

SHALL WE GO TO WAR?—CAMPUS SYMPOSIUM

918

Missouri *Showme*

June, 1940

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EXTRA MILDNESS

EXTRA COOLNESS

EXTRA FLAVOR

CLASS OF '40...

Today I am graduated . . .

And what do I have now?
A scrap of paper in one hand,
A dull ache in the other arm
From pointing so long toward something,
And a blinding light in my eyes
Wherever I turn.

Don't ask me what it is.
I refer the question to
God and Robert Browning.

Tomorrow someone may put a spade in my hand
And tell me to plow under
All that ever grew
From the bountifulness of the earth.
Or perhaps I shall wear
A cold steel helmet on my head
And hold a gun, forgetting
That I read in a book somewhere
Of the brotherhood of man.

Must I think about these things?
Maybe I need a drink — or something;
But I'm flat broke, as always.
You know, I'm not so bad.
There is a faith somewhere,
A little too big to fall out
Of the holes in my pockets.

I tell you what—
I'll make you a bargain:

You buy me a beer
And give me a job.
And, by God!
I'll bring Hitler back alive—
Or make Democracy work—
Or eat my hat—
Or bust.

—*Florence Schwartz*



A Thing or Two

Missouri *Showme*

What's Inside

By all rights, this should be the SHOWME'S Graduation Issue. We should picture the Class of '40 in caps and gowns, their clean young faces aglow with Hope of Tomorrow, the Promise of Things to Come.

But we can't do it. We just can't bring ourselves to stick our heads in the sand and talk about New Worlds to Conquer. It's asking too much to "educate" a man for four or five years and then expect him to come out babbling sweetness and light in a world that is gall and darkness.

There are other things to picture; other stories to tell. Much of the "civilized world" bends the knee to the god of Might. The Brotherhood of Man crumbles under wholesale fratricide. Men call upon God to bless their bombs and bullets . . .

Graduation Issue? Well, hardly. Graduation For What?

Graduation for war? Diplomas for death?

What shall our Commencement speakers tell us? That the world is waiting for us with open arms? (In ambush, perhaps.) Or — at the deep end — that our job is to "defend ourselves" by joining Europe's Passion Party?

Whatever they tell us, let us get a good look at things now, while we can still see straight. What do we see?

We see that no longer must "Youth be served." Today Youth is asked to do the serving. That's our most selfish reason for keeping our skirts clear of Europe.

Secondly, we see that twenty—even ten—years after a war, impartial historians record nothing of the glory of marching uniforms, none of the adventure of trench-fighting, none of the glamor of shrapnel. Instead, they report incomprehensible costs, in terms of utter futility and waste. And they don't even have to tell us of the Years After. We have seen them ourselves. That's our most UNselfish reason for leaving Europe to its own slaughter.

The point, then, is this: College education has done nothing for us if it hasn't taught us to look for values, to distinguish wheat from chaff. That's our protection against propoganda; that's our defense against war hysteria.

That's our real diploma — our diploma for life!

CLASS OF '40 1

Verse without rhyme that gets beneath the surface of the boys in caps and gowns. We think it catches the real spirit of the season's Honored Class.

SHALL WE GO TO WAR? 3

Showme presents a campus-wide symposium of thought on "What shall the United States do about the war in Europe?" The answers don't agree, but that's why they're interesting.

ON THE WAX 7

The year's last collection of notes on the music-box platters. Latest recordings all, with Name Bands doing the honors.

HONOR SYSTEM 8, 9

A short story about some college boys who had conflicting ideas about Honor and examinations. By Mills Schanuell.

NO NEWS IS WAR NEWS 10

One of the best ways to show war in a poor light, we think, is to burlesque it. These "news stories" don't make much sense, and yet they make a lot of sense. . . .

PEACE POLL RESULTS 15

Results of the United Student Peace Committee's poll on War or Peace show, oddly enough, something of a majority for peace, with some interesting figures.

"THEY'LL DO IT EVERY TIME" 9

Another of "our" King Features boys, Jimmy Hatlo, comes through in great style.

COVER—"HENRY," drawn especially for Showme by Carl Anderson.

VOL. IX JUNE, 1940 NO. 10

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP

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SHALL WE GO TO WAR?

Some Say Yes, Some Say No, But Everybody Has
Something to Say About the War in Europe

In order to cross-section campus opinion on the day's leading bull-session topic, SHOWME asked a number of prominent students to write for publication their answers to "What Should the United States Do About the War in Europe?"

SHOWME presents these answers as evidence that college students are thinking—and thinking seriously—about national and world affairs. In this they furnish a lead that many Older Heads might profitably follow . . .

RUSS HARRIS, editor of the Savitar:

All I know is that I have very little desire to spend the next few years taking pot shots at some kids who'd probably be buddies if I met them in the Shack instead of in a trench. Maybe the boys are playing football with the heads of Belgian babies, but a good game of football never hurt anyone.

My dad's medals are very pretty, but the machine-gun slugs rambling around his legs didn't help his golf game. Just between the two of us, I'm now working on a sensational invention which is guaranteed to give you flat feet in four minutes.

MARTIN UMANSKY, outgoing editor of the Student:

I wish someone would rather ask me whether I would accept a thirty-five-dollar-a-week job on a good newspaper—or better still, offer me one . . . I just haven't been able to do any thinking about the European war. It looks bad in newsprint and the radio commentators are trying their best, but it's all a lot of words to me. I guess I don't want to think about it, because I really don't know what the United States ought to do.

I think most people do not fear a foreign invasion. But it seems they want to see Germany defeated—and I believe we might go to war for that purpose.

KAKI WESTMORELAND, Arts and Science senator:

I think the United States should immediately send all the money, food, planes and munitions to the Allies, in our own ships, that they need. I do not mean sell; I mean give this to the Allies.

This will indubitably be a drain on the American people, but does it even compare with the sacrifice in human lives we will inevitably pay if we have to send our armies, or if Germany wins and dominates us politically and economically?

STEVE KEMPSTER, chairman of the United Student Peace Committee:

Americans interested in the welfare of our country want no part of the present war.

Whether we like it or not, we must recognize that President Roosevelt has become the acknowledged leader of those un-American forces seeking to drag us into war against our will. The tremendous arms appropriation asked by the President is a seven-league step toward shedding American blood in defense of American profits and European empires. The American people have nothing to gain from the defense of any of these things.

Today it is the arms budget; tomorrow it will be something else. Whatever it is, honest, courageous Americans will fight the high-handed war-mongering of the President with energy and determination.

PAUL CHRISTMAN, All-American football player:

I firmly believe our smartest move would be to enter the European war immediately. If the Allies receive no aid, it looks like a shut-out for Germany's team. Then little Adolf would have only the U. S. to concentrate on, and he'd be a pretty tough boy to handle. So I maintain that we should get our feet wet immediately while Adolf still has a few distractions.

However, it is not my personal desire that we make such a move, as I am strictly a pacifist. I would also add that I'm a fatalist and refuse to worry. I haven't even followed the big game thoroughly in the papers.

CHAUNCY STANBERRY, S.G. A. president:

I am not afraid to fight and even die if it is necessary, but I think we should go to war only in the most extreme cases—in defense of our country. How can a nation justify the wholesale slaughter of its most fit—men who are the strongest both mentally and physically, and, in general, leave the less fit to reproduce and furnish the future citizens and leaders of our country?

War means that not only the less capable are left behind; it means that after the war is over they must support thousands of gassed and shell-torn men as well as themselves. Invasion only justifies warfare, I believe.

It seems to me that the United States has enough more important problems of its own to settle without taking on the problems of other nations.

BETTY CROW, president of Mortar Board:

Being a school teacher, I must be guarded in what I say. I have three brothers who would be first-liners. Being of the shallow-minded

sex, I naturally am easily taken in by brass bands and gaudy uniforms. Yet "Eleanor hates war. I (Betty and Franklin D.) hate war. Therefore, there shall be no war." (Ante-dated: 1939.)

But being a Republican, I couldn't sanction Roosevelt. Honestly, I don't know what should be done about the war in Europe. If I were to say what I really thought, I'd start a revolution in *this* country. Perhaps *that* would be the solution.

CLARENCE DICUS, Y.M.C.A. president:

Under no circumstance should we Americans cross the seas to fight! When and if the United States are invaded, 35,000,000 red-blooded Americans will take up arms and send back the foreign troops within twenty-four hours.

To maintain such a policy, however, I believe it is necessary to stand behind Mr. Roosevelt 100 per cent, and rush his inland defense program through Congress immediately. Such proposals as "One plane here for every one shipped abroad," "Congressmen in the front ranks," and "war referendum" all have their good points but are unnecessary as long as such men as Franklin Delano Roosevelt and Cordell Hull steer our ship of state.

