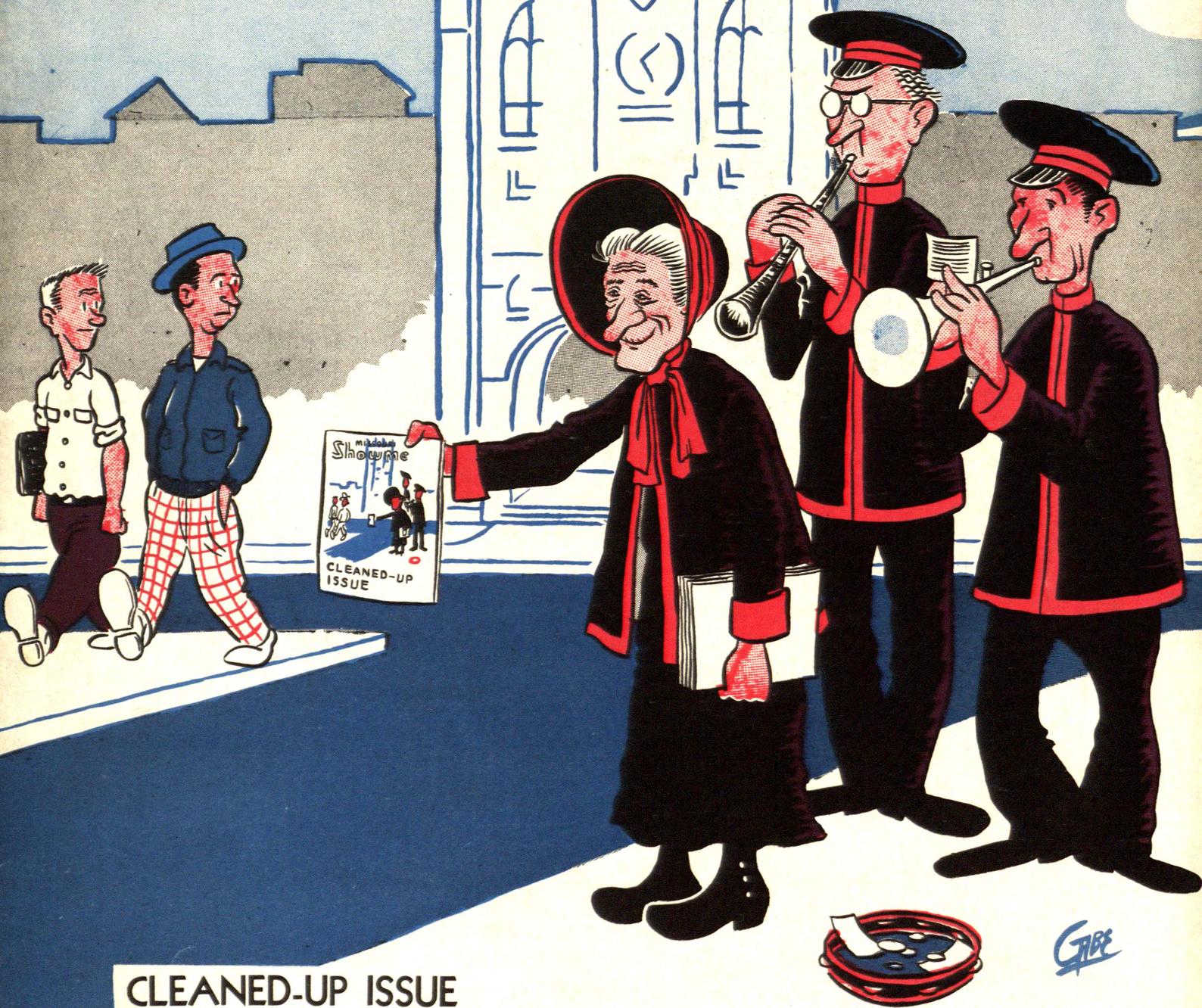


MISSOURI Showme

25c



CLEANED-UP ISSUE

GARE

WHY ARE MORE PEOPLE
SMOKING CAMELS
THAN EVER BEFORE?

BECAUSE
EXPERIENCE IS THE
BEST TEACHER!

Vic Scott

Champion
Outboard Racing Driver

He holds the world's record for Class C Outboard Motorboats—57.325 miles per hour for 5 miles! 1947 winner of the famous Albany-to-New York Outboard Marathon.

"In 12 years of outboard racing, I've found that 'experience is the best teacher,'" says Vic Scott. "And that's true in choosing a cigarette, too. Through the years, I've tried many brands. I've compared them—for mildness, for cool smoking, for flavor. I learned from experience that Camels suit me to a 'T'!"

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



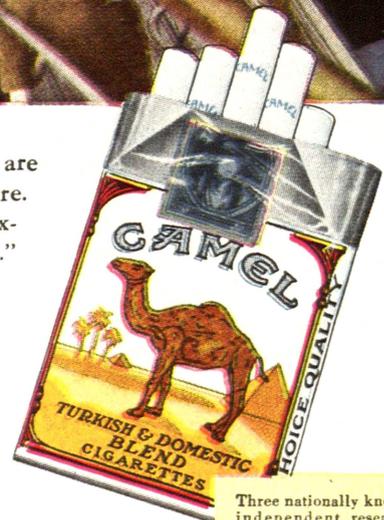
LET YOUR "T-ZONE"
TELL YOU WHY!

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."

ALL OVER America, more people are smoking Camels than ever before. Millions of smokers have found by experience that Camels suit them to a "T."

Try Camels yourself. Compare them—for mildness, coolness; for full, rich flavor. Let your "T-Zone"—that's T for Taste and T for Throat—tell you why Camels are the "choice of experience."



Three nationally known independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors to name the cigarette they smoked. More doctors named Camel than any other brand.

According to a Nationwide survey:
More Doctors smoke Camels than any other cigarette





thinking of you . . .
Fred A. Block
a original

Harzfeld's

An infinitely cherished look beautifully achieved in Fred A. Block's double-bell silhouette suit of Forstmann's Baroca . . . the crepe blouse flaunts a huge sailor collar of cotton eyelet batiste, covering the shoulders of its flare back bolero . . . then in at the waist with a contour belt and out again for subtle fullness.

IF YOU CALL MOTHER ON MOTHER'S DAY



Place Your Call as Early
as Possible

●
There Will Probably be Delay

●
Be Available to Take Your Call
When We Have
MOTHER on the Line

MISSOURI TELEPHONE COMPANY

Letters to the Editor

Dear Ed:

I'm going to design a form letter to you, asking permission to use your stuff. We seem to be doing it with embarrassing regularity.

Sincerely,

Armand Schwab, Jr.
Varsity Magazine

Dear Whoever-you-are:

Yesterday I was very much surprised to find in my mailbox the five back issues of the SHOWME which you so kindly sent. They are circulating thru the dormitories now, and every one praises their content . . . from the ionic columns to the Pepsi-Cola page.

I am very grateful to you all for casting this ray of humor within the drab walls of this monastery.

Very truly yours,
Harold Morrison
Georgia Tech.

Mr. Editor:

Could it be possible for the SHOW-me staff to edit ONE issue of their magazine that isn't filled with FILTH? Surely you receive from your readers contributions that are interesting, enlightening, and CLEAN. Do you disregard and discard all such material?

This school magazine is influencing the minds of young men and women, some of whom haven't the sense nor the will-power to say NO! After seeing immoralities of all kinds written so freely of, won't you agree that some would say, "How can these things be wrong, even though I have been taught they are? It seems to be the general practice. Why shouldn't I join the crowd?" Why not indeed? Why not be like the rats in the old fairy tale that drowned because they blindly followed the piper?

. . . you can't give me one good substantial reason why the SHOWME should continue to be so disgusting . . . not one good reason why its contents should be so full of dirt! I challenge you to!

Martha Twain

There are all kinds of publications. Ours is one whose policy is not to educate, inspire, or editorialize. We merely attempt to entertain; a humble task which we consider important in this all too serious world. Because we satirize sex and liquor does not

mean that we necessarily advocate such practices. Satire, if anything, puts its targets in a ridiculous light. Whatever you do, do not confuse our magazine with Watchtower. They might not appreciate the comparison. ED.
Dear Editor:

Please accept my congratulations for editing one of the superior magazines of college humor.

If our staff were fortunate enough to use more than two colors for a cover, we would be the first to follow your attractive example.

Next *Spartan* will be exchange edition, and please note (when it comes to your office) that the *SHOWME* is about to fall beneath Sparty's shears.

Love that magazine . . .

Yours very sincerely,
Ken Howard
Mich. State Spartan

Dear Kids:

Received your letter today and was glad to see that someone enjoyed our efforts. We worked like hell on the magazine and, as you have probably heard (from the newspapers and Life Magazine), we have been banned from the campus for bringing Stormy here.

We are not going to dissolve, however, and our next issue will be sold just off the campus in Tiger Town.

Am planning to use your center-spread from your Sex Issue in our next Banned Issue. Have admired your work and hoped that you weren't as mad as the Record when we lifted one of theirs.

Pat McIntyre
Ex-Editor
Louisiana Pell-Mell

Note: The Pell-Mell recently published a Stormy Issue named after a famous Louisiana strip tease artist. Pictures of the stripper appeared throughout the issue in photos, ads, and cartoons. Part of the sales ballyhoo was to have Stormy present the day the magazine went on sale to autograph copies. It created such a furor with the faculty that the magazine was banned. Later the editor ran for president of the student body and in part of his campaign Stormy appeared to make speeches from the back of a convertible. Before a large group of students she went into her stripping act. When she got down to her swimming suit and began to unzip it, the students swarmed her and threw her into a pond on the campus. She suffered bruises, cuts, and broken bones. Ed.

DORN-CLONEY

For

LAUNDRY AND CLEANING

Dial 3114



Maybe if he wore WOOLF BROTHERS clothes
he could get a better list of girl friends!

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

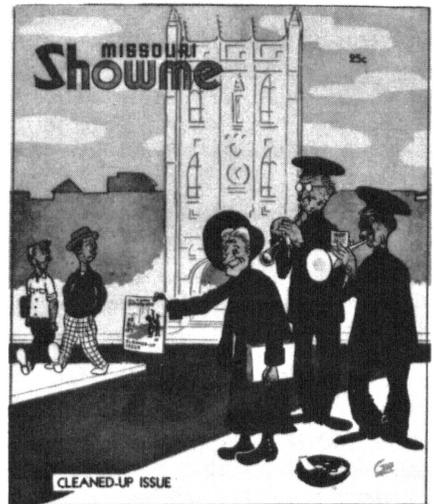
A "Carry-Out Snack"
For a Party of 4 or 5



ICE CREAM

- Choice of Cake or
- Cookies
- Chocolate Syrup

CENTRAL DAIRY



BILL Gabriel had no intention of predicting that Salvation Army workers or the like would pounce upon the Cleaned-up Issue of the SHOWME as an indication of our repentance, but he merely wishes to symbolize the contents of this magazine. We had to conduct a lot of research on this issue since the material was so foreign to the sinful staff members. For instance, Gabe's first sketch of the cover pictured a well proportioned babe in a sexy pose selling the magazines. We reminded him of the theme of this issue and he finally came up with what you see, completely sexless, sinless, and unpovocative.

Anyone is entitled to a little personal housecleaning now and then, why not SHOWME?

Christian College Representatives

Kit McKartney
Sue Henley

Showme Salesgirls

Marilyn Hill,
Delta Gamma
Pat Thieman,
Alpha Gamma Delta
Corinne Sartorius,
Zeta Tau Alpha
Marilyn Scott,
Kappa Alpha Theta
Dorothy Carl,
Alpha Chi Omega
Pat Hughes,
Delta Delta Delta
Joy Scrinopski,
Alpha Epsilon Phi
Dorothy Hirst,
Kappa Kappa Gamma



MISSOURI Showme

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

SHOWME, OCT. 1920

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APRIL 1948

THE STAFF

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Make-up Editor

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Exchange Editor

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Bill McCarter

Marketing and Promotion

Bob Seidner

Pete Mayer

DECISION IN THE SPRING

A story familiar to many people on the post-war campus. It deals with the contrast between a veteran's bitterness, young co-ed's naivety and the effects of their attitudes on one another.

