



# TOPIC CAFE

702 CONLEY

- SIZZLING HOT STEAKS—ONE of Our Specialties
- WE DELIVER
- 24-HOUR SERVICE

DIAL 5645

- MAGAZINES — KODAK FINISHING

Complete line of  
FANCY  
BOX CANDIES

## TOPIC ICE CREAM SHOP

We Deliver . . . Dial 5645

702 MARYLAND

We make our own ice cream—  
pints, quarts, & Specialties  
Drug Sundries

FRESH ROASTED  
NUTS DAILY

# TOPIC CAFE

728 CONLEY

- COMPLETE FOUNTAIN SERVICE
- THE HOME OF THE SIZZLE HOT STEAK

# Showme Announces its 1940 "Best-Dressed" Sweepstakes

**Who are the best-dressed girl and boy  
on the M. U. Campus?**

**Who is the best-dressed girl on the  
STEPHENS Campus?**

**On the CHRISTIAN Campus?**

Come on, now, all you campus clothes-horses! Now's your chance to enter the Showme's "Best-Dressed" Sweepstakes!

For the next week Showme will sponsor an election to determine who are the best-dressed boy and girl on the Missouri campus, and the best-dressed girls at Stephens and Christian Colleges.\*

All you have to do to enter or vote for a candidate is to clip the coupon at the bottom of this page, fill it out and deposit it in one of the poll boxes set up where Showmes are sold.

Anybody in any of the three schools is eligible for the sweepstakes. The person receiving the largest number of votes in each classification will be declared its winner. Pictures of the winners in their best Easter outfits will be run in the April issue of Showme.

Voting boxes have been set up in the Missouri Store, the Co-op, Gaebler's Black and Gold Inn, Harris' Cafe, the Campus Drug Store, the Stephens Missouri Store and the Christian College Tea Room. Deadline for ballots is March 15, so get those votes in early!

*\*All votes for Santa Claus, Adolf Hitler, Mickey Mouse, et al, will NOT be counted.*

Here are some names for starters; but they're just starters, and you don't have to vote for any of them:

**BOYS**  
Jim Crawford  
Fred Danneman  
Tom Deacy  
Garvin Gunn  
John Horton  
Watson Powell  
Pete Seidlitz  
John Slayton  
Hugo Spake  
Elliott Stone

**M. U.**

**GIRLS**  
Mary Maude Clinkscales  
Mary Ann Dallas  
Nancy Eibert  
Josephine Wilkinson  
Jeanne Guernsey  
Betty Hinman  
Leona Howe  
Ortrude Schnaedelbach  
India Webb

**STEPHENS**  
Pat Longfellow, Wales Hall  
Jane Toul, Tower Hall  
Pat Kirk, Senior Hall  
Margaret O'Mara, North Hall  
Sara Stout, Lela Raney Wood Hall  
Betsy Edwards, South Hall  
Ann Yocum, Hatcher Hall

**CHRISTIAN**  
Alma Sear Wilson, St. Clair Hall  
Loretta Monahan, Missouri Hall  
Marion Brown, Hughes Hall

Sweepstakes Editor:

I think .....

is the best-dressed .....(boy, girl)

on the ..... campus.

IT SEEMS THE GHOST is still walking, so pardon us while we fall in step.

One of the columnists in a certain local weekly has harpooned a lady behind her back. The lady is Miss Franceswayne Allen, director-producer-author-performer-in-general of Journalism Shows.

The columnist has said, in effect, that the Journalism Show is becoming the Franceswayne Allen Show. He says this is bad. He says this year's chorus looked like last year's chorus, and that, too, is bad. He says the 1940 show was below par, the inference being that Miss Franceswayne Allen put the curse on it.

"Give the Journalism Show back to the students!" he shouts in so many words.

WE DON'T COME FROM the Deep South, suh, but we rise to defend a lady's honah.

In our opinion, the Jayshow ought to be darned glad it has Miss Franceswayne Allen. Where would it find anybody else to give so much of time and energy to make it a success, to help whip the script into shape, to teach the chorus routines, to worry over rehearsals far into the night, to drive an inexperienced cast into an acceptable performance?

If she didn't direct it, who would? Politics? That would be nice; choice parts given to lads who voted right. The Commission? Fifteen different voices shouting for order; fifteen different voices screaming fifteen different instructions. . . . And so to bedlam. . . .

Or shall some student be given directoral powers—some student who has appeared in a couple of Workshop one-act plays?

No, son. It won't work that way. Now cast down your eyes and apologize to Miss Allen. And say you'll be a good, good boy.

TRUE, THE JAYSHOW may need a shot in the arm. But we said it before the show and we say it now—more people ought to see it.

The students don't stay away because it's a rotten show, which it isn't. They stay away because seventy-five cents is too much to pay for it. Oh, yes, there are seats in the back and upstairs for fifty cents. But you can see a first-class movie for two-bits down the street, so who wants to see the Jayshow unless he has a friend in the cast?

WE UNDERSTAND the show made money this year, just as it made money last year. But not because business was so good. Because prices were so good.

Far better, we think, to fill the house twice at thirty-five cents, than to scatter it three times at seventy-five. The Savitar Frolics are a case in point.

## SHOWME'S "WELL-DRESSED" CONTEST.. 1

Here's your chance to recognize those swell duds the girl friend's been wearing. Stephens and Christian girls are in, too, so it looks like a swell chance for three gals and a guy to ankle into the spotlight by winning the Clothes-horse Sweepstakes.

## MEN ARE CHEATS ..... 3

Florence Schwartz writes about a coed who knew it, but who couldn't help loving the vile creatures in spite of herself.

## THE UN-MANLY ART ..... 4

An intramural boxing fall guy describes the horrible details of a Date with a Bruiser. The shortest distance between vertical and horizontal is a good stiff right to the jaw.

## ON THE WAX ..... 7

More notes on the top men of music, their bands and their latest bits on the whirling platters.

## SHOWME SHOW ..... 8

Leap Year doesn't make any difference in the pace; it's still a gay old chase around the campus to find out what's going on behind who's back, and Now You May Know.

## LEG WORK IS FUN! ..... 9

A Showme researcher drags out his tape measure and magnifying glass and Looks at Legs. You'll be surprised, if not envious, at the things he finds. It's all for Science, of course, but man, what a Cause!

## TAG—YOU'RE IT! .....10

A new junior at Mizzou describes his experiences with the campus' favorite sport, tagging. "Fellows at dances here just don't seem to hold their own," he reports.

## CARTOONS BY CARROLL AND KELLER..4, 10

Ruth Carroll and Reamer Keller, a couple of big-timers, join the staff for a couple of laughs.

Cover drawn for Showme by Dudley Fisher, King Features, Inc.

---

---

### STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP

The Missouri Showme is published monthly except during July and August by the Missouri chapter of Sigma Delta Chi, national professional journalism fraternity, as the official humor and literary publication of the University of Missouri. Price: \$1.00 per year; 15c the single copy. Copyright 1939 by Missouri chapter of Sigma Delta Chi; original contents not to be reprinted without permission. Permission given all recognized exchanging college publications. Exclusive reprint rights granted to College Humor. Editorial and Business offices, Room 13, Walter Williams Hall; office of publication, Artercraft Press, Virginia Bldg., Columbia, Mo. Not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts; postage must be enclosed for return.

---

---

# MEN ARE CHEATS

*(—But She Loved 'em Anyway!)*

By FLORENCE SCHWARTZ

"Men are cheats but I love them anyway."

A cigarette leaning from her fingers, Marion spoke flippantly, self-assured, the warm sunlight gleaming her auburn hair into copper.

She meant what she said and the words impressed the three who heard her as much as the sophisticated air of her smartly dressed figure and her pretty face.

One who listened writhed in jealousy—for she was a coed and saw the two men watching with intense interest the delicate mouth that chattered glibly, entertainingly on.

"You know, I've never slapped a man's face."

The other girl couldn't resist the sarcastic slap-back that shot from the tip of her tongue: "What do you do?"

Marion laughed. A youthful, golden laugh that contradicted the brass of her words: "There are other ways."

She lowered her blue eyes, then lifted them flirtatiously—and effectively. Dropping her cigarette and stepping on it, she added, "But that's beside the point. Better get back to work now." She rose.

The tall blond man walked in beside her. "By the way, Marion, are you dated up for the dance next Friday?"

"Why, no," she answered in careful surprise.

\* \* \* \*

Marion was having a wonderful time. She always did! But, she thought suddenly, that's what's the matter with it. Her smile didn't fade but her spirits sank without reason, as low as the feet that kept on dancing. It was stupid—and so futile. But there was nothing else to do, so why not?

She looked at her date—He was good-looking, so he'd be like all the rest. Handsome men were always too good to be true. She supposed she wouldn't mind—might even enjoy—his kissing her goodnight. Just so he didn't get too fresh. But she would remember her rule—just understand and treat them all alike.

So when they stopped at a highway "spot" the long way home, found a corner booth farthest from the lights, and the man told her she was his ideal, Marion only thought: "Well! Here we go again!"

Drink a little. Dance a little. Drink a little. Try hard not to watch the couple fervently necking in the next booth. The drink made her happy. She noticed he had five beers to her one.

