

MARCH 1946

15c



MISSOURI  
Showme

H. Chittenden

# GAY FROCK SHOP

803 East Broadway



A Darna Lee dress with rayon gaberdine as the perfect foil for the appliqued melon pink bows on ice blue of pocket and slanted shoulder. Built-in-belt with tiny tucks to flatter the waist of Audrey Heibel?



Hobbies of Dallas is sport-wise with this four piece change about ensemble in dove grey and coral red butcher's linen. Sharon Nessel, Alpha Epsilon Phi, wears pedal pushers with coral stitched inner-outer jacket. The robin red-breast two piece casual is modeled by Jan Phillips, Delta Gamma.



Atomic blue jacket with shaped shoulders and silver ball buttons marching down the front and standing guard on the sleeves. A gun powder black shirt completes this 100% wool suit modeled by Phyllis Ottolini of Hendri Hall.



Marian Crites, Chi Omega, ready for a splash in this bare baby candy stripe chintz swim suit by Catalina of Hollywood.

## TURNER'S SPORTS SHOP

803 East Broadway

## 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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Showme's cover for this month of traditional wind is, appropriately enough, one depicting a B. M. O. C. For the benefit of any subscribers who have been away from the campus for a few years, we might give a very short description. A B. M. O. C. is a Big Man On Campus. Simple, isn't it?

At any rate, the cover this time was drawn by Ned Etheridge, one of the many pre-war students now seen around the campus. Ned, a Columbia boy and a member of Sigma Alpha Epsilon, intends to study at the Art Institute in Chicago next Fall.

The cover depicts the return of campus big shots—key chains and all. The March issue of Showme is dedicated to B. M. O. C.'s, B. W. O. C.'s, Big Wheels, Big Dawgs, etcetera, ad infinitum, ad nauseum.

### STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP

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## IN THIS ISSUE. . .

### The Great Gondola from Indianola

A story of deserts, professors, and that wonderful Uncle Luther who tries to pole a Venitian gondola up Pike's Peak.

### M. U., Me, and Murgatroyd

Perhaps stranger things have been found on Ninth Street, but it is difficult to imagine what they would be.

### Sex on Sunday

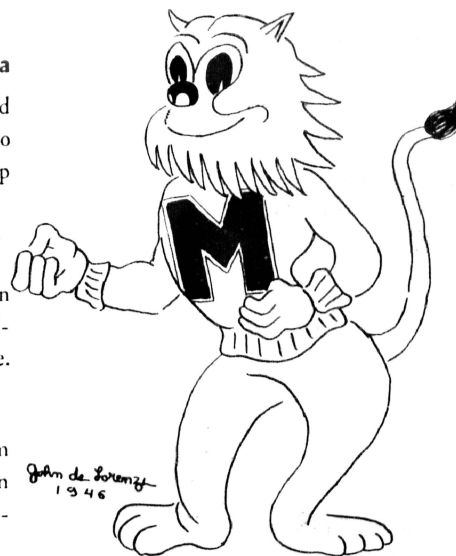
She tried her best, but the warm pleasant atmosphere of the Hinkson on an autumn Sunday afternoon finally caused her to lose.

### The Work Behind a Workshop Production

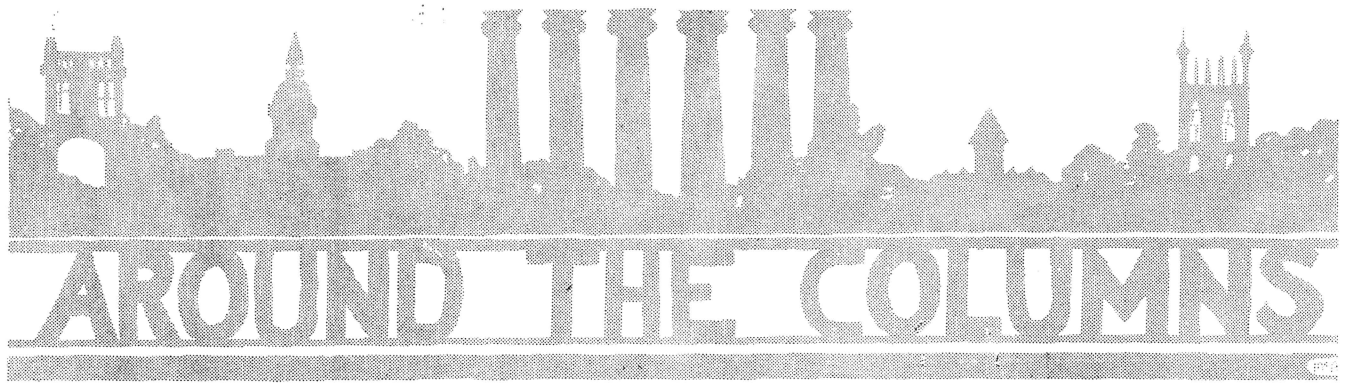
Showme's photographers show you just what goes into one of those seemingly short theatrical productions put on occasionally in Jesse Auditorium.

### Stephens versus M.U.

A couple of short articles give you a brief, but explosive, idea of what Stephens girls think of M.U. men, and vice versa.



Showme's little mascot appeared in town one Saturday night recently, and surprised us all by taking pictures of everything—well, almost everything—he saw. We couldn't hurt the little fellow's feelings by refusing to print his revealing photos. We hope the people depicted in their native habitats on pages 8 and 9 do not have too many fraternity pins thrown back in their faces.



### **DON'T BELIEVE IT**

A contemptible rumor, obviously being spread by the editors of uh, er, ah . . . now, -let's see. What is its name? Oh, yes! Towertime. The editors of that alleged magazine have been intimating that the editorial staff of Showme does all its work in the Dixie.

It is most discouraging to enterprising young journalists to have such viciously false statements whispered around the campus. The entire staff shouts as with one rasping voice, "We do **SOME** of the work at the Evereat!"

### **JUST LIKE THE MOVIES**

The annual men's Pan-Hel dance to be held the 23rd of this month has all the earmarks of a colossal affair. Formal dresses, tuxes, soft lights, queens, and Ted Weems' orchestra all combine to make this dance almost as collegiate as a Hollywood movie version.

Rumor mongers have been working overtime with fantastic stories of Life photographers snapping pictures as Van Johnson crowns the queen. We hope we are being too skeptical, and that the social committee really does promote something as big as the plans you hear discussed over a glass of brew at the Shack. With or without the movie-like glamour, the evening promises to be one to remember.

