would come home once in a while. They don't see why he has to eat with Lorraine Elswick, Delta ditto ditto. Those two have got it awful bad.

Spring and the love-bug are both gnawing at the hearts of SAE Frank Gorham and lovely-to-look-at Pi Phi Dorothy Carr. They both beam and scream with joy when the other one is barely mentioned.

Out at the Twenty-so Theta houses Ernie Moore, Kappa Sig, has been taking Jean Guernsey around, while Bill Byers, Sigma Chi, has been dating almost all the rest of the girls.

One of the most surprising couples seen lately at Gaeb's was Ready-for-anything-Onhemus and preacher Billy Jolly.

With the new spring crew cuts on all the boys, our campus is beginning to look like a penitentiary exercise yard. Among the most distinctive are those worn by Charlie Looney, Beta, Max Paige, Sigma Chi, and frat brother, Bob Faurot.

Bermond Swindler, Sig Ep, and Tri Delta Jean Hackenberg are driving their fellow sorority and fraternity members nuts by not putting out a pin. They keep expecting it every day—as do the Delta Gams expect Tommy Baxter's Sig Ep pin in their house on Jane Birr. Maybe the Spring sunshine will bring them out.

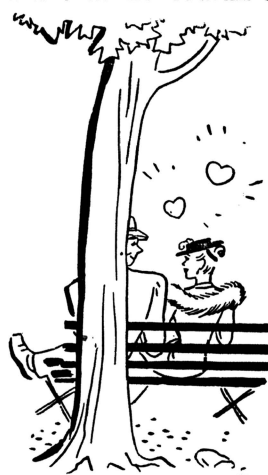
Big Suprise number I! Rolph Fairechild, fair-haired boy of the Phi Deltas has his pin on one Dorothy Fredendall of California. For dear Rolph to spend Eighteen dollars on a pin for a GIRL, of all things, puts us out. What do you think Helen Medding thinks about this?

Wally Nielson, Pi K. A., most all—around of

people, has Tri Delt Winnie Wise very happy that she's alive.

The Missouri Student is pretty far back in a dense fog when it prints such things as a prophecy of marriage between Delt Frank Shuske and Patty Taafe. They were both pretty mad about the false publicity that the rag gave them. Naughty, you bad ol' Stooage-ent.

The Betas were mean to Jiggs James when they said that he couldn't join T. N. E. Sounds kinda funny when you know that the Beta president is a member of the illustrious organization.



Together constantly are Theta Jeanette De Wyl and Sigma Chi Ralph Heisinger. They'll be putting out a pin one of these fine days, no doubt.

Bill Stone, Sigmanu, is racing his motor for Pi Phi Betty Jane Thompson. His competition in the matter consists of Max Paige and Pete White. More power to you, Bill.

