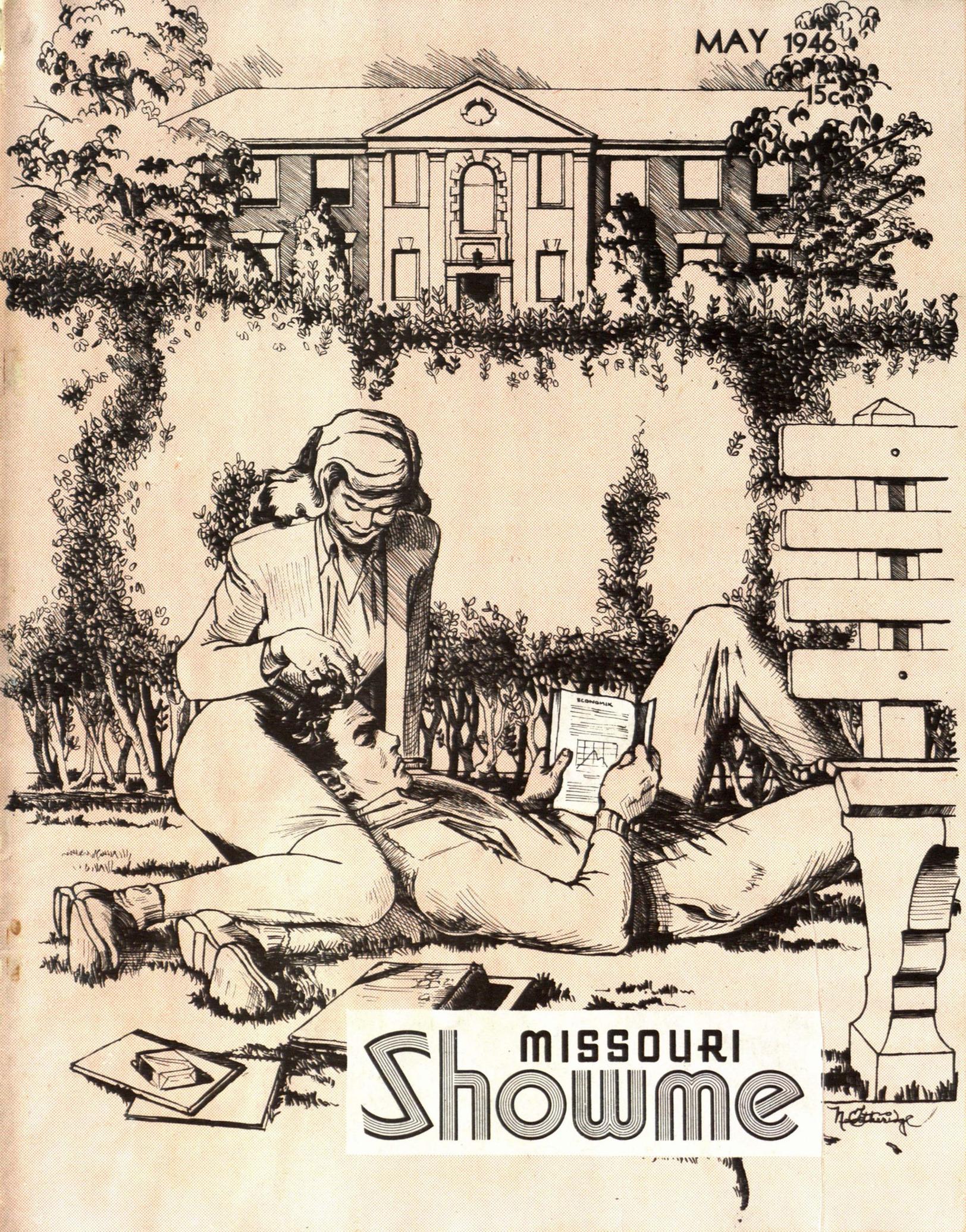


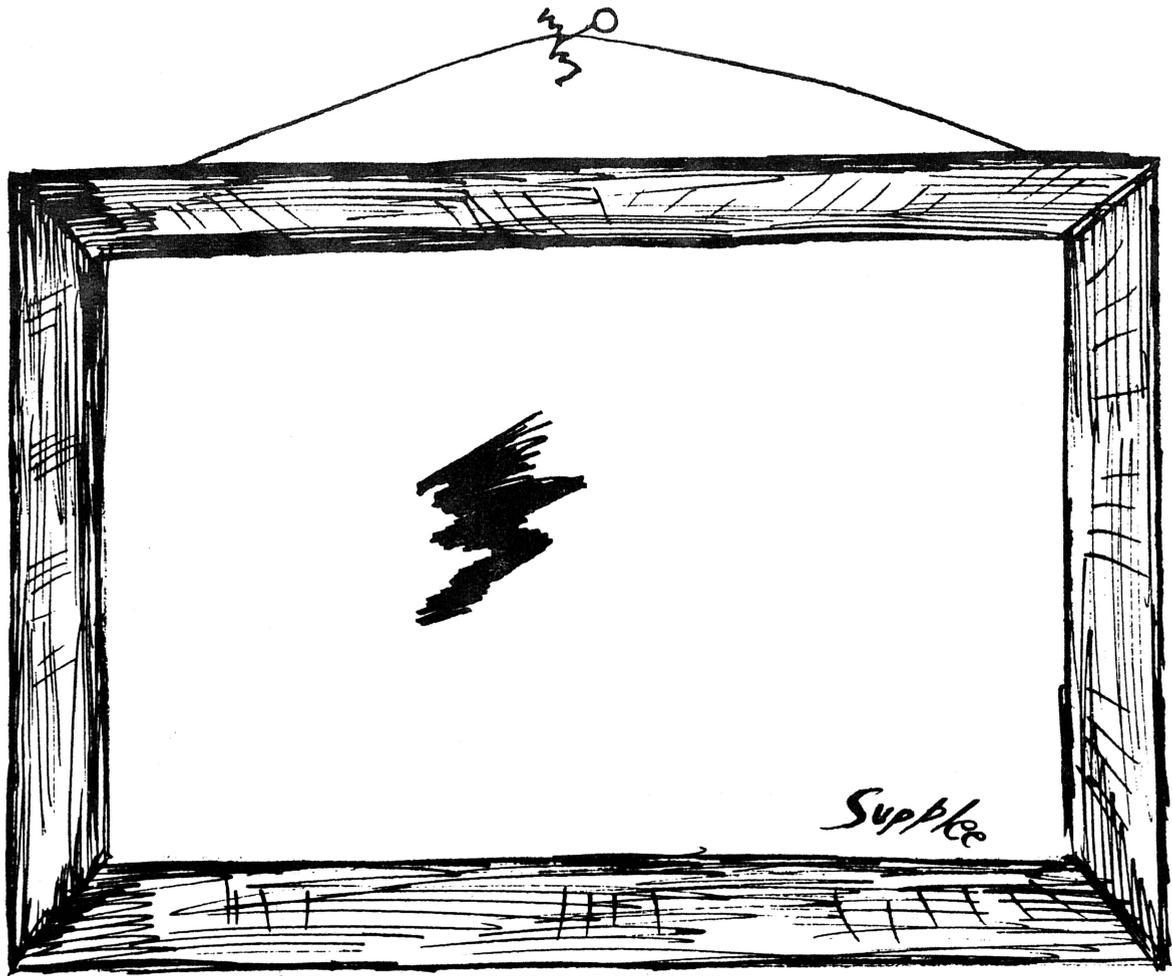
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MISSOURI SHOWME

H. C. ...

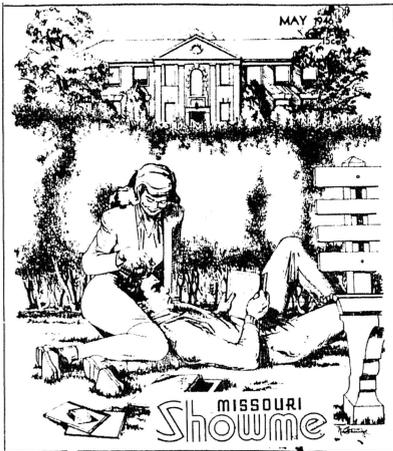


THE BLACK SMEAR

*A composition by Elizabeth Supplee,
Instructor in the School of Journalism,
by appointment to the Crown.*

*Shown in the Louvre and Metropolitan
Museum of Moderne Art.*

Reproduced as the painting of the month.



Our cover this month brings to light a problem which has been causing M. U. men no end of difficulty. To be more specific, the girls on this campus have shown an unhealthy disposition lately toward distracting college boys from their normal scholastic pursuits.

The young man is obviously trying to study that Econ, while the young thing he's using for a pillow tries to get his mind off his work. Isn't that just like those girls?

We understand that S. G. A. has announced petitioning for membership on a committee to investigate such disloyal activity.

The cover was drawn by Ned Etheridge, SAE, a promising young artist around the campus. As we told you some weeks ago, Ned is planning to attend the Chicago Art Institute next fall.

Ned is the lad who drew the cover on our March issue which brought forth so much comment. You remember the one—the B. M. O. C. was striding across the campus.

This, then, is the last issue of this school year, and our last cover fittingly illustrates romance on the campus—a typical and timeless subject.

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP

The Missouri Showme is published monthly during the school year by the Missouri chapter of Sigma Delta Chi, national professional journalism fraternity, as the official humor and literary publication of the University of Missouri. Prices Fifteen cents the single copy. Copyright 1946 by Missouri chapter of Sigma Delta Chi. Permission to reprint given all recognized exchanging college publications. Editorial and Business office, Jay H. Neff Hall, office of publication, Modern Litho Print Co., Jefferson City, Mo. Not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts; postage must be enclosed for return.

