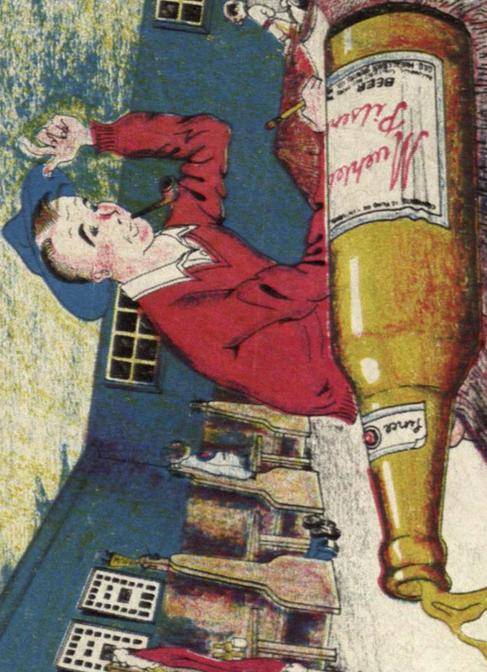


MISSOURI Showme

20c



SHOWME GIRL
ISSUE

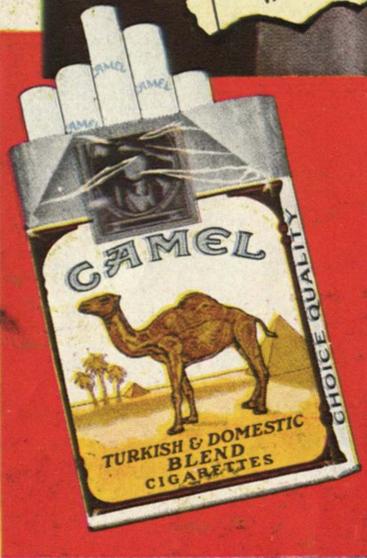
FRASCO

EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER!



1945 NEWS ITEM
Cigarette Shortage
Still Acute
Crowds Queue Up... Millions
Try Different Brands... Smoke
Whatever They Can Get.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.



EXPERIENCE TAUGHT MILLIONS THE DIFFERENCES IN CIGARETTE QUALITY!

Result: *Many millions more people found that they liked Camels best.*

IT'S ONLY a memory now, the war cigarette shortage. But it was during that shortage that people found themselves comparing brands whether they intended to or not.

And millions more people found that the rich, full flavor of Camel's superb blend of choice tobaccos suited their Taste to a "T." And that their Throats welcomed the kind of cool mildness Camels deliver.

Thus the demand for Camels... always great... grew greater still... so great that today more people are smoking Camels than ever before.

But, no matter how great the demand, this you can be sure of:

Camel quality is not to be tampered with. Only choice tobaccos, properly aged, and blended in the time-honored Camel way, are used in Camels.

According to a recent Nationwide survey:

MORE DOCTORS
SMOKE **CAMELS**
than any other cigarette



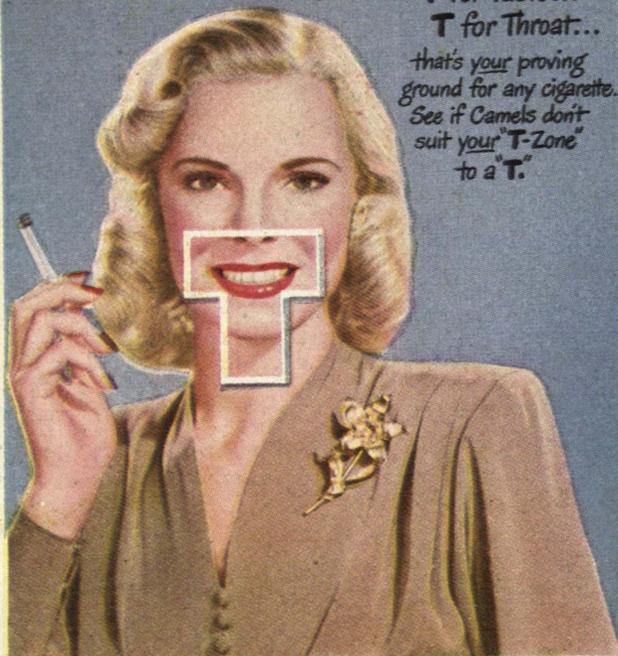
When three independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors—What cigarette do you smoke, Doctor?—the brand named most was Camel!

Your "T-Zone"
will tell you...

T for Taste...

T for Throat...

that's your proving
ground for any cigarette.
See if Camels don't
suit your "T-Zone"
to a "T."





THIS MONTH'S COVER

THIS weird and intoxicating cover carries with it a weird and intoxicating story, along with three weird and intoxicating contemporary characters, willing upon themselves the titles of artists. It all began one dark and dismal night, in a dark and dismal room, where three dark and dismal characters labeled "Snort" Walker, "Gube" Gabriel, and "Fizzel" Fairfield are hunched over their drawing boards in laborous fatigue. A voice pierces the silence.

"Your deal, Snort."

March 12, 1947. That is the dead line for the SHOWME cover. Sweat, fever, and excitement hang in the thick, brooding, musty air. Who will be the first to utter the famous words that will be the foundation of a cover? Who? Silent meditation still persists. Then—then suddenly like a ray of sun through the window shade on a Monday morning, like a flashlight poked in the window of a parked car, comes the thought, the idea that thrills their hearts with excitement.

"Com'mon, let's go out and get a beer. I can't think of anything" muttered Gube.



Mort's Cover



Gabe's Cover

as seen in
HARPER'S BAZAAR



Jacqueline

BABY DOLLS

IN VIVID

Red



Frisky little short-vamped
D'Orsay's with closed toes and
backs in gayest red leather!
Same young style in black
leather or black patent.

\$7.95

Jacqueline
shop

910 Broadway

Ah such modesty that man possesses. He gives forth with the most brilliant proposal of the evening that makes their morbid ears tingle with joy and then claims he "can't think of anything." Like Shakespeare, he can say what is on everyone's mind, but never before so well put.

So over the bottle of beer they brew. An hour or two passes and still no brilliant idea comes forth out of the darkness. Slowly Fizzel's head sags to the bar and his limbs grow limp and watery. It is then through his haft-mast eyes that he sees the exotic sight that so many Missouri students have seen but have been unable to record. Like an artist wishing to capture the rapture of the setting sun, he sets about with pen and paper to be the first to record this document. Like the towering statue of Liberty the bottle beer near his nose looms over him, as the rest of the bar fades in the distance. If he can only capture the splendor of this sight he will bring to everyone in their rooms at college that ecstasy one feels only with his head on the bar. Therefore, on busy nights when students are heaped with homework, all they need do is look at the picture and they can get the pleasant feeling of relaxation for a moment.

Instantly the inspiration came to the other artists, "Snort" and "Gube" to do their view from where they were. The artists set madly about drawing in competition, each determined to win the place on the cover. But Fizzel slipped a Mickey in their beer and fled to the SHOWME office just in time for the dead line.



As Shown By Our Model, Miss DOT KARR

NARDIS of DALLAS

Stars "Botany" brand gabardine in a new, long jacket suit for spring! Tailored skillfully in Marchan, Botany's all-wool gabardine. Beige, aqua, white, and gray. Sizes 10 to 20, \$39.95.

Suzanne's

"Columbia's Smartest Shop For Women"



LIZ WOOD
Alpha Chi Omega

Showme

Girl

of

1947

and her

Court

BEVERLY ROWAN
Kappa Alpha Theta



LOUISE STARK, brown-eyed
brunette from Harrison, Arkansas,
has been balloted the Showme
Girl for 1947. Louise, a senior
in advertising has had close asso-
ciation with the magazine, having
been modeling director this year.
She plans to go into magazine
work after graduation. She is a
member of Chi Omega sorority.



PAT STANGEBYE
Gamma Phi Beta



LOUISE STARK
Chi Omeg

A Day With

Being attractive early in the morning is the true test of a beauty queen.