He looked at her, as men will, and turned her to him so that she was closer—much closer.

"Give me a cigarette," she said, and smoked it slowly, languidly, tossing her head back and wearing

an amused expression. Lord! They were all alike. But—and a cigarette doesn't last forever.

Suddenly he had both her hands in his, or she was holding his for reasons of her own. Well, what to do next, she wondered. It was too early to go home. Besides, she liked the guy and might like to date him again.

"I'd like a drink of beer," she said.

"Why don't you get it then?"

"I can't reach it without my hands."

"Well, go ahead. I promise I won't make a pass at you till you can protect yourself again."

"All right." She laughed, mockingly serious. "That's funny—what you just said."

"Well, you seem to be doing everything you can to stop me."

It almost made her angry, but she only said, "That's right. You know girls very well." It wasn't so funny now. And he puzzled her, for his tone was serious.

"Why don't you stop being a child and be a woman?"

Now that was hard to take—but as negative psychology properly handled will do, it made her think. "What the hell does he think he's doing anyway? I don't know . . . maybe I'd better apply the three-

(Continued on Page 23)



They kissed at midnight.

# THE UN-MANLY ART

## *Swing Is the Thing — Even in Intramural Boxing*

ANONYMOUS

After a heated argument in the dressing room with some friends who had talked me into intramural boxing against my better judgment, I walked dismally to the ring, climbed through the ropes, and sank weakly into my chair. Even the walk to the ring had tired me out, and I dreaded to think what would happen when I started trading punches with some conscientious young athlete who probably spent all of his afternoons engaged in rigorous training.

Although I knew something of boxing, the idea of constant exercise was always repugnant to me, and I was amused by that rather hysterical idea of half killing yourself to "keep in condition." I soon had cause to modify some of my convictions.

I heard some noise and looked up to see my opponent climb into the ring, wave to some friends, and take his seat. He looked over at me and twisted his face into a friendly leer, and, although I returned the pleasantry, the gesture was forced. I noticed with uneasiness his confident manner, the trim, sloping shoulders that meant a hard hitter, and his sleek, muscular chest and legs. I had seen him several times before, once when he ran the 4:40, won easily, and hardly seemed to breathe any harder after the race. I remembered remarking to a friend as we stood watching that I seriously doubted if I could even walk that far. He was a trained athlete; I was not—and this realization did nothing to relieve my peace of mind.

My roommate, who stood behind me and who fondly imagined he was being helpful, was enthusiastically pounding on my back and whispering some rather useless instructions in my ear.

"Remember," he said tersely, "he's fast, and he can hit hard. Box—box all the time. When he starts to slug, cover up. The judges are counting on points."

"How did I ever get roped into this deal?" I asked anxiously. "I'd rather be home reading a good book."

"You can't tell," he said. "You may even win. He may stumble and hit his head on a post. It's happened before."

The bored referee, who had been

working all evening beckoned us both curtly to the center of the ring. My roommate pushed me out before I was hardly on my feet—thereby making me appear ridiculous even before the fight started.

As my opponent and I stood in the center of the ring listening gravely to the referee's stereotyped remarks, my heart began to beat a little faster and my hands in the tightly tied gloves were damp with perspiration.

(Continued on Page 16)



"Will you get back in bed so I can remember what I came here for!"

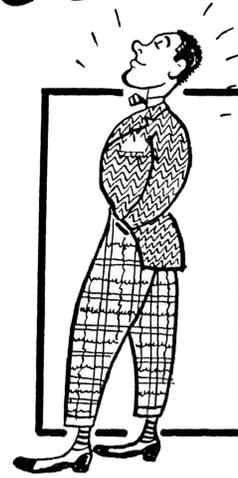


# FRATERNITY FOTOS



## • LOUNGE LIZARD

Complete lack of enthusiasm . . . nothing to live for . . . he does nothing for hours but sits and stares...dreams...looks down at everybody especially if he isn't a fraternity man . . . serves no purpose around the House except to blackball three out of every four pledges.



## • HOUSE SMOOTHIE

Every fraternity has him—he lives, and will probably die, by Esquire. His hair is cropped close, revealing all the uneven contours of his dome. The cuffs of his pants are nearer his knees than his shoes, which are always gray, brown, or black suede. He needs a shoe horn more for getting his big feet through the narrow bottom pegged trousers than for getting into his canal boats. His socks are a hideous combination of sick blue, nauseating green, bull red, and a bright yellow. He believes all he has to do is put in an appearance and a baker's dozen of Frosh will pledge . . . he usually flunks out of school.



## • RUSHING CHAIRMAN

You know him by his huge right hand and oozing personality. Somehow he can talk most Frosh into pledging, sometimes using a sledge hammer.



## • TREASURER

Everyone knows that look . . . "All right, fellows, if you don't pay up, the house will go on the rocks, etc., etc., etc."



## • ATHLETE

Whether his letters are earned managing the ping-pong squad, or playing varsity full back, he is always the same...refuses to abide by house rules... never pays up on his obligations . . . very affable . . . smiles and hits everyone in the stomach...likes himself very much.



## • BLACK SHEEP PLEDGEE

Pledged in a moment of weakness... everyone dislikes him, but they don't know how to displedge . . . so they make him do all the work there is to do . . . he hates the house, too, but he's afraid to hand in his pin.

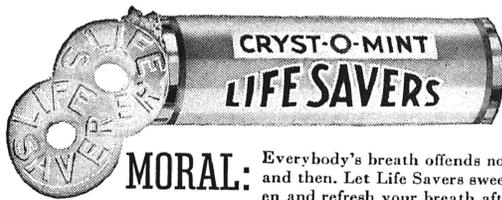


## • FRATERNITY PRESIDENT

On the brink of a nervous breakdown . . . bills . . . bills . . . mortgage due . . . starpledgee flunked out . . . gas bill unpaid...worry, worry worry.



The girls turned down all dates with Seth  
 Because of his unpleasant breath.  
 But he has girls by dozens since  
 He started eating Cryst-O-Mints.



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

**FREE! A BOX OF LIFE SAVERS  
 FOR THE BEST WISERACK!**

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

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

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

Jokes will be judged by the editors of this 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.

He couldn't sleep at all on the train. The midget in the berth above him kept pacing up and down all night.

The fraternity brother who owes you money may or may not think a great deal of you, but it is certain that the fraternity brother to whom you owe money thinks of you a great deal.

**THE BLUSHING BRIDE**

They tell us of the blushing bride,  
 Who to the altar goes;  
 Down the center of the church  
 Between the friend filled rows.  
 There's Billy whom she motored with,  
 And Bob with whom she swam;  
 There's Jack—she used to golf with him  
 And Steve who called her lamb.  
 There's Ted, the football man, she owned,  
 And Dan of Tennis Days;  
 There's Herbert, yes, and blond Eugene,  
 And there's Harry, college beau,  
 With whom she used to mush.  
 No wonder she's a blushing bride!  
 Ye gods! She ought to blush!

Orphan: I don't know who I am. I was left on a doorstep.  
 Girl: Maybe you're a bottle of milk.

Remember the poor—it costs nothing.

Two fleas retired and bought a dog.



"He flew all the way across the country just to be here tonight."



# IN THE WAX



Benny Goodman, who recently suffered an acute attack of sciatica, is back with his band, which is headed for Chicago on a theatre tour. Ziggy Elman, first trumpeter, fronted the band in B. G.'s absence.

Goodman's record of BLUEBIRDS IN THE MOONLIGHT (Columbia 35289) with a Mildred Bailey vocal is a smooth disc. Mildred also sings the reverse, FAITHFUL FOREVER. Both tunes are from "Gulliver's Travels."

Deeper in the groove is B. G.'s OPUS LOCAL 802 (Columbia—35362), with STEALIN' APPLES on the back. Both are Fletcher Henderson arrangements. Benny and Ziggy Elman shine on STEALIN'.

Ziggy and about half of Benny's band recently sneaked out behind the barn and made a platter under Ziggy's name. One side is TOOTIN' MY BABY BACK HOME and the other is WHAT USE TO WAS (Bluebird 10563). Ziggy is good on TOOTIN' and Jerry Jerome's tenor sax chorus grooves—in fact the whole band grooves. WHAT USE is a let-down, with Ziggy carboning his old "Bei Mir" style.

Goodman's sextet recently cut one on MEMORIES OF YOU (Columbia 35320) with SOFT

WINDS on the reverse. Both of these old tunes are given a new lift. Lionel Hampton's vibes and Charles Christian's guitar are the standouts on MEMORIES.

Speaking of old-timers—Bix Beiderbeck's AT THE JAZZ BAND BALL and JAZZ ME BLUES (Vocalin 3042—recorded about 15 years ago), is one of those recordings that make people say Bix was, and always will be, "the greatest trumpeter of them all." Both are dixieland. Bix plays best on the latter, while the former features a baritone sax chorus.

Dick Jurgens' vocalist, Eddie Howard, sings his best on YOU CAN DEPEND ON ME (Vocalin 5338), an old tune with a beautiful melody. (It was only) AN OLD BEER BOTTLE is on the back. The vocal of this novelty fox trot features Ronnie Kemper and the quartet.

