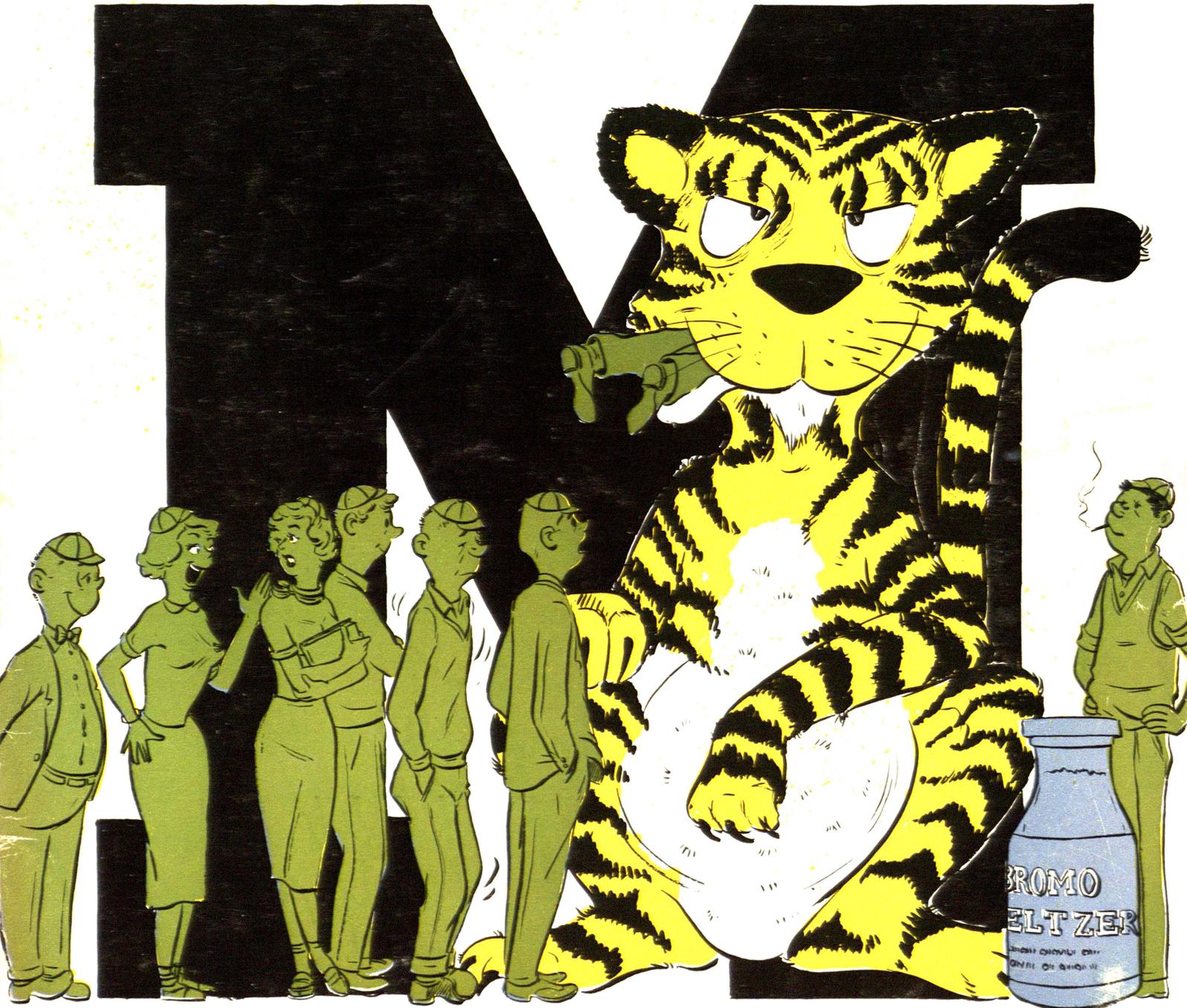


THE UNIVERSITY OF MISERY

October, 1953

SHOWME

25c



BILL BRAZNELL

A FRESHMAN'S HANDBOOK OF MISINFORMATION



It's fun to shop

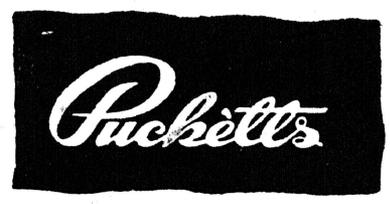
at

Farland's

You might be . .



AN ALL-STAR football player, but it's a cinch you'll score more points in sportswear from Puckett's



There's More Than One Way to Protect Your Head!



Put your head in the middle of a scrimmage line and you'll *know* why football players wear helmets. They've got rules, of course, which say you wear helmets whether you want to or not, but there was probably never such an unnecessary rule in the world. Your head is something you want to protect, rules or no rules.

And a scrimmage line isn't the only place where your head can get into trouble. A good stiff autumn wind can lay you out as effectively—if not as quickly—as a left tackle's knee on the back of your head. Jump out of a hot shower into the cold fall air and your head is wide open to serious trouble.

A hat is good looking. It makes you look carefully dressed. It improves your appearance. But more than that, a hat protects your head. That's what it's for.

"Wear a Hat—It's as Healthy as It's Handsome!"

KNOX • CAVANAGH • BERG • BYRON • C&K • DUNLAP • DOBBS

Divisions of Hat Corporation of America—Makers of Fine Hats for Men and Women



University of Missouri
Office of the Prez
Columbia

Boss Centershrub
Lord High Executioner
TO THE UNIVERSITY STUDENTS

Now that you have paid your fees and are to be interned here for the next four years, you may as well begin right now learning about some of the rules and regulations. Ignorance of these ordinances is no excuse, and you will be held responsible for being able to repeat them backwards and forwards seven times in succession without a mistake. Failure to comply with this may result in suspension and three years at hard labor at the rock quarry on the Hinkson.

This book contains all known rules and regulations of the university. However, the University reserves the right to change these at any time without notifying the student. You are still liable to punishment for violation of these changes.

I wish to welcome you, officially, and warn you that you are now being watched, even as you read this, and—a friendly word of advice—watch your step.

Faithfully yours,

Freddy



Swami Says...

PATRONIZE My Advertisers

Puckett's

Garland's

Texaco Town

Hat Corporation of America

Portis Hat Company

Garland Sweaters

Savitar

Student Government Assoc.

Life Savers

Elsie's Weaving Shop

Julie's

Woolf Brothers

Neukomm's

Stein Club

Campus Jewelers

Coca Cola

Ernies Steak House

University Book Store

Pennant Motor Inn

Brady's Paints

Millers Shoes

Uptown Theater

Novus Shop

Nathe Chevrolet

Campus Valet

Scheppers Distributing Co.



Comes that time of year when footballs fly, and old SHOWME editors take off for the Happy Hunting Grounds. The neophyte steps into the large shoes left vacant by departing Seniors who used to help old Swami climb the stairs to the third floor of Read Hall. The new editor pushes away the cares of editing all summer, and suddenly finds himself face-to-face with the *Deadline*. And so he slaves for a month trying to get the magazine in shape for another nine months of comedy. And you begin to hate the day they made you editor. You cuss and you rant and you rave at all the people who are trying to help you. You become irritable and forget about shaving in the morning, because you just feel downright mean.

And then things begin to click. Old friends start pitching in. The artwork begins to roll in, advertising pours in like a flood, and the copy comes back from the printer. Then you know why the departed editors went through it all—for the satisfaction of seeing it all knit together and come out as SHOWME.

It's been a screeching month—September, that is. The first inkling I had that things weren't going to be so red-hot, was the letter I got from Joe Beeler around the first of August. You remember Injun Joe, don't you? He did our last cover in June. Anyhow, when he wrote that Uncle Sam had beckoned, and he was trading in his brushes for a musket, I knew it was going to be a rough semester. Luckily, though, Bill Braznell, *Swami's* retiring editor, was still in school, and he put his nose to the drawing board, and the artwork picture began to look brighter.

We thought we'd try to give you our version of the "M" Book. The strange thing is that you never know how things are going to turn out. The last parody that SHOWME did was away back in 1949 with the famous *Saturday Evening Pest* that people still talk about. Perhaps before the year is out we might try one again. But I would like to know whether or not you'd buy it. Let me know, huh?

Next month we're going to slant the book toward that new-fangled contraption—television. Not that everyone has a set, or that everyone likes the damn thing, but it's the coming thing, and pretty soon we're going to have our own, honest-to-gonnies TV station right here in Columbia.

Then at Christmas we'll don our Santa suits, sip a Tom and Jerry, and chop the yule log right into forty pages.

And for your own information so you can keep a battered quarter clutched in your grimy hand, SHOWME will be out the first Wednesday of each month for the remainder of the year. When we get a new calendar, we'll let you



know what the 1954 publication dates are.

Now that this issue has gone to bed, it's about time for me to do the same. First, one beer for old time's sake, and because I'm so clutched up at having gotten through the first month. Then, perhaps a steak dinner. And then a soft spot in the middle of the rug on which to curl up for three successive days. And then, bless its little blackheart, bring on that Television Issue.

See ya,



Staff

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Joe Gold

EDITOR EMERITUS

Bill Braznell

BUSINESS MANAGER

Ben Bruton

ADVERTISING MANAGER

Bill Roberts

JOKE EDITOR

Judy Rose

CIRCULATION MANAGER

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PROOF READER

Hal Miller

ARTISTS

Madge Harrah

Bob Carter

Dick Noel

Mark Parsons

FEATURES

Warren Murry

Nancy Fairbanks

ADVERTISING SALESMEN

Kitty Jackson

Nola Middleton

Dave Sheehan

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Nancy Fairbanks takes off on the Alma Mater with Bill Braznell's illustration surrounding 30

Cover by Bill Braznell

Photos by Al Smith

Volume 30

October 1953

Number 1

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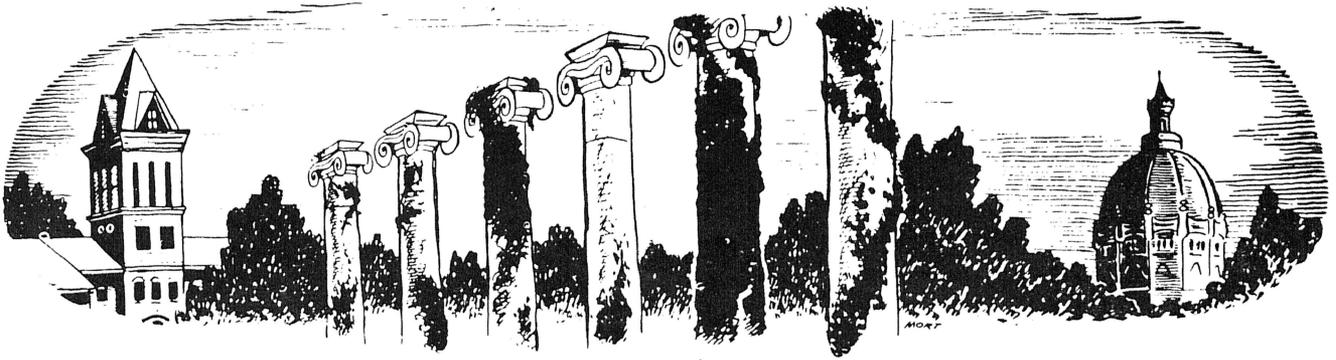


THE SONG OF THE FRESHMAN

*College, I'm living—I've shed off my jeans—
My cokes and the swapping of rings—
It's me for the flannels, the bars with
Carved panels and coeducational flings.*

*College,—there's women—and all of them queens!
I've heard that they don't give a damn!
I'll find me a beauty—a cheer-leading cutie—
And live with a bough, like Khayam.*

*College—and knowledge—let's learn by all means!
I've heard that they study here, too—
I'll be a Phi Beta—but that will come later
Let's flip to see who buys the brew!*



Around The Columns

Fall Muse

The long hot days of summer roll past . . . June . . . July . . . a fleeting second of scalding August . . . September, and a crispness in the days and nights . . . alive again after a summer cocoon a new term begins . . . the wide grins when old friends meet . . . Freshmen wide-eyed finding a place in a new world . . . coffee time in the Union . . . a quick beer at the Shack . . . and then the grind begins . . . but for the first month it's still "great to be back".

Polaroid Mania

Early in the year drooping motion picture houses received a three-in-one vitamin capsule. Columbia got its big thrill just before school let out in May, when the grippingly realistic 3-D horse opera—"Horse of Wax" galloped into the Uptown. Since that historic date a number of three dimensional film epics have filtered through movie houses from coast-to-coast. It's about time to estimate what the viewing public has been offered to date. The addition of a third dimension has made the shows alive, realistic and exciting. The plots have been melodramatic, hokum, and pure trash. Perhaps the movie moguls should start casting around for the fourth dimension. When they find that, then, at last, will they have something. You don't have to understand Einstein's theory of relativity to know that the fourth dimension is—pure and simple—entertainment.

Murder in the Studio

It hardly seems possible, but, perhaps some of you missed reading about the attempted murder of a TV cameraman during the summer. It was one of the most significant events of our day, as a man, driven berserk by the trash on his screen, stormed CBS in New York and attacked a cameraman and a couple of actors. Now, really, nobody was seriously hurt, and it was wonderful publicity for CBS (no, they'll never tell you that), but it does raise a frightening question for Columbians. We are building this monster a cage here in our own small beloved town. And then we are going to invite it into our homes. Stop! Look! Listen! Citizens of Columbia, tear off your shackles, pull down your aerials, and be content to get Moberly on the crystal set. Too much progress is no good. And especially, too much, too fast. And Boone County has had so little, anyway, that the shock may be fatal. Save our dear little town. Curb your dog.