Off to the 8:30 class with a sad goodbye to her best friend, Taffy.



Wednesday evening date starts with a quick game of bridge before dinner at the Pi K A House.



Lucky 'steady' of the Showme Girl is Frank Hash. Here he's showing her off to the Pi K A brothers.

Showme Girl



Hours in the typography lab are part of the day's work for the Showme Girl.



Time out from studies in the afternoon for a 'coke date'.



Studies call again as Louise turns to the library for a quick review.



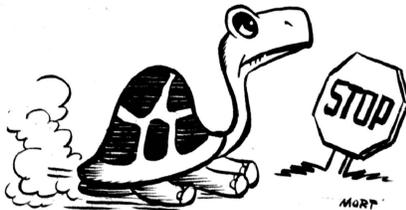
The picture must have been good, at least a bit amusing.



A warm goodnight on a cold Chi O front porch ends a day with the Showme Girl of 1947.

Town Baedeker

FOR *Green Grow the Lilacs* the Workshop people get flung a lilac bouquet—with maybe only one small brick tucked in amongst the blossoms. Under the Director Donovan Rhynsberger's practiced eye, music and the dance have been nicely blended into the frothy Lynn Rigg comedy-drama and for the same Herbert Phillipi designed scintillating sets. Romance, though, in the show misses just the least bit and this is strange to be sure because rumor has it that off the boards Stanley Neinstadt and Eileen Farmer (—the Curly and Laurie of the piece) are



talented coo-birds indeed as a two-some.

Give the Burall folks resounding thumps on the back for their *You Can't Take It With You* and to Cameron King, production chief, the plaudits of the multitude. If this presentation of Kaufman and Hart's ace comedy is an amateur show, you wouldn't know it.

But sneak peaks of *The Man Who Came to Dinner*, now being readied for the footlights by the Columbia Players, are not too encouraging. *The Man Who Came to Dinner* was penned by the same two master playwrights who dashed off *You Can't Take It With You* but you would'nt hesi-

(Continued on page 20)

MISSOURI Showme

March 25, 1947

FOOLISH MONTH FEATURES

THE SHOWME GIRL—Political astuteness was by no means entirely responsible for the election of the Showme Girl as the pictures inside reveal.

SOUTH TO MEXICO—For those who have had a fleeting desire to cut classes for a month or so, here is an account by a man who did it and succeeded.

WORLD FEDERALISM—An interview with the driving force behind a not-too-widely-known, but potent organization in our midst.

JESSE HALL CHAOS—Just let the officials turn old Jesse over students for one one day and see what would happen.



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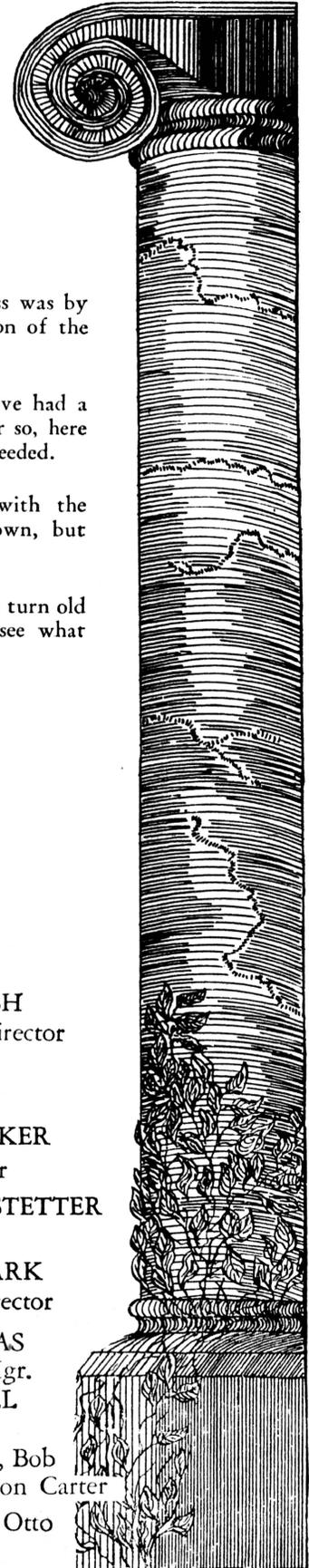
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Photo Editor

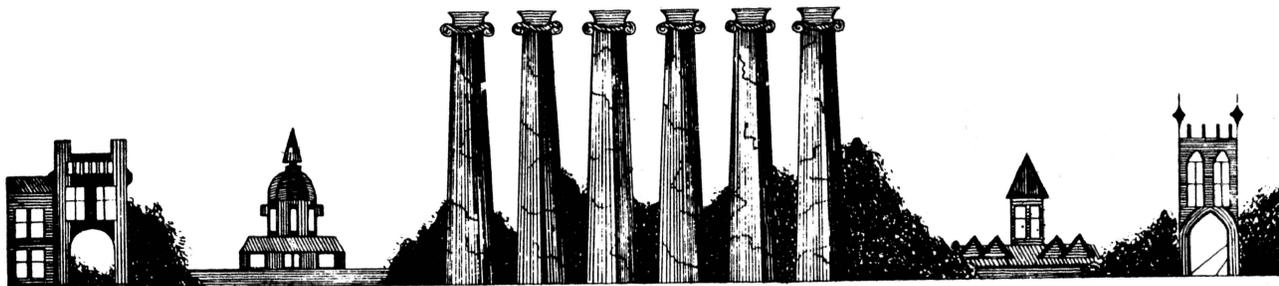
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Advertising Staff: Liz Greening, Bill Gray, Bob Summers, Jean Moon, Frank Lewis, Don Carter

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Around The Columns

Overheard

THE wind was right and we were walking on the downhill side of the baised walk in front of the Old Chemistry Building which made it easier for us to hear at least the most interesting part of the following succulent bit of conversation.

"The trunk lid was down", she said, "and so we didn't even know that there had been an accident."

Uncle Harry

SYNDICATE wires were jammed early this month with all sorts of material on the President's recent journey south of the border. The accompanying reporters had a field day writing of everything from a typical Mexican breakfast to the way the President climbed into his Mexican bed.

We thought the gayest note of our favorite son's excursion, however, came from Texas, where, while certain malcontents were protesting because of Uncle Harry's familiarity with Bourbon and a full house, the Chief Executive was awarded an honorary degree of Baylor University.

The president of that university, who was to make the presentation was asked please not to

mention the fact that Mr. Truman's mother had refused to sleep in A. Lincoln's bed in the White House. "The vast majority of the country," he was told, "actually believe the War-between-the-States has been over these many years." But not in Texas.

Experience

NOW that the magazine has gone out on a limb to sponsor a queen, we have added to our general store of knowledge and experience the turmoil caused by entering the confines of the feminine pulchritude-evaluating world. Our sympathy is all with the judges in Atlantic City.

Whether it is local custom or not, we are not prepared to say, but the announcement of a beauty, popularity, or personality contest

at the University is tantamount to waving the red flag in the bull's face—at least as far as the distaff side is concerned.

The truth of the matter is that the multiplicity of queen contests here is caused by the fact that there are simply more candidates than the business can handle. Were there established daily queen contests—which is not far from actuality—each would still be typified by a havoc of campaigning and a hurricane of returns.

Competition in the field, due to the presence of two exclusively feminine institutions in addition to the coeds of the University makes one realize that here is the core of the game. How simple it must be to run such a contest at West Point, or Annapolis, for instance. There, of course, the main advantage is the distance between the candidates and the judges and we cannot underestimate the value of space in this particular type of fray as a tactical defense.



Arrival

SINCE the final mark of success of any publication is to have its copies read in the right places, we were duly impressed and report with somewhat pride of seeing

our periodical displayed prominently on the window ledge near the president's desk of one of our local banking establishments.

The general impression being that bankers are usually humorless individuals whose main object in life is taking up mortgages from poor, destitute widows with no visible means of support except a young and charming daughter, we felt that our pinnacle had been reached.

