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May 1939.

Missouri Showman

May

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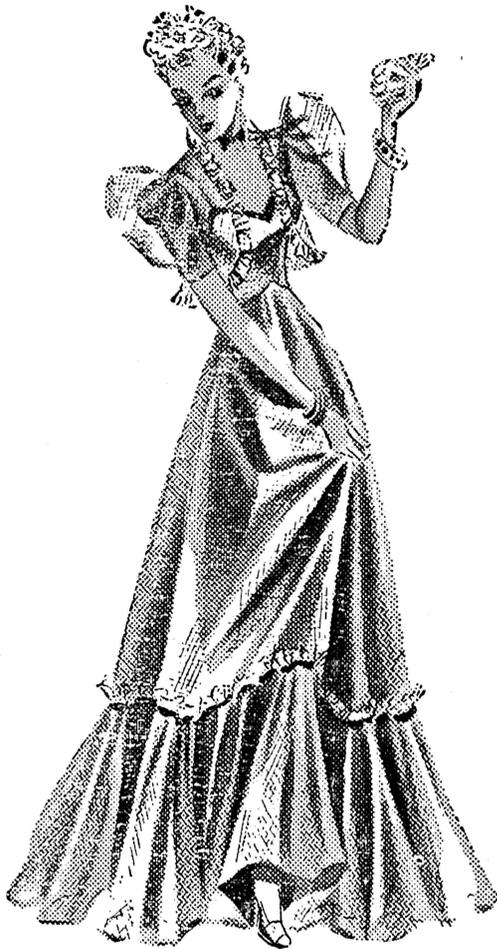
Spring Parties Demand

SMART NEW

Formals

from

Suzanne's



Where you always find the very latest style—New Gypsy models—with wide fitted waist bands and gayly striped full skirts of bright enchanting colors—Another one is the shirt waist style with long sleeve chiffon—Lingerie blouses—and full swirling skirts with 100s of pleats—There are many other styles to choose from—in your most desired color—in Chiffons—Linen—Cottons—Taffetas and Marquette's. Stop in soon and see these Beautiful Party Dresses.

You'll Find Dresses Styled by:

KALMOUR

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CALIFORNIA FORMALS

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Suzanne's

Columbia's Smartest Shop for Women



by George H. Miller

ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL

Henry Fonda and Loretta Young share starring roles with Don Ameche who plays the inventor in the story of genius that typifies America.

It is the dramatic romance of Alexander Graham Bell who dreamed and struggled, loved and achieved. Bell is spurred on by the love of Mabel Hubbard, played by Loretta Young, to finish his invention.

When next you call the one dear to you remember it was romance that gave us the telephone.

Darryl F. Zanuck gave roles of the three sisters of Mabel to Loretta's three sisters, Sally Blane, Polly Ann Young and Georgiana Young. This marks the first time all four Young sisters have been together in a single film.

THE HARDYS RIDE HIGH

The Hardys inherit \$2,000,000 in the latest of the popular Hardy Family series. Through legal difficulties over the expected fortune they lose the amount and remain poor but honest. This adventure takes the family to Detroit for a short stay in which Micky Rooney as the son, Andy, runs wild. This time Micky has heart trouble with Virginia Grey, a new star to the Hardy series, who portrays a cabaret glamour girl.

The cast also includes those in previous pictures of the series, with Cecilia Parker, Fay Holden, Ann Rutherford and Sara Haden. Added to the Hardy series cast for this time by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is John King the singing protege of "The ole' Maestro" Ben Bernie who is perhaps best known to the public through his many broadcasts.

LUCKY NIGHT

"Lucky Night" co-stars for the first time Myrna Loy and Robert Taylor in a modern comedy of New York gay life. All superstitions are ignored and when you see the final scene Miss Loy has been kissed 13 times by the lucky Mr. Taylor.

The picture deals with the accidental meeting and adventures of Cora Jordan, played by Miss Loy, and Bill Overton, portrayed by Taylor. Cora a millionaire's daughter goes out into the world on her own. She takes up with playboy Bill and uproariously they go through marriage, separation, remarriage and happiness.

Included in the supporting cast of funmakers are Joseph Allen, Henry O'Neill and Douglas Fowley.

CALLING DR. KILDARE

The second in a series of Dr. Kildare pictures is a punch-packed sequel to "Young Dr. Kildare." The characters remain the same with additional characters introduced.

Lew Ayres fills the title roll. Other leading players are Lionel Barrymore, Lynne Carver, Lorraine Day, Lana Turner and of course Nat Pendleton the comic ambulance driver. Miss Turner, a new face to the series, will be remembered as the girl that vamped Micky Rooney in "Love Finds Andy Hardy."

Highlights of the story include the capture of a gang murderer, a transfusion operation, the healing of a crippled boy, and plenty of heart interest centered around a New York hospital.

Another great film directed by Harold S. Bucquet.

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

THE

B
R
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Free Glass
Service

PROMPT DELIVERY

PHONE 5409

"Do you college boys waste much time?"

"Oh, most girls are reasonable."

—Scottie

HIT SONGS OF THE FUTURE

"Take a bomber from One to Ten."

"The Daring Young Man on the Barb-Wire Fence."

"It Was in a Little Trenchy-Wenchy."

"Boom Over Miami."

"Scar Dust."

"Cannon Be the Spring."

—Drexerd

An agitator was addressing a band of strikers.

"Only \$12 a week!" he cried; "how can a man be a Christian on \$12 a week?"

"How," yelled a voice, "can he be anything else?"

—Exchange

Gosh, your daughter's growing fast.

Oh, I don't believe she's any worse than any other girl.

—Varieties

Sign in library:

Only low talk permitted here.

—Panther

College: "You walk as if you own the street."

Pedestrian: "You drive as if you own the car."

—Masquerader

Small Boy: "Dad, is Rotterdam a bad word?"

Dad: "Why, no, son. It's the name of a city."

Small Boy: "Well, sister ate all my candy and I hope it'll Rotterdam teeth out."

—The Painter

The late and beloved Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, it is said, departed this world with a characteristic gesture. Knowing his end was very near and inevitable, the great jurist deliberately lifted his hand, placed his thumb against his nose and solemnly wagged four fingers.

We were recounting this incident, slightly embellished, to a scholarly acquaintance the other mealtime. At the conclusion of the tale he asked, "And do you know what Webster's last words were?"

Anxious to learn the final thoughts of the great Noah, we hastened to answer in the negative.

"Zythem," chortled our erudite friend, "zyxomma and zizzle."

. . .

Her (at Military Ball)—Wait right here for me, Bill, while I go powder my nose.

Her (three dances later)—Been waiting long?

Him—No, but I've been looking all over for you to give you your compact.

—Drexerd



DON'T GAMBLE

DON'T TOLERATE MOTHS in your home . . . that's gambling. By sending your woolsens to us, you can end all risk of moth damage. Now every woolen fabric we clean is also moth-proofed. And what's more, we guarantee you absolute insurance against moths. Best of all this added service costs you not one cent extra!

Stop gambling with moths. Have your garments cleaned and moth-proofed by us—now.

If it carries this tag, it is insured against moths.



CHAPMAN CLEANERS

436 South Ninth

You'll like my Brand and I "dude" mean You!

Here's a straight
Steer on that
O.G. branding iron
Betty Petty is toting.
It's reserved exclusively
For thoroughbred
Double-Mellow
Old Gold ...
The cigarette that
Wins its spurs
With finer
Smoother tobaccos,
Aged extra long
For added flavor
And O.G.s are
Doubly protected
From hot weather
Dryness and
Wet weather
Dampness ...
Double wrapped to
Keep extra fresh
Their extra goodness.
So if you want
To corral the
Extra delights
Of a truly
Fresh cigarette
Say "O.G." ...
The brand that
Holds its friends
For life!



ATTENTION! YOU PETTY FANS!

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

Copyright, 1939, by P. Lorillard Co.

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

ON THE AIR every week: "Melody and Madness" with ROBERT BENCHLEY and ARTIE SHAW'S Orchestra

Drive this smart new Studebaker
that's styled and priced for college men



It's the stunningly
distinctive new
**STUDEBAKER
CHAMPION**

ALL over America, campus critics said, "Give us glamour . . . give us smartness . . . in an inexpensive car!"

So Studebaker said, "Why not?" And drafted Paris-born Raymond Loewy to style this newest and finest lowest priced car—the Studebaker Champion—Loewy, ace designer of streamlined trains, planes and ships!

Here's a spanking new Studebaker original that says "Howdy" to your pride and mirrors your individuality. And, best of all, it's a genuine Studebaker—a true-blood team mate of Studebaker's famous Commander and President!

And here's pocketbook news that breaks rec-

ords! This smart, powerful, fast Studebaker saves you a lot of money because it runs on 10% to 25% less gasoline than any lowest price car you know!

It's even easier on gas than the Studebaker Commander that ran rings around the field in this year's economy classic—the Gilmore-Yosemite Sweepstakes—okayed by the American Automobile Association.

If you want something as modern as tomorrow in a lowest price car—this is it . . . the new Studebaker Champion! See it at your local Studebaker dealer's—drive it—today! Low down payment—easy C.I.T. terms.

\$660

for a 2-door Coupe—\$740 for the 4-door Sedan illustrated—completely equipped and delivered at factory South Bend, Ind., including Federal tax

THE MISSOURI SHOWME

"A Reflection of Modern Campus Thought"

J. V. CONNOLLY, *Godfather*

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TIME FOR REVIVAL

Now that the election sound and fury is over, everyone can be friends again, and start thinking about other things. Getting jobs, moonlight strolls, and spring formals.

