



MISSOURI Showme



JOE BEETER

"BE PREPARED
ISSUE"

Made in Missouri



Garland's

"See"-worthy
beauties

A girl's best friend—
GARLAND'S, 20 on the Strollway

You'll look better...feel better
in our new *smarter looking*

Spring formal wear

You'll find our superly styled After-Six dinner jackets are perfect for your formal wear this spring. In an orlon-rayon blend or rayon tropical with full lining and exclusive After Six feature—stain shy. SINGLE and DOUBLE breasted. The rayon tropical — 24.95. Orlon-Rayon Blend — 29.50.



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- * Cuff links & studs \$3.50 up
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- * Tux shirts \$5.95
- * Cumlerbunds \$6.95
- * Socks 75c
- * Pocket handkerchiefs 55c
- * Bow ties \$1.50



Program Notes from the Tiger

June Allyson

Van Johnson

Thurs-Sat, 2-4 **TOO YOUNG TO KISS**
and
THE MAGIC FACE

Sun-Wed, 5-8 **HAS ANYBODY SEEN MY GAL**
Also: Mr. Magoo Comedy

Thurs-Sat, 9-11 **ASSIGNMENT — PARIS**
Also: Gerald McBoing-Boing Cartoon

Sun-Wed, 12-15 Alec Guinness Joan Greenwood
KIND HEARTS & CORONETS

Thurs-Sat, 16-18 **THE LADY VANISHES**
a Hitchcock thriller

Sun-Wed, 19-22 **THE FOUR POSTER**

Thurs-Sat, 23-25 **ROYAL WEDDING**

Sun-Wed, 26-29 **A TALE OF FIVE WOMEN**

Thurs-Sat, 30-2 **THE WELL**

Added — News, Cartoon and Selected Short Subjects.

TIGER THEATER

CONTINUOUS SHOWING FROM 7:00



(Reprinted from the College Farmer, February 1953)

“Hell yes, I’m bitter,” was De-foe Copper’s first comment in a recent ‘around the pond’ interview. “The seeds have got to go,” he continued, as he moodily picked his nose. ‘I, the Swami soldier, have spoken.’

Suddenly Copper laughed—the bar became deathly quiet! Students glanced self-consciously at each other — was *he* laughing at them? Would they be mentioned and doomed to eternal disgrace and igominity in Copper’s column? (Ed. note: Quite possibly. See *Hangnail Sketch* p.—) But, no, Copper was laughing at the whole world. He cleared his throat, swallowed, and spat quietly over his shoulder.

“‘Had you fooled, didn’t I?’” he chortled. ‘You poor seeds don’t have brains enough to know that when an artist works, he is never personal . . . When I speak jeeringly of the Aggies in my column, it is not because of any dislike. Absolutely not. I write only to improve the world. I write because this inner being which is truly myself, compels me to speak for that which is right and good.’

“‘And so you see, when I depict the Aggie as being a sub-human creature, it is because the truth must be spoken.’



conley &
maryland

We’re going **APE**

Now we’re
**GIVING FOOD
AWAY**

DIG THIS CRAZY CONTEST

Next time you drop into Kampustowne for some goodies be sure to print your name on the back of your receipt and leave it with us. Winners of a weekly drawing will receive the amount of their purchase in merchandise or groceries - - - free!

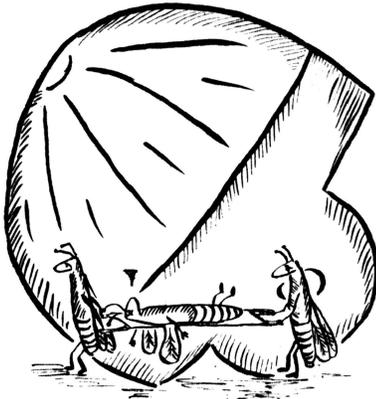
**KAMPUSTOWNE
GROCERY**

"And so . . . fixing the usual synical smile on his face Defoe Copper walked out into the street.

"WE WAS IM-PRESSED We sure was."

Evidently someone must have read the Hangnail Sketch on Bolivar Smith, Outstanding Aggie, to the boys on White Campus. Although we agree heartily with the views of Defoe Copper, they do not necessarily reflect the editorial policy of SHOWME.—Ed. The Editor Showme:

I am sure you regret more than anyone the picture and story making fun of a fine old man, the oldest employee of the university. He is eighty two. I know no one on your staff really meant to do a cruel thing to an old man



who hurries about the campus in good weather and bad picking up the papers. And there is no one on the campus who takes more pride in a job well done.

He seems very much alone, but his industry and courage make him admired by many people who pass him daily.

Mary Paxton Keeley

Swami presents his knuckles to be rapped and deservedly so. We apologize. Ed.

NOW IT COSTS YOU NO MORE TO WEAR
IMPORTED ENGLISH FLANNEL



Ridingate

styled by
Don Richards

Now you can wear the finest flannel—Don Richards Ridingate — soft, luxurious, imported English flannel. Come in and try on one, in light gray or oat-meal tan.

\$55

NEUKOMM'S

22 ON THE STROLLWAY

"COLDEST 5% BEER IN TOWN"



MICHELOB ON TAP
IS EXCLUSIVE WITH

THE STEIN CLUB

Campus
Jewelers



Sparkling
Adornment
Fashioned for You

On Conley-Across from Jesse

EDITOR'S EGO



This month (or haven't you heard) Showme is having a real, honest-to-gollies Queen Contest. Prizes, publicity, and — by the grace of Pan Hellenic — sorority girls. What more can you ask? Now all that remains is for you to hop over to the Union to cast your vote for "a real queen" — the Showme Girl . . .

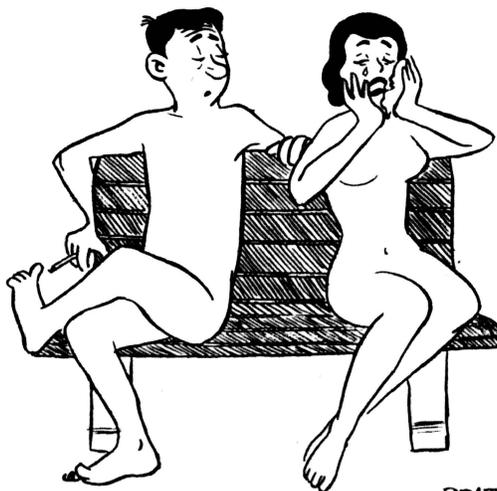
It does old Swami's heart good to see that he is not being forgotten by his buddies the Steward and the Farmer. After all these months of stoney silence from the clarion voices of these worthy sheets, we were beginning to believe that they had given up harassing Showme for a campaign of watchful waiting. Hence our surprise over the sudden vituperations printed in Letters to the Editor.

Shucks — might as well let you in on our secret. This running battle between Showme and the other humor publications is just a gag. We do it for kicks. Actually, we're all great buddies. Why, we all agree that the Steward is one of the funniest papers we've ever seen. We just laugh ourselves silly every time it comes out. And everyone knows that the College Farmer is the foremost livestock magazine in the country. The *Farmer* is read by more livestock than any other periodical.

You may have noticed that the old "Letters to the Editor" column no longer contains letters to the editor. There is a good reason for this. No letters. What few we do get generally begin with "Where the hell are my last two installments".

Now look here — we're in business to please you. Even with Swami's crystal ball it's difficult to read our readers' minds. We'd like to hear from you. What you like — what you don't like (no profanity please)—and what you'll stand for. Give us your opinions, and we'll continue to give you your monthly crock full of goodies.

Bill Braznell



BRAZNELL

It won't work, Marilyn . . . we've been seeing too much of each other.



MISSOURI Showme

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Betty Rudy
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Cover by Je Beeler

Photos by George Miller

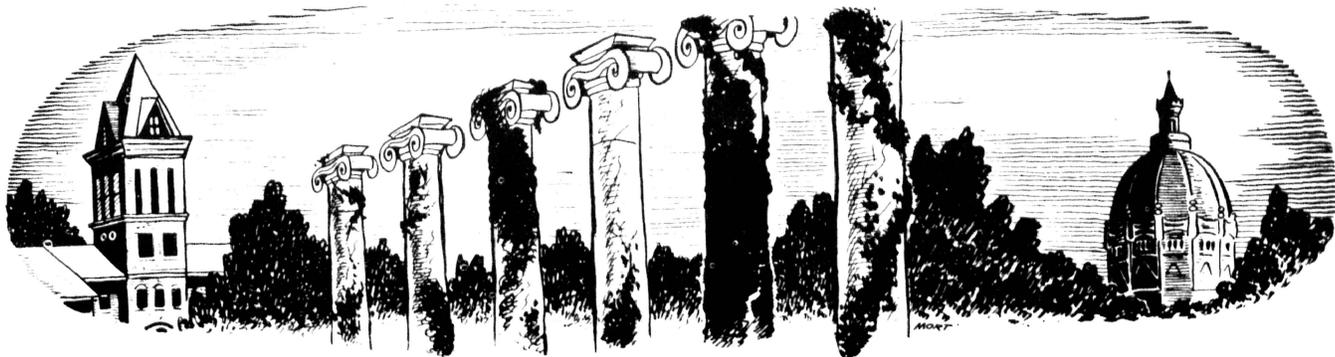
Volume 29

March 1953

Number 6



*"Oh come with me where wood vines twine
Along the Hinkson Shore.
I'll teach thee how collegiates learn
That low down woodsy love."*



Around The Columns

Twin Killing

There's been a great deal of talk recently about "double jeopardy" concerning traffic violations by university students. Offenders are hailed into court, and questioned concerning the violation (one victim told us the judge had asked him one thing — "Are you a fraternity man?") Upon admission of this incriminating fact, he heard the judge say, "Twenty dollars. Next case.") After the Mickey Mouse, the fine. And then comes the choker. The Dean sits up late at night scanning the local dailies, looking for names of student violators. When he comes across one, the luckless chap is hauled before the Student Conduct Committee to take it again in the other side of neck. Of course, it is the university's right. For they "act toward the student in the relation of parent to child", (Ukase No. 119). However, Dad would usually say something like, "Well, son, you were wrong. I hope you've learned your lesson. Maybe students should chip in and buy a book for the administration on "The Care and Feeding of Children."

Sardine Union

One of the most amazing phenomena on campus is the Union Coffee Shop at ten in the morning. There are about as many vacant seats as on the commuters' special of the Long Island Railroad. One enters and sees a sea of sleep-puffed faces sipping from coffee cups in the vain hope of being able to find their way into the next class where an hour of sleep awaits. And the cards are

shuffled, and you get the feeling that bridge will exist forever as a collegiate anesthetic until the last spade dips into the last shovelful of dirt. And you shrug, and push ahead of the weaker and grab your coffee, and make your way past a thousand sleepwalkers, and at last find a solitary spot atop the juke box, where you sit and survey the Zombies until, you, yourself, as one of the Living Dead, struggle toward the blasted eleven o'clock, thinking, "Someday, I'll look back and think of these as the happiest years of my life."

Honest Injun?

You probably missed the Home Show at Kiel Auditorium in St. Louis, but did you know that they had gen-you-whine Navaho Indians direct from Arizona? Without reservations, the Redskins strung beads and grunted to the delight of thousands of frightened (but thrilled) novices



in the art of Indian Fighting. And everyone imagined how it must have been when the Indians roamed the Plains throwing fear into the hearts of all good, brave frontiersmen. Of course, these Navahos are about as fierce as Clawless Archers, but then it doesn't hurt to make believe. Or does it?

Fujiyama Flip

You've probably heard the Japanese song "Gomen Nasai" with Richard Bowers and the Tokyo Orchestra. It's an interesting one with a nice rhythm, but the other side is even more interesting (to overwork an overworked word). It's an attempt at jazz by a girl named something that sounds like Sakya Sukiyaku and entitled "Tokyo Boogie". Except for those two words the entire disk is in Japanese and sounds like a combination of a skinny Kate Smith and three hundred pound Teresa Brewer. We've heard pure Japanese Jazz with instruments and reeds and it sounded great, but this is an attempt at Americanization that just doesn't come off. It makes you feel like the Atom Bomb was a great big joke on us. Of course, it wasn't funny at all, but then, neither is "Tokyo Boogie."

Seatless Savitar

We're sure that everyone who attended Savitar Frolics enjoyed the show, since it has always been one of the top events at Mizzou. We paid our dollar and climbed into the upper reaches of the balcony where they handed out oxygen masks with the pro-

grams, and sat back and enjoyed the show. But we wondered how much those people who had to stand were enjoying it. It seems that there was a sellout both nights. What they forgot to say was that there was standing room both nights — that everyone paid the same amount, and that those who didn't get there at seven fifteen had to stand — for the same price as those who sat. We realize that the dear old year-book is hard up for hard cash, but selling more tickets than there was available seats is an awfully cheap way to pick up some loose jack. Well, maybe this activity ticket will prove of some value.

