

According to a recent Nationwide survey:

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE

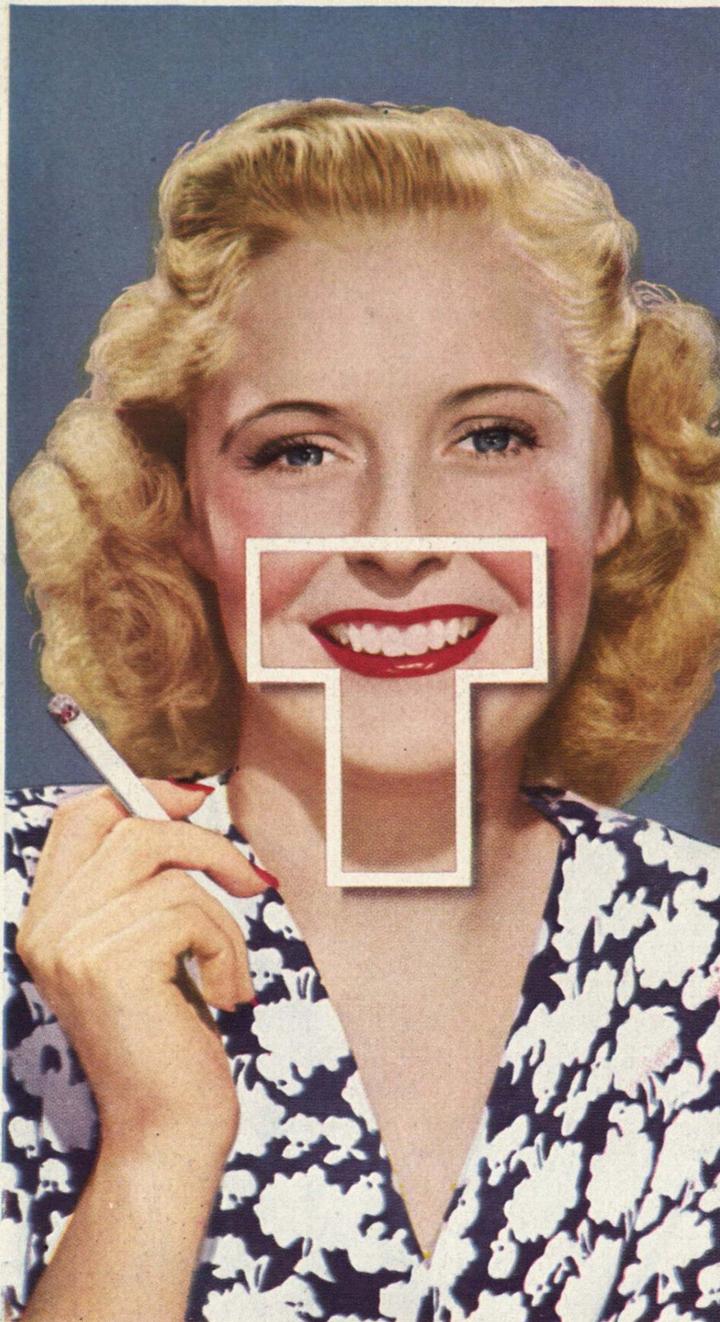
• Like the rest of us, doctors smoke for pleasure. Their taste recognizes and appreciates full flavor and cool mildness just as yours does.

And when 113,597 doctors were asked to name the cigarette they smoked, more doctors named Camels than any other brand.

Three nationally known independent research organizations conducted the survey. They queried doctors in every branch of medicine.



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



*Your "T-Zone"
will tell you*

T for Taste...

T for Throat...

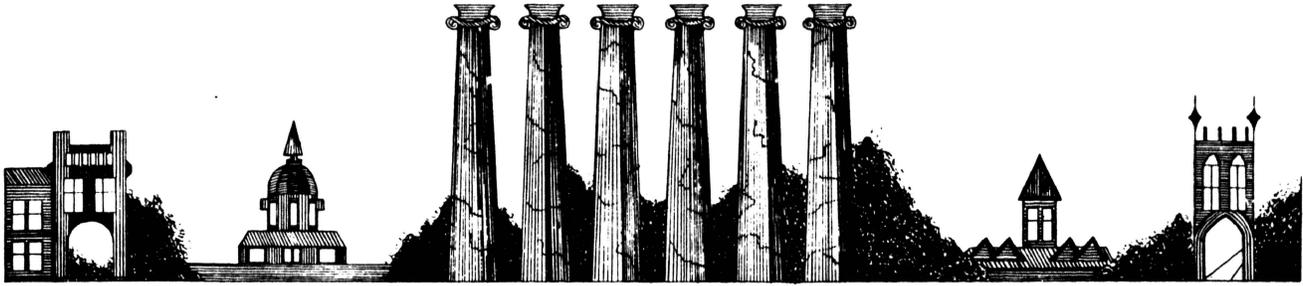
• Taste and Throat...your "T-Zone"
...that's your proving ground for
any cigarette.

See how your own critical taste
responds to the rich, full flavor of
Camel's choice tobaccos.
Tobaccos of uncompromising
quality . . . tobaccos
blended in the fine, tradi-
tional Camel way.

See how *your* throat
reacts to the cool mild-
ness of Camels.

See if Camels don't
suit *your* "T-Zone"
to a "T."





Around The Columns

Lost

WE found out just now that MU is a lost continent in the Pacific. We had an idea this place was lost all right but we didn't know just where.

Seeing Red

SURPRISE apparently ran rampant this month all the way from Jefferson City to Columbia and back.

We read in the *Missourian* a couple of weeks ago that Jack Schwartz, editor of *Towertime*, had expressed surprise at the reaction of Sen. Williams in Jefferson City objecting to the Christmas cover of that magazine, (or as the *Missourian* boldly said, literary magazine.) After reading Jack's magazine we were surprised that he was ever surprised at anything.

Without wanting to take sides in the issue we only briefly noted *Towertime's* cover depicting Joseph Stalin dressed as Santa Clause climbing down the chimney at Jesse Hall.

Evidently during a spasm of electioneering during the recent campaign the good senator had hurled charges that Communism was being taught at the University. *Towertime*, always the diplo-

mat, simply ran an editorial reviewing and answering the senator's charges.

"The cover," as Schwartz put it, "was actually an appeal to reason." The fact that the cover was liberally printed in red ink was an appeal to the reason that it was Christmas, is our guess.

Press dispatches from Jeff reported that Sen. Williams introduced a bill which would require every public or private school student in Missouri to pass an examination in American ideals and history.

Now if he can get that legislation through the house that would forbid every parent in the state from tagging their male progeny with the first name of "Joe," the University will probably go ahead trying to seat the hundreds of stu-

dents clamoring to get into "American Government."

Showme Girl

SINCE our magazine was barred this year from choosing its queen in the usual manner, a tradition which we were reluctant to see die out, some of the members of the staff have organized a plan for the election of "The Showme Girl."

In the next month's issue a ballot page will be printed on which will be space for the name of the individual subscriber's choice as "The Showme Girl."

The coed receiving the most votes will be announced in the March issue in a full page spread of pictures. In addition to that, the winner may be eligible for a screen test with a film agent, according to one of our more enterprising members who is now in the process of arranging such a test.

An almost superfluous word of advise is directed to the young swains hereabouts that they ought to begin thinking of their prospective candidate. One can never overemphasize the effect of telling the sweet young thing that you cast your ballot for her in the Showme contest.



It gives solidity to an otherwise substantive statement.

And to those girls who are interested in a possible screen test may we suggest that there's no time like the present to start on an active campaign?

Hell Week

IF the accumulated perspiration were gathered from the bedewed brows of some ten thousand enrollees of our University during the current examination season, it would form a lake large enough to accommodate easily all those despair at having "forgotten more than they ever knew" about economics, zoology, or Latin American history, has driven them to the point of serious contemplation of the merits of drowning.

We offer special consideration to those of the freshman class whose fortune and misfortune at once it is to be facing the fire for the first time. Actually the kindest words we can offer are in a statement of the truth that even in the upper class categories do finals hold terror for the hearts of their victims. This semi-annual visitation of the grim spectre of the blue book haunts so eerily for the prospective graduate as it does for the beginner.

However, the exam week is much like the dose of castor oil many of us remember from our younger days. Successfully swallowed it was followed by a dish of ice cream. There too, there's the enjoyable prospect of starting on a new tack, entering new classes, meeting new faces, and greeting spring just around the corner.

Give us our medicine, then, but have the ice cream right handy.

Sweet Walk

WE read with a little surprise recently an Associated Press dispatch from Grand Forks, N. D. We were surprised because we couldn't understand a trick like that not originating on this campus.

The dispatch told of the girls at the Kappa Alpha Theta sorority house drinking their coffee straight these days. It seems two houseboys set out to spread salt



on the icy sidewalks in front of the sorority.