Modesty kept us from openly asking the head money lender if he had read and enjoyed our humor. That, and a rather nebulous fear that the reason for the magazine being there was some sort of a financial plot to close in on us. But we weren't above hovering around until we saw one or two of the bank employees look at the issue and chuckle appropriately.

Reflection

EVERYONE'S favorite character at the University, the legendary and factual center of any number of tall stories and escapades, Prof. Jesse Wrench endeared himself even more to our hearts recently when he pointed out the faults of University students in clear and direct terms.

If it is necessary that a man who would speak the truth without garnishing it in obscure terms be himself an eccentric, then we feel that eccentrics of this type are a vital and necessary part of any University.

What is most humorous about the incident, and, no doubt, what is responsible for Puck's line "What Fools These Mortals Be"

is the fact that so many people can look true facts in the eye, seeing, as it were, a mirror-like reflection, and without batting an eye say "that is someone else."

We were as much upset as the Tiger Claws that an unforeseen difficulty prevented Professor Wrench from receiving his most deserved tribute at the Oklahoma basketball game. We couldn't escape, however, linking the inci-



dent with registration time when the door of the library is guarded with such true-steel zeal by our self-same favorite professor.

Sales

WE have watched with brotherly interest the transformation of the Missouri Student to a strictly commercial enterprise, and have felt that at least part of their sales technique should be incorporated into business school courses in Marketing Methods.

We enjoy most of all the spiel of their most avid salesman who confronts us weekly in the middle of Jesse Hall at an early and unenthusiastic hour with a gay and light line of chatter good enough for the Frigidaire representative in the Alaskan territory.

We feel, however, that the editors should know that this particular salesman is slighting whatever qualities they may claim for their publication by claiming it to be the best thing in the world for hiding crib notes in an early morning test.

Sufferin' Cats!

RIDING the city transit system gives us a chance to catch up on our collection of choice overheard conversations. We caught this bit the other day on a west-bound bus.

Two local matrons, having exhausted the supply of gossip turned to a discussion of world affairs. "Why, in Russia," one of them whispered, "all a man has to do to get rid of his wife is drop a postcard in the mail box."

"Oh, those Communists!" the other clucked. "Why, they don't even believe in women's suffraging."

First Signs

A CORRESPONDENT, dispatched to the pastoral sections south of the campus, reports that with the melting of the late winter snows, the Hinkson has already had its first visitation by nature-loving pilgrims.

He knows, he testified, because he followed two sets of footprints sunk deep in the spring mud which led to a grassy knoll on an embankment overlooking the stream, where at the foot of a tall oak tree was the distinct impression of a blanket, and a half dozen empty beer bottles.



Sometimes I wonder if it wouldn't save a lot of trouble just to develop a personality.

World Federalism

PROMPTED by our political editor, who feels the term communism is too frequently misused these days, we went in search of an old friend of our last week whose activities we have watched with special interest since the student United Nations Conference held at the University last November.

We are speaking of the Student Federalists who come in for a lot of radical name calling around the campus when the real trouble is that no one knows about them. We will admit that our first impression wasn't star-spangled when we heard this group advocated a new type world government and it most ardent worked had the subversive sounding name of Sieloff. Upon closer investigation, however, we found that the group is endorsed by the University and has such speakers as Dean Elmer Ellis for its weekly meetings.

We went in search of this fellow Chester S. Sieloff and found him living quietly with his wife in a modest apartment over on Providence Rd. Jokingly we suggested to Sieloff that he run out the samovar and tell us about himself and the Student Federalists over a hot cup of tea.

"You writers are all the same", he said with resignation. "You are always coming up here to find out about us and when you find that we're not laying plans to dynamite Jesse Hall, nothing ever gets printed about us."

We asked Sieloff to explain to us just a little about the S.F. here at the University and what they were up to. It seems that there are about 100 students in the Missouri Chapter and Sieloff is their more or less permanent vice-president. He explains this by

saying that he feels he can do more for the organization as a constant advisor (sort of a Bernard Baruch, he calls it) than as president. From a pecuniary standpoint, office holds no glamour as no salaries are paid to anyone. As a matter of fact, there aren't even dues paid by the members, although donations are taken.

"Two of the main purposes of the Student Federalists", Sieloff continued, "are to stimulate thinking on the urgent need for world government to preserve world peace, and to educate our generation in the principles of federalism".

In carrying out these ideas the Student Federalists helped spon-



fall to explain the workings of the United Nations. It was quite a spirited meeting, Sieloff recalled, so the mock U.N. conference last with "china" and "Egypt" making violent opposition to the resolution that the U.N. break diplomatic relations with Franco Spain.

Through meeting and conferences such as this the S.F. are trying to show the definite need for world federation where all nations would live together.

Sieloff says he became connected with the S.F. in somewhat of an indirect method. After graduating from Arlington

Heights (Ill.) High School in 1932 he was Scoutmaster and Activities Director at Park Ridge, a year-round Boys Scout camp outside of Chicago. He stayed with this work until 1941 when he became a singing comedian on the National Barn Dance over station WLS in Chicago.

He got the nod from Uncle Sam in 1942 and was sent to the Fourth Armored Division where he became a T/5 peep driver. One sandy day in the Mojave Desert in California, while the "Famous Fourth" was chasing itself up and down on maneuvers, Sieloff's foot was crushed and he was shipped off to a hospital shortly before his outfit went overseas.

It was in the hospital that Sieloff was first impressed with the fact that the world had better start hanging together instead of separately. Viewing casualties returning from overseas, he developed a deep-seated conviction that there can be World Peace.

After farming for a year after his discharge in 1945, he entered the University as a pre-law student. He says that if he hadn't run across an organization like the Student Federalists he would have founded something along that line himself.

"That's just about it," Sieloff concluded. The organization is small now, he admitted, but we're going ahead in carrying out our conviction that World Peace can be achieved through cooperation of nations of the world.

Here the ribbon fell of the spool and I'm just superstitious enuf to feel it was some sort of supernatural message to stop, although I've drawn no conclusion.

— WEEGAR

Queen Margot

by Charles Nelson Barnard

THE time has come again to elect a queen. Everybody will be doing it in rapid succession from now until June, for it's an ancient custom at Mizzou—one which has been perpetuated down through the years. The history of Mizzou queen elections is, therefore, an interesting one—full of incidents and anecdotes; tales foolish and fabulous. The story of Queen Margot is an example:

It was my privilege to be an observer at that fateful meeting, many years ago, when it was decided that Margot—Margot the Magnificent, as she was later to be known—should be the candidate for the 'interests'—of the campus faction.

Head of the faction was Larry Lemaine, one of the most talented and extra-ordinary local politicians ever to spend his mornings at the Campus Drug. If any one could engineer the election of a queen, it was Larry. And Margot—with whom his name had been linked in the social columns for two consecutive weeks—was his choice.

"Men," he said, holding court in the back room of the Shack, "this will take organization, work, unselfish devotion on the part of each of you." His circle of vassals nodded—and why not? Was it not wise to cooperate with Larry? To be known by him? Even to be seen with or near him? Was he not president of five stu-

dent organizations and a member of three others? Did he not spend each Friday 'til early Sunday morning in evening clothes? Did not the Collins bar-keep know him by name? What greater testimony was there? Who could refuse to follow such a giant personality unquestioningly?

"With the power of our influence on campus," he went on, "we can swing every group into line. We'll get pledged and promised

votes—and, for those who *don't* swing into line, there'll be no committee jobs, no patronage, no plums. I'll see to that!"

Over the fawning chorus of 'You can do it Larry', etc., boss Larry imposed his plans. As he gently tapped a cigarette from his pack, a dozen lighters clicked into ready flame. The meeting didn't break for three more hours. Over

(Continued on page 21)



"--and it should be noted that the price level will...."

South to Mexico

George Whittington



George

The following is an account of a three-month "bookey" time taken by one of the University's more pioneering spirits, who early in October, after having sat through a summer session of classes, decided that a Mexico vacation was in order.