Slide Rule Hairies

We are quite relieved to see smooth faces once more around the engine building. For a couple of weeks before St. Pat's Day it looked like a convention of Neanderthal Men, with sparrows anxiously flitting about from beard to beard searching for a good environment in which to bring up their little tads. And so another "quaint" custom goes into moth balls until next year when Paddy's heirs will put on hairs.

Political Ruckus

This month the political parties vied for student support in the election. Neither campaign was conducted with a great amount of sportsmanship or fair play. Signs were torn down by members of opposing parties, speeches were twisted to mean things different from what the speakers intended, lies, glittering generalities (they were a little tarnished), and mud — were all a part of the campaigns. And

now we have another Student Government year, during which time vital decisions will be made, and the student body represented by the same people who indulged in all the cheap tricks of the murky campaign. But then we get to thinking — it's not the elected ones who did all the dirty work (or at least, not in most cases), but rather, the ones behind the scenes. Who are these termites that hide in the woodwork and don't come out until February? Hadn't we better start checking the woodwork, and, maybe, whitewash it?



Swami's Lady

This month we are printing the photos of the finalists for SHOWME Queen. These girls were chosen from a group of forty representatives of women's housing units — sororities, dorms and co. ops. The winner will have her picture plastered all over the inside of our next issue, after she has been a guest in the Governor's Suite (he'll be out of town) at the Marlbourne Hotel in St. Louis, a visit to the Zodiac Room at the Chase, and many other

goodies. Honest to Betsy, gang, it's the biggest one in town. Way back in 1950, Bev Rotroff won it, and went on to become Miss Missouri. So tear off the box top, and mail it, along with a 15,000 word essay, telling us why you think Marilyn Monroe should not be allowed to compete.

Idea of March

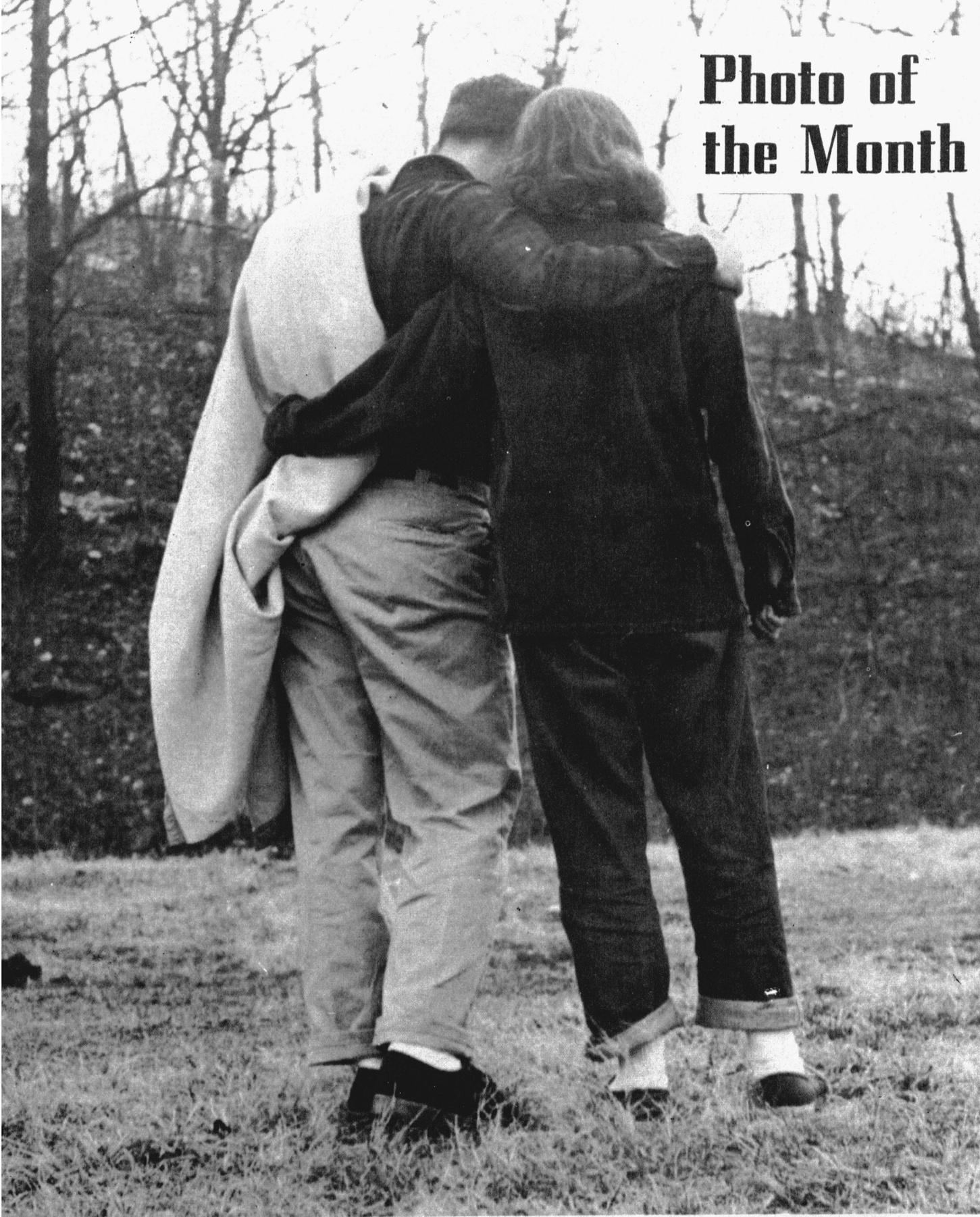
That time has come and gone. That time of year when you either owe Uncle Sam or he owes you. (In the latter case you get an I.O.U., guaranteed by the Better Business Bureau.) Every time we have to fill out one of their forms, we start chuckling as we recall a former SHOWME staffer and the way he filled out his. In the spot marked "how many exemptions you claim," he wrote "0". When he found out he was allowed to claim himself, he was quite chagrined. The Revenue Department wasn't fazed a bit. They just mailed it on to the Census Bureau and listed our friend as "deceased". As far as we know, he's never had to pay any taxes since. You might try it, but one word of caution: You can't collect your Social Security benefits, if you do this.

Carousel

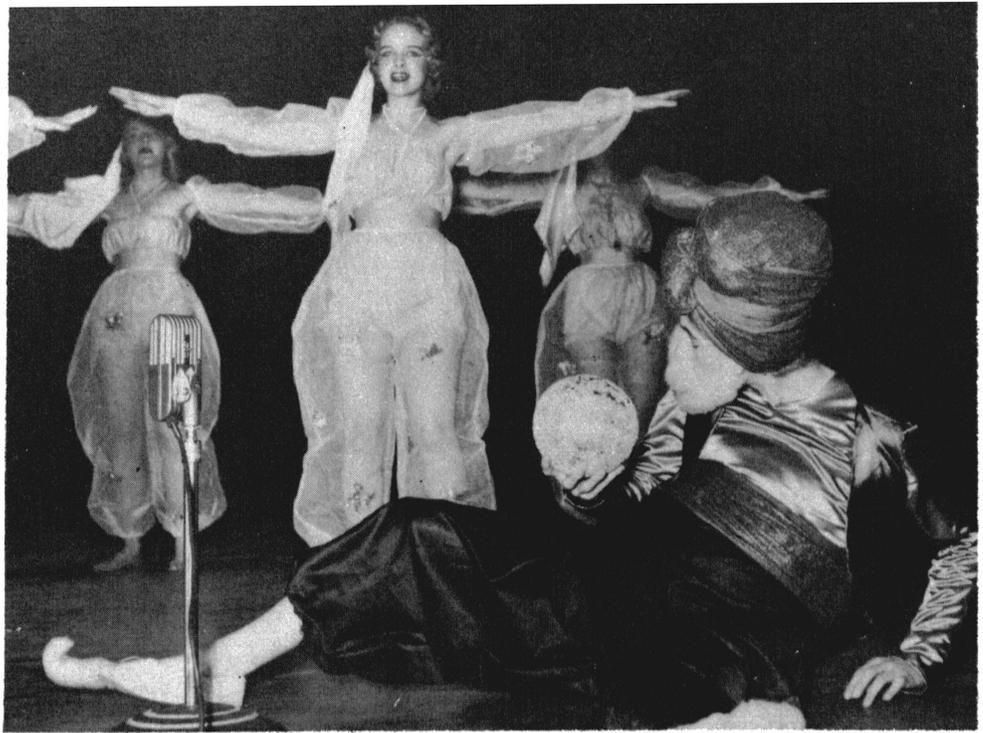
Next month Carousel Night Club will be back. (We couldn't think of anything to say about it, but they've been pestering us for free plugs, and we didn't have the heart to leave them out completely. They wanted us to do the cover and centerspread on Carousel, but when we offered to let them buy the whole issue for the flat sum of \$1600, they went away. But just to stay friends we'll say it again.) Next month Carousel. (Hell, no, we don't know what it is!)



Photo of the Month



"The end of a busy day."



FROLICS

Everyone who went to Savitar Frolics said it was a scream. Those who couldn't get a seat did. Left, mugging M.C.'s Marv Fremerman and Don Hoel telling LeRoy to "Shoot that mother." At right, a rather paunchy Swami inspects some gams. Not Phi Gams.



Boys were girls and girls were boys but there was nothing rotten in Denmark. At right short panted Sigma Nu's form a backdrop for Sweetie (Dale Corneilson) who won the individual male (?) award and MacWheel. Center: Maryland was never like this. Kappa skit showed triumph of brawn over brawn, and Don Faurot cringed at the picture of "Things to Come." Right: Winning Tri Deltas had that "deadpan" Phi Bete look that's all the vogue.



Left: The SGA election ended a "dog eat dog" campaign. Each party had a watchdog at the polls to prevent stuffing. Pictured is MUST's dog. It has just eaten ATC's. Right: "Is this seat tak . . let go, damnit, let . . ."

SPOTS



Not too long ago Fiji parties flooded the campus. At this one Rosemary Clooney sang "Come on my Shack" and then tried to illustrate it. (P.S. He did.) After seeing the shot on the left, officials of the Gillette Razor company started getting migraine headaches. It had to be explained that engineers go "ape" each spring.

WAR LOVE AND HISTORY

By Gene Koppel

The ten men turned off of the hot dirt road and then, scattering, entered the thick woods.

Walking slowly, George held his long Springfield rifle in front of him, parallel to the ground, his thumb resting on the hammer. He found it hard to believe that the forest, cool, and filled with the sweet, damp smell of Fall, was a Kentucky forest; that, less than 200 miles from his home, there might be men in strange uniforms crouching behind those logs and bushes who were ready and anxious to give him death.

"Pssst! Georgie!"

A thin lad with straight brown hair and an Ozark twang stepped softly towards him.

"What're you doing, Bill? You know you're supposed to be spread out!"

"Too damn lonesome, boy! It makes me feel like the whole Reb army's drawn their sights on me and they're just waitin' for the word to let go!"

Bill was as white as the clouds that showed over the tree tops, and George wondered if he looked as frightened as his friend. He doubted it; he was always good at covering his feelings. Fear had been in him the last week he spent with Cathy, and he had never shown it to her. Or maybe he had. Maybe it was Cathy who had been doing the acting.

"Down!"

Instinctively George dived face forward to the ground, and by the time his brain had cleared from the jar, his hammer was pulled back and he was peering through the V sight into a clump of bramble bushes across a little clearing just ahead, ready to squeeze the trigger if anything showed itself. Nothing did. His

sergeant passed him in a low, crouching run, dodging from tree to tree.

Why can't they give us green uniforms, George thought. It would be harder for them to see us then. These dark blue suits make us walking bull's-eyes.



"It's all right, boys!" the sergeant called back. "Get moving!"

As George rose, his breath came hard and his heart was pounding against his side. That might have been his first fight.

Bill stayed next to him.

"Bad for the heart, boy! For a second I thought that thirty Missouri women would be in mourning tomorrow."

George smiled.

"Do you think they really have a patrol around here?"

"I'm hopin' they don't. They say the whole Reb army's been movin' out of Kentucky at top speed. I personally ain't that anxious to run 'em down."

The woods ended suddenly and they were in the open, near a wide hill that slowly rose until it met the sky. He was conscious of the picture their blue uniforms made as they advanced up the slope.

