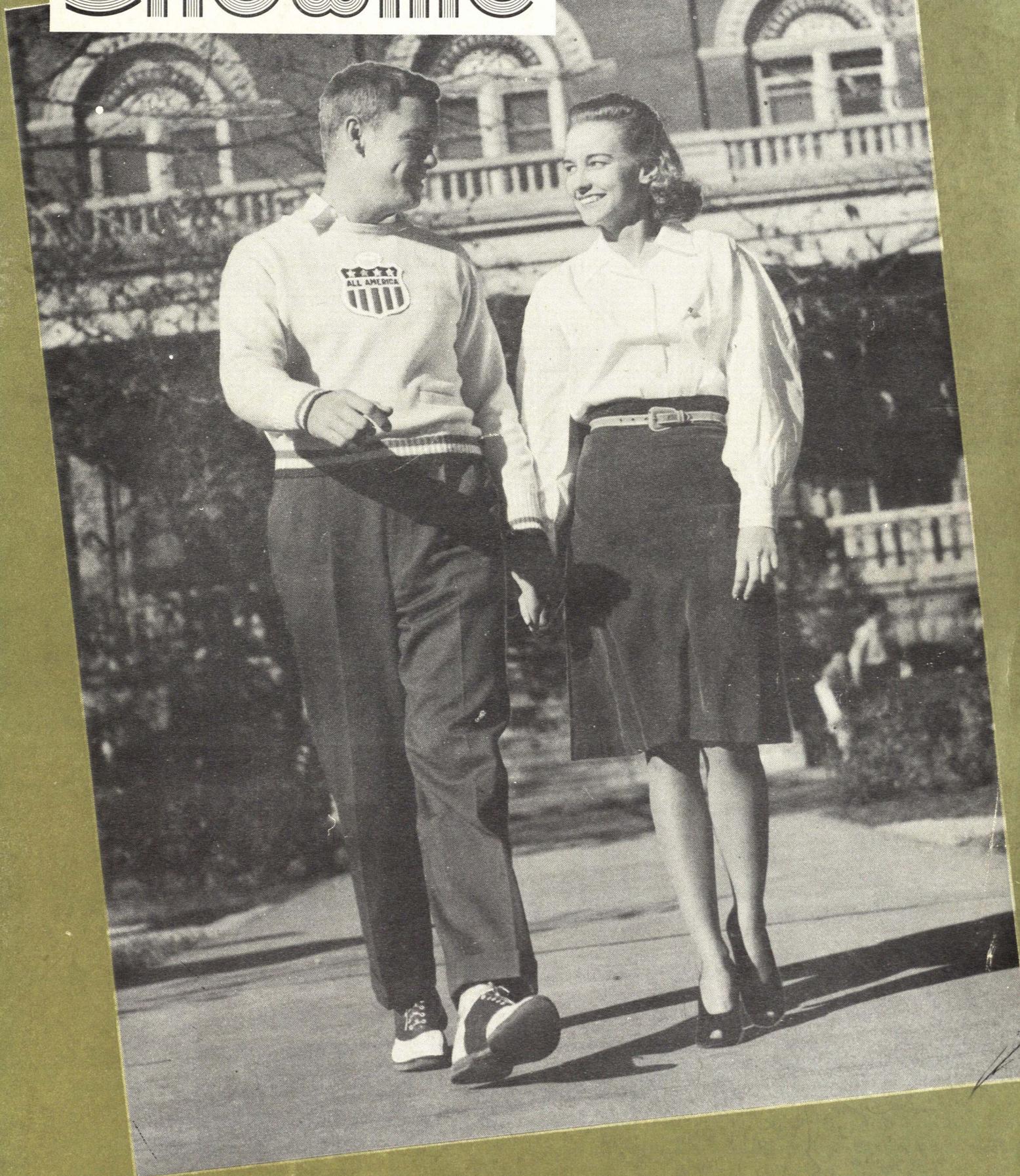


Deep

MISSOURI Showme



November 1940

15 Cents

These Tigers
are just like **Jarman's**

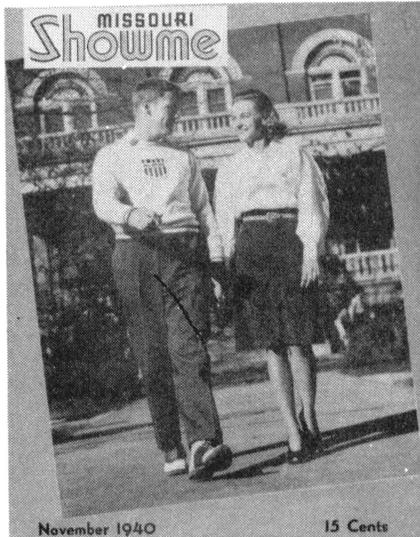
They are tops in
any competition



Bob Steuber, Don Greenwood and Jack Crocker like 'em and wear 'em. These men like 'em and like to sell 'em—George C. Helm, Frank Behr, and Arthur Hulen.

800 Broadway
We Give Eagle Stamps

Miller's
SUPERIOR SHOES



DUZE CHRISTMAN, Kappa Sigma's All-American football hero strolls along campus with Kappa Alpha Theta's Inez Potter, 1940 Savitar Queen and NEA All-American Co-ed.

OFF THE EDITORIAL CHEST

First thing we want to say is that we think Murray Amper's editorial on the Bates question a few weeks ago in the Student is just about the finest editorial we have seen in that publication for many a moon. We agree with Murray one hundred percent. Leave well enough alone . . .

One particular belly-ache of ours for a long time has been the attitude of the freshmen toward military, and particularly the way in which they wear the uniform. Now, we don't profess any totalitarian or militaristic leanings, but we do think the lads in grey ought to have some pride about this army deal. We hesitate to say whether the fault lies with the administration or with the students themselves. Perhaps a little better discipline on the part of both would help. We're glad to see that Tiger Battery has been re-installed. That should do a lot of good toward building the morale as such of the basic military students . . .

In conclusion we want to admonish the old grads not to forget that they ain't as young as they uster be, by gad and there's no fool like an old homecoming fool—especially the morning after.

DEAR SUBSCRIBER:

In order that you may receive your *Showme* more quickly and conveniently, beginning with the December issue you will be able to obtain your copy the same day it appears on the news stands by presenting your receipt card at the Co-op store or by calling at the *Showme* office. Any subscriber who does not have such a card may obtain one by calling at the *Showme* office, Room 13, Walter Williams Hall, any afternoon from 3 to 5 o'clock. Remember—after the current issue no copies will be mailed to subscribers.

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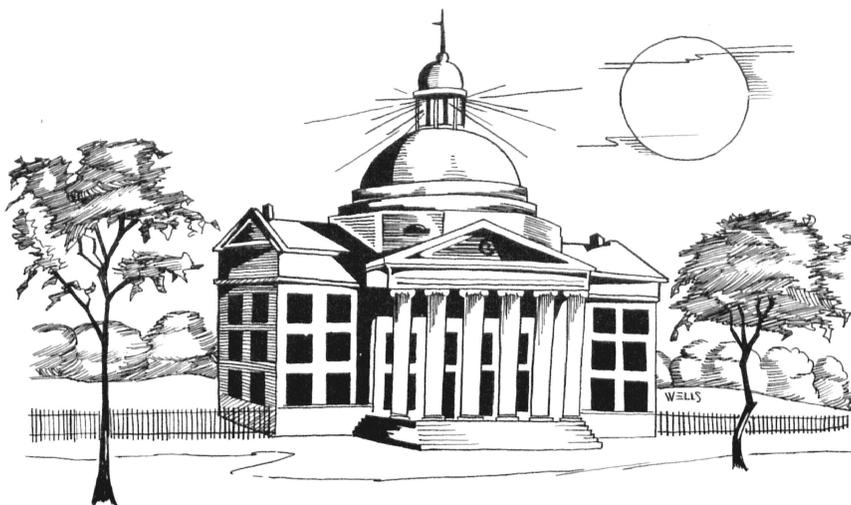
Some valid suggestions for new and old gripes, with A. Holmes Jr.

That's All Folksies

How The Tigers Got Their Name

By Flossie

THE STORY BEHIND OUR TEAM'S NAME



Old Main Building Burned in the fire of 1892

A Showme Show written back in the Spring of 1862 would have gone something like this—

"Miss Southern Belle, Union pledge was seen rowing on the campus last night with Mr. Damnyankee, Federal romeo, while her ex-sweetie, Dirty Johnnie Rebel languished away in the cupola of the University Administration Building where he has been incarcerated for some days . . ."

So it sounds as if your Showme staff writer had either a bad case of indigestion or a hang-over. Well, it ain't necessarily so. A little research into musty Missouri annals has drug out and dusted the rough and tumble history of our Alma Mater back in the dear dead days beyond recall when the President of the University set off a pack of political dynamite everytime he opened his mouth—which was often—and had a lake with a couple of rowboats in his front yard.

In March, 1862, Federal troops entered the University, but not as students. The soldiers pitched tents on the campus, turned the first and second floors of the Administration or Main Building into a barracks,

put prisoners on the third and in the cupola or "Bull's Eye" as it was called, which was also a watch tower that provided clear vision onto all roads leading into Columbia.

The distracted student body attended classes literally at the point of a gun, gingerly studying Latin and Greek between blue uniforms and bugle calls. From Washington came word that the University faculty must take an oath of allegiance to the United States or resign. The faculty suddenly decreased from little to almost nothing.

Finally the desperate Board of Curators gave in the circumstances and said "School's out." The students drifted into both armies—north and south. Columbia lived and fought under three flags—the Stars and Stripes, the Border States Flag, and the Stars and Bars. Bitter quarrelling broke out in the community from year to year.

Early in the war when the citizens held town meetings at the courthouse, Oden Guitar, one of the city fathers, suggested a plan of action that would enable the citizens to remain true to both state and Union. Fiery-haired, Irish President Shannon of the University caused an uproar when he stood up and

branded the attitude as "lurking treason to the South."

It wasn't long before some of the students who had joined the Southern army found themselves back on the third floor of the Administration Building, but not with books, rather as prisoners of war.

Folks used to tell a story of a daring escape by a group of these prisoners. Maybe Miss Belle Southern had a reason for stepping out on her poor sweetheart who was in the jug. It happened that one day a pretty southern girl persuaded the guard, who patrolled the building, to take an innocent looking chocolate cake to the prisoners. The steps up to the cupola were steep and narrow, and when after the guard got back down he heard the prisoners singing and dancing noisily he didn't bother to go back up and inquire.