This is by no means George's first foreign or Mexican visit. In addition to his other visits there, he spent some time in Europe as a tank corps captain and has served time in China waters with the marines, under whose banner he won the fleet heavyweight crown.

George is now a student in the School of Journalism—that is, until wanderlust strikes again.

ONE night in October when the fall semester was well under way and a cool breeze was beginning to hint at an early winter, and a cold one, I suddenly realized that as far as school was concerned I had had it.

This realization, arrived at through deep introspection and the contents of a bottle of Scotch,

was clear. I suddenly felt that if I hear danother lecture—dull or otherwise,— or wrote another exam, I should jump up and scream like a mashed duck. Blow my top, that is.

Thus I decided to take the easy way out. I'd take off, go to Mexico or some other place and bask in the sun, forget my troubles perhaps, repeat perhaps, return much refreshed.

Without wasting time I secured my withdrawal the next day by checking out with Dean Mott of the School of Journalism, the Veterans Administration, and the Registrar, in that order.

Not long after this process I found myself wheeling down the road to Mexico, recaps singing and a heavy foot on the gas. Escape at last! To hell with school! To hell with education!

At last the Mexican border appeared through the cracked windshield of my jalopy. Getting through the customs is no trouble except that the American officials have to be sure the prospective *tourista* doesn't intend to sell his car. Prices are high across the border and one can make a neat profit on vehicles.

However, they took one look at mine and said, "Brother, you can cross in that thing. Nobody in his right mind would buy that." (They were right, too, because I still have the old wreck.)

By this time the weather was warm and really seemed serious about staying that way.

After breezing through Monterrey, where the beer that made Milwaukee jealous comes from, I crossed the Tropic of Cancer, and was surprised to see no dotted line as is usually shown on maps.

Finally, after driving over a winding road, which rises through steep mountains to the high Valley of Mexico, I approached Mexico City. It is a beautiful modern city, much like Paris in some ways.

After tearing around the city for a few weeks, devoting my time to bullfights, bars, and other educational activities, I turned southward toward the much publicized resort of Acapulco, on the west coast of Mexico.

Acapulco, in the state of Guerrero, leaves nothing to be desired. It is all it's cracked up to be. Besides such sports as swimming, fishing, reclining on the warm sand, lying in hammocks, and just lying, there is much hunting.

In the surrounding countryside there are more weird birds and animals than you could shake a stick at. Jaguars, deer, rabbits, iguanas (large edible lizards which have meat like chicken), ducks, and wild chickens barge around

(Continued on page 24)

Sports Scene

"Sparky" Stalcup's Mizzou cagers closed their 1947 season with a defeat, 48-38, at the hands of the K.U. Jayhawks, ancient Bengal rivals. But despite this final disappointment, Stalcup has turned in a commendable record in his first year as mentor of the Tigers, and Showme sports writers hurry to join the well-wishers congratulating the fine coach and his crew.

The Kansas game, played before a scant crowd of 150 fugitive from the "flu" ban, was rough from start to finish, with a total of 61 fouls called against the two teams. Seven players were invited to leave the game, five from Missouri and two Kansans, because of personal fouls.

Charley Black, the K.U. all-American, was as good as his press releases that night, scoring the first, the most, and the best for the Jay birds.

The loss did nothing to the league standings, however, since Kansas had had too many previous losses and Missouri stood too far behind Oklahoma.

The Brewer Field House might well have been regarded as a miniature Madison Square Garden in recent weeks, with track, baseball, tennis, and spring football all in full swing.

M.U.'s baseball squad has high aspirations for its coming season. Coach John "Hi" Simmons has a multitude of talent from which to choose his starting nine. Nine lettermen are returning to bolster the squad: "Stu" Finlayson, "Bus" Entsminger, Jack Moran, Herb



Remember that beautiful spring day last week?

Waeckerle, Ollie Hook, Bob Spinks, Warren Walk, Thornton Jenkins, and Kenny Bounds. Simmons will also have the services of Darrell Lorraine, who lettered in baseball at the University of Kentucky last year.

We feel that Mizzou will be ably represented on midwest diamonds in the season which opens with a game against St. Louis U. on April 11.

With the indoor track season already history, Tom Botts, able Tiger track coach, is preparing the Bengal cindermen for the coming outdoor meets.

Bott's crew compiled an unblemished indoor track record by winning the Bix Six Conference Track and Field Meet in Kansas City a month ago, and defeating three conference foes, Nebraska, Kansas State, and Kansas, in dual meets held in Brewer Field House.

The indoor squad had consistent point-makers in every event,

which gives every indication that Coach Botts will turn in a winning season in the outdoor meets.

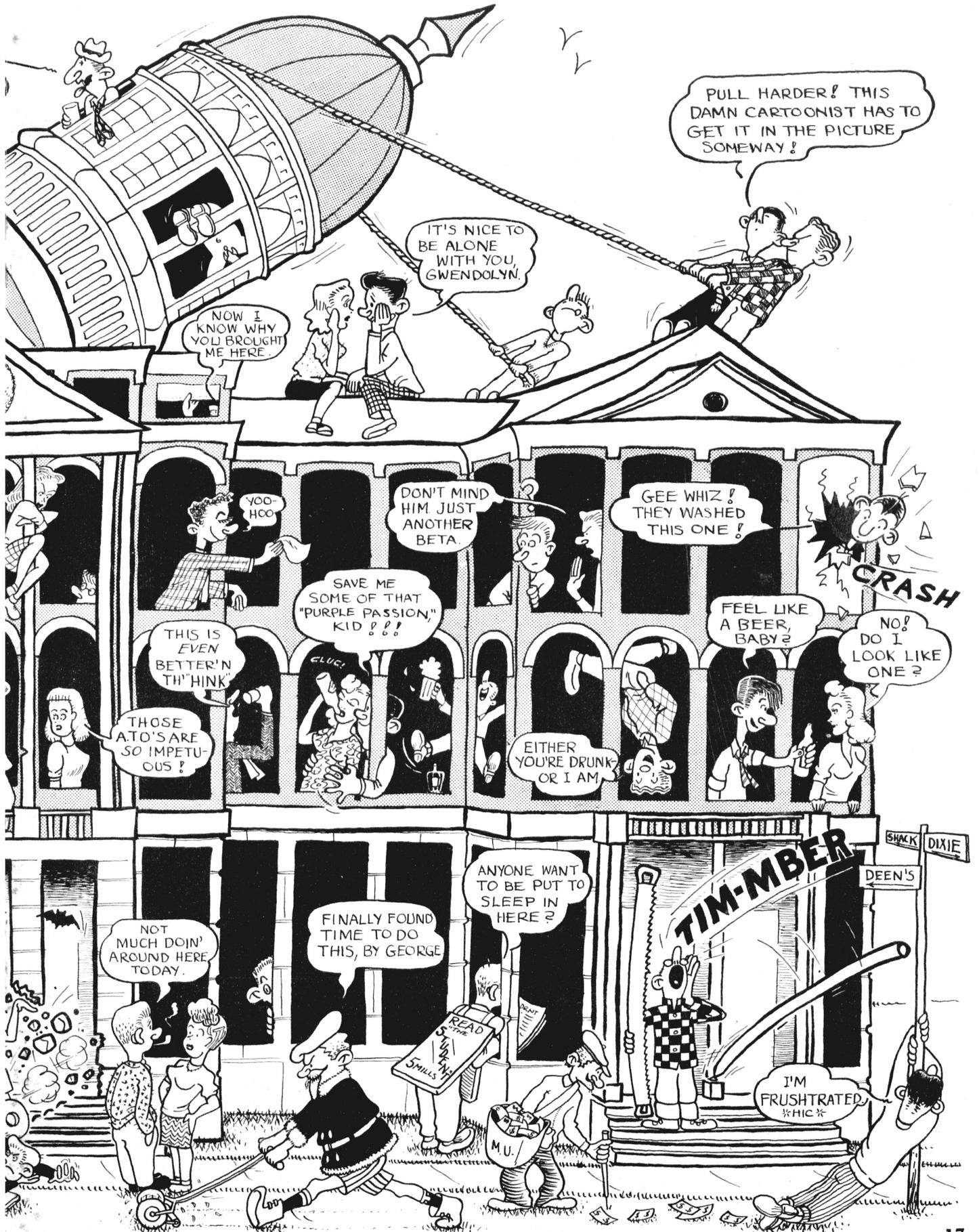
Coach Don Faurot has approximately 100 men going thru the rigors of spring football practice. Faurot says all positions are open for the best men and the boys are sweating it out daily.

