

missouri
SHOWME



SEPTEMBER



25¢





Garland's

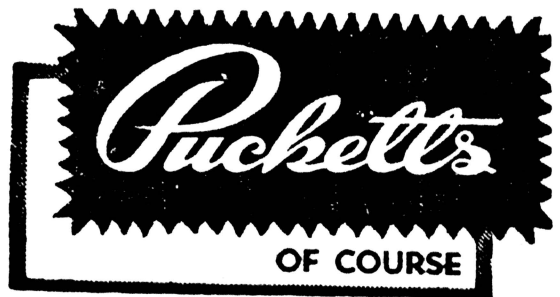
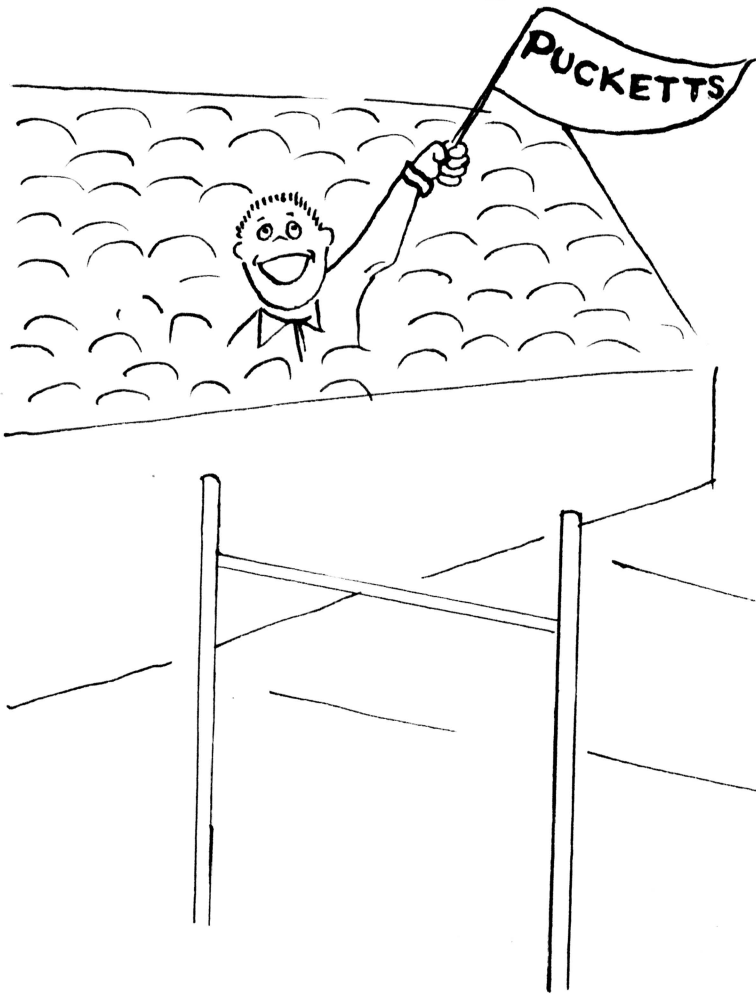
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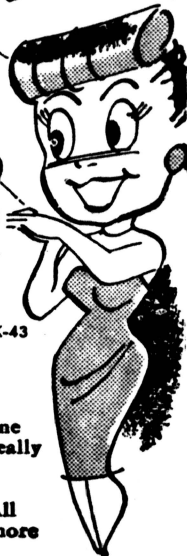
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that gets out
ALL the dirt!

K-43



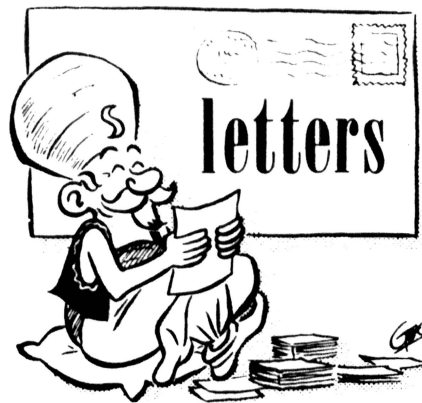
Amazing new Sanitone Service gets clothes really clean! Colors and patterns restored to original brilliance. All spots out. Costs no more than ordinary dry cleaning.



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DEAR READER,

With this issue, *Showme* begins a fresh year. It begins it with the intention of providing you each month with fresh humor and entertainment arising out of life at the University.

To better do this, *Showme* seeks and welcomes participation in its publication by all students interested in cultivating their talents through its pages.

Showme is edited by appointed representatives of the student body. However, membership on its staff is never restricted only to those selected by the University Board of Publications. In fact we're crying for you. Our needs are as diverse as they are endless. At this moment there are staff openings for artists (people who can draw), writers (you must be literate), business, circulation and advertising assistants, and people who just want to be funny. And incidentally, you don't have to be a member of anything else to be a member of *Showme's* staff.

So—if you have a crazy bone, wanta have some fun, and wanta see your name on the *Showme* masthead, come up to Read Hall 303 any afternoon after 1:00—We will be waiting for you.

Pat Kilpatrick



how's your sense of **HUMOR?**



Are you the life of the party? a dry wit? a saucy raconteur? In short, are you just too funny for words? Then why not put your humor into pictures: put it into something solid and immortal—like **Showme**?

Right now Swami is on the prowl for aspiring young cartoonists, artists, writers, gag men and publicity experts to help keep his lecherous little humor sheet cranking out laughs. We need your help.

So if you have any of these talents—or if you want to earn points as a typist, salesman, or ad man—if you want a part in one of the best humor magazines in the country—just come on over to the **Showme** meeting at Neff Hall, Room 203 this Thursday the 25th of September at 7:30.

SEE YOU THEN!

- **Cartoonists**
- **Writers**
- **Gagmen**
- **Typists**
- **Ad Salesmen**
- **Activity hounds**

See you at Neff 203, Sept. 25!

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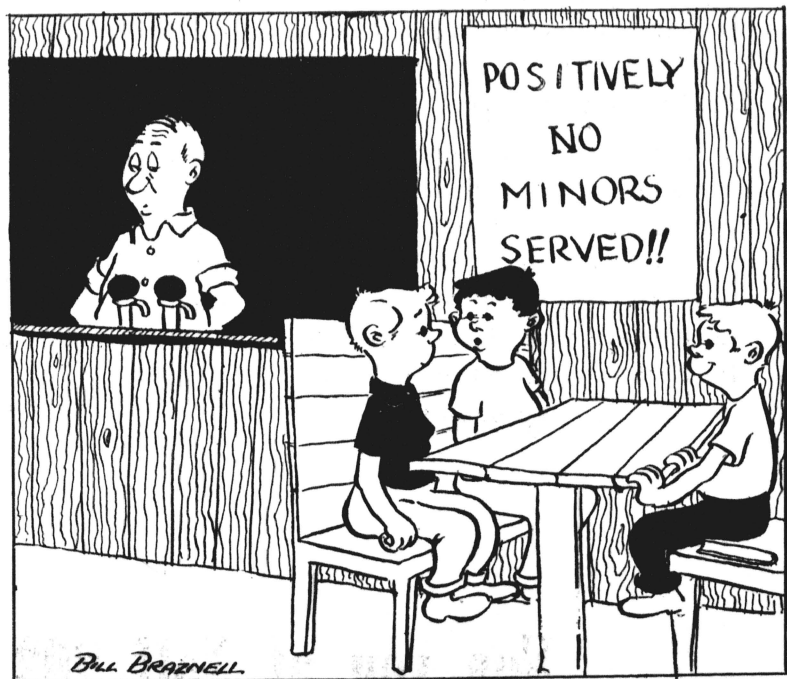
This is a formality. You don't need to read it, really you needn't. Well! Hell! if you've gone this far you might as well finish it. First meet Pat..



This is Patruskia, the Mad Theta, known to the campus underworld as "The Killah." She's gonna edit this funnel of fun first semester. She's famous for her... ah... little peoples. She started on Swamie's beerroll as a cartoonist, progressed to art editor, associate editor and has now been jousting into the editors saddle (sideways). The first shemale in Swamie's history to hold that position. She's prexy of Kappa Alpha Theta (A sor. on campus) and a campus cog of unimpeachable integrity. (She bonged a panty-raider with a house trophy). Oh, yes, she's an Olympic possibility in the chain-smokers relay. Seriously though, this ought to be a great year for old Swamie with Patty at the helm. Not only is Miss J-School a brilliant student (Look-it the bags under her eyes) she's got the common touch, for which I'll be forever grateful. She, God Bless Her, bussed me once when I was blue, and what could be commoner.

This is also kind of a g'by note. Farewell to all those to whom I owe money, all those who owe me money, to the faculty (All Hail), who ain't got no money, and to you.

It is best to mix 'em with water,
Herb Knapp



You do it this time, I lost my draft card.

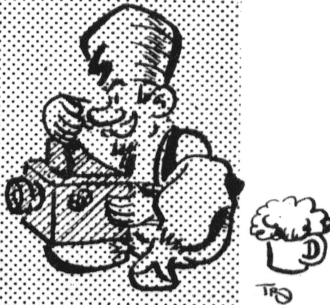


MISSOURI Showme

YOUR CAMPUS HUMOR MAGAZINE

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Photographs by George Miller, Jack Hodges and Randy Vanet

Volume 29

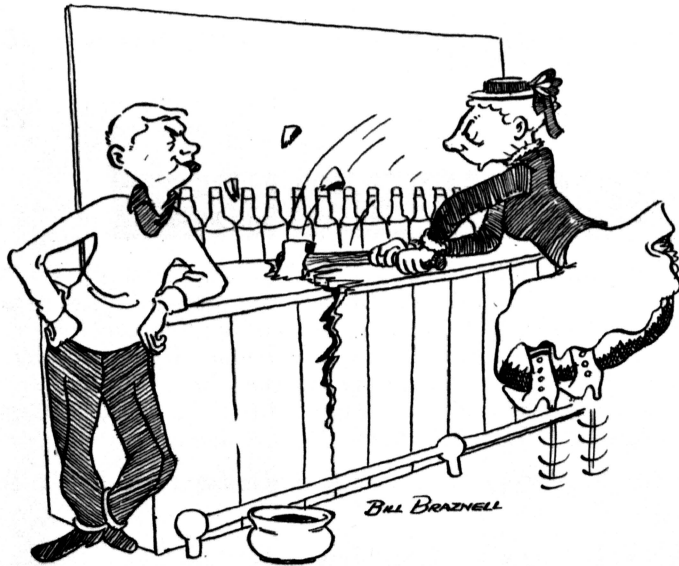
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Number 1



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*One lesson we're sure you'll discover
E'er the season has gone very far—
You can take the far from the frat, boys,
But you can't take the frat from the bar!*



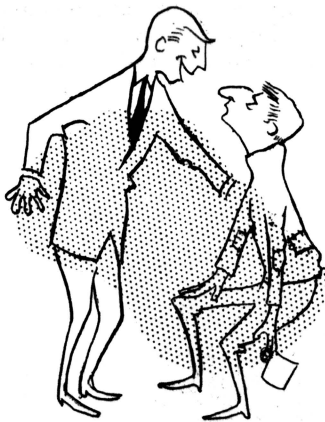
Around The Columns

September has reared her helmeted head, and the pigskins fly and stroll past the Central Dairy, while Swampeast Aggies fill the night with homesick hog calls, and another anxious year begin.

Throughout the orientation week mothers of freshman girls followed their charges, keeping an anxious eye posterior-wise fearfully remembering last May's notorious "Charge of the Night Brigade."

Definition of Terms

Having nothing better to do this summer, we attempted to tell one of the local yokels (who hasn't the advantage of a collitch education), about some of the traditions, dogma, and general Mickey Mouse that make up Mizzou.



Rush Week: When your mind is already made up, but you want to see how much you can get for nothing.

Snap Course: Twice as much work as any other course. Guy who told you what a "snap" it was, turns out to be professor's brother-in-law.

Pep Rally: Where everybody learns the meaning of the word "inane."

BMOC: Man with a lot of keys, who'd settle for one to her room.

Frat Man: A big grin and an extended hand, that doesn't need a dime for a cup of coffee.

Pin: Object of female obsession; like stamp collecting.

Missouri Student: Less circulation than an empty room with out windows, and about as interesting.

Jelly: Coffee hour without big-wigs, without coffee, and without hope.

Weekend: When you go home and tell 'em how hard you're working.

Tower: Like a hangover; what you go through, after you've gone through so much.

Homecoming: Class of '30 burps again!

I Theenk

Near Yuma, Arizona, a band of Mexicans, who had crossed the border illegally to search for farm work, ran into a movie company on location, took one look at 60 Hollywood Arabs on horseback and fled across the border, yelling, "The map was wrong!"

A Winner

After a couple of losing football seasons here at Mizzou, the question arises, "Why can't we win?" Maybe this year will be different, and maybe we'll be proven wrong. We hope so. However, it looks from here as if the East Side boys club were challenging the Brooklyn Dodgers. Notre Dame has had for years, a schedule that would be suicide for any but a good team. For years they have proven



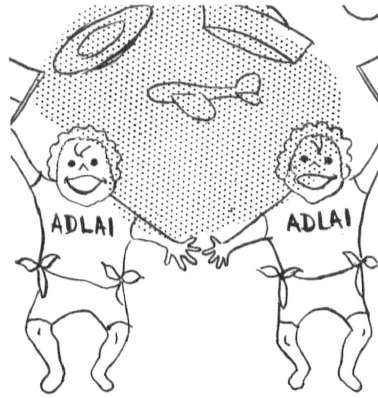
up to it, but now with a couple of weak seasons behind them, the school is toning down. It doesn't seem probable that Missouri, which doesn't go in for recruiting out-of-state stars, can keep up with the likes of non-conference foes, such as Maryland, California and S.M.U. Why not wait until we have the team, or know we have the team coming up, before we let large gate receipts dictate a hari-kari schedule?

