

MISSOURI
Showme



May, 1941

15 Cents



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Chesterfield's Girl of the Month
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"Reaching for the Sun."

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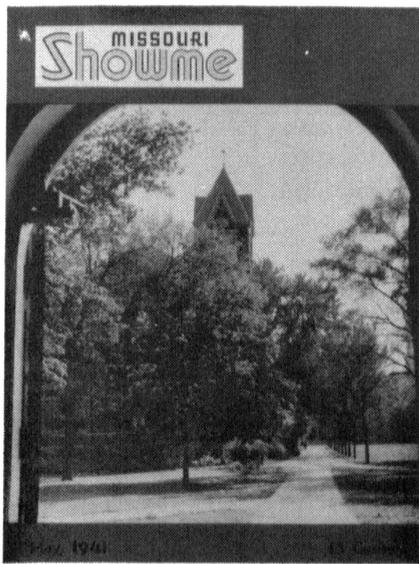
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An unusual and attractive shot of the B and PA building as seen from Jay H. Neff Hall.

OFF THE EDITORIAL CHEST

We are in the receipt of a letter from Irv Feld bawling us out for the reference to Bill Shockley in the April issue. We want to apologize. The fine was not \$25, it was only \$5.

Despite a stray criticism here and there, on the whole we think Theta Sigma Phi did a good job on the April issue. They had lots of pretty pictures and apparently you liked it for the issue sold well.

This (May) issue went to press a trifle behind schedule — the election, you know. But we're sure you'll agree that the delay was worth it when you see our exclusive election pictorial highlights. The photographer tells us he had a fine time taking those shots and we'll bet he managed to guzzle some of that election beer himself.

You know this started out to be an editorial but when the warm, mellow Spring sun is reflecting its dazzling glory on the rippling waters of the mighty Hinkson . . . well, so long, see you in June!

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COLUMNISTS

Jim Moseley **Larry Schulenberg**
Leonard Cohen

CONTRIBUTORS

Charlie Barnard **Joanne Boeshaar**
Ernie Hueter **Bob Deindorfer**
Russ Harris

ART STAFF

Chuck Kufferman ----- **Art Editor**
Walt Johnson **C. V. Wells**
Art McQuiddy **Jim Moseley**

PHOTOGRAPHY

Glen Hensley **Hal Heller**
Herb Gross

EXCHANGES

Gar Pagett **Ernie Hueter**
Al Lowenstein

SECRETARIAL

June Smith **Joanne Boeshaar**
Kay Hendry **Patty Lockridge**

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Vol. X May, 1941 No. 9



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ATTENTION

Showme Salesgirls

Betty Kent of Gamma Phi Beta holds a lead of two sales over Sue Weiss of Alpha Delta Pi in the Showme Sales contest. Ernesting Ballard, Jeanne Mering and Dorothy Love—all of Delta Gamma, are in third, fourth and fifth places.

The first four girls after this month's sales are added in, will have their choices of the following prizes:

- A Nan Scott Dress From Suzanne's.
- A Realistic Permanent Wave From the Columbia School of Beauty Culture.
- A Pair of Brown and White Spectator Pumps From the Jacqueline Shop.
- A Pair of Costume Hose From Miller's.

JUST A STORY

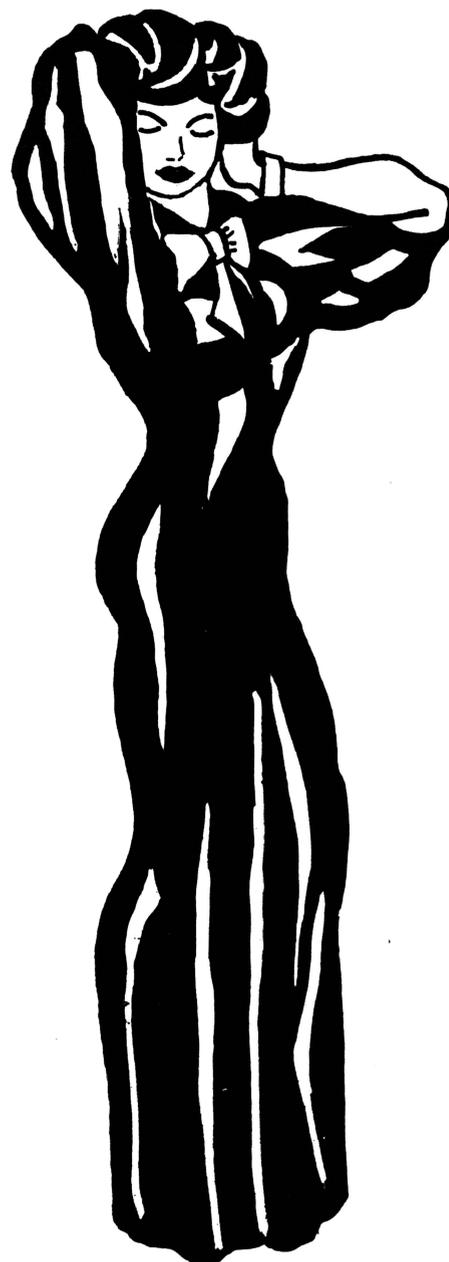
by Charlie Barnard

SO you're the Dean's daughter? Well, pleased to meet you babe!" Paul was like that: insolent, arrogant, proud, independent, bad. There was about him a "don't give a damn" attitude that was personified in his posture, in his walk, in the curl of his lip, in the way he held his cigarette, in his piercing, candid eyes that never tired to conceal the direction of their gaze, whether it be at an undercooked steak, or a girl's legs.

He hated authority and respected it accordingly, yet despite his faults he was brilliant, and above all, a diplomat. College wasn't hard for him; he got his M's with a minimum of effort. He complied with most of the regulations; he was proud of his school, but on this last point the converse was not so. Oh, it was not that he did not have friends. He did, and many. It was his superiors—that is to say, those whom he would not recognize as such—who maintained an attitude of dislike towards him. To those who knew him, he was rather a dramatic, worldly figure. His conversations were liberally sprinkled with an appropriate amount of profanity and an occasional obscene tale.

He drank a little—smoked a lot. He drove a good car—spent considerable. Maybe you would say that he was just another college playboy, but most people, particularly those who were in the best position to judge: his professors, knew that he was more than that. Despite their unwillingness to admit it, everyone of them knew that with his fine brain success would undoubtedly be his.

It was not the way that they wanted it. By all the tenets, and by all the success stories that were ever written or told, it should be the hard working, deserving type of lad who is to attain the top. Rags to riches is a favorite plot among those who firmly and traditionally believe that the only diligence will produce success.



In this respect, Paul was a tradition breaker, and there is nothing more discomfoting to a teacher than to have his long cherished traditions come crashing down about him.

"So you're the Dean's daughter? Well, pleased to meet you, babe! I can distinctly recall having several rather revealing conversations with your father of late."

Gloria looked at him—fascinated. She was a campus queen, quite used to an over amount of respect, and a certain portion of admiration. She was getting neither from this man about whom she had heard so much. Even though it had never been her father's policy to discuss his school problems in his home, he had often mentioned Paul Dirk.

"That insolent swashbuckler!" she had often heard him say. "I can't fathom his mind or his soul. I'm about to come to the conclusion that he has too much of the first, and none of the second."

Gloria knew that it bothered her father that he couldn't penetrate the immobile coolness of this man who so cleverly managed to remain just within the law. Probably for this reason, more than any other, she wanted to meet him, but now that she had, she knew not why. Perhaps even wished that she had not, for it was quite obvious to her, that despite her name, her beauty, and her position on campus, she was no more to him than any other co-ed. It hurt her vanity, and no doubt his attitude served as rather a challenge. She wanted to feel like the conquering broncbuster who had bridled the great, proud stallion.

"Did you say that your conversations with dad were revealing?" she queried.

He took a last long drag from his cigarette and stepped on it before answering her. People spoke to him as they passed in the hall. With a grin he looked into her face. "Yes, I said they were revealing. I took considerable pleasure out of watching him while he talked, but I'm afraid that I didn't hear much of what he was saying. You see I reached two conclusions: his upper plate doesn't fit well, and he's a damn fool".

Before Gloria could register her shock, he had turned, and was off down the hall with a "See you later, babe!"

It was not the last time that she was to be so addressed, for she saw a lot of Paul. Never did he change; never did he bend from his hauteur. It was "Hi babe!" and "See you later, babe" until Gloria just about gave up her ideas of taming the "proud stallion". In

fact, she had let him tame her by his very presence.

Gloria's growing friendship with this dashing guy augured no good for her at home. More than once her father warned her of the consequences, and it was not long before she was to see that what he said was, in part, correct.

They were at a dance when it happened. Paul was handsome in his gaudy way, and Gloria, partly because of the daringly revealing gown that she wore, was attracting more than her share of attention. Before she had met Paul, she would never have worn the dress, but through seeing him almost daily she had acquired not little of his sensationalism and independence. In response to her mother's protestations regarding the suggestive garment she had flippantly replied, "Well, let 'em gawk! I hope they enjoy it; I know that I shall." And that was that.