### KRUPA SMOOTHS OUT

Gene Krupa, hard-headed skin-beater who walked out on Goodman less than two years ago, has finally smoothed his band out until it actually sounds good recorded. THREE LITTLE WORDS (Columbia 35336) is well arranged. The sax ensemble phrasing is very black and the trumpet chorus by Corky Cornelius is a standout in

any collection. Irene Daye sings the reverse, YOU'RE A LUCKY GUY, which gets into an off-beat kick and really grooves.

Miss Daye does a fine job singing the current tune, VAGABOND DREAMS (Columbia 35304) backgrounded by Gene's band. Cornelius is good also. AFTER ALL is on the back—also with a Daye vocal.

Harry James has made a recording of his theme, CIRIBIRIBIN (Columbia 35316), which shows you in five minutes why the lanky Texan has gained such a reputation as a trumpeter in the last five years. Frank Sinatra sings the vocal. AVALON, on the back, is overarranged and too fast. Outstanding feature, (besides Dave Matthews' tenor chorus) is a screwy modulation of four trumpets all playing the same note with different intonation. It sounds like feeding time on the poultry farm.

Georgie Auld, who took over Artie Shaw's band, made a record the other day that deserves mention. JUKE BOX JUMP (Varsity 8159) features Les Robinson's alto sax and Georgie's tenor. Bob Kitsis' piano solo reminds us of Earl Hines. THIS IS ROMANCE, on the back, is highlighted by a

(Continued on Page 18)

The most complete stock of records in  
Central Missouri . . . . .

Victor

**RADIO ELECTRIC SHOP**

Bluebird

1005 Broadway

"FEATURING LARRY CLINTON RECORDS THIS MONTH"



Overheard in a conversation between Phi Mu Ronnie Baumgartner and a certain Phi Gam who's already been mentioned too often in these columns.

B. Y.: You're a nuisance.

Ronnie (pouting): Why, B——! I'm a nice girl!

B. Y.: Isn't that what I said?

Delta Gamma Ann Stoker, the gal with the leopard eyes who holds that Tiger, recently had to explain to the actives why she has dated sixteen (count 'em) Kappa Sigs so far this year.

Bill Lynde, who graduated in January, came back for a weekend visit from his job as editor of the Crane Chronicle—Crane, Mo.—and the suite mates of Betty Barnes of Hatcher Hall at Stephens hung out a sign on front of the hall that read: "WELCOME BACK, BILL."

Lambda Chi Warren Peterson at the Gamma Phi dance gave Kitty Kolb his overcoat and big white scarf to put in her room so he wouldn't have to wade through the millions of men in the checkroom. Came the end of the dance, and Kitty grabbed up his coat and something big and white to take downstairs. Warren wrapped what he thought was his scarf around his neck and said, "That doesn't feel right." It seems that in her hurry Kitty had picked up a white slip. Blushblushblush.

Delta Gamma Ruby Blackmore and A. T. O. Harry Missildine have a joint bank account. She orders her own corsages and pays for them out of the common fund. Now, girls, there's an ambition for you!

Pets seem to be flourishing on campus, and a new rubber rabbit named Buck is the latest addition at the Alpha Gamma Delta house.

It isn't a triangle, but a quadrangle as far as Betty Pfiefer, Gamma Phi, is concerned. The other angles are Alpha Sig Noran Tietze (that one seems to be the most acute angle), Delta Tau Paul Mueller, and Sig Ep Al Speitzer.

The Hendrix girl Bob Duncan goes with had long hair, and recently she cut it. One of Bob's friends saw her and accused her of being the "other woman" who was trying to break up Bob and his true love.

Sig Ep Russ Lowe and Virginia Kenton, Gamma Phi, are seen together a lot.

#### WOULD CHRISTMAN MIND?

O. B. Crawford, Sig Ep, inserted an ad in the paper to the effect that Edna Kavanaugh and Louise Wilks, Alpha Chis, took care of children—and there were several inquiries. One woman, for example, wanted to know if they would mind Paul Christman for the evening. Mind?

Theta Carlyss Casey seems to be spending a lot of time with Sigma Chi Henry Lindscott these days.

We heard one Phi Bete say this about the girl he has been going with for two years, "I've got such an investment in her now I can't quit."

Jimmy Kent hung his K. A. pin on Gamma Phi Lovely Ruth Casens. Jimmy sent a five-pound box of candy to cinch the deal. When he came over to collect the usual

kisses one Friday night, all the Gamma Phi gals smeared on lots of lipstick and had visions of Jimmy with red goo all over his cheeks, eyebrows, etc. But Jimmy fooled them; he lined them up and gave each one a Rudolph Valentino kiss, and smeared their lipstick all over them.

Two Delta Gammas started going steady one weekend recently. Doris Mansur with Kappa Sig Dick Tate, and Kathie Weger with Jack McClosky, Jay School strong man.

All the Alpha Gamma Deltas thought they were in Reversia when Tony Duffy turned the tables on her birthday by wishing everyone she met a Happy Birthday and by buying presents for everyone in the house.

'Mid a thousand balloons and eight chaperones, the lyre girls flung their first party of the new season. It was their annual sweetheart dance, and among those who looked as if they were really being serious about the whole thing were the good old stand-bys Lula Lee Miller and Pi K. A. C. S. Jackson, Maudie Payne and Stillman Rouse, and M. Sharp-K. Haas combination.

Roommates Toody Matthews and Margaret Young appeared with Phi Gams Twiss and Mosely, respectively. One of the newer Alpha Chi's, little red-headed Mary Earle Showalter, had eyes only for A. T. O. Jimmy Cannull.

When Don and George Hendry, the nationally ranked table tennis sharpers from St. Louis, came here

(Continued on Page 21)

# Leg Work Is Fun!

**If You Can Have Your Cheesecake  
—Who Wants to Eat It?**

By REESE URCH\*

A girl's face may be her fortune, but it's her legs that draw the interest.

I've learned that in this university of hard necks while doing research for the Economy of Scarcity Administration, Ladies' Hose Division, made possible through the courtesy of shorter skirts and premature March winds. Incidentally, between shorter skirts and lower necks there isn't much mystery about woman.

My first case for investigation was a cutie, but a man couldn't think straight around such curves. Anyway, she didn't like men who whistle while they work. Said I sounded like the Green Diamond coming down track twenty-three. (Can I help it if I have adenoids and I snore?)

The next one was a co-ed with two reasons for wearing stockings, a right and a left. Her spinal column is the only thing that keeps her from being legs all the way up to the neck. But just because her brother is a hockey goalie, that's no excuse for her to wear knee pads.

This number longed for a pair of those sheer hose that last forever. They're made from sterilized coal dust, spilt milk and a little burning is a dangerous thing. But she'd grow tired of the same socks all the time—even hickory limbs change their bark every so often.

Any girl who counts on her legs can visualize the savings. The sorority girl buys at least five pairs of two-thread hose a month—unless she braves the elements in anklets or these knee jobs that are an inch thick and look like souvenirs from an ice hockey team. She likes her stockings sheer so men can sheer legs through 'em.

Silk hose cost from eighty-nine cents a pair to two dollars and up. A girl can buy 'em for two bits—but she gets a run for her money. At this rate she spends from four to ten dollars a month on hose.

Compromising at seven dollars a month (a most unhappy medium for father) and nine months a year (she wears shorts the other three), she spends \$63 a year on stockings alone. Four times is \$252—the cost of getting a sheepskin for a pair of good-looking twigs.

The conservative girl, who wears three-threaders and hence has less S. A. (Stocking Appeal), spends

about six dollars a month for stockings, \$45 a year, and \$180 a college career.

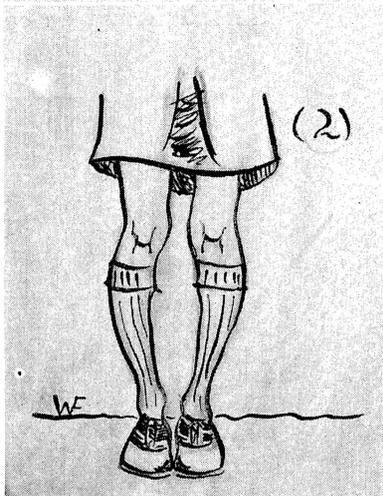
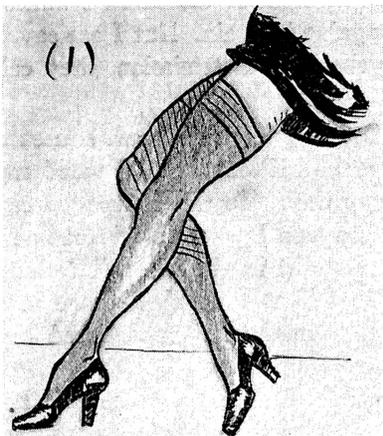
The would-be actress with her leg in a cast getting stage experience goes for the one-threaders—she calms her nerves, draws out her needles and knits her own. No-threaders are for lovers of the Naked truth only, and the male friend must take care not to say they seem wrinkled. The super-sized hose is here somewhere, but what silkworm wants to work for a leg with the diameter of a pickle barrel?