Bottle Neck

One of the most disheartening of summer stories was the ro-

mantic one about the American G.I. who put his name and address in a bottle and the Irish girl who found it. The story sounded great—fabulous, as C.B. deMille might say. They were pen pals for six years, and then the veteran took a plane to meet the colleen from Dingle (an improbable name). It was nothing at first sight. While all of Ireland watched with baited breath, the two spent a couple of weeks discovering that they had nothing but the bottle and the publicity in common. While he sadly boarded a bus for Tralee, muttering, “Erin

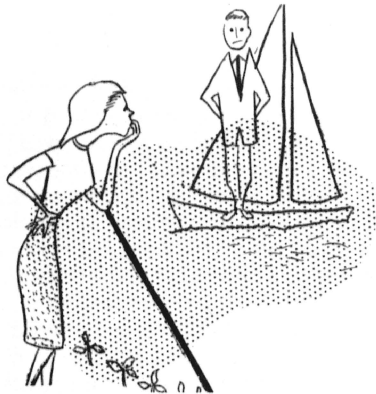
with the name Adlai (Ialda, spelled backwards) . . .



appear before the board to tell them why he was going. Realizing he was six foot two, weighing over two hundred pounds, he decided to call the whole trip off. He figured there wasn't any sense in appearing before them, and giving them ideas.

Rest Cure

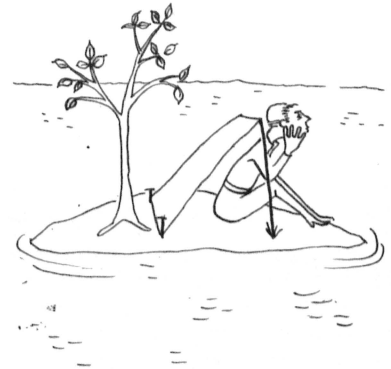
Nothing makes us happier than seeing a man get a well-deserved rest. At last the Justice Department has been able to arrange for one for Frank Costello, the



go bragh, dammit,” she went back hoeing her potatoes, and Dan Cupid sat around looking a bit sheepish. The moral is: There are plenty of fish in the sea. Stick to them, and the hell with bottles.

Divided We Fall

An interesting sidelight to last June's Scanty Sortee, is the fact that SGA managed to collect \$350 toward recovering \$14,000 damage. This was all the money they were able to get out of the men to repay the personal property losses of the girls. Now the problem is: How are you going to divide \$350 into \$14,000 without seeming ridiculous. We're sure that someone will come up with a bright answer. Please send same to *Showme* which will immediately pass it on to SGA, where the politicians are wringing their hands, tearing their hair, and making sage remarks about the price of figs in Tunisia.



man, who made Congress look like little boys playing G-Men. Mr. Costello, a shady character, who had congressmen and senators playing straight men for him, has finally found a tax-free home (not that he paid any anyway), but the only thing that bothers us, is for how long?

Summer Muse

We are glad that the flying saucer mystery was finally explained. It turned out to be the caps of graduating midshipmen and cadets. The newsreels prove it. . . .

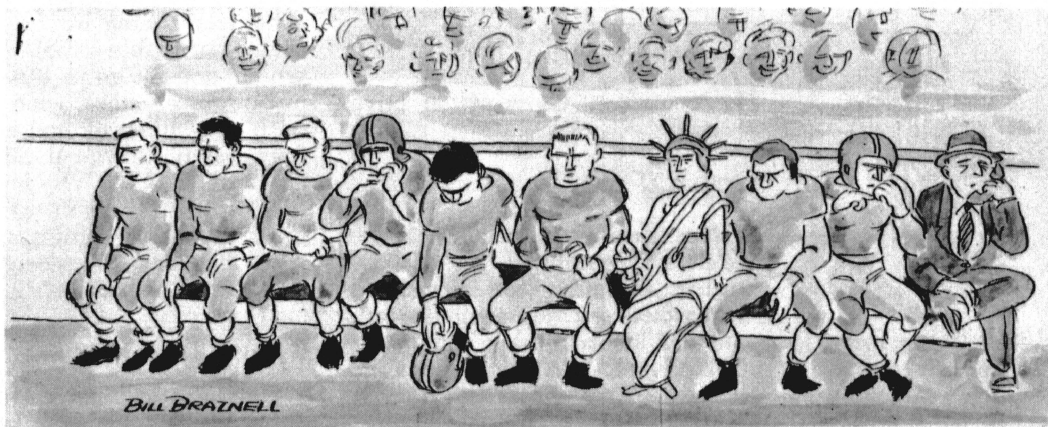
And 10,000 babies born during July and August were saddled

Forget It

A friend of ours wanted to take a trip to Quebec this summer. It came as quite a surprise to him that he had to get his draft board's permission to leave the country. He called his board, only to have them tell him he had to

Headgear—Cheap

As a passing note, we find that the hat market is flooded with dirt cheap coonskin caps designed to keep the head warm and the blushing face covered. Chapeau experts contend the articles are



coming from an unknown southern state tentatively identified as Tennessee. But then, what's the difference? Taft buttons aren't selling for much on the open market, either.

Walk Talk

Students have been following the line of least resistance for years and the University has finally accommodated them by proving that the shortest distance between two points is a straight line. Curators shook the rattle from their piggy banks and built a straight cement walk over an equally straight foot path made by Journalism students to eager to take the long way.

United We Stand

Three thousand square feet of six inch cashmere pile carpeting, lush indirect lighting, and 7,000 plush chaise lounges with built-in ash trays—no it's not a Stephen's laundry room, just our little old new Student Union lobby. The Girl Scouts are expected to hold their next overnight in the Southwest corner in preference to the Ben Bolt lobby which unfortunately has no plans for color TV.

In lieu of the elaborate Union sundeck, the University has extended sunbathing privileges to all students after December 1. A wild response has brought one polar bear to the University to soak up Columbia's winter resort solar rays. University officials anticipate a steal from Sun Valley trade.

Fly We Must

No trains, busses, subways, trolleys, elevateds, or kiddie-cars, but at last Columbia natives have solved the transportation problem with nothing but the best. A cow pasture finally made good in Columbia with the opening of the Ozark Airlines on the edge of town. Mayor Sappington flung a bottle of malt beer at a D-C 6 on her maiden flight.



"Whom shall I say is calling?"

The crowd roared and the Hickman High School band played "Comin' in on a Wing and a Prayer," as two city dignitaries and a Boone County ham took off for St. Louis. Stephens College girls laughingly circled the D-C in their tartan plaid jets.

Could Be

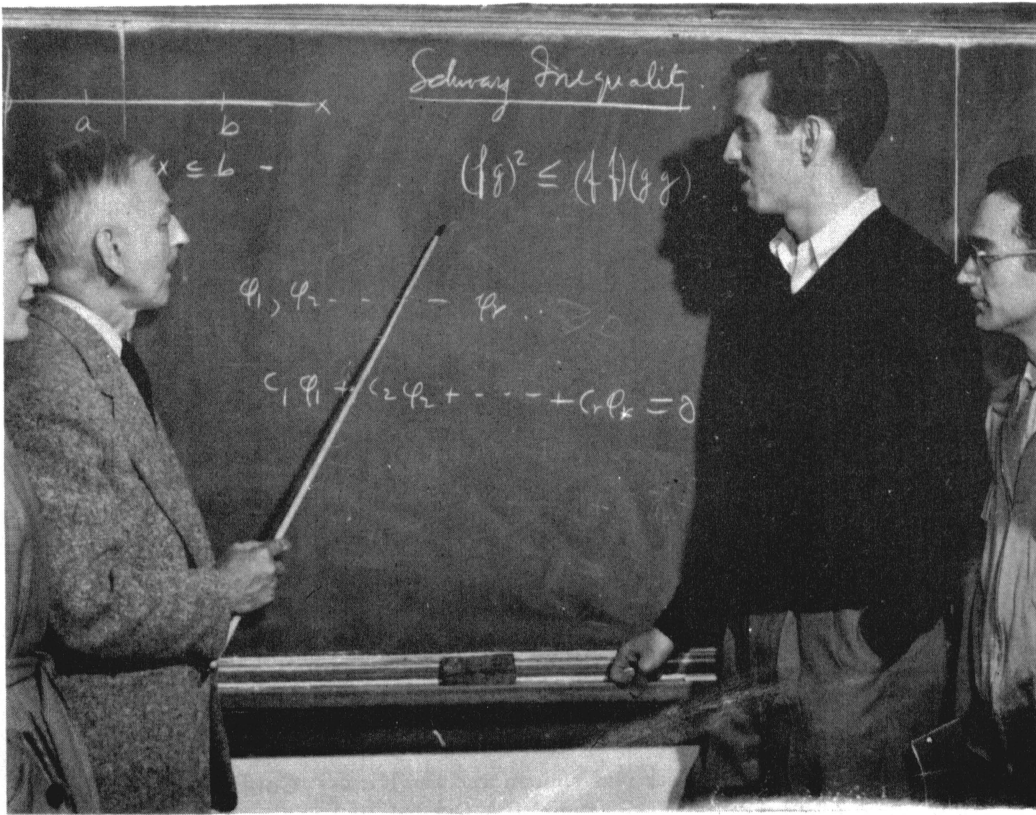
The airplanes may be here to stay, but who is going to schedule a flight from Rothwell to White Campus. Bulldozers, cranes, and electric drills have made Columbia's thoroughfares look like the aftermath of an atomic bomb. Talk of an uranium rush originally brought thousands of prospectors to disrupt pedestrian lives. However, after extensive drilling and many uranium-less craters, the whole mess was turned over to ROTC headquarters for battle front maneuvers. A few cadets have been observed re-panning the ruins.

Hodge-Podge

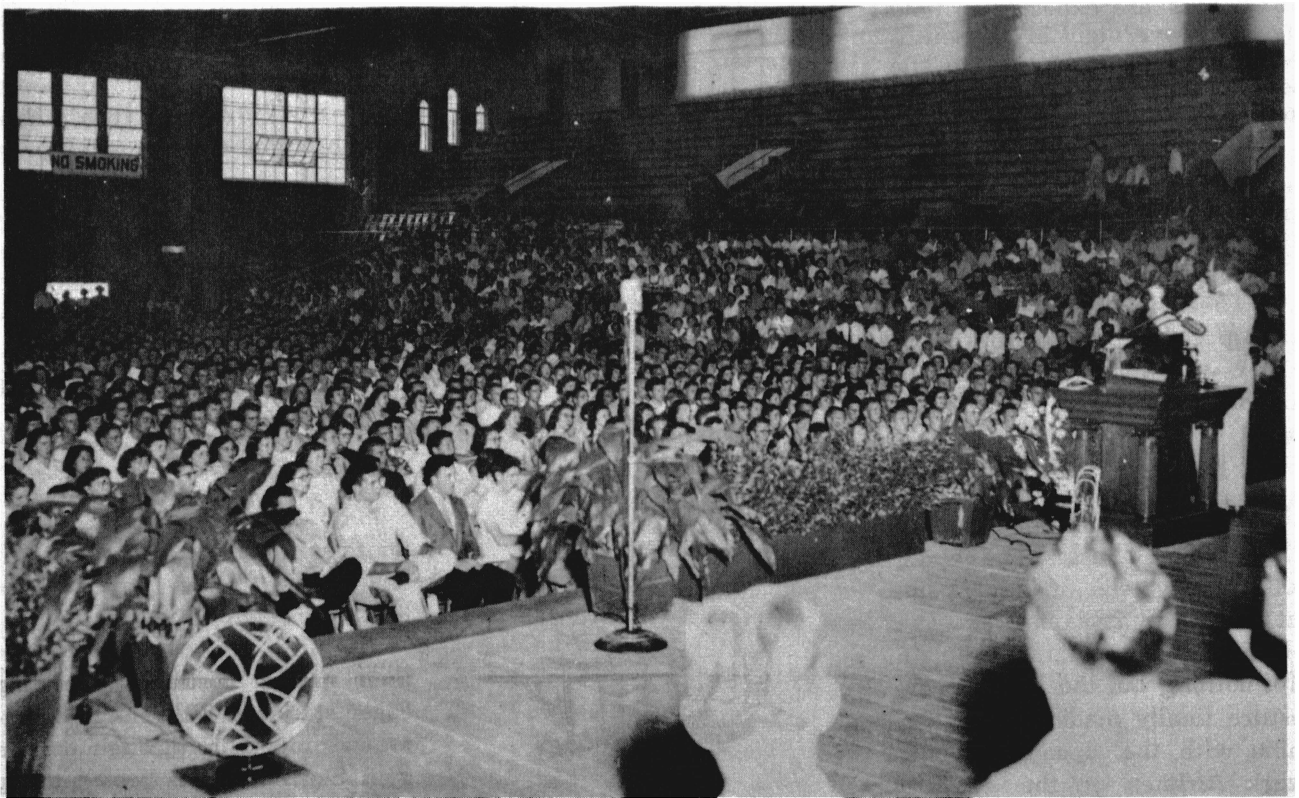
In an effort to simplify the intricacies of registration, the entire process has been turned over to the foreign language department, all of whom stand by in their native costumes directing eager students. Wild Hora Staccato was piped in throughout the gym. Sentiment has been running high to call in the UN.

