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COOLNESS**

**EXTRA
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the smoke of slower-burning Camels contains

28% LESS NICOTINE

than the average of the 4 other of the largest-selling cigarettes tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself

WHEN all is said and done, the thing in smoking is *the smoke!*

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Try Camels... the slower-burning cigarette... the cigarette with more mildness, more coolness, more flavor, and less nicotine in the smoke! And more smoking, too—as explained beneath package at right.



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**5 EXTRA SMOKES
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“SMOKING OUT” THE FACTS about nicotine. Experts, chemists analyze the smoke of 5 of the largest-selling brands... find that the smoke of slower-burning Camels contains less nicotine than any of the other brands tested.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

CAMEL — THE SLOWER-BURNING CIGARETTE —



American youth facing the future with an invincible smile. Kappa Ginnie Bell and Fiji Paul Heck get together as the navy and army.

OFF THE EDITORIAL CHEST

Our lead editorial is on the next page. So we are going to devote this space to comments on the magazine proper.

We think we've done the best job yet on this issue. Take that cover for instance. We really went to a heck of a lot of trouble on that. Got a couple of hard-boiled sergeants at the R. O. T. C. building to haul out a 75 mm. cannon for us. And the picture took about an hour to shoot. We finally finished about 4:30 in the afternoon.

And the Cottinghams. Those pictures we shot during rehearsal just before the actual Sunday afternoon broadcast. The director almost threw us out of the studio. Ye Ed was trying to direct the picture-taking and be an off-stage voice in the program at the same time—almost missed his cue.

Next month's issue promises to be a whopper-dopper. We lined up J. V. Connolly, Showme godfather, head of King Features Syndicate and as a result, good old J. V. persuaded some of America's leading cartoonists to do some extra special art work for Showme. Some of the artists whose work you'll see in the March issue include E. Simms Campbell, Petty, Varga, McManus and Sid Hoff. Yessir be sure and put aside 15 cents for the Queen issue. We'll see you next month.

BETTY KENT LEADS SHOWME SALESGIRLS

Betty Kent, Gamma Phi Beta, still holds the lead in total sales in the Showme salesgirls' contest. Sue Weiss, Alpha Delta Pi, and Dorothy Love, Delta Gamma, are tied for second place, with Ernestine Ballard and Jeanne Mering, both of Delta Gamma, tied for the next position.

Readers can help their favorite salesgirl win fame and fortune by purchasing their Showme's from them. Win your way to your girl's heart, by buying a Showme.

See January issue inside back cover.

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STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP

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The American Way



Well, here it is February again. To some folks that means the second month of the year; to school kiddies in thousands of American homes it means St. Valentine's Day and sending paper lace billet-doux to the sweetheart; it means George Washington and cardboard axes and the cherry tree tale, it means Abe Lincoln and the rail-splitting stories. And you know, all of these things tie in together and spell one mighty big and important word—DEMOCRACY.

You hear a lot of talk about that word nowadays. But just what is democracy? Our history professor tells us that in the days of the founding fathers of our republic it was considered a dangerous word. It was as bad taste to say democracy then as it is to say communism today. That day democracy meant organized resistance to the government, tyranny, revolt and bloodshed. It meant the bloody democracy of the first French republic—

the awful tribunal and the gory guillotine, the revolution of the Madame La Farges and the Robespierres.

But again, what really is democracy? Some say the only time we had real democracy in this country was in colonial New England in the town meetings where every man voted by hand and had a direct voice in the affairs of the community. Remember, however, that only the prosperous landowners could vote, and the aristocratic elders ruled the community with an iron hand. Political scientists and pundits will tell you the only place such "pure" democracy exists today is in tiny little Switzerland.

But once more, what does this much debated term mean? Benito Juarez, the Mexican Lincoln, expressed it as "the right to govern ourselves." But we think it means more than just that—more than just a plain, cold, hard dictionary definition. We like to think of it in relative terms—in terms of every day American living. We like to think of it in terms of alternately hissing or applauding the President of the United States when his picture flashes on the screen, in terms of discussing the pros and cons of community affairs with that local expert on all things—the barber. Yes, it's the little simple, everyday things in our life as citizens of this wonderful land that spell democracy to us. Going down to the movies; jelling with your best girl; eating plenty of good wholesome food instead of bread made from wood and rationed butter; shopping with the family at the corner grocery—all these things mean democracy. That is what we think of it. But most of us

take all these things for granted, they are around us all the time—all these simple pleasures that would seem like real luxuries to the countless starving European peasants. These are the pleasures, which simple as they are, we would nevertheless miss most if they were taken away from us. It's like having the water in the faucets shut off. We never think about it until we can't have it.

We dearly love all these things—they make life worth living. They **MUST** be preserved. We don't have to go to war to do it, we don't have to do it by investigating everyone named Fritz. If we don't watch out, however—if we college people fail to keep a constant vigil, we shall destroy democracy ourselves. All the fifth columnists will have to do is sit back, fan the fire and take over. We, the college youth of today as future leaders of America tomorrow must put an end to all this defeatism, all this pessimism that we affect. Let's rid ourselves of these pseudo-cynical notions we have, let's cut out all the darn fool youth movements that make our elders think of us as the misguided idealists of a hopeless generation. Let's think of our country the way we used to do—let's think of February the way we did when we were kids in grade school—when the cherry tree and the log rails and the fun on Valentine's Day meant so much. They, and the things they symbolize still do mean much if we'll only realize it. Let's keep them that way—the American way.

BILL FREEHOFF

#



Co-eds Aid Defense

Russia has her famed "Women From Hell" division, England has her S.A.T.C. All over the world today women are taking their place in the defense of their country. The United States is no exception. Today's American women are learning mechanics so they can take the place of their men-folk during the draft. And the college girl is likewise learning to do her share in the national defense. Unlike the Gibson girl of yesteryear or the simple-minded flapper of the last decade, today's college girl is on her toes and ready and willing to pitch right in with the men.

Here on the Missouri campus, not all co-eds spend every available minute jellying, dancing or primping. As pictures show, some of the girls are learning to pilot airplanes under the C. A. A. To qualify, girls must be under 26 years and over 19, at least 5 feet 2 inches tall and weigh a minimum of 100 pounds. The co-ed pictured here is one of 2000 U. S. women flyers.

#



PRETTY VIRGINIA YOUNG C. A. A. pilot and senior in Arts, is "turning it over."



Virginia gets ready to take off. A few last minute instructions.



Meet The Cottinghams

The heart of democracy lies in that great and necessary institution—the American family. Each Sunday afternoon at 1:30 the Christian College department of drama and music brings you the Cottinghams—a typical Middle-Western family. The program is presented over KFRU and is written and acted by Christian College students with the assistance of a few University of Missouri men. It tells the appealing story of unpretentious Bill Cottingham and his wife and children; a story of every day, good-hearted Americans.



Left to right Doris McCutchan (with mouth open), La Vierge Blake and Betty Abbot.



AUTHORESSES JOAN MILLER and Elizabeth Toomey ponder about the Cottingham's fate for next Sunday's broadcast.

MOTHER COTTINGHAM tells son Harold, portrayed by Jim Moseley, he'd better give up that nonsense about leaving school.



Left to right it's Tuck Stadler (Pa Cottingham), Betty Abbot (Ma Cottingham), Doris McCutchan and Jim Moseley (the Cottingham kids.)



Working Through College

by Irv Farbman

Curtly she removed his hand from the zipper on her dress front. "You've got your nerve", she said. She tried not to make her voice sound too angry. He leaned back in the booth, disgust playing on his features. "How about another beer?" he asked. She nodded, anything to keep him busy.

She picked up a cigarette from the open pack on the table and lit it wearily. It was nice to relax for awhile in the shadows and listen to the music from the "juke box." She smiled ruefully to herself as the nickelodeon blared forth: "She's Selling What She Used to Give Away".

Sometimes when she had time to think she wondered what ever started her off . . . on all this. Slowly she surveyed the beer joint, where couples were huddled together, their bodies merging with the blackness in the booths. And still the machine played that song. She wondered why it should effect her.

She looked across the table at the youth sitting opposite her. She'd have to work fast before he got too drunk to be of any use. He was a nice boy, she concluded, a little eager, but the beer probably was responsible for that. He was still sulking over his glass in a corner of the booth. She'd probably hurt his feelings.

"Don't take it so much to heart, sonny", she said. "There comes a day in every man's life." He looked up at her, studying her intently with a drunken stare. She leaned forward towards him, and he could smell the "Sinful Soul" she was wearing, could see her lips, a soft crimson curve in the shadows.

She looked at him meaningly. "It's getting late; almost time to go, isn't it? I'm sick of this joint anyway". "Okay", he said. He rose unsteadily to his feet and struggled into a camel's hair overcoat, collegiate style. She put her coat on alone. He came up close to her as they stood there, slipped his hands inside her coat, and tried to draw her close to kiss her. She tilted her head and gently shoved him away. "We'd better get going", she said. What beer did for a man, she thought.



"Okay", he mumbled under his breath, "If that's the way you want to have it." She was afraid now that he was angry. She was going about this in the wrong way, she knew. She'd have to change her tactics before it was too late.

