

MISSOURI Showme



MARCH 1947

20c

EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER!

NEWS ITEM, 1944

Cigarette shortage spreads
...Counters jammed...
Millions try different brands
—any brand they can get.



EXPERIENCE TAUGHT MILLIONS

the Differences in Cigarette Quality

...and now the demand for Camels
—always great
—is greater than ever in history.

DURING the war shortage of cigarettes
... that's when your "T-Zone" was
really working overtime.

That's when millions of people found that
their "T-Zone" gave a happy okay to the
rich, full flavor and the cool mildness of
Camel's superb blend of choice tobaccos.

And today more people are asking for
Camels than ever before in history. But, no
matter how great the demand:

*We do not tamper with Camel quality. We
use only choice tobaccos, properly aged, and
blended in the time-honored Camel way!*



According to a recent
Nationwide survey:

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



Doctors too smoke for pleasure.
And when three independent
research organizations asked
113,597 doctors—What cigarette
do you smoke, Doctor?—the
brand named most was Camel!

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

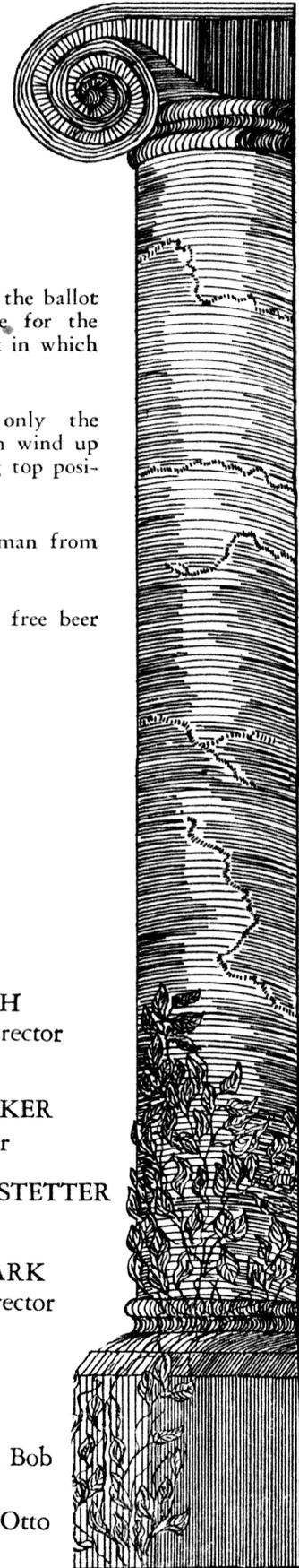
Your 'T-ZONE'
will tell you...
T FOR TASTE...
T FOR THROAT...

That's your proving ground
for any cigarette. See
if Camels don't
suit your 'T-ZONE'
to a 'T'





MISSOURI Showme



WINDY FEATURES

THE SHOWME GIRL CONTEST—Clip the ballot from page two and send in your choice for the Showme Girl. The only contest of its sort in which YOU are the final judges.

MISSOURI VS. OKLAHOMA—With only the Kansas game remaining, the Tiger cagemen wind up a very successful basketball season, keeping top position almost all the way.

DEAR HARRY—An open letter to the man from Missouri from a man in Missouri.

PHOTO CONTEST—Win yourself some free beer by proving your campus knowledge.



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THIS MONTH'S COVER

NEITHER the editors of Showme nor Mort Walker himself, whose art work was responsible for the cover of the Girl Issue of the magazine, had it in mind at the time of dreaming up the picture that any such true-to-life female resembling the one so avidly ignoring her skirts batting in the breeze could possibly exist in Columbia.

However, one has the idea that were the situation confronted that it would work out just about as the artist has portrayed it.

Wind is a good subject for a March magazine, and an equally good one in a month for a college publication, because there is never a dearth of wind around the columns.

As for our artist, it is Mort's second visit to the front cover, his first since the use of four colors has become the rule. Mort is also responsible for the work done on the page inside announcing the Showme girl contest. Also (and we mention this in a whisper) Mort's pen drew the celebrated cartoon of last month which did not appear in the magazine.

as featured editorially
in March "Seventeen"



Connie
SHOE CREATIONS

RED leather flats

The campus is agog over bright red flatties... with super-smart extension soles and sling backs! They're the perfect accent for your casual daytime clothes. Also in brown or black.

5.95

Jacqueline
shop

910 Broadway

Town Baedeker

In the near-season, we may be dropping in on some splendid Broadway productions.

Our little Columbia will have for our theatrical choice: *Green Grow the Lilacs* (as presented by the Missouri Work Shop March 11-15), which New Yorkers know as the smash musicale *Oklahoma!*, and two offerings by the ace comedy playwrights, Kaufman and Hart—*The Man Who Came to Dinner* (by the Columbia Players early in April) and *You Can't Take It With You* (by the Burrall Drama organization—soon).

So much for the entertainment packet from the East. Now to look at what is heading our way from the West—with the Hollywood postmark.

A wild and wooly Western for one—*The Plainsman and the Lady*. We who are right plunk in the center of the "Show-Me" state may have forgotten the Missouri sons who did their bit to open the famous pony-express line between Sacramento and St. Joe but Hollywood hasn't and tells their story in *The Plainsmen and the Lady*, mixing in to the narrative much gunfire, plenty of Indians, murderous villians, noble cowboys and stampeding buffaloes.

Humroesque is another film that will splash a local screen soon and it tells the tale of how a certain party (as played by Joan Crawford) took one last stiff drink and walked right into the ocean. Possible motivation for why the lady took hers straight and then jumped into the chaser is John Garfield. As the plot contends, his sullen, deadpan love-making might very well drive any high-strung damsel to speedy self-destruction.

The Dark Mirror, soon here too, has Lew Ayres falling in love with two Olivia de Havillands. A thriller mystery more diverting than most, *The Dark Mirror* spins a yarn about girl twins, one a knife-wielding murderess and the other one not. The baffled police cannot get a murder indictment without knowing for certain which girl has the unbreakable alibi. The twins themselves aren't talking. Man who contributes much to the picture's fast paced suspense is Director Robert Siodmak, who is making a fairly regular habit of getting his name associated with hit mysteries (ie: *The Spiral Staircase*, *The Killers*).

That's Columbia's pleasure budget for the near now and a pretty fair one it seems to be.

—Pat Ryan.

Returned soldier: "While in a famous city in Arabia I met a very pretty native girl."

Dad: "Mecca?"

Returned soldier: "You know me, Dad. I never fail with a frail."

Heard on the Hinkson:

She Oh, doesn't Orion look nice tonight?

He: Boy, these Irishmen get around, don't they?



So definitely

IZOD OF LONDON



So right for your American way of life, Izod heralds the new season with the return of the beloved ensemble . . . gives you these grand companions for all your busy hours. The dress, short-sleeved. The belt, crown-jeweled. The matching cardigan, fully-lined. Butter-soft flannel in maize, aqua, pink, blue, lime, jade or navy.

Select THE SHOWME GIRL FOR '47

The only all school beauty contest in which YOU are the judge. Any girl from Stephens, Christian, or the University is Eligible. Anyone can vote. All you need is the ballot on this page. There are no nominations. No red tape. No movie stars, band leaders, or businessmen make the selection. YOU are the only judges.

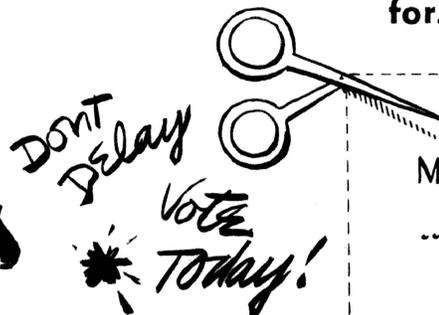
HERE'S HOW:

- ONE: Think of the slickest chick you know.
- TWO: Write her name on the ballot below.
- THREE: Drop it in the ballot box in Jesse Hall, Read Hall, 212 Neff Hall, Christian or Stephens Bookstores, or mail it to Showme, 212 Neff.
- FOUR: Get your friends to vote for the girl you want to see win.
- FIVE: CONTEST CLOSES MIDNIGHT, March 10, 1947.
- SIX: No box-tops needed.