STEPHEN'S LAKE

The cartoon centerspread satirizes the antics of the sophisticated Suzies, the watchful chaperons, and those wicked university men . . . clean-up, of course.

BUMMATOSIS

How to clean up on the coffin nails in several difficult lessons. An analysis of the art of bumming cigarets . . . or how to save 20c a day and still retain that glamorous smoker's hack.

HOW TO CATCH HIS EYE

Imbued with the propriety of Emily Post's advice on how to catch the waiter's eye in a respectable manner, one of our staff members tells of the turmoil involved in being mannerly around Columbia.

SHOWME CLEANS-UP COLUMBIA'S BEE JOINTS

Paralleling the SGA Sanitation Committee's campaign to clean up the local restaurants, the SHOWME takes a microbe count on Columbia's beer glasses. Don't forget, "Buy your wine at the OK SHOWME sign."

SHALL WE CLEAN UP THE WORLD?

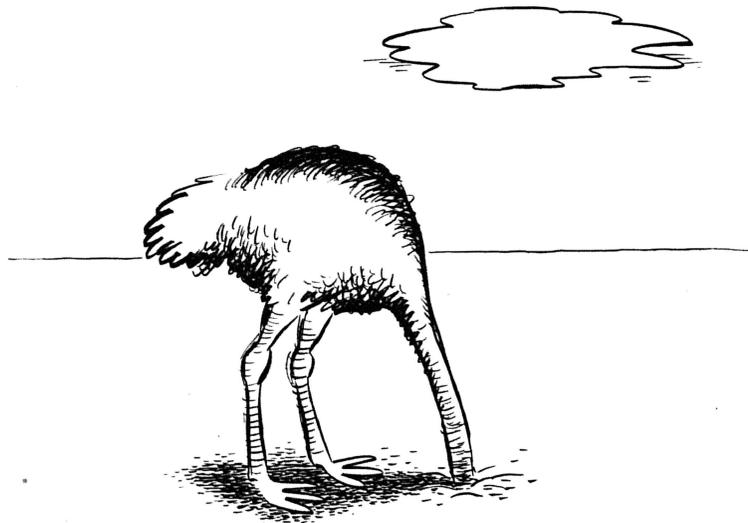
A calm analysis of the effect the war news has had on the students at the University.

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

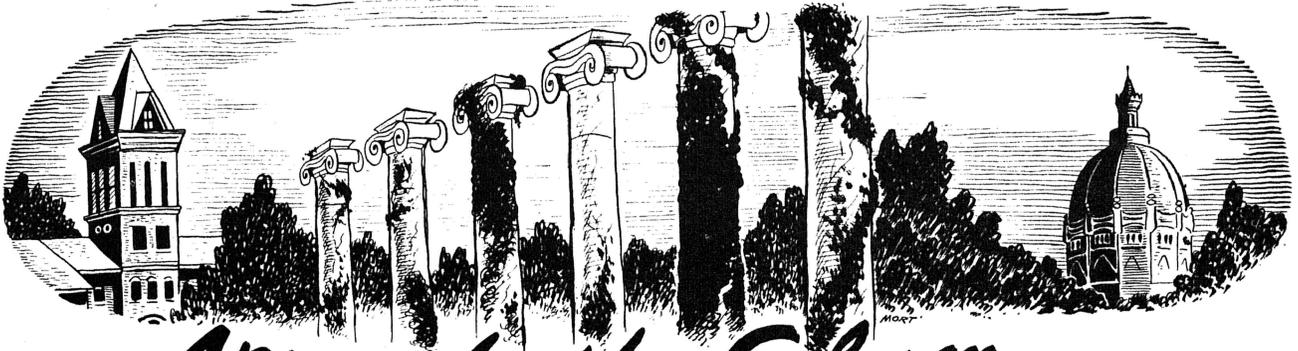
Printed by Modern Litho-Printing Co., Jefferson City, Mo., Anton Hiesberger, owner.

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.



ELECTED Silence sing to me.
To worldly thoughts I turn a muffled ear.
Compose me songs of purity.
And tell me only what I care to hear.



Around the Columns

Overheard

Student: "Can I still partition out of this class?"

Teacher: "No, I'm afraid you're stuck with this curse."

April

Watery April . . . studies rolling off us like water on a duck's back . . . the feel of good warm earth . . . love of things . . . morning sounds of dogs and screen doors . . . busy sounds of life. . . Bridge games on the lawn . . . judging on Jesse Walk . . . beer in Columbia's backyard . . . cigarettes in the darkness of intermission. . .

Good clouds, white against azure . . . the chorus of birds and crickets . . . the unseen world . . . Missouri mud. . .

The feeling that time is slipping away . . . hold on to it. . .

Obituary

The little woman had been so busy keeping the trailer in shape for her veteran husband and child that she didn't have time to do her homework. It was hard enough doing the shopping and trying to have good meals every day without having to go to classes and study on top of it. Her assignment for "Marriage and the Family" had been to work out an ideal budget for a family of three but she had not had time to do it. At the last minute she took out the expense account she had been using for her own family for the last two

years and copied it to turn in. She smiled happily as she submitted it knowing that she had the jump on the unmarried students in the class who had never had any practical experience in managing a household.

A week later the paper came back. There were red marks all over it, a grade of "I," and a terse comment from the instructor, "No one could *live* on this budget."

The Toy McCoy

We read an article in a newspaper the other day which revealed that the recent influx of toy firearms on the kiddie market is causing an increase in the crime wave. The article stated that the criminal can use the weapon without fear of being arrested for carrying an unregistered weapon. The law states that only weapons capable of discharging a lethal projectile are illegal but the wary victim of a holdup is reluctant to ask the bandit to demonstrate the effective-

ness of his persuader. Naturally at anything less than the real McCoy toy and a terrible situation prevails. The young 'uns are crying for them, the thug sits back contentedly and snickers, the law tears its hair, and the manufacturers are frustrated.

Bongo, bongo, bongo.

Fashion That!

We note with vague enthusiasm the introduction of a new type of optical ware on the luxury market. These new glasses are constructed so that the wearer can see out but the outsiders cannot see in. At first we were doubtful as to the practicability of such a device, but upon further investigation we begin to see some advantages. You can use them as a mirror to comb your hair; you can conceal black eyes; you can spend some more money on gadgets and keep money in circulation.

We think, however, that an even better arrangement could be made by reversing the lenses so that you would wear them when you wanted to be alone.

A new fashion trend for men has blossomed forth. It is called the "Bold Look" and was evolved evidently in retaliation to the New Look. Whether women will accept this extremity in the male vestige without a fight is doubtful. Certainly it will receive a "Cold



Look" from them until they become accustomed to it.

Of course, we think that they will prefer it to the predicted male fashion trend . . . khaki. Incidentally, haberdasheries are complaining of a sharp decline in sales as the boys warily await further developments before they invest in



any more fine feathers. Most of them feel that their next investment will be in moth balls.

Shades of the Organ Grinder

A high spot in the advent of warm weather is the mobile caliope which has been filling the campus air with music. It's a new twist to be marching to school to the strains of "Bicycle Built for Two," and "When you wore a Tulip." But when this nostalgic music floats into the classroom on a warm spring breeze, the professor finds it difficult to maintain undivided attention. Minds are wandering out to long forgotten days under the big top and visions of merry-go-rounds and ferris wheels. But a sour note always

returns them to the present tasks at hand . . . and there's always a sour note.

Student Suffrage

To the critics of our democracy who have been deriding American voters for their lack of interest in their own government, we point with pride to the student march on the City Hall to fight for their right to vote. Since students are not permanent citizens of this city, the Administration would not let them register. Through their fight in court for their inalienable rights, we felt the spirit of '76 coursing through our veins.

But the student is never satisfied. Now he wants a candidate worth voting for.

Local Hokum

And speaking of elections, the shenanigans in the SGA election has all but overshadowed the national fracas. In capsule size we recognize some of the great machinery of our country's system. Always present in the campus party meetings are spies from the opposition, lobbyists, and converts. It's a regular whirlpool of intrigue.

Alliances are felt sharply as voters corralled in one party feel it dutiful to vote their party ticket although they may prefer the op-

position's candidate. The big division in sentiment is between the Greek and the Independent factions. The Independents hold the majority of potential votes, but the Greeks wield the organized power to compel their voters to attend the polls.

Similar to the national system, both parties are making concessions to each other to attract support. Naturally, these promises will be forgotten as soon as the election is over, but it's all part of the game.

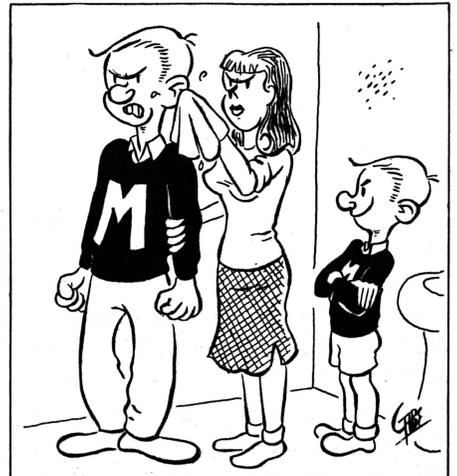
The University is anxious to make the SGA a worthy organization in which they can put new trust. A link is needed between the faculty and the student body and it is hoped that SGA can be



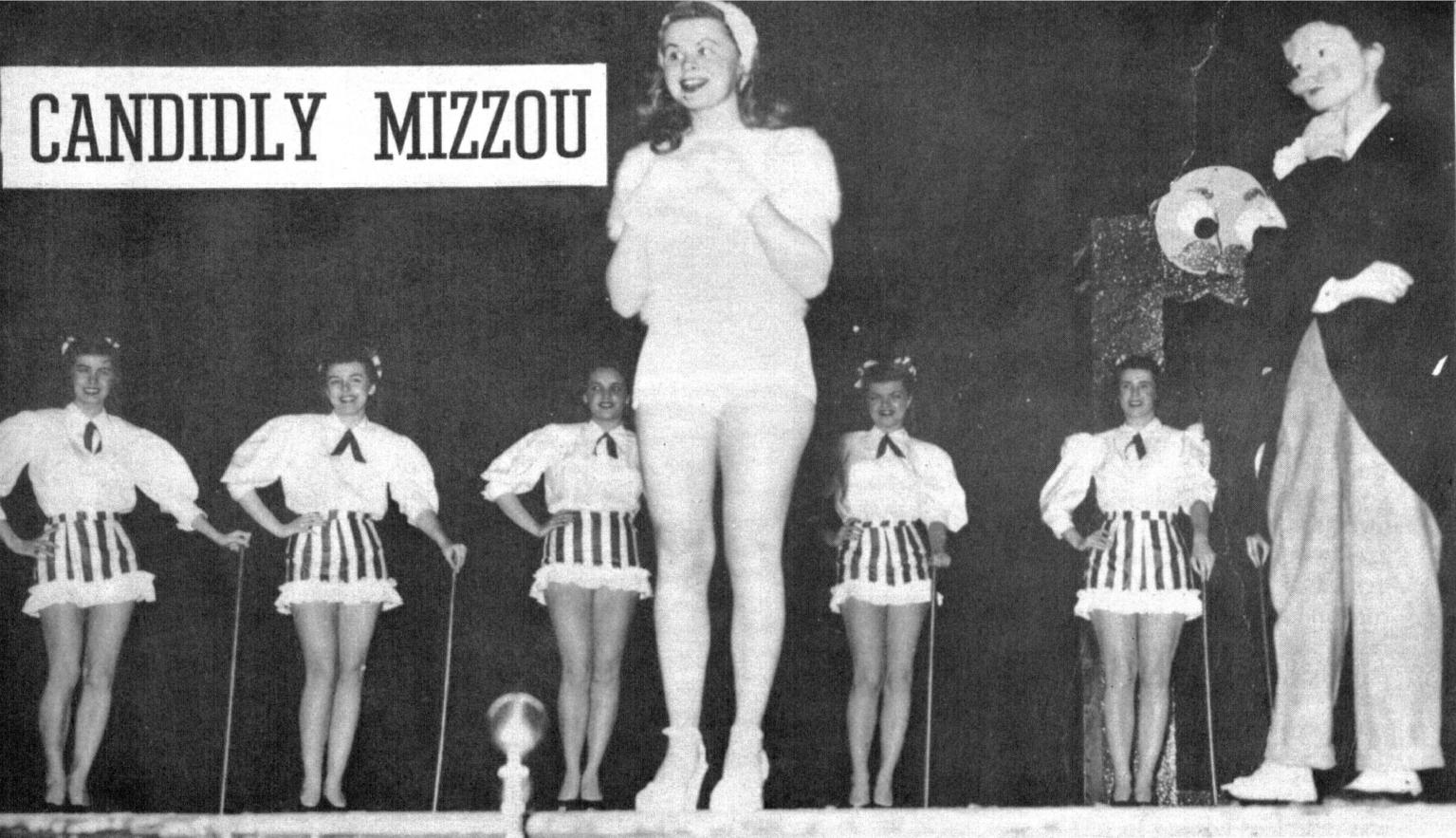
that link. If the aim is successful, the University will give the group a fabulous budget to work with.

