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... and send a copy home or
to that guy in the army.

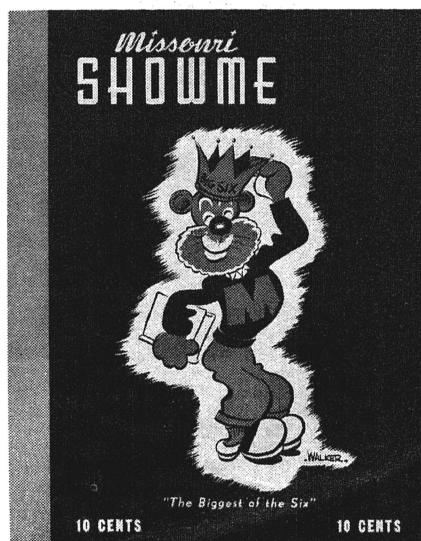


STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP

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First and second place winners in the Showme Subscription drive, Rhode Esterley and Vicki Evans pick out their prizes from Harzfeld manager, L. F. Van Coutren. Rhode, Delta Gam, won first place with 29 subscription sales and Vicki, Pi Phi, sold 25 to take second place in the Showme contest.

TRIBUTE

* * *

N.Y. World Telegram, Oct. 30—Maurice (Red) Wade, believed hopelessly crippled by a bone disease at the age of 13, but who became one of Missouri's touchdown trio in the 1941 football season is quitting the game.

Coach Don Faurot said tonight Wade had been handicapped this year by injuries and was giving up college football.

Red was a boy in Mountain Grove, Mo., when physicians looked at his swollen leg and said he would always be a cripple. Red didn't surrender that easily—and four operations later he joined the hobble class, with a leg brace. Then came crutches, without a brace. By 1935 he was playing first-rate high school football.

(ED. NOTE: The above story appeared in the New York World Telegram on Oct. 30. Red Wade, Tiger ace, received the following letter with the clipping enclosed.)

Mr. Maurice Wade
University of Missouri
Columbia, Mo.

Dear Mr. Wade:

The enclosed clipping from the N. Y. Telegram of October 30 may be one you will want for your scrapbook.

I saw you play here in New York a year or so ago, against New York University. I happened to have played on the Yale football team in 1911 and knew Mal Stevens who coached N. Y. U., very well.

When I last saw Stevens in New Haven, we were talking about you and I decided you were the fastest redhead I had ever seen in the Yankee Stadium. I know, because my own hair used to be red.

I congratulate you for the wonderful comeback you made. I also congratulate you for giving up the game under such circumstances as you have been through physically. However, may I say keep pitching, touch all the bases, and hit them when they're over.

This letter to you is from a total stranger, so don't think it is too unusual.

(Signed)

Sincerely,

James A. Reilly,
Lieut.-Col., Air Corps.



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AROUND THE COLUMNS

Do you know, dear reader, that Hitler might eventually force SHOWME to suspend publication? Do you know that you might be deprived of relaxing with a copy ten months out of each year if he isn't bounced, beaten, trounced and routed? It's a fact.

We're here to say, however, that he'll have a devil of a time doing it. Because one of SHOWME'S aims is humor and Adolph has the effect of stimulating humor despite his bombings, liquidations, mass executions, starvations, and the heartbreaking consequences they have.

Around the columns of old Missouri they tell numerous tales the little drip himself inspired. If you have any favorites, send them in and we will be glad to give the Fuehrer more free publicity.

CONQUEROR

After the fall of France Hitler triumphantly entered Paris and went naturally to the tomb of Napoleon. Standing before it in what he fashioned a pose of dignity and victory he gave a Heil and said, "Napoleon, before you stands the conqueror of Europe."

A ghostly voice from the tomb asked, "Have you conquered England?"

"Well, not yet," Adolf said.

"Come on down, then," said the voice, "and take a slab beside mine."

POLITICAL SCIENCE

"Let me have an egg" a woman in an occupied, formerly prosperous city, said to a clerk in a grocery store.

"Don't have any," he said.



"Then give me a cube of butter and a slice of bacon," she said.

"Don't have any," he answered.

"Well, then, give me a half dozen oranges."

"Look here," the clerk said, "are you here to buy something or talk politics."

TO THE VICTOR

A wife of a member of the

Nazi high command was telling a friend about the various things she got as a result of Nazi conquests.

"From Paris, a stunning gown; from Chechoslovakia, a beautiful pair of shoes; from Norway, a priceless set of glassware—"

"And what did you get from Russia?" her friend asked.

"From Russia," she sighed, "I got my widow's veil."

GETTING THE DOPE

To determine the real attitude of the people, Hitler had his mustache shaved off and wandered about a large city. He drifted into a moving-picture theater where a newsreel was showing him making a speech. The entire audience stood at attention and gave the Nazi salute.

Hitler sat pleased and smiling at the demonstration. The man next to him leaned over and whispered excitedly: "For goodness sakes, man stand up and salute. We feel the same way you do but there's no use looking for trouble."

THE TIP OFF

Adolph sought out a spiritual-

(Continued on page 6)

Around the Columns

(Continued from page 5)

ist to get him in touch with the spirit of Moses. When contact had been established Adolf said, "I'm the Fuehrer of Germany. I want to know just how you went about parting the waters of the Red Sea."

"It was a chinch," Moses said, I did it with my little rod."

"Ah, said Adolf, "and where is your little rod?"

Moses answered, "In the British Museum."

●

THE CLUE

A Gestapo man overheard two Germans denouncing the Nazi system. He burst in on them, saying, "What do you mean, 'filthy country?' You know the penalty for that kind of talk."

"You're wrong," one of them said, "we wern't talking about Germany at all."

"You weren't, eh?" said Fritz Gestapo, "Well what nation were you talking about when you said 'filthy country'?"

Adolf and Gobbels were circulating around incognito attempting to find out just what the current attitude of the people was. Driving through a village they ran over and killed a dog in front of an inn.

"Ach," said the Fuehrer, "take the dog to the inn heeper and pay him well for his loss."

Gobbels dragged himself and the dog into the inn and returned shortly laden with packages and bottles of wine.

"What makes," said Adolpf.

"I went into the inn," Adolf's heavyweight related, and said "Heil Hitler, the dog is dead. All of the people started shouting gleefully and gave me everything in the place."

• • •

Father: Your new little brother has arrived.

Very Modern Child: Where'd he come from?

Father: From a far-away country.

Very Modern Child: Another damned alien.

—Southern California Wampus

—O—

LOVE-GAME

When Vassar went to Harvard
And football was debated,
The sturdy sons of Harvard
Were very much elated,
But, when the game got started,
Although no dame was scolding,
Each scrimmage brough fair Harvard
A penalty for "holding".

—Edgar Daniel Kramer

—O—

"I've been misbehaving and my conscience is troubling me."

"I see. And since I'm a psychiatrist you want something to strengthen your will power?"

"No, something to weaken my conscience."

HANGOVER
My current observation on my last infatuation, is that "Cupid" rhymes with "stupid"!
—O—

They had been sitting in the swing in the moonlight alone. No word broke the stillness for half an hour until—

"Suppose you had money," she said, "what would you do?"

He threw out his chest, in all the glory of young manhood. "I'd travel."

He felt her warm, young hand slide into his. When he looked up she was gone.

In his hand was a nickel.

—Princeton Tiger.

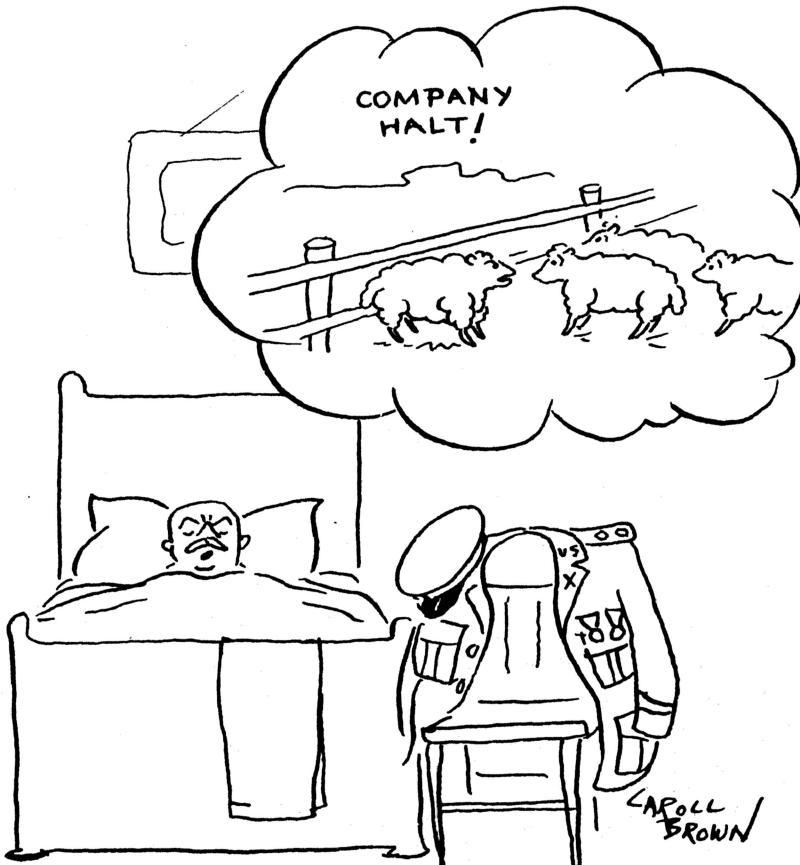
—O—

I was charmed by the look in her eye,
By her nightingale voice I was smitten,
And her beautiful figure, oh my!
By her glorious hair I was bitten.
She's really the charmingest girl, sir.
In her arms any man would find bliss.
But what struck me mostly about her
Was her hand when I started to kiss.

