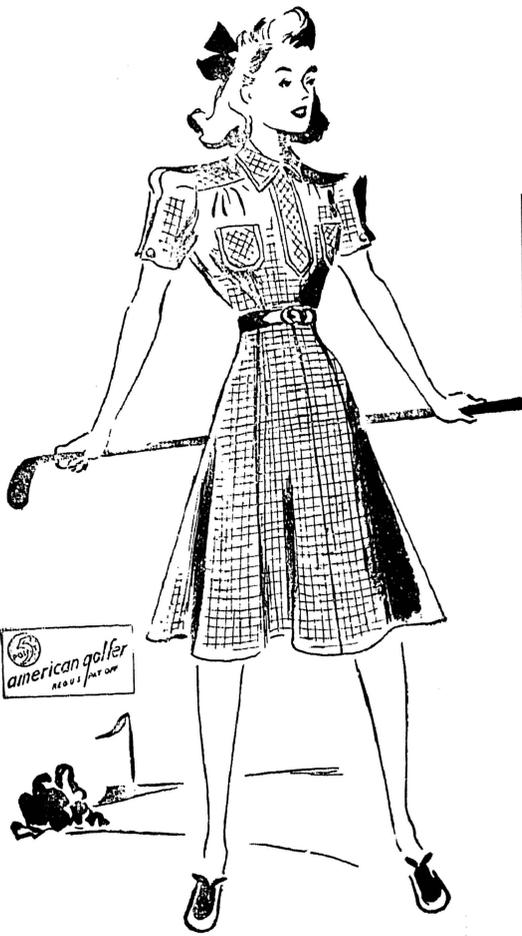


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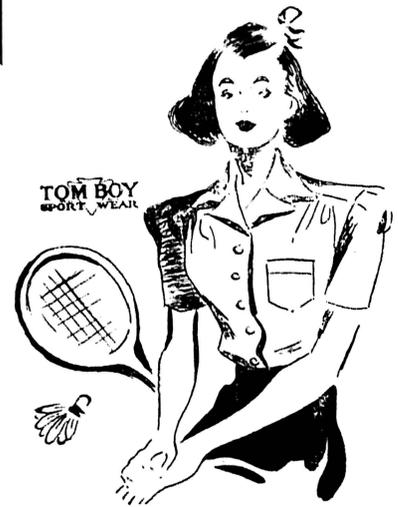
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PEACE—AND A MONUMENT

A SKETCH

By CLYDE CARRIKER

The veiled marble shaft, decorated with flags and flowers, rose above the gaping crowd gathered at its base. Whispers of "peace," "political freedom," and "thank God, it's over" rippled up from the uniforms, dresses, and business suits waiting for the ceremony. . .

A slight westerly breeze billowed the shrouds a bit. A leaf or two dropped from the trees and floated down towards the monument . . . a pair of butterflies lazily hovered over the spectators . . . then six men stepped forward, stood at attention. A moment of silence . . . a command . . . six rifles leaped toward the sky . . . another command . . . six rifles blasted the afternoon stillness . . . again the guns reached to the sky and again the crashing reports thunderbolted through the cemetery.

The uniformed man slowly picked his way through the people and, wreath in hand, silently approached the shaft. A quick salute and the flowers were laid at the base. He was followed by a second man who mounted the three steps, turned to the audience, spoke briefly, laid his wreath beside the first, grasped the dangling cord, and unveiled the shaft of marble.

Around the base was a frieze of figures—artillerymen, infantrymen, marines, and sailors. A simple sentence was carved in the rock: "In memory of those who died, here lies a soldier known but to God. July 17, 1943." The spectators clapped their hands . . . the noise struck strange discordant notes in the stillness. The service over, the crowd left . . . a leaf circled its way down; the two butterflies lighted on the shaft . . . quiet laid soft fingers on the brow of dusk. . . .

* * * *

A voice, low, yet commanding, spoke. "Say, buddy, I was beginning to wonder if I'd ever have company. Where did they pick you up?"

A second voice, boyish and bewildered: "I think we were going up a hill near Nancy when something hit me in the head. It's strange, too, because I was certain my time wouldn't come so soon. . . . I was to go on leave the next morning."

Yeah, it is tough, isn't it . . . but you won't mind it so much up here where it's quiet and peaceful . . . after you've been here for twenty years, life drifts along pretty easily . . . what regiment were you in?"

"The 105th . . . we were sent over with the 22nd . . . where did you serve?"

"I was in the 47th and doing nicely, too . . . until I got a slug in my guts in the Argonne . . . a general or somebody took off my identification tags, had me boxed, and shipped me home. I sort of resented that . . . I felt sure old Jim Lombaugh and Bill Ashley

wanted me beside them . . . but I was saved for a different purpose . . . had the same sort of a ceremony you got today, only the people were gawmier and happier . . ."

"Oh, then you're the - - -"

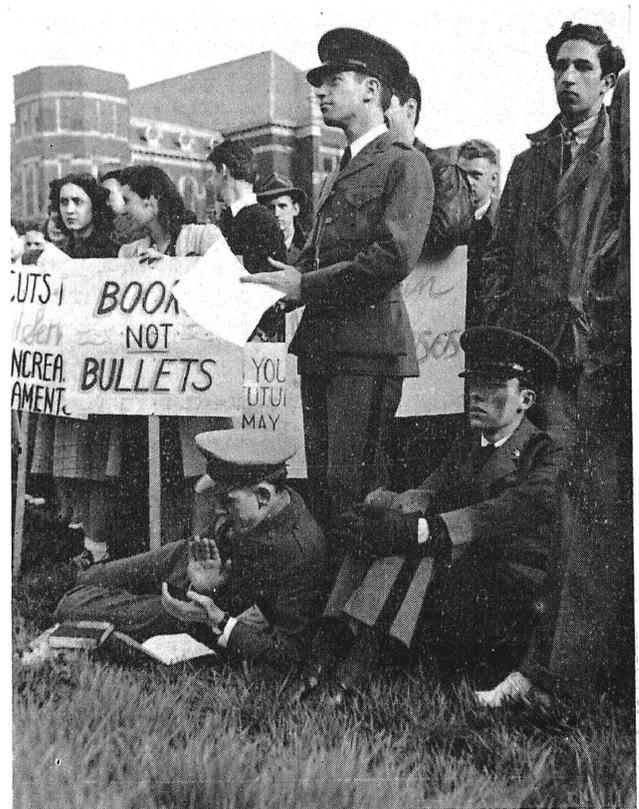
"That's right . . . I commemorate the boys who went out to save the world for democracy and fight the war to end all wars . . . at least that's what they told us we were going to do. . . ."

"But we had the same old thing told to us! We were going to keep civilization from collapsing and make a permanent peace. . . ."

"Yeah, buddy, we're all suckers for the same line. But after a few years, no one remembers . . . and it's kind of quiet here on the hill . . . hardly any people stop here, and you can see the river, too. . . . And

(Continued on Page 16)

UNIFORMS FOR PEACE



Photograph by Jack Adajian

These fellows must be peace-rally fugitives from R. O. T. C. Can this be treason, or are they clapping their hands just to keep warm? (The one on the left apparently is "acting out" the sign just above his head.)

A Thing or Two

Missouri *Showme*

What's Inside

Some members of the Older and so-called Wiser Generation have seen fit, as usual, to disparage undergraduate efforts toward a peace movement that really moves. Case in point: the campus peace rallies all over the country April 19.

"Sophomoric" was one of the patronizing and gently chiding terms called forth to describe the meetings.

Gentlemen, if this be sophomoric, make the most of it. The world must be full of freshmen.

Some of the O. and W. G. undoubtedly think the Dirty Red Agitators are "to blame." Others see only in terms of "young fools with too much money." And then there are those who sit in chubby overstuffed chairs and read of international murder, fratricide and rape, yet who scoff, "What's the use? War is inevitable. What good is a rally for PEACE at a time like this?"

Sad to say, not all these sneerers are older and wiser. Too many of them live on the same campuses at which they sniff so knowingly. They're as much afraid of bayonets as the rest of us, but they feel too "mature" to admit it—"maturity" being shown by passive retreat from activity. They too resign themselves to "What's the use?"

Well, let's take a look. Just what IS the use?

The "use" is, to FIGHT for peace, not just to HOPE for it. If propaganda for war drives men to battle, why can't propaganda for peace keep them at home?