See you under the columns, services at 6 p.m. daily.





Eistein meets Compton.



"But you must study! You must, I tell you."

PHOTO BY GEORGE MILLER



"Three...do I hear four?"

PHOTO BY GEORGE MILLER



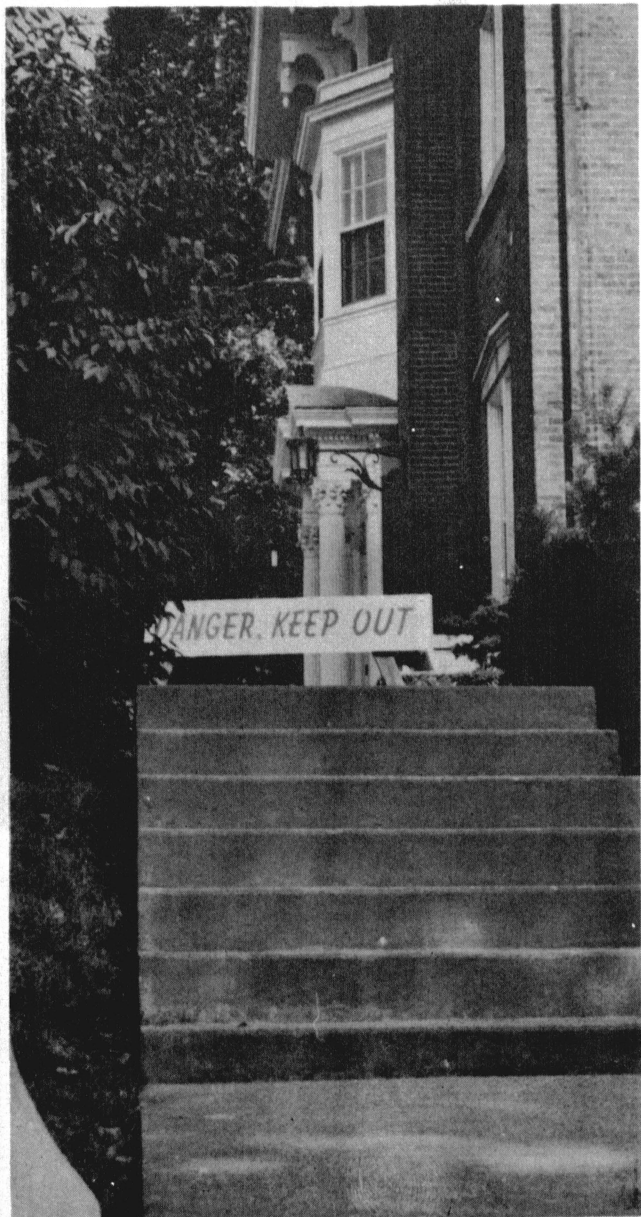
"Come in...said the spider..."

PHOTO BY RANDY VANET



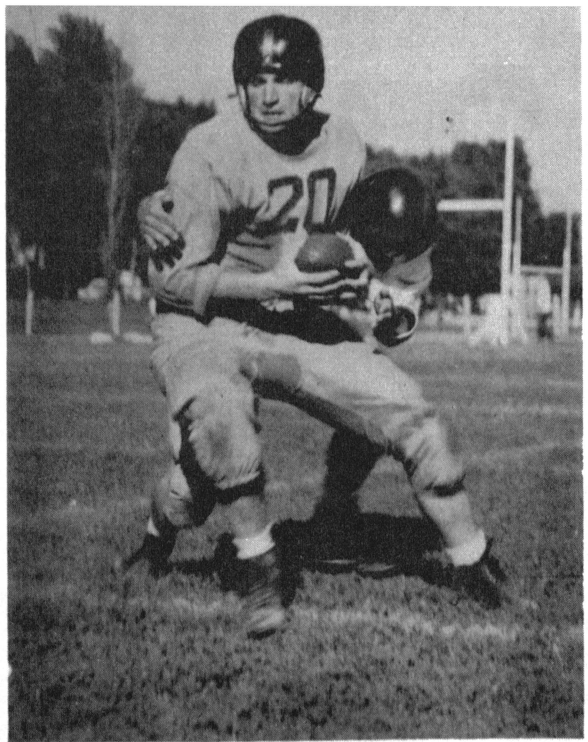
A Scene from Missouri' annual Greek Farce; in which a visiting freshman is hooked.

PHOTO BY RANDY VANET



Arf, Arf!

PHOTO BY JACK HODGES



"How can I leave thee..."

PHOTO BY RANDY VANET



"Sure, I can cure athlete's foot," said trainer Ollie.

PHOTO BY RANDY VANET



PHOTO BY GEORGE MILLER

Two wilting Tigers, lineman Paul Fuch, and quarterback Tony Scardino relax after an afternoon in the sun. With heavily clad pigskin toaters losing between five and ten pounds each practice session—California may be facing a team of phantoms this Saturday.



Only

By Gene Koppel

My parents were thoroughly disgusted with me. I had taken a degree in chemical engineering two years previous and since then had done nothing but drift from job to job. This wouldn't have been serious, except that all of the jobs were in my father's factory and he was the thrifty sort who didn't like giving pay to an employee who produced nothing. Besides, others were laughing at the owner's lazy son and an occasional chuckle couldn't help but reach his smarting ears.

One fall morning I felt sure that I was to put an end to our strained relationship. Arising early and excited, I slipped into my lounging robe and hurried downstairs. Just as I reached the bottom landing the front door opened and father entered.

"Eating lunch early today?" I inquired brightly.

He walked towards the dining room muttering, "I haven't a leg to stand on with the union men these days. They just point to you and embarrass me into giving them shorter hours."

After he was seated and Mother had come in from the garden, I delivered my joyous message.

"You're not going to be supporting me much longer, Dad!"

"Find someone rich you can marry?" came the sour reply.

"No," I said in my most dignified voice. "I perfected my eye-drops last night."

skin deep

"Oh, Charles, that's wonderful!" Mother bubbled, her blue eyes twinkling. "Daddy will manufacture them for you and you'll be famous in your own right!"

Father rose.

"I'm not manufacturing any eyedrops for him. They would probably blind half of the country within one week!"

But encouraged by a look from Mother, I excused myself from the room, and returning to mine went to sleep again, happy in my independence and in knowing that at last I had accomplished something important.

My high spirits continued into the evening and, I could have cut myself from sheer joy while shaving but for the fact that I used an electric razor. What's more, my eyes were blood shot, giving me an excuse to be the first to use my new drops. Up till then I had tried them on nothing save a weak-eyed mouse with whom I had had great success, and I was anxious to ascertain accurately their human benefits.

Tilting my head back, I squeezed two drops of the soft blue fluid over each eyeball. At first it was wonderful. My retinas experienced a sensation which can be compared only to the sipping of a cool scotch and water on a warm day. But after a moment a horrible vibration began; running to the mirror I saw my irises darting back and forth with such short, rapid jerks that it appeared I was watching a tennis match between two microbes. The movements soon stopped, however, and an anxious five minutes observation convinced me that no damage had been done. On the con-

trary, my eyes were now clear and felt completely rested.

"A minor flaw in the formula," I thought as I drove my auto towards my dates apartment-hotel. "It probably can be corrected before the laboratory tests Thursday."

Mimi Swift, my 'this is it' girl at the time, even commented when I called for her at the Queen's Inn, "My, Charles, how handsome you look tonight. Your eyes are positively shining!"

It was while we were riding down the elevator that I began to feel something was really wrong. I was looking interestedly at the little numbers above the door, which flashed respectively, '31, 30, 29, 28, 27, 26, etc.', when Mimi said, "Papa thinks this gown is too revealing, Charles. Do you?" Hoping Papa was right, I turned to look at Mimi. That was all I saw. There was no gown!

"Not here, sweetheart!" I gasped. "What did you do with it? Put it on!"

"Really, darling, you're *too* amusing," she laughed. The elevator stopped. I tried to pull her back as she stepped into the lobby, but she skipped away and I closed my eyes, braced for the screams of amazement and embarrassment I thought sure to follow. When nothing happened I opened them and beheld the lobby crowded with completely disrobed people walking calmly about as if nothing was in the least bit unusual.

"Charles, quit gawking from the elevator and come on! The performance begins in ten minutes!"

(Father had never liked Mimi. He said there was "nothing to the

girl." I knew then that that statement was based only on a silly prejudice.)

Too nervous to drive my own car, I hailed a taxi and a nude cab driver conveyed us very speedily to the Irwin Theatre. Enroute I did not see a single person with a stitch of clothing on and once, when I glanced at her, Mimi said, "My, you're different tonight. I feel as if you could undress me with one look!"


I was terrified. If the city was enjoying a 'Back to Nature Day' I certainly hadn't read about it in the papers. I fell into my theatre seat, closed my eyes, and hoped that when I opened them—if I ever could get up the courage—things would return to normal. Mimi nudged me and whispered, "Don't go to sleep, silly! They say this is the sexiest show in town"

I peeked and was rewarded by the sight of twelve lovely chorines. Lovely, that is, for a minute.

"They all have varicose veins!" I ejaculated. Their flesh paled. Hundreds of thin blue veins and dark arterial systems became roadmapped on their bodies, and then these evaporated and I saw twelve skeletons frolicking behind the footlights...

"... Sir, are you all right?" I had fainted. A skull bobbed over me. Boney hands helped raise me from the soft-carpeted aisle where I had fallen. Something else approached. Its lower jaw moved up and down and I recognized Mimi's voice.

"There's really no air in here. Let's go to the Aqua Club. It's cool and you can get a pick-me-up."

(Continued on page 36) 

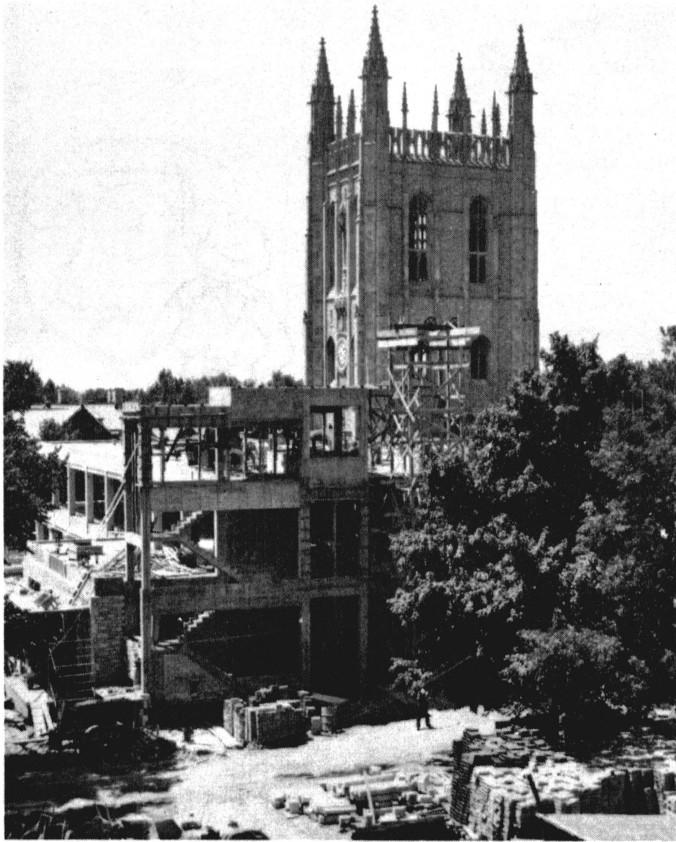


Missouri, too, has its Pompeian excavations. The first Union progressed as far as the foundation when the depression hit between the steel beams Yawning for the past 20 years like a leftover burial hole from the plague, the pit has figured prominently as headquarters for local underground movements. and more recently, an enterprising student converted it into a miniature golf course.

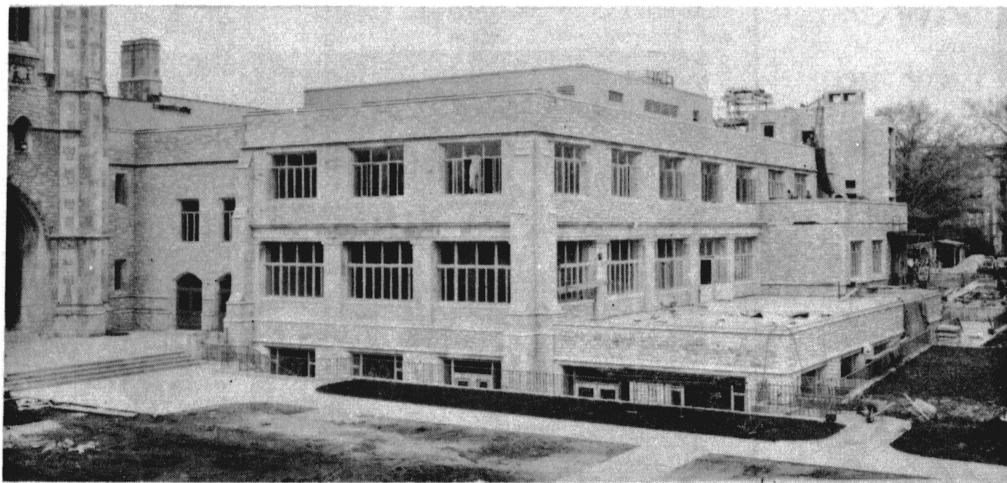


One morning, the University, short of funds, starting digging for gold. Jesse Wrench, looking for the bones of Neo-lithic Man, appeared on the brink of the chasm, complete with beret and jodphurs. Disbelieving students started spreading wild rumors about a swimming pool, while the Chamber of Commerce tried to outdo the Grand Canyon Boosters Club. But the University insisted to the last a Union would be built.





