

MISSOURI

Showme

MARCH
1949
25¢

QUEEN ISSUE

Prove **CAMEL MILDNESS** for Yourself!



In a recent 30-day test of hundreds of Camel smokers, noted throat specialists reported
NOT ONE SINGLE CASE OF THROAT IRRITATION
due to smoking **CAMELS!**

According to a Nationwide survey:

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS

than any other cigarette

Doctors smoke for pleasure, too! And when three leading independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors what cigarette they smoked, the brand named most was Camel!



How mild can a cigarette be? Make the 30-day Camel mildness test—and then you'll *know!* A similar test was recently made by hundreds of smokers. These men and women smoked Camels, and only Camels, for 30 days. Each week, noted throat specialists examined the throats of these smokers. And these specialists reported *not one single case of throat irritation due to smoking Camels!*

Put Camels to the test yourself—in your "T-Zone." Let YOUR OWN TASTE tell you about the rich, full flavor of Camel's choice tobaccos. Let YOUR OWN THROAT give you the good word on Camel's cool, cool mildness.

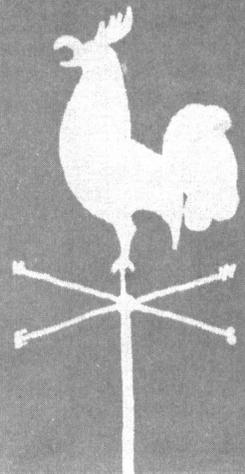
Money-Back Guarantee!

Try Camels and test them as you smoke them. If, at any time, you are not convinced that Camels are the mildest cigarette you ever smoked, return the package with the unused Camels and we will refund its full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Harzfeld's

First of all
the wonderful
wearable
Weathervanes
for '49
tailored by
handmacher
in crisp cool
rayon by Celanese

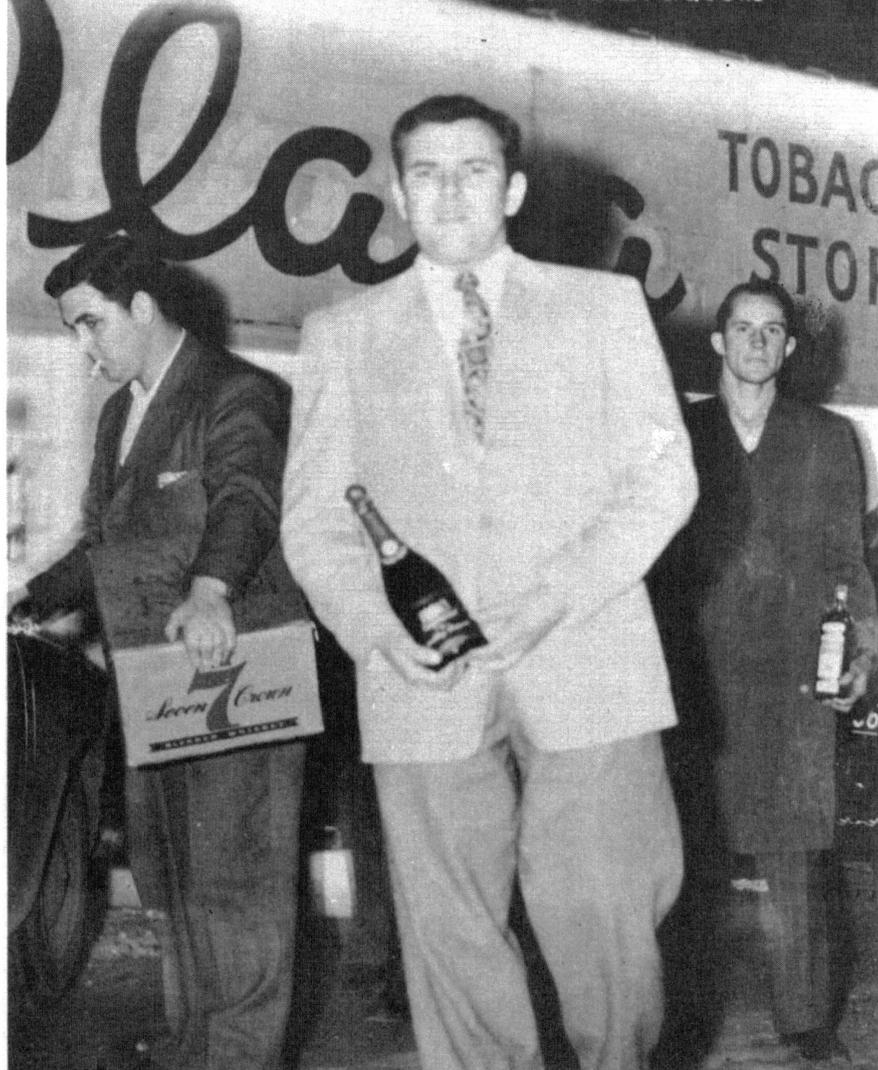
tailored by
Handmacher



STILL AT AN INCREDIBLE TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS

Night News

FROM PLAZA LIQUORS



REALLY LOADED with supplies for any kind of party are these patrons of the Plaza. They could phone 2674 for free delivery, but would rather see the big available variety themselves. And they like their cigarettes at \$1.37 a carton.

Plaza

EAST OF THE CORONADO ON HIGHWAY 40



University of Missouri Showme,

Frederick Apt. 109 F
Columbia, Mo., U.S.A.

. . . would you be interested in some poems? Any length—limit or style? Do you pay?

T. Hyamon
Walberton House,
Near Arundel,
Sussex, England

The above postal card is probably one of the most distant offers of help we've received. However, we're wondering if its author has read our magazine closely, and if he thinks English style or humor would go over here in the midwest? We chatted with the Oxford debating team for a few minutes last year, and our conclusion was that no matter how well done the English piece might be, it just wouldn't be appreciated. Ed.

. . . who's Swami?

Very truly yours,
Tom Hollingshead

Swami is a rather nebulous character who's particularly proud that he's thus far defied description. We don't want to hurt his pride, so we won't try. But we can say that when you see Swami cavorting about, playing tricks, laughing heartily, and generally raising holy ned, you'll know that you're going to get a kick out of the coming issue. But if he's grouchy and irritable, save your money—it won't be worth a boot. Ed.

. . . would appreciate it very much if you would send me a copy of your recent publication, in which you have an article on beer consumption in Columbia.

Sincerely,
Falstaff Brewing Company.

. . . I'm a recent graduate . . . and wish to keep up with the nefarious activities of some of my erstwhile colleagues Hence, I would like to subscribe to your brazen scandal sheet since you're the only ones with brass enough to print anything about them.

Yours very promptly,
Dallas E. Nelson.

. . . for our tastes, which, certainly must differ from those in other sections . . . the better brand of college humor comes from the East, for the most part.

Make-up of the Missouri *Showme*, for that matter, is much the same as that used by the Cornell *Widow*, Princeton *Tiger*, Columbia *Jester* . . . originality is often hard to define . . . *Showme* we feel has shown a great upsurge in quality and interest in the past two years. Our compliments on its being one of the major exceptions in "mid-west humor."

Sincerely,
Alan Brown
Editor-in-Chief
Cornell *Widow*

Far be it from us, out byar in this gol-danged midwest, to start a feud, but—we feel rather strongly that the first sentence in the second paragraph should read the other way in a great many instances. Sort of like knowing which chicken came before which egg. Ed.

. . . would you send us two copies of the *Showme* that came out just before Christmas. The cartoon on the center spread had a figure with a tag on his shoes marked "Threadneedle." . . . Thanks for the nice plug you gave our shoes.

Sincerely yours,
Boyd-Richardson Clothing Co.



Variety at Moon Valley Villa

DATE NIGHT SPECIAL

Every Wednesday Night

Choice of chicken, shrimp, or steak with dancing and setups for the entire evening—\$2.00 per person. Mushrooms Served With Every Dinner

Large or Small

It's the Villa



I'll take the Queen in the new gown from JULIE'S

It'll Be Spring
Any Day Now



THE STABLE

Providence Road Near Hinkson Bridge



As far as we know, this is the first time that Showme's had a full-color photograph for a cover. We'd been talking about one for several months, but we decided to wait for the Queen Issue and a good subject.

John Trimble clicked the shutter, and then the picture was rushed to St. Louis for developing. When it was ready, our printer in Jefferson City made a special trip to pick it up. Another bit of rushing, and it was being processed further in the capital city. And finally it was ready for the presses.

All this rushing because we generally have our covers in the printer's hands two to three weeks before an issue is out. This month, however, the Queen Contest date whacked a healthy chunk from our cover deadline.

Showme Salesgirls

Phil Agee, Alpha Phi
Freddy Parker, Kappa Alpha Theta
Hilda Baskind, Alpha Epsilon Phi
Dorothy Carl, Alpha Chi Omega
Arlene Brattler, Chi Omega
Dorothy Dubach, Delta Gamma
Peggy Shrader, Gamma Phi Beta
Corinne Sartorius, Zeta Tau Alpha

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MISSOURI SHOWME

Queen
Issue

YOUR CAMPUS HUMOR MAGAZINE

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Dear Reader:

A regal welcome to Swami's Royal Court, and a majestic 'thanks' for your enthusiasm and co-operation with our Queen Contest. Swami also extends a sincere 'thank you' to Mr. Otis Kelly of the Sheraton Hotel in St. Louis, and to artist Armin Stock for their very big parts in making our contest worthwhile.

More than 2500 ballots were cast, and after spending an afternoon and evening counting and re-counting, we're seriously considering voting machines for next year's contest. Miss Mary Jo Littlefield, president of A.W.S. dropped in to watch us as we tallied the votes--and ended with pencil and paper in her hands, counting with the rest of us.

And... Oh, yes--Mae West received two write-in votes and Prexy 'Fred' Middlebush one.

Next month we'll be seasonal again...with the "Party Issue."

Sincerely,

Richard R. Sanders

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Number 7

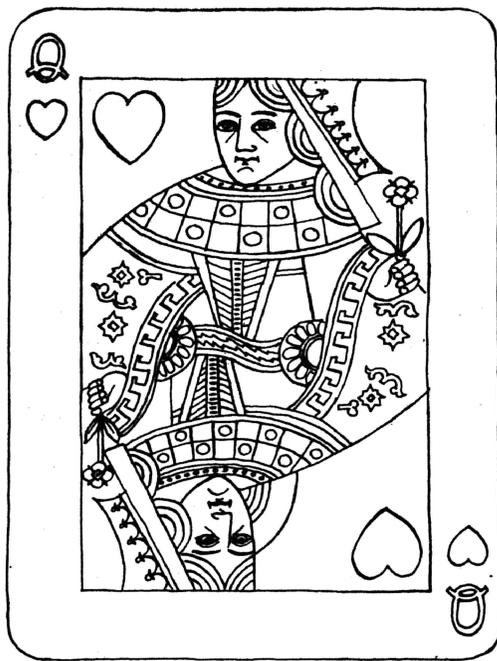


MEMBER

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*QUEENS, by thousands, rule all things
From Cheesecake to Birds-eye Frozen
Soon, it seems, they'll all be queens
And commoners will be chosen.*



Around the Columns

Overheard

"Don't worry, honey. You know I'm too lazy to get mad."

March

Unpredictable . . . vexing . . . ominously roaring one day . . . gently bleating the next . . . winter-time's anticipation 'round the corner . . . gusty breezes . . . balmy breezes c'mon 'n cu' th' s'afternoon . . . nah, better wait . . . better days comin' . . . restlessness . . . disturbing cravings . . . developing wanderlust . . . March . . . Kelly Green and four-leaf clovers . . . and Engineers . . . St. Pat on the scene . . . classes . . . mid-terms, too . . . how 'bout a show tonight . . . nope, goin' to work hard now . . . goin' to coast thru April 'n May . . . March . . . ordinary sort of month . . . first beer-bust if we're lucky . . . last snowball fight if we're not . . . best day the 21st . . . vernal equinox says it'll be spring . . . wonder if the weather-man'll agree.

The Wearin' of the Green

A glance at the calendar reminded us that the 17th is St. Patrick's Day, and a minute's contemplating showed that all we knew about this somewhat mythical personage was his nationality and herpetological leanings. So we decided to find out more.

A little investigation assured us that St. Pat was a very real person, but that he was probably Scotch and not Irish—at least by birth. Most historians disagree as to the exact spot, but they know it was somewhere in what is now Scotland about 389. When he was sixteen, a band of marauding Irishmen captured him and

took him to Ireland. He spent six years there, tending sheep and performing a variety of tasks, depending on whose account you're reading.

During this time he was becoming deeply religious. He finally escaped, and made his way to and through France. After spending a few years on the Mediterranean, he returned to Scotland. Once home, he was convinced that his life's work should be as a missionary in Ireland. Accordingly, he went to Auxerre in Gaul and became a bishop. After fourteen years in Gaul, he had his wish and was sent to Ireland.

In Ireland, he engaged in tireless and successful conflict with the powerful pagan Druids. Before he resigned—possibly because of criticism—he had established 360 churches and personally baptized more than 12,000 persons. He probably spent the last years of his life in Saul in Dalardia, where he died in 461.

Campus Queens

With the recent deluge of queens, we got to wondering how many girls

are so favored during the course of a year. We soon learned that there's no official tabulation, so we compiled our own *unofficial* list.

Now that the *Student* is sponsoring a queen, the three major campus publications are members of the queen producers guild. Four University schools—Journalism, B|&P.A., Engineering, Agriculture—are on the roster. The Ags have a hand in two contests—Barnwarmin' and Farmers' Fair—and thereby probably can be judged the most prolific. The M-Men and the ROTC sponsor queens, along with the IMA and the Inter-fraternity Pledge Council. Then there's the March of Dimes Queen and the Rose of Sigma Delta Pi—and of course, Homecoming. Four social fraternities are on the bandwagon, too. We've probably missed a few along the line—but then, a memory is just so long.

The Old Order Changeth

Personally, we were happy to see the University do away with giving extra credit-hours for S and E work. We never had been able to figure out our total hours, what with having to add .1 of an hour here, .3 of an hour there, .2 of an hour someplace else, and not knowing what they applied for. And, what's more, we'd never been able to find anyone who was any less confused than we.

So, now all our difficulties have been removed. All we have to do is total up the number of hours we're taking, and we'll know how many credits we have. And when we make our straight E average, and the University informs us that we may enroll for 19 hours the next semester—well, we'll just say, "No. No, thanks a lot, just the same. But no thanks."



Just a Warning, Girls

Some time ago, we read an article in a Sunday paper whose name we don't remember about a certain African tribe whose name we don't remember. We do remember the crux of the piece, though, since it pertained to women and civilization. Accord-



ing to the article, the British, under whose rule this particular portion of Africa falls, are much elated over the progress the tribe is making in becoming civilized. Until recently, this tribe, isolated from the outer world by geographic conditions had been living much as they did when Cleopatra and Mark Anthony were cavorting on the Nile.

Due to a peculiar biological factor, the women greatly outnumber the men. This has brought about an elaborate practice of polygamy. It is not uncommon for one man, after acquiring sufficient wealth in cattle, to have more than forty wives. Of course, this presents problems and makes rigid discipline an absolute necessity.

For a minor offense, a wife is merely moved down a peg in seniority. However, wives being a penny a dozen and

the men not exactly the patient type, when one really gets out of hand or casts flirtive glances at neighbor Oogog's son, she is promptly buried alive.

The cause for the British elation is word from the last safari out of the territory that the tribe has stopped burying its wayward wives, and is beating them instead.

Which makes us think of many girls we know who don't know when they're well off.

Average American????

We don't like to give the impression that sparkling beverages are foremost in our minds, but we ran across a short item in the *Kansas City Star* that we just couldn't pass up. The eye-catching headline was, "Average American Gets Drunk On 6 Ounces of Bonded Whisky." (We thought an 'e' was missing from the word, but consultation once more with Mr. Webster showed that 'e'-less whisky is preferred.)

The article concerned the "drunk-o-meter" which some 28 states are now accepting as competent court evidence. According to this information, it's useless for a person to try to convince the judge he's only had two bottles of beer if the 'drunk-o-meter' shows as much as .15 of 1 per cent of alcohol in his blood. Science says that if the meter reaches that figure or above, the person in question has consumed at least six ounces of bonded whisky or six 12-ounce bottles of beer.

As far as we know, Columbia is still without this ingenious device.

However, its possible use here has brought some questions to our mind. The established figures are for *average* Americans. The average college student obviously isn't an average American. There's a 50-50 chance that the average M.U. student isn't just an average American college student. Ergo, we're wondering if certain allowances and corrections won't have to be made before this gadget's findings will hold water—or alcohol—here in Columbia.

Composite Beauty

Our attention recently was called to a picture of a rather hideous creature which carried the caption, "Artist's idea of the appearance of the most beautiful woman in the world. . ." For his model, the artist had taken the "ten most beautiful features in the world" (belonging to ten different living females), as chosen by the Artists' League of America. The disassembled parts ran like this:



Forehead, Duchess of Windsor; eyes, Princess Margaret Rose; ears, Margaret Truman; cheek bones, Jane Russell (all artists are far-sighted); nose, Mme. Chiang; lips, Rita Hayworth; chin, Candy Jones; shoulders, Margaret Phelan; thighs, Esther Wil-

POP
MINNOD



liams; and legs, Linda Darnell.

Assembled, these limbs, etc., gave the impression of Boris Karloff peering over a slightly mis-shapen and definitely neglected female torso.

The Awakening

We thought the recent poll on the Negro question was encouraging. As far as we know, it's the largest student participation in anything but spectator sports in recent years. And it's heartening to see the campus rouse itself from its general apathy when a question is significant and reaches beyond an average college day. Maybe this will suggest that support is here—when the cause merits.

The results, themselves, were encouraging, too. For if the some four thousand who voted for the Curators' proposal are sincere in their professed convictions and intend to act accordingly, this campus is much more mature than certain past actions have seemed to indicate.

The Hat's the Thing

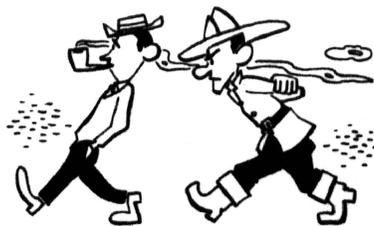
Maybe it's an inevitable trend of the times, but the Missouri campus is being speckled with an interesting assortment of men's slick *chapeaux*. The greatest concentration seems to be on western side of the red campus, somewhere between Francis Quadrangle and the old chemistry building. The most prevalent is the wide-brimmed, wide-ribbed, south St. Louis variety—the kind you wear when you push bedridden grandma down the back stairs, ala Richard Widmark. Next in line appears to be the narrow-brimmed narrow ribbed western style, a sort of Randolph Scott Sunday-go-to-meeting affair. And then there are a few plain fedoras, which, worn with a blue pin-stripe and pigskin gloves, makes a man fittin' fer the best of buryin's. The ironical twist of the situation comes with a day of rain or snow. Then the prized lids disappear; not a one will be seen. "It'd ruin them if they got wet," say their owners. Well, that may be. But we see it this way. A hat is made to cover the head to keep out the rain, the snow, the sleet, the cold—or have we missed the point?



"Naw! Just another babe campaigning for Queen."

On the Steps of Jesse

We've wondered if you've noticed how peacefully students are sleeping in Jesse Hall, now that the old place's been fire-proofed. No longer do they toss fitfully, keeping a wether-eye open for a tell-tale whisp of smoke.



Seriously, we were glad to see Mt. Olympus stir itself on our behalf. But we've often wished we could have peeked behind the scenes and seen just what it was that brought this fever of activity at this particular time.

After all, the building's been standing there for 51 years, and nary a

scroched floor-board have we seen. lloyds still would have given pretty good odds that the building wouldn't have been the scene of a tragic conflagration, if the removal of seats had been delayed a week. So we're wondering why the gods couldn't have held back their judgment until after Frolic-time. Who knows—maybe a week of heavenly second-gear could have meant continued independence for the Savitar.

Dear John

We wouldn't have believed it if we hadn't seen it with our own eyes—but the following is a note that was waiting for a friend of ours when he went to pick up his date the other night:

"I'm very sorry I couldn't go out with you tonight but I acquired some unexpected visitors from out of town and I *had* to go out with them.

"I'm not standing you up, please call me and I can explain more when I talk to you."

CANDIDLY MIZZOU

Rain of Queens



BALLERINA DANCE from the 1949 Savitar Frolics is an artful reason for prolonging the annual show as an institution. Six skits ran the continuum from slapstick to satire and provoked generally favorable comment from attending non-Thespians.

When Fran Ellinor froze in this pose, the only noises from "bald-headed row" were the cracklings from high, starched collars. A small clue to get-rich-quick hopefuls: Get the Frolics popcorn concession.

GEORGE MILLER



HOT SHOTS from the Frolics portray the prizewinners in each division. For the girls (AEPH), it was the third straight win, and for the boys (ATO), the second victory in a row. Winners poked no fun at University administration, but fearless runners-



GEORGE MILLER

up gamboled uninhibitedly on their annual orgy of satire. As always, there was vast displeasure at the decisions of the judges. The sorority choice, however, had very fine audience reception.



K. K. NEVAR - SHOWME

IN THE SPRING a young man's fancy frequently may be found picnicking with her young man out Hinkson way. There's a "bobolink" brook, the bright green verdure of the season, the languor of a Saturday afternoon, a case of cold beer, sandy

wastes of beach for that exotic touch, and, from the portable radio, Spike Jones music from ole KFRU. When the clean, cool, chlorophyll-ed air incites a sharp, hungry feeling, rig up the barbecue.



POSTER POSE shows a maneuver that (beautifully) fit the queen theme. One candidate's qualifications were broadcast from a gliding airplane. Frequently asked was, "Which one is the candidate?"



WEEMS BEAMS on delicious Sally Cutler, choice of dance-assembled pledges in Rothwell Gymnasium. When Sally beamed right back, Maestro Ted and his boys played "Heartaches" twice.



JACK O' HEARTS Gus Giordano captured the favorable attention of campus distaff. When somebody wanted to know if the photo was a past-ep, he said, "Lana and I are great buddies."



SCOOP QUEEN Carol Clayton eluded the press of Journalism School to prove she too is the right type. A natural-born queen plus a Mott-inspired articulateness equals enough "Glo-Coat" for any copy desk.



QUEEN SPLEEN is a good term for the reaction which has overtaken one-time Home Coming Queen Sabra Tull; or, Do girls actually get tired of forever being considered "objets d'art?" Sabra walks and she talks—and she balks: at the eternal,

SINCLAIR ROGERS—SHOWME
wanton display of devotion by Venus addicts. Any and all petitions demanding that the lady reconsider should be addressed to Swami of **Showme**. The old boy has been looking for an excuse to go a-calling anyhow.

Professor Thump and the Passionate Mannequin



by Jerry Smith

The professor thought he was dreaming . . . or was he?

PROFESSOR Thump weaved his unsteady way down the narrow alley. It was Friday and Professor Thump was in his usual Friday night, post-midnight condition. It had been his practice, for the eight years that he had been a professor to drop into a local bar, as soon as Friday classes were over, and proceed to get gloriously plastered. After this was done he would leave the bar and sneak, if it was at all possible, down the alley to his residence.

Thump had found that the more liquor he consumed, the less his visual powers would function. He had consumed an exceptionally large amount this night.

It was rather a weak barrier that had been constructed around the freight chute, but, in Thump's condition, it didn't make any difference. He stumbled through it and fell twenty feet onto a large pile of discarded wrapping paper. He wasn't hurt, but the shock revived him somewhat from his stupor.

He found himself in what was evidently a storeroom. It was impossible for him to climb out of the chute, even had his condition been better. So, he stumbled around the room blindly for a few minutes, falling over and into large boxes. Finally he found a doorway and a flight of stairs. It was quite dark and he mounted the stairs one at a time on his hands and knees. He discovered that he had fallen into the storeroom of The Spartan Department Store. The signs on the walls proclaimed this in bold letters. Professor Thump peered at them for a few moments through the semi-darkness and then proceeded to stumble around the store looking for an exit.

In the course of his search he found himself in one of the display windows. The window was covered with paper and the display was, as yet, unfinished. After satisfying himself that there were no exits there, he stepped unsteadily out of the window and came face to face with a naked woman.

TCARE

Thump fell backwards into the show window.

This shock cleared his head even more. He lay there staring at the woman and she stood there looking at him.

"I beg your pardon," said Thump. "I was merely looking for an exit. If you will be so kind as to show me one, I will only too gladly leave."

The woman didn't say a word. She was quite naked, there was no doubt of that. She didn't have a stitch of clothing on.

"I'm really sorr——," Thump started. Then he noticed something. The woman was standing with one arm held over her head and she only had one foot on the ground. Thump decided that no one could stand long in such a position. He got off the floor and moved toward the woman. He discovered that it wasn't a woman at all—it was a mannequin. He breathed a sigh of relief and leaned unsteadily against a show case. He considered the mannequin for a while and decided that she had a lovely body. It looked so fresh and smooth. He was fascinated. He moved closer and rubbed his hand on the mannequin's stomach.

"Oooh, that's nice," said the mannequin.

Professor Thump cleared the near-est showcase by two feet. He landed on all fours and remained in that crouched position for a long time. He listened carefully, expecting any moment to hear the voice again. His arms and legs began to cramp after a while and he decided that he must have been hearing things; it was impossible that a mannequin could talk. Slowly he raised himself and peered over the showcase.

"That was quite a jump," said the mannequin. "You must be on the track team." Thump sank weakly to the floor, his face deathly pale.

"How are you on the pole vault?" Thump locked up. The mannequin was leaning over the showcase, smiling at him. He moaned and buried his face in his hands.

"My goodness, you're sick." He heard a slight thump beside him. Peeking between his fingers he saw the mannequin standing nearby. He leaped up and backed away from her.

"Keep away from me," he said.

Illustrated by Tom Ware

"Well, what's got into you?" She stepped toward him.

"Keep away, I said, keep away."

"Well, I must say, for a guy that just felt my stomach a few minutes ago, you're acting awfully queer."

"I didn't feel your stomach."

"You did so. It was nice, too."

"Was it?"

"Uh huh." She stepped toward him again.

"Keep away now."

"Why?"

"Why?"

"Yes, why."

Thump couldn't think of a reason.

"Who are you?"

"Let me whisper in your ear and I'll tell," she smiled and winked at him.

"Well——," he was tempted. She stepped toward him. "Never mind."

She sat down on a shelf and pouted. "Honest to goodness, the men you find around these days." She looked dejected. Thump was impressed—he had felt that way, too.

"Are——are you the mannequin?" he asked timidly.

"Certainly. You think I'm Godiva?"

"No, no—NO, you can't be the mannequin. It's impossible."

"Oh yeah." She reached over with her right arm, pulled her left arm out of the shoulder and waved it at Thump. He was horrified.

"Would you like to see me take my head off?"

"No please, that's quite enough." He felt extremely weak.

"I can do other things too," she said slyly and winked again. She got up off the shelf and started for Thump. He backed away, tripped over a small box, and fell to the floor with a resounding crash.

When he came to, he was still lying on the floor but his head was resting in what seemed to be a soft, perfumed pillow. He looked up into the face of the mannequin. She was stroking his face with one delicate hand. It was soothing. Suddenly Thump was no longer afraid of her.

"Goodness, I didn't think you were ever coming to."

"That was quite a fall," Thump admitted. "Your hands are soft."

"I'm soft all over. Would you like to see?"

"No, no thanks."

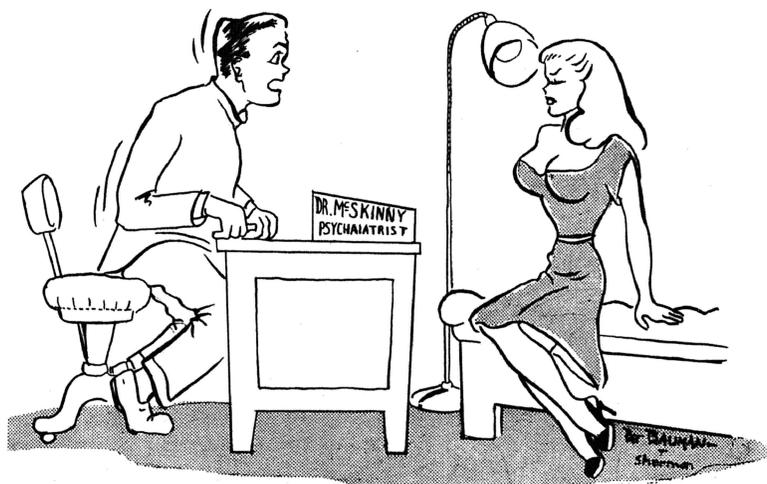
"You felt my stomach before but, now when I want you to, you won't do it." She was pouting again.

"I did not feel your stomach."

"You did too."

"I was merely feeling the texture of the material. I've always been interested in materials."

(continued on page 20)



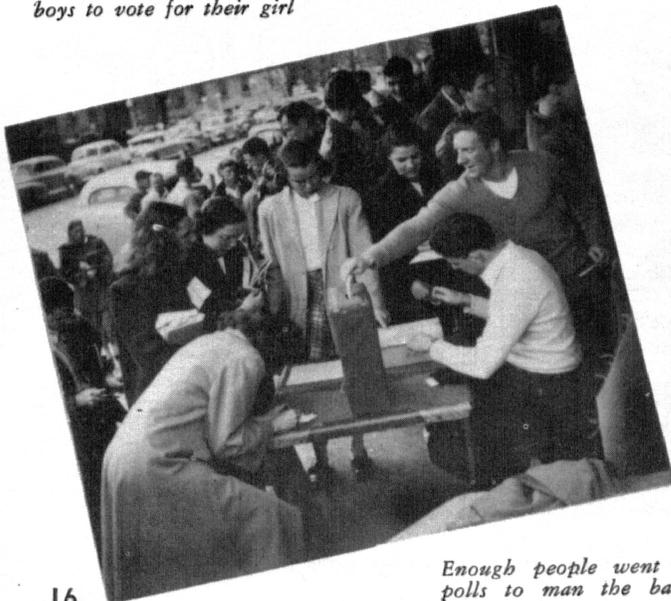
"You say you have an inferiority complex. . .?"



Parading delegates exploited convertibles ahead of season.



Gals' pals "persuaded" unalert boys to vote for their girl



Enough people went to the polls to man the battleship Missouri.



The Queen Story

THE queen and her two attendants, chaperoned by Miss Mary Ruth Gilman, assistant housemother at Women's Residence Hall, move into the Presidential Suite at the Hotel Sheraton in St. Louis this week-end.

A likeness of the queen will be made by portrait painter Armin Stock. There will be orchids from F. J. Plotz, a tour of St. Louis in a '49 Chevrolet, a party by the St. Louis Alumni Association, theater tickets, an appearance at the Fox Theater, and a convertible caravan to and from St. Louis.

The queen was chosen from thirteen contestants in an all-student election in which 2552 votes were cast, presumably an M. U. record.

The Queen:

PAT WATKINS

*She's A Petite Blonde
And A 'Sweat Sock'*

PAT WATKINS says she was "overwhelmed . . . numb," when she learned she was Showme Queen. This is merely her becoming modesty. The 5' 3", chameleon-eyed, "dishwater" (her own word) blonde is taking her victory quite unaffectedly. Pat calls herself a "sweat sock." She is a Phys. Ed. major, and unexplainably self-conscious about it. She is a cute and slim petite, but neither fragile nor dumb.

The queen weighed in at 6 lbs., 3 oz. at 3 p. m. on June 21, 1927. For eight or nine years she merely grew out of clothes. Then predatory "girl scouts" took note of her. Her Saturday afternoons became highlighted with horse opera dates. She asked for guns for Christmas, hated dolls, got little boxes of candy from little boys on Valentine's Day.

Summers were spent at camp. She's active now in badminton, basketball, softball, tennis, and volleyball. She is Gamma Phi Beta

PORTRAITS BY GIBBONS GRIFFIN AT JULIES



"Give me long skirts, and boys who call up early in the week"



Queen was cute at four.

The Queen: Pat Watkins

intramural chairman, and a member of the W. A. A.

Credit for clinching Showme Queen title she gives to campaign manager Betty Ann Ward. Other factors are the slightly snubbed nose; the warm, resonant voice; and the fetchingly delineated 107 pounds.

Pat likes the short hair-do and the long skirt: "It's smoother and slicker than to see a lot of knee showing"; advises other M. U. girls, re men, "to be friendly—strike that out—kind of keep cool and choose wisely. Don't get carried away." She thinks M. U. men are "awfully belligerent. If they ask Thursday for a Saturday date and get a 'no,' they won't try again. None of them will call on Monday. . . But I think they're awfully nice—awfully nice." She likes Buicks, but will take a Ford; dates four nights a week, and jellies in the afternoon.

Pat's crowning virtue is the top time she ever keeps a date waiting: ten minutes. Her present problem: "Whatever will I do on the stage of the Fox Theater?"



SINCLAIR ROGERS—SHOWME



A big gun in athletics.



Little girl on campus.



Julie's

BETTY RUTH ROBINSON, affectionately known as "Scrubbie," weathers that enigma of an agnomen and cracks the whip over Alpha Gamma Delta. Under brownette hair, hazel-eyed Scrubbie measures 5' 3½" and breadths 34, 23, 34 ("Maybe 34½"). Her prime interest is "dating—no, no, no . . . decorating for dances, skits, things like that." Other leanings: swimming, ping pong, horseback riding, Art Committee, and Carousel, Read Hall's night club season.

These Two Are Attendants To Queen Pat

SAURINE LOTMAN is a theater-bound beauty who made KEA, sophomore honorary for activities and grades. The blue-eyed, light brunette is in Arts and Science School marjoring in drama and speech. She intends to take her 5' 3"—110-34-25-34 into "resident theater work." Right now she is kept busy being Student Council junior representative for AEPi, and secretary of A.W.S. careers conference. When she isn't leading cheers, she's a fervid Tiger Claw. Favorite fun: "I love to bask in the sun."



Julie's

Professor Thump . . .

(continued from page 15)

"Oh, you don't like me." She began to sob. Thump was touched.

"Please don't cry. I do like you." She stopped crying. Bending down she kissed him violently. Thump was breathless.

"I feel better now," She whispered.

"That's good."

"No, I mean my skin feels better. Feel it."

"Oh no, no, I couldn't do that."

"Oh foo. All these years I've been in this store, standing around naked while different men put their rough old hands all over me and when somebody comes along with soft hands

that I like, he won't even touch me when I ask him." She began to sob again.

"Oh, all right. I'll do it." The idea hadn't been too distasteful to him. She had such a beautifully formed body.

"Goody." She smiled at him. "Give me your hand." She took his hand and put it on her skin.

"Not there," he shouted.

"Why?"

"Why? Why? Because it—because—well, it just isn't done."

"Oh foo, you're silly." She rubbed his hand across her smooth skin. He felt a soft warmth, a tingling peace. She bent down and kissed him. She kissed him often and long. He lay there for a long time in the darkness of the store, in the pleasantness of the beautiful mannequin. The idea that

it was impossible for a mannequin to suddenly come to life and hold him in her arms had long since left him. All he knew was that he had discovered the part of life that he had dreamed of, yet, had never quite known.

Thump suddenly awoke to the realization that he no longer had a shirt on and that his shoes were laying on the floor beside him.

"What's this," he said, sitting up. "What's what," the mannequin purred.

"Where's my shirt?"

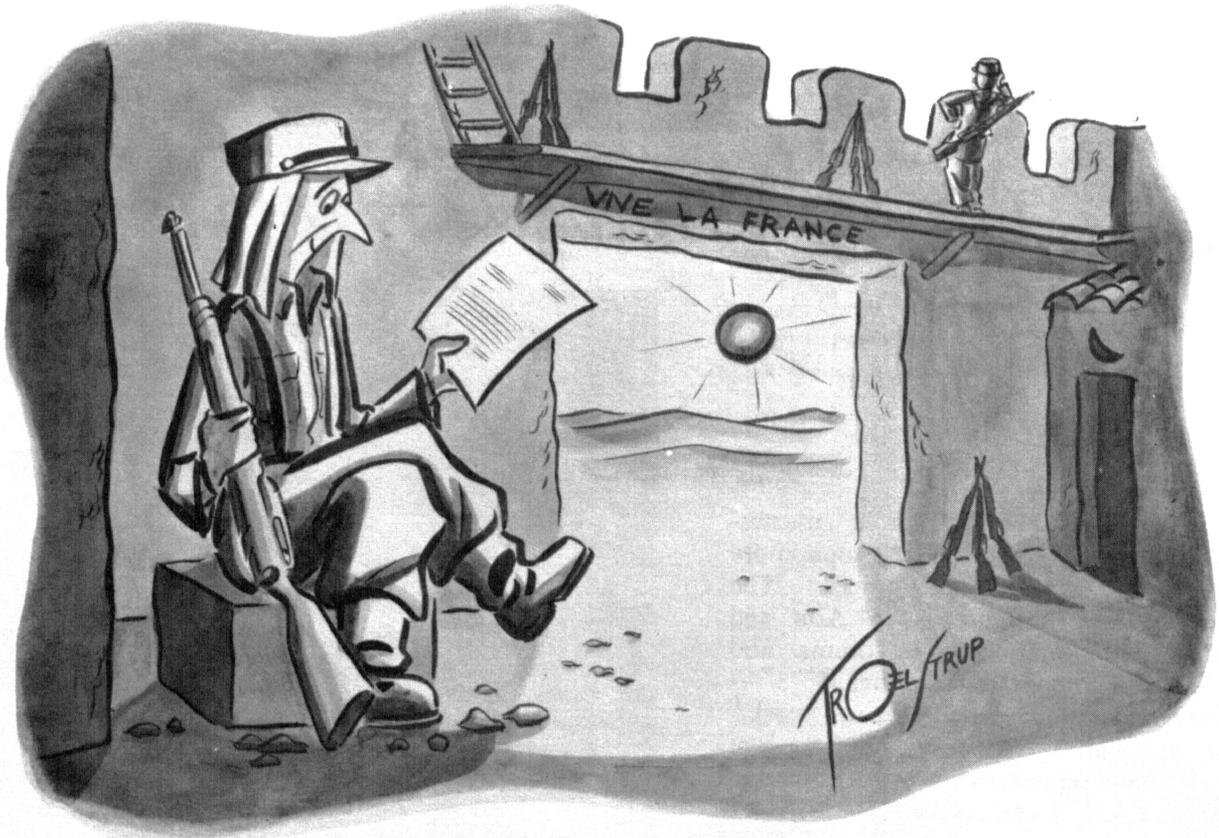
"Why, you took it off."

"I did no such thing."

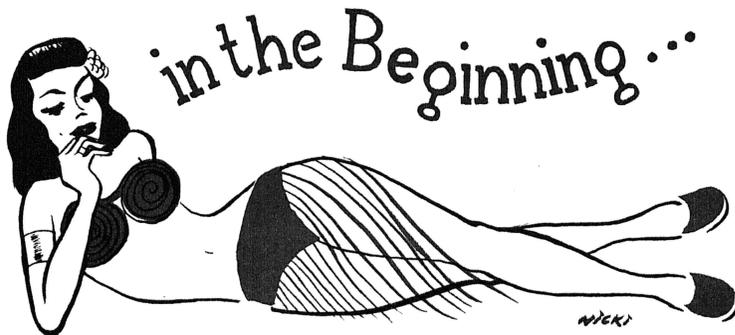
"Yes you did"

"My good woman, I am not in the habit of taking off my shirt in the company of ladies and if you were a

(continued on page 22)



". . . You are doubtless aware of the low grade of academic work which you did during the past semester. A notice from the Office of Admissions indicates you failed enough hours to make it necessary to place on your record a formal notice of elimination from the University. Your complete record of failure (F-) in Military Science has been submitted to your draft board. It is our regret that as a result of your dropping out of school, you are subject to immediate draft call."



by Jerry Smith

A queen story to end all queen stories.

ONCE upon a time, during the three number B. C. period, when swing was something you did with a sword, there lived on Mt. Olympus all the big shot gods and goddesses like Zues and Aries. These gods and goddesses had a ruler who reigned supreme. This ruler was a babe called Queen and she was a real sexy and had all her teeth.

Queen was a very popular babe and always had her picture in the big magazines like *Eternal Life* and *Angels Home Companion*. She ruled for many centuries and everybody was content.

One day Queen was playing a little game of snooker with some of the boys. They were using bolts of lightning and one of the damn things exploded and blew earth out of her.

Of course this caused a lot of confusion on Mt. Olympus. Queen had been a good time gal who never had bothered to get married and so she didn't have any beneficiaries. The gods and goddesses were without a ruler. All the gods were unhappy and all the goddesses were fighting each other for the privilege of taking over. It was a earth of a mess.

One day the Young Gods Athletic Assn. was meeting on their playing field and one of them picked up a big rock shaped like a football. "This is shaped like a football," he said. Everybody agreed, so they called it a football and decided to play a game with it. They couldn't think of anything else to call the game so they called it football also.

Thereafter the Y.G.A.A. had a meeting every day and played football and soon the gods and goddesses were coming down to watch them.

One day somebody said, "We should choose a ruler at the football game." Everybody thought this was a good idea so they chose a ruler and called her 'Football Queen' in honor of this new game and the departed ruler.

Everyday the Football Queen would preside over the game and everybody would sing 'Mortal Save the Queen' and give her flowers.

This arrangement worked fine for a while, but one day the *Daily Gabriel Bugle* came out with an article that wanted to know who the earth the Y.G.A.A. thought they were choosing a queen and calling her football. The article continued saying that the *Bugle* would choose its own Queen.

Then it started. The *Eternal Life* choose an Eternal Queen, a bunch of war gods returning from battle chose a Homecoming Queen, somebody else chose an Olympic Queen. Everybody was doing it. It was a earth of a mess again.

Naturally, with all these queens trying to run things, nothing could be accomplished. So each group took its queen and went down to earth and founded its own country where the queen could rule in peace. Soon they discovered that this didn't solve anything because each little group in the big group began choosing a queen. Nothing could be done about it, so the countries had to choose another kind of ruler. This worked very well and anybody that wanted to choose a queen could do so without any trouble.

And the same damn situation still exists.

THE END

lofty,
lovely high high
heels



Penaljo
SHOES

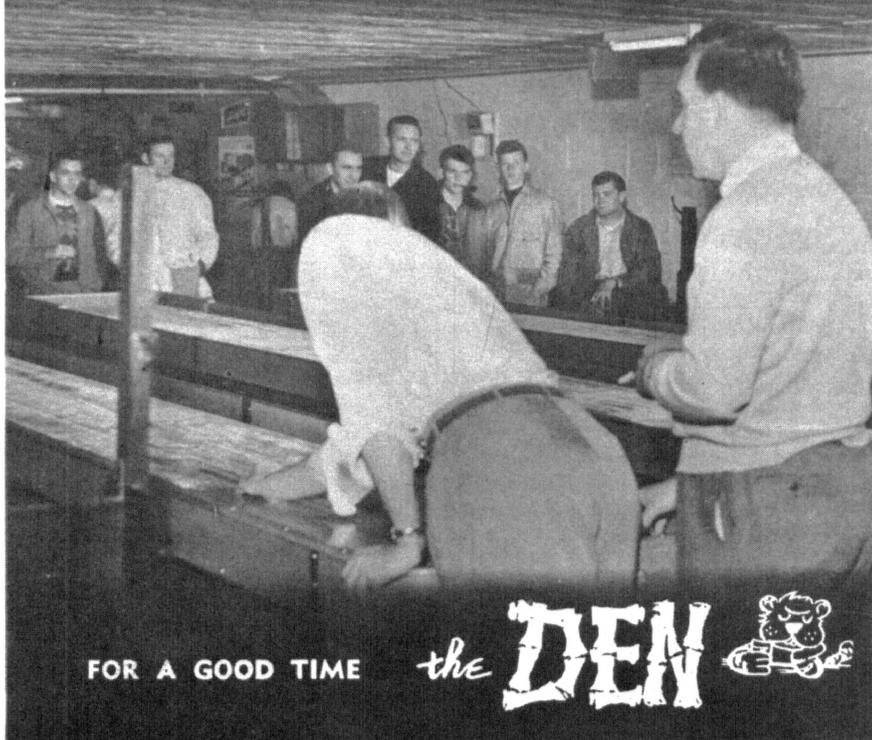
Cobras in green,
brown and gray

PURSES TO MATCH



the novus shop

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the DEN 

Poor George Needs a Meal at the WHITE HOUSE!



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ICE-COLD BEER • SANDWICHES

WHITE HOUSE

6th and Broadway

Open 7 a. m. to 1:30 a. m., except Tuesday

Professor Thump . . .

(continued from page 20)

lady you would put some clothes on yourself."

"Oh poo, clothes. People only wear them so that they can go to some-place where they can take them off. Let's go sit in the window."

"IN THE WINDOW? Gad woman, have you no morals at all. Sit in a window with a naked woman?"

"There's no one around at this time of night." She ran her hand through his hair. "Besides, there's a bed there where you can lay down. You're tired."

"Bed? I'm not tired. I was never more awake in all my life." Thump got up off the floor hastily and backed away from the mannequin.

"I'll take my arm off again," she said.

"Take it off, I don't care." Thump was slowly backing away from the mannequin. She was slowly moving towards him.

"Goodness but you're stubborn. Don't you like me?"

"Of course I like you."

"Well."

"Well." Thump made contact with another box. Before he could move, the mannequin was on him. They rolled around the floor, a mass of thrashing arms and legs. Thump tired first. He lay there breathing heavily.

"You're sitting on my stomach," Thump groaned.

"Your sweet," she giggled. "You have nice skin." She ran her hand over his face, his neck, his chest, his stomach.

"Don't," Thump howled. "Don't do that."

"Why not?"

"Woman, have you no——." His words were buried in her lips as she kissed him. It was an exceptionally warm kiss. It melted Thump. They lay there for a long time. Her skin was smooth and soft.

"Let's go sit in the window," she whispered.

"I don't think——." Another kiss, warm and sweet.

* * *

Officer Burnt was making his usual 3 a. m. rounds, checking all the store doors to see that they were locked, banging his club noisily on the building and whistling an unidentified tune. He paused to look at the window display in The Spartan Department Store. There was a bedroom set in the window and in the bed were two people. He stared at the people for a long time and decided that Spartan certainly did have realistic displays. The woman was covered from the waist down, the man was completely uncovered and clad only in purple striped underdrawers. They were very realistic dummies. The man looked almost alive. The woman—Officer Burnt looked at the woman for a long time, wishing that such a thing could exist in the flesh. Then he walked slowly down the street, the sound of his club gradually dying away.

THE END



That's how Be-bop was born:

"The score and playing manner [of Dizzy Gillespie's band] lean almost exclusively to staccato style similar to trumpet be-bops, from whence this music got its name."
—*Billboard*.

"It was at Minton's that the word 'bebop' came into being. Dizzy was trying to show a bass player how the last two notes of a phrase should sound. The bass player tried it again and again, but he couldn't get the two notes. 'Be-bop! Be-bop! Be-bop!' Dizzy finally said."

—*The New Yorker*.

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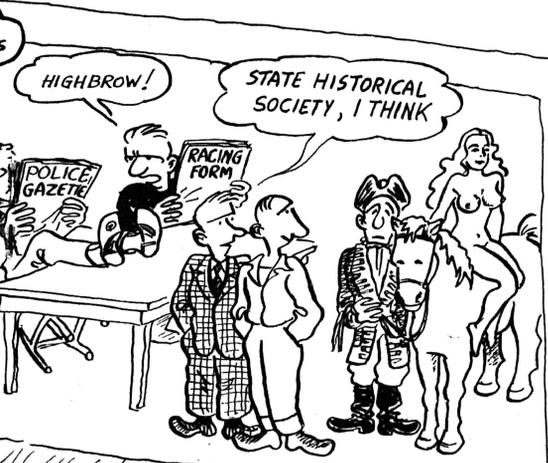
- MOBERLY ● MARSHALL ● LOUISIANA ● BROOKFIELD
- COLUMBIA ● HANNIBAL ● MARCELINE ● WENTZVILLE

*the Queen
in her dress from Deans*



DRESS BY HENRY ROSENFELD

*Dean's
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THIS IS DIFFERENT

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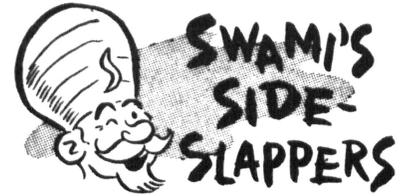
treatment and makeup advisory . . .

Mrs. Howard The Blue Shop



Your spring song
may be played bebop
or sweet
... it's sure to please
when a Knox Hat is involved

Woolf Brothers



A man had a habit of coming home three or four times a week stewed to the gills. His wife was determined to teach him a lesson. With the aid of a sheet and floor lamp she made a fair imitation of a ghost. Then she went in and shook her husband.

"Wash thish?" he murmured sottily.
"This is the devil," was the answer.

"Shake, old horsh," he said. "I married your sister."

* *

"You should work hard and get ahead."

"I've already got a head."

* *

Little Penrod was walking along the street with little Joan, age four. As they were about to cross the street, Penrod remembered his mother's teaching.

"Let me hold your hand," he offered valiantly.

"Okay," agreed Joan. "But I want you to know you're playing with fire."

* *

Her lips quivered as they approached mine. My whole frame trembled as I looked in her eyes. Her body shook with intensity and our lips met, and my chin vibrated and my body shuddered as I held her to me.

Moral: "Never kiss with the engine running."

* *

It was at the cinema, and the feature was one of those steamheated affairs with a sultry LaMarrish creature looking hungrily at a handsome duck of a Gable. After some minor plot preliminaries, the hero and heroine went into a terrific clinch. Fully five minutes passed. Suddenly a small child's voice piped up from the audience:

"Mummy, is now when he puts the pollen on her?"

"Goin' to the party Saturday night?"

"Sorry, can't make it. I'm on scholastic prohibition."

* *

Husband: "After I get up in the morning and shave, I feel ten years younger."

Wife: "Why don't you shave before you go to bed?"

* *

She made a right hand turn from a left hand lane and promptly hit another auto. The driver got out and accosted her.

"Lady, why don't you signal?"

"Because I always turn here, stupid."

* *

Co-ed: "Oh, Edwin has the most wonderful pair of binoculars."

Also: "He has? I love these strong, virile men."

* *

Then there was the girl who used to go to the city and stop at the Y.W.C.A. Now she has a daughter who goes to the city and stops at nothing.

* *



Father (To daughter coming in at 4 A. M.): "Good morning, child of Satan."

Daughter (Sweetly): "Good morning, father."

* *

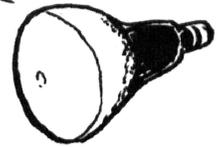
"You know, I've never realized that Sue had such a pretty leg."

"Oh. I've felt that right along."



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AT THE

STEIN CLUB

13 S. Eighth



Mr. Thurber was surprised to say the least. In fact, he almost climbed down from his bookcase for another look.

JAMES THURBER, the internationally celebrated humorist, perched hazardously atop his bulging bookcase and felt sorry. Thurber's conscience, or what remained of it after eighteen years as a top-flight literary figure, was stepping all over him. He had killed the greatest man in the world, and now he was beginning to regret it.

(The greatest man in the world, you should understand, is a character

in one of Thurber's stories who flew around the world non-stop in a contraption invented by a mad professor. Unfortunately, the hero, one Jackie Smurch, was insufficiently modest ever to have been allowed to become a popular hero. So Thurber had solved the difficulty by having Jackie thrown out of a skyscraper window.)

But it was murder nonetheless, and Thurber was racked by remorse. He mumbled some lines of Wilde's about

each man killing the thing he loves, and his sobs set the bookcase a-trembling.

His despondent reverie was interrupted by the rasping cries of a blood-stained, dishevelled young man who had been standing in the middle of the library floor for the past half-hour, shouting "Toiba! Toiba!", at the top of his lungs.

"Hmm?", inquired the leading satirist of his era, adjusting his spectacles and peering over the edge of his bookcase.

"You Toiba?", snarled the churl on the library floor.
"No", said Thurber, "I'm Thurber."

The anthropoid on the library floor seemed satisfied. He fastidiously selected a used cigar-butt from a nearby ash tray, lit it, and ensconced himself in Thurber's very favorite Louis XIV armchair. "Wondered where the hell you was", he said. "I'm Smoich."

"No, you're not," pouted Thurber from atop the bookcase. "Jackie Smurch fell out of a skyscraper window years ago. I engineered the whole thing myself," he added with a sob.

"The hell you say," sneered the lout, rubbing his battered extremities reflectively.

"At the time," continued the modern master of light prose, "I considered it to be a social responsibility."

He drew a hanky from his pocket and blubbered pitifully into it. "But I have lived to rue my brashness!" he shrieked, succumbing to a veritable orgy of remorse.



"I don't care what the Romans did—we'll have no camp followers."

"Well don't wet yer pants over it, Bosco," giggled the oaf in the easy chair, without the least inkling of sympathy for the sufferings of Thurber's sensitive soul.

"Have compassion!" moaned the acknowledged master of contemporary farcical literature.

"Not on an empty stomach," answered the boor, casting about for a spittoon.

"Not that Jackie was my favorite character," continued Thurber, languishing in his penitent debauch. "I was much fonder of Bateman. Bateman was supposed to come home and bring a thousand dollars. But at least I never killed Bateman!"

The scullion in the easy chair whistled. "One grand! Now he tells me! We coulda trew him outa the winder instead, an' split the haul!"

"You don't understand!" wailed Thurber. Bateman was just a character in one of my stories, just like Jackie. I admit I never liked Jackie very much," he gurgled, almost consumed in grief. "But that doesn't exonerate me for having thrown him out of a window!"

"I'll tell the cockeyed world," grumbled the pariah in the easy chair. He fingered his wounds delicately and winced.

Thurber finally regained his composure, and leaned out over the edge of the bookcase to have a closer look at his disreputable visitor who, unable to find a spittoon in the tastefully furnished library, had just spat expertly into a tulip-vase.

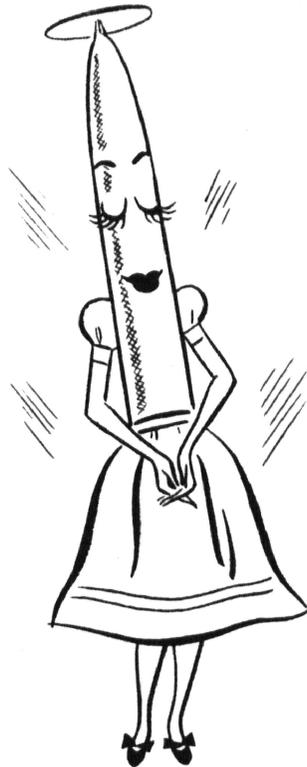
"Ahem! What did you say your name was?" demanded Thurber crisply.

"Dontcha know me, Bosco?" leered the opprobrium in the easy chair.

"Happ'ly," sniffed Thurber disapprovingly, "No."

"Well, ain't that the God-damn," snorted the oaf in the easy chair. "Squels all night about flippin' me outa the God damn winder, an' now he don't know me." He spat reflectively. "Ain't that the God damn?"

(continued next page)



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an Invitation TO SUZANNE'S FASHION REVIEW



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BIG RED



Big Red has just made his selection from the new sporting goods department in the Missouri Store Basement.

MISSOURI STORE COMPANY

Across from Library

A sudden light of recognition leapt into Thurber's myopic eyes. "You mean," he breathed excitedly, leaning over the edge of the bookcase, "you mean . . . that . . . you . . . that you . . ."

"Steady now, Bosco," said the parasite in the easy chair. "Keep yer diapers dry."

"You *are* Jackie Smurch!"

"You don't catch on very quick, do ya, Bosco!" growled the rogue.

Thurber crouched triumphantly atop the bookcase. "Then you weren't killed? Then I'm not a murderer?"

"No, but you sure tried your best, Bosco," answered the scoundrel, rubbing his lacerated extremities cautiously.

"Huzzah!" exulted the dean of modern American satire. "I am delivered from a life of constant remorse! I am redeemed!"

"The hell you are," snapped the mutation, pointing his shredded finger at Thurber. "This'll cost you plenty."

"What do you mean?" asked Thurber, somewhat taken aback.

"I'm suin' you fer damages, Bosco. Nobody bounces *me* offa God damn sidewalk and gets away with it."

"Why, that's absurd," laughed Thurber. "You can't sue me. You're just a figment of my imagination!"

"It fer damn sure wasn't your imagination that got bounced offa the God damn sidewalk, Bosco," snickered the iconoclast, waving his abrasion-spotted arms.

"You've got a point there," said Thurber, with ever-increasing concern. "Harumph! Young man, perhaps we can settle this between ourselves. How much do you want?"

"One grand!"

"Preposterous! How am I supposed to raise such an exorbitant sum?"

"Trow Bateman outa the winder."

"Nonsense! I can't throw Bateman out of any window. He's just a character in one of my stories!"

"I wish you woulda thoughta that before you flang me out, Bosco," answered the dullard.

Thurber was rapidly growing indignant. "Sir," he murmured between

(continued on page 34)



MISSOURI
Showme

REPORTS:

On Missouri Queens

THIS being our Queen Issue, we were struck by a flair of good sportsmanship and deciding to admit that there were a few other campus queens besides our own, removing our glasses, polishing our soon-to-be-muddy-all-over-again shoes, and combing our hair, we started to call a few of these queens for interviews.

What a job that was. On our first call we located the March of Dimes Queen, Marilyn Collins, and made an appointment for the following day at Read Hall. Flushed with elation we called Kay Gray, Homecoming Queen, and asked her to meet us in Read Hall the day after. She also agreed, and so anticipating a pleasant next two days, we tried to locate two others, Marjie Miller of the Ag Barnwarmn', and the newly crowned Scoop Queen, Carol Clayton. We failed, but considered ourselves lucky to line-up two of four queens.

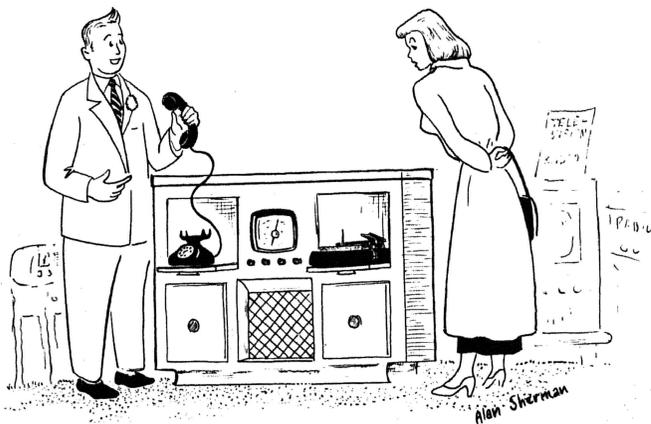
The next afternoon Marilyn Collins wandered into Read Hall and located us behind a copy of *Time*. She sat down, and we had an interesting chat, in the course of which we found out that she is engaged, doesn't plan to go into modeling, was pleased at the March of Dimes honor, but doesn't know whether or not she deserved it, and is sure it won't do her any good

later on in life. Her hobbies and sports are, she says, horseback riding, dramatics, swimming, football-to-watch, and golf-to-play. Marilyn doesn't want to follow her chosen career, education, before her marriage, but is afraid she'll have to. Her scholastic average is an M with an occasional I, she likes jewelery, and she's very pretty with brown eyes and long brown hair.

The next day, Kay Gray stood us up, and we were thinking some very unkind things about Kay until we learned that she was in the hospital.

After about thirteen calls to Stephens College to locate Marjie Miller, the Barnwarmn' Queen, we finally left our name, and much to our amazement, she called us. We were so startled that we almost forgot to find out that she has been a professional model, and is planning to make a career out of television. She also has a lot of dates, and likes being a campus queen, although she thinks she was lucky to win. Marjie's athletic too, and goes in for water skiing and dancing. She plans to go to Northwestern when she graduates and says she has a 3.00 average, scholastically, blue eyes, blonde hair, and that she loves people.

(continued next page)



"And this is our quiz show model."

Tasty? . . . you bet!



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Are Delicious

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FULL*MEASURE sport-
coat. Jaunty . . . casual
. . . and the perfect
extra coat for the out-
door season ahead.

NEUKOMMS

22 S. 9th St.

It only took us six more unsuccessful phone calls to get in touch with Carol Clayton, the Scoop Queen, who confided to us that she was not going into modeling or on stage, and that she was pinned, but was dating quite a few boys anyhow. She considers being a queen "quite fun," and has no comment as to whether or not she deserved the honor. Carol states that she likes tennis, and that she plans to make a career out of journalism, but plans to be married eventually. She didn't say what her school average was, but claimed that she liked reading in particular, was 21, and had green eyes and "undistinguished hair."

So fellas, if you have a few hours and some extra money, and want to try to date a queen, the numbers are: Collins — 3405, Miller — 2211, extension 231, and Clayton — 7301.

F. C. S.



Headline, Missouri Student:

Michael Straight
Will Discuss War
At Stephens Hall

—We knew there'd been peculiar activity in that sector.

Headline, Missouri Student:

IMA to Be Host
At Black, Bold Ball

—Sounds exciting.

Headline, The Missourian:

Banker Chokes to Death
On Piece of Steak

—Only a banker could these days.



The old fashioned girl would take two drinks and go out like a light. The modern girl takes two drinks and out goes the light.

* *

Grandma (Looking at her granddaughter's new bathing suit): "If I could have dressed like that when I was a girl, you would be six years older today."

* *

The preacher finished his sermon with, "All liquor should be thrown in the river" . . . and the choir ended by singing "Shall We Gather at the River?"

* *

She was only a bottle makers daughter but nothing could stop her.

* *

He Frosh: "Do you love me?"

She Frosh: "Uh huh."

He Frosh: "Then why don't your chest heave, like in the movies?"

* *

Familiarity breed attempt.

* *

"Have you heard about the new college game?"

"No, what's that?"

"Button, button here comes your house mother."

* *

Do you think that skirt makes her look shorter?

No, but it makes everyone else look longer.

* *

She: "I'm getting so thin you can feel my ribs."

He: "Gee, thanks."

* *

Girl: "I want some real kiss proof lip stick."

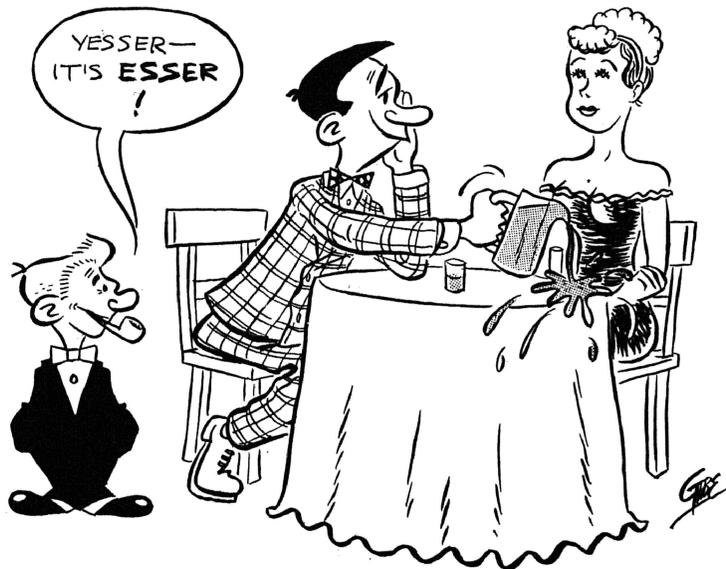
Clerk: "Try this . . . It's a cross between an onion and bichloride of mercury."

Of course you can afford a *Maytag!*

as low as \$25.00 down on Model N2L

Edgar's

MAYTAG
1013 E. Bdwy. Phone 7404



Give the "Queen" a Break!

When at a party or dining out with the queen of your dreams, you'll want everything to be 'just right.' You can be sure of the best in liquor by picking your bottle from **Esser's** large display.

YESSER IT'S ESSER—FOR FINE LIQUORS

ESSER DRUG STORE

Next to the Daniel Boone

Phone 4300

Want to Catch Spring Fever In Pictures?



You'll get in on new developments of springtime when you use the latest in film, cameras, accessories, and 24-hour photo finishing.

RADIO ELECTRIC

903 University 1005 Broadway



MILK



ICE CREAM



CHOCOLATE DRINK



COTTAGE CHEESE

The Greatest Man . . .

(continued from page 30)

clenched teeth, "I'm beginning to be sorry I didn't throw you harder."

"You're a fine sport, Bosco. You'd probably even throw Bateman out if you knew where he kept that one grand."

"How many times must I tell you that Bateman didn't have any money! He's just a character in one of my stories! That's all you are, too!" shouted the enraged humorist.

"Keep yer pants on, Bosco! Don't you holler at me!"

"I'm not hollering!" hollered Thurber. "You're hollering!"

"Shuddup!" howled the blackguard, "Shuddup or I'll fling *you* outo the God damn winder! Nobody hollers at me!"

"Oh, no?" yelped Thurber defiantly. "Well, *I'm* hollering at you!"

"I thought you said you wasn't!" exclaimed the mongrel slyly.

"You can't think *anything!*" howled Thurber. "You're just a figment of my imagination, I tell you! You don't exist!"

"Then why are you hollering?" roared the untouchable.

"I'm not hollering! I'm just a figment of your . . . no . . . I mean . . . you're just a figment . . ."

And so forth. If you stick with it long enough, it turns into a novel.

THE END

From the Tribune:

30 Years Ago

February 12, 1919

The flu germ is so small that, comparing him to a man, a black-eyed pea would be a world to him, and if he were going to cross the black spot on the pea in a railroad train of his comparative size, he would set his house in order, kiss his 20,000 wives and 120,000 children goodbye and sit himself down to endure the hardships of a ten day's journey.

Maybe he'll be more comfortable in the atomic age.

WE NEED YOU NEED US

*If you have
photos, stories,
or cartoons*

*If you want
to see them
in print*

THE SHOWME

Johnson
Sea Horse
Motors
Paints

HUNTING AND
FISHING EQUIPMENT

General Hardware
Supplies

ROBERTS & GREEN
HARDWARE

905-7 Walnut Phone 7233

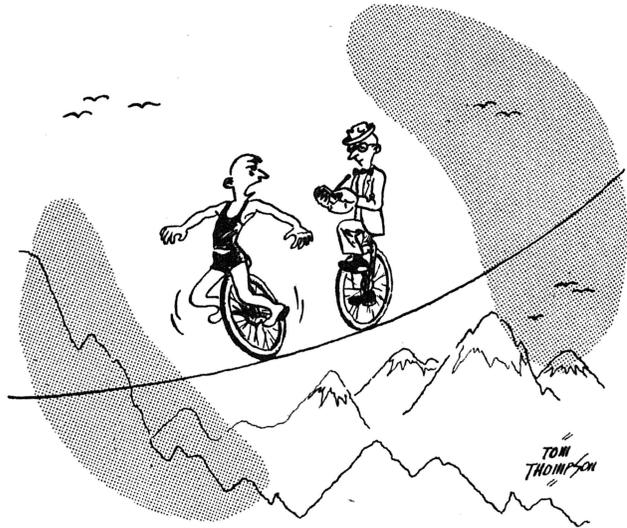
EXPENSE ACCOUNT

- May 1—Advertisement for girl steno, 50c.
- May 2—Violets for new steno, 65c.
- May 8—Week's salary for steno, \$25.
- May 10—Roses for steno, \$3.
- May 11—Candy for wife, 75c.
- May 13—Lunch for steno and self, \$6.25.
- May 15—Week's salary for steno, \$30.
- May 16—Picture show for wife and self, 85c.
- May 19—Theatre tickets for steno and self, \$7.50.
- May 20—Candy for wife, 75c.
- May 22—Lillian's salary, \$35.
- May 25—Theatre and supper for Lillian and self, \$21.
- May 27—Doctor, \$100.
- May 27—Lillian's salary (part week only), \$20.
- May 28—Fur coat for wife, \$750.
- May 31—Advertisement for male steno, 50c.

* *

A hundred years ago today,
A wilderness was here.
A man with powder in his gun
Went forth to hunt a deer.
But times have changed
Along a different plan.
A dear with powder on her nose
Goes forth to hunt a man.

LAFTER THOUGHTS



Hickory dickory dock,
Two couples went for a walk.

One talked of the weather.
The other did better.

Hickory dickory dock.

—Shakespeare.

* *

I doubt that there will ever be
A light as bright as that I see
Outside the doors of Stephens' Halls
When the night's eleventh hour falls.

—G. T. S.

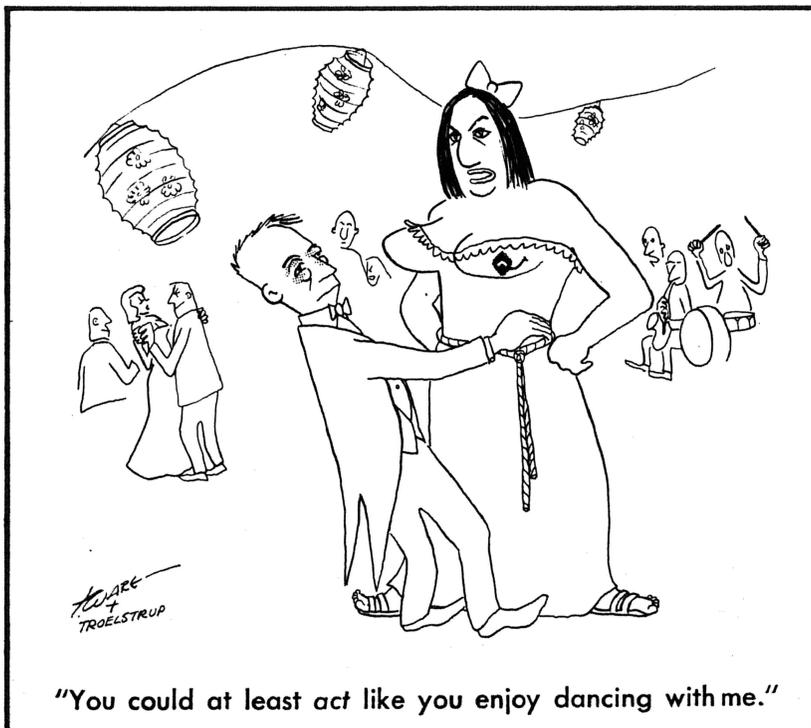
* *

Baby, I'm crazy about ya,
I guess you know,
I'll go anywhere that
You want to go.
You kiss like murder,
You're really a queen—
What's that you say?—
Get the hell away!—
Who goes out with a kid of sixteen?

From *The Missourian*:

One-half of large furnished front room—single beds, separate closets. Near Jesse Hall. For student who doesn't smoke, drink liquor, gamble, use profane, ugly or loud language. No radio, musical instruments or cooking permitted. Write Box J-23, *Missourian*.

Wanted: One zombie.



"You could at least act like you enjoy dancing with me."



WANT TO GET A GOOD
HEAD START?

Superior Quality
Dependable Service

H. R. Mueller
FLORIST

16 South 9th

The Latest in Spring Merchandise at new lower 1949 prices

Bold Look Shirts — in White, Pink, Helio,
Bamboo, Grey — with French Cuffs \$3.95

Corduroy Trousers — with continuous waist-
band and flap pockets \$8.50

Kerry Kut and Kerry Knit Underwear —

Esquire Bold Look Cuff Links \$1.50 to \$3.50

Many Other Great Buys at Eddie's

"SEE OUR WINDOWS"

Eddie's
men's
TOGGERY

Owned and Operated by
EDDIE SIGOLOFF

Phone 9574

225 S. 9th



"Does your girl smoke?"
"Not quite."

* *

"Mother, are there any skyscrapers
in heaven?"

"No, son, engineers build sky-
scrapers."

* *

There was a little country girl who
came to college and always went out
with city fellers because farm hands
were too rough.

* *

First Sow: "Have you heard from
your boar friend lately?"

Second Sow: "Yes, I had a litter
from him yesterday."

* *

judge: Officer, what makes you
think this gentleman is intoxicated?"

Officer: "Well, Judge, I didn't
bother him when he staggered down
the street, or when he fell flat on his
face, but when he put a nickle in the
mail box, looked at the clock on the
tower, and said, "My, god, I've lost
fourteen pounds!", I brought him in."

* *

A peacock is a gorgeous bird, but
it takes a stork to deliver the goods.

* *

Did you hear about the little boy
and girl porcupine that were stuck on
each other?

* *

There's not going to be any feuds
down in south east Missouri any more
because they passed a Pure Feud Act.

* *

You are a dear sweet girl.
God bless you and keep you.
I wish I could afford to.

* *

Many a man has made a monkey
of himself by reaching for the wrong
limb.

Girls who eat spinach have legs like this ! !

Girls who ride horses have legs like this ()

Girls who get plastered have legs like this) (

Girls who use good sense have legs like this X

Knees are a luxury. If you don't

* *

think so, just try to get hold of one.

* *

He: "What are my chances with you?"

She: "Two to one. There's you and me against my conscience."

Conscience: Doesn't keep you from

* *

doing anything wrong; it just keeps you from enjoying it.

* *

Only a woman can rave over a pair of nylon stockings when they're empty.

* *

"They must have a girl's softball team in the harem."

"What makes you think so?"

"I just heard one of the girls ask the Sultan if she was in tomorrow's line-up."

* *

Lipstick is something that gives added flavor to an old pastime.

LIFE SAVER JOKE CONTEST

Submit your favorite joke and win a carton of assorted Life Savers. Entries should be addressed to:

Missouri SHOWME
304 Read Hall
Columbia, Mo.

Joke Contest Winner:
Wayne Magee
613 Maryland
Columbia, Mo.

Winning Joke:

She: "What were you doing after the accident?"

He: "Scraping up an acquaintance."

Ask the Man Who ATE One!

...an Uptown Coffee Shop
Meal, That Is!



Delicious Lunches and Dinners at

Uptown Coffee Shop

1009 Broadway

HISTORY REWRITTEN

DAMOCLES AND THE SWORD



Gosh, the suspense is getting me!
Wish I had a Life Saver!



Still only 5¢

Fine Entertainment for ALL MU Queens



Its Tops
at the

Golden Campus

- Dancing
- Free Popcorn
- Open Sunday

GOLDEN CAMPUS

Underneath the Bowling Alley
Call 3358

Organizing a Party?



We loan the essential equipment
Absolutely Free

Shakers, campaign buckets, punchbowls, and glassware

FREE DELIVERY
PHONE 5409

Brown Derby

116 S. NINTH



There's something feminine about a tree—it does a strip tease in fall, goes out with bare limbs all winter, gets a new outfit every spring, and lives off the sap all summer.

* *

A gal we know calls her boy friend "Pilgrim—" Every time he calls he makes a little more progress.

* *

Folks can hardly wait until Radar sets are offered to the general public, with the inevitable slogan—"And remember, radar spelled backward is radar."

* *

The girl who thinks no man is good enough for her may be right, but she also may be left.

* *

Two fleas fell madly in love and, one beautiful day, got married.

Young, ambitious, and industrious, they labored hard and saved their earnings. One day they counted their money and discovered they had five dollars.

"If we saved five, we can save ten," they chortled, and they continued to economize, to work hard, to shun all extravagance, until one day they had ten dollars.

Then they went out and bought their own dog.

* *

"Drink," said the Irish vicar, "is the curse of the country. It makes ye quarrel with your neighbors. It makes ye shoot at your landlord. And it makes ye miss him."

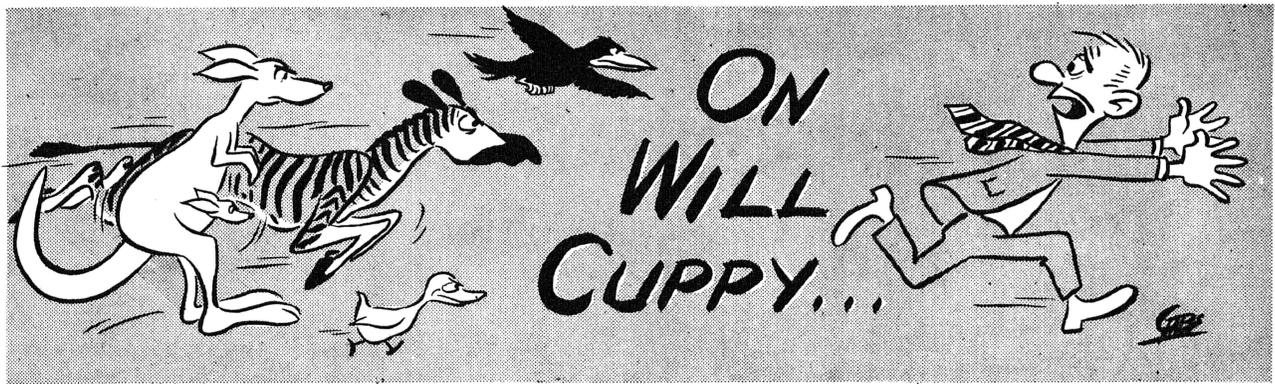
* *

You've probably heard the one about the old maid who said, "Take it from me and don't get married."

* *

Liza: "Mose, why does they have such small lights on de Statue of Liberty?"

Mose: "I don't know, 'cept maybe it's because de less light, de more liberty."



BY Donn

No. 1 in a Series of Biographies of Humorists

A "WILL CUPPY" is a man who writes little articles for magazines such as the Saturday Evening Post¹ and others. These articles are supposedly funny and are identified through this "Will Cuppy"'s cute use of footnotes.² He usually writes his articles about animals and they all start off: "A such-and-such-an-animal is such-and-such." Rather dull way to start things, I would say. He didn't say very much in that opening sentence. The truth of the matter is that he doesn't say much at all in the whole essay. Most of what he tells about such-and-such an animal I already knew and I don't think the magazines should pay him lots of money to not tell the readers anything and it is this kind of thing that makes the Communistic theories appear reasonable and I think a Congressional committee should interview this "Cuppy" right away before he does any further—my, I was carried away there for a minute.³

Anyway, a "Cuppy" lives in a house somewheres like people do. This is not a radical idea because a "Cuppy" is a person. I used to think it was a fish.⁴ Don't ask me how many doors or windows or rooms are in the house because I don't know very much about it.⁵ Maybe he doesn't even live in one. In that case, a "Cuppy" lives in an apartment or a hole.

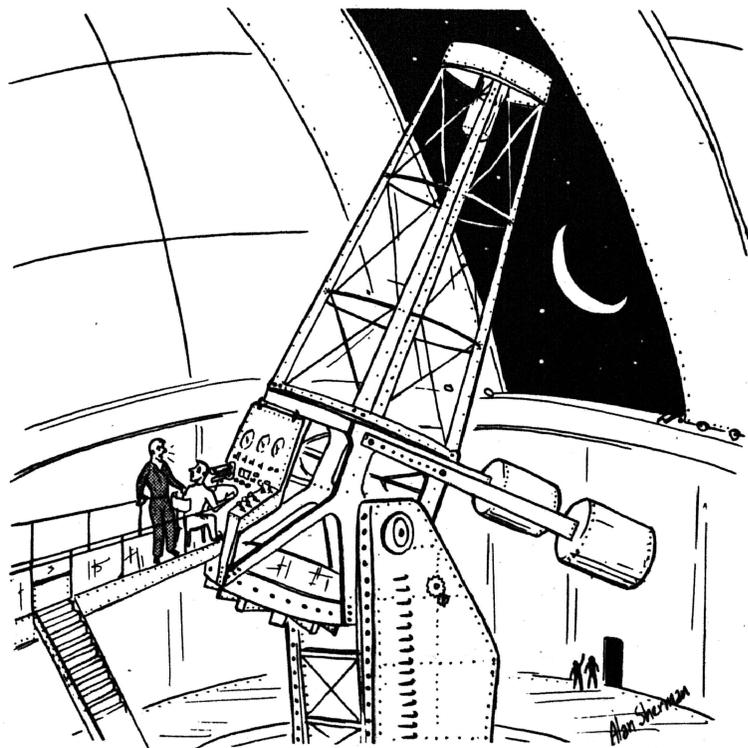
A "Cuppy" was given the first name of "Will" because when it lived on

the farm his grandmother used to call the puppy and she would always get her grandson.⁶ They decided on the name of "Will" because that's the one thing the puppy was not named. Much humor has been extracted from "Will Cuppy"'s name because if you say it fast, it sounds like you are hiccuping and everyone slaps you on the back when you mention his name.⁷

Why does Cuppy write his funny stories? He has a strange complex, say his doctors. He is obsessed with a mania—a desire that must be fulfilled.⁸ How does he write them? He just puts his amazing sense of humor to work and turns them out by the dozens—truly an amazing thing is a Will Cuppy.⁹

6. 'She could only tell the difference by asking whoever it was to wag its tail.
7. Sometimes people slap you in the face. They must not like him at all.

8. He likes to make money.
9. This sentence is entirely a flowery compliment so we won't be sued if this ever reaches Mr. Cuppy's eyes.



"Have you seen my overshoes?"

1. Incidentally, this magazine comes out on Wednesday. I can't explain it.
2. This is a footnote—but it's not exceptionally cute, is it?
3. My typewriter was once owned by a man named Nikolas Vladivos and sometimes I just can't control the thing.
4. But fish don't live in houses.
5. Much? I don't know a damn thing about it!

Make Your Reservations Early

For Spring

Dinners and Parties

at

HARWELL MANOR

Call 6809



Marriage is a process for finding out what sort of guy your wife preferred.

* *

Boss: "What did my wife say when you told her I'd be detained at the office until very late?"

Office boy: "She said, 'Can I depend on that?'"

* *

To remain a woman's ideal, a man must remain a bachelor.

* *

Perfume salesgirl to blonde: "Just a word of advice, honey. Don't use this stuff if you're only bluffing."

* *

Bebe: "Are you keeping a hope chest?"

Scoop: "With a chest like mine, there is no hope."

* *

Two old maids went for a tramp in the woods.

The tramp escaped.

* *

"My husband travels so much that each time he comes home, he seems like a perfect stranger."

"How perfectly thrilling!"

* *

She doesn't have any trouble holding her shape. Her trouble is keeping others from holding it.

* *

Marry in haste—and repent at your father-in-law's.

Chesterfield Contest Winners:
(Entries must be mailed to be eligible)

Catherine Covell
Gene Pfeiffer
Milton Mann
M. K. Snook
Barbara Papin
Lester Cohen
Ted Samore
Shirley Fishman
Bernard Kantor
Phil Leider

QUESTIONS

- A** Twice here in red, two-thirds in white,
Explains just why a Chesterfield's right.
- B** Four are shown and all the same
In color and shape, but not in fame.
- C** You've no doubt heard it noised about that
oysters "R" in season,
One glance at lovely Linda and you're sure
to see the reason.

ANSWERS WILL APPEAR IN THE
NEXT ISSUE OF YOUR MAGAZINE.

Chesterfield

RULES FOR CHESTERFIELD HUMOR MAGAZINE CONTEST

1. Identify the 3 subjects in back cover ad. All clues are in ad.
2. Submit answers on Chesterfield wrapper or reasonable facsimile to this publication office.
3. First ten correct answers win one carton of Chesterfield Cigarettes each.
4. Enter as many as you like, but one Chesterfield wrapper or facsimile must accompany each entry.
5. Contest closes midnight, one week after this issue's publication date. New contest next issue.
6. Answers and names of winners will appear in the next issue.
7. All answers become the property of Chesterfield.
8. Decision of judges will be final.

LAST MONTH'S ANSWERS & WINNERS

- A** The word **THREE** is composed of five letters and they're all found in **CHESTERFIELD**.
- B** Chesterfields in the pack, 3 E's in Chesterfield, 3 x 3=9. One E in **REALITY**.
- C** Biscuit=muffin; Change M to R and you get Ruffin, the home of Van W. Daniel.
- WINNERS...**

PEEPSING ON MISSOURI

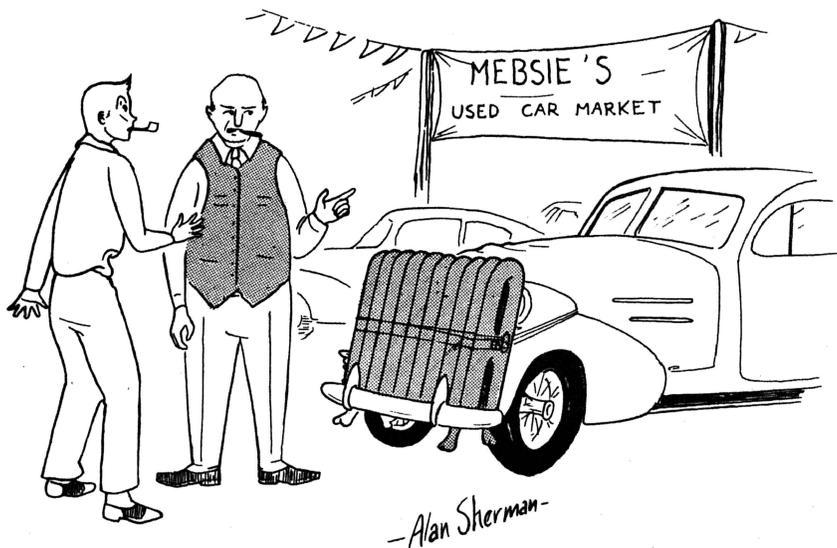
By Jerry Litner

March 1, 1669—Which done I re-tired to my room for study. A most curious volume is *General Principles of Economics*. It makes me, I confess, much muddled in the brain. The margin hath a footnote by a former owner which says, I must confess, in a rather lewd but pleasurable manner, that the good author is not of sane mind. By and by I could study no more, so I abroad down to a lowly ale house. I tasted of the beer and found it to be a very poor quality, being weak and watery. So then to pinball. The machine was new, and of very high figures. Methinks that soon they shall have to invent new ciphers for they have gone as high the brain can now imagine. The flippers were of slow action, and I was much vexed by the many hecklers around, who said rude and nasty things on my skill. And then parted, and so to bed.

March 2, 1669—Early in the morning to the coffee house, where I did

drink a dish of coffee, which did wake me, and did eat of bread and jam, which was foul, but I being hungry did eat. And anon comes W. Harrit, and brings Miss Golby with him. But, Lord! To see how she was painted would make a man mad. By and by Will told that Miss G. hath made herself a candidate for Heartburn Queen, and then, I thinking it a great honor, did, I confess, profusely offer her hopes of good luck. At me she laughed mockingly, and playfully did say that she was sure to win, this being her turn, and then disclosing that every wench on campus did take turns at being elected a queen. I was much molested in such unfairness as is in such a system, but she rebuffed me, saying every girl hath a finer chance in this, but it still seemeth unsporting to me, but can do nothing about such matters. And so to class.

THE END

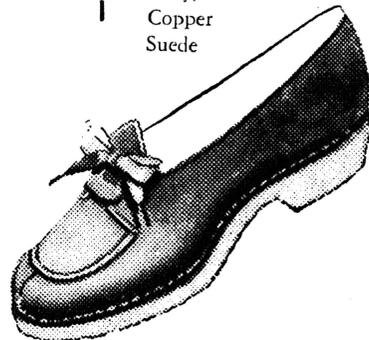


"Look, kid, this job has a brand new radiator."

It's a Cobbie
BY GOLD (RED) CROSS

\$895

Green,
Grey,
Copper
Suede



*Tailored to
your tweeds*

Such a trim and pretty companion for your

neat, young suits and casual "separates."

It's a Cobbie by Gold (Red) Cross, which means

its fit is something special, too.

**GOLD
RED CROSS
SHOES**

As advertised in
MADEMOISELLE



*America's unchallenged
shoe value*

Miller's
800 Broadway



It is only natural that students should look to Fredendall's first . . . for the newest fashions as they are released.

- In Columbia its -
Fredendall's



Any day in the week you'll find a happy party at the NEW DIXIE Drop in and join the fun!

- Steaks
- Sandwiches
- 5% Tap or Bottled Beer

THE *New* DIXIE

803 Walnut
42

Phone 9446



"I hear our club is going to help in the fight against malaria."

"Good heavens! What have the Malarians done now?"

• •

Don: "What do you mean coming in here in this condition? You're half drunk!"

Ron: "I know, but I didn't have any more money."

• •

Droop: "I invited two women to the dance tonight."

Scoop: "How did you get away with it?"

Droop: "Oh, neither of them accepted."

• •



First Engineer (in a math exam.): "How far are you from the correct answer?"

Second Engineer: "Two seats."

• •

Many men seem to keep that school-girl complexion on their collars.

• •

Don: "I wish you'd stop putting on your lipstick."

Ron: "Why?"

Don: "It's rather poor taste."

JERRYMANDERING WITH JERRY SMITH



THE other day I am crawling around under the tables in the shack looking for diamond rings and other assorted junk when who do I come face to face with but Bud Wyser, the psych major. Bud is very glad to see me (for it is very seldom that Bud sees anything), and he throws a big hello in my face. His breath smells like the men's room in a bus station. Bud tells me that he is leaving the University to take a job at Stephens. I immediately decide that Bud is going there to teach *The Art of Capturing Husbands by the use of Dry Martinis*, or perhaps *The Modern Philosophy of Passionate Necking in the Rear Seat of a Crowded Taxi*, but Bud informs me that he is being hired as a psychologist. It seems that too many of their girls are coming in from dates frustrated from trying to act dumb intelligently.

* * *

Greek Towne is very put out about the things that everyone is saying about the Suzans. He says that he once goes with a Suzan who is very nice. It seems that this frill does not drink, smoke, swear, neck, or tell dirty jokes. One day the faculty catches her refusing a cigarette in Central Dairy and deports her to Christian College.

* * *

Sigma Al, who has many dates with these Suzan frill, is an expert on Stephens. He says they are very strict about smoking in their buildings. Once he lights a cigarette and the receptionist faints and a detachment of Kemper marines rush in to keep the Suzans from trampling Sigma as each one tries to get the cigarette first.

Sigma says new students should not be surprised, when they go out with a Suzan, if she takes a suitcase with her. Inside this suitcase is a book which seems to be the entire Encyclopedia Britannica combined in one but it is merely the pocket-sized edition of the Stephens Book of Rules.

The first time Nosey Eversharp, the J-School Student, goes out with a Suzan, she is carrying one of these suitcases, which causes Nosey to have a stroke and spend two weeks in the local infirmary. When he sees this suitcase, it makes Nosey very nervous, for he is a shy person in his relations with frills. Then when she says that she wants to go to Deens, Nosey has the stroke. He doesn't know that she means Deens Golden Campus.

* * *

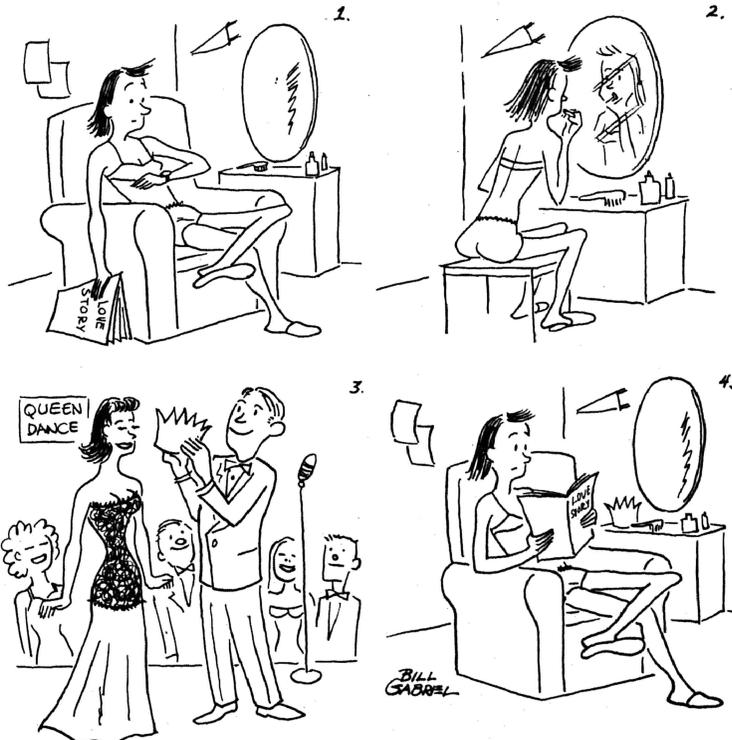
Smudge Pot Briar, the pipe smoker, who has just purchased his forty-eighth pipe, an article which appears to be a well varnished wash basin, tells me that he is through with Suzans. It seems that he goes out with one, whose name is Munny Bagg of the Chicago Baggs, and she spends the evening tossing around fur coats

and assorted jewelry, which causes Smudge Pot to be very uncomfortable as he is always having trouble figuring where his next glass of foam will come from.

Smudge Pot also says that by the time you take a Suzan to where you are going, it is time to return, which makes for a very unenjoyable evening.

I happen to know that Smudge Pot is not telling the truth as, the other night I am in a local joint (where if one is thin and if one does not care to move, one may dance) with my girl Saccherine when who pops in but Smudge Pot and this Suzan. I know that it is a Suzan because she is carrying gold plated straws and a monogrammed bottle of Air Wick.

(continued next page)



there's "spring" in your

CREPE SOLE

Connie Sports



and they're only

\$6.95



AS SEEN IN SEVENTEEN

Bouncy light, but made for long, beautiful endurance! Genuine crepe rubber soles... Genuine Goodyear-welt construction! Suede in gray, blue, gold. Smooth leather in brown, green or redwood.

Jacqueline shop
910 BROADWAY

She hauls Smudge Pot to the dance floor and it is clear that there will be trouble as the juke box is playing swing and Smudge Pot has never been good at jitterbug.

They do fine for a while, with Smudge Pot standing around holding the frill's hand and her making like a drunken Indian. Suddenly she disappears behind him and he reaches around, expecting to grab her hand and some guy tells him if he does that to his girl again, he'll floor him. Smudge Pot is very embarrassed and wanders around for a while looking for his date. Then she appears through



the crowd still going strong. She grabs Smudge Pot's hand, does a short shag, dips and hauls him through left guard.

There is a large pile up and Smudge Pot is on the bottom. Some guy, who is unknown to me, runs out blowing a whistle and begins pulling people off the pile. When he gets to Smudge Pot, he says, "Hell, no ball," and drops him. Then he walks over to the frill and says, "You would make a fine quarterback." "No thank you, Mr. Farout," she replies, and he walks off screaming, "Bus—Damn graduation—Bus."

* * *

I asked Cue Ball Stanza, the pool hall poet, about Suzans. He says, "People think that Suzans are rich, I know that this thing is not so.

The Suzans are poor just like us, their papas's got all of the dough."

* * *

The first semester that Cornfed Sylow, the Ag student, is here, the Stephens frills cause him to be thrown in jail. It seems that one day Cornfed follows these two Suzans down Broadway, into their hall, and right into their bedroom. Of course, he is thrown in jail. When his trial comes up, the judge asks him why he does this and Cornfed replies that he did not know that they were Suzans. He says that he thought he was going into the Dairy Barn as he has a class there at this hour. The judge takes one look at the Suzans and throws the case out.

* * *

The other day I run into Foggy Daze, the frosh. Foggy is all dressed up and making like a big timer. It seems that he has a date with a Suzan and he is very excited. As this is his first date in all his life, I am able to understand his agitation. He is all ready for the date but he has neglected to find the location of Stephens. He ask me to aid him so I point him in the general direction of Stephens and tell him to follow his nose. The next day they find his unconscious body beside the packing house by the Wabash underpass.

* * *

Lungs Khafru, the radio announcer, tells me that the Suzans are going to make many changes in their radio programs. Formerly they have had programs such as the Stephens Playhouse and this program on which the announcer says such things as, "And now the beautiful Agnes approaches her sweetheart in the pale light of the moon beside the shimmering waters of the lake, and, raising her glorious eyes to the twinkling stars, sings of her great love," which is followed by sounds that appear to be the love calls of a sick alley cat to a half breed Persian.

Lungs says all this will be thrown out. Instead, they will have exciting adventures such as 'Massacre at Terrace Hall' or 'The Whole Damn House Came in Thirty Seconds Late' and true to life love tales such as the story of a modern romance called 'Jane Loved John, Was Engaged to Fred, Went Steady With Bill and Married

(continued next page)



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Photos for
Missouri's
Queens
and
Kings*

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TIE UP YOUR LAUNDRY BUNDLE

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Dorn-Cloney!

Laundry and Cleaning Pick-Up

Flowers "Fit for a Queen"



Campus Florist

708 CONLEY



Have you heard about our *Special for Students*? It's a very much reduced rate *by the week*, with an even better rate *by the month*. Seats are reserved at the counter for the time you want to come.

Drop in and find out more about this.

The Inglebrook Restaurant

call 5848

Austin-Cline Building 705 Missouri

Jessie Alice Cline, Owner-Manager

Homer.' Also there will be educational programs such as 'How to Get Rich Fast' or 'There's a Preacher in Every Hall.'

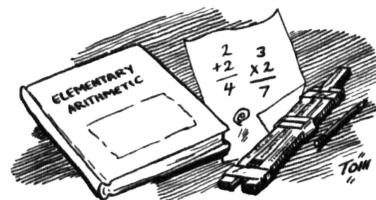
* * *

The other day I drop into the shack and who is there but Madden Burndup, the ex-G.I., who writes all the letter to the editors signed Disgusted Vet, Outraged G.I. and Oh, I'm so mad ex-serviceman. Madden is composing a letter to Stephens complaining about the way their frills smoke. He says he does not object to frills smoking, but this one smokes seventeen packs. He says her name is Gertrude Liggett & Myers.

Madden says that she even necks like she is smoking. He says the first time he kisses her, she inhales his upper plate.

* * *

Of course, as this is the *Queen Issue*, perhaps I should have talked about *Queens* instead of Suzans, but it's too late.



From *The Missourian*:

(Page 1 lead)

"Columbia caught a few lively snow flurries this forenoon, but . . ."

—Anticipating the coming baseball season, no doubt.

Helpful information obtained while learning that the accent in umbrella falls on the middle syllable:

umble pie (See umbles) A pie made of umbles.
umbles n. (Va. of numbers) Obs. Numbles.

—*Webster's Collegiate Dictionary, Fifth Edition, pg. 1086.*

"I started out on the theory that the world had an opening for me."

"And you found it?"

"Well, I'm in a hole now."

* *

"What do you do with your clothes when you wear them out?"

"Wear them back home again, of course."

* *

Med. Student: "Shall I give her gas?"

Prof: "No. We couldn't tell when she was unconscious."

* *

"What would you do if I kissed you on the forehead?"

"Why, I'd call you down."

* *

Thirty-two may be the freezing point, but the squeezing point is two in the shade.

* *

"My wife has run away with a man in my car."

"Good heavens! Not in your car!"

* *

Stag (to young lady): "Want to dance?"

Young Lady: "No, thank you."

Stag: "Care to walk down to the Hink?"

"Is Roslyn modest?"

"Modest! That girl wouldn't do improper fractions."

* *

"Young man, does your mother know you're smoking?"

"Lady, does your husband know you speak to strange men on the street?"

* *

Micky: "My husband has been marvelous to me lately."

Dicky: "Whom do you suspect?"

LATER THOUGHTS

Young lady (waiting for her escort): No, I don't believe so."

Stag: "Would you care to have some punch?"

* *

Young Lady: "Certainly not."

Stag: "Then I suggest you go home for you're going to have a hell of a lousy time."



"Me slept with daddy last night," said the small child to his kindergarten teacher.

"Oh, no, Tommy, that's wrong," said the teacher. "I slept with daddy last night."

"Well, then," said Tommy, "you must have come in after I went to sleep."

* *

The plain, prim little old lady who stood beside a male customer at a department store counter was nervous and embarrassed; finally she said:

"Please, Miss, I'd like two packages of bath room stationery."

* *

First Frater: What was the clatter?

Second Frater: Brother Foss just fell down the stairs with a quart of whiskey.

First Frater: Did he spill it?

Second Frater: No, he kept his mouth closed.

* *

"Be mine, Clarice," he pleaded, "or I shall die."

She refused him.

Fifty years later he died.

* *

Housemother: What do you mean by bringing Eileen home at three in the morning?

Escort: Well, you see, I had to make a seven-thirty class.

* *

Co-ed: Why, its the fellow who took me out last night. Hello there, tall, dark, and hands.



Flavor

makes all
the difference
in the
world!



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thing you can always
depend upon...the con-
sistently high quality
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MISSOURI Showme

Contributors' Page

Peter Mayer



Photograph by Julie's Studio

Pete Meyer, our energetic publicity director, has the pleasing habit of racing up to us with an Eddie Cantor-like expression and saying, "This idea's terrific!" And generally it is. So far this year, Pete's put up the Showme displays in the library, handled the spread in the Missouri Store window, and had his hand in the Centerspread Word-guessing Contest. Lately, of course, the Queen Contest has been keeping him busy.

Pete was born in Germany, but came to this country in 1936 and has been living in New Orleans since. He's a junior, majoring in radio news, and is a member of Alpha Epsilon Pi social fraternity. Recently, Pete informed us that he's giving up smoking—and to ease the jolt, he's using a nicotine-less variety at 35c a pack.

Fred Shapiro

Fred Shapiro ("Showme Reports") wandered into our midst about four months ago with a couple of stories—which were rejected—and an interview with Jesse Wrench. We couldn't use the Wrench story then, but we liked the way it was written. So when staff changes after graduation left "Showme Reports" without a

writer, we called on Fred. He's a freshman with plans to enter journalism as a news major, and his home is Philadelphia. His ultimate aim is newspaper work, or possibly magazine writing. Incidentally, Fred now tells us that he never could make his high school magazine—difference of some sort with an English teacher.

Al Ebner

This is Al Ebner's third year at Missouri, but he didn't get around to knocking at our door until last fall. He wanted to do some promotion work—he says he doesn't know why, except that he likes it—and so he's been selling and distributing our magazine, working on promotional schemes—and of course, the Queen Contest.

Al is a senior in Arts and Science, majoring in economics and business. He's from Springfield, Ohio, 20, and a member of the Alpha Epsilon Pi social fraternity.

Previously Al attended a nearby military establishment, liked what he saw of Missouri as he peered out, and so enrolled at M. U. to take a look at things from the outside.



Photograph by Julie's Studio



Now you can order 'em by mail! Original Threadneedle Street Shoes at \$17.95

The original Threadneedle Street Shoe, sold only by Boyd's in St. Louis can now be ordered by mail. If you want join the "St. Louis Threadneedle Street" Association, it's as easy as filling out the attached coupon. Threads are styled and designed exclusively for Boyd's in the U. S. Threads are made of English Golden Gorse leather. Fully leather lined. Husky, long wearing leather soles and heels. Wing tip (shown), plain toe, quarter brogue, or new, saddle-stitched, straight-tip style. Indicate shade of first polish (free): light, oxblood, or mahogany. Sizes 6 to 13. Widths AA to D.

BOYD'S Olive at Sixth, St. Louis 1, Mo.

Please send me _____ pair(s) "Threads", Size _____ Width _____

Plain Toe, Quarter Brogue, Wing Tip, Saddle Stitched
Straight Tip. **Price \$17.95 pair.** 1st Polish (free) _____

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City _____ Zone _____ State _____

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Add 2% tax if delivered in Mo.

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Olive at Sixth, St. Louis 1, Mo.

Always Buy CHESTERFIELD

"Everybody likes Chesterfield
because it's MILDER
it's MY cigarette."

Linda Darvell

Starring in

"A LETTER TO THREE WIVES"

A 20th Century-Fox Production

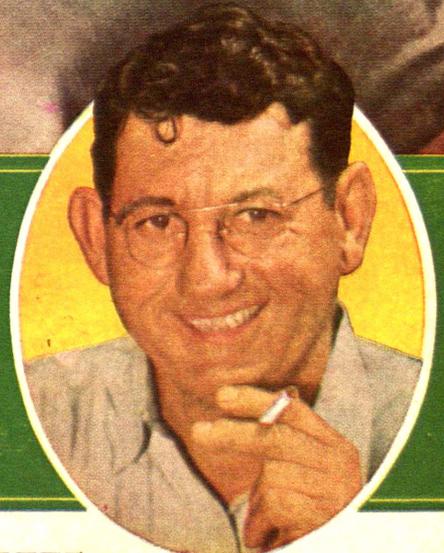


"I've been smoking Chesterfields ever since
I've been smoking. They buy the best cigarette
tobacco grown... it's MILD, sweet tobacco."

M. H. Griffin

TOBACCO FARMER
BAILEY, N.C.

(FROM A SERIES OF STATEMENTS BY PROMINENT TOBACCO FARMERS)



MAKE YOURS THE **MILDER** CIGARETTE

"CHESTERFIELD Contest See Page 40"

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