

MISSOURI
Showme



**CAPITALISTIC
ISSUE**

1949-1950

25¢

30-DAY SMOKING TEST

PROVES CAMEL MILDNESS!



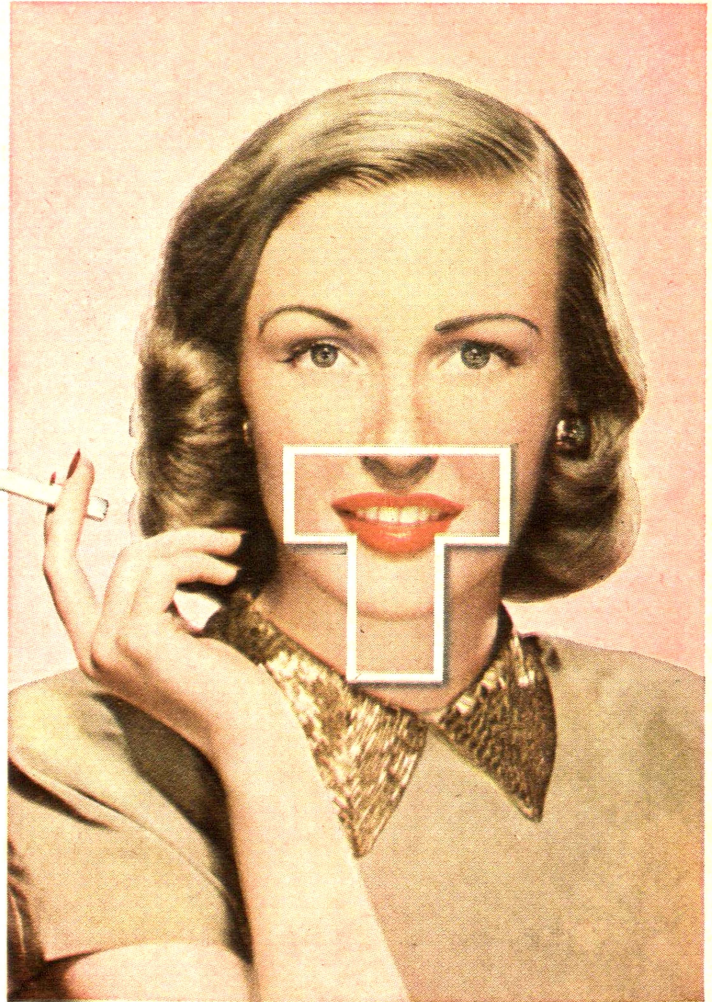
1 In a recent test, hundreds of men and women all across the country . . . of all ages and occupations . . . were closely observed as they smoked Camels—and only Camels—for 30 consecutive days. And they smoked on the average of one to two packages of Camels a day. But only Camels!



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3 Yes, Camels are that mild! But prove it yourself. In your "T-Zone"—T for Taste and T for Throat. Smoke Camels for 30 days, with our money-back guarantee. (See below.) Let YOUR OWN TASTE tell you about the full, rich flavor of Camel's choice tobaccos. Let YOUR OWN THROAT tell you the wonderful story of Camel's cool, cool mildness. Yes, prove for yourself that there's



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Prove it Yourself! Make the Camel 30-Day Test in Your "T-Zone"

Money-Back Guarantee: Smoke Camels for 30 consecutive days. *Smoke only Camels.* If, at any time during these 30 days, you are not convinced that Camels are the mildest cigarette you have ever smoked, return the package with the unused Camels and we will refund your full purchase price, plus postage. This offer is good for 90 days from this date.

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MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS than any other cigarette

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



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Dear Ed,

Your fiction stinks!

Liz Yarby

T.D. No. 7

With a vocabulary like yours, we're sure you're a good judge. Ed.

EDITOR SHOWME 9 DECEMBER INTERESTED IN REPUBLISHING MATERIAL FROM COLLEGE HUMOR MAGAZINES . . .

Dear Mr. Barnard:

I appreciate your prompt response to my wire . . . The editors are interested in seeing what college humor magazines are printing these days . . . for a college humor page in the Journal

Cordially,

Jan Weyl, Ass't Ed.
Ladies' Home Journal

Editor, Showme:

Hay! Whazza matter up there at Mizzou? Are your women so frail and gentle that they can't play a little old game of football? I call your attention to the article titled, "Run, Mascara!" appearing in the current *Texas Ranger*, describing UT's newest intramural sport—football for women. Pi Phi's and Kappas tangled here without injury to bodies or respectability

Chas. Foley
Univ. of Texas

Kappas and Gamma Phi's could have tangled here "without injury to bodies or respectability," but got tangled in administrative red tape instead. A day of enlightenment is expected sooner or later. Ed.

Dear Ed:

While reading last month's *Showme*, I came to the Christmas gift suggestions . . . In your Shoe Shine Kit, offered by "Delt" enterprizes, you mentioned 12 cans of *ox blood* polish. Ox blood is no longer the style as the polish to apply to Threadneedles. Instead, the cattiest dressing to apply is Kiwi Transparent Dressing. Although one thin layer of mahogany stain may be applied to every six transparent polishes to add a faint East St. Louis tone . . . (this) is a wrong that needs to be righted.

St. Louisly yours,
Jigaboo Jay Watkins
1000 Maryland
Columbia

Swami's apology to the "cats" is humble. The above evidence sounds convincing. Ed.

Congratulations on a great magazine . . . got it today and needless to say there has been little work done in the office . . . Best of luck from an old staff member.

Richard C. Hall
Bloomington, Ill.

You're prejudiced, old man, but tnx. Ed.

. . . I believe I express the sentiments of most of the girls here when I say that *Showme* has struck us as one of the cleverest of college mags. Soon there will be a couple more additions to your subscription list. Our one copy gets pretty battered when we're all through with it.

Mary Davis
Baldwin-Wallace College
Berea, Ohio

Please send me nine issue of your magazine. It is indeed the most interesting and well-written of the college magazines I read.

Elizabeth Johnson,
Roslyn, New York

. . . your magazine was highly recommended to us by an ex-Stephens student and we are most anxious to see for ourselves whether you are worthy of such superlatives as she employed . . .

Mary Lakeman,
University of Maryland

Resolve Now

TO KEEP YOUR CLOTHES NEAT AND CLEAN

Send Them to

DORN-CLONEY

Dial 3114

For Laundry and Cleaning Pick-Up



Honey, I just saved half of my clothing allowance by shopping in JULIE'S WINTER CLEARANCE

All Year Round
It's the STABLE For Fun



THE STABLE

Providence Road Near Hinkson Bridge



Cover artist and new Art Editor of *Showme*, Nick Bova, thought for a long time before coming up with this one for our January "Capitalistic Issue." The result, says Nick, is the biggest contrast between the "have's" and the "have-not's" that he could imagine.

"But in America," he continues, "this little guy has probably as good a chance of making a million as the next." Fringe elements and the Paper Disposal Workers' Union will no doubt disagree.

"Ever read the Wall Street Journal?" we asked Nick.

"Nope," he replied. "It hasn't got any funnies."

This is Nick's first cover for us, although he has been a member of the art staff for two seasons. His promotion to Art Editor came last month after the resignation of the aging Flash Fairfield.

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

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MISSOURI SHOWME

YOUR CAMPUS HUMOR MAGAZINE

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Dear Reader:

With the new year comes graduation and a new semester and a few changes in our staff. After seeing five previous editors come and go over four years, it is now my turn to say so long to Swami and to Mizzou. Also departing this month via the graduation route are Advertising Director Jean Suffill, Feature Editor Diana Pattison, ad salesmen Tom Keating and Dave Ninas, and artist Bill Davey.

A new editor will be appointed by the University Board of Publications and his name announced in the next issue.

We enjoy looking back on all that we have seen happen to Showme; to the pre-war and post-war days of confusion; to the reign of Editor Walker and the laborious building of our present format; to Sex Issues and faculty frictions; to promotion stunts and Tuesday night staff meetings; to summers full of correspondence and to deadlines.

It has been a real honor to have participated in the production of an M.U. tradition that is now so firmly a part of our school.

See ya in Jesse --Always!

Charles Nelson Barnard

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Number 5



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*WE envy not the plutocrats
Their Rolls-Royce nor Chateaux,
Their butlers nor their bonds and banks:
We envy them their dough!*



Around the Columns

Overheard

A friend of ours saying the other day, "I don't want to meet any more people. I have enough trouble avoiding the ones I already know."

January

Firmly resolved . . . never to do it again . . . not even if it is New Year's Eve . . . resolved . . . to work hard between now and finals . . . only a few day away now . . . coffee and late hours . . . resolved not to have to do this next semester . . . forgetting, of course, the powers of Spring and the lures of nature . . . resolved . . . not to smoke at the basketball games? Silly . . . resolved to understand every joke in the Savitar Frolics . . . never to wear that tie we got for Christmas . . . resolved . . . resolutely, resolution, resolutibility, resolutionist, resolvable: "To determine, to decide, to settle on . . ." Webster, bah! . . . he hasn't got our problems . . . January is a new page . . . maiden month of virgin year . . . wonder what happens to all those paper hats and horns? . . . wish we were in the confetti business . . . wonder what happens in Columbia while everyone is away . . . is it ever New Year's in Columbia? . . . resolved . . . never to make another resolution . . . anyway, what's in a name? . . . January, humph . . . might as well make a fresh start next semester.

How Brave Can You Be?

Swami tips his turban this month to our old friend and contemporary, *The New Yorker*. At last, someone has found the courage to poke a little gentle fun at an advertiser without fear of losing his account.

In a December issue, under the traditional heading of Notes and Comment, *New Yorker* editorializes for nine quick lines on the use of the word "personalized" in current advertising copy. "This crummiest of all adjectives attempts to express an idea that is both vague and silly," says the item, and goes on to observe, "The latest use of it we encountered was in a Schenley's ad, mentioning a 'Personalized bottle.'" "Who for?" asks *New Yorker*. "A bottlized man?"

Readers of that issue could easily see where the magazine had found the ad in question. It was on page 49—personalized bottle and all.

Available in Red

Russian dress makers are evidently trying to keep pace with everything else Russian in their pursuit of the Western World. A United Press Dispatch, datelined Moscow, 8 December, has this to say about recent Soviet

strides in the manufacture of feminine apparel.

"Russia's answer to the new look was announced today in the form of an omnibus dress which can be converted into any one of seven styles within two minutes . . . the dress is now being shown at Kaganovich Dress Factory Number 11 . . . and the design can be obtained by ordering pattern No. 4345. Within two minutes . . . any style-conscious woman can turn this garment into a day dress, an evening dress, a short-sleeved dress, a suit, a cocktail dress or a theatre gown."

This is indeed a tribute to Russian efficiency, and relief for Ivan the Husband. We can visualize domestic quarrels about the little woman's clothes going something like this from now on.

"Ivan, dear. I need a new dress."

"But, dear comrade wife, what about model No. 4345 that you bought last week?"

"Oh, *that* old thing! I'm tired of it."

"You can't be tired of all *seven* of it!"

M.U. gals are advised that the Kaganovitch Dress Factory Number 11 is now taking orders. Prices slightly higher west of Moscow.

Occupational Disease

The youth in a capitalistic state learn their lessons quickly and as if by osmosis. There are many signs of this tendency in our local culture at the University, not the least of which is a sort of "spoils system"



which son or daughter probably picked up from daddy. This plum-grabbing has many manifestations at M.U., the least savory of which is the attempt to perpetuate social groups in staff positions on our publications.

The theory goes that if you are a member of Tappa Keg and hold a job of any significance on the *Show-SavStu* it is your duty to perpetuate good old Tappa Keg in that position—regardless, we suppose, of qualifications other than the wearing of the Tappa Keg pin.

Thus do selfish minorities carry on.
Art For Who's Sake?

Perhaps by the time you read this, Delta Phi Delta's exhibit of art in the



Shack will have been removed. It is something which we will all long remember, however.

We think that those who conceived the plan of putting this exhibit in a popular and heavily frequented spot have achieved something new: they have given many more people the opportunity of viewing the work than would otherwise have seen it in the dingy show cases of Jesse Hall or the cloistered sanctuaries of the art department.

But *please*, Delta Phi Delta, what are your artists trying to tell us? We've always been told that art should have a message; that it should "say" something to Johnny Q. that he can appreciate and understand. Alas, if this exhibit or any of its individual works has a message, we'd like to have it deciphered for us.

Perhaps we are not among the fashionably initiated and hence unfit to receive the sacrament of art, but someday—just once—we want to get one of these "modernists" and tie him down, drag him, attach a lie detector to his breast, threaten him if necessary, and make him bring these contemporary linoleum patterns to life.

Can It Be Ulcers?

We are amused now and then often irritated by the cantankerous ways of the local curmudgeons who hold, by the grace of we know not what good luck, jobs that bestow certain minor authorities on their holders. These petty bourgeoisie seem to magnify their own importance to proportions that are frightening.