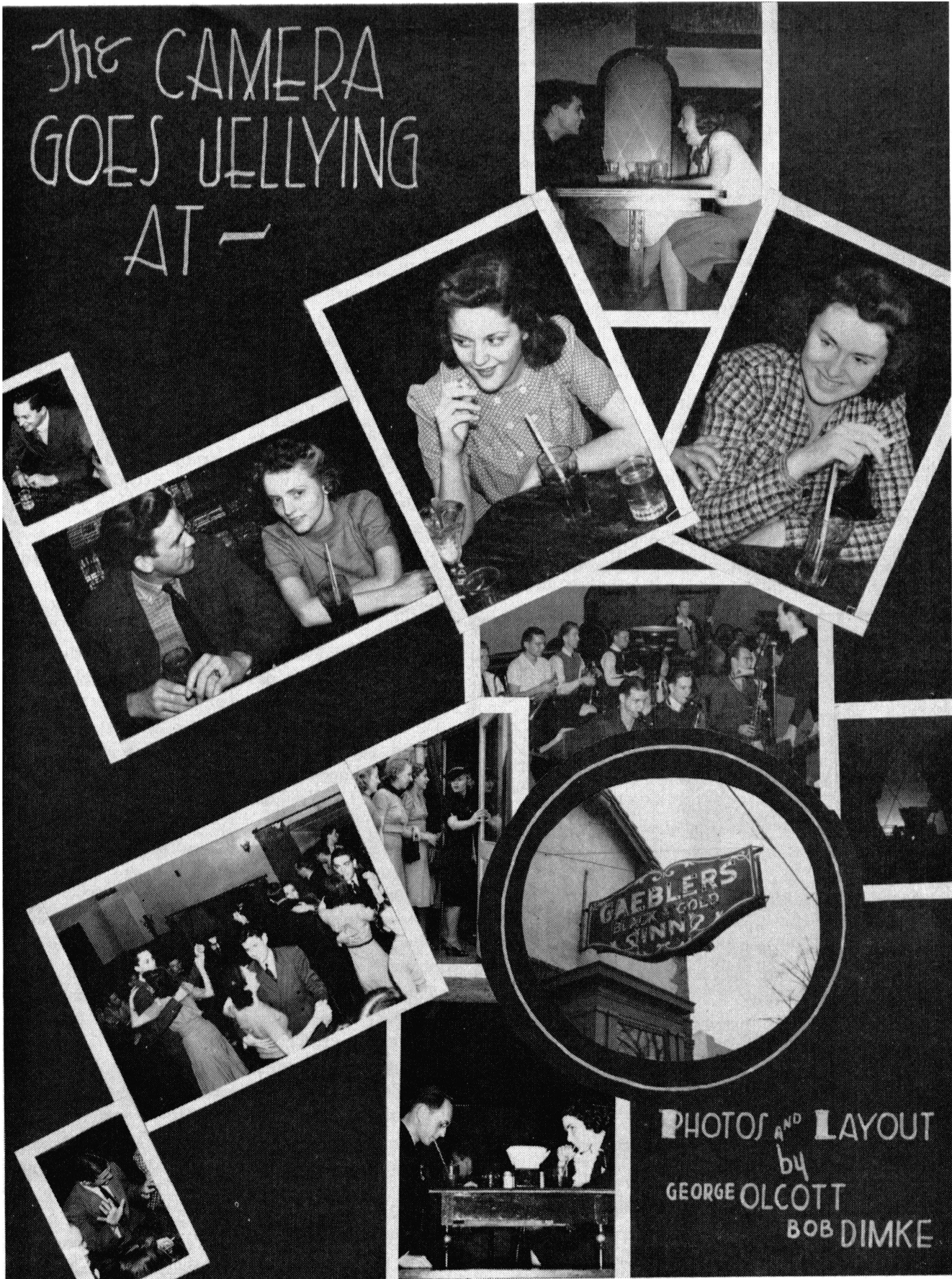
Cleverest overheard of the week: Jim Ragland slyly inviting an innocent co-ed over to his "cave" to see his "scratchings."

George Wise, strong man of the Law School, gladdens his lonely heart for his Mary Jane in Springfield by playing around in the Dixie every weekend with another gal named Mary.

Newly pinned are childhood sweethearts K. A. Dick Asel and Mary Jewett, Delta Gam.

Once they were a steady pair, Johnny Lancey, Delta Tau, and Helen McNeill, Stephens, but no more. The wolf, it seems, was Bob Tull, A. T. O. boxer. We suggest that if Johnny wishes to fight it out that he do so verbally or even better—over the telephone!

The CAMERA
GOES JELLYING
AT -



PHOTOS AND LAYOUT
by
GEORGE OLCOTT
BOB DIMKE

more show me show

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

What is the pest 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—

C. V. Wells

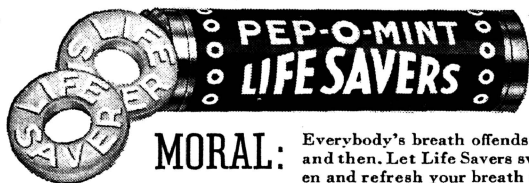
Independent

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

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



In the Spring, no young man's fancy
Lightly turned to thoughts of Nancy.
But now they pester her to death,
Since Pep-O-Mints improved her breath.



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

There is nothing to the rumor that Chuck Arthur, Sig Alph, and June Henderson have broken up.

Kappa Military queen candidate, Himmelberger, walked by Bill Freehoff, big gun of military affairs and grinningly said, "Why, hello, Bill." Bill turned to a friend and said, "Who's that?" Too bad.