If the activities keep on as they have started, SGA will undoubtedly receive faculty approval. After all, who would say that the national elections were not worthy?

POP MIZZOU



CANDIDLY MIZZOU



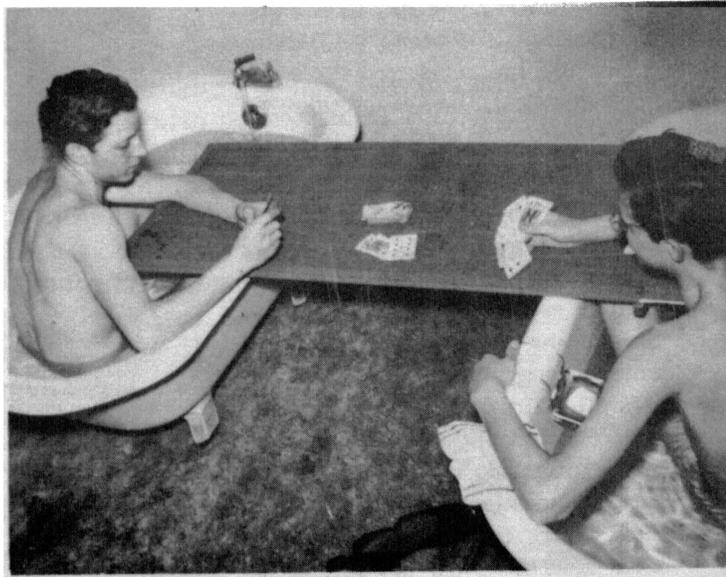
Next to Showme, the thing most likely to be banned from campus is that filthy Savitar frolics outfit. They're not worried, though. The faculty needs an occasional leg show too, and can't spare bus fare to the Follies in K. C.



Woman Hater's Week was initiated by a group of local revolutionaries. The idea was to show the femmes that men don't have to put up with "situation Columbia." But spring came along and all the erstwhile standoffs are again dressing nattily.

WORRIED . . . about M. U. ?

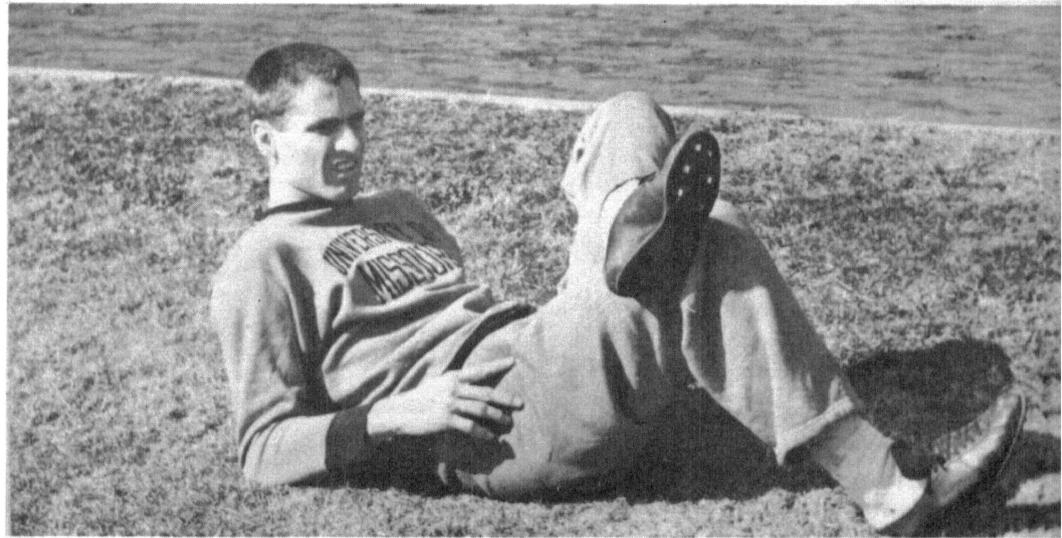
Don't be. Showme will clean up everything.



Here's a solution to your worries about how to keep clean and still do all the studying that's being crammed down your academic throats. Do both at once. Not in the shower, though unless you're reading a pretty dry book.



We don't have to worry about campus cleanup as long as our eagle-eye rebate snipers are on the job. Here one of them spots a fifteen center at a hundred yards, tears off after it, makes the stab, and gets away. **John Trimble**



The aqs are worried about what is happening to the spirit-building traditions on campus. Their favorite, the paddle-swinging sprints on White Campus, went up in a puff of smoke. **Robert Burns**



Don't worry about M.U. staying co-educational. It will. But we could do without the Isb-K. bangs, don't you think?

Anne Leach

No need to worry about M. U. athletic honors as long as we have men like Bud Gartiser smashing world records (60 yd. dash in 6.8 at K. C.) Here's Bud in one of his less speedier moments.



decision in the spring

by dran rabb

TOM, darling," she said, "we are going to the spring formal next week, aren't we?"

The girl who had spoken was beautiful—by any standards: slim, eighteen, full of the joy of life, yearning to live it to the hilt, to run with the pack, to have her blood pound a conga beat, to feel the warm glow of her third high-

ball: she was the first blush of womanhood, experiencing a new awareness of life. She was Catherine and he was hers—she was sure of it, even if he was older: old enough so that when he took her hand in his it seemed the gesture of a big brother.

"And, Tom, we'll go to the Highway Inn at intermission,

won't we, and we'll dance some more, and we'll see Jack and Phyllis? I promised them we would. And then, later, we can walk out to the Cliffs and talk a while before you take me home. Won't we, Tom?"

But he didn't answer. He didn't answer because he didn't want to go to the dance, because he knew

his leg would hurt, because he couldn't stand the comparing of corsages and the way people smiled at the guy in the rented tuxedo.

It was important to her—he knew that—like a hundred other small things were important to her. Sometimes he wondered if he could love this girl: wondered why. Memories danced in his mind like sun light on water: memories of Cathy: memories of things she had said:

"Oh, Tom!" Her voice had been vibrant with excitement. "Have you *seen* Ralph's new car? A convertible with red leather and all chrome and air horns and a top that's automatic, Tom! It's just the most beautiful thing I've ever seen! I can't wait to ride in it!" And then she'd squeezed her eyes shut and clasped her hands in front of her at the very thought of what she'd just described.

Somehow, he hadn't been able to answer her. His mind had gone back to an old Ford jeep without a top or a windshield and he could see Sergeant McCall cursing it for being stubborn and yet loving it as a man might love a horse. He remembered that it didn't have any chrome on it—just mud and olive drab, like Sergeant McCall.

But it wasn't all the memory of war that seemed to slam a door in his face nowadays. Those vivid pictures were still crisp and sharp, yet he lived with them like old friends now. Rather it was as if he stood in a waiting room or a theatre lobby where thousands of people passed him by—going where he wanted to go but for some reason could not. As they might in a dream, great gates barred his people—even Cathy. She was on the other side of the gates, beckoning to him, provoking him with her youth, yet doing so unaware of the barrier that he saw between them.

He tried—oh God how hard—to open those gates; to join that marching multitude that seemed to ignore him. But they marched on through the days, laughing, playing—making him hate them at times and making him want to join them too—so that for all the gaiety of college, he was lonesome as a visitor from a foreign land.

Now it was a dance: a spring formal with lanterns hung in the garden and the sound of music drifting through French doors and couples lighting cigarettes in the dark and kissing and going out to their cars to pour another shot of whiskey into paper cups so they could be more mature—or was it drunk—or was there a difference? That's the way it was in movies, so that's the way they did it. It was the collegiate way. Not to have the lanterns hung in the garden would be heresy, thought Tom bitterly. Sometimes it was clear: in order not to be lonesome, he had to follow the crowd; and in order to follow the crowd, he had to ad-

mire the lanterns; and in order to admire the lanterns he had to remember that he didn't give a damn whether they were lanterns or street lights as long as he said that the lanterns were pretty and the other decorations were wonderful and the band was terrific and Cathy's gown was beautiful. They didn't care what he thought. It was by what he *said* that they judged him to be one of them or not. Hypocrisy was the key to the gates.

And of course she wanted to go to the dance: of course she wanted to walk under the lanterns in the garden and make believe: of course she wanted him to say that her gown was beautiful: and of course she wanted to be kissed goodnight: and of course that's all she wanted. Of course. If she had known what else he wanted, she would have reared like a skittish colt, frightened, confused, and hurt. Love was a goodnight kiss and a formal gown and lanterns

(Continued on page 22)



"If you'll just wait a minute, I'll get you a glass of water."

GUZZLING PERFECTION With SHOWME INSPECTION

A newly formed student committee, the SHOWME Beer Inspection Committee recently began a crusade which it believes, will add immeasurably to the contentment and well being of M. U. students.

At this moment, somewhere in Columbia, every one of the twelve members of the committee is unselfishly donating his time to the scientific inspection of beer. This sacrifice, we think, deserves commendation.

Equipped with microscope, test tubes, and a large bag of pretzels, each inspector makes a test of the quality, quantity, and "effectiveness" of brew in each establishment on his busy route.

In only a few weeks, the power and reputation of this committee has spread throughout the nation. Several members have had the honor of receiving invitations to join Alcoholics Anonymous of America.

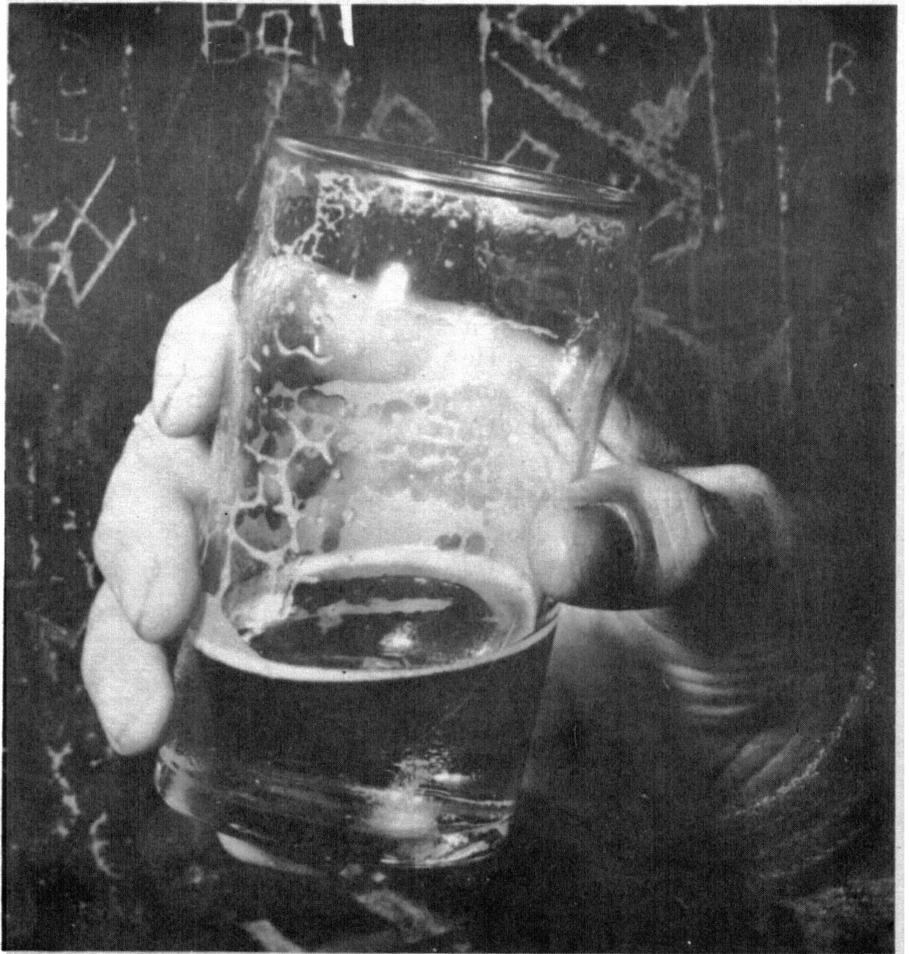
The noble cause of these hard-working, selfless students who labor for **your** benefit should receive your whole hearted co-operation. Remember the slogans: "You can stay if it says O. K." . . . "21 or over, SHOWME looked it over." . . . "You can toast her at the O. K. poster." . . . and "Have a stein at the SHOWME sign."



