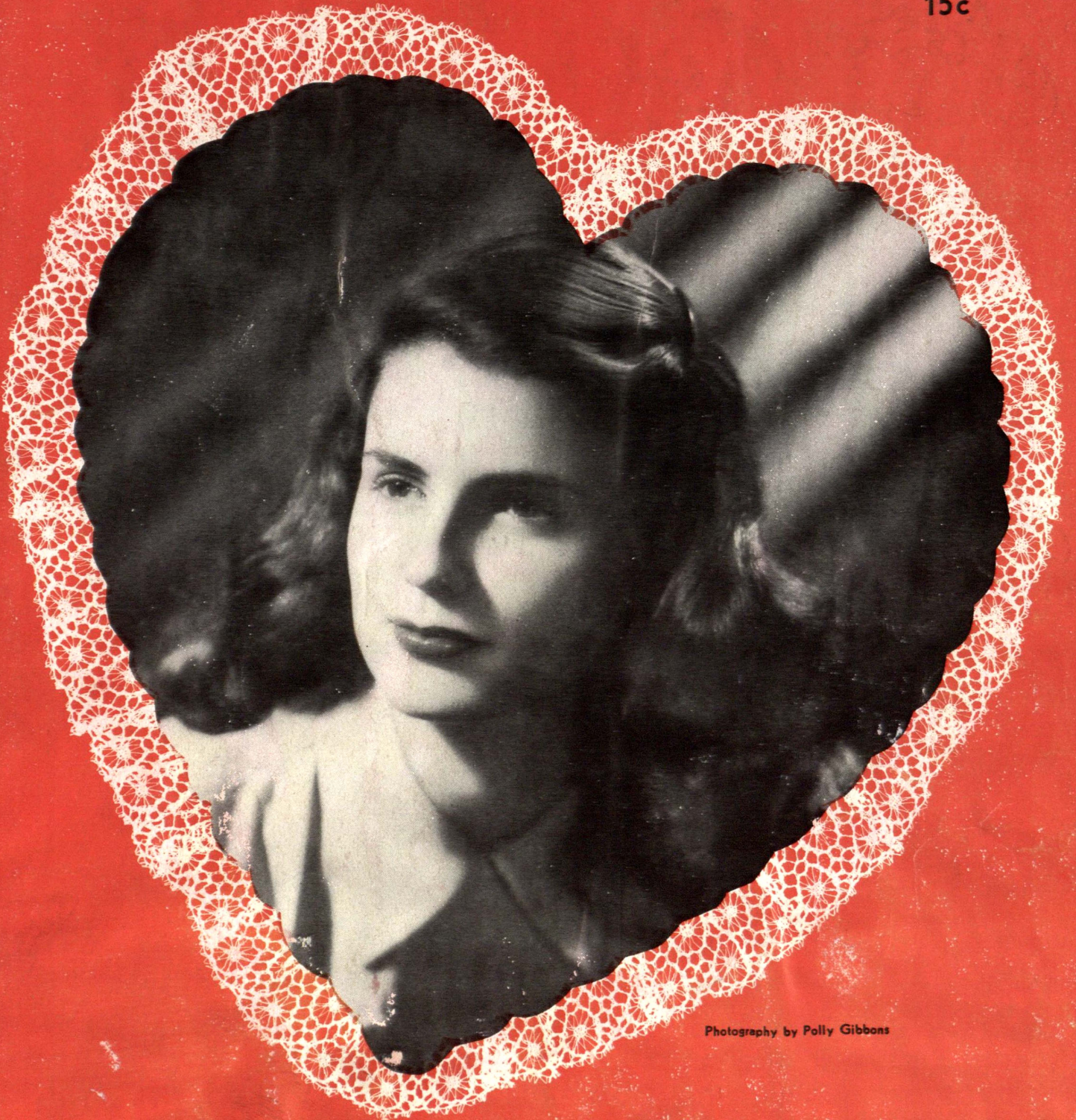


FEBRUARY 1946

15c



Photography by Polly Gibbons

MISSOURI
Showme



Types of our Times

Pat Burnett

Suzi Gaigsby



She's tough stuff, this Knotty Sal,
Quite the brawny, athletic gal.
And although she's not a flapper,
She wins the prize as the "Best-Back-Slapper"!

Oh, 'sing a song of Brainy Bess,
She's a genius, we must confess.
She'll get her Ph.D., by damn,
But she'll never get her M.A.N.!



Dirty Gerty is her name,
The fellas say it is a shame
That this cutie doesn't know
Her main trouble is B.O.!



Let's give three cheers for Sorority Sue,
She's got not one frat pin, but two.
Always it's "Rah, rah—Kappa Delta Theta",
And for her dates she always is late-a.

Glamour-puss, our sophisticated lady,
(Although her actions are usually shady,
Her lashes are false, her nails are too,
Pity the man, when she says "I do"!



Showme's cover girl this month is Louise Cruther, who was chosen 1946 Showme queen after a subscription contest which ended Jan. 16.

Louise is a comparative newcomer to the Missouri campus, having just transferred this year from Missouri Valley College in her home town, Marshall, Mo. She decided last year that it was high time to get out from under the parental thumb and have a good time, so naturally she came to the University.

"I knew this was the place to come. Oh, brother!" commented Louise when asked if the school lived up to her expectations.

Louise was made queen from a field of 39 candidates nominated by the sororities and women's residences. Together with Stephens and Christian colleges they sold more than 2200 subscriptions for the Showme.

The photograph is by Gibbons at Julie's.

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP

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Missouri

SHOWME

"A Reflection of Modern Campus Thought"

Presented and staffed by the Missouri chapters of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalism fraternity, and Theta Sigma Phi, honorary professional journalism sorority.

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IN THIS ISSUE. . .

A Date With The Showme Queen

Our cover girl steps out in style at the local nite spots. Spend an evening with her by turning to page 12.

The Showme Queen's Court

Four of the loveliest gals on the campus. Beauty, glamour, personality. Pages 10-11.

Daniel Boone Shot a B'ar Here

You've probably seen the marker and wondered about the story behind it. The true story of Daniel Boone's appearance in Boone County is on page 3.