There is an usher at the Missouri theatre who fits this classification very nicely. We don't know the gentleman's name, but it is apparent that the management has entrusted him with some powers slightly beyond those of holding a flashlight. The other evening he gave a particularly stirring performance. Five couples, by accurate count, were waiting to enter the theatre from the lobby. Our friend strutted up and down in front of them, loudly proclaiming "Let them through please! Do not block the door!" It was a question of whether the fun the five couples were getting out of the exhibition could

equal the ego-inflation of this mightiest of flashlight wielders.

A perhaps better example is the dour gentleman whom the University employs to regulate parking at the south end of Jesse Hall. He rules his small domain by means of insult and intimidation, never failing to impress miscreants with the fact that he wears a badge of great authority. Perhaps he deserves more sympathy than he is generally accorded, however. Indeed, it would be a terrible thing if disorder reigned in the parking lot. It just seems to us that disorder might be more pleasantly prevented.

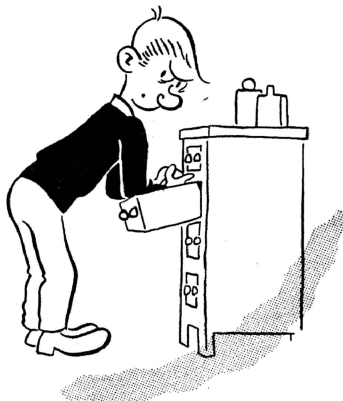
What Price Glory?

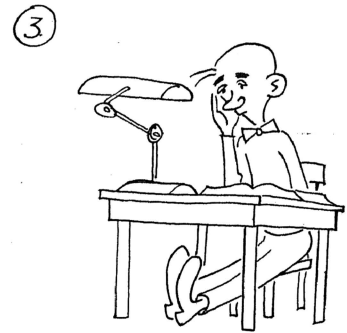
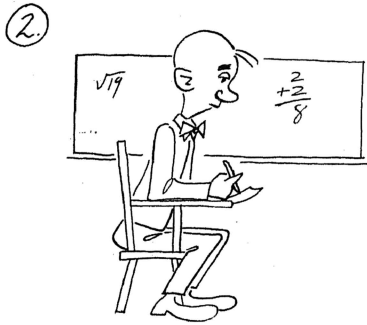
Yet another manifestation of campus capitalism came to our attention the other day. A friend of ours received, in recognition of scholarship, loyalty to M.U., and leadership in several campus organizations, an invitation to membership from Omicron Delta Kappa—a national fraternity with lofty and commendable aims which chooses for its membership such men as our friend above described.



This is, needless to say, an honor which most would strive to achieve. It is a reward accorded without regard to local politics or social prestige. It

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is an honest recognition of all accomplishments good and honest. The University should, and does, take pride in those students who qualify for membership.

The pity of it is that membership is not accorded unless the candidate's financial status is sufficiently flush to afford a fee of \$21. We are sorry to hear this. In view of the high purposes of Omicron Delta Kappa and the good repute in which it stands with the University, membership should not be purchased at such a high price. Membership fees in social organizations may be well justified, but in this case the deal smacks of giving a man a valued honor and then sending him a bill. Tsk. Tsk.

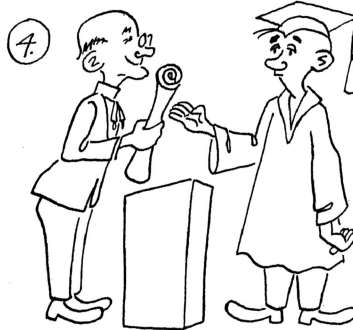
Interlocking Directorate?

Shortly before the vacation we went to see the Missouri Workshop's production of the *Barretts of Wimpole Street*. To enliven an otherwise dull evening, we took to examining the program, and, eventually, to counting the names which appeared on it. This behavior the psychologist might associate with the counting of telegraph poles, cracks in the sidewalk, or other trivia. Nonetheless, our examination was productive of the following observation: two hundred and six persons and firms, and one dog participated in the production. This is indeed a lavish use of talent and manpower, amended only by the fact that some names appeared four times and others three.

On the back of the program was the announcement that Workshop would soon elect a Historian. For such a task may we suggest Mr. Beard or Mr. Toynbee?

Postscript

Once upon a time, in the balmy weeks before election day, the Republican headquarters for Columbia was located on the north side of Cherry



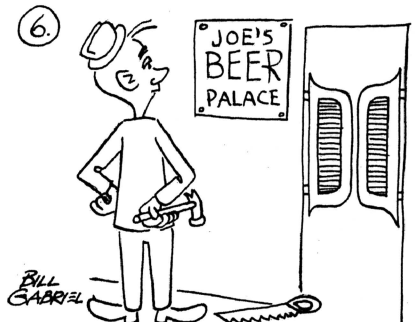
Street, between 8th and 9th. We happened by the place the other day and looked through the dingy windows at the ruins of disappointment and defeat. On the tables where so many red-white-and-blue Dewey postures once smirked confidently at the passerby, there is now only the disorder of brown wrapping paper. A few Dewey-Warren buttons still litter the floor, as if left behind by an army in hasty retreat.

But for GOPsters who used to count rampant elephants in their pre-November 2d sleep, the height of insult leers from the right wall of the old room. There stands a strange plaster creature—the property of some circus or carnival we suppose—laughing at the shambles of the abandoned camp site. You guessed it: it's a donkey.

Long May It Wave

Out of the pre-holiday student demonstration we drew only one element of humor other than the fact that the fated "18th" came and went without incident. Our chuckles were directed at the various ingenious methods devised by University employees in the removal of toilet paper from the trees of Francis Quadrangle and surrounding Jesse Hall.

One such detail drew quite a crowd on Conley Avenue, on the day after the affair. Armed with long poles



tipped with hooks of wire, the men were trying to reach a particularly difficult piece of the tissue without much success. The crowd grew. It voiced its suggestions freely.

"A little higher," someone said.

"Naw, he'll never get it that way."

"Aw leave it there," said another.

When the persistent men finally reached their objective, the crowd cheered. Such is Americana.

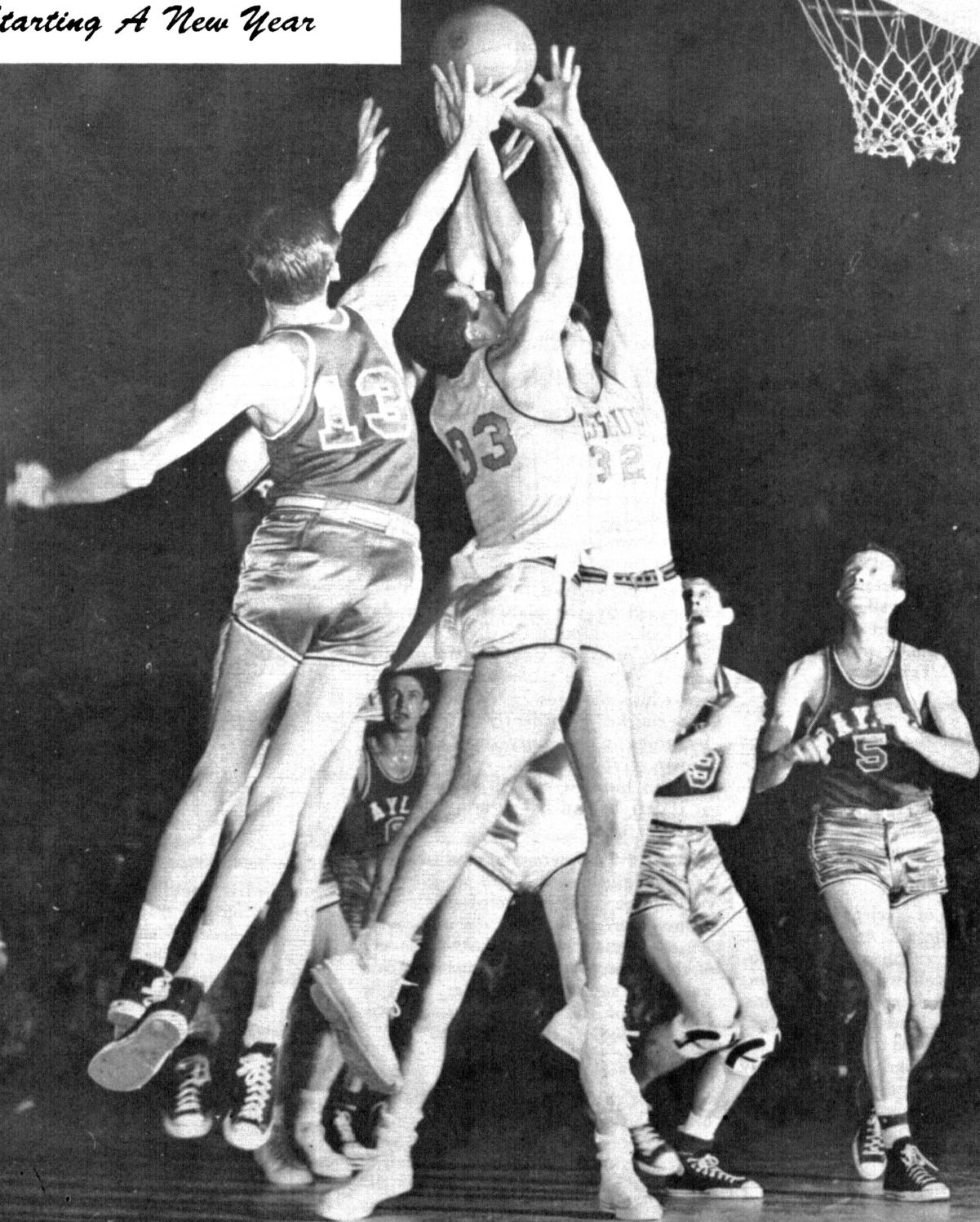
The Hard Way

At last something has come along to vary the terrifying monotony of the menus that local eateries put on the wall. In Gaebler's new diner we noticed the other day—along with the usual 2 eggs (any style) 30c—this sign: "Chili, with beans, 25c. Chili, straight, 35c."

Served in a shot glass, we suppose.

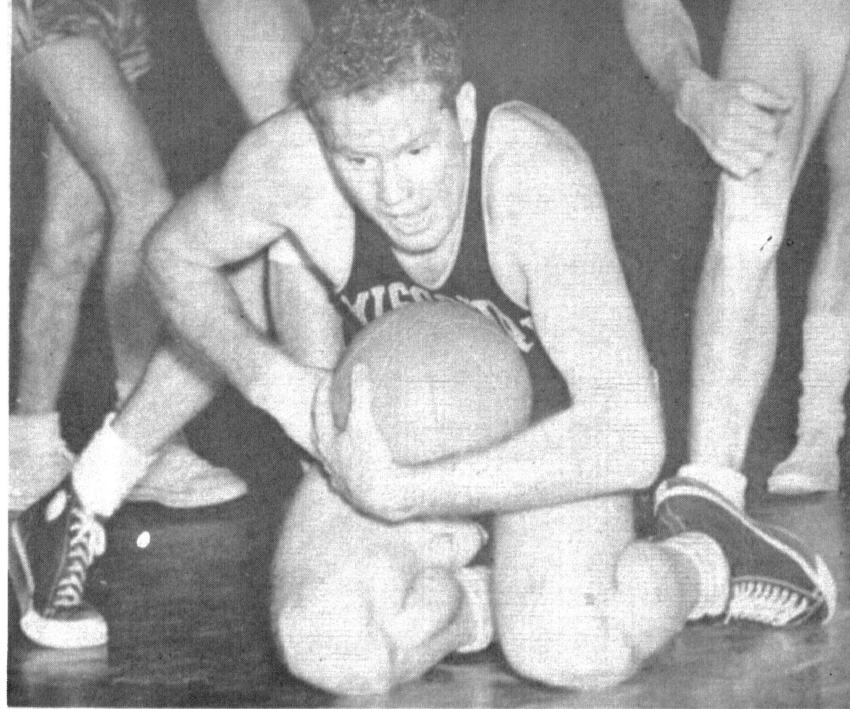
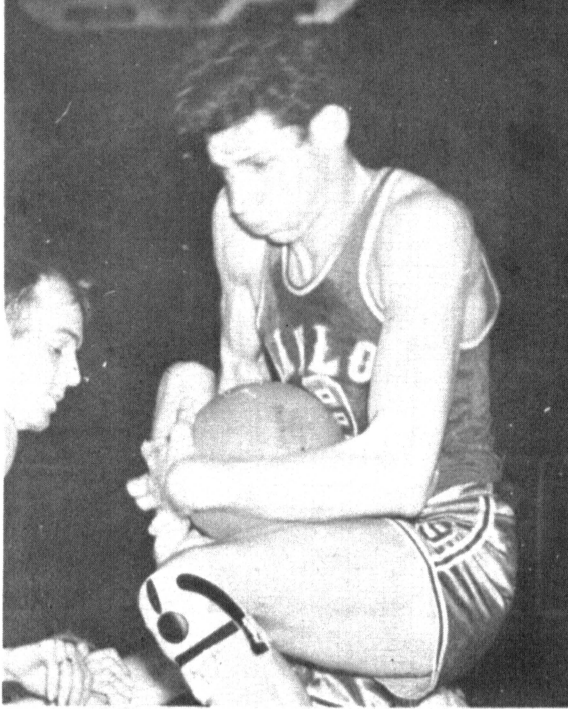
CANDIDLY MIZZOU

Starting A New Year



BASKETBALL home games this season total 12. Basketball fans, as usual, total so many that Brewer Field House seats go around only under the Series A—Series B system. On a student ticket you can't go to two games in a row without people wondering "who you know." Tom Hollingshead of the Student predicts a tie with Kansas State—for second place. Swami says he will give his opinion at the close of the season.

