

APRIL 1946 15c



MISSOURI  
Showme

Photo by Frank Barclay

# Juniors

... your springboard from  
college to a career

## VOGUE'S 12<sup>th</sup>

### PRIX de PARIS

Vogue's **PRIX DE PARIS** contest for college seniors is tailor-made for you who want to try your talents for fashion, writing, merchandising, art or photography, advertising. It's Vogue's way of culling the best editorial talent from the college classes of 1947. It's your way to step straight from college into a career.

First prize is a year's job with Vogue... six months in the Paris office and six months in New York. Second prize is six months with Vogue in New York. Ten honorable mention winners are considered for jobs with other Condé Nast publications: Glamour, House & Garden, Vogue Pattern Book. The next top one hundred contestants are introduced to stores, advertising agencies and other magazines, to whom successful participation in the **PRIX** is an entering-wedge.

Plan now to make Vogue's **PRIX DE PARIS** an important part of your senior year. Save time to take it in your stride... there are four quizzes to answer, and if you're among the finalists, a 1500-word thesis to write. The art and photography division of the contest has special questions, special prizes. **PRIX DE PARIS** contest rules and first quiz will appear in the August 15th issue of Vogue. For additional information write to Miss Mary E. Campbell, Director Vogue's **PRIX DE PARIS**, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.





The sun was beating down on the sands of the Hinkson and picnicking students were assembling to enjoy blanket parties, to toast hot-dogs over fires blown by spring winds and generally find out for that spring fever feeling a week of warm weather had brought.

Mid-afternoon was early for night habitues, but others were gathering steadily. The less social minded climbed about the cliffs or prepared to settle down on top and view the paradisaical scenery below.

To get the over-all picture of merry makers and their country beach, Jeff Young rented a Piper Cub from Cotton Woods' Columbia Flying Service, loaded Frank Barclay in the rear seat with a set camera and the two proceeded to get an aerial photograph of the famous play spot.

In three runs over the Hink's Big Bend, Frank, a former aerial photographer officer in the Air Corps, took three pictures, came back with Showme's cover this issue.

#### 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. . .

### Showme's Directory of Sororities

Showme's staff of experts (don't ask who!) go behind the scenes to bring you this true, accurate, up-to-date picture of all the sororities on the campus. A little harsh, perhaps, but you'll enjoy it.

### Candidly Mizzou

Showme's photographers go off on another grand tour of Columbia but apparently are going from bad to worse. See your friends as caught candidly by the camera on pages 8 and 9.

### Looking at Missouri Football

An exclusive story written specially for Showme by Don Faurot tells the inside dope about the Tiger team that will appear next fall.

### It's "Barely Nice"

The "J" Show is going to rock Jesse, without doubt, and here's a sneak preview of what you're going to see.

### —And Then There Were Six

Did you know there once was a seventh column? Read the true story of why it disappeared from Mizzou's campus. On page 11.



Our little mascot, known to his friends as Pirdatah Wyllog, dropped over to Rothwell Gym the other day to chat with his old buddy, Don Faurot. The coach gave Pirdatah W. his views on the coming Big Six football race, and the sly little devil took down Don's statement in short-hand.

At any rate, SHOWME presents an exclusive interview with the man every football fan in the nation is going to watch next fall. We heartily recommend that you read "Looking at Missouri Football" by Don Faurot.



### **Doctor, Lawyer, and Indian Chief**

At last someone has come to the aid of our socially deprived campus. A new organization intended for the advancement of social relations (meaning more and better parties) has been formed. The group calls itself the Tribe, and members are braves, chiefs, and warriors, with dues being paid as wampum.

Here, girls, is what you've been waiting for. The Tribe is going to pick a—you guessed it, a queen. Yes, sir. A real honest to goodness queen contest has finally been devised. This particular queen will be called the Pocahontas of the Tribe.

At any rate, it shows a little originality, an another key for the BMOC's and prospective BMOC's to work for.

### **Something's Rotten in the State of Missouri**

The month of March was beautiful, with budding trees, green grass, and parties on the Hinkson. Everyone raised his window and drew in a deep breath of fresh air. Through March and up into April the weather became nicer and nicer, but around the first of this month, people began to put their windows back down.

Was it the garbage? Had a tremendous skunk crawled into our fair city? No, my children, it was even worse. The manurie—pardon, Missouri Student has been revived. Yes, your peace

of mind is now gone, but the toilet tissue shortage has been solved.

There are those among us who remember the infamous days when the pre-war issue of the Student was running amuck on the campus. Everyone knew the authorities were just waiting for a chance to suspend publication in the interest of good journalism. An assistant professor in the department of English was commissioned to go to Hawaii and start a war to end forever the existence of the Student.

Now someone has had the unmitigated gall to resume this nefarious sheet. It is a waste of paper, type, ink—in fact, everything except brains.

Oh, well. It seems only fair to welcome the Student back to the various Johns around town, so the SHOWME takes this opportunity to—No, no! We can't say it. Not with Scott's tissue coming back onto the grocers shelves.

### **You're Out!!!**

"Play Ball!" resounds daily from down Rollins baseball field way, and Coach Hi Simmons' charges seem to be rounding into something resembling a baseball team. He has two pre-war lettermen, and a host of eager beginners, from which to mold another conference champion nine.

Missouri was the terror of the Big Six back in the days of Bobo

Spencer, the gigantic hurler. Miz-zou's re-entry into collegiate baseball is just one more in an ever-increasing chain of events heralding the end of one era, and the beginning of another. "Play ball!"

### **It's About Time**

There is some talk going about the campus in regard to completing the Memorial Tower, famous throughout the midwest as an architectural wonder. What the photographer fails to include in his striking picture, however, are the unfinished ends of the two wings.

The building was to have been called the Memorial Tower and Union Building, before the depression blanketed the nation, and funds were diverted to the Memorial Stadium. Now is the time for positive action.

A real student union building with adequate facilities is one of the most apparent needs on the Missouri campus. The two three-story wings should be added now, and they would be a fitting memorial to the veterans of World War II who laid down their books to fight their way around the world in search of everlasting peace.

How many beers does the Shack pour down the student body every day?

(Continued on Page 20 )

**Now It Can Be Told!**  
**How the World's Oldest Fossil Eluded**  
**The Draft, the Museums, and the U.S. Marines**

## **Who's Got the Peking Man?**

by **JOSEPH H. FIRMAN**

**G**eologists, archeologists, neurologists, and various civil and military agencies have recently expressed dismay over the disappearance of the famed Peking Man of China, known to be the oldest human fossil in the world.

Known to his intimates as Peking Tom, this ancient fossil was discovered kicking around Chow Kow Tien in 1929. He was then celebrating his 1,226th birthday.

It was in 1926 at the opening of the German-American Rathskeller in New York City that I had the pleasure of attending a small part he gave. The group included Peking Prue, a budding maid of some 2,000 years, the Java Man, so-called because of his love of coffee, and the Heidelberg Man, an anti-Nazi bundle of bones who was a classmate of Tom's.

I was then police reporter for the now defunct *Voce di Tutti*, but, the society editor being indisposed, I was sent to cover the opening. When it was discovered that I had spent several years at old Heidelberg (years from which developed my musical comedy, "The Stupied Prince"), I was invited to sit in on the festivities.

Peking Tom, fetching in a mauve cummerbund, was sipping his customary *pousse-cafe*.

"Mr. Peking," I said, "is it true that you voted straight progressive in the Early Pleistocene elections in Chung Bung?"

He adjusted a monocle in his eye socket and regarded me gravely.

"Son," he said, in that dry, harsh whisper that was once so well-known on the Siberian mudflats, "in Chung Bung you vote the straight ticket or you lose your shirt. No tickee, no shirtee. That's a JOKE, son!" He leaned back in his chair wheezing with musty merriment.