Selling arms to belligerents is "OK" as long as a strict "Cash and Carry" program is enforced. There is absolutely no reason at all why the United States should enter this World War II.

MURRAY AMPER, next year's editor of the Student:

Consideration of the similarity of this war to the last one and of the results of the last leaves one skeptical about "saving democracy" again. If an Allied victory means victory for the same group whose disregard for true democracy allowed the present situation to develop, then we shouldn't waste sympathy on Britannia and her waves.

It doesn't seem probable that Germany can subjugate the huge British Empire and then turn on the United States. Obviously our form of government is preferable

to that of Germany — to the extent that it is worth fighting for. But would a German victory actually threaten our form of government if we made it work successfully?

BILL GILL, president of Blue Key:

At present, it seems as if the entire world has gone war mad. The question, therefore — especially for college-age students is, "What to do about the European war?" My answer is one simple word—NOTHING. I say, what difference does it make to us if Germany does take over a large part of Europe? It would mean merely a shifting around of our economic system and would not, in the long run, cost us nearly so much as a war. I say that we should build up our national defense to be able to stand on an equal footing with any of the European powers. And then if they want to trouble us, we can show them some more of that Yankee Spirit.

GLORIA HUNTER, St. Pat's queen:

America should remain neutral in this present European war.

Recently I heard Stuart Chase speak on why America should stay out of the war. His reply to those who favor entering the war was this: Germany could not possibly come to America and bomb our cities, for she would have to establish naval bases along our coasts. Our coast guards and patrols would prevent this. To those who wish the United States to enter the war because they believe Germany will conquer France and England and then be so powerful that the United States would be defeated, Stuart Chase replied that Germany would be exhausted from such a war and the discontent of her people would keep her busy without trying to conquer the United States. Let's stay at home where we belong and help to preserve the peace and prosperity on the American continent.

DON DELANEY, president of the Independent Men's Association:

The danger to American democracy lies not in any possibility that Hitler will attack this hemisphere, but in our ten million unemployed,

the one-third of our population who are ill fed, ill clothed, and ill housed, our grain surpluses with sixty per cent of our farmers tenants, our unbalanced budget.

We need no more armament-spending, which merely aggravates domestic problems. Our danger is from "patriots" and politicians at home who think with their emotions, who would waste a generation to enforce our way of government upon peoples who neither want it nor are able to take it.

No matter what happens in Europe, our only job is to remain out and solve our problems at home.

CHET HILL, 1940-41 president of the Student Government Association:

Relevant to the war situation, it seems that we have no choice in the matter. Our present armaments would not warrant our entering a major conflict.

From an economic standpoint, we should have learned our lesson in the last great war, because the strain of it is still reverberating in our country. We were the recipient of P. T. Barnum's adage, in that the United States paid for the war to make the world safe for democracy.

Now what do we have in Europe? A conflict of even greater enormity than the last one. To save our own country, I would be ready and willing to fight, but not before.

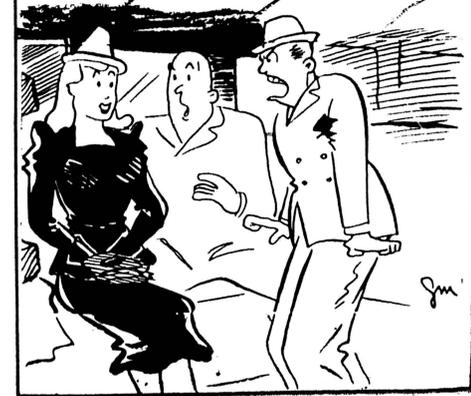
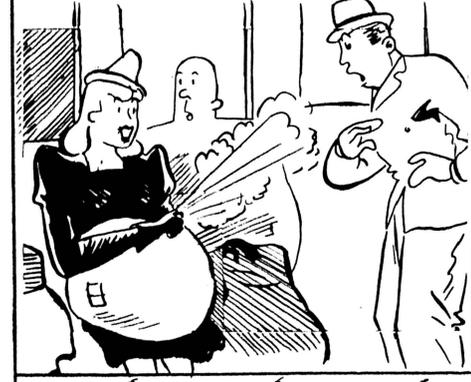
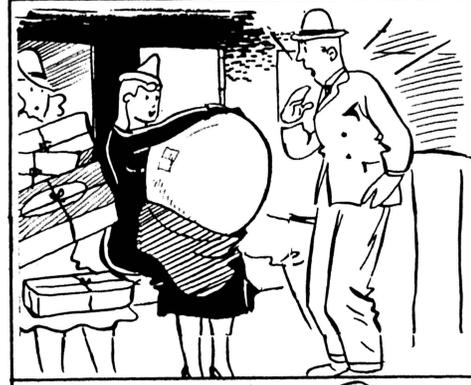
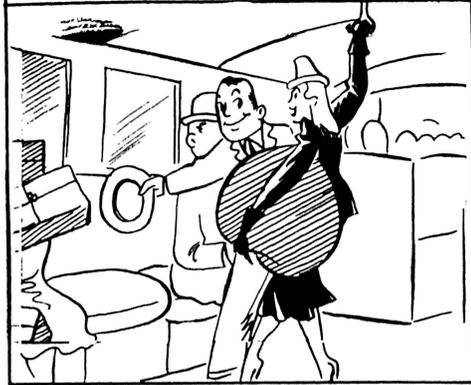
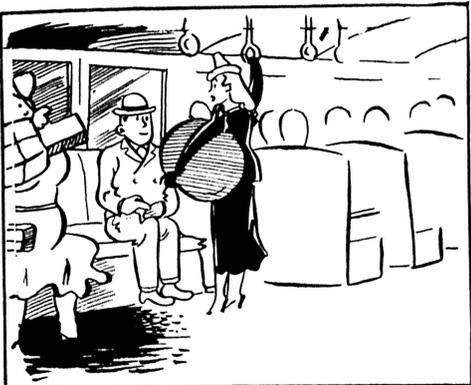
JIM ISHAM, new Savitar editor:

Things look pretty black right now — the Germans deep in France and all, but it was this bad in the World War at one time, and the Allies pulled out of it then. Suppose the Germans did succeed — which I don't think they will — and suppose they did invade America — which I don't think they will — they'd have one hell of a time fighting a war over here.

Of course increase the army, the navy, the air force — increase the whole works. But we may not have to use them.

In the meantime, what's the use worrying? If we go to war next winter, we can worry about it then. It's not doing anybody any good to fret about it now.

(Continued on Page 21)



ME

I feel so small that if I sat on a dime eight cents would show.

I feel like a palm beach suit that has been out in the rain.

I'm so flat that they could play me on a victrola.

I'm so tired I couldn't kill an afternoon.

I feel as shaky as a Ford fender on the Rocky road to Dublin.

I owe money to everyone. Even the collar I have on is attached.

I feel like a chorus girl — not so good.

I feel like a suit of tissue BVD's—tearable.

They call me talcum—I'm always taking a powder.



Student (trying out for magazine): I'm going to start writing.

Editor: Good, it'll bring you in touch with your family.



The golfer was driving off a yard in front of the teeing mark when the club secretary yelled, "Hey, you can't do that; you're disqualified."

"What for?" demanded the player.

"You're driving off in front of the markers," declared the secretary.

The player looked at him with pity. "Don't be silly," he said. "I'm playing my third stroke."



He's so strong he has muscles on his muscles.



STOP THE WAR NOW!

YOU . . . who should live at this time and enjoy the flower of our civilization may be required to die an agonizing death or live a useless living death for years to come. Decide now that war is the survival of barbarism, that human life is sacred and that the first human right is the right to life itself.

War is rarely fought for its alleged aims, but for some concealed economic reasons. May not the U. S. A. be accused of financing the present war in Europe by its purchases of gold and silver from different belligerents—buying gold for approximately \$12 an ounce more than it cost the seller, and accumulating silver (which is virtually worthless) above market price?

War does not create democracy but destroys it—

Witness Europe groaning under its several dictators to-day as a result of the last war. Be courageous. **Keep America out of war and help restore an early peace.** Your influence is a most important factor in stopping the spread of war. You can aid in saving humanity from an unknown and incalculable abyss.

Sign and return the following pledge:

"War is a crime against humanity. I therefore am determined not to support any kind of war, international or civil, and to strive for the removal of all the causes of war."

Mr., Mrs., Miss
 Address
 City, State
 Occupation..... Date.....

and thus prove your desire for the citizen's privilege of exemption from compulsory military service for those who believe killing their fellow men is contrary to the laws of God and Man. A representative Lawyers' Committee composed of members of several peace societies is now working on the legality of draft exemption for conscientious objectors.

