



MISSOURI Showme



NOVEMBER 1948

25¢

HOMECOMING ISSUE

LION ON THE LOOSE!



Zoo Curator Clyde Gordon finds EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER—in handling "big cats" ...and in choosing a cigarette, too!



FAWSANA'S ON HER WAY — BUT IT LOOKS LIKE TROUBLE WITH SULTANA!

BE CAREFUL! I'VE LEARNED FROM EXPERIENCE—LIONS RAISED IN CAPTIVITY CAN BE MORE DANGEROUS THAN JUNGLE BORN!



WITH A SUDDEN ROAR...

SULTANA LEAPS THROUGH THE CAGE DOOR — CRASHES THROUGH THE RUNWAY FENCE!



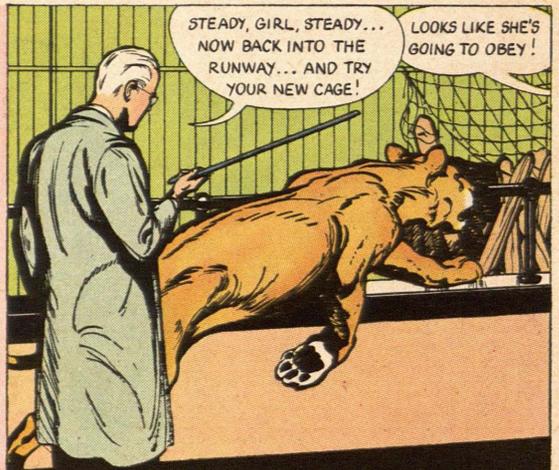
RUN, CHIEF!

NO—THAT'S THE WORST THING I COULD DO!

EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER*
LONG EXPERIENCE HAS TAUGHT CLYDE GORDON NEVER TO SHOW FEAR TO AN ANIMAL. HE STANDS HIS GROUND... SPEAKING SOFTLY, INSISTENTLY... WHILE DIVERTING HER ATTENTION WITH BROOM HANDLE.



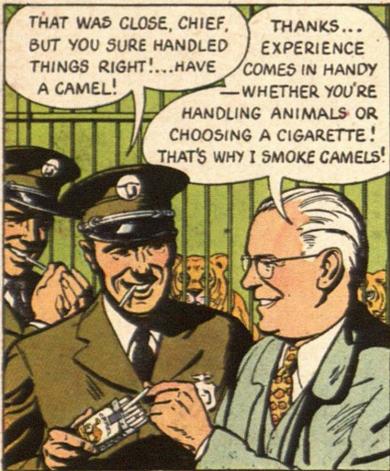
*TRUE, TOO, IN CHOOSING A CIGARETTE! WITH SMOKER AFTER SMOKER WHO TRIED AND COMPARED—CAMELS ARE THE "CHOICE OF EXPERIENCE"!



STEADY, GIRL, STEADY... NOW BACK INTO THE RUNWAY... AND TRY YOUR NEW CAGE!

LOOKS LIKE SHE'S GOING TO OBEY!

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



THAT WAS CLOSE, CHIEF, BUT YOU SURE HANDLED THINGS RIGHT!...HAVE A CAMEL!

THANKS... EXPERIENCE COMES IN HANDY — WHETHER YOU'RE HANDLING ANIMALS OR CHOOSING A CIGARETTE! THAT'S WHY I SMOKE CAMELS!

Let your "T-Zone" tell you why!



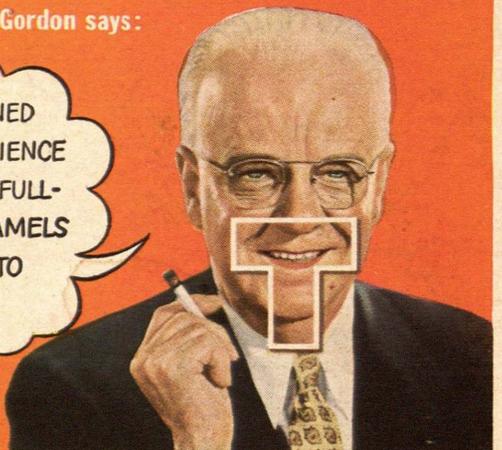
T for Taste... T for Throat... that's your proving ground for any cigarette. See if Camels don't suit your "T-Zone" to a "T."

Zoo Curator Clyde Gordon says:

I'VE LEARNED FROM EXPERIENCE THAT MILD, FULL-FLAVORED CAMELS SUIT ME TO A 'T'!

Clyde Gordon

General Curator and Director Staten Island Zoo



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!

CAMELS—the Choice of Experience!



Fred A. Block

Harzfeld's —

The elegance of the Edwardian period reasserts itself in Fred A. Block's impression-making original. Rich jewel embroidery encrusts the deep-ladled neckline, soft drapery adds an enchanting diaphanous effect. Front skirt slimness back-swept is achieved through skillful manipulation of fine rayon crepe.

WEDNESDAY NIGHT IS GUEST NIGHT
ON DISC DERBY

Sponsored By

DORN-CLONEY

Dial 3114

For Laundry and Cleaning Pick-Up



I'm betting on two winners—MIZZOU and my girl in her new coat from JULIES.



. . . we transmitted the cartoon cover (October *Showme*) and the *Chicago Tribune* used it on the picture page of their . . . home edition. Also understand the *N. Y. News* used it. It worked in fine with the campaign temperatures.

Ed Hoffman,
Acme Newspictures, Inc.
Kansas City

. . . I am enjoying your magazine again this year, though not quite as much as last year. . .

James Moran,
442 K Street,
Columbia

You keep buying, Jim, and we'll keep trying. Write us again this month.
Ed.

. . . This will acknowledge receipt of the September issue of MISSOURI SHOWME addressed to the President. Please be assured that your thought in sending him a copy of your magazine is much appreciated.

William D. Hassett,
Secretary to the President,
The White House

We wonder if Mr. President has had time to read it. Ed.

. . . The October issue of *Showme* was one of the worst. I realize that every issue can't be tops, but how have you sunk so low! . . . Charles Nelson Barnard's story with the ambiguous title of *Vision of the Blind* was terrible. I hope you can do better . . . Maybe it was blind haste that prompted you to include John Trim-

ble's *Genuine Imported Briar*. At any rate, why waste such good pictures on such an amateur attempt! . . . Yours with sympathy . . .

John C. Burkhardt,
611 Providence Road,
Columbia

Dear John! Ed.

As a loyal alumnus of the University of Missouri and all its institutions, and as an admirer of frank humor, subtle humor, and all other varieties, I want to express my interest in *Showme* by subscribing for the current academic year . . .

George J. Staubus,
University of Buffalo,
New York

As a former Susie . . . I find that the only thing in Columbia I can't live without is *Showme* . . . Your Stephens satires are priceless, your cartoons without equal . . . You could print all the cracks that we on the *Standard* were forced to overlook--- in the interests of good taste (?)

Joan Luce,
Bennington College,
Bennington, Vt.

The Standard, dear Joan, hasn't changed a bit. Ed.

Thanks for the September *Showme*. From the looks of this issue, this year's series should surpass even the high standard set by Mr. Walker's fine editorship.

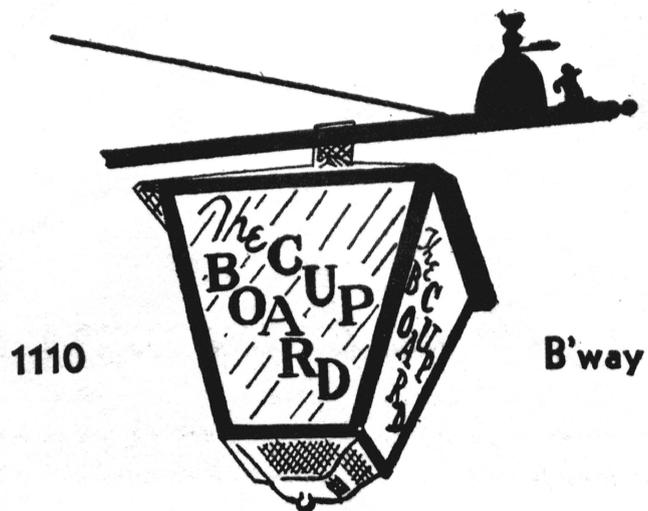
Harold Morrison, Jr.
George Tech,
Atlanta, Ga.

It will be hard to do, Harold. Ed.



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Phone 9724 for Delivery





Suzan Says...

The Place to Buy That
Extra - Pretty, Extra - Special

FORMAL
is *Suzanne's*

- Crisp Fabrics
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- Fashion-Rite Colors

Columbia's Smartest Shop for Women

Suzanne's
912 Broadway



Versatile is indeed the term to apply to Photo Editor John Trimble. This month's cover, done in oils, is an example of what we mean.

John was looking 'way ahead last summer when he first "roughed up" a sketch for the cover of this Homecoming Issue. Then he spent spare moments for two months doing the actual painting.

Reproduction of such a cover is a "first" for *Showme*. It involves—use a technical term—a process of "camera separation," i.e. the original painting, in full color, has been reproduced without the use of separate color plates. Orchids to our printer for a good job.

Artist Trimble won't say who the sad little guy actually is. Seems the local gendarmerie are currently looking with disfavor on certain forms of speculation.

Showme Salesgirls

Phil Agee, Alpha Phi
 Freddy Parker, Kappa Alpha Theta
 Hilda Baskind, Alpha Epsilon Phi
 Dorothy Carl, Alpha Chi Omega
 Arlene Brattler, Chi Omega
 Dorothy Dubach, Delta Gamma
 Peggy Shrader, Gamma Phi Beta
 Corinne Sartorius, Zeta Tau Alpha

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Campus Florist
 708 CONLEY



MISSOURI SHOWME

YOUR CAMPUS HUMOR MAGAZINE

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Dear Reader:

This is the Homecoming Issue we promised. Last month we said Swami would tip his turban to a great M.U. football team. Swami does. The Oklahoma game notwithstanding, the Ohio State game notwithstanding -- it's still a great team, made up of our schoolmates: guys who are trying hard.

Last month was a gratifying one for Showme. The election cover was reproduced in newspapers across the nation and selections from the magazine were circulated in Columbia via facsimile, thus making ours the first college humor magazine to appear on this media.

Our old friend Jesse Wrench looked over last month's issue and came up with the comment, "If you'd learn to use a rapier instead of a battle axe, you might be a good magazine." As a result, all staff members have thrown away their pens and are dipping their foils into ink wells. The next should be a trenchant issue.

See ya in Jesse!

Sincerely,

Charles Nelson Barnard

Editor-in-Chief

Volume XXVI

November, 1948

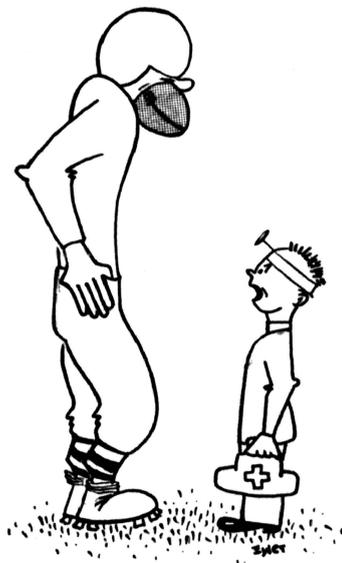
Number 3



Published monthly during the school year by students of the University of Missouri. Printed by Modern Litho-Print Co., Jefferson City, Mo., Anton Hiesberger, owner. All copyrights reserved.

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

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



*THE great crowd roars, with blood in eye
To see the warriors fight and die
But suffering most is the ball
In gross indifference to it all.*



Around the Columns

Overheard

In a local cinema a pert feminine voice behind us saying, "I'll give you 'til the end of the newsreel to stop that."

November

. . . the eleventh hour of the old year . . . from the Latin, meaning "nine" . . . from the campus, meaning "home-coming" . . . from the classroom, meaning mid-semester exams . . . thirty days hath Home-coming . . . fifteen to get ready; fifteen to recover . . . cardboard Jay-hawks on front lawns . . . rampant Tigers, filled with straw . . . alums in big cars . . . vets with prosperous bulges . . . hip pockets with significant bulges . . . who's got a ticket? . . . and how much? . . . in the end zone, you say? That's O. K. Anything to get in . . . home game Saturdays . . . circus Saturdays . . . carnival spirit in the air . . . buy a program . . . buy a "mum" . . . and as long as you're going for cokes, get me some . . . last walk to the Stadium this year . . . last look at the team . . . buy a program . . . buy a mum . . . Faurot's a hero . . . Faurot's a bum . . . beat K.U. and beat 'em good . . . make McBride eat Jayhawk nests . . . draw the Tiger a great big beer . . . give the team a great big cheer and when it's over join the crowds . . . walk in the streets or honk your horn . . . say goodbye to the bulging vests 'til next year . . . it's been nice to see you again . . . what was it now? Class of 1910? . . . those were the days . . . remember old George? Sure you do . . . he made the touchdown in '08 . . . sweep up the programs and the mums . . . say Goodbye to football . . . 'til next year.

By Way of Review

Every once in a while we run across something in contemporary prose that has explicit application to local custom or to segments of M. U. society. We found something in the October *Atlantic* which, regardless of your sentiments regarding fraternities and/or sororities, seemed to us a provoking piece of writing. If you agree with its author, you'll get several hearty chuckles from the reading; if you don't, at least you have the stimulus for a lively bull session.

Writing in the urbane style of the august *Atlantic*, "C.W.M." says of the fraternity system in general, "Fraternity Row is a neighborhood of teenage Little Scorpion's Clubs, each with its secret grip, passwords, and recognition signals. It may well be that all fraternities are using the same grip without knowing it."

"C.W.M." continues with extraordinary perception, "Fraternity house mortgages usually run for a fixed term

of, say two hundred years and represent about 150 percent of the property's estimated market value as of the spring of 1929."

Next, he strikes at the Greek chow line, thus: "Fraternity meals, like the fraternity mortgage—and probably in consequence of it—are distinctive, and few Americans not confined in a state prison eat anything comparable to them as a steady diet. Consumption of ketchup along Fraternity Row is estimated at 1.27 gallons per week per brother."

The *Atlantic* article concludes with the observation that, "of all the mysteries in the fraternity system, none is more inexplicable than the complete disappearance of the fraternity man, as such, after his graduation from college."