The next morning he was obliged to report to the officer of the day that the "blasted rebels had gotten a knife from somewheres" and cut a hole in the floor big enough for a man's body to pass through. Anyway the "rebs" were definitely little men who weren't there.

James Rollins, later the Father of the University, (he's the gent whose bronze bust confronts you in the General Library lobby) watched at his window one early spring night in the year 1865 and an unaccustomed sight met his gaze. The cupola of the Administration Building was strangely and brilliantly lighted. It meant that peace had at last come. The man who founded most of what we've got at M. U. today looked at the signal then, and called it a "beacon of hope and an omen of good things to come." The war was over.

(Note to gentle reader: Don't get impatient, we'll get to the point you started out to find after we've described all the blood and thunder.)

The war was over, but Boone
(Continued on page 28.)

American Royal Queens

Delicious-de-lovely! Queens for a change, but can anyone doubt their claim to that much abused title?

Pictured below are Columbia's candidate for Queen of the American Royal in Kansas City and some of her attendants. From bottom to top, starting at the left rear of the picture are: Helen Barnes, Pi Beta Phi; Gwen Milder, Alpha Epsilon Phi; Winnie Wise, the queen candidate, Delta Delta Delta; Marjorie Paster, Women's Residence Hall; Alice Williams, Columbia; Mary Maude Clinkscale, Kappa Kappa Gamma; Pollyana Nichols, Alpha Gamma Delta.

At the upper right hand picture, stands the queen candidate herself. Yessir boys, it's "Winsome Winnie" Wise, Jayschool Senator and Columbia's choice for American Royal Queen.



TIGERS vs
JAY HAWKS

AND I TELL YOU I
PASSED YOU THE
DIME! WHERE'S
MY HOT
DOG?

I TELL YA I
PASSED THE
HOT DOG IN TO
YOU! WHERE'S
THE DIME?

1916

RIGHT IN
THE MIDDLE
THAT'S
MY
POP!

CLASS OF
1916

THIS IS ALL &
EXCLUSIVELY
BY SHOWME

SMOKEY MILT
GROSS



Homecoming at Mizzou

Once again the old boys begin their annual trek back to Alma Mommy. Once again genial Bob Hill greets the class of umpteen with his well known enthusiasm. And once again the Shack, the Dale and the like will ring with alumni mirth.

House will vie with house and store with store to win the coveted best decoration prize.

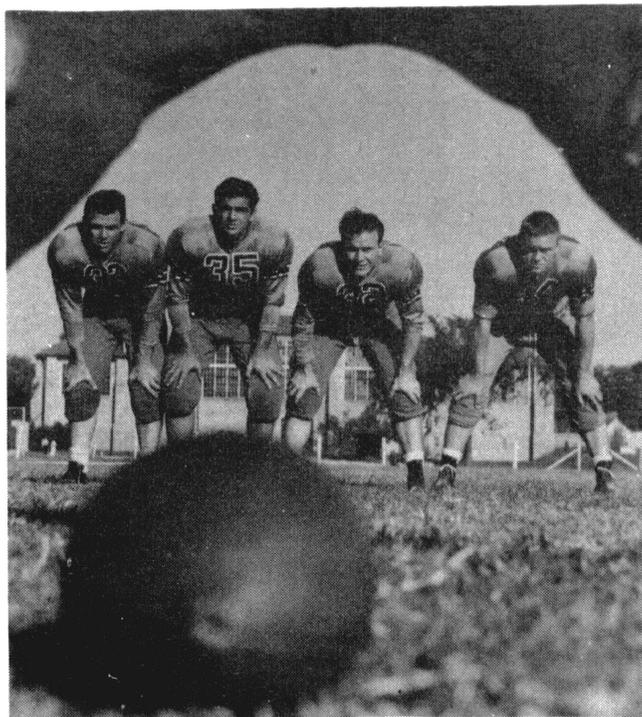
Old pals meet and recount the "gold old days" when they were students why, by Gad . . .

The Tigers with sharpened claws are ready to go at the Jayhawk with half a century of fighting tradition behind them.

Showme joins the lusty battle cry of Tiger Claws and the Delta Foos and—Are we gonna beat K. U.?

HELL YES!

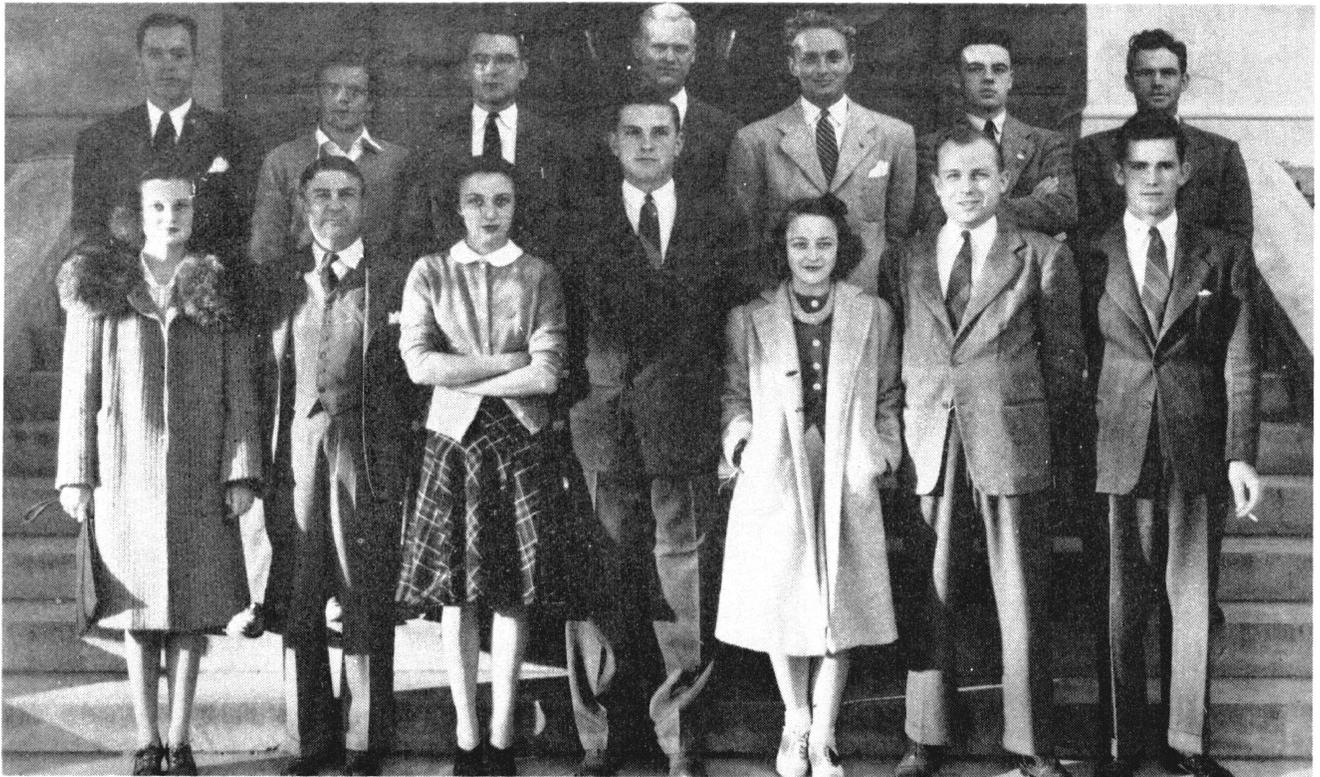
●
BEAT K. U.



THIS IS THE WAY the world looks to center Don Duchek. Left to right it's Jim Starmer, Jerry Notowitz, Bill Starmer, and Paul Christman, Mizzou's own "four horsemen."



THE BOYS TALK IT over during the half. Left to right—Captain Jack Crocker, End; Ralph Carter, halfback; Charles Hemmel, quarterback; and Vernon Lightfoot, tackle.



PICTURED above are the chairmen of the 1940 Homecoming committees. Left to right on the first row its: Betty Brownlee, Hope O'Tomorrow Club; Bob Hill, director of Alumni Affairs; Frances Shirky, committee secretary; Dave Oliver, general chairman; Evie Lyons, registration; Harry Beltzig, dance; Dan Burris, bonfire

On the back row, left to right it's: Hugh Winfrey, finance; Bob Hauserman, decorations; Loue Parks, mass meeting; Bob Orf, "M" Men's reunion; Ray Leventhal, publicity; Bill Freehoff, prizes; and Chet Hill, S. G. A. president.



HOMECOMING

The Saga of The Whitehouse or Here's Mud in Your Eye

By ERNIE HEUTER

ACT: Now!

SCENE: But not caught.

Enter President Roosevelt and two other comedians. They want to fight the Battle of Bunker Hill over again because it wasn't on the level. After a three week's conference and fishing trip, they finally conclude that true Patriotism is taking your arm from around your girl to applaud when the United States cavalry gallops across the screen. They then retire to make two dozen more captains.

Enter an artist who was always looking for a nude experience. He ordered two portions of Spumoni Vermicelli and then found out it was the proprietor's name. "The only time my mother-in-law ever kisses me," he gripes, "is when she hasn't got a napkin handy."

Confucious say, quote, "Corn on the cob is worth two of the Showme" unquote, and the curtain falls in the first scene and two stagehands,
SCENE: IIIXVII 1/2 down 2

Enter a doctor whose favorite past time was sleighing. He studied abroad for two years and then married her. He concluded that all nudists weren't necessarily sick—they just couldn't keep anything on their stomachs. Room for navel maneuvers, no doubt. Oh well, as we always said—Marriage is the period between ambition and exhaustion. Just then a scream is heard off stage: "Help," cried the little wheat seed, "I've been reaped."

The next person to enter is the musician who, every time he opened his mouth, put his flute in it. He was in a terrible state of consternation until one day he tried bran . . . This poor soul would never tell secrets around chairs because they were talebearers. Said one vulture to another, "Carrion, old boy, carrion." And the curtain dropped.

The next scene is in a burlesque—the place where "backfield in motion" was said to have originated. Enter Lady Godiva. The management had nothing on her. She was a minor until she was eighteen then she became a gold digger. She knew full well that the zipper is the undoing of the modern girl. "You are the type of man who will go far" said she as she turned down a date. And then there was the girl who was known for her beautiful eyes. Slinking off stage just before the curtain drops is the Sigma Chi who was looking for a fifth for bridge but settled for a pint.

The lights go up to give the audience a chance to relax, but he is asleep.