Bob Martz, Phi Gam, has switched girls at the Pi Phi house. He will soon be going stead with Jane Hughes, instead of Mary Ann Dallas. And little Dallas has been coking with Darwin Rummel, Hughes' old flame. Hope they get straightened out some time.

What did Frank Adams and Virginia Wolk, his can-can date, do on the way home from Fulton Saturday, March 18? Car trouble, no doubt.

It sounds fishy when both Betty Jean Wallin and Jack Hetzler have the mumps at the same time. Hmmm, the plot sickens.

The Phi Delta Phi, better known as Fiddledee-fee, Junior Prom was disgustingly sober, they say. What's the matter, boys, are you changing your ways?

What we would like to have seen more than anything we can think of is Ed Elgin sitting in Gaebler's of a recent afternoon and telling George to "Draw two!"

Talk about mass production—for a coming Stephens dance two thousand university boys have been invited. Wouldn't they be surprised if all the boys went?

The Phi Gam Tacky party brought Rosemarie Brueggman down from St. Louis to make Watson Powell and the Delta Gams happy. Won't Watson be made when last year's Delt, Chuck Godsey, comes to town and Rosemarie comes down to see him, too?

The boys at the Sig Alp house have an inkling that Buck Jones has received his own pin from Roberta Carver, Tri Delt.

Marshall Dugger, Alpha Sig, got his pin back from Emily Basil, last year's girl, and has neatly put it on Rita Keating D. G. He's sure having fun!

During a K. A. serenade at the A. Chi O. house, Bob Jett shouted loudly, "Gee, Rabbit, you sure look funny in a nightgown." Rabbit is his gal, Cora Sharp.

Anderson, one of the Phi Psi boys, just got back from a trip to K. U.'s Kappa house to see a certain weak spot in his heart. He's smiling around the campus, so all is well.



by John Hartzell

MIDNIGHT

Claudette Colbert, as an American fortune hunter stalking her prey in international society, Don Ameche, as a taxi driver who changes her plans, and Francis Lederer, as a handsome and gold-dripping Paris playboy—these are the romantic leads in "Midnight."

This is undoubtedly Claudette Colbert's best comedy since "It Happened One Night." She has as companions in comedy John Barrymore in fine fettle, Mary Astor, Hedda Hopper, and Elaine Barrie.

Miss Colbert plays the part of a dancer, who in one dazzling evening meets and falls in love with a taxi driver, crashes an exclusive party with a pawn ticket as an admission card, and sweeps the town's A-1 playboy off his feet.

CAFE SOCIETY

"Cafe Society" is a brilliant picture about a wealthy young woman who marries a ship news reporter by way of winning a wager with a society columnist who says she isn't news any more. The incidents in the story are lively, funny, and well staged.

And some of the characters in "Cafe Society" will seem to represent certain personalities well known along 52nd Street in New York City.

What could be more fitting than to have Madeleine Carroll, Fred MacMurray, and Shirley Ross play the leads. And Miss Ross sings a hit song in "Cafe Society."

THE HARDYS RIDE HIGH

"The Hardys Ride High" has a topical novelty in that it tells the history of a grand illusion that blew up. The family learns that it will inherit a \$2,000,000 estate. Immediately, all but the Judge and his wife lose their heads and go wild.

Of course, Lewis Stone, Mickey Rooney, Fay Holden, Cecilia Parker, Sara Haden, and Ann Rutherford lead the cast. This brand new Hardy picture is fashioned to the design that has given this series such unusual popularity.

And George Seitz, who has directed all of the famous Hardy pictures, was in charge again.

SERGEANT MADDEN

The central character in this picture is a New York policeman, and the general background is the New York police department. Wallace Beery, as the Sergeant, has been given one of the most powerful and sympathy winning roles that he has ever had.

The fine supporting cast includes Alan Curtis, Fay Holden, Tom Brown, Lorraine Johnson, and George O'Brien. Many of the scenes in "Sergeant Madden" were filmed at the New York Police Academy, and the methods of training rooky officers is illustrated as well as the actual work of a regular policeman.

The picture was produced by J. Walter Ruben, who directed Beery in "Good Old Soak" and "Old Hutch."

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

(Continued from page 20)
 they're spending money on their date, they have the right to look like the tail end of a hurricane. But the majority of men on this campus are better dressed than the average, so here's an orchid for the good dressers.