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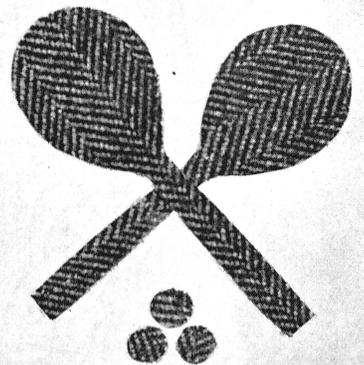
Trying to Keep Cool?

IN clockwise fashion, we find Mr. Senior wearing a white suit, white shirt, and a solid blue tie.

Mr. Junior, who has just finished an exam, is out to play some golf. He's going from one course to another. That's a beige play suit he's wearing.

Mr. Pipe Smoker forgot to pull up the shade this morning and thought it looked like rain. He's wearing a knee length raincoat with triplet stitching at bottom and cuffs. He's digging in his pocket to make sure he's got that pack of Life Savers. It makes him feel less self-conscious during exams asking his neighbor for correct answers.

Mismatched jackets and trousers are the thing for summer informal attire. The undergraduate is wearing a tropical worsted brown jacket with contrasting mochre gabardine trousers.





IN THE



Artie Shaw's new 31-piece band has waxed a few out on the west coast with varied results. Reviving the morbid ditty, GLOOMY SUNDAY (Victor-26563) Artie's "big band" sounds really fine in spots. The entire disc is plenty solid and Pauline Byre's vocal is good. In lighter spirits, DON'T FALL ASLEEP (on the reverse) is all in all a better record. Miss Byre sings better too.

Maybe Shaw can blame his extended "rest-up" stay in Mexico City for FRENESI (Victor-26542) and ADIOS, MARQUITA LINDA, on the other side. Both are genuine stinkaroos except for the muted trumpet chorus on FREN and Shaw's clarinet chorus on ADIOS.

On the smooth, sweet side is Glenn Miller's recording of STARLIGHT AND MUSIC (Bluebird-10684) with a fine vocal by Ray Eberle. Reverse is another vocal by Ray on HEAR MY SONG, VIOLETTA, another sweet tune.

'STAR DUST' STILL TOPS

You've probably been hearing that ultra-super recording of STAR DUST on machines around town. It's by Glenn Miller and one of the best ever recorded of the eleven-year-old favorite by Hoagy Carmichael. An entire column could be written on just the sax phrasing,

the interludes, the unusual chords, the abrupt modulations, Clyde Hurley's trumpet chorus, and Tex Beneke's tenor chorus. All I'll say is, if the average record on machines is worth 5 cents, then this record is worth \$5. The number is Bluebird-10665. MY MELANCHOLY BABY, on the reverse, has a Tex Beneke vocal which proves that one good tenor sax man can't sing.

MILLER RHUMBAS

Beneke does much better vocalizing with Marion Hutton on the kick tune, THE RHUMBA JUMPS (Bluebird-10673) also by Glenn Miller. Beneke's tenor is good, as always. Ray Eberle sings well on the other side, which is I'LL NEVER SMILE AGAIN.

If you like Charlie Barnet's band you'll like CASTLE OF DREAMS (Bluebird-10644) which is one of his latest. Barnet is the standout as usual. Mary Ann McCall phrases the vocal well. Reverse is YOU'VE GOT ME ON A LIMB, which carries a nice tenor chorus by Barnet.

A LOVER'S LULLABY (Bluebird 10662) by Barnet is proof that this deep-grooving swing band can play sweet. The rhythm section is featured, particularly guitar and piano, with pleasant results. Miss

McCall sings the other side, YOU'VE GOT ME VOODOO'D.

Frank Sinatra, formerly with Harry James, vocalizes well on Tommy Dorsey's recording of I'LL BE SEEING YOU (Victor-26539). The reverse, POLKA DOTS AND MOONLIGHT, features a trombone chorus by T. D. himself and a tenor sax chorus by I don't know just whom. Both are good. Sinatra sings this side also.

TEN MILE HOP (Victor-26575) by Larry Clinton is a nice groove tune with plenty of riffs. THE LADY SAID "YES" on the back falls short of Clinton's usual platters. The vocal by Fred Leary doesn't help much, if any.

SCAT VOCAL BY PASTOR

Ex-Artie Shawite, Tony Pastor, waxed another good one on LET'S HAVE ANOTHER ONE. The semi-Phil Harris-scat vocal by Tony himself is something different, and good too. Other side is ALEGRE CONGA, which staggers around and finally hits a fairly decent groove in the last chorus. The record is Bluebird-10679.

Benny Goodman recently made a re-print on BLUE SKIES (Bluebird-10680), backed by REMEMBER. Both are Fletcher Henderson arrangements. The original was so

(Continued on Page 18)

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H O N O R S Y S T E M

A College Story

By MILLS SCHANUEL

In the catalogue of Brenten College for men, sandwiched between a description of the beautifully wooded campus and a brief reminder of Tucker College for women in the community ("which makes for pleasant social relations") was an article written in somber tone on the Honor System.

In effect, it stated that Brenten, being a college devoted to the development of the student's character as well as to his mind, was governed in matters of discipline by a group, chosen from and by the student body, called the Student Council. Its chief function was to try those students caught cheating on examinations and to recommend the expulsion of those found guilty.

During the latter part of the fall term, when Harold Bagby was appointed chairman, the council became considerably more active against what it called intellectual and moral dishonesty. Four violators were caught, tried, and later expelled.

But it was not until Carl Read was brought before the council to be tried that the students rose in a body and vigorously protested. Everybody knew Carl wasn't a cheat.

About a week before Read was called upon to answer the charges leveled against him by the Student Council, he sat at supper with several men in the dining room of the dormitory. With David Barnes, his roommate, he carried on a casual conversation; but the third man at the table, Harold Bagby, listened attentively and said little.

"Well, Bagby," said Barnes, nudging Read, "any more cases for the council lately?"

"No, I think we've broken off most of the rotten limbs."

"Don't you think you were a little hard on the boys?"

"I do not. If we should once show leniency it might encourage others to take chances." Bagby took a drink of water and carefully wiped his mouth. "I told the council," he continued, "that we'd either have to practice the Honor System a hundred per cent or not at all, and I brought them around to my point of view—the men were thrown out."

Barnes snapped his fingers. "You didn't waste any time with them, did you?"

Bagby nodded proudly. "That's right. But I don't think we were hard on those chaps"—his voice rose in self-justification. "They were warned when they came here. They knew what the punishment was. They took the gamble and lost. And the council simply performed its duty. We had no choice."

"No choice? I don't understand that. Was there somebody there with a gun in your ribs?" Read shook his head. "You fellows have too much authority. It's not good for you, and it's certainly not good for the student body."

Bagby slowly looked up. His voice was low and calm, but there was a suggestion of malice about the corners of his mouth. "Then you don't believe in the system, Read?"

"Shall I draw you a diagram?"

"I see," said Bagby, nodding his head. "And if, by any chance, you saw someone cheating on an examination, of course you'd consider it none of your business?"

"That's right," Read answered quietly.

Bagby reddened. "Then, by God, you haven't any business here in Brenten College," his voice rose, and the whole room suddenly be-

came quiet. "If you don't like the way things are run around here you can clear out! We don't want your kind at Brenten!"

"Cut it!" Barnes said shortly.

"You keep out of this, Barnes!" Bagby shouted.

Barnes was unimpressed. "Sit down and stop making a damn fool of yourself."

Bagby glared at the two for a moment, threw down his napkin, and strode indignantly from the room. Barnes turned to Read and shrugged his shoulders.

* * * *

Professor Stillman entered the examination room, smiled malevolently over the gloomy assembly, and went quickly to work distributing paper. Then he turned, wrote the questions on the board and left the room.

A quarter of an hour passed. The creaking of a bench or the scratching of a pen were the only sounds. It was then that Carl Read, raising his eyes to rest them momentarily from the strain of writing, saw Bagby, his neck stretched in an unnatural position, industriously copying information from Read's paper.

Bagby was so intent on his task that for a moment he did not realize Read had stopped writing. Then his hand froze. He slowly raised his eyes and met Read's incredulous stare.

When Read finished, he found Bagby waiting outside for him. "I've got to talk to you," Bagby said, blocking Read's path.

"It's no good, Bagby."

"You're turning me in?"

"Certainly."

Bagby's manner had completely changed—no longer was he the

**HONOR SCORES A VICTORY
AT THE SYSTEM'S EXPENSE**

pompous, conscientious head of the school's disciplinary committee. "But I tell you I didn't realize what I was doing," he said earnestly. "I didn't think.

"Apparently not. This won't look so good for a man on the council."

Bagby grasped Read's arm firmly. "You're going to keep quiet about this," he said softly. "I'm not asking you; I'm telling you."