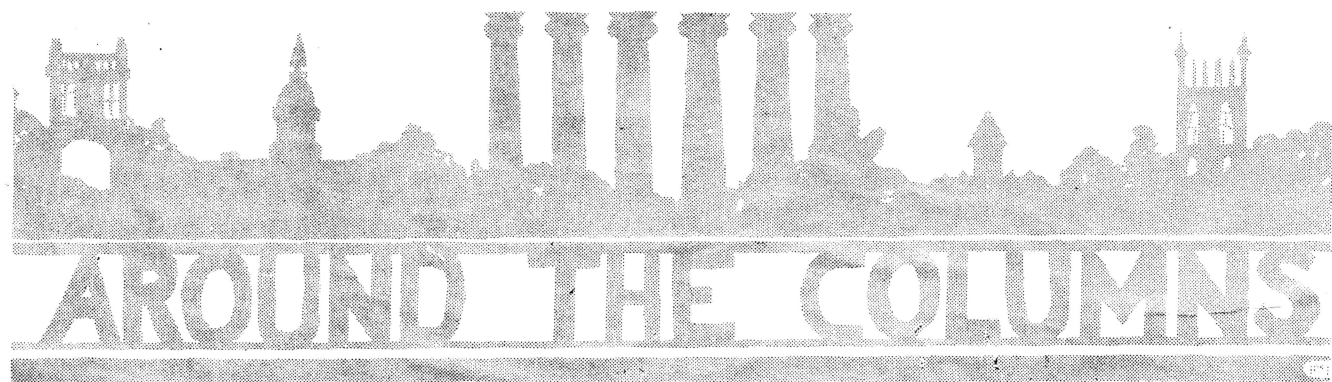
Mizzou Musicians

The Missourians and the Collegians are featured in this month's Showme as the bands of the Missouri campus. Pages 4-5.

Safari

A weird tale of a trek into the jungle in search of a strange bird, the kcihc yrokcihc. Page 7.





Frolic

Feb. 27 is the date, and Savitar Frolic is the name. If you're new here, a bit more information may prove enlightening, but most people who were here before the recent war still blush to remember some of the skits presented to deans and students alike from behind the footlights of Jesse Auditorium.

The title Savitar Frolic covers a multitude of sins portrayed by various organizations on the campus. A ten minute time limit is placed on each act, but you'd be surprised at what can go on in ten minutes. (Or would you?) At any rate, it's worth your time to see, and ATO's pride and joy, Lee Erskine, as this year's m-c, promises to provide you between acts with the wittiest repartee heard this side of Albany, Mo.

Typers

Speaking of revived traditions, all Jay-schoolers are excited about the prospects for an early resumption of the annual Pied Typer's Ball. Bacchus is expected to regain his throne as lord and master of the party. It has been rumored that shum of the neophyte journalists have been preparing themselves for this great event. A shensha —senshation —shenshation— A great party ish being antishipated by all former and future Tied Pypers—Piped Typers—Typed Piers—Typered Pipes— Oh, hell, Lesh go to the Dixshy!

Breezy

With the return of automobiles, as well as students, to the campus, another once-popular week-end party place has become re-vitalized. The addition of an orchestra makes Breezy Hill something rather special in the way of night spots for Columbia.

Its main attraction is the music with a large dance floor. Cozy booths line the walls for the benefit of the more inhibited. Hall is located six miles east on Highway 40, and its well worth the trouble.

Mile

The question of the day: Why do all these veterans of the European Theater of Operations wander around the campus toward evening, while occasionally murmuring softly, "Voulezvous couchez avec moi, mademoiselle—tout suite!"

Munski

"Lonesome" John Munski, greatest distance runner ever produced at Missouri, is returning to no assistance to the team. His three years of eligibility have been used, and "Lonesome" John brought glory to Ole Mizzou in meets all the way from Madison Square Garden to the Sugar Bowl.

He was picked by Glenn Cunningham, whose Big Six record he broke, to succeed him as the top miler in the country, and he lived up to this prediction by winning in many important matches, beat-

ing such recognized champions as Gene Venski, Les MacMitchell, and others.

John received his B. J. here in 1940, and is back to take a master's degree in education.

Pan Hel

Intrigue and power politics which would put the umbrella-carrying Neville Chamberlain to shame has kept the Men's Pan-Hellenic Association in a whirl for the past month. The membership of the important social committee was the center of controversy. This is a coveted job, despite the great amount of work involved. The Pan-Hel's formal dance is just about THE dance of the year, and the social committee has charge of the contest for Fraternity Sweetheart—so draw your own conclusions.

Track

Loss of Bill Bangert and Ed Quirk, winners in the shot put at the NCAA and Penn Relays, has put a crimp in Missouri's weight department, but Coach Botts expects veteran Doyle McDaniel, who has shown steady improvement in the shot put, to be a consistent point-getter.

Dick Higgins, another veteran, is returning with his Missouri pole vault record of 13' 8" set in the Drake Relays in 1940, and Bob Chase, veteran and end on last year's football team, and Madill

(Continued on page 23)

How The Foremost Seducer
Of The Wilderness Almost
Lost His Life On The
Banks Of The Hinkson

Dan'l Boone Shot a B'ar Hyar

by CHESTER A. PEMBROOK

While walking along the Hinkson one sunny afternoon, I saw a perfect spot to put our blanket. Susan held our bottles as I spread the blanket and dropped down to rest. I hit the ground, and immediately leaped up again, rubbing my bruised posterior. I kicked the blanket aside to see what tremendous, pointed boulder I had failed to notice on the ground.

There I saw a weathered stone,



half embedded in the ground, and almost covered with mouldy leaves. A barely legible inscription read: "Daniel Boone Shot a Bear Here, 1807."

Then I recalled the stories I had heard about the marker placed somewhere around Columbia commemorating the fight which almost cost the life of Daniel Boone.

The action took place away back when . . .

A lone character stalked in the virgin wilderness. Night was coming on and the veteran seducer of wilds fastened his buck-skin coat against the cold. Flappo, an earish hound, whimpered at the man's feet.

These two had been wandering in the dank, uninhabited forest for many, many days and, as they ambled deeper into the woods, a low growl attracted the dog's attention. He rushed ahead, hell-bent for a tree, barking wildly as he sniffed around the tree. His master quickened his pace and breeched up an ancient muzzle-loader he carried. He could see nothing around the maple sapling, and, putting his weapon against a nearby oak, went over to quiet the pup.

Stepping lightly in the descending gloom, a big black grizzly stole to where the muzzle-loader rested, grabbed it up and leaned back on his hind legs. Gloating. Flappo was first aware of the beastly situation, and notified his master that something was amiss. When that good man wheeled to face the trouble, the grizzly raised the gun to his shoulder, and pointed the barrel straight into the westerner's face. Confronted as he was, the pioneer climbed madly up the first thing he saw—the maple tree.