The Showme Jester was happy to see so much interest taken in the election, and he wonders why some of that enthusiasm can't be carried along in school spirit, and school tradition.

It seems that college tradition has gone out with the roaring 20's, but it was fine and deeply significant in the lives of those students who have experienced of college spirit. Many eastern colleges, and particularly the Army and Naval Academies have many fine customs and traditions that are unknown throughout the country.

Let's get the old spirit going at Missouri. It will mean a great deal

to students now and when they have graduated.

* * *

The author of "Telepathic Trouble" is a modest chap and didn't want his name used. After reading the story, you'll see why a shy guy wouldn't want his name mentioned. For, he vows, it's based on a bitter experience.

VOL. VIII

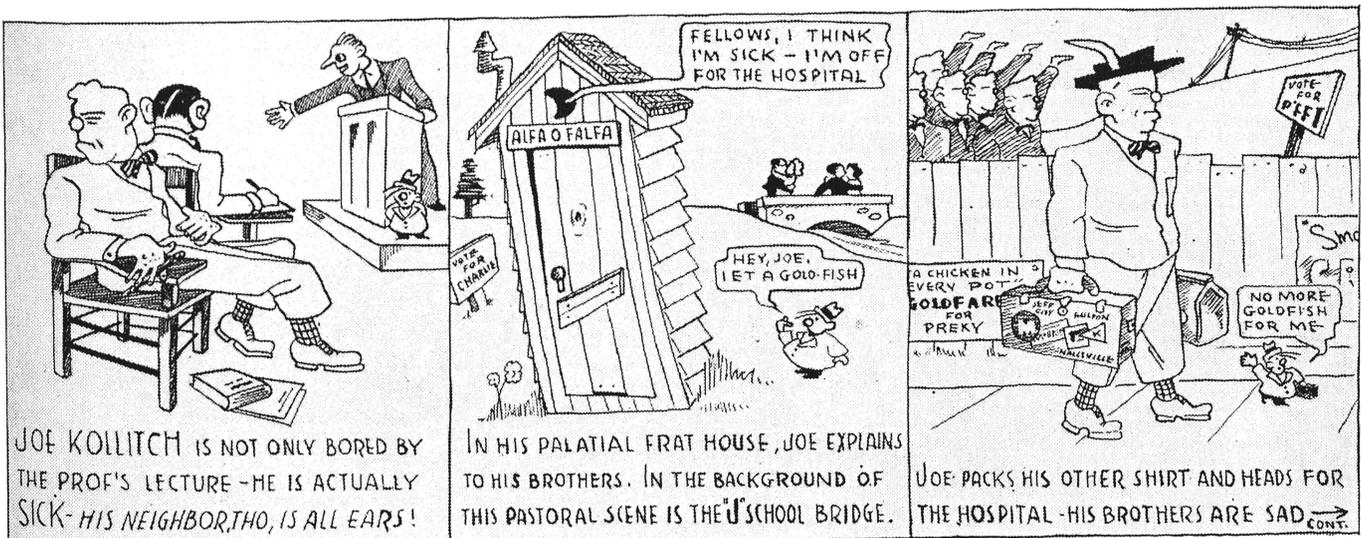
MAY, 1939

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HELL, IT'S STILL SPRING

by C. V. Wells



LET'S HOLD OUT FOR BEER

Note—All persons herein described or mentioned are entirely fictitious—gad, what a fictitious lot!—and any similarity to persons living, dead or in campus politics is purely a matter of conjecture.

“Hi, there, fella!”

“H’lo.”

“How are ya?”

“Okay, I guess. Why?”

“Oh—oh, nothing. Just thought I’d ask. Er-say, fella, you voted yet?”

“What say?”

“Have you voted yet?”

“Say, buddy, how you think Franklin D. Roosevelt got to the White House?”

“Oh, no; I don’t mean that. I mean in the school election.”

“Who’s runnin’?”

“Well, there are two parties on the ballots, but one of ’em’s not running. They’re just standing still! Ha ha! Pretty good, huh?”

“No.”

“Oh . . . Well, how you votin’?”

“Dunno. Who the communists puttin’ up?”

“Oh, there’s no Reds in this election. They know they couldn’t get to first base. But confiden-

tially, fella, that guy the opposing bunch is running for president is really a dangerous radical. Why he’s so pink he rents himself out as a birthday candle!”

“Well, I don’t think I’ll vote.”

“That’s not the proper attitude. The party needs your vote.”

“What office is the party running for?”

“No, you don’t get the idea. Look. There are two parties, the Union—”

“Say, that Union party sounds pretty good to me. I’m a member of the Hod Carriers’ Local No. 312 myself. Wanna see my card?”

“No, no. Let me finish. I want to tell you about the parties. This is another kind of union. Besides, it’s more of a dis-union than anything else. Ours is the real union party—the Double Union.”

“Got any other hod carriers?”

“Now look, fella; there ain’t no hod carriers in this election. Get that straight. You see, there are two parties, the Independent-Coalition - Union - Coalition - Independent and the Coalition - Independent - Union - Independent - Coalition. The first one is called the Union party—for short, you know—and so we decided to call ours the Double Union Party.

We got double whatever they got—just twice as much stuff—see?”

“You got twice as many candidates?”

“No, that’s not it. I mean influence and prestige—that kind of stuff. And lissen, fella, if you’re an independent, let me tell you something. We got independents runnin’ for twenty-four of the twenty-five offices! Whatcha think of that?”

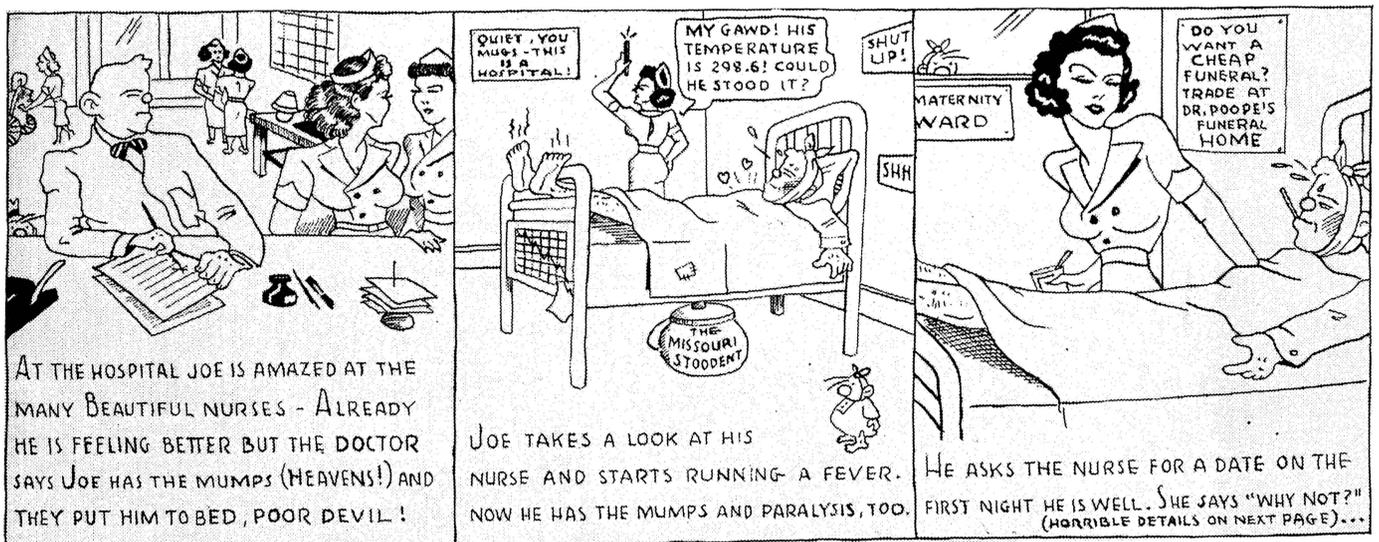
“What’s that other guy doin’ on the ticket?”

“Him? Oh, his dad’s a printer, and did some handbills for us. We figured nobody’d mind just one little fraternity man out of the twenty-five.”

“How many independents the other party got runnin’?”

“Well, they say they got all twenty-five, but it’s a lie—a dirty lie. I got it straight from one of the candidates himself that four of their men are gonna pledge Triple Upsilon if they get elected. Three others are already post-graduates an’ will be out of school in June, and two of the girls they’re runnin’ aren’t even in the University. They go to Stephens College!”

“Well, I’m a Lambda Lambda myself.”



"Ya mean you're a fraternity man? Well, lissen, fella, now I'll tell you the **real** dope on this election. You boys are in our party. We're runnin' twenty-four independents, all right, but twelve of 'em are good bets to flunk out of school at the end of the semester. Ain't that a hot one?"

"A joke, huh?"

"Yeah. But that ain't the best one. Six of our candidates aren't candidates at all. They're just names of race horses down in Florida."

"Race horses, eh? I don't think I'd ever vote for a horse, no matter how honest he was. But I've got a couple of bucks I'd like to put on Seabiscuit, on the nose. . . ."

"Oh, no, I can't take that kind of money—at least, not for horse-racing. But anyway, to get back to the election; after we win we can fill the offices with anybody we want to put in. Nobody ever remembers the names of the persons he voted for. Ain't it slick?"

"Uh-uh. But what if the other party wins?"