ACT: 7-11

SCENE: 4Q2

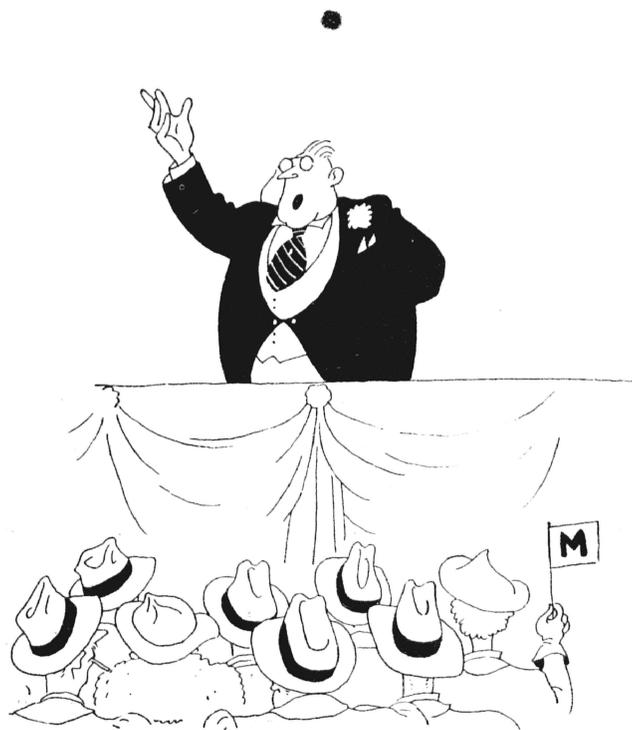
Confusion opens the scene with the startling

expression—"He who sits on needle in haystack may not see the point at first but will get it in the end." He may have his wife, but it's the ice-man who has his pick.

From off-stage comes the little Pi Phi who went out and got a little rent in her stocking. She used to crave an all day sucker, but will now settle for one for the evening. Oh yes, love may be blind, but it sure finds its way around in the dark. Charlie McCarthy leaves for the fight overseas. He just found out his father was a Pole. Enter—the goose who stopped laying the golden egg because she lacked the propaganda. Her little offspring was terribly embarrassed when he found out his pants were down.

Next to arrive is the executive who, when his secretary told him she had a new position, said, "Good! Let's try it." It's a funny thing how men who horse around have nothing stable about them. Which brings to the audience (if he's still there) the moral: People in glass houses might just as well answer the door bell.

(The End



IN CONCLUDING... BEAT K.U.

Fifty Years of Football

By
Joe Finley

—MISSOURI VERSUS KANSAS—

YALE, Harvard, and Princeton were the early luminaries of collegiate football in the United States, and they fostered the gridiron game in the east. Then, the old fashioned game of punt and plunge moved out to the midwest, and Illinois, Chicago and Wisconsin picked up their rivalries to compare with the seaboard bluebloods. But now, the Missouri-Kansas series takes its place with the hoariest tradition west of the Mississippi.

The two schools started football play in 1890, and the following year, the annual game was started. Since 1891, the two teams have met every season except 1918, when there was a general cessation of games due to the War.

Exposition Park in Kansas City was the site of the first battle in 1891. The crowd was estimated at 2,000 and they paid 25c and 50c to see the strange, new game. Spectators stood on the sidelines, and followed the play up and down the field. According to an old account of the game, the audience was a heterogeneous group, being made up of collegians, society people and baseball fans. The latter, of course, were not up on the points of the game, but the enthusiasm of the college youths seemed contagious. Everybody warmed up to the game as it progressed, and as the uninitiated began to catch on to the finer points of play, they became as wildly hilarious as the hundreds of young men sporting the Crimson and Blue of Kansas or the Black and Gold of Missouri. Before the boys went back to their studies, the Rock Chalk, Jayhawk yell was known over all Kansas City.

This contest was played on October 31, and the Kansas boys were described in the fashion notes of the day as wearing swanky box-like coats, tight fitting trousers, derbies, and they were smoking Sweet Caporal cigarettes.

In 1890 and 1891, the present site of the Library Building was used as the gridiron. A popular pasture flourished there, but the team played most of their games there. With the firm installation of football, activities were transferred to Rollins Field in 1892, or what we know as Rollins Field today. In 1892, the transfer was merely from one pasture to a better one.

Thanksgiving Day was settled upon in 1892, because of the intense interest the game had created. Exposition Park was again the site, and the two teams began their battering game. The stronger Jayhawks pounded the center of the Missouri line, and drove their way to a victory. They had three downs to make five yards, and with their superior weight, they pushed the Bengals around. The players wore no helmets, but depended on long, shaggy hair to protect their heads. However, as a precaution, they did wear heavy shin guards.

Don Faurot's part in this year's contest will merely be limited to bench direction, and all the

physical activity the present Bengal mentor will get will be a few excited gyrations in front of the Tiger quarters. But in 1893, the Missouri coach was an integral part of the team. Aroused by two successive defeats, the Tigers brought H. O. Robinson, a Tufts College star from the east, and the new player-coach led his charges to a 12-4 verdict. Helping the runner was permitted by the rules, and a downed runner would be pulled along by his teammates. Opposing members would jump on and pull in the opposite direction, and there were frequent tug-of-war games, with the poor player serving as the rope.

Another interesting note of the long series concerns the 1898 affair, when Missouri was seriously weakened by the loss of their star, Captain Ad Hill, who was detained in Cuba by influenza contracted in the Spanish-American War. In 1899, Hill was back in Bengal colors, and the Tiger team was back at full strength again.

The 1899 Kansas team was coached by the mighty Fielding H. "Hurry-Up" Yost, the grand old man of Michigan football. Then in the 1900 game, Ernie Quigley, a present day major league umpire, turned in a spectacular 65 yard punt return to save Kansas from defeat.

The thing that endears Kansas-Missouri rivalry to every old grad happened in 1901. Kansas had won every game on the schedule, and Missouri was without a single victory. The fighting, battling Bengals, conceding nothing, swept the Jayhawks aside and came off with an 18-12 triumph.

In 1902, the series was shifted to Sportsman's Park in Kansas City, and 10,000 fans saw the game. In 1907, the contest was played at St. Joseph, but returned to Kansas City the following year. In 1909, the great unbeaten Missouri team of Princeton Bill Roper walloped the Jayhawks.

Homecoming on Thanksgiving materialized in 1911, when the game was played at Rollins Field, and from that point, alternated between the two schools . . . A prominent name in the 1916 and 1917 contests was Stankowski, the present director of intramurals here . . . Phog Allen, present KU basketball coach, was the 1919 Jayhawk grid mentor . . . In 1921 and 1922, the heavily favored team was beaten by the underdog . . . Gwinn Henry took over the Tigers in 1923 . . . George "Potsy" Clark, present coach of the Detroit Lions, led Kansas to an upset victory in 1925 . . . In 1926, Memorial Stadium was dedicated before 26,000 people, the largest crowd to ever see a Missouri-Kansas embroglio . . . In 1927, the Missouri Valley champion Tigers were again upset by a lightly rated Kansas team . . . A Faurot-coached team has never lost to Kansas, and that makes us happy.

DOWN IN FRONT

"Listen to that big-mouthed guy shoot off his gap. If there is anything that makes me boil at a football game, it's these grandstand coaches."

"You're not telling me a thing. A lot of these guys think their admission stubs give them the right to tell a coach how to run his team."

"It makes me sick. A fellow that's watched twenty games tries to teach it to a guy that's practically been at it all his life."

"I agree with you. That kind of guy gives me one pain in the neck. But if there's any excuse for it, it is with a coach like ours."

"I'll say so. Some of the dumb things that guy does. And with all the experience he's had."

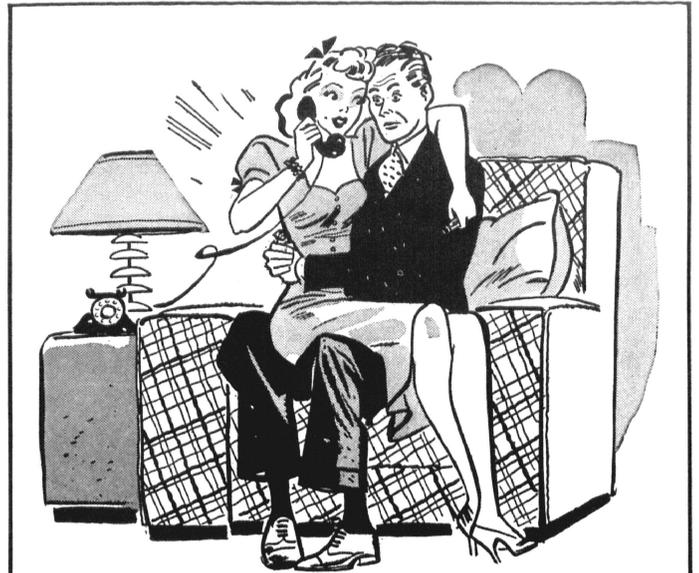
"Can you imagine him letting that brainless quarter-back call signals."

"Well, what can you expect of a dumb guy like our coach. I never could figure out how he got a coaching contract here. He belongs in some high school."

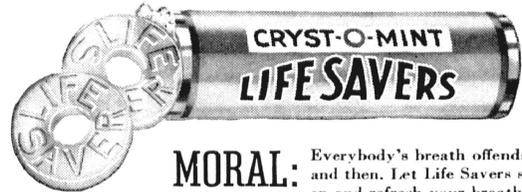
"You mean elementary school. Look at the guys he plays and then compare them with the good players he keeps on the bench."

"Yeah, stinking!"

About the only business that makes any money today without advertising is the Mint.



Once distance lent enchantment to
A bad-breathed girl named Mary Lou.
But she sipped Cryst-O-Mints so now
Men hold her on their laps, and how!



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

FREE! A BOX OF LIFE SAVERS FOR THE BEST WISCRACK!

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

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

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

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

"For a whale of a time, we suggest you call on the fisherman's daughter."

