

SEPTEMBER · 1949 ·

25¢



MISSOURI Showme

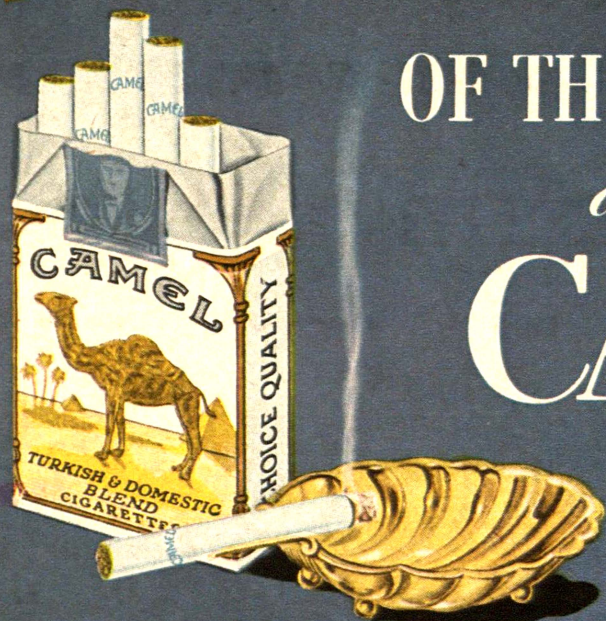
Neophyte Issue

FLASH

30-DAY TEST REVEALED

NOT ONE SINGLE CASE OF THROAT IRRITATION *due to smoking* CAMELS!

DOCTORS REPORT



Yes, that's what noted throat specialists reported after making weekly examinations of the throats of hundreds of people, from coast to coast, who smoked Camels, and only Camels, for 30 consecutive days!

SMOKERS REPORT



MRS. ARTHUR O'NEILL, housewife: "I made the Camel 30-Day Test and enjoyed every puff of it! For taste and flavor, it's Camels every time!"



STEEL WORKER Cyril Byrne: "On my job, a cigarette is a good friend. I made the 30-Day Test - now Camels are my smoke for keeps!"



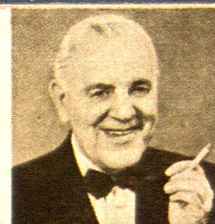
LOVELY SOCIALITE Mrs. Thomas Phipps: "My search for a milder, better-tasting cigarette is over! The test won me to Camels!"



COLE PORTER, song writer: "The doctors' report proves what I've known about Camels for years. They're as mild as they are flavorful!"



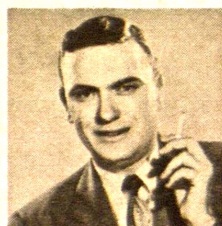
TELEPHONE OPERATOR Rita Edwards: "The 30-Day Test convinced me! Camels are the mildest, best-tasting cigarette I've ever smoked!"



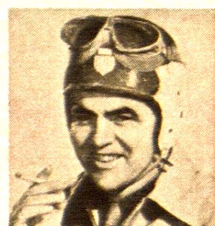
WILLIE HOPPE, master of the cue: "30 Days? My personal test of Camels covers 20 years. I know how good Camels taste... how mild Camels are!"



JINX CLARK, lovely show-skater: "I put Camels to the test in my 'T-Zone'. There's nothing like them for flavor. And Camels are so mild!"



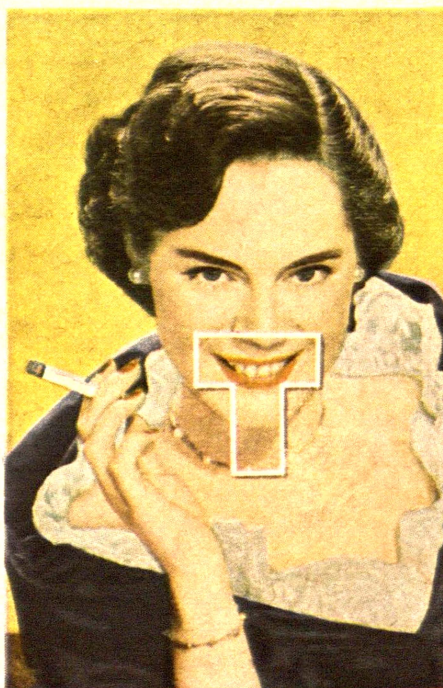
STOREKEEPER Bernard Unger: "By my test, Camels are a standout for flavor! And they're mild. I know...I smoke over a pack a day."



BOBSLED ACE Francis Tyler: "I'm talking from experience when I say Camels are mild. I've smoked them for years. Camels taste great!"



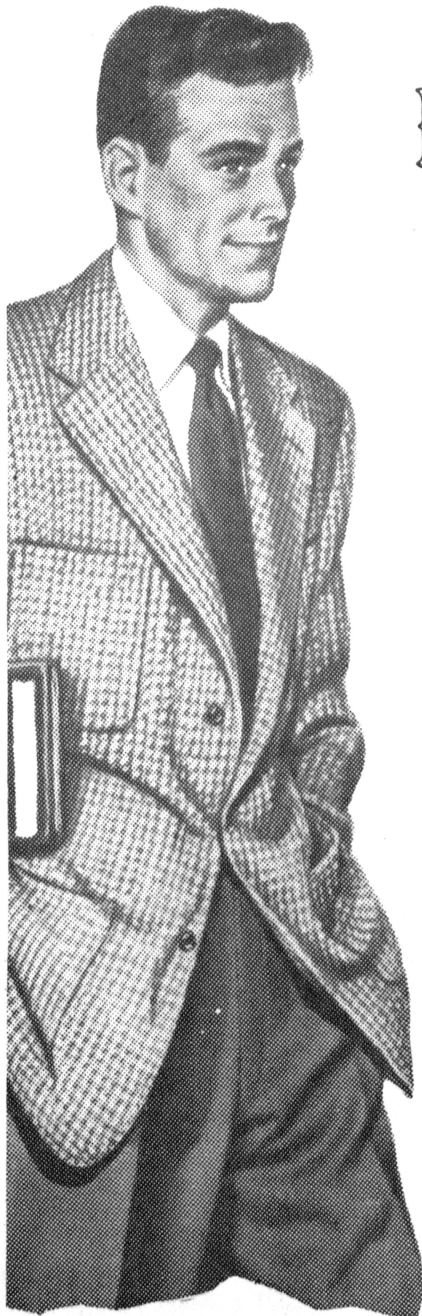
STAR AQUA-SKIER Margie Fletcher: "Looks like I'll be stretching the 30-Day Test into many happy years of smoking Camels!"



Make your own
Camel 30-Day Test in your "T-Zone"

● Over and beyond the reports of noted throat specialists, the final authority on Camel mildness and flavor is your own "T-Zone" (T for taste, T for throat). Test Camels yourself for 30 days. See how your taste appreciates the rich, full flavor of Camel's choice tobaccos. See what your throat reports on Camel's cool mildness.

RALLY around *Puckett's* for the
MC GREGOR* RALLY
for Back to Campus '49



BRAD—Class Treasurer: *banks on*

BIG ICECAP COAT—Big shoulders, longer length. A wool-blend gabardine, with crush-resistant alpaca, and topped with Mouton Collar.....\$59.95

GABBY—Class Orator: *debates in*

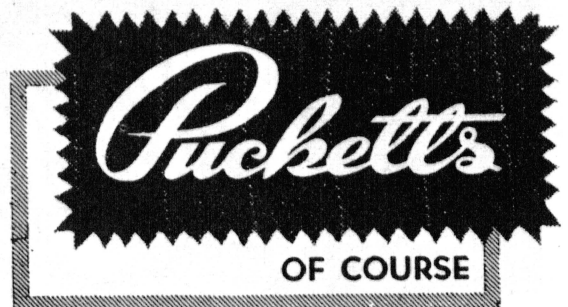
STORMY GAB JACKET—A worsted-blend gabardine lined jacket. Has soft mouton collar.....\$25.00

LOOKS like a
British Glen

FEELS like
velvet

**PADDOCK
CORD**

\$22⁹⁵



News

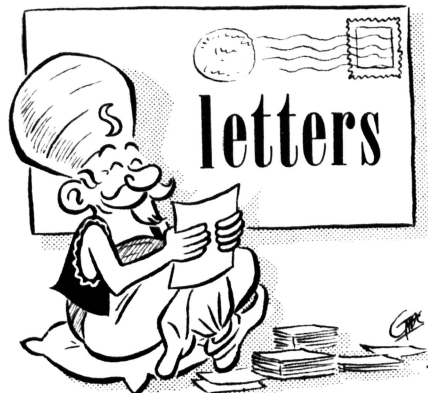
FROM PLAZA LIQUORS



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:

. . . With your help, let's startle Old Mizzou this year by establishing a bond of friendship between our two publications.

No more fixed "What do you think of *Showme*?" polls on our part. Your magazine is tops in the nation, and the *Student* has merely lost prestige in the past by fighting it. It's high time we shook hands and both did our best to boost Missouri.

Ray Rowland, Editor
Missouri Student

Those undoubtedly are the kindest words ever written about Showme by an editor of the Student. Through the tears in our old eyes we can see you are a gentleman, sir. Leave us get together over a beer and seal this deal. Ed.

Dear Editor:

I have put up with *Showme* for a year now, and I question your policy of using 'straight' fiction. Why, when one can find such reading in national 'slicks', does a humor magazine print such material? The cartoons and jokes are fine . . . let's see more of 'em.

John Schweikert
16301 Lkwd. Hts. Blvd.
Cleveland 7, Ohio

We submit, John. In response to student demand, the strictly serious fiction is being dropped. Our writers are taking laughing gas this year. Ed.

Dear Editor:

The story in the 'Party Issue' about a man with too much curiosity was well-written and a real attention-getter. "Sundown in the Marshlands" was enjoyable reading.

Milton M. Armstrong
602 S. Williams
Columbia, Mo.

Coleman Younger and his galloping nudes are back with us this semester. He promises us more of the same. Ed.

Dear Editor:

Hey . . . how's about including ole RKJ on your mailing list? Send me a bill for the issues for the rest of the year and keep 'em coming. I'm finding that I miss old State U., but am damned glad to be through school.

Bob 'Disc Derby' Jones
Radio Station KVOO
Tulsa, Okla.

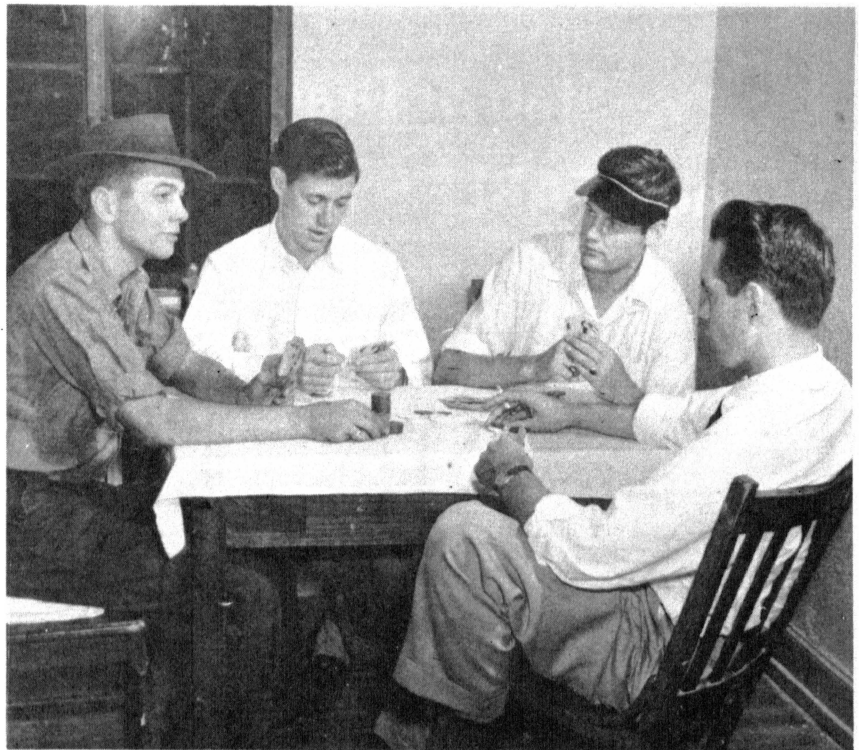
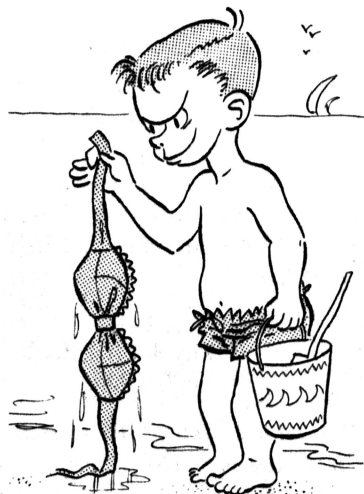
Roger-dodger, Bob. Over and out. Ed.

Dear Editor:

Do you have an office? If so, where is it and when are you there?

George Buse
Columbia, Mo.

Yes. 304 Read Hall (take a canteen and plenty of food if you undertake the journey). 2 to 4 p.m. Monday through Friday. Please check shotguns or knives at the door. Ed.



Everything goes except a date with the girl in the suit from
JULIE'S

Fabrics . . .
Henri Noel,
Columbia's Fine Fabrics shop,
presents a brilliant display of
fabrics dyed in triumphant fall colors.
With Henri Noel dress patterns
and fabrics you can establish
the trend-setting perfection
that your wardrobe demands.
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Henri Noel

Stag or Drag
The STABLE'S the place

THE
STABLE



THE STABLE

Providence Road Near Hinkson Bridge



This first issue is most respectfully dedicated to those wanton little characters who infest our campus every Fall . . . the neophytes.

Complete with beanies and bewildered looks, the newcomers can be seen wandering about town, peering wistfully into booze parlors, dodging automobiles, and generally getting in everyone's way.

Showme and Swami hope to guide these provincial urchins . . . start them on the right path . . . and make them wise in the ways of the world. For a quarter, one-fourth of a dollar, we will become their *mother-away-from-home*. And that is why we are devoting the first issue to our wide-eyed, unblemished frosh.

Believe it or not, *Showme* is beginning its twenty-seventh year at Missouri (including several censorial detours). The older members of our present staff, who can be distinguished by their harried looks and Hoover buttons, like to reflect on the good fortune accorded *Showme* during the post-war years. Our circulation has doubled, advertising has tripled, and we possess a top-flight national rating. We even *made* money!

But we're not through. . . . This year our old readers will find more cartoons, more jokes, and more humorous stories in *Showme's* pages. In short, we're going to knock ourselves out trying to please you, the reader.

If you don't like something, write us . . . don't spit at staff members. And if you draw, write, like to sell, or have two heads, common up to our office. It's the room in Read Hall with opium smoke coming out from under the door.

We've got lots of surprises and yuks coming up for you this semester. The more sadistic staff members already are rubbing their clammy hands together and chortling with glee, rarin' to put their fiendish plans to work. So be prepared for anything.

*Showme*ingly yours,

STABLE



MISSOURI SHOWME

YOUR CAMPUS HUMOR MAGAZINE

Neophyte
Issue

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Showme Broadcast on KFRU
Pete Mayer
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COVER BY FLASH FAIRFIELD

Volume 27 September, 1949 Number 1

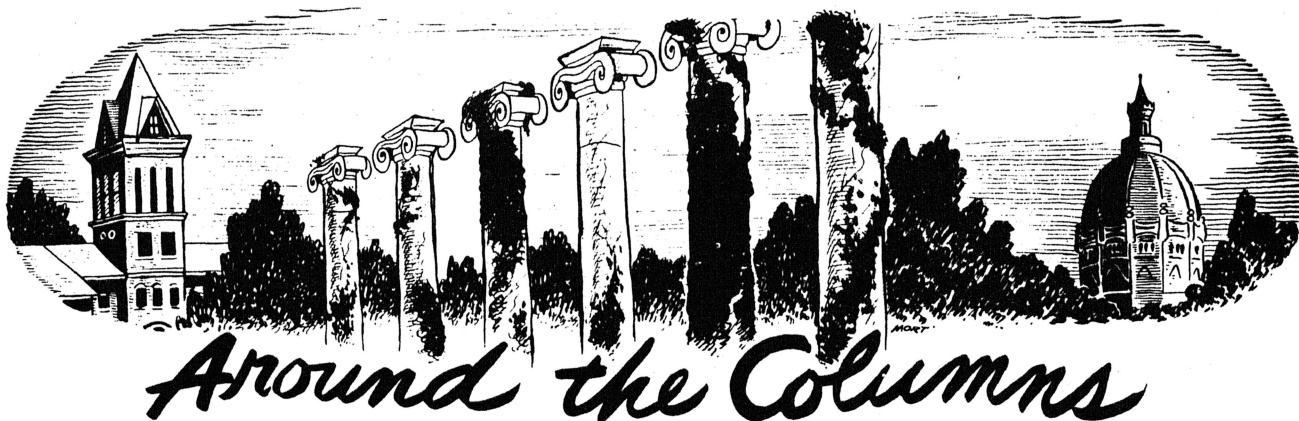


MEMBER

SHOWME is published nine times, September through May, during the college year by the students of the University of Missouri. Office: 304 Read Hall, Columbia, Mo. All copyrights reserved. Unsolicited manuscripts may be sent by mail or delivered to the office. Advertising rates furnished on request. National Advertising Representative: W. B. Bradbury Co., 122 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y. Printer: Modern Litho-Print Co., Jefferson City, Mo. Price: 25c a copy, \$2.75 by mail. Office Hours: 2 to 4 p.m., Monday through Friday, 304 Read Hall.



