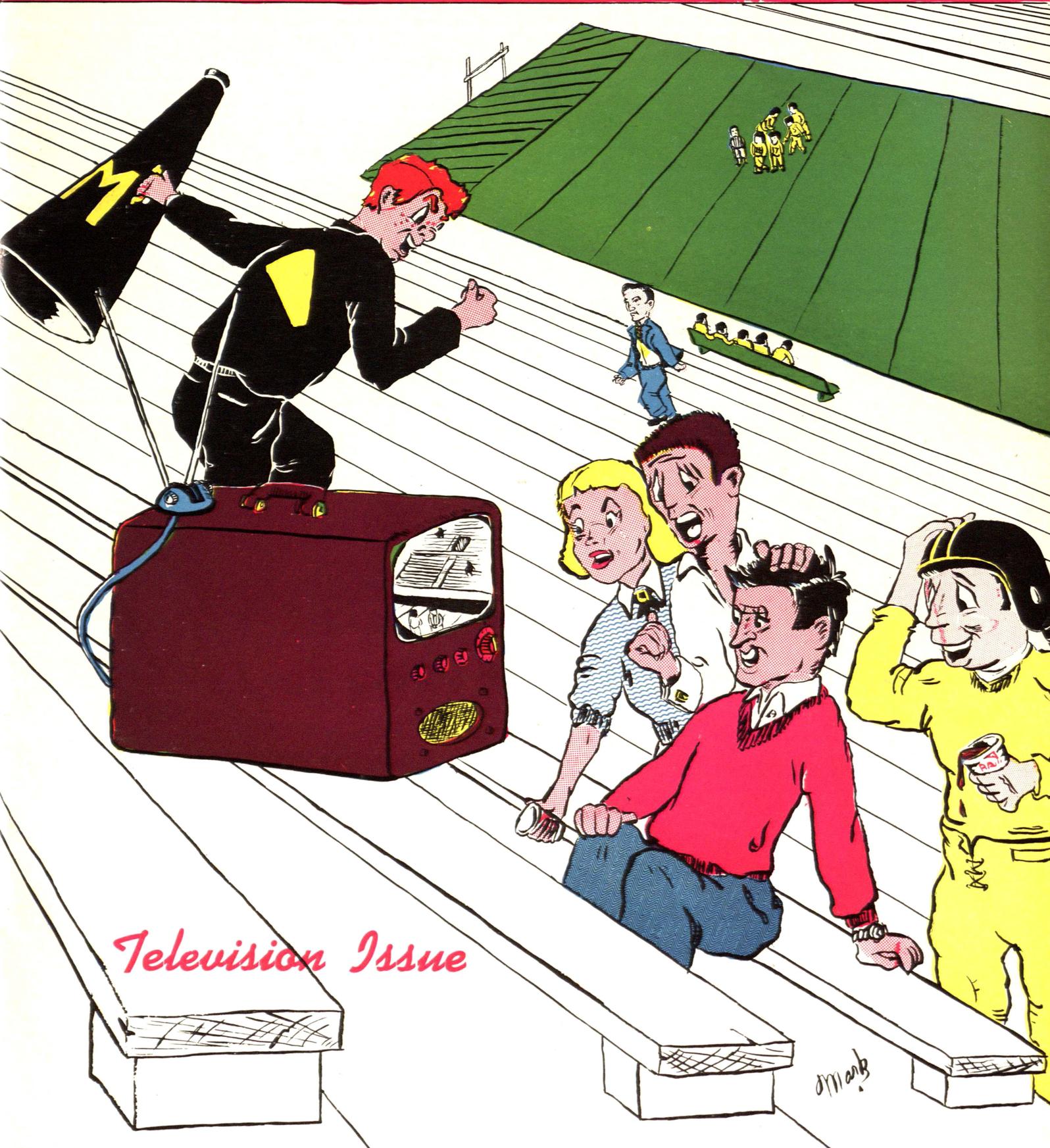




MISSOURI Showme

November, 1953

25c



Television Issue

Mark



Belongs to

belongs to
the girls —
and the girls
belong to

Beland's

20 on the Strollway

You might be . . .

Foul at the ball, but you'll always
be in step in an After Six tuxedo
from Puckett's.



Select your **AFTER SIX** tuxedo from Puckett's in either the Sir Blake or the Mr. Formal model. Priced at \$55 and \$59.50. You'll also want to see our complete new line of formal accessories.

Puckett's

YAY ERNIE'S!



Gimme that Big Hamburger!
Gimme that thick Malt!
Gimme a ride to Ernie's!

Ernie's STEAK HOUSE

Campus capers call for Coke



Parties click when the mood is right. With enough Coke on hand you can set the scene for a gay session . . . *anytime.*



BOTTLED UNDER AUTHORITY OF THE COCA-COLA COMPANY BY

Coca Cola Bottling Co. of Columbia

LETTERS



To
THE
EDITOR

Dear People!

I can't exist without the SHOW-ME! Send it quick, before it's too late! I am waiting impatiently!

Nancy Bogert
Syracuse, New York

Hold on to your life preserver, dearie! Swami's on the way! And putting one little word after another, what ever happened to the Syracusan?—Ed

Dear Sirs:

It's been sometime since I've seen any copies of the magazine, my tenure at MU being during the reign of Mort Walker, Bill Gabriel, Charlie Barnard, etc. Hope all of you are keeping up the good work.

My best wishes to the entire staff for a very successful year.

Sincerely,

Ted Majoros
1/Lt. USAF

Thanks, Lieutenant, we shall put our noses to the grindstone, and try to make like the big boys, Mort and Gabe, etc.—Ed.

Dear Ed,

As you can see by the stationery, "They've got me." I was drafted about a month ago, and, let me tell you, it's not quite like good ole Mizzou!

. . . I've thought about the many evenings sitting around the back

room of the Shack, beer in hand, knowing that you can cut classes the next day and not have to worry. It's not quite like that here. I tried to "petition out", but it seems they've run out of petition blanks. (Anyway, that's what the Sergeant said.)

A ex staff member,
Marv Fremerman

And another SHOWME staffer goes the way of all flesh. Anyone who wants to sympathise with dear departed Marvin may claim his address at the office in Read Hall.—Ed.

Dear Sir:

I am enclosing a check to cover my subscription for the 1953-54 SHOWME.

. . . In my opinion, SHOWME is by far the best humor magazine on the market. Just keep up the good work.

Sincerely,

Robert E. Tribble, M.D.
Class of '51

Thank you, Doctor. Your magazines are on the way. (This was in answer to the question asked of thousands of doctors: What magazine do you prefer, Doctor?)—Ed

Dear Sirs?

I don't suppose I should trust you birds with cash, but if you're that hard up for beer money—to hell with it.

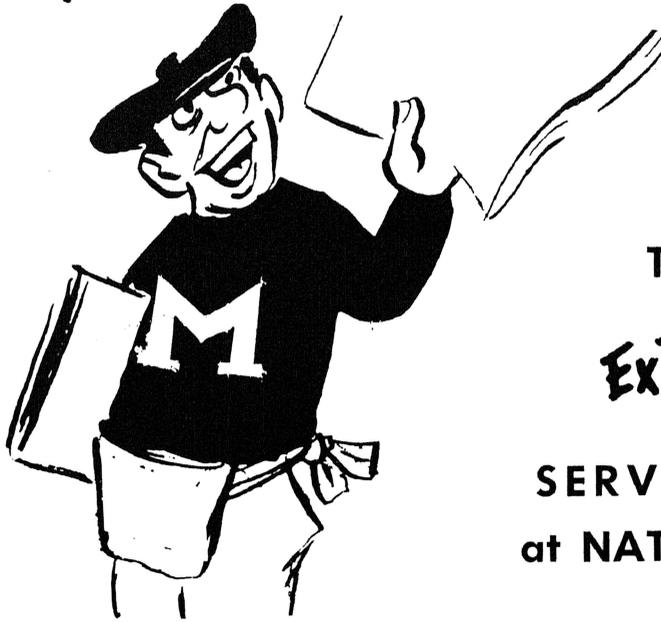
As you may have presumed, the purpose of this letter and the money is to obtain a subscription to the local dope sheet to show the characters from New England what the rest of the world thinks.

Sincerely,

Pvt. William G. Essman

We enjoyed drinking your cash, Bill—Ed.

BIG NEWS!



IT'S
THAT
EXTRA!
SERVICE
at NATHE'S

Nathe Chevrolet Inc.

Coldest 5% Beer in Town



Michelob on tap . . . Exclusively at the

Stein Club

Your portrait is
 a perfect expression
 of your personality,
 in line, shadow,
 and highlight.
 It is you.
 And you deserve
 the finest.
 There is nothing
 finer than a Julie's
 portrait, and the
 cost is much less
 than you'd expect.

From the
SPIRAL ROOM

Julie's Studio



Time and time again it's been said that SHOWME is the humor magazine of the student body at the University. If you jolly well don't like some of the things that we put in our bawdy little book, well, you can jolly well blow your little stack, but why not write us about it and give us the opportunity to give you what you want. In other words, we're hot for your filthy little quarter, and to get it, we have to please you. If we don't, you can always gripe.

Incidentally, in our first issue we received quite a few dazed comments concerning the joke on page 23: He: Is this the Salvation Army? Him: Yes. Really, it's quite simple. All you have to do is turn to page 29. Top joke: He: Do you save bad women? Him: Yes. He: Well, save a couple for me for Saturday night. There, now that wasn't so difficult, was

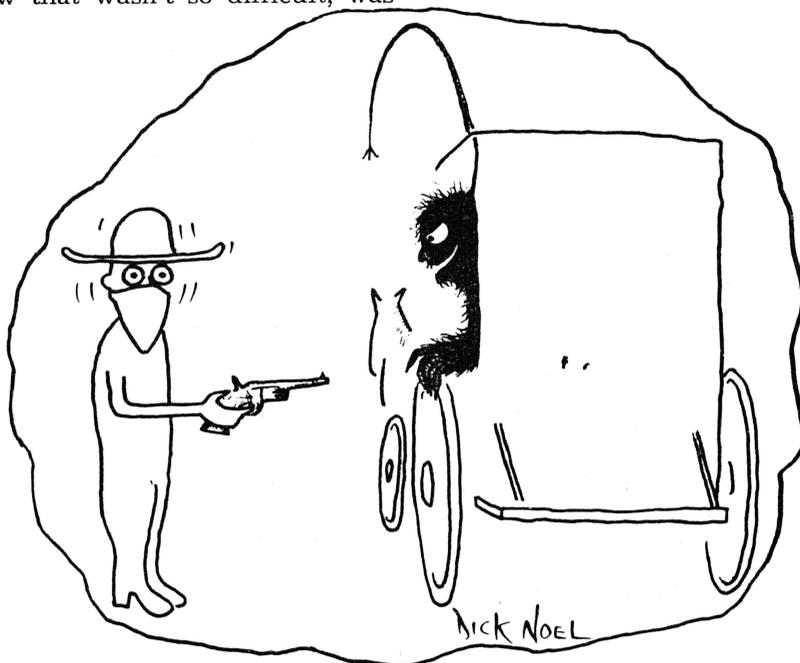
it? See if you can figure out the mystery joke in this issue.

Circulation last month was a great success. For a while it didn't look as if everything was going to turn out. On the Monday before publication one of those unavoidable delays occurred—press trouble. On the morning we came out we had 1300 magazines ready at seven A.M. The Circulation Manager developed his ulcer to huge proportions traveling back and forth between salesmen and printers with every thousand magazines. However, we sold 4,400, and we're going to print another 4500 this month. If you keep buying it the way you did last month we're going to be able to do more in the way of internal color and the like.

This month, for the first time in the history of SHOWME, we're going to present a centerspread in color. If you like it, why not drop us a line and tell us about it?

Next month on the first Wednesday, December 2, the Christmas Issue of SHOWME will go on sale. This is an annual event that is chock full of little goodies to fill your already bulging stockings.

JOE



NICK NOEL

"YES?"



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Cover by Mark Parsons

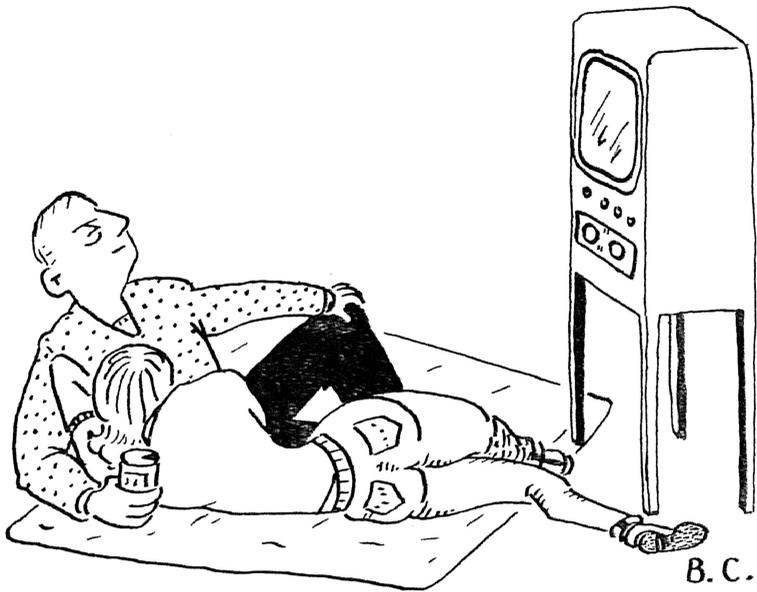
Photos by Al Smith

Volume 30

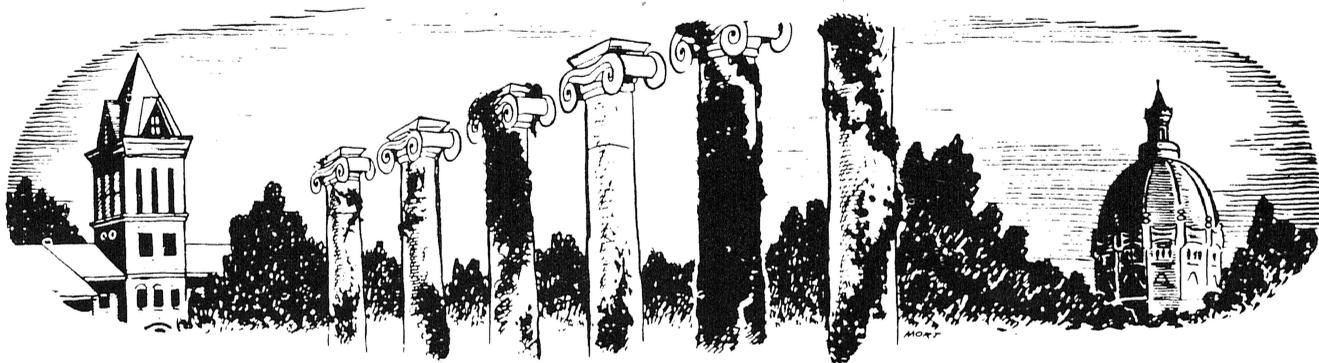
November 1953

Number 2

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*No more the lads and lasses roll,
Cavort upon the rustic scene;
The Hinkson lies without a soul,
Deserted for a TV screen.*



Around The Columns

Overheard

Recently in a philosophy class the instructor was trying to demonstrate that what we see is only what we think we see. His first question was addressed to one of the Tiger grid stars in the class.