"You're in no position to tell anybody anything."

"Where are you going now?"

"To the Student Council."

"Are you open to reason?"

Read smiled slowly. There was no mistaking what the other meant. "No," he said, "I'm not. I'm more interested in seeing you in hot water. I'm more interested in putting you in the same spot you put those other fellows in."

"I tell you you're sticking your neck out, Read. I'm not going to let myself get pushed around this way."

"I'll try to remember it. And now if you've got nothing more to say I'll be getting along."

Bagby, realizing it useless to threaten, changed tactics once more. "I guess you think I'm pretty much of a heel," he said thoughtfully.

"Frankly, yes."

"Well, perhaps you're right. But when I stopped you a while ago, I was just going to ask you a small favor. I'm guilty. I know that. And I can take what's coming as well

as the next. I'm simply going to ask you to keep quiet until tomorrow night."

"You've got something up your sleeve."

"No, really. I just want a chance to get away from here first."

Read hesitated. "I guess there's no harm in that."

"No harm at all." Bagby smiled pleasantly. "And thanks a lot. I really appreciate it."

Read turned and walked thoughtfully toward the dormitory; Bagby watched him go and continued to smile.

At the supper table that night Bagby appeared to be in the best of spirits. "Where's Barnes?" he asked a sophomore.

"I haven't seen him all day."

Someone at the end of the table looked up. "Read," he said, "you tell that roommate of yours that the next time he takes a camera shot of me in the shower he's going to get that camera rammed down his throat—case and all. I saw him circulating around today taking pictures for the yearbook. I guess that's what he's doing now."

"A man doesn't have the privacy of a goldfish with Barnes around," the sophomore complained; then added, "By the way, I hear Stillman really made it rough on you this morning."

There was a short silence. Bagby stirred uneasily. "Yes, it was pretty tough."

"Discussion?"

"Every single question."

The sophomore laughed.

A moment later Bagby picked up his knife, and, while Read watched him suspiciously, rapped it vigorously against an empty glass.

The steady drone of conversation in the room suddenly ceased. Bagby's chair scraped noisily; he rose to his feet and calmly waited until the last sound had died away.

"I want your attention for only a moment," Bagby said solemnly. "I've had to make announcements like this before, and I've never liked it. This time it's going to be harder than ever. Because this time it concerns one of us." He hesitated. "I'm referring to Carl Read, whom I personally reported to the student council early this morning, for cheating."

There was a moment of perfect silence; then a low murmuring began, swelled to a roar, and broke like a wave over the assembly. Events followed each other in quick succession.

Read, who for a moment had been stunned, suddenly threw himself on Bagby, and the two fell struggling to the floor. Bagby, surprised and badly frightened, swore wildly, and while he twisted and squirmed and tried to strike back, Read fastened his hands about the other's neck and pounded his head against the floor. Bagby's eyes widened, his breathing became choked, and he struck blindly and ineffectually at the face above him.

The house mother screamed something above the din, and a dozen men closed about the two and dragged them apart.

Bagby, wildly reviling Read, was quickly taken from the room, while Read, glowering and silent, allowed himself to be led to a chair.

He sat down dully, put his face in his hands, and tried to think. The bedlam in the room seemed very far away; it was as though he were hearing it in a dream. He felt suddenly exhausted. His blood still pounded in his temples, his hands

(Continued on Page 16)



No News Is War News!

**Even the Censors Wouldn't Recognize
These Dispatches But It Can
Happen Here—ONLY Here**

CHURCHILL DOWNS, Ky., May 24. — The war in Europe had its first serious repercussion here today when it was announced that next year's Kentucky Derby will be run by army tanks instead of horses.

"Horses just ain't in style no more," a high Derby official explained. "Things is bein' motorized, an' we're just rollin' along with the crowd. Besides, we're bein' subsidized by three European countries and a gasoline company."

Jockeys will not be allowed to use machine guns after the first half-mile, it was announced further. (That is, unless a subsidy is also received from a gun manufacturer.)

The Sadly Stables are reportedly grooming a nice-looking entry named Boomelich. Murder, Inc., has revealed it will enter a fleet of tanks under the collective name, Men O' War.

At press time it was learned unofficially that the German government will not participate in next year's Derby unless Churchill Downs changes its name.

BERLIN, May 24. — Sources close to Adolf Hitler disclosed today that German troops have not cut off any Belgian babies' hands during the present campaign.

"Nein," the s. c. t. A. H. said, "we got no use for babies' hands. In this war we cut off the whole arm. Then we can use it for the nazi salute. Heil Hitler!"

NEW YORK CITY, May 24. — Bitter complaints were heard here today that some Eastern colleges are planning to proselyte R. O. T. C.

cadets for the 1940-41 school year.

The complaints came from representatives in the Tri-State Three-Ball League, a conference of tax-supported colleges and universities.

"Summa dese collitches is gettin' material right outa *military schools*," one official wailed. "It ain't fair, dat's what; it ain't fair! Why should our saber-rattlin' team finish last in the conference just because we can't afford to pay 'em nuttin' but room an' board? I'm seein' my Congressman, see?"

NEW YORK CITY, May 24. — The Talon Company announced today it has just sent 15,000 new zippers to France, to be used on the Maginot Line.

"This is undoubtedly the worst case of gap-osis we've ever run across," a company official declared.

LONDON, May 24. — British cabinet members today hotly denied charges that the English have been drafting censors from institutions for the feeble-minded.

"It's Nazi propaganda!" one member exclaimed. "We did use one fellow from an institution who was just a teensy-weensy bit 'that way,' but it was only because he was so good with the scissors! Why almost every one of our men is a grade school graduate!"

"Besides," he added, "how can you Americans believe anything that comes from Berlin? Most of those people can't even speak English!"

NEW YORK, May 24. — "Hard-Pants" McGillicuddy, president of the International Flagpole-Sitters'

Union, announced today his union has suspended all activity for the duration of the war.

"If them air-o-planes and parachooters start comin' over here," "Hard-Pants" explained to reporters, "what chance have we got up there on flagpoles? Why, it'd be *moider!* There ain't no air raid shelters up there, an' there ain't no gas masks. In fact, there ain't nothin' but clouds, a coupla peanut butter sandwiches and a copy of 'Gone With the Wind.' And then, come a blackout, how we gonna know which way is *down?*"

BERLIN, May 24. — Chancellor Adolf Hitler will soon sue the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* for libel, the Ministry of Foreign Affairs And Especially Libel said today.

"All the American papers have libeled the Fuehrer," a spokesman said, "but our policy is to attack when the opponent is already busy defending itself on other fronts. That's why we picked the *Post-Dispatch*; one more suit ought to put it under for good."

The German Leader, it was reliably reported, will be represented in court by three personal attorneys and a squadron of army tanks.

LONDON, May 24. — A deed believed unparalleled in its barbarity even during the First World War was perpetrated by German invaders of Luxemburg recently. A group of drunken Nazi soldiers poured vodka down the throats of innocent Luxemburg school girls (they had wine themselves!), stuck lighted fuses in their mouths and dropped them from airplanes on three key cities in Belgium. The cities, it was reported, were demolished. No report has been received from the girls.

BUCHAREST, Rumania, May 24. — The comparative peace and quite of Rumania during the last few weeks has given rise to rumors that Hitler expects to invade this country next. Authoritative sources say the Nazi Fuehrer wants to take a Bucharest-cure.

(Editor's note.—Where the hell was the censor on *that* one?)

GENERALLY
ACCEPTED
SUPERSTITIONS

That if you think a course is a waste of time and tell the professor in charge so, you're liable to flunk it.

That if you meet a pretty blonde, you are going to lose some money.

That if you trip over a black cat crossing your path and fall, you'll be unlucky.

That if you break a mirror, you'll be broke before your next allowance.

That if you don't walk under a ladder, you'll be broke before your next allowance.

That if you spill salt, you're liable to have a fight with the one who has to clean it up.

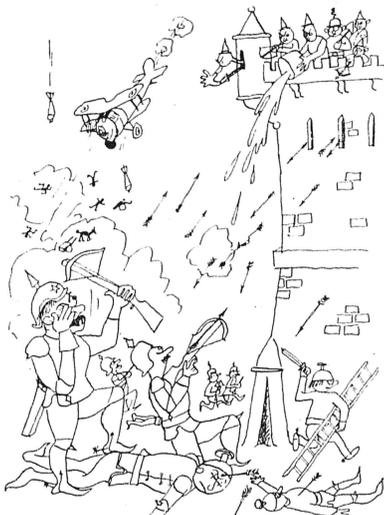
That if you give your friend a pocket knife as a gift, and he stabs you in the back with it, it's liable to break up your friendship, pretty darn quickly.