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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Member



Est. 1921

IN THIS ISSUE—

Late Date

A story of love, and life, and utter frustration.

Candidly Mizzou

M. U. at its informal best, and that's plenty good.

Freedom for the Missing Link

Girls' schools sometimes contain an odd ball or two.

Academics to Apartments

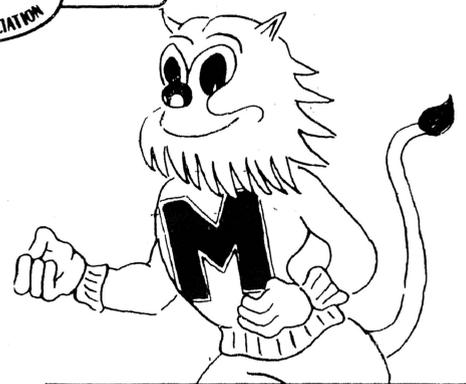
It could even happen to you, and you, and, yes, you.

Fraternity Ratings

At last! Now it can be told—Greektown exposed.

A State, A Magazine, and A Lipstick

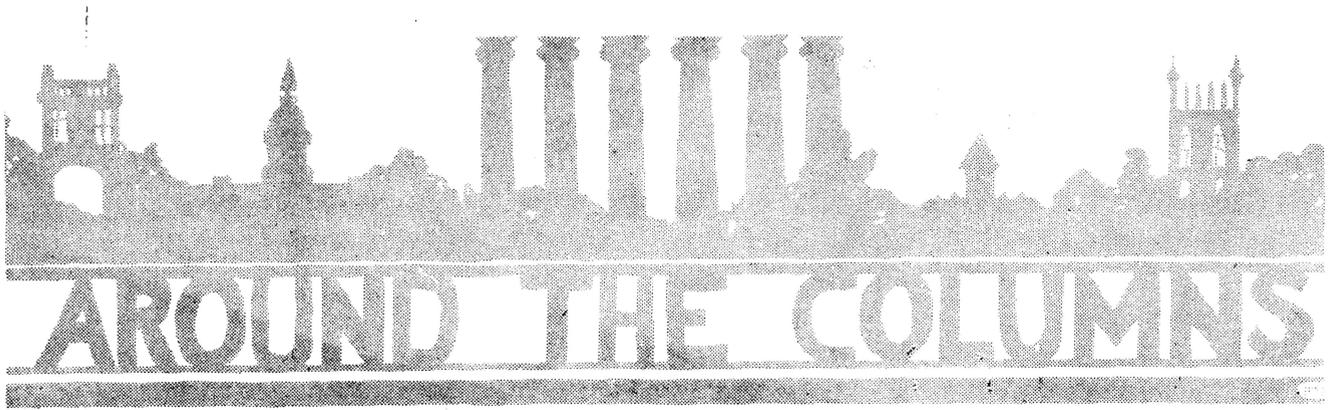
Showme gets around. It will soon be on the lips of everyone.



Little Pirdatah Wyllog, Showme's ever present little mascot, was sitting in the office the other day, while the staff was talking about the prospects for the next year's magazine. Pirdatah W. started to talk, and a tear or two rolled down his cheek as he thought back over the past five months.

We all started talking then about the troubles and successes, laughter and tears, praise and condemnation we had received when we first went into the business of publishing a magazine. It was a lot of fun, but also a lot of work, to start a magazine from scratch, when it had been dead for almost three years.

We learned a lot, and we most fervently hope that next year's staff will profit by our mistakes, and that more of you readers will contribute material. A lack of contributors has been our greatest handicap. We hope you like this last issue of the school year, but, remember, SHOWME will be back, bigger and better than ever, next fall.



TO CUT OR NOT TO CUT . . .

A marked increase in the number of students cutting classes, as well as in the number of classes cut by each student, has been noted lately in records turned in at the various deans' offices.

Our statistical expert tells us that people are cutting classes more within the past month due to the presence of an unsettled economic condition in the nation. He reports that many people can not keep their minds on their studies because of this intangible air of indecision which hangs over the campus.

Our informant gave us this information just before he cut Chemistry I lab, and headed for the Hinkson with blanket, beer, and date.

ANOTHER TRADITION DIES

The Pied Typers' Ball has died a noble death. This time honored event held annually during Journalism Week passed on as the result of wounds suffered at the hands of disapproving faculty members.

Perhaps better men will be in command of things of next year, and the project can be pushed over, under, behind, or perhaps through objecting advisers. At any rate, the Pied Typers' Ball is dead. May it rest in peace.

WE THOUGHT SO

It's just as we suspected. Already the Student has begun to appear erratically. A couple of weeks ago they used the excuse of Easter holidays, but what will it be next time?

With a substantial subsidy from the University, School of Journalism advertising students doing ad work for college credit, and using the Missourian presses for printing, it is difficult to see just what their trouble is. We realize that the staff is anything but talented, and that their first few issues would be enough to discourage even the most stout-hearted. But they owe a debt to the student body. Every publication which serves the students should either do its job efficiently, or fold up.

We must give the old Student credit for that. When they saw what a failure they were, they suspended publication. The new Student seems to be getting the general idea, and we must be prepared to receive another such announcement.

The staff of the little paper did try, we suppose, so we mustn't criticize them too severely. Our earnest hope is that any future newspapers with which any of them is connected, do not find it necessary to fold up so ignominiously.

SYMPATHY

The entire membership of the Women's Pan-Hellenic Association has asked us to publicly express their sympathy to Kappa Alpha Theta sorority, as of next September.

It seems that what was once one of the Thetas' best rushing point, the golf course in their front yard, has now turned into a monster of unattractiveness. It's not that the Thetas aren't in complete sympathy with the veteran—heaven knows they date enough vets—but they're just afraid new students next fall won't quite understand.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

The world is at peace, yet troubles still haunt us. Our grain supplies are scarce as we try to feed starving millions. How do we know this, even though we have not ventured out of the forest of Boone County since last September?

We know it because of a recent visit to the Dixie. You remember the Dixie, the place that used to have beer. Well, the ceilings, walls, and booths are no longer covered with the old familiar labels. Instead, we counted in a typical booth one Budweiser label, two Hyde Parks, four Nectars, seven Commanders, and nineteen Pepsi-Colas.

Sorority Girls Please Note
This Habit Means You, Too,
May Meet Our Heroine's Fate.

L Late Date

by CHESTER A. PEMBROOK



"Hello," Dick said as he came into the living room.

"Hello," Ann replied. "You're early. Why?"

"Yes, I am a little early. I was dressed and just came on over. You mind?" he asked.

"Five minute early," she said, glancing at a tiny watch.

"You ready?" he asked, smiling.

"Not quite," she replied.

"How long?" he inquired.

"Oh, several minutes. Sit down and be comfortable. It'll only be a little while," Ann said. She went into her bedroom.

Dick sat down in the big oval chair by the heater and leaned back. The ceiling was high and his mind didn't quite reach it. He lit a cigarette and stared at the

little round flames shooting from the heater's jets. Guess there's nobody around but the two of us, he thought.

The telephone rang and he went to answer.

"Hello. Yes, this is the place. Who? Oh, she doesn't live here, I believe. She does! Well, that's different. But tell me who *she* is, just once more. Oh, well. Just a minute."

He called Ann, and in a few minutes she came out with no makeup, wearing a well filled bathrobe.

"Hello. Yes, Harry, it's me. Oh, no! That was my date. Why, yes. And you know better. No, I was just undressing. NO! To change, Harry. But it is, I tell you. Sure it is."

A long pause ensued while

Harry injected his few cents worth.

"But, Harry, it *is* important," Ann went on. "You know darn well it is. But this is only Monday night. I'm sorry you feel that way about it, Harry. Bye."

She came by and said to Dick, "Such a bother. But thanks."

He nodded in answer lest he swallow a mouthful of smoke. Then he crushed the cigarette in an ash stand leaning crazily off center. Dick could hear Ann rummaging around in the bedroom, could hear her slippered feet patter from one side of the room to the other. Yes, just the two of us here he mused.

The telephone rang when he started to light another cigarette. Obediently he parked the cigarette on the wobbly stand and answered.

"Yes, she's here. You'd like to speak to her? Hold the line a minute."

She came to answer. "Hi, Stan. You bet. How're you? No, just busy. When? Sorry, Stan, but I have a date tonight. When? One o'clock! No, Stan. Not then. How about tomorrow night? Sure, you can make it. See you then, Stan. About eight o'clock. Bye."

Ann winked when she came by him this time and he blew smoke rings to let her know he noticed.

Dick turned the heated up and rearranged himself in the big

(Continued on Page 21)



"YA-A-AH! DISHPAN HANDS!"



BULL SESSION



NEW USE FOR THE TIN HAT



FIRMAN.

HITTING THE BOTTLE



"HIS WASH HAS TATTLE TALE GRAY!"

From Slumme - By - the - Sea
To the Breathless Moment
When the Link Finally Escapes.

Freedom for the Missing Link

by NAOMI SCOTT

My family has been known for years for its culture. The walls of our stately feudal manor, Slumme-By-The-Sea, are papered with degrees and certificates acquired by my ancestors. The Tree of Knowledge, complete with serpent, grows in our back yard.

So it was no mistake when, at the age of 13, I added 2 and 2 and made it come out to 4, that the family met in solemn conclave and decided that I must go to college.

But where? A girls' college, naturally. My mother agreed unanimously on that.