—Widow.

—O—

Senior: "What's all the hurry?"
Frosh: "I just bought a textbook and I'm trying to get to class before the next edition comes out."





"Heads, I stay out here and get wet. Tails, I go in and get soaked."



Si Copping, a member of the "B" string, sneaks up on that elusive little white pellet to try what the men in the trade call an offside back shot. It looks as if Si is more interested in watching the cameraman than keeping his eye on the ball. But then again, this isn't golf, is it?

Eminutive Dale Hamilton, Wisconsin's gift to the R. O. T. C. at the state U., tries what has been described as an offside forward shot. This is the same type of play which cost Bob Steuber a touchdown at the Oklahoma game. The horse is anonymous.

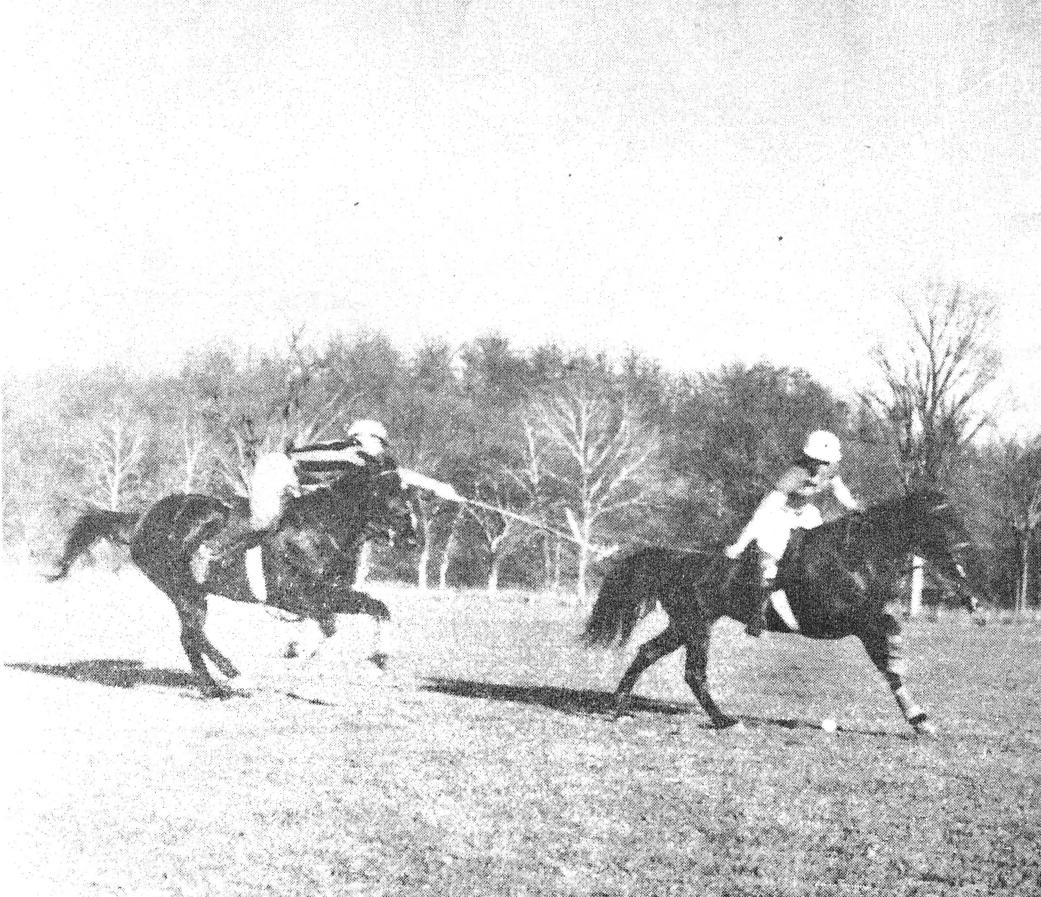
POLO

At Missouri



All lined up for the start of the second at Hialeah. From left to right the lads are Bob White, and Ohio Stater who managed to sneak into focus; Foy Crawford, the referee; and the Missouri foursome of Jack Ridge, Dick Crane, Paul Black, and Dick Birk. A moment later a near riot occurred when some practical joker shouted: "Hiyo, Silver." It seems the horses had been to the Boone recently.

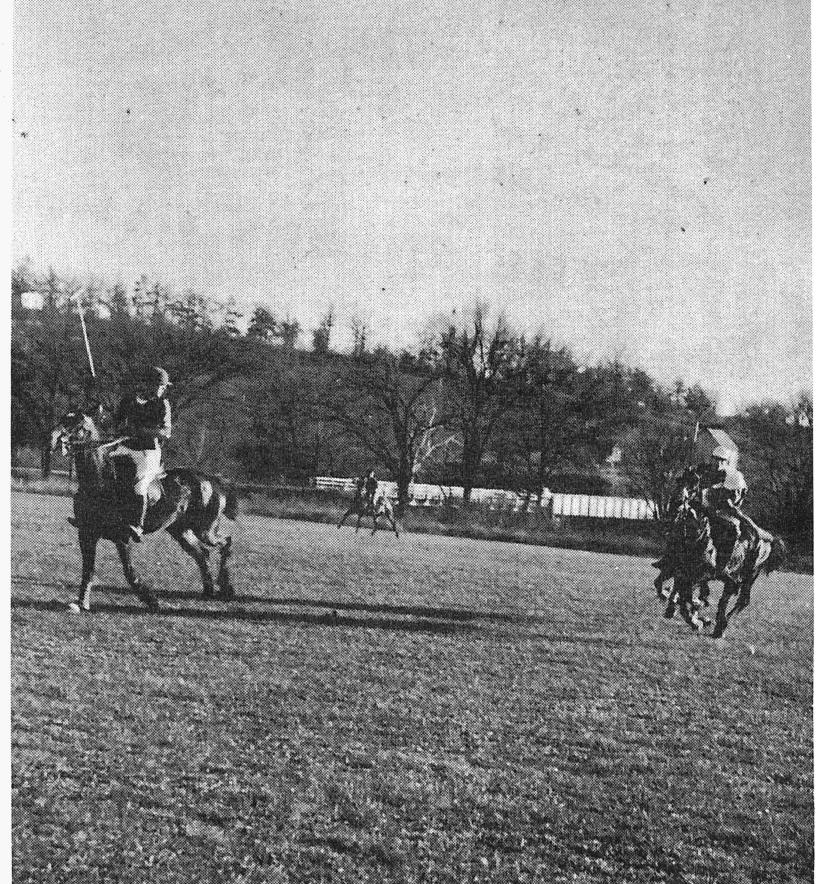
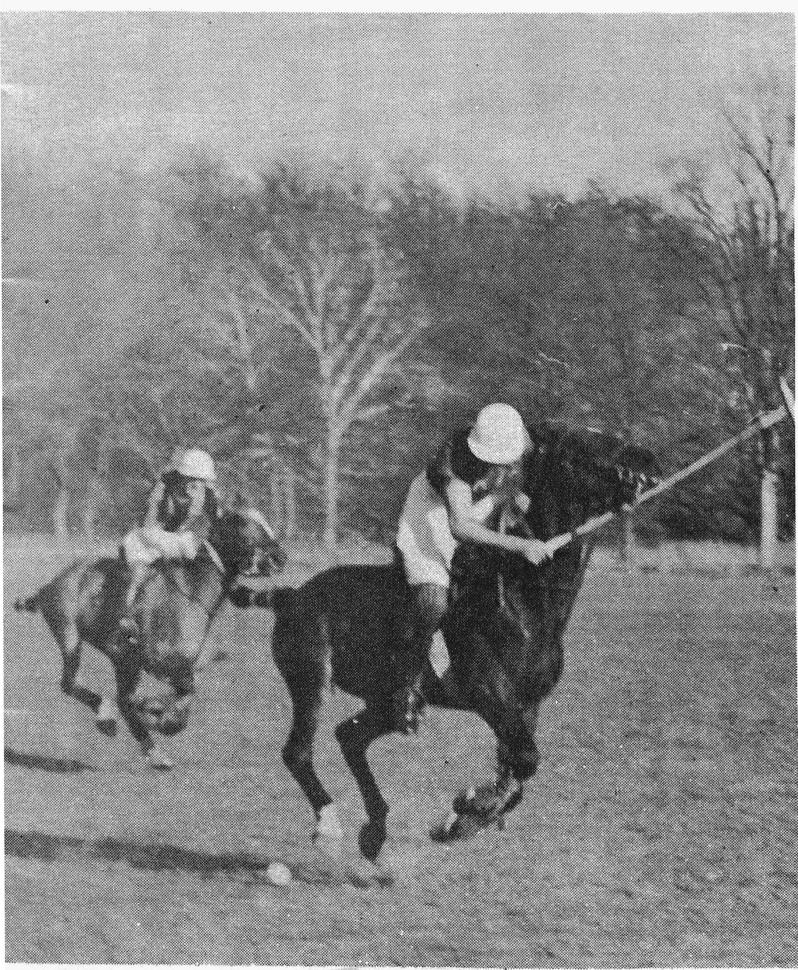
Action in the Missouri-Ohio State polo game on Crowder Field, a pretty popular place even when polo season is over. In this scene, Missouri's Dick Birk (in striped shirt) crooks Bob White of Ohio, as the latter attempts to hit the ball. This type of crooking has no connection with the more mercenary kind. These boys all are amateurs.





Dick Crane (right) Missouri No. 2 man, drives his way through for a goal. The ball has just passed between the goal posts. The object of the game, of course, is to do just that little thing as often as one can.

