

MISSOURI
Showme

25c

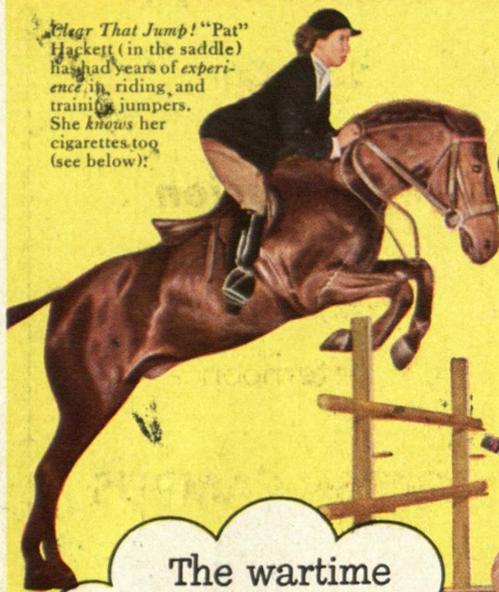


SEX ISSUE

MORT

"EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER!"

"Clear That Jump!" "Pat" Hackett (in the saddle) has had years of experience in riding and training jumpers. She knows her cigarettes, too (see below):



— in jumping a horse or choosing a cigarette,

says NOTED SPORTSWOMAN

"Pat" Hackett

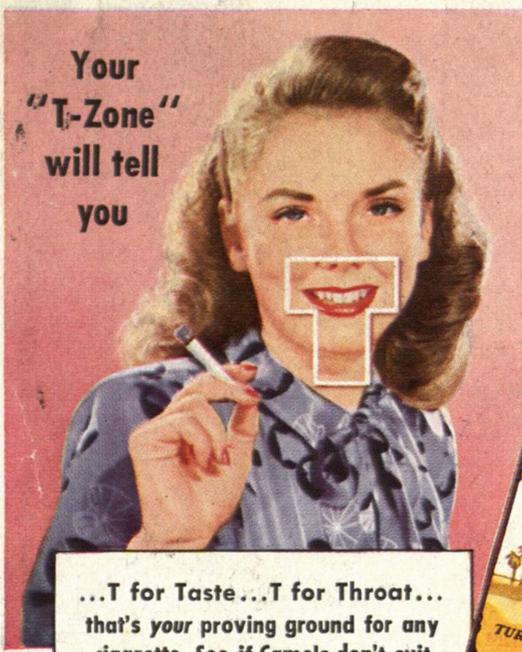
The wartime cigarette shortage was a real experience. Of all the brands I smoked, CAMELS suit me best!



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

More people are smoking CAMELS than ever before!

Your "T-Zone" will tell you



...T for Taste...T for Throat... that's your proving ground for any cigarette. See if Camels don't suit your "T-Zone" to a "T."

● Not many women can match "Pat" Hackett's experience with horses, but millions can match her experience with cigarettes!

Remember the many brands you smoked during the wartime cigarette shortage? Whether you

intended to or not, you compared brand against brand... for Taste... for Throat. That's how millions learned from experience that there are big differences... in taste, mildness, coolness... in quality.

Try Camels. Compare them in your "T-Zone." Let your own Taste and Throat... your own experience... tell you why more people are smoking Camels than ever before!



According to a recent Nationwide survey:
MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS
than any other cigarette

When 113,597 doctors from coast to coast — in every field of medicine — were asked by three independent research organizations to name the cigarette they smoked, more doctors named Camel than any other brand!



Downstairs . . .

Join Our

Jam Session

Every Sunday

Afternoon

GOLDEN CAMPUS

Dine and Dance

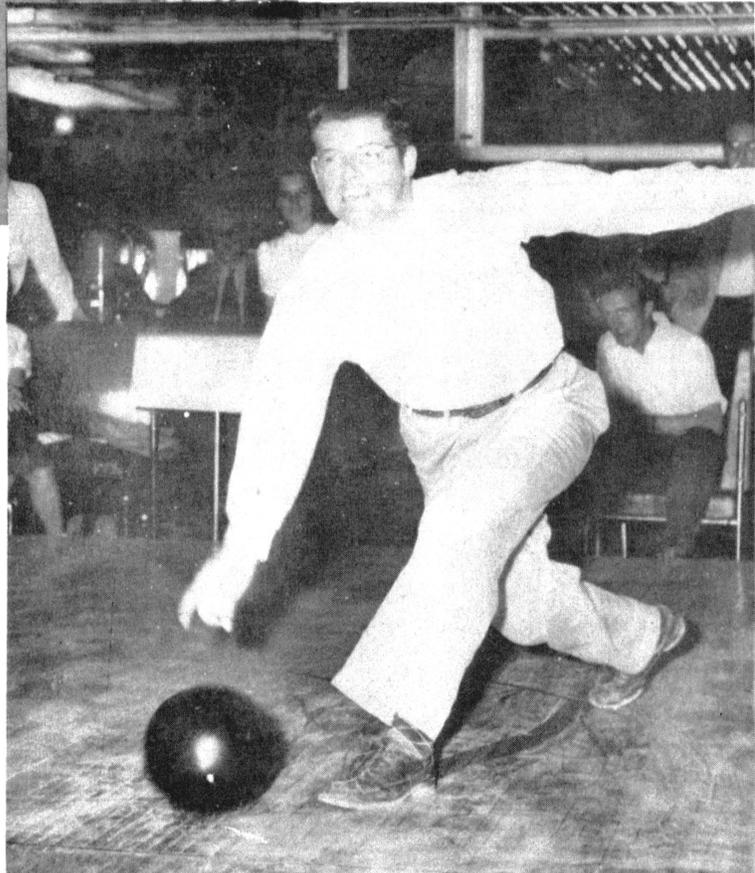
Upstairs . . .

Bowl for

Health

Eight Modern Alleys

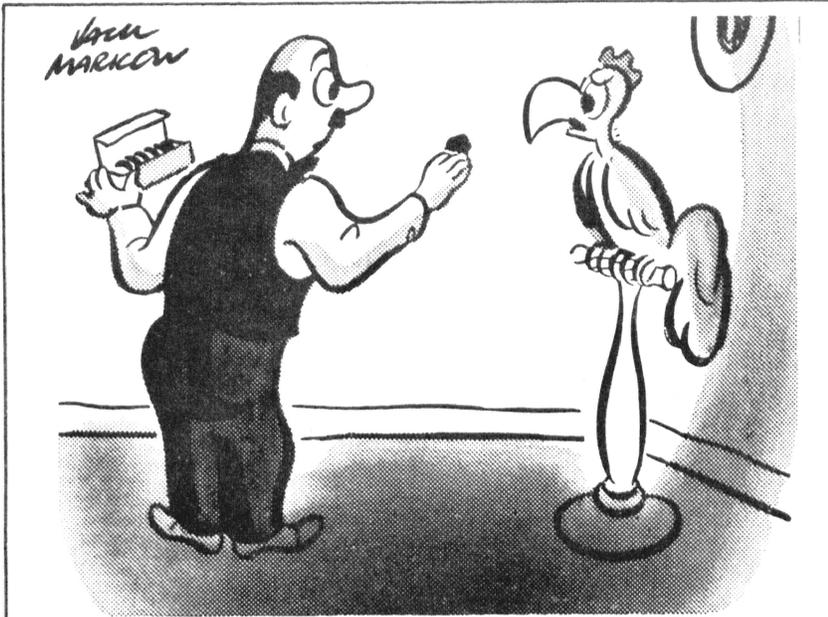
- Billiards
- Pool
- Snooker



RECREATION BOWLING ALLEY

PHONE 4762

FRED HAZELL



Ivan
MARKOV

"Nuts to those crackers!
Where's my Dentyne Chewing Gum?"



"You'd think that bird was human the way he goes for Dentyne! I can't blame him though. I sure go for Dentyne's refreshing, long-lasting flavor myself. I like the way Dentyne Chewing Gum helps keep my teeth white, too!"

Dentyne Gum—Made Only by Adams

Letters to the Editor --

Dear Editor:

I heard that in your preparations for your Sex Issue that you endeavored to learn what corresponds in a woman's mind to the pin-up girl. Can you tell me what you have learned?

Sincerely,

Raymond X. Richards.

A "pin-up" man, naturally. At least 50 girls interviewed said so. After all, co-education has some advantages. Ed.

Dear Editor:

... how come you printed the same miserable gag in October that you already nauseated us with in the September issue . . . I mean the lousy one: "Your husband dresses nattily." "Natalie who?"

—Indignant Eddie.

SNOOPER

California
COBBLERS

Bound to go places!
Light as a feather . . .
Perfect for walking . . .
Luxurious in rich, down-to-earth colors.
Suede or smooth yearling

the novus shop
18 south ninth

It is a long story that has no end and this joke has even a longer itinerary. After we printed it, it was stolen and reprinted in the Harvard Lampoon. The Ohio State Sun-Dial saw it and used it where it was seen and lifted by the California Pelican. Then the K. U. Bitter Bird stole it. When we saw it in the Bitter Bird, we thought it so good that we couldn't resist stealing it, even if it was our gag in the first place. It usually takes longer for our gags to get back to us and we're sorry. We assure you we won't use it again until January. Ed.

Dear Editor:

Enclosed is a poem which I hope you will consider. If not, you needn't send it back to me.

CAVEMAN LOVE

I came,
I saw
I conked 'er.

Donald

Sorry we can't use this. Are you sure you don't want it back? Ed.



On reading in the "Missouri Student"
SHOWME TO FEATURE SEX IN
THE NET ISSUE

It's come to this, oh editors . . .
Your showing such devotion
To what the psych department terms
A primary emotion.
It seems the weight of other things
Would rend this subject void . . .
Your taste, I fear, dear editors,
Smacks 'spiciously of Freud!

The world is vexed with atom bombs,
Food shortages and housing . . .
While Showme's pages promise views
Of co-eds out carousing.
We worry 'bout the Communists
And fret when labor strikes
While Showme's columns poll the kind
Of kiss a young man likes.

It's oh, so *tres* collegiate,
Snapping techniques sweet and sloppy.
And trivial . . . but editors,
PLEASE save this girl a copy!