"Don't make me laugh. Those guys think politics is some kind of dog's disease! Say, that's pretty good, isn't it?"

"No."

"Well, okay, fella. But let me tell you something else. All they'll offer you is beer, those cheap-skates! Why, we're giving free beer, cigarettes, blotters, old magazines and paper napkins."

"Say, I need some paper napkins."

"And that's not all. After we're in office, if you ever want any favors, like gettin' your girl elected queen or somethin', just come around and ask it, fella, that's all—just ask it."

"Say, I might do that. Do you think you could find me a girl first?"

Let's not get off the subject. As a special attraction—for today only—we're offering to everybody who votes our ticket from 2 o'clock til 4 this afternoon—a genuine autographed Petty cartoon!"

"That's the first sensible thing you've said so far. Where do I go from here?"

"Right in that room there. And remember—a straight party ticket!"

"Sure, buddy; nothin' crooked about me."

"You can get your stuff inside the polling room. And say, fella, how about bringing me a

by
Phil "Farley" Dessauer

hunk of that free beer when you come out?"

"Hey, Joe, whaddaya think? I just roped in another one of those Lambda Lambdas. I told him his frat was in our party. Ain't that a laugh! And those old Petty Cartoons out of Esquire did the trick again! We shoulda thought of that a long time ago. Guess you could say that's leading a Lambda to slaughter! Ha ha! Say that's pretty good, ain't it?"

"Say can I borrow your pen?"

"Sure thing."

"Got sheet of writing paper I can use?"

"Reckon so."

"Gcing past the post office when you go out?"

"Uh-huh."

"Mail a letter for me?"

"All right."

"Want to lend me a stamp?"

"Yeh."

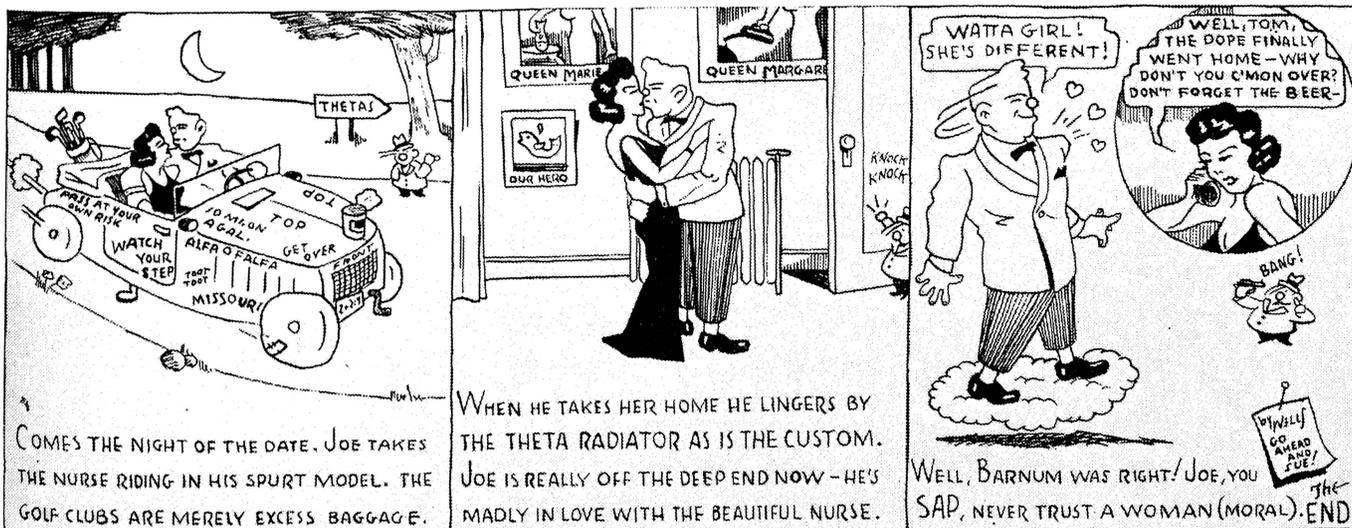
"Much obliged. Say, what's your girl's address?"

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

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

—Wampus

Nobody Wins But the Printer in a Campus Election



The boys over at the Zippy Cab Company here in our town are mighty proud of one of their men—Dubwood Velocity. He has just won the Save-ty Award for 1938—he has saved more time in the city streets than all of the drivers at the Zippy, Zoom and Woosh cab companies put together.

Dubwood

I called on Dubwood the other day just to find out about this fearless cab driver who boasts, "My speedometer never fell below the 45 mark last year except during the winter when it sank to 32—the same as freezing."

Dubwood is the race-driver kind of person. He reads religiously about the Barney Oldfields of the nation, and he often muses, "what have they got that I haven't except contracts to advertise spark plugs and cigarettes." Then he adds, "Put these fast guys on our own streets and where would they be?" I bit, so he answered, "Miles behind us Zippy drivers. Come with me and I'll show you what I mean."

As we crawled into his shiny new Zippy with fenders dented to match, Dubwood said, "This won't cost you a cent." Then I settled back in the seat and prepared to hold tight.

As we headed back up past the State U. buildings, I noticed a smile speaking out through Dubwood's whiskers. Seeing that the speedometer rested on a cool 40, I asked why the smile. "Watch me scare those kids up there," he replied and his foot tweaked the foot feed. Then we whisked up through a group of students crossing the street and I fully expected a mess. However, we

missed all the living creatures by a plucked eyelash. "Boy, that's close," I sighed. "Open the window if you're hot," was Dubwood's only reply as he sped on.

Next we headed down Ninth Street toward the city proper. I watched what I thought were buildings whiz by outside the window and for the moment I feared some cop was going to come up and ask to see Dubwood's pilot's license. But Dubwood and I just laughed and laughed because we knew the cops couldn't catch up with us—not unless they took a Zippy cab. "Ain't this the life," Dubwood breathed exaltingly as he turned and looked back on me.

"Yeah, but aren't you afraid someone will step out from behind one of these cars?"

Does It

"Naw," he shrugged. "I've got me cab insured, ain't I. I wouldn't be touched by anything like that." Then we sped past the Zoom Cab and the Woosh Cab boys. They tossed a couple of old speedometers at us, but Dubwood merely smiled and hurried on.

We went out to the highway, but once out there Dubwood slowed down to a normal speed. "What's the matter," I asked.

"Federals," he said. "We ain't taking any chance on running foul of the federal law. Them federals is plenty tough."

After several more minutes of cruising and conversing, we started back for the Zippy headquarters. As we advanced into the city, our speed increased until by the time we got back to One-eyed Conley Street and past the State U. grounds, the speedometer

by

Charles Paul Law

jumped back to its old stomping grounds—the late forties.

As we zoomed down the road, I noticed that Dubwood was a little sad. "Shucks," he sighed, "the classes have already let out. You ought to be along when school is just out. The other day I went between a fellow and his girl friend. None of the boys have topped that one yet."

I bid good-bye to Dubwood and as I walked home, I began turning the experience over in my mind. I believe I have learned how the speed of such men as Dubwood can be curbed—if not their cars curbed. Did you notice how leery Dubwood became of the federal law? Then I believe the thing to do is begin working through the income tax and federal laws.

I have it on good authority that these Zippy boys have been carrying a lot of dope around (ask them who's going to win the National League pennant and

Again

how the Tigers will come out in football next season). Also, it is rumored that they have been declaring exemptions on every Stephens Susie they have carried—and this is strictly in violation of the constitution.

Mr. District Attorney and gentlemen of the F. B. I.—the next move is yours!

Style Show Model: "The manager said for you to give me a pair of French panties for the ladies' emporium."

New Stock Clerk: "What size is the ladies' emporium."

**Dubwood Velocity Rides Again—But
This Time Without His Pilot's License!**

IT'S THE TRUTH

Then there was the near-sighted, pessimistic delicatessen dealer who was always looking for the worst.

Some ocean travelers are no more than twelve hours at sea, when they resemble their passport photographs.

A divorce due to crossword puzzles has been granted in America. The report does not say who was granted custody of the dictionary.

Tennyson's "Half a League" referred not to the L. of N., but to the league of which Chicago won the 1938 pennant.

A scientist says that gasoline, kerosene, lubricating oil, parafin, wax, phenol, pitch and sulphate of amonia can be extracted from American coal. Apparently, the only thing that can't be extracted is heat.

It is claimed that a new herb named Hylockrum will transform the most inveterate meat eater into a vegetarian. No missionary should be without one.

A parking device which enables automobiles to move sideways is now on the market. We understand that discouraged pedestrians are committing suicide by the thousands.

And now city officials are linked with internationally famous gamblers. We don't however, see how the gamblers can do anybody about it.

Japan seems to have gone crazy with the haie.

The Chinese must be ferocious fighters. Look what they can do to a shirt.

And then there's the affliction they can't do anything about—athlete's brain.

Parting advice—Put a little water on the comb.

•

They had just returned from a bridge game at the Allen's.
"That's the kind of husband I'd like to have. Did you hear him tell Mrs. Allen to go look at some ten dollar hats tomorrow?"

"And when have I stopped you from looking at ten dollar hats?"

•

*They came and stole my garments
My furniture and door
But they could not steal my jokes
For they were stolen before.*

•

Friend: I just saw a young man trying to kiss your daughter.

Modern Mother: Did he succeed?

