



MISSOURI Showme

25c April



LOVE ISSUE

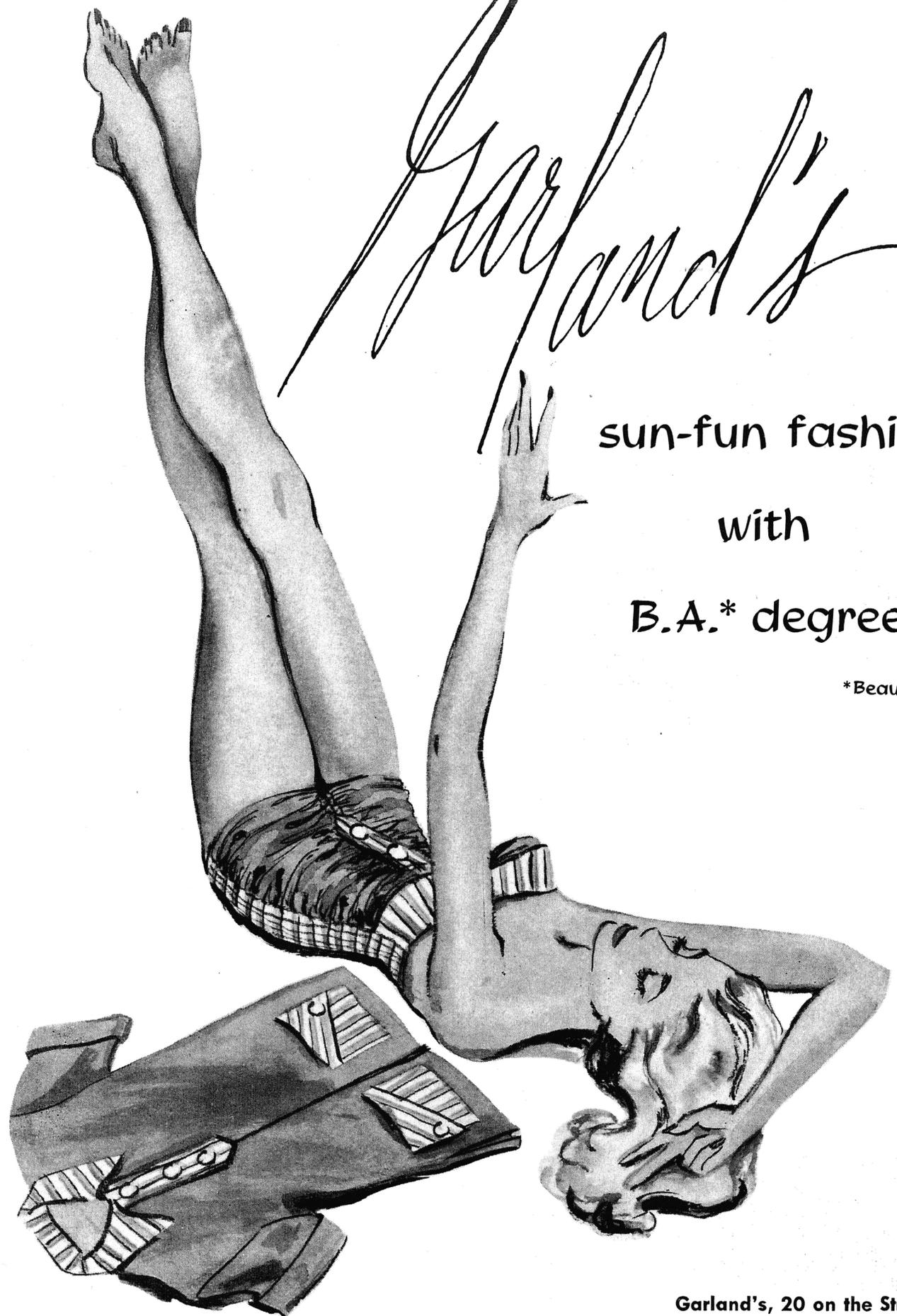
Garland's

sun-fun fashions

with

B.A.* degree

*Beau-appeal



Garland's, 20 on the Strollway

Spend your leisure time

in *Denim*

From sport T-shirts to Bermuda shorts you'll find denim extremely comfortable for your leisure hours. Relax this year in INEXPENSIVE denims from Pucketts.



- | | |
|--------------------------------|-------------|
| Denim Duffle Slacks | \$5 |
| (Blue, Blue Check, Cork) | |
| Denim Slacks | 3.95 |
| (Blue, Green, Charcoal, Brown) | |
| Denim Jackets | 5.95 & 6.95 |
| (Blue, Blue Check) | |
| Denim Shoes | 5.95 |
| (Navy, Blue, Maroon, Cork) | |
| Denim Golf Caps | 2.00 & 2.50 |
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TIGER THEATER Program for May

Sun-Wed, 3-6	"BREAKING THE SOUND BARRIER"
Thur-Sat, 7-9	"CHICAGO CALLING"
Sun-Tues, 10-12	"THE HAPPY TIME"
Wed-Thurs, 13-14	"EIGHT IRON MEN"
Fri-Sat, 15-16	"SUDDEN FEAR"
Sun-Wed, 17-20	"RUN FOR YOUR MONEY" with Alec Guinness
Thurs-Sat, 21-23	"ROCKING HORSE WINNER" a J. Arthur Rank picture
Sun-Tues, 24-26	"WATCH THE BIRDIE" at 7:00 & 10:00 "INVITATION" at 8:30 only
Wed-Thurs, 27-28	"GO FOR BROKE" Short — "Nostradamus Says So"
Fri-Sat, 29-30	"MRS. O'MALLEY AND MR. MALONE" 7:00, 9:40 "IT'S A BIG COUNTRY" 8:30 only
Sun-Tues, 31, June 2	"TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND" a J. Arthur Rank picture

Single Features Shown at 7:00 and 9:00
Double Features Shown as indicated.
Added — News, Cartoon and Selected Short Subjects.

TIGER THEATER



The guys who think our jokes are rough
Would quickly change their views,
If they'd compare the ones we print,
With those we're scared to use.
* * *

Beneath this stone lies Murphy
They buried him today.
He lived the life of Riley'
While Riley was away.
* * *

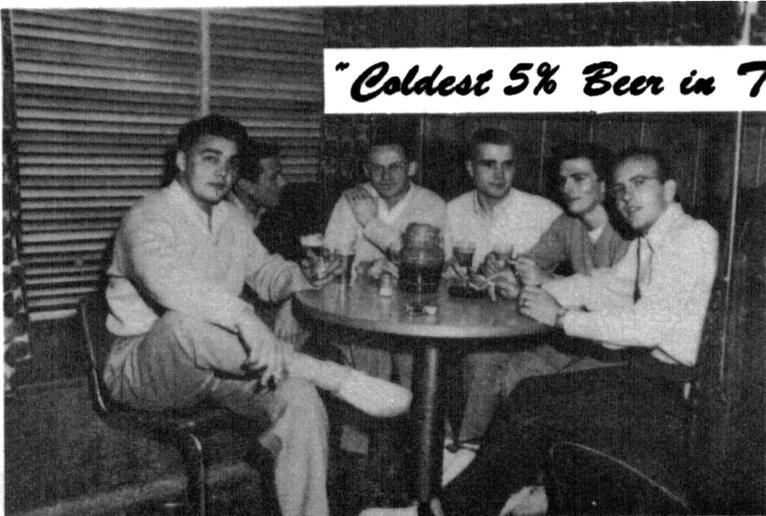
"Whatcha doing now, Sam?"
"I'm a psychiatrist in a pottery factory."
"What's that?"
"I take care of the cracked pots."
* * *

A little lady field mouse was going out through the field when she was picked up by a big combine. She was bumped around and shaken up quite a bit before she was finally thrown back into the field. Painfully the bewildered little mouse dragged herself home. When asked by her mother what had happened to her she said: "Oh, mother, I think I've been reaped!!"
* * *

Customer: I'd like some rat poison, please.
Clerk: Will you take it with you?
Customer: No, I'll send the rats over after it.
* * *

Sigma Nu: My girl friend is a twin.
Kappa Sig: How can you tell them apart?
Sigma Nu: Her brother walks different.
* * *

When a woman lowers her voice, it's a sign she wants something; when she raises it, it's a sign she didn't get it.



"Coldest 5% Beer in Town"

"The Stein" Features

MICHELOB on Tap

Exclusively in Columbia

THE STEIN CLUB

Stone Age Lover's Slogan: I came, I saw, I conked her.

* * *

"These are my grandmother's ashes."

"Oh, so the poor old soul has passed away?"

"No. She's just too damn lazy to look for an ash tray."

* * *

Definitions:

Wolf: A fellow who knows all the ankles.

Golddigger: A girl who hates poverty worse than sin.

Bookie: A pickpocket who lets you use your own hands.

Burlesque Show: Where attendance falls off if nothing else does.

* * *

Pink Elephant: A beast of bourbon.

Drizzle: Two drips going steady.



Girls are like newspapers:

They have forms, they have the last word, back numbers not in demand, they are well worth looking over, they have a good deal of influence, they get along by advertising, you can't believe all they say, there's small demand for the bold faced type, and every man should have his own and not borrow his neighbor's.

* * *

And then there was the Scotchman who wouldn't rent his girl a beach umbrella, but told her shady stories instead.



"Of course my formal came from JULIE'S!"

For Her . . .

The Finest
in
Diamonds

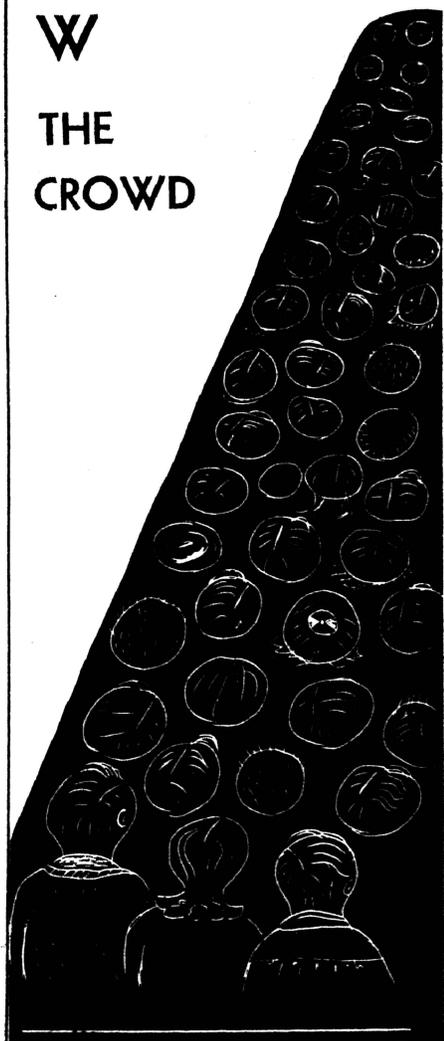


Easy Payment Plan

**CAMPUS
JEWELERS**

'On Conly Across from Jesse Phone 9076

FOLLOW
THE
CROWD



UPTOWN *theatre*

EDITOR'S EGO



There's a grizzly rumor making the rounds that a certain coffee n' crumb emporium on campus is featuring a brand new taste sensation. They call it the "meatburger." Beneath the slick exterior of a well handled bun lies the usual layer of mustard, then a tempting swathe of barbecue sauce. Next comes a layer of jucey pickles, then chopepd onions, another layer of barbecue sauce . . . and then . . . the secret ingredient . . . the piece de resistance . . . voila! . . . *meat!* The inventor, a thick thumbd individual named McBromo, claims that the meatburger will revolutionize the burger business . . .

And speaking of meatballs, we congratulate the *Student* staff for boldly naming its first issue of the month the April Fool's Issue. Now that's what we call truthful labeling. We look forward expectantly to the May and June

fool's issues . . .

We received a telephone call from a dear thing called Marilyn the other night. Marilyn wanted to know "what's the big idea of keeping the identity of the *Showme* Queen secret until the April Issue." This is what we would have told Marilyn if we hadn't swallowed the telephone receiver . . .

Marilyn, dear, this may come as a shock to you, but *Showme* is in business to make money. Us editors think that we can sell more magazines (thus make more money) if we make the announcement ourselves, in the April *Showme*. We hope that people will buy *Showme* to find out who won. We want to surprise you, Marilyn. And do you know what we're going to do with the extra money we make by surprising you? We're going to throw a big fat beer bust. You may come, but bring your own bust . . .

Next month ol' Swami, tear in eye and refrigerated knapsack in hand, heads for the hinter-land with a "Hail and Farewell" to Mizzou, the tigers, the traditions, and the T.G.I.F.'ers. There'll be another fabulous cover by Beeler, and Killer will give you her centerspread interpretation of a June wedding reception. We'll have a ball — won't you come along?

Bill Braznell



Mullane

I think you've gotten the wrong idea about the summer cruise.



