

Stephens

Dup

January 1941

15 cents

Minnourah

Christian?

*?
1941
DATE
LIST
?*

Minnourah's

SHOWME

R. Burg



MATERIAL MAGNIFICENCE.....



in Stroock Cloud-Drift Camel Hair

The most eloquent coat you ever owned, ready for the whims of the weather. Made in that mellow, light-bodied Cloud-Drift, the Stroock fabric that is loomed from the choicest camel hair, kid mohair and virgin wool. Creditably styled for campus wear in Pastelight and Sunbright colors.

Suzanne's

"Columbia's Smartest Shop for Women"



The cover this month is by Russ Burg of the Delta Foo's. Russ, we understand, is still seeing spots before his eyes.

OFF THE EDITORIAL CHEST

Great nations rise and fall, heroes are born and die, influenza stalks the campus and strikes at our writers, BUT the SHOWME lives on.

For twenty years now, we have been struggling through flu, measles, small, large and middle-sized pox, and what not. Our feature story this month will give you in retrospect a picture of SHOWME through the ages.

The roaring twenties ushered us in in fine style. Those, (long sigh) were the days. Those were the days of John Held, Jr., and his gum-chewing, swivel-hipped flapper and the raccoon coat. Ernie Hare and Billie Jones satirized the typical Joe College with the song "Collegiate." And the movies added their bit to make college life red hot mammas and rah-rah in the public eye. Evidences of this crept into the magazine and for a time proved too risqué a pill for a rock-bound conservative University administration to swallow.

Today, we are a man. 1941 is our twenty-first year as a mirror of campus thought, some good, some bad, and most decidedly indifferently—except for one thing.

BETTY KENT LEADS SHOWME SALESGIRLS

Betty Kent, Gamma Phi Beta, leads the other Showme salesgirls in total sales. Delta Gamma's Dorothy Love holds down second place, while Jeanne Mering, Gamma Phi and Ernestine Ballard, D. G. are tied for third position.

Readers can help their favorite salesgirl by purchasing their Showme's from them on the day of issue.

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Russ Bright, Manager

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While A Cigarette Was Burning

By Florence Schwartz

The thin, paper match flickered and danced before her eyes as she tried to hold her cigarette in the tiny flame. It had lit on one side only and she bent forward again, when suddenly it disappeared with a jerk. She was conscious of a desperate, vain effort to find it, of terrific, violent movement beneath her, and a loud deafening crash.

Her left arm was twisted and pinned under her body in what should have been a painful position, but she followed no impulse to move. Her right arm had relaxed, hanging limply at her side, the fingers holding the barely lit cigarette. She wanted a drag, but her hand did not raise the red-stained tip to her slightly-parted lips.

She wanted to turn her head, but only her eyes moved slowly from one side to another, seeing only a few stares above her and darkness all around her. To her it seemed that all the movement in the world flowed in the winding ribbon of smoke that went up and up as far as she could watch it, until it grew apart from itself, becoming nothing.

Then there was a sound, distant at first like thunder seen on the horizon before it is heard, growing louder and louder, until she wanted yell at it "Silence!" But soon the crashing and dinning evolved into words, monotonously repeating..... "Come out everybody, Big Beer Bust, Food, Drink, and Fun for all..... 25c Come out"

She wondered if she had a quarter in her pocket. But she couldn't go without a date. But she had a date. She always had a date. Jim would take her. But where was Jim? It angered her—why wasn't he here when she needed him?

Or did she really need him? The thought was soothing, and strangely, did not leave her. A sense of inviolability was creeping over her and she was afraid of nothing. Then it struck her that it was rather stupid to just lay there. But why move? There was so little comfort in life. But she tried, just to see if she could, and she was shocked to realize that she was apparently paralyzed. But that caused her no fear either.

Then she decided she must be drunk. That she and Jim were already at the beer bust, and Jim must have gone after another drink. He wouldn't leave Sally. Sally was his girl. She wore his pin. She was his girl. She was Sally.

Where was everybody? There had been so many people before. And she'd be late . . . dreadfully late. But Jim had a car. Nice car, too. Lots of girls would like to be drunk with Jim and be Jim's girl and go home in Jim's car. Jim was everything a girl was supposed to want . . . fraternities and keys and money and looks and pink elephant man. Poor Jim, he'd have a hangover tomorrow. Poor Jim, where was he? She remembered that she used to want him . . . once!

(Continued on page 22)

Foiled Again . . .

By Joe Finley

Maybe this guy Gallico had something, we dunno. Gallico, who reached the absolute top as a sportswriter, and is now doing fiction for two of the leading slicks, used to participate in action with great sports figures. He would shoot a round of golf with Bobby Jones, play a set of tennis with Tilden, box a round with Tunney, and so on. And when ye olde ed mentioned "Tiger Blades" and "story" in the same breath, we hit upon a brilliant idea.

After talking to Jack Levin, prexy of the organization, we became enthusiastic over the idea of fencing at the University of Missouri. Levin's story of the founding of Tiger Blades sounded to us like a good old touching Alger yarn, one that delights the heart of any so-called writer. But talking was as far as we got.

After taking a look at Levin and his cohorts thrust and parry the foils, we decided that maybe Gallico was all wet. That business was just out of our line, and besides, who would leave a soft seat and the limelight of being a Showme investigator? Anyway, we'd had our teeth knocked loose from their moorings a few times in the ring.

The merry art of the clashing blade gave us quite a thrill in the movies. Who could forget the stirring fight in the "Prisoner of Zenda," or the thrilling deeds of "Zorro," a recent visitor to the cinema palaces of Tigertown. Besides, some of the fellows around the house were giving striking examples of Zorro. Then we fell to dreaming of the exploits of D'Artagnan—romantic, adventurous, mighty D'Artagnan and his Three Musketeers.

Sabers were the implements of battle in those escapades, but to Tiger Blades, the foil is the first line of defense. Fencing with foils is the most popular, although both the saber and the epee are quite generally in use. Rapiers are out—that is like standing toe to toe with Bowie knives. But ah, D'Artagnan and his worthy acolytes were devotees of the rapier.

But Jack Levin brought us back to earth with more fascinating stories of Tiger Blades. Levin organized the group last year and was named president. And now, like FDR, he is just hanging on. But he is the guiding spirit of the organization,

the Manuel Quezon of the fencing club.

Last year when Levin came to Mizzou, he began inquiring into the possibilities of fencing. He talked to Dr. Hindman (a really swell guy, adv.) and the then head of the Physical Education Department gave him permission to go ahead on his own initiative. Gathering together some old pieces, and recruiting his own helpmates, Levin set Tiger Blades in action. And now approximately 25 members sound off to roll call.

Equipment requirements are simple. A foil, mask, jacket, and gloves fill the bill. Tiger Blades meets on Thursdays in the Student Union Building, and practice sessions are held whenever and wherever the occasion permits. And then the clash of blades—

The foil is commonly recognized as the long thin blade, fairly flexible, and the most generally used. The epee is heavier, and the blade itself is triangular in shape. The epee has a finer balance, a larger guard, and corresponds more nearly to the rapier than does the foil. The saber, of course, is the biggest and heaviest of the weapons, and has a sharp cutting edge.

In fencing, points are scored by the touch. In foils, the opponent must be touched by the point, and in sabers, a cutting slap with the blade, as the object of saber fencing is to cut. In each instance, a touch counts one point, and the first contestant scoring five points is adjudged the victor.

Intercollegiate fencing is well established in the east, where fencing clubs abound, and regular meets are held. And the game is moving westward with the sureness of the covered wagon and the Pony Express. St. Louis U. has just taken up fencing, and a club has been flourishing at Washington for some time. The sport is just beginning to catch on in the middle west, and is gaining in popularity every day.