JOHN TRIMBLE—SHOWME



JOHN TRIMBLE—SHOWME

SITTING DOWN on the job of playing basketball, Red Haynes, and Odell Preston, of Baylor, seem to be pretty possessive about keeping the ball. We don't care about Baylor, but Haynes better let someone else use the ball, just a little, if Coach Sparky Stalcup's team is to plow its way through a tough season without getting the reputation of being a one-man team.



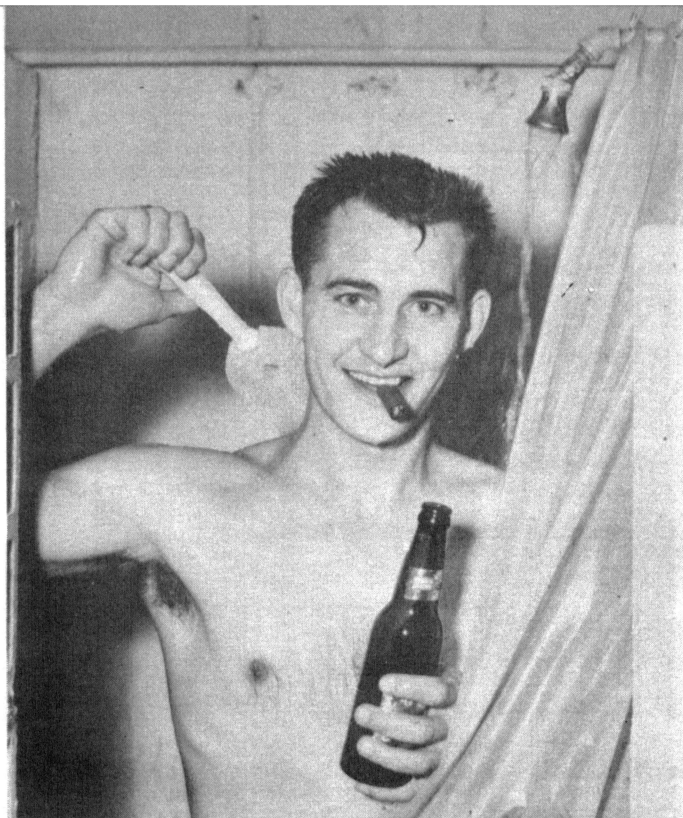
—SINCLAIR ROGERS—SHOWME

BENGALAIR has been chosen official name for the Read Hall basement, a favorite rendezvous that has gone nameless for years. Some folks are concerned for fear the naming hints the "new" student union project is doomed to remain moribund. At any rate the state legislature has declared the Lair part of a state institution and therefore tax free—no more green and red mil confusion when you pay that Read Hall check.



GONE GIFT of this past Christmas is a hand-painted cravat that really is "sincere." Operators can say it with flowers or candy—or let the tie subtly glow a demanding "Kiss me" in the dark.

SINCLAIR ROGERS—SHOWME



A RESOLUTION not to drink or smoke—except in the shower—has tripled this fellow's soap bill, used up all the hot water, caused other guys with a claim to the shower to wait in line for days.

ANDY PERANNI



GHOST TOWN Columbia during vacation made nocturnal pedestrians feel like "Slim" Mitty. For thirteen nights residents slumber was undisturbed by serenades and less orderly revelry.

JOHN TRIMBLE—SHOWME

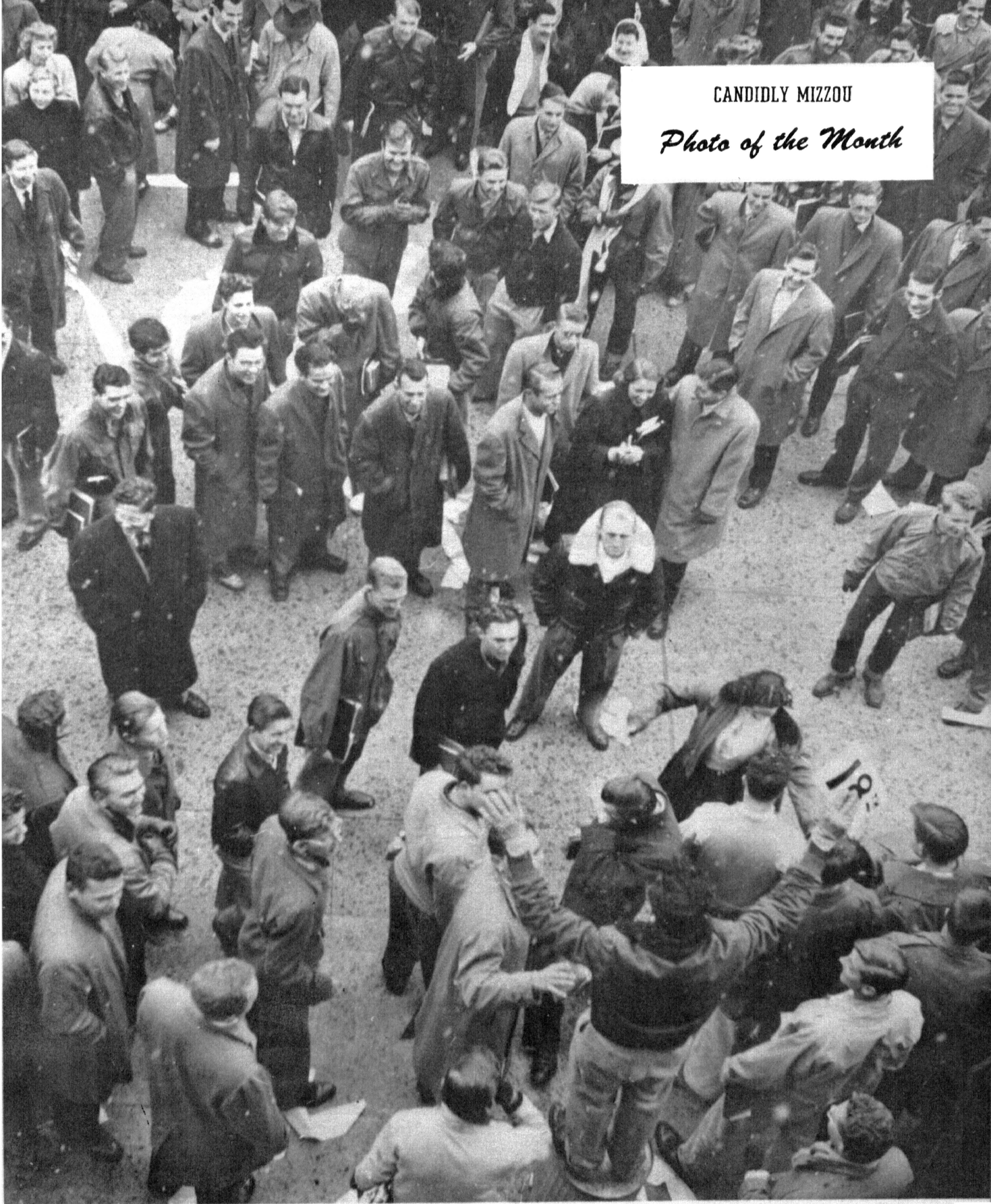


THE END of Christmas holidays finds many students coming back for finals on the Wabash Cannonball, the same train—so help us—recently named in a damage suit on charges including speeding.

SINCLAIR ROGERS—SHOWME

CANDIDLY MISSOURI

Photo of the Month



ELIAS HOLTZMAN

UPROAR ensued when several hundred students gathered around the columns to demand a Christmas holiday extension. When they single-filed through University Auditorium, Professor Atherton reluctantly dismissed his history class. Firemen came when the mob set fire to the University's Christmas tree. Amiable (but balding) President Middlebush's comment from Jesse balcony: "I'm not going to stay out here without my hat."

DEATH IS A MUSHROOM

by Charles Nelson Barnard

This story may just entertain you, or it may
make you think.

"Now that we have It, what do you think will happen?"

"It is difficult to say. Yadalov says there is only One."

"Bah! Yadalov knows no more than my poor old dog which is blind."

"But, last summer he was there. I checked his travel papers and he was there. All his papers were in order."

"Does it matter indeed if he was there? I was there myself once—when I was very young."

"I can tell you, Yadalov knows! He is a very important scientist—the most important in this soviet. Did he not help develop the roach killing powder?"

"Ah hah! But there are still roaches!"

"You are a fool! Roaches have nothing to do with This. If we have One after so many years, it is a wonderful tribute to our national science."

"Perhaps there is more than One . . ."

"Indeed, perhaps."

"We shall see."

*I am Fission; I am force
Whether in Oak Ridge
Or Magnitogorsk.*

*I am a servant; I am a master
With arms of steel
And brain of plaster.*

This is Skylight One, Skylight One.
Two minutes before Bomb release.
Mark.

Two minutes before Bomb release.

Adjust all goggles.

Adjust all goggles.

Stand by . . .

Stand by . . .

Bomb away . . .

Bomb away . . .

Bomb away . . .

Over Los Alamos. Over Hiroshima.
Over Nagasaki. Over Bikini. A
boiling monument of mushrooming
madness, reaching angrily into a peace-
ful sky. A portentous thing, ugly
and writhing, released by man in re-
hearsal against man.

Illustrated by Terry Rees

"Yadalov says there are many already made. He says that Their beauty is terrible and very national . . ."

"There is a new statue being erected . . ."

"And a new Red Day on the calendar . . ."

"And fireworks at Leningrad . . ."

"And the tanks paraded they say, from dawn until noon . . ."

"And planes flew in thousands over Red Square . . ."

"It is indeed a wonderful thing that we now have One."

"Now that we have It, what do you think will happen?"

"It is difficult to say . . ."

Peter Pavlichenko was a very remarkable man. He had been born near Novgorod on the shores of Lake Ilman. He had fought in the Russian armies in World War One and each time his regiment moved westward to capture another Polish town, Peter Pavlichenko thought it must indeed be Berlin.

But it never was Berlin, and he was each time very disappointed. However, soon hunger took the place of disappointment and the advances turned into retreats and the retreats turned into the battle of Tannenberg where Peter Pavlichenko lost his left leg.

While recovering from the amputation—which had been done clumsily by a captured German medical corpsman—Peter Pavlichenko had much time in which to think on things and to read the newspapers—his mouth silently mumbling the words as he did.

For Peter Pavlichenko, these were confusing days. The stump of his leg gave him much pain, but not so much as the stirring of his mind. It was in the hospital that he for the first time realized that Russia was a national state—a "nation," a "country," a unit in the world, surrounded by other units. This could plainly be seen by the maps.

Then, later, there were new names to be considered: Kornilovists, Mensheviks, Bolsheviks, Kerensky, Lenin, Trotsky. There was the mutiny of the garrison at Petrograd to be understood, and the All-Russian Congress

of Soviets, and a treaty signed at Brest-Litovsk. Peter Pavlichenko tried his best to understand these things, just as he gradually learned to walk on his new wooden leg. It was a new sort of world for him, and one which he found more interesting than the one in which he had lived at Novgorod before the war.

People stopped to talk to Peter Pavlichenko now. When they saw him on the street, they said, "See, there he is. That is Peter Pavlichenko who lost a leg at Tannenberg. Let us ask him what *he* thinks." And when he would answer them, he would use words which he had read while in the hospital and he would speak in a deep and confident voice.

Little by little, Peter Pavlichenko learned new words and learned how to use them. In the day, he worked in the fields, but at night he read books and newspapers and pamphlets which the new government distributed. From this reading he learned of the "proletariat," the "bourgeoisie;" he read of the "value" of his labor; he studied what a man said was "surplus value;" he read the life story of a man named Stalin—a man whom, he thought, was not so much unlike himself.