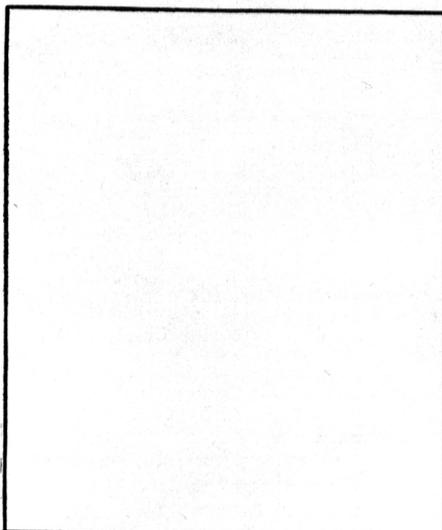
They walked out to his car, parked at the curb. "Do you think it's safe for you to drive?" she asked.

"I could drive this thing with my eyes closed", he bragged. She looked at his eyes, they were half-way there already. She shrugged her shoulders. "What the hell, it was too cold out to walk". "Try to be careful, anyway", she told him. He grinned stupidly, "And if you can't be careful, be good, or however the hell it goes. Did you ever hear the one about it's good to be hard . . . I mean, how it's . . ."

"Yes", she answered wearily. She pulled down her skirt that had hiked up over her knee. "Keep your eyes on the road", she directed, "before you get us both killed".

He let the clutch spring up from the floor, and the car jerked forward, throwing the girl against him. He slipped the gear into high and allowed his hand to linger for a moment. He said: "You've got a run in your stocking". "Okay, Sherlock", she replied, "now that you've finished your investigation suppose you go back to driving". He put his hand back on the wheel to turn a corner, then parked the car outside her house.

He turned off the ignition and pulled up the brake. She prepared herself for what was to (Continued on Page 17.)



THE STORY BEHIND THE STORY

Two young swains, Nero and Rome, were in love with Claudia. Because she was so fond of music Claudia said, "The man I marry must first learn to play the volin." Rome tried hard to learn, but without success. On the other hand Nero was soon playing all of the gal's favorite tunes, and so they were married. It was then that Nero fiddled while Rome burned.

Co-ed: I dreamed I was dancing with you last night.

Soph: Did you?

Co-ed: And when I woke up, I found it was the maid hitting me on the bottom of my shoes with the end of a broom.

Oh, she's very well bred. Every time she throws a cup at her husband she always takes the spoon out.

Junior: What would you do if you were in my shoes?

Co-ed: I'd get a shine.

Everything my roommate touches turns to gold. Everything I touch, they make me put back.

"How d'ja lose your hair?"

"Worry."

What d'ja worry about?"

"Losin' my hair."

"Who was that man you were just kissing?"

"It's all right my dear—nothing to be ashamed of—he wasn't my husband."

Movie Attendant: Madam, take this opportunity to see "Love Eternal."

Lady: But I have only an hour to spare.

M. A.: Well, it won't last much longer than that—

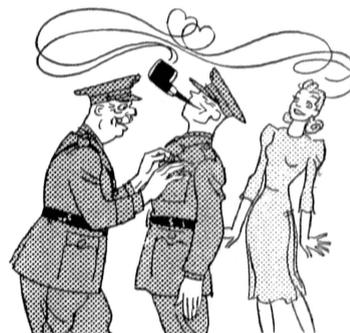


PRIVATE KELLY'S PIPE WAS SMELLY—

but he's out of the dog house now!



"NO BLANKETY-BLANK rookie who smokes such blankety-blank tobacco can ever marry *my* daughter! Phew! Either *stay* away or switch to the Army's favorite!"



KELLY GOT DECORATED for fragrance under fire! You can, too! You puff Sir Walter in your pipe and every nose agrees it's the mild burley blend of grand aroma!"

New!

Cellophane tape around lid seals flavor in, brings you tobacco 100% factory-fresh!



UNION MADE

Tune in UNCLE WALTER'S DOG HOUSE Every Tuesday night—NBC Red network Prizes for your "Dog House" experience

WOO-WOO

The two loons sat in their neatly padded cell trying on the latest in double-breasted straight jackets.

"I'll give you three guesses to tell me what I've got hidden in this hand," said Washington, "And if you can't guess, I'm gonna murder you."

"You got a house there," replied Napoleon.

Washington peeked into his clenched fist. "You're wrong," he shouted. "You got two more guesses to tell me what I've got in my hand, and if you fail, I'm gonna murder you!"

Napoleon thought carefully. "You got a dog," he said.

Again Washington peeked into his fist. "Wrong again," he shouted happily sensing Napoleon's Waterloo. "You got one more guess to tell me what I've got hidden in my hand, or I'm gonna kill you."

Napoleon desperately banged his head against the wall. "You got a horse there!" he shouted.

Washington turned his back and opened his fist slightly and looked. "A horse," he repeated. "What color?"

•

She has watchman's eyes, they both keep watching her nose.

•

Co-ed: What's the enrollment of your college?

Senior: Four hundred with and two hundred without.

Co-ed: With and without what?

Senior: Football players.



Elmer brought her Van Gogh prints,
Peter brought a big bouquet,
Roger brought her Pep-O-Mints
And took her breath away.



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.

"Are you a game warden?"

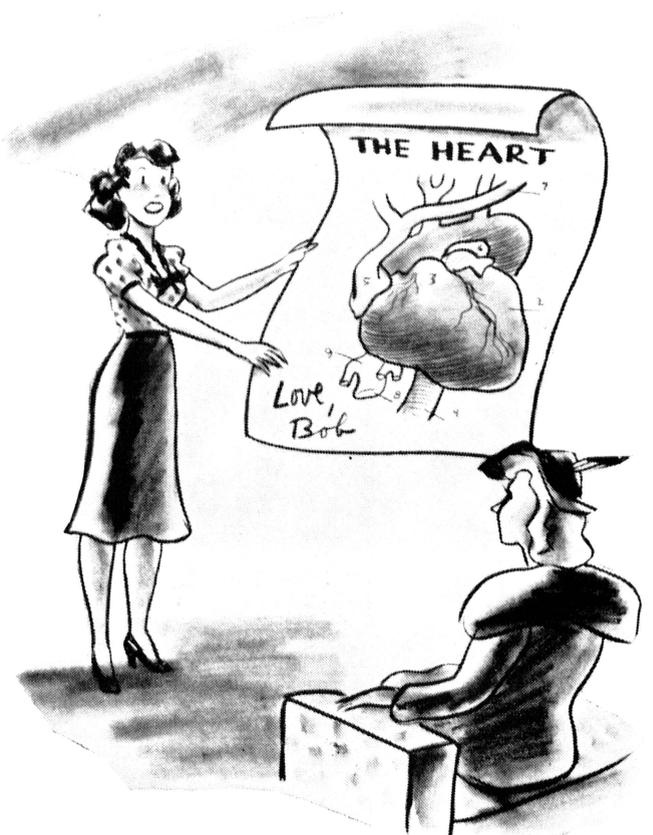
"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, I'm so thankful I have the right person at last! Would you mind suggesting some games suitable for a children's party?"

•

Friend: Has your son's education proved of any real value?

Father: Yes, indeed, it has entirely cured his mother of bragging about him.



"This valentine came from a boy friend who goes to medical school!"



Sororities on this campus have a wealth of tradition behind them . . . they have helped brighten old Mizzou's social scene for many a year, and their contributions to Rush Week and good old spring time are things this school could never do without . . . for this reason we're sorry to see a momentary cloud pass over one of the oldest houses on the campus . . . on good authority it seems that some of the lassies at ye old K.K.G. house are a bit miffed at their new house-mother, Mrs. Quayle . . . irked at Mrs. Quayle's close adherence to the social dictums of Dean Thelma Mills, a group of Kappas, sparked by some of the school's leading de-icers, banded together in an effort to oust the regulation-minded house-mother . . . first step in the crusade of annoyance was a sub-rosa alliance with a few sons of old Phi Delta Phi . . . these merry lads, in their own inimitable midnight manner, were supposed to deliver as much brazen interference and hi-jinks as possible, making Mrs. Quayle's position rather untenable . . . this is the sort of a combine that is capable of making any house-mother's life miserable, and we're glad to hear that last notices indicate a firm stand on the part of Mrs. Quayle . . . the latter has been around the campus only a short time, but most of the Key girls insist she's a real addition to their house, taking right up where Biraie Scott, last year's chaperone, left off . . . this column hopes that the above information is without foundation, at least in its more serious aspects . . . wonder why it is that some sororities can't get the idea through their curly heads that their house-mothers are merely backing up laws instituted by a "front-office", personified by the many-armed Miss Mills . . . when the little light flicks on and off and a bunch of keys rattle somewhere in the background long about twelve o'clock, it's not the chaperone on a one-woman rampage of decency . . . it's a cut-and-dried rule of long-standing, and if it's not enforced the whole organization will suffer . . . and as a passing thought, we'd like to see a little more equality in this business of driving off the male herd at midnight . . . just try to get rid of an ardent swain at prescribed hours when he looks across the avenue and sees callers at another sorority still in the "before-curtew" porch session . . . those well-informed on such matters say that draft worries and imminent farewells to school-days are responsible for the terrific rash of between-semester parties that broke out all over the campus recently . . . this student body loves a good time,