"Think of how pretty you look some other time, George! Just concentrate on what you're doing now and get back to me!"

He heard Cathy, just as he heard her in his mind so many times the past few months. During his worst moments at training camp he had brought her voice, and with it her love and her humor, over the miles to him, and it had helped him act the way she would have wanted him to.

Ahead of him, the sergeant dropped to his hands and knees and began to crawl over the top of the hill. George saw a funnel of earth spurt up at his side, and a second later a hollow 'wham' floated over the crest. The sergeant rolled back a few feet.

"All right, boys! Fan out up here and start shooting. They're camped about two hundred yards down the other side!"

"Why the hell didn't we give 'em a chance to catch up with the rest of their army?" Bill muttered.

George cocked his Springfield and began to move forward. He winced involuntarily as a lead ball passed several feet over his head with a high, faint hiss. Then, spotting a wide, low boul-

(Continued on page 22)



JOE
BECKER

The Ten Men Turned off the dirt road and then scattering entered the thick woods.



BONUS ROOKIE

Redbird pitching sensation shows blazing change up to baffle world's champs.

Okefenokee, Fla., March 24

The hottest thing since the Chicago fire has been an unheralded Cardinal rookie named Homer Philpotts. The iron-armed Philpotts has amazed Manager Eddie Stanky and the hard-bitten Redbird coaching staff. A two year stretch with the Sing Sing Cons and a two inning appearance with the Hickman Kewpies were Philpotts' only contacts with disorganized ball.

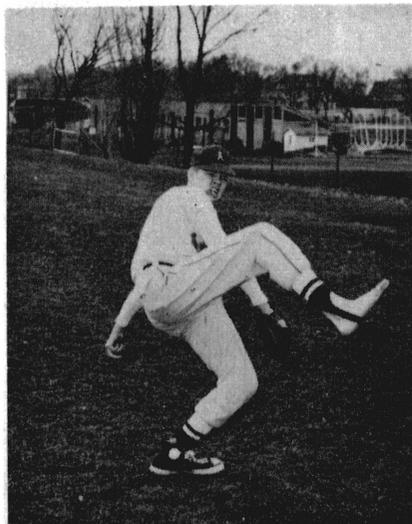
Featuring a gopher ball that burrows underground until it sprouts up in front of the batter, Homer has set the baseball world afire with exploits that bring tears to the eyes of veteran baseball writers.

After one look, Grantland Rice compared Homer to Walter Johnson and Lefty Grove. "No comparison," said the dean of American sports writers. When asked about the "phenom," Ty Cobb spat lustily and grunted.

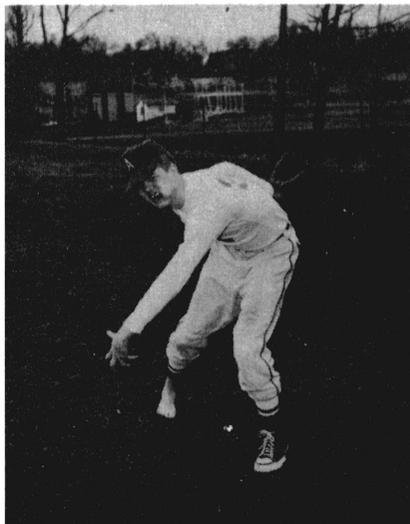
Manager Stanky cannot control himself when Philpotts is on the mound. The flashy left hander is Eddie's pride and joy. With Philpotts working every four days," Stanky said, "the Cardinals should take fifth place in a walkaway."

The terror of the Grapefruit League, Homer Philpotts flashes his smooth form for the camera man. Note how the force of Homer's kick throws off his show. Philpotts gets the sign.

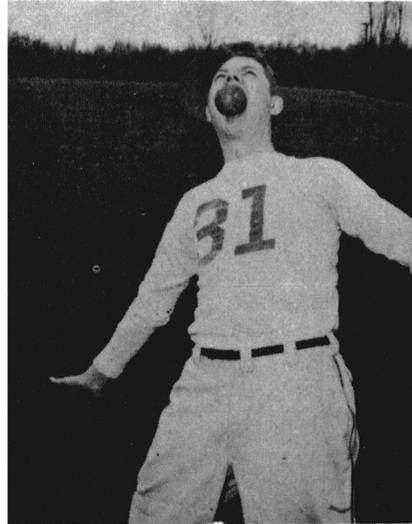
The wind up



The pitch



Oops!



Philpotts has been burning up the Grapefruit League with an earned run average of 0.00. The burly, tobacco-chewing youngster has not allowed a hit or a run in the entire exhibition schedule.

Making his debut against the New York Yankees, Homer sprayed the infield with tobacco juice and, like a veteran, fogged in his five warm up tosses. Manager Casey Stengel of the Yankees groaned and rolled his eyeballs. The Yankee bench shuddered as pint-sized Phil Rizzuto moved into the batter's box. Rizzuto trembled as Philpotts glared at him. The first pitch was a blazing change of pace that caught Rizzuto completely unaware. The Scooter managed to get the bat around, just as the catcher reached for the ball. The ball lodged in Homer's mouth, as he swallowed his plug. The batter was out, and so was Philpotts — at least until August.

But the "phenom" will be back in time for the Redbirds' stretch drive, and Stanky is counting on the fabulous sensation to eclipse many of the present pitching records.

"Of course," Stanky added, "he may be a year or two away from the majors, but Homer Philpotts is going to go places."

Until he can bring up the tobacco plug, Homer is going back to the Philpotts' farm in Esophagus, Missouri.

joe gold



Ed: I've just killed a ferocious lion.
 Ned: Have a scar?
 Ed: No thanks, I don't smoke.

Commencement is coming



SENIORS

Order Your Commencement

Announcement NOW

UNIVERSITY BOOK STORE

"Your One-Stop Shopping Center"



"He bet me my girl wouldn't buy her new Easter outfit at JULIES!"



SHOWME SHAG

First you hold your left foot way up high
Then you lift the right one and pass it by.
Now you're on the floor if you've done it right
So you scoot around and scoot around with
all your might.

Throw your lovin' arms way out in space,
Have your honey lamb screw 'em back in place.
Then you reach right out and hug the hag,
And that's what we call the Show-me shag.





"Right You Are Governor"

By Betty Rudy

Chapter House MA
3.2 Chug-A-Lug Avenue,
Columbia, Mo.

Dear Governor Nominally:

I'd like to introduce myself to you — I'm Samuel O. Brown, a member of MA fraternity and the new president of the Student Body at the University.

Throughout your campaign and years in office, off and on for the past four years, I have admired the way you play this political game, and wonder if you would give a few of the "trade-secrets" of the game to me. Also, I read of the co-operation you started between you and the House and Senate, and desire to bring this about at the University — between faculty members, the Curators and students.

I know you're busy, but please remember that many here on the campus are potential voters, and you might profit from indoctrinating them at such an early age. I have another request, too — as I am collecting autographed ballots from elections, would you please send me one of your most recent election — if you still have one around? I already have copies from President Roosevelt, Truman, and Adlai.

Yours in the bonds of politics,
Samuel O. Brown
Pres. of SGA
University of Missouri

Governor's Mansion
Jefferson City, Mo.

Dear Mr. Samuel O. Brown:

Glad to hear old Chapter MA is still active on the Mizzou campus. I was an alum of—but that's

enough talk about the school! You ask about the secret of my success as a campaigner, and I want to tell you the first thing is to make friends! Absolutely. I've made friends with tramps on the streets, the Ladies Aid Societies, and of course the farmers. I always find that when you're losing an election — those couple of million votes that come in to save you and put you in office are always from those hard working people — the rural population of Missouri.

Thinking back over my campaign, I remember when I put on my faded Levis and blue shirt, and went out and talked to those boys in the fields. I talked man-talk — and straight from the shoulder to them! I'll never forget the old boy who said he'd vote for me if I'd get a bill passed prohibiting the growth of hybrid corn. It seems he was still trying to plant ordinary corn, and his neighbor's hybrid corn's pollen kept blowing across the fence and pollinating his ordinary corn. It was such a successful incident that his corn crop was good and the poor guy lost the subsidy he had been counting on to put his son through college. But, back to this idea of student government. I meant to tell you earlier in this letter that I've drawn up a new bill and presented it to the House, asking for an appropriation for a new chapter house for MA. After all, it's only fitting that my old frat house become a shrine . . . Harry's getting a new LIBRARY!

Also, there is a bill introduced to ask for an appropriation for beautifying the Hinkson. If I remember correctly the Hinkson

was beautiful for what was on it not for the beauty inherent in it.

Honorably yours,
Governor Nominally
Chapter House MA

Dear Governor Nominally:

I am still awaiting your word on how to have efficient co-operation among the members of the Council. We had our first meeting last night, and I didn't manage to accomplish everything I wanted to do. I got a bill pushed through that will abolish negative hours, also the cut-system of classes will be abolished if approved by the faculty! I also managed to get a coalition among three boys and believe this could become a dependable voting group.

I have started the council on a favorable plan for a parking plan, and we will drive to Jefferson City next week to present our ideas to the House of Representatives.

We appreciate your idea for the new MA Chapter house, but believe the fellows would rather live in this old house another year and try for a parking lot instead. As to beautifying the Hink, I question the wiseness as many love affairs depend on the Hink's atmosphere.

We'll see you next week at the House.

Sincerely yours,
Sam O. Brown
President SGA
Governor's Mansion
Jefferson City, Mo.

Dear Sam O. Brown:

Reschedule trip for later date

(Continued on next page)

STOP Very unethical to appear before Senate now STOP Let me get these two bills passed on first STOP Consider parking lot next year STOP Sure you will see my point of view, being a politician yourself STOP Glad to see you boys at the mansion anytime STOP

Gov. Nominally
Chapter House MA

Dear Governor Nominally:

I accepted your advice as to postponing the trip and have rescheduled it for next week. The group feels as I do, that the solution to the parking lot and new medical school is to appear before the House and tell them what's what!

I have also an idea for next year's campaign. We shall initiate a short rush week-end, and have all Stephens and Christian girls visit in Sorority houses. This date can be arranged to fall on election day, and as a result we will capitalize on all of their votes. This would be as a landslide for we're really "in" at those places!

This proposes to be a good year in Mizzou — and I find myself desiring a lifetime of politics. Would even consider going with the daughter of a Senator in school if I could be assured of a job! But, I'm a senior in the school of Propaganda this year and plan to graduate next year so there is plenty of time.

See you in the House next week.

Sam O. Brown

Dear Sam O. Brown

I thought I made it clear at our last letter that it would be unwise at this time to appear before the House. I have gotten confirmation on the new Chapter house already and am awaiting approval on the Hinkson Park plan. Here's to good MA! Also — will send those tips next time!

Gov. Nominally
Chapter House MA

Dear Gov. Nominally

The committee is anxious and I'm afraid will split unless action is taken very soon. I have promised, but am now to the point of even okaying the Activity

Ticket to keep unity. I have also promised to re-open Gaebler's, and am considering opening the Francis Quadrangle to everyone—not just seniors.

At present, I am interested in placing one of our boys in an influential position — that of president of one of the dormitories. It will mean he will miss our fellowship for several months, but the end result — that of swinging votes to our party — will be an achievement far greater than frat living.

Well governor, I still have not learned anything of your secret tips on politics and I am very anxious to know how I can improve my administration . . . so that it will give the students what they want — as it has in the PAST . . . few rules and regulations.

Chapter MA wishes to extend to you sincere congratulations on your appointment to the national executive board of MA fraternities, and we are proud to add your new title to your framed, autographed picture in the wreck room. MA is always proud of its members.

Sorry about the cancellation we received from the hotel in Jefferson City, something about not being able to accommodate

our delegation, but realize that your town is always full of conventions and have scheduled our trip now for next Thursday.

Will give you a ring when we arrive.

Sam. O. Brown.

