



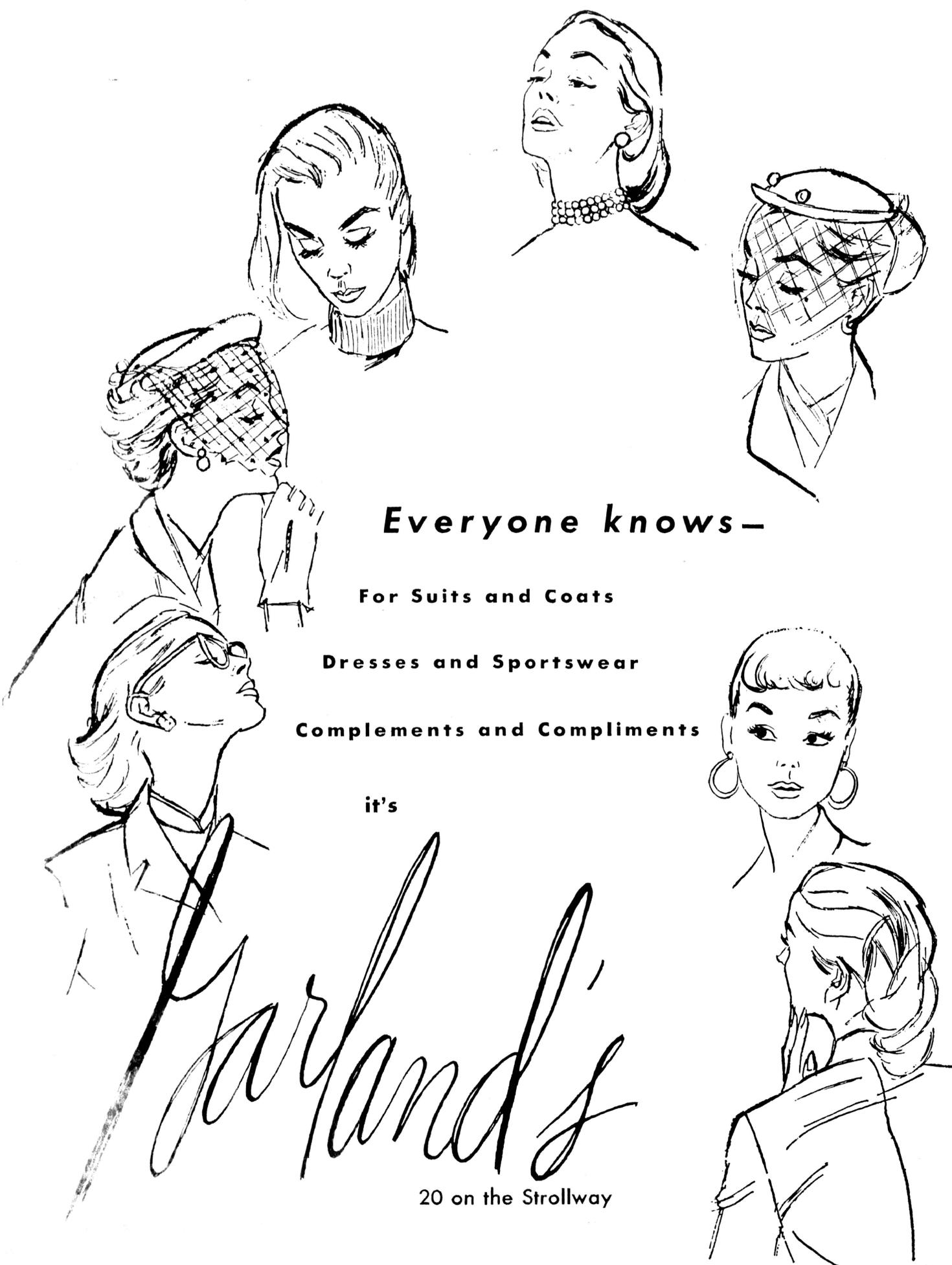
MISSOURI
Showme

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25c

COLUMBIA CONFIDENTIAL



Everyone knows—

For Suits and Coats

Dresses and Sportswear

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it's

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feel light . . . look right in new Spring suits by CAMPUS TOGS

At Pucketts you'll find a complete line of these handsome lightweight suits and sportcoats, specially designed and tailored for us. They're not just conventional lightweight garments, but are faultlessly tailored, ALL-SEASON suits and sportcoats in which you will feel smartly and correctly dressed for any occasion.

latest styles and fabrics

You'll readily agree that the goal of style with comfort has been achieved in these newest softer weave, lightweight fabrics which have the look, feel and draping qualities of fine regular weight suits and sportcoats. You'll like their absence of bulk and at these prices you just can't go wrong.

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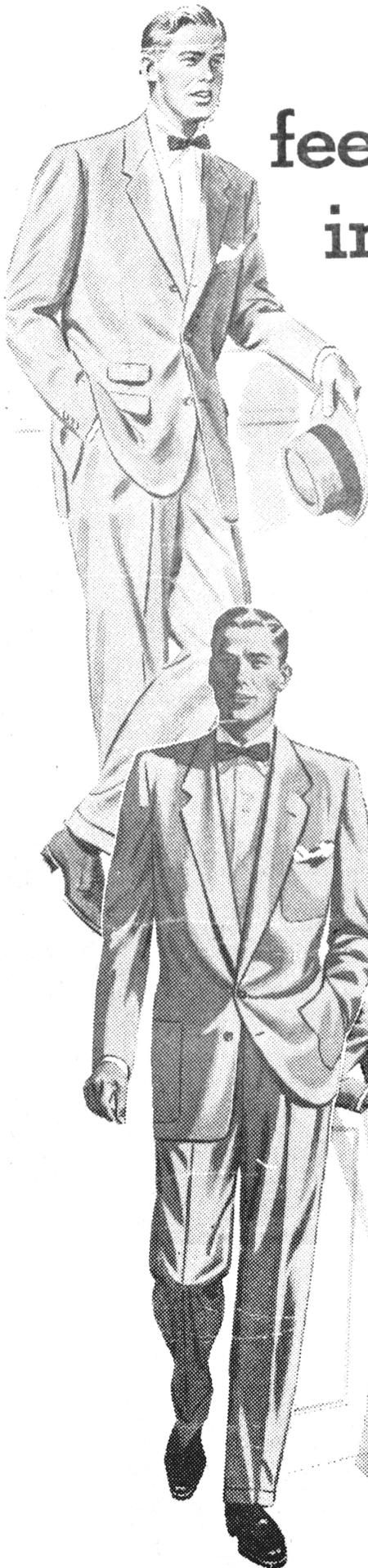
55.00

SPORT COATS

35.00 & 39.50

See all the new arrivals for Spring

Pucketts



Program Notes from the Tiger

Thurs.-Sat.

Feb. 26-28

Sun.-Wed.

March 1-4

Thurs.-Sat.

March 5-7

Sun.-Wed.

March 8-11

Thurs.-Wed.

March 12-18

Thurs.-Sat.

March 19-21

Sun.-Wed.

March 22-25

Thurs.-Sat.

March 26-28

Sun.-Wed.

March 29-April 1

Thurs.-Sat.

April 2-4

"KIM"

with Errol Flynn and Dean Stockwell

"SINGING IN THE RAIN"

with Gene Kelly and Debbie Reynolds

"THE LAVENDER HILL MOB"

with Alec Guinness

"THE GOLDEN SALAMANDER"

and

"THE SUN SETS AT DAWN"

"LIME LIGHT"

starring Charlie Chaplin

"PHONE CALL FROM A STRANGER"

Mr. Magoo Cartoon

"THE RED SHOES"

starring Moira Shearer

"CALLAWAY WENT THAT AWAY"

with Howard Keel

MGM Cartoon Carnival

"HOUSE ON TELEGRAPH HILL"

"THE MAGIC FACE"

and Three Stooge Comedy

The Best in Movies At The TIGER THEATER

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and
UNIVERSITY
CLASS RINGS

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CAMPUS JEWELERS

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And then there's the college boy who dubbed his Model A the Mayflower because so many Puritans had come across in it.

* * *

First Suzie: Why are you straightening up the room?

Second Suzie: I read in the paper that two girls were arrested for keeping a disorderly house.

* * *

A despondent old gentleman emerged from his club and climbed into his limousine.

"Where to, sir?" asked the chauffeur.

"Drive off a cliff, James, I'm committing suicide."

* * *

The birds do it;
The bees do it;
The little bats do it;
Mamma, why can't I take flying lessons?

* * *

Telephone operator to a new girl she is breaking in: "No, honey, you say, 'Just a moment, please,' not 'Hang onto your pants, Mister!'"

* * *

"What's your cat's name?"
"Ben Hur."
"How did you hit on that name?"
"Well, we called it Ben until it had kittens."

* * *

Father: Well, son, what did you find most difficult to learn in college?

Son: How to open a bottle with a quarter.

* * *

"Hi, luscious. Which way are you going?"

"You despicable wolf. You abominable cad. That's no way to address a lady who lives at 567 Mester Ave., telephone 3847.J."

M.U.S.T Presents A Balanced Slate

For President



RAY POTTS

Junior Affiliated Representative — Phi Eta Sigma Freshman Men's Honorary — Interfraternity Council Committee on Constitutional Revision — Graham Hall Council.

For Vice-President



MILT YEARY

Treasurer, Defoe Hall — Orientation Committee of SGA — Co-Chairman, Red Cross Blood Drive — Chairman, S.G.A. Student Court — Faculty New Student Planning Week — Ag Club — Committee on SGA Retreat — Sophomore Council — Sales Manager of Showme.

**M.
U.
S.
T.**

For Secretary

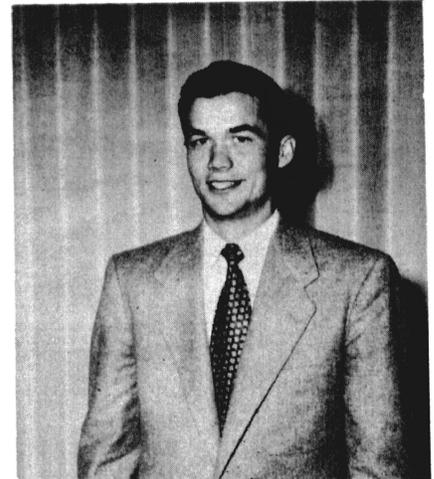


SANDY SMITH

Women's Pan-Hel President — Freshman Judiciary Board of AWS — Sophomore AWS — Junior AWS — Kappa Epsilon Alpha Scholarship Honorary — W.A.A. — Secy., Swim Club — Carousel — Activity Chairman, Kappa Alpha Theta — Phi Upsilon Omicron, Home Ec Honorary.

1. Establishment of a Student Traffic Court
2. Solution of the Parking Problem
3. Improvement of Cafeteria Food and Sanitation
4. Efficient Petition System and Advancement by Merit
5. More Publicity of S. G. A. Events and Meetings
6. Action Promoting Central Dining and Recreation Units for Men's Dorms
7. Constructive Efforts for a Men's Swimming Pool

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President, Cramer Hall 1952-53 — President, Stafford Hall, 1951-52 — Inter Dorm Council — Councillor, Cramer Hall — Soph. Representative on SGA Council — Ed. Representative on SGA Council.

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Sir Loin of Beef



**ERNIE'S
STEAK HOUSE**

1005 Walnut

editor's



e
g
o

To the many fans who have been pondering the sudden withdrawal of Miss Kilpatrick from the swivel chair of this collegiate comic book, we can promise that she has neither been laid low by a swarm of belligerent Stephens girls nor deported for poisoning the minds of minors. The fact of the matter is that the "Killer", her eyes bloodshot but unbowed has retired to a neutral corner to brood over new and better ways of warping the public funny bone . . .

This month, *Showme*, with its usual candor and interest in the public welfare, conducts its own investigation into the vice and sin of this garden spot of the ham belt — Columbia. About time, too. About time somebody found out what grizzly menace lies behind the locked door of Gaebler's — or how the Business Manager

of Savitar bought that "Caddy" hard-top — or what they *really* talk about in the inner sanctum of the SGA Politbureau — or how the Student girl-of-the-week is *actually* picked. *Showme*, defender of truth and champion of the nickle beer — brings you *Columbia Confidential*: . . .

Next month — who knows, we may investigate *Showme* . . .

If this activity ticket goes through, think of the effect on those publications which come under the plan. First comes the subsidy! And then SOCIALIZATION! Think of our butting journalists on the Missouri STUDENT — they'll probably be forced to print Faculty notices, Want Ads for destitute instructors, and — on every page — a copy of the SGA minutes. We may not be making a mint with Swami's crew, but, we're not bound by the trappings of subsidization. "Is security so dear, and money so sweet, as to be bought at the price of chains and slavery? We know not what course others may take, but as for us, give us liberty or give us pencils to sell on the street corners."

Wally...



There's something I've been meanin' to ask you.



MISSOURI Showme

YOUR CAMPUS HUMOR MAGAZINE

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CENTERSPREAD BY BILL BRAZNELLS

PHOTOS BY GEORGE MILLER

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Number 5

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Chicago has its vice and sin,
And New York has it too,
But for real low down corruption,
All Hail to thee, Mizzou!



Curfew

For those unfamiliar with the oddities of Columbia, here's the real malarkey. All young ladies (even town girls) have to get home some time. It would be wise to check on these times for the different schools. Stephens — 8 o'clock on week nights, 9:13 on Fridays and Saturdays; Christian — 7:30 on week nights, 10 o'clock Saturday night, and right after church on Sunday. University — midnight during the week, 12:04 on weekend (but remember what happened to Cinderella — the last four minutes are at your own risk.); Hickman — before sunrise every morning unless her father happens to be head of the Boone County Trapshooters Association.

Dancing

Only the hicks from the sticks, and wild extroverts dance on the table. Protocol demands that you keep at least one foot on the floor at all times.

Strictly Confidential: According to sorority house rules, "girls may dance together only if boys are not present." Don't forget to report all violations of this to the Housemother. She'll love you for it.

Fines

In Columbia the police are hot as pistols. If you have a tell-tale student sticker, you may get to know the judge real well before your four years are up. The biggest thing is something known as

a faulty muffler. The only way to beat this rap is to trade in your car for a mule, and even then you'd better gag him.

Guns

At all university-approved functions guns must be checked at the door. This is to avoid a repetition of last year's incident when three Aggies had too much cider and shot the bangs off the Barnwarmin' Queen. The only legalized shooting in Columbia is at the Den and the Stable where the bear will do it for a nickel.

Inside Stuff: When that bear stops to see who did it, keep shooting, cause the damn fool hasn't got enough sense to take off.

Limousines

Anyone with a good reputation can rent a good limousine for an evening of carousing about the



Great White Way. Just leave your date as collateral and drive off free as a bird. If this seems too cold-hearted, get to know some Beta real well, and buy him a beer. One will be enough. If it takes two, forget it — he's no Beta.

Marriage

If you have to, and sometimes you do, there's a J. P. on the corner of Conley and Rollins, who won't ask any questions. Leaving town is the easier way out, though. The Wabash Railroad has a train leaving Columbia at 2 o'clock every November and April 23.

Midwest Manners

If you're asked to play bridge, don't EVER say "I don't know how." If you do you will be classified as an illiterate, or worse yet, as an independent. The thing to do is simply say, "Sorry, I'm not in the mooood." Then they'll coax you, and you're in, man, you're in!

Don't stir your coffee with your thumb. In Columbia, the middle finger is prescribed for coffee stirring. If you don't have one with you, your car keys will do just as well.

Should you tread on a girl's toes while dancing, don't apologize. Just glare at her and say, "Pretty big feet, haven't you?" This will make her look up to you as the cave man type.

(Continued on page 26)



Tiger Club. Featuring the cool music of Ray Anthony and Pee Wee Hunt, the Club's specialty is pheasant under glass. Here Magda Lupescu, Hollywood Starlet, has a wild, gay time with Harley Davidson, President of the W. C. T. U.

ON THE TOWN

**Swami Gives You The Straight
Poop on the Nightlife Route**

NIGHT LIFE

Night life in Columbia is varied to suit all tastes. Be you a rabid culture gulper, or a low brow interested only in biological mayhem, you will be sure to find yourself among friends.

For the sportsman, the town's greatest entertainments are bowling and the cinema. You are sure to find memorable experiences in any one of the many movie houses or alleys here. Especially the alleys.

If you like your culture in heavy doses, you won't want to miss the theatre. There are several houses offering the best in plays by real live Columbia Actors. (These actors are not to be confused with another kind of Boone County Ham).

The most popular Columbia night life consists of a movie with

the inevitable soda and intriguing conversation following. The local colleges are extremely helpful in this respect as they have established places that not only have cokes, but a cleared space for dancing. The university has the brand spanking new Student Union, and for those who like a not-too-quiet time of just meeting and socializing, the University Library. (More about these later).

Stephens is right in there with a something or other called the Lodge Hall. Here one not only finds sodie pop and a very colorful juke box, but also ping pong. Affairs there are not only enjoyable, but they fill a sentimental soul with nostalgia. Many find them reminiscent of bygone Jr. High days with their PTA Dances.

The University, however, has bounced back and gone one better. Once every week in the spring will find the band giving

free concerts on Francis Quadrangle.

WHERE TO FIND 'EM.

Of course, after you have decided upon the entertainment and the place of same, comes the age-old question of where to find a companion to share your joyous adventures. If you are a male, probably the easiest and most logical plan is to call a social chairman of one of the University's organized houses, or a Stephens Dormitory. Just tell her what age, height, and other qualifications you require and she will have you call her back at a set time.

INSIDE STUFF:

A description such as: "She has thirty-two teeth, and makes all her clothes" isn't to be considered a top recommendation. If it is followed by: "She plays a real peachy game of ping-pong, and all the girls like her," — forget the whole thing in a hurry.

WHERE TO TAKE HER

That's the general picture of Columbia's Night Life, and a date. The next step is where to take the gal for an unforgettable evening.

The first and hottest of the hot spots is undoubtedly the Student Union. There is jiving and jumping every weekend with coffee and dance music in the Snack Bar, and dances until twelve o'clock in the two ballrooms.

INSIDE STUFF:

The Union is probably the most broad minded school-sponsored place of its type in the nation. The University has not only permitted, but has sanctioned beds conveniently placed throughout the two ballrooms. (What this town needs is more epidemics.)

The Snow Boat:

Here the visitor will find Columbia at its best. Strictly BYOL, the Snowboat has set-ups, beer, dining and dancing. If you just go out to listen, you will find music to fit your taste from Red Foley to Roy Acuff. The Snow Boat boasts the loudest juke box in Boone County. The place also has a spacious dance floor which will

hold over three hundred couples, piggy-back.

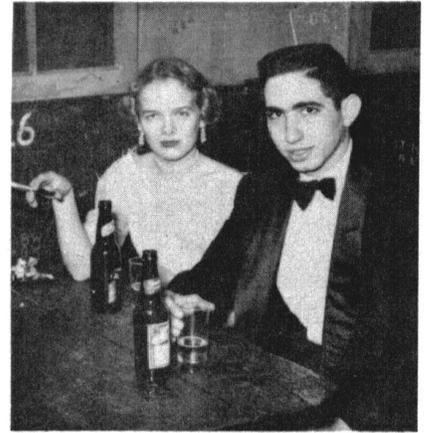
The Kitty Klub:

If you want first class entertainment with your suds and spuds, this is it. The Kitty has no planned floor show, but, then, none is needed. Any evening will find at least one self styled funny man who is only too happy to entertain all of the patrons. That's not all. Also for the customer's enjoyment, the Kitty has two pinball machines, one bowling game, and one shoot-the-bear game, also a bandstand.

The Lean-To:

Located just off campus, the Lean-To is Columbia's greatest for legend and the anticipated atmosphere of college culture. This is where to bring that queen of your dreams for quiet conversation and soothing cocktail music. The color scheme is well planned in soft pastels and gentle murals. Soft indirect lighting adds to its toned down motif. No stay in Columbia is complete until you've lounged in the comfort of this campus oasis. Of special note is the Lean-To's imported handcarved woodwork and furniture.

(Continued on page 19)



Highlighting Braunschweiger a la Guillermo on the menu, the Shack provides dancing nightly to the strains of Paul Whiteman and his Royal Armenians. Here are Hamlet and Ophelia in for a ripping spree of table hopping.



The Showboat has glass portholes, a crow's nest, and a rudder in the middle of the salty dance floor. Broiled Maine Lobster, and Lobster Newburg are the tips for eating. Arthur Godfrey and Alice Bluegown are having a hilarious time.



Mickey Jelke and friend dine in the Stable. With Rembrandt's and Grandma Moses' paintings lining the paneled walls, the Stable is on the American Plan and is not especially recommended by Duncan Hines. Mickey has just been asked how he beat the rap.



For those who wish to take their pleasure elsewhere, there's always . . .

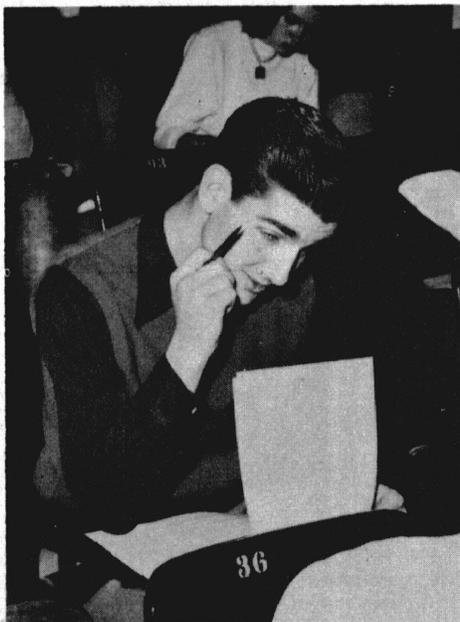
Mizzou Reviewed



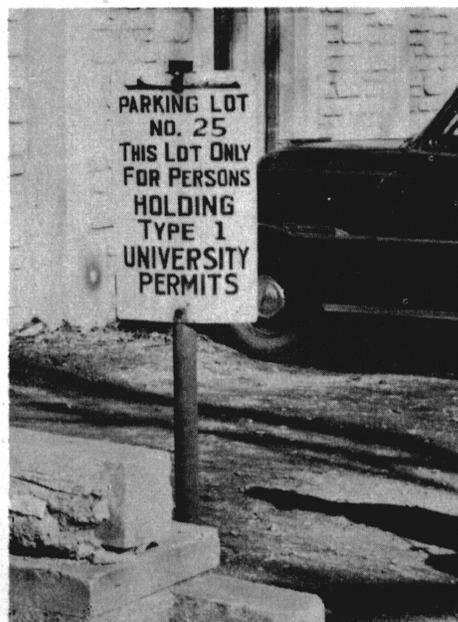
When the Grand Theatre closed, these Burlycue cuties emigrated to Columbia to display their wares.



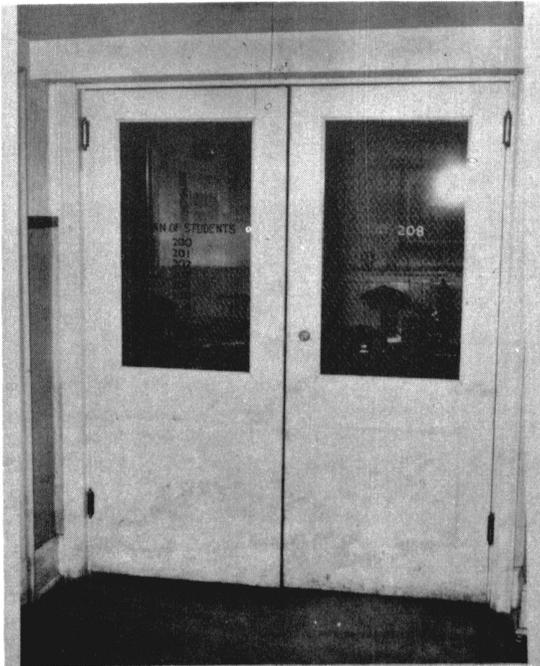
This intellectual giant completed grade school, high school, and received an A.B. from the university. After his M.A. and Ph.D., he was offered this job. What price glory?



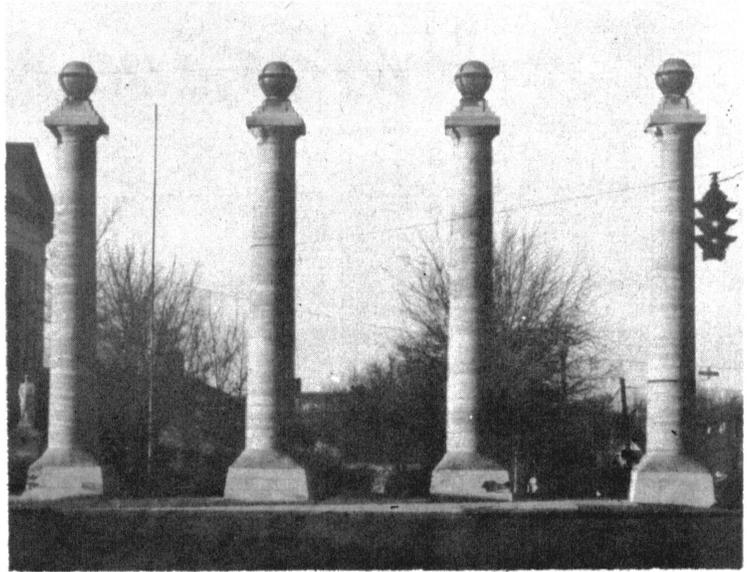
A system of physical torture that is much in vogue in Columbia. Refined term: Examination.



SHOWME Exposes: A form of segregation practiced at the university. It is a bid by the administration to maintain white supremacy.



Behind these guarded portals the Dean watches the campus on his radar screen. His office sponsors the posters seen all over the campus — "Big Brother is Watching You."



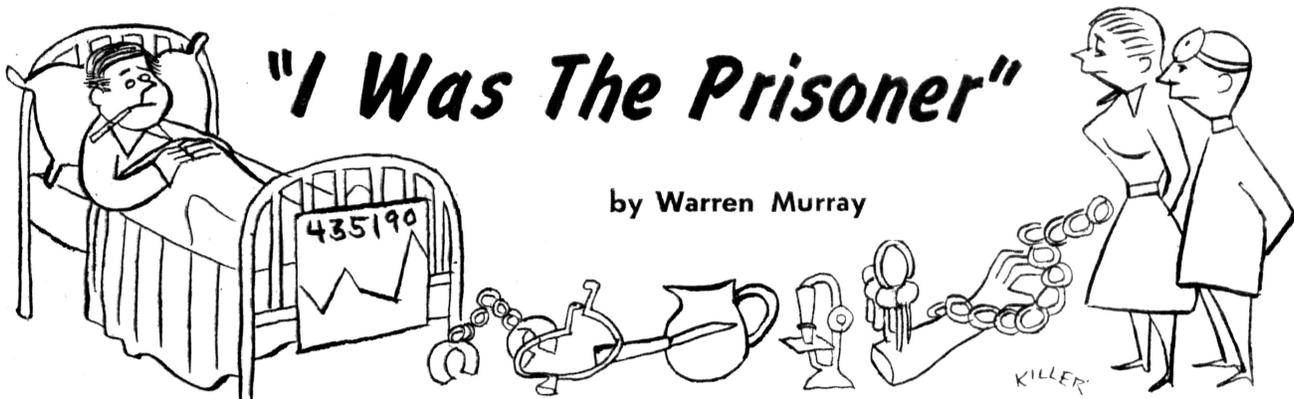
These are the columns that made Mizzou notorious. The picture was taken at 7 A.M., so the usual drunks have not assembled for coffee hour.

Stephens College is easier to get into than out of. There are many ways of getting around everything — even the afternoon nap. TIP: Grab the tree first.



Inside a fraternity house meeting. The one with the cane is the president. His strong arm squad is turning thumbs down on a proposal to take out the bar.





"I Was The Prisoner"

by Warren Murray

It all started the day I was called into a meeting of the Committee on Student Harrassings. It seems that the Committee had the word from one of its stool pigeons that a local fraternity was building a concealed bar. Somewhere among all of the underground connections a wire had been crossed, and it was believed that I had knowledge of this unlawful construction. So, despite my innocence, I was jabbed by a finger attached to that long arm of the law.

Nothing of importance happened at the hearing. I proclaimed loud and strong my lack of knowledge of any type bar eycept candy bars, and was released for lack of evidence. Thinking the matter closed, I immediately returned to the normal college existence of jelying and reading Micky Spillane. Little did I know that the committee still suspected me and was determined to grind testimony from me at any cost.

It was three days after the hearing that I was the victim of a very realistic "accident". While mounting steps of Jessup Hall, a huge brogan descended upon my foot with a sickening snap, crackle and crunch which could only be the pulverization of bone and cartilage. While my mind sought for adjectives to heap upon the head of some oafish offspring of canine, I look upward. I looked into a gimletted stare, underneath which fat cruel lips spat out, "Why doncha watch'er yer goin'". A rage boiled inside of me until I noticed a bit of gold coloring on the black jacket. Instantly I was groveling on my knees, bowing to the East, licking the huge brogan, and begging merciful forgiveness for impeding the progress of this

handsome god. You can understand my bitterness when I later learned that the ghoul was a hired thug, and that his letter jacket was not genuine.

I dragged myself to the clinic.

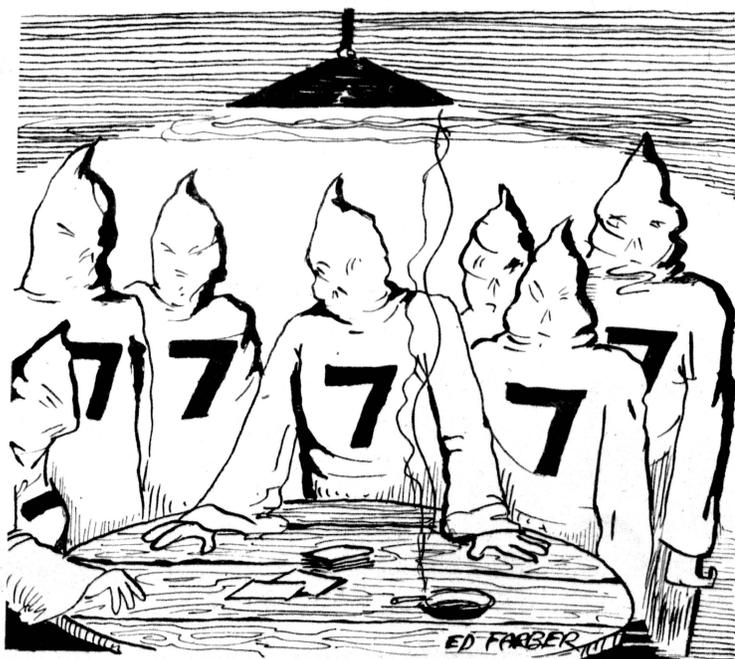
After lengthy interrogation concerning my address, the number of hours which I carried, my Father's occupation and other information pertinent to the injury, I was taken to the x-ray room. None of the pictures turned out particularly well, but I ordered one of each view for courtesy's sake.

When I was put to bed at the clinic everything seemed completely normal. My foot was dressed, and the bed felt adequate. My first complaint was due to the little white jacket which

twisted, crawled, and binned, making any tried position difficult to endure. It's admittable that this seems a trivial thing, but after a few long weeks those jackets themselves became an unbearable horror.

The first day passed uneventfully until the light were turned out, and I thankfully prepared for a good night's sleep. As soon as I had dozed, someone began washing utensils in the lab in the next room. I learned later that the person creating the din was a frustrated percussionist formerly employed by Spike Jones. It seems the person derived great pleasure from playing a form of handball, which consisted of serving pots, and pans against the

(Continued on page 32)



Abercrombie'll keep the car ready so's we can scam out wit tne cash . . .

WANTED



302A

If you have any information concerning the whereabouts of these menaces to society, please contact your F.B.I. or the local SHOWME Obliteration Squad.



THE PROFESSIONAL ILLETERATE

Loves to tell his exact remarks to his English I prof after flunking for fourth consecutive time. Literature is either "sexy as hell" or "boring as hell." College is a "complete crock", but where else can he be supported in the manner to which he is accustomed. "Work?" Are you kidding?



THE "IF-YOU-COAX-ME, I'LL-GO-OUT-WITH-YOU-YOU-LUCKY-THING" GIRL
She's doing you a favor every time she condescends to spend your money. She doesn't date boys; she dates clubs. She's insulted if you call her up less than a week in advance. Don't cross her, or "you'll never have another date in this house again."

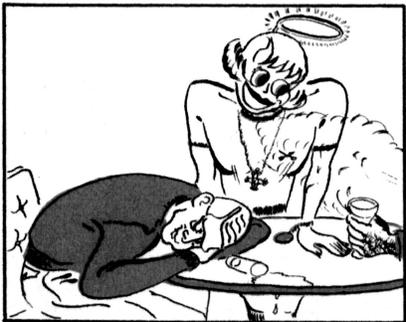


THE NICKEL ROMEO

Makes passionate love to unknown females after studying Fraternity-Sorority Directory for likely prospects. The telephone's answer to Caesar Romero is usually followed by irate fellow "Romeos" heckling for their chance at the Love Box.

THE CLASSROOM DILLETANTE

All classes are dramas, and he is Brooks Atkinson. Always arrives ten minutes late, and then profusely apologizes for crunching your toes getting to his seat. Takes two or three lines of notes. A good audience participator — he claps, whistles, and guffaws at teachers' punch lines. Cries "Author!" after every production.



THE PEACHY PAL

Everybody loves Peachy, and Peachy loves everybody. On dates, she's buddy-buddy with everyone but her date. Let man, woman, child, or dog become sick, drunk, unhappy, or bored, and Peachy is a self made "angel of mercy", deserting her date, and devoting her whole-hearted efforts to the comfort of the dissipate.



ALL THE WAY HOME



by Gene Koppel

"Forty minutes to Ainsley!
Forty minutes to Ainsley!"

The corners of Marianne's mouth turned down a little more as the conductor walked by. She turned towards the window, partly because she was tired of staring at the gleaming bald head of the man in front of her, but even more because of the fear that someone might be watching when the tears she had been blinking back got their timing right and flowed out between blinks.

Edgar would be waiting for her at the station. She had sent her mother a wire telling what time the train would be in, and Marianne hadn't the least doubt that the momentous news would be relayed immediately to Edgar.

"Wonderful seeing you again!" he would say when she stepped off the train. He would mean it,

too. That was one of the things she disliked most in Edgar: he was completely sincere. Marianne could discern double meanings in the things other men told her, even have the pleasure of trapping them in lies once in a while — but not Edgar.

Then he would remark, "I expect you to feel bad for a time about not making a go of it on Broadway. But you'll forget. I intend to be quite a help in that department, you know!"

Forget Broadway! Strings of despair tightened in Marianne's stomach. Memories of an opening night; the thrilling, invisible waves of communication that pass between an actress and her audience; the wild exultation that comes after the performance when she knows she has "clicked," that when she walks into places like Toot Shor's or Lindy's, strangers will smile ador-

ingly at her and ask for autographs — these things are never forgotten. And that was the only reason Marianne felt lucky. The memories she had to erase were of cheap apartments, crowded agents' offices and bit parts in "turkey".

"Twenty minutes to Ainsley!"

She forgot to blink and the tears took advantage of their opportunity. Hearing sobs, the man in the seat in front of her looked back and asked, "Anything I can do?"

"Fall off a cliff!" she gasped.

The bald head turned indignantly around and disappeared beneath the top of the chair. She smiled, thinking of what Edgar would say if he were there. Then she thought about their inevitable marriage, and the prospect of spending the rest of her life as an Oklahoma housewife. Even when

she was a little girl, Marianne had never seen how anything other than an oilwell could be happy in Oklahoma.

"Perhaps I can put my dramatic training to good use," she thought dryly, "and pretend for the rest of my life that I'm a pool of oil and Edgar is a derrick. It can't be much harder than acting like a ripening tomato, or a grapefruit about to be cut in half."

The landscape began to grow familiar. Through a film of tears Marianne recognized a water tower where she and Edgar had walked to once, years before, on a hot afternoon. She had climbed up alone on the girders, leaving him far below, and, gazing dreamily over the flat, dry fields, had become—

"Elaine the fair, Elaine the lovable.

Elain the lily maid of Astolot,

High in her chamber up a tower to the East

Guarded the sacred shield of Lancelot . . . "

The fact that she actually had imagined Edgar as Lancelot had been proof to her of her great dramatic prowess.

The train began loosing speed, and Marianne became conscious of drying tears and crumbling pancake make-up.

"Must freshen up," she whispered to herself, rising and taking her overnight case off the baggage rack. As she stepped into the aisle, Marianne noticed two young men staring at her from the other end of the car. She pulled back her shoulders and, as much as the rocking of the train allowed, walked regally and contemptuously towards the door marked "Ladies' Powder Room".

"Mary, Queen of Scots," she thought, "must have walked like this on her way to the headsman."

"Boy! What a build!" one of the young men exclaimed, misinterpreting her movements.

After the kleenex and cold cream had removed everything but her skin and features, Marianne gazed at herself for a few moments in the mirror. Expressive green eyes, an even nose, full, warm lips, wavy brown hair framing them — all these had failed to stir up the faintest enthusiasm in the men that decided who went behind the footlights and before the cameras. She would have to content herself with stirring up enthusiasm in Edgar.

Marianne reached into the overnight case for her make-up kit, and then stopped.

"No more cocktail lounges," she thought. "No more auditions. Why go to all the trouble of looking like New York when I'll never see it again?"

Outside the conductor shouted, "Ainsley! We're coming to Ainsley!"

* * *

Max Lawrence cursed the train seven times. That was the number of cars he wandered through without finding the diner. Then he stepped into a new one and, when the train lurched to a sudden stop, fell against a young woman, and almost knocked her down.

"Sorry," he said.

She was more eloquent.

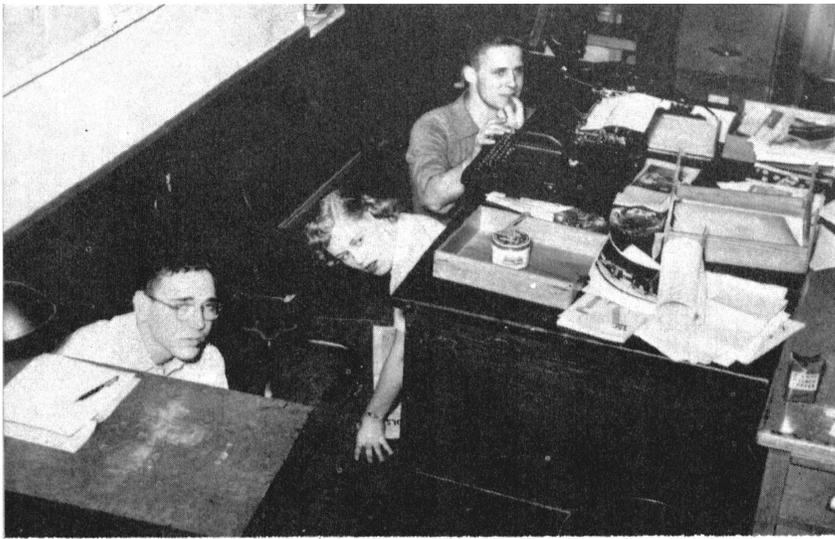
Not a man to be wrongfully abused — not on an empty stomach, anyway — Max Lawrence began to explode with, "Now listen here, lady! If that lousy engineer . . ."

But what came out was, "Didn't you try out for me last week?"

"Why, Mr. Lawrence! Yes, yes, I did. You didn't think much of me, did you?"

(Continued on page 25)





Dr. Trimble has just walked into the STUDENT office and is pointing the finger at three cringing editorial writers. They are scared, but they will rake more muck next week.



Above: This is the first check ever seen in the Savitar office. Koenonn's Harem reaches for back pay.

Below: SHOWME'S red-blooded Youth reads the latest adventure of Jack Armstrong, the All-American Boy. They will revise it. It will be dirty.



THE RAGS

Showme investigates the machines behind the men behind the machines that play with the printed word.

The Stewed Ant

The student newspaper, *The Stewed Ant*, is controlled by a big international syndicate which runs other such yellow tabloid sheets all over the world. It is under the local control of a branch of the syndicate known only by the mysterious initials SGA.

This SGA Pravda has long been congratulated on having a strange knack of uncovering all the unsavory and disgusting features of the own and campus. And there are some.

The *Ant* rakes in more than 10 million dollars a year from advertising. Businessmen who don't buy ads are beaten to pulps and their stores are bombed. If this doesn't work, then the pulps are beaten to pulps.

The Blue Streak Gazette

Not far behind the *Ant* in yellow journalism is *The Blue Streak Gazette*, another Columbia sheet laughingly known as a newspaper.

Long considered a school for budding tabloid journalists, the *Gazette* has sent its graduates to some of the worst newspapers in the world.

The executive training given to prospective editors help grads get lowly jobs on the outside. Last year's editor recently became vice-president in charge of (parentheses) on *Time* magazine.

Another has become third assistant Democrat damner on the Chicago Trib.

For its size the *Gazette* has the largest staff in the world. Sometimes six or seven of these wizened, unpaid wretches and a slobby photographer are sent out to cover a single event.

Mistakes in the *Gazette* are legion. A recent survey over a six-month period showed that only one out of every 25 names was spelled correctly. And this one was Sappington.

The Daily Glut

The Daily Glut is Columbia's largest paper and the only one not run by students.

But that doesn't make it any better.

Students are hated by *Glut* members. There is a notice on the copy desk which orders any editor "If a story is about a student, insult him, his morality and his parentage as much as possible."

Feature

Undoubtedly the two most cultural magazines on campus were Feature.

Miscellany

The University publishes a huge number of official bulletins and announcements.

Only freshmen read them.

Snowme

In the opinions of those who bother to read it, *Snowme* is considered a serious, arty magazine which deals with such subjects as Free Will and the Destiny of Mankind.

Snowme is not run by the mysterious SGA. It is run by a group of opium-eaters.

— Julin

THE END

"I thought I saw you taking a gentleman up to your room last night, Miss Smith."

"Yeah, that's what I thought, too."

He's
a
Dream!!



And
So
Neat!!

Neatness Makes The Difference

**TIGER LAUNDRY &
DRY CLEANING CO.**

"The Tiger Can't Be Beat"

1101 Broadway Dial 4155 Columbia, Mo.



CALL ON

H.R. Mueller
FLORIST

"For
Flowers and Service
Without Equal"



CAMPUS TOWN
2-3151

and

25 ON THE STROLLWAY
9767

Glossary

of underworld terms



BOOKIE — one who makes books and makes a profit doing it. Professors are bookies.

HEIST — a stick up; a robbery; term used at all local bookstores.



FENCE — a man who buys stolen goods to resell at a profit. Influx into town immediately after Panty Raid.

MOLL — a mobster's femme; she usually goes along for the ride. Also known as a coed.



MAINLINER — dope that hits hard and fast; slang term — Glukestite.

RAP — what you take when you get caught; dished out by Police Department, Committee on Student Conduct, and Dean Matthews; also called Double Jeopardy; T. S.



GETAWAY — fast exit, usually made when house-mother unexpectedly shines flashlight in car window.

STOOL PIGEON — one who sings for a price; apprentice as Stephens Senior Sisters.



FIX — shaving scores on basketball games — or — more commonly — when one is caught by the bulls with a faulty muffler and doesn't have to pay.

"ON THE TOWN"

(Continued from page 9)

NITE-TIME MANNERS

When you do go out in Columbia, you will want complete knowledge of the local savoir-faire. Here are some hints for the more common situations:

● Girls, be very careful with those college-acquired cigs. Your date won't appreciate being burned.

Fellow, don't be so damned impatient, give her time for a smoke. If she does burn you, take the hint and concentrate your efforts elsewhere.

● If your date excuses herself to go to the powder room, it's considered polite to give her a nickle for entrance fees.

● If no stirrer is included with your set-up, ask your fellow of the hour to get one from the waiter. Show your sophistication, honey, don't use your finger.

● Men, in Columbia it is acceptable form to carry a haversack on dates for the gals' purses, lipsticks, compacts and combs. This is economy wise as it prevents the items from bursting your pocket seams.

● Don't be discouraged if the evening's progress isn't up to expectations on the first date. Remember there's no man shortage in Columbia and she knows it.

● Girls, be neat. Lipstick on collars and lapels is unsightly and expensive to remove. It can also be embarrassing for the guy if he has a late date with a town girl.

If he doesn't have a late date, he'll wear it like a badge of honor when he returns to the frat house.

● If you are taking courses in and around the Ag Barns, take extra care to clean your shoes before calling for your date.

INSIDE STUFF:

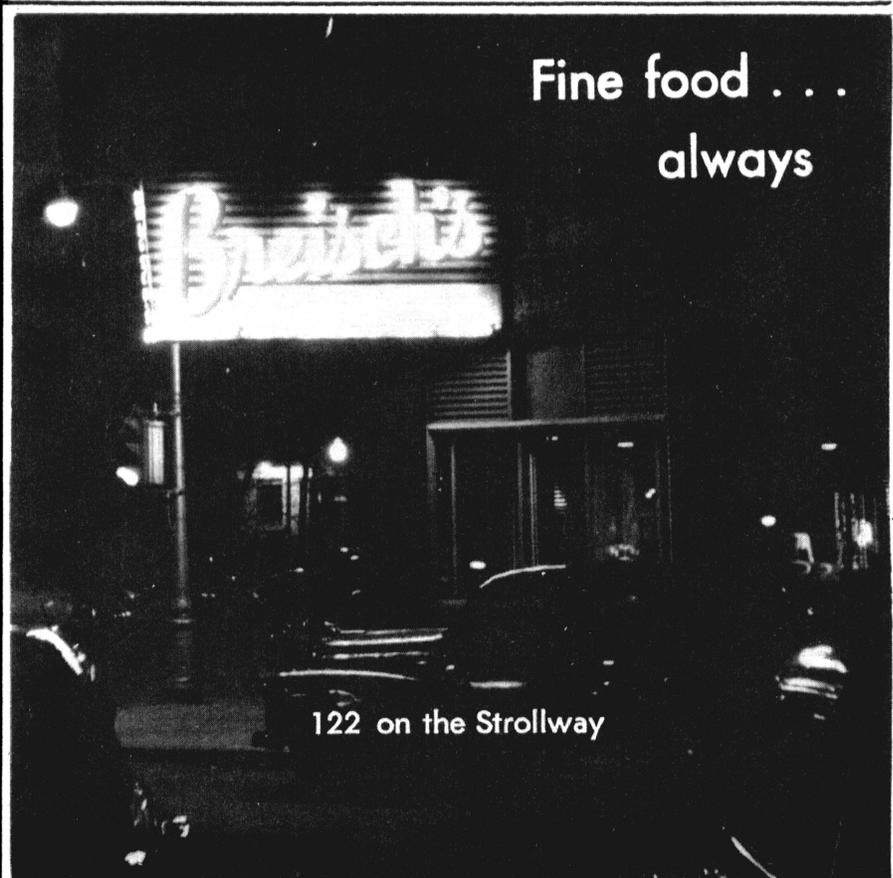
Contrary to some popular opinions, high button shoes are no longer vogue here.

(Continued on page 27)



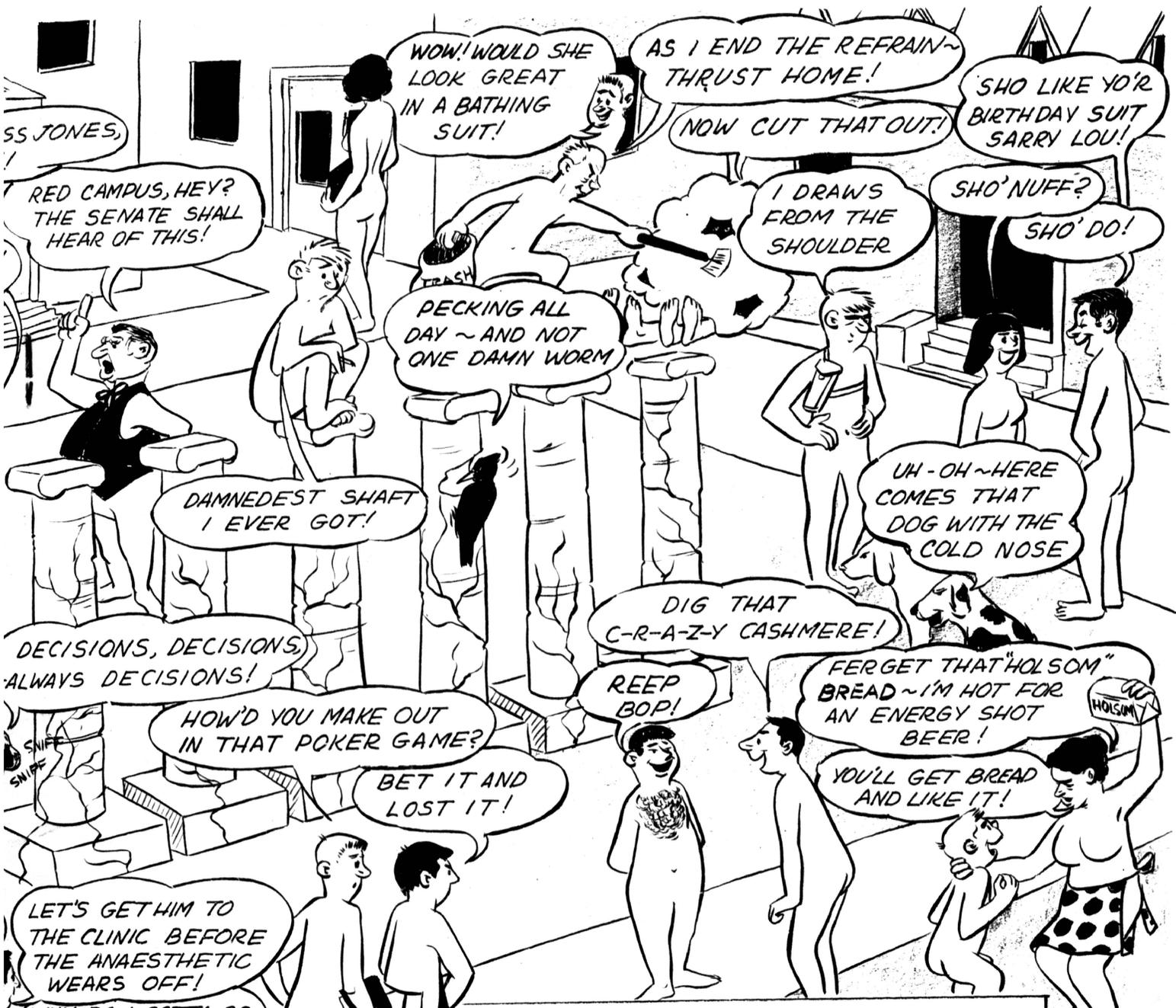
*'Hey! Look at the gal in the
Woolf Brothers spring coat!'*

Woolf Brothers



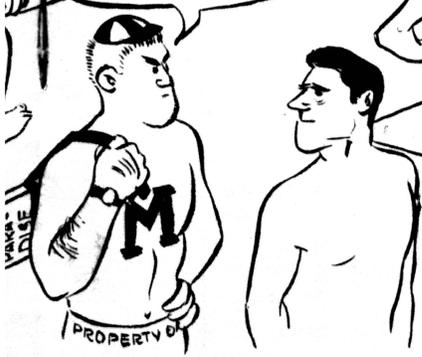
Fine food . . .
always

122 on the Strollway



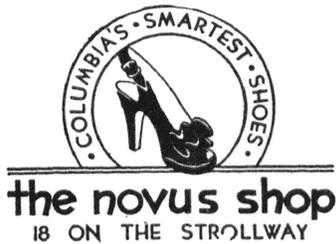
MIZZOU EXPOSED

THE NAKED TRUTH ABOUT THE CAMPUS



Casual Footnotes
Crafted by . . .

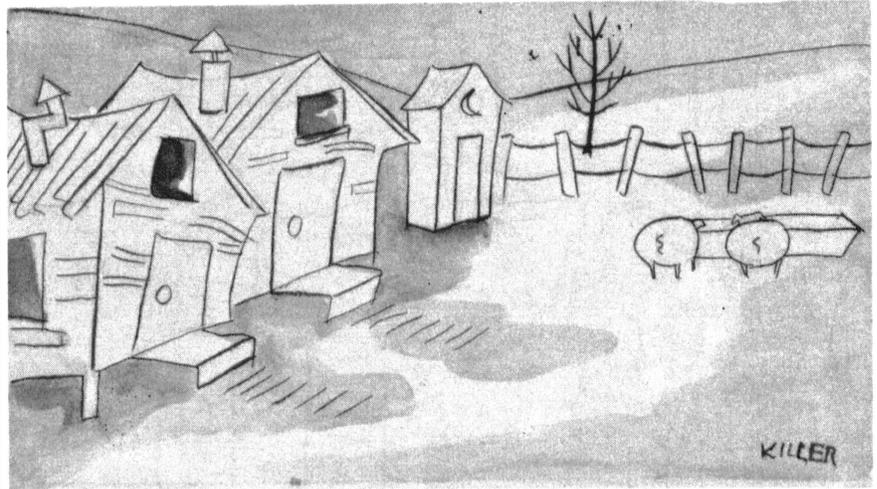
Penaljo
Oomphies
Spaldings
Junior Dels
Cobblers
Oldmaine Trotters



MISSOURI Showme
Swami Says **PATRONIZE MY ADVERTISERS**

Garland's
Puckett's
Camel's
"Wear a Hat"
Savitar Frolics
A. C. T.
M. U. S. T.
Campus Jewelers
Julie's
Stein Club
Crossroads
Lionbergers
Governor Hotel
Uptown Theater
Woolf Bros.
Neukomm's
Breisch's
Troy Newman
Tiger Theater
Barth's
T. W. A.
Life Savers
Brady's Paint
Ernie's Steaks
Florence's Fashions
Novus Shop
Central Dairy
Tiger Laundry
Muellers Florist

This is the Dead Land



Today and every day out in the farmlands of Missouri where the hills are gently rolling and the green grass grows all around, all around, there is Evil. It is an Evil so big and so loathesome that I, your unselfish, hardworking, multi-millionaire reporter have chosen it for one of my 52 red hot death knells of the nation to be presented this year.

To the casual observer as he passes through Columbia, Mo., on the broad ribbon of concrete that connects our midwest Gothams, the town looks like any sleepy little farm town. It looks like a place where people enjoy fried chicken and strawberry shortcake, and corncob pipes are passed down from father to son.

There's a college in the town, a sprawling state university where coeds look young and crisp on spring mornings and professors furrow their brows properly over a smooth grained briar. It's the kind of college where good American kids go, yours and mine. Bells ring and ivy clammers slowly over the facade.

Let me tell you what they do, to those poor dear sweet children who trustingly entrust four years of their lives to Columbia, Mo. You enter Columbia through tortured, narrow streets lined with rough hewn flint chips. In three shakes of a tapir's tail you've

passed through the neon lighted elegance of Gay Broadway to the seething student quarter, or south bank.

There's not a decent tailor in town, not one. Batwing collars, Iverness capes, even gold watchfobs are considered conspicuous, if you can imagine such a thing. Natives seem to equally favor dirty white shoes and a strange orangish kind of footwear. Shirts and trouserings of any decent sort are completely unavailable except in a horrible ready made kind of way. The wearing of a necktie is the great screaming height of sophistication.

As for the food served in Columbia restaurants . . . Mon Dieu! The crepe suzettes taste like crackers warmed on a radiator. The salads taste worse than the fertilizers that grew them. To cows, horrible things are done that bring their souls back from the slaughter house to haunt and moo about in one's stomach. One cannot tell the grease from the steak and one does not want to try.

From all this barbarism a man should be able to escape temporarily in some cool bistro where the wonderful kiss of sun on grape has been lovingly bottled. But not one distinguished saloon graces

(Continued on next page)

THIS IS THE DEAD LAND

(Continued from page 22)

Columbia. Beer flows in a great sopping pool to a horde of indiscriminate guzzlers. To ask for some really excellent service is to invite a fistfight, that is if one is not already engaged by a fellow patron. All this is done in the name of temperance. Out, out, vile nightspots.

Into this desert, into this cirrhosis of life, tender children of the college years are expected to mature. At just the age when they should be learning the beauties of Napoleon brandy and artists' models they are subjected to dime beer and girls' schools. On top of these indignities is heaped the further injury of having to attend classes, actually more or less attend them. No time out is allowed for a man to be alone with his hangover.

It is the end of civilization. It is the end of spats. It is even the end of lorgnettes. It is the end.

—Erwin



Do you ever put on rayon scanties

When they crackle electric channies?

Don't worry, my dear,

The reason is clear

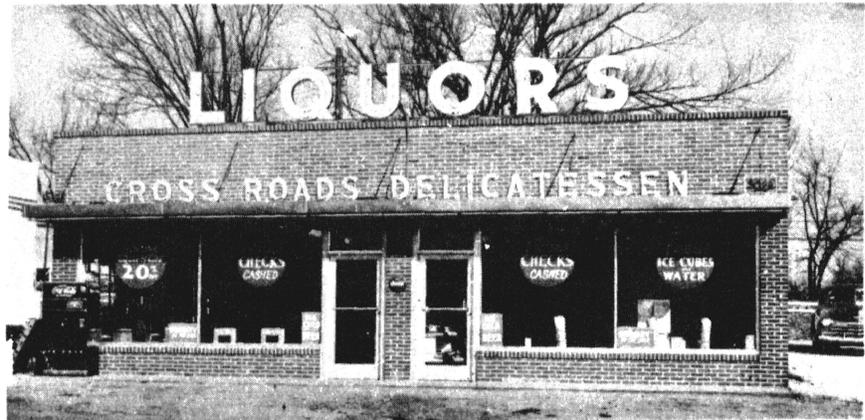
You simply have amps in your panties.

* * *

Modern proverb: Never run after a woman or a streetcar. There will be another along in a minute. Those after midnight, though fewer, go faster.

WAER'S CROSSROADS LIQUORS

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

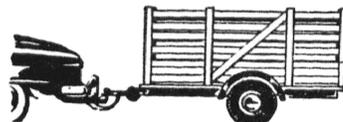
Waer's Crossroads Guarantees

LOWEST PRICES IN TOWN

SAVE 75% on Moving Cost

Rent a Trailer One Way

Local or
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You can save 75 percent on moving costs. Rent a trailer and take all your things with you. When you get there just turn your trailer in to a member service. You only pay for one way. Lights and hitches are furnished. We have furniture pads, refrigerator dollies, and tarpaulins. It's the cheapest, most convenient way to move.

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HIWAY 40 AT SEXTON ROAD

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DOLL of the month

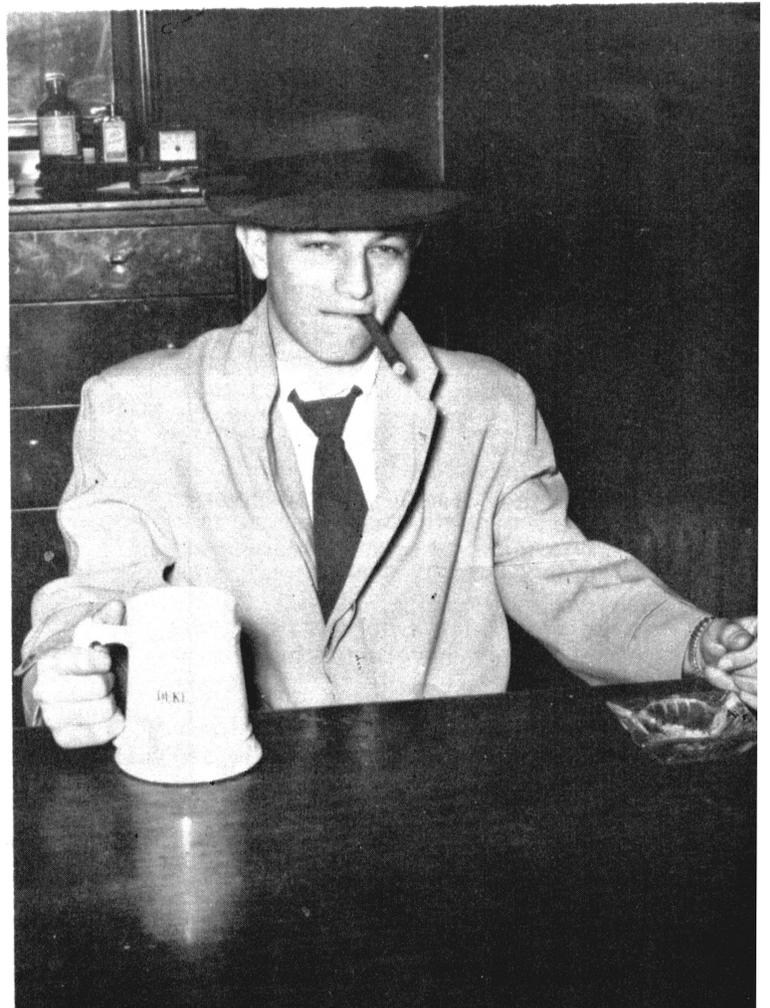
Peggy McQueen

Moll Local 307 . . . Luciano for President
. . . Chain Smokers' Relay . . . Callow
Youth Movement . . . F.B.I. Blacklist . . .
Humphrey Bogart Fan Club . . . 21 . . .
Elsinore, Denmark.

HOOD of the month

Neil Thomas

Murder Incorporated . . . Shelton Gang
. . . Black Hoods of America . . . Beer
Baron of Chicago . . . Capone Honorary
. . . Persona Non Grata . . . Aggie Hater
. . . Sing Sing Alum . . . Homecoming
Committee for Baby Face Nelson . . . 47
. . . Algoa, Mo.



"ALL THE WAY HOME"

(Continued from page 15)

"I didn't think much of anyone I saw. Horrible day."

She managed to smile. "Well . . . it's been nice seeing you again."

He reached out and caught her arm. "Wait a minute, Miss—ah!"

"Shaw. Marianne Shaw."

"You were good, as I remember, Miss Shaw. It's just that I couldn't imagine you in the role of a country girl trying to crash Broadway. You looked like, well, like a chorine."

"And now?"

"Now you look like a country girl — the way Hollywood wants a country girl to look, that is. Quite a few 'have it,' but it's got to look natural before they're worth a gamble!"

The conductor shouted at her, "Better hurry ma'am! We're leavin' now!"

* * *

The train had gone. Confused, Edgar walked back into the small terminal. Then he saw a shock of brunette hair bowed over a bottle of pop at the refreshment counter.

"Darling!" he exclaimed. "It's wonderful seeing you again!"

The girl turned around. "I beg your pardon!" she said.

The End

* * *

Ballot keeper: What'll I do with this ballot box?
Ward boss: Stuff it!

* * *

"Kiss me, darling."

"Now?"

"Well, if you're going to dicker, forget it."

WARNING (TO THE GIRLS)

If, after the first kiss, he tells you what brand of lipstick you use, better be careful, he might not be sincere about your relationship.

"COLDEST 5% BEER IN TOWN"



MICHELOB ON TAP
IS EXCLUSIVE WITH

THE STEIN CLUB



Take my money, but don't take her new suit from JULIE'S!

THIS MONTH'S BALFOUR BEAUTY



Grace Taylor, Kappa, recently
pinned to Bob Eubanks, S.A.E.

**Her Sweetheart Pin By
L. G. BALFOUR CO.**

Represented by

TROY C. NEWMAN

211 ALDEAH

Ph. 7442

Want to study and travel
ABROAD?



**Plan now to take a university-sponsored tour via TWA next
summer and earn full college credit while you travel**

Again in 1953, TWA—world leader in educational air tours—will participate in the travel-study programs that have proved so enjoyable to thousands in the past four years. Itineraries will include Europe, the Mediterranean, the Middle East and a tour around the world. Two to six weeks of resident study can be arranged in foreign universities. Other study tours will deal with special fields such as music, art, languages, political science, etc.

Whichever tour you choose, you'll discover just how near you are to the rest of the world only when you fly. For 300-mile-an-hour TWA Constellations will whisk you to Europe overnight. And when you travel by TWA Sky Tourist, you save time and money. So start planning now for that thrilling, profitable vacation next summer. Mail the coupon below today.

ACROSS THE U.S. AND OVERSEAS... **FLY TWA**
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University credits

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Special countries
or areas

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John H. Furbay, Ph. D., Director Air World Tours,
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Please send me information on the Trans World Airlines Educational
Tours to be offered in 1953.

Name _____

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Address _____

City _____ Zone _____

State _____ Phone No. _____

"THE LOW DOWN"

(Continued from page 7)

In Columbia movie houses everyone shares his popcorn. Feel free to reach into anyone's bag for a handful. Our only caution is: Don't reach over anyone's shoulder, he may get rattled and bite you.

Money

There are always ways of making a little fast change. For practically every type of work the University pays 55 cents an hour and they throw in a coolie hat with MU embroidered on the front. For those who prefer the underworld methods, you can always blackmail your instructors, threatening them with exposing them to the Gung Ho Loyalty Boys of the McCarthy and McCarran type.

Then, too, Susies will always pay for an escort.

Taxis

The Yellow Slab Company has excursion specials (you'll have to share the back seat with eight others) to the Bambi Club for only 30 cents a head. If you haven't got one, you will by the return trip.

Tipping

Unless you like being referred to as an oddball remember: Nobody, we mean nobody, tips in Columbia. If you feel obligated to do so, however, there's a hot one going in the fifth at Jamaica.

Warfare

If you feel the need for exercise while in town, there is a group of professional marchers who will be glad of your company on frosty winter mornings.

Inside Stuff: The boss man is a Colonel, but if you preface all remarks with Generalissimo, your Majesty, you will be in like Flynn. Flynn is in Korea.

—Gold

THE END

"ON THE TOWN"

(Continued from page 19)

INSIDE STUFF:

HOW TO BEAT THE BLACKLIST:

If intending to drink with a Susie, pick a name from the Student Directory under which to register. (If the receptionist knows you, forget it and try C. C. or, better still, plan a quiet evening of billiards.)

In case you should happen to shoot craps with the social chairmen, don't be dismayed, for there are still several possibilities. The best bet is the Student Union. Lots of unescorted girls go there for coffee or just to jelly away their spare time. If you happen to be bashful about meeting a girl, that need be of no worry at the Union. Just take a deck of cards, trot right up to any three femmes, and start dealing bridge. You've already introduced yourself.

If you have an afternoon at your disposal and are the type that likes to shop before commitment, better try Broadway. (Incidentally the street wasn't named accidentally). Just calmly stroll East on this avenue toward one of the more popular ice cream hot spots and you're sure to find the doll of your dreams. This district has the latest in milk bars and soda fountains, with the best of all being the Middle Milk Barn. (No haphazard naming here, either). Name your type mister, this place has 'em. Whether you like her gabby and dumb, or quiet and dumb, you're sure to find her here.

INSIDE STUFF:

It has long been believed that these milk bars were fronts for cartels dealing in shanghaiing, but continuous investigation has failed to uncover anything positive.

In and around the Middle Milk Barn can always be found pleasantly ample supplies of unescorted females, or unescorted supplies of amply pleasant females, or supplies of pleasantly unescorted ample females. Whichever way you like 'em best. No sweat here either

if you are shy about making a pickup. There will be plenty of fellows from whom to copy technique.

INSIDE STUFF:

To attract her attention, a long loud HOOOOEEEE has replaced the long low whistle in Columbia.

The last, but by no means least, resort, and a suggestion for those lonely hearts, the poor lads who come up without a date on the night itself. Here too the problem can be solved even at the last minute. The place is the University Library. As you may guess, infiltration into such a place of culture and learning requires delicate planning and manipulation. First the planning stage. You will of course disguise yourself as not only a student, but a scholar. Borrow two or three heavy, impressive books, one pair of horn rimmed glasses, and if possible, a slide rule. (Slide rules are being worn low on the left, and drawn across with the right this year). Upon entering the library, find a chair on the center aisle and start

work on the book studiously. Remember, this is the culture spot, and here one must play a waiting game. Standard procedure is to watch the book until the close swishing of skirts is heard. Cautiously, the eyes are raised from the book for appraisal of the enduring young charms. After she has passed your table the third time, act quietly but surely. Walk out into the hall for a drink and a smoke, and wait at the fountain, she will follow you.

Some of the more shy things will huddle together on the stairs. In cases of this sort, you need a buddy (to help pass the time, for you may have a long wait,) a carton of smokes, and a large supply of matches. Calmly play your waiting game near the group until the gals run out of cigarettes. When they bum one from you, you're on your own.

WARREN MURRAY

* * *

She: Who said you could kiss me?
He: Everybody.

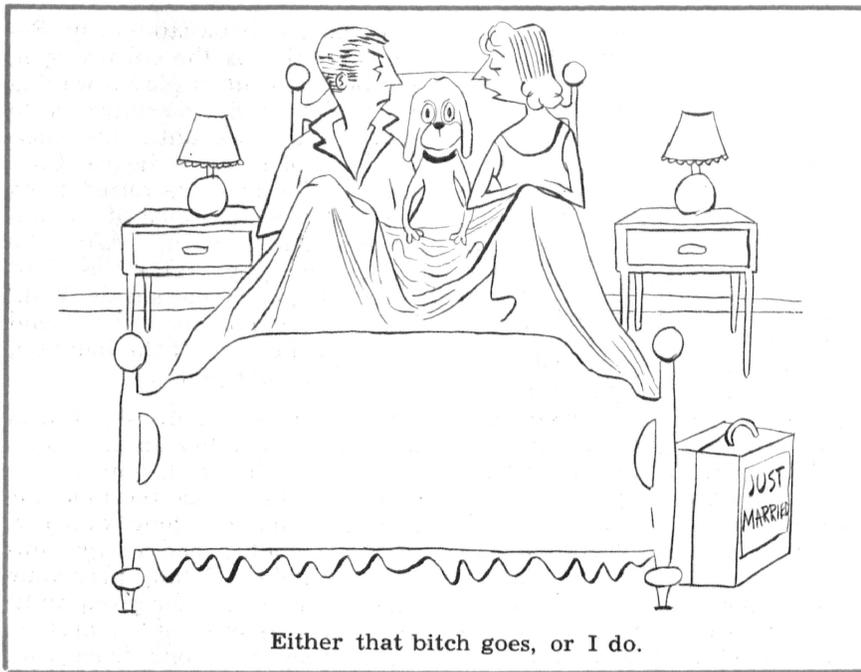


Only here can you select your styles, color, pattern, and be fitted by an experienced Custom Tailor.

The Prices — \$47.50 to 83.00

NEUKOMM'S

22 ON THE STROLLWAY



Either that bitch goes, or I do.

Mechanic: Lady, I've found the trouble with your car. You've got a short circuit in the wiring.
 Lady: Well, for goodness sake, lengthen it!

* * *

"Young man, does your mother know you're smoking?"
 "Madam, does your husband know you speak to strange men on the street?"

* * *

Moe: I saw a very unusual French movie.
 Joe: What do you mean, unusual?
 Moe: The boy and girl were married.

* * *

When a girl sneezes it's a sign she's catching cold; when she yawns it's a sign she's gotten cold.

* * *

The only fishing through ice some people do is for olives!

* * *

I've got a feeling deep in my diaphragm
 That says to me, "What a lucky guy I am!"
 Just this morning I got the hot poop;
 We've a girl in our boy scout troop."

In Hungary a commissar asked a peasant how the new potato crop production plan was coming.

"Under our glorious leader, Stalin," answered the peasant, "our potato crop has been miraculous! If we were to put all the potatoes in a pile they would make a mountain reaching to the feet of God!"

"But you know there isn't any God!" said the commissar.

"There aren't any potatoes either," replied the peasant.

* * *

A man rode side saddle into a tavern and ordered a whiskey sour for his pony. The barkeep brought the order and the horse drank it down. The man ordered another, which the horse drank; and then a third and a fourth.

The astonished tap tender managed to ask, "Wouldn't you like something for yourself?"

"No thanks," came the reply, "I'm driving."

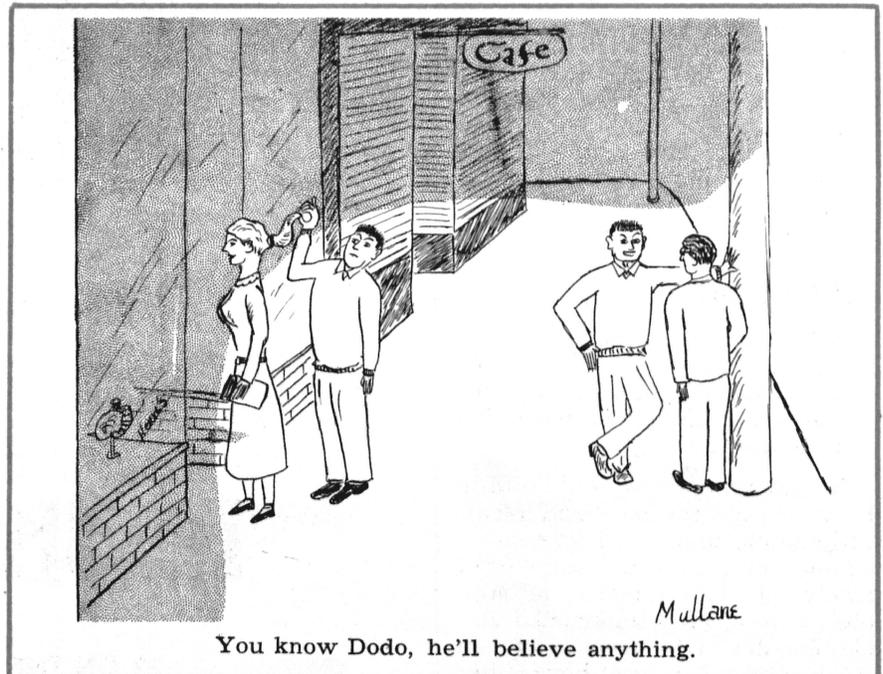
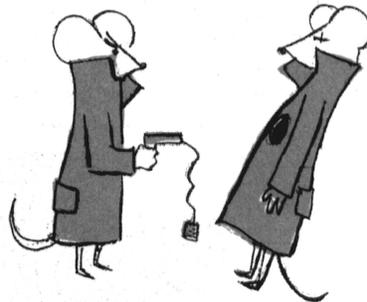
* * *

"Mr. Jones, I'm afraid your son is spoiled."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Smith. I disagree with you."

"Well, have it your way, but come and see what the steam roller just did to him."

LATER THOUGHTS



You know Dodo, he'll believe anything.

Mullane



Daffynitions

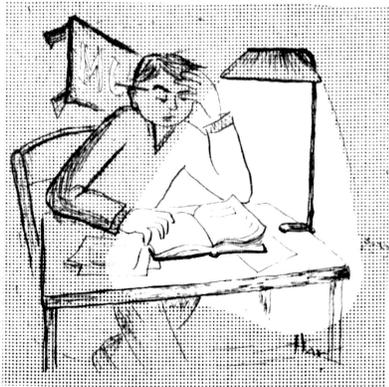
Dutch Ex-Lax — "Little Dutch Cleanser."
 Mistress — A cutie on the q. t.
 Week-end — When you go home and tell 'em how hard you're working.
 Tomahawk — What if you go to sleep suddenly and wake without hair there is an Indian with.
 Matrimony — An institution of learning in which a man loses his bachelor's degree and his wife acquires a master's.

* * *

Late to bed
 Early to rise,
 Makes a man baggy
 Under the eyes.

* * *

Tiny Daughter: Mama, what are men?
 Mother: Men are what women marry.
 T. D.: We don't get much choice, do we?



Drunk: Ho. Lady, you got two ver' beaut'ful legs.
 Girl (snapping): And how would you know?
 Drunk (brightly): I counted 'em.

* * *

Two Fakirs found a bag of nails — so they started a pillow fight.

ELIZABETH BROWNING

on Life Savers:

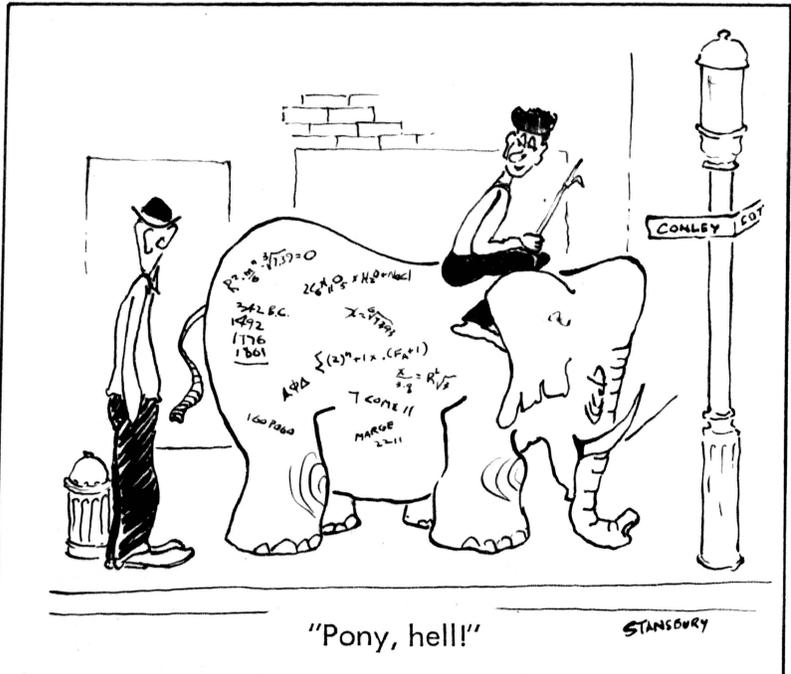


"Takes the breath of men away"

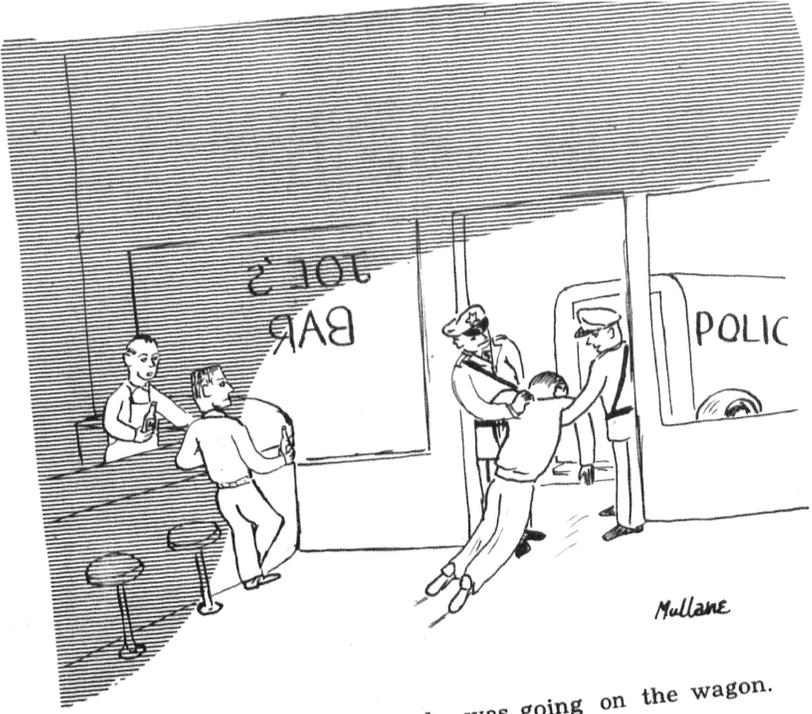
from *Bianca Among The Nightingales*, STANZA 12



Still only 5¢



Stuff



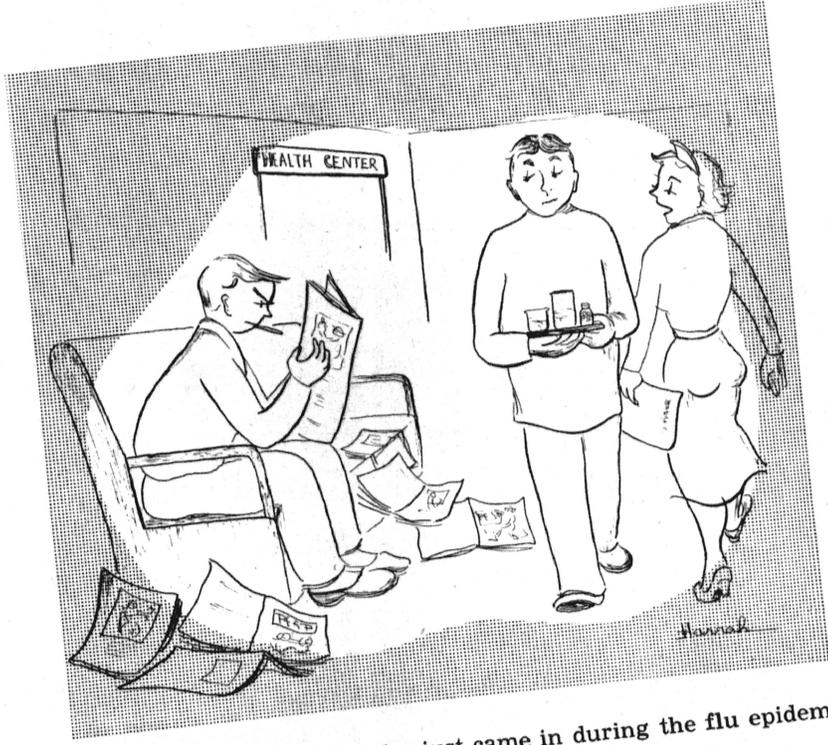
Mullane

Well, he always said he was going on the wagon.



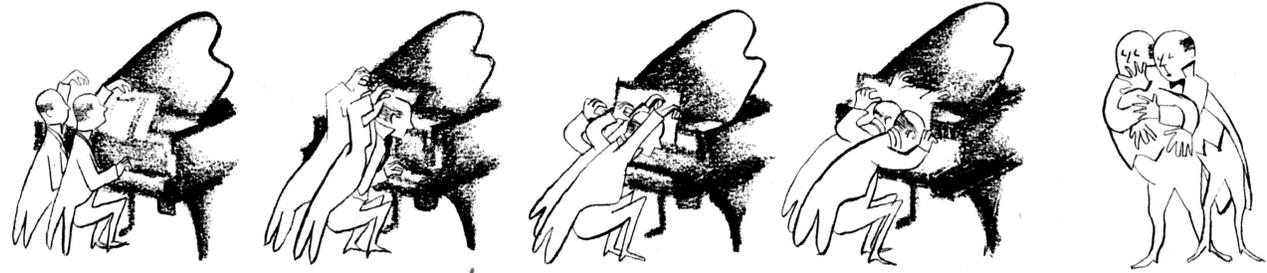
JOE BECKER

Boy that was a close one, eh Bob?



Hannah

Oh, he isn't really ill . . . he just came in during the flu epidemic and started a continued story.





“PORTRAIT OF A GRADER”

To a new student, entering a University classroom for the first time, everything appears normal. The professor is elderly, the students are bored and the room is dingy. However, the distinguishing factor in a University classroom is the lordly being who sits at one side of the room, a pencil in hand, attendance chart under his arm, and a blank stare on his face. This is a grader.

The University of Missouri has more graders than any other school in the United States. M. U. graders eat better, sleep better, and dress better than other college's graders. All University graders are married. They can afford to be! The graders drive Buick automobiles; their wives have mink coats and deep freezes; their kids have electric trains and ponies. The graders have expensive hobbies like playing the horses at Stephens Stables, attending Christian College Music concerts, being initiated into honorary frats, and accepting dinner invitations to various Houses.

In ordinary life, the grader is another human being (using the term loosely) but in college life, the grader is the KING of all students, the friend of the failing, and advisor to a supreme being, the professor. The grader's weapon is his pencil, which can bring exultation or destruction to any and all. He is recognizable by conservative suits, flashy ties, and bulging pockets. Graders come in assorted sizes, shapes and weights. However, cultivate these men as friends.

Digging deep into the life of a grader is shocking and difficult.

It is hard to realize that persons you once knew as friends have turned against you for the price of a new car, a crisp bill or a diamond ring. Fraternity brothers whose friendship you felt could never be broken become as distant as “Uncle Joe” and you speak to them only to find yourself ignored.

Most prominent among the graders are graduate students. These are usually more authoritative on the subject of final grades, and if the question arises of whether you had three or 13 absences in a class, their answers will be accepted.

Of course those students earning “an extra dollar” are to be considered, too — as graders — for it is their pencil which marks in red the answers you have missed. Case history files reveal that Missouri U. can be proud of the record of helping more than three thousand such “Part-time” graders put themselves through school, financially unassisted by outsiders. Total assets of the University were not available for inspection, but estimates run upwards of three billion dollars, counting only the salaries and contributions of interested parties of the University — not personal gifts.

The easiest way to make contact with a grader is to start at the bottom of the organization. “E” students are usually likely subjects to have contact with a grader.

Don't act excited at meeting a contact or even a grader. Offer

(Continued on page 34)

"I WAS A PRISONER"

(Continued from page 12)

wall. No sooner would one interruption of sleep end, than a new one would begin. For instance: when the lab quieted, I again dozed only to be awakened by having an evil tasting thermometer shoved roughly into my oral cavity. At that point I gave up all hopes of sleep and listened to the night workers clatter up and down the hall playing tag. This too may seem harmless, but the fact that they were all wearing wooden shoes contributed to a rather bothersome racket.

It shouldn't take much imagination to realize that after a few sleepless weeks accompanied by a not quite sufficient diet of watery tea and plain crackers that I began to weaken. It was at this stage of the ordeal that Little Henrietta came into my life. Moving quietly as a shadow she slipped into my room when the nightly game of tag was at the distant end of the hall. Too weak to be startled, I only stared at this wisp of a person.* Placing her hand over my mouth lest I give her away, Henrietta whispered. "I am a friend. I have brought you food." Food, — I had never dreamed that brown rice and egg plant leaves could taste so good!

Henrietta worked in the hospital kitchen, and was a member of the Free Student's Underground Organization. It was from her that I heard the incredible scheme and the real reason for my visit to the clinic.

She told me that the Committee on Student Harrassings had arranged for my "accident" so that I would be placed in the clinic. It was here that I was to have my spirit broken until I would divulge the information they believed me to be withholding. Little Henrietta told me nothing would be done to me that would be easily recognized as torture. Their plan was to weaken and antagonize by subtle methods until I no longer had any resistance to confession.

Henrieta's story makes a lot of things clearer. I was able to understand the formerly peculiar behavior of many of the hospital staff. One nurse in particular could be very perplexing by caressing my posterior. Now this of course does not seem torturesome, but as soon as I would start to enjoy it, she would ruin the whole effect by stabbing the same spot with a huge wicked needle. — That was frustrating, and naturally devastating to my male ego in its weakened condition.

I learned from Little Henrietta that, aside from being frustrating, the little game had another purpose. It was actually a test to see how far I had progressed under the treatment being given. When I would no longer respond to the caresses, I was to be considered "conditioned".



Other happenings also had basis. One thing I had never understood was why a pretty lab technician would appear every hour, and on the pretext of holding my hand, would extract from my arm a small quantity of blood. Believing that twenty-four blood tests per day for three weeks were more than sufficient, I asked Henrietta about it. She told me

that the blood was collected according to type, dehydrated, and the plasma sold on the black market. Proceeds from these operations were thought to go to the Committee on Student Harrassings to finance their subversive activities.

Despite all of these fiendish attempts to break my spirit, I always refused to sign the typed "confession" which was placed before me each day. I even withstood the worst they had to offer.

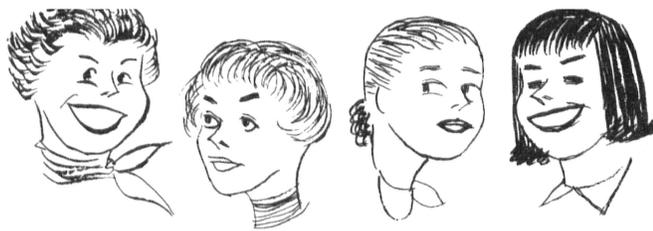
The most terrifying of all from their bag of tricks was as follows: After several sleepless days and nights, I would be allowed finally to go to sleep. The bed would be freshly made, and I would pass into a deep inhuman coma. Imagine the shock of having a nurse awaken you by giving her rendition of *Cyrano*, with a hypodermic needle resembling a pneumatic hammer. It was terrifying to the end. (It should be of interest to the reader to know that the nurse who gave the shots is a former school champion in aerial darts).

Despite all the tender loving care, my foot healed and I was ready to be dismissed. As there was no longer any excuse for being hospitalized, I was released quite normally. It was of course difficult at first to return to college life, but the bilgewater coffee and jelly sessions have actually been enjoyable since this more terrifying ordeal.

Little Henrietta? She was discovered stealing from the kitchen a fish head and a handful of dried peas to give to another starving inmate. She was immediately black-listed by the administration. However, she slipped out of town under the cover of darkness, and now lives happily attending an obscure liberal arts college.

Meanwhile the Bastille of our campus goes about its normal business of treating and processing its political prisoners who are marked and sentenced by the Committee on Student Harrassings.

THE END



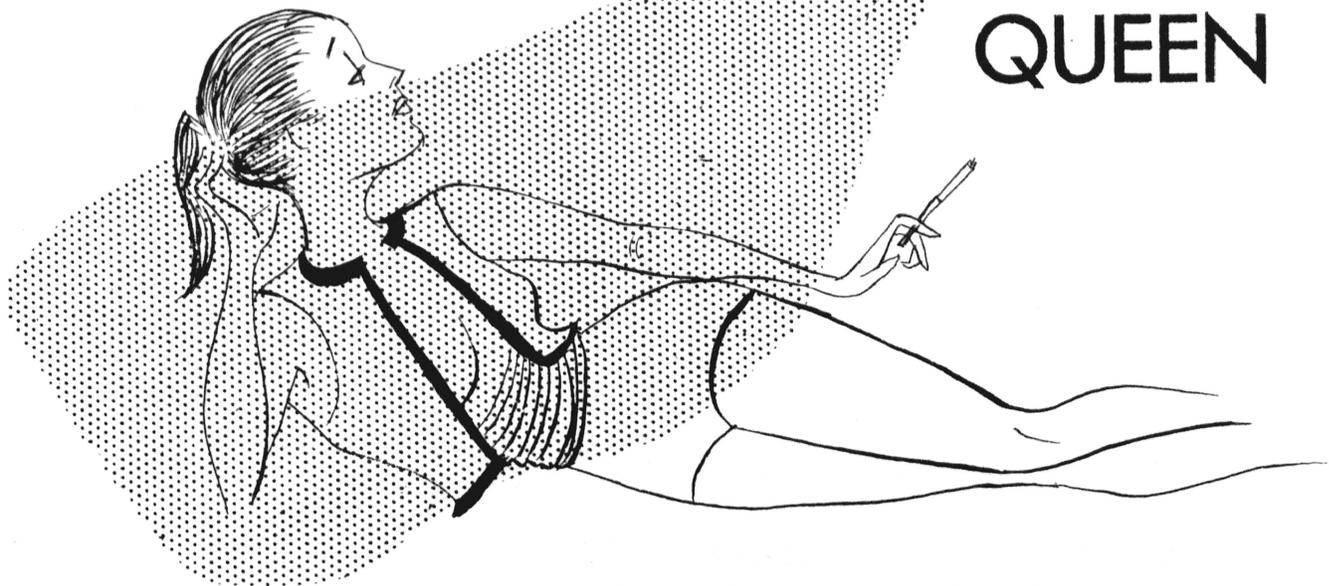
IT'S EVERY COED'S DREAM

IT'S EVERY GIRL'S DESIRE

To Be



QUEEN



Look for the Queen candidates in the March issue of Showme and the list of prizes for the winner

Mizzou's Show of Shows



SAVITAR FROLICS

FRIDAY, FEB. 27 — SATURDAY, FEB. 28 is the Date

STEPHENS PLAY HOUSE is the Place

8:00 P. M. is the Time

See the Show of the Year.....

Savitar Frolics '53

" THE GRADER"

Continued from page 31)

a pack of cigarettes or a cup of coffee as a friendly gesture, and remember — do not deduct this from income tax as entertainment due to business.

Cash transactions, between any party concerned, should be in strictest confidence. Checks are easily traced, and should not be written.

Usually after agreeing on terms, a blood test will be taken, along with a signed sworn statement that you are not and never have been a member of the Party. Upon completing this portion of business, the average student is eligible to pass.

Take great care, however, in choosing courses for the coming semester. Investigate the Uni. Register as to the idiosyncrasies of certain graders. Plan courses accordingly so that no semester's expenditure will run over \$2,000. Any amount over this figure is likely to lead to a Senate investigation. And, the system may not survive any more investigations and investigators. The last one is now enrolled in Law School, and reports that it's costing him close to \$5,000 to make the grade — but HE'S got connections!

— Rudy

Mountain girl: Doctah, ah cum to see y'll about my Granmaw. We gotta do somethin' about her smokin'.

Doctor: Oh, now Elviry, don't worry about that. Lots of women smoke.

Elviry: Yeah, I know, but Granmaw inhales.

Doctor: I still wouldn't fret. Lots of women inhale.

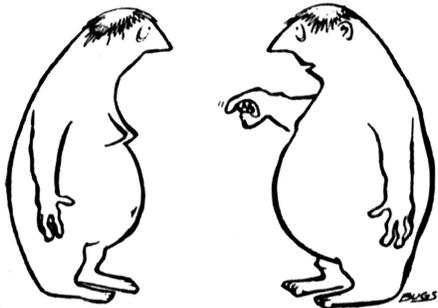
Elviry: Yeah, I know, but Grandmaw don't exhale.

* * *

Sweet young thing: Can you tattoo a cat on my knee?

Tattooer: We're having a sale on giraffes this week. Would that be O. K.?

FILCHED



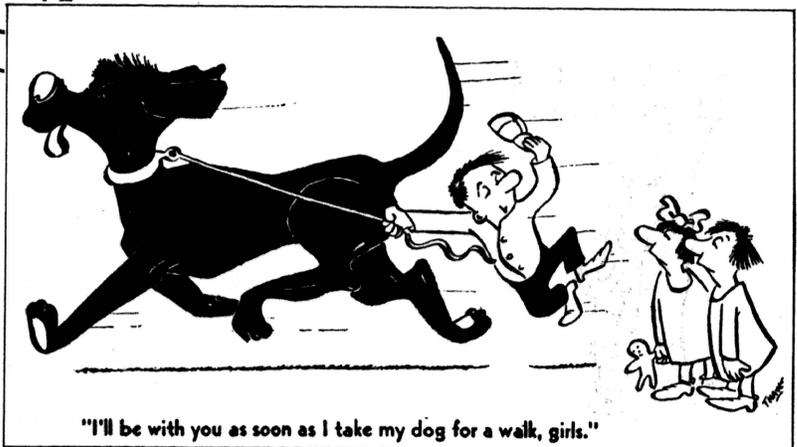
"ME TARZAN—YOU JANE"—VOO DOO



"... and now for a look at the weather."



"DUKE & DUCHESS"



"I'll be with you as soon as I take my dog for a walk, girls."

"Troelstrop, Trimble, Green, and Glue"

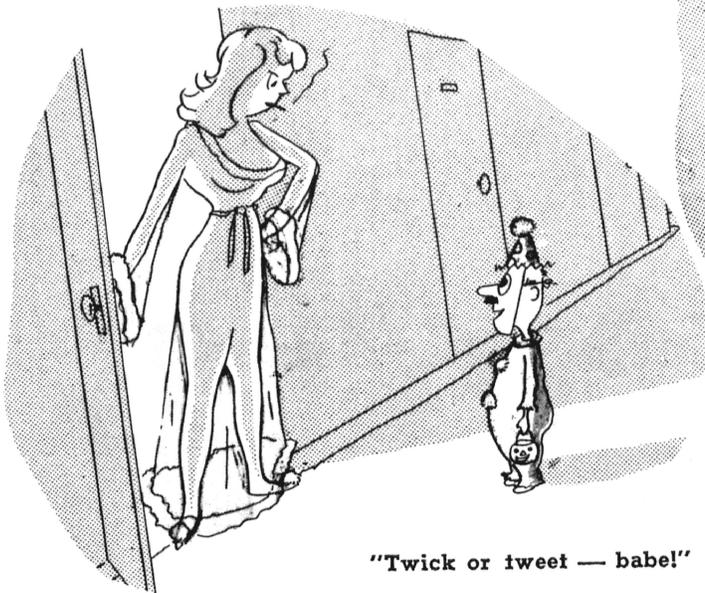
-- or, "WHY SLAVE OVER A HOT DRAWING BOARD WHEN A PAIR OF SCISSORS AND A PASTE POT IS HANDY."



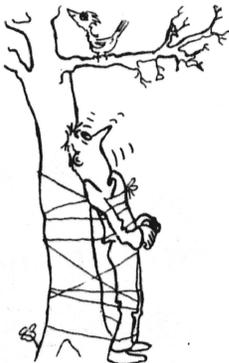
"I don't care what the Romans did — we'll have no camp followers!"



"I hope you didn't get all dressed up, Floyd."



"Twick or tweet — babe!"



BRADSHAW

FOR

President of S.G.A.

Few students have ever equalled Bradshaw's record of accomplishments in every phase of campus life — **ACTIVITIES - SCHOLARSHIP-ATHLETICS**. Truly he is . . .



BUD BRADSHAW

No other campus political party has ever done as much through S.G.A. for the benefit of the student body as has the **ALL CAMPUS TICKET**. More than ever, **A.C.T.** is recognized as . .

**THE
MAN
FOR THE
JOB**

**THE
PARTY
FOR THE
S.G.A.**

**Elect ACT'S 19 Qualified Candidates
For Students Council**

VICE-PRESIDENT



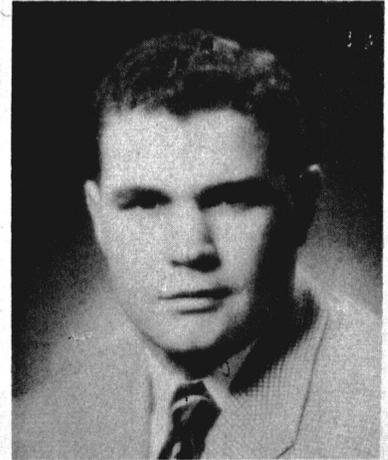
RONNIE PFOF

SECRETARY



MARTY BROWN

TREASURER



BOB SCHOONMAKER

Vote the All Campus Ticket



Read where Hadacol lost its first case. A woman, ninety-eight, died — but they did save the baby.

* * *

She: We're going to give the bride a shower.

He: Count me in. I'll bring the soap.

* * *

The guy who raised all the Cain at last night's party didn't do Adam thing today.

* * *

Prof: Will you men stop exchanging notes in the back of the room?

Student: Them ain't notes, them's cards. We're playing bridge.

* * *

"What did you say this morning, professor?"

"Nothing."

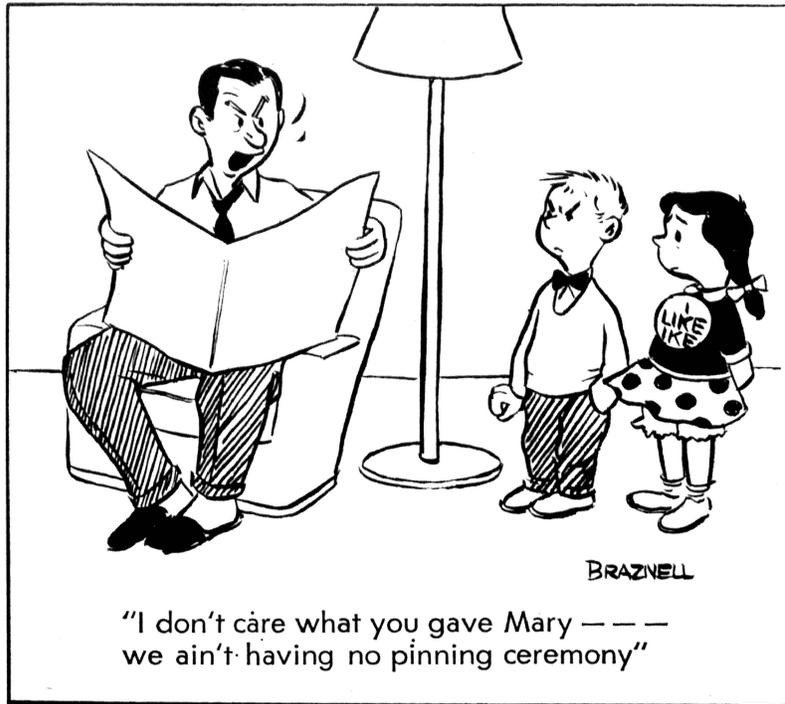
"Of course. But how did you express it this time?"

* * *

Visitor: Why does your Grandma just sit there and read the Bible all day?

Little Jim: She's crammin' for the finals.

* * *



Inside S. G. A.

In one of our other muck-raking books we spoke of Chicago politics, but Columbia, and more particularly, the campus of the University of Missouri, leaves the Windy City panting for breath by the shore of Lake Michigan. There's a certain Black Hand society governing the students, known as S. G. A. We asked, nay begged, the leaders of this organization to tell us what these letters stood for, but they just grinned and said, "We'll never tell." So, until further research is complete, it will have to stand as S. G. A.

At first glance, it seems to be a future training ground for Jenners and McCarthys, Harry Vaughns and Mayor Tweeds. This, we were assured, was not the case.

Supposedly "The Voice of the Students," S. G. A. seems to be suffering from a bad case of laryngitis. Our inside scoop is for an immediate tonsillectomy to remove some of the malignant growths skulking about its oral cavity.

Politics are a touchy subject in this den of Little Dixie, with two parties vying for supremacy and a \$4,800 budget. Most of the campaigning seems to center about certain Greek (mentioned in the section on minority groups) houses, which are very interested in seeing that the campus have a strong S. G. A., that the students' welfare is looked out for, and, incidentally, what the house can get out of it. Logs are rolled, palms are greased, and a general aura of mud pervades the campus around election time.

Meetings of the Student Council, upon close examination, reveal a marked tendency toward the ancient tribal councils of the American Indians, portrayed by Ty Power and his redmen friends in "Pony Soldier". S. G. A. passes no peace pipe, but it is our studied opinion that a lead pipe would be more effective.

For the student who has to get a traffic ticket fixed, or a negative hour abolished, or almost anything of importance done, better take your problem elsewhere, buddy. They can't help you.



"Say, sister, do you know why girls walk home?"
 "No, why?"
 "Never mind. Let's go for a ride."

* * *

One piece, two piece, flour sack or Bikini,
 Tight fit, loose fit, large or teeny weeny,
 It makes no difference what they swim in,
 Lose their suits and . . . women is women.

* * *

"Mother, remember what you told me about the shortest way to a man's heart?"
 "Yes, dear."
 "Well, last night I found a new route."

Prof: Open your books to page 64. (Rustle of books all over the room.) Dunby, start reading at the top of the page.
 Dunby: Send five dollars, check or money order, for special album of Fren photographs.

* * *

How sweet the girl,
 How true, how brave,
 Who can kiss her man
 When he needs a shave.

* * *

"Sonny, don't you know you shouldn't drag your little sister by the hair?"
 "Aw, that's alright, Mister, she's dead anyway."

* * *

Sounds of a struggle came from within the parked car.

"Sir," said a female voice, "Where is your chivalry?"

A pause. "I traded it in on dis Buick."

* * *

The little girl who used to want an all-day sucker now just wants one for the evening.

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Nightly

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EVERYTHING

For The
Well-Dressed
CO-ED



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Fashions
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meet you under...



BILL ROBERTS



"Handsome, debonair, charming, what more can I say about myself?"

That was Bill Roberts' candid description of Bill Roberts, but we would like to add here that Bill is also famous for his sense of humor. He'd have to be to sell ads for *Show-Me*.

Better known as Willy, Bill, eh we mean Willy, has become an ace salesman for Swami in less than a semester, and already he is round-shouldered. This comes from trying to drag home all the commissions he has piled up since September. A bright boy, it's rumored that he makes more money than J.School does on its out-of-state tuition.

Right now, Willy is too busy for any other hobbies except business school, where they have him down for a junior and some good grades. Twenty years old and a native of Jeff City, Willy takes lodging at the Phi Gam House when he stops over in Columbia for a semester.

Willy still has his health, sweet disposition and fraternity pin which means he isn't going steady and bankrupt. On the subject of girls, he says, "I can't fight 'em," which is purposely ambiguous. But then, Swami predicts Bill is a very ambiguous lad who will go far in the business world.

Contributors' Page

BOB CARTER

Gruff-voiced Bob Carter is the answer to Swami's frantic prayer in September for a REALLY good cartoonist. Bob's favorite subjects to sketch and talk about are, in order of preference, girls, girls, girls.

"They're wonderful — my mother was one, you know."

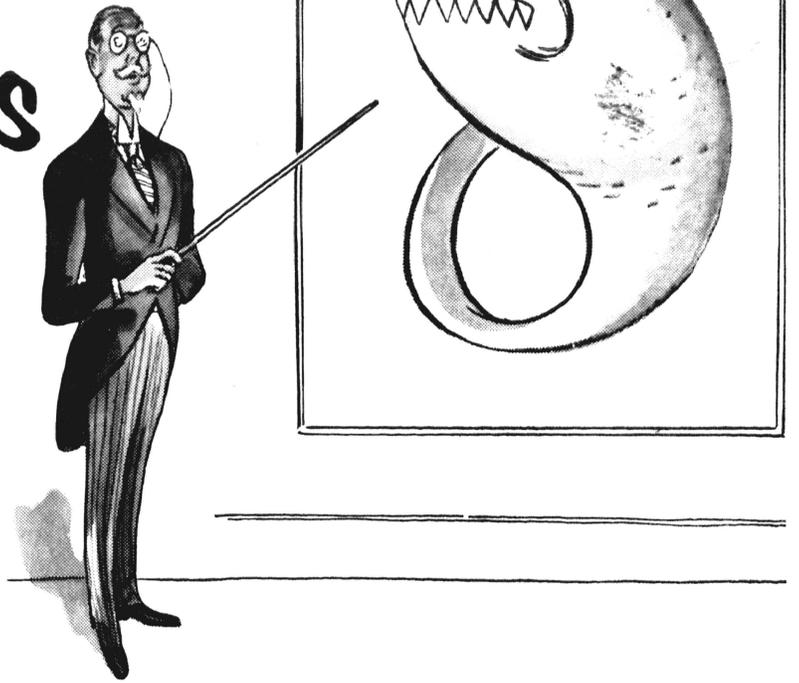
At nineteen his secret ambition is to get married but don't tell because it's still a secret. Majoring in art, Bob has been here at Mizzou for one whole semester. So far he shows no signs of wear or general breakdown, other than his opinion that the school is "real ag." He lives at Cramer Hall but goes to St. Louis for vacations at home.

Bob's big talent is playing the uke. Only two months and he can pick out verses of "Down Among the Potted Palms," or "Soute Pacific". And for an encore you can always count on him to play both verses of "Down Among the Potted Palms". But give him a month, (that's all his roommate is giving him). When not plucking the strings, Bob likes to collect records, mostly popular ballads. He always looks a little wistful when he thinks about the phonograph needle he's going to own some day.

L. B.



The Mating Habits of the Virus



Here's a virus, which actually doesn't look any more like this than a biology professor. Less. But then, not many people *do* know what a virus looks like. They only know what it does.

It sits around all day long, tireless as a bill collector, waiting for someone to invite it in. Then it goes to work like mad, multiplying all over the place, creating colds, pneumonia, fever, and various other unpleasanties.

The virus is easy to invite. As a matter of fact, it's there to begin with. Just lower resistance enough and wham! There's the old virus at work.

And the best way to lower resistance is to wander around in the rain and wind without a hat. Honest. Your head is the number one target of the virus. Nature *wants* you to protect your head. And the primary function of a hat is *protection*.

It keeps the snow and wind and rain off your hair, it protects you from cold weather and hot weather, too. And don't forget. Hats are as important to your appearance as they are to your health. Any way you look at it, it's smart to wear one. And today, hats are made better—and styled better—than ever before.

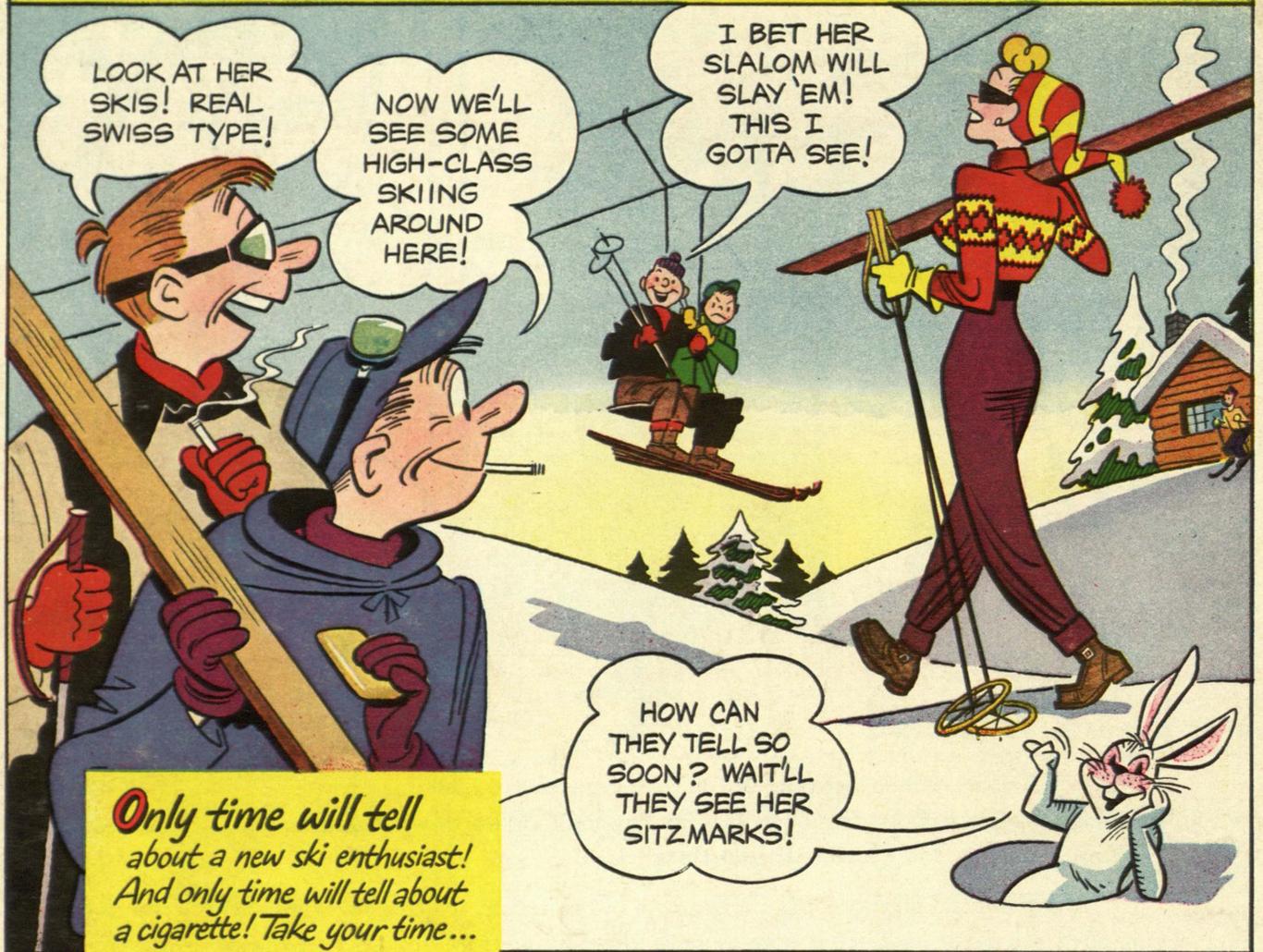
"Wear a Hat—It's as Healthy as It's Handsome!"

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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 new ski enthusiast! And only time will tell about a cigarette! Take your time...

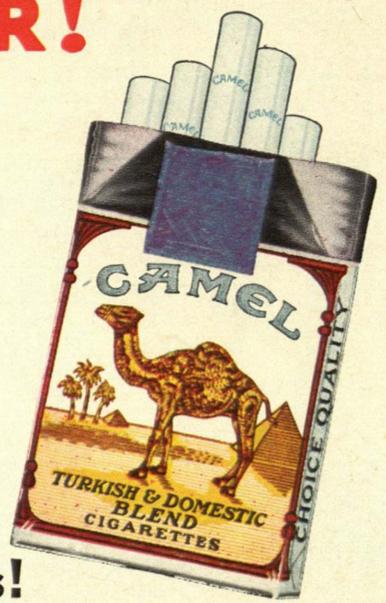
HOW CAN THEY TELL SO SOON? WAIT'LL THEY SEE HER SITZMARKS!

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



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