A peace rally is just a sign—a sign that the boys who would have to do the fighting aren't ready or willing, that they want to erase our name from the international Sucker List. And it points the way to a real offensive—against war itself.

Stanley Frankel, editor of the Northwestern Daily, puts it like this: "We have to make peace as desirable as war!"

That's the story. We campaigned ourselves into one war; we need to campaign ourselves OUT of this one.

Peace rallies and peace parades and peace slogans are all part of the campaign. They're not sophomoric, but they're not passive, either. Slogans helped us rationalize our world-saving for democracy in 1917; let them help us save democracy for the world in 1940.

The doughboys have become "no" boys. The Yanks are not coming.

PEACE—AND A MONUMENT 1

Unknown Soldiers, old and new, compare notes on war and peace. It's anti-war and it's serious. By Clyde Carriker.

CURSE YOU, JACK DALTON— GET OFF THAT THIRD FLOOR! 3

A vigorous answer to last month's "Sorority Life Is Hell!" Winnie Wise and Betty Jean Wallin, Tri-Delts both, give the Sorority Side

JOHNNY-AT-THE-PIANO 4

Getting personal with Johnny Redd, the local Piano Pride whose fingers reach half-way down the keyboard. By Barrie Young.

ON THE WAX 7

Cuff-notes on the latest of the musical round-and-rounders, with emphasis on Benny Goodman.

THE SHOWME PRESIDENTIAL POLL8, 9

It's Roosevelt and Dewey in 1940, as far as the Missouri campus is concerned. Two thousand ballots can't be wrong, even if a few fellows did vote for Gracie Allen, the "Baptist Party" and Prexy Middlebush.

SHOWME SHOW 10

East side, west side; all around the town. That's the way the top-grade gossip and assorted small talk travel—and they come out here!

Cover Photograph by Jack Adajian.

VOL. IX MAY, 1940 NO. 9

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP

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Curse You, Jack Dalton— Get Off that Third Floor!

**Proving That Sorority Life May
Be War, But It's Not Hell**

By WINNIE WISE
and
BETTY JEAN WALLIN

(Quote from last month's SHOWME: "Sorority Life is Hell—an anonymous campus author takes a look at Greek-letter living—and the pot boils!") Editor's note: Dear Pot: We don't blame you for boiling.

* * * *

Half an hour after the front door was locked, a nervous pledge sat in her room on the third floor, impatiently glancing at her watch. She clutched her flimsy nightgown to her bosom—she did *too* have a bosom!

Would her man come tonight? The suspense was terrible! She tripped over the rug, staggered to the window and glanced out, down past the convenient fire escape that threw its shadow into the room of the sorority house, where a bed was invitingly turned down.

Finally a car glided into the driveway. A door slammed, and she heard him whistling her favor-

Editor's Note—Last month SHOWME printed an article, "Sorority Life Is Hell," in which an anonymous campus author characterized University sororities as devoting themselves largely to snob-bishness, cat-fights, man-hunts, and NOT developing members' personalities.

The response was vehement, if not cataclysmic. Sorority girls stood up on their hind legs and yelled, "It's a lie! A dirty lie!" Certain fraternity

men smiled wisely; others attacked the article as unfair. Members and non-members alike speculated on the author's identity. Some said the editor had done it; others were quick to answer the editor didn't have that much sense.

And from the mails came hosts—literally HOSTS—of answers. (Well, two anyway.) Of these SHOWME herewith presents the best, and hopes it settles the question, or at least permanently disables it.

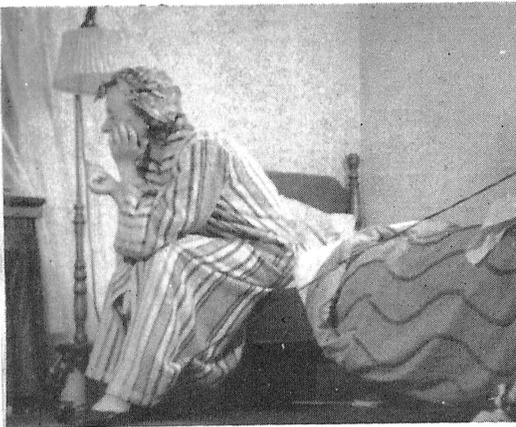
ite tune softly to himself. He was so exasperatingly slow. Didn't he know she'd been waiting for him, longing for him, for an hour and a half? His voice floated up, full of long-awaited promise soon to be fulfilled—"Order from Campus Drug!"

This is a common occurrence on the third floor of every sorority house. The whole campus hears unsavory rumors about these savory orders—so what? Frankly, my dear, Tillie doesn't give a damn. In fact, she doesn't even care if the whole
(Continued on Page 23)

INTRODUCING — CLARA THE CLOSET GIRL



"Gosh—Saturday night!"



"Isn't he EVER coming."



"Ready or not—here I come!"

YES, FOLKS, it's little Clara the Closet Girl, who stays inside with the moth balls and dirty laundry til all the other girls have gone out, then ventures forth to wait for Love. Most Saturday nights

she just sits on the edge of her bed and gazes blankly in front of her darkened window. (Why, oh why, doesn't somebody come to her aid and pull up that blind!)



Photograph by Hugh Crumpler

“One of the best I have ever heard.”

That was the frank statement by which Johnny Davis, the “scat man” of music, gave his autograph to 17-year-old Johnny Redd, Columbia’s piano-pounding “find,” when Davis was in town a few weeks ago.

Such words of praise are not uncommon to the ears of the slim Negro keyboardist, for he has “jammed” with almost every band that has appeared here this year, and at each session his flicking fingers have won the attention and applause of the traveling professionals. When the Johnny Davis boys gathered ’round, for example, for a few midnight licks, the orchestra’s pianist didn’t play at all; he just watched young Johnny, studying his style and technique intently.

No doubt the visiting bandmen are surprised to find such talent outside the top-flight musical organizations, but that doesn’t bother Johnny. He has plenty of time. Nor does he mind being “discovered” by each new group that hears him. His whole life has been and is a series of “discoveries.” The campus discovered him gradually, in his performances with Eddie Gibbons’ band and later at the Savitar Frolics, where he stopped the show.

Those who “find” him today, however, are just also-rans, compared to Johnny’s mother. It was she who first “discovered” his talent, and who turned it into the proper channels. That was fifteen years ago.

Upstairs one day in the family’s home at Hannibal, Mo., Mrs. Redd heard the melody of “Silent Night” drifting up from the piano downstairs. Investigating, she found young Johnny—then at the extremely mus-

cal age of two years and five months—enjoying his first session at the keyboard.

Barely able to reach the keys and innocent as a babe of two years, five months, Johnny couldn’t give a very coherent account of his marvelous power. All he knew was that he had heard an older sister playing the piece.

A perfect ear! Mrs. Redd, a singer and piano teacher herself, lost no time in exhibiting her “prize” to another teacher, who refused to spoil Johnny’s ear by putting him on a diet of scales. So the rompered prodigy was left largely to his own musical devices, which even then must have been far above the average state-fair and church-social standard.

But one day a scoffer demanded a public “earing” to prove the prodigy stories he had heard, so Johnny was hustled off to a recital. A small girl played an original composition that Johnny had never heard. When she had finished, he sat at the piano and played it exactly as she had.

One of his listeners questioned a certain part of the selection, so Johnny obligingly whipped off the entire piece again, correcting the one mistake the girl had made!

That was when he was five years old.

Several years later the Redds moved to Columbia, where Johnny’s father became pastor of the Fourth Baptist Church. But before Johnny himself became known here he was featured over radio station WHO at Des Moines.

While in Des Moines Johnny established two notable “firsts” by demonstrating a Hammond electric organ. It was the first time the organ had been played there, and the first time Johnny had ever “tinkered” with a Hammond. Two days’ practice coupled with

(Continued on Page 15)

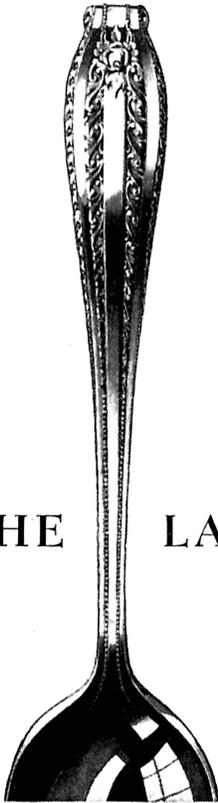
Johnny at the Piano

**The Story Behind
the Campus’ No. 1
Keyboard Kid**

By BARRIE YOUNG

THE LAST WORD IN "BEER JACKETS"

Poor Papa's London suits lose their labels... and Mama has fits when the mark of that Paris dress-maker disappears... But in spite of the OGPU... the "Beer Jacket" must be served.