Then there are queen's lace hose—those net-like numbers that look like what's left after R. O. T. C. target practice. In the land of the salmon, nets like those are used for catching fish, and some of the campus leg queens seem to understand the principle pretty well.

Expenses increase for those who (1) sit on professors' desks and stadium benches, (2) spill whiskey and other fiber-eating liquids, (3) ride in rumble seats, (4) use soap that hasn't passed the purity test, (5) slide down bannisters and stairs, or (6) pass the pool hall more than seven times a day.

Now to shake a limb and dive into statistics. I counted 2,864 feminine legs walking to classes. Divide that figure by two and it

(Continued on Page 24)



*Leg Types (Left)*  
*Leg No. 1 is Queen's Quality. Handy for chorus girls, office secretaries, stocking ads and for that dull feeling.*  
*No. 2—the Barrel Hoop. This set inevitably belongs to: (a) A Boy Scout, or (b) A scientist on a field trip.*

\*Rosalie Sandoz

# TAG—YOU'RE IT!

## You Can't Enjoy the Dance Without Somebody Else's Date!

By LEONARD NORTH COHEN

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** *The author is a junior transfer student from the University of Illinois, where the only tagging they know is with creditors. After attending his first tag dance here, he reports: "I felt like a barefoot guy crossing a cactus field—every time I put my foot down, I got stuck."*

My diary of the evening would totter along something like this—Two of my fraternity brothers (you know what a fraternity brother is—is a guy who can take your possessions without stealing) take me to the Dance.

I walk in and am told to check my coat—so I go up to the check-room door and offer my coat.

"Ten cents, please," the guardian demands, and I immediately think to myself—"Aha, they even have rackets in the hinterlands!"

I flash a buck and the guy can't find change. So I check my coat for nothing (the same coat I owe a payment on) and start off without a pang.

I go downstairs and the guy at the door asks me to show my wrist. Thinking it is a new game, I say, in my cutest voice, "Let's see yours first." The guy glares and tells me

to produce the ducat before I am thrown out as part of the floor show.

So I give another mug my ticket and he clips me on the wrist with a rubber stamp which makes me feel like a rider on my way thru the Ways and Means Committee in the House of Representatives.

Once more I approach the sacred portals and finally I am allowed to enter without giving up my fingerprints. I go in and am pushed out. I go in again and am pushed out again. One more round of this and I am feeling like a revolving door.

Believing the dance must be sponsored by a fascist organization trying to keep a minority party out, I get so disgusted I almost try going in again. But I am saved by the lull—intermission, they call it.

Before I know it I am squeezed into the ballroom, and I wend my dippy way. "So this is where I can tag anyone I want to without getting a slap in the kisser," I think to myself as I watch a dame in a satin formal who looks bored but hippy.

I ask the gal to dance and her escort, who should have been wearing the formal, snaps out: "Do you know the lady?"

I say, "I haven't formed an opinion yet!"

So he shoots off with: "Oh, a freshman, eh!"

I get mad then and in a voice sort of nasty-like, say: "When I was a freshman, high pockets, you were sailing boats in your bathtub waiting for the dirt to melt off before you hopped into your diaper and ate your strained carrots."

Then the lady pipes up, "I think he's cute and I like his mustache," so I say, "All the better to tickle you with, sister."

With that she shuts up tighter than one of Gene Krupa's drums and they both stalk off in a huff.

So I think I'd better be more refined the next time. I approach a blonde whose hair needs another shot of dye and say in my nicest Chicago lingo: "May I have the courtesy of this dance?"

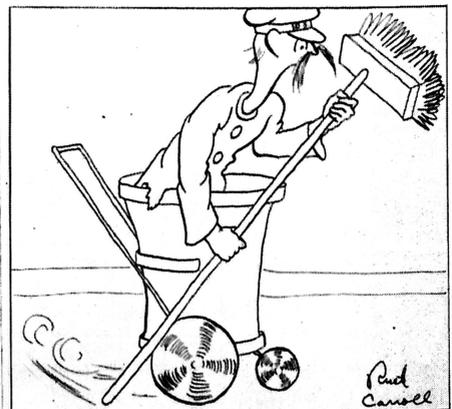
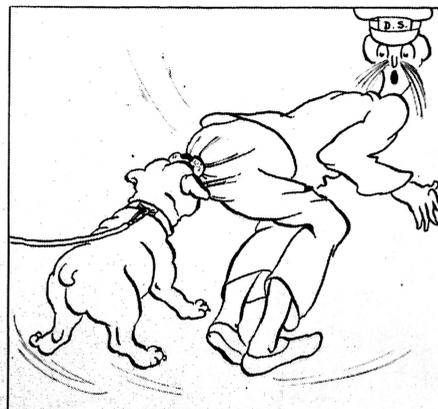
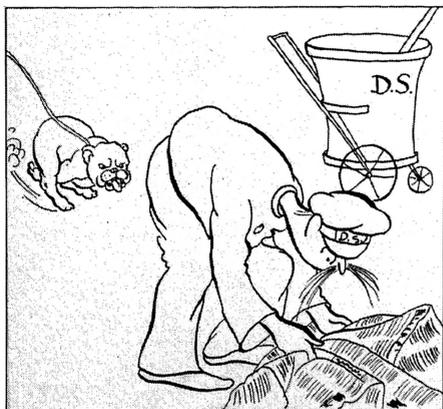
The gal hits me between the eyes, saying, "Listen, funny face, why don't you ask the librarian; she hasn't danced since the Spanish-American War. I've had enough of you in one installment."

Not having enough time to think of a snappy comeback, I stalk off.

By this time I have walked around the joint nineteen times without getting near a gal I'd care to tangle foreheads with, so I beat it out into the hallway and try to light a fag. I'm out of matches so I try bumming a light from a gal reclining against the wall. She's wearing a face that looks like a cab with its door open.

Unconsciously I say, "500 Blow St." but she smiles as beautiful a smile as I've seen since Broker's Tip won the Derby and gives me some matches. I say thanks, shudder, light the fag, shudder again,

(Continued on Page 22)





“And then the ship started sinking right in the middle of my soufflé!”

### “YOU’VE GOT TO RELAX”

Professor Horace Throckmorton was a good man. He sent cards to his mother on Christmas and Mother’s Day and was kind to animals and his wife. All this despite conditions (a class full of athletes) which had virtually driven the “Throckmorton Lectures” and Professor Throckmorton himself, against the wall.

But even the strongest of men give way eventually and so, at last, Professor Throckmorton wended his way wearily to the offices of the family physician.

“Trouble with you, Horace,” that worthy said jovially after a thorough examination, “is that you’ve been under a strain too long. You’ve got to relax.”

“How?” Horace asked mournfully. “I haven’t any hobbies . . . Golf annoys me—”

“Tut tut!” the doctor silenced him. “What I want you to do is to go home tonight, pick out the most comfortable chair and merely listen to the radio. Just sit, listen and relax.”

That evening, comfortably attired in smoking jacket and slippers Throckmorton snapped on the switch of his radio, lay back in the easy chair and prepared to relax.

“This is the Beaties Program!” One of those irritatingly robust voices informed him. “Beaties—the backbone of world beaters. Try a dish\*full of Beaties NOW! You must have Beaties if you are to be right. Before you go and get your plate of Beaties, though, pause and listen to what Mammal Mammask has to say about BEATIES.

“Mr. Mammask, who lives in the Artic Circle, writes, quote,—‘Every winter before the long Arctic night sets in, I fight my way over three hundred miles of frozen wastes, through the raging blizzards and roaring polar bears to lay in my winter supply of Beaties. I would no more be without Beaties during the long Arctic night than I would be without my igloo and Mrs. Mammask’ unquote.”

“Now,” the robust voice announced pompously, “you may get your plate

of Beaties before we continue with the program.”

Obediently, the Professor rose and made his way to the kitchen. No Beaties.

Throckmorton pulled on his shoes and sprinted off to the corner store, returning just in time to hear the last strains of the Beaties program.

For the next two hours, Throckmorton fought the valiant fight. Quizzes; off-key baritones; pickle programs; automobile broadcasts; jitterburg jamborees and Uncle Ron’s Chatterbox for wayward brats. Courageously, Throckmorton carried on, giving ground inch by inch before the battering blasts. Then, suddenly, a stentorian voice reached out of the loud speaker. Mr. Throckmorton sensed the end.

“This announcement will jerk you right out of your chair!” the voice boomed.

Professor Throckmorton stiffened, then tensed himself. He was very impressionable man.

“For fifty cents and four hundred and eighty-seven coupons or reasonable facsimilies of same,” the voice went on, “you too can enjoy the comforts of the Dullem Razor Strap.”

Sure enough, Throckmorton found himself jerked violently from his chair. Like a whirling dervish he spun crazily across the room, coming to rest on a bridge lamp. It was a strangely determined looking Throckmorton who rose and dusted himself off.

“Where are you going, Horace?” Mrs. Throckmorton inquired fearfully, noting the strange gleam in her husband’s eye.