"And now I suppose there's a penny bank inside that!"

"LITERATURE, DIGESTED"

With the current trend toward condensation in the field of literature,



"Who the hell threw that spitball?"

authors are finding it necessary to stand over copy readers, gun in hand, to prevent their exclamation points from being cut to periods.

One notable case in point, was that concerning Ernest Slammaway, the short short story writer.

Mr. Slammaway recently submitted to one of the national magazines a manuscript which he considered to be the ultimate in brevity.

The manuscript in its submitted form read as follows:

"LOVE IS THE D—N THING!"

By Ernest Slammaway

Boy meets girl.

Boy gets girl.

Girl gets alimony.

"THE END"

However, this was not the form in which Mr. Slammaway's opus appear-

ed in print. The editor graciously explained that the story was a trifle verbose as to title and context and they were certain that Mr. Slammaway would have no objections to their revising the manuscript slightly.

On receiving the author's permission, the magazine published the revised version of Mr. Slammaway's story, now re-titled:

"LOVE D—N THING!"

By Ernest Slammaway

Boy gets girl gets alimony.

"THE END"

In another instance, one of the better authors submitted a manuscript titled:

"ROMANCE ON THE EQUATOR"

When published, this title as digested, appeared:

"WOO WHEW!"

COMPLAINT DEPARTMENT



"Just what is it you don't like about our electric razor, sir?"

VOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD

John Brown, home-town boy who has appeared in several moving pictures lately, is here on a short vacation from his duties in cinemadom.

—News note.

"We understand you've been in quite a few pictures, John."

"That's right. I've had quite a few parts in some big pictures. I was in the 'Checkerboard Mystery'."

"I saw that, but I didn't notice you."

"I was the shriek that came from the haunted house. I had an even bigger part in the 'Prisoner of Chillon,' though. I was the mysterious voice that came from the hollow wall. It was in 'Spanish Spy,' however, that I made my first screen appearance."

"You did? What part did you have?"

"I was the shadow on the ceiling of the hacienda."

"You weren't by any chance in 'Murder at the Mansion' were you?"

"Oh, yes. I was old man Zooks, the guy that got killed just before the picture began and whose son avenged him. They locked me in a coffin just for realism."

"Interesting."

"One of the fattest parts I ever had was that of the Guilty Conscience in 'Souls for Sale'. You know that place where Fred is about to embezzle the bank and his conscience has a debate with him. It was in 'Ghost to Ghost Nutwork' that I got my first comedy

part. I imitated the clanking of chains and also acted the part of the second sheet running through the cemetery in that graveyard scene. And in 'Submarine Disaster' I was the voice of the radio announcer who announced the news of the sinking to the lieutenant who got sick and couldn't go on the submarine's final disastrous trip."

"Say, you're getting to be a—big noise, all right. Were you the voice of the radio announcer in 'Calling All Cars' too?"

"Yes."

"I thought the voice was familiar."

"I'm pretty well known for my laughs, too. Whenever they need somebody to laugh like a maniacal murderer they put me on the sound track and have the actor fake it."

"Well, you're doing all right, I'd say. I expect we'll be hearing a great deal more from you. I guess you've got a pretty sound thing haven't you? Ha-ha. But why don't you speak for yourself, John? Don't you have any voice in the matter? Hey, John, quit laughing like that, you give me the creeps. John, don't — help!

ON MEDICINE CHESTS

The census taker reveals his findings on the only two types of medicine cabinets in existence, the *Eastern* and the *Western*.

The Eastern cabinet consists of:

2 flat tooth paste tubes

15 assorted tube caps

2 medicine bottles (empty)

19 rusty razor blades

1 adhesive tape spool (empty)

6 loose aspirin tablets (eroded)

1 set witch hazel, astringent, etc. bottles (all empty)

The Western cabinet consists of:

1 hot water bottle (no stopper)

2 old toothbrushes

2 halves of shaving cream tube (contents scraped out)

1 can cleaning fluid

1 spool dental floss (no floss)

7 assorted corn remedies

1 set witch hazel, astringent, etc. bottles (all empty)

We should admit, however, that this report is not actually complete, for in 95 per cent of the homes, the census takers were told to mind their own business.



"I wouldn't think of leaving this place, but I love to see them get all excited."

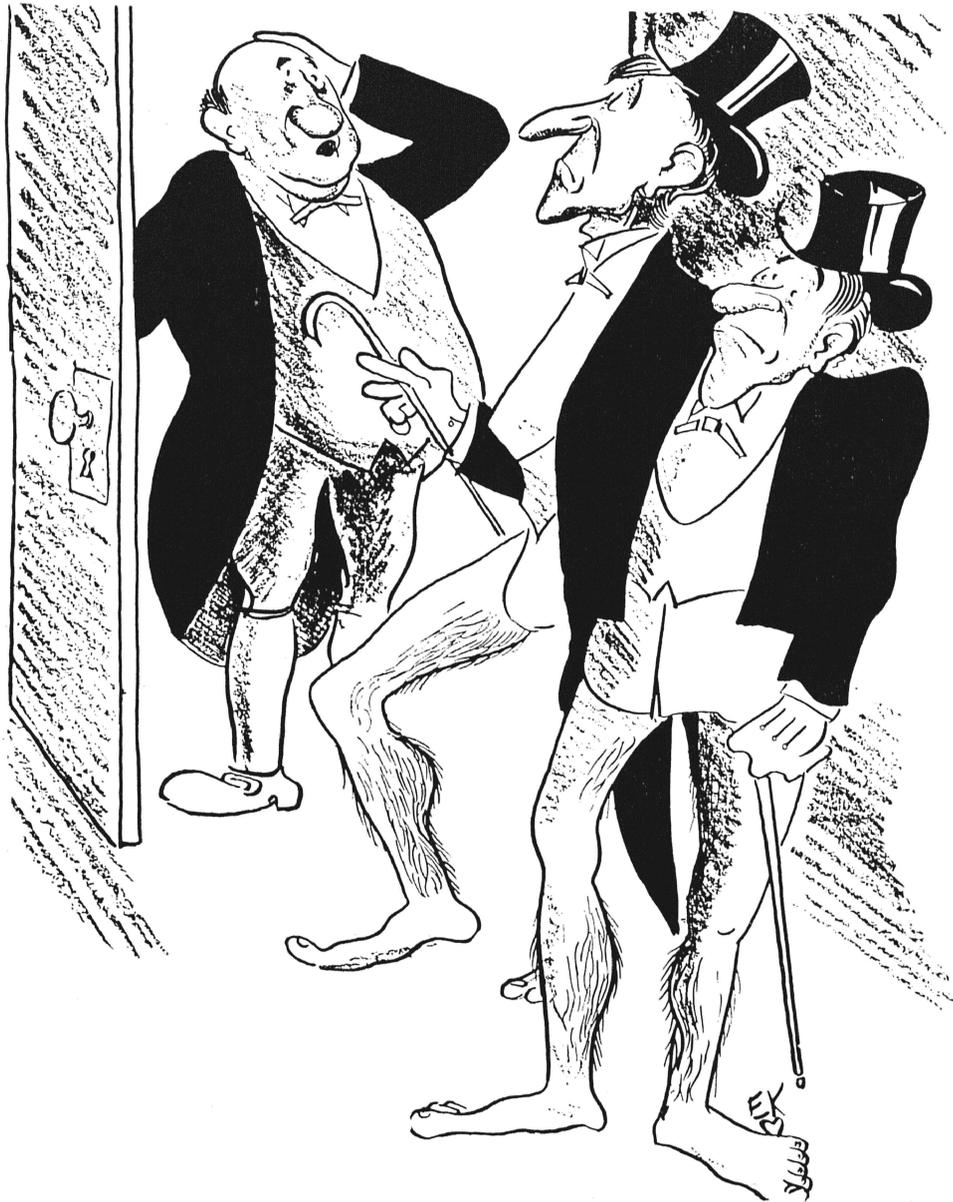
Introducing Chesterfield's
own graduation cap



Learn Real Mildness... it's easy

Just make your next pack Chesterfields, that's all, and as quick as you can light up, you'll learn the meaning of real mildness . . . and you will learn this too, Chesterfields are cooler and definitely better-tasting. You get all of the right answers to your smoking pleasure with Chesterfields . . . the busiest cigarette in America.

Chesterfield
THEY SATISFY



"We understood this to be er- a- semi-formal."

Hats Off...

Seventy-five college magazine editors throughout the country voted these cartoons as the outstanding among the current crop appearing in college magazines.

First Place

ROBERT ECKHARDT

Texas Ranger

•

Second Place

ROBERT THOMPSON

Pittsburgh University Panther



Bob Thompson

"They say he grew it to confuse the League of Nations."