*Neophyte with cheek so fair,
Enter college, but beware;
Do the very best you can,
And don't come back a college man.*



Around the Columns

Overheard

In a crowded resort restaurant: "Don't you put 'Miss' on my tombstone . . . I haven't missed anything!"

September

Back again . . . another whirl . . . books, parties, football, dates . . . on the campus the first time . . . books, parties, football, dates . . . just more of them to look forward to . . . darn good to be back . . . glad to leave in June . . . happier to be back now . . . wonder if Jack's back . . . naw, he found a job in Florida he liked; says it's a good deal . . . wonder how the girls'll stack up this year . . . meeting the Suzie train . . . yell-ins . . . not bad . . . not bad . . . anything new open in town? . . . jump in, we'll take a look around . . . all pretty much the same . . . Broadway . . . the highways . . . 9th Street . . . sure good to be back . . . new faces, new friends, new roommates . . . book lines and first-day classes . . . hard to sit still for 50 minutes . . . gotta get used to it . . . gotta raise the average this year . . . horselaughs . . . back on Jesse's steps . . . whatja' do this summer? . . . how'dja make out? . . . still pinned? . . . tales by the hours . . . lengthened, exaggerated, fabricated . . . but good . . . didja see the car Bill's drivin' now? . . . didja see? . . . whatya think? . . . three month's chatter in two weeks . . . summer forgotten . . . routine begins . . . books, parties, football, dates . . . darn, it's good to be back!

Same Old Story

"Joe College was en route to Tiger Town to have supper and to his misfortune, Miss Coed coincidentally was on her way there, too, and naturally she bumped into Joe.

'Hello,' Miss Coed smiled. 'Where are you going?'

'I'm going to supper,' Joe replied hesitantly. 'Would you care to join me?' he added as a matter of politeness, trying to be chivalrous.

'Oh, I'd be delighted,' Miss Coed accepted with affection and to Joe's horror.

'Well, let's flip a coin to see where we eat,' said Joe disgustedly. 'I guess we'll go here; there isn't too much difference.'

'Oh, Joe, how romantic!' Miss Coed cooed. 'This is where we first met four years ago when we first started at school. Don't you remember?'

'No, I hadn't thought about it,' Joe remarked with irritation.

'How could you forget!' Miss Coed moaned dejectedly. 'Why, Joe, nothing has changed . . . the same old smelly odor, the same menu, the same food, the same booths!'

'Yes, and the same darn prices, too!' Joe observed sarcastically."

We rather enjoyed this bit of chronic griping which was on the

back page, bottom right-hand side, of the July 26 issue of *Summer Reveille*, the student newspaper at Louisiana State University in Baton Rouge.

"What the devil," we thought. "They say they have the world's largest cafeteria, darn near every dorm has one, and they have a darn good assortment of outside joints . . . and they're still griping. Don't know when they're well off? They just haven't been to Missouri! At least these people *can't* see the bottom of their cup *through* their coffee!"

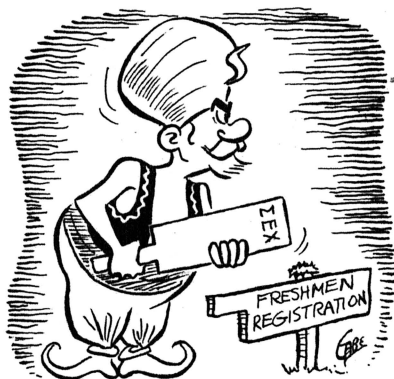
Just Like An Engineer

An Engine School friend of ours returned to the University this Fall only to find he had drawn a certain professor he disliked . . . dating from previous experience. It seems this professor has the annoying habit, when lecturing, of uttering a guttural "uh" between his sentences and often within them.

So what did the brilliant engineer do? On the second day of class he arrived with a stop-watch, graph paper, and all the paraphernalia necessary for a statistical survey.

After several days of observation, he determined accurately the average time required for the utterance of each "uh," and the average number of "uhs" given voice to during each lecture. Multiplying these by the number of lectures per day and by the number of days per school year, etc., he ascertained that in the twenty-five years the professor has been lecturing, he has spent six months saying nothing but "uh."

Thus, an engineer gives vent to his wrath.



"College Men Are Funny"

Last Spring *The Ladies' Home Journal* questioned us for an article they were doing on college humor. They were polling publications in all 48 states, and their August issue contained the results.

Flatteringly, they conceded that "College Men Are Funny," but, after



reading the article several times, we still aren't sure whether they mean funny like Bob Hope or Fred Allen, or, funny like some side-street odd-ball in Greenwich Village. Regardless, we learned quite a bit about ourselves and our environment.

First, we learned that we are *individuals* . . . with talent and versatility who make fair-to-good grades with a minimum of effort, who eat and drink well, and who shine in poker and with the ladies. We see ourselves as "casual, worldly, slightly cynical and disillusioned." (Jack Armstrong was *never* like this.)

Second, we talk with almost unintelligible slang—at least some of us do.

Examples: "You're an E.N.P.M."—egotistical, neurotic, psychopathic moron. (Probably best translated as "You're a dumb S.O.B.")

"I'm buggy," or "I've got the botts" signifies irritation, according to the *Journal's* findings. An "upper plate" means something old, and "F.F.F.F.T.O.Y.F.F." requests that you "Fall flat five times on your fat face." (On the hurried Missouri campus, this is cut to "Drop dead!")

Finally, we, as college humor magazines, picture the poor professors as either "small, thin men with spindly noses and pince-nez glasses or as massive hulks with widely separated teeth and pugnacious leers," scarcely human, and always speaking with a growl. Our collective opinion on these creatures, according to the *Journal*, probably is summed up by this poem which they reprinted from the *Yale Record*:

*Said an ape as he swung from his tail,
To his children, both male and female,
"From your offspring, my dears,
In a couple of years,
May evolve a professor at Yale."*

Summer Report

Several times, early last summer, when vacationing became dull for the moment, we wondered what was going on back here in Columbia that was new, different, or just plain interesting. Our questioning mind was put at ease finally by a letter from an observant friend, who, deprived of his vacation by a dearth of honor points, was sweating our summer school. After his enlightening comment, we spent idle moments pondering the merit of flying disc clubs and the Atlantic Treaty.

Our friend's observation:

"Nothing, absolutely **nothing** has happened in this ghost town since the youthful college set left, and the seedy, cobwebbed, school teachers ar-

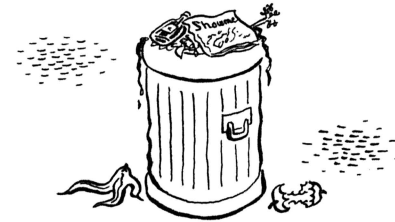
rived replete with electric wheel-chairs, halitosis, and an imbecilic thirst for knowledge. God save the grade school youngsters who are contaminated by these misfit male principals and superannuated virgins school-marms."

(The above views are solely those of our observant friend, and in no way reflect the ideas of *Showme* or its staff. Any similarity to persons living or dead is purely coincidental.)

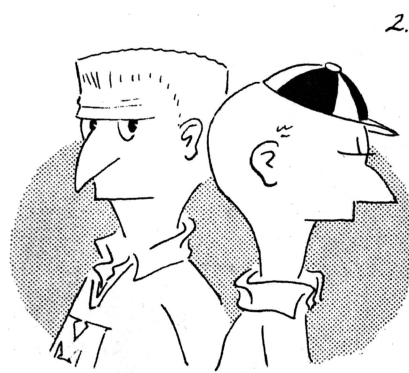
So Dear to Their Hearts

We were flattered to learn, in mid-summer, that our efforts of the previous year had left an imprint, of sorts, on the minds of some of our readers. We felt that the many hours spent in the production of our little publication had been rewarded.

The acknowledgment came in the form of a dirty, foot-scuffed drawing or cartoon that had been rescued from the floor of a World Lit classroom.



The drawing, quite skillfully done, showed a battered ash can sitting in the street, sun or lamplight beating down on it, with stench rising in waves. The can was overflowing, an apple core and a banana peel having fallen to the pavement. On top, in full glory next to an empty whisky bottle and another apple core, was a copy of *Showme*.



The cover on the magazine looked similar to the one used on our 1948 'Holiday Issue.' We cannot understand why that particular issue was pictured, for we always thought it was one of our cleanest efforts.

But . . . we were happy. We had achieved our aim to remain in our reader's minds throughout the summer.

Our Bidders

In anticipation of those who begin work this year toward that scholastic pinnacle, Phi Beta Kappa, Showme wishes them God-speed.

However, it is with regret that we relate the following incident. . . .

One of our more illustrious "grinds" went home this summer with his key and proudly displayed it to his admiring and blubbing parents. Then he started to tell them of the solemnity of the initiation, the illustrious scholars who decorted the occasion, the propound speeches that were made, etc.

All of a sudden his kid brother piped up out of nowhere, "Gee, what a sissy fraternity. Didn't they take you for a ride and leave you in the country all tied up or make you lead a cow down the town's main street?"

Tut, tut. This skeptical younger generation.

Oh, Give Them a Home

The United States government, we have discovered, isn't wholly different from a school administration, a newspaper office, or grandma's attic—at least as far as records are concerned. Our busy bureaucrats and administrators have diligently piled away some 20 million cubic feet of records—enough, it has been estimated, to fill six Pentagon buildings.

The headache of finding these six, or their equivalent, falls to the National Archives Department which is going sleepless these nights trying to find as much as even an empty broom closet. According to our information, the department is daily troubled with "nightmarish visions of the day when all life will be crowded out of Washington, leaving only the records."

Yo Ho Ho and a Bottle of Beer

American drinking habits are deplorable! That's the opinion of a syndicated psychologist who goes on to say that we drink because we don't know how else to have a good



time. We had partially agreed with a first idea that Americans drink for reasons different from peoples of other nations, but we objected to such an unfair generality as his second point.



Explaining, the psychologist contended that an American's notion of a good time is mostly making whoopee, that we gulp hard liquor to get a quick buzz and to see how many we can take during an evening. He contrasted the Frenchman or the Italian who spends all evening chatting over a small glass of wine or liqueur. All

of which we feel is quite inaccurate without a few qualifications.

Of course, there is a group of usually noisy "whoopee" makers who fit the psychologist's description, but it's a small one compared to the millions who step out every night and have a good time without joining them. That the average American's idea of a good time is far from just making "whoopee" is clearly shown by box-office receipts, sports attendance figures, and dozens of surveys. Even here in Columbia, where taking a bath is considered entertainment, the percentage of those drinking to get drunk is small . . . well, pretty small, anyway.

His comparison of the Frenchman and the Italian is ridiculous, too—especially in non-hard-or-mixed-drinks areas. Just as an experiment, we'd like to sit down with the psychologist while he spends an evening slowly sipping one glass or bottle of watery, rapidly-warming beer.

We think his column would read differently the next day.

R. R. S.



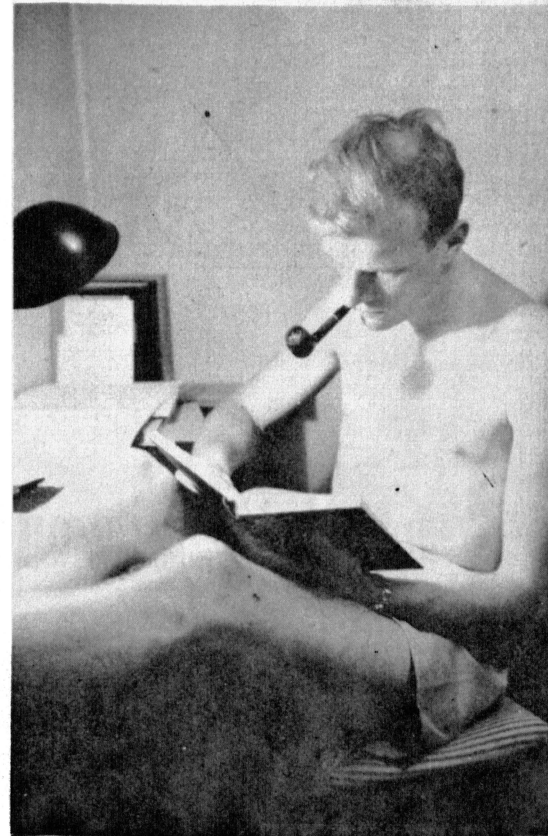
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PHOTOS BY SINCLAIR ROGERS

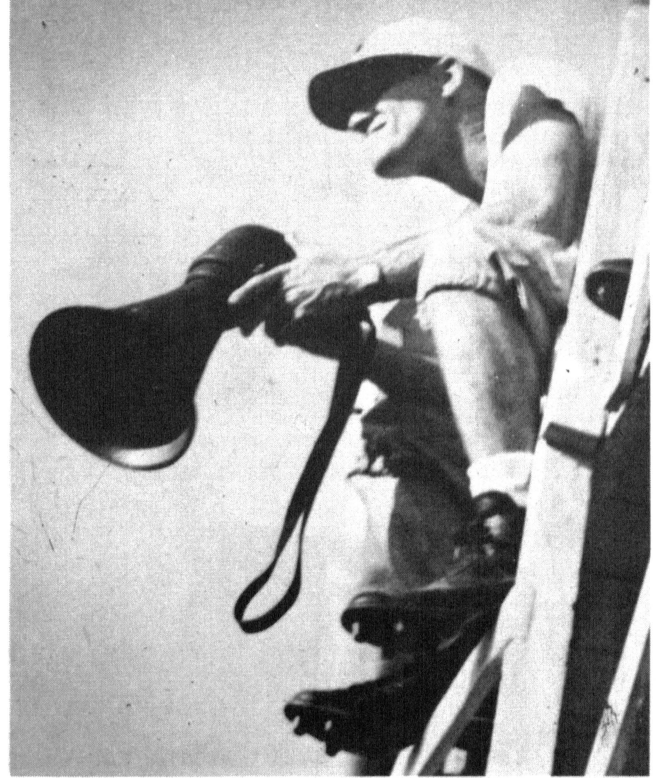
FAMILIAR SIGHT to returning undergrads is Jesse Hall and the six ball-point pens. For neophytes and those who forget, the Columns are all that remain of the first administration building. Seems that a candle-illuminated chandelier fell down one evening in 1892, causing a fire that a faulty fire hose couldn't handle. The result: A paradise for dogs and a place to grow ivy.



CHEWING TOBACCO and words fly through the air in the other Columbia," north of Broadway. Farmers and philosophers gather before the Courthouse daily, making small talk and soaking up sun. The Courthouse, not to be outdone by the University, has four columns of its own. Their history is vague, but the story is they didn't want to slight dogs on the north end of town.



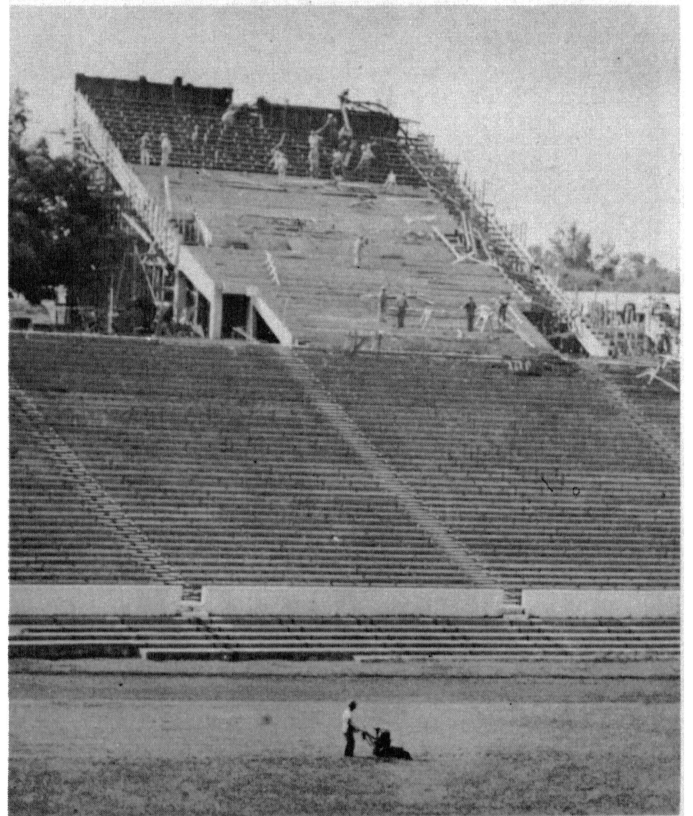
SUMMER SESSION was play for some, work for others. Many forgot studies with bridge, swimming, loafing. Some, feeling the dire need of honor points, sought seclusion with a fly-swatter and books. Bald student on the right solved the bug problem with his pipe. General feeling about the whole thing: "This is the last time I ever spend the summer in this burg."



