



MISSOURI Showme



OCTOBER · 1949 · 25¢

Sweatsock Issue

A stylized signature or logo in the bottom left corner, possibly reading 'Gibb'.

"My
cigarette?
Camels,
of course!"



GOWN BY
MARY MEAD
MADDICK—
JEWELS BY
REINAD.

WITH SMOKERS WHO KNOW...IT'S

Camels for Mildness

Yes, Camels are **SO MILD** that in a coast-to-coast test of hundreds of men and women who smoked Camels—and *only* Camels—for 30 consecutive days, noted throat specialists, making weekly examinations, reported



NOT ONE SINGLE CASE OF THROAT IRRITATION DUE TO SMOKING CAMELS!

needle-eye

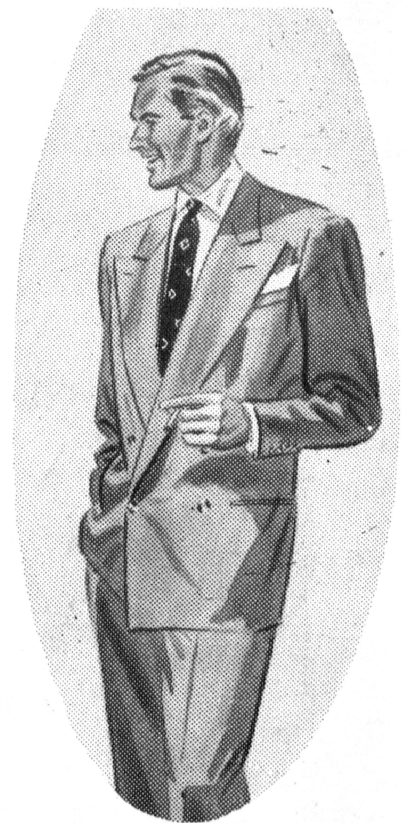
view

of

Style

for

fall



This fall, call for the favorite—join the men of good taste who insist upon EAGLE CLOTHES, not alone for outward appearance but for the hidden qualities as well. Eagle Clothes become the natural choice of men who demand the finest. Here you will find those exclusively loomed worsteds . . . and the departures in style that are the mark of leadership. We take pride in presenting the new Fall arrivals of Eagle Clothes for your discriminating selection.

as advertised
in
Esquire

EAGLE SUITS \$69.50

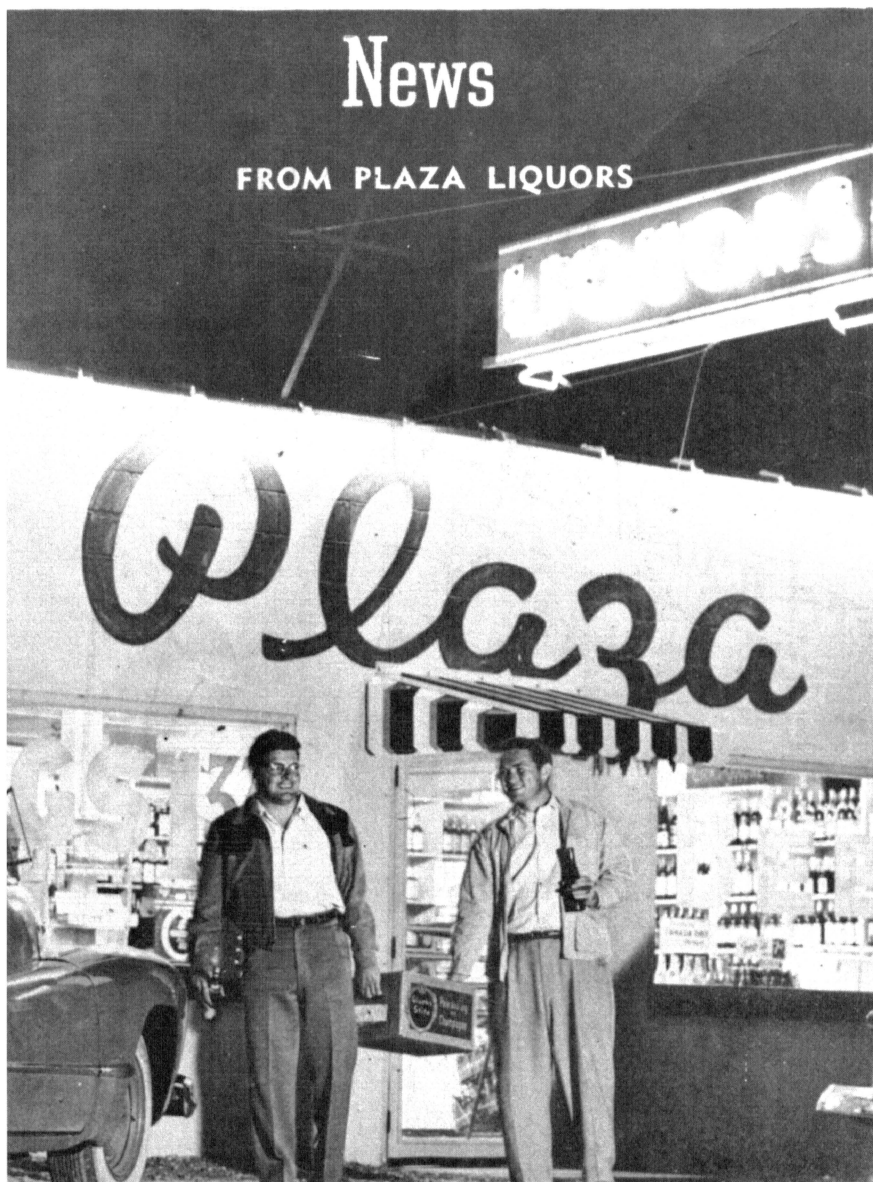
EAGLE TOPCOATS \$65.00

Puckett's

OF COURSE

News

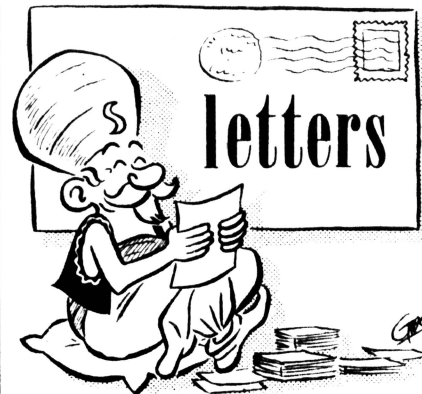
FROM PLAZA LIQUORS



REALLY LOADED with supplies for any kind of party are these patrons of the Plaza. They could phone 2674 for free delivery, but would rather see the big available variety themselves. And they like their cigarettes at \$1.37 a carton . . . also the Plaza's giant beer cooler gives you cold beer by the case or keg **at no extra cost.** Always plenty of free parking space.

Plaza

EAST OF THE CORONADO ON HIGHWAY 40



Dear Editor:

I'd like a year's subscription to *Showme*. Several of us Mizzou grads are here at Cornell, and we want to show them what a good college magazine looks like. We anxiously await your first issue.

Gene Kauffman
526 Stewart Ave.
Ithaca, N. Y.

Dear Editor:

We are starting a file of the better college magazines, with an eye to discovering possible new contributors for the *New Yorker*. Would you be so good as to send us your current issue and also place us on your mailing list?

Editorial Dept.
New Yorker
New York, N. Y.

Dear Editor:

Although I've switched from Stephens to Washington University, life can't go on without *Showme!* Please enter my name for a year's subscription.

Beverly Trembly
McMillan Hall
Washington University
St. Louis 5, Mo.


Betcha' you've switched to Calverts, too. Ed.

Dear Editor:

I'm not frustrated, but I'd like a copy of *Showme* each month anyway.

Peggy Patterson
Fielding Smith Hall
Stephens College

Congratulations on your well-rounded sex-life, Peggy. Ed.



Oct. 29--
Homecoming!
Need new dress!

The last weekend in October is **The**
Weekend on your social calendar —
Homecoming! Those Special Occasions
demand a special dress — which
means a dress from **Suzanne's!** Come
in today — you'll find just the dress.

Suzanne's

as sketched,
Rosanna Knit
24.95

Columbia's smartest shop for women



Corduroy:
campus choice

The perfect suit for fall . . . corduroy! . . . for classes . . . for football games . . . for all-campus wear. Choose your favorite style from our complete pattern collection . . . and your favorite corduroy color for fall: forest green, chocolate, apple green, cocoa, cinnamon. 38" \$1.69 yd.

Henri Noel
...fabrics...



ONE afternoon, a gang of us were sitting around in a local booze parlor slurping beer, telling nasty stories, and trying to dream up a name for this issue.

We all agreed it should embody all the things that go into the Fall season—football, athletes, homecoming, and the rest—but we couldn't hit upon the right word to sum it all up.

Then one of the eager sophomores on the staff, who had exceeded his two-beer capacity, mumbled something that sounded like "ssschat-sogg."

After we pulled his nose out of the foam and slapped him around a bit, we got him to say it again. He was trying to say *sweatsock!*

And that, to make a long story longer, is how we arrived at the title that graces this issue.

For the uninitiated, the true definition of *sweatsock* is: *anyone, whether of the male or female gender, who participates in any and all athletic endeavors.*

Swami and *Showme* bow deeply to our athletes. We admire their fortitude, their muscles, their resistance to alcohol, their salaries. So we've named the issue after them.

Not to change the subject, but we'd like to take this chance to thank all you guys and gals for the swell reception *Showme* received last month. And you really put us on the spot! Two hours after our 4,000 copies went on sale, we didn't have a magazine left!

The result? This month we printed 5,000.

We're still looking for funny story writers. Swami is now paying good beer money for the best stories (see contest rules in this issue). We promise not to tell anyone if you come up to see us.

*Showme*ingly yours,




I'd much rather be watching my girl in her new suit from
JULIE'S



MISSOURI SHOWME

Sweatsock
Issue

YOUR CAMPUS HUMOR MAGAZINE

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Contents

FICTION

The Farmer's Daughter	14
How Lucy Potts Became Homecoming Queen	18
The Fable of True American Youth	22
Post Cards Are So Handy	21

FEATURES

Showme Goes to a Pep Rally	24
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DEPARTMENTS

Letters	2
Editor's Ego	4
Around the Columns	7
Candidly Mizzou	10
Lafter Thoughts	35
Showme Reports	33
Donn's Corner	36
Boy and Girl of the Month	38
Jerrymandering	43
Contributors' Page	48

COVER BY BILL GABRIEL, JR

Volume 27 October, 1949 Number 2

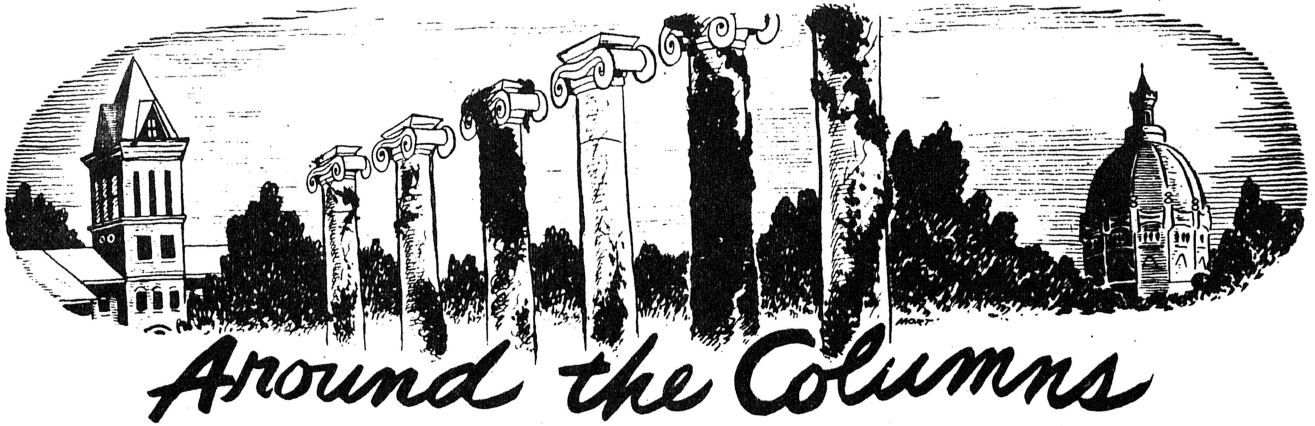


MEMBER

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*HE calls each play the way he sees it,
Whistles, and shouts, and waves his hands;
The game goes on — he referees it . . .
The unofficial in the stands!*



Around the Columns

Overheard

A Sophomore at the Read Hall Frosh Dance, "My God, there's more girls than men!"

October

Columbus discover America 457 years ago . . . wonder when the Russians will get around to claiming him? . . . Fall and football . . . grads and grades . . . back into the old rut . . . seniors working like hell . . . juniors looking for fun . . . sophomores giving advice . . . frosh beginning to gripe about wearing the R.O.T.C. uniforms . . . enrollment is down . . . what about the ratio? . . . who will be the first queen? . . . who cares? . . . Jesse Wrench still around? . . . you bet . . . Halloween this month . . . soaped windows . . . sure we can celebrate Halloween . . . how about a party on the Hink . . . too cold? . . . well? . . . Winter's coming soon . . . snow, sleet and ice . . . stocked up on candels? . . . Homecoming . . . lots of seats at the Stadium . . . who want to sit way up there? . . . join the Tiger Claws . . . seats on the fifty . . . let's join . . . rah, rah . . . Oklahoma? . . . hummm . . . we beat K.U. last year . . . last year . . . Oklahoma . . . hummm . . . we can beat 'em . . . rah, rah . . . bring your heavy coat . . . it hides the bottle . . . M.P.s in white helmets . . . they ain't so big . . . your're sitting in my seat . . . hey, look, a fight . . . rah, rah.

Double Trouble

When we saw that the government was cracking down on the 'Which Twin Has The Toni' ads, we were interested. And why not? After seeing double on the pages of magazines for several years, we thought

perhaps the politicians were also tired of wracking their brains trying to decide whether that curl hanging over one eye was machine or *Toni* made.

However we discover that this was not the contested point. Seems that the *Toni* people have been giving the impression that the twin with the *Toni* has been fixing her own hair, when in fact, both hair dos were done by a professional hair dresser, and the ads failed to mention where the regular hair-do was done.

Anyway, we grabbed a magazine and searched for the *Toni* ad, wondering what changes had been made. We were greeted with the usual double look, but the 'Which Twin Has The Toni' was now in extremely small print. The answer, seen below, said, "Now we're both *Toni* twins," says so-and-so." But whether so-and-so or her sister had the *Toni* remained a mystery, for which was so-and-so and which was her sister was not revealed.

So now, instead of wondering which twin has the *Toni*, we'll have to wonder which twin is which. It didn't make any difference anyway



—the hair-do looked lousy. Maybe they're fixing it themselves.

Neck Tied

One of the most agonizing crimes that man has ever devised for use against his fellow man is the revelation of the symptoms of dreaded diseases. These symptoms may be true or false, but either way the recipient is sure to suffer. Soon every cough is T.B., every snuffle is pneumonia, and all pains are cancer. Tell a person that a pain in the abdomen, a little to the left of center, is appendicitis, and he'll have a pain there within twenty-four hours.

This point was vividly expressed when we read this prize example in the newspaper. It seems that a young lad was worried about polio—one of the newer grey hair producers. A friend informed him that if he could touch his chest with his chin, he was O.K. Otherwise, he had it.

When someone in the office where this lad works was stricken with polio, the young worry-wart began testing. By quitting time he could no longer touch his chest. Immediately he fled to the doctor's office to learn that he had . . . severely sprained neck muscles.