Ellen Goldberg
AEPHi

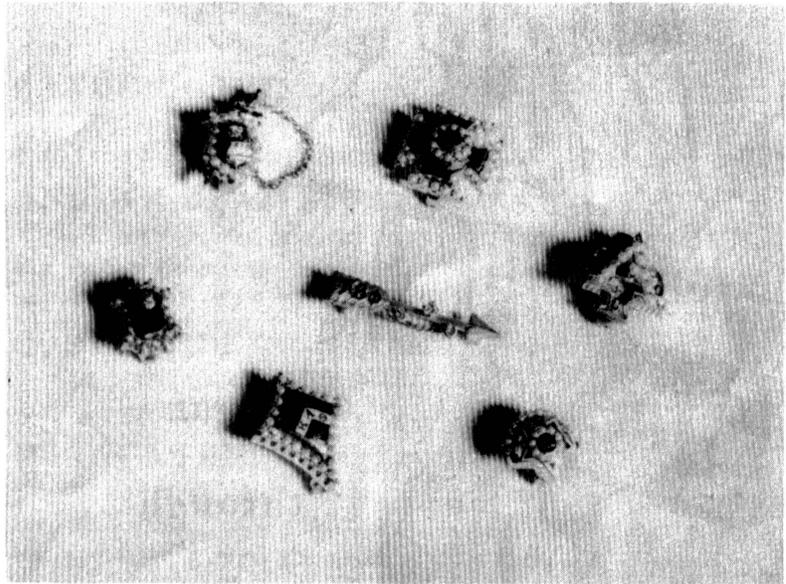
Save you one! We'll deliver it in
person! Ed.

KING AND QUEEN

Contest

Ballots Due Dec. 15

Winners Announced in January Issue



Fraternity and Sorority Pins

OFFICIAL AND SWEETHEART
PINS IN STOCK OR MADE
TO ORDER IN ONE MONTH

BUCHROEDER'S

Jewelers for Three Generations

1015 E. Broadway

Phone 9444

Your
through-
the - season
classic
by

IZOD OF LONDON

All expert line and careful detail, this is a perfect example of fine tailoring. Decidedly the dress to choose for country living or commuting to town. In a Stroock feather-weight dress wool with important leather buttons. Balawick Brown, Astolat Aqua.

Harzfeld's

THE cover this month was conceived through the joint psychosis of Picasso and Mort Walker. As much as neither of them like to have their art explained, we think that some sort of analysis is necessary.

As near as we can make out, the drawing consists of a couple holding hands. The figures are a metamorphosis of a boy and girl, clothed, nude, and X-rayed. Of course the girl is shaped in the New Look mode and within the figure you may note her halo, the forbidden fruit, the bone structure, her hair ribbon, and her real and false busts. The boy has on shorts and padded shoulders a pipe in his mouth, and horns depicting the male attitude as against the ever-present holiness of the female attitude. Behind the figures you may discover the columns and autumn foliage on the trees and grass. Look longer and you may find something the staff missed.

Showme Sales Girls

Dorothy Valle—Alpha Chi Omega
Marilyn Hill—Delta Gamma
Sue Harris—Gamma Phi Beta
Marilyn Scott—Kappa Alpha Theta
Corinne Sartorius—Zeta Tau Alpha
Pat Hughes—Delta Delta Delta
Joy Scrinopski—Alpha Epsilon Phi
Dorothy Hirst—Kappa Kappa Gamma

Stephens College Representatives

Jane Tigrett
Joy Kuyper
Donna Kenball
Billie King
Susie Stevens
Carole Beaumont
Margret Irvin

Christian College Representatives

Kit McKartney
Sue Henley

Special Salesmen

Bill McCarter
Bill Herr



MISSOURI Showme

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

SHOWME, OCT. 1920

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CONTENTS

NOVEMBER, 1947

CANDIDLY MIZZOU—

Boy and girl photos filched from life. We hope we didn't catch any of you unaware. We tried.

AND WE ROASTED WEINERS . . .

A portrait. In reading this if you think we are prying into your private experiences, don't be alarmed. It happened to all of us.

CONVERTIBLES—

A feature prepared to answer the question, "Is Missouri going mad at the wheel?" Look and see.

WHO'S A'FREUD OF SEX—

If you have doubts about your mental stability, don't read this story. Above all, don't go to the clinic . . . go out and have a beer, the Columbia cure-all.

SHOWME SHOWS SCORORITY SEX—

Our cartoonist rips the roof off a sorority house and shows the world what happens in the dark corners at 12:25 P. M.

SEX SAGA—

The greatest comedians in the country combine wits to tell what happens when boy meets girl at Mizzou.

SWAMI'S CRYSTAL BALL—

Bob Rowe discourses on sex as he sees it. Some girl must have done him dirt at one time.

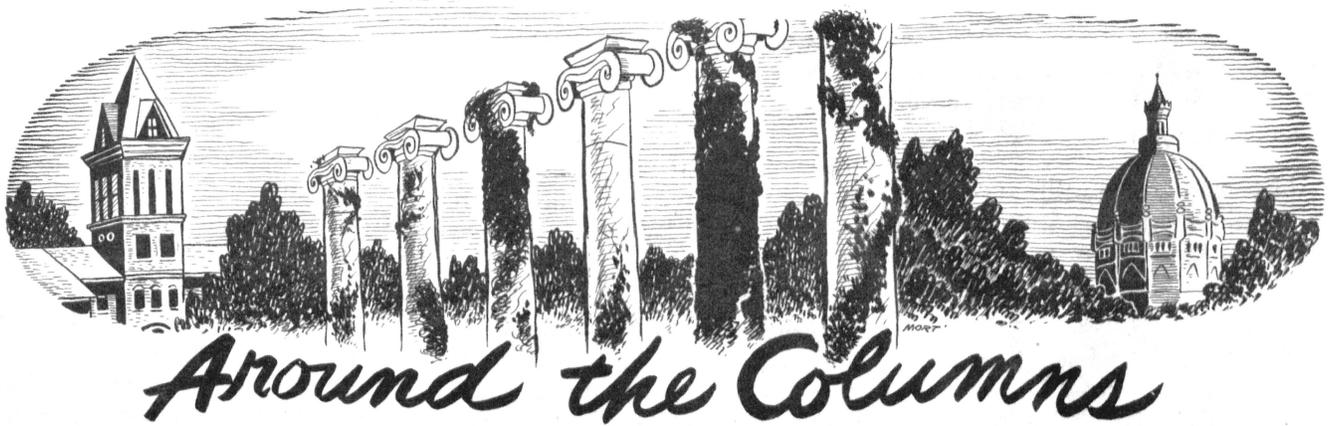
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*THE endless game of "boy and girl,"
Has kept the world in motivation,
But here the ratio three to one,
Decreases the acceleration.*



Around the Columns

Overheard in Collins

"It seems as though I've been going to college all my life but it has actually only been six years."

November

This is the month of tests, parties, and two-blanket sleeping. Sadly we bid farewell to the warmer days. The leaves are gone from the trees and with them is gone another autumn, another season of youth, another damn chance to do some operating.

Hit the Road, Mr. Freud

The business manager of the *Missourian* refused to run a Show-me ad for the Sex Issue because he thought the word "sex" was childish. When kindergartens start using Freud as a primer, we will back down but until then we contend that sex is still a mature and civilized institution.

Post Haste Boast

Last month LETTER WRITING WEEK was observed encouraging Columbians to catch up on neglected correspondence. No cut rates were offered as incentive but the postmaster announced that air mail letters posted at four P. M. would arrive in San Francisco the next morning. This is ideal for people writing to San Francisco by air mail but how about the neg-

lected local correspondents. We figure it would be faster to write St. Louis via Frisco than to write direct.

No Comment

We hail the continued appearance of COMMENT, the fearless, unexpurgated, uncensored, uninhibited, free press of Mizzou. The first issue this fall we call the *Starvation Issue* because it was so replete with features on the malnutrition of the \$65-a-month-veteran. We were moved to go right out and buy the editor a hamburger. After we had read the paper a little further, we were so trickened with hunger pains ourselves that we joined the editor in his repast.

Outside of the articles on veteran's starvation, the issue also contained many frothy comments on institutional administration. Obviously written in good democratic faith, the newspaper smacks of a dissenting attitude which dangerously hacks at the very foundations of free education which the

school has taken lo! these many years of undermine.

From the Folks

There's nothing in the world like parents who know and understand your every thought and desire. It is almost uncanny the way a mother can know what is going on in the back of your mind.

We have this little story from one of the boys who went home one week-end. Being in a fraternal spirit, he called the mother of one of his friends to ask if she had a message for her son at the university.

"Tell Frank the potatoes are in and the cattle are fine," she said.

Yes, sir, old Frank hadn't realized how worried he was about the spuds and the cows till he got her message.

The Great American Desert

This office has inside information on Federal plans for expansion of the Great American Desert. By wintertime it will include all the area between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. "Dry as a bone," it is predicted.

In a month or so, *all* production of alcoholic beverages will cease in order to preserve grain. "Feed Europe and Parch America," is the slogan. Following the largest grain crop in history and Truman's



statement that "There's nothing wrong with anyone that a drink of bourbon won't cure," this action seems incongruous.

Besides throwing the social life of Columbia into complete oblivion, other chaos is predicted:



men will have to revert to drinking water, the local night spots will have to earn their money, the chem lab will have a run on denatured alcohol, students will do more studying, methods of fermentation will become dinner conversation, and the housing shortage will be worsened by the sudden expansion of a basement beer keg.

Giddy Gridiron

One of the wildest exhibitions ever observed was the K-State

football game. By the end of the game we were down to our fourth string. Any more injuries and Farout was going to send in the curators. Half the touchdowns didn't count and we made more yardage going backward than by the old forward method. Part of the time we played with ten men on the field and the rest of the time with twelve. The last straw was when the team ran a scrimmage with the band. The score was another novelty. We won.

To complete the circus, there were owls and airplanes flying around, the air was filled with confetti the size of manhole covers, Knight Owl campaigners, photographers, dogs, and majorettes, mingled feverishly, and two million high school musicians played different songs at the same time. Everything was so confused that one tuba player got with the wrong group and went to the wrong high school for two weeks.