CAMPUS POLL SHOWS STUDENTS THINK U. S. SAFE FROM INVASION

By STAN ROSE

"Let's Save the World for Democracy" won't be a good slogan to pull the United States into the Second World War if the results of a recent campus poll sponsored by the United Student Peace Committee are any criterion. Of 192 students and faculty members asked whether they believed the present war was being fought for any such idealistic purpose, 160 answered "NO", twenty-one, "YES", and eleven were undecided.

As for helping the Allies in the event they were losing this war, thirty said "NO", one voted to help Germany, and 161 would help neither side.

That treatment of war news has been preponderantly pro-Ally was the belief of 157 persons, while four thought it pro-German, and thirty believed it impartial. Only seventeen of 194 considered the United States in any grave danger of being invaded, although 126 answered "YES" to the query "Do you think a U. S. war-time government would be a dictatorship?" Forty-seven expressed the opinion it would continue as it is now, seventeen believed it would be more democratic.

As to where the money should be spent: 158 believed that appropriations for social service (NYA, CCC, WPA, housing, etc.) were more important than expenditure for armaments, while thirty-eight held the opposing view.

One hundred and fifty-seven per-

sons answered that under no conditions should the United States fight; seventeen said it should go to war to save democracy; nine, to save investments; and six, to protect small nations.

Little fear was held by the majority of persons questioned that an attack upon the Philippines or the Dutch East Indies would be an excuse for our involvement, 127 saying the United States should fight for neither.

On the question of war loans, credits, and foreign trade, the statistics showed that eight-three persons would refuse war loans either to Germany or the Allies, eighty would refuse credit to either belligerent; twenty-three would give war loans to the Allies, with thirty-two persons favoring giving them credit; and nobody would help Germany with war loans or credits.

Ninety-five persons expressed belief that while the war lasted the United States should trade with neither Germany nor the Allies; ninety-five would have this country trade with both. But as for discriminating between the two, thirty-seven would help the Allies and nobody would help Germany. On the war in the Orient, sixty-seven would help neither Japan or China, sixty-two would have this country trade exclusively with China, and no one would aid Japan in the event of a choice between the two.

A BIOLOGIC BLIGHT

Before I heard the doctors tell
The dangers of a kiss,
I had considered kissing you
The nearest thing to bliss.
But now I know Biology
And sit and sigh and moan,
Six million mad bacteria—
And I thought we were alone.

—The Urchin

ARTIST

"So your brother is a painter,
eh?"
"Yep."
"Paints houses, I presume?"
"Nope, paints men and women."
"Oh, I see. He's an artist."
"Nope, just paints women on
one door and men on the other."

—The Urchin

CASH

FOR YOUR

Used Books



$\frac{1}{2}$ PRICE

FOR BOOKS USED



The Co-Op

Basement
Jesse Hall

From her "Peace House" headquarters in New York City, Mrs. J. Sergeant Cram has begun a personal campaign to carry the cause of peace to college campuses throughout the country.

Mrs. Cram has sponsored the peace ideal for more than fifteen years. Her "Peace House" has an auditorium devoted to exhibits of peace posters and to peace meetings of all kinds.

Students interested in the campaign are invited to write Mrs. Cram at Fifth Avenue and 110th Street, New York City.

Blue eyes gaze at mine—exaltation
Soft hands clasped in mine—palpitation
Fair hair brushing mine—expectation
Red lips close to mine—temptation
Footsteps—Damnation!

—The Log

HONOR SYSTEM

(Continued from Page 9)

trembled, and his knees felt strangely weak.

Almost unnoticed in the excitement, Barnes, who had been standing in the doorway, entered the dining room, pushed his way through the noisy groups of students, and, reaching the head table, sat down and began talking to Crawford, the student president. After a few minutes, the two rose and quickly left the room.

When they re-entered shortly afterwards, Crawford walked to the head table and rapped for silence. "Read," he said, "when Bagby accused you a few minutes ago, why did you start that fight?"

"Because he lied."

"In what respect?"

"I caught him cheating in class this morning. He knew I'd report him, and he asked me to wait until he could get away from school."

"Then you say it was Bagby, and not you, who cheated?"

"That's right."

"And do you know of anyone besides yourself who might have seen this, who might be able to back up your story?"

"No."

Crawford turned to Barnes. "Now you tell them what you told me," he said.

Barnes rose and held his camera over his head. "I believe you've all seen this before," he said. "I've been using it quite a bit lately to get what we might call a cross-section of student life for the year book. Well, I've snapped students lying in the gutter, students in the library, students dating up at Tucker—students, in short, in every conceivable place, position, and circumstance—but not yet had I captured the expressions of real suffering that marks an economics major from his more fortunate brethren.

"Determined to make my cross-section complete, I entered Weber Hall at about twenty minutes after eight this morning, prowled around

the corridors for a while, and finally located the side door of Stillman's economics class. The light was good, the expressions of intense spiritual torment were there—and also something I didn't reckon on."

Barnes paused for effect. "Fellows, not ten feet from me was one of the most flagrant violations of the Honor System that has ever come to my attention. I was spellbound. For fully three minutes I stood there and watched Bagby copy from Read's paper with all the nonchalance and skill that could come only with long practice."

"Did you get a picture of it?" somebody shouted.

Barnes patted his camera and smiled.

"Why didn't you report Bagby then?"

"I intended to. But first I wanted to see how he'd try to wiggle out. And he almost did, by God."

"Does Bagby know all this?"

"Yes, we just talked to him. He's leaving town as soon as he can get his stuff packed."

Barnes saw Read suddenly rise and leave the room. He whispered something to Crawford and quickly followed. Read was just hurrying from the dormitory when Barnes seized him by the arm. "What's your hurry?"

Read turned, startled. "Oh," he said, "it's you. Thanks for saving my life tonight."

"That's all right. But take my advice: Forget Bagby. Forget everything that happened. You're liable to put me on a spot."

"I don't get it."

"Don't you think it a remarkable coincidence that I should be in exactly the right place at exactly the right time?"

"You mean you weren't near Stillman's class this morning?"

"Carl, I wasn't within a mile of Weber Hall."

"But what about the pictures?"

"Just my imagination, I guess."

"But if you weren't there, how did you know . . . ?"

"That it was Bagby who did the cheating? Very simple. In the first place, I knew definitely that you didn't do it—you're too honest and simple-minded. I also knew that, since the students might take your word in preference to Bagby's, he wouldn't accuse you of cheating simply because he didn't like you.

"This meant that Bagby was somehow *forced* into the accusation. When I learned that Bagby was so busy with other things these past few days that he couldn't have possibly spent more than a few minutes preparing for that examination, I assumed simply for the sake of argument that it was Bagby himself whom *you* had caught cheating."

"I asked myself what I'd do in such a situation, and remembered the first law of nature is self-preservation; the best way to discredit a man's word is to discredit the man himself."

"But suppose Crawford wants to see those pictures?" Read asked.

"What difference does it make? Bagby's already confessed. And that clears you. The best policy is to forget about the pictures. Forget about the whole business."

Read grinned. "Well, you're a convincing liar. I'll say that."

Barnes nodded his head. "It's one of the things I do best," he said. "That is, of course, outside of my photography."

Patient—"I'm all out of sorts; the doctor said the only way to cure my rheumatism is to stay away from dampness."

Friend—"What's so tough about that?"

Patient—"You don't know how silly it makes me feel to sit in an empty bathtub and go over myself with a vacuum cleaner."

—Lyre.

"Let's sleep in the gutter."

"Why?"

"Plenty of room with running water."

—The Log

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VAN DE Hose 79c to 1.15

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SHOP

910 Broadway

ON THE HOUSE

"Make it two, Harry. On me. What did you say your name was?"

"Thomas."

"Glad to know you, Thomas. Mine's Hummel."

"Glad to know you. What you drinking?"

"Highballs. I swore off beer."

"I figured there wasn't any use sitting over in the hotel room all evening. So I came over here."

"Where you from?"

"New York."

"Like it here?"

"Too damn much smoke. If I had to stay here another week I'd get a gas mask."

"Two more, Harry. My friend's from out of town."

"What did you call that bartender?"

"Harry."

"He's got a nice personality. Keeps everybody feeling good."

"He seems to be selling a lot of drinks."

"He's a good man. Tell Harry we think he's a good man."

"Harry, we think you're a good man."

"He thinks we're drunk."

"He may not be far wrong at that."

(Slight pause.)

"Thank God for the good old U. S. A."

"Why?"

"Freedom! Intellectual freedom."

"Where'd you pick that up?"

"I read it in a book."

"You know what they do with books in Germany?"

"They read 'em."

"No, they burn 'em. They make a big fire and then throw all the books in the fire."