"Pointing to a chair, the instructor asked, "Mr. Blank, what is this?"

"That's a chair," the gridder replied.

"No, no, Mr. Blank, that's just what it looks like."

The football player was a bit baffled. The instructor went to the blackboard and made a mark upon it with a piece of chalk.

"Mr. Blank, what is that?"

"That is a mark you just made on the board with a piece of chalk."

"No," replied the instructor, you don't seem to understand. That's just what it looks like. That is only what we call a mark."

About five minutes later the disgusted athlete got up and started for the door.

The instructor looked up, surprised. "Mr. Blank," he asked, "are you leaving class?"

"No sir, it just looks that way." And with that he walked out the door to peals of laughter.

Lost—One Frosh

One of the funniest items in all of last month's funny issues of the *Columbia Missourian* was a squib about police being called to the Stephens College campus because of a prowler on the grounds at about ten thirty one night. Sure enough there was a young man

wandering about the buildings. He explained to police, however, that he was a freshman who lived in Defoe Hall and he had gotten confused about his directions and was looking for his dormitory. The police believed him, and let him go. Pretty cool for a freshman.

Movie Hou\$e\$

A few night ago we entered one of the local horse opera houses intent on munching our popcorn and discovering whether or not the flickers are better than ever. Then, Wham! just before the main feature went on we had to sit through three or four minutes of COMMERCIALS advertising all types of products. We can remember not too long ago when you could go to the show and see one without being sold anything besides a ticket. Lots of people advertise on radio and television, but they certainly don't expect you to buy a ticket for the show. They provide the entertainment, if you'll just sit back and listen to

a bunch of gobbledegook about their product. But now we pay for admission and the advertiser pays for the commercials and the theatre owners can afford winter vacations to Bermuda. We don't mind watching the commercials, if they'll let us in free. This is a topic that should be first on the agenda of any meeting. To join this fighting campaign send three box tops and one automatic washer to your state representative. Deluge him with telegrams, and then take your fifty cents and cram it—in the ticket window.

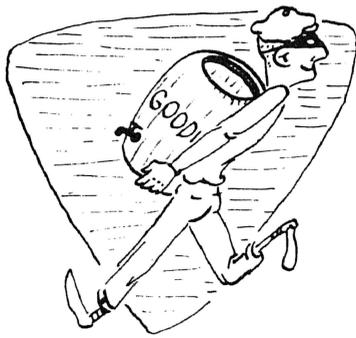
The Feelies

Quite a while ago Aldous Huxley wrote a novel called "Brave New World," describing the motion pictures of the future which were called feelies. In these shows the customer received a sensual thrill from everything that went on in the picture. When there was smooching, his lips burned with a strange sensation, when people got shot, he felt a small degree of pain. In all they got their kicks by feeling the action, rather than just seeing it. One of Columbia's two bit celluloid palaces seems to be attempting to jump the gun on Huxley. About a month ago we watched the icebergs and the freezing water in "Titanic" only to feel terribly cold. Shivering ever so slightly, with our teeth chattering louder than the popcorn munchers, we finally discovered that some idiot had left the door open. After two weeks in the clinic, we have come to the conclusion that Columbia is not quite ready for the "feelie". At least, not in movies.



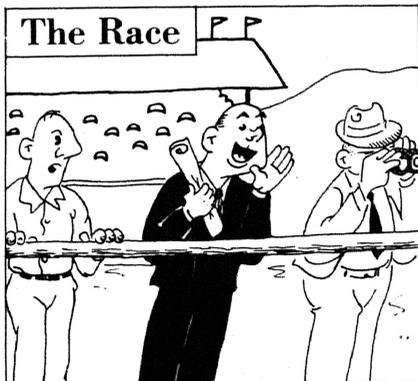
Goodies Snitchers

One of the biggest gripes of the football season is not how many touchdowns the Tigers do or do not score. It seems to hinge more on the refreshment counters behind the stands. We know of one enterprising junior who big-heartedly offered to bring back cokes for everybody at halftime. He went back and stood in line for ten minutes. When he finally reached the counter and just about had his mouth open to call out his order, they informed him that they had just run out. Taking this setback good-humoredly, he went to the back of another

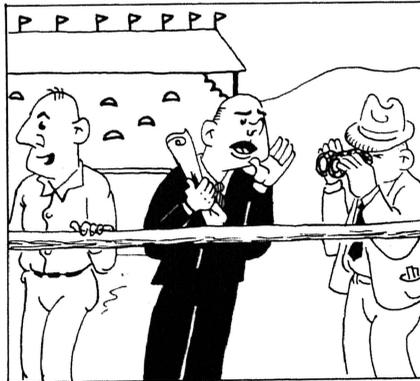


line. Exactly the same process took place. After two more vain attempts he finally made it—empty-handed—back to his seat in time for the Alma Mater and the walk back home.

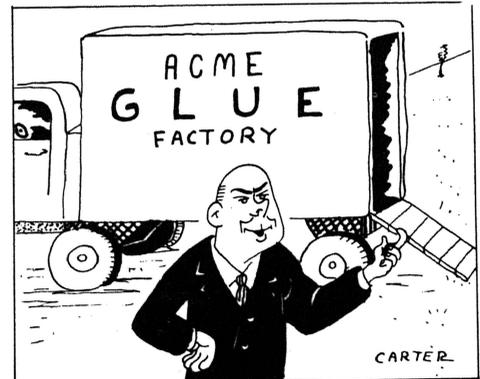
The fact that this happens at practically all the games becomes increasingly annoying to those people who are not willing to get up in the middle of the second quarter. And then what really hacks us is the way they offer to sell you an empty paper cup for a nickel that you can fill up with free water!



Come on, NITRO!



Come ON . . . Nitro.



COME on, Nitro.

Politics and Cheese

Something that never fails to amaze us is the way local Joe McCarthy's start campaigning for SGA elections in these first few weeks of fall, when the election is not until March. Hither and thither they run, trying to win friends and influence termites. They grin and shake your hand, and invite you to their caucuses and tell you how there's a place for you in SGA. All over campus you find the ones who think they hold the fate of the campus in their hands, huddling together over coffee or beer as the case may be. When members of the higher echelons of these parties come into contact, they merely glare at each other with bared fangs. Get into the political swim on campus. Attend caucuses! At the next meeting of each political party cheese and crackers will be served—on mousetraps.

The Moon Is CENSORED

It was with profound disgust that we witnessed that very foul motion picture "The Moon is Blue." The show itself was fine, the acting excellent, and the plot novel, but we of SHOWME must condemn the use of such terms as "professional virgin," "seduction" and "mistress." College students are not old enough to be allowed to hear these words, and it is amazing that the University permitted its students to see such a raunchy show as this. SHOWME, the moral pillar of the community, denounces such goings on, and prevails upon the student body to stick to Tom and Jerry, Roy Rogers, and Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis. After all, what do you think you are? Adults?

The BIG Story

Homecoming, which has always ended in a huge dance with a big name band was relegated this year to a second division intramural dancing class. Joe Bransfield and his Varsity Banjo Plunkers from the wilds of St. Joseph provided the music for the BIG dance. An exhaustive survey a week before the BIG dance disclosed only one person who had ever heard of Mr. B. And he was a wheel in SGA. Other members of the same organization expressed complete ignorance of the existence of the aforementioned aggregation. Abhorring, as we do, any criticism of our glorious Student Government Association, still, we must assume that somebody flubbed the dub. We have



been informed that SGA twice had the Sauter-Finnegan group on the dotted line, but the musicians broke the contract both times. Then the name of Ray McKinley was mentioned, but the august president of the student body had never heard of Mr. McKinley, so his name was dropped. The name of Hal McIntyre came up and a contract was drawn up, but the august president failed to sign it, and Mr. McIntyre told

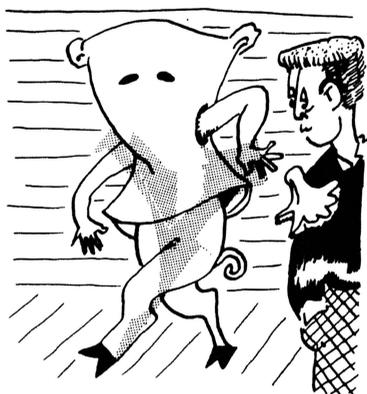
SGA to blow. Then someone brought up the name of Bransfield. From the top of the Memorial Tower the flag of victory was unfurled. A BIG name band had been found. And Joe Bransfield signed for Homecoming.

Quiz Your Spouse

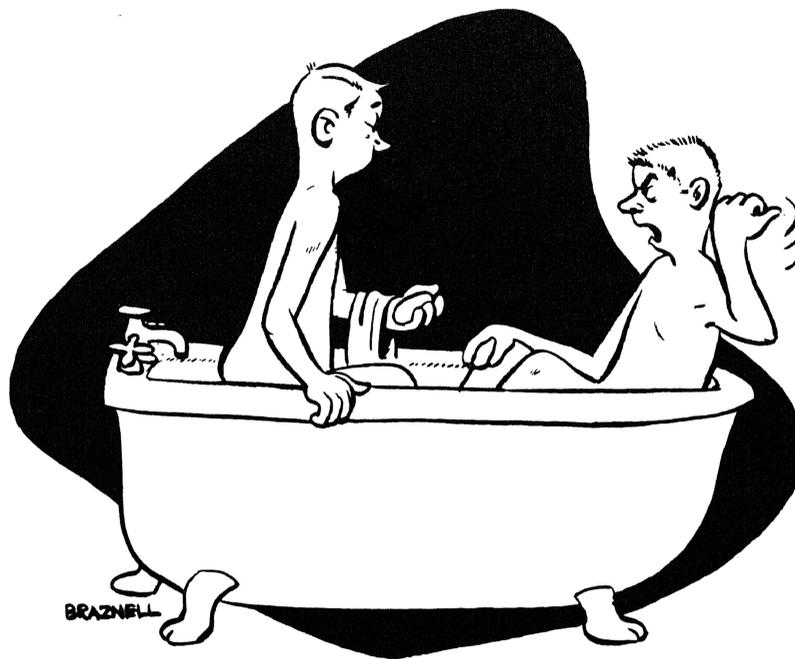
An interesting item in last month's paper described a woman who got a divorce because her hubby gave her periodic intelligence tests, and called her "stupid" if she got less than 98% on them. She testified that her husband was very proud of his college education. Evidently the judge considered this extreme mental cruelty, since he granted the divorce. This only goes to prove that you are better off marrying a moron. Who wants to get up, bleary-eyed in the morning and be forced to study for a pop quiz over burnt toast and moldy coffee for the rest of his life?

Pillowcase Party

And then there's the story about the fraternity that entered a sorority house and pulled pillowcases over the girls heads, abducting them to the fraternity house to entertain them at a "Raiders' Party. There is no mention of the pillowcases ever being removed. This might be the coming thing



for blind dates. You know—you get a blind date and go equipped with a pillowcase and ear muffs. Of course, the campus would look like a KKK convention, but you'd never have a worry about being stuck with a pig. You wouldn't know unless she had a curly tail.



"At the risk of being uncomradely, Benson . . . would you mind waiting your turn?"

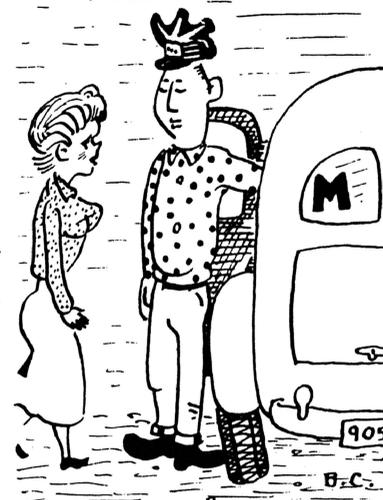
Coke Bar Owls

Last month during the height of the Knight Owl campaigns somebody mentioned that the annual coffee hour skits sponsored by AWS could not be held in the large ballroom upstairs, but would necessarily be given in the coke bar. It seems that an all day meeting of non-students (we're not quite clear on just what group it was) was going to occupy the large ballroom. Ours not to reason why, but stop us if we're wrong. We had always thought that the Student Union was for the students. There is certainly no objection among students that the Union is being put to good use by non-student outfits, but when this interferes with traditional student functions, it is time to find out just who is paying that \$7.50 to pay off the bond issue on the Union.

Holiday for Laughs

In the November issue of Holiday magazine is a story about the great "Showme" state. Missouri is described with all the pretty adjectives one may find in any thesaurus. A treasury of important facts about the state's history, like how Will Rogers attended Kemper for a year and a

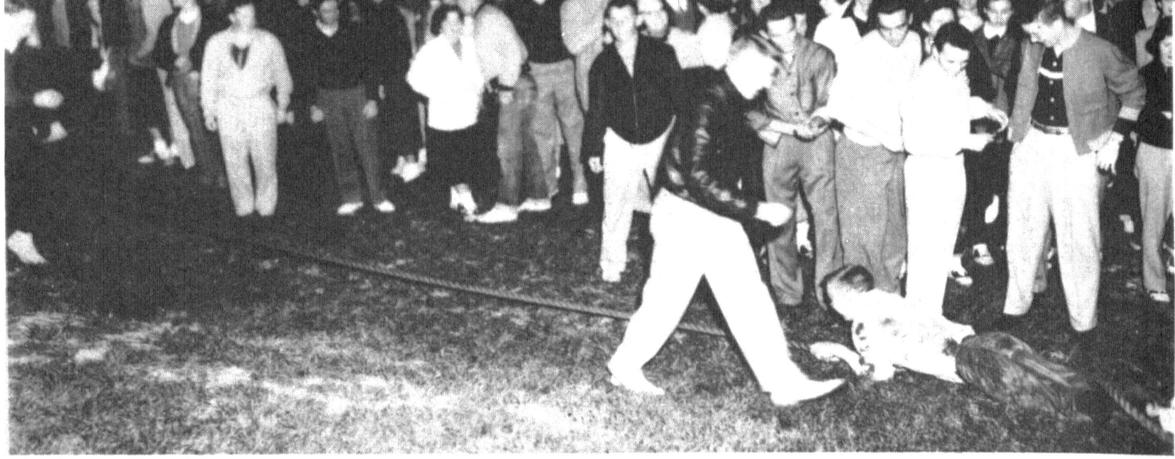
half and what the inside of Jesse James' house looks like, are included in the long article. "Columbia is," writes the author, "in its own unabashed phrase, 'the Athens of Missouri'." There are probably more Greeks here, too. But the most amusing paragraph



in the whole issue refers to Stephens College which has "a country club with chauffeur service to shuttle the girls to and from the campus." Could it be that those shiny little cars out on Highway 63 are really paid employees of Stephens despite the MU stickers on the windshield?