An Ohio State man has just done what occasionally happens to the best of us. He has just missed a neck shot (a horse's neck). The lad coming up fast is Dick Crane.



Here is a bit of classy team play which is one of the prettiest sights in polo (aside from that little blonde on the fender of that convertible on the sidelines). Paul Black, Missouri's No. 3 man, forwards the pellet to Ernie Ernst, Tiger No. 2, while going full blast. There is no record of what Ernst did with the ball after he got it—but he did.

The boys make arrangements to meet at the Shack after the ball game. The blonde on the convertible's fender has just gone inside. The lads talking things over are left to right: Dick Birk, Missouri; Ralph Chadwick of the Buckeyes; Paul Black, Missouri; and Bob White of the Buckeyes. Nice day isn't it—if it hadn't rained Ohio goals.



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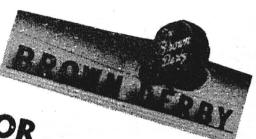
TIGER BARBER SHOP

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RADIO ELECTRIC SHOP

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Dean's Campus
Shop

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Fredendall's

SAILOR STYLES

Since the last count shows there are 2,211 ways for the caps to be worn, we've decided to list seven of the possible angles of the always jaunty head adornments.

A carefully prepared survey—taken among the girls who know sailors best—has given us the basis for suggestions as to the type of gob who will wear each hat.

(The Showme, however, hereby absolves itself from any and all situations arising from any co-ed attempting to use these suggestions as a basis for judgment of various sailors.)



The "come - what - may" cap, although the best for protection, is apt to be considered out of bounds by the commanding officer.
Saucy sailor can meet any emergency, including indiscriminate birds.



The hat-of-the-month club nominates this model for top honors. It is styled for the casual effect and is usually seen between eleven and one o'clock on Saturday nights.



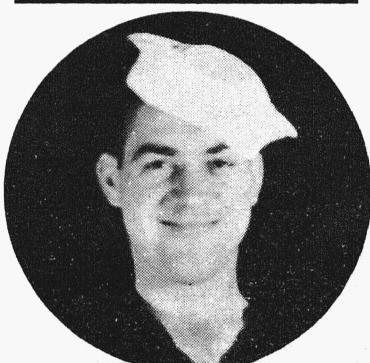
Designed by the Uptown Society of the Naval Training School to meet the zoot suit trend. Some sailors say it's here to stay.



There's one in every crowd but the wearer of this topper is usually the one you stay away from. This tilt is also good during storms . . . on or off the ship.



The turned up brim offers neat gutter and thus protection from the rain. Style also worn slightly forward in the manner of a jockey.



Actually a female-inspired creation. At least the man who wears it inspires the females. The over the eye-brow effect also lends a reverse Veronica Lake touch.



This style is particularly good for the man with the receding hairline. Not only does it cover any bald tendencies but it also keeps the heat of the noon-day sun off the exhausted sailor.

UP THERE

By Stan Goodman

I don't think I ever knew what a rugged individualist could be until I came to my Uncle Ephriam's farm to recuperate after my escape at sea. I had been torpedoed aboard one of the convoy freighters to England, had been rescued after a long swim in the icy sea and had come out of the hospital in Boston after two weeks under instructions to rest up for a month or so before I could report again for sea service. So I had come to my uncle's farm down in New Hampshire.

I last remembered my uncle as a cantankerous cuss when I visited his place as a boy. I found that my childhood recollections did not send me astray. He was still cantankerous, he was an old cuss, and he had the darndest attitudes and ideas I ever heard of. But I won't say he was crazy —no, I won't say it. I don't dare after what I saw last night around Polaris.

When I walked up to the old farmhouse from the road with my satchel in my hand, I saw no one. The old but well-built house, the prosperous looking grounds, impressed me; they looked solid and substantial. But there was no one in sight. From somewhere there came the sound of hammering, and I walked around the house to see.

Sure enough, Uncle Eph was there, standing on top of a step-ladder leaning against a gleaming silvery airplane tacking weather-stripping across the edges of the glass-enclosed cabin. It was when I noticed that the ship was marked with the swastika and the Maltese cross of the German Empire, and was in fact a big Nazi bomber, that

I dropped my grip and stood staring.

"Close yer mouth, yer catching flies," snapped my uncle's sharp voice; "ain't yer never seen an airyplane before?"

"But it's a Nazi plane," I protested, "and what are you doing with it?"

Uncle stopped his hammering for an instant, and gave me a glance of disapproval. He shot a stream of tobacco juice towards the ground, shifted his quid and snapped:

"No, it ain't a Nazi plane—it used to be, and that's a dif-



ference for a fact. It's my plane now, and I'll do what I dang-well please with it, no thanks to you."

I walked over to it, and looked at it. It was in very good condition. My uncle finished his hammering and got down. He came up to me wiping his hands on a piece of rag.

"Perty, ain't she?" he said. "One of the planes that bombed Canada last week. Run out of gas and come down neat as a whistle right here on my land."

"What happened to the crew?" I asked.

Uncle's eyes twinkled and he spat another stream of tobacco.

"Shot 'em. Ain't nobody can trespass on my land without permission." He chewed some more and then went on: "Waited for 'em all to step out; it was early morning and they scared hell out of my chickens. I plugged 'em from the back window with my old bear-rifle. Didn't waste a shot, one, two, three, four, just like that." He spat four times in succession.

The old codger's eyes were perfect. Damm it, I could well believe he did that. "What did you do with the bodies?"

"What did yer think I'd do with 'em?" he snapped peevishly. "I buried 'em behind the barn; I ain't no cannibal, I ain't."

Before I could say more, he started walking briskly towards the house. "Come on in and get a bite to eat. Reckon you must be hungry."

I followed him into the house. His housekeeper, a deaf old maid probably as old as he was, nodded once at me and showed me to a room. I washed up and came down. Uncle hadn't waited, for he was already shovelling up his fare with gusto. The man was in great shape for his age.

After eating a bit, I asked another question that had come to me, "Didn't anyone object to your keeping the plane?"

"Some did," he said; "didn't do 'em no good though."

"But you can't fly," I said. "You never flew a plane in your life."

He finished his plate before answering that. Then he leaned back and pulled out his corn-cob pipe.

"Who taught Wilbur Wright

to fly?" he asked. "Answer me that."

I couldn't, and he went on: "I ain't no dumber than young Wright. I got books, I can read, I can see, and I can think better than most. Heck, of course I can fly that contraption. Lessons is for niddle-noodles."

"Where are you going to fly it?" I asked.

"Gol durn, you're the most inquisitive, askinest young cuss, ain't yer? But I suppose you would be, being as how you're one of my own kinfolk. Well, I'll tell yer since yer ask. I'm a-going to fly it up to the sky and see what's going on up there."

I gasped and nearly choked on my food. "What! What do you mean 'the sky'? You can't it isn't possible."

Uncle's eyes twinkled and he shook his head sadly. "Yer just as befuddled as all the rest ,ain't yer? Never used yer head fer anything but a hat rack. I suppose yer believe I can't fly up as far I plumb like?"

I finished my food before replying. Then I pushed my chair away determined to find out what the old goat had in his head.

"No, you can't," I shot at him. "After about 20 miles you won't find enough air to support the plane. There isn't any air a thousand miles up and there isn't anything to fly to nearer than two hundred thousand miles."

That didn't phase him a bit. "Rubbish," he snapped. "Fiddle-faddle! Have you ever been twenty miles up?"

"No," I snapped, "and neither were you!"

"Neither was anyone else, young man!" he barked back. "So don't you believe all that

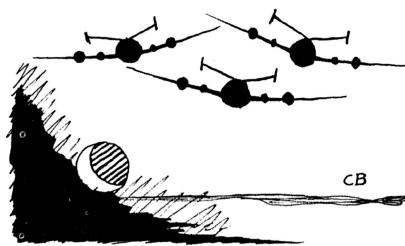
some smartaleck tells you. And there ain't been no one a thousand miles up either to say there wasn't any air, and no one ever measured anything up in the sky."

"Yes, they have," I shouted. "Astronomers have measured everything."

"Astronomers!" he yelped. "Do you know any? No, you don't. And I don't either. And none of 'em has been up there to find out and none of 'em intends to go up there to find out. Astronomers! Bah! Humbugs!"

"They proved it by telescopes and cameras and mathematics," I retorted in defense of astronomy.

"They proved the earth was flat five hundred years ago, and it didn't prove nothing. Don't



talk mathematics to me, youngster. Figgers is something that scallywags think up to fool honest folks. Can you figger an orbit or reckon the distance of a star?"

"No, I'm not that educated," I said.

"And neither is anyone else, because it can't be done. There ain't no orbits and stars is all the same distance."

"What," I shouted. "How can that be?"

"Why can't it be?" Uncle Eph came back. "They taught you all yer life a pack of lies until you can't see the forest for the trees. Why should the stars be different distances away? Why shouldn't they all be the same distance, only different sizes?

For years those smart alecks has been hoodwinking the public with fantastic nonsense just to get the yokels to keep 'em in food and clothing. Every time folks get to thinking about why they should keep on endowing colleges and observatories, the old buzzards get together and come out with some new planet or dizzy idea, or maybe they stretch the universe a few trillion miles or a fourth dimension and befuddle the people that way. Poppycock! They got the people so befuddled and fooled they can't think straight worth shucks. But they ain't got me fooled, not for one minute they ain't."

"But it's logical and scientific," I answered weakly.

"Fiddle-faddle," he barked. He took a puff on his pipe. "That plane out there. That's logical and scientific. But this astronomy—why it don't make sense. Every hundred years they admit that what they thought was so last century ain't so this century. That right, young feller?"