### **FOR LOST WEEKENDERS ONLY**

A tip to the morning after set: A habitue of the Collins, well known

beering station, sauntered over to your roving editor one recent night with an obviously confidential message. After a few whispered words it appeared that he was divulging, for some unfathomable reason, an old Scottish secret for avoiding that afraid-you'll-die-and-afraid-you-won't feeling sometimes experienced the next morning by those who drink.

So, for that small minority of our readers who so indulge, we repeat more or less word for word this priceless information. If you have been drinking beer, take two aspirins before going to bed. If the beverage has been stronger, say 80 or 90 proof, then take two Bromo Seltzers before retiring. The theory is, according to our friend, that the precious tablets will cure the headache as it is forming. It acts as a preventive, rather than a cure.

One last word of admonition from our well-wishing acquaintance. If you're drinking boilermakers, God alone can help you.

### **WHAT, AGAIN?**

It won't be long now until student government elections roll around again. The date is set for April 13, and potential politicians are already beginning to sharpen their teeth. Last year's ordeal of "can you top this?" should be tucked into the files and thrown away, but it's doubtful if such will happen. At any rate, a good time will undoubtedly be had by all, and may the strongest faction win.

### **AND WITHOUT VESTS, TOO**

Not long ago the student council decided that they should reward themselves for being martyrs. The "martyred" feeling resulted from a long session of working on a revision of the ambiguous S. G. A. constitution. To compensate for their day's labor, they voted to award honorary keys to themselves. It looks like the pre-war days are back when all B. M. O. C.'s are heavily laden with multi-shaped keys hanging from a long gold watch chain. About the only thing never discovered on those chains is a watch.

### **MORE LIKE IT**

It begins to look as though Columbia is once again on the big name band circuit. Ted Weems is scheduled to arrive in town right on the heels of Jack Teagarten, and those who can enjoy a two-thousand dollar band ten times as much as a mere two-hundred dollar job are getting their fill in two consecutive weekends.

For the old-timers, the appearance of Ted Weems will just about round out the wartime era. His was the last name orchestra to play for a University dance before the dim dark social depression settled upon our fair campus. That was 'way back in the fall semester of 1942.

It is strictly up to our glorious S. G. A. now to plan at least one more big all-school dance this spring. The entire student body is looking to their student government for some positive move in this direction.

**Butts, Bobby Pins, Beer Bottle Caps,  
And Burning Romance Can Some-  
times Be Found In the Gutter  
in Front Of the Campus Snack**

## **M. U., Me, and Murgatroyd**

by **MARILYN A. TURNER**

I came to college prepared for anything. How well I remember the first day I skipped happily on my three legs beside the Columns, just a typical, light-hearted coed. I was wearing my civet-cat jacket with kneepads to match and a pea-green hogstooth skirt. Speak of *savoir faire* and *besame mucho*, my suitcase was filled with the latest in collegiate garble . . . a Daniel Boone cap with green ear-laps, snake-bite remedy, a long white shirt that reached to my knees, and a pink and chartreuse Indian blanket which always caused me trouble. I could never get the Indian out of it—even for Hinkson parties.

Classes were just dandy. The professors were all so kind. Each of mine had cleverly ordered ten books for each class of 600 students. Naive little darling that I was, I had come to college without a parachute, and by the time I had fallen down the stairs from the fourth floor of Jesse Hall, my fellow classmates had parachuted into the Co-op and taken all the text books. In my entire college career, I could never get a text. This saved me a great deal of money, and I was very grateful.

It will astound you, then, to learn that a woman with my extensive wardrobe, my surplus capital saved from books, and charming one-blue-one-brown-eyed loveliness should be unlucky in love. But so it was.

How well I remember my first college romance. Soon after I arrived on the campus, I rented myself to a local beauty parlor. For weeks I sat in the window with a large sign reading "Before" placed prominently on my chest.

But, when the bobby pin crisis

struck, I was given a new assignment. My task was to drag a large magnet along Columbia gutters and in this ingenious fashion, collect hair pins that had been dropped. My first trip down Ninth Street yielded three beer bottle caps, a telephone slug, a cigar butt, . . . and Murgatroyd Q. Steegle-hoffer!

Even now my heart skips a beat for Murgatroyd. The moment I looked down into his blazing pink eyes, love



boiled up under my plaid dickey. I knew it was the real thing. There he was . . . in the gutter in front of the Campus Snack, nattily turned out in a blue velvet sweat shirt, open-toed shoes, and a basket-weave snood.

Murgatroyd's first words to me dripped with sentimentality. He screamed, "Take that magnet off my fraternity pin!"

With a young girl's innocence I tenderly offered him my hand and smiled, "Leave us go to the Dixie."

Murgatroyd ignored my six-fingered grip. Unaided he leaped over the

curb, and I noticed for the first time that he was only two feet tall. But what was that to me? I was not perfect, either.

Murgatroyd and I were always together after that. I loved every point on his little heads. Ours was an ideal love, until the sad night I was forced to give Murgatroyd up. I still do not know why he did the awful Thing.

One evening as I sat reading Clump-dick's *Basic Elements of Comb and Tissue Paper Harmony*, Murgatroyd walked into my living room. We did not speak.

Calmly, deliberately, he put a pile of rags in a lumpy, white circle about my chair. I sensed that something unusual was happening.

From his back pocket, Murgatroyd took a three-gallon can of gasoline and began dripping it on the lumpy ring of laundry. We still did not speak.

Then, he struck a match on the sole of his polka dot wedgie, dropped it casually on the saturated rags, and chuckled. A bright flame lapped along the circle until I was surrounded. Then a wall of fire leaped up around me. My genuine Oriental pearls melted down into messy globs on my two-tone bolero. I was getting an economy-sized hot foot. The room grew stuffy. I stared at Murgatroyd sadly and tried to hide my hurt feelings.

Then I said to him coldly, which wasn't easy, "Murgatroyd Q. Steegle-hoffer, it is all off between us."

That was the hardest thing I ever had to do. Murgatroyd was the only two-headed college boy I ever really loved.

