

MISSOURI Showme

20c



HINKSON ISSUE

EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER!

A record catch! Sixty-nine pounds of the rare yellow-bellied cobia. Landed in 35 minutes by Mrs. Dorothy Newstead in the Gulf Stream.

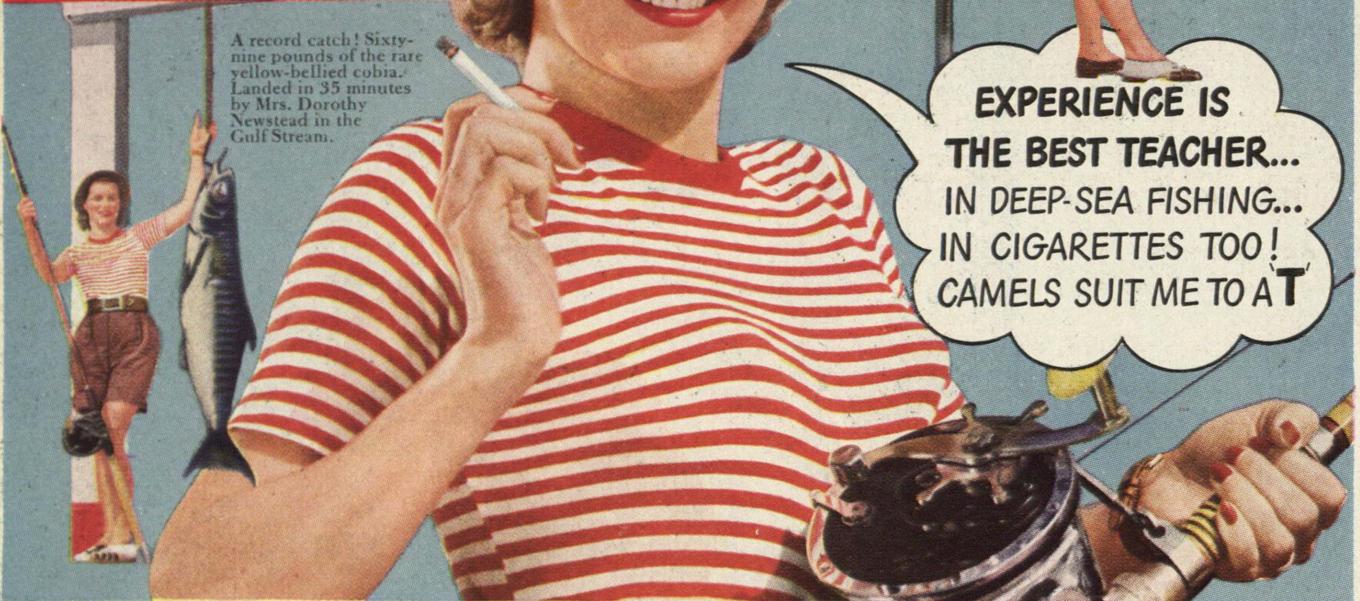
From the rivers of Georgia, Mrs. Dorothy Newstead has followed the trail of game fish to the Atlantic and Pacific.



*Mrs. Dorothy Allan
Newstead*

Holder of the
International
Women's All-Tackle
Record for Cobia

**EXPERIENCE IS
THE BEST TEACHER....
IN DEEP-SEA FISHING...
IN CIGARETTES TOO!
CAMELS SUIT ME TO A T**



More people are smoking CAMELS today than ever before in history!



Remember? You stood in line to get cigarettes...took whatever you could get. That's when millions learned Camels suited them best.

Yes, experience during the war shortage taught millions the differences in cigarette quality!

• Mrs. Dorothy Newstead speaking: "During the war shortage, I smoked many different brands. That's when I found Camels suit my 'T-Zone' best!"

You and millions of other smokers, Mrs. Newstead.

Result: *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

- Three nationally known independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors — in every branch of medicine — to name the cigarette they smoked. More doctors named Camel than any other brand.



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



THIS MONTH'S COVER

GABE traveled to the verdant banks of the meandering Hinkson this month to get his inspiration for the cover drawing. He reports that the scene he drew was not then an actuality, but the result of a look into the future and a bit of imagination.

"It probably will happen," he avows, "before the season is out . . . That is, if the lure of the pastoral beauties has not lost its appeal for the University people and the pioneering spirit of the younger, scouting generation has not died."

It is naught but apropos to report in this column what also might have been had it not been for Gabe's fine sense of values.

At a recent art staff meeting, following last month's journey into the realm of the odd perspective, it was suggested that Gabe get a new angle on the colleges' favorite out-of-doors spot, by sinking to the bottom of the stream and get the view looking up—using one of Mr. Reynold's quills, of course.

Gabe nixed the idea. Even a ball pen would balk at the Hinkson water, he said.

MISSOURI Showme

April 23, 1947

HINKSON ISSUE FEATURES

CHARACTER SKETCHES ON THE HINKSON—See Mort's center spread for a roundup of the characters most often seen at the stream.

OPERATION HINKSON "D" DAY—There will be those, of course, who will say it's been done before and not with nearly so much to-do.

A LITTLE HISTORY—Ol' Bob Hinkson should know what he gave his name to the night he lost his way.

GOOF POSITIVE—Capps' angle on this razor blade business. Also other stories and plenty of jokes.



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IT'S COTTON TIME AT—

Harzfeld's

claire mccardell's
"calico bug"

INA Bates COTTON

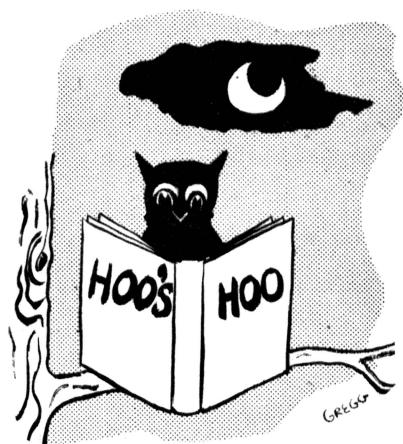
Harzfeld's

Town Baedecker

UP pops May and the bees chase each other about the blossoms. Time for the lighter and maybe a hop to the cinema.

It's a Wonderful Life is a picture you'll like. Two colonels of the not so long ago teamed up to make *Wonderful* a wonderful picture. Messrs. James Stewart and Frank Capra, ex-soldiers, are men who still have the movie touch as they herby prove.

Some years ago, before each jumped into the khaki and hurried off to war, the pair made *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*. Like *Mr. Smith*, *Wonderful* is the story of a small-town boy's battle is the one about the honest and likably naive young man who is



played for a sucker. In both pictures Messrs. Stewart and Capra deal with the kindly, possibly over-sentimentalized, little people of these United States but they make their story stick without being sticky. *Wonderful* is sentimental but so expertly written, directed, and acted that you want to believe it.

The Confederacy is heard from with *Song of the South*. In the happy piece, Walt Disney, the

man with the magic sketching pencil, swirls to life gay people of the animal world and Brer Fox and Brer Rabbit prank and romp through Briar Patch. But the picture, a blend of live action and cartooning, needs a much heavier helping of Mr. Disney's work. The real people are nowhere near so nice to know as the animals.

Nora Prentiss, here soon, is a film you can count on to strain your imagination. It's a whopper about a man who is condemned and executed for his own murder. And in the picture Ann Sheridan plays a night club singer, who, for reasons not too readily apparent, falls in love with a doctor already ball-and-chained with a possessive wife and kiddies.

Two fun-shows are planned for the campus this month of May too:

The Carousel Night Club will be given in Read Hall the four evenings beginning May 14 and for the show Pat Mumford, a Missouri co-ed, dashed off *I Met Her in the Morning*, lilting little melody which will set your toes to tapping the first time you hear it. In the sow watch for Pedro from Chile, a senior who can really put across the songs from the land of the hot tamales.

When Knights Were Bold, this year's J-show ticketed for May 23 and 24, is one about a wolf in the days of King Arthur and the damsel he did chase. The clever comedy was penned by Mel Goodwin, campus playwright.

May is a nice month and fun does seem to be in store.

—Jim Noonan

"Tell me the story of the police raiding your fraternity."

"Oh, that's a closed chapter now."

ARTHUR WEISS ORIGINAL



Up Stairs Dept.

EXCLUSIVE

at the

BLUE SHOP

COLUMBIA'S SMARTEST SHOE

CLASSIC SPECTATOR SHOE



*Paramount
and
Sorority
Shoes*

Superb simplicity is embodied
in this beautifully cut
spectator of purest
white suede with
black, brown or blue calf trim.

8.95 AND 9.95



You can always tell a drunkard by
the avidity with which he drinks the
top portion of his coke.



Nowadays people respect old age
only if it's bottled.



Then there's the Scotchman who
saved his toys for his second child-
hood.



Weren't you excited when he gave
you his frat pin?

No, I just kept calm and collected.



While the layman counts lambs
jumping over a fence to help him go
to sleep: the convict counts zebras.



Girls I have a friend I want you
to meet.

Business Girl: What business is he
in?

Chorus Girl: How much money
does he have?

Vassar Girl: What does he read?

Sub deb: Who is his family?

Colonel's Daughter: What rank is
he?

M. U. co-ed: He drinks, doesn't
he?

Old Maid: Where is he now?



King Arthur—I hear you have been
misbehaving.

Knight—In what manor, sir?

Little boy: We have a new baby in our house.

Little girl: Where did you get it?

Little boy: Doctor Brown brought it.

Little girl: We take from him too.



"Well, how was the burlesque show?"

"Abdominal."



A myopic young optimist, Walter, Led a camouflaged lass to the alter, A beauty he thought her, But soap and warm water, Made her look like the rock of Gibraltar.

The Log, per Sundial



He: I'm groping for words.

She: I think you're looking in the wrong place.



She: "Look, how long is this car going to keep stalling like this?"

He: "Just as long as you do, baby."



"We'll have to rehearse that," said the undertaker as the coffin fell out of the car.



Do you know what good clean fun is?

No, what good is it?



Familiarity breeds attempt.

Were You Satisfied With Your

Last Corsage?