"Yes, but science improves and they discard old ideas."

"Improves! Now that's a laugh! You mean they think up wilder ideas to keep the people fooled. Looky here—what's less fantastic, to think the universe is a finite infinity bent around in a fourth dimension no one can figure out, all full of billions of suns bustin' up atomically, whatever that means, and dozens of planets all whirlin' around criss-crossing each other while the whole shebang goes rushing through a lot of empty nothingness at crazy speeds like a hundred miles a second maybe; or to think that the sky is just a land surface like a common-sense ceiling a few hundred miles up and the stars are just lights of houses

(Continued on page 19)

A Night at the Dale

By Bill McAdam

CHARACTERS: The couple trying to enjoy a steak who keep getting elbows and glasses stuck in their ribs. The Pi Phi who yells "hellooo---eee" at all her Sigma Nu friends. The pathetic fellow who is drinking milk, at the advice of his doctor. The guy with the *new* joke!

The Sig Alf in short pants. The girl who makes a mad dash for the room at the head of the stairs every couple of minutes. The boys who leave the *other* door at the head of the stairs open. The Stephens girl who is having one helluva good time since it's so seldom that she dares come out here.

The pledge who is really quite drunk, but trying to hide it from his older fraternity brothers who seem to be all over the place. The Kappa who keeps the air blue with stories. The Theata pledge who nervously asks the time every other minute, (one more last minute and she goes before the disciplinary board!) The table of med students who sing dirty songs.

The B.M.O.C. who can't wait for service and yells "George!" loudly enough to stop a freight. The Delta Gam who wants to go on the midnite Choo-Choo to McBaine and is trying to organize a party. The girl zealously guarding her date's fifth of Scotch while he gets a set-up from the kitchen.

The Sigma Chi who looks as if he hasn't slept in weeks. The old grads who are just up from Ft. Sill for the weekend and losing no time in catching up on their favorite college sport . . . drinking. The gruesome twosome in the corner trying to make conversation on this, their first date. The boys arguing the relative merits of the Jay School against the B & P A.

The girl with the sexy mouth—knows it—and insists upon making it up publically. The bag who wishes she looked sexy. The pledge who is sure she'll be queen of something this year, and displays a grin reminiscent of Bugs Bunny. The pin-



ned couple, quietly having words and trying not to show it.

The girl with the "glamorous" sun tan, left over from last summer—part natural, part powder. The boy with the race-track plaid sport coat, pictured in Esquire. The babe in the awfully tight dress. The babe who's just awfully tight!

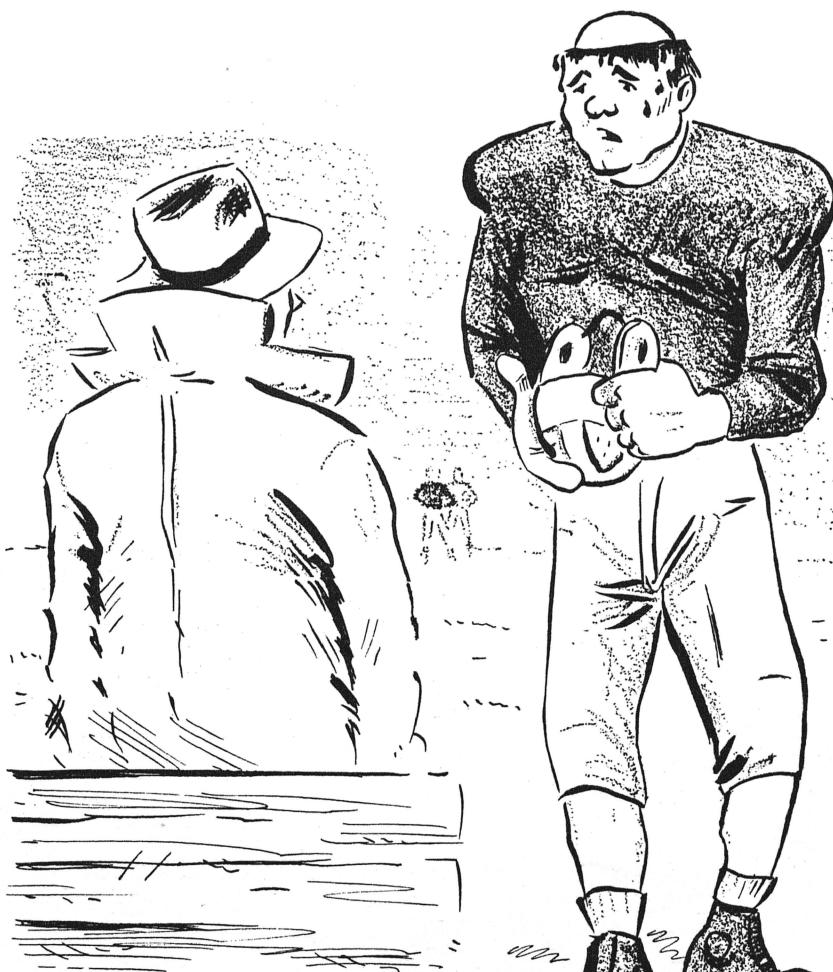
The wolf with the lamb-like eyes. The wolf with the bloodshot eyes. The wolf who is doing absolutely *no* good and wishes he were somewhere else. The wolf who is running out of liquor, and hurriedly surveys the crowd to find a likely fraternity brother. The female wolf, oblivious of her date, entertains a host of nondescript stags.

ON THE DANCE FLOOR: The fat couples; the lean couples; the mis-matched couples. The old-fashioned pair who still remember a few jitterbug steps. The girl who learned a new rhumba step this summer and gives an animated exhibition—to

fox-trot music. The drunk who keeps punching number ten on the juke box, but keeps getting number thirteen.

The wolf, glass-in-hand, who cuts in on all the girls, whether he knows them or not, and then spills part of his drink down their date's back as he turns away. The pin-ball-machine addict who won fifty free games shows boredom as he plays his thirtieth, but is too stingy to let someone else play them out.

OUTSIDE: Two couples wait for a cab . . . one girl is cold and snuggles up to her date, but the other girl is burned up about something and stands fully three feet from her escort. The boy who has passed out under a bush. The fellow having engine trouble discovers he's out of gas. The poor sucker who has lost his date and wanders around peering into back seats. The couples who are bored with it all and are leaving for Jeff City.



"Those Indians sure play for blood."

• • •

"Are you positive the defendant was drunk?" asked the judge.

"No doubt," growled the officer.

"Why are you so certain?"

"Well," replied the officer, "I saw him put a penny in the patrol box on Fourth Street, then look up at the clock on the Presbyterian Church and shout: 'Gawd, I've lost fourteen pounds!'"

—O—

The college student had failed to pass a very important examination. Wishing to break the news gently to his parents, he sent the following wire to his elder brother: "Failed. Prepare father."

The brother replied: "Father prepared; prepare yourself."

—O—

Teacher—Spell straight.

Student—S-t-r-a-i-g-h-t.

Teacher — That's right. What does it mean?

Student—Without soda.

—Kickapoo.

—O—

A lady with manners superior
Asked divorce from a husband
inferior,

On the grounds hat when once,
She had screamed at once
"Dunce!"

He'd said, "Shut up, you horse's
posterior." DMM



... AND HE DOESN'T EAT WHEATIES

Three years ago just about this time, a big freshman end sat in his boarding house room and debated his future. In his hand he held a lucrative offer from a southern college, dangling promises to make it worth his while for him to transfer there and play football. Bob Steuber turned down the deal because he had no desire to become a "tramp athlete".

Today the same guy is finished with football at Missouri. He's caught his last pass, faded back looking for a receiver for the last time, and no more will his golden shirt glisten in the sunlight, as it flashes at and away from would-be tacklers. But in the three year interval, between the receipt of that telegraphic bid that night and that wintry Saturday afternoon, Dec. 5, in Kansas City's Ruppert Stadium against the Seahawks, Steuber accomplished one little thing. He became Missouri's greatest running back.

Some day when the war is over and the women return to normalcy and people have the time and the inclination for such things, old folks will gather in rathskellers after an afternoon visit in Memorial Stadium. And, if the conversation drifts back to football—as it will—there'll surely be one guy in the crowd who'll bring up Bob Steuber.

It takes years and years of golden autumns and colorful Saturday afternoons to mold and mellow a gridiron myth. Oldsters like to lean back, with a cigar in one hand and a drink in the other, and talk about the good old days. Ten years from now when some Missouri backs vaults into prominence, some paunchy alum will sit in Memorial Stadium and remark to his companion: "Boy, that kid runs just like Bob Steuber used to. Say, did I ever tell you about the Iowa State game . . . ?"

Bounding Bob Steuber was just another kid on the St. Louis streets when Chuck Lewis, an immortal of an earlier period, was cavorting across the chalk stripe in what we now know as the Rollins



Field practice yard. In those days history was made anytime but in the afternoon where Memorial Stadium now stands.

Steuber grew up as most kids do. He played cops and robbers and spin the bottle and sandlot ball, where the toughest kids played pitcher and quarterback. Steuber showed his first bursts of speed to pursuing arms of the law, after a foul ball broke some crotchety old maid's window.

Today, Chuck Lewis is called the Steuber of his day by the old-timers around Rothwell Gym. Men like Stan Stankowski, George Edwards and Vurgil Spurling like to tell tales of Lewis and of his grid antics in the days of hip flasks, raccoon coats, and Jazz. But if you pin down the old-timers, including the venerable C. E. McBride of Kansas City's venerable Star, you will probably wangle out of them the admission that Rapid Robert Steuber is the greatest ball-carrier who ever roamed the gridiron pastures of that part of the country where the tallest corn and the prettiest women grow.