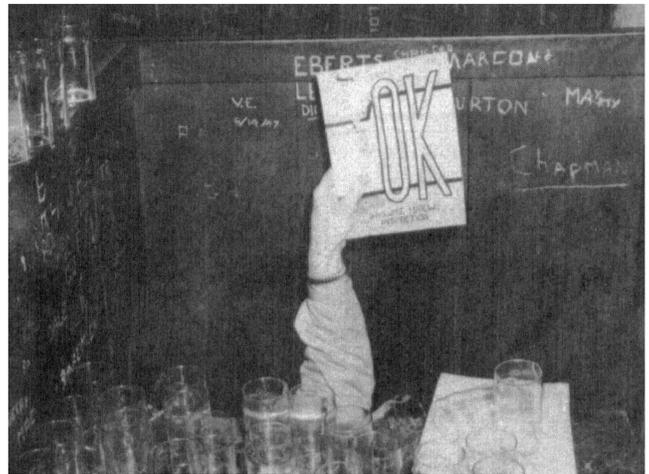
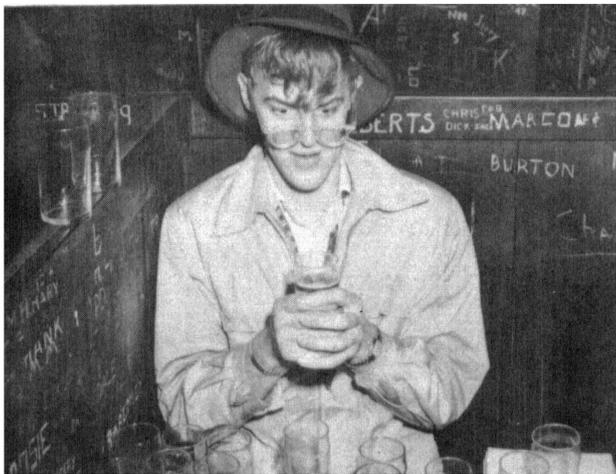
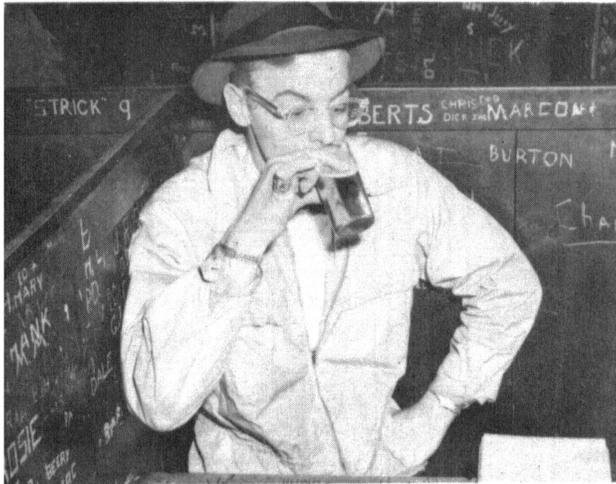
Students enemy number one is the dreaded "Bottle Bacillus." Several billion billion billion of these in a glass of beer can guzzle it faster than you can.



The happiest day in the brew-purveyor's life is the day he gets that priceless endorsement by the S. B. I. (SHOWME Beer Inspection—not to be confused with Jack Armstrong's Scientific Bureau of Investigation.) Patrons are happy too, when they can be assured that their ulcers are safe.

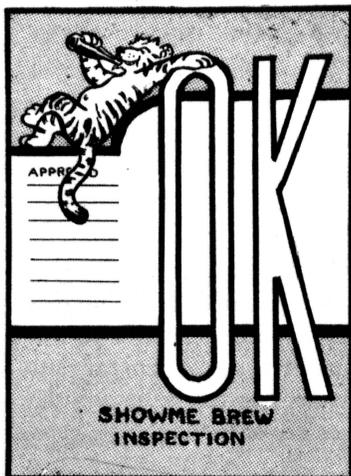


The most cherished substance on M. U. campus must be kept above and beyond all possible contamination at the hands of evil Columbia beer-merchants. "Beer it—don't fear it" or "Sop the best by SHOWME test" at the O. K. tiger sign.



A dutiful committee member making his rounds finds that the only good inspection is a thorough inspection. In order to be awarded the cherished O. K. tiger sign the establishment must be able to serve in quantity, quickly, cheaply, and "effectively."

SHOWME CLEANS UP COLUMBIA



In its city-wide campaign, the SHOWME Beer Inspection Committee does a magnificent job of inspection coverage. Every joint in town is covered six nights a week by student inspectors. On meeting nights the committee has a beer bust with collected samples.



shall we

CLEAN UP THE WORLD?

SOME Mizzou vets are saying these days, "Let's clean up this mess once and for all."

Well, we don't know what stage of international crisis the world will be in by the time you read these lines, but we recall the turmoil of campus gossip that spread like a grass fire about four weeks ago following the Sunday night broadcast of a prominent keyhole columnist.

"War within two months," he said (accompanied by dots and dashes) and within two minutes the 'war' was being fought here in Columbia—in skirmishes at first,

and in full-scale operations later. The arm chair generals and Hinkson Creek admirals met in mighty sessions. The Shack, the halls of Jesse, and the street corners—these were the Yalta's and Potsdam's of Columbia.

"I tell you, we've got to do it now!"

You're crazy; the Russians have got an atomic bomb."

"Listen! I had a buddy who knew a guy who met the Russians in Germany and he told me they absolutely *don't* have a bomb!"

Meanwhile, in Washington, the

lights burned late in the offices of the Atomic Energy Commission. Unknown to them was the valuable piece of intelligence concerning the non-existence of the Russian A-bomb.

"I've got a friend whose brother-in-law is a supply sergeant in the army. He says they can't possibly draft men right away 'cause there isn't enough stuff to equip 'em with."

On Capitol Hill, unaware of this shortage of materiel, the U. S. Quartermaster General stumbles toward disaster, believing that supplies are sufficient.

"There's no doubt about it. We haven't got a Navy big enough to defend the Great Lakes right now. A fellow told me that they don't even know where some of our ships are!"

And at the Navy Department's Bureau of Ships where units of the United States Navy are accounted for, the admirals go blandly through each day, unaware that their battleship bookkeeping is in such a hopeless mess.

"Guided missiles? Why, hell, the Russians don't even know how to make them, say nothing of how to use them!"

Red Army generals, heretofore confident of their weapons, would indeed be shaken by this echo of doom from Columbia.

And so the crackling grass fire of rumor sped on across our community, fanned hotter by each news item: the Truman speech ("they say it was written many months ago"), the juicy bit of information which told of the captain in Washington who had already designed the service ribbons for World War III ("there is one for civilians," said a whisper from the CD. "It will be given to those who suffer atomic attack."), and overshadowing all else, the terrible word: DRAFT.

"Brother, I'm taking off for the hills this time!"

"Yeah, you and a few million other vets I know."

"You're damned right. They won't catch me in another imperialistic war." Even the speaker's Wallace button was blue.

For the Federal Bureau of Investigation, responsible agency for preventing draft dodging, this posed a new and staggering problem. Mr. Hoover, upon hearing the news from Columbia, despairing, began forming Ozark units.

But not all vets seemed to be Ozark-bound. There were some who were willing to serve again to re-live the "good deals" and "soft duty" of the other war. They sat back like ancient warriors and spun their tales to the confusion and awe of the younger men.

"You'll love getting up in the morning to be first in line at the Post Exchange."

"Why the war is just one big USO show!"

"Hell, I can give you some tips on how to spend a solid week in the service club without your outfit ever missing you."

"Then there's the women. Boy, how they go for the uniform! The mamselles, the fraullins, and the signorians love the Americans!"

And, speaking of women, men are not the only ones concerned in the crisis. The co-eds, for example, are not eager to spend another four years on a male-less campus. They aren't getting any younger and they don't relish expending their motherly instincts on Lockheed rivets.

But back to the grass fire:

"It's all politics, I tell you! This is an election year."

The State Department, that great, bumbling organ of our decadent democracy, naively oblivious to the forthcoming November election, and heedless of the warning from the Dixie Cafe, continues to believe that Russia is a dangerous nation.

On table cloths in local cafes, waiters found peculiar drawings, unlike the customary demented doodles. These were invasion plans with such significant notations as "atom bomb here on D plus 3," "land in force here," etc.

And the grass fire of talk swept on:

"Why, Washington is so full of spies that the grocery stores can't keep enough caviar in stock!"

"Of course Stalin is dead."

"We've sent three more aircraft carriers to the Mediterranean."

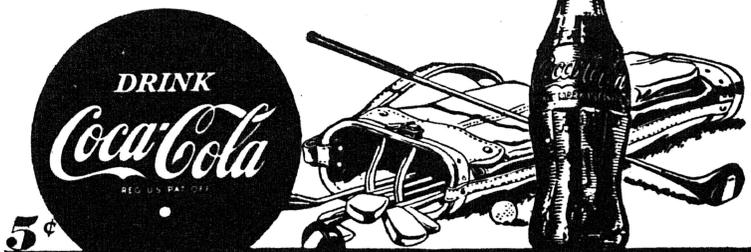
"They received some very secret papers at Crowder Hall this morning."

"I said to myself just the other day, 'Suzie, if they draft men again,



"Gerald, do you think anyone else came to the dance?"

Play refreshed



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HEY YOU SPORT ENTHUSIASTS!

See our complete line of Akom T-Shirts, plain and striped, and Adler Shrink-Controlled, 100% Virgin Wool Sweat Sox. They're great for those outdoor activities. And don't overlook the stylish water-repellent jackets for those quick spring rains.

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COLUMBIA'S SMART MEN'S SHOP

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Phone 5273

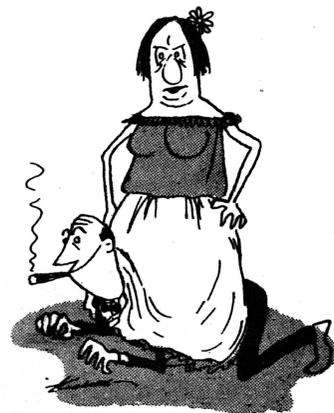
you're just going to have to quit Stephens and go to school somewhere.'"

Nor is the eat-drink-and-be-merry attitude without its supporters. The feeling of living on borrowed time leads naturally to the conclusion, Why study when we might not finish out the semester? Many a vet, after hearing the Truman speech, said "I'm going to spend my time just *living* from now on." This is an attitude reminiscent of pre-World War II when the boys threw their books into the fire and had one hell of a time before they got their orders.

By this year, adjustment to civilian life was nearly complete. Veterans rarely got together to swap war stories as they had. But the possibility of imminent war summoned back the memories and the stories they evoke. Most of the vets will say they hate war, but their voices are strong and eager when they talk of it. The thing they hate is magnetic, exciting and fascinating. They remember they hate war, but they forget the actual pain and discomfort of it.

Many of them want to clean up the world.

THE END



"Sylvester Peabody! You promised to behave yourself tonight."