Hmmm, maybe we'd beter see "Zorro" again if it returns to a well known spot on North Ninth, and until it does maybe we ought to find a secluded library spot and curl up with some Dumas. Or maybe the energetic, pioneer spirit of the Tiger Blades will just carry us along.

(THE END)

SHOWME PASSES IN REVIEW

By Bob Deindorfer

A Resume of the Last 20 Years of Showme

It was in the bleak month of October, 1920, that G. H. Combs, Jr., and William Tweedie decided that something was needed to pep up the student body. After much deliberation they published a monthly humor magazine called the Missouri Showme. It was new then and not many knew about it but since that time twenty years ago it has traveled far in literary humor, and cultural circles.

"Let the children have the vote" was the theme of the editorial page in that first issue. The editorial also stated that the magazine would have no party affiliations and would print unbiased news in time of elections. A new Missouri football coach and athletic director, Z. G. Clevenger, was welcomed by the Showme with a story on his athletic career and wishes of the best of luck. As seemed the custom in those days the Showme made the announcement that the Savitar board would give away five free yearbooks to the five people writing the best critical constructive letters on the previous Savitar. Even the advertisements were written in a different tone and advertised different brands of merchandise than is known today. A picture in the advertising section showed a group of naval officers fiending on Spur cigarettes. Evidently, naval men were the pride of the country then and something to be modeled after—this was just after World War. number 1. Fatima cigarettes were also heavily advertised in these earlier issues. The tone of the jokes in that issue were of the double entendre variety. As this was the beginning of the "Roaring Twenties" anything—damned near anything—went in the magazine.

The second issue of the mag saw the editorial crusading for a new gym. The story said that the Tigers were getting too big for their small lair—Rothwell gym—and needed something bigger for the indoor athletic contests.

As this edition is a January issue we will briefly run through the other January issues in the twenties, just to compare the way things were in the first month of the new year back in the pre-dirty-thirty-days.

Arch Rodgers was editor of the 1922 Showmes and Lyle Wilson—now chief of the Washington bureau of United Press—was the literary editor. The editor that month urged students to attend YMCA lecture groups on Sunday afternoons instead of sinning by attending shows, playing the piano, or even—God help the students—shooting craps.

Ah, ha! Now we come to the 1923 editions of the Showme. The January issue that year was called a Back Issue and printed a lot of jokes writ-

ten in the style of the subject's inner thoughts. It was later in the year that one of the Showmes went a little too far and printed a story called "Confessions of a Co-ed." Evidently the article really told the confessions of a campus co-ed, for the Showme was bounced off the campus of Mighty Mizzou.

We now move up five years and pick up the thread of Showme history. The Showme was banned from the campus; what could be done? Well, what about publishing another magazine under a different name—issuing the old Showme incognito? And so the Missouri Outlaw came into being. Born in 1927, it broke out on the campus with Edmee Baur as editor and Wesley Nash as business manager. A best-joke and best-cartoon contest were run in the January issue of the '28 Outlaw.

One of the ads in that issue was a layout for the Palms, "Oasis of the Campus."

The following year the January edition had branched out a bit, printing more "good jokes" in it, more good social stuff and more good personal notes. This issue was the Mystery Number and ran several good short stories, a pair of love novelettes, and started a romance serial.

When the publication made its 1930-31 debut, the name on the front cover was once again Showme. The name alone seemed to snap the magazine out of its slump and many new features sprung up. A story was run on Charley Hughes, vice-president of the student body, with several of his ideas. One was that there should be a system of activity tickets for all students on the campus and the other major theory of his was that all student activities should be unified under the control of the Student Government Association. We can now see what good ideas these were.

Running rapidly through a few of the 1930 issues of Showme we find that in 1936 the column "Music Bob" was written by one Dave Dexter, Jr. We find the same Mr. Dexter working as the associate editor on Down Beat, top music mag in the fold. In the 1935 issue there was an article on how to dabble in campus politics by the campus politician of the year. In 1932 a humorous ad on the new Kappa fire escape graced one of the back pages. The ad showed several boys, frothing only slightly at the mouth, on the escape and called it the "College boys' meeting place."

And now as the second hands on the big wall clock are ticking this issue into Showme history we wonder what publication historians, delving into Showme files ten years from now, will say about our Showme.

**THE LAW
STUDENT
BRINGS
HIS PROF
AN APPLE**

I hereby give and convey to you, all, and singular, my estate and interests, right, claim, title and jurisdictional advantages of and in said apple, together with its skin, juice, pulp, and pips and all rights and advantages therein, with full power to bite, cut, suck and otherwise to eat the same, or to cause same to secrete a juice known as "cider" or to give same away with or without the aforementioned skin, juice, pulps, or pips (this phrase includes seeds and any foreign matter incurred within specific circumference).

Said title to include all and complete ownership of each and every item listed hereinbefore or hereinafter or in any other deed or deeds, instrument or instruments of whatever nature or kind whatsoever to the contrary in any wise notwithstanding.



BE A B. M. O. C.

Are you a B.M.O.C.?
Translated it means: Big Man On the Campus.
It's simple to be a B.M.O.C.
First: Enter something. Preferably, a college.
Talk to the campus barbers. Be active. Know everyone's first name.
Hire three guys to yell, "hello," when you enter a coking joint.
Buy everyone beers. Pass out cigarettes.
Picket the sororities. Make them give you a break.
Join any old frat. Outshine your stodgy brothers.
They'll hate you. You'll hate them. Everything's rosy.

Be an athlete. A good one. It's important to make your numerals. Develop your chest, then put your numerals on it.
Get in the class plays. Even if you're a ham.
Look like an actor. Buy a turtleneck. Tap dance your way into the rhythm funfest.
Sing. Play a trumpet. Make with the gag lines.
Be a leg man on the campus paper. Write dribble for your humor magazine. Keep everyone happy.
The end of the year comes. You're a B.M.O.C.
Of course you've flunked out. You really should have gone to class some time.
But, you're a B.M.O.C.



THE FATAL ROUND

At the end of the fourth round, MacTavish showed no signs of weakening. Kelly, looking at him, felt a sharp pang of uneasiness. How long could the other man hold out? Already MacTavish had taken several powerful ones without a tremor; without any indication that his iron resistance might soon give way. Kelly was perturbed.

At the end of the fifth round he began to feel groggy; but a look at MacTavish filled him with hope. The pace, he saw, was telling on the other man as well. Could the Scot hold out much longer? Was he losing control?

The sixth round came. The seventh. Both men were in a weakened condition now... And then, Kelly realized that MacTavish was on the verge of succumbing. His resistance had broken at last.

"Ah' weel' Kelly," the Highlander said, "you've paid for the last seven rounds of drinks, laddie, so it's only fair that I should buy the next one. Waiter!"

•

"My son is specializing in languages."

"Is that right?"

"Yes, I got a bill that said \$20 for French, \$50 for Spanish and \$200 for Scotch."

•

Did you hear about the freshman who put hair tonic on his slicker because he wanted a raccoon coat?"



Beth would only kiss a lad
Whose breath was strictly dandy;
And that is why she always had
A few Life Savers handy.



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

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

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 box of Life Savers!

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

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

Business was slow, so the barber decided to shave himself. Halfway through the shave, he cut himself.

The barber stopped shaving as the blood trickled down his chin, and he began to laugh loudly.

A startled manicurist looked up. "What are you laughing at? Don't you realize you cut yourself?"

"Why should I care?" the barber sneered. "I shaved myself yesterday and didn't even receive a penny tip."

•

No matter how much you like a parade, it's no fun when they drill in your mouth.



"Well, how did I know he *owned* the circus!"

CRIBBING CAPERS



If you take a final or a quiz
And haven't studied for it,
Just use this plan—it's a whiz—
And you never will deplore it.



Flip your paper out the window
To a buddy down below
And write like hell on another piece
As if you're in the know.



Your faithful friend has been outside
Waiting for your quiz . . .
He picks it up and gets to work
He surely knows his biz!!!