M I Z Z O U

EXPOSURE



Above: For the benefit of pep and the almighty Kansas City Star Freshmen pulled this lone Sophomore all over the quadrangle under the direction of that tabloid's Profanity Editor. Below: Swami's Circulation Manager, Jerry Powell presents the Gung Ho Delta Gammas with the SHOWME Subscription Trophy. D.G.'s had 100%.

Photo by Al Smith



Photo by Bill Rhodes

Left: With a cuh-razy Dixieland outfit jumping to the tune of the "Saints Go Marching In", the Independents smuggled Paul Kittlaus onto the Knight Owl Perch. Above: Frank Lloyd Wright, one of the world's greatest architects, had nothing to do with KOMU-TV!



One of the uptown stores took a page from the Sears and Roebuck catalogue and came up with a Fall Sale on its product—tombstones. By buying now, you can avoid the Christmas Rush!



HOME COMING



Photo by Al Smith
With Queen Charmian Ficklin reigning over the festivities, Homecoming featured the parade of floats won by Delta Gamma and Reynolds House, and house decorations won by the A Chi O's and the Phi Psi's. The fact that Mizzou beat Nebraska 23-7 made the day complete. And then there was Joe Bransfield.

HOMECOMING TIGER



By Lindy Baker

First of all, let me introduce myself. My name is Donald Oliver Bookhaven, I'm nineteen years old, stand five feet eight inches in my argyle stocking feet, am conservative in everything I do and never considered pledging anything but Theta Phi. My father had pledged thirty years ago and twenty years before that Grandfather Bookhaven had helped lay the cornerstone of the big brick Theta Phi fraternity house over on Crabtree Avenue. So you can see Theta Phi was getting to be a habit in the Bookhaven family, only we called it tradition.

"WALLY"

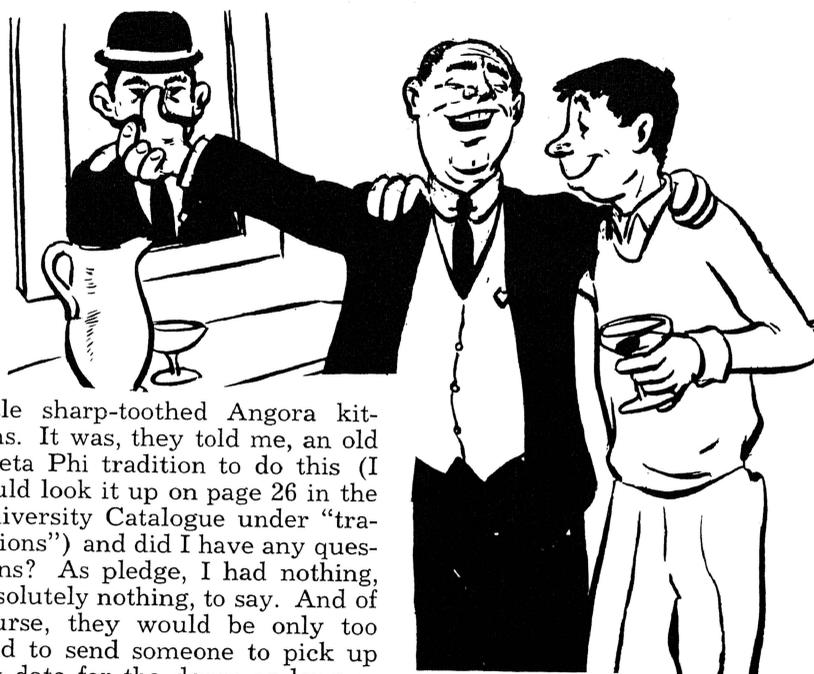
Lately it had been getting a habit or almost a weekly tradition for my father to give me a father-to-son spiel about the fraternity every time he tucked one too many martinis under his belt. He'd get sentimental, pat me on the back awkwardly a couple of times and maybe sing three or four verses of the Theta Phi Sweetheart song in that cracked baritone of his that needs a tile shower to sound like anything. Then pretty soon he'd ask me if I wanted another, and without waiting for my answer he'd be chunking a little more ice and a lot more Scotch in his own glass and end up talking about what a hell of a condition the Democrats were leaving the country in, especially the businessmen.

That was in the summer of '44 and the routine always went that way—two martinis, Theta Phi, a chorus or two of the sweetheart song, another martini and then the damn Democrats. When we finished off Roosevelt I knew I was free for the evening and I would leave to pick up my date or maybe the fellows. So you can see how I was pre-sold on Theta Phi and why I pledged the first week (almost by mail), without bothering to look around at any of the other houses. Besides everyone understood that Theta Phi was the best house on campus. That was part of the tradition, too.

Tradition! It was the alpha and omega of everything that happened to me my first semester at the university. My hand was still warm from the hearty handshake of the Theta Phi prexy when someone bellowed "Line up!" in my good ear and immediately I became lower than the low man on the grade curve, dirt beneath the dirt—a pledge.

Oh, it wasn't too bad—I had been conditioned for most of it by my father and had expected the worse. But I hadn't expected the blow they handed me in Chapter meeting before homecoming. Believe me, that one grazed my sock tops, it was so far below the belt. Bob Rickenback, he's the pledge trainer, told me very coolly that the brothers had selected me to ride the live tiger between halves of the Homecoming game.

Me, who had a date for the dance, me who never even pets



little sharp-toothed Angora kittens. It was, they told me, an old Theta Phi tradition to do this (I could look it up on page 26 in the University Catalogue under "traditions") and did I have any questions? As pledge, I had nothing, absolutely nothing, to say. And of course, they would be only too glad to send someone to pick up my date for the dance as long as I was busy elsewhere and she could see me come skipping in holding hands with a tiger between halves of the game before the dance, so she'd know I wasn't standing her up just for spite. Great, just great!

But wait a minute. Let me do a little fancy back-tracking here to let you in on a little ancient history. In September I had met a very nice gal over at the Theta Phi-Kappa Mu exchange dinner (she was a pledge, too) and we had hit it off right away. I guess we just liked the same things—dancing to the slow Stan Kenton records, hamburgers burned to charcoal and a couple of poems by Hart Crane.

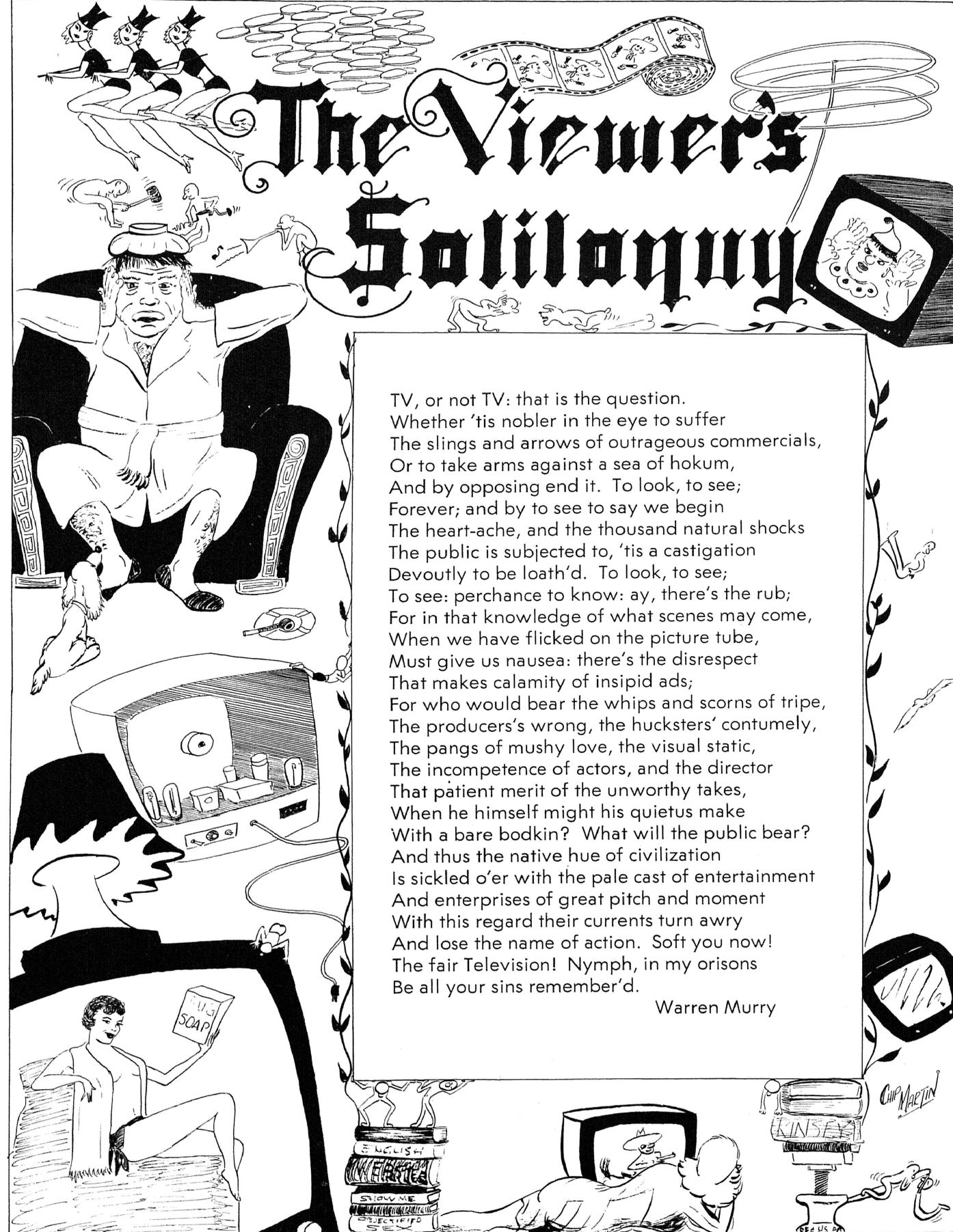
Her name was Dot—Dorothy Harford—and she could shoulder her end of the conservation without embarrassing anyone. Maybe it wasn't love but it was comfortable. Her only fault was a temper that was as Irish as her looks, and, believe me, I had been burned once or twice in an occasional flare-up to know enough to avoid any arguments. Outside of that, I really enjoyed dating her, and she was my date for this homecoming affair. So that's why I didn't look forward to breaking the date with her because matter of fact, I would rather face a man-eating tiger than Dot Harford when her temper was up.

But there wasn't anything I could do except go out to this run-

down farm Friday afternoon, ten miles out in the country and spend three hours trying to coax Lucy, the tiger, into a cage on the back of a pick-up that the fellas had rented for me. Lucy belonged to Mr. Schinwurtz, and his daughter, Karla, was trying to help me by cooing those sounds all women make to anything under five years of age. Only we weren't getting anywhere. I did notice between tugs, though, that Karla was a pretty little thing with big brown eyes, warm enough to melt all the iron bars on Lucy's cage.

It seemed sort of a shame that she spent so much time gazing at Karla in such a loving way. She told me that her father was an old carney man who had taken Lucy with him when he left the circus about fifteen years ago. She had been a bonus for his service, and besides she wouldn't do anything for anyone else and so she had been growing old and very fat here in the country, seemingly very contented. Her teeth still looked young and wicked to me, though.

Anyway we spent the afternoon fighting with that damn tiger and after we got her tricked into the cage I wiped the sweat off my face. When I looked up Karla was crying softly because she knew Lucy would be homesick among all those strangers. I kept on wiping my face with my hand—
(Continued on page 26)



The Viewers' Soliloquy

TV, or not TV: that is the question.
Whether 'tis nobler in the eye to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous commercials,
Or to take arms against a sea of hokum,
And by opposing end it. To look, to see;
Forever; and by to see to say we begin
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
The public is subjected to, 'tis a castigation
Devoutly to be loath'd. To look, to see;
To see: perchance to know: ay, there's the rub;
For in that knowledge of what scenes may come,
When we have flicked on the picture tube,
Must give us nausea: there's the disrespect
That makes calamity of insipid ads;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of tripe,
The producers's wrong, the hucksters' contumely,
The pangs of mushy love, the visual static,
The incompetence of actors, and the director
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? What will the public bear?
And thus the native hue of civilization
Is sickled o'er with the pale cast of entertainment
And enterprises of great pitch and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry
And lose the name of action. Soft you now!
The fair Television! Nymph, in my orisons
Be all your sins remember'd.

Warren Murry



The Talents of Greta Grit



By Nancy Fairbanks

The turning point in the life of Greta Grit, a shy, modest, young co-ed was the opening of the new station. Greta lived at one of the better known houses on campus. The talents of her friends were many and of an extra-curricular nature. Greta had high ambitions and she saw her chance to become better known when the new television station was established. It would be the making of her. She decided to visit the manager of the television station. She put on clean socks, moved her sorority pin down a half inch, sprayed a shot of "Passion Pit" on her hair and went downstairs.

Her house mother, who was having a party in the living room with some of her cronies, yelled, "Where are you going, Grit?"

"None of your business, Mot-hah," Greta yelled back politely and slammed the door hard enough to rattle the dice on the roulette-wheel.

She undulated demurely across town, stopping now and then to throw stones at Stephens girls. A fraternity pledge asked her if he could give her a ride on his bicycle.

"Sorry, boy," said Greta. "Come around when you get your wings." The young man tipped his beanie and pedaled away to his four o'clock pledge lesson at the landing strip.

Fourteen steps and three pick-ups later Greta arrived at the television station. She approached the woman at the reception desk and asked to see the manager.

He's busy. Wha-da-ya-wanna see him for?"

"I wanna-be-in-television."

"Have you filled out a form?"

"So what do you think this is, 'Make Believe Ballroom'?"

The receptionist snickered. "Are

you for real?"

Greta restrained her anger and walked over to the drinking fountain.

"Disgusting, ain't it?" said a young man wearing three shades of blue.

Looking at his medium blue trousers, light blue sweater and navy blue tie, she said "What are you, a Kappa Sig or a St. Louis hood?"