Summer Survey

"What do college students do during the summertime?" This was the question asked of over fifteen parolees from institutions of advanced learning. According to Dr. Alfred Jabberwocky this poll produced some surprising results. Four and one half out of every five students questioned had no intention of going to work when school let out. Two out of every five made good on this threat. For the others, parental disgust and lack of funds forced them into the ranks of the employed. These were employed at beaches, resorts, and bars. Those at the beaches and resorts were picking up papers and drunken customers. Salaries ranged from four dollars to seven rubles a day. Those at work in bars received no pay, but seemed to be having a wonderful time, and admitted that the experience they were gaining was "worth it". Dr. Jabberwocky states that the poll is nowhere near being complete, since at least twenty-seven subjects are required by the Association of Statistic Scientists for results to be considered conclusive. The A.S.S. has published one statement on the survey, however. "College students is lazy loafers."

Welcome, Mat

To all of you who have entered the city limits of Columbia for the first time, Swami wishes to extend a hearty welcome. For a week you will be wined (figure of speech) and dined, and then

rigor mortis sets in. The University which was once a smile and a handshake becomes a breath-sniffing ogre. Restaurants, which spread the purple carpet when your parents brought you in for that first dinner, now sneer and carefully check the silver when you're gone. You have entered the Land of Limbo. You are a



stereotyped college youth. A beer guzzling, stop-street-running, loud-mouthed, always partying collegian. Welcome to the ranks. Really, it ain't so bad!

"M" Book

Perhaps, if you've skimmed through the magazine, you've wondered about the take off on the all-too-familiar "M" Book. After reading all the University's publications, Swami decided that they weren't telling the whole truth and nothing but the truth. Lashing his feature writers and his artists with the cat-o' nine-tails, the turbaned gentleman decided it was SHOWME's task to provide the novice and the experienced with a "real" Guide to the Campus. Let's go at it this way. The University and the student can both look at exactly the same thing and get two separate distinct impres-

sions. This is the inmate's eye view.

Out of State

From out of the innermost reaches of the impregnable fortress of Jesse Hall came an announcement shocking to all followers of university policy. Beginning this Fall, tuition for out of state students was to be lowered. It was just a little squib in the *Columbia Missourian* last May, but it marked a major change in attitude. Maybe it's because we're running short of out of state students who always add to the campus through their blase', "I'm from Noo Yawk", superciliousness. Maybe it was too difficult collecting that \$200 fee. Maybe, and we're giving the benefit of the doubt, somebody in the administration is growing soft-hearted in his old age. Maybe . . . oh, hell, we could go on forever. But who can ever explain why the University does anything?

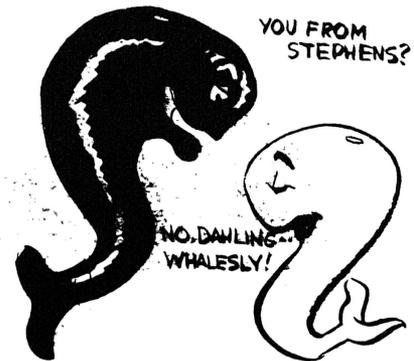
Pizza Pie

As a public service feature Swami has taken over the task of explaining pizza pie to the gorging public. So many people here in the middle of nowhere have never seen this Italian dish. Therefore: Pizza is a round piece of dough (not a half dollar) flavored with spices and tomato sauce. To make it, one rolls the dough, slings it around in the air, and it comes out pizza. Anyhow, despite the poor description, anyone who wants to get rich quickly would do well to open up a large place specializing in Italian pizza and beer. And that's the big clue for this month. Next month: How to

set up your own presses and plates and really make money.

Whale Boats is Acomin'

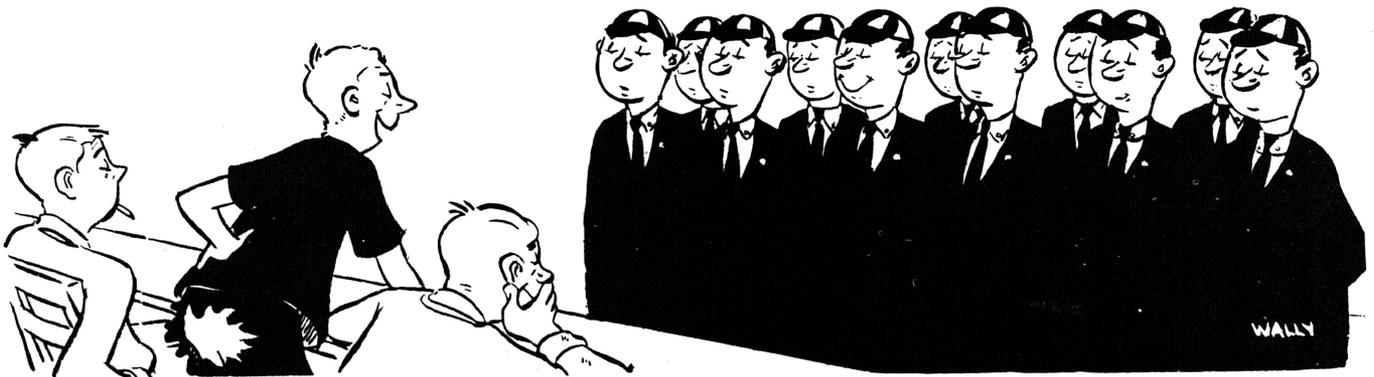
While sloughing through the summer doldrums we came across an item in the local facsimile of the *Columbia Missourian*, that seems to tie in nicely with an introductory issue. It seems that a Navy destroyer had the misfortune to bump into two whales in the middle of the pacific. The



Chief Yeoman commented, "In the ten years I've been in the Navy, I've only heard of this happening once or twice." We can understand how the U.S.S. Missouri could run aground, but it's a little more difficult to see how two intelligent whales could be stupid enough not to get out of the way. Especially since whales seem to spend so much time in the men's john of the Mizzou library. O.K., honey, ask your boyfriend.

Beer on Tap

Another squib in the same paper might be of interest. "Water company officials were wondering what they would have done if the trailer truck that



Now which of you devilishly clever fellows could have had the imagination to put a silly old bear trap in my bed?

crashed through a retaining wall had rolled a few feet more and plunged into the area reservoir.”

“The truck was loaded with 800 cases of beer.”

Well, it wouldn't be too bad if you could channel the stuff into the cold water tap, but, oh,—hot beer! Suppose you could always take a bath in the stuff. But who wants to get into the bath tub with a can opener?

Man's Best Friend

So many people will tell you that dogs and cats are natural enemies. They'll tell you that a dog will go after a cat with mayhem in his eye. And then you read the stories complete with pictures about such and such a dog who has taken a cat as his playmate. You try putting the two together, and you can't figure out which is right. This summer our mangy, flea-bitten mongrel showed us that everyone was wrong. A stray alley cat adopted us and “Sam”—the hound—



knocked the hell out of tradition by diving for cover every time the feline showed her whisker. Now maybe Sam isn't the bravest dog in the world, but he certainly isn't dumb. Perhaps after all these years we discover that it's the cat who is the aggressor. So what, you say. Well, this. For years and years and years we have all thought that the man has chased the woman, treed her, and married her. If we were wrong about cats and dogs . . . well, who knows?

Writers' Cramps

All summer we awaited the efforts of Swami's writers to parody the M Book. “Ho ho,” we would



“Manicure?”

chuckle. “This will be jolly when they mail in all the copy. What a fertile field for a takeoff.” And then it came. All forty pages. Evidently we missed the boat because almost all of the original copy came word for word from the M Book itself. The staffers had not changed a word. We checked it with the book and it was exactly the same. Strange thing was that it *was* funny just the way it stood. And here we rack our brains trying to parody something that is already as hilarious as it could be. C'est la vie.

See Here, Doc Kinsey!

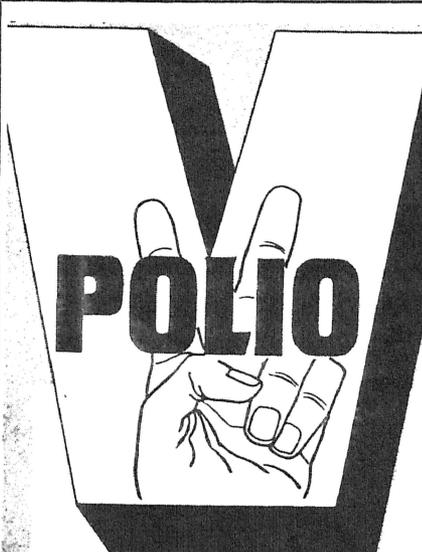
Seems like all Dr. Kinsey has to do these days is write the word “SEX” in big letters on a book jacket, and he finds himself on the best seller lists. The Indiana U. author admits himself that he only interviewed about five thousand women, and that they were mainly in the upper educational and economic brackets, and yet all over the country thousands of people, mostly women, are writing in to their local papers to tell them how crazy Kinsey is. The book on the American Male did not seem to raise such a big stir, but it looks like the women prefer to keep their secrets. Dr. Kinsey

reached into the boudoir and brought to light a great many things that should have been known long ago. The book is not conclusive—it doesn't claim to be. But it's main importance stems from the fact that it is leading to a franker estimation of American sex morals and actual performance. Maybe women *are* indignant



—perhaps, rightfully so, but even that is lending to the airing of many ideas on sex that have been kept locked up for too long. Kinsey may be right or wrong—but the essential thing is that it has gotten people talking—and thinking.

—Ye Ed



Research will mean Victory!

GAMMA GLOBULIN—

 obtained from human blood—protects for a few weeks. But it is in very short supply.

When POLIO is around, follow these PRECAUTIONS



- 1 Keep clean
- 2 Don't get fatigued
- 3 Avoid new groups
- 4 Don't get chilled

A VACCINE

 is not ready for 1953. But there is hope for the future.

THE NATIONAL FOUNDATION FOR INFANTILE PARALYSIS



OR
DATES YOU MAY WANT TO FORGET.

- SEPTEMBER 22—Tuesday, All-school drunk, 8 P.M.
- SEPTEMBER 29—Morticians' Convention, Student Clinic.
- OCTOBER 5—"Pepper Young's Family" returns to air.
- NOVEMBER 14—4 A.M. Hydrogen Bomb Test, Francis Quadrangle.
- NOVEMBER 15—All classes meet at Westminster.
- NOVEMBER 25—Wednesday, Thanksgiving Holidays begin, 12 noon.
- NOVEMBER 26—Thursday, classwork resumed, 8 A.M.
- DECEMBER 20—Thursday, examinations, pop quizzes.
- DECEMBER 21—Friday, Christmas vacation begins 9:30 P.M.
- JANUARY 6—All term papers due.
- JANUARY 7—Classwork resumes, 4:30 A.M.
- FEBRUARY 16—Freshmen burn beanies and Jesse Hall.
- MARCH 1—Student Government Association starts on projects.
- MARCH 10—Student Government Elections.
- APRIL 4—Hopalong Cassidy speaks on Indo-China, Stephens Assembly Hall.
- MAY 11—Summer rates go in effect in Moberly.
- MAY 26—Panty raid commemoration ceremonies, Lela Rainey Wood.
- MAY 27—Buy books for second semester.
- JUNE 6—Parole Board meets.

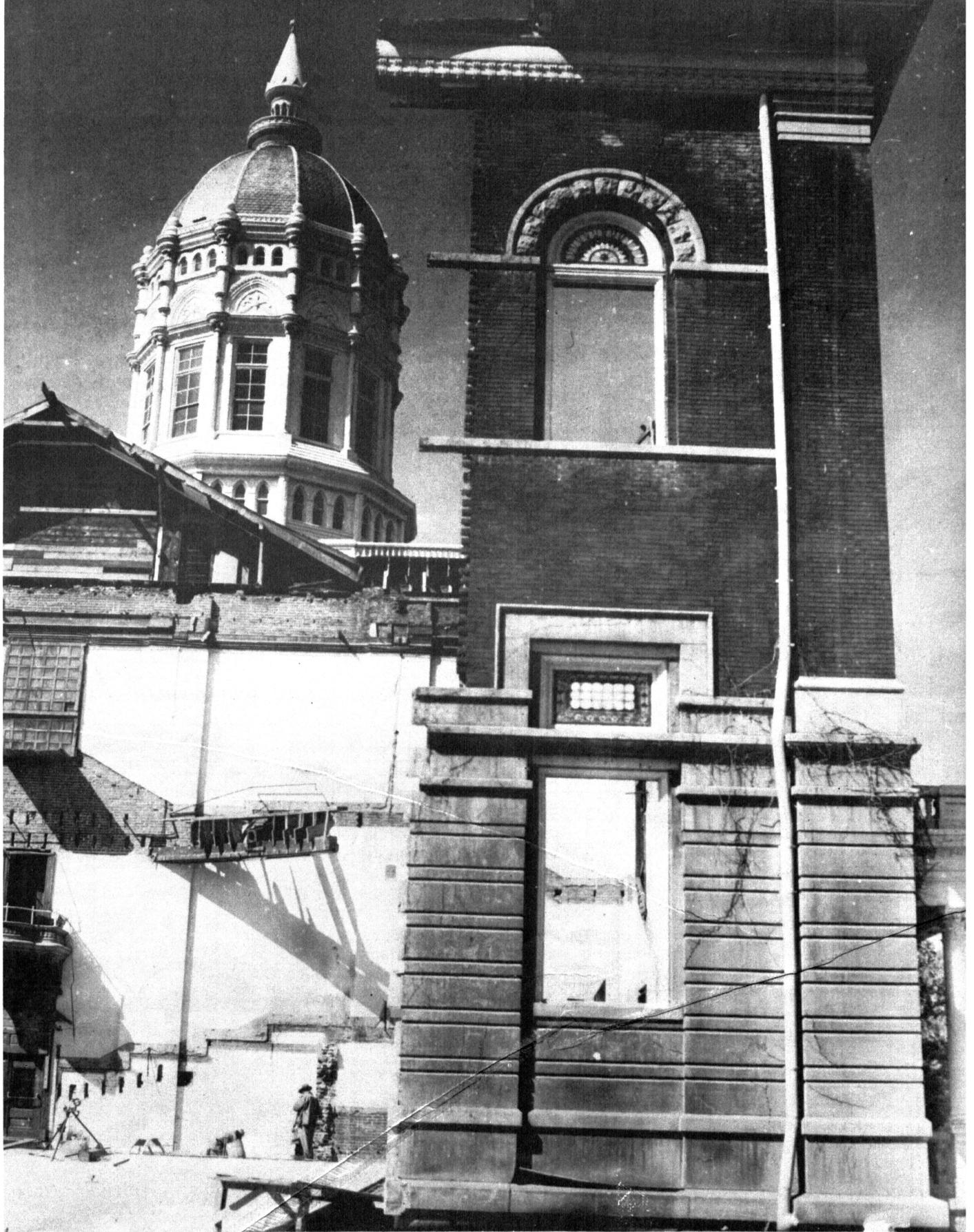
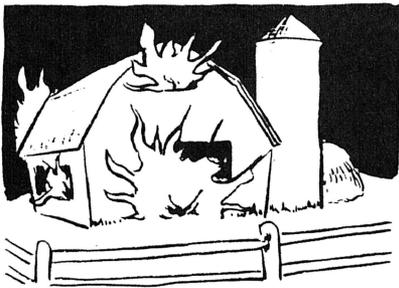


Photo by Al Smit

Always an awe-inspiring sight for new students is the green ivy clinging to the walls of historic Jesse Hall.