At the dance Paul had become engaged in an argument with a few members of the stag line. Gloria was annoyed. Politics and international affairs were, to her, much too mundane subjects to be discussed at a dance. But to Paul, whose sense of values was considerably more mature than that of most of his associates, a dance should yield to such a discussion. He leaned against the wall, the perpetual cigarette held languidly in his hand, and point by point disputed the arguments of his opposition. Gloria became more than annoyed; she was exasperated. When Paul good-naturedly took leave of his friends, she had gone. "Where?" he asked one of her girl friends.

"Why, Red took her home. What did you expect?" He shrugged and left, but he did not forget. ,

Later he even humbled himself to call her, but she was not home. That was as far as he stooped, however, and he went his insolent, charming way for several months. Perhaps his greatest pleasure during this time was running into Gloria at any one of the local night spots. She was invariably with "Red" Lawson, a well-meaning who, through three years of two a. m. study sessions, had made himself eligible for a scholarship. He was quiet, dull, and completely without trace of wit or wickedness — Paul's absolute counterpart. He wore his reserve officer's uniform with pride, and Gloria often thought of the disdain — yes, almost contempt—in which Paul had always held uniforms and what they stood for.

Red never failed to help her with her coat, open doors for her, light her cigarette. It always made Gloria remember Paul's disregard

of conventions. "Light it yourself!" he used to say. Whenever she remembered things like that she had to look about quickly or start talking real fast to drive the picture from her mind.

Her friends agreed that she was in love, but what they did not realize was that it was Paul Dirk, not Red Lawson, who was the cause of her symptoms.

It was in May that Paul was expelled. The Dean had had his revenge. In less than thirty days it would have been Paul Dirk, B. S., but for the ill-will of a mean old man.

All the bitterness, all the hate and scorn, all the terrible irony that Paul commanded shot from his fine eyes as he paid his last visit to that office marked "Dean Oliver".

"I hope", he said, "that you have vented your worst on me, Mr. Oliver, so that none of my friends will suffer my fate." His words were vitriolic as he went on.

"Since the first day that I came into this office, you have hated me. I'm not the student type," he mocked, "but I'll show you that it takes more than grades and gold stars in conduct to be a success. You have told me that money isn't everything. Maybe that's because I drive a Buick and you a Ford, but let me tell you a little something about what money really is. Money is power and dominion; money is wine, women and song; it is literature, art, music; it is ermines and yachts and jewels; it is food for the hungry, and clothes for the naked; it is warmth in winter, and cool in summer; it is education and social standing; it is security and luxury;—in fact, it is everyman's goal."

Dean Oliver leaned back in his chair, his leathery face cold and brittle. Paul went on.

"You've made great plans for your daughter's wedding, haven't you? It's all the way you want it. You're making her marry an ideal of yours, not a human being. You're making her marry a hard working, colorless dolt, who'll keep books for the rest of his life at \$15 a week. For God's sakes man, can't you see that she isn't that kind of a girl?"

The Dean smiled as he interrupted. "That hurt you didn't it Dirk? It was something that your money couldn't buy, and your philosophies couldn't win: the love of someone you wanted." He had played his ace; he had completed his victory, but strangely it failed to draw anything but a grin from Paul.

Maybe he grinned because at that moment there were two grips in the back of his car initialed "G. O." They were Mrs. Gloria Dirk's.

#

Democracy at Work



TAYLOR MEETS OPPONENT AT POLLS Woody Taylor greets P. ROLLO PEABODY at the polls at Jesse. (Ed. Note—They voted for themselves.)



BALLOTS ACTUALLY COUNTED This revolutionary idea germinated on the Missouri campus and publicity picture is shown Bespectacled man in background is the liason latrine officer from the student

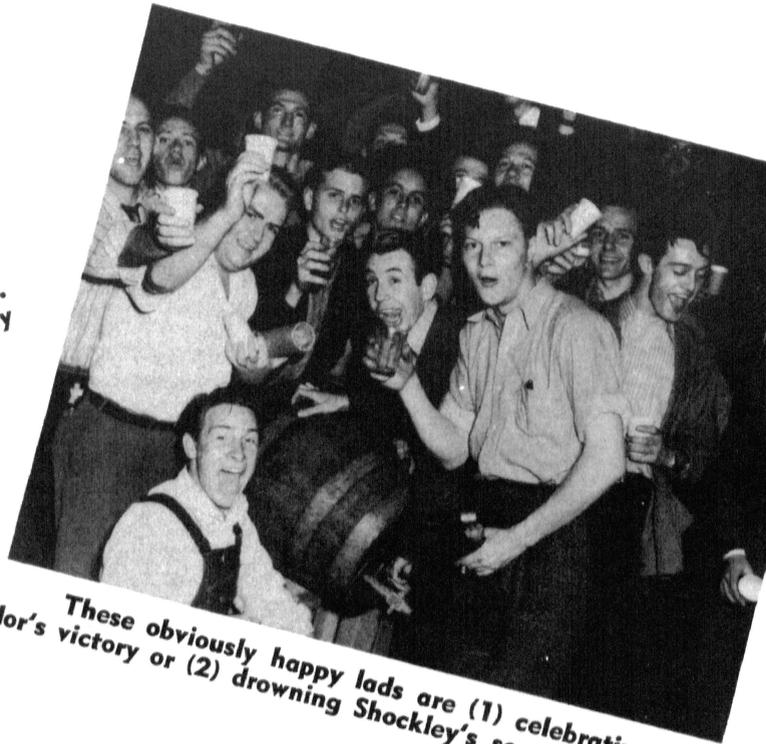
"Fellas our last bid is thirty-two cases of beer and we were authorized by the chief that what the hell it's still thirty-two cases."

Student elections are great things. In no better way can a visitor appreciate the potent American way than to candidly cast an eye over that travesty of democracy the annual S. G. A. election.

But don't get us wrong. We enjoy the beer and the parades and the frenzied freshman and the bucolic sophomores galloping madly about the campus in quest of political plums. WE also like "beating the bushes" and egg fights and water fights and any kind of a damn fight as long as "The American Way" goes on. It's a lot of fun attending secret soirees, distributing campaign literature, and standing in front of Jesse Hall with a hat on and nervously smoking cigarettes and looking so important that the barbers don't even say hello to you.



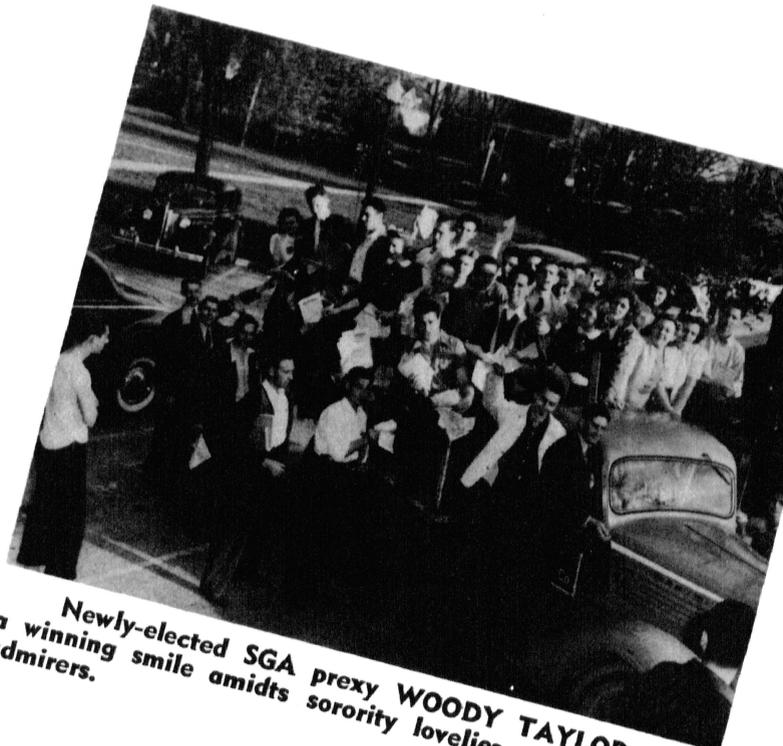
WRENCH CHALLENGES CHALLENGER
 Scene at the polls in Jesse Voting continues furiously
 at last minute.



These obviously happy lads are (1) celebrating Taylor's victory or (2) drowning Shockley's sorrow.

And after the votes are counted and tabulated and the losing party wearing cute, sickly smiles congratulates the winners and the usual threats are made that the election was phoney and that "WE demand a revote" and that, Wrench MUST have been paid off the action starts simmering down until that same night where in the Shack, or at Springdale, or the Coronado the boys start paying off their bets with beer, theatre tickets, and steaks. There is no crying into their beer good fellowship chortles high and another election has been filed away to be brought up with other happy memories in the many "Bull Sessions" that soon follow. Yep, Elections are great things a stimulant to Democracy.

"O.K. We'll take the beer but if your candidate didn't date Petes' sisters girlfriend and buddy-buddy, we'd never do it. Say, where's the bottle opener?"



Newly-elected SGA prexy **WOODY TAYLOR** shows a winning smile amidst sorority lovelies, ags and other admirers.