A man is but a worm of the dust; he comes into the world, wiggles around a bit, and then some chicken gets him.

—Pointer

A survey gathered data to show that 50,000 girls have recently returned to cotton top hose. When at its height this investigation must have been interesting.

—Drexerd

Heigh-Ho The Rat Race

(Continued from page 2)

the U.-I. gravy train, but find more consolation in being half way in than completely out.

Already political battle lines have been drawn in the selection of military queens. Look for politics to play an important part in selection of Savitar editor and biz manager, and the remote possibility of them entering into selections for the Student.

Net result of the election: It affords a proving ground for M. U.'s smart young lawyers such as McCarthy, Dacey, Wollard, Black, Blanchard, and Thompson. Independents now figure in the spoils which is something they haven't always done. Candidates speak to people they would ordinarily ignore. Politicians whip up excitement on election day which is something few others can do. S. G. A. marches futilely on, no matter who wins the election.

As usual the campaign strategy will not be based on actual issues. The Missouri Party will attempt to smear Black by some first class name calling. They will claim that they are the true Independent party, meanwhile relying on their heavy organized vote. The Union-Independents will claim that not until this year has the Independent had any representation in student government, saying that any difficulties the present administration had were due to sabotage by the big houses.



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STOCK MARKET QUOTATIONS

Paper profits are profits derived from selling something yesterday that you bought tomorrow.

Margin is a demand for money when you are sure not to have it.

Wall Street is a printing shop entirely surrounded by water on which float stock certificates.

Jersey and Delaware incorporate liabilities as assets. Washington crossed the Delaware . . . Delaware is now double-crossing Washington.

Stocks never go below zero.

The man who invented the stock market did not know the existence of the thermometer.

Ninety-nine and one-half percent of speculators lose their money — the other half commit suicide.

•

“Where did you get that skunk jacket you were wearing last night?”

“That was no skunk jacket. I was giving my husband a piggy-back.”

•

“You’re getting fat.”

“Yes—I fell off the roof, and came down plump.”

•

Joe: What do you think of electrocution?

Jack: Hanging was all right for my ancestors, and it is good enough for me.

•

Jim: I just burned a thousand dollar bill.

Joe: Gee! You must be a millionaire.

Jim: Well, it’s easier to burn them than to pay ’em.

•

He (exclaiming): Well, did you ever?

She: Yes, once or twice.

•

“Do you smoke?”

“Why, yes.”

“Have you an extra cigarette on you?”

“PHEW... AND FAR BETWEEN!”

“MY SISTER IS NUTS about this guy. But that stinko pipe of his doesn’t help any. Think I’ll swipe it . . . clean it . . . and refill it with some of Dad’s Sir Walter Raleigh.”