"What is your opinion on the Far Eastern situation?" I asked then.

"There is no such thing as Far East, effendi," he muttered. "And even if there was, there would be no situation. How would anyone know he was in the Far East? Is there a sign saying 'You are now entering Far East—Please drive slowly?'"



"Nay, not so, but far otherwise," he continued. "And since China, par exemple, is west of America, why shouldn't China be called the Far West, except for the fact that American historians copywrote the phrase to boost California real estate?" He fell into a moody silence.

"Let's scam outta here, whined Peking Prue. "This joints makes my flesh creep."

Tom and Prue went back to China shortly afterward. The name of Peking was changed to Chungking, and Tom became known as "The Man Without a City." He settled down in the province of Chow Mein, near the Great Wall, and opened a smart opium den built entirely of soy beans. Some years later China declared war on Japan.

Caught up by the war fever, yellow fever, yellow journalism, and Draft Board 15, Peking Tom was soon a mere number among a number of numbers. Later he was found to be over the age limit, jailed for a short time for selling opium over the ceiling price, and upon release vanished from the Public Eye. a shady bistrotro which he frequented.

When the Japs withdrew, a search was set up for Peking Tom, who was found to be behind in his taxes by some 400,000,000 Yen (55c American). But the Peking

(Continued on Page 22 )



it's **BARELY** "Nice"



Chorus gals Martha R. Alexander and Natalie Lear on the first step; second step, Betty Cord Woodfill and Sally Street; standing, Mary Jo Littlefield and Billie Atkins.

Jean Harrington and Jim Low, leads, agree that Carl Stepp's tunes are smooth stuff!



# JAY SHOW

Leads Lynn Mapel, Jim Low, and Wilbur Skourup.



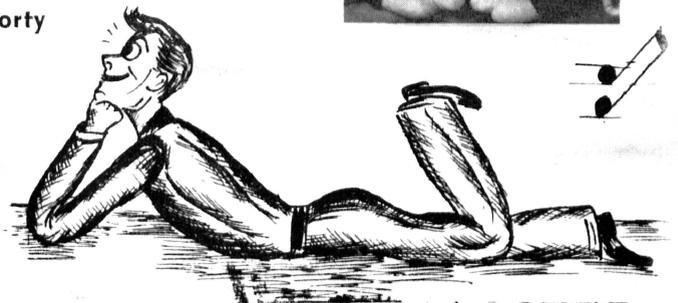
Full of gals, guys, and gags, "Barely Nice" takes the fun of life in an advertising agency and makes it funnier . . . mixes dances, ballets, and novelty numbers (they do such novel things in advertising agencies!) with losta legs . . . and the lines . . . oh, yes, the lines!

"Sneak preview" April 24th, at 3:30..... 50c  
 Evenings of the 24th and 25th, 8:30..... 75c

Photography thanks to Bob Vance and Shorty Hahn.

—and it's gonna rock Jesse

April 24th and 25th!!





**Earl Stiegemeir**



**Nancy Chapman**



**Dolly Gulko**



**Hasold Springmeir**

# Questionerror

by **BARNEY SENTNER**

Photography by Jane Carr



**Jane Klindworth**



**Johnny Moelling**



**Betty Gallup**



**Art McQuiddy**

## Questions . . .

1. **What do you do the night before an hour exam?**
2. **Do you prefer cokes with or without ice and why?**
3. **Now that spring is here, what has your fancy turned to?**

### **Earl Stiegemeir, Phi Delt**

1. Go out and party.
2. No, with whiskey.
3. Are you Kidding?

### **Nancy Chapman, Theta**

1. Think how much easier it would be if I bought a book.
2. Without ice—takes up too much room.
3. What the boys have been thinking about all winter.

### **Dolly Gulko, Phi Sigma Sigma**

1. Let some fool photographer take my picture for Showme—I have one tomorrow.
2. I can't drink cokes straight.
3. How inviting the golf course is getting to look.

### **Hasold Springmeir, Kappa Sig**

1. Go out and hang one on.
2. With ice—I like to munch it.
3. The stadium without tickets!

### **Jane Klindworth, WRH**

1. I'll never tell for publication.
2. With ice—to keep the bourbon cold.
3. You all!

### **Johnny Moelling, SAE**

1. Anything but study.
2. I don't like coke for a mixer.
3. Bakes, blankets, and flimsy dresses.

### **Betty Gallup, Kappa**

1. Go to a movie.
2. With ice—they're colder.
3. The Tinxton — (answered with a cold).

### **Art McQuiddy, Beta**

1. Go to Collins to eat french-fried shrimp to stay awake all night.
2. With ice—I'm nervous and like to shake it around.
3. Drinking beer on the polo field.

Columbia, Missouri,  
April 16, 1946.

Miss Hिल्sop Cullpepper,  
Hittan, Mississippi.  
My Dear Delta Daisy;

Although I am now caught in the grist wheel of this mill of education which turns out the flour of our youth, I have not forgotten the folks back home who are so dear to me. It is hard to realize that I am actually going to a school where everyone except Ag students wear shoes, and it isn't costing me a cent. It's wonderful what the Veterans Administration is doing for us. We get \$65 a month for our own use. I spent \$75 for stamps this month writing to St. Louis trying to find out about my \$65, but that is beside the point.

I understand that veterans at some colleges are having trouble finding a place to live. Not so here. The people have thrown open their homes and have welcomed us with open arms and pocketbooks. I have a lovely little room on the edge of town that only costs me \$37.50 a month.

While the rest of the nation is grappling with inflation, we here in Columbia merely laugh at it. Why I eat at a nice little place and get a three course dinner for only 85 cents. A cracker, glass of water, toothpick, and on Sunday, a graham cracker.

But enough of this land of milk and honey, water and sour, let me tell you about our great school.

It is composed of two campi, Red and White. It is very colorful and patriotic here in the winter when the students complete the color scheme by turning blue from the cold.

Red campus is so called because all the buildings are stained where frustrated Engineering, B&PA, and Arts students have tried to bash their brains out. The J—School buildings are a lighter red because very few Journalism students have any brains. Buildings on Ag campus are white.

The two most prominent landmarks are the columns and the Tower. The columns are all that is left of the original administration building which burned during the Boxer rebellion.

There is also a very interesting story connected with the Memorial Tower. It seems that originally there was to be a student union with the Tower as part of it. One thousand stone masons, steam fitters, and carpenters fell to work with great industry erecting the building. Great stones were hewed and towed up the Hinkson on barges by thousands of Egyptian slaves brought to this country for that very purpose. New life sprang into the camps. New cries rang through the fraternity and sorority houses. Instead of "Let's take a blanket and got to the Hink," it was, "Lets take a blanket and go see how the work is getting along on the student union. There's no moon tonight." Every night students could be heard there, discussing the engineering problems involved in building such a structure.

The clock finally was hoisted into place and the chimes were tuned. At 4:45 the tower was ready. The entire student body was standing around waiting anxiously for the first thrilling notes of the MU chimes.

Finally five o'clock came and the air was filled with the deep mellow tones of the chimes. BONG! BONG! BONG! BONG! BONG! Upon hearing this the 1000 stone masons, steam fitters and carpenters, being strong union men, laid down their tools and left.

They never came back.

I can't close without telling you something of my fellow students. They are all very friendly and are always willing to help a fellow out. The sorority girls are particularly helpful. One of them has been helping me with my homework every night.

Well, I must close now and study Horrors and Pestilences of Journalism.