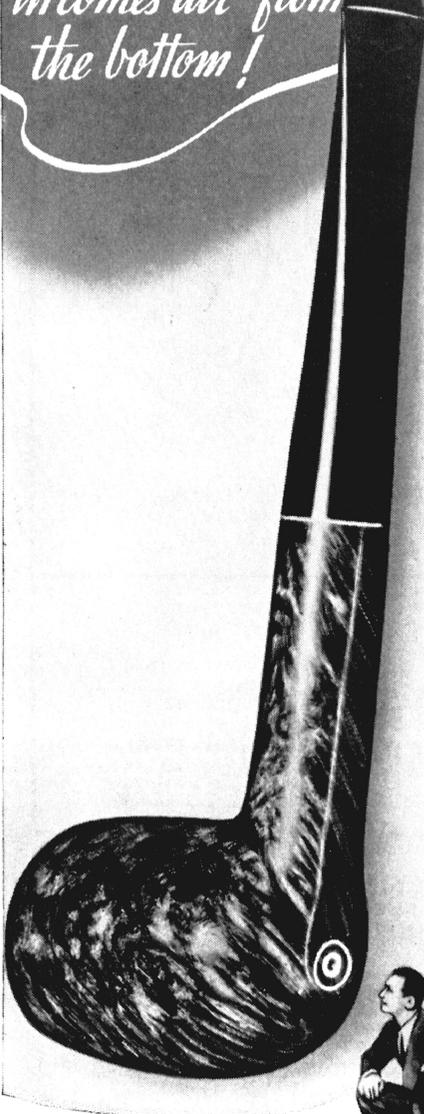
"I had to marry you to find out how stupid you were."
"You ought to have known that when I asked you."

"My brother made a ninety-eight yard run last week."
"He did? That's great!"
"Yeah, but he didn't catch the man ahead of him."



"He's very ticklish—."

*When you puff -
in comes air - from
the bottom!*



**CARBURETOR
KAYWOODIE \$4**

U. S. Pat. No. 2,082,106

Wonderful thing, Science—for doing something to make smoking happier for men who puff fast—furiously on their pipes. For them, for *you*, Kaywoodie invented the Carburetor Kaywoodie, that has a tiny air-intake inlet in the bottom of the bowl. When you puff, in comes air through the inlet. Puff harder—in comes more air. The more you puff, the more air. Result: your smoke stays cool and sweet and serene no matter how fast you draw in smoke. For cooler, happier smoking, treat yourself to a Carburetor Kaywoodie. Four dollars does it at any good tobacconist's. Shown above, No. 22.

KAYWOODIE COMPANY
Rockefeller Center, Fifth Avenue, New York

YOU SAID IT!

Say it with flowers,
Say it with sweets,
Say it with kisses,
Say it with eats,
Say it with jewelry,
Say it with drink,
But always be careful
Not to say it with ink.

And there's the Frosh who sewed sleeves on his father's toupe and wore it for a racoon coat.

"Have you had any football experience?"

"No, but I was hit by a truck and two sedans this summer."

"Does your brother enjoy playing football?"

"No, but he wants seats to the games after he graduates."

"Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage—"

"No, but they help!"

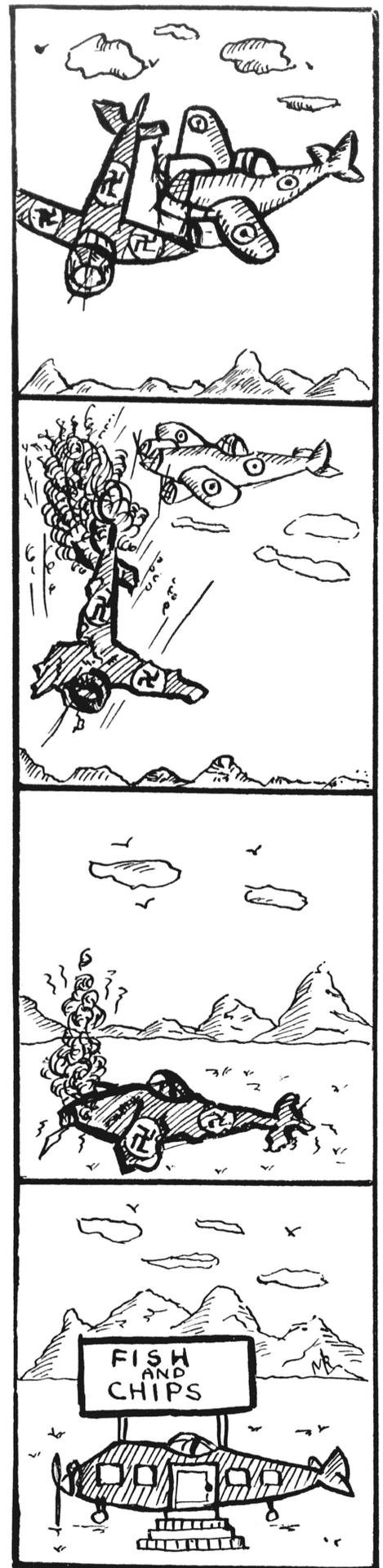
She: Stop acting like a fool!

He: I'm *not* acting!

"She shot her husband."

"What did she get?"

"Six months in vaudeville."



INFORMATION PULEEZE . . .

Leonard North Cohen
Herb Gross

Questions:

1. What do you do the night before an hour exam?
2. Define a kiss.
3. What's your chief obsession and why?



Marcia Dudley



Corky Cohnberg



Bobbie Barton



Jean Wallace



John Shellenberger



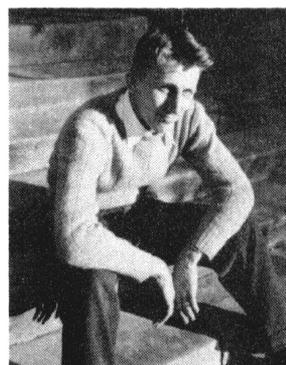
Hal McKenzie



Tiger, Phi Sig Brain



Connie Cole



Bob Leitner



Mildred Shackelford

Marcia Dudley—Delta Gam

1. I usually cram.
2. A kiss is a method, cunningly devised for the mutual stoppage of speech, when words have become insufficient.
3. People who acknowledge an introduction after you've met three or four times.

Hal McKenzie—Kappa Alpha

1. I get all the brains I know, and cram with them and I worry like hell.
2. A kiss is the beginning of the end . . . the first means of getting to where you are going.
3. I want a horse, but I'm going to school so I can't afford to have one.

Corky Cohnberg—Women's Res.

1. I generally take a walk to the Ag campus.
2. A kiss is a poor excuse to go further.
3. Dances without men.

Tiger, Phi Sig Brain—

1. I look for the nearest telephone pole.
2. I always lead with my nose.
3. The lack of fire hydrants in Columbia.

Bobbie Barton—Christian

1. I study as much as possible to make up for all the work I have lost.
2. A kiss is one of those things that one waits for so long—and when it happens—so what?
3. People who eat pop-corn in movies and then wipe their hands off on the seats.

Connie Cole—Stephens—("Miss Bismarck", N. D.)

1. I have a good date and then study all night.
2. A kiss is when a person sees red and does not stop.
3. The lights on Stephens campus.

Jean Wallace—Student Nurse

1. I never study anything before a quiz, so I cram the night before.
2. Unsanitary but nice—from a medical viewpoint.
3. The med students and the bull they put out.

Bob Leitner—601 Sanford

1. I sleep.
2. See me next week. I've got a date tonight.
3. Professors—I just don't like them.

John Shellenberger—911 Lowry

1. I don't know—I haven't had any yet—thank God.
2. It might be—when two fools meet.
3. Being awakened in the middle of the night by some drunks coming into the house.

Mildred Shackelford—R. F. D. 6

1. That's the night I forget everything I know.
2. A kiss is something that adds something to living.
3. Red fingernail polish with rose dresses.

Sharon Hale—805 Richmond

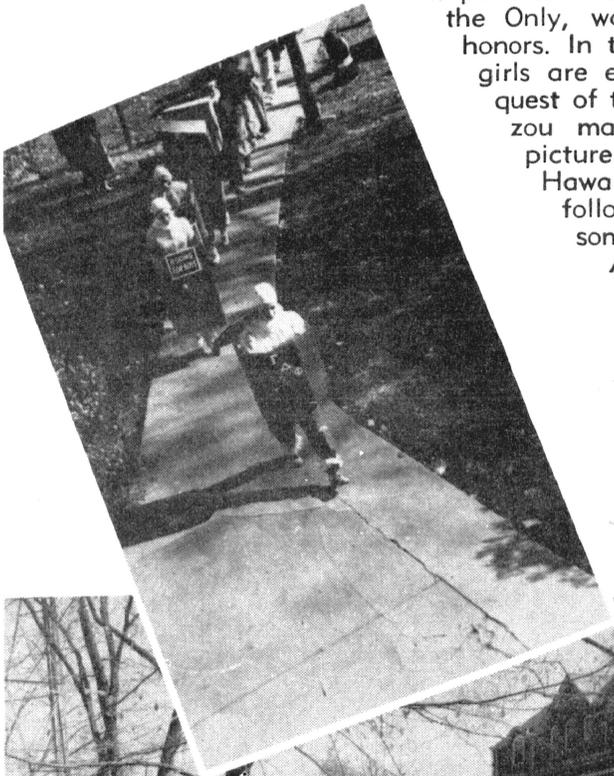
1. I usually go to sleep after studying.
2. A kiss is something that means nothing to one, and plenty to two.
3. A three o'clock class under Hartkemeier.

It's "Hell Day"

At Stephens College

By a Showme
Staff Photographer

Some 500 Susies paraded around the Stephens campus recently as they were formally pledged to sororities. Every year at this time the gals deck themselves out in the wierdest of costumes and vie for prizes. The Psi Chi Omicron pledges, dressed up to impersonate Der Fuhrer, Adolph the Only, walked off with top honors. In the upper left the girls are ever marching in quest of the elusive Miz-zou male. The lower picture shows some Hawaiian maids followed by some Little Abners.





" THOSE BOYS ARE STARING AS IF THEY'D NEVER SEEN A WINDOW WASHED! "

(—)



Since this column feels that genuine key-hole snooping should be left to them, as will do that sort of thing (no allusions, references, or implications intended, we hasten to assure those members of rival publications who carry smudge rings around their eyes from unmentionable activities,) we have decided to confine our excursions into M.U.'s social phenomena to brief accounts of some of the major happenings of this veddy, veddy crowded fall season . . . with the "rampaging" Tigers off to Lincoln a couple of weekends ago for an "invasion" of Cornhusker-ville, a bunch of spirit-crazed play-boys and play-girls from these parts romped down to witness a Tiger triumph . . . when they found that big, beautiful Paul needed someone besides the blonde in the third row center to toss his passes at, they promptly decided to drown their sorrows the easiest way . . . (catch? if the Bengals lost, sorrow-drowning was in order, if they eked out a victory, a celebration was the order of the day.) . . . little Johnny Lancey and Marcia Dudley reached a new high in something or other . . . on one occasion, Lancey was seen sliding down the fire escape at the D.G. House (Lincoln), whooping like an Indian, after having spent more than a few minutes on the third floor of that illustrious hotel . . . next scene: the same twosome, standing in the middle of the main thoroughfare in Nebraska City, doing you know what . . . along came the long arm of the law, with the polite inquiry of 'what the devil's going on here' . . . midst a general blush, sister Dudley and brother Lancey disappeared into space . . .