They had 22 pounds well distributed before they discovered it was sugar.

Build for The Future

AMONG other things we have been watching in the state legislature is the effect of renewed efforts to get more buildings and equipment for the University campus.

High on our priority list, at least, is the construction of a new auditorium. We seldom walk into the Victorian atmosphere of Jesse Auditorium without being quite forcibly struck with the antiquity and the general inadequacy of the place. More than once our entire impression of a Workshop play has been prejudiced by the interference of a post set square in

front of our seat, or by being in one of those dead spots over which sound passes without so much as making a dent in the air currents.

A school of such enrollment as this one certainly deserves and needs more facilities, and certainly the surplus of state funds would indicate that it is within the realm of possibility to make them.

Without quite realizing it, many of us have developed a kind of school spirit that rivals the old, "do-or-die-for-State-U." enthusiasm of a couple of decades past. Knowing full well that most of us will have left the confines of the University before any such improvements can be made available, it still seems of major importance that they be made for the benefit of those who will take our places. It's all in the spirit of progress. Certainly even state legislatures are interested in that.

THE prospect of riding in taxicabs accompanied by the voice on the radio has instilled in us some degree of curiosity. We find ourselves wondering who will be chosen to issue the information to drivers and weather the men who will do the choosing will have properly considered the importance of a soothing voice to their customers well-being.

Given the chance to scout out the voice, we would immediately embark on a search for a Lauren Bacall type, buorbon-low, the kind that falls like soothing music on the ear, that would not disgruntle the early evening rider out on his way to revelry, nor would awaken that same soul on its return trip.

We can only hope that the local companies avoid the pitfall into which the larger city outfits who have equipped themselves with

these radios seemed to have fallen—that of hiring the owner's mother-in-law to do the announcing in a voice that sounds like a parrot with laryngitis.

To the Ladies

OUR vote is for the damsels, libelled for lo these many years as constituting the weaker sex.

When the new year blustered in in a blizzard of mean weather, we of the male specie muffled ourselves from boot-top to ear-tip and, sensible laddies that we were, tugged on boots the lumberjack brethren would have envied. We truly readied ourselves to combat the elements.

But not the lassies. From snow level to knee dimple, what do you suppose the creatures buckled on to buck the whistling cold? Nothing, friends—except those little bitty socks and shoes, dainty and charming to be sure but scarcely any defiance of old Brother Winter.

Now what we want to know is why aren't these people these so called weaklings of the feminine gender, all flat on their backs in a hospital someplace.

We take our hats off to 'em—No, we don't. It's still too cold.

ALPHABET SOUP DEPT.

(Greek Division)

"Dr. Lewis E. Atherton, professor of history at the University will discuss his research on southern newspapers at a meeting of Zeta Tau Alpha, journalism fraternity for graduate students, at 7 tonight, in the East Lounge of Read Hall."

—Missourian.

Then that makes Kappa Tau Alpha a social sorority, doesn't it?

A LAMENT

*Why didn't I study
for that chemistry test?
Why did I join
in that old talk fest?
I should have known
I needed some more
Of H C L
and H2SO4.*

*Why didn't I study
for that psych exam?
I drank beer
when I needed to cram.
I learned about man
at places like the Shack.
But, oh, that final!
I was taken aback.*

*Why didn't I study
for that econ. quiz?
Instead I loafed
like nobody's biz.
An aft. at the Dixie
is so pleasant and nice
But I didn't learn much
about the fluctuating price.*

*Why didn't I study
for that German review?
But no! I guzzled
that delish home brew.
That night at the Collins
indeed was sebr gut.
However, my test. . . .
Ach!—Alles ist Kaputt!!*

*All college students
I know will agree
That one must study
to get a degree
And on me this fact
is always impressed
The day after I've failed
another test!*

—Phil. Sparano.



"I draw the line at kissing,"
Said he with fiery intent.
But he was a football player
So over the line he went.

"What do you thing of the art gallery?"

"Oh, the art is all right, but there aren't any jokes under them."

There was once a co-ed quite shy,
Who said to a student named Cy,
"If you kiss me, of course,
You will have to use force,
But thank haven you're stronger than I."

Jack: "My rich uncle changes his will every month. What do you think of that?"

Jill: "He must be a fresh heir fiend."

Neighbor: "What did your son learn at college?"

Proud Parent: "Well, he hadn't been home a week before he showed me how to open bottles with a half dollar."

Traveler (to waitress): "I see tipping is forbidden here."

Waitress: "Bless your heart, apples were forbidden in the garden, too."

"President James M. Wood will speak on religion at Stephens College at 2:05 p.m. Monday in Stephens Auditorium. An Address by Paul Weaver on "The Tragedy of Modern Man" will follow Dr. Wood's.

Dr. Fred McKinney, University professor, will speak to the faculty at 9 a.m. Tuesday. His topic is "The Art of Counseling." Hale Aarnes, faculty reporter, will talk on "Mid-year Motivation" at 2 p.m.

Dr. Homer P. Rainey, speaking at 9:30 a.m. Wednesday, will talk at 9:30 a.m. Wednesday on "Religion in General Education."

—Missourian.

Or on "The Art of Talking Twice At the Same Time."

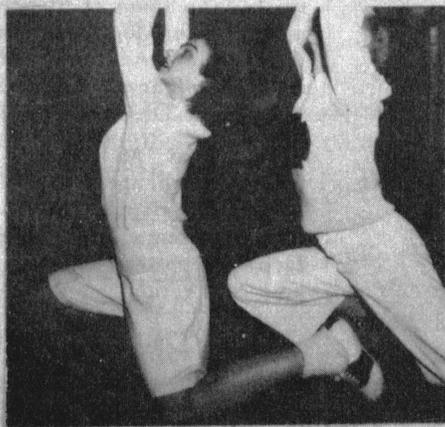


Yea Missouri!

Yeah Missouri!



Yeah Tigers!



Yeah! Yeah!

Missouri Tigers!

The Great Final Exam Mystery

By Charles Nelson Barnard

HIS name was Abercrombie. Whether that was his first name or his last name, we never knew. He never said. Besides, it didn't matter. Abercrombie was a sorcerer—perhaps the only sorcerer ever to be enrolled in the freshman class of the University of Missouri. Nor do we use the term 'sorcerer' in any loose sense: oh no, Abercrombie was the real thing—a necromancer worthy of Merlin's court.

Now whether you consider this fact important or not (perhaps some of your best friends are sorcerers) you will have to agree that the embroilment occasioned by the practice of Abercrombie's sorcery at the University of Missouri was an occasion long to be remembered in the annals of M.U. history.

I should probably begin this story by saying that at the time of Abercrombie's eminence at old Mizzou, I was his roommate. It is by this circumstance that I am able to recount today with any degree of accuracy and authority, the details of what has come to be known as The Great Final Exam Mystery.

I remember as if it were yesterday, that distant year when I first met Abercrombie. He was a peculiar looking boy then, with a head somewhat more than twice the normal size of a human skull in which there were set two great eyes of fearful demeanor. His hair was black and stood straight



up upon his mighty head, thus giving him a perpetually frightened appearance. Needless to relate, I was taken somewhat aback when I learned that this strange looking lad was to be my roommate, but I determined to condition myself to his presence—unusual as it might appear.

I soon found that Abercrombie was a most genial lad, with an inordinate hunger for knowledge and an even greater capacity for food. Despite his unconventional proportions, I found him to be pleasant conversational company and a constant source of amusement. It was not for some time that I would learn of his occult powers. It came about in this manner: a series of remarks by Abercrombie which convinced me

that he was possessed of an extraordinary perception into future events. First was his casual mention of the contents of a letter addressed to me. I would not have been convinced by this incident, had it not been that I had not yet received the letter when Abercrombie informed me of its contents. He followed this performance, by way of proof, by predicting with complete accuracy, the exact text and type size of Columbia Missourian headlines—at least twenty four hours in advance. By then I had seen enough to know that my roommate had definite economic possibilities, if he could be persuaded to come under the guidance of a shrewd manager—which was, naturally, I.

I spoke to Abercrombie in strict
(Continued on Page 22)

Sports Scene

WILBUR "Sparky" Stalcup and his gallant crew of basketeers broke a 17 year-old victory famine on the University of Kansas court recently, when they outscored the highly-routed Jayhawks 39-34 at Lawrence, and climbed into sole possession of first place in the race for the Big Six Conference championship.

Previous to that time the Stalcupmen had turned back eight of 12 opponents in non-conference games, including the "Whiz Kids" of Illinois, who were selected by many sports experts to be the number one team of the nation in 1947.

Other teams falling before the "Missouri Avalanche" included Drake, Westminster, St. Louis, T.C.U., Washington of St. Louis, Rise, and Iowa State twice.

The four blemishes on the Tiger record were administered by three Southwestern Conference teams and Oklahoma.