Traditional Events



BARNWARMIN'. Because October is open season on Aggies (\$5 bounties collected in SGA office), invitations to the dance are delivered at night. The Barnwarmin' Queen, chosen by the Stock Judging Team, receives a life supply of blue jeans and a silo of chicken feed.

BUSINESS WEEK. In mid-April students in B and PA present skits poking mild fun at B and PA traditions and ridiculing the school's professors. At the Bosses' Ball students choose an Ideal Secretary (after the lap test) and skit participants are notified by Dean Bradshaw that they have been expelled.



CAROUSEL. This is an annual event rivaling the better-known Beaux Arts Ball. Students present their own night club show complete with fan dancers, strippers, gin, and roulette wheels. Annual arrival of the police has always, in the past, led to an enjoyable riot.

ENGINEERS' WEEK. Engineering students annually stage a big celebration commemorating St. Patrick's birthday. As the patron saint of the Engineers, St. Pat rates parades, whisker-growing contests and a huge dance complete with live cobras donated by the Forest Park Zoo.



FACULTY AUCTION. When faculty members are short on cash, they hold auctions in which they auction off old quizzes, term papers, and dirty blackboard erasers. The Psychology Department also gets rid of used rats, and last year's Savitar tickets are often put on the block.

HOMECOMING. This tremendous party is sponsored by the C. of C. which floods Columbia with odd graduates of the university, who try to outdrink each other. Students are admitted to view the proceedings on presentation of a University Bookstore rebate slip. There is also a football game.



SAVITAR FROLICS. In the spring of each year the campus year-book prints eight thousand tickets for a show consisting of skits written, directed and reduced by student organizations. This is one of the best-attended campus events, since there is always a standing room crowd.

TAP DAY. This student convocation is held at the Columns late in April. Service organizations—Hysterical Seven, Q.E.D., Moron Board sponsor the distribution of seventy-five kegs of 3.2 beer. All students are let out of class early to participate in the mass orgy.



TIGER NITE. This rally precedes the first Missouri home football game. In this celebration, sponsored by SGA, fourteen Bengal tigers are turned loose on the townspeople. This is appropriately known as the "Stomp, Romp, and Chomp."



These four Freshmen are happy. They have just made the cheerleading squad.

Photo by Al Smith

Rush WEEK

by DICK NOEL

TO GET THE MOST OUT OF IT
THE AVERAGE RUSHEE SHOULD...



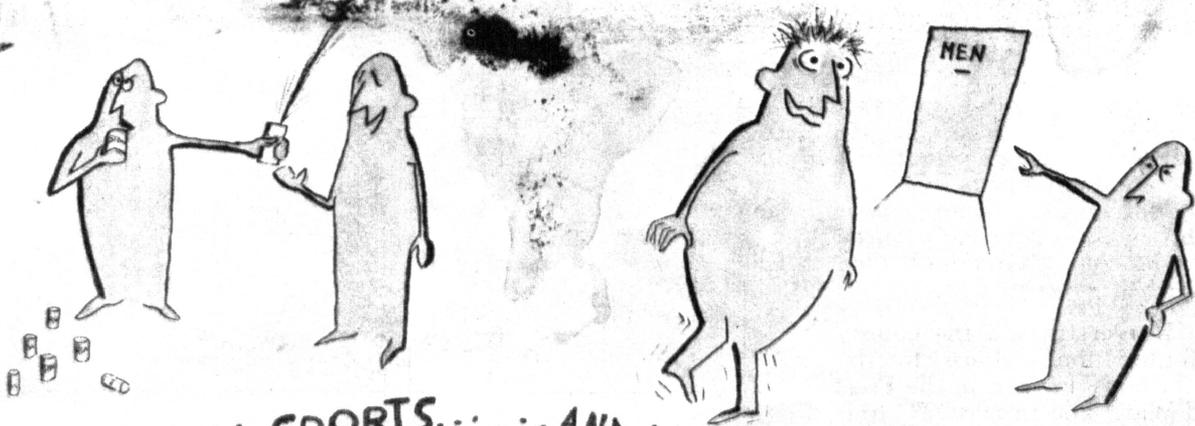
HAVE A CAR....



... SMOKE...



... KNOW HOW TO MEET PEOPLE....



... ENJOY SPORTS... ... AND ASK INTELLIGENT QUESTIONS.

SHORT HISTORY OF MIZZOU

The oldest state university west of the Seine, the University of Missouri was established by the Missouri Compromise in 1623. The national government took Boone County away from the Indians, who were quite pleased about this turn of events. The government turned the land over to settlers who lasted 15 days at which time they attempted to return it to the Indians. However, the Indians proved too smart and held the White Man to his bargain and took Oklahoma instead.

The Geysers Act established a state university, but it required federal troops sent in by President Pierce to shoe Missouri youths and carry them forcibly to the institution. The school officially opened in 1839, and the first class graduated in 1860. This individual later became Callaway County Coroner, and education had proven it could succeed even in the swamps and bogs of the Louisiana Perches.

During the Civil War the University became engaged in "Top Secret" activities for both sides. Boone County mosquitos were crossed with Boone County hams. This produced a super-mosquito whose bite was a fatal case of heartburn.

When Columbians discovered in 1900 that the proposed Panama Canal would not connect Boone County with the Mississippi, students, in protest, burned Academic Hall. This cut the faculty in half, since students had forgotten to notify the administration of the fire. However, insurance receipts from the fire enabled the university to construct a number of fine edifices around the campus, whose use was shortly outmoded with the invention of indoor plumbing by Samuel F. B. Morse. Columbians viewing this wasteful tragedy often quoted Morse's "What hath God wrought?"

The University and the county contributed their share to the United States' burden in the First World War. The first ROTC unit in the world was begun in Colum-

bia in 1917, much to the dismay of Kaiser Wilhelm who surrendered promptly after viewing captured films of the marchers. With the war over, University officials received a communique from President Wilson asking them to disband the unit as a public safety measure. They complied and the five ROTC students transferred to West Point, where they later achieved fame as Generals Patton, DeGaulle, Rommel, Marshall, and Washington. Still visible effects of that war may be seen beside the Memorial Tower in a huge bomb crater that scared hell out of the town when students held an Armistice Day celebration and three cases of warm beer exploded.

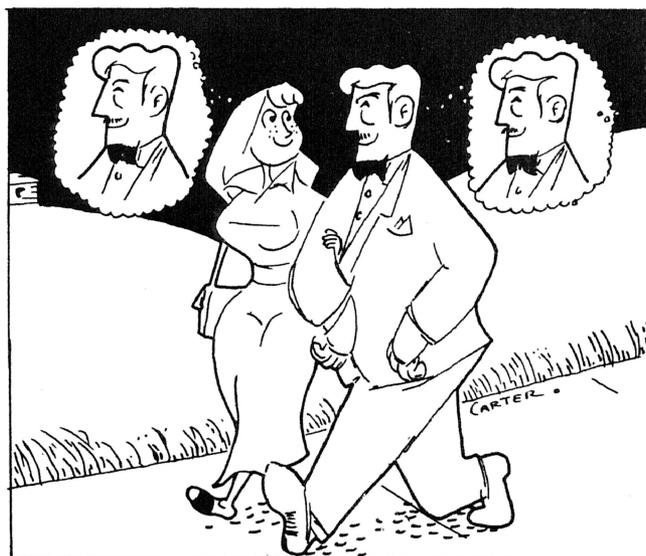
It was at this time at the beginning of the Roaring Twenties that Dean Mott invented Journalism and chose Missouri as the place to start mass-producing journalists. When Forrest Smith, the man who was governor at that time, heard about the new J school, he coined the now classic remark, "Boys will be boys!"

Also during the Twenties, flagpole sitting was all the rage. However, since Columbia ordinances forbade any structure more than

twenty five feet high, all flagpole sitting had to be done with the pole in a prone position. At this time the Memorial Tower was constructed at an original height of twenty four feet nine inches and an original cost of thirty eight dollars and three hundred Wheaties box tops. Columbians used to mount the stairs to the top of the Tower and roost. Each year the height limitations were relaxed, and each year the University added a granite block to the top of the Tower. This piecemeal edifice soon came to be known as the "Finest Piece of Gothic Architecture in North America and the Virgin Islands". (Capital letters belong to the University; quotation marks to this magazine.)

When the second World War caught universities all over the country unprepared for the increased enrollment at the cessation of hostilities, the University of Missouri met the challenge. Fourteen hundred "temporary" barracks, shacks, and mousetraps were built all over campus. The veterans beat a path to the admissions office. This was one of the most turbulent periods in Mizzou's

(Continued on page 24)



Your Home Away From Home

For the newcomer to Columbia, the University offers a wide variety of approved housing. It is only in a group living situation that the resident will learn the art of give and take. The resident gives and the University takes. A varied recreational program makes living in approved housing "real fun." Although overcrowding is a large problem, the University will find a place for each and every applicant—for a price.



Photo by Al Smith

University housing aids freshmen in overcoming self-consciousness. As a freshman this young man never even let his roommate see his B.V.D.'s. Now only one short year later, he is still a freshman but he doesn't give a damn.



Photo by Al Smith

The Head Resident "a real mother" to her boys, lives in each dormitory. House Mothers come in all shapes and sizes and the University will go out of its way to come up with one who has that extra something that the boys appreciate.

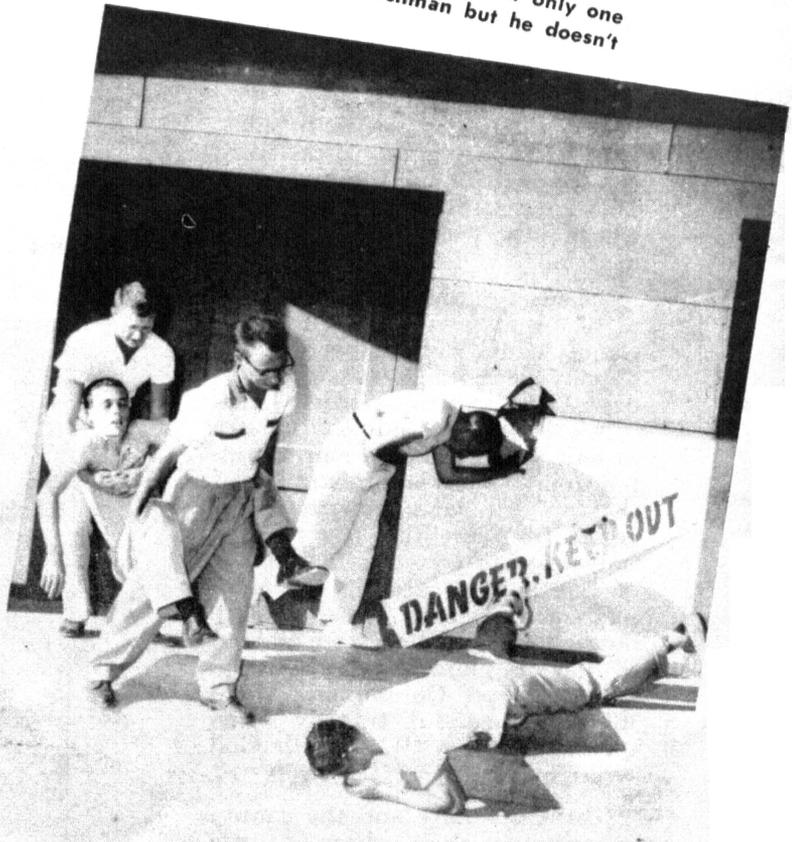


Photo by Al Smith

These freshmen have just eaten their first meal at Crowder Hall, where nutritious meals are offered at a ridiculously low cost.