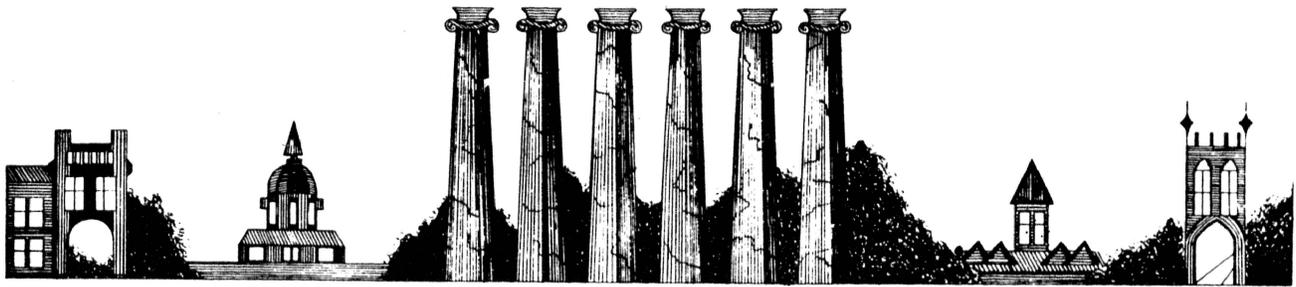
THE LUCKY GIRL GETS

Her Picture in SHOWME. . . .
 A screen test opportunity. . . .
 Fame. . . . Fortune. . . . Anything else we're not responsible for. . . .



My vote for the "Showme Girl" is

.....



Around The Columns

Ou?

Les etudiants se demandent ou prendre des numeros supplementaires du Showme? On n'a qu'a le demander au 212 Salon du Neff, ou l'on se fera un plaisir de vous en vendre a prix raisonnable.

Girls, Girls, Girls

ELECTION of queens being a characteristic and favorite pastime of organizations at the University, we felt to be included in things we too must have our Guivevere, our prima donna.

We felt, however, the importance of making this a reader's choice, rather than calling in a so-called expert's opinion, or leaving it to the discretion of a chosen few. Every man is in his own right the best judge of beauty, and though many will coincide in their opinions, one feels that it is an imposition to be told outright that this girl or that one is the beauty.

And there is the feminine point of view itself which should not be overlooked. In our opinion women's suffrage in the matter of electing one of their number as the representative of their sex is as important as in electing city or state officials.

Our contest, then, is an open one, in which each man has a

right to vote for the one he chooses, be it the girl who sits next to him in Economics lectures or the sweet young thing who rides the City bus in the morning.

As an added feature, somewhat in the form of reward, the winner, the Showme Girl, whose pictures will appear in the next issue of the magazine, will have the chance, if she so chooses to make a screen test in Movieland. Where it will all end, of course, depends largely on the girl, her ambitions, and the weather in California, which has about as much to do with the rise and fall of film careers as any other factor.

New Star

WITH the enrollment mercury again bubbling over the ten thousand mark, knowledge seekers of



that number who have made the pilgrimage to Columbia are starting again, or in some cases on a maiden voyage, into the realms of textbooks, tests, and tattered nerves.

The lack of decrease in numbers signifies that the spring will be as cozy as the fall and winter, in lines in front of theaters and restaurants as long, and an uncrowded spot as hard to find. However, the revitalized appearances of those enjoying respite after the recent campaign with final examinations, and the fresh, unscarred countenances of the new seekers of wisdom, adds more than a passing note of optimism to the prospect of the coming months.

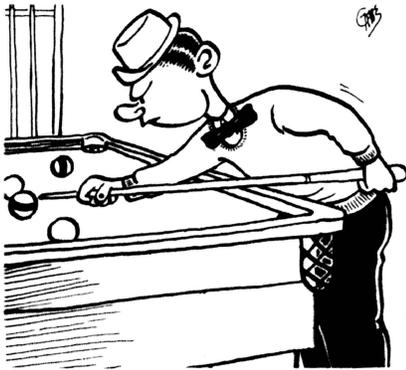
Spring brings many things to the University campus, a new life, a blossoming of social events, and a general shedding of winter conservatism and heavy clothing.

To the newest arrivals, Showme adds its voice in greeting. Time alone will add those worried lines and harried looks which will class you as a student of the University. Like the old Alaskan sourdough says, however, "Y'ain't one of us until you've gone through a bookstore line, attempted to petition from a course, and spit in the Hinkson."

Disposal

THE fate of the two pages missing in last month's issue is in itself an interesting point. After having been somewhat hurriedly deleted from the inside of the magazine, these celebrated scraps of paper presented a problem of disposal which took the concerted effort of all the members of the staff to solve.

The question was whether to suffer the pangs of watching one's



handiwork go up in flame or to do with them something which would be yet constructive despite the stigma stamped on their character. And being ever on the side of contributive action, we deemed it wisest to donate the pages to the stockpile of a dangerously small national paper supply. The sheets were therefore bundled and secretly placed with some piles of old newspapers which were to go to the processors for remanufacture into clean white paper again on which could be written more material.

In our imagination, however, we could not help but wonder at the possibility of the paper shortage being suddenly resolved, and the need for our expurgated material being gone, these "objectionable" cartoons finding their way to a dark, seldom-visited corner of a ragman's warehouse where they would not be noticed

again until we happened in the place some twenty years from now and found them.

We can visualize the nostalgia of such a reunion, and we are also quite sure that the tempest-in-a-teapot theme of the whole drama would provide even at that late date some chuckles.

Line Up

ALONG with Billy Rose's scheme to unionize the sheep parading you into sleep after that fifteenth cup of coffee at the Eat Mor, we think the people who stand in line at theaters should be organized.

Of course, this will call for strict registration on the part of the leaders of all those behind them, but if a man is eager enough to be the first at the box office, he certainly has enough energy to collect all the names and addresses.

We'll call this union TAS, if you don't mind, and adopt John ("Who Only Stand") Milton as patron saint and honorary firster-in-liner. TAS, of course, stands for "They Also Serve," which we think kind of gives the whole thing an intellectual slant. It's the sort of name you'd expect of a college crowd, and it ought to appeal even to those sons of members of the N.A.M. among us.

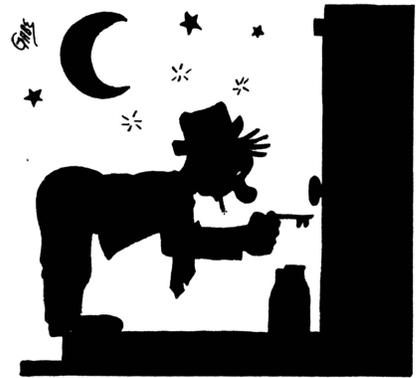
Members will get cards entitling them to stand by the Uptown one night and the Missouri or Hall the next, which means the cards will have to be numbered A, B, or C. Then, of course, the first or second show is an important thing to have listed. That will force us to sub-number the cards 1 or 2.

Married unioners will have this data on their cards, and will be

allowed to have their wives stand with them in line. Unmarried men who want to take a date to the show will have to get special permission unless the girl is also a union member.

If done right, this union ought to relieve the congestion in front of all theaters, since the card will determine definitely whether the man may stand for the first show at the Missouri, or will have to wait for the nine o'clock run at the Hall.

As a special organizer, we'll have Charlie Ridgway. We'll cast him another key, bigger than any of his others, and hire a small boy to walk beside him and carry it. He will write long stories for the Student, beginning and ending each paragraph with the words, "Fellow standers, unite! You have nothing to lose but your corns."



Straight

WE chanced to hear a couple of reporters in the Missouri news room the other day discussing telephone calls that sometimes come in, requesting information about everything from the circumference of the moon to the average rainfall in Lower Mongolia.

Desk-man Thomas L. Ferguson entered the conversation to relate this incident which, he insisted, actually happened to him.

While working for the Des Moines Register several years ago, he answered the telephone one evening and a man's voice said:

"Say, we're having a little poker game, and we're all pretty new at it. Wonder if you could tell us which is higher—two pair, or three of a kind?"

"Why, yes," Mr. Ferguson replied. "Three of a kind is the better hand."

"Two pair? Thanks a lot," the man answered, and hung up.

Souvenirs

A FRIEND of ours came back weary and disgruntled the other day from a shopping expedition for some sheets and pillowcases. Of course there weren't any, and over a consolatory drink he told us his favorite war story which had to do, strangely enough, with the bed linen problem. (Or at least we like to think that was the problem.)

It seems he met this girl in Hollywood, and during the preliminary maneuverings for conversational position, she told how she had once been a secretary for a famous movie actor.

She went out to this toy English castle for a couple of days after she got the job, she said, and sat around waiting for something to happen—trying meanwhile, she said coyly, to avoid feeling like a kept woman in an Oriental fantasy.

Finally, on the morning of the third day, a jaded-looking character in a sunset red sport shirt and plaid trousers snorted in, grabbed her by the hand before she could resist, and told her she was to get her notebook and

come with him to the radio station.

It was, she presumed, her new boss. At least he told her to follow him around and whenever he said anything funny, and "for God's sake, to copy it down in the notebook."

Well, having survived, she came to work on the fourth day, girded for almost anything. But nothing happened until late afternoon when the housekeeper came in forlornly and asked her if she'd like to look around the house. The housekeeper being a motherly-looking creature, this girl said she wouldn't mind at all, thanks.

So the housekeeper showed her around through room after room looking like sets from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, until finally they came to the linen closet.