On a campus where little fuss is made over football heries, Bob Steuber goes his own little friendly and fun-loving way. On some campuses, Michigan for example, football heroes have been known to be approached by coeds and solicited for autographs. Of course, at one time or another, the same type of thing has happened in Tigertown—although there is no knowledge in this corner of anything resulting that is spelled autograph.

As a matter of fact football players around these columns are just a bunch of guys people cheer for on Saturdays and yell hello to on the streets in a loud voice to impress their dates. She, of course, doesn't

know the difference between a line-up and a single wing, and probably wonders who the big lug is whose initials start with "M".

When Bob Steuber started high school, along with Mike Fitzgerald, at C. B. C. in St. Louis, he promptly distinguished himself as a football end, a baseball pitcher, a tennis player, golfer, and jitterbug. He made all of the city's All-Star football teams and a good many of the girls. By that time he was ready for M. U.

That was almost four years ago. On a hot, sunshiny day in September of 1939 he achieved his first bit of athletic prominence by starring in the Varsity-Freshman game, along with another yearling named Maurice Wade. Two years later the two were teammates, both backs, although Steuber had been a freshman end, and with little Harry Ice rounding it out, the "Terrible Touchdown Trio" ran a mile in '41 for Missouri's second Big Six title.

He was a great end, was Bob Steuber as a sophomore. He pitched to boot and played outfield and infield for Hi Simmons, and, one day, he pitched against Washington U. in St. Louis, caught a bus and won the 100-yard and 220-yard dashes in a track meet on Rollins Field the next afternoon.

Last year Bob Steuber became a halfback for the first time since he had lugged the ball on a sandlot in St. Louis. He had to learn all over again the fine points of playing a new position, to pick his holes and follow his interference. And he became great. How much greater he might have been had he served his apprenticeship in high school as a ball carrier is something for conjecture in another place.

It will do here to merely state that All-American or not, Bob Steuber was as good as they come when it came to tucking a pigskin under his armpit and taking off for the opposite goal line. There are lots of fellows around these parts and others who will say "Amen" to that.

Irv Farbman.

Walker



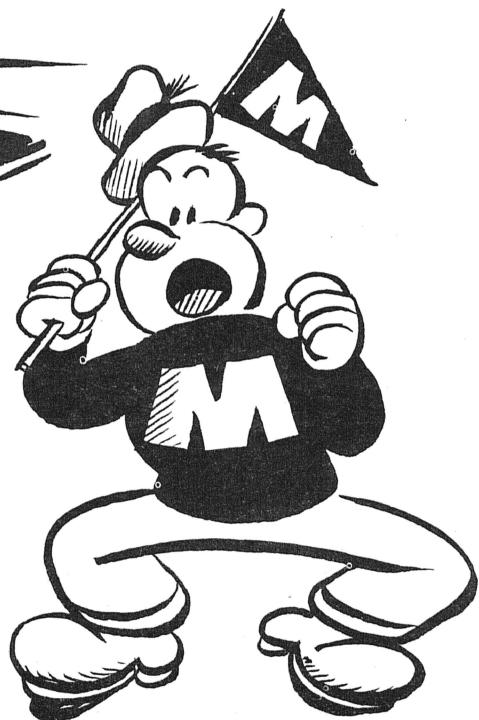
POCAHAUNTUS
STYLE



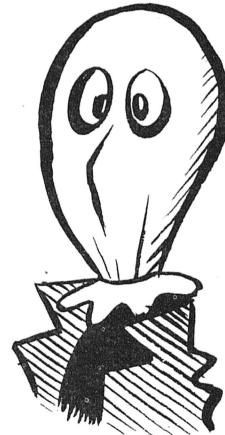
THE WARM
SILENT TYPE



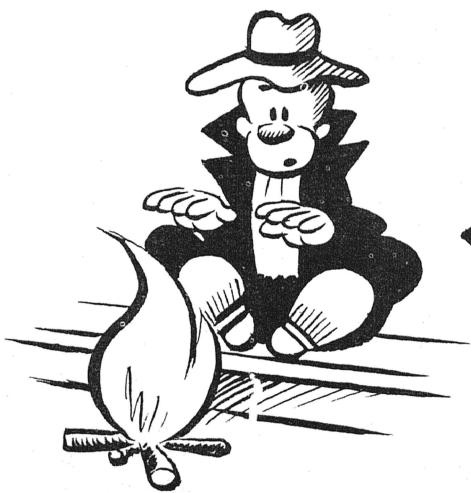
THE TORRID ZONE



THE OUTDOOR MAN



SIR GALAHAD



← THE BENCH
WARMER

THE CHUMMY
STYLE →



UP THERE

(Continued from page 13)

in towns and cities and on farms. And the sun and moon, locomotives with daily schedules running across it along with the planets which are no more than three or four feet across? Now I ask you, think it over. Which is more fantastic? Which sounds more like plain horse-sense?"

I thought it over. Well, how can you answer that? Which is the more fantastic? Obviously the astronomers' ideas were. But did I dare admit it?

He got up. "I've talked enough about this. I'm a going out. Got more work to do on my airplane."

I followed him out, my head in a whirl. What was I to think? Was the whole world being fooled by a handful of men? It wasn't possible. It just couldn't be possible.

I watched Uncle working about the plane. He was carrying stocks of food and stuff into it as if for a long trip. Finally I couldn't contain my questions.

"The whole wold believes the way the astronomers believe—they couldn't be wrong." I ventured.

Uncle shifted his pipe and stowed away a smoked ham. "Wrong again," he finally stated emphatically. "Do the peasants of China believe it? No. That's a quarter of the world. Do the peasants of India and the black men in Africa and the red men in South America know about it or believe it? No, and that's half the world that don't believe. So don't be so smart with that word, world. Most of the world don't believe any such nonsense. Most of 'em would agree with me and other common-sense down-to-earth folks."

That set me back on my heels for a while. I wandered around

thinking while Uncle finished the packing of the plane. He had already stowed away a large supply of gasoline and oil tins. It was obvious he was going to take off very soon.

He went into the house again and when he came out I asked him when he planned to leave.

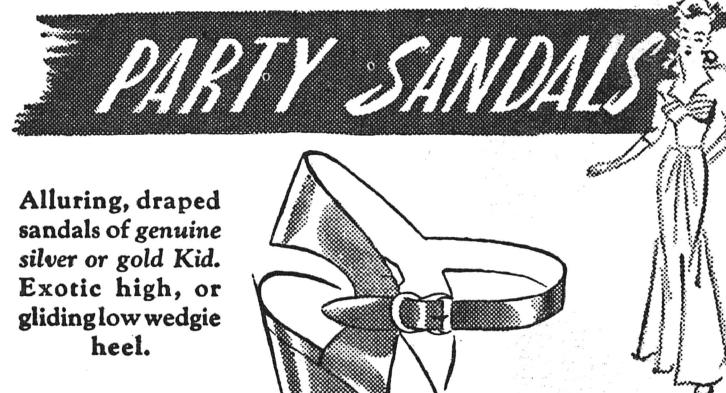
"Tonight, soon's the stars come out so I can get my bear-
(Continued on page 22)



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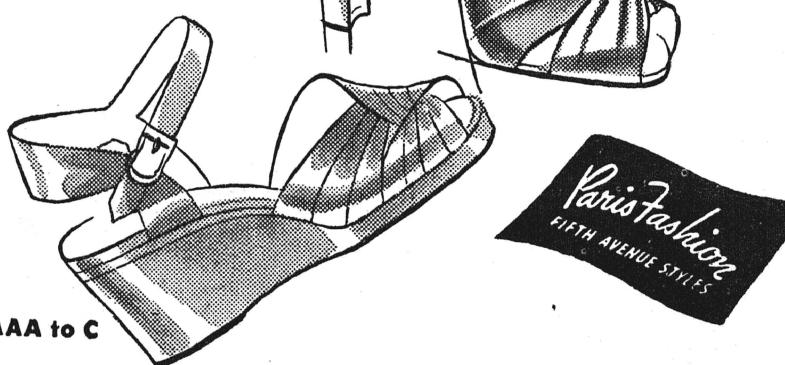


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Nelda McMurtrey reigns over Ags for a wartime Barnwarmin'. Dean M. F. Miller puts the official stamp on the farmers' choice.