Once he has the paper it's up to him
To do his very best . . .
To work it out and make quite sure
That **his** work will pass **your** test!



Now take the bunk you've been working on
And give it to your professor.
If you're lucky he'll never know that you're
A cheat and a digressor.



Then meet your friend outside the class . . .
Pick up the finished paper . . .
Look it over, make sure it's good . . .
Then cut a joyful caper!



Now back to see our friend the Prof.
Who has your blank in hand.
Tell him that he has the wrong one
And that you're sure he'll understand.



Finally, find your friend who's waiting still
And take him to the Shack . . .
Then drink a few of the foaming brew
To studying with that certain **knack**.
—Chuck Kufferman

IN THE NEW YEAR

WHO	WHAT THEY WANT	WHAT THEY'LL GET	WHAT THEY RESOLVE	WHAT THEY'LL DO	WHY
Sigma Chi	More Pledges To Pay the Mortgage	More Pledges	To Be Good Boys	Break Their Resolution	Why Not?
Phi Delt	A Woman	Suzies	To Be Good Boys	Date	Why Do You Think, Stupid?
Phi Gam	A Tender Caress	The Flu	To Be Good Boys	Enter Politics	Baby Needs Shoes
Beta	Five More Convertibles	Popularity Up Ten Points	Carry On!	Hm m m m m m	Cause They're Only Human
Farmhouse	The Old Gray Mare	Kicked In The Face	Never Again!	Better Next Time	?
Kappa Sig	Another Christman	Not That!	To Keep Trying	SSSSssshhhh	SSSSssshhhh
Sigma Nu	Censored	Censored	Censored	Censored	You Can Guess
Zebes	Anything	Almost Anything	Anything	Anything	Now Here's A Question
A. T. O.	A New Pledge Class	A New Pledge Class	To Keep 'Em	To Keep 'Em	God Knows
Lambda Chi	A Theta	A Kappa	Try Again Next Year	The Best They Can	To Earn Their Operators License
Delta Foo	Hendrix Hall	The Hives	To Get Rid Of 'Em	Get Rid Of 'Em	So They Can Go Back To Hendrix And Start All Over Again
D. U.	"A Loaf of Bread, A Jug of Wine And Thou."	A Loaf of Bread	To Eat The Bread	Eat The Damn Stuff	They're Hungry
Sig Ep.	A New Suit of Clothes For The Roommate	Disappointed	Stop Reading This Drivel	Turn The Page	To See What The Hell's On The Other Side

IN THE NEW YEAR

WHO	WHAT THEY WANT	WHAT THEY'LL GET	WHAT THEY RESOLVE	WHAT THEY'LL DO	WHY
Kappas	Clark Gable	An M. U. Man	Go To Hollywood	Stay Here	A K. U. Man Might Catch Them
Tri Delts	A Good Time	A Good Time	Have More Good Times	Have More Good Times	Life's Sooo Short
Stephens	A Man	(This is Debatable)	"Get Our Man"	Anything	This Is So Seldom
Hendrix	A Blackout	A Blackout	Turn The Lights On	Keep The Lights On	"My Dear Mother Warned Me of This"
Theta	A Blackout	A Blackout	It's Fun	Turn Out The Lights	To Cut Down On The Electric Bill
Pi Phi	A Diamond Ring, A Convertible Mercury, A Millionaire	Lime Coke	"For The President And The Army We Must Give Our All"	And They Will Too!	For The President And the Army
Goon Castle	Anything With Pants On	A Cigar Store Indian	To Be Good Girls	Be Good Girls	Cause They Can't Be Anything Else
Delta Gam	Romance	Romance	There's Good In Every Man	Disprove It	Cause They're Delta Gams
Gamma Phi	An Education	Experience	Studies Interfere With An Education	All Right!	Did You Ever See A Chicken Run Faster Than A Rooster?
Alpha Phi	Romance	A Lecture	To Forever Hold Their Peace	Write Letters To The Showme (Adv.)	It's A Harmless Pastime
Chi Omega	Love Love Love Love - Love - Love - Love Love Love Love	LOVE!	To Be The Master Of The Situation	Be Old Maids	Why? Why, Dear Reader, Don't You Go Home And Sleep This Off?

INFORMATION PULEEZE . . .

—Leonard North Cohen—Herb Quincy Gross

Questions:

- I. Do you think onions detract from a persons charm?
- II. What's your prize New Year's resolution?
- III. What's your idea of true romance?

Answers:

Sue Wells—Workshop Pres.

1. Oh no . . . Onions give a person that certain indefinable something.
2. Not to break into my piggy bank anymore.
3. I get mine all by mail . . . get it?

Bill Ferguson—campus thrush

1. You can't feel their charm when they're close to you.
2. Definitely—no BOILERMAKERS.
3. A trusting woman.

Kaki Westmoreland—Pan-Hel Sweetheart

1. Absolutely not—I love the smell of them even on someone else.
2. Not to go on any more quail hunts and bag a coyote.
3. When they're far away.

Chet Hill—S. G. A. Pres.

1. If they've been eaten—yes.
2. To keep on trusting horses.
3. A platonic relationship.

Sam Edwards—Savitar Bus. Mgr.

1. Onions have their place and I don't mean in the diet.
2. Due to my physical, mental, moral, etc, breakdown—no more New Year's eve dates.
3. Depends upon the people not the place.

Fred Rexford—Pan-Hel Pres.

1. It depends upon what one is doing.
2. Making frequent trips to Chicago.
3. My own.

Ronnie Baumgartner—Women's Pan-Hel Pres.

1. Onions are better than garlic . . . as far as that goes.
2. Everyone else is going to stop drinking so I've resolved not to be a teetotaler.
3. I've never seen a true one.

Murray Goldsmith—Student News Editor

1. Yes . . . after eating onions mi-ladies charm acquires a negative aire.
2. To learn how to rhumba.
3. One that would last longer than my monthly allowance.

Harry Beltzig—Former Dance Chairman

1. Yes . . . with the exception of answer 3.
2. Schedule the Savitar Ball on one of the 364 days not occupied by Martin's banquet.
3. A certain blonde Theta.

Out with the flu.



Kaki Westmoreland



Murray Goldsmith



Sue Wells



Fred Rexford



Sam Edwards



Chet Hill



Ronnie Baumgartner



Bill Ferguson



Harry Beltzig



FOR MEN ONLY

Men, in case you need a complete new wardrobe, just when you are short of cash, here's what to do. (This formula has been tested and approved, by the country's foremost screwballs.) Starting from scratch you go to a dairy farm to obtain the Jersey. The complimentary trunks you can get from a pair of elephants. Pants are readily produced by running up and down stairs twenty-nine times. (This is particularly effective if you happen to live in a penthouse.) By sassing a truck driver you may procure a couple of socks and a good belt. Shoes you can pick from a shoetree, and a vest from a vestry. If you are unable to quickly acquire a coat of tan, you should be able to at least have your tongue coated. For a cravat, just select a nice railroad tie. For the head, a bottle cap is not difficult to find. Everything is now in your possession, but a shirt and thereby hangs the tale.



"You the party with the clogged pipe?"

PIFFLE WE LIKE TO BELIEVE

That the professor who is the strictest in the classroom is really an old softy suffering from an inferiority complex.

That the best history is fiction, and the best fiction history.

That college is one dance after another.

That the leading poets are actually the best business men.

That the leading dress designers are almost always men.

That in spite of all the money women spend to look different, they look alike in a crowd.

That the fellow who can tell you how to get to every town in the country and what every town in the country is like, has never actually done any travelling.

That if you want to hide something, leave it in the most conspicuous place. For example, leaving money in a cash register.

That doctors only prescribe medicine because they feel the patient will feel cheated unless he gets something bitter to swallow.

That our one and only is different.

But we know, don't we?

"My uncle had an accident with his car. It was a terrible accident but he had a good doctor who told him he would have him walking in a month."

