

MISSOURI Showme

This Issue

UNDERGRADS' GUIDE

SEPT, 1947

(V.25)

complete



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FLASH

WELCOME ISSUE

25c

**"Experience
is the best
teacher..."**

**in playing table tennis
or choosing a cigarette,"**

says

Mary Reilly

INTERNATIONAL
TABLE-TENNIS STAR



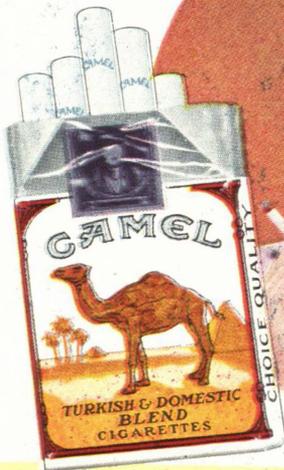
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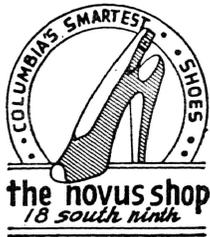
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Letters to the Editor - -

This column is intended for Letters To The Editor but in this issue you will have to listen to the Editor rave on. The summer vacation cut off our correspondence. Address all letters to Letters to the Editor, The Showme, Neff Hall, U. of Mo., Columbia. Dear Reader and Fellow Sufferer:

Welcome back to the City of Learning and to the Showme. We hope you will like the magazine this year. After all it is YOUR magazine, made up of YOUR contributions, about YOU and YOUR campus life, and supported by YOUR subscriptions. End of commercial.

Maybe you don't know it but the Showme was voted All-American last year. That doesn't mean that we haven't a few alien looking characters working on the staff but it does mean that we are tops as far as college publications go. We are working for the All-Hemisphere award this year . . . that is, if there is such a thing.

This year we announce the coming out of our official trademark, "SWAMI" who has a couple



of younger brothers working for Smith Bros. cough-drops. Swami was born in the October 1920 issue of the Showme but soon after went into hibernation to grow that full white beard you see him with now. He just floated into town



this week on his Flying-Showme to look things over.

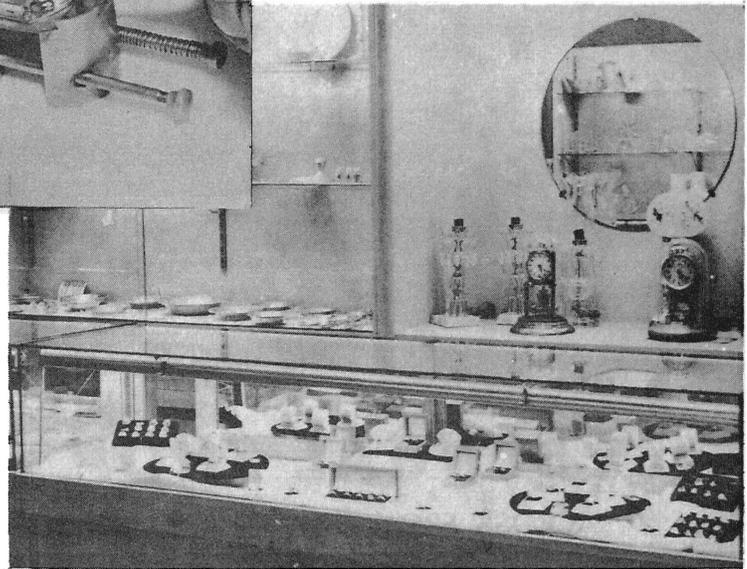
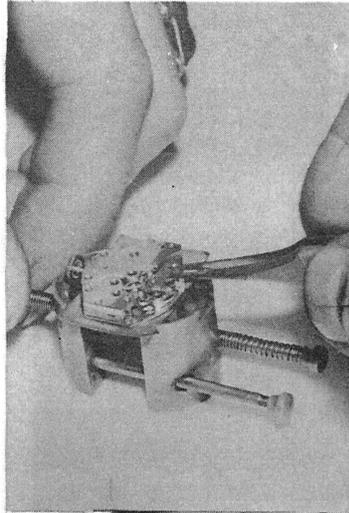
Swami is an elfish character with a personality somewhere between Tom Sawyer and Bluebeard. He said he worked in Hollywood for a time as a "prodigy" of Paulette Godard but Errol Flynn cut him out of business. Since he has been here he's done nothing but stick his nose into everyone's busi-



ness and tell us exaggerated tales of what goes on here at Mizzou.

Swami will probably stay around until he pokes his beak just too far into the wrong person's affairs. Until then we hope that you will enjoy him as much as we do. He IS sort of a welcome break in the serious scheme of things here at the university. As Swami himself put it, "There's always that moment in life when you have to turn your head and sneeze." So when that time comes that your head is so stuffed that you have to let off pressure, just turn your head our way. You may not be able to sneeze at the university but you can sneeze at Swami all you want.

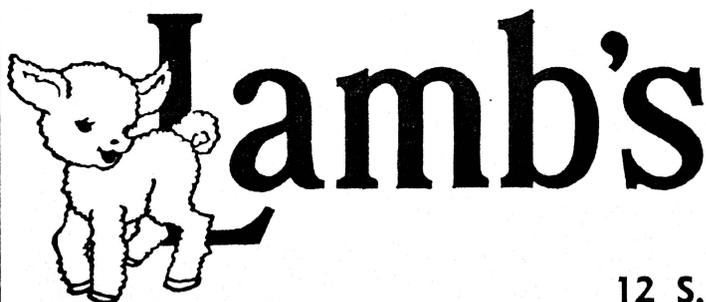
Besides Swami, we have working with us this year a two-headed cartoonist named Gabe. With his right handed head he thinks up ideas which are usually unprintable but which we print any-



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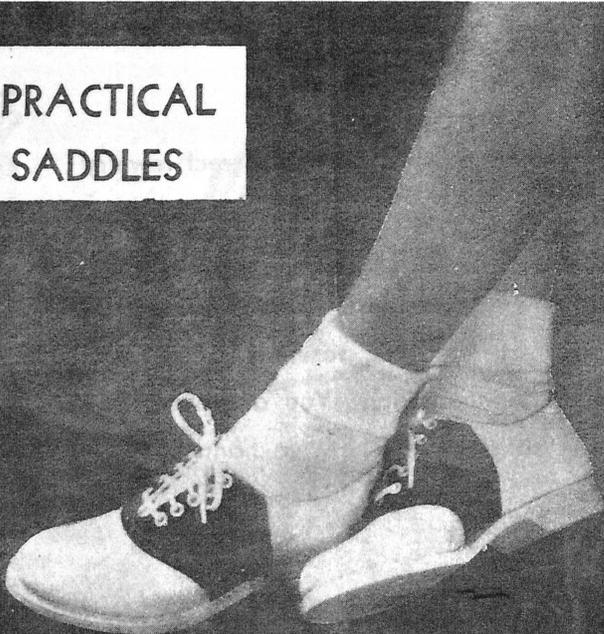


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way. His left handed head is used for holding pencils behind his ears. This head is very near-sighted and carries on moronic conversations with its more intelligent partner who is always threatening to break up the team. Flash Fairfield is another cartoonist who only works on alternate rainy Fridays with a Reynolds pen. No-one has ever seen him in the daylight. There are no such persons as Ted Sperling and Charles Barnard. These are merely pen name of Fido, a talking dog who has laryngitis and has to have some way to communicate. Bob Tonn disappears in his darkroom for weeks at a time and comes out with a green complexion and hypo on his breath. The only way we can get him to take pictures is to pay him in twenty dollar bills which he promptly burns and spreads on animal crackers. Saul Gellerman wears only bathing suits and has hair down to his feet. On Tuesdays he stands out in front of Jesse and campaigns to overthrow the student government which he thinks is a really fine organization. "But we gotta get some spirit around here," he says. The rest of the staff I'm a little reluctant to write about because they are slightly abnormal. Anyway these are the people who put the magazine together. If it is too sophisticated for you, come up and talk to us about it. We are on the 23rd floor of the new addition of Neff Hall which hasn't been built yet.

Incidentally if you don't think that this is the best publication on the campus you can get double your money back. All you have to do is sell it to somebody for twice what you paid for it.

Yours truly,

Mort Walker
The Editor.



MISSOURI Showme

"LIFE AT MIZZOU AS SEEN THROUGH
SWAMI'S CRYSTAL BALL."

SHOWME, OCT. 1920

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A photo feature recalling to mind some of the forgotten traditions of the University.

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Humorous happenings on the campus.

Father Jesse

A lyrical tribute to one of the school's most beloved characters.

Vacation Fiasco

What happened when the travel bug hit two university students this summer.

Boy and Girl of the Month

A new monthly feature honoring outstanding personalities on the campus.

Underground Map of Columbia

A handy item that you can use all year. You can't get around without it. Hang it on your wall.

The Garden of Eden

Education is broadening when your teacher is a Susie.

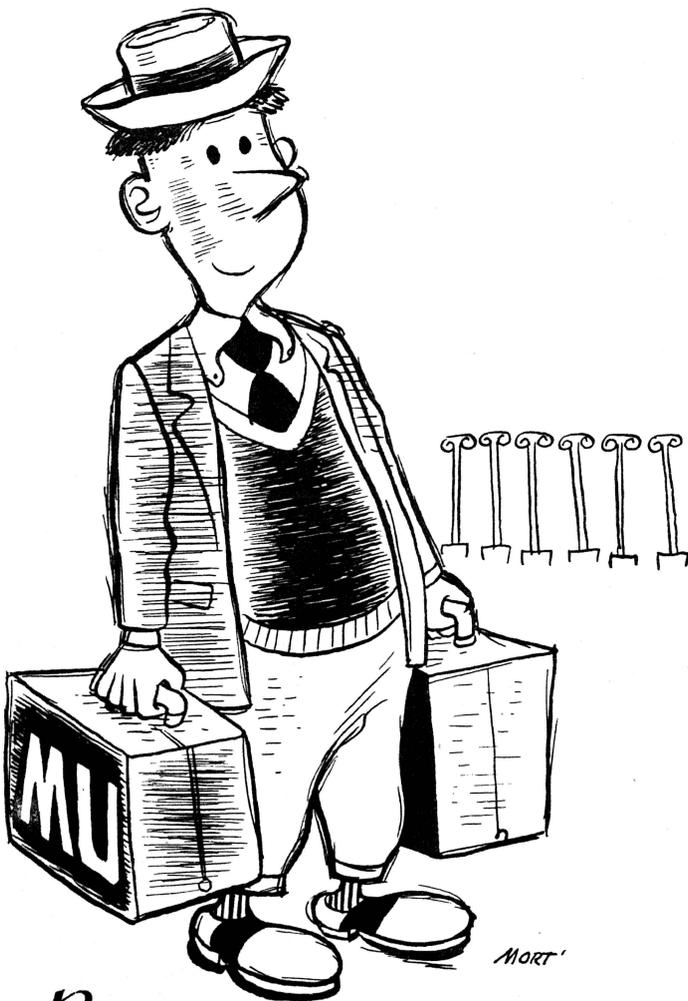
Freshman Types

Don't look now but you were just recorded for posterity.