Perhaps they should change the old adage to make it read "No advice is good advice."

Blue Campus Forever

Old timers on the Blue Campus were somewhat taken back when the *M.U. Housing News*, Blue Campus publication, came forth with their first issue. The first sentence in the first paragraph of the first article

said, "Welcome to you, the first occupants of our newest dormitory."

Readers glanced at the battered walls of the barracks and wondered. Then they strolled over and looked at the yet-to-be-completed frames of the 'new' dormitories, and wondered some more.

A friend of someone or other walked down to "L" St. in the bar-



racks for a look at his old room and returned in utter amazement. Seems the old barn was painted a dainty powder-blue and contained an ice box. Also seen in these rooms, converted for the use of married teachers, were plushy sofas and refrigerators.

All this makes one wonder if rats are partial only to unmarried students. For years the secret service of Blue Campus has been making life miserable for hot plate owners. Seems that the damn things when used for cooking purposes attract rats. Evidently when a married couple move in with stove and refrigerator, the rats, in utter horror, scamper away to look for hot plates. Good old M.U.!

Big Wheels Are Human

We always had the rather cynical idea that men of fame never give a

second thought to little people like us. However, one of our ex-staff members changed our view point considerably.

Last May the School of Journalism invited many well-known speakers to the annual Journalism Week—one of which was Milton Caniff, the cartoonist of *Steve Canyon* fame. We had the pleasant task of escorting Caniff about town during his short stay; and our photo man, John Trimble '49, accompanied us taking pictures.

To make a long story short, Caniff returned to his drawing board after captivating audiences with his humorous chalk-talks. He had spent two days in Columbia.

A few weeks later, John sent Caniff copies of the photos he had taken. We all laughed when John included a letter asking Caniff if he knew anyone in California (John's home state) who might need a young man well-schooled in journalism. We told him that Caniff was a very busy man, probably besieged by job-hungry friends, and wouldn't even remember him. John just clenched his pipe tighter in his teeth and headed for a mail box.

Recently we had a letter from John saying he had a job as production manager of an offset printing firm in San Francisco . . . thanks to one *Milton Caniff*. He went on to say that Caniff had forwarded to him six carbon copies of letters he (Caniff) had written to various firms in California . . . recommending him. John followed them up and landed his job.

Mr. Caniff, our hats are off to you.

Karsh For Pres.

Looking through some fairly ancient copies of *Showme* that we discovered in the bottom drawer of our office file, we chanced across a center-spread in the Dec. 1946, 'Christmas Issue' devoted to the M.U. fight song, *Fight Tiger*. This, of course, was before the advent of the now-famous cartoon center-spread.

Glancing casually at the names of the composers, we were stunned at the name that greeted our eyes.

Perhaps many of you were not fortunate enough, and we use the word loosely, to have the 10:30 Government class during the Spring, '48 term when Truman, Dewey, Eisenhower and company were soundly thrashed in a class vote for president by one Robert F. Karsh, instructor. But we imagine that many of you have either met or



heard about this gentleman who manages or managed to fall off the stage of T-1 a couple of times a semester.

Yep, that's right. The music for *Fight Tiger* was composed by none other than said gentleman, Robert F. Karsh. We're not sure that any politics were involved in the song contest, but the music certainly



looks symphonic. Ask him about it next class, you Karshian disciples. And let us know what he says. If we know the Republican Karsh, it should be good.

Snort!

Far be it from us to comment harshly on the alertness of another publication, but we can hardly restrain a good-natured snort at this choice tid-bit.

Leafing casually through the 'new', 1949 edition of *The Writer's Guide*, we chanced across this sparkling bit of information under the heading of 'Humor Magazines', (Page 122):

Showme, School of Journalism, University of Missouri, Columbia, Missouri. (Correct). Edwin A. Weeger, Editor (*Shades of '46!*). Issued 8 (*it's 9*) times a year, October to May (*it's September to May*). 20c a copy (25c); \$1.50 a year (\$2.00-\$2.75 by mail).

The remainder was pure fact, including 'No Payment'.

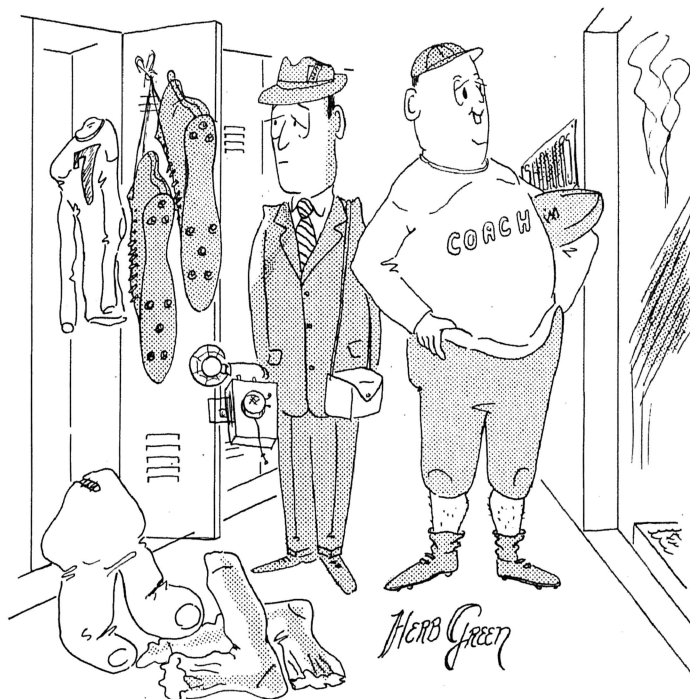
If our snort carries a tinge of resentment, it's because we have been further neglected in the editorship department of 1000 *Jokes* by this same publication. Our onetime chief, Mort Walker, who now holds this position, has either been ignored or has changed his name.

Pardon us, W.G., if we wonder about the other 2498.

Crocodile Tears

Last semester we made note of an honest-to-goodness Russian humor magazine and mentioned that we had hopes of adding this rarity to our exchange list. This 'behind-the-iron-curtain' tabloid of wit, called *The Crocodile*, for some vague reason, failed to respond to our diplomatic efforts, and in the heat of summer we promptly forgot the matter. However, a weekly publication recalled it to our attention and, alas, we shall never see the snickering *Crocodile*, we fear.

It seems that this publication was too witty for the veto-conscious minds of the friendly undertakers of the eastern world. An example of the *Crocodile's* generous humor was cited. A cartoon was shown in which a saleslady was displaying a



"Yessir—I've got the best little kicker in the conference."

bolt of material to a well dressed, true daughter of the Soviet. The true daughter is saying, "The material is fine, but I don't care for the pattern." To which the saleslady, with a veiled snicker, replies, "That's all right. One washing and the pattern disappears."

This pillar of sparkling wit was greeted with stony faces and creased

gret, that the same metamorphism seems to be taking place within our own borders.

Rushing hastily through a copy of a St. Louis newspaper, in desperate search of the funnies, we chanced across an article proclaiming the gradual death of the American sense of humor.

This article, well hidden to disavow its significance, told the story of the man who was found in the interior of a small establishment—after closing hours. Upon being hauled before 'your honor', he remarked, with poker-face seriousness, that he had been looking for a streetcar.

In the good old days this remark would have been received with an uncontrolled chuckle from the magistrate, the hero would have been released immediately, and an elderly philanthropist—who would have been in the court room paying a parking fine for a crippled Civil War veteran—would have given him five dollars as down payment on the streetcar.

No more. This guy was slapped in jail, a victim of our modern age. It is indeed a cold one.

—G. T. S.

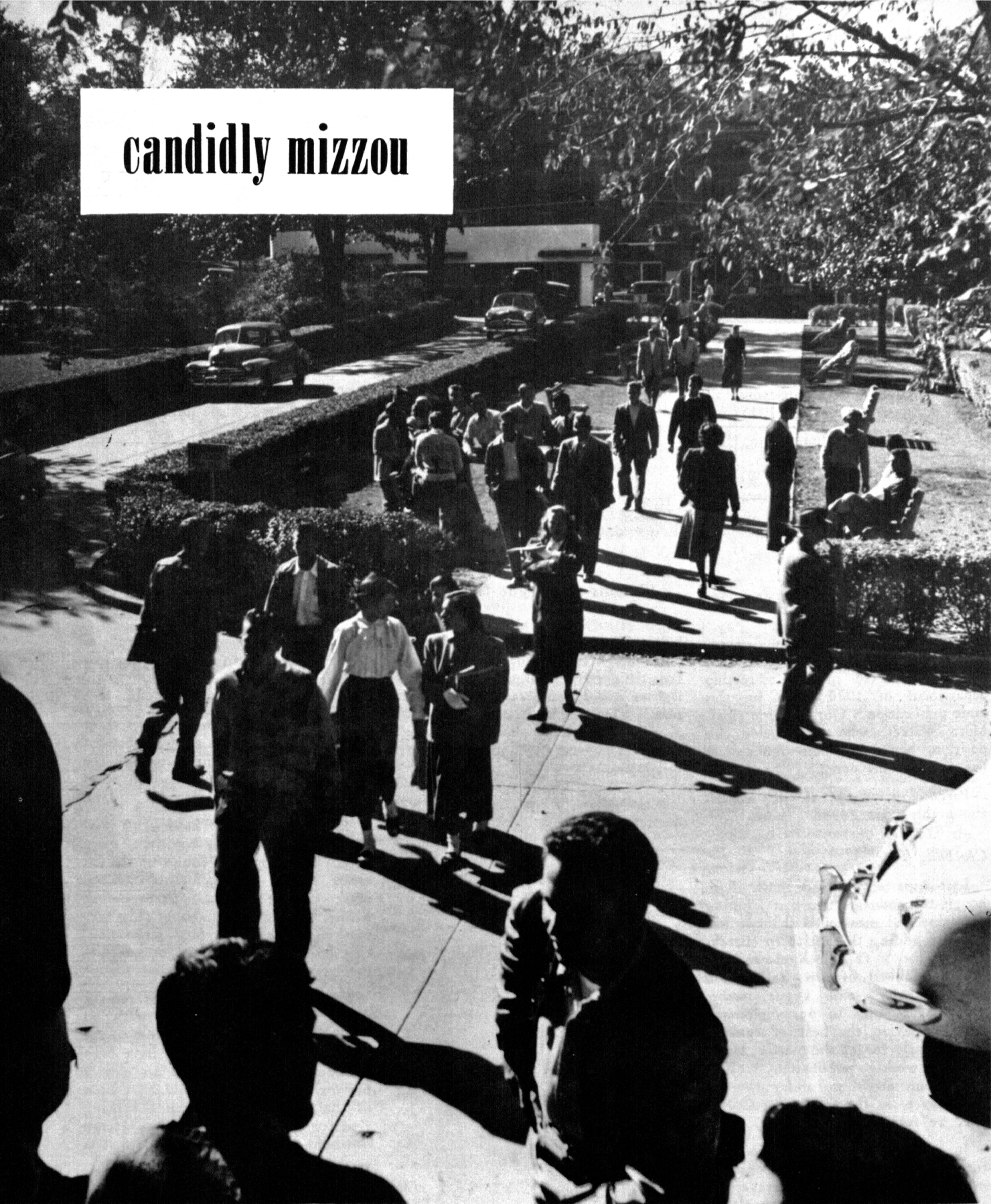


brows in the Politbureau, and the guffawing *Crocodile* was given the axe. Thus, the Soviet attempt to equal, perhaps, *The New Yorker* met with resounding defeat. Perhaps the true daughter should have been unclad.

And Here, Too

We can hardly condemn the Soviet condemnation of wit without noticing, with no little tinge of re-

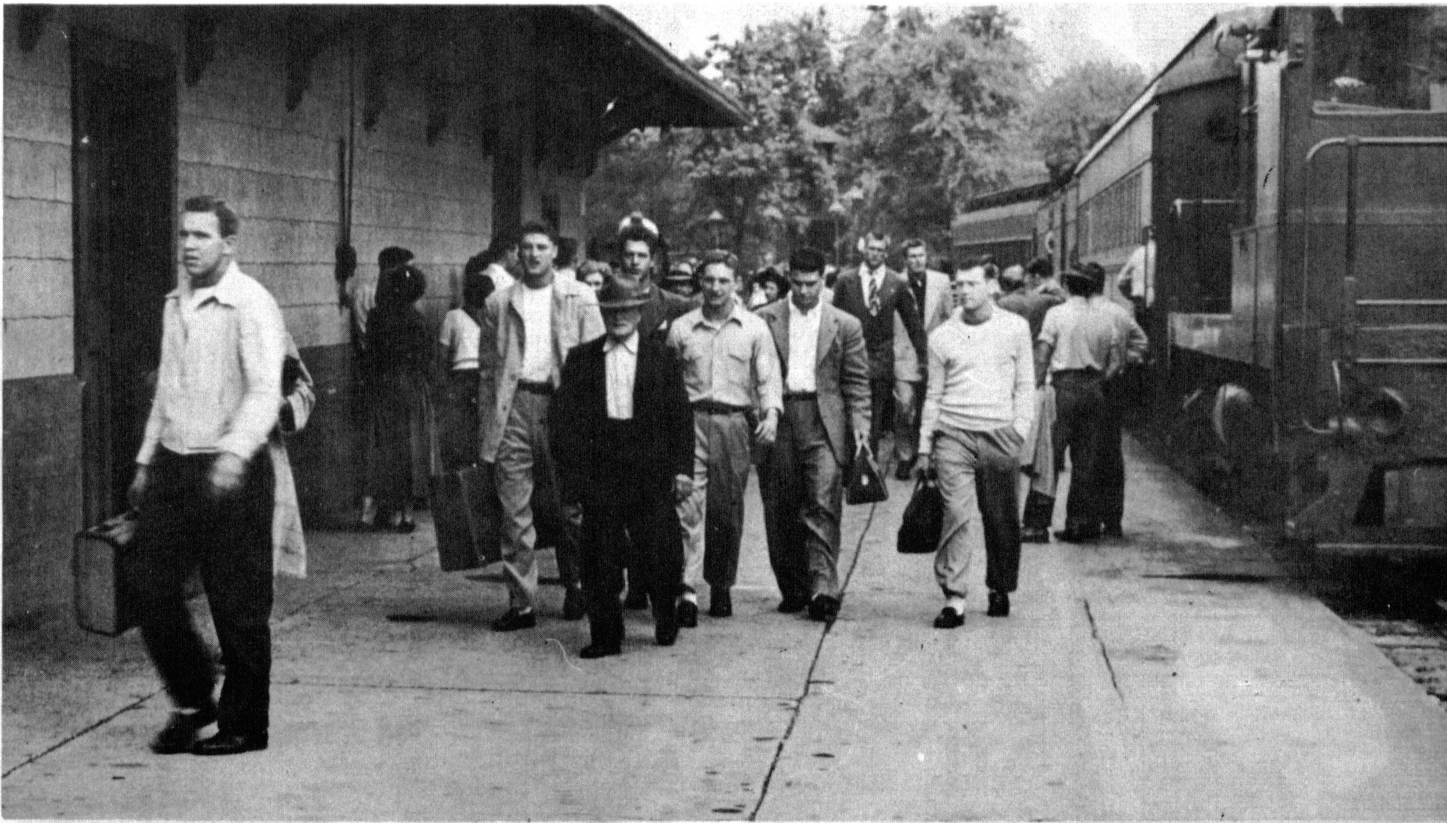
candidly mizzou



UNDER PRETENSE of sopping up sunshine before the blizzard season starts, Missouri men sit by the hour along Jesse Walk and watch tight-skirted coeds waddle the gauntlet. While Ag students talk of cows, other men talk of pigs. Hard-bitten University watchman (middle-right) looks on philosophically, sucks on pipe, and chases student cars out of faculty parking lot.