* * *

Marni Ambler, the little Christian gal who broke a lot of hearts by not coming back to Columbia this fall, went down to Lincoln to meet Ed Harmon, and did they do the town! . . . D.G.'s Betty Peckinpaugh and Polly Felix also made the trip, Felix in the company of Jerry Metzger, freshman footballer . . . not seeing their way to Lincoln, Milt Brown and Bob Sight tramped to K. C., and inhaled a few for dear old varsity

at the train station, watching the Kansas City Special pull out for the Cornhusker's hunting grounds . . . Bob Rogers was around, with Elaine McDonald, as was about half the A.T.O. chapter . . . Jimmy Starmer, who has really been playing the field lately, met up with Betty Ellfeldt, who traveled down to Lincoln just for a rendezvous with the ace wing-back . . . Peggy Oberman's date went the way of all flesh Friday night, hit the pavement hard, and didn't wake up until going-home time Sunday noon . . . meanwhile Peggy showed the carousing Huskers what Missouri spirit is really like . . .

* * *

Smiley Rudder, the Fiji candidate for Night Owl, galloped down with Nancy Graham, that Tri-Delt who looks like Madeline Carroll must have looked twenty years ago . . . back they came, in all propriety, Sunday night, and some of the Delta sisters were out at Nancy's car shortly thereafter . . . all of a sudden, to the general consternation of all, one of the lassies reached into the car and pulled out a pair of Rudder's unmentionables . . . chaos reigned for a moment, but hasty explanations got across the idea that Rud-

Continued on page 28.)

GIRL OF THE MONTH



Miss Virginia Schindler, popular Alpha Phi pledge displaying a "campus Classic" hair style by Miss Elizabeth Eaton at

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A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

The Best Way

money. He's an educated guy, a connoisseur."

"A *what?*," snarled the boss.

"A connoisseur. A man with taste," Gabby explained.

"There you are," the boss was shaking a thick forefinger. "A man with taste. He'd appreciate

the kind of whiskey..."

Gabby was shaking his head. "No, boss. He wouldn't. It cost me fifteen dollars already..."

"Fifteen dollars," the boss had become flushed in his face. But Gabby continued bravely.

"We can figure the fifteen dollars, boss, in with the bribe...but anyway I got someone to go around and ask his friends what unusual thing was he in the habit of buying?"

"Fifteen dollars," the boss repeated, as if he couldn't hear any more.

Gabby's voice had become confidential. "I wanted to find out where he differed from other men. What unusual thing he liked—his hobby."

"I still say a case of whiskey would be the safest."

Gabby's face lit up with joy. "Imagine the guy's face when we present him with something for his hobby. It'll be like giving him—\$200.00."

"O.K., O.K., we'll try your way, Gabby." The boss was feeling better. "But I think a case of..."

The bell rang. Gabby went to the hall and let in a short man wearing a derby. He handed Gabby a bill and took off his derby. "I left it in his apartment with your card," the man said. "He wasn't home."

"You'll have to pay this gent, boss." Gabby handed the boss the bill. Laboriously the boss took out his check book and a fountain pen, and slowly made out a check.

"To show you how much trouble I saved you doing it this way," Gabby said, as he passed the check to the man, "I'll ask this gent one question."

Gabby wet his lips. "Mister," Gabby asked importantly, "can you name any man in this city who collects what we ordered today?"

Hesitantly the man put his hand on the doorknob. "No...too dangerous."

"Dangerous?" Gabby laughed. "I didn't know," Gabby said, turning to the boss, "that there are such things. Imagine, boss. A sponge. A sponge five feet in diameter. Five feet wide. Can you imagine? And this guy makes a hobby collecting them!"

The boss laughed again.

Gabby went on. "What the hell can he use it for? Bathing?"

At this the boss roared.

The man with the derby spoke. "No sir, they can place it over a huge drum kettle if they're cooking, to collect fumes so there's no smell. After they finish the cooking they squeeze the sponge, and the stuff that might be lost in the fumes goes back to the kettle."

"But what's in the kettle?"

"Whiskey, sir. The *best* bootleggers do it that way."

"Mister, can you name any man in this city who collects what we ordered today?"

THE boss spread the paper open and raised it to hide his face from Gabby. Gabby saw the headline, "Legs Diamond Shot Dead." Gabby shrugged his shoulders.

"What do you mean," the boss was saying, "that you can't bribe him? How the hell will we get the contract?"

"I didn't say that," Gabby protested. "I only said we couldn't slip him a fifty dollar bill or a case of hooch like another guy. He's different."

"What do you mean different?" the boss went on. "A case of hooch and it's done. My bootlegger is the best in the game."

"Sure, sure," Gabby agreed. "Your bootlegger is aces. But this guy is respectable. He won't take a case of whiskey. He's a gentleman."

"Hell," the boss put the paper down. "He's no man if he doesn't like whiskey."

Gabby rose and strode up and down the narrow room. "See this guy, boss. He has a beautiful roadster, plenty of

OF STAGS

*"Variety is the spice of life",
Philosophers have reasoned;
Well, if it's so—then dance affairs
Are very highly seasoned!*

*There's the lad who's in from college
With the steps of Fred Astaire,
Who doesn't seem to realize
Ginger Rogers isn't there.
And the passionate, dramatic type
With long and lingering stride . . .
(If he held you any closer
You'd be on the other side!)
And the saccharin, romantic kind,
Who might become a dear
If he'd cut down on the buzzing
And the whispering in your ear.
There's the bashful one with goggles,
Who trembles in his grief,
And has another stag cut in,
And sighs with sheer relief!
And the handsome sort who's six feet tall,
And master of *The Quip*,
But you think you're on a see-saw
Every time he takes a dip!
And of course the smart beginner
Who thinks he can't be beat—
And makes it rather difficult
To sweep him off **YOUR** feet!*

*By the time the evening's over,
Your dress is but a rag;
Your head and arms hang loosely,
And feet have ceased to drag . . .
Your eyes are slowly closing
As you issue forth a groan . . .
And like the famous Garbo—
You "**VANT TO BE ALONE**"!*



"Let's have a little music—this party's dying on its feet!"

"What kind of fish are they?"

"Jelly fish."

"What flavor?"

•

"I saw the first act, but not the second."

"Why not?"

"I couldn't wait that long. It said on the program two years later."

•

"Do you like codfish balls?"

"I dunno; I never attended any."

•

He: My father is an animal trainer.

She: Can you do any tricks?

•

"I want to buy a pencil."

"Hard or soft?"

"Hard, it's for a stiff exam."

•

"Who was that lady I seen you with last night?"

"My, such bad English."



"Darling, has anyone ever told you what beautiful brown tinted glasses you have?"



*Double and redouble your
pleasure with the
Smoker's Cigarette*



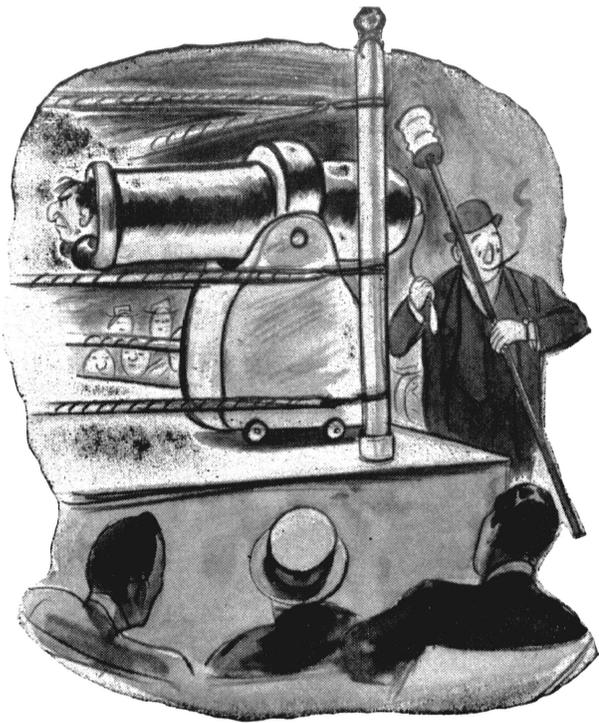
Chesterfield
COOLER Milder BETTER-TASTING



*Do you smoke the
cigarette that
Satisfies*



ANYTHING FOR A PAL



GIL was studying when the door flung open and a heavy set ferocious looking individual pounced into the room.

"Are you Jim Wilson?" he shouted. "If so, I'm going to knock your head off and play football with it. And what's more, I'm going to tell the Dean about your taking my daughter to the movies and then bringing her up to your room and then kissing her."

Gil was frightened, in spite of the fact that he wasn't Wilson. He was

about to tell the man so, when he remembered that Wilson, who lived across the hall, like he, was a senior. After all, thought Gil, one should stand by one's friends. If this aggressive individual ever did go to the Dean, Wilson would be "bounced" for sure. No kiss was worth that.

"Look," he said, "there is no use in losing your head over this—"

"I'm not going to lose my head—it's your head that's going to come off."

Gil felt it would be best to set the man right on that point immediately. "I'm not Wilson. I'm Gil Lutz, a friend of Wilson's and I'd sure hate to see him lose his degree because of a misunderstanding.

"I'm sorry," the man exclaimed, "but I'm not discussing this with anyone but Wilson. When I think of my poor Mabel sitting at home crying because a cad had the nerve to kiss her, I lose control of myself."

"Have a drink?" Gil asked, as he offered him a bit of the stuff he had hidden in his room for medicinal purposes.

"Sure," he replied, "it will give me more strength to knock his head off."

"But what good will that do Mabel's broken heart?" asked Gil. "Don't you

think it would be better to do something for Mabel—like getting her a bottle of perfume?"

"Mabel doesn't like perfume. Say, you're not trying to buy me off, are you?"

"Of course not," answered Gil.

"That's lucky for you, or I would have to knock your head off, too, and play football with it. No, I guess there's nothing I can do but knock Wilson's head off. In what room is he?"

"Just a minute," Gil said. "What about getting Mabel a nice bracelet?"