Home Sweet Homecoming

Remember homecoming last year? Few people do. The rest of them have only a dim recollection of two days spent in some wild party of which were many in number. Everyone cut loose and

completely lost the whole weekend.

Similar festivities are being planned this year and homecoming promises to be a high spot on the November calendar. It is a big time for the alumni who stream in by the thousands to rake out old memories and to see if their name carved in the Shack is holding up with age. Besides parades, rallies, queens, and parties, there is also a football game somewhere in the schedule. But who cares.

Bus Boneyard

THE TIMETABLE from the Missouri Transit Lines lists five



busses arriving in Columbia from Jeff City on Sunday, but only four leaving. What becomes of these



extra busses that pile up here at the rate of one a week? Are they saved up for several months and then shipped back by railroad or do they sneak out by way of Ashland gravel road on dark moonless nights? It is a moot question and, as the saying goes, we are not in the moot to answer.

Like Topsy

Mary at the Shack tells us that the Shack used to be a roving hamburger stand. One day it broke down and they pushed it over on the siding until they could make the necessary repairs. While they were sitting there they started to sell beer. It proved so popular that they just left it there. That was twelve years ago and the wagon has grown like topsy, a little scrap lumber here and a little there until the mighty establishment was completed. Look the next time you go in and you will see the top of the wagon still supplying the foundation.

Talent Night

One of the Missourian's cub reporters turned in the following sentence in a story about Christian College: "The traditional pajama party will be held on Friday night where the girls will have an opportunity to show their talents."

Down With The "New Look"!

By Pat Ryan, Jr.

It seems to me that women's dresses
Nowadays are awful messes.
I'll grant that skirts below the knees
Protect a gal 'gainst storm and freeze.

But what the "New Look" skirt protects



"Sister says 'no'—you're getting too big to play with boats."

Has vast import in lines of Sex.
All covered up, a woman's "sbanks"
Might just as well be wooden planks.

Now, women (since short skirts are
"banned.")

Discard last season's fashions and
(No doubt without respect for self)
Take Grandma's clothes from off the shelf.

The campus "queens," — the local
pearls"—



Are all dressed up like Gibson girls,
And 1947's men
Don't care to live the past again.

Aw, come on, gals, cut out the tease—
Let's raise those skirts—expose the
knees!

Get with it, chicks, cooperate—
Bring women's clothing up to date!

Sixty-Five

You may talk of gin and brew
In K. C. or St. Lou,
Where sixty-five is money and will do,
But when it comes to education
It's a matter of starvation
In this home of Stephens, Christian
and Mizzou.

In Columbia's fickle clime,
Where I'm like to spend my time,
As long as I can manage to survive
There's not one college Joe,
(At least not one I know)
Who can get along on just his sixty-
five.

Sixty-five, Five! Five!
Speak forth, you G. I. Billers still alive!
Though I save you and I stint you,
By the government that print you,
You're not enough to live on, sixty-
five!

When the last class bell is rung,
The last Alma Mater sung,
And my soul is set to take that last
long dive;

I know, and very well,
That I'll be right at home in bell,
For it's bell to try to live on sixty-five!

—By Bill Kurtzborn.



The recent influx of veterans in educational institutions has verified what college authorities have always maintained: There are many advantages to be seen in attending a university.

SWAMI SURVEYS 1947 CAMPUS



Researchers point out increased economy as typical of ex-G. I.'s attending college under Public Law 246. Mathematics professors also report an unusual proficiency of veterans in rapid addition of numbers up to 65.



An increased demand for current publications has been reported by college libraries, indicating broader fields of interest of post-war students. As one prominent educator points out, "Women students, sensing the needs of their older classmates, have helped them solve problems often bidden by today's life."



Although most veterans have readjusted themselves to civilian life on the campus, there are a few who are unable to forget military procedures. Psychology experts advise women students to co-operate as much as possible with such individuals to avoid any strained relations with them.



Particularly impressive is the Missouri veteran's frank approach to life's problems. Before the war many educators held that military discipline would destroy the personal initiative needed for college pursuits; but returned veterans have shown there were no grounds for these predictions.



Whoever said that there is no sex at Mizzou must have been a non-smoker. Dick MacWherter here can't resist the old coffin nails offered him by Betty Casey and Jean Christy. He has three.



On the other hand, the ability to relax in tense moments, developed by servicemen overseas, has helped nearly every veteran to attain the relief from nervous strain which is so important in college life. Most authorities agree that the campus veteran has adjusted himself very well to university activities.

**SHOWME
BULLETIN
BOARD**

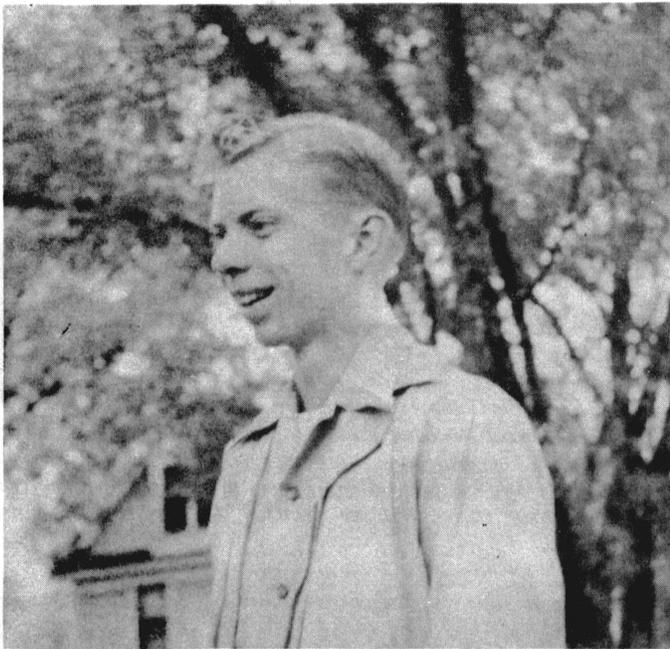
NOTICE!

NOTICE!

NOTICE!

Attractive blonde, 5'4", measurements 36-24-36, wants weekend ride to Kansas City. Very agreeable traveling companion. Can go any time convenient.

Phone 5908
Ask for Marge



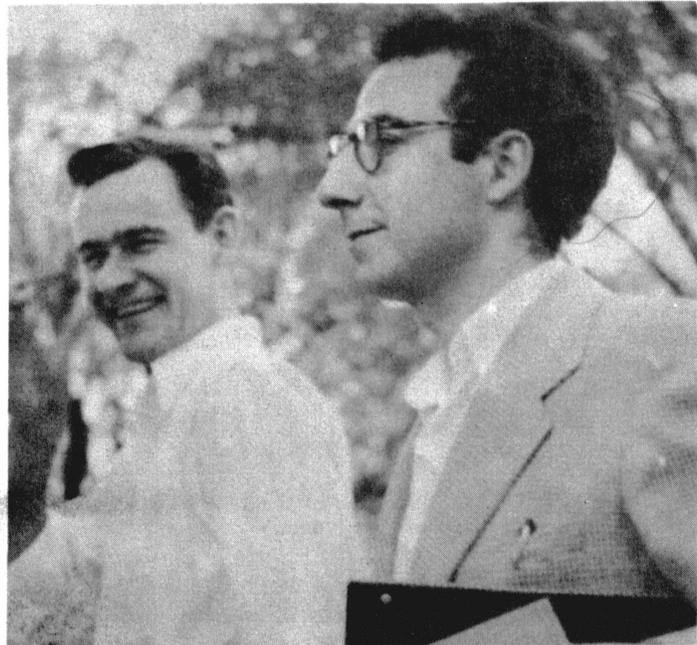
"I don't believe it."



"Wish I had a car."



"Yuk, yuk, yuk. . ."



"And I have to live in St. Louis. . ."



Things my father Told me

(With Apologies to My Father)

SEX is not a trifling matter
Do not get involved in it.
The end result's a lot of chatter—
There's nothing else resolved in it!"

"The hormone is our main excuse—
Quite often he emerges
From deep inside to introduce
Uncomfortable urges."

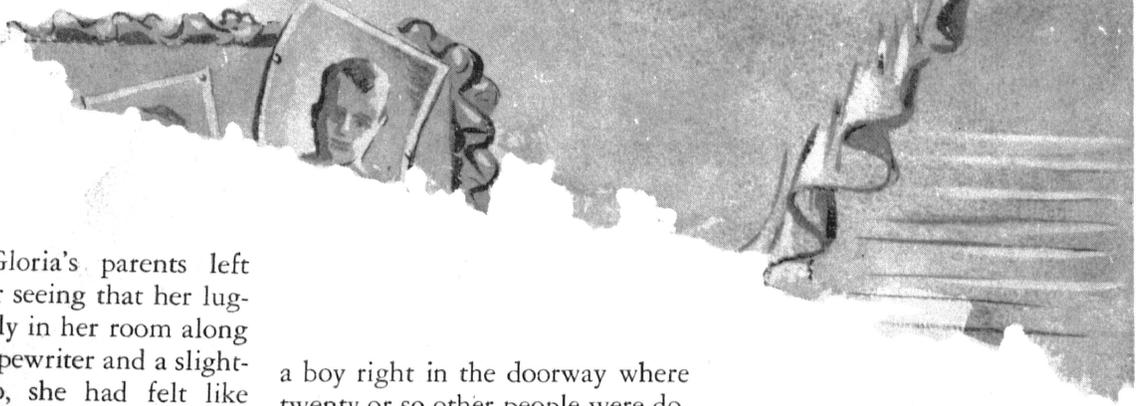
"There are two ways to treat the
urge.
I, myself, exhibited
A lot of wisdom as a youth. Or
You can remain inhibited."

"O, the night was made for loving,
(As Byron said in verse)
And there are ways to pass the time
Conceivably quite worse."

"And so, my son, your lecture's done,"
Said Dad, in voice unsteady.
"All else I know about this point,
You know, I fear, already."

—Saul Gellerman

“... and we



WHEN Gloria's parents left that fall, after seeing that her luggage was safely in her room along with a new typewriter and a slightly used radio, she had felt like crying. This wasn't what she had expected. Her room was a dingy affair with nail-riddled walls and enormous windows for which it would be impossible to buy drapes. She had expected to meet friendly, cheerful people, but her roommate, Sally somebody, had been silent — introduced herself as though it really didn't matter and looked at her like a health inspector would scan a cafe rest room. Gloria knew by that look that Sally had hoped for something better in the way of a roommate.

Sally came from the city. Gloria knew by her ultra-long skirts and polished air. Sally had lots of friends in the dorm. When she left, Gloria was relieved. It gave her a chance to be homesick in private.

Later there had been dates: most of them blind, but some that Gloria had corralled herself. Usually they were spur of the moment arrangements resulting from some last minute misunderstanding. And usually, too, they fell into the blind date category. They were awkward, forced evenings. Gloria hadn't expected much to come of them. Even the invitations she received outright from boys she met in her classes rarely repeated themselves.

Gloria thought it vulgar to kiss

a boy right in the doorway where twenty or so other people were doing the same. Gloria didn't drink, except maybe a Tom and Jerry at Christmas. Girls who drank were headed for trouble. Gloria knew this. Her mother had told her. As for smoking, she just wasn't attracted to it.

So Gloria went to her classes regularly, became a favorite of the housemother, and (as often as possible) spent the weekends at home. These weekends were fun; there was George to buy her cokes and take her to the church dances on Saturday night. George was proud to be with her because she was a college girl. Gloria's parents were proud, too, of the papers she sent home to prove how well she was doing her studies.

In between the occasional weekends Gloria was either bored or deeply absorbed in botany, her favorite course. She and Sally more or less ignored each other. Nor did they borrow each other's clothes as Gloria had feared. They got along as well as could be expected, considering that they were two quite different girls.

Autumn passed for Gloria, marked by exciting football games attended with the girls. Then

Christmas holidays; more dates with George and thrilling accounts to her less mature high school girl friends about college life—perhaps a little exaggerated with regard to dates. Gloria admitted to herself that she hadn't done well on that score, but decided that it was just because she hadn't met the "right boy."

It was April now. A surprisingly warm and cheery April, thought Gloria. She lounged on her bed, playing with a cigarette she intended to light. She hoped it would take the foul taste out of her mouth. A foul taste in her mouth! A funny way to remember a perfectly wonderful evening! But maybe it wasn't peculiar. Lately there had been a lot of wonderful evenings and always the foul taste the next morning. Sometimes a headache or a fuzzy feeling in the stomach. Gloria rolled over on that stomach, reached for her box of stationery. She *must* write to her parents. They were such dear, sweet parents and it had been so long since she had seen them.

Then she thought of Tommy: a really grand guy. Even if he did

By John Lunsford

(Continued on page 22)

roasted weiners..."

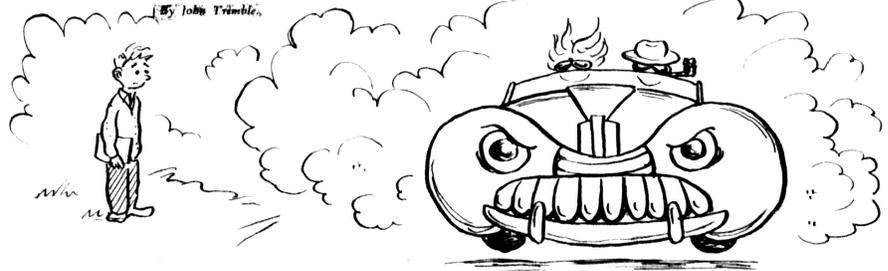


She picked up the cigarette . . . lit it . . . she thought about her wonderful evening . . .

"CONVERTIBLES"



The better mousetrap. For once the driver gets it instead of the pedestrian.



IS MISSOURI GOING MAD AT THE WHEEL?

We're wondering if Freud didn't coin the wrong word when he labeled his "dynamic social force," LIBIDO instead of CONVERTIBLE.

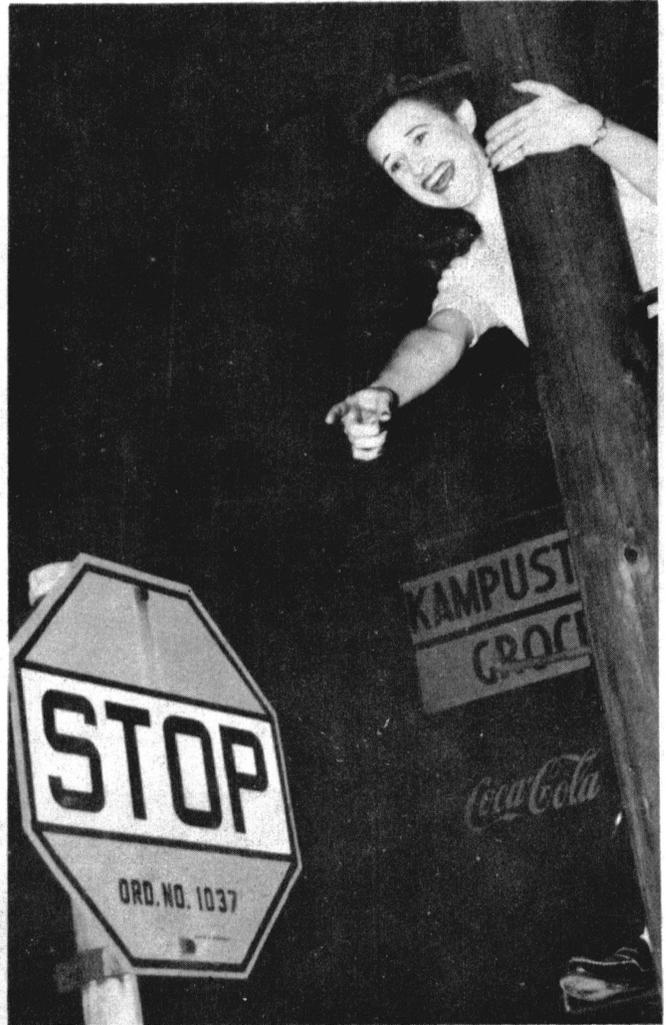
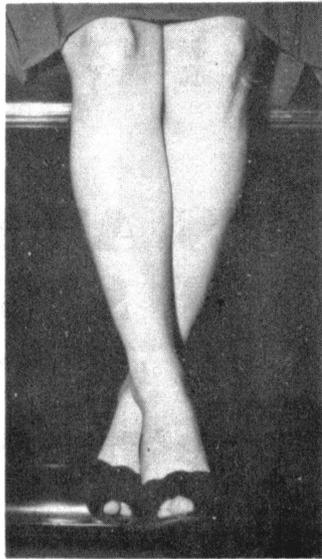


A good convertible owner averages four girls and twenty pedestrians to the mile. Of course, with distractions such as you see at the top of the opposite page, what's a few peasants more or less? Kinda messy, though. Too much work for the street cleaners.

A convertible owner will probably tell you that his "drive" is "fluid hydromatic," but we know better. The real thing behind it all, Mr. F. says, is sex.



Only the upper-crust ride convertibles. The elite men of distinction, so to speak. All wolves, and a yard wide. The girl has nerve.



In the spring (summer, fall, or winter) an M.U. man's thoughts lightly turn to thoughts of . . . let's go for a ride in my convertible." And M.U. women must be glib of tongue, a good wrestler or . . .

. . . agile as a cat in order to escape the amorous advances of the ever-attentive male. Ordinance 1037 can apply to the drivers as well as to the vehicles. May as well give in. Sex and convertibles are here to stay.



WHO'S A FREUD OF SEX

by

Litner Mayfield

JEROME QUADFITZ paused in front of a door on the fourth floor of Jesse. The sign on the door read: "Abnormal Psychology Clinic, Doctor Ozone Crania: Hours 2-3 Monday. He ran his fingers nervously through his short cropped hair, straightened his purple, polka-dot bow tie, turned the knob of the door and trudged glumly through.

"Gim'me the parlay cards, quick!" blurted the rabbit faced man from behind the desk.

"Parlay cards?" croaked the student.

"Yes! Parlay cards. You mean to say you aren't the Parlay card man?"

"No sir. I have a problem."

The professor picked up a pencil from his desk and snapped it in two. "Problem? Ah hah, a math major. And what is your problem; algebra, trig, racing form odds, calculus—?"

"No sir. Social problems."

"Social problems. Ah hah. That's my department. Social problems." The professor pushed his racing form and a book of Freud aside. "Now tell me, just what is your trouble?"

"Well, it's like this, Doctor, I—"

"Ah hah. That's bad.' He fingered a stack of case history blanks and uncapped his pen.

"You see my problem is——"

"Ah hah. That's bad." He folded the case history form into a paper glider, spun around in his swivel chair, and sailed it out of the window behind him. He turned around again to face the waiting student. "Now, let me ask you some simple, routine questions. Matter of form you know."

"Yes."

"Do you wake up in the morn-

ing, ahhh, often feeling tired?"

"Yes, yes, I do."

"Ah hah. That's bad. That's bad." His glass eye revolved as he shook his head from side to side. "Ah, do you have impulses to eat, ahhh say, at noon time?"

"Yeah, yeah, Doc, I do."

"Ah hah, an unusual symptom." He licked his thick, flabby lips before beginning the next question. "And I suppose you also like to go out with girls on weekends?"

"Yeah, that's true, Doc. Yeah, I do."



"Ah hah, just as I thought." He picked a nut from his desk drawer and cracked it in the pit of his elbow. "And you have impulses at certain times to kiss girls, especially on the lips?"

"Yeah, Doc, yeah, that's my favorite spot."

"Ah hah." He spun around in his swivel chair several times. "Heh, heh, heh, heh." He plucked a thick volume from the shelf under the open window and fingered through it nervously. "Do you read brassiere ads in the magazines?"

"No."

"Oh, a stuffed shirt, eh?" He broke a pencil, once, twice, three times. "Do you believe in petting?"

"Dogs or Cats?"

"Cats—naturally." He snapped another pencil. "Do you like pretty girls better than homely ones?"

"Yeah, sure!"

"Do you make a point of noticing sorority pins?"

"Yeah, I do."

"Ah hah. That's bad. Double delusions of grandeur. Now, let's see. Just what is your problem?"

Jerome cracked a pencil that he had borrowed from the doctor's desk. "My work in Coulmbia," gasped Jerome, "deals with dressing and undressing female mannequins in the town's leading lady's shop."

"Ah, yes, very revealing!"

"Well, Doc, ya see, I have a terrible obsession—It's like this . . . every time I see a woman, I get a horrible desire to undress her."

"Completely?" he gasped tear-

(Continued on page 27)

*W*E are no other than a moving row
Of magic Shadow-shapes that come
and go
To fetch our dates, and we must bring
them in
By Midnight Thelma runs *this* ruddy
show.



Shoes From Jacqueline Shop Go Everywhere



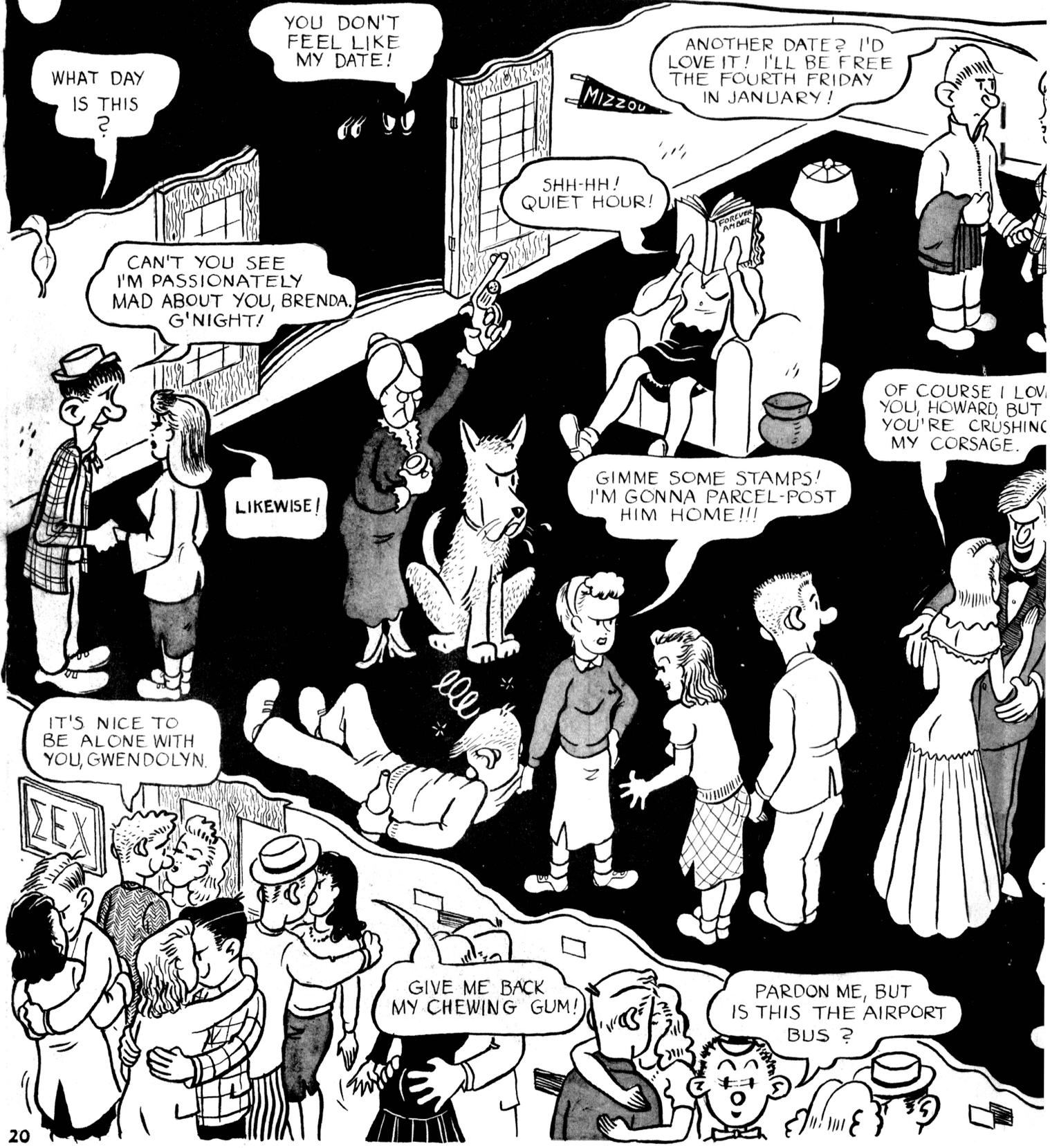
All Popular Styles

in Casual Shoes at

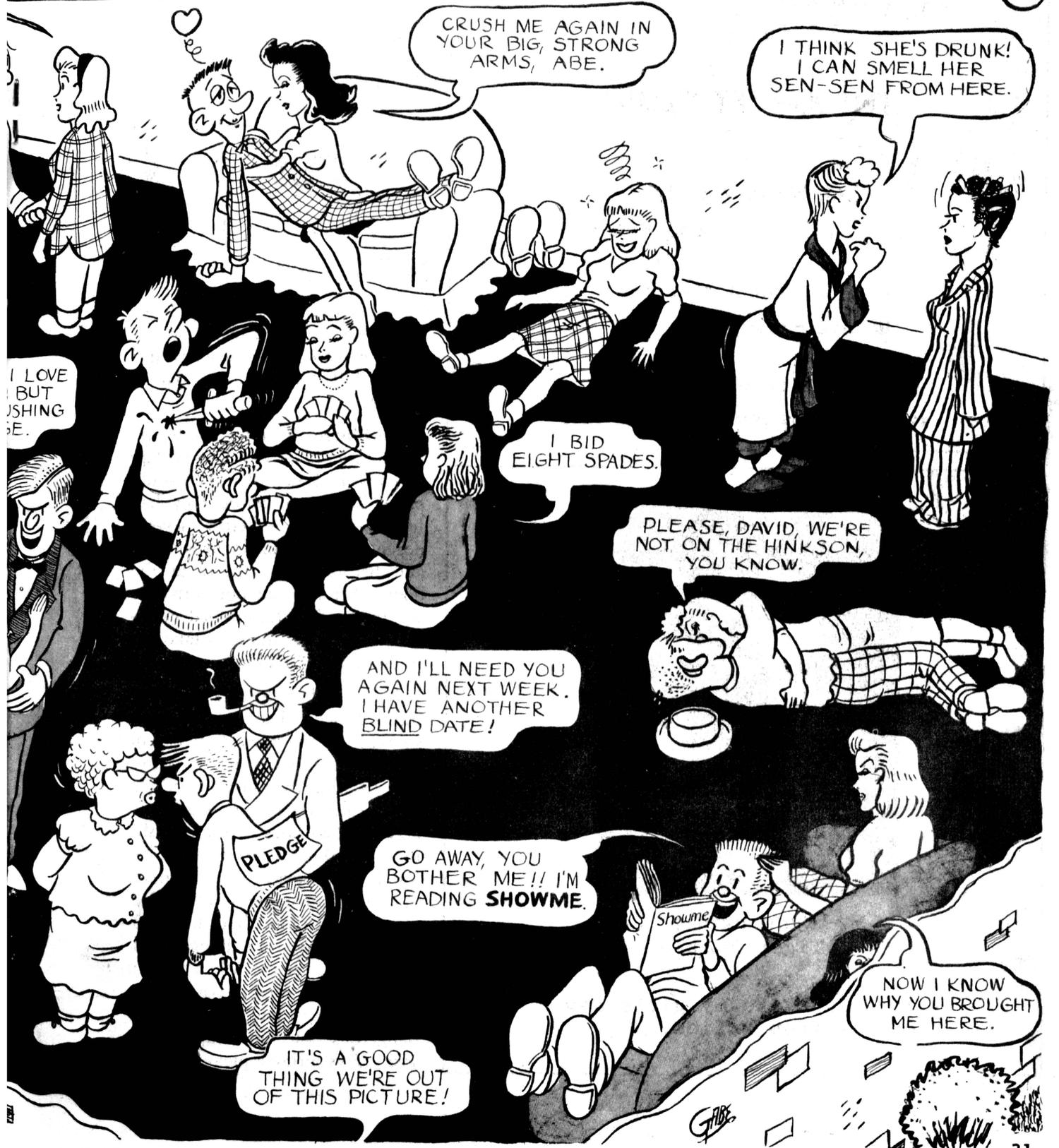
Jacqueline shop

910 Broadway

MISSOURI Showme SHOWS SORORITY



MY SEX SATURDAY at 12:25 a.m.



CRUSH ME AGAIN IN YOUR BIG, STRONG ARMS, ABE.

I THINK SHE'S DRUNK! I CAN SMELL HER SEN-SEN FROM HERE.

I LOVE YOU BUT I'M NOT PUSHING YOU AWAY.

I BID EIGHT SPADES.

PLEASE, DAVID, WE'RE NOT ON THE HINKSON, YOU KNOW.

AND I'LL NEED YOU AGAIN NEXT WEEK. I HAVE ANOTHER BLIND DATE!

GO AWAY, YOU BOTHER ME!! I'M READING **SHOWME**.

IT'S A GOOD THING WE'RE OUT OF THIS PICTURE!

NOW I KNOW WHY YOU BROUGHT ME HERE.

GABE

Veteran Students!

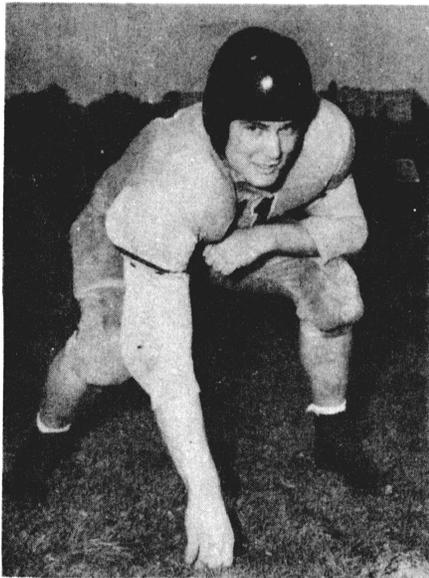
This Is Your Invitation
to Visit

THE AMVET CLUB

7A North 7th St.
(Opposite Daniel Boone Hotel)

- *2/3 Student Membership*
- *Average Age: 23*

**Clip this ad and present it
at the door as your admission card**



GENE PETTER
Tiger Tackle

I really like my girls new
outfit from Julies.

ROASTED WEINERS . . .

(Continued from page 14)

act as though every girl was just one step above a prostitute, he was still a grand guy. And Tommy really believed that about girls. At least that's what he had told her last night. She had smiled a sophisticated smile and told him that



he was wrong—dead wrong. Later she proved it. Yet, she could understand how a less worldly girl might fall for Tommy's daring chatter.

Half listening for the phone, she placed the stationery in her lap. Tommy had said that he would call. That was before they had left the party — before several dozen lingering kisses in the car, and before several more at the door. Actually, she hoped that he wouldn't call. Jimmy had promised to call too, and he'd take her to dinner. Gloria knew he would.

She picked up the cigarette from the bed, decided to light it. She smoked it. She opened the box of stationery, looked at the fine, smooth, slightly pink paper. In one corner was her monogram in gold. Luxurious looking, she thought. Like Tommy's car: definitely luxurious. The cigarette made the taste in her mouth worse. She thought more about her wonderful evening. She thought back on it somewhat the way a foreign correspondent might recall an especially hazardous assignment: dangerous, but fun and no lives lost. This attitude pleased her. It

seemed the way an enlightened person such as she should think.

Eight months at college had done a lot for her. At home she would never have considered drinking a bottle of beer or trying someone's interpretation of the perfect martini (laced with creme de menthe). At home she had to remember that there would be a mother to kiss goodnight before she could hope to get safely into her own bed. At school there was no mother—just a housemother who thought that nothing immoral could happen before twelve-thirty. It was neat and simple. If a girl got in before twelve-thirty, she was a good girl. If she didn't she was bad. It was a nice arrangement.

Gloria remembered the party the night before. They had gone to the cottage—Lord knows whose it was—at five in the afternoon for a "weiner roast" (the boys had said). But no one had been fooled by that. There had been plenty of beer. A couple of liquor bottles had appeared—one from Tommy's car. There was very little food. Gloria also remembered that she must talk to that Nelson girl. Not a very smart girl. She had passed out at about eleven.

She found her pen and tested it on the cover of the box. Carefully, she wrote the date and began her letter:

"Dear Mother: We went to the most wonderful party last night at a cottage owned by one of the girls in the dorm. It is on the river and is a beautiful place. Her mother served delicious hot chocolate and we roasted weiners . . ."

THE END

KING AND QUEEN

Contest

Ballots Due Dec. 15

Winners Announced in January Issue

POPULAR!



● PAJAMAS

in

Rayon and Broadcloth Prints & Stripes

● ROBES

in

Brocades Satin Stripes All-Over Prints

. . . from

PUCKETT'S

. . . OF COURSE

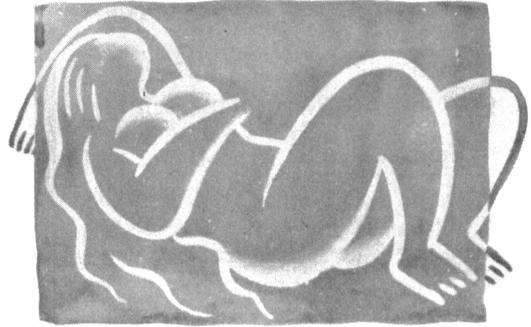
COLUMBIA'S SMARTEST MEN'S SHOP

908 S. B'way

Phone 5273

SEX SAGA

by
DON DUNN



GAEBLER'S was crowded, but her beauty led me to her side. . . When I saw her, bells rang, lights flashed, buzzers buzzed — then someone shut off the pinball game. . . But she was gorgeous—those lips, those eyes, that tooth. . . She really did have pretty eyes—especially the blue one. . . The dress she had on was sensational—it kept everyone warm but herself. . . I called her my “Melancholy Baby”—she had a head like a melon and a face like a Collie. . . I knew she loved me when she put her arms around me—all of them — I didn't miss my wallet until the next week. . . The juke box was playing a piece by Rimsky Corsets—off and I asked her to dance—she was on my feet in a minute. . . From there it wasn't long until I invited her up to my room for a Scotch and Sofa. . . We decided to go for a drive down to the Hinkson—she went into the bedroom to change clothes and then everything seemed to go black before my eyes—she must have hung something over the keyhole. . . When she came out, she was wearing the latests creation—a barbed wire dress—it protects the property without obstructing the view. . . When we started riding, I found out she was just like the car's radiator—she'd freeze up if I didn't keep her filled with alcohol. . . She told me she loved to ride and let the wind blow her hair back—maybe so, but I didn't think she had to let it blow

back into the rumble seat. . . After our ride I had to marry her—later I found out I was tricked—that gun wasn't loaded. . . But we were so happy on our honeymoon—it was then that I found out that if she hadn't had bow legs, they wouldn't have had any curves at all. . . At Miami Beach I had such fun burying her in the sand—the lifeguard made me dig her up, though. . . We moved in with her folks and I won't say our room was small—but everytime I blinked I dusted the furniture. . . At night we would sit on the back porch and watch the moon come

up over her dad's long underwear. . . Then came the fateful day—I had just walked out of the front door on my way to work at the brewery when that horrible, rending, screeching noise came. . . I heard someone scream “TERMITES!” and then I saw her body falling — falling — falling — f-a-l-l-i-n-g!!!!

Of course there are other girls in the world—thousands of beautiful girls throw themselves at my feet each day. . . What have my feet got that I don't have?



“But, Mrs. Schultz, what have I done—why do you want to throw me out?”

*Strikes home —
huh fellers?*

BACTERIA AND SEX

How primitive is sex? Most biologists have thought that bacteria, which are simple, one-celled organisms, multiply only by division. At Yale last week, Bacteriologist E. L. Tatum emerged from his lab waving proof that even bacteria sometimes act like male and female.

Looks like everyone's doing it.

From the Columbia Missourian—

No Room for Kitten At County Hospital

This is the story of a cat who believed she was sick, but nobody else took her at her word. The cat was small, just a few weeks old, with eyes hardly open and still wet behind her ears.

She was a pretty little gray cat, and wanted to get into the Boone County Hospital. She stood by the door all morning, and whenever anyone opened it, into the hospital she would rush, straight for one of the wards. Once in, she was thrown right out again. This happened five times.

Unless tabby has convinced someone she really is ill, she is probably still trying to get a hospital bed for herself.

At that point Uncle Remus hobbled up, and, angrily shaking his cane at the doorman, shouted, "Nou' yo' all let dis lil' tabby cat into yo' hospital!" So they finally let her in, and tabby lived happily ever after.

English Prof.: "Correct this sentence. 'Girls is naturally better looking than boys.'"

English Stud: "Girls is artificial-ly better looking than boys."

*

This month's joke contest winner:

Nancy O'Brien
701 Maryland Ave.
Columbia, Mo.

*"I bear your husband dresses nattily."
"Natalie who?"*

A Meal or a Malt . . .

the
HUT

Dial 7840 for delivery from 8 p. m. to Midnight
Open 23 Hours Every Day—5 a. m. to 4 a. m.

Are you
Maeb eht no*



You are, if you get tongue-tied when you meet a cute cookie! Or worse yet, if you stoop to "weather talk!" Get on the beam right, fellow! Start off from third base! Offer that choice bit of calico a yummy Life Saver. She'll be keen on them (and you).

* "On the beam" backwards



5¢

P. S. Just in case this friendship ripens—Life Savers keep your (and her) breath kissably fresh!

Showme Joke Contest

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

SHOWME, Neff Hall, Columbia, Mo.



Charlie's HAMBURGERS

are

**Good
Good
Good**

209 S. Ninth

Open from 6:30 a. m. 'til 11:30 p. m. Daily

Open All Night Friday and Saturday

The Last Word



in shoe distinction is shown by the John C. Roberts Shoes, Quality, Style, and Comfort combined for complete footwear pleasure.

Eddie's men's TOGGERY

225 S. Ninth

Phone 9574

Open Thursday 'till 8:30 P. M.

MISSOURIAN WANT AD

2 Maids—upstairs and downstairs—
dial—

(We're tired out already.)

Then there is the one about the soldier who was court-martialed for drinking milk out of a wax container.

He: "Say weren't you out with that Wolf, Tom, last night?"

She: "Why, yes, and he's just terrible."

He: "Why? What did he do?"

She: "_____"

The above joke was censored as being too political for Showme.)

Headline from the Columbian Missourian

LINDENWOOD TO INSTALL NEW HEAD TOMORROW

(At least the plumbers are working.)

FROM THE ST. LOUIS POST DISPATCH

Personal Notice: I will not be responsible for any further debts contracted by the United States Supreme Court.

—Judge F. A. Picard

FROM THE COLUMBIA MISSOURIAN

M.U. Girl Wins Again At K. C. Horse Show

Miss Barbara Spurgeon, University student from Muncie, Ind., took her fourth prize ribbon last night at Kansas City's American Royal Horse Show.

Miss Spurgeon won second prize riding Lovely Rose in the three-gaited \$750 junior stake for mares and geldings over 15.2 hands. Riding the same mount, she took a blue ribbon in Monday's show.

THAT'S UNFAIR COMPETITION FOR THE HORSES

A FREUND OF SEX . . .

(Continued from page 19)

ing the wings of a fly and throwing it in an ink well.

"Completely!" The snap of pencils could be heard in the background.

"Heh, heh, heh, heh."

"Doctor! Why are you rolling on the floor?"

The doctor then sat up and began rolling marbles in his left ear, dropping them on the floor and picking them up again with his bare feet.

Jerome took off his shoes and joined in the fun.

"Wonderful for the kidneys, you know," chortled the professor. "Now, just how did this all come about?"

"Well, you see," Jerome snapped two pencils, "after I quit my job dressing models in the windows I tried picking oranges as a sex outlet, but that didn't help either. There was just something that was lacking.

"Yes, yes, go on."

"Well, you see it has finally built up in me so that I just can't restrain myself any longer. I just can't resist these same desires?"

"You mean, undressing women?"

"Yes."

"That's bad. Did you ever give vent to your desires?"

"No, but it might break out any day now."

"Ah, hah." Doctor Crania drew a small Smoe figure on the case history sheet. "You know, son, what you need is a good psychoanalysis."

The two went into an adjoining room. It was dark. The doctor sat Jerome in a chair and flashed an eerie chartreuse light on him. Next a light flashed on the screen.

"Now," said the doctor, "I'll show you some pictures, and you

(Continued on page 31)

NARDIS OF DALLAS

exclusive with us

Suzanne's



DRINK
Coca-Cola 5¢
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

BOTTLED UNDER AUTHORITY OF THE COCA-COLA COMPANY ET

Boy of the Month . . .



BOB BYERS—

Senior in Engineering . . . President of S.G.A. . . . Tau Beta Pi, Pi Tau Sigma (engineering societies) . . . Engineer's Club . . . Mystical Seven . . . Gold Key . . . University Senior Men's Bural Cabinet . . . 22 . . . home in Columbia.

Girl of the Month . . .



ALMA WYATT—

Senior in Political Science and Econ . . . President of A.W.S. and Student Religious Council . . . Faculty Commission on Student Affairs . . . Mortar Board . . . Alpha Chi Omega . . . 20 . . . home in Montgomery City, Mo.

Smart Rainwear for Men

PLYMOUTH'S
"IVY LEAGUE"
as sketched by
RUNNETTE
Famous Men's Fashion
Illustrator



Smile at the sun, laugh at the rain in the smart new Plymouth Ivy League which doubles as a topcoat or raincoat. Stylish knee length with raglan sleeves and hidden zipper fly front. See the Ivy League at leading stores.

Plymouth
OF BOSTON
WEATHERPROOFS

*U. S. Patent No. 2,248,288

PLYMOUTH MANUFACTURING CO.
495 Albany St., Boston 18, Mass.

What Shakespeare Would Have Said About a Hangover:

Shall I compare thee to a fiend from Hell?
Thou art more savage and more obdurate,
Thy cloven hoofs beat on my brain pell-mell
When those sweet dreams of beer and gin abate.
Sometimes too hot the eye of Heaven shines
And my brain cooks, yet it is cold as clay
Compared to that great searing pain the wines
Of yesternight leave burning here today.
But all thy tyrannous plans shall go for naught,
Thy picks and hammers crumble as the dust,
In thine arch-foe, brave Bromo-Seltzer bought
Last night in Campus Drug I place my trust.
For fifty cents is but a trifling fee
To hire the warrior that brings death to thee.

—Coleman Younger.



"Aw common, baby, just one more good-night kiss!"

A 'FREUND OF SEX ...

(Continued from page 27)

tell me your immediate reaction—the first thing that comes into your mind. Ready?"

"Ready."

The first picture was one of Jane Russell, scantily clad.

"Nii-ice!"

"Oversexed," mumbled Doctor Crania.

The next picture was a passionate kissing scene between Butch Jenkins and Margaret O'Brien.

"Bah!"

"Undersexed," noted the professor.

The last picture showed a boy



and girl with a blanket walking toward the Hinkson.

"Geology field trip!" exclaimed Jerome.

"High I. Q." observed the analyst. "That's all."

Arm in arm the two walked back into the office. The doctor sat down in Jerome's chair and Jerome sat behind the desk. After a few minutes of snapping pencils the doctor blurted:

"I've got it! I've got it!"

"The answer to my problem?"

Are 'YOU' in the "LUCKY CIRCLE?"



WATCH For YOUR Picture In the CIRCLE

NOTICE—Bulletin Board Posted 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

"IT'S BLENDED



IT'S SPLENDID"

Lane's



"Yes! YES!" he started biting the erasers off the broken pencil ends.

"Well?" asked Jerome.

Crania spit out the erasers. "You're insane!" He pushed the buzzer on his desk.

Two white clad attendants rushed in, and threw a straight-jacket over Jerome, who had now accepted his fate as only natural. They threw him on a stretcher and blazed a trail over the mountain of broken pencils, leaving the room.

Quiet again reigned in the professor's office. Only the sharp snap of pencils broke the silence of the still, musty air.

"Ah hah, bad case. Terrible case. Might have been a normal lad. Crazy as a loon. Nuts. — Any more cases like him and I'll go crazy. Heh, heh, heh, heh."

Ozone Crania settled back in his swivel chair, picked an orange from a lower draw and pulled his racing form in front of him.

Tenderly fondling the orange, he muttered to himself, "Crazy as a loon, crazy as a loon."

THE END

TURNED INTO NEWSWRITING LAB

Yesterday afternoon's cooling rain, which brought relief to other Columbian's, proved costly to Robert R. Worley, owner of Bobs Market, 108 Ripley street.

Mr. Worley told police he went out on a porch to enjoy the rain, and, upon returning, discovered someone had stolen a cigar box containing \$364.

(The moral of this story is: "Don't save your money for a rainy day.")

*

Some girls are like radios . . . subject to change without notice and very little on after midnight.

FROM THE ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH

"While radar may not prove the complete answer to plotting the location of an aircraft's whereabouts, nevertheless the Civil Aeronautics Board should proceed with all haste to install these new directional aids on the domestic airways.

"Aside from better flying itnhee CMF CFMMC CMEW CMFW PPYYW."

(That radar has got things jammed up already.)

*

Father: "Son, you're taking accounting at school aren't you?"

Son: "Sure, dad."

Father: "Then maybe you can account of the silk lingerie you



sent home in your laundry last week."

*

Child: "Mummy sing me a lullaby."

Mother: "Hold this cocktail for me and I'll try to get one on the radio."

*

First co-ed: "I'll bet you're worried, having two exams in one day."

Second co-ed: "You bet! I don't see how I can be out with two profs in one night."

We Need

SHORT SHORT Stories

**About 1200 Words... Send or Bring
to Showme Office, Neff Hall...**



Dot Chappell, Miami, Florida, Stephens.

Natalie Bailey, Los Angeles, Calif., University.

Strook's Coats

Gibson's Apparel

FOR 30 YEARS

*Columbia's Leading Printer of
Personal Stationery*

McQUITTY QUICK PRINTERS

9 NORTH 10th ST.

BIG RED



Deposits His G.I. Check in a Safe and Convenient Place
at

MISSOURI STORE'S Student Deposit Club

Students may deposit any sum of money. When you want the cash or want to make purchases, you may draw out the money in any amount.

Maybe the Lambda Chis like to create a sensation or maybe they just can't pay their light bill. At their exchange dinner with the Thetas on October 15 everything was going smoothly til 6:15, when all the lights suddenly went out. Task, task, boys, was that a nice trick?

The A.T.O.s just aren't the party boys they used to be. At their beer bust on October 17 they held a chugaluggin' contest, and a coed won over everyone else there. Incidentally, the lucky girl got \$11.00 in prize money!

Jam sessions were the thing at the PiKA house the week-end of the Raymond Scott dance. Ray and his boys entertained the Pikes—and every other house in Greek town and for miles around—until the wee, small hours.

The beloved Hink won't be so popular when Indian summer leaves us and the cold sets in; but Paul Bray, A.G.S., won't let a change of weather stop him. He's discovered a well-protected cave on the banks of the romantic stream.

A large group of Workshop members, two of them in minstrel-like attire even to the extent of being in black-face, found themselves in rather hostile surroundings at Collins' not long ago. Several of the other customers present serenaded them with choruses of "Goodnight, Workshop." The aspiring thespians took the hint and left. 'Twas the price extroversion must pay at times, I suppose.

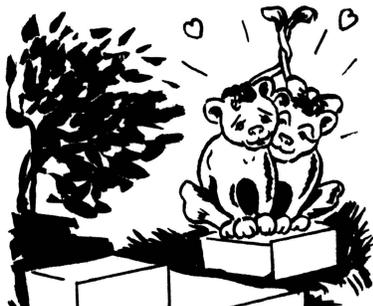
Any similarity between Jim Hanley, Beta, and a fireplug—or a tree—is purely coincidental. However, recently a member of the canine species must have denoted SOME similiarity, because he certainly took advantage of it!

At the K.A. house shortly after

the Sigma Chi-K.A. beer bust of October 11, K.A. pledge Marvin Cain was in the process of describing a vivid experience to some of the boys when he became carried away with the tale. He fell into a bath tub full of water containing one bathing person!

The recent pinning of Pat Daly, ATO, to a Stephens Susy was perplexing even to those who know and love(?) him. He pinned her on a blind date, and it was several days before he found out her full name. It didn't last long, but it caused many people to find the Sphinx-like "Patti-Poo," as he is affectionately called, more inscrutable than ever.

The Kappas discovered strange loot on their front steps on the night of the Sigma Nu pledge walkout. Upon close inspection of something-or-other which had been deposited in front of the house, the girls discovered that "it" was a bound and gagged Jack Brassfield, president of the fraternity, whom the pledges had left in their wake.



Chi Omega's Marilyn Armentrout and Janie Symonds grew weary of being conformists the other night and dressed in blue jeans and plaid shirts for the SGA dance. However, when their dates, Gray Hay, ATO, and Ivan Stratman arrived and saw them, they were aghast. Everyone thought it was fun but the dates, who lost no time in booting the girls back upstairs to change their clothes.



\$\$ SAVE MONEY \$\$

On U. S. Government Surplus

- CLOTHING
- BOOTS
- SHOES

We Have Enlarged Our Store to Give You a More Complete Selection of Merchandise

**BOB HULETT
ARMY & NAVY
STORE**

911 CHERRY ST.

COLUMBIA, MO.

HAY'S HARDWARE CO.

Paint Tools Cutlery Builders Hardware
Glass Fence Ranges Electrical Appliances
Kitchen Ware Sporting Goods Fuel Heaters Roofing Supplies

808
Broadway **KEEN KUTTER** Dial
4710

We Sell the Famous and Dependable Products



GIRLS! DON'T DO THIS!

Want to really increase your sex-appeal 100%? OK! Esser has the answer to your beauty problems. Featuring the famous Elizabeth Arden line of beauty supplies, plus many other well-known brands, Esser stands ready with your beauty aids.

Lay that mud-pack down! See Esser!

YESSER IT'S ESSER FOR COSMETICS

ESSER DRUG STORE

715 Broadway

Phone 4300

"Bow legs are few."

"Yes, but far between."

*

"The doctor has given me a week to live."



"No kidding?"

"Yes, he sent my wife out of town for seven days."

*

"How about a kiss?"

"Sir, I have scruples."

"That's all right. I've been vaccinated."

*

He: "Why is it you have so many boy friends?"

She: "I give up."

*

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

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

*

"What is that on your neck, a beauty mark?"

"Naw, she was homely as hell."

Swami's Crystal Ball

"Sees All" By Bob Rowe



THIS being a sex issue, I would like to give my opinions on sex. A lot of fellows on this campus go about saying, "Hmm, I'm over-sexed." Of course, this is silly. It is only natural for the average fellow to want to make love to all the beautiful women around. So you see, they really aren't over-sexed—they're just normal. Now me, I'm over-sexed.

"Ecndfl lengfzr rhchi Ibindo gonofeld, mffnt brlcn." Mumbles says, "Sure, sex is here to stay."

Now that long skirts are in, the Smithsonian Institute has added to its collection of interesting items, a picture of a girl's leg.

I can just picture how the paper, Comment, would handle the sex question. An article on the question would go something like this. "Sex. Why should one certain person have it all. We are starving. Arise, veterans administration and get those doddering fools in Washington to vote us more sex."

Sex: Ah, One, two, three, four, five, seven. Fooled you.

That great sex saga, "Forever Amber," is due in Columbia soon. The way Hollywood cleans up

those racy novels, the picture should probably be retitled not "Forever," but just, "Tonight Amber."

I'm trying to get this column as racy as possible so that I can be banned in Boston and Rochepport.

I'm writing a new novel called, "How I Tried to Make Love to My Girl On a Sorority House Front Porch," or, "It's More Exclusive in Jesse."

I wish these girls wouldn't wear those blue jeans and men's shirts.

"Hey, Pedro. pass de flashlight. I think I am kissing de head of de Ag School."

"Gnflid janzof flango bristugh sorghum." Mumbles says, "What the hell do you want in a sex issue, Aristotle?"

They had a picture down at the Hall recently, called the "Song of Love." Everytime anyone wanted to say anything at all, he would sit down at a piano and play a tune. How can you make love while sitting playing a piano, heh? Excuse me. . . Darned if you can't at that.



"We're having a little 'come-as-you-are' party."

GAEBLER'S

Black and Gold Inn

"Center of Student Activity"

Conley Avenue



Little Red Riding Hood of 1947
met the Wolf Brothers.

The SGA had a dance a few weeks ago. One fellow tried to kiss his girl on the dance floor and wound up with a mouth full of black and gold crepe paper. Another fellow tried to get a mouth full of crepe paper and wound up getting kissed.

Look, don't get sore at me. With so many men around Columbia



and so few women, all that you can do is write about the subject.

Speaking of shortages, there is a rumor that the government is going to curtail beer and liquor production. Gone will be the days of Hinkson beer busts and Hinkson purple passion parties. In its stead, there will be Hinkson Mennen After Shaving Lotion parties and Hinkson Vitalis Hair Tonic parties. This section is called "Forever Hinkson."

The editors of this publication are organizing an underground system for smuggling this Sex issue into Stephens.

I'm organizing an underground to smuggle some sex out.

Sometimes a clinging vine can be traced to a Rambler.

Then there was the waitress who was so dumb that she didn't know whether lettuce was a vegetable or a proposition.

*

"There's a patient in my ward who hasn't made love to me."

"One of mine is still unconscious, too."

*

Nothing robs a man of his good looks like a hurriedly drawn shade.

*

Friend: "I see your son is home from college for the weekend."

Father: "Oh, I thought someone had stolen the car."

*

He: "I had to come clear across the room to see you so I want to kiss you."

She: "Gee, I'm glad you didn't come from the next block."

*

Did you hear the story about the girl who was so thin that when she swallowed an olive twelve men left town?

*

And then there's the fellow who offered his girl a Scotch and sofa and she reclined.

*

As one strawberry said to the other, "We wouldn't be in this jam if we hadn't been in that bed together."

*

"I went out with a general last night."

"Major general?"

"Not yet."

*

"You have an advantage over me when we go out together."

"How so?"

"You're in better company than I am."

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THIS MONTH'S CONTRIBUTIONS...



JOHN TRIMBLE

Featured this month is a rather unique photo experiment by one John Trimble. This young lens man hails from a sun-kist spot by name of San Diego, California, and is a Junior in the School of Journalism.

How he got these poses we'll never know, but John swears it's all due to cooperation and the intellectual attitude of his subjects. To any one interested we pass on this vital quote. "Almost any gal will climb up a telephone pole if you ask her." To which we add, "Okeh, but how do you ask her?"

DON DUNN

Don Dunn, the "beaver" responsible for "Sex Saga" is an outstanding example of Horatio Alger fame. Thwarted in his previous attempts to crack a byline, he kept the copy coming in—reams

of it—from which the astute editors selected this choice tid-bit.

Don admits his main hobby is magic and has been in constant demand by various individuals around campus, notably, the circulation manager of SHOWME. Gags are old stuff to this enterprising young man who parks his Underwood in off-school season at the St. Louis zoo. Dunn is also a rare honest man; he wanted to give Red Skelton, Fred Allen, Bob Hope, et al. a credit line for their help in "Sex Saga."

BOB ROWE

Philadelphia's contribution to the literary life of M. U. is Bob Rowe. His column appears weekly in the Student, and, whenever we twist his arm hard enough, in SHOWME.

He is a rugged individual whose hobbies include, "stamp collecting, autograph collecting, chair mending and bird lore." Women were mentioned in the interview, but Rowe shrugged them off with a negligible half-hour dissertation.

As for his columns, "I just make 'em up." Judging by their apparent popularity, there will be more!

**BILL McCARTER
BUCK HERR**

Bill McCarter and Buck Herr are our high pressured salesmen

who pry two-bits out of the deep recesses of your pocket-book the tenth of every month.

Buck, chunky little character from Bloomington, Ill., has been selling things since he started with newspapers at the age of six. A Sophomore in Arts and Science, he hopes to enter the Journalism field in the future.

Bill McCarter, the little mite from Kansas City, is the other member of the selling team and admits full responsibility for the enormous amount of white papers all over campus urging all to buy SHOWME. A freshman, he is a pledge of Phi Kappa Psi and divides his spare working time between the mag. and Workshop.



PAT HUGHES

Tri Delt, selling Showme's.

EASY-MONEY DEPARTMENT



Just like Social Security. Only quicker. Pepsi-Cola pays up to \$15 for jokes, gags, quips and such-like for this page. Just send your stuff to Easy Money Department, Pepsi-Cola Company, Long Island City, N. Y., along with your name, address, school and class. All contributions become

the property of Pepsi-Cola Company. We pay only for those we print. (Working "Pepsi-Cola" into your gag, incidentally, won't hurt your chances a bit.) Dough-shy? Get dough-heavy! Or start a new hobby—collecting rejection slips. We'll help you out—one way or the other.

DAFFY DEFINITIONS

Here's a column inspired by one of man's most fundamental motivations—his primitive urge to make a buck. And why not?—a buck's a buck. Get daffy, chums.

* * *

Synonym—the word you use when you can't spell the word you want.

Pedestrian—a married man who owns a car.

Hangover—the penalty for switching from Pepsi-Cola.

Snoring—sheet music.

* * *

You've really got us to the wall when we'll pay a buck apiece for these. But that's the deal. \$1 each for those we buy.

GOOD DEAL ANNEX

Sharpen up those gags, gagsters! At the end of the year (if we haven't laughed ourselves to death) we're going to pick the one best item we've bought and award it a fat extra

\$100.00

Little Moron Corner

Murgatroyd, our massive moron, was observed the other afternoon working out with the girls' archery team. Somewhat unconventionally, however—instead of using bow and arrow, Murgatroyd was drawing a bead on the target with a bottle of Pepsi-Cola. When asked "Why?" by our informant, who should have known better—"Duuuuuuuh," responded Murgatroyd brightly, "because Pepsi-Cola hits the spot, stupid!"

\$2, legal tender, for any of these we buy. Brother, inflation is really here!

HE-SHE GAGS

Know a He-She gag? If you think it's funny, send it in. If we think it's funny, we'll buy it—for three bucks. We'll even print it. Sheer altruism. Take ten—and see if you don't come up with something sharper than these soggy specimens:

She: Why don't you put out that light and come sit here beside me?

He: It's the best offer I've had today—but I'd rather have a Pepsi.

He: Darling, is there nothing I can do to make you care?

She: D. D. T.

He: D. D. T.?

She: Yeah—drop dead twice!

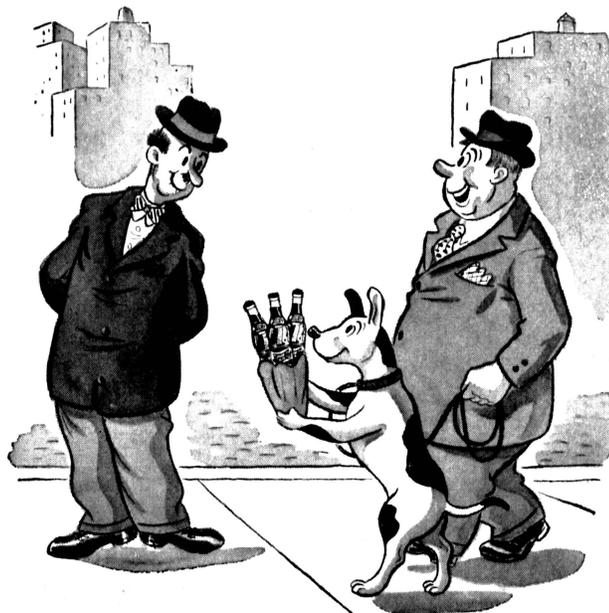
She: Right now I'm interested in something tall, dark and handsome.

He: Gosh! Me?

She: No, silly—Pepsi-Cola!

Yep, we pay three bucks apiece for any of these we print. You never had it so good.

Get Funny . . . Win Money . . . Write a Title



“

”

What's the right caption? We don't know. You tell us. For the line we buy we'll ante \$5. Or send in a cartoon idea of your own. \$10 for just the idea . . . \$15 if you draw it . . . if we buy it.

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