and all records were broken during this gala period . . . but why vandalism? . . . windows in two halls smashed, the J-School Japanese lantern mauled, and a riotous mob running amuck at Stephens' College—all on the same night . . . result: police guard on two of the localities and cruising sentry cars keeping pretty close to the other . . . if conscription is behind this case of the social jitters, then heaven help the good soil of Columbia if we get one step closer to actual war . . . and speaking of war, **MARILYN BUESCHER**, a Tri-Delt who looks like something Dizzy Dean used to fool batters with, waged a little blitz of her own on a cop who stopped her on Broadway . . . and all the while **JIM MOSELEY** laughed like a hyena from the sidelines . . . since it has become fashionable to break into sorority houses in the wee hours, purposes unknown, a group of marauders slipped into the Tri-Delt house a few weeks ago and made off with a sizeable collection of the girls' clothing items . . . upon the threat of the lassies to turn in the names of the offenders, the Lochinvars brought the collection back with the delivery of the milk in the morning . . . and all was forgotten . . . **ADELAIDE GOODELL**, Pi Phi prexy, will leave school shortly to wed her one and only afar off among the sands of Florida . . . **GOODY** has been waiting for this event to come for a long time, and we wish her the best of luck . . . **ART McQUIDDY**, the Beta who writes naughty poems about his nice old fraternity, gathered up a group of his brothers and whisked them off to Sedalia, meeting a group of Pi Phis brought there by **GRACE SPARN**, and all had a great time . . . the Phi Gams could have had a chapter roll call the other night out at ye ancient and illustrious (just ask the Greeks!) Springdale . . . conspicuous in his effort to play the part of the carefree playboy was **JACK DICKPEDDIE**, who can't fool us into thinking he wasn't carrying a flaming torch for the exotic **SUZZIE SCHIESL** . . . Miss **SCHIESL** was at an adjacent table calmly enjoying the company of **WOODY VAN OSDOL**, who leaves school anon for a fling at the army air corps . . . ever kept track of the women long **JOHN LANCY** is seen with? . . . after using up two notebooks we gave up . . . **PEE WEE WILSON**, Phi Delta Phi, is keeping intact his monopoly on **PEGGY CARPENTER**, but alot of us wonder if that isn't the reason for **RALPH McFARRON'S** night after night of "parties with the boys" . . . didn't you like the way **LOU GERDES**, lanky tennis-playing Beta, stepped in to fill **BOB BROEG'S** shoes as editor of the "Columbia Sports Review" in the Missourian? . . . a smooth job, that . . . why are people calling **BARRY YOUNG** "the Hague and Hague kid"? . . . is it because Mr. **YOUNG** reputedly turns into a fast-driving Barney Oldfield when indulging in a little elbow-bending? . . . and whose car is that, anyway? . . . if you ever want to see a picture of the self-made business man, just catch a glimpse of **DARWIN FLANAGAN**, the United Press man in Columbia, some frosty morning on his way to Jesse Hall after leaving J-School . . . such motion. such swing of the arms . . . **BUBBLES AL-**

(Continued on Page 23.)



Is Jitterbugging on the Wane?

By Joanne Boeshaar

Are you a "hep-cat" at heart? Are you a jitterbug who can get in the groove and jive all night? If so, you're passé, according to Benjamin B. Lovett who really should know. He's the man Henry Ford—or representative—hired to head the department of dancing at the Ford Greenfield Hills School in Dearborn, Michigan. Just recently, however, Mr. Lovett and fourteen of his teachers have taken the open road to trip the light fantastic with some 20,000 aspiring terpsichoreans per week on 28 different college campuses. Not long ago he spent several days at Stephens College instructing the Susies and their dates in the fine art of—believe it or not!—the quadrille, the waltz, the mazurka, and the varsovienne—folk dances all—and as American as the "Star Spangled Banner" (whose tune, by the way, was originally borrowed from something European too.) The dances

HAROLD BASSMAN, K. A. pledge prexy and Gamma Phi Mildred Fenner demonstrate some fancy jitterbug technique.



PRETTY DOLORES DOUGLAS of Stephens and dapper Bob Edwards of M. U. show how to curtsy and bow properly in the best waltz quadrille manner. Shades of George Washington! On down the line Karl Wickstrom lets his hands dangle out in front, tsk, tsk, Karl.



Some like the stately waltz, others jitterbugging, but all of Mizzou's sons and daughters agree that the cozy cheek-to-cheek style of dancing is tops. Here Delt Ben Sickel and Theta Scotty McLure present a perfect picture of terpsichorean bliss.

really went over with the crowd out at College and Broadway, and according to Mr. Lovett, they have become just as popular everywhere he has taught them. They may be old American, but they're the newest rage in modern dance circles today; and young people all over the country are quadrille-ing in a style that would have done credit to great-grandmother in her debutante days.

This being our patriotic issue, we can't help putting in a plug for "God Bless America"—it seems that this world-unrest affects us in the most unexpected ways, even in our dancing. Finding our peace so suddenly precious, we Americans are beginning to want to do things together; and there is a certain unity and common enjoyment gained in dancing with a group in a way which was popular back in Mayflower days that, the experts on the subconscious declare, gives us a feeling of security which news bulletins and war posters and the hysteria of news-reel horror shots almost made us lose.

The ASCAP fight that has kept so much of
(Continued on Page 27.)

MISSOURI TRACK IMMORTALS

By Russ Bright

John Munski's current exploits on the track have made him eligible for admittance to the mythical track and field Hall of Fame. But the Missouri miler is by no means the only Tiger trackman to inscribe his name in sports history.

The first University of Missouri athlete to enter the Hall of Fame was Hans Wulff, back in 1904, in the very first years of modern track competition. He won the Junior A. A. U. discus-throwing title with a heave of 104 feet 5 inches. In those days the platter was thrown without a turn.

A few years later, in 1909, John P. Nicholson, who had not yet entered M. U. established a mark of nearly 41 feet to garner the Junior A. A. U. hop, step, and jump event. In 1912 he set a world's record in the 120-yard high hurdles in 15.2. Later in the year he took the A. A. U. crown, skimming over the barriers in 15.8. Nicholson was a triple winner in the 1912 and 1913 Conference meets, nabbing the high jump and broad jump in addition to the timber topping contest. He also competed in the 1912 Olympic Games. Nicholson was track coach at Notre Dame until his sudden death last year.

Next in line came Robert Simpson, a brother of the present Missouri track mentor. In 1916 he established a world's record in the high hurdles at 14.6, in winning the Senior A. A. U. championships. Again in 1919 he repeated his earlier triumph by taking the high barrier race, and in addition winning the 220-yard low sticks in 24.4. In the Conference Meet of that year Simpson stopped the watches at 23.8, just two-tenths above the world mark. Because the World War caused the cancellation of the 1918 Olympic Games, Simpson was prevented from displaying his talents against the athletes from other nations. However, in 1919 he was a member of an American team that toured Europe, and he defeated many top-flight foreign hurdlers. Before retiring from competition, Simpson hung up five indoor and six outdoor records. The Missourian recently was appointed track coach for the Hungarian Olympic Team, but the outbreak of war in Europe has prevented him from seeing his athletes compete.

Missouri's next national champion was Earl Renick, who, in 1917 won the Junior A. A. U. low hurdle race. He performed at Missouri with Simpson and consequently had his efforts overshadowed by the latter.

Along came 1920, and with it two Olympians, Jackson Scholz and Brutus Hamilton. The latter won both the decathlon and pentathlon events in the Senior A. A. U. meet and earned the right to represent Uncle Sam in the Antwerp Olympics. Hamilton, who is now track coach at the University of California, placed third in the pentathlon and then went on to take second in the grueling ten-event competition of the decathlon, losing out by only a few points.

Scholz accompanied Hamilton to Antwerp as a sprinter. In the 100-meters race he ran fifth, and he also ran a leg on the 400-meters relay team that established a world's record of 41.2. In 1924 Scholz ran second to Charlie Paddock, the "World's Fastest Human", in the national meet in both the 100- and 220-yard races. They both went to the Paris Olympics and Scholz was nosed out in the short race by Abrahams of England. In the furlong sprint the Missouri boy, running on a rain-soaked track, eclipsed the Olympic record by breaking the tape in 21.6. In both races Scholz conquered his American rival, Paddock. The following year the Missourian ran 20.8 to win the national title at 220-yards. Scholz competed in the 1928 Olympics, his third, tying for third in the 200-meter race. He was the only American to win a place in the event.

In 1923 M. U. had two national champions, Kenneth Lancaster and McCullough Keeble. Both entered the Junior division and both won first places, in the pole vault and hop, step, and jump respectively. Lancaster vaulted 11 feet 8 inches, and Keeble leaped slightly under 48 feet.

The newest champion to wear the Black and Gold is the aforementioned John Munski. For three years he ran conference competition into the ground, winning races in the half-mile, mile, and two-mile. His best collegiate mark in the half-mile was 1:52.6; in the mile, 4:11; and the two-mile; 9:17.5. In 1939 he ran 3:56.1 to win the Junior A. A. U. title. Last year he won the Princeton Invitational Mile and followed it up with a victory in the N. C. A. A. Meet.

Now a graduate student in the

University, "Lonesome John" is presently running in the Eastern indoor meets. Last month he became the fifteenth man in history to run a mile under 4:10, when he clocked in at 4:09.7.

The parade of champions will move on and on. New ones will be crowned and old ones will be forgotten. But the dusty record books will always list the men who made the Hall of Fame.

#

Three traveling salesmen were driving along the highway one night and were forced to stop at a farmhouse because of the weather. Upon asking permission of the farmer to stay for the night, he replied, "All right, but you will have to sleep upstairs where my daughter is." So they went to bed.