MISSOURI Showme

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Cover by Bill Braznell

Photos by Bill Rhoades, Henn Liiv, Jim Karohl, George Miller

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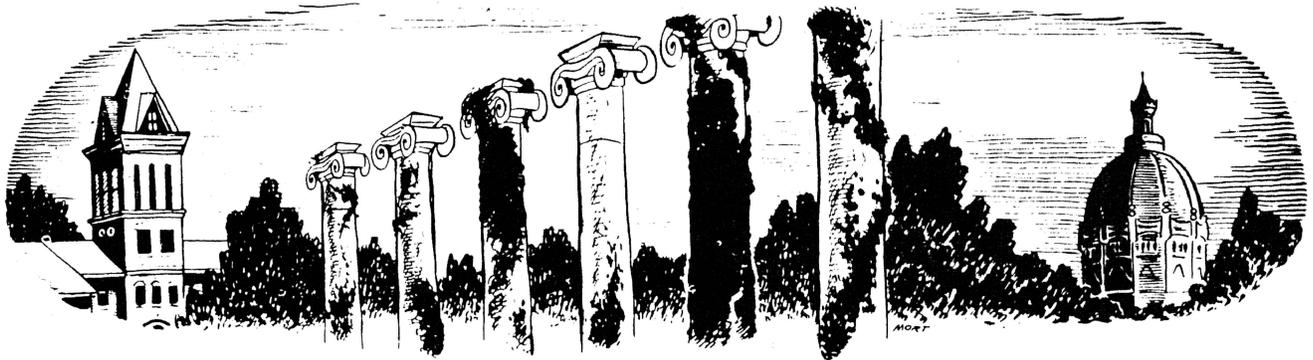
April 1953

Number 7

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*I love the girl with the coy-sweet smile,
I love the girl with the caddie,
But most of all, I love the girl
With the oil well drillin' daddie.*



Around The Columns

Love Cures All

In the past few months we've been so nasty to so many people, that we are being looked upon as a sour, old misanthrope. To clear all this up we take this opportunity — the "Love Issue," you know, to kiss and make up. Really we think the Aggies are the most intelligent group on campus, and the Betas are great fellows, and Susies are much nicer than coeds, and Dr. Trimble and the Clinic gang are better than the M.D.'s at the Mayo Clinic and the Student is a fine journal, and love is blind.

Crystal Ball

A tiny squib in a Kansas City paper announced that Missouri would open the 1955 football season with a breather. A tiny, unknown, unheralded little school 30 miles from Detroit will provide the opposition for Faurot's Ferocious Felines. At last the MU schedule makers realize that the school cannot keep up with the big time boys, and they open up that year with an easy mark. Who the hell ever heard of the University of Michigan?

Veck's Wrecks

The big news around the sports world is that KFRU is not going to carry Cardinal games this year. The biggest little station in the Midwest will air the games of the St. Louis Browns this summer. Why? You've got us. Maybe Bill Veck worked a deal. Maybe the Cards are too popular. Maybe the station will have

a tough time hooking up a direct line to Baltimore where the hapless Browns should end up in 1954. Maybe the Browns will win the pennant. Maybe you think we're serious.

Please, Mr. Kelly

Did you ever get sick and tired going to movies seeing the same old cartoons, where the mouse outwits the cat, or the dumb bear gets hoodwinked by the crows, or Popeye gets his brains beaten out for eight minutes, and then eats some broccoli, and knocks the dickens out of some five hundred pound monster? Did you, huh? What this country needs is more intelligent cartoons that tickle the sense of humor, not blast it senseless. We need more of the Nearsighted Mr. Magoo and his type of comedy. But how about a special for the college set? How about Pogo in the movies? Why

not start a letter campaign to Walt Kelly to bring the little possum and his pals to the screen? We'd rather see Albert, the Alligator than Joan Crawford, any day. If we couldn't have Pogo for president, the least we can do is to have him for Mickey Mouse.

Goodnight?

Paul Harvey, the Great Paul Harvey, came up with an interesting solution to the education problem. The all-powerful common tater has decided that public schools might as well dispense with the summer vacation, since it is an archaic practice from the days when the youngsters had to help with the crops. Now, to get more students through, and to get them through faster, we simply have everyone go to school, and our problems are over. Isn't that simple? Aren't you sorry you didn't think of it? Of course you are. But then not everybody can be Paul Harvey. Good day?

Columbia's Envoy

It has come to our attention that Columbians are taking up a collection to send a young man or woman between the ages of eighteen and thirty to a foreign community this summer as Columbia's Community Ambassador. Reliable sources (two stool pigeons at Dirty Mac's) inform us that the foreign community will be Boonville. Swami should like to take this occasion to wish the traveler a bon voyage and hearty hopes for a safe return.



Queennappers

The only thing we can see wrong with all the queen kidnappings that occur each year (Barnwarmin', St. Pat's, ad infinitum) is that they always bring the Queen back in time. Some day, a professional is going to discover the practice, and maybe we'll lose a queen or two. Oh well, one more or less, can't hurt.



April Fool

We marked the poor taste of the April Fool joke of the Missouri STUDENT. They came out. Seriously, though, there were some funny items in that issue of the D.U. News (The last four editors have been, you know.) We laughed and laughed, and were severely censured for it, when it was discovered that we had mistaken the page numbers and were laughing at what was supposed to be serious news. That deal on revamping SGA. Oh, our sides still hurt! What interested us most, however, was the lavish mention of SHOWME (or Show-down, or whatever they want to call us for free) and the vast amount of space devoted to Swami's mag. We counted thir-

teen places where they mentioned us and counted up thirty-one inches of column space devoted to the campus humor magazine. We are fearfully awaiting the bill. But even if we have to pay, thanks, fellas — it was worth it.

Caro Sell

After our loquacious mention of Carousel in last month's Columns, we decided to be even more lavish in our publicity. We noticed some of their advertising calling for help. They need "Waiters (to wear tuxedos) and ticket salesmen (experience necessary). We suppose that there is more to waiting tables than wearing a tux, but then Carousel probably has to get a number of Greeks into the act. And ticket salesmen with experience. No stipulation as to what kind of experience (bank robbing, selling Snake Oil, or what have you.) But then Carousel is so obscure anyway.

privileges were taken away from five (count 'em) five Greek groups, and the dean rubbed his hands together as he saw a picture of things to come. We cannot see the reason for this action. After all, if the sailors in "Mr. Roberts" could do it . . . And to look at the bright side, the boys are probably saving a lot of money. (We hadn't realized until recently that fines were assessed for missing a social function —



some as high as five dollars. But, how can you have a good time, when you know that everyone came because he couldn't afford the fine? We were told that we didn't understand these things, and then snubbed.) So, fellows, look for the silver lining, and plead insanity.

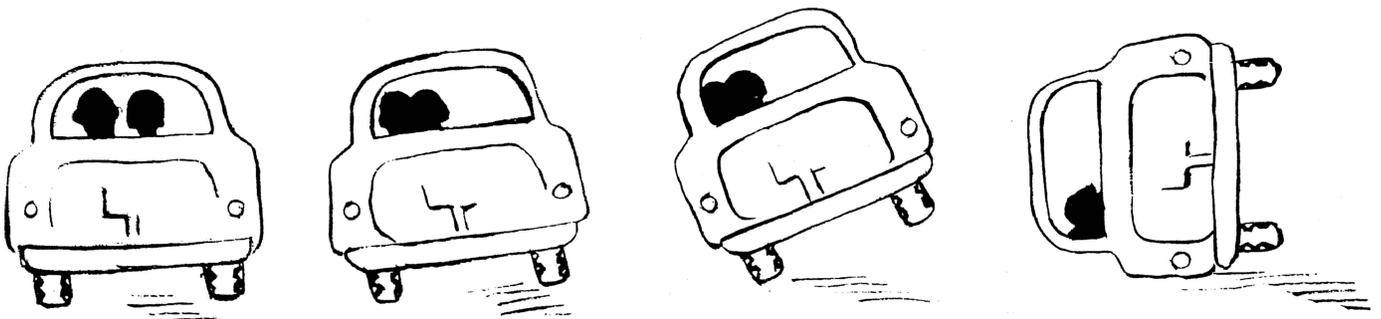
Attention, Morons

In answer to the question "Do college grades indicate SUCCESS more than student activities?", the following is the answer of one of those popular newspaper Freuds: "Probably not. Victor L. Jepson compared the earnings of 488 college graduates with their college grades and extra-curricular activities.



La Guillotine

After a tremendous purge at the end of March, five big fraternities found themselves un-socialized. In one fell swoop social



He found 'zero relationship' between grades and future earnings, but considerable relationship between important outside activities such as active participation in fraternities, athletics, college affairs, etc. (There is no explanation of the term "college affair.") Whether outside activities with dates boosted future earnings was not studied." (Probably depends on what they did with their dates.) Now, morons, feel perfectly free to clip this item and mail it home to Papa along with your deficiencies. This is a public service feature of SHOWME.

Missing Link

We note with interest (we were warned that we'd better "note with interest") that the city is going ahead on plans for a municipal golf course. This would certainly fill a great need, not only among the townspeople, but also for students who've been black-listed by Stephens. What this town needs is a place where students can take their irons and putter away the many hours in healthful sport. A golf course is essential. We don't ask this for ourselves, since we don't play, but in the spirit of all the students. We want a golf course. (You may disregard this completely. The EDITOR — allah, allah — is a bug on golf, and we were threatened with banishment to the STUDENT, if we didn't push the golf course.) Incidentally, if you're short on golf balls, Dr. Trimble has a number of slightly used gall stones, which will serve the purpose quite well, and a big gall sale is now in progress at the Clinic.

Pucker, Of Course

Spring — when boys and girls discard winter coats and a cool attitude . . . lovers, hand-in-hand on Hitt Street . . . the Hink looking like Coney Island on a warm Sunday . . . promises to be true "forever" . . . when everyone goes to the Drive-ins . . . and nobody knows what was playing . . . girls all looking sweet and demure in flattering formals . . . boys choking in tuxes . . . lingering kisses as the lights flicker in front of her house . . . cars packed with blankets, coeds, and



Ish for you.

cases . . . hearts accepting every little lie . . . knowing they're not true . . . believing because it's so sweet to be in love . . . and over all the accompaniment of a thousand kisses . . . Spring . . . mush.



Hot For Your Blood

To take on a serious note, we'd like to urge you all to donate a pint of blood next week. They tell us it's the last time this year, and they'll need 900 pints over the first three days of next week — April 27, 28, and 29. Actually, when you think of all the Mickey Mouse we engage in, something like this to show that college students do think of more serious things, will help a lot. Besides with draft boards closing in all over the

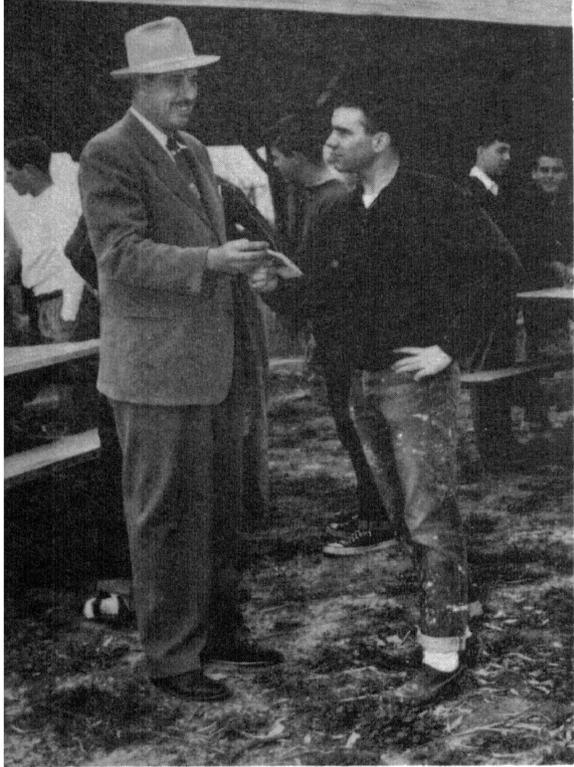
country, this might be a good investment.

Now Blow It . . .

In passing (out, probably) we'd like to crack at all these cigarette ads. You know the Thirty (You should live so long.) Day test, and so on. It's always — "Try this SIMPLE test. Take a puff but don't inhale. Now turn your head sideways, and let the smoke drip into your Eustachian Tube; now draw it back and rub some under your tongue; now French roll it around your filthy old mouth, and puff it out. Now try the same test with your own cigarette. Oh, you don't smoke. No wonder you look so green. Well, I'm sure that if you did, you'd find as so many other (may they rest in peace) have, that Malignant Cigarettes, are definitely milder and definitely less irritating to the nose and throat and Reader's Digest." Sometimes we get so sick of this kind of advertising that we almost swear off smoking, but, then, water pipes, are much milder.

joe gold

Some people sow their wild oats on Saturday nights and then go to church on Sunday and pray for crop failure.