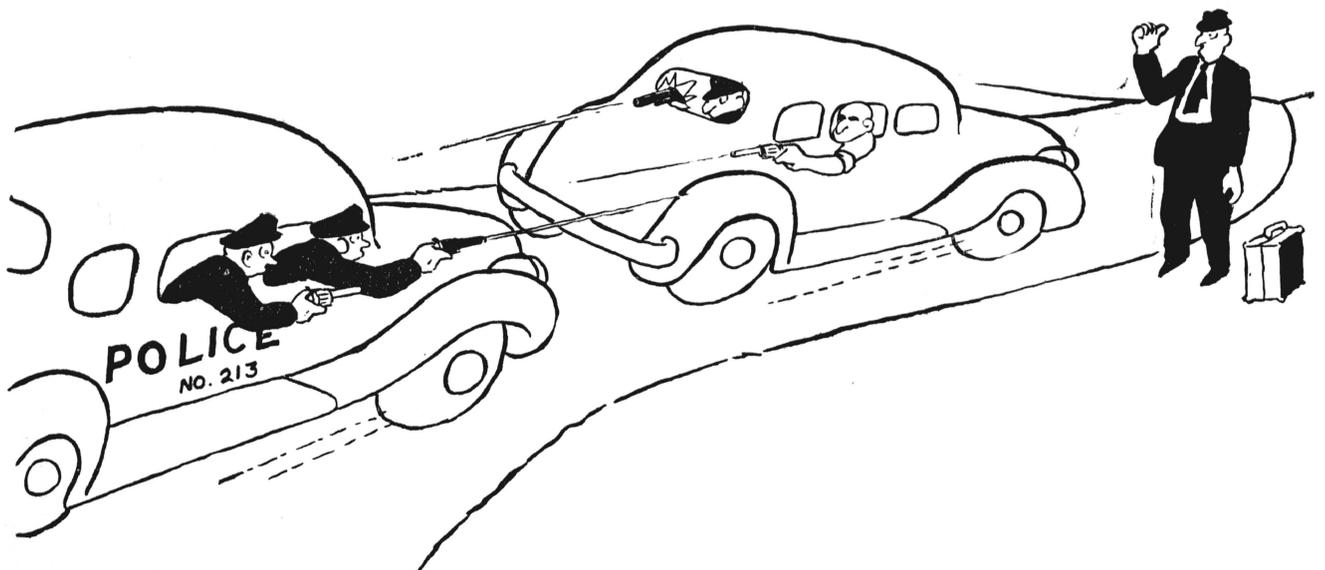
The brute smiled sadly. "You know, Mabel does like jewelry. If you were to give me ten dollars to get her a real fancy bracelet, I might be tempted to take it and forget about knocking Wilson's head off."

As soon as the man left with Gil's allowance, Gil slipped across the hall to Wilson's room to get the money back and receive Wilson's thanks.

"I was just coming over to see you," Wilson said, as Gil entered. "I want ten bucks from you, and you can thank your lucky stars I stick to my friends."

"What do you mean?" Gil asked faintly.

"It's not more than a half hour since I got rid of Mabel's father for you. He came into my room thinking it was yours with all the intention of knocking your head off. Don't you know any better than to bring a girl into your room?"





This couple lost no time in getting to Barnwarmin'



Kermit Bailey, Alpha Gamma Rho Knight Owl candidate whispers sweet somethings into Barnwarmin' Queen Susy Schiesl's willing ear.

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FLORIST

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THE CHOW LINE formed at intermission—Punkin' pie, apple cider, and all the proverbial fixins'.

Law Professor (during registration)—So you are a pre-legal?

Frosh—Like hell! I'm the youngest in our family.—Kick-apoo.

The cows are in the meadow,
The sheep are in the grass,
And all the simple little geese
Are in the sophomore class.
—Click

She—I'm perfect.
He—I'm practice.

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

BEAT K. U.

IT'S

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- **Where**—at Gaebler's
- **What**—Students modeling

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Let's Beat K. U.

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THE FOOTBALL EXPERT PICKS THE WINNER

(After picking fifteen wrong last week)

In trying to arrive at the winner of tomorrow's contest, one must take into consideration the weather. The papers predict rain, but on the other hand, it may not rain. What this means to a team's attack is apparent. Rain can slow up a team's offensive, while a dry field will often help. Of course, the same can hold true for both sides, but then, again, it doesn't necessarily have to be so.

We advise all prospective bettors to contemplate carefully before putting their money up at stake. For, at this point, the winner of tomorrow's game is still purely speculative. We do not advise gamblers to make any wagers now. However, neither do we advise anyone not to place a bet at this time. The odds are rather definite, but they can fluctuate.

In conclusion, we'd like to repeat, "May the best team win."



"Well, I'll pledge if you can get me a bed as hard as nails."

THE PLEDGE'S LAMENT

I am a pledgee. Not only am I a pledgee, but I am a freshman. And not only am I a freshman, but my name is Theophilus. I can conceive of no keener disgrace!

I live at a fraternity house. The brothers all call me Theo and make me go out on errands at all hours of the night. And if I am not fast enough, they make me run around the campus three times.

I have a girl, and she thinks I am a fraternity man. She did, at least, until I took her to a house-party, where I was called "dog." She will not answer my letters.

The dean wants to see me about everything, yet I was never absent from class of my own free will. Can I be blamed if the brothers compel me to sit in their seats?

So it is. I wonder if the river offers any solace to *pledgees*?

I have been puzzled by the generosity and magnanimity of my fraternity brothers during rushing periods. Sometimes I am cynical enough to believe they are trying to make an impression.

A chorus girl gets her education by stages—a college girl by degrees.

"All you need to attain success is push—a little push will get you anywhere."

"Oh yeah? Did you ever try to push on a door marked 'Pull'?"

Frosh: I take a cold shower every morning.

Soph: Why brag about it?

Frosh: Gosh, that's why I take it.



"No, I thought that YOU growled."



"He's got polish, that kid has."

'TIS A PUZZLE

Mr. Sun took a couple of hot licks at Johnny Gimper so he hopped out of bed before he looked like an overdone hot-foot. Johnny took a very quick gander at his ancient timepiece and found that he only had fifteen minutes to make his first class. Little Gimper decided he needed to take some of the underbrush off so he rushed around grabbing razors, soap, and a bent hatpin. He discarded the hatpin when he took a second look. After this bit of melodrama we find Johnny ready to shave off the whiskers.

Gimper had been briskly hacking away at his chin for a minute or so when he discovered something amiss

in the mirror. He looked again and decided that things were not as they should be for his right arm had fallen in the wash bowl. This bothered him as he had just washed it and he couldn't do a thing with it. Johnny was undaunted, he slapped his arm back in place and fastened it on with a bit of glue. He then grabbed some miscellaneous books and dashed off to class.

Everything went along very smoothly in Johnny's class till the Prof. asked the class to take notes on ambiguous propriety or some such dither. Johnny bent to the task but his right arm slithered off and fell on the floor.

It slid down a couple of rows and then grabbed a coed by the ankle. She naturally screamed as she knew that no one was hunting collar buttons during class. Brother Gimper got out of this situation with a touch of finesse. He told the Prof. that he was part gypsy and his body had a certain wandering spirit.

Later on in the day Johnny went out to practice throwing the shot. The coach grew discouraged when Johnny's right arm kept coming off and sailing in the general direction of the locker room. Things grew worse when the brawn of the football team took time off to watch this strange spectacle. The coach felt that the team could never beat State if it stood around in the huddles and talked about one of the school's athletes going to pieces. Johnny was finally ordered off the field for being a detriment to the stadium or something.

Johnny Gimper felt very low after all this. In fact he felt so low that you could lift up your favorite manhole cover and find Johnny developing pictures in this abode. Johnny didn't stay underground very long for some men in white coats came and led him away. These men helped Johnny into a long wagon so he could rest his mind. One of the men was very surprised to find that Johnny's arm was still in his hand so he quickly disentangled himself and gave Gimper back his property.

The inmates in Johnny's new college are all amused by the activities of the flippant arm. Johnny can leave a bridge table but keep his place by letting his one arm play the cards. The arm takes more tricks than Johnny does. Perhaps the arm will tire of its misbehavior some day and it will probably come back and shake hands rather awkwardly with little Johnny Gimper.



PHOTOSKETCH . . .



Associate Editor, Florence Schwartz

Pictured above is our own dear little Flossie-Florence Schwartz to you. She's up to her usual job-hobby, working in the *Missourian* make-up department. If that's printers ink you see smeared on her face, it's in the blood. Yes, Flossie aspires to write fiction but and this is emphatic—she does NOT want to write the great American novel. Her hobby, other than working, is to wear slacks and flowers in her hair. She loves to wander alone in the wooded dell just off Neff Hall—down by the Journalism Bridge. Her favorite color is red and she likes men that are tall, blue-eyed and blond. Her love is a hangover from last year. He graduated, alas. Her pet peeve is people who run electric razors while she listens to the radio and writes short novels for expositions at the same time. When she graduates in January, Showme will seem vacant.

Pipe the Ole Bird Sittin' Up There



Little does he know that we've got a bead on him — or that he'll grace our Thanksgiving table. The Ole Bird'll be the main attraction at that Feast.



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Where to Go!



What's Coming & Worth Going to—in Movies

Columbia is fast becoming THE town of Midwest Premieres—in the last few weeks we-uns in Boone County's largest metropolis have peeped at "Too Many Girls" and "Hullabaloo"—let's have more, we like 'em—seems to me as it's good angling to please muchmoviegoing Columbia collegians!

"They Knew What They Wanted"—a really okay doing-up of the Sidney Howard play on the speak-easy and flapperfull roaring twenties, comes soon. Look it up for a passionate picture all about Charles Laughton, Carole Lombard, and William Gargan in grande passions, as actors on the screen of course. Another film spiced with a little of same subtle sex stars Marlene Dietrich and John Wayne—it's appropriately marqueeed, "Seven Sinners." Betty "Oscar" Davis puts herself in the running again for the coveted trophy with "The Letter", her able cohort and buddy being none other than that grand guy, Herbert Marshall. For something unusual in movies, take in "Mayerling", a French production with English subtitles.

Other "goods" still to come, mentioned in last month's column but altered in schedule due to "premieres", are "Northwest Mounted Police" with Gary Cooper and Madeline Carroll; N. Eddy's and J. MacDonald's "Bittersweet." More for your calendar of where to go and what to do are "Arise My Love", the cast headed by C. Colbert and Ray Milland; and "Little Nelly Kelly", with Judy Garland and George Murphy.