Here the housekeeper stopped with that proud woman gleam in her eye. Dramatically she flung

open the door to reveal stacks of beautiful white sheets and pillowcases. After a proud silent moment, she pointed sadly to a tiny little stack down in one corner.

"Not many of those left," she said bitterly. "They're the monogrammed ones, and whenever the boss has a girl in to spend the night, she always takes one home for a souvenir."

The girl said she quit the next morning. Our friend said he never did find out what her bed linen problem was, if any.

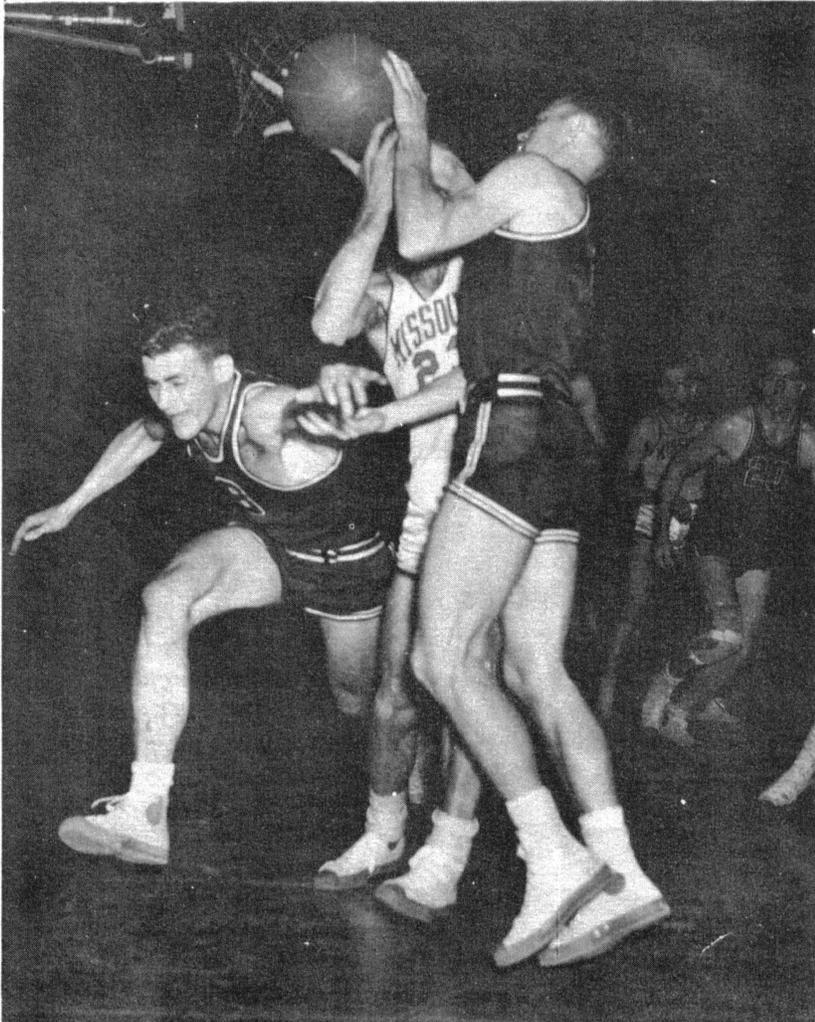
Unity

Annotation To All Those Thinking The Army-Navy Unification Will Not Bring About Sameness Of Thought: Admiral Nimitz, "A substantial forward step"; General Eisenhower, "A distinctive step forward"; Secretary Forrestal, "Me, too."



"Pssst, Buddy. . . Unabridged January Showme?"

Missouri Vs. Oklahoma



Big Six. The Tigers loss to the Cyclones enabled Oklahoma, victorious over Kansas State the same night, to take over the top rung from Missouri in the conference standing for the first time this season.

Stopping Gerald Tucker, Sooner center and former All-American, will be the goal which "Sparky's" men will strive to achieve tonight. Tucker, in two games against the forces of Stalcup, has scored a total of 49 points. Twenty-one of these points came in a conference clash at Norman last month when the Tigers were dropping a 57-43 decision, and the remaining 28 were scored in one of the games of the Big Six Conference Basketball Tournament held in Kansas City in the middle of December.

Other Sooner stars include such outstanding players as former All-American guard Allie Paine, Dick Reich, Paul Merchant, Jack Landon, Courty and Pryor.

Since our last encounter with SHOWME sports fans, the Bengals have dropped four of eight contests, two being to conference foes and the other two coming

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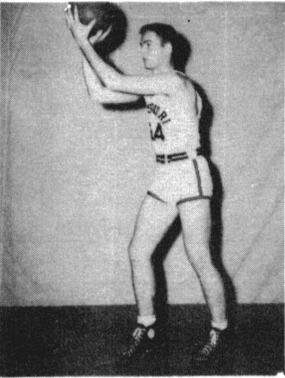
TONIGHT'S game against the Oklahoma Sooners in Brewer Field House can be a deciding factor in the race for the Big Six Conference championship, provided the Tigers win. A loss to the Sooners would practically eliminate "Sparky" Stalcup's cagers from any hope of capturing the title in his first year as head basketball mentor at Missouri.

The Bengals made a disastrous road trip through Iowa recently, losing a non-conference battle to Drake, 66-52, and a heart-breaking 54-52 affair to Iowa State, a sister team of the

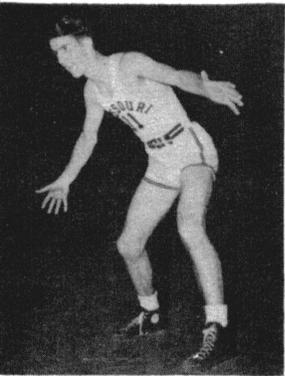




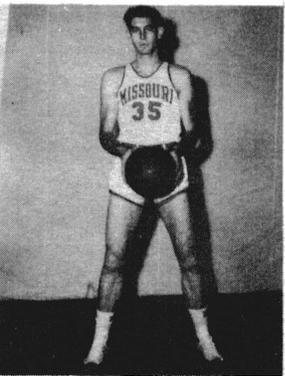
Thornton Jenkins, Forward



Pleasant Smith, Guard



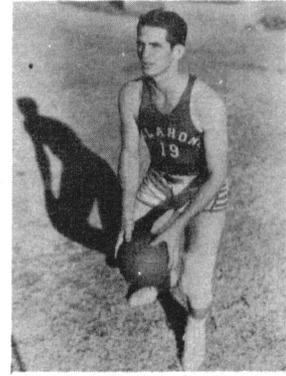
Bob Garwitz, Guard



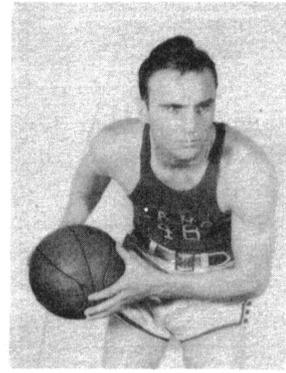
John Rudolph, Forward

PROBABLE STARTING LINE-UPS:

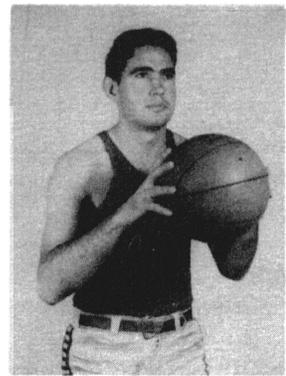
<i>Oklahoma</i>	<i>Position</i>	<i>Missouri</i>
Reich	F	Pippin
Courty	F	Jenkins
Tucker	C	Rudolph
Paine	G	Lorraine
Pryor	G	Smith



Gerald Tucker, Center



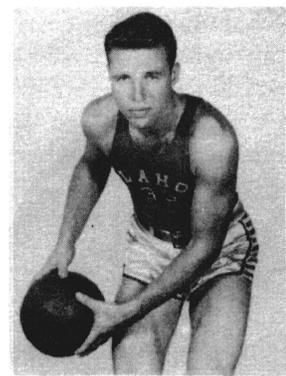
Allie Paine, Guard



Jack Landon, Guard



K-State Coach smokes up a storm in the fieldhouse.



Dick Reich, Forward

SCORE:

FIRST HALF—M.U.....O.U.....

SECOND HALF—

FINAL—

M.U.

O.U.

"Dear Harry . . ."

By Charles Nelson Barnard

DEAR Harry:

I am writing you in Washington because maybe you can help me. If you can't, I don't know who can, and God knows, I can use some help about now. Of course, Harry, I know you've got troubles of your own lately, but being as I used to be an old neighbor of yours, I figured you might give me some advice on how to get established at this here state university. As I mentioned above, I've got more trouble than you got Republicans in Washington now, and from what we hear out here, that's plenty.

Now Harry, as you know, I'm a veteran. I'm making an all-out try to take advantage of this here G.I. Bill of Rights, but they got more obstacles to it around here than you'd believe!