"Both honey. Have one on me," he said, passing her his beer can. Greta did, but discovered that blue cashmere was moistureproof.

"What's the story on that mot-hah behind the desk?"

"Oh, she's just bitter cause she was unslick when she was in school."

"Stephens girl?"

"No, Psych major . . . You want a job on one of the shows?"

"Yeah."

"What's your line?"

"Well, first I tell 'em how I've never been kissed and then . . ."

"I mean are you an actress?"

"Well I haven't tried yet. How do I know?"

He looked her over appreciatively. "Oh well, you wouldn't have to say anything. I can see you have other talents. Got a date this Saturday?"

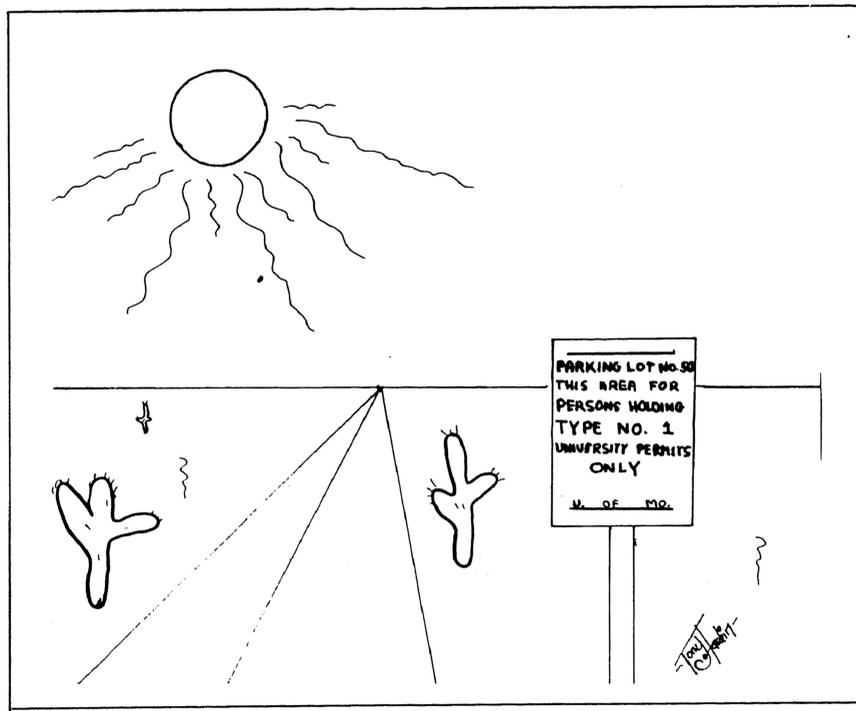
"Maybe."

"Well break it. I could take you in to see the boss. He and I are pretty good friends."

"Fine. Mind if I have another can of beer?" she asked, reaching for his handy six.

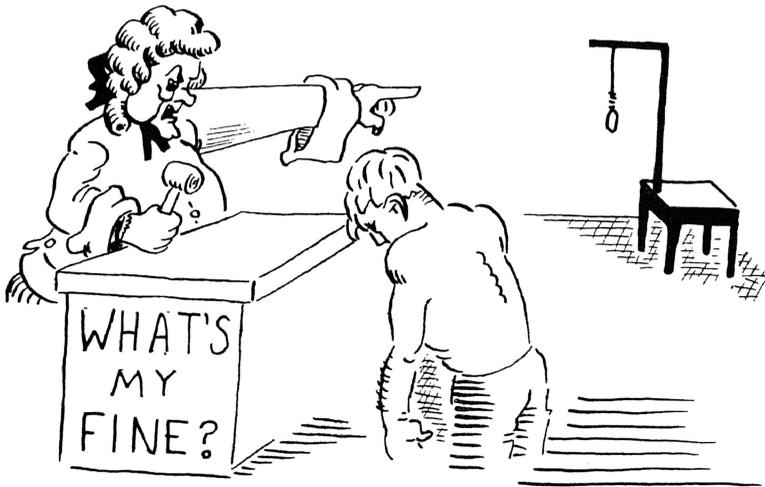
The young man hitched up his medium blue trousers, yanked down his light blue sweater, straightened his navy blue tie, hiccuped in aqua and let Greta through a concealed door.

(Continued on page 39)

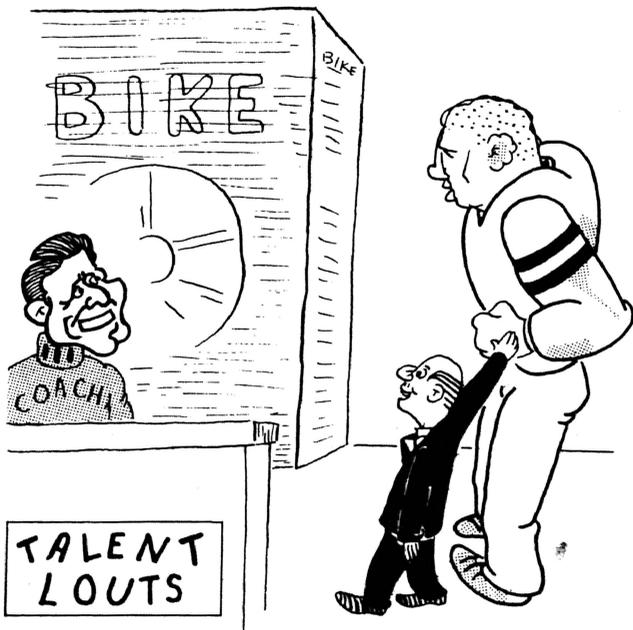


VIDEOT'S DELIGHT

If some of the better-known television shows were ever looking for summer replacements, they'd probably find them wandering around the Mizzou campus.



The new Student Court would be a natural as a panel show, and John Daly and company could go fishing. Instead of Stopette, the show could be sponsored by Stopstreet.



And Don Faurot would be right at home subbing for the redhead, if he could find a suitable sponsor. His Monday morning show would always be funny.

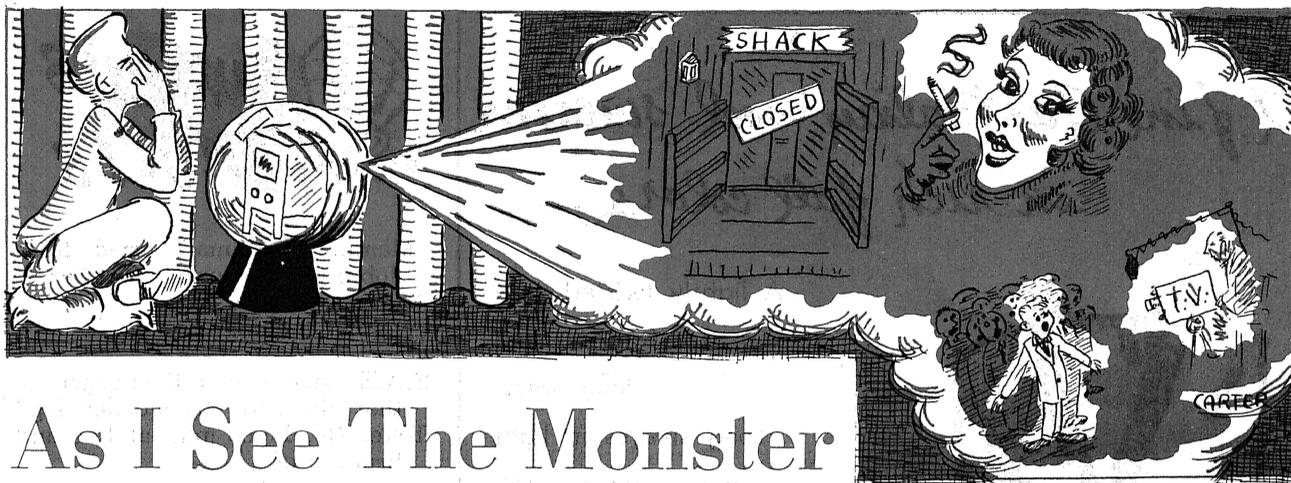


If Oliver Dragon ever wanted a rest, Fran and Kukla would grow to love his loveable little replacement and even grow to forget that he isn't real. And, of course, if Billy Sunday wanted to relax, there'd always be good old Blackjack Matthews.



If the SGA president didn't find the hot lights too wilting, he could sponsor his own show, and put Sid Stone right out of business. One good pitchman deserves another.

BOB CARTER



As I See The Monster

By Warren Murry

TV is coming to Columbia! Before walking on your hands for joy, dear fellow, kindly consider just what this is going to do to the staid old town, the University, and to you.

Realizing that difficulties will arise from this new fad, SHOWME interviewed some of the people who will be effected.

In the business world, it was found that many of the local boys are a bit worried. Especially those grubbing a living from in-town entertainment.—The beer and pretzel, and movie lads. The movie men said: "How can we compete for customers, when they can stay at home to see galloping horses and gunsmoke." It was also pointed out that TV films have a historical value as the college generation can now look at the same films Ma and Pa used to hold hands to.

Awakened to the fact that the local economy is being threatened, we looked up the expert—Pink-Eye Trotter.

Although Pink-Eye was, at the time of the interview, depressed (he had just lost his auks in a poker game), he did advise us on the expected economic trend in Columbia.

As Mr. Trotter explained the situation: "The producers of commodities suffering from lowered demand in the Columbia Area will have to move their land, labor, and capital into new lines having higher marginal costs of production." For the layman, SHOWME translates this to: When A can no longer sell widgets, he switches to gidgets.

Local Economy isn't the only thing which will suffer under the impact of television. Think seriously for a moment as to how it is going to effect, or affect whichever applies in your case, dating at the big State U. In this category the men seem destined to fare pretty well. Instead of the movie, beer, and music machine, they will be able to spend many quiet evenings in front of the picture box with no expenditures whatsoever. Pity, however, the poor unsuspecting girl who is invited to *watch* the wrestling matches, only to find herself starring in the main event.

There is a possibility that the money the fellows save on dates may of necessity go into higher

housebills. The cause of this is that with increased traffic from the say-at-home dates, fraternity house furniture should wear out much faster than is now normal. Remembering the words of Pink-Eye Trotter, SWAMI predicts that by this time next year, Columbia beer slingers will be in the couch building business.

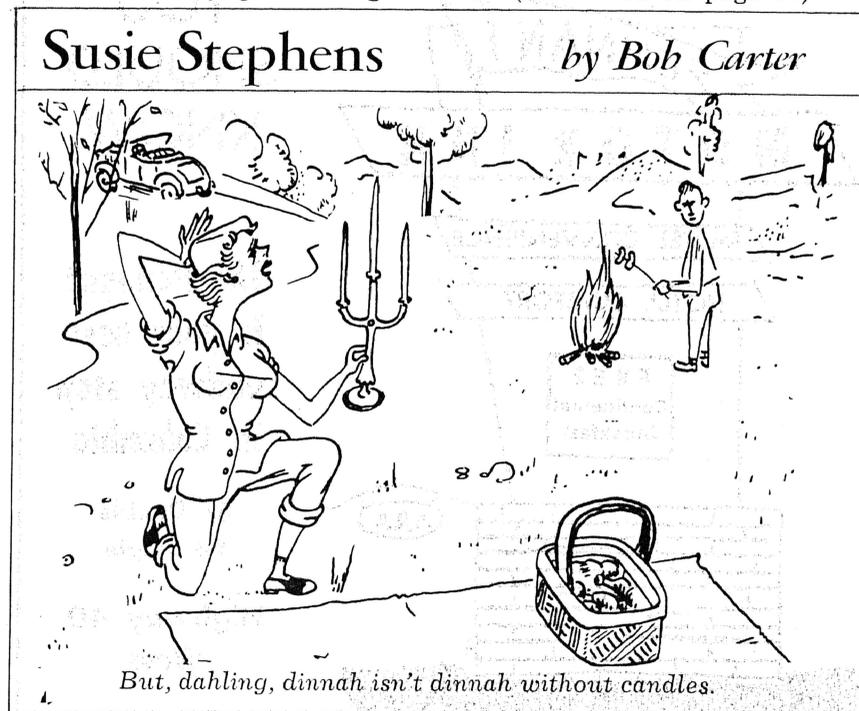
With Television, as with any medium of messages to the public, will come new and more atrocious advertising.

There will of course be the lovely model graciously exhaling smoke for the benefit of the cardiac who has been advised by his doctor to give up the weed. The reformed alcoholic can tear

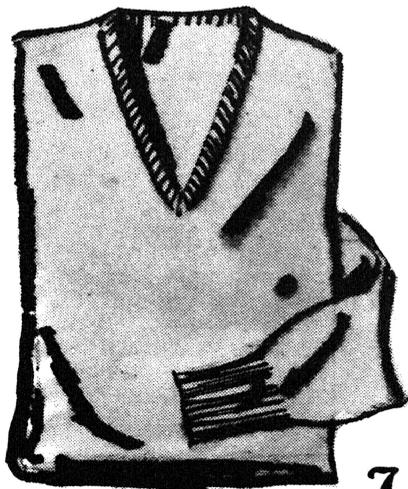
(Continued on page 34)

Susie Stephens

by Bob Carter



*A fine Australian wool sweater
in rich fall colors...*



A lightly twisted yarn
for firmness and

long wear.

Long sleeves in light

blue, navy, natural,

light green,

hunter green, rust, wine,

brown or yellow.

12.50

Woolf Brothers



"Mamma, mamma!" cried little Johnny, "the puppies are here." "Have you seen them?" "No, but the dog is empty."
* * *

S.A.E.: Are you still engaged to that girl with the wooden leg? Teke: No, I got mad at her and broke it off.
* * *

The new Dean of Discipline at a Theological Seminary was becoming quite a tyrant, until one Monday morning he found the following note pinned to his office door:

"Tomorrow is Tuesday, if it's all right with you. (signed) God."
* * *

One broom to another: I think we're going to have a little whiskbroom since we swept together last night.
* * *

It says here that a small town is a place where everyone knows what everyone else is doing, but they want to read the local paper to see if they have been caught at it.
* * *

Once upon a time there was a little girl who had many boy friends. They each asked her: "Do you love me?" She answered "Yes" to each of them. This went on for many years, but she died an old maid, anyway.

Moral: Don't love everybody. Leave that to God. Specialize!
* * *

Zere once was ze meestaire named Dan

Got fresh on ze beach at Ze Cannes

Zaid Ze Madammoizelle

Eh, Monsieur, what ze hell?