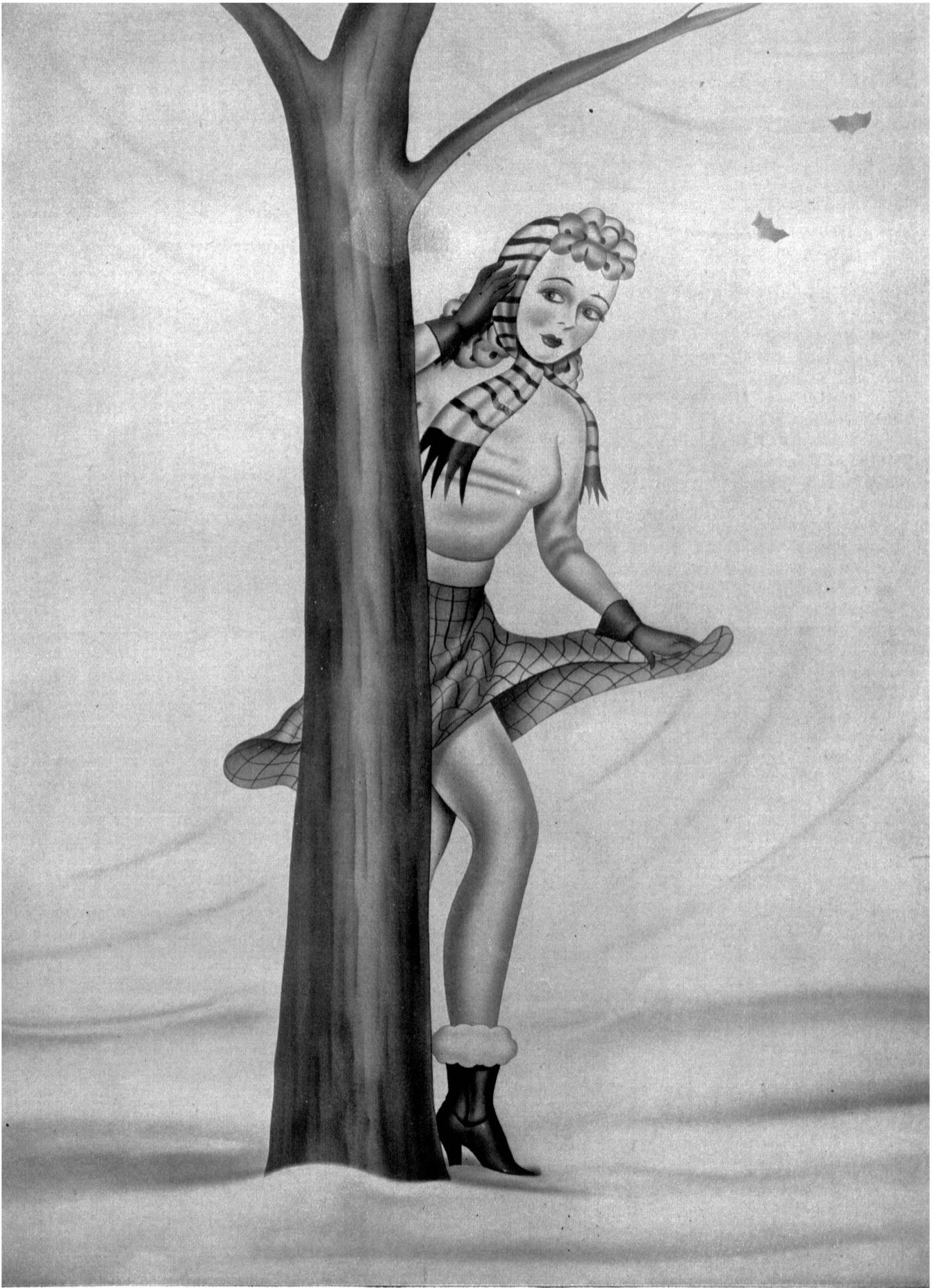
The next morning the first salesman came downstairs looking terribly worn out. As he sat down the farmer asked, "What will you have for breakfast, eggs or bacon?"

"I think I'll have a bowl of Wheaties," was the reply. The second salesman entered and sat down, looking even more disheveled than the first. "I'll take a bowl of Wheaties also," he moaned. The third visitor came down looking clean shaven and sprightly. "Give me some eggs and bacon—pronto!" he ordered.

And finally the farmer's daughter made her way into the dining room. Her hair was down and she looked a mess. Dragging herself to a chair she yelled, "Hey Pa, bring me a bowl of Wheaties!"—which just goes to show that three out of four people prefer Wheaties for breakfast.

Old lady: "Are you a little boy or a little girl?"

Child: "Sure. What the hell else could I be?"



Draft Dodger

FORGETFUL

When the absent-minded professor woke up, his wife was still asleep. He put on one blue sock and one red one, his shirt and tie and his blue bathrobe. After putting the cat in the icebox, and drinking a glass of buttermilk, he kissed the maid goodbye, then remembered his trousers, put them on, and hurried to his first class.

He was feeling inexplicably happy. Something pleasant must have happened—what could it have been?

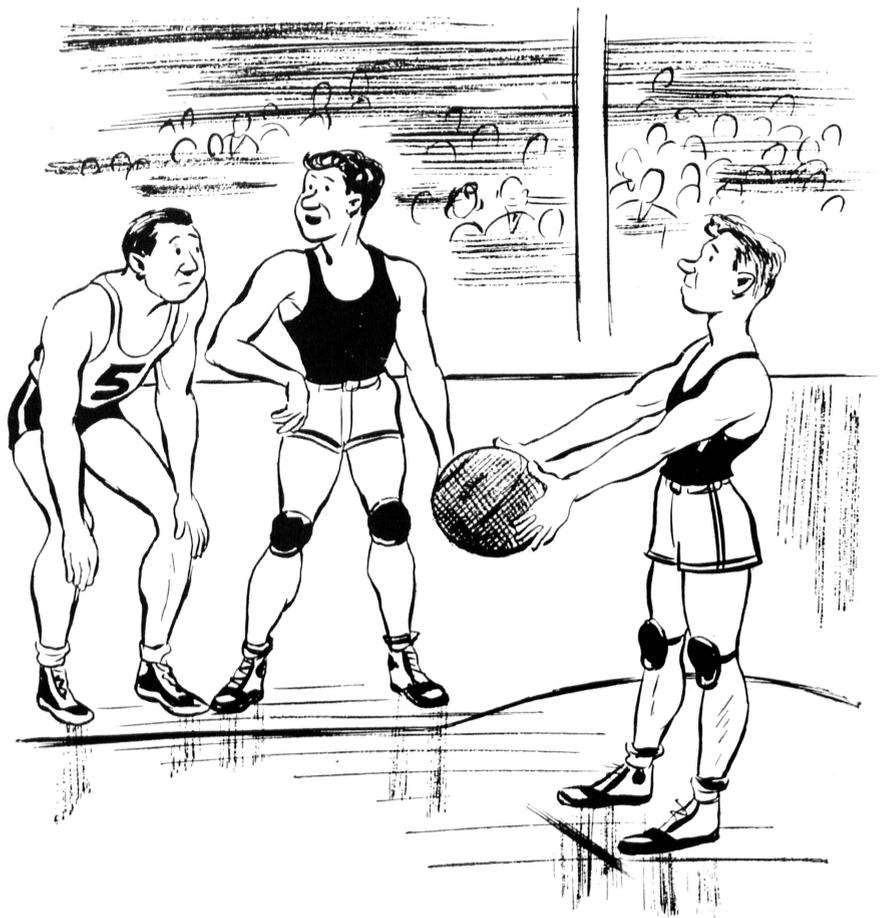
The class was assembled, with the usual array of slim, silk-clad legs. One pair of legs was missing—whose? Then Miss Barry came breezing in, blonde and well-rounded. She gave him her startled look, and sat down.

"Hm," he thought in that moment, "by gad, I'll do it! I'll ask her!"

Just before dismissing the class the professor asked, "Miss Barry, I want to talk to you a minute." She came up to his desk. Clenching his fists, he said in a low voice, "Miss Barry, would you care to go to a show tonight, then perhaps a dance?"

She looked up startled.

"Why," she exclaimed, "Why, Professor!—I mean John!—Don't you remember? We went out last night!—And we were married, too, late last night. I wondered why you rushed off to class this morning without waking me. Oh John!"



"McTavish, is certainly an expert, at free throws!"

DON'T AVOID THE DRAFT, SONNY BOY!

The Regular Army may reject applicants for such defects as flat feet when accompanied by certain other conditions, ingrowing toenails and the loss of either great toe or the loss of two toes on one foot, while rejections are not always to be granted to conscripts with the same ailments or losses, it was learned.

—A newspaper clipping.

Eenie, meenie, minie, mo
Papa went and lost his toe
'Cause if to war he'd have to go,
He'd laugh and say, "No toe—no go!"

Conscription may change rules, that
so . . .

If he hollers, "Let me go!"
Even if he has no toe—
They won't exempt him—Oh, my, no!

Frosh: There's something bigger
than money.

Dad: Yes, bills.

Sophomore: One of your guests in-
sulted me!

Host: Only one?





*Aim for
the Best*

CHESTERFIELD

Right here is the cigarette with high score
for **REAL MILDNESS, BETTER TASTE** and **COOLER SMOKING**.
Chesterfield's right combination of the world's best cigarette
tobaccos is winning more and more smokers like yourself.
Try them . . . you can't buy a better cigarette

They Satisfy

PREPARATION

He had one goal in life, and he was determined to be prepared for it in case he ever achieved it. He was no longer young, but that didn't stop him from giving up a business to which he had devoted the better part of his life. He even gave up his friends and moved to a city where no one knew him.

In spite of the fact that a Phi Beta Kappa key jangled from a chain sprawled across his vest, he reentered college. He crammed his program with as many subjects as he could squeeze in, not even leaving himself a lunch period. But these weren't enough for him. He registered at night school under a different name.