M. U. IN THE FIRST WORLD WAR

By Bob Deindorfer



M. U. students, mindful of the grim failure of the war that "Made The World Safe for Democracy", staged a peace rally on campus—April, 1940.

No one can set down in words the atmosphere that surrounded the University during the school year of 1918-1919. However, I will attempt to portray some of the war-time spirit reflected on this campus at this time.

Many of the facts of the history here during that period have since been obscured in a mass of legend that has surrounded the truth. The main building of the University was then called Academic Hall instead of Jesse Hall and Arts and Science majors were named "Academs". When school started in September, 1918, the enrollment was 1683—1,071 students of the male gender and 612 of the opposite specie. Plans were drawn up for two barracks to be erected by the University west of the Dairy Building on the school farm. Each building would house 250 men.

October 1 was the date that the SATC was set up. This was the Students' Army Training Corp. All University students could join this, would get pay from the government, would wear regular army uniforms, and would be fed and housed while still going to school. The majority of University students enrolled under this plan. The daily life of these student-soldiers began at six in the morning and ended at at night. Mornings were taken up by drilling and parading and afternoons by classwork. Fraternity houses and private rooming houses were rented for barracks—all furniture in the fraternity houses being moved out in favor of steel double deckers.

When students, enrolled under this plan were far enough advanced they would be sent to regular camps, but students showing scholastic "promise" were not sent. President Hill of the University urged all students to take a course in the German language as it was important to be able to speak the language of the enemy.

200 musicians were brought to this camp to be trained, and 500 mechanics were later sent over here.

Professor Jesse Wrench was teaching here at that time, and was sent to the southwestern part of the state to speak to a group of high school students. After his talk he was standing at the depot waiting for a train. Mr. Wrench was writing down his travel expenses in a small book. A mine was on a flat car in the depot ready for delivery and, as Mr. Wrench was writing in a "small black book", he was picked up for being a German spy, sketching the mine. This little incident exemplifies the nervous tension that surrounded Americans.

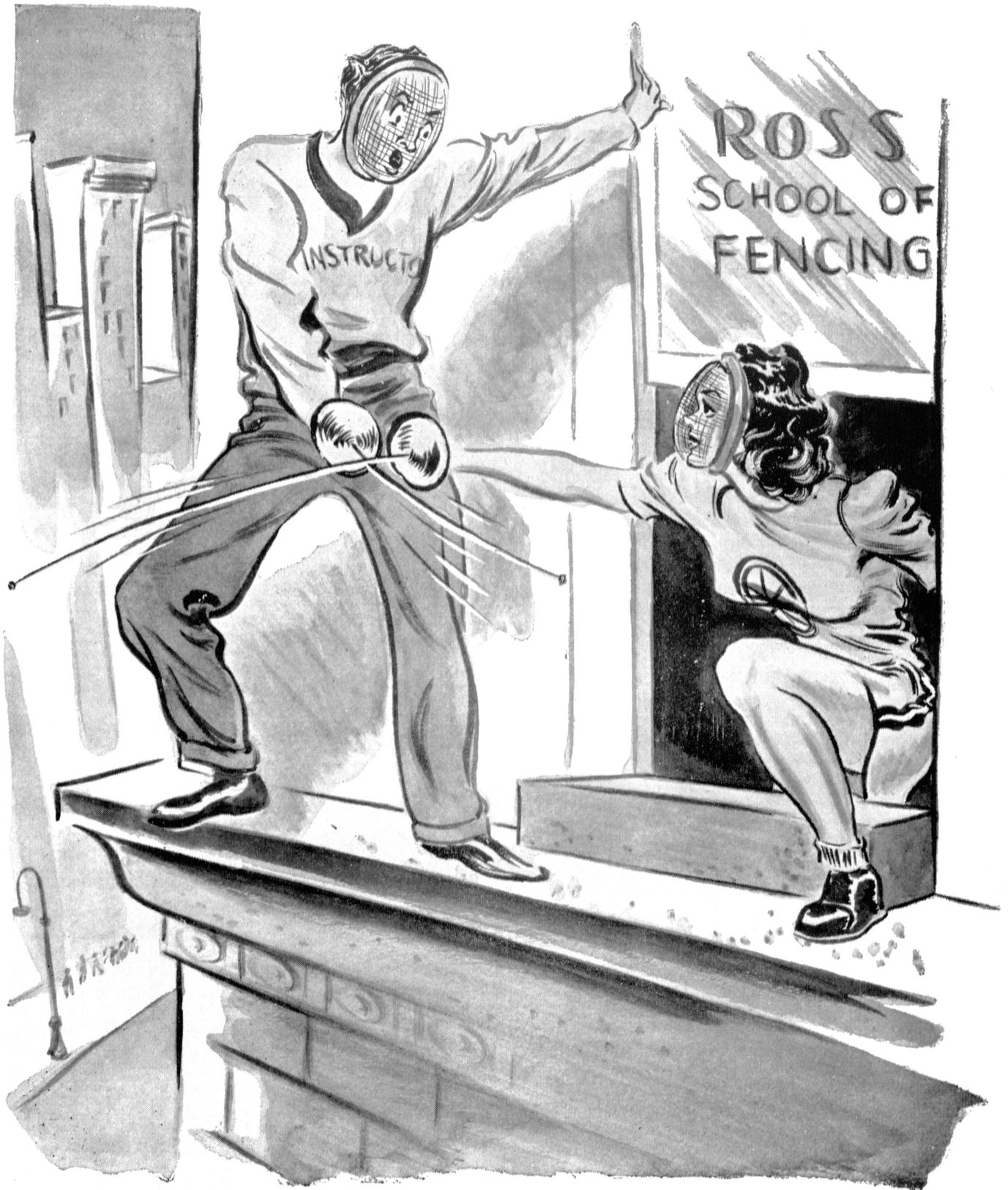
Propaganda pictures were shown in the theatre now known as the Uptown to promote enlistments every week. One of the boys in it was Moss Gill, a University man from Perry, Mo., who took the part of a minister in the Marine Corps. While the picture was still showing here—news came back from Europe that Moss was the first casualty in the battle of Chateau Thierry. Moss came back to school later, took journalism, and is now working in San Francisco.

Another interesting sidelight on Missouri's part, is the story of a University graduate, Enoch Crowder, proposing the conscription plan so successfully employed during the war. Crowder's title then was Provost Marshal General Crowder.

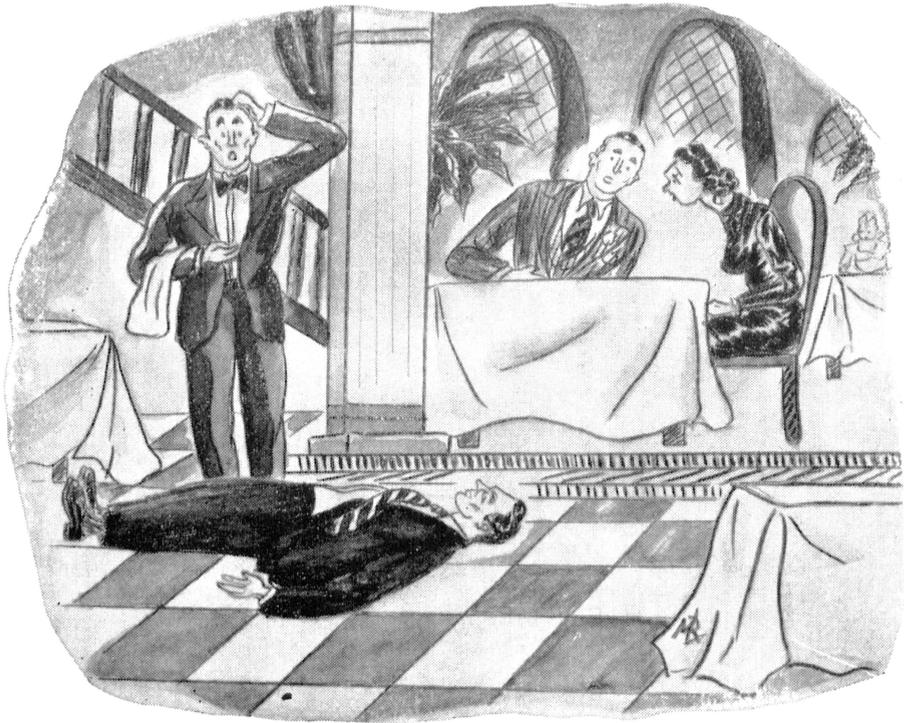
No football games were played in 1918—the first time this has ever happened in University history. Just before the first scheduled game of the season, the terrible epidemic of Spanish influenza that had been sweeping the country hit Columbia. On October 2, 12 cases were admitted to Parker Memorial Hospital. On October 7, the University closed everything excepting drills. 70 cases of the flu had been discovered. The Kappa Sigma house and the Welch Military Academy were taken over as hospitals. On October 9, the number was up to 129. The following day, the Phi Kappa Alpha House and Read Hall were used as emergency hospitals. Four days later the number had risen to 343 and students were wearing muslin masks around the streets. On October 28, the epidemic was over and school opened again — after the worst epidemic of any sort the University has ever witnessed.