TOUGH TIGERS were well into the football grind when school resumed last week. Under the careful scrutiny of close-mouthed Don Faurot (right), burly Bengals have been going through their paces since late August. Well aware of the tough schedule ahead . . . and true to form, Coach Faurot makes no predictions, works the boys hard. Fans, also 'true to form, feel this is the year.'



BEER AND BASEBALL proved a delightful combination for lazy summer students who like sports in shorts. Smug expressions belong to two Cardinal fans. The disgusted lad on the right is from Pittsburgh.



FOOTBALL FANATICS can bring their friends to Tiger home games this Fall. Memorial Stadium capacity has been increased several thousand with the addition of the new bleachers pictured above. Students are stunned.

photo of the month



RUSHING GRIN and hearty hand shake dominated the school scene during mid-September. Eager frats, ambitious to keep our house on top," pulled out all stops to show incoming neophytes the finer points of fraternity life. Above youngster is being greeted by a host of good brothers' . . . dined on ice-tea and cold cuts . . . and went for a convertible ride



"I can see that this guy is really taken because his eyes are workin' her over and he's breathin' pretty hard."

The Marryin' Kind

When Magnan, Red, and Blackie decided the blonde should get married, they knew exactly what they were doing . . . and why!

By Jerry Smith

I'D BEEN knockin' around St. Looie, doin' a little hackin' and havin' myself a hell of a time when this dame starts givin' me trouble and I figure it's about time to pull out. You know how it is with dames—you never can tell when they're kiddin', and I wasn't goin' to stick around and find out.

So I grabbed the first bus out, not botherin' to find out where it's goin', and that's how I come to end up in this Ozark tank town. It was really a crummy burg, but I figured the St. Looie dame would have a hell of a time findin' me.

I checked in at the best hotel in town, which happened to be the *only* hotel in town. I told the guy at the desk that my name was Jones and he told me that his was Magnan and spent the next half hour tellin' me his life history. He was about fifty-five, with thin, sandy hair and looked like a well-fed fraulein about to have twins.

In the course of the conversation he lets me know that his hotel has the best restaurant in town, which is also the only restaurant in town. I'm pretty hungry and in no mood to argue about monopolies so I throw my bags in a corner and head for the sign that says 'Eats'.

The restaurant consisted of four tables and a waitress that made me wonder why I had spent my life in the big city. She was the prettiest damn blonde I've ever seen, and I mean honest to goodness blonde. Of course, it wasn't the hair that bothered me, but what she was carryin' around under it.

As soon as she brings me the menu I start workin' up to her. She isn't so bad with the come on either. Right away I can see that the gal knows

her stuff. When she leaves I notice these two guys at another table givin' me the look over—and the look is plenty mean. One of them is about forty-five, everyday lookin', and has coal black hair; the other is about thirty, built like a street lamp, and has hair red like an over ripe tomato. They look meaner by the minute.

The blonde comes back, hippin' her way over to me, and starts usin' her eyes. Right away it starts gettin' hotter than hell in the place and I can feel the sweat workin' out on my forehead. I start givin' her the old line and she eats it up like she's been waitin' for it. I'm doin' pretty good when this kid runs in and right away the blonde slides away. She sways over to him and they go into a big conference. I can see that this guy is really taken because his eyes are workin' her over and he's breathin' pretty hard. Right then and there I decide to keep hands off, because I've got enough troubles without messin' with another guy's gal.

The two finally break it up, and the kid kind of staggers over to the table where these two guys are sittin'. He flops down, drags out a handkerchief and starts workin' on his face. It's very plain that he is taken with this blonde.

"How're things tonight, Billy?" the guy with the black hair says.

"Fine, just fine," he grasps.

"That's good," Blackie says, "Come to spend another weekend with Annie?"

"Yes sir."

"Gettin' to be pretty regular, ain't it?" the red head puts in.

"Yeah, guess so."

"Looks pretty serious." Red kind of smiles.

"Why . . . why . . . I don't know."

"Oh, come now, Billy," Blackie says, sort of fatherly, "You're down here most every weekend."

The kid ain't got anything to say.

"Spoke to your mother yet?" Red asks.

"Oh," the kid says, surprised, "Why I don't think. . . ."

Magnan, the fat guy from the desk, comes in and sits down with them.

"Well, howdy, Billy," he smiles.

"Hello, Mr. Magnan."

"We was just askin' Billy if he had said anything to his mother about Annie," Red informs Magnan.

"Well, that's nice," Magnan says, "What did she say, Billy?"

"Why . . . why . . . I haven't said anything."

"Well, what are you waiting for?" Magnan seems surprised. "Surely those are your intentions. After all, you do travel forty-five miles every weekend just to visit Annie."

"Yes said, but marriage. I couldn't get married."

"What!" Red is shocked. "Billy, you ain't just messin' with Annie, are you?"

"Oh, no sir, no sir."

"You can't mess with a girl like Annie," Blackie puts in, "Annie's the marryin' kind, Billy. You should know that by now. Why, she doesn't even

ILLUSTRATED BY BILL GABRIEL

(Continued on Page 18)



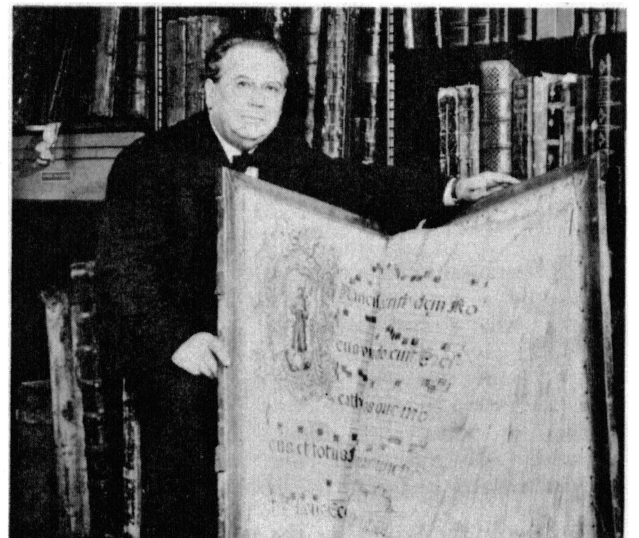
SEE the children in the classroom. They go to the big University. The children are smiling. They must do this to get good grades. It is a game. It is called "Bang the Ear." The teachers like this game.

freshman primer

Read and learn, children . . . of life at the big University



THIS is a professor. He is a smart man. See how kind he looks. He tells the students long stories. They go to sleep.



THE sophomore is holding a 'pony.' It helps him pass tests. This is naughty. His pony is too big. He will always be a sophomore.



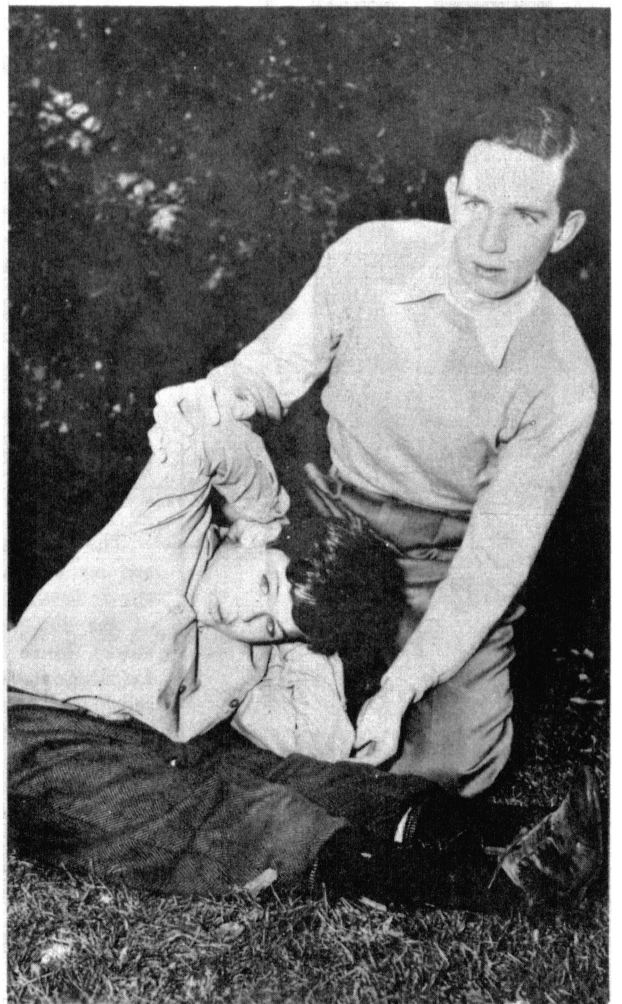
THIS boy and girl are pinned. That means he can kiss her at the sorority house. She tells him, "Look out, here comes the housemother."



BEWARE of this bad man. He is a University watchman. He watches **you**. He has power. He likes power. He has never gone to college.

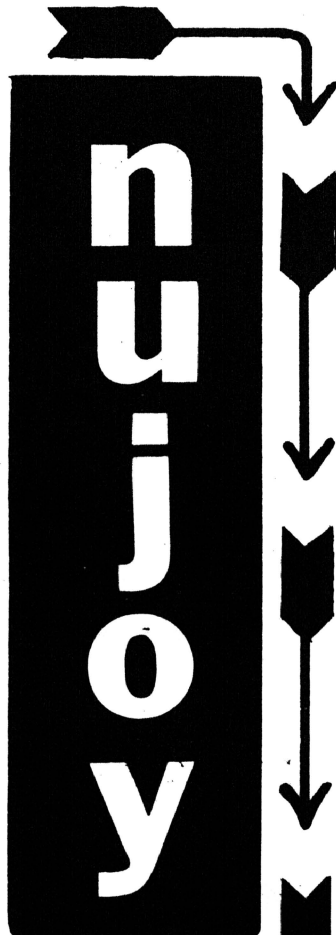


SEE the pretty sorority girl. She is at a party. She is looking for her date. She will not find him. She will get fried.



SEE the tall fraternity man. He tells the little freshman his fraternity is best. He is twisting the boy's arm. This is called Rush Week.

THIS SIGN



LEADS
YOU
TO
GOOD FOOD

Use the NU-JOY
Car Service Window

Diagonal
from
Tiger Hotel

The Marryin Kind

(continued from page 15)

let you walk her all the way to the door, does she?"

"Why, no sir. I always say good-bye at the foot of the path."

"There you are," Red says, "That proves it. Why I'm ashamed of you, Billy. I thought your intentions were honorable."

This goes on for quite a while and I'm gettin' about enough of this community lonely hearts club, so I pull out and go up to my room. Later on I decide to wander around town to see if I can find a beer. Magnan and these two guys are still in the restaurant, but Billy and the blonde are gone.

I don't find any beer, and to top it all I get lost. While I'm wanderin' around I stumble on Billy and Annie doin' a little neckin' in back of one of the buildings. They are in a deep clinch and don't even notice me. Billy is kind of moanin', but I don't see any reason for it as he is only kissin' her. Annie is kind of rubbin' against him and all of a sudden his hands start doin' things and Annie squeals a little.

All of a sudden this guy appears and pulls them apart. As soon as he speaks, I know it's Magnan. He makes Annie leave and walks off with Billy, givin' him a lecture. I catch something about Annie being the marryin' kind. I decide that I should be happy about livin' in the big city.

The next day I found out that there are no busses comin' through until the following day, so I spend the rest of the day watchin' Billy gettin' the works. These three are certainly funny, fat Magnan with the sandy hair, the red-haired bean pole, and Blackie somewhere between them. I'd always heard that in small towns everybody knew everybody else's business, but I thought these guys were carryin' it to extremes. I can see that Billy is weakening and it won't be long before he gives in.

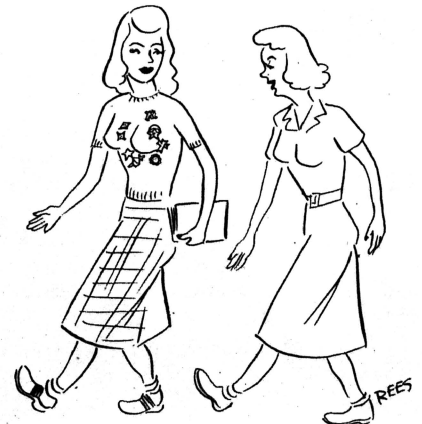
The next day I pack up the bag and go down to pay my bill. Right away I can see that something has happened because Magnan is all smiles and refuses to let me pay anything. Then Red wants to buy my breakfast.

I don't see why I should pass up a good thing, so I accept. After breakfast, Blackie buys me a cigar. They are happy as hell. Magnan tells me that the two got married, but they don't talk much about it. They just sit around with a satisfied smile on their faces. It amazes me how three guys could be so happy about marryin' off a gal that doesn't even belong to them.

As I'm walking toward the bus station, I see Billy sittin' on a doorstep. This seems queer as I can't see anybody with a wife like Annie spendin' his time on a doorstep. He looks like he has just gotten the death sentence. He looks sadder than hell, and damned if I can figure it out. It's impossible that a gal like Annie could be that disappointing. He's kind of moanin' and I'm about to go over and ask if he's sick when the door behind him opens and out walks Annie. Right away I see why Billy is moanin' and Magnan, Blackie and Red are so damned happy; and right away I'm glad that I live in the big city where gals scare the hell out of you and make you run away, because trailin' behind Annie are four kids—two are *sandy*-haired and fat like frauleins, one is middle-sized with *black* hair and the last is a skinny little brat with *tomato-red* hair, and every damn one of them is hollerin' "Mommy".

Prettiest damn blonde I ever saw.

THE END



"... And what did you do this summer?"



SWAMI'S SIDE- SLAPPERS

The unwed mother was in the hospital next to her illegitimate child. The doctor entered on his tour of the patients.

"Your hair is red," he said to her, "the child's is brown. What was the color of the father's hair?"

"I don't know," was the innocent reply, "he didn't take off his hat."

* * *

She was only a lawyer's daughter, but it was easy to break her will.

* * *

A certain man was quite famous for the number of weekends he could lose. On one of these occasions, he awoke one morning to find a woman sitting serenely at the foot of his bed.

"Shay," he murmured, "aren't you the beautiful, dark, senorita I was dancing with last night?"

To which she proudly replied, "Yasah, boss, dat's me!"

* * *

Sbe: "It's getting real cold, isn't it?"

He: reflectively) Winter draws on.

Sbe: Sir!

* * *

Freshman: Are you a coed?

Babe: No, I got that way from sitting in a hammock.

* * *

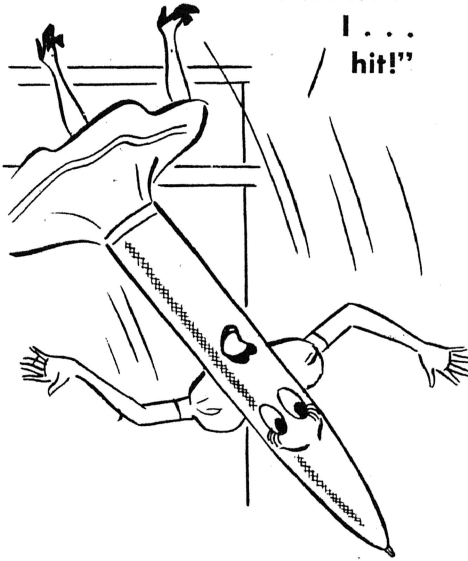
First Scotchman: Sandy, where did you get those two bicycles?

Sandy: My girl and I were out for a ride. We stopped in a nice shady place on the road to rest. After a while I kissed her. Then I put my arms around her waist. I asked her if she liked that. She said it was great. Then I kissed her and squeezed her. She said, "Gee, Sandy, you're wonderful. You can have anything I've got."

First Scotchman: Then what happened?

Sandy: Why, I took her bicycle.

"This won't hurt a bit . . .
until . . .
I . . .
hit!"



"I just can't help rolling around some on a desk top. So if you care for me put me down far from the edge. I get brushed off too easily."