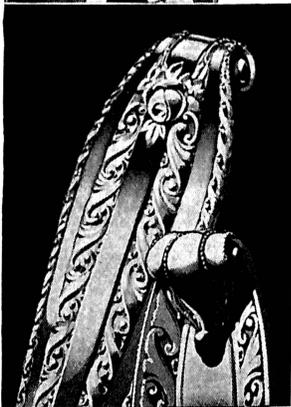
THE LAST WORD IN STERLING

3rd dimension Beauty

Wallace Silversmiths have added craftsman ingenuity, inventiveness and painstaking handwork to recreate the sculptured handwrought character of priceless old masterpieces...3rd Dimension Beauty in new Sterling...The better stores are now showing the new "Great Master" patterns, Mozart, Rembrandt and Stradivari.

BROCHURES ON REQUEST

WALLACE SILVERSMITHS • Founded in 1835 • WALLINGFORD, CONNECTICUT



WALLACE *Sterling*

**HER HERO RATED
ZERO IN THE
ART OF LOVE!**



WHAT CAUSED THE FIGHT? His pipe! Bud said it tasted fine, but Sue swore it stank out loud. A fine way for sweethearts to talk! Someone better find him a *milder* tobacco.



HEARTS ENTWINED once again! Sue has said "yes" to Bud *and* his pipe since he switched to Sir Walter Raleigh, that milder blend of burleys with the gr-r-and aroma!

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



**UNION
MADE**

IT SMOKES AS SWEET AS IT SMELLS

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

"Instead of vegetables with the roast beef," said the customer to the waiter, "I would like to make a phone call."

A discontented Russian, Alexis, went to see Stalin and complained. "Comrade, in our district the textile combine is not up to quota. In fact, in some sections, it is even said that men go without trousers."

Stalin was not disturbed. "Comrade, Alexis, that is nothing; you should know that there is an entire continent, Africa by name, in which the men have for centuries gone without trousers."

"Yes, Comrade Stalin," answered Alexis, "but they must have had Communism there for a long time."

"There's a bee buzzing around your nose."

"Is she a big one?"

"It sure is—it's a whopper."

"I reckon you'll either have to move or get stung."

"Dang blast it! Don't just stand there then—run up to the cabin and get some ointment."

Father: What reason have you for marrying my daughter?

Suitor: No reason at all, sir; I'm in love with her.

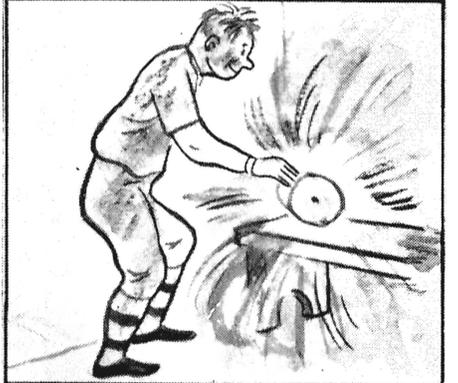
"So, you're a cow puncher."

"I'm not really that tough—I just slap them down."

Did you hear about the absent-minded dentist who filled two cavities in a patient's plate?

"You don't love me anymore."

"Never did. You were just a passing fancy—just hips that pass in the night."





IN THE



Destined to be one of the outstanding discs of the year is the Columbia recording number 35389 which is KING PORTER STOMP on one side and ALL STAR STRUT on the other. The "Metronome All Star Band" (a band chosen by readers of Metronome Music Magazine) is the combination that recorded it. From Harry James' trumpet solo on the intro of KING, on through Jess Stacy's piano chorus, Charles Barnet's tenor chorus and Ziggy Elman's trumpet chorus, this record really kicks. Standout on ALL STAR is Charles Christian's guitar. Jack Teagarden, unlike an ex-Paul Whitemanite, plays corny trombone on this one.

B. G. 'WAXES' SWIFT

Benny Goodman, now on the west coast, has been recording fast and furiously to make up for the time he lost during his illness. Some of his latest are: THE SKY FELL DOWN (Columbia-35420) with IT NEVER ENTERED MY MIND on the back. Helen Forrest sings both tunes. IT NEVER ENTERED has clever words. Two other sweet tunes recorded by B. G. are BE SURE (Columbia-35426) with SHAKE DOWN THE STARS on the reverse. Miss Forrest tries to copy Louise Tobin's Texas drawl

style on the former and overdoes it. She sings well on SHAKE DOWN. Ziggy Elman's trumpet phrase in BE SURE is good, while the unique modulation before the vocal in SHAKE DOWN makes it worth having.

More current recordings are B. G.'s WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME? (Columbia-35374) and WHAT'LL THEY THINK OF NEXT? B. G. plays fine on the former and Miss Forrest sings well. The latter, also sung by Miss Forrest, has a clever vocal.

One "for the cats" is BOARD MEETING (Columbia 35396) by B. G. Nick Fatool plays nice drums while B. G. and La Forrest are standouts of the reverse: LET'S ALL SING TOGETHER.

Gaining deserved recognition every day is Will Bradley's new band which features Ray McKinley on drums and Carlotta Dale, vocalist. One of his latest is Savitt's sign-off: IT'S A WONDERFUL WORLD (Columbia35414) which gets off to an easy groove from the start and swings out clear on through the novelty vocal and Bradley's trombone chorus. Miss Dale also sings the reverse, WATCHING THE CLOCK.

Another Bradley recording that swings is HALLELUJAH (Colum-

bia-35333), an old favorite given a new lift by McKinley's drumming. Reverse is JOHNSON RAG—which is second-rate dixieland.

KRUPA SYMPHONIZES

If you liked "Sing, Sing, Sing" as recorded by Goodman two years ago and voted the best record of 1938, you'll like SYMPHONY IN RIFFS (Columbia-35387) as waxed by Gene Krupa. The individual choruses are good, with Nate Kazebier's trumpet chorus outshining the rest. Reverse is an old one, MARCHETA, which features Tony D'Amore on piano. Another late Krupa record is I LOVE YOU MUCH TOO MUCH (Columbia-35429), which carries an excellent vocal by Irene Daye. Howard DuLaney sings the reverse, IT HAPPENED IN KAHOMA, in a half-hearted manner. Miss Daye does another good vocal on the kick tune: BOOG IT (Columbia-35415), which carries a hot trumpet chorus by Corky Cornelius. On the back is A LOVER'S LULLABYE, which is a little monotonous.

Ginny Simms, Kay Kyser's former songstress, waxed one on I CAN'T GET STARTED (Vocalion 5456) which is fine if you like her way of singing. Her abrupt

(Continued on Page 18)

FEATURING . . .

THESE OUTSTANDING BLUEBIRD AND VICTOR RECORDS

"This is the Beginning of the End"—Dorothy Lamour and Mitchell Ayres
"The Rhumba Jump"—Glenn Miller

"Gloomy Sunday"—Artie Shaw
"Polka Dots & Moonbeams"—Tommy Dorsey

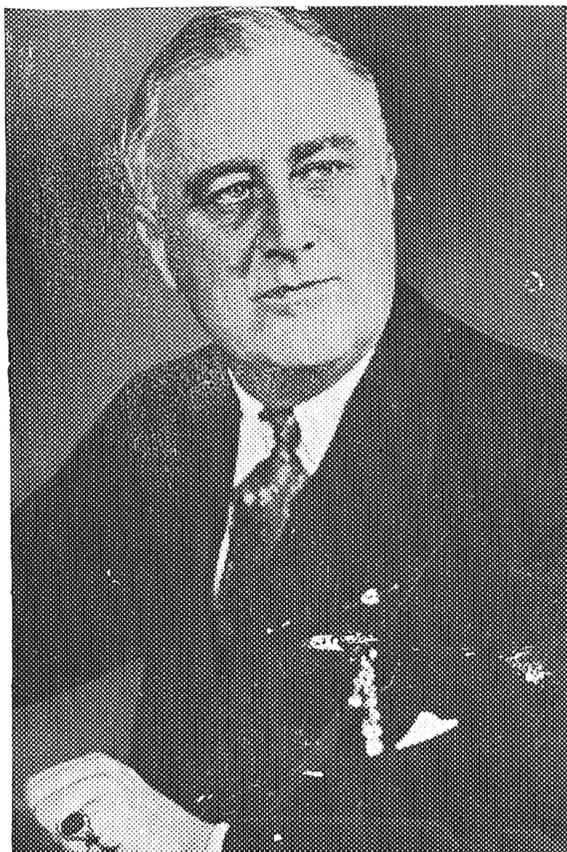
1005 Broadway

RADIO ELECTRIC SHOP

1005 Broadway

Roosevelt and

—FRANKIE



—Courtesy the Columbia Missourian

THE DEMOCRATIC and Republican national conventions probably won't ask the University of Missouri student body to pick their respective standard bearers in the 1940 Presidential race, but if they do, put your money on Franklin D. Roosevelt and Thomas E. Dewey.