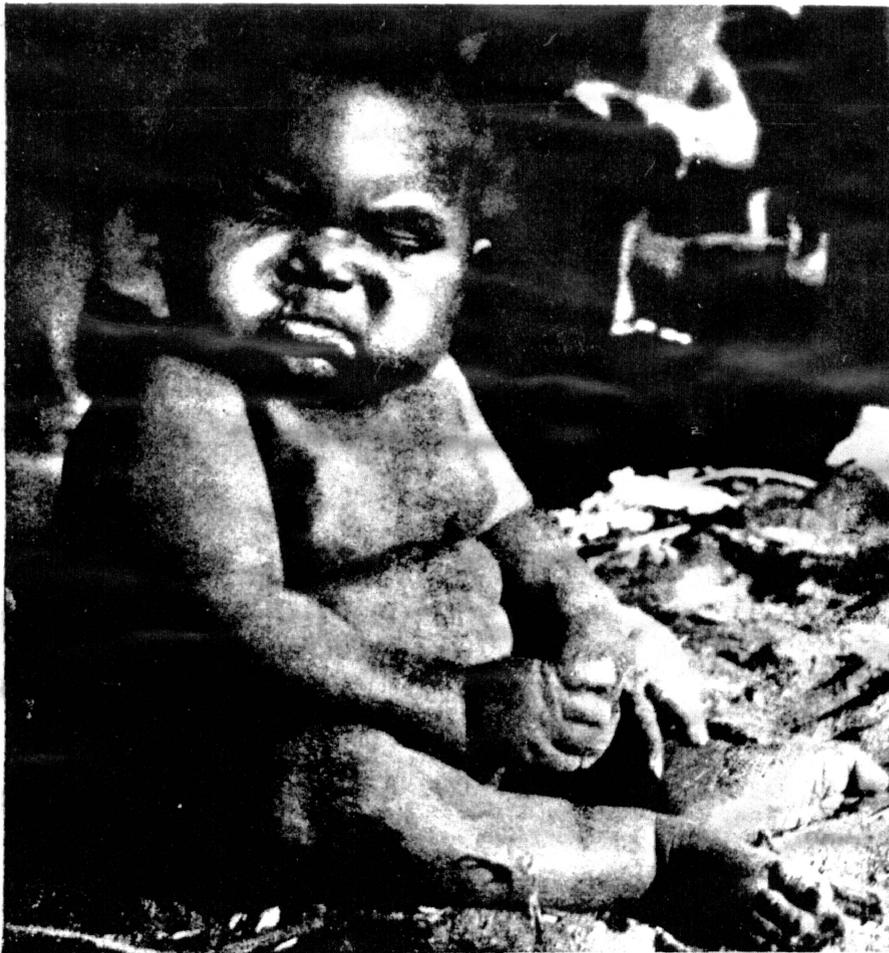
Yours til Sen. Bilbo votes for the FEPC,

Hubert.

# Candidly



Annual Men's Pan-hellenic outing at the Hinkson. Left to right: Sigma Nu, ATO, Farmhouse, SAE, Phi Sig, KA, Lambda Chi, Phi Psi, ZBT, Phi Gam, DU, Phi Delt, SAM, Sigma Chi, AGRho, Kappa Sig, Beta, PiKA, DTD.



Vaughn T. Blippard, all Big Six '45, smiles for the camera.



One of the many big dawgs on the campus from Sigma Chi thinking over his Stephen's date the night before.



Benchwarming Queen displays magnificent head of hair at the Ag Club's annual party. This hair-raising picture is a scoop, incidentally.

Our photographer's flashbulb surprised this couple on the Hink the other night. But does your technique always start with holding the lady's hand, Johnson?



Serenading the Pi Phi's is still quite the custom, we sec.

# Looking at Missouri Football

by DON FAUROT

**Athletic Director and Head Coach**

There is the old saying, "Early ripe, early rotten," but nevertheless we must be early ripe at Old Mizzou this fall. Two of our toughest games come early, Texas at Austin on September 21, and Ohio State at Columbus, September 28. So we must bring our team to top form as quickly as possible. This will be difficult because so many of our boys have been out of football for three or four years.

The boys we have in spring practice have shown a great deal of willingness and their spirit is enough to make any football coach happy. We do have a number of big boys out, but before you smile too much, look around at what some of the other schools will have. Somebody told me the other day Texas would have 50 lettermen back next fall. How do you think that makes me feel?

We have plenty of problems here and I only hope that most of our opponents have the same thing in a bigger way. Some of the fine boys that Chauncey Simpson led to a Big Six championship last year are being drafted and won't be with us next year. And in spring football, I haven't been able to work the returning GI's too hard, because they need more time to round into good physical condition. Several of the men we're counting on next fall have not returned from the Service yet and will be slow rounding into condition. Some of them are still overseas.

We hope to have some new men in from the high schools and

some new veterans who have never played college ball, and they must be worked into our system in about the first three weeks of September.

Thus far, I'm expecting from six to eight more lettermen back by fall to go with the seven 1942 boys we have out for spring practice. With us now are Ed Hodges, Bernard Pepper, and Don Ghrist, tackles, Jim Austin and Bus Entsminger, quarterbacks, Fred Kling, halfback, and Wilbur Volz, fullback. There are several lettermen starters from the 1945 team, including Big Jim Kekeris, tackle, Roland Oakes, end, Ralph Stewart, center, and Lloyd Brinkmann, Howard Bonnett, and Robert Hopkins, halfbacks, who are looking good in spring practice.

Competition around the Big Six is going to be a lot tougher this year. My old friend Jim Tatum is down at Oklahoma and he will be gunning for my neck. George Sauer has come to Kansas to revive K. U. football and they're acting pretty big out there.



Bernie Masterson, an expert in the T formation, is the new Nebraska coach and you can look for the Cornhuskers to be back among the leaders in the football world. Hobbs Adams is back at Kansas State and Iowa State promises to be rougher, so you can see the old conference will really be out to knock off Missouri's defending champions in the fall.

All of these schools have big turnouts for spring practice and from these turnouts, they can expect to get just as many good football players as we have. And they, too, will have more men returning in the fall.

After we play Texas and Ohio State, we meet St. Louis U. in St. Louis and Kansas State at Manhattan before we play our first home game in Columbia, October 19, with Iowa State. We play Southern Methodist, reputedly the toughest team in the Southwest, here in Memorial Stadium, October 26 then make the trip to Nebraska before we play Colorado at home November 9. Then we take on Oklahoma at Norman and finish up with our Homecoming game against Kansas here Thanksgiving Day, November 28.

So you see, before you start making too many football plans for next fall, look around and see what the other schools have, too. Let's hope that we ripen early enough to give Texas and Ohio State some good tussles in those September games, but fail to rot before our tough ten-game schedule is completed.

# —And Then There Were Six

Did You Know There Were Once Seven Columns? This Is a Tale Which Tells What May Have Happened To Sacrelarius, the Astute, the Seventh Column.

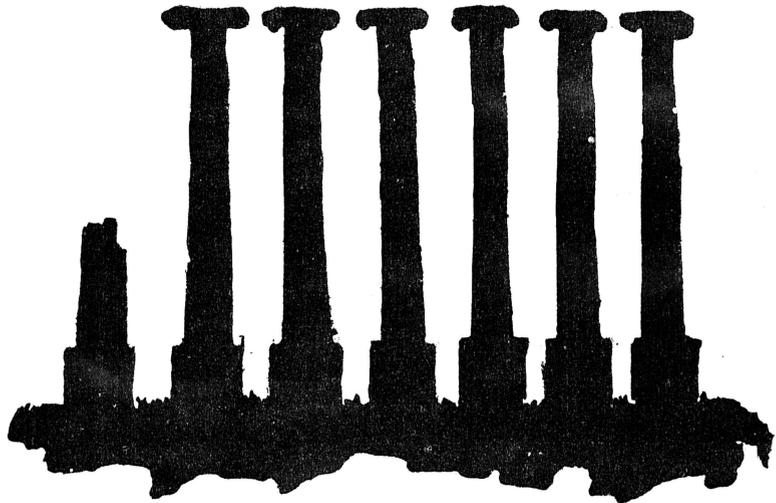
by MAXIMUS GLUTEOUS

Did you know there were once seven columns? This question never fails to arouse interest among University students so accustomed to seeing the familiar six standing majestically alone in front of Jesse Hall. There are few who know that there once was another column, and there are fewer still who know, or think they know, what happened to the other one.