Chuck Workman

Greeks aren't always party boys; here they work on a worthy project. Fred Goodwin is being decorated with the Royal Order of Paint.



Henn Liiv and Milton Rein

The Betas cleared their throats, harmonized on a few bars of Beta Loving Cup, and won Fraternity Sing.

Greek Week Goodies

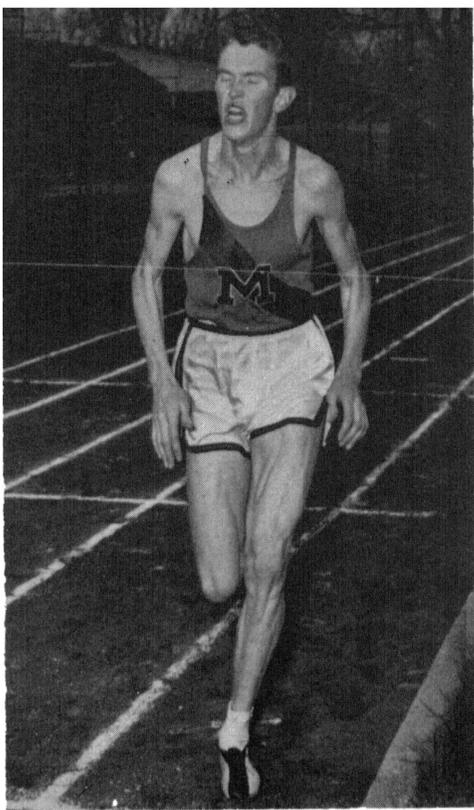
Two weeks ago all the Greeks went wild and had a Week. Some was clowning, some was serious, and the sum was a big time for all. They had a Carnival, a Frat-Sor Sing, and a ginger-peachy time.



Henn Liiv and Milton Rein

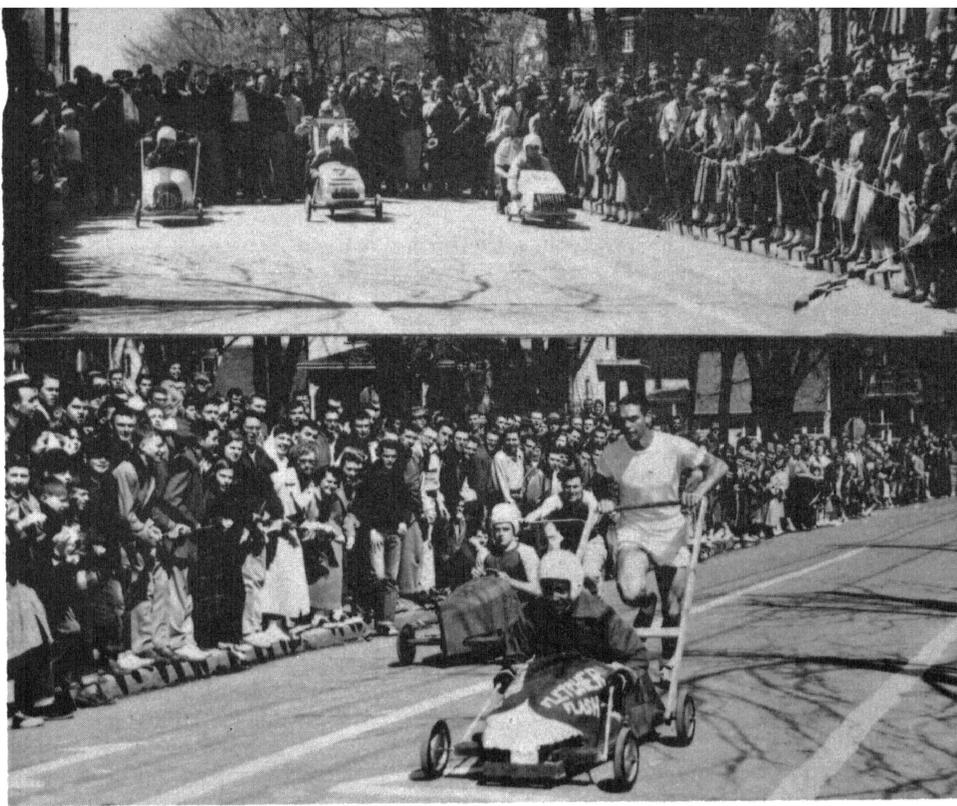


Here are some of the booths that graced Rothwell Gym during the Carnival. In the shot at the left almost everyone was willing to spend two bits to throw baseballs at Bud Bradshaw. At left was the most thrilling booth of all where you could pay and be allowed to place a garter on the protruding leg of a real, live, honest-to-betsy girl.



Henn Liiv and Milton Rein

Strain shows all through Jerry Piper's body, as he breaks the tape well ahead of all competitors.



People and Programs

It was a busy month, full of hustle and hubbub. Activities and Spring sports ran rampant. Warmer days drew even the worst grinds into the wide open spaces, despite warnings of term papers and finals. Above: racing fans happily ignore the cry, "Clear the track . . . they're coming in with a burst of speed," at the DU's popular Campustown Races.



Bill Rheades

Left: This is a Carousel rehearsal. The young ladies are practicing a dance in which their partners are all 7' 8" tall. Eyes right: The Student Art Show produced varied comment. Later it was discovered that someone had mistakenly hung the pictures upside down. This photo was taken after they had been righted.

THROUGH

LOVE

by Joe Gold



She sheared Samson, and when she was done she fleeced him. But, although he loved Delilah, Samson missed his hair, which was everything to him, and his whole world crumbled around him. He was no longer a pillar of virtue.

David was the king, and he had the kingdom in the palm of his hand, but he was not happy. He was tired of picking on the bigger boys and tired of strumming his harp. Looking for something new to strum, he happened upon Bathsheba, who, as the name implies, was taking a bath. He hurried to make her his own. When they discovered that they both used Ivory, they were wed, and there was much rejoicing in the kingdom.

Out of the land of the Green Nile came the haunting legend of Cleopatra. Cleo had been Pyramid Warmin' Queen, and Saviour Queen (Ancient Vedic Sun God) and now she had made good and was queen over all of Egypt. At the same time, fleeing from Rome came Marc Antony with a jealous husband on his heels. When he saw Cleopatra it

Ever since time immemorial, man has faced the phenomenon of love. Ancient history and modern newspapers attest to its existence, and nobody has ever tried to deny it. This is a short history of the emotion that has had the sexes going ape for centuries.

Men have paid a great deal for woman, but it only cost Ol' Man Adam a rib. Still, it wasn't cheap at the price. Enchanted by his leaf-clad spouse, Adam left the Garden, and man has been scared of snakes ever since.

Then along came Samson with the light brown hair, and he was a veritable he-man, fighting lions and all sorts of nasties that disturbed his peace. Until one day there came to pass a lady barber named Delilah.

"Ooh, Samson," she cooed, "What long brown hair you've got."

"The better to strangle you with."

Delilah decided that here at last was the man to practice on.



H-THE-AGES



was love at first flight. They settled down and made their fortune off the Banks of the Nile. After Antony had been tarred and feathered by the Romans, Cleo wanted to die. Wandering along the road, she saw a snake in a ditch. Thinking it was an asp, she placed it against her breast and let it bite her. She was wrong. It was an adder. But, like most people in love, Cleo didn't know her.

Way back when the Greeks were not a minority group, there lived the famous drydock, Helen of Troy. It was said that her face launched a thousand ships. And Paris invited her to be his love, and they did all the pleasures prove, but everyone else got P.O.'d and they had a ten year rock-throwing contest between Greece and Troy. Right in the middle, they had a horse race, and the Trojans picked a loser, which meant that the Greeks' pari-mutuel system was a winner.

When the Queen of England was a horse-faced old busybody named Elizabeth, she had a pas-

sionate consort named Essex, who used to run around trying to pick up all the cloaks that Sir Walter Scott was dropping in mud puddles. Elizabeth got mad, and put Essex in the Tower of London where he lost his head. Later she was sorry for what she had done, but she couldn't make her lover like new, and she had to be satisfied with a decapitated wooer.

Around this time there lived a Capulet and a Montague who were hot for each other. Since neither family would do more than insult the other, it remained for the lovers to take matters into their own hands. Which Romeo (the Montague) did. When the families heard of these wild goings on, they were fit to be tied. So they declared it a draw, and no longer did Romeo stare wistfully at Juliet's balcony, but they made an end to themselves, and their families saw the error of their ways and kissed and made up. This was a tragedy.

Once there was a poet named Robert Browning who loved an-
(Continued on Page 22)





**This is Id! A Freudian Analysis
Of "Boy meets Girl"**

by Warren Murry

One's techniques and abilities in love develop from the cradle through maturity. Characteristic of this development are several stages which will be discussed thoroughly in this essay. Playing a most important part in these stages are the three parts of the Psychic: the Id, Ego, and Super-ego. The Id is deep in the subconscious, and is the vile originator of all the thoughts and actions of boys and girls. Id has a one-track mind, and consequently communicates but one message frequently and strongly.

The ego and super-ego play the part of censor, and rewrite man, to change Id's ideas into something accepted by society.

So, the next time you see some man smile and tip his hat to a lady, remember: Id was trying to keep him biologically happy, but Ego and Super-ego intervened, possibly keeping him out of jail.

The first major step in boy meets girl story is during the Grade School days. When young Romeo sees his Juliet there, the most tender advance to the sweet little thing is in the form of a vigorous shove into the nearest mud puddle.

His psyche says:

Id: As the impulse from the Id is always basically the same, and not approved by the censor, the reader is left to his imagination.

Ego: "No, that's not nice. Be subtle and back her into the mud."

Super-ego: "Wonderful idea, how can she resist me?"

In Junior High, the bisexual relationship follows true to the "Look-at-me, Girls," or the "Show-Off" stage. At this age the boy realizes that girls don't appreciate the Grade School pranks, and turns to methods of impressing them with feats of masculine achievement. As our Johnny goes swinging through the playground trees, accompanied by the shrill shrieks of a bevy of Marthas, his mind is conversing with itself.

Id: "If they follow me far enough . . ."

Ego: "Now, while they're looking."

Super-ego: "I hope I don't break my fool neck."

This type of courtship is undoubtedly very effective, as many hardy males follow it for a life time. California has its Muscles Beach, and Missouri has a University where the Joes display their virility by bending beer cans with their bare hands.

By the time Adonis has reached High School, he has usually found his mate. (Or so he thinks at the time). Gone are the crude thoughts of vulgar displays of strength. All is sweetness and light with the boy, as he becomes prematurely domesticated. He no longer shows off, because he cannot let go of her hand long enough. — The little puppy is in love. Adonis and friend seem to have formed a mutual past which they work full time, — keeping each other's hands warm. No longer do they attend concerts, or plays, for how is one to applaud when he cannot stand to lose physical contact with heart-throb? Adonis' psyche is now at

ease.

Id: "This can't be ALL."

Ego: "Love."

Super-ego: "Golly, what warm hands she has."

It is pleasing to realize that such a tender affair as this will never change for these two, Adonis and his femme will graduate from High School and attend college together. In college they will go steadily, and study at the library where they will continue to keep each other's hands warm.

When two people of the opposite gender (sex is a better word here, but you know how the censor is) meet in college, one often wonders whether or not they possess an ego and super-ego to control the images projected by the persistent Id.

—You've wondered what was going on in the other's mind during those awkward silences.

His Id: "Now?"

Her Id: "Now!"

His ego: "I wonder if she needs another drink."

Her ego: "He needs encouragement."

His super-ego: "Nothing ventured, nothing gained."

Her super-ego: "This clod is really slow."

The Collegiate Columbus will finally venture. He won't die in chains, but he might as well. Although the gal will be tremendously pleased with herself, she will become righteously indignant, and slap hell out of him.



"The Lusty Loves Of Lula Belle"

A. J. Rank Swami Production

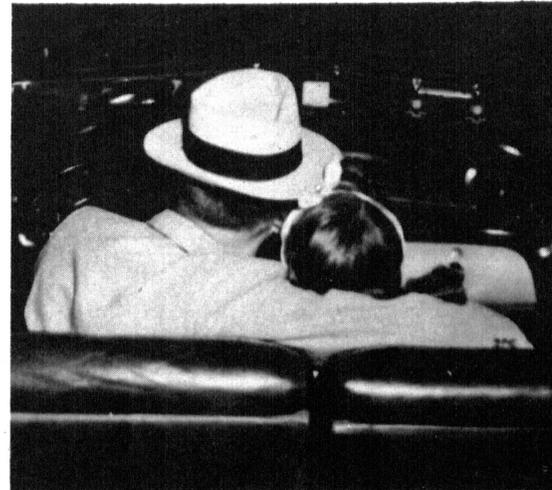
Featuring Tyrone Fremmerman and Dorothy La Hunt



In the first scene Lula Belle (Dottie La Hunt) is a sweet, naive country girl being approached by the wealthy cad, Horace Staccato (Ty Fremmerman).