RAH RAH is rampant on campus again. The Missouri cheer-leading squad is noisier and bigger than ever this year. Following all-school tryouts in Brewer Field House, these double-jointed students proved the pick-of-the-crop. If they have their way, every true son will be happy hearted . . . and sore throated . . . by the time basketball season starts.



TIRED TIGERS returned to their lair after heartbreaking one-point defeat to enraged Mustangs of S.M.U. Mizzouites have not given up, however, as witness this giant welcome of team at Wabash Station. Spirit ran high as loyal students looked forward to home-contests with less highly-rated foes. Meanwhile, Coach Faurot and team wonder just what you have to do to win ball games.



LEON UNGLES has taken over "Skippy" Hindman's old position as Dean of Men. Party-party boys about campus hoped that Ungles, a former military-school dean, wouldn't apply military discipline to rollicking old Mizzou.



CHOMP, ROMP, STOMP was the cry at Missouri's Tiger Night celebration. Artie Shaw and company furnished music for stompin' students, box lunches were furnished for chompin', at the gala pre-first-home-game fiesta.



BITTER STUDENTS gave up morning coffee and boycotted local hash-house when it raised price of its swill from five to ten cents. Above: students—occupying booth—drink water, cuss-out proprietor, and brood over world's greediness.



SHOWME was first again . . . with the first parade of the season, complete with convertibles, tooting horns, coeds, and a bored policeman leading it. An added feature was a truck-bound swing band, which last the parade.



photo of the month

BARGAIN OF YEAR was the air-conditioned, usable outhouse, auctioned off by local pub after installing inside plumbing. Advertised as "useful, hygenic, comfortable," the two-holer went to a fellow named Tex for \$10.50 after some dis-spirited bidding. Along with the airy, outdoor restroom, the saloon included in the purchase price one genuine mail-order catalog, two-dozen corn cobs.

THE- Farmer's Daughter



There are many farmer's daughters — and even more stories about them. But this one is just a little different.

by Jerry Smith

MR. SILVER slammed the hood down so hard the left headlight fell off, kicked the tire so hard it flattened, and sat down on the running board so heavily the door came open hitting him in the head.

"Damn- you, damn you," Mr. Silver screamed. "Damn, damn, damn."

Mr. Silver was the ace salesman of the Pernod Wine Co. and he was on his way to St. Louis to attend a very important meeting. It was important to Silver because he believed that he would be made dis-

trict superintendent. He had burned the highways between Dallas and St. Louis, and now, within a few hundred miles of his destination, the car had decided to rest—in the depths of the Missouri Ozarks.

Mr. Silver hurled an obscenity at the rock that he had fallen on and looked angrily at the bare foot that was standing before him. It was an extremely large, bare foot. Mr. Silver couldn't recall when he had been such a disgustingly shaped foot. He moved his eyes a little and glared at the foot's mate. It was just as disgusting.

"Got troubles?" said the gangling hay-headed boy who belonged to the feet.

"No," Silver snarled. "Every now and then I take the car apart to see if anything is worn out." He yanked the fender viciously and listened to the musical clank as it hit the ground. Silver said a vile word to it. He calmed as the boy started to amble off.

"Hey," he said. "Hey wait."

The boy picked up a stone with his toes and considered it lazily. Silver patted the boy on the head, produced a coin, used some of his ace salesmanship on the boy and learned that the 'Pye' place on the hill had a car, or at least old man Pye "useter have 'un" as the boy put it before depositing the coin in his mouth and shuttling away.

Silver patiently worked his way up the alpine hill and finally stood wheezing before the shack. It set on the hill at a rakish angle, seemingly threatening to topple at any minute. Silver rapped weakly at the door.

"Come on in," the voice invited. Silver did just that.

She was standing beside a wooden basin at one corner of the shack. She was wearing a blue skirt and brown towel. The towel was slow in covering what it was trying to.

"A'm washin'," she said unnecessarily. Her eyes were a warm brown, her hair an auburn flow, and her lips full and vivid. Her body was in the first stages of full maturity.

"My . . . my name . . . is Silver," Silver stammered, trying to avoid watching the towel which was wavering.

"Mine's Honey, Honey Pye." She smiled.

"My car broke down," Silver said. "I'm on my way to St. Louis and I have to have a car. Some one told me that you had one."

"Guess we have." Her eyes burned into his. The towel slipped an inch.

"I work for the Pernod Wine Co.," Silver said hurriedly. "I'm a salesman and I . . ."

"A salesman," she interrupted.

"Yes, and . . ."

"A travelin' salesman?"

"Why, yes."

"I'm a farmers daughter." She giggled and the towel jiggled.

"Well, ha, ha." Silver pulled nervously at his tie and swallowed hard.

Illustrated by Terry Rees

"Do . . . do you have a car?" he croaked.

"Shore. It's in th' barn. But it don't work no how. Pa ain't here, anyhow. He'll be back 'bout sundown." She smiled happily.

"Perhaps I could look at it?"

"Wal, if you want to," she said reluctantly.

"Yes, I'd like to." Silver flushed and turned hurriedly as the towel dropped to the floor. A moment later Honey, fully clad, was leading him across the yard to where an ancient barn was trying its best to die. Silver found himself watching the gentle, fascinating sway of Honey's hips.

She pulled the door open and stepped inside. Then she turned and said, "You're the first travelin' salesman I ever met. I allus wanted to meet one."

Silver grinned uneasily. She fingered the top of her blouse.

"Folks allus been tellin' me stories

'bout 'em." She smiled and her eyes flashed invitingly.

"Yas, ha, ha, they do, don't they?"

"You like me," she whispered.

"Why, yes, you might say I appreciate your aid and. . ."

"Like my figger?"

"Wonderful." Silver's eyes were suddenly bright. "They don't have many like that left anymore."

"Wal," Honey said with delight.

"A little loose in the back but the front's solid."

"Wal," Honey said, a little confused. She slid a hand up his arm and leaned towards him, her lips parted. Silver shoved past her and walked deeper into the barn.

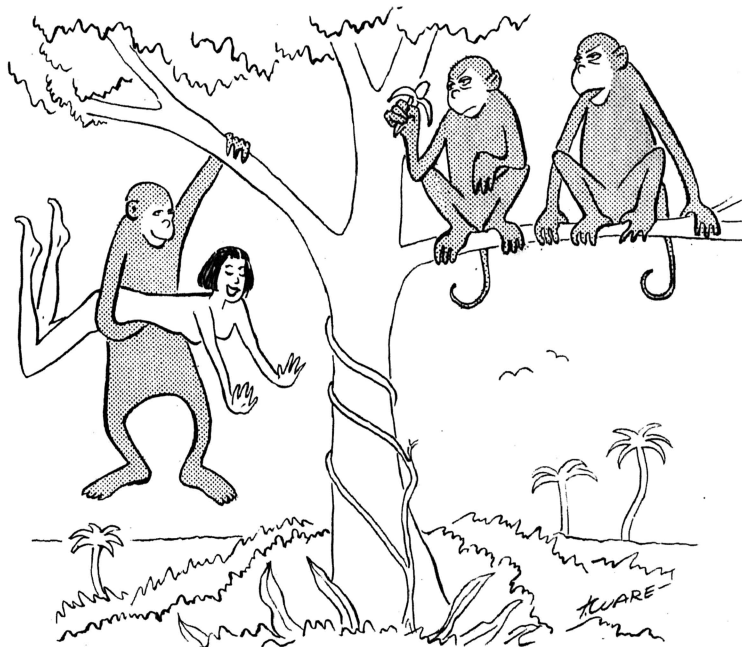
"Yes, sir," he said, "You don't see many like that any more."

He fondly patted the fender of an old Model-T Ford.

"Wal, I'll be damned," Honey snorted.

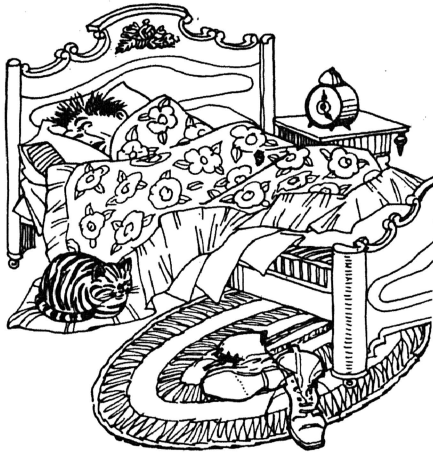
Silver peered into the interior of the car. "Don't work, huh?" he said to himself. He got down on his hands and knees and crawled under the car. Honey sat down on a bale of hay and pouted dejectedly. Silver

(Continued on Next Page)



"Damn social climber!"

SLEEP LATE



YOU CAN GET
Breakfast Any Time
at

ERNIE'S STEAK HOUSE

"No Charge for a Second
Cup of Coffee"
1005 Walnut St.



COLUMBIA'S
largest grower
of fresh flowers
here to serve
you.

H. R. Mueller
FLORIST

SUPERIOR QUALITY
DEPENDABLE SERVICE

16 SOUTH 9TH

began humming. A few moments later he re-appeared and crouched near the running board, deep in thought. Honey hurried to him and slid an arm around his neck.

"You don't want to fool with that car," she said hopefully.

"Bottom looks pretty good," he said.

"What about me?" she said.

"Put together good," Silver said absently.

Honey ran her lips across his cheek. One hand tickled his neck. She kissed him wetly on one ear.

"Don't that give you no thoughts," she whispered.

"I'll look at the carburator." Silver got to his feet and walked to the hood. He opened it and a moment later parts began flying out. Honey watched him. Then, with a determined look on her face, she grabbed him by the shirt and yanked. Silver landed flat on his back. Honey was on him before he could move.

"You're a travelin' salesman, ain't you?" she said, her face close to his.

"Yes."

"And I'm a farmer's daughter, ain't I?"

"Yes."

"Well, you ain't actin' like it."

"I have to get to St. Louis," Silver said weakly.

"Foo," Honey replied, kissing the end of his nose.

"What am I supposed to do?" Silver said, struggling uselessly.

"Ain't you got no ideas?" She bit his ear.

"No."

Honey got to her feet and glared at Silver. She pulled her shoulders back and arched her back.

"Look at me," she said. Silver did. Her body was lithe and full. "Look good." Silver did. "Now," she said, leaning over him, her blouse dangerous low, "Don't that give you no thoughts?"

"Oh, but, gosh." Silver sat up. "I just couldn't. I . . ."

"Yes, you could." She leaned against him.

"I . . . I just couldn't let you pull that car."

Honey said something that made Silver blush. Then she got to her feet and stalked majestically from the barn. Silver stared blankly after her.

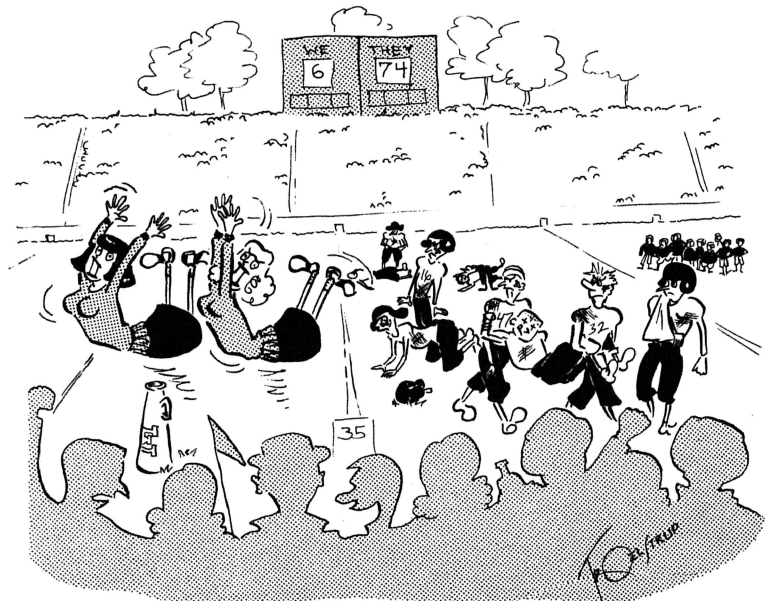
"Now, what's the matter with her," he said.

* * *

Silver was on time for the meeting in St. Louis. He was made area superintendent—and was a damn good one. He attended all the sales meetings, laughed at the farmer's daughter's jokes and told a few of his own. But to this day the Pernod Wine Co.'s ace salesman has never understood why Honey got so mad at him.

"Should have let her pull the damn car," he would mutter to himself.

THE END



"FIGHT, TEAM, FIGHT!"



Then there's the bachelor who got thrown out of his apartment when the landlady heard him drop his shoes on the floor—*twice!*

* * *

Coed: Doctor, is there anything wrong with me?

Doctor: Yes, but it's trifling.

Coed: Oh, I don't think that's so very wrong, is it?

* * *

Othopedic Specialist: The girls at these Florida beaches have beautiful legs, don't they?

Lung Specialist: I hadn't noticed; I'm a chest man myself.

* * *

Jane Russell doesn't cook, according to an article about her and her husband in *Script Magazine*.

"Bob does the cooking," says Jane, "because he doesn't want me to lean over the stove and endanger my career."

* * *

Said one broomstick to the other: "Let's be broommates so we can sweep together . . . dust for the fun of it."

* * *

Mary had a little swing;

It wasn't hard to find.

For everywhere that Mary went

The swing was right behind.

* * *

She was only a stable man's daughter, but she gave them the same old stall.

* * *

Coed: (at dance): "Wait right here, Joe, while I go powder my nose."

Coed (ten minutes later): "Been waiting long?"

Joe: "No, but I've been looking all over for you to give you your compact."

* * *

He: "You're just like a sister to me."

Sbc: "Migawd, what a home life!"



Here's a new idea

for a date:

get up a foursome and drop in to the Campus Club for a game of billiards

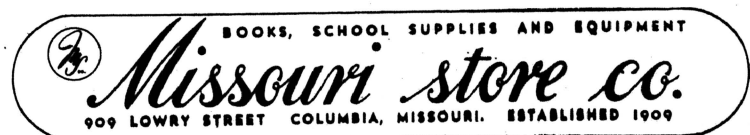
the
CAMPUS CLUB

Missouri & Conley

Little Red . . .



Is running to the Mo Store to see the new basement and Soda Bar





how *Lucy Potts* became *Homecoming Queen*

This is the first of a long, confusing series of articles on little-known or cared about incidents in University history.

ONE of the most scandalous stories in early University history concerns one Lucy Potts and her dubious selection as a Homecoming Queen.

The account is for the most part closely interwoven with mystery, intrigue, and three professors of questionable character. However, even today some loose ends are still hanging. For that reason, true names of persons involved will not be revealed here.

It is rumored that two special investigators who were assigned to clear up the case are still on the administration's payroll, although they were killed in a landslide of documents in the library archives a few

years before the war. Foul play was suspected.

Lucy Potts, an impish coed who measured six-foot three in her calloused feet, enrolled at the University at the close of the Spanish-American War. She first attracted the attention of the student body when she paraded through the old Jesse Hall nude on a jackass nicknamed "Admiral Dewey" during the S-A victory celebration.

A few weeks later Lucy was called before the dean of women, a Baptist spinster, to account for her conduct at an all-school tea. The charge was mumbling obscene words to the entire faculty while passing through a reception line. The last professor in the line made the discovery.