“I’m going. . .” Professor Throckmorton grated ominously, “I’m going down to the nearest boiler factory. I’m going to relax.”



“Bite that, maybe it’s me!”



Three of the country's  
smartest fashion models

SUSANN SHAW  
FLORENCE DORNIN  
DANA DALE

Chesterfield Girls for March



# Smart Girls

YOU CAN'T BUY A BETTER CIGARETTE

When you ask for Chesterfields the dealer will say with a smile...*They Satisfy.* You will find that Chesterfields smoke cooler, taste better and are definitely milder...*for Chesterfields have the right combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos.*

*Make your  
next pack*

# CHESTERFIELD

**SMOKY JOE  
HAD THE DAMSEL  
IN DISTRESS!**



"GIDDYAP, NAPOLEON! Looks like this Romeo is trying his damndest to smoke us out. Phew! His tobacco smells like the backfire from Pa's flivver!" Just then



UP RIDES A RANGER, sniffs the pipe, says to clean it and refill with mild Sir Walter, a burley blend famous for aroma. It worked! Joe won her back!

**CINEMATICALLY SPEAKING**

The picture was so bad they had to give a set of dishes to the producer to get him to look at the rushes.

The critics feel the author must have something on the producer to make him put out such a picture, and they believed it must be more than murder.

The picture was so bad they could not even get the audience in on dish night before they filled the plates with soup.

The star insisted on a raise because she receives equal billing with Dish Night and Screeno, wherever her picture is playing.

Today an actor is nothing more than a straight man for a set of dishes.

A moving picture owner said he could make more money if he could do away with running the pictures and just run screeno continuously.

Some gulls were following a ferry boat.

An Irishman said, "Nice flock of pigeons."

"Those are gulls," insisted a tourist.

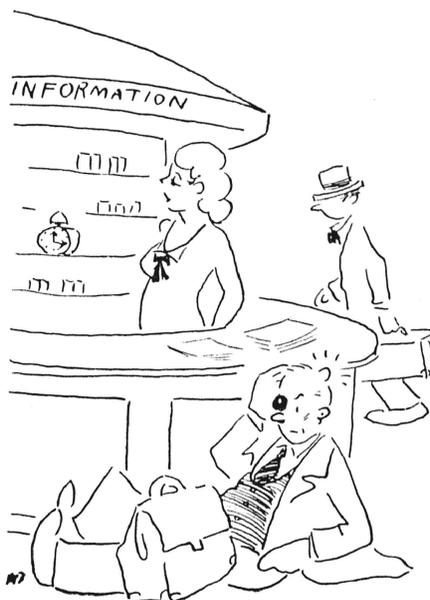
"Well," said the Irishman, "gulls or boys, they're a fine flock of pigeons."

"What a long letter!"

"Yes—sixteen pages—from Lucy."

"What does she say?"

"That she will tell me the news when she sees me."



**New!**  
**CELLOPHANE TAPE** around lid seals flavor in . . . brings you tobacco 100% factory-fresh!

**SIR WALTER RALEIGH**  
SMOKING TOBACCO PIPE CIGARETTES

**UNION MADE**

**IT SMOKES AS SWEET AS IT SMELLS**

TUNE IN—Sir Walter Raleigh "Dog House." Every Tuesday night, NBC Red Network.



this blue, as used  
by Peacock. Serviceable as it is smart.

also  
shown  
in  
Onyx  
Patent.



at \$8.75

Its studied use is classic with rust, beige, and rose . . . . or gray. Taken for granted with other blues.

WE GIVE EAGLE STAMPS

**Miller's**  
SUPERIOR SHOES

800 BROADWAY

**BEWARE!**

Gather ye frat pins while ye may,  
Old Time is ever flying;  
And that same man who loves today  
Tomorrow will be lying.

Then be not coy, but get your man;  
But while ye hunt be wary,  
Lest having won at last his pin,  
He may want to marry.

—*The Madhatter*

**SAKES A JIVE**

A jitterbug went out to swim.  
Alack, too late he found  
The current grim too much for him.  
Hep! Hep! he cried, and drowned.

—*Old Maid*

**BEATING AROUND THE BUSH**

What is a double petunia?  
Well, a petunia is a flower like a begonia;

A begonia is a meat like a sausage;  
A sausage and battery is a crime;  
Monkeys crime trees;  
Trees a crowd;

A rooster crowd in the morning and  
made a noise;  
A noise is on your face like your eyes;

The eyes is the opposite of the nays;  
A horse nays; A horse has a colt;  
You get a colt and go to bed and  
wake up in the morning with  
double petunia.

—*University Daily Kansan*

Life Savers to KA John McCrae,  
Jay Schooler, for a timely quip.

John and Bill Longgood were sitting in the orchestra's chairs during intermission at a recent sorority dance, when a smart young fellow approached with: "Aren't you fellows about ready to start again?"

"Sorry," said Bill, "but we don't belong here."

As the questioner retired, John turned to his companion:

"Boy, I just *gotta* see that barber tomorrow!"

Sing a song of sixpence,  
A pocket full of rye—  
The bottle must have busted.

—*Log*

She (coyly)—You bad boy.  
Don't kiss me again!

He—I won't. I'm just trying to find out who has the gin in this party.

—*Drexlerd*

"Can you drive with one arm?"  
"You bet."

"Okay; have an apple."

—*Pointer*

"On her eighteenth birthday I gave my daughter her first front door key."

"That was the proper modern spirit, old man."

"Not necessarily—I just got tired of having her knock off the milk bottles crawling through the pantry window."

—*Old Maid*

The modern wallflower is the girl who dances all the time.

—*Exchange*

"Now listen, sonny," said the mother kindly, "I don't like you playing with such wild girls."

"Aw, but mom, she's not wild. Why, she even lets everyone pet her."—*The Texas Ranger*.

"What kind of dress did Betty wear to the party last night?"

"I don't recall all the details, but I do remember that it was checked.

"Boy! that must have been some party."—*Mercury*.

# THE UN-MANLY ART

(Continued from Page 4)

This whole affair was no longer a joke, and I reminded myself to act accordingly. More than once I had seen friends badly hurt in intramural boxing matches and, fully aware of the fact that I was in no condition for a match like this, I resolved to box cautiously. I was about half-way back to my corner when the bell rang.

My opponent carried his guard low to draw me out, but, interested in avoiding actual contacts as much as possible, I retired to a far side of the ring to await developments. The less I exerted myself the better chance I had of emerging from this experience without serious damage, I figured. My opponent, however, was interested in finishing as soon as possible, so I ingloriously covered up and let him force the fight.

As long as I kept my left shoulder up, cushioned his punches with my right, and bothered him a little

with my left hand, I thought, there was no reason why I couldn't last all three rounds. But my opponent evidently realized this and went to extremes to bring down my guard, once even dangling his face enticingly before my right glove. A second later we were trading punches, while my roommate was fervently praying in the corner.

Realizing that this served only to defeat my own purpose, I covered up again and gave ground, continuing to use my left hand whenever I could use it effectively. My right was almost useless, since when I swung my right hand I usually ended up either off balance or lying comfortably on the canvas.

I saw nothing, I suspected nothing, and I swear my opponent was standing at least four feet away, but a large mule suddenly appeared in the ring and kicked me squarely in the jaw. A blinding light flashed up before my eyes, a quivering tuning fork passed slowly by my ears, and I found myself sitting awkwardly on the floor.

"You dropped your shoulder, you idiot;" my roommate was shouting. I resolved then and there to poison him at the first opportunity.

The referee was counting, friends were shouting, and, suppressing a strong temptation to stretch out and make myself comfortable, I got reluctantly to my feet. My head was throbbing and my jaw felt stiff. He came in quickly and threw a rather careless kidney punch. The bell rang, mercifully.

When I sat down in my corner, there was a haze around the electric lights, my head ached, and I felt a little sick at my stomach. My roommate handed me the water bottle, and as I washed out my mouth I was aware that my lips had been cut in several places.

"You've got him running," my roommate said, slapping me violently with a wet towel.

"Yes—after me."

*Just to inform you that we  
offer a complete line of  
modern photographs . . .*

**J. Francis Westhoff  
STUDIO**

Phone 7436 910a Broadway

The bell rang again, I walked dismally to the center of the ring, stopped several quick punches, and finally remembered to cover up. This whole thing, I decided, was silly. Once or twice I hit his right glove terrific blows with my chin.

It soon began to dawn on me that my only chance of winning this match was by a knockout, and I began to look for an opening. He kept moving quickly all the time, bobbing, weaving, bending in when he shot a punch and straightening up when he blocked one of mine, and I thought that if I could catch him once when he came in, the thing was as good as done.

The opportunity came a few seconds later when he thrust his left glove in my face to blind me for a body punch; I knocked it down hard with my left and swung my right wildly at the unguarded left side of his jaw. But he moved too quickly, and my glove glanced off the top of his crew-cut without doing any damage. He hit me about three times before I was able

(Continued on Page 18)



**Join the  
Swing  
to  
Heating  
By Gas**



**Missouri Utilities  
Company**

DIAL 5329  
706 Broadway



here we are again

# RIGHT ON TIME

but



Yes, out goes our neck—but don't worry about yours. You can't miss on the 1940 SAVITAR. Bigger and better than ever, it is designed to help you remember the Shack as well as the Tower, duckings in Ag Pond as well as Mumford; beer at the Evereat as well as Neff Hall.