"And did he?"

"He certainly did. When the doctor sent his bill, my uncle had to sell his car."

*Woman is nothing but a rag, a bone and a hank of hair.
Man is nothing but a brag, a groan and a tank of air.*

"My brother was so good in his own way that they kicked him out of college."

"In his own way? What way?"

"In his dumb way."

"George comes from a very poor family."

"But I thought they let him join a fraternity."

"Yes, that's how they got so poor!"



"I keep the dictionary up there, the only exercise I get is looking up words."



MARION HUTTON
in Glenn Miller's Moonlight
Serenade, broadcasts...

*Today's most
popular number*

Chesterfield

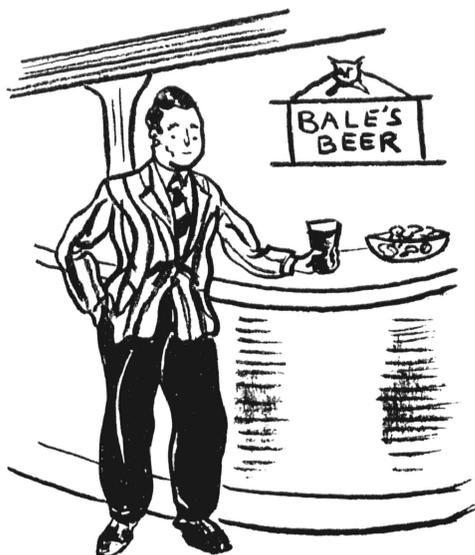
There's a greater demand than ever for Chesterfields. Smokers who have tried them are asking for them again and again, and for the best of reasons... Chesterfields are *cooler, better-tasting* and *definitely milder*. Chesterfields are made for smokers like yourself... so tune in now for your 1941 smoking pleasure.

They Satisfy

AND SO TIME PASSES...

When You're a FRESHMAN

Drinking is bad ...
A slap is a rebuke ...
You're drunk after 3 cocktails ...
You shouldn't dream to kiss a girl the first date ...
You owe your fraternity lifelong loyalty ...
Your best girl has your fraternity pin ...
You blush when a girl tells an off-color joke ...
You drink to attract attention ...
Petty is your favorite cartoonist ...



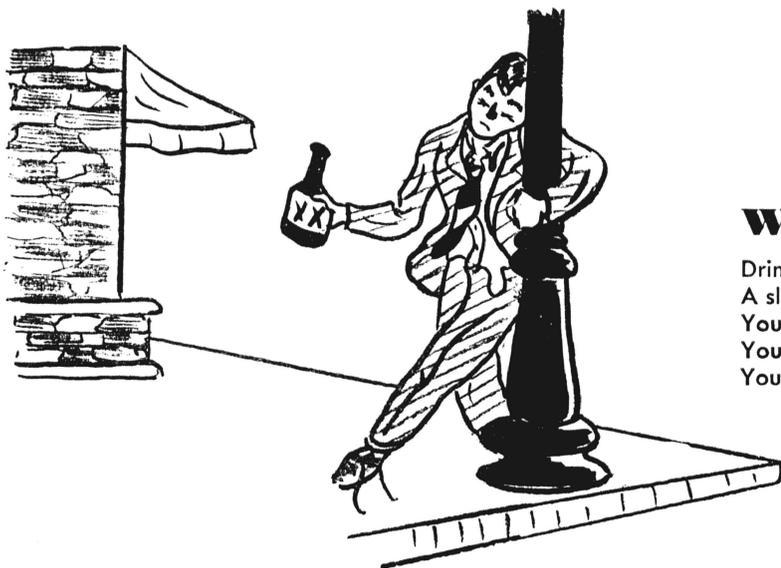
When You're a SOPHOMORE

Drinking is probably bad ...
A slap is a joke ...
You're drunk after 5 cocktails ...
You shouldn't dare to kiss a girl the first date ...
You owe your fraternity a great deal of loyalty ...
One of your best girls has your fraternity pin ...
You smile when a girl tells an off-color joke ...
You drink to become genial ...
Petty is your favorite cartoonist ...



When You're a JUNIOR

Drinking probably isn't bad ...
A slap is an encouragement ...
You're drunk after 7 cocktails and a short beer ...
You shouldn't demand to kiss a girl the first date ...
You owe your fraternity some loyalty ...
A girl has your fraternity pin ...
You laugh when a girl tells an off-color joke ...
You drink to forget ...
Petty is your favorite cartoonist ...



When You're a SENIOR

Drinking is drinking ...
A slap is object No. 1 ...
You're drunk ...
You shouldn't bother to kiss a girl the first date ...
You owe your fraternity ...
A pawn shop has your fraternity pin ...
You yawn when a girl tells an off-color joke ...
You just drink ...
Petty is your favorite cartoonist ...



But guess what his favorite hobby is—collecting butterflies! Yes sir, believe it or not, he has a good collection of over 150 different specimens. His favorite colors are red, white, and blue. And here's your chance gals—he's free. If you want to land the Swede, serve him butterscotch pie—it's his big weakness. Up to date his biggest thrill in life was when he got up enough nerve to kiss his high school sweetie.

Despite all these imposing honors, Al, who was born on an Indian reservation, is modest and unassuming—is just 'one of the boys'.



The magician approached the footlights, signalled to a Frosh in the audience, and then spoke: 'As a fitting climax to this act I am going to saw this young man in two.'

The crowd cheered and applauded wildly.

"But before I proceed I must make sure you are willing."

A tremendous "Sure".

"And the boy's fraternity brothers—do they object?"

A loud "No".

"Very well then, I will begin." And he sawed the boy in two.

We all thought it was funny as the dickens, but the police department certainly raised hell about it.

fotofeature . . .

When you look at your program come graduation day, June 13, you will see the name of Albert Earl Hensel mentioned several times, for Al has an affinity for winning honors in everything he undertakes. Listed among his achievements are such awards as the McDerman scholarship, the Rollins scholarship, the U. S. Field Artillery Association medal, and just recently he has been nominated for the much sought after designation as honor graduate of the R. O. T. C. He is a cadet colonel and brigadier commander. The big Swede, for Al stands 6' 4", is the fellow who reviews the corps when they have parades. He is also a member of Scabbard and Blade.

Al's scholarship achievements include Phi Eta Sigma and Phi Beta Kappa with an all "E" average for four years. He is a member of Phi Gamma Delta fraternity and will appear in Who's Who Among Students in American Colleges and Universities for 1941.

GIRL OF THE MONTH



Miss Jane Hugo, queen candidate for Friendship Dance, displaying a "Gay-Rhythm" hair style fashioned by Miss Elizabeth Eaton.

At

Columbia

SCHOOL OF BEAUTY CULTURE

Mo. Theatre Bldg.

Dial-5332



Where to Go!



. . . . News of the Movies . . . Entertainment . . . and

Take a tip from a crammer from way back and take in a few movies before and during final week. I don't need to tell you that all study and no play makes for a confused exam-taker. So let up—lighten up between your final stretches—get a lift from the movies—'cuz we'd hate awfully not to have youse guys stick around some more.

And you won't want for good shows either. There's the hilarious Soviet satire, **COMRADE X**, with Clark & Hedy—Clark being an imaginative correspondent in Moscow who outwits the censors everytime & Hedy, a tram car operator named Theodore because only men are allowed by law to run street cars in Russia!

Orson Welles combed the hair out of his eyes long enough to finish a powerful drama, **CITIZEN KANE**. You can easily see that this MR. and MRS. SMITH, otherwise known as Carole Lombard and Robo Montgomery will be more comedy relief in the as-we-like-it vein of **THIS THING CALLED LOVE**.