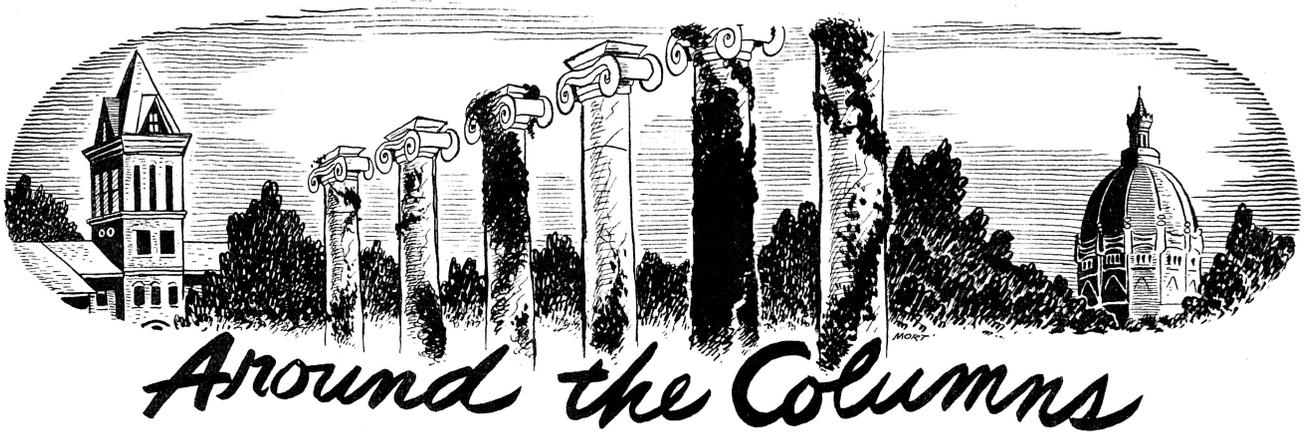
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Contributions from the students of the university welcomed but the editors cannot assume responsibility for unsolicited material. Address contributions to THE SHOWME, Neff Hall, Missouri University, Columbia, Mo.

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*B*LESSINGS on you, new attendant,
Saddle-footed, cheek resplendent.
Come unto the columned sward. . .'
Learn of life, and room and board.



Around the Columns

Vacation

As we left Columbia last June we heard a friend say, "Good-bye, Columbia, you one-horse, one-beer, cesspool of knowledge." The first thing we heard as we got back this fall was the same friend emoting, "Hello, Columbia, you wonderful paradise . . . you Eden of freedom of baccannal brawls and amorous activities. I love you."

Oh Premise Me

For a great part of you reading this, the main issue at hand is finding a place to park the dogs and the suitcases. With the University enrollment higher than it has ever been before, the prospect of enclosing yourself inside four walls becomes slimmer and grimmer. It seems that the world has taken on the attitude of "Who told you you could live."

Don't become discouraged, though. There is always SOMETHING available. Last year we had students living in chicken coops, sewers, phone booths, and various other abodes which demonstrated that where there's a will there's a way. We even heard of one leopard-skinned veteran who took to the trees and boasted that his layout had the best view and ventilation in town. By the end of the year he had developed cat eyes to study at night and long arms from swinging to class on the landscaping.

We are sorry we can't be of more help in this crisis. All we can do is pass along a hot tip on some rooms at the train station. We hear they have two dorms, one for MEN and one for WOMEN, with small, slightly furnished booths costing a nickle a day.

U. O. I.

We read in the Congressional Record the other day that there are 23 billion dollars in circulation which taken in ratio means that each person has \$196. All things considered, we figure that someone owes us \$193. Suppose we could sue?

Economic Field Trip

Maybe you heard last year that Columbia was the second most expensive city in the United States, the first being New York. We sent one of our editors East this summer to check on it and he

wired back, "Hell, New York isn't so expensive!"

Faux Pas in the Powder Room

To be on the safe side, everyone should give himself a week or so to get reoriented with the campus and the changes that have taken place during the summer. We had a friend last year who failed to take such precautions and found himself in a very embarrassing position.

He was walking along near the Theta house last September when he heard Nature calling him. "I'll just go in the D U house." He said, "They're good boys." He innocently walked in the front door, up to the second floor, and down to the end of the hall to his destination without encountering anyone. Then he opened the door. The sight that met his eyes would set any man's heart a-flutter. It also set his feet a-going straight for the nearest exit. Those feminine shrieks are probably still haunting him to this day. Delta Upsilon Fraternity had sold its house to the Zeta Sorority.

The Moral to this story is (Yes, we have morals at Mizzou.): "Gaze before you Go." . . . or, "Close the door, Richard. Whatta you think that half moon's for?"

Boom

Last year Missouri experienced the coldest spring, the worst flood,



and the largest college enrollment on record. We consider that right enterprising on Mother Nature's part to keep up with this atomic age where everything is faster, bigger, and more stupendous than ever before. One of our earthy



informers tells us that Mom is getting around on roller skates at the present until the new cars are on sale. That's one thing that she CAN'T hurry up.

THE LINCOLN PAPERS?

The crowd looked at their watches. It was almost time. They pressed forward eager to catch the first glimpse of the book as it was brought from the safe. The attendants glaced at their watches and nodded to each other. It was time. They carefully turned the combination on the door of the vault and the big door creaked open. Brushing the cobwebs aside, they tenderly picked up the book. It was old and historical. Ten thousand people were waiting outside to see it. They had been waiting for months but now the

time had come. A sentimental hush went over the audience as they anticipated what they were going to see . . . old names . . . friends long forgotten . . . records of a bygone day. Many eyes were moist . . . after all, it had been SO long . . . so very long. The attendants drew the book out and held it up for the crowd to see. The 1946-7 SAVITAR. At last! !

RAH! !

Many times lately we have heard the comment that all the old school needs is a little spirit. "Get off your apathetic bottoms." they say. "Fight for the old school!! Cheer on the Alma Mater!! Get some ZIP, some SOCKO!! This is a BANG-UP school that needs your TWO-FISTED support. TALK IT UP and get IN there. PLUG it!! Let's see some sparks fly!!

WHAM! !"

And we say OUCH! ! We had too much spirit last night, Let's have a little peace and quiet for a change.

IT'S THE FASHION

One of our staff members who can read, Charlie Barnard, was persuading a college fashion magazine. Being a fervent fan of the brassiere ads, he came up with

the observation, "One look at those ads is enough to convince anyone that honesty is no longer the bust policy."

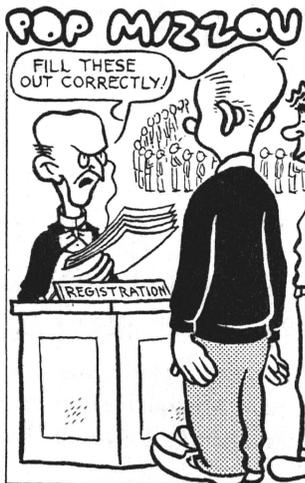
Charlie also lamented on the new styles of dresses with the long skirts. "Alas, men, I fear our eyes are on their last legs."

COMING ATTRACTIONS

There comes a pause in the program of entertainment while we give you a preview of the coming issues of the Showme. The October issue will be the 27th Anniversary edition with funny stuff from the archives. In November you will see an issue on one of the favorite topics around the columns. . . . Love and Sex. In December we will expose every-



thing from graft in the city government to Santa Claus. In January we start out the year by predicting what life has in store for the collegt student of 1960. In February we tear the storm shutters off the houses and see what people do to amuse themselves



during the winter. In March we desert our profane approach and edit an issue that you could even send home to your folks. In April we go hog wild (probably from the mental strain of working on the March issue) and come up with the Dizzy Edition. In May we get rid of our overstocked files and print an Accumulation Issue. You can call it what you like . . . a trash pile by any other name would smell as sweet.

There you have it in a nutshell and by the end of the year the whole staff will have it in a nut-cell. Don't say we didn't warn you. We'll be plaguing you about the 10th of every month.

EDUCATION

There is plenty of stuff in Prof. Brown's Econ class to make a shrewd businessman out of the person who applies it. However, some of the theory does not always practice as well as it listens. We have in mind a young man who sat up attentively when Prof. Brown said the dollar on the present buying market is worth only forty cents. There was a gleam in the young man's eye.

We say the young man later that night hovering over a stack of silver coins. Wringing his hands and chuckling in a self-satisfied manner, he confided that he had just sold some stupid, untutored freshmen all of his forty cent dollar bills for sixty cents. "Twenty cents profit on every dollar," he said. "Yessir. Education is a wonderful thing."



I see the boys are campaigning again for increased subsistence.

KING AND QUEEN

The stub on the end of your Showme subscription card was prepared for the election of the King and Queen of the campus which will be held in December. You will be notified when to write out your nominations and submit them



so you should save your stub. From the names submitted we will take the five girls and five boys with the most number of votes and publish their pictures. From the pictures the readers will choose the King and Queen.

This contest is devised to combat with the un-democratic systems of choosing the other queens on the campus. If you will notice, the other big queens are selected by boards of disinterested judges who are not connected with the University. We have faith in the students to judge for themselves. Our contest is the only one on the campus which will enable you to be your own champion of beauty and personality. Also we thought we would give the boys a chance to shine this year . . . after all, the girls would like some pin-ups too.