Now, we don't know who "C.W.M." is, and therefore we don't know how well qualified he (or she) is to write on such a critical topic in these critical times. We're sure, however, that it would have interested the *Atlantic's* readers—and *Showme's*—to know whether this sarcastic savant writes from personal experience.

Whatever, we can hear the bull session barristers taking sides already.

Bosomy Promotion

You've heard it before, but we thought we'd mention it again: our heroines of contemporary fiction. Perhaps they reflect a trend in public taste; perhaps they reveal a hunger in private lives. Whatever the reason for their existence, there is a demand—and therefore, a supply.

To sell a book to Johnny and Jane Public these days, it must fit a pattern—now pretty well fixed—that



goes something like this: (1) On the cover jacket, there should be a voluptuous young thing in crinoline, her bosom well exposed, her hair wind-blown, and her lips very carmine. Almost any setting is suitable to display this beauty, but the deck of a four-master or the rocky edge of an English coastline is ideal. (2) In adver-



tising the book, such terms as Bondage, Gamble for Happiness, Amorous Excitement, Intimate Saga, and Sold Into Marriage will be of great promotional value. Use them liberally. (3) Be sure that you make it apparent that the poor girl is a composite of Amber, Scarlett, Queen Anne, and Zola's Nana. Be sure also that she is illegitimate and that she has never cooked a meal in her life. She should be familiar with dueling and midnight escapes in a coach and four. (4) She must have more than one lover. If she does not submit to the charms of a pirate captain, a British colonial officer, a Civil War spy and a court chamberlain within the first four chapters, she is a failure by contemporary standards. (5) If possible, have her fall in love with her own brother, or—for variety—have her sister fall in love with the "man" of your narrative. This will lead you

naturally into a very salable case of fratricide or matricide or incest—any one of which will win the critics raves for your "courage." (6) Finally, give your book away ABSOLUTELY FREE through the medium of a book club.

Followed faithfully, the above rules can make a successful novelist out of any of us.

Jalousie

We've been looking at the automobile advertisements for years. Every year they look better, and the sleek models depicted whet our appetite more and more. The advertising agencies are trying their seductive best, and their recent efforts seem to hit a peak.

Every car, whether it be a four-cylinder "economy" job, or a ponderous "nothing could be finer" model is made to look like an amphibious version of the battleship *Missouri* on a carefree trip through Yellowstone Park. Proportion is a thing forgotten. Grill work looms at the reader's eyes like Bronco Marusic in full grid attire. Wheels are fat and massive, like great white-walled doughnuts leaping over whatever rocky obstacles may be in the happy tourists' path. Happy children always grin from the car windows as if riding in a mobile play pen, and the picture won't be true Americana if a cocker spaniel isn't drooling out a front window. Daddy smiles at the open road, looking a little bit like Nelson Eddy and Mommy, young and pert, sits twelve feet away from Daddy on the front seat.

For years, as we say, we've enjoyed all this. Somehow, it seemed within the limits of our attainments someday. But now, a new element has

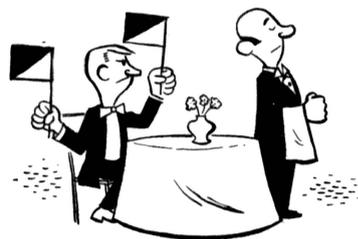
been injected. No longer is it sufficient to show the car. Oh no! In 1948, the damn thing has to be parked next to a swimming pool, so that its occupants can grin from the front seat at poolside loungers with high-balls in hand. This is too much. Walking, we are sure, is more healthful anyway.

Facilities Inadequate

One of the most oft-repeated comments made by M.U. students regarding the community in which we live is that "facilities are inadequate." The phrase is so often used that—like a word repeated until it is meaningless—we hear it now with the sort of boredom accorded all trite sayings.

Sad to relate, however, the remark—trite or not—is true. Perhaps the following will illustrate. It is a true story. It happened to us. It has probably happened to you.

Supper at a Columbia restaurant: we waited 15 minutes to be seated. Once seated, we had an opportunity



to enjoy the very attractive interior appointments of the establishment for another 35 minutes before getting our chow. This done, we called a cab and waited another 15 minutes. (True enough, it was a rainy night and the

POP
MINZON



cabs were busy.) When we got to the movies, there was a line in which we stood 20 minutes. After the movies, another 20 minute wait for a cab, another 15 minute wait for service in a local beanery.

Total time spent waiting: 120 minutes—2 hours!

This is not a reflection on present establishments in Columbia. It is not a condemnation of the restaurateur who can only seat and serve just so many people at a time. It is not a complaint that the theatres are not big enough. It is none of this.

It is a question: why in Sam Hill, with demand for goods and services at a high tide in Columbia and with present "facilities inadequate," doesn't good old American enterprize capitalism get to work and make some money for itself?

And save us some time.

Buzz Buzz Buzz Buzz

For as long as we can remember, we have heard people in Columbia say that the best way to make a telephone connection with a line that is busy and in much demand, is to dial the first three numbers and then wait a while before dialing the fourth.

Proponents of this method, however, were never sure of what they were doing. Some admitted that perhaps it was just chance; others swore that the trick worked. None had any technical information to support their hypothesis.

The theory behind their thinking, however, is that while the mechanisms of the dial telephone system are waiting for you to select and dial the fourth number, no other party who might be competing for the same line can succeed.

Being of a somewhat curious nature, we decided to run this story down by asking the man who should know best: the repair clerk. He was very nice to us when we asked him, albeit the question seemed to be a new one on him. After a moment's reflection on the technicalities of his trade, he replied that the trick would not work; that while three members remain dialed—without the fourth—the telephone being called is not held up or put out of service to others.

He explained it this way: the first two digits of the exchange go through to selectors. The third goes to a connector (a mechanism of one hundred lines, arranged ten square). When the third number is dialed, an arm



selects one column of ten telephones, but makes no connection until the fourth number tells the arm which one of the ten you want.

Of course, if you want to keep your own phone out of service (the repair man tells us) this is a very good way to do it.

Shopper's Guide

For those of us who are inclined to enjoy the luxury of smoking in bed without incurring the wrath of every fire chief west of Suez, Yankee ingenuity has come up with yet another gadget.

We suppose it should come under the general classification of "cigarette holder," but after taking one look at it, we think it must have been crossed with an oriental hookah. Extending from an ivory mouthpiece is



a long, flexible tube which is of sufficient extension to reach from the bed-ridden smoker to the floor. At the other end, this tube-like affair is affixed to a combination ash tray and cigarette holder, the tray being attached to the underside of the holder. We're going to get one right away.

Under Two Flags?

The lack of school spirit among stu-

dents at the University has at last reached such proportions so as to command the combined and simultaneous attention of top University officials.

For several years, particularly since the war, we have heard unconditional acknowledgment from students and faculty members alike that M.U.'s *esprit de corps* was at a low ebb. Now it is official.

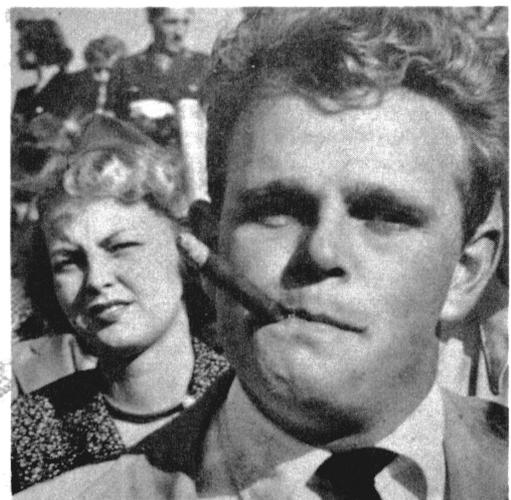
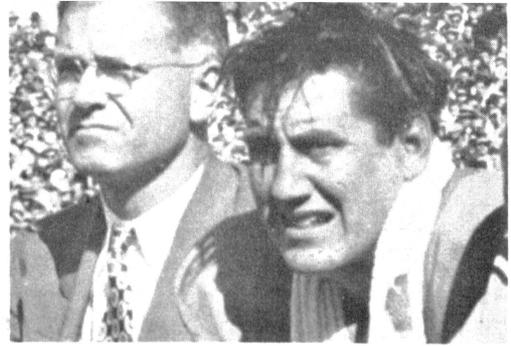
At a recent special meeting of the Student Government Association, University president Middlebush, Vice-President Brady, and the Deans of Men and Women faced the problem squarely, came up with no solution, but with several interesting comments from which we believe the genesis of a solution could spring.

Divisional interests, say the officials, are in part responsible for the apathetic manner in which most students view their University as a whole. A little over a year ago, the venerable Jesse Wrench struck a blow on the same anvil when he attacked fraternities and sororities and factions within departments of the University as selfish cliques, more interested in their own affairs than in the affairs of the school of which they are a part.

If this is the becalmed vortex of what should be a turbulent pride in Old Mizzou, we offer the suggestion that local and private loyalties may well continue to exist without doing so at the expense of a much larger loyalty.

After all, the most fervent Brooklynite and the most voluble Texan still salute the Stars & Stripes. At the University of Missouri, the chapter house need not replace the columns in our hearts.

CANDIDLY MIZZOU
Old school spirit...



JOHN TRIMBLE—SHOWME

BITTER

TIGER NIGHT started this year's M. U. spirit rolling. Torches lit up, cheering started, and the team was introduced. Jesse Wrench missed the celebration, but his enthusiasm for Mizzou cheering was there.

EXCITEMENT is recorded by SHOWME'S camera in the faces of these students at the games. How excited can you get?



CAROUSEL STUDIO

LITTLE ROOTER, yes, but a solid backer of the Tigers. His dad wants him to be an All-American on the M. U. squad of 1964. He's Wilbur Volz son.



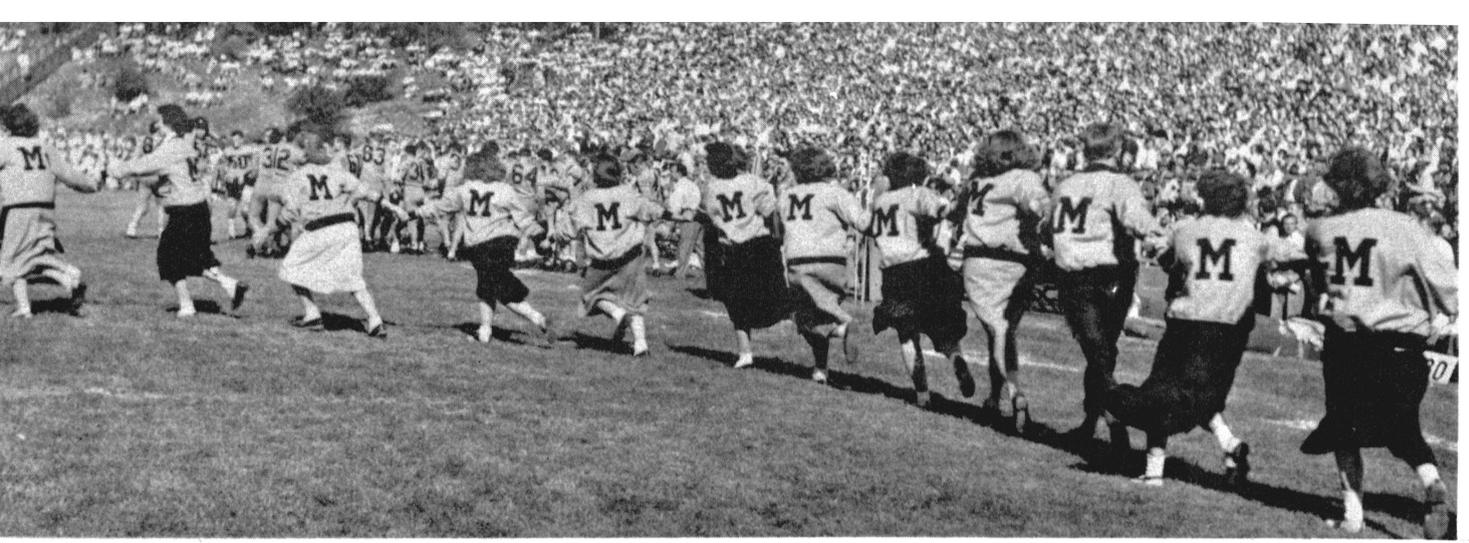
SINCLAIR ROGERS—SHOWME

ALUMNI are getting a big kick out of this year's school spirit. These old grads are glad to pay three dollars for a chance to wave their arms and yell for Alma Mater.



GIFF HAMPSHIRE

HOME AGAIN, after scuttling Navy, 35-14, the Tiger gridmen received a royal welcome organized by the Ags. Students turned out "en masse" to parade the team through town with torches and all the trimmings. In Washington, team members shook hands with President Truman. Back home, they get rural music and parades.