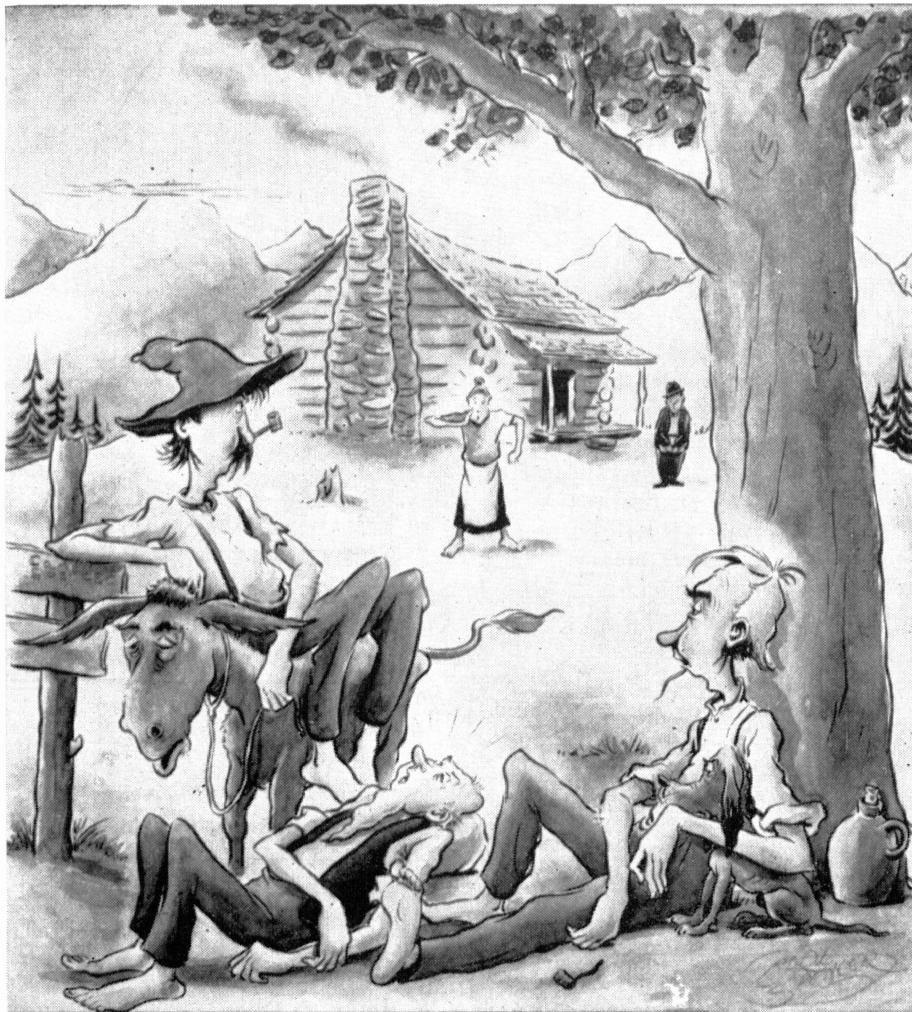
JUNIOR GOT HIS REWARD, and Romeo got his dame! And they pledged their love with a ring—a ring of Sir Walter Raleigh smoke—that mild, fragrant burley blend.

IT SMOKES AS SWEET AS IT SMELLS



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.



“He says one cent a day will fix things so you can take life easy from now on.”

DEBUTANTE CRADLE SONG

“Make up now, debby,
 Put on all your frills,
 Have your gowns low, though
 They give you the chills.
 Beauty salons have
 Wrought wonders, I see,
 Pimples are hidden,
 They’ve dimpled your knee.
 Why, they’ve made your hair
 A passable sight—
 Good grief, what a mop
 It was only last night.
 “Mamma knows best, so
 Just paste on a smile,
 Keep it there frozen,
 For you are on trial.
 Don’t dance with Gerald
 But once through the night,
 Dance with all comers,
 And don’t dare get tight.
 Think of the money
 That Papa has spent,
 And see that you land
 A wealthy, old gent!”

LIKE FATHER LIKE SON

“I’m telling you, dere’s de smartest kid in de woild,” said Killer Mike passing about the picture of his three-year-old son to the rest of the mob.

“Just take a gander at his pan. Brains plus is scribbled all over the kid’s map. Some day he’s gonna make me very proud of him.”

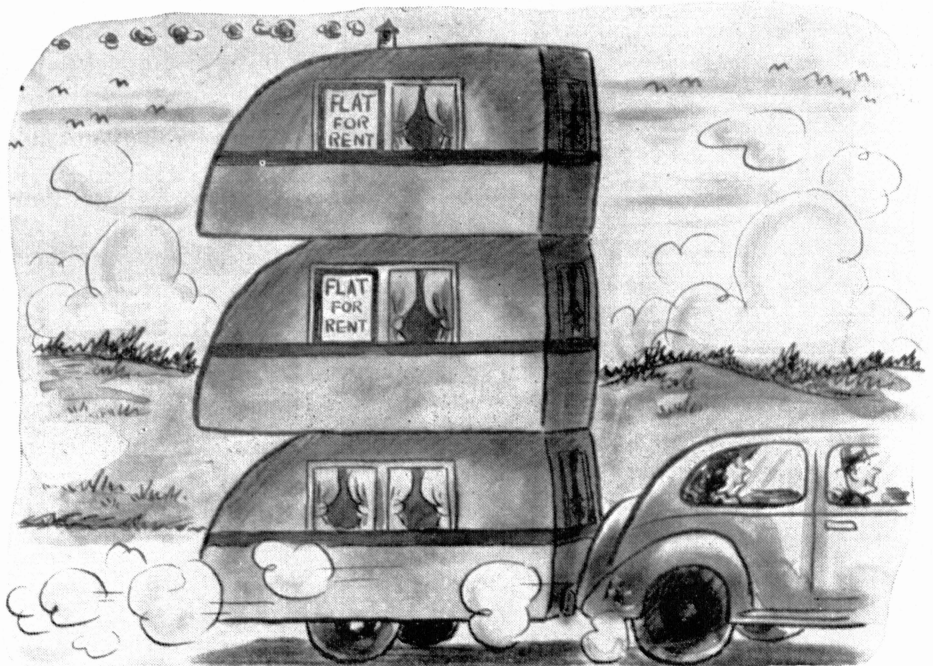
“I don’t see any difference in de kid’s look from any other little punk,” says Little Dynamite, ducking a bottle that Killer Mike throws at him.