# The Work Behind a

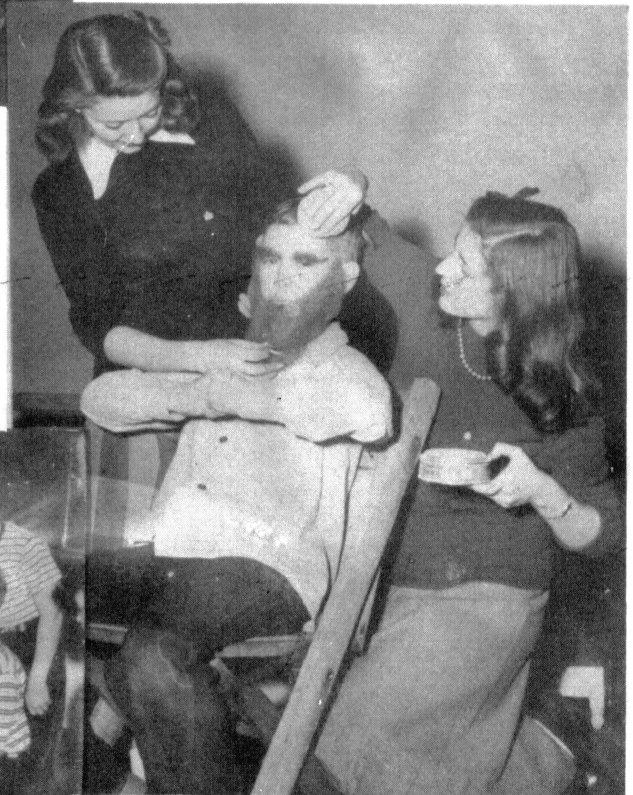
Photography by George E. Johnson



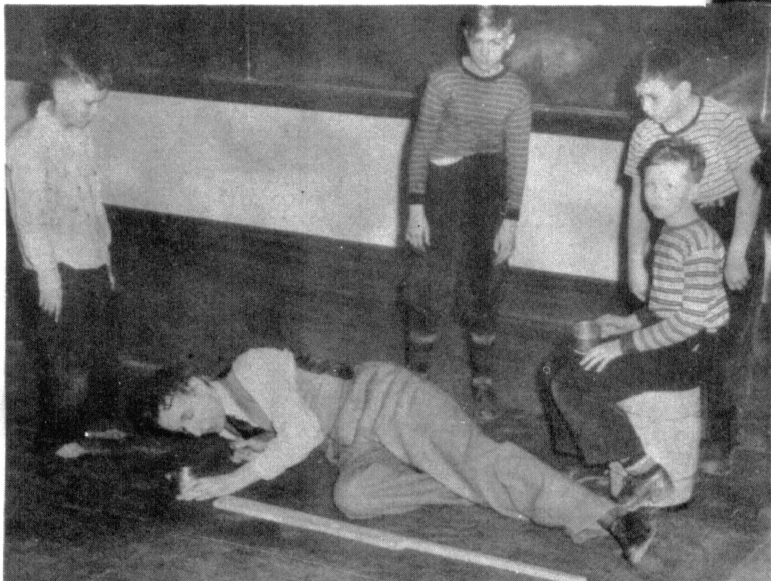
A few evenings ago the Missouri Workshop and Professor Donovan Rhynsburger celebrated their twentieth wedding anniversary with "Rip Van Winkle," the comedy of a lost week-end that lasted 20 years.

For the Workshop it marked the end of a wonderful era, during which more than a hundred thousand people have seen 83 major productions. For Don Rhynsburger it meant a beard, a wig and a leading role.

"An enthusiastic audience greeted Workshop's 'Rip Van Winkle' on opening night," one reviewer wrote. Marguerite Nordquist was unimpressed during rehearsal.



Iris Core and Yvonne Bernet, of Workshop's make-up department, add 50 years to the age of this grade school youngster who had an important role in "Rip Van Winkle."



Rip Van Rhynsburger rehearsing his 20-year sleep.

# Workshop Production

Story by Weintraub

Showme was properly impressed by the way these gals handled their paint brushes at the Scene Shop.



Probably the only man in Workshop who won't appear before the foot-lights is Charles Ridgeway. He operates them.



The Workshop Board of Directors gathers round for last minute instructions. Standing are: Charles Ridgeway, Joanna Aly, Sy Weintrob, Gloria Kaehle, Bill Arnald, Iris Core, Gabby Kurth, Bill Truscheit, Bill Marion.

Seated are: Don Rhynsburger, Pat McKee, Helen French, Marguerite Nordquist, Betty Nagel, Marilyn Major.



**Eddie Lucas**



**Katy Petersen**



**Cegie Pollock**



**Lee Erskine**

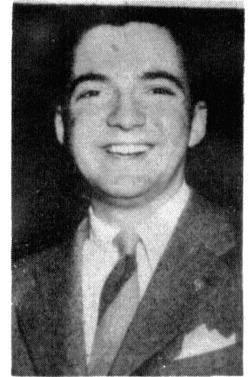
# Questionerror

by **BARNEY SENTNER**

Photography by Jane Carr



**Nancy Lee**



**Fred Papert**



**Beth Carney**



**Ray Taylor**

## Questions . . .

1. What do you think of blind dates?
2. What one thing do you want most of all?
3. What's the last thing you do before you go to bed?

## Answers . . .

### **Eddie Lucas, D. U.**

1. Blind dating is the last resort I'll never take.
2. Be married—have a huge fire place and a couple of kids.
3. I write letters in bed—study in bed—write music in bed—I love my bed.

### **Katy Petersen, D. C.**

1. No thanks, thanks a lot, but no thanks—from "Lost Weekend."
2. A certain SAE.
3. Put on my nightgown.

### **Cegie Pollock, A. E. Phi**

1. They're ok in broken doses.
2. Feet that aren't pigeon-toed, and to see Middlebush.
3. Kiss my Econ. Book.

### **Lee Erskine, ATO**

1. Kind of like a throw of the dice, and I always throw craps.
2. To get out of this joint—it's been so long.
3. Wonder why I haven't gone to bed sooner.

### **Nancy Lee, Pi Phi**

1. They're the only kind I can get.
2. An "MRS" degree.
3. Promise myself I'll get up for my 8 o'clock.

### **Fred Papert**

1. When they date me, they get the worst of it.
2. You couldn't print that.
3. Make sure no one's in it—and there never is, damn it!

### **Beth Carney, Stephens**

1. It's like a punch board, just try and try again.
2. A husband and four little minatures.
3. Take 2 pills—I'm a doctor's daughter.

### **Ray Taylor, Sig Nu**

1. About the only way I can get a date—or a vote for SGA.
2. Rest!!!
3. Same thing I do when I get up early in the morning.