In the second scene from the fourth coming movie, Staccato has succeeded in taking Lula Belle for a ride, and has wheedled her into trying one of "his brand."

Quite thrilled at being in a cconvertible with such a "man of the world," Lula Belle allows Horace to place his arms about her — but that's all.



Suddenly the cad shows his true colors, and Lula Belle, sweet, young thing that she is, practically falls out of the car trying to avoid the mad lunge. Virtue triumphs, however, and Lula Belle repulses the ardent Horace and turns a deaf ear to his pleas to "get back in the goddam car."

Reaching her doorstep, Lula Bell discovers that her baying wolf has become as docile as a St. Bernard, and is begging her to return. The good heart of the country girl is touched, and she considers his proposition.

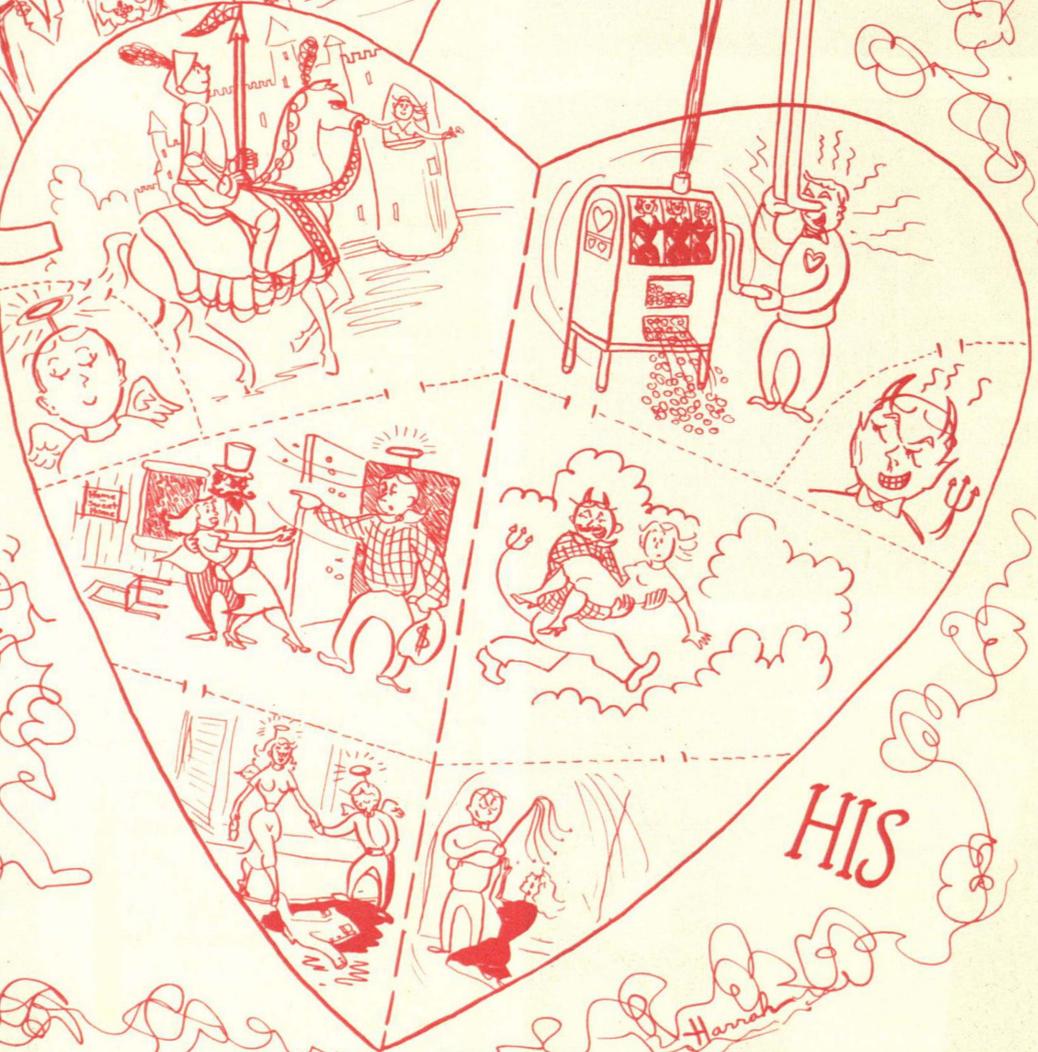
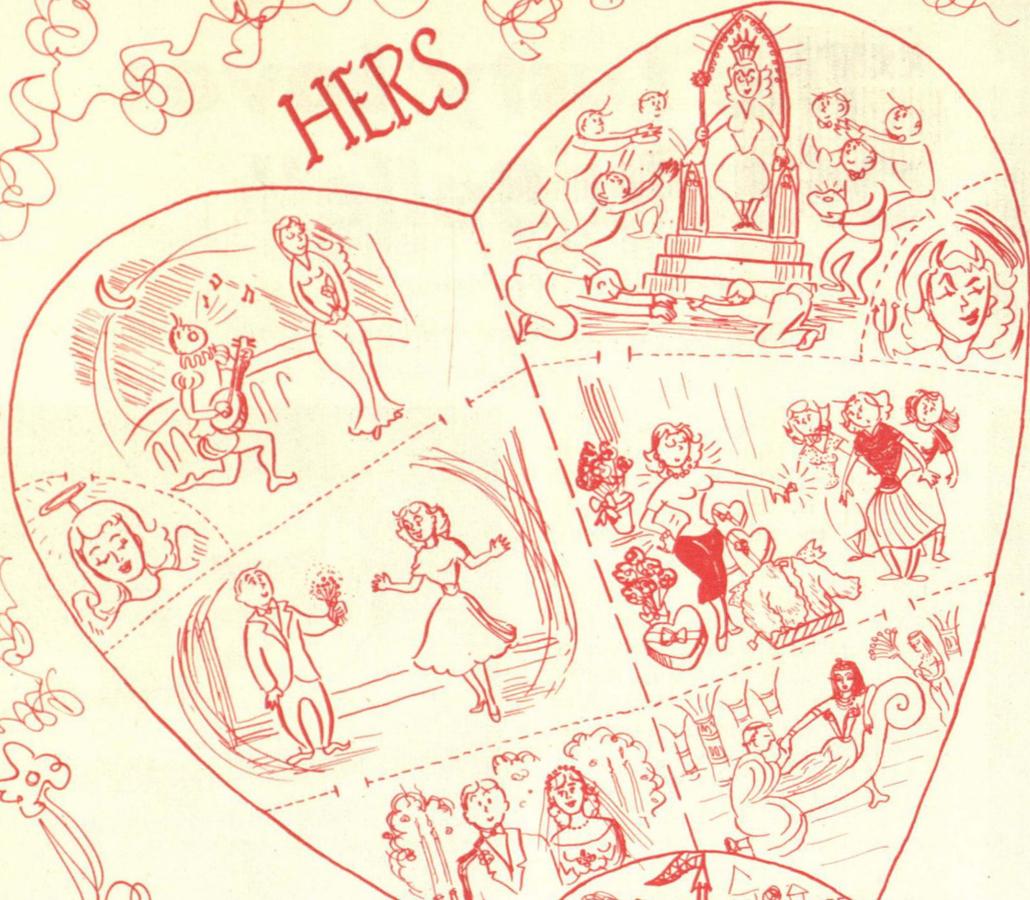


The proposition is pretty good, and, as the cameras stop grinding Lula Belle is seen repeating it word for word to Homer Hogwash, a neighboring hay stacker. A sequel is now in production.

Photos by Bill Rhoades
Script by Tennessee Bill



HERS



HIDDEN DREAMS
OF
A HEART
IN LOVE

HIS

Hannah

The wide brown eyes peered out of the mirror at the face before it. They searched the small face and the short nose. They watched the corners of the small reddened lips pull down and the muscles at the base of the jaw contract. The soft brown hair curled low on the forehead.

It wasn't a beautiful face, but Cathy had given up on that, and was content to think that it was an interesting one. When you're twenty, you no longer worry about it. You accept what it is, because it is you.

She ran the comb through her hair, and saw it fall back into place. What was the use? But you always did it. A ritual that could not be abandoned. You always did that last-minute thing with the comb.

Paul was waiting downstairs, but Cathy didn't hurry. It was a game you played. No one expected you to come down immediately. Paul didn't. He knew the rules of the game.

Sometimes, she tired of the game, but, still, she followed it through habit. She watched the eyes.

Always she thought of the other thing. She would play the game, because everyone did, but she didn't have to think of it. You thought of that one time. That once when it wasn't a game. Everything had been real, and Cathy had thrown away the rule book, because when it was real, nobody thought of the game. But now you played.

She picked up the powder puff and dusted the short, delicate nose with it. The dark lashes were lowered, and the eyes were clouded.

Once, long ago, the world was a wonderland, and she had Bill. They had kissed the first night. When you played the game you never did that, but it was all right, because they weren't playing the game that night. She couldn't remember how his face looked as it moved closer to hers. But the lips — she could remember the feel of the lips pressed softly against hers. And

(Continued on next Page)

intermission



by
Joe Gold

Paul would be waiting downstairs
... it was a game you played.

*So-a-a
good!*



**TASTEE
FREEZ**

Across from J-School

then harder and harder. And it hurt, but she hadn't wanted him to stop. That was the way you felt. You never wanted it to end. You wanted to be hurt, to be lost in a void.

Cathy traced the line of her lips with the red stick, and as she smoothed them one against the other, she could remember how they had hurt. When you wake up, they still hurt. And you moisten them with your tongue. Not to soothe, but to remember. To taste again, and you remember, and you feel good again. Not because they hurt, but because you remember why.

She inspected the image in the mirror. The blue sweater showed her soft curves, and she was pleased. You were always pleased if you looked well. Even if it was a game. She smoothed the black wool skirt. Paul was waiting, but he wouldn't mind, because that was the way you did.

Bill had loved her. The first day he said "I love you," the clouds were circling high above, but she was on top of them. That was how it was, when it was real. You felt like grinning, and laughing, and then you were serious. And you wondered why others could not be as happy as you were. You wanted to tell

everybody, but you kept silent, and others looked knowingly when they saw a sudden smile play across your face. And you were beautiful then. Because you were in love, and the one you loved thought you were beautiful, and you were. You wore flowers in your hair, and even winter seemed like spring.

When it was gone you could remember how your heart died inside you. Like the little wren that fluttered its wings in the cage when you were a child. It just died. And all the time tears fell light on your cheeks. When you least expected them to. You felt an ache in your chest, and that was real. And then even the pain passed. You always thought it would never end. But that too is forgotten.

Cathy opened the door of the room and looked at the dark staircase. She smoothed the skirt again.

So you sat back and waited for it to be real again. You knew it would be someday. You knew that the game didn't go on forever. You played it like an intermission between acts, and all the while the time was passing. But you waited for it to be real again like it was with Bill.

(Continued on Page 27)

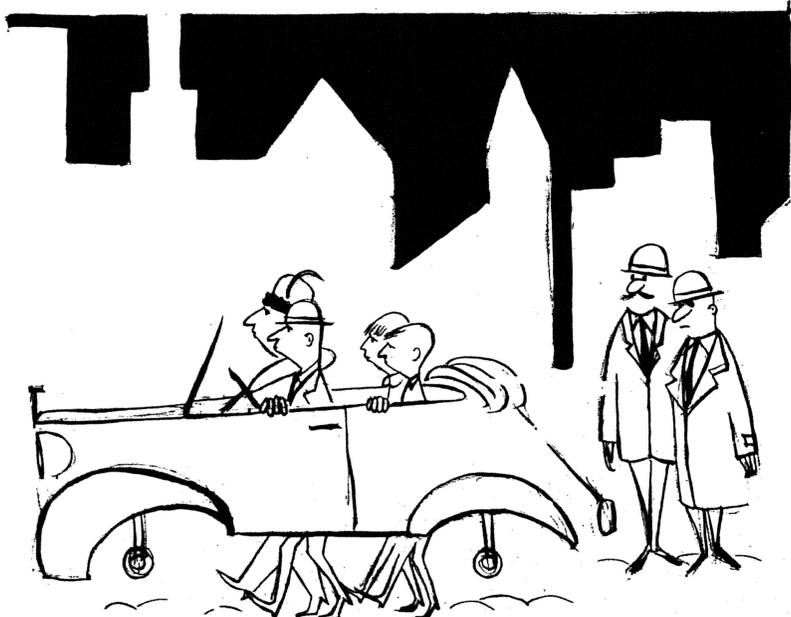


That
DORN CLONEY

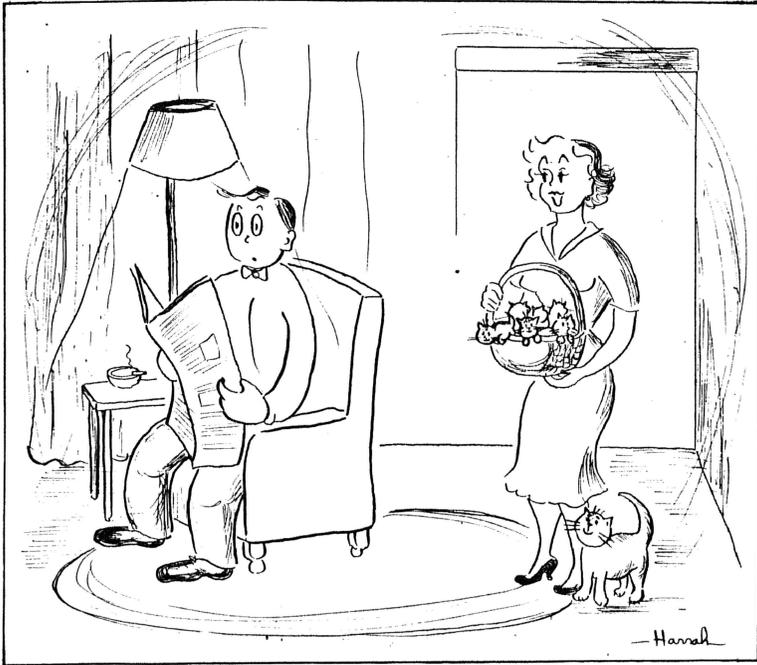
Laundry Service, That Is!