And if you want to go farther, it's Roosevelt—on the nose!

For that's the story of the SHOWME'S first all-campus Presidential Poll, completed a few days ago.

Two thousand voters can be wrong, but somebody will have to prove it first. And those two thousand say, "Roosevelt vs. Dewey."

More than thirty SHOWME staff members dis-

tributed most of the ballots in one "swoop," to eliminate multiple-voting and "stuffing." Students in every school were polled as well as those in every economic class, and each voter was asked to tell something of his background.

On the first half of the ballot students ranked nine Democrats and seven Republicans—with additional places for write-ins—according to their preference for the Presidency. The results:

Democrats

	First	Second	Third
President Roosevelt	854	226	156
Cordell Hull	471	517	202
Paul V. McNutt	165	259	317
John Garner	78	198	205
Gov. Lloyd Stark	76	89	121
Sen. Bennett Clark	72	175	161
Sen. Burton K. Wheeler	67	73	163
James Farley	30	136	203
Frank Murphy	30	117	158

Republicans

	First	Second	Third
Thomas Dewey	893	304	209
Sen. Arthur Vandenberg	332	449	415
Sen. Robert Taft	241	511	460
Sen. Charles McNary	126	180	234
Herbert Hoover	75	115	127
Alfred Landon	37	98	128
John Bricker	12	52	72

It should be pointed out that each voter ranked the candidates of *both* parties, so that the respective totals of one list have no meaning as compared with those of the other. But the figures leave no doubt as to the strength of Roosevelt and Dewey over the rest of the field.

Among the Democrats, only Hull, the President's right-hand man, made even a fair showing, and he was an almost 1-to-2 runner-up. In the Republican ranks the score was even more pronounced. The New York prosecutor "lapped the field," piling up more first choices than all the other candidates combined.

The next question—most important on the ballot

Dewey In 1940

from the standpoint of eventualities—asked, “Which one of all these candidates do you prefer?” Here the true strength of the opposing parties’ leaders was revealed, as follows:

Democrats	Votes	Republicans	Votes
Roosevelt	732	Dewey	428
Hull	275	Vandenberg	79
McNutt	56	Taft	52
Garner	32	Hoover	30
Stark	27	McNary	26
Clark	20	Landon	16
Wheeler	24	Bricker	1
Farley	21		—
Murphy	11		—
<hr/>		<hr/>	
Totals	1198	Totals	632

This shows President Roosevelt—third-term bug-boo or no—with an even 40 per cent of all the votes cast (excluding write-ins), and with an almost 7-to-4 lead over Dewey, his nearest rival.

Again Dewey is far ahead of Vandenberg, Taft, et al, and again Hull is the only Democrat besides the President to make a showing.

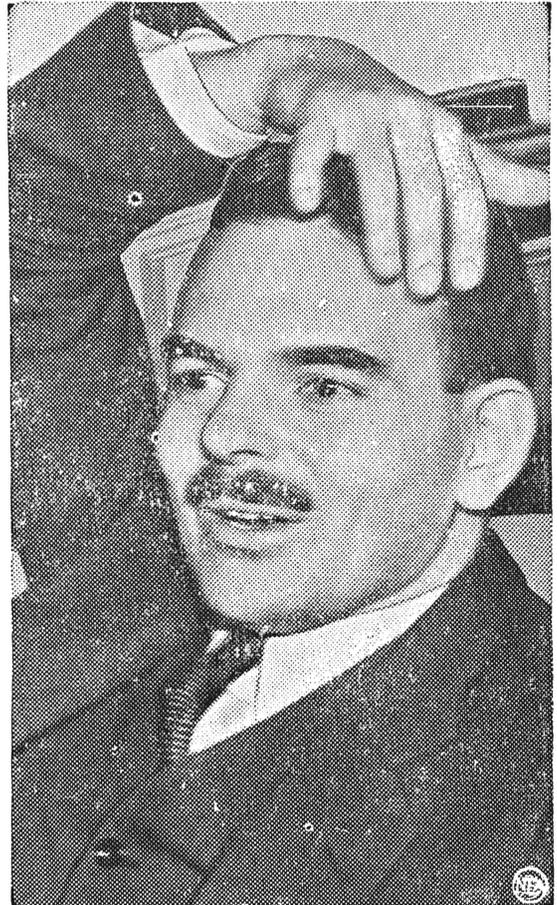
The relative positions of Missouri’s Governor Stark and Senator Clark provide an interesting side-light. In the “ranking” votes, Stark received 76 first choices to Clark’s 72, but lagged considerably behind the senator in second and third rankings. In the “overall” ballot, the governor had a narrow 27-to-20 lead, but both men’s votes were so few as to be almost insignificant.

About fifty serious write-ins were well scattered among favorite sons and third party potentialities, with Norman Thomas in the lead. C. I. O.’s John L. Lewis and New York City’s Mayor LaGuardia also stood well among the “outsiders.”

Well over half—almost two-thirds—of the voters answered “Yes” to a question asking if they would be eligible to vote in the 1940 election.

Dewey’s proportion of the total vote was 23.3 per cent, but among feminine voters it rose to 26.6 per cent. (Perhaps this may be explained partially by the comment of one young lass who ascribed her support of the New York Republican to his “such a cute mustache.”) This gain by Dewey, however, was only

—TOMMY



—Courtesy the Columbia Missourian

slightly at the expense of Roosevelt, whose 40 per cent of the total vote shrank less than one-half of one per cent among the co-eds.

Surprisingly few “freak” ballots were cast. But prominent among those present were such well-known political figures as Gracie Allen, Andrew Jackson, Dorothy Lamour, Bing Crosby, Chet Hill, Kaki Westmoreland, Madeleine Carroll, Tyrone Power, President Middlebush, Rex Titus and Gypsy Rose Lee.

And then there was the fellow whose answer to the question, “With what party are you affiliated?” was simply: “Baptist!”



No doubt spring acts on different people differently. But Beta Charlie Looney summed up the way it affects him very accurately. Looney says he won't date a girl who doesn't drink beer, "for now that it's springtime I can't afford to waste time in idle table-chatter."

Neal Johnson breezed into the copy desk the other morning about 15 minutes late. Professor Morelock cocked a knowing eye at the clock and Neal said, "I know I'm late, but I'll quit early to make up for it."

TEE FOR TED

Phi Delt Ted Burger has certainly let the spring trespass on his memory. For the past several days Ted has been trudging—golf bag over his shoulder—to his golf class out on the course. After a day or so it began to dawn on him that it was rather strange that he was the only one in the class and that there was no instructor. After inquiring about, Ted found that he had been reporting to a non-existent class. It's a good excuse, Ted, but we've all heard better.

Chet Hill called up last week at a girls' independent rooming house. One of the girls answered, "3366—Vote Union-Independent" and Chet stood there for about 5 minutes muttering dark things in his beard.

Starting several week-ends ago, the Sigma Nus created a new pledge duty. A freshman is to call the local bastille each Sunday morning to find out how many of the brothers have wound up their Saturday night frolics behind its barred portals.

Evidence that there's little truth to the rumor that a third- or fourth-year girl has to go out with her brother to get a date: Sue Wells, D. G. prexy, had exactly four men hanging around her a few nights ago.

Since spring has hit the Missouri campus and everyone is living on the banks of the Hinkson, one can observe many interesting phenomena, of which not the least embarrassing occurred when Billie Beachy fell into the river and her date had to drag her out, mud and all.

Why don't the Sigma Chi's and the Phi Delt get together when one of them has a date with Kappa Jean Tanzey? She appeared at the box-car for dinner with a Phi Delt and Sigma Chi respectively on two different nights. It would seem that the routine would get a little monotonous.