Order Your Next Corsage

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Green Houses

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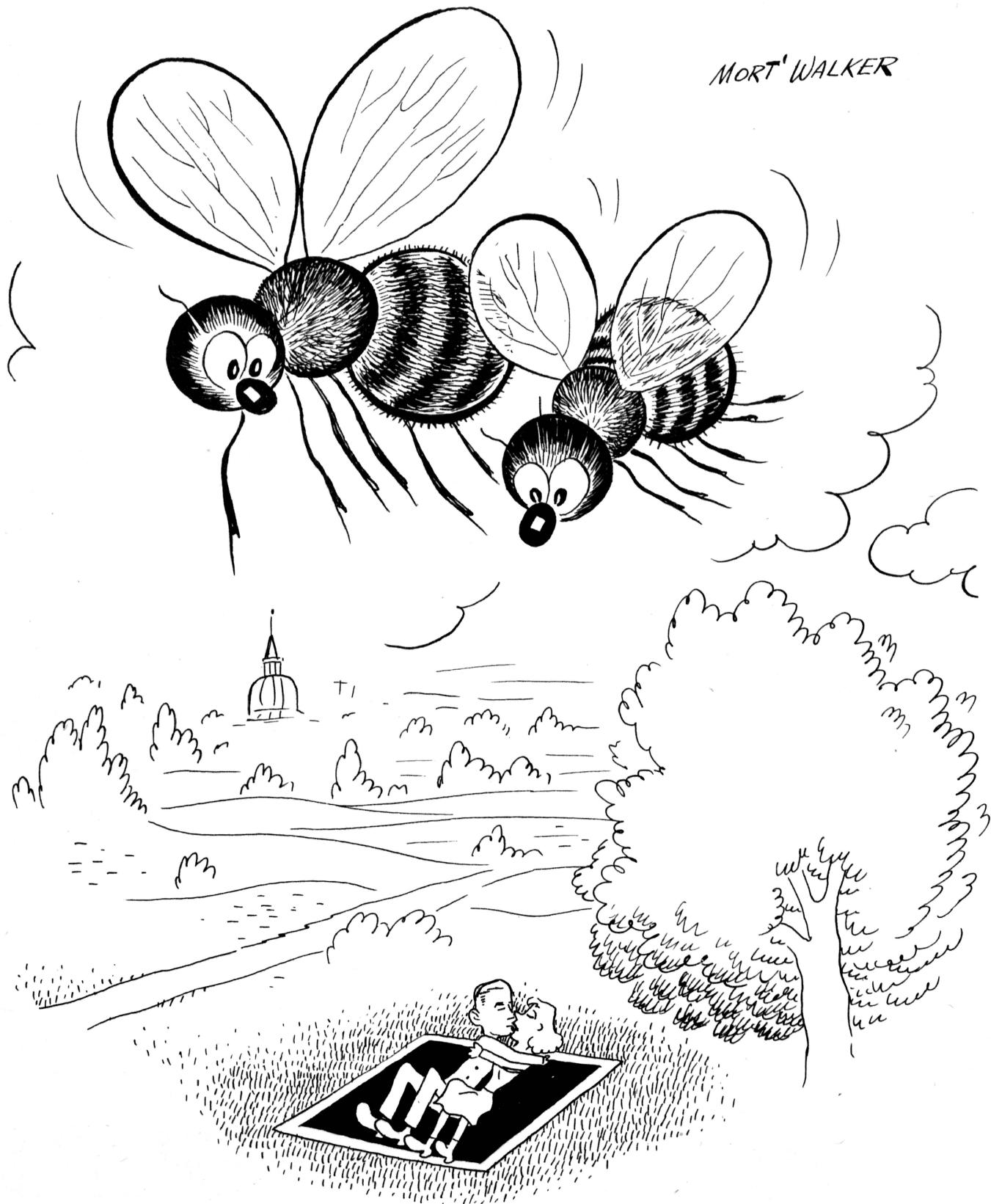
Store

16 South 9th

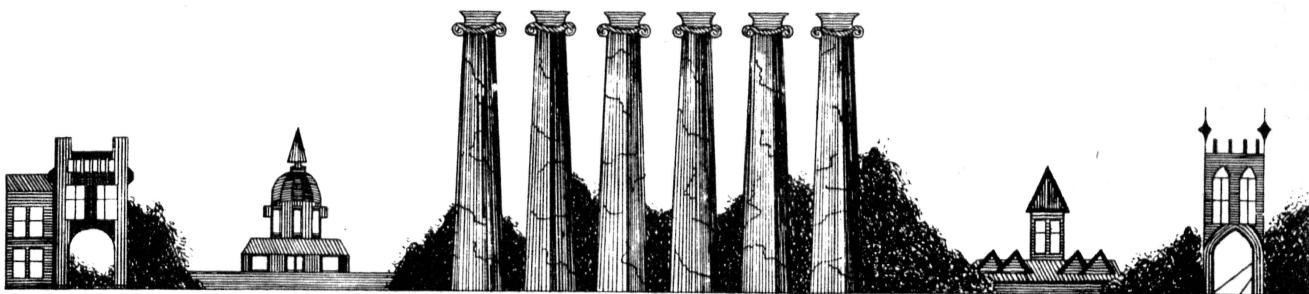


"Can't you just see me sweeping down
the grand stairway in my white satin
wedding gown from Woolf's?"

Woolf Brothers



"Remember thas heart to heart talk we had, son?"



Around The Columns

Dilemma

OVERHEARD: "You mean to tell me you think they can make a movie star like Jean Arthur follow all them rules?"

Singing of Sin

FOR those who do not manage to visit that corner of the campus which harbors the journalism school, we feel the duty of describing the formation of a singing group in the news room

Not that the presence of singing in a newspaper office is so out of place, but that the choice of songs reveals something of a change in the trend of thought above the press room.

This particular choral group restricts its vocal selections to the words and music of songs sung at the most recent WCTU convention.

Machine Age

IF this were not Missouri, we might have been tempted to evidence a bit of alarm over the show of polished political skulldugery which seemed to pervade all phases of the preliminaries to the recent-held election.

One should expect a certain amount of such by-play in any election, but seeing precocious college students demonstrating the political know-how of veteran ward heelers is almost like catching one's seven-year old brother sneaking a cigarette behind the barn.

You just don't expect them to know that much about such things yet.

But then, the heritage being as it is, the mythology of the state being glossed by stories of colossal city machines gives one reason to believe that politicians might well thrive as strongly and as swiftly under the Missouri air as corn does in the Iowa sun.



Spring Sight

ABOUT the time spring rolls around, when the buds start budding and the birds start birding

it is not unusual to hear such things as "I saw the first Crocus today" or "There's the season's first Robin."

An enthusiastic panthiest was enthusiastically describing such a springtime discovery the other day when she was stopped by her cynic-auditor who said:

"That's nothing, yesterday I saw President Middlebush."

Henkson History

One of the fellows in our Wildlife department, observing the annual "Hike to the Hink" last week, went over to the Historical Society and dug up some interesting information relative to how Missouri's own Garden of Eden got its name.

According to a Boone Country historian over there, Hinkson Creek derived its name from what befell Robert Hinkson, one of the county's early settlers, a tavern-keeper by trade, and apparently some sort of a cattle merchant on the side.

One early morning in the 1800's Hinkson drove a herd of cattle to the river bottom to rough till spring as was the winter custom. Those were the days when the Missouri River was a lot closer than McBaine and Hinkson figured on only a couple of days

trip, spending the first night on the bank of the now-famous Hink.

Hinkson probably hadn't the slightest idea he was setting any sort of precedent by spending a night on the bank of the Hink and was up early the next morning. He headed into the forest with his herd and kept the course as well as he could all day, being the first person to do much hiking



around the Hink with a herd of cattle, although in recent years many people have been seen out there with cows.

That night Mr. Hinkson found himself in the identical spot where he had camped the previous night, unconsciously setting another "first", as returnees from beer expeditions now report finding people in the identical spot on the Hink they had taken on previous beer journeys weeks before.

The old settlers of the county

fastened the joke on Hinkson and made it a living tradition by giving the creek his name.

So to those who think they've got something novel up their sleeve when they head south from the campus on a warm spring afternoon, no matter what happens, "some one has already done it," and with a herd of cattle yet.

POSTCARD FROM "STEADY" ON WEEK-END TRIP

I'm having a wonderful time,
And I wish you were here.
We could drink a glass of wine,
Or maybe have a beer.

It was so sad to leave you.
You know I hate to part,
'Cause when I do—you know it's
true
I leave with you my heart.

Now, Baby, don't be lonely,
And, Honey, don't be blue,
'Cause I'm thinkin' of you only,
And my heart belongs to you.

You say you don't believe me!
You know damn well it's true,
So, Darling, don't deceive me.
Be careful what you do.

You know that you're the only
one.

(Tell Jim I said "hello")
And we always have so darn much
fun.
(Tell Bill I miss him so.)

I'll be true to you alone, Dear,
In someone else's arms,



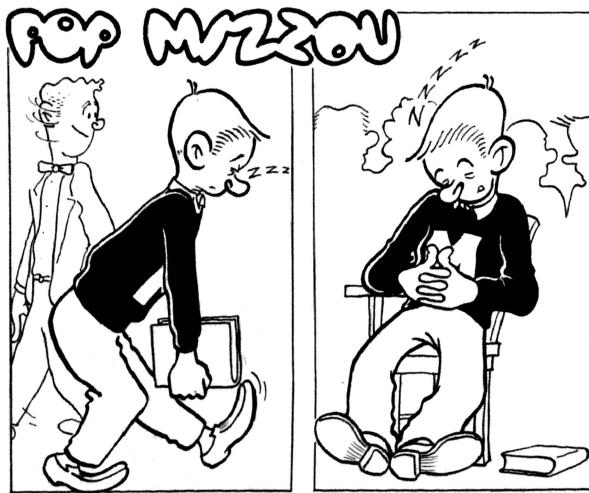
And when he's sitting very near,
I'll be thinking of your charms.

And while the hours go swiftly by
As with passion, we embrace,
And later on—I do not lie—
I'll be picturing your face.

(How's that again?)

Old Man (in Columbia Police Station): Inspector, I found the wallet I reported stolen last week in my other pants.

Inspector: Too late. We caught the thief yesterday.





Dear Folks -

Just thought I'd drop you a line. Nothing much has happened lately. You might send me about ~~five~~ ten

D...n... ~ .. . - ' .. ^ ..

MORT WALKER

Operation Hinkson



In keeping with its policy of complete photographic coverage of the campus, SHOWME this month dispatched lensman Bob Tonn to shadow the somewhat incongruous activities of two Hinkson-bound travelers: Charlie Barnard and date Jerry Rochow. The pictures which Bob got were so obviously needful of an explanation that we have asked Hinksonite Barnard to caption them for SHOWME. The truth of his explanations must not be construed as being endorsed by this magazine.