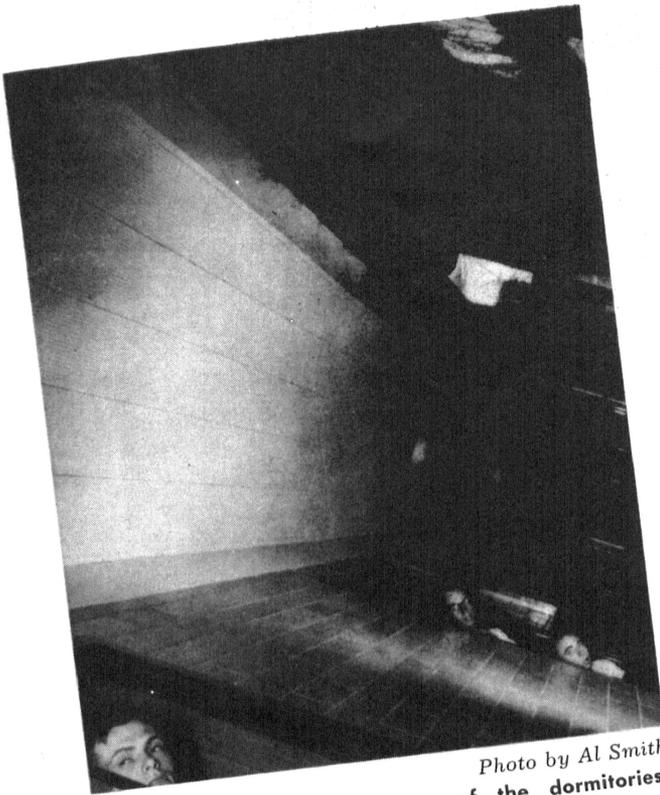


Photo by Al Smith
 The quiet, homey atmosphere of the dormitories, breeds companionship and night blindness. These men are seeing their first outsider in two months.



Photo by Al Smith
 On each floor, there is a knotty pine recreation lounge where students will gather to visit, have a game of "Old Maid," or waste away quietly.

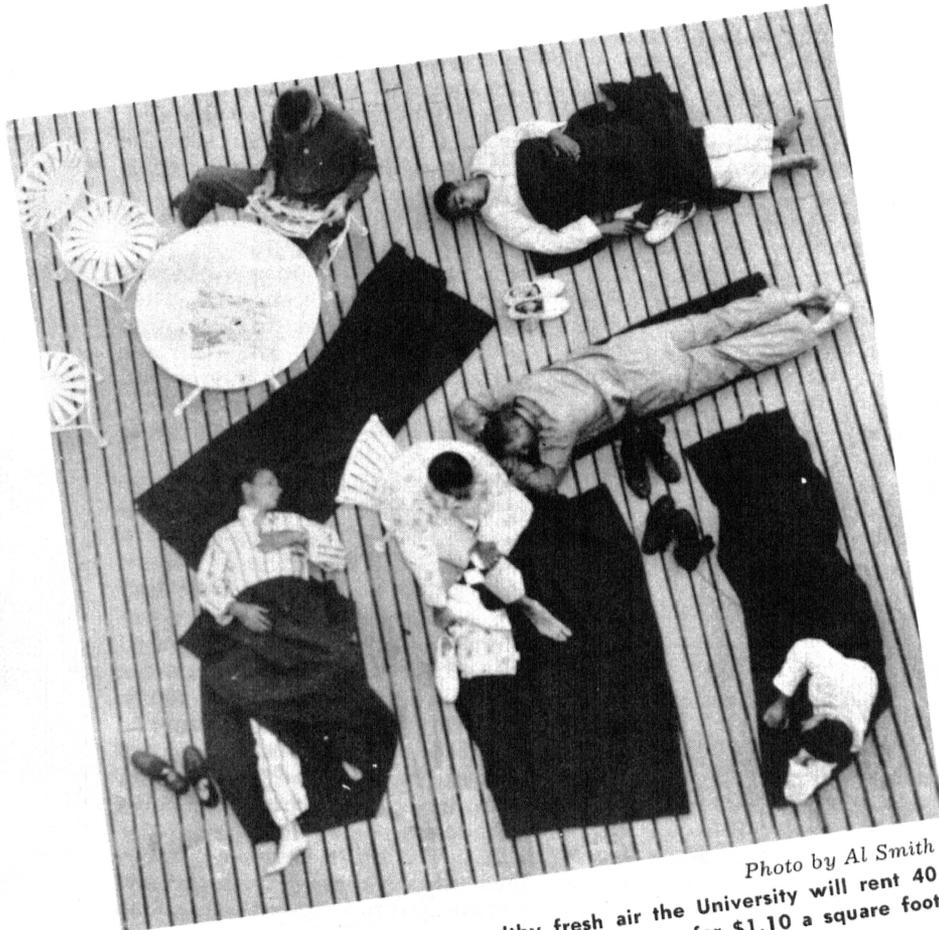


Photo by Al Smith
 To students who enjoy clean, healthy fresh air the University will rent 40 square feet of board on the sun deck at the Union for \$1.10 a square foot per semester.



Photo by Al Smith
 For the student who finds his roommate too loud for study purposes, the University provides study rooms complete with lamp and contour chair.



High Heels and Oil Wells

By Joe Gold

Terry Hennessy stared into the large room seething with rainbows of high-necked frocks and legs sheathed in nylon hose. From across the room, the clacking of high heels grew closer. And Terry was annoyed. He was mad at himself for having come to the mixer, mad at the rich girls with their Cadillacs, and just plain mad at the whole lousy system.

A tall girl, dressed in a simple, but expensive pink dress, had placed herself before him.

"Would you like to meet some nice girls?"

"No thank you."

She smiled and walked away, and Terry cursed. He never knew why he kept coming to their mixers, because, always, that angry mood spread over him. His dark brows almost merged, as he glared at pushing, straining, pressing, and impressing that whirled about him. The brown eyes narrowed and the wide shoulders hunched to get out of the way of an over-eager young man. His even white teeth showed, when the lip curled. He stood, an angry red sore upon the smooth white skin of sociability.

"Are you lonesome?"

"No, I'm just watching." (Rose-land Ballroom — ten cents a dance.)

It was too easy. Too damn easy. All these rich witches parad-

ing across the floor like articles in a stock auction . . . I'd like you to meet . . . where are you from? . . . no, I've never been in Dallas, but I have an uncle who lives in Houston.

The buzz of fumbled introductions rose above the hum of the bubbling juke box, and all around him, the girlish sophisticates spoke, unaware of the appraising eyes cast upon them. And every few moments a glance from the corner of a shaded eye, to see if any flies were coming toward the paper.

there's Joannie, my roommate shesacard, you'd love her . . . glad-to-ametya . . . California . . . the-funniest thing . . . would you like to meet?

Evading the injured stares of the hostesses, Terry stalked into a corner, where he could watch, and grow more angry. Why did he always become annoyed? Everyone was trying so hard to be friendly. Or was that it? Always the unnatural air about such a natural occurrence like boy-meets-girl.

His flashing brown eyes were taking in everything, and Terry began to notice others who were not having a very good time. When he realized that he was not alone, suddenly it was nothing to get angry about. It was a three ring circus to watch while eating pink cotton candy. "And now in the center ring we have the biggest farce of the evening! Three

attractive young ladies whose fathers own a combination of thirty seven oil wells and five Cadillacs. They will present an exhibition, never before performed without a net. They will attempt to ensnare three unsuspecting males at a height of seventy five thousand dollars a year!"

Terry began to enjoy himself. He tried to pick out the males and females who were utterly miserable in each other company. A tall youth whose sleeves were an inch too short for his dangling arms and a pretty upswept blonde with large upswept earrings. They hadn't said a word to each other in three minutes and thirteen seconds according to the second hand of his watch.

Terry Hennessy's brows were losing their tenseness, and his lip no longer curled in anger, as an amused smile flitted across his face.

a flash of blue velvet . . . saucy chin, tilted nose, soft brown hair . . . a worried look behind horn-rimmed glasses . . . two fashionable Katie Hepburns comparing notes . . . the sheen of a magic fraternity pin . . . a grey flanneled arm about a rayon waist . . . and always the small talk that never amounted to anything . . . the falseness.

A wide smile creased Terry's face, and he decided to leave, believing that he'd found out how to enjoy mixers

"Shoot!"

Terry turned quickly and saw the girl sitting on a couch in the corner. She was grinning at him and fingering a long run in her stocking. He asked her how long she'd been there.

"About an hour."

The light was dim, but he saw right away that she had no shoes on. And she might have been pretty, if her nose hadn't ended too quickly. But the twinkling eyes under the dark red hair brought his gaze down to the run.

"How'd you do that?"

"Trying to scratch the back of my leg with my other foot."

Terry's brows knitted once more, but this time, not in annoyance. You don't go to school here,



do you?" he asked.

"What do you think I am? An exchange student from French Morocco?"

"Well . . . I meant . . . you don't look like the oil well type."

"My father owns four hotels."

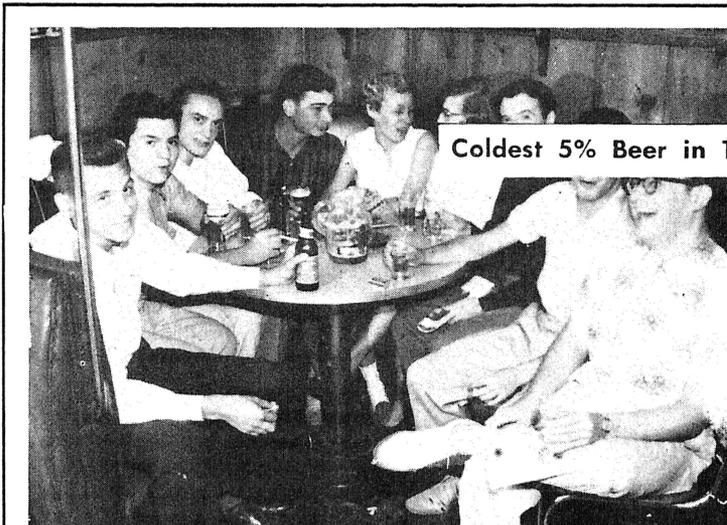
"Well, you look . . . normal. I mean, not pushing."

"I'm sorry I don't fit your theories, but I've been watching you, and I think I know what you're driving at. Look, friend," she grinned, pointing at him with a stockinged toe, "you find what you're looking for and vice-versa."

Terry simply stared at her and through her. Then he knew why he had been mad early in the evening. And he knew that the screwy redhead had just explained a great many things to him. Her nose didn't seem as short as it had a moment ago, and Terry felt the relaxed grin spread across his cheeks.

Mind if I take my shoes off?"

THE END



Michelob on tap . . .

Exclusively at the

Stein Club



A Student's Fall Begins

with flannel

. . . the Sportrio

\$65

Almost a wardrobe in itself — A suit plus an extra pair of slacks! Two button, patch pocket all wool flannel suit in light tan, pearl grey, pearly blue or navy with contrasting flannel slacks. Also in the smart new charcoal grey flannel with modified shoulders, three buttons, flap pockets, center vent and extra slacks in light grey.

Woolf Brothers

BEST PIECE
I'VE HAD IN MONTHS



PST! FEELTHY
FAKE I.D. CARDS?

REGULAR OR
KING-SIZED?

SHALL WE BUZZ
THE PARTY?

OH~IT'S JU
A DUMP!

ME TARZAN..
YOU JANE

NO, DEARIE..
ME CHEETA,
YOU APE

SORRY, HAIRLESS..
THIS POO'S GOTTA GO!

UGH..NEEDUM MORE
FRESHMEN

BUT THEY SAID IT WAS
A FRESHMAN MIXER

FREE "STEWDENTS"!
WON'T ANYONE TAKE
A FREE "STEWDENT"?

I'LL TAKE FOUR
AND WILL YOU
THEM ON
THIS, PLEASE

WANNA PLAY BRIDGE?

I ALWAYS DRESS TO SUIT
THE OCCASION

SURE.. YOU BE
THE BRIDGE..

THAT KISS WILL
COST YOU A DOLLAR

SHOWME VISITS A Freshman Mixer At The Student Union

by Bill Braznell



CARE FOR A LITTLE PUNCH?

I'VE HAD PLENTY, THANKS..

HE WAS ONE OF THE MOST WANTED MEN IN RUSH WEEK!

I DON'T CARE IF THIS IS THE STUDENT UNION .. I'M NOT SPENDING MY HONEY-MOON HERE!

BUT I ALREADY HAVE RESERVATIONS IN THE STUDENT ACTIVITIES ROOM!

THEY LAUGHED WHEN I SAT DOWN TO PLAY.. NOBODY LAUGHS AT HARRY!

TELL ME, MISS CARIDGE.. WHEN ARE YOU FREE?

IS THAT A PERSONAL QUESTION.. OR DO YOU WORK FOR KINSEY?

BUT SHE WAS STRONGLY RECOMMENDED BY OUR MOBERLY ALUMS..

WILL YOU HOLD MY HAND?

DON'T I ALWAYS?

YOUR NAME FRIDAY?

THAT'S RIGHT

YOU A DETECTIVE?

THAT'S RIGHT

I TOLD YOU WE COULD HAVE FUN WITHOUT DRINKING!

WELL I'VE GOT A CASE FOR YOU

BROWN DERBY

JACK IS WATCHING!

RAZY MIXED-UP COLLEGE KIDS

IR.. WRAP

D.K. BABY.. LET'S GO FOR BROKE!

University Regulations You Should Know

FEES

All University fees are to be paid in cash and in advance and do entitle the payee to such University privileges as: use of the drinking fountains, University sidewalks, and an autopsy at the Student Clinic. Payments may be submitted by mail to the Bursar, Sun Valley Idaho.

HOUSING

All students must live in dormitories or houses approved by the Committee on Student Housing. Stringent regulations require all such student dwelling places to have at least a grass thatched roof and a full length portrait of Dean Matthews on the wall. Commuting from such distances as Hannibal, Moberly, or East St. Louis is not advisable.