VIRTUE TRIUMPHANT, or
Miracle On Sorority Row

*A confident young coed
Bet a campus celibate
He'd insufficient self-control
For one platonic date.
Accepting, he departed
To form his plans, and rests
For each would enter well-prepared
This odd endurance test!*

*SHE schemed to tempt with perfume,
And moonlight's soft allure;
And if the former two would fail,
Then whiskey wouldn't, sure!
HE plotted to impale her
On conversation's hooks
Accordingly he brought along
Some controversial books.*

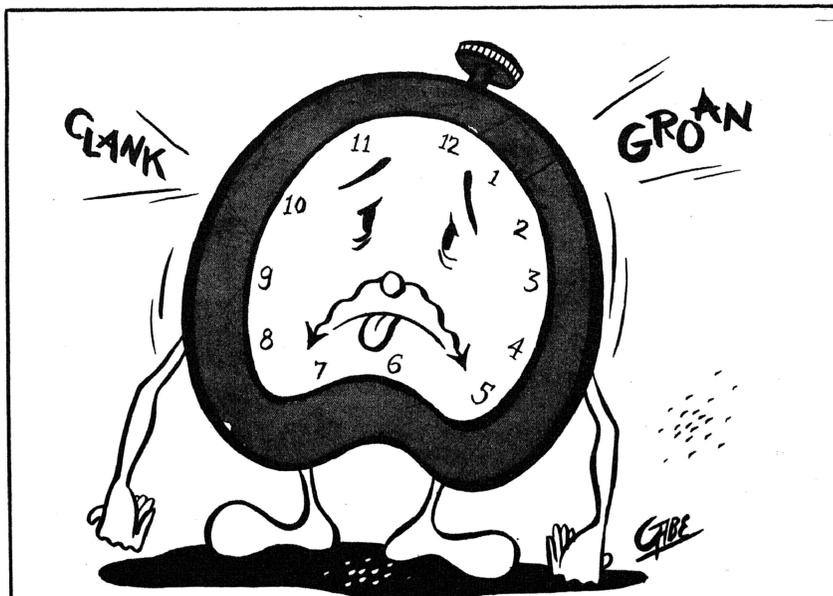
*The fateful hour at last approached!
The grueling test began
To see if man would master sex,
Or sex would master man.
She beckoned with bewitching lips,
Entreated and persisted;
Tempted sore was he to yield,
But valiantly resisted.*

*He countered first with politics,
But could not dull her zest;
Nor interest her in a single page
Of the "Commie Manifest."
With yearning touch and sweet-blown
breath
She quickly left behind
His offerings of Hemingway
And Liebmann's "Peace of Mind."*

*But closing in now for the kill,
To liquor she resorts
He bravely speaks of atom-bombs,
And quotes the "Smythe report."
Then finally his will breaks down
With shaken effort sparse
He weakly offers one last book,
And then gives up the farce!*

*Unnerved and grow'ling in defeat,
He woos the lusty Miss;
Surrendering his self-respect,
He begs the proffered kiss!
But lo! With rapt intent she reads!
'Tis SHE has lost the bet!
Not Smythe's report but Kinsey's
Hath stopped the young coquette!*

Saul Gellerman



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ESSER'S MEZZANINE

*What
More Can You Ask?*

- Delicious Meals
- Quick Short Orders
- Your Favorite Beer

MACK'S CAFE—

... Across From J-School ...

"DEATH BEFORE DISHONOR"

Stephens Lake

EDITOR'S NOTE:
USE THIS FOR
CLEANED-UP
ISSUE.....

WHY, NATALIE!
SINCE WHEN HAVE
YOU GONE TO
STEPHENS?

ARE YOU
SURE YOU
DON'T JUST
LOVE ME FOR
MY MONEY?

HOLD IT WHILE
I GIVE HER
SOME
SEN-SEN

OH, HENRY!
CUT IT OUT

-PSHAW

DAMN
CAPITALIST!

ARE YOU
"FRIDAY"?

I HAVE
RETURNED

AU SECOURS
AU SECOURS!

I STILL SAY
DIS DON' LOOK
LIKE THE AMAZON.

THAT BLACK-
LIST DOESN'T
BOTHER ME.

GOTTUM ANYBODY
TO WORKUM OVER,
BOSS?

THAT'S WHAT
THEY ALL
SAY!

I'M NOT DATING
HERE - I'M ONLY
VISITING MY
SISTER.

THERE'S ALWAYS SOME
JERK ON A PICNIC WHO
WANTS TO HAVE A PICNIC!

NO DOGS
ALLOWED
EXCEPT
ON LEASH

REMEMBER,
YOU'RE JUST
GOING TO
SMELL MY
BREATH!!

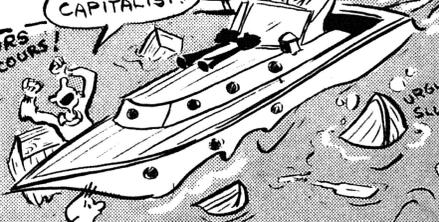
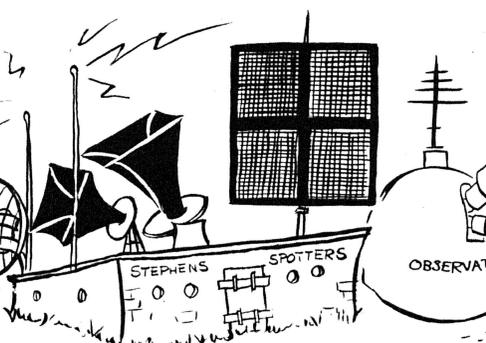
HONEST, DEAN,
I'VE GOT A CLEAN
SLATE HERE.

PEASANTS
KEEP OUT

BLACK LIST

STEPHENS COLLEGE

DOC





STEPHENS PATROL

YOU'LL HAVE TO QUIT WASTING OUR AMMUNITION ON FARMERS.

OH, I THOUGHT HE WAS AN 'AG' STUDENT!

AM I THE FIRST GIRL YOU EVER KISSED?

NOW THAT YOU MENTION IT, YOU DO LOOK VERY FAMILIAR.

PSHAW! I HAVEN'T COOKED ANYONE ALL DAY!

YI, I'VE GOT AMPS IN MY PANTS!

CONTROL ROOM
12000 VOLTS
5000 WATTS
1 ELECTRIC EEL

SAY, KOMERAD! WHERE CAN I GET A COPY OF 'COMMENT'?

DALTON'S COAL IS TWICE AS GOOD - DALTON, DALTON...

I STILL SAY THIS DOESN'T LOOK LIKE VENICE!

OH-H-H
500-00-0
100-00
MEE-000!

HOW DO YOU LIKE IT? I DESIGNED IT MYSELF!

AW, I'VE SEEN BETTER BEERS ON HEADS.

WEESTER, WONDERFUL!

I STILL SAY THIS DOESN'T LOOK LIKE THE HUDSON.

KOMERADE! IZ THIS SANSKI FRANCISCO.

CAN YOU SEE HIM?

RULES RULES RULES

I NOTICE YOU DON'T HAVE A PERMISSION TO GO SWIMMING!

GEEZ! FOR A MINUTE I THOUGHT...

GLADYS AND HER DAMN BUBBLE BATH.

I NEVER SEE HOMER SINCE HE GOT THAT NEW REYNOLD'S REN.

GET READY MEN! THE KEMPER BOYS ARE CHARGING!

NOW I KNOW WHY YOU BROUGHT ME HERE!

USS KEMPER

BANG BANG

RAT-A-TAT-TAT

I'M WISE TO YOU BOYS! I'VE READ THE KINSEY REPORT

BUT I'M KINSEY!

DO YOU BELIEVE IN FREE LOVE?

HAVE I EVER SENT YOU A BILL?

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and every girl loves
Campus

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- COLUMBIA ● HANNIBAL ● MARCELINE ● WENTZVILLE

DECISION

(Continued from page 13)

hung in the garden; it was in movie magazines and it was in novels. It was for her to give; never for him to take. She looked up at him now with her eyes of innocence, her little, incapable mind searching for a chink in his armor.

"Tom, what's the matter?"

He looked straight ahead—at an island, at a coral reef, at a palm-enclosed cemetery where white wooden crosses bleached in the sun and brave grass tried to heal the scars of the wounded earth. He remembered those men of another race it seemed: men smelted and hardened and tempered by the necessity of forgetting and being born again from a womb of steel; weaned on hundred octane; nourished by confidence in their machines of death; secure in their faith that a grenade would explode in three seconds; safe in the knowledge that if the gun jammed they could kill in other ways: with a bayonet, with a bottle of gasoline, with a garrote of piano wire.

"We will go to the dance, won't we?"

He was of these men. They'd made him one. They'd made him crawl through intestines and spurted him with warm animal blood. They'd told him if he got shot in the chest so he breathed through the hole to cover it was a ponco. They cut his hair short and made him stand up straight and told him to practice making fighting faces in a mirror so he'd learn to get mad. They taught him the art of quick and quiet killing and they put him in the bottom of a boat and shipped him out to do a dirty job. What they hadn't taught him, he learned fast, until he was skilled and hard and sure of himself; until he'd lost fear and

didn't vomit when they threw a meat hook into a rotting corpse an pulled it away with a jeep; until he'd almost forgotten that there was another sex and that it was soft and warm and smelled of woman.

"Tom," she said again, "tell me."

How could he? How could she understand this man on the other side of the gates? They took dogs for war and trained them to kill, but before they returned them to their masters, they domesticated them again. They didn't do that for the men. They gave them no antidote for the frustration, no serum for the bitterness, no government issue calendar that would give back the years.

"Tom." She put her arms around him. He could feel the encirclement of her arms, could smell the perfume of her. She turned her face to his. Her voice was small. "We *will* go to the dance, won't we Tom?"

He took one of her hands in his and it was the gesture of a big brother. To himself he laughed at his own thoughts and for the first time realized that this little girl hadn't been a soldier; that she wasn't yet a woman. He realized he was glad; that she could be the key to the gates. And he answered her.

"Of course we will, Cathy."

"And, Tom. . ."

"Yeah . . ."

"What were you thinking about just then?"

He looked at her and smiled. "Nothing," he said.

He knew he'd get over it: that the gates would open again.

THE END

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Fast, Courteous Curb
Service for Your Convenience

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AND HOW TO GET OUT OF 'EM



You're all agog! You meet your super dream boy when you're movie bound! And you start to feel guh-guh-guh! Don't do a fadeout! Don't resign from the human race! Just rush up and offer him yummy Life Savers. Maybe *he'll* go to the movie, too.



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Dancing Nightly



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"Nevertheless, I can't help but think that I've forgotten something!"

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Never a
Cover Charge
at
Your Favorite
DANCING SPOT

GOLDEN CAMPUS

Showme Joke Contest.

Best Joke submitted each month will win a carton of Life Savers. Entries should be addressed to: SHOWME, Walter Williams Hall, Columbia, Mo.

*

Submitted by:
Bobbye Allen
Rol-Mor Apartments
Maryland Avenue
Columbia, Missouri.

"Was your friend shocked over the death of his mother-in-law?"

"Shocked?" He was electrocuted!"

*

"Oh, look, the bridesmaid."
"My gosh, so soon."

*

"What makes your tongue so black?"

"I dropped a bottle of whiskey on a tarred road."

*

"What makes people walk in their sleep?"

"Twin beds."

*

"So you desire to be my son-in-law?"

"No, I don't, but if I marry your daughter I don't see how I can get out of it."

*

Customer in drug store: "Please give me change for a dime."

Clerk: "Here you are. I hope you enjoy the sermon."

*

First Roommate: "Have you got a picture of yourself?"

Second Roomy: "Yeah."

First Roomy: "Then let me use that mirror. I want to shave."



Do you have bummatosis? Hmmmmmm?

Bummatosis, like halitosis, is considered by some an arch social disease. It is the technique, practice, and art of bumming cigarettes. The purpose of this essay is to acquaint novices with the best and least obtrusive techniques; to furnish some new and subtle methods for those who have bummed for so long that their friends can recognize the "bum" coming on; and to help those who want perfection and a polished technique. The following methods are the result of many years of extensive inquiry and field practice. They are endorsed and guaranteed by no one of importance, except the author.