For four years this went on. He raced home from day school to prepare for night school, and from night school home to prepare for day school. He never ate twice in the same restaurant for fear that a waiter having seen him once before might start a conversation and waste some of the precious time that he should be devoting to his studies.

Then came the day! And he was prepared! He was to be a guest on Information Please.



“Now these two bones we’ve never been able to classify.”

WACKY WORDS

Real . . . You make home movies on them.

Pier . . . To look at sorority pledges.

Dare . . . Used to indicate place, i.e.,
The stadium's over dare.

Solo . . . A feeling you get after slunking five solid hours.

Dally . . . A newspaper that comes out every day.

Shin . . . A Chinese laundryman.

Lacking . . . You do it to wear a lollypop down.

Classic . . . Plural of class.

Per . . . Cats do it all the time.

Bush . . . Everyone does it when the convertible gets stuck.

Ads . . . several pork-pies.

Bum . . . Sound made by a dud shell.

Eel . . . Sorority girls call you that in private.

Foreman . . . A quartet.

Mist . . . You do it when you cut class.

Noose . . . Stuff you read in your local paper.

Caddy . . . Plural of cad.

Yet . . . A small yacht.

Mere . . . You use this to fix your tie.

Peek . . . Most mountains have them.

Lamb . . . Sometimes known as a branch. It grows on trees.

Stamina . . . You do it if your mouth is full of crackers.

Smacked . . . Past tense of smoke.

Squabble . . . Several squabs talking.





LUCY WINTERTON, refugee, from the land of the Danube . . . wishes there were more mature men at the University.

Lucy Winterton, Phi Sigma Sigma's newest pledge, and the young Viennese girl who was featured in a recent issue of the *Missourian*, is rapidly becoming a typical American co-ed. She likes jelly-dates, thinks they're fun, and likes some swing music, especially, **I Can't Get Started** and **Sweet Georgia Brown** when played by her favorite English orchestra. But of all things she hates jitterbugs.

The war situation, which has had an effect on Lucy's life, has convinced her that the English people are a marvelous nation. She admires their pluck and their sophistication in spite of their bombed homes and devastated country. As for Allied propaganda, she thinks it is a good thing. We need more of it to wake us up to the situation.

Lucy thinks that it is a relief to be in a country where a man can raise his hand in a friendly gesture rather than a stiff salute.

Lucy is enjoying her studies in bacteriology here at the University but thinks the women's hours are extremely foolish and wishes that there were more mature men on campus—not that she doesn't like to date, however.

(Continued From Page 5.)

follow. He said: "Can I come inside". "It's too late", she replied, "we've only got a few minutes".

She looked at him pleadingly for a moment. He put his arm around her, "I'm sorry I acted the way I did tonight".

She looked up at him, "You know what I want you to do . . ." He dug his hand into his pocket, while she took something out of the glove compartment on the dashboard.

"Fifteen cents is right", she said, taking the money. "And here's your copy. Goodnight! Thanks for the lovely evening".

He turned on the ignition savagely, and cursed angrily under his breath. This was his last date with a Showme Salesgirl, he vowed solemnly.



Let me off at the next stop, conductor. I thought this was a lunch wagon.



A Texas boy, for want of an ox, yoked himself to a steer for plowing. The steer ran away and consequently the boy had to run too. Shortly they came to the village, and as they went tearing down the street, the boy shouted, "Here we come—darn our fool souls! Somebody head us off!"

OUT IN THE MIDDLE OF MARCH . . .!

THE LONG-AWAITED **CAMPUS QUEEN** ISSUE OF THE MISSOURI SHOWME

- With features by the nation's top-flight cartoonists drawn exclusively for Showme
- Showme's own selection for Campus Queen
- How to Be a Queen in 10 Easy Lessons
- Jayshow Pictures
- Kandid Kweens and Candied Queens
- Extra! How Stephensusies spend their time
- Jumbles, the Jolly Christian Junior, makes her Showme debut

And the usual bang-up features including Showme Show, Information Puleeze and About Towner ● ● ●

COMMUNIST AGITATOR INSTRUCTS A FRIEND

---Pete Aids The Party---

Dear Comrade: That's the way I will have to address you now, Bill, because that's what all the top shots in this business call the rest of the gang.

I am awful glad you are going for this Communist stuff because I think that when you get the hang of it we can work together and pick up a nice piece of change for ourselves. Since I have been on the inside and got the real lowdown, I can see all kinds of chances to move into some pretty sweet rackets—politics, unions, the government and all kinds of things.

The first thing you have to do, Bill—I mean COMRADE—is to quit calling that guy Smith the Old Man. I remember you used to call him the Skipper—that's out too. From now on he's one of THE BOSSES or, better yet, a GREEDY TORY or a DIRTY CAPITALIST. I'm not sure just what this Tory business means, but it sounds swell and makes a big hit with the rest of the fellows.

That reminds me, whenever you call these birds names always use CAPITALS. It's very impressive.

The next thing you've got to do is to work up a swell HATE. HATE is the secret of success if you want to be a good Communist. HATE everybody and everything. It may be hard at first because you told me Smith gives you good dough and treats your gang O.K., but you've got to forget all that. Just think of some guy that you hate worst of all in the world, the guy you would like to rip in pieces and throw in the middle of the ocean. Then imagine that everybody you have to work for is that guy. Unless you get to be pretty good at this HATE business and can make other people HATE with you, you might as well forget about making a success in the party. And I forgot to tell you, that's what we call ourselves—THE PARTY. HATE everything, especially your employer—I mean THE BOSSES—THE AMERICAN FLAG—THE GOVERNMENT — every guy



“Aw have a heart, Chancellor.”

that's got anything—THE COPS—and pretty much everybody who tries to get in your way and cramp your style.

That's about all for this letter except to tell you that you've got to stop being so friendly with that COP you guys at the club play pinochle with. Remember, he's a COSSACK. Every COP you see is a COSSACK and a SWORN ENEMY OF THE WORKING MAN. You can dig up some pretty good names for these fellows yourself — like RUTHLESS KILLERS AND HIR-ED ASSASSINS.

Well, I guess that's about all, COMRADE, for this time. I'm

sending you some books and pamphlets that will give you a lot of dope on this racket. Keep it low, the stuff is hot.

Yours for the CAUSE,
Pete.

—The Crusader

Then there was the man who named his three dogs Rover, Towser and Paderewski. He named the latter Paderewski because he was the pianist of the bunch.

Paul Revere is the greatest hero the world has ever known—he told his wife he spent the night with his horse and she believed it.



Showme's Patriotic Cover-Girl, Virginia Bell, Kappa, Wearing a "Rae-Mar" Sailor Dress From McAllister's Sport Shop.

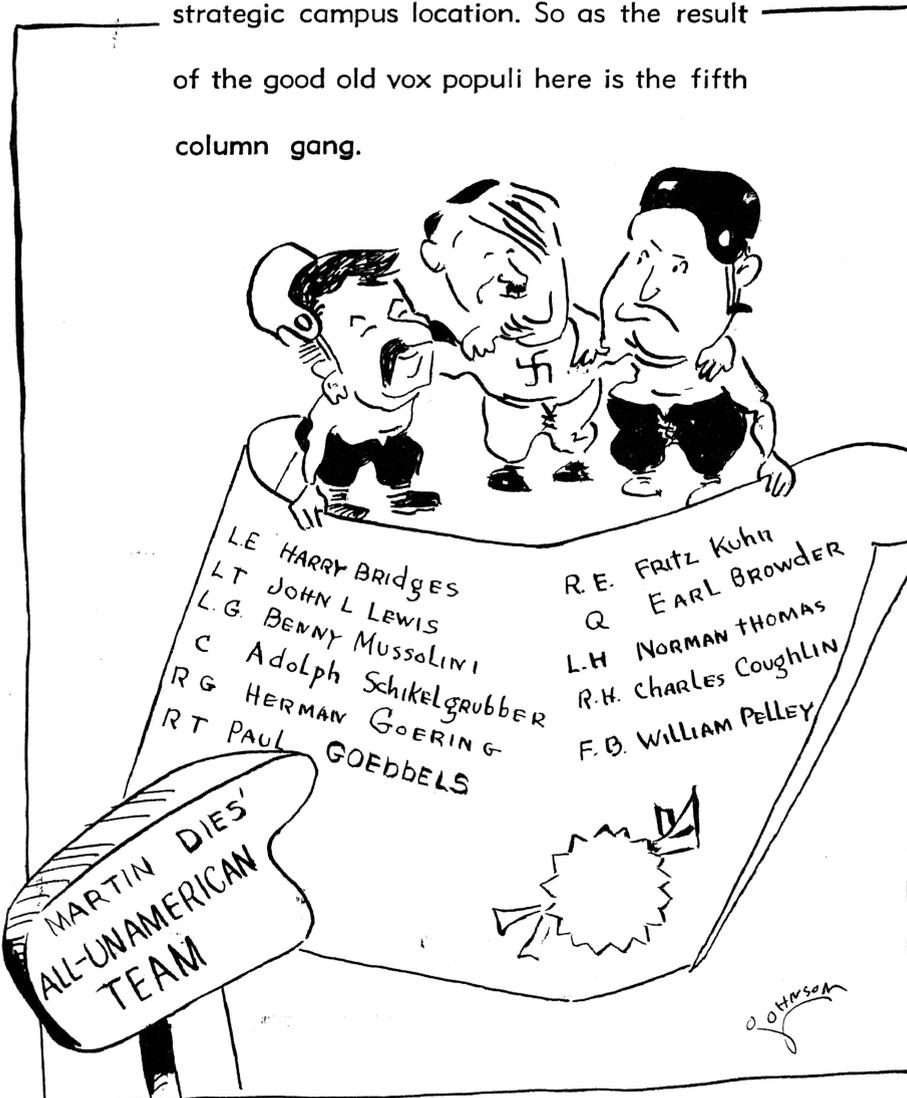


This is the only authentic midddy dress made
semi-sheer material
black, red, and navy,
priced at \$14.95

McAllister's Dress Shop

Dies' All-Un-American Team ... Selections

Here it is at last—the Showme's selection for an all-un-American team for Martin Dies and his bogey men. After considerable research at the movies, reading Hearst papers, and listening to Walter Winchell, we have chosen the imposing 11 you see below. In addition to our extensive research we placed a ballot box in a strategic campus location. So as the result of the good old vox populi here is the fifth column gang.