Flappo was left on the ground to face the bear alone. Realizing his circumstance impossible—because the bear was armed—he tore out through the underbrush, passing thousands of trees without his usual sniff.

(Continued on page 18)



MELZOU'S

Photography by George E. Johnson

Keith Moyer, Roy Meadows, Don Harrison, Dan Jones, Art Boulware, Fred Simmons and Lou Griggs swing out on a hot jazz chorus.



The Missourian was formed several years ago, and until this year was led by Al Moon, who recently turned the reins over to Merrill Ellis. Almost any Saturday night you can dig the Missourians at the Stephens College ballroom, Christian College or on the M.U. campus.

Knocking themselves out on an Al Moon original are rhythm-men Fred Simmons and Lou Griggs.



the Missourians

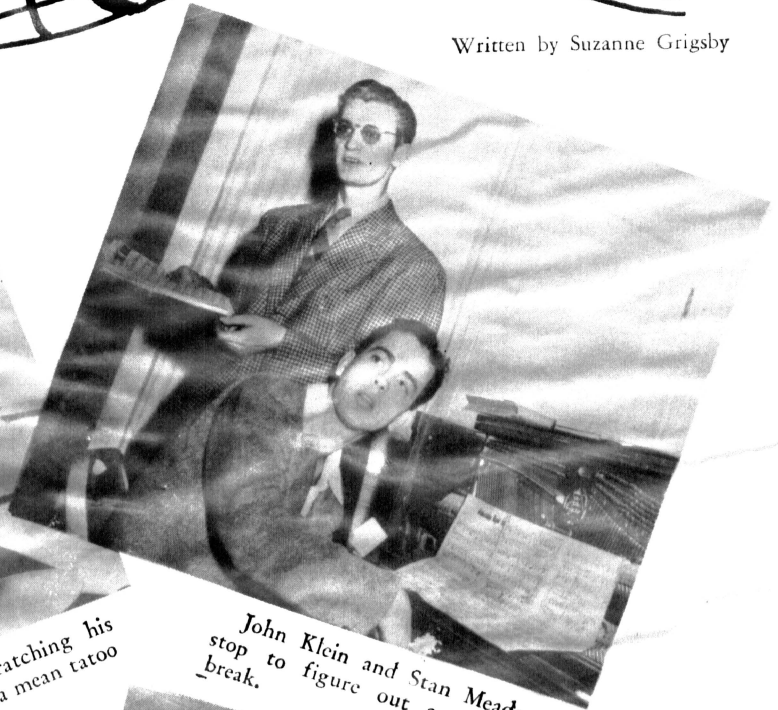
Missourians' leader Merrill Ellis rehearses alto men Eddie Schuller and Jerry Harrigan on a stock arrangement of "Symphony."

MUSICIANS

Written by Suzanne Grigsby



Johnny Klein isn't scratching his ear, he's just beating out a mean tattoo on the drums.



John Klein and Stan Meador stop to figure out a rhythm break.

Our Show-me photographer caught the Collegians rehearsing at the Tiger hotel ballroom last Wednesday night. The band is composed of 12 guys and a gal, all M.U. students, and furnishes the swing music for campus and local dances.



Saxophonists John Gentle, Allan Borgman, George Stemmler and Gene Beckman rehearse a unison solo passage around the microphone.



Leader Bob Zulauf takes the brass section through some difficult phrasing.



the Collegians



Dave Shefrin



Frieda Zuber



Helen Staebble



Bill Arnold

Questionerror

by **BARNEY SENTNER**

Photography by Jane Carr



Marian Crites



Chris Fehr



Charlene McPheeters



Norma Lucia

Questions . . .

1. Why do you take blankets to the Hinkson?
2. Define a kiss.
3. When you go out on a date, do you talk or . . . ?

Answers . . .

Dave Shefrin, Phi Sig:

1. For privacy of course, and to do my thinking.
2. The meeting of two heavenly bodies.
3. It's irrelevant.

Frieda Zuber, Alpha Gam:

1. To sit on of course.
2. I could give you a good one on that, but I won't.
3. Have fun!

Helen Staebble, Hendrix Hall:

1. Kind of wet ground, isn't it?
2. I can illustrate 'em, but I can't define them.
3. Wouldn't you say a little of both?

Bill Arnold, Phi Gam:

1. To keep from getting wet—underneath.
2. More or less a satisfaction of mutual desire, isn't it?
3. Talk, or dance—put a dash!

Marian Crites, Chi O:

1. I never take blankets to the Hinkson, the men are supposed to take 'em.
2. There are two kinds of kisses, male and female.
3. Certainly I talk, and I let the fellow talk too, for a while.

Chris Fehr, 911 Lowry:

1. Got to keep things warm.
2. Something you fight hard to get, and when you get it, it doesn't mean a damn thing.
3. I or!

Charlene McPheeters, Gamma Phi:

1. To keep you off the sand.
2. Completely lacking in experience!
3. Well, I kind of reach a happy medium.

Norma Lucia, Navy:

1. To relax, and have fun.
2. A preliminary step!
3. Both.

Only This Bizarre Creature Unknown To Man Could Turn On the Light In Darkest Africa

Strange Safari

by MARILYN A. TURNER

One brisk evening I squeezed into the Outside Inn, settled down at my favorite table, and shouted cosmopolitanly, "Garcon."

"Plain coke," I said swiftly as a decrepit waiter tried to sneak past. Then the horde descended, as they always do wherever I go. People are forever crowding around to hear my adventures.

"Very well," I said "I shall tell you how I turned on the light in darkest Africa."

My first excursion into the

jungles was under orders from Scraggeleigh Institute to learn the secret of a weird bird which was as yet uncatalogued by the Ornithological Association. Scraggeleigh called it the tufted, talking *Yrokcihc kcihc!*

"My party consisted of Prof. Oswald Flinblatter, author of 'Our Wee Feathered Friends,' Harry Bradford, a likeable ape who was inclined to overbid at bridge, and Karson Krumpnuggle, a very attractive Yale man I met the night before we left at a press club

buffet supper. Following close behind our safari was a bow-legged traveling salesman to whom we had not been formally introduced.

"We marched long hot days under the jungle sun, and at night we camped under the cool, blue jungle moon, always hoping that at some unguarded moment we would come upon the tufted *Yrokcihc kcihc* and learn its bizarre secret.

"Meanwhile I grew very attached to Karson Krumpnuggle—his personality was sweet and spicy, his physical appearance breath-taking, his whole air bewitching. I later discovered the attachment was a parasitic jungle vine of the orchid family.