Hugging the Tower, the most beautiful piece of Gothic architect in Midwest, (*Time* August 1728) the pigeon perches began to rise. Students groping through perpetual early morning haze on White Campus, marveled at how rapidly the awesome structure took shape. 'Sure,' echoed head rivet catcher, Sam Pan, "the first 20 years are always the hardest."



And when the brick and the mortar fell into place ousted West Pointers and Alcatraz grads started to come on sightseeing tours by the dozen, looking for a place that would remind them of home. Not until now did the sceptics really believe it would be finished. Smart betters were laying odds on how long it would be before the University ran out of funds this time.



And it was for real. Students, wary of university food, let Freddie take the first bite. They figured if his ulcer could take it, so could they. Since then, no cases of ptomaine poisoning have been reported, and only four students have been treated for shock at the Clinic. One alum, class of '33, did have a heart attack but most students seemed to accept this luxury in the lap of poverty, as if they had been sipping mint juleps all their lives.

The building has everything from a built-in mah jong set to a full-size replica of the Statue of Liberty, but the outside deck is the most surprising. It is complete with a ship's captain, stewards, life preservers, and sea-sickness tablets. Soon after the opening, carpetbaggers from all over the nation moved in to loll in the soft, plush, easy life of Little Dixie. One glowing tribute must be paid. Never let it be said that the University of Missouri doesn't finish what it starts—even if it *does* take 20 yrs.





and Keith Worthington, Nancy Neimeyer and Van Black, Ginger Barber and Bill Pence, Nancy Bruce and Larry Janzen, Molly McLoed and Jim Hill, Bobby Milledge and Will Siemens, Barbara Morrow and Jerry Braznell and Barbara Goode and Dick Spencer.

Some other people who read Freud during the summer were Andie Andrews and Tom Riggins Joyce Barron and John Motherway, Joyce Cumming and Don Dippold, and Sue Campbell and Ed Downe, all of whom became engaged.

Kent Kurtz, who signed a contract with the New York Yankees in June played ball in Beaumont, Texas, for a few weeks, did so well he was elevated to the Kansas City Blues where he got three hits, including a double, in his first game.

A couple of business school graduates, Jerry James and Dick Rogers, applied through the Air Force ROTC for work with the Office of Special Investigation. They were assigned duty in Psychological Warfare (Propaganda). Three weeks ago they arrived in Mount Holme, Idaho, as ignorant about their assignment as the Air Force. They report no one has spoken to them yet.

And Terry Rees, a journalism graduate eminently qualified for work in propaganda, was assigned to the Air Force Office of Special Investigation. He went to Chicago in June, was handed \$500 cash to buy some socks and shirts. Now he's in Washington learning to throw knives. One of his fraternity brothers, Jack Eyler, started out West with Jim McCurdy to entertain Air Force personnel, got lost, and hasn't been heard from since.

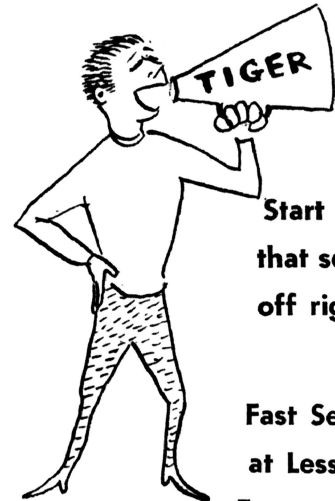
Sue Kelly, Sally Burrows and Mary Jane Wren fooled around Europe on bicycles which were melted by a heat wave in Rome. Peggy Stanton also had a few drinks in Europe.

Louis Enkleman, once a prominent speculator in the campus black-market, is selling advertising for the Times-Herald in Dallas.

A few weeks ago, Jim Quinley picked up his date, Norma Long, and started out with several others for a weekend at the Ozarks. Somewhere along the way though they got lost, wound up in a church in Arkansas. Before they could get out, a preacher had married them. Now they're back in school, pleased with the whole thing.

Others who got caught in church this summer were Esther Ball and Jim Butcher, Sue Foote

(Continued on page 35)



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that season
off right

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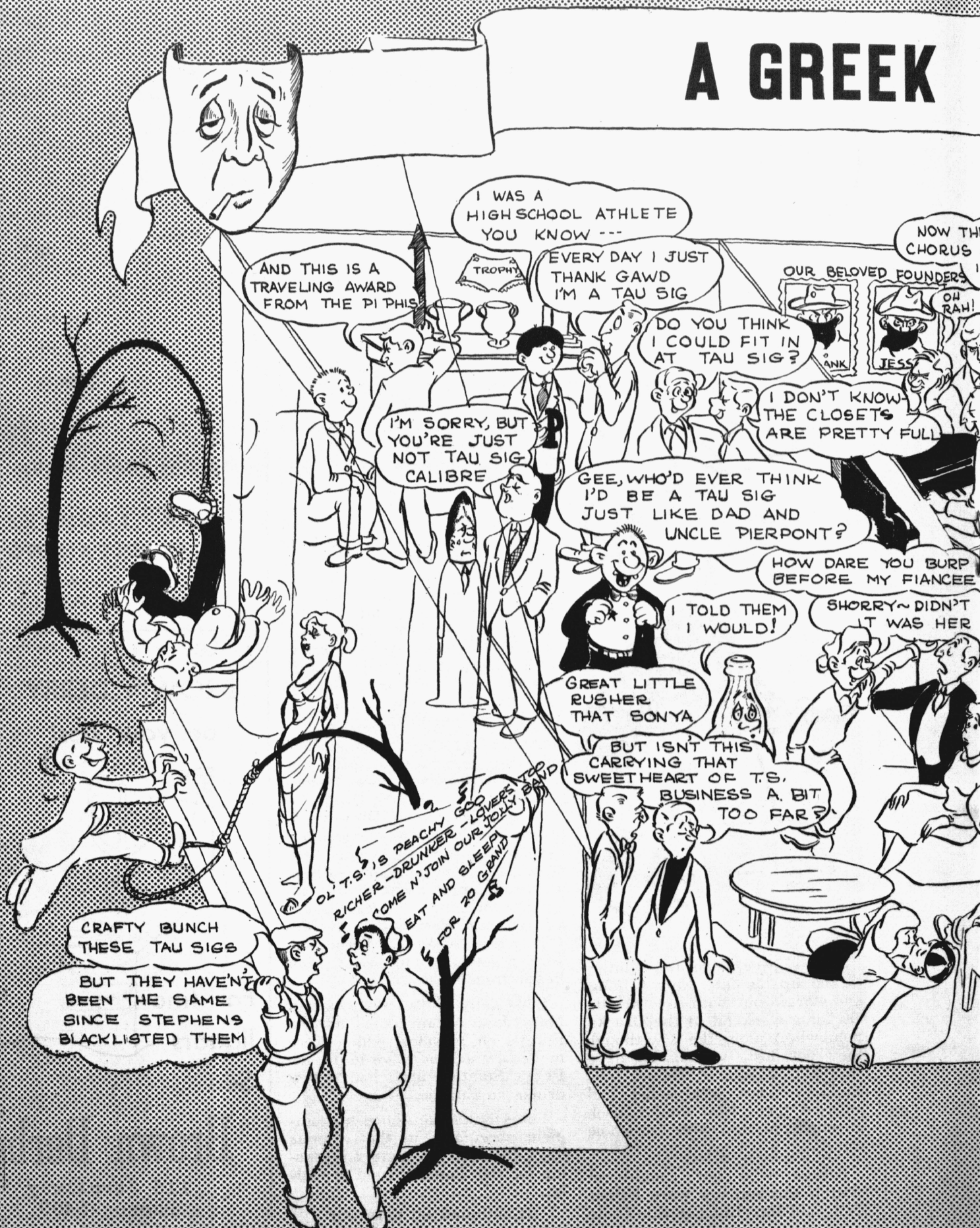


For fine
liguors
See

Brown Derby

116 Strollway
Phone 5409

A GREEK



I WAS A HIGH SCHOOL ATHLETE YOU KNOW ---

AND THIS IS A TRAVELING AWARD FROM THE PI PHIS

TROPHY

EVERY DAY I JUST THANK GAWD I'M A TAU SIG

DO YOU THINK I COULD FIT IN AT TAU SIG?

OUR BELOVED FOUNDERS

NOW THE CHORUS

OH RAH!

JESS

I DON'T KNOW THE CLOSETS ARE PRETTY FULL

I'M SORRY, BUT YOU'RE JUST NOT TAU SIG CALIBRE

GEE, WHO'D EVER THINK I'D BE A TAU SIG JUST LIKE DAD AND UNCLE PIERPONT?

HOW DARE YOU BURP BEFORE MY FIANCEE

I TOLD THEM I WOULD!

SHORRY~ DIDN'T IT WAS HER

GREAT LITTLE RUSHER THAT SONYA

BUT ISN'T THIS CARRYING THAT SWEETHEART OF T.S. BUSINESS A BIT TOO FAR?

OL T.S.'S PEACHY GOD LOVES TO
RICHER - DRUNKER - LOVES TO
COME N' JOIN OUR TOLLY BAND
EAT AND SLEEP
FOR 20 GRAND

CRAFTY BUNCH THESE TAU SIGS

BUT THEY HAVEN'T BEEN THE SAME SINCE STEPHENS BLACKLISTED THEM

TRAGEDY

EN - ONE MORE OF 'GEE, BUT IT'S GREAT TO BE A JOLLY OL' T.S."

HE DUMPED THAT JADE

WHO TRUMPED MY SPADE?

WHAT? - GOT IT MADE?

YES - THAT'S HER TRADE

OH THAT'S GAYLORD, OUR HOUSE TREASURER

BE A MAN, BERPLY ITS ONLY 3 MORE DAYS

BUT IF I COULD ONLY BE SURE YOU DIDN'T JUST LOVE ME FOR MY MONEY

KNOW TURN!

YOU WILL PROCEED TO THE B.O. HOUSE WHERE YOU WILL IMPERSONATE A VISITING HOUSE MOTHER

THIS IS APELY, OUR STAR ATHLETE -- SAY A FEW WORDS, APE

THIS IS OUR ANSWER TO THE CONDUCT COMMITTEE -- ONE CUBE OR TWO?

STRATEGY ROOM

BRING 'EM BACK ALIVE, GIRL!

SPEAK, BOY, SPEAK

ROGER, DAHLING

A FEW PIPS ON ROLLINS, CHIEF

LET'S PUT IT THIS WAY -- WHERE ELSE CAN YOU GET PEANUT BUTTER 4 TIMES A DAY?

WHEN ARE YOUSE GUYS GUNNA RUSH ME

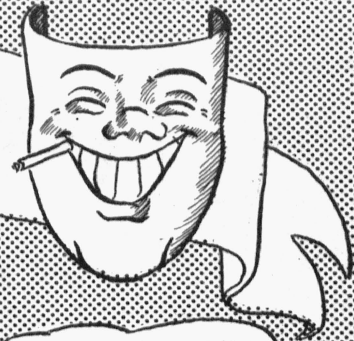
NOW JUST SIGN HERE AND YOU'RE PRACTICALLY ONE OF US

THIS SHOULD BLOODY WELL ELIMINATE SOME COMPETITION

TICK TICK

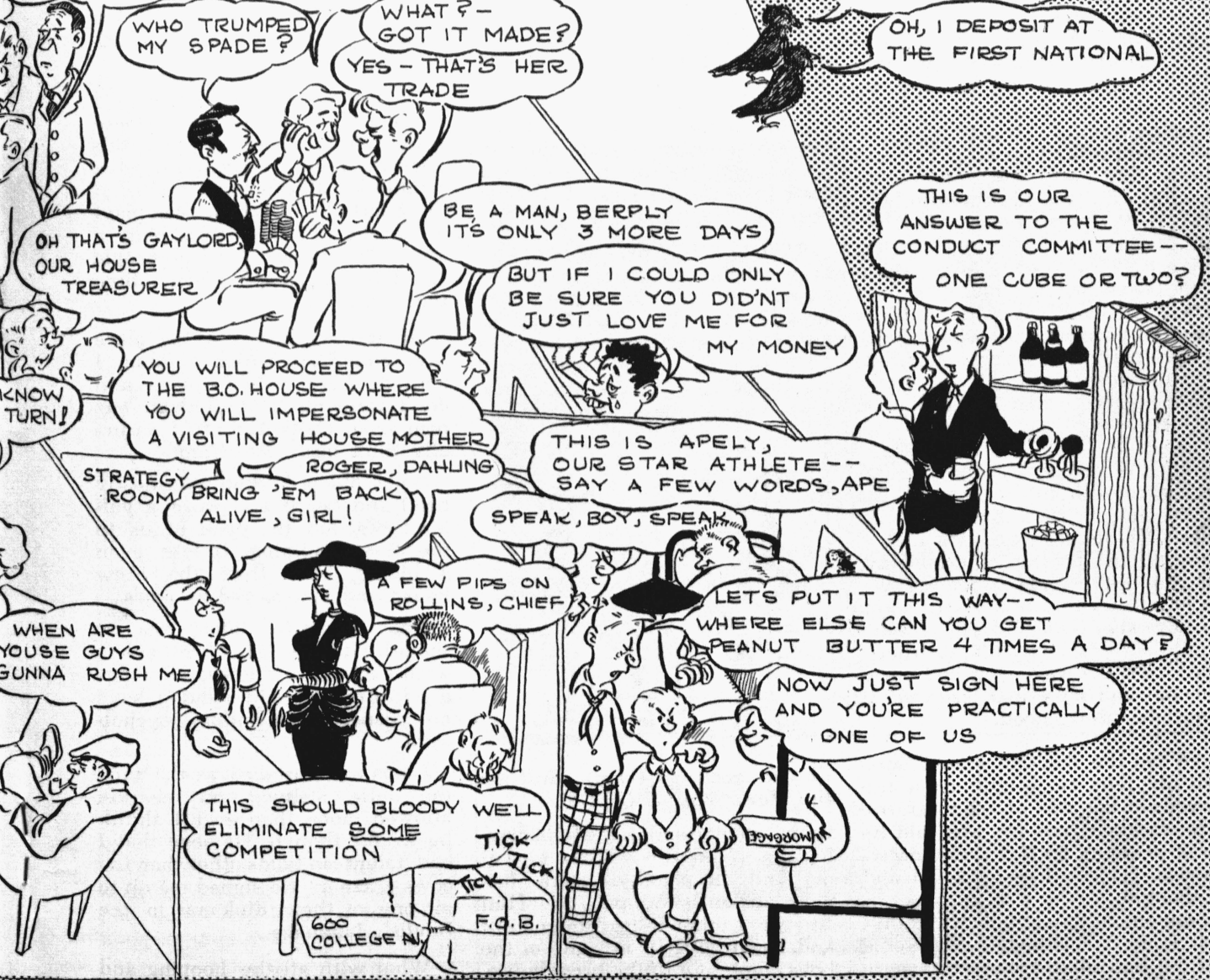
600 COLLEGE AV

F.O.B.