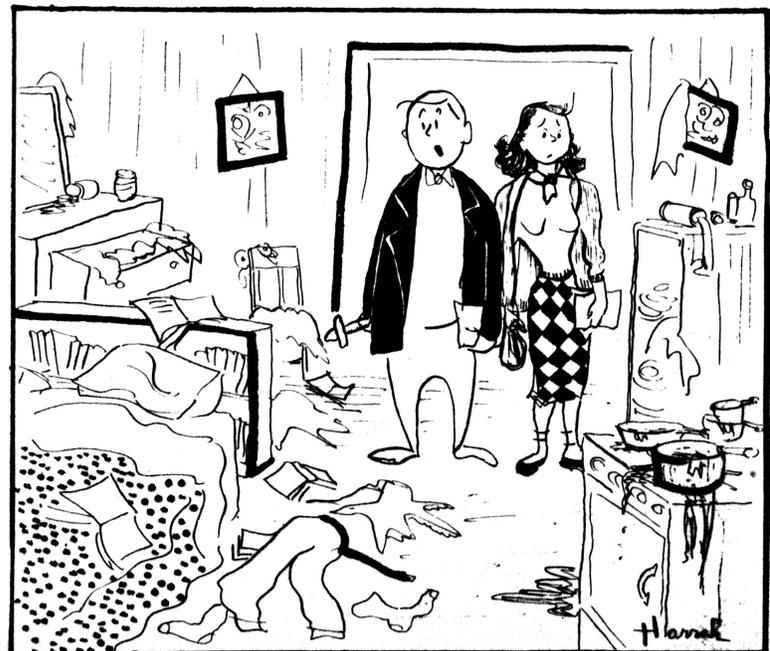
Dear S. O. Brown:

Our party is always on the lookout for sharp young men. You have been selected as the man to head our ticket for '54 as governor of Missouri. I am sure that the few requirements you lack — such as intelligence, age, and residence, can be removed.

I am happy to tell you that the Senate has approved the Hinkson Park plan overwhelmingly, and that, next Thursday, one hundred men from the state will begin work next week grading and removing the undesirable menace from the Hink — the stream, and also a few trees will be removed to use as benches — as the reclining must get awfully uncomfortable. The appropriation for the new MA chapter house was slashed from one million to 99 thousand, but think that will cover costs.

Wire me concerning your acceptance.

Gov. Nominally!



I'll tell you what — let's burn the place down.

ROYAL PORTRAIT

In the next few pages
Swami presents
five lovely dolls
who are finalists in
the biggest queen
contest on campus.

A trip to
St. Louis, gifts
from Columbia
merchants, the
Governor's Suite at
the Melbourne Hotel,
await your choice.



Here are the five finalists for 1953 Showme contest selected from a group of 45. Seated: Joan Welch (left) New Haven, Ind., The Greenhouse; Phyllis McDandel, Independence, Kappa Alpha Theta; Standing: (L. to R.) Annie Ryan, Savannah, Gentry Hall; Marjorie Martin, Columbia, Kappa Kappa Gamma; Megan McKinney, Columbia, Pi Beta Phi. Judges were Fred Robins, John Schwada, Charlie Nichols, Bill Braznell and Bennett Bruton.

Vote today for your Showme Queen — — — — Ballot on page 23



Megan McKeeney



Annie Ryan



Joan Welch

Swami's queen . . . your queen!

Now it's up to you. You've seen the candidates, you know where the ballot is, and the choice of which of these lovely misses is to reign over Swami's official family on the May 2 weekend trip to St. Louis, is yours. Each pretty young lady has campaigned for your vote, and you must decide the winner and the runner up who will make the St. Louis trip, attend the party sponsored by the Crosley Corporation, and have their pictures taken for the "big city" papers. You may think the choice is a difficult one, and the staff will agree, but it's not nearly as difficult as it was to choose these five from the original forty five. Mark your ballot and take it to Jesse Hall or the Union — and then find out who won in the big April issue of Showme

Phyllis McDandel



Marjorie Martin



WAR AND HISTORY

(Continued from page 12)

der towards the front of the hill. top, he called to Bill and in a few seconds they had both crawled to its shelter.

"Let's take our first shots at the Rebs together," Bill whispered hoarsely. His thin, sharp face, so pale before, was now flushed with excitement. George nodded, and they began raising their heads carefully above the boulder. As the sergeant had said, there was a camp about half way down the other side. In the moment that they saw it, a small, grey figure darted from behind the cover of a tree stump and began a low, zig-zag run towards where several horses were fettered, about 20 yards away. They fired at the same time and the man leaped up as though invisible hands were pulling him toward the sky; then fell heavily back to the ground, and rolled over and over down the slope through the high, fine grass.

George heard the short 'yairr' of a ball striking stone, and Bill screamed in surprise and pain.

"Are you hit?"

"Just splinters, boy!" Bill gasped, crouching behind the boulder and using his sleeve to wipe away numerous tiny specks of blood from his cheek and forehead. "First time I ever knowed how a pore fox feels when he pokes his nose out for a whiff of fresh air and gets shot at!" He batted open the chamber of his rifle and started pouring in fresh powder.

After that, the fight settled down to determined sniping by both sides. George had no time to think of anything. Up — fire — down — load — up — fire — down — load. But, as far as he could tell, the day's only casualty was the soldier who tried to reach the horses: the one he and Bill had picked off during the first few seconds.

It was almost twilight when the sergeant crawled up to their position.

"Listen, boys. I'm pretty sure

there's not more than four or five down there. Just as soon as it gets dark, wait for my whistle. We're going to rush 'em."

George fitted his bayonet beneath the muzzle. On his left, the sun was beginning to go down. There was a man lying at the foot of the hill . . .

He wondered what Cathy would say if she knew that he had taken a life. But he wouldn't pull her voice to him now; her blue eyes had never seen that kind of death, and he didn't want to bring her there to learn about it — even in his imagination.

It was growing dark. He fired a last, quick bullet at the camp and saw it shatter the top of a log an enemy was using for cover.

Now that he realized how close he was to death, he wanted more than ever not to die. He smelled the sweetness of Cathy's brown hair, felt it against his cheek, heard her exclaim, "Oh, God, how I've missed you!" heard the sergeant whistle. Bill gave out a whoop and jumped to his feet. George followed.

Five flicks of flame reached out through the darkness for the ten shadowy figures bolting down

the hill. Two found their way into blue uniforms. The figures closed in on the camp and there were shouts and screams and gasps and a few more scattered shots.

"Tougher fight than I figured on," the sergeant grunted, pulling himself across the ground to where he could rest on a crimson-splattered saddle. "But we won, by God!" He looked into the night until he made out the remainder of his men. "You four all I got left? Come over where I can see you!"

II

"There were scattered skirmishes in Missouri, Kentucky, and Tennessee towards the end of 1862," the professor remarked, "but none of them were of any importance. The only battle I want you to remember is the battle of Antietam, which took place in Maryland on September 17, 1862. Antietam marked the turning point of the War Between the States for the following . . ."

The End

Old wolves never die — their eyesight just fades away.



Raw, please.

hangnail sketch

By Defoe Cooper

APOLLO ACROPOUS

Wending our way past the brightly lit houses of Fraternity Row, we reached the house of that well known man about Athens — Apollo Acropolis — the Rah, Rah Greek.

As luck would have it, we had chosen the time of a fraternity party for our interview. As we waded past sprawled brothers and mauled dates, we gazed up at the Doric Columns and the cobwebbed trophy case and wondered if Apollo Acropolis lived in such luxury. Upstairs was like a New York East Side tenement house. Amid the squalor we found Apollo.

When we told him why we had come, Apollo grasped our hand and pumped it up and down until water started coming out of our ears. "Where you from?" he wanted to know. "What you're an independent? Have you ever thought of going Greek?"

We tried to break in to interview Acropolis, but he waved aside our arguments with a bottle of scotch. It was good scotch. We stopped asking questions.

"Yessir, we have a mighty fine bunch of boys here. Talk about brotherhood. We have the biggest bunch of hoods on campus. Snodgrass, show him the cool cashmere you got in St. Louis this weekend." At this, out of the corner staggered a cashmere coated brother who pumped our hand, pirouetted, asked us where we were from and what our major was, and slumped back to the floor, where he banged his head, and screamed, "Dig that crazy drummer!" We were snowed.

"Apollo," we said, "You're in so many activities that we wondered how you find time for all your partying."



"I owe it to all my brothers. They got me into the activities in the first place. They said it would bring more glory to the house and you know what that means. Then after I got my name down for activities, it didn't make much difference. We just tell the pledges to do the work."

"But the parties . . ."

"Oh, yah. The parties — ahh, that Purple Passion. You know we had one the other night. It was a Fiji Island deal. My doll and I came dressed as a palm tree and a cocoanut tree. She was the palm tree. I got blotto, but it didn't make any difference. By that time I'd lost her, but one of the brothers took her home. At least I think he did. Haven't seen either of them in four days."

"How do you manage to keep your grades up?"

MISSOURI Showme QUEEN BALLOT

IMPORTANT!

Read the instructions below before filling out the ballot.

My choice for 1953 Showme Queen is:

- Majorie Martin
Phyllis McDandel
Megan McKinney
Annie Ryan
Joan Welch

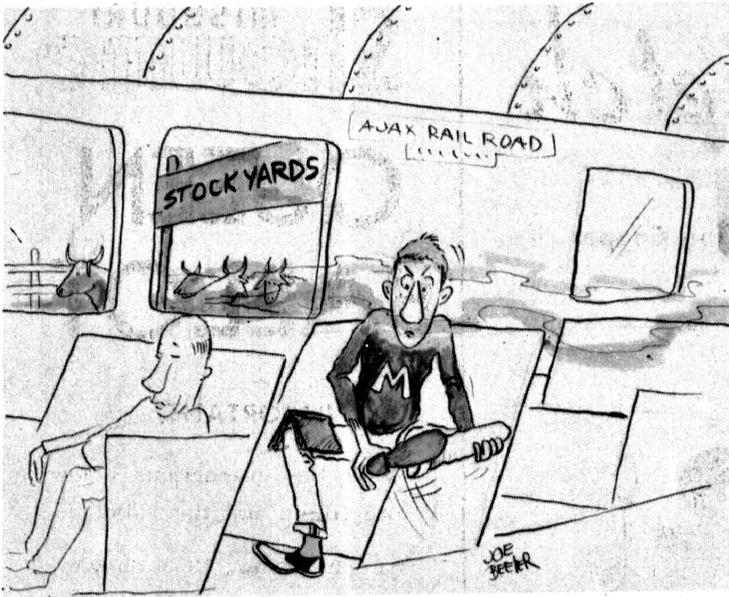
Mark the box directly opposite the name of your choice. Mark only one choice.

Take your ballot to either of the voting booths in Jesse Hall or the Student Union.

Only students with I.D. cards and official ballot may vote

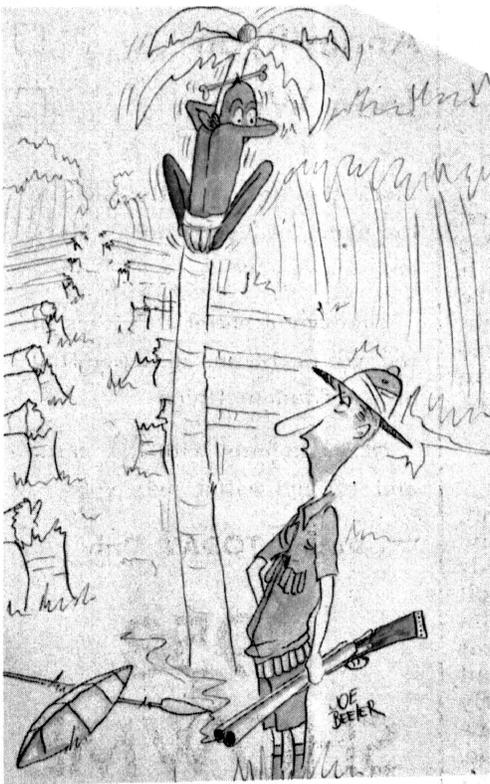
Voting TODAY Only

1953 SHOWME QUEEN

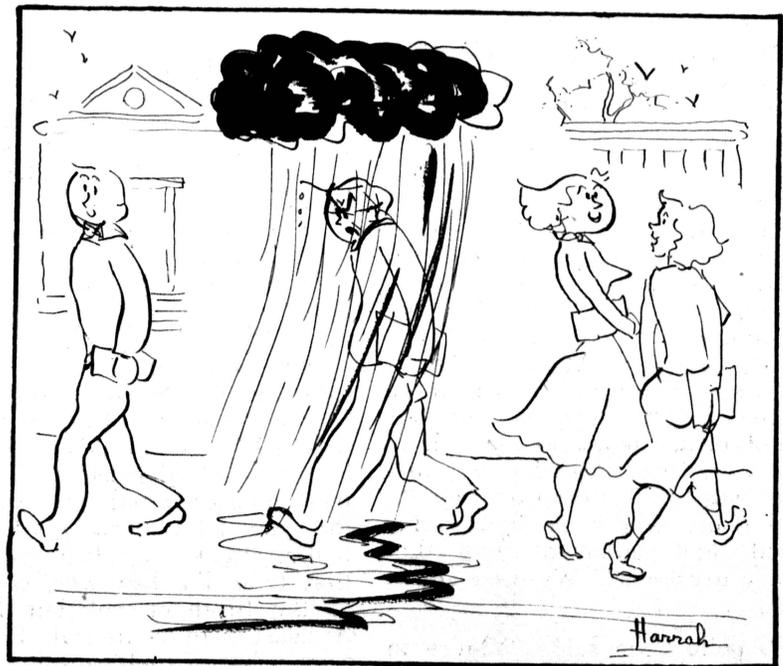


Stuff

Look, Fenwick! The first robin.