Stay away from where is not sun tan!
* * *

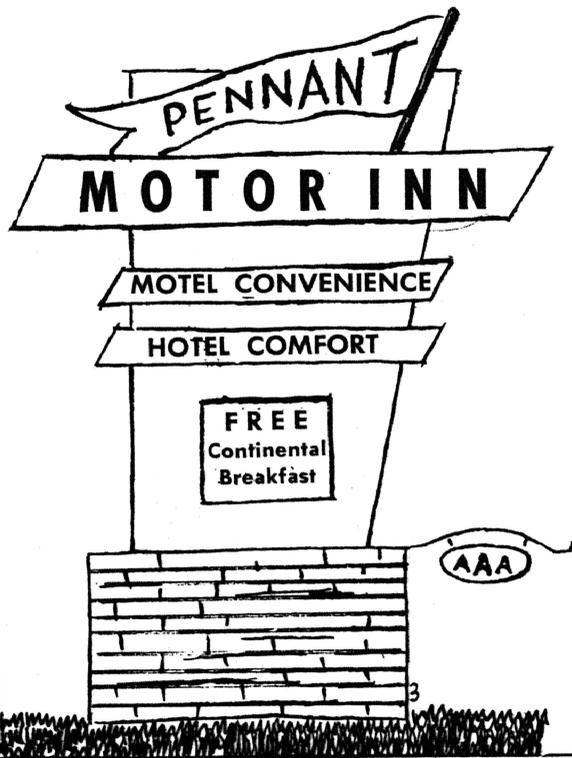
In a darkened stairway about 4 A.M.:

"Good morning, child of Satan."

"Good morning, Father."
* * *

Early to bed and early to rise— and your girl goes out with the rest of the guys.

A HIGHWAY SIGN



YOU SHOULD KNOW

The Pennant is your best roadway stop in Columbia

\$7 Double
\$4 Single

Highway 40 West



SWAMI'S SHORTS

My candle burns and burn and
burns
It's all gone but the wick;
I'll bide my time till my man re-
turns
And it better be damn quick!

Before you fall in love with a
pair of bright eyes, make sure it's
not the sun shining through a hole
in her head that makes them
bright.



Remember, girls, it takes a good
swimmer to say "No" in Venice.

Judge: You're charged with
drunkenness. Guilty or not
guilty?

M.U. Student: Not guilty, sir.

Judge: Officer, why did you arrest
this boy?

Cop: Well, he was standing in
front of J School, throwing
sticks, and yelling 'fetch' to the
lions.

First Frosh: I hear you got thrown
out of school for calling the dean
a fish.

Second Frosh: I didn't call him a
fish. I just said 'That's our dean'
real fast.

Officer: Move that car along.

Student: Don't get fresh, I'm a
Delta.

Officer: I don't care if you're the
whole darn peninsula, move
that wreck.

Theta: Would you think it was
telepathy if we were thinking of
the same thing?

Sigma Nu: No, just plain luck.

A Tulane man received a tele-
gram stating that his mother-in-
law's body had been found float-
ing at the sea shore, a lobster at-
tached to each toe. He was asked
to telegraph for disposition of the
body.

He wired back: "Sell the lob-
sters and set her again."

I know some coeds who are so
ugly that if they played Lady
Godiva at Savitar Frolics the
horse would steal the show.

She: Isn't the moonlight lovely to-
night?

He: I'm not interested in astro-
nomy now, and besides, I'm in
no position to say.

The American visitor was gaz-
ing down into the crater of the
famous Greek volcano. Finally he
commented, "It sure looks like
hell."

"Oh," retorted his guide, "you
Americans—you've been every-
where!"

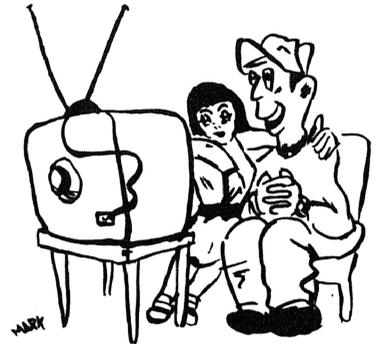
Two little girls were busily dis-
cussing their families: "Why does
your grandmother read the Bible
so much?" asked one. "I think,"
said the other little girl, "that
she's cramming for her finals."

Then there's the one about the
trapeze artist who caught his wife
in the act.

According to some noteworthy
scientist, alcohol was first dis-
tilled in Arabia. That explains
those nights.

"Say, waiter, this steak isn't very
tender."

"If it's affection you want, sir,
you'll have to speak to the cash-
ier."

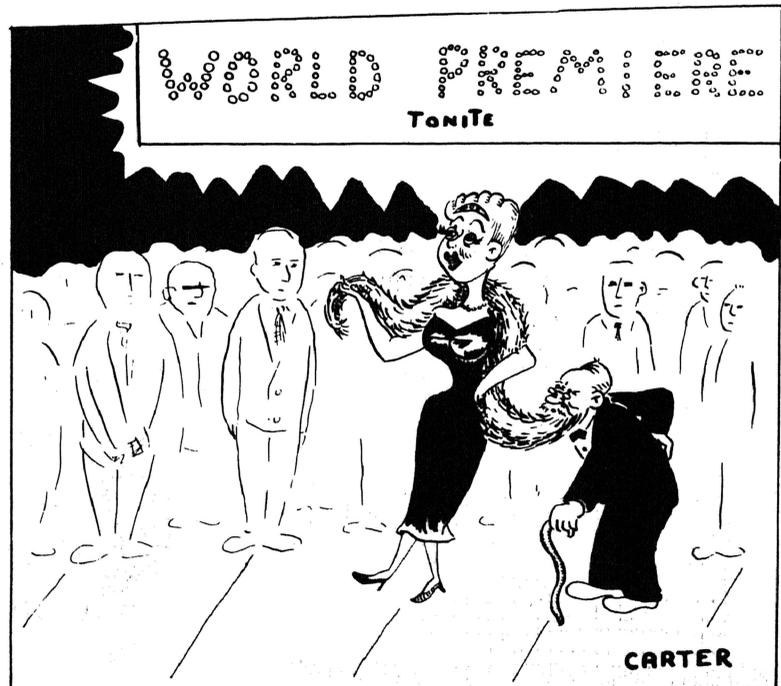


The young lady carried her
baby with her when she went to
the fortune teller. He started reel-
ing off things about the future of
the child, but she cut him short,
saying:

"Never mind that. Just see if
you can find out where I was after
the New Year's Eve party last
year."

Prof: What's the difference be-
tween an elephant and an an-
teater?

Student: Neither one can play
tennis.



JUST A
K OF BUTTS!

I THOUGHT HE
WAS GOING TO
KICK ME!

SHALL WE HIT
'EM WITH A SPOT?

NO LETS USE
THE
FLOODLIGHTS.

VIDEO
STRIKES ONE
OUT OF FIVE



IT ISN'T THAT
TYPE OF A
CHANNEL FLORENCE?

DO YOU HAVE
TWO BOOSTERS?
MY SET ISN'T
UP TO PAR.

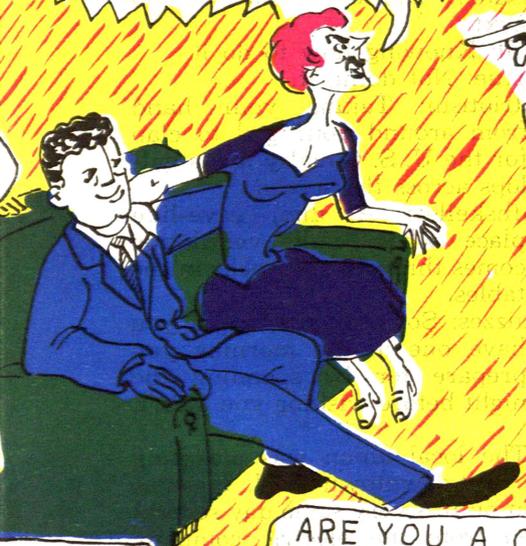
GEORGE! THERE'S A TIME
AND A PLACE FOR
EVERYTHINS!

CUT!

KOMU-
TV



MCCARTHY'S AFTER
HIM!



WITH
?

ARE YOU A C.B.S.
AFFILIATE?
NO. FREE LANCE.



GUTS
CARTER

ACTION - COMEDY - DRAMA
 ... the best in Movies

UPTOWN *Theatre*
 Phone 3492



Bop Christmas card: Have a cool Yule and a frantic First.

* * *

Customer: Have you any wild ducks?

Waiter: No, sir, but we can take a tame one and irritate him for you.

* * *

Kappa: Horace was over to my house last night and asked me to wear his pin when he was getting ready to leave, but I told him I couldn't wear it until I knew him better.

Pi Phi: But you're wearing it now.

Kappa: Well, he didn't leave right then.

* * *

Definitions:

Embarrassing moment: When the baby stork asks, "Where did I come from, mommy?"

Play suit: A pair of bandanas and a worried look.

Wisdom: Knowing what to do next.

Skill: Knowing how to do it.

Virtue: Not doing it.

Patriotism: Taking your hand from around your girl to clap for the U. S. Cavalry as its gallops across the screen.

Rathskeller: A dim, cave-like place whose only ventilation comes through the cracks in the tables.

Quizzes: Something which if you have one in the morning you prepare for by spending the night before wishing you didn't.

* * *

The local union was picketing the best downtown hotel. It seems that on this very same day several men from the electric company were in a manhole fixing some cable. Unfortunately one of the union men fell in.

Moral: Close cover before striking.

* * *

There was an old man from Lenore

Whose mouth was as wide as a door

While attempting to grin

He slipped and fell in

And lay inside-out on the floor.

Those who know
 ... buy **BUD**

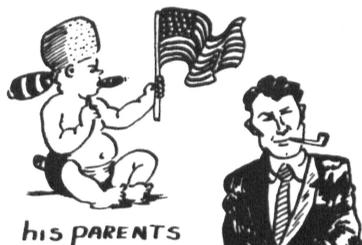
Brewed and aged by the costliest process known, Budweiser has pleased more people by far than any other beer in history.

Enjoy **Budweiser**
 Today

ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC. • ST. LOUIS, MO., NEWARK, N. J.

N. H. SCHEPPERS, DISTRIBUTOR
 112 North 8th Street Phone 5626

The Campus
 Politician
 as he appears to



his PARENTS



his GIRL



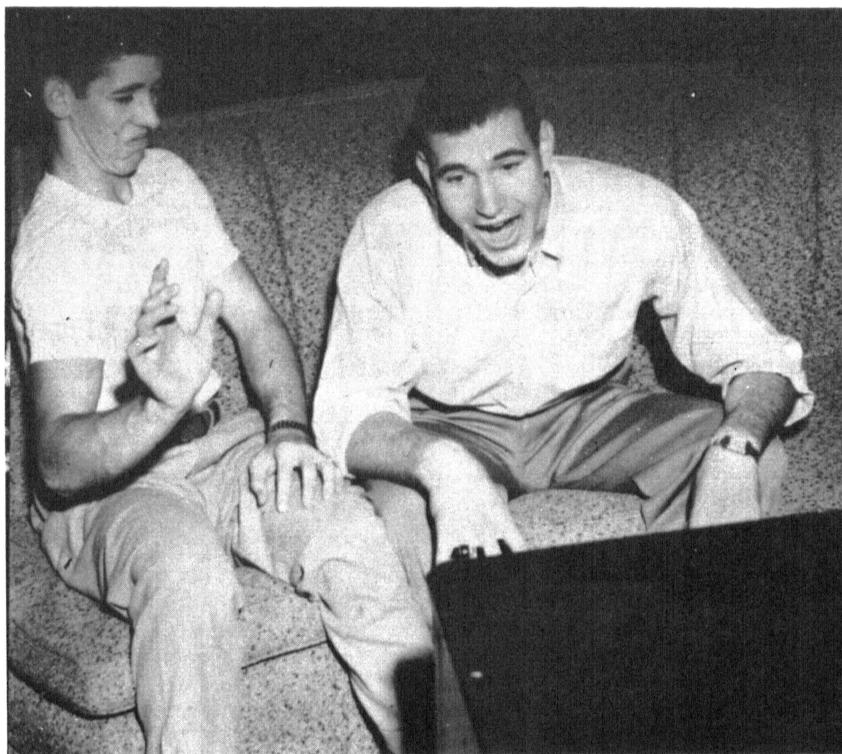
HIMSELF



HIS OPPONENTS



The CAMPUS TARNATION



If you think she's mellow, you ought to see my gal in her new formal from JULIE'S!



BRET HARTE

on Life Savers:

"Let its fragrant story
 Blend with the breath that thrills."

from *Dickens in Camp*, lines 33-34



Still only 5¢

My Day

Our house party was over. A young, beautiful English teacher tenderly placed a bag of ice on my aching head. The Dean of Men handed me a menu and wine list from the Cafeteria. An economics professor stood behind him, waiting to take my order. Ten lovely coeds surrounded me. . . .

Someone turned my bed over. I woke up.

"Whattaya trying to do, sleep all day?" It was Bernie, whom I had promised last night to help prepare for an 8 a.m. quiz in Early Mongolian Literature. It would be difficult, since I don't know Mongolian, but there are times when I'll promise anything.

"It's 4 a.m. already," continued Bernie. "And you'd better wake your crazy buddy up!"

He meant my roommate, who is a little strange. He reads the newspapers a lot, and lives in constant fear of an enemy attack by air. He always sleeps under his mattress and on top of the bed



springs to ward off bomb fragments and concussion. Everybody else is a bit scared of him.

I lifted up the corner of his mattress and spoke in my Sky King voice: "Bombardier to pilot . . . bombardier to pilot . . . Jesse Hall in sight . . . bomb bay doors open . . . prepare for run . . . prepare for run . . ."

Usually when I do this he tries to get in his suitcase. This time I

caught him as he was halfway out the window.

"Freddy," he said, "you'll just have to stop that."

Then I ran wildly up and down the hall crying "Arise, for morning in the bowl of night has come and put the stars to flight," and "The year's at the spring, the day's at morn. See how rosy-cheeked Aurora comes!"

I ducked shoes, oranges, notebooks, and gin bottles.

"What was that last thing he said?" murmured a sleepy voice.

"Some new freshman, name of Aurora, movin' in." came an answer.

Everybody wanted to use the bathroom at the same time. Sixty men splashing happily, merrily, in six washbowls, all in laughing high spirits.

I brushed somebody's teeth and hurried to Crowder Hall for breakfast.

Black coffee, black eggs, black toast.

And before me, with the end almost nowhere in sight, stretched another golden, carefree, pleasure filled day!

C.W.R.



twinkletoes....

*Jewels of fashion for
all your gaytime hours.*

*Soft little gaieties
done with the fastidious touch
that's so typically Confetti's.*

Confetti's

a Way of Life



the novus shop
18 ON THE STROLLWAY



SWAMI'S SHORTS

Lou: Oh, what a cute baby; red-head, too! Was his father a red-head?
Lill: I don't know. He didn't take his hat off.