Ten, twenty, thirty years from now on you'll number the 1940 SAVITAR among your most valuable possessions. Buy it now!

**\$2.60 Down and  
\$2.50 in May.**

Room 301, Student Union

But exactly nine days from today, Thursday, March 15th, SAVITAR sales must stop! Our printers are on our necks, demanding to know exactly how many SAVITARS we'll need this year.

We realize that to many of you this notice will be much too short, that you'll want to buy your SAVITAR out of next month's

check. So here goes our neck! We'll accept any check as down payment on a SAVITAR before March 15th, and the check may be dated April 1st.

---

**YOUR BOOK OF MEMORIES—SAVITAR**

## THE UN-MANLY ART

(Continued from Page 16)

to cover up again. There was my chance, and I had muffed it; I knew he would not give me an opportunity like that again. Discouraged, I spent the rest of the round covering up.

During the rest period I let my arms hang limply at my side and tried to relax. The blood was pounding furiously in my head; every muscle in my shoulders ached; my left arm felt as heavy as lead. My opponent, however, still looked fresh and confident, and I have thoroughly disliked him ever since.

The rest of the story is short and unpleasantly simple. The bell clanged once more, I rose dully from my corner, moved casually to the center of the ring, swung a few ineffectual blows—and was promptly and efficiently knocked out.

About twenty seconds later I decided to make my mark in boxing by writing about it.

---

You say that your girl is very willful?

I'll say she is. Why she writes in her diary a week ahead of time.

—Purple Parrot

---

Dear Miss Lonelyhearts:

I'm in love with a man but hesitate to marry him because he just can't bear children. What shall I do?

Ida.

Dear Ida:

God, how much do you expect from a man?

Miss Lonelyhearts.

—Yale Record

---

“What is your favorite sport, doc?”

“Sleighting.”

“I mean apart from business.”

—Medley

---

Clerk — “What's the matter sonny?”

Little Boy — “Please, sir, have you seen a lady without a little boy who looks like me?”

—Carolina Buccaneer

## MORE ON THE WAX

(Continued from Page 7)

perfectly blended sax ensemble.

T. and J. Dorsey are arguing again—however not with each other this time. Jimmy and his booker went into a heated word duel that lasted several hours; Jimmy finally won out. Tommy went on a rampage and fired three men the same day.

Love upset the Andrew Sisters trio for a week. Patty and Maxene planned to get married and leave Laverne with Ma and Pa. Ma and Pa want no son-in-laws for several years and told suitors same. Patty and Maxene moved from under the parental roof—and missed several broadcasts. Is now rumored that a compromise has been reached.

Following in the steps of Coleman Hawkins, Count Basie, Andy Kirk, and Pete Johnson—Harlan Leonard's colored Kansas City cats are on their way to big time. En route to the Golden Gate Ballroom,

New York, the band stopped in Chicago to play a one-niter and cut wax for Victor and Bluebird. Two of the band's original tunes now recorded are: SNAKY FEELING and HAIRY JOE JUMP.

Count Basie's SOMEDAY SWEETHEART (Columbia 35-338) is worth hearing because of the muted-trumpet chorus by Buck Clayton. The vocal is by Helen Hume. HOLLYWOOD JUMP, on the back, is characteristically Basie, and the Count plays typical piano.

---

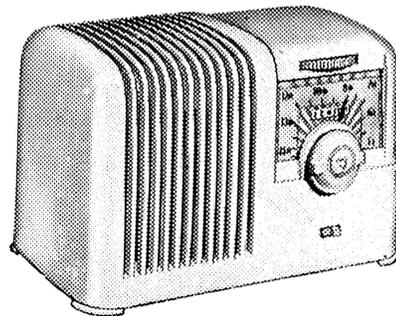
“You're the first girl I ever kissed, dearest,” said the senior, as he shifted gears with his foot.

—Froth

---

Use Molpalive Shaving Cream—no brush, no lather, no rub-in, no soap, no box, no nothing — just blood.—Exchange.

**ZENITH**  
LONG DISTANCE **RADIO**  
“THE ORIGINAL AUTOMATIC”



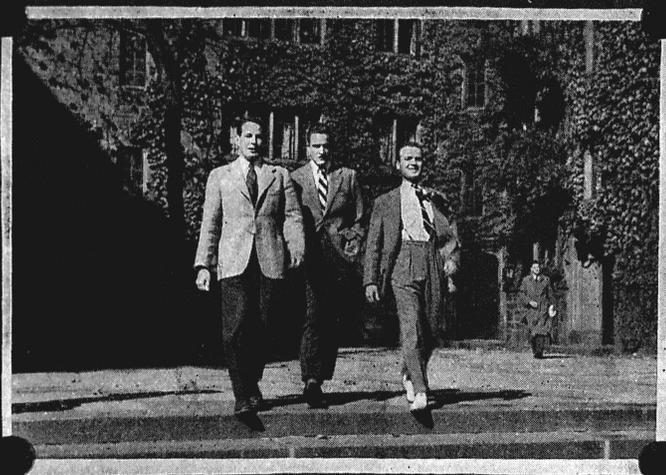
**\$14.95**

**PHILIPS & CO.**

Tiger Bldg.

Dial 5666

# Scene on the Campus



**I**N the snapshot at the upper left, the undergraduate on the lower step is wearing a dark brown shetland suit. He's carrying a camel's hair top coat. His competition is wearing a heavy tweed sport coat with contrasting dark grey trousers. On his arm is a natural colored alligator coat.

The young man who seems oblivious of the spring football practice is wearing a cashmere long sleeved v-neck sweater with flannel sport trousers.

The three figures stepping along so jauntily in the center all wear sport outfits of contrasting jackets and trousers.

All dressed up with someplace to go, the formal young man is wearing a Chesterfield overcoat, a white silk muffer, white buckskin gloves, and, of course, an opera hat.

Of the two shirts, one is thin striped with a round point collar. The other is solid blue with a buttoned down collar.



Virginia Berresford

## STAY OUT!

In 1917 we were bamboozled into war by some of the most ingenious propaganda ever devised by the mind of man. Our youth, our equipment and our money were sought after and praised and used effectively to turn the tide. Yet—after we had done our job and done it well—were we allowed to exert an influence toward a just and lasting peace?

We most definitely were not! We were jeered at, brushed off, properly double-crossed. Lloyd George, in his own book, tells how Clemenceau stood behind President Wilson and made mocking faces while our other

Allies tried to keep from laughing. This whimsical exhibition took place while President Wilson was trying to have written into the peace treaty some of the ideals for which Americans had fought and died.

Today we are in grave danger of being lured into another European war—a war that will feed another generation of youth to the cannon, a war that will end in another oppressing peace . . . no matter which side wins.

*We should stay out and we can stay out. How? By keeping a wary eye open to propaganda. By keeping our*

mouths shut no matter how keenly we want one side or the other to win. By not allowing ourselves to get so involved commercially with one side or the other that we have to collect the money due us with guns. By a grim and immovable determination to stay neutral—and the realization that therein lies our hope of holding to our American democracy, liberty and civilization! Do you agree? If you do, come along with us and help us make that spirit prevail throughout the nation. For advice on what to do about it, write today to World Peaceways, 103 Park Avenue, New York City.

*Rule of Skirt*

Co-eds who pursue a male  
 Seem to hardly ever fail;  
 Still they add an extra fear  
 Every fourth and vital year.  
 Mid calendrical dissension  
 They contrive to gain attention  
 With a plot to rack the nation  
 By immoral new creation.  
 Women strive to prove their worth  
 To the corners of the earth;  
 Now, to mock us even more,  
 They *propose* one year in four.  
 With the Communistic features  
 In this plot of fairer creatures  
 They will undermine tradition  
 In a manner that's sedition.  
 That the founders of our land,  
 Giving men the upper hand,  
 Could see that our rule would pass  
 With this final *coup de grace!*  
 Shall we stop this destitution  
 Of our Sacred Constitution?  
 Are we mice or are we men?  
 Pass the cheese. Leap Year again.  
 —Stanford Chaparral

Blessed are the pure, for they  
 shall inhibit the earth.—*Widow*

IF YOU'RE IN A HURRY  
 FOR  
**LUMBER**  
**HARDWARE**  
 PAINT  
 GLASS  
 ROOFING  
 CEMENT & LIME

---

3394—DIAL—5422

---

**La CROSSE**  
**LUMBER CO.**  
 408-10 Broadway  
*Dependable Building Material Since 1873*

*Shoome Show*

(Continued from Page 8)

for their exhibition not long ago, they called Bob Adler, three-time University champion of the ping-and-paddle sport. They'd been putting on the same exhibition regularly for three years, the boys said, and they'd decided to try to show off their strokes with eyes closed. We don't know if they did, but they didn't seem to be missing 'em while we were watching. ("While we were watching" was between glimpses of that blond trumpet player and the pair of legs with the baton.)