At any rate, if you will dig just a few feet east of the easternmost column you will find the stone base of the column known as Sacrelarius, the astute. The story of the strange disappearance of Sacrelarius has been locked in my breast all these years. but now as I feel the chill of death approaching, I am compelled to let an eager world know the truth.

Four score and seven years ago a roving photographer came to town. He had spent his youth chasing high school girls and quaffing light brown ale, when, faced with an unprecedented number of children, he was forced to flee westward, ever westward.

He heard of the beauty of the columns on the University of Missouri campus, and determined to take the perfect picture. This Lochinvar of the lens was obsessed with an unusual love and affection for the number thirteen which had been biologically transmuted to him from his wayward mother due to a pre-natal frenzy over a pair of dice in the gambling



house where she worked. He bore, also, an inhuman abhorrence for the number seven.

The nomadic cameraman finally arrived in Columbia, and immediately headed toward the campus dragging his antediluvian Speed Graphic behind him. He sought the wonderful columns which had attracted foreign students by the score from China and South America. Walter Williams saw these students wandering around the University, and banded them together into the world's first school of journalism.

To return to the photographer, he saw Jesse Hall in all its shining glory towering over the stalwart columns. What a scene! His soul knelt in reverent silence before the throne of artistic perfection as he beheld the unparalleled symmetry and beauty of the panorama before him.

Then his subconscious mind began to count the columns. One, two, three, four, five, six—SEVEN!! His genes began to jump, and his whole physical being commenced to shake. A cloud passed over the sun darkening the entire city, as his mind went blank.

His first impulse was to scream, and turn, running toward the darkest corner booth in Mack's Cafe. Reason gained the upper hand, though, and he turned slowly, trudging back to his room at the Tiger.

He entered his room, and throwing his coat on the bed, entered his temporary darkroom to think. While idly dipping his index finger in a tray of hypo, he sought a solution. The answer suddenly came to him, and with a sigh of relief he bounded out of the room.

(Continued on Page 21 )

# Showme's Directory o

	WHERE YOU FIND 'EM	WHAT THEY WEAR	WHO THEY
Alpha Chi Omega	At Their Chapter House	Girdles (they have to)	Do they?
Alpha Delta Pi	Defoe Hall	"ready" smiles	Men who work
Alpha Epsilon Phi	At the show	High heels (they're all so little!)	Phi Sigs
Alpha Gamma Delta	In a chartruese Dodge	Most anything	Most anythi
Alpha Phi	Wherever there's a man	They wear nicely	It really doe matter
Chi Omega	Dark Corners	Hand-me-downs from down South	The hired h
Delta Delta Delta	Dixie, Coronado, Shack, Collins, B & B Breezy, Outside Inn, etc.	Special raising devices	Whatever y put in front o
Delta Gamma	In the Sunken Garden	Low heels—they're big over there	Sigma Nus —but why?
Gamma Phi Beta	Back Booths of the CD—and we know what they do!	Stockings—except Donnie Lueking	Med Student they know an
Kappa Alpha Theta	Where there is no light	Delts' window shades	The Betas—b that really a c
Kappa Kappa Gamma	On their porch—necking to impress the Pi Phis	Clothes—no secret compartments—'no secrets—no sex (except Street)	Men—they're in that res
Phi Beta Phi	In church (except Mac)	Nun's habits	Anyone who d drink
Phi Sigma Sigma	In their house looking for prowlers	Short BVDs	Miltie
Zeta Tau Alpha	Necking on their sun porch	Anything but girdles	Sailors

# f Sororities

DATE	WHAT THEY DRINK	TYPE OF FELLOW THEY WANT	FAVORITE PASTIME
	Weak Tea	They didn't know there were different types	Longingly making their beds
for it	Spiked Ovaltine	Male one	Climbin' the riggin'
	Bromo Seltzer	ZBT	Learning dirty jingles
ing	Most Anything	Most Anything	Most Anything
esn't	They can't— all under 21	PiKAs*	Sobering up their dates
help	Muddy Water	Cotton Raisers	Are you kidding???
you of 'em	Whatever you put in front of 'em	Party Boys	Getting SAEs drunk
is ???	Listerine	Men with Polka Dot Sun Tans	Buying cheaters (except Exler)
ts— atomy	Sex Potion	Fellows who make love	They aren't particular
ut is date!	Liquid Stockings (to give them a Bange look throughout)	God knows —we don't	Drinking 'em under the table at beer busts
normal pect	Not enough (except Dominick)	Those who hate Pi Phis	Apologizing for their legacys
oesn't	Holy Water	Alcoholic Anonymouses	WCTU meetings
	Rain Water	Those over 12	Watching the Lambda Chis from their windows
	Rubbing Alcohol	Sailors	Sailors



Showme's nosiest editor has been out looking for dirt to satisfy the insatiable thirst for same developed by all loyal readers. The best items had to be consigned to the wastebasket as a trifle too risk-gay for a family publication like Showme. Some of the milder ones are yours for the reading, though, and we hope you like it. If you don't, there's always the Student—unfortunately.

It's really true, no matter how hard the KA's try to forget about it: their housemother, Mrs. Phillips, is one of the big know-it-alls in the W. C. T. U. We are in complete, if amused, sympathy.

We found out what a certain Stephens counselor has that so intrigues the Phi Gams. It's a list, and what a list . . . all the Stephens Suzies complete with ages, weights, and other pertinent facts.

The cautious ATO's must have broken some sort of record . . . they are the only house to our knowledge that has had no pinning this year. What's the matter boys? Do you keep that maltese cross welded to your underwear?

Nancy Meding's biggest problem these days is getting someone to stay with Stevie while she and Bill Reed, Delt, go out and do the town. They can't stay home

with the baby ALL the time.

Why the lost expression on Jeanie Mills' face these days? Couldn't be because Paul Roesler is not around anymore—or could it?

The Sigma Nu's have finally corrected one particularly annoying habit of their housemother. It seems she used to find liquor bottles lying around the house, and, instead of decently confiscating them she'd pour the precious stuff down the drain. Besides ruining their drain pipes, it had a nasty effect on their allowances, because the boys had to go right out and buy some more, which she found, which she poured down the drain, etc. etc.

It doesn't seem to be the same old Dixie without Frank Adams, Kappa Sig, and his wonderful song. Or is it just the lack of beer?

The fire escape at the Hell house will be well worn long before the house burns down. There was the night when two unidentified (we hope) ATO's were clambering about glancing in windows to find a certain person. What does Jerry East, Tri Delt, know about it, and why were they carrying beer?

Licki-Boo-Boo Lemons got hold of Sig Al Darling before he even got his breath.

Look for these three pairs: Dale

Clepenger and Patsy Perry, Dan Nee and Margaret Witchell, and Bob Sullivan and Judy Wheelock.

Social coup of the week: Betty Dominick, Kappa, getting thrown in the Kappa Sig fish pond after putting ice down the back of every likely male all afternoon. Don't you know they'll never love you that way, Dom? It isn't even subtle.