With the coming of Spring and the primal stirrings of man and nature, I decided that it was time to explore the rugged beauties of Mizzou's famed pleasure grounds—the Hinkson. Being a firm believer in the ancient customs of the Orient which reduce womanhood to a position of servitude, I required Jerry to shoulder our considerable equipment, while I surveyed the terrain for a likely camping spot. This is "H" hour.



"H" PLUS ONE

For centuries, one of woman's first duties has been that of preparing food for their men. Accordingly, while I was catching up on current trivia, Jerry prepared our meal. The Air Corps life raft pictured is particularly recommended for those men who want to get away from it all.

"H" PLUS TWO

Womanhood is still relegated to a position of meniality while I exercise the man's prerogative of well-earned rest. Jerry's hip boots are particularly recommended for those women who want to get away from it all.

Surplus Army Equipment Courtesy



D - Day

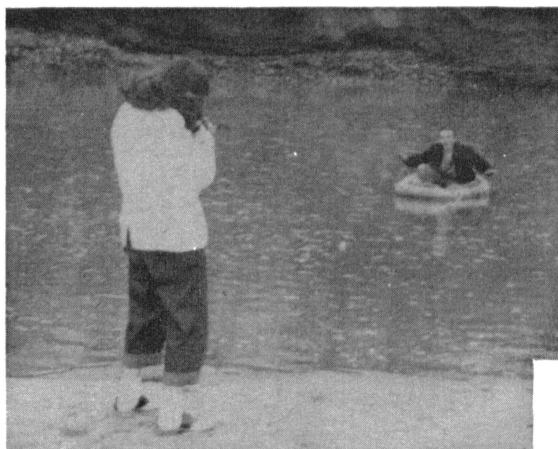


"H" PLUS FOUR

Sex rears its ugly head! Or, this is what the Johnston Office calls co-habitation. Oblivious to the fact that the rains never came, we found the interior of our tent convenient shelter from the curious eyes of the multitudes of fellow nature lovers. The U. S. Army pup tent pictured is particularly recommended for those people who want to get away from it all.

"H" PLUS THREE

With a threat of rain, we hurriedly erected the pup tent, then settled down to the ancient Hinkson pastime of sampling the 5% nectar.



OPERATION TERMINATED

Never underestimate the power of a woman! Her dominance now completely established, I am forced to begin the trek homeward, burdened with the accessories of a typical Mizzou Hink-party. The U. S. Army rifle pictured is particularly recommended for anyone who wants to get away from it all.

"H" PLUS—

(*I've Forgotten*)

What's this Revolt! Not being familiar with the methods employed by the Orientals in the face of female rebellion, I was driven from the seclusion of my tent and forced to seek safety in the middle of the Hinkson. I had a vague idea of the results of a bullet hole in my life raft, and was forced to plead with Jerry not to shoot. It is not yet clear in my mind what occasioned this sudden turn of events.



Photos by Cross

Bob Hulett's Army-Navy Store

A Most Unforgettable Character

by Bob Wells

I WAS only nine when I was sent to live in the big city with my Uncle Jake, a confirmed bachelor. He met me at the station—a big, hearty man who recognized me immediately though we hadn't seen each other for some time.

As we passed through the crowded waiting room, he suddenly stopped to watch a stranger who put a large alligator bag on the floor and walked toward the cafeteria.

"Aha," Uncle Jake commented, "my trip downtown is not without benefit. My boy, we shall be adventuresome. What say you?"

He squeezed my hand confidentially and we went over to the piece of luggage. With a final glance toward the cafeteria Uncle Jake picked up the bag and we hurried outside.

Later, in his quarters at the rooming house, we unpacked the "kiester", noting its fine contents. Clothing of all sorts, toilet articles, even a valuable electric razor. We admired them all, in turn.

"But Uncle Jake," I asked, "didn't you steal that man's bag?"

He stopped short and looked at me quizzically; then, a smile creased his kind face. "My boy," he began patiently, "I—ah—you are too young to consider complicated moral issues. Let's just

say that it is *our* bag now, eh?"

We laughed and I felt like a new partner in a thrilling enterprise.

"However," he cautioned me, "if ever you attempt the same, try to select the baggage of someone approximately your size. And never, never, steal a woman's bag. I did that once. My landlady discovered the clothing and—ah—be

sure it is a man's luggage, my boy."

Uncle Jake once had been a wrestler. His grip was mighty, and during the evenings after he returned from the pool-room he taught me various tricks. I learned how to stick my fingers in the soft places under a person's ears; how to strike an Adam's apple with the

(Continued on page 20)



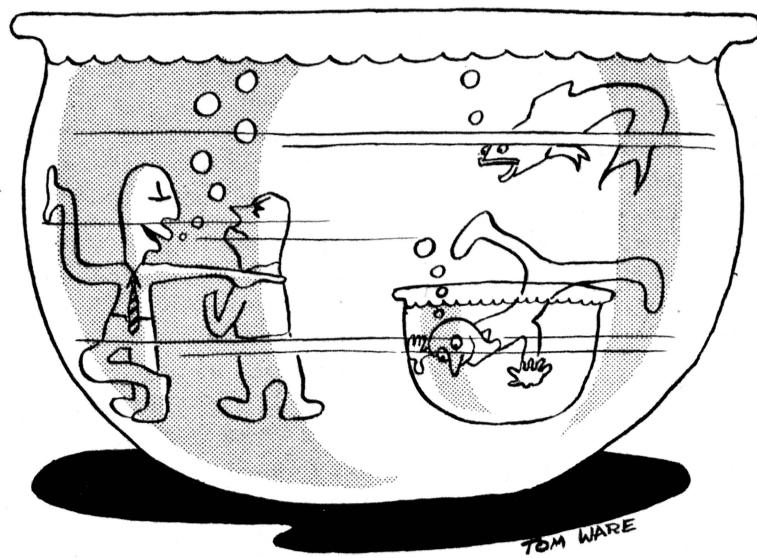
Somehow I feel it won't be necessary for you to take American Government as a prerequisite to 3. school.



LAEFS and PITCHERS

Bob Tonn

I don't recall your face but your hands are certainly familiar.



Tom's crazy he thinks he is a fish



Goof Positive

FIRST Witness. So, your honor, it is maybe 9:30 this a.m., see, and I stroll up Ninth Street and J-school with naught in mind except maybe a dram of coffee. When I come to the second stop light, a gendarme stands in the middle of the street, waving his arms no little, although I do not see why, only two cars and a scooter coming by while I watch him.

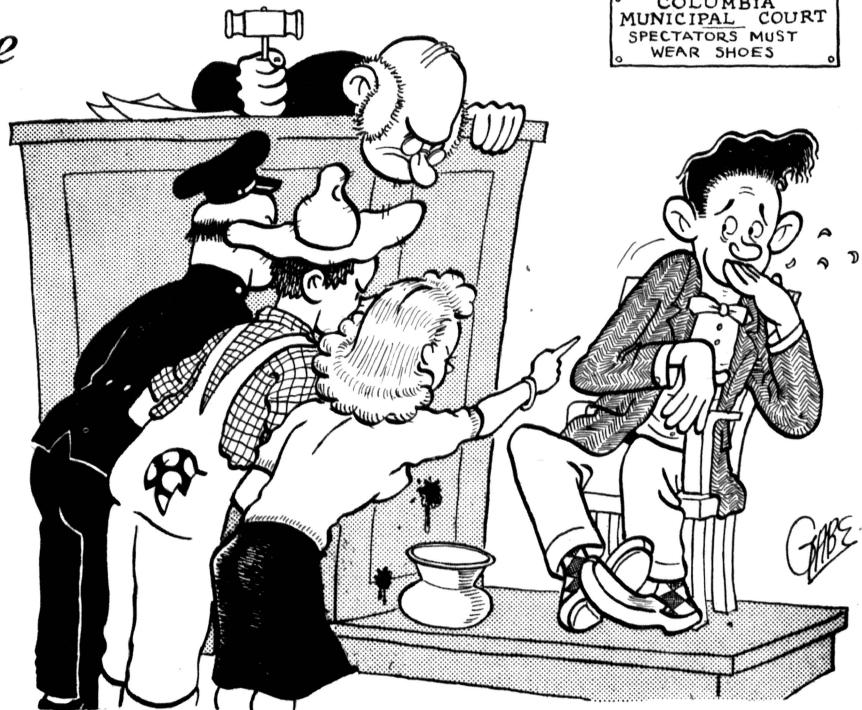
So, I stand by Bing's and admire the constabulary in action, see, and along comes this defendant guy across the street. The light is green for him if he wants to go straight. But no, he don't want to go straight. No, he has to cross the street.

So, he stands there, cagey-like, and watches the cop who is now pointing wildly to Bing's drug store. Anybody can see he is pointing and not signaling. So what happens? So the defendant jumps right out and crosses the street—against the light.

2nd Witness. I mean really, judge. This is so-o-o early in the morning, I must simply look a fright. Last night I was simply frantic with a jillion things to do. Tought I'd just simply go raving mad. Then Geo-orgy—he's my boy-friend—called and . . .

Well, anyway, Babs—she's my sorority sister—and I were downtown looking in a window at the most simply gorgeous sweater. I mean really it was just too. . . .

I was just asking Babs if she thought it would fit me. You know, just seeing it there in the store window, I couldn't tell how it would fit around ther er—well,



you know, whether it would stretch or . . . (blush). . . .

Well really, judge, you needn't stare.

I had just mentioned this to Babs when this simply horrid young man came along and bumped into me. I was just practically frantic with fear. And, as if that wasn't enough, he said:

Sometimes, even your best friend won't tell you.

3rd Witness. I reckon it were night onter 10 o'clock when I left the Ag school and moseyed downtown to buy some pills for Ethel—that's my pet goat. Jist as I come outa the drug store, this here feller come up and grabbed my package. The critter took right offen there then and that's the last I seen him til now

With the passing of the witnesses and their damning evidence, the courtroom settled back into quiet expectancy, waiting to hear from the defendant.

Will the defendant please rise, the judge said. Igor Ignorance, you are charged by this here court with walking against a stop light, insulting a woman in public view, and petty larceny. This violates city ordinances 13, 63, and 903—whis-s-sh, it's moisturized. We are ready to hear your testament.

Your honor, gentlemen of the jury. It had been a moonlight nicht on the nicht before the day you mention. And it was a braw morn that morn when I crawled out of the sack. Taking my trusty razor, I whack-whacked and wham-whammed to prepare my daily shave.

But alas. There was no blade. No Willett wafer-thin blade clicked into place. How was I to carry out my daily schedule? What could I do? I had no alternative. I cadged one of my roommate's blades, of inferior quality, of course.