Guy: "Are you going without kissing me?"

Gal: "No, it takes a kiss to get me going."

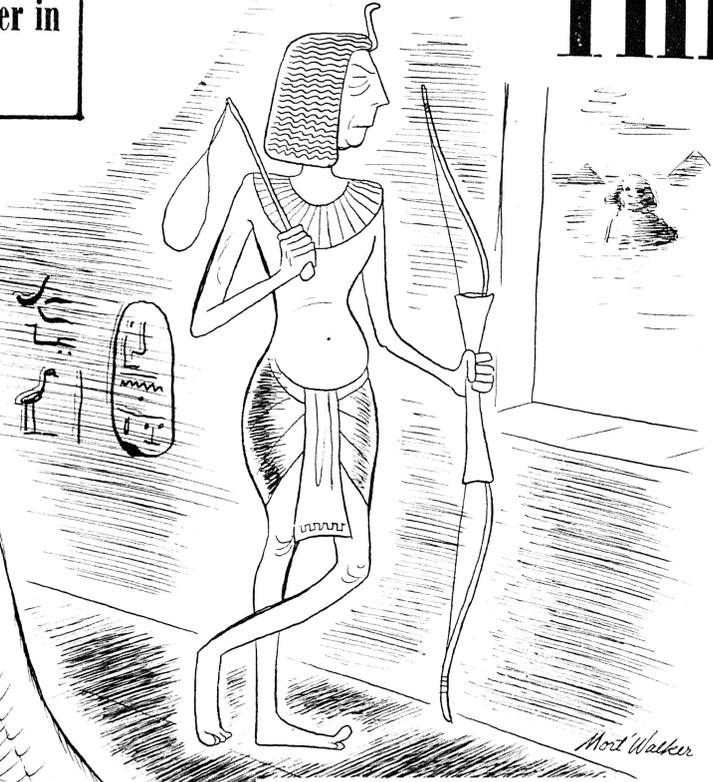
*

Male: "Aren't you ashamed of yourself wearing so little clothing?"

Fem: "Don't be silly. If I were ashamed of myself, I'd wear more."

The Pharaoh was a smart politician but he was no match for the Queen and the Grand Visier in the world's oldest game.

THE



Saturday afternoon, 3742 B. C. Three-Tank-Ahmen, Pharaoh of All Egypt and The Outlying Precincts, lounged on the dais moodily considering the vexing affairs of state. Things weren't going very well those days, No, indeed. His eyes glazed over the veranda rail, across the green flat-lands to the swollen, muddy Nile.

It would flood the valley soon, and wheat would be sky-high in the fall. Anyway, the palace was on high ground and—ah, there comes a runner, a messenger bearing tidings. Three-Tank watched interestedly as the man approached along the road which led upstream, to the hill country.

Closer now, the messenger seemed to run heavily, with great effort. Pharaoh made the mental observation that anybody in that much of a hurry must be bearing bad news indeed. Nobody hurried with the nice things. . . .

PHARAOH GOES TO WAR

Palace guards threw open the outer gate. As the runner stumbled between them, they gave him sincere prods with their spears, according to the custom. Three-Tank wisely had dispensed with the elaborate entrance formalities for his runners. He arose and went into the throne-room to receive the news, for the staff had gone to lunch. In a moment the messenger burst through the door.

Gasping for breath, he stumbled toward Pharaoh but the weary legs wobbled and he fell. His arm gave a desperate twitch and the papyrus scroll sailed through the air. Pharaoh caught it. He began to read, slowly and thoughtfully.

Now at the door, the Grand-Vizier appeared with haste. He stopped short, touched his forehead to the floor.

"Oh mighty Pharaoh; Ruler of All Egypt, Custodian of Many Double-Humped Camels and—"

"Cut it, Joe," said Three-Tank, "There's nobody around." Joe glanced at the runner on the floor.

"What about him?"

"He's dead. So what? He never made a deadline in his life. Listen to this little item."

"Right, boss."

"Looks as if we've got a war as well as a flood. Major Kastrophe's detachment is surrounded by the hill tribes. Lucky he even go this dispatch out. What do you think about it?"

"Well, boss, maybe we ought to get the boys together. . . ."

"Joe!" Pharaoh interrupted, "You'll never catch on to politics.

Haven't you noticed Kastrophe eyeing the Queen at the officers' dances? Ogling my own dear wife? And my signet ring too?"

The Grand-Vizier smiled slowly.

"Well chief now that you mention it, yes. And so that's why you sent him on that goofy trip—sure boss, clever idea."

"Certainly." Pharaoh spake further. "These hill tribes are getting pretty bold, though. Kastrophe is a dead duck of course but we could go up next week with a task force."

"Right, chief. That's like your old self again. I'll have your chariot Simonized at once."

"Say, Joe, do you suppose I could get some sort of top put on that thing. This is the rainy season, you know."

Joe hesitated. "Well I don't know—the other fellows won't have tops, and you wouldn't want them to think that. . . ."

"O. K. forget it. But I'm glad I thought of having a war. Yes, my place is at the head of the troops!"

He walked back and forth with the rangy stride of a conqueror and at that point the Queen entered, behind Pharaoh.

She spake, as was the habit of women in those days.

"Oh, please don't tell me you're going off to war again honey. I miss you so!" She turned toward the window as if weeping but her

right eyelid flicked down ever so slightly, so the Grand-Vizier could notice. His right big toe wiggled in response, for that was the tender sign so familiar by now.

Pharaoh felt proud and his heart was hardened against the hill tribes.

"Joe."

"Yes, boss."

"I start Monday morning. Be sure to set the alarm. 9:00 a.m."

"Right."

"You'll stay here of course. I know you'll do the right thing."

The Queen ran from the room.

"Say, boss, what about this flood? The people will be in bad shape if the river continues to rise."

"Issue rubber boots to the populace."

"But rubber boots won't be invented for maybe four thousand years or so."

"Issue them, Joe. Pharaoh has spake."

"Yes boss. By the way, do you know what Captain Osiris did this week? This will slap you."

"Watch your semantics. But let's have the story."

"Well he went down to the market and bought three girls."

"What's so strange about that? Or did they slip him one suffering from B. O.?"

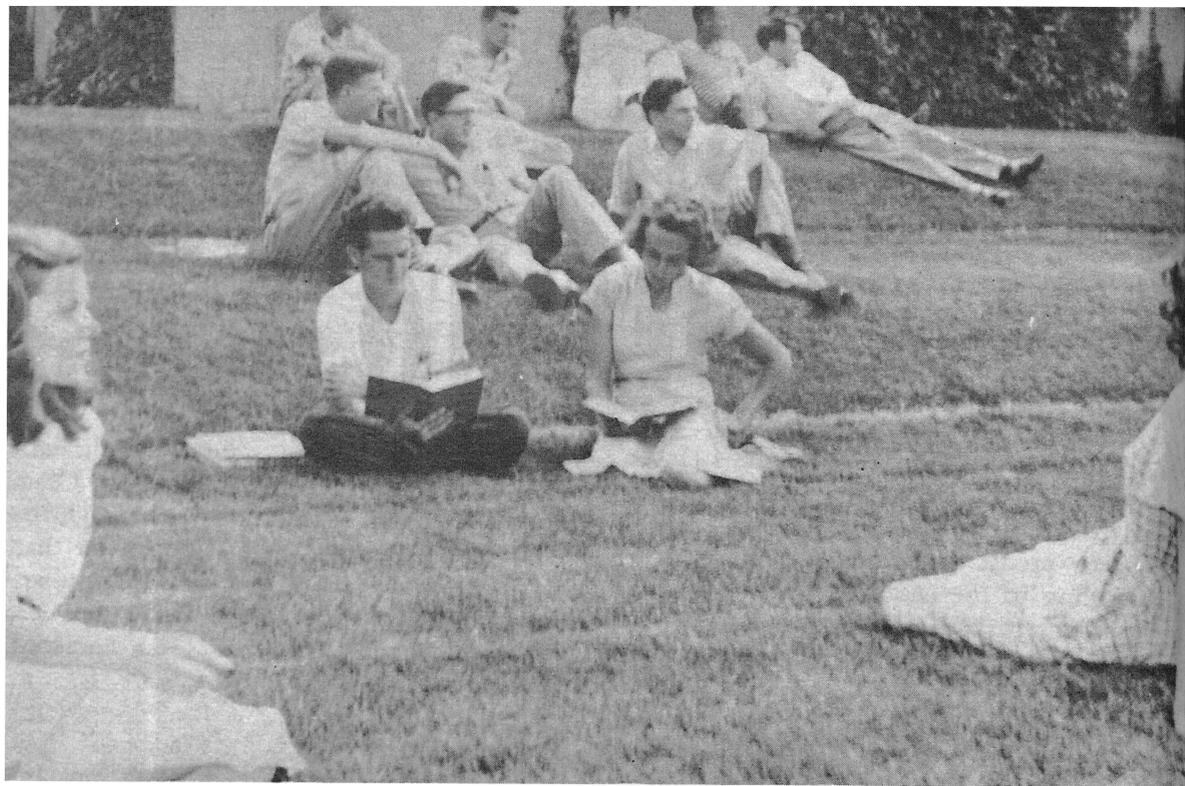
"No, boss. But somebody asked him why he bought three. He said he need one to cook and one to do the laundry!"