My! One Stephens girl who dates one Sigma Chi must have had more rest than anybody during the Love College's recent spring vacation. This couple seemed to feel they had to go all the way to Edgewood Park, near Chicago, to really get away from it all. What a lost weekend that must have been.

To Frank Crooks, Figi, goes the title of campus Casanova. He has absolutely no competition, his dates insist. With Jo Anne Spiva, Mary Leimert, and Betty Lou Atchison dangling on his string, he is now mapping out a big campaign for the degree known as Meatball.

Speaking of lost weekends, how about the one organized in Jeff City recently by Bob Harris, Bill Shaw, Neal O'Day, Barney Renderer, and others. That one had everything.

Don't let them kid you, the Pi Phi's haven't given up EVERY-

(Continued on Page 18)

After Gertrude Drank a Stein of Beer,  
She Dictated This Story With Apologies  
To No One, No One, No One, No One.

## Aunt Bizerk of Athens

by CHESTER A. PEMBROOK

My spinster Aunt Bizerk had written extending me an invitation to visit the Missouri U. campus, the "Athens of the West," as she put it. As my train crawled into the Columbia station, I re-read one of the letter's more surprising statement—"Males stink male horses stink horse women stink different"—and wondered if it was any criterion of how Aunt Bizerk had fared in the many years since we had seen each other.

When I stepped from the train she gave forth with, Whoop whoop whoop Chester!

Chester she said Chester it is good so good glad it is great you can not deny it is, that. Come now hurry let us go go go you haven't seen Athens she the nut nut nut. And Athens the campus of Athens is Athens is the campus is my home not that the campus is my home my home at all because made on the campus what makes me on the campus made what made now come the Athens campus.

I tried in vain to tell the old Bizerk I didn't know she had taken a turn for the natural.

She said, Come down the shaded walk we'll walk the walk but ignore do ignore Chester she said ignore the superstitions of the walk we walk and do notice pray take heed the two eyed lions they never did Chester never growled long since they lived

some eight hundred years eight hundred years lived without a single growl.

The much we in debt are we all are in debt regard and long the debt comes from the bricks the bricks keep what keeps us all in debt the much we in debt are we

all are. Business and public and public and administration and all in debt. That is Jesse receding with the years yes going receding like Appollo Skine's hair going back receding with the years going going backward.

(Continued on Page 18 )

### Letter to the Editor

by NELLIE BELLE BUTLER

Dear Editor:

Do I see green sparkling in the eyes of the March SHOW-ME? Maybe some M. U. ape didn't have enough points this week. Or perhaps his sorority sister got a little jealous. Then, of course, it may be that his Stephens Suzie got tired of trying to out-maneuver his ulterior motives, and wounded his manly pride.

After counting the numerous convertibles, fraternity pins, and male silhouettes continuously in view on the Stephens campus, it seems to me that the old man from Mizzou must enjoy saying "nuts."

By the way, if the M. U. gorilla had his way, who would be the battered hulk after the date—and aren't the M. U. girls usually?

Eleven o'clock closing hours are a godsend to a Suzie because after three and a half hours of

defensive wrestling she's all worn out anyway!!!

The "maids from money manor" just wonder if the sorority houses on Rollins Avenue and the mink coats at the Coronado came out of the working girls hard-earned salary, or were they just gifts from their "daddies?"

One last word. When the Suzies registered for Stephens there were at least ten girls for every man in Columbia, and that didn't stop her. If she had been in search of "Fate," she would have looked for an Irishman from Notre Dames, a Michigan wolverine, a trojan from California, or a Texas Aggie, and certainly not an M. U. sot in a faded sweater!!!

Frances Hagaman  
Rose Williams  
Box 1194  
Stephens College

# The Famous "Brands" For Your Easter Costume

are at

## FREDENDALL'S

### Columbia's Modern Department Store

A Phi Delt is man who takes out a sweater girl and tries to pull the wool over her eyes.

Sigma Nu (looking through telescope): "Gawd!"

Lambda Chi: "G'wan. It ain't that powerful."

Said Diogenes to a veteran: "What were you in the war?"

Said the veteran: "A private."

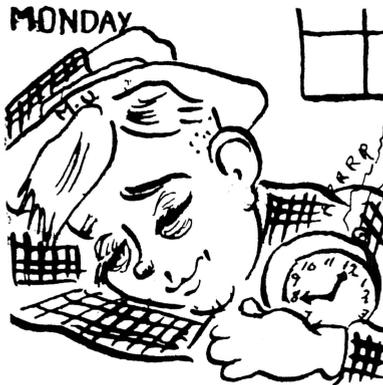
Diogenes blew out his lantern and went home.

Delta Gamma (on telephone): "No. No. No! No. No. No. Yes. No. No! No!"

Her roommate: "What d'va mean by saying yes to that fellow?"

First DG: "I had to. He asked me if I could hear him."

Exercise kill's germs but how do you get the darned things to exercise?



Girls who eat their spinach have legs like this: !!

Girls who ride horseback have legs like this: ( )

Girls who get drunk have legs like this: )(

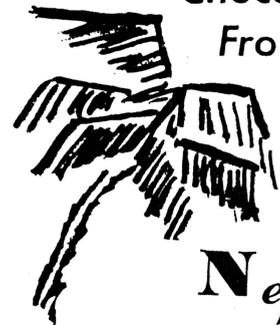
And girls who use good judgment have legs like this: X

I've just been reading statistics here—every time I take a breath, a man dies.

Gad, man, why don't you try Listerine?

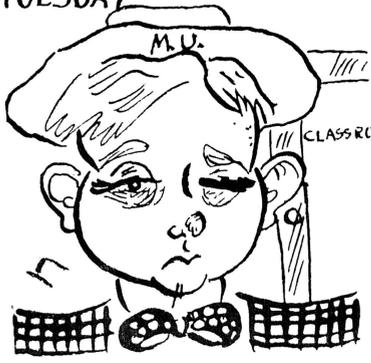
—Sundial.

Take  
Home  
A Box  
of Creamy  
Homemade  
Chocolate  
From--



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Date and Candy Shop

TUESDAY



Doctor: "The best thing for you to do is to give up drinking and smoking, get up early every morning and go to bed early every night."

A.T.O.: "I don't deserve the best, Doc. What's second best?"

She: "Oh yes, I married a man in the village fire department."  
 He: "A volunteer?"  
 She: "No. Paw made him."

D. G.: "I hardly know what to do with my week end."  
 Pi K.A.: "Why not put a hat over it?"

First Son: Father, I did something awful last night and I need ten thousand dollars or she'll sue.

Father: It's a lot of money, but anything to save the family honor. (Writes out check).

Second Son: Father, I'm in an awful jam with a girl and I must have ten thousand dollars to keep it quiet.

Father: Good Lord, you boys are taking my last cent, but it's better than having our good name dragged in the mud. (Another check).

Daughter: Father, I did something awful last night—  
 Father: At last, we collect!

—Froth.

## Fraternity and Sorority Badges

### Crested Jewelry of all kinds

made at

## Buchroeder's

jewelers  
for  
three generations

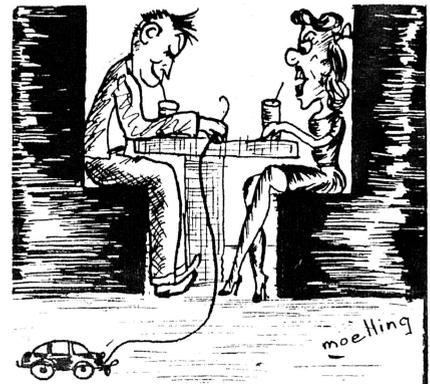
## ORDER EASTER FLOWERS AT ONCE!

