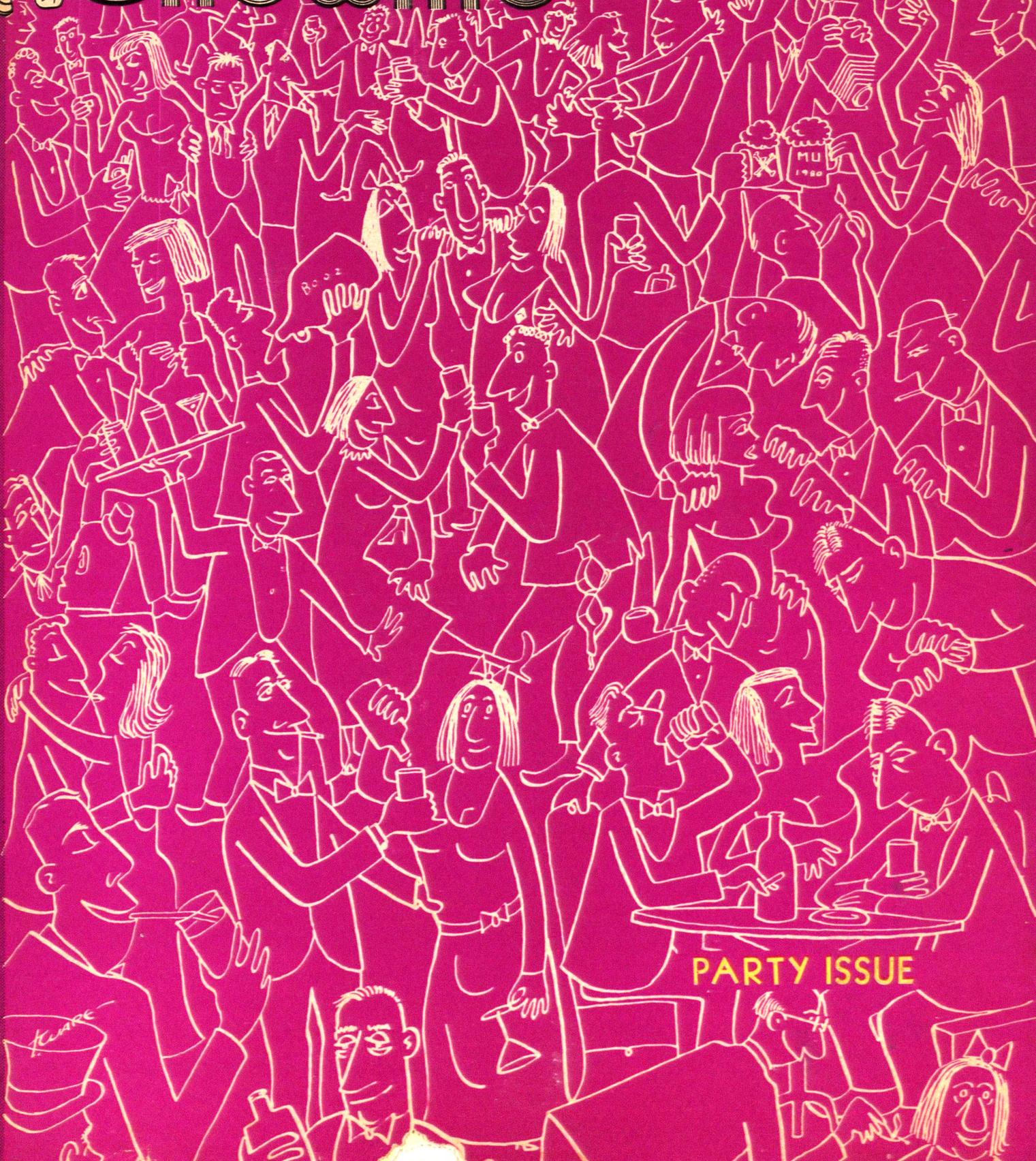




MISSOURI Showme

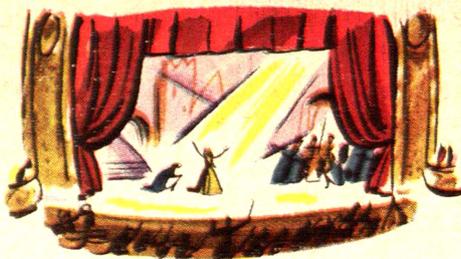


APRIL • 1949 • 25¢

PARTY ISSUE

Gladys Swarthout

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Virginia MacWatters

She has scored brilliant successes with the New York City Opera Company, at Covent Garden in London, and in concert.

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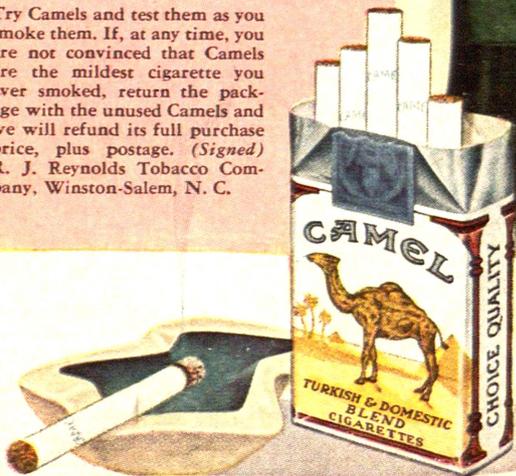
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Try Camels and test them as you smoke them. If, at any time, you are not convinced that Camels are the mildest cigarette you ever smoked, return the package with the unused Camels and we will refund its full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R.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

I AGREE, MISS SWARTHOUT—EVER SINCE I MADE THAT 30-DAY MILDNESS TEST, IT'S BEEN CAMELS WITH ME!

AND WHEN YOU'VE SMOKED CAMELS AS LONG AS I HAVE, VIRGINIA, YOU'LL APPRECIATE THAT MILDNESS AND FLAVOR EVEN MORE!



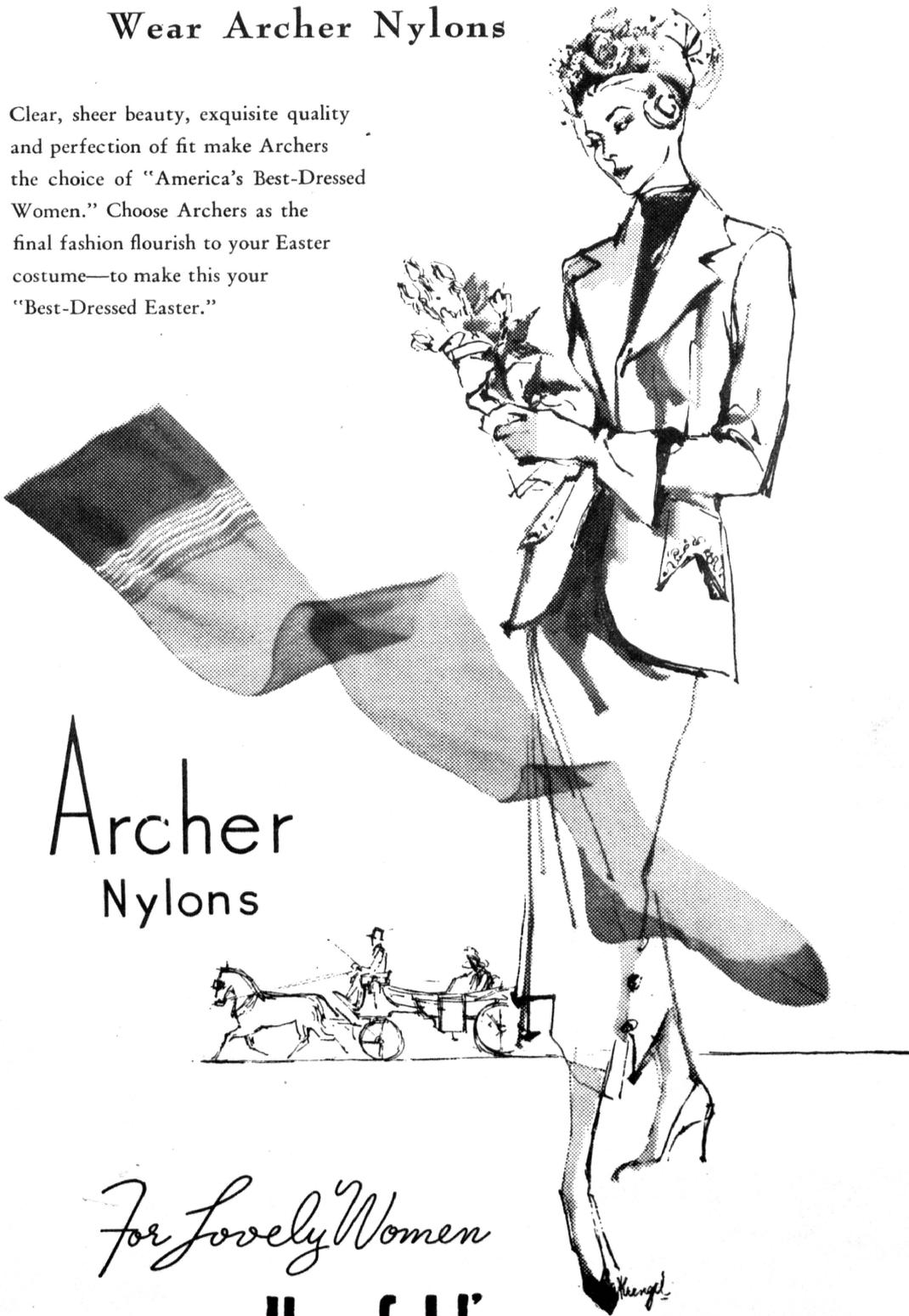
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MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE

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!

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Peterson Studio

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an Invitation
TO SUZANNE'S FASHION REVIEW



MISS PAT HAYES, a University of Missouri girl, appears twice weekly in Suzanne's Fashion Review at Breisch's Restaurant. Here she's wearing Junior Guild Crepe.

Suzanne's

Shows Monday 12:30 p. m. and Wednesday 6:30 p. m.



... Jerry Smith really came through when he hatched "Professor Thump and the Passionate Mannequin." In about four years of cover-to-cover *Showme* reading, I haven't seen anything that tops this.

Sincerely,
Jeff Baker

And we're inclined to agree. Ed.

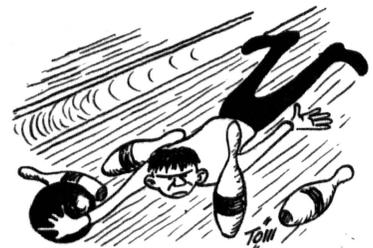
... your February issue has just been read by a number of men on our floor with resounding results. You can't imagine what a shot in the arm the issue was to us. It was really enjoyable to see some good jokes. . . . Everyone who has seen the "feelthy issue" agrees that it tops anything they had seen at their state universities, including Iowa and Illinois.

Name withheld on request,
University of Notre Dame

... *Showme* came in fourth in our poll of the nation's humor magazines. . . . personally, we think maybe you rated a little higher. In any case, you can see that the midlands, too, have made a dent in the armor of the Eastern humorists, along with the far West. . . .

The Spartan (Michigan State)
Charley Gabel, Editor

Yale, Harvard, and Sanford ranked above us, followed by California and Ohio State. Ed.



NORTHCOOL HAS MADE

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THE STYLE
IN

**SUMMER
FORMAL
WEAR**



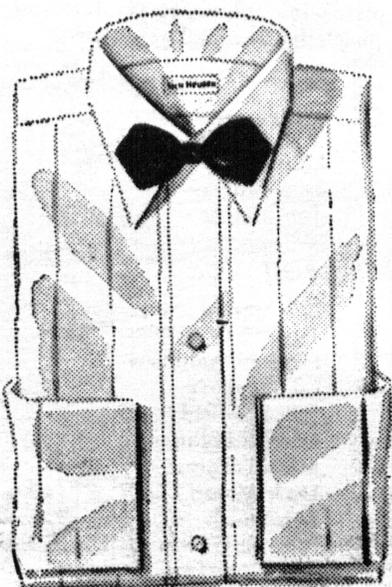
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Night News

FROM PLAZA LIQUORS

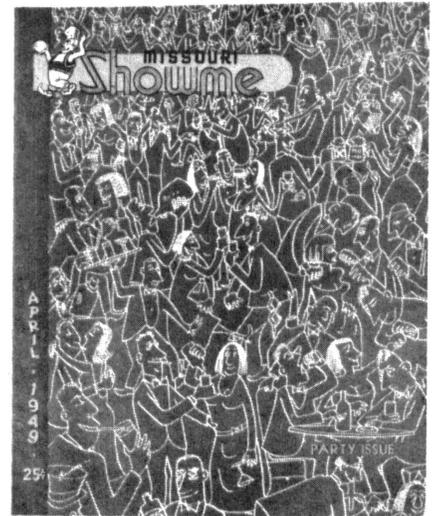


REALLY LOADED with supplies for any kind of party are these patrons of the Plaza. They could phone 2674 for free delivery, but would rather, see the big available variety themselves. And they like their cigarettes at \$1.37 a carton . . . also the Plaza's new price on cold beer, three in a package.

Plenty of parking space

Plaza

EAST OF THE CORONADO ON HIGHWAY 40



When Tom Ware (see Contributors' Page) embarked on this, his first cover for us, we weren't quite sure what to expect. We knew it'd be different, and that it certainly is.

The unusual effect of the cover is the result of "reverse plate." In our printing process—offset lithography—the steps go something like this. First, the original art work is photographed. Then the negative of this photograph is in turn photographed. This gives a negative in which the purple part of the cover is the light, and Tom's line figures are dark. When this negative is "burned" on the sensitized zinc printing plate, only the dark lines prevent the passage of light and only the lines remain ink repellent on the plate—ink adheres to the rest and the purple background results.

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MISSOURI

SHOWME

Party
Issue

YOUR CAMPUS HUMOR MAGAZINE

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Dear Reader:

Well, the springtime party month is finally here -- and we were anticipating its arrival with the "Party Issue." We've given the subject pretty thorough personal study, and we're convinced that it's a good thing.

This month we're featuring a story by Coleman Younger that we think you're going to like. (Younger wrote "Runaway Mule" which received so much favorable comment last year.) His story, "Sundown in The Marshlands," is quite different from anything that's been in the magazine this year, and we welcomed the change.

P. D. Smith (author of "How to Party"), we were amazed to learn, is a senior in the School of Engineering. We also learned that this is his first bit of writing. These two facts make us wonder if P. D. hasn't missed his calling.

Next month is our last issue for this school year -- and we're calling it, appropriately we think, the "Hangover Issue."