Captain Thornton Jenkins and Dan Pippin are leading the Tiger's individual scoring parade with well over a 100 points at the present writing. Darrell Lorraine, freshman guard, is the only other member of the squad to score 100 or more tallies.

John Rudolph, Bob Garwitz, Pleasant Smith, Bob Wachter, Bill "Red" Haynes, Jerry Fowler, Karl Pierpoint, Kenny Bounds, and Jim Wadliegh have been playing a stellar brand of ball for the Bengals, for which every Missouri fan can be proud.

Missouri has no Charley Black, Gerald Tucker, Ray Evans, or Allie Paine; and they don't have the famed "Whiz Kids," but they

do have a well-knit, smooth-working combination, both offensively and defensively, that is capable of rising into the national spotlight.

Stalcup, in his first year at the helm of the Tigers cagers, has already shown that he possesses the necessary qualities of a top-flight coach.

As 1946 disappeared from sight but not from mind, 60 eager enthusiasts of indoor track took to the cinders at the first practice call of able coach, Tom Botts.

Botts has a wealth of talent to choose from with 20 lettermen from last year and 11 Tiger track stars of former years returning to the fold. The list of candidates also includes six experienced transfers from other colleges. Expected to push the 31 lettermen above their peak form of past years are 25 new men who are looking and working for first string positions

on the '47 Tiger indoor track squad.

The veteran mentor has several outstanding men he may feel safe to call on in Bob Chase, stellar

hurdle man; Bill Chronister, Gene Friel, and Dick Killough, consistent distance men along with Dick Ault, Bill Best, Eddie Neer, Wayne Folin, and many other excellent track men who wear the big "M."

Big things are expected from Madill Gartiser, a very fast sprint man who showed he could run under Don Faurot. He also lettered at Notre Dame in track. Another fine prospect is Mel Sheehan, a stellar end on Missouri's football team who hurls the discus with the best of them.

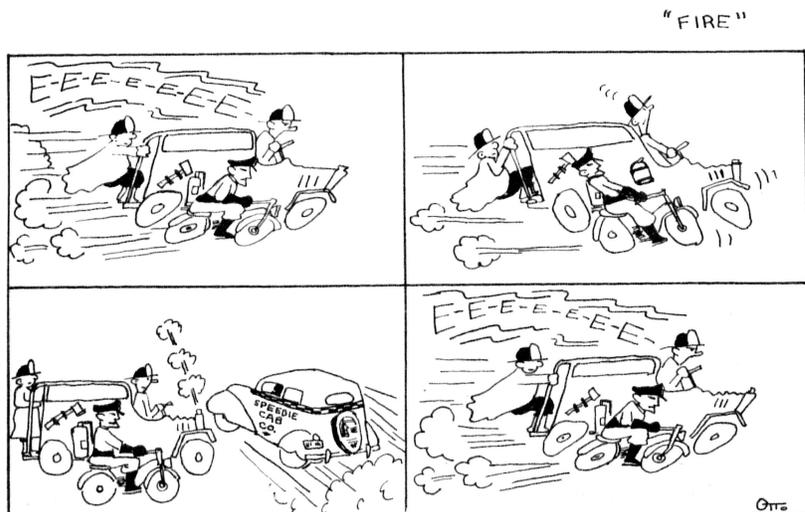
All in all, Tom Botts may find his hardest task in choosing who is the best in this group of stars. With his gold mine of material and fine coaching ability, we know he will come through with a track team that Missouri and her followers will remember with pride.

—Bill Henderson and Ed Birmingham.

CLASSIFIED AD, TRIBUNE

"WANTED: Someone to haul my ashes. Also others in neighborhood need ashes hauler. 1500 Anthony St. Call 7979."

Maybe you can get the city collector to do it.



The Ear

AMONG the folks in history are many who have won renown thru daring deeds of valor and philanthropy. On the other hand, many a thwarted Rockefeller or Caesar has achieved some measure of fame thru another medium—notably physical appearance.

To look at the body, merely as a means of study, one will undoubtedly notice various parts of the anatomy that are outstanding. In the case of many females the outstanding points are usually well evidenced but what I have reference to in a general vein, is the lowly ear.

Take the ear in a purely objective sense. One receives no impression but that of its being there and what hell of a mess it is to wash behind. The unpoetic, harsh type of individual considers only the physical appearance of this valuable addition to the head, but consider what a more discerning type will discover.

Dressed up in a mass of silky hair with the aid of an entrancing perfume, the ear in close quarters and in the right setting can be as sexy and daring to some individuals, as the lowest of low cut gowns on the sexiest of women. On the other hand, squared off by a crew cut on a college lad, two ears of little better than average size may give the impression of a B-29 straining for the take off.

In this modern day and age, we find many peculiar types of characters and in a like vein, many peculiar ear types. Ranging be-

Pop: "So you played hookey again? What makes you stay away from school?"

Son: "Class hatred."



"Knock off the swearing, you guys—I've got a woman in my room."

tween the hairy, heavy lower lobe type and the small, delicate feminine shell, are a profusion of ears to go with every type of character and facial expression. Many an otherwise dull individual finds his place in society secured by his ability to wiggle the ears at an opportune moment. Then too, it is entirely within the realm of possibility that the country may some day become ear conscious. Nails and toe nails are polished, hair dyed, hips hidden and all it seems, for the "form divine." Why not a daring new scented powder or rouge that when applied to the ear, will guarantee all working girls as well as sub-debs, a man and an engagement ring?

There is little doubt in my mind that complete new industries and processing plants will spring up over nite to compete for the

privilege of dressing my lady's ears. The once homely girl will be on a plane with her more beautiful competitors and all due to the allure of the ear. Of course what type of male will be attracted by such snares is pure speculation, but while we speculate, snuggle closer Miss Turner, your lower lobe fascinates me.

Ted Sperling.

SURPLUS PROPERTY DEPT.

(Trailblazer Division)

"FOR SALE, 22 FT. STAGE-COACH—Good condition Low price. Available for 2nd semester. 418 Fairway Village."

—MISSOURIAN.

Thanks, but we've got our eye on a 30 ft. Conastoga.

Pack Up Your Troubles

By Bob Wells

WILLIAM Lanahan, Jr., walked out of the hotel that morning like a man with a new lease on life. In fact, he had one. As he turned down Ninth St. toward the conglomeration of red brick buildings a native had pointed out to him the previous afternoon he tapped his pocket once again, just to be sure. In that pocket were his Army discharge and a handy paper known as "AGO Form 100" which stated his military occupation and proficiency in same. It read, in effect, "Airplane mechanic—Excellent." They would want to see those documents, of course.

Sure was fine, starting back to school. He'd had three years work at Dapperdan, the little college in Southeast Missouri; probably they'd start him off here as a junior, anyway. Then, graduation—a full fledged tree surgeon!

The Registrar was not hard to find. The office, that is. A line of tired supplicants wound sinously in the hall. Its front end appeared to be lost in a room where, over the tops of droopy heads, one could observe people running to and fro, waving papers, screaming at each other. Lanahan, from pure habit, placed himself at the rear of the line.

At about eleven minutes to twelve he finally reached the holy of holies and a worn young lady asked him for his transcript. Transcript? Of course he should have know that! But he'd forgotten it, after all. Or he had had some hazy idea that they might



have some sort of record, or could send for it. Now the young lady was gazing with uncomprehending eyes at his manila envelope with his Army papers, murmuring something about "student's responsibility."

That evening he borrowed a hotel pen and scratched out a message to Dapperdan "Dear Doc." He felt a little guilty now—everybody had liked him there.

Three days later he got the transcript by mail and when he had gone over the credits listed there his eyes picked up a familiar scrawl at the bottom, where there really wasn't supposed to be any writing. It said, "A fine boy." Good old Doc.

Next morning he went extra early and soon presented the paper

to the same young lady. She glanced over it and asked, "What's this name—of the college, I mean?"

"Dapperdan."

"Dapperdan?"

"Yes."

"Where is it?"

"Southeast Missouri."

"Oh."

She took the transcript and went back into the storeroom, or someplace. Lanahan felt a little shaky about the whole deal now, like he was intruding, maybe.

After about ten minutes the lady came back.

"You'll have to see Mr. Canuck."

"Where's he?"

"Back there; go ahead."

Mr. Canuck kindly motioned Lanahan to a chair. This was somewhat better. Mr. Canuck sat down at his desk and opened a big book. Slowly, he thumbed through it.

"Ah, here we are, Dapperdan. Yes siree, there it is, big as you please."

Lanahan said nothing.

"Now let's see, you have your English Comp and Economics. Ah—ever take any Political Science? No—well that leaves you a total of eighteen and one half hours. That's a fine start."

"But mister, I went to college three years, I thought that—"

"Yes, surely. But you see we can't allow you credit in some of these courses because of. . . ."

There followed a long explanation of the mysteries of transfer policies.

". . . and that will qualify you as a second-semester freshman. But next year, you'll be a sophomore. Yes siree."