**DORN
CLONEY**

Phone 3114



Hartley never got over gas rationing.



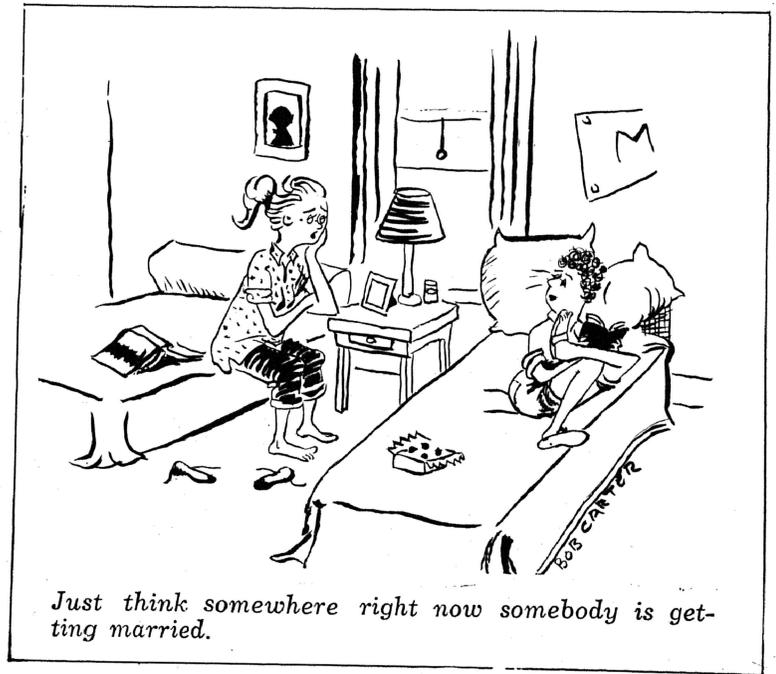
At last, dear we'll be hearing the patter of little feet.



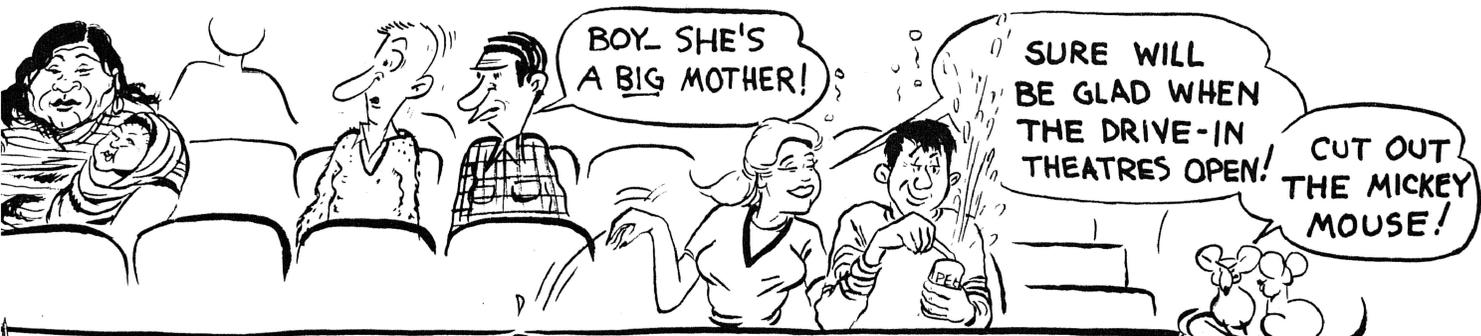
STUFF



I love Purple Passion Parties.



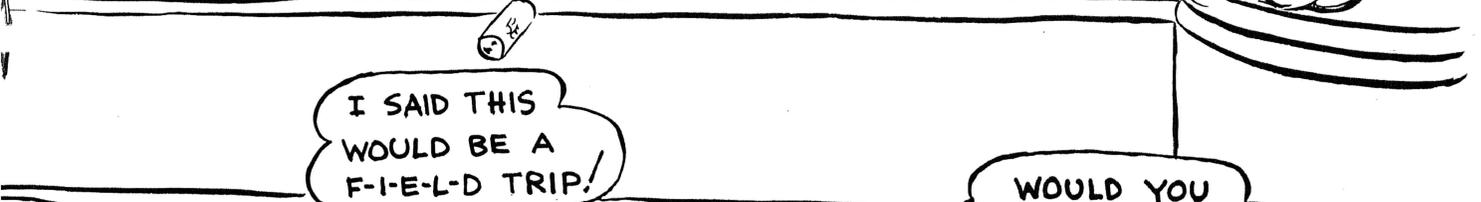
Just think somewhere right now somebody is getting married.



BOY, SHE'S A BIG MOTHER!

SURE WILL BE GLAD WHEN THE DRIVE-IN THEATRES OPEN!

CUT OUT THE MICKEY MOUSE!



I SAID THIS WOULD BE A F-I-E-L-D TRIP!

HE'S LIKE MONROE!

WOULD YOU LIKE TO SIT DOWN IN FRONT?

I DON'T BEND DAT WAY SPOOK!

DON'T TAKE MUCH DOUGH?

HISTORY OF MOTION PICTURES

IN THE LAST ROW?

WHOLL GO?

SOMETHINGS STICK'N ME

BILL, I SEE YOU'RE DRESSING NATTILY TONITE

THESE THREE DIMENSIONALS ARE REALISTIC. ARE YOU FRANK?

NO! THAT WAS LAST NITE!



THIS IS THE FIRST BLIND DATE I EVER HAD!!

MOVIES
ARE MADDER THAN EVER
by
Joe Beeler



LOVE THROUGH THE AGES

(Continued from Page 13)

other poet named Elizabeth Barrett. All day long they used to write sonnets to each other until the censor found out about it, and warned them of the consequences. So they restrained themselves, and, instead, longed to hear the patter of little iambic pentameters around the house. So they pooled their talents and did a domestic comedy comparing their love to a box of eggs, called "Cheaper by the Dozen." With a few revisions Hollywood accepted it.

At the beginning of the seventeenth century, Europe was dominated by a little man with his hand inside his shirt. He was Napoleon, and he itched. He itched to marry up with a gal by name of Josephine. Since she was prejudiced against foreign names she did not want to become Mrs. Napoleon, so they lived together in Paris (which was at that time synonymous with "sin") and gleefully trampled Europe and made an Empire of it. To buy her a new mink, he sold the Louisiana Territory to the United States which was always a sucker for a gold brick or the Brooklyn Bridge (which hadn't been built yet). Napoleon had made Europe and Josephine was happy.

And even Missouri had its lovers. They used to tell the story of Becky and Tom Sawyer. Becky and Tom had been exchanging sneers for a long time, until they found themselves alone in a cave one day. Nobody could find the chaperone, Injun Joe, and they had to do without him. The two youngsters did nothing, absolutely NOTHING, but the town said he had compromised her. Tom, being an honorable cad, promised to marry her, and they lived together for the rest of their days in Hannibal, Missouri, utterly incompatible. But such is love.

Around the Civil War Period, when the North and the South were having exchange Panty Raids, the fabulous Scarlett O'Hara dwelt at Tara, somewhere

in the vicinity of Yewall, Georgia. Miss O'Hara didn't like Union soldiers, and she constantly turned down the Union suits for marriage. Along came a scoundrel by the name of Rhett Butler, and Scarlett knew that the love bug had bitten her. She



longed to get her fingers into Rhett's hair, and her hands into his wallet. She did both. They were very happy until the war ended. Then, they separated, since they had run out of things to talk about.

Nearing the present we find a king of England who renounced his throne "for the woman I love." He became the Duke of Windsor and married Wally, and let the British Empire go to pot, towards which it had been going for a number of years. He

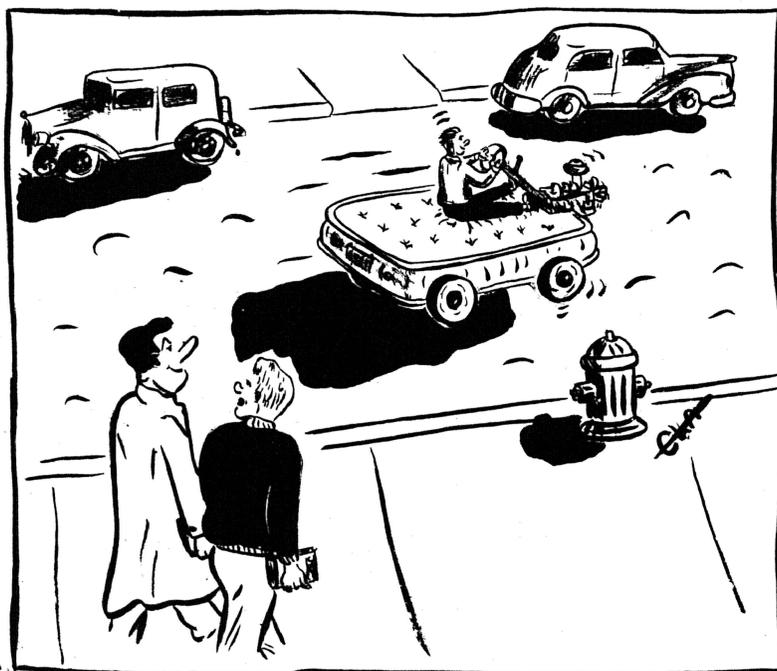
and the Duchess became a couple of partiers, and would party at the drop of a derby or a shilling. Since people were always dropping these things, the loving couple have been busy ever since.

Finally, the history of love carries us right up to our own generation and the names of Pat Ward and Mickey Jelke are blazed across the front page. Miss Ward, a comely brunette had always longed for a man to call her own. Mickey had always longed for a woman to call. They called each other and soon the romance was hotter than a piece of jewelry from Brinks. The tabloids insisted on turning it into a scandalous story, but they couldn't do much. Mickey owned the presses. And so they shall live happily ever after, passing notes to one another by bribing the guards.

And so love shall ever triumph over the forces of hate. It always conquered all, and "the world will always welcome lovers, as time goes by."

THE END

The bum slept under bridges and viaducts for years. Then he switched to culverts. Does this make him the Man of Distinction?



Says he never got more outa any car.

Annie Ryan



Your 1953

Showme Queen

From five finalists, you selected the young lady who reigns over the next couple of pages. Over a thousand votes were cast and then counted by Sandy Smith, President of AWS and Bill Braznell, Editor of SHOWME. And now, we present the 1953 SHOWME Queen . . .

Queen Anne...