The highlight of the six week's sessions will be the annual Alumni-Varsity football game. We aren't saying anything pro or con, but with Bob Stueber, Paul Christman, Bob Eichelberger, and others on campus. . . . But whatever happens, it will be an enjoyable game to watch. Mr. Faurot has a hard schedule this fall but has an optimistic view of things to come.—Bill Henderson and Ed Birmingham.

Ad in The Missourian

"Wanted—Students experienced in timber cutting who do not have Saturday classes. Phone . . . after 6:00 p.m."

(Don't wait up for our call.)



The '49'ers

by Bill Streeter

Synopsis: In the last issue we cavedropped with Doctor Pushkins as the eminent scientist set the dial of his time-recording machine at the year, 1981. We listened to the conversation of Bradley M. O'Connor and his wife, Adelia, as they reminisced over the details of the great registration of 1948, when only 'E' and 'S' students were allowed to register. They were just about to relate the hectic events connected with the registration of 1949 when the filament in Dr. Pushkins' time-recording machine burned out. Although we were left hanging in mid-air, the good doctor assured us that he could replace the filament as soon as the next issue of his favorite magazine arrived. It seems that the filament was made from fresh SHOW-ME covers, beaten to a pulp, mixed with stale beer, and allowed to dry over night.

DOCTOR Pushkins nervously inserted the filament into the master-atomic tube. He turned on the control-switch and awaited results. The dial was still set at the year, 1981. A smile of smug satisfaction overtook the renowned inventor as the familiar faces of Bradley and Adelia, two former student at Old Mizzou, appeared on the screen. With the curiosity of an incoming freshman, the old doctor hastened to tune in on their conversation:—

"The year, 1949, was one we'll never forget," Bradley roared. "As soon as Mr. Mapleleaf announced that registration would be limited to the first 7,000 who applied,

things began to happen. The news electrified the state."

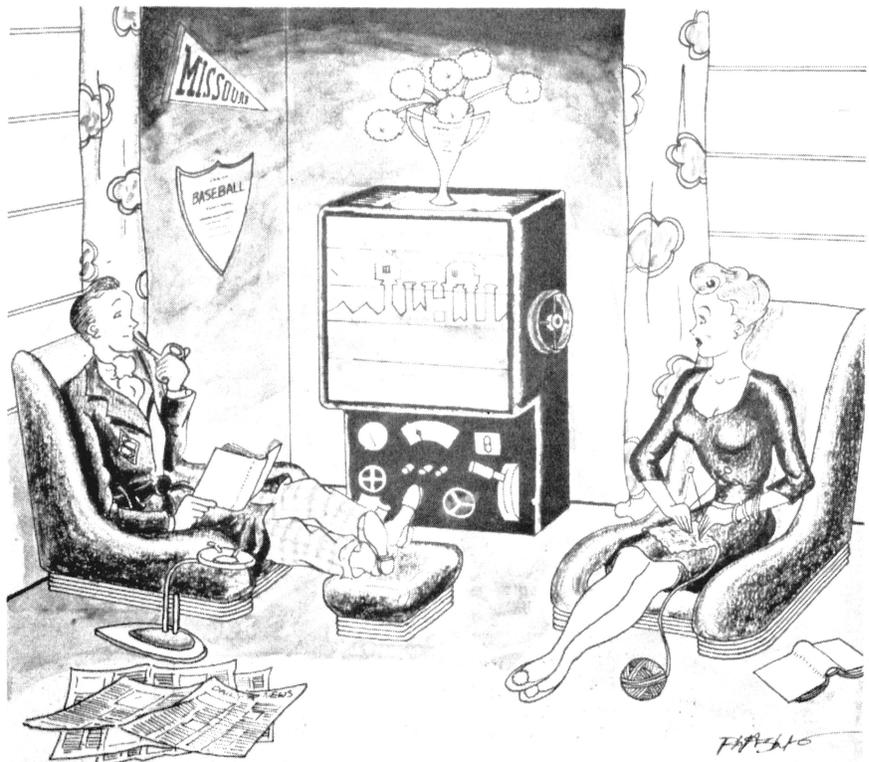
Adelia pondered for a moment as she tried to remember how it all started. Suddenly she announced,

"The first sign of the impending chaos was when people began to arrive for registration shortly after the Fourth of July. These were the 'sooners.' Before anyone could ask for their proof of residence in Columbia, they had pitched their tents underneath the columns and claimed 'squatter's rights.'"

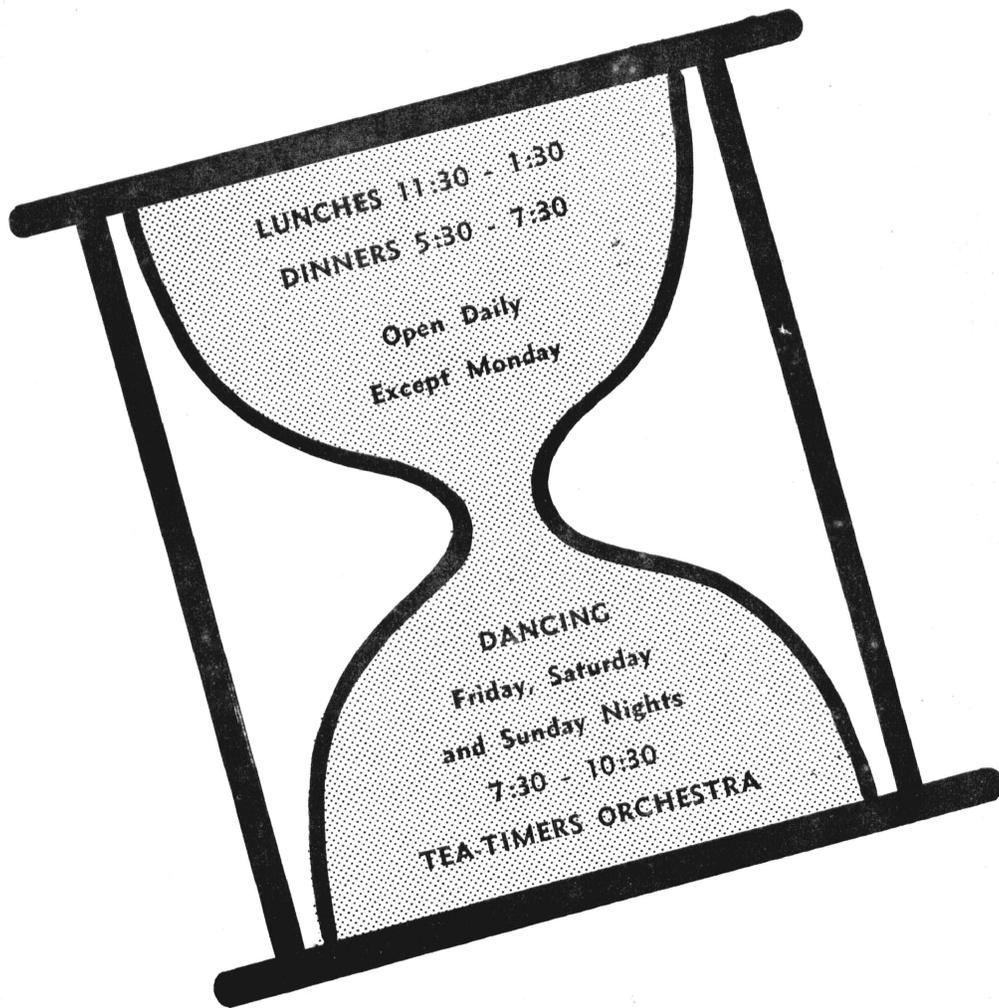
"Yes," said Bradley, "overnight, the campus was turned into another Klondike. The 'sooners' had created a scare. The news of their arrival had even penetrated the wilds of Joplin. Just like the '49'ers of old, other students began to arrive in their mad search for educational gold. They formed a line in front of the library, and by the first of August, it extended well into the Ninth Street tunnel."