The school picked was a fine institution, in an ancient, ivy-covered midwestern town known as "the Athens of America." (This is because of its large Greek population.) Like all girls' colleges, mine was replete with and iron gate all around. The gate was equipped with an electric current.

"Why?" I asked my room mate, for I was curious. "Is it to kill the wolves?"

"Whaddya mean, killem?" she lilted. "It's ta stunnem, baby; to stunnem."

The college program was dedicated to improving the minds, bodies, and souls of the girls who enrolled. We rose at 6 a.m., took a tingling, refreshing mud bath and tripped gaily up the walk to class. Our Dean, dressed as usual in a mannish suit, Adam hat, and a hand painted tie fol-

lowed us, playfully brandishing her cat-o-nine tails in one hand. She loved "her girls," she told us daily in a tinkling bass voice.

Our first class was Psychology of Sex. My room mate did not like it.

"Why not?" I asked for I was curious.

"All talk, no diagrams. It's full o'—!" She uttered a daring expression.

Once a week was mail call. We

all crowded to the bars of the gate, reaching out as far as we could to catch the letters which the mail man threw us. Occasionally a girl got her head caught between the bars. Then we all leaped to the rescue. It was such fun. We seized her by the feet and tugged as hard as we could, and all the while she screamed playfully; "Stop—you're killing me." Sometimes we would pull the girl's head off and watch the dismembered member pick up speed as it rolled down

(Continued on Page 20)





The juke box at Read Hall seems to hold some overpowering fascination for three Stephens Suzies and an equal number of M. U. men, namely Jim Hawkins, Kayo Foley, Gail Parker, John Lienbard, Betty Hamman, and Dick Drummond.

Candidly Mizzou



Mixing pleasure with business on the library steps are Don Fowler, Sigma Nu, and Robin Robinson, Delta Gamma, in front, and Monroe Brickner, Sigma Nu, Faye Clover, DG, and Maurice Bowman, Sigma Nu.



Oblivious of the bad luck sure to come as a result of the salt spilled on the table are Jane Klindworth, WRH, and Wally Oelklaus, Defoe Hall.



Louise Crutcher, Showme's queen, sees something mighty interesting while dancing with John Kiser.



Millie Adams and Sal Zullo lean against the ticket window of the Missouri Theater while waiting for the rain to stop.

A True Son of Old Mizzou

The Story of the Rise and Fall of Collegiate Youth on The Campus—And Ain't it Fun?

Having come from a family that had very definite ideas about the consumption of alcoholic beverages, I came to this fair city of Columbia with never a taste of the "nectar of the gods." Nay, I would not become one of those wayward creatures who dashed across the campus without lingering to gaze at those fair columns and that vast expanse of lovely scenery, just to arrive in time for the opening of the doors at the Shack. Yes, there were so many beautiful things in life that I found no time for dulling of the brain.

"My God!" my roommate spit out one night. "When in the name of hot Hell are you going to cease being a professor's pride and joy, and start being a true son of old Mizzou?"

Now you know how persistent a roommate can be, and before I knew it I was on my way to the Dixie. We made our way into the back room, and found a booth. The air was heavy with smoke and foul with profanity. I tried to make myself feel at ease, but the strain on my social standards was getting the best of me.

Two bottles were placed in front of us, and Johnny tilted his glass and poured the amber contents into it. I tried to mimic him as nearly as possible, but the white foam came pushing forth and overran my glass. In order that I might keep it from spilling on my new sweater I gulped down several mouthfuls in succession.

I sat in silence for a minute or so and spoke thoughtfully to

Johnny. "I don't understand. This is no beverage for which one should have fear. I can't feel a thing!"

Johnny smiled and raised his glass with, "Down the hatch!"

In what seemed like the space of three or four hours, I opened my eyes and the sight that confronted me was, if I had not seen it myself, unbelievable.

Three rows of V-neck beer bottles came marching toward me with heavy key chains swinging to the floor of bottle caps on which they marched. From the tops of the bottles emerged the face of my roommate, and each one was chanting, "Down the hatch, down the hatch." Somewhere in the darkness I heard a giggle, and the bottles faded away into a pit of darkness.

I awoke the next morning to find the sun shining brightly in my window. I looked at my watch, took a second look, and sprang out of bed. My heavy head overbalanced me, and I sat down quickly. A quarter of twelve! Oh, no! This couldn't happen to me! But it had. I had cut a class—several classes, in fact.

My roommate came in chattering about the night before. "You turned out to be quite a party-party guy. More power to you—you look like you need it. By the way, how'd you like that blonde you ran into last night?" His sentences all ran together in my befuddled mind.

"She giggled," I murmured.

"Don't they all on a few beers," he said. "That's not the point though. The point is that sometime between that first beer and the time I poured you into a cab, you made a date with her for tonight. It just so happens that I've got one tonight, too. Let's go together."

The full impact of what he had said hit me full in the face. I had a date! With a girl! Tonight! I gave up in despair. Life was a trap, and I was caught.

"Very well," I managed to say, trying not to sound too disturbed. "Uh, you don't happen to remember what time I made this engagement for, do you, Johnny? I'll have to order flowers in plenty of time."

"Flowers????!!!" he screamed. "My God, man, have you lost your marbles? Flowers and jeans don't go very well together."

"Jean who?" I asked politely.

"Never mind, sonny, I'm not sure you'd understand."

Seven o'clock found me dressing carefully in my best suit. The job was almost done when my roommate sauntered in, gasped, and screamed, "Jesus Keerist! Whose funeral are you attending?"

He stood, completely dressed for his date, in overalls, loud plaid shirt over a sweater, brown suede loafers, and heavy white socks. Over his shoulder hung two blankets.

In slightless time than it takes

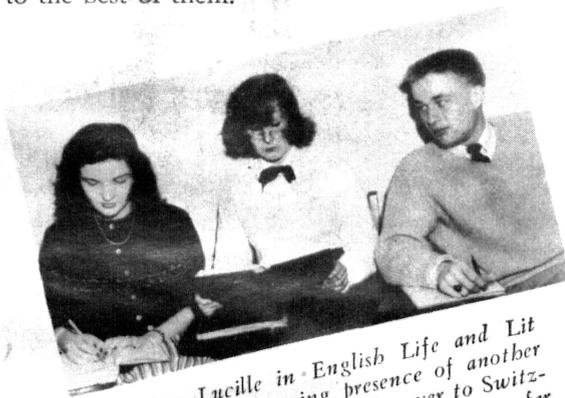
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Academics to Apartments

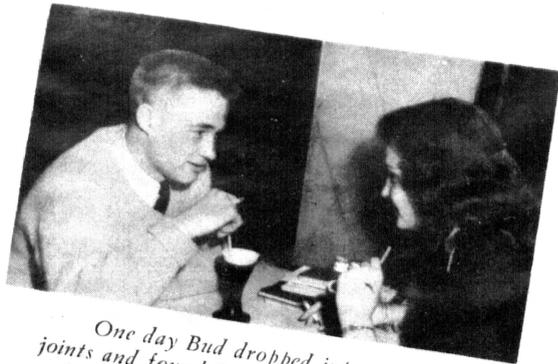
Pictures of Lucille Ramsey and Bud Bloess by Barbara Dittbrenner

Showme has a snooping photographer who is no respecter of the sacred and ancient custom of romance, so our loveless editors sent her out to find out just what this cupid business is all about. She managed to follow a typical couple about for several weeks and you see what a mess it got us here into. It's just like Uncle Jake used to say, "Marriage is bad business."

Be that as it may, Showme presents romance on the campus—or, it happens to the best of them.



Bud admires Lucille in English Life and Lit class in spite of the intervening presence of another girl (it is a girl isn't it?) He walks over to Switzer Hall with her every day, but that's about as far as he gets at first.



One day Bud dropped into one of the local jelly joints and found Lucille sitting alone. He sat down, and they talked about this and that until the first thing he knew he had asked for a date—a real, honest-to-goodness date.



By the third date, they had gotten to this stage. They both go around with that "isn't-life-wonderful" look, and their eyes have that expression sometimes referred to by the cynics as belonging to a sick calf.



After enough weeks had passed Bud and Lucille were pinned with all that goes with it—kisses, cigars, flowers, etc.



Oh! Oh! It looks like poor Bud has made that final, fatal step. He has been led, pulled, or pushed down that middle aisle, and so ends another man's happy, gay, carefree youth with unconditional surrender.



SHOWME's prowling reporter unearthed no scandal to speak of this month—especially compared to the April report, which had to be largely defilthified before being sent off to the printer. Maybe people are just getting to be more discreet, but spring formals and good, clean fun seem to be the fashion nowadays. But then that's what we all like about Missouri, isn't it? Well, anyway. . . .

Where was all the champagne the Zebes predicted would "flow like water" the night of their spring fling? Supposedly they were going to fix the plumbing so it would come right out of the faucets . . . maybe they forgot to pay their water bill. But there was enough Imperial floating around to pacify the thirsty Tri Deltas and Thetas, who turned out practically en masse.

One recent pinning in the Pi Phi house surprised everyone but Betty Barnett, who put it out. It was Bob Harris' but he was hardly expecting to see it out in public so soon, if ever.

Outstanding at the Beta Dance was the low cut evening dress precariously worn by Shirley Vardaman. She was a sensation until later in the evening when Sally Pigeon, Theta, lost her skirt. No one seems to know quite how that happened, least of all Sally, to hear her talk.

A little groove is being worn on the floor of Noyes Hospital along the hall leading to Gus Voss' room. Gus was having a bad time with virus pneumonia for a while, but recent reports show his morale improved and a sudden surge toward recovery. He's certainly not lonely anymore.