A murmur of pity suttled through the courtroom.

(Continued on page 27)

TIGER TALK

By Reese and Rowe



Corny Roach from over at the KA house has found some use for his 1914 Essex which he has parked at the back of the house. He is thinking of dedicating it to old car collector James Melton who will be at MU for a concert.

Zella Johnston from 709 Hitt has been featuring an Alpha Gamma Rho pin once owned by Paul Camfield. Rumor has it that if he doesn't soon kick in with the cigars he'll be in for a dunking over at the Ag. pond.

In addition to the new two way radios which the cab companies are installing, one cab company is contemplating mounting a .50 caliber machine gun on the front of his auto. The reason—four people hailed his cab. They were Jean Bellew, Jerry Rochow, both AChiOs, with George Mora and Charlie Barnard, Alpha Taus. The boys were wearing Jap field caps, and were carrying blankets, two rifles, pistols, and knives. The cab driver swore he was in for a full-scale offensive.



Bill Morris over at the Farm House is boasting having 14 dates in one week. He'd have had more but he had to attend those beastly old classes. Lover boy!

DU Tom Kameron claims that his right arm is three inches shorter since he tried to ram through the portal without pushing the latch down. It's not his fault though. He thought it was a window.

Bill Peck and Fred Kellogg, Delts, pulled the lulu of the month. Fred got Peck a blind date and they forgot the address. What they did remember was the light on the porch so they rang. The girl's father opened the door, and they asked if Jo were in. He invited them in, and they sat for a half hour waiting for her to come down. When she did they found that it was the wrong girl.

And then there was the erring ATO that went down to the Collins (ah, the Collins), namely, Pat Daly, and returned to Tri Delt Joan Grenewalt a very pink, elastic, and totally effeminate piece of women's apparel.

The beer bust which heralded spring in the Kappa Sig's back lawn proved to be great sport—especially for Big Jack Moore who yanked blankets off couples who had assumed supine positions. Another fellow used to have this same hobby, but he don't get around much, any more.

REWARD

Reward for finding out why those G. I. bunks are taken out of Diesel Dungeon every morning and then returned in the evening.

Lenny Gund, Kappa Sig, had a change of pace over Easter with Tri Delt Pat Feltus after going with Pi Phi Ann (Still Water) Masek.

Bill Beavers, Sig Alph, believes in treating his women rough. He beats Penny Pehrings, Kappa, on the head so much during one day that she places all her loose pins in her head.



Lois Boyse, Lee Coope, and Jane Dillender, DGs, made a present of six chicks to Lou Miller, Dick McWhertee and Tommy Tommas. In reciprocity the fellows gave the girls three rabbits and now everyone in the DG house has a rabbit.

Jim Harch, Sig Chi, hit a cow while returning from his Easter vacation. His excuse—he thought it was a girl he knew in Columbia.

(Continued on page 26)

History Lecture

THE lead squirmed up through the spiral chamber and poked its dull black tip through the opening. I twirled the eraser end of the automatic pencil rapidly. The lead vanished into the sheltering tube.

As he guided it inchingly across the map, the baton-shaped pointer seemed to extend from the thin wrist and stem like arm of the professor.

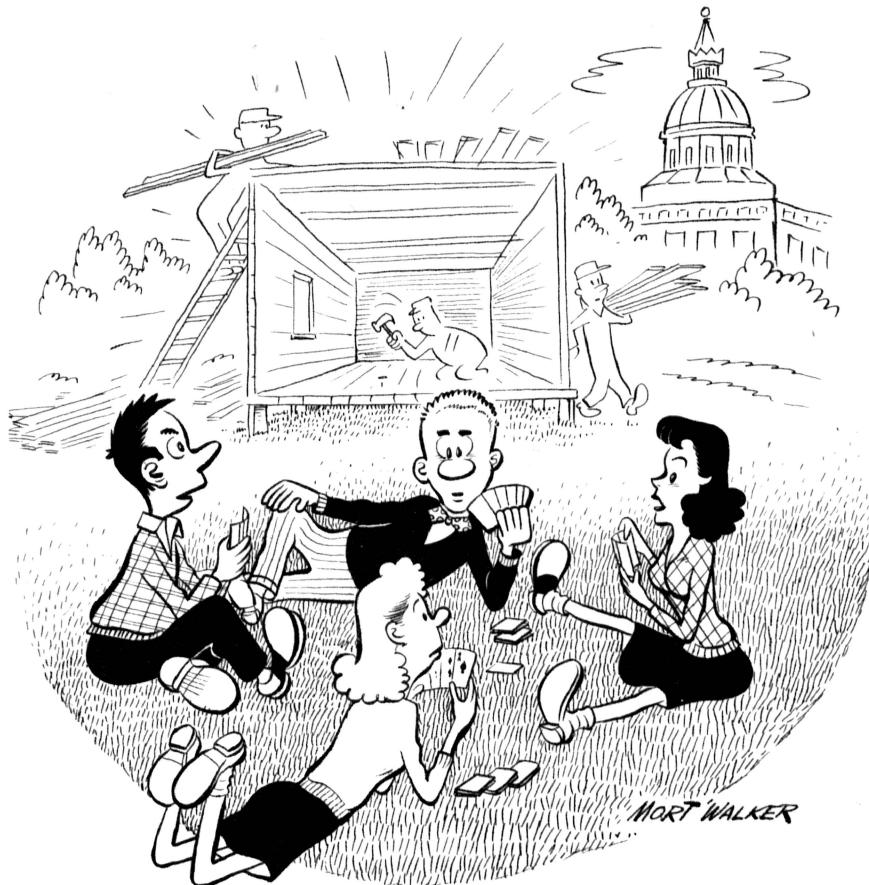
"In checking with the map, we find that the Tartars selected a route that would afford them little cold weather."

I scanned the map hurriedly but as no plunder-bent Tartar presented himself; I returned to my fascinating diversion. This time I initiated an improvisation. By holding my thumbnail over the opening, I forced the lead against it until the pressure bent the nail slightly.

The pencil balanced gingerly on the steel ring of the binder. I removed my steadyng fingers and calmly observed the red cylinder sway for a fraction of a second, then drop over the edge of the desk.

To retrieve the pencil, I dipped my arm in an arc under the supporting struts of the desk and gropingly ran my hands along the floor. My leisurely, sub-desk ramblings were proving fruitless however, and I finally resorted to a visual search.

"The numerous invasions by the mongolian hordes brought the inevitable aftermaths: plunder, arson, and rape." The lecturer's monotone faded as I glanced towards the door. As my gaze drifted back to my notebook it paused reflexively at a breast-swollen sweater. My eyes riveted



"I guess we'll have to move again. Here comes another emergency classroom."

themselves to the fulloutline of the taut garment.

I slipped my wallet on to the notebook and intensely examined the snapshots in their celluloid sheaths. Automatically, I compared the contours offered by the yellow sweater with those revealed in the photographs.

The professor's voice wandered into my stimulating analysis: "At the next meeting of the class we shall trace the conquests of the Huns." He methodically unhooked the sprawling map from the blackboard.

I stared for a monent at the blank sheet of paper in my notebook, closed the binder and walked into the hall.

—Ernest Weiner

Strolling

As you walk beneath memorial tower
On a beautiful moonlit night
Your mind is where it ought to be
And all is very quiet
You walk a little farther
You murmur soft and low
And then you have to straighten up
As a cop passes on his stroll
You stop within the shadows
You speak—the words a little high
There is no audible answer
Just a little sigh
You've decided now the times has come
No more do you want to roam
Oh what the hell you're all alone
You might as well go home.

—Tommy Riffle.

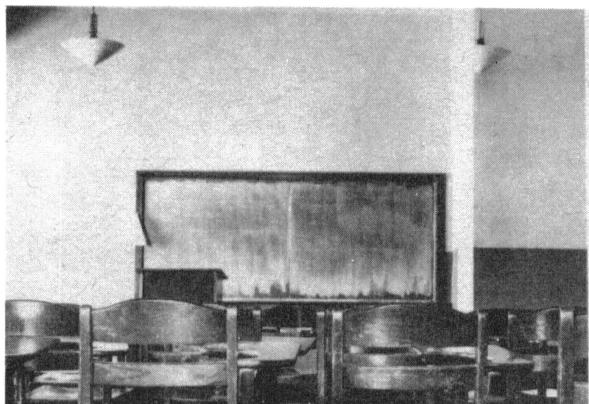
He: "I've got a perfect news story."

She: "A man bit a dog!"

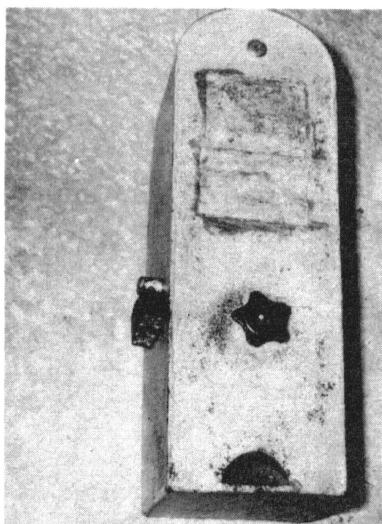
He: "Naw, a bull threw a congressman."