Add notes on spring: K. A. Alex Gay is going to put out his pin on a little Christian girl; Katie is her name.

K. A. Bob Politte has been spending a lot of money on a little gal over at Stephens—really showing her fun. Three weeks ago brother John McCrae had a date with her, and didn't spend a cent. Took her to the K, A. house to dance, and then down to the "reck room," etc. So he called her up again and she asked him to go to Larry Clinton. Brother Bob just tore his hair; to think how much the charms of the reck room might have done for him—and saved him!

Which reminds us of Delt Bud

Marsh who has been practically pawning his shirts to take his little Stephens flame around. And then she tells him she's going to Kansas City to see her boy friend.

A certain Sigma Chi—better known as "Luscious Lou" has been going with a girl who is probably the most virtuous girl on the campus. A week-end trip was arranged with the boy's sister, and before they departed "Luscious" made this classic remark: "Should I call you for breakfast or shall I just roll over and nudge you?"

THETA HENHOUSE?

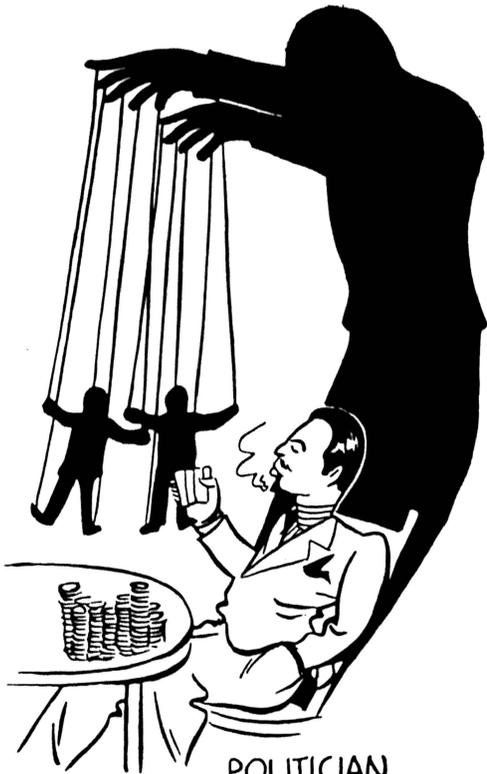
Is the Theta hotel going to be turned into a farm? All the girls have been wondering since Betty Lou Gloyd received a unique chicken-feeder from her one and only. The Thetas still don't know whether to laugh; after all, it could be a hint about hens. . . .

Warren Welliver, who ran on the Union-Independent ticket as senator from Arts and Science has been dating out at Stephens all year, so he brought a bunch of his Stephens friends over to the election Tuesday and had them stand there and challenge the sorority girls' votes. You should have seen the Kappas, Thetas, Gamma Phis, Delta Gammas, Pi Phis, etc., when a Stephens girl would ask "Are you from Stephens?"

One Saturday night a large crowd was waiting to get into the midnight show. A bottle of liquor fell out of one fellow's pocket onto the

(Continued on Page 22)

AS WE SEE OURSELVES



POLITICIAN



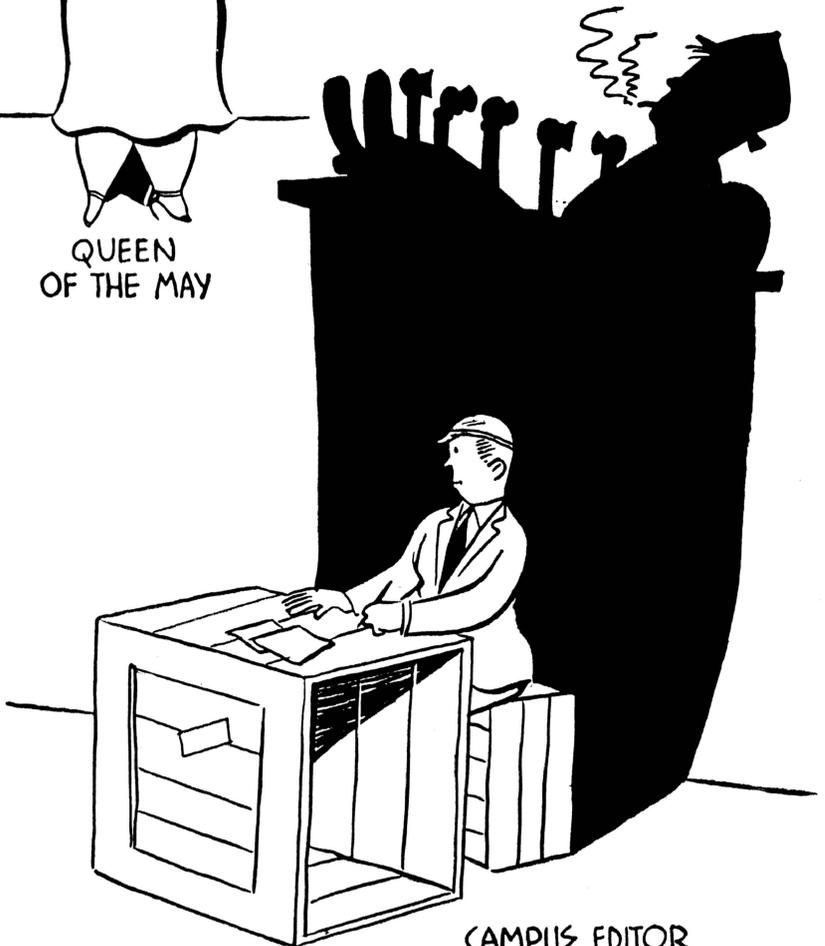
QUEEN
OF THE MAY



PROFESSOR



ATHLETE



CAMPUS EDITOR

THE GENERAL SPEAKS

"Good evening, General."

"Brsssk, good evening."

"General, we have asked you here this evening to explain the intricacies of that popular pastime WAR. Would you be so kind?"

"Fap, brssk, with pleasah."

"First, General, in the event that your army is staging an attack on another country, it is——"

"A patriotic move to rescue and release from tyrannical oppression persecuted minorities."

"Who are?"

"Stooges sent over in advance to raise a barrel of hell."

"In that case——"

"Every man is prepared to die in defense of his principles."

"Which are——"

"To get everything in sight."

"Now, General, in case your country is attacked——"

"It is unfair aggression, and we immediately set up an impregnable line of defense."

"Which is——"

"Punched like a paper bag."

"Very good, and if one of your heavy artillery regiments defeat a dozen peasants armed with pitch forks?"

"It is a clear case of self-defense, and our army made a gallant stand to emerge victorious."

"Excellent, General, and if your army is cut off from its base by a troop of boy scouts shooting Roman candles?"

"Our army made a brilliant account of itself and retreated in order-



"Whenever he visits anyone who has a humidor of good tobacco in his room, he takes that pipe."

ly fashion to prepare for a brisk counter attack."

"Which means——"

"We raid the nearest distillery."

"But you left——"

"10,000 enemy infantrymen weltering in their blood on the field."

"And at that time——"

"We bomb a hospital."

"And announce——"

"A crushing defeat to enemy forces."

"Every town is——"

"A strategic point."

"And every hostile soldier——"

"Is a target."

"If you are successful?"

"We administered a crushing blow to the enemy and maintained National honor."

"And, of course, took——"

"10,000 prisoners and numerous supplies."

"And the war should——"

"Be over in a week." •

"And if you are defeated?"

"We were surprised with overwhelming odds."

"If the enemy makes large gains?"

"It is part of our plan."

"And your press reports?"

"Are written by students in college journalism classes as exercises."

"Very good, General, and do you have anything else to say?"

"Increase army appropriations."

"Thank you, General."

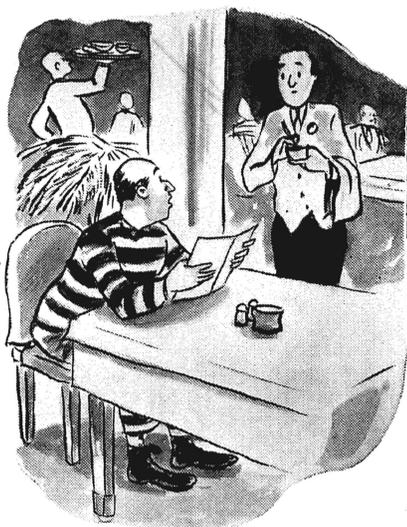
"Thank you." •

Man: What's the difference between the blueplate special and the whiteplate special?