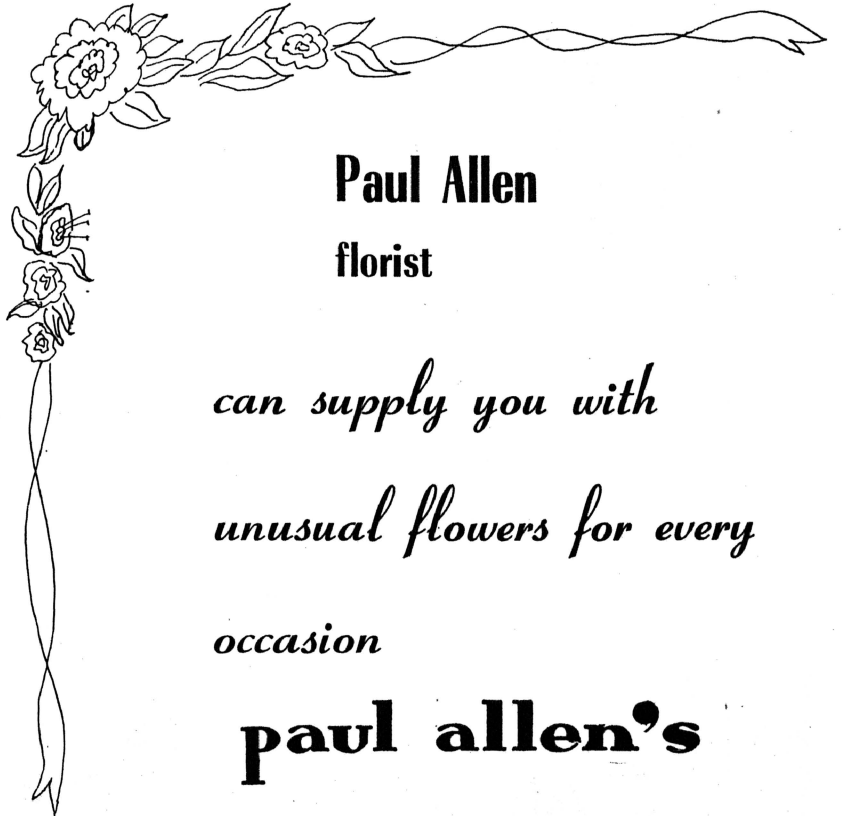
Possible Results: Barrel cracked or scarred. Cap jammed on pen, dented, broken or scarred. Point bent or broken.

"The Perils of Pamela Penn"

If you do drop your pen we are equipped with the know-how to get it into service again at the lowest cost and the smallest loss of time.

THE
Pen Point

109 SOUTH NINTH



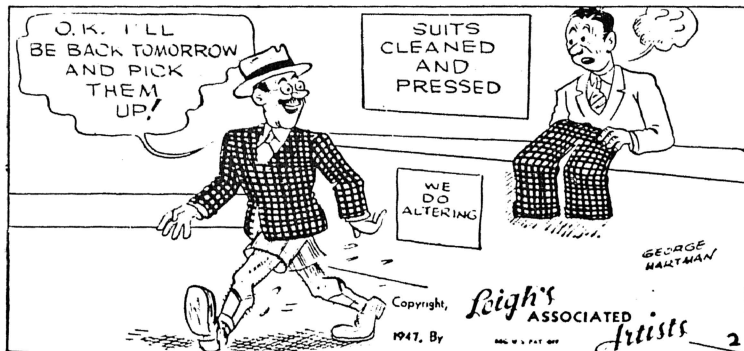
Paul Allen
florist

can supply you with
unusual flowers for every
occasion

paul allen's

MISSOURI THEATER BLDG.

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+Two Day Service

+Pickup and Delivery

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NINTH STREET

UNIVERSITY AVENUE



is here
to give you
service

WASHING • GREASING

WAXING • OIL • GAS

Phone 5910

**ODUS POWELL'S
STANDARD STATION**



Models The artist made me pose with a rifle in my hands.

Friend: Is he doing a picture of war?

Model: No, he can't trust himself.

* * *

Little Girl to Policeman: Can I trust you?

Policeman: What?

Little Girl: Can I trust you?

Policeman: Why, certainly. All little girls can trust policemen.

Little Girl: All right, then, please button my panties.

* * *

He (soliciting for charity): What can I put you down for?

She: Sir! How dare you!

* * *

First Coeds Bob gave me some lipstick for my birthday because he took it off every date we had.

Second Coed (absentmindedly): Mike gave me bloomers.

* * *

*There was a young girl
From Wooster,
Who dreamed a young man
Had seduced her.
She woke with a scare
To find no one there.
A bump in the mattress
Had goosed her.*

* * *

Salesman: Do you wear night-gowns or pajamas?

Young Lady: No!

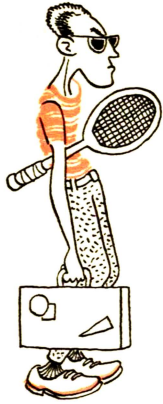
Salesman: My name is Bower, Jake Bower.

* * *

A man of six feet, eight inches, applied for a job as a life guard.

"Can you swim?" asked the beach manager.

"No," said the big boy, "but I can wade to beat hell!"



Comes College--Girls!



Comes college comes problem. Iz girls, yas But what college? Iz big problem.

COMES THE WAR; comes Congress; comes the G.I. Bill; comes college; and comes college—Girls! But comes college comes problems. What college?—iz a big problem! Think? I think like everything! First, I look in books—no help. Then I ask—still no help. With asking, comes more problems. Friends I got! Gallop would run from them. He could also learn from them. First they question me—what I'm taking? Answer—I dunno—Question—what do you mean you don't know? Answer—I dunno—dot's all!

Days, weeks, months, suggestions, questions, answers, no's, maybe's but still a problem I got. What college? Think? I think like everything! Then—an idea! I will throw bagel at spikes like in Brooklyn everybody iz playing instead of horseshoes. At each place on the map where a college iz—there I will put a spike. This will solve by me the problem—what college?

So to Tim O'Shenko's bakery I'm going. Tim iz an Irish Catlicker who bakes the hardest bagel in Brooklyn. Six bagel I buy. Then—a map and by Channah's hardware store—I buy the spikes. All three—the bagel, the map and the spikes—I have wrapped in a neat bundella and to mine home I go.

In the parlor, on the floor, I spread out the map. Then—the spikes I punch through the map, and with the six bagel in mine right hand, I walk to the kitchen. Then—I turn around—and I throw. Where the first bagel makes a ringer on a spike—there to college I will go. I throw! The first bagel—a leaner—no good. The second bagel—a roller—also no good. The third bagel—a ringer! Where?

Anxious? I'm anxious like everything! Run? I run like everything! Look? I look like everything! What college? Why should I say it? Already you know!

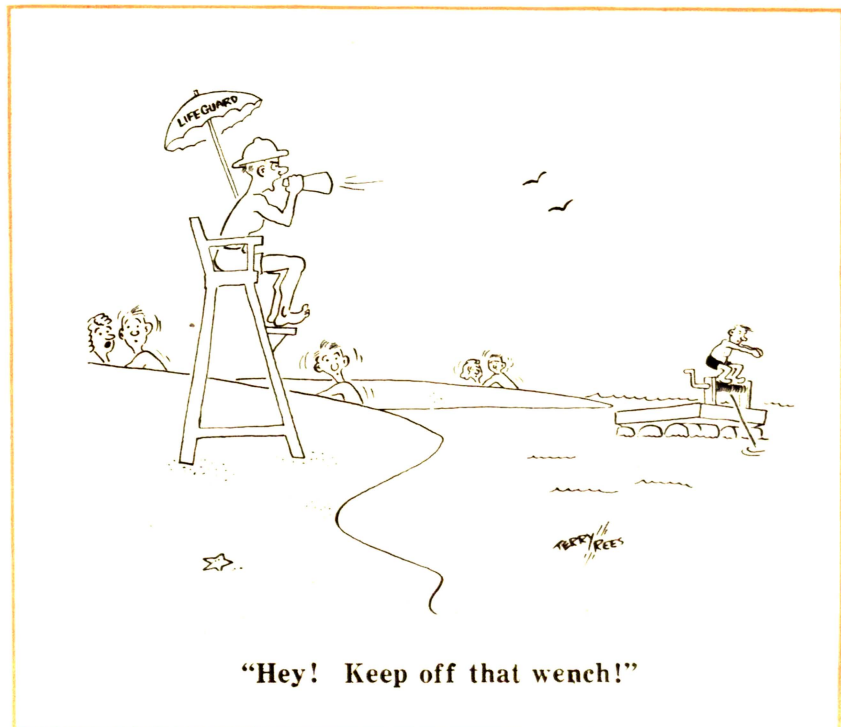
Happy? You betcha—no. What college? What college—Mizzouri University, yet! Nu, a bet's a bet—so mine bag I'm packing. Before I close the bag, I check. Salomi? Yes. Matzoes? Yes. Hallevah? Yes. Herring? No. Herring, I forgot! Herring? Yes. The bag I close. Mine car I get. Mine moma I kiss. Mine popa I kiss. We laugh. We cry. I'm leaving. Goodbye!

I drive. On the way I'm thinking—College! College! College!—Girls! Mizzouri University—Girls! Stevies College—Girls! And you should ex-

cuse the expression—Christian College—also Girls! I drive.

Every place in Mizzouri, people iz proud from their president. But—in Mizzouri—I learn people ain't people. They iz folks. In Mizzouri folks iz proud from Truman's victory. Signs everywhere. Signs there. Signs here. At last—Columbia! First thing I see—a sign! Welcome to Columbia! This I see in the street; on the sidewalk; by the parking meters. Signs! Signs! Signs! At the Ice Cream Parlor—a sign! At the Drug Store—a sign! At the Acme Truss Company—a sign! All say the same message—Welcome to Columbia; We Support Truman! I stop. Girls—I am here! By me the problem—what college?—iz solved!

(Continued on Next Page)





Students, Coeds, Suzies

... welcome to Columbia. And you are most welcome at Fredendall's, Columbia's leading and largest department store for close to three score years.

Kindly accept our invitation to open a convenient charge account. No obligation, of course.

In Columbia it's—
Fredendall's

But—other problems still I got. What courses? Think? I think like everything! Ask? I ask like everything! Talk? I talk to this dean and that dean. In two places I find two fast talking deans and before I look around, in two schools I am enrolled—Journalisma School and Farming. What I'll be? A Hog—phooeyeeeee—riculture Journalist!—what else?!

At last—college! Courses I am pursuing—also girls! Learn? I learn like everything! Quick like a fox I'm learning—where colleges there are; roommates there are; where roommates there are; characters there are; and where characters there are—my luck!—with them I live.

Mine roommate likes girls. I like girls. In college—girls ain't girls. They iz coeds. Some coeds iz pretty; some iz smart and some—you know what I mean? Again! You are saying, "so what?" Again I am saying, so here's so what! Mine roommate likes girls. I like girls—so all the time mine roommate iz fixing me up with the girls. But—never does he get me a pretty one or a smart one. Always—Me—he gets the other kind. You know what I mean? But always I have faith!

One night he comes in says, "Boy! Did I fix you up with a blind date! A pip!"

"A pip, yet? Did you see her?" I ask.

"Well—" he answers.

"Did YOU see her?" I ask.

"Well—" he answers.

"Did YOU SEE her?" I ask.

"Well—" he answers.

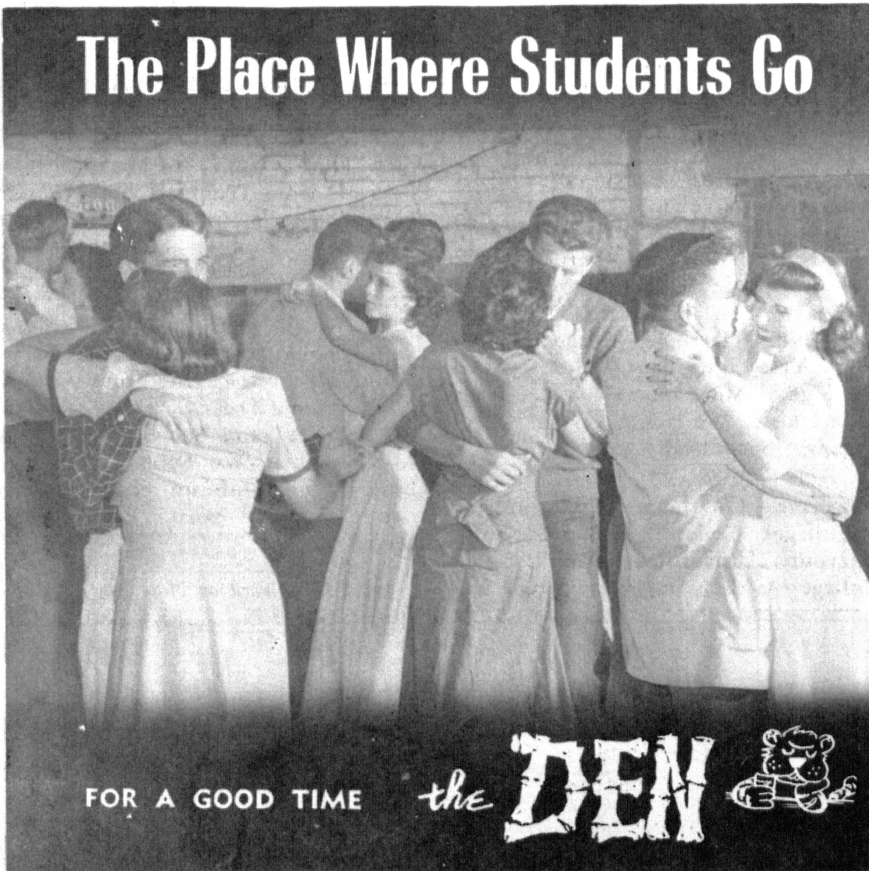
"DID YOU SEE HER??!!" I ask.

"No."

But—I go. I have faith.

H-hour iz set. All iz ready. To the Ag barn where she works as head wet nurse for the baby cows I go. I SEE HER! One look and I am ready to wrestle Glenn Cunningham (such a word!) or Dick Ault or Don Farooo over who should be faster—me or him? Cunnig—I could beat. Ault would be close. Farooo—maybe. But her I couldn't! Such a personality! Such a charmer! Pigs iz better. Pretty she iz like a Yak. Personality like a duck—in cold water. But—I have faith! Maybe—You know what I mean? With her eyes she makes like a windmill. With me she makes like a rag. The mouth opens—she talks!

The Place Where Students Go



PIPE SMOKERS

Come To Us For

TOBACCO and **PIPES**

THE BROWN DERBY

116 SOUTH 9TH STREET

"I ain't lyin'," she says, "I cain't make it."

"Holliloooya!" I'm singing but—she says more—

"You kin' drive me home."

Faith? Phooyee! Me at such an opportunity I should drive a car. What could I do? Bigger than me she iz. Mine hands iz tied so in mine car we get.

Talk? She talks like everything! Always she iz saying, "I ain't lyin' this and I ain't lyin' that." The floor iz covered with "I ain't lyin'" —the windows iz dirty with "I ain't lyin'" —the air iz filled with "I ain't lyin'" —and me—I'm sick of "I ain't lyin'."

At last—her sorority house! I am glad. I push her to the door. She goes slow. I push harder. She does not seem anxious. Im thinking—maybe she will change her—you should excuse the expression—mind. I push HARDER!! At last—the door! I feel—for the handle. My luck!—the door iz LOCKED!!

Two more hours of "I ain't lyin' this and I ain't lyin' that" she takes out the key—says, "I ain't lyin' I'm hongry," and goes in. Leave? I LEAVE LIKE EVERYTHING!!

To mine room I'm going. And a decision I'm making. Mine bag I pack. Home a letter I write: Popa, moma, aunt Minneriah and Hymie,

Stop the checks! Girls? Phooyee! Faith? Phooyee! Roommates? Phooyee! College? Phooyee! Fire O'Rielly! Home I'm coming. A clothing salesman I'll be—AND I AIN'T LYIN'!!

SAM KALMAN.



"Sorry, old man—I'm outa' ink."

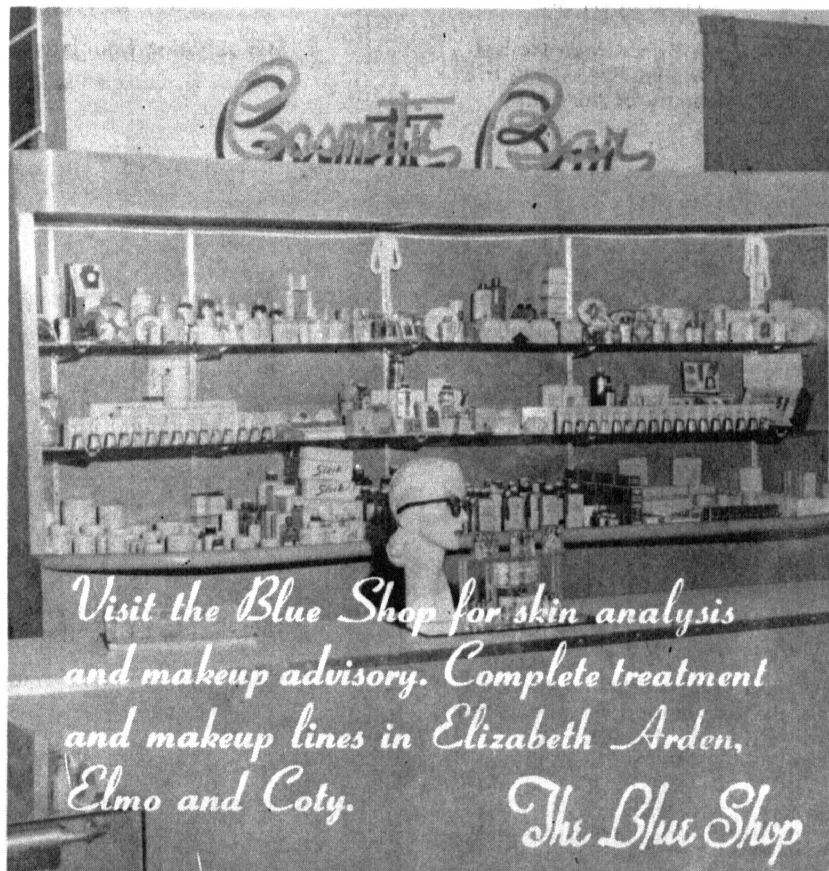
Teen-agers go for Switzer's Licorice!