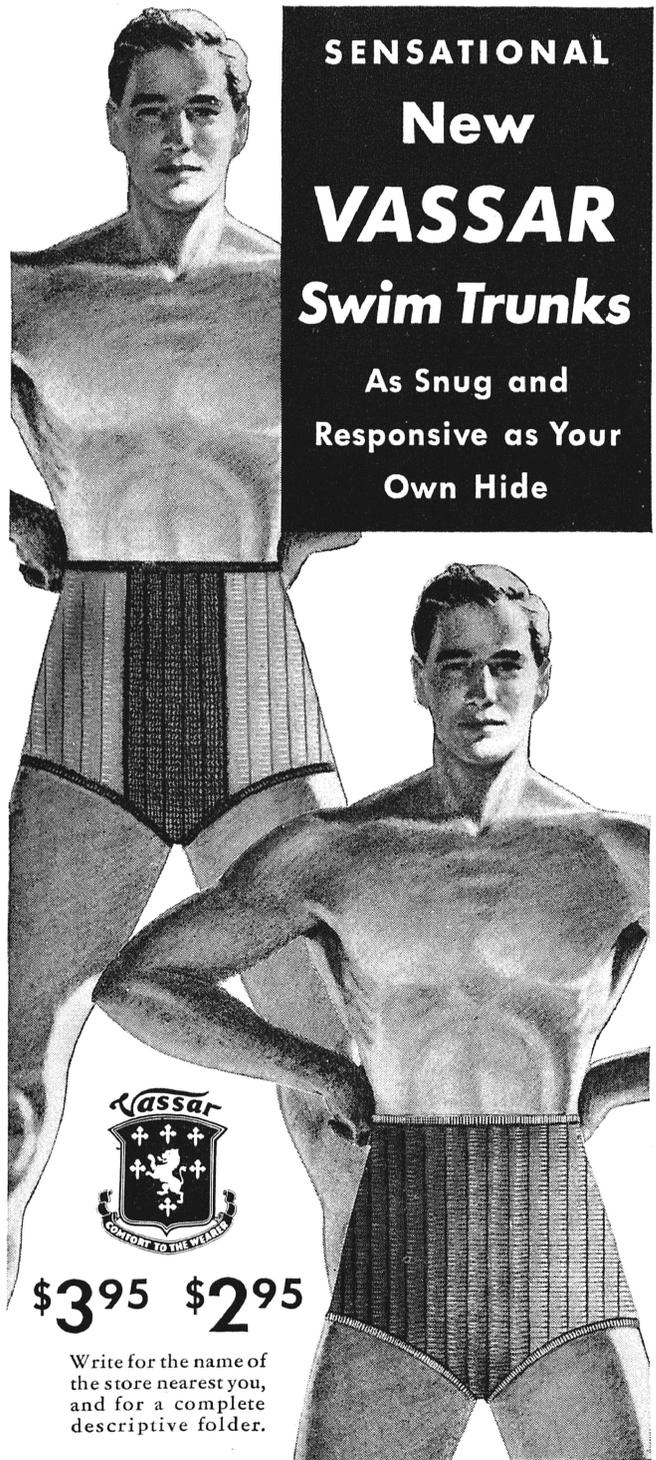
Friend: No.

Modern M.: Then it wasn't my daughter.

•

First Gold Digger: What's troubling you, dearie?

Second G. D.: I can't figure out what to do with my old blades.



SENSATIONAL
New
VASSAR
Swim Trunks

As Snug and
Responsive as Your
Own Hide



\$3⁹⁵ \$2⁹⁵

Write for the name of the store nearest you, and for a complete descriptive folder.

HERE'S eye-appeal *plus!* Brief, bright, ballast-free! Vassars are fashioned to fit with plenty of "hold" and all-over support from waist to thigh! There's no belt or bulky built-in supporter, because you actually don't need them! No matter how hard you swim, dive and exercise, Vassars never bind, chafe, roll or slip... no readjusting *anywhere*. Just day-long comfort and freedom. Equally favored for wrestling, handball, rowing, squash, and other vigorous sports.

Conservative or broadminded colors in a choice of two fabric-combinations: high-luster rayon outside, soft lisle inside, "Lastex" in-between... or mercerized yarn outside, fine wool inside, "Lastex" in-between.

Vassar Company • 2529 Diversey Parkway • Chicago, Illinois



PRINCE ALBERT'S
NO-RISK OFFER
SAYS: 'MELLOWEST,
TASTIEST.' AND,
MAN, I SOON SAID
THE SAME—
AND HOW!

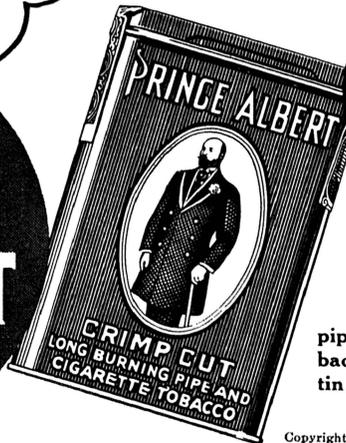
YOU CAN'T LOSE

on Prince Albert's fair-and-square guarantee (lower left). Either P. A.'s choice tobaccos put you next to princely smoking or back comes every cent you paid—and no quibbling! Prince Albert's special "crimp cut" tamps down easy and burns slower for longer sessions of rich, tasty smoking. Mild? You said it! P. A. smokes cool, so mellow because it's "no-bite" treated. There's no other tobacco like Prince Albert, men, so snap up that offer today.

STEP RIGHT UP. HERE'S THE GOOD WORD ON P. A.

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.

Radio Salesman: Madam, you pay a small down payment and then you pay no more for three months.

Mrs. Snapper: I'll bet that snoopy Mrs. Quizz told you all about us.

Two women had just come out of a local theatre after seeing "Robin Hood."

"I liked it," said one, "except that they didn't show the part where he shoots the apple off his son's head."

"That wasn't 'Robin Hood'," corrected her companion. "That was 'Arrowsmith'!"

Capt. (to private): Why are you always behind the rest of the marching soldiers? Are you yellow?

Soldier: No, sir, but someone has to stay behind to pick up the brave heroes.

There should be no monotony

In studying your botany.

It helps to train

And spur your brain—

Unless you haven't got any.

Edgar: That's a fine suit you're wearing. What's your tailor's address?

Charlie: 124 West street.

Edgar: Why, that's where you live!

Charlie: Yes, he's living on my doorstep.

"Scot: Are you a good caddie?

Caddie: Yes, sir.

Scot: A real good caddie?

Caddie: Yes, sir.

Scot: Are you good at finding lost balls?

Caddie: That's my forte, sir.

Scot: Well, then, go and find one so we can begin the game.

Judge: So you beat your wife, kicked her, hit her with a chain, and threw her down the stairs. What would you say if I sentenced you to a year in jail?

Man: Well—if you want to break up a honeymoon.

Judge: I'll give you a suspended sentence, but next time I'll fine you.

"Do you sell dog biscuits in this rotten little shop?"

"Yes, sir. Will you eat them here, or shall I send them around to your kennel?"

Employer (to new bookkeeper): Why, you've entered all your debit items on the credit side of the ledger! What does this mean?

Bookkeeper: I always do it that way. I'm left-handed.

It Ain't Even Safe to Think With These Psychic Gals Around

It was a warm, rainy spring night, the night I knocked hurriedly on the door of Professor Quisby Trisby, teacher of psychology and president of our Amateur Telepathers Club, every second Monday.

I know it was raining because I couldn't have gone to Prof. Trisby's house if the weather had been dry, because I would have had a date, and I didn't have a date the night it rained because it would have meant taxi fare and I was broke.

Or maybe I did have a date, and this was later in the evening after I took the girl home. I guess maybe it was midnight, the witching hour.

Prof. Trisby came to the door in his nightshirt.

"What's the matter, lad?" he said, noticed the wan look on my rain-wet face. "Do come in and dry your things."

I did come in and dried my things. Then, in answer to Trisby's questions I told my story, which I shall set down here just as it happened. If I can prevent anybody else from treading the path I so innocently took, my work will not be for naught.

"It's this telepathy business," I began. "O Dieu, O melancholia, O tempora, O mores, O heautontimorimemos!"

"Well, well," welled Trisby. "Don't you like to be able to communicate your thoughts by mental telepathy?"

"No!" I said. I could see that my sacrilegious monosyllable made the President of the A. T. C. tremble beneath his nightshirt.

"Just what is your trouble?" he asked.

"I'm ruining my health and flunking out of school because I've been having too many dates."

"But I don't see what that has to do with telepathy," said the Professor. I sighed and stared glassily at the embroidered sampler over his mantel-piece: "Don't write—Telepath."

"Last September I joined your club and learned how to telepath," I said. "That wasn't so bad, till the girls began joining the club. Then the trouble started. I would walk through the halls, minding my own business, when suddenly I would see a pretty girl. Well, sir, I would be looking at the pretty girl and all of a sudden she would come up

TELEPATHIC TROUBLES

to me and slap my face, saying: 'I heard what you thought, you cad...'"

"That is bad!" Trisby admitted.

"I thought so too, but it wasn't as bad as I thought. My face gradually became hardened to slaps, and I was learning to duck."

"But son, what has that got to do with the fact that you are dating too much?"

"I'll get to that, if you'll only keep your shirt on. I tried, after a while, to keep my thoughts ah . . . on other things. When a beautiful girl appeared I would concentrate on my German lesson, or on my rock collection for Geology, or on integral and differential calculus."

"How did that work?"

"No soap. I'm a strong minded fellow. Once I put my mind on something. . . . Well. There you are. And there am I, walking through the hall from class to class, looking at the beautiful

girls, and getting slapped so often I felt like I was rubbing my face along a picket fence."