WHERE ARE YOU BANKING LATELY?

OH, I DEPOSIT AT THE FIRST NATIONAL





orientation orgy

by bill ashlock



Well, there I was in the biggest barn I'd ever seen. There was all them people and pigeons. There was this here guy on the stage jumpin up and down and hollerin. I knowed he was sick right away cuz we never call hogs that way back in Calla County. But nobody come to help this fella. I wanted to but I didn't think it was quite proper what with me bein new here and all the fellas around me screamin back at him. They was all tryin to get somebody to hit somebody else harder and harder, tryin to stir up trouble with whoopin and hollerin like I had never heard before.

By the way, in case you ain't acquainted with me, my name's Elmer Edleberry. I been to this here University two days and is going here to study psychology, animal psychology that is. We was all told this mornin to come to Brewer Field House. I ain't quite sure what they brew there, but from the way everybody was hoopin and hollerin I knowed it must be pretty good.

When the hog caller was done an old fella come out from the weeds at the side of the platform. He was bald and we was told he was presdint of this here brew-house. He acted real cordial and I thought he was goin to pass out some moonshine, but we didn't git none. I heard talk that some of the big fellas around this here place want the liquor sneaked. The way I git it they know the moonshine's goin but they don't want no moonshine showin. Hard for a fella like me to figure out, but then I always knowed that these colleges run things fancy like.

I was sittin there watchin this old bald fella when all of a sudden all the people jumped up and started singin my old high school song. I was revered that they was singin in my honor and I felt something warm cursing through mv inards like the time I swallowed the burnin sigar. I just sat there in rapture.

Then we was all on our way and a fella was goin to ask us some questions and tell us where to go. Course I knowed I was fitted fer animal psychology bein as I was practically raised with the hogs back in Calla County. They was all these people millin a

I didn't get no invite, but I figure I can just bide my time till I git known.

On the way to that Hall named for one of the James boys where I figured to meet up with this question fella we passed by the capital fer all students. I liked it there cuz all the people was playin checkers, some for a plug a jump. Them's my kind of people and I figure to spend some time there later on.

Up the ways was a big place they called the Union building. I heard about these unions and don't want no part of them cuz bein from Calla County I naturally ain't been socialized.

Some old fella who was mostly head and beard and wore a yellar jacket led the pack of us to the Jesse building. It was even a bigger barn than the brew house and just as red as pap's.

That question fella was as smooth talkin as corn silk—what's more, he knowed all about mv future. He said I didn't have no prospects as a animal psychologist.

I was as impressed as the time the mule stepped on me. He knowed more than ever I thunk he would though. He seen that I had talent in fields other than the cows graze in. He signed me up to git one of them diplomas in the English language.

What with all the hoopin and hollerin, speech makin and lead-in around, I guess everybody knowed where they're goin. That there question man sure pointed me the way the wind blows. Already I been ast to write for a magazine. Ain't psychology grand

THE END



Coupla real old-timers. Still on the World War II GI Bill.

round outside and some fella drivin a big yellar car with the top cut off and all plastered with foreign stickers swooped up. Him and some other fellas jumped out and begin hollerin at some of the boys comin out of the brew house. They looked pretty high floatin to me what with them big diamond stick pins a flashin in the sun on their shirts. They was a clutchin at these boys and offerin them store bought cigarets and sayin something about free eats and girls over at some house. Course



Ed: "Last night I finally persuaded my girls to say yes."
 Fred: "Swell, old man, when's the wedding?"
 Ed: "Wedding? What wedding?"

* * *

The young coed concluded her prayers with a modest appeal, "I'm not asking anything for myself, God, but please send my mother a son-in-law."

* * *

She: "Is my dress too short?"
 He: "It depends on which end you are trying to show."



"Coise it, coise it!" cried the villain as he grabbed the heroine around the waist.
 "No, it ain't either," she retorted. "It's a goidle."

* * *

In the old days when a girl wanted a fur coat she went to the woods and killed a fox. Now she just goes to the woods.

* * *

He: "Are you one of these girls that kisses and tells?"
 She: "No, I'll never say a word."
 He: "Then just forget the whole thing."



"WELCOME BACK STUDENTS"

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"Wish our gals would finish shopping at Julie's"

Frozen Gold
 CREAM OF CREAMS
ICE CREAM

Star Spangled Booby Hatch

By Joyce C. Greller

September again, and the U.S. political bosses have already caused a slump in the fall mink coat sales—the Red Herring Market has hit an all time low. And flying disks are being served in 3 delicious flavors, Mars, Saturn and Earth for Stay-at-Homes. The papers are full of chit chat about a fat Egyptian who's down to his last \$130,000,000. His 56-yr. old wife, 26-year old daughter and 18-year old mistress will have to be content with Skim-Milk baths. K.C. and Moberly sent their A-1 delta team to assist England with their flood—apparently the King's Guard, armed with dry tea bags, weren't absorbing enough of the overflow.

The Rage in Cannes these days is BessArabian ice-cream cones, personally sponsored by the benevolent Maharajah of Mysore. Even the blase Macombo set's heads were turned last month when Mag Truman did an abandoned calypso dance on a ringside table, balancing a Moscow mule cup on her nose, accompanied by Adlai beating Madlai at the Bongos. Later she sang a few choruses of Bongo, Bongo, Spouse, I no want to leave the White House.

The Carpenter's Union held a special conclave and decided that Chicago's own hammer murderer is going to have to kick in with dues, or his Anvil Chorus is going to back-fire. Rexall has conquered this Chlorophyll kick and replaced it with 100% Intravenous Feeding, guaranteed to give you veins like the Carlsbad Caverns in addition to arteries that rival the Holland tunnel. They're call-

ing the discovery—Chloroempty. I still take mine the hard way—straight nibbles of Mother-In-Law's tongue. Can't afford the processed stuff in tooth paste, foot-pads or money.

During the last wear, gun play was hot stuff and now what's all this foolish talk about germ warfare. Maybe they're going to send Two-Timing Dewey East to sneeze on them. As soon as the farmers decide whether they want Adlai to "Hold that Parity," switch their lights off (REA) and tuck their daughters in at nite, or merely be content with an occasional "Watt's up" note from Mammy and Pappy Eisenhower, we'll know how the election teeters. Not enough IKE-onoclasts as the GOP's shoot out in a 2% lead in the Galloping Poll. At this point, it's anyone's foreign policy.

Missouri's Simple Symington ain't so simple, so Harry has discovered. Sen. Symington has achieved an all-around victory. You are all cordially invited to a Sub-Thompson party to blast Frank Costello out of the cooler. We want him to run the Faro table at Beaverlodge. It seems a Uranalysis was taken—Saskatchewan is suddenly mobbed with Uranium prospectors. Allied Khan, doesn't he wish, is no more than Rita's Con Man. And these Texans, doing a Con-Con across Paris to the tune of \$5 million dollars for a little fashion show. Expensive if you use Eleanor Holmes and 11 of Manville's former spouses. But then you're dealing with expensive cookies. So-See you at the Coronation—Margaret O'Brien's at Stephens, that is.



At M.U. a girl doesn't have to watch the speedometer to know what her date is driving at...

And then there's the secretary who quit her job because her boss drank Scotch every afternoon and then would wanna chaser.



Gather your kisses while you may,
For time brings naught but sorrow,
The girls that are so cold today,
Are chaperones tomorrow.

Here's to the girl with the turned up nose,
The turned in eyes and the turned down hose,
With the turned on heat and the turned down light,
The hunch I had turned out all right.

A morality play is one in which the characters are goblins, ghosts, virgins, and other super-natural beings.

This is a machine age, but love is still being made by hand.

You'll Know You're in step with Fashion



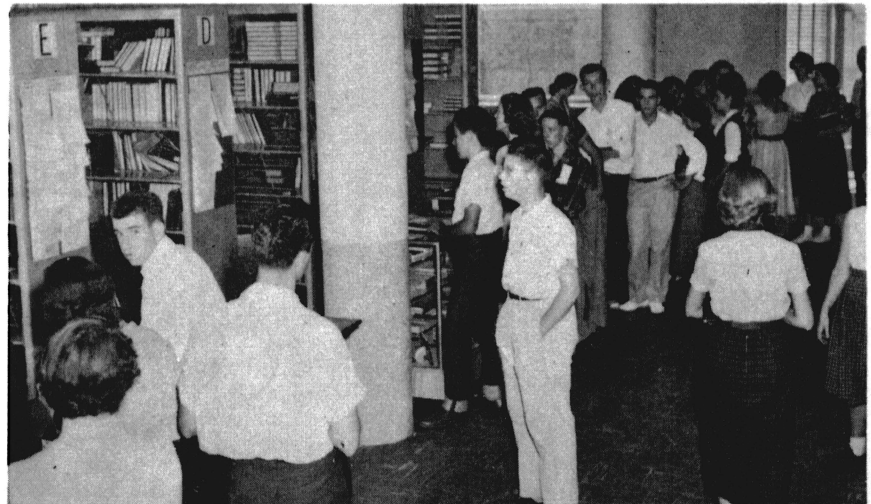
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A man in the Uptown rushed up the aisle to the manager's office.

"What's the idea," he stormed, "Of letting a bear in the theatre—and why do I have to sit next to it?"

"A bear!" gasped the manager. "You must be mistaken."

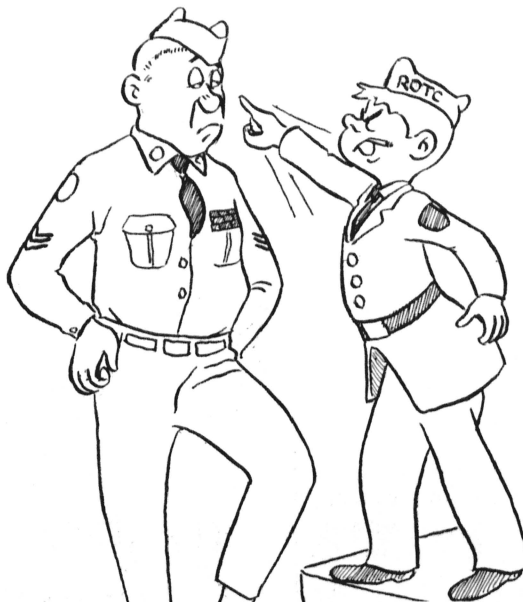
The two of them went back down the aisle, and sure enough, there sat the bear.

"Is this bear yours?" he asked crisply.

"Why, yes he is," was the reply.

"Now listen," snapped the manager, "What's the idea of bringing a bear in this theatre?"

"Well," replied the bear's owner, "He enjoyed the book so much, I thought he might like to see the movie."



Don't mess around with the sarge—'Cause I'm gonna be a
LOOTENINT!

Dear Pop\$:

Gue\$\$ what I need. That\$ right
 \$end it \$oon a\$ po\$\$ible. The\$e
 girl\$ at Mizzou eat like hor\$e\$.

Be\$t Wi\$he\$
 Your \$on, \$am

Dear Son,

Nothing much has happened here since you left. I don't kNOW if you NOTiced or NOT, but the NORris' little daughter NOLA got married. Be good son, and don't feed any more horses.

NOthing but love,
 Pop



He: "This is heaven."
 She: "Yeah, but I'm not your harp."

from the Minnesota University "SKI-U-MAH"



WASHINGTON

WHAT DO YA KNOW, OUT OF WIND

—Ranger



filched



"I think they slipped me a gawdam worm."

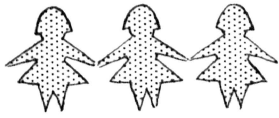


TED SIZEMORE

"Mac's having trouble with that hook again."

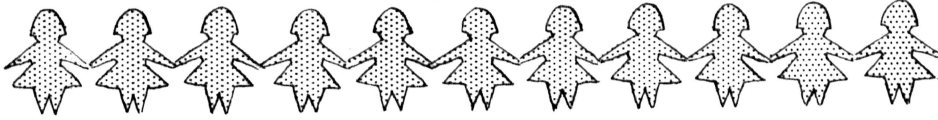
—COLUMNS





Introducing.....

the new dean of women



Interview by Scotty Hickok

There'll be a new face behind the desk in 202 Read Hall this autumn. Miss Gladys Koepke, who served three years as a personnel officer in the United States Coast Guard Reserve and another three as director of student affairs for women at Drake University, assumed her duties as guardian angel for Mizzou women July 1.