For the neophytes, I shall first review the two simplest (and definitely crudest) methods of obtaining a free butt. First, there is the obvious method of going up to the victim and saying bluntly, "Say, Joe, can I borrow a cigarette?" This method came in with the caveman and went out with the early Babylonian. We strongly recommend that you do not use it; it will only exhibit your ignorance and uncouthness. It will put you in the same class with the fellow that rubs but does not blot with rest room towels.

A method even worse than the first is stealing. A person with a light step and a quick hand can always manage to steal a pack of cigarettes somewhere. The trouble with this is that it is frowned upon by the more prudish mem-

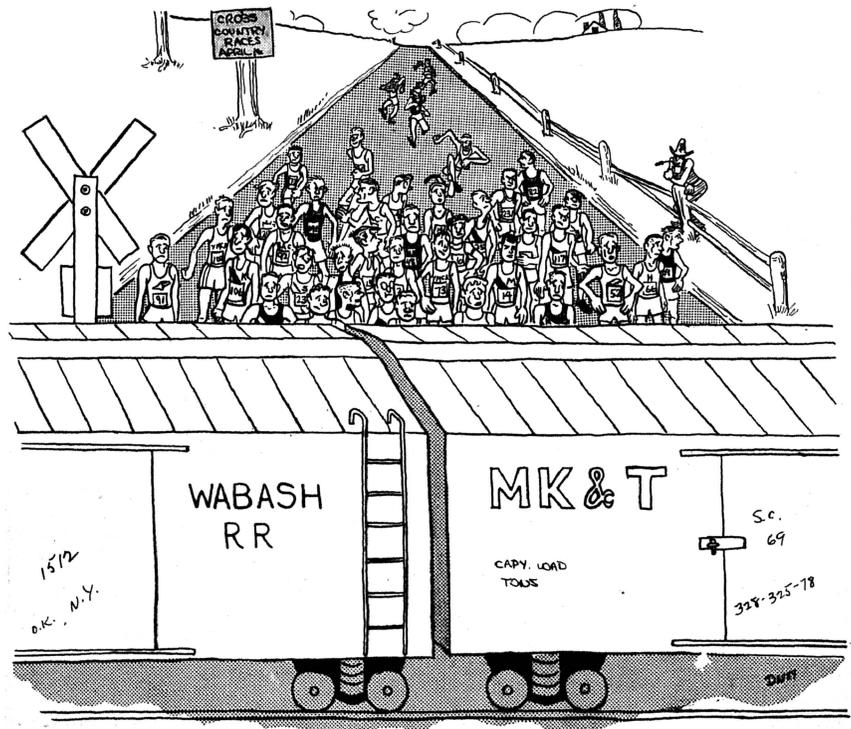
bers of society such as roommates and policemen.

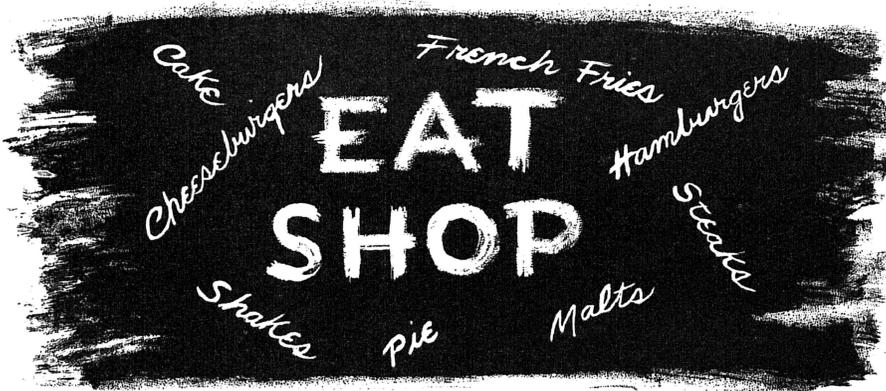
We now progress to the intermediate stage. This part of the course was designed for the enlightenment of that class of persons who still use some of the novice methods, but with very little success. This section will make it easier for those who encounter slight resistance, but not enough to require the strenuous effort of the advanced techniques.

The "Roman Hands" method is good. This movement is executed while talking at close range with a person or persons. After chewing the fat for a while, you suddenly start looking in your pockets. This is done in a frenzied manner.

Then, you run your hands up and down your torso in a patting motion, as if you are making sure that there are no cigarettes on you. Eventually, one of your companions will notice your antics and offer you a cigarette.

The "Pseudo Offer" is a slightly more difficult method. It is the post-graduate version of "Roman Hands." It requires a sense of timing and is best performed a few minutes after you have met someone for the first time. After the usual first-meeting remarks, you roll into action. You say, "Have a cigarette?" at the same time reaching for your pack. It is important not to reach too soon, nor too late: that will give an artificial appearance. After the





LOOK!



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Suzanne's

912 Broadway

Columbia's Smartest Shop for Women

usual fumbling around, the resulting (naturally) lack of cigarettes will force the party of the second part to offer you one.

Now, if you are a girl, it isn't too hard to get a free butt. All you have to do is arouse the slumbering beast of sympathy that is in every man's heart and you have your cigarette. You must make the man feel that he is helping you. The best method is used when coming into a room. You open the door and demurely tip-toe in. You look around sadly and then, in a half-sobbing tone, softly say, "Damn it all to hell, I left my goddam cigarettes in the Ever Eat."

If there are days when you feel that you can't get a weed and you are too bashful to ask, there is a scheme to cover that too. On those days, the best thing to do is go to the nearest saloon. Once inside, you look around for a friend. As soon as you spot one, sit down at his table and make conversation. Unless the fellow is a neophyte at saloon drinking, or just a plain crumb, there is bound to be a pack of cigarettes on the table. All you have to do is keep talking to him and casually reach over and help yourself to a free cigarette. He won't mind.

By this time, I imagine that all the loafers, slackers, and guys that just don't give a damn are weeded out of our class, and we may proceed with our advanced course. The work is going to be strenuous. It will be tough. Some will fail, some will just get by, and a select few will pass with high honors. But remember: you are the nucleus of a new class in society: the utter parasites.

During the course of recent investigations, another marvelous method has been discovered. Simply walk up to a person and ask

him in a natural tone if he knows any subtle ways of bumming cigarettes. Of course, the fellow will look at you in an incredulous manner and ask, "Why? Do you want one?" This method is the epitome of subtlety.

An extremely difficult method that requires much practice and acting skill is called the "Longing Look." The "L.L." consists of giving a friend a long, mournful look as he opens his pack of butts. You don't have to say anything. If the look is sad enough, he might shell out. It is best to stare directly at the package of weeds when executing this touch.

Now, students, comes the *coup de grace*. This is the *last desperate* measure! It will work most of the time, but if your bluff is ever called it will ruin you for life. Use it with caution and only when all other methods have failed.

Some night, when your roommates are having a bull session, forcibly open the door to your room and in a determined voice say, "Joe, I've decided. I'm going to give up smoking. I swear, I'll never touch another cigarette!" Once you have said this, you can expect some joker to offer you one. He will think you are serious and, just for a joke, will tempt you with the forbidden fruit. As soon as he offers you one, give him the surprise of his life and accept.

But watch out! If they call your bluff, you are a ruined man—no longer fit to be a parasite.

THE END

"Lips that touch wine shall never touch mine," declared the fair co-ed. And after she graduated she taught school for years and years and years."

"33 FINE BREWS



BLENDED INTO
ONE GREAT BEER"



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SPRING NOTES

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-
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-
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Gibson's
APPAREL
810 BROADWAY

A lady's pet cat presented her with kittens which she eventually named Fluffy, Tuffy, and Paderewski. When asked why she had named them so, she explained:

"Well, Fluffy is the fluffiest, Tuffy is the toughest, and Paderewski is the pianist."

*

"There's one thing I want to tell you before you go any further."

"What's that?"

"Don't go any further."

*

First Co-ed: "You like O. Henry?"

Second Co-ed: "Naw, the nuts get in my teeth."

No matter how bad times are, the Siamese twins can always make ends meet.

*

"Is this dance formal or can I wear my own clothes?"

*

Papa Robin: "How did that speckled egg get into our nest?"

Moma Robin: "I did it for a lark."

*

Sign in a real estate office: "Get Lots While You're Young."

*

"Your girl isn't spoiled is she?"

"No, that's just the perfume she's wearing."

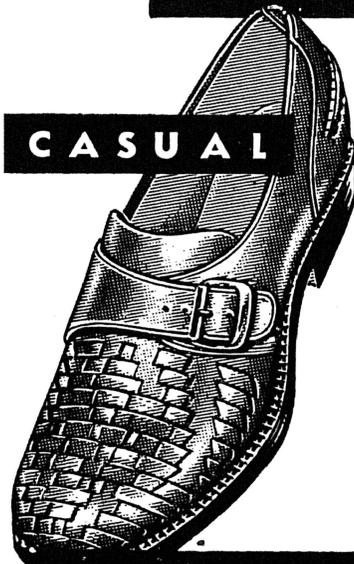
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She: "Isn't it funny that the length of a man's arm is equal to the circumference of a girl's waist."

He: "Let's go get a piece of string and measure it."

COOL

CASUAL



COMFORTABLE

FORTUNE'S
WOVEN VAMP
STRAP CASUAL

• Roomy and flexible, this smart casual keeps your foot at ease all summer long. Come in and try a pair today.

Fortune
SHOES FOR MEN

Miller's
800 Broadway

SUZIE SMITH:

Suzie Smith? Oh, YOU remember—
We were pinned 'til last November;
That's a romance dead and gone
Since the beer-bust we went on.

You see, the path ran on a bluff
Above the creek. The way was rough,
She slipped, and I was horrified
To see her rolling from my side,
And then to my COMPLETE dismay
Our keg of beer, IT got away
And both went bounding toward the
bluff,

I'll tell you, it was mighty rough—
It put me in an awful spot—
I really didn't know just what
To do. Quite luckily I caught
The beer. Perhaps I really ought
To have grabbed Suzie. Everyone
Agrees that's what I should have done.
Still . . . I don't know; just do the best
You can, I always say. The rest
Is up to luck. Well, that's the end
Of how we came to be un-pinned.
—Coleman Younger.

Each Man Kills the Thing He Loves:

Each man kills the thing he loves
By each let this be heard,
Some do it with a bitter look
Some with a flattering word.
The coward does it with a kiss
The brave man with a sword
And true to form, the thing I love
Is down my gullet poured.

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

—Doug Bales.

Our Daughter Jill:

Sometimes I shed a tear or two
At thinking what we had to do:
You see, we *two*, we once were
three—

Bill, our daughter Jill, and me.
But Jill had such an appetite
That Bill, he strangled her one
night,
And though we weep for little
Jill,

It *did* reduce our grocery bill.

—By Coleman Younger.



LAFTER THOUGHTS

J-School Student: I'd like to do something big — something clean. . .

Dean Mott: Why don't you wash an elephant?

THE JABBERPROF

'Twas classtimes, and the galsangyes
Did flyre and scammage in the corrs,
All slazy were the tirestudents,
And the jag bells brought horrs.

"Beware the Jabberproff, my son,
Beware his pencil blue,
Watch for his snappy popquizzes,
His damtrick questions, too.

"With balemean glance and fiery eye,
With grades below an "F",
He'll flunk you out of coll, my son,"
But, here, the brave boy left.

He girded on his psychobook,
And squached into the room,
Prepared to fight until the framm
To seal the monster's doom.

The Jabberprof growled grawfully,
And threw questions snickersnack,
But ably caught our brave boy each,
And threw the answers back.

Soon, the snarled thing went down,
In bitter greaf, raged he,
But he mavisbed up his gradebook,
And gave our hero "E."

—Don Dunn.





Boy of the Month...

BURTON ALBERTS

Junior in Business and Advertising . . . President of Campus Publications Association . . . Business Manager of the STUDENT . . . Vice-president of Tiger Claws . . . Homecoming Committee . . . Savitar Frolics Production Manager . . . Zeta Beta Tau . . . 20 . . . St. Joseph, Mo.



Girl of the Month . . .