When Homecoming plans were announced that year, Lucy Potts declared herself queen candidate from her sorority, Mada Sigma Chi. Her sorority sisters objected, but Lucy persuaded them to accept her candidacy. Next day, sixteen of the girls reported to the student clinic for medical attention.

In the campaign that followed, Lucy made the rounds of the campus, ripping down all opposition posters and manhandling other queen candidates.

In an effort to eliminate Lucy, the SDA, Student Dictatorial Association, secretly scheduled the judging for early one Sunday morning in a broom closet in Jesse Auditorium basement.

Somehow, probably through a stool pidgeon within SDA, Lucy found out and was on hand for the occasion. Three professors had been selected to judge: Jessica Wench, a sultry home economics instructor who was said to be a distant aunt of Lucy's; Frank N. Stine, professor of medicine who was believed to have been quite an operator; and V. S. Sin, dean of the Bible College.

Although candidates had been instructed to wear formals, Lucy appeared in a brief bathing suit she had whipped up from a head scarf. When her turn came, she did an interpretive dance entitled, "The Bees Do It." A janitor, one Sam Lust, who dropped in for a broom, got the wrong interpretation and had to be forceably restrained.

After Lucy's appearance the three judges retired for consultation. Three days later they were found under a booth in the "Mansion," campus tavern which in later years has de-

(Continued on Next Page)



"Wonder what's eatin' Fred?"

teriorated.

All three were dead and embalmed, but on their booth was carved the initials "L.P." SDA officials agreed that Lucy had been chosen by unanimous decision.

Homecoming Day brought streams of carriages into Columbia for the annual football classic between the Tigers and the Oklahoma Cherokee Reservation Government School. Hank Subsidy, assistant to the vice-governor, was on hand to crown the queen.

Townspople and alumni jammed the stadium, rapidly filling up all the plush seats on the west side. Students were allowed to bring camp cots and sit on the east side where seats had not yet been constructed.

At halftime, with the Tigers dragging behind, 84-0, the Mizzou band struck up a fanfare. The music broke off suddenly when Bill Blast, first-seat trumpeteer, collapsed from a ruptured lung.

Out on the field marched a company of R.O.T.C. lads, looking quite snappy in their reupholstered Civil War uniforms. Each carried an impressive musket and powder horn.

Behind them walked a flock of dignitaries, including Lucy Potts in all her glory and Dr. Muddlebrush, University president. Spectators claim they were holding hands.

A hush fell over the crowd, knocking over two drunken sophomores who were making advances toward a cheerleader. Dr. Muddlebrush's deep bass voice could be heard throughout the stadium, which, at that time, was only 60 by 85 feet.

"Students and alumni," he began, "before we crown this year's Homecoming Queen, Lucy Potts, I have an important announcement to make."

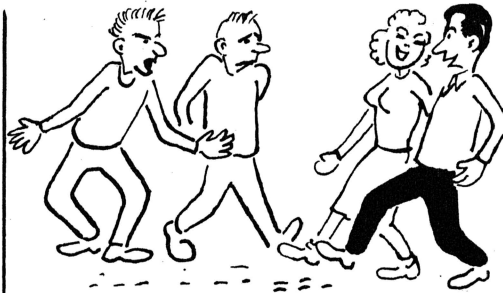
As a body, all students produced notebooks and pens and began taking notes.

"This very day," he continued, "we are breaking ground for a new student union building only a block from Jesse Hall."

Suddenly a masked man on a big black horse galloped onto the field and whisked Lucy Potts into his arms. Before anyone could turn a hand, he and Lucy were gone.

Neither Lucy Potts nor the student union building have been heard from since.

Stu Dent.



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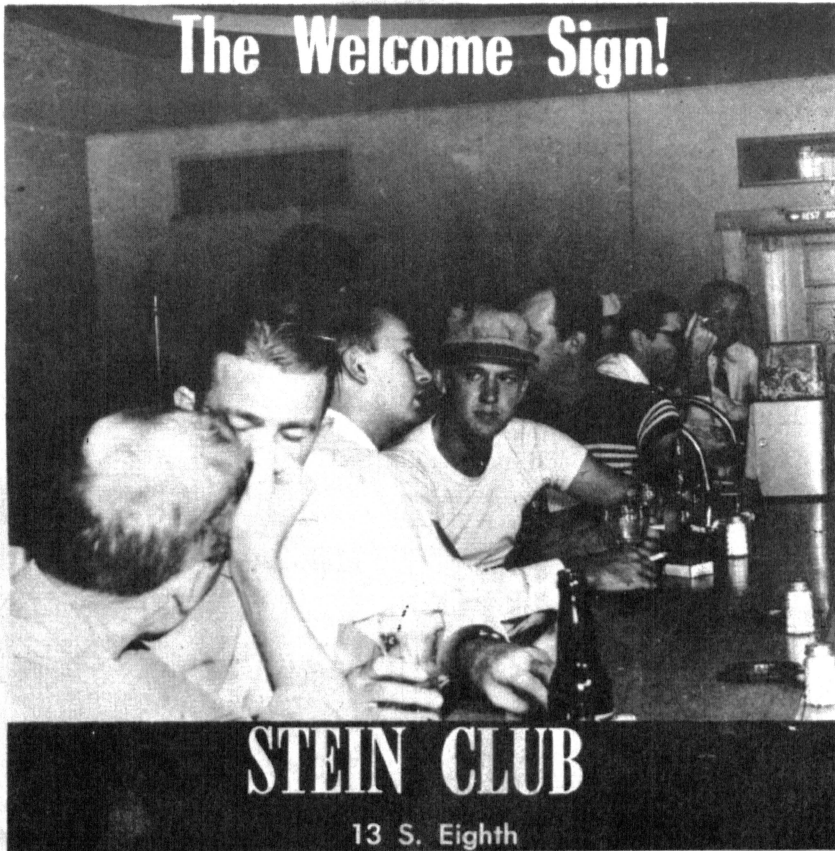
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Columbia, Mo.



*Little Audrey, mad as hell,
Pushed her sister in the well;
Said her mother, drawing water,
"Gee, it's hard to raise a daughter."*

* * *

A man and his wife were sitting together in the living room one evening. The phone rang and the man answered.

He said: "How on earth should I know? Call the Coast Guard." Then he hung up and returned to his newspaper.

The wife asked, "Who was that, dear?"

The husband said: "I haven't the slightest idea. Some jerk wanted to know if the coast was clear."

* * *

Japanese Marine to American soldier: "Psst! Is it true what they say about American girls?"

* * *

*Infants play with their toes,
Babies play with their curls;
Schoolboys play with their tops;
Collegians take out girls.*



CHESTERFIELD CONTEST WINNERS:

Nancy Cheak
Doris Bain
William Turk
Nancy Ladney
Shirley Jones
Jean Mange
J. B. Gillerman
Gilber Lauer
John M. Darling
Audrey Kasse

QUESTIONS

- A** When hard times hit, you need not worry, He'll fix you up in one big hurry.
- B** Read it inverted with one minor switch, You have a device controlled by a switch.
- C** A trunk, a pause, a meadowland; You'll find them all on every hand.

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 from different students win a 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 thirteen slabs of wood which form the letters ABC at the bottom of the ad. Always Buy Chesterfield, the best cigarette for you.

B Three buttons on the left sleeve of Alexis Smith's cowgirl suit, and one button on the right. Also three cigarettes protruding from the pack on the left, and one in the mouth of L. E. Turnage on the right. Both answers are white and right.

C FIELD, that is, Chesterfield. It's in the name, and in the frame where we see a picture of a field behind Mr. Turnage. And in the frame we grow the name, that is, in the field we grow Chesterfield.

WINNERS...

POST CARDS ARE SO HANDY

Dear Mom:

Well, school's been going for over a month now, and I'm really hitting the books. Seems all I do is study, go to class, and study some more. I sure am anxious to finish here at the University so I can get a job and settle down with Nancy like a married man should.

I'm still looking for an apartment so I can bring her here to Columbia. In the meantime, she's still at her job in Chicago; but even with what she earns, it's tough to get along here. Meals are so expensive.

Thanks much for the \$10 you sent with the box of cookies and other things. . . . Have to get back to studying now.

Your son,
Mark

Dear Nancy:

Gosh I miss you, honey. Late at night when I'm studying hard here in my little room I always think of you 'way up there. I sure am anxious to finish here at the University so I can get a job and settle down with you like a married man should.

I'm still looking for an apartment for us, but there just doesn't seem to be anything available. I'll keep looking hard, though.

Did you get that raise in salary yet? I got the money-order you sent, and I hope it will carry me through until the V. A. check comes at the end of the month.

Your Husband,
Mark

Dear Irv:

Jeez, this place is lousey with broads. I've got things all set up for when you transfer here next semester. I'm in a three room apartment with another guy; but he's graduating in February.

I've got all snap courses and haven't looked at a book yet. All we do is play poker, drink beer, and exploit the apparently inexhaustible supply of coeds here and at Stephens.

I've got everything arranged to enter graduate school when I get my B.J. this Spring. This is too good a life to quit and go out to earn a living. I figure we can put in two years here before the picnic ends.

Have to close now as I'm meeting a bimbo at 8:00.

Mark

P. S. Is your wife still working?



"Oh, my missing parts!"

"The Perils of Pamela Penn"

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Complete Stock of Parker, Sheaffer, Waterman, Esterbrook, Eversharp . . . pens, pencils, desk sets.

"All of me—why not bring all of me?" is my theme song when some people bring me in for repairs and fail to include all my parts. It helps the Service Department fix me properly when they can inspect the broken parts. Many of them have salvage value too, and reduce your repair charges.

THE Pen Point

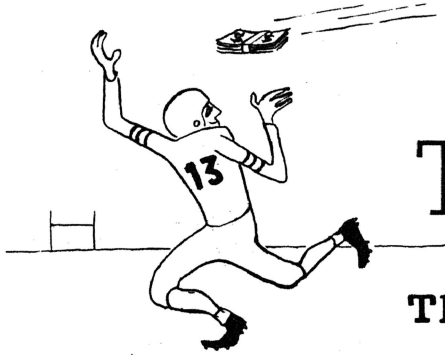
109 SOUTH NINTH

Memo for Today

Cashmere Sweaters
Corduroy and
Tweed Skirts
Wool Jersey Blouses

DEAN'S
Town & Country

10 SOUTH NINTH STREET



the Fable of True American Youth

**The Silver Dust Twins loved their mothers
and dogs --- among other things**

ONCE upon a time in a small, midwestern state university there were two fine, red-blooded, one-hundred percent perfect, righteous, up-standing American boys. These two were named Ned Roverdog and Dick Dogood. Both of the boys came from a small town somewhere in the nebulous regions of the state. Ever since childhood they had been bosom buddies. Their love for each other was tremendous, and knew no bounds. Their friendship was so great that they made Damon and Pythias look like a couple of feuding Mongolian tribesmen.

Both of the boys grew up in the true real American tradition of Tom Sawyer and Julie Goldfarb (*a demented Assyrian youth who gained fame by being the first man to work his way through reform school*). They

were the true successors of Jack Armstrong and the Hardy Brothers. Their childhood was filled with things and events that were as American as apple pie, baseball, and "mugging." They both hated crime, deceit. They both loved their mothers and dogs. They were both kind and courteous, and when they had the chance they would always help some poor blind pencil vendor across the street. They were constantly pulling thorns from the paws of distraught lions. In short, they were perfect.

Both of the boys attended State U., and both of the boys played football for State U. And as all true-blooded American boys, they were outstanding. Dick Dogood and Ned Roverdog played so well that they were the stars of the team. They

were the mainstays of old State U., and without them, the football team was helpless. They were so good that the gentlemen of the press called them the Silverdust Twins. (*They didn't call them the Gold-dust Twins because they felt that they were more shining and pure than gold.*) Even when playing the brutal, ungentlemanly game of football, Ned Roverdog and Dick Dogood always remained gentlemen. On the field they were always polite and courteous. Whenever they would gouge an eye, or kick someone in the groin, they would always make it a point to apologize in the humblest way.

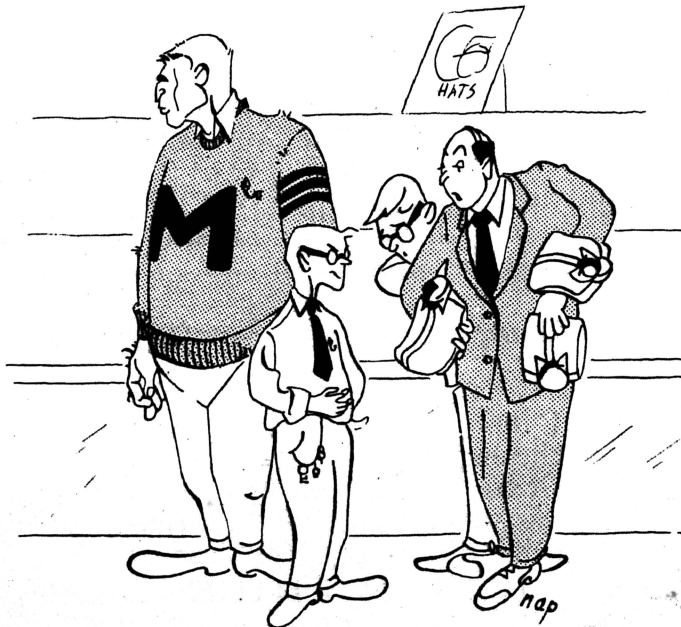
One afternoon, the week before the all important game with Yashiva Tech, Ned Roverdog and Dick Dogood were walking down the campus, looking modest (*as all true American boys are*), when they were accosted by a stranger. He was a rough looking type, with a bullet-scarred brown fedora pulled won over his bullet-scarred eyes. He wore a shiny bullet-scarred blue suit, which bulged ominously in certain bullet-scarred places.

The stranger said to them, "Hey! Yeah, you two. Are you the Silverdust Twins?" The tone of his voice was rough, menacing, and also bullet-scarred.

Dick Dogood drew back in repulsion and replied, "Yes, sir. I am Dick Dogood and this is my trusted friend, Ned Roverdog. Now, sir, what do you want with us?"

"I've got a little proposition you boys might be interested in."

"Sir!" Ned interrupted, "if your proposition is in any way nefarious or underhanded you may leave us, and never, never darken our doorstep



"I think you'll find he can get twice as much information on this French cuff."

(Continued on Next Page)

again, for we are honest, one-hundred percent, red-blooded American boys, and we will have nothing to do with shady business."

"Yes," said Dick, "you can tempt us in no way, for we are the shining ideals to millions of little boys all over the country."

The stranger looked hurt. "Now look here boys. You know I wouldn't do anything like that. Surely you don't think that I am the type that would lead good youths astray. After all, I am a former youth myself."

"Oh, heavens-to-Betsy-no, sir. You look like a real friend of virile American youth."

The stranger blushed and shifted his shoulder holster. "Thanks for your confidence, boys. Now I'll tell you what I want. You see, I have a couple of friends. Very dear friends, and I love them greatly." The stranger wiped a tear from his cheek.



"These friends of mine are the sporting type, and they made a little friendly wager with me on the football game you boys are to play in next Saturday. I love these fellows so much and I really want them to be happy. I'd hate to see them unhappy, wouldn't you?"

Dick and Ned tearfully nodded their heads.

"Now just to see my friends stay happy I want to make sure that they win their wagers, so I'm willing to pay you boys a little sum of money if you will promise not to play your best on Saturday."