"Yessiree," Lanahan echoed.

Now I suggest that you go over and talk with the Dean of Tree Surgery. Dr. Shagbark. He may suggest various courses or otherwise advise you."

"Thank you, Mr Canuck."

"That's quite all right."

Lanahan found the building, then the dean's office, and finally the dean's secretary. She was telephoning at the moment. Army training held Lanahan. He waited at a discreet distance and appeared to have no business on his mind. They'd taught him that one at Chanute. The girl finished.

"Yes, what is it?"

"I'd like to see the Dean."

"What about?"

"Well, they just told me over at the Registrar's to come over and. . . ."

"Goodness! I don't see why they tell people to do those things. Will you be in Arts and Science next semester?"

"Yes."

"I knew it. They always get things confused."

"What about the Dean of Tree Surgery. May I see him?"

"The Dean is out of town and

he couldn't help you if he were here. I'll tell you, you'd better go back to the Dean of Arts and Science and get your schedule straightened out. We can't do a thing until they turn you loose after completing all your other work."

Now she smiled at Lanahan.

"But we will be looking forward to seeing you."

"Thank you very much."

Lanahan felt better after that. He did go to the Dean of Arts and Science. The office, that is. It was full of people and already it was three o'clock. About 4:27 somebody in the innermost recesses said.

"That's all. Come back tomorrow."

There was a low moan from the crowd but they oozed out into the hall, docilely enough. Lanahan decided that was enough for today so he went back uptown and entered a beer-vending establishment. Lager flowed. Lanahan mused of Dapperdan, the Army, of Doc, and of Lanahan.

Later in the evening he desired to take a walk. In the crisp January night he turned down Broadway and just fooled along looking into the lighted windows. He was





MORT WALKER

"Golly, I Knew I Dressed Too Fast"

I've Had It!

By Carl J. Huss

THIS is the story of the clumsiest and unluckiest man in the world. Clumsiest because I can't wash my feet without getting soap in my eyes, and unluckiest because if I inherited a million dollars, money would go out of style immediately and people would start using colored beads again. Even my Mom used to call me "old Rice Krispies for brains."

It seems that I inherited my hard luck and looks from Pop. He had more brains than brawn, but that didn't place him very high. I think he was a moron. Pop's weakness was his strongest characteristic. He failed at every job in the books. When he finally died, all he left us was his dead body.

Pop got away from his failures by drinking. He drank so much that most people didn't know he drank at all—that is, until they saw him sober once. At one time, Pop had been a fine barber (his only accomplishment) but it impinged on his drinking time too much. The bartender refused to let him set up a chair in the bar room, so Pop quit barbering and devoted all his time to his first love: drink.

Being a failure himself, Pop wanted his son to be great. He introduced me to Harry Ashell, who made enough money selling hair-grower tonic to found a small barber college, and, incidentally, buy himself a wig for every day in the week. He became so prosperous that he could afford

shoes to match his desk top. The Snip One Purl Two Barber College, as Harry's institution was called, had a national reputation. With Pop's pull, I got into school.

I enrolled in the next semester, and began my study for a Ph. D. degree (Professional hair dresser). Right away, I ran into bad luck disguised as Tom Gray, my roommate. He was a tight-fisted tattletale. His being a tattletale didn't bother me too much, but his stinginess did. He refused to play pattycake with me because the game had to be played with open hands. Not to have at least one hand closed, was against his clutching, grasping nature.

Tom and I could never make it to class on time, so we decided to pool our money and buy an alarm clock together. I should have known better. There would have been no trouble if we had had the same class periods, but it so happened that we had early classes on alternate days. On the mornings I had to get up early, do you think the bum would let me use his half of the alarm clock? Hell, no! Consequently, I went to classes half asleep and my first semester grades showed it.

I took the evidence of my failure home, and poor Pop was heart-broken when he saw the two large F's for Face Lathering and Conversation. He brought out a book on conversational English; took a large snort of whiskey; grabbed his scissors and my hand.

"Son," he said, "we're going to the kennels, right now!"

All night he demonstrated tonorial technique on the dogs. We trimmed, snipped, lathered, shaved, clipped, and talked until mine and the dog's throats were hoarse: All our eyeballs looked like burnt-out stop lights. By the time I returned to school, all our dogs looked like Mexican Hairlesses, but my technique had improved so much that I became a star pupil.

Next, I disposed of Gray, the last obstacle in my way. I caught him lying on his sack on day. Skilfully, I tossed a penny which dropped down his throat. Tom grabbed for the coin, and, rather than let go of it he chocked himself to death.

The day for the final examinations arrived. I was ready and confident. First, I'd better explain how these examinations were given. In the auditorium, were dozens of numbered chairs with envelopes attached to the backs. The envelopes contained the time limit for a certain test and the instructions, for instance: "Give this person a neck trim in eight minutes," or, "Give this customer a shave and a haircut in fifteen minutes," etc.

We drew slips from a box to get our chair numbers, then stood





Botany



Engineering



R. O. T. C.

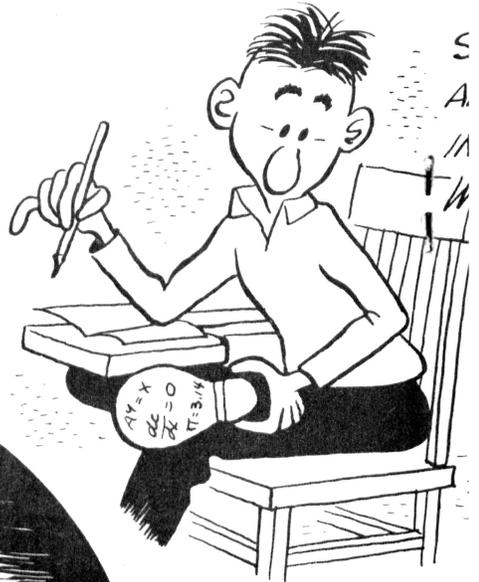
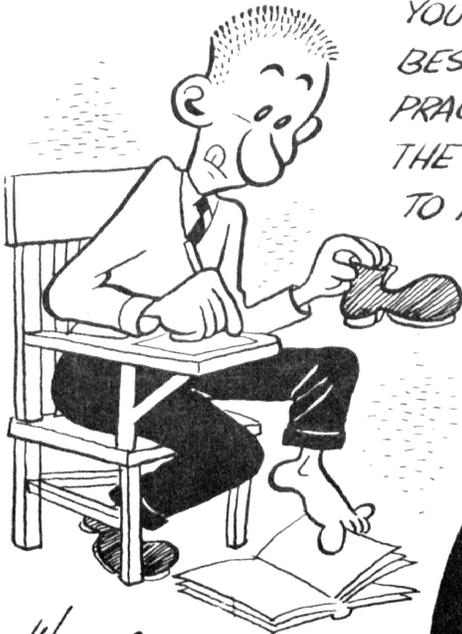
The Missouri Wink



Extra-Curricular

SHOWME SHOWS YOU HOW

YOUR TEXTBOOK IS ALWAYS THE BEST REFERENCE BUT ASSIDUOUS PRACTICE IS NECESSARY TO OBTAIN THE PEDAL DEXTERITY REQUIRED TO FLIP PAGES WITH YOUR TOE.



ALWAYS PREPARE TO TEST AND AVOID EYE STRAIN. BE USE YOUR OWN

Warning:

TEACHER WAS YOUNG ONCE AND HAD TO PASS TESTS TOO.



THE TOP OF YOUR STOCKING IS A NICE PLACE TO HIDE A PONY --- A VERY NICE PLACE INDEED !!

1765
1200
1616
2LE MAG
1883
26
1729
RESCHY
142
EURIPIL
405
CONSTAN
1650
1860



SITTING BEHIND A POLE SOMETIMES HAS ITS ADVANTAGES.



GET ONE OF YOUR OLD SWABBIE BUDDIES TO SIGNAL ANSWERS FROM ACROSS THE STREET.