First off Harry, I wanted to find a place to live. They told me to go to a quonset hut at the *west* end of one of the principal buildings and sign up. After checkin' tree bark for several hours to see which was is west, I find this here little quonset hut and enter.

The girl inside is very nice, but Harry, she don't seem to understand my problem. Right off she says to me (before I got a breathin' chance to ask a question) "Have you got your Permit to Enroll, Veteran's Purchase Author-

ization, Registration Book, Certified Copy of Discharge, or other evidence of separation, Certificate of Eligibility and Entitlement, and Form Number 1808?" To all of which I replied respectfully, "No, ma'am." Harry, I'm tellin' you, that woman had me plumb confused, and she wasn't through either.

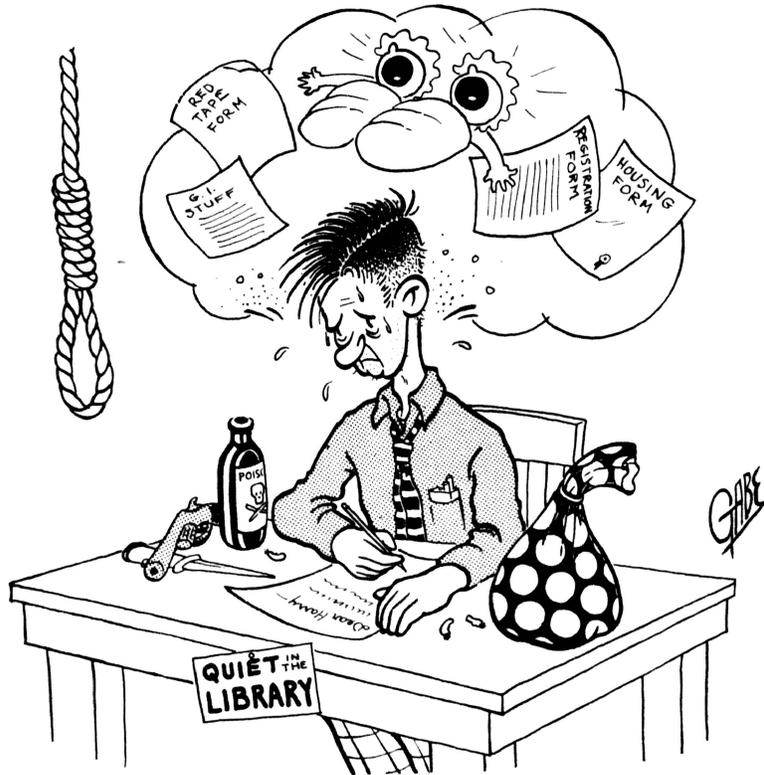
"Are you under Public Law 389 or 67? Were you registered prior to May 22d, 1942, and do you expect to be partially employed during the coming semester?"

"Lady," I said, "I don't know what you're talkin' bout, but I come in here to get me a room."

Her face dropped. "Why didn't you say so? That comes under the Department of Student Housing—right over there." She was pointing to another counter across the room on which there was a sign which said, INFORMATION. I was beginning to faith in signs that had that word, but I gave it a try.

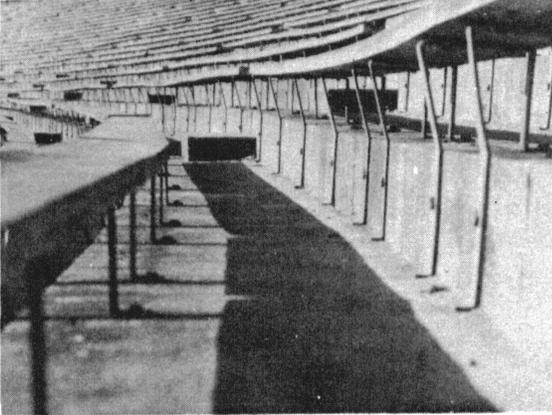
"Now then, sir, you want a room?"

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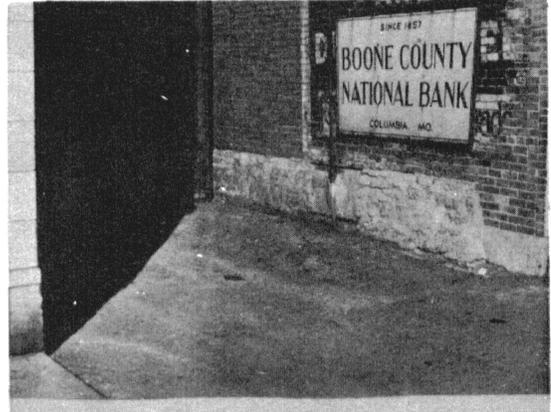


Are You a B.M.O.C.?

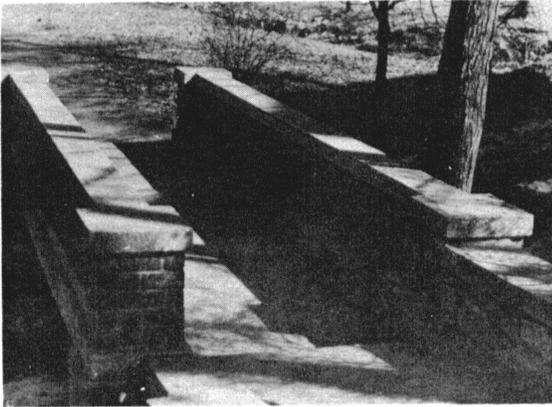
Identify these photos and prove that you get around. If you woke up from a stupor in one of these places would you know where you were?*



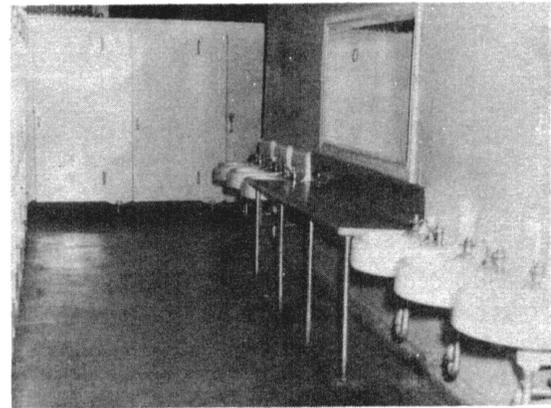
ten points



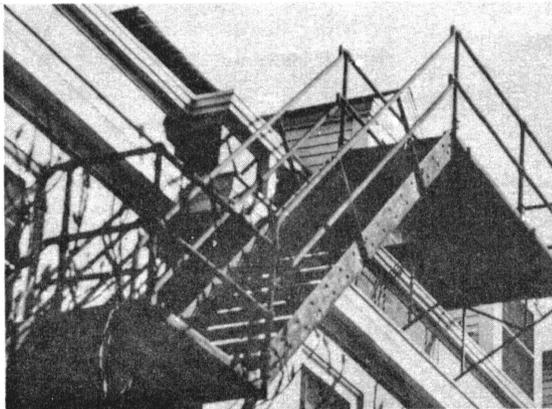
fifteen points



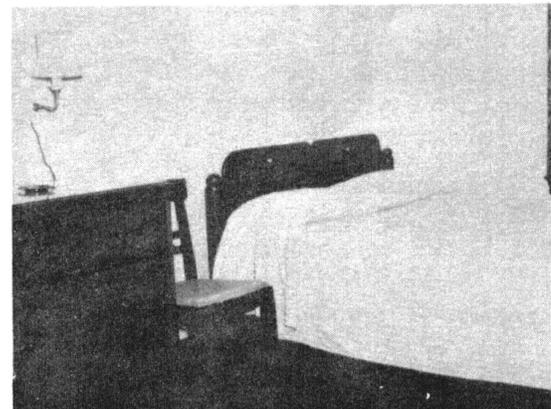
ten points



twenty-five points



fifteen points



twenty-five points

*Prize for high points . . . ten free beers.

Murder in the Bible College

By Ned Trimble

An account of the most baffling case Inspector O'Flannigan ever encountered since the theft of seven hundred copies of the Missouri Student.

FOG had settled quietly upon the City of Columbia one night in the Autumn of 1946. The fog had developed through some malfunction of the steam tables at Crowder Hall. Inspector O'Flannigan of the University Vice and Crime Department had just stepped out of the library where he had been conducting research on the latest Ellery Queen epic. Craving a spot of tea, he walked slowly toward the Ever-Eat.

As he approached the Bible College, he noticed a tall, lean man standing in the doorway of that hallowed building. He watched the stranger take a long drag on a cigarette, flick it down the steps to the sidewalk, give a furtive glance to one side, pull his hat over his eyes and then run to catch the airport bus.

O'Flannigan saw nothing particularly unusual in this procedure, but his work had taught him to be observant of everything. As he passed in front of the Bible College, he noticed a heel print on the walk, apparently that of the man he had just seen. He stooped to examine it and found that it was made in blood! The stranger's discarded cigarette was



nearby. O'Flannigan extinguished it carefully and put it into his own pack.