"I was told that Missourians were friendly, gracious people, and I have found that to be true," said Miss Koepke, who had never been in Missouri before she arrived to take her position. Her only previous connection with the state, and a distant one at that, she recalled laughing was "The Missouri Waltz," which she played on the piano as a child.

The first appointee to the position of director of student affairs for women since Miss Thelma Mills resigned in 1950, Miss Koepke was born in Bellingham, Minn. and received her A.B. at Yankton College in neighboring South Dakota in 1930. She also attended Columbia University in New York City and received her M.A. in educational psychology from the University of Minnesota.

Despite her years in the Coast Guard, Miss Koepke has not held to the tradition of Navy blues. "I'm pretty much of a gypsy when it comes to color," she said and that love of color is reflected in her bright clothing. She was wearing a red flower on her dark gray dress and a matching red handbag rested on the desk beside her.

The two highlights of Miss Koepke's Coast Guard career, she recalls, were assisting in the hurry-scurry of preparing the Palm Beach training station for a hurricane and watching the spectacular assemblage of ships in New York Harbor from a Coast Guard Cutter on Navy Day in 1945.

After the war Miss Koepke joined the staff of the dean of students at the University of Minnesota, where she served until 1949. From there she went to Drake University.

A gracious person with a quick smile, slightly graying hair and large hazel eyes, Miss Koepke was pleased to find a strong Association of Women Students on the campus. She believes that the experience students gain through participating in school government teaches a good lesson for later life in learning that "priv-

ileges entail responsibilities, too."

She spoke with enthusiasm of the contrast between The Columns, indicating a respect for the past and the new Union Building, signifying modern thought. Such a combination, she thinks, will make the University a pleasant place to work.

One of the biggest problems that a dean has to face, says Miss Koepke, is getting to know the girls. She hopes, by working through the housing groups, to establish a genial understanding with the girls about her office. It is not to discipline students, but rather to assist them with their problems. She also hopes that the girls will feel free to come to her without first being invited.

When asked if girls today want a career or marriage, she answered that most seem to hope for a



Doc, I got a persecuting complex.

combination of both, and that their education will serve well if interests or needs demand a profession.

A woman of many interests, Miss Koepke likes to read, ski, play the piano, eat "different foods." and play bridge. She also collects glassware and Christmas cards. This spring she bought a loom with the hope of adding weaving to her list of hobbies.

Miss Koepke, who believes that young people today approach life courageously," enjoys working with people of college age and feels privileged in her position as Dean of Women.

Adam and Eve were the first bookkeepers—they invented the looseleaf system.

THE END

Al: "Want to know how to surprise your girl?"

Hal: "How?"

Al: "Place your arms around her waist. Draw her strongly toward you and hold her tight. Start to kis her. When she says "Stop." release her. Note the amazement on her face.

Pessimists think all women are are immoral. Optimists hope so.

Newlywed (honeymooning in the mountains) wired his boss: "Please give extension of vacation. It's wonderful up here!"

Boss replied: "Extension refused. Return immediately. It's wonderful any place!"

All a sweater did for her was make her itch.

He: "Give me a kiss like a good girl."

She: "All right, but if I give you one like a naughty girl you will like it better."

Have You Heard



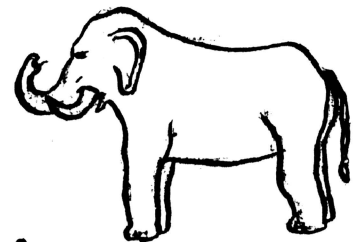
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Then there was the plumber who left the party when discovered he had forgotten his wench.

An old maid's a gal
Whose big lament
Is that her life
Has been miss-spent.

"Where would you guys be if us girls weren't around to sew buttons on your pants?"

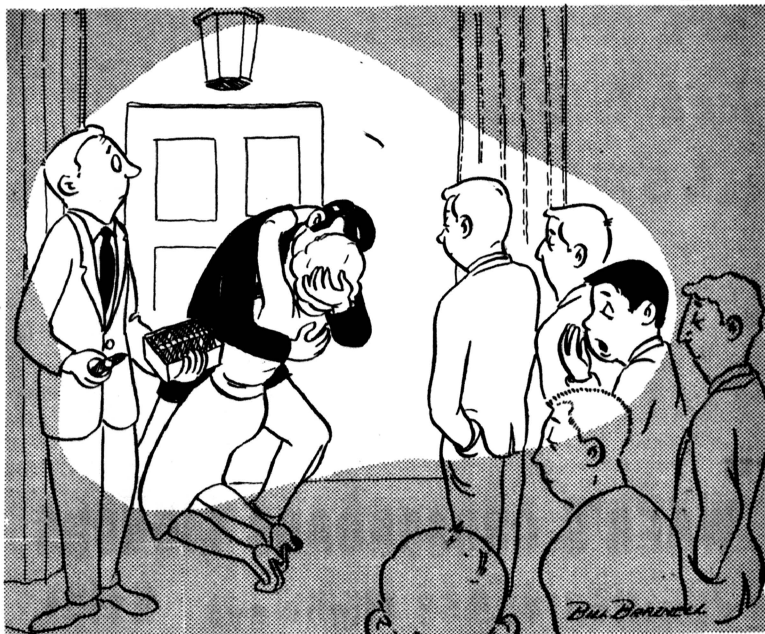
"If it wasn't for you girls, us fellows wouldn't have to wear pants."

He: "When I squeeze you in my arms like this, Honey, something seems to snap."

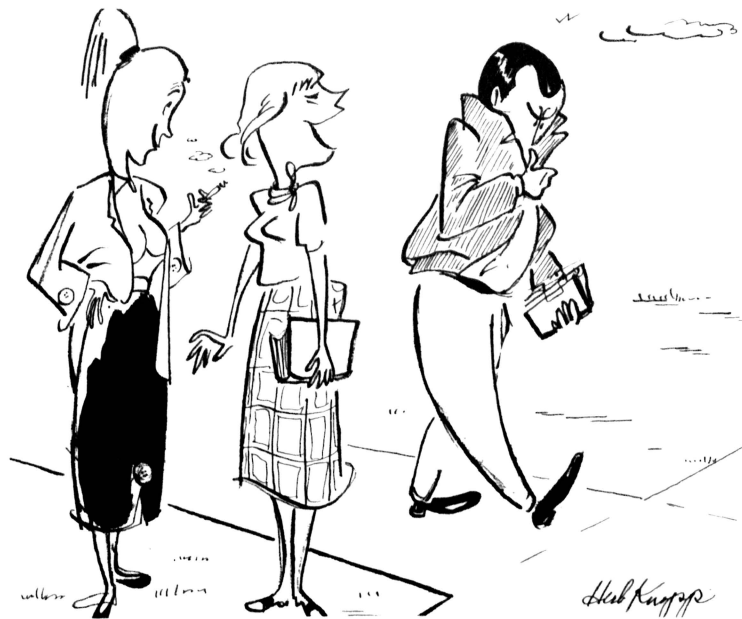
She: "Yes, pardon me a moment while I fasten it."

Epitaph on an old maid's tombstone: "Who says you can't take it with you?"

A preacher has recently announced that there are 726 sins. He is being beset with requests for the list, mostly from students who think they are missing something.



Isn't Thornton carrying that "Never say die" stuff a bit too far?



Well, Willey Figelbottem, I thought sure you graduated.

She was only a boxer's daughter, but she knew when to faint.

She was only a lumberman's daughter, but she had been through the mill.

Her lips quivered as they approached mine. My whole frame shook as I looked into her blue eyes. Her body trembled as our lips met and I could feel my chest heaving, my chin vibrating and my body shuddering as I held her to me. Moral: Never kiss your girl in a second hand car with the motor running.

Teacher: "Johnny, do you wish to leave the room?"

Johny: "I ain't hitch-hiking."

She was only a film censor's daughter, but she knew when to cut it out.

He: "That's a nice dress you have on."

She: "Yes, I wear it to teas."

He: "Whom?"

She was only a photographer's daughter, but she was well-developed.



While Homer was home from college his mother insisted on unpacking his trunk. While engaged in this pasttime, she took out a coat with a pawnshop tag on it.

"Homer," she asked, "What's this tag for?"

"Oh, I went to a dance and checked my coat," replied Homer

Presently his mother hauled out a pair of trousers with the same tag on it.

"Homer," she demanded, "Just what kind of a dance was that?"

Just because my eyes are red doesn't mean I'm drunk. For all you know, I may be a white rabbit.

Confusius says: Modern woman is putting up such a false front man never knows what he is up against.

A young theologian named Fiddle Refused to accept his degree. For, said he, its enough to be Fiddle Without being Fiddle D.D.

A young thing stepped on the drugstore scales after eating a giant sundae and she was shocked at what she beheld.

She slipped off her coat and tried it again. The results were still unflattering, so she slid off her shoes... then she discovered she was out of pennies. Without a moment's hesitation, the lad behind the soda fountain stepped forward.

Don't stop now, he volunteered, I've got a handful of pennies and they're all yours.

After Showtime



Anytime . . .

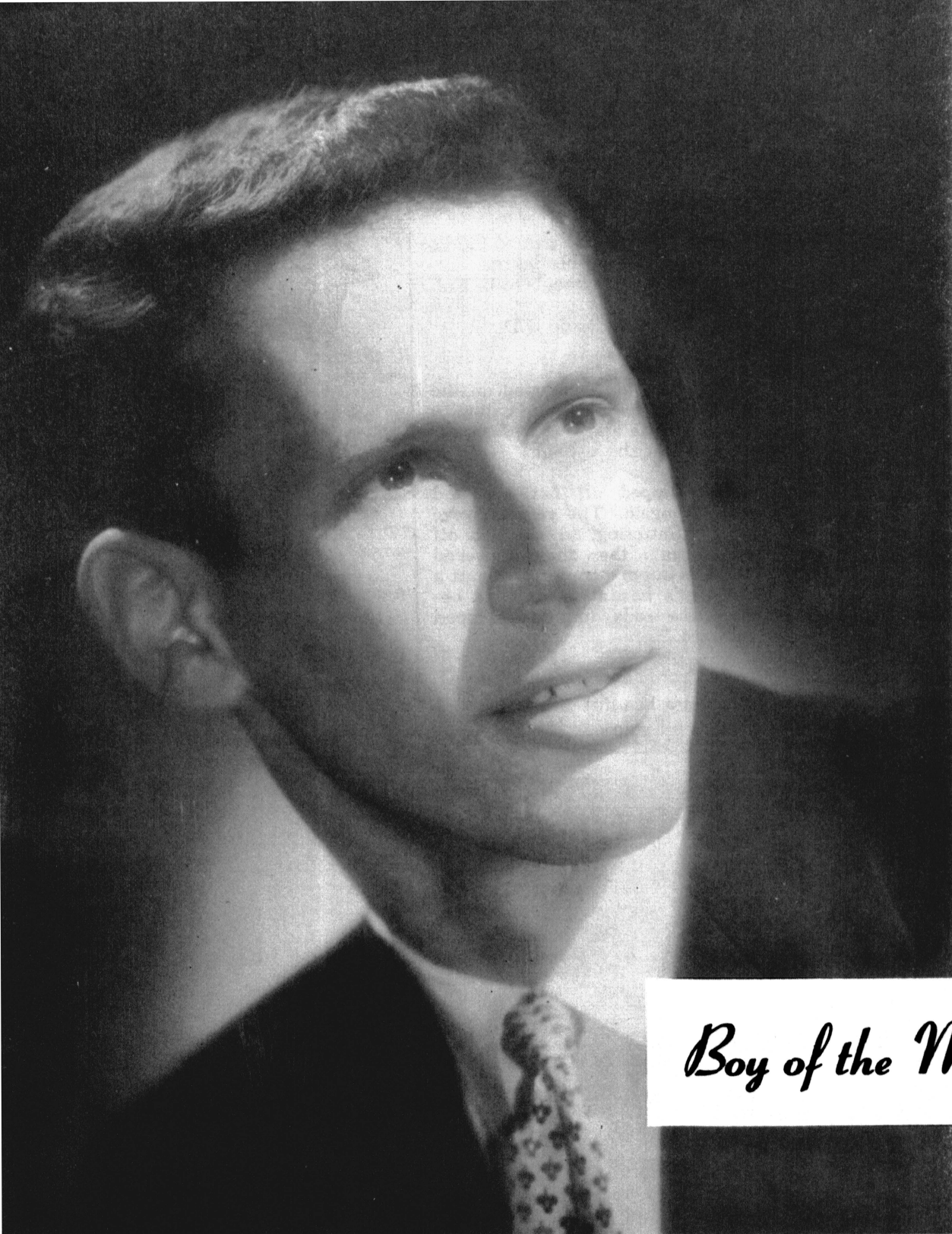
Its



- Penaljo Casuals
- Mademoiselle
- Sorority Shoes
- Oomphies

- Rhythm Step
- Rice-O'Neill
- Delmanette
- Vitality

- Spaldings
- Junior Debs
- Oldmaine Trotters
- Foot Flairs



Boy of the Month . . .