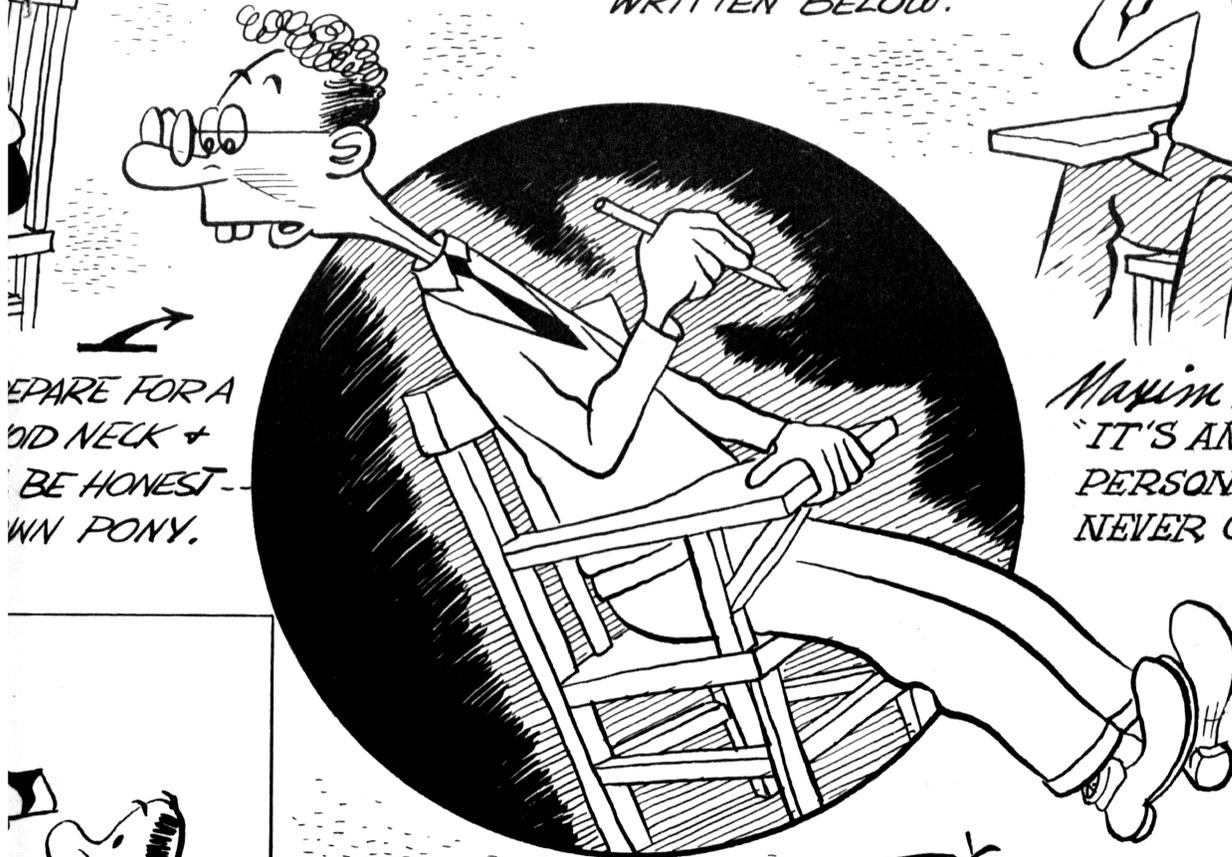
HOW TO PASS YOUR FINALS

SHIRT CUFFS, FINGERNAILS, AND BOTTOMS OF SHOES ARE INCONSPICUOUS PLACES TO WRITE DATES AND FORMULAS

ENGINEERS HAVE PORTABLE PONIES CALLED SLIDE-RULES. THE SLIDE COMES OUT REVEALING INFORMATION WRITTEN BELOW.



Maxim:
"IT'S AN EDUCATED PERSON WHO IS NEVER CAUGHT."



PREPARE FOR A GOOD NECK + BE HONEST - OWN PONY.

MORT WALKER



Invention by Author:

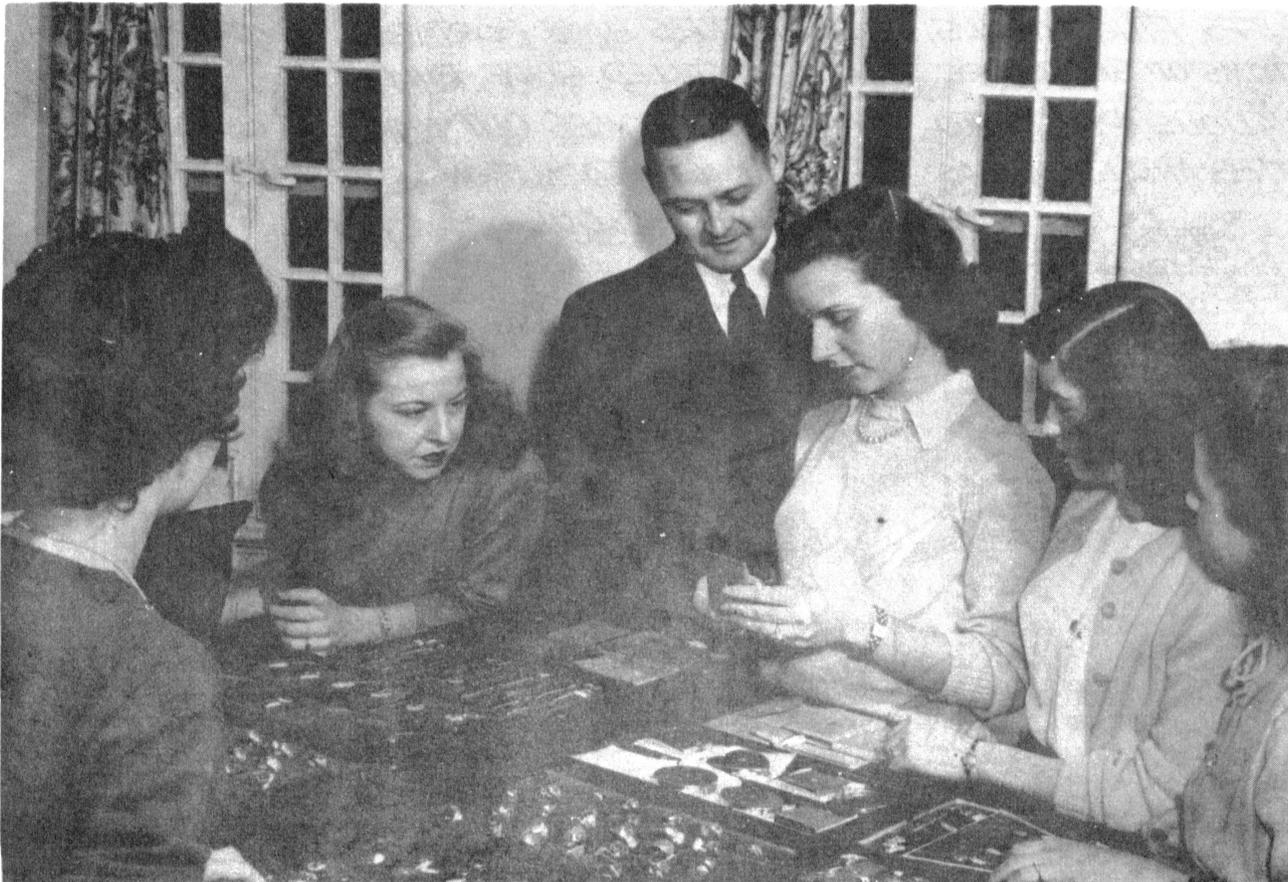


Jiffy Pony Maker:
COMPLETE WITH INVISIBLE INK AND INFRA RED GLASSES TO READ PONY WITH. \$50 A SET.



THEN THERE ARE THOSE WHO DON'T HAVE TO CHEAT TO PASS!

Your Balfour Representative



Gives Prompt Service

FRATERNITY and Sorority pins can be ordered by pledges now for prompt delivery after initiation. Place your order with BALFOUR and be assured of getting a pin manufactured according to your National specifications. Give your BALFOUR representative a call today and let him show you his complete line of pins, rings, novelties, stationery, invitations, leather goods, dance favors, and other campus jewelry items.

For All Your Campus Jewelry Needs

Call TOM CONREY at 4057

BALFOUR REPRESENTATIVE IN COLUMBIA

HISTORY



ECON. ETC.



3. A.M.



Town Baedeker

TODAY we will saunter about the film shops and sneak a view of the wares to come.

Prize package headed our way is *Notorious*, a thrill-lundle wrapped with care by Messrs. Alfred Hitchcock and Ben Hecht. Jot Hitchcock down as the master director of the shiver pictures and Hecht you can note as a man with potent pen, scribbler of crisp, sizzling yarns (*Front-Page*, for one)

Notorious bundles two nice people together. Open the package and out pop Ingrid Bergman and Cary Grant off on a chase of Nazi sies—with time out now and again to chase each other.

How would you like to tussle with Russel? *Outlaw*, the picture that almost didn't make it here (—police and clergy came close to checking it at point of origin) is boxed and on the way. Miss Jane Russel, damsel with the longest, lushest buildup in cinema history, plays the surprisingly minor role of a sexy self-clad half-breed. The outlaw referred to in the picture's title: Billy the Kid.

Picture you won't miss if you do is the Errol Flynn photoplay, *Never Say Goodbye*. It is a picture about divorce and we were about to say divorce picture of the season. Clerk of the court, strike the last remark from the record.

Another film bundle coming up is *Nocturne* with George Raft as a dead-pan detective. The photography, full of wind, rain and long night shadows, is moodily chilling but there is too much head scratching about a mystery that is not very mysterious.

Of the pictures to come, we like *Notorious*.