Everybody thought Peggy Leake was just a "home girl" at heart—had to go see her parents every weekend—until they discovered her "other interest" from Washington U. which leaves Phi Delt Russ Beebe kinda out in the cold.

The legendary absent-minded prof has a real-life counterpart here at Mizzou in Mr. Sharp, who went to the Jay Show on Thursday and laughed heartily all the way through, completely oblivious that his reservations were for Wednesday night. As a result SHOWME's editor and advertising director spent an exciting evening behind one of the many pillars in ye olde auditorium.

Kappas Gwenn Smith and Annie Trevalyn will be ready soon to give lessons in The Art of Honeymoon bridge . . . open for appointments before 8 p.m. any night for the next six months. They didn't even used to know how to play, but they say constant practice is making them pretty proficient.

Is George Lewis, Sig Alf, the reason Deegee Pat Exler's interest in Earl Tobler, Kappa Sig, is cooling off?

Explain this one: Bill Shaw's shoes were found one morning in Weezie Black's bed, up on the third floor of the Theta House, with the following note: "You said you wanted my shoes to sleep with, darling . . . is there anything else?"

Some changes are evidently being made in the routine of the romance between Massey Watson, Phi Delt, and Alberta Barnstorff. Massey was seen around lately with an unidentified third party . . . wonder if this works both ways.

Beta Jim Jones has his pin back again from Ruth Haverfield, Gamma Phi in St. Louis, who "grabbed it off him" a few weeks ago. He forgot to ask for it that night, he says, and after that it was a hard go to get it back.

Lucille Ramsey, ADPi, and Bud Bloess, Beta, whose romance, past, present, and future, can be seen elsewhere in this issue, are getting to be quite the Thing.

Another steady couple ever since Jay Show practices began are Harry Voelker, KA, and Chi O Marion Crites. You heard them in that smooth quintet just before the show's finale.

Guess the old Pied Typers are definitely a thing of the past, at

Raison d'Eter

by WARREN G. WHEELER, Jr.

Perhaps in a publication designed for mirth and merriment we are out of place to consider the attributes of our University as far as educational advancement is concerned. And yet when one has discovered the Pot of Gold that educators dream about and have fumblingly sought for since before the days of Plato and his original quiz program . . . well, we just couldn't keep the secret to ourselves. Like June we were bustin' out all over with the joy of our academic discovery.

That the Great Answer was born of virgin simplicity was even

more remarkable to us. The well-exposed senior might have discovered the Key, might even have unlocked the womb of Knowledge, but it is ever doubtful that he could articulate his find. That two immaculate, blue-eyed freshman girls should unsuspectingly bubble forth with the Universe's *raison d'etre* seemed a true expression of the success and progress Missouri had made in aiding the puerile mind to grasp Life's Implications and achieve a richly mature philosophy.

At least that's how we felt when we overheard one innocent-eyed

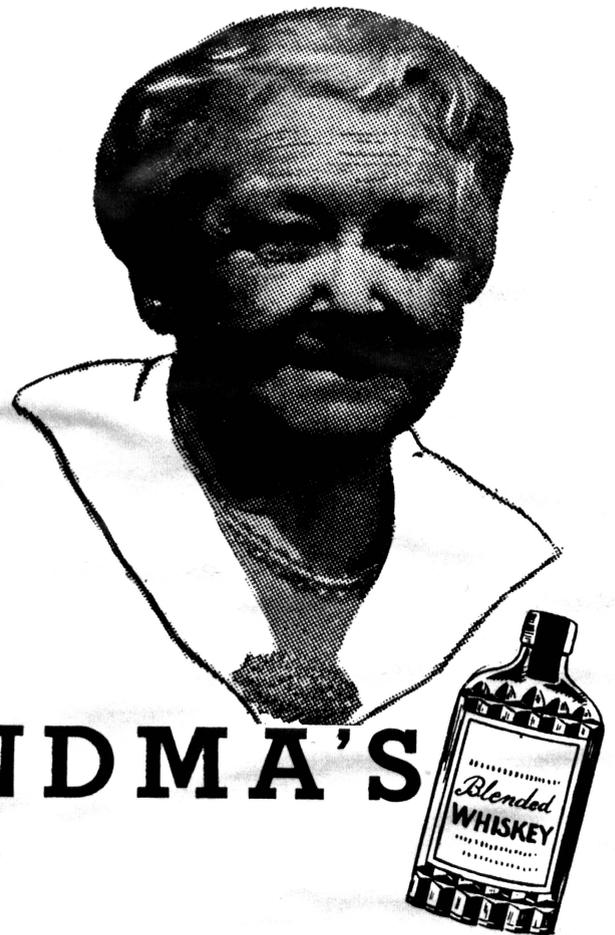
lass turn to Young Thing Number Two as they trudged with Puritan determination towards Jesse . . . all we caught was, "All *they* think of is whiskey and sex."

That was all we needed to hear; we stopped in our tracks and caught our breath. For years we had wondered Why. And there it was . . . just as simple as that. What matter F's; we had learned the Ultimate! In the manner of mild celebration and to steady ourselves we went in search of a beer knowing that one thing always leads to another.

She's Gay--
She's Lovely--
She's Engaged--

SHE USES

OLE GRANDMA'S
four feathered Whiskey





Charles Ridgway



Dorothy Oldham



Jean Marshall



Sid Siegfried

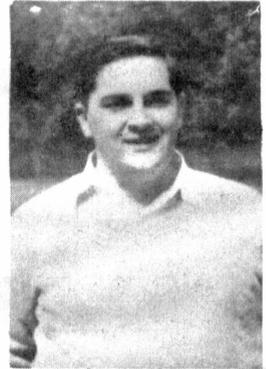
Questionerror

by **BARNEY SENTNER**

Photography by Jane Carr



Fonda Agee



Tom Baer



Jane Goetzman



Harvey Lecy

QUESTIONS . . .

1. Do you sleep more in your morning or afternoon classes?
2. What do you think of Stephens girls?
3. What's your cure for a hangover?

Charles Ridgway

1. Morning—J School to Jesse back to J. School to Jesse back to J School is tiring as hell.
2. At the moment I'm going steady with one.
3. A good stiff session in E. K.'s Ad. Prin Class.

Dorothy Oldham, AChiO

1. Afternoon—the working day should end after lunch.
2. Are they worth thinking about?
3. Glass of orange juice, a table spoon of soda, and a raw egg. Ugh!

Jean Marshall, Tri Delt

1. Morning—Who can stay awake in H & P?
2. Phooey!
3. Skip all morning classes.

Sid Siegfried, Phi Sig

1. Morning—to rest up for afternoon expectations.
2. They suit the purpose.
3. A quick run to a free seat.

Fonda Agee, Alpha Phi

1. Morning—Labor Problems are at 8 o'clock.
2. Do I have to think about 'em?
3. Ask a Phi Sig.

Tom Baer, Lamda Chi

1. Morning—don't have any afternoon ones.
2. Truthfully, I don't dare think about 'em.
3. Have some Alpha Phi massage my head tenderly.

Jane Goetzman, ADPi

1. Morning—the fourth floor of Jesse is a long walk.
2. They're fine—on Stephen's Campus.
3. Arsenic is always one way out.

Harvey Lecy, SAM

1. Afternoon—there's a blond that keeps me awake in the morning.
2. There's a time, place and purpose for everything.
3. Continue where I left off!

Showme's Directory

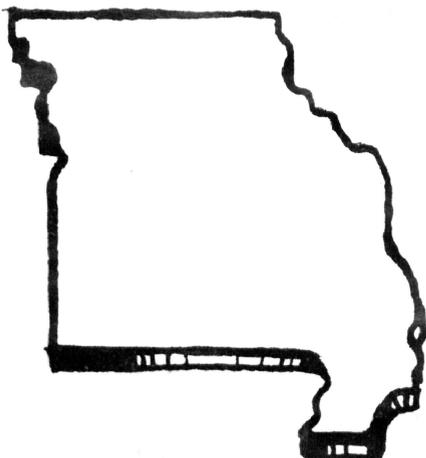
	WHERE YOU FIND 'EM	WHO THEY DATE	WHAT THEY DRINK
Alpha Gamma Rho	Mating Chickens	Any Girl that knows where the Cow Barns Are	Milk of Magnesia
Alpha Tau Omega	In the Gamma Phi lawn chairs	Thetas and Gamma Phi	It's just gotta have a little color
Beta Theta Pi	Just Flyin' around	Well—	Lydia Pinkhams
Delta Upsilon	On their front porch	Anything	Anything
Delta Tau Delta	Rothwell Gym Shower Room	Phys Ed Majors	French 75s
Farmhouse	Under Cows	Milk maids	Rain Barrel Drippings
Kappa Alpha	Anybody's front porch	Girls that know dirty jokes	Lousy Corn
Kappa Sigma	In their orchard	They'll REALLY try everyone (ask Face)	Whats Given them (especially Springmeier)
Lambda Chi Alpha	Ever Eat	They tried but didn't quite make it	Griesedick, Hyde Park, Alphen Brau, Muhlebach,
Phi Sigma Delta	Trying to outstare the D. U.s	What ZBTs leave behind	Sun Tan Oil
Phi Delta Theta	Horizontal	Horizontal	Jail house gin and do they do it horizontally
Phi Psi	Brewin up	Not particular	Enns
Phi Gamma Delta	Modern Grill	Bar maids	Distilled Water
Pi Kappa Alpha	In Church	Do they?	Milk
Sigma Alpha Epsilon	Green Tree to Dixie —over	They date "natch" girls	Everything—including wood chips
Sigma Chi	Underground	The careless	Lemonade spiked with Sportsman
Sigma Nu	In the Huddle	Guys who like to fly kites	Shower Water
Sigma Alpha Mu	Anywhere there's an extra bed	A E Phis	Anything that's free
Zeta Beta Tau	Wherever there's a woman	They don't—just try hard	Purple Passion