"But that is not my story. At last the fateful morning arrived! I was lazily bathing in a sylvan pool, experimenting with the Eau de Hinkson Bubble Bath which had been a Christmas gift from a depraved baboon I had once rescued from a violent death in Pingo Pongo, another tale.

"First I heard a low, quick whistle, but I ignored it. Suddenly, as I clutched a lily leaf in one hand and a genuine ivory-handled Ming back-scratcher in the other, I saw a twitch in the tangled undergrowth. A weird bird stalked into view!

"Yes, it was a tufted, talking *Yrokcihc kcihc!* My pulses throbbed! The bird was almost six feet tall, and its body was covered

(Continued on page 21)

Each month we will print on this page the best short story of the month. The story can be either humorous or serious, but must have student appeal. Preferably it should have a campus or campus hangout background but this is not necessary. Quality and student appeal count most. Length, up to 700 words preferred but longer will be considered. Turn in at Showme office, Room 207, Neff Hall, but please have a duplicate copy as no manuscripts can be returned.



The weird bird whispered its secret in my eager ear.

Showme Announces a New Contest to Determine the Missouri

MARTYR OF THE MONTH

Do you have a negative hour?

If so, just write in 50 words or less or more why you received your negative hour. The only negative hour owners qualified to enter this new contest are those who have received their n. h. due to excessive absences, and have fewer than ten **unexcused** cuts on the record.

HAVE YOU BEEN IN THE HOSPITAL?

DID YOU VISIT YOUR DYING GRANDMOTHER?

WAS YOUR FATHER RUN OVER BY A TRAIN?

If you can answer yes to any of the above questions, you are undoubtedly the proud possessor of at least one negative hour, presented through the courtesy of your jovial dean. Enter this contest, and win first prize in the **MARTYR OF THE MONTH** contest.

First Prize.....2 free copies of **SHOWME**
Second Prize.....1 free copy of **SHOWME**
Third Prize.....a five cent copy of **SHOWME**

Have You Felt the Fickle Finger of Frustrated Fate?

If you can't graduate, you can at least be

THE MARTYR OF THE MONTH!

All unsuccessful entrants will have their T. S. cards punched at the **SHOWME** office by our staff chaplain.

Send all entries on the back of a negative hour announcement card, or a reasonably exact facimile, to **MARTYR OF THE MONTH** contest editor, 207 Jay H. Neff Hall, Columbia, Mo.

No entries can be returned, and all entries become the property of Missouri **SHOWME**. The contest ends Feb. 23.

CHUG-A-LUGG

by JIM LACY

The utmost prerequisite for a campus big dawg is the ability to consume enormous amounts of alcohol and hold his own in witty repartee around the party table. Understand?

Our famous predecessors who introduced the much used and often abused art of chug-a-lugging had no idea to what great lengths it would expand. Contrastingly, the old timers drank elixir instead of our impotent mash beverage.

The choice of likker in times past was not based upon "name" distillers, but upon the knowledge of a new still. This method worked for a while, but soon fell through when a few of the boys happened upon a still which belonged to Professor Romulus Bearskant. Of course the Professor was brewing it strictly for medicinal purposes. There were six E's in Geology that semester.

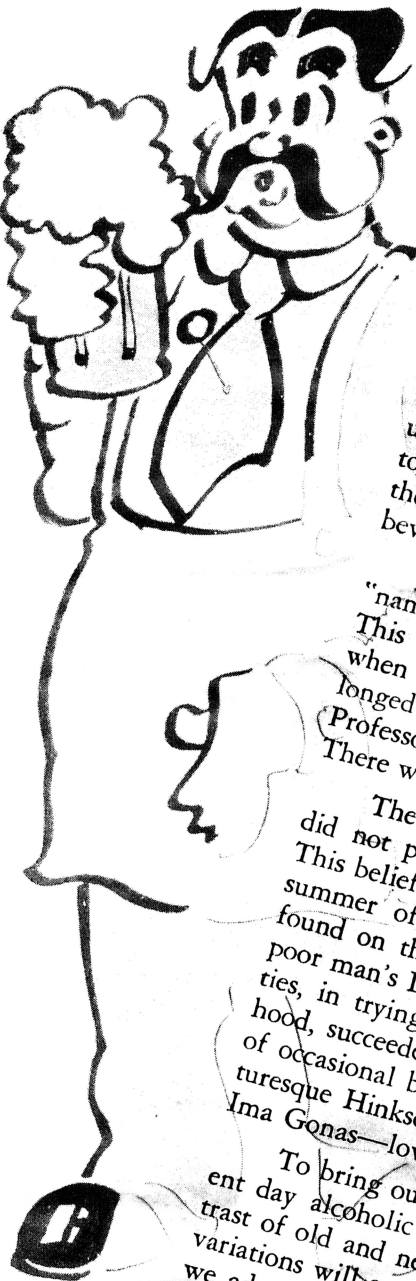
The general belief in those days was that women did not participate in the manly art of chug-a-lugging. This belief, if you will excuse me, was shot to hell in the summer of 1888, when a group of Ima Gonas were found on the business end of a syrup jug, lying on the poor man's Laguna Beach (The Hinkson). The authorities, in trying to combat this menace to young womanhood, succeeded only in bringing about the popular rise of occasional blanket parties on the sandbars of the picturesque Hinkson. This tradition exists today, bless the Ima Gonas—love 'em, love 'em.

To bring ourselves up to date, let us delve into present day alcoholic participation, and prove that the contrast of old and new is not too great. In some instances variations will occur, but that is to be expected. Haven't we advanced?