The bandage-covered patient who lay in the hospital bed spoke dazedly to his visiting pal:
"What happened to me?"
"You absorbed one too many last night, and then you made a bet that you could jump out of the window and fly around the block."
"Why," screamed the beat-up citizen, "didn't you stop me?"
"Stop you, hell—I had \$25 on you."

"Another combination shot," said the coed as she leaned too far over the billiard table.

Next to a beautiful girl, sleep is the most wonderful thing in the world.

There is some cooperation between wild creatures. The stork and the wolf usually work the same neighborhood.

Two bopsters were watching an Indian fakir putting his cobra through the usual routine. Fascinated, one bopster commented, "Man, catch that crazy arrangement."

The other replied, "Forget that arrangement and dig that frantic music stand!"

A musician was practicing on his saxophone late at night when the landlord came in. "Do you know there's a little old lady sick upstairs?"

"No," answered the musician. "Hum a little of it, and I'll do my best."

Ed: How did you get the black eye?

Ned: From a cough.

Ed: A black eye from a cough?

Ned: Yeah, I coughed in a clothes closet.

A bustle is like a historical romance—both are fictitious tales based on stern reality.

A bird in hand is worthless when you want to blow your nose.

First Theta: Are any of the boys who live next-door in the fraternity house good looking?

Second Theta: I don't know. I've never seen any of their faces without binoculars in front of them.



During a recent radio audience-participation program, the MC was interviewing a young lady contestant, who remarked, "My father and mother were in vaudeville. I was practically born on the stage."

"Aren't you glad you weren't?" quipped the comedian. "What would they have done for an encore?"



When she wakes up, tell her she had a good time.

A New England epitaph reads:
"Here lies an atheist.
All dressed up, and no place to go."

After passing his induction physical the draftee was taken in tow by a burly sergeant who inquired if he had completed grammar school.

"Yes," replied the draftee, "I also finished high school, graduated Phi Beta Kappa from Yale, received my Master's from Columbia, and my Doctorate from Harvard."

The sergeant nodded and then stamped the young man's questionnaire with a single word: LITERATE.

The well-dressed young matron and her little girl had just seated themselves in the parlor car when a seedy, shabbily-dressed fellow entered the car and sat down beside them. Wanting to rid herself of what she considered an undesirable traveling companion, she leaned over to the man and whispered;

"I think you ought to know, sir, that my little girl is recuperating from a severe case of scarlet fever, which might still be contagious."

"Oh, don't worry about me, madam," interrupted the man, "I'm committing suicide in the first tunnel, anyway."



... *fashion*

You'll find it
at the Blue Shop
in sweaters and
skirts and accessories.

The Blue Shop

912 Broadway

THE HOMECOMING TIGER

(Continued from page 13)
kerchief and tried to think of something to say. I didn't, but after awhile Karla dabbed at her eyes and tried to smile.

"You will take good care of her, won't you—see that she doesn't eat anything too rich and doesn't sleep in a draft."

"Yeah, sure. Don't worry about a thing, Miss Schinwurtz." Here she was worrying about that animal when I was stewing about what Dot would say when I told her I was spending Friday night with Lucy (Don't worry, Dot, she's only a tigress). Yeah, Don't worry about a thing, Miss Schinwurtz! Karla bent down swiftly and made a few last minute pats on Lucy's head, who just sat on her haunches eyeing me impassively. I got in the cab of the truck and started the motor. Karla waved and yelled "Good-bye—and good luck."

I spent the night lying on a cot down in the furnace room, so

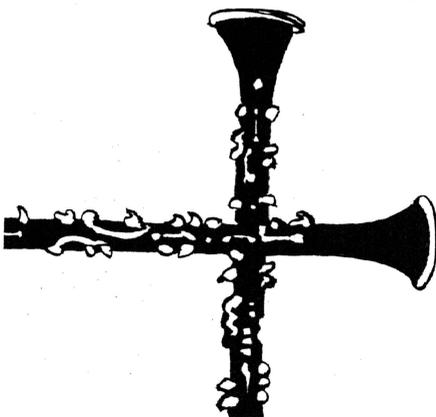


THE KOLLEGE KATS

at



The Stable



Every Sunday
Afternoon
and
Before Every
Football Game

I could be close to Lucy. I had turned the light off and just lay there, listening to the juke box blaring in the chapter room and trying not to think of Dot. The kids were in there dancing and laughing, having one hell of a good time while I baby sat with this smelly tiger that growled at fleas in her sleep.

I must have dozed off because the next thing I knew Lucy had stopped growling and was now whimpering like she was in terrible pain. I got up, tripped over a shovel in the dark and tried to find the light. When I did, I could see Lucy was flat on her back with all four paws sticking straight up in the air, like four carved andirons. I'll have to admit I got kind of scared. I looked

(Continued on next page)

down at my watch and saw that it was only ten-thirty—all the fellas would still be taking their dates in—and then I looked over at Lucy again. Her jaws were open now and she looked worse. It was then I got the bright idea of calling Karla, because she would know what to do.

It wasn't more than forty-five minutes before a cab pulled up before the house and when I looked out the basement window I saw Karla get out and start running across the lawn. I went up the stairs two at a time and opened the back door for her. She just brushed right by me, headed for the stairs so I followed her down, trying to explain what had happened. Karla had both arms full of odd looking bottles and she poured some red looking stuff down Lucy's throat without saying word one. Pretty soon the tiger rolled over, whimpered once and went back to sleep. Karla straightened up and brushed her hair out of her eyes.

"She does that whenever she gets a chill—and homesick. I should have warned you. I'm sorry."

I tried to laugh but could only manage a groan.

"Oh, well, as long as she isn't near death or anything. We need her for the game tomorrow. Old Theta Phi tradition, you know."

Karla didn't seem impressed.

"Of course. But I'll have to stay here for tonight—in case Lucy wakes up and sees I'm here, or she'll just have another spell. I'll sleep on this cot, and you can roll up in a blanket on the floor."

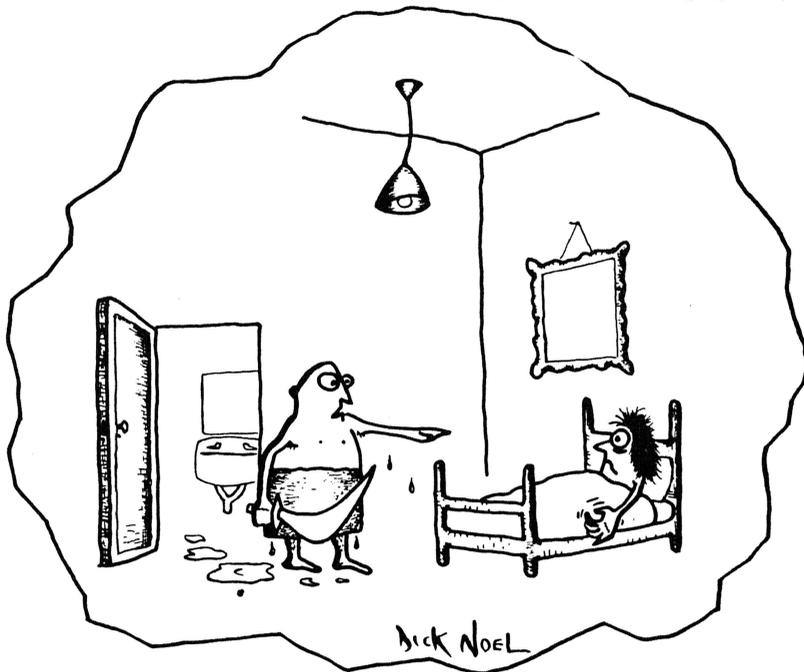
"That sounds real cozy, Miss Schinwartz, but there's one little thing. How do we explain you spending the night in the Theta Phi House? That's certainly not tradition, at least around here. Maybe tigers don't talk but people do."

Karla's eyes widened in surprise (making me feel like a heel) and then she clamped her lips shut firmly, and lay down on the cot without saying another word. I could see there wasn't any use in arguing with her, either, so I propped myself up against the furnace and closed my eyes. Women—I would never understand them. About an hour later I heard steps on the stairs, the kind girls in high heels make, and then someone flung open the door. It was Dot, with my roommate behind her.

"Some tigress, Donald Oliver Bookhaven!"

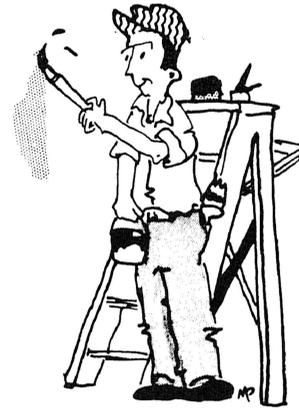
"Now, listen, Dot, Lucy got sick she's the tiger, and Karla, that's her, came over and fixed her up fine and—"

"I can see she fixed YOU up (Continued on page 29)



"You left a dirty ring in the tub."

PAINT UP



WITH PITTSBURGH PAINTS

from

Brady's

15 South 10th Phone 4978

I Send
Everything

to
the
TIGER

TIGER

Laundry
and
Dry Cleaners
Phone 4155



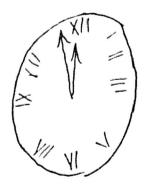
ONLY MOTHERS OF STUDENTS ALLOWED IN MEN'S DORM'S

"Mom."

INERTIA SMITH

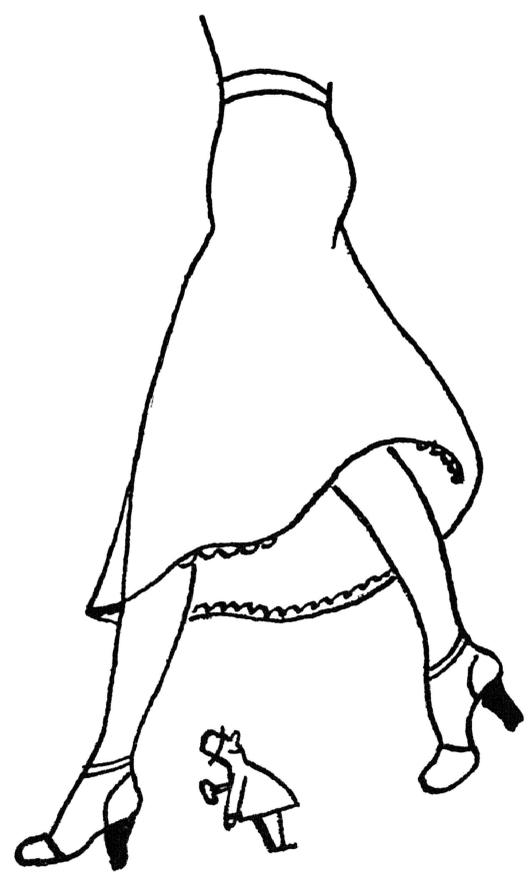
-Octopus

filched



Shaw

Who's a Fairy?



-Rivet

**THE HOMECOMING
TIGER**

(Continued from page 27)
quite nicely too."

Dot's voice was ice-cold but I could tell she was ready to boil over.

"For Pete's sake, Dot—"

"For MY sake, you mean, don't you? Well, I have had just about enough of you sitting up with your sick friend and that alibi that's even sicker—I'm leaving."

She whirled around, just about knocking my roommate over, and slammed the door in my face. I didn't follow her because I knew she meant what she said. I felt miserable. Pretty soon I heard Karla making those soft cooing sounds again, only this time she was holding my hand and looking at me. With those great big brown eyes that could thaw out anything, I purred back—it was wonderful!



That was four years ago but I can still remember the uproar Karla caused spending the night in the Theta Phi fraternity house. The brothers did a lot of fast talking but of course I de-pledged (it was the only thing to do under the circumstances, old fellow) and I changed tradition a little, too, because now instead of a Theta Phi pledge riding a tiger between halves of the homecoming game the whole fraternity marches out and sings four verses of "Go, you tiger, Go" You can look it up in the University Catalogue, under "New Traditions" on page 37, and see for yourself. I also altered tradition in the Bookhaven family—all for the better, too. I'm the first Bookhaven to marry a lady tiger tamer in generations, nothing like it since great-great-grandfather eloped with the bearded lady one night when he was a sophomore.

THE END

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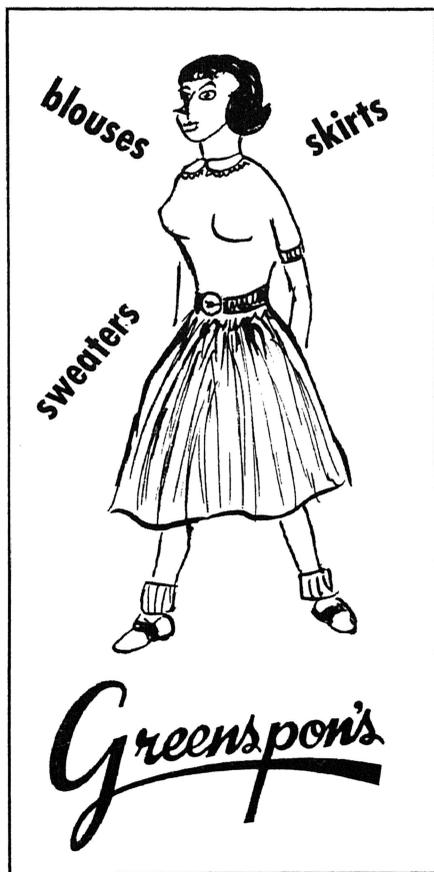
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Hangnail Sketch

By Defoe Copper

Bunny Hopp—Sorority Pledge

After hastily skirting Rollins Field, we found ourselves in the district known as Greektown, looking for a typical member of the species, known as the Sorority Pledge. At last we spotted one, complete with bobby sox, sweater, skirt, and ribbons on her chest.

"Miss, we are looking for the typical sorority pledge."

"Gladtameecha. Golly, don't think I'm not typical. I just come from an average St. Louis family, three cars, a mansion and a father."

"Well, Miss. . . ."

"Activity Hopp. But my friends call me Bunny. Why don't you?"

"We see by your ribbon, Bunny, that you have pledged Upsa Daisy. Can you tell us what careful considerations must have gone into such an intelligent choice?"

"Ooooh! You think I'm intelligent. Wait till I tell the girls at the house. I guess you might say that I investigated all the different houses on campus. I tore and compared. But I found the girls at the Upsa house were really a great bunch of girls. I felt right at home there from the start."

"Why was that?"

"Daddy gave them the money for the house."

"Bunny, tell us, what are your impressions of MU campus life after a month and a half here?"