of Fraternities

WHAT THEY WEAR	KIND OF GIRL THEY WANT	WHY THEY CAME TO M U
Anything dirty	Any gal who knows where the University Cow Barns are	To learn politics
Grass Stains	Any-just so she doesn't take that pin	To nurse hangovers (especially Pattersons)
They wear pants! (how odd!!)	Who said they want girls??	To study—without a doubt
Anything	Anything	To whistle and leer
Ears	Phys-ed Major	To have lawn parties
Manure	One that will walk 10 paces behind them	To call hogs
Shoes with built-up heels (except Heinsohn)	More like Hohschneider	To spend their ole man's dough
Goodrich, Goodyear, Firestone, General	Those that are worthy of them (heh)	To christen fish ponds with beer
T-Shirts	A Pi Phi, Kappa, or Theta	To play Pin Ball and shoot craps
Sears Specials	One who likes sleeping porches	To play baseball in the street
Harris's Hats	Horizontal	To be horizontal
Army cast offs	A cook	To learn how to smuggle liquor into their house
Emaciated looks	A gal who will never mention the home and kids	To sober up Graham
Angel smiles	They don't	To attend Sunday school
Beer Bellies	Just so her papa owns a brewery	Well-Did you see "Lost Weekend?"
Camouflage	They even WANT Susies	To empty bed-pans
Too much hair oil	Those that help them socially and politically	To wolf Duncan's dates while he's under the table
Loud ties	A E Phis	To find rich women
Long hair	A good spender—they're going broke on gold diggers	To pick up at the C D.

Of a State, a Magazine, and a Makeup

by MARTHA SHEA



We find, in spite of aspersions cast our way by a certain other campus publication, that SHOW-ME is a leader. SHOWME is not only a very fine slick paper magazine, but Show Me is the name of a lipstick, which the ladies tell us is also fine.

Prince Matchabelli has named his newest lipstick with an epithet which should appeal especially to Missourians. We find on examination that the new lipstick is a wonderful pinkish-tangerine shade with just enough blue in it for flattery, and that it was created by Prince Matchabelli "to fit the new costume colors, nasturtium, flamingo and capucine."

Now that our trade mark is being seen over the nation, let's examine for a moment the origin of the magic words Show Me, which like Sinbad's "sesame" opens the door to good humor and the hearts of Missouri men.

It seems that back at the turn of the century, Missouri was a state just like all other states—it had boundaries, rivers and a capitol

building. But it possessed no witty nomenclature to set it apart. Missourians could not tolerate such a situation. The remedy was effected by one of the state's leaders. Congressman Willard D. Vandiver took care of the deficiency in 1899 when he tagged the state with a name that not only stuck but has become famous.

He said one day with good midwestern discernment, "I come from a state that raises corn and cotton and cockleburrs and Demo-



crats, and frothy eloquence neither convinces nor satisfies me. I am from Missouri. You've got to *show me.*"

In such oratorical fashion was the state named.

Our Missouri mules perked their ears to this message, kicked their traces and agreed. After 1908, fact-searching young journalists from the University took notice, touched stubby pencils to smudgy yellow paper and concurred. Ozarkians called from

hollow to hollow that their state was now known as the Show Me state.

A catch promotion line of the new paint is, "If you think you've seen everything in make up say Show Me." As an aside to our readers it would be better to say, "If you thing you've seen everything in make-up, find any old discarded copy of the "Missouri Student."

The cosmetic is sometimes advertised with a picture of a young lady covering her eyes with black-gloved fingers. While we know that she is only excited with her new lipstick, there has been some confusion. Some local spectators have thought she was shading her eyes from the "Student" headlines.

This we do know: Show Me has come into its own in the field of humor, of politics, and finally of cosmetics. And the central theme of them all is—you gotta Show Me!





"SHOW ME" inspired Walter Fiorelli to design this new hat.

If you think you've seen everything in make-up, just say . . .

"show me"

prophetic new lipstick color . . .

Discover this new, go-with-everything-for-Spring make-up sequence.

Even if he's "from Missouri" he will surely be convinced.



"show me"
Lipstick, Rouge, 1.00 each
Tawny Face Powder, 1.50
"show me" Purse Kit, 3.00.
(all prices plus tax)

Prince Matchabelli

A TRUE SON

(Continued from Page 7)

to tell it, he had transformed me into the sloppy farmhand he seemed to be imitating.

"Get into these in a big hurry. We're gonna be late, and all the space will be taken at the Hink," he warned.

"The Hink? What's that?" I asked while changing.

"That's where we're going, dull brain," he answered as he pulled a case of beer out from under his bed.

My heart sank. Trapped again. True enough, I had found its taste appealing, but I also doubtful about its after effects.

We picked up our dates, and Johnny steered the car onto a gravel road. Conversation was surprisingly easy as we sped down the lonely road. In no time at all we drove up on an old bridge. A small creek ran beneath it and I'll admit I was startled when the brunette who sat in front said, "All out, folks. This is it!" We parked the car on the other side of the bridge and walked back across it. Blondie spread blankets on the ground and I followed everyone else's move to sit down.

Now what, I wondered. The brunette, seemingly better known to Blondie and Johnny as "The Shape," lifted four bottles from the case and opened them. I reached for the two she handed me and deposited one in my date's outstretched hand. She grinned and began emptying the contents. I did the same and found the taste even more pleasing than before.

Above us a huge silver moon beamed down and moved slowly through clouds that looked as if they were made of angel hair. The creek below reflected the moon-

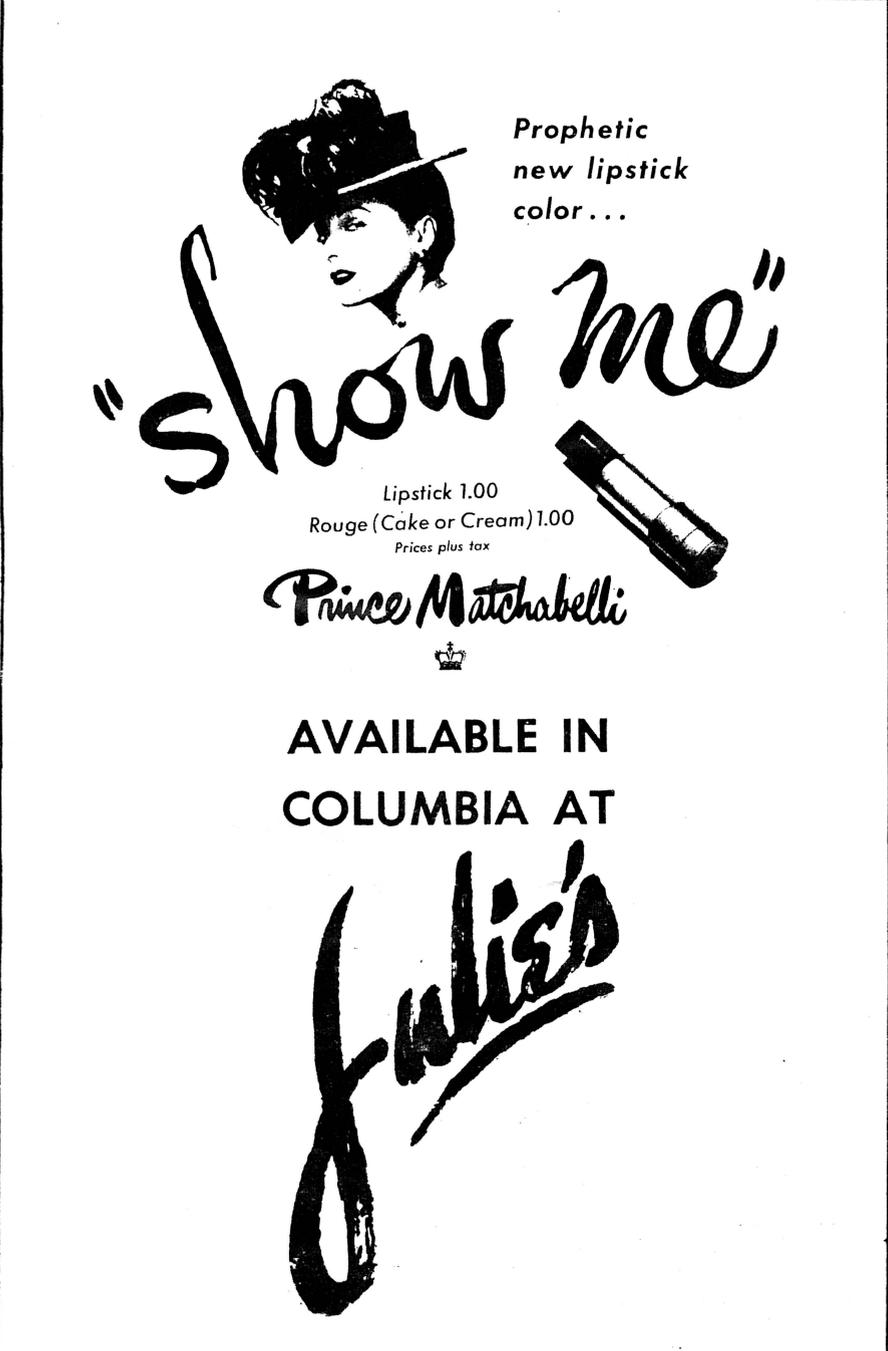
light. All was quiet except for an occasional pebble falling into the water.