"Joe those stories are all right

(Continued on page 23)

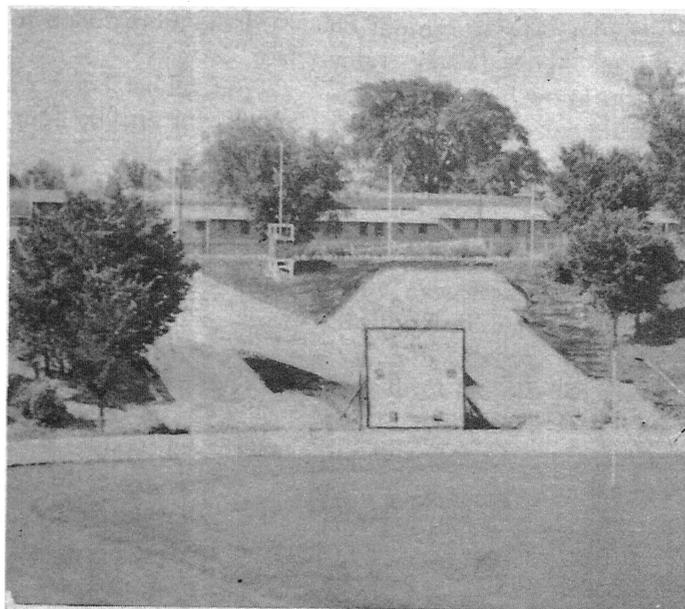
BY BOB WELLS

C A N D I D L Y ● M I N N O U ●



*T*RADITIONS at Missouri have disappeared gradually in the past few years and left us a few old buildings without any spirit. Knowledge is a good thing but it is tradition that keeps a school from becoming a machine for turning out brains. Freshmen button caps were a war casualty as were some of the scenes

pictured on these pages. Remember the days when only seniors could sit on the top level of the columns, juniors on the second, sophomores on the lawn, and freshmen were even allowed on the "senior walk" in front of the columns?



Early in the fall freshmen used to form a snake line in front of the library and wiggle to the stadium where they would paint the school "M". Then they snaked back through town to meet the seniors who would buy the newcomers a popsicle.



Some engineers may still observe this never stepping on the mosaic shamrock walk north of the engine school. So this emblem is supposed to bring the wrath of ST. Pat in the midst of a



When walking through the Memorial Arch it is custom to bare your head in respect for the University students who lost their lives in the first world war. The Ag School lawn in the background is traditionally untouchable for city folks.



Most of you know this legend which was born out through the ages. According to an old oracle, the stone lion near the J School will roar when a girl who has never been kissed passes. So far "Leo" only leers . . . has never been known to growl, even.



Journalism students always clam up when walking through the "J" School arch. Flunking a test is the penalty for gabbing. The arch acts as a megaphone and the tradition started when a student whispered to a friend about a prof . . . the prof heard him a block away. He flunked his next test.



The perfect way to end a story. Lovers lane on the north end of the campus was the place where girls used to get pinned and proposed to. It used to be a nice private spot to sit and pass pleasantries but now it is used as a short cut to get a beer between classes.

Swami's Crystal Ball

"Sees All" By Dave Rees

14



The Read Hall coffee hour didn't prove so successful during the summer session as it did during the regular school year. This summer they served iced coffee instead of the usual hot black java served in the cooler season. Just try to sober up with iced coffee before an afternoon test after spending most of the day in the Ever-Eat.



The coffee hour committee further complicated matters by eating up all the cookies before the designated hour.

Then there was the SAE who went to see Dean Stephens the morning after a pretty rough night. They made three tries before they could get their hands to meet to close the deal.

Gus Coleman was really a fermenter of trouble this summer. He dated three girls in WRH. It developed that all three girls were 103 room-mates. They wouldn't speak to each other for just eons.

Sue Tanner missed a whole week of school this summer when she got marooned in Jeff City by the flood. She finally made her classes by a motor boat. At least that's a new excuse for whiling hot hours away in the Rathskeller.

Bill Toler has what is known as real magnetism. By sheer pull of personality, he drew Marty Stevens down to Columbia for . . . well, we really hate to say how many week-ends.

The Alpha Phis won't have to worry about late minutes this year if former Alpha Phi prexy, Fonda Agee, continues as Miss Mills' secretary.

Friends call Jean Herman "Hot Lips" ever since she burned herself trying to smoke a coke straw.

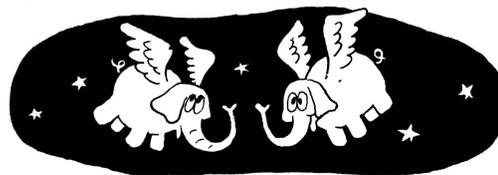
Ed Moore and Al Booker took a trip to Kansas City early this summer just to see the Rowan-Springmeyer wedding. After sitting through the service they commented to each other that they didn't seem to know anyone there. Upon further investigation they found that they had gone to the wrong church and sat through the wrong service.

We don't know why Helen French should mistrust her fiance, Bill Simons. He told her that he was going to a Law School convention which would last three weeks. She found out it lasted only three DAYS.

Summer school was by and large a place for learning. Women's Residence Hall was filled with women . . . school teachers taking summer courses. Most of the men on the campus decided to study this summer and do their dating in the fall.

Bob Skinner and Fred O'Neill beat the heat wave by buying a garbage can in which they kept some old dirty ice and some Very Old bottles.

Frank Key and Bob Spinks are clamoring for more practical courses . . . a plumbing course was what they really had in mind. Drinking beer and then running up three flights of stairs to use a neighbor's facilities is really hard on the constitution.



Our nomination for the "They-Know-What-They-Want" title of the month goes to Jody Limer and Bill Bray who are going steady again for the fifth time.

When Mrs. Leon Weiner wants to announce a blessed event, she does it in a big way. She informed no less than the City Council at a

regular meeting of theirs during the summer that she was expectant.

Lady Ann Sapp's determined plans to go back to the sheltered, cloistered walls of Stephens for the next year after living la vie boheme of Miz-zou's summer session is downright baffling.

Arnie Eysell and Marilyn Scott ought to get together. She's been practicing a penguin act that would just dovetail with Arnie's panda routine.

The course on motion pictures given by the university is a godsend for the budget stretcher.



It provides a cheap way to spend an evening and the list of three-date-a-week steadies is constantly rising.

That she-male, unhouse-broken, dog-animal the girls kept in the Women's Emergency Housing Dorm created a few emergencies itself.

When the summer's flying saucer hysteria hit Columbia a co-operative group called the CENTRAL MISSOURI ASSOCIATION FOR THE OBSERVANCE OF HEAVENLY PHENOMENA AND ASCERTAINING OF CERTAIN DEFINITE CONCLUSIONS IN REGARD THERETO was formed. The worthy group consisted of Dick Hosp, Wilbur Skourup, Jack Cravens, Dave Gregg, and Horace McKim who sacrificed their sleep to watch for anything from flying saucers, and flying lawnmowers, to flying pink elephants. Luckily observation was low and the newspapers were spared the task of condensing the title into appropriate headlines.

For some reason or other, Carolyn Vaught, Jerry Woodlief, and Sherry Frank have been practicing with yo-yoes in front of the mirror to perfect their form. It has something to do with a show they saw in Calumet City and which they hope to put into the Savitar Frolics this year.

John Hughes came to Columbia one Tuesday morning this summer to inspect his property, the

601 Club. The next Sunday evening, he departed without having accomplished his mission. That's Columbia for you.

Our reporters tell us that Charlie Ridgway is working as Jack McGee's assistant somewhere way out west. You see, it pays to make contacts when you are in school.

Maurice Robine makes this interesting comment: "Having the church news beat in Reporting 1 for a whole semester is enough to change an agnostic into an atheist."

Prof. Milton Gross' baby daughter knocked on his classroom door calling "Daddy." A tremor went through the men assembled there until they found out who it was.

The hit tune of Columbia during the summer
(Continued on page 30)



I don't mind you necking with my girl but get your damn hands off my fraternity pin.



Father Jesse

(With apologies to Lewis Carrol and Professor Wrench)

*YOU are old, Father Jesse," the young man said,
"And ungiven to strenuous sports.*

*Do you think it quite right at your age to appear
Cutting grass, while clad only in sborts?"*

*"My boy," said the sage, "I'm a radical man,
of political patience bereft;
So why do you ask if my actions are right,
When you know that I tend to the left?"*

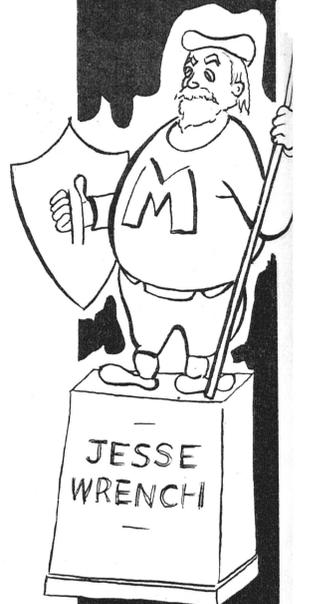
*"You are old," said the youth, "as I mentioned before,
And you wear both moustache and goatee.
Though a staunch whisker-lover, I cannot discover
Whatever their purpose might be."*

*"Young man, the inflation which saddles the nation
Makes purchasing luxuries tough;
I grew the moustache since it tickles my nose,
And saves me the price of my snuff."*

*"You are old, Father Jesse, and your statly white locks
Are worn in a net ornamentic.
Do you fear that the populace near
May consider you slightly eccentric?"*

*"Young man, your impertinence borders pervertinence!
I am shocked at your impolite ease!
So be gone! But remember the source of my acts
Is whether or not I damn please!"*

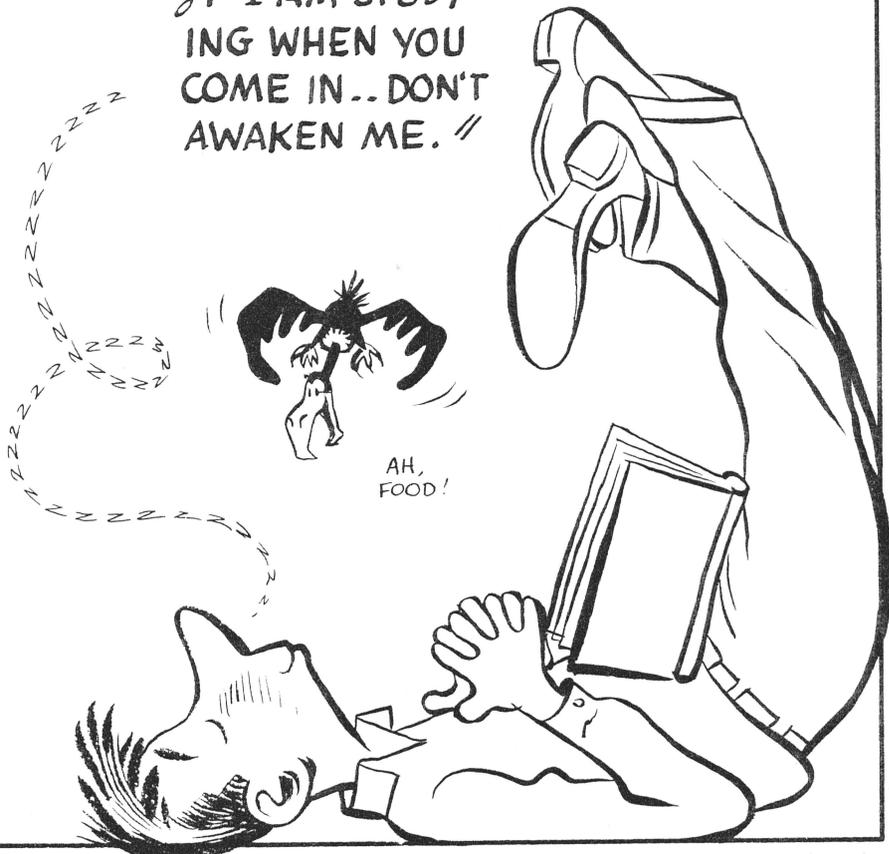
Saul Gellerman.