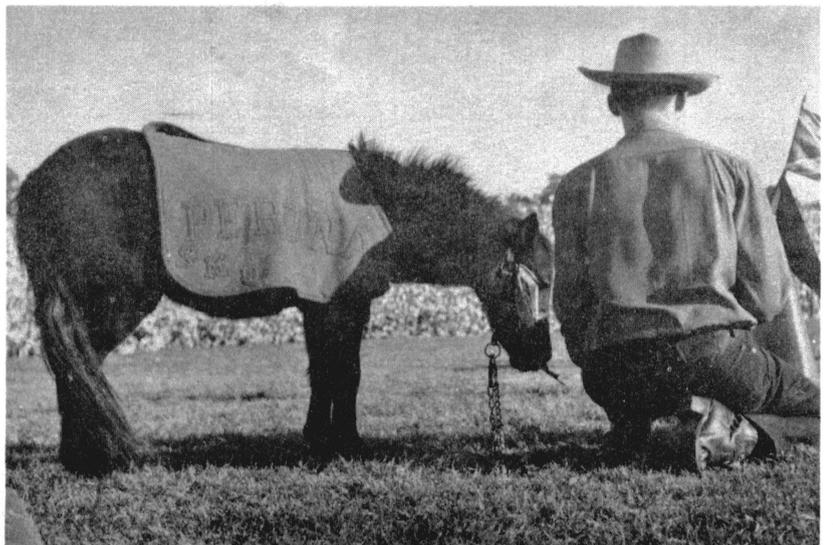
TIGER CLAWS, uninhibited (but official) M. U. cheering squad, is the largest group of its kind in the country. Its job is to set off the chain reaction of spirit at every game. Any herpetologist can identify the rite shown above. It's a snake dance, the Claws' specialty. These "lettermen" get as much exercise as any. ■ SINCLAIR ROGERS—SHOWME



HAM ACT of the season was the Cosmos' bet with their Tulsa brethren—a Boone County ham against a dry oil well on the Sooner game. ■ JOHN TRIMBLE—SHOWME



BEHIND THE STANDS action is typified in this picture. This unprejudiced football fan will continue celebrating a victory, whichever team wins. This kind of spirit is O. K. It's sincere. ■ SINCLAIR ROGERS—SHOWME



SAD STEED, indeed, was Peruna, mascot of the SMU team, after watching the Tigers boot his fellow Mustangs from the nation's top ten. Doaker felt about the same way, spectators report. ■ SINCLAIR ROGERS—SHOWME



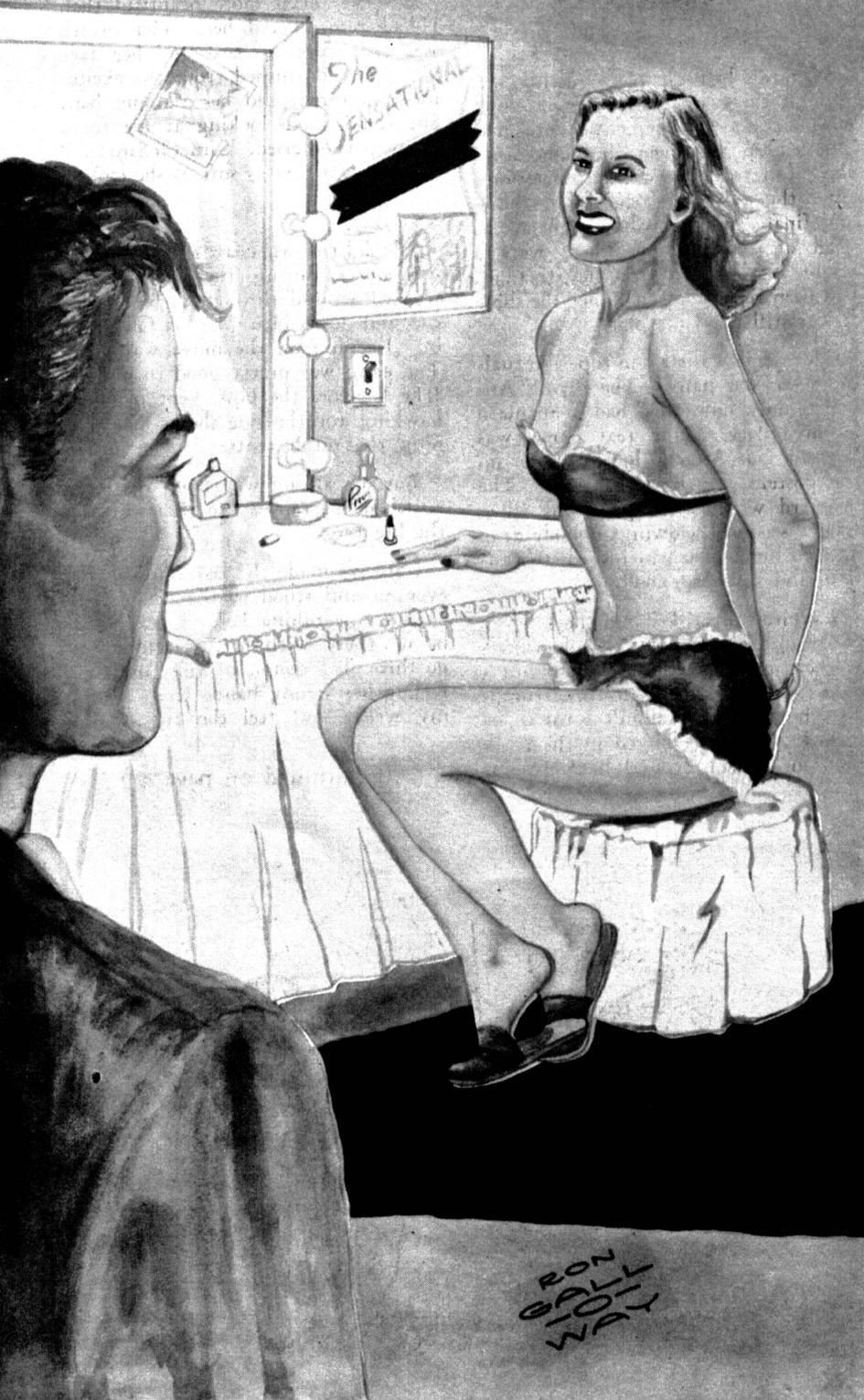
COACH DON FAUROT was hoisted on the shoulders of his victorious varsity after the SMU game. He was United Press coach-of-the-week for beating Doak. Now, he's Showme's photo-of-the-month. Next week he'll be the man-who-beat-K. U. Mr. Faurot, the Tigers, the alumni, and spirit-minded students deserve plenty of credit for Missouri's liveliest post-war season.

■INCLAIR ROGERS—SHOWME

With the

Greatest of Ease

by Bill Diehl



I don't remember what the hospital at Cerignola looked like. I can't remember the cracks on the walls or the nurses or how often they changed the sheets. I don't remember because cracks and nurses and sheets didn't mean anything to me while I was there.

I do remember that the soldier in the cot across from mine had lost both arms on the beach coming in and he cried all the time. And the man in the cot next to his was blinded and never said a word. And there was the smell of death and iodoform everywhere.

Benny was in the cot next to mine.

He looked terrible. He was gray. He knew he was dying and I guess I knew it too. I knew it when I saw him lying beside me on the white beach. He lay there in bed beside me for four days without saying anything, trying to fight back the tears that kept running down his face . . . four days without saying a word.

On the fifth night I awoke and heard him calling my name. His voice was weak, like the echo of a whisper in an empty theatre.

"Yeah," I said, "I'm right over here, Benny."

"Sam . . . if you ever see my mother . . . don't tell her about this . . . don't ever tell her about this . . . tell her I died out there somewhere . . . tell her that . . ."

"I'll tell her, Benny."

He didn't say anymore. A little while later they came and took him out and the next morning the doctor told me it was a hemorrhage and there was nothing they could do to stop it.

I felt all washed out. Nothing there had any meaning to me anymore. Benny . . . with his books and his stories and his enthusiasm over little things . . . the professor and the

teacher whose words were lessons . . . who smiled shyly when the rest of the guys in the outfit called him "Prof" . . . who wanted to get to Rome to see the art museums and the Vatican, not the women and the vino like the rest of us . . . Benny was gone.

He was a lot of things. He was the one I'd like to have teach my kids in school and the one I'd vote for and the one I'd sit and listen to in church and the one I'd like to have take my kid's tonsils out and help my wife have her first baby. Benny was a lot of things.

Then suddenly he was a pine box, a couple of dog tags, an empty cot in the hospital and a white cross among many white crosses.

The next morning I didn't think about doctors and nurses and cracks in the wall when they wheeled me out of the room. I didn't think about scalpels or saws or whatever it is they use when they cut. And when I slowly realized that they were wheeling me back and I didn't have any legs anymore I somehow didn't give a damn.

That was in the hospital at Cerignola.

The carnival was like a crazy dream full of lights and noise that suddenly pops up before you when you're walking in a fog. Everything up to then was black. A black, blurry fog. Then I was moving awkwardly out of a cab and standing in front of the lights and the noise and the back fog was moving away. I was home.

To me, home could have been Scranton, Philly, Albany or Chicago. Wherever the carnival put up its tents, that was home and I had always loved it. It was something I had never tired of, from the time I drove stakes in the work gang, until I became a headliner. Maybe it was the lights and the noise and the barkers singing to the suckers. Maybe it was the faces of the smart city guys getting fooled by the fakers or the faces of the kids. Maybe I loved it because it wasn't any phonier than the rest of the world. The pinheads, the fat ladies, the midgets, were just as human as the next guy. They all ate, slept, had kids and died. And they all thought just like the rest of us.

Or maybe I loved it because it was home.



Nothing had changed. Ernie was still on the main gate, with his loud bow tie and drooping panama hat. The set-up was even the same . . . the pitch tents, then the concessions, then the rides and the freak shows and finally the main show right at the head of everything. There were a couple of new tents and the streamers had been repainted but under the shine it was still the same place.

Her name was still on top. Actually it was our name—The Flying Angellos, only now they had a Spaniard in my place. Our real name was Webster but Angello looked better on the posters so Angello it was. The Spaniard wasn't very good but when Cathy was on the swings nobody even noticed him. She was just that beautiful and just that good.

I wanted to walk down the fairway and watch the faces of the old timers as they sold their bill of goods but I didn't. I was tired and my stumps were hurting and I didn't want to be looked at like I belonged in the freak tent so I went around back to our

trailer and waited for her. I could hear the band brassing it up in the big tent and the crowd applauding and Charlie Taylor's voice barking in the background.

And then she was standing in the doorway.

She was even more beautiful than I had remembered her. Her breath was still coming hard and her face was red and flushed from the excitement and matched her flaming hair. She stood there looking at me for a moment then cried, "Sam, oh Sam . . ." and she was just as soft as she looked.

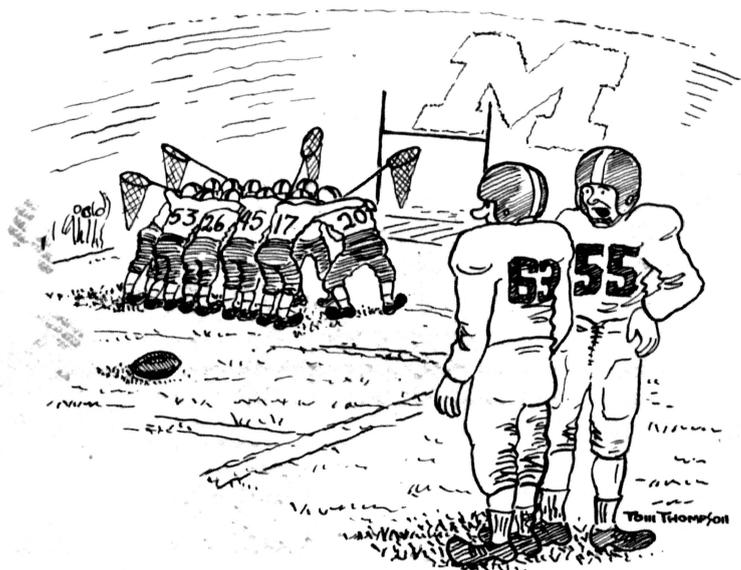
* * *

We did the east coast and the northern states during the summer and worked around through upper Michigan and down into Ohio as fall rolled in. Keeping on the move was good. The gang was pretty good to me and Jake Cantor, the boss, kept me busy hawking for the side shows and running the pitch tents.

But it's a long way from the pitch tents on the fairway to the swings in the big tent.

I always made the last show of the evening and stood in the performer's entrance watching her. I wanted to be up there with her, watching her go through a couple of flips and then feeling her strong hands wrap around my wrists and feel the tug of the

(Continued on page 20)



"Best damned passing team I ever saw."



JOHN TRIMBLE—SHOWME

COFFEE is the elixir of the bourgeoisie. It precipitates the tars of beverages, dissolves the scums of braunschweigers, and dispels the fogs of revelry. If you're a socialite, give it a try. Twelve cups at wake-up time will keep you from snoozing through your morning lecture. Another cup will keep you in bed for a week.

How to Wake Up

EVERY morning 11,428 students at M.U. make some sort of an attempt to get up. The aggregate will-power, muscle power and brain-power going into this daily project is incalculable. Pledge-wake-up-man-power expended would probably send the *Queen Elizabeth* around the world a couple of times before sunrise, while it is even possible that the deafening ring of an estimated 3,500 student alarm clocks

could be heard all the way to the back row of Waters Auditorium.

Typical of the battle of drowsiness is the student who last semester made twelve hours S and three hours F. When poppa had finished flogging him on receipt of his transcript, this poor lad confessed his dilemma.

He had been living in a quiet, happy student residence. On the first day of the new semester he sprang happily from bed, trotted briskly to his three-

hour 7:30 and answered a cheery "present sir" to the initial roll-call. All this effort wore him out so completely that he decided, for the sake of his health, he should sleep through the class on Wednesday.

By Friday this sleeping habit was so firmly entrenched that he was psychologically unable to get up early thereafter. He snapped at well-meaning wake-up men, smashed tingling alarm clocks, and waged such a successful battle in defense of his pillowed fortress that he never made his 7:30 lecture again.

In an effort to prevent any more such twigs being bent, *Showme* presents a brief two pages of instructions on combating this menace. With illustrations.



ALARMS are found to be effective for most students. Those who find them useless are: (1) dull-heads who sleep through them, and (2) geniuses who outwit them. Dull-heads are hopeless, but cases of clock-outwitters (above) have been cured by a few extra hours of partying each night. This befores a usually crafty mind, leaving the student helpless.



VIOLENCE is the method of over-organized groups, where bands of strong-armed young pledges are authorized to roam the halls in search of innocent sleepers.



DON'T GO TO BED and you won't have to worry about getting up on time. It's easy to line up an all-night party any evening during Homecoming season.

SINCE 1891

by Diana Pattison

Harvard vs. Yale. Army vs. Navy. Michigan vs. Minnesota. They're all great football rivalries, made so by years of tradition that clings to them like ivy to Jesse Hall.

But, add to them Missouri vs. Kansas—the oldest gridiron grudge west of the Mississippi and today one of the nation's best known Turkey Day classics.

Tigers have been eating Jayhawk meat and Jayhawks have been in the Tigers' fur since 1891 when the now-famous series began. Only in 1918, when there was a general cessation of games due to W W I, was the string of contests broken. The game to be played at Memorial Stadium next week will be the 57th renewal of hostilities.