The conversation had lagged, so I chose to come forth with, "This is really a romantic setting." Of course, fate was against me, and just as I said "setting" I burped, and it sounded like "bedding." My date giggled.

More beer, more burps, more giggles. Now there were two

moons in the sky, and three in the creek. The mosquitoes began to bite, and the ground was hard. More beer. The moon came down and sat beside me and burped. Darkness.

And so, began the life of a "true son of old Mizzou." Life is no longer a trap. It's a big joke—and I'm laughing like hell! It's three o'clock!! The Shack's open!!!



Prophetic
new lipstick
color...

"show me"

Lipstick 1.00
Rouge (Cake or Cream) 1.00
Prices plus tax

Prince Matchabelli

AVAILABLE IN
COLUMBIA AT

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SUMMER PLEASURE



Late afternoon and evening enjoyment in NATURE'S surroundings is afforded by the large terrace at the Outside Inn. Delightful atmosphere—quiet of the country—service outside.

OUTSIDE INN TERRACE

Hey, Men!



Here's what you've been waiting for! Come into Columbia's newest men's store and see our large stock of socks, sport shirts, dress shirts, sport coats, ties—everything you need.

PUCKETT'S MEN'S WEAR

908 Broadway



"Everything in Records"
Latest Records
Popular and Classic

COTTAGE RECORD SHOP

Mezzanine

HOPPER-POLLARD
DRUG STORE

907 Broadway

Pika: Last semester I had seven girls.

Delt: All told?

Pika: No, one kept her mouth shut.

—Babe.

Theta: "I'm posing for an artist this afternoon, Mrs. Toomey."

Housemother: "All right, dear. But remember, no posing in the nude."

Theta: "Okay. I'll wear a string around my finger."

"Gonna be tough sleddin' today."

"Home come?"

"No snow."

Throughout the year we sit in class like this, but when it comes to exam time, wetrytositlikethis.

Even his best friend wouldn't tell him—so he flunked the exam.

THE INSCRUTABLE EQUATION
The ladies must be entertained:
Wined and dined and smoothly led
Around a polished, slippery floor,
Dancing with a mincing tread.
Chocolate drops they need, and
gags.

Gems, and furs from savage
beasts,

Jumping wine with bubbles in,
And gooey foods messed up in
feasts.

There is a basic error here—
The situation is complex—
But ladies must be entertained,
And dammit, all men want is sex.

—Lampoon.

Test your hootch in this fashion: Connect 20,000 volts across a pint. If the current jumps it, the stuff isn't very good. If it gives a precipitation of lye, arsenic, iron, slag, and alum, the whiskey is fair. If the liquor chases the current back to the generator, you've got good stuff.

SHOWME SHOW

(Continued from Page 9)

least during the official Journalism Week. It seems that fine old tradition has in years past been the cause of rather rundown speeches by the visiting celebrities, who appeared the next day very much the worse for wear. Now nobody'll get to hear Dean Mott's famed rendition of "The Face on the Barroom Floor."

Rumor has it that one of the more talented Alpha Phis has at last succeeded in eluding the authorities, both University and sorority. Habitues of Deen's Golden Campus report she is a frequent visitor about one o'clock in the morning.

Are the Phi Bsi's that hard up or do they actually PREFER to date the Suzies? At any rate Stephens girls attended the Phi Psi dance almost to the exclusion of University girls, who were heart broken.

Haven't all the Sigma Chis got acquainted yet? Or are they really better than the rest of us. Walking in that house is like calling on a home for the deaf and dumb. Where's a little of that warm, friendly atmosphere, boys?

Tri Delt Sue Tanner is handling her three Figis like a professional juggler.

The SAE's have a definite "in" with the Campus Cab drivers since the night Ed Martin donated a fifth of Hill and Hill to their group.

Emil Bollman, another Sig Alph, decided to give up drinking. Could there be any connection be-

tween this resolution and his Tri Delt date who smashed two full bottles of Imperial recently—before they'd even left the house? Should any woman mean that much to anyone?

An appallingly representative group of the student body have taken to spending these beautiful

spring afternoons and evenings at the Library. Striking examples are Joyce Horowitz, AEPi, and Jack Helper, Zebe; Sabra Tull, Kappa, and Bill Cook, Sigma Nu; and Pi Phi Jean Hutchinson and Bob Jones, Sigma Chi.

Billie Bryant, a Chi O, and Ted Weegar, PiKa, are seen ferquently around Columbia's night spots.

PRIMITIVE RED

by Du Barry



Primitive Red lipstick, a DuBarry lipstick brush, and a thirty-day supply of face powder. \$1.50 plus tax.



*For the woman
who knows
instinctively!*

Toiletries

FREDENDALL'S

FREEDOM

(Continued from Page 5)

the avenue, while the Dean chuckled, "Hm-m, thick-headed, wasn't se?"

After 4 years of stretching for the mail, my arms grew amazingly out of proportion to my body. By the time I was a senior they dragged on the ground. My friends affectionately called me "The Missing Link," and I was pleased. I always did want a pet name.

Once a month we were allowed to have dates with the boys from a nearby men's college. This was a gala event. While 300 guards prodded them gently with machetes, the boys eagerly poured from their Black Harias and onto our chaste lawns. They were dressed in big bow ties and short pants. (This, I suppose, was to get us excited—the rascals!)

Graduation day was a day I will never forget. We had matriculated!

Promptly at 5:59 a.m. the seniors all leaped out of bed and rushed to their last mud bath. Gaily we stuffed our friends' noses and mouths full of mud and stomped on each other. This was indeed a day!

A loud cheer went up from our palpitating parents as we entered the auditorium. We bowed modestly. We did not know they were listening to the third race at Suffolk Downs.

Then the president of the college, a kindly, terrifying, bald man with a falsetto voice gave a brief address. When he finished, we applauded enthusiastically. He had been brilliant. The college spiritual counselor, the Reverend Moss Covered, read the convocation. We were overcome and mopped our seething eyes with loose wisps of our gray hair. It had been brilliant.

Finally the assistant vice-president began to call out the names of the graduates and the honors which they had won.

At last he called my name and I rushed gracefully up the stairs to the platform, tripping over my hands and falling flat on my face. But I picked myself up and smiled triumphantly at the dean who stood beside me. She smiled triumphantly back and handed me my diploma. In doing so she leaned over so far that her mustache grazed my ear. When I reached up to scratch it, she grabbed my hand between her teeth.

"See ya afta de ceremony, ta-mayta," she whispered, her bass voice and breath overpowering, compelling, potent.

I clutched my diploma to my bosom, and hurried off the platform to my proud parents.

"Now what did she mean?" I wondered aloud, for I was curious.

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903 University

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and
PLAYWEAR**
of distinction
BEARING
THIS LABEL

OF CALIFORNIA

ORIGINAL

at

Harzfeld's

LATE DATE

(Continued from Page 3)

chair. He heard Ann moving about again and in a minute could hear water spilling into the bathtub. Only two in this big house. Only two. I don't see why. . . .

The doorbell's jangle interrupted him.

"Hello," he said to the young man at the door. "Yes, she's here but in the bathtub right now. Yes, I'll tell her James is here. Wait while I go."

He knocked several times loudly before she heard. He told her and she answer, "Tell James to come on in the bedroom and I'll be there in a minute."

He told James and James went in, closing the bedroom door behind him.

He settled down in the chair again, took out another cigarette and looked at it a long time. Then, taking big puffs, he lit it. He could hear the water draining from the tub and could hear Ann walking again. For a long time there was silence. He crushed the cigarette out and wondered why he smoked so much.

In twenty minutes James came out, told him thanks, and left. He screwed around in the chair, hoping Ann would be out in a little while.

In a little while she was. But she was still in the bathrobe, although this time her makeup was on.

"There's some food in the ice box," she said, pointing the way. "It's not much but if you'd like some."

Dick went to the kitchen and messed around in the ice box, eating what he found.

The phone rang again. He went to answer, swearing damn-it-to-hell to himself.

"Hullo," he answered with his mouth full. "Yas, she's here. Much? Naw, Gwad damn it, Ahm eatin'. Wait uh minute."

He went to get her and noticed she was almost dressed. Then he went back to the food. He could hear her mumbling but didn't bother to understand. He finished eating and went back to the living room, lighting another cigarette.

She hung up when he came in and said to him, "Just a minute more." Ann went back to that blessed bedroom of hers.

Now we're two again, Dick thought. And I don't see why since we're both young and able and free, why we can't—

And then she was ready. Shining ready, too.

She said, "I don't see why—"

"That's what I've been thinking for the last two hours, honey," Dick said.

"And I've been thinking it," Ann said. "We have nothing better to do. I don't see why we can't—"

Dick interrupted her. "I'll tell you why we can't. We simply can't make it because the last feature went on thirty minutes ago."

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Sweaters and sox.
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To wolves in flocks.

Phone a-ringing—
Dates galore.
Life is happy
Who'd want more?

Cokes and parties—
A dance-a show.
She's found where
The best crowds go.

Dose she study?
Before a test
Make a crib and
Guess at the rest.

Piles of text books—
Gallons of beer—
Months of study—
What have we here?

A gal who knows
The way to kiss.
Marked down like this!

"Late to bed
And early to rise
Will give you bags
Under both your eyes."

Alone in the moonlight is more
fun if you aren't.

AE Phi: Am I the first girl you
ever kissed?
Zebe: Now that you mention it,
you do look familiar.
—Chaparral.