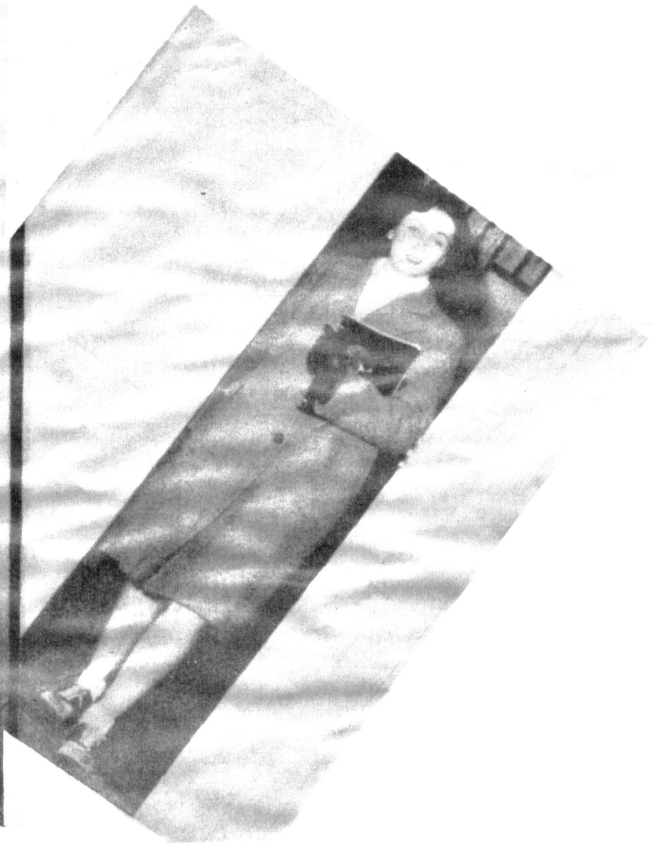
Our choice of likker now is made somewhat differently from that of our forefathers. We have only to convince the dispenser of whisk' that we are of legal age, select the bottle, produce an exorbitant sum of money, and we have the makings of a party.

It is common knowledge that the majority of co-eds hoist a few now and then—mostly now. No more snitching drinks in the archives of Tate Hall, cellars of Jesse, or the developing room of the photo lab. Reputations are

(Continued on page 22)



By Wink



GLADYS NORTHCOTT
Kappa Kappa Gamma

The Court of the



GLORIA VANIMAN
Gamma Phi Beta





SUE HART
Delta Gamma

Showme Queen



RUTH BECKEMEIER
Delta Delta Delta

The Showme Queen Steps Out



Photograph by Polly Gibbons

You just can't help having a good time at the University, insists Louise Crutcher, Queen of the 1946 Showme, and looking at her you can see why she'd be easy to have a good time with. Obviously Paul Landtiser, president of the Engineers Club, agrees.

Louise, who plays out-of-this-world boogie and confesses to a weakness for insane hats, has not only pulchritude but ambition. She will wind up four years of higher education this June as a math major and chemistry minor, and then—off to a career. At any rate, boys, she isn't going steady, pinned, or engaged, and has no immediate plans in that direction.

Louise has some very definite ideas on men, college fashions, and what she likes to do. The man who impresses Miss Crutcher must be intelligent, good-looking, and have an appreciation for music—and above all, he must not be conceited. On college styles she states that the "sloppy joe" fad is on the downgrade, a trend she attributes to the return of the male element to campus life.

For a date **thats tops**, Louise will take a T-Bone steak for dinner, and afterwards dancing, good music, and good talk.



1. Louise and Paul get the evening started with some of that "good talk" in the back booth at the Shack.



2. She finally talked him out of a nickel! Here they decide to invest in "Personality" . . . although Paul seems more interested in Louise's than in choosing record.



3. Jilted? And so early in the evening! Oh well, maybe he'll be back with a few more beers in a minute.



4. A cigarette in the taxi as Louise and Paul decide there's still time for a run out to the Coronado.



5. They sight someone they know while dancing at the Coronado.



6. Paul and Louise dreamily say good-night at the Women's Residence Hall as the inevitable closing hour arrives.

The Future of S.G.A. Depends
On the Foundation Laid By
The Present Administration

Student Government Returns to Mizzou

By JO YOUNG

The Student Government Association, which was notably absent from campus since 1942 along with nylons, chewing gum, and MEN, backed onto the Mizzou scene this fall. Its return was with something less than a blaze of glory, but still—it returned.

Since election day—and the subsequent investigation of shady goings-on at the polls, the new officers and council members have made a workable beginning toward re-organizing the defunct association.

Struggling with an ambiguous constitution, which President Ray Taylor describes as having been "conceived in haste," they had to feel their way along in most activities. They engineered one very creditable achievement: the extension of Christmas holidays to allow time for students to attend the New Year's Cotton Bowl game. S.G.A. went into action on this after a committee of deans had voted down a petition drawn up by several student groups.

S.G.A. felt that students should have the opportunity to make the trip without penalty of negative hours. President Middlebush

suggested that they represent the entire student body, in presenting their case directly to another meeting of the deans' committee. Evidently their words were effective, for this time the extension was granted.

So far the problem of all-school dances has not been settled. They were handled during the war by the Read Hall dance committee, with the actual dance franchise directly in the hands of the Faculty Committee on Student Affairs. It was voted by the council to let the Read Hall board handle the dances for the first semester, and S.G.A. would take over in second semester. The constitution is vague in this matter, but the council hopes eventually to have the franchise themselves. They will base their decision on who can hold dances on the capability of the organization and the fairness of the price they will be able to charge.

However, Taylor states that S.G.A. is attempting to get the Board of Curators to allot money, under an activity ticket plan, for the council to hold all-school dances on a non-profit basis. This would permit better dances, and take the possibility of "politics"

out of the dance game, a stigma attached to S.G.A. dances in the past.

At present, S.G.A.'s plan for a student activity ticket is before the Board of Curators, which must pass on any fee levied on students. The proposed ticket, purchased by every student at time of registration, would provide not only for every student's dance ticket, but for a revived Missouri Student campus newspaper, for every student, and incidental expenses of running S.G.A.

The council is working on a revision of the constitution to repair weaknesses discovered when the original was put into action. This revision will be presented to the student body for a vote at the spring election, held the third week in April.

The main objective of the incumbent council, as Taylor points out, is to get the ball rolling for future student governments. "We had no power and little precedence," he says, "but I believe we have regained the confidence of the faculty. We hope this confidence will continue. The government elected next spring will have our mistakes behind them, and won't have to make them again!"

Sketches by Bob Simpich



Sheridan, Indiana's, gift to the University of Missouri is Ray Taylor, president of the Student Government Association. He is president of Sigma Nu, and was also last year's Savitar editor.

Ray is majoring in history with the idea of teaching school after graduation.



"Goodness gracious, Della-stationious!", war-cry of last fall's political rally, ushered in the new Della-stationious, vice-president of the Student Government Association. President of the KA's, Bill hails from Washington, D. C., and majors in history and phys. ed. Dell came to Mizzou in 1943 after a pretty colorful time at Clemson College, the University of Virginia, and George Washington University. Pet projects, besides football, are Mystical Seven, of which he is president, Sigma Pi Alpha and Phi Delta Kappa, education honoraries.