"Thank God for the good old U. S. A.!"

"Two more, Harry."

"Them Nazis are devils. They oughta all be shot."

"How about the Russians?"

"Those babies oughta be run outta the country."

"Outta what country?"

"Outta Russia."

"Let 'em stay there and freeze. Russia's full of snow."

"Two more, Harry. To warm us up."

"To warm us up—and to keep the snakes from biting us."

"What would you do—pardon me—what would you do if you got bit by a snake?"

"That depends. What kind of snake?"

"One with rabies."

"I'd wring its neck."

"But you couldn't. A snake is just one long neck—all neck! You'd have to wring the whole snake."

"I'd tie it in a knot."

"Tie what in a knot?"

"The snake."

"What snake?"

"The one that bit me."

"Two more, Harry. My friend just got bit by a snake."

LOAN

"Hello, Brown! Are you using your skates tonight?"

"I'm afraid I am."

"Splendid! Then you won't mind lending me your tux."

—The Urchin

"What's the idea of all the crowd down at the church?"

"There's a traveling salesman down there confessing."

—The Log

CHEAPER

Said the Landlady: "It may cost money to have the knives sharpened, but it's cheaper than buying tender meat."

—The Urchin

Housemother: "What do you mean by bringing one of my girls in at this hour?"

Gay Lad: "Have to be at class at 7:50."

—Old Maid

WHY, GIRLS!

A fraternity had sent their curtains to the cleaners. It was the second day that the house had stood unveiled. One morning the following note arrived from a sorority house across the avenue:

"Dear Sirs: May we suggest that you procure curtains. We do not care for a course in anatomy."

The chap who left shaving to read the note answered: "Dear Girls: The course is optional."

—Urchin

Prof. (taking up quiz paper)—
Why the quotation marks on this paper?

Student—Courtesy to man on my left.

—Medley

We wonder why the iceman smiles so,

When his glance happens to meet
The sign: "Please drive slow,

The child in the street
May be yours you know."

—Pell-Mell

Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth—less 26 per cent for inheritance taxes.

—Pelican

ON THE WAX

(Continued from Page 7)

much superior that it seems impossible for a band to slip so far in five years.

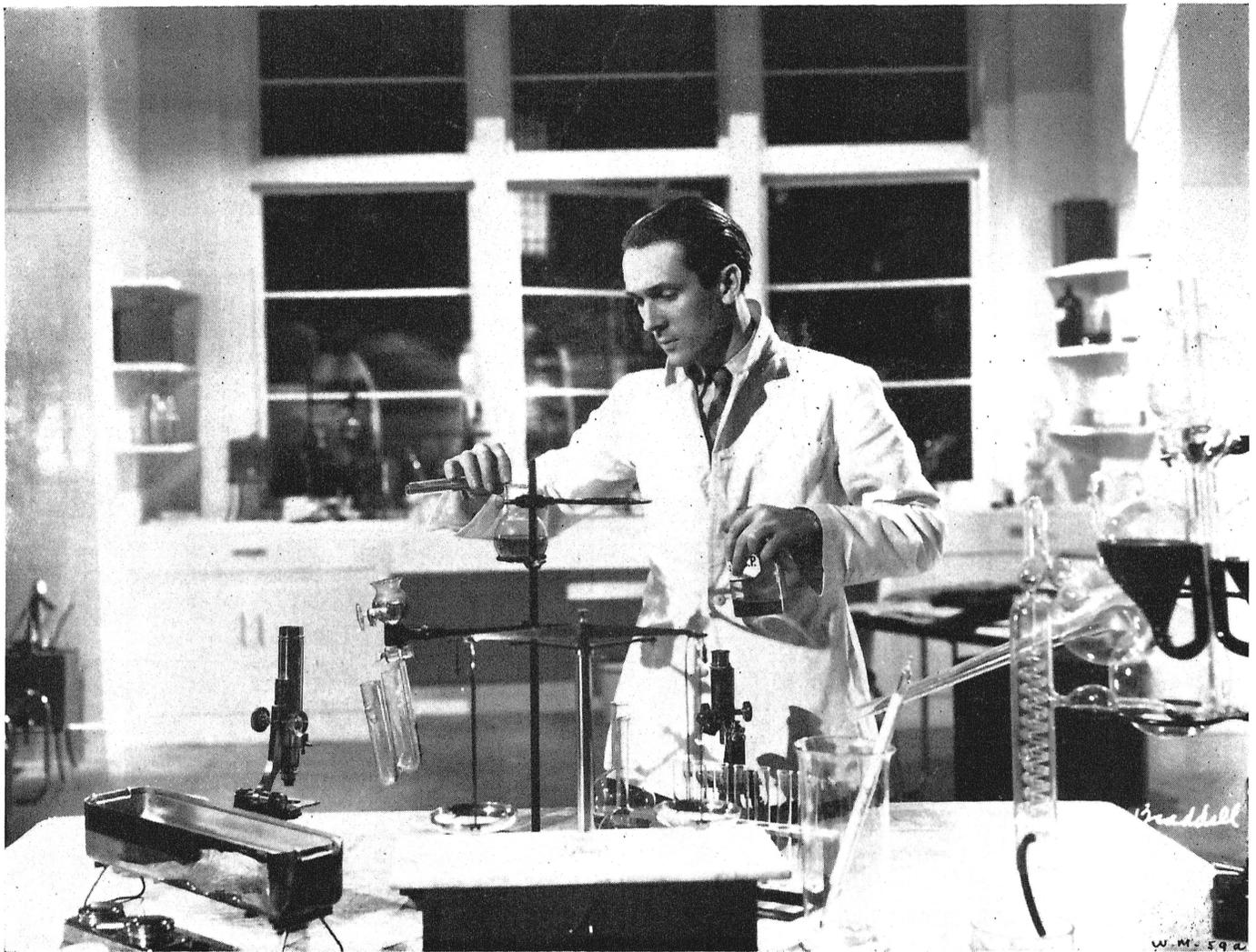
Ziggy Elman's trumpet is heard plenty (and too much if you don't particularly like it) in his recording of SOMETHING TO REMEMBER YOU BY, with I'M THROUGH WITH LOVE on the back.

An unusual tune is THE OCTAVE JUMP (Bluebird-10648) recorded by Bob Chester. It gets slightly monotonous before it ends. YOU LITTLE HEART-BREAKER YOU on the other side is vocalized by Dolores O'Neill. A nice pop tune with good tenor and trumpet passages.

Which closes another annual OFF THE RECORD session with best wishes for better jam and jive in the future.



A master in raising bachelors' degrees



Honor Graduate!—19--?

PERHAPS the \$5,000 spent on building the foundation of his career was a lot of money, but a good education is certainly worth that and more. Yes, we agree—but not when the results of that education can be utilized to develop destructive instruments of war.

He may be the scientist destined to find the cure for cancer. But the world can't spare him for that. He is needed to make poison gas. Through his suc-

cess, a million or more men may die horribly if Europe's armies become desperate.

Will we get into it? That's largely up to you—you and all the other decent people of America. You'll have to fight hard to preserve our peace. You'll have to throw the weight of aroused public opinion against the handful who are blessing Europe's war. So far, in the world's history, this handful has had things entirely

its own way. And in the future ???

What can you do about it?

World Peaceways is a non-profit agency, the purpose of which is to solidify the whole silly business of war.

We feel that intelligent efforts can and must be made against war and towards a secure peace. If you think so too, we invite you to write to World Peaceways, 103 Park Avenue, New York.

SHALL WE GO TO WAR?

(Continued from Page 4)

JOHN WHITE, R. O. T. C. cadet colonel:

The United States is in no immediate danger of being drawn into the present European conflict.

I am firmly in favor of the President's policies for our national defense program. I believe our own defense lies primarily in our own preparedness.

We, however, are not likely to be drawn into the present conflict by direct influence of powers abroad nearly as soon as we are by those existing powers within our own boundaries, which constitute a minority that finds war profitable at the expense of the majority.

WINNIE WISE, journalism senator:

The United States dashed gallantly to the rescue of the Allies in World War I and saved democracy, or something. Ever since, the rescued countries have been in a mess—economically, politically, and geographically. Obviously, England and France are unable to take care of themselves, and now they have stubbed their toes again. Why should the United States play nursemaid—pick them up, wipe their noses, and mend their trousers? Let's mind our own business, and let Europe take care of hers.

WALTER HEARTSILL, chairman of the American Student Union:

The question must be broken down into this: What can the American people do to stay out of war?

Union now. Stubborn, clear headed, demanding union now.

This is the answer of the American Student Union and of national organizations representing twenty millions of the American people.