A Chi O: "I'd like to purchase a
brassiere.
Clerk: "What bust?"
A Chi O: Nothing bust. It
just wore out.

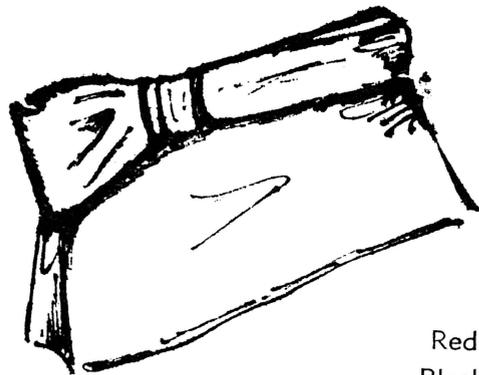
The fog
Comes
On little cat feet
As you sit for a test
And sits
On silent haunches
Hovering over every desk
And then moves on—
Only sometimes it doesn't.

Zebe: "Do you like girls?"
Phi Sig: "They're too biased."
Zebe: "Biased?"
Phi Sig: "Yes, Bias this and
bias that—until I'm busted."

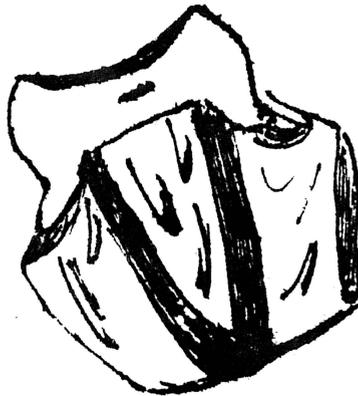
"Oh, dear! I've missed you so
much," and she raised her re-
volver and tried again.

—Old Maid.

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\$5.00



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UNIVERSITY BOOK STORE

Southeast Corner—Jesse Hall

"I got a real kick out of kissing
Mary last night."

"Any more than usual?"

"Yea, the old man cought me."

He rocked the boat,
Did Ezra Shank;
Tehese bubles mark:

o
o
o
o

Where Ezra sank.

Beta: "What a crowd. Some-
thing happen?"

Sigma Chi: "Man hit by a
train."

Beta: "Was he hurt bad?"

Sigma Chi: "Can't tell. Only
found one leg so far."

Old Lady: Little boy, I wouldn't
kick my sister around like that if
I were you.
She's dead.

—Spartan.

A.T.O.: Do you believe in free
love?

Theto: Have I ever sent you a
bill?

—Green Gander.

Men's faults are many,
Women have but two:
Everything they say
Any everything they do.

—Drexerd.

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STATIONERY
McQUITTY QUICK
PRINTERS**
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Reprinted from the April issue of Esquire

*"Yoo hoo, Mrs. O'Leary—could you lend me a couple of
oranges?"*

BREEZY HILL

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Steaks...Fried Chicken...Country Ham

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5 Miles East on Highway 40

She paints,
She powders,
She reads La Vie Parisienne,
She drinks my liquor,
She curses, too,
She eats lobsters at midnight,
And does lots of other things she
oughtn't to,
But dammit, she's my grand-
mother and I love her.

—Columns.

Any person can be cured of
snoring by good advice, co-opera-
tion, kindness and by stuffing an
old sock in his mouth.

A girl in a riding habit may not
ride, and if she wears a bathing
suit, she might go bathing, but
when she puts on a wedding gown
—son, she means business.

Rub-a-dub-dub.
Three men in a tub.
—Ain't this a cheap hotel?!

Kappa: "What wonderfully de-
veloped arms you have."

D.U.: "Yes, I'm a football
player. By the way, were you ever
on a track team?"

Ag Student: Do you osculate?
Stephens girl: What do you
think I am, a pendulum?

—Fivol.

Alpha Phi: I'm afraid of that
arm around me.

Salior: Oh, don't worry about
that one. *This* one is the baby you
gotta watch out for.

—Chaparral.

**Gay Frocks
for
those
Gay
Graduation Days
at
GAY FROCK SHOP**

803 Broadway

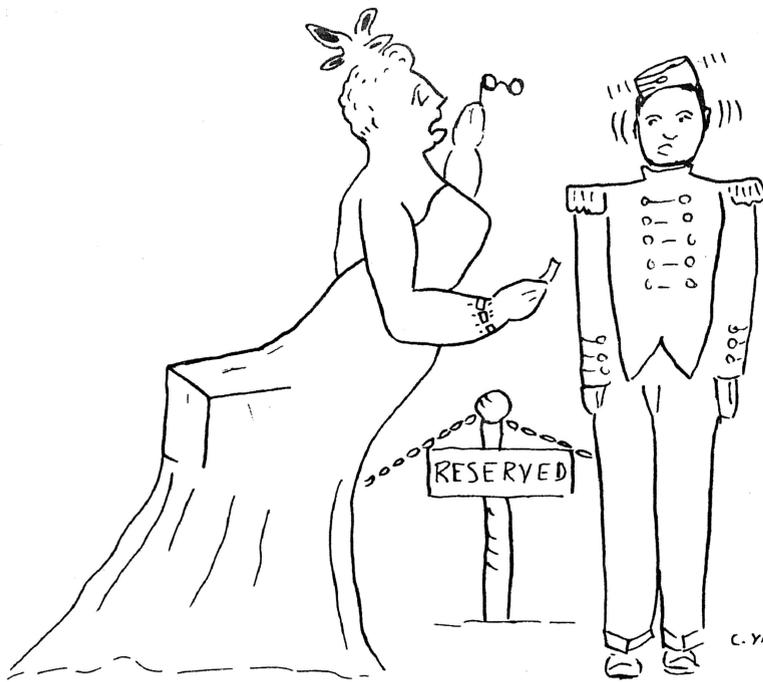
We have

appreciated your patronage while
you were in Columbia, and we
wish you all success in the world
you enter on graduation.

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C. YARBRO

ORBRAY



EEE COOO WEE - PIG!

ORBRAY

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and
PLAYWEAR
of distinction
BEARING
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ORIGINAL

at
Harzfeld's

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**Turf Tan
and
White
with new
red rubber soles**

**Sizes
3½ to 10
Widths
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Miller's
800 Broadway

ISN'T IT STRANGE . . .

—That a girl will insist upon a fellow guessing her weight, and if he guesses correctly, she becomes angry.

—That artists who insist they can't paint unless they have a north light, never wash their windows.

—That people who turn on their radios and then pick up a paper and read are allowed to vote.

—That if an athlete wears his "letter" he's showing off, and if he doesn't he's putting on an act.

•
"My, my, so you lost your girl? What happened?"

"Oh, nothing much. I just flattered her until she was too proud to speak to me."

•
"What makes you think you'd be lost without me?"

"Your pretty map, honey; your pretty map!"

•
Some co-eds' gowns are fitting and proper; others are just fitting.

•
Fred: Ethel, I'm ashamed of you. I saw that Frenchman in the hall kissing you repeatedly. Why didn't you tell him to stop?

Ethel: I couldn't, Fred.

Fred: You couldn't? Why not?

Ethel: I can't speak French.

•
The daughter of a noted financier threw her arms around the neck of the bridegroom-to-be. "Oh, George," she said, "dad's going to give us a check for a present!"

"Good! Then we'll have the wedding at noon instead of two o'clock!"

"But why, dear?"

"The banks close at three."

•
"What does it feel like to be marrying an heiress?"

"Great! Every time I kiss her, I feel as if I were clipping the coupon off a government bond."