The Executive Mansion, Jefferson City, is the home address of the Student Government Association's secretary, Dave Donnelly, the Governor's boy. Dave is majoring in law and expects to graduate in June. He's a member of Phi Delta Phi, honorary law fraternity, and Beta Theta Pi.



Lee Erskine would be the fellow who looked after the Student Government Association's money, if S.G.A. had any money. From Albany, Mo., Lee is an ad major at J-School, president of Journalism Students Association, a member of Workshop, Alpha Delta Sigma, Mystical Seven, and is third-term president of Alpha Tau Omega.

Where's the Damned Bench?

Some of the returnees who were here in the 1939-41 era are beginning to ask that old embarrassing question which plagued the original S.G.A. and certain faculty members no end. To wit: Where is the Centennial Monument?

It seems, my dear children, that in the happy-go-lucky year of 1939 our honored university had a birthday—its one hundredth, to be exact. To celebrate said event, a fund was collected to erect a suitable monument. The fund was duly collected, but erection of a monument was noticeably lacking.

After a couple of official investigations, and numerous unofficial ones, the fund was found—this was the next year. It was decided to build a magnificent bench in honor of Old Mizzou's first century of service. This seemed at the time to be more ridiculous even than a tunnel under Ninth street.

Another year slowly unfolded before our eyes while the site of the most expensive bench in the history of modern smooching was

settled. Many suggestions poured into many ears, but the committee finally decided that a shady spot on the campus just west of Tate Hall (known to the initiated as the Law Barn) was the ideal spot. There were so many fatigued strollers passing that way, it was explained.

Then came the excitement of the war with people leaving school in ever-increasing numbers, and somehow the wonderful bench failed to put in its long-awaited appearance. There was something about the OPA, and strict restrictions on bench-building.

A lot of people went and few came during those fateful years, and the project was soon forgotten—to say nothing of the fund.

Today the situation is radically different. The words are being whispered already in the Dixie and the Shack. Soon the question will be spoken aloud, and if unanswered, the cry will resound all the way from the modern Wildlife building to the rickety stairs in Switzler Hall—"Where's the damned bench?"

B'patcher: How do you like my new evening dress?

Igor: Dunno. Can't tell until you get up from the table.

Cinderella: "Godmother, do I have to leave the ball at midnight?"

Fairy: "If you don't stop swearing you can't go at all."

First Co-ed: "Gonna be busy tonight?"

Second Co-ed: "I dunno. Its my first date."

Boarder: It's disgraceful, Mrs. Skinner! I'm sure two rats were fighting in my bedroom last night.

Mrs. Skinner: So! What do you want for \$3.00 a week? Bull fights?—Minnesota Ski-u-mah.

Smith's Millinery

Spring hats . . . gay flowers
. . . light hearts, and it's
Gage for smart millinery.

LANE'S

Spring is here—

- Shoes
- Bags
- Gloves
- Sportswear
- Lingerie

LANE'S



Campus Fashions
from
Fredendally

Hats by Dobbs - Suits by "Printzess" - Topper by "Joselle"
Shown by Jane Goetzman, A.D.Pi, Louise Crutcher,
W.R.H., and Bill Salmon, Lambda Chi Alpha.



Daniel Boone Shot a B'ar Here
(Continued from page 3)

Flappo's master swayed in the sapling's top. From below, the bear grinned hungrily, and stroked the iron monstrosity he held. The situation was bad, but not hopeless. His frontier ingenuity came to the fore, and the man up the tree devised a scheme. He climbed farther up the maple and, hanging on its top, swung swiftly downward.

His feet caught the bear square on the shoulders. A tussle followed. Both fell, rolling, to the ground. The bear held on to the gun, as a coon-skin cap flew into the darkness. The enraged bear growled again. The wrestlers fell. When they got up, each was in possession of half of the weapon. The bear possessed the wrong half. There was an explosion and the heavy animal thumped to the ground. Dead. The victor went to the maple tree and knifed, "Dan'l Boone Shot a B'ar Hyar."

Old Dan'l made a fire and spent a huddled night with only running water and silent trees as companions. The aged tougher decided he was getting old for that sort of thing, and started back to

civilization in the early morning damp.

Boone never heard of Flappo again, but the dog's true founding spirit is not forgotten. His wild flight in the underbrush led to new territories, and he blazed several new trails in the back country. On the fifteenth day after fleeing from the grizzly, he wandered to a rising plain where trees were much in abundance. Upon a maple sapling he discerned a crude carving that somehow roused his metabiological subconscious to things familiar. Flappo decided to settle the spot, and his numerous descendants still glory in the choice. Today it's called Columbia.

And that's the story of the plaque. Upon close inspection,

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we saw scratches on a nearby maple tree that can be deciphered as proof that this is the often talked-about, but seldom seen historical spot.

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And this, mother, is the course in advanced anthropology.



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Safari

(Continued from page 7)

with thin mossy green plumage through which its brick pink skin showed. Two or three piercing violet eyes darted out from beneath yellow eye-brows. Its feet were fushia, and its nails were tastefully done in Fatal Apple.

"As I watched, the *Yrokicbc kcibc* whisked out a monogrammed lighter and casually lit a cigaret. Turning up its chartreuse nose, it took a deep whiff.

"And for the first time in civilized history, a tufted *Yrokicbc kcibc* spoke! It drawled, 'What is that I smell?'

'I was shocked, and of course hurt. Then I knew it had sniffed Eau de Hinkson in the wind.

"'Eau de Hinkson,' I explained. 'The bird turned. 'And what,

may I ask, are you?' it snorted disapprovingly.

"'I'm a female of the human species,' I confessed, with just a touch of Lauren Bacall in my tone.

"The *Yrokicbc kcibc* gave a disgusted shriek and muttered philosophically, 'I suppose things are tough all over.'

"I hid my feelings. 'But tell me about you, *Yrokicbc kcibc*. What is your secret?'

"The jungle noises subsided. The air grew still. Even the birds and beasts were silent in the tall grass. Karson Krumpnuggle stopped panting so heavily in his place of concealment beside the pool.

"The weird bird whispered its secret in my eager ear.

"The strange safari was over. We packed and came home on the next tramp steamer."