All Americans who can but lose their lives and the basic conditions of democracy from following their president into war must organize into a solid adamant bloc of fighting opposition to the president's war aims and his concrete day-to-day steps toward war.

Organized labor will buttress that bloc. The farmer, the small businessman, the white collar worker, American youth, the American Negro people, and the nation's teachers must organize themselves into a bulwark as mighty.

Union now. Stubborn, clear headed, demanding union now.

BOB TRULASKE, R. O. T. C. cadet colonel:

I believe Germany has a better chance of winning the war than most of the experts will admit. I believe this:

1. Because it's a dictatorship.
2. Because of the efficiency of the Gestapo which subdues adverse propaganda.
3. Because the German people are courageous and intelligent.

I deride the American Student Union for its attitude toward American neutrality because I don't believe the western hemisphere to be safe from attack because of the ever-increasing efficiency of the airplane. I believe the best defense is a good offense and as a corollary I'm definitely in favor of the President's proposal to enlarge the naval and air arms of the country.

I'm an isolationist and am absolutely against the repeal of the Johnson Act.

RONNIE BAUMGARTNER, president of Pan-Hel Council:

The United States bought the last war. She is not in the market for this one. The shouting of "democracy" in our ears was a deafening selling point twenty years ago—in view of the way it has worn for Central Europe, it should not be again.

Should every state in Central Europe become totalitarian, should the Allied Powers in Europe lose in the present conflict, still let the United States hold on only to her own heritage of freedom, not risking its loss by entangling in European squabbles. Let the United States steadfastly resist the tide of emotionalism, of sentiment, of wav-

ing flags and blaring bands, and stay out of this second European slaughterhouse, though every head in Europe be bowed before a dictator's whims.

DWAYNE SMITH, Engineers Club president:

Isolation? Yes, as for going overseas to fight; No, should any foreign power attempt a physical encroachment upon the governments and liberties of the western hemisphere.

Of course, one might say we have that encroachment now in the case of Canada. However, Canada's government is complete and sufficient within itself, and they declared war on Germany on behalf of England, being still under their sovereignty. There is no physical encroachment on Canada as yet.

HARRY BARGER, editor of the College Farmer:

I favor the American policy of furnishing war materials to the Allies, in an effort to help them defeat Germany's war machine; but, in case these supplies fail to "spice up" the allied forces so that they can defeat the "war dog of the day," I would favor the United States' sending her own army in an effort to defeat Germany, rather than have to face the vast empire that she would acquire as master of the world.

Personally, however, I have a tendency to agree with the person who said that "If Germany takes Paris, I'm fighting with Germany."

INEZ POTTER, Savitar queen:

Someone once said, "He who fights and runs away, lives to fight another day." But too frequently armed forces find it too late to run. Great bloodshed ensues, a few more crosses are erected in Flander's Field, a peace treaty is signed, and it is declared "the war to end all wars."

But we all know that the only way to end all wars is refusal to fight another! With every war a decade of scientific progress is demolished, and we must start again at our beginnings; and another generation is placed prematurely beneath the soil.

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Little Mary Smith, while walking dutifully to church, which she attended religiously every week, saw a poor robin with one of its wings broken, lying on the grass. So she picked it up, like the good little girl that she was, and took it into her house and fixed the wing. And when it became well and strong again, she let it fly away into the blue sky. Now, mugs, let's see you try to make something dirty of this one!

—Froth

POOR FELLOW

A freshman from the Amazon
Put nighties of his Grandmazon
The reason that
He was too fat
To get his own Pajamazon.

—Exchange

Men who dwell in primal fashion
Are ruled exclusively by passion;
While we of more progressive lands
Are regulated by our glands.

—Pointer

Judge: "So they caught you with this bundle of silverware? Whom did you burgle?"

Yegg: "Two fraternity houses, your honor."

Judge: "Sergeant, call up the downtown hotels and distribute this stuff."

El Burro

She: "If you kiss me, I'll scream!"

He: "Not with all these people around here!"

She: "Well, let's find a quieter spot then."

—Old Maid

"What's de trouble, Gertie?"

"Ah, despaghetty's too stringy."

"Why doncher try it wid yer veil off?"

—Analyst

ACHIEVEMENT

Boss: "Late again!"

Clerk: "Well, my wife presented me with a baby last night."

Boss: "She would have done a lot beter with an alarm clock."

Clerk: "Come to think of it, that would have been quite an achievement."

—Exchange

1st He—It's going to be tough sledding tonight!

2nd He—How come?

1st He—No snow.

—Commerce

Father: "Who was that man I saw you kissing last night?"

Daughter: "What time was it?"

—Old Maid

Toity poiple boids a-sittin' on a coib,

A-choipin' and a-boipin' and a-eat-in' doity woims.

Along came Boit and a squoit called Goit

Who woiked in a shoit factory in Joisey.

When Boit and the squoit Goit
Saw the toity poiple boids a-sittin' on the coib,

A-choipin' and a-boipin' and a-eat-in' doity woims,

Boy, were they poitoibed!

—Petunia

"Pardon me, Mrs. Astor, but that would never have happened if you hadn't stepped between me and that spittoon."

—Exchange

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• • •

• • •

Frankly, we're all sorry to see so many of you leaving this June. It's funny too, because we didn't think a lot of you would be hanging about here for as many years as you have. It's been nice seeing you and we thank you for your past patronage.

Remember in the years to come, when you return to take another gander at the columns, and you remark on the passing of life, and how few people recall that once you too were an under-graduate here, and did the same things that now these new youngsters look on as original . . . that we merchants of Columbia will, if all goes right, still be here to give you a welcoming handshake and the pat-on-the-back to remind you that though memory be sweet, there are yet those around who knew you way back when.

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GOOD LUCK
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THE DROP INN

One of those Helen Hokinson club ladies was walking down Fifth Avenue recently with a miniscule Pekinese on a leash. A huge van was pulled up to the curb and a pair of hulking mechanics were banging away at the engine, trying to get the contraption started. When the lady and the tiny dog came alongside, one of the moving men advanced toward them politely, lifting his hat.

"Lady, could we borrow your dog for a minute?"

The lady was startled, "Why, what are you going to do with the dog?"

"Hitch 'im up to the truck to get it started," said the mechanic.

The lady lost her breath. "How

idiotic! A little dog like that couldn't pull that big truck."

"Oh, that's all right, lady," said the driver with complete assurance, "we got whips;"—*Frosh*

Housewife (to garbage man)—
Am I too late for the garbage?

Garbage man—No, ma'am; jump right in.

—*Putt*

Then there's the one about the near-sighted snake that eloped with a rope.

—*Colgate Banter*

The ideal time to have a date is in the "oui" small hours.

—*Lyre*

GNU KIND OF STORY

Once upon a time there was a gnu named Hugh. And Hugh was a blue gnu. And he was married to a gnu named Sue. And every time Sue would call Hugh, she would coo—"Yoo Hoo, Hugh—you blue gnu you. Yoo hoo, Hugh, yoo hoo." And Hugh would answer, "Yoo hoo, Sue you cute gnu you, Yoo hoo, Sue, yoo hoo." And they called each other often, did these two gnus—for they were happily married. Every day Hugh would dash off to his daily work of getting his name into crossword puzzles under the title "a three-lettered animal," and when his day's work was done, he would dash home to Sue, and Sue and Hugh would spend their evenings doing whatever blue gnus do.

There was only one thing that kept their marriage from being perfect. They both longed for the patter of tiny feet—the happy laughter of a little one. But year after year went by and still the only thing they had running around their house was a fence.

They even considered adopting a little baby gnu, but neither of them knew a gnu who wanted to be adopted; do you?

Gradually they began to quarrel—just a little bit, did Hugh and Sue. Hugh would say, "Foo to you, Sue, you blue gnu you—foo to you, Sue." And she would coo, "And poo to you, Hugh, you blue gnu you. In fact, poo pa doo."

This sad state of affairs, I'm sorry to say, went on for some time, and still there was no patter of tiny feet about the home; still no little ones to brighten their later years.

But one day—ah, beautiful day—Hugh came sadly home from work. He was in a nasty humor and was just spoiling for a fight. He opened the door and stalked in, all ready to begin the quarrel.

But wait—there was something different about Sue today. The frown was gone from her face. There was a happy, bashful look in her eye, as she stood there in the doorway.

"Why, Sue," said Hugh—"Why, Sue. Is there something on your mind?"

And Sue smiled a lovely smile and said, "Yes, Hugh, I have gnus for you—"

—*Ski-U-Mah*

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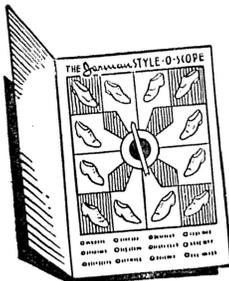
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