Speaking of Bob Adler reminds us of the history of the Kappas' new duck. The story began when Bob and a couple of other boys bought the quacker at a local produce house—the only duck in town, they say. From them it went to some fellows in an apartment, and thence to the Fiddledefees.

Now comes word that the Hitt street boys sent their prize fowl to the Kappas with this note: "To all the crows at the Kappa House—with love. Fiddledefees."

We hear many a young thing has visited one of the local downtown shops to get a peek at its good-looking manager and leading man, Lou Calabretta.

Incongruity of the month: Dudley Bidstrup and Irwin Glattstein standing quietly amid the rush and tear of the Missouri Store sale, earnestly discussing philosophy!

Bayliss Corbett and Tom Quinlan received a nocturnal visit the other night from "a couple of the girls," somewhat vaguely identified as "Patsy and Jake." The girls were a little unsteady on their feet, but they knew their minds. Bayliss and Tom took refuge behind locked doors, and let 'em howl. Finally it got to the point of barber shop harmony outside the door, and a sleepy landlord had to call on his best verbal boot to clear the field. That's what Leap Year does, boys; no wonder it comes but once in four!

And we don't know how many drawing instruments the engineers

*Our corsages are noted for their freshness . . .*

We grow our own flowers . . .



10 South Ninth

hocked to get their sights on Joe Sanders, the Ole Left Hand, but it was good surveyin.' What with Larry Clinton set for Stephens this month too, it looks like a real Swing to Spring. . . .

*GUESS WHO?*

"Guess who this is," says a voice on the phone  
 Which causes the maiden to stifle a groan,  
 And reply with a voice just as sweet as can be,  
 "I could never guess who you are, you see,  
 So many bright boys play your clever game  
 That now all your voices sound quite the same.  
 You're closer to you than I am by far,  
 And if you can't remember who you are,  
 Then I'm awfully sorry, I think it's a shame  
 That you're stuck with a phone and without any name."  
 CLICK!

—*Texas Ranger*

**"SPRING CLEANING  
for  
QUEENS . . . .**



**. . . . Here's What  
That Means"**

You don't need a new wardrobe for Spring to look like a queen . . . just let us dry-clean your clothes.



DIAL 3114

**DORN-CLONEY  
LAUNDRY**

**TAG — YOU'RE IT!**

(Continued from Page 10)

and go back into the maelstrom so fast she didn't even have time to part her teeth and say you're welcome.

Having discovered why collegians drink, I finally make up my mind it's now or never. I go over to the most beautiful skirt in the dump and ask her "to beat it out a little"—And the gal says, as sweet as an autograph hound's speech to a movie star: "I'd love to, thank you."

I'm so shocked, I ground myself for two minutes and start to stutter like a telegraph key, but we finally start rolling. The floor is so crowded that two couples are toting St. Bernards just in case, and one guy keeps wetting his finger every minute or so to see in what direction the wind is blowing in order to get his bearings.

And heat! It's so hot the starch melts out of my collar and gives me a stiff neck. Finally, after I blow over my stuttering, I say to the gal, "What's your name?"

She says: "\$-)?(|-."&\$\*(|-)" in some foreign dialect which is all nose and teeth and I say: "I beg your pardon." She says, "Oh, that's all right—I always dance like this." So quick as a flash I asks, "Did you say you lived in Texas?" and she pops back with "Yes, but I don't any more."

Realizing I have a girl who is so dumb she probably thinks only during Bingo contests, I try to change the subject.

"Do you like school here?" I ask.

"Well—it's all right," she says and then, quick as a wise guy when she sees a pair of legs walking by, she hollers out: "Dig-dig-dig-well, all right!" and she leaves me flatter than the last day of the month.

I find out later the look on my puss is so horrible that "Life" is sending down a photographer.

By this time my two fraternity brothers rediscover me and by the time we got to the beer joint they convince me I shouldn't break my pledge because we fraternity men have such swell times at University tag dances.



**THE  
SWING  
to SPRING**

Spring is on its way and for spring you want new things—sport shirts, sweaters, jackets, swim suits, tennis rackets golf clubs. We have "Swing to Spring."



Missouri Store rebate checks are worth money. Buy where you can save.

**THE  
MISSOURI  
STORE**

Opposite University Library

# MEN ARE CHEATS

(Continued from Page 3)

dates-before-a-good-night-kiss in this case. Yes— absolutely. Too much dynamite here.”

Then she said aloud, being very frank: “I’m only acting like most nice girls will. You should know by now that’s the way it’s done around here.”

“But,” he argued, “I thought you were an individualist—did what you wanted to when you wanted to.”

Marion winced. “I’m not doing what I want to?”

“No!” he said. “To be tritely poetic about it, you are wasting your fragrance on the desert air.”

Damn it. She liked him. Nobody could treat her this way. She thought of the couple of months she had known him before this first date—pleasant conversations, many cigarettes, the flirtation of anticipation. After all—it was what she wanted. . . .

After he kissed her she turned away and laughed, good-naturedly—half to herself—half in his face. It was still necessary to be sophisticated. Maybe it was still a line—you can’t tell about men.

“I sure made you work hard for that one.” She was triumphant.

And he let go of her—moved six inches away and shut up like a clam. What on earth? She wanted to burst out indignantly, “Aren’t you satisfied?” but toned it down to a simple, “Well, what’s the matter?”

He was angry. “I won’t stand for that mercenary motive. I thought you were different.”

“I am,” she said. He wasn’t going to treat her this way. God, but he was cute!

He went on. “If it isn’t half and half I won’t have any part of it. I won’t bother you again.”

Her reserve suddenly broken down into absolute sincerity: “I’m being honest about this. I wasn’t being my real self before. Guess you were the wrong man to treat this way. My half is there. I wouldn’t have kissed you then if it wasn’t. I guess I knew it the moment I looked at you—a long time ago.

He recovered graciously—quickly too. That’s more like it.”

They danced again, in the movements of one, perfectly relaxed, very close. He would laugh, causing her to look up, for her head came only to his shoulder, and say, “You’re a cute little devil.”

And she’d say she was, feeling strangely glamorous, shining with a new emotion, and not just acting. It was such a good feeling—this being honest with herself.

It was nice. No mental strain. No passes to worry about—for such just aren’t if nobody objects.

Before she knew it, a little of the sophistication crept back into her voice and she apologized by telling herself a woman must have some pride: “Will you feel the same about me tomorrow as you do now?”

He answered easily. “I’ll want to do the same

thing tomorrow. On the steps—right in front of every body. But I won’t dare.”

She was satisfied. It sounded good. “Maybe it won’t do in the morning—but it will now.”

So they kissed at midnight. The scene was perfect and it seemed too good to be true. But it was true. And she thought she was happy for the first time. It was easy to release herself. . . .

Then they walked home—hand in hand like a couple of children—across the campus. They met people they knew but she didn’t care what they thought of the expression in her eyes.

“It was inevitable,” he said, breaking the silence. “It’s been happening for a long time.”

“Yes,” she answered. “But sometimes it takes the inevitable a long time to happen.”

He added, “But when it does, it happens for a lifetime,” and kissed her again.

She knew she was in love—and if she had doubted his feeling, surely those last words clinched it. She could hardly believe her ears.

When he had gone she ran upstairs and waked her roommate.

“Mary, I’m in love!”

Time was empty until she saw him again.

It took a few more hours for dawn to really come. She was standing inside and could see and faintly hear him talking to another boy she had dated, where they stood outside the window.

He was saying: “I’ll take that five bucks now. She was a hard nut to crack but it worked. Whew—I think I almost fell for it myself. Byt my hangover brought me out of it. It’s really awful.”

So that was all he had left, a hangover. Hers was a different kind. She pulled herself together with a mental jerk. But men are funny—even the best of them. Nothing to do now but understand. It was a shame, though. It had been such a nice feeling and the let-down wasn’t easy.

She stood in the sun smoking a cigarette. He passed and said hello. She answered demurely as though he had never been. But she felt strangely as though she would never be the same again.

The boy who had lost the bet walked up to her. “How are you and Bill getting along?”

She replied with good-natured sarcasm. “Just fine.”

“What do you mean? Aren’t you dating him anymore?”

She had to think fast. “No. Bill is a nice boy but he just isn’t my type.”

He laughed. “That’s right. I wondered how long it would take you to find that out.”

She interrupted him. “Oh I knew that at the beginning, but I’ll go out with anybody once.”

She closed her eyes tightly. Thank God her voice didn’t betray her. Though the fellow had passed and she stood there alone, she said aloud: “Men are cheats but I love them anyway.”

# MORE LEG WORK

(Continued from Page 9)

gives the University 1,432 girls. Each of these girls puts her best foot forward in at least five dollars' worth of hose each month. Together they spend approximately \$7,160 per month and \$67,460 per annum.

And do you know how many miles of runs are on campus? The average stocking is between thirty-four and thirty-eight inches, or three feet long. Each girl has at least five runs monthly, or fifteen feet—while an octopus has only eight in a lifetime. Fifteen times 1,432 girls makes 21,480 feet or over four miles a month—not so good when John Munski can do it in less than five minutes. Nine months of running brings the score up to thirty-eight miles—and reduces the waist.