Exposition Park in Kansas City was the site of the first battle in 1891. The crowd was estimated at two thousand and they paid 25c and 50c to see the strange, new game. Spectators stood on the sidelines and followed the play up and down the field. According to an old account of the game, the audience was a heterogeneous group, made up of collegians, socialites, and baseball fans. The latter were not up on the points of the game, but the enthusiasm of the college youths was contagious. Everybody warmed up to the game as it progressed, and as the uninitiated began to catch on to the finer points of the game, they became as wildly hilarious as the hundreds of young men sporting the Crimson & Blue of Kansas or the Black & Gold of Missouri. Before the boys went back to their studies, the "Rock Chalk Jayhawk" yell was known all over Kansas City, and fashion notes described the Kansas players as wearing "swanky box-like coats, tight-fitting trousers, derbies, and smoking Sweet Caporal cigarettes."

In 1890 and '91, the present site of the M.U. library was used as the gridiron. But with the firm installation of football in the life of Mizzou, activities were transferred to what is

now Rollins Field. In those days, it was a matter of going from one pasture to a better one.

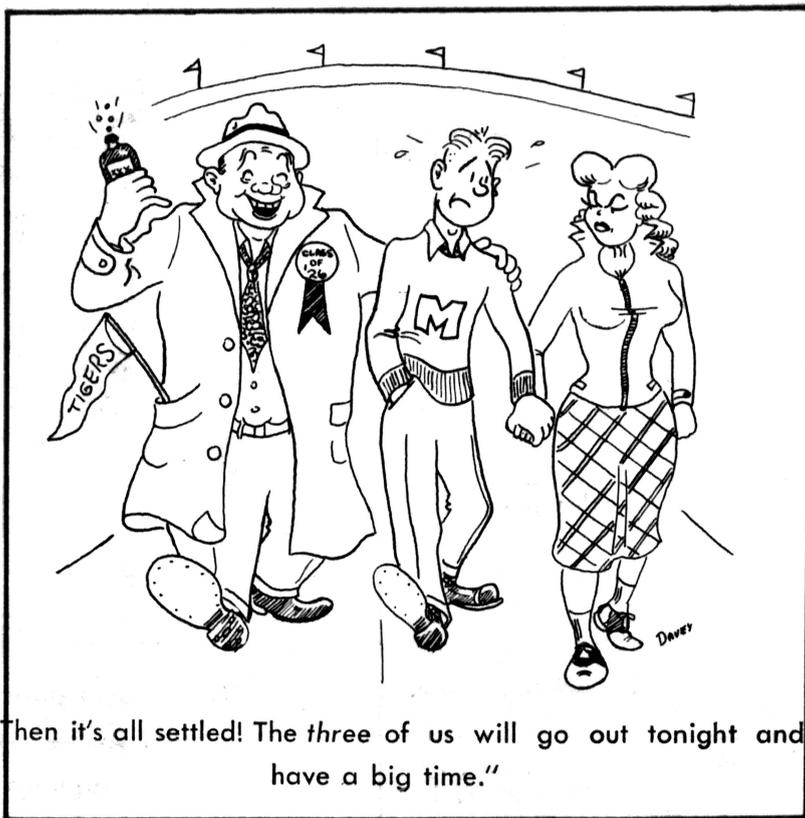
The second game of the series, in 1892, was again played at Exposition Park, on Thanksgiving Day. In those days, a team had three downs in which to make five yards for a first down. K.U. made a lot of them and went on to win the game. The players were still without helmets in 1892, depending on long shaggy hair to protect their skulls. The protection was slight.

Don Faurot's part in next week's contest will be limited to coaching his team from the bench and all the physical activity the Bengal mentor will get will be a few excited gyrations in front of the Tiger quarters. But in 1893, the Missouri coach was an integral part of the team. Aroused

by two successive defeats, the Tigers brought H. O. Robinson, a Tufts College star, from the east and the new player-coach led his charges to a 12-4 victory. In 1893, helping the ball carrier was permitted by the rules—or lack of them—and a downed runner could be pulled along the ground by his teammates. Rival players were also entitled to jump on and pull in the opposite direction, resulting in tug-of-war games with the fallen ball carrier serving as the rope.

In 1898, the Tiger eleven was weakened by the absence of Captain Ad Hill, detained in Cuba by the Spanish-American War. In 1899, however, Ad was back in Columbia and the Tigers were at full strength again.

But the game that endears the M.U.-K.U. rivalry to every old grad was in 1901. In that year, Kansas had won



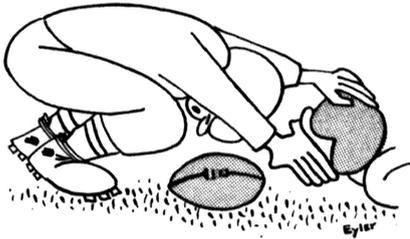
every game on their schedule and Miz-zou was without a single victory. But the Bengals, conceding nothing, swept the Jayhawks aside and came off with an 18-12 win.

In 1902, the series was shifted to Sportsman's Park in K. C. and ten thousand fans saw the game. In 1907, for some now-unknown reason, the game was played in St. Joseph, but returned to Kansas City the following year.

The twenty-year-old rivalry became officially a Homecoming-Thanksgiving tradition in 1911 at Rollins Field, and has alternated between Columbia and Lawrence ever since.

Next Thursday, as you sit in the Stadium to see the 1948 versions of Tigers and Jayhawk teams, you will be looking at a half century of progress in sportsmanship and at a foot-ball rivalry which now matches any in the country in hoary tradition.

THE END



"Young lady, I'll bet your mother would be angry if she saw you in that skimpy bathing suit."

"I'll say she would! It's hers."

* *

A girl we don't know got a job with an advertising agency—giving away little boxes of candy to the public. She'd just finished her first day's work when she met an old friend whom she hadn't seen in quite a while.

"Oh, Madge," said the friend, "I've just heard the news that you're going to get married."

"Yes, I am, in January," said Madge.

"How wonderful! What are you doing now?"

"Nothing much," said Madge, "just giving away free samples."

* *

A woman finally found she could get a divorce from her husband because of his flat feet. His feet were in the wrong flat.

Columbia Opticians

11 South Ninth Street

"Where the students get their glasses"



"Please, dear parents, don't ask me to give him up until you've seen him in his new

WOOLF BROTHERS Suit!"

DEAN'S
10 S. 9th

Town & Country Shop

- Corduroys
- Tweeds
- Nylon Sweaters
- Lingerie

DEAN'S



\$4.95

Created in Hollywood

soft, rich suede

trimmed in unborn calf

White—Green—Brown

Miller's

800 Broadway

Columbia, Mo.

Greatest of Ease . . .

(Continued from page 15.)

bar behind my knees. I wanted to be in the big tent with her after the crowd had gone, trying some new act, helping her with it, knowing how much she loved me by the way she looked at me and by the way her voice had bells in it when she spoke. I wanted to hear the yells of the crowd below me and hear the drums rolling and feel the silence in the tent when I did something that looked good from down there.

I wanted a lot of things.

So I made the last show every evening and watched and dreamed and then went back to the trailer and waited for her to come and help me to bed.

* * *

Our toughest act was a swing change in mid-air, with me doing a double flip over her. It had taken us six months to perfect it and we had done it for the first time in Cleveland, years before. I remember how proud we had both been and how we had celebrated in a little Pizzeria outside of town all by ourselves.

And then we were back in Cleveland and she was going to try the stunt again. Only this time the Spaniard was going to be helping her and she was going to do the double flip. He was pretty bad, really. In regular times he might have been a pretty good second rate tumbler but that's all. But they worked hard on it and so when we got to Cleveland they decided to try it.

I stood in the entrance watching them that night. The drums were rolling and the crowd was gaping up at the roof, nervously fingering their hat-bands and pop-corn sacks. And then the drums stopped and she was twisting gracefully over him. And then a woman somewhere in the audience screamed and I felt my nails dig holes into my palms and the sweat push through my skin all over my face. And then it was all over and they were back on the ground taking their bows. And I could hear the boss saying, "That was great, real great. Just like the old days. How'd you like the plant in the crowd . . . the dame screaming I mean? What an idea. Christ, when she let loose I thought the whole audience was going to drop dead."

And I hobbled nervously back to the tent with my hands all wet and my heart pounding holes in my ears and my body shaking all over . . .

I sat there for a while and then got up and walked stiffly across the mud to the main tent. It was dark and quiet and the coke bottles and peanut shells were still strewn around the ground. I went over to the low bars that they use to warm-up on and wrapped my hands around the cold rod. It felt good in my hands and I tried to swing a couple of times but I couldn't control myself. I became aware of the dead weight dangling below me and I kept trying desperately to control the swing—realizing how important it was but not knowing why. I tried to swing the legs up over my head and then my hands slipped and I felt myself falling away from the bar. I twisted around and hit the ground hard and my face mashed into the damp sawdust.

I don't know how long I lay there before I finally tried to push myself up but when I did I felt the straps fall off my shoulders and the pressure ease on the stumps. I dragged myself slowly across the ground towards the

entrance to the tent. I started thinking about Benny, and all the Bennies, and how much they had that I would never have. I thought about Benny who had so much even without his legs or arms or eyes. And I thought about how useless I was, about the applause I would never hear again and the bell's in Cathy's voice that weren't ringing as much as they used to and the lights and the noise and the people who weren't as important as they had been.

After that night I stopped trying to fight that washed-out feeling that had been gnawing at me for so long. I let it gnaw. I got so I wanted to laugh at the stupid people who came to the pitch show and tried to throw warped rings around pegs that were just a little too big to be fitted around. I tried laughing at everything but it was the kind of laughter you hear at a board meeting when the boss cracks a joke that isn't very funny and all his "yes" men laugh anyway. I tried walking off places by myself but I got tired of dragging my phoney legs around. I stopped going to the show

■ (Continued on next page)



Exciting Fabrics
●
Exciting Colors
●
Exciting Details
●
SEE THEM
at
Gibson's
APPAREL
BIG BROADWAY

Susie Stephens

by Nicki



"Wonderful! A sneak reverse off a split-T, with Jones handing the ball to Wykowski who laterals to Schroeder who fakes a pass and knifes his way through tackle . . ."



SCORE A VICTORY
with *Flowers*
Though the weather is "chill," her heart will be warmed by a colorful corsage for the game. Always give her flowers for an exciting time!

Order Your
Mums Now

Superior Quality
Dependable Service

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to
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**DuraPower
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AT NO EXTRA COST!

Beneath the exquisite beauty of the new Elgins is the most important watch-making development in over 200 years—the DuraPower Mainspring. It eliminates 99% of watch troubles due to steel mainspring failures. Come in and see these *newest* new watches.



Lamb's
JEWELRY

12 S. 9th St.

every night because there wasn't any sense in it. Finally I didn't do anything. I just sat around waiting for the black, shapeless fog to close in.

We were doing southern Pennsylvania, traveling across the mountains toward Philly, when I noticed the sign one day. The carnival was playing a little town just outside of Harrisburg and right in the center of town they had one of those signs that gives the direction and mileage of all the cities and towns and honky-tonks around. It was right there in the middle . . . Granger . . . seventeen miles. And I guess Benny knew that someday I was going to find myself struggling off the bus in Granger and looking up their address in the phone book and taking a cab out through a quiet, homey neighborhood which wasn't quite as wonderful as it had seemed to him.

The house was nice . . . a little brick place with pretty shutters, a yard big enough to hold a couple of chairs in the summer and a little porch just big enough to keep you dry if it was raining.

She was a pretty woman in her late fifties . . . with hair that was just beginning to show her age and creases in her face that worry had put there a little prematurely. She knew me, my business, everything about me he had known. She even remembered Cathy's name from his letters. And she showed me everything. His pictures from kindergarten right through college, his rock collection, his library, his diploma, his pennants, the football programs jammed against the mirror, a kite the wind had blown apart years before, his first sling-shot, hanging on the wall . . . I saw everything he had called his own since he had been old enough to start throwing junk in a desk drawer. She had them all right where he had left them.

And I saw the letter she had received from the chaplain telling her where he was buried.

"That's all they'd tell me," she said, "just where he was buried and nothing else. Nothing about how it happened."

"He had it easy," I told her, "on the beach when we were coming in. It was very fast."

"Were you with him?"

"Yeah, I was with him."

"Was it very bad?"

"It wasn't bad at all. It was quick, like somebody turning off the lights." That sounded awfully hard after I said it.

"He told me a lot about you. How talented you were and how you performed for the boys once in . . . I think it was North Carolina, wasn't it?"

"Yes m'am."

"He admired you very much."

"He admired me?"

"I remember he told me that you were lucky because you had so much that other people didn't have."

"But I . . ."

"He admired so much in everyone."

"M'am, I . . ."

"I think he was happy. The boys in your outfit made him happy. That was good."

"I'll have to go now."



"You'll come aagin, won't you, Sam?"

"I'll come back again if I'm any where near."

"Thank you, Sam . . ."

A bus ticket was all it took . . . a bus ticket and a little woman who kept football programs and the torn remnants of a kid's first kite . . .

The tents were dark when I got back. The pitch tents were closed for the night . . . the poster of Lila, the fat lady, flapped gently under the shadowed light of a street lamp . . .

(Continued on page 26)

Hathman House

Home of Fine Foods

Chicken

Steaks

Private Parties Our Specialty

Highway 40 East

Telephone 3385

A Smart Place . . .



The STEIN CLUB



COMMON IN, JOE!!!
HA, HA, ALWAYS ROOM
FOR C'IE MORE!

YES SIR! THIS IS A
GREAT WORLD SERIES,
FOLKS!

NO, NO, MR. LOCKMAN!!
THIS IS A FOOTBALL GAME.
YOU KNOW-F-O-O-T-B-A-L-L!

COM'MON
YOU JAYHAWKS

COM'MON YOU
K.U. KILLERS

HOORAY
M.U.

WHAT'S DAT?

WHAT?

THIS IS KFRU
YOUR POWERFUL LITTLE
5 WATTER IN THE HEART
OF LITTLE DIXIE
BRINGING YOU

ANY PASSES ARE TO
BE MADE ON THE FIELD,
CHAUNCY, AND NOT AT
ME. **NOW STOP!!!**

JUST REACHIN'
FOR THE PROGRAM,
HONEY!

I FEAR
PENROD
IS ON THE
MAKE
AGAIN!

YOUNG MAN,
YOU'RE DRUNK!