GRADES AND POINTS

A student's achievement in each course is registered by E, S, M, I, F. Grades of I and F require consultation with your local draft board. Grades of E and S are of no importance unless the student plans to graduate.

WITHDRAWING FROM COURSES

Students may withdraw from courses with no loss of money within three days of the beginning of the semester. After that, only a death release signed by a University-approved housemother will be honored as sufficient cause for refund of fees.

REGISTRATION

Before a student may register, he must have a Permit to Enroll. These may be obtained at the Capitol in Jefferson City. Once the Permit has been secured, students seeking to register should

come prepared to remain overnight and should carry with them a flashlight, towel washcloth, toothbrush, and sandwiches.

STUDENT IDENTIFICATION CARDS

When all fees have been paid, and after the student's head has been shaved by the University barber, his photograph will be taken for his Identification Card.

STUDENT OPERATED VEHICLES

All vehicles including cars, roller skates, and pogo sticks, regardless of make, model, or condition, are to be registered with the Dean's Office. Upon receipt of a student sticker, the owner is then responsible for all University and Columbia ordinances. These include No Parking restrictions within three blocks of all University buildings, 14 mile per hour speed limits anywhere in the county, and permanent exile for striking any University policeman, even with just cause. Owners of motorcycles must not paint

or decorate them in any way to resemble vehicles of the State Patrol. Fines incurred are to be paid within fifteen minutes of receipt. Confederate money will not be honored. Appeals on University traffic tickets may be made. All such appeals should be post-marked by midnight of the date of receipts and should be mailed to the Traffic Committee, c/o Dead Letter Office, Columbia, Missouri.

DRAFT DEFERMENT

Any questions regarding draft deferment are absolutely ridiculous.

MARRIAGE

If a student marries while registered at the University he is subject to immediate expulsion, if the Director of Admissions is not notified within five days. Married students will be asked to move from University dormitories unless the woman is over eighty-seven years old, in which case she will be engaged as a Head Resident.

THE END





SWAMI'S SHORTS

"One seat for tonight's show,
well forward, center, and down-
stairs. Do you have it?"

"Can you play a violin?"

* * *

He: Is this the Salvation Army?

Him: Yes.

* * *

Then there was the Burlesque
queen who was arrested for no
gauze at all.

A sweet young thing breezed
into a florist shop, dashed up to
an elderly chap puttering around
a plant and inquired. "Have you
any passion poppy?"

The old boy looked up in sur-
prise. "Gol ding it!" he exclaim-
ed, "you jist wait until I git
through prunin' this rose!"

* * *

"Does your orchestra ever play
requests?"

"Yes, what would you like
them to play?"

"Pinochle."

* * *

Having imbibed too freely at a
hotel dance a pretty young thing
in Texas ran outdoors, fainted and
fell over a trash barrel.

A young man saw her, picked
her up and carried her up to his
room. The next morning he wired
his partner in New York. "Close
office. Sell everything. Come to
Texas. They throw away better
stuff here than you can buy in
New York."

* * *

Drunk, phoning to his wife:
"Thash you, dear? Tell the maid
I won't be home tonight."

* * *

There was a young man from
France
Who waited ten years for the
chance,
He muffed it.

* * *

Moe: Has gooseberries got legs?

Joe: No.

Moe: Then I just ate a fieldmouse.

* * *

One good turn usually takes off
all the covers.



"Why doesn't it say anything about the number of gals
who buy their sweaters and skirts at JULIE'S?"



WALT WHITMAN

on Life Savers:

"It is for my mouth forever.
I am in love with it."

from *Song of Myself*, part II



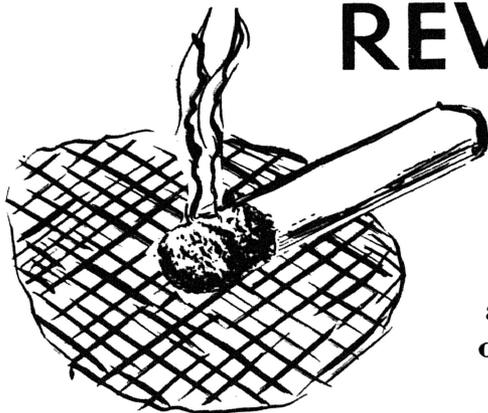
Still only 5¢

ERNIE'S



Sure, he graduated in '28, but he keeps coming back for the food at ERNIE'S.

BURNS, TEARS MOTH HOLES REWOVEN Expertly



From College
and Broadway, drive
out Price to Hinkson
and turn left, then
turn right at Fay St.

Elsie's WEAVING SHOP

506 Fay Street

Phone 6532

SHORT HISTORY OF MIZZOU

(Continued from Page 15)

long, glorious history. The hardened veterans, meeting for the first time with Rah Rah Collegians, launched many a battle royal on the steps of Jesse Hall. Fraternities suffered the greatest losses, many of their members being found floating face downward in the Hinkson, their feet encased in solid blocks of Gluke-stite.

School spirit rose to a new peak during the GI Bill days. Snake dances through classrooms, The Battle of the Stable, the Henry Wallace tomato barrage—all were in keeping with the New Spirit. However, when the former presi-



dent of the University was abducted, tossed into a vat of nitric acid, and melted down and sold as bars of soap, it was time to call a halt.

When the halt was called, the Curators decided to give students a place where they could relax, shoot pool, and play the pari-mutuels. To get the students off the streets, and to give the University some of the loot that town merchants were getting, they built a huge casino beside the Tower. This magnificent structure, replete with roulette wheels, bunco, direct wires to all leading tracks, and an indoor gridiron for the Homecoming game and waffles, is known as the Student Union.

MU has come a long way from those dark beginnings in 1623. The Union has been built, and perhaps, it will only be another decade before the World War I bomb crater is turned into a swimming pool.

THE END

YOU and your Student Government Association

- **Student Government at Mizzou**

The Student Government Association is the official all-campus student governing body, working to organize student activities and to advance the welfare of the student body. Major officers are elected in a school-wide election each spring, and these officers appoint their departmental and divisional personnel on a basis of interest, ability, and past experience.

- **Big Things Are Coming up on SGA's Calendar**

The Student Government Association assists in nearly every all-campus activity during the year. Homecoming activities, all-school dances, Campus Chest, Pep Club, leadership training courses, and a non-profit book pool are only a few of SGA's coming activities.

- **There's a Place for You in Student Government**

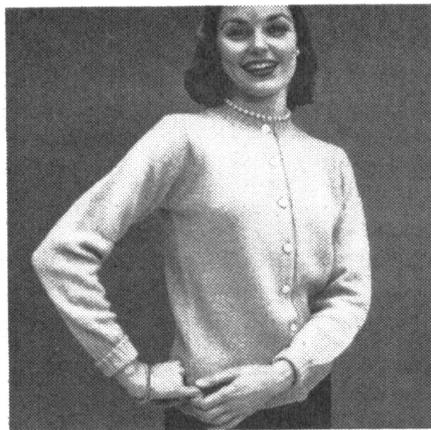
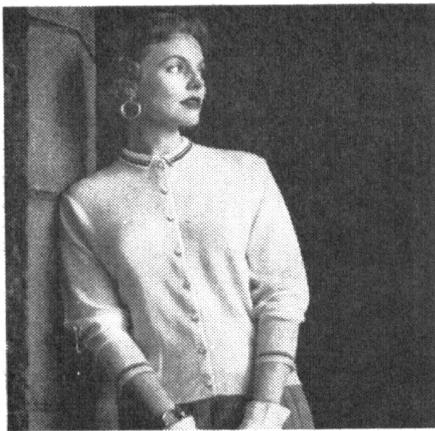
Many positions in SGA are still open . . . and you are the person to fill one. Come up to the SGA office and petition for one of the vacancies.

Your Student Government Association

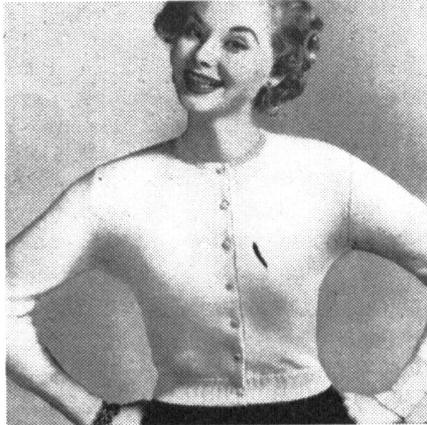
Student Government Office
243 Student Union Building
Phone 7708

Bud Bradshaw, President
520 College Avenue
Phone 2-3539

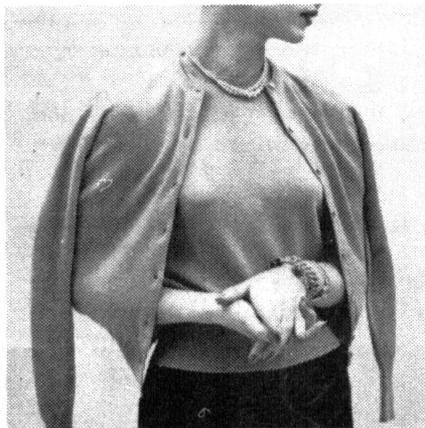
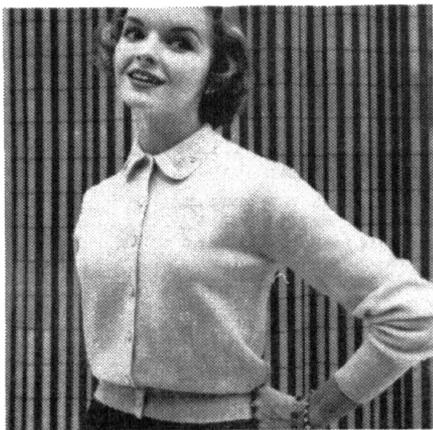




PICK YOUR WINNING GARLAND SWEATERS



FROM A WHOLE WARDROBE - FULL OF IDEAS



AT GREENSPON'S

COLUMBIA, MO.



or write

Garland

1410 Broadway
New York, N. Y.



The lady riding upon the train was amusing herself with a crossword puzzle. The train was crowded. One word she simply couldn't make out so she turned to the man beside her. "I wonder," she asked, "if you could help me with this puzzle?"

"I might," he replied, "what is it that has you puzzled?"

"Well," the lady said, "all I need is a four letter word ending in the letters I-T and it says here that it's something found in the bottom of a bird cage and that Churchill's full of it."

"Hmmm," said the man, "that must be grit."

"So it is," exclaimed the lady, "do you have a pencil with an eraser?"

* * *

Dramatist: My next play is all about a drug addict.

Friend: I see. Enter hero and heroin.

* * *

Definitions:

Bigamist: One who loves not wisely but two well.

Alcoholics Anonymous: An organization that takes people apart to see what makes 'em hic.

Strapless gown: When a woman doesn't shoulder the responsibility.

Virtue: A lack of sufficient temptation.

The height of bad luck: Seasickness and lockjaw.

Ash tray: A place to put cigarette butts if there isn't a floor available.

Wise woman: One who makes her husband feel as if he's head of the house, when actually he's only chairman of the entertainment committee.

Hiccoughs: Messages from departed spirits.

Parents: The kin you love to touch.

* * *

He: Why did you take up the piano?

Him: My glass of beer kept sliding off the violin.

Since 1841 . . .

Missouri University
Has Been Providing Fine College Education



Since 1948 . . .

Campus Jewelry
Has Been Selling Fine Jewelry to Mizzou Students

CAMPUS JEWELERS

On Conley Across From Jesse

We won't let you wear it,
unless it fits!

CAPPS Full* Measure **SUITS**

Capps Clothes
FOR YOUNG MEN
SINCE 1839

You can get a proper fit here. If we don't have the suit you want, we will get it for you — either a stock size or Custom Tailored. The prices start at \$49.50.