Prof. Trisby screamed with impatience. "What's that got to do with dating too much?" he screamed.

"It's purely a matter of understanding the seasons," I said, arching my eyebrows archly.

"Qu'est-ce que vous voulez dire?" said Trisby, which, in English, means "What is it that you wish to say?" or, translated idiotically, "What the hell do you mean?"

"Spring came," I said, "and not only is it the time when a young man's love turns fancy, but it also moreover affects girls. Blood moves faster, buds come

out, the birds sing, and things are different.

"Now, when I walk through the hall and see a beautiful girl and think about differential calculus the girl comes up to me and says: 'Okay, I'll meet you after class.' And Professor Trisby, old as you are you can understand how hard it would be for a young fellow to refuse a girl a date. The weather got warmer and more and more girls asked me for dates. My studies were neglected, I got turned in for F's, and my entire life has gone to pot!"

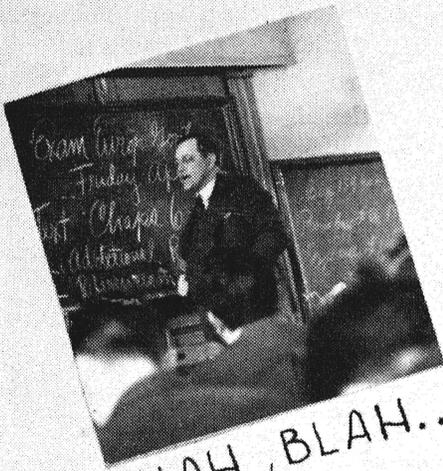
"Yes, sir," Professor Quisby Trisby said sympathetically, rubbing his chin. "That certainly is a hell of a thing. What hall is it where your pass all these girls?"

"I played strip poker with a bunch of coeds last night."

"How was your luck?"

"Best I ever saw."

—Frivol



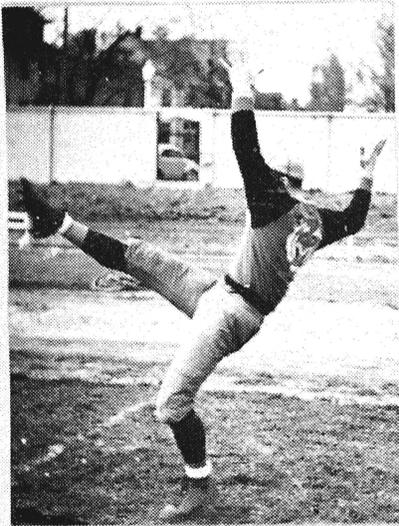
BLAH, BLAH...



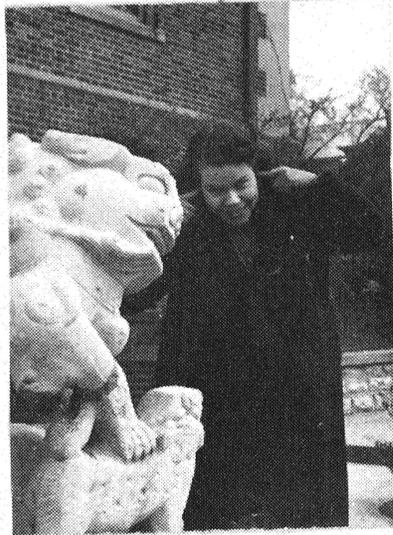
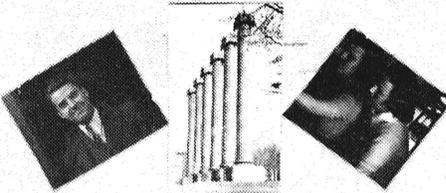
IT'S SUNNY



THROW HER A FISH



HIGH KICKIN'



NOT HALF BAD



PROFESSORIAL

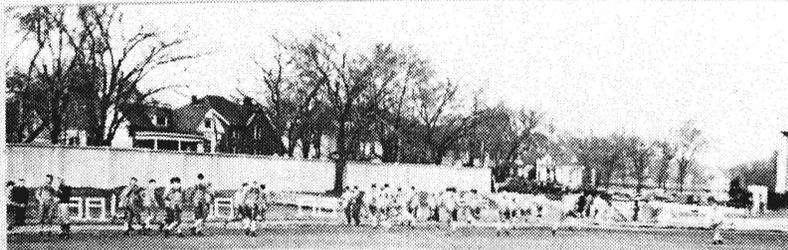


STUDYIN', REID?



CAN'T YA READ?

well



PIX BY FRED IRION

FAUROT AND COMPANY

There Ain't No Fun in Life Unless You Can Do a Little Beefing

PROFESSOR "BILLY" PHELPS of Yale in his recently published autobiography sets down a partial list of thirty things he hates. It seems that what a man hates is fully as interesting as the things he likes.

Professor "Billy" has aversions to female legs in the daily news; to personal items from Hollywood; to paint on young faces and a host of others including foods, books, authors and special words. Particularly does he dislike the word gotten.

He says, "I was pleased when a man telegraphed his wife, 'Have gotten seats for the theatre,' and the telegram was received, 'Have got ten tickets for the theatre,' and she showed up in the lobby with eight eager friends."

Anyway roaming about the campus we picked up a few little "hates" of our own from some vicious looking individuals.

For instance. . . .

PROFESSOR JESSE WRENCH, history teacher, baggy knicker pants wearer and the best "roll-your-owner" in the University has a perpetual scowl these days as he notes "all the moon-faced people walking down the streets hand in hand passing the time of day with other starry-eyed juveniles cluttering up the walk."

FRANK CLARK, D. U., despises hypocrites. MIRIAM KORNISH, Stephens, and custodian of Frank's pin looks with equal loathing upon the typical Stephens-susie curiosity—also it annoys her considerably to see dirt under Frankie's finger-nails. The D. Uer begged her to keep those things in the family, insisting meanwhile that he picked up the dirt in artistic endeavor, but she averred it had more the appearance of truck-gardening.

Burly BOB WALDORF, football bruiser, views with disgust all guys on opposing teams who look on themselves as All-Americans. . . . wishes somebody would remove the ladder gracing the entrance to room 208 of the B. P. A. School.

There seated in this same room was the B. and P. Aer's demure little private secretary, LORRAINE POLLARD. The utter, utter sweetness of her totally belied the vehemence with which she stated her hate. "Mustaches on male uppers! They are but the incongruous appurtenances of a defunct and static personality. Nothing revolts me quite so much. . . . except perhaps the bloated bellies on green worms."

by
Nate Silverman

Letting Off The Steam

BETTY WOODY, Chi O cutie, takes a crack at all male haircuts, including the Princeton crop, which makes them look like mugs and thugs.

"Who are they," she demanded, "to refuse to go out with girls who choose to wear their's up? . . . The Woody nose sniffed defiantly.

MARY JANE STEVENSON, a beautiful Independent blonde, has been acclaimed a queen on this campus many times over. But poor Mary Jane is a victim of conflicting emotions . . . for although she likes to win queenships, she hates to display her charms before a barrage of male eyes that seem to undress her.

This modesty paradox has DUDLEY JUNE BIDSTRUP in its claws too. Dudley admits to a distaste to talk about himself. Now Biddie, purely off the record, just WHO made all that Union-Independent noise a week ago?

Some faculty adviser rail-roaded GEORGE GECH, Ind. into an English course not long ago . . . now he can't look the breed in the eye Forewarned is fore-armed. . . . pray Georgie, what course is it?

BETTY JACQUE SMITH, Kappa, peers askance at people without a sense of humor . . . thinks SHOWME has a sense of humor.

PROFESSOR E. K. JOHNSTON of the Journalism School sums up his aversions in one word, LIARS.

IZ SKLAR, winner of the beard growing contest over at the Engine School balks when it comes time to shave. Iz says his room-mate's pet aversion is to take a girl on a blanket party to toast marsh-mallows and roast weenies and to find as the evening grows cold and the stars begin to twinkle that she really came out to toast marsh-mallows and to roast weenies. . . . HAROLD MILLER, the roomie, and fellow engineer counters with this one about Sklar. He never throws his dirty socks into the laundry bag, but likes to pile them up under his bed. **PHEW!**

He: "Darling, I'm groping for words."

She: "Well! You won't find them there."

—Covered Wagon

"What is home without a mother?" he asked.
"I am tonight," the sweet thing answered.

—Wampus

The First Shovelful of Showme Show

Betty Lou Crisp still has Army Dwyer, Phi Delt, hanging around her front porch. It's not only true love, but he likes her Kappa "dhwall"—(drawl, to you).

Le Roi Dixon, dark and handsome Phi Gam carries the torch for Gerry Rooney, super little Pi Phi. He has a sweetheart pin, but he doesn't know what to do with the thing; he doesn't want to get turned down. We know how you feel, we got turned down last Leap Year.

Who were the boys who got so very "skonked" that they had to be told the next morning that they had eaten a package of cigarettes?

And another thing, why don't we just forget the whole goldfish deal? It's not even funny anymore. Some people just aren't very smart.

Don Boardman, Delt, has a new name. They're calling him Cupid now. A friend of his from K. U. called him long distance the other night and asked him to fix a date with teeny tiny Betty Gillen, Pi Phi for the said Jayhawker's spring formal. We haven't heard Gillen's reaction yet, but we're afraid that she's pretty busy here at home keeping Tommy James, Kappa Sig, on the run.

Bette Brooks, Theta, has a definite liking for tall D. U.'s.