**How Uncle Luther Foresaw the End  
Of Modern Civilization While Scaling  
Pike's Peak in a Venetian Gondola**

## **The Great Gondola From Indianola**

by **GEORGE E. JOHNSON**

**L**AST week I asked a few intimate friends who frequent my salons to sample a new cocktail named the "Missouri Menace." As the last glass was drained to the dregs, and the room slowly began to revolve, the subject shifted to dreams. After the usual obscenities we began to discuss nightmares.

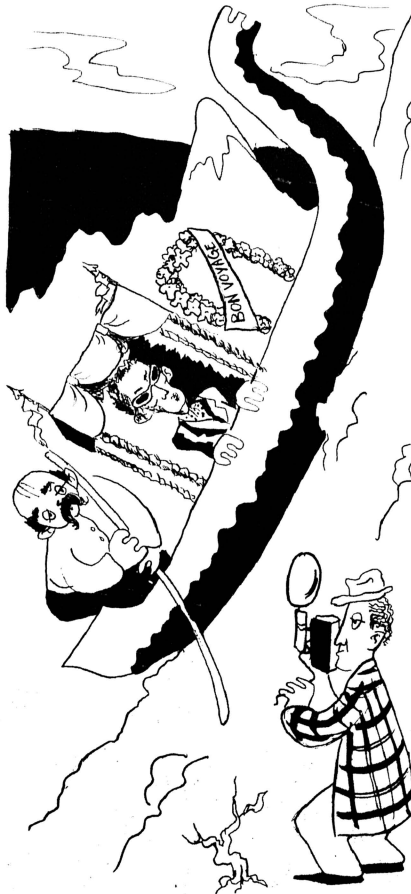
This was extremely fortunate, for only the previous night my subconscious had worked up a particularly horrible monstrosity. It seemed I was in the desert cooking ravioli on the curbstone, when with a banshee shriek a nude woman in a gondola poled by a slathering gorilla bore down upon me, and it was either leave the spot or die. At snail's pace we labored across the searing sands, and, to make it all the more disconcerting, the ape began to sing, "I used to work in Chicago." Just as I was about to be run down and pulverized, I opened the door of the Atlasta Cone Shoppe, and was saved.

With a groan, one of my friends placed an ice pack on his head and gave me a Freudian analysis of my subconscious. I strongly doubt if he knew either his Freud or my subconscious very well. I admit the possibility of the woman's being a sex symbol, and told him so, but the gondola, no. That was, I informed him at the time, a direct result of an unhappy episode in my life in the summer of 1924, the summer my Uncle Luther poled a Venetian gondola up Pike's Peak. This uncle is the one who later shot Victoria Falls in a Salvation Army tambourine during a fit of unfortunate melancholy.

Where Uncle got the idea, I don't know, but he was kind enough to

invite me along. I had to borrow the money for my train fare from an old friend, and when I got back, he told me he was glad to let me have the money. I shot him down like a dog.

But to get back to the main train of thought. When I tell the story, most people wonder where he got the gondola. In the spring of 1924, May Day in fact, he was party to a wild drinking bout at the Wakonda Golf and Country Club in Des Moines, Iowa. He and questionable acquaintances were chugging near beer and alcohol, and when they began to tear



the wall-paper off the walls, he went home.

He got there about five in the morning, awakening me with his rather intense caterwauling in the front yard. He never could sing on key even when sober, and one can imagine what he was like when "in wine," so I went down stairs, thinking to tactfully suggest that it was past his bed time. Imagine my surprise when I switched on the porch light to behold him clutching a full sized Venetian gondola, which, before I could cry out for the police, he proceeded to drag into the living room.

Next day he told me that a professor from Drake University had come to the party in the thing, God knows how, and he had cunningly outwitted this pedagogue by leaving his Packard and taking the gondola. He left the ghastly thing in the middle of the living room floor. When visitors, after sitting uneasily for a few minutes, asked if it wasn't a gondola, he would merely say yes and carry on the previous conversation. All this riotous carrying on began to pall after a few weeks, and I told him so.

He laid his hand on my shoulder, and announced in a tremulous voice that he had just made a decision that would probably alter the future course of civilization.

"I intend to pole my gondola up Pikes Peak," he said grandly.

I lurched to the sideboard and poured a stiff drink of canned heat and gingerale. Next day we entrained for Colorado Springs.

\* \* \*

Colorado Springs in 1924! We  
(Continued on page 14)

# Candidly

Photography by Mary Joe Connolly

Saturday was a very nice day a few weeks ago, and Showme's cauleted editor, blinded momentarily by the light of genius, sent the Showme photographers off on a grant tour of Columbia's night and day spots, a tour later known to a cognizant few as "L'affaire grotesque" for reasons best left undivulged.



We visited the Dixie early, but, as usual, Lee Erskine, ATO president, and Billie Atkins, Theta, were there first.



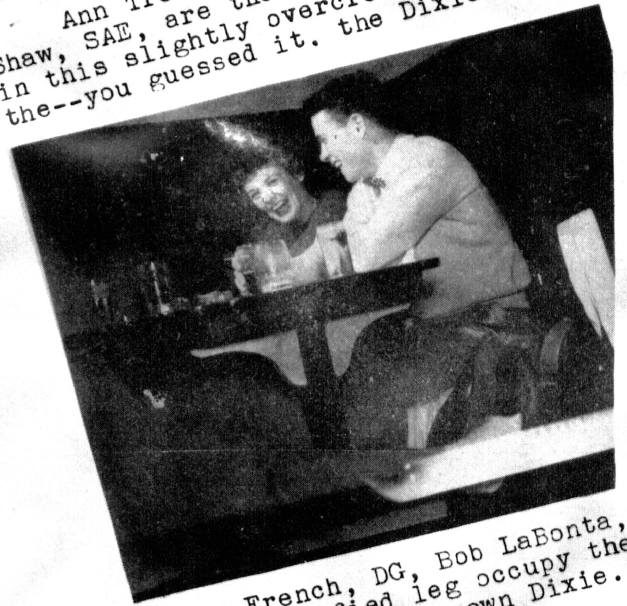
George Lewis, SAE, and Betty Windsor, Kappa, face the camera at the popular center table in the Dixie. Countless others surround them.



Pausing for a smoke between bottles of beer are Art Stockdale, Gloria Tubbs, Gamma Phi, and Chuck Denham.



Ann Trevellyan, Kappa, and Bill Shaw, SAE, are the couple at the left in this slightly overcrowded booth at the--you guessed it. the Dixie.



Helen French, DG, Bob LaBonta, and one unidentified leg occupy the end booth at the well-known Dixie.