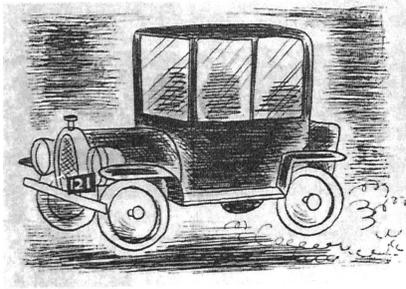
Cut out and hang above your study desk or on your door

DO NOT DISTURB

"IF I AM STUDY-
ING WHEN YOU
COME IN.. DON'T
AWAKEN ME. "



Showme Saucy Signs



VACATION... FIASCO

Yankee ingenuity vs. A sturdy little vehicle.

One summer day in Gumbo, Mo., a college classmate and I saw a bus travel poster which said, "View America from a Plush-Covered Ironing Board." This catchy phrase, designed to entice Americans away from the safety of their homes, put the travel notion in our heads. Low finances prevented a formal schedule for the likes of us, but there must be a way for two enterprising youngsters. Of course! A jalopy! It had been done before, you know. Everybody has read of those gasoline Odesseys where Yankee ingenuity plus a sturdy little vehicle . . . well, we would try.

After some scouting around, we discovered a 1930 Model "A" Ford in the hindermost section of a used car lot, half buried by a heap of rotting tires. The dealer smiled at us and co-operated in every way to send us happily forward, mobile.

For \$125 he sold us the car, with the use of his repair shop for three days, and the pick of any six tires in the heap. He was a fine fellow, a real Yankee businessman, with a happy twinkle in his eye.

We picked out our tires first, with some difficulty. With \$4.63 worth of vulcanizing, we had five repaired and a sixth to cut up for boots. The dealer told us that the tubes were not included in the deal. Five tubes, \$16.71. Now we were ready to use our Yankee ingenuity. We jacked up the car and explored its underside carefully. After close scrutiny,

we found the drive shaft and a section of the steering gear had been removed. We purchased these second-hand and installed them with the dealer's equipment. They fitted well. Progress.

A new battery, spark plugs, radiator hose connections, and a new carburetor, gaskets put the sturdy little vehicle in sturdy shape.

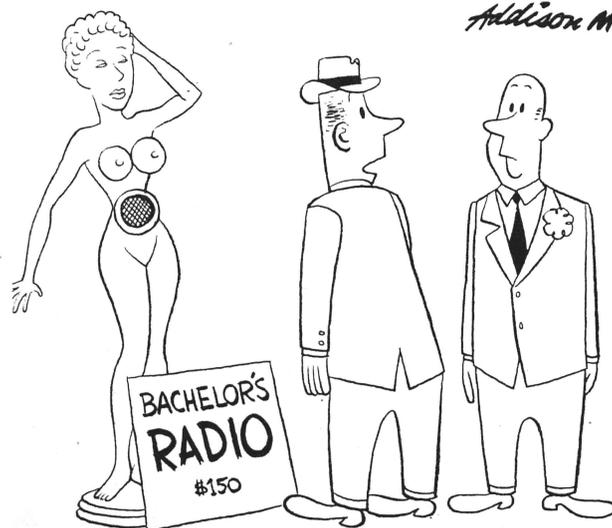
The engine started okay in the shed and after backfiring once or twice, chugged away reassuringly. We let it idle for awhile, then put it in gear and let out the clutch. No motion ensued. No clutch plate. Clutch plate \$4.87.

Our time in the dealer's garage had run into four days and he charged us a small fee extra. But at last the sturdy little vehicle was ready to roll. Unfortunately, a salesman pulled his car into my path as I backed out and his fender was dented . . . he was

very co-operative. Settled on the spot for \$8.00.

These preliminary troubles were soon forgotten, though, and early one morning our gear was packed. We were soon rolling westward. The magnificent vistas of the Golden West awaited our young eagerness: Old Faithful, The Grand Cayon, the Kansas City Stockyards, the supplicating arms of the giant sahuaro cactus. Then there would be the towering snowiness of the Sierras, whose grandeur almost reached the roof of the world . . . the bus poster had done its work.

Ah, that first happy day, when the tires retained their cautious pressure, and the radiator gave off little spurts of steam bespeaking of the vital moisture beneath. That day there was no deadly water in the gasoline and the connecting rods held a death-grip on the laboring crankshaft, transmit-



Do you tune it in the way I think you do?

ting faithfully the powerful impulses of the pistons. That day we owned a sturdy little vehicle.

We took turns driving, spending the happy, rambling hours laughing over our remembrances of pioneer stories when water had to be poured over the wagon hubs to swell the spokes and keep them tight . . . and so on. During one especially hilarious reminiscence we had our first blowout. Our Yankee ingenuity found a Northwestern Auto Store and a \$4 jack.

Soon we were rolling again nothing would stop us this time. Joplin police are surprisingly alert. With all the cars that run stop signs, we had to pay the price. \$10. Strangers.

Oklahoma is big, as we found, and we decided to dispel the monotony by picking up a hitchhiker. The thumber looked at our car and then at us. "I reckon I won't weight your trap down, boys," he said kindly. "The tube is stickin' out of yore front tire."

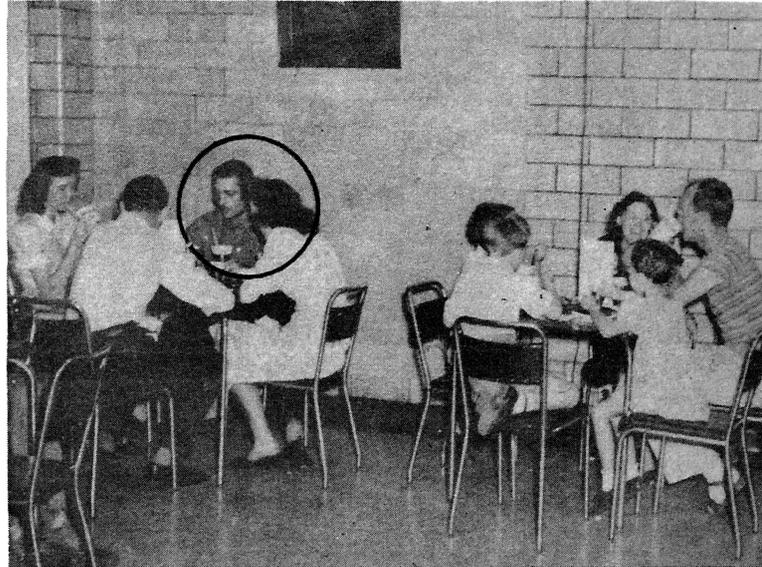
Horrified, we leaped out and watched a thin, pinkish bubble grow out of the sidewall and burst. The man plodded on and we mechanically sought the jack and our Yankee ingenuity.

Our battle with the tires were soon forgotten and we were soon clipping off the miles of picturesque Oklahoma. It was a strange kind of picturesqueness. It was an empty picturesqueness that . . . well, I don't know if it was picturesque or not but soon there would be virile Texas.

In the outskirts of Muskogee we stopped at a roadside lunch stand, famished. I don't know whether I let the clutch out too rapidly or whether the catastrophe occurred of natural causes, but

(Continued on page 24)

Are 'YOU' in the "LUCKY CIRCLE?"