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

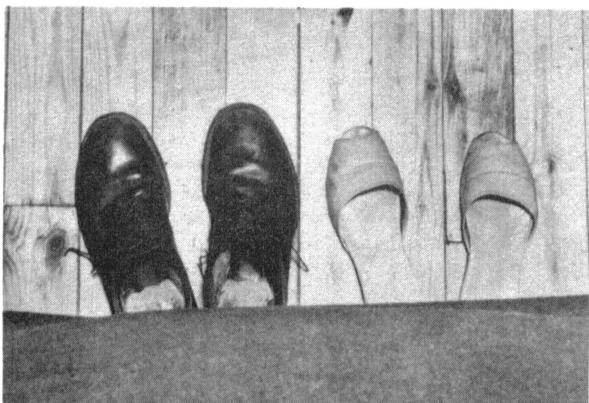
Identify these photos and prove that you get around. If you woke up from a stupor in one of these places would you know where you were?*



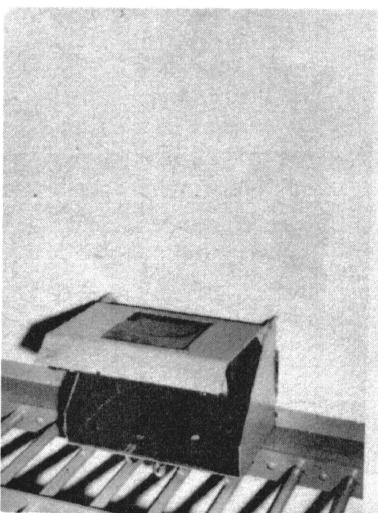
ten points



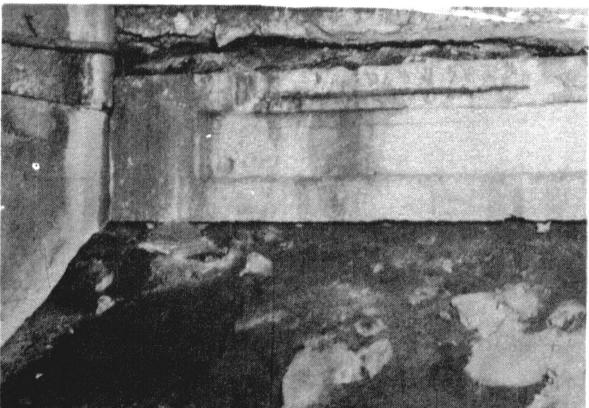
fifteen points



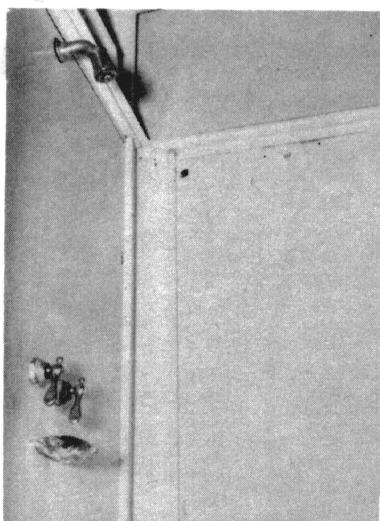
ten points



twenty-five points



fifteen points



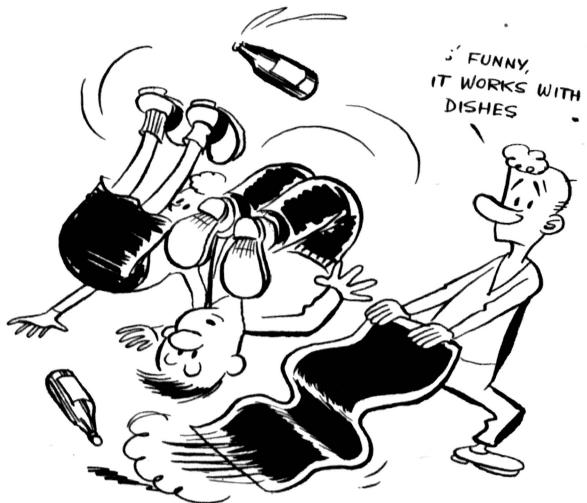
twenty-five points

*Prize for high points.....thirty beers.

Character Sketches



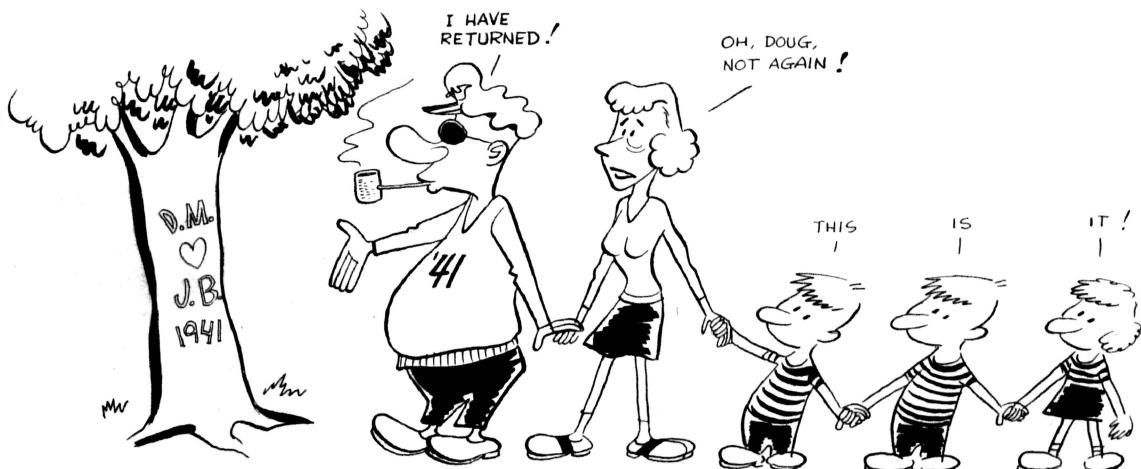
The type of couple who apply their school-work practically. Obviously thinkers. This engineer is carrying thermo-dynamics into his love life and is apparently aware that some shocking things happen on blankets.



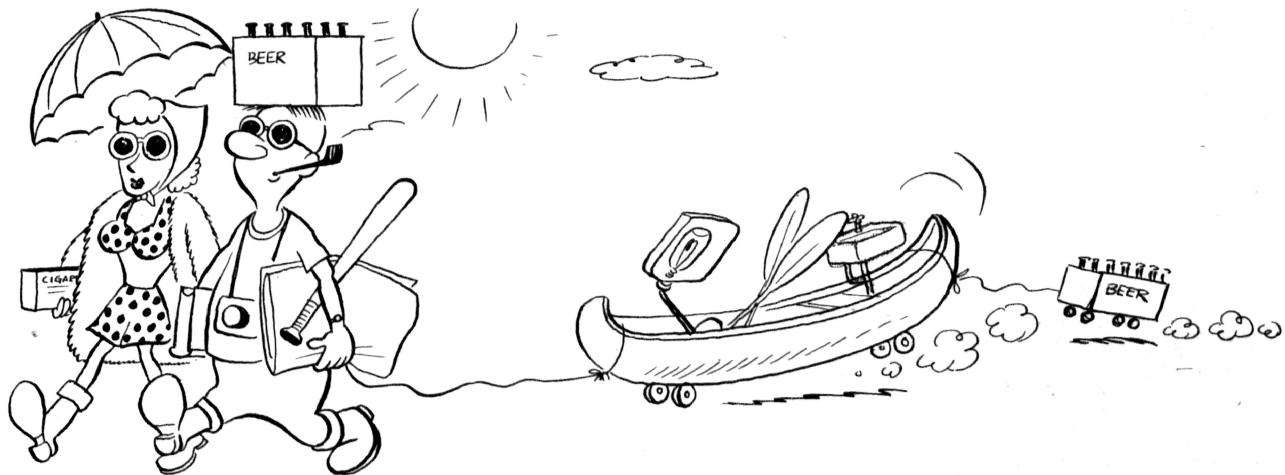
The practical joker is an ubiquitous felon. Nothing is sacred to him. His bag of tricks include blanket yanking, beer squirting, flash photography, and pants hiding.

Persons with dramatic personalities find inspiration for their talents on the Hink. On a blanket a Casper Milquetoast becomes an Errol Flynn (so he thinks) and Margaret O'Briens become Betty Davis'. Many a Workshop star

got her start on the Hinkson Proving Grounds. This Thesbian is trying to recapture the spirited days when many a blanket date ripened into a lasting friendship.



On The Hinkson



A boy scout background also runs away with itself in some people. This couple is prepared for any and all eventualities. They made a list of necessities a week in advance before Operations Hinkson and have included

everything but the kitchen sink (I beg your pardon. There it is in the canoe) but I'll lay ten to one that they forgot a bottle-opener.

This is the perfect type, the kind who is ready, willing and able; the kind who will swim, climb or wrestle at your pleasure; the kind who follows Omar Khyamm's philosophy up to a certain point and then says "Hope I don't die tomorrow, it may be a good Hinkson day."

The poor girl who takes out one of these characters has to work her charm overtime. He is the type who is more intrigued by the rural charms than those at hand. The ag student is utterly unconcerned with higher animal life, the geology student sees nothing but the faults, the biology student goes bugs over the entomology—give me good old arts and science any time.

LOOKIT HER SOFT BROWN
EYES, HER SMOOTH SKIN,
HER BEAUTIFUL LEGS
AND TAIL - -

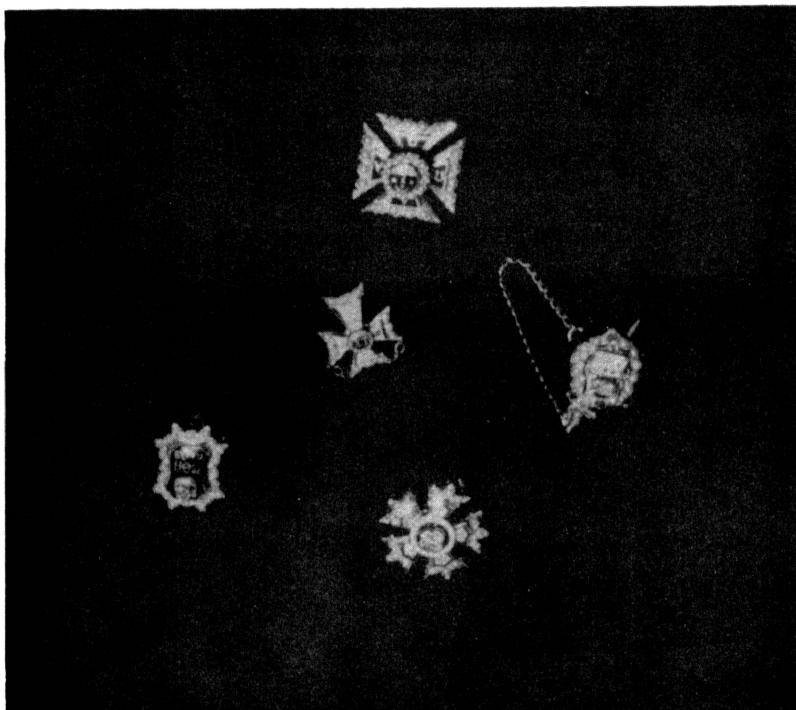


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MOST UNFORGETTABLE

(Continued from page 12)

side of the hand, (this paralyzes the neck), and sundry other items of knowledge useful in city life.

Soon I started to school. My ability to control boys my own size, and those somewhat larger, gave me prestige. One day the principal called me into his office to remonstrate with me for some minor breach of discipline. My precocious rebuttals enraged him, and he turned to reach for a stick he kept in a corner. His other hand dangled at his side and my manly training by Uncle Jake asserted itself. I seized his little finger and twisted. Together, we marched down the hall to the main door. There, I turned him loose and ran.

Uncle Jake was sleeping when I got home, but in a very few seconds he had grasped the situation.