# Mizzou

Anyway, the photographers left in high spirits for the Dixie, at about three in the afternoon, and returned at one the next morning, after taking 23 pictures, drinking divers liquors and padding the expense account. Four of the pictures came out blank, two were double exposures and three were entirely too gay for a family publication like Showme.



Having a hilarious time at the (CENSORED--only mixers, ya know) were Chuck Huber and Gordon Schaeffer, Phi Gams, Marian Crites, Chi O, Susie Darnell, Kappa, and Dick Graham, Phi Gam



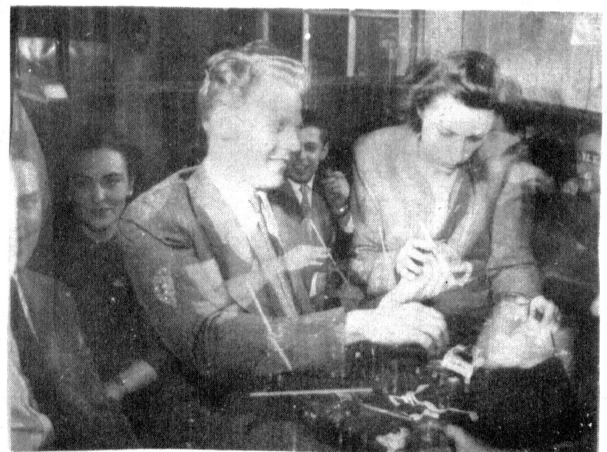
Bob Davis doesn't seem to mind teaching Joy Wilson, Alpha Gam, how to operate (the gun) at the Coronado.



Our trusty photographers were slightly in wine by this time, and failed to get the names of the jovial imbibers who were imbibing at the Shack.



Thelma Cohen, ex-president of AEPhi, and Larry Satin, SAM, are ending what was obviously a very pleasant evening at the Shack.



For their final picture our staggering cameramen looked through the lens and saw this. They decided not to take the picture, but instead, ran screaming incoherently about the "Country club of the middlewest."

# What M. U. Men Think of Stephens Girls

**W**HAT M. U. men think of Susie Stephens can be adequately summed up in one word. Nuts! Most of us poor benighted sons of old Mizzou came here with no particular prejudice against the maids from Money Manor, but we certainly developed one. Let us try to find good logical reason for such evolutionary changes of heart.

To start, why did Susie come here?

Susie knows exactly why she came here. It was Fate. To most Susies, Fate wears pants and an M. U. sweater. Every day she sits in the ballroom of Lela Raney Wood, dancing with other Susies, just to be in good shape when she finds that Fate.

And when she does catch one! Boy!! Ask any of the poor battered hulks on the campus who have survived the ordeal. Ask them what it was really like, and take warning.

Watch out! Don't step in that bear trap. Dodge that noose. Don't be a goal she can stoop to conquer. Look at her and say in unison with me, "Nuts!"

# ..and What Stephens Girls Think of M. U. Men

**A**DAMSEL'S policy in grandmother's day was to "love 'em and leave 'em." Here it's more "we love 'em, they leave us."

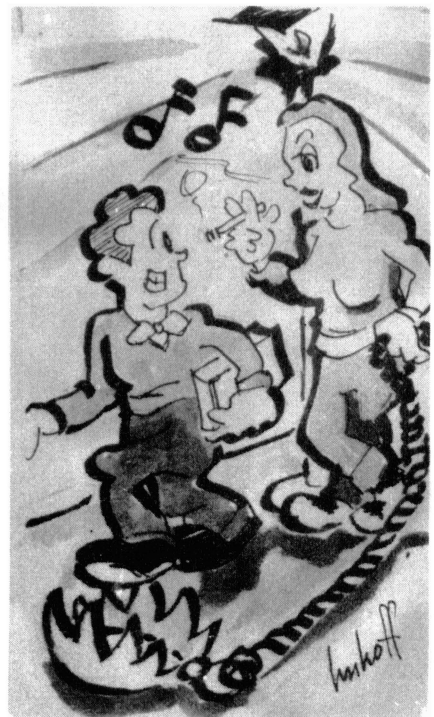
First, M.U. men, your manners—using the term loosely—leave much to be desired. The general attitude seems to be against over consideration of us faithful hound dogs, you might spoil us. We're not hound dogs! Did our panting mislead you?

Remember that you're not God's gift to females. You're just a contribution to Stephens girls. So are Kemper boys, for that matter, and the only difference is that Kemper boys are monkeys and M.U. men are just apes.

A closing word about 11 p.m. closing hours. There may be rare instances when we'd like to stay out longer, or, more rarely, you'd like to keep us out longer. However, if you haven't got to first base by that time, what makes you think you could make a home run by 12?

Yes, we're mad for you, but only half as much as you are.

These two short, and not so sweet, articles were actually submitted to Showme almost simultaneously. Struck by the similarity of motives behind each, we asked the authors, whose anonymity we shall strive to preserve, to re-write them into the parallel stories you see here. Please, please remember that neither is necessarily the opinion of the editors of Showme.



The Lingering Shame of That Awful Afternoon Is Etched On Her Conscience For Eternity

## Sex on Sunday



**I** HAVE been asked by many people to tell what *really* happened to me that awful afternoon on the Hinkson. Up until now I have been afraid to speak, but I feel that the true story must some day be told, and I prefer to be the teller.

But away from these thoughts and back to that awful interlude with *him*—that lust week-end.

You remember that warm, cloudy Sunday after the home-coming game. It is etched in my memory for all time to come. He—you know him, but I shall respect his desire to remain blissfully anonymous—was late, the cad! But, then, he always was, so I had no inkling of the shameful afternoon that was in store for me.

He insisted that we get some fresh air. His fevered brow was still visibly throbbing from his frenzied activities of the night before—with someone

else. So, we trudged untold miles into the sylvan wilderness of the mighty Hinkson.

Feigning fatigue, the dirty cad suggested that we rest on a suspiciously convenient grassy knoll. I could see his plan of operations even more clearly, perhaps, than he himself. To steal a line from my old friend Mrs. Pettybone, I had done this so many times.

To get the ball rolling, I started an obviously innocent conversation. I told him of my various troubles, a subject not easily exhausted, and I began to see a glimmer of sympathy in those tired eyes of his.

He leaned toward me murmuring intently, "Darling, I feel for you," but I leaped nimbly up, narrowly escaping his groping arms. I was not going to be that easy, fool that I was!

Realizing that at last the ball was rolling, and not too slowly either, I followed plan B in which the one who is being pursued, at least theoretically, walks away from the pursuer. I strolled slowly down the path in the lazy afternoon light of autumn. Naturally I did not look back, but I knew he would follow me.