Everybody Likes Switzer's Licorice!

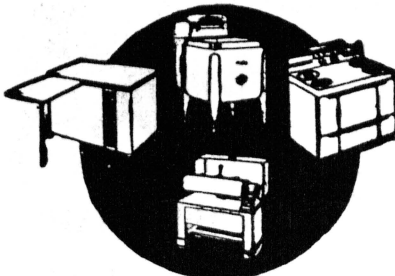
Switzer's

St. Louis



Edgar's

EDGAR'S wishes you the best in the coming school year.



- * Maytag
- * Stromberg-Carlson
- * Tappan
- * Frigidaire

Edgar's

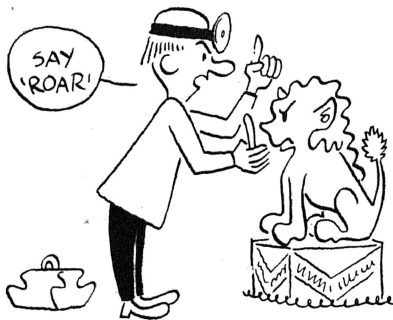
MAYTAG
1013 E. Bdwy. Phone 7404

Neophytes' **KEY** to



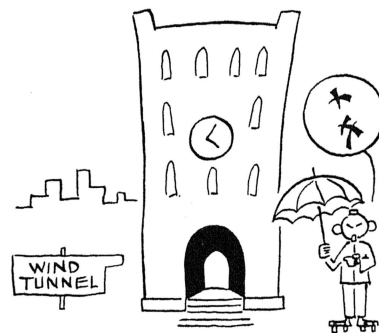
MIDDLEBUSH

The Clark Kent-Green Hornet-Captain Marvel-Bat Man of the University of Missouri.



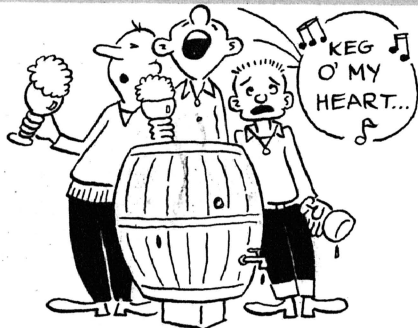
THE LIONS

Still suffering from laryngitis.



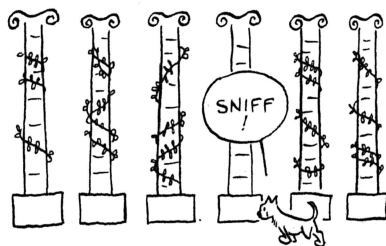
THE MEMORIAL TOWER

A home for wayward pigeons giving the correct Shanghai time.



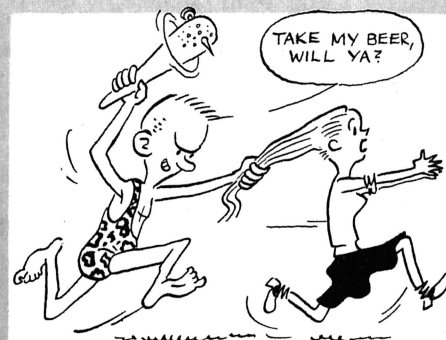
BEER BUST

One keg paid for by ten people surrounded by a hundred friends.



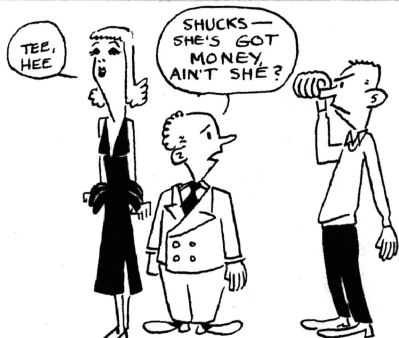
THE COLUMNS

Necessary to uphold tradition.



THE HINKSON

Five-hundred caves with hot running beer and cold running coeds.



STEPHENS COLLEGE

Where male students who haven't received their G. I. checks date.



THE TUNNEL

Deserted mineshaft located underneath pedestrians at Ninth and Lowry.



THE BOOKSTORE

A modern used-car lot dealing in books.

the KAMPUS



B.M.O.C.

Carries more keys than a janitor.



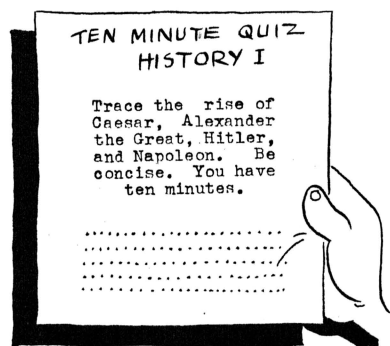
CHRISTIAN COLLEGE

Female monastery located somewhere this side of Rochepoort.



RESTAURANTS

Embalming fluid disguised as food.



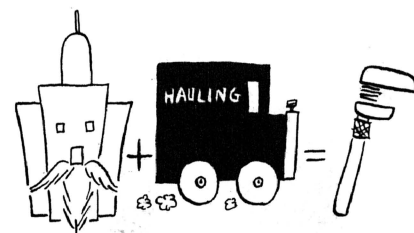
POP QUIZ

Sudden death.



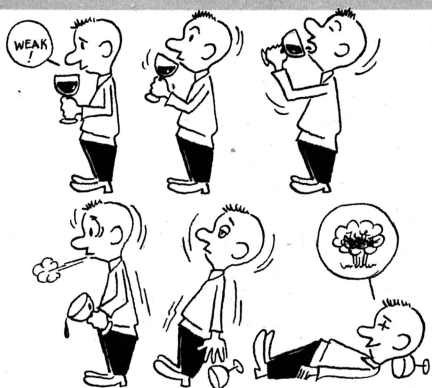
CUTTING

When you get sick and have to have a beer immediately.



JESSE HALL

Not to be confused with Jesse Wrench who has a beard.



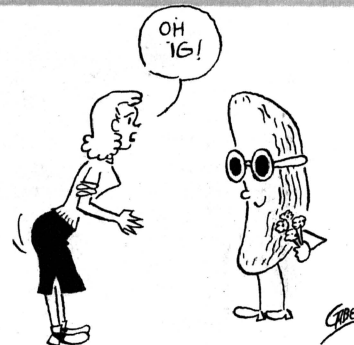
PURPLE PASSION

Causes a hangover followed by a three day drunk.



LAUNDRYMEN

They always get their man.



BLIND DATE

Anyone can hit water if they spit in the ocean.



FOLLOW IN and


*enjoy one of our
complete meals*

UPTOWN COFFEE SHOP
1009 BROADWAY

QUESTIONS

- A** Thirteen pieces here cleverly set,
The letters they form mean the best cigarette.
- B** Three on the left and one on the right,
Two answers are white, and both are right.
- C** It's in the name, it's in the frame;
And in the frame we grow the name.

**ANSWERS WILL APPEAR IN THE
NEXT ISSUE OF YOUR MAGAZINE**



**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.

**WATCH FOR THE WINNERS
IN NEXT ISSUE**



No. 1 on the Wolf Hit Parade:
"I'll Be Seizing You In All the Old Familiar Places."

* * *

In a kick it's distance, in a cigarette it's taste, and in a rumble seat, it's impossible.

* * *

"Oh, please don't get up, Mrs. Astor, I just came in to brush my teeth."

* * *

An old gentleman and his wife, who lived across the road from a cemetery, were sitting on the front porch one night.

Wife: "Pa, every time I look across the street I keep thinking of our dear daughter lying there in the cemetery, and it makes me very sad."

Husband: "Yes, Ma, it makes me sad, too. You know, Ma, sometimes I even wish she was dead."

* * *

A young woman
Stepped out of bed
Slipped into her robe
Stepped into her slippers
Raised the shade
Uncovered the parrot
Put on the coffee pot
And answered the phone
A masculine voice said
"Hello, honey, just got a 24-hour leave,
I'll be right up".
She hung up the phone
Took off the coffee pot
Covered the parrot
Pulled down the shade
Stepped out of her slippers
Slipped out of her robe
Crawled into bed and
Heard the parrot say . . .
"Kree-ist, what a short day!"

Please *mail* entries to facilitate judging:

Missouri Showme
Chesterfield Contest
304, Read Hall
Columbia, Mo.

Have you heard about the absent minded nurse who made the patient without disturbing the bed?

* * *

Women are like potatoes: When they're big enough, they're old enough.

Two little boys were standing on a corner. A little girl passed by.

Said one; Her neck's dirty.

Said the other: Her does?

* * *

If all the co-eds in the world who didn't neck gathered in one room what would we do with her?

* * *

Mother: "Sonny, don't use such bad words."

Son: "Shakespeare used them."

Mother: "Well, don't play with him."

* * *

A disturbed woman was watching a little boy sitting on the curb smoking one cigarette after another. Finally, unable to bear it any longer, she approached him and said, "Son, why aren't you in school?"

The little boy answered disgustedly, "Hell, lady, I'm only three years old."

* * *

A husband and wife were asleep. About 3 a.m., the wife dreamed of secretly meeting another man. Then she dreamed she saw her husband coming in. In her sleep she shrieked, "Heavens, my husband."

Her husband, awakened by her shriek, leaped out the window.

LIFE SAVER JOKE CONTEST

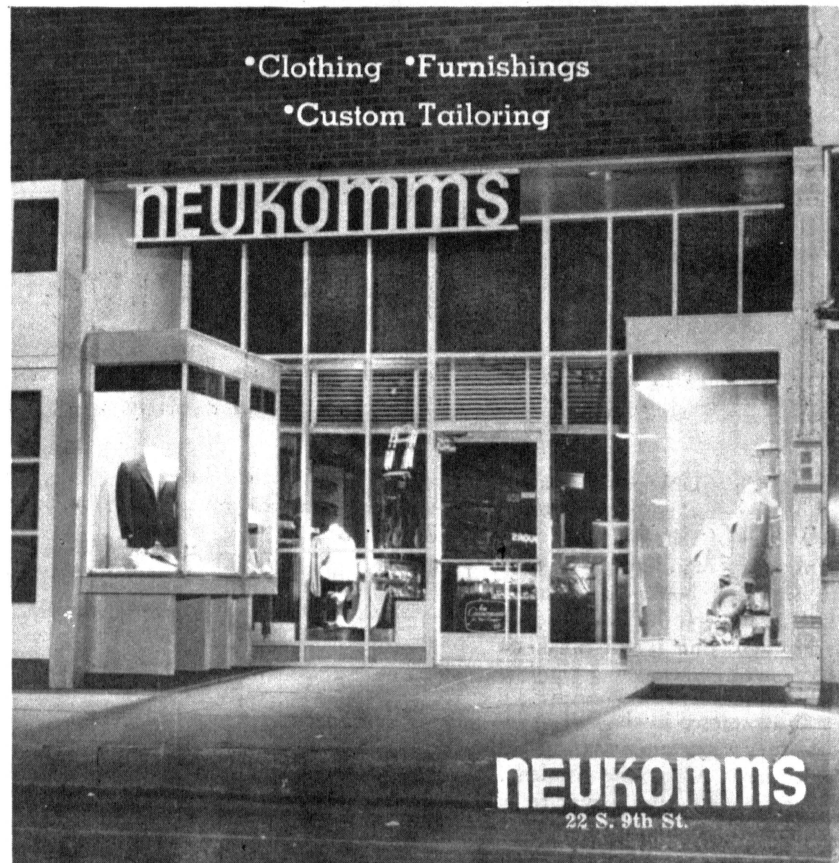
Submit your favorite joke and win a carton of assorted Life Savers. Entries should be addressed to this magazine.

JOKE CONTEST WINNER:

Evelyn Weinberg
Wood Hall, Stephens College
Columbia, Missouri

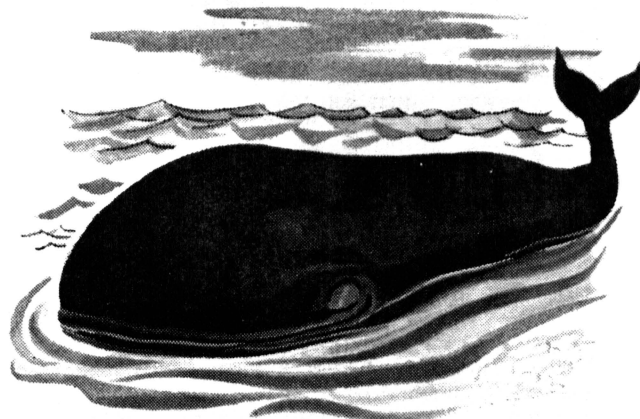
WINNING JOKE:

Three old men were discussing the ideal way of dying. The first, aged 75, said he'd like to crash in a car going 80-miles per hour. The second, 85, said he'd like to take his finish in a plane going 400-miles per hour. "I've got a better idea," said the third, who was 95. "I'd like to be shot by a jealous husband."



HISTORY REWRITTEN

JONAH AND THE WHALE



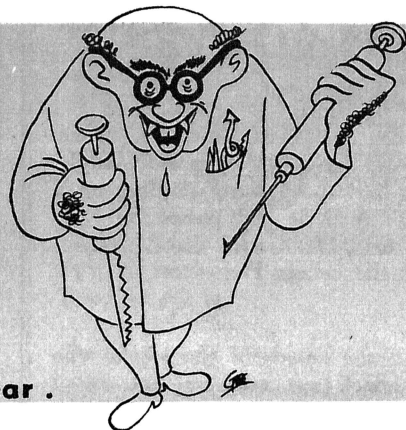
"Things look pretty black for me in here!
Wish I had a Life Saver!"



Still Only 5¢

You...too, Can Survive

This unparalleled account of a student's heroism and bravery will leave you trembling with fear.



HAVE FUN now, freshman, because one of these days it will happen. It's one of those sacred, inevitable University requirements, like standing in line for books or filling out an I. D. card. It happened to me three years ago, but I still break out in a cold sweat whenever I think of it.

It all started in the Fall of '46 when I began receiving official looking post cards from the Student Clinic informing me that I was to be completely physically examined. Naturally I ignored the first half-dozen or so expecting the whole thing to blow over, but I hadn't taken into account my postman.

He read all my mail and seemed to be vitally concerned with my private life. One day I knew the jig was up when he met me at the door

waving another sinister warning from the clinic in my face. He looked worried.

"Go to the hospital, my son. Do like they tell you," he said sternly.

"I don't want to go to the hospital," I replied. "I hate hospitals. Let go of my arm, you dirty snooper."

He thrust his beak into my right eye, breathing heavily.

"Why? Come clean, now, is it because you're afraid they'll find out you have some terrible disease?"

I gave the card a mighty shove and stuffed it halfway down his throat. Then I snatched up his mail pouch and slammed it over his face. He stumbled out and down the stairway

head over heels. I locked my door and brooded all night.

Next morning I received a phone call. A desk nurse at the clinic was on the other end of the line.

"Hello? Mr. Stuart Dent? Mr. Dent, you have failed to report for your required complete physical examination. Unless you report this afternoon your grades will be held up indefinitely. Beware."

I hung up and weighed the matter carefully. The way my grades were running, I reasoned, I didn't give a damn how long they were held up. On the other hand, a physical might not be so bad if the nurse was good-looking. So I flipped a coin, watched a cockroach dart out of the woodwork and gobble it up, and steeled myself for the ordeal.

The instant I entered the clinic door a man in a yellow-stained jacket grabbed me by the shoulders and seated me on a chair. He thrust a black paddle over my left eye.

"Read them little black letters," he growled.

I looked around for an eye chart but couldn't see a thing except two desks, a nurse smoking a fag, and a bare wall. Craftily, stalling for time, I stammered, coughed, and fumbled with my shoe laces.

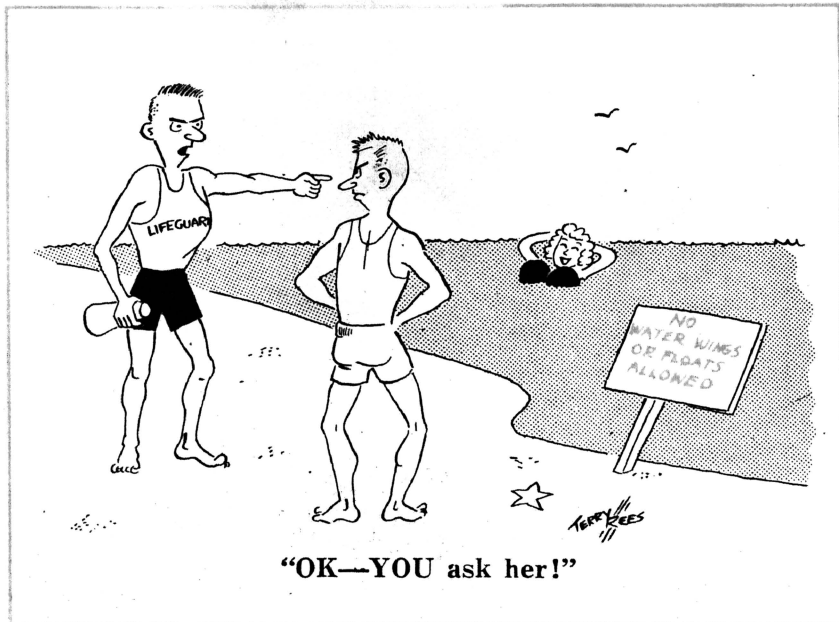
The man grew impatient. He switched the paddle to my right eye.