WATCH For YOUR Picture - In the CIRCLE

NOTICE—Bulletin Board Posted Bi-Weekly in
Central Dairy—Watch for Your Picture

WIN

A "Carry-Out Snack"
For a Party of 4 or 5

ICE CREAM

- Choice of Cake or
- Cookies
- Chocolate Syrup



CENTRAL DAIRY

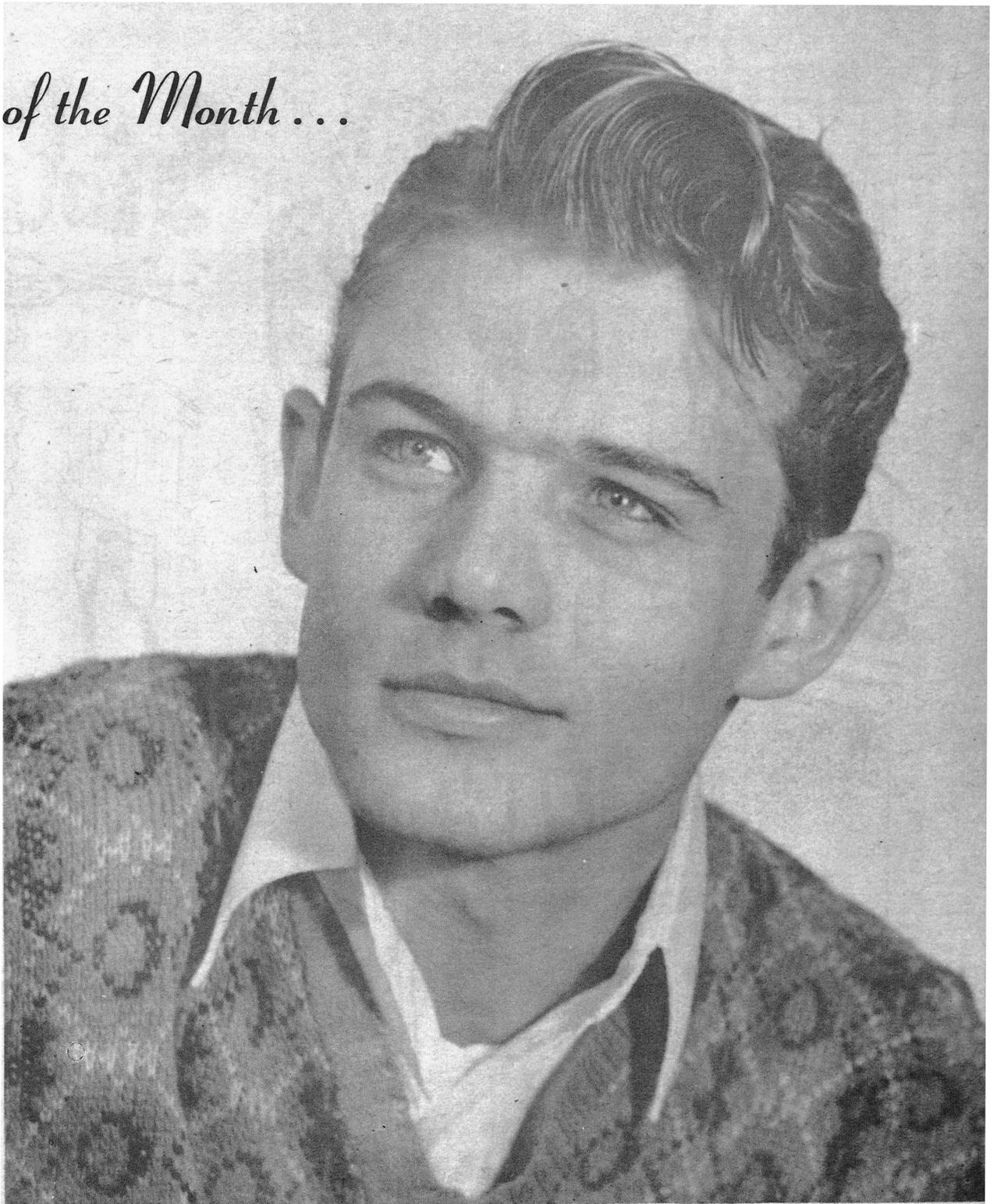
Girl of the Month...



Eileen Farmer:

Sophomore, 5' 6", Workshop plays, music major, S.A.I. (music honorary), K.E.A. (sophomore honorary), Gamma Phi Beta, Student Government.

Boy of the Month . . .



Stanley Nienstedt

Junior, Navy vet., Workshop plays, voice major, university singers, Columbia Radio Theater, Phi Mu Alpha (music Fraternity), K.F.R.U. Commentater.



"Oh Jim, it's just what I needed."

Cornell Widow

Stolen



"I could kiss you for that."

SPARTAN



"OK! OK! — A pterodactyl brought you. Now, are you satisfied?"

MIT YOO DOO



Wisconsin Octopus

"Bless you, my boy."

THE PHARAOH . . .

(Continued from page 11)

in the pool-room, I—ah that Osiris is quite the boy though, ain't he?"

"Sure is."

"Better get on the job, Joe. Be sure the complete bodyguard is there Monday. Jerk all their passes. I want to see a bodyguard of 10,000 men with clear heads and clean rifles—I mean sharp spears."

"Check."

The Grand-Vizier left. Three-Tank-Ahmen munched grapes a while but soon went back to the dais on the veranda. Sleep enfolded Pharaoh.

Later, he awoke suddenly, like a wild thing surprised in its hiding place. The Queen stood before him. Looped over her arm was a great length of white bandage stripping. Several ladies of the court were there too, similarly equipped.

Pharaoh inquired timidly, "What's the pitch, gals?"

His wife explained, "Simply this, Three-Tank. In accordance with my wartime duty as Queen of this layout I am organizing a first aid class. Here we are. We need a subject and everybody around the palace is working except you. You just lie around on your dais. Let's go, girls!"

Pharaoh desperately struggled to his feet but the women threw him back. As the Grand-Vizier watched gleefully from an upstairs window the ladies pinned Three-Tank's arms to his sides. His feet were held together and the first aid class unreeled their strips of cloth and began to wrap him up.

The Queen waved gaily to the Grand-Vizier while the ladies wrapped and wrapped and wrapped and wrapped. . . .

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French Fries

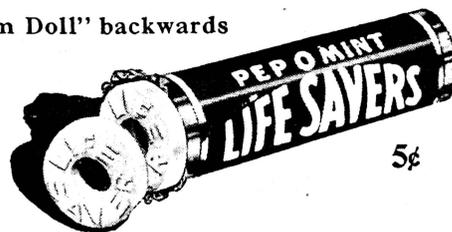
Open from 6:30 A.M. 'til 11:30 P.M.

Are you a
*Llod maerd**



Does your poise rate zero when you hear "hubba-hubba"? Do you look over-anxious when the stag line stares? That's no way for a dream doll to click! Relax, instead! Munch on a yummy Life Saver. They're such wonderful little tension-breakers. They keep your breath sweet, too.

* "Dream Doll" backwards



Showme Joke Contest

Best joke submitted each month will win a carton of Life Savers. Entries should be addressed to:

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wool filled \$4.95
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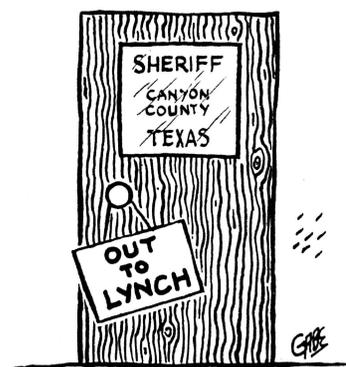
VACATION . . .

(Continued from page 19)

when I tried to put the car in motion, a defening chattering came from beneath our feet. The gear shift came loose in my hand. I held it, staring stupidly . . . evidently to see if some new miracle of Yankee ingenuity could make it whole again. But apparently it had been chewed off by a mightly force from below. Termites.

With the car sitting safely in the shade outside the lunch-stand clearly in sight, my buddy and I battled with the modern glass coffee makers to keep up with the truck drivers' needs while the stout proprietor lolled at a corner table. Bus Fare.

A few weeks later, due to the proprietor's Yankee warmheartedness, so characteristic of the Old West, we had enough money to get back to Missouri. The Blood-



hound Bus driver smiled with innate courtesy as he stowed our bulky camping equipment in the dust-bin he called a baggage rack.

Sometimes in Econ class I make long rows of figures which tell me how I could have traveled to a point near Murmansk, and returned for the same price I paid to get to a point near Muskogee. If you are ever out that way and see that sturdy little vehicle parked by the lunch stand, swallow your Yankee ingenuity. Pass on.

freshman sketches

By
MORT
WALKER

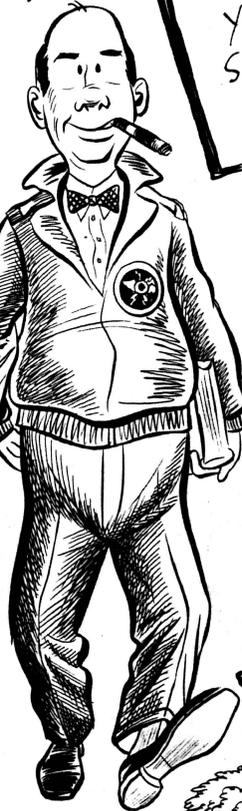


Adolescent Sandoz --
with an arm-load of
news clippings of his high-
school gridiron feats.

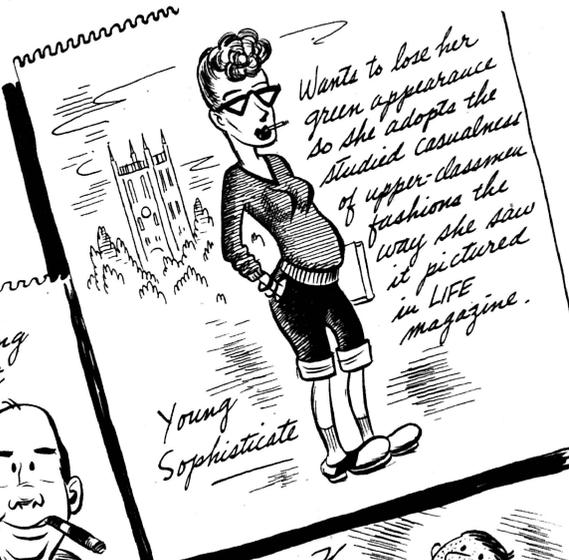
Eager
Cutie



Aging
Vet



Young
Sophisticate



Wants to lose her
green appearance
so she adopts the
studied casualness
of upper-classmen
fashions the way
she saw
it pictured
in LIFE
magazine.

The
Neo-phyte



His first time away from
home and his lot --

The girl who came to college to
snatch a husband and the
molting veteran who is love-
starved since Europe and
wouldn't mind living in a
trailer at \$105 per month.

GAWSH!
LOOKIT ALL
THE GRASS
AND NO COWS



AN'
SKYSCRAPERS

The fraternity
prospect.



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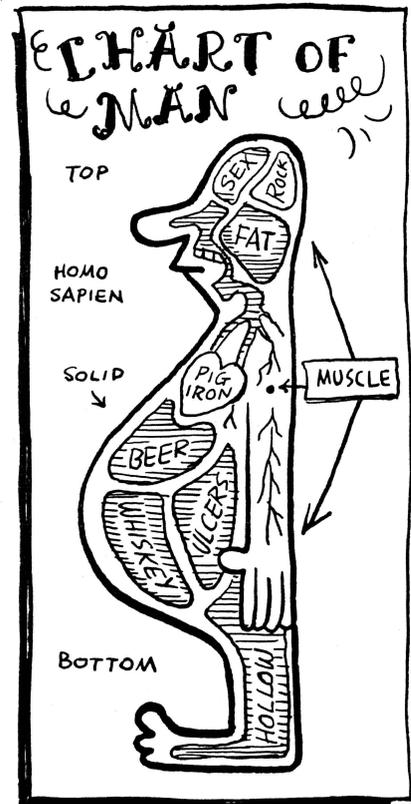
Phone 4300

MEMO ON MEN

by
"MURF"

Men are what girls love and marry! they have two feet, two hands, and sometimes two girls, but never one idea at a time. Like paper dolls they are made of the same pattern . . . the only difference being that some are a little better cut than others.