Have you seen anything of a wounded elephant, my friend?



Drat this Missouri weather.

I am being P.O.'d

by BILL BRAZNELL

I got no kicks coming from my car. It is a good car. I paid fifty bucks for it. It runs. It's got a motor, dual exhausts, a coon tail and ten feet of safety tape on the bumper. What more can a guy ask for? Next year I get brakes.

Only I'm P.O.'d. When I come down here to Missouri U., this character asks me to fill out the form. I says what for? He says you gotta car ain't you? I says yeh sorta. He says fill out the form.

The form says you gotta car. I says what-a-ya-stupid? I just told this guy. Yeh, I gotta car. It says why you want a car? I says I gotta car what do. I want a car for? It says what for you gotta car? I says cause I live with my aunt on a reservation and I don't walk so good 'cause I got athlete's foot, you know, and, besides, what do you think I want a car for? How else can I get into a drive-in? Then the form

says hand this to a guy. So I hands it to him. And he gives me this sticker. Only this sticker ain't like any sticker I ever saw because it don't have no picture of Marilyn Monroe or funny slogan on it. Not even go you tigers.

He says, (that's this guy, see) he says put it on your car. I says what for I should put this sticker on my car. He says so you can park on campus. This is no bad deal. I says okay.

Next day I am getting ready for the morning classes. I am walking out to the car. I am slapping this soggy sticker on the car. I am cranking the car. I am hopping in. Poof. I am off down the road singing gaily.

I am whipping into the circle in front of Jesse Hall. I am parking the car. I am romping off to

class. Then this little guy is running up to me. Hey buddy he says, I says yeh. He says you gotta car? I says yeh. He says that your car? I says yeh! He says you gotta sticker. This guy is really blind. I says yeh I gotta sticker. He says what color's the sticker? I says pink. He says get outa here. I says ain't I just told you I gotta sticker. He says you gotta green sticker? I says no. He says get outa here. This is getting me very P.O.'d. I am almost bopping him one only he looks like my father. And I wouldn't want to bop anybody who looks like my father. Because he might be my father. My father ain't been home for a while.

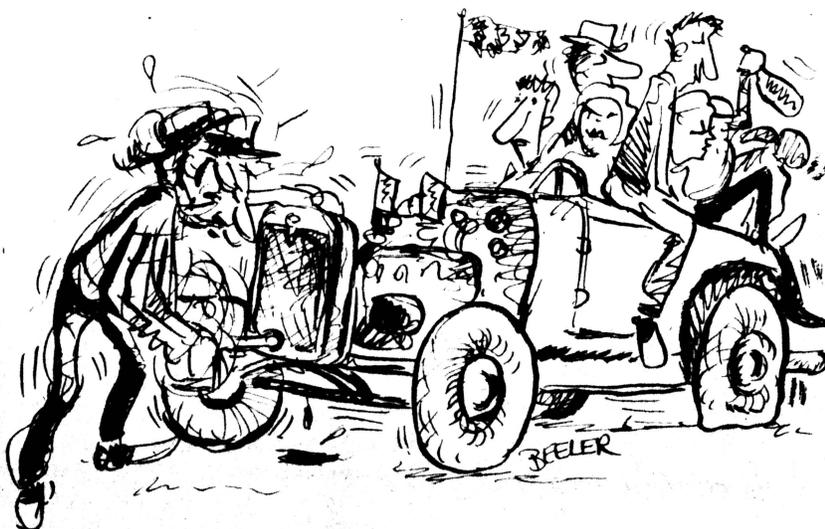
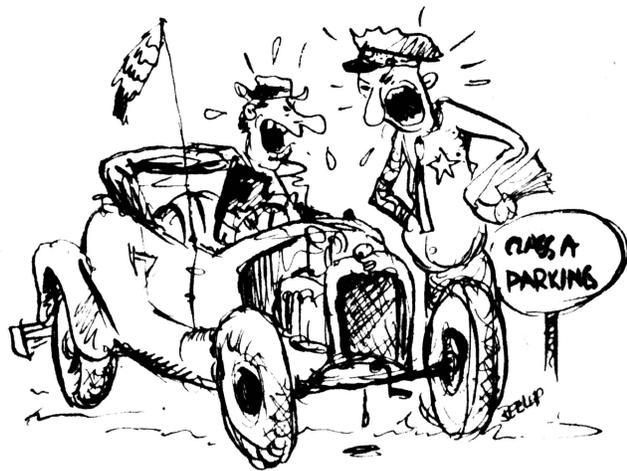
So I cranks up the car and I am off—pinwheeling around Jesse.

After a while I am finding a parking spot. I am whipping the gears into reverse. This is exciting. I have not seen a parking spot in two hours. Suddenly I am seeing a little car behind me. The little car is seeing the parking spot. We are racing. There is no longer a parking spot. I am not so fast in reverse.

So I am once more on the open road. I am seeking. I am not finding. Suddenly the road is filled with people. Classes are over. I can go home now. Maybe I will luck out tomorrow.

For three weeks I am driving to class. For three weeks I am finding no parking spot. I am getting P.O.'d.

(Continued on page 26)



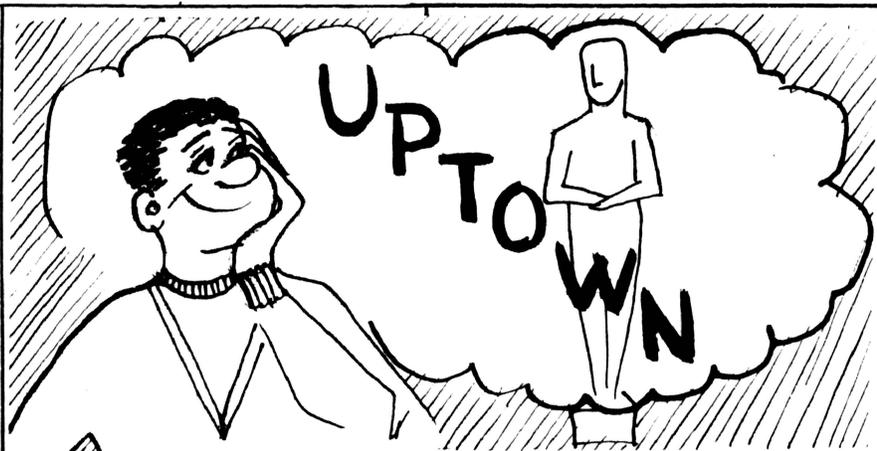
REMEMBER!
Spring Is Here
Look Clean and Fresh



TIGER LAUNDRY & DRY CLEANING CO.

"The Tiger Can't Be Beat"

1101 Broadway Dial 4155 Columbia, Mo.



**IF THEY GIVE ACADEMY
 AWARDS TO THEATERS...**

UPTOWN *theatre*

CONTINUOUS SHOWING DAILY



CAMPUS TOWN
 2-3151

**SAY IT
 WITH FLOWERS**
From
H.R. Mueller
FLORIST

FTDA
 Member

25 ON THE STROLLWAY
 9767

I'M BEING P.O.'D

(Continued from page 25)

I gotta good car. It don't cost much. It cost me fifty bucks. For you I am knocking off five. I am taking the forty-five bucks. I am buying roller skates. I am taking the roller skates to class. It will be nice to go to class.

☐ The End.



CRAZY CAT

She doesn't drink;
 She doesn't pet;
 She doesn't go
 To college yet.

* * * *

One woman to another: "Why, no, I didn't tell anyone. I didn't know it was a secret."

* * * *

"Doctor, after my broken finger heals will I be able to play the piano?"

"Yes, I think so."

"That's funny. I couldn't play it before."

* * * *

Sigma Nu to roommate: "If it's heads, we go to bed. If it's tails, we stay up. If it stands on edge, we study."

* * * *

She was "Honey Chile" in New Orleans
 The hot spot of the bunch;
 But on the old expense account
 She's gas, cigars, and lunch.

* * * *

Didja hear about the farmer who looked for a needle in the haystack because that's where his daughter usually did her fancy work?



Girl of the Month

Sandra Smith

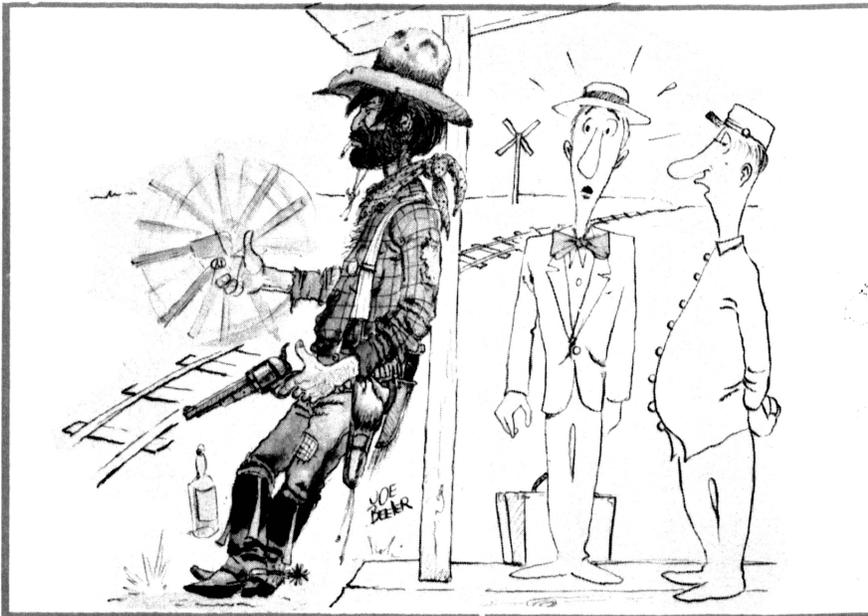
Junior in Home Economics . . . Clothing and Textiles Merchandising . . . President of Women's Panhellenic Association . . . Fanfare for Fifty . . . W. A. A. . . . Swim Club Secretary . . . A. W. S. Council 4 years . . . A. W. S. President 1953-54 . . . SGA . . . Savitar . . . Sophomore Council Secretary . . . K. E. A. . . . Phi Upsilon Omicron - Home Ec Honorary - Editor . . . Carousel Chorus 1952 . . . Activity Chairman - Standards Chairman - Kappa Alpha Theta . . . 20 . . . Webster Groves, Mo.

Boy of the Month

Harold Hook

Second year in Business and Public Administration . . . Accounting . . . President of Student Union . . . Vice-Chairman Intramural Sports Board . . . Sophomore Council . . . Business School Council . . . Secretary of Mystical Seven . . . Omicron Delta Kappa . . . Who's Who in American Colleges and Universities . . . Beta Gamma Sigma (Nat'l Business Honorary) . . . Dean's Honor List . . . N. R. O. T. C. Scholarship . . . Chicago Tribune Award (NROTC) Outstanding Scholarship . . . Committee on Student Affairs . . . V. P. Association of College Unions, Region 15 . . . President Beta Theta Pi . . . 21 . . . Lee's Summit, Mo.





I don't know, he keeps say'n something about High Noon.

Many a girl dreams of making a millionaire stop, look, and loosen.

* * * *

"Liza, how can you put up with a lazy, shiftless, good-for-nothing husband?"

"Well, ma'am, our marriage is 50-50. I makes the livin' and he makes de livin' worthwhile."

* * * *

Heard on the Hink:

He: Darling, I am groping for words.

She: Well, you won't find them there!

* * * *

Definitions:

Repartee: Give and take.

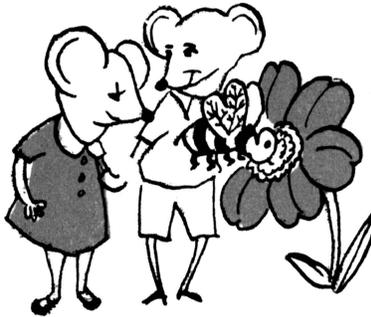
Old maid: When a girl uses her hope chest for a storage trunk.

Marriage: Like sittin' in a bath tub — once you get used to it, it ain't so hot.

Eiffel Tower: A French erector set that made good.

Embarrassment: When you order something on the menu and find that the orchestra is playing it.