Richard Kremer . . .

from Memphis, Tennessee . . . 21 . . . Senior in Journalism . . . Editor-in-Chief, 1952 SAVITAR . . . Managing Editor, SAVITAR . . . Copy Editor, SAVITAR . . . Interfraternity Council, 2 year . . . Justice, I.F.C. Court . . . Zeta Beta Tau, social fraternity, secretary . . . Burrall Commission, vice president . . . Burrall Cabinet . . . John Jewell Scholarship . . . QEBH, Senior men's honorary, vice president . . . Savitar Board . . . Savitar Frolics, publicity chairman . . . S.G.A. Publicity Committee



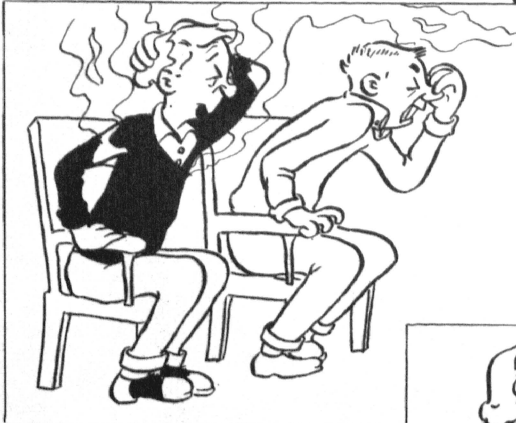
Girl of the Month...

Pat Fuson . . .

KEA . . . SES . . . Sophomore Council . . . AWS Council . . . SGA Homecoming Committee . . . Society Editor, Missouri STUDENT . . . Phi Beta Kappa Freshman Award . . . Junior Honor Five, Phi Beta Kappa . . . Mortar Board . . . Rush Chairman, Kappa Alpha Theta . . . 21 . . . Kansas City, Mo. . . Arts and Science, Political Science

classroom cogs In the wheel of learning

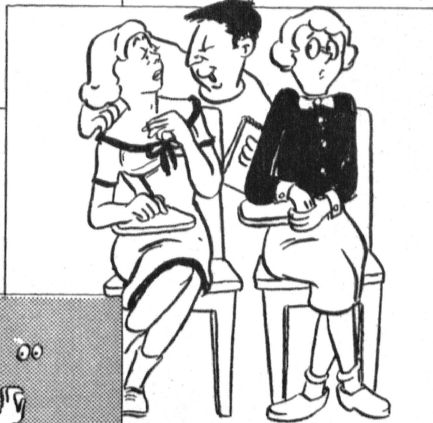
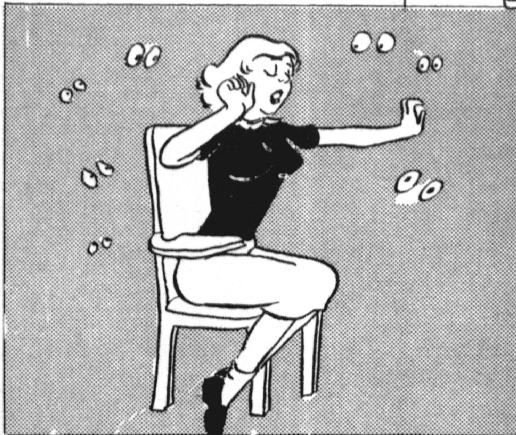
by bill braznell



THE CHLOROPHYLL KID

"WHEW, JUST HAD TIME TO GRAB MY CLOTHES AND RUN!"

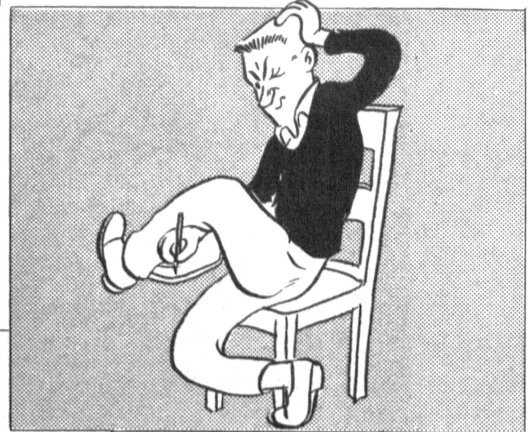
SEVENTH-INNING STRETCH



THE NOTE PEEKER

"SAY, LEMME SEE YOUR ANSWER FOR NUMBER SEVEN?"

THE PROPHET

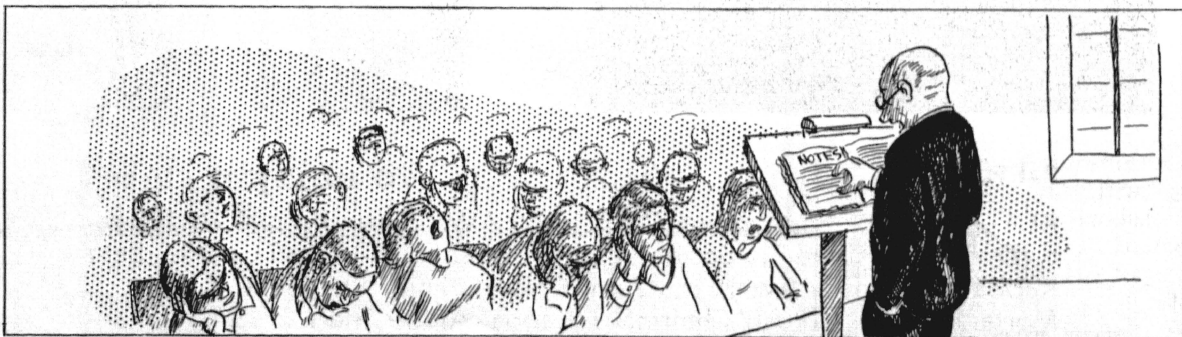


THE CONTORTIONIST



TWO-TIME LOSER

"IF YOU THINK THAT'S CORNY WAIT TILL HE TELLS US THE ONE ABOUT THE THREE BEARS!"



"... AND IT IS YOUTH—VIBRANT, SPIRITED YOUTH THAT WILL CARRY FORTH THE PROMISE OF DYNAMIC PROGRESS!"

(Continued from page 19)

SNOOP SCOOP

Dude Haley who saw a few examinations himself while here has a top job with an oil company in Amarillo, Texas. Including his expense account, Dude is making almost as much money as he did on final examination days.

During the summer there were 18 murders, 21 assaults, 46 instances of arson and five cases of jaywalking in Columbia. But after 3482 consecutive hours of questioning, the Columbia Police Department succeeded in breaking the alibi of a three-year-old boy who confessed. With all crime solved, the local cops are trying to figure out the word incommunicado.

Last week the Society for Preservation and Propagation of 16th Century Thought and Custom met in Read Hall to celebrate the removal of bars from the fashionable clubs around campus. A secret report was read hinting that drinks now are being mixed upon basement tables rather than basement bars. The Society promptly formulated a plan to curb drinking further by amputating the hands of all University fraternity men.

The Student Government Association yesterday announced it stands opposed to amputation of both hands. Jim Bone, agrarian leader, said the SGA will favor a compromise calling for amputation of only one hand per student. He expressed hope that such a compromise would be satisfactory to both factions. Bone also pointed out that this would reduce drinking by one half and that amputees are not subject to military service.

And Gen. Harv DeWeerd, who in addition to his military duties poses as a history professor (and manages to be probably the most engrossing lecturer in the University while doing so) went to sea this summer to study naval warfare with the Missouri Sea Scouts. Ashore in France, Harv was spotted at Paris' Folies Bergere, a spot of notable historical interest.

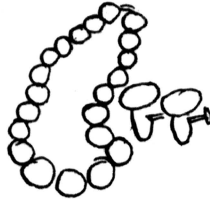
THE END

For the Campus Style in Jewelry

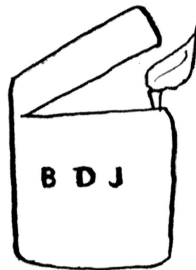
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Phone 9076

One whisker doesn't make a bluebeard



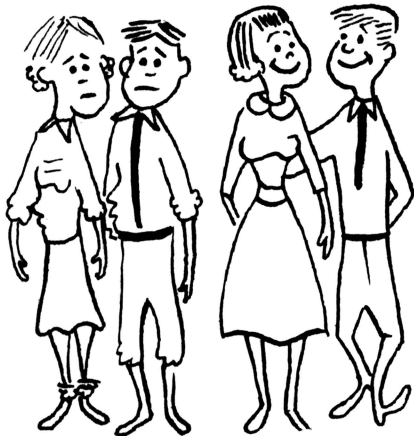
-but Cigars are a Man's Smoke!



You need not inhale to enjoy a cigar!

CIGAR INSTITUTE OF AMERICA, INC.

Well-dressed
means
Well-pressed



Don't be Saggy Sal or Sloppy Saul—When it is so easy to Be Slick Sue or Sharp Tom

DORN-CLONEY
3114 For Prompt Service

(Continued from page 15)

ONLY SKIN DEEP

I was transported to the place in a mental fog. A fleshless frame, spotlighted, was crooning into a microphone when we arrived; more were tooting away in the band, and by the dim light I could discern them seated around the tables. From where the head-waiter put us I watched fish-skeletons perform gracefully in the electrically lit aquariums which lined the walls.

"I don't like that new singer," Mimi commented, poking a cigarette between her teeth (the second eye tooth was capped.) "He's too thin."

It was then I made an interesting discovery. "Mimi, did you know that your top rib was cracked?"

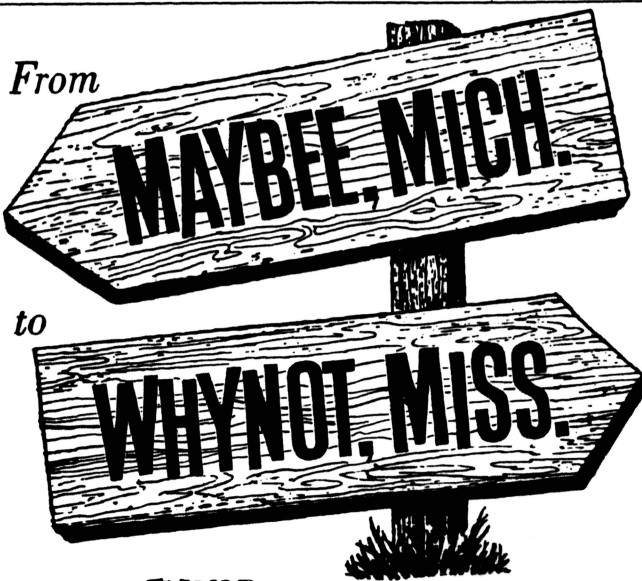
Her head perked back. "I fell from a horse last August. But it's healed now. Who told you?"

On an impulse I reached across to see if things really were as she said. They were but something warm stopped my hand before it reached the bone and she slapped my wrist smartly. "Don't disgrace yourself here, Charles! Poppa was right about the gown!"

With nothing more to recommend her than a cracked rib, I soon found Mimi very dull. Her voice grated and she was really incapable of carrying on a decent conversation. Worst of all, as I could not make out her features, I wasn't able to tell when I was amusing her. I most likely did a poor job because she soon left me to dance with a strange skeleton. I took the opportunity to creep out of the place.

"Whv, Charles! Where are you going? Is there anything wrong?"

Starting, I recognized the voice, if not the skull, of Mary Friday. Ordinarily I did not think Miss Friday an attractive girl, but this was not ordinarily, and the voice sounded understanding so I said, "Yes. I feel very ill," and inquired if she could possibly have her chauffeur drive me home.



America's **FLAVOR-ite**
from coast to coast

"Maybe, Mich. to
Whynot, Miss."
submitted by
Mrs. Roy Fletcher,
Indianapolis, Ind.



\$100 in cash prizes for interesting town names!

Rules on this page or elsewhere in this issue.

LIFE SAVER CONTEST RULES

1. Pair up actual U.S. town names. Examples: From RYE, N. Y., to BOURBON, Ind. From SOFT SHELL, Ky., to LITTLE CRAB, Tenn. Send as many pairings as you like.

2. The odder the names—and the more amusing the relationship between the two—the better your chances will be.

3. First prize winner will be sent \$50. Second prize \$25, third prize \$10 and three \$5 prizes. Contest closes June 30, 1952. All entries should arrive at Life Savers, Port Chester, not later than June 30, 1952 to qualify. All entries become the property of Life Savers, and prize-winning combinations may be used in future advertisements, together with the names of the winners. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded. Simply mail your entry to LIFE SAVERS, PORT CHESTER, N.Y.

In the back seat of Mary's car I learned that her escort for the night was probably still dancing with Mimi, as she seemed to have bored him. This, coupled with my experience, immediately drew us together. I also had figured out by then that my wonderful drops were the cause of my misery, and seeing no relief for several weeks, I made a date with Mary for the next night. For not only had she the unquestionable attributes of solid ribs and a nicely shaped head, but her vocal efforts were pleasant and she could converse beautifully.

Well, to wind things up rapidly, as Mary wants to pay a visit to her parents yet this afternoon, I did recover my sight in time for our wedding—where it was quite welcome. My life has been dreadfully normal since that event, a state in which I hope it continues indefinitely. At present I am turning my chemical knowledge in a new direction. I've hit on a nose drop that will strengthen the average man's sense of smell to equal that of the finest hunting dog. Now for prison wardens and mothers whose children are constantly straying...