Your
Valentine
WILL LOVE

a bouquet from orchids
to a small nosegay

Men Have Been Doing
It For Ages
Saying It With Flowers.

We grow our own flowers to
be able to more completely
satisfy your personal desires.

H.P. Mueller
FLORIST

Coal

Ready-Mixed
Concrete

Concrete
Building Tile

Automatic
Coal Stokers

DALTON'S

A Dependable Source of Supply
For More Than a Third of a
Century.

Scene on Campus



THE little lady has always wanted to be the center of attention so she's chosen her escorts not for their personality as much as for their contrasting dress. They both have good taste, though; one look at the girl confirms that opinion. The sport outfit on the pipe-smoker consists of a three-buttoned notched lapel jacket with long side vents in a hounds tooth pattern of brown, beige and red. Gray flannel slacks and a low crown, wide snap brimmed hat complete the combination. • Escort two, but not necessarily in that order in her affections, is wearing a single-breasted suit with a blue oversquare pattern on a shetland background. • The senior walking down the street feels very chipper in his new camels hair overcoat. Dressed as he is and with a pack of Life Savers in his pocket, he's quite confident he'll get a girl all for himself.



• Accessories are very important. If you don't think so, try going without them some day. Always popular is the candy striped broadcloth shirt with a striped faille necktie. Anklets, short socks with elastic tops, are designed especially for those allergic to garters. The interlocked metal ring belt with leather buckle is ideal for sports wear. If you begin to put on weight, all you have to do is add a ring from your looseleaf book.



CONGRATULATIONS...

● The cartoons on this page were selected as the best of the current crop appearing in contemporary college magazines.

First Place

C. PHINIZY

Harvard Lampoon

•
Second Place

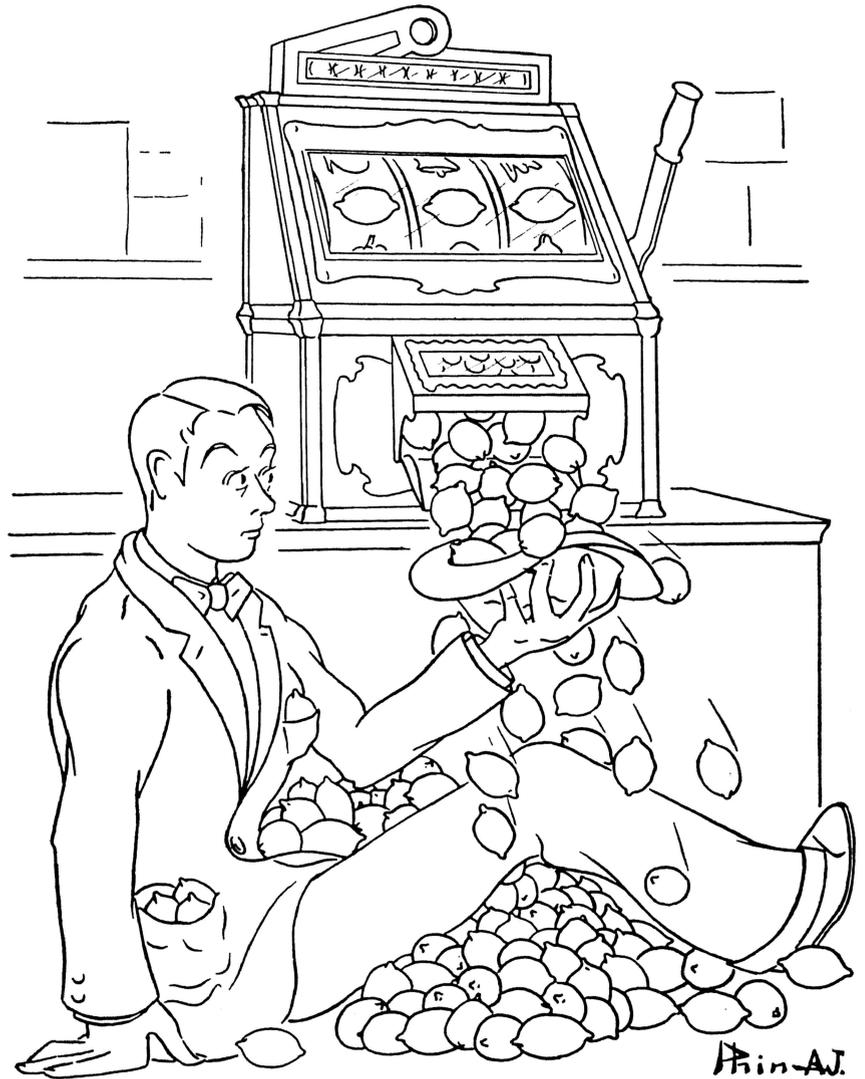
GEORGE HORN

Penn State Froth

•
Third Place

ROGER A. TAMBELLA

Lehigh Bachelor



Phin-A-J.
Lampoon



"Pedicure, son!"

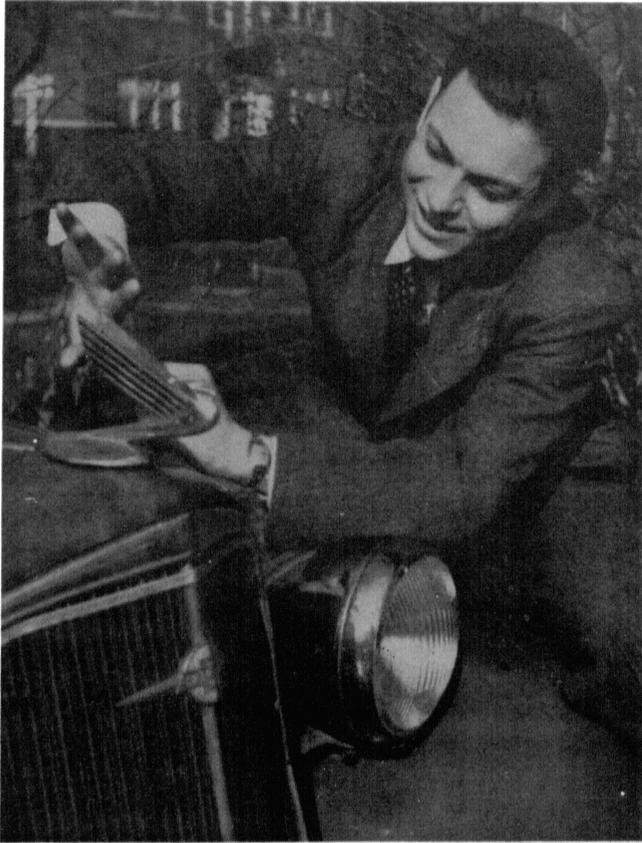
Froth



Bachelor

"Lesh take a taxi, you can't fix it."

PHOTOSKETCH . . .



RUSS BRIGHT, Missouri Student sports editor and Showme circulation and promotion manager, gives his car the once-over, before he goes out to track down his thirty-odd Showme salesgirls.

One of the busiest men on campus, Russ Bright, pictured above without one of his usual Hollywood sport shirts, divides his time—when he has any—between Student and Showme offices, and Brewer Field House where he is currently broadjumping on the varsity track team . . . A Sigma Delta Chi, hailing from Los Angeles . . . A walking encyclopedia of track and field, having at his fingertips every record made since the Greeks started the idea . . . Goes for Dick Jurgens' music, and had a number dedicated to him when the band played here recently.

Likes chocolate ice cream and gardenias, but not together . . . Has a secret passion back in L. A. . . . Wants to go to Hawaii after graduation in June, to lie in the sun and give a course in H & P to the Wahines . . . Has a story in this issue on Missouri track immortals . . . shuns overcoats as "anti-social" . . . Came to MU after two years at USC . . . Has worked mob scene parts in three movies . . . Favorite sports include skiing, badminton, acqauaplaning and bowling.

Showme Show

(Continued From Page 9.)

BRIGHT, a glamour gal of last semester, came back into her own and made a few of the spots during recent furlough, escorted by the ever-faithful **HELM DAVIDSON** . . . **BUBBLES** was really in her own during the melee out at the Pennant . . . if a lassie has decided to cast the bread on the waters and entrust her future to **ONE** suitor, alot of people would be happier if she'd come right out and admit it . . . so why don't you, **WINNIE WISE?** . . . if this column had to select a girl who best knew how to handle clothes, our choice would be **JOAN MURCHISON** . . . **JOAN** would even know how to do justice to a sarong . . . closing note of a never-to-be-forgotten party season: **CHARLEY DIGGES**, who has seen Columbia let down its hair for about ten years, standing in front of the Pennant late one Saturday night, with glasses clicking and lassies laughing on the inside . . . and saying: "Boy, I haven't seen anything like this since the old days!" . . . who knows, we may be in for a swing back to the era of Missouri's existence as a real country club . . . but the folks who have seen a better decade unfold are hoping the other way . . . and this column is hoping with them!