PHYLLIS WINDRUM

Senior in Business and Public Administration . . . Treasurer of S. G. A. . . .
A. W. S. Council . . . Chairman of Careers Conference . . . Treasurer of Phi
Chi Theta, business sorority . . . Apha Pi Zeta, social science honorary . . .
Vice-president of I. W. O. . . . Mortar Board . . . 21 . . . Kansas City.

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*Columbia's Leading Printer of
Personal Stationery*

McQUITTY QUICK PRINTERS

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*Food
Fit
for a
King!*



Deliciously Prepared

- BREAKFAST
- LUNCHES
- DINNERS
- SHORT ORDERS
- SANDWICHES
- PREMIUM BEERS

also

"The Pride of Columbia"

BOONE COUNTY COUNTRY HAM

WHITE HOUSE

6th and Broadway

Open 7 a. m. to 1:30 a. m., Except Tuesday

"Do you like girls?"
"They're too biased."
"Biased?"
"Yes, bias this and bias that."

*

She: Paw's the best shot in the country.

He: What does that make me?

She: My husband.

*

Then there's the girl who went to a masquerade dressed as a telephone operator and before the evening was over had three close calls.

*

"I started out on the theory that the world had an opening for me."

"And you found it?"

"Well, rather. I'm in the hole now."

*

Judge: Have you ever earned a dollar in your life?

Prisoner: Yes, Your Honor, I voted for you in the last election.

*

A minister, making a call, and his hostess were sitting in the parlor when her small son came running in, carrying a dead rat. "Don't worry, Mother, it's dead. We bashed him and beat him until--" and, noticing the minister for the first time, he added in a lowered voice, "--until God called him home."

--DODO

*

"Sometimes I get so discouraged. Why, everything I do seems wrong."

"Doing anything tonight?"

*

"This match won't light."

"Whash the matter with it?"

"Damfino. It lit all right a minute ago."

Judge: You admit that you drove over this man with a loaded truck. Well, what have you to say in defense?

Offender: I didn't know it was loaded.

*

Farmer: "Be this the Women's Exchange?"

Woman: "Yes."

Farmer: "Be you the woman?"

Woman: "Yes."

Farmer: "Well, then, I think I'll keep Maggie."

*

Three hermits lived in a cave and spent all day staring at the wall, never speaking. One day a stallion ran past the entrance of their cave. Six months later, one hermit mumbled, "That was a pretty brown horse."

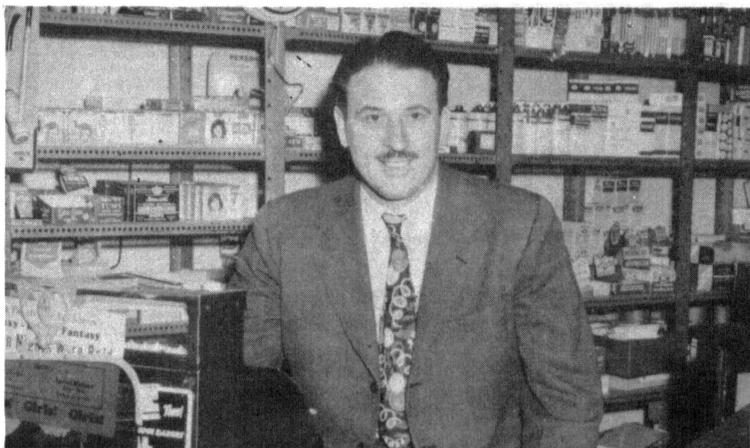
Two years later another hermit said, "That wasn't a brown horse, it was white."

About a year later the third hermit got up and stalked toward the entrance of the cave. "If it's going to be this constant bickering," he said, "I'm leaving."

--PRINCETON TIGER



Mr. Harris Invites You



To Visit the Bengal Fountain

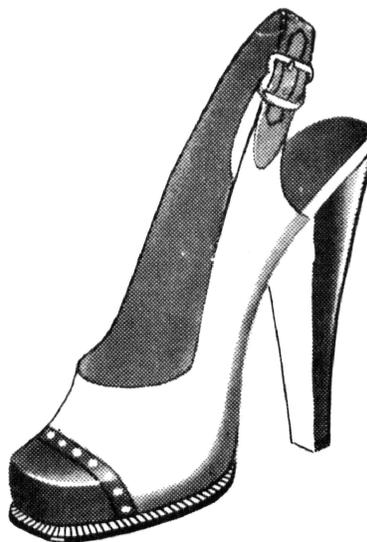
Drugs—Sundries—Film Supplies

BENGAL SHOP

Across From B. & P. A. School

Spectators

Are Here!



and Purses to Match

Penaljo
Sorority Shoes
Rhythm Step



the novus shop

Charlie's CHEESEBURGERS



ARE OUT OF THIS WORLD

209 S. Ninth

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

Open All Night Friday and Saturday



A date to
Remember

Mother's Day
May 9

See Lamb's complete selection of ideal gifts
for your Mother.

- Lapel pins, Earrings, compacts, Necklaces are a few of our suggestions

 **Lamb's**

12 S. 9th St.

How to Catch His Eye

by Jean Suffill



ARE you being ignored by the man behind the counter or the table waiter? SHOWME, your ever-on-the-ball aide to better living and social success, has anticipated your need for help in solving this perplexing problem. No longer will you have to wait for an hour, unnoticed, in one of the local eateries before the waiter condescends to serve you.

These waiters are crafty operators. They have had practice and experience in foiling the feeble attempts of hungry customers to catch their eye. You, the customer, must be groomed, therefore, to break down this resistance. Here's how:

First, there is the *Clap Hands* or *Emily* method. Do this by holding forth the palm of the right hand and tapping it in Congo time with the left. This, however, may be misunderstood. The waiter may notice you but he may fail to comprehend the significance of your actions. He may think you are beating time to the juke box or perhaps killing a fly.

Then there is the *Chin Movement* method. Do this by jutting

out your chin and swinging it towards yourself in a beckoning motion. A smart waiter will jut out his chin in recognition, smile, nod, and keep on going.

Although these first two methods may not produce results, they are highly recommended by authorities on etiquette. It makes a good impression on your friends to start off with one of these before resorting to a more desperate method, such as the *Alarmist*. This is to worry the waiter, to appeal to his sense of loyalty to the management. Start by mixing the salt and pepper and follow by lighting paper napkin airplanes and sailing them about the restaurant. Write on the walls or tablecloth, whip out a pocket knife and carve the woodwork. Dramatize the situation. Gnaw on the tablecloth. Drape yourself across the booth in a pose indicating exhaustion. Allow your tongue to hang out languorously and in a cracked, desperate voice utter plaintively the words "Food me!"

If the waiter continues to ignore you, go out and come in again, throw yourself into the booth and look up expectantly. If this doesn't work, try it again; only the second time you come in, run into tables, push over chairs, step on little children, give male patrons the hot foot, stick pins in the ladies as you pass them—in general, leave a path of confusion, chaos, and debris in your wake. Even this may not work.

Like most questions of etiquette, there is only one really correct answer: stand up with dignity, cup your hands around your mouth in megaphone fashion and say modestly but in a loud voice, "Hey, waiter, get the hell over here!"

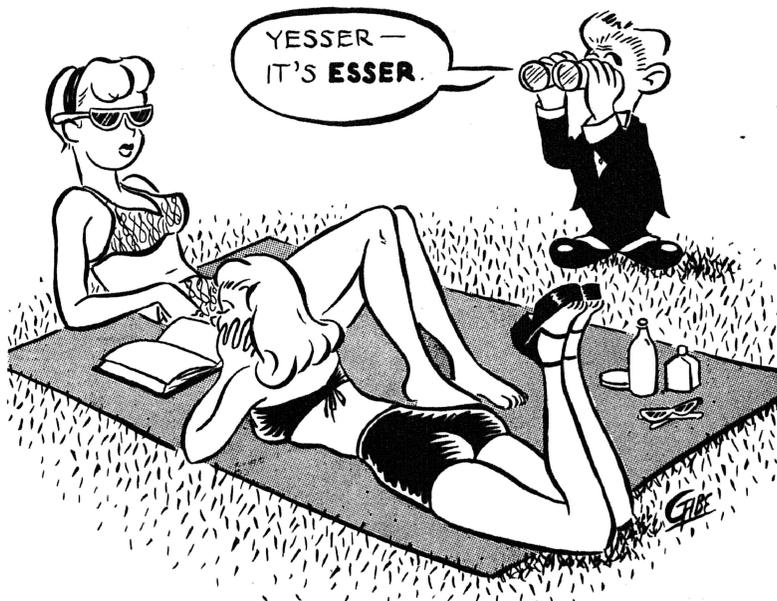
THE END



WANT TO MAKE A HIT
WITH A CERTAIN MISS?

H.R. Mueller
FLORIST

16 South 9th



DON'T LOOK NOW!

Girls, you'll be under close observation now that the sun-bathing season is here. So be prepared! Get those sun-bathing supplies at ESSER'S

- Sun-Tan Oil
- Summer Cosmetics
- Bathing Caps
- Sun-Glasses

*Yesser It's ESSER—for Sun-Bathing
Supplies*

ESSER DRUG STORE

715 Broadway

Phone 3400

Where Taste Counts..... Its



PHONE 5626

Dauck Distributing Company

112 North 8th Street
COLUMBIA, MISSOURI

PENNEY'S



- *Smart Looking*
- *Comfortable*
- *Easy On-
Easy Off*

You Can't Beat These
Strollers for Easy on—Easy Off
Comfort. Leather Soles and Heels for
WEAR TOO!

Harvard Man: Who is that knocking on my door?

Frosh: It is me.

H. M.: (to second H. M.)
What is he trying to say?

*

A nurse in a mental hospital noticed a patient with his ear close to the wall listening intently. The patient held his finger up as a warning to be quiet. Then he beckoned the nurse to come over and said, "Listen here."

The nurse put her ear to the wall and listened for some time and then said, "I can't hear anything."

"NO," said the patient, "and it's been like that all day."

*

Drunk: "Shay, you can't open the door with that cigarette."

Second D: "My Gawd, I've smoked my key."

*

Greek One: "Where's your frat pin?"

Greek Two: "Haven't got it."

One: "Lose it?"

Two: "Nope."

One: "Broken?"

Two: "No, but you might say it's busted."

*

Customer: "I'll take some rat poison."

Clerk: "Will you take it with you?"

Customer: "NO, I'll send the rats over for it."

—Pell Mell.

*

Student (to prof.): "What's that you wrote on my paper?"

Prof.: "I told you to write plainer."

*

"Doin' anything Saturday night?"

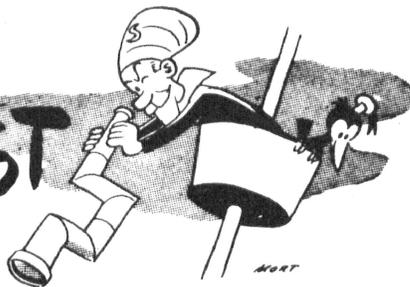
"Nope."

"Could I use your soap?"

*

Opposites attract — like tight men and loose women, for instance.

ROWE'S CROW'S NEST



The only things cleaned-up about this issue are the Natalie jokes.

* * *

Not because there is nothing clean to write about around here, but who wants to read about calculus problems?

* * *

They had a good idea down at L.S.U. The magazine down there hired a strip teaser to help circulation. I guess she didn't know they meant magazines.

* * *

If feminine fashions keep up the way they're going, a strip teaser will be looked upon as one who wears only four petticoats.

* * *

I see the latest gadget the women are wearing is a pair of glasses that you can see out of but not into. I would suggest that they make a set to cover the whole face and send them down to Columbia. I know I'd get a few sets for some girls I know.

* * *

That's what's good about men's styles. They rarely change. Nowadays a fellow can buy a nice suit for a few hundred dollars and he knows it will still be in style in a month when it wears out.

* * *

Of course they have out a new look for men called the "Bold Look," but it's nothing that the vets around here haven't had all along.

* * *

Speaking of veteran's, I saw a

line a block long outside of the recruiting office the other day. They were all getting out of the reserve.

* * *

Last month SHOWME was rated among the ten best college magazines in Boone County.

* * *

A tremendous amount of favorable comment on the last issue has come into our office. From the editor's mother.

* * *

I don't send the magazine home myself. If my mother saw what I was doing she'd send me to a boy's school. I doubt if she could find a better boy's school than Missouri, though.