"Professional 'stand-ins' soon appeared on the scene," Adelia re-

(Continued on page 27)



DINE & DANCE



FOR DINNER-DANCE AND PARTY RESERVATIONS DIAL 9304

TEA-BERRY

920a E. BROADWAY

CLOTHES OF CASUAL SMARTNESS

PUCKETT'S
... OF COURSE

COLUMBIA'S SMARTEST MEN'S SHOP

908 S. Broadway

For Fine
Jewelry



Town Baedeker

(Continued from page 8)

tate to call this version a beginners' production.

Celluloid spinning our way in a swirl of melody notes is the joyous photoplay *The Jolsen Story*, tagged the best musical biography since 1942's *Yankee Doodle Dandy*. Larry Parks who plays the part of Al Jolsen mixes in fact with sentimental fancy to get across the personality of a great entertainer, one who was singing before the turn of the century and still is today at 60. The film tells the story of the song-and-dance man who began his career in the day of the minstrel show and has flourished through ragtime, the rise of the musical comedy, the jazz craze and the modern sound film. What if the picture does size Jolsen as a living embodiment of all the virtues listed in the boy scout oath. The color and splendor of this show, the music and wonderful songs make it a merry must on your movie card.

But two other cinema bits ticketed for Columbia aren't on a par with the Jolsen extravaganza. If you like your women mean and nasty and pretty too, you might mildly enjoy Hedy Lamarr in *Strange Woman*. If you liked *Here Comes Mr. Jordan*, whimsical film of some years ago, you probably won't like *Angel on My Shoulder* which is the same story not as well told; this time it's a gangster instead of a prize fighter who pops back to life to square away one or two overlooked items of business.

That's Columbia's fun menu and one or two of the items do catch the eye.

—Pat Ryan, Jr.

QUEEN MARGOT ...

(Continued from page 13)

a table laden with scores of waiting beers, the lieutenants listened dutifully to their campus captain. Many times during that afternoon did the Shack phone ring, followed by a loud call for "Larry Lemaire." And, as many times did the great man in pseudo exasperation reply that he was too busy to take the call. Perhaps only I knew that the person calling was but another of his many hirelings assigned to the task of calling the "Boss" at frequent intervals. By such stratagems had he become 'known'—but such tactics had he risen until the name Larry Lemaire was on every tongue.

The campaign rocked the campus to the very foundation of the columns. The lieutenants were out in full force, neglecting not a trick; each striving for the favor and approval of the chief. Posters blazoning the name of Margot the Magnificent occupied every prominent place of display. Fleets of cars, willingly surrendered for the patronage of Lemaire, cruised Columbia's streets day and night. Radio time was purchased and



aerial sky-writing planes spelled out MARGOT on the early spring air. Here was the power of the campus boss at its climax. Here was the reward for four years of loyal obedience to the former fac-



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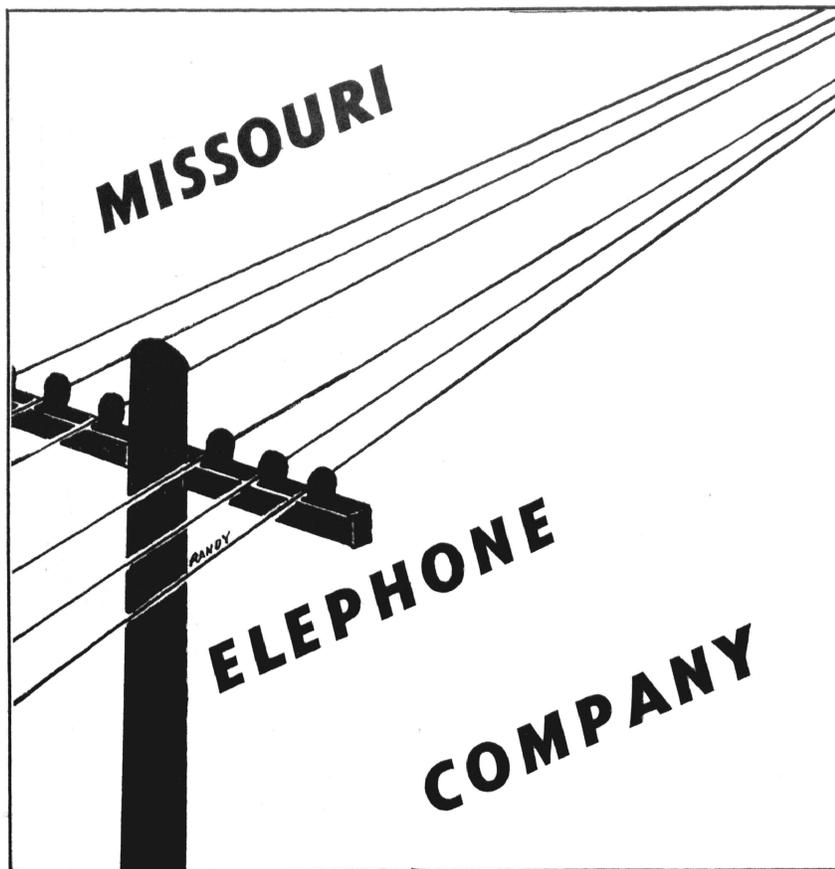
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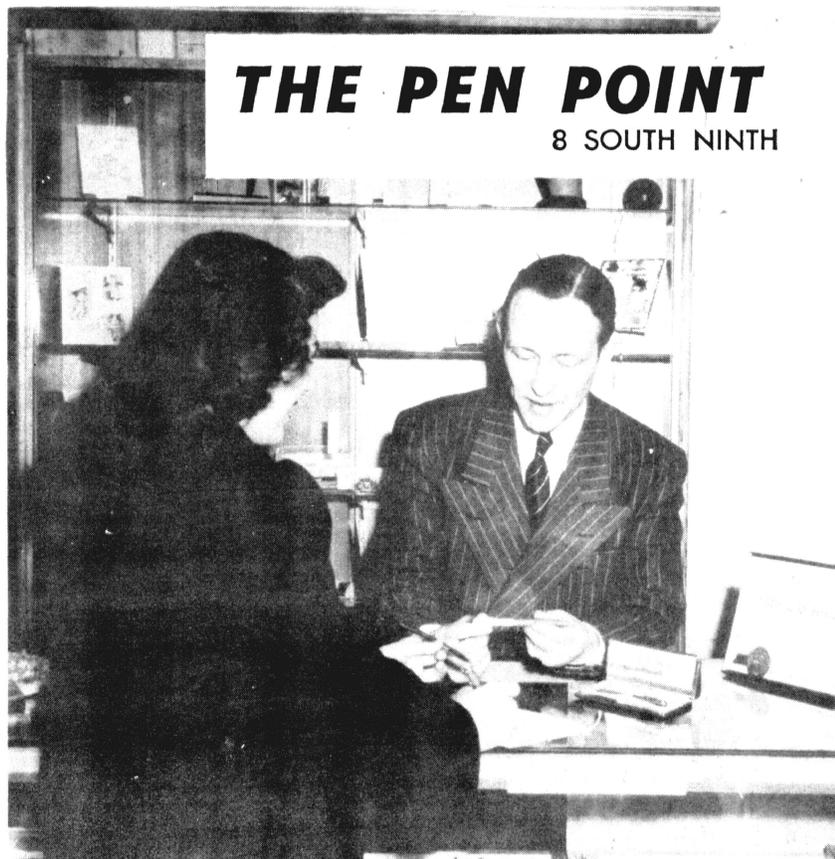
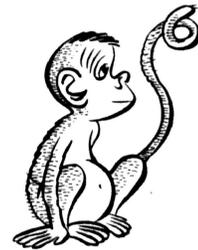
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tions. Here was the recompense for remembering names, for attending meetings, for being seen with the right people at the right time in the right place. "Here," thought Larry Lemaire in the full bloom of his triumph, "is *real* power."