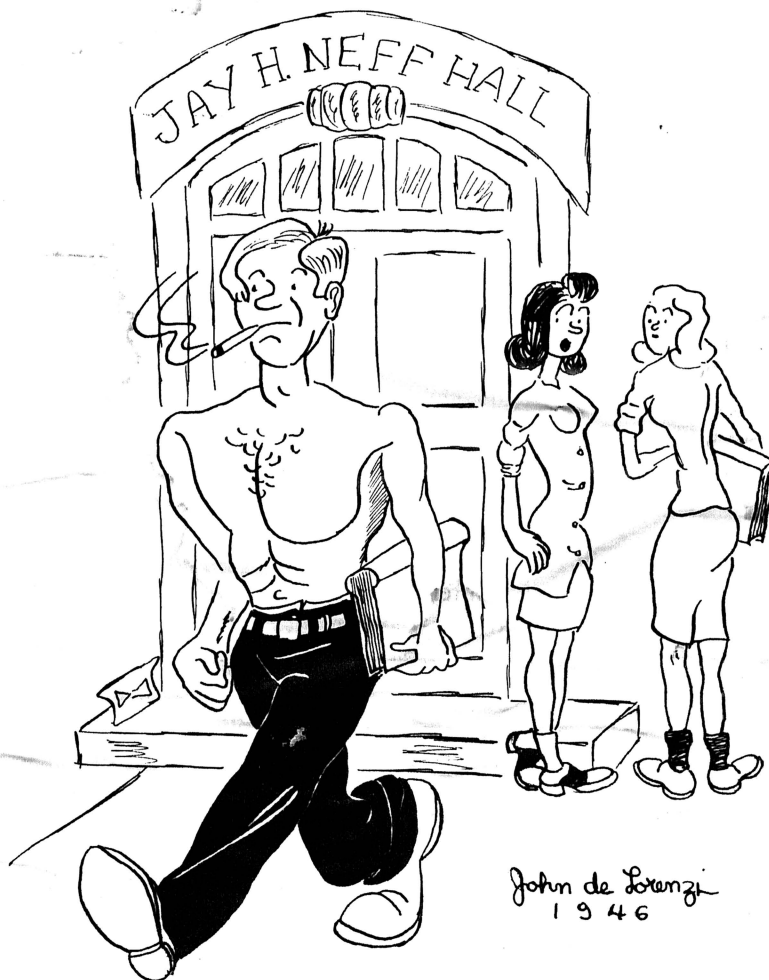
My audience leaned closer. "But Miss T., the secret . . . what was the secret?"

I sipped my coke before answering. "Yes, the secret. You see, *Yrokicbc kcibc* is 'Chickory Chick' spelled backwards!"

The crowd moved away, spellbound, and I was left with my solitude.

This was a sad adventure, really. Karson Krumpnuggle turned out to be, not a Yale man, but a Kansas truck driver with a wife and 17 children.

I ordered another plain coke.



John de Lorenzo
1946

"Johnson has certainly solved the veteran's shirt problem, hasn't he?"

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CHUG - A - LUG

(Continued from page 9)

not ruined now when a girl wipes alcoholic moisture from her ruby lips, nor are they ruined when she is found reclining on a blanket at the Hink'. Of course a girl can lose a small portion of her social reputation if she refuses, after considerable persuasion, to chug-a-lug her drink. This has only happened sporadically mind you.

Prevalent in recent times is the trend to more hoochin' and less smoochin'. Popular among the outside clique is the mixing of 3.2 and grain alcohol, then playing the finger game to see who chug-a-lugs. Sports of this type should be kept on a leash.

Yes, our forefathers introduced chug-a-lug. Why, you ask? How has it benefitted us? Here are some facts compiled by school statisticians:

1. Morphine and Marijuana addicts have decreased 20 per cent since the introduction of chug-a-lug.
2. Much time is saved. It takes only 1/3 as long to get tight.
3. Money is saved. Faster consumption saves cash and encourages more parties.
4. Exercise is put to a minimum. Raising and lowering glasses is cut to two motions for one drink.
5. Muscular motion of the face is cut 85 per cent. You only have to make a wry face after each glass instead of after each drink.
6. Conversation is encouraged. Less drinking time is required which will serve to end interruptions to interesting conversations.

Can you deny that these benefits are progressive? If there are any skeptics in the midst of our readers I say to you, "Will you give our chug-a-lug treatment a ten day trial. If not satisfied your moola will be cheerfully refunded."

To conclude, I will give you the highlights from a recent interview with our dean. In the in-

terview with Dean Quincey Bearskant, old Professor Romulus Bearskant's (remember him?) son, the classic drinking style was praised. "Never" said Dean Bearskant, "have I seen such graceful practioners of the grand old art of chug-a-lug, as here at dear old Missou." "Tradition prompts me to laud this noble art and give it my whole hearted support." Dean Bearskant ended our interview with the words, "Here's to Freddie he's true blue."

Today the zipper is the undoing of the modern girl.

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AROUND THE COLUMNS

(Continued from Page 2)

"Bud" Gartisen who lettered in 1943 are expected to win many high jump, hurdle, and sprint events.

Bob Crowson, 100 and 220 champ of the Big Six and National Jr. A. A. U. 200 meter champion, will continue to collect first in the sprint events. The biggest hole in the team's strength appears to be in the distance division.

They laughed when they saw how my white ducks had shrunk, but when I sat down, they split.

SAY PLEASE

He used his hand
She stopped him.
He tried his arm, instead.

And when he did
She boxed him
Directly on the head.

"You naughty boy!"
She told him.
And softly, then she said.

"Say please, my son,
And never reach,
When asking for the bread."

"I wish we'd get a few ship-wrecked sailors washed ashore," mused the cannibal chief. "I need a good dose of salts."