"Why, sir. To think that you should have the audacity to make such an offer to two fine American youths. What would your mother

(Continued on Page 26)



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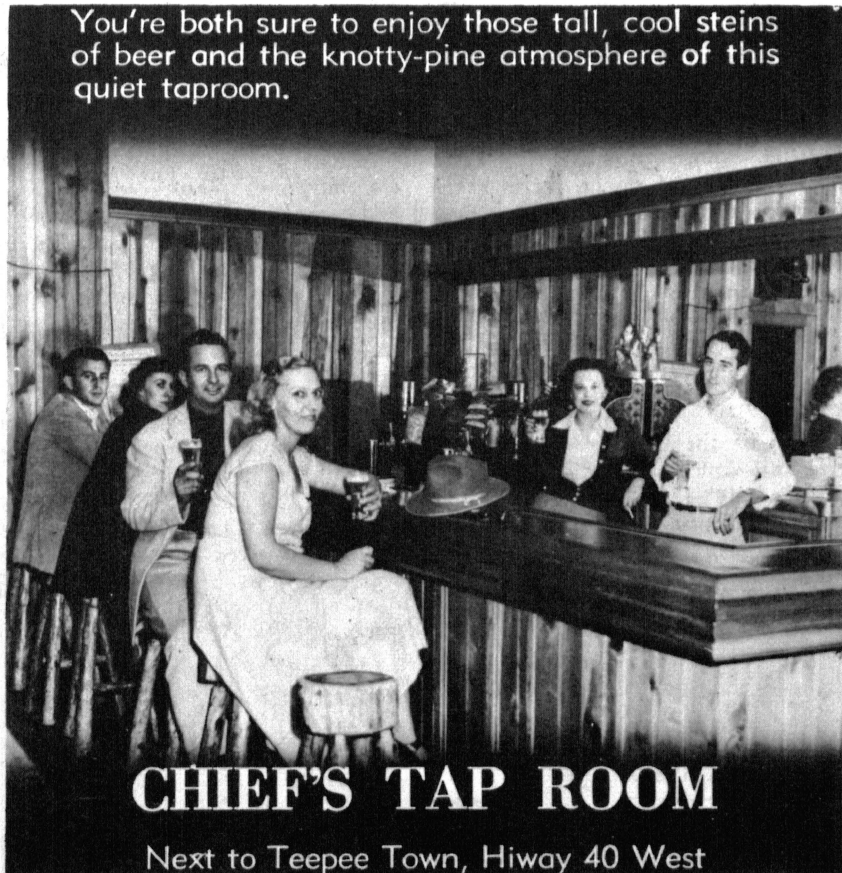
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WHO'S GONNA WIN

I'M PUTTING ALL I HAVE ON MIZZOU

YOU MEAN I CAN STILL GET MARRIED AFTER I GET A BACHELOR'S DEGREE!

WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

LLOYD

I MEAN YOUR FULL NAME

IT'S LLOYD WHETHER I'M FULL OR NOT

NO, FA
ST. LOU
ARE N
BY T

I THOUGHT THE DOCTOR SAID YOU COULD HAVE ONLY ONE DRINK A DAY!

IT'S O.K., THIS IS MY DRINK FOR AUGUST 2 OF NEXT YEAR!

I'M SORRY CLIFFORD, BUT THE MAN I MARRY MUST BE SQUARE, UPRIGHT, AND GRAND

YOU DON'T WANT A MAN, YOU WANT A PIANO

T.S. CARDS PUNCHED HERE

DON'T PAY ANY ATTENTION. GEORGE IS ALWAYS MAKING AN ASH OF HIM

YOUR EYES, LIKE THE DAWN SPARKLE OF THE DEW, YOUR FRESH BEAUTY SURPASSES AUTUMN IN IT'S RAINBOW FINERY, ETCETERA.

I WANT YOU TO MEET THE NEW LINE COACH!

I REMEMBER THOSE PHRASES FROM ENGLISH LIT.

LET'S BE MARRIED

BABY, I'M CRAZY ABOUT YOU

BUT HONEY, I HAVEN'T GOT ANY MONEY

OH, I HAVE A \$350.00 MONTHLY ALLOWANCE

WILL YOU MARRY ME?

HEY MAC, YA GOT A LIGHT?

YES, MY BOYS ARE GOING TO BE IN AT TONIGHT AS USUAL!

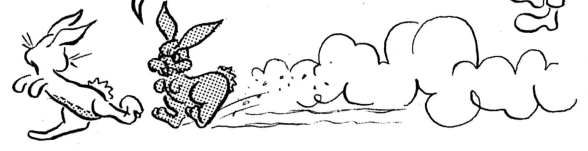
ATHLETIC DEPT.

DON'T LIGHT A MATCH NEAR ANY OF THESE GUYS

I TOLD YOU I COULD START IT WITH ONE MATCH!

ME INTOXICATED

LET'S STOP AND OUTNUMBER HIM!



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ODUS POWELL'S
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THE FABLE . . .

(continued from page 23.)

think of you? You should be ashamed of yourself."

The moster sighed and shifted his feet. "I really am, boys. I never really should have ever thought that I could even tempt two such fine and wonderful fellows as yourselves. And it even makes me sadder to think that I was going to offer you two noble youths a half million dollars each."

Ned Roverdog and Dick Dogood both gasped at the thought.

"Good sir," Ned said rather angrily, "we could never do such a miserable thing as that. . . ."

Dick interrupted him. "Aw, for cryin' out loud. Cut the act, stupid. This hood is offering us a cool half a million rocks each."

"Dick Dogood," Ned answered, "you're perfectly right. We could take the dough, blow this miserable town and spend the rest of our lives gambling, drinkin' and playing with women."

Dick turned to the man. "So you see, sir, we are truly real American youths, for in addition to our many other virtues, we are also clear thinkers. We accept the deal. When do we collect the money?"

Moral: Not even a football player could be that dumb!

Lucky Titmer



"Those two are made for each other."



"Pilot to tower, pilot to tower: plane out of gas; am one thousand feet and thirty miles over the ocean. What shall I do?"

"Tower to pilot, tower to pilot: repeat after me—Our father who art in heaven—"

* * *

Girl: "Isn't that a beautiful butterfly on my knee? It must think I am a flower."

Friend: "That no butterfly, that's a horsefly."

* * *

A gullible man is one who thinks that his daughter has been a good girl when she comes home from a trip with a Gideon Bible in her handbag.

* * *

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

* * *

"At any rate," said the auctioneer, "mine is a business that women can't take up."

"Nonsense," put the strongminded lady. "A woman would make as good an auctioneer as any man!"

"Would she?" retorted the other. "You try and imagine an unmarried lady standing up before a crowd and saying, 'Now, gentlemen, all I want is an offer.'"

LIFE SAVER JOKE CONTEST

Submit your favorite joke and win a carton of assorted Life Savers. Entries should be addressed to this magazine.

JOKE CONTEST WINNER:

George Buse,
102 Stewart Rd.
Columbia, Mo.

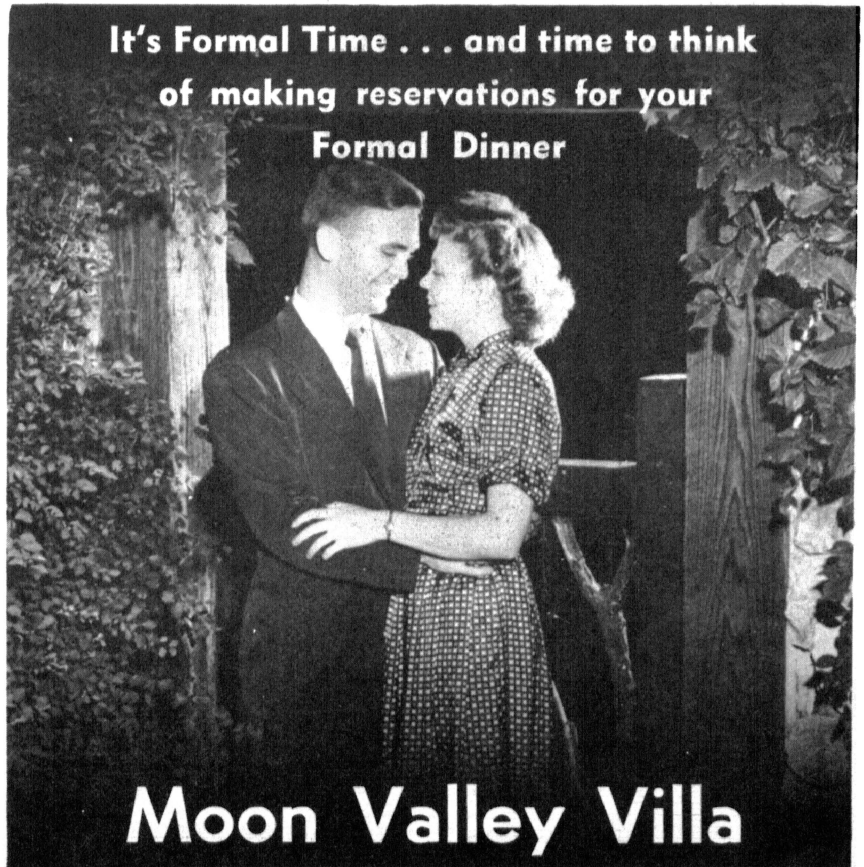
WINNING JOKE:

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

Moe: "Doesn't she have them insured?"

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

It's Formal Time . . . and time to think
of making reservations for your
Formal Dinner



Moon Valley Villa

HISTORY REWRITTEN

DAVID AND GOLIATH



"Gee, I'm nervous! Wish I had a Life Saver!"



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A dumb girl is a dope. A dope is a drug. Doctors give drugs to relieve pain. Therefore, a dumb girl is just what the doctor ordered.

* * *

Bride: "I want the stark truth, dear."

Groom: "Well, honey, there isn't any stark. Didn't your mother tell you?"

* * *

Teacher: "Has anyone here any Indian blood?"

Johnny: "I have."

Teacher: "What tribe?"

Johnny: "It wasn't a tribe; just a wandering Indian."

* * *

She: Would you like to see where I was operated on for appendicitis?

He: No, I hate hospitals.

* * *

Girl: "I want some real kissproof lipstick."

Clerk: "Try this. It's a cross between an onion and bichloride of mercury."

* * *

Dean (to co-ed): "Are you writing that letter to a man?"

Co-ed: "It's a former roommate of mine."

Dean: "Answer my question."

* * *

"If a buttercup is yellow, what color is a hiccup?"

"I'm sure I can't guess."

"Purple!"

* * *

*With all these poems about the rabbit,
And all about the rabbit's habit,
What would we do
For rabbit stew,
If rabbits didn't habit?*

* * *

Prof: (Taking up exam papers): "Why the quotation marks on this paper?"

Student: "Courtesy to the man on my right sir."



CORNELL

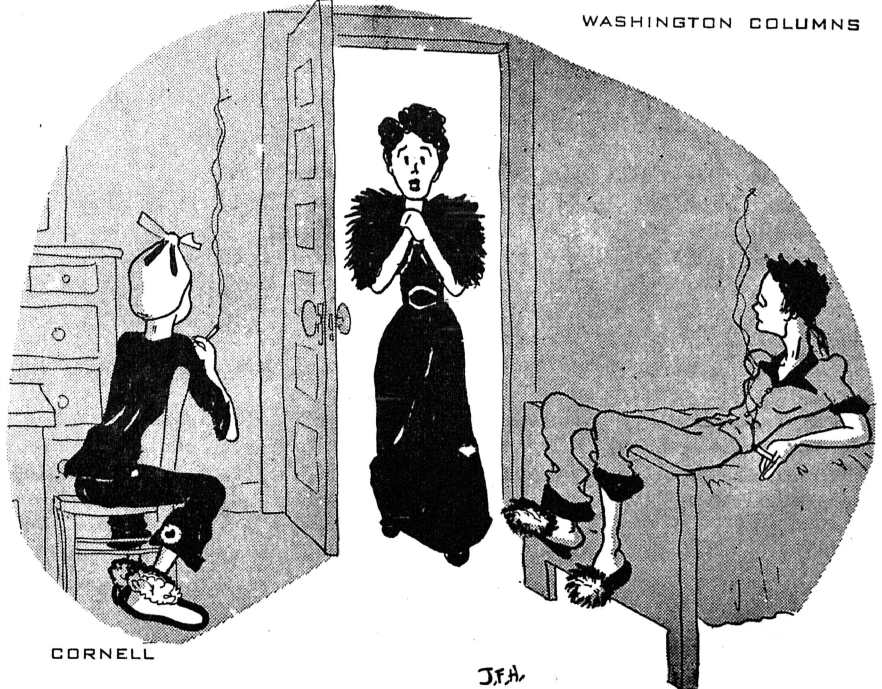
"... I hate men!"



"But it ain't just a line, baby. I'm hot for ya!"

WASHINGTON COLUMNS

filched



CORNELL

JFA

"He told me he loved me, and then he vomited."



YALE RECORD

"Don't tell me! Let me guess."



PRINCETON TIGER

"Have they reached maturity?"



Homecoming Eve

It's Homecoming time at old Mizzou. Get out the blank checks.

THE Rio Costoso gleamed in the neon light which reflected off the walls onto the bald head of the piano player. Rhythmic thumps jerked into the back room where Henderson Means sat surrounded by forty-six cheery young men. Duff had warned them beforehand to display their spirit of fellowship. They sang "Sweetheart of Sigma Sigma" in self-divided three-part harmony.

"Hurray!" cheered Means, beaming all around, the perfect picture of the alumnus celebrating Homecoming. "Let's have some beers."

Dunn, the fraternity treasurer, pressed his case.

"You'll notice that the roof on the new house will be built in such a way that we can build a fourth story if necessary. This is added at an extra cost of only—"

"Have a beer, Dunn!" said Means. "Have a beer, Dunn!" echoed the rest of the men.

"Of course, Mr. Means," Dunn laughed.

Hard was the beer to his lips when the choristers took up the sacred ritual chant, without which no one can consider himself to be a part of the celebration.

"Here's to Dunny, he's true blue, 'He's a drunkard through and through.

"He's a bounder, so they say, 'He'll never get to heaven 'cause he's goin' the other way. So drink chugalugchugalugchugalug. . ."

Dunn's eyes peered pleadingly from around the brown neck of the bottle. He set it down, the bottom still awash, and the crowd groaned as though Dunn had dated his high

school sweetheart from Boonville, who was an independent. But quickly they took up the chant again, and one-by-one the men repeated the gestures and imbibation of the rite.

"I like to see everybody have a good time," said Means.

"Dunn turned to the genial alumnus. "We have some blank checks if you don't have any of your own."

Means smiled, waved his hands through the air, bursting with joviality.

"What I want is some applejack. Let's all have some applejack!"

"Applejack! Applejack!" came the echoes.

"Good, straight, old applejack is sure fine," said Duff.

"Who drinks it straight? We'll mix it with beer."

"With the beer?"

"Pour it right into the bottle. That's a real chug-a-lug."

"Sounds fine, Mr. Means. Then we can talk about—" Just then the waiter re-entered with forty-seven glasses of applejack.

Following the waiter came Thomas, the fraternity president. Singing greeted him, and friendly, inoffensive cussing. He shook hands with Means and sat down to talk to Dunn.

"Has he broken down yet?"

"Means? He's having a good time. We're all having a good time." Dunn began to pour the applejack into his beer bottle.

"Dammit, you're supposed to keep sober. You know our house is falling apart. Ever since the furnace broke, and the front stairs—"

"Everything's gonna be all right, Thomas old boy."

"How many dues have you collected since September?"



"Well, Harris—glad to see you could make it."

(Continued on Next Page)

"Oh, you and me and—"

"Yeah. Did you find out what year Means graduated?"