The final week was hectic. The big dance at which the votes would be cast was scheduled for



Saturday. Tuesday found Larry and Margot at the Inside, a plush and elite little spot just west of Columbia, where they were greeted by the cordiality of the management. On Wednesday evening, Windy Knoll was favored with their famous presence. Thursday found them in the cultured atmosphere of Heen's Golden Acre. Larry was at home in such surroundings. These were the "spots"—the Copacabanas of Columbia—the places where his henchmen could be found and where his lieutenants puffed with pride to be able to introduce to their dates, "Larry Lemaire!"

Then came the great night—the night of the dance, of the election, of the final proof of Larry Lemaire's power at the old State U. Roving spotlights searched the night sky outside the gymnasium, and the founding blare of the band floated on the evening air.

Margot and Larry arrived strategically late. The lieutenants

dutifully heralded their entrance with an appropriate round of greetings (loud enough for all to hear within a politically effective radius.) Larry acknowledged their presence, strolled with Margot to the bandstand where he reached a handshake up to the leader. Flash bulbs popped as the men of the Missourian pretended they had a presidential candidate focused in their range finders.

After thus exposing himself for a necessary five minutes, the great man and his queen-to-be left the thronging hundreds of the gym for the quiet seclusion of several private parties to which he had been invited as a matter of course. Only the lieutenants remained to vote and to safeguard the Lemaire Machine. After all, had he not told them at that final policy meeting in the CD, "Margot *must* be elected. It is essential to our political organization — to the perpetuation of our influence."

And she was elected. Her picture was on the front pages of the morning editions. The lieutenants gathered over their 10:30 coffee to discuss the campaign and to view with pride the headlines. But, from one of the booths came a voice of heresy: "Who's she?"

"Who?"

"This babe on the front page."

"That's Margot!"

"Oh, so that's her."

"Don't you know her?"

"Nope, never saw her before."

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SOUTH OF MEXICO . . .

(Continued from page 14)

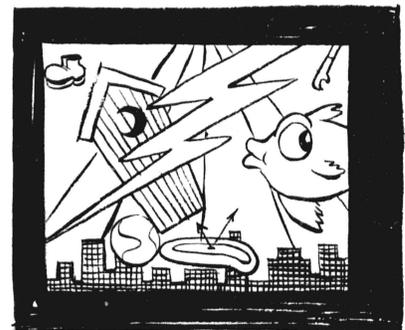
looking for hunters to shoot them. Frequently they find what they are looking for. There are other animals running around, too, but it would take a staff of naturalists to classify them.

Among the most interesting spots are the beaches—*playas*, they are called in Spanish. There are morning beaches, afternoon beaches, and even a night beach. The night beach is *Palya Suave*, meaning smooth or soft beach, and it really is that.

Those who have enough energy swim and paddle about on flat, pointed boards, known as *tablas*, or if they are afraid of these, they can select the more stable *flotador*—a rowing platform mounted on two metal floats.

But for those who like the quiet life—and I am definitely in this class—there is the age-old sport of simply lying on the soft, clean sand, soaking up tons of solar energy. This solar energy is a good thing to have stored up in case one has to go to cold climates. (This is pretty obvious, isn't it?)

Death-defying divers will leap from 150-foot cliffs into shallow water for a few pesos. This is a



dangerous game, too. As Henry, the Guatemalan diver told me,

"An American fellow are kill here, it makes six year ago."

One might think divers would be hard to find, but such is not the case. They have had to form a union to cut down competition. Divers favor the closed shop.

A number of trips can be made to interesting jungle scenes if one fancies underbrush and weird animals. (Pacific veterans are advised to omit these side trips.) However, there is a fresh-water



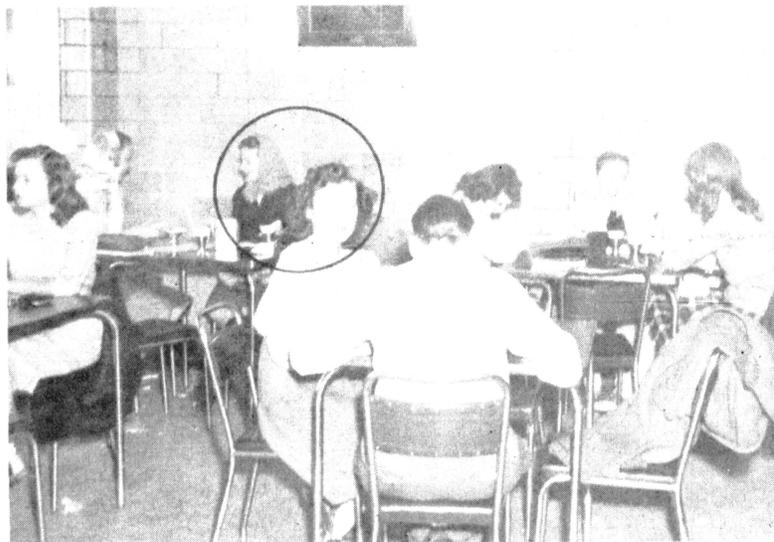
lake, and a river which joins the sea, for those who never have seen a river join the sea.

The vigorous swimmer with a liking for adventure can gambol in the surf at Pie de la Cuesta or El Revolcadero. One interesting thing about the former is that sharks also like to swim there. They seldom attack *turistas*. Maybe they have a union, too.

But one cannot stay away from responsibilities and worry forever, no, not even in paradise. It was with no pleasure that I realized time was growing short. Finally it ran out. I left. But this was not before a final bullfight, somewhat disappointing, and a last fling at the night spots of Mexico City.

This fling came very near being my last, but last. The Mexicans have a saying, "You don't drink tequila, it drinks you." After a week of knocking myself out in

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the *cantinas* along with other hell-bound individuals, I am ready to endorse this saying.

However, this fling was not without some good results. I met so fine people. It is my belief that the best people are found in bars. If you want to meet a good man, go into a bar and wait. He'll come in eventually.

The return trip was uneventful, that is, until I reached Valles, a town about 500 miles south of the border. It was at this point that I began to have misgivings about returning at all. At Valles it was raining, and even worse, it was cold.

To make a short story, the rain and cold increased with each northward mile. That is up to a certain point. After that it began to snow.

To make an even shorter story, I reached Columbia, Missouri, three months after leaving it. I arrived in a flurry of snow and cigar smoke. Both continue.



Now back in the classes from which I escaped over there months ago I sit staring stupidly at the whirling snow outside. Perhaps I am thinking of gently waving palm trees, blue ocean under a brilliant sun, of soft-eyed señoritas—oh hell, when did he say Horace Greely died?

'49'ERS . . .

(Continued from page 18)

membered. "They could be hired through the Student Employment Office at the prevailing university wage of thirty-five cents an hour. The line lengthened as the month of August wore on."

At this point Bradley waved his arms in desperation as he shouted,

"Then tragedy struck! One dark September night some statistician figured out that he was holding number 7,001 position in line. Believing taht he had nothing



more to live for, he climbed to the top of Jesse Hall tower, and with a dramatic farewell to his fellow-'49'ers, he plunged to his death on the quonset hut below. Other disconsolate souls from the rear ranks cast themselves into the middle of Conley Avenue to be mangled to death by speeding taxis."

"Murder and kidnapping soon followed," added Adelia. "Those at the end of the line figure that the only way they could register would be to 'liquidate' someone at the head of the line."

"It couldn't go on," shouted Bradley. "A vigilante committee, composed of phys. ed. majors and law students, had to be organized to restore order."