YOU DON'T HAVE TO
SHOW ME YOUR 'ATHLETE'S
FOOT' TO PROVE TO ME
YOU'RE AN ATHLETE,
RUDOLPH!

OH YEAH!
WELL YOU'RE UGLY!

BUT YOU'RE
DRUNK!

AH-H-H, YOU'RE
UGLY!

YOU'RE DRUNK!

YOU'RE UGLY!

YOU'RE DRUNK!

HAH! BUT I'LL
BE SOBER IN
THE MORNING!

I THINK
HE'S A
SLEEPER

PSHAW!

DEWEY
IN
1952

NO, NO, OGLETHORPE!
YOU'VE GOT YOUR DAMN
SHOULDER-PADS ON
WRONG AGAIN!

TREADNEEDLES

PENCILS
SHOE LACES

BLIND
PENCILS

COACH

BLACKJACK

LOOKING FOR A NEW PLACE TO EAT?

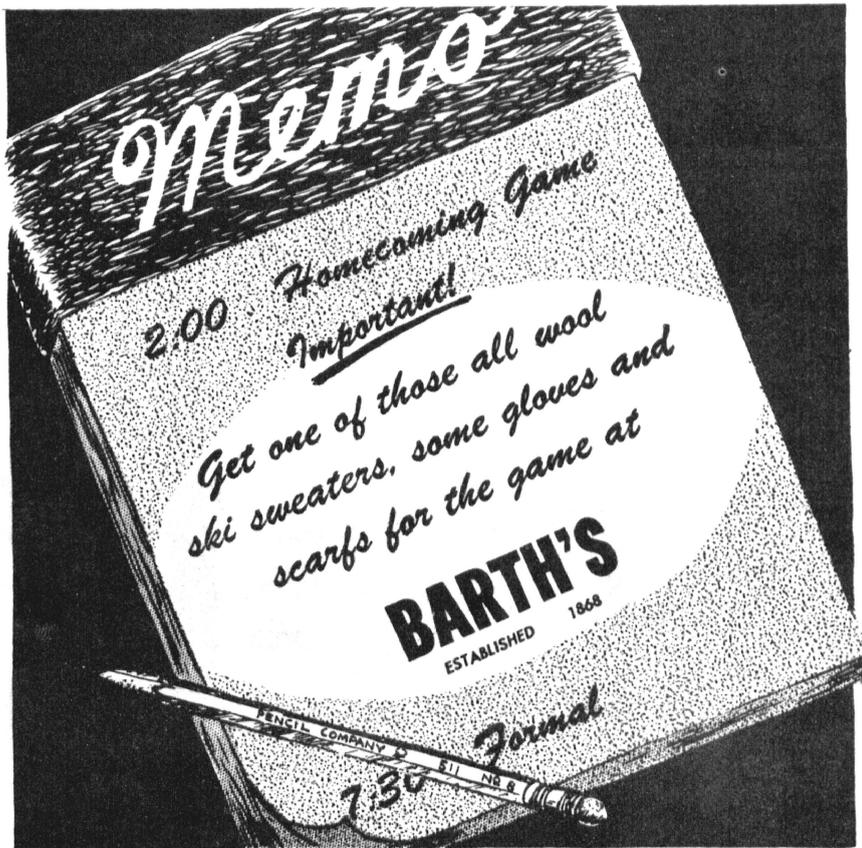
Tasty Sandwiches and

Good Coffee

at

RADER'S SNACK SHACK

Hi-Way 63, South on Grindstone Hill



For Sporting Goods

and

Athletic Equipment

Drop in at

GRANT'S SPORTING GOODS

23 North 9th

Phone 5391

Greatest of Ease . . .

(Continued from page 23)

the horses on the merry-go-round were covered up for the night.

The main tent, big, silent, empty . . . the swing hanging dormant and the nets below, waiting . . . no bands, no people, no pop-corn sacks and women screaming . . . nothing but silence . . . and the sound of fingers struggling with buckles and the relief of pressure on stumps . . . a coat falling away from shoulders and the slow process, hand over hand, to the top of the tent . . . a well-resined bar held tightly in nervous hands . . . then the slow, cool arc of the trapeze, swinging back and forth . . . a voice whispering, "This is your chance. This is the lights and the noise and the people. This is five years ago and tomorrow all wrapped up in one." . . . a hundred Bennies were down below, yelling and clapping and buying soda for their kids and playing in the bands . . . and it wasn't hard . . . it wasn't hard to move a legless body between



my arms and move it back and finally get back to the ropes and hang there looking down at the empty benches, imagining they were full of people all applauding . . .

I slid down the wire hand over hand and dropped beside the pole. I was breathing hard and the sweat was running down my face and into my mouth. I was tired and soaked to the skin and my heart was pounding a hole in my chest but I felt good.

And then I saw her . . . standing in the entrance where I had stood so many nights . . . and she was clapping her hands and coming over to me and she was smiling and that look was in her eyes and she said,

"Welcome home, Sam . . ."

and the bells were back in her voice.

THE END

Miss Graham: "I know he's rich, but isn't he too old to be considered eligible?"

Miss Cracker: "My dear, he's too eligible to be considered old."

* *

Courtship is that period during which a girl decides whether or not she can do better.

* *

*Silks and satins and laces and pearls,
Automobiles and a yacht,
Cannot replace true love, dear girls,
But they certainly help a lot.*

* *

*Since bottoms and tops of pajamas
So seldom are worn as a whole,
Why shouldn't we check on the wear-
ers*

*By taking a national poll,
And then, with the figures to guide
us,*

*Engage in a business of swaps
With those who wear only the bot-
toms,*

And those who wear only the tops?

* *

Wife: "Oh, John, the woman next door has a hat exactly like my new one."

Hubby: "And I suppose you want me to buy you another?"

Wife: "Well, it would be cheaper than moving."

* *

She was only a second-hand dealer's daughter; and that's why she wouldn't allow much on the old davenport.

* *

You can never tell how a girl will turn out until her parents turn in.

* *

Floorwalker: And just why did the salesgirl slap you, sir?

Customer: I dunno. All I said was, "Will you take something off for cash?"

* *

"Darling, this cake is delicious. Did you buy it yourself?"

* *

Two of three girls, who had grown up together, married, and thereafter, continually titted their spinster friend with tactless remarks about her unhappy condition.

She laughed off their comments good-naturedly until one day they went a bit too far.

"Now tell us truthfully," they pestered, "have you ever really had a chance to marry?"

With a withering glance, she retorted, "Suppose you ask your two husbands."

Pen Pointers . . .



DID YOU KNOW—

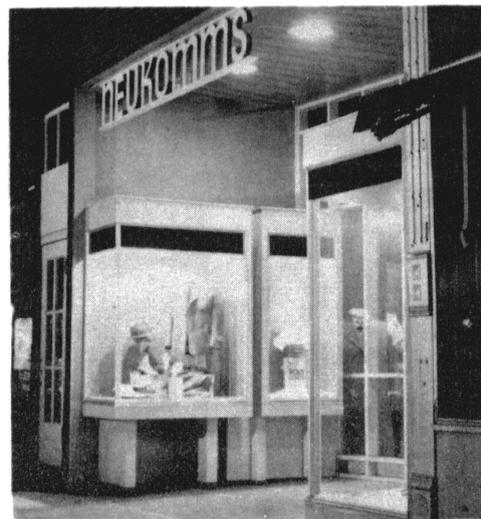
—That a PEN is an Ideal CHRISTMAS GIFT for ANYONE?

—That a Small Down-payment will hold ANY Pen until YOU'RE ready to pick it up?

—That your Gift Pen will be WRAPPED and MAILED for you if you buy it at

THE
Pen Point

109 SOUTH NINTH



Men's Furnishings

Neukomm's

22 South 9th

VISIT GAY'S ON YOUR WAY!



**FOR BETTER
LONG-DISTANCE SERVICE**

● **Avoid Peak Periods**

9 to 11 a. m.
7 to 9:30 p. m.

- **Give Number You Are Calling**
- **Wait for the Operator's Report on Your Call**
- **Be Available when Your Call Is Ready**

MISSOURI TELEPHONE COMPANY

A University student recently bought a million 1942 calendars for a penny apiece. "What on earth are you going to do with them?" he was asked. "It's rather a long chance, I admit," he said, "but oh boy, if 1942 ever comes back, I'll make a fortune!"

* *

He: "We're coming to a tunnel. Aren't you afraid?"

She: "Not if you take that cigar out of your mouth."

* *

"I'm sorry to disappoint you, Charles, but I can't go out with you tomorrow. I became engaged to Dick last night."

"Oh, well, how about next week?"

* *

"So you're named Tom. I know George means *lover of horses*, and Philip means *beloved*, and Don means *chief*—do you know what Tom means?"

"Business, baby, business."

* *

"You are very rich," he ventured. "Yes," she replied frankly, "I am worth one million, two hundred and fifty thousand dollars."

"And I am poor."

"Yes."

"Will you marry me?"

"No."

"I didn't think you would."

"Then why did you ask me."

"Oh, just to see how a man feels when he loses one million, two hundred and fifty thousand dollars."

* *

Student A: Where are you going in such a hurry?

Student B: I just bought a new textbook and I'm trying to get to class before it goes out of date.

* *

It's not improper to kiss a girl's hand, but it's decidedly out of place.

The drunken acrobat walked to the bar and flipped himself to see who would pay for the drinks.

* *

A Suzie was just found to be illegally wed. Her father *didn't* have a license for his shotgun.



MISSOURI Showme

REPORTS:

On Police and Homecoming

With Homecoming about a week off, we got to wondering what the Chief of Police might think of the year's biggest debauch. While we conjured up gay parties, rollicking crowds, and a great football game, we imagined him deeply engrossed in plans for maintaining Columbia's equilibrium. We visioned a hoosgow overflowing with tipsy revelers and Judge Dinwiddie working overtime to reprimand all those Friends of Bacchus who violated the city's ordinances. All this, we thought, might involve headaches of magnificent proportions for the local men in blue. We thought we had a terrific yarn. So we put on our honest looking outfit, assumed a fittingly righteous face, and strolled down to the police station.

We walked in, and interrupting a conversation among two policemen and a bystander, we asked if Chief Hagan was in. "Yep," was the answer. Still unaware that the station is a rather informal place, we asked if we might speak to him. A head nodded assent, and the conversation was resumed. We took the three or four steps to the Chief's private domain.

Chief N. R. Hagan was a complete surprise to us. We had always pictured the Inspector Lestrade of our town as a heavy-set if not fat individual, a habitual smoker of black cigars, pompous, and one having little patience with young whipper-snappers like ourselves. He is none of these. Chief Hagan is a little man—in fact

(Continued on next page)



"All right, all right. Pull over to the curb."

lofty,
lovely high high
heels



Penalzo
SHOES



the novus shop

18 south ninth

PIPES

TOBACCOS

Brown Derby

116 S. Ninth

Phone 5409

PEPPERMINT ROOM?



I'LL BE READY IN 5 MIN.

They're Always Ready for



"MOTHER MAY WE HAVE MORE?"

we missed him in our first quick glance around his office. He was tucked away in a large black-walnut swivel chair, and the blues of his uniform blended with the tone of the office, effectively camouflaging him. He paused while cleaning his nails and invited us to sit down. The Chief is a genuinely friendly, 'folksy' person with no airs of grandeur. And he was very willing to answer any questions we had.

Much to our disappointment, everything he had to tell us was strictly routine. They don't expect any larger crowd for K.U. than came for the S.M.U. game. Since that was handled smoothly, they don't foresee any trouble in that quarter. That is, unless it rains. Rain puts the two stadium parking lots out of use and does create somewhat of a problem, the Chief admitted. And he seemed to figure that because we'd had good weather for our first games the law of averages might catch up with us and sprinkle us for Homecoming. If that happens, the Chief says the best thing to do is park your car wherever you can find space and walk. We told him that we'd been doing that for the last three years.

With parking settled, we got to the principal question we had in mind when we came in. "Have there been any riots or unruly crowds that have given you trouble at the game or at parties afterward?" we asked.

"No, never had any trouble like that."

"Has K.U. ever come down en masse to paint the columns or the White Campus?"

"No, they've never bothered us."

It all boiled down to this. Columbia is no worse in Homecoming than on any other football day, and that is never too bad, according to the Chief. "I've been here 12 years," he told us, "and there's never been anything out of the ordinary." Of course, there may be a few more calls that day and some of the fraternity boys occasionally imbibe a little too freely. But if they do, the Chief lets them recover in the back room of the station and then sends them on their wobbly way.

That just about covered the situation. So we thanked the Chief and left. This being our first visit to the home of the law, we felt it wasn't quite what people say—but, then, ours was a friendly visit.

R. R. S.



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Open 6:30 a.m. to 11:30 p.m.
Daily; all night Friday and Saturday

The coach called to Jones with a glint
in his eye,
For the plan he had was mighty sly.
The team was behind and if they lost,
The coach's job it would surely cost.
Coach Smith told Jones in his wily
way,
That it was up to him to save the day.
Jones warmed up as if in a trance;
He was getting his one big chance.
Thoughts of glory went thru his
head,
Shouts for Jones that cheerleaders led.
The whistle that blew was Jones' cue,
He'd do or die for 'Ole Mizzou.'
He sprinted on the field all fired up,
With water and towels and drinking
cup.

—Meiklejohn

* *

Girls who wear flannels the whole
year through
Itch to get married—but never do.

* *

Headline in the *Student*:

Tower's Gothic Architecture
Houses Large Electric Clock
... *bmmm*. You don't say!

* *

"Wait a minute, darling, I heard
something break."

"Don't worry. It was just my
promise to mother."



"Oh look, George, there's Myra . . . Hello, dear . . . My
goodness, Tom Smith's with Beverly . . . Oh, that new coat is
da-rling, Mary . . . Heavens, Jack is drunk already—I think
he's horried . . . Yoo, hoo! Hello there . . . Tee, hee, how're you
all? . . . Jeepers, there goes . . .

LAFTER THOUGHTS

"Yes," said the steamboat captain,
"I've been running these boats on this
river so long I know where every
sandbar is."

Just then the boat hit a snag with
such force that it shivered from stem
to stern.

"There," said the captain, "there's
one of them now!"