Generally speaking, they can be divided into husbands, bachelors, and "humming bees". An eligible bachelor is a mass of obstinancy entirely surrounded by



suspicion. Husbands are of three kinds: prizes, surprise, and consolation prizes. A "humming bird", as the name implies, is just that.

Now, making a husband out of a man requires great skill and is one of the highest plastic arts ever known to civilization. It requires science, sculpture, and common

sense; faith, hope, and charity. Of the three, the most needed today is hope.

If you give a man a "snow job", he thinks it is because you have already had a great deal of experience and you know how to approach him, so he is afraid even though it "buzzes" his ego. If you don't, he is disappointed in you.

If you agree with him about everything, he will lose interest and consider you a mere echo. If you believe everything he says, you are a fool, and if you do not, he thinks you are a cynic.

If you join in his gaities and approve of his smoking and drinking, he swears you are sending him to the devil, and if you do not join in and disapprove, you are just driving him crazy.

If you are the clinging vine type, he doubts whether you have a brain, and if you are modern and independent, he doubts whether you have a heart. If you are silly, he longs for a bright girl, and if you are brilliant, he longs



for a gay one . . . if you are perfect, he manages to long for something.

If you are popular with other men, he is jealous; if you are not, he wonders what is wrong with you.

So never satisfied, never content, he is a rare animal, but, alas . . . we still love him.

"Murf."

Everything for the



camera fan

and



record enthusiast

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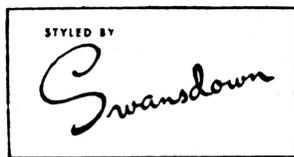
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Fad: Something that goes in one era and out the other.

*

"I think your husband dresses nattily."

"Natalie who?"

*

Maron: That which, in winter-time, women wouldn't have so many colds if they put.

*

"The love of a beautiful maid—
The love of a staunch true man—
The love of a baby unafraid—
Have existed since life began.
But the greatest love—the love of loves—
Even greater than that of a mother—
Is the passionate, tender and infinite love,
Of one drunken bum for another."



The salesman was trying to pick up a beautiful blonde in the hotel lobby.

"Don't bother me," she said.

Crushed he said, "Pardon me, I thought you were my mother."

She said, "I couldn't be, I'm married."

*

The guys who think our jokes are rough,
Would quickly change their views,
If they'd compare the ones we print
With those we're scared to use.

THE GARDEN OF EDEN

BY G. MICKEL



The change from high school to university life was not as difficult as I expected. I fell immediately into the swing of things. New friends abounded because of my sparkling personality and my good grades. I also had a 1947 Pontiac.

Only one difficulty has kept me from enjoying campus life at its fullest. Here, as in high school, I have not been able to feel at ease with girls. It was simply a matter of not knowing how to talk to them. Today I am changed. I have discovered the secret of conversation between the sexes.

My education began last night. A friend of mine, after borrowing my car, asked if I would like to go on a blind date. Having once served on a committee with a six fingered woman, I said, "Yes", feeling that I could handle the situation.

Stopping the car a scant block from a pair of formidable iron gates, we nervously held our breaths waiting for our companions. Soon they arrived. Poll vaulting gracefully over the high iron fence, they climbed into the car amid many huzzahs from my friend and a bashful silence from me. I had not yet been educated.

During the introduction, I learned that our dates were named Suzie Catlanch and Susie Oilbarl. The similarity between names caused much hilarious banter during the next few minutes. Of course I did not participate. Not waiting for an invitation, Susie

Oilbarl climbed coyly into the rear seat with me.

For some strange reason, my friend and Suzie C. decided that the convertible was too stuffy. They decided to partake of the pleasant atmosphere of a place called Bim's Corner, a short distance from town. After dropping our friends at their destination, Susie turned to me and said:

"Let's go to the Hinkson."

"On what street is that?" I blushing asked.

"Oh you University men," she tittered, "always making a funny."

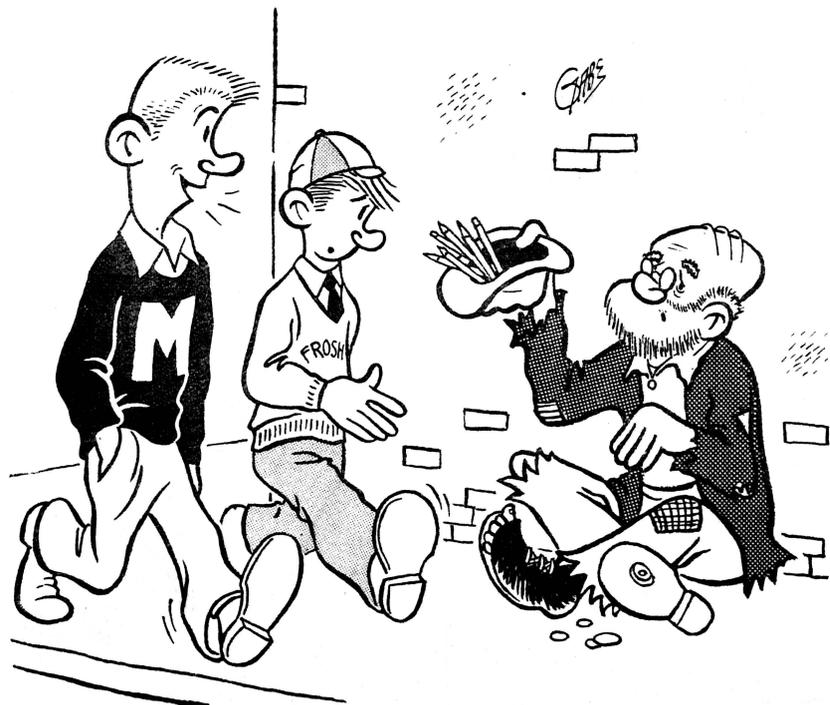
Saying this, she pushed me away from the wheel, started the engine, and we roared merrily down a

winding hill. Barely missing a bridge, we screeched to a halt. Laughing gaily at the natural look on my face, Susie jumped from the car crying, "Come on."

Grabbing a blanket and a bottle of champagne that I carry for such occasions, I hurried towards the front of the car. After pouring the champagne down the radiator and covering it with the blanket, (it gets cold these spring nights) I haltingly followed Susie over a barbed wire fence.

Taking my hand in hers, she led me around the edge of a small bubbling stream closely surrounded by overhanging trees.

(Continued on page 31)



Oh, that's an Econ prof who tried the stock market.

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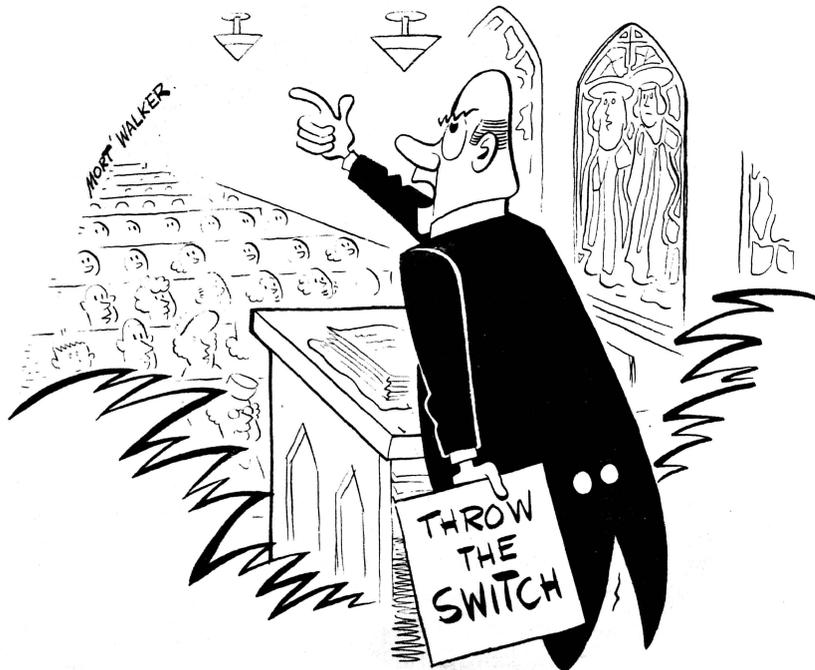
SWAMI'S CRYSTAL BALL . . .

(Continued from page 15)

had all the students humming, singing, and cursing. The ditty . . . the Dalton Coal Company's singing commercial heard at least eight times a day sung to the tune of "Camptown Races" has words that go, "Ready mixed concrete, at your job . . . we'll pour. . . ." A bit of huckstering worthy of Evan Evans himself.

Hank Hunter in our estimation is spreading himself a little thin. During the summer he held down two jobs, carried a full load of J-School courses, made the J-School scholarship fraternity, and kept a harem of Stephens College flying students . . . all at the same time.

The big news story of the summer was the raid on Midway Lake. One hot day 31 students dressed at home in their bathing suits and went out for a swim. The owner of Midway called the Sheriff and there was a seven-car convoy back to the courthouse. It proved rather embarrassing for everyone concerned when the prosecuting attorney was presented with 31 culprits clad in dripping bathing suits.



. . . And the Lord said, "Let there be light. . . ."

GARDEN OF EDEN...

(Continued from page 29)

Through the tree tops we could see a round golden moon peeping down on our hushed world. We sat down on the edge of the brook. Looking into my eyes, and with a wistful sigh, Susie said, "Doesn't this remind you of the garden of Eden?"

"No," I said.

"But its really very near like it," she answered, as I blushed at



her grammar. "Just think, all of this silent night, with you and me here—alone. Why doesn't it remind you of Eden?" she queried.