As is only fitting in our sign off from this flicker section into the music of the month, we strike up with two arresting reeleases about music, "There's Magic In Music", done up by Allen Jones, Susanna Foster, and a host of others; and the one and only "Tin Pan Alley", twice blessed with beauties Alice Faye and Betty Grable, and the male talents of John Payne and Jack Oakie.

● ● ●
"Vic Licks" pen jams for you on the latest in records and bands

This was originally written on the back of a wine list somewhere—if the talk about records is oddly grooved, blame it on a Zombie boomerang. One of the better pieces I couldn't hear that night was a little parody by Decca (5874) entitled "Seven Beers With The Wrong Woman"—by Tex and the boys. So I tipped my Brown Derby to the

little lady in the jenny-joint and slowly weaved away.

But I'm all for this "higher" learning, for believe me this column is a wonderful way to settle down to some steady neglecting of studies and visit every roof over a nickelodeon. Records this month in juke boxes and well as the record shops take on a better tone—they're really some top notch spinners. For instance, on Victor No. 26762 Artie Shaw does "Keepin' Myself For You" and "Special Delivery Stomp" . . . this is done with a new small combo within a band called "The Gramercy Five"—are they good, feature a harpiscord that casts a zesty jam session spell and atmosphere into the recording.

Earmark the following; they are culled from the juke boxes of "Rockaway" (Springdale), Mack's, Breezy Hill (which has the best selection), the Shack Deen's Outside Inn, Jelly Joints, and last but not least, the Kappa Sig annex, often referred to as the Dixie. "Rhumboogie", super job by a band I wish we could get here, Woody Herman, the blues man . . . "I've got a onetrack mind" for those of you who like Kyser renditions . . . "Down Argentine Way", if you like that type music—this best recording is by Leo Reisman

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The daring drama of a girl
who loved one man too many
CAROLE

LOMBARD

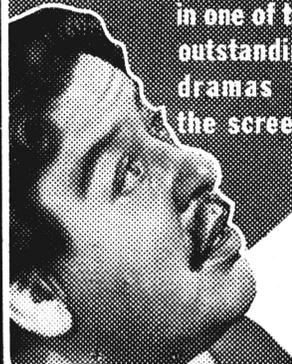
CHARLES

LAUGHTON

in an RKO Radio Picture

"They Knew
What They
Wanted"

They're terrific together...
in one of the
outstanding
dramas of
the screen!





What to Do!



... one that is old but bears repeating and deserves popularity more, "Whispering Grass", by Erskine Hawkins ... another not new is "Drummin' Man" on Columbia by—you guessed it—Krupa ... several boxes in Columbia have padlocks on the 25 slides, 'pears people discovered that 2 mills served as well ... Dick Jergens "A Million Dreams Ago" ... a record that is strictly a one sided proposition, "Dolomite", a new Hawkins release of a good oldie waxed all Right—listen for that trumpet ... a last month record neglected, Will Bradley's Columbia "Beat Me Daddy 8 to the Bar" ... Bradley is Columbia's band of the year ... Columbia is going to issue a new set of original JAZZ masters soon. They are on their toes ... It's Will Bradley with "Celery Stalks at Midnight" (Columbia 35707) ... A new combination that promises things for the future, Bing Crosby and the Merry Macs, entitled "Do You Ever Think of Me?" (Do you, I wish you'd tell me Hedy, Lana, you-all), and "You made me love you" ... T. Dorsey still outstanding on Victor populars accompanies a smoothe Sinatra fire-side chat of "We Three" ...

News of the Movies . . . Entertainment . . . Dancing In and Around Columbia

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Jeanette MacDonald
Nelson Eddy
in NOEL COWARD'S
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with
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BEAT K. U.

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and
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EVENINGS

Deen's
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IN TECHNICOLOR

November 17th to 23rd

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"Northwest Mounted Police"

GARY COOPER—MADELINE CARROLL

BEST SELLERS IN RECORDS

Our Love Affair—T. Dorsey and Glenn Miller

You've Got Me This Way—T. Dorsey and Glenn Miller

Handful of Stars—Glenn Miller

Down Argentine Way—Leo Reisman

Beat Me Daddy 8 to the Bar—Will Bradley and Glenn Miller

Five o'Clock Whistle—Duke Ellington and Glenn Miller

1005 Broadway

Radio Electric Shop

1005 Broadway

How The Tigers Got Their Name

(Continued from page 2.)

County was cursed with guerillas and horse thieves, left-over bushwhackers, lawless raiders who supposedly had fought for one side or another but were really out after plunder. The safety of the average citizen and student, (the University had opened its doors again on a restricted basis after being closed only a few months) was so in peril that home defense became more important than any hang-over hatreds of the war.

So the aroused townspeople and students met one night on the courthouse lawn to do something about it. James Rollins, who had escaped with his life but not his pocketbook from a band of robbers, only had to tell his story. Most everyone had a tale of woe against the marauders just like his. The group dug into their pockets and yanked out \$4000 for carbines and repeating rifles and armed every able-bodied man in town.

Time and time again the guerilla bands raided the community. And each time the fierce and determined "Boone County Tigers" as the defenders called themselves, drove them off. At length the marauders never returned in fear of the aggressive group of men who were out to defend their school and their homes against any foe.

And so it came to pass that years later, when the growing University got its first football team, it was named the "Tigers". For over half a century those Tigers have growled along in the fierce battle tradition set by their wild and woolly ancestors.

(Editor's note: And so dear reader, that's how the Tigers got their name in case you couldn't tell what we were driving at.)

Showme Show

(Continued from page 14.)

der had simply let the things slip out of his grip . . . we hope! . . .

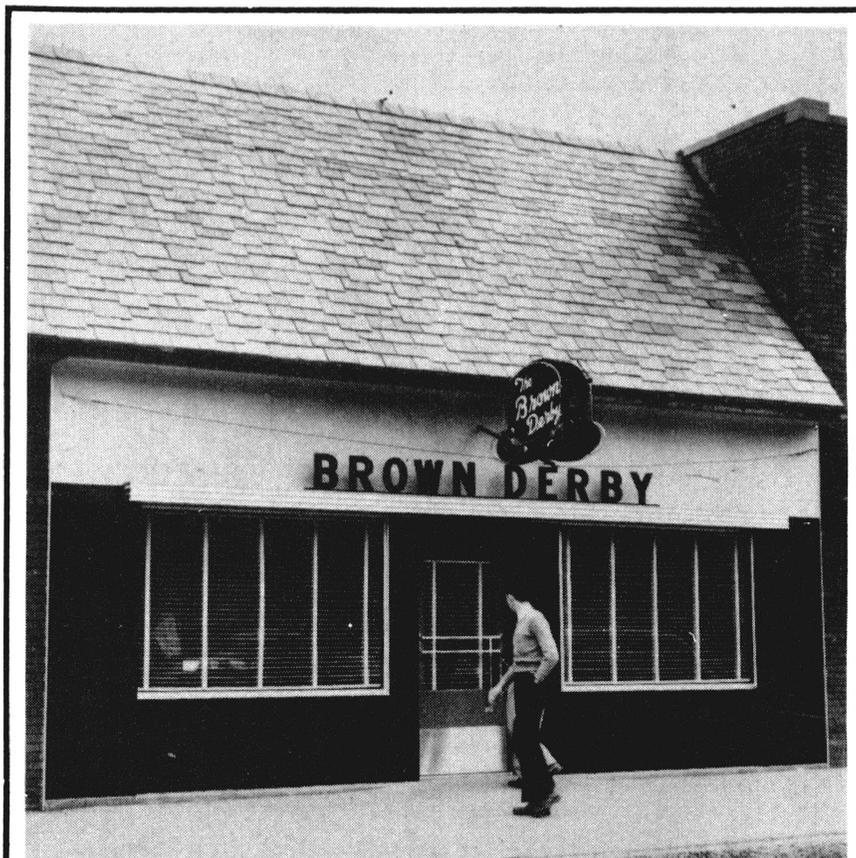
Betty Albright back for the

Sigma Nu party and Helm Davidson Barney Patton, erstwhile lawyer, seeing a lot of Midge Middleton Thad Hadden, another Hoot Owl aspirant, paying much attention to Ginny Bell, a gal who's irresistible when she wants to be Tom Fiquet, Woody Taylor, and Bill Schreiber, Betas all, who have camped resolutely at 510 Rollins for six straight weeks ATO John Rasse, happy in his pinning of Virginia Green, Chi-O pledge

* * *

Tri-Delt Winnie Wise and Chi-O Ann Askren caused something of a riot in J-School when they handed in a headline reading "Free Beer on Copy Desk Tuesday" . . . the magic phrase was promptly set up in type Ernie Heuter is now doing pledge duties at the Chi-O house, having received his ribbons after paying so-o-o much attention to pledge Beverly Hofland Jigger James, prexy of the gold-coated Tiger Claws, and everybody's friend, has moved his luggage over to the Kappa House reason: Margaret Ferguson

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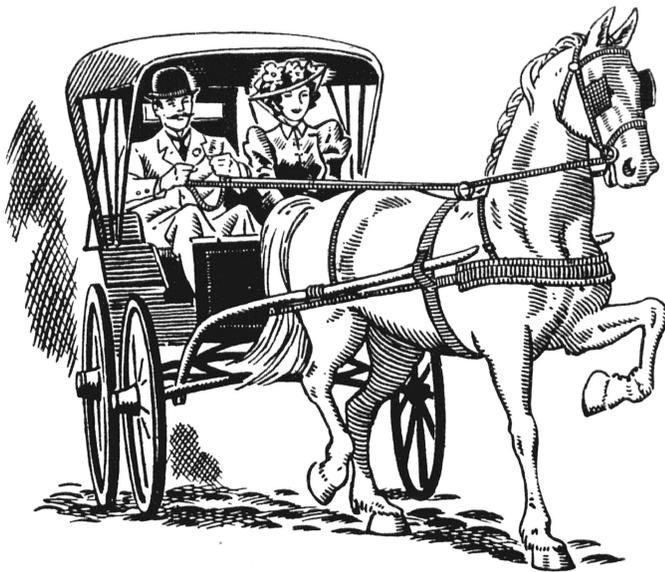


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The Theta's had an open house. What a blow-out!—K. U. Sour Owl.



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The cute co-ed who soft-talks you into writing her reports.

The girl who won't park when you're in a rent car.

The fraternity brother who always is going to "get a check tomorrow."

The guy who carouses around while you study but still makes a higher grade.

The dude who goes to the University dances and "shines" with his own Hickville Hop.

The sorority jane who insists that an ugly mug with a big car is "cute."

Those pesty campus politicians who are friendly only at election time.

The girl next door who won't pull the window shade down when you're trying to study.