Bars: Something which if you go into, you are apt to come out singing a few of, and maybe get tossed behind.



"Where are we going to eat?"
 "Let's eat up the street?"
 "No, I don't like asphalt."

* * * *

Of all things I had to be,
 I had to be a lousy tree.
 A tree that stands out in the street
 With little doggies at my feet.
 Nothing else to be, alas,
 But a comfort station in the grass.

* * * *

Delt: Since I met you, darling,
 I can't eat, I can't drink, and
 I can't sleep.

Suzie: Why?

Delt: I'm broke.

* * * *

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

* * * *

A male nurse in a mental hospital spotted a patient with his ear pressed to the wall, listening intently. The patient held up a warning finger, then beckoned to the nurse to come over quietly. "You listen here," he whispered. The nurse put his ear to the wall and listened for a few minutes. Then he turned to the patient and said, "I can't hear anything."

"No," said the patient knowingly, "And it's been like that all day."



MARSHA . . . JOHN



Teacher (warning her pupils against catching colds): I had a little brother seven years old, and one day he took his new sled out in the snow when it was too cold. He caught pneumonia and three days later he died.

Silence for ten seconds.

A voice from the rear: Where's the sled?

* * * *

The Queen Bee is a hardy soul
She has no use for birth control
Which is the reason why no doubt

There's so many Sons-of-Bees about.

* * * *

He: Did I understand you to say that in certain countries they use fish as a medium of exchange?

Prof; That is correct.

He: They must have a messy time playing the slot machines.

* * * *

The old-fashioned girl who used to say, "Ask father," now says, "Give it more gas, Joe; the old man is gaining on us."

* * * *

A customer went into a barber shop. "What's the idea of your hands being dirty?" he asked the barber.

"Nobody's had a shampoo today," confessed the barber.

* * * *

Beta: That's a good looking suit, man. How much did it cost?

S.A.E.: A hundred and ten dollars.

Beta: Wow, isn't that a little high?

S.A.E.: Oh, I don't know, I got fifteen pairs of pants with it.



Miss Anne English, winner of Savitar Frolics Best Actress Award, sings the praises of the white bucks that brought victory to the Tri Delt skit.

Winners Every Time!

Spalding
White Bucks



the novus shop
18 ON THE STROLLWAY



Ah, sweet spring! When a young man's fancy turns and runs. — OR — When winter's dormant lusts come out of hibernation. — OR — When College Joe ceases to be a thinker and becomes a doer. Really, there is nothing like spring to bring out a man's initiative.

Freud invented it, Adam and Eve experimented, and Kinsey classified, but it took the Hinkson to give the forbidden word public appeal.

"Hinkson" — Now that is a meaningless word, isn't it? Is it? Just mention it to any student during the mating season, or "Hinking Weather" as it is known here, and he'll look brighter than city lights appear to a native of Boone County.

Mention it to an alum, and watch him gaze thoughtfully into space, seeing nothing but pictures in his mind. Mention it to an old alum, and you'll see a look equaled only by a sailor on shore leave.

There are many different types of parties on the Hink. Each calls for separate planning and operation.

The first rule of Hinking is to dress appropriately. If you think you're going out into the sticks where you won't be seen — brother, you are new around here. To the girls:

The axiom of Hink costumes is something durable which will stand a lot of rough handling.

Fellows, don criticize if your lady friend wears a sweater out there. She probably has a couple of good reasons for doing so.

We know of one fellow who desired privacy. He went a-Hinking on a day when: The hunting and fishing seasons were closed, there were no geology field trips, and the Boy Scouts were holding maneuvers at Lake of the Ozarks. Still, he met nineteen fraternity brothers, and twenty-three classmates. Also seen were six roving reporters singing "I Cover the Waterfront."

One thing extremely desirable on a Hink Party is a date. This should be abnormally easy to procure, as most girls associate Hinking with great quantities of beer.

When you do ask her for the date, nine times out of ten she will give you the "I've never been out there, but it sounds like fun" routine. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred, this gal will come charging down the stairs, beer mug in hand, with a "Let's go, Tarzan, you brought a blanket, didn't you?"

The newcomer to Mizzou may have trouble finding the way to the Hinkson. (Speaking of course of a very, very, new newcomer).

For those who don't know the way, just follow the crowd on any sunny afternoon. The migration is similar to the Saturday afternoons of Football Season.

Actually, the Hink is a long creek, and there several paths to its more scenic spots. The most traveled path is that through the pastures south of the Men's Dorms. One word of warning however, watch your step in the pastures.

Once at Boone County's Little Garden of Eden, every man seems to turn into a poet, nature lover, Thoreau, and caveman, all at the same time. Then, what man could be so cold as not to feel enraptured while on the banks of the Seine of Columbia, with the soft earth underfoot.

One thing peculiar about Hinking is that the code of behavior is far different from any place else on the campus.

If you have a date with a Freshman, better stick to showing her the Boy Scout tricks of identifying the birds and trees, and firebuilding. If you are lucky enough to get a date with a Senior, she can show you how to build a fire, and identify the birds and bees.

Don't let him take you to the Hink if it is your third date.

Gather lots of firewood before it gets dark. It is common knowledge among campers that wolves are afraid of bright fires.

Warren Murry



"If you'll just wait a minute, I'll get you a glass of water."



THE OLD MASTERS



"All right, all right. Pull over to the curb."



how to go to college and still appear educated

By Joe Gold

In these days when a college education is practically a must, one finds a particularly pressing problem in facing the world, diploma in hand, without the slightest semblance of a cultural appearance. Four years have gone by and what has happened? The graduate has been filled full of lectures, has partied constantly, and has been active in campus groups. After four year doses of all this, young Lochinvar still spells "immense" with three Ms. What we do?

When it comes to the classroom situation Lochinvar may do almost anything from taking notes to not showing up at all. The middle road, however, seems most advisable. He should show up, crawl into the seat next to the distracting brunette and count the flies in the room. Thus, not only, is he not allowing his mind to be cluttered with irrelevant material on the signing of the Magna Carta, or sines, co-sines, and asinines, but he is also developing a faculty for figures (both with the fly counting and the brunette) that will come in handy when someone wants to know how many CCs of vermouth go into a martini. This will add immeasurably to the illusion of culture necessary in the everyday world.

Partying is so universal that it must be included in any discussion of college and education. At certain midwestern party schools, partying fees are included with tuition, lumped under what is termed an activity fee. At these pleasant get-togethers that generally, after half an hour, assume

the proportions of a Chinese Hatched War, one shouldn't sit alone in a corner sipping Dr. Pepper. To succeed, Young Lochinvar must bring his own and join in the hilarity — but, not for the sake of having a good time. This is a cardinal point. He may become stiff as a board, but never for the sake of pleasure. He must be a good fellow. A social drinker. A sot. In this way people will tell him things that he might not ordinarily hear. For instance "why Hemingway's latest isn't any good by someone who read a review of an article in Reader's Digest on Truman Capote." Then Lochinvar will be known as one of the literati. Another important note is that at these teta-tes, names will be dropped. If Lochinvar is quick enough he may catch these before they fall and then at a later date, drop them himself. In this way he will appear to be "in the know". Value No. 2 in American Cultural Criteria. (No. 1 is sex, but, as anybody can tell you, sex doesn't last forever.)

Lochinvar may want to join things. That is very good if he joins the right things. Careful investigations of all organizations from SGA to Ag Club must be conducted to lessen the possibilities of being called a Communist twenty years later when they may have turned pink. These activities are a fine place to practice dropping the names that Lochinvar picked up at the parties. Another thing to be gained from joining these activities is that people in them are usually as busy as the proverbial beaver.

These are the people *who*. They have the inside track to everything from the Wabash Railroad to Santa Anita. They can tell Young Lochinvar inside tips that he can pass on to others who are mightily impressed with someone who knows anything practical. He may know practically nothing, but, he knows something. Very important. Then, too, Lochinvar's name will be bandied about. It will be on the tips of people's tongues, and sometimes even swallowed whole. This will mean that when he enters a group after graduation he will have the air of a superior being, which is soon impressed on those who don't know any better. And remember, the world is full of people like that.

But all of this will be worth nothing to Lochinvar unless he supplements collegiana with a dash of outside reading. Not enough to make him stuffy, but a dab, a pinch, a whiff — to spice his conversations. One of the best ways of doing this is in the pocket-sized digests like Quick, Zip, and Oops. However, even these are often too long for a college man to waste time on, so Lochinvar may save himself both time and effort by following this plan. Simply run through these magazines, flipping pages as quickly as possible, watching all the names that fly past. In most digests these names are in bold print especially for the busy reader who hasn't the time to read the articles. Thus Lochinvar may gather a store of names in the news to spout when the occasion arises. He runs little risk of having someone correcting him when he throws in a name at an obviously incorrect spot. (e.g. Yes, the swallows will return to Capistrano". "You mean Guy and Fran Swallow? I just read about their trip last week".) Everyone else does the same thing. The magazines only print the words between names as a filler and a separator, so that the names aren't all run together. Once again Lochinvar will appear as "one who gets around". This is almost the same as being "in the know," but there is a subtle difference. You may be "in the

(Continued on page 35)

HOTEL GOVERNOR

Jefferson City's Finest

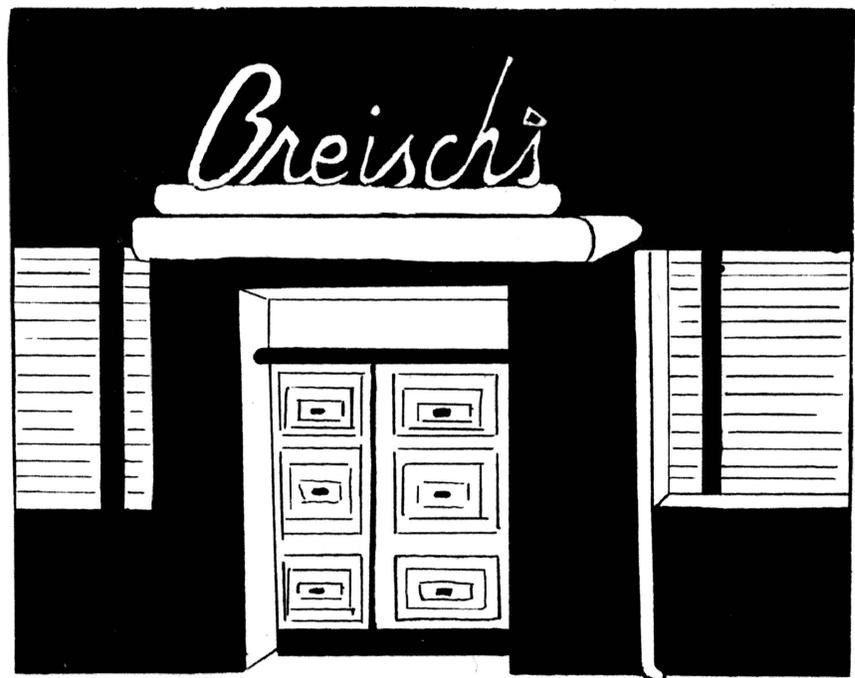


For that Special Date Drive over and Visit

THE RATHSKELLER

Dancing
Nightly

Mixed and
Fancy Drinks

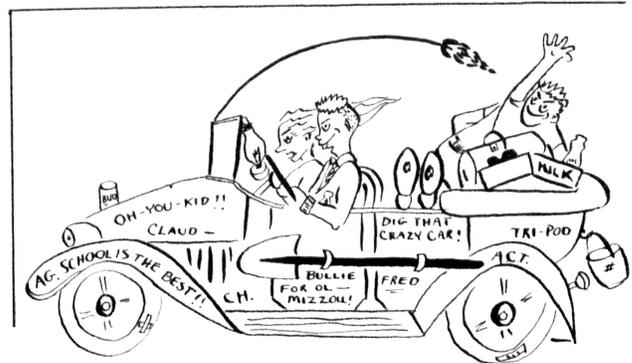
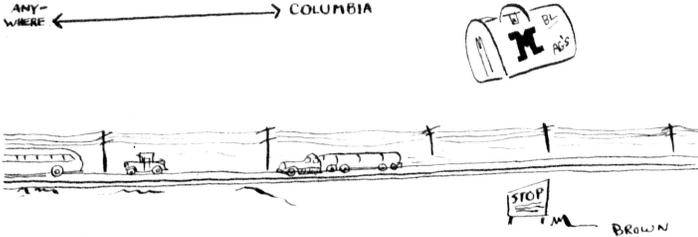


"Thru these doors pass the
world's most satisfied diners"