Then he joined the Party and more people stopped to talk to Peter Pavlichenko. Now they said, "See, there he is. That is Peter Pavlichenko who

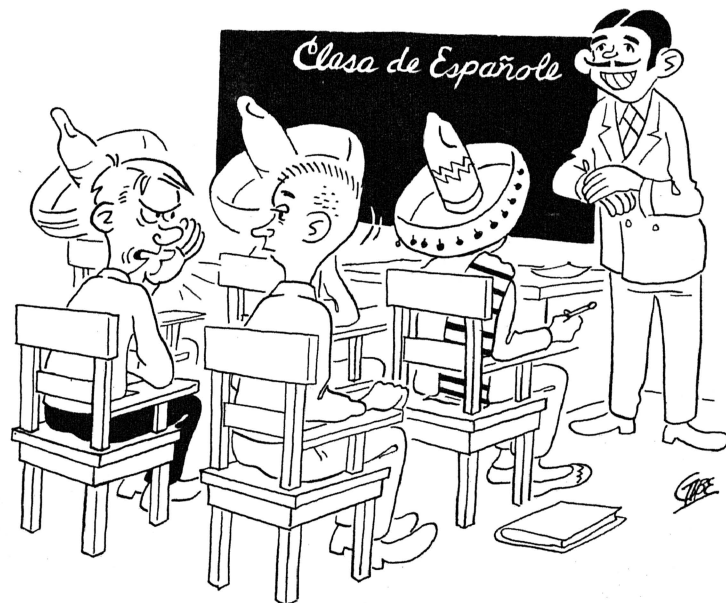
lost a leg at Tannenberg and who is a Party member." More than ever they talked with Peter Pavlichenko and more than ever he used the words he had read in the books.

Soon he became president of the Farmers' Cooperative of the Novgorod Soviet and was given travel permits that took him to other towns and villages where he talked with more people and used the words he had read.

So it was that after several years, Peter Pavlichenko was put on the election ballot by the Party and was approved by the people of his soviet as their representative to the Council of Soviets. Wonders heaped on wonders and on the morning that Delegate Pavlichenko left for Moscow, his friends who used to stop on the streets to talk to him, said among themselves, "He is a very important man now. He has a wooden leg and he is a member of the Party and he is president of the Farmers' Cooperative, and he is a Delegate from his soviet, and he has gone to Moscow."

Now, while Peter Pavlichenko was achieving his great success in the Soviet of Novgorod on the shores of Lake Ilman, another man was also becoming a leader of his people. This was Dubrovnik, the Croat. He was called by this name because he had no

(Continued on page 25)



"Just between you and me, I think we'd better petition."



JOHN TRIMBLE—SHOWME

EXECUTIVE R. Morse is typical of entrepreneurs who have found the Columbia area a profitable field for development in brewery products retailing. From behind the desk at his headquarters he directs distribution of beer and related products—pretzels and food—through his single outlet unit. He often democratically joins in the opening of bottles and operation of a cash register.

The Beer Trust

LOCAL SUBSIDIARIES REPORT

YEAR OF LUSH PROSPERITY

A Continued upward sweep in the business cycle was experienced by local retail beer distributors during the calendar year 1948. Market increases quoted a real value between 3.2 and 5%.

Brown, Atherton, Heckel and Associates interpreted this to result from an increase in veteran subsistence forced through congress last spring by

the beer lobby. The action was not considered a blow to planned economy by S students in general economic principles.

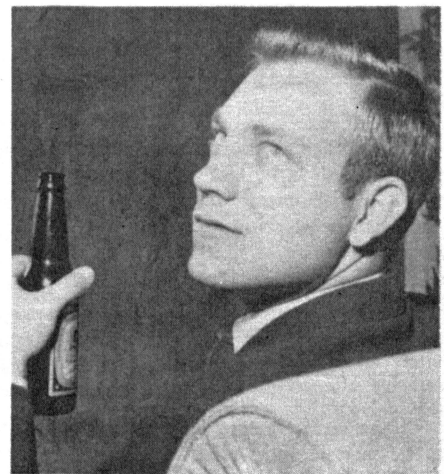
They maintained that increases in the flow of money and beer, through any means, were to the benefit of the most; that the exploitation had been civilly carried out, and that even socialists like beer.



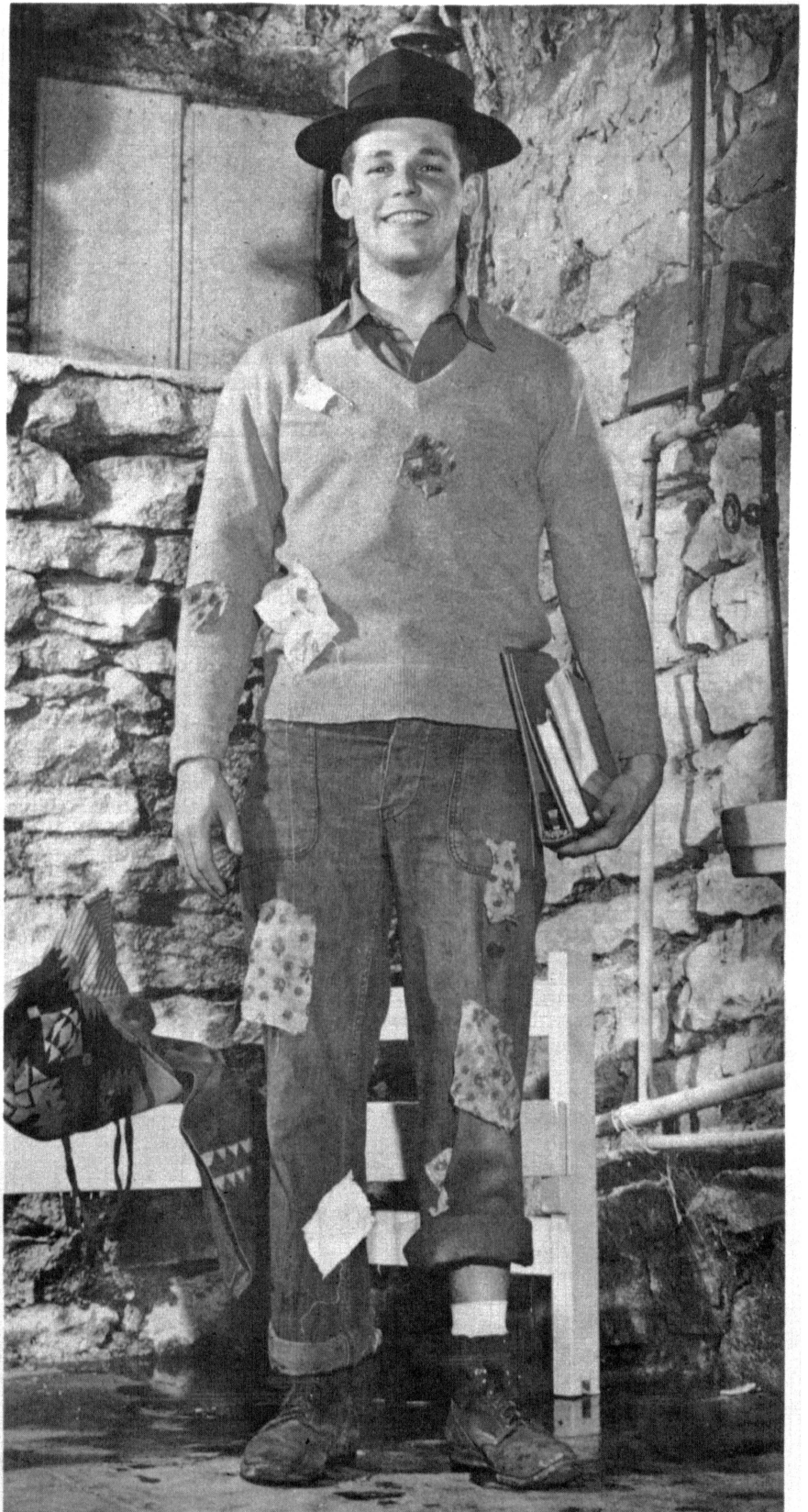
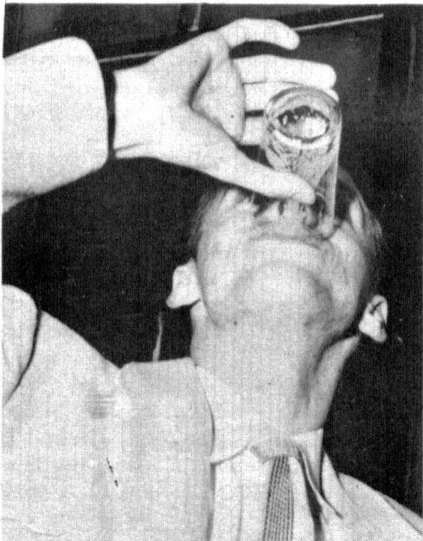
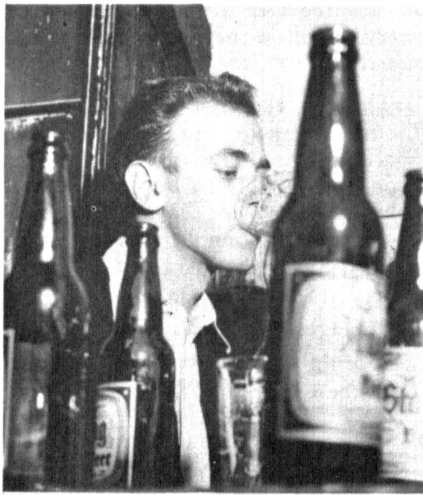
GOOD LIVING is enjoyed by Underhill, automobile connoisseur. His establishment builds good will through pin-ball game payoffs.



WEALTH accumulated by C. Garvin's establishment may enable him to re-decorate his outhouses for the third time this year.



KIN to regional beer aristocracy is student H. Griesedeick. He enjoys the prestige the distant relationship affords.



CONSUMERS have dedicated a song "Here's to So-and-So" toward the acceleration of the expanding brewery products market.

THE HAPPY STUDENT shown here has made the choice between selfish luxury and backing American democratic enterprise, exemplified by Columbia beer business. He is typical of the thousands who find contentment in such altruistic action.



THE fable OF THE capitalist

by Jerry Litner

Once upon a time, in a small country in a land that is farther away than even I could tell you there lived a boy of humble origins. Johnny Avarice was his name. He lived in a small, bourgeois home in a once fashionable suburb, with this father—a choleric brewery worker—and his mother.

Johnny's home life was more of an ordeal than a life. His mother was always grouchy and hard to please and the family was always hard up for money. After all, his father was a sick man and those big bottles of medicine cost money. Four Roses was expensive even in those days.

So it went. For years and years little Johnny suffered. Eating Rice Crispies for breakfast, Rice Crispies for lunch, and Rice Crispies for supper. How he would look forward to Sunday when the family would have a big feast; they would put milk in his bowl of Rice Crispies!

Little Johnny Avarice's clothes were worn and shoddy. His poor little knees stuck through holes in his knickers like poor little knees sticking through holes in knickers. He looked like one of Jeeter Lester's poorer relatives.

Johnny never got past the fourth grade in school, but not because he was dumb; he stayed away out of shame. He just couldn't bear to show up at school looking so poor, without even a broken yo-yo string to his name, while his little classmates would come warmly dressed in mink knickers and cashmere underwear. Every time he saw them ride up to the schoolhouse in their custom built cars with their personal stenographers at their sides, he felt like burying his head deep in the vaults of Fort Knox.

So, Johnny grew up with one overpowering ambition in life. The first time he expressed it publicly was one Friday night when his father and a

few of his friends were sitting around the living room keeping a sick bucket of suds company. When Johnny walked into the room, one of the men spied him and exclaimed, "My, what a fine looking child! It is a child, isn't it?"

He petted Johnny on the head and asked, "What do you want to do when you grow up, little man?"

Johnny pouted, looked thoughtful, and then blurted out, "I want to have all the money in the world." And he wasn't kidding, either.

His career got off to a slow start at the age of six when he started selling newspapers in Skid Row. Business was average, but he soon came to realize that being a paper monger was

no way to turn a fast buck. Then his break came one day when a dope fiend asked him to get a hypo needle for him. Johnny did and soon was selling blunt hypo needles to every addict in town. To make a little more money he got the idea of tie-in sales: with every needle a newspaper and vice-versa.

Through the use of such shrewd business methods and frugal, almost Spartan living, his fortunes grew. Soon he was able to buy out all the other newsboys in the neighborhood, then the circulation departments of all the papers in the city, and then the papers themselves. Johnny Avarice, at the age of ten, was called the boy genius of Fence Street. But that was only the beginning.



1.



2.



3.



4.

With the press in his control, he gradually forced the merchants of the city to sell out to him and soon the control of the city was his. But this was not enough. He still lived as frugally as possible and sat day after day behind his roll-top desk in the barren office behind Hymie's Cigar Emporium. To plot, and plot, and plot. Soon, everything, including the national government, was his—all his.

Then Johnny started thinking of ways to get control of the rest of the world. His thoughts ran something like this: Russia is the biggest country in the world. Everything in Russia is owned by the state. You can do business with a situation like this.