Then the inspector ascended the steps to the Bible College, thoroughly scrutinizing every square-foot of the way. Being careful not to smear any fingerprints on the doorknob, he entered the hall and looked around.

In an obscure corner the beam of his flashlight fell upon a large paper sack from which oozed a pool of blood. "Looks like some guy's been given da business," he said, being careful not to open his mouth. He had great admiration for Alan Ladd.

Inspector O'Flannigan emptied the contents of the sack upon the

floor (thoughtlessly, as Alan Ladd would have done it.) A complete inventory of everything that tumbled forth would be too lurid for description. Suffice it to say that the murdered had so completely dismembered his victim that it was now virtually impossible to give a responsible account of even the various organs, much less the identity of the murdered person.

O'Flannigan called Headquarters at once from a phone in the Bible College, giving his assistant a quick sketch of the crime and instructing him to bring over a fingerprinting kit and all the homicide equipment, including the latest copy of True Police Tales. He then called the local

police station but got no answer.

As he hung up the phone, his eyes fell on a note in the center of the desk at which he was sitting. He replaced his eyes hurriedly and read the note:

"Dear Karl:

Please be good enough to have some one of my assistants take my classes. I have a feeling that I may never teach another class after today. I have a premonition that death will end my teaching career.

Your friend,

Horatio."

O'Flannigan looked up from the note to find Glitsky, his assistant, reading over his shoulder. "I got this all figured out," said Glitsky at once. He lighted a cigarette, squinted his eyes, wrinkled his forehead, blew the smoke out through his teeth and spoke in a husky voice. (Humphry Bogart was *his* ideal.)

"The stiff," said Glitsky, "is Horatio Wimpleton, one of the profs here. The note is written to Karl Schuetzlinger, another prof." He paused, pulled his tie away from his neck, took another drag on his cigarette and wiped his brow.

"Wimpleton was at odds with another prof. He knew that this other prof was laying for him and that the jig was up. He left the note; they got him; here he is, and here we are," Glitsky concluded dramatically.

"That's exactly how I figure it," said O'Flannigan with his mouth closed. "Our best bet is to wait here until the murderer returns to remove the sack of . . . that sack. The murderer isn't normal. From his discarded cigarette I find that he smokes Chelseas."

They agreed to wait. After a short while, they saw a car silently roll up to the curb. When it had unrolled, the same, tall man got out and hurried up the steps to the Bible College. "That's the man I saw," whispered O'Flannigan as loud as he could with a closed mouth.

"It's Professor Smellfungus," replied Glitsky. "Let's nail him as he comes in." Reaching for a sufficiency of ten penny nails and their hammers, they braced themselves. As the unsuspecting professor entered the hall they seized him, dragging him forcibly to the office where they tied him to a chair.

The stunned professor finally regained his breath and gasped, "I just came back for that sack of intestines. What have I done to deserve this treatment?"

"We know why you came back," barked Glitsky, squinting his eyes, wrinkling his forehead and exhaling through his teeth. "Why did you kill him?"

"Kill whom?"

At that moment, Horatio Wimpleton, the assumed murdered man, walked into the office.

"What are *you* doing here?" both men shouted.

"Just collecting my personal equipment. I'm not teaching here any more."

"Whadda ya mean?" questioned O'Flannigan weakly.

"My great uncle died yesterday, leaving me eight million dollars. Why should I teach?"

"But this note?"

"Oh, that," Wimpleton laughed. "I left that here yesterday, knowing that my great uncle was not expected to live. But, why is Professor Smellfungus tied up that way?"

"We thought he'd killed you and had left you in that sack of guts over there."

"Oh heavens, no!" shuddered Wimpleton. He got all that from the biology lab to take home to his cats.

"Well, I'll be damned," they replied in unison, forgetting both Alan Ladd and Humphry Bogart.



SPRING THOUGHTS IN ENGLISH LIT

A Shropshire Lad

In the valleys of old Columbia
Where the college students come
Is the country for easy livers,
The "partiest" under the sun.



Rock of Ages



Book of pages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee
With thy cover and thy print
Let's don't give my prof a hint
That I'm bored as I can be
An I long for nine-thirty!



The Daffodils

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and meads
When all at once—I saw a crowd!
A host!—of gorgeous co-eds!
Their skirts all blowing in the breeze!



Canterbury Tales

When that Aprille with his shoures sote
The droughte of March hath perced to
the rote
Then longen colleg-e boyse goon to the
Hinkson
And specially from every clesse ende
Of Campi to the Hinkson they wende,
The pure sote coed-e for to seke,
Her that owneth a form so sleeke.



JEAN SUFFILL
PHIL SPARANO
MORT WALKER

Faculty Votes to Discriminate Against Average Students

45,000 Limit On Registration

Only "E" Students Will Be Allowed In Fall of '82

By Bill Streeter

Columbia, May 21, 1982, (IP): Early this morning the Registrar's Office of the University of Missouri issued a statement for fall registration in 1982. A ceiling of 45,000 registrants was set. Rigid entrance examinations would be inaugurated again next semester, according to John W. Mapleleaf, Jr., Registrar at the University.

Honor Students Only

This plan would mean that 'E' and possibly 'S' students, only, would gain admission. . .

Doctor Pushkin toyed with the dial of his time-recording machine. He nonchalantly set the tuning mechanism at the year 1981. On the screen before his eyes flashed a picture of an elderly couple. Doctor Pushkin had known them well. The man in the picture wore a faded jacket with a block "M" on it. His name was Bradley Michael O'Connor, better known in his collegiate days by his initials, B.M.O.C. The woman in the picture was his wife, Ade-

lia, known in her maiden years of the pre-atomic era as Adelia Centralia. Doctor Pushkin could see that Bradley was greatly disturbed by some item which commanded banner headlines on the ancient tribunal known as the COLUMBIA MISSOURIAN. (See Cut.) Having nothing better to do on this dull September afternoon, the Doctor decided to listen in on their conversation:—

"It says here that they are going to limit the registration for 1982 to forty-five thousand at the old state university," Bradley muttered. "You'd think they'd have profited from the experience of the great registration of 1948," he added, looking to his wife for a glance of approval.

"Wasn't that the year that Mr. Mapleleaf, the Registrar, decided that registration should be based upon a competitive scholastic basis in order to raise the standards and also limit the number of registrants?" responded Adelia with a reminiscent gleam.

"Oh, how I hate to think of what dastardly plan to over-run the school with intelligentsia!" he bellowed dramatically. "Only 'E' and 'S' students were allowed to return that fall . . . and the freshman class — nothing but quiz kids," he added bitterly. "The university was transformed into an educational obstacle course. Both students and professors became grade-happy," he reminded himself.

Bradley remained thoughtful for a moment as he tried to reconstruct in his mind the chain of events which followed registration. Suddenly the whole picture came back to him.

"The competition became more keen as the semester progressed," he said in a recollecting tone. "The less fortunate 'S' students were forced to cheat just a little bit harder. Ponies, large enough for saddles, became part and parcel of the lower forms of intellectual aristocrats," he reminded Adelia with a sorrowful throb in his voice.

"Remember how all the traditions were overlooked in the mad scramble for grades," Adelia reminded him.

"Yes," he replied, "Everything that we held dear was swept aside. The Dixie and the Shack were forced to close their doors for want of customers. Beer became a mere four-letter word used in completing cross-word puzzles. The magic of its name had gone. Instead, black coffee and aspirin became the diet of 'E' hungry students."

"Yes," Adelia added, "The campus never quite recovered from the change. By the end of the first semester, the situation had reached a pathetic state. Phi Beta Kappa keys were as common as ruptured ducks. Any male student without a zoot-chain full of honorary keys was considered an

(Continued on Page 213)

AHHHH I CAN'T STAND IT ANY LONGER

PLEASE DEARIE, TAKE OFF MY SKIRT YOU HAVE ON BEFORE YOU JUMP

RUSH REI'FORCEMENTS TO THE EAST GATE SIR, THE KEMPER BOYS ARE CHARGING

GAD! WE NEED MORE LIGHTS! MORE AMMUNITION! MORE DETECTIVES! MORE RULES! MORE BLOOD!

SHAY! WHO'S ON THE INSHIDE ^{SHICE} YOUSE OR ME

HOW DO YOU LIKE MY COLOGNE 'DEARIE'

COM'MON HONEY!! GIVE ME A SIP

SAY NOW - THIS TRANSGRESSING MUST STOP!

HEY DUTCH, LOOK AT THE CAR

BUT NATALIA WE SHOULDN'T EVEN LOOK AT THEM!