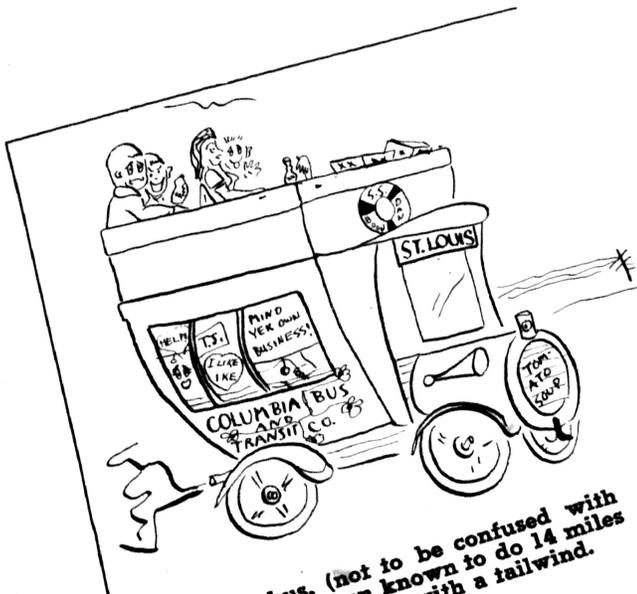
BON-VOYAGE

- OR LET'S BLOW THIS POP STAND -

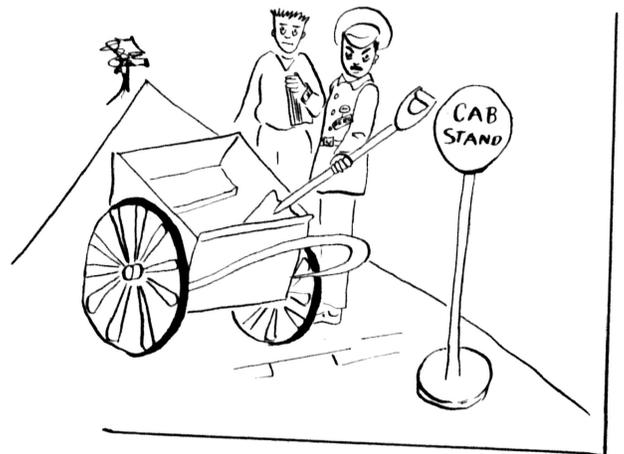
ANYWHERE ← → COLUMBIA



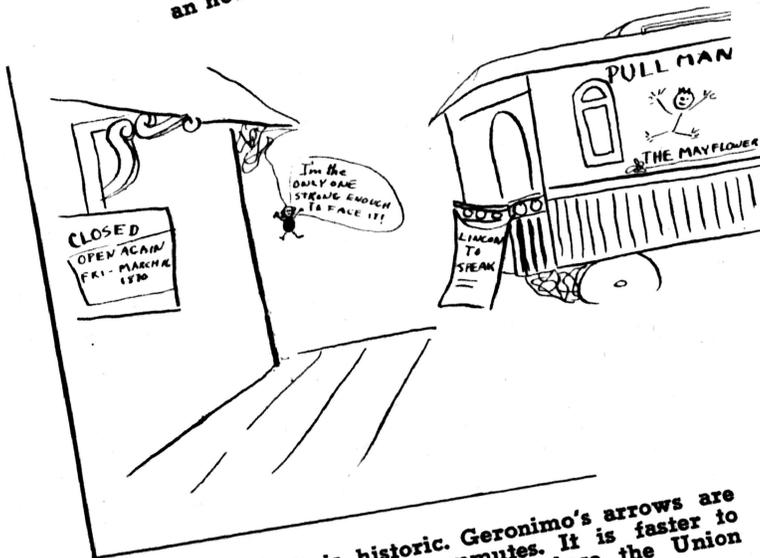
This is a car. It is cold. It has no muffler. It has done 170,000 miles. It can do another 30. That gets you to Moberly. That's far enough.



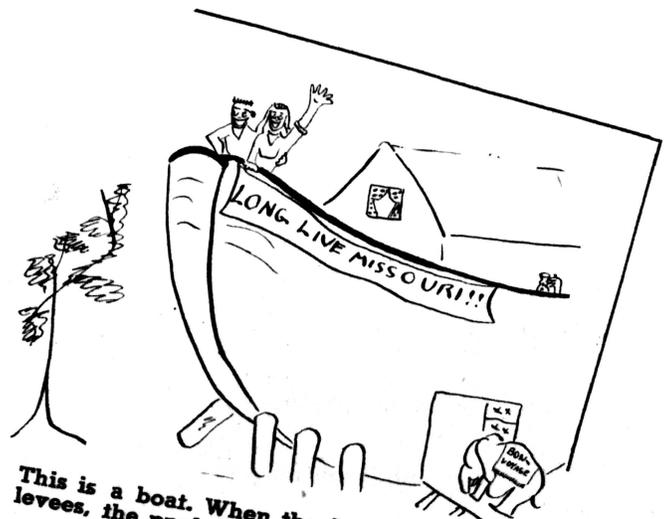
This is a bus. (not to be confused with "buss") It has been known to do 14 miles an hour but that was with a tailwind.



This is a Columbia cab. Even Lloyd's of London will not insure you, if you ride them often. They come in shades of yellow, white, and blood red.



This is a train. It is historic. Geronimo's arrows are still stuck in it. Nobody commutes. It is faster to walk. Three have left Columbia since the Union soldiers withdrew.



This is a boat. When the Hinkson overflows its levees, the profs will march in two by two.

HOW TO GO TO COLLEGE

(Continued from page 33)

know" in small town government. But when you "get around" you're a big time operator.

All of these will help Lochinvar to erase the scars of four years of college, and he will appear educated to the outside world. However, there is one more trick to the trade. Most people who are called illiterate are people who have difficulty finding words. They hem and haw and stumble trying to think of just the right word for a situation. Meanwhile everyone goes on talking and thinking what a dunce the quiet one is. Lochinvar can circumvent this by sprinkling his conversation liberally with cliches. By liberally — about every third word. There isn't enough space to list all the cliches, but by definition — a cliché is a word or phrase that has gotten into the upper income tax brackets through time and a half overtime. Cliches will help Lochinvar to keep right on talking when others have paused for breath. They have to hear him then, and he will immediately be marked down as a cultured man.

Remember, college does not necessarily mean the end to all dreams of getting an education. There are ways to appear as though college had no effect on the cultural gathering of Young Lochinvar. College may prove an *immense* asset in bluffing the gullible world.

The End.



A guitar's o.k., chum...

but you'll play second fiddle to the guy who sets out to win her in clothes from

Woolf Brothers

HERE'S A BATCH OF EASTER EGGS,
ESPECIALLY FOR YOU,
AND, TO PROVE HOW MUCH I LIKE YOU—



COMPLETE
GREETING
CARD
SELECTION

Drop in and look over our fountain pens, lighters, cigarette cases, and stationery. And for your gift wrapping and party goods, too, it's the Pen Point.

"What's the punch line?"

You'll find the answer — and the answer to all your gift and greeting card problems at the Pen Point. Their selection of cards is the most complete and well rounded in Columbia.

THE
Pen Point

913 EAST BROADWAY

Get that
Spring Cleaning

Done Now At---

**DORN
CLONEY**

Phone 3114



HANGNAIL SKETCHES

(Continued from page 23)

Haven't you ever heard of the files? We have a direct pipe line to the mimeographing room besides the one to the Griesedieck Breweries. We get all the hot poop off the presses, and then I stay up all night on gin and java and memorize the quiz. Hell, you don't have to crack a book to stay in this school.

"You had a great skit in Savi- tar. I heard you wrote it."

This was evidently the right thing to say, because Apollo turned on his special Rush Week



grin that flooded the littered room with its glare. "Aw, it was easy. All we had to do was to dig back into last year's winning skit by the blankety-blank — — (Here he named a well known social group on the campus.) Then I revised it, and bingo — we were in the finals. We should have won, but those darn, filthy rich — — (Another well known social club) bought out the judges. They offered more than we did. Well, that's how the old ball bounces."

We thanked Apollo Acropolis for the interview and started to take our leave.

"But, wait, why don't you come to dinner Wednesday. We've got a great bunch of boys. I know you'll like them. Where did you say you were from?"

We walked out past the plush living room into the crisp night air, free, healthy and independent.

Next month
George D. Independent



OVID

on Life Savers:

"Let not your breath be sour"

from *Ars Amatoria*, BOOK I, LINE 513



Still only 5¢

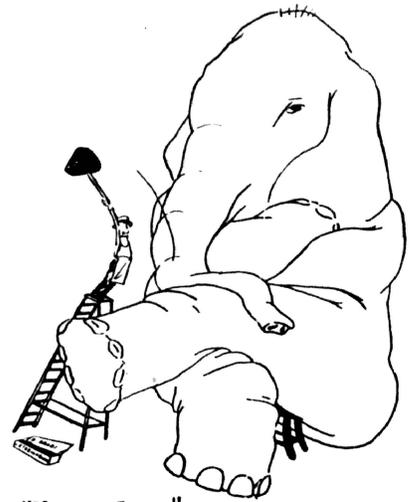
GO GAY FOR.

...EASTER!



*Florence
Fashions
and Gifts*

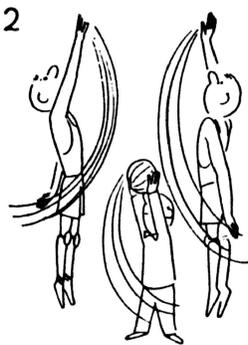
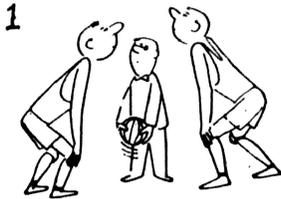
810 Broadway
Formerly GIBSON'S



"Now relax."

- Jack-O'-Lantern

FILCHED



- Scripts 'n Pranks

VOODO



"DAMN DOG DIED"

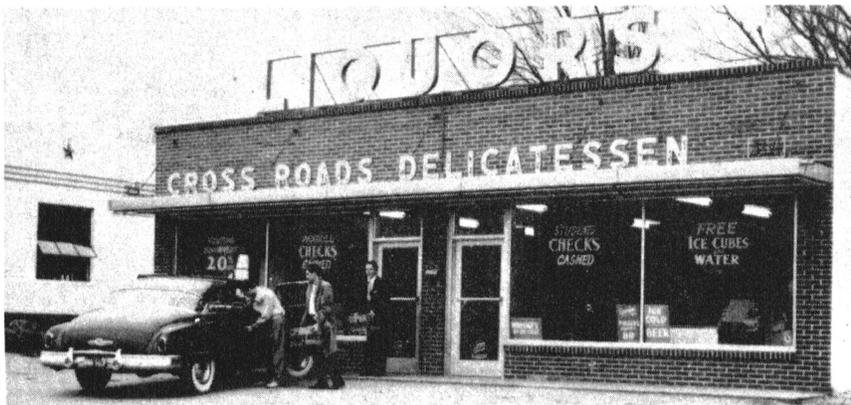


"Burp"

- Jester

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Free Ice Cubes & Glassware Service
All Students Checks Cashed
5% KEG BEER

Waer's Crossroads Guarantees

LOWEST PRICES IN TOWN



A REMINDER . . . Your
1953 Savitar Pictures Are
On File at GHIO'S

You Can Still Order Prints of Your

1953 Savitar Photo from...

Ghio's STUDIO
210 SOUTH EIGHTH STREET



She: Would you like to sit on my right hand during dinner?

He: My gosh, not with that big ring on your finger!

* * * * *

A slip of the lip — will smear the lipstick.

* * * * *

"I like this summer resort. All the women are so full of passion."
"Passion, hell, this is a health resort for asthma victims."



Prof: You missed my class yesterday, didn't you?
Student: No, sir, not a bit.

* * * * *

In the old days, when a fellow told a girl a naughty story, she blushed. Nowadays she tells him a funnier punch line.

* * * * *

Pedestrian: What's the matter, are you blind?

Motorist: Blind—I hit yah, didn't I?

* * * * *

Notice on the bulletin board of the biology department: We don't begrudge your taking a little alcohol, but please return our specimens.

* * * * *

It's the dim light that has the highest scandal power.

The News in Shoes
For '53



Shoes

800 Broadway

An 80-year-old man came to his doctor for a blood test and medical examination before getting married.

The doctor checked him over and over and then asked, "You mean at your age you really want to get married?"

The old man replied, "Well, I don't want to exactly, but I've got to."

* * * *

First Bride: I've got my husband where he eats out of my hand.

Second Bride: Saves a lot of dish washing, doesn't it?