Flowers by wire  
everywhere—

**Florists Telegraph  
Delivery Association**

Every bouquet  
a masterpiece

**Superior Quality—  
Dependable Service**



"I'd like you, Harry, even if you didn't have a car."

"Why do radio announcers have small hands?"

"Wee paws for station identification."

K. A.: "Have you ever been pinched for going too fast?"

Phi Psi: "No, but I've been slapped."

St. Peter: "How did you get here?"

New arrival: "Flu."

First Chi O: Joe has a glass eye.

Roommate: Did he tell you about it?

First Chi O: No, it just came out in the conversation.

—Exchange.

"Smile that way again."  
 She blushed and dimpled sweetly.  
 "Just as I thought—you look like a chipmunk."

—Columbus.

Beto: Aren't you getting tired of this bachelor life all the time, Bill?

Phi Delt: Certainly not. What was good enough for my father is good enough for me.

—Urchin.

# SHOWME SHOW

(Continued from Page 14 )

Thinking that is having a great deal indeed deal to do with something, and pickled pig-feet is my prefer.

Fraternities sororities WRH east and west of H and never the two shall meet go east go west fraternities sororities and WRH and east and west of H. The zetas the betas the thetas the betas the thetas and the difference Chester the difference is a beta is a beta is a beta not a theta. Nor even a zeta but a beta beta beta: Men stink men horses stink horse women stink different and the betas.

"And the columns Chester. One and all is six. Six is one and all. All and one is six. Jesse receding and one and all is six and it is Athens it is Athens of the West."

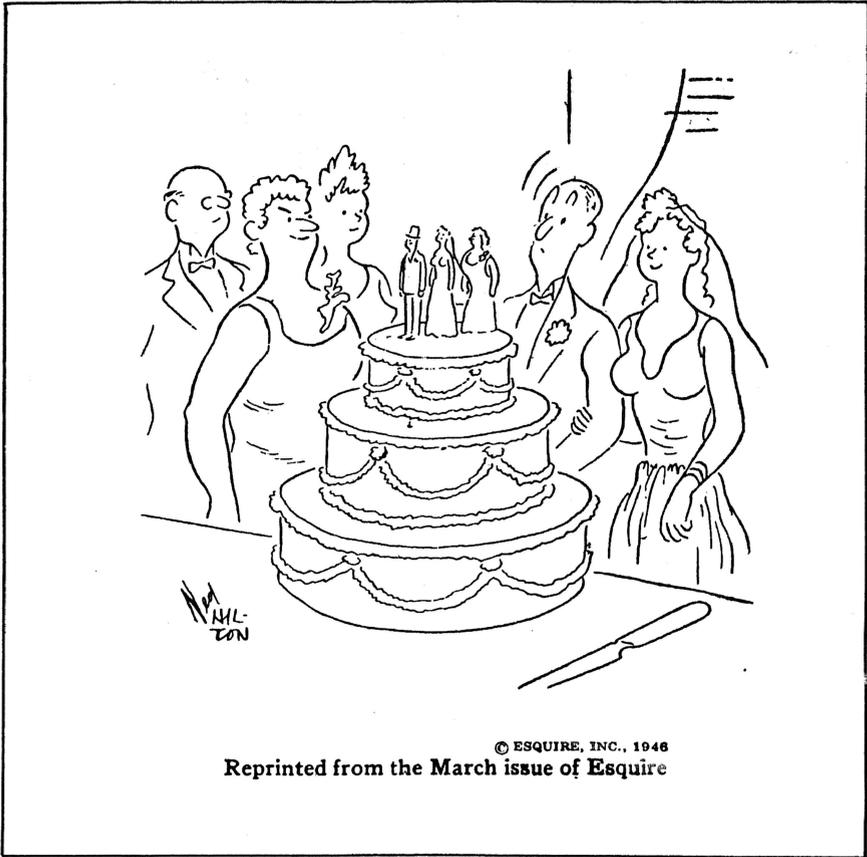
## WEDNESDAY



"... and make me a good girl ... but not so good that he won't ask me to the 'J' Show!"

Original Creations  
Custom  
Styled Clothing

john & john  
better halves



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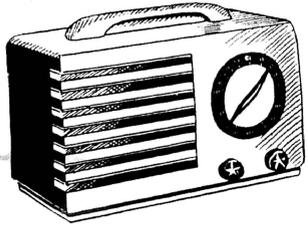
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THURSDAY



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ALSO FEATURING

- Sun Lamps—Study Lamps
- Radio and Recording Combinations
- Other Student Appliances

## AROUND THE COLUMNS

(Continued from Page 2 )

Manager Vernon Vlakemore won't tell. He won't even talk about it. So this reporter tried to find out.

Armed with pencil, paper, a front booth and an inquiring mind we kept count for one hour Saturday afternoon. The score? It was 297 beers, one every 12 seconds, or 2673 beers at the end of a nine hour day. But we won't vouch for the daily average; the Shack seats 188 people and it wasn't playing to a full house when the count came off.

By way of interesting statistics, the paying public put away 13 orange drinks and 19 assorted sandwiches while consuming the aforementioned 297 beers. Possibly there's material there for a thesis on education, Young America, and where we are all drifting.

In the realm of ancient and contemporary history we might point out that the Shack started as a railroad car, and from 1920 to 1932 the pass-word was "chop suey" instead of "draw two." The present management took over August 26, 1935, or approximately 3830 days ago. At 2673 beers a day that would be—well, a hull-uva headache, anyway.

### Confusion Reigned Supreme

Thomas Sherlock, freshman, felt the call of spring one recent evening, and took Betty Neel to a movie. Tom was feeling playful, according to our informant, and as he took Betty home, he swung her over his shoulder and carried her up the front steps of her rooming house.

Betty entered into the spirit of the thing, and contributed a piercing scream to the game.

*Spring  
is in style*



**Suits—  
Coats—  
Exciting  
Spring Styles  
Blue Shop  
1103 East Broadway**

**Meet me  
at  
Ernie's**

**for a special  
208 South Ninth**

*Good Entertainment*

for you  
at the

**UPTOWN THEATER**

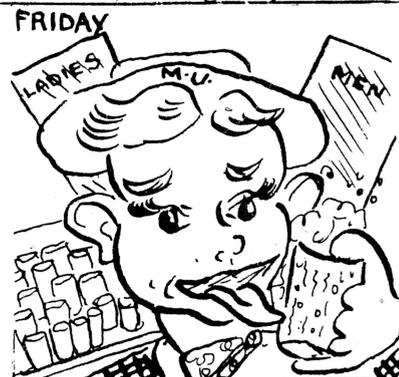
**1008 Broadway**

An alert next door neighbor bounded to the assistance of this damsel who was most obviously in distress. The would-be rescuer, however, rushed to her aid as soon as he heard the scream, and at the time he was clad only in abbreviated underwear.

When the excitement was over, the embarrassed hero apologized to a lady who had also been attracted by the outcry.

"Oh!" was his classic statement. "I'm sorry I came over so exposed."

"Oh!" was her classic reply. Then the flustered woman made the statement of the year when she added, "I'm glad you did."



## And Then There Were Six

(Continued from Page 11 )

No one ever saw the photographer again. The next morning he was gone. The seventh column was gone. Nothing remained of Sacrelarius the astute except a rough stone stump.

Rumors and odd bits of information began to come in after a few days of mystery, but no one is really sure just what did happen that stormy night. The little old watchman made his rounds that night, but reported nothing unusual. A few lovers said they heard sounds of steel on stone, but they thought it was the workers digging a tunnel under Ninth Street. All anyone knows is that the next morning both the photographer and the seventh column were gone.