* *

From the *Missourian*:

"Ten stations will dish out the
data." (*Column 4*)

"Nine stations will broadcast
the game." (*Column 8 — same
paper, same day, same page.*)

* *

"And to think I mortgaged the
house to send my boy to college. All
he does is go out with the girls, drink,
and smoke."

"Do you regret it, then?"

"I certainly do. I should have gone
myself!"

* *

From the *Missourian*:

CHEVROLET 1936, top condi-
tion, no knees. 1900 Paris Road.
. . . they haven't got a leg to stand on.



"Don't touch my Gaw-damn coffee!"

Ask the man who **ATE** one!

...A White House meal, that is.

Breakfast

Lunch

Dinner



ICE-COLD BEER

SANDWICHES

WHITE HOUSE

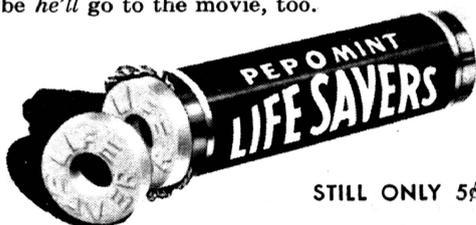
6th and Broadway

TIGHT SPOTS

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.



STILL ONLY 5¢

Some people think our jokes are rough
While others think they're grand,
The former all have evil minds,
The others must not understand!

* *

"Mr. Jones, this is Miss Smith."

"How do you do, Miss Smith?"

"Howah ya' all, Mistuh Jones?"

'Are you going to school, Miss Smith?"

"Oh, mercy, yes! Ah go to a li'l ole school in Cha'lston, So'th Ca'lina."

"How long have you been going there?"

"Oh, why, silly, this is mah first yeah down theah."

"And where did you go before that?"

"Well, I graduated from my home town high school in Cleveland, Ohio."

* *

Men are as honest and truthful as women—that's why girls are so suspicious of them.

* *

"This poor fellow," explained the doctor to the people touring through the asylum, "has a very sad history. See how he fondles that large doll. He spends most of his time like that. He was engaged to a girl whom he loved deeply. She jilted him, however, and married another man, while this one lost his reason over the affair."

They passed along the corridor to the next cell, which was barred and thickly padded.

"And this," resumed the doctor, "is the other man."

* *

All extremely bright men aren't conceited. I'm not.

Life Saver Joke Contest

Win a carton of Life Savers! Submit your favorite joke to *Showme*, 304 Read Hall, Columbia, Mo.

This month's winner is:

Essilee Playter

701 Maryland

Columbia, Mo.

Winning joke:

First Old Maid (with newspaper in hand): It says here that a woman in Omaha has cremated her third husband.

Second Old Maid: Isn't that always the way? Some of us can't get one, and others have husbands to burn.

Farmer (to hired hand who is throwing dirt into a large hole): Hey, Sam, where's that mule I told you to take out and have shod?

Hired Hand (dropped shovel): Did you say "shod?" I thought you had a cold!

* *

The dude stood watching the card game in the Wild West. Suddenly he saw the dealer give himself four aces from the bottom of the deck. He sidled around to one of the other players and whispered in his ear that the dealer was cheating.

"Beat it, bud," drawled the player.

"But he gave himself four aces!"

"So what," the cowpoke snapped, "It's his deal, ain't it?"

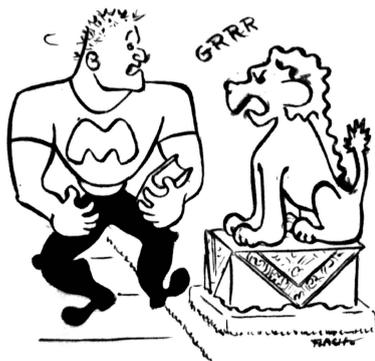
* *

"How are you getting along with your girl?"

"Not so bad. I'm getting some encouragement now."

"Really? Is she smiling sweetly at you, or something?"

"Not exactly, but last night she told me that she had said 'No!' for the last time."



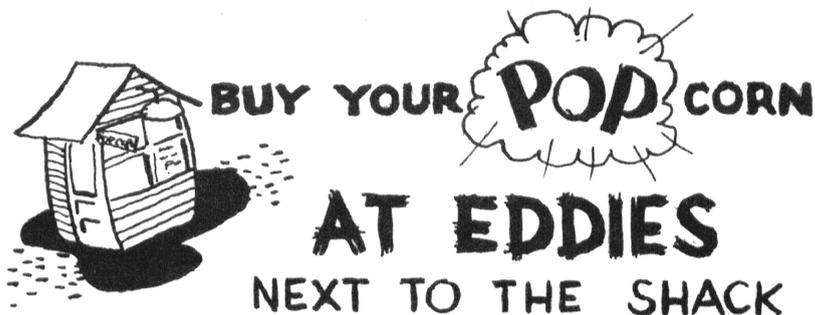
"Jack, I'm sorry I treated you the way I did. You'll forgive me for being angry with you all last week, won't you?"

"Sure. That's all right. I saved \$22 dollars while we weren't on speaking terms."

* *

"Don't you have an alarm clock?"

"Yeah, but it went off while I was asleep."



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Dirt . . . Removes Stubborn Spots . . .**

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A weather man—A guy who can look in a blonde's eye and tell whether.

* *

He (at the movies): "Can you see all right?"

She: "Yes."

He: "Is there a draft on you?"

She: "No."

He: "Is your seat comfortable?"

She: "Yes."

He: "Change places with me, will you?"



Dad to Son: "I never knew what it was to kiss a girl until I met your mother. Will you be able to tell your son the same?"

Son: "Sure, but not with such a straight face."

* *

Rumor has it that a wolf who was too poor to buy etchings invited the sweet young thing up to see the handwriting on the wall.

* *

"If those beautiful little birds up there could talk, what do you suppose they would say?"

"Bombs away!"

* *

Mother: "Do you like your new governess, Willie?"

She: "I played strip poker last night."

Her: "High stakes?"

She: "No. Just panty-ante."

Fill 'er Up

by Don Dunn

No, not gasoline, stupid! I'm talking about space.

Science may have rules about filling space with matter, but these rules don't apply when a columnist can't think of enough to say to fill his allotted space in a paper or magazine. "Oh, well," he says, "one of the boys can fill out the column with a space-filler."

Now, these space-fillers are those exciting little bits of information you so often see squeezed into newspapers or periodical pages. Having made an extensive study of these bits of typographical art, I ask the following question: Why not just end the columns with either a blank space or several rows of x's in preference to the fillers?

This radical view is caused by the reading of such a filler as,

The only wild bears found in America are in North Carolina and east Tennessee. These animals should not be confused with razor-backs.

Now, isn't that ridiculous? Not only have I heard of people being killed by bears in every state of the union (and even by poor little bears in zoos),

but what in hell is a razor-back that we shouldn't confuse wild bears with anyway?

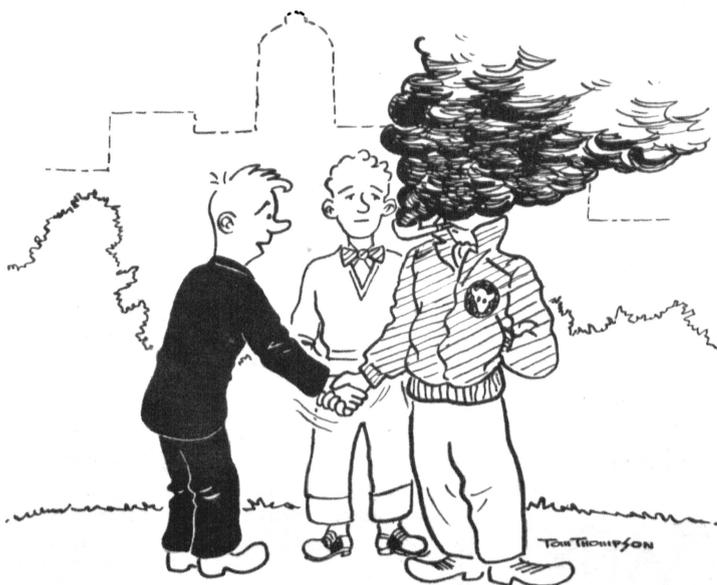
The above space-filler is a little better than most in that it attempts to tell you something. The kind I just can't stand to see something like this:

Sprinkle plain muffins, just before they go into the oven, with a mixture of melted shortening, brown sugar, and cinnamon or nutmeg.

Possibly the idea here isn't bad, although I don't think the combination of shortening, cinnamon, and sugar would taste particularly appetizing. What I object to is the language of the idea. It doesn't say, "Please sprinkle muffins," or, "Why not sprinkle muffins—?" No. It says, "Sprinkle plain muffins—!" I don't know who writes these things, but I just want to say that I'll sprinkle my muffins with anything I jolly well please—and you or nobody else is going to order me around! See! And hereafter, why not use a little courtesy in your writing?

Here's another little item about ani-

(Continued on next page)



"Glad to see you again, er—ah—"

Electric Heaters
Weather Stripping
Oil Heaters

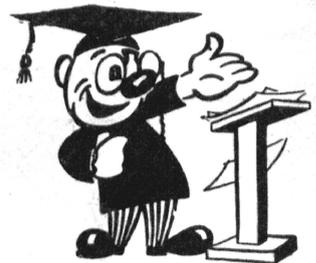
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MISSOURI STORE COMPANY

Across from Library

mals. The one about the bears *might* be useful if you are ever attacked by a bear that you think is wild, but this kind is of very little practical value:

Prairie dogs live in large colonies and spend their extra time burrowing.

All I have to say to this is *who cares?* And besides, just what does a prairie dog have to do that would keep him so busy he couldn't burrow once in a while? Everyone has to have his fun, but I think prairie dogs should spend more time at home with their wives and puppies.

Here's another silly one:

The average motorist today has a better grade of fuel for his car than Lindberg had to fly the Atlantic.

Possibly this sort of thing is used as propaganda for Standard Oil or some such company, but it's just filled with fallacies. In the first place, Lindbergh went in an airplane and why should he worry about automobile fuel?

This thing seems to be getting out of hand. Perhaps I'd better end it right here. Why should I care? If it's too short, we can always fill up the column with a space-filler of some kind.

THE END



"Let's pway tackle today."

"What does taut mean?"

"Tight."

"Right. Were you taut very much at college?"

* *

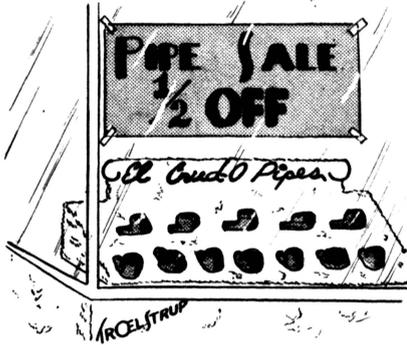
Housemother: "Smith, I found a bottle of rye and a bottle of ginger ale in your desk . . . what do you make of it!"

Greek: "Highballs."

* *

First ATO: Something must be done about these jay walking pedestrians.

Second ATO: Ah, just what I was driving at!



It was a good many years ago that Deacon Jones took his wife to the races.

Just as the horses were lining up at the barrier, Mrs. Jones grasped the Deacon nervously by the arm and in a voice which was filled with emotion, asked him for a safety pin, and at the same time grabbed frantically for something that seemed to be slipping at the knees. Just then someone nearby shouted: "They're off!" And Mrs. Jones fainted.

* *

Willie: "No, Mom. I hate her. I'd like to grab her and bite her neck like daddy does."

* *

A campus wolf wandered into a sorority tennis match and sat down. "Whose game?" he asked. A shy, young thing looked up hopefully, "I am."

For Parties or Banquets

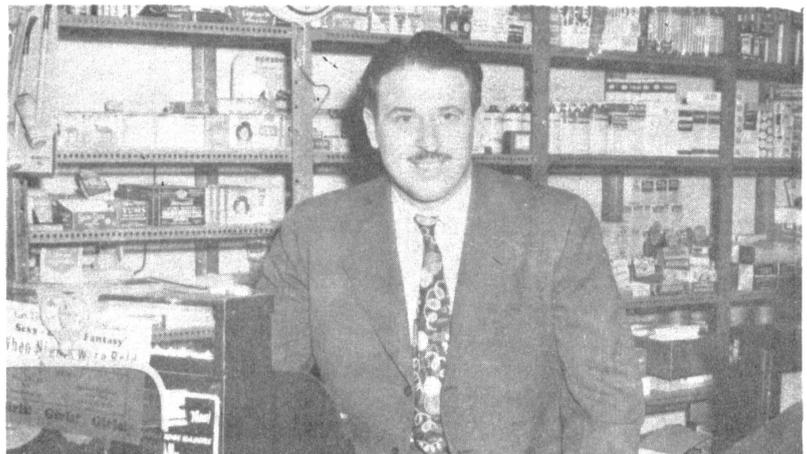


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for that Homecoming Week-End
at the

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Across From B. & P. A. School



Girl of the Month . . .

MARILYN HILL

Photograph by Gibbons Griffin at Julie's

Senior in Arts and Science, majoring in Personnel Management . . . Vice-President, AWS . . . Judiciary Board chairman . . . Senior Sponsor of Temporary Dorm 6 . . . Arts and Science representative on S.G.A. Council . . . Mortarboard . . . Psi Chi, national psychology honorary . . . Chairman of Campus Relations Committee . . . Tiger Claws . . . Delta Gamma . . . 21 . . . Moberly, Mo.



Boy of the Month . . .

JOHN MARTIN MATHIESON

Photograph by Gibbons Griffin at Julie's

Senior in Mechanical Engineering . . . Pi Mu Epsilon, national mathematics honorary . . . Omicron Delta Kappa . . . Q.E.B.H. . . . American Society of Mechanical Engineers . . . President of Engine Club . . . Editor of '47-'48 **Shamrock** . . . President of University Men's Burrall Club . . . Phi Delta Theta . . . 22 . . . Mexico, Mo.

**Stock Up
Early
for that
After-the-Game
Snack**



See Your

KAMPUSTOWNE GROCER

Open 9 a. m. to 6 p. m. and 8 p. m. to 10 p. m. daily
5 p. m. to 7 p. m. Sundays

QUESTIONS

- A** A field of red where tragedy lies,
A cheerful thing when it's something of Ty's.
- B** The shamrock and the blarney stone
Have helped to make its power known.
- C** Ten to the sixth say they satisfy.
Ten to the zero will echo their cry.