Waiter: The whiteplate special is five cents extra.

Man: Is the food better on the white plate special?

Waiter: No, but we have to wash them.



"Some bread and water, please."

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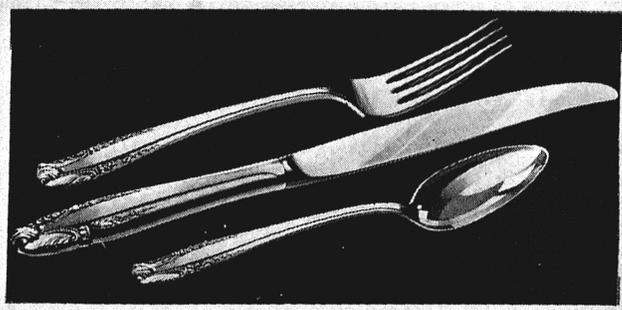
Clothes make the Man



You'll point with pride when you wear monogrammed sweaters and matched skirts. They're a chiffon-weight blend of wool and mohair.



For informal dates, a wrist-length jacket print frock, or a full length coat dress with accents of cool white pique.



THIS lollipop red dress earns its stripes in popularity. That full skirt has a flair for every man's eye. The wide belt adds a note of completion to this frock for summer formal wear.

Silver is an enchanting gift for the girl who becomes a bride upon graduation. The Stradivari pattern at left is one of three in the Great Master Series of Third Dimension Beauty designs exclusive with Wallace Silversmiths.

Dresses by Saks, Enka Rayon, Jane Engel

Johnny at the Piano

(Continued from Page 4)

his previous experience with church organs, and he was ready to play for anything from weddings to jitter-bug contests.

The old College Inn is now virtually unknown on the M. U. campus, but that's where Johnny first played in Columbia. From there his fame grew gradually, reaching its peak this year with frequent "sessions" with the Gibbons band, his radio program every Tuesday, and appearances on programs and at parties several times a week.

Johnny's appearance gives him a two-strike advantage over most any audience. Quiet, modest and agreeable, he makes a good impression. He dresses well, but not flashily. A quick, frequent smile wins friends and apparently exerts considerable influence over those blacks and whites on the piano keyboard.

Most striking to those who look twice, however, are his fingers. Long, slim, set wide apart and slightly turned up at the ends, they look as though they should belong to some grimacing Svengali. (Maybe that explains it all—he just hypnotizes the keys!)

He's Learning Cello "On the Side"

If you'd visit his home, you probably would see him at his piano, seated in front of such music as Tales of the Vienna Woods, the Moonlight Sonata (which he is currently learning), hymnals and an instruction book for the cello. He plays the bass too, an influence which may account for his striking piano bass.

Ranking favorite in his own list of top tunes is Honeysuckle Rose. Another is a composition by J. Redd—I Want You For My Very Own—the only one of his pieces to which he has given lyrics. Among the well-known piano stylists he prefers blind Art Tatum.

Johnny seriously wants to continue his education—musical and otherwise—before he "branches out" in the world of music on a career basis. If this were not so, he might not have returned to Columbia this year. For he received an audition with the National Broadcasting System (the Redd Network, no doubt!) before the school year began, but decided to finish his academic work here rather than stay in Chicago.

Next fall he hopes to enter the University of Chicago on a scholarship and continue his training. In addition to music he wants to study philosophy at Chicago.

This program would be in line with his family background. His father is a college-trained theologian, and two grandfathers were ministers. Of three sisters, one teaches in Alabama, another in Buffalo, N. Y., and the third sings in all-Negro movies in Hollywood.

An older brother, Ernest, now plays saxophone in his own band, of which another brother is a member via the trumpet.

Ernest, whose band is named after his freckles—Ernie Redd and His Seven Specks—also plays a fine piano, but the rumor that he taught Johnny to play is erroneous; Johnny says he hasn't seen his brother for seven or eight years.

No Stranger To "Name" Bands

Johnny has played one-night stands or more with Earl "Father" Hines, Tommy Dorsey, Count Basie, Nat Tole and Bob Zurke, and has been in jam sessions with Cab Calloway, Fletcher Henderson and Horace Heidt. He has made many records for bands. (Sometimes record-making becomes a racket; orchestra leaders get recordings from fellows like Johnny, ostensibly for audition purposes, and then "borrow" most of the new ideas from them.) Johnny believes that a break rhythm he carried through a record a year or so ago is the present heart of the recent favorite, In the Mood.

As to style, he has many varieties. He explains: "One day I play a particular style best, another day a different one, and some days all or even none of them well!" He changes key very frequently, a stimulating factor in his playing.

Some of the styles he uses are: the Teddy Wilson, a right handed style, a good tune for which would be Tea for Two; Fats Waller, noted for chords, with wonderfully "dirty" styles as in "Your Feet's Too Big"; Eddy Duchin, featuring single notes and rippling runs, as in "Night and Day"; Ellington, left hand strong, the right occasionally off beat; and Bob Zurke, whose influence he shows most, a sort of two-piano effect that is a conglomeration of styles. Good pieces that might show off this are Honkey Tonk Train and Hobson St. Blues.

In one sense, though, particular styles don't mean much to the average listener and Redd fan. He just sees dark flashes streaking across a background of black and white, knows it's Johnny-at-the-piano, and steps up to request a feet-first version of Honeysuckle Rose!

He: "What are my chances with you?"

She: "Two to one—you and me against my conscience."
—Purple Parrot.

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Once upon a time there was a king in persia named rach amid beniabid kalasi jones. his loyal subjects called him by the affectionate nickname of rachamidbeniabidkalasijones, just like you call a guy named sylvester bud or bo. his loyal subjects loved him although they were starving to death. they did not live off the fat of the land because all the fat of the land was on the king, rach etc., and if they ate off the fat of the land they would be cannibals. They weren't cannibals because they lived in persia. cannibals live in england.

this king used to have a lot of fun. he had a big old darkey who used to be a butcher in the united states of america. he got him at a good price because after the civil war the price went down. he used this faithful subject (only he had not taken out his papers yet) to cut off people's heads.

oh what sport the two used to have. the king had a long pipe

with the bowl in the next room where a faithful servant would fill it. with deadly accuracy rachamidbeniabidkalasijones would blow smoke rings at the head of the unfortunate faithful subject who played the game with the king. if the smoke ring floated around the head of the faithful subject, the big old darkey would try to slice it in two (the smoke ring.) it wasn't much fun for the faithful subjects because they never got to see if he really split the smoke ring. and if the king missed the darkey would cut off the faithful subject's head anyway, for it would never do to have him go out and tell the other faithful subjects that the king couldn't be trusted.

once a beautiful young faithful subject almost got away. she told the king if he would not cut off her head she would tell him a story every night. the king stood it for 18594773900½ stories; then he cut off her head and went on the radio to sell egg noodles.

TIME STANDS STILL

I

From out the dim caverns of Cro-Magnon time
Crawled the first of the sapiens homo;
Unconscious of kin with primordial slime,
He haughtily swung on his tail;
He swung on his tail over rock and deep rill
With effortless ease and considerable skill.

II

While there on the ground giving vent to his wrath
Strode the King of the Forest titanic.
He impatiently killed everything in his path,
For his mood, be it said, was satanic.
His wrath, to repeat, was steadily mounting,
For to lunch on the ape in the trees he was counting.

III

Had that lion the insolent monkey digested,
This planet, then, would have been blest.
No countries with unpleasant people infested
To cheerfully bomb all the rest;
No Hitler, no sorrow, no passion, no fears,
No Scarlett O'Hara, no liquor, no tears.

LUCK OF THE IRISH

"Mrs. Clancy, your child is badly spoilt."

"Gwan wid yez!"

"Well, if ye don't believe me, come and see what the steam roller just did to him."

—Pointer

PEACE—AND A MONUMENT

(Continued from Page 1)

when some mother comes here, reads the little motto carved on the rock, and just looks at it without saying anything, I feel pretty sad, but she's always hopeful and it's just as well we can't say anything. . . . What makes me sore is that once a year a bunch of yokels come out here, make pretty little speeches, and then leave us alone until the next Armistice Day . . . too bad they can't stick around and see what I see . . . mothers, fathers, sisters . . . just standing and reading . . . and some of 'em crying too. . . ."