The prof who assigns the lesson after the bell has rung.

The landlady who doesn't keep enough coal in the furnace.

The guy who has your book checked out when you go to the library.

The instructor who gives a test the day before a holiday.

The nicotine fiend who has never been known to have his own cigarettes.

Those Showme guys who misspell your name in the magazine.

One—"Who are you bringing to the Formal?"

Tow—"Well, I like Helen's form, Betty's eyes, Jane's hair, Peg's arms, Virginia's dancing, and Connie's — and Connie's— Oh, I guess I'll bring Connie".

•

Some travelers were looking at the molten lava inside Mt. Vesuvius. An American remarked: "Looks hot as hell."

An English mumbled under his breath, "These Americans have been everywhere."

—Pelican

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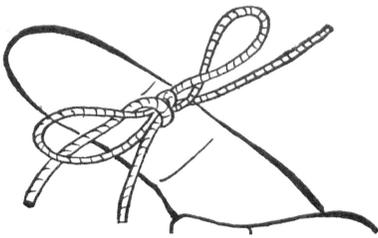
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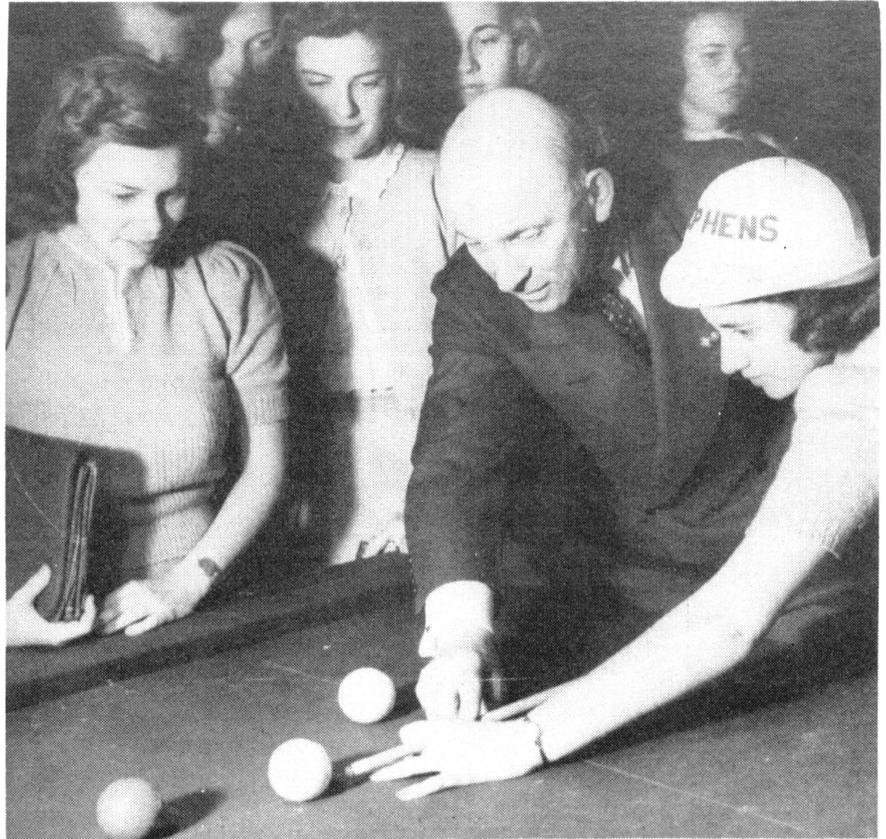
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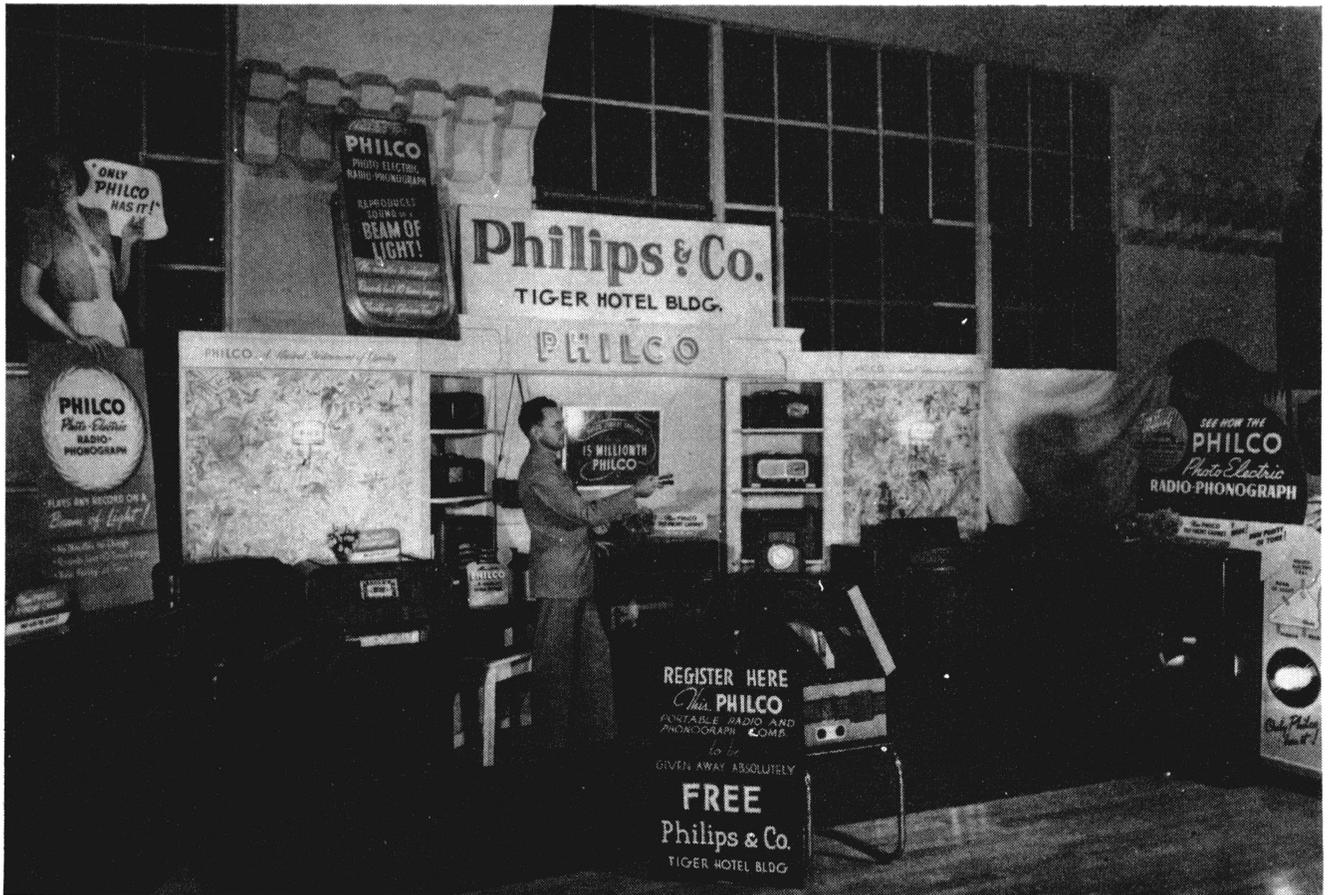
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CHARLES PETERSON, National Billiard Champ demonstrates his world famous technique to Stephens Susy onlookers. Get that thumb on the table, Miss.



Frank Turney, retail sales manager for Phillips and Co., demonstrating with a flashlight the sensational new Philco invention making possible reproduction of music on a beam of light.

(Advertisement)

for a classic game

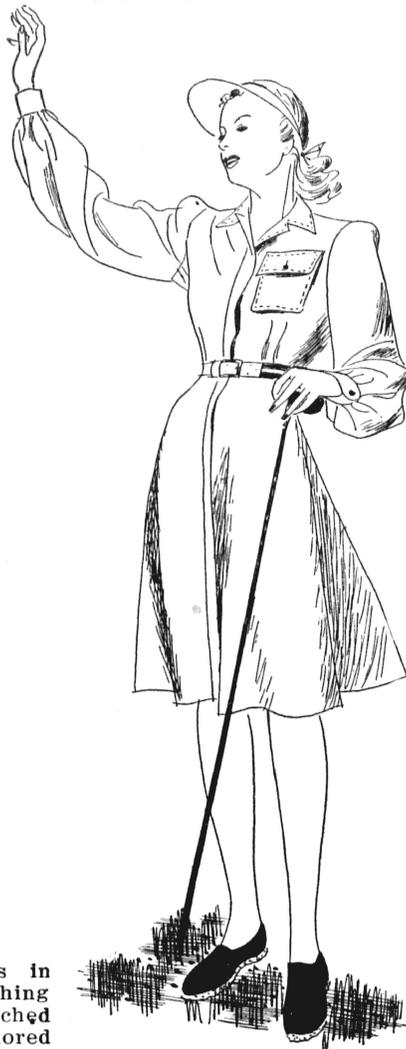
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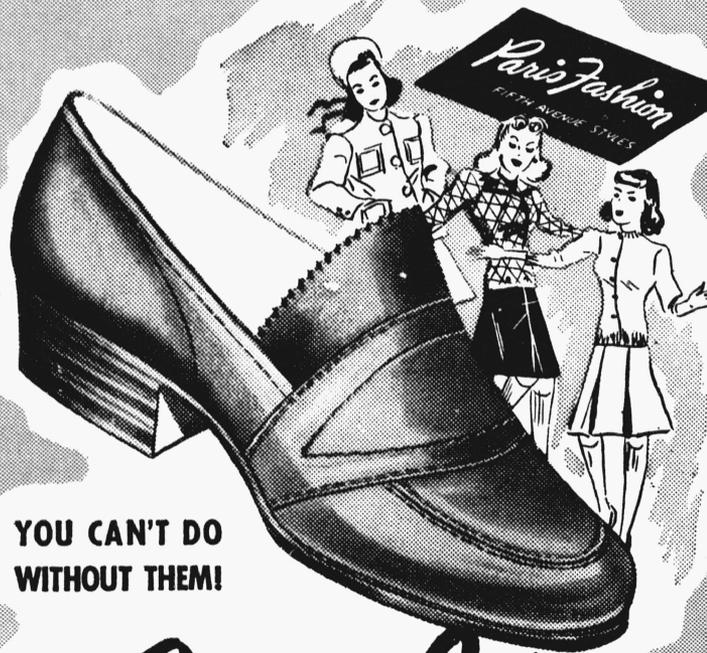
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