#

Do You Mind . . . ?

Possibly a bit drastic — but, he's welcome to it! And that's the way we feel about our customers. They're welcome to the utmost in service that we can possibly offer.

Star-Journal Publishing Co.

Warrensburg, Missouri

CAMPUS BARBER SHOP

Phone 6353

ACROSS FROM JESSE HALL

R. P. Bulick, Proprietor

STATE BOARD OF HEALTH INSPECTED

SPECIALISTS IN SCALP TREATMENTS



Where to Go!



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

Now that you're all REALLY GOING TO STUDY NEXT SEMESTER—there are several movies that you just must see as part of your education. Frinstance, you can well realize the potential educative value of COME LIVE WITH ME, with HEDY LAMARR as teacher and bashful JIMMY STEWART as learner. MICKEY ROONEY'S back again, with a new female lead, and the regular family in ANDY HARDY'S PRIVATE SECRETARY—I think you'll like her. For a good live adventure, take in HUDSON'S BAY, played by PAUL MUNI, GENE TIERNEY.

I think we'll be glad to hear that Ann Southern, as MAISE in MAISE WAS A LADY, is back in full swing again—fellow entertainers in this rollic are LEW AYRES and Maureen O'SULLIVAN . . . One of the next on the list is DR. KILDARE GOES HOME, with LEW AYRES and that good old bird we all like for his excellent characterizations, LIONEL BARRYMORE. There's a batch of good "pitchers" this month—best I jes mention a string of 'em; ROAD TO RIO, in technicolor, the two in love being ALICE FAYE & lover boy DON AMECHE; WESTERN UNION, he-manned by RANDOLPH SCOTT and BOB YOUNG; ROBERT TAYLOR, and MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN in BILLY THE KID; and a full length feature around ORRIN TUCKER'S orchestra, YOU'RE THE ONE; also coming are STREET OF MEMORIES, with Lynn ROBERTS, and John

McGUIRE; NIGHT TRAIN, robbed and saved by the combined efforts of Margaret LOCKWOOD and Rex HARRISON.

One of the best of the month is taken from the currently popular stage play of the same name—PHILADELPHIA LADY, with KATHERINE HEPBURN, CARY GRANT, and JAMES STEWART. The idea is satire on the picture magazines and with such as Hepburn in it is really is rare for the roars. I really mean it when I say "DON'T MISS IT."

Tommy Dorsey's program, FAME AND FORTUNE, you can hear it on Thursday, has produced and is producing hits quite regularly. One of the best sellouts to date is YOU MIGHT HAVE BELONGED TO ANOTHER, which T. D. himself has immortalized. A couple of those FAME & FORTUNE jobs that are on the way to ringing the bell go by the names of WE DON'T NEED THE MOON, and IT'S ALL SO NEW TO ME.

Sammy Kaye does a couple of new ones up in his own inimitable style—it's Victor No. 27262, for a good listen to SIDEWALK SERENADE and UNTIL TOMORROW. One of Miller's best this month (besides IT ALL COMES BACK TO ME NOW) is PRAIRIELAND LULLABY, a mood which Eberle paints smoothly. He sure has the old 1, 2 tumble 'em technique in his voice.

Also sold out this week, Larry Clintons MOONLIGHT AND TEARS. I was lucky and got the last copy of that real "stuff" Una May Carlisle session, U MADE ME . . . LOVE YOU, Bluebird 10898, and on the other side she gives us IF I HAD YOU.

The BMI-ASCAP feud is still on but it looks nearer to a solution since BMI has agreed to stop its monopolistic practices as soon as ASCAP does. If the latter doesn't, Uncle Sam will sue. I don't know whether this will help any but Rep Myers of Penn. introduced a resolution in the HOUSE a couple of weeks ago calling for a complete Congressional investigation of the situation. However inconvenient the war may seem, good will eventually come of it—new writers will be given a better market, and the old ones booted out of their ruts, and the public and a song writing industry will benefit. Letters that

the radio stations receive since the beginning of the fight (which are surprisingly small) and since the ASCAP ON PARADE program starting Jan. 25, have been about evenly divided. People think record sales of ASCAP will benefit—while the truth is that at present 71% of requests, radio, record, and music, are BMI. One writer said what a relief it was to get some of the old tunes. "Don't hurry about reinstating the other music. We are running our radio far more hours now because we like the change". At present 160 radio stations outside the networks are licensed to play the Ascap tunes on a commercial basis—some 40 others on a non-commercial setup. BMI is using 680 outlets today. One or two in a thousand of the tunes that are submitted every day to BMI are ever usable. When ASCAP tunes can again be played on the air, time will determine the wisdom of the BMI choices. I think most of us will stick with them.

That man Goodman is here again—with a band as good if not better than the old and wonderful combo. You can hear I'M ALWAYS CHASING RAINBOWS on the juke at Harris's — and on tother side, HARD TO GET, a little on the jam dirt side (No. 35916). Also, on Columbia No. 35863, is a beautiful arrangement of FRENESI,

Compliments

Of

THE NEW
CORONADO

(On the Highway)

Count Solomon's
12 piece band



HARRIS
CAFE



What to Do!



. . . Dancing In and Around Columbia —By Round Towner

unforgettably done—he is using 5 saxes (one of them Georgie Auld who was in the original Goodman whallopers and has come on through Shaw and Savitt crews back home again). On the other side of this is **SOMEBODY STOLE MY GAL**—besides Benny's good blowin' you'll hear some of Cootie Williams hot trumpet, he was with The Duke Ellington for a long time. Fletch Henderson still arranges and ivories.

Tony Pastor, the most promising up and comer, does a sure hit, **PARADIDDLE JOE**, Bluebird 11008 (a BMI rumba, **ADOIS** is on the back, if you haven't heard Art Shaw's new band and new **CONCERTO FOR CLARINET**, be sure and do—both superlative sides of it. Shaw has a new one of **STARDUST** that is much likable. I'm told by a few that **KEMP** has a good new album—but it can't be kept in stock here long enough for me to hear it. For some sad and nostalgic moments, the incomparable Ella Fitzgerald has grooved a Decca of **LOUISVILLE, KY**, sided with **TEA DANCE** featuring a good bit of unusual trumpet and clarinet work.

If you're a Hal Kempster, you'll like this sweet dreamer **TALKIN'**

TO MY HEART, with a bit of **IT ALL COMES BACK TO ME NOW** on the other side of this Victor No. 27255. It was one of the last he cut before the fatal auto wreck. Few men in music have been as mourned as Hal—he'll add pleasant harmonies to the music of the spheres. One of the best vocal rhythm arrangements I've heard in months past comes from the house of Columbia, done up by no other than Jimmy Lunceford. . . **RED WAGON** is on the top side, but is slightly overshadowed by the Dandridge Sisters on tother with **YOU AIN'T GOIN' NOWHERE**. **YOU GOT ME THIS WAY** gets right neat treatment from Miller as does **I'D KNOW YOU ANYWHERE**, both on

Bluebird 10906. Johnnie Long, one of the regular bands at the Rose-land in N. Y. has adopted **WHITE STAR** of **SIGMA NU** as his un-**AS CAP** theme song, he being one of the snake clan.

Have you heard the current rage of the Kappa house—it's **WHEN THE QUAIL COME BACK TO SAN QUENTIN**. Shame it isn't a vocal. On the other side of this masterpiece is **DR. LIVINGSTONE, I PRESUME**. Both of them are done by Art Shaw's wonderful Gramercy Five, guitar, bass, trumpet, la Shaw, &, what adds the zest to the outfit, a harpsichord.

Next month we'll probably have a big contest — so keep up on your musical knowledge.

COMING SOON

PHILADELPHIA STORY

Cary Grant — James Stuart
Katherine Hepburn

THE VIRGINIAN

Madeline Carroll — Fred MacMurray

COME LIVE WITH ME

James Stuart — Heddy Lamarr

WATCH THE

MISSOURI and HALL THEATRES

You're Invited

To
Dance,
Jelly
and
Enjoy



Deen's

GOLDEN CAMPUS

NEW VICTOR and BLUEBIRD RECORDS

Concerto for Clarinet—Artie Shaw
You Might Have Belonged to
Another—T. Dorsey
Sidewalk Serenade—Sammy Kaye

Prairie Land Lullaby—Glen Miller
Moonlight and Tears—Larry Clinton
He's a Latin From Staten Island—Chas. Barnett

(WHY NOT SEND A RECORD FOR A VALENTINE)

1005 Broadway

RADIO ELECTRIC SHOP

1005 Broadway

"We want a girl to sell kisses at the bazaar. Have you had any experience?"

"I went to K. U."

"Sorry, I said kisses."

"Do you owe any back house rent?"

"We ain't got no back house. We got modern plumbing."

Law prof (at registration) "So you're a pre-legal, eh?"

Student: "Like hell. I'm the youngest in our family."

Little Audrey and her boy friend were sitting on the sofa when the boy remarked that it was so dark that he couldn't see his hand in front of his face. Little Audrey laughed and laughed because she knew his hand

wasn't in front of his face.

Little Jasper trembled with excitement. Such a project had never occurred before.

"I'll go alone. I'm not afraid, Mother. You've nursed me thru childhood, and I'll never forget it! I'm something of a man now. Yes sir, one of the seething mass called youth. And what's more I'm game. I don't need your help as I once did. Cripes, Mom, don't cry. We men gotta stick together. I won't be long—just wait."

Little Jasper's face beamed as he pushed open the door to the Men's Room.