"Einally, the great day arrived," Adelia interrupted. "I can still

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see that mob on the morning of September 17, 1949. Each would-be student with his mouth agape, eyes sunken, palsy-tidden, bent over like the hunchback of Notre Dame, trying to inch his way toward the library door. Jesse Wrench, acting in his usual capacity as master-of-ceremonies, was swept off his feet by the avalanche of education-hungry youngsters dragging their high school diplomas, dripping with blood, behind them."

"Registration proved to be a farce," Bradley said philosophically. 'Ag' students signed up for Victorian Prose, and engineers took Animal Husbandry—anything, just so they could start school. The entire registration process was just a preliminary for the petitioning that was to follow."

Bradley paused a moment in silent thought. Then he continued, "Sinister looking individuals

scalped Permits to Enroll at a hundred dollars apiece in the dark corners of the Ninth Street tunnel. A black market in course cards soon flourished. The headquarters for this operation was the third-floor Men's Room in Read Hall, where entrance could be gained only by the magic words, 'Smoe sent me.' Other underworld characters forged advisor's initials on registration booklets. 'Confidence men' posing as members of the faculty, offered to 'fix' 7:30 classes for disgruntled students."

A tear trickled down the cheek of Adelia as she thought of the aftermath of this reign of terror.

"When registration was finally completed," she sighed, "the campus was a scene of devastation. During the mad scramble for entrance, Dorn had lost Cloney, Gaebler's black had lost its gold, and three students had stepped on the white campus lawn without going through the paddle line. The

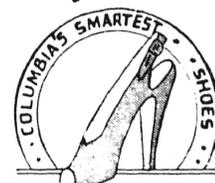


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tower clock had exploded into a million pieces when it accidentally struck the hour at the proper time."

"The people who couldn't register were a pathetic-looking lot," Bradley reminded his wife. "They wandered around the campus with a vacant stare in their eyes as they mumbled something about 'Open dat do, Jesse!' Many of these lost sheep were still around when the alumns arrived for Homecoming in late November. However, the alumns thought that they were just other alumns with premature hang-overs. Consequently they went on celebrating oblivious of the suffering, the heart-aches, and the mental anguish of those who had not been among the chosen seven thousand."

The conversation of Bradley and Adelia halted abruptly as Doctor Pushkins turned off the switch of his time-recording machine. He had heard enough. He couldn't stand any more. Any further description of the ruined lives of innocent victims would only hurt all the more. How well he remembered the strife-torn campus in that fateful year, 1949.

"It couldn't possibly happen again," he mutter to himself. "After all, we don't have the Veterans Administration here on the campus any more," he mumbled as he waddled off to see the Dean of Men about chaperoning a blanket party on the Hinkson.

She was only an Indian's daughter but she didn't ask "How."

She was only a cannibal's daughter, but she did have good taste.

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—Tommy Riffle.

I didn't know she was a golfer
when she asked me to play a
round.

Why do men have hair on
their chests?

Well, they can't have every-
thing!

M.U. Boy: Darlin', I've lost all
my money, haven't got a penny
in the world.

Stephens Susie: That won't
make any difference to our love,
dear. I'll love you just as much
—even if I never see you again.

As the little dog said, as he
walked through the tobacco patch,
"Does your cigarette taste dif-
ferent lately?"



"Middle-Aged Woman wants clean
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(Several preparations are on
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Item in the Tribune.

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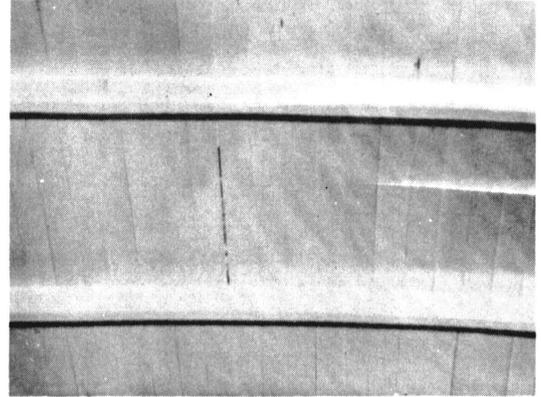
SHOWME, Neff Hall, Columbia, Mo.

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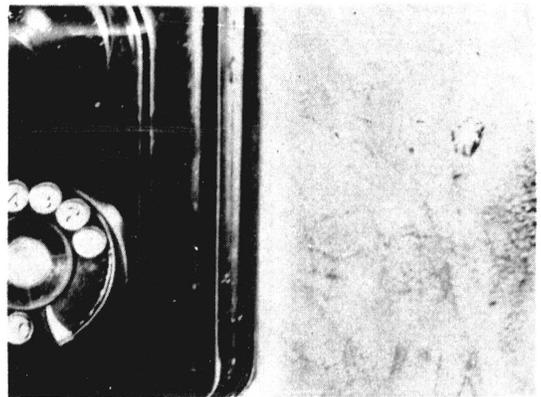
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fifteen points



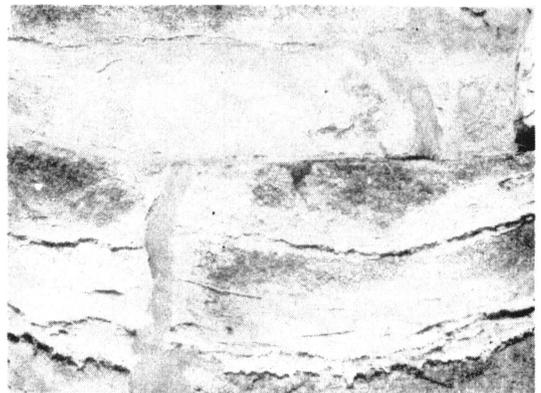
ten points



twenty-five points



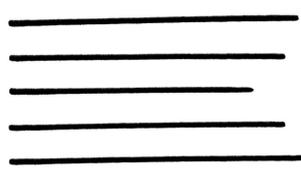
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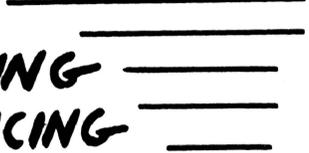
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*Prize for high points.....twenty beers.

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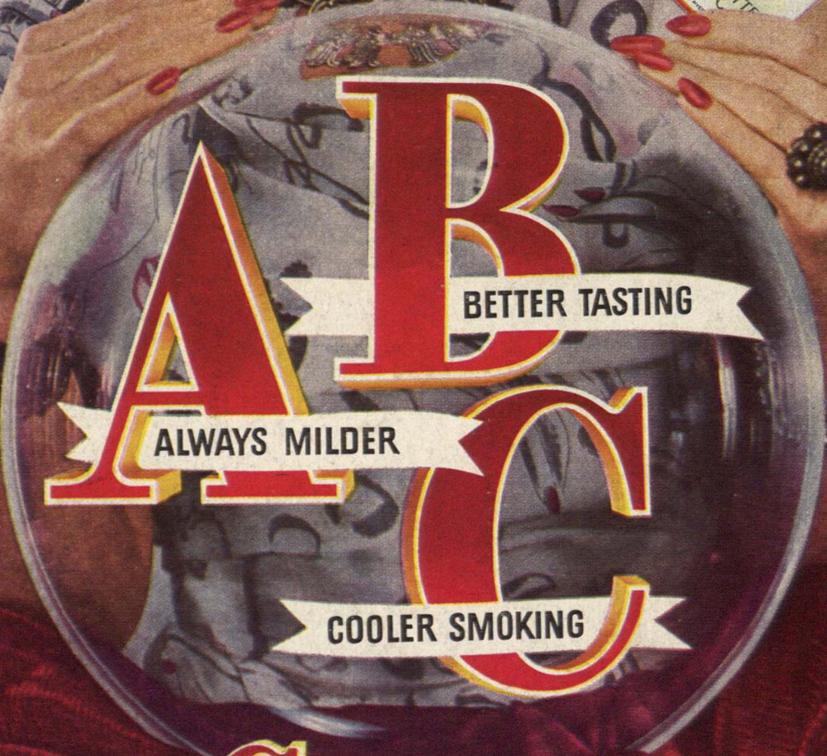
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