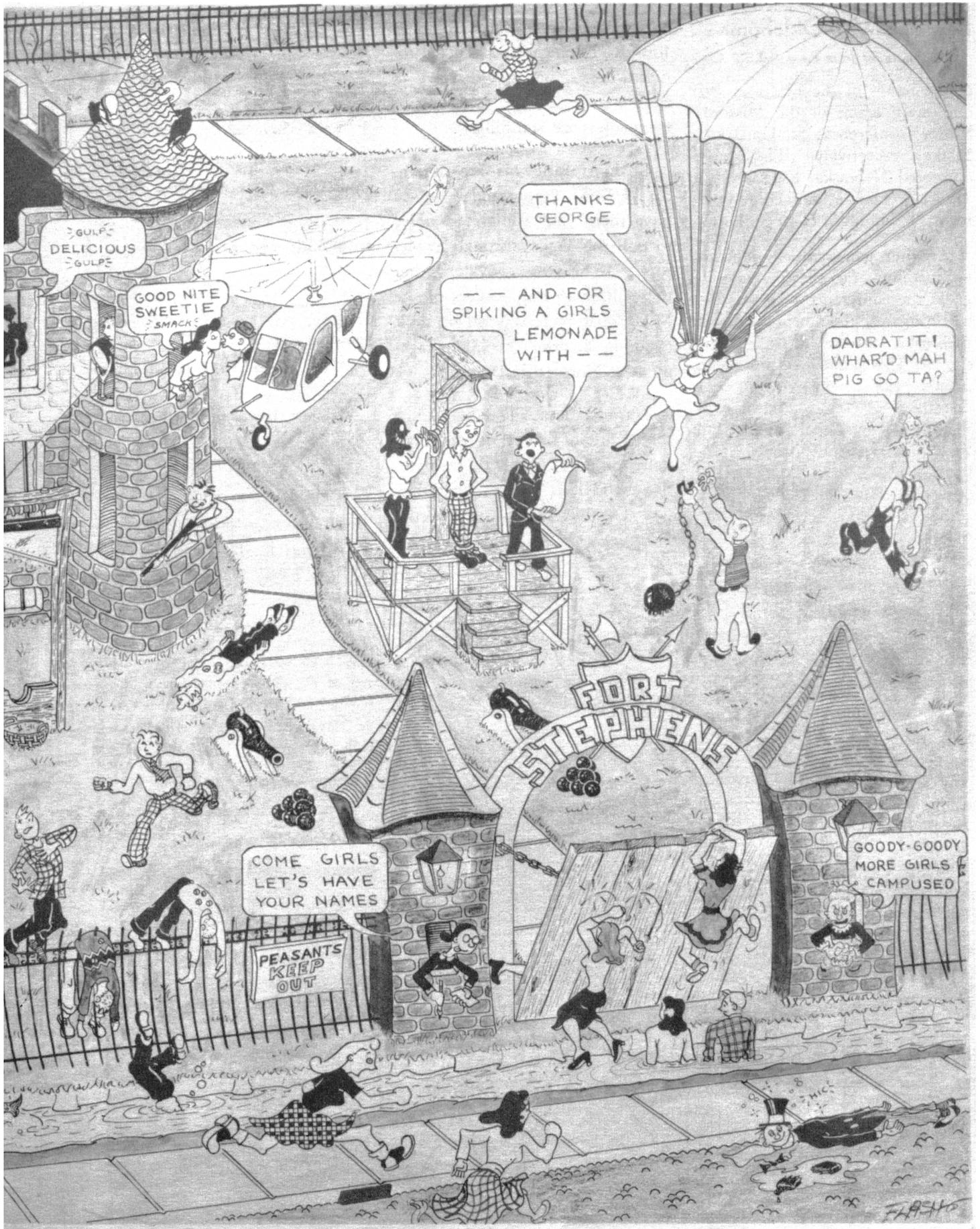
AH HAH!

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I AM FROM STEPHENS

ANYWAY THERE IS NO RULE ON RIDING IN SPEED BOATS

OHHHH YEAH!





GULP
DELICIOUS
GULPE

GOOD NITE
SWEETIE
SMACK

THANKS
GEORGE

— — AND FOR
SPIKING A GIRLS
LEMONADE
WITH — —

DADRATIT!
WHAR'D MAH
PIG GO TA?

COME GIRLS
LET'S HAVE
YOUR NAMES

PEASANTS
KEEP
OUT

FORT
STEPHENS

GOODY-GOODY
MORE GIRLS
CAMPUSED

FASH

Missouri Vs. Oklahoma . .

(Continued from Page 8)

at the hands of the first and second place teams of the Missouri Valley Conference: St. Louis and Drake, respectively. They have outscored Nebraska, Kansas State (twice), and a non-conference team, Washington U. of St. Louis.

Another game which depends on just how far the Tigers will go in the conference race was the battle against the Cornhuskers of Nebraska on the latter's home court. This game had not been played prior to this writing, but one thing is certain and that is that our Tigers had a battle on their hands as these same Cornhuskers opened the campaign by upsetting Oklahoma 44-41. In a game earlier in the season, the Nebraska team lost a 47-41 decision to our Tigers here on the Brewer Field House Court.

Missouri fans will be getting their first look at the Tiger's new center, 6 foot 8 inch Don Strout, formerly of Bradley Tech.

Tech, a small college in Peoria, Ill., turns out one of the best basketball teams of the country year after year. Strout transferred to Missouri from that school

at mid semester, and if he and John Rudolph can stop Tucker tonight, the Tigers will have a chance to regain the top rung in the conference standings.

Missouri followers are hoping that Jenkins, Pippin and Lorraine have them "on" tonight in order to pull the Tigers through to victory. It was very evident that these three scoring leaders of the M.U. squad were way off on their shooting in the 57-43 engagement at Norman last month.

Lorraine and Pleasant Smith, the two ball-hawks of the Bengals, should be in usual form tonight and it is possible that they will be able to slow down the fast-moving Oklahoma offensive tactics.

Whatever the outcome may be, we know that the large crowd assembled in the Field House will see two of the best teams, not only of the Big Six, but of the Midwest, competing against each other. May the best team win!

—Bill Henderson.

A local meat counter bears the following message:

Wanted at Once
3 Room Apartment
We have no dogs, cats,
or Baby's
And Don't Have Any Booz Parties
See.....
What's the use of living?

"Shay, lady, you're the homeliest woman I ever saw."

"Well, you're the drunkest man I ever saw."

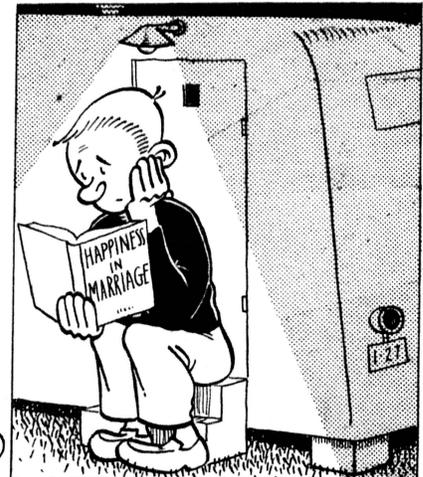
"I know, lady, but I'll get over it by morning."

"Ah, my dear! the oyster cried
"We'll soon be in an awful stew—
To the lady bivalve at his side,
But it'll be fun to get stewed with you!"

"That's our general superintendent, son of the president; he began at the bottom and worked up. Started in as an elevator boy, right after he left college."

"How long ago was that."

"Oh, he graduated last June."



Dear Harry . . .

(Continued from Page 10)

"Yes, ma'am."

"Are you married or single?"

"Single ma'am."

(You notice, Harry, how nice and respectful I was.)

"But our records show that you are married."

"No ma'am, I'm not."

"And that you have two children."

"I'm single, ma'am."

"How could you be and have two children?"

"I ain't got no children, ma'am!"

"What happened to them?"

"Nothing, ma'am."

"Then you must still have them."

"If you insist, ma'am," I finally said, figuring that it wouldn't matter much whether I had the kids or not.

"Well, I'm sorry, but we have nothing available for married veterans with two children right now. Would you like to sign the priority waiting list?"

I said that I would, whereupon she handed me a card to sign, which I did, and then she rubber-stamped a very large number and a date on the corner. The date said "September, 1954."

"What's that date?" I asked.

"That is the E.D.O."

"E.D.O.?"

"Yes; Estimated Date of Occupancy. If our shipment of door-knobs comes in on time, you can move in for the Fall Semester, 1954."

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1011a Broadway

Phone 3469

"But, I will be graduated by then," I said modestly

"In that case, we will be forced under provisions of Public Law 7303, as amended, to consider your graduation a breach of contract on your part. . . ."

She was still talkin' when I left, Harry, and I still ain't got a room. But, that's not the worst of my problems (the way things was soon to turn out) 'cause when



i applied for my money, I got a letter back sayin' somethin' like this:

"Dear Sir (I guess they didn't know I was only an EM in the Army.)

"Our records indicate that you were deceased on 4 February, 1944, at Anzio, Italy, and that you are therefore ineligible to receive benefits under the G.I. Bill of Rights. Pension checks are being mailed monthly to your wife and two children. Any inquiry regarding your status should be addressed to the Graves Registration Bureau."