The **THIEF OF BAGDAD** and **THE LONG VOYAGE HOME** will be reshowed since they played whilst we were home celebrating the New Year. And as for **KITTY FOYLE**, the moving story of Christopher

Morley, **LIFE** the mag has already given you the dope—and none of your expectations can be too high for this latest triumph of Ginger Rogers.

So folks, remember to forget your finals for an occasional moment and drop in for a movie lift.

So help me, there're really **SOME** records this month. But first a gandering gab to the winds on the present BMI-ASCAP scrap. Broadcast Music Incorporated has the radio, the biggest musical outlet; that leaves the American Society of Composers, Authors, and Publishers clutchin' the gunny in a losing battle because eventually the public memory will be filled with the series. ASCAP may try to sell song rights to large individual advertisers and thus force their tunes on the air—but BMI will probably not allow that. Some of you wonder what ground ASCAP has to stand on; they have some good points—Victor Herbert founded the outfit—but like all things of that sort they often are taken over by the union-

type of administrator, and that's where your money goes. ASCAP feels that since 85% of radio time is music, they should get a bigger share of what the systems get for that time. On the other side, how can you call ASCAP a beneficial society when a composer must have 5 to 7 songs published and successes before he may become a member and eligible to get royalties. What happens that a lot of young fellows give their stuff to ASCAP men in order to get it published. You remember Ruth Whatsis who wrote "I'LL NEVER SMILE AGAIN"—just think that she can't get any more out of that song than what she sold it for—until she publishes a batch more successful ones.

By now most of you are probably convinced that you really aren't just missing a whole lot of the old tunes. With the exception of the seeming monotony of arrangements and sameness in the present setup, and the **STRONG** trend toward Stephen Foster's "I dream of Jeannie with the you-know-what-color hair", many of the BMI tunes are

Count Solomon's
12 piece band



HARRIS CAFE

Uptown Through Wednesday

ERROL FLYNN
OLIVIA
DeHAVILLAND

"Iron Rails To Kansas...Iron Nerves From There On!"

"Santa Fe Trail"

RAYMOND MASSEY • RONALD REAGAN • ALAN HALE A WARNER BROS. PICTURE
William Lundigan • Van Heflin • Gene Reynolds • Henry O'Neill • Guinn "Big Boy" Williams • First Nat'l Picture
Original Screen Play by Robert Buckner • Music by Max Steiner

Directed by **MICHAEL CURTIZ**

THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY

W.C.FIELDS in **THE Bank Dick**



A **UNIVERSAL** Picture



What to Do!



. . . Dancing In and Around Columbia . . .

—By Round Towner

hits in their own right. A listen to the hit parade under the guidance of Mark Warnow will testify to that. Such pleasant harmonies as IT ALL COMES BACK TO ME NOW, YOU WALKED BY, I HEAR A RHAPSODY, THE SAME OLD STORY, SO YOU'RE THE 1, and in the best I'LL NEVER SMILE AGAIN fashion, I GIVE YOU MY WORD.

In case some of you do hear the old tunes, don't get worried, relax, and enjoy it, for either the station has bought the rights direct from ASCAP, or BMI has rearranged it, which can be done in some cases. The government will probably soon see that this war of sharps and flats gets straightened out.

Alvino Rey deserves a mighty lot of publicity—you will remember he was with Horace Heidt—with his electric guitar and those smooth King sisters (a beautiful combo of the hotter overtones in the team Andrews and Six Hits & a Miss). Bluebird, the house of Victor, boast some of his latest best; Irish Washerwoman, (Rubadubdubdubdub) No. 10545, and a perfect record on both sides, No. 10948, otherwise known as A-St. Louis Blues and B-Row, Row, Row Your Boat. Another by him with that dreamy Moon River touch, I'LL GET BY, 10856's the number.

One of the best albums of the month is an Andre Kostelanetz set. It includes masterful symphonic but swing arrangements of SMOKE GETS IN YOUR EYES, I SEE YOUR FACE BEFORE ME, and I GOT RHYTHM, all of these from Columbia, green labels.

You may remember the movie, INTERMEZZO, a beautiful but sad French love story, and the original music composed as a background for

it by Heisy Provost. Well, that has been released under a red label (good old Johnnie Walker) Victor 4458. On the other side is the ever-interesting & popular Hungarian Dance No. 1.

That's all, I'm flu now . . .



HUMOR—Swiped from the files of ancient Showmes.

"I don't care if you do hire a thousand men. You still can't hold a candle to what I make."

"No. What is it?"

"Gunpowder".

(Ed. Note: This was a hum-dinger back in '09.)

Dancing
and
Jellying

Afternoons
Evenings



Deen's
GOLDEN CAMPUS

HALL THEATRE

Now Showing

"Comrade X"

CLARK GABLE

HEDY LAMARR



MISSOURI THEATRE

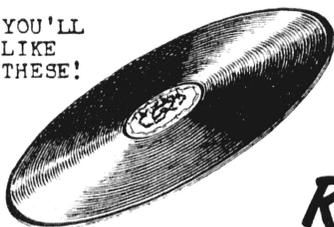
Now Showing

"VICTORY"

STARRING FREDERICK MARCH

New Records

YOU'LL
LIKE
THESE!



Isn't It Just Like Love

I Hear A Rhapsody

You Walk By

Star Dust—By T. Dorsey.

Pomp and Turnpike

You Forgot About Me

So You're the One

Along the Santa Fe Trail

Radio Electric Shop

1005 Broadway

PHOTOSKETCH . . .



"BOB HERR, Showme advertising manager, stopped on his way to go after the boys uptown."

Showme's advertising genius and advertising manager, Bob Herr is the good-looking gent poised above. He's an A. D. S. from Illinois. A fiend for coffee and Sauterne wine . . . Roommate caught him guzzling rubbing alcohol one nite while trying to stay awake on ad layout . . . Another one of these guys who adorns his room with pictures of Hedy, Betty, Petty, Varga's girl, et etc. . . His favorite occupation is bending elbows at the Shack . . . Likes to play checkers because he'd rather jump than ride . . . Likes his girls plump and brunette and her name is Gracie . . . Macaroni and cheese drives him nuts—with a side dish of bananas and apple sauce . . . thinks the Magna Carta is here to stay . . . also is convinced that swing is here to sway . . . thinks the musicans who invented swing ought to.

After June and graduation he'll be selling Radio Guides at the corner 52nd and Plowed Ground.

Prize winning wise-crack of the month submitted by LANE CARLSON, Gamma Phi Beta, 808 Richmond. For winning this month's contest Lane will receive a free box of Life Savers. The winner, here 'tis:

An M. U. co-ed overheard in a campus Jelly joint: "I've got a date dress that I'm going to call 'metallic' 'cause all my dates like to metal with it!"

The biggest mystery to the married man is what the bachelor does with his money.
—But not to the fraternity boy.

Experience is what you have when you've lost everything else.

They Soothe
WHILE YOU SAUNTER



LAZY-BONES
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
Flexible Shank Oxfords



The Loaf-About

In Tan and White
Tan and Tan

Drop in and try on a pair. Lazy-Bones Flexible Shank Oxfords make life's walk E-A-S-Y! They are built for comfort, and to exercise and stimulate your arches when you walk. A new method in shoe construction—a new display of smart styles.