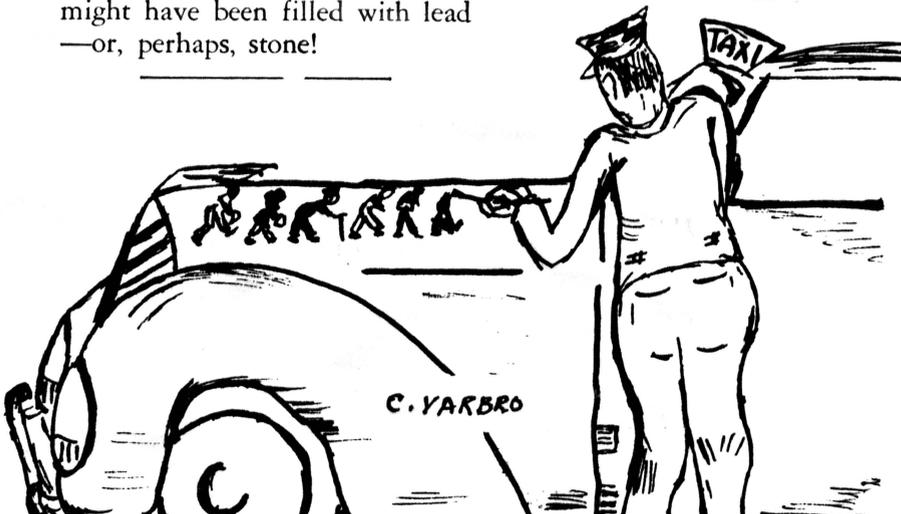
I know what probably happened, but even that is based on a supposition, which very easily could be false. Be that as it may, however, a one-legged hot dog vendor at the Wabash station that night reported seeing a little man who might have been the photographer struggle aboard the late train for Centralia. Under one arm this little man carried what could have been a camera case. Under the other he held a treeee-MEND-ous suitcase. It was heavy, the vendor said, as though it might have been filled with lead—or, perhaps, stone!



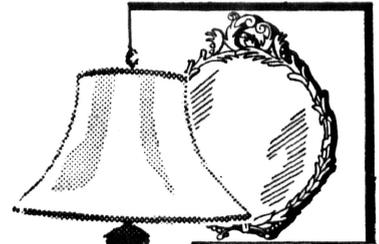
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SATURDAY NITE



## For Mother's Gift



a lasting remembrance

chairs — lamps  
mirrors  
rugs

**McLaughlin Bros.**  
16 N. Tenth

## Who's Got the Peking Man?

(Continued from Page 3 )

Man had vanished as completely as the Nippon navy. Peking Prue denied knowing his whereabouts, stating that she had not seen him since the night she, proved to him she had casts of her bones in more museums than he did.

"Very touchy about it, he was," she told reporters. "Very jealous of his reputation. Forever writing treatises on himself and sending them to archeological societies. He left here in a Huff, a turn-of-the-century runabout he used. I haven't seen him since."

The Marines had everything but Tom well in hand. They joined the search, feeling there was some novelty in a man nearly 3,000 years old. Their searches were, in my opinion, misdirected, and I would like to shed light on what may prove to be the true course of the Peking Man.

Prior to his induction, when he felt he might be declared 4-F by his draft board, the ancient fossil donned a suit of U. S. Army fatigues and enrolled in the Journalism School of a Certain Midwest University. CMU promised escape to the Peking Man. Escape from reality, escape from everyday life, escape from the Madding crowd, a group of rowdies led by one Lester Madding.

"Figures-vous, mon vieux," I imagine him lisping to himself, "CMU offers a new Life, this week's perchance. Now I shall be able to grow old gracefully. I bite my thumb at the Known World. At the New York World, too. I shall lose many weekends. At last I shall be free!"

He gathered up a copy of "Forever Abner" and plunged into the gloomy depths of the library stacks. That, to my knowledge,

is the last that was heard of him. And if the curator of the Peking Archeological Institute comes snooping around looking for his AWOL fossil, I shall not help him.

As the sage of San Francisco, Chin Chin Charlie, so aptly phrased it, "A Peke in the poke is worth a poke in the beak." The true wisdom of the East.



## DRESSES and SUITS

Here are fashions  
designed for the  
Easter parade, and  
summer too.

A good collection  
of style, colors, and  
materials.

McAllister's Dress Shop

## Aunt Bizerk of Athens 1

(Continued from Page 15 )

THING. At least, that's all we can conclude after a recent episode in the Ben Bolt Hotel involving one Kappa Sig. Wonder what was wrong? Hadn't she ever seen anyone pass out before?

Could we be heading for another steady couple with Bob Saunders and Johnny Johnson hitting it off so well lately?

George Lewis, SAE, is knocking himself out over Betty Windsor, Kappa, but she evidently can't see it for love or money. Why is it he just can't get started?

Bill Fisher of the Phi Sighs is just waiting for Theta Marge Dearing to make up her mind, now that he has gone to all the trouble to get his pin back from his Chi O at North Carolina, a former Suzy. Marge had better decide . . . Bill isn't a patient man. Prediction: no startling developments here in the near future.

## See ya— at the

## Ever Eat Cafe

### Hamburgers

### Sandwiches

### Chili



# Straw Hat

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for fun and  
love-in-the-sun...

Cologne **1.75-3.-5.\***  
Bath Powder **1.50\***  
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## Harzfeld's

Our personal nomination of the month: a medal or something equally useless to the organizers of the Sunday Evening Cycling Club, Pi Phi's Eugenia Armistead and Nancy McKee and their perpetual dates. Jack Van Dyne and Art McQuiddy, Betas. They're the only ones we know with that much energy left on Sunday night.

Mr. Bundschu, father of Bundschu the Phi Delt, was taken aback recently when he popped in one weekend unexpectedly and saw his offspring sitting on the front steps waving a bottle. The lad's eyes were so filmed over that he didn't even recognize Dad. Parents can be so thoughtless.

It's beginning to look just a tiny bit suspicious. Why is it that every time Phi Delt Tom Edwards takes out the Kappa of his choice, Betty Rhodes, they have a flat tire. Four in a row is too much to be even slightly plausible.

Bill Greener, Zebe, is in the enviable position of dating half the Theta house and making them like it. But wasn't it a little confusing the weekend he went out with Mary Anne Larrick, Marion Rudder, Pat Patterson, and Nan Chapman, all sisters of the kite?

Jayne Clark, KKG, and Wonic Cook, Phi Delt, couldn't decide, we are told, whether they wanted hamburgers or cheeseburgers, so they decided to go steady. We don't quite seem to get it, but the Phi Delt's go into gales of laughter over it.

Wonder if Patsy Blaker, Pi Phi, will ever take Jack Sentner's pin? Or if the Sue Grigsby-Jerry McCue affair is ever going to end?

It was confusing to some when Charlene McPheeters started the rumor that she was engaged to Bill Petterson, owner of the jewel-covered ATO pin, when she'd been seen every place with Jay

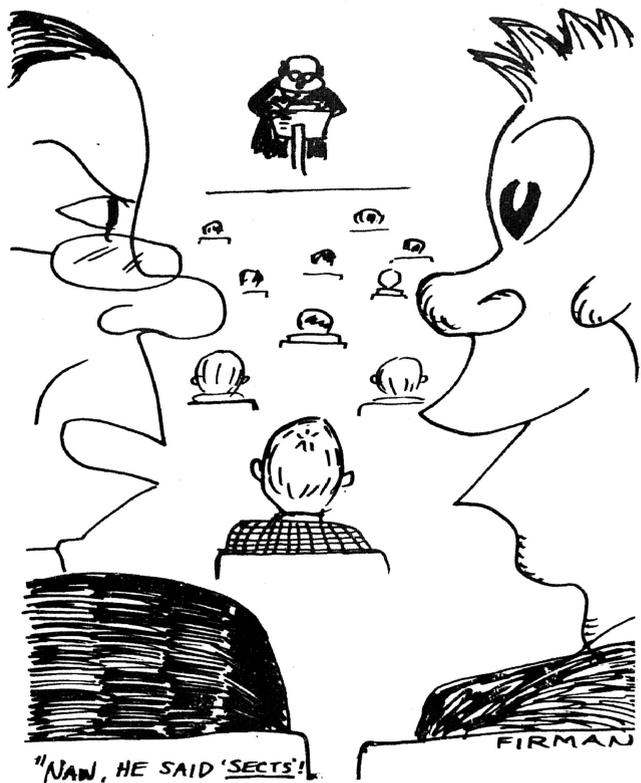
### COLD FUR STORAGE BARNHART LAUNDRY AND DRY CLEANING CO.