Paramount Footwear
DESIGNED BY
Kalmon

Outflare soles on

**OUTRIGGER
SPECTATORS**

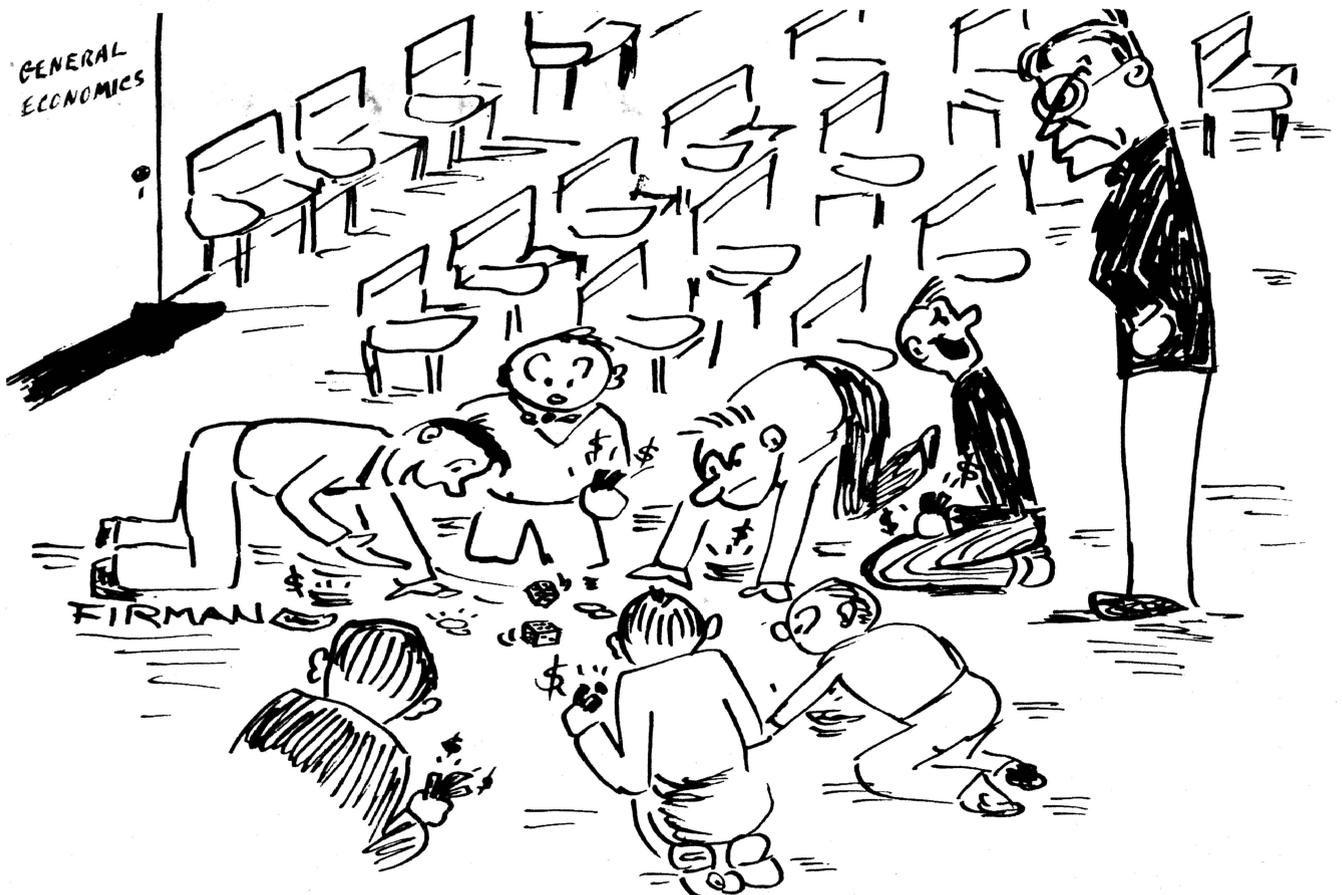


FLOATER

The romance of the tropics goes to your feet in these new Outrigger Spectators. Compliment-catching footwear creations by Kalmon designed with an outflare for fashion.



the novus shop



"WE'RE JUST WORKING OUT A LITTLE PROBLEM OF INCREASED VELOCITY OF CIRCULATION."

Look for

Wintra

the campus coat of tomorrow in **BONMOUTON**



Eltingon dyed lamb



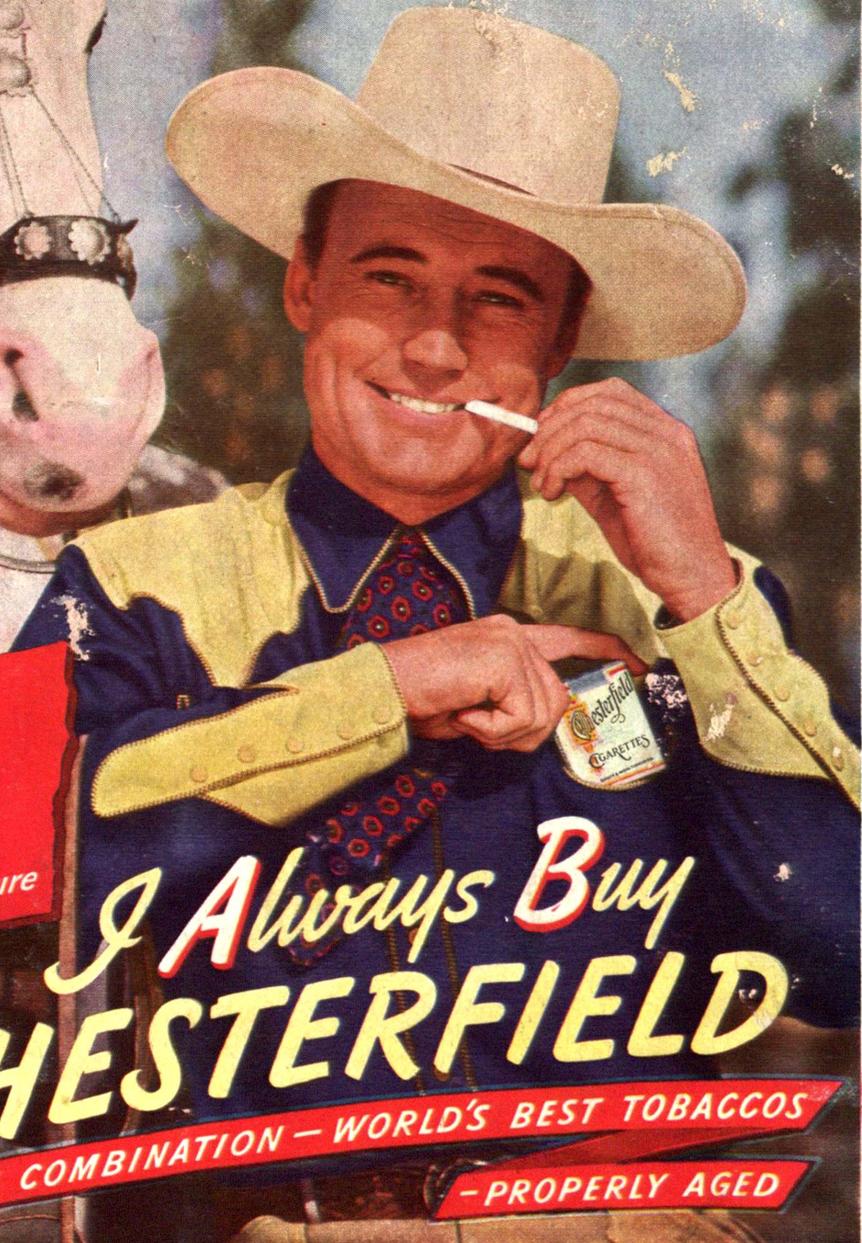
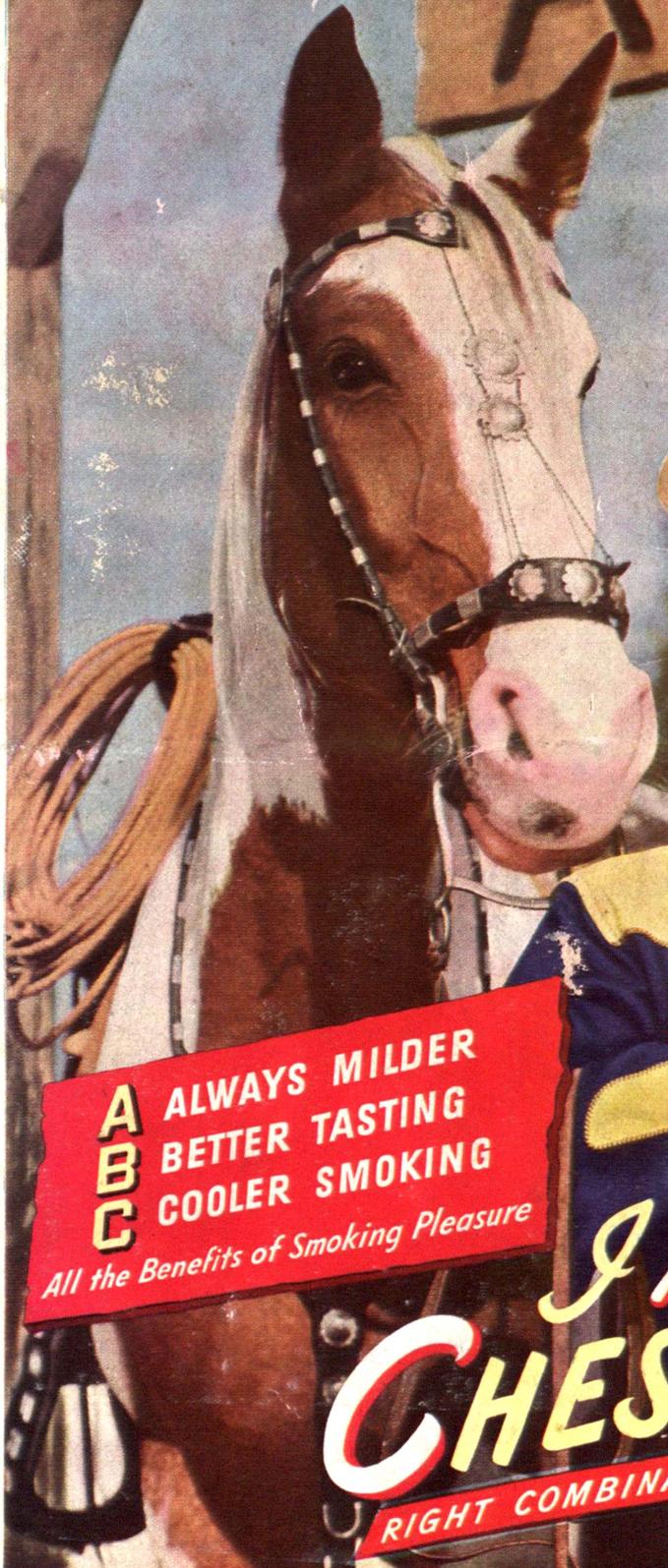
Look for her next Fall! *Wintra* coats will be the darlings of every college from Maine to California. Light, warm, glamorous as they are practical... these smartly styled *Wintra* coats are made of that marvelous New Era fur—Bonmouton. Remember that name. Bonmouton is mouton which has been pampered by scientists with so many facials and shampoos, haircuts and hair-dyes, it gleams like beaver... lies sleek as nutria... and best yet, it's waterproofed. But because there will not be enough Bonmouton to go around, we suggest ordering your *Wintra* coat from your furrier without delay. Although *Wintra* coats look like a king's ransom, they're priced well within your budget!

Wintra

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