IN THE SPRING



A JUNIOR FANCIES

Bouquets of compliments, of course . . . for her new Youthcraft suit cut with lines as loving as a Spring sonnet. Collarless, uncluttered . . . softly feminine in mood . . . with something very smart going on at the softly gathered yoke. A suit of shirt ease . . . in gabardine: black, navy, brown, powder blue, green, coral, gray or beige . . . in crepe worsted: black, toffee brown, mint green, powder blue, or coral. Sizes 7 to 15.



BLUE SHOP

Tiger Hotel

NEW — FIREPROOF

SLEEP IN COMFORT AND SAFETY



Visit Our Coffee Shop



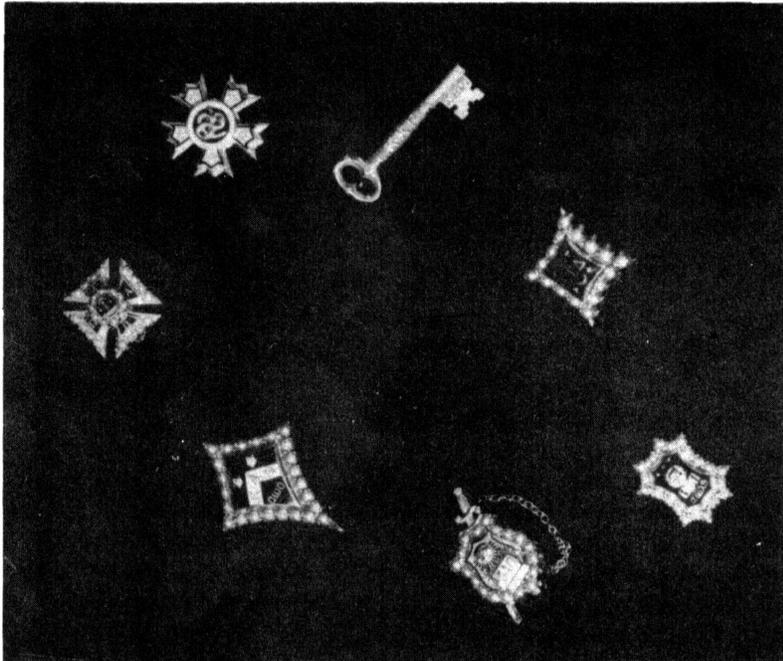
POPULAR PRICES

Phone 4121

KNOX HATS

Exclusive With Us

Woolf Brothers



Fraternity and Sorority Pins

OFFICIAL AND SWEETHEART

Made by

BUCHROEDER'S

Jewelers for Three Generations

1015 E. Broadway

Phone 9444

PACK UP

(Continued from Page 11)

gazing into one that contained a rather fuzzy-looking sports jacket (\$22.50) when a passerby made a reflection in the glass. Lanahan turned sharply to look, just to see if it were true. Yep. It was a soldier. The fellow was strolling along very peacefully, also window shopping, and one could notice his Master Sergeant's stripes which happened to be of the bright type known to the trade as "neon." And on his left arm was a black brassard which bore the legend, "Recruiting Sergeant."

In a voice he scarcely recognized as his own Lanahan called,

"Hey, Sarge."

The Sergeant turned, then he smiled. He had seen a lot of them. He extended a meaty hand and the civilian felt good as he heard the Sergeant say softly.

"Well, buddy, what can I do for you?"



Joan: "How did you happen to quit teaching school to join the chorus?"

Jean: "Well, I think there's more money in showing figures to the older boys."

I'VE HAD IT . . .

(Continued from Page 13)

waiting for the starting gun. As I waited, I noticed the occupant of my chair. She was what one might call a dishwasher blonde, and it looked as if she got that way from washing her hair in the sink.

The starting gun boomed. I seized my envelope and ripped it open. For a moment after reading my instructions, I stood with my tongue fanning my shoe tops and my eye-balls hanging at attention in mid-air. My orders read, "Give this customer a shave and a haircut. . . ." Evidently, there was a mix-up, but I wasn't about to waste time and flunk my final after working so hard. Snatching up the shears, I started to make hay. On the final stretch of the haircut, the old gal suddenly realized what was coming off. She let out a bellow that sounded like the noon whistle at the boiler works.

I stuffed a towel down her throat, and threatened to steal her upper plate if she opened her mouth again. Although I could hear the blood boiling in her veins, she sat quietly except for frequent, spasmodic jerks. I then proceeded to finish in the required time.

Old Harry came to my position, took one look, and hit the ceiling. All I could understand was something about common sense in such a case, and "You've ruined my sister's looks and her new toupee."

Isn't Cum Laude a Latin phrase they use when a student leaves college with honors? Well, I left the Barber College *A Pede*.

On Valentine's Day



Yesser it's Esser—



For a Complete Stock

- Fine Liquors
- Tobaccos
- Elizabeth Arden Cosmetics
- Prescriptions
- Drug Sundries

Visit the New 'Upstairs' Gift Shop

Esser Drug Store

715 Broadway

Phone 4300

EXAM . . .

(Continued from Page 7)

confidence on this subject. As I completed my carefully phrased proposition, he looked at me in innocent fear, and then suggested that I listen to his complete story. I was in no mood to dicker. I could see no legitimate excuse for Abercrombie's refusal to cooperate with his roommate in the acquisition of a few fast dollars at the expense of the local parlay chieftains. He had an answer for me however. It was the condition of his powers, that if he ever used them for such a means as to gamble or win moneys at games of chance, then they would fall away from him, like a snow man melts in July. He mumbled something by way of further explanation about the Great God Brown, and the illegitimacy of economic rent. I was crestfallen. My dreams of empire were shattered. Such a waste, I thought, to have this divination into the future of things and not be able to utilize it.

Abercrombie must have read my thoughts. He was always doing it. He replied that although he might not use his black art in speculative means, there were yet many ways in which he could help mankind and in return for his advice on the future, receive certain gratuities in proportion to the client's good will. For a long time I thought about this and then as my little mental flashlight went poking about dark corners of my brain, I came upon the idea, huddled in a niche of forgetfulness. Of course! There must be hundreds of Missouri students who

would gladly express their appreciation in monetary measure, for an advance glimpse of some particular final examination! It was within Abercrombie's power to reproduce in advance such documents as final examinations—there was the demand and the supply. It remained but for me to bring them together.

Finals were fast approaching, and Abercrombie insisted that if he was going to be put to this additional strain of conjuration, certain amulets, fetishes and talismen would have to be put at his disposal. These I collected according to his directions until our room took on the appearance of one inhabited by the weird sisters themselves. Quietly and with discretion, I began to solicit clients for Abercrombie. As long as I could be convincing, they were not hard to get. My only fear was that I would be taken for a crackpot for proposing such a scheme. Fortunately, I retained a sober face and succeeded in keeping a steady stream of clients beating a path to Abercrombie's door. From morn-

ing 'til night they came: freshman, sophomores, juniors, and seniors; each of them with a problem of his own. Some wanted Abercrombie's service on but one exam, others were in worse shape. The crowd soon became so big that it was no longer necessary for me to solicit in front of Gaebblers. I stayed home and helped Abercrombie.

About a week before finals, I checked over our file system and found that we had a telepathic version of every exam that would be given in the university except that in third semester basket-weaving. The files also told me that we had serviced nearly every student enrolled at old Mizzou. I admit now, that even though I knew we had done no wrong, I was nervous. I kept repeating to myself that we had filched no exam papers from the offices of Jesse Hall, we had bribed no secretaries in the English Department—we had resorted to none of the more common devices which the University considered



Addison M.

"Well, son, I hope that little talk we had did you some good."

not only unfair but contrary to the sporting spirit. We had simply looked into the future and recorded what we saw—as any student was privileged to do if he had the power.

Came the first day of exams and the supreme test of Abercrombie's witch-craft. I hung about the entrances to the various large auditoriums on campus to see if there would be a sign of our operations in the reaction of the throngs of students. I watched one group of several hundred file obediently into an economics examination. I watched them take their seats, watched them bending their heads to their task and then watched them begin to turn in their two-hour examination papers at the end of fifteen or twenty minutes. The professor, awestruck by this phenomina, stood with his watch in hand.

It was the same everywhere.¹ Students were entering the one-time halls of torture wearing smiles; there was the feeling of a common conspiracy in the air. The Collins, the Dixie, and the Shack were overflowing. A carnival spirit prevailed over Columbia.