The year 1918 was also the first year that the traditional burning of freshman hats was disbanded. All freshmen were requested to leave

(Continued on Page 19.)



"That'll be enough for today's lesson, Miss Lamont."



“Nothing serious . . . the waiter brought him his \$5 change in one bill!”

FULL OF OATS

Adelbert loved to go horseback riding. He used to get up every morning at six so that he could get in a nice gallop before his first class.

One morning while he was out riding and memorizing math formulas at the same time, he suddenly heard a voice, “And to think, I once won the Kentucky Derby.”

Adelbert looked all around, but he didn’t see anyone. Again the voice talked, “My picture was in every paper.”

Adelbert couldn’t believe it, but it seemed to him as if the horse was talking. He looked around to make sure that no one was watching him, and then bent over and whispered to the horse, “What did you say?”

The horse repeated, “I once won the Kentucky Derby.”

Adelbert turned the horse around and raced back to the stables. He singled out the groom and shouted, “I’ll give you five hundred dollars for the horse I’ve just ridden.”

The groom looked at Adelbert. “Why that’s a broken down nag,” he said. “If you really want him, you can have him for seventy-five dollars.”

“Only seventy-five dollars, for such a marvelous horse,” replied Adelbert. “I’m sure he’s worth at least five hundred.”

“Say listen,” said the groom, “I know that horse. He isn’t worth more than seventy-five dollars. Don’t believe that story about the Kentucky Derby. He tells that to everyone.”

Lady-killers are poison to men, too.

“You certainly are well-preserved for your years.”
 “Well, why not. I get canned at every place I work.”

YOU’RE IN THE ARMY NOW

Jim stood outside the recruiting office with his hands in his pockets. The large sign calling for volunteers appealed to his manly character and patriotic instincts. He stood there, undecided, pondering the problem when alongside stepped an elderly, dignified gentleman in the uniform of a Major. The kindly, old man turned toward Jim and said, “Think, my son, before you make your ultimate decision. We have no desire to rush you. The choice lies wholly in your hands.”

Jim threw back his shoulders, straightened his body and stood erect. His decision was made; he would enlist. He walked jauntily through the door of the recruiting office and right up to the desk sergeant. He quickly filled out all the papers and stepped back. He drew a cigarette from his pocket, put it to his lips and lighted it. Jim turned around and noticed his Major friend standing behind him. “Why, hello . . .” started Jim, when the Major broke in, “Put out that butt. Wipe the grin off your face. Remember, you’re in the Army now.”

Waiter: Spoon, Miss?

Boyfriend: Say, whose party do you think this is?

Pledgee: The meals were much bigger yesterday.

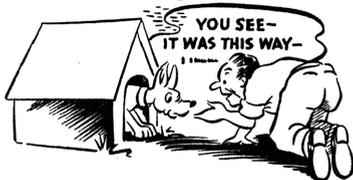
Frater: That was before you joined our fraternity.



“Oh yeah! Well, anytime you want a divorce—just let me know.”



Having become used to school elections that smack of tomfoolery in generous doses, this rapidly aging columnist sucked in his breath and awaited with little tenseness the debacle of a couple of Fridays ago . . . three previous years of faked petitions and broken caucuses had about taken full toll of available surprises, we thought, but were we wrong! . . . campus opinion, at least among the saner campus "thinkers", indicated quite emphatically that the boys and girls of Old Mizzou have grown tired of these knock-down-and-drag-out affairs which are only a couple of strip-teasers from the carnival class . . . we respect **Professor Wrench's** valiant interest in a one-man crusade for righteousness, just as do hundreds of other students, but it's pretty close to pathetic to see the beret-ed, grizzled history prof scurrying about Jesse in a desperate attempt to keep **John Jones** from voting a seventh time . . . so Jones walks out, gets the name of another person whose ballot has not been cast, waits for a change in challengers, and skips merrily back in to do his bit for the "pawty" . . . and all the while boisterous voters-to-be tear all over the campus wildly waving petitions supposedly full of independent names, with the hope of getting a sizable portion of beer for those same petitions . . . this observer, frankly curious as to just how far these matters could be carried, got out into the melee and counted nine of these documents floating around in a single day . . . independents, heading small groups of voters, would call up the caucus leaders and get beer bids for guaranteed votes, throwing their support to the party who came across with the most brew . . . back-biting, genuinely malicious challenging, forging of signatures, buying of votes—all of these practices went on supposedly in the name of clean student government, and afterwards everybody's supposed to shake hands and back the new potentate down to the last ditch . . . there's an odor somewhere here, and it extends right across the state . . .



senatorial candidates were not selected on the basis of pure efficiency and honesty—oh, no—they were selected on the number of friends they had and on their political tie-ups . . . a delicate intertwining of organized houses became mixed up at last minute and the result was barrage of hurt feelings and broken promises . . . and in the middle of it all **Martin Nash** carried on without

an organized backing, or even a slate of fellow-nominees . . . we wonder, just between you and the gatepost, how many fraternity people were told to vote for so-and-so, regardless of personal feelings, when all the while they would have desired to vote for the one man in the election who had no promises strung out all over the campus and no "machine" pulling in voters by the beer-for-you method . . . one more kick: although they are admittedly numerically superior to other groups, why is it that the Ags should dominate the political scene so completely? . . . they furnished two student presidents in a row and it's no secret they made themselves personally responsible for the election of this year's president . . . no slurs against **Mr. Taylor** intended, but is it fair that one college be able to take unto itself each year the election of a president who is supposed to represent the entire University? . . . space does not permit the advancing of constructive suggestions for reform, but departure from the political scene will not be one of our regrets at leaving Old Missouri this spring . . . by the way, have you noticed **John Duncan's** new haircut? . . . a few of his brothers started the job and when they finished Duncan had to rush right over for a barber's finish to the project . . . far from sitting in a corner to moan over the defeat of their party in the election, **Bud Barnes, Evie Lyon, and Harriet Robnett** set out the Saturday after the fiasco to do the town up right . . . and they did! . . . last seen, the three of them were strolling across the lawn of one of the larger sorority houses



in a burst of song . . . talk about obstacles, take a look at those encountered by this year's veddy nice J-Show: 1. the end of the month; 2. the carnival 3. Burrall's play, Liliom; 4. Jessica Dragonette; 5. three spring formals; 6. warm-weather picnics—it's a wonder the show ever weathered the storm . . . hard to realize but true is the fact that Honest **Joe Finley**, a news major, no less, was elected prexy of Jay-school, smashing an interested old rule of nine lean years . . . the hard-working Betas repelled seven raids on their territory in two nights previous to the election, largely through the oratorical ability of Tom Bates, their prexy . . . and to top things off, here's one we heard, concerning a well-meaning but rather uninformed Ag student . . . tearing along the street collecting voters from all directions, the big fellow ran into a slender, red-haired lad and roughly accosted him: "Hey, fella, let's go over and vote for **Woody Taylor**, eh?" . . . the red-haired boy mildly protested, but the Ag wouldn't take a refusal . . . "Best boy in school," he said, "and one of the squarest fellows I know . . . so come on, now" . . . ten seconds later a bystander told the farmer-boy who his prospective voter was . . . and you guess the answer!

INFORMATION PLEASE...

—Leon J North Cohen—Herb Quincy Gross

Questions:

1. Why did you try out for the "J" show?
2. What do you do for that nervous first night feeling?
3. What are your secrets of success?



Jim Moseley



Peggy Hallberg



Irv Feld



Herbie Herblin



Don Campbell



Patricia Lockridge



Dave McIntyre



June Smith



Jack Dick-Peddie



Mary McKeown

Answers:

Jim Moseley

1. With me it ain't tryin'.
2. Take Carters Little Liver Pills . . . they do the work of Calomel without the danger of Calomel, etc.
3. Wheaties and women.

Peggy Hallberg

1. It was that or study hall.
2. Cross my fingers and hope . . . for the best.
3. SIR! ! ! !

Irv Feld

1. You know me, anything for a laugh.
2. I always think of the boys in London, and take it easy.
3. Clean living . . . clean speech.

Herbie Herblin

1. To make it the worst "J" show the school has ever seen.
2. I take a good stiff drink of . . . buttermilk.
3. What success? ? ? ?

Don Campbell

1. It was raining and we were in Pittsburgh . . .
2. Go home and "BURP" Junior.
3. Because I love children . . . just call me "pappy".

Patricia Lockridge

1. I was inspired or something.
2. I don't . . . I always shake like a cocktail.
3. OH—I'll never tell.

Dave McIntyre

1. So I could meet all the pretty ? ? ? ? chorus gals.
2. I eat oysters, olives, and nuts.
3. A pair of loaded dice and a good left hand.

June (Hey, Theah) Smith

1. They wanted someone to tryout from the house . . . soooooo.
2. Do you mean for the . . . "J" show?
3. I don't know if I've had any . . . yet.