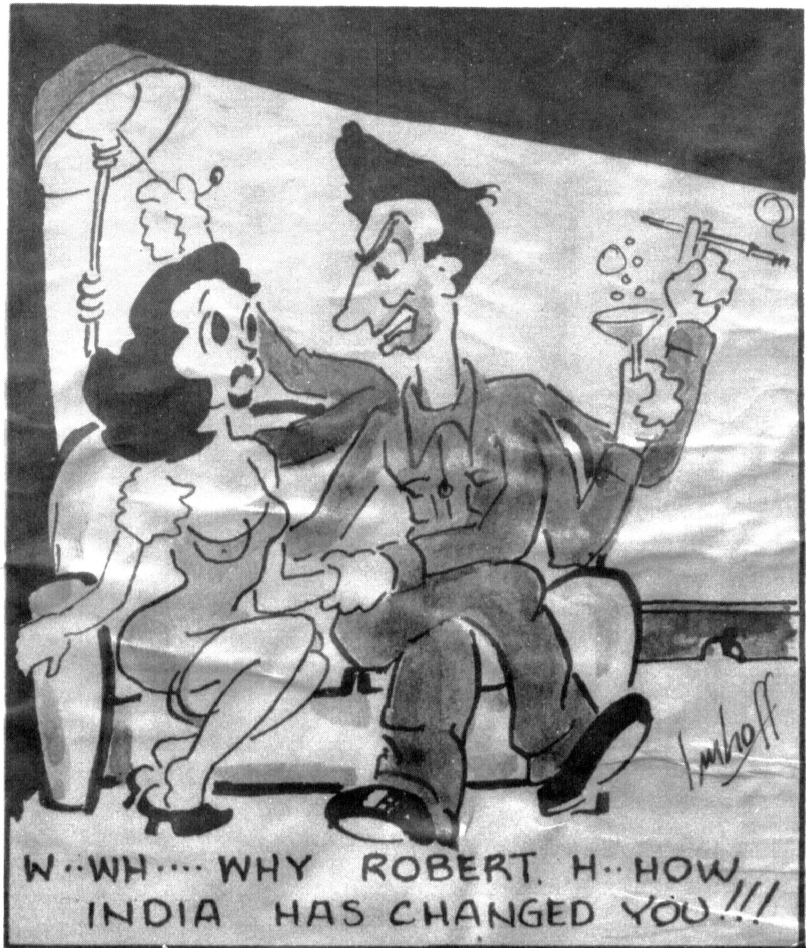
"I heard that the authorities are trying to stop necking."

"Zatso? First thing you know, they'll be trying to make the students stop too."

Co-ed (conscientious English major, at gym dance): Don't mind my dangling participles."

Partner (courtsoulsy): "Not at all, not at all."

Coed: "What do you think I'd do if you tried to kiss me?"



Old lady: "Little boy, why aren't you in school instead of this movie?"

Little boy: "Hell, lady, I got the measles."

A.D.Pi: Gee it's getting late. You'd better get started.

PiK.A.: O.K. Blow out the candle.

Hey Percy do you know the difference between a good girl and a bad girl?

I give up.
So does the bad one.

Joan: "I'd love to go to a fraternity dance."

Jean: "That's the way to get there."

TELEPHONE 7054

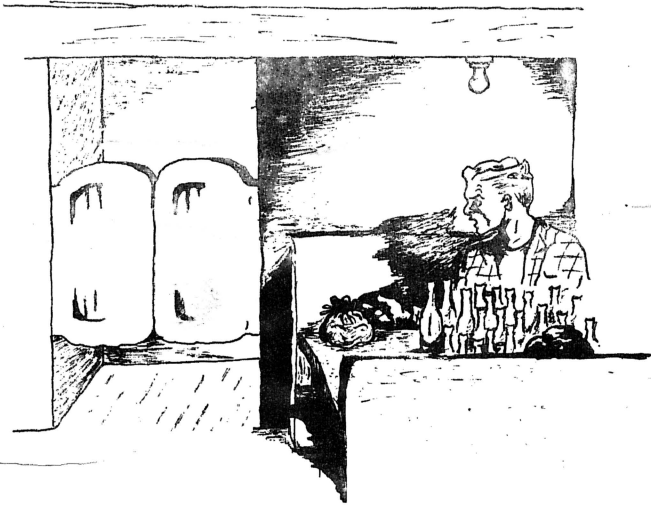
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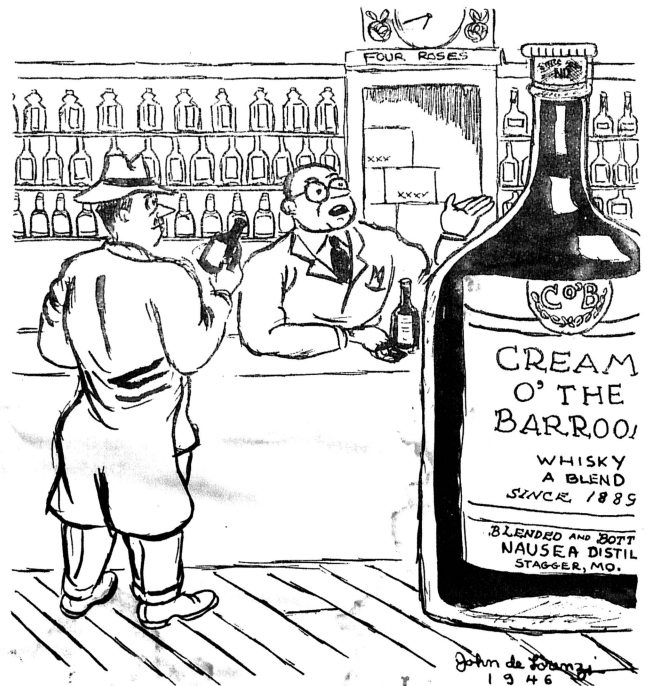
Emergency Calls a Specialty

Columbia,
Missouri

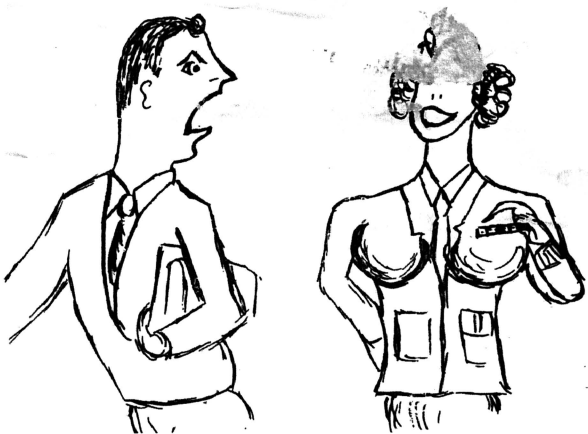
Are you a genius? Then you probably draw cartoons in class, paint mustaches on billboard figures, write obscenities on rest room walls. Why not give your work a wider audience? Showme will print the best cartoons submitted by students each month. Inflate your ego, submit your drawings to Showme, have your brain children preserved for posterity. Naturally, we can't print all the cartoons submitted, but each will be given careful consideration. Turn in cartoons at the Showme office, Room 207, Neff Hall.



Now how the hell can she powder her nose when we have her purse?



"—Or you might prefer our large, home economy size."—John de Lorenzi.



"This one I got for the "Battle of the Bulge."
—C. Yarbrow.

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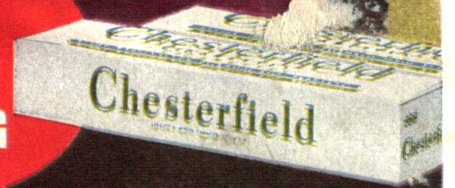
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