Needless to say, the University and its faculty were in an uproar. All precedent was shattered; the "curve" method of grading was shot to hell; the only examinations below 100% were the papers of those poor unfortunates who died while completing the exam. Newspapers across the country began to pick up the story. Political voices

Pioneers in the Field of Quality Clothes

NUNN-BUSH SHOES FOR MEN

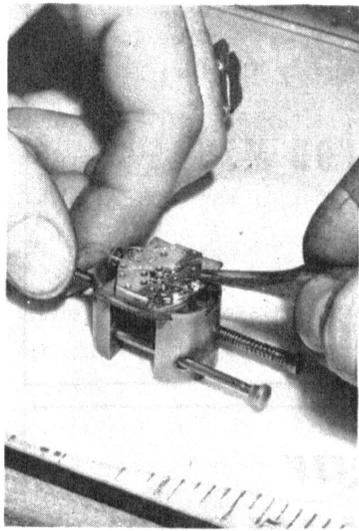
Since 1868

BARTH CLOTHING COMPANY, Inc.

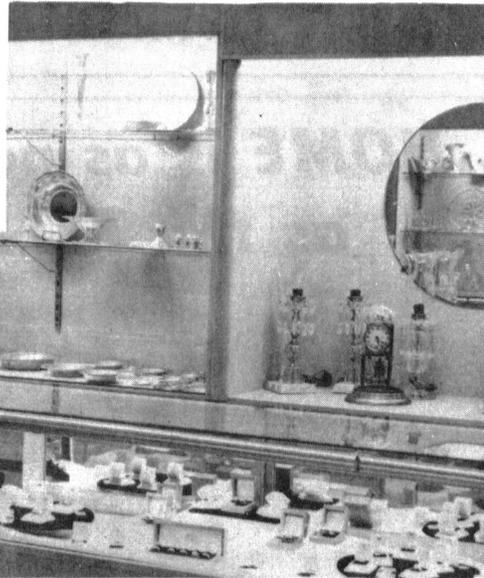
**HOME is as near
as the TELEPHONE**



**MISSOURI
TELEPHONE COMPANY**



Fine Craftsmanship



Creates Beauty

Behind every piece of correct jewelry
repair, watch repair, stone setting
setting or engraving lies patient
and skilled craftsmanship. The
result is lasting beauty and
dependability. You are always
sure of satisfaction when we handle
your work.



12 S. 9th St.

in Jefferson City began to cry out against the "Fraud of Columbia."

Like every other good story, even this one had to subside in the nation's press. It was soon forgotten. But perhaps one of the least known incidents related to The Great Final Exam Mystery was the eventual fate of Abercrombie. He had taken his exams like the rest; he had made use of his best information in preparing for them. But he had failed. He scored a resounding "F" in every course. He explained it to me this way: on the way to class during finals, Abercrombie had struck up a casual conversation with a fellow student. This stranger had looked up into the morning sky and remarked, "Bet'll snow tonight."

Abercrombie knew it wouldn't, of course. He didn't have to figure out such simple things as the weather. He knew, and so replied, "Bet it won't" With the consummation of that bet, Abercrombie's powers melted away from him like a snow man in July.

The Great God Brown had had his way.

"Mrs. W. Y. Morgan, Hutchinson, Kas., was resting comfortably today at the Menorah hospital. She is the widow of "Billy" Morgan, one of the leading figures in Kansas journalism."

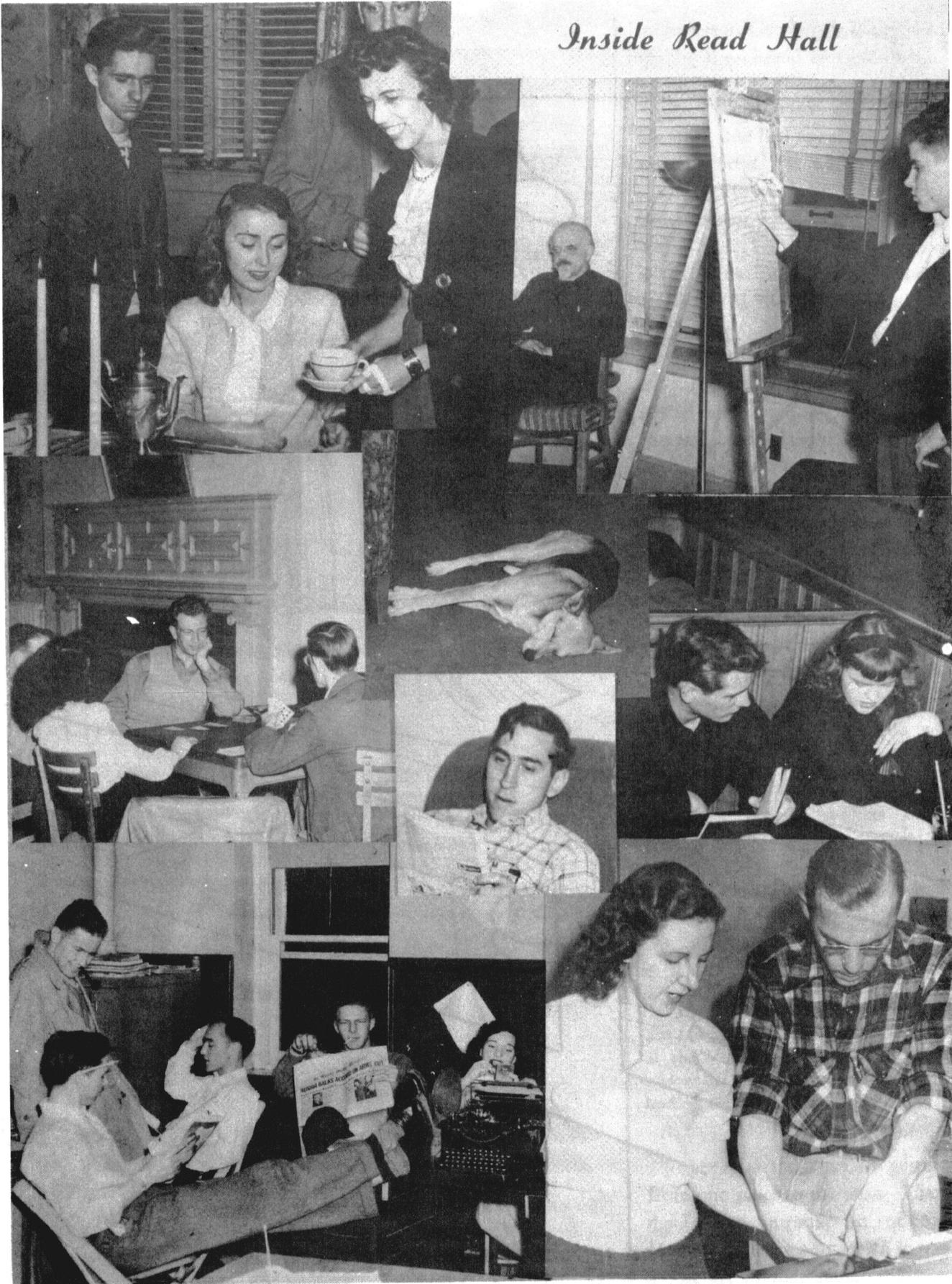
—K. C. Star.

Journayism: the art of getting from one place to the next. Until the recent introduction of the wheel into Kansas in 1940, it was a lost art in that state.



"I hear the service is kinda' slow in here."

Inside Read Hall



"Have you ever been pinched for going to fast?"

"No, but I've been slapped."

"That's the guy I'm laying for," muttered the hen as the farmer crossed the yard."

And then there was the dog that saw the sign "Wet Paint" on the bench—and so he did.

"I'm so mad I could put a banana in the refrigerator."



Definition of pink elephant: A beast of bourbon.

There was a young maid from Iran
Who said, "Yes, if I possibly can,

I'll go to college

To get me some knowledge,
But mostly, I'm after a man."

"Hey, you can't dance that way here."

"This is interpretive dancing."

"Then I'm interpreting it the wrong way."

"Who gave the bride away?"

"I could have, but I kept my mouth shut."