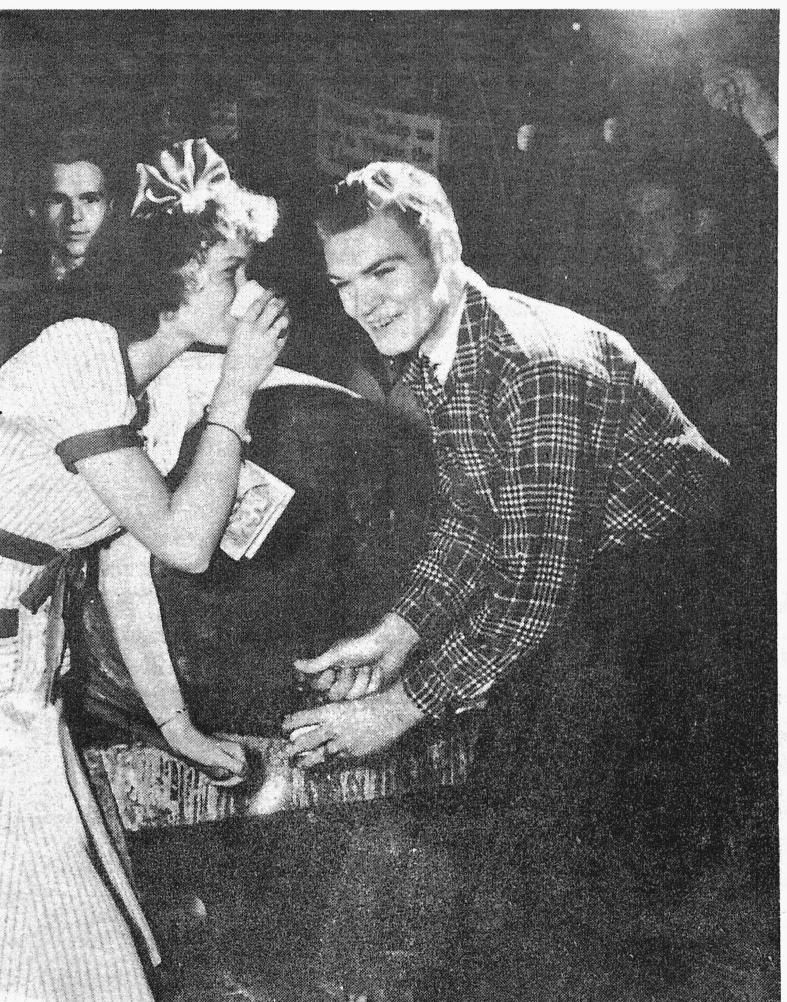
In the smooch tent are future farmer Russell Baker, Patience Harness, Mary Elizabeth Buthod, and, in Uncle Sam's overalls, Lt. Hubert Krautman of Ft. Sam Houston.

Betty Jean Garbee and date Harold Biellier scoot through the leaf-covered tunnel between the slide-entrance and the cider bar.





Art Ag and Flossie Farmerette saunter into the smooch tent to hunt out an unoccupied nook.



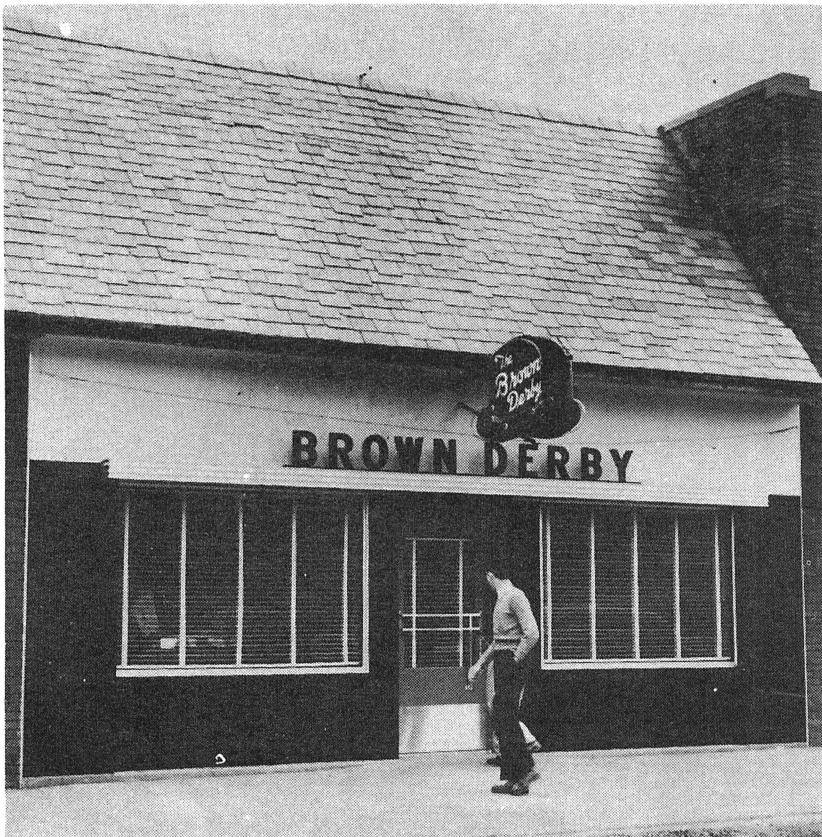
Biddie Miller drinks a cider toast to Fred Madison at the spigot.



They found one, too!

Chaperons, with that "Oh,-well,-THEY're-having-a-good-time" look about them are: Mrs. Joe Vale, Columbia; Mrs. Frank Miller, Trenton; Mr. Stephen C. Hughes, Columbia; and Mr. Frank Miller.





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UP THERE

(Continued from page 19)

ings. Waited for you to come so you could keep the farm in order till I get back."

I saw that he was carrying a couple of books with him and when I got a closer look at them, I was amazed to note they were Chinese dictionaries and grammars.

"Why the Chinese guides," I asked. "You don't expect to meet any Chinamen up there, do you?"

"Why not," he chuckled. "The Chinese call themselves Celestials and I guess they ought to know if anybody does. Four hundred million clever people can't be all wrong about their own origin."

I think that finally floored me. Of course, the folks around his farm were used to being floored by Uncle Eph. Like the time Joe Barnes, the telegraph agent, was about to die, and Doc Thomas was away and there was no other doctor around. Most folks were surprised when Uncle Eph went into the telegraph office and started using that key and sending like he was a telegrapher from way back. Nobady knew that he could use a telegraph, or even knew the code.

Super came, night came and the stars came out.

Uncle came down in his heavy winter clothes with a fur cap pulled down over his ears. I went with him to the plane.

He pointed up towards the North Star.

"I never thought that all-fired important star was pointed out clear enough, and I'm fixing to do something about it. Keep yer eyes on it," he said. "Well, time to be going. Don't forget to pick up the mail regularly."

"Hey," I yelled at the last minute, "you got a parachute?"

"What fer?" he snapped from the door of his plane. "Ain't nothing going to go wrong with me. Parachutes is for bunglers. Now if you'll just step back . . ."

Dumbly I stepped back. The propellor turned over. It caught on with a roar. Uncle slammed the door of the cabin shut, waved a hand and gunned the engine.

The plane jerked forward, started fast, swung wildly and jumped into the air as Uncle Eph threw the throttle on full. It soared at a steep angle and I expected it to crash momentarily or turn over.

But it straightened out a bit, turned towards the north and started upwards in a steady steep rise towards the Pole Star. I watched it as it disappeared into the darkness among the myriad stars of the night.

The next night I was confused and worried. There had been no report of a plane crash anywhere. So I went outside to smoke my pipe and think the whole thing over.

Suddenly, up there where Uncle Eph's "airplane" had headed, there happened a thing so strange that I didn't believe

it, until it had happened for two nights in a row, exactly the same way.

One of the brightest stars, right by the North Star, was

winking. But it wasn't the usual kind of wink. First there were four real short winks, then a pause, then a short wink followed by a long one.

(Continued on page 27)

Don't Forget

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Bengal Basketeers

If you place any stock in dame rumor, Missouri's chances for elevating itself in Big Six competition are definitely on the up-grade. Missouri had one of the finest Frosh squads on record last year and the destinies of the Bengal cagers this year will depend largely on how rapidly they develop under the handling of Coach George Edwards.

The scholarly Tiger cage mentor, now in his 17th season, believes that he has a potentially strong team in the making. While he hesitates to place the Bengals ahead of Kansas and Oklahoma in the conference outcome, he feels pretty certain that Missouri is through playing the role of "doormat" to the Big Six.

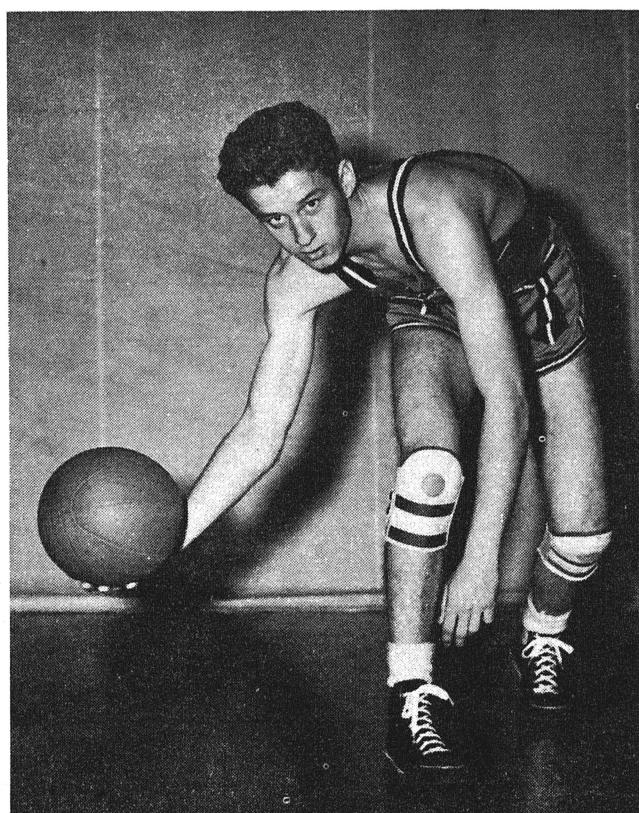
Kansas and Oklahoma, with virtually their entire squad back, should be the strongest members in the conference again this year, with Missouri moving up, Edwards believes.

Capt. Earl Stark, stellar guard, heads the list of four lettermen and two squad members returning to the fold this year. Roy Storm, veteran senior center, will operate again and should enjoy his best season. Ed Methany, junior letter winner, will bolster one of the forward posts, while Ralph Carter, ball handler extraordinary, will join the squad at the close of the football season. Stu Finlayson and Mel Stoner are the returning squadmen.