"Now do you see 'em?" he demanded.

All I could see was his meaty hand holding the paddle. It was dirty.

Nervously, I called out a dozen letters as rapidly as I could. He took

(Continued on Next Page)



"OK—YOU ask her!"

the paddle away, frowned, and jotted down something on a pad.

The nurse smoking a fag came into view once more. It was then I noticed she wasn't actually smoking, but had merely been gnawing on a white Eversharp. She approached, spitting out a wad of plastic.

"Your name is Stuart Dent and we know your record," she said severely.

As she continued, her accomplice rammed a needle into my arm and drew out a few pints of blood. Then he carefully spilled it on the floor and came back for a refill.

When the nurse finished her monolog she wandered back to her desk, evidently looking for another white Eversharp.



Another nurse, who had been cleverly concealed behind a curtain, walked over and squeezed my bleeding arm.

"Come with me," she said through a mouthful of buck teeth and pyorrhea.

I followed her behind the curtain. She turned on me suddenly and spoke again.

"Take off *all* your clothes."

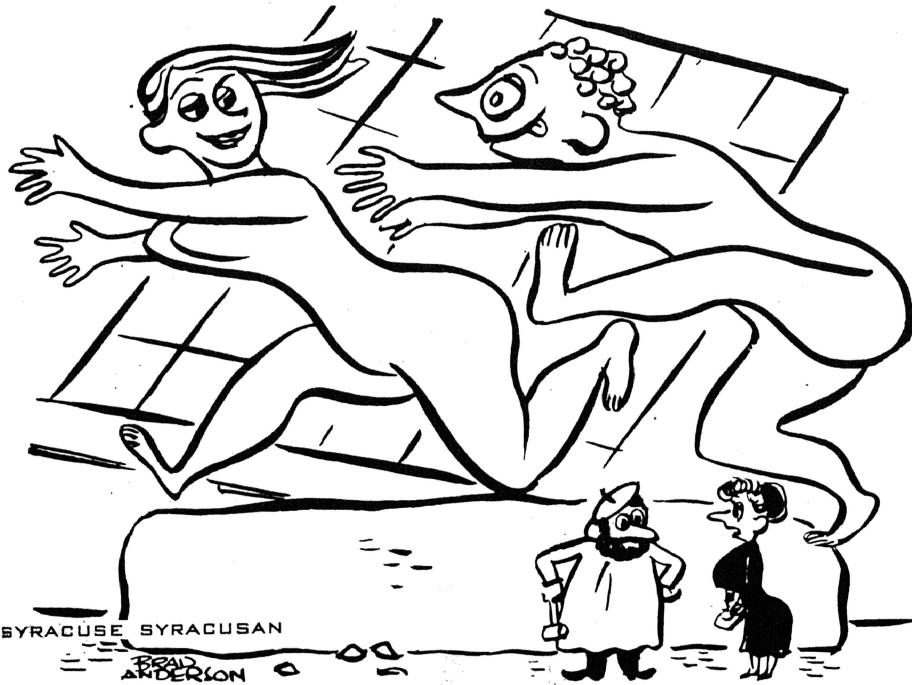
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Junior-Dee
 MADE IN CALIFORNIA
Hollywood Premiere
 LOS ANGELES
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SYRACUSE SYRACUSAN

BRAD ANDERSON

"I suppose it has some hidden meaning...?"

MINN. SKI-U-MAH



"I'm startin' my loose living' right after supper."

filched

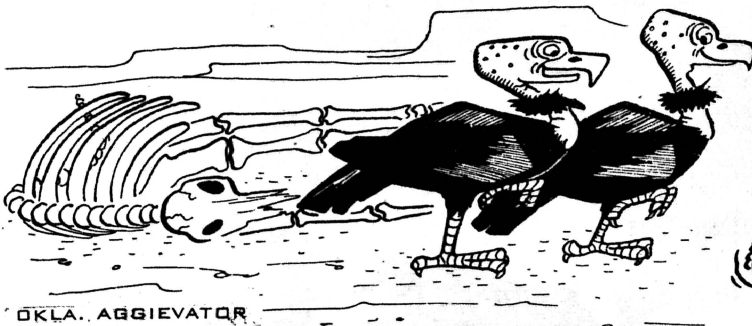
MINN. SKI-U-MAH



THAVES

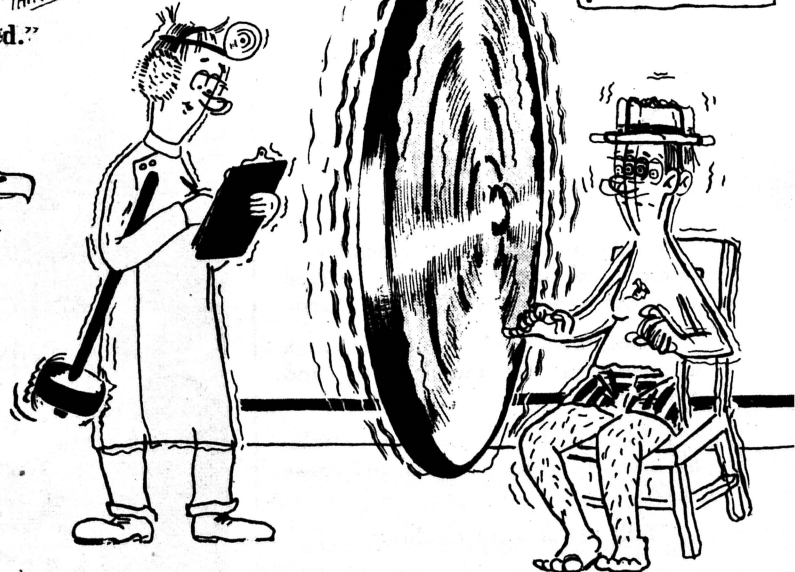
"Somebody left the lid up, and I damn near drowned."

UCLA/SCOP



OKLA. AGGIEVATOR

"You can't beat Camels for taste —they're milder, too!"



SELECTIVE SERVICE PHYSICAL EXAMINATIONS

"We'll, that takes care of the Hearing Test!"

I blushed innocently and removed my shirt, popping off a few buttons. She stood there regarding my physique with a cold stare.

I kicked off my loafers and toyed with my belt buckle. She stood her ground. I felt a stream of cold sweat cascade down my back.

She sneered. "Well, what do you want, applause?"

I grabbed a soiled sheet from a nearby cot and threw it around me as I finished disrobing. She left in a huff.

A doctor strolled in, picking his nose. He waved me on the cot, picked up a handful of medical tools, and dropped them on my chest, bruising some lung tissue.

He grabbed my head and slid a tongue depressor down my throat. He murmured to himself as the gadget turned sideways and lodged over my windpipe.

A nurse came in and ripped off the sheet. Laying her smoldering cigaret on my neck, she began to take my blood pressure. At the same time the doctor tapped my knee cap for a reflex. He got it in the stomach.

As the nurse carried him out, I jumped into my clothes, looking frantically for an exit. A small nurse in horn-rims appeared and ushered me over to her desk and typewriter.

She inserted a blank form and said, "Ever had chicken pox, scarlet fever, common cold, bubonic plague, measles, appendicitis, broken bones, gallstones, hangnail, tuberculosis?"

I answered 'yes' to the third ailment, but she was down to gallstones before she heard me. She X'ed it and went on.

The room seemed to sway and I caught hold of my chair to keep from falling off. Finally she stopped clacking the typewriter, jerked out the paper, and had me sign it.

I reeled to the door and out into the evening air. The campus looked friendly and peaceful. A few people stared as I knelt suddenly and planted a kiss on the Quadrangle. I had had it.

And, dear freshman, it will happen to you. But be brave like me . . . and you, too, can survive.

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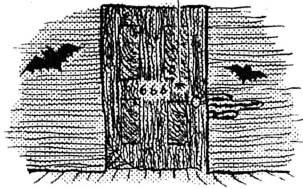
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DIAL 3114



Room 666 Jesse

Looking for a snap course? This story will change your mind.

HERE IT was, the last course under the heading of English in the Schedule of Courses. Latest Trends in Fiction, it said. 3 hours, 7:30, MWF, Jesse 666. I only needed three more hours to fill out my program to a round sixteen, and it sounded like a snap course. Besides, I was in a hurry to finish registering, so I wrote out the course and took it back to the old man in overalls and a corn cob pipe who was checking the program sheets.

I handed him my sheet, and as he started tracing out the words with the bit of his pipe, I asked, "Hey, is that course in the Latest Trends in Fiction any good?"

Laying his pipe down, he looked up at me with a slow smile. "Don't rightly know, son," he answered. "But if you're ponderin', why don't you take a real good course? Got a dandy over to the Ag School—Animal

Breedin'. Teach it myself, as a matter of fact."

"Thanks, but I can't use it," I said.

He pouted. "It's three hours."

"Can't use it."

"Good pictures of breedin'!"

"Yes, but. . ."

"Real photographs!"

"Really, I can't. . ."

"Getcha an Ag paddle!"

"No, thanks."

He knocked the ashes out of his pipe, scattering them in neat piles along my shoelaces, and signed my program, sulkily.

Next Monday I got up early, because I wasn't too sure of the location of Jesse 666. I figured it must be past the fourth floor somewhere, so I started up the long stairs. I got up to the third floor, and it began to get darker on the stairs. It got

darker and colder. The gloomy stairs seemed endless. I climbed onward, until I met a janitor groping his way down with a mop and bucket of water.

I stopped him. "Can you tell me where Room 666 is?" I said.

"No," he came back, "I can't. But I'll tell you what I can do. I can do an imitation of Middlebush that won't quit." He came closer and lowered his voice. "I've seen him, you know," he whispered. Then he giggled and banged on down the steps.

I kept going. I figured that I must be somewhere up in the big dome, when a door suddenly opened next to me, and a squeaky voice said, "Come in, son."

I walked cautiously through the door and then paused, trying to adjust my eyes to the dimness. It was a tiny room with a few chairs and one desk. A small person—he looked to be about thirteen—stood at one side of the room, near an open window, fingering a key-chain from which were suspended numerous scholastic keys. He wore a lemon corduroy jacket, with a plum neckscarf, and lime trousers. His shoes were a little disappointing—they were the color of leather. He glanced toward me.

"Good morning, my student," he said.

"Hey," I groaned, "ain't you a little young to be teaching English?"

He coughed nervously against the back of his hand, and his small face got red, his big eyes narrowed.

"Must I suffer these slings, these arrows, these arms, these seas of troubles. . ." he blazed.

"Okay, okay." I sat down in a chair. "You convinced me."

But he wouldn't let it go at that.

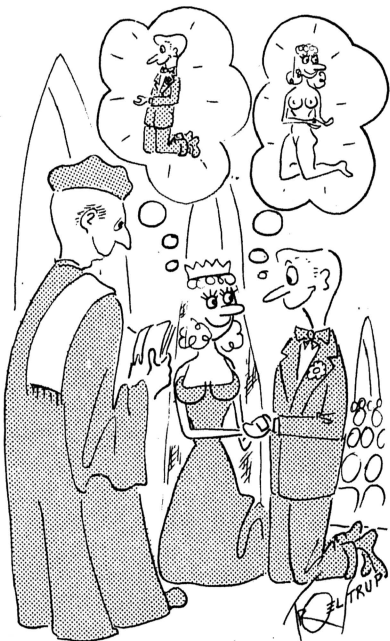
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"I don't care if she does read French, you know the rules . . . positively no pets allowed!"

"So you don't think I know the modern trends!" he screamed. He strode to the desk, opened a drawer, took out a stack of cards and flung them at me. I thumbed through them. They were membership cards for book clubs. He belonged to all the book clubs that were ever formed, I think. He had cards from The-Book-of-The-Minute Club, The Faintest Smidge of Raw Sex Club, The Thousand-Pager Club, The New Look Cook-Book Club, The WhoDidn'tDo It Mystery Club, The Two-by-Four—hell, he had hundreds of them.

"You win," I gasped. He smiled, gravely, and strode to the window. He coughed again, and tried to pull



it down. He began to cough horribly, so I went over and closed the window for him. His face was a ghastly blue. He turned to face me, and his teeth were chattering.

"You must be really cold," I said.

He nodded. "Yes, I have great sensitivity to the smallest temperature change."

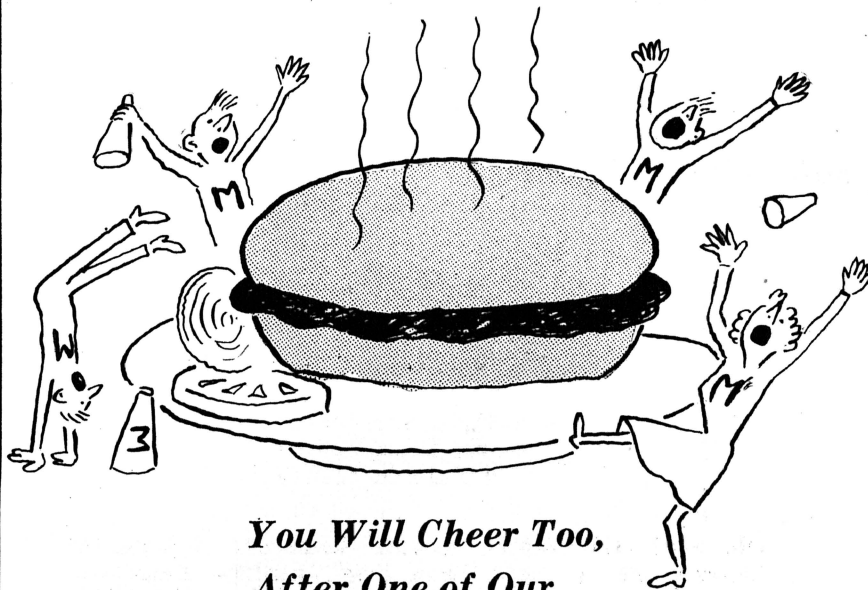
"Like a baby, huh?"

He sighed. "That's right. Before my mother even gives me a kiss she has to test it on her wrist."

(Continued on Next Page)



Golly... I've got to find that new Woolf Brothers coat before those M.U. men see me!



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name

address

city

I looked away, trying to recall whether the door was in back of me or to my left.

"Oh well," he grinned, "I suppose we should get started with the lecture." He walked to the front of the narrow room, took out a sheaf of notes, and began: "There is a definite, decided, obvious trend away from the old, the antiquated, the outmoded poets. Some of those old boys—gracious, they were so . . . so poetic! It's a good thing the moderns have awakened to new ways of expressing themselves which completely ignore the poetic standards of the past.

"Take this latest work of Elegy Ritten Churchyard, the well-known El Paso poet. It is called "Softly The Lily Hugs A Camera," and it goes like this:

Briskly the sun falls,
Stiff is the river
Scratching chalk marks
On my liver."

"Wait a minute, wait a minute," I said. "I signed up for Latest Trends in Modern Fiction, and you're giving me poetry."

He stopped, staring at me. "That's so, isn't it?" he admitted. "Well, I'm sure I have my notes for the Fiction course here somewhere."

After pulling the drawer all the way out and looking through it feverishly, he shook his head. I edged toward the door.

"Don't go away," he called. "They're here, I know." Then he got down on his hands and knees to look under the desk. I moved again, getting closer to the door. "They've got to be here," he assured me. Now he was feeling along the window ledges, and trying to reach into the chandeliers.

"I'd better go," I quavered.

"Oh, no!" he shouted, prying up strips of the flooring with one of his shoes. "Stick around, if I don't find them, I'll show you my imitation of Middlebush." There was a pause. "I've seen him, you know."

Now his head and shoulders were wedged down into the hole he had made in the floor. I took one last look just as his legs and feet wiggled through and disappeared. I could hear his voice, muffled and still talking under the floor, as I ran out of the room and fled down the stairs.

CHARLES TYNER.



I HAVE RETURNED

Back to the things I hold dear,
 Back to draft and bottled beer;
 Back to blankets on the Hink,
 Back to laundry in the sink,
 Back to sex and nasty jokes,
 Back to small, expensive cokes;
 Back to dancing close embraces,
 Back to necking in public places;
 Back to sweaters padded in front,
 Back to Read's 'empty booth' hunt;
 Back to lions that never roar,
 Back to roommates that always snore;
 Back to all the Stephens queens,
 Back to T-shirts and old blue jeans;
 Back to Tripod and Jesse Wrench,
 Back to carving on a Shack bench;
 Back to hangovers that never pass,
 Back to wasting my time in class.

G. T. S.

* * *

I'M IN THE PINK!

A little wink,
 At a girl in mink;
 A date at the Hink,

SHACKSPEARE.

* * *

Aw gimmie a kiss it's our third date.
 Aw gimmie a kiss; it ain't too late.
 Aw gimme a kiss; who's gonna see?
 Aw gimmie a kiss; don't you like me?
 Oh. . . .