STOP

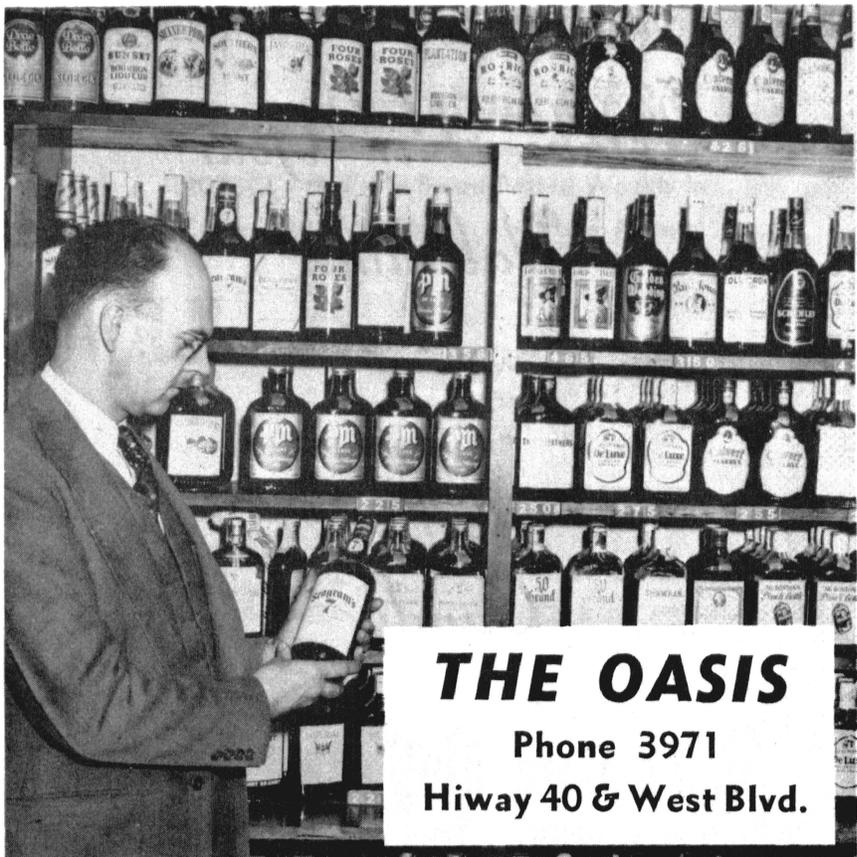
at the

GREYHOUND COFFEE SHOP

for the

Best T-Bone Steaks in Town

\$1.00



STEAKS

The Best

T
H
E

CUPBOARD

*Make Her Your
Valentine*

with our

*Gift
Candy*

nell's date and candy shop

NINTH AND UNIVERSITY

College is just like the laundry—you get out of it just what you put into it—but you'd never recognize it.

Joe: "It's funny how one's thoughts keep pace with the weather."

Femme: "Yes, it's certainly raw outside, isn't it?"

"If I kiss you will anyone be the wiser?"

"That depends on how much you know about kissing now."

He was living the life of Riley and Riley came home.

Every man has his wife, but the ice man has his pick.

He: "Do you serve women at this bar?"

Bartender: "Nope. You have to bring your own."

And then there was the man on relief who was so accustomed to having things done for him that he went out and married a widow with three children.

"So you bought a home in the country?"

"Yes, five rooms and a path."

Soft soap has cleaned many a guy.

Wish we had a fifth for bridge.

You don't need a fifth for bridge, you dope!

Well, make it a pint then.

He: Do you know the secret of popularity?

She: Yes, but not tonight!

Two burly cannibals caught a beautiful young girl and brought her before their chief. He casually looked over the girl, yawned, and said: "I believe I'll have breakfast in bed this morning."

—Urchin.

Baby: "I want my bottle."

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

—Pointer.

"Ah," said the customs officer, finding a bottle of White Horse. "I thought you said there were only old clothes in that trunk."

"Aye, that's my nightcap."

—Urchin.



LOST—Female yellow Persian cat, 8 years old. Reward. Call 6275.

LOST—From 11 S. Glenwood Ave., large yellow Tom cat. Bushy tail. Phone 4368.

—Missourian, Dec. 11.

Tom was last seen swishing his large bushy tail in a very suggestive manner.

Are 'YOU' in the "LUCKY CIRCLE?"



WATCH For YOUR Picture In the CIRCLE

NOTICE—Bulletin Board Posted Weekly in
Central Dairy—Watch for Your Picture

WIN

A "Carry-Out Snack"
For a Party of 4 or 5

ICE CREAM

- Choice of Cake or
- Cookies
- Chocolate Syrup



CENTRAL DAIRY

Enjoy

Frozen Gold
CREAM OF CREAMS
U. S. TRADE MARK NO. 292946
ICE CREAM



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

Jean: That's the way to get there.

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

"Why?"

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

"Everybody is crazy over me," said the first-floor inmate of the insane asylum.

Al: "I am burning with love for you."

Grace: "Oh, don't make a fuel of yourself."

COFFEE HOUR DEPARTMENT

(Missing Items Division)

"WILL THE PERSON who took the field jacket with a billfold, gloves, glasses, in it from Read Hall Thursday by mistake please return it to Read Hall.

—MISSOURIAN.

Before we call the police by mistake.



Fine Selection of Recordings
Popular and Classic

COTTAGE RECORD SHOP

Mezzaine of Hopper-Pollard Drug

She: That's a good looking virgin wool sweater you have on.

He: Let's don't bring the sheep's personality into this.

"Say, sister, do you know why girls walk home?"

"No, why?"

"Never mind. Let's go for a ride."

Landlady: "I thought I saw you taking a gentleman up to your room last night, Miss Smith."

Miss Smith: "Yeah, that's what I thought, too."

"May I take you home? I like to take experienced girls home."

"But I'm not experienced."
"You're not home yet!"

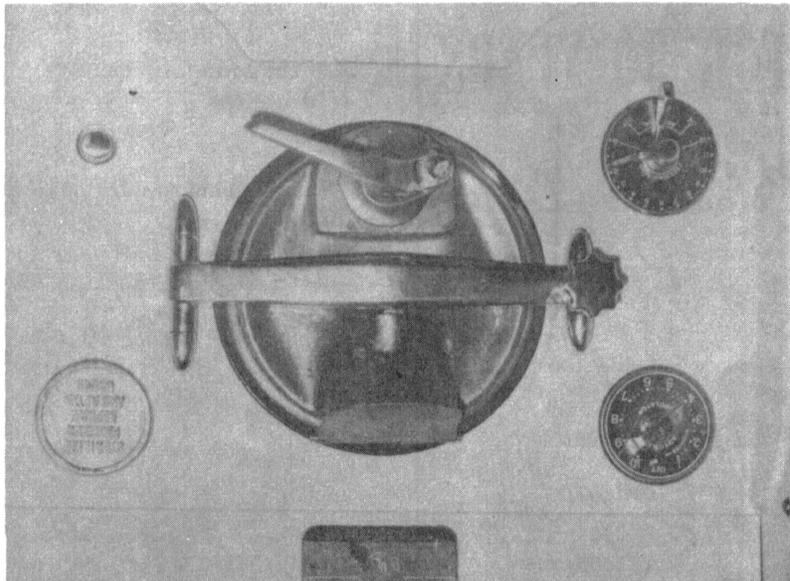
Hey, Percy, do you know the difference between a good girl and a bad girl?

I give up.

So does the bad one.



"Ask for Janet"
Dial 9767



Delicious Frosty Malts
Phone 7457 ERNIE'S S. Ninth

Exclusively Ours

- Bostonian
- Edwin Clapp
- Florshiem
- Fortune
- Jarman
- Roblee

Shoes for Men

ROCHESTER

shoe trees

MILLER'S

800 Broadway

FOR 30 YEARS

*Columbia's Leading
Printer*

of

*Personal
Stationery*

McQUITTY QUICK PRINTERS

9 North 10th St.

Mamma: George, dear, come kiss your new governess.

George: No; I don't dare to, I'm afraid. Daddy kissed her yesterday and she slapped his face.

●

"I hope you're not afraid of microbes," apologized the pay-teller as he cashed the young instructor's check with soiled currency.

"Don't worry," replied the young man, "a microbe couldn't live on my salary."

●

"And you can't multiply 26 by 86, Charley? I'll bet Henry can do it in less than no time."

"I shouldn't be surprised. They say fools multiply very rapidly, these days."

●

"How did you lose your hair?"

"Worry."

"What did you worry about?"

"About losing my hair."

●

"Was his bankruptcy due to a lack of brains?"

"Yes, a lack and a lass."

●

"Is your dentist careful?"

"I'll say he is; he filled my teeth with pain."

●

A prof wrote "Please wash" on the blackboard and the janitor took his bath before Saturday.

●

A KICK IN THIS ONE

"Did his father come between you?"

"No, merely behind me."

Matching

Shoes and Bags

Blouses

Sweaters

Accessories

LANE'S

914 Broadway

YEARS

of

Satisfactory

Service

Popular Prices

DANIEL BOONE HOTEL

Phone 4105

There's Always a Gay Party at

Breezy Hill

for Dining and Dancing



Phone 9088 5 Miles East on Highway 40

ALWAYS Milder
BETTER TASTING **COOLER SMOKING**

WHEREVER WE GO CHESTERFIELD IS TOPS

Perry Como · J. Stafford



HOTEL PENNSYLVANIA

LAKE PLACID

MADISON SQ. GARDEN

HOLLYWOOD PALM GARDEN

Tom Breneman's

CLUB

YANKEE STADIUM

Frank Dalley's MEADOWBROOK

The Drake

BILLINGSLEY'S HOLLYWOOD

FWA

capablanca
Monte

The Coker Mill

MUSIC HALL

Cafe Society

ALWAYS BUY CHESTERFIELD

RIGHT COMBINATION

WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS · PROPERLY AGED

The Trocadero's

COCOA NUT GROVE LA.



20th CENTURY-FOX

Mocambo

HOTEL SHER



Corona

The BLACKHAWK