"Not yet," Dunn said.

"Keep working. Warm him up. I'm going out to wash up."

When he returned, Pudd had succeeded in balancing seven beer bottles in his ash tray. Then he announced that he would pull out the bottom bottle without disturbing the rest. Thomas went to the bar and had a straight rye. He checked the color by holding it against the light. Suddenly, through the liquor, he saw a waiter trundling a case of champagne through the room.

"Where's all the champagne going?" he asked.

"Bunch of loaded University students in the Guava Room," said the waiter.

Thomas was thinking to himself. . . . "Of course Means will pick up the check, but when's he going to sign the one for house improvements?" He wondered what they were drinking now. Then he saw another case of champagne go by. He ran back to the party.

"Thar she blows!" Flake, the English major was standing astride a capsize table peering through the small end of a bottle at the opening of the champagne.

"That's a narwhale, and that's a sulphur bottom!" he bellowed. He caught sight of Thomas. "And there's the sperm whale!"

Thomas ran up to Means. "I have an announcement to make," he said.

"Go ahead, Tommy, old boy, go ahead," beamed Means blearily.

Thomas climbed onto a table. "Men, he yelled," listen! "I'm calling a meeting! An active meeting of Sigma Sigma."

Something in this sobering announcement brought the attention of the brothers.

"I want to introduce to you our esteemed alumnus, Henderson Means, who has an important announcement to make."

Slowly Means got to his feet and mounted the table top. He glanced slowly around the room. His face became serious and kindly and he spoke with feeling.

"Boys! Men! People will tell you that the coming years, when you'll

(Continued on Next Page)



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be married and working and establishing your places in the cruel world, will forget the good times you had at Mizzou. They'll tell you that."

He drew a handkerchief from his coat pocket and slowly pushed it across his forehead.

"But whatever they say, always remember your fraternity—the place you called home. Remember that you always found true brotherhood, true kinship, and you could keep it to yourselves. When you eat your meals at this fine house, you have a feeling which words cannot describe. Is there anyone here who can describe that sensation?"

No one could, and Thomas tore a blank check out of the book and filled in the date.

Means continued. "But the point is not so much will you forget this fraternity, but will it forget you? Think of the dim, hard years ahead when another herd of fine, young men wear their pins. Will you be remembered as a revered, inspiring alumni? Or will you be only a name on an enameled wall? It's up to you. What you do now—tonight—will decide the question whether you will be immortal for the next fifty years. Just ask yourselves what you can leave behind that will beat your names imperishably into the minds of the coming generations?"

He grew quiet again, and continued. "Let me make one humble suggestion . . . a suggestion I draw from the ancient cathedrals in many a peaceful European village, where the humble and mightily alike come to meditate. That suggestion is a window high on the front of this house, rich with the warm colors of stained glass weathered by the triumphant years. And imagine a pledge who comes into the house and gazes upward, toward heaven. What will he see? Need I say it? There, eternally will be a full-color reproduction of your group picture as it appeared in this year's *Savitar*!"

Thomas leaped to the table beside Means and shouted,

"A kitchen! A kitchen! You're supposed to pay for the new kitchen!"

But it was no use. "The window! The window!" came forty-six voices.

(Continued on Page 40)



MISSOURI Showme

reports:

On Cheerleading

SWAMI wandered into our office the other day and collapsed into one of the hammocks we keep around especially for people to collapse into.

"What's the matter with you?" we asked, looking up from our illicit bottle—a coke that we had smuggled out of Read Hall's basement.

"I'm dead," was his tired retort. "Go make arrangements for the funeral.

"Lillies or orchids?" we asked, feeding another sheet into our typewriter.

"Orchids, of course," he snapped. "You don't think I'd be cheap with your money?"

"Enough of this idle chit-chat," we said. "What's your current trouble?"

"Well," said the old philosopher, lighting up his beard accidentally, "it all started the night of September 28th. I was coming home from one of the numerous beerbusts at which

I preside *ex-officia*, when I happened to pass Brewer Field House. The basketball court was lit up and from inside came one Hell of a loud yell.

"It seemed to be some kind of a cheer because the word 'team' was repeated. For a minute I thought I had pulled a Rip Van Winkle and had been knocked clean into the basketball season. Getting a grip on myself, I stumbled in the back door, kicking numerous dogs out of my path, and made out the figure of a girl standing on the floor. She was going through all sorts of gyrations, while the whole crowd seemed to say:

'Let's yell like an Indian, woo-boo, And let's do some whistlin', whee-ubew;

Cause our's is the team that's best in the land,

Come on everybody, let's give Miz-zou a hand.'

"I sat down, somewhat stunned, waiting for the basketball team to

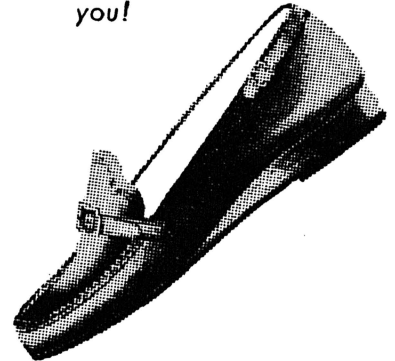
(Continued on Next Page)



"You know, if we're not careful, we're gonna disillusion him."

Trampeze
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this shoe is
strictly on the
go for
you!

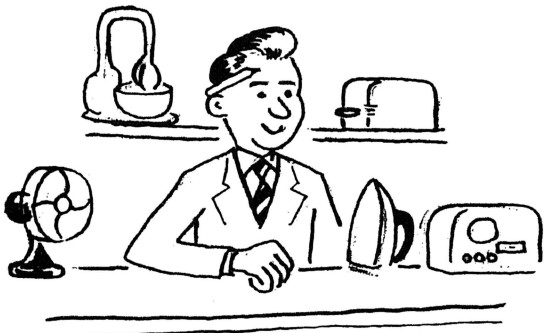


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1. Open to students of the University of Missouri, except members of the SHOWME staff.
2. A pseudonym must be used with each story or article, and should appear on the outside of a sealed envelope. The writer's name, address, and phone number should be included inside with the entry.
3. Manuscripts should be double-spaced with pages clearly numbered.
4. Only articles and stories of a humorous nature will be judged.
5. Entries should be mailed to: SHOWME, Read Hall, Columbia, Mo.
6. A new contest opens each month. There is no limit on the number of entries or the number of times you can win.

Entries will be judged on the basis of reader-interest, humor, and plot. Winning stories and articles will be published in SHOWME . . . if considered suitable for such purpose by the editors. Non-winning material will not be used without the author's consent. Manuscripts will be judged by members of the SHOWME staff. If no noteworthy stories are received, there will be no award that month.

Enter Every Month! You May Win!

put in its appearance. Instead, who should show up but Lucky Litner (of fable fame), and he proceeded to show everyone that he also knew how to spell 'team.' Litner was followed by a big procession of guys and gals who also proved to be great spellers and contortionists.

"I became particularly fascinated at one frosh beanie that kept bouncing up and down with each 'rah' . . . in fact, that beanie bounced up and down, down and up, right in front of me. I damn near went nuts. Out of a house of four-hundred people, I have to sit behind a bouncing beanie.

"Anyhow, I finally discovered that this was the cheerleader try-outs, sponsored by S. G. A.

"I hung around long enough to watch various and sundry characters wipe up the floor with themselves and to imbibe in a little refreshment that was being offered around by an affable junior. The cheerleading went on and things got better. Eventually everyone got into the spirit of the thing, and the roof became a little loose on its moorings.

"Then some rather befuddled individual, who sat at the official's table, announced an intermission. Having nothing else to do during this brief pause, we all sat around and cheered anything and everything in sight.

"After intermission, some of the better cheerleaders came back and led more loud yells; some of which we noticed were for various high schools in Missouri.

"We cheered mightily just the same. After all, who were we to disparage anyone's high school. Some guy even led a cheer for Harvard, of all places. Everybody cheered."

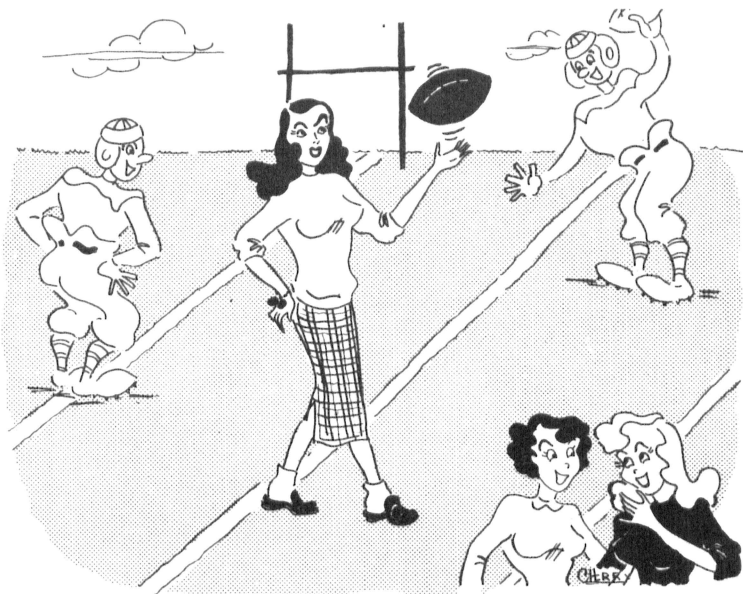
At this point the old fellow fell into a fitful doze.

"Wait!" we cried. "Who won? Who will be our new cheerleaders? Huh, Swami? Huh?"

"How the Hell should I know," he mumbled, "by that time I was too drunk to care. Somebody will be out there dancing on the field. They always are."

We tiptoed out quietly, leaving him snoring on our file case.

F. C. S.



“I think she’s trying to make the varsity.”

I sing of football, fast and hard,
 And of its heroes strong;
 Though it's not played upon the field
 In this collegiate song.
 The tackle has its etiquette;
 A lunge for waist or thigh.
 Though oftentimes a leap though air,
 Lands just a little high.
 Foul play they call this strangle hold
 On lighted football fields;
 But when the play is made at night
 The opposition yields! ? ?
 To block a pass is quite OK
 For frustrating them.
 It gives the weak offensive time
 To light a cig—and then . . .
 The stiff arm is quite sportsmanlike
 For pushing faces in.
 It gets the point across just like
 A left-cut to the chin.
 This interference must be run
 To cross the guarded goal.
 A date's a contest, but without
 The referee's control.

—Joy.

* * *

DEAR JOHN

Dear John,
 I don't know how
 To tell you somehow
 That we are parted
 Don't be brokenhearted.
 You see, John, I was only
 Trying to keep from being lonely.
 So ever since you went away,
 I got lonelier by the day.

John, I met a man;
 Nice of face, firm of hand.
 So please try not to be mad
 Altho' you've just been bad.

John, now don't run amuck
 Because of your poor luck
 So let your lips pucker
 Here's a kiss (SUCKER!)
 However, may I ask one last thing?
 Can I keep your engagement ring?
 I'm sure you won't mind, Hon;
 For my husband can't afford one.

—Smittie.

* * *

I think that I shall never see a pair
 of knees,
 As lovely as a pair of trees.
 Indeed, unless the long skirts fall,
 I'll never see a knee at all.

* * *

If I were a prof,
 All college degrees,
 Would be given,
 For dimples on knees.

—Shakespeare.

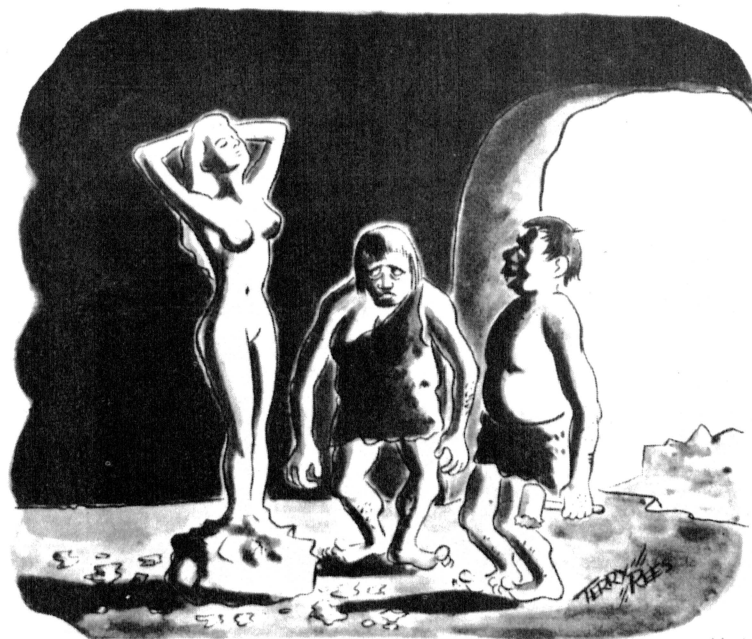
LAFTER THOUGHTS

A girl in mink,
 A little wink,
 Vous that link,
 Kitchen sink.

—Shakespeare.

* * *

The bee is such a busy soul;
 He has no time for birth control.
 And that is why in times like these,
 There are so many sons-of-bees.



“Isn't it hideous. I got it from a nightmare I had.”

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Donn's Corner

As far as I've been able to find out, it all began peacefully enough with the *Book-of-the-Month Club*. Somebody looked at the piles of money pouring into this young organization and decided to form a *Candy-of-the-Month Club*. Then, in rapid succession sprang up the *Gadget-of-the-Month*, *Flower-of-the-Month*, *Fun-of-the-Month*, and even the *Date-of-the-Month clubs*. All right, now it's my turn to look around, see all the money pouring into these clubs, and start my own. I have several ideas, so if you're interested in joining things, just keep reading.

Slip-Of-The-Month: Aspiring, perspiring writers! Are you weary of sending your works out to magazine editors and having them returned with crisp, terse rejection slips? Join the *Slip-of-the-Month Club* and each month—with no labor whatsoever on your part—you will receive one ex-class magazine. Positively no second-rate publications! No pulps! Only nice, heart-warming rejection slips that are a pleasure to receive. Amaze your friends with these personal, sincere, and delightful forgeries. Why wait two or more weeks for your rejection slips when you can get them promptly every month? Send today!

Junk-Of-The-Month: Ladies! My wife has just cleaned out our attic and has run across more stuff we can't use than anybody else can't use either, so I'm making this sensational offer. Join the *Junk-of-the-Month Club* and each month we'll send you a piece of guaranteed worthless bric-a-brac or brac-a-bric (depending on present supplies and the threat of the impending war). There is absolutely no useful article in the group of things you'll get. This offer features broken electric appliances, shadeless lamps, lampless shades, bits of string, empty boxes, boxes filled with bits of string, dusty trunks, trunks filled with dust, and so many other things we'd like to get rid of that I don't tremely polite, hand-written, personally-signed rejection slip from the

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—IMPORTANT MEN
LOOK YOUNG

*America's smartest
Men's clothes*

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NEUKOMMS

editors of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *Collier's*, *Harper's*, and other first-have space to mention them all. So, ladies, if you have an empty attic or basement and would like to fill it with priceless heirlooms and keepsakes, just join the Club today! (Admission is free! Please, for heaven's sake, join! We need room to live!)

Bride-of-the-Month: Men, do you get tired of your wife? Does she wear out—or wear you out—shortly after the wedding? Become a member of the *Bride-of-the-Month Club* and receive each month a new, fresh, unused wife. Our girls will not argue with you, fight with you, or protest against unwelcome advances—with these babes, no advances are unwelcome! The only hitch in this plan is that you must get rid of each preceding wife before the new one comes along. If you have more than



one wife, you can be arrested for pigamy. Get rid of your present wife and join our club.