G. T. S.

GUYS

Oh, sure, we have girls
 With slinky shapes;
 And some cover girls
 With sexy drapes.
 But the trouble is,
 As you can see,
 The other kind's
 The majority.

G. T. S.

* * *

LAFTER THOUGHTS

GIRLS:

The ratio, girls,
 Is really sky-high;
 Just one of you girls
 for every third guy.
 Don't give it a thought
 If you get a smoe;
 You still have another
 Two guys to go.

G. T. S.

* * *

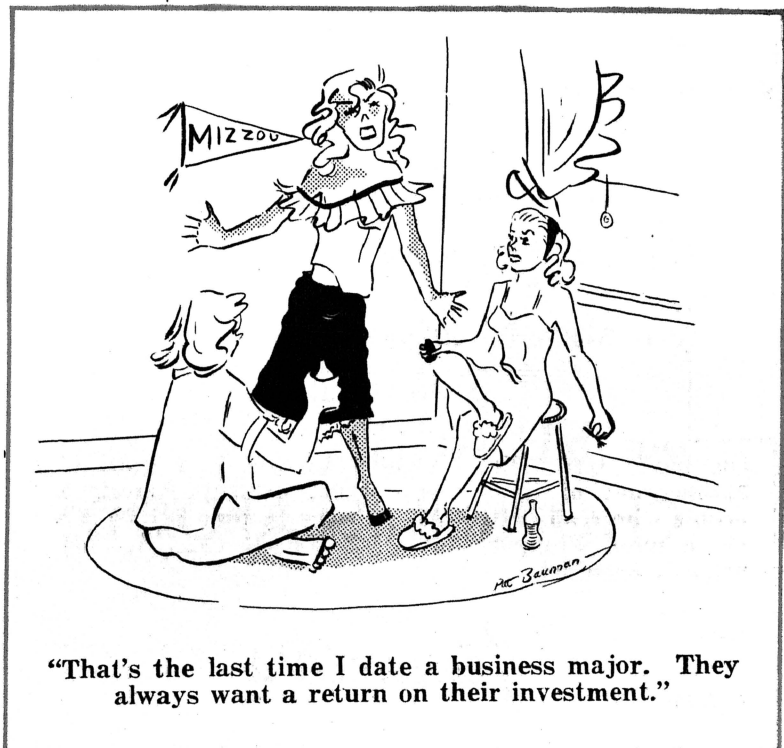
Said Jesse Wrench to Thelma Mills,
 "Early hours cure all ills."
 Said Thelma Mills to Jesse Wrench,
 "Thirst was made for beer to quench."

* * *

Something's wrong, you're think-
 ing . . .

You're right; they'd both been drink-
 ing.

COLEMAN YOUNGER.



"That's the last time I date a business major. They
 always want a return on their investment."



donn's corner

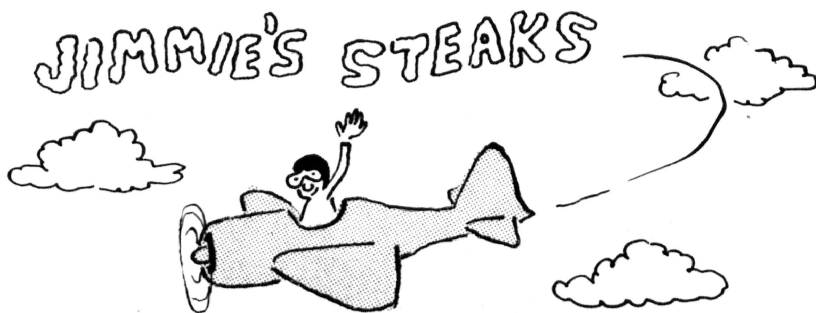
IF YOU'RE new in Columbia and have staggered through the registration lines, the book lines, and the zillion other lines around the campus, chances are that by now you're pretty hungry. If that is the case, read on for the purpose of this article is to tell you just where you can find a *good* meal in this city. . . .

Well, now that that is fully discussed, we'll take up just how you can secure a *filling* meal in Columbia for the least money. For purposes of illustration, let's pretend that you are ready to start a typical day as a typical Missouri student.

Breakfast: To avoid the breakfast crowds, we suggest you leave your house at an early hour—about three in the morning is the best time to eat if you want privacy and few delays in service. This morning you decide to eat at a sumptuous dining place near the campus. You seat yourself at the counter, knowing that to sit in a booth might mean tripping over a shuffleboard table as you beat a hasty exit in a few minutes. After a short wait of forty-two minutes, a napkin and glass of water are placed before you. Being a typical college student, you eat the napkin (which tastes much better than the food) and wash it down with the glass of water. Now that you've eaten your breakfast, you beat the above-mentioned hasty exit, snatching a handful of toothpicks from the cashier's desk as you go out. You get a delightful breakfast repast absolutely free!

During the morning, you munch on the toothpicks and find that a good white pine splinter tastes every bit as good as a piece of *Black Jack* chewing gum. About twelve o'clock, you begin to get hungry again and set out for your lunch.

Lunch: One of the best places to obtain your lunch is the Read Hall cafeteria. Of course, to be seen in Read Hall stamps you immediately



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as either a Freshman or a Neurotic, but the meals are economical there. In the basement, you find a huge red machine with the strang inscription, "Coca-Cola," emblazoned across the front. For one nickel—*one* nickel, mind you,—you obtain a delicious six ounces of lunch. Before you leave for your afternoon classes, don't forget to steal another napkin from a holder. This one is for stuffing in your ears so you can't hear the protests of your stomach all afternoon.

Supper: If you are not one of the unfortunate customers of a boarding house dining room, you will get to take your final meal of the day at a glamorous Columbia dining room. A blank check permits you to eat at one of the more elegant places easily identified by the words, "Coffeeee



Shopee," after the owner's name, but if expense is a prime concern, you will have to be satisfied with the swank atmosphere of a cafeteria. You follow identical routines in each of these places, however. Calmly, you walk in and seat yourself; quietly, you order freely from the menu; and while your order is being prepared, you glance casually around at the other diners' meals. Within five minutes, you feel a swelling in your throat and a nausea within your stomach. In another few minutes, your appetite is entirely gone and you leave the restaurant. You are hungry no longer and you haven't spent a dime!

The sight of the other meals may have sickened you too much and you may not be able to eat any of the cookies and pretzels from home when you get back to your room, but you go to bed happy, knowing that tomorrow you'll get to eat more, delicious Columbia meals.

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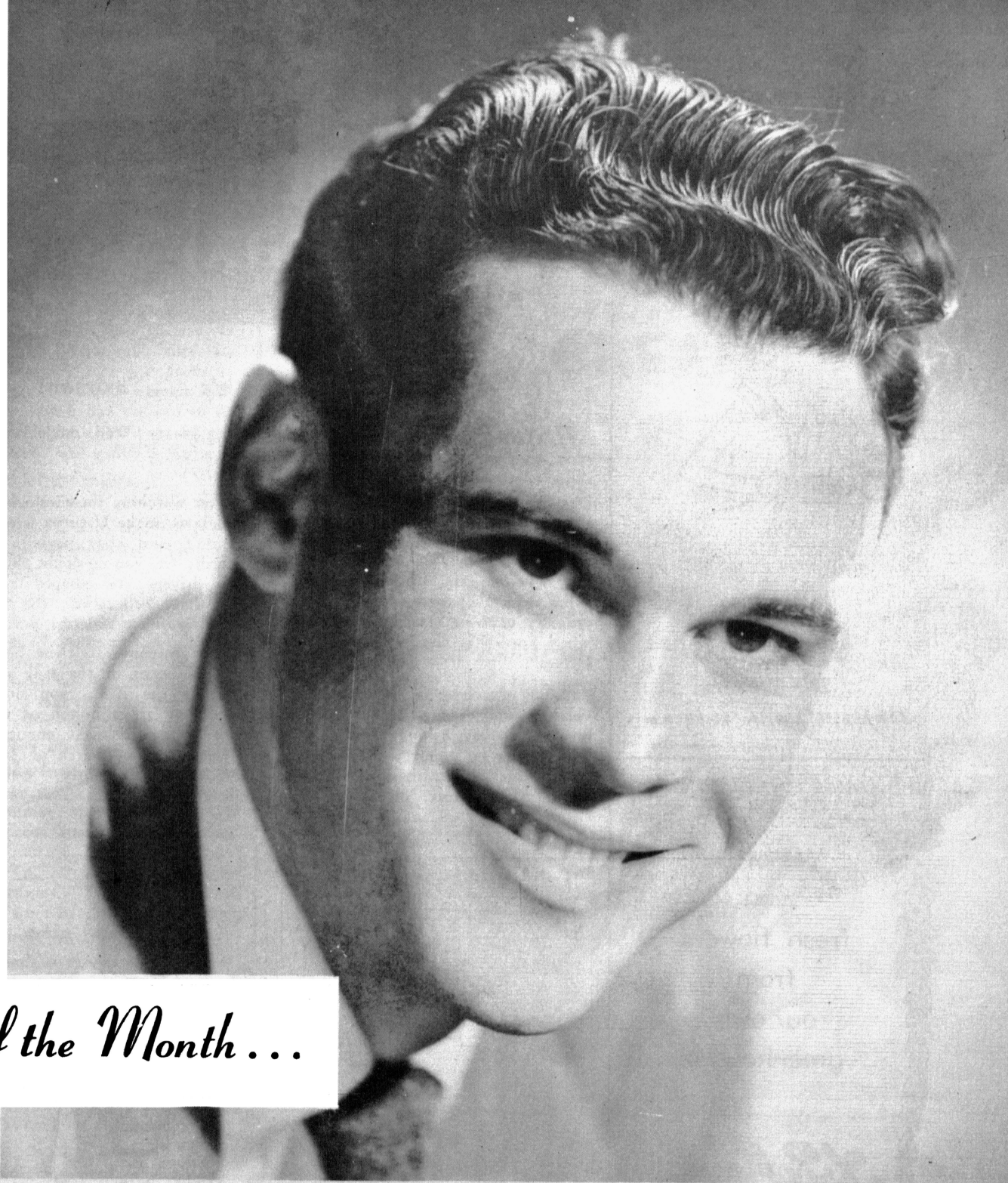


Girl of the Month . . .

PHOTOGRAPH BY GIBBONS GRIFFIN AT JULIES'

SUSAN REGAN

Junior in Journalism and Arts and Science . . . Kappa Epsilon Alpha (freshman honorary) . . . Sophomore Council . . . Associated Women Student Council . . . House Council, 1948 . . . Freshman Dorm President, 1948 . . . Campus Publications Association . . . Classes Editor, 1948 Savitar . . . Assistant Editor, 1950 Savitar . . . Freshman Orientation Board . . . Meet Missouri Night Chairman, 1948 . . . Careers Conference Board . . . Varsity Swimming Team . . . Swim Club . . . Women's Athletic Association . . . Student Director, Read Hall Art Center . . . Delta Delta Delta . . . 20 . . . Davis, Calif.



Boy of the Month...

BOB CLAVENNA

PHOTOGRAPH BY GIBBONS GRIFFIN AT JULIES'

Junior in Journalism . . . Vice-President of Student Government Association . . . Mystical Seven . . . Independent Men's Association Publicity Director . . . I. M. A. Steering Committee . . . Director of the Department of Student Administration, S. G. A. . . . S. G. A. Homecoming Committee . . . University Committee on Assembly Lectures . . . University Committee on Schedule of Studies and Examinations . . . Y. M. C. A. . . . 23 . . . St. Louis.

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16 SOUTH 9TH

how to ride a taxi



It's a bird, it's a plane, it's . . . Taximan!

NO DOUBT you neophytes, starry-eyed and innocent, have wondered about those multi-colored streaks that you have seen flying low through the streets of Columbia. You needn't wonder any more. They aren't airplanes, and they aren't V-bombs, they're only cars. But there's one thing that takes these cars out of the ordinary class—a creature behind the wheel known as the "Columbia Taxi Driver".

After watching a few of these vehicles whip around the streets at breakneck speed, taking turns on two wheels, you no doubt think that the drivers are all brothers to Wilbur Shaw, Mauri Rose, or some other

racing great. Well, don't believe it. (So what if they do wear crash helmets?)

After watching these vehicles break speed laws, make U-turns where they shouldn't, and after paying them a dastardly fee, you no doubt think that these drivers are escaped convicts. Well, don't believe it. (So what if they do carry a shoulder holster?)

After listening to these boys lean on their horns in the still and wee hours of the A.M., you no doubt think they are a bunch of drunken bums trying to make enough noise to celebrate the Fourth of July and New Year's Eve jointly. Well, don't believe it. (It's just that their bat-



"Don't be fooled by the continental air. I happen to know he spent the summer in Joplin."

teries are overcharged because they never use their lights.)

No, these men certainly aren't all the foul things you have been thinking they are. They are simply good, honest, home-loving men, with only one purpose in life—to maim students!

As hard boiled and cruel as they may sound, as horrible and vicious as they may be, you have to pity the poor fellows. After all, they are human (*though a rare and primitive form of life.*) Being human they have problems just like the rest of us. Without a doubt their two biggest problems are:

1. Lack of passengers.
2. Passengers.

We shall begin with the first problem—to simplify matters: The lack of passengers;

To help you grasp this situation, which normally can only be done by students of Economics and people with dry hands, I shall refer you back to a statement which I made a short while ago. I said that taxi drivers are humans. (*We realize how easy it is to forget that fact.*)

Proceeding from this hypothesis we naturally reach the conclusion that if they are human, they must eat. To eat, one needs food. To get food, one needs money. (*Are you following us?*) To get money, a taxi driver needs passengers. You can see why passengers are a life and death matter to drivers—and to passengers, too.

As it stands now, what with competition from convertibles, times are so hard that some hackies are known to work anywhere from 2 to 3 hours straight in order to scrape up enough to keep body and soul in one piece. Next time you see one of them cat-napping while buzzing down Ninth Street at 60 m.p.h., you'll know why he's tired.

Now for the second of the problems: passengers:

Cab drivers will admit that passengers are very trying people, (*trying to keep from being gyped*), and so, in order to make a driver's life easier and to make them love you, we present for your inspection a list of hints designed toward making you the perfect passenger.

If you must ride a cab, don't take

(Continued on Next Page)



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a short trip. Take a nice trip to the country. Go for a long, long trip. This will make you popular with the driver because he gets 35% of the loot and nothing makes a Columbian happier than money.

And these cabbies are in a bad way. They have no union. Once, a couple of years ago, a liberal minded student from Brooklyn (a Dos Passos reader) decided that the poor fellows were being oppressed and trampled on and needed to be organized into a something or other. He tried to rally them behind the slogan, "Cab Drivers Arise—You Have Nothing to Lose But Your Fenders". But it didn't work. The movement was quickly suppressed by Mr. Yellow, owner of Yellow Cab Co., and Mr. Veteran, owner of Veteran's Cab Co.



The drivers also think it would be nice if the passengers would keep their eyes open during the trip. As it stands now, the cabbies have to drive with one eye on the rear-view mirror looking for cops. If the rider would take care of that need, the driver could devote both eyes to running down old ladies and men in wheel-chairs.

Now, for the very small majority of readers who get drunk now and then, the only thing that we can say is behave, and preferably go to sleep on the floor. Cab drivers have been known to drop off disorderly drunks any damn place—Stephens, even. So take warning; but we suppose some of you always wanted to see Rocheport.

In conclusion we want you to remember one final rule: When getting in or out of a cab always tip-toe quietly and never, never slam the door. You might wake the driver. After all, they do work three hours a day . . . *straight*, sometimes.

LUCKY LITNER.

KORN KRIB

207 S. 9TH ST.

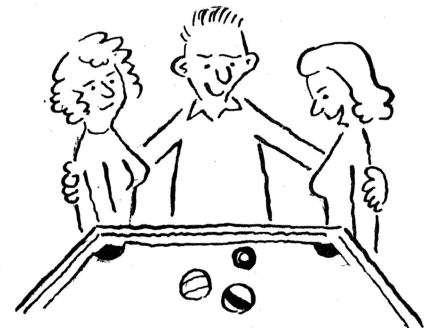
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with Jerry Smith

I MUST SAY, it is certainly nice to be back at school where other people are poor, too.

Everyone seems to be happy about being back at school. All of the hangouts are filled. There is a line at the Central Dairy waiting for the Suzans to return so they can have an ice cream.

KFRU is still on the air. Lungs Khafru, the announcer, tells me that they have added three new horror programs. I guess this is O.K., but I figure Stephens had enough programs last year.

There are still lots of record programs, which means that everyone will have to listen to the records that they got sick of this summer. Nasal Vowels, the disc-jockey, says he is almost fired for playing a record that is out three months. The record has been stored away until December.

I fail to run into any of my friends this summer, so I have to rush around seeing all of them so that they can give me stuff for this column. The first person I run into is Legal Graft, the B.P.A. student. Legal tells me that the big business slump during the summer is caused by none other than H. Truman himself. It seems that the whole thing starts when this person refuses to allow photographers to take a picture of him in a swimming suit. This causes the photographer to lose the money that he would have made from the picture, and he is forced to purchase less glasses of foam. The brewery is then forced to lay off a worker. This worker cannot buy the car he is trying to buy, and the automobile industry lays off two workers who can't buy rocking chairs for their big fat wives to sit in. This continues until the whole thing builds up to the point where millions are out of work and H.G.B. is smirking.