Joe Webber, Phi Sigma Delta, plays around with all the girls here, but not many of them know that his heart resides in St. Louis. Not only does it live there, but it's wrapped, sealed, and delivered. And he loves it.

More scribbling in notebooks is attributed to Gertrude Guinn, another Kite girl. She sits and writes Howard Stanley Wood, Sigma Alpha Epsilon, Stanford U., California. If any of you boys want to send him a threatening letter, here's your chance.

Betty Jane Peckenpaugh, (we call her bill n' coo) —(haha) is being seen with Lewis Parks, Sig who is a prince of a fellow, to say the least.

One of the most glamorous gals on this campus is Shirley Sanders. It was a long time ago, but it's still good, we mean Shirley floating around the Savitar Ball in pink chiffon and black lace. Why must people call her "the squaw?" Ugh, ugh.

Dale Bowling, upon seeing a mail truck, "Why is a man, who is a citizen of the United States, like a letter?" Warren Ruddy, the perfect Stooge: "I don't know, why?" D. B. (the heel), "Because they're both U. S. male." He died quietly.

(More gush on page 18)



"Poor guy can't take it . . . He's just been appointed night-watchman at Stephens."

Social Worker: Do you owe any back house rent?

Relief Seeker: We ain't got any back house. We have modern plumbing.

—Exchange

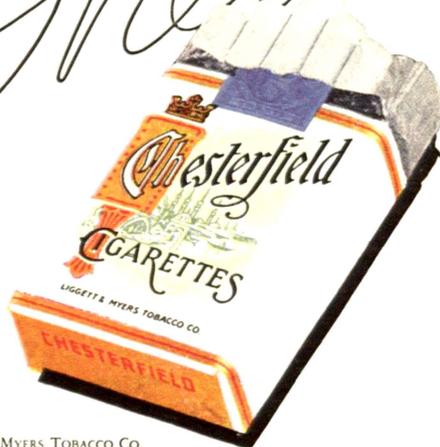
DON'T CRY, LITTLE FISHIE

by Maurice Riehl

Come here, little goldfish
And shed a bitter tear
Your race is declining
And your own end is near.
How sweetly you stare
As you lie in my hand.
Soon my fame will be known
Throughout this wide land.
I lift you, suspend you
Till you hang over my mouth.
Wave the world goodby, Goldie,
You're bound for points south.



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"Mary," said the mistress of the house reproachfully, "you told me a little while ago that you were going to have a sleep."

"That's right, madam," replied the girl.

"Then do you mind telling me what you were doing at the garden gate just now when the soldiers went by?"

Mary hung her head coyly.

"Having forty winks, madam," she replied.

A little boy went up to his grandfather and said, "Are you very, very old, grandpa?"

The old man said, "I'm 95, my son."

Then the youngster asked him, "Have you lost all your teeth?"

And grandpa said, "Yes, my boy. I haven't got a tooth in my head."

So the lad said, "Well, that's all right. You can mind my roasted peanuts."

Smith and Jones were at the circus. Smith turned to Jones and said, "How did Johnson come to be an elephant trainer?"

"Well," his friend replied, "he used to run a set of performing fleas until his eyesight got bad!"

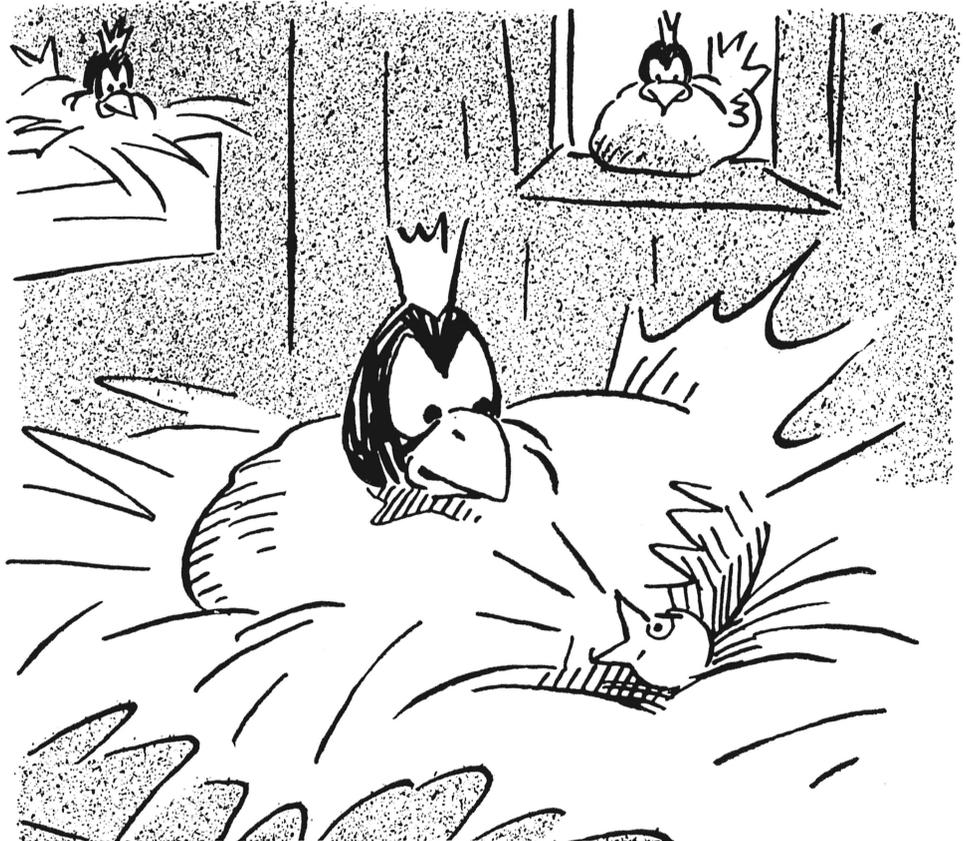
"Did you hear about the canary with a wooden leg—his father was a woodpecker."

OFF THE RECORD

"Gentlemen, something has to be done to combat the new movement to abolish all colleges. It is a silly movement, for we know that colleges do make a definite contribution to the civilized world. Think what it would mean to us if all the colleges should ever be abolished. Would we have ever realized the glorious prosperity of our dream, if it wasn't for the colleges?"

"What wonderful institutions are colleges! For years gallant undergraduates have been aiding us. No matter how black the situation was, we could always count on them to help us out of our difficulties. If the colleges should ever be abolished, the world would no longer be a bright place in which to live. Our futures would be dismal, black, and futile."

"Gentlemen, as Chairman of the Professional Gag-Writing Association, I think we should go on record opposing this new movement, at least in those colleges where humor magazines are put out."



"Hey! Watch where you're sittin'!"

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The Southern father was introducing his family of boys to a visiting governor.

"Seventeen boys," exclaimed the father. "And all Democrats but John, the little rascal. He got to reading."

—Green Gander

Enamored: "I think June is the ideal Prom girl."

Disgusted Roommate: "Yeah, prominent ears, prominent teeth, prominent chin."

Enamored: "True, but go on."
—Varieties

"My husband was swept off his feet when he kissed our pretty maid."

"Aren't you going to have her fired?"

"I should say not! That's the way I like to see a broom used."
—The Log

"What kind of work is your sister's boy-friend engaged in, Willie?"

"I think he prints free theatre tickets."

"You think he prints free theatre tickets? What ever gave you such an idea?"

"Well, I heard Sis say he was always making passes."

Angry Father: "What do you mean by bringing my daughter in at this hour of the morning?"

Gay Blade: "Had to be at work at seven."

Then there's the story of the girl violinist who kissed her violin good night and took her bow to bed with her.

She: "I wear this gown only to teas."

He: "Whom?"

—Old Line

AFTER SIX

ON SPRING EVENINGS



Palm
Beach

Stylists have expressed this new sartorial theme to perfection in the Shelton, a coat that young fellows will go for.



BARTH'S

Established 1868



Now that we're all back from our annual session with that Easter bunny and have come to grips with our books (or have we?) let's settle down and have a good bull session.

Jane Williams, new Theta Savitar queen, is giving her sisters plenty of trouble. Due to her recent set-to with Delt Don Dittimore, and the up-setting consequences, the Thetas aren't allowing any of their pledges to date the poor dear. He has more trouble, too, but it's all too complicated to go into.

Roberta Carver, Tri Delt, in class the other day, asked if it was permissible for engaged couples to "neck in public." The only way to find out is to try it and see, Roberta. She's pinned out at the S. A. E. house; maybe he'll help her find out.

Among those who went home with their true love over Easter were Jim Small, who met the parents of Brickey Casey, Pi Phi, and Pat Curtis, same, impressed Kappa Sig, Charlie Pitney's family. It wouldn't have made any difference whether they did or didn't, the way things are with those moon-struck kids.

Fred Irion, who recently quit the Showme, because he wasn't satisfied with an S average, sits in class and writes over and over—Betty Jane, Minnesota, Betty Jane, Minnesota. Tsk, tsk, Mr. Irion, you can't do it that way!

We predict that Bill Freehoff will make very good time with Martha Jane Meyers now that he got her elected as one of the Military queens.

In Jeff City recently, Annabelle Lonsberry, D. G., and Louise Wilkes, Alpha Chi O., were seen with two unidentified blonds. Were you girls celebrating something or just getting away from it all?

it flutters from person to person—was conducting Pi Phi Marty Payne, who has a fluttering heart—a "Don't Vote for Dimke" week recently and three days later they were ogling at each other in the Evereat. Good old Bob, how does he do it?