Sincerely,

Richard R. Sanders

Volume XXVI

April, 1949

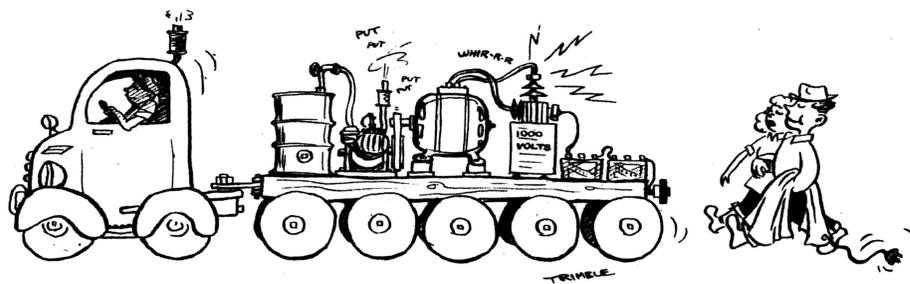
Number 8



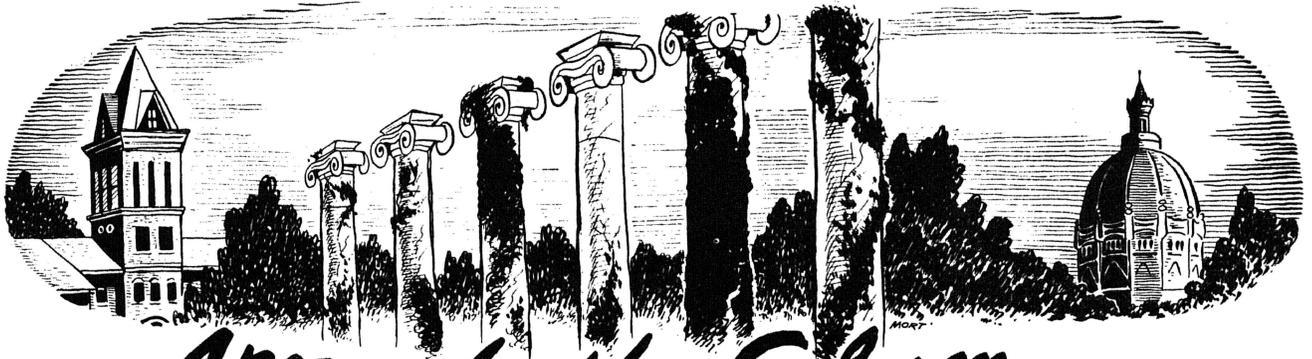
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Subscription rates: \$2.00 in Columbia for nine issues during the school year, \$2.50 by mail. Single issues, 25 cents.



L'O! The mortal male awakes,
Mothballs from his blanket shakes.
In his mortal soul unfurls
Great desire for beer and girls.



Around the Columns

Overheard

In front of Engine School: "No, I always carry two slide rules. I'm ambidextrous."

April

Birds . . . bees . . . buds . . . blankets . . . first expeditions Hinkward . . . muddied saddle-shoes . . . ground wet when it oughta be dry . . . beer busts . . . what's it goin' t'be, Jack—a one or a two kegger . . . dunno yet . . . startin' with one, got money for two . . . party-spirit rejuvenation . . . April . . . tops down . . . convertibles parade . . . joy-riding . . . wish somebody'd give us a ride . . . not a chance . . . all the cars're full . . . re-tally cuts . . . wonder if I can get by with just one more . . . this party's goin' to be too good to miss . . . so's the next . . . so was the last . . . April . . . Jesse's steps crowded again . . . familiar scenes again . . . a thought or two about summer . . . hurried search for feminine companions . . . spring's no fun for stags . . . spring . . . best of the year . . . wish it'd last 12 months . . . spring . . . worth every foot of ice and snow.

Freedom of Action

From strictly unofficial sources, we recently heard an interesting tale of a spontaneous but unsuccessful student lobby for the negro proposal now before the state legislature. According to our informant, this group of high-minded students made the 30-mile jaunt to Jefferson City and succeeded in gaining an audience with eight opposition senators in a hotel lobby.

After an hour or two of conversation, these self-styled lobbyists were

Columbia-bound—after receiving, in polite terms, the bounce. The only reason, so far as we can learn, for the senators' unsociable actions was that they oppose the bill—and after all, one can be expected to listen to one's ideas run down for just so long—especially when one knows that one isn't going to change one's mind. So, the boys were asked to leave. But they tried, at least.

(There was no booze in this story. All were as sober and serious as lobbyists and senators generally are.)

Acute Acid Indigestion? ? ?

May we, in our humble mid-western way, suggest that we may have

stumbled across the cause of our Soviet comrades' soured dispositions? A recent newspaper article discussing the nightclub situation behind the iron curtain—(It's nil. The Russians consider night clubs an outstanding example of Western capitalistic decadence.)—described an elaborate meal which may be had at the renowned Moscow restaurant, the "Aragvi." Since the article mentioned that visit-

ing dignitaries are often vodka-d, dined, and wined within its four curtains, we're taking it for granted that the Politburo also frequents the establishment.

Anyway, the bill of fare ran something like this:

Course 1. Russian vodka or Caucasian cognac, the freshest of Volga River cavier, and "Chureki," hot Georgian bread.

Course 2. Pickles, pickled tomatoes, and other "Zakuski." or hors d'oeuvres. (This course lasts as long as there's a comrade to struggle to his feet for a toast.) (Reminder: Night clubs are decadent.)

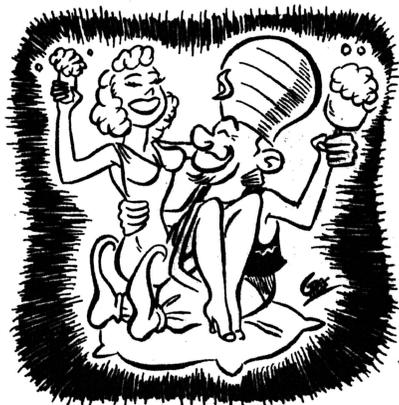
Course 3. "Satsevi," white meat of turkey in Georgian nut sauce served cold.

Main Course. "Shashlik," especially prepared broiled lamb, flavored with sharp spice sauce and served, of course, with onions. Georgian wine, red or white, "Tsinindali or Khakhtia preferred.

Course 5. Georgian tangerines or oranges, other fruit, and strong Turkish coffee.

Now, we ask you—with all that laying on the bottom of the belly, who wouldn't walk out of a long-winded conference?

Burrppppp . . .



Bouncing Along Together

Granted that we've had a goodly share of the winter's ice this year, and granted that the city fathers have had to labor under the cumbersome, outdated, decadent, capitalistic mayor-form of municipal government, and granted that we haven't asked what, if anything, is being considered to al-



leviate the situation—we're wondering, nevertheless, when something's going to be done about leveling off the holes and re-making a semblance of streets where streets once ran?

From our experience, if somebody doesn't soon throw out a scoop of tar and a handful of gravel—especially on Hitt and on College—there won't be any need to bother. There won't be a car in Columbia to ride on them—they'll all be sitting out behind Lionbergers, shattered relics of an age gone by. And we'll be jogging along behind old Dobbin or exercising unfamiliar leg muscles.

Then maybe S. G. A. will sponsor a plan whereby lowerclassmen will haul upperclassmen around in rickshaws.

Antoine of Paris

During the course of our recent "queen excursion" to St. Louis, we

met—for the first time in our experience—a figure of international prominence. He is Antoine of Paris, the hairdresser. He was looking in on the Alumni party, possibly to get a line on the latest in queen's coiffures. A friend began to present us, and Antoine took care of his own introduction.

"Antoine of Paris," he offered.

"You speak French, yes?" asked Antoine.

We don't. Ten hours, we thought, is hardly enough, and Antoine agreed.

"You have been to France, yes?"

No.

"Oh, that's too bad," consoled Antoine. "You would like France."

"Your nationality?" Antoine peered into our eyes.

Our what, we asked.

"Of what descent are you?"

And so our conversation began. Antoine talked rapidly, gesticulated freely, and patted us now and then, just as we had always pictured story-book Frenchmen doing.

Besides learning that we still can't understand even a good Anglicized version of French, we found out that Antoine of Paris was born in Poland, 66 years ago. He became a hairdresser quite by accident. One day while still in Poland he went to visit a hairdresser friend; the friend was out, and as Antoine waited, a young woman came in, desperately needing a coiffure for some occasion that evening. She begged Antoine to help her, and he obliged. The results, according to Antoine, were sensational, striking. The lady became his life-long friend, and he went to Paris with five francs in his pocket. Now he

says, everyone knows Antoine.

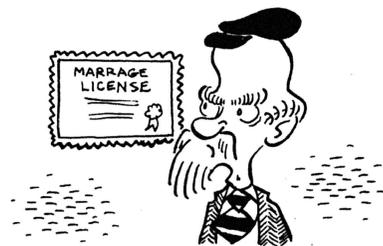
He spent the war years in this country, and now he's back on his normal schedule. Antoine travels from store to store in North America for five or six months, then back to his base in Paris. He makes occasional trips around the world, sculputres for relaxation, owns a cosmetic company.

As we parted, Antoine cordially invited us to come to see him if our paths crossed again.

"In New York," he said, "I am always in Saks Fifth Avenue. And if you come to Paris, jump in a cab and just ask for Antoine's. Everyone knows Antoine."

Bernard Shaw

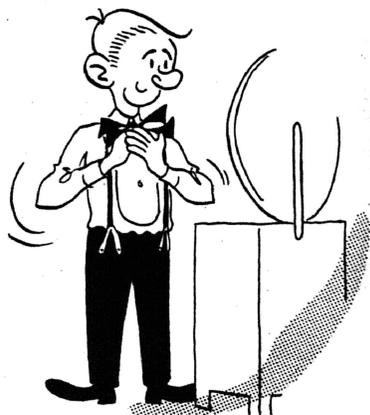
Recently we had occasion to review *Days with Bernard Shaw*, a new book Stephen Winsten. We thumbed dictionaries and combed the sauruses looking for a suitable one-word description of the renowned Irishman, but we couldn't find any. The best



we could do was the book's index which lists Shaw as: a genius, a man of wealth, Mephistopheles, a photographer, a poet, a prophet, a Sunday school teacher, a vegetarian.

Of the book itself, we were particularly taken with Shaw's comments

POP
MINN
ON



on education. In one place he says, "The whole educational system is a fraud. At the end of ten years of their schooling they are unable to speak even their native language." We'd like to have seen G. B. S. carry his statement through 16 years, to include college. And then to fit the present situation more accurately, at least in our eyes, we'd like to have him change "speak" to write.

(Oh, yes—G. B. S. has a word or two about sex, too. His reason for the popularity of marriage is classic—for some, it probably should be in the joke columns.

Nevertheless: (Shaw) "Marriage is popular because it combines the maximum of temptation with the maximum of opportunity.")

Aromatic Classrooms

Happily we note that modern science is working on a few other gadgets besides atom bombs, globe-circling planes, guided missiles, and the like. In fact, there's one group that's busy trying to make the world pleasant—while it's still here. These scientists are developing scents (perfumes) to go with everything from women's hose and greeting cards to symphony concerts.

The theory is that an appropriate odor increases buy-appeal and helps fix the product in the mind. Backing up this idea, many psychologists estimate that half of the impressions of conscious life come from the sense of smell. Following this advice, fire insurance companies scent their mail advertising with the odor of burned wood. Similarly, inks have been scented like smoked hams, mint julips, bakery goods. They even have insecticides that smell like the particular region your resort is in.

Now, it strikes us that a scent or two wouldn't go amiss in the lecture hall. Imagine Dean Frank Mott reciting "I am a printing press . . ." while the odor of printers' ink permeates Jesse Auditorium, B.&P.A. smelling like the New York stock exchange, and the obvious effects that



"I had an awfully nice time, Albert . . . the flowers you brought were just lovely, and the dance was simply divine . . . you were so sweet to ask me to go, and I'll always remember how much fun we had tonight . . . be sure to call me again sometime soon . . ."

could be had for Ag school. The possibilities are virtually unlimited.

Well, it was just a suggestion.

Our Unsung Heroes

The next time we drop into a cozy pub for an afternoon's refreshment,



we'll know to look on the man behind the bar with more respect than we've previously accorded him. Recent accident insurance company statistics say his job is more dangerous than that

of the local gendarmes. And in Columbia, that's very likely so.

These companys grade risks from A to J, the top of the alphabet being safest. White collar workers fall into this favored class (we're wondering where journalists fit into the picture), but deep sea divers, lion tamers, and airplane wing-walkers are as good as gone—Class J. Barkeepers are about fifty-fifty—they rate Class F, just below the police who are delegated to Class E.

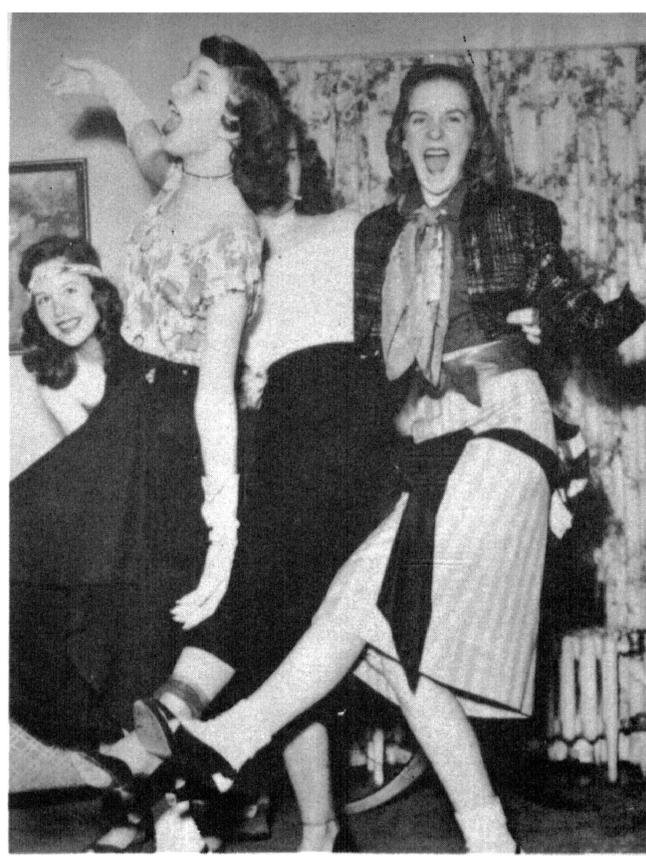
And a note to the future—the intrepid men with the white aprons say television sets, recently installed, are a new source of trouble. Some of the customers, it seems, have a tendency to become belligerent when the management doesn't tune in their favorite program.

Maybe a good old-fashioned monopoly would solve the problem.



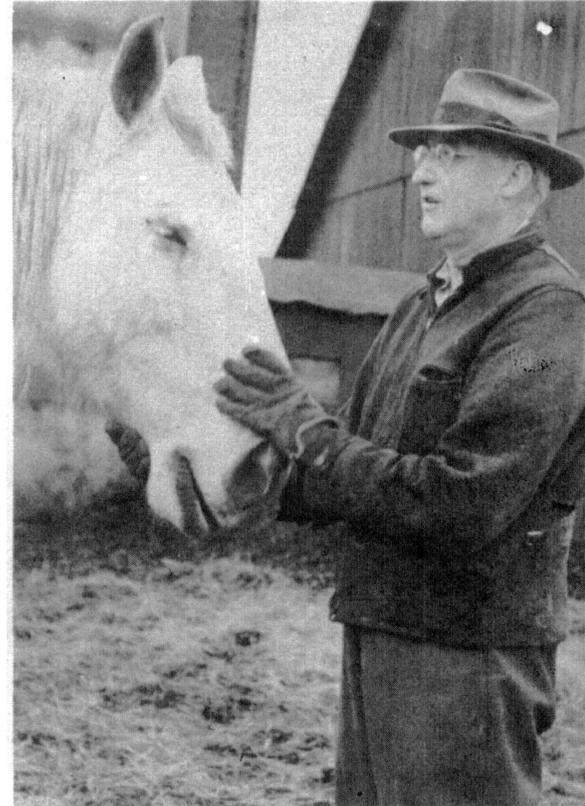
BEAUX ARTS ball gave the campus another chance to throw masquerades. Swami says they were stopped when immodesty became fashionable. With masks back, he predicts fewer mutual disillusionments at blind-date time. Neither person gets a chance to see the other until they have been acting nice to each other for hours. It's too late then for that cold esthetic evaluation which kills so many potential campus romances before they get started.