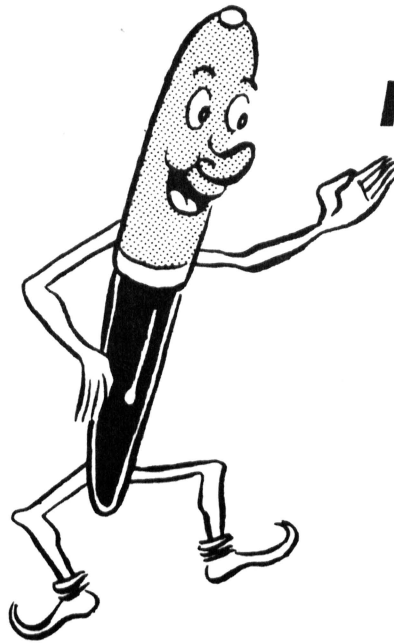
Four days later the people of the world were shocked to hear on their radios (controlled by Avarice, Inc.) the electrifying news, "John Avarice today announced the purchase of the U.S.S.R. for an unnamed sum. Members of the Politburo who negotiated the sale were not available for comment. It is rumored that they have left Russia without giving reason for their sudden departure. John Avarice now owns Russia. This is the Avarice Broadcasting Company. We return you now to your regularly scheduled program, 'Inside John Avarice'."

Well, within three more weeks, John Avarice owned the entire world, lock, stock, and barrel. Thus, after many years of deprivation, hunger, saving, and hardship—at the age of 26, when most men are just graduating from college—John Avarice was ruler of the world.

But on the day that he received title to the last remaining piece of privately owned property—a 1924 Model T. Ford, complete with eleven spare tires—instead of being happy, Johnny Avarice was a very sad man. He suddenly realized the truth: all his struggles had been in vain. Now that he owned everything in the world, he couldn't buy a single thing. Johnny knew that a man just can't sell something to himself, no matter how good a price he offers.

Moral: A man with twelve million dollars can be just as happy as the man with thirteen million dollars.

THE END



Pen Pointers . . .

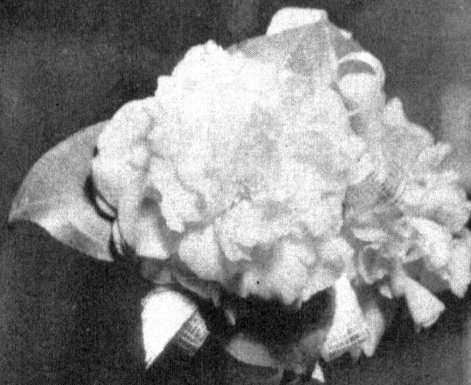
DID YOU KNOW—

- That you can make better grades if your papers are neat and legible?
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- That all pens from the PEN POINT carry an EXTRA guarantee?

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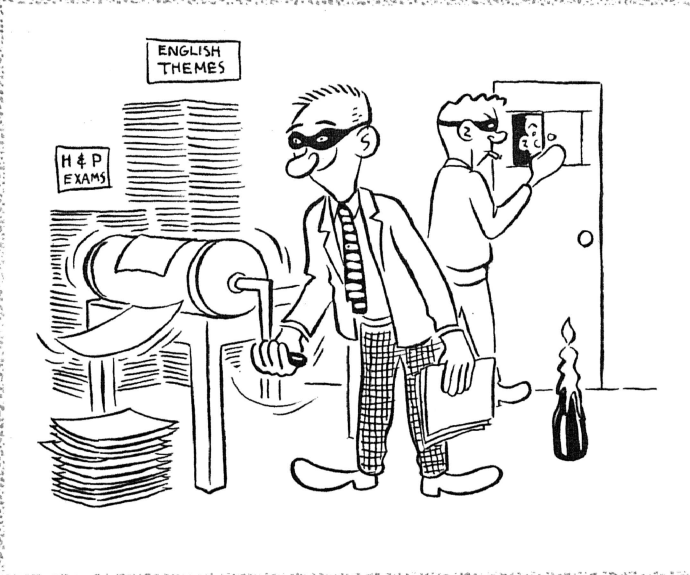
109 SOUTH NINTH

CAMELIA'S FROM



Campus Florist

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The Quiz Peddler

Let Morgan keep his millions!
 These campus bourgeois know
 How to turn their files and ink
 Into a pretty pile of dough!



The G. I.

While G. I. students wait
 They cannot pay their bills

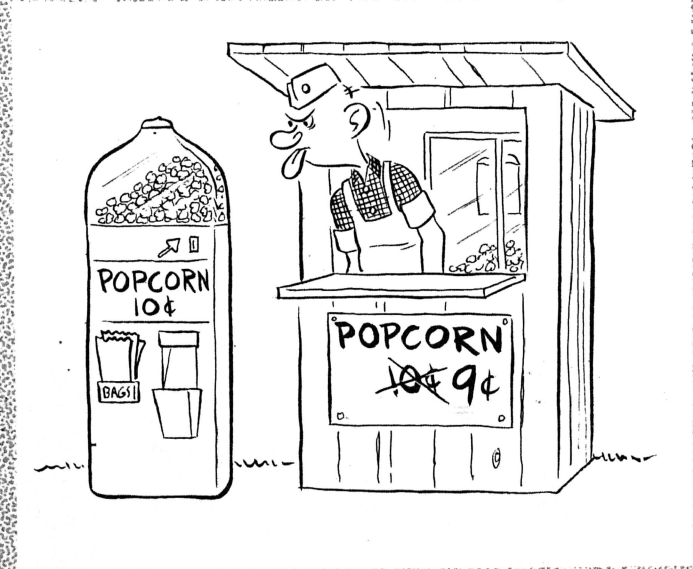
Campus C

Poems by Saul Gellerman



The Sandwich Man

He plies his trade along the dorms,
 'Mid torsos, lips, and thighs;
 The sandwich-box is just a front
 For his 'free enterprise!'



The Popcorn Man

The popcorn vendors carry on
 The Vanderbilt tradition:
 They'll soon pay us to eat their corn,
 In cut-throat competition!



for checks
board:
So fleas and beans and turnip greens
Are all they can afford!

Capitalists

Art by Bill Gabriel, Jr.



The Gambler

Tycoons rise and empires fall
In mercantile endeavor;
And business big fights business small,
But craps go on forever.



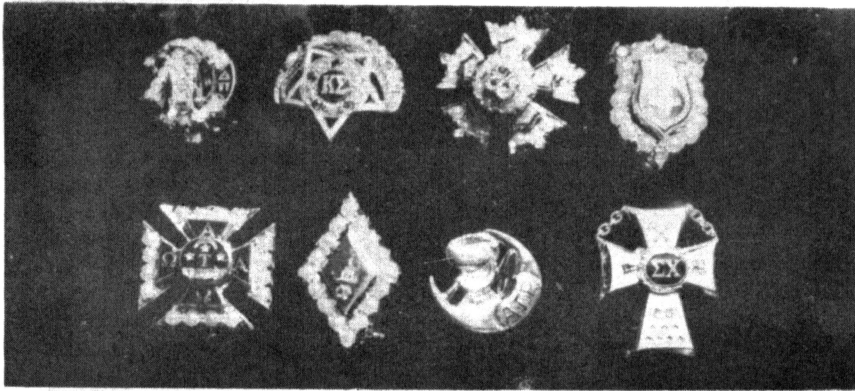
The Moonshiner

The whiskey barons tend their stills
For piles of coins and cashes;
The product of their moonlight toil
Can turn your guts to ashes!



The "Me Hongry" Athlete

If everyone were brawny
And brain-power obsolete,
What in the world'd wou'd become
Of the subsidised athlete?



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"Darling, darling! Can't you see that I love you?"

"Well, I'd hate to think that was your natural way of acting in company."

* *

"Why do they always cheer so loud when a football player gets hurt."

"So you can't hear what he's saying."

* *

"Something seems wrong with this engine. It....."

"Don't talk foolishly. Wait until we get off the main road."

* *

Funny! A woman will wear an evening gown and not care to dance; a golf outfit when she doesn't know how to play; a swimming suit when she can't swim. But when she gets a wedding dress, she means business.

* *

"Look at Margie's swimming suit."
"I can't see it. Some fellow has his arm around her."

* *

I know a girl who is so virtuous she won't stay in the same room with a clock that's fast.

* *

Next summer's dress fashions will feature lemon frocks. They can stand a lot of squeezing.

* *

"If a man put a hundred dollars in the bank twenty years ago," says Henry Gunnison Smith, "it would amount to almost two hundred dollars now and would buy nearly as much as the original one hundred dollars that he saved twenty years ago."

* *

"Do you love me, darling?"
"You know I do, Harry."
"Harry? My name's Sam."
"Of course, I keep thinking today is Monday."



MISSOURI Showme REPORTS:

on Negroes at M.U.

One evening, just before the holidays, we found ourselves climbing the same "three flights of dark and creaky stairs" that three months before had led us to the "Students for Wallace" meeting. This organization has since become Y.P.A. (Young Progressive Americans), a group separate from, but embracing the principles of, the national Progressive party.

This night they were sponsoring a discussion on the admittance of Negroes to the University. According to posters and postcards, a University professor, an instructor from Lincoln University, and a University student were going to speak.

There was an audience of about fifty when the meeting began, some thirty minutes late. The retiring chairman of the Y.P.A.—the "Worker" of our earlier report—informed us that two of the speakers would not be

present. The instructor from Lincoln just hadn't shown up—the chairman suggested that he might have missed the bus. As for the University professor, the Y.P.A. had contacted 20 instructors, he told us, including the entire sociology department, but none would agree to speak. This left us with the student as the only speaker. And he turned out to be the "Treasurer" of the former "Students for Wallace."

His first point was that, besides being morally and ethically wrong, separate schools for Negroes were an economic waste to the citizens of Missouri. An M.U. student only costs the state \$100 as compared to \$400 for a student at Lincoln. Although the dorm system there is better than ours, he reported that all other facilities are definitely inferior.

(Continued on next page)



"Deddy! Where hev you bin ol deas years?"



THE CONTINENTAL



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THE GRENADIER



The instep strap that makes it so smart also makes it feel snug at the ankle!



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*If final exams
Have been getting you down,
If negative hours
Have been making you frown;*

*Stop worrying, pal,
There's a remedy near,
Just take a short break
With some NEW DIXIE Beer!*

- Steaks
- Sandwiches

- 5% Tap or Bottled Beer

THE *New* DIXIE

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Here our speaker paused to explain that the Y.P.A. constitution calls for the complete abolition of Jim Crow. His organization, he made clear, is not at all satisfied with the curator's proposal to admit only a limited number of Negro graduate students; but, since it is a step in the "right" direction, the Y.P.A. is wholeheartedly supporting the measure.

Most previous agitation for the movement had come from out-of-state students, our speaker remarked—and added the opinion that the raise in tuition fees last year was "an attempt to purge the more forward-looking students from the East . . ." The speaker, incidently, continually spoke of the "idear" of the thing—we never did learn what part of eastern Missouri he was from.

Next, he outlined a lobbying program which students could use to help force the bill through the state legislature. This included letters, postcards, personal appearances before investigating committees, and forcing the S.G.A. to take a definite stand.

After violently condemning the *Student* for its journalistic tactics on the question, our speaker turned his attack on the S.G.A. and the school administration. Although not condoning the mob's action, he said the (pre-holiday) demonstration was encouraging because it showed what the students will do. Dean Hindman had termed the mob's manner in greeting President Middlebush "disgraceful." Our speaker disagreed, saying that "he (Dr. Middlebush) worked for it—he earned it!"

Then he suggested that the students form their own committees if the S.G.A. doesn't act favorably to the wishes of the student body. At this point, one of the group's members reminded the audience that they weren't advocating the overthrow of the S.G.A.—"just yet." And now our speaker admitted, somewhat more softly, that he had never voted in a S.G.A. election or taken much notice of them.

The rest of the meeting was spent in parliamentary "shenanigans" as several YPA'ers endeavored to pass resolutions concerning the Negro-at-M.U. problem. We had learned a little from the "discussion," but we left feeling that the sponsoring organization might better be called the "Young Parliamentarians of America."

R. R. S.

Mushroom

(Continued from page 15)

other and because it was in the port city of Dubrovnik on the Adriatic Sea that he had been born.

Dubrovnik, like Peter Pavlichenko, was a simple man who made his living by whatever means he could. When he was a small boy playing around the docks and quays of his port city, he had learned to wrestle with great strength and skill. As he grew older, he grew to great size and weight until he was called Big One by those who knew him. And the bigger he grew, the more difficult it became for anyone to throw him to the ground in a wrestling match.

Dubrovnik, the Big One, became much admired for his strength. It was said that he could kill a man with one blow and in the market places they told that he had been seen to strangle a great boer with his bare hands until the animal lay dead.

This man became eventually a herder of pigs because he could no longer earn his bread and wine by wrestling alone. He spent his days



and nights in the mountains, living in the caves and crags when it rained and sleeping among the animals when the weather was clear.

When the war against the Nazi came into the hills north of the port city of Dubrovnik, the leader of the people's regiment found Big One in the hills with his pigs and asked him for help. He said, "Dubrovnik, we need your help now. The Nazi armies come nearer every day. They will run over our country unless you help us.

And Dubrovnik looked suspiciously at the officer and then looked at his

(Continued on next page)

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Largest Supply of
REALLY FRESH FLOWERS
they are grown
IN COLUMBIA
Superior Quality
Dependable Service



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Mushroom

(Continued from page 25)

herds where they wallowed in the mud of a stream bank. It was difficult for him to understand why this officer had sought him out.

"How can I help you and why will I help you?" he asked the officer, and the officer told him then of the war, of the great defeats suffered by the Russians, of the onrush of Nazi armies in grey-green uniforms.

"But I am not a Russian," said the herder. "I am a Croat. And I am a herder of pigs. That is all I know."

But then the officer said, "Dubrovnik, if you are a good Croat you will lead the armies into these hills and save your villages and towns from the invader."

And so it came about that Big One became General Dubrovnik because he knew the mountainous country so well. They gave him a magnificent uniform, all red and gold with many decorations already on the tunic, and when he returned to the port city where he had been born and where he had wrestled on the docks, the people cheered and the soldiers saluted, and everyone said, "See there! That is General Dubrovnik who will save our small country from the invader."

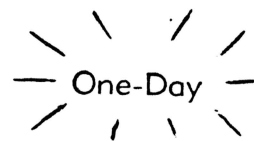
It was not until after the war was over that Dubrovnik met Peter Pavlichenko. When they met, each man looked at the other very critically, for each was now famous and also a hero in his country.

No longer was it mentioned that Pavlichenko was once a farmer of Novgorod, nor was it said any more that Dubrovnik had slept in the caves with his pigs.

Each man was now surrounded by his aides and the names of Commissar Pavlichenko and Marshall Dubrovnik were in all the newspapers of the world. The pride of each man was indeed a very great thing.

But Marshall Dubrovnik and Commissar Pavlichenko hated each other very much. The Commissar had received information from the Party that the Marshall was a dangerous man. The report had said, "Dubro-

(Continued on page 28)



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At Noontime

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

With apologies to the great and near-great who once penned these words, *Showme* twists context to comply with this jaded, money-grubbing, sandwich-gulping, too-hurried, capitalistic society, to wit:

The motto of the sovereign state of Kentucky goes something like this: "United we stand, multiplied we corporate." The logical antithesis being, we suppose, "United we stand, divided we bankrupt."

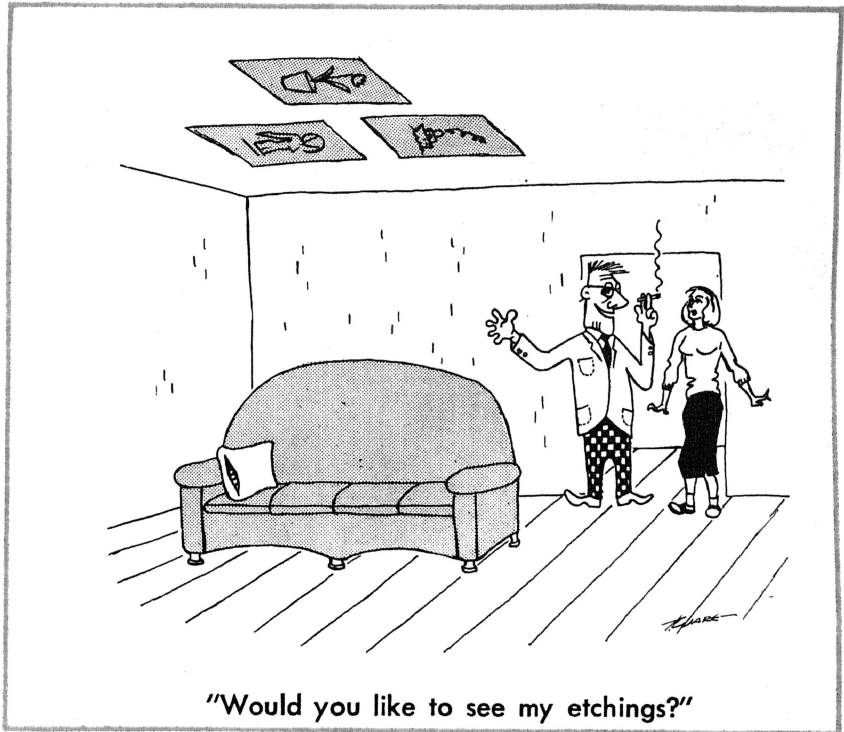
Did the historians misquote the venerable Ben, or did he really say, "Early to bed and early to rise, makes a man wealthy with baggy eyes."

Current practices have also distorted another of Ben's sayings so that it might better say, "Never leave 'til tomorrow what you can steal today."

A friend of ours suggests that we are here today and inheritance tax tomorrow. This leads us to the observation that in a capitalistic state where filthy money perpetuates itself even in death, where there is a will there is a relative.

And over many an American bar is a sign which reflects the conflict of Bible and billfold: In God we trust, but all others pay cash.

It is even possible to make a minor capitalist out of General U. S. Grant



LAFTER THOUGHTS

if we believe that he actually said, "I propose to fight it out for this dime if it takes all summer."

Had Shakespeare lived in this day and age, we're sure he would have said that "All the world's a stage and all the men and women merely ticket sellers." Right, Bard?

And to the stock brokers Tennyson might have dedicated the thought, "Theirs not to make reply, theirs not to reason why, theirs but to sell and buy."

Nor can we argue with the sentiment of one of our indolent friends who observes that all work and no play makes Jack a tax payer. The same process, we might add, makes Jack the dull way.

For the collegian, the Biblical quotation might have more meaning if re-written to say, "What is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his '49 Packard convertible?"

Well, that's about it, except to say that in America, two is company and three a corporation; while in the U.S.S.R., two is more babies for the state, and three is enough to start a commune.

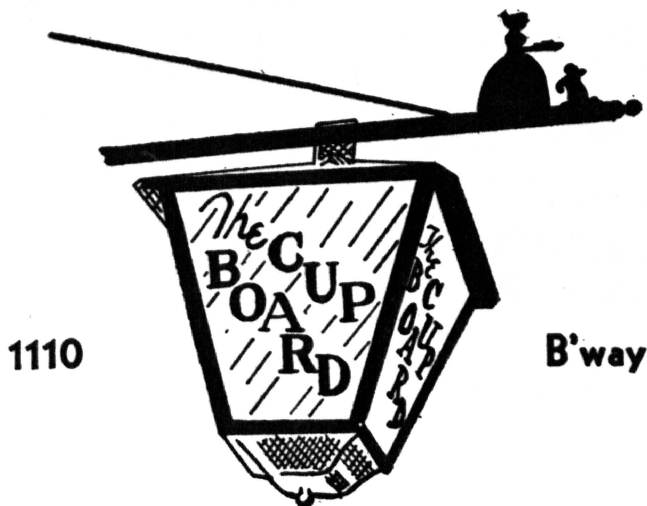


"If he doesn't call soon, I'm going to bed!"



Where Good Friends Meet for Good Meals

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Mushroom

(Continued from page 26)

vnik is guilty of decadent thought. He is poisoned by too-close friendships with Western culture. He thinks too much of Dubrovnik. He is not loyal to the Party."

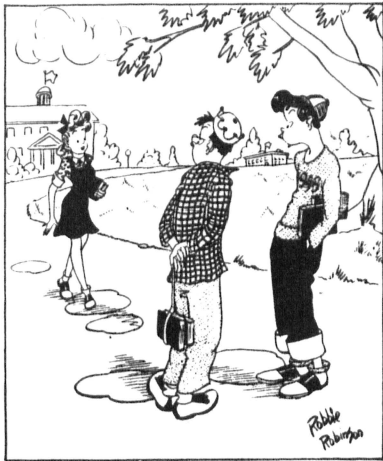
And Marshall Dubrovnik had received the reports on Commissar Pavlichenko which told him that the Commissar was sent to his country to undermine the loyalty of his followers with talk of things that they wanted but did not have.

And so it was that each man looked at the other with suspicion when they met. And the aides of each man looked at the aides of the other with suspicion, and the Marshall's chauffeur did not speak to the Commissar's chauffeur while they waited in the street for the conference to end, and the people in the streets were uneasy and restless as they waited to see the two great men. The people argued and threatened and broke into little groups which fought. Some cried out, "Hail Dubrovnik," and were struck blows by others. And some



shouted the name of Pavlichenko and were pushed into the gutters.

On the way home from the conference, the Commissar Pavlichenko tried not to notice the demonstrations of the people, but rode through the streets in his open car with his head held high and did not see the young man on the corner who threw a grenade into the open car.



"Here Comes a
Nect Bit of
Construction."
LET'S TAKE HER TO THE
PEPPERMINT ROOM



"MOTHER MAY WE HAVE MORE?"

**Hour-Glasses
Are Out-Dated**

**But Even An
Hour-Glass
Is Better Than a
Watch That Needs
Repairs**

**HAVE YOURS REPAIRED
TODAY**

at

**GRIFFITH
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IN THE SILVER DOLLAR STORE
"Satisfaction Guaranteed"

When the people heard of the killing of the Commissar, there was great turmoil of talk and threatening charges in the taverns that excited all who heard. When the mob formed to march on the Marshall Dubrovnik's home, it looked only like any other mob of the students who paraded with torches and slogans very often in the same way. But the mob climbed the iron fence that surrounded the Marshall's lawns and they broke into the great house with cries of "Avenge Pavlichenko," and they found the Marshall in his study and pulled him out into the streets where they beat him and stripped him of his uniform and dragged him senseless over the cobblestones and hanged him to a lamp post with a sign at his bleeding feet which said, "Pig Herder."

There was, of course, a war as the result of this.

"Now that there will be war, do you think we will use It?"

"Of course. Yadalov says we must use It first because they may also have One."

"Bah! What does Yadalov know?"

"He is a great scientist."

"Perhaps. He was successful with the killing of the roaches."

*I am Fission; I am force
Whether in Oak Ridge
Or Magnitogorsk*

*I am a servant; I am a master
With arms of steel
And brain of plaster.*

This is Skylight One, Skylight One.
Two minutes before Bomb release.
Mark.

Two minutes before Bomb release.

Adjust all goggles . . .

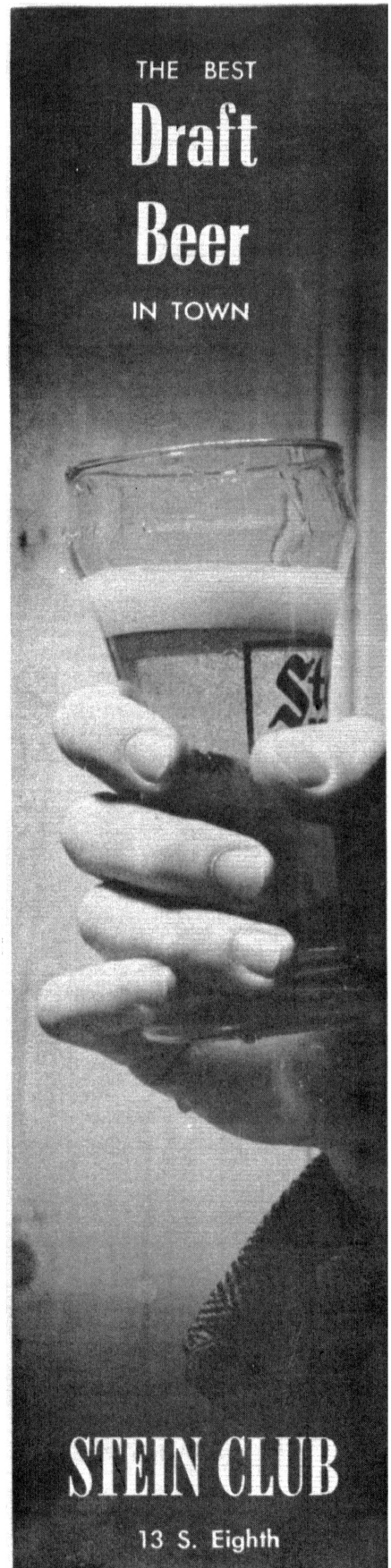
Adjust all goggles . . .

Stand by . . .

Stand by . . .

Bomb away . . .

Bomb away . . .





Girl of the Month . . .