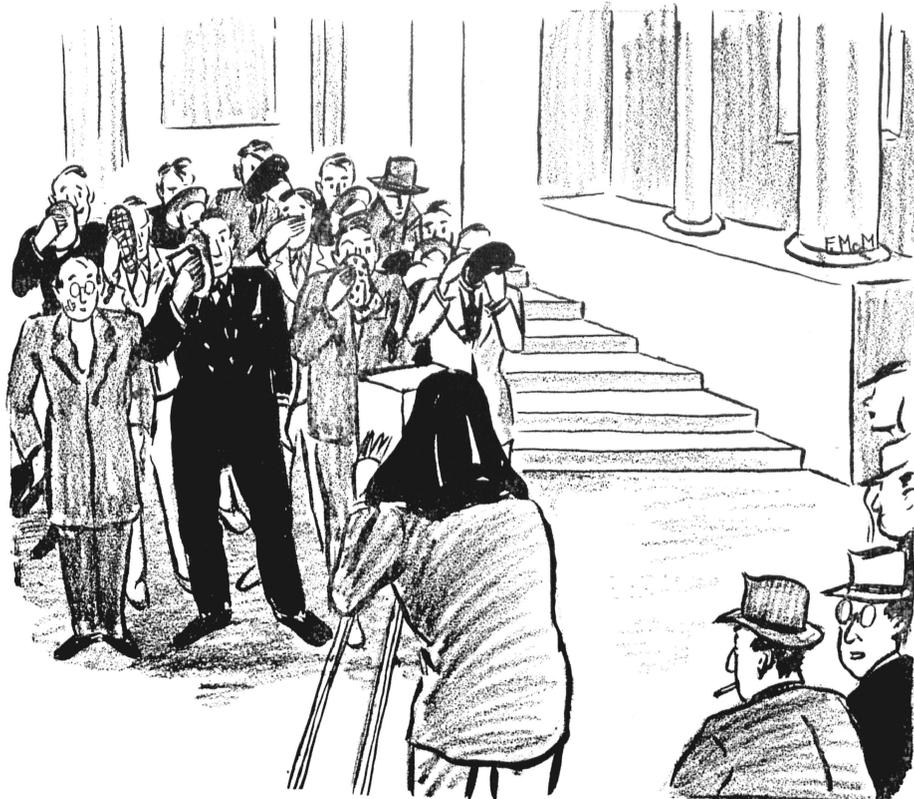
We Have Daughter's or Sister's Sizes, too

\$5.00

Miller's
SUPERIOR SHOES

800 Broadway

See Our Smart Spring Footwear



"They're taking a picture of the jury that acquitted 'Butch' McGinty this morning."

AESCHYLUS IT PLEASE

A PRIMER FOR MODERN FRATERNITY AND SORORITY PUNSTERS

Alpha—used to mean half of. Ex: Alpha pint.

Beta—synonym for "ought to." Ex: You Beta beat it before the cops arrive.

Gamma—baby talk for grandma. Ex: What big dogs you have Gamma.

Delta—used in cards. Ex: He Delta hand of pinochle.

Epsilon—a laxative. Ex: Go, get me a nickel's worth Epsilon Salts.

Zeta—to repeat a phrase. Ex: Zeta again.

Eta—to devour. Ex: I Eta slab of horse meat.

Theta—to devour (plural). Ex: Theta whole cow.

Iota—a duty. Ex: Iota slap your face.

Kappa—a brewing process. Ex: Kappa bottle of beer.

Lambda—a pugilist phrase. Ex: So I Lambda guy on da snoot.

Mu—love song of a cow. Ex: Mu, Moo.

Nu—recent. Ex: What's Nu?

Xi—negro dialect. Ex: Xi in love? I is.

Omicron—(this one stumped us).

Pi—the great American dessert. Ex:

Give me a piece of cherry Pi.
Sigma—part of a warning. Ex: Watch

out or I'll Sigma dog on you.

Tau—a preposition, also a verb. Ex: Go Tau hell! Tau my car, please.

Upsilon—an explanation. Ex: See the acrobat. Upsilond on his head.

Phi—expressed condition. Ex: I'd go away Phi had the dough.

Chi—slang for man. Ex: He's a hell-uva Chi.

Psi—what they do during dramatic situations. Ex: He heaved a Psi.

Omega—part of a prayer. Ex: Omega good girl out of me.

Officer: Do you know what it means when a driver puts out a hand?

Applicant for License: Well, if it's a woman, it means she's going to turn right or left, shake the ashes off her cigarette, or reverse or stop or she's pointing to a hat store, or admiring her ring, or—

Officer: Yeah, and if it's a man?

Applicant: And if it's a man, well, in that case, chances are he's waving at the woman.



"Watch out—I'm teaching my wife how to drive."

WE INTERRUPT THIS PROGRAM TO BRING YOU...



I NOTICED the big fat man sitting in the corner crying in his beer.

"What's the matter?" I asked, trying to spread a little cheer.

"I'm a radio script writer," he answered, looking up. "Do you ever listen to the radio?"

"Why, yes,"

I replied, "whenever I'm home."

"Did you happen to hear last night's 'Mystery Adventure Love Story Hour'?"

"I most certainly did," I told him.

He looked at me with unbelieving eyes. "I bet you didn't. You look like the kind that never listens to anything but dance music."

"You're mistaken," I lied. 'Mystery Adventure Love Story Hour' is my favorite program."

"How'd it begin?" he asked.

Now I was glad I had been too lazy to get up and turn to another station. "Oh, it began with a young girl frightened by a blizzard."

"That's right," he yelled. "You did hear it. Well, that blizzard began life as a wolf."

"A wolf? You mean like the 'Three Little Pigs and the big bad—'"

"Yes, a wolf!" he said ferociously.

"I worked two months on the story. Here was a poor girl trapped in a mountain cabin by a wild wolf. Finally the door is blown open and the wolf pushes into the cabin. The poor girl is frightened almost to death, but she keeps her wits about her, and pretends to faint right near the closet door. As the wolf leaps at her, she ducks, and he goes sailing head first into a closet. She traps him there but it's only a matter of minutes before he breaks his way out. In desperation she screams and a wandering brush salesman hears her and rescues her."

"But," I interrupted, "I heard no wolf on the program."

"Of course not. They cut him out.

They were afraid that the late tuner-inners, hearing a helpless girl fighting off a hungry wolf, might get the wrong idea of what was going on.

"Don't you think," he went on, "that I let them cut the wolf out just like that. I put up a real but useless struggle. I didn't like seeing all the work I had put in getting a fictitious wolf trapped into a fictitious closet go to waste.