Jack Dick-Peddie

1. Drafted by Russ Harris . . . that charming fellow.
2. I don't have one.
3. An honest dance chairmanship.

Mary McKeown

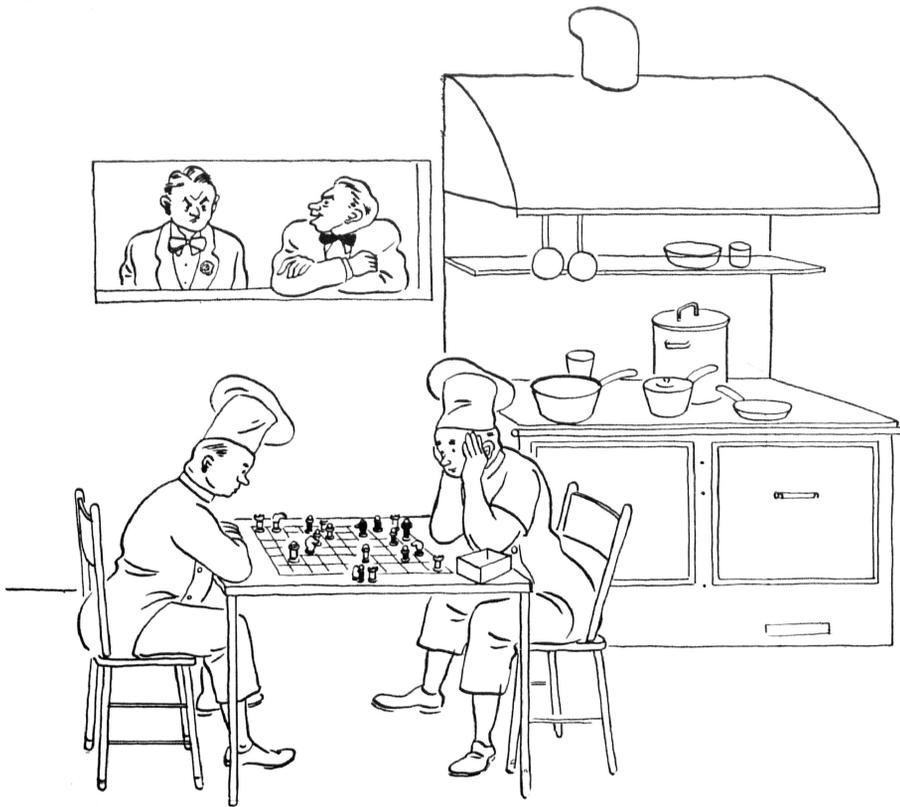
1. Because the boys are supposed to wear skirts.
2. It's been soooooo long.
3. Cast two (2) ballots.

Scene on Campus



IT'S TIME for you to check up on your wardrobe, so we would like to introduce you to three square-cut boys. The pipe-smoker seated on the rail above is wearing a single-breasted tan worsted suit with heavy overplaid. A white broadcloth shirt and a bowtie (they're really easy to make, once you get the hang of it) add to that sporty spring appearance. The shoes are seamless and have thick leather soles. His friend is all plaid out. As soon as he finishes that cigarette, he's going to play eighteen holes of golf. All he has to do is pick up his clubs and change his shots. The sweater is a sleeveless gray cashmere with a navy blue binding around the neck, and the shirt, reminiscent of the lumberjack, is a wool plaid with overtones of green, blue and tan. The tie is plaid, too. The strolling fellow to our left is neatly checked out in Mont Tremblant blue herringbone slacks with a dull red overtone and a single-breasted sports jacket.

THE MARCH OF CRIME



"The loser of this chess game has to get your order!"

HE HAD TO ADMIT DEFEAT!

He couldn't believe such a thing could happen to him. He would try again. Ah! Here was another store. The same remark! He was stunned!

All the years of perfecting his technique gone to waste. All those years in college when he had studied the best methods. Hours of practice day after day, and then he had started getting results. They had laughed at him at first but then they had seen with their own eyes that it could be done. The money had rolled in and he was going to be married soon. It's true it was different than the ordinary ways one made money. But still it was money, more money than he could have hoped for so soon after getting out of school. The type of job he had always wanted, too. He would be able to travel from town to town, city to city, state to state, see the country as he traveled and he knew that wherever he went he could make a living. And now they had stopped him. They couldn't do that to him, it was a free country. He'd sue! Then it dawned on him that it was illegal to sue against something that was illegal. He realized that it was all over. His career was gone. They had all

gotten together to protect themselves against him. Yes, they had barred him from ever playing the pin-ball machines again.

It was the perfect crime. Scotland Yard was completely befuddled. Defeat had almost been conceded. Its detectives couldn't hope to solve the mystery of the century. There was only one possible solution. "The Master" must be called. It was just a matter of seconds before the man with the television mind and the ability to envision things in technicolor would arrive at the scene. Suddenly, Sherlock Holmes made his long awaited appearance. He entered the room slowly, pausing at the threshold. Immediately, he became the man of action. He glanced sharply about his surroundings, his keen, perceptive eyes taking in the most minute details in a glance. The huge Rembrandt on the wall was hanging on one strand; the frame lay shattered on the floor. The couch and chairs were overturned. The window panes were smashed on both sides. Great splashes of blood were all over the carpet. It was obvious that the brain of the super detective was operating with the speed of a dynamo.

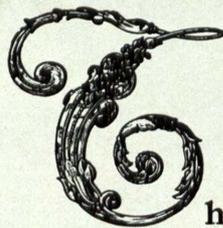
Sherlock Holmes' lips quivered. Then, while everyone waited with baited breath for his famed deductions, with the wonderful insight for which he had attained renown, he commented, "Someone has been here!"



WALLACE STERLING

*Grande
Baroque*

Important Jewelers are now showing the
"Most Glorious Sterling Pattern of all
time". Grande Baroque introduces the
Spirit of Gaiety to American table settings.



his new pattern is a creation of
Wallace Silversmiths, makers of "America's Finest Sterling Patterns".
Brochures free on request. Wallace Silversmiths, Wallingford, Connecticut.



HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW WAS PLENTY SORE—

but he's out of the dog house now!



"WHERE YA GOIN' with my pipe?" wailed Henry. "To the incinerator—where *all* smelly things belong," snapped his mother-in-law. "That tobacco of yours is impossible."



ONE WEEK LATER. Now Henry's in clover. Even his mother-in-law treats him right since he switched to Sir Walter Raleigh. Try this mild tobacco on *your* home life. Fifty pipe loads, 15¢.

KEEP OUT OF THE DOG HOUSE WITH SIR WALTER

This NEW Cellophane tape seals flavor in, brings you tobacco 100% factory-fresh!

UNION MADE

Tune in **UNCLE WALTER'S DOG HOUSE**
Every week—NBC Red Network
Prizes for your "Dog House" experience

SORORITY SERENADE

Our house sings.
But good.
We sang tonight. Everywhere.
People heard us. Mostly girls.
Women screamed. Strong men
fainted.
We laughed. We sang. Songs.
I'm good. Some say I'm a tenor.
Some say nasty things. I ignore them.
I've got range. With cattle.
I've got pitch. Gals like my pitching.
My notes are mellow. So is cream.
I hate cream. It gives strawberries
'oomph.'
Strawberries give me a rash. I'm rash
now.
I can warble like birds. Mostly
cuckoos.
I hang around. With the best cuckoos.
Some cuckoos resent me. Professional
jealousy.
Sororities like singing.
They throw things. Mostly junk.
We scramble for junk.
I got a book. A funny book.
*How to cast your eyes and cement
friendships.*
Singing did this for me. I sing. Do
you mind?
I gargle, too. It's slurpy.
Our house sings.
But good.

At a testimonial gathering in the church, old Mose got up and said, "Brudders and sisters, you know an' I know I'se robbed hen roosts and stole hawgs, an' tol' lies, an' got drunk, and shot craps, an' cussed an' swore. But I thank de Lawd dere's one thing I ain't nebber done; I ain't nebber lost my religion."



MILITARY AND M-MEN ENTERTAIN

This year, as before, the "M" Men in promoting their dance, decked their brawny selves out in every conceivable shape and kind of costume. Some were co-eds, Alice the Goon, Daisy Mae, Hitler, Little Lord Fauntleroy, and the inevitable Jesse Wrench. Trackman Higgins' impersonation of Wrench was the best such job done on the campus. Herbie Kay supplied the music and Stephens supplied the queen in lovely Terry Tarlton.

Although devoid of the traditional arch of sabres, this year's military ball was colorful and dignified. The selection of queens for the first time was made by a hard boiled army general. And the general's taste proved true, for Alpha Phi Mary Carr made a striking picture as Brig.-General A. McIntyre placed the red, white, and blue military crown upon her head.