SINCLAIR ROGERS—SHOWME



SOL'S PHOTO SERVICE

"ONCE AROUND THE PARK, JAMES!" say these formerly attired swains about to call for afternoon dates. Rainy weather keeps the suits closeted. Cigars furnish warmth and smokescreens. The girls are shedding themselves of sheer nonsense. This is conducive to slipping into standard 1949 behavior: short, dainty steps in a hobbled skirt; low, sweet smiles in lieu of an opinion; and that wide-eyed expression of un-understanding because guys "prefer" the dumb type.



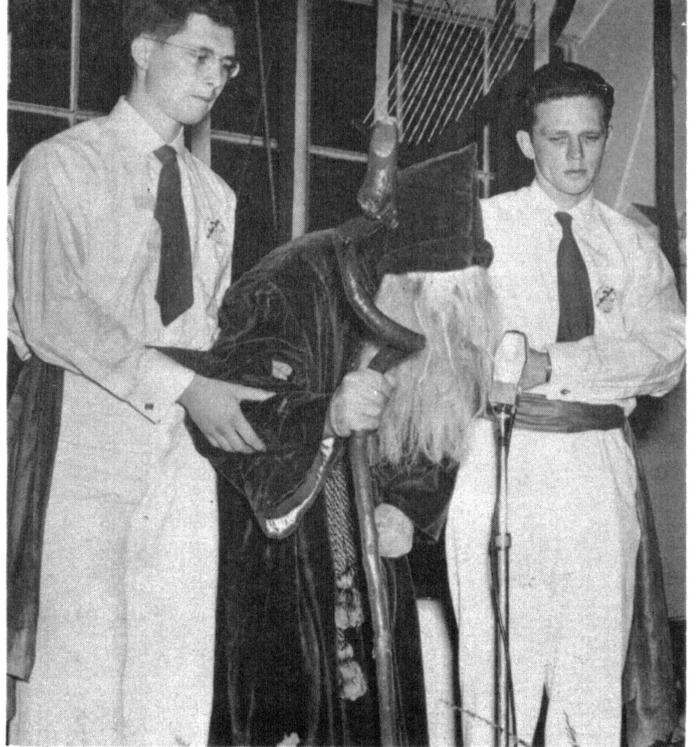
BINCLAIR ROGERS—SHOWME

MR. AND MRS. MIDDLEBUSH steal away every possible week-end to 300 acres 8 miles south of Columbia. The shy calf was shipped in recently from a Western range. The damp bird dog is Jerry, grandson of national champion Sport's Peerless Pride. Although equipped with electricity, etc., their hide-away is without servants and telephones, a condition which thwarts coeds who have been tricked into dialing 3707 and cooing, "May I speak to Freddie?"



KEN NEVAR

PAT'S PORTRAIT by Armin Stock was three days in the making, captured Showme's queen in a thoughtful mood, will adorn the Watkins' Hannibal home, and someday, perhaps, will provoke an awed, "Wasn't Mummy pretty?"



GLEN BERG

GOOD SAINT PAT perhaps should have briefed whomever sets up those back-breaking engine school schedules. When the boys finally stacked slide-rules, some of them partied so fiercely other folks were scared home.



JACK ORGAN

CAROUSEL COUPLE cavorts for Read Hall night club. Between floorshows customers will be served by handsome, tux-clad waiters and leggy, smiling cigarette girls—when they aren't doing their own dreamy cavorting.



SOL'S PHOTO SERVICE

BOTTLE MAD stags happily fondle a container king-sized enough to carry both Bacchus and Mrs. Bacchus. When the bottle is empty, them what can still navigate will draw straws to see who gets to sleep in it.



CANDIDLY MIZZOU
Photo of the Month

GIFF HAMPSHIRE

PARTY-PARTY at M.U. usually is restricted to the human race, but sometimes somewhat similar creatures are admitted. That people are not dropping dead all over at the sight of the creep indicates the high degree of sophistication attained by M.U. folk. While "it" basks in the nearness of the blozzay brunette, who knows what sulking the guys she turned down are doing? But maybe we're being unkind. Could be he carries bread crumbs for pigeons.

SUN



down

in The Marshlands

THE STORY OF A MAN WHO HAD TOO MUCH CURIOSITY

by Coleman Younger

POLK was tired. He had come a long way and the day had been hot. He squatted against the base of the big white-oak tree and wiped the sweat from his forehead. Even up there on the hilltop no breeze stirred and the slanting rays of the sun glistened hotly on the unmoving leaves of the sumach brush.

For a moment Polk sat quietly, resting. A tiny dogwood, its white flowers fallen long ago in the Ozark spring, blocked his view. He fumbled in his damp pockets for a knife and cut through the soft body of the tree. When he had thrown it aside he could see the clear water of the creek, winding through the swampy marshland below. He shaded his eyes and gauged the sun. Too early for her yet, he decided.

Polk had walked almost ten miles on a hot afternoon. Since he first caught sight of the girl this trip had been repeated several times, but he had always come a little too late—just as she was leaving. Today he was there in plenty of time. She should be coming along soon, he thought.

A breath of hot air fanned the leaves of the white-oak. Polk pulled off his hat and threw it down on the moss at the base of the tree. He ran hard calloused fingers through the thin damp mat of his hair. The day was a scorcher, all right! He rolled a cigarette, taking dry matches from the loose tobacco in the tin. His dollar watch, looped by a love-plait to his overall bib, said almost five-thirty.

Polk did not know the girl for

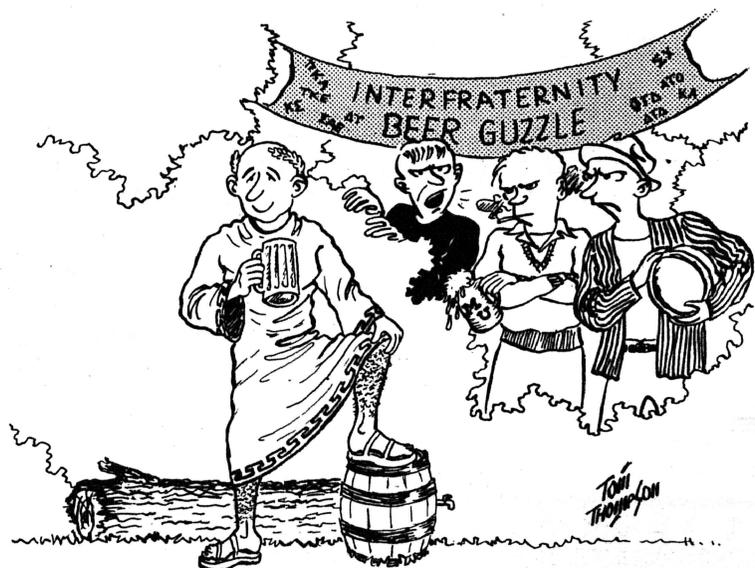
whom he waited. He had never seen her close-up—only from his vantage point on the crest of the hill. She must be at least twenty, he decided, and yet she had never been to any of the dances in town, or Saturday night play-parties. Still, he was clear over in Shaddock county. A new family had probably moved in. No matter anyway. It was hotter than seven kinds of hell. He gazed across the valley, over the sweltering marsh.

On the opposite hill the scrubby underbrush parted as the girl pushed her way through. He could not make out her features at all. She walked slowly, plucking the leaves from sumach and elderberry bushes as she moved along, holding the bright handfuls above her head. Her laughter

floated across the valley as the leaves fluttered from her fingers, twisting and rocking groundward through the quiet air. There was no other movement on the hillside.

Polk dropped his cigarette. It lay on the soft moss below the white-oak, unnoticed and forgotten. He leaned forward, lips parted, dry and cracked. The girl stopped at the little sandy patch by the creek's edge and stood quietly for a moment, tracing a design in the sand with her bare toes. Then she pulled the blue dress over her head, slowly, and tossed it high into the air. It fell in a crumpled heap at the water's edge, and the girl laughed.

(continued on page 22)

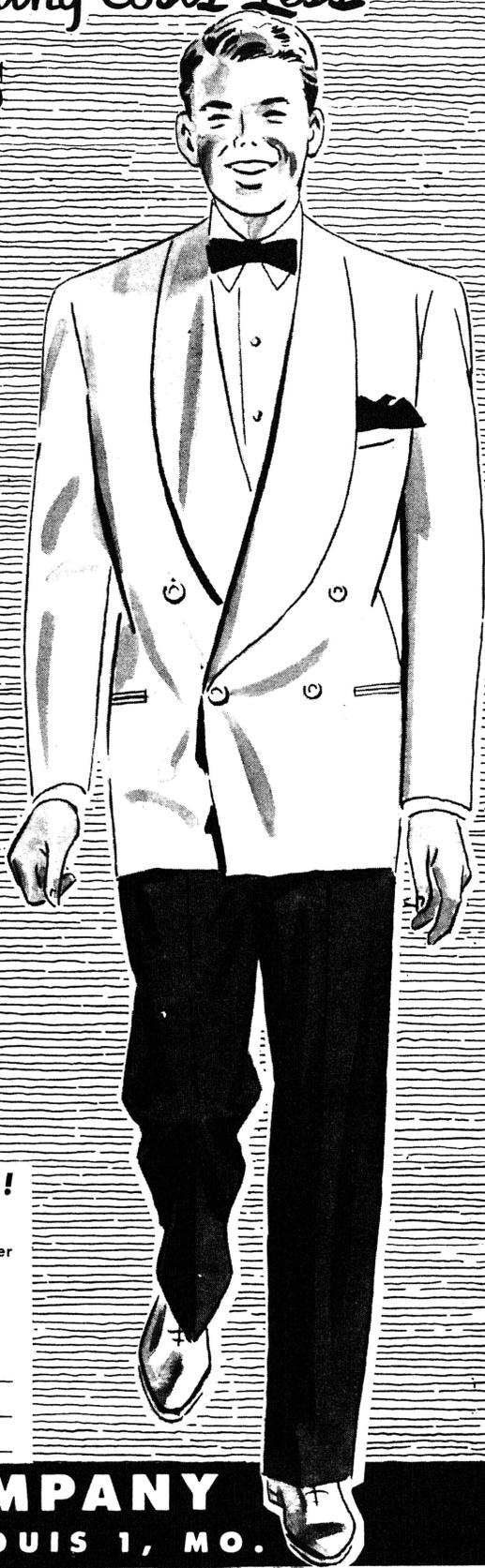


—ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN TRIMBLE

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“Requestfully yours...”

SIDELIGHTS ON A DISC SHOW

BY KFRU'S BOB JONES



ON at least one occasion, three is not a crowd. That's when there's you, your gal, and *Disc Derby*—not to mention the several thousand similarly-minded couples, who, although studying, are still connected by ether-sent recorded music, preferably with “love” in the title.

Such is the interval between 11 and 11:55 p.m., Monday through Fri-

day on KFRU with recorded requests and kind words about sponsors.

Nightly we get an inside look at your love-life. And you're no different from thousands just like you around the world. Your letters and cards prove it.

Yes, literally from around the world come requests like this: “Please play ‘I Love You Truly’ for Sadie

Stephens from Joe College.” *Disc Derby* has been the eventual object of G.I. mailclerks from Eritrea to Korea and stateside postal people from the nation's four borders.

It seems that every time a grad glances at the framed degree, he remembers *D.D.* and dashes off a card for a request dedicated to a friend still under the yoke of education.

Just as frequently a guy or gal here will write a guy or gal at another school or at home, telling about this free radio juke-box and subtly suggesting the investment of a postcard for a request.

Wives write in wanting “our song” on their anniversaries. We even have musically celebrated the anniversary of “our meeting just 36 hours ago.” Two engagements have been announced, but no more will be. I, not a facetious card writer, must face the wrath of a “would-be bridegroom” who doesn't even know the “bride-to-be”—and he might be a bruiser!

But, basically, all requests are the same—putting into words and music the writer's thoughts about “the one and only.”

Some, however, are bitter denunciations of the opposite sex, or of a college instructor. Some communications are very personal, filled with words of loneliness.

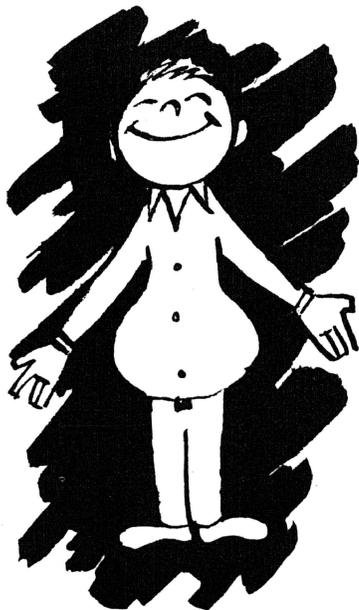
“Lonesome Boy” kept writing that the four walls of his lonely room were closing in on him. Each request had a symbolic signature—an outline of a car key. We finally saved “Lonesome



Bob wound up *Disc Derby* Friday night with contortions such as these and left for KVOO, Tulsa

(continued next page)

THE PORTIONS ARE
LARGE



CHARLIE'S

209 S. Ninth

Open 6:30 a.m. to 11:30 p.m.

JANA
HANDBAGS
for
Easter
and more
Accessories
too!
at
Gibson's
APPAREL
810 BROADWAY

Boy" from claustrophobia when a "Lonesome Girl" started requesting records for him. Suddenly, letters from both ceased. Could be!

"The Hogan's Alley Boys" wanted requests for "the forms behind the shades next door." Through *Disc Derby*, they received answers.

Some requests are threats, some gripes, some libelous. Some are in rhyme. Some even want us to use alleged influence to get back shirts from a sponsor!

There was a request which bluntly began, "Why don't you fall in a heap in the gutter!" The request was played, although we reserved the right to void our motto, "Your requests are our commands."

Recently a listener wrote that there would be an unhappy victim of a hatchet murder unless his request was aired. Such requests are usually unsigned or obviously forged. If the play it. Most other communications forger asks for a harmless record, we end with pseudonyms or "she'll know who," or "one who cares." Regular aliases, each used by more than one contributor, are "Lover," "Bright-eyes," "Lonesome," "Heartsick," or similar sounding syllables.

College instructors and the spurrier of a spurned lover take the worst beating in our third corner of romance. You never hear the tunes requested for them—"I Wish You Were Dead

You Rascal You," "She's Too Fat For Me," "Lips That Touch Whiskey Shall Never Touch Mine," or "Cigarettes, Whiskey, and Wild, Wild Women." Such often libelous, unsigned requests are discarded. A few other records are banned by the station, the network, or myself for objectionable lyrics.