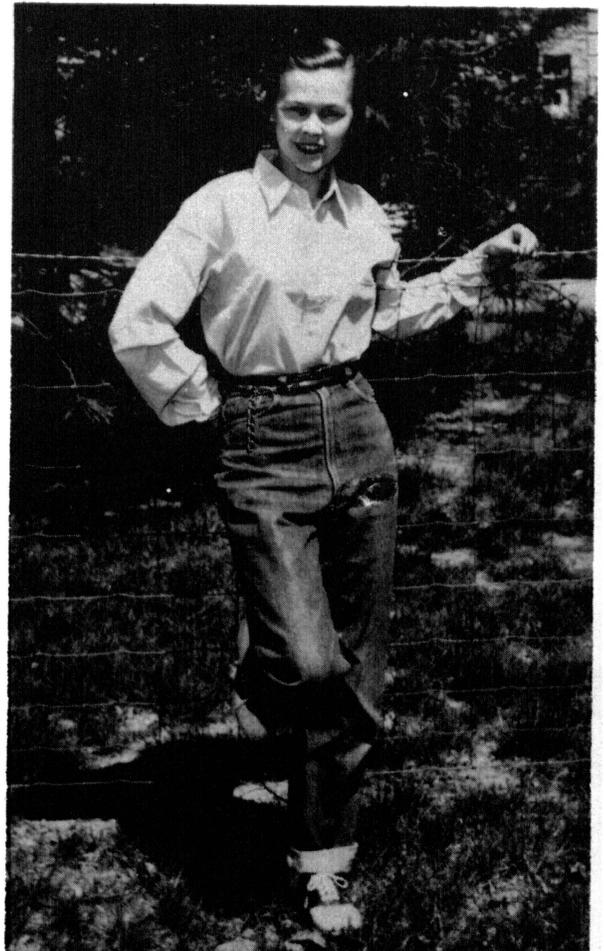
She's Mizzou's "best girl"

On campus or on the town

The 1953 SHOWME Queen is the blue-eyed beauty from Savannah, Missouri, Annie Ryan. She is twenty-one years old, one hundred and ten pounds and five foot three and a half. ("I can stretch to five four.") Annie is a senior in the College of Education majoring in Home Economics. Being a queen is not new to Annie Ryan. Way back in 1949, in her freshman year, she was chosen Farmers' Fair Queen by the Aggies. Scheduled to receive her diploma in June, the pert Queen is a member of Phi Upsilon Omicron, Home Economics Honorary. Her interests include most sports, but especially bowling (although the



In the pictures below and right Annie at home in the open air with a horse who hams it up for the photog. And then there's one for the boys who like their women in blue jeans. The jumper (wearing, not horse) was a gift from Garland's.





Life is not all play and no work for the Queen. She does "hit the books," but note the grin. And then there's jellifying with Neil out on the deck. In the lower right, Annie gives you that "sweater and skirt" pinup.

pinboys head for cover) and horses. When she was informed, that she had been chosen from the five finalists, Annie was so surprised that all she could say was, "I appreciate it — sincerely." Sincerity is one of the qualities of the tiny brownette, and frankness seems to be another. She admits she received the tiny scar on her forehead as a result of a fall from a cherry tree at the tender age of eight. "I haven't liked cherry pie since then. Apple is my favorite." For one of the photographs on these pages we took Annie out to the Stephens Riding Stable, where we discovered she really does like horses and is quite adept at talking to them. Among her other attributes, the Queen can strum a ukelele in addition to being able to sing quite well. She probably picked up a great many votes during the campaign with her rendition of "Sentimental Journey" that closed the Gentry Hall skit. Her Majesty, as luck would have it, is not only pinned but engaged to Neil Thomas, a former SHOWME Hood of the Month.



... and her *Attendant*

**She's Swami's choice
For "Prettiest Wheel
On Campus" — — Phyllis McDaniel.**

Attending the Queen is 19 year old Phyllis McDaniel, a sophomore in Arts and Science majoring in Social Work. The brown-haired, brown-eyed young lady reaches five feet six inches and weighs a hundred twenty-five pounds. She is from Independence and now lives in Kansas City. She likes most sports including swimming, tennis ("I play singles, because nobody will play doubles with me.") and horses. Phyllis also lists sewing as one of her spare time activities. She doesn't have much spare time, however, since she is in a great many activities. The Queen's Attendant admits to KEA, Freshman Women's Honorary, Sophomore Council, Fanfare for Fifty, and AWS, being past chairman of orientation for next fall. Over at the Kappa Alpha Theta house, Phyllis is in charge of Fraternity Education, an unexplained term.



Those off-the-shoulder formals look especially good on Phyllis, and then in an informal pose, as a result of her "travel bug," she revved up a prop or two at the airport.



Phyllis can look official as well as attractive. Here she is with that "Judiciary Board Look" sitting behind the desk in the AWS office.



Intermission

(Continued from Page 18)

She started down the staircase, and saw Paul sitting in the chair with a paper. The movie would be fun. It always was, when you didn't think about it not being good. Paul would want to kiss her afterwards, and she would let him. Not because it was anything special. It was just the way you did. You played and you had fun and you kissed.

But, still you knew it was only a game. You knew that someday you wouldn't play the game anymore. You knew the curtain would go up. You wanted to be held and kissed and hurt. You wanted that void to envelop you. But you couldn't rush it. It just happened. It always happened if you just went along with everything.

Paul was standing at the foot of the staircase, the dark, almost black hair well back on his forehead, and his eyes following her down. When she reached the bottom she was smiling.

They walked out into the starless spring evening, and the breeze was warm against her cheeks, and her hand was in Paul's. You always held hands on a date. It was pleasant.



There was an old sculptor named Phidias

Whose knowledge of art was invidious

He carved Aphrodite

Without any nightie

Which startled the ultra-fastidious.

For All Your Spring Party Needs



FREE Delivery Service

Brown Derby

116 Strollway
Phone 5409

For That Special Date



Frozen Gold

CREAM OF CREAMS

ICE CREAM



Whatsa matter . . . clean ain't it?

Mother: Well, son what have you been doing all day?
 Son: Shooting craps, mother.
 Mother: That must stop. Those little things have as much right to live as you do.

Teetotalers . . . I don't think I ever saw one; I hope I never see one; but let me tell you, sure as Hell, I'd rather see than be one!

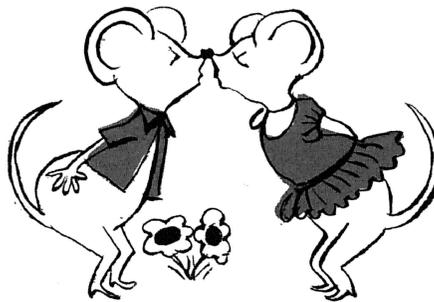
If you think a girl is cold, remember — so is dynamite until you start foolin' around!

With graceful feet a maiden sweet
 Was tripping the light fantastic.
 When suddenly she tore
 For the dressing room door
 You can never trust elastic.

"Ran over a beer bottle."
 "Didn't you see it?"
 "Naw, the kid had it under his coat."

Of all the wolves upon this earth
 The ones who've cause to brag
 Are Chase and Sanborn. They alone
 Have dated every bag.

AFTER THOUGHTS



"There's a man outside with a wooden leg named Smith."
 "What's the name of the other leg?"

Ed: Joe has a false tooth.
 Ned: Did he tell you?
 Ed: No, it just came out during the conversation.

Walter: Do you neck?
 Caroline: That's my business.
 Walter: Oh, a professional.

The excited young mother called to her husband: "The baby has swallowed the matches!"

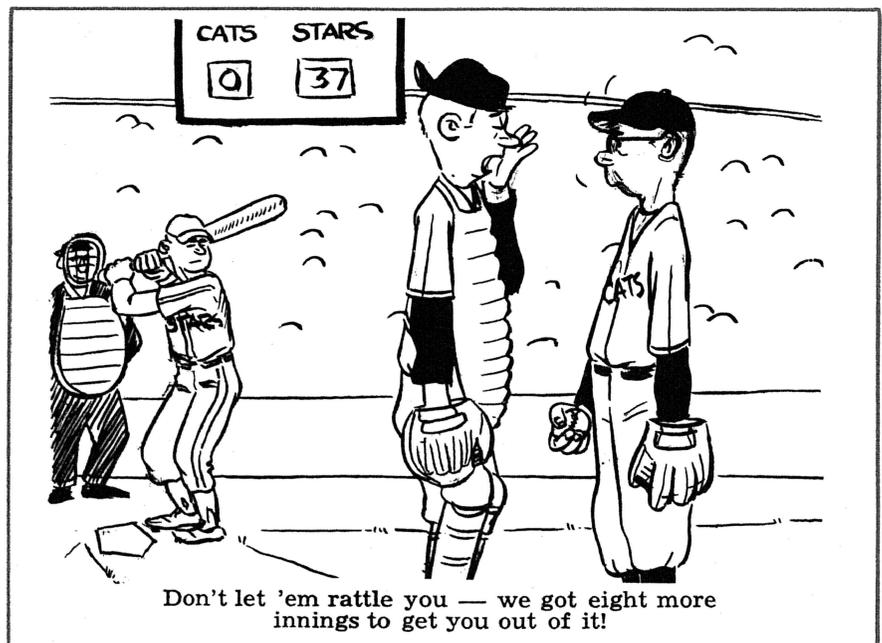
He called back: "Here, use my cigarette lighter."

First Suzie: I said some foolish things to Robert last night.
 Second Suzie: Yes?
 First Suzie: That was one of them.

Pi Phi: I suppose that if I go riding with you, you'll park in some dark lane and try to make love to me.

Beta: Ah! That's where you're wrong.

Pi Phi: You're telling me! That's why I'm not going.



Don't let 'em rattle you — we got eight more innings to get you out of it!



Bridesmaid: How was your father-in-law looking when you last saw him?

Groom: Straight down the barrel.

* * *

"Marry me, although I am a poor radio announcer, or I will shoot myself and make a spot on your rug that only Glutz's superdoooper cleanser selling at 25 cents at all better grocery stores, will remove."

* * *

Gent: Where's the menu?

Waiter: At the end of the hall, first door to the left.

* * *

Often when a man says his mind is getting broader it only means his conscience is stretching.

* * *

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

* * *

It was one of Mother's most hectic days. Her small son, who had been playing outside, came in with his pants torn.

"You go right in and mend them yourself," she said.

Sometime later she went to see how he was getting along. The torn pants were lying on the chair. The door to the cellar, usually closed, was open. She called down loudly, "Are you running around without your pants on?"

"No, lady, I'm just reading the gas meter."

* * *

Beneath this stone a virgin lies,
For her life held no terrors.
Born a virgin, died a virgin —
No hits, no runs, no errors.

Date Time
is
Dairy Time

The Great Carousel in the Sky

Student Union Night Club
Tickets Now on Sale
\$1.50 Per Couple

RESERVED SEATS ONLY
LATE NIGHTS FOR WOMEN

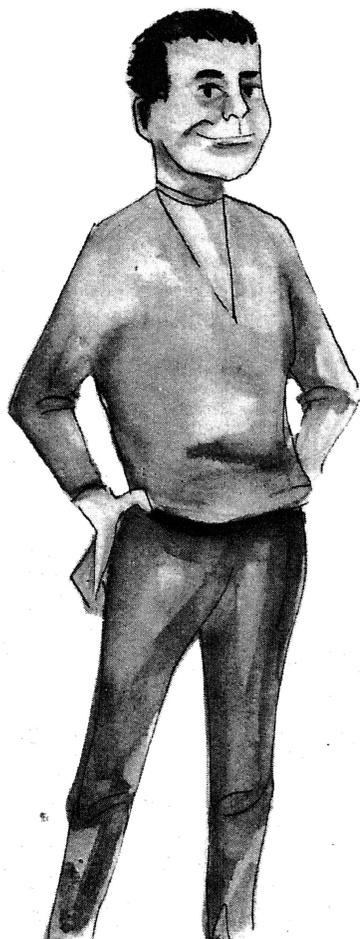
May 5 6 7 8 9

A Susie's View of the Missouri Male

An anonymous Stephens girl wonders if some of the boys have any backbone



It is hard to say exactly what the general opinion is that Stephens girls have of M.U. men, since there are so many types of personalities and opinions among 2,000 girls on the Stephens campus. After listening to the many conversations about boys from Mizzou, I would say the majority of the girls are definitely "in favor." Some say, "Well, they are all we have to date." Maybe so, but an awful lot of Stephens girls are all dreamy-eyed and in a di-



ther over a boy from M.U., so they must have found something they like in them. True, a lot of girls say the boys are "pigs" but I imagine this is said half-heartedly by the girls who haven't been fortunate enough to meet the right boys. It's hard, I'll admit, to find some one that you are really proud to know and be seen with, but if you try hard enough, one will come along your way sooner or later.

All of the boys at M.U. aren't perfect, but are all of the girls, or all of the boys on other campuses in the U.S.? Just because you meet a boy whom you dislike intensely, doesn't mean all the boys are like that. Too many Stephens girls are "fraternity conscious." By this I mean, if she is asked out by a boy who isn't in a top fraternity, or is an Independent, she'll refuse the date. This is no way to meet people in a college town. You have to take your chances.

I do think that a lot of the M. U. boys could be a little more thoughtful. They don't have to razz a girl simply because she goes to Stephens. We don't make the rules you know, so why talk about them all the time! I know of some fraternities that will hardly allow a boy in that house to pin a Stephens girl, or even date her a lot.