* * * *

"I'll bet that you wouldn't marry me," he said. She called his bet and raised him five.

* * * *

The ice man smiled as his glance fell upon the sign: "Please drive slowly. The child in the street may be yours."

* * * *

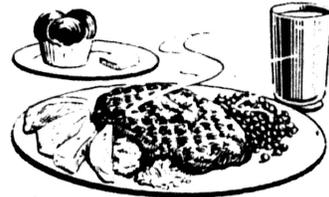
E.S.H. *

Fellas and Gals...

For downright delicious dinners . . . or for that after-the-show-snack

Get The

ERNIES STEAK HABIT



ERNIE'S STEAK HOUSE

Time for
Spring Cleaning



Redecorate with
PITTSBURGH PAINT

BRADY'S

15 S. 10th
4978



BLIND DATE

Cursed with face and figure un-
handsome

My social life's scarcely a whiz:
Even when I rate a blind date
Alas! He never is.

— Alice Bullock

OPTIMISTIC

If beauty be in the eye of be-
holders

I know I'd be destined to win
If I could only get glasses
That would fit my favorite men.

— Alice Bullock

WHY MAKE YOUR OWN?



When it's so easy
to call 5409

BROWN DERBY

FREE Delivery Service

...say goodbye
to stubborn spots

Sanitone
Dry
Cleaning



**GETS OUT
ALL THE DIRT!**

M-45

Insist on our famous, better
Sanitone Service! Colors, pat-
terns and textures restored.



CAMPUS VALET

Phone 903-907
4424-2975 University Ave.

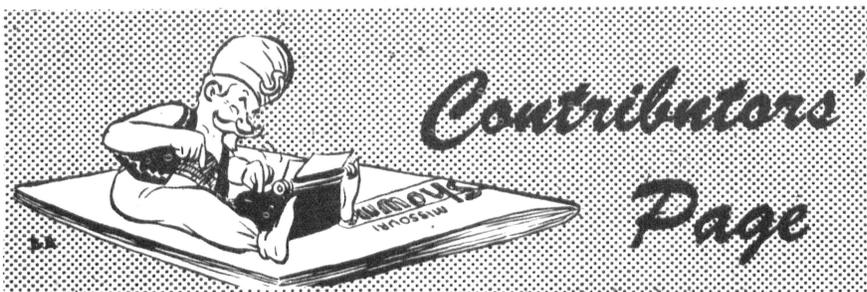
You'll like
'em too



**CONES - SODAS - MALTS
SHAKES
SUNDAES - FREEZES**

Zesto
DRIVE-IN

Hiway 40 & 63 No.



leon miller



Twenty-year-old Leon G. Miller, known affectionately to his friend (s) as Leon G. Miller, admitted late last night in a closed session in Dean Mathews' office that HE has been the one distributing that awful magazine—Show-Me—all over campus and in town. His flimsy alibi, (all student excuses are so classified) was that he is the sales-manager of the afore-mentioned publication. No verdict has been reached, but the general consensus of opinion is that Leon has been doing a darn good job. And his only rewards have been all the Show-Me's he can read and a quarter of a pound of flesh from a delinquent subscriber.

Lowering his curly head and coyly digging his toe in the sand, Leon also admitted he is from Liberty, Missouri — a place already made famous in Patrick Henry's rather hysterical speech before the Virginia Chamber of Commerce.

He went on to say that he is a "suffer-more" enrolled in Ag School — anything to get out of studying — and expects to go into his Dad's feed business when he graduates in 1955 or thereabouts.

kay carr

Steaming open personal letters as a child has helped Kay Carr a lot in her present position as publicity director for SHOWME. Being talented, hard-working and very agreeable has helped even more. When Kay isn't painting posters, writing letters, mailing the same letters and dreaming up slogans, she's thinking about painting posters, writing letters, parades and slogans. This leaves about a couple of hours for incidentals like eating, sleeping and just lolling around.

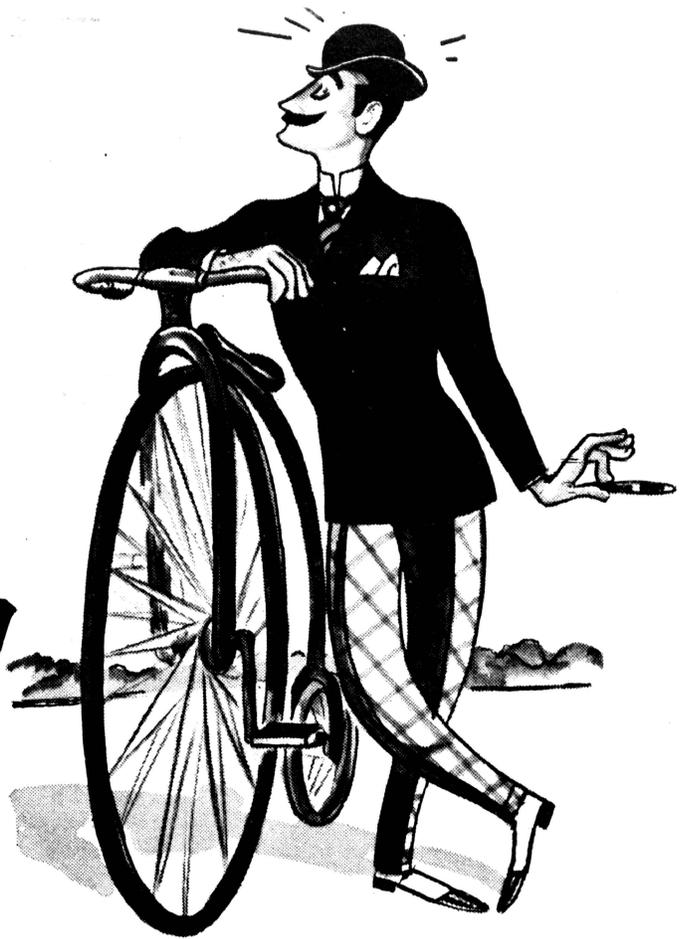
A gay ex-patriate from an outpost in Liberty, Kay grabs meals at the Chi Omega House when here in Columbia. She is a very "un-arty" art major who, heaven forbid, is considering transferring to Colorado next year. If she does, Swami will probably have to trade in his fez for the latest in barrels and sell apples instead of the SHOWME on street corners.

Her future plans include becoming a commercial artist if possible. From what she has done so far it isn't too hard to see why Swami thinks she will — and a good one, too.

—L. B.



It's all Relative: He Looked Fine!



Here's a picture of Class of '03, all decked out for a smashing time with the girls of Miss Abernathy's. Just get a load of the spats, yet. And the new close fitting trousers and jacket. And that new derby!

Well, at least the girls liked it, and though you probably wouldn't even wear the stuff on Halloween, you've got to admit the boy was concerned with his appearance.

We're thinking about the hat. Back in '03, just as today, a hat was as important to a well dressed man as any other part of his attire. A hat is designed to make you look *better*. Our Gay Blade here knew it, and smart college men of today know it . . . a person without a hat simply doesn't look well dressed.

And that's not all. A hat is just as important to your health as it is to your appearance. Your head is the *first* place you should think of when it comes to protection from wind, rain, cold and even heat. And the *primary* function of a hat is protection.

Take a look at a new hat today. They're made better—and styled better—than ever before.

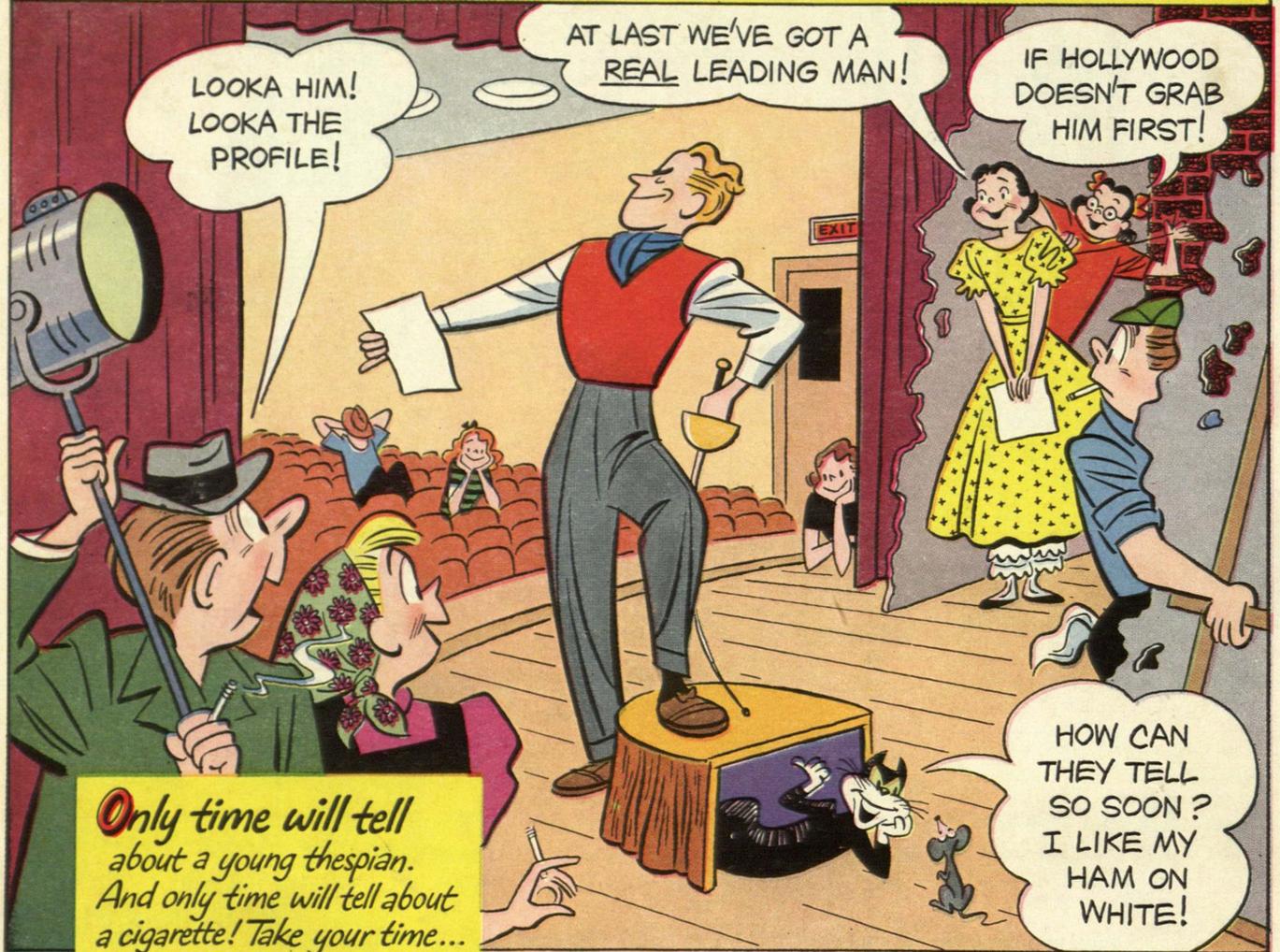
"Wear a Hat—It's as Healthy as It's Handsome!"

DOBBS • CAVANAGH • BERG • BYRON • C&K • DUNLAP • KNOX

Published by the makers of America's Finest Hats

Divisions of Hat Corporation of America—Makers of Fine Hats for Men and Women

...*But only Time will Tell*.....



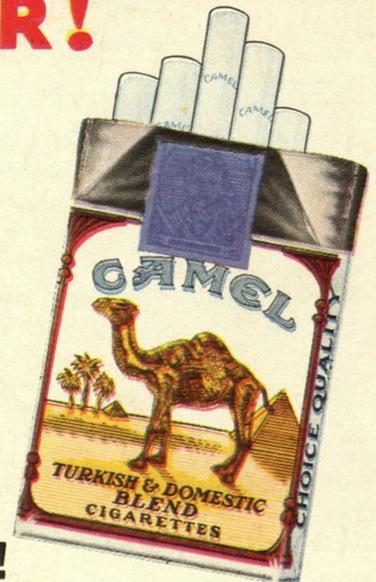
Only time will tell about a young thespian. And only time will tell about a cigarette! Take your time...

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

Test CAMELS for 30 days for **MILDNESS** and **FLAVOR!**



THE REAL PROOF of cigarette mildness is steady smoking. Do what millions of other smokers have done—try Camels for 30 days. By enjoying Camels regularly—on a pack after pack, week after week basis—you'll see how mild, how flavorful, how thoroughly enjoyable Camels are. There *must* be a reason why...



CAMEL leads all other brands by billions of cigarettes!