Murder-of-the-Month: Do you wish to get rid of your present wife? Girls, does your husband bore you? Want to have him done away with? Any old mother-in-law you want rubbed out? Join this latest organization and all your troubles will be eliminated! Only the toughest, meanest, most-sadistic killers supplied. No washed-up pugs or petty thieves trying to break into the big time. As a member of this club, you will be entitled to one murder a month plus an extra mutilation of your grandmother for every four murders ordered. Specify whether you want a gangster with a Bogart twang or a Widmark laugh.

. . . And that should put an end to the *Blank-of-the-Month* clubs once and for all. Hey! There's an idea! Maybe I could sell blanks every month! Anybody want any order blanks, blank cartridges, blankety-blank-blanks, etc.? Join today! (Or later in the month.)

—Donn.

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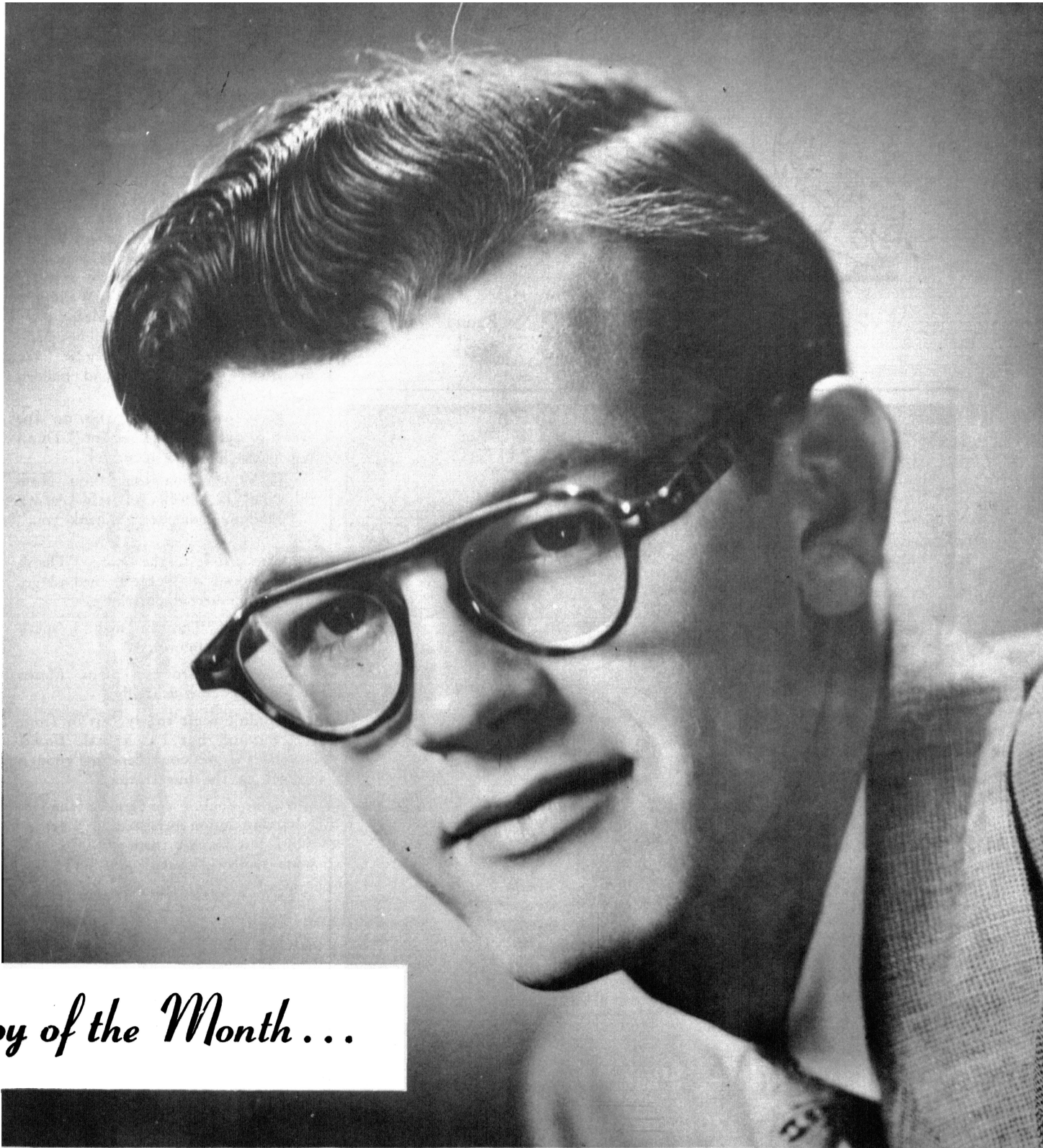


Girl of the Month . . .

PHOTOGRAPH BY GIBBONS GRIFFIN AT JULIES'

BARBARA BECK

Senior in Journalism . . . Mortar Board . . . Ex-poster chairman and ex-costume chairman of Missouri Workshop . . . Purple Mask, dramatics honorary . . . Vice-president of Theta Sigma Phi, journalism honorary . . . Chairman of A. W. S. Freshman Orientation Committee . . . Orchestra . . . Careers Conference . . . French Club . . . Kappa Epsilon Alpha, freshman honorary . . . Alpha Chi Omega . . . 20 . . . Gary, Indiana.



Boy of the Month...

PHOTOGRAPH BY GIBBONS GRIFFIN AT JULIES'

DANA SULLIVAN

Junior in Business and Public Administration . . . President of Tiger Claws
. . . President of University Men's Burrall Cabinet . . . Chairman of 1948
Tiger Nite Rally . . . S. G. A. Dance Committee . . . Ex-president of Inter-
Fraternity Pledge Council . . . Pi Kappa Alpha . . . 22 . . . Kansas City.



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HOMECOMING . . .

(continued from page 32)

"Nobody's gonna look at a bunch of pots and pans and be reminded of us."

"Give me that blank check," said Means. "I'll sign it while you sign this contract." He withdrew a legal-size paper from his coat. "We'll just make this out to the Means Art Glass and Novelty Co.," he continued, scrawling on the check. He descended to the floor and handed it to Dunn.

"Now you just sign this on the front to acknowledge receipt." Dunn signed quickly and accurately.

"Thank you, son, thank you. Now I'll take the check for safe-keeping . . . and my contract. Thank you," said Means.

Means strode to the door. "Thank you, one and all." He turned to go, then remembered something.

"Oh, Mr. Thomas, may I speak to you for a moment?"

Thomas crossed the room. Means spoke very confidentially.

"I didn't want to say this in front of everyone, but I'm a little broke. I wonder if you could lend me enough to get to the bus station?"

Vague doubts concerning the recent transaction persisted in Thomas' mind, but he cast them off. "Here's some trolley tickets."

"Won't have time, I'm late now."

"Here's a dollar, then. You can catch a cab at the corner."

"Thank you, my boy. Oh, one thing more." He leaned closer. His voice, low before, now became a most confidential whisper.

"Hate to ask this," he said, "but what was the name of this outfit again?"

"Sigma Sigma."

"Oh, yes. Well, good night, son. And God bless you." He walked away through the almost empty front room of the Rio Costoso and out the door. The changing rainbow from the juke box tinted the frosted window, and through it Thomas saw the disappearing form of Henderson Means.

—J. E. D.

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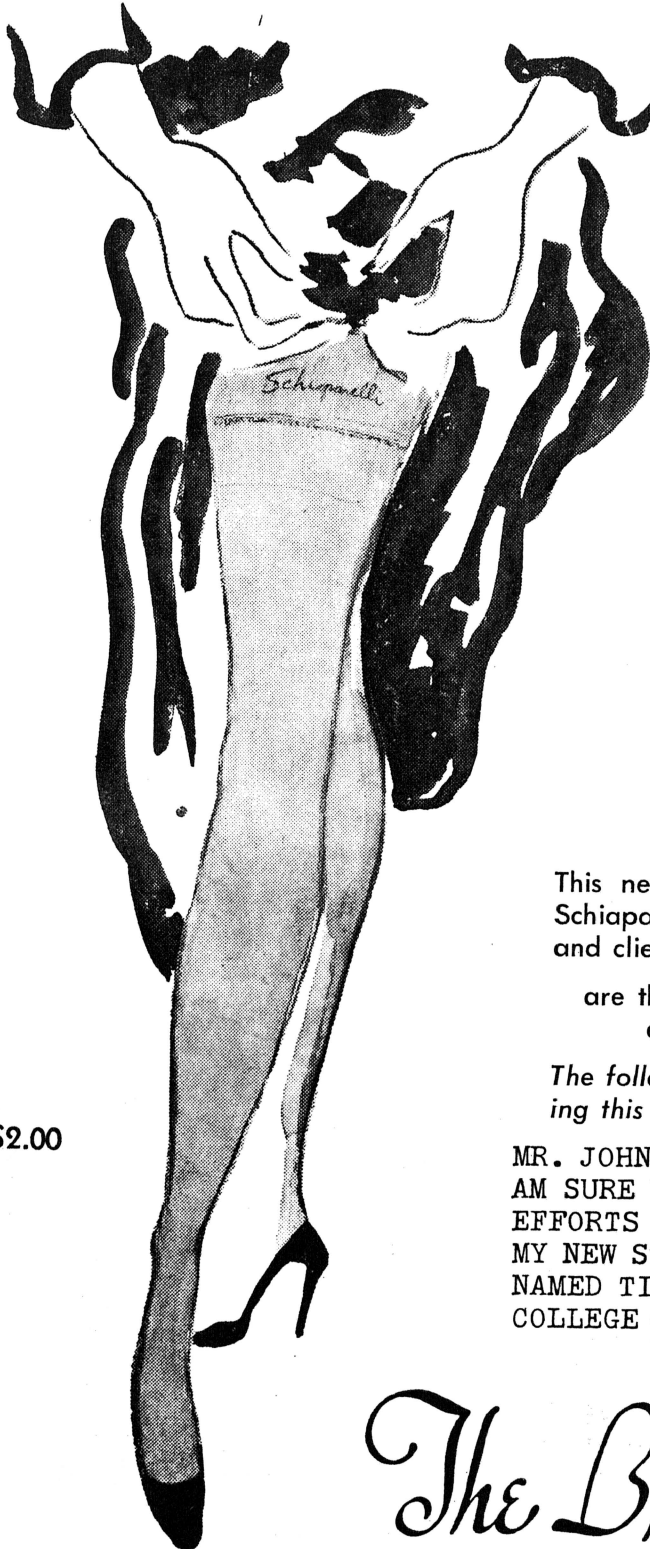
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"Talk louder! Can't hear you for those damn bells!"

* * *

"Was he surprised when you said you wanted to marry his daughter?"

"Was he. The gun nearly fell out of his hand."

* * *

He: Why is your lipstick redder now that I've kissed you than it was before?

She: That's not lipstick, that's blood.

* * *

He: Do you know what virgins dream about?

She: No, what?

He: I suspected as much.

* * *

Housewife (to garbage man)— "Am I too late for the garbage?"

Garbage man— "No, ma'am, jump right in."

* * *

Judge— "Rastus, do you realize that by leaving your wife you are a deserter?"

Rastus— "Judge, if you know'd that woman like I does, you wouldn't call me a deserter. I'se a refugee.



"Who in the hall do you want?"

jerrymandering



with Jerry Smith

Well, everything is back to normal at good old, grand old, Snafu Missou. Beer is flowing, sideburns are growing, lovers are snowing and Middlebush is last seen over Albuquerque non-stop to Afganistan.

The enrollment is down and, according to the University, living conditions are much better. Anemic Corpuscles, the blue-campus resident, who applies for a room in T.D. 3 last November is living in the South Dormitory Group—an insulated sewer pipe which he shares with three groundhogs, a one eared mutation and a Cardinal refugee from the last Brooklyn game.

Anemic says last year the ratio is only three to one. This year it is up—four 'Missouri State Resident Veteran's' barracks for the girls and one for the boys. Next year the barracks will be torn down and T.D. 4 will also be given to the girls. However, the boys have nothing to worry about. They're digging a large trench on White Campus.

Crowder Hall meals are about the same. For breakfast there is frozen grease sprinkled with egg, vulcanized flapjacks with number thirty motor oil and an early morning sneer from the dietician. For dinner there is T-steak bone' with one peck of under-boiled Irish revolution potatoes.

Slide Rhule, the engineer, says that the University building program is progressing according to plan. First they start the men's dorms, then the girl's dorms, then the gym extension, then the stadium addition. Next they are going to build a pipe line from the Shack to Stephens. The engineer has promised that the building fund will run out before anything is finished. Otherwise he has to commit suicide.

They also repair the bases of the

Columns. Tripod has just about worn them out. Jesse Aud has been condemned again. This year the audience for the *Savitar* Frolics will sit on the stage and the actors will perform from the President's balcony.

Legal Graft, the B.&P.A. student, is down at Stephens watching the Suzan frills arrive. Legal is trying to prove a theory that Stephens is subsidized by Central Dairy and the Chemistry Department is devoted to making hot fudge from gin.

Legal says he never sees so many Buicks and Cadillacs. One frill comes in a Ford. She pulls up beside a Buick, a little man runs out of a Buick hood, closes the portholes, and screams, "Avast! Garabage scow off the port bow."

One of the Suzans smiles at a

boy and is sentenced to Torture 'number five'—listening to every program of the Stephens singers this year. Legal says that Stephens has a jet-plane this year—a '50 Studebaker with horizontal doors.

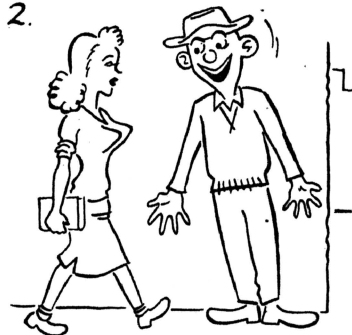
Danglin' Infinitive, the *Student* reporter, tells me that the *Student* is back to normal also. It is still five cents a copy on Monday (Or is it Wednesday? Nobody knows; it's a scheme to catch unwilling purchasers off guard) and one-half cent a pound on the following day. Last year this rag runs a campaign to prove that there will be no World War III. However this is dropped when Henry Wallace loses interest—what's the use of convincing seventeen readers?

(Continued on Next Page)

1.



2.



3.



4.



YOU PHONE 'EM — WE FETCH 'EM

Sandwiches

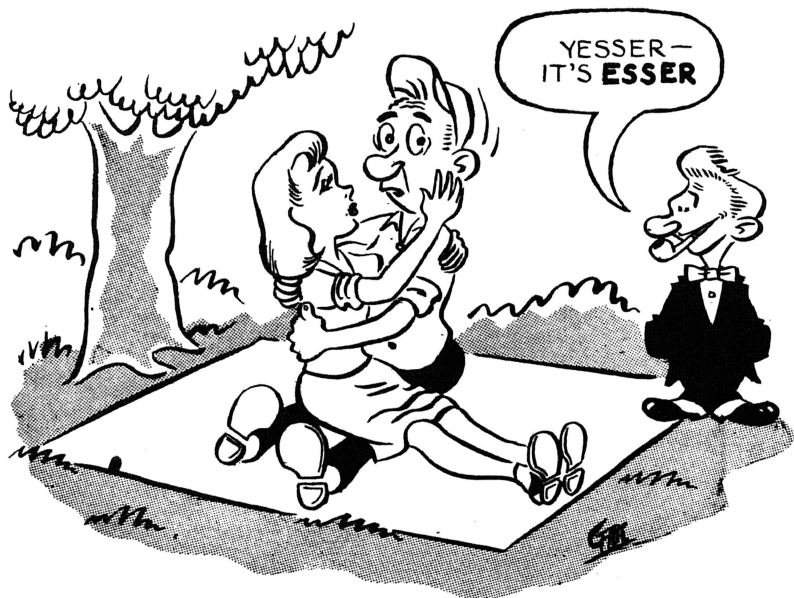
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Of course, there is a truce between the *Student* and *Showme* this year so I will only say nice things about the *Student*. Nice thing: "The *Student* numbers every page!"