Buy Your Complete Wardrobe

at *Suzanne's*



The well-dressed Girl wears Suzanne's Fashions

Fashion right Suits
Campus Coats
Date Dresses



Skirts, Sweaters, Jerseys
Premiers
Carolyn Schnuree
Bernhard Altmann



at



Linsey's



Suzanne's

912 Broadway

Jewelry—Gifts that last



Dancing
Nightly

TIGER



CLUB

"Columbia's Finest Nightclub"

HIGHWAY 40 & GRAND

Cold 5%
Beer

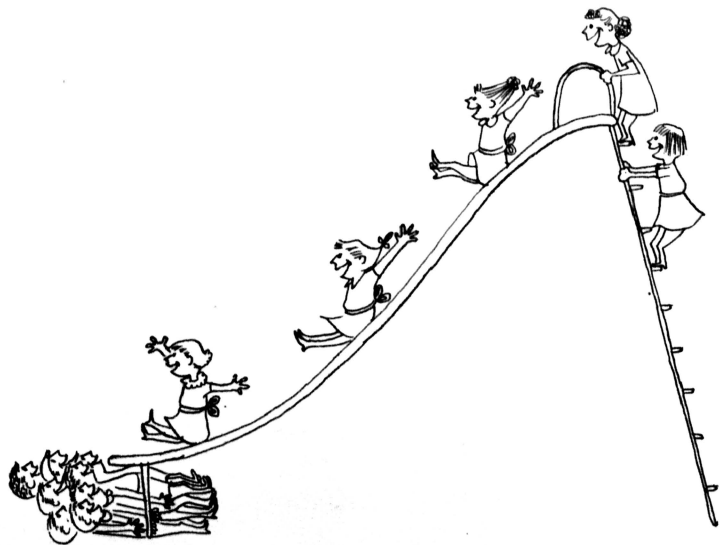


I presume you know what this means, Pledge Evans.



Gone!

Stuff





Definitions:

Adolescence: the age when a girl's voice changes...from "no" to "yes"

Gold-digger: a girl who mines her own business

A good storyteller: a person who has a good memory and hopes other people haven't.

Old maid: a girl who never knows how men feel about her.

Brains: what you look for in a girl when you've looked at everything else.

* * *

Stephens' Susie: "I've been out with lots of Mizzou men, but I haven't kissed one yet."

Roommate: "Which one is that?"

* * *

Fraternity Pinning Is Costly Practice!

What it costs her to receive pin:

1. Books on dreams—\$1.00
 2. Beauty parlor—\$15.00
 3. Fortune teller—\$1.75
 4. Tailoring skirts—\$4.30
 5. Sweaters, etc.—\$23.50
 6. Cokes while waiting—\$4.30
 7. New clothes—\$73.95
 8. Trouble with house mother
Fines and candy for sorority—\$5.15
 9. Christmas present—\$10.00
 10. Postage and insurance in mailing pin back in two weeks—\$.24
- TOTAL—\$139.19**

What it cost him to pin her:

1. Purchase of used car—\$100.00
 2. Parking fines—\$5.00
 3. Radio batteries—\$3.20
 4. Shaving lotion—\$1.87
 5. Bribe to gossip column—\$5.00
 6. Her ugly girl friend—\$1.75
 7. Telephone calls—\$1.85
 8. Library fines on over due Kinsey report —\$.78
 9. Cigars for frat brothers flowers for her—\$5.00
 10. Birthday present—\$15.00
 11. Removal of lipstick from coat—\$3.75
 12. Insufficient postage on return of pin—\$.05
- TOTAL \$142.25**

BRADY Says:

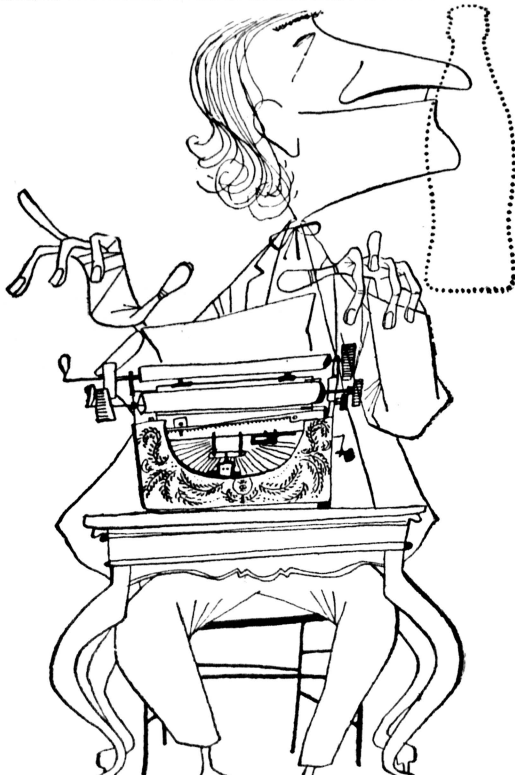
"Win or lose, one thing I know...you will want your room to be something **SPECIAL.**"



Decorate with
**PITTSBURGH
PAINT**

BRADY'S

15 S. 10th
4978



Coventry Patmore penned:

**LIFE IS NOT
LIFE AT ALL
WITHOUT DELIGHT**

Victory in Defeat

Punctuate your life with pleasures. A short pause for a Coke means a full stop to tiring work and a fresh start *refreshed.*



BOTTLED UNDER AUTHORITY OF THE COCA-COLA COMPANY BY

In Columbia
See

NEUKOMMS

FOR YOUR

DOBBS



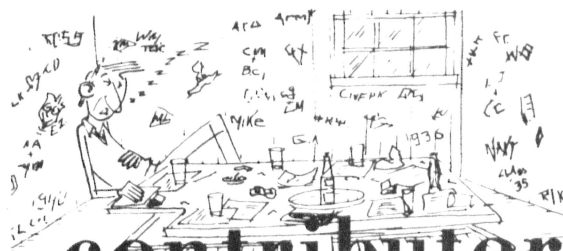
MORE AND MORE SMART
MEN ARE WEARING

Narrower Brims

Dobbs has started a trend with this new perfectly proportioned, narrower brimmed hat. Here is an authoritative Dobbs style that is being "picked up" by the smartest men from coast to coast. Don't have that "old hat" look...wear a new, narrower brimmed Dobbs today.

NEUKOMMS

22 South 9th
on the Strollway



contributors' page

judy rose



When the position of *Showme* joke editor was offered to Judy (the real hair) Rose, she thought it was a joke. Actually, the results have been pretty funny, as the Swami Snorts in this issue demonstrate.

A refugee from Highland Park, Ill., Rosebud's most pulsating ambition—aside from escaping from Journalism School—once was to throw the javelin in the Olympics. But after impaling one can and two sorority sisters, she sadly gave this up.

Judy, whose vocal capacity makes modern communications obsolete, once received a reply from Jefferson City when she hollered for a fourth for bridge. Now, though, her conversational screams terrorize only the pledges at the Kappa Alpha Theta house.

For the most part, Judy spends her time posing for pictures behind barrels, looking for feelthy jokes, or just looking for Randy (a nice, but defunct Sigma Nu now making money in St. Louis). Sometimes she dreams of playing a great dramatic role on Broadway. She's cute enough, but those who know her think she'd do better as an understudy for Marjorie Main.

At the moment, Judy is study-

ing ways to circumvent the censor. If she succeeds, *Showme* will be like the girl you have a terrific time with but don't want to take home to mother.

gene koppel

Author of the best smelling novel, *Lady Godiva and the Old Clothes Man*, Gene Koppel spends most of his waking hours reciting T. S. Eliot (no relation to Wild Bill) to get inspiration for *Showme* humor.

Gene usually goes to gag meetings and drinks cokes, keeping his eyes glued on the faces of his fellow staffers, thinking what wonderful characters they would make.

Gene, a senior in journalism, hangs his typewriter at the Sammy house, where he usually goes into a trance whose outcome is almost always a master concerto, an expert surrealist canvas, or a tasty pizza pie.



The Young Man with a Dream is a fugitive from Clayton, Missouri, where he used to practice yoga, while dreaming of entering J-School someday.

"I like my stories tall, and my women short," says the budding young idealist, who someday may be as quoted as Hop Harrigan and Jack Armstrong were in their day



Grab Your Boy, Coach, He's Heading Off Downstream

WELL, WELL, there goes Roscoe—with a smile on his face—walking into the jaws of virus X. He spends all year long training and building up big muscles to make the team. And here he is fresh out of the shower plodding his way homeward, his hair glistening in the moonlight.

Come on over here, Roscoe, and let me explain some of the facts of life. The team needs you, son! And the best way to crump out on it is to wander around without a hat. Especially after a shower.

A hat, my friend, is as important to your health as an overcoat or a pair of shoes. Maybe more so. Your head needs warmth and protection. Let it get cold and the rest of you has to work like a horse warming it up. Nature is more concerned about your skull than any other part of your body.

So put on a hat and you'll be doing yourself a double favor: you'll look better and you'll feel better, too!



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


These fine hat labels have published this advertisement in the interests of good grooming and good health of American men.

DOBBS 

CAVANAGH 

KNOX 

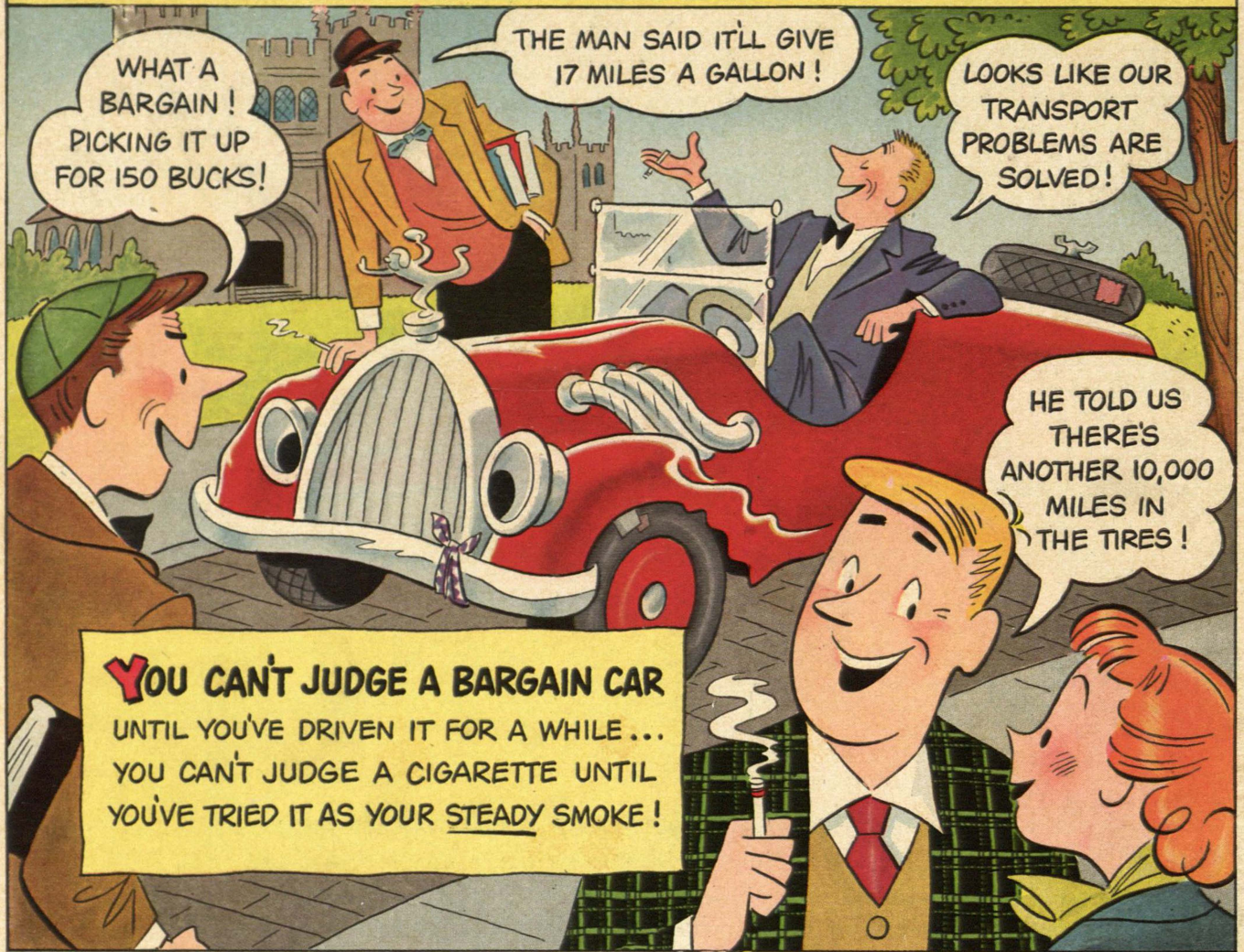
BERG  BYRON 

C&K 

DUNLAP 

Divisions of the Hat Corporation of America—Makers of Fine Hats for Men and Women

...*But only Time will Tell*



WHAT A BARGAIN!
PICKING IT UP
FOR 150 BUCKS!

THE MAN SAID IT'LL GIVE
17 MILES A GALLON!

LOOKS LIKE OUR
TRANSPORT
PROBLEMS ARE
SOLVED!

HE TOLD US
THERE'S
ANOTHER 10,000
MILES IN
THE TIRES!

YOU CAN'T JUDGE A BARGAIN CAR
UNTIL YOU'VE DRIVEN IT FOR A WHILE ...
YOU CAN'T JUDGE A CIGARETTE UNTIL
YOU'VE TRIED IT AS YOUR STEADY SMOKE !

Test **CAMELS** in your "T-zone" for 30 days!

Camels are America's most popular cigarette. It makes sense to test them as your steady smoke. Smoke only Camels for thirty days. See how rich and flavorful they are — pack after pack! See how mild Camels are — week after week!



**T for Taste—
T for Throat**



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

CAMEL leads all other brands—by billions!