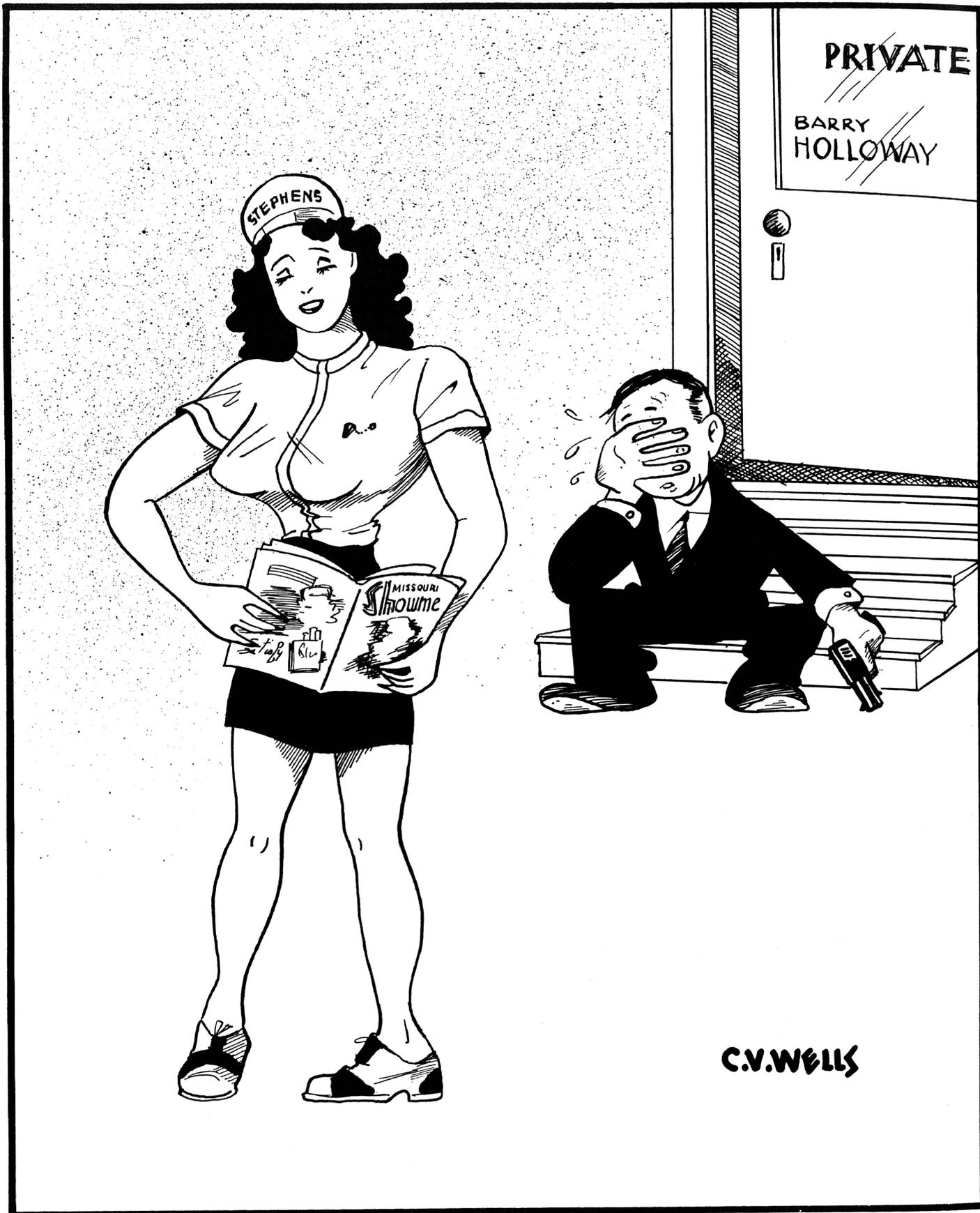
MARY CARR FEELS DRAFT those not struck so bad read from left to right, **CELESTE GILPIN, TONI STANLEY, ARLINE DOWNS**



M-MEN DRESS FOR SPRING FORMAL When challenged by the gorgeous gowns shown at the **SAVITAR** ball the M-men retaliate with the above



FLASH!!!! M-MEN CROWN WOMEN. Herbie Kay crowns **TERRY TARLTON** at the M-men's dance . . . **WILL BERG** exposes uppurs to public for picture while **CHARLOTTE KING** smiles on.



" NOT A LINE ABOUT STEPHENS IN THE WHOLE DAMN ISSUE!"

TACTICS OF AN EXPERT

I'll admit it, I came to college after men and lots of 'em. Forty-six per cent of the other girls do the same thing and the other fifty-four per cent aren't in college. I'm brutally frank about all this because getting a man is a brutal business, and I can speak with authority because I'm an expert.

When a promising-looking sophomore asks you to a session of jive at a campus prom take your time about accepting. Wait about thirty seconds and then imitate an oil gusher on its first boom. Fling your arms about his neck and thank him for asking you to such a nice wing-ding. Be sure and call him by name; it always helps if you can remember which fellow it is.

When a fellow wants to kiss you for the first time act like it meant something to you. Be coy, tell him your brother said you shouldn't kiss anyone until you were twenty-four. Tell him that you are breaking this pledge with your bud because he's the first sap who really appealed to you. You can vary this line of bilge by saying you promised Uncle Fidgetknees, the one with the corn juice plant in the hills, that you'd never kiss anything that looked human.

Never turn a frat pin down. No frat man ever felt the same about a girl twice. Don't rush him about his pin. Wait until he's been out with you twice before you mention how nice his pin would look on your jumper. If he doesn't give in on this, tap his head with an old auto-jack and he'll give up. Make sure that you get frat pins with a lot of gold in them. The hock shops are paying out big money for the heavy lodes. After a while you will be able to tell the value of a pin by its heft. I haven't got a man yet. Some say I'm too obvious. Maybe I ought to quit carrying this ball and chain around.

•

“So your new book is a tear-jerker?”
“Yes, it's printed on onion-skin paper.”

•

A bathing beauty who's really a beauty is worth wading for.



“Ha, he thinks I'm his best friend!”

A SPECIAL COURSE FOR PIPE SMOKERS

IF ALL THE COURSES in the curriculum are planned with an eye to the future, why is there not a course on pipe smoking? For the solid contentment men find in their pipes is one of life's greatest satisfactions.

WE BELIEVE THAT the key to this problem is in the blend you smoke. And so we offer you a generous sample of America's Finest Pipe Tobacco...enough for an eight hour course in smoking pleasure.

YOU'LL FIND EDGEWORTH smooth, cool, and aromatic...specially blended to a young man's taste.

NATURALLY, TASTES differ. Yet many college seniors tell us that their first freshman pipes were packed with **EDGEWORTH**—and today, four years later, they still ask for the familiar blue tin.

USE THIS VALUABLE COUPON

LARUS & BRO. CO. 203 So. 22nd St., Richmond, Virginia	CP-5
Please send me, at your expense, a generous sample of EDGEWORTH Ready-Rubbed—America's Finest Pipe Tobacco.	
NAME _____	(Please print your name and address clearly)
ADDRESS _____	
CITY OR TOWN _____	
STATE _____	

She: Doctor, what's the best way to get a wart off my hands?

He: Shoot him or marry him.

•

Some girls are like trees. Those with thick limbs are the hardest to shake.

•

When a gigolo marries it becomes love, honor and no pay.

•

WE TAKE OUR HAT OFF

Most college men are perplexed by the problem of when it is proper for a gentleman to raise his hat. Without resorting to any encyclopedias on manners, or consulting any of the authorities on etiquette, for the benefit of our readers and for the sake of posterity, we shall answer the question. At the following times and on the following occasions, respectively, the hat should be doffed, tipped, removed or lifted, as circumstances indicate: when taking a shower; when mopping the brow; when eating; when striking a lady; when using military brushes; when going to bed; when taking up a collection; when being shampooed; and when standing on the head.



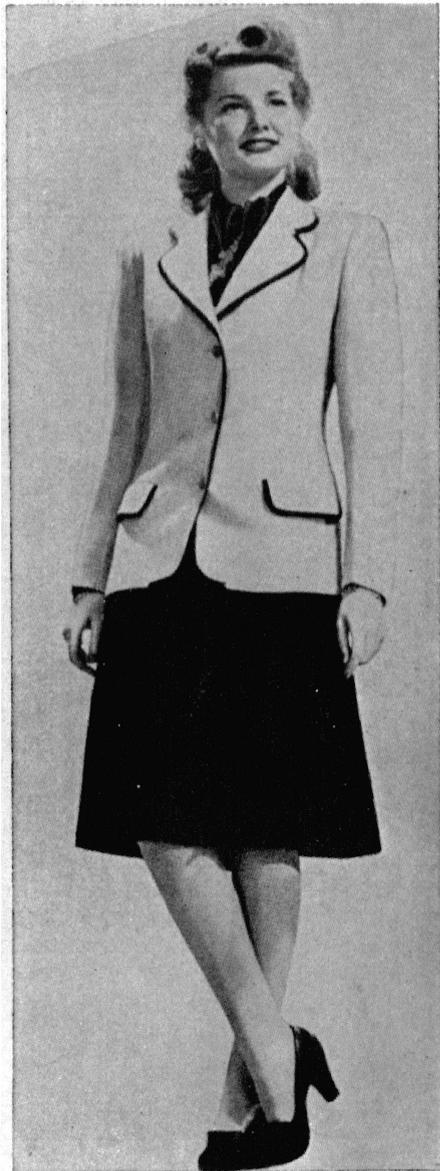
*"Mirror, mirror, tell me true, some helpful beauty tips."
 "Red-Red, by Tangee, dear, is perfect for the lips."*

● This new shade of lipstick is just what the college boy ordered. It will give you that vivacious, all alive appearance which he'll find so refreshing.