"Zounds, lad!" We must depart. They'll trace you here—here to this room, its purloined contests, and me! Let's go!"

We gathered together a few things and went into the alley. Circling a couple of blocks, we entered another alley and soon found ourselves in his favorite pool-room from whose front window we could see our recent place of residence. He watched, over the painted section of the glass. Hangers-on gathered around. After some minutes they held me up to see. The truant officer's little blue coupe was in front of the house (a familiar sight by then) and I could discern the truant officer and a policeman as they stood conversing with our erstwhile landlady.

Uncle Jake told the curious ones about us what had happened. Laughter rang out and they set me

on the counter, plying me with peanuts and acting as if I were a hero.

"Lad, dear lad," Uncle Jake told me gravely, "today you have caused me to become greatly perturbed. Yet, you have triumphed against regimentation, and by golly I am proud of you. Give the kid a beer, Joe!"

Thus, I became a man in thought and action under the able tutelage of Uncle Jake. Now, I had completed my formal education; yet the informal sort continued apace.

One morning Uncle Jake and I went down to a pawnshop run by a man I shall call Sammy to avoid possible embarrassment to innocent parties. (This does not include Sammy.)

Strange things transpired that day. Sammy selected from the clothes-racks in the shop complete outfits for Uncle Jake and me. And such outfits. In the back room we put them on, with noteworthy results. I protested, bitterly.

Uncle Jake had reversed my natural metamorphosis from boy to man. He without warning had made me a Little Lord Fauntleroy.

I shed tears of rage and despair. Had Uncle Jake betrayed me at last? As for his garb, I stared with consternation and disbelief. He stood there in a Prince Albert coat, black homburg hat and striped trousers. And he carried a gold-headed cane. This "gentleman of distinction" now assumed a haughty accent and spoke condescendingly to Sammy.

"Fellow, where is my thousand dollars?"

Sammy laughed, commenting, "Jake, you're a natural. I'll get the grand note. But be careful."

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"You know me, Sammy."
"Yeah, Jake, that's the trouble."

Sammy went to his little safe, rummaged in a drawer and took out a bill. As he handed it to Uncle Jake I saw it was of the thousand-dollar denomination. I was amazed.



"Now, my boy, don't cry," said Uncle, "we shall go shopping—and in the best style, I daresay."

Great things were to ensue that

The department store was immense. We brushed past various clerks until a floorwalker noticed us..

"Yes sir, what is your wish today?"

Uncle Jake paused a moment.

"Humm. I wish to purchase a lady's cigarette lighter. A Dunhill's, of course. Solid gold, You know."

"Of course, sir. I—ah—Mr. Hampden! Mr. Hampden!"

With the aid of sleek Mr. Hampden Uncle Jake chose (after considerable vacillation) a suitable lighter. But suitable for whom? Why were we acting these roles?

The selection made, Uncle Jake gave Mr. Hampden the thousand-dollar bill. The man looked at it; then he looked at us. He smiled.



SLOW DOWN GERTRUDE --- THERE'S SOMEONE FOLLOWING US.

"Yes sir. Cash. Cash indeed. I'll have the lighter wrapped. Wait in here, please."

Uncle Jake nodded and we sat in a side office. Mr. Hampden was gone for some time. I began to feel suspicious. Of course—counterfeit! A phony bill! Panic seized me; the jig was up.

"Uncle Jake, let's go. Please sir. I am scared and they will—."

But before Uncle Jake had a chance to allay my fears Mr. Hampden returned, all smiles and bows. Was he stalling?

Uncle Jake demanded angrily, "Where have you been?"

Mr. Hampden explained. "Having the lighter wrapped, sir. Here it is. And your change."

"Oh, confound it. Never mind the lighter. I know where you've been—checking that bill. I know you scurrilous poltroons of the market-place! I don't want your merchandise. I want that bill. They don't check my bills at Abercrombie and Fitch's!"

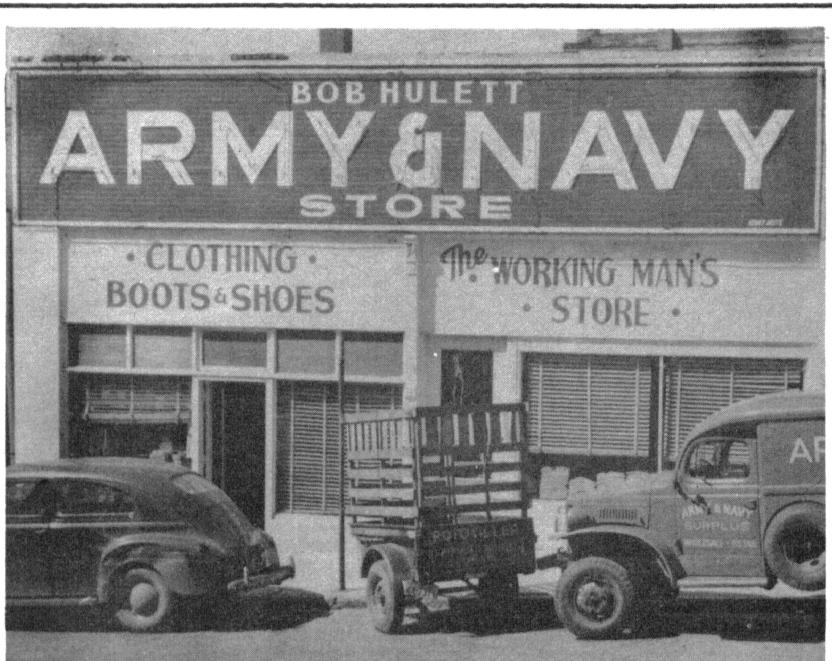
In spite of all Mr. Hampden's apologies, he had to get the bill and give it back. We walked away. Mr. Hampden followed, still explaining about "store routine".

Surprisingly, Uncle Jake hesitated.

"Perhaps, my good man, I have been rather hasty. After all, you are but an insignificant underling, eh?"

"Yes sir. Yes SIR."

"Here, take the bill—do you have my change? Seven-hundred and eighty-three—thank you. And I don't think I'll carry the lighter after all. Just send it to Miss _____."



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wool filled \$4.95
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11 A.M. TO 7 P.M.

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He gave the address.

When we got back to Sammy's, Uncle Jake and I changed back into our own clothes. I still was perplexed. My wonder increased when I saw Sammy pull a thousand-dollar bill out of the striped trousers.

"Uncle Jake! There's the bill—I thought you—."

He placed his hand on my head and looked down at me in that benign way of his.

"My dear nephew, I know what you thought. I also know what Mr. Hampden thought. You both are wrong."

He and Sammy were smiling at my childish excitement.

"The bill you see now is the one Mr. Hampden checked. It's a good one. But when a man is trying to sell you something, a simple switch of a greenback is a mere trifle. We all have profited; Sammy has his bill back, we have the change, and Mr. Hampden has a fine specimen of home engraving—plus some practical experience in the ways of commerce. Yes, we all profited."

"But what about the lighter? Why didn't you keep it?"

"Such things must be sold, you know. Tracing is not difficult for the police. Furthermore, I once had a romance with a young lady—a pleasant interlude interrupted only by her growing lack of appreciation for me, you might say. I sent the lighter to her. She can't be implicated, actually, but there will be a few days of questioning, some embarrassment, some inconvenience. That's all I wished to cause her. I am not a vengeful man."

I looked up at my Uncle Jake and as he smiled down at me in his understanding way I knew all at once that he was the greatest man in the world.

"Ah wins."
"What yo' got?"
"Three aces."
"No yuh don't. Ah wins."
"What yo' got?"
"Two eight and a razor."
"Yuh sho' do. How come yo' so lucky?"



Think of all the scandal there would be if icemen couldn't hold their tongs.



People who live in glass houses shouldn't.



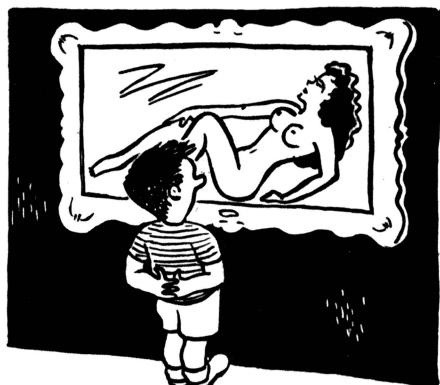
Conscience is the thing that hurts when everything else feels so good.



Papa Robin returned to his nest and proudly announced that he had made a deposit on a new Buick.



"Darn it, left-overs agains," growled the cannibal as he gnawed on the two old maids.



Visitor: Does Mr. Crawford, a student, live here?

Landlady: Well, Mr. Crawford lives here, but I thought he was a night-watchman.



Freshman (in a barber shop): How long do I have to wait for a shave?

Barber (after close look): About six months or a year.

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TIGER TALK . . .

(Continued from page 15)

John McNamara who works at Gaebler's missed a day and forked two shifts the next. While working in the morning, one of the customers approached him and asked if he were twins. Mac told him he was and the questioner told him that he knew his brother well. That night Mac worked another shift and the same fellow appeared. "Met your brother this morning, Mac," he told him. "Nice fellow, looks a lot like you but a little more quiet." The ruse will work all right until the fellow sees Mac together.

—————
Ibby Brown, Zeta, suddenly seems interested in Le Meilert's art classes.
—————

The best present received by any Chi O for Easter was the one to Jane Crawford from Dan Goss, Phi Psi. It was size 38.

—————
Don King, ATO, leaving Friday, for the Easter weekend, happened to notice Gray Hay and Marilyn Armentrout, Chi O, dressed appropriately and headed directly for the Hickson. Upon arriving back at the house on Sunday evening before closing hours, he was surprised to see them coming in, blankets, mud, and all. It didn't look very good, but they swore they had gone out two distinct times.

—————
Chuck Hale, Van dalia's gift to women, is causing a wave of suicides at Stephens now that he is going steady.

—————
Cherie Frank, Delta Gam, and Dick Cuneo, Phi Delt, making plans.

—————
Ray Ervin, DU, and Jeanette Grant, 701 Md., found themselves in an "interesting" predicament Easter weekend when they were stranded in Kansas City with \$1.10 between them. A "buddy" had offered them a ride to Jo. and then decided and stayed in K. C. that there wouldn't be anything doing in St. Jo. and stayed in K. C. Who wants to go to St. Jo, anyway, with people sticking electric drills into innocent souls because they got the urge?

—————
Dick Uhl from the Show-me Coop spent half his Easter week-end on the highway repairing his automobile.

GOOF POSITIVE . . .