Three years ago Missouri was Big Six Co-Champion. Then came the depression. It seemed incredible to Bengal followers their team wallowing at the bottom of the Big Six Conference. Didn't Mizzou reign as Big Six titlist in baseball and football, they asked? The only answer was that

material at Missouri was far below par. It was rare for more than one six-footer to dot the line-up. But this year the pendulum of fortune might swing back in Missouri's favor. Coach Edwards has a wealth of material with all the elements: height, speed, good ball handling and a willingness to play. Chuck Zurheide, Roy Storm, Stu Finlayson, and Orrel Hahn all go 6' 4" or better, while Capt. Earl Stark, Pleasant Smith, and Thornton Jenkins top six feet..

Mainstays on last year's Frosh team, Jenkins, author of a deadly eye, Orrel Hahn, elongated center with plenty of class under the bucket, and Walter Robinson, who may open the season at guard alongside Capt. Stark, should add plenty of voltage to the Missouri offense this year.



Earl Stark, Guard

**WELCOME TO
TIGER BARBER SHOP**
114 SOUTH NINTH STREET

Coach Edwards isn't certain of the starting line-up, but one thing is certain: When "Coach" glances at the depth of capable reserves, frequent substitutions will not materially weaken his line-up. Bob Teel, Jim Austin, Wilbur Volz, and Lee Bentley all may have something to say before the season is far underway.

According to schedule, Missouri will meet: Jan. 6, Kansas at Lawrence; Jan. 16, Nebraska at Columbia; Jan. 22, Iowa State at Columbia; Feb. 6, Kansas State at Columbia; Feb. 15, Oklahoma at Columbia; Feb. 20, Nebraska at Lincoln; Feb. 22, Iowa State at Ames; Feb. 27, Kansas at Manhattan; March 2, Kansas at Columbia; March 6, Oklahoma at Norman.

Edwards has tentatively planned games with service teams, but a complete schedule was not available at press time.

Jim Grieves.

• • •

The drunk sneaked home and patched up the scars of the brawl with adhesive tape, then climbed into bed, smiling at the thought that he had put one over on his wife. Came the dawn, and his wife stood glaring at his bedside.

"Why, what's the matter, dear," he asked.
"You were drunk last night," she replied.
"Why darling—nothing of the sort."
"Well, if you weren't, who put all the adhesive tape on the bathroom mirror?"

—o—

He (embracing her firmly): Darling your freckles are cute.

She: Freckles, heck; I've got the measles.

—o—

We heard about the tipsy pre-med the other night who called up Dr. Wasserman of national fame and when the good doctor answered the phone our inebriated friend said, "Hello, is this Dr. Wasserman?" The voice said, "Yes." Our friend said, "Are you positive?"

—o—

It seems that the gate broke down between Heaven and Hell. St. Peter appeared at the broken part of the gate and called to the Devil, "Hey, Satan, it's your turn to fix it this time!"

"Sorry," replied he boss of the land beyond the Styx. "My men are too busy to worry about fixing a mere gate."

"Well then," growled Pete, "I'll have to sue you for breaking our agreement."

"Oh, yeah," said the Devil, "where are you going to get a lawyer?"

—Urchin

the "perfect" gift

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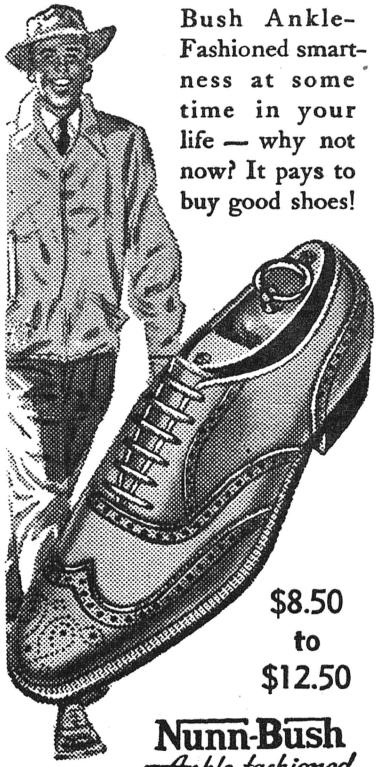
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THE BANDWAGON . . .

Since Glenn Miller has deserted the dance band field for the army, several other top outfits have been competing for the number one position which he so suddenly vacated. Although Harry James has taken over the Miller air show, he still has a long way to go to fill the spot. James has probably the outstanding, at least the most popular, band today but it doesn't measure up to Miller's.

Who will be the next top American swing congregation remains a mystery. It will probably be a previously unknown or under-rated combination with a new slant on modern swing music.

* * *

Born in Tulsa, Oklahoma, Bob Baker has lived in Amarillo, Texas, from early childhood until the completion of high school. At six he began the task of mastering the clarinet—a tough assignment for any young sprout. Later Robert played first chair clarinet in the high school band, and won two national championships with his horn. Upon entering the University he played with Count Solomon, later took over the band. A very accomplished leader, he plays excellent alto and clarinet, fronts the band, and occasionally gets off a fine vocal. The Baker group is "solid" and has always been highly successful on the campus.

Bob's favorite name-band is Benny Goodman.

* * *

"Jukin'"

The record situation continues to get worse. All bands were ordered to cease recording after September 1 by the increasingly unpopular James Petrillo. Records available now were grooved prior to that date. The major recording companies have a large stock of master records, and it is from these that the discs for future distribution will be made. All this adds up to the final payoff—juke boxes will contain no new platters unless some change is made in recording privileges. This condition will have little affect upon us for the next few months for many new issues are yet to be distributed.



According to record sales at Columbia's Radio Electric shop, the top five sellers for the past month are: "White Christmas"—Bing Crosby, "Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition"—Kay Kaiser, "There Are Such Things" — T. Dorsey, "Mad About Him, Sad Without Him, How Can I Be Glad With Him Blues"—Dinah Shore, and coming up fast—"Juke Box Saturday Night"—Glenn Miller. This last is a definite contender for the top position on the Hit Parade. Its low position recently is explained by its extremely recent release. A hundred records were sold in Columbia the first week it entered the market.

Bob Fross.

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"If We Please You, Tell Others,
If Not, Tell Us"

Our service is the best in Columbia because we do nothing but repair watches—Our specialty is faster service.

Crown Jewelry Dept.
at the
CROWN DRUG STORE

UP THERE

(Continued from page 23)

lowed by a long one. Then a few minutes later the same thing happened.

I guess I always was slow to see through something, but that regular winking got me. Then, suddenly, it struck me — four dots, a pause, one dot and one dash.

So the next time you go outside on a clear night, look up to the right of the North Star. When you see that little star winking, think of Uncle Eph up there, turning out his porch light and then turning it on again. And think of him sitting up there, giving his Chinese hired man a big kick with his talk about fiddledy-duddies and scientists, and making his porch light go

. . . , and hoping all the time that I can see his "ha ha" coming across the night at me—in Morse code.

Young Girl — Doctor I need an operation.

Doctor—Major?

Young Girl — No, Second Lieutenant. —Pellmell.

—O—

A RABBIT

A rabbit named Cyril de Pounce Cashed a check, though he knew it would bounce
He said with a wink As he blotted the ink,
"It's the thought not the money that counts." —Lampoon.

—O—

The neatest "last word" story that we have yet found concerns another of those professors, who, always anxious to improve their course, add as the last question of their final exam, "What have you thought of this course?" The prof. in question, upon reaching the end of what had been one of the worst of his papers found the following notation: "I think that this was a very well rounded course. Everything not given during the semester has been included in the final examination." —Kickapoo.

"How's your new girl?"
"Not very good."
"Boy, you always were lucky."
—The Log.

—O—

"Now," said the prof., "pass all your papers to the end of the row. Have a sheet of carbon under each one so that I can correct all the mistakes at once." —Awgwan.

—O—

"You've had one drink too many, my dear Alphonse, and you'll never overpower me."

"Have no fear. I'll overcome you by brewed force."

—O—

Patient (coming out from under the chloroform)—Why are all the blinds drawn, doctor?

Doctor—Well, there's a fire across the alley, and I didn't want you to wake up and think the operation was a failure. —Record, Oct., '41.

—O—

Senior—Do you think it's right to punish folks for things they haven't done?

Prof—Of course not.

Senior—Well, I didn't prepare my thesis. —Exchange.

—O—

It hardly seems honest or just To decree that all bathing suits must

Be modest and shy Yet reformers all cry—

"We'll cover their stomachs or bust!" —Record, Jan., '42

—O—

"Prof. (rapping on desk): "Order!"

Class: "Beer!"

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WAR BONDS
and
STAMPS**

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and
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What color is a bride? Wed.
 What color is a shampoo? Drene.
 What color is a ghost? Boo.
 What color is a guitar string?
 Plink.
 What color is a belch? Burple.

There once was a maiden from Siam
 Who said to her love, young Kiam:
 "If you kiss me, of course,
 You'll have to use force,
 But Heaven knows you're stronger
 than I am." —Exchange.

Artemus Green surprised the dean;
 The courses he signed weren't easy
 ones.
 He took Bio. 3 and Advanced Chin-
 ese B
 Tough subjects reserved for the
 greasy ones.
 But if you should ask how he finds
 his great task,
 Mr. Green will declare that it's
 heaven.
 "I've planned it quite well; I've no
 classes till twelve,
 And I sleep every day past eleven."
 —Lampoon.

—O—

The nurse entered the professor's
 room and said softly: "It's a boy,
 sir."

The professor looked up: "Well
 what does he want?"
 —Princeton Tiger.

—O—

Waitress (looking at the nickle
 tip left by the close guest)—
 What's ya tryin' to do—seduce me?
 —The Texas Ranger.

—O—

"I want to see some gloves for
 my eight-year-old daughter."
 Yes, ma'am; white kid?"
 "Sir!" —Dodo.