Many organizations are planning dances and I would like to say that there is no better band on the campus than Hop Head Harry and His Hot Half Dozen. This organization features such popular songs as "Use Lots of Perfume, Baby, We're Getting Stinkin' Tonight", "I Never See Maggie's Thigh Bone", "The Four Chins and The Seven G's" (dedicated to Stephens) and "That Lucky Old S.O.B."

Hop Head himself plays the one-string Hungarian banjo (guess which string). He uses battered Theta pins for picks and battered Thetas for kicks.

Einstein Freud, the little guy with the big brain, is trying to locate these mental experts who are trying to determine what makes men successful. Einstein says it is the same thing which makes women—money.

Which reminds me that Greek Towne, the man walking behind the pin, says he has discovered an after-shave lotion which is sure to attract women. It is positively guaranteed to attract them—it smells like money.

Pierpoint Rotcy, of the Tiger Battalion, has finally discovered his ambition in life. He wants to be the Presidential Military Aid. In view of this he is collecting merit badges, good conduct medals and deep freezers. Also, if anyone knows any gangsters or crooked politicians, he will be happy to make their acquaintance.

Lefty Waynger, the radical, says that this Russian A-bomb scare is a lot of foolishness. The truth is—Stalin burps and Truman gags. According to Stalin, the Russians are merely blasting. Lefty says this is true—they are blasting their way to the core of the earth to prove that Russians were in Hell before Lucifer.

Cat-Eyes Bijou, the movie fiend, says the best theatre marquee of the year is the one that says, "James Cagney in *White Heat* with Virginia Mayo."

Madden Burndup, the ex-G.I., is still sore about the end of the 52-20

club. In fact he is so sore that he inspires Nosey Eversharp, the J-student, to write a play called:

RANK RANKIN

Scene: Rankin's Washington Castle. Rankin is standing before a picture of Napoleon. He is trying to push his hand into his coat lapel. However his hand is filled with political appointment blanks and letters of praise from admiring management. Rankin gives up in disgust. He moves to a picture of Lincoln and tries to grow a beard. The Reporter enters:

Reporter: (Bowing) Rep., what was your reason for opposing the extension of Veterans Unemployment Benefits?

Rank: (Blowing through nose) Too damn many Republican Veterans.

Report: Is that the only reason?

Rank: Nah, it's sit down, rocking chair pay. (Sits down in rocking chair).

Report: Do you think this opposition will affect your chances for re-election?

Rank: (Snorting) I'm a Democrat ain't I? I'm from Mississippi, ain't I? You all.

* *Report:* Don't you think with the large amount of unemployment it would have been better to extend the bill?

Rank: Pish, posh. I'm a Democrat ain't I? I'm from Miss. ain't I? you all. (Begins screaming).

Witch: (Entering) Now, Ranky, old boy, you must watch your blood. It's liable to turn red. You won't be able to go to congress and oppose bills.

Rank: (Screaming) I want my W.W. I Pension Bill passed. I want it passed, I tell you! Then I'm going to pass a bill for a Civil War Pension. I'll give them a million dollars. Then a Revolutionary War Pension. French and Indian, Turkish, Boxer; 1612, blub, blub. . . (Begins frothing at mouth. Carried off by witch and reporter doing Spanish fandango.)

THE END

ENJOY

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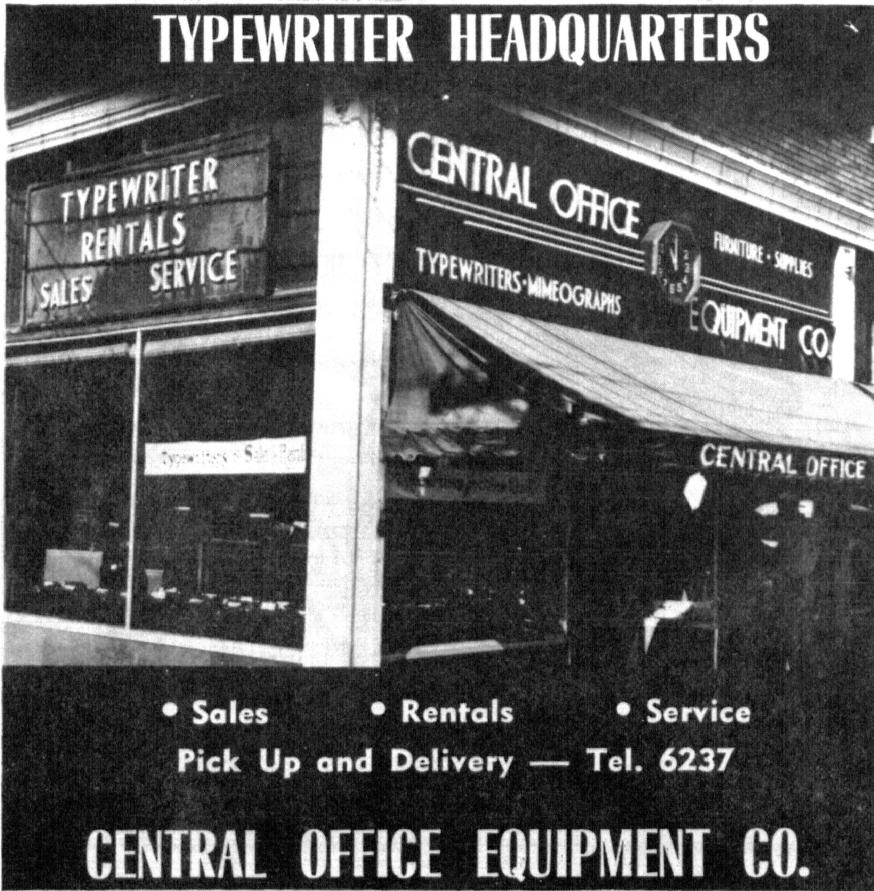
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"Are you free tonight?" he asked.
"No," she replied coyly, "but I'm inexpensive."

* * *

She: Do you wanna spoon?

He: Spoon? What's Spooning?

She: Why, look at those other couples over there; that's spooning.

He: Well, if that's spooning, let's shovel.

* * *

1st dog: "Do you have a family tree?"

2nd dog: "No, We're not particular."

* * *

"How do girls get Sables?"

"The same way that sables get sables."

* * *

"Where's my fraternity pin, fair one?"

"I left it home, Oswald. Fred got blood poisoning."

* * *

*He—*Let's have a kiss.

*She—*Not on an empty stomach.

*He—*Of course not. Right where the last one was.

* * *

"F-e-e-t," the teacher exclaimed, "what does that spell, Mary?"

"I dunno."

"Well, what is it that a cow has four of and I have only two?"

So Mary told her.

* * *

"I seem to have run out of gas," he said softly.

Her face, small and white, was turned up to his, her eyes glowing dizzily from beneath heavy lids. Her head swam.

Slowly he bent over her.

Relax . . . he was her dentist.

* * *

"Do you think your son will forget everything he learned in college?"

"I hope so. He can't make a living necking."

"How'd you do in math this year?"
"Prof said I didn't know math from a hole in the ground."

* * *

"I think when William and I are married, we'll go to Bali Bali and see what it's like."

"Don't be silly, it's the same everywhere."

Judge: "Mm, beating your wife again. Fine is ten dollars and forty cents."

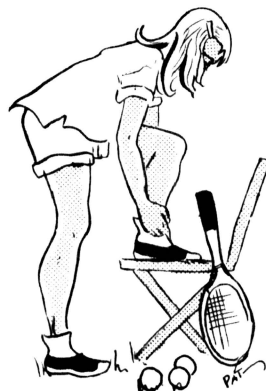
Defendant: "Do you mind telling me what the forty cents is for?"

Judge: "Amusement tax."

* * *

Verbatim quotation from a notice posted on a government agency bulletin board:

All officials who wish to take advantage of the stenographers in the pool should report to Room 5235 to show evidences of their needs.



A recently discharged Navy gunner was home dozing peacefully in front of the stove. The door of the stove came open and flames shot out.

"Fire," shouted his wife.

The gunner leaped to his feet, grabbed the cat, shoved it into the stove, slammed the door, opened the draft and shouted up the stove pipe, "Ready two."

* * *

"If a drunk is soue of the border in Mexico, what is he in France?"

"Plaster of Paris."

* * *

"I'm losing my punch," said the co-ed as she left the party hastily.

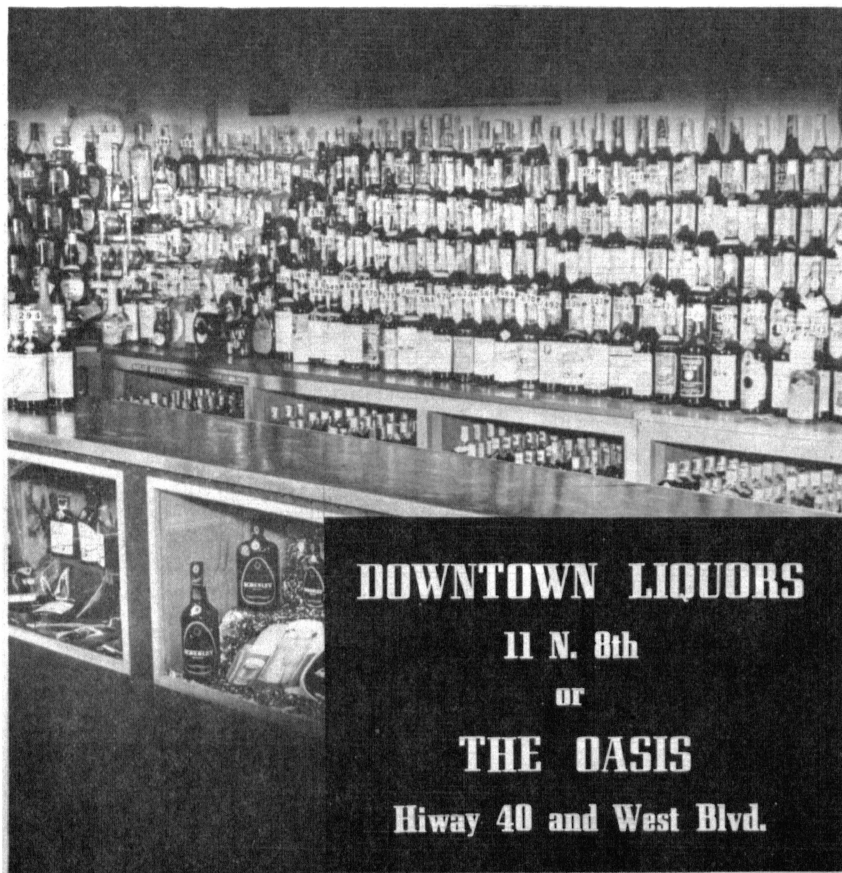
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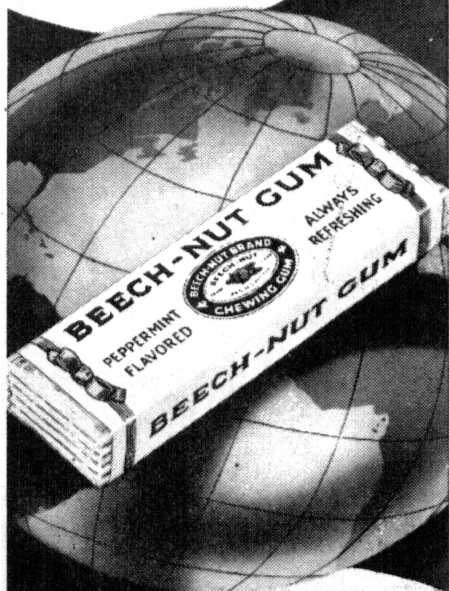
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contributors' page

Glenn Troelstrup



PHOTOGRAPH BY JULIES' STUDIO

After submitting hundreds of cartoons to *Showme*, Glenn Troelstrup was finally rewarded when one of them appeared in last year's 'Homecoming Issue.' Since then there hasn't been an issue without a Troelstrup cartoon. This month he reaches even greater heights with his first center-spread, which is found, oddly enough, in the center of this magazine.

A Columbia boy and a Phi Kappa Psi, Glenn is planning to major in advertising and to do graduate work at the Chicago Academy of Fine Arts.

The only complaint against Glenn is the one the editor has: "He signs his name too damn big on his cartoons."

Jack Organ

Last year Jack Organ worked for *Showme* taking pictures for ads, getting shots for Candidly Mizzou, and making his share of dark-room boners. Now Jack, one of our most able photographers, is back on the staff taking pictures like mad; but as yet

we don't know what will develop in the dark-room.

Jack, a Lambda Chi Alpha pledge from Richmond Heights, Missouri, is planning the inevitable—to go into J-School and major in photo-journalism.

C. J. Cherry

Poor C. J. Cherry. That kid's got more talents than she knows what to do with. She's a cartoonist on the *Showme* staff, but her main interest is fiction writing. She recently finished writing and illustrating a book for children. Besides all this, C. J. (for Carol Jean) wrote and appeared in the Kappa Alpha Theta *Savitar* Frolics skit last year and directed and danced in the Theta chorus line for last year's Carousel. She was also a cartoonist on the staff of our next door neighbor, the *Savitar*.

A senior in journalism, "The Body" started drawing cartoons for *Showme* last spring. She's one of the most vivacious girls we've ever had on the staff—a great lover of the three B's—Boys, Be-Bop, and Booze.



PHOTOGRAPH BY JULIES' STUDIO



'50
Savitar

Of Course you've heard of Savitar
Of Course you know all about
Savitar

Of Course you want a Savitar

So

Check one

Enclosed is my check for

Full payment (\$6.50)

Part payment (\$3.50)

Have salesman contact me.

Name

Address

"Smoke MY cigarette...
Milder Chesterfield"

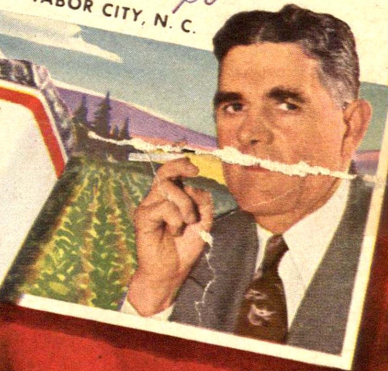
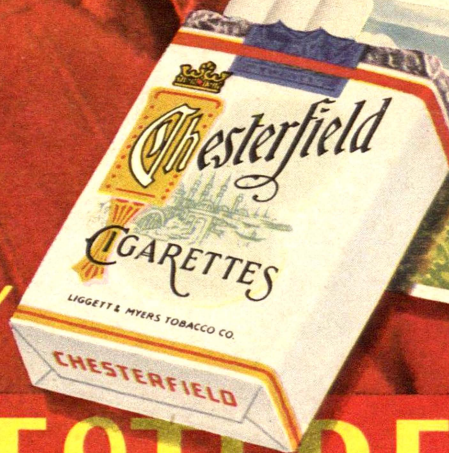
Glenn Ford

*Suaring in
"MR. SOFT TOUCH"
A Columbia Picture*

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