(Continued from page 14)

Yes, your honor, my day was upset. Needless to say, I had a beastly shave, a perfect rotter, don't you know. My face burned and about two-and-a-half hours of my 5-o'clock shadow remained on my jaws.

A sad beginning, at best. And all because I did not have a Willett wafer-thin blade — it shaves under water. Whack-whack, wham-wham and your landlord is out cold.

Sadly I left my abode and went downtown. Arriving at the corner that the first witness has mentioned, I waited for the light. Then the officer waved. How was I to know he was just pointing at a window display of Willett blades, the blade with the sharp personality. Even he noticed my beard.

Unnerved by my scrape with the venerable law officer, I wandered disillusioned down the street, aware of nothing but my sad plight. That was when I collided with the young lady. Needless to say, the remark I made was only for my personal chastisement.

Imagine my predicament when I later ascertained that I had forgotten my wallet. I had no money with which to purchase the bargain package of those hand-honed blades. The special gift offer. Desperately, I saw the gentleman from the Ag school with a package looking suspiciously like the handsome bargain package. I could not help myself.

Harrumph, said the judge. This is your testament to the court. What do you plead, guilty or not guilty?

Homemade Candy

from Neff's is the

Ideal Gift

for

Mother's Day

neff's date and candy shop

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*For Your Casual
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OF COURSE



Worn Out With
Studying?



All Wet With
The Rain?



Fed Up With
Heat?

To Forget Your Troubles

Join the Crowd at **COLLINS**

805 EAST ASH

My plea—love that blade!

The venerable jury retired, returning in two minutes.

May it please this here court, said the foreman, we find the defendant guilty of nolo cantata. We recommend leniency.

Igor Ignorance, the judge said, this here court finds you guilty of nolo cantata. You are hereby sentenced to use inferior razor blades for a period not to exceed six months.

Love that blade! cried Igor. The bailiff led the broken man from the weeping courtroom.

And then there's the cutie who stepped out with a lumberman, and ended up with a little shaver.



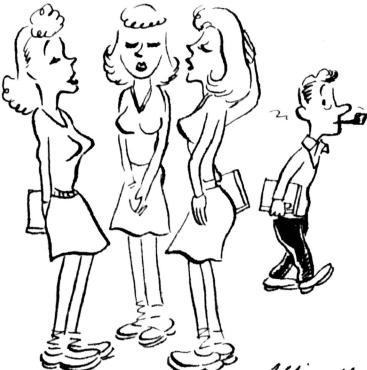
1



2



3



4

Some people think I drink and smoke;

I don't.

Some people think I tell raw jokes;

I don't.

I don't play tricks on anyone

Or chase the girls when day is done.

Some people think I don't have fun;

I don't.

—Al Andrews

A colored country preacher who liked to visit the female members of the flock met a member's son:

Parson: Where's you' ma?

Boy: She's home.

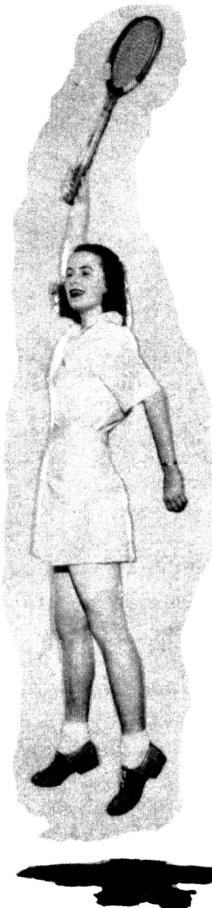
Parson: Where's yo' paw?

Boy: He's home.

Parson: Tell 'em howdy foh me.

TENNIS TIME

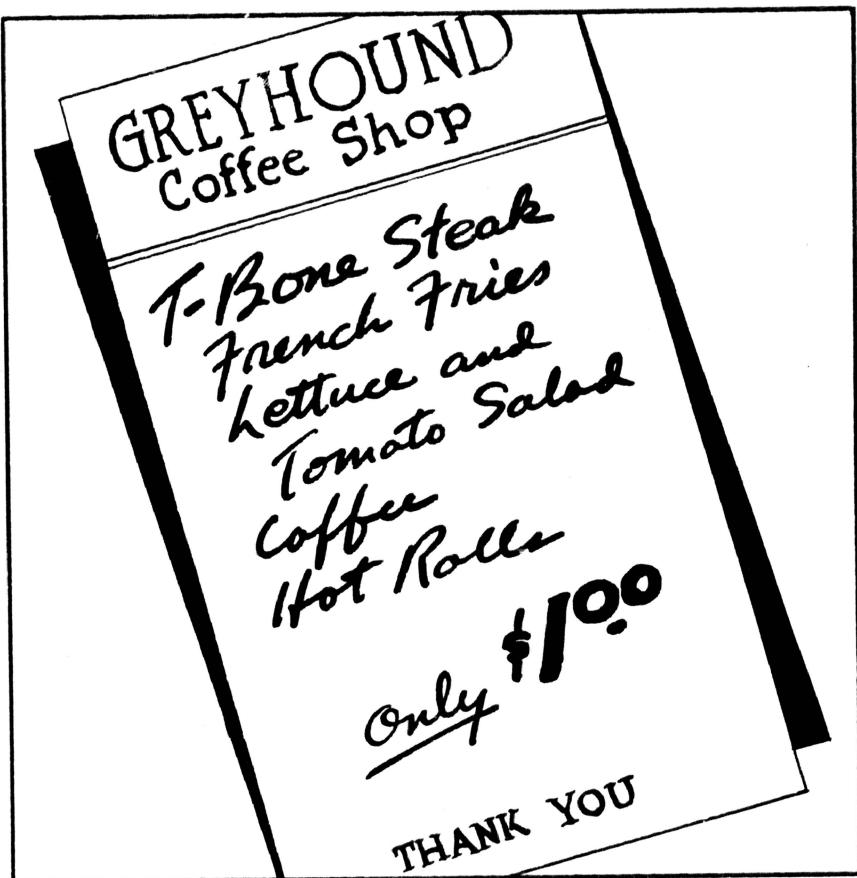
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Ecstasy vs. 3.2

MRS. Estelle D. Blacney, III, a former American housewife whose husband made a killing during the war, putting him in Dunn and Bradstreet and tossing her right in the big middle of the social register, was interviewed recently by a newspaper reporter. Being a poor man himself, dazzled by the slightest display of wealth, he made of her a strange request.

Since she had run the gamut, he wanted her to give her appraisal of champagne, her present drink, and beer, her former beverage of oblivion. Mrs. E. D. B. III killed several ounces of the clear ambrosia, champagne, for direct reference, then. . . . Her complete interview follows immediately.

"When I dirnk champagne the tiny, sparkling bubbles well up from the goblet until they become giant cushions, sheltering me from all earthly commonness. Now, I am a free soul floating on a foamy sea of sensuality. Through the opaque walls of these globular insulators, insulators against an avaricious, niggardly, covetous, sordid mankind, I can hear only the most ethereal music played on aureate, celestial harps.

"These notes set my languid body to oscillating, rapidly now slowly. My body relaxes, tenses. I am a violin string over which is drawn a searing, pulsating bow. The tempo increases! Here comes the final, enveloping crescendo! Blaring trumpets, throbbing tomtoms, shrieking violins, wailing clarinets.

"Stop, stop, stop! This ecstatic rapture is tearing apart my very being. My soul threshes, lashed by saturated delectation. Claw at anything! Now it passes.

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"Ahhh, satiated tranquillity.
Hush! Brush aside those stars.
See the green valley far below.
Shall we float down and lie on
that floral bank? It's so peaceful.
That babbling stream is so
sparkling and merry.

"Hear the tinkling water? Isn't that a delightful little tune? So airy, so relaxed. It carries one down its little silver path to a kingdom of yore.

"Look there! The drawbridge is being lowered, and see the gleaming knights coming from the castle on their ivory horses. And there's the king surrounded by his courtiers. He's no king. But he must be. He's wearing a glittering crown; however, look at his strange costume—a pair of ermine coveralls shingled from neck to knee with tiny pockets. And a fountain pen sticking from each of them!"

"Ekkkkkk! They're all leaking.
On his costly furs. He'll be

drowned! The ink's flowing this way. Lord, I'll be submerged too!

"Wait, that isn't ink. Why it's
a writhing flood of blue hands.
Run, run, run! They'll strangle,
choke . . . that's odd. I'm being
caressed. Thousand of velvety
hands soothing my body. Above
me, around me, everywhere lov-
ing, gentle, delicate hands. I surely
must suffocate. There's no
space for air. I will smother! ! !

"I've been tricked. That *is* blue water after all, not hands. There's a fish . . . oh, excuse me, sir, I was sorta carried away. You cannot imagine what ecstasies I feel when I drink champagne."

"You're excused, Mrs. B. 3.
Very, very interesting indeed. But
tell me. How did you used to
feel when you drank beer?"

"Young man, when I drank beer, I burped."

—Carl I. Huss.



"Its awful nice, Jack, but won't we be accused of exhibitionism"

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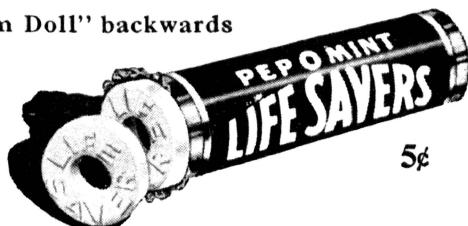
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Are you a
*Llod maerd**



Does your poise rate zero when you hear "hubba-hubba"? Do you look over-anxious when the stag line stares? That's no way for a dream doll to click! Relax, instead! Munch on a yummy Life Saver. They're such wonderful little tension-breakers. They keep your breath sweet, too.

* "Dream Doll" backwards



Showme Joke Contest

Best joke submitted each month will win a carton of Life Savers. Entries should be addressed to:

SHOWME, Neff Hall, Columbia, Mo.

EXTRA MONEY . . .

THERE are numerous methods of earning extra cash, and needless to mention, the present day college student can use plenty of the filthy stuff. After long and considerable deliberation, I have hit upon three schemes that should net and enterprising young blade great gobs of cash.

The first and most obvious, is concerned with the establishment of a gambling den. Using an old house or possibly a vacant cellar or attic, the prospective speculator might circulate the news around town that a game of chance may be found at (censored) house on (censored) street. Free from the prying eyes of the local gendarmerie, crap, games, poker tables, blackjack and a touch of roulette would flourish

**THIS MONTH'S
WINNING JOKE**

Submitted by:

**David Eldon Mackie
101 Stewart Road
Columbia, Missouri**

Toast at a purple passion party:
Here's to the land we love, and vice versa.