—O—

"How did you puncture that tire?"
 "Ran over a milk bottle."
 "S'matter didn't you see it?"
 "Now. The Kid had it under his
 coat."

—O—

Student: I don't think I deserve
 a zero.

Profesor: Neither do I, but it's
 the lowest mark I can give.

—O—

"You look lovelier to me every
 minute—do you know what that
 means?"

"Yes, the car is about to run out
 of gas." —Log.

—O—

Bob: My girl inherited her
 beauty.

Bill: Yes, her faher left her a
 drug store.



Failure seemed the fate for Jean
 That is, until the day
 She proffered Prof a Wint-O-Green
 And walked off with an "A."

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



LIFE SAVER'S JOKE OF THE MONTH WINNER!

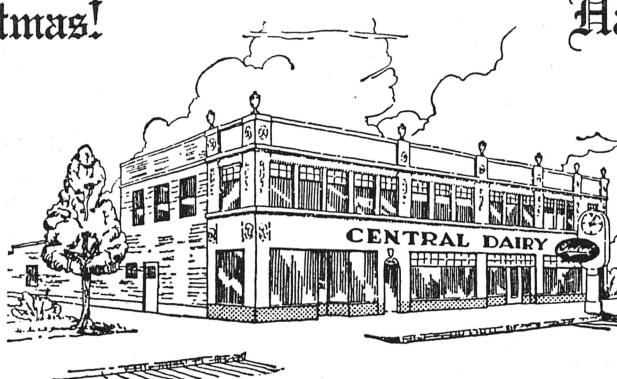
"Heaven's above!" exclaimed the college boy on
 the train, as he jumped out of his berth beneath the
 one occupied by the queen of the campus.

Judy Priest
 508 Rollins
 Columbia, Mo.

You too can win a box of Life Savers. Send your
 original joke to the editor of Missouri Showme.

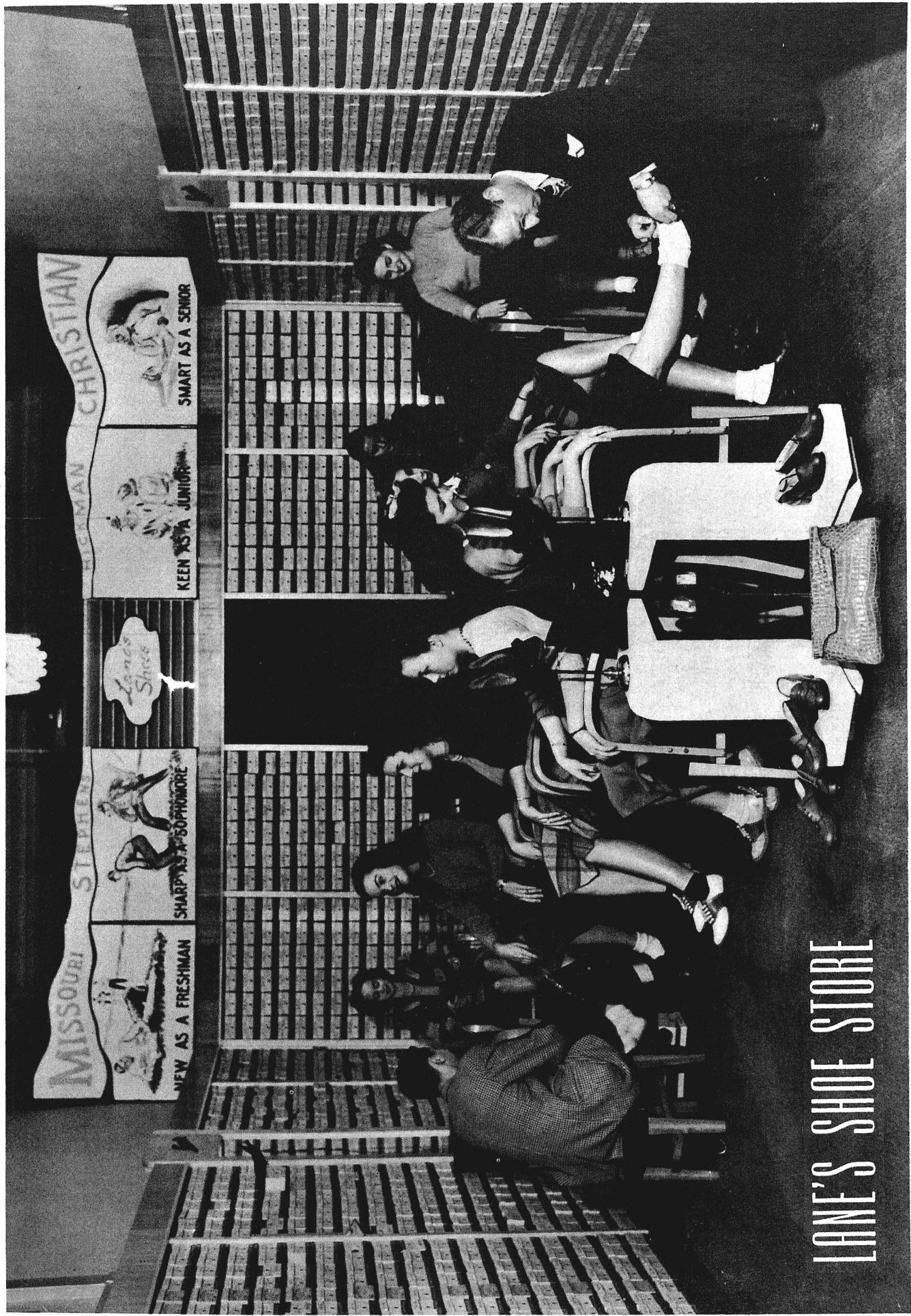
Merry Christmas!

- Homogenized Milk
- Automatic Pasteurization
- Creamed Cottage Cheese



Happy New Year!

- Delicious Ice Cream
- Visit our Modern Plant.
- Refresh Yourself at our Dairy Bar.



LANE'S SHOE STORE



"TIN FISH"—that means torpedo in submarine language. The phrase, "the smoking lamp is lit" means Camels are in order—for with men in the Navy, the favorite cigarette is Camel. (See below.)

You want STEADY NERVES to launch a "tin fish" or make one!

HIDE-AND-SEEK. A deadly game of it with the T.N.T. of depth charge and torpedo. That's a game only for steady nerves!

But what isn't these days—with all of us fighting, working, living at the highest tempo in years. Smoking, too—perhaps even more than you used to.

If Camels are not your present brand, try them. Not just because they're the favorite in the service or at home—but for the sake of your own smoking enjoyment, try Camels. Put them to the "T-Zone" test described below and make your own comparisons.



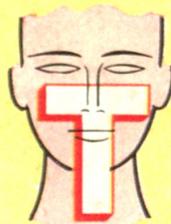
FIRST IN THE SERVICE—

In the Navy—in the Army—in the Marine Corps—in the Coast Guard—the favorite cigarette is Camel.

(Based on actual sales records in Ship's Service Stores, Ship's Stores, Sales Commissaries, Post Exchanges, and Canteens.)

—THE CIGARETTE OF
COSTLIER TOBACCO

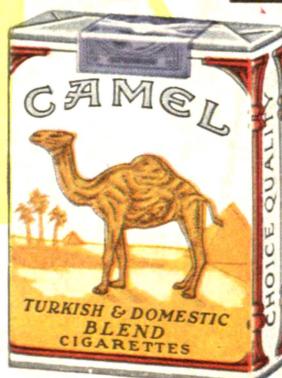
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina



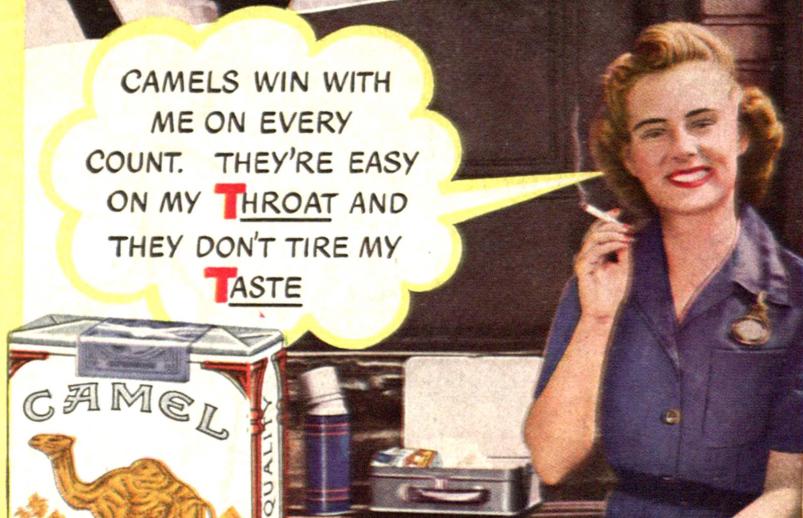
The "T Zone"
where cigarettes
are judged

The "T-ZONE"—Taste and Throat—is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only your taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you... and how it affects your throat. For your taste and throat are absolutely individual to you. Based on the experience of millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-ZONE" to a "T." Prove it for yourself!

Camel



CAMELS WIN WITH
ME ON EVERY
COUNT. THEY'RE EASY
ON MY THROAT AND
THEY DON'T TIRE MY
TASTE



GYROSCOPE GIRL—Pretty Rosemary Gregory (above) calibrates automatic directional devices at a Sperry Gyroscope Co. plant, and she's just as partial to Camels as the fighting men who depend on her precision. She says: "Camels suit me better all ways. For my taste and my throat, Camels are tops with a capital 'T'!"