I believe that a lot of the boys' actions are caused by the girls. There are always complaints about the boys who hang out in front of The Dairy, and The Towne House. They have a reason I guess — lots of girls in these places. Some stay for hours, actually. Those girls are inviting

these boys in, but then when the girls find out what the boys are like, they brand them as "typical M.U. men." This is not a fair accusation. Do you blame the boys for making comments and hanging around these places, when you sit there and ask for it? I see nothing wrong in going in for a coke or something, but you don't have to become a permanent fixture!

Boys say a Stephens girl is a snob. Just because a girl won't speak to a car load of boys who are "on the prowl" doesn't mean she is a snob. She's just being careful.

"A Stephens girl is always available." Why don't boys take into consideration that there are two women's colleges plus the university girls in this town. It's obvious that there aren't that many boys, so why limit the statement only to Stephens?

Why does a boy call you and tell you to please ask your girl friend if she has a date for the week-end and, if not, would she like to go out with him? That's a round-about-way of getting a date, but, a lot of boys do it. Kinda makes us wonder if some of the boys have any backbone. We don't mind doing them a favor, but when it comes to asking for a date, why not ask her directly?

As a whole, I would say that Stephens girls like the Missouri boys. There are some great boys at Mizzou and some great girls in Stephens, and I think we'll all be happier if we quit generalizing.

Name Withheld

A Co-ed's View of the Missouri Male



Last minute phone calls make girls
want to scream says anonymous coed

On this campus there are two well known factors which the common layman speaks of as boys and girls. I, being a girl, will speak of the former. Who are these masculine gender, what are they like, what do they think about? I don't know the answers but would you like to know the reverse—What the feminine gender thinks about the males on Missouri Campus, what they like and what they dislike—Surprised that they do like something—that something pleases and appeals that hard to please whimsical race — women. Well — let's begin—

Boys like to be with their friends, their fraternity brothers. This statement makes sense — So do girls — they like to see someone they can wave to, speak to, and in general, feel as if they know someone on the campus, too. How about it, fellows — do you ever ask your date if she would like to meet or go with one of her friends and their dates, or is it a well known and taken for granted fact that you're naturally going where you can meet the gang—?

The terror of it — the phone call — "Pick you up at eight — get Dorothy, Chuck wants to talk to her" — and he's gone. Where are you going — What is he wearing? — Is it a Jeff City party, picnic on the Hink — Coronado binge — cocktail party — roller skating — Who knows? And if you dress wrongly and wait to see what Romeo has thoughtfully decided to wear — You scheme about how quietly you can change what to match what — and then while you're changing and he's waiting — Oh

brother!!! Takes all of thirty seconds longer on the phone to add "Heels — or wear jeans — or casual—" "Would it be asking too much?"

This — this is the worst faux pas of the century — you dress up — go someplace — there are strangers, but they look nice — (that's probably all you'll ever know — that they look nice) — your date, (lucky him) knows everyone and has at least 3 war stories to exchange with perhaps a dozen or so — You become a chain smoker and consider becoming an alcoholic, as you pass the hours until door lock — very sad situation.

There seem to be only two set patterns that fellows use to arrange a date. First procedure — Call two weeks in advance — Tell her you'll let her know later what to wear and where you're going — 2 weeks later and thirty minutes before you're ready to scream, or go out with a blind date — Or wonder if he's dead or drunk or both — You get a phone call — and blessed day — you find out what to wear and where to go and that he'll be by in ten minutes.

Second procedure — Casually meet on Campus — he — I'll call you soon, save one nite of the week-end — and again 30 minutes before you go out on Saturday night with the date you finally made on Friday night in sheer desperation — the phone call "Ready to go, hope you saved tonight, you promised you know" —

And last of the faux pas — is — we realize the boys are freer creatures than women, they

have no curfews or deadly doorlocks with penalties of late minutes — He, somewhere in the back of his mind, has the facts of such procedure which undoubtedly hundreds of girls have informed him in the months he has spent dating at M U — 12 o'clock comes — Where is he? — (The worst is if he has passed out) other misfortunes; talking to old girl; explaining latest story

(Continued on Page 34) |



HOW TO GET OVER IT

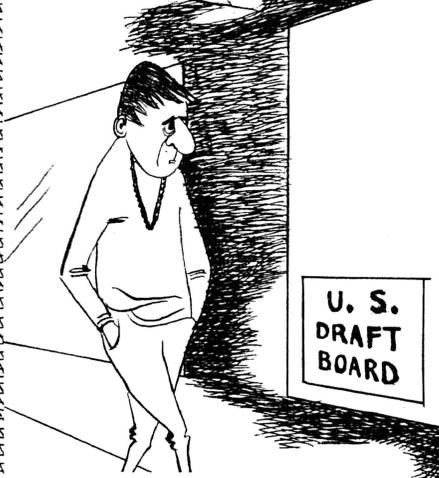
When Dumped, jilted, shafted — don't mope — follow Swami's Advice.



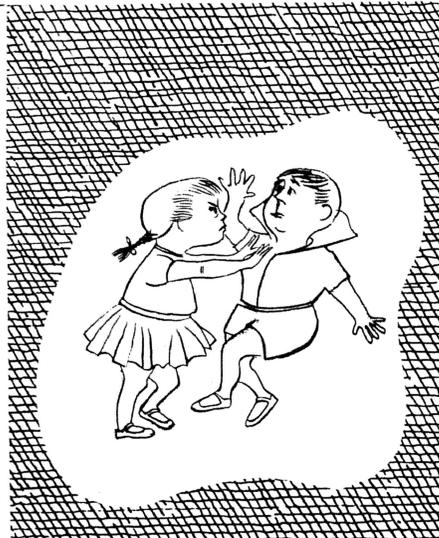
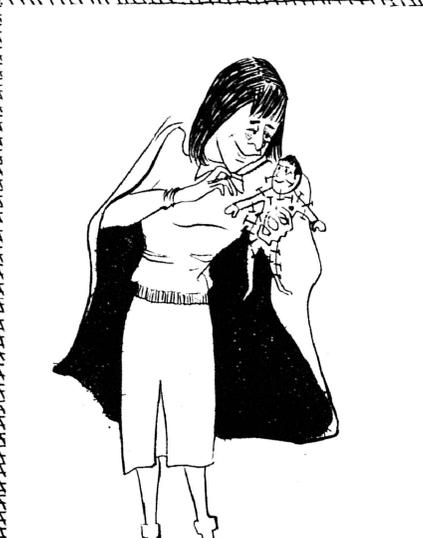
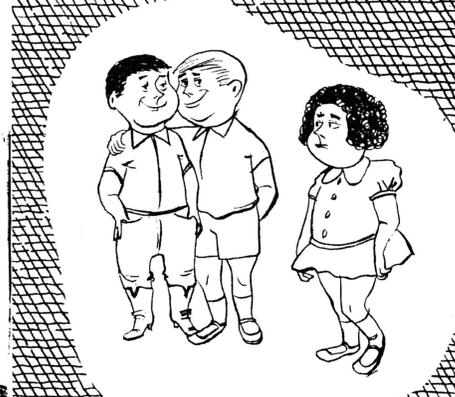
Get away from it all



Surround yourself with new friends, new faces.



Don't do anything drastic



Oh well, she wasn't the only pebble on the beach.



The Priceless Ingredient... Good Taste!

Gibbons & Griffin
at Juries

The Light Refreshment

for modern living



Pepsi-Cola
refreshes without
filling . . . light,
dry (not too sweet),
reduced in calories.



COEDS — Ask for low calorie **PEPSI** at the
Student Union Soda Shop.

Pepsi-Cola refreshes
without filling

A Coed's View of the Missouri Male

(Continued from Page 31)

to boys; can't be interrupted — One last drink — No place to park at 12:30 — (If he only knew that spending a Saturday night campused by A. W. S. because of his thoughtlessness was not a girl's idea of the perfect evening—)

Anything good to say about M U males? — Yes — lots — and it outweighs the bad in almost all the girls' opinions.

Very seldom do you ever see a messy dressed boy — They all dress like the quite nice boys they are — Almost all of them can be forced, shocked, or cajoled into talking about worthwhile and impending subjects (other than marriage) and you know there really is something locked up in those grey cells that make him a real person with human emotions, definite tender-heartedness and potentialities — potentialities — potentialities — 'such stuff are dreams made of.

Name Withheld



Hollywood story: The actress rushed into her house screaming to her husband: "Darling, come quickly! Your children and my children are beating up our children!"

* * *

An elderly lady, afraid she would miss her stop, poked the bus driver with her umbrella and asked, "Is this the public library?"

Driver: "No, lady, that's my sacroiliac."



Boy of the Month

Joe Koenenn

Senior in Arts and Science
 . . . Political Science Major
 . . . President of Omicron
 Delta Kappa . . . Business
 Manager of Savitar . . . As-
 sistant News Editor, Busi-
 ness Manager of Missouri
 Student . . . IFC . . . Inter-
 Fraternity Court, Chief Jus-
 tice . . . NROTC Scholarship
 . . . Chairman of Department
 of Public Relations of SGA,
 '51-52 . . . Who's Who in
 American Colleges and Uni-
 versities 1952, 1953 . . .
 Sigma Delta Chi . . . Com-
 mittee on Student Union and
 Activities, '51-52 . . . Dean's
 Honor List 1951 . . . Secre-
 tary . . . Treasurer . . . Theta
 Kapap Phi . . . 22 . . . Long
 Beach, Mississippi

Girl of the Month

Peggy Marak

Senior in Journalism . . . Ad-
 vertising Major . . . President
 of Gamma Alpha Chi . . .
 Fanfare for Fifty '51, '52, '53
 . . . Women's Advertising
 Club of St. Louis Honorary
 Scholarship, '51-'52 . . . Or-
 ganizations Editor of Savitar,
 '50-'51 . . . SGA . . . WSSF
 . . . Senior Panhellenic . . .
 Dean's Honor Roll . . . Week-
 in-St. Louis Advertising Club
 Award . . . Kappa Epsilon
 Alpha . . . Advertising Man-
 ager of Showme, '51-52 . . .
 J-School Association Produc-
 tion Board . . . AWS Fresh-
 man Orientation, '50-'51 . . .
 Activities Chairman . . . Treas-
 urer . . . President . . . Delta
 Delta Delta . . . 21 . . . Ma-
 plewood, Missouri



For your Every
Painting Need . . .

BRADY'S

15 S. 10th

4978



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

* * * *

Salesman: Could I sell you some pajamas?

Lady shopper: No, I don't wear them.

Salesman: My name is Hardwick, Bob Hardwick.

* * *

Robert Burns wrote, "To a Field Mouse".

Did he get an answer?

* * * *

Tourist: Milking a cow?

Yokel: Naw, just feeling her pulse.

* * * *

She couldn't get a man, so she bought a monkey and is waiting for evolution to take its course.

* * * *

"May I have this dance?" asked the freshman.

"I'm sorry, but I never dance with a child," she said with an amused smile.

"Oh, a thousand pardons," he said. "I didn't know your condition."

* * * *

There once was an actress named Hucer

Whose agents all wished to seduce her,

The public went wild

When she had her first child

And now she's become a producer.

* * * *

Reformer: And furthermore, hell is just filled with cocktails, roulette wheels, and naughty chorus girls.

Collegiate Voice from the Rear:
Oh, death, where is thy sting?

HOTEL GOVERNOR

Jefferson City's Finest



For that Special Date Drive over and Visit

THE RATHSKELLER

Dancing
Nightly

Mixed and
Fancy Drinks

Say it with Flowers.

Springtime Means

Spring Flowers

from . . .

H. R. Mueller
FLORIST



Collector: What do you say to paying the installment on this sofa of yours?

Dumb Dora: Oh, goody! I was afraid you had come for the money.

* * *

Who says the Russians have no sense of humor? Here's a joke that is currently rolling them in the aisles in Moscow:

Puervi: Kto buila, c kotoroi ya videl bac, vcher yecherom?

Torul: Ones net dama—ona moya zhenya!

* * *

A frantic mother rushed into a doctor's office, dragging a four-year-old boy by the hand. "Doctor," she panted, "is this child capable of performing an appendectomy?"

"Why, my dear lady," answered the doctor, "don't be silly. Of course not."

"See!" screamed the mother, "Now you march right out of here and put it back!"

FOR FORMAL TIME

Formal Attire whose fine tailoring is the silent expression of perfect taste



Our white Java-Weave

Tropical Tux Coat

\$29.95

Midnight Blue Slacks

\$12.50

Woolf Brothers



*Fashion
Wise
Cottons*



*Florence
Fashions
and Gifts*
1108 Broadway

hangnail sketch

by Defoe Copper

George D. Independent

We wandered through the dreary corridor of the dormitory, until we were suddenly challenged by a sentry with a paddle.

"Frat rat or GDI?"

"GDI," we stuttered.

"Pass, friend."