DANCE DRAMA: Light as mist on the wings of evening... a frock of Celanese rayon Sugarmist, with flowered lace top.

CLOTHES MAKE THE MAN



BLAZER BOY: Russeks suggests this all-wool Shetland jacket piped in contrasting color. Skirt pleated both front and back.



PARASOL SILHOUETTE: This Crown Tested Rayon Fashion is an important spring innovation of sheer black crepe.



One of the features of the week is the Missouri Stewdent's conference. No ordinary meeting this, your favorite campus weakly believes in inspiration. Above picture depicts debris found on floor of Stewdent office after conference.



M. U. In the First World War

(Continued From Page 6.)

their toppers at the Co-op, as they would be picked up by the YWCA girls and would be made into quilts for Red Cross hospitals.

An element of humor was added to the situation with the new students being outfitted in new uniforms. There seemed to be no correlation between the size of the boy and the size of the uniform for more often than somewhat six-footers drilled in uniforms that weren't long enough to cover their elbows or knees—they were pretty damned short, anyway. The new boys who had never drilled before were righteously dubbed "Cornfield Cadets". The shorter boys with the longer uniforms pinned pants cuffs up with horse pins.

Stephens College had 400 students, and Christian 308. The Missouri Savitar carried on despite all odds and came out about two weeks late. The "Honor System" was used in all university classes.

Practically all university girls were members of the YWCA and helped knit sweaters and socks, sold thrift stamps and bonds, and made surgical dressings.

Every university student readily gave up his customary mode of living to help out. The more serious aspect of the situation was in every student's brains—every student believing the United States lucky if the war would end in the fall of 1919.

It is hard to picture this spirit during these halcyon days but it is not an apteryx possibility that would place every student in exactly the same situation as we were in 1918. Would these grins of diabolical merriment fade from the faces of us all, if faced by such conditions? We optimistically think that we all—every student in school—would cooperate in exactly the same manner if an army camp was set up at Missouri with all of the same conditions—the daily list of university men killed in action, wounded in action, or lost during a foreign battle, and every student here hoping and praying to God that no one dear to him would die on the battle fields of Europe but would victoriously return.



"If anybody needs a Defense Program—
It's Me!"

for an enjoyable
afternoon or evening

Rent a Car

For Reservation

CALL

4309

Benedict's Garage

**AUTHORIZED PONTIAC
SALES & SERVICE**

111 South Eighth

Well here we are buzzin' around again this last week's buzzin' has been somewhat limited because of frequent floods and hurricanes your round-towner has been stranded just three miles east of Measyville in a washout for the last four days . . . It was my car so I couldn't leave the ship so much for the Measyville expedition of the Boy Rangers This month's records have been spotlighted by the classical touch ANDRE KOSTELANETZ just encored his recent MUSICAL COMEDY FAVORITES for COLUMBIA with the music of VICTOR HERBERT CARMEN MIRANDA grooves an album for DECCA that contains the songs from the picture THAT NIGHT IN RIO among them are CHICA CHICA BOOM CHIC and I YI YI YI etc. . . . really the stuff Something on the terrific side is HARRY JAMES' new, Jewish folk song ELI ELI this features some hot trumpet work by James BARNETT waxes on the impressionistic side with WINGS OVER MANHATTAN this covers the activity of a New Yorker complete with whistles, bells, etc. . . . TOMMY DORSEY'S new LICK SPECIAL is WHATCHA KNOW, JOE which doubles with EVERYTHING HAPPENS TO ME cut recently for COLUMBIA is JAMES' disc FLIGHT OF THE BUMBLE BEE and CARNIVAL OF VENICE ALSO CUT: DO I WORRY and WILLIAM TELL OVERTURE T. DORSEY and ALVINO REY respectively



Count Solomon's 12 piece band



HARRIS CAFE

We hate to editorialize but we have had a burning itch for the past few months that no salve seems to aid. Our bellow this month is to enlighten our readers about a band few persons care to discuss and fewer persons have heard about. And we mean no other than the band that plays the "Boo's" that band that is so under rated that the insurance underwriters won't issue it a policy . . . the band that plays music so sweet that people have been known to drool from sheer ecstasy . . . and what other band could it be than that old faithful . . . that gushes music both tweet and shot . . . none other than Harry's Tavern Band.

Harry has issued few records the past two months due to his bass player having the mumps . . .

We'll See You

at the

JOURNALISM PARTY

MAY 13

at the

New Coronado



OWNER

which necessitated the bands retirement into the Kings County Hospital in New York where they literally regaled the inmates with their distinctive rhythm style. The band performed many medicinal and therapeutic functions while in the cooler. Among which, were: playing rhumbas for patients suffering from gastric acidity and to help "burp" les enfants, also noted was the bands terrific rendition of that driving jive tune "Swanee River" which made quite a few of the patients wish they had. Many of their epoch making deeds while incarcerated can not be repeated here but let the reader rest assured that nothing was left to the patients imagination. As an example One day while Harry and his band were sitting on a tree stump an awesome idea overtook them Why not play music while the surgeons operate, yes, why not? ? ? ? ? Wishing to surprise the staff they silently wended their way into the operating room and

waited for the first carcass to be wheeled out. The first case was an appendectomy and as the surgeon raised his scalpel . . . the great Harry Tavern Band belched forth. Needless to say the surgeon did a masterful job of delivering an eight pound baby boy little did the surgeon know that the patient under the knife was a Hollywood celebrity

Don't you think a band of this genius and masterful thinking deserves your support in the next Downbeat Poll? ? ? ? ?

You're Invited

To
Dance,
Jelly
and
Enjoy



Deen's
GOLDEN CAMPUS

You're Always
WELCOME

At
**SPRINGDALE
GARDENS**

Drop in Anytime

in the
College Theatre Company

- America's
- Greatest
- Stars

HALL

- World's
- Best
- Pictures

MISSOURI **VARSITY**

Coming

"LOVE CRAZY"

MYRNA LOY WILLIAM POWELL

"BLOOD AND SAND"

"GREAT AMERICAN BROADCAST"

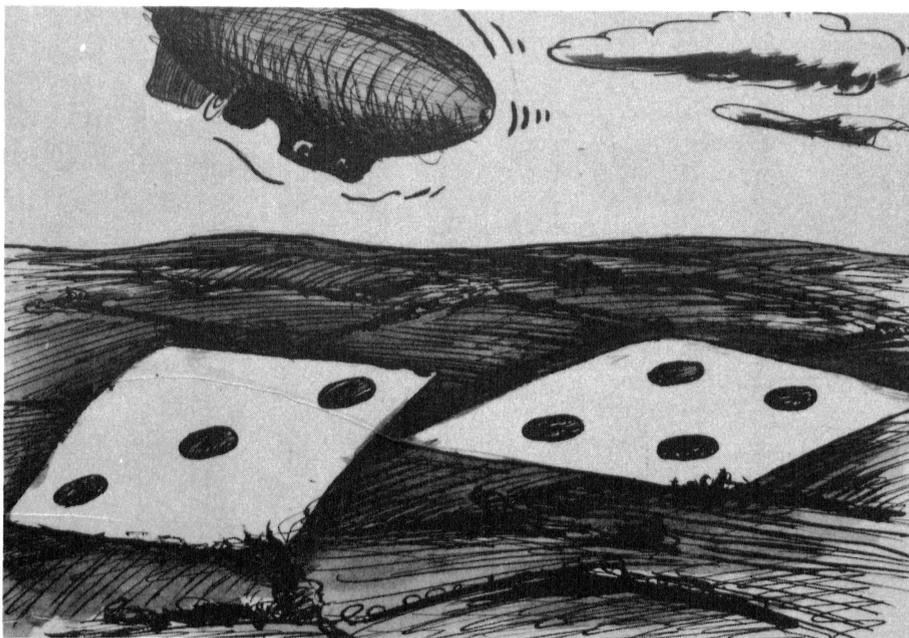
NEW VICTOR and BLUEBIRD RECORDS

By Woody Herman

Blue Flame	Fur Trapper's Ball	Sorrento
Oh Look at Me Now	Five O'Clock Story	The Golden Wedding

ORDER
Graduation Gift Records Early to Avoid Delays

1005 Broadway RADIO ELECTRIC SHOP 1005 Broadway



—Lookit—Craps!

Life Saver

Contest Winner of
Last Month Is

Bill Russell

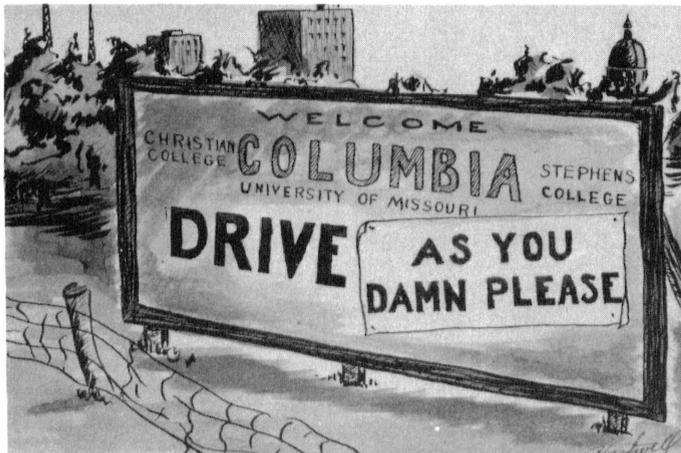
124-B Defoe Hall



Here's 'tis.