**ANSWERS WILL APPEAR IN THE
NEXT ISSUE OF YOUR MAGAZINE**

Chesterfield

RULES FOR CHESTERFIELD HUMOR MAGAZINE CONTEST

1. Identify the 3 subjects in back cover ad. All clues are in ad.
2. Submit answers on Chesterfield wrapper or reasonable facsimile to this publication office.
3. First ten correct answers win one carton of Chesterfield Cigarettes each.
4. Enter as many as you like, but one Chesterfield wrapper or facsimile must accompany each entry.
5. Contest closes midnight, one week after this issue's publication date. New contest next issue.
6. Answers and names of winners will appear in the next issue.
7. All answers become the property of Chesterfield.
8. Decision of judges will be final.

LAST MONTH'S ANSWERS & WINNERS

- A** The word Milder which is underlined (and is in comparative degree) in the phrase "I enjoy Chesterfields because they're really Milder."
- B** The twenty-fifth letter of the alphabet is Y. Add a MAN and you have Y-MAN, or WYMAN.
- C** Mac (or Mc), and "a pin to join two pieces" (dowel) gives you *McDowell*, with which name you may win.

WINNERS...

Guide for Gals

A few weeks ago, A.W.S. sponsored a little affair known as Freshman Orientation—for women. This is a very worthy project. It helps get people off to an intelligent start at M. U. It informs the gals about the campus and its activities.

Showme would like to add a few rather important points to the Orientation of Mizzou's womanhood. Freshman girls should remember the following:

- (1) You are the Master Race. (2) Be sure and get male teachers. (3) Never get ready for a date 'til the sucker has arrived. (4) Don't kiss your date 'til he has spent all his money. (5) Be sure, however, to kiss him then. He gets paid again next month, you know.

The above advice may well be unnecessary. It is probably instinctive knowledge among the fairer sex.

* *

Student (at Wabash Depot): Where does that train go?"

Clerk: That train goes to New York in ten minutes.

Student: Oh, I didn't want to go that fast.

* *

He swung wide the massive portal and strode briskly in. Instantly six uniformed men sprang to attention. He fiercely tore open his shirt collar and jerked off his coat. His glaring eyes became narrow slits as he turned and stood facing them. Not a thing stirred in the tense silence. Each of their anxious faces showed expectancy and suspicion. He picked his man and advanced two paces. His look was keen and his voice was stern—"I want a shave and a haircut," he said.

Chesterfield contest winners:

- William Peak
- Stanley F. Kaminsky
- Lois Via
- Allan Kindle
- Laurence Stern
- Richard T. Kingslan
- Jack McKinnel
- Charlene Grossman
- Sheldon J. Karlan
- Helen Hess

Mamma: George, dear, come kiss your new governess.

George: No; I don't dare to, I'm afraid. Daddy kissed her yesterday and she slapped his face.

“I hope you're not afraid of microbes,” apologized the pay-teller as he cashed the young instructor's check with soiled currency.

“Don't worry,” replied the young man, “a microbe couldn't live on my salary.”

“And you can't multiply 26 by 86, Charley? I'll bet Henry can do it in less than no time.”

“I shouldn't be surprised. They say fools multiply very rapidly, these days.”

“How did you lose your hair?”

“Worry.”

“What did you worry about?”

“About losing my hair.”

“Was his bankruptcy due to a lack of brains?”

“Yes, a lack and a lass.”

“Is your dentist careful?”

“I'll say he is; he filled my teeth with pain.”

A prof wrote “Please wash” on the blackboard and the janitor took his bath before Saturday.

A KICK IN THIS ONE

“Did his father come between you?”

“No, merely behind me.”

Want a home-cooked Turkey Dinner with all the Trimmin's for Thanksgiving?



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"Can I help you?"

Tough guy: Okay, babe, are you going to give me a kiss?

Tough gal: Make me!

Tough guy: All I want is a kiss!

* *

From the *Missourian*:

Summer Spreads
Stephens Faculty

... but they'll work it off again this term.

* *

An MU student lost his life last summer in Venice. He left a bar in a drunken stupor and lay down in the gutter to sleep it off.

* *

From the *Missourian*:

HOUSETRAILER — 15 foot.
Sleeps two. Perfect for bachelor. \$395. Route 40 and West Blvd.

... must be sold by now!

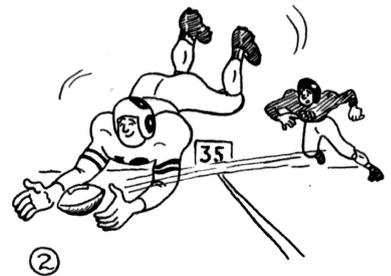
* *

The Columbia Fire Department had just sent an engine roaring past the Shack when an under-the-weather student stumbled through the gate and began to dash wildly after the red wagon. He chased its screaming siren three blocks before dropping exhausted to the sidewalk. "All right for you," he sobbed. "You can just keep your damn peanuts!"

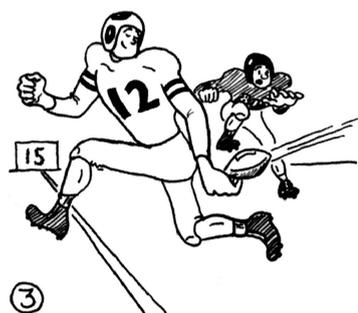
LATER THOUGHTS



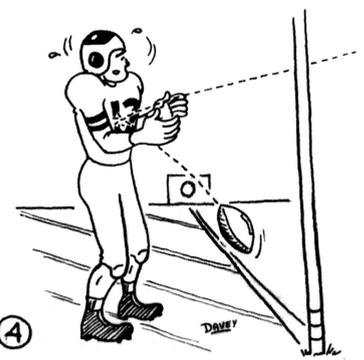
①



②



③



④

"Confidentially, isn't Johnny rather spoiled?"

"Naw, it's just the after shave lotion he uses."

* *

Headline in the *Student*:

All Students Are
Housed in Dorms,
Barracks, Homes

... what about that 2-room cave I'm renting for \$80?

* *

Judge: "Have you anything to offer the court before sentence is passed?"

Defendant: "No, Your Honor, I gave my last dollar to my lawyer."

* *

From the *Missourian*:

Army Will Pick
Most Officers
From R O T C

... peace at any price!

"Captain, is this a good ship?"
"Why, madam, this is her maiden voyage."

Mary had a little lamb,
Some salad and dessert,
And then she gave the wrong address,
The dirty little flirt.

An intelligent girl is one who can
refuse a kiss without being deprived
of it.

"Is my face dirty or is it my
imagination?"

"Your face is clean; I don't know
about your imagination."

While a fourth for bridge is im-
portant, a fifth will usually contri-
bute more joviality to the party.

"Bromo"-toast-er, "Bromo-toast-er

Here's to good friend—"tried and
true,"

Who was always "true, true blue."

Who saw me through both "thick and
thin"

And, likewise, through the "dens of
sin."

To one with whom I've "played and
sung"—

I shouldn't have killed him—he was
"too young."

Joe: "A woman's greatest attrac-
tion is her hair."

Moe: "I say it's her eyer."

Ike: "It is unquestionably her
teeth."

Mike: "What's the use of sitting
here and lying to each other?"

Friends are people who dislike the
same people.

Just because she has a head like a
grape doesn't say she's one of the
bunch.

Meet Your Friends at the Nu-Joy Sandwich Shop



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"Have you ever been pinched for going to fast?"

"No, but I've been slapped."

"That's the guy I'm laying for," muttered the hen as the farmer crossed the yard."

And then there was the dog that saw the sign "Wet Paint" on the bench—and so he did.

"I'm so mad I could put a banana in the refrigerator."



Definition of pink elephant: A beast of bourbon.

There was a young maid from Iran
Who said, "Yes, if I possibly can,

I'll go to college

To get me some knowledge,
But mostly, I'm after a man."

"Hey, you can't dance that way here."

"This is interpretive dancing."

"Then I'm interpreting it the wrong way."

"Who gave the bride away?"

"I could have, but I kept my mouth shut."

ROWE'S CROW'S NEST



Now it can be told.

Many people have approached me asking why I had discontinued my column in the *Missouri Student*. The report in the *Student* that I had resigned because of overwork was erroneous. The reason was that world and campus events became too pressing for me. It seemed as though circumstances were crushing me like a vice.

It all began with the picture called "The Night Has a Thousand Eyes." It was a story about a man who could foresee the future. When I left the theater I had the strangest feeling that I had been on that street before; that I had seen that same fellow dripping soup down the front of his shirt at Charley's before. As I walked home, it occurred to me that these weren't new scenes I was watching. And then I knew the truth. I could predict the future.

The entire chain of events crystallized themselves that night. As I (lay, lain, lying, laid, lied—choose the correct form and check page 100 for the right answer) down, I envisioned what would occur the next day. That was tomorrow, mind you. Was I going mad? I quivered. Through the haze of my white-veiled thoughts, I saw myself going to a European Government class, I saw myself going to sleep in that class, I saw myself sitting on the steps in front of Jesse Hall. I tossed and turned. I was in such a state that it took me three minutes to get to sleep.

The next day it happened. Just as I had envisioned it the night before, I went to my European Government class, fell asleep there, and then went to sit on the steps in front of Jesse Hall. I didn't sit there long though. A group of birds passed over.

I felt my last thin grasp with sanity slipping away. I had to disengage

myself from campus life. I couldn't go to Gaebler's, I couldn't write columns about the ultra-smart confinement cells at Stephens. I refused to be seen at Read Hall (maybe I was getting sane instead of insane). I even refused to carry a billboard for the Knight Owl campaign. How square can you get?

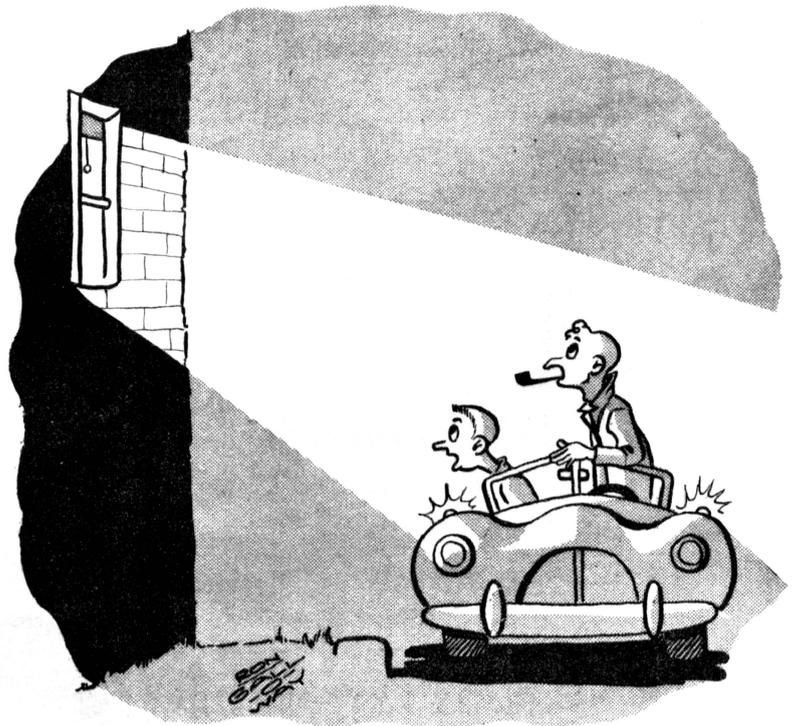
Night upon night I would envision the morrow. I, imagine it, I could foresee the future. I visioned that the Barns were going to have an Ag-warming, what color beret Jesse Wrench would feature. Zounds, I even predicted Missouri winning the K-State game. Alas.

I had lost my mind. I was so morose that the only time I would speak to my fellow students was during a quiz.

Where could I find the answer to my problems? I turned to my books. I read everything ever written about abnormal psychology. Books like *Basic Principles of Economics*, *Spellbound*, and *Who Shot the Hell Out of My Horse?* This last book is a gripping psychological drama of a cowboy whose father was killed by the big-shot in Tombstone and he became a marshall, and he got the bad guy, and he cleaned up the town, and women and children lived without fear, and he opened the west, and he married the girl, and he patted his horse on the head, and he turned the horse out to pasture and he hung up his guns.

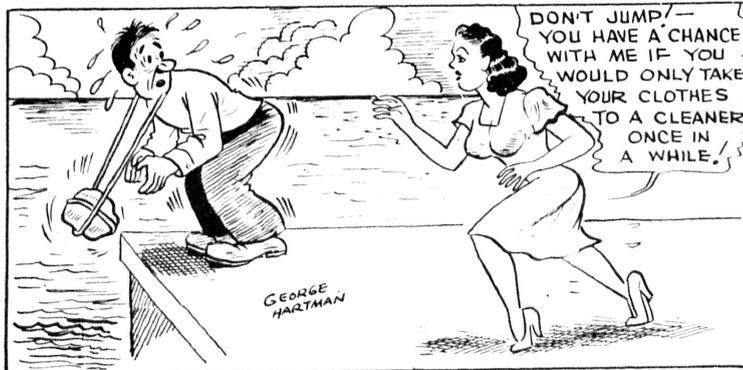
What was to happen to me? If I could only predict a wrong thing in

(Continued on next page)



"I say it's a birthmark."

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Underneath the Bowling Alley

the future, perhaps I could regain my faith in reality. But try as I would, I just couldn't do it. I couldn't guess wrong. I predicted a co-ed wearing one of those 12-mile-long skirts would smash her nose on Jesse steps trying to go up them two at a time. One did. I predicted the traffic director in front of Jesse Hall would eventually blow the little ball out of the center-part of his Double-duty, Tweet-tweet, Jack Armstrong-never-tires-of-it-and-neither-will-you, A t o m i c Whistle. He did. Why, oh why was I able to predict so accurately? Why, oh why couldn't I be like Drew Pearson?

You may wonder what was happening to my classwork while in the throes of this mental depression. Strange things were happening in this regard. I had no desire to study. I just wanted to drink beer, chase women, make love, listen to nasty jokes, cut classes, get eight-weeks off for Christmas, figure ways of cutting down the new French bathing suits, plan jail breaks for Stephens girls, and go to football games. Now do you believe I was going mad?