At last we found the room of George D. Independent, well-known Greek-hater. George welcomed us with open arms, when we told him we'd come for an interview. Or rather, he pointed to the cluttered bed, told us to sit down, and played out his hand. Then he graciously tossed the other poker players out the door and turned to us.

"Well, what do you want?"

"How did you get to be so well known?" we stammered.

"It was easy. With all these eager Greeks jumping into activities, I just curl up on my cot and sack out. The boys respect you more. And then I go on little Safaris like over to the Beta lawn and to 'nrow rocks at pinnings and serenades. You don't hvae to be an activity hound to be a wheel around here."

"Do you really hate Greeks?"

"Hell, no. I just caaaaain't stand 'em. They're just a bunch of cashmere-chumps. Why, some of my best friends are Greeks. Of course they ain't worth a damn, but they're not as bad as some."

"George, do you date sorority girls or independents?"

"Hell, no. My name's George D. Independent, and Susieville is my beat. They have all sorts of mixers and waffle suppers for us independents. Once in a while we do have exchange dinners with Johnston Hall or Gentry in Crowder Hall, but it isn't as fancy as some of those Greektown Dives.



"You mentioned Crowder Hall. We've heard some foul rumors of foul food over there. Are they true?"

"'Course they're not true. The food at Crowder is better than Breisch's. It's just the bicarbonate of soda they have to serve afterward that ruins everything. I saw a kid over there last night who didn't have time for the bicarb. It was horrible. About eight o'clock, he started to double up, and clutch his stomach and turned a Hinkson green. By the time we got him over to the Clinic, he was almost gone. They finished the job."

"Naturally."

"You know, I'm President of the Independent Men's Association."

"Yes, but what does the I.M.A. do?"

THIS MONTH'S SPECIAL
Strawberry Sundae



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

Zesto
DRIVE-IN
Hiway 40 & 63 No.

"Why we study all the minutes of the IFC meetings, and then submit nasty articles to the STUDENT. They'll print anything, you know. Then we have spies in all the Frat houses during Rush Week. They pick their noses and make idiotic remarks. Of course, it's hard to tell them from the brothers, but they create a bad impression, just the same. You might say we carry on guerrilla warfare."

We thanked George D. Independent, and escaped into the corridor maze, where we were once again challenged by the sentry. The letters "GDI" were like a magic charm, and it was all over. We had entered the stronghold and had secured our interview with the bandit chief.

The End.



He (at movies): Can you see all right?

She: Yes.

He: Is there a draft on you?

She: No.

He: Seat comfortable?

She: Yes.

He: Mind changing places?

* * *

He: Do you sleep with your windows up or down?

She: I don't sleep with my windows at all.

* * * *

Hush, little sex joke, don't you cry,

You'll be a drama by and by.

* * * *

They all laughed when I stood up to sing. How did I know I was under the table?

BEN JONSON



on Life Savers:

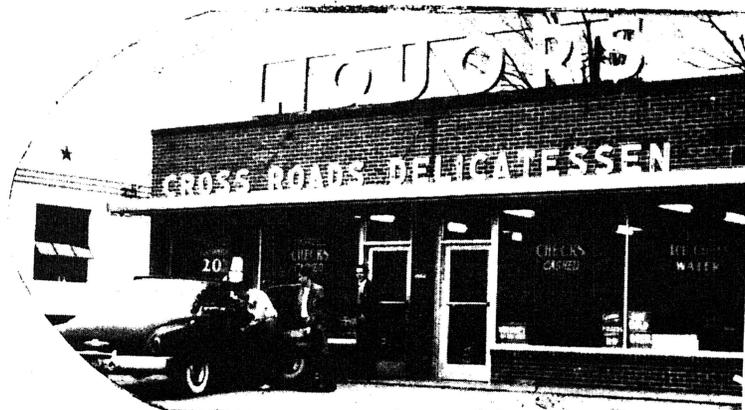
"Would tempt you to eternity of kissing!"

from *Volpone*, ACT I, SCENE I



Still only 5¢

WAERS *Crossroads*



All Students' Checks Cashed

Free Ice Cube & Glassware Service

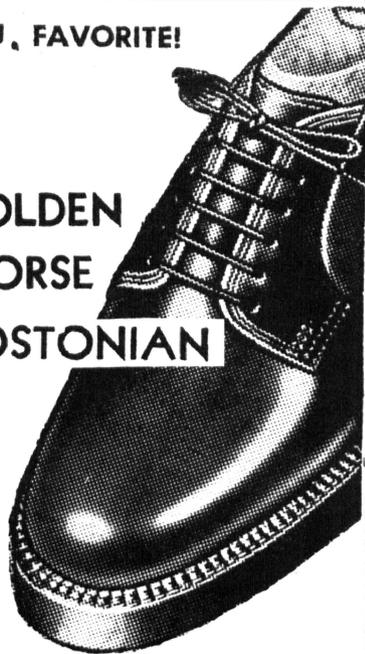
5% Keg Beer

WAERS *Crossroads* GUARANTEES

Lowest prices In Town!

M.U. FAVORITE!

GOLDEN
GORSE
BOSTONIAN



MILLET'S

Shoes

800 Broadway



nola middleton



Stamping her tiny foot, our heroine, Nola Middleton, snatched a handy purse-sized revolver from her bag to finally convince another Columbia retailer of the opportunities that awaited him when he advertised in Show-Me. Then she cut him down from the ceiling so that he could sign on the dotted line.

Nola's sales formula is simple — one black satin cocktail dress, a five-inch blackjack, six-inch eyelashes and a b-e-a-u-t-i-f-u-l smile. While the fellas on Swami's advertising staff beat their gums vainly with selling points to retailers, Nola just bats her eyelashes and sends out for more blanks.

Nola is twenty-one and a senior in merchandising. She says her only mission in life (outside of her home town of the same name) is to make Notre Dame co-educational. Beginning with her — and ending with her.

However, while here at Miz-zou — "I love it" — her official address is the Chi Omega House (in by Twelve or you turn into a pumpkin). When she graduates she hopes to go into retailing. H-mn! Wonder how many ads she'll BUY in Show-Me?

paul mullane

Twenty two years ago Paul Mullane was born in East St. Louis at an early age and six years later Clara Bow became known as the bearded lady in that same city. The reason being that baby-faced Paul had laid down his cue stick for the last time to pick up crayons (when no one was looking) and devote his afternoons to some poster and billboard art work. When his parents discovered this, they returned the crayons and warned the tiny tot he'd grow up to be an aggie if he wasn't better-behaved. He became a cartoonist for Show-Me instead and has been keeping Swami in stitches (nine over the eye last month) ever since with his wierd sense of humor.

A senior in advertising, Paul claims he's none too bright—he was eighteen before he discovered that when girls spoke of a wool-lined hood, they weren't referring to his Uncle Louis. Still, he was smart enough to think to put his etchings on the ceiling of his room over at the fraternity house.

Since he has to leave town this June its' nice that he happens to be graduating then. Swami and the children are really going to miss him.



An Ernies Steak!

The Way to Any
Man's Heart!



ERNIE'S
STEAK HOUSE

The April Sun's a Sly Old Fox



Hold on a minute before you go charging out among the tulips and listen to the old, old tale about the woes of the April sun. It's a sly fox this time of year. It has lured men for centuries right into an oxygen tent . . . even the strongest of them. And the reason is the same today as it always was: not enough protective clothing.

What we're thinking about is the hat, or lack of it. Plunge into a hot shower then rush out of the gym without a hat and you're on the first leg of a trip to the infirmary. The head is vulnerable, terribly vulnerable, to the breezes and sudden chills of April. Thick, long hair helped the Neanderthal, but there aren't many of them around any more. The rest of us need hats.

A hat has one purpose: protection. It protects the head from wind and cold and sun and rain. It protects the eyes and the sinuses. And on top of all this, it improves *everyone's* appearance. Any way you look at it, it makes good sense to wear a hat.

Take a look at some of the new styles designed for young men. They've come a long way since grandpa's day. They make you *look* better, just as they make you *feel* better. Hats are "as healthy as they are handsome."

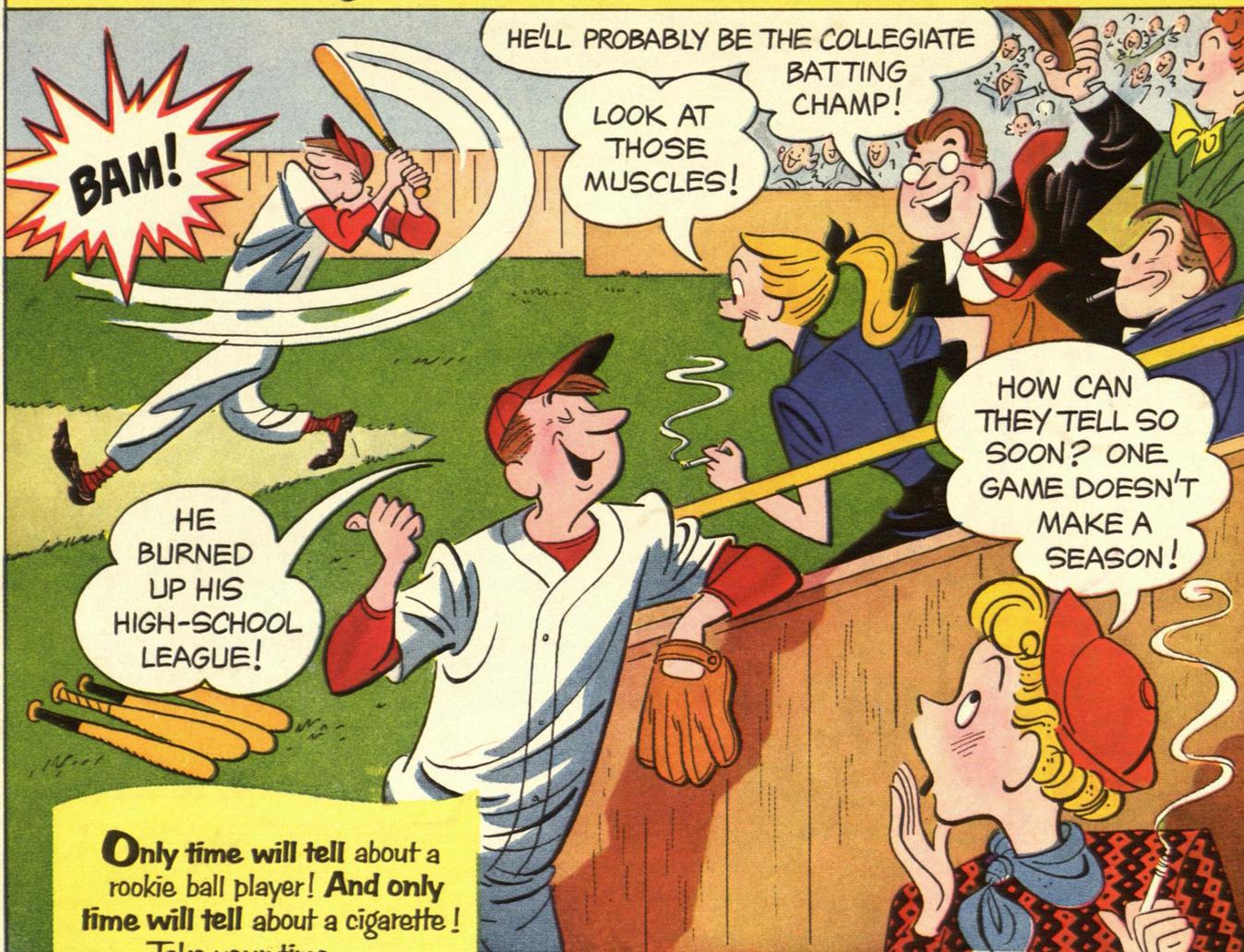
"Wear a Hat—It's as Healthy as It's Handsome!"

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

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*.....

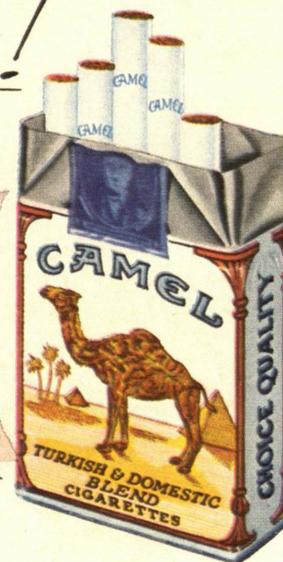


Only time will tell about a rookie ball player! **And only time will tell** about a cigarette! Take your time...

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

Test *Camels* for 30 days
for Mildness and Flavor!

THERE MUST BE A REASON WHY Camel is America's most popular cigarette — leading all other brands by billions! There's a simple answer: Camels give you just what you want in a cigarette — rich, full flavor and cool, cool mildness, pack after pack! Smoke only Camels for 30 days and see how mild, how flavorful, how thoroughly enjoyable they are as your *steady* smoke!



More People Smoke Camels than any other cigarette!