* * *

I'm glad it's not like Stephens,

though. Over there if a girl comes in smelling of liquor, she gets confined. Can you imagine them confining us boys for coming in smelling of perfume?

* * *

There's really nothing wrong with Stephens. They're doing a lot of remodeling over there. Adding some new cell blocks, I understand.

* * *

Some of the Stephens girls are even trusted to blow their own noses.

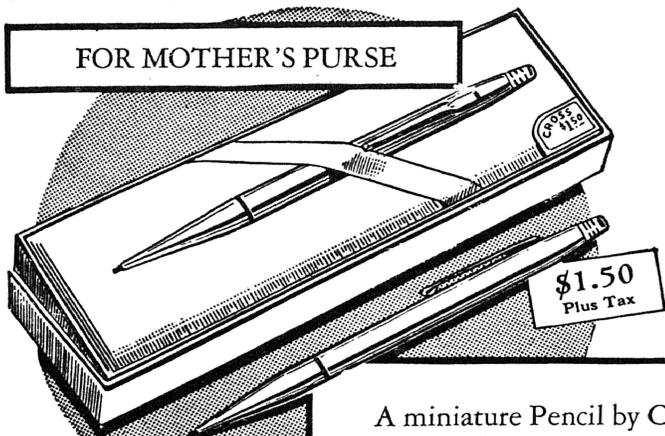
* * *

I tried to crash the Engineer's all school dance the other night at one minute to twelve but the fellow at the door wouldn't let me in. When I asked him why, he



"He says he's an SGA clean-up inspector!"

FOR MOTHER'S PURSE



A miniature Pencil by Cross
Fashioned in Sterling Silver or
Rolled Gold Plate by America's
oldest pencil manufacturer.
Packaged in dainty Gift Box.

Gift wrapped and
Boxed for Mailing
CALL 6956

THE
Pen Point

109 SOUTH NINTH

You'll Be HEADING in the Right Direction



Ice Cold Beer • Short Orders

THE STABLE

Providence Road Near Hinkson Bridge

couldn't give me an answer. His slide rule didn't cover questions like that.

* * *

There sure is a lot happening around this campus all right. If you're not interested in what books they just received at the library, then there's nothing left for you.

* * *

Anyway, since this is the Cleaned-up Issue, they won't let me describe anything else that's going on.

* * *

Which reminds me that I'm supposed to give you a little lecture on morality or something. Now drinking I've found is a worthless pastime. What does it get you . . . a hangover. And what good is a hangover? The only use I've found for one is for striking matches on my tongue.

* * *

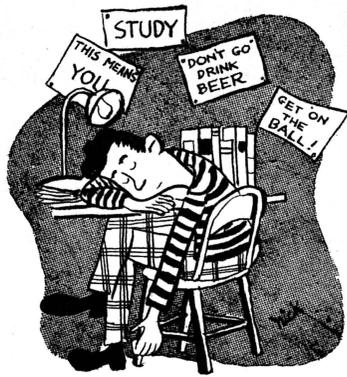
And there's really nothing left to sex after that guy Kinsey got through with it.

* * *

So why don't you go out and reform. Do something big . . . something CLEAN . . . like washing and elephant.



"Poor Randolph—he's just working himself to death in that 'Marriage and The Family' lab."



"Aren't you the same man I gave a piece of mince pie to last month?"

"No mum. I'm not; and wot's more, the doctor says I never will be."

*

Bellhop (after ten minutes): "Did you ring, sir?"

Man: "Hell, no. I was tolling. I thought you were dead."

*

Mother (to couple in unlit room): "What are you doing in there?"

Son: "Nothing, mother."

Mother: "You're getting more like your father every day."

*

Husband, upon finding wife in bed with another man: "What have you got to say for yourself?"

Wife: "When you were out of work, who do you think paid the bills? And that diamond ring I bought you for your birthday, who do you think paid for that? And the time I needed that money for an appendectomy, where do you think I got it?"

Husband, shocked: "Well, cover him up, do you want him to catch cold?"

—Penn State Froth.

*

Co-ed: "Do you consider my legs long?"

M. U. Man: "Yes, whenever possible."

for the best in pizicis
REMEMBER
 the best in beer ----
 from

COLLINS



where friends meet!

WHY
 FEEL



DEPRESSED?

REMEMBER!!

your choice of
 beverages at Collins
 by the glass --

-- bottle --
 -- keg --



ORDER NOW FOR YOUR HINK PARTY
 all beverages 5%

THIS MONTH'S CONTRIBUTIONS . . .

BILL STREETER

"Cleaned-up" Bill has served in many capacities on the SHOWME staff during his two-year period of activity but he is still one of our most reclusive characters. The reason we seldom see him is that he just "hates staff meetings." We really don't mind sharing his portion of the SHOWME beer as long as he continues to proffer his versatile co-operation.

In the last two years he has done ad selling and layout, story and article writing, cartoon idea work, promotion, typesetting, modeling, and hauling. Lately we have been employing him and his "late" model 1936 Ford (pictured below) to lug the magazine back



from the printers in Jeff City. He cheerfully complies with this un-rewarding task with his battle cry, "You call 'em, I haul 'em!"

Bill's home is in Buffalo, N. Y. He is 26, an advertising major, and a senior with "June Jitters." He doesn't know exactly what he is going to do with his diploma but he hopes it might get him a job in an advertising agency or in some public relations work.

GLADYS MARSH

"Cleaned-up" Gladys has earned her title as SHOWME secretary by mailing all of the out-of-town subscriptions and correspondence, running errands for the

business staff, and aiding in the sporadic attempts at "cleaning-up" the office. About a month ago, she was perched at the edge of her chair, dangling her long fingernails at the typewriter, when she decided that something had to be done about the office walls. Clean them she did, and she was heard to comment, "Oh, a secretary's chores are never done."

Gladie is a true metropolitan, having lived in Washington, St. Louis, and finally in Chicago. She is a member of the French Club, and on the Read Hall Publicity Committee.

HARVEY DUNN

"Cleaned-up" Harvey smilingly bowed into the SHOWME office with a fistful of advertising contracts and said, "Yessir, we're really cleaning up on these advertisers." Clean cut Harvey with his smiling freckled face is a sure cure for the blues, which is the atmosphere around the office when deadline nears and no one has his copy in.

A member of the SHOWME advertising staff, Harvey is also a member of Alpha Delta Sigma, advertising fraternity. He is a senior and plans to go into some type of advertising work after graduation. His home is in Marshall, Mo., and he is a Sigma Nu.

BILL DAVEY

"Cleaned-up" Bill Davey removed the paint brush from his teeth and the staff waited expectantly for him to say something. Not a word. Bill is, unlike other members of the SHOWME art staff, a quiet lad. He is usually to be found in some remote corner of the office, cogitating. His cartoons have appeared in the magazine this year. Bill is a transfer from Hobart College in Geneva,

New York, and is now one of those hard-working J-school-ites, majoring in advertising. He is from Buffalo, N. Y., and is a member of the Savitar staff and of Sigma Chi.

BILL GABRIEL

"Cleaned-up" Bill Gabriel clenched his pipe tighter in his teeth and said, "Yeah . . . the "Cleaned-up" issue is one you can send home to your folks." Gabe did so much research on the Salvation Army Lady on this month's cover that we were afraid to walk down Broadway in the eventuality that we'd see him donned in a cape and tinkling a little bell.

One of Gabe's favorite pastimes is thumbing through exchange humor magazines and shouting with glee, "I've been reprinted!" His cartoons have appeared in Varsity, and other college magazines. He is the originator of "Pop Miz-zou" which is rapidly becoming his Nemesis and every month he pleads with the editor to kill off old Pop.

Gabe is art editor of SHOWME, and hopes to "clean up" in advertising, his major, some day. He is from Lakewood, Ohio, is 21, and is a member of Kappa Sigma.



EASY MONEY DEPARTMENT



As the late, great Gertrude Stein might have said—but didn't—"a buck is a buck is a buck." And bucks—up to fifteen of 'em—are precisely what Pepsi-Cola Co. kicks in for gags you send in and we print.

Just mark your stuff with your name, address, school and class, and send it to Easy Money Dept., 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. Yes, you collect a rejection slip if your masterpiece lays an egg on arrival.

Will we hate you for mentioning "Pepsi-Cola" in your gag? Au contraire, to coin a phrase. It stimulates us. Even better than benzedrine. So come on—bandage up that limp badinage, and send it in—for Easy Money. Then just sit back and cross your fingers.

LITTLE MORON CORNER



Here's the character study (and we do mean "character") that dragged down two iron men for *Mauro Montoya of Univ. of New Mexico*:

Our own inimitable Murgatroyd (better known to his intimates as "Meathead") was discovered a few days ago carefully holding a large bucket beneath a leaking faucet. Naturally he was asked the reason. "Duuuuh," replied the outsized oaf, with his customary ready intelligence, "I'm collectin' trickles for the Pepsi-Cola jingle!"

Arthur J. McGrane of Duke Univ. also raked in \$2 for his moron gag. So can you, if yours clicks. Just be yourself!

— DAFFY DEFINITIONS —

\$1 apiece to *Herbert W. Hugo of Northwestern Univ.*, *Richard M. Sheirich of Colgate Univ.*, *Tad Golas of Columbia College*, *Bob Sanford of Notre Dame*, and *Jo Cargill of Bates College* for these. And when we think of what a dollar used to buy!

Mushroom—the girl friend's front parlor.

Dime—a buck with taxes taken out.

Ounce—one-twelfth of a bottle of Pepsi-Cola.

Funnel—faster way of drinking Pepsi.

Ghost writer—writes obituary notices.

* * *

Suffering from the shorts? Here's your answer—one buck each for any of these we buy.

HE-SHE GAGS

Three bucks apiece went out to Mammon-worshippers *Bill Spencer of Hardin-Simmons Univ.*, *Nick G. Flocos of Univ. of Pittsburgh*, *Shirley Motter of Univ. of Cincinnati*, and *Carson A. Ronas of Brooklyn, N. Y.*, respectively, for these bits of whimsy:

He: O. K., stupid, *be* that way.

She: Don't you call me stupid!

He: O. K., ignorant.

She: Well, that's *better!*

* * *

She: I'm thirsty for a Pepsi-Cola.

He: Okay, let's sip this one out.

* * *

He: Does your husband talk in his sleep?

She: No, it's terribly exasperating. He just grins.

* * *

He-Bottle on Pepsi Truck: At least we're better off than those two empty bottles on the sidewalk.

She-Bottle on Pepsi Truck: How do you figure?

He-Bottle on Pepsi Truck: They've been drunk since yesterday, and we're still on the wagon.

* * *

\$3 each—that's a lot of bonanza oil! But that's the take-home pay for any of these we buy.

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



A very special contest—for cartoonists who can't draw. If that's you, just write a caption for this remarkable cartoon. (If you can't write, either, we can't do business.) \$5 each for the best captions. Or if you're a cartoonist who *can* draw, send in a cartoon idea of your own. \$10 for just the idea . . . \$15 if you draw it . . . if we buy it.

December winners: \$15.00 to: *Kathy Gonso of Michigan State College*; \$5.00 each to: *Alex. H. Veazey of Philadelphia*, *Leroy Lott of Univ. of Texas*, and *Robert A. M. Booth of Univ. of Colorado*. Not a conscience in the crowd!

EXTRA ADDED ATTRACTION

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

"I'VE TRIED THEM ALL,
CHESTERFIELD IS MY
FAVORITE CIGARETTE"

Claudette Colbert

STARRING IN A
TRIANGLE PRODUCTION
"SLEEP, MY LOVE"
RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS



NOBODY knows Cigarette tobacco
like the farmer who grows it

"I like to sell my tobacco to Liggett & Myers because they've been buying my best tobacco and paying the top price to get it ever since I started raising tobacco.

"I've been smoking Chesterfields ever since I started raising tobacco. I know they're made of mild ripe tobacco because that's the kind they buy from me."

J. Hogan Ballard-

TOBACCO FARMER,
BRYANTSVILLE, KY.



A *Always* **B**uy **CHESTERFIELD**

ALWAYS MILDER BETTER TASTING COOLER SMOKING