"No snakes," I answered.

Suddenly, she was very close to me, her eyes looking into mine, our fingers touching. She moved closer. The silence engulfed us. From a great distance we could hear a small boy calling his dog. The dog answering. The bubbling of the brook. The bubbles answering. The cry of a night bird overhead, the turn of a worm underneath. The world was filled with life, with joy, with unbounded happiness.

Soon we walked back towards the car, neither of us speaking. What could we say that wouldn't seem shallow and inconsequential?

I started the engine, and we drove slowly back to town.

Suddenly turning to me—and I could see stars in her eyes, she said:

"Let's go get a Pepsi Cola."

"Yeah let's," I answered.

WELCOME TO COLUMBIA

"Say it with flowers"

H. R. Mueller
FLORIST

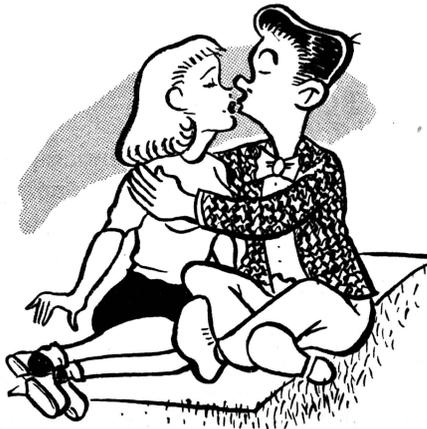
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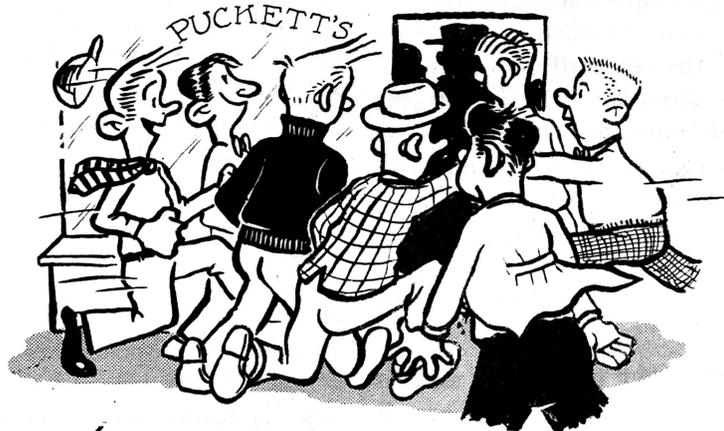
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PROVERB**

at ole M. U.

*honey is sweeter on the Hink
when guys wear clothes...*



... from

PUCKETT'S

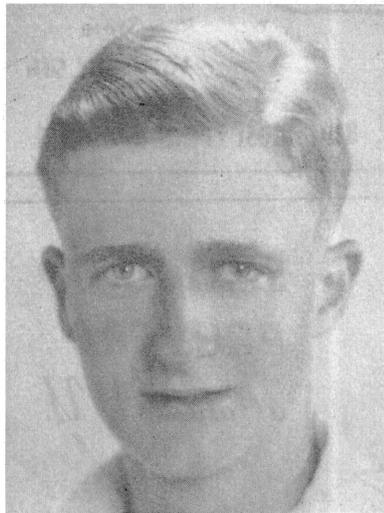
... OF COURSE

COLUMBIA'S SMARTEST MEN'S SHOP

908 S. B'way

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THIS MONTH'S CONTRIBUTIONS...



DAVE (FLASH) FAIRFIELD,

Who drew the cover and the illustration to Saul Gellerman's poem, is a tall, blonde, drink of water from Lakewood, Ohio. He is one of those versatile producers who has never taken an art course but turns out stuff rating an applause from any professionals. He is also interested in writing and plans to give up cartooning this year to pursue this other ambition. Perhaps someday this two-headed talent will prove lucrative. If Flash has anything to say about it, it will.

The cover, by the way, is an embodiment of all the cumbersome complications of registration week heaped on the collective aching back of the University Student and is a bitterly familiar subject to us all.

BOB WELLS

Who wrote The Pharaoh Goes to War, dedicates his story to his Aunt Mamie and says he compiled

his factual information from: 1. Rosetta Stone. 2. Captain Billy's "Whiz Bang." 3. "Bachelor's Guide-book." (pp 79-916) 4 Prolonged study of facial expression of the Sphinx. 5. Conferences with Professor Moldytome of the British Museum. 6. Three pipes-full of opium.

BOB TONN

Who took the photographs for Candidly Mizzou, is a tall, dark-haired Navy veteran from Kirkwood, Mo. He covers his photo assignments on a bicycle and this summer took a cycle trip from Columbia to Bagnal Dam. He rooms, and is a partner in a Campus Photo Service, with Clyde Hostetter, Showme Photo Editor.

DAVE REES

Who writes Swami's Crystal Ball, is from God's country California. He is an Army veteran, a feature writing major, a Kappa Sigma, wears a crew cut, and has a personality all his own. Since he cannot rely solely on his own observations to write his column, he carries a note book with him at all times and jots down conversation loosely spoken over beer at the Dixie. He also pounces eagerly on information left on his hook in the Showme office.

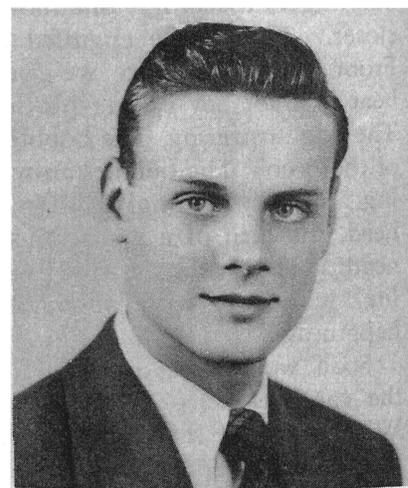
CHARLES NELSON BARNARD

Who writes a great deal for us and is quoted considerably, hails from God's country, Franklin, Mass. Before he started writing for the Showme, he wrote letters to Santa Claus. He has written

for us for three years and has also sold his work to national publications. He gets inspiration for his writing from watching people carefully, listening to good music, and reading news items. He seldom writes from personal experience. "Writing is hard work," says Charlies, "But I don't mind being considered a little strange, jumping from bed in the middle of the night to write down an elusive idea, or finding out that I have watsed time writing a poor story, as long as I get somewhere in the next ten years . . . I believe it will take that long."

BILL (GABE) GABRIEL

Who draws all those funny pitchers and became a cartographer for us this month, also hails from God's country Lakewood, Ohio. He said his hard work on the



magazine this summer increased his thirst for that well-known beverage with the head on it. From his picture below, you can see that he is a well-chiseled young man with a gleam in his eye.



EASY MONEY DEPARTMENT



Look here! Just study this dandy page. Big-hearted Pepsi-Cola will pay you for stuff you send in and we print: \$1.00, \$2.00, \$3.00 . . . even \$15.00. It doesn't have to be funny—but we won't buy it unless it is. Of course if the magic words "Pepsi-Cola" appear, you got a better chance. All contributions become the property of Pepsi-Cola Company. We pay only for those we print. Just write

jokes, gags, and things—attach your name, address, school and class. Send it to Easy Money Department, Pepsi-Cola Company, Long Island City, N. Y.

You could earn a million dollars (\$1,000,000.00)—you should live so long. Send in your stuff—now—then wait for the mailman. Will he bring a rejection slip—or cash? He sure will!

CUTE SAYINGS of KIDDIES

(age 16 to 19 plus)

The next time you're holding that cute baby on your lap, whispering sweet nothings in her ear, do try and remember the sweet nothings you get in return. They may get you nothing—then again they may. Something like these:

"My Hector, aged 22, was holding me on his lap the other night when he said the absolutely cutest thing I ever heard. He said, 'boinnngg!'"

Gloria Jane Chickenwing reports that Freddy, the fullback aged 19½, spoke his first word the other day, immediately following a scrimmage. Freddy said, "Ouch!"

Henry O'Henry O'Nuts of the U. of Eire says his colleen, Sadie, berated him for drinking 32 Pepsi-Colas between classes. "Henry," she said, "Careful, or you'll suffer from bottle fatigue."

For this kind of stuff you should pay us. But we pay you—\$1 each.

Little Moron Corner

Murgatroyd, the Moron, was busy going around town buying up all the Pepsi-Cola he could find. When his friend Hazelnut asked him why, he said, "Jones' drug store is givin' two cents back on every Pepsi bottle, so I figured if I bought enough of them, I could be rich."

\$2.00 for these—You should be ashamed to accept it.

EXTRA ADDED ATTRACTION

At the end of the year we're going to review all the stuff we buy, and the item we think was best of all is going to get an extra

\$100.00

GET FUNNY... WIN MONEY... WRITE A TITLE



Nothing to this one. All you do is write a title and if it knocks our hat off you get \$5.00. Or the hat—whichever you prefer. Or send in an idea of your own for a cartoon. \$10.00 for just the idea . . . \$15.00 if you draw it . . . if we buy it.

HE-SHE GAGS

If you can write HE-SHE jokes you probably have a terrific future as a radio gag writer. You'll make a couple of grand a week easy. But until then Pepsi-Cola will pay you three bucks for He-She jokes. Try and make them funnier than these pitiful examples:

He: Jim's such a B.M.O.C. that they call him Pepsi.

She: I guess that's because he's such a good mixer.

* * *

Bottla He: Who is that tall, good-looking bottle over there?

Bottla She: Oh, that's Pepsi-Cola . . . drunk everywhere you know.

* * *

She: If you were any kind of a boy friend, you'd say those three little words that make me thrill.

He: O. K. "Have a Pepsi!"

* * *

He: I can't think of any more He-She gags.

She: Then it's time for a Pepsi.

\$3.00 (three bucks) apiece for these.

With the
KINGS of SPORTS
it's **CHESTERFIELD**

Adolph Kiefer

Bobby Ryan

Sis Luckman

Stan Musial

Nat Holman

Royal Mangrum

Ted Williams

A
B

ALWAYS BUY C CHESTERFIELD



- A** Always Milder
- B** Better Tasting
- C** Cooler Smoking

*The Sum Total
of Smoking Pleasure*