“Yeah?” says Killer Mike. “Well, just listen to dis.” All the boys start to take a run-out powder, but Killer Mike pulls a rod and says, “Is dat polite walking out when I starts to tell you about how smart my kid is?” It’s a funny thing, but Killer Mike is such an interesting speaker—his entire audience stands around spell-bound when he holds a rod in his hand.

“Here’s an example of what I mean,” begins Mike. “De landlord over at my house just puts in electricity instead of gas. And de electricity ain’t in de joint ten minutes when young Mike starts stickin’ his fingers in and out of de empty socket, while all de juice is toined on.”

“Yeah?” said the chief. “And wot’s so smart about dat?”

Killer Mike pounded the table. “Gawd, you’re stupid,” he cried. “Don’t you get de point? De kid is already rehoisin’ for de electric chair!”



Touching the Bases

After making a special trip down to Rothwell Gym we had to wait around for better than half an hour before Coach "Hi" Simmons showed up to give us the low-down on the '39 edition of his ball-club.

"Hi there big felly," he says to us, "What can I do for you?" Now we only rise up to 5'8" . . . mmm . . . maybe 5'8½" . . . but



right away it got us to feeling good again. In order to be a good coach you first got to know how to use your psychology. This is Long John's third year with the Tiger nine and he's already won two championships.

So we trailed him into his office and cornered him in a corner and started popping the routine questions. But "Hi" didn't need much prompting. All one has to do is mention baseball in his presence and he's off around the bases.

Oklahoma has the coach plenty worried. Only two men have been lost from last year's Sooner squad. Iowa State has a supposedly red-hot sophomore crop moving up and K-State and Nebraska will show vastly improved teams. No comments on K. U. The pre-game "dope" is pure hokum when the Tiger meets the Jay-hawk.

In referring to the Sooners Hi is quick to point out that one of the two men lost will be Benton, the shortstop who wild-tossed to first giving Waechter a life in the fifth inning of the second game that later turned into the winning tally of the game to give Missouri a clean sweep of the series and practically clinched the Big Six championship for the Bengals.

Now for Simmons' Personnel

A quick turn around the infield finds Paul Chrisman taking over 1st base duties . . . Billy Thurman

by
Nate Silverman

retaining his 2nd base position . . . Harlan Kiersey moving over from 3rd to fill in at short for Joe Carr . . . and Bill Marsden holding down the hot-corner. That makes a veteran combination around the keystone with two apparent new-comers at the flanks. For Pitchin' Paul is well-known to sport fans and Marsden, a senior now in the J-School was slated for regular duty while a sophomore but due to an injury was forced out of action the past two years. The enforced lay-off does not seem to have taken the edge off his playing. Lots will be heard from Bill, for he's a rowdy-O-dowd from away back.



Rounding third to the plate one is faced with "dirty-pants" Harold Klaus . . . a little guy with a big heart and a sling shot arm whose trolley wire pegs down to second permits of no pilferings. "Dirty-pants" too often misses the headlines, but he's the boy a lot of credit is due to for those sterling pitching performances turned in last year by "Smokey" Joe Mason and "King" Carl.

Out there in centerfield will be the pepper-pot himself . . . that great little ball and glove juggler and tooth-whistler, Marshall "Dead Bird" Sneed, the Arkansas apple-knocker. The boys elected him captain but he doesn't seem to care. Baseball is fun to him and he wants none of its responsibilities.