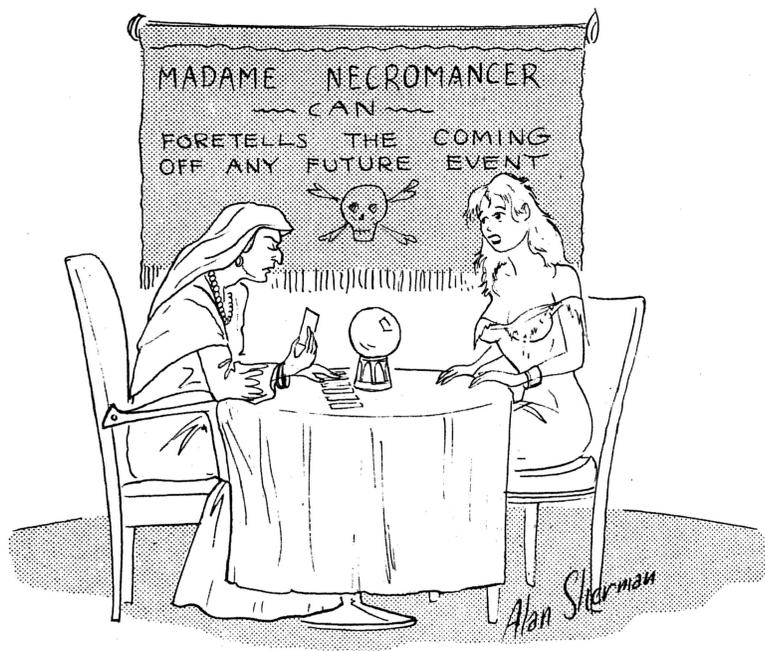
From our observations, it appears that both male and female are fickle. At least three times a week a sheepish girl invades our studio asking us to cancel a certain request—sometimes to substitute a more meaningful title, like "Drop Dead, Jack."

Wednesday and Friday nights several starry-eyed, lipstick besmirched young swains dash in pleading for an "I Love You Truly" request.

Often someone not only brings in a request, but the requested record, too! Such was the case with the London label, "Run, Rabbit, Run," by Flanagan and Allen. *Unfortunately*, it caught on.

Wednesday night is guest night! Then records usually lead to a field other than romance—jazz, Latin American, early swing dixieland, or a private collection of bona fide "historical" records, such as Bing Crosby as a tenor, Artie Shaw as a bachelor, or Al Jolson working on his first million.

We think most listeners mainly want to hear their names, the dedica-



tion, and the title. We hope they also hear the commercials. A commercial is a sponsor's request that must be heeded. We operate in a very informal manner on the air, and most commercials are ad-libbed or written during the airing of the record which precedes it.

Although it generally takes about two hours to prepare a 55 minute show, each night we do it in 45 minutes. That leads to a somewhat hurried, harried, ulcerated existence. Quite frequently we go on the air with only records picked—sometimes with not enough for the complete show. While playing the first requests, we arrange the rest and type a music sheet so the engineer knows something of what to expect.

Even with a file of some 6,000 transcription titles and 4,000 record titles, frequently we must mark a request "no got." Occasionally a record is misplaced in the file and not located for months.

The old standard tunes are requested most—"Stardust," "Body and Soul," "Temptation," and "Night and Day," played by Miller, Shaw, and Dorsey.

Many listeners address the show as "Mr. Disc Derby." One prefers "Mr. Disturby." Most use "Dear Disc Jockey." However, most announcers of record shows merely announce—the engineers do all the disc flipping, so the term is incorrect.

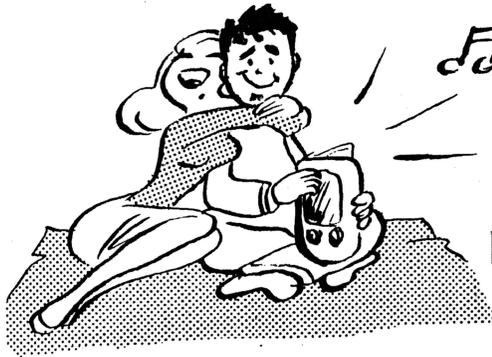
As the long-remembered will recall, *Disc Derby* was the brainchild of Jim Lowe and was born in the fall of 1947. I adopted the show in June of 1948, intending to keep the "Giant Panda" theme. But, one night the inevitable happened and the theme went the way of all good records. Tommy Dorsey's "Opus No. One" took over.

How many requests have gone through the mailboxes, only the writers know. We have squeezed as many as 24 records into the 55 minutes, but the average is 13 or 14. We are always far behind in answering requests.

Although records, requests, listeners, and announcers may change, *Disc Derby* probably has enough momentum to carry it along all 1400 kilocycles until *D.D.* succumbs to T.V.

THE END

HEAR SPRING MUSIC!

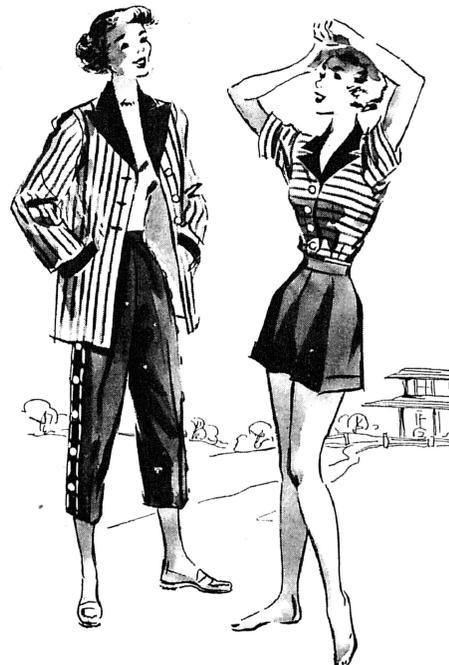


It's General Electric
for **Portable Radios**
G-E and RCA

Radio Repair for all Makes

DON L. SMALL'S
General Electric Appliance Store

19 N. 10th St



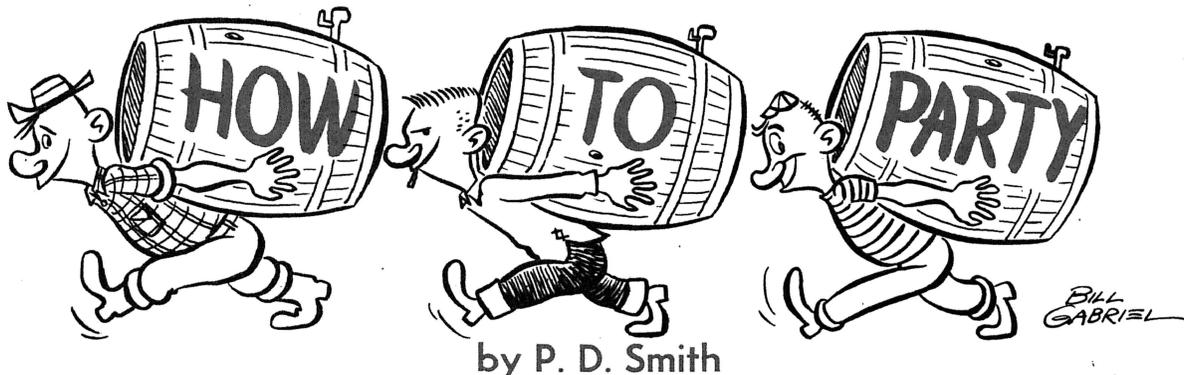
PLAY DENIMS...

in faded blue or
red with stripes
to match or mix

Justin McCarty's divine denims —

A complete wardrobe for denim devotees—nicely tailored—long wearing—and so wonderfully washable. Faded blue or red. Bra 2.95, side-buttoned shorts 3.95, side-buttoned skirt 5.95; blazer in white denim striped in faded blue or red 8.95... Junior size 9-15. Mail orders prepaid

The Blue Shop



by P. D. Smith

"PARTY" is one word that really gets kicked around. It is a verb and a noun and seems to mean anything from a half-hour at the Shack to three days at the Tiger.

As long as it is springtime, let's look at Mizzou's old tradition: the Hinkson party. These are sometimes called B.B.B.'s, meaning beer, bags, and blankets.

Hink parties come in all sizes and types. The best way to determine the size of a Hink party is to count the blankets and multiply by two. This should give a close approximation. By type we mean type of refreshment. Some students even take food along, although this is rare.

Here is what you need. Blankets. These are generally found on the floor

in the closet in the hall. They are usually khaki-colored and smell like beer. Don't unroll them in your room, since they frequently are muddy and sometimes contain several beer caps. If you don't have one, take one off your room-mate's bed. Never use your own because occasionally they get lost.

Take a portable radio. It isn't necessary, but it looks good. Then, too, you can always turn up the volume and drown out your date.

Beers seems to be the most popular liquid, but purple passion and whiskey are O.K.

Transportation is a problem. To get everything out to the Hink you will need a car, a truck, or a husky

date. But if you have a husky date, why not go to a movie?

Always build a fire. Even if you didn't bring raw food, a fire keeps most intruders away. Then again you might get lost. As soon as you get there, send your date away for wood. This gives you a chance to see which side of the blanket is softer and also get down a couple of extra beers before the little dear comes back and drinks her usual 18 bottles.

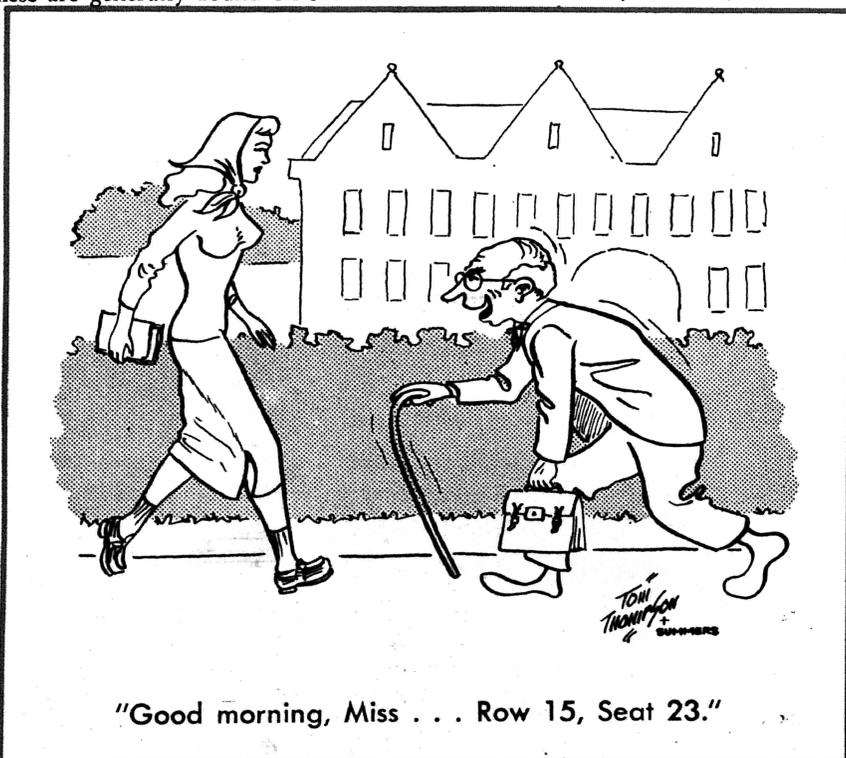
One indoor type of party is the "hotel" party. These require people, spirits, and a hotel. Never give your own name or address when registering for a hotel room. Use your roommate's or that of whomever beat you on the last hour quiz.

Many indoor parties are held at various night spots in Columbia. These, too, are of the "bring-your-own." Always buy your liquor for these during the afternoon preceding the party. Then you can sample it, and pour it into a bottle with a better label. The high class label will impress your date.

Take a cab to the hotel or night spot. Give the cab driver a five or a ten-dollar bill. This will confuse him and he may give you back an extra dollar. Or he may give you only forty cents.

Your date will assume she will get half your liquor. This is erroneous but can be taken care of very nicely by pouring her first one double. She will think you are trying to get her tight and will leave your liquor alone—and you, too.

It's silly to take along a shot glass. You have to fill it twice for your own highballs, and the bottle cap is O.K. for measuring your date's, if she insists on drinking, too.



"Good morning, Miss . . . Row 15, Seat 23."

When the waitress brings set-ups, knock somebody's cigaret lighter off the table and pretend to hunt for it until someone else has paid the check. Practice at home until you can make it look very accidental.

Always wave at the people at other tables, whether you know them or not. This gives your date the impression that you are well known and gives the people sitting at the other tables the impression that you are crazy as hell.

If your date is the kind that gets hungry about eleven o'clock, set your watch ahead and take her home early. You can continue partying someplace else and the extra sleep will do her good.

THE END

Headline, Missouri Fax:

If at First You Don't Succeed, Try Etc.

—Sounds like a reasonable suggestion.

From the Student:

Six fraternities were chosen from 17 entrants yesterday to compete in the annual Fraternity Sing at 8 p.m. Wednesday night in Jesse Auditorium. The sing will be open to the public.

—Quick, Swami, your crystal ball!

From the UP wire (complete story):

John Panotopulos reported to police today that someone stole a large section of the sidewalk in front of some lots he owns.



"There's ab-so-lute-ly no point in this!"

"I'm durable, but this is too much! When you jab me into a table top I'm stuck for ways to say how much it hurts me—and you too. People say I'm pretty sharp—but they don't mean *this* way. What usually happens: Point may be permanently damaged or put out of adjustment."

"The Perils of Pamela Penn"

PROPER CARE of your pen is important. The point you like, the ink you want are all available at the Pen Point—plus a top-notch repair service to keep your pen healthy and happy.

THE Pen Point

109 SOUTH NINTH

For a quiet evening with your girlfriend or your wife, come to the Chief's Taproom

CHIEF'S TAPROOM
Next to Teepee Town, Highway 40

Easy To Reach



If it's Food you need
Try your **KAMPUSTOWNE Grocer.**
For that late evening feed,
It couldn't be closer.

KAMPUSTOWNE GROCER

Open 8 a. m. to 6 p. m. and 8 p. m. to 10 p. m. Daily
Except Friday and Saturday
5 p. m. to 7 p. m. Sundays

700 Conley

Sundown . . .

(continued from page 15)

She wore nothing under the dress. Her belly and thighs were white, and the watching man could see the tanned "V" at her neck and shoulders,

and the high skirt-line across her legs where the tan stopped. His breath came in rapid gasps as she walked into the creek and knelt in the shallow swimming hole. Playfully she dawdled in the water, lifting warm handfuls above her head and letting it trickle slowly down over her white breasts.

Polk forgot his hat as he left the hilltop. Moving swiftly and quietly through the underbrush, he cut a wide circle around the girl to place himself between her and the house, hidden by the trees on the opposite hill. Far above her he crossed the narrow creek, and tested each step carefully as he traversed the swampland. Little bubbles of air oozed up in the tracks



The Place Where Students Go



FOR A GOOD TIME

the **DEN** 

he left behind. Once his foot sank above his boottop with a thirsty sucking sound. He retreated hastily. Skirting the quicksand, he followed the solid clumps of marshgrass until he reached the base of the opposite hill. Then he moved silently down the creek toward the girl. The sun, swollen and red at setting, touched the treetops behind him with its bright lower rim.

The girl stood in thigh-deep water, carefully examining herself. Polk watched her intently, holding his breath. He was afraid she might hear the sound of his breathing. At last she waded leisurely from the creek toward her dress. A bright pebble caught her eye, and she picked it up, turning it over and over in her hand. Polk let his breath out with a rush. Then he pushed the limbs aside and stood up straight.

The girl dropped the pebble and started to run as soon as she saw him. Cut off from the house, she fled along the creek, down into the marshland. She did not look back or cry out, but ran like an animal, quietly and desperately.