"Well, really, I've never seen such pretty boys as you have here. And they're all fraternity men. Isn't that grand? They just look too, too adorable with those huge, lovely pins shielding their little chests. Don't you think so?"

We hastily murmured assent and tried to get the interview back on its dying feet. "Tell us Bunny, have you any criticisms of the social life here?"

"Golly, no! I can't think of a better way to spend a date than going to a show, and drinking coffee like the big girls do."

"Bunny," we asked, "do you neck?"

"Neck? You mean smooch? Well, if that's what you mean, of



B.C.

course, I don't. Sorority girls never smooch! They just kiss longer than most people."

"We suppose you have come into contact with extra-curricular activities?"

"Oh, goodness yes. You see, we have to have pledge points . . ."

Bunny noticed our straying eyes and interrupted herself, "Oh you funny man, I didn't mean that kind . . . anyway, we have to have pledge points, so I signed up for everything I could—Savitar, the Student, Red Cross, Scabbard and Blade, SGA, AWS, Student Union Activities, Ruf Nex, and oh, just oodles more!"

"But, Bunny, how do you find the time to devote to all these activities?"

"So, who devotes time? I just sign things. Everybody's happy, and I can spend my time watching the boys in the Union. Isn't college grand?"

We had to agree that it was. We thanked Bunny Hopp for giving us the interview.

"By the way, Bunny," we asked, "what are you doing Saturday

night?"

Her eyes narrowed to slits, and suddenly her lips were hard. Out of the corner of her mouth, "What fraternity you in, bub?"

We had to admit we weren't blessed.

Bunny's red lips curled in scorn. "Go way from me, boy, yuh bother me!"

THE END

It was the first trip to sea and one young sailor was draped over the rail. The captain came along the deck, and with one look at the sailor, said, "You can't be sick here."

The sailor looked the captain up and down, then with all the dignity at his command, said, "Watch."

* * *

Ole Swenson was taken to a hospital with a broken leg. "How did it happen?" asked the nurse as she came to sit beside his bed to take the case history. "Well," he began, "It was twenty years ago, and—" "I don't want to know what happened twenty years ago," she said impatiently, "What happened now?" Each time, however, he began the same way and finally in desperation she had to let him have his way.

"I went to work for a farmer twenty years ago," he explained, "and the first night after I went to bed, the farmer's beautiful daughter came into my room and asked if I wanted anything. I said 'No.' The second night she came again, and this time she was clad in her nightgown. Again she asked if I wanted anything and again I told her 'No.' The third night when she came in she was almost nude. 'Do you want anything?' she inquired warmly. 'No thanks,' I said, 'I have had a good supper, the bed is comfortable, and I feel fine.'"

"I wondered at the time what she thought I could possibly want. Then yesterday, as I was shingling the roof, it came to me like a flash."

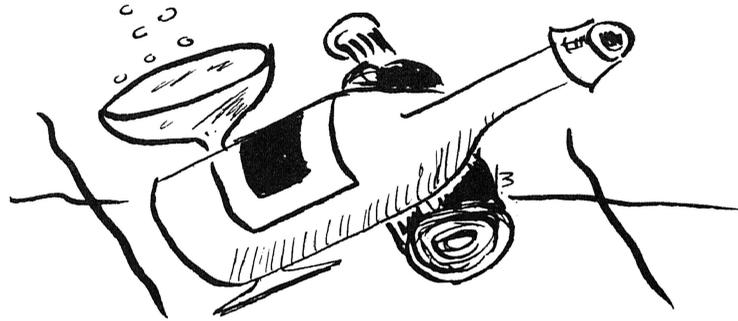
* * *

Overheard in a sorority house: "That's just one of the sob sisters turning over a new grief."

* * *

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Hickory, dickory, dock
Two mice ran up her sock
One stopped at her garter
The other was smarter
Hickory, dickory, dock.



Beta: Do you know what '999 clop'
means?

Delta: No, what?

Beta: A centipede with a wooden
leg.

A kindhearted gentleman saw
a little boy trying to reach a door-
bell. He rang the bell for him,
then said, "What now, my little
man?"

"Run like hell," said the little
boy. "That's what I'm going to
do."

* * *

'Twas there in the Garden of
Eden,
When Eve met the snake in his
prime,
Then she whispered, "Hello, slim
and wriggly,
You must corrupt and sin me
sometime!"

* * *

An Arab stood on a weighing ma-
chine,
In the light of the lingering day.
A counterfeit penny he dropped
in the slot,
And silently stole a weigh.

* * *

A lawyer was attending a fun-
eral. A friend arrived and took a
seat beside him, whispered, "How
far has the service gone?"

The lawyer nodded towards the
clergyman in the pulpit and whis-
pered back, "He just opened the
defense."

TASTE TANTALIZING SPECIALS



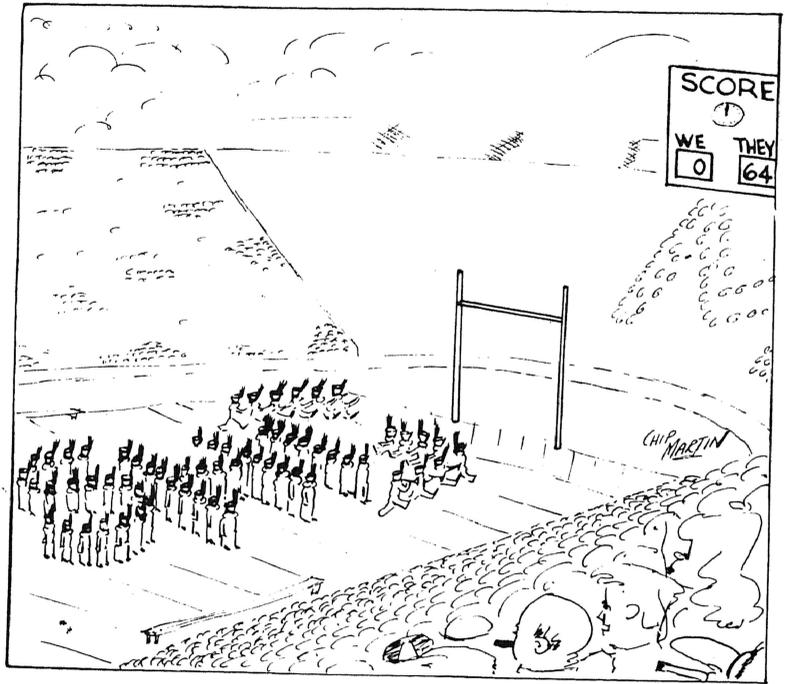
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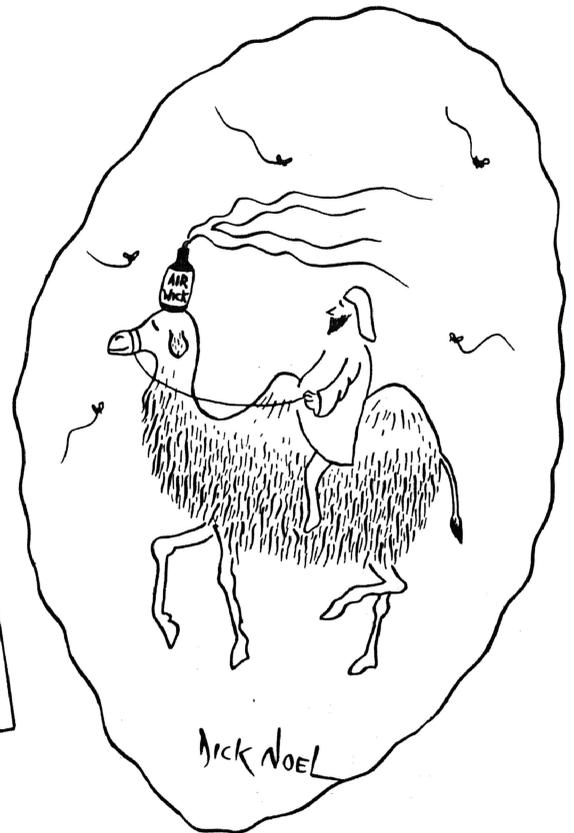
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Stuff



AS I SEE THE MONSTER

(Continued from page 17)

his hair while Guzzler's Gin loudly glugs across the screen.

However, these problems are not those of the student. What concerns college people, is how on earth *can* one avoid campus clubs when pictures of their activities will be piped into the home.

On the other hand, some advantages should emerge with this new life. For instance, football games are always more enjoyable from a soft, warm arm chair than an icy seat in the stadium.



M. McCarty

Should Coffee Hour televise, one could not only sit at home and comfortably enjoy the entertainment without gripping dozens of sweaty palms, but S.G.A. could also save a thousand dollars a year.

As for another bright spot, think what the salespeople from Moberly could do with an action-packed ad.

In the Greek realm, rushing, too, is headed for some big changes. Boasts of how many football players hang their socks upstairs will be rewritten to include the size and clarity of the living room screen. It is also expected that in the never ending scramble to be first, fraternity antenna construction will develop into a *Can You Top This* contest.

One change for the better for the fraternity men will be serenades. In the past everyone has pitied the poor college boys who endure the cold to sing mushy songs to a batch of curler-headed coeds. While they endure the cold, the fraternity brother is making out on the front porch in front of the Dean and everybody. ATV (after television) for pinning serenades, the Joes can stand

under the nice hot studio lights and pour out their collective hearts to the little Miss Muff-It of the hour.

For the coed, there is the possibility of alteration in customs of dress. It is expected that the future on-campus style will, instead of the time honored sweater and skirt ensemble, become the plunging neckline,—a la Emerson.

The sole negative outlook toward changes due to TV is that of attire. SWAMI believes that there are already enough people living behind false fronts.

THE END

The tired oil salesman decided to seek a night's lodging at a farm house rather than drive to a distant town. "Yep, I reckon we can take care of you for the night," said the farmer, "if you don't mind sleeping with a red-headed school teacher."

"Sir," said the salesman indignantly, "I'll have you know I'm a gentleman."

Replied the farmer: "So's the red-headed school teacher."

* * *

So these two bopsters stalled their automobile on a railroad track, see? They looked up to see an express train thundering down upon them. "Man," cried one, "Dig that crazy 3-D!"

An amoeba named Joe and his brother

Went out drinking toasts to each other

In the midst of their quaffing
They split their sides laughing
And found that each one was a mother.



During a grouse hunt, two English sportsmen were shooting at a clump of trees near a stone wall. Suddenly a red face popped over the top of the wall.

"I say, there, Reggie, you almost hit my wife!" he cried.

"Did I, old man?" asked Reggie. "Awfully sorry—have a shot at mine over there."

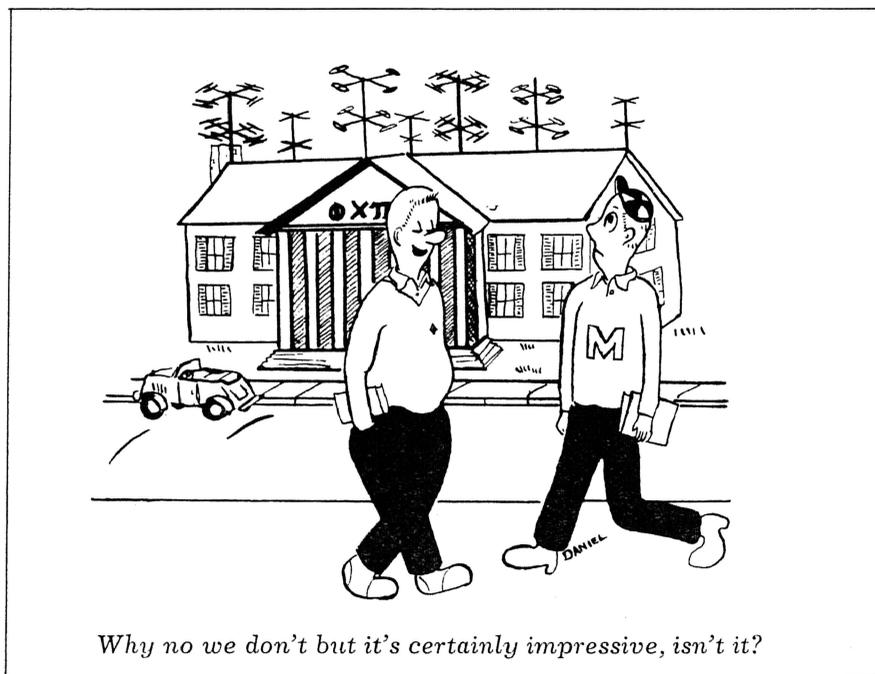
* * *

She: I'm a good girl.

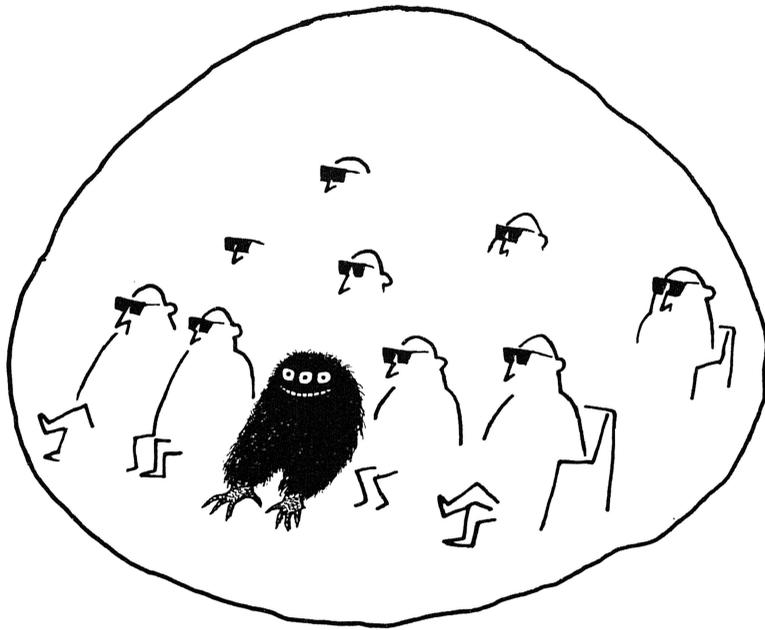
He: Who asked you?

She: No one.

He: Then no wonder you're a good girl.



Why no we don't but it's certainly impressive, isn't it?



Cartoon by Dick Noel

In November, 1953, television came to the Missouri University campus. All over Columbia people felt the impact. Two old ladies were knocked down by a television repair truck on West Broadway.

* * *

A new model agency is under consideration. It is to be called the National Broadcasting System.

* * *

She was sitting in a dark corner. Noiselessly, he stole up behind her, and before she was aware of his presence, he had kissed her.

"How dare you!" she shrieked. "Pardon me," he bluffed readily, "I thought you were my sister."