Well Harry, imagine how I felt when I got that! Here I am now: I can't get a room without some money; I can't get my money 'til I present evidence of being alive and enrolled in the University; and, they won't en-

roll me 'til I can show that I have a room.

I hate to impose on our friendship this way, Harry, but I figured you'd be in a position to see the proper people around Washington for me. Until you do, I am in one hell of a mess.

Respectfully,

Silas Chonk.

★ ★ ★

"Dear Mr. Chonk:

Your recent letter has been directed to the attention of this office for action.

Our files indicate that under provisions of Public Law 16,301 you are ineligible for Terminal Leave Pay, inasmuch as your present enlistment will not be up until 17 March, 1950.

Under these conditions, it is imperative that you report at once to your parent organization for duty.

Very truly yours, etc."

★ ★ ★

From COLUMBIAN MISSOURIAN:

The body of Silas Chonk was removed from the Hinkson Creek early this morning.

Army authorities in Toyko reported that M. Chonk, a University student, had been absent without leave since early in 1943.

According to University housing officials, Mr. Chonk is survived by a wife and two children. All efforts to contact them have thus far failed, however.

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A "Carry-Out Snack"
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ICE CREAM

- Choice of Cake or
- Cookies
- Chocolate Syrup



CENTRAL DAIRY

A TESTIMONIAL

by

Carl I. Huss

University of Mo.
Columbia, Mo.

General Mgr.
Smello Soap Company
Some City, U.S.A.

Gentlemen:

THE advertisers tell the public that their soaps will remove B.O.; will not make one sneeze; will do the washing without assistance; will clean undies without wear or tear; and a dozen other miraculous things. Maybe they're right. I don't know; I don't care. I am merely addressing this open letter to you gentlemen to whom I owe my life.



"I tell ya, it'll knock your eyes out."

I'm taking no reimbursement for this testimonial, but it would be nice if you would send me one of those battalion-size cakes of your product. You know, the convenient, handy-dandy, tank-sized bar transportable by any ten-ton truck.

Now for my story. Mom was kept busy brushing her teeth with NEONA—swish, swish and your gleaming ivories cry, "just look at us sparkle, sparkle;" checking her clothing for gapolis; and eating a heaping bowl of .0003% (In a recent, irpartial test two hundred and eighty-six moronic chemists with master's degrees from M.I.T. found, after an exhaustive ten-year study, that these bran flakes contained less bran than any other bran flakes on the market.)

If she wasn't busy with these "musts" she was admiring her



"Frankly, Reverend, I'm a little

worried about myself."

Stringoed hair; writing with her pen and right arm submerged in a bucket of water; lighting up a Dromedary cigarette or a Bleached Crow cigar; patting her armpits with Shhhhhh (Just step up to the counter and exhale for our product); sipping Blockbusters; and sticking out her lower lip and blowing upward so that her breath entered her nostrils as a check for halitosis. (You should see the Ubangi lip she got from this practice.) Naturally, she had no time to do her housework.

On the other hand, Pop was so busy doing Mom's housework that he had no time to follow the commercials; consequently, he looked like a composite picture of the three guys in a hair tonic advertisement. His face had a fortnight shadow and his smile looked like the open end of a diesel exhaust pipe.

Take the contents of a dime store perfume counter, the Kansas City stockyards at high noon any August day, and a glue factory going full blast.

Next imagine ten-thousand infantrymen who have been marching all day under a hot tropical

Faculty Votes ...

(Continued from Page 15)

intellectual slob. Anyone not wearing horn-rimmed glasses was thought to be travelling *incognito*. The final blow came when the Brown Derby was turned into a hat store."

"And how the athletic plant suffered," moaned Bradley as he looked dejectedly at his now-faded M-Man's jacket. "Stankowski's intra-mural program (except for ping-pong and basketball free-throws) met a sudden death. Varsity athletics met a similar fate. All sports, except late afternoon



practice in Advanced Snooker, were scratched from the university calendar. In desperation Don Faurot tried to revive interest in athletics. He staged an extravaganza which featured schuffleboard, chess, and sweat-sock mending at Brewer Field House in mid-March. Alas, no one came! The glorious history of Missouri's great teams of the past became a mere statistical outlet for demonstrating Professor Hartkemeier's random fluctuations. Finally, poor Don could stand it no longer. He decided that he had nothing more to offer Old Mizzou. In early April he heartily accepted the comparatively rugged job of instructing Modern Folk Dance at Stephens College."

Adelia pondered for a moment in a melancholy mood.

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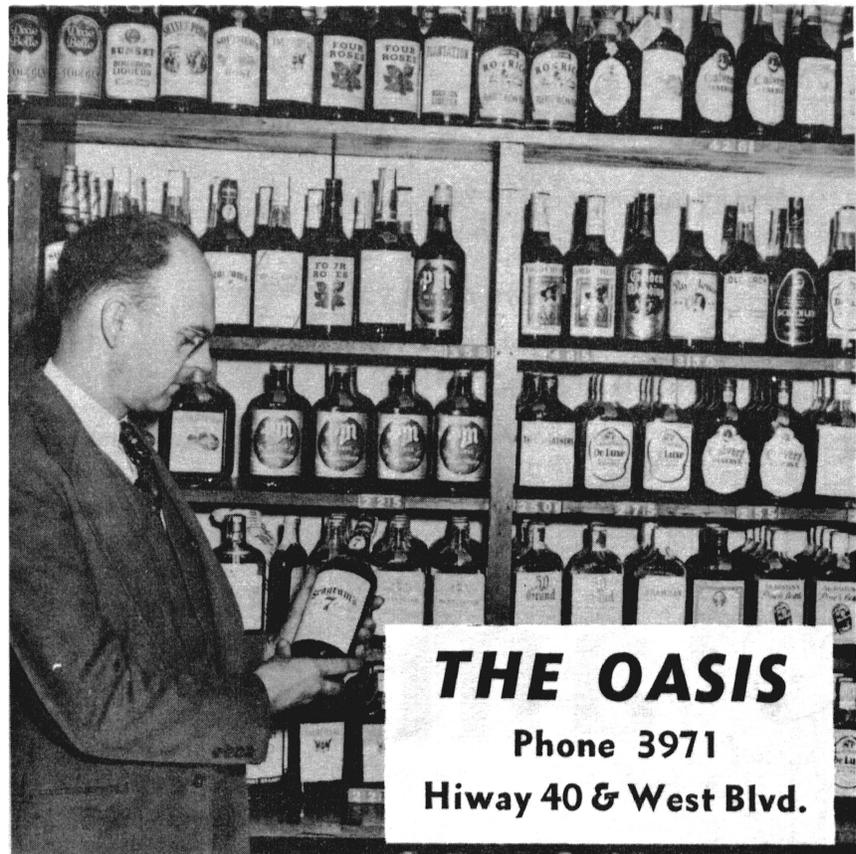
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will give lasting satisfaction and
pleasure. Always make your
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from the wide selection
at Lamb's. You are assured of getting
only the best.



Lamb's

12 S. 9th St.

"The Hinkson," she cried, "became nothing more than a huge geology lab. Nothing remained to remind us of its better days. The spring afternoons held none of their former charm. Gone were the beer bottles . . . gone were the blankets. Instead, one could find only eager students scurrying from rock to rock, trying to corner the fossil market, or possibly an overworked lab instructor dragging his butterfly net behind him.

"It couldn't go on," Bradley shouted, as he made a dramatic sweep of his hand. "Something had to be done about it. The alumni from St. Louis and Kansas City were completely ashamed of their school. Many of them stooped so low as to claim K.U. as their alma mater rather than be associated with any state-subsidized diploma factory. A radi-



Picture of man who got the 'hiccups in the shack. cal change was necessary. Pressure was brought to bear on Mr. Mapleleaf, the Registrar. As a result of this move, he announced the notorious 'Plan B' which was to cover registration in the fall of 1949. The scholastic restrictions were to be removed. How-

ever, the total number of registrants was to be limited to seven thousand. The plan was to be carried out on a 'First come first served' basis. It would be revolutionary, chaotic, absolutely without precedent. . . ."

At this point the time-recording machine went blank. The screen



appeared to be a muddled blur, and the conversation of Bradley and Adelia became an unintelligible mumble. Doctor Pushkins fumed and fumbled—but to no avail. He knew what the trouble was. The filament in the master-atomic tube of his time-recording machine had burned out again. This filament was a rare substance. It was made of fresh *Show-Me* covers beaten to a pulp, mixed with stale beer, and allowed to dry overnight. The machine could be repaired, but it would be at least another month before the next edition arrived. The Doc faintly remembered the hectic events connected with the registration of 1949. With juvenile curiosity he looked forward to hearing an eye-witness account of the pandemonium which prevailed in that fateful year.