In left field Kenneth Wackher and Lou Doerr are going at it hammer and tong . . . over in right the verteran "Irish" Shieber may at long last win a regular berth . . . a real ball-hawk but no hit, and that tells his story of the past two years . . . even at that

Bob Faurot may make it tough for him.

With Carl Miles in the box this shapes up as a corking outfit. Not a weak link anywhere and very strong down the middle, which to baseball men means a lot.

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Every time Coach "Hi" thinks about his hurling he misses a chew on his tobacco.

"A winning ball club must have pitchers. Pitching counts for more than fifty per cent over a season's run. Right now I intend to use Miles and Noel Haire, a sophomore, nice boy, good-looking, er, nice fast ball, good curve, a little

short on control. If we stay out of jams, okay . . . if not . . . well . . . And that's about it. There just isn't anybody else to pick up the slack, unless Bill Dahms, another sophomore, improves overnight or Wackher shows that he's a better pitcher than he is an outfielder."

That's John Hi's outlook. Add

it all up, fatten the total with a little optimism and it's not hard to go out on a limb and predict that the Tigers will bring home their third straight championship.

After all, one can't expect a coach to give off with enthusiasm. If he did, he wouldn't be in the coaching business. He'd be in the White House.

STOP!



EAT
WITH
ERNIE . . .

--ERNIE'S--

GARTH AT 40

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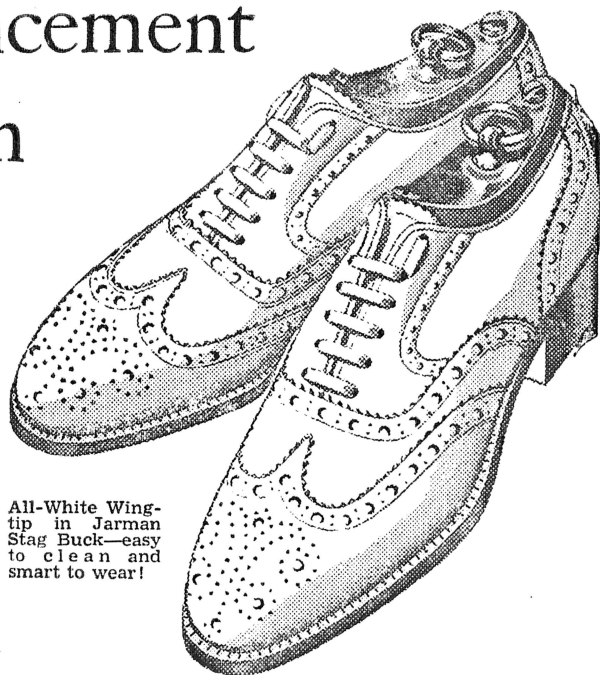
Phone 7236

An Important Announcement For Style-Minded Men

Here is welcome news for men who know and appreciate fine shoe styling: We have just received our new Spring styles of Jarman Shoes for Men — designed by the leading shoe stylists of the country — staunchly built in rich, mellow leathers — priced at \$5 to \$7.50, most styles, every pair a ranking value —



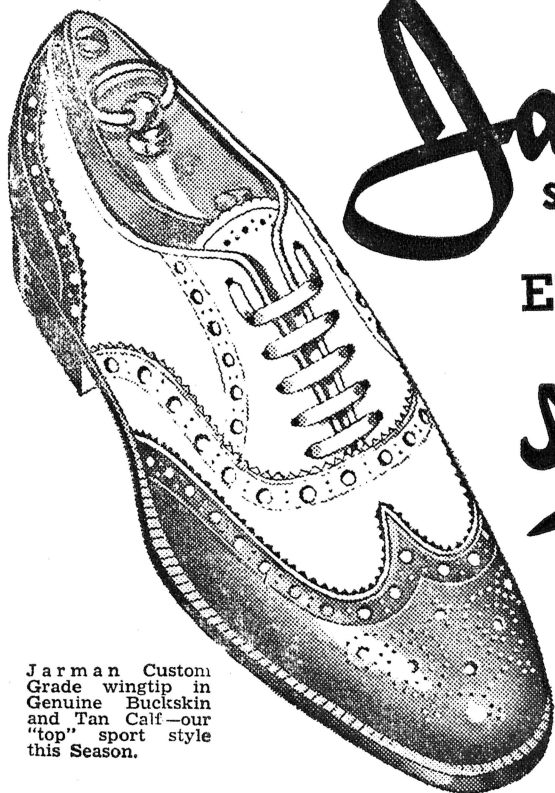
Look in Esquire, the Magazine for Men, and you'll see our Jarman Shoes featured more extensively than any other men's shoes in America! And look at the Jarman Style Charts shown in the Esquire advertisements, giving you the latest reports on "which shoes to wear with what." We have those style charts in our store right now, and will be glad to go over them with you. Come in and ask to see them — and get the shoe styles for your Spring wardrobe that you know are right!