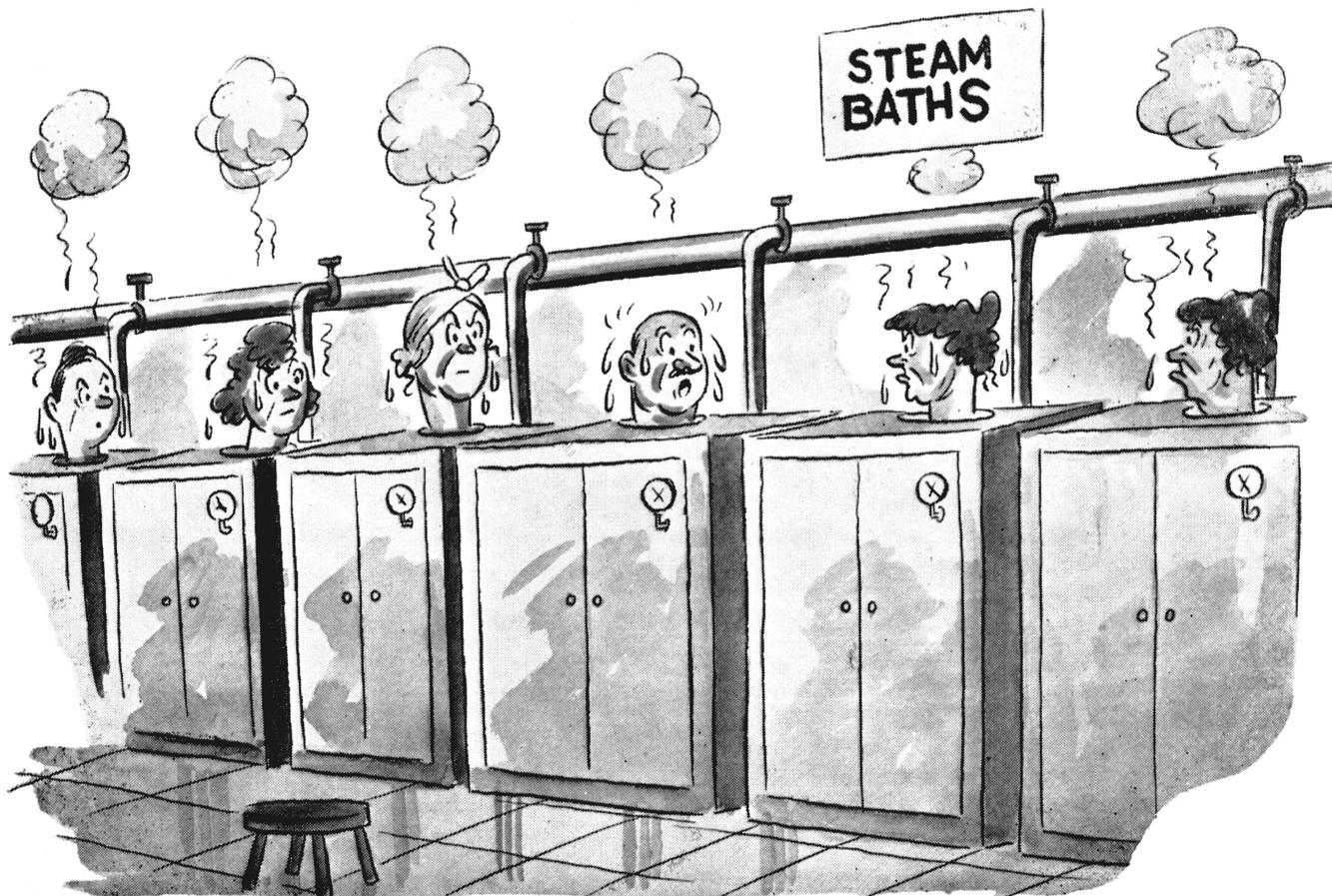
"I suggested that the brush salesman enter first and frighten the girl into the closet and later have the wolf rescue her. But you see, the salesman turns out to be the girl's childhood sweetheart, and to have the wolf take his place—well you see—

So they changed my wolf into a blizzard!" he cried.

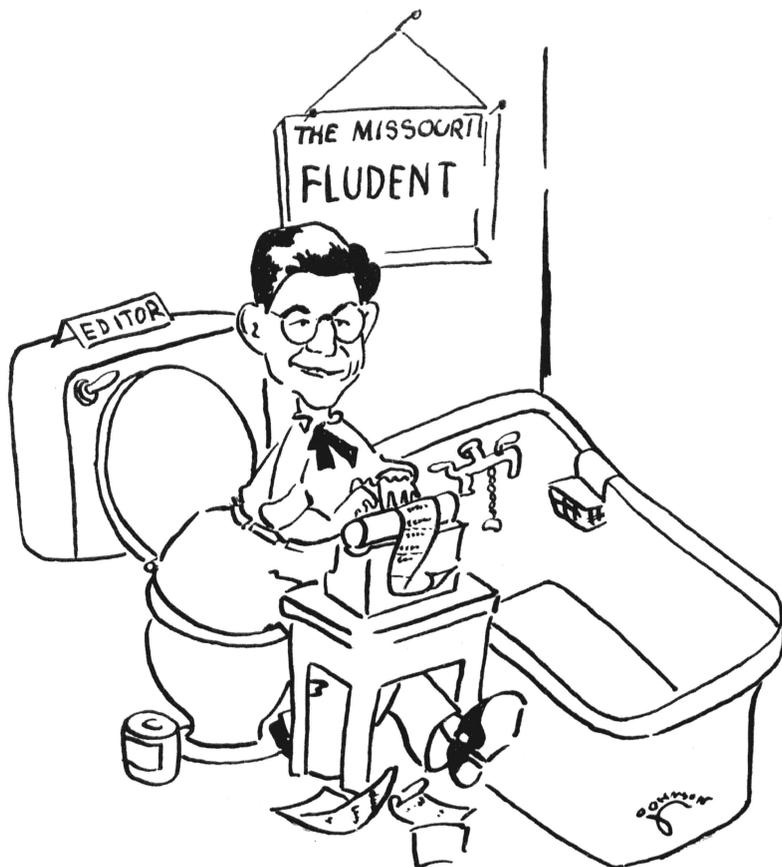
I sympathized with him.

"Only once," he pleaded, "I would like to hear something come off exactly as I planned it. Without any changes!"

I whispered something into his ear, and he suddenly took on a new life. He thanked me over and over again, and as I left I saw him, smiling, begin to bump his head against the wall—just to hear it bump as he (and I) had planned it.



"There must be some mistake, I'm sure!"



NEWS ITEM

Columbia, Mo.—Jan. ? —Because of the influenza epidemic at the University, the third floor of Read Hall, student activity building, has been converted into a hospital. The Missouri Student, so-called newspaper, has had to move into the second floor "tile room." When asked for a statement, Editor Murray B. E. "Volt" Amper said, "At last the Student has come into its own."

•
The only difference between Kansas U. and Kansas State is that at Kansas U. they have private bathrooms and you never get to know anybody.

—Variations from the Gargoyle

•
Silence
More Silence
Strained Silence.
He: "Aren't the walls unusually perpendicular this evening?"

—Pelican

The TOPICS

702-728 Conley

Always have a tempting variety of good things to eat — reasonably priced — and quick, courteous service morning, noon and night.

Topic Cafe

WE DELIVER

Minimum Order **50¢** Dial 5645



A
"BUCK"
IN THE
HAND
IS WORTH
TWO
IN A
BOOK

When the Book in question is a text that you no longer need.

GET CASH
FOR USED
TEXT BOOKS

MISSOURI STORE

Opposite
University Library

While A Cigarette Was Burning

(Continued from page 2)

Then there he was coming toward her, with his funny hat, his trousers rolled up a little from the ankle, and a bottle in one hand. He walked with deliberation a perfect zig-zag, then collapsed at her side. Grinning at her sleepily, he ran his hand over the soft skin on her shoulder where her dress was torn.

"Hello, honey," he said, "Guess what I've got."

She glared at him with cold eyes. "I see what you've got all right!"

He hiccupped, clapping his hand over his mouth, trying to pretend he wasn't drunk. He leaned slowly over her and kissed her . . . a long passionate kiss. But she did not move and there was no answer in her lips, as though she were stone statue, nothing more.

"It never bothered me before."

"Oh, I guess you're drunk. Come on, kiss me right."

When she lay impassive to his touch again, he sulked and watched her like a man beset by devils.

Her voice rumbled on. "Do you remember what I was like when I first came here? This is a crazy place. It changes people. God! But I was sweet and dumb and everybody wanted to teach me all about life. I believed it all . . . that life is short and the fleshpots aren't at the end of the rainbow. Wise and sophisticated, was I? But who was I to be different? All that time spent thinking ahead to big dances and getting "good" dates. I was practical . . . never gave a thing unless I got something back. Wonderful life . . ."

Her voice wasn't bitter, but all-knowing.

He shook his head, "Why drag those things out?"

She silenced him. "Let me sentimentalize . . . for once. Re-

member, there was a time when I thought life was holding hands, and fudge, and cokes, and orchids. Then that stuff . . . that fire water. Crazy stuff. Get to liking it. Needing it. We're so hurt by the cruel world that we have a right to get even with it just by forgetting it's there. Cigarette in one hand and a bottle in the other. College spirit? All the college spirit we ever found was in a bottle. I'm so tired. What have we been looking for? We never found it. Jim . . ."

She turned to him and saw that he was sleeping . . . a sound, drugged, drunken sleep, with his mouth wide open and his hair tossed over one eye. She woke him, saying, "Jim, you weren't listening." She never knew how far that eternal suspended moment she had grown from him.

He roused slightly, just enough to try to kiss her again, saying stubbornly, "I heard you. But you can't get ideas like that. You're crazy!"