Polk was fast, in spite of his bulk. He followed her heavily, thick boots loud in the muck. His hand touched her bare brown arm for an instant, but she whirled and ran obliquely through the black oily pools of ground-water into the thickest of the swamp.

The air had begun to cool. Half of the huge circle of the sun had disappeared below the hilltop.

Polk's breath became labored. The girl was tiring also, he knew, for he could hear her soft moaning as she grasped for air. Her legs were spattered with black swamp mud, and the calves and thighs fretted with tiny red crisscrosses where they had been cut by the sharp swampgrass and biting shrubs. Her first outcry came as she stumbled and fell, sprawling in the mud. Her arms and legs jerked spasmodically as she tried to crawl. Polk lunged forward, his eyes fixed on the naked, helpless, jerking figure of the girl. There was no warning of the quicksand. Abruptly he plunged to his hips in the stick muck. He tried to raise one leg. The other sank deeper. Terrified, the girl forgotten, he tried to churn himself forward. The quicksand held him loosely but tenaciously—he could move but not progress. He clutched a clump of swampgrass. It held stoutly for a moment, then yielded up its insecure roots. A few oily bubbles burst on the deceptive surface of the slime. He was waist deep. Each movement drove him further and further into the morass.

A few feet away, the girl lay on her belly, sobbing. For the first time she raised her head and looked behind her.

"Help me!" Polk shouted. "For God's sake, help me! Get that limb over there! Hurry!"

The girl stood on the solid ground, so close to Polk, and looked at him in wonderment. Every moment he was sinking deeper, his face twisted in terror.

"Help me!" he cried desperately. "In the name of Heaven, please help me!"

(continued on page 28)

Manufacturers and Wholesalers only

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

Plants located at

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



How Drastic Can You Get?

Don't drain the anti-freeze from your car for your Hinkson parties this Spring. Shop for your bottle at ESSER'S. Our wide selection can't be beat.

YESSER IT'S ESSER—FOR FINE LIQUORS

ESSER DRUG STORE

Next to the Daniel Boone

Phone 4300

The FO

JUST BECAUSE MY NAME IS **SCHLITZ** DOESN'T MEAN I'M THE KISS OF THE HOP!

BUT I HEARD YOU MADE MILWAUKEE... FAMOUS!

BUT, BABY... MY HANDS ARE COLD!

YEAH—I KNOW.

NO—WE DON'T WANT OUR PICTURE TAKEN!

THE LOCKER-ROOM FUMES SHOULD GET 'EM ANY MINUTE NOW!

NO SMOKING, NECKING, OR BREATHING

NOTHING I LIKE BETTER THAN A FORMAL DANCE!

"B.O."

NOTHING I LIKE BETTER THAN A FORMAL DANCE!

I HATE TO TELL HIM, BUT HIS DATE JUST LEFT FOR THE POWDER-ROOM.

YOU LOOK DIVINE TONIGHT, PATRICIA!

DO YOU HAVE MANY BLIND DATES WITH US STEPHEN'S GIRLS, BRYCE?

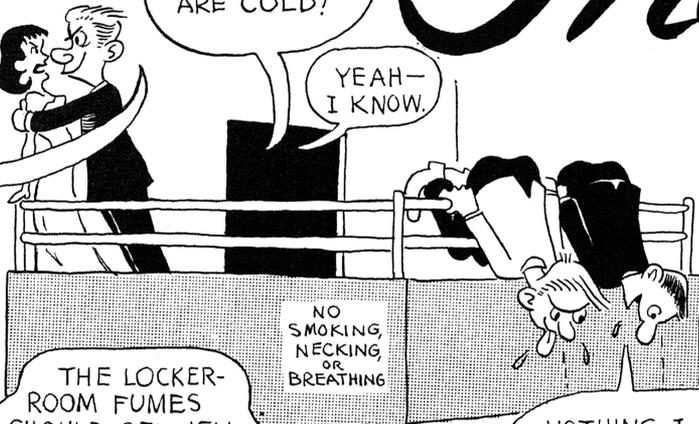
LOOKS LIKE THE RESTAURANTS CLOSED EARLY!

DON'T LOOK NOW, HOY-BY, BUT THE BAND'S PLAYING A WALTZ!

PS-SS-TT! FEELTHY AIR-WICK?

SHL MA' I HEAD

P O T H B



THREADS

Spring Cleaning?



Before you store those winter clothes be sure they are cleaned by **TIGER** to give them **all-summer** protection.

TIGER

Laundry and Dry Cleaning

Have you got the Bold Look?



EDDIE HAS THE LATEST...

Bold Look Shirts—in white, Pink, Helio, Bamboo, Grey, Blue, and Green—with French Cuffs **\$3.95.**

Bold Look Ties—from solid colors to bold patterns—also the latest fashion in monogrammed ties—**\$1.00 to \$2.50**

JOHN C. ROBERTS SHOES—LEONARD MACY SPRING SLACKS

Eddie's

men's
TOGGERY

Owned and Operated by
EDDIE SIGOLOFF

225 S. 9th

Phone 9574



The maid answered the door and found a man selling magazine subscriptions.

"I would like to see the lady of the house," he said.

"I guess you would—she's taking a bath."

* *

Passinger: "Do you have to drive blindfolded?"

Cab Driver: "No sir, but I can't stand the awful expressions of the people that I hit."

* *

And then, of course, there's the one about the co-ed who had to leave school because her slip was showing.

* *

A lady and a gentleman were arguing on every subject they discussed. Said the lady, "Sir, we cannot agree on a single thing."

"You are wrong, Madam," he said. "If you should go into a room in which there were two beds, one with a woman in it and one with a man in it, with whom would you sleep?"

"Why, with the woman, of course."

"You see, so would I."

* *

"Now gentlemen," said the president of the Homely Baby Bottle Co., "we have fifty thousand of these feeding bottles in stock, and we expect you salesmen to go out and create a demand."

* *

"My man is an artist; every time he comes to visit me he draws the shade."

* *

She: "How dare you! Papa said he would kill the first man who kissed me."

He: "How interesting. Did he do it?"

Three old men were overheard bragging about their powers. One said, "I'm 67, and just the other day my wife presented me with a baby boy." The second said, "Well, now I'm 70, but just last week my wife presented me with a baby girl." The third looked at them both and said, "As you know, I used to hunt a great deal when I was young; so as I was walking in the park the other day I pretended to shoot at a rabbit with my cane. I thought this very strange, until I turned around to see a young man shooting at rabbits with a real gun."

* *

They call her Alma Mater. . . . She's educated a lot of boys.

* *

A Zoology Professor was unwrapping a parcel before his class which, he explained to his pupils, was a fine specimen of a dissected frog. Upon disclosing two sandwiches, a hard boiled egg, and a banana, he was very much surprised and exclaimed, "But surely I ate my lunch."

* *

A girl may be fit as a fiddle, but it takes a lover to make her play.

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

Gentleman: "Keep it for your honesty."

* *

Bride: "Isn't this a pretty little stone?"

Friend: "Yes—pretty little."

* *

It's a wise farmer's daughter who won't go into a barn with a fellow with lofty ideas.

* *

"My wife is scared to death that someone will steal her clothes."

"Doesn't she have them insured?"

"She has a better idea than that. She has someone stay in the closet and watch them. I found him in there last night."

* *

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

Ralph says



"Drop in for a between classes snack With warm weather here, you'll enjoy the many ice-cold beverages we have in stock. . . . And don't forget our delicious breakfasts and lunches."

RALPH'S

EVER-EAT CAFE

Opposite B. & P. A. School



'Can I carry your -- er -- WOLF BROTHERS coat?'

Shuffle down to the Golden Campus for an evening of fine entertainment



You'll always
find some friends.

- Shuffleboard
- Dancing
- Free Popcorn
- Open Sunday

GOLDEN CAMPUS

Underneath the Bowling Alley
Call 3358

QUESTIONS

- A** Just find the key, throw out the E,
And add Blue Grass to fleur-de-lis.
- B** A cheerful mien encircled as seen:
A doubter of fame, that's most of my name.
- C** The leading three in this basic series,
Contain advice that's better than theories.

ANSWERS WILL APPEAR IN THE
NEXT ISSUE OF YOUR MAGAZINE

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 "milder" appears twice in the ad in red letters, and the word "mild" (two-thirds of "milder") appears in white letters. They all explain why Chesterfield is right.
- B** Four eyes (Darnell's and Griffin's) are the same in color and shape, but not in fame, since Linda Darnell's are much more famous.
- C** The pearl earrings worn by Linda Darnell.
- WINNERS...

Sundown . . .

(continued from page 23)

The girl's muddy lips trembled with pity. She peered down at the struggling man intently.

"Do something!" he pleaded, terrified by her silence. "Get a log or something. I'm going down!"

For a second the girl stood irresolutely, as if attempting to decipher his meaning. Then she nodded, and turning swiftly, ran to a heavy clump of swampgrass. Working desperately, she tore and strained at the tough slender leaves. When she had gathered a handful she ran back to the quicksand's edge, and with a pleading, supplicant gesture tossed the wadded fibres into Polk's clutching hands. He looked at her, horrified. Sweat steamed down his muddied face in little cleansing rivulets. He began to sob.

The sun's upper rim flirted with the trees for an instant, then dropped behind the hilltop. Below, in the darkening swamp, the nightbirds began to cry as they gathered food. In the quicksand the sobbing man sank slowly into the ooze. A few feet away the girl squatted on her naked haunches, whimpering. As night came she watched him sink, and feverishly tossed the futile bits of moss and torn swampgrass into his grasping fingers, a hurt and troubled look shining through the opaque dullness of her idiot eyes.

THE END



Chesterfield Contest Winners

(Entries must be mailed to be eligible)

Jack Wilcutt
Barbara Haines
Howard Elezmeyer
Bill Turk
Barbara Stratten
M. O. Gillaspay
John Dunshee
John F. Bradford
Marjorie Rieth
Tom Stanley



I Am a Martyr

THE TRUE STORY OF A STUDENT
WHO TRIED TO DRIVE AROUND
THE COLUMNS

as told to
Jerry Smith

R. T. R. met me at the door of his home on the outskirts of Campustown. His face was drawn and haggard, his eyes dull and tired. He led me to a backroom, and we sat down on a soft. Mr. R. offered me a cigarette. His clothing was stylish but wrinkled. He ran a trembling hand through his uncombed hair and began his story:

"It was about 2 a.m. Sunday morning. I had paused at a nearby bistro to enjoy an early morning constitutional (a beer with a beer chaser). When I left the place, the snow had completely covered the ground and was still falling with alarming rapidity. I entered the car, started the motor and drove south on Eighth street. Due to the snow, it was impossible to avoid following the traffic regulations.

"The snow on my windshield had, to a great degree, obstructed my view, and I suddenly discovered that I had passed Elm street and was driving up Circle Drive."

At this point, a sudden light appeared in Mr. R.'s eyes and the semblance of a smile split his wan face.

"Suddenly," he continued, "thoughts raced to my mind. Thoughts of the long-dead school spirit, thoughts of the good old days when students around the Columns, thoughts that the quickest way to my home was across Red Campus. I could see myself reviving that old school spirit. I could see myself as a hero among students—the man who gave re-birth to student pranks. I could see myself arriving home earlier.

"Before I realized what had happened. I had pressed on the accelerator. The car hit the curb with a terrific jolt and Switzler Hall loomed

up at my right. Ahead was my goal—the Columns.

"Then, at that instant, a light flashed in my face and I threw on the brakes. I waited a few moments, until someone knocked on the window. I opened it, immediately to be greeted by, 'Where the hell do you think you're going.'

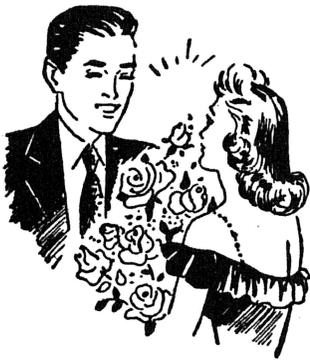
"At the time it seemed like a foolish question, so I grinned instead of answering. This seemed to anger the stranger, who uttered a few obscenities and poked his head in the window. It was horrifying. He had a long thin face, with great black

circles under his eyes and a long hawk nose. I asked him if I wasn't on the street. 'You know damn well where you are,' he replied, slobbering on his chest as he pushed it up against the window. Then I saw the badge—he was a University watchman!

"'I'm new in town and I'm lost,' I lied, hoping to avoid trouble. 'Ha,' he sneered, 'What's your name?' I quickly thought of an old enemy, 'John Ma—uh, John Ma . . . Ma.' I couldn't remember his last name. 'John MaHaffey.' I quickly improvised. 'I'm from Westminster.'"

(continued next page)





WANT TO MAKE A HIT
WITH A CERTAIN MISS?

Superior Quality
Dependable Service



16 South 9th



"WHY GO OUT TO
THE "HINK" WHEN
YOU CAN HAVE
SO MUCH FUN AT
THE



PEPPERMINT
ROOM

"'Like hell, like hell,' he snorted. 'You're a student! Let's see your driver's license.' It was awful; I didn't have a driver's license. Then he wanted my draft card. I denied having that also. I continued to hope that he would let me go. After all, I was merely trying to revive school spirit."

Mr. R. suddenly broke into tears, and it was several moments before I could quiet him. I could see that he had suffered greatly. Finally he continued his story.

"After that it was one horror after another. The lecher mumbled something about the State Patrol and license plate and disappeared. I decided that he had left, and, desiring to avoid any further trouble, I threw the car into reverse and stepped on the gas. Suddenly I saw him in front of the car, waving a pistol and swearing at the top of his voice. He aimed the gun in my direction. I stopped, noting that T-1 was too close for comfort. When the guard stormed up to the car, I immediately began to thank him for keeping me from running into T-1. The ungrateful cur, he promptly hurled curses at me and every ancestor on my family tree.

"My resistance was broken. I admitted being a resident of the city and a student at the University. I gave him every bit of information that he asked for. Even this didn't pacify him. He screamed that I had tried to murder him. He said I was a criminal. He threatened me with expulsion, imprisonment, deportation, confinement, excommunication, decapitation, F's. My head was reeling, I slid weakly to the floor; his grimy, evil face floated above me."

Mr. R. jumped to his feet and began waving his arms. His face was flushed, a wild look in his eyes.

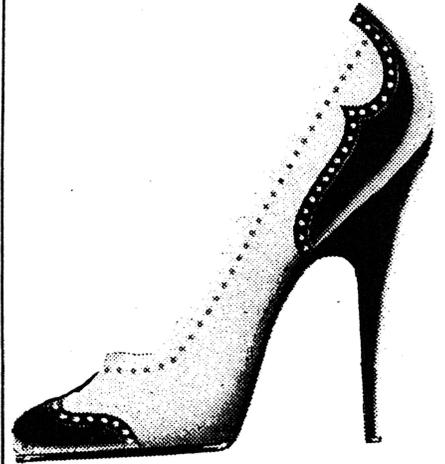
"I'm a martyr," he screamed. "I've been sacrificed to lost traditions. My road to fame has been destroyed. We're slaves to books and notes, servants of theories and formulas. We're the lost race. Our pranks are condemned, our sense of humor depreciated. I'm being persecuted, I tell you, persecuted."

"I'm a martyr," he sobbed.

THE END

It's SPECTATORS

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Sunshine Season



- Black and White
- Blue and White
- Purses to match
- Brown and White
- Tan and White

MADEMOISELLE
PENALJO
SORORITY SHOES

See Our Windows for a
Beautiful Selection of
Spectator Pumps



the novus shop



"Hey, did you hear about the cow-boys out West organizing a union?"

"Oh, that's interesting; what do they call it?"

"Western Union."

* *

"Harry surprised me by telling me we were going to spend our honeymoon in France."

"How nice, and how did he spring it on you?"

"He said that as soon as we were married he would show me where he was wounded in the war."

* *

It isn't the ice that makes people slip—it's what they mix with it.

* *

Parties are quite different today from what they were years ago. In days of old, when a woman had nothing to wear she stayed at home.

* *

"My," gushed Gertie, "I had the most wonderful time last night I met a new man and he invited me to dinner in his apartment. After dinner he showed me a dozen fur coats and told me I could choose any one of them for myself."

"How thrilling," mumbled Mable, "And what did you have to do?"

"Just shorten the sleeves."

* *

A castaway on a desert island, following another shipwreck, pulled ashore a girl clinging to a barrel.

"How long have you been here?" asked the girl.

"Thirteen years," replied the cast-away.

"All alone?—then you're going to have something you haven't had for thirteen years," said the girl.

"You don't mean to tell me there's beer in that barrel."



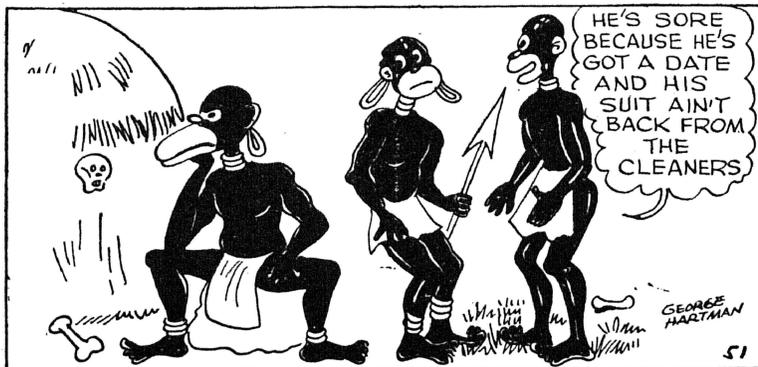
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CLEAN FUN



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COLUMBIA, MO.

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REMEMBER **Carousel!**



MISSOURI'S ONLY NIGHTCLUB WITH
NIGHTLY SHOWS BY TOP PERFORMERS

Gus Giordano Mary Joe Littlefield
Bill Hawk Fredna Parker
and Others

READ HALL—MAY 4, 5, 6, 7

Per Couple \$1.50, Tax Incl.

CAROUSEL

Tickets on Sale April 19—Read Hall

CAROUSEL — CAROUSEL — CAROUSEL — CAROUSEL — CAROUSEL

Ad in paper—"Daughter come home! All is forgiven. We're calling it Diploma because you brought it home from college."

* *

A somewhat tipsy gentleman in Chicago boarded a double-decked bus and sat near the driver who suggested that he go up to the top to enjoy the fresh air. The drunk went up. In a few minutes he was back.

"What's the matter," asked the driver. "Didn't you like it up there?"

The drunk replied, "Fine view, good fresh air, but it's too dangerous, no driver."

* *

"Doctor, what can you say to a girl who's so scary that she jumps into the nearest man's arms every time she's frightened?"

"Boo!"

* *

Several years after the break-up of their love affair, the man met his old flame unexpectedly at a dance.

"Let me see," she said coldly, "was it you or your brother who used to be an old admirer of mine?"

"I really don't remember," he replied affably. "Probably my father."

* *

He was a Scotch anarchist, but he got killed. He lit a bomb and then hated to throw it away.

* *

Prospect: "Does your firm stand behind everything it sells?"

Salesman: "Not always. We sell a lot of mules."

* *

An English gentleman, lately arrived in China, sent for his native cook to congratulate him upon an exceptionally tasty dinner.

"I hope, Kong Ho, you did not kill one of those dogs to provide the soup," he laughingly remarked, referring to China's pariah dogs.

Kong Ho made a solemn gesture of dissent.

"Me no kill dog, master," he declared. "Him all dead when I pick him up."



MISSOURI Showme

REPORTS:

On Homer P. Rainey

Seeing the president of Stephens (1500—Girls—1500) College was simple. First, *The Missourian* wanted an editorial on the Columbia race relations committee—then, an explanatory phone call to his secretary, who graciously gave us an interview.

We hied Stephens-ward scant minutes before 2:40 p.m., accompanied by a comely young lady whose feature stories lately have been raising the blood count of local publications.

"Straight ahead to the end of the hall," said the switchboard operator just inside the arch. The stream of Suzies thinned out, and we found our footsteps falling noiselessly on the soft gray plush of Rainey's secretary's office. This lady, Miss Grace Peppardine, was every inch one, and put us at ease while we waited our turn.

A few minutes and she beckoned. "You may go in now." Rainey himself opened the door for us; inside the plush seemed to get deeper yet. A long conference table was flanked by chairs upholstered like the smoothest convertibles. A ceiling-high window framed a blond wood desk—long, low, sleekly smooth, uncluttered. The walls were soft olive-green, grayed by in-

direct lighting almost too bright. The tomato-juice red of the leather chairs was splashed around subtly in lamps and in oak leaf prints on the gray draperies.

"What a beautiful office!" exclaimed the young lady.

"It is beautiful, isn't it?" Rainey sounded pleased at her compliment. "They did the whole thing over for me just before I moved in."

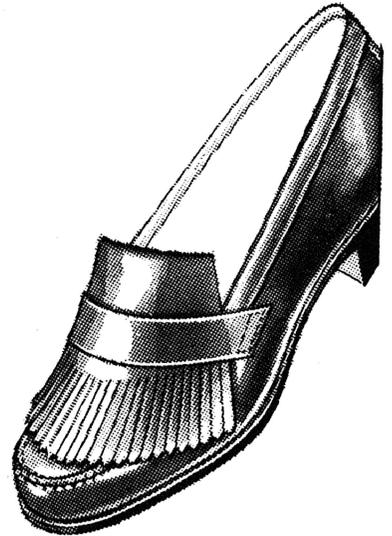
Rainey sat at ease behind the desk, we in front of it. His gray tweeds outlined an athletic frame. His gray eyes were friendly but intently observant. His speech was quiet, with a soft touch of Texas. When talking or listening, he seemed interested in the speaker as well as the speech. We got the impression that he misses little or nothing.

Rainey told us that the race relations committee recently met in his office; that they chose a four-man sub-committee (two colored and two white) which was to decide what could be done, and how it should be done, in bettering race relations in Columbia.

(continued on page 36)



"I think it's time we broke up the party—that last record played was a dinner plate."



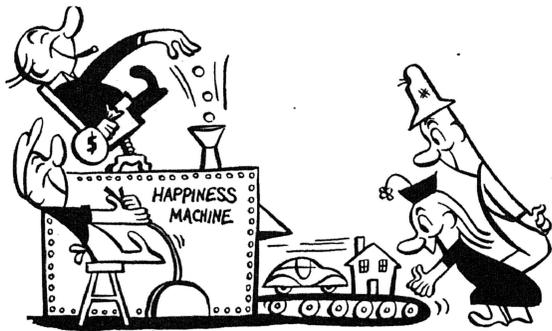
YOU'LL SAY
THEY'RE
WONDERFUL

Such delightful comfort, such lovely style! They're easy-on-the-foot genuine PINE TREE Moccasins — hand-sewed, flexible, and oh! so smart! Get a pair — wear them everywhere.

\$7.95

Miller's

800 Broadway



1 ONCE UPON A TIME A GROUP OF PEOPLE GOT TOGETHER AND BUILT THE BEST HAPPINESS MACHINE IN HISTORY...



2 BUT WHEN IT WAS READY THEY GOT TO FIGHTING OVER WHO SHOULD GET THE MOST HAPPINESS.



3 THEY KEPT FIGHTING... AND THE MACHINE SLOWED DOWN. SOON THE PRICE OF HAPPINESS SKYROCKETED!



4 IN THE END THEY ALL DIED OF BROKEN HEARTS RIGHT NEXT TO THE GREATEST HAPPINESS MACHINE THE WORLD HAS EVER SEEN!

Now, here's a better ending!!!

They stopped fighting among themselves. They got together like sensible human beings . . . management, labor, farmers, consumers.

And they said "Look . . . we've got something wonderful and special here in America . . . something so good it saved all the rest of the world twice in 25 years.

"It isn't perfect yet . . . we still have ups and downs of prices and jobs. But our system has worked better than anything else that's ever been tried.

"And we can make it better still . . . we can build for peace as we built for war without even working harder—just working *together*.

"We can invent and use more and better machines, can apply more power. We can

work out better methods in our factories, stores and offices. We can have better collective bargaining. We can develop more skills on the job.

By doing these things, we can produce more every hour we work, at constantly lower costs.

"The bigger the flow of goods, the more there will be for everyone. Higher wages to buy the good things of life and more leisure to enjoy them!"

So, that's the way they did it. And they lived happily ever after.

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THE BETTER WE LIVE**

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Send for this interesting booklet today!



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 —How our U. S. Economic System started
 —Why Americans enjoy the world's highest standard of living
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 —How mass production began
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MAIL THE COUPON to Public Policy Committee, The Advertising Council, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

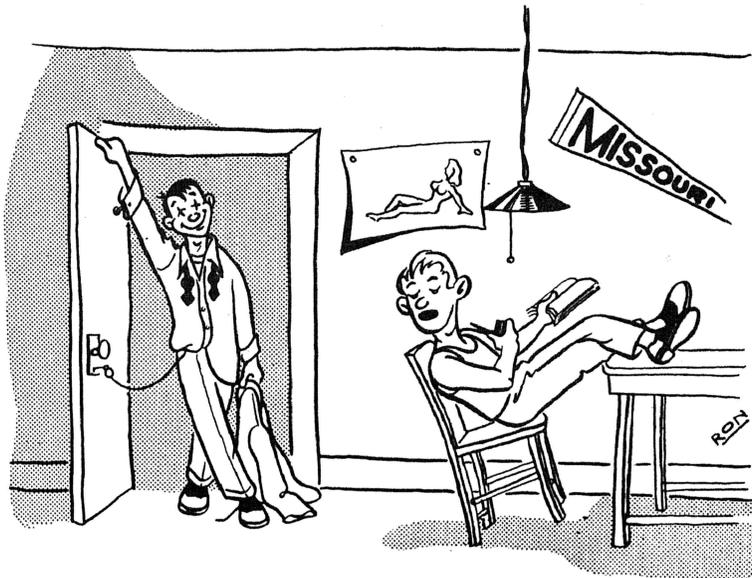
NAME _____
 ADDRESS _____
 OCCUPATION _____

'Round and 'round
The glasses pass.
The smoke is
Getting thicker.

'Round and 'round
The glasses pass.
The floor is
Gettin' shlicker.

Shlick and shloping,
Shlip'ry, too—
Dunnit sheemuh
Shame d'you?

F. B. L.



I liked the way her nose was smashed,
The hair upon her lip,
The way her powder set in layers,
The bulging of her hip.

I loved her cross-eyed lonely look,
Her breath like stagnant wine,
I loved the hours I spent with her—
In her Buick '49.

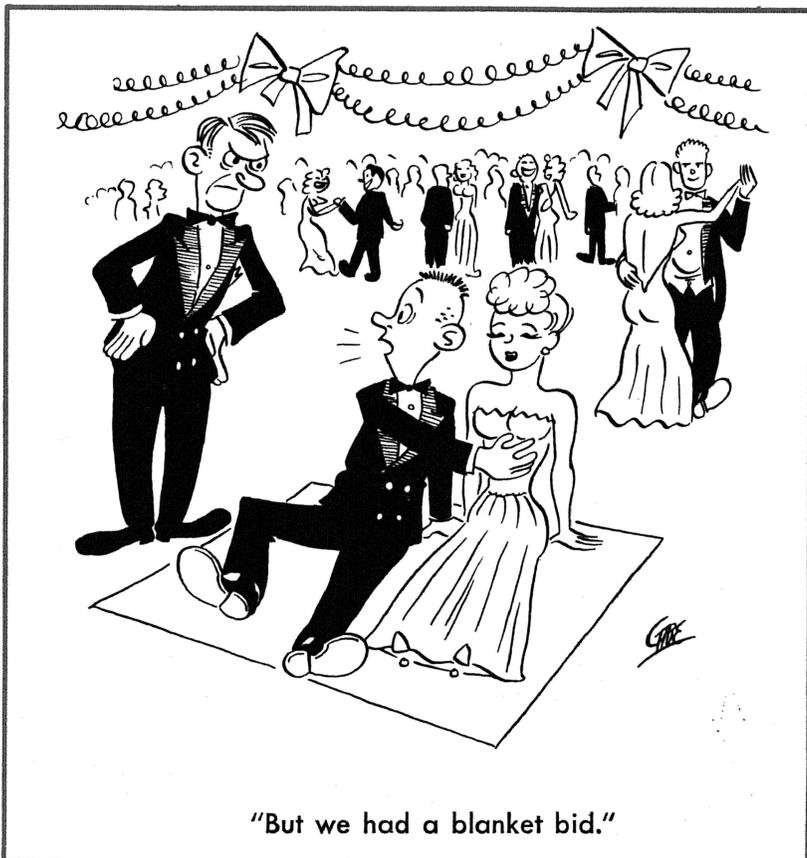
G. T. S.

"S'matter . . . you deaf? I said how was your date?"

LAFTE THOUGHTS

Of all the feelings in the world,
There's none that's quite so dear—
As feeling that essential weight
In an "empty" can of beer.

F. B. L.

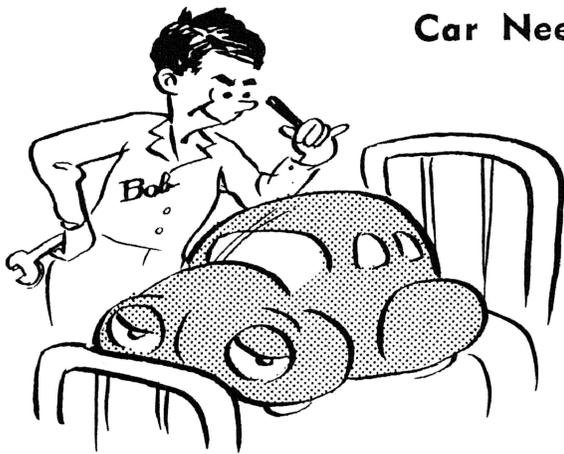


Often time within me
A strong urge will arise
To lift a girl's bangs
To see if she has eyes.

She didn't even ask—
With her I shared my beer.
She didn't speak a word
Or, one that I could hear.
She didn't look like much—
Unshapely was her leg.
I let her drink her fill,
That termite from the keg.

I didn't mind her bad breath
Or the wart upon her nose.
I didn't mind her cross-eyes
And her baggy shapeless clothes.
I didn't mind her swearing
Or her rapid drinking-rate,
Her dancing on my sore feet,
Or her slipping upper plate.
I didn't mind her flat chest,
Her hair that wouldn't curl.
I didn't mind a moment, for—
She was a college girl.

G. T. S.



Car Need A Doctor?

Get a Spring Pep-Up

- Texaco Oil: 5 Quarts, \$1.25
- Marfax Lubrication, \$1.00

Ask about our unusual **TIRE VALUES**

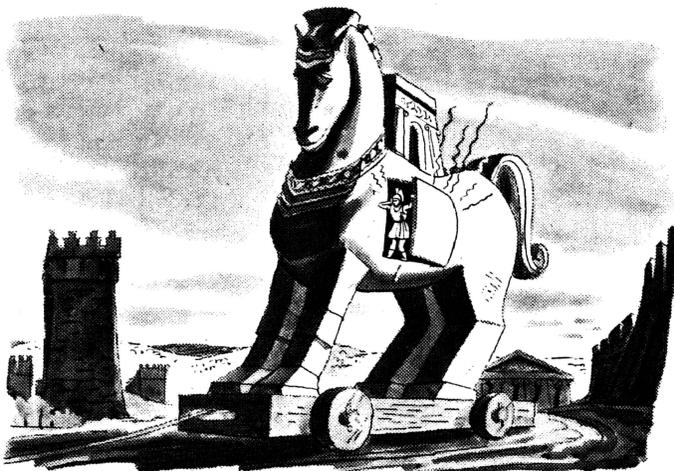
BOB'S TEXACO SERVICE

Highway 63, South at Ashland Gravel Rd.

Cigarettes only \$1.50 per carton

HISTORY REWRITTEN

WHAT WENT ON INSIDE THE TROJAN HORSE



By Zeus! It's stuffy in here.
Anyone got a Life Saver?



Still Only 5¢

Showme Report . . .

(continued from page 33)

We got our editorial, and then Rainey and the young lady talked of the science of fly fishing. Rainey said fishing is the only thing that will take his mind off whatever it has been on too long. "Your whole attention is on what is there, under the water." As he gets older, he said, life becomes more precious to him. He dislikes more and more to kill anything—especially deer.

Rainey's suit was conservative, but the tie was strictly not left over from last year. He is reasonably bald, but practically never catches himself finger-worrying the hair that is left. His daughter Lenore attends Columbia University in New York City. She lives at the International House.

When we finally left, feeling somewhat guilty at having taken so much time, we espied two gorgeous creatures waiting in the secretary's office to see him.

How DO you get to be president of a girls' college?

L. M. & F. L.

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:

Lolly Spiro
805 Richmond
Columbia, Mo.

Winning Joke:

She was only the carnival queen, but she made a lot of concessions.



"So you want to kiss me? I didn't know you were that kind!"

"Baby, I'm even kinder than that!"

* *

"Now, listen," threatened the tattoo artist, advancing on his delinquent customer, "you pay me what you owe me for that mermaid-on-chest job I did a month ago, or I'll take it out of your hide."

* *

Farmer: "I raise wonderful strawberries."

Ag Student: "Are they really good?"

Farmer: "Absolutely the best. Luscious, large, blood-red juicy fruit."

Ag: "Do you put fertilizer on them?"

Farmer: "No, just cream and sugar."

* *

"Jack had tough luck in court this morning."

"How's that?"

"He was arrested for kissing a woman. The judge took a look at her and fined him another ten dollars for being drunk."

* *

The little child was sitting demurely on the couch watching her mother smoke a cigarette. Her little nose was wrinkled and in her pale blue eyes was an expression of childish disillusionment. Finally, unable to stand it any longer, she burst out in her quavering falsetto: "Mother, when the hell are you going to learn to inhale."

* *

Ned: "How'd you puncture that tire?"

Ted: "Ran over a milk bottle!"

Ned: "Didn't see it, huh?"

Ted: "Naw—the kid had it under his coat."



Mr. Harris Reminds You . . .

Quick service and good food make the Bengal ideal for student meals.

BENGAL SHOP

Across From B. & P. A. School

Fraternities! Sororities!

ANYONE WHO LIKES TO DINE AND
DANCE ON SUNDAY EVENING

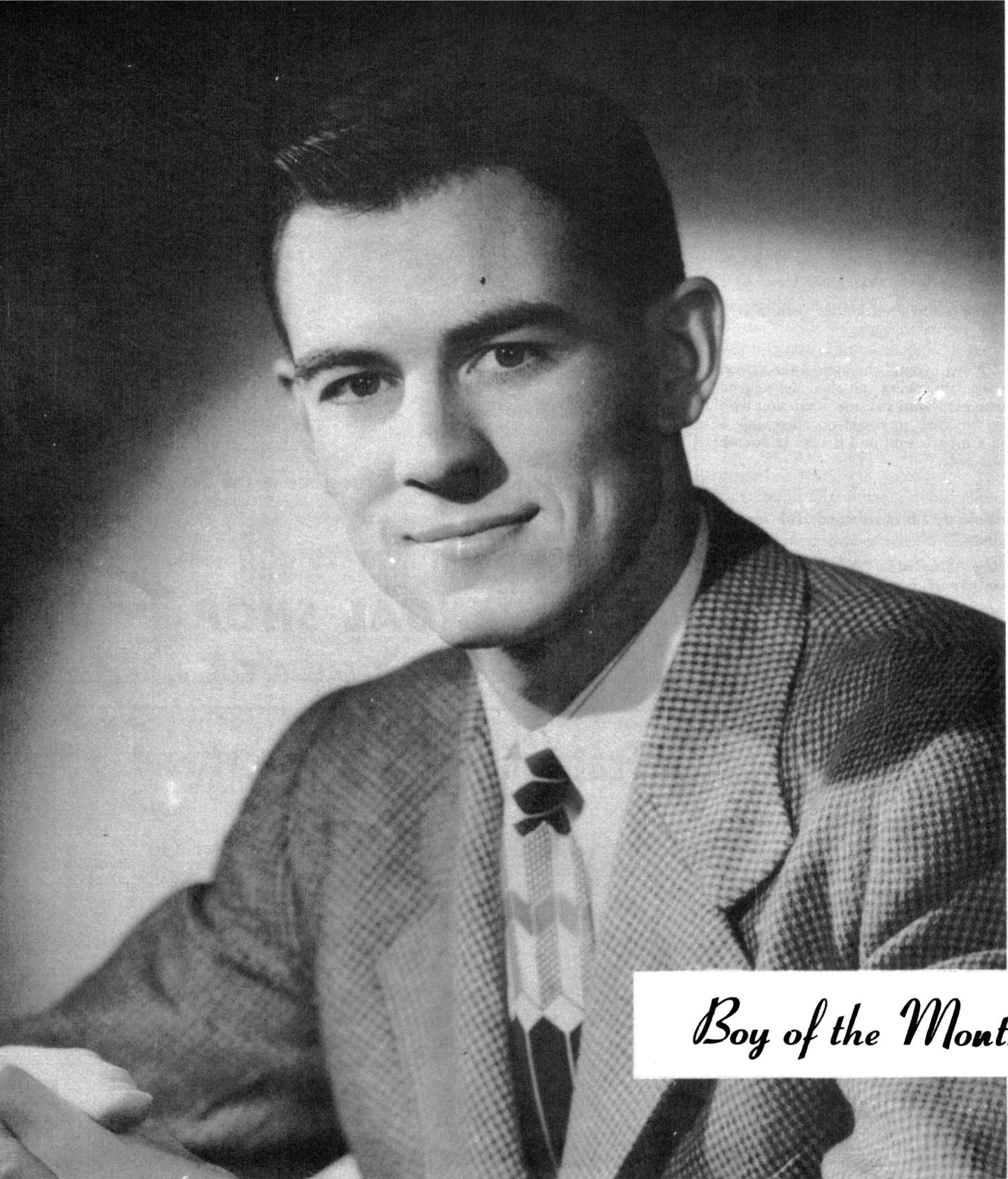
SUNDAY NIGHT PLATE

Steak, chicken, shrimp, or ham . . .
includes salad, vegetable, hot rolls and
drink\$1.50

Open 4:30

COME OUT OR CALL 6576

It's the **VILLA**



Boy of the Month . . .

WINSTON MARTIN

Photograph by Gibbons Griffin at Julie's

Junior in College of Agriculture . . . SGA president . . . Student Religious Council . . . Y.M.C.A. . . . Ag Club . . . Farm Writers Guild . . . Wesley Foundation . . . editor, Weekly Circle . . . KFRU commentator . . . Alpha Gamma Sigma . . . 20 . . . Columbia, Mo.



Girl of the Month . . .

D. ANNE AULTMAN

Photograph by Gibbons Griffin at Julie's

Junior in Journalism . . . Theta Sigma Phi, journalism honorary . . .
Sigma Epsilon Sigma, sophomore and junior honorary . . . Mademoiselle
College Board, two years . . . reporter, the Columbia **Tribune** . . . K.E.A.,
1947 president . . . Workshop, 1947 ushering chairman . . . Associated Women
Students Council, 1947 . . . SGA, 1947 . . . 21 . . . Columbia, Mo.

EATING OUT SUNDAY?

A variety of meals from which to choose . . .

From 11:30 to 2:00

Our famous Sunday Brunch	\$1.00
Special Sunday Dinners	from \$1.25
Hamburger Plates and Steaks	\$0.75 to \$1.95
Salad Bowls and Fruit Plates	\$0.25 to \$1.00

From 5:00 to 7:30

Dinners and Sunday Supper Snacks

705 Missouri

The Inglenook Restaurant

call 5848



I've gotta be sharp tonight—my girl's wearing her new formal from JULIE'S



(Translated from the Greek by Percy Bysshe Shelley—and from English to American by Frank Lambie)

WHEN the babe Venus was born, according to Plato there was much partying at Jupiter's place, thanks to the presence of Plenty, son of Metis. Plenty had too much nectar, and strolled alone in Jupiter's garden.

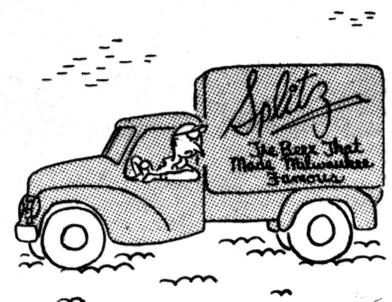
An uninvited girl was hanging around, an Apple Mary type who called herself Poverty. She saw Plenty

* *

A local lovely entertained her five-year-old niece for a weekend. She was in the tub when the little girl entered the bathroom and asked if she could climb into the tub with her. was in his cups and she threw herself at him. They were married and had a child named Love.

Because Love had his beginnings at the time of the birth of Venus, who was beautiful, Love grew up to be an easy mark for everything beautiful. But what kept him from being a dull slob was the Poverty and Plenty in him.

The Poverty urged him to be forever poor, untidy, and weak; a shoeless, low altitude vagabond, always hungry and never with a roof over



his head. The Plenty in him stirred him to collect the Good and the beautiful; to be strong in emotion and in courage; a hunter with an M. A. in snares; never foolish and with a hundred angles in the kitty.

The merging of these two influences made Love erratic: here in the a.m. and gone in the p.m.—and back again next year. He vacillates between hep and not-hep and nothing he gets stays with him long.

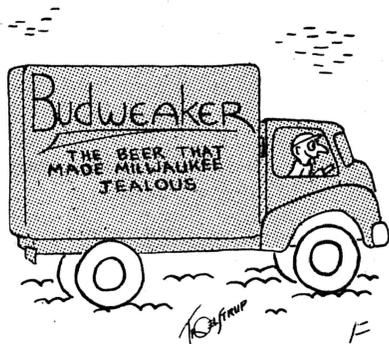
The gods, Plato continues, do not seek wisdom because they already have it, and the ignorant are without the urge. Those who seek wisdom, whether they know it or not, are philosophers, or lovers of wisdom. His key words here are "Good" and "beautiful." When men love is always what is Good, and they want to latch onto it for keeps. When men see a woman who is beautiful—or looks Good—they get what is vulgarly called the hots. This is merely a desire to reproduce what is Good "whether in the body or in the soul."

Let's illustrate. It's springtime. A certain bear is standing in front of his cave, rubbing his eyes and flexing his muscles, thinking things over. What the hell, a bear's life isn't so bad. In fact, there ought to be more bears around so they can enjoy bear life, too.

This, of course, involves the services of a she-bear. And so, with all the cunning of old Plenty (he thinks), he lopes around looking for one. After a long search, he sees a bear who not only has "loveliness of form," but a "beautiful, generous, gentle soul," and he "embraces both at once."

I never did believe bears spent the whole winter sleeping.

THE END



Planning an Easter call?



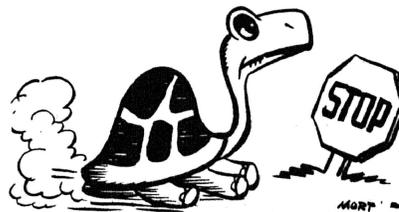
Place Your Call as Early
as Possible

Know your number

Be Available to Take Your Call

MISSOURI TELEPHONE COMPANY

Halt!
Look No
Further!



Your search for the **right** place to eat is at an end. The WHITE HOUSE is the answer to a hungry person's prayer. Stop in today and see for yourself.

BREAKFAST • LUNCH • DINNER
ICE-COLD BEER • SANDWICHES

WHITE HOUSE

6th and Broadway

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

For Dance Decorations

- Corrugated Paper
- No-Seam Paper
- Silver and Colored Metallics
- Colored Poster Board
- Paint and Supplies



THE ONLY COMPLETE STOCK IN COLUMBIA!

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half-block South of Broadway on Tenth

Corsages That Mean Something



Campus Florist

708 CONLEY

CHOPS

BEER

Texaco Town

Highway 40, West

STEAKS

CHICKEN



"Come ahead," said the lovely, and then noticed that the niece was staring very intently at her.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

"I am wondering," said the niece, "why is it that I am so plain and you're so fancy."

* *

Scene: Cocktail Party.

Host: "Highball or Martini?"

Guest: "Just straight gingerale will do."

Host: "Pale?"

Guest: "No, just a glass."

* *

If you were at a party and the lights suddenly went out, would you:

1. Fix the fuse?
2. Gripe?
3. Grope?
4. Grip?

* *

College education for women is futile. If they're pretty, it's unnecessary; if they're not, it's inadequate.

* *

"Oh, Doctor," said the young lady, "will the scar show?"

"That, madam," said the doctor, "is entirely up to you."

* *

Sorority girl: "I think it's positively disgusting the way those fellows in the fraternity house give a show every night before they go to bed. It's absolutely immoral."

Roommate: "I don't see anything."

Girl: "I know, not from where you are. But put that chair on the desk, get on it, lean way out to the left, and tell me what you see."

* *

Lou: "Last night I finally persuaded my girl to say 'yes'."

Stu: "Congrats, old man. When's the wedding?"

Lou: "Wedding? What wedding?"

JERRYMANDERING WITH JERRY SMITH



GREEK Towne corners me in the Tower the other day and wants to know why is it that I am not speaking more of sex. So, for his benefit, and other such persons, I would like to say that I do not know much of this sex business, but I am learning all about it from the little boy who delivers *The Columbia Missourian*. This grade school gangster is a short-pants Kinsey with a standing vocabulary of eighty-seven cuss words. This vocabulary is rapidly growing as every night he makes up a new name for every person on his route.