All-White Wingtip in Jarman Stag Buck—easy to clean and smart to wear!



A smart tan-and-white style in the Jarman Airflator—with a cushion inner-sole that softens every step.



Jarman Custom Grade wingtip in Genuine Buckskin and Tan Calf—our "top" sport style this Season.

Jarman

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Most Styles

\$5 to \$7.50

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X-RAY

See them in our windows.



A Jarman "Vagabond" with the new ghillie tie—an easy feeling smartly casual style.

"Clinging to a tiny platform 600 feet in the air puts a big strain on my nerves," says Charles A. Nelson, steel inspector of the New York World's Fair. His rule to ease nerve tension: "Pause now and then —

LET UP_ LIGHT UP A CAMEL"

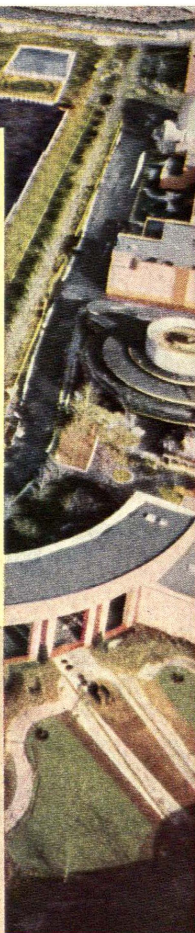


LIKE SO MANY OTHERS at the New York World's Fair, Charley Nelson makes it a rule to break the nervous tension of crowded days by pausing every now and then to let up—light up a Camel. Observe, on your visit to New York's greatest exposition, how smoothly everything goes. Also note how many people you see smoking Camels. There are dozens of sights at the New York World's Fair—but don't spoil the fun by letting your nerves get fagged. Pause now and then—let up—light up a Camel—the cigarette for mildness, rich taste—and *comfort!*



EDDIE CANTOR—Listen in to America's great comic personality in a riot of fun, music, and song. On the air each Monday evening over the Columbia Network. 7:30 p m E. S. T., 9:30 p m C. S. T., 8:30 p m M. S. T., 7:30 p m P. S. T.

BENNY GOODMAN—Hear the one and only King of Swing, and the world's greatest swing band "go to town" in a big way—each Tuesday evening—Columbia Network. 9:30 p m E. S. T., 8:30 p m C.S.T., 7:30 p m M.S.T., 6:30 p m P.S.T.



**CHARLEY NELSON
AT THE TOP OF THE
N.Y. WORLD'S FAIR**

THE GREAT "SPIKE AND BALL" (above right) is the theme center of the New York World's Fair—the Trylon and the Perisphere—7000 pieces of steel joined by a quarter of a million rivets. It's the trying job of Inspector Nelson to check these two huge shells at every vital point. He says: "I've got to know every inch of that steelwork. It's a nerve-straining job, hanging onto girders hundreds of feet up, but I can't afford to get jittery. I *have* to sidestep nerve tension. It's my rule to ease off occasionally—to let up—light up a Camel." (Notes on the two structures above: The great ball will appear to be supported by fountains concealing the concrete foundation pillars. At night, the ball will seem to rotate—an illusion to be created by lighting effects. The towering Trylon will be the Fair's broadcasting tower.)



300 FENCING MATCHES and exhibitions are credited to Rosemary Carver, expert with the flashing foil. "Fencing drains the nerves," she says. "But I can't take chances on being tense, jittery in the midst of a fast parry or lunge. Through the day I rest my nerves—I let up—light up a Camel. I find Camels soothing, comforting. And Camels *taste* so good!"



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