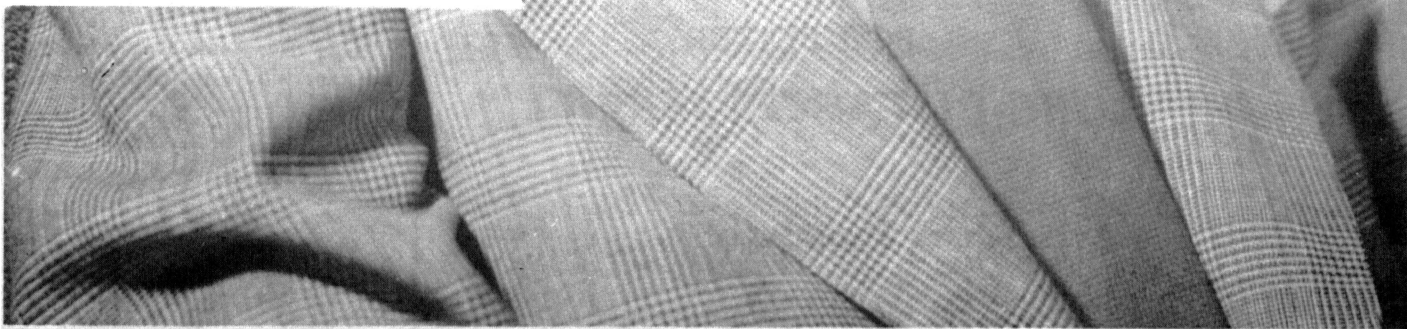
NANCY NEEF

PHOTO BY JACK ORGAN

Senior in Secondary Education, majoring in social studies . . . President, Junior League of Women Voters . . . President, Sigma Pi Alpha Chapter, Future Teachers of America . . . Associated Women Students Council . . . Varsity Swimming Team . . . Pi Lambda Theta, honorary education sorority . . . Alpha Pi Zeta, social science honorary . . . Secretary, Student Council on Elections . . . Delta Delta Delta . . . 21 . . . Boonville, Mo.



Boy of the Month . . .



JOHN GIBSON.

PHOTO BY JACK ORGAN

Senior in Arts and Science, pre-law . . . President, Omicron Delta Kappa . . . Vice-chairman, S.G.A. Sanitation committee . . . Varsity Debate Team . . . Winner of Extemporaneous Speech Making Contest at Iowa last year . . . Delta Sigma Rho, debate honorary . . . Phi Eta Sigma, freshman scholarship . . . Presbyterian Student Association, former president . . . Interfraternity Council . . . Tau Kappa Epsilon former president . . . 23 . . . Springfield, Mo.

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GOLDEN CAMPUS

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7 to 9:30 p. m.

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Monkey Business

Once upon a time, billions of years before the Atomic Be-Bop Age, there existed in the Goober Valley a race. This was the Chimpinoid Race. All the Chimpinoids looked like apes and their only food was the nuts that grew in the Goober Valley.

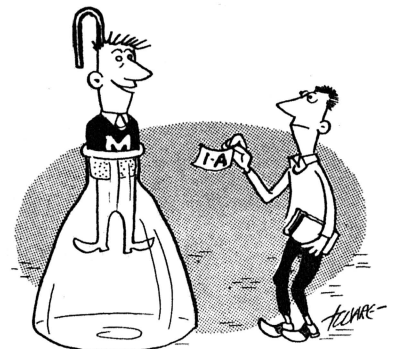
They were a very happy race and had their own business system that they thought was very good. Each family of the Chimpinoid Race had its own individual job and there was only one family for each job. Thus, one family made only saber tooth tiger skin clothes, another made only war clubs, another only fire flints. The chimpinoids used colored beads for money. Each family purchased their necessities from the other and so the wealth was evenly distributed.

Now, since the chimpinoids ate only nuts and there were many different kinds of nuts in the Goober Valley, each kind of nut was given to a different family to raise and sell.

To the Oog Jones family was given the peanut. Oog Jones was very happy with his peanuts. All day he would work in his peanut field and at night he would come home to his cave, eat cashews and walnuts and sometimes pecans, because they were the most expensive, and go to bed.

When the time of the full moon came, Oog would gather his peanuts and go to market. There he would sell his peanuts and buy tiger skins and flints and perhaps a shot of aged in the husk coconut milk.

One day, while Oog was working in the field, a man approached him.



"I'm Exempt."

Oog saw that the man was a stranger because he wore strange clothes and did not look like an ape. Oog greeted the stranger warmly and invited him to the house for a bowl of stewed peanuts. The stranger was very pleased at Oog's hospitality. He told Oog many tales of far lands and then inquired about Oog's country. Oog explained his country and people as best he could. The stranger was very surprised that Oog only raised peanuts in such a fertile valley.

Finally it came time for the stranger to leave. Just before he departed he stared at Oog's farm for a long time and then he said, "This is peanuts compared to what you'll drag in with this." And with that he handed Oog a copy of 'The Home Gardener's Handy Little Helper.'

The Chimpinoids did not see Oog for many moons. Then one day at the market place the Chimpinoids noticed the carpenter family building a huge booth. After they had finished they hung a sign on the outside that read, 'Oog Jones Super Market.' Then Oog appeared and hung signs on the booth that read, 'Cut Rate Prices on Peanuts,' 'Prices slashed on Cashews,' and 'Fire Sale on Walnuts.*' Soon all the Chimpinoids were buying their nuts from Oog and all the other nut raising families were working for him.

Oog became very prosperous and owned thousands of colored beads. He expanded his business to flints and war clubs and founded Oog Jones Enterprises Inc. He built a great cave mansion and served guests Oogs Reserve coconut milk.

Thus was created the first capitalist and the Capitalistic System.—G.T.S.

People ain't capitalists.
 Capitalists are people.
 I am people.
 Ergo, I am a capitalist.
 People like money.
 Capitalists like money.
 I like money.
 Ergo, I am a capitalist.
 Capitalists got money.
 I ain't got money.
 I ain't a capitalist.
 Ergo, phooey on capitalists!

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Plants located at

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- BROOKFIELD
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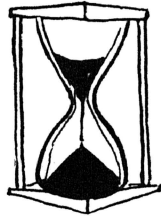
ESSER DRUG STORE

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to buy
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Open 9 a. m. to 6 p. m. and 8 p. m. to 10 p. m. daily
5 p. m. to 7 p. m. Sundays
700 Conley

QUESTIONS

- A** Said Mr. A, "They're good and mild, you see,"
Said Mr. A, "It's years and years for me."
- B** The sequence two, five, five when solved,
Shows a smiling D. A. with sins absolved.
- C** Working backward where this man dwells,
You make one change for fragrant smells.

ANSWERS WILL APPEAR IN THE
NEXT ISSUE OF YOUR MAGAZINE

Chesterfield

RULES FOR CHESTERFIELD HUMOR MAGAZINE CONTEST

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

LAST MONTH'S ANSWERS & WINNERS

- A** The sock which Arthur Godfrey is holding with his white mitten.
- B** The Chesterfield carton whose last five title letters show out of the green sock.
- C** Always Bring Chesterfield. The central word of the famous slogan has been revised from Buy to Bring.

WINNERS . . .



"Why aren't you going with her any more?"

"Well, she wasn't pretty, didn't have any money, and married Joe. So I took the advice of friends and dropped her."

* *

"Why don't you get an encyclopedia?"

"It's too much work pumping up hills."

* *

George: May I kiss you on the forehead?

Margie: Not unless you want a bang on the mouth.

* *

"I wish you had telephoned before you came. I'm very sorry for my appearance."

"Your appearance?"

"Yes, if I had known you were coming, I wouldn't have made one."

* *

"Why do you dislike your wife so much?"

"I just can't forgive her for the nasty thing she said when I asked her to marry me."

"What was it?"

"Yes!"

* *

Chesterfield Contest Winners

Entries *must* be mailed to be eligible for contest.

Maurice Peve

Phyllis Norman

Don White

Jeff T. Cole

Jerry Epstein

Fred F. McKenzie

Tom Jensen

Maggie Davis

Hank Hanson

Tom Baylie

JERRYMANDERING WITH JERRY SMITH



The other day I am sitting in the Shack with Einstein Freud, the pint size guy with the gallon size brain, who once corrected an assistant instructor and passed the course, and Montana Kolwicz, the football player, who is vigorously chewing on an English grammer. We are sitting there partaking of a beer and a little idle chit-chat about various female subjects when who pops in but Sigma Al. Sigma is very sad so that he buries his head in his arms and emits tears which fall through holes in the table.

Sigma, it seems, is very put out about the departure of Bob Rowe. He says that Bob has forsaken our life of ease for the outer world, where, for company, he will have only money and women and taverns and voting privileges and police protection and other such evils.

Of course, we are all very unhappy about this but we know Sigma is more so for he lives only because of the monthly issue of Rows Crows Nest surrounded by a magazine called Showme. Poor Sigma and other such people.

* * *

Upon being informed of Rows departure, Cue Ball Stanza, the pool hall poet says, "Farewell, oh valiant one, we shall miss you deeply. For you, dear old pal Rowe, we all now are weeply."

* * *

Doodle Raily, the artist, who draws the pictures on the bathroom wall, where he hears everything, informs me that the next issue of Showme will be a Capitalistic Issue. This causes me to drop into the local library to do a little research. This library is a large building, in the rooms of which you may not blow your nose but you may stand in the hall and scream like hell.

Who is working at the desk but Lana Holstien, the sweater girl, who doesn't know me from Eve. After looking at her for thirty or forty minutes (for I am only a human person) I request of her a book on capitalism.

She brings me a thirty pound volume entitled *The Dawn Capitalist vs. the Poor Old Unicorn Man* by Veto 'Red' Vishinsky. I discover that this work is only interested in rich guys and peasants and says very little about

capitalism. But, from what I can deduct the first capitalist must be the guy who beat the hell out of Karl Marx in kindergarten.

* * *

Lefty Waynger, the radical and ex-president of the 'Second Term for Henry Wallace' club, declares that the campus is loaded with capitalists. It seems that they are the guys with their arms wrapped around a girl and

(Continued on next page)

Susie Stephens

by Nicki



Eating Out Tonight?

Relax and Dine at

the INGLENOOK RESTAURANT

"You Satisfaction Is Our Goal"

**"To the White House,
James!"**



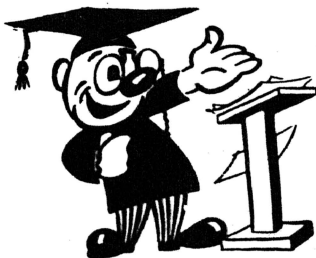
For that after-the-theatre snack, drop in the White House . . . Open late every night except Tuesday. Our good food will satisfy that midnight-snack hunger.

BREAKFAST • LUNCH • DINNER
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6th and Broadway

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



ONE-STOP SERVICE

9th and University

Professor Smart
says-

Make a Resolution

TODAY to get that

CAR SERVICED

at

ODUS POWELL

STANDARD STATION

a convertible wrapped around both of them.

* * *

Smudge Pot Briar, the pipe smoker, disagrees with Lefty. He says that a capitalist is a Stephens Graduate with ulcers. Smudge Pot is very bitter since the time when he made a date with a Suzan and was unable to pass the electric eye at the door of her cave.

I happen to know that Smudge Pot is himself a capitalist, since he is my roommate and for two years I have been watching him save rebate slips. In another three he hopes to have enough of these to purchase a Savitar.

* * *

Which brings something to thought. Sigma Al reminds me to be sure and see the Savi Frolicks. Last year it was the Savitar Frolicks but they censored out the tar as being too dirty.

* * *

Who do I run into last week but my pal Greek Towne. Greek is inhaling large portions of clean atmosphere and exhaling green clouds in which small animals are playing pinochle. He tells me that he had a fine New Year's Eve. All the guys at his house got together and threw a big 'drag binge'. This is a well known word meaning 'I don't know who the hell I came with but your the neatest bottle of Schenley I ever kissed.'

Greek says that Bud Wyser, the psych major (who is neurotic and must carry a pocket flask in case of sudden attack) astounds everybody by resolving to spend more time with his books. Of course this astounds me also that I giggle and make like this is a good joke. But Greek says that it is so and Bud is a man of his word for he has just seen him in the Shack building a pyramid with five empty beer bottles, a german grammer and a dozen copies of Bean's 'How to Predict Elections'.

* * *

I was at the big give-us-a-few-more-days-to-sober-up rally last month. I normally don't attend such functions but I just happened to be standing on the stage in Jesse with a sign that said 'Eighteen Days' when the revolution started.

Cornfed Sylow, the Ag student, tells me that he thought the Ag club was burning slide rulers, as a retaliation for last year, so he was in the middle of the affair. He says the cheer leading was done by two janitors, a mailman and a little black dog named Bone-head.

No body seems to know who started this uprising but Cornfed says he saw three very suspicious looking guys in the crowd handing out free samples of Prince Albert.

* * *

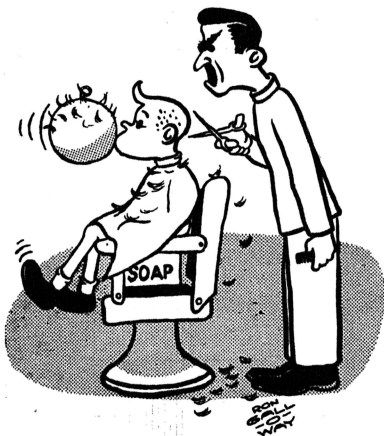
George (an alias) who is my inside man, is working in the President's office while all this rabble-rousing is going on. According to him the President is sitting at his desk and the secretary is looking out the window. The president says "What is all this disturbance." The secretary says, "They are revolting." The president considers this for a moment and replies, "Yes."