"You dumb ox! I am your sister."

* * *

D.G.: Why did you park here when there are nicer places further on?

S.A.E.: This is love at first site.

* * *

Well-dressed man, cigar in hand, falling through the air from an airplane: Gad! That wasn't the washroom after all!

* * *

Old Maid: I hate to think of my youth.

Bennet: Why, what happened?

Old Maid: Nothing.

After Thoughts



"When I graduate I think I'll just take it easy for a while"

Bob says he must be getting old; can't take 'yes' for an answer any more.

* * *

"What brought you here?"

"Two policemen."

"Drunk, I suppose."

"Yes, both of them."

* * *

The shades of night were falling fast,
When for some love he asked her,
She must have answered yes, because
The shades came down much faster.

* * *

Auctioneer: What am I offered for this beautiful bust of Robert Burns?

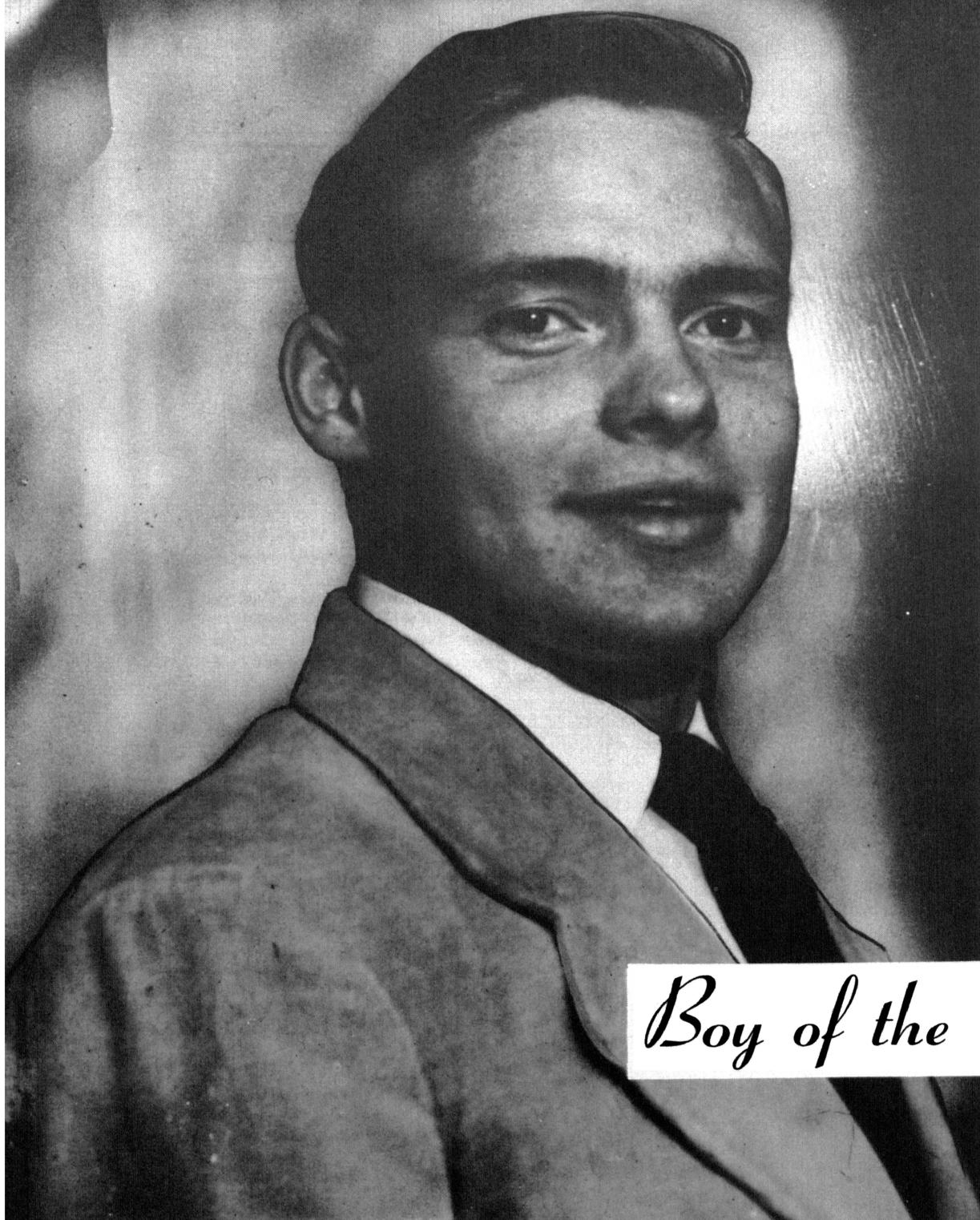
Man in Crowd: That isn't Burns, that's Shakespeare.

Auctioneer: Well, folks, the joke's on me. That sure shows what I know about the Bible.

* * *

"Mother, I was away for three days on a business trip. Yesterday I wired my wife I'd be home last night, and when I got home I found her in another man's arms. Why? Mother, you're a woman, tell me . . . why?"

His mother was silent for several minutes, then she turned and said, "Maybe she didn't get your telegram."

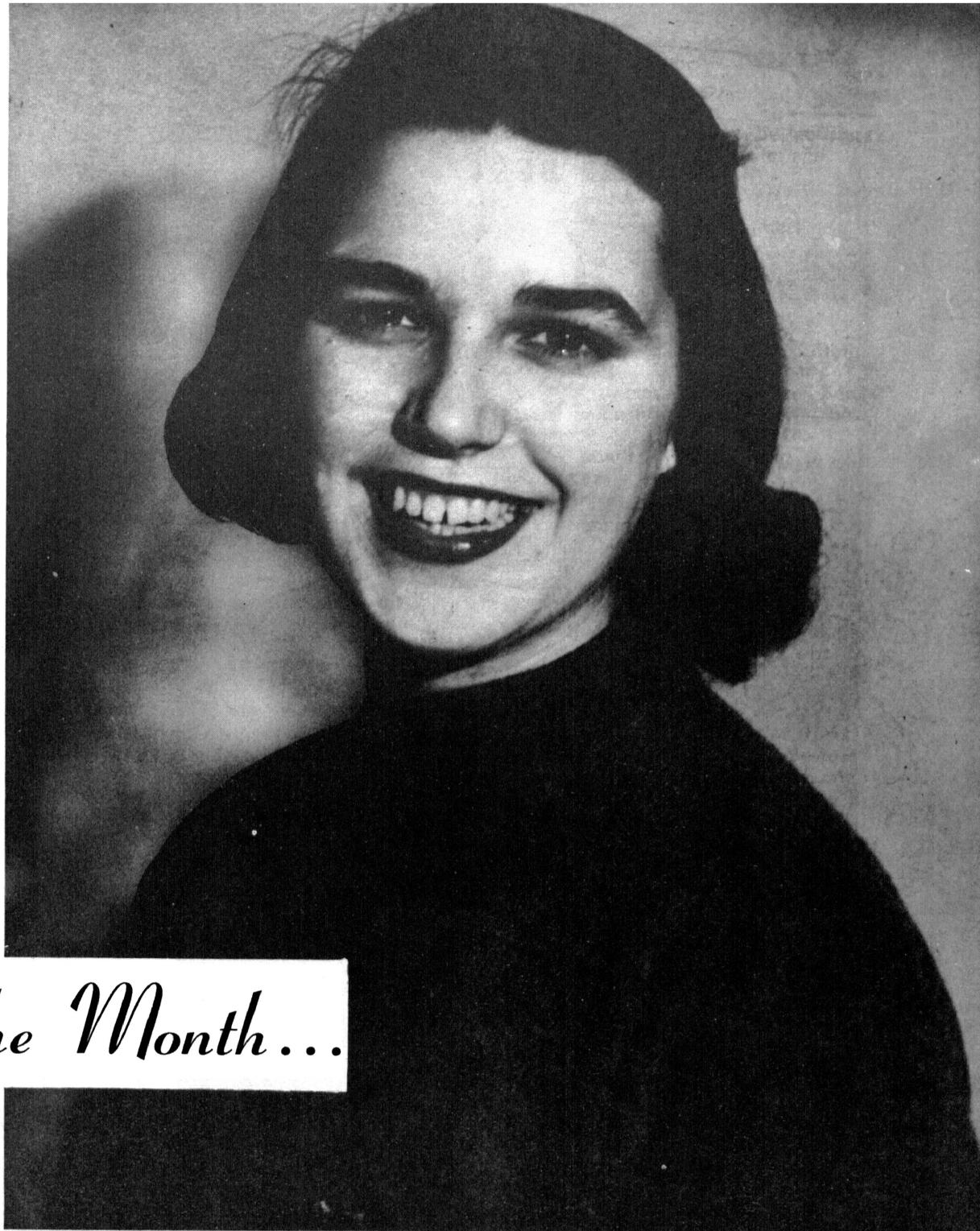


Boy of the Month...

Steve Fulbright . . .

Photo by Al Smith

Senior in Arts and Science . . . President of Stafford . . . Vice Chairman of Public Relations, SGA . . . Freshman Representative to SGA Council . . . Chairman of Leadership Training course . . . Delegate to N.S.A. Congress . . . President of Graham Hall . . . Vice President of SGA . . . Vice President of Student Government Commission, Missouri-Kansas Region . . . Omicron Delta Kappa . . . New Student Week Committee . . . Chairman Department of Inter-Campus Affairs, SGA . . . Mystical Seven . . . Independent . . . 21 . . . Ferguson, Missouri.



Girl of the Month...

Louise Armstrong . . .

Photo by Al Smith

Senior in School of Journalism . . . YWCA . . . SGA Office Staff . . . Johnston Hall Social Chairman . . . New Student Week Group Leader . . . Sophomore Council . . . Young Republicans, Membership Chairman and Treasurer . . . Chairman of Department of Administration, SGA . . . Religion in Life Week Discussion Leader . . . Student Representative to Committee of Assemblies . . . Senior Affiliated Representative to SGA Council . . . Theta Sigma Phi . . . Deputy, Recording Secretary . . . Kappa Kappa Gamma . . . 20 . . . Springfield, Missouri.

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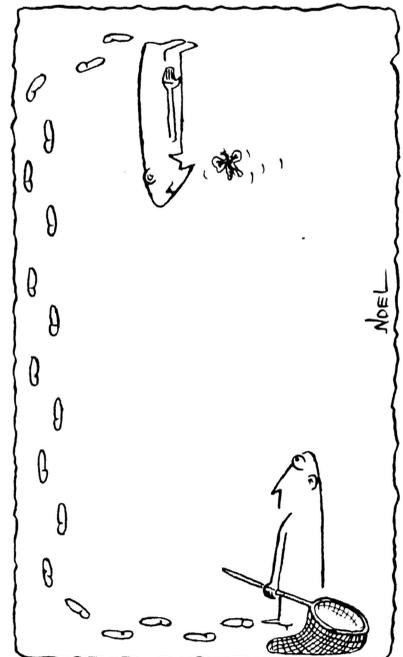
Andy's Corner



He drank with lovely Mabel,
The pace was fast and furious;
He crept beneath the table—
He wasn't drunk, just curious.

* * *
How fat she is
She used to wasn't
The reason is
She daily doesn't.
* * *

We're glad to see the Student Court become a reality. Although the court's jurisdiction will be limited for the present to traffic cases, there is the possibility that they will be allowed to handle more serious offenses and prove the college student's ability to take care of his own disciplinary problems. There are those who contend that this will not eliminate the double jeopardy situation, but they are asking for the moon. After all, if they didn't have to go through the papers looking for students who were hauled before the city magistrates, there would be no jobs for some members of the dean's staff. And certainly we wouldn't want mass unemployment to infiltrate our campus.



"Quit staring, Fred . . . the net!"

THE TALENTS OF GRETA GRIT

(Continued from page 15)

"Mr. Wrecter, this is my friend Greta Grit. She's very talented don't ya think? In fact, she's got the most talented figger I ever saw. Don't ya think?"

"So I see. You can leave now, Fred. I'll take care of Miss Grit."

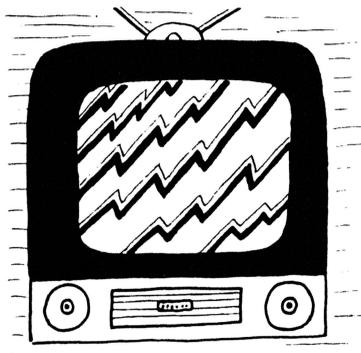
"Okay, Boss. Take care of her. I got a date with her."

"I'm Richard Wrecter, the big producer. What can I do for you?"

"I want a job on one of your television shows. Mr. Wrecter," said Greta, crossing her shapely legs.

"Why do you want a job?"

"Because I'm tired of being an amateur."



"Ah, very commendable. Have you ever worked before?"

"Well, I used to be a barmaid at Grimy Sam's."

"A young girl like you should work at a respectable place. Too bad this isn't one."

"Thanks," she smiled.

"You look very talented to me, Greta. Why don't you come over here on my side of the desk?"

"I can be very talented, Mr. Wrecter."

"That's what I was thinking."

"Are you married, Dick?"

"Not lately." He took another drink from the bottle, he had been sampling all the time. "Do you smoke?"

"Yes."

"Fine. Mind loaning me a cigarette?" Greta handed him a cigarette, and watched him light the filtered tip.

"Aren't you drinking a little too much, Dick?"

"Not at all, not at all; he said, coughing. "Lousy cigarettes you smoke." He gargled a little Scotch

and swallowed it.

"Why don't we sit on the couch," Greta suggested.

"That's a fine idea," said Mr. Wrecter. She guided him over to the couch. After trying twice he managed to put his arms around her. "Why you're jus' about the mos' talented girl I ever put my hand on."

"I though you said **PRO**ducer?"

"Where's the bottle?"

"In your other hand," said Greta and she helped him put it to his mouth. "Now about the contract—"

"Oh yesh. There's one on the desk. Jus fill in your name and I'll sign my Richard Wrecter. I'll give you a tryout tonight. I have a very nish apartment."

"Fine," said Greta as she filled in the contract. "Now just sign your name here."

"Did anyone ever tell you you're a very talented girl?"

"Why I was just thinking that myself, Mr. Wrecter," said Greta handing him the pen.

"No ink in thish pen."

"You're writing with the wrong end."

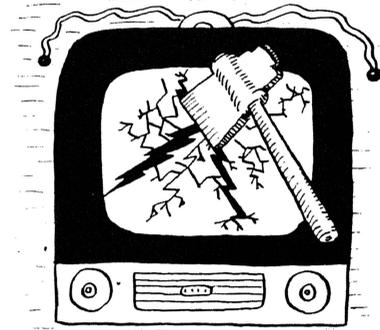