A few leaves swirled in the lifting breeze; the two butterflies darted and danced away in the dusk; the sun lowered itself behind the horizon; a bird sang; night came, and with it, deep, deep quiet. . . .

"And what do you do when you hear the fire alarm, my good man?"

"Oh, I jest get up an' feel the wall, an' if it ain't hot I go back to bed." —Yale Record.

I wish I were a kangaroo,
Despite his funny stances,
I'd have a place to put the junk
My girl brings to the dances. —Purple Parrot.

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ON THE WAX

(Continued from Page 7)

vocal modulation in the last chorus is something not every vocalist would attempt—let alone accomplish so well. MY FANTASY, on the back, features a guitar intro and has a spiritual twang.

Every so often Jimmy Lunceford makes a couple of recordings that are musically speaking “out of the world,” which in plain English means “too good to be true.” Lunceford did just that when he recorded BLUES IN THE GROOVE (Vocalion-5395) with I'M IN AN AWFUL MOOD on the back. The tenor sax, trumpet, and trombone choruses on BLUES are super-excellent. The tenor chorus and the vocal by Jimmy Young highlight AWFUL MOOD.

Lunceford's second recording worth writing home about is PRETTY EYES (Vocalion 5430) which, incidentally, is one of the prettiest tunes on record. The arrangement is effective and Dan Grissom's vocal is, as usual, very good. Reverse is IT'S TIME TO JUMP AND SHOUT, a kick tune which carries one of those distinctively Lunceford introductions of unison trumpets playing alternately.

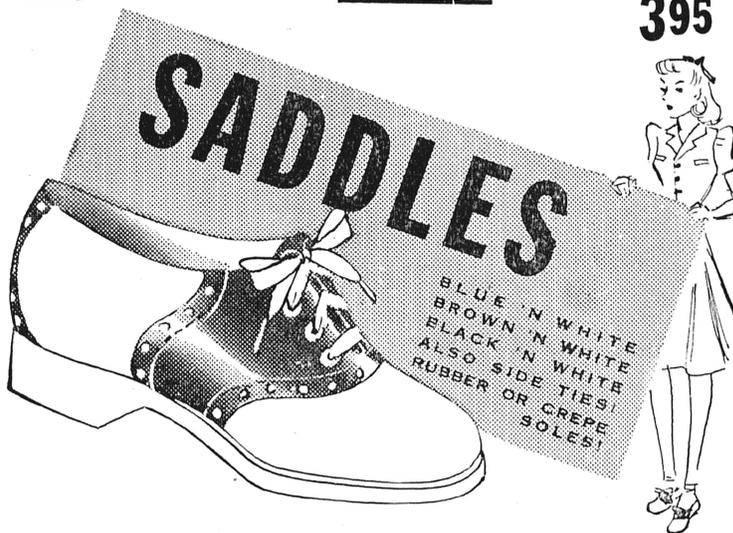
Teddy Wilson's nimble fingers are heard again on CRYIN' MY SOUL OUT FOR YOU (Columbia 35372) a torch song, sung very soulfully by Jean Eldridge. Reverse is IN THE MOOD which gets off to a good groove. Adolphus Cheatam, formerly with Cab Calloway, plays a fine trumpet chorus followed by Ben Webster's equally good tenor chorus. Teddy plays well on this side too.

Cab Calloway softened his band a little and recorded SINCERE LOVE (Vocalion 5364), which is a nice tune. DO IT AGAIN, on the other side, is good except for the vocal by Cab. Two red-hot Calloway specials are BOOG IT (Vocalion 5444), another one like Jim Jam Jump. The trumpet phrase is smooth. Reverse is Cab singing the novelty CHOP CHOP CHARLIE CHAN. If you like Cab you'll say Chop is one of his best.



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All Ways and Always

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395

THE *Jacqueline*
SHOP

From the Economics Department comes the neatest “last word” story that we have yet found. It concerns another of those professors who, always anxious to improve their course, add as the last question of their final exam, “What have you thought of this course?”

The prof. in question, upon reaching the end of what had been one of the worst of his papers, found the following notation: “I think that this was a very well rounded course. Everything not given during the semester has been included in the final examination.—Pointer.

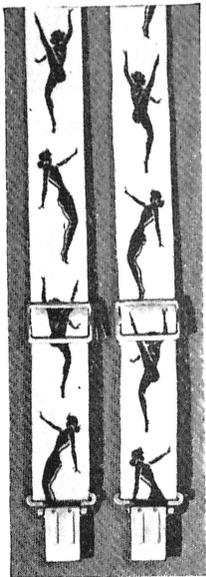


SCENE ON THE CAMPUS

THE fellow who is getting a big hand is wearing a Palm Beach Evening Formal. It's cool, smart, and features broader shoulders and narrower shawl lapels. The black trousers are satin striped at the side.

With exams around the corner, we think the pipe smoker has waited too long to start cracking those books. Unless his striped Shetland sport jacket dazzles his prof, he's going to have examination blues. He's wearing gray flannel trousers and white buckskin shoes with red crepe soles.

His friend isn't any Phi Bete, but he's well on his way to getting Honors in Style with his three button, single breasted dune colored covert suit which is just the thing to wear on a date these warm evenings.



• The braces with Streamlox Ends are becoming more and more popular because they clip instead of button to the trousers.





THE WORDS THE OCEANS CAN'T DROWN OUT

“War is futile.”

All the miles of oceans that separate us from Europe where war is being fought and from China where war is being fought, cannot drown out or submerge those words.

“War is futile.”

It is a grim hoax on the people made to sacrifice for it, a killer of ideals as well as of men, a robber of the very freedom it pretends to uphold, a destroyer of the civilizations it purports to protect.

No one knows what new miseries the present wars will inflict upon hu-

manity. No one knows what new revolutions they will breed. No one even seems to have a clear idea of just what peace will bring, for when the confused peoples in warring countries ask for an explanation of war aims their confused leaders give them the fuzziest kind of answers.

If peace comes quickly enough, maybe that peace will be one that will really tend to prevent future wars. That's why we here in America should hope for the war to end soon—to end before we, too, succumb to the insanity. That's why we should do more

than hope—why we should *work* for peace.

World Peaceways consists of a group of people whose entire time is spent in *working for peace*. It is a non-profit, non - crackpot organization, that's striving with a purpose and a plan for keeping America out of this current version of Europe's centuries-old war. We need the help of every decent American who feels that in peace lies not only America's greatest hope, but the world's. Write to World Peaceways, Inc., 103 Park Avenue, New York City.

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Leap Year . . .

If you're still left at the post girls, at this late date, don't be discouraged. There's still ample time left, take it from us, what with May and June coming up, giving you fair little things a glorious opportunity to sport those new slip-over sweaters and the sheerest of skirts. Speaking strictly from the male approach, we know what devastation a well-rounded form and perfectly attired torso can do to masculine equanimity.

●
STUDENTS

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chance to spruce up and get
your man.



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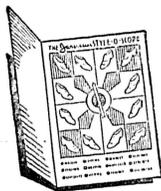
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OUR
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SHOWME SHOW

(Continued from Page 10)

ground, and a little boy piped up, "What's the matter, mister, can't you hold your liquor?"

Gamma Phi Maurene Carlock was drinking a coke the other day with a sorority sister, when a boy came up and said, "Are you all sisters? You look so much alike." "No," quipped Maurene, "We're just sisters under the pin."

Charlie Diggs, now a St. Louis working man, still hits Columbia come the weekends. His current interest apparently is Bette Lee Ambler of the Arrow Lodge.

After the recent Y. M. C. A. election of officers, this little note appeared on the door of the "Y" office in the Student Union: "Jean Ream offers a reward of one kiss to the man who cast one vote for her in the election." Line forms to the left, boys; don't waste your votes!

We hate to mention it without any monetary consideration at all, but the Student's Wednesday night "Ask the Man" programs are good fun, especially when the audience lets down its hair and gets in the game.

The story has it that the Lambda Chis turned a little spitz named Ralph from a strict teetotaler into a beer-and-"vodka" doggie all in one night. What next—purple passion for goldfish? (Or maybe that's how goldfish-gulping began last year.)

Best crack of the election came when the "med" men were marching over to the polls, and a couple of students were watching.

"There go the meds again. Wonder which party they're voting for this year."

"I dunno, but one thing's a cinch. It's not the Prohibition Party!"