* *

I am wandering around on Broadway one night, looking over the latest co-ed swing, when who do I run into but Cornfed Sylow, the Ag Student. I am very surprised as Cornfed is not one to be seen much on Broadway as he has a great fear of the Broadway bags. He greets me warmly and I immediately notice a sickening odor, which causes me to look around for a garbage can or, perhaps, a Stephens senior. Cornfed is carrying a swimming suit and as I move closer to him, I discover that the odor is his. He tells me that he has been sleeping in the Ag barn for two weeks and, also, he has not bathed in this time. He says that he is working as a Purple Passion Plunger. This is a person who puts on a swimming suit and sits in a bathtub full of purple passion to flavor it.

* *

I drop into the shack and find Sigma Al downing a glass of foam. He invites me to partake of one with him and then invites me to attend a party at his house, Saturday night. He says it will be a house party. This is a party where fifty persons go into a room made for fifteen and dance. This is also known as 'Bargain Counter Passion' or 'I'm sorry, but I can't move my hand.'

While we are discussing this, Two

Gun Levi, from Tehksas, comes over and invites us to a stag party. This is an affair where none of the guys take frills—they are already there. When all the guys are there, everybody runs around locking doors and pulling the shades down. Then they show a movie. After this, the guys chase the frills around the house.

Two Gun says that he goes to lots of these, but the last one he goes to is spoiled by the frills. They are from Stephens and refuse to run.

It turns out that both of these parties are on the same night. Lefty Waynger, the radical, pops up and wants to know if these are the only two parties that night. Sigma informs him that he thinks that this is so. Lefty replies that he'll be damned if he'll allow it and runs out to organize a third party.

I decide to go to Sigma's party with my girl Saccherine. I must say, it is a very nice party. Sigma provides lots of intertainment. Hop Head Harry and his Hot Half Dozen provide the music. Bull Frog Finch, the singer, renders a few popular songs, such as 'I Heard You Tried Last Night', 'It Only Happens When Your Pants Are Blue', 'The Night We Hauled It Away', 'I Love You as I Never Heard You Snore', 'Who Pulled The Overalls Off Mrs. Murphy's Daughter' and 'St. Louis Woman With Her Twelve Inch Bangs'.

Smudge Pot Briar, the pipe smoker, is there with Hot Lips Spinozza. This name, Hot Lips, is no joke as, a few minutes after I see Smudge Pot in a corner with her, working on her T Zone, I find him in the kitchen drinking coffee to cool off.

(continued next page)



"Evidently this is Bradley's first formal."

here's the

mat-flat

LOVE of
LOAF

you'll never want

to be

without \$6.95



And it's styled by Penobscot Trampeze — so you KNOW it's the best little live-in, lounge-in, loaf-in shoe that's made. Tops for campus duty — an "ace" for the year-'round, all-'round grind. Wear? Like a bear! 'Cause Trampeze are styled for action right down to their sturdy soles.



Greenspon's

Meals Are Reasonable, Too!



Sunday Special—

Pot Roast Dinner \$1.00

Other Complete Dinners

From \$1.25

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MANOR

FRIED CHICKEN • STEAKS • HOME MADE ROLLS

Two Miles South of the Stadium on Providence Road—Call 6809

I am surprised to find Einstein Freud, the little guy with the big brain, there, as Einstein does not go out with frills. But, he entered into the spirit of things and spends the night in the bedroom, reading corset ads.

Who is there, also, but Danglin Infinite, the ace reporter for the *Student* (Commonly known as the *Monday Morning Hangover*). Dan spends the night hauling in whiskey which this rag donates. This is a great shock to everyone, as it is well known that this rag has trouble making ends meet and, if it is not for the queen contests, they would not have enough material to fill page one. I am unable to understand this action until everyone is fractured. Then Danglin rushes around selling this rag to everyone, telling them that it is rejects from *Showme*, copies of Econ quizzes and parlay cards. This goes over big and he sells one to everyone except Einstein Freud, who is too smart to drink. Einstein refuses to buy one even when Dan gets down on his knees and says that he has a wife and three kids. Einstein knows that he really doesn't have a wife.

After the party is going good, Lana Holstein, the sweater girl, gets up on a table and does a dance. This makes all the guys happy and they request for her to take off her dress like a strip teaser. But Lana slips out of it.

Bud Wyser, the psych major, is the bartender and he gives me his own personal formula. He says he makes it with three quarts of whiskey (the cheaper—the better), one gallon of vinegar, a pint of anti-freeze, six dozen rotten tomatoes, two quarts of aged Hinkson water, one jigger of kerosine, two Alka Seltzer tablets and a bucket of something sloppy he swipes off a passing truck.

* *

I ask Cue Ball Stanza, the pool hall poet, about parties, and he says, "At parties, people like to drink; they think that this is funning. But, all they do is spend the night, from bottle to bathroom running."

* *

Legal Graft, the B.P.A. student, tells me that he is at a bridge party the other night. He says it is a very nice bridge party until the police break

it up. He says he does not mind this as, at the time, it is becoming crowded under the bridge.

I drop down to the Hink to look over future battle ground and who do I find but Foggy Daze, the frosh. Foggy has several cases of beer and is smashing the full bottles against a cliff. When I ask him what he is doing he replies that he is having a beer bust. He says that he has waited all winter to have a beer bust as this is his greatest desire. He even brings a frill, but he says that she is very lazy and brings a blanket so he leaves her alone so that she is able to sleep.

* *

As I am walking back to the Campus, who comes along, doing a slow seventy miles an hour in his new Buick convertible, but Bow Tie Bob, the biggest B.M.O.C. on the campus. Suddeny, a piece of dirt, which does not know who Bow Tie is, flies up and lands on Bow Tie's car. This horrifies Bow Tie so that he stops and gets out to remove it. This action makes him very angry as he usually has a pledge or some other lesser person to do such menial tasks.

As I walk by the car, I notice that Bow Tie has the back end filled with dynamite, so I ask him why he has this stuff. He is so busy with the car that he does not notice that I am a mere lowly person beneath his importance, and he replies. He says that this year, as he has been elected to high office in some group, he refuses to associate with the peasants at the Hink, and he is going down and make his own damn cave.

THE END



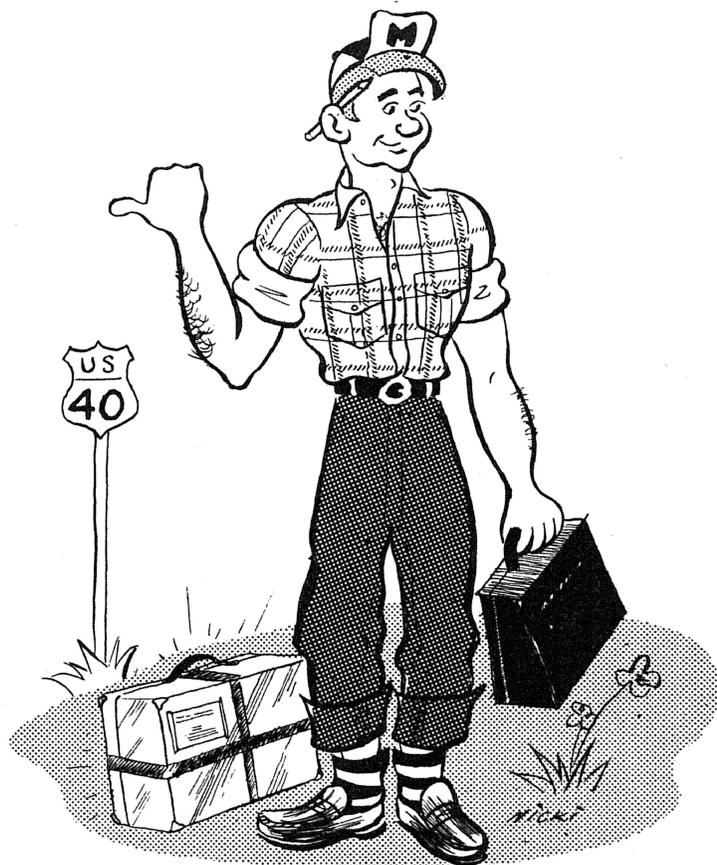
"May I cut in . . .?"



"I wish you'd' quit running
EDGAR'S Kelvinator ads
in Showme"

Edgar's

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BIG RED NEVER WORRIES—EASY TERMS ARE
AVAILABLE AT THE

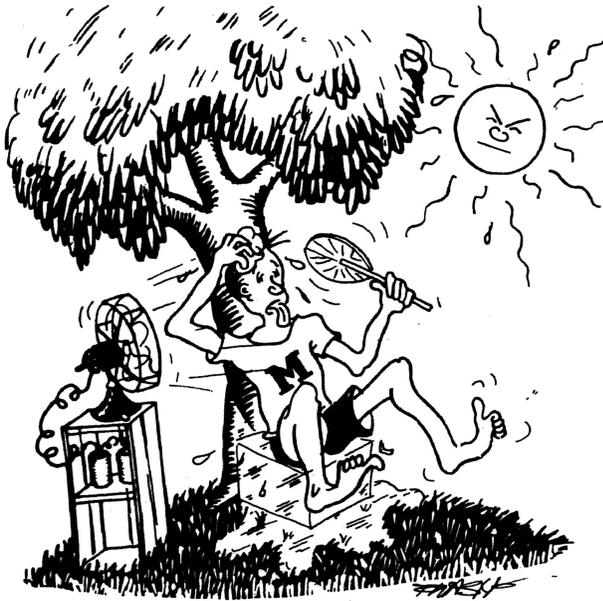
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Give yourself a treat;
Its the NEW DIXIE
For cold beer, you see.

- Steaks
- Sandwiches
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THE *New* DIXIE

803 Walnut

Phone 9446



A student had just been given a bottle of Scotch. On his way across the street he was knocked down by an automobile. Picking himself up, he started to walk away when he felt something warm trickling down his pants-leg.

"My God," he exclaimed. "I hope it's blood."

* *

A little man came into the office of a psychiatrist.

"I was wondering," the little man said timidly, "if you couldn't split my personality for me?"

The doctor looked puzzled. "Split your personality? Why would you want that done?"

Tears tumbled down the little man's face. "Oh, doctor," he wailed, "I'm so lonesome!"

* *

Husband: "You say you had a burglar in the house while I was away? Did he get anything?"

Wife: "I'll say! I thought he was you."

* *

"Why does Geraldine let all the boys kiss her?"

"Oh, she once slapped a guy who was chewing tobacco."

* *

Once upon a time there were three co-eds: A great big co-ed, a medium sized co-ed, and a little co-ed, who went for a walk in the woods. When they came back they were tired, so they went to their room. All of a sudden:

"Someone's been sleeping in my bed," said the great big co-ed, in a deep voice.

"Someone's been sleeping in my bed, too," cried the medium sized co-ed, in a medium sized voice.

"Good night, girls," said the little co-ed in a little voice.

**It could be batter, but it
sure ain't verse**

(with apologies and sympathy to Ogden Nash)

If I had my choice between an elephant gun and a bowl of pancake batter,

I would choose the latter.

What would I do with a bowl of batter, you may ask—

And I would answer, To perform a little task.

No, I wouldn't use it to make pancakes;

(Personally, I much prefer bran flakes.)

Nor would I use it to patch a tire

Or plaster a house or put out a fire;

No, I have a much better idea of what to do with the stuff,

And that is to dump it over the head of the waiter who spills soup on my collar and coffee on my cuff.



"He said it was his nickel and he'd be damned if he'd miss the record."

LAFTER THOUGHTS

Waiters may come and waiters may go,

But as they come and go they somehow manage to collide with one another, sloshing hot liquids on me from head to toe.

And even though the guilty party sometimes smiles and says, Sorry, bub, I hope it didn't scald ya,

I can't help looking glum and wishing he would drop dead from hog cholera.

For almost any kind of soup can leave a stain

That will remain;

And although I have many white shirts to sacrifice to the cause,

I don't relish the idea of having my neck and hands covered with ointment, bandages, and gauze.

Some customers give waiters tips,

The drips.

Frankly, I would be much gladder.

If clumsy waiters were crowned with a bowl of the aforesaid batter.



—Ray Rowland.

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There is no chewing gum more dependable for fine flavor and uniform high quality than...

Beech-Nut GUM

It's "Always Refreshing"

Beech-Nut **BEECHIES**, the Candy Coated Chewing Gum in three varieties:
PEPPERMINT, PEPSIN and SPEARMINT



Contributors' Page

Frank Lambie



Photograph by Julie's Studio

Frank Lambie is the author of the snappy *Time*-like captions that have been brightening our "Candidly Miz-zou" pages lately. He also contributes ideas, last month he handled "The Queen Story," and with this issue, he's branched to stories. Frank, an oldtimer (October, 1922), graduates in June with a journalism degree, and we're wondering why he waited so long to drop in on us.

Frank has a sharp, though sometimes obscure Eastern (Baltimore) sense of humor and says he plans to write the world's funniest movies. He's a member of Lambda Chi Alpha social fraternity.

Homer Ball

Homer Ball is one of a particular group of *Showme* people who never receive enough publicity and to whom we are always in debt. This referring to our circulation staff. Homer, along with Walter Cliffe, Jim McQue, Don Murray, and many others get out and do our selling.

In this case, Homer says he came up to one of our meetings last fall with a story. The story was rejected,

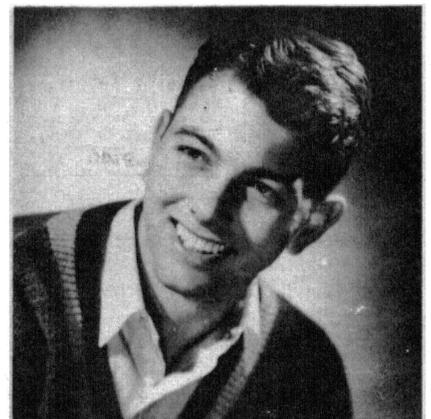
but he says he had such a good time that he decided to stick around. And so he began selling magazines. This month he becomes one of our sales managers.

Homer is a sophomore, preparing for B.&P.A. and an eventual master's degree. His home is Holden, Missouri, and he's a member of Lambda Chi Alpha social fraternity.

Tom Ware

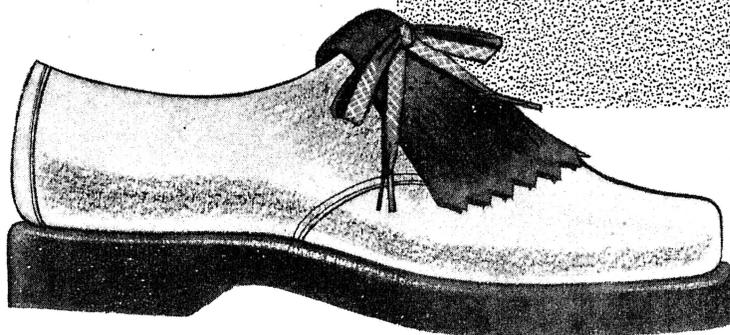
We asked Tom Ware how he began drawing such odd characters. "Darned if I know," he said. "Let's see. . . ." We never got an answer, but we did learn that they originated in a freshman English class—and he says he just gets a kick out of doing them. Anyone who's glanced at a Tom Ware notebook won't find this hard to believe—his notes are hardly legible through a myriad of crazy capering figures.

Tom's home is Kansas City, he's a junior, and a member of Kappa Sigma social fraternity. And although he's been doing an increasing amount of cartooning for us, Tom's decided to be a geologist. "More money in it, especially around the oil fields," he says.



Photograph by Julie's Studio

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Joan Crawford

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"CHESTERFIELD Contest See Page 28"