I drop into the Shack and who do I find pushing splinters under his thumb-nail but But Wyser, the psych major. I force Bud to return the splinters so I will have a table to put my beer on. Bud is very happy because, he says, more people are going crazy than ever before. Bud kept himself busy during the summer figuring out some important data, and he has developed a theory that should make everyone happy. It seems that the birth rate is higher than the death rate, which means that a person has more chance of being born than dying. So, we're all crazy.

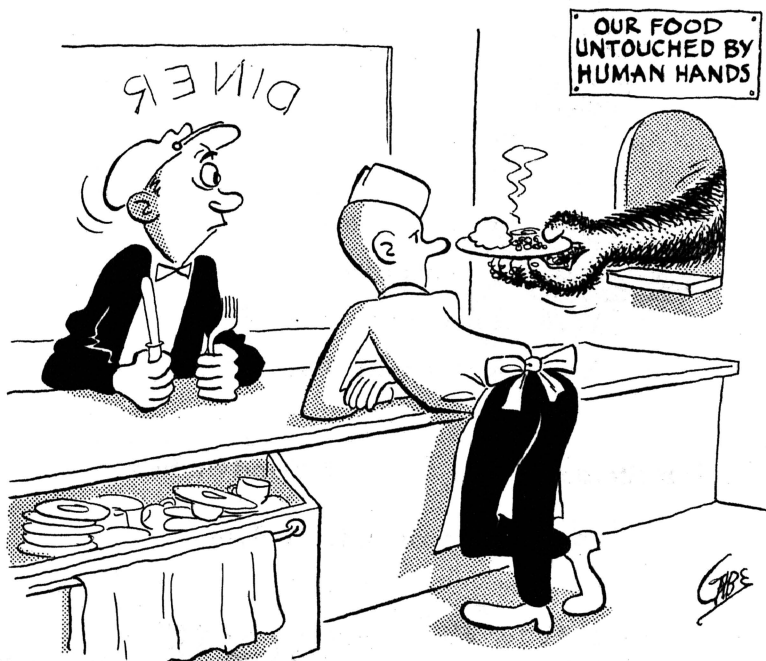
Lefty Waynger, the radical, pops in and Bud asks him when Paul Robeson ceased his singing career to become a comedian. This makes Lefty very angry and he says that Robeson is a fine man and truly does love the Russians. This is proved by the

fact that he remains in the U.S. and forces us to put up with him. Besides, Lefty tells us, Robeson has been angry ever since he heard Sinatra sing 'Old Man River'. Lefty spends the summer selling Wallace Buttons to outgoing Red agents. He says the government almost ruins his income by putting so many of them in jail.

Hot Lips Spiozza, who is in the next booth drinking two beers to her date's one, tells me that she was *abroad* this summer. Which shows that she hasn't changed a bit.

Anemic Corpuscles, the Blue Campus resident, informs me that he cannot understand why everyone is complaining about how difficult it is to get jobs this summer. He says there is a man in the employment office

(Continued on Next Page)



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who is willing to hire everyone who comes in. This person wore a band on his arm that said 'Recruiting' and a smirk on his face that said, "We'll get you one way or the other." Anemic made \$20 an hour this summer—one hour a week.

Foggy Daze, the frosh, says that he has a good idea for making money, until he learns that the smaller an animal is, the more it eats in proportion to the size of its body. In other words, an elephant eats a small percentage of its weight, while a shrew eats many times more.

Foggy figures that furriers would pay a good price for cat fur. He figures that if he gets a bunch of cats



and a bunch of rats, he could skin a cat, sell the skin, and feed the cat's body to the rats. Then the rats could be used to feed to the other cats and so forth. Only, since the rat is smaller than the cat, the rat must eat more than the cat, and therefore in order to keep enough rats to feed the cats, he would have to kill too many cats to feed the rats, and couldn't keep enough rats to feed the cats, which wouldn't last anyway. He is despondent, to say the least.

Cornfed Sylow, the Ag student, spends the summer trying to develop a wooden leg for grasshoppers so that they could kick the bumps off cucumbers and make smooth pickles. Cornfed says the crops are a failure this year, but he makes hundreds from subsidies.

Einstein Freud, the little guy with the big brain, tells me that the phrase, S.O.B., is reaching a new height of popularity. He says that now it is the fashionable thing in high circles to call your friends S.O.B.'s. Einstein says this phrase will be in all the new dictionaries. It will be defined as: *A word used in whispers by men,*

mentally by women, in alleys by small boys, and in general by politicians. He says there is an exclusive club in Washington called 'The Friendly S.O.B.'s'. A person may enter this club only if he is called an S.O.B. by a well-known person. This is why everyone is trying to make Truman angry. He'll never pass his bills until every Congressman is an S.O.B.

Bow Tie Bob, the biggest B.M.O.C. on the campus, spent the summer selling stock in the Sucker . . . I mean Tucker Auto Corp. This outfit produces million-dollar automobiles in which the front is in the rear, the shaft is in the stockholder and the wheels live in mansions.

Of course, the very mention of work nauseates Bow Tie so he speaks of his favorite topic . . . cars. Bow Tie says that he almost buys a Crosley this summer. This is their super-battlewagon model . . . two bean cans and a mixmaster mounted on a roller skate. However, he discards this idea when he learns of a new pledge who has a Packard convertible. Bow Tie lets him use it once a week—and the pledge appreciates it.

Nosey Eversharp, the J-school student, tells me that while reading a book this summer he discovers a good sign for entrances to all Columbia streets:

*This Street Impassible;
Not Even Jackassible.*

THE END



"Because of your shirking attitude toward pledge duties, Frisbie, I've been assigned to take you down a peg or two."

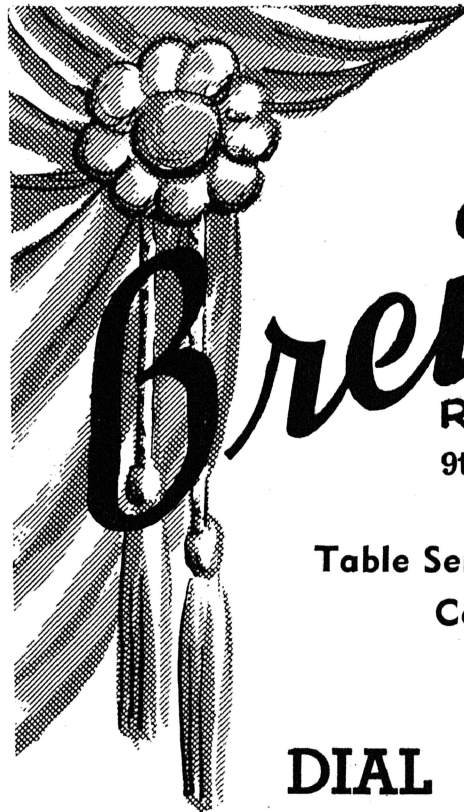
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"Pardon me, Mrs. Astor, but that never would have happened if you hadn't stepped between me and the spittoon."

* * *

The husband that knows where his wife keeps her nickles has nothing on the husband who knows where the maid keeps her quarters.

* * *

In the old days, when a fellow told a girl a naughty story, she blushed. Nowadays she tells him a new version.

* * *

Little Boy: "Teacher, may I leave the room?"

Teacher: "No, Henry, you stay right here and fill the ink wells."

* * *

"Well, how was the burlesque dance?"

"Abdominal."

* * *

Professor to class: "There's a young man in this class making a jackass out of himself. When he's finished, I'll start."

* * *

"This dress is a little too long for me, have you anything shorter?"

"You might try the collar department."

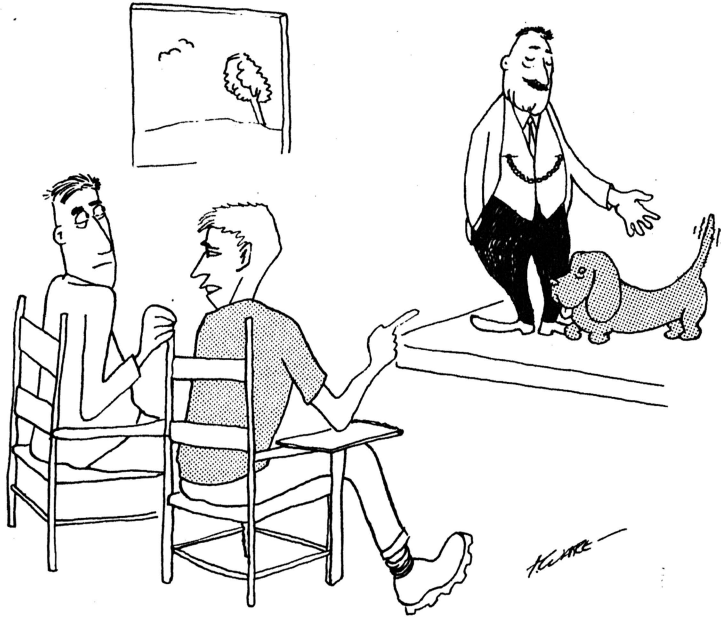
* * *

An elderly lady driving along nonchalantly, turned a corner and ran over a poor inebriate crossing the street. Without a change of emotion, she stopped the car and rolled down the window and called, "You had better watch out there, young man."

Rising on one elbow, the drunk yelled, "Ye Gods' lady, don't tell me you're going to back up."

* * *

Don't you ever read anything but the jokes?



"I hear this quiz is gonna be a bitch!"

I fell in love with a girl named
Charlotte,
Despite the fact that she was a
barlot.
Perhaps intrigued by her fair
name,
I forgot her home was of ill fame.
Yet I can look at life with glee;
What hundreds paid for, I got
free.

* * *

IN THE SHOWER

Judge quite well and closely compare:
I sing much better than guys on the
air.

Closely compare and judge quite well:
I make the same money—bab! Like
Hell!

DONN.

* * *

Hickory dickory dock,
Two couple went for a walk.
One talked of the weather,
The other did better.
Hickory dickory dock.

SHACKSPEARE.

* * *

There once was a man named Bunch,
Who took out a girl on a bunch.
He bought her a glass,
And then made a pass;
She threw him ten fee with a crunch.

G. T. S.

ODE TO A HINK PARTY

Hey, the beer is fine, come on in!
We just added a dash of gin.
Here's a pint, for your gal a quart
Soon as it's dark, the party'll start.

G. T. S.

* * *

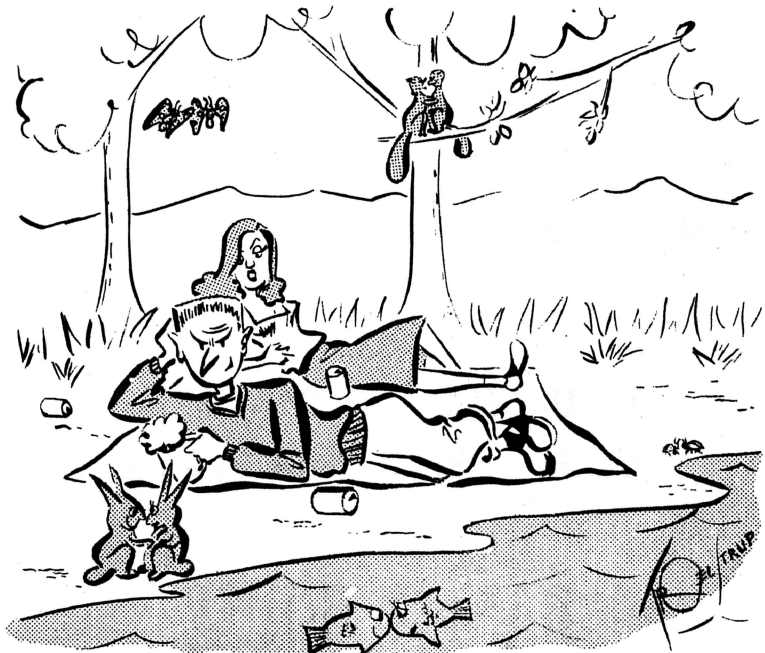
She was only a street car con-
ductor's daughter, and all the boys
wanted to go too far for five cents.

* * *

Engineers were anxious
To give it a test.
This jet would bring them
Great renowned,
If it exceeded
The speed of sound.
The model was ready,
And it was a beauty,
It looked as if
It could really scoot.
A disaster occurred,
And the plans were staled;
The engineers
Just sat and bawled.
A wind tunnel couldn't be found
With sufficient power . . .
But then they discovered
The Memorial Tower.

SHACKSPEARE.

LAFTER
THOUGHTS



"Whatcha' thinkin' about, honey?"



MISSOURI Showme

contributors' page

FLAVOR

AT



ITS

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FINEST

Jerry Smith



PHOTOGRAPH BY JULIES' STUDIO

Tall, goodlooking . . . but bashful . . . Associate Editor Jerry Smith began contributing to *Showme* as a freshman in April, 1948.

It took us another semester to even meet the boy!

But, like the head on a beer, Jerry blossomed out and became one of *Showme's* vital cogs . . . admirably filling Bob Rowe's shoes, contributing humorous stories, poems, and gag ideas. (*His best work to date appears on page 15*).

Jerry was born (23 years ago in St. Louis) with printer's ink in his blood, for his father is a newspaper man. A journalism major, he someday hopes to sit on his backside and turn out scores of stories for which he will receive juicy checks. He currently is working on his first novel.

Co-eds desiring to meet this handsome lad can find him under a desk in our office . . . 2 to 4 daily.

Keith Hershey

One day last Spring, a long pair of legs topped by a thick cloud of smoke wandered into our office. The smoke, we found, came from a cigar, and the legs belonged to Keith Hershey. Keith joined our ad staff and

proceeded to astonish staff members and merchants alike with his super-salesmanship.

With an A. B. in Economics, Keith began work on a B. J. in Advertising this summer; plus aiding our ad director in lining up Fall accounts.

The 6' 4" Kappa Alpha from Kansas City has one ambition: "To get out and start living in a manner to which I'm *not* accustomed."

Carolyn Lipshy

Texas, we thought, are supposed to be tall; but our diminutive business secretary, Carolyn Lipshy, makes us kind of doubt the fact.

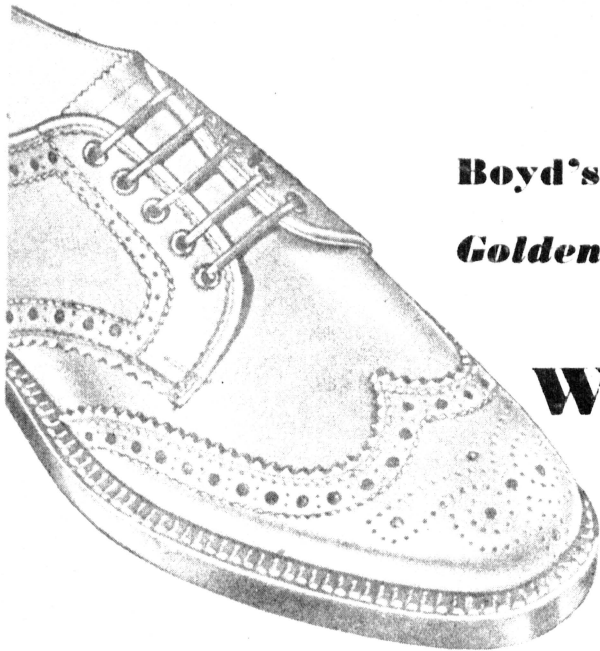
The little sophomore from Lubbock joined *Showme* early last year and proved to be one of the most energetic gals on the staff.

Carolyn claims she came to Missouri because she 'wanted to go to a big university away from Texas . . . but *not* to far away.' She thinks Spanish will be her major, but likes dramatics and creative writing to boot.

Not only does Carolyn slave for *Showme*, but she is active in Missouri Workshop, a member of Sophomore Council, Kappa Epsilon Alpha, and Alpha Epsilon Phi . . . and is one of the nicest persons we know.



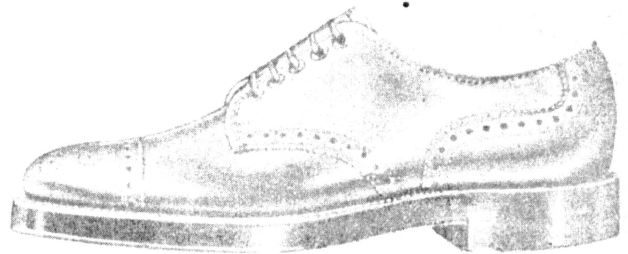
PHOTOGRAPH BY JULIES' STUDIO



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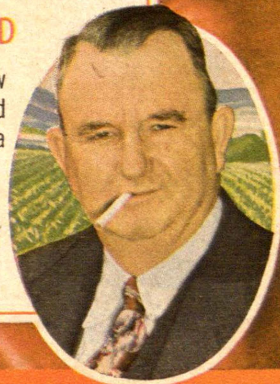
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