"How is this blind date that
you got me—pretty hot?"

"Wait and you'll sear."



U. S. Trademark
292946

Frozen Gold
CREAM OF CREAMS

ICE CREAM

leader for more than a
quarter of a century.

There once was a fellow named
"Feeque"

Who was quite a peculiar freegue
He would jump into bed
And cover his head
And sleep through five days of
the weeque.

On these five days of the weeque
he was meeque
On the other two he was a Shei-
que

He'd awake from the dead
Get sex in his head
And seeque to kiss girls on the
cheeque.

(Don't this reeque?)

●
Since 1857

Banking Service for more than
three quarters of a century

Boone County National Bank

Bdwy. and 8th Sts. R. B. PRICE, President

CAMPUS BARBER SHOP

Phone 6353

ACROSS FROM JESSE HALL

R. P. Bulick, Proprietor

STATE BOARD OF HEALTH INSPECTED

SPECIALISTS IN SCALP TREATMENTS

PHOTOSKETCH . . .



To faithful SHOWME readers, the name KUFFERMAN '41 is already too, too familiar. For two years now, this modest signature has been defacing our illustrations. The man, the inner man, behind that signature is as provocative as the sig itself.

All year now, "Chuck", or "Alley Oop" as he is known to intimates, has been gently hinting to us at the top of his leather-lungs that his phiz ought to grace our pages. So gentle reader, the dapper gent in the picture above with that cat-that-consumed-the-canary look is the man Kufferman. Charles B. Kufferman '41 comes to Mizzou' from the City of Angels in sunny California to study advertising. A member of Phi Sigma Delta social fraternity, Chuck is one of those select group of campus demi-gods to whom the appellation of B.M.O.C. is fittingly appropriate. He holds the university record for collecting keys. He even designed the SHOWME and Tiger Claws keys. Yes, he is definitely a "key" man on the staff. In addition to his flair for design (which incidentally drags him down "E's" in Ad Layout) our art editor, is a high-pressure promotion genius. Chuck is partly responsible for the good turnout at Workshop plays this year. He was almost suspended from school because of his too enthusiastic promoting of "Margin For Error". But Chuck is also an actor in his own right, and cavorted around Jesse stage last year as Adam, the ape-man in the Jayshow, "The Ghost Walks". And last but not least, while Christian College lovely Bobby Barton may be the sweetheart of the West Point cadets, Charles B. Kufferman ('41) is the sweetheart of Bobbie Barton.

CUT



You can do it by eating regularly at The Drop Inn.

We Offer:

25c
Plate Lunches
Sandwiches
Good Coffee

10% off
On Meal Tickets

THE DROP INN CAFE

Mo. Theatre Bldg.

You've Seen
"Shimmies" in Cars
and Otherwise . . .



Shimmies in a car—that's bad, but, in the otherwise—"you tell 'em kid"—it's good.

It's the same way in printing. Some is terrible and others—well, we're really not bragging, but just look over our work.

Star-Journal Publishing Co.

Warrensburg

Missouri

Arriving at a strange hotel, a fussy woman thought she'd better know where the fire escape was. So she started exploring. During her tour, she opened a door and found herself in a bathroom occupied by an elderly gentleman.

"Oh, I'm sorry!" she twittered. "I was looking for the fire escape."

Continuing her search, presently she heard the pad of bare

feet behind her and a shout made her turn. It was the elderly man, clad in a bath towel.

"Wait a minute!" he gasped. "Where's the fire?"

—Exchange.

"Do you know what the name of the Duke of Windsor would be if he were in the American Navy?"

"The Third Mate of an American Destroyer."

When the year's last class is attended

And the lecture, as usual, is dry; When the long college years are ended

And we leave with a mist in the eye,

Then we'll rest, and faith, we shall meet it—

Lay down for a season or two, 'Til the chief of the W.P.A. 'ers Shall set us to work anew.

Then every man-jack shall be happy.

He will rest in the summer shade,

Loafing upon his shovel, Resting upon his spade.

And no one at all shall praise us,

And only Republicans blame But no one shall work for experience

And no one shall work for fame, But each for his weekly pay check,

And each will be able to say That he voted the straight party ticket

For the good of the W.P.A.

A snuff manufacturer is a man who goes around putting his business in other people's noses.

—Awgwan.

TIME STOOD STILL
Leonard North Cohen

The shell exploded in my face
At a quarter past two.
I looked around and saw nothing
At a quarter past two.

I heard a man yell with words that fright—
I heard a boy call eerie and light—
At a quarter past two.

I felt a man laughing in my face . .
I saw a girl standing in easy grace . . .
I dreamt a woman sitting in prim lace . . .
I saw the end of the human race
At a quarter past two.

And now I dream and dream alone,
Pitied, amidst't the fields of green and loam.

But . . . do you think I may be right . . .

You see . . . I lost my sight
At a quarter past two.

Genuine 6x3 Lisle Ribs Reinforced at Heels and Toes with Famous . . .

DU PONT
• **nylon**



PHOENIX
Socks

Now this famous Phoenix Rib sock is a greater value than ever for long wear. Heels and toes are reinforced with the new long wearing miracle yarn—du Pont NYLON! And—this sock is tops for attractiveness. It's a genuine 6 x 3 fine lisle rib. Complete color selection. Sizes 9½ to 13! In Ev-R-Ups, too—the famous self-supporting socks.

Colors:

- Navy
- Maroon
- Pine
- Cordovan
- Black

MEN! It's a new line with us—see them in our window.

Miller's
SUPERIOR SHOES

800 Broadway

Columbia Laundry

DIAL **3409**

• MODERN

• SERVICE

• SAVINGS

THE *Jacqueline* SHOP

has everything you need in Smart Shoes

SPECTATORS *trimmed with*
TIGER SNAKE *are News!*



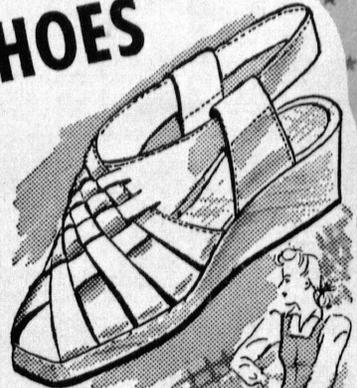
Also White Doeskin, with
Brown, Blue or Black
Calf.

Beautiful Whites



Backless sandal, gracefully cut of ma-
racain, "airfied" with pin-perfs. Also
with closed back, flat heel.

PLAY SHOES



The
Vagabond



Airy, little woven
leather sandals with
bouncy PLATFORM
SOLE and HEEL! Also
in SADDLE COLOR!
Have a pair!

In White or
Biege.

\$245

Here's Where to Come for

Saddles

BROWN and WHITE!
BLACK and WHITE!
BLUE and WHITE!
"Spring heels."
Nap rubber soles.

\$295



Paris Fashion
ESTABLISHED 1955

"YOU SAVVY
QUICK,
SOLDIER!"



DAD ought to know. Look at the wall behind him. Photo of Dad, straight and proud in old-style choker-collar blouse, Sam Browne belt, and second "looie's" gold bars. And his decorations—the Order of the Purple Heart, Victory Medal, Croix de Guerre with palm.

"You savvy quick, soldier," he says to his son as that chip off the old block in the new uniform proffers Camels. "These were practically 'regulation' cigarettes with the army men I knew. Lots of other things seem to have changed, but *not* a soldier's 'smokin's.'"

Right! Today, and for more than 20 years, reports from Army Post Exchanges show that Camels are the favorite. And in Navy canteens, too, Camel is the leader.

Just seems that Camels click with more people than any other cigarette—whether they're wearing O.D., blues, or civvies. You'll savvy, too—and quick—with your first puff of a slower-burning Camel with its extra mildness, extra coolness, and extra flavor, why it's the "front-line" cigarette—past, present, and future!

THE SMOKE OF SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS GIVES YOU
EXTRA MILDNESS, EXTRA COOLNESS, EXTRA FLAVOR AND

28% LESS NICOTINE
than the average of the 4 other largest-selling cigarettes tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests *of the smoke itself*

● What cigarette are you smoking now? The odds are that it's one of those included in the famous "nicotine-in-the-smoke" laboratory test. Camels, and four other largest-selling brands, were analyzed and compared . . . over and over again . . . for nicotine content *in the smoke itself*! And when all is said and done, the thing that interests you in a cigarette is *the smoke*.
YES, SIR, THE SMOKE'S THE THING! SMOKE CAMELS!

CAMEL THE CIGARETTE OF
COSTLIER TOBACCOS



**BUY CAMELS BY THE CARTON
—FOR CONVENIENCE,
FOR ECONOMY**

**BY BURNING 25%
SLOWER** than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—*slower* than any of them—Camels also give you a smoking *plus* equal, on the average, to
**5 EXTRA SMOKES
PER PACK!**

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