Curse You, Jack Dalton—

(Continued from Page 3)

campus knows she has nightmares and stomach aches as a result of these orgies! And as for those men on third floor—she looked long and earnestly for one. She wanted a fourth at bridge. But the search revealed nothing more masculine than two slightly used grapefruit, an overdue library book, and a rushee left over from the fall season.

We'll assume the Boiling Pot is a co-ed. Some men have been pretty close to sorority life, but not *that* close. Moreover it would seem the Boiler's observations have been limited to a few of the undesirable and strictly minority activities that most sorority girls themselves would like to see remedied.

In any case, the picture isn't nearly so black as she has daubed it on her canvas, and her material will bear a little "looking into."

As for little Tillie emerging from

the sheltered cloister of a finishing school into the temptations of a wicked, wicked world—the spots on the page are salty, briny tears—a sorority certainly can't be blamed for a girl's lack of character or will power. If in her eighteen years—it *couldn't* have been more—she hasn't developed a mind or a character of her own, even the Boiling Pot can't expect a sorority to develop one for her in six months.

In many cases girls are under even more strict supervision and restrictions than their own homes provided. Of course the B.P., in her sweeping condemnations, disregarded a rule that the Iota Kicka Rosa's have that makes it impossible for a girl living in the sorority house to spend the night in town at the home of one of her sisters, (who, of course, isn't really a sister at all, but a third cousin of some prehistoric monster), even when the girl's mother, a prominent alum, calls up and personally requests that the visit be made. And, naturally, the B.P. would overlook the progress made by the dean of women in cooperation with house mothers and house presidents in enforcing hours restrictions, which again are much earlier than many girls observe in their own homes.

And why shouldn't the Boiling Pot take in consideration the fact that the Iota Kicka Rosas, as well as the majority of other sororities, definitely frown upon drinking and rigidly enforce the rule? The B.P. evidently hasn't talked to any of the girls on probation, for drinking *one* (it's the truth!) glass of beer, or to those who have had their pins lifted for refusing to comply with the chapter rules. No, the B. P. must have drawn her own conclusions from her immediate associates and assumed the rest of the world was the same.

That fire escape! Little Tillie would certainly have to keep her girdle where it belongs and use both hands and feet in negotiating the

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Iota Kicka Rosa fire escape. In fact, the most frequent subject of bull sessions—besides men—is just how the girls would get down the thing in case a fire did break out. Since the last seven-footer graduated last year, it's practically impossible to travel on the fire escape unless you're already in the house, boring from within. Even then it's not recommended as a Sunday afternoon diversion.

In taking pictures to prove our point, one willing subject got marooned on the fire escape in broad daylight, and it took three helpers and fifteen minutes to get her off the darn thing without dropping her fifteen feet on the concrete below. (If our insurance company is listening, we don't mean a word of it.)

And just what does the B.P. mean by her casual and knowing references to non-existent blacklists? Unless someone produces better evidence to the contrary, it is an unquestionable fact that no sorority blacklists any fraternity on this

(Continued on Page 24)

Poultry ...



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Curse You, Jack Dalton—

(Continued from Page 23)

campus. Naturally, everyone wants to date in the so-called "better houses;" that's human nature, and in no way confined to sororities.

Let's get down to this sorority vs. independent business. The B.P. is undoubtedly basking in a Greek-less atmosphere, and has seen that there is no stigma attached to being an independent. At least, not to most independents. Again the B.P. has taken a few isolated cases of ignorant snobbishness and judged the whole sorority system accordingly.

There isn't any reason for sorority girls to feel superior to independents on the grounds of being or not being a Greek. In most cases, it's a matter of money or personal choice, and not worthiness, that keeps a girl out of a sorority. Sorority girls do not feel superior to many independents they know, but wish these independents could join their organizations. Why should any sorority girl feel superior to the president of the Women's Student Government Association, or the chairman of the judiciary board, or to any of three queens elected in competition with sorority girls?

Sorority girls do not claim superiority to independents, but what makes the B.P. so sure the grass on the other side of the fence is greener and that indees are so much more desirable than the girls in organized houses?

Look at the records—they're down in black and white and not just the mirages of a perverted mind. Look at the grade average; sorority girls rank higher than the independent average. Look at the governing board of the women's self-government association; nine out of thirteen members are sorority girls. But in fairness to the B.P. we suppose she has had opportunity to gather first-hand information about sorority-independent relations since she's been on this campus. She has probably gone to the board meetings of the out-

standing activity and grade girls on the campus, and noticed the whole-hearted friendly spirit in which they cooperate, both in the organization and out on the campus. And how these contacts develop into outside friendships?

Oh, she hasn't had an opportunity to notice this? Well, maybe she's been to some of the club meetings, W.A.A., or Femme Forum, or the Freshmen Commission, and has seen friendly division of leadership; has seen independents and sorority women having cokes together, with no sorority pin standing between them.

What? She didn't get around to that? Then did the B.P. get to the W.S.G.A. careers banquet, open to any independent or sorority girl in the University? That was a wonderful example of a good time had by all, with indees and sororities sharing the spotlight for entertainment honors in what turned out to be literally a mutual admiration society. Did she include this in her extensive factual research on this question?

No, of course she didn't. She sat in her room and heard some girls criticize some others. (Independents never criticize sororities!) So by some occult sense or X-ray eyes she drew her broad conclusions, without proof, falsely.

Dare we suggest—oh, perish the thought—that the Boiling Pot may be a little at fault herself, in not being able to make the necessary readjustments to her surroundings and still keep her precious individuality and stainless integrity? After all, the odds seem to be about 60 to 1 against her.

Maybe it would have been better had they changed her personality. Or better still, since the Boiling Pot admires the brotherhood of men so much, maybe she should have pledged a fraternity.

It looks like a smudgy case of the Pot calling the kettle black.

The Missouri SHOWME

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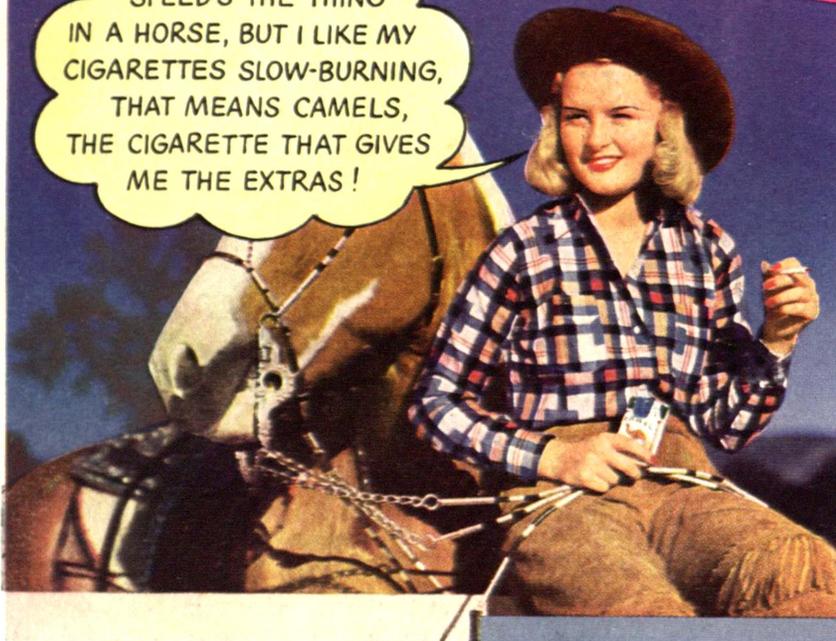
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OUT IN SANTA BARBARA, West Coast girls play a lot of polo. Peggy McManus, shown about to mount one of her ponies, is a daring horsewoman... often breaks and trains her own horses. She has carried off many cups and ribbons at various horse shows and rodeos.



PEGGY SAYS SPEED'S SWELL IN A HORSE

SPEED'S THE THING IN A HORSE, BUT I LIKE MY CIGARETTES SLOW-BURNING, THAT MEANS CAMELS, THE CIGARETTE THAT GIVES ME THE EXTRAS!



...but the cigarette for her is slower-burning Camels because that means

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PEGGY McMANUS (above) has won numerous cups for "all-round girl"...studied ranch management at the University of California. She's a swell dancer, swims, sails...is a crack rifle shot...handles a shotgun like an expert. She picks Camels as the "all-round" cigarette. "They're milder, cooler, and more fragrant," Peggy says. "By burning more slowly, Camels give me extra smokes. Penny for penny, Camels are certainly the best cigarette buy."

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**5
EXTRA
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