**Enter next month's
Showme Joke Contest
and win a carton of
Life Savers.**

till the wee hours of morning. Consider also, that some bright young fellow might buy his way into the concession and set up a bar and escort service for heavy winners. Surely, this would net a few pesos for an enterprising individual.

Would you like

A COMPLETE
COLLECTION

of this year's

SHOWME

We have a few extra
copies available for sale
at HALE PRICE.

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Coffeemakers
- Combination
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808 Broadway

Naturally the mayor and other city officials would be properly horrified if such undertakings were to transpire without proper knowledge, but even if the city were to muscle in, our prospective financier could still retire with a neat cut after deducting the regular ten percent house rate.

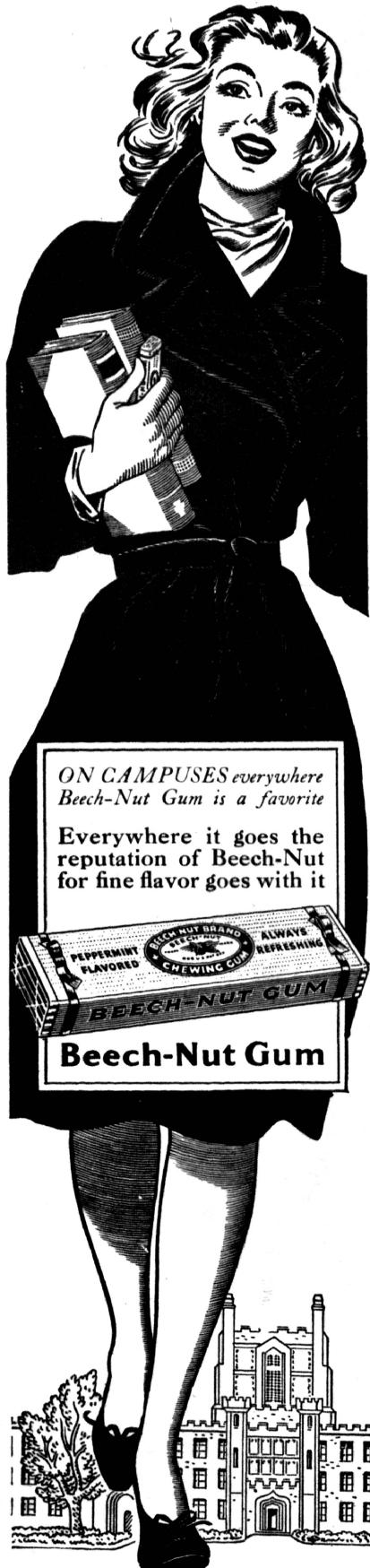
Next on the list is that Chicago and New York delight known as the "numbers racket." The proceeds from this entertainment are so immense that they stagger the imagination. However, the proceedings are rather involved and I would suggest that anyone toying with the idea, first contact the Chicago office.

What with "Pronto Pups" and other glorified weiners catching the public eye, our train of thought naturally swings to food. Here perhaps lies the biggest chance for honest endeavor and profit. With seventy five hundred vets on the campus, why not a glorified fox hole or reconverted B-17, serving beer, whiskey and K-rations? Possibly a clean channel could be kept open to sorority houses thus assuring a brisk mid-nite trade.

There briefly, are three money making schemes just ripe for the present community. All that is needed is some bright and honest patron of the arts with the necessary cash and nerve to violate city, state, and federal laws. However, if all else fails, remember that the Ozarks aren't far and there is always an open market for good old "mountain dew." Ted Sperling.

First M.U. Man: I saw you with a good-lookin' blonde last night.

Second M.U. Man: Yes, I know —they say gentlemen prefer blondes and I'm trying to establish a reputation as a gentleman.



Enjoy



**Manufacturers of Frozen Gold Ice Cream
are Wholesalers Only**

Both women and pianos
Are similar in brand
Some of them are upright
And some of them are grand.

The sergeant strode into the barracks and shouted, O. K., you lazy *#!#* $\frac{1}{2}$ s, hop to and fall in."

The soldiers grabbed their hats and lined up—all except one, who lay on his bunk blowing smoke rings.

"Well," roared the sergeant.

"Well," said the soldier, tapping the ashes off his cigar, "there certainly were a lot of them, weren't there?"



"Well, my father has another wife to support."

"Bibamy?"

"No, I just got married."



He "I've loved you more than you know."

She: "How dare you take advantage of me when I'm drunk."

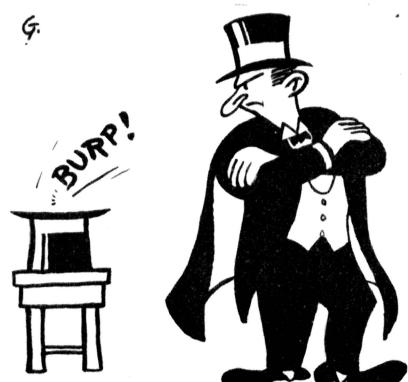


To a *toastmaster* (introducing the speaker): "I'm sure that Mr. Jones, of the Soils and Fertilizer Department,

DUTCH'S LUNCH

**WAFFLES SERVED AT ALL
TIMES OF DAY**

SHORT ORDERS



will give you a pleasant half-hour. He is just full of his subject."



Chinese gardener about to throw fertilizer on his cabbages: "Dung ho!"

She was only a lumberman's daughter—but she always wood!



Professor: Will you students in the back of the room please stop exchanging notes?

M. U. Student: They aren't notes,



sir; they are cards. We're playing bridge.

Professor: Oh, I beg your pardon.



He: Gosh, you have a lovely figure!

She: Now, let's not go all over that again.



Beggar: "Excuse me, sir, you gave me a counterfeit bill."

Gentlemen: "Keep it for your honesty."



She was only a bottle-maker's daughter, but nothing could stopper.



Did you hear about the trapeze artist who caught his wife in the act?



The professor who comes in late is rare; in fact, he's in a class by himself.



Bum: Have you a nickel for a cup of coffee?

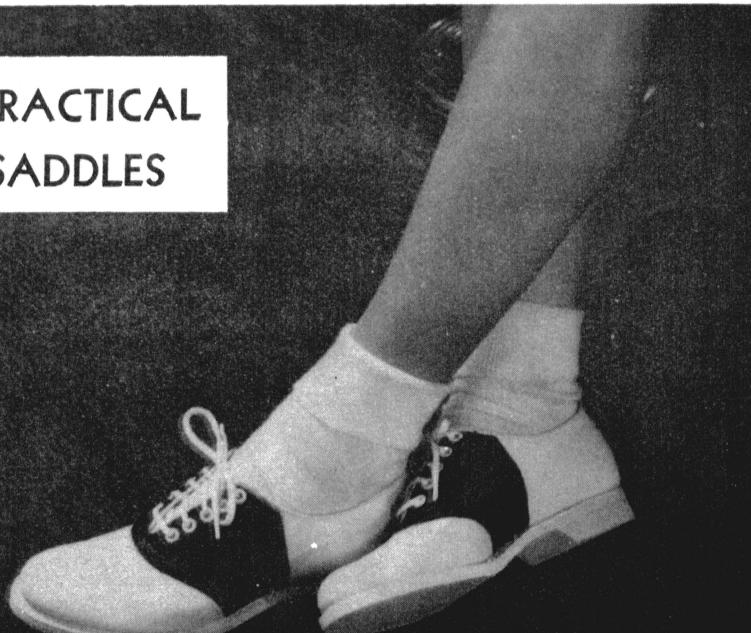
Soph: No, but I'll get by somehow.

The Quickest Cure For Homesickness!

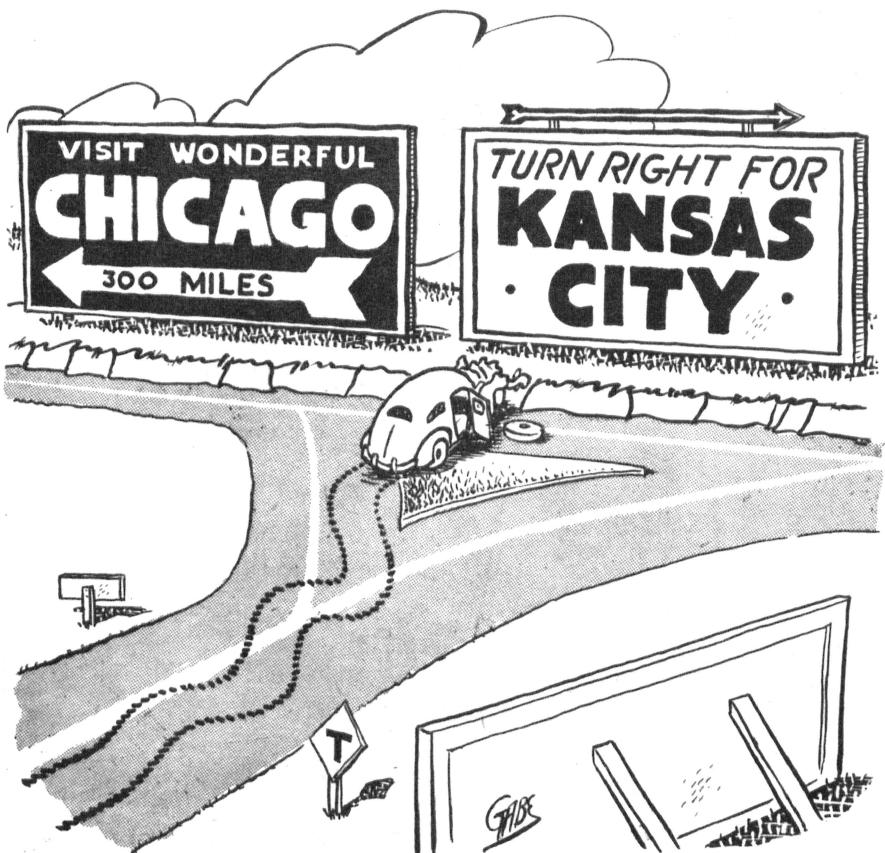


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OF IT ALL**



"Aw Don't Be So Damn Dramatic"

The Editor Is Cogitating on the Final Issue of Showme



He Thinks

He Needs

Humorous

Candid Photos

Cartoons, and jokes

HE DOES

The last issue of Showme will be an "Accumulation Issue" of all the garnished material of a year in school. It will be your summer souvenir. Send or bring your accumulation to 212 Neff Hall. Don't forget your name and address if you want them returned and names of people in photographs. **DEADLINE MAY 1.**

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