I stopped to admire a soft bed of green clover, and suddenly my heart began to beat thunderously. I felt and heard the quick panting of hot breath on my neck, as though some wonderful overpowering beast was leering over my shoulder.

My breath, too, began to quicken as I felt, rather than heard, a soft, guttural sound. It was deliriously animal-like—no other term can describe it. I flung my arms wildly over my head, and wheeled to meet my fate.

A guernsey cow contentedly smiled into my rapturously ecstatic face, as I stood there, looking, as well as feeling, a trifle on the foolish side. I saw, then, that I had wandered onto the pastures of the University farms.

I looked with bated breath for my erstwhile date, and was quite relieved to find that he had not witnessed my moment of weakness. But where was the dirty cad?

Retracing my wandering steps, I found him fast asleep on the grassy knoll. So he wasn't feigning fatigue, but really did want to rest. The sneaking, dirty cad not only did not desire, shall I say, my companionship, but the filthy, sneaking, dirty cad

(Continued on page 16)

# BMOCs & BWOCs

FOLLOW THESE SIMPLE RULES.

YOU TRY IT, DEAR READER,

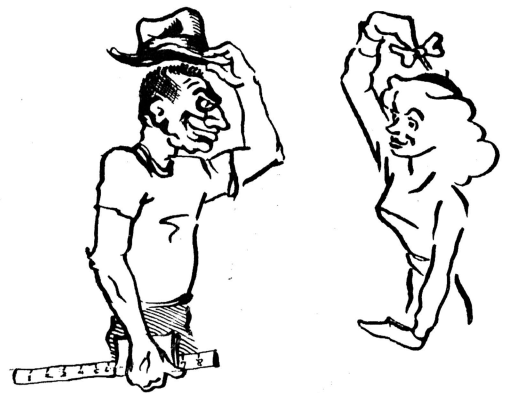
AND YOU MAY BE ONE TOO.



BE OBEDIENT...  
MIND YOUR OWN  
BUSINESS.

BE THRIFTY...  
WASTE NOTHING, AND  
MAKE THE BEST USE  
OF YOUR  
OPPORTUNITIES.

BE LOYAL...  
TO ALL THOSE TO WHOM  
LOYALTY IS DUE.



BE COURTEOUS...  
ESPECIALLY TO THE  
OPPOSITE SEX.



BE BRAVE...  
HAVE THE COURAGE  
TO FACE  
DANGER.



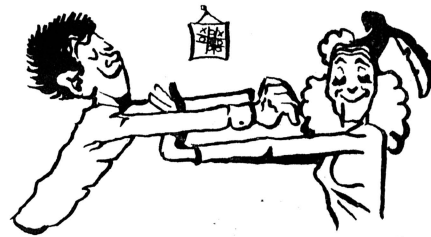
**BE FRIENDLY...**  
 TO ALL THOSE TO WHOM  
 FRIENDWNESS IS DUE.



**BE HELPFUL...**  
 DO AT LEAST ONE  
 GOOD TURN TO  
 SOMEBODY EVERY DAY.



**BE KIND...**  
 DO NOT KILL OR HURT  
 ANY LIVING CREATURE  
 NEEDLESSLY.



**BE CHEERFUL...**  
 SMILE WHENEVER  
 YOU CAN, AND  
 NEVER SHIRK  
 OR GRUMBLE  
 AT HARDSHIPS.



**BE CLEAN...**  
 TO ALL THOSE TO  
 WHOM CLEANLINESS  
 IS DUE.



**BE TRUSTWORTHY...**  
 DO NOT VIOLATE  
 YOUR HONOR BY  
 TELLING A LIE.

**Striking  
Silhouettes  
Original Creations  
Custom-made  
Styles**

**John and John**  
Missouri Theater Building

## THE GREAT GONDOLA

*(Continued from page 7)*

dismounted from the train, took the gondola off the roof of the dining car, and hid it and ourselves to the Idle Hour Pool Room and Grill, of which another uncle of mine, Charlie Heaslet, was then head knock. We entered, and Uncle Charlie ushered us past gay throngs of tenderfeet, hard rock miners and gay dancing girls into the back room, where we sat down over a bucket of cherry bounce.

A liquer was never more aptly named! Two hours later, we crept from the Idle Hour on all fours, hanging for dear life to the sidewalk, our breath searing the very leaves from the trees, the gondola upside down on Uncle Luther's able shoulders.

Representatives of the reportorial corps of the Denver Post were there, and Uncle Luther announced we would make the ascension the following day. We then returned to the Idle Hour and made merry til well past the witching hour.

At ten the next morning, I borrowed the pole Uncle Charley used to open windows and turn on the lights. We carried the gondola through flower covered streets shouldering our way through tumultuous throngs of well wishers, on into Manitou. There we stopped at a likely spot at the base of the mountain, which looked pretty steep to me.

A myriad horde of people had gathered around us, cheering and occasionally flinging a grapefruit or banana. I stepped to the seat in the gondola and sat down, while Uncle Luther mounted the rear and turned to address the mob.

With an Evangelical catch in his throat, he bowed his head and modestly said, "Today marks a new epoch in civilization." Wild cheering broke loose, and he squared his shoulders and bent to the pole. We moved about an inch, and the cheering became more intense.

This spurred him on, and he bent to his task. He gave a herculean

*(Continued on next page)*

they go everywhere



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lunge, and with terrifying suddenness the pole snapped and the gondola upset, hurtling us into a little ravine.

Amid sepulchral silence, we crawled out of the ditch.

Late that night as the train roared across the plains of Kansas, my uncle stared sightless out the window. He turned to me and spoke for the first time since the incident.

"Civilization is crumbling."

We heard about the tipsy premed 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?"

"I flunked! He said I didn't know math from a hole in the ground!"

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# Harzfeld's

Just wondering which of those  
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I can live without.



"Have a mint, Betty, or the housemother might think we've been drinking."

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and in your  
Wardrobe  
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**DEAN'S  
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**SEX ON SUNDAY**

*(Continued from page 11)*

was smiling in his sleep. Even in his more-unconscious-than-normal state he scorned me.

This was much too much, and I walked the lonely miles back to the house alone. I had failed, and the scars of defeat will never leave my mind.

Thus, you have the story which I have kept locked in my often pinned breast for these many months. Some day, perhaps, the pangs of remorse will leave my tortured body, but even then, I shall never forgive the obnoxious, filthy, sneaking, dirty cad who ruined my senior year at Old Mizzou.