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at popular prices.

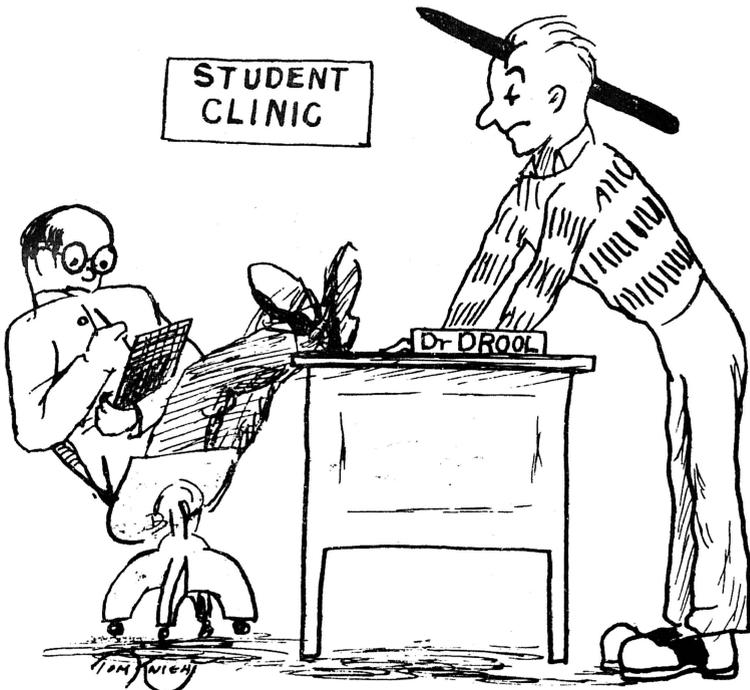
**110½ North Eighth  
Phone 5324**

Swofford, Phi Gam. What ever happened to Jay's spring campaign? Guess it didn't materialize.

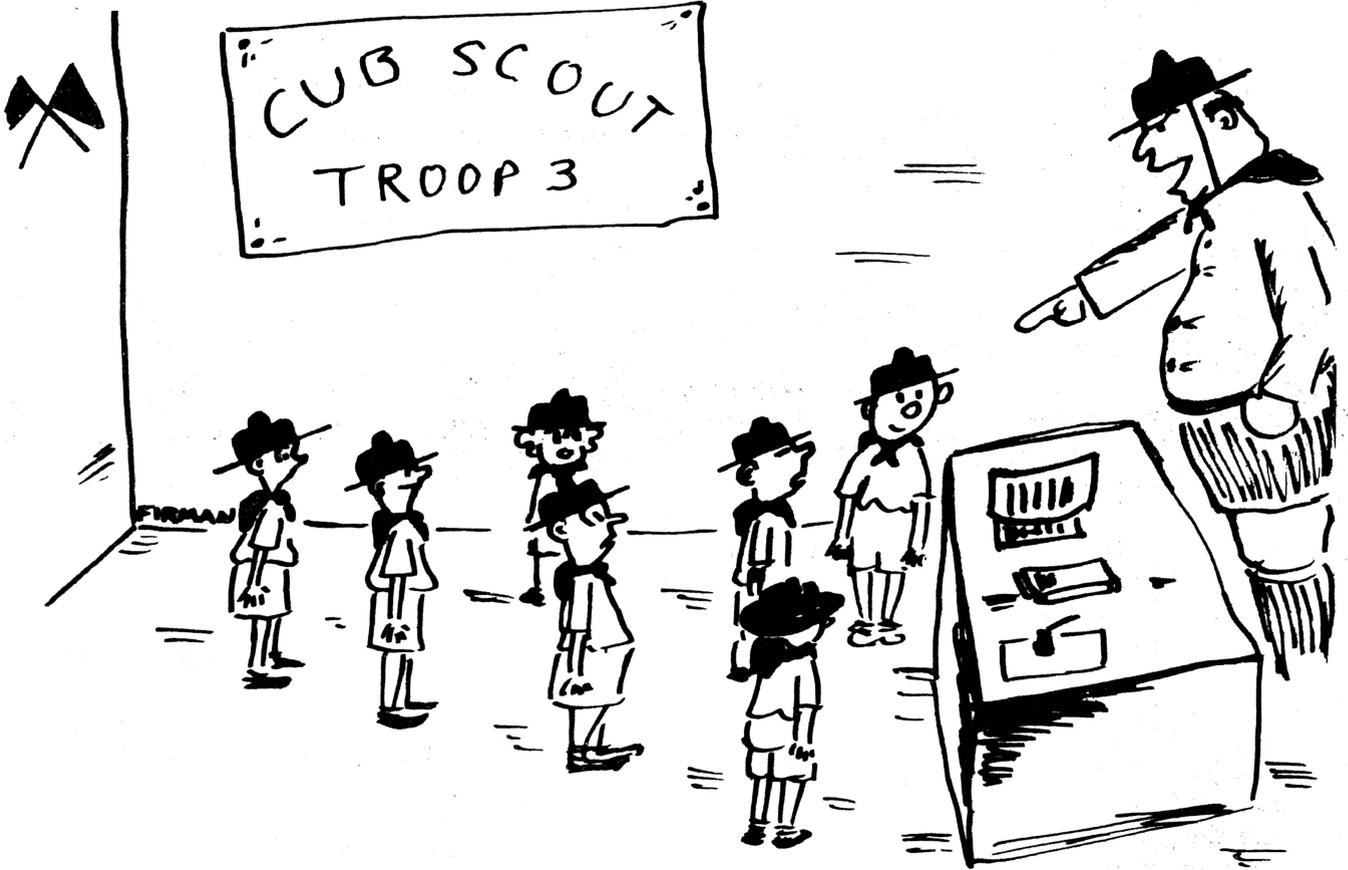
We might nominate the Whitaker-Gilmore-Lear trio as the problem of the month, even if it does seem a little lop-sided these days.



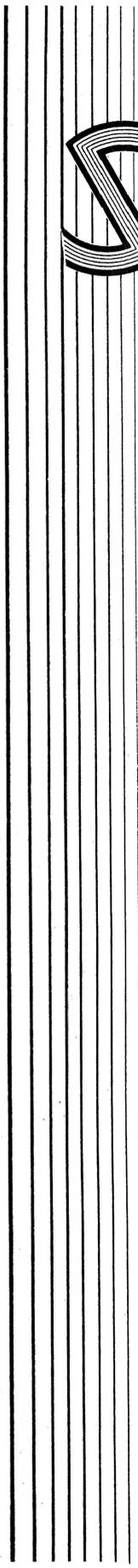
"NAW, HE SAID 'SECTS'!"



"Bothered with recurring headaches, eh?"



"MEN! RE-ENLIST TODAY! GET YOUR OLD RANK BACK!"



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