Virginia Wolk, No. 1 Tri Delt, loves to listen to the suth'un drawl of Francis Clark, Delt from "Jaw-juh." The boys call him "South Man."

When asked if everything had calmed down after her pinning to Jimmy Plunkett, Sigma Chi, Bobbie Price said, "Yes, but we haven't."

Tommy Henderson walks about with folded hands and lifted eyes since the evening that he played chaperon at a Stephens dance. It seems that he had a date with his little school teacher again. What are the Phi Delt's coming to?

The rains are bringing out the pins as fast as the worms. Frances Ann Robnett, Kappa, put out Harry Seward's snake badge, and another will soon show itself above the heart of Pi Phi Ruth Schiffin, which beats only for Dick Brownlee.

We like Stanley Mertel, Lambda Chi. He's a small town boy who didn't go college the first time he got away from home. Wish there were more like you, chum.

While Polly Nichols was gallivanting out in California, Lacky Johnson was doing the same in Columbia, and at Stephens, too. So, when she got back, they had a date on a rainy day. Lacky was wearing someone else's rain coat. As they walked down the street, he put his hand in the pocket and drew out—a young lady's absolutely unmentionables! Pollyanna began to wonder if she should have gone away or not. . . .



because she buys her clothes at Harzfeld's

lucky girl! All eyes are focused on her. Masculine eyes shine in admiration; feminine eyes glitter in envy, wherever she passes

she knows the importance of looking like a "million dollar baby" (even on a "5 and 10 cent store" allowance) so she shops always at Harzfeld's

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GOOD COFFEE

GOOD BEER

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Collegiate Reporter: I've got a perfect news story.

Editor: How come? Man bite a dog?

Reporter: No, but a hydrant sprinkled one.

—Wotougon

"Ah," he murmured as the light went out in the room across the street, "Now I can sleep."

—Green Gander

She: John, dear, I wouldn't let anyone else kiss me like this.

He: My name isn't John.

Professor: Will you men in the back of the room please stop exchanging notes?"

Student: They aren't notes, sir. They're cards. We're playing bridge.

Professor: Oh, I beg your pardon.

—Widow

The old gentleman was lost in a London fog so thick he could barely see his hand before his face. He became seriously alarmed when he found himself in a cold, dark alley. Then he heard footsteps approaching.

"Where am I going?" he asked excitedly.

A voice weirdly replied from the darkness, "Into the river. I've just come out."

—Red Cat

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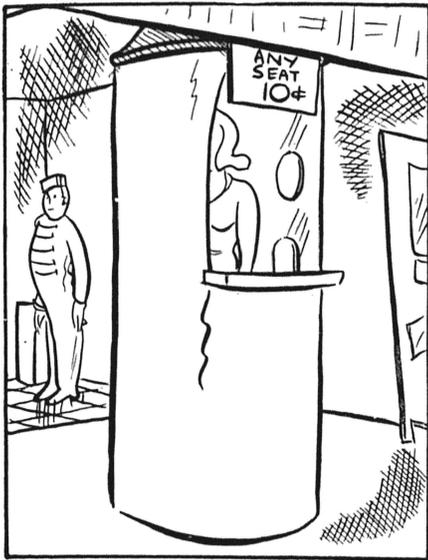


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"Just a haircut—I always shave at home. Skin's too tender."

"Could you also trim the hair a little while you shave the neck?"

"You should gimme half price — I'm nearly bald."

"The last barber cut my hair for ten years. I don't go to him because he just died."

"What do you do with all the hair you cut?"

"Gimme the same haircut you gave me last year."

"Once over twice."

"Don't take too much of my blood. I'm anemic."

•

Fortune Teller: I see a tall, stout woman following your husband.

Client: I'm sorry for her, then . . . he's a postman!

•

Polly Voo Frawnsay?

Whatcha say?

Do you speak French?

Yes—oh yes.

•

He: And I've got a gold medal for running five miles, an' one for ten miles; a silver medal for swimming; two cups for wrestling, an' badges for boxing an' rowing!

She: You must be a wonderful athlete.

He: Athlete? I run a pawnshop.

•

The landlady brought in a plateful of extremely thin slices of bread and butter, which rather dismayed her hungry men boarders.

"Did you cut these, Mrs. Brown?" asked one.

"Yes—I cut them," came the stern reply.

"Oh," went on the boarder. "All right—I'll shuffle and deal!"

•

J: How was the horseback riding the other day?

T: It was all right, but the trouble was that I had such a polite horse that when we came to a fence, he let me go over first.



LOOK OUT!
SHE'S THE
"WILD WOMAN"



ONE WHIFF of that workman's smelly briar, and Borneo Bess went on a rampage! Hey, you—clean your pipe and smoke a mild tobacco that smells good!



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NEW RADIO PROGRAM: Sir Walter Raleigh "Dog House," 10:30 EDST Tues. nights, NBC Red Network.

GIVE ME A SENTENCE WITH
THE WORD . . .

- Diversify*: "I'm bad now, but I'd be all diversify got married."
Window: "Window we eat?"
Felonies: "John felonies head."
Connive: "My girl is always saying, connive this and connive that?"
Verified: "I paid ten dollars for it, verified waited I could have got it for five."
Symphony: "Let's not have any musical questions; they all symphony to me."
Forepaw: "To pick your teeth in public would be a forepaw."
Poison: "Some poison is outside to see you."
Atwater Kent: "Atwater Kent be cold."
Symptoms: "Symptoms I do, and symptoms I don't."
Vignette: "Why give up the battle; we may vignette!"
Panther: "Johnnie lost a button — now his panther coming down."
Chemise: "I wonder does chemise me when I'm gone?"
Chagrin: "Why don't chagrin once in a while?"
Statuesque: "What's statuesque?"



"Hooray! I've got my first case! The Law School is going to sue me for back tuition."

IF HABIT GOT THE BEST OF US

"Sixty-five cents, sir."

"You mean a dollar and sixty-five cents."

"No, sir. Just sixty-five. You had the regular luncheon and a glass of—"

"Never mind that, waiter. I can read, it's a dollar sixty-five!"

"Well, sir. I don't like to argue. So if you want it that way, I'll take the dollar as a tip. But sixty-five is all you owe me."

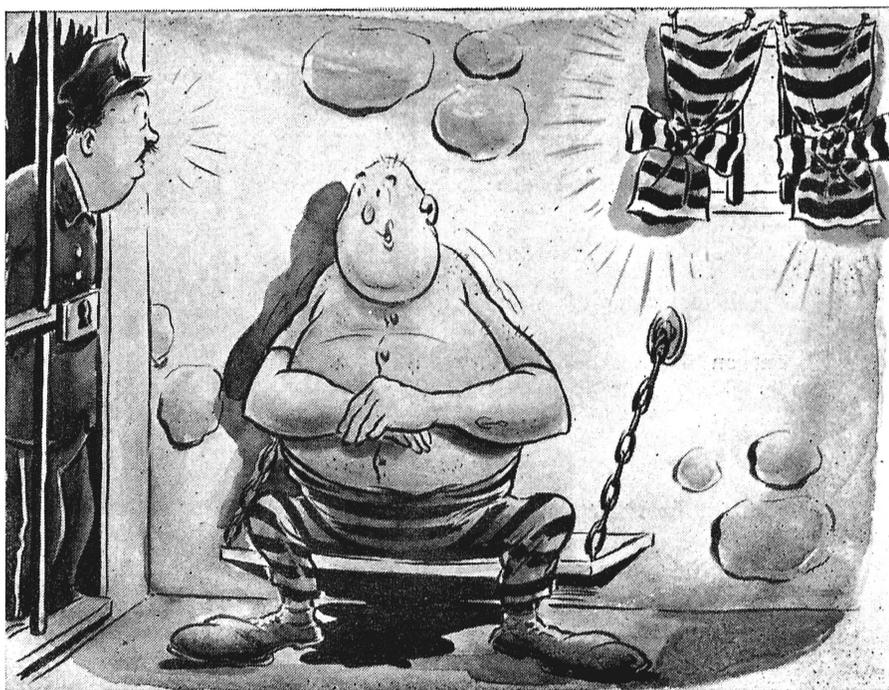
"Now let's not get into an argument over this, but I say I owe you a dollar sixty-five without the tip!"

"OK, sir. But your bill only reads sixty-five cents."

"You must be blind, waiter. There it is, plain as day; one dollar and sixty-five cents."

"Sir, it's your eyes that don't see those figures straight. Say what line are you in?"

"Me? I read meters for the electric company."



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Hickory Dickory Doek;
The mouse ran up the clock.

The clock struck one;

The Mouse ran down—

That's how Munski got his start,
too.

Caution is the life of the strip
tease dancer. Haven't you seen
her stop, look, and loosen?

—Rammer Jammer

“There's a woman peddler at
the door.”

“Show him in, and tell him to
bring his samples with him.

—Gargoyle

The only trouble about being
able to read women like a book
is you are liable to forget your
place.

—Record

He called her Pilgrim because
every time he went out with her
he made a little more progress.

—Wampus

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Sandwiches



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**Spring brings
Luncheons
Parties
Banquets**

This Spring

as always many people are planning to do their entertaining at the DANIEL BOONE TAVERN for experience has proved that it is the best place they could choose for fine food and excellent service.