"What kind of dress did Betty wear to the party last night?"

"I don't know; I think it was checked."

"Boy that must have been some party."

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You'll feel like steppin' out in Jogs!  
They're up-and-coming shoes!  
Light, springy, bottomed with  
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JOGS roomy, moccasin toe, novel seamless upper and husky balloon bottom have "it!" Sandy Bukhideor Ruddy Grain.

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# The Cupboard—



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Her (at the dance): "Wait right here for me, Bill, while I go powder my nose."

Her (three dances later): "Been waiting long?"

Him: "No, but I've been looking all over for you to give you your compact."

—o—

Mrs. Jones: "Look dear, how picturesque; the Browns are bringing in a Yule log."

Mr. Jones: "Yule log, my eye. That's Brown."

—o—

A violinist entered a little music shop in London.

"I want an E-string, if you please," he observes to the man behind the counter.

Nervously producing a box from behind the counter, the cockney said "Would you mind pickin' one out for yourself? Y'know I 'ardly can tell the 'e's from the she's."

—o—

#### What the Girls of All Nations Say the Morning After

Italian Girl: "Now you will hate me."

Spanish Girl: "For this I shall love you always."

German Girl: "After we rest awhile, maybe we go to beer stube, Jah?"

Swedish Girl: "I tank I go home."

French Girl: "For zis I get a new dress, oui?"

Chinese Girl: "Now you know it isn't so."

English Girl: "It was rather pleasant, really. We must try it again sometime, don't you know?"

American Girl: "My God, I must have been drunk. What did you say your name was?"

—Exchange.

—o—

Baby: "I want my bottle."

Mother: "Shut up, you sound like your father."

—o—

SAE: "Drinking makes you beautiful."

Gamma Phi: "But I don't drink."

SAE: "But I do."

# PRESENTING



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"Is this a picture of your fiancé?"

"Yes."

"She must be very rich."

"Do you neck?"

"That's my business!"

"Oh, a professional."

A bather whose clothing was  
strewed  
By winds that left her quite nude  
Saw a man come along—  
And unless I am wrong,  
You expected this line to be lewd.

If it's funny enough to tell;  
it's been told; if it hasn't been told  
then its too clean; and if it's dirty  
enough to interest a frosh, the  
editor gets kicked out of school.

"How do you manage to keep  
eating at that damned D.U.  
house?"

"I take a spoonful of Drano  
every night."

"Carry your bag, sir?"

"No, let her walk."

"She walks with a decided jerk."

"Yes, isn't he?"

He: There's a reason for my  
liking you."

She: "My goodness!"

He: "Dont be silly."

—Annapolis Log.

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She stepped out of the bathtub and onto the bathroom scales. Hubby came in the back door and walked past the bathroom door. He observed what she was doing and inquired, "How many pounds this morning, honey?"

Without bothering to look around she answered, "Fifty, and be sure you don't leave the tongs on the back porch."—Northwestern Purple Parrot.

A—"You should have seen Mabel run the half-mile last night."

B—"What did she run it in?"

A—"I don't know what you call the damn things."

"Is your daughter in tonight?"

"No, and get out and stay out."

"But I'm the sheriff."

"Oh, I'm sorry. Come in, I thought that was a Sigma Nu pin."

## FREDENDALL'S presents—



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Doctor—Are you troubled with improper thoughts?

Stude—No, I rather enjoy them.  
—Widow.

—o—

Once upon a time there was a ministry of information carrier pigeon. And as it was flying leisurely to its destination it was jostled by a second pigeon which bawled, "Get a move on! I've got the denial!"

—o—

Our idea of a lazy student is one who pretends he is drunk so that his fraternity brothers will put him to bed.

Froth.

—o—

Three slightly deaf old maids were motoring to London in an old noisy car, and hearing was difficult. As they neared the city one asked, "Is this Wembly?"

"No," replied the second, "this is Thursday."

"So am I," put in a third, "Let's stop and have one."

—o—

If you think it over you'll have to agree that Adam was really the first Engineer.

Didn't he furnish parts for the first loudspeaker.

—o—

"What have you got under there?"

"Under wear."

—o—

Major: "What is a maneuver?"

Butch: "Something you put on grass to make it green, sir."

—o—

"I'm sorry," said the girl at the ticket booth, "that two dollar bill is counterfeit."

"My God," the woman uttered, "I've been seduced!"

—o—

He: "You're Mae West, aren't you?"

She: "No, I'm June West, thirty days hotter than Mae."

Prof. Blankenship: Madam! What are you doing in my bed?"

Lady: Well, I like your bed. I like your neighborhood, and I like your house. And furthermore, it's about time you remembered that I'm your wife!"

—o—

Then there was the girl who pulled her boy friend's hair at the wrong time and had her tongue bitten off.

# BING'S

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the  
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Theater



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Clogs



*the novus shop*

Waitress (looking at nickel tip left by student): "What're ya tryin' to do—seduce me?"

Her: But remember my modesty!

He: Oh, yes—remember?

"I only go out with girls who wear glasses."

"Why?"

"I breathe on them and they can't see what I'm doing."

Missionary: "I suppose tonight's banquet will be quiet thrilling."

Cannibal King: "You've no idea how you will be stirred."

She: "Do you wanna spoon?"

He: "What's spooning?"

She: "Why look at those couples over there, that's spooning."

He: "Well, if that's spooning, let's shovel."

Dean (to coed)—"Are you writing that letter to a man?"

Coed—"It's a former roommate of mine."

Dean—"Answer my question."

"Did you pick up any French during your furlough in Paris last month?"

"I'll say I did."

"Let's hear you say some words."

"I didn't learn words."

"Are you a college student?"

"No, a horse stepped on my hat."

They laughed when I stood up to sing—how did I know I was under the table?

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# LANE'S



Kadiak, the Eskimo, was sitting on a cake of ice telling a story. He finished and got up. "My tale is told," he said.

"Goodness, George; this isn't our baby. This is the wrong carriage."

"Shut up. This is a better carriage."

Driver of the car (unfamiliar with the road)—I take the next turn, don't I.

Muffled male voice from the back seat—Like hell you do!

Sunday School Teacher—Who was the mother of Moses?

Mary—Pharaoh's daughter.

S.S.T.—But she only found him in the bulrushes.

M.—That's her story.

---

There was a large gathering in one of Boston's leading hotels, and a well-known feminist was holding forth on feminine progress to a group composed mostly of women.