Think of my dilemma! If I went any crazier the only place I could even hope to find a job would be with the Veterans' Administration.

My friends tried to help me. One offered me a bottle of whisky, one offered me a reefer, one went so far as to offer me a whole jar of Vitamin B-1 Benzedrine tablets. But did these things help? Hell yes! I ate the whole jar of Benzedrine tablets, smoked a reefer and there I was at 40,000 feet without an aeroplane.

At last the solution to this dratted mess came to me. It happened so quickly I didn't realize it. One night I was studying for a quiz. As I was studying a vision came to me. I envisioned that the instructor would only give the quiz over the material which he assigned up to *that* date. I gloated as I made my ponies. I knew he would only give the test over the assigned material.

The next day I was ready for that quiz! Papers were being passed out, ponies were being jammed into sweater cuffs, dates were written on fingernails, morse codes were being devised, hand signals and semaphore were being co-ordinated through a central fellow sitting in the center of the class tapping out the answers. I took

no part in that activity—for I knew.

At last I received my quiz paper. I looked at question No. 1. That wasn't part of the assigned material. I looked at question No. 2. That certainly hadn't been assigned. Three, four, seven, thirteen, twenty-three—skiddo. Huzzah! My prediction had been *wrong*.

The professor, this little man standing before me with saliva running down his chin, chirping with insane glee, had turned back the wheels of occult fate. He, and he alone, had balked my prediction. He had not given one single question on the assigned material.

I dashed up to him, wrung his hand, wrung his neck, and sped toward Jesse Walk. I grabbed the first girl I saw, swung her around my head by her arm; I did eighteen somersalts in a row; I climbed a tree and shook the leaves off on people's heads; I set fire to all the SGA clean-up signs; I sang "Old Missouri" into the mail box.

Ah, but it was too late. Two cockroaches had already taken over my column in the *Student*.

THE END



As the boat was sinking, the captain lifted his voice to ask:

"Does anyone here know how to pray?"

One man spoke confidently in answer:

"Yes, captain, I do."

"Then," said the captain, "you pray. The rest of us will put on the lifebelts. We're one short."

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KAYWOODIE

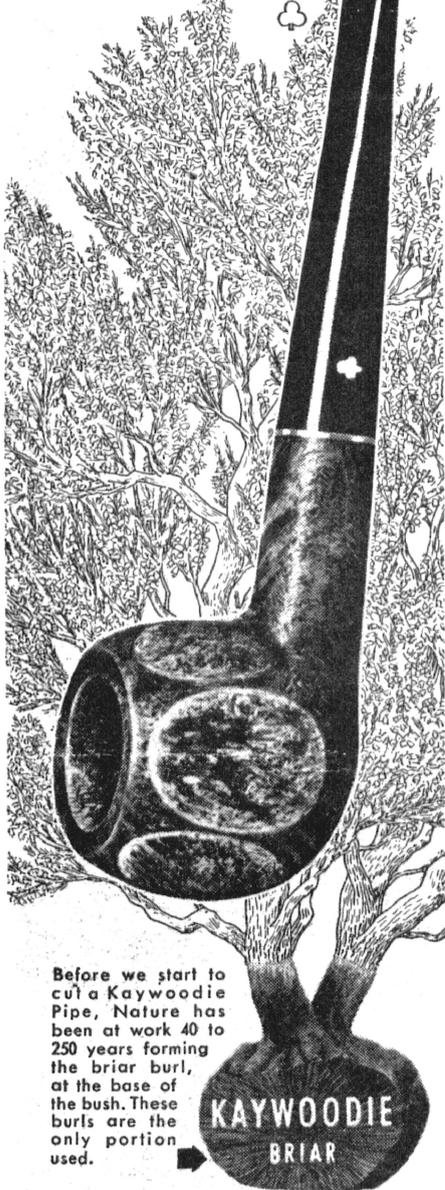
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Before we start to cut a Kaywoodie Pipe, Nature has been at work 40 to 250 years forming the briar burl, at the base of the bush. These burls are the only portion used.

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BRIAR**

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MISSOURI

Showme

Contributors' Page

"BUCK" HERR



Photograph by Julie's Studio

Showme's new Assistant Business Manager is William "Buck" Herr, a native of Bloomington, Illinois. This is "Buck's" second year on the staff, having served his apprenticeship as a circulation and promotion man.

Herr is a junior in the School of Journalism and a member of Phi Kappa Psi. He can most often be found at the Central Dairy where he eats hot-fudge sundaes and admires the ever-changing scenery.

TOMMY THOMPSON

A transfer student from Harding College, Tommy Thompson is a new addition to the *Showme* art staff. He dropped in at 613 Maryland Avenue one afternoon last month to see Art Editor Flash Fairfield and Associate Gabe. They liked his work, with the result that two of Tommy's cartoons are in this issue.

Thompson is a member of the Read Hall Publicity Committee and the Arkansas Club. (His home is in Searcy, Arkansas.) He has contributed some of his work to the *Missouri Student*.

A junior in Arts and Science, and a pre-journalism student, Thompson is a welcome addition to the art staff.

Showme's other over-worked artists are rubbing their brushes together with glee.

This month, *Showme* says Thanks to Don Fawcett, Ray Rowland, Pete Mayer, and Meiklejohn for their contributions to the magazine. A lot of people contribute to Swami's success besides those who get the by-lines. We appreciate anything that makes the Editors' jobs easier—whether it be a funny headline from the *Missourian* and/or *Student*, or a promotional display in the Library showcases. It all helps.

JEAN SUFFILL

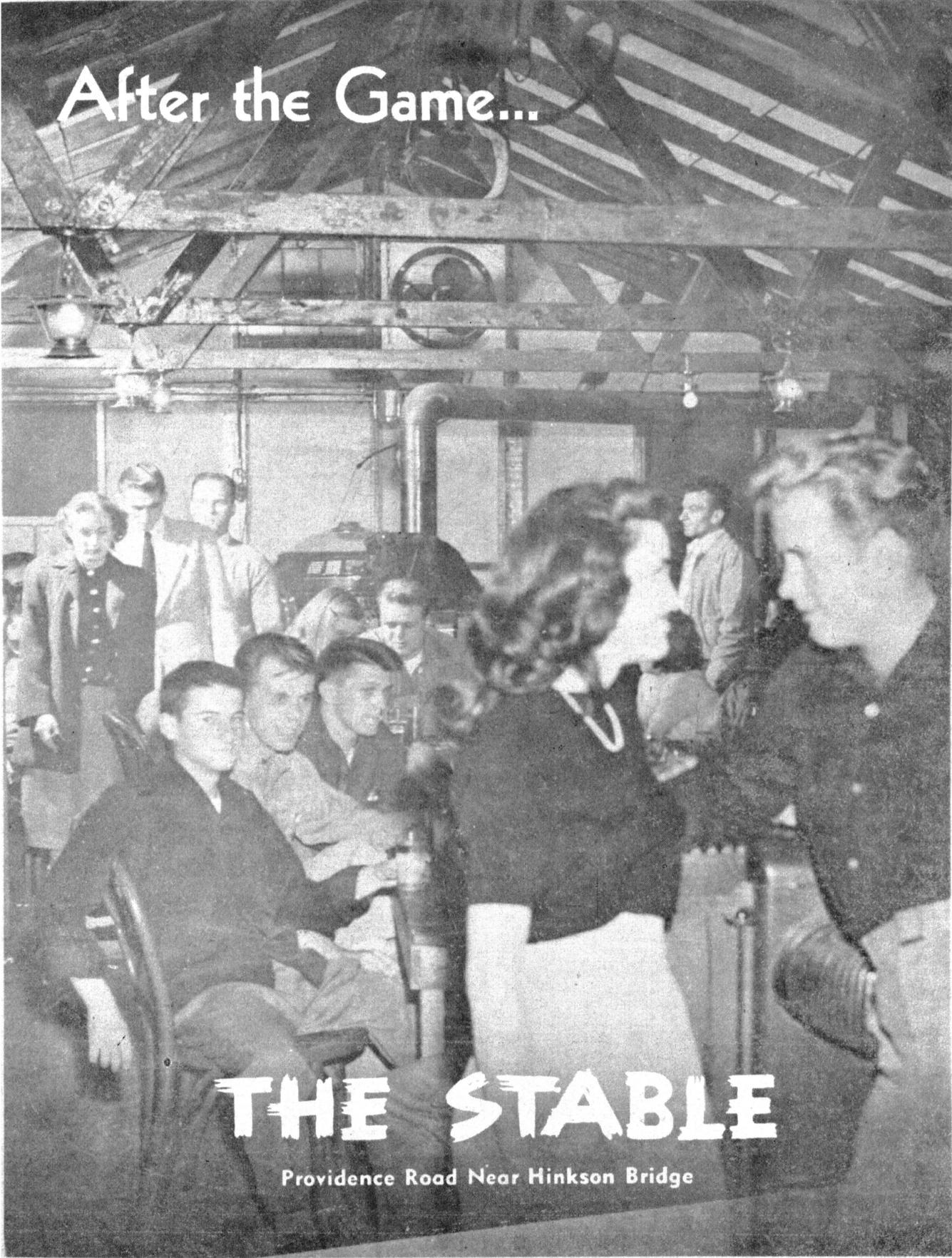
In charge of *Showme* advertising this year is Jean Suffill, a senior in the School of Journalism and the College of Arts and Science. Jean will be graduated in February with an A.B. and a B.J.

Once in a while, Jean's talents wander over into the editorial side of the magazine. Last month one of her cartoons was published, and last year a short story and several poems.

She is a member of Gamma Alpha Chi, advertising sorority; Delta Tau Kappa, English honorary; and Kappa Alpha Mu, photography fraternity.



Photograph by Julie's Studio



After the Game...

THE STABLE

Providence Road Near Hinkson Bridge

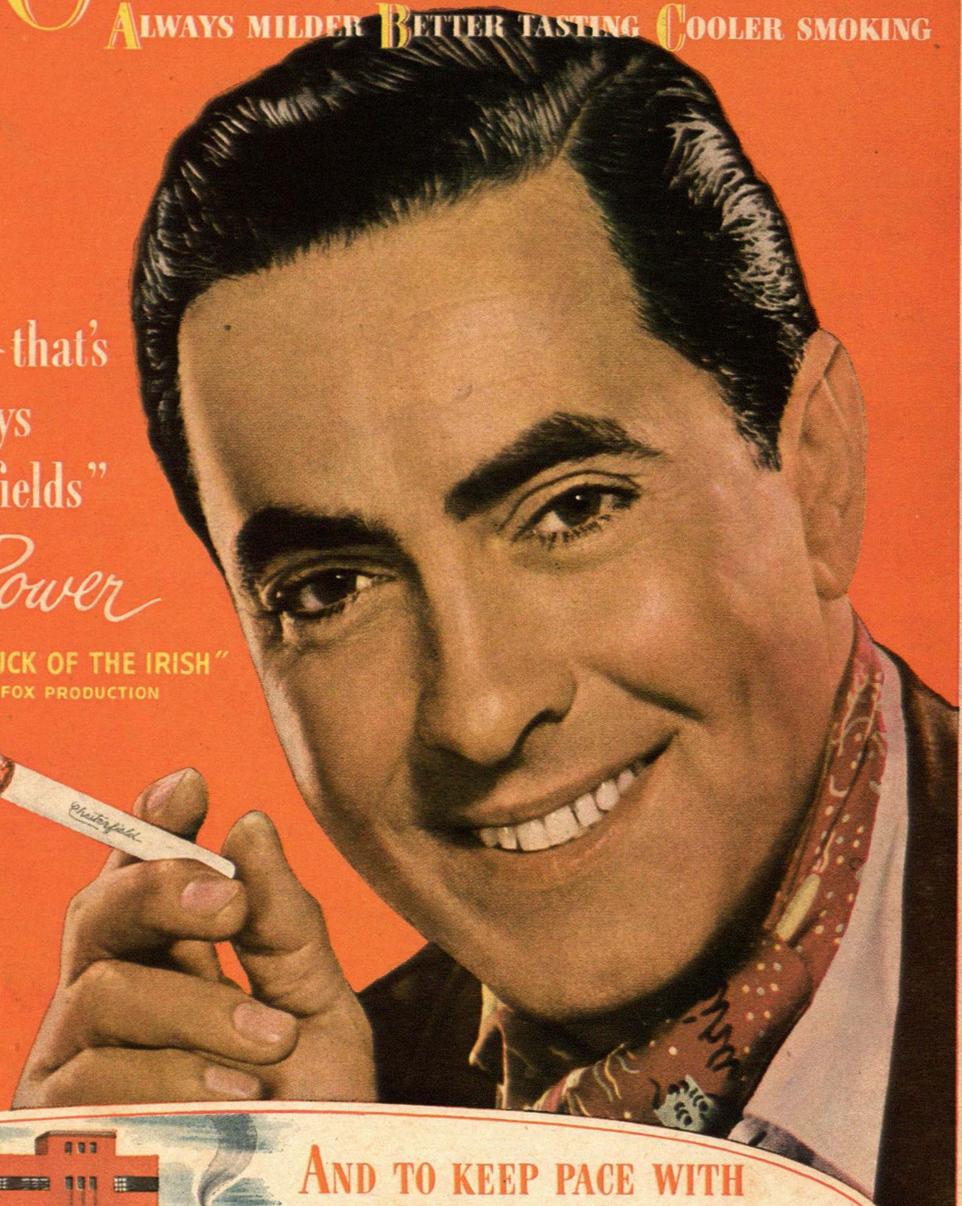
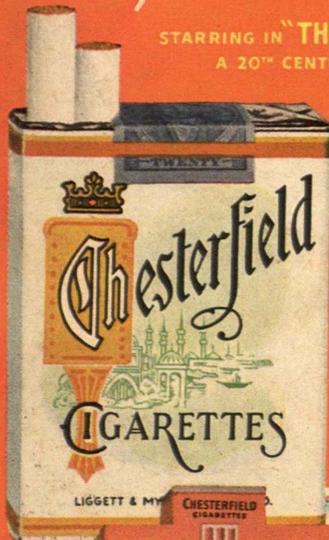
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group and tobacco-ageing warehouses
are already "A city within a city"

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