The TAVERN'S

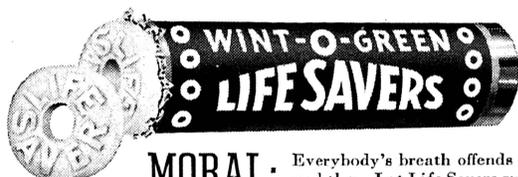
big Dining Room will accommodate more than 200 people easily. Smaller groups will find the Grill Room, Emerald Room, and Mazzanine ideal places for them to meet and eat.

For Reservations call 4105 and arrange the date for your party.

**DANIEL BOONE
TAVERN**



At breath that's tainted with cheroots,
Fair maidens oft turn up their snoots.
Make sure *your* breath does not offend—
Try Wint-O-Green Life Savers, friend.



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

Three blind mice;
See how they run!
The Student just came out.

The doctor was questioning the new nurse at the infirmary about her latest patient.

"Have you kept a chart of his progress?" he inquired.

The nurse, blushing, replied: "No, but I can show you my diary."

—Purple Parrot

Ideal spot for a good time: Just the right degree of longitude and lassitude.

—Owl

He (asking a riddle): Why is it you have so many friends?

She: I give up.

—Red Cat

—The Battalion

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

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

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

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

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

This Month's Winner—

NATE SILVERMAN

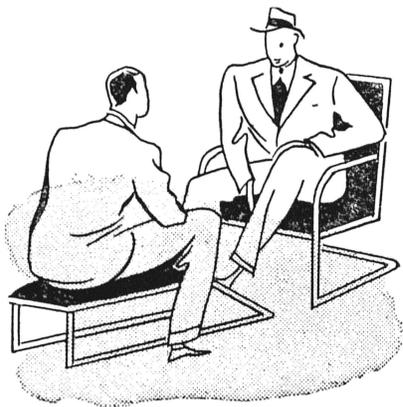
Independent

"There's always something around me that keeps me from drinking a lot of beer."

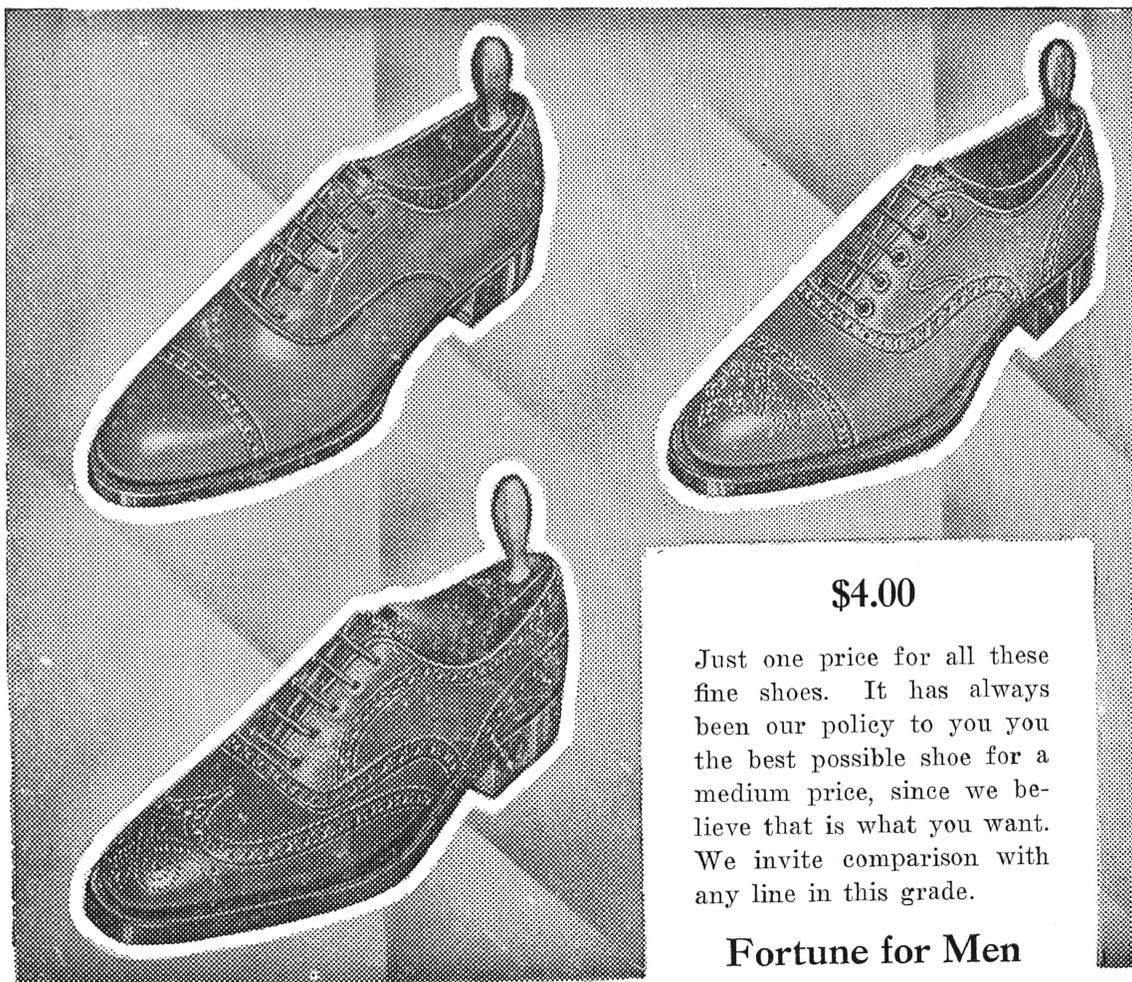
"Your husband, I suppose?"

"Nope, my girdle."

A Pair of FORTUNE Oxfords for the Man who wants that Custom Fit



A variety of lasts assures the fit of a custom made shoe at less than half the price. Our expert fitting service assures your getting the correct last for your foot. You will be more comfortable, and find your shoes wearing longer when we have fitted you correctly, by X-Ray.



\$4.00

Just one price for all these fine shoes. It has always been our policy to you you the best possible shoe for a medium price, since we believe that is what you want. We invite comparison with any line in this grade.

Fortune for Men

**We Fit You
By X-Ray.**

Miller's
SUPERIOR SHOES

**8th Street
&
Broadway**

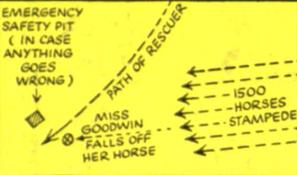
Listen for Fortune Announcement, KFRU, Tuesday and Thursday, 7:40 a. m.; Wednesday and Friday, 4.59 p. m.



A HOLLYWOOD STUNT GIRL deserves REAL SMOKING PLEASURE!

ALINE GOODWIN, OF THE MOVIES, WORKS HARDER THAN MOST MEN. SHE PRAISES A REST AND A CAMEL FOR FULL SMOKING ENJOYMENT

ALINE GOODWIN, ON LOCATION FOR A THRILLING ARIZONA "WESTERN," IS WAITING FOR HER BIG SCENE — A SPLIT-SECOND RESCUE FROM THE PATH OF 1500 FEAR-CRAZED HORSES



WE'RE ALL READY FOR THE BIG SCENE, ALINE

I FEEL RESTED AND READY



SHE'LL NEED PLENTY OF STUFF FOR THIS STUNT

DON'T WORRY — ALINE'S STEADY AS A ROCK!

DYNAMITE IS EXPLODED IN THE CANYON TO STAMPEDE THE HUGE HERD OF HORSES OUT INTO THE PLAIN



IT TAKES REAL NERVE TO FALL IN FRONT OF THAT BUNCH!

TIMING'S PERFECT. NOW FOR THE RESCUE



THE RESCUE FAILS!

SHE'S GOT TO MAKE THE SAFETY PIT — OR ELSE

GOOD GRIEF! SHE WENT RIGHT OVER THE OTHER SIDE!



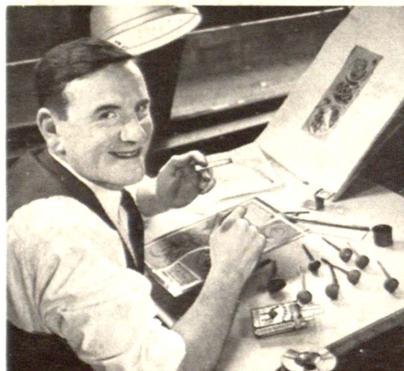
GLAD YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, ALINE. SORRY — BUT WE HAVE TO TAKE THE SCENE OVER RIGHT AWAY

WHO'S GOT A CAMEL?



I GET A LOT OF PLEASURE OUT OF SMOKING CAMELS. THEY'RE SO MILD AND TASTE SO GOOD! I LET UP AND LIGHT UP A CAMEL FREQUENTLY, AND CAMELS NEVER JANGLE MY NERVES

"AFTER I ENJOYED MY SIXTH PACKAGE of Camels," says Fredrick West, master engraver, "I took them on for life. Camels taste better. They are so mild and mellow. They're gentle to my throat — which proves Camels are extra mild! My work requires intense concentration. So, through the day, I take time to let up — light up a Camel. Camels taste grand. 'I'd walk a mile for a Camel' too!"



COSTLIER TOBACCOS

CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS ... TURKISH AND DOMESTIC



Copyright, 1939
By J. Reynolds
Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, N. C.

SMOKE 6 PACKS OF CAMELS AND FIND OUT WHY THEY ARE THE LARGEST-SELLING CIGARETTE IN AMERICA

LET UP — LIGHT UP A CAMEL!

SMOKERS FIND: CAMELS NEVER JANGLE THE NERVES