Many a man has made a monkey out of himself by reaching for the wrong limb. Men don't like short skirts as they get lipstick on their shirts when they dance without moving their feet. And men who wear loud socks without supporters to keep their feet from going to sleep are among those who don't like girls who roll their own and wear screwy seams and wrinkles at the knees and ankles.

One method of punishing pledges is to string 'em up by their feet and play odds and evens by pulling the hair out of their legs. If any of 'em keep money in their stockings, watch out for a run on the bank.

To conclude this report: legs, either male or female, fall into five categories:

The Ballerina Bustle. Conspicuous for its prominent muscle developed after years of ballet dancing.

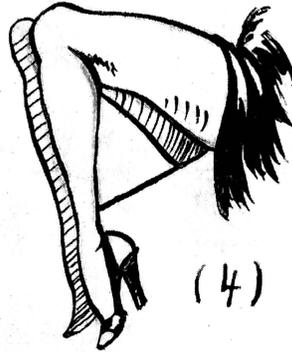
The Tooth-Pick. Fragile and anemic; will not hold up after a weekend of Artie Shaw.

The Barrel-Hoop. A combination of bowed-legs and knock-knees; makes the onlooker drunk after one beer.

The Lustful Tantalizer. This one allures the ogler's eye, the amorous

stare, and the coquettish glance and inspires. . . .

Pardon me, folks, I gotta catch that blonde over there with the pair of L. T.'s. Gotta measure 'em for my research. . . .



*More Leg Types: 3...The Prickly Peg. Especially good for "She-loves-me-she-loves-me-not." Cats like to nestle up against it. 4...The Super-Cheesecake. What photographer wouldn't like to see these babies on a ship rail—and ask their owner for a date? 5...Athlete's Leg. This pair is beyond description, boys. They speak for themselves. . . .*

## The Missouri SHOWME

J. V. CONNOLLY, Godfather

PHIL DESSAUER, Editor

JOHN J. JACHYM, Business Manager

### ADVISORY BOARD

Nate Silverman

George Miller

### ASSOCIATE EDITOR

Houston Cox

### ADVERTISING

Bill Roberts, Advertising Manager  
Harry Lechtman John McCrae  
Sylvia Schultz

### CONTRIBUTORS

Florence Schwartz Leona Howe  
Rosalie Sandoz Frances Tucker  
Doyle Jay Hym Turner  
John Conde Tommy Wolf  
Barrie Young Murray Glanzer

### ART STAFF

Walt Johnson Art McQuiddy  
Bill Freehoff Charles Kufferman

### PHOTOGRAPHERS

Steve Ritz Robert Holloway  
Dixie Montgomery, Stephens College  
George Sisler Hugh Crumpler  
Ben Goldberg Ben Kocivar

### CIRCULATION

Garland Pagett, Circulation Manager  
Winifred Wise Eileen Reilly

### PROMOTION

Joseph Stone

### EXCHANGES

Nelson Church

### SECRETARIAT

Peggy Phelps Marie Pfuhl  
Marjorie Bryan Helen Matson

### ASSISTANTS

Roy Moskop Jeanne Fontaine  
Betty Anne Quiett George Arthur  
Betty Lou English Frank Kulp  
Norman Rolfe Jim Moseley  
Johnel Fisher Bob Van Doren  
Marian Linn Sheldon Sandler  
Alfred Schultz Dave Wolk  
Bob Balfour Herb Gross

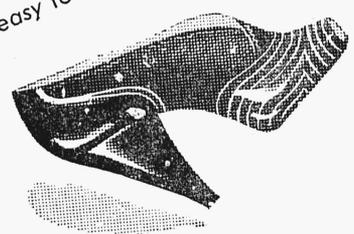
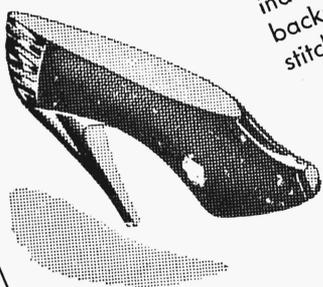
ESPECIALLY FOR YOU—  
THE PICK OF SPRING'S SMARTEST!

**ELASTICIZED**  
GABARDINE or  
FAILLE WITH PATENT



**\$3.95**  
& \$4.95

All the styles that are best for Spring  
...done with LE LAINE'S smart orig-  
inality... "vested" pumps. girle  
backs!.. pyramid heels... swirls of  
stitching. Here is variety... making  
it easy to choose. In BLACK.



Columbia's smartest  
Assortment of  
New Spring

**HANDBAGS**

**\$1**

in All the  
New Wanted  
Colors.

We have all the New Spring  
Shades in Our

**VANDE HOSIERY**

59c to \$1.09

JOIN OUR  
HOSIERY CLUB

A free pair with every  
10 pairs purchased.

*le'laine*  
PARIS NEW YORK

**THE Jacqueline SHOP**

SEE OUR WINDOWS

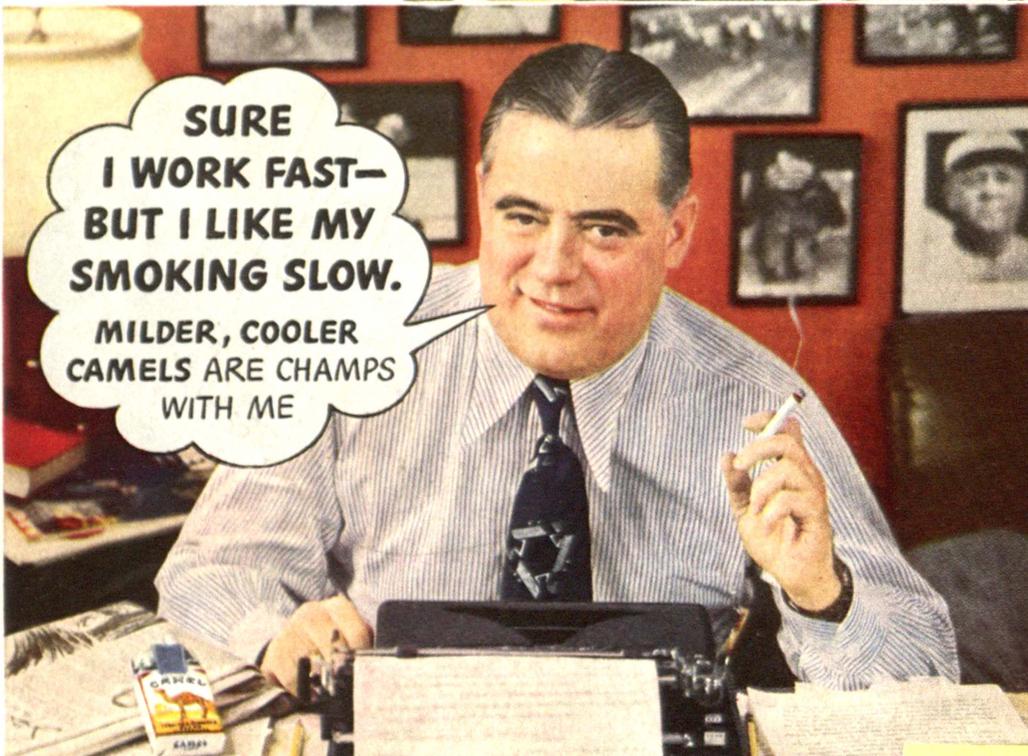
"I GET

EXTRA MILDNESS

EXTRA COOLNESS

EXTRA FLAVOR

in slower-burning Camels," says Bill Corum, famed sports writer and columnist



SURE I WORK FAST— BUT I LIKE MY SMOKING SLOW. MILDER, COOLER CAMELS ARE CHAMPS WITH ME

LIGHTNING-FAST in the press-box. Why, Bill Corum's been known to file 3,000 words of sizzling copy during a single big sports event. But no speed for him in his smoking— slower-burning Camels are Bill Corum's cigarette.

And here's Bill at work in the quiet of his office. Bill...typewriter...books...pictures...and Camels—slow-burning Camels. "I find them milder and cooler—and thriftier," he says.

Copyright, 1940, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

BILL CORUM'S sports news isn't just printed . . . it's *sprinted* . . . at lightning speed from press-box to press and the Five-Star Final. But when the candid camera catches Bill in his office with a cigarette—well, "No speed for me in my smoking," he says.

His own common sense and experience tell him what scientists have found out in their research laboratories—that "slow-burning cigarettes are extra mild, extra cool, fragrant, and flavorful."

Cigarettes that burn fast just naturally burn hot. And nothing so surely wrecks the delicate elements of flavor and fragrance as excess heat. No wonder you get a hot, flat, unsatisfactory smoke.

The delightful mildness, coolness, fragrance, and flavor of Camels are explained by this important finding— Camels proved to be the *slowest*-burning cigarette of the sixteen largest-selling brands tested! (The panel at the right explains the test.)

In recent laboratory tests, CAMELS burned 25% slower than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them. That means, on the average, a smoking *plus* equal to



5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

MORE PLEASURE PER PUFF... MORE PUFFS PER PACK!

Camels — the cigarette of Costlier Tobaccos