TO BE CONTINUED IN THE NEXT ISSUE * * * LOOK FOR "THE '49'ERS"

"For goodness sake," she signed as she wearily trudged home from an auto ride.

Days

of

Sweet Remembrances

Call for

Candy

neff's date and candy shop

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**MISSOURI
TELEPHONE COMPANY**

sun. Cut the twenty thousand feet off the foot-soldiers at the ankles and throw them, including shoes and socks, into a huge vat where they should simmer for a day, at least. Combine this mixture with the one above and you have a *faint* idea of Pop's breath. Even his best friends wouldn't tell him—they couldn't get within shouting distance.

As I said, Pop did all the housework. One Saturday when I was eleven weeks old Pop was giving me my weekly bath in the sink—he always washed me while doing the dishes, thus killing two birds with one stone—when he was called to the phone. He left me in the dishpan.

There I was with nothing on but the water faucet, and it was running slowly. For a few minutes I had fun biting the bubbles and diving thru the cup handles; however, I soon became exhausted. Panicky, I looked around. There was no place to go but down.

Down I went once. Up to the surface, down again twice. Up, and then, gentlemen, I spotted your product, the soap that saved my life.

I, do hereby solemnly swear that I owe my life to your product. Yes sir, gentlemen, on that day I was saved by a bar of FLOATING SMELLO soap, which I clung to until Pop returned.

I remain cleaningly yours,

Abner Maelstrom.

"Hey," cried Satan to a new arrival, "You act as though you owned this place!"

"I do," came the reply, "my wife gave it to me before I came."

An artist's daughter
Is Sally Kline,
She knows just where
To draw the line.

She: Look at all the homes whiskey
has wrecked.

He: Look at all ships water has
wrecked.

To be found at Stephens: girls
with blue eyes and green backs.

Mother: What are the young man's
intentions?

Coed: Well, he's keeping me pretty
much in the dark.

There's the sagging skin of a rhino,
The pendulous stern of a coot,
But from here to Wrangle
There's nothing can dangle
Like a trap-door union suit.



"Why is it you go steady with her?"

"Oh, she's different from the other
girls."

"How's that?"

"Well, she'll go with me."

Wise Guy (boarding the street
car): "Well, Noah, is the Ark full?"

Conductor: "Nope, we need one
more jackass; come on in."

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Cartoon

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Five-year-old youngster: "Daddy, can I have a nickel for an ice cream cone?"

M. U. Vet. Father: "No, shut up and drink your beer."

Some girls are like paint: Get them stirred up and you can't get them off your hands.

"Afraid?"

"Not if you take that cigar out of your mouth."

"I guess I've lost another pupil," said the professor, as his glass eye rolled down the kitchen sink.

"That's a nice boy," said the visitor as little Bobby picked up his scattered toys. "I expect your mother has promised you something if you clean up the room."

"You mean if I don't!" he corrected.

Her names "Checkers" because she jumped every time you made the wrong move.



We heard about the tipsy pre-med the other night who called up Dr. Wasserman of national fame and when the good doctor answered the phone our inebriated friend said, "Hello, is this Dr. Wasserman? The voice said, "Yes." Our friend said, Are you positive?"

—The Pointer

Old man: I've got seven children, thirty-nine grand-children, and twenty-two great-grandchildren.

Visitor: Well, now, isn't that wonderful!

Old man: Yes, ain't it. And there ain't one of them I'd wipe my feet on.

"I'm half loco."

"That's all right. I'm half English."



Another thing that helps make the country safe is when a jury is locked up for the night.

They went for a ride and all she did was shake her head. After sixty-three miles she told me her nose was caught in the windshield wiper.

"No, I can't see you on Thursday. I am going to be operated on, and I'll be sewed up the rest of the week."

"Why don't you answer the phone?"

"It's not ringing."

"Must you wait till the last moment?"

"Has your dog a pedigree?"

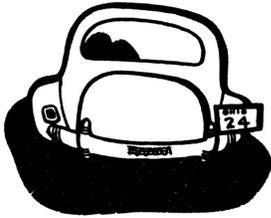
"If he could talk, he wouldn't talk to either of us."

He was just out of college and back in civilian clothes.

"Where do you think you're going,"
said the dog as another fled past him,
"to a fire hydrant?"

"I've got a lot of electricity in my
hair."

"I don't doubt it. You always have
shocking things on your mind."



A girl slaps a boys face, not to hurt
his feeling, but to stop them.

She: Why do you call me serial?

He: Because you quit when you get
to the most interesting part.

Said one nudist to another: "I
think we've been seeing too much of
each other."

There was a man named Beebe,
Who wished to wed a gal named
Phoebe.

Said he, "I must see what the clerical
fee be

Before Phoebe be Phoebe Beebe."

In Honolulu I loved a lass

With eyes of brown and skirts of
grass.

I thought she loved me to you see,

But I was wrong, alack alas,

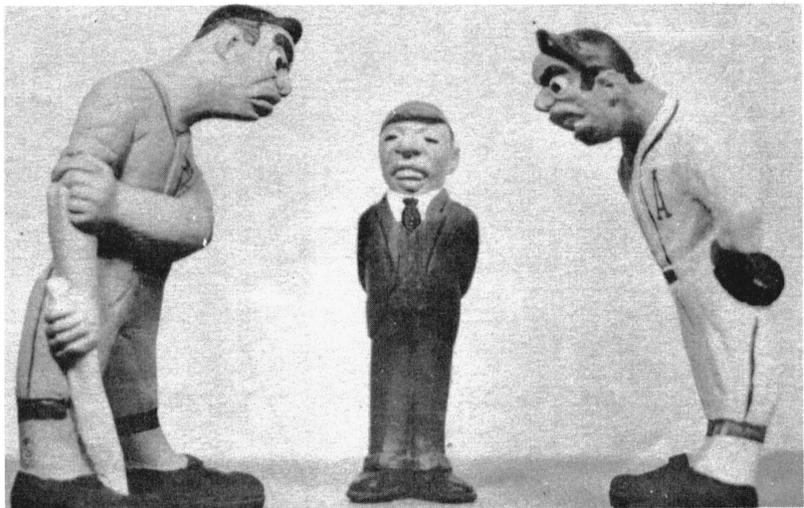
She wore a sign that clearly said:

"KEEP OFF THE GRASS."

One thing about a wandering
glance—it doesn't get slapped.

Enjoy

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ICE CREAM



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Did you hear about the M. U. student who turned in the following as the principal parts of a Latin verb: "Slippeo, slippere, falli, bumptus." The returned paper contained the following corrections: "Failo, failere, flunco, suspendum."

I WONDER WHO'S
GOING TO WIN THE
"SHOWME GIRL"
CONTEST ?



Ode to a Coed

Bleating cries of forced delight
Morning, evening, noon and night,
Switching gaily down the hall,
Mooning, flirting, fondling all.

Sweater curves — a bit off-center—

Are a puzzle to your mentor.
Tho' bustle sin the rear are fine
Your fronts should boast a National Line.

The mould from which your
minds all came

Turns out thousands, — all the
same,

The guardian of the mould; a
loon

In an upturned cavern of the
moon.

—Yorlik.



*"You Can't Take
It with You"*

There is a story of a Mid-west farmer who learned that Ford paid enormous sums for shipment of tin to be used in the manufacture of the new marvel. He stripped all the tin roofing from his barn and sent it to the factory at Detroit.

A week later he received the following message:

"Although your car was in very bad condition we shall be able to complete repairs and have the car at your disposal the first of the month."

LANDLADY EXPECTS BABY. Male student must vacate! Need room by Feb. last. References furnished.

*Classified ad, MISSOURIAN
We should hope so.*

I DON'T KNOW BUT
I JUST PUT ALL I
HAD ON A BLONDE
THAT JUST PASSED!



"All this stuff you read in college magazines is a bunch of hoey. I'm a college girl and I haven't smoked, necked, or drunk beer yet."

"How long you been in college?"

"I just registered."

There's one girl that I just worship the ground her father struck oil on.

STOP

at the

GREYHOUND COFFEE SHOP

for the

Best T-Bone Steaks in Town

\$1.00



Dial 5332

Columbia Beauty Clinic

Missouri Theater Building



Well, Aren't you going to thank me for tossing you the soap?



◆ DINING AND DANCING ◆

◆ *Food The Way You Like It* ◆

— *Delicious Steaks* —

— *Fried Chicken* —

— *Country Hams* —

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Open Every Night Except Sunday

TWO MILES SOUTH ON HIGHWAY 63

*W*ITH THE TOP
STARS OF HOLLYWOOD
CHESTERFIELD IS
BY FAR THE
FAVORITE
CIGARETTE

A

ALWAYS MILDER

B

BETTER TASTING

C

COOLER SMOKING



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starring in Warner Bros. Production
"NORA PRENTISS"

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ALL OVER AMERICA - CHESTERFIELD IS TOPS!