* * *

Slide Rhule, the engineer, is very disturbed about the commanding officer of the local fire fighters accusing our M.U. frills of smoking. It seems that he knows the guilty party intimately and she was merely burning the image of her math instructor and the fire got out of control.

* * *

Well, now I must dash back to my cave, with the magnifying glass which I have just purchased, and carve the answers to my Spanish final on the left ear of String McBean, the basketball player, who sits in front of me in this class. Amen.



"Do you have to blow that damn bubble gum?"

Ralph says

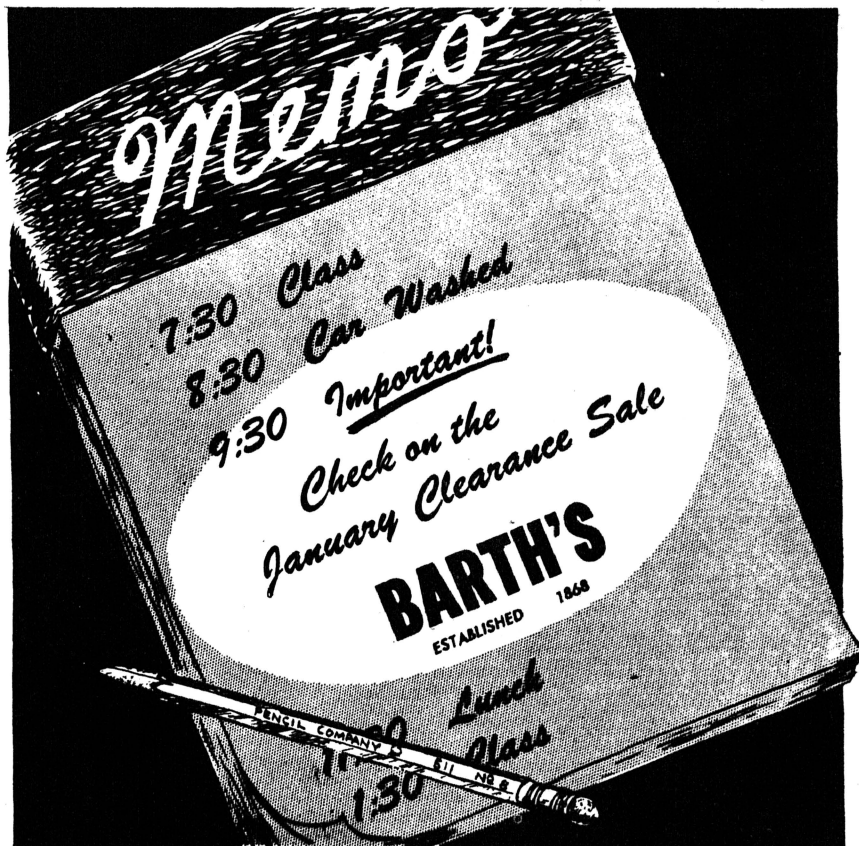
For many years the **Ever-Eat** has been a favorite meeting-place for Missouri University students. Start the New Year right—Renew old acquaintances, enjoy the good food and drinks served at the **Ever-Eat**.



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EVER-EAT CAFE

Opposite B. & P. A. School



A Good Place . . .

**FOR
BEER and FOOD**

Ambrose's

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BIG RED...



... starts the new semester right by buying his
books and supplies at

MISSOURI STORE COMPANY

Across from Library



"She swears no man's lips have ever touched hers."

"That's enough to make any girl swear."

* *

Wife: "Please match this piece of silk for me before you come home."

Hubby: "Oh, at the counter where the sweet little blonde works? The one with the blue eyes and curls and . . ."

Wife: "Oh, on second thought, dear, you'll be too tired after working all day. I'll do it myself."

* *

"Oh, I think you're terrible!"

"Well, I think I can do better the next time."

* *

Don: "She said if I kissed her just once, she'd scream."

Ben: "What did you do?"

Don: "Well, I didn't want to raise a fuss, so I kissed her twice."

* *

ROTC Student: "I haven't pencil or paper for the examination."

Sergeant: "What would you think of a soldier who went into battle without his gun or ammunition?"

ROTC Student: "I'd think he was an officer."

* *

"A lot of prominent citizens of Columbia want me to come back and live there."

"Really?"

"Yes, I keep getting letters from the leading merchants saying they would like me to come back and settle."

* *

"I'd like to see the head of this fraternity. Is the gentleman here?"

"Yes, I'm here."

Prof: "I believe you missed my class yesterday."

Student: "Why, no, I didn't. Not in the least."

* *

To be college bred means a four year loaf requiring a great deal of dough and plenty of crust.

* *

"Well, I've passed chemistry at last!"

"Honestly?"

"What difference does it make how?"

* *

Ron: "So you went to class this morning?"

Don: "What makes you think so?"

Ron: "Your suit looks like it's been slept in."



It is better to be broke than never to have loved at all.

* *

"Oh, are you the head?"

"No, I'm the gentleman. The frat-head is over there."

* *

Don: "Let's go for an automobile ride, baby."

Ron: "Oh, why can't we remain friends?"

* *

"My hair is falling out, and I can't seem to stop it."

"Keep up the fight. Either you or your hair will come out on top."

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Bob Rowe



Swami tips his turban posthumously this month to the departed Bob Rowe. He's left his Crownsnest here for a better nest in Manhattan.

Bob's departure leaves a vacancy, not only on the *Showme* staff, but on the Mizzou campus. When he tucked his B.J. in his pocket and left town in mid-December, we not only said so long to a good guy and the creator of the Crownsnest, but we also said goodbye to a well known and well liked "funny man;" emcee of the Savitar Frolics for two hilarious years, and erstwhile columnist for the erstwhile *Missouri Student*.

Bob's home: Philadelphia. His age: 26.

So long, old man. We'll send you copies of the magazine.

Jerry Smith

Last May, we thought we had another mythical character on our hands like the elusive Coleman Younger. Contributions came in to us signed only with the initials "G. T. S." Staff members were perplexed. Not until this summer did "G.T.S." reveal himself as Gerald T. Smith—Jerry to you.

This month, Jerry joins Swami's family officially. His column, Jerry-mandering," will henceforth replace Bob Rowe's Crownsnest. In addition, in a burst of Capitalistic enthusiasm, Jerry has contributed to this issue the story, "Monkey Business."

Jerry is a very prolific writer, turning out reams of copy on a borrowed portable. *Showme's* thanks go to the owner of that typewriter. As long as Jerry uses it, it promises to be a vital service.

"G.T.S." is a Navy veteran, 22, from St. Louis where his dad works for the *Post-Dispatch*. (*Missouri Student* pls note.) He is a second semester freshman, and plans to enter the School of Journalism in due time.

Swami, the editor, the staff, and *Showme's* readers say "Welcome" to Jerry Smith.

Ron Galloway

Ron is the answer to our secretaries' complaint that we need more good-looking men on the staff. But, there are even better reasons for keeping this talented lad around, because he



has been a valuable addition to our art staff.

Last month, artist Galloway was deluged with queries as to how many words were in the celebrated center-spread. Offers of a split in the champagne prize were a dime a dozen. But to Ron's dismay, he forgot to count the words before we went to press.

He is a freshman, majoring in art. He calls both Springfield, Missouri, and Los Angeles, California home. His age? Aw, he's bashful!

Saul Gellerman

Gellerman! Gad, what *can* we say? There he is. He's a bona fide contributor. No doubt about that. But,

to have to write about the cad on this page is a task to try the most jaded of hacks. To other people we are inclined to be kind; we say nice things about them—most of them true—but when it comes to Gellerman we feel the rage of Napoleon as the looked upon the inscrutability of the Sphinx.

Well, to begin with, the wretch is a senior in the University, he is a psychology major, this is his third year at Mizzou and his second—save us!—on the staff. He is a member of Psi Chi, an assistant instructor, and—come February—a graduate student.

He was a prize winner in the *Writer's Digest* short short story contest (1948), the winner also of the *Prentis Essay Prize* and the *Hudson Essay Prize*.

How often do you shave? we asked the grizzly Gellerman. Oh, about once or twice a month, he replies. What is your favorite food? we continue. Ketchup, he replied. When and where are you inspired to write *Showme* poetry? In bed, he says, by the light of a full moon.

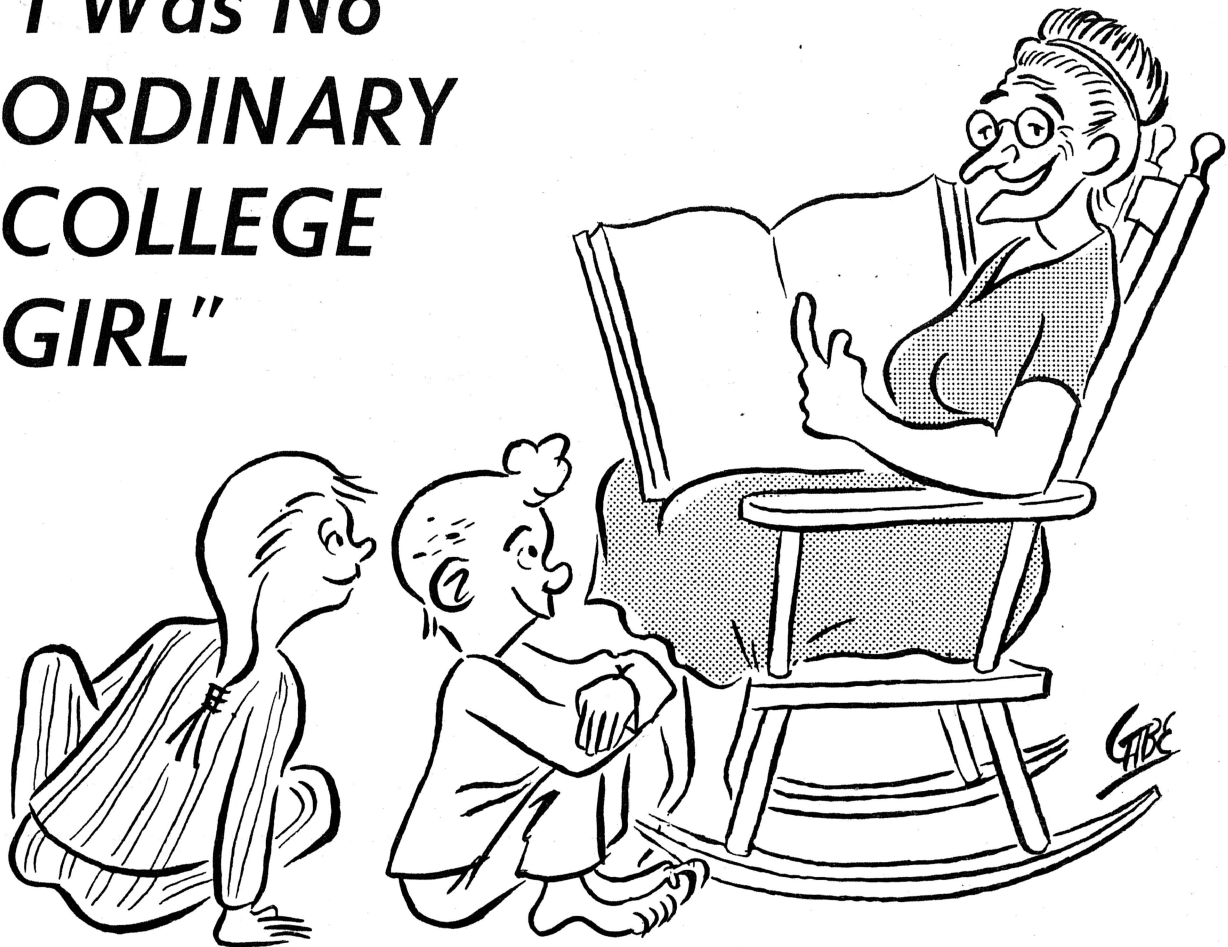
What can you do with a character who says he's the only literate member of his family and considers the student body one big dementia praecox?

When we asked him what he thought about having his name appear on the contributors' page he said, "I object."

That's Gellerman, folks.



"I Was No ORDINARY COLLEGE GIRL"



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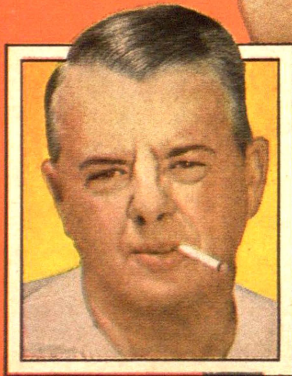
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 CHESTERFIELDS BECAUSE THEY'RE
MILD AND THEY TASTE GOOD...

IT'S MY CIGARETTE"

Dana Andrews

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 "NO MINOR VICES"



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C.D. Allen

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