"Is that a real bloodhound over there?"

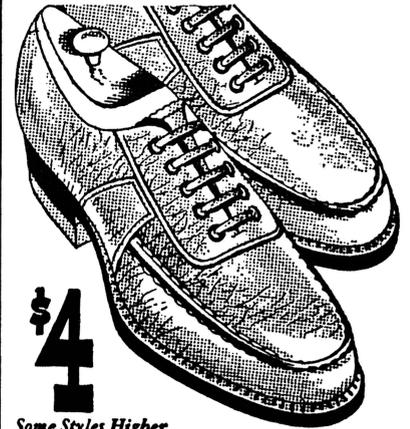
"Yes 'Mam. Come over here and bleed for the lady, Rover."

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Awaits you in our new Fortune Shoes where every detail of styling and construction is as exactly dictated as "Parade Dress."



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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.



Is Jitterbugging on the Wane?

(Continued From Page 11.)

our favorite swing music off the air may be giving this new dance trend a boost, too. The revival of old-favorite music sets feet shuffling in old-fashioned time.

"These dances grew up with America," Mr. Lovett said. "The old, fine traditions will always be kept alive. Jitterbugging?—It either marks you as a high-schooler or a back number!"

We point with pride to the purity of the white space between our jokes.

Many a man has made a monkey out of himself by reaching for the wrong limb.

Imagine the surprise of Pansy, the chambermaid, when somebody told her it takes 45 minutes to empty the Hollywood Bowl.

Grace Larson
1500 Broadway
Columbia, Mo.

Life saver contest winner for February:

When Noah sailed the ocean blue
He had his troubles same as you.
For forty days he drove the ark
Until he found a place to park.

ENJOY LIFE AT ITS BEST - IN KANSAS CITY MISSOURI



PENGUIN ROOM

C. S. Jennings, Mgr.



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ENTERTAINMENT
AND FINE FOOD

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COFFEE SHOP

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BEAUTIFUL ROOMS
WITH BATH

from \$2.50
to \$6.

THE ALCOVE

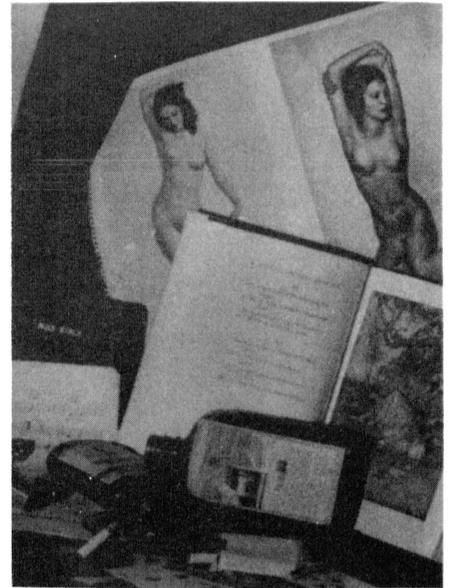
11th & BALTIMORE



HOTEL CONTINENTAL

Izzy: "Vere's my spectacles?"
 Abie: "On der nose."
 Izzy: "Don't be so indefinite."
 —Drexerd.

Peggy: "She is a picture of health."
 Jane: "Yes, remarkably well painted."



"Wine, Women and Song," is the fitting title for this pictorial fantasy snapped during the long hours of exam week last month.

When spring is here I like to roam

The field and make the woods my home.

I like to jump and run about

And gambol in the water spout.

I'd sing my joy with gurgles and glugs

If it weren't for those gosh darned bugs.

Gnats, mosquitoes, junebugs, flies,

Bees, ants, caterpillars, centipedes,

Spiders, dragonflies, water bugs,

Who squirm, twist, crawl, slither, climb,

Bite, buzz, sting, wriggle, slide, zigzag

Up and down my legs, arms, spine, etc.

And itch like hell.

—Exchange

Under the spreading mistletoe
 The homely co-ed stood,
 And stood and stood and stood and stood

And stood and stood and stood
 —Pup Tent

"If a canary refuses to use his bird bath, try sprinkling a little sand in the bottom of the bath before filling with water. The bird's refusal is often due to a slippery bottom."

—Plainfield Courier-News

Why not buy the poor thing a pair of pants.

—Columbia Jester

Joe: "He dabbles in oil a bit."

Jim: "An artist?"

Joe: "No, an auto mechanic."

"Up and atom," cried the molecule.

Street car conductor: "Your fare, lady."

Old Maid: "Oh, Thank you."

She: "These short skirts are an optical illusion."

He: "Zatso?"

She: "Yes. They make the men look longer."

Out of ninety thousand women there will be ninety eight thousand, nine hundred and ninety-four who will read this. The other six will be blind.

MEN ONLY READ THIS

JUST OUT . . .



7-Tube, 3-Way Indoor-Outdoor Portable

PHILCO 844T. 7-tube Circuit with new noise-reducing Converter Tube. Plays on own battery or AC-DC current. Two I. F. Stages. Low Impedance Built-In Aerial. Permanent Magnet Speaker. Gets Standard Broadcasts. Underwriters' Approval. Solid Walnut and Beaver graining case, with solid Walnut handle and Tambor door. 12 5/8" high, 13 7/8" wide, 6 7/8" deep
 Complete with Battery **\$39.95**

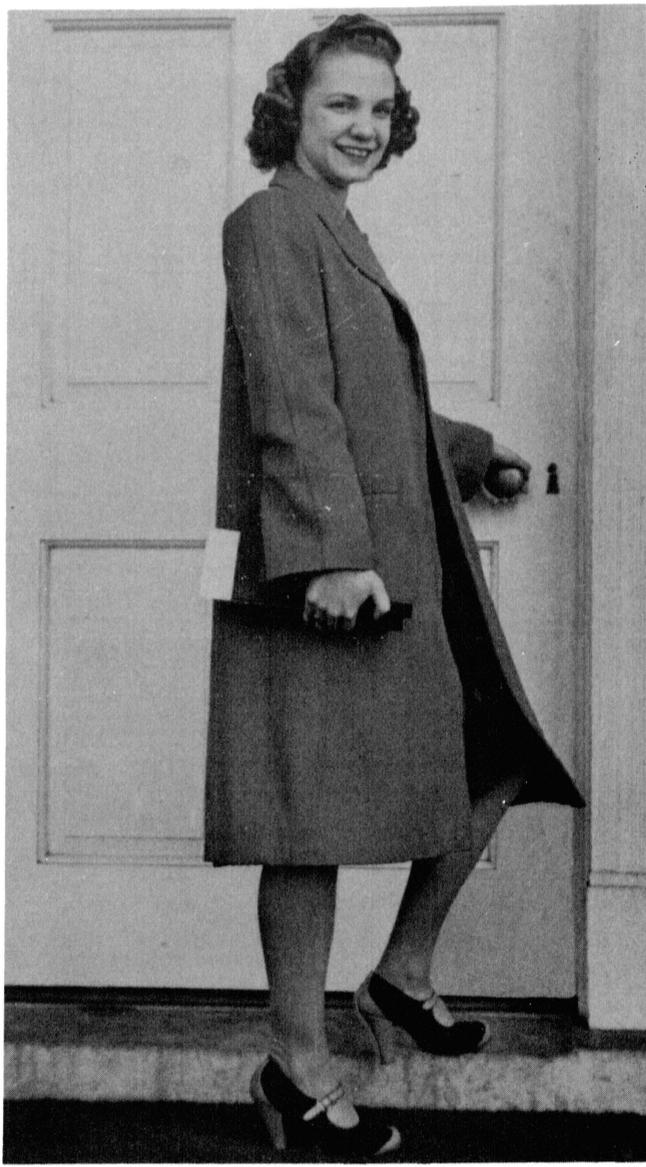
PHILLIPS and CO.

Tiger Hotel Bldg.

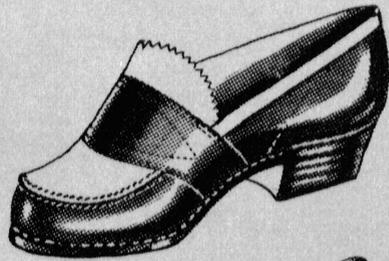
THE Jacqueline SHOP

Presents . . .

Miss Mary Lou Holliday, one of M. U.'s fair Co-eds, entering the Delta Gamma house wearing a pair of smart "Connie" SABOT STRAPS of Brown Gaberdine with the new saddle leather trim.



SHOWN BELOW ARE THREE OTHER SMART STYLES CHOSEN BY MISS HOLLIDAY FOR HER SPRING WARDROBE.



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Smartly Dressed Co-eds Always Find the Shoes They Like
At the Jacqueline Shop, 910 Broadway.



**"I've bought 2,000,000 lbs.
of tobacco,"** says Arthur Noell,
independent leaf buyer of Durham, N. C.

"So I know fine tobacco—and that's why I smoke Luckies!"

ALL OVER THE SOUTH, tobacco experts like Arthur Noell know Luckies pay higher prices to get the finer leaf.

In buying tobacco, as in buying most other things, you get what you pay for. And Lucky Strike's more expensive tobaccos are worth the money because they're *milder*.

Before the auctions open, Lucky Strike analyzes tobacco samples—finds out just where and how much of the finer, naturally milder leaf is going up for sale—then pays the price to get it.

That's important to you, especially if you're smoking more today. For the more you smoke, the more you want such a genuinely mild cigarette.

Among independent tobacco experts—auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen—Luckies are the 2 to 1 favorite. Why not smoke the smoke tobacco experts smoke?

With men who know tobacco best—It's Luckies 2 to 1