"Today we have women judges fully as good as the men judges on the bench," she said.

Drunk in the back of the room: "Rah for the wimmin!"

"Nowadays we have women doctors equal to the very best men doctors."

Drunk: "Rah for the wimmin!"

"In modern times women have equalled or surpassed men in all known fields of endeavor. In fact there is very little difference between them."

Drunk: "Thank God for the little difference!"

---

A shoulder strap is a piece of ribbon so placed as to keep an attraction from becoming a sensation.

---

"For goodness sake, use both hands," shrieked the co-ed in the auto.

"I can't," said her escort, "I have to steer with one."

---

Joe: Are you adverse to necking parties?

Mabel: Who are the parties?

He: "Would you commit adultery for one million dollars?"

She: "Why, yes, I think I would."

He: "Would you commit adultery for two dollars?"

She (shocked): "Oh what do you think I am?"

He: "We've settled that. What we are haggling about now, is the price."

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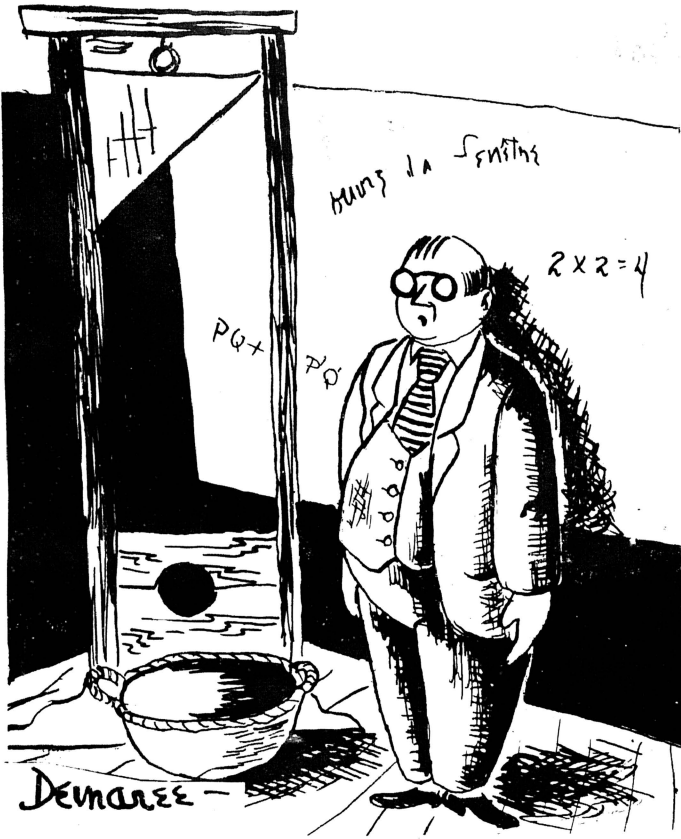
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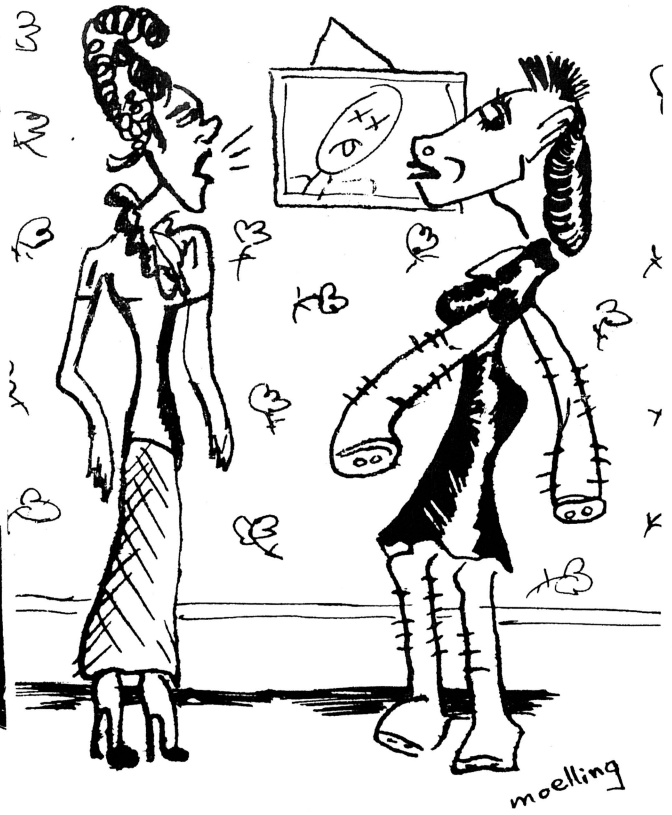
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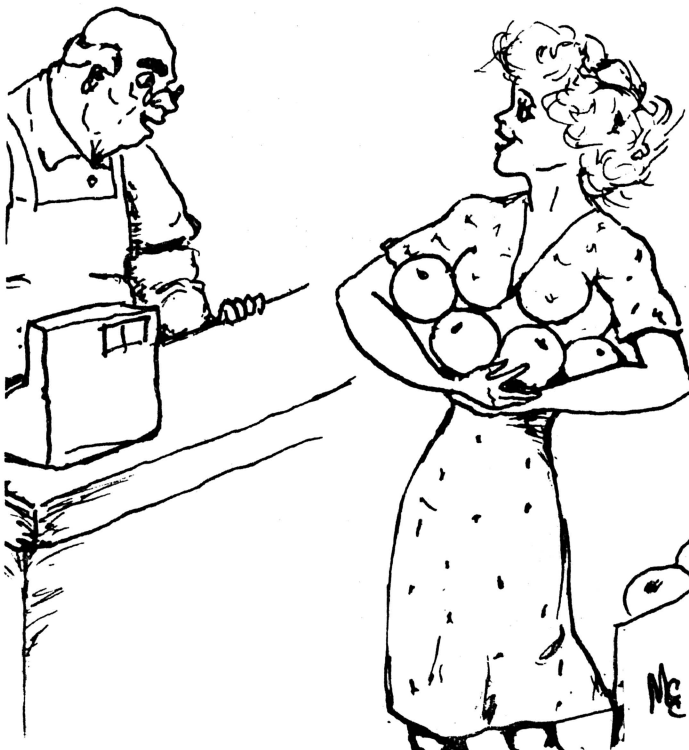
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"Of course, this examination will be conducted under the honor system."



"Are you sure, dear, that the doctor said *oats* would cure your dietary deficiency?"



"Now—let's see how many you've got there . . ."



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