Her eyes shone. "I am!"

His voice had a queer, rasping, irritable tone. "Say what's the matter with you?"

"Nothing", she said impertinently, unafraid of his displeasure, strong in her fearlessness, not yet knowing where it had come from, or why . . .

"What do you mean, nothing?"

"I'm a different girl than I used to be."

"Say," he said, getting up and eyeing her warily. "Why the hell don't you get up. We've got to go home."

Sullenly, she said, "I'm tired. I like it here."

He sat back down beside her and kissed her again.

Her whole soul shivered, though her body did not show it. She said, "Don't touch me now."

He growled. "I thought that was what you wanted."

She reiterated, "I'm tired."

"That's never bothered you before."

"But I'm different now."

The strangeness of the girl began to frighten the boy. He

moved away from her as though she were in a different world and he could never understand what she would say to him.

"Jim," she said, the words coming effortlessly, as though they were the conclusions of her whole young lifetime. "I never thought I'd ask this. But what do you think of me?"

He answered her savagely . . . fiercely, to cover up his growing fear. "What do you want at this stage of the game, a lot of mush? What's got into you? Aren't you satisfied?"

She smiled tolerantly, full of the glowing sureness within her. "I've got no kick coming. I knew what I was doing. And you don't love me, as I never expected you too."

"Well," he glowered, "What the hell are you talking about it for?"

"Come on," he insisted. "Get up."



Join the Parade

!

More and more of you students are coming here to eat. Join the parade of those who have found here the happy combination of a large choice of delicious food, big servings and a small check.

10% off
On Meal Tickets
**THE DROP INN
CAFE**

Mo. Theatre Bldg.

Columbia Laundry

• MODERN

• SERVICE

• SAVINGS

DIAL **3409**

"I can't. I'm tired. Quit tugging at my arm."

But he couldn't move her arm, for it was still pinned under her. And her whole body was silent, held down by a great crushing weight inside her.

Jim stood above her, lonely and terrified on the empty highway. He couldn't believe that it had happened. It was all a nightmare. He knew she was dead.

He saw the cigarette that was still, strangely, held in the fingers of her limp right hand, the burning tip almost reaching the flesh. In horror he grabbed it from her fingers and snuffed it out.

If a woman wouldn't drink would her husband liquor?
(If an M. U. man—yes.)

"What a splendid fit", said the tailor as he carried the epileptic out of his shop.

"That's the guy I'm laying for," muttered the hen as the farmer crossed the yard.

Sigma Chi: "Hold the wire please."

Kappa: "I'm afraid I'd be shocked."
(What a Kappa?)

She: "You make me think of Venus de Milo."

He: "But I have arms."

She: "Oh, have you?"

She: "I don't like to ride with you. Your driving is too reckless."

He: "Yes. We've had some tight squeezes haven't we?"

"I'll raise you two," said the wealthy lady to the orphans.

She: "Were you out after dark last night?"

He: "No, white . . ."

"Do you like Columbia?"

"I never speak evil of the dead."

"Something must be done", said the bride as she smelled the burning steak.

Her Dad is in charge of a large number of Missourians. Is he a prison guard?
No. A newspaper carrier.

And that reminds us of the cheer leader who said to the girls cheering section, "Let's go girls! Show 'em your Black and Gold supporters!"

A girl slaps a boys face, not to hurt his feelings, but to stop them.

Where there's a will there's relatives.



Get Acquainted

WITH OUR
Money-Saving Service

Suits dry cleaned
and delivered 50c

Save money and be well-dressed through this wise economy.

One day service if desired

TIGER

Laundry and Dry Cleaning Company

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PENGUIN ROOM
C. S. Jennings, Mgr.

COCKTAIL LOUNGE

COFFEE SHOP

350 BEAUTIFUL ROOMS WITH BATH

From \$2.50

to \$6. THE ALCOVE

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Frozen Gold

CREAM OF CREAMS

ICE CREAM

leader for more than a quarter of a century.



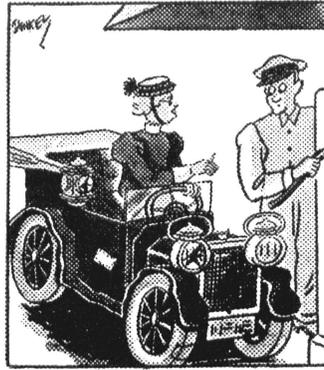
ATTENTION...

THE PATRIOTIC ISSUE OF SHOWME WILL BE OUT AROUND THE MIDDLE OF FEBRUARY!!!!

Bigger and better than ever! Look for these features:

- Showme's All-Un-American team.
- Co-eds aid national defense.
- The R.O.T.C. today-in pictures.
- Exclusive Showme love chart.
- More and better Showme Show.
- Folk Dancing vs. Jitterbugging.

And . . . many other features and pictures you'll not want to miss!



"Do You Install Electric Cigarette Lighters?"

You can't combine modern ideas with old fashioned methods. That's why it's so important to have your printing done by the most up-to-date methods—

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Star-Journal Publishing Co.

Warrensburg,

Missouri

Cash or Trade

You Receive More and Pay Less
For Your Books

at your

UNIVERSITY BOOKSTORE

THE CO-OP

Jesse Hall Basement

Fashion Pictures of Smart Shoes for '41

by THE *Jacqueline* SHOP

3 INCH HEELS



*"heighten" your
smartness in this
Patent Pump!*

4.95

Walk like a goddess on its towering heels! Enliven your wardrobe with its shining sparkle! Dramatically simple opera pump rimmed with grosgrain ribbon!

A black and white illustration of a woman wearing a high-heeled shoe. A tag with the text 'Connie SHOE CREATIONS' is attached to the shoe. The shoe is a pointed-toe pump with a 3-inch heel.

**In INDIAN COPPER
or SADDLE TAN**

All sizes **\$4⁹⁵**
AAAA to B

**THE SEASON'S MOST
VERSATILE COLOR!**

Nothing newer! Rich! Mellow!
Perfect with beige, brown,
gray, green or black! Another
CONNIE "love-at-first-sight!"

Those "Simply-Must-Have" CASUALS

ANTIQUE TAN
or SADDLE TAN
CALF Leather
sole and heel.
All sizes

\$2⁹⁵

AAA to C



"SMOKING THE WAY I DO, I SURE APPRECIATE THOSE EXTRAS IN SLOW-BURNING CAMELS,"

—says Bob Fausel, ace Curtiss test pilot



A PLANE that's never been off the ground before—never been put to the test of actual flight. What will happen in that first power-dive? That's the test pilot's job... Bob Fausel's job... to find out. It takes more than sheer nerve—it takes extra nerve... extra skill and endurance. Bob Fausel *has* those extras... *gets* the extras in his smoking, too... with Camels. He says: "That extra flavor in a Camel always hits the spot."



I SMOKE A LOT;
SO I SMOKE CAMELS.
THEY **BURN SLOWER**—
GIVE ME **EXTRA MILDNESS**
WITH A GRAND **EXTRA**
FLAVOR. MORE SMOKING
PER PACK IS ANOTHER
EXTRA I GO FOR IN
CAMELS

TRYING to tear a plane apart in mid-air is only part of test pilot Bob Fausel's job. There are long hours of engineering conferences... long hours of smoking. "That's where Camel's extra mildness and extra coolness are so important," explains Bob (*center, above*). "Camels are more than mild—they're extra mild—easy on my throat."

Cigarettes that burn fast burn hot. Camel's s-l-o-w way of burning means more coolness, of course, plus freedom from the irritating qualities of excess heat. Smoke Camels and enjoy extra mildness, extra coolness, extra flavor—yes, and extra smoking (*see below*).

EXTRA MILDNESS
EXTRA COOLNESS
EXTRA FLAVOR

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

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!



R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

GET THE "EXTRAS" WITH SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS
THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS