

# MISSOURI Showme



WINTER SPORTS ISSUE

25c

WORT WALKER

Experience  
is the best  
teacher!



HOCKEY STAR

CAL GARDNER  
says—

EXPERIENCE? *New York Ranger Cal Gardner has 15 years of hockey behind him, including two years with the junior champions of the world and "a most valuable player award."*

I'VE SMOKED MANY  
DIFFERENT BRANDS...  
AND COMPARED. **CAMELS**  
ARE THE **CHOICE**  
OF **EXPERIENCE**  
WITH ME!

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



Let your "T-Zone" tell you why...  
**More people are smoking  
CAMELS than ever before!**



Your "T-Zone"  
Taste...Throat

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

● You'll read about it . . . hear about it . . . you'll see it for yourself — In sports, in business, in homes all over America, smoker after smoker who has tried and compared different brands during the wartime cigarette shortage has found Camels the "choice of experience"!

Why? Hockey Star Cal Gardner says, "Of all the brands I tried, Camels suit my 'T-Zone' best!"

And that's where *you'll* find the answer—in *your* "T-Zone." Try Camels and let your own experience tell you why more people are smoking Camels than ever before!

According to a Nationwide survey:  
**MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS  
THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE**

When 113,597 doctors were asked by three independent research organizations to name the cigarette they smoked, more doctors named Camel than any other brand!



tailored by Handmacher

As shown in Vogue

Gorgeous **gabardine** . . . loomed  
by Miron and tailored by  
Handmacher in a suit of classic  
elegance. And you'll **love** it!

**\$59.95**

**Harzfeld's**

**SHORTEST DISTANCE  
BETWEEN TWO POINTS**



**MISSOURI  
TELEPHONE COMPANY**

*Letters to the Editor*

"About four months ago I sent you a short story. It has never appeared in SHOWME. Now, damn it, I want it back. Every day I get letters from Satevepost, Colliers, et al, asking for it. You are blighting my career. . ."

In anger,

Cyrus Adams.

*Although Mr. Adams' anger may appear justified, it is not possible for SHOWME to return unsolicited material unless a self-addressed, stamped, return envelope is provided. Often, stories submitted to us have only a by-line on them making identification of the author impossible. We have at present several hundred manuscripts which have been rejected by our editors. If you think that you are the author of one of these, call at the SHOWME office and it will be cheerfully refunded.—Ed.*



Dear Sirs:

Do you think that the cover of your last issue (Future Issue) is too colorful to match up with its humorous contents? . . . I was reluctant to buy it when I first saw it. It appeared to me more or less like an ordinary comic book. . .

Truly yours,

H. M. Wang.

*The similarity between the January SHOWME cover and a funny book, although not intended, has nevertheless been noted by others too. We trust that the similarity ceased when the magazine was opened. Ed.*

Dear Sirs:

For several issues of SHOWME, I have noted contributions from one

"Coleman Younger." A check of the student directory reveals that there is no such student registered in the University. . . Who is he?

The circumstances surrounding the Myster of Coleman Younger are perplexing the SHOWME staff too. His contributions are found tacked to our bulletin board, in our mail, and on our typewriter.

For more of this phantom's good work, see page 12 and for a clue to his identity, read page 36.—Ed.

Dear SHOWME:

I am enclosing \$1.50 for the next six issues of SHOWME. It is the best college publication I've ever seen!

Ruth Arthur,

*Although tomorrow I'll be ill—  
Tonight, the quart I love I'll kill*

Baldwin, Kansas.

*The staff faces East and bows three times.—Ed.*

Dear Sirs:

I confess. I am Coleman Younger.  
—Coleman Younger.

Editors of SHOWME:

I've made a great discovery!  
Now it can be told:  
Women dropped their hemlines  
Because their legs were cold!  
Do you think you could use this poem in your magazine?

—Donn Bard.

*Sorry, we don't print such trash.—  
Ed.*



Marilyn Bange, Showme Queen, Chooses a Two-Piece Swirling

**Serbin**  
SHIRTWAISTER

Pretty and Practical in Lime, Red, Coral, Black and Navy.  
Sizes 10-18.

**Suzanne's**

912 Broadway

Columbia's Smartest Shop for Women

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**



THEY'VE said love is blind, and they've said it laughs at all obstacles—among which, cover artist Mort Walker hastens to point out, is Old Man Winter. At least, the guy and gal on this month's cover seem to be in a world of their own creation even though the calendar page says February. Come June, we wonder if they can provide a nice cool snow bank by the same process.

*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

## CONTENTS

FEBRUARY, 1948

## THE STAFF

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Charles Nelson Barnard

*Editor-at-Rest*

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Phil Sparano

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*Modeling Director*

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*Collections*

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*Features*

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Pat Ryan

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Bill Davey

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Harvey Dunn

Bill Streeter

*Circulation Director*

Dick Hall

*Business Staff*

Gladys Marsh

### THE RUNWAY MULE

Done in the Erskine Caldwell style, this yarn just goes to show you how much trouble a wandering mule and an idle woman can cause.

### CANDIDLY MIZZOU

Perhaps you'll recognize some of your friends among John Trimble's subjects. If so, you certainly have some strange friends!

### FABLE OF THE SNOW

There had never been such a storm and there never were such people. It's a fable and like most fables, its got a moral.

### COLUMBIA — WOZZY WINTER WONDERLAND

At the center spread: A low-flying-bird's-eye-view of high-flying campusites and their mid-winter habitats.

### THE 59'ers

Here's your answer to "What to do in Columbia?" You'll be surprised to see how much there really is to do and how much time you've got to do it in.

### HOW TO HAVE FUN INDOORS

If you're desperate, SHOWME suggests a few innocent parlor games for the winter evenings. Don't hold us responsible for damages, however.

### LEAP YEAR AT MIZZOU

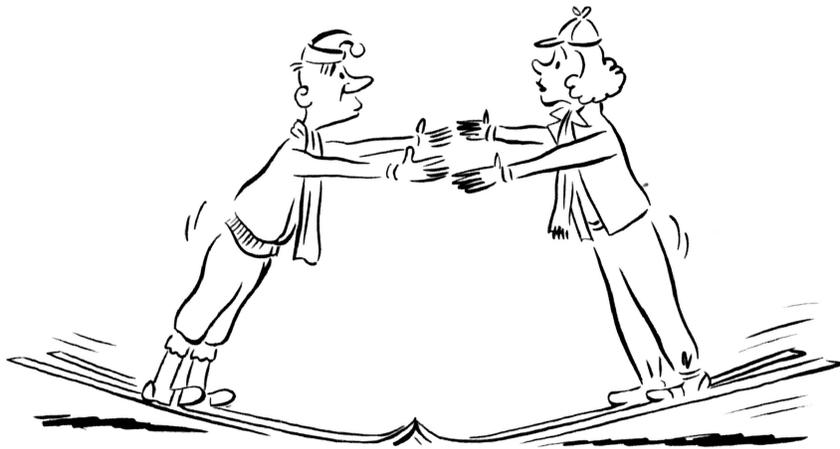
A picture, the Chinese say, is worth ten thousand words. If this be so, take warning from these photos, 'cause it could happen to you!

*Published monthly during the school year by the students of the University of Missouri sponsored by Sigma Delta Chi, national journalism fraternity.*

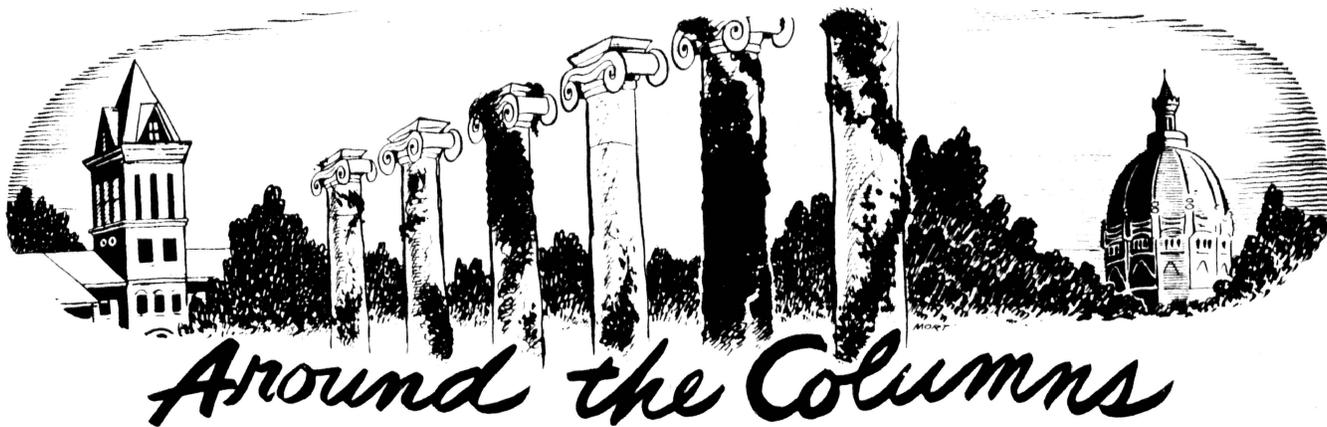
*Printed by Modern Litho-Printing Co., Jefferson City, Mo., Anton Hiesberger, owner.*

*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.*

*Subscription rates: \$2.00 in Columbia for nine issues during school year. \$2.50 by mail outside Columbia. Single issues 25 cents.*



*WHILE there's much to be said about skating and skiing,  
There's another sport lately that we have been seeing.  
Now there's naught we consider more pleasant than being  
Engaged in a tourney of "he-ing" and "she-ing."*



# Around the Columns

## Overheard:

"Just made it," puffed the cute co-ed, proud possessor of twenty-nine late minutes, as the door slammed and the porch lights blinked out on the old semester. "Yep, just made it," replied her date.

## February:

Valentines . . . twenty-nine days this year . . . Savitar Skits . . . new classes . . . new profs . . . new subjects . . . same grades . . . a month which is foisted upon us by the proprietors of any place that can offer a roof, some warmth, and brew . . . their lease on the calendar is soon to run out . . . the untrammled (?) beauties (?) of nature (?) are soon to call co-eds and ed-cos (well, it's the opposite, isn't it?) . . . Lincoln and the cherry tree . . . Washington splitting rails with his little hatchet . . . flue epidemics . . . bans on SHOWME . . . Natalie jokes.

## Sound and Fury:

We read the other day that reporters filed 900,000,000 words per month from London during the war. This is surely a staggering figure, but mere peanuts compared to what the Columbia Missourian's 250 beat pounders can produce. Question of the month: Where does it all go?

## This Will Solve It:

For peple who are apprehensive about their future in a world of atomic power and dissatisfied with accomplishments to date on the part of U. N. & Co., here is a new thought. It was recently announced by a group of eminent scholars and scientists that we need have nothing to fear as to the success or failure of any scheme to preserve the peace of the world and save mankind. No plan that has yet been proposed, they say, would survive a surprise attack of (say) 15,000 atomic bombs. This takes a big load off our minds!

## Toy Balloon:

Many important decisions must have been made before our old friend Henry Wallace decided to run for the presidency. His lieutenants everywhere were advising their chief on the direction of



straws in the political breeze. What could it have been that clinched his decision? What omen? What hunch? What inside information? Could it have been . . .? No! Surely, COMMENT would not commit its support so early in the race!

## Neat Trick:

In case you're a freshman and having trouble explaining the grades you received last semester to the folks back home, here is SHOWME's guide to grades, especially prepared for your predicament:

"Dear Folks: They have a very peculiar but interesting system of grading here: F means Fine work; I means Intensely Interesting work; M means what it usually means, Miraculous work; S means Slovenly work; and E means 'Easy to see you didn't study.'"

If you find that this doesn't work, destroy this copy of SHOWME and act dumb. For you it shouldn't be hard.

## Maybe-It's-True Department:

Scientists who recently held a symposium on paramecia have come up with some startling discoveries. A paramecium is a single-celled creature which multiplies either non-sexually (there's that word again! SHOWME is doomed!) or as it should.

Certain kinds of paramecia give off a poison which kills other paramecia. These killers, say the scientists, differ only in the amount of Kappa which they contain.

To be a first-rate killer, a paramecium must contain 200 Kappas. For Mizzou men this may be significant information. For lab appointments, call 7301.



*Problem and Solution:*

Arranging a schedule is work designed for experts. It is generally acknowledged that at least six semester's of training is required for this highly complex science. In order to organize your sufferings into neat packets for the semester—that is to say: no classes before 10:30, no classes after 11:30 (a. m., natch), no classes on Saturday, no weekday classes, no lectures, and no labs, it is only necessary to be open minded about the whole thing and quit school. This plan will also save you innumerable other headaches, such as final exams, over cutting, and the inconvenience of travelling on

the Cannon Ball. Many have tried the scheme already. Most are drawing regular checks, according to statistics released recently by the United States Unemployment Service.

*For Engineers Only:*

A problem in higher mathematics: If every student drinks a glass of beer a day (just one, mind you!) every day in the year, the guys and gals of Mizzou alone would consume 250,000 gallons. Now, multiply this by the amount they really drink and tell us where to buy a beer vendor's license!

*Puzzled:*

We've heard of "Art for art's sake," but we are still confused by a frantic cry we heard recently in the balcony of a local theatre. It (the cry) said: "Art, for God's sake!" Perhaps we quote out of context.

*For the Pures:*

Which reminds us (for no good reason) that the people who write and endorse indignant petitions concerning the allegedly offensive character of such recently pilloried publications as LIFE, ESQUIRE, SHOWME, and The Old Farmer's Almanac (have you *seen* their new issue! Wow!) — these people do an editor's heart good. At least he can count them among his readers and can hope that they will

continue to buy his product in their never-ending search for the world's evils.

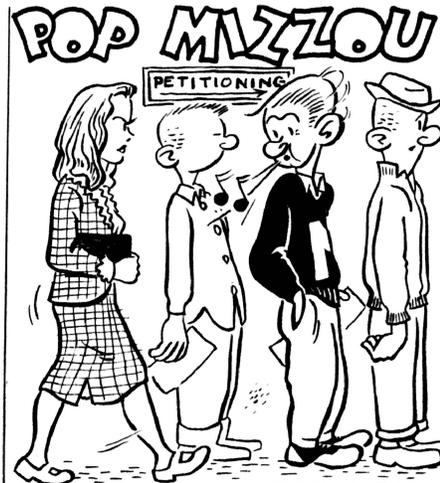
*Lens Lizards:*

Campus organizations which are now in the process of having their group pictures taken for the 1948 Savitar are making some interesting discoveries about their personnel. It seems that many more "members" of these groups appear at the appointed time for the picture taking than are ever seen participating in the functions of the organizations. Perhaps, in order to insure more satisfactory attendance at run-of-the-mill business meetings, these groups should take a picture every week!



*More for the Pures:*

Of course, we may be mistaken, but there are indications that Columbia is about to be invaded by a temperance task force. Spearhead of this parched pincers is Brother Sam Morris, known to his listeners as the "Voice of Temperance." Brother Sam airs (nightly



at 7:30) his attacks on "cigareets and whuskey, and wild, wild women" from station XEFQ across the border in Mexico. He claims converts among students in Columbia and brands our *Athens of the Middlewest* as a carnival of sin and a Roman orgy. Tsk. Tsk.

But, Brother Sam is not the only indication of our impending trial. Not long ago, the literature of this movement was mailed to what its authors probably considered the command post of carnal vice in Columbia—the SHOWME office. A bold headline proclaimed: "Wanted—60,000 Boys." Thinking that this might be something attractive for graduating seniors, we read on: "And girls also to take the places of those dropping out, for hell's gin mill must grind on to keep the liquor dealers, the cigarette manufacturers and all other tools of the devil rolling in wealth."

Despite these noble efforts, SHOWME staff meetings will continue to be held in the Shack.

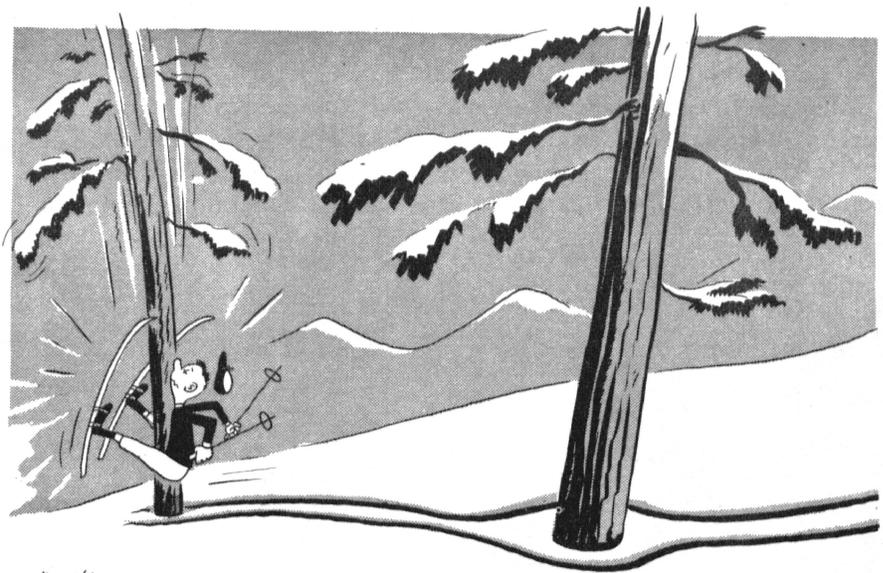
#### *War of the Press:*

There seems to have been some confusion recently when pianist Leonard Pennario gave a concert here. We don't know whether Mr. Pennario was confused, but apparently the reporters who covered his recital were. Said the *Columbia Missourian* on 14 February: "... he concluded with his own composition, "Midnight on the Water." Said the *Columbia Daily Tribune* on 14 February: "... he played his own composition, "Midnight on the Newport Cliffs."

What a spectacle when two such giants crash, head on!

#### *Ego-deflater:*

The next time your prof gives you that despairing glance for some manifestation of your illiteracy, you can refer him to a text



book currently being used in the psychology department which says, in part, "Human learning in stylus and finger relief mazes does not, as a rule, proceed any more efficiently than learning of comparable maze patterns by white rats. (The rats are put in a tunnel maze that has many blind alleys, and humans are blindfolded and made to run their fingers along a pattern of wires that has blind alleys. Ed.) The number of trials required to learn, the number of errors made, and the time consumed, are not greatly different in rats and college students. Sometimes the rats



come out slightly ahead and sometimes the students." (From N. L. Munn, *Psychology*.)

All we can add to this is that if, later in life, you find yourself in mortal competition with a white rat, don't under-estimate the little rascal.

#### *An Old Story:*

Our old friend, the MISSOURI STUDENT, has plumbed a new depth in desparation. Last month, in a frantic effort to fill its pages, it ran a feature charging that the SHOWME had been chased into a broom closet in the school of journalism. The editors of the STUDENT failed to note, apparently, that the subject of office space was an ill-advised one, for, on the preceding page of the issue in which the churlish attack on the SHOWME was made, their own bread-winning gossip columnist noted that the STUDENT office was so cold that the column might thereafter have to be written in a nice warm chimney.

Mean temperature of the SHOWME "broom colset": 98.6 degrees (when members of the staff are present.)

#### *Broke? Try This:*

Pepsi-Cola Company continues to pay cash each month for the best jokes, gags, cartoons or miscellaneous gems of wit submitted in its Easy Money Contest. You'll never get rich if your entries don't have a Pepsi twist or punch line.

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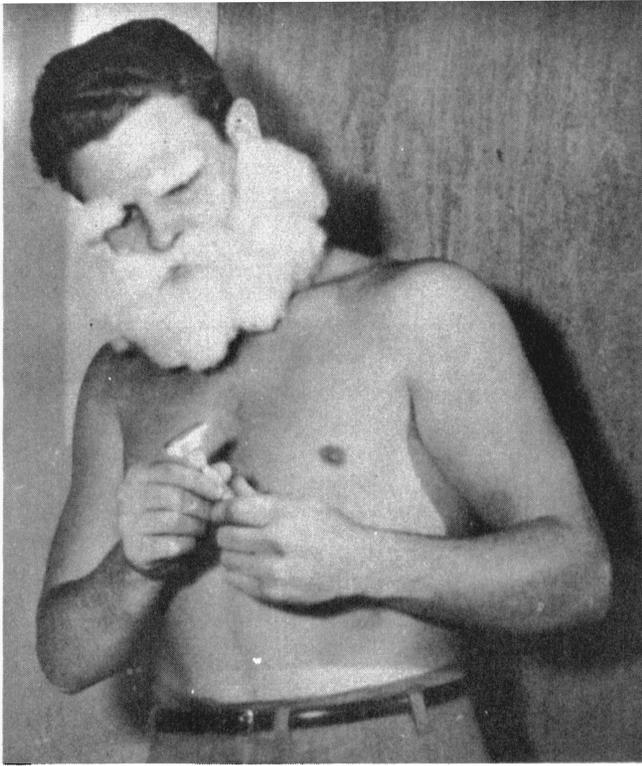
*Shades of old Hawaii! These gals make the interested onlookers forget they're in snow-covered Columbia. Who cares about books, studies and the University of Missouri. What's Honolulu got that we haven't got!*



*Pajama parties are nice — off and on. The trouble with most of them, as seen here, is that men are seldom invited. Why not revive the old New England winter sport of bundling?*



*International House had a good time here during the holidays. Here we see them demonstrating how pajama parties are held in the old country. Still no men.*



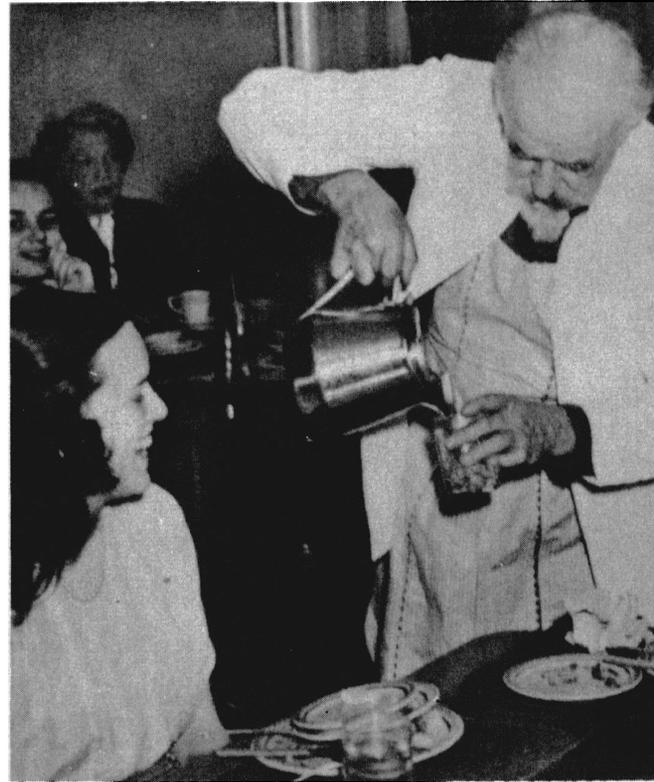
*George Turner, the gent who grew the whiskers for the Santa Claus expose in the Christmas issue, finally got his substance check, bought a razor blade, shaved them off.*



*"Smiling" John Morrissey and "Marvelous" Marilyn Bange, SHOWME King and Queen, smile-for-the-birdie after their coronation at the Brewer Field House. Incidentally, there was also a basketball game.*



*Kappa Alpha's make merry in the traditional way during their annual Ale and Quail Sing. As usual, there was plenty of both.*



*"Sold to the highest bidder" was Mizzou's celebrated Jesse Wrench during the recent Community Fund drive. Here's the volatile gent serving the gals at Women's Residence Hall.*

# Runaway Mule

by

Coleman

Younger

REB was looking for his mule and he was mad clean through. Just thinking about the mule made him so mad that he felt like shooting it when he found it. Any other mule but his would have stayed inside the pasture and eaten the cool green grass, but Rosie jumped the fence every chance she got. Other mules would have stayed around the barn, waiting to be fed, but Rosie had to run off to Buckeye Ridge as she always did.

He told himself that the very first thing he was going to do when he came back with the mule was to fix the pasture fence where she jumped out. He had been planning to fix the fence for the past two years but had never gotten around to it. The fence would be all right without fixing if it wasn't for the mule jumping out. It was almost enough to make a man vote the Republican ticket.

His feet began to hurt and he stopped under a sugar tree to take off his shoes. He had on high-top work shoes that he used to plow in because the rocks in his cornpatch hurt his feet. He had intended to plow that morning, until he found Rosie gone. Now he had to go to the trouble of taking off the shoes.



Once he had started to pick up all the rocks in his field but he was so tired when he had picked up a wagon load that he decided that it might be wrong to pick them up. If the Lord put them in the good earth He must have meant for them to stay there.

From where he sat under the sugar tree he could see his house, and he saw his wife, Sarah, out in the wood lot splitting cook-wood. He was glad that he had left the house before the cook-wood ran out. The hickory logs were tough as iron and he was always tired out when he finished splitting them.

After he had tied the shoes together with their binder-twine laces he got up and walked back out into the dusty road, slipping the shoes through his overall suspenders so that they hung down his back. The hot dust squirted up between his toes and he felt happy for a minute until he thought about the mule. Then he got mad again and kicked a pair of tumblebugs as hard as he could, knocking them and their round ball halfway across the road. It seemed to him that there was more devilment in Rosie than God should allow on His earth. He was so mad that he started cussing for all that he was worth. After he finished the cussing he stopped and asked the Lord for forgiveness. He was not too worried about being in bad with the Lord over the cussing because everyone knew that there was more devilment in the mule than was ever intended to be. Everybody just naturally cussed mules.

When he reached Buckeye Creek he turned off the road and started up the ridge through the woods. In a way, Reb was glad that Rosie always came up on Buckeye Ridge when she ran off. Emery Wilkins lived up on Buckeye and he made the best corn whiskey in Shaddock county, maybe in the whole state.

By the time he reached Emery's cornfield he was getting thirsty. He crawled through the rail fence, noting that Emery's corn was being choked out by Jimson weeds because he spent all his time down at the mash troughs in the creek bottom.

The foxhounds heard him coming and set in barking before he was halfway across the field, but by the time he reached the gate they quieted down some. After they saw him they went back to lie down on the cool earth under the rickety porch.

The door was open and Reb walked up on the porch and looked in. When his eyes got accustomed to the dark inside the house his mouth popped open and he stood stock still, looking at Emery's wife, Nancy Jane. Nancy Jane was taking a bath in a tin washtub in the kitchen. When she saw Reb standing in the doorway looking at her she stood up and began to dry herself off.

For a minute she did not speak, but when she saw that he was not making any move to stop looking at her she said:

"Reb Turner, you stop that watching me!"

Reb did not say a word, but kept looking at Nancy Jane, standing there naked in the tin washtub. She was just standing there but she did not seem to be angry and instead of jumping around or covering herself up with the towel



she held it down at her side. Reb stood in the doorway, his adam's apple moving up and down as he swallowed.

She looked at him a minute and then said:

"If Emery was to come up and see you looking at me like that he wouldn't like it. He wouldn't like it one bit, Reb Turner. Emery don't like for anyone to be looking at his wife naked like this. You stop that now!"

Reb just kept standing in the doorway so Nancy Jane dried herself off slowly and got out of the washtub. Then she slipped a dress over her head and came to the front door. She looked at his bright red face and laughed.

"I reckon you came up to see Emery. He's down in the bottom, working the mash. I guess you wanted to see him, didn't you?"

Reb stepped into the room. His face was still red but his adam's apple had stopped bobbing up and down. He said:

"Now I'll declare, Nancy Jane, you're as pretty as a picture. I don't think I ever saw a prettier woman before. No sir, I don't think I ever saw a woman as pretty as you are before. You're as pretty as a marble. I most forgot women got as pretty as you be."

Nancy Jane grinned at him but did not say anything.

Reb said:

"I been looking for that durn mule of mine. She run off last night. I been looking for her all morning. She jumped right over the fence and got out of the pasture, just when I was fixing to plow."

He did not get mad again when he thought about the mule because he was looking at Nancy Jane's

(Continued on page 20)



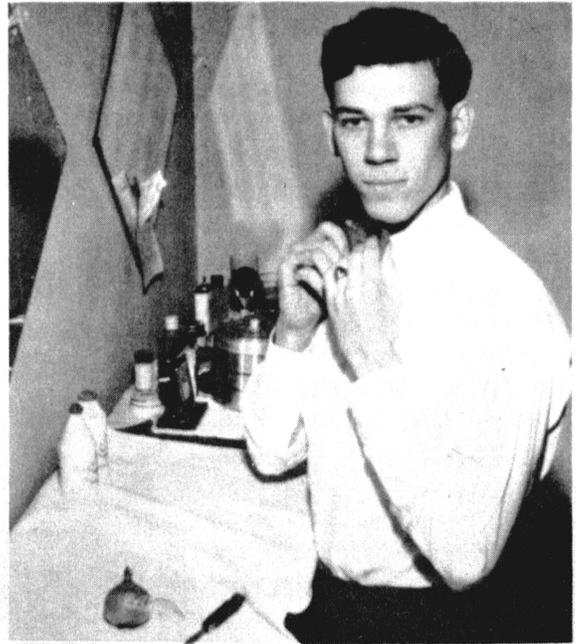
# LEAP YEAR!



*For no better reason than that this year has 366 days, the females get to do the asking. Proposals by Byron, Keats, or Shelly can be purchased at the nearest bookstore. Star practicing now.*



*In some instances, Leap Year is getting out of hand. Women have been spiking their dates' drinks. Unsportsmanlike, but effective, claim the gals.*



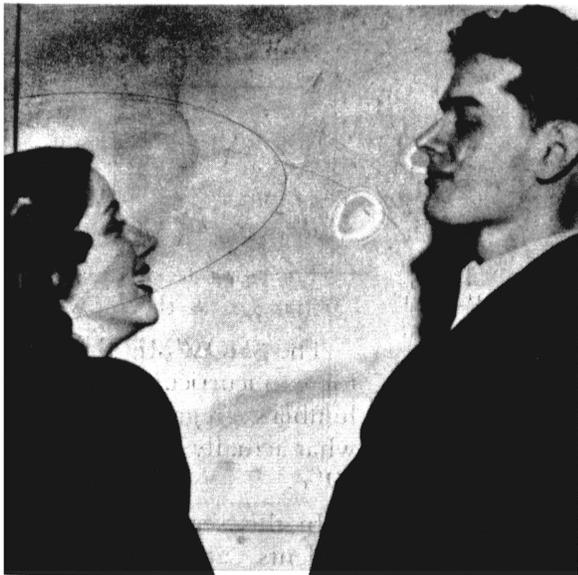
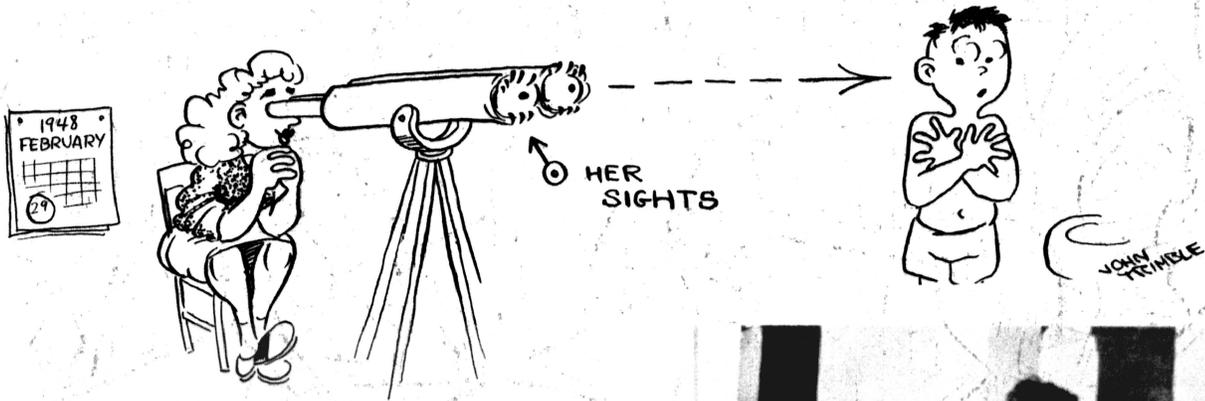
*Males must be constantly on guard to maintain their innocence. Ed. note: onions help.*



Eloquents are frowned upon by the University. Dean Hindman has issued strict orders against putting ladders up to the windows of men's bouses.



Phones are being kept busy by the girls. Most of them are carrying little black books with men classified from "ZOWIE" all the way down to "worth asking."



"May I kiss you goodnight?"



Men's bouses are now required to blink their lights one minute before closing time. This is another of Dean Hindman's efforts to maintain masculine students' singularity.



# THE 59'ers

Take this scene of the gang at a college hangout. Look at it. It is a cross section of the inhabitants of the University of Missouri. It is *you*. You are enjoying some of your free time away from the books and your classwork. You have more of this kind of time than you think you have and you are always confronted with the problem of what to do with it in a town this size and with this great number of students. Which brings up the question, "What is there to do around here?"

This is a peculiar society in which we live here at the University. It is a world in itself. The town, the school, and the people are brought together nine months in the year for one purpose: education. Obtaining this education occupies approximately 16% of your time. Sleep occupies 25%. The other 59% is spent in one way or another—mostly *one* way. Although membership in the *Thank God It's Friday* (not excluding Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday) *Club* has its own social and

educational values, it can become a monotonous diet. A rut in other words.

The problem thus posed is: "What else is there to do?"

The SHOWME, the spokesman for extracurriculum, explored Columbia's gregarious plight to see what actually happens to the spare 59%.

In this season, of course, most students attend the basketball games, go to the movies, play bridge, pool, pin-ball machines, go to dances, or anything which will

keep them out of the cold and close to their firesides.

For the people with blood in their veins this season also offers opportunities for sled parties, ice-skating, and snow-ball wars.

In the way of doing something a little more out of the ordinary, some students recommend midnight shows and heckling at the vaudeville. Some like to test their equilibrium on roller skates and others enjoy bowling. The luckier ones who own cars take in the more inaccessible activities such as the square dances at Centralia or the Golden Gloves tournament at Moberly. The even luckier ones who are ahead on their budgets say that there is nothing like an airplane trip over Columbia from the Municipal Airport. Others say that the best times are had inexpensively at such functions as the dinner parties given by various churches on Sunday night.

One of the most popular meeting, mixing, and dating establishments is Read Hall where a multitude of diversions are available. Look at the list: bridge, checkers, chess, magazines, record concerts, discussion groups, singing, dancing, jelling, and the famous Friday afternoon coffee hour. There is even an attic for artists and a back room for bull-slingers. The persons who don't enjoy any of the above-mentioned capers will surely get a boot out of just sitting and watching.

Naturally, when the frost is off the pumpkin and the world is in bloom once more, the field is much more varied and interesting. Like a horse let out of the barn, the student is first smitten with the springtime exploring bug. A rented bicycle is a satisfactory conveyance to seek out the hinterland.

Some people prefer to do it on foot or by automobile. Any method of transportation will open a new world. A pair of strong legs, a sack of victuals, and the inclination will take you to Devil's Ice Box, Rollins Springs, or the Hinkson. A set of Goodyear's will allow you to do your exploring in Boonville, Mexico, Jeff. City, Moberly, Fulton, Arrowrock, or the Ozarks.

"Picnicking" is the most popular springtime sport. "Picnicking" at Mizzou invariably takes the major form of a beerbust with food as a necessary evil. Picnics usually end up with a song fest around the fire. That is, the end of the *organized* picnic is singing. The rest of the affair is climaxed in disseminated pairs away from the fire.

Hayrides will undoubtedly get a few folks on the wagon for a change and when old sol really comes out of hiding in full force, so will sunbathers. Sunbathing is an absorbing activity for both bathers and watchers.

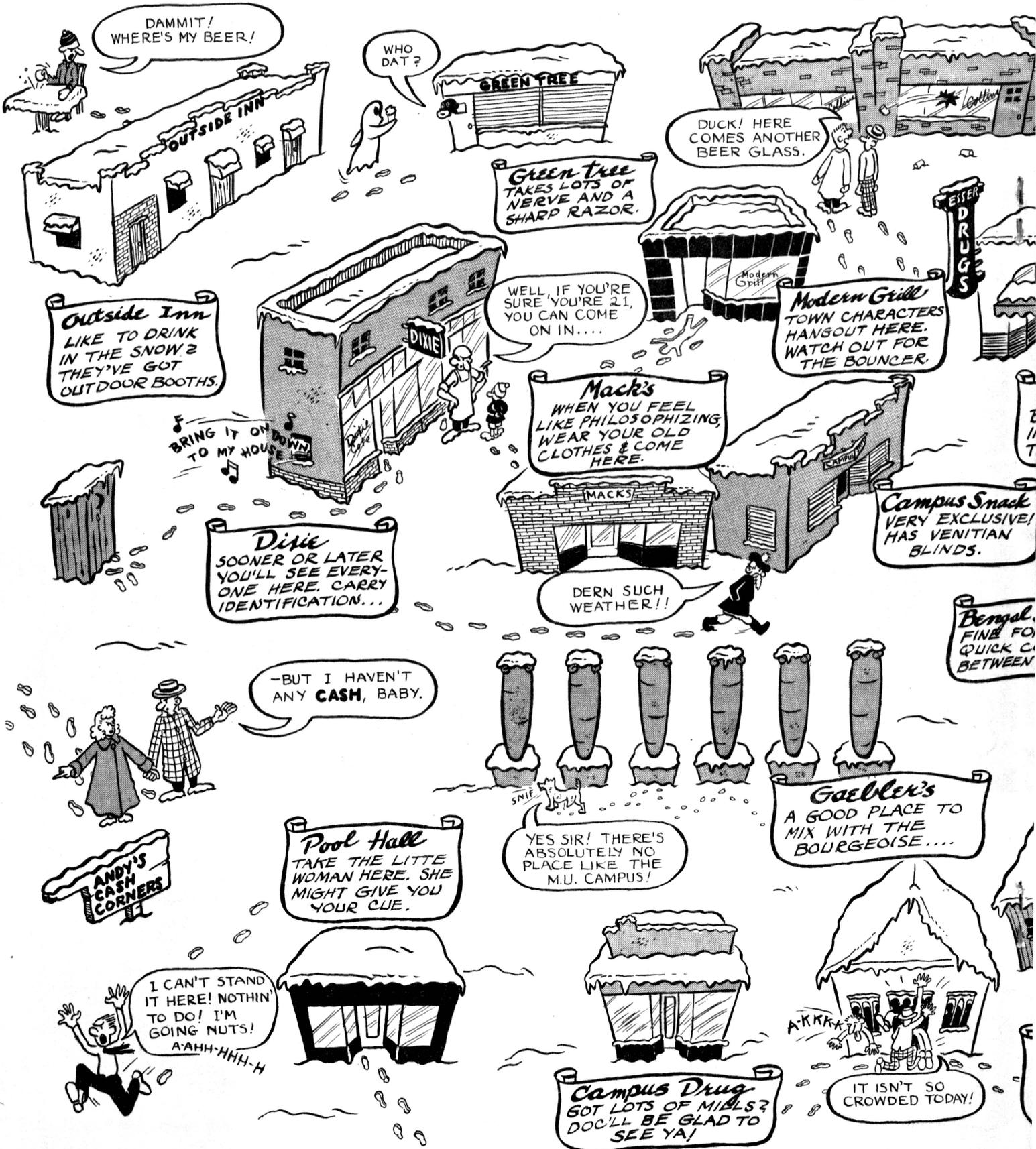
Spring is sure to bring out the sweatsocks to play tennis, golf, miniature golf, swim, and ride horseback. Baseball and track will provide the scene for spectator sweatsocks

No doubt, this impressive accumulation of activities would crowd ever. 59% of the student's time if he participated in them all. But we predict that most of you will still portion your 59% between the three most popular pastimes: jelling, imbibing, and making love.



"Cecil, I think you're giving me a snow-job."

# Columbia-Woody W



DAMMIT!  
WHERE'S MY BEER!

WHO DAT?

GREEN TREE

DUCK! HERE  
COMES ANOTHER  
BEER GLASS.

Green tree  
TAKES LOTS OF  
NERVE AND A  
SHARP RAZOR.

Outside Inn  
LIKE TO DRINK  
IN THE SNOW?  
THEY'VE GOT  
OUTDOOR BOOTHS.

BRING IT ON  
DOWN  
TO MY HOUSE

DIXIE

WELL, IF YOU'RE  
SURE YOU'RE 21,  
YOU CAN COME  
ON IN....

Modern  
Grill

Modern Grill  
TOWN CHARACTERS  
HANGOUT HERE.  
WATCH OUT FOR  
THE BOUNCER.

Mack's  
WHEN YOU FEEL  
LIKE PHILOSOPHIZING,  
WEAR YOUR OLD  
CLOTHES & COME  
HERE.

MACKS

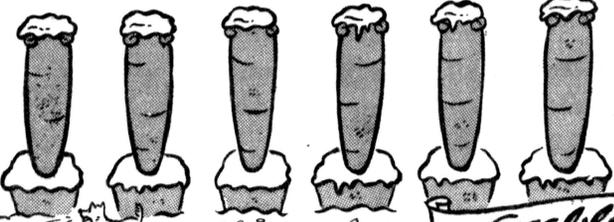
Campus Snack  
VERY EXCLUSIVE!  
HAS VENETIAN  
BLINDS.

Dixie  
SOONER OR LATER  
YOU'LL SEE EVERY-  
ONE HERE. CARRY  
IDENTIFICATION...

DERN SUCH  
WEATHER!!

Bengal  
FINE FOR  
QUICK C  
BETWEEN

-BUT I HAVEN'T  
ANY CASH, BABY.



Goebler's  
A GOOD PLACE TO  
MIX WITH THE  
BOURGEOISE....

YES SIR! THERE'S  
ABSOLUTELY NO  
PLACE LIKE THE  
M.U. CAMPUS!

Pool Hall  
TAKE THE LITTE  
WOMAN HERE. SHE  
MIGHT GIVE YOU  
YOUR CUE.

ANDY'S  
CASH  
CORNERS

I CAN'T STAND  
IT HERE! NOTHIN'  
TO DO! I'M  
GOING NUTS!  
A-AHH-HHH-H



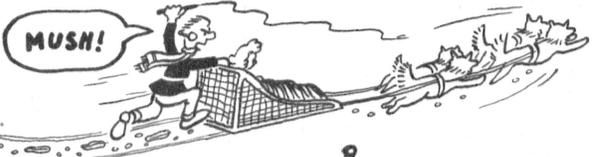
Campus Drug  
GOT LOTS OF MIBLS?  
DOU'LL BE GLAD TO  
SEE YA!

IT ISN'T SO  
CROWDED TODAY!

FEBRUARY '48

# Winter Wonderland

**Collins**  
IF YOU FEEL LIKE  
THROWING THINGS,  
THIS IS THE PLACE.



**BREEZY HILL**



DON'T LOOK, MABEL.  
REMEMBER, WE'RE  
CHRISTIAN GIRLS!

AW, COMMON, HONEY.  
IT'S ONLY THIRTY  
MILES TO OLE  
JEFF CITY!

**Essex Drug**  
BEST LINE OF LIQUOR  
IN TOWN. NEAR TO  
THE HOTELS, TOO...



**Deen's Golden Campus**  
ONE OF THE FEW PLACES  
WHERE YOU CAN DANCE.  
THE BOOTHS ARE PADDED.



NOW I KNOW  
WHY YOU BROUGHT  
ME HERE!!

**Ever Eat**  
THEY ALWAYS NEED  
A FOURTH FOR  
BRIDGE HERE.

**JEFF CITY**  
(MIXED  
DRINKS)

**Shop**  
FOR A  
COFFEE  
TEEN CLASSES.

IS IT SPRING  
YET?



WONDER WHAT  
THEY'RE PUTTING  
IN THE COFFEE?

HIC!

**Read Hall**  
STEPHENS GIRLS LOVE  
IT HERE... THE  
COFFEE IS SO-OO-O  
STIMULATING.

READ HALL IS HONORED  
TO HAVE PROF. SCHMALTZ  
WHO WILL LECTURE ON  
"THE SEX-LIFE OF THE  
JELLY-FISH."

**The Shack**  
BEST PLACE IN TOWN  
TO HIBERNATE FOR  
THE WINTER!

GABE

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Personal Stationery*

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*from...*

**PUCKETT'S**

... OF COURSE

**COLUMBIA'S SMART MEN'S SHOP**

908 B'way

Phone 5273

## RUNAWAY MULE...

(Continued from page 13)

dress. The top two buttons were gone and it was open almost down to the waist. His adam's apple started bobbing up and down again and when she saw it she started laughing. Then she went out into the kitchen and brought out a five-gallon jug of Emery's corn. Reb tried to look down her dress again but she had pinned it up with a bright shiny safety-pin while she was out in the kitchen. He sat down at the table and waited for her to pour him a cup of Emery's corn whiskey.

She came around the table and set the cup down in front of him. As she poured the whiskey she moved up against him and he could feel how warm she was through the thin cotton dress. She took a long time to pour it and as she shifted the jug she rubbed back and forth against him.

When she had finished she set the jug down on the table and waited for him to drink. He gulped the hot white corn down and wiped his mouth off on his shirtsleeve.

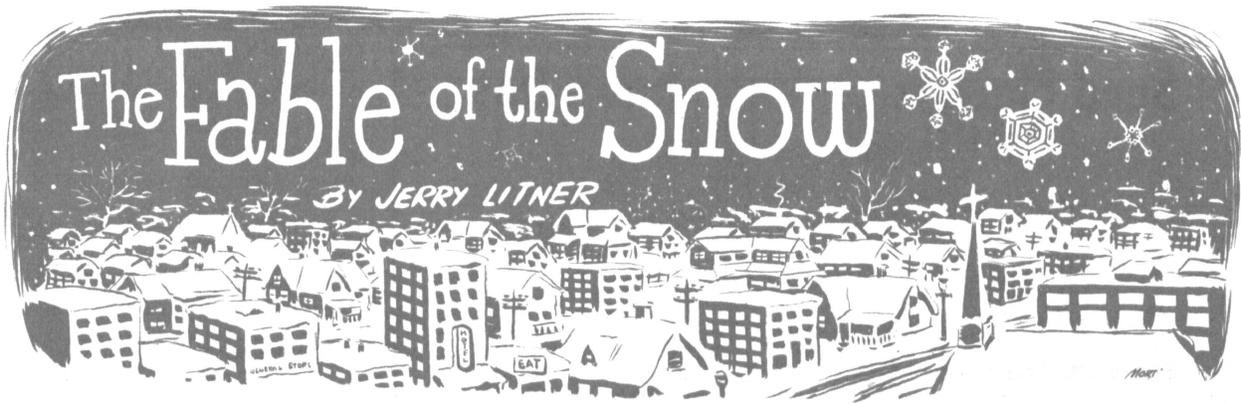
"What made you stand there in the door like you did, Reb? What made you stand there watching me like that?", she asked, laughing at him.

It made him feel uncomfortable for her to ask him questions like that. He wished that she wouldn't say anything at all. He wished too that she had not pinned her dress up. She had the finest bosom he had ever seen for a fifteen-year-old girl.

He said:

"I was out looking for that darn mule of mine. She jumped the fence last night and run away. I

(Continued on page 22)



ONCE upon a time, in the far-off state of Connecticut, there was a small town called Westpot. Westpot's population was about seven thousand and its main industries were truck farming, clamming, and a small plant which manufactured embalmer's supplies. The people of this town were good, staunch New Englanders who believed firmly in law, order, and the Republican party. Every office in the town government from mayor down to janitor was filled by Republicans. Westpot was a town where the only cuss word worse than "Democrat" was "Communist."

One cold winter night, in the year 1947, it started to snow in Westpot. It snowed. And it snowed.

Four days later, when the snow stopped, the people looked about and saw that seven feet of snow had fallen on the town. Before this they had never seen more than six inches at one time. The town was cut off. The people had no food. The people had no fuel. All activity came to a halt. The people became very mad at the snow.

But, since they were sturdy New Englanders, they put their backs to the task and in four days the town bore a slight semblance of order.

At the end of the fourth day, the people banded together and held a mass meeting on the snow-covered green in front of the town hall. They were so mad at the

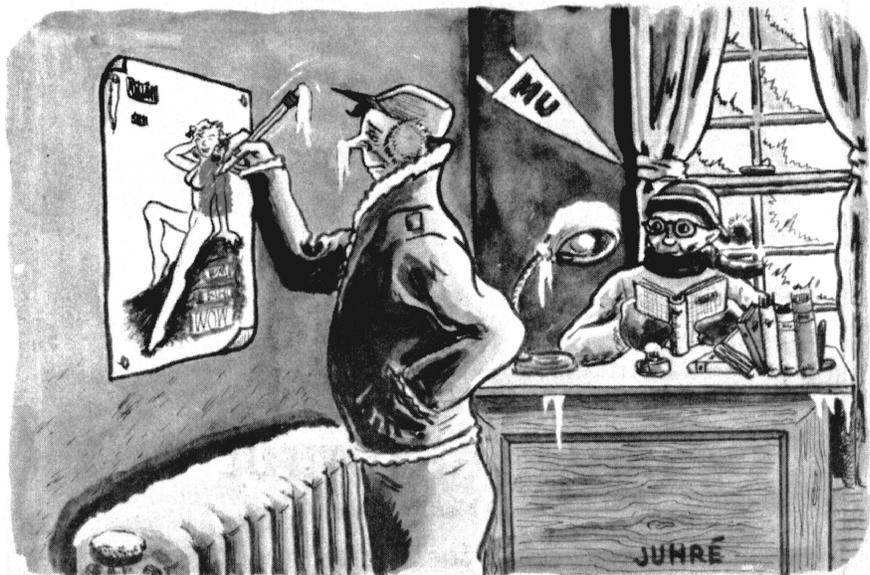
snow that they wanted a law passed forbidding snow to fall on their town. They milled about and grumbled under their breaths. Agitators moved through the crowd and gradually, then mumbling grew louder and louder until it fairly rocked the town hall off its foundation.

At that moment, the mayor was having a meeting with the town council. The mayor was very angry at the snow and so was the town council. They quickly passed a law making it a criminal offense for snow to fall on the town of Westpot. It was punishable by a fine of \$5,000 and a year in prison. In addition, whoever put the snow on the town of Westpot was to pay all expenses for its removal.

This being done, the mayor raised the office window and proclaimed the law unto the people. The people became very jubilant. They gave a rousing cheer for the mayor and this most intelligent piece of legislation. Then they started to dance on the snow. They danced so strenuously that several people broke through the hard surface crust and disappeared into the snow. This added greatly to the excitement and the enjoyment of all. After the last person had been dug out of the snow, they all went home and slept securely in their beds, knowing that it could never snow like this again.

But, three weeks later, on a cold, dark night, at about 3:00 a. m., after all the good burghers had

(Continued on page 28)



## Send Flowers on Valentine's Day

**H.R. Mueller**  
FLORIST

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*Columbia's Largest Grower of Flowers*

Store: 16 South Ninth

Greenhouses: West Blvd.  
and Ash St.



Joannie Angell's hair was styled by Lucille at  
House Beautiful

Permanent — Facial — Manicures  
Hair Styling

**HOUSE BEAUTIFUL**

10 North Ninth

Call 5490 for Appointment

## RUNAWAY MULE . . .

(Continued from page 20)

come up on the ridge looking for her."

"You didn't take me for Rosie, did you Reb? You didn't think I was Rosie when you were watching me in the door, did you?"

Reb did not want her to think that he thought she looked like a mule.

"Why no, Nancy Jane! Why no! Why I'll declare, you've got the prettiest——," but he did not finish when he saw that she was only funning him. It made him feel nervous for her to make fun of him like that.

She sat down on the bench next to him and said:

"I stuck a splinter in my hand this morning. See can you get it out. Its right here."

He took her hand and looked but he couldn't find hide nor hair of any splinter anywhere. While



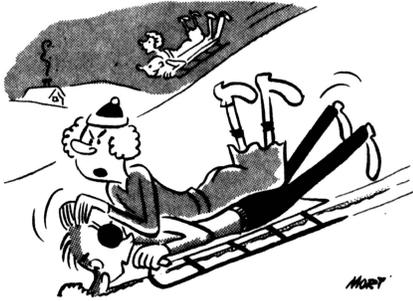
"Gimme a dozen of those!"

he was looking at her hand she scooted up against him and began rubbing his leg with her knee. He looked at her but she was looking down at her hand, waiting for him to take the splinter out of it.

"I can't find any splinter at all, Nancy Jane," he said, but Nancy Jane just kept moving her knee against him and did not answer.

It made him feel so good that he forgot all about the mule and he put his arms around her waist, locking his fingers.

She kept moving back and forth against him and he was quiet for a



"We're not going very fast!"

few minutes, until he heard Emery's mule bray out behind the barn. Then he said:

"That darn mule of mine jumped right over the fence and run away last night. I been hunting her all morning."

Nancy Jane did not answer a word but just kept looking at her finger and rubbing her knee against him. He looked down at the floor, his face red, and pulled his arms tighter around her waist. He could tell that she did not have a stitch of clothes on under her flour-print dress.

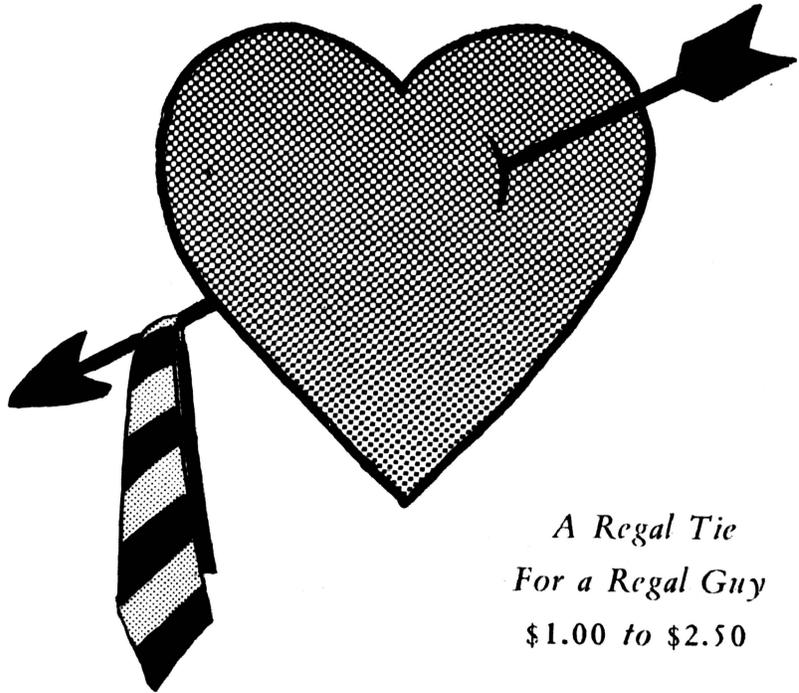
Emery Wilkins walked in the front door and looked at Reb and Nancy Jane in amazement. He could not figure out what they were doing.

"Now what in the drasted hell are you about?" he asked.

Reb did not want to let go of Nancy Jan's waist, although he knew that he should, and she kept moving her knee against his leg, so he turned his head around so

(Continued on page 24)

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*A Regal Tie  
For a Regal Guy  
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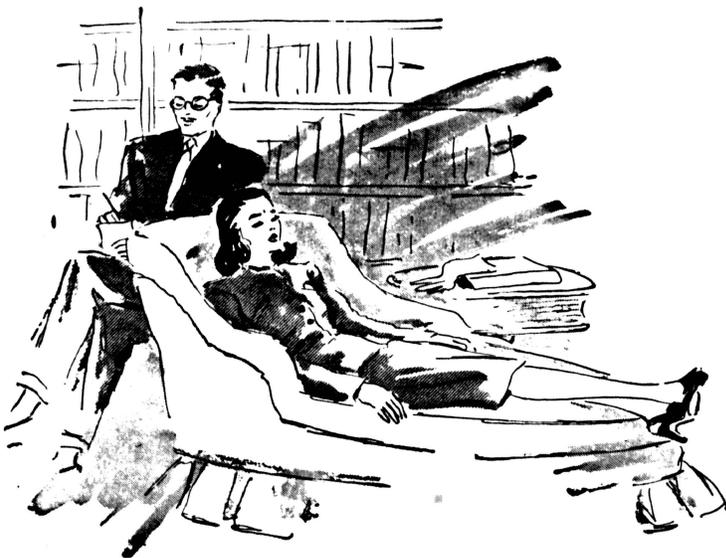


## *Charlie's Steaks*

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Open All Night Friday and Saturday



"... And you say this mad infatuation first took possession of you when you saw him in his NEW WOOLF BROTHERS SUIT?"

he could look at Emery and explained to him all about the mule jumping over the fence and running away.

Emery was still puzzled and he came around the table so that he could see what Nancy Jane and Reb were up to. When his wife did not say anything at all to him and did not move, he began to get mad.

"What the drasted hell? Ain't you got my victuals cooked?" he roared. "Here it is high noon-time and no victuals cooked!"

Nancy Jane looked up at him but did not answer and she did not move her knee away from Reb. Reb knew that he should let go of her waist so that she could go cook, because he could see that Emery was getting mad about that, but he didn't want to take his arms away.

Emery came over to the table and pulled Nancy Jane to her feet so that Reb had to let go of her or get pulled off onto the floor. As she went into the kitchen she kept looking back over her shoulder at him but Emery went over to her and shoved her through the door. Then he came back to where Reb was sitting on the bench.

"How come you was keeping Nancy Jane from fixing my grub? Drast it all anyhow, Reb, a man gets hungrey after stirring mash all morning."

A young surgeon and his wife were walking in the park one Sunday. A curvacious, vivid blonde passed them and spoke to the doctor.

"How did you meet her, my dear?" the wife asked.

"Oh, professionally," was the reply.

"I see," his wife murmured. "Yours or hers?"

# How To Have Fun Indoors

by Don Dunn

Now that Winter is here, many parties and dances must be held indoors. A question that often troubles hostesses, hosts, and guests alike is the one, "What shall we do at the party?" In answer to this, SHOWME presents a series of interesting, educational, entertaining, and simply-loads-of-fun games that you can play at the next affair.

*Spin the Bottle:* This first little game is guaranteed to get the party off to a flying start. All you need is a fifth of your favorite hootch and several assorted players. The players station themselves at various points in the room and lie face down on the floor with their heads toward the center of the room. The host steps into the center and removes the cork from the bottle. He must then quickly

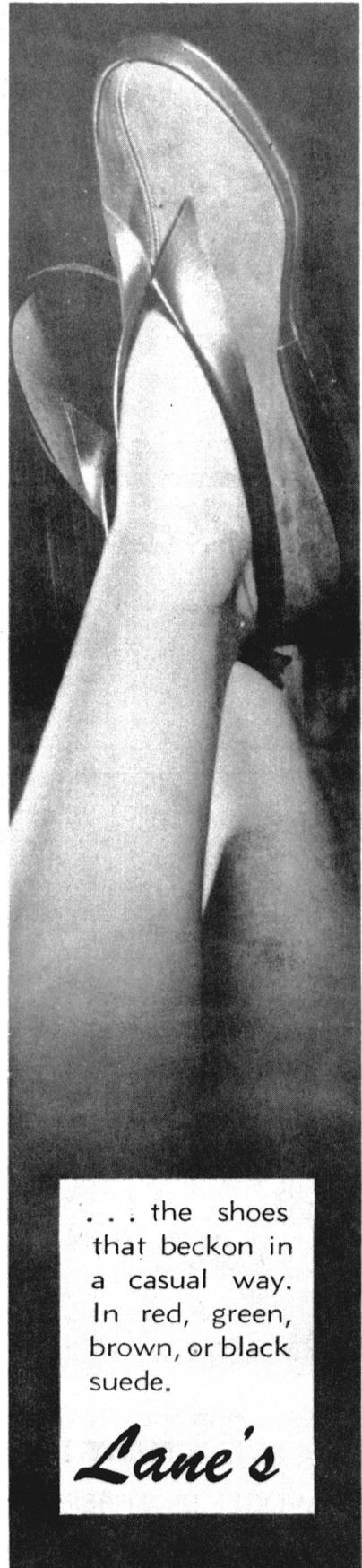
place the bottle on its side and spin it about. As the bottle spins, its contents will spurt from it as a result of the magnetrifugal force. Each guest opens his/her mouth in turns as the liquid flies his/her way and tries to catch as much as he/she can. The person who catches the most never gets a prize as he/she is usually asleep at the end of the game. Now, doesn't that sound like jolly fun?

*Pidge:* After such a strenuous game as the first, the guests will want to relax. This game is quiet, easy to play, and even more fun than the one just described. *Pidge* is a combination of *Poker* and *Bridge*, but, unlike these games, it is not played with cards. To play *Pidge*, each player is given forty-

(Continued on page 32)



"George Schultze: You promised me you wouldn't get stiff at this party."



... the shoes that beckon in a casual way. In red, green, brown, or black suede.

Lane's

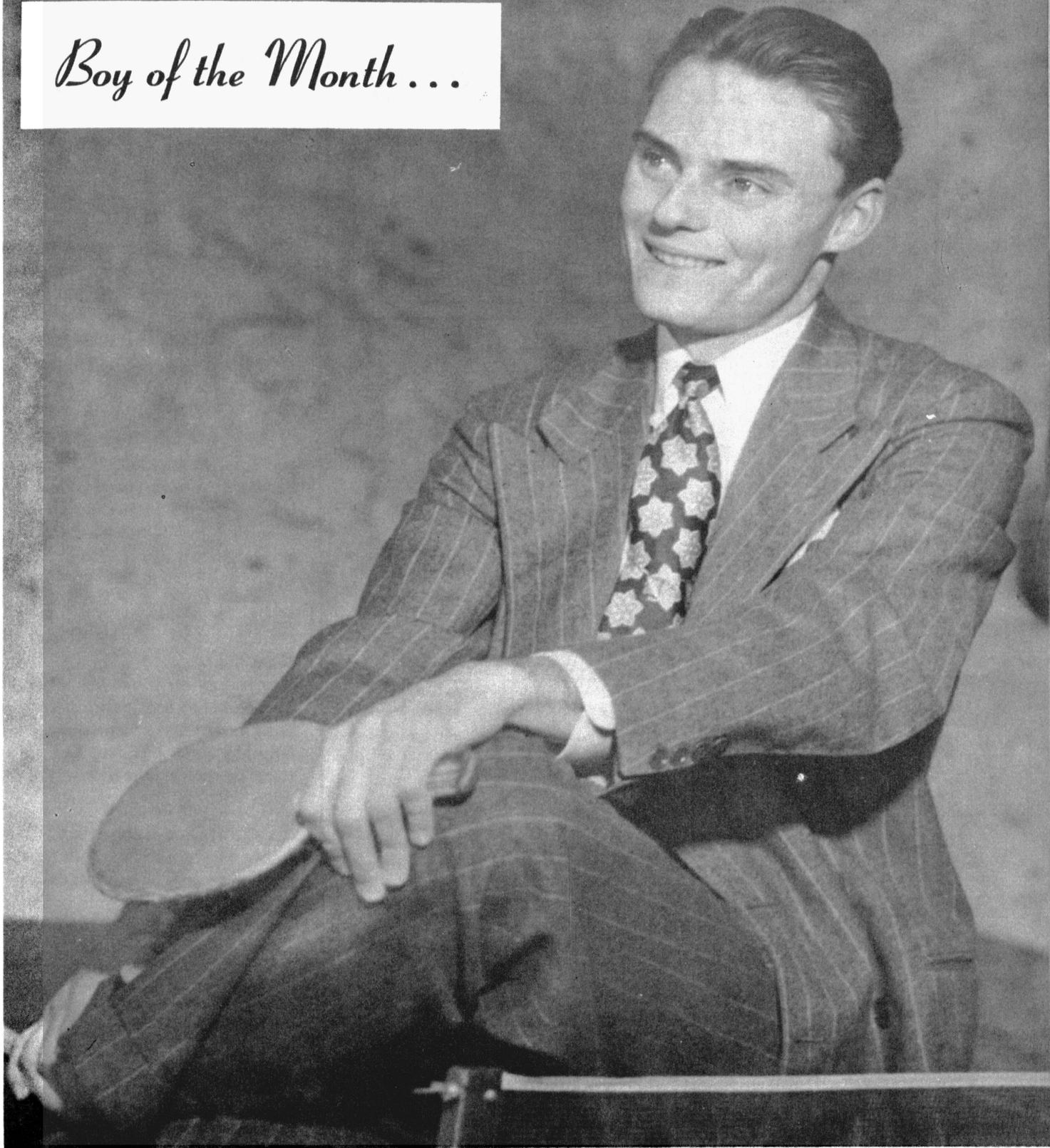
*Girl of the Month . . .*



**MARY JO LITTLEFIELD**

Junior in Journalism . . . Junior president of A. W. S. . . Gamma Alpha Chi (advertising sorority) . . . Women's Pan-Hellenic . . . Kappa Epsilon Alpha (sophomore honorary) . . . Workshop . . . Freshman Orientation Leader . . . President of Alpha Delta Pi . . . 20 . . . Tulsa, Oklahoma.

*Boy of the Month . . .*



**FRANK SEBREE**

Junior in pre-law . . . S. G. A. Council . . . Men's Pan-Hellenic Association . . . Omicron Delta Kappa (Gold Key) . . . Burrall Cabinet . . . Phi Eta Sigma (freshman honorary) . . . Junior Five . . . Letterman in tennis . . . '46 ping pong champion . . . Phi Delta Theta . . . 19 . . . Kansas City.

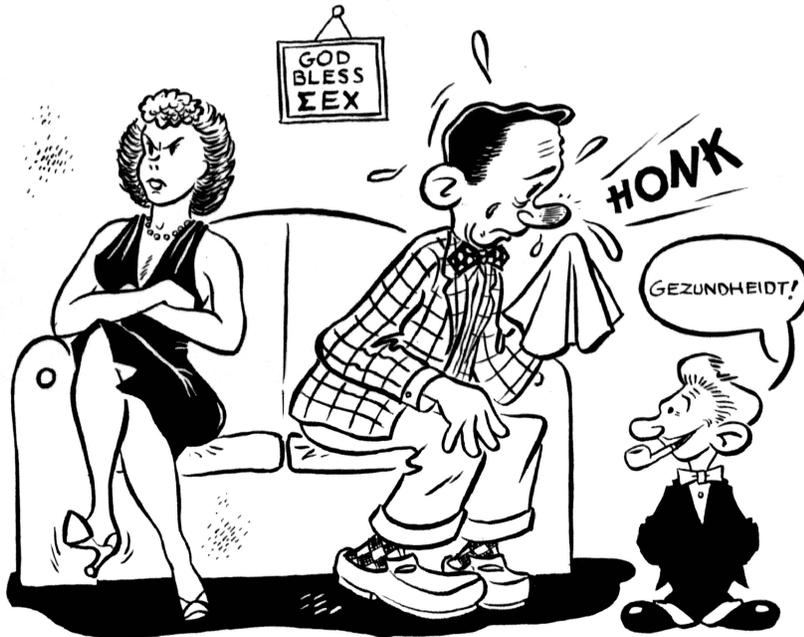
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## *Give The Gal A Break!*

Kill those nasty winter colds and coughs that interrupt your love-life . . . or any other activity for that matter. See ESSER! There you will find a complete line of cold and cough remedies.

And ESSER'S registered pharmacists are ready to give you quick, accurate prescription service.

*Yesser It's Esser For Cold Remedies*

**ESSER DRUG STORE**

715 Broadway

Phone 4300

## FABLE OF SNOW . . .

(Continued from page 21)

gone to sleep, the snow, silently and unlafully, began to fall on the town of Westpot.

In the morning, as the people drowsily awoke, the snow was two feet deep and still falling. They were aghast. The mayor was dumbfounded. He rushed to the phone and called the chief of police. The chief who had been sleeping, was shocked to hear of this gross violation of the laws.

After his talk with the mayor, the chief hurriedly called together his entire police force. Then all four of them marched down to the center of town to arrest whoever was responsible for this violation of the laws.

By the time they got to the corner of the main street and the Boston Post Road, a large crowd was following them. The people had come to see justice dispensed with much the same attitude as the Romans who went to see Christians thrown to the lions.

The chief reached the corner, drew his gun, and then didn't know what to do next. He turned and looked at the assistant chief of police. The assistant chief of police turned and looked question-



"Henry! Your hands are so cold!"

ingly at the third policeman. The third policeman turned and looked at the rookie policeman who looked dumb. Then the four of them got into a huddle. There was quite a babble of voices. Occasionally, a head would lift itself from the huddle and look around. It was still snowing.

The mayor had to'd them to enforce the laws, but they did not know how. They looked to the large crowd for assistance, but no



suggestions came from the people. So, the policemen shrugged their shoulders and went back to the station house.

The crowd broke up silently. Everyone was mumbling. They were a broken and dissipated people for the government had proved itself to be worthless.

In the next elections, the Democrats won by a landslide.

What else could the people do?

---

Shortly after he brought his bride to their new home, he found that she had hung a motto on the wall over the beds. It read, "I need thee every hour."

The next night he hung one of his own up which read, "God give me strength."

## "33 FINE BREWS



*BLENDED INTO  
ONE GREAT BEER"*

**"Sir Gerald's dinners are so elaborate  
—he always serves Dentyne."**

**"Trust Sir Gerald to know that Dentyne Chewing Gum is the crowning touch of perfection—in lingering, delicious flavor! And Dentyne is not only a flavor masterpiece. It helps keep teeth white, too."**

**Dentyne Gum—Made Only by Adams**

Need an Extra-Special Date Dress?

**Gibson's**  
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### **All My Friends Belabor Me:**

All my friends belabor me,  
They cannot begin to see  
Why my tastes are so precise  
In women; *any* girl is nice.  
For an evening's pleasure, why,  
I inspect with cirtic's eye;  
Come now! she is gay and  
bright—  
Homely, but just for tonight—  
Don't hold back, you're over-  
wary,  
Take her dancing, not to marry.

What they say may well be true,  
But I'll cautious ways pursue.  
Liquor alters sober choices,  
Liquor loosens careful voices  
And some morning I might  
waken,  
Find that solemn vows I've  
taken—  
I consider it my duty  
Nights before, to choose a beauty.  
—By Coleman Younger.

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

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

# ROWE'S CROW'S NEST



WANT to learn how to ski, hmmm? You've come to the right person. I don't know how either. Let's take an imaginary trip to West Conson (that's west of East Consin) and we'll learn how to ski.

\* \* \*

The three things necessary to take along on a ski trip are two skis and a hip flask. On second thought, you can do without the skis.

Here we are at the ski lodge. All the women in here are looking for those winter sports and the men are looking for wives. Other people's wives, of course.

Over here we see a famous movie star with his wife. Just a publicity stunt.

Doris Duke is up here. I asked her how she felt. She told me she felt like a new man.

\* \* \*

Now we are ready to ski. We walk to the large French window, look out, and see all that ice.

\* \* \*

"Ice . . . pardon me, I'll be back in a moment. One more bourbon, please."

\* \* \*

Now for the winter sports. When I think of winter sports, I think of Eskimos. When I think of igloos. When I think of

of Eskimos I think of igloos. When I think of igloos, I think of ice. When I think of ice, I think of . . . pardon me, I'll be back in a moment. One more bourbon, please."

\* \* \*

Let me finish this drink and we'll start our lessons. Incidentally, why the hell didn't you go to Miami. Palm trees swaying, girls in bathing suits, horse races, men in barrels.

\* \* \*

I always say that winter is for those igloos that live in Eskimos. Or was it fever and starve a cold? One of those sayings.

\* \* \*

The orchestra up here is fine, too. Last night they were going to polish off Beethoven's fifth until they found it was non-alcoholic.

\* \* \*

I'm not trying to change the subject. We'll be out there in a minute. In no time at all I'll have you doing a Christiana, a half gaynor, and an arabesque. Pardon me for talking in skier's jargon, I just can't help myself.

\* \* \*

On second thought, why don't you go out and get started. I just recalled that my insurance policy lapsed last week.

\* \* \*

"Waiter. Another bourbon."



"Aw, I've seen better beers on heads!"

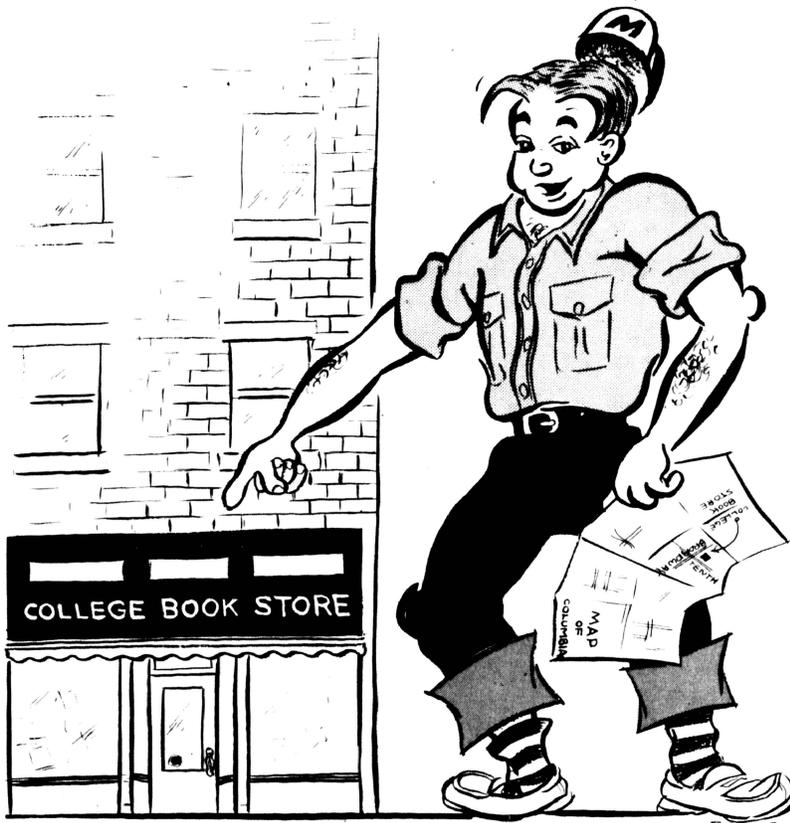
## GAEBLER'S

# Black and Gold Inn

"Center of Student Activity"

Conley Avenue

## BIG RED . . .



. . . Discovers another book store where  
he can purchase college supplies.

## COLLEGE BOOK STORE

At Tenth and Broadway

## HAVEING FUN . . .

(Continued from page 25)

three checkers. The rules are too lengthy to state here, but the idea of the game is to take the opponent's spades with your black checkers (which are only good after they have been crowned kings) by doubling and tripling each bid, while preventing your opponent from checkmating your first trick. One nice thing about this game is that amateur magicians cannot say "Take a card," but will have to say, "Take a checker."

*Indoor Toboggan:* If the guests prefer something a little more strenuous than *Pidge*, *Indoor Toboggan* is the ideal game to play. A few items are needed to play this game, but they can be found in any home. A double bed, a living room sofa, and several leaves from the kitchen table are simple things that all homes have.

Lift the guests that have played *Spin the Bottle* out of the way and stand the double bed against the wall. Place the sofa on top of it to form a sloping surface. A few sheets and blankets from a bed will help make the surface smooth. After the slide is built, give each person one of the table leaves and help them to climb to the top of the slide. When they reach the top, they must sit on the board and recite, "To Boggan, to Boggan, to buy a fat pig. Down the slide, down the slide, higgeldysmig."

*The Face On the Iodine Bottle:* For this game you will need a small child. If you don't have one, perhaps you can arrange to get one—from the neighbors. The child is placed in the center of the room and given a shot of whiskey. The whiskey is in a glass, of course. If the child were permitted to drink it, the anti-vice leagues would become angry. After spinning the

child about 396 times, it is permitted to walk to one of the players in the circle. The person it reaches drinks the whiskey, spins around once and falls dead on the floor. Then the other guests try to guess who poisoned the whiskey.

*Twenty Thousand Questions:* The guests are split into two groups, one of which is sent out of the room. The remaining group then thinks of a subject. Any subject in the universe is perfectly alright. When the subject is chosen, the other group is called in. Now, in twenty thousand questions, the second group tries to guess what the subject is. The gimmick that makes this game more interesting than the conventional *Twenty Questions* is that the members of the first group are not allowed to answer the questions asked. If the second group does not figure out what the subject is in the twenty thousand questions, the entire crowd again plays *Spin the Bottle*.

*Musical Chairs:* This game is a lot of fun, but you will have to have several chairs prepared by a jeweler. Have the jeweler install a Swiss music box in the base of

---

Bob Conrad  
Delta Tau Delta  
Kentucky Ave.  
Columbia, Mo.

Doctor: "You must avoid all forms of excitement."

M. U. Student: "Can I look at them on the street?"

---

each chair so that they will play the Star Spangled Banner when sat upon. As each guest hears this song, he will rise from the chair to

(Continued on page 34)

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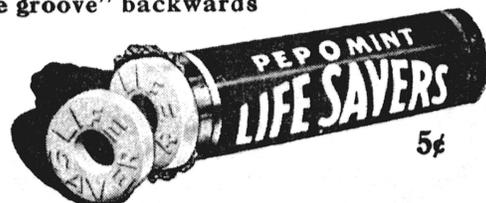
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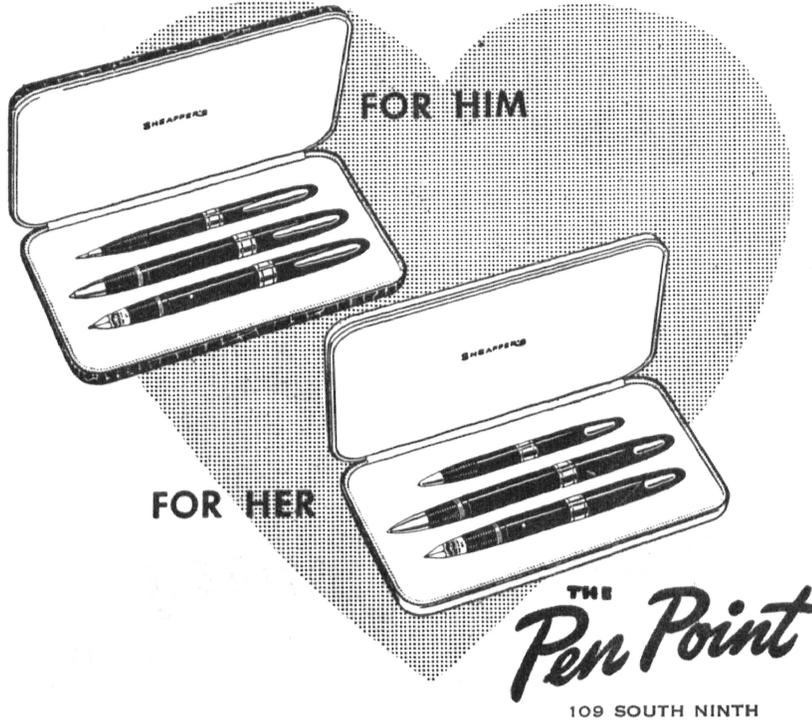


You might be—if you love onions and men too! They just don't go together, Honey! Unless, that is, you keep your breath sweet with yummy Life Savers. Then, you're in the groove right. You can go on loving onions, men, and of course you'll love Life Savers, too.

\* "In the groove" backwards



## A Valentine Gift



stand at attention. When he does, the music will cease and the guest can sit down again. This humorous arrangement is guaranteed to keep the guests on the edge of their seats all through the party.

With these games at your next party, it is sure to be an amazing success. At least, it will be amazing.



A Texan walked into a saloon with his wife and three-year-old son. He ordered two straight whiskies.

"Hey, paw," asked the kid, "ain't maw a-drinkin'?"

\*

"I'd like some allegator shoes."  
"What size does your alligator wear?"

\*

Heard on a cracker box:  
First roach: "Where are you going in such a hurry?"  
Second roach: "Don't you see this sign? It says tear along this line."

\*

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

She: Migawd! What a home life!

—Wataugan

\*

What have you been doing for the past two hours?

Talking to a girl.

Did she say much.

No.

—Wataugan.

## PENNEY'S



### Gibson Girl Blouses \$3.98

Give your skirts a lift—the New Look—with these exquisite Blouses—You'll want several to complete your spring wardrobe.

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*Savitar '48*



ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPH

SALES DEADLINE

# Feb. 14

ON SALE IN JESSE HALL, 303 READ  
HALL, OR SAVITAR SALESMEN ON CAMPUS

# THIS MONTH'S CONTRIBUTIONS...



## FRANK MANGAN

Hot-shot ad senior Frank is SHOWME's advertising manager. His place of honor in the office is the filing cabinet. Frank has proved himself an able salesman and efficient manager of the all-important advertising department.

Frank calls El Paso, Texas, home and can often be recognized for his use of such expressions indigenous to El Paso as "What a *raunchy* character." He is president of Journalism Students' Association, a member of Alpha Delta Sigma, honorary advertising fraternity, and Pi Kappa Alpha.

## PAT RYAN, JR.

Hot-shot poet Pat Ryan has finally realized one of his ambitions: to have a poem on a page all by itself! The frontispiece poem this month is his.

Pat has led a gypsy-like life, and is now occupied with confusing the registrar as to his exact place of residence. It is either Minnesota or Florida. Pat whispered to him that he is interested in journalism, although still in Arts and Science. He is a member of Phi Kappa Psi and Workshop.

## DOROTHY VALLE

One of our most able and enthusiastic salesgirls is Dorothy Valle. She arrives at the table in Jesse Hall early at 7:30 on the days the magazines come out.

Dorothy is from Farmington, Mo., is 21 years old, a senior in advertising in J School, and a member of Gamma Alpha Chi, women's advertising fraternity. She belongs to Alpha Chi Omega sorority, and she says she likes sports, talking, and dancing. After school she plans to work on the radio station in Farmington.

## COLEMAN YOUNGER

Hot-shot contributor Coleman Younger is a mystery man. After several months of receiving his contributions without ever seeing him in the flesh, staff members began to speculate as to his identity. The student directory listed no Coleman Younger, but some research on the name brought surprising results, to-wit: there was once a Coleman Younger. He was born in Harrisonville, Mo., in 1842. When 17 he joined the Confederate Army and was commissioned a captain in intelligence. Then, after the war, he joined with the James Gang who called him "Colonel."

In 1876 he and his two brothers were caught robbing a bank in Minnesota and were sent to the state prison. While there he taught Shakespeare to his fellow inmates and was also the prison librarian. In 1901, he was pardoned, and two years later toured the country with Frank James in a wild west show. He died on March 21, 1916.

All of which leaves SHOWME with this question: "Who is Coleman Younger?"

## MORT' WALKER

Hot-shot editor Addison M. ("Aw, call me Mort') Walker, editor-at-rest, has been relegated to the waste-basket position in the office this month while Charlie Barnard takes over the editorial duties. Mort' found that he couldn't tear himself away from SHOWME for even one month however, and so came up with the cover and main story illustration—just to keep his hand in.

Mort' is well known for his cartooning ability, having sold to *Saturday Evening Post*, *Varsity*, *Collegiate*, *The Savitar*, and others. In his winter attire, the most striking item of which is the battered hunting cap, Mort' looks somewhat like one of his own cartoon characters.

The Chief, as his underlings fondly call him, is a senior, a member of Kappa Sigma and Sigma Delta Chi. Home address: Kansas City.





# EASY MONEY DEPARTMENT



That's no wolf at your door—that's opportunity knocking! One buck—three bucks—fifteen bucks—all kinds of money (mostly American)—that's what Pepsi-Cola Co. pays for gags you send in and we print.

Send your stuff, together with your name, address, school and class, to Easy Money Department, Pepsi-Cola Co., Box A, Long Island City, N. Y. All contributions become the property of Pepsi-Cola Co. We pay only for those we print. (At the risk of being thought sordidly commercial, we might add that while working "Pepsi-Cola" into your gag won't insure you against a rejection slip, it's a lead-pipe cinch that it won't do your chances any harm.)

Don't write home for dough—get it from your old Uncle Pepsi! You never had it so good . . . just make us laugh and you're in like Flynn!

\*\*\*\*\*

## DAFFY DEFINITIONS

Even daffier than the definitions is the fact that we pay a buck apiece for any of these we can't resist. That's why we're shooting one rock to *Louis W. Geier of New Orleans* for our lead-off definition: Refresher course—a path to the nearest bottle of Pepsi.

Father—the kin we love to touch.  
Zebra—a Sing-Sing mule.  
Nectar—pre-Pepsi-Cola Pepsi-Cola.  
Twins—insult added to injury.

\*\*\*

*Look, all you have to do is write these. We have to read 'em. Even so, we'll pay a buck apiece for the ones we buy.*

\*\*\*\*\*

## JACKPOT

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

**\$100.00**

\*\*\*\*\*

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



-----

The guy who drew this had a caption in mind, but before he could put it on paper, the man in the white coat collected him. So we'll pay \$5 for the best titles we get. Or send in your own original cartoon idea. \$10 for just the idea . . . \$15 if you draw it . . . if we buy it.

Here are the rich kids who latched onto Easy Money for cartoon captions and ideas in the October contest: \$15.00 to *Herbert John Brammeier, Jr., of St. Louis Univ.*; \$5.00 to each of the following: *Katherine Meland of Syracuse Univ.*; *David S. Steiner of Carnegie Tech.*; and *John French of Hotchkiss School.*

## HE-SHE GAGS

Old Phineas T. Barnum must have had us in mind when he said there's one born every minute. In the October contest, we sent three fish apiece to *E. J. Maines of Knoxville, Tenn.*; *Ned Curran of Fordham University*; *Melvin Harrison of Brooklyn, N. Y.*; *Paul Pavalon, of Madison, Wis.*; and *Francis J. Chupa of Philadelphia* respectively for the following gems:

He: What's your favorite hymn?  
She: Why, you, silly!

He: May I kiss you?  
She: (Silence).  
He: May I please kiss you?  
She: (More silence).  
He: Say, are you deaf?  
She: No, are you paralyzed?

She: Your head is like a doorknob.  
He: How come?  
She: Any girl can turn it.

He: I have a friend who always drinks Pepsi-Cola with a straw.  
She: That's silly—who ever heard of a straw drinking Pepsi-Cola?

She: I'm getting worried about my husband. I sent him out for a Pepsi-Cola two weeks ago and he hasn't come back yet.  
He: That is a problem.  
She: Yes, I need the Pepsi-Cola.

*Yep, three bucks apiece for any of these we buy. What are you waiting for?*

## LITTLE MORON CORNER

How do you write a moron gag? Just put yourself in a moron's place and listen to the things you say. Here's the masterpiece that corralled a deuce in the October contest for *M. M. Mitchell of Austin, Texas*:

Muffinhead Moron, the man with the mind of a midge, was found sitting on

the curb, exhausted, begging plaintively for a Pepsi-Cola. When asked why he was so bushed, he replied, typically: "I just walked through a screen door and strained myself!"

*\$2, cash money, for every moron gag we buy. With your contacts, how can you lose?*

"You might say I'm careful, that's why I say Chesterfields SATISFY me!"

*Risë Stevens*

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