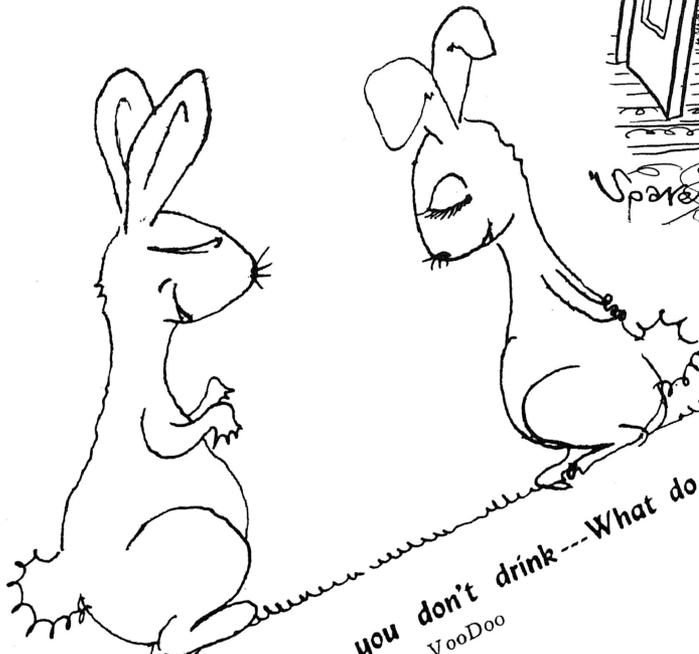
NEUKOMM'S

22 on the Strollway

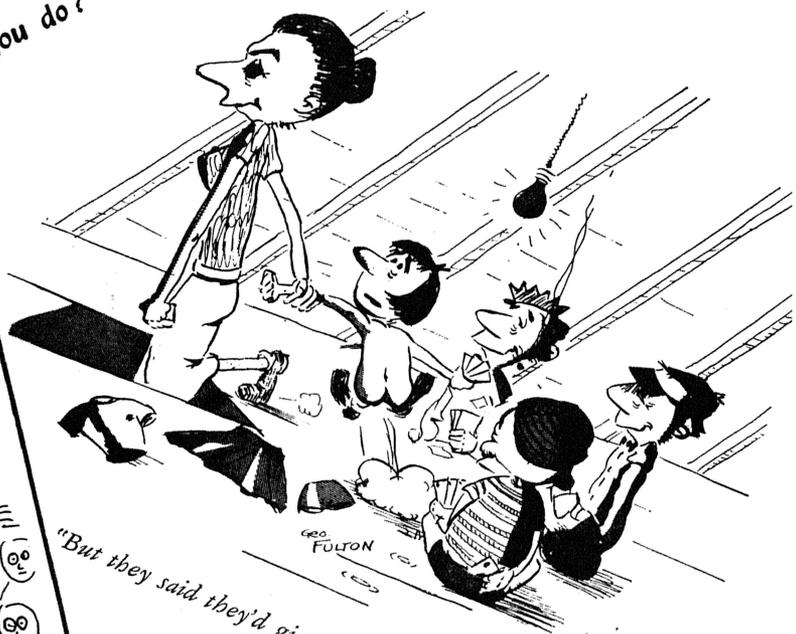
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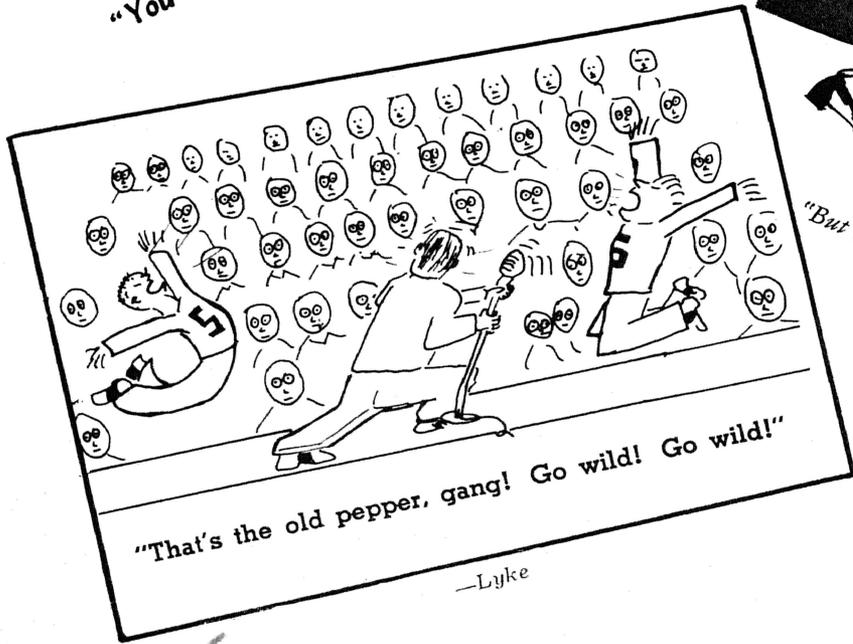
"We tossed for cokes, and you lost."
—Pelican



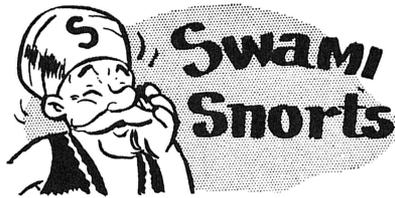
"You don't smoke, you don't drink---What do you do?"
—VooDoo



"But they said they'd give me a chance to win it back."
Arizona
KITTY
KAT



"That's the old pepper, gang! Go wild! Go wild!"
—Lyke



He: Do you save bad women?
 Him: Yes.
 He: Well, save a couple for me
 for Saturday night.
 * * *

Phi Delt: How did you like the
 bridge party last light?

Phi Gam: Fine, until the cops
 looked under the bridge.
 * * *

People who sleep
 Like a baby, son,
 Don't have one.
 * * *

Son: Hey, Dad, I'm home from
 school again.

Dad: What in the world did you
 do this time?

Son: Graduated!
 * * *

First Bopster: Whose clarinet
 were you playing last night, man?

Second Bopster: That was no
 clarinet; that was my wife.
 * * *

Mrs. Newlywed: I'm worried
 about my dinner tomorrow night.

Neighbor: What's the matter?

Mrs. Newlywed: Well, John said
 he was going out to shoot craps to-
 night, and I don't know the first
 thing about cooking them.



A lush answered his doorbell
 and called back, "It'sh the milk-
 man."

"Tell him nothing today," said
 his pal. "There'sh nothing left in
 the house to mix it with."
 * * *

My lady, be wary of Cupid
 And heed to the lines of this verse
 To let a fool kiss you is stupid;
 To let a kiss fool you is worse.
 * * *

Dear Sir:

I am engaged to a girl and have
 been informed you were seen kis-
 sing her. Kindly call at my frater-
 nity house at eleven Friday and
 make an explanation.

Alfred Zilch

Dear Alf:

I have received a copy of your
 circular letter and will be present
 at this meeting.

Red

* * *

An irate old gentleman rushed
 into a pharmacy, bottle in hand.
 He was bald, and two large bumps
 stood on his head, one on either
 side.

"Look what this damn hair
 tonic did to my head," he shouted.

The clerk took the bottle in his
 hand and, looking at the label,
 blushed and said, "My goodness, I
 made a mistake and gave you the
 bust developer."
 * * *

If we can believe the papers—
 the guy who marries Marilyn
 Monroe will be the only guy who
 can walk into the bathroom with-
 out finding underwear hanging up
 to dry.

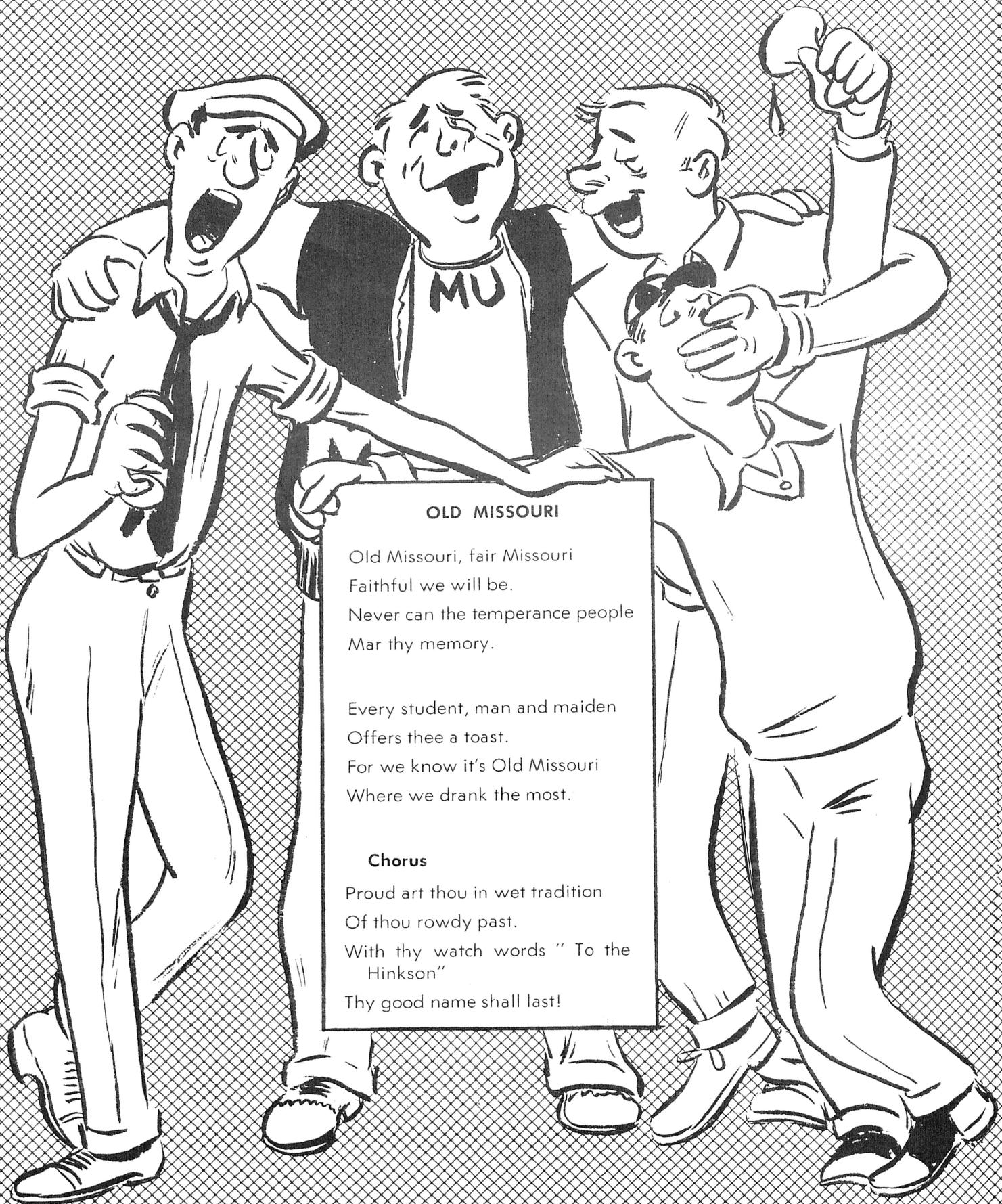


- Penaljo Casuals
- Mademoiselle
- Foot-Flaires
- Oomphies
- Delmanette
- Troylings



the novus shop
 18 ON THE STROLLWAY

- Spaldings
- Junior Debs
- Cobblers
- Oldmaine Trotters
- Daniel Green
- Nite-Aires



OLD MISSOURI

Old Missouri, fair Missouri
Faithful we will be.
Never can the temperance people
Mar thy memory.

Every student, man and maiden
Offers thee a toast.
For we know it's Old Missouri
Where we drank the most.

Chorus

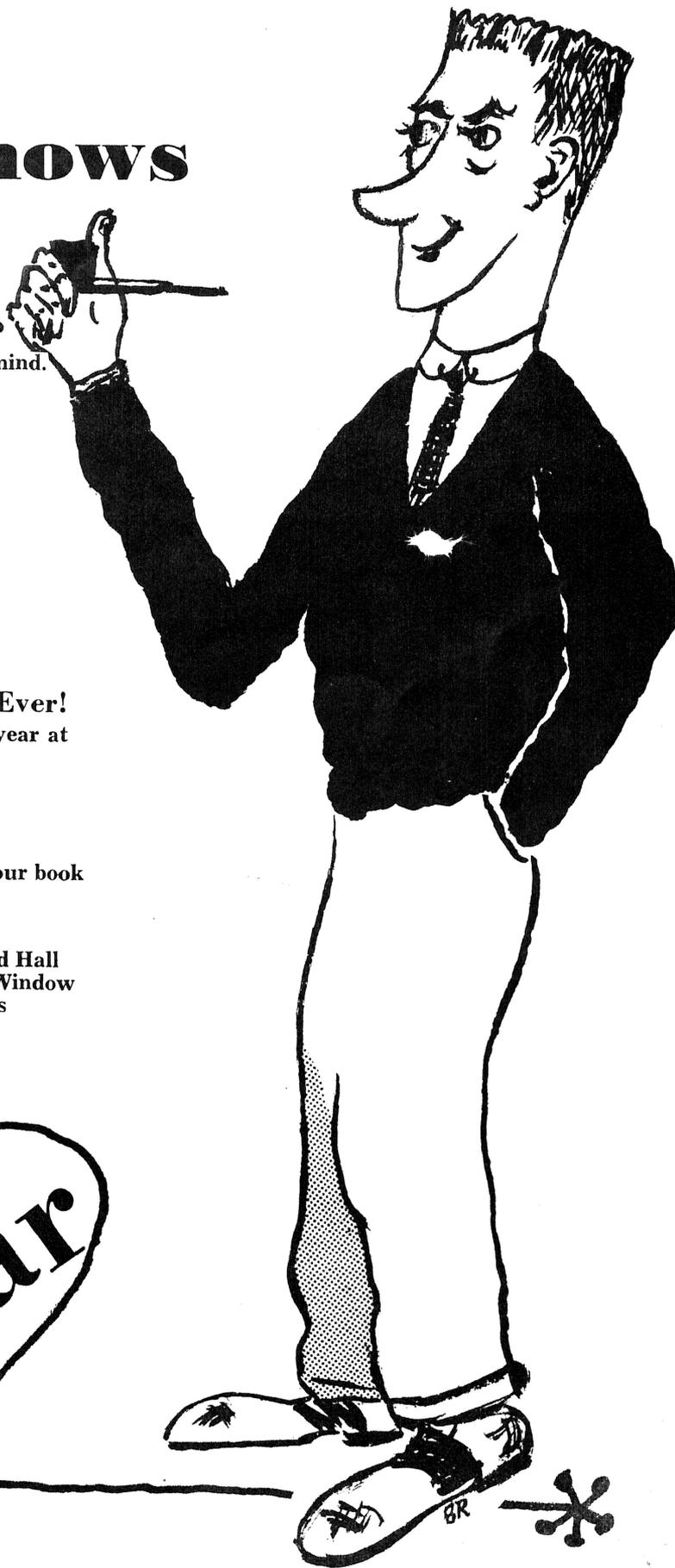
Proud art thou in wet tradition
Of thou rowdy past.
With thy watch words " To the
Hinkson"

Thy good name shall last!



Ol' Joe Knows

... yes, ol' Joe College has been around the campi just about as long as Tripod, and he knows that Savitar is the best way to keep those carefree College years always fresh in mind. He's bought his already ... have you?



- **Bigger, Better Than Ever!**
Your complete diary of this year at Missouri
- **New Low Price!**
Full price only \$5.75
Part payment of \$2.50 holds your book
- **Buy Yours Now!**
At the Savitar Office, 303 Read Hall
At the Student Union Ticket Window
From your house or dorm sales representative



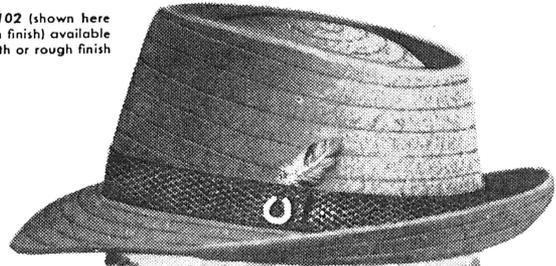
no joking...

..AT LONG LAST
a comfortable hat...
a crushable hat...
car bumps can't hurt it...

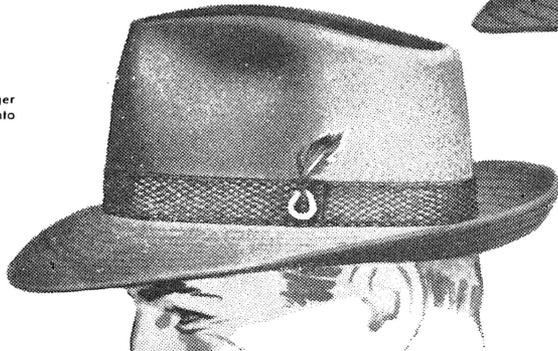
ROLL IT UP
Plastic bag to keep
hat clean, sent with
every hat



STYLE 102 (shown here
in rough finish) available
in smooth or rough finish



STYLE 101 (shown here
in smooth finish) available
in smooth or rough
finish



FACTORY
PRE-SHAPED
A touch of the finger
and it snaps back into
shape...



FOR TRAVEL
Toss it in your
suitcase...



CONVENIENCE
For school, it can
be rolled up and
kept in pocket.

THE DELUXE TOSS-UP trade mark

WORLD'S MOST COMFORTABLE HAT
Lightweight High Quality Fur Felt · Water Repellent
Fits All Head Shapes · Long Ovals · Wide Ovals

by **PORTIS**
MEN'S HAT MANUFACTURER
SINCE 1914

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

to College Students and Faculty

For 60 days, we will sell the DeLuxe Toss-up
to College Students and Faculty for.....

BEAUTIFUL TWEED
COLORS

\$6.95

Packed in a handsome strong box... sent prepaid

Guaranteed \$15.00 Fur Value

USE HANDY ORDER FORM

Imagine a hat with all these "DeLuxe" features:

- ITS ROLLABLE
- ITS CRUSHABLE
- ITS FOLDABLE
- NOTHING HURTS IT
- FACTORY PRE-SHAPED
- NYLON STITCHED
- CHLOROPHYLL SWEATBAND
- STAINPROOF BAND

for only **\$6.95**

You are invited to see these two DeLuxe Toss-Up Styles
in the office of the business manager of this publication.

PORTIS HATS · DEPT. U 320 West Ohio St., Chicago 10, Ill.

<input type="checkbox"/> Check	Enclosed \$	SIZES 6 5/8 to 7 3/4	STATE YOUR SIZE	Check Style Color - Finish	
<input type="checkbox"/> Money Order				STYLE 101	STYLE 102
DELUXE TOSS-UP		Introductory Special Offer			\$6.95
	Smooth Finish	Rough Finish		Smooth Finish	Rough Finish
GREY TWEED				LIGHT TAN TWEED Pastel Tan	
BLUE TWEED				LIGHT BLUE TWEED Pastel Blue	
TAN TWEED				LIGHT GREY TWEED Pastel Grey	
BROWN TWEED					
GREY-GREEN TWEED					
NAME	STREET		CITY		STATE

YOUR MONEY CHEERFULLY REFUNDED IF NOT COMPLETELY SATISFIED

Missouri University, Columbia, Missouri

Where to Inquire ... Who to See

Association of Women Students

Miss Susan B. Anthony, Lobby of Governor Hotel, Jeff City

Cars—See Motor Vehicle

Change of Address

Mr. Trace, Keener Than Most Persons

Dramatics

Michael Todd, "Naval Revue", Grand Theatre

Employment

Vice-President in Charge of Coolies

Independent Men's Association

22 Defunct St., Independents, Missouri

Loans, Student

Student Finance Corporation, Shylock Bldg., Columbia

Missouri Student (Newspaper?)

"Keep Our Campus Clean" baskets, anyplace on campus

Motor Vehicle Registration—See Tires

Off-Campus Housing

14 Main Street, Springfield, Missouri

Social Events, Registration and Calendar

Waers Crossroads, Highway 40

Student Government Association

Frank Costello, Ossining, New York—Cell No. 26

Student Health Service

None (Hospitals in St. Louis and K. C. will admit MU students)

Tires—See Yellow Pages of telephone directory

Traffic Clerk

Junction of Highways 40 and 63 north



Bring refreshment
into play

have a Coke



"Coke" is a registered trade-mark

BOTTLED UNDER AUTHORITY
OF THE COCA-COLA COMPANY BY

Coca Cola Bottling Co.
of Columbia

A professor who comes in late is rare; in fact he is in a class by himself.

* * *

Then there's the story about the lawyer who sat up all night trying to break a widow's will.

* * *

The most observant person was the historian who noticed Lady Godiva had a horse with her.

* * *

The fellow who thinks "evening" means the same thing as "night" should notice the effect that it has on a gown.

* * *

You all have heard a lot of talk about the good will. That's strictly bunk, friend. They will not!

* * *

A man bought the only remaining sleeping car space. An old lady next in line burst into tears, wailing that it was of vital importance that she have a berth on that train. Gallantly the man sold her his ticket and then wired his home office:

"Will not arrive until tomorrow. Just gave berth to an old woman."

* * *

Deacon seeing Mandy sitting on a fence:

"Morning, Mandy."

"Mornin', Deacon."

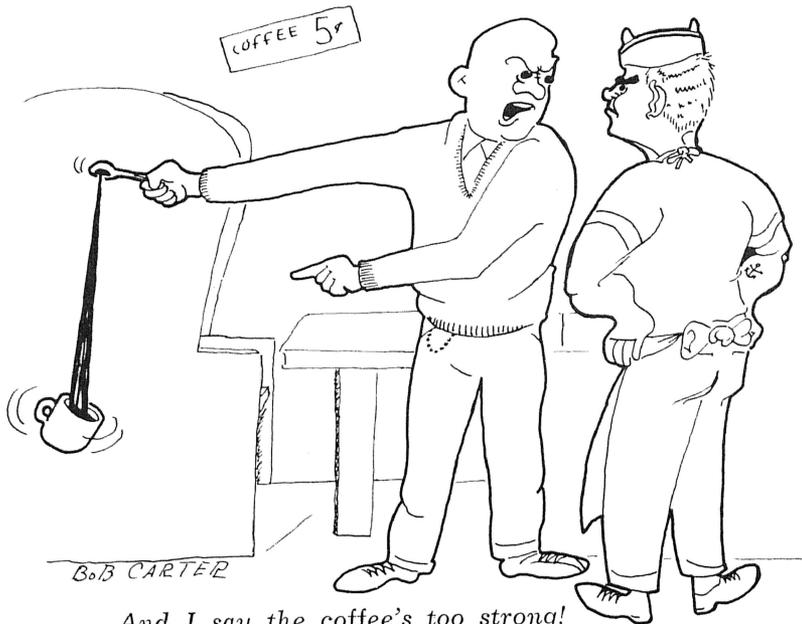
"Your mama home?"

"Yeah, Deacon, she's home."

"Your papa home?"

"Yeah, Deacon, he's home."

"Well, just tell the folks howdy."



... And I say the coffee's too strong!

* * *

Two bopsters viewing the statue of Venus de Milo: Man, dig that crazy manicure!

* * *

She: How do you get 72 people in one car?

He: Put three in front.

* * *

"Waiter, there's a fly in my soup!"

"What do you expect for a dime—elephants?"

* * *

Wrapped in a bath towel, a lady was answering the telephone in the kitchen. As she hung up she heard heavy footsteps in the back hall, and saw the door knob turning. Thinking it must be the ice man, she ducked into the broom closet.

Just as she was breathing a sigh of relief, the door opened: and she was confronted by a very surprised young man. Horrified, she pulled her towel tight around her, remembering that the gas meter was in the closet.

After a nightmarish pause, she blurted out in desperation, "Oh, I thought you were the ice man!"

The meter reader's eyes widened. Then he smiled, tipped his hat, and murmured, "Lucky man!"

* * *

Ah, when you whisper, "George I love you,"

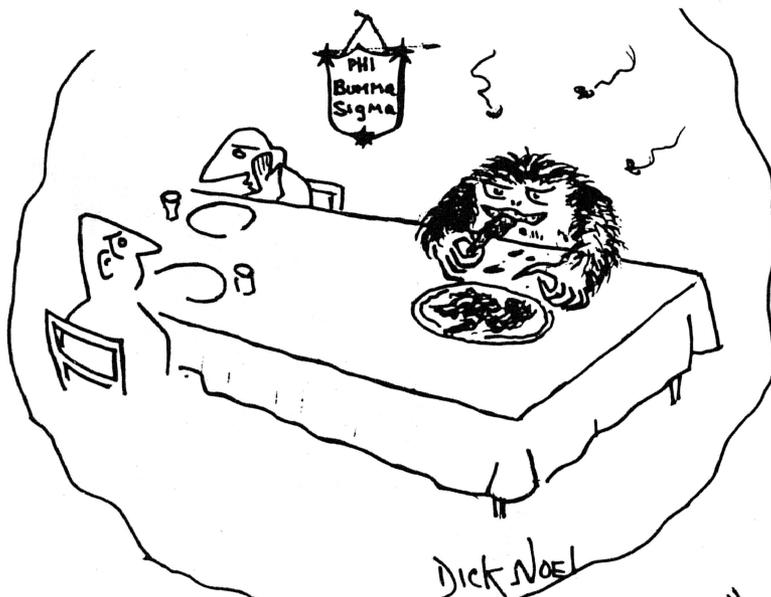
How my heart begins to thrill; And when you snuggle close and say it—

I forget my name is Bill.

LAFTER THOUGHTS



* * *



"Psssst! I think He's a legacy."



SWAMI'S SHORTS

The couple had just been rescued from a tiny island after three days and nights. The girl extended her hand and said: "Charlie, thanks for being such a perfect gentleman. Too bad you didn't know this gun wasn't loaded."

The Old-Fashioned Version: Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever.

The Modern Adaptation: Be good, sweet maid, and let who will. Be clever.

Though I hate to phrase a definition

Quite as blunt as this I mention
A proposal's just a proposition
With the blessing of convention.



She was only a Communist's daughter but everyone got his share.

There was a young man from Hong Kong
Whose hands were quite skinny and long,
He ate rice with his fingers,
The taste of it lingers,
But now all his fingers are gone.

Some photographers only want to take clothes-up pictures.

It isn't what young girls know that bothers parents. It's how they found out.

A sweet young thing described the wolf as a modern dry cleaner: He works fast and leaves no ring.

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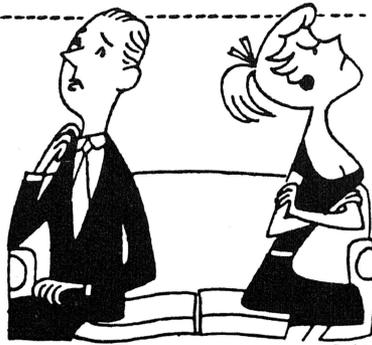
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Here lies the body of Instructor McPharr, He gave an "F" to the football star.

* * *

Ed: Darndest thing happened to me at the race track this afternoon. I was bending over to tie my shoelace and some nearsighted schlumpf strapped a saddle on me.

Ned: My Word! What did you do?

Ed: What the heck could I do? I came in third.

* * *

The difference between a model woman and woman model is that the former is a bare possibility and the other a naked fact.

* * *

It was at the cinema, and the feature was one of these steam-heated affairs with a sultry heroine looking hungrily at a handsome hero. After some minor preliminaries, they went into a terrific clinch. For fully five minutes they remained wrapped up in each other, lip to lip and mush to mush. Suddenly a small childish voice piped up from the audience:

"Mummy, is now when he puts the pollen on her?"

Delt: May I kiss you?

Kappa: (Silence)

Delt: May I please kiss you?

Kappa: (More silence)

Delt: Say, are you deaf?

Kappa: No, are you paralyzed?

* * *

She paints, she powders, she cusses, she drinks my liquor, she reads "La Vie Parisienne", she eats lobster at night—but dammit! she's my grandmother, and I love her.

* * *

Frat. Pres.: Brothers, we are in a very serious position, and we must act quickly but with diplomacy.

S.A.E.: What's the trouble?

Frat. Pres.: Well, it seems the drunk we threw out of the place last night was our national president.

* * *

Give an athlete an inch and he'll take a foot. But let him take it . . . Who wants athlete's foot?

* * *

Pert Young Thing: Do you have notions in this department?

Floorwalker: Yes, Ma'am, but we suppress them during working hours.

* * *

Soft the new love tells his lies,
And ah, he tells them well;
Demurely, I turn down my eyes—
Alone, I laugh like hell.

* * *

She: Where is your chivalry?

He: I turned it in for a Buick.



He walked her to the front door.
 She whispered with a sigh,
 "I'll be home tomorrow night."
 He answered, "So will I."

* * *
 You kissed and told
 But that's all right,
 The one you told
 Called up last night.
 * * *

Son: Daddy, did grandpa spank
 you when you were a little boy?

Dad: He sure did!

Son: And did great-grandpa
 spank grandpa when he was a little
 boy?

Dad: He certainly did!

Son: Well, don't you think that
 with a little co-operation from me
 we can overcome this inherited
 sadism?



A young minister was reading
 announcements at the Sunday
 service. He stumbled across one
 of them, and the following words
 slipped:

"The Little Mother's League
 will hold their meeting this after-
 noon. All those who wish to be-
 come Little Mothers please see me
 in the rectory."

* * *

The conductor of an overnight
 train saw a red lantern hanging
 out of a berth, and asked the por-
 ter the reason.

"Well, suh," said the porter,
 "rule 36 in mah rule book says
 'Hang out a red lantern when the
 rear of a sleeper is exposed'."

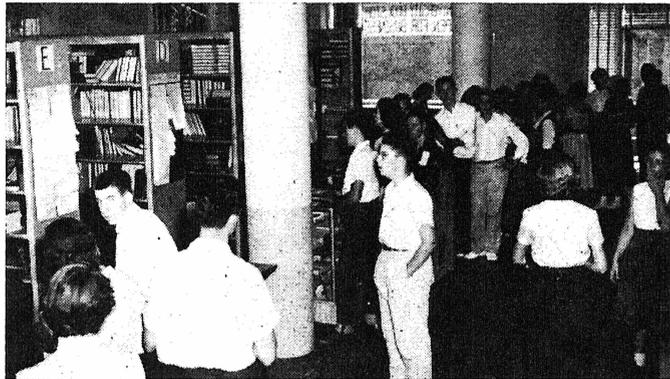
* * *

Jack and Jill went up the Hill,
 Upon a moonlight ride.
 When Jack came back,
 His eye was black . . .
 His pal, you see, had lied.

* * *

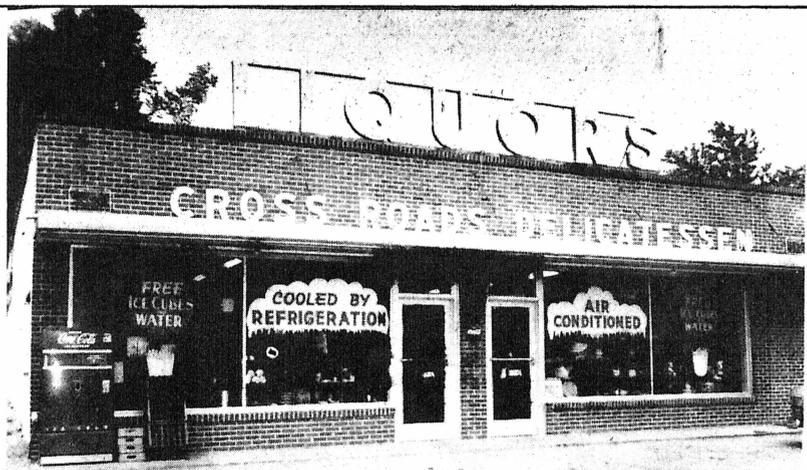
Here lie the bones of Mary
 Meek . . .
 Her will was strong,
 But her won't was weak.

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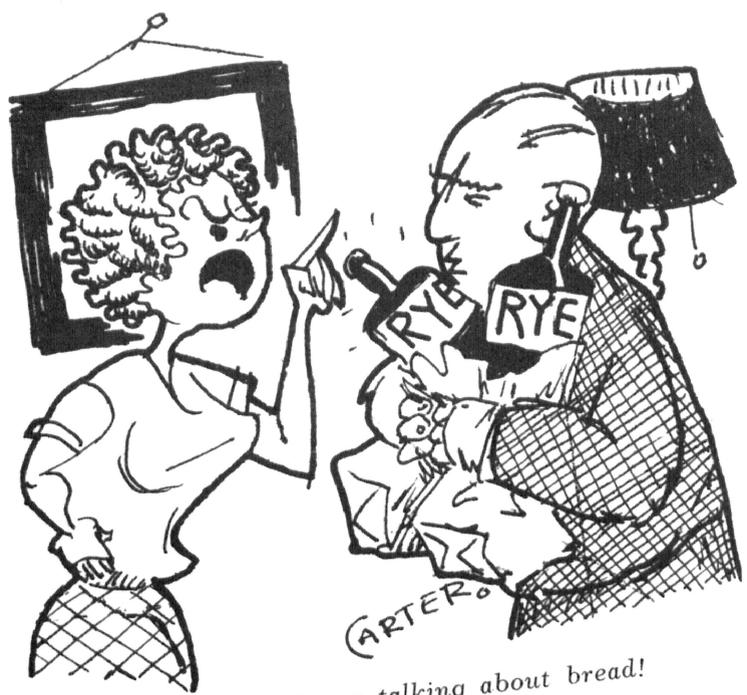


WAERS CROSSROADS

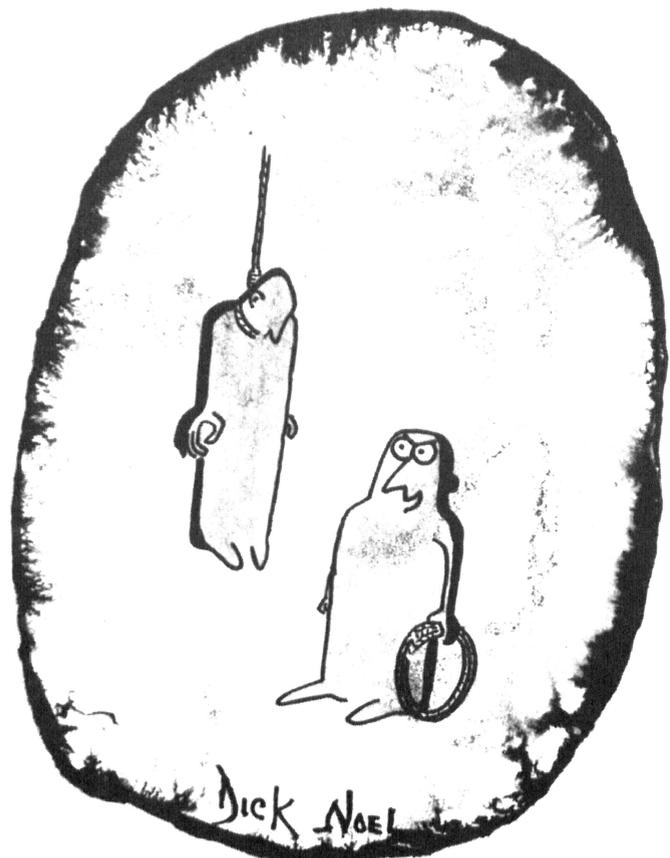
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You know I was talking about bread!



"Hang loose, Fred."

Stuff



By George, Henry ... Good Smoke ... Reminds me of the time in College ... Ha ... Loaded Cigar ... Ha, Ha ... Funniest look on your face!



"It hurts when I laugh."



"What did you do with my shirt?"
 "I sent it to the laundry."
 "My God! The whole history of
 England was on the cuffs."

* * *

A drunk finally finds the key-
 hole and enters the house where
 he stumbles around looking for
 the light. Wife pipes up: "That
 you, Henry?" No answer. A big
 crash of glass. Henry! What in
 the world are you doing?"

"Teachng your damn goldfish
 not to bark at me!"

* * *

Prof.: (pointing to cigarette butt
 on the floor) Jones, is that
 yours?

Jones: (pleasantly) Not at all, sir.
 You saw it first.

* * *

Spinsters are born, not made.



The husband answering the
 phone said: "I don't know, call up
 the weather bureau," and hung
 up.

"What was that?" asked his
 wife.

"Some fellow asked if the coast
 was clear."

* * *

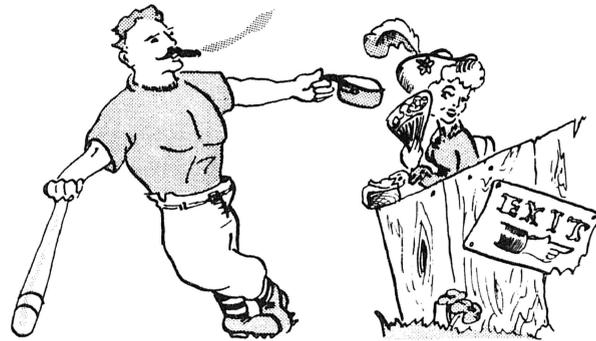
The naked hills lie wanton to the
 breeze,
 The fields are nude, the groves
 unfrocked,
 Bare are the limbs of all the
 shameless trees;
 No wonder the corn was shocked.

* * *

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

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

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 GO PSYCHO . . .**

**OR THE CENSOR DOESN'T
 GET WISE . . .**

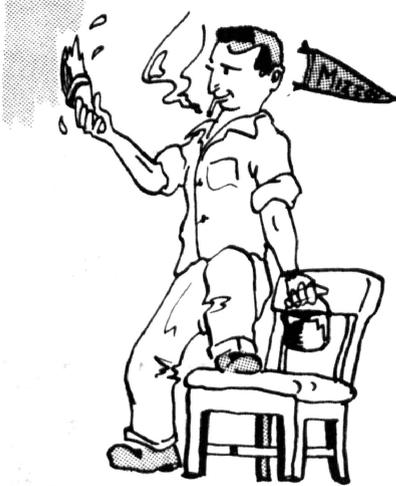


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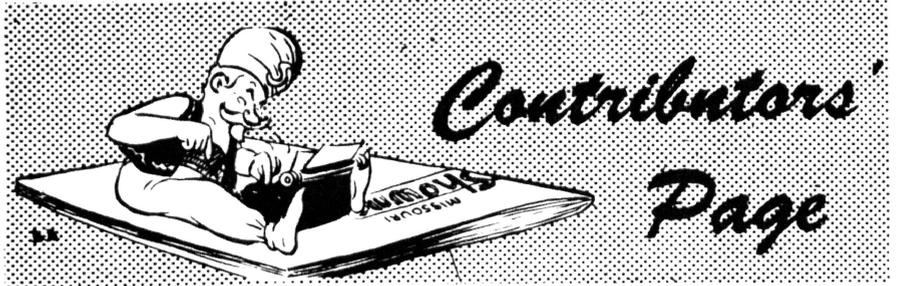
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warren murry

hal miller



Drummed out of the Boy Scouts for carrying a canteen filled with bourbon, Warren Murry stepped into a SHOWME writer's berth with almost no difficulty, and helped lose more advertising contracts than any other writer in the history of the magazine. Such little things as slamming advertisers did not aid the condition of the ad manager's ulcer.

Majoring in Finance and Banking over in B & PA, Warren has been close enough to J School to have some of it rub off. He's 23 years old and ranks with the Old State U as a junior with advanced standing. Unable to stomach the work on the Missouri Student, he switched his allegiances into Swami's camp where he was hailed as the first of many deserters from the sinking ship.

When Rolla, Missouri proved too small a town for a man with a wide range of abilities, Warren Murry pulled up stakes and moved to the Delta Upsilon house in the thriving metropolis of Columbia.

It will always be remembered how Warren sat all through the SHOWME Banquet last year watching others drink, and finally decided to take a souvenir. He deposited a half-full glass of warm scotch in the editor's hands in front of the Tri Delt House.

Two years ago, somebody said, "that damn magazine has too many typographical errors". Since that time, Hal Miller was made. As Swami's main galley slave since his freshman year, "Prince Hal" has been spending at least one sleepless night a month going blind over illegible copy and the small print in proofs. He is the only staff member in the history of the magazine to have found a double meaning in a gag that even the joke editor didn't think about. And that's going some.

Nineteen years age, Hal entered the world, wailing, "Transpose, transpose," (a typographic term which means "put in a different place") Ever since then, typographic terms have been rolling off his lips, about as fast as he can flip a slide rule.

"The main reason I'm not in Ag School," says Engineer Miller, "is that I've lived on a farm all my life." This qualified him for a job as a personnel assistant in Stewart House over in Cramer Hall this year. Being a member of Pi Mu Epsilon, math honorary, Hal rounds out his few qualifications for the job of proof reader.

One of his other comments was, "Enjoy all normal activities peculiar to college men". Uh, huh!



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to know where
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TEXACO TOWN

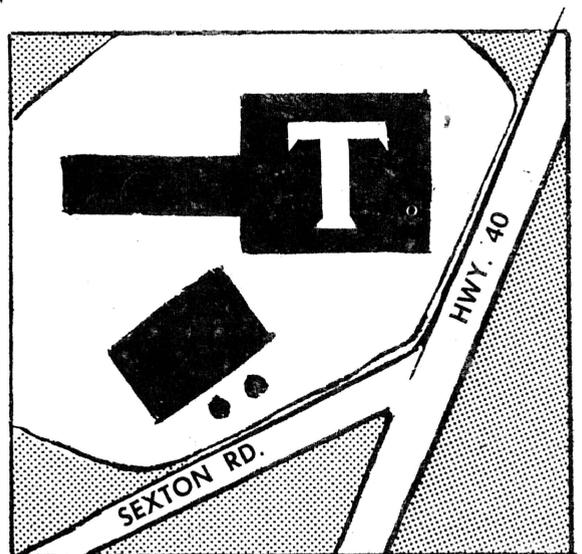
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TEXACO TOWN

How the stars got started ☆☆☆



Alan Ladd says: "I was a Hollywood stagehand. One day I fell 20 feet off a scaffold. I wasn't hurt, but I decided acting was safer. I went to acting school, played bit parts . . . finally I hit pay dirt in 'This Gun for Hire'."

I STARTED SMOKING CAMELS BECAUSE SO MANY OF MY FRIENDS DID. ONCE I STARTED, I KNEW CAMELS WERE FOR ME. FOR MILDNESS AND FLAVOR, YOU CAN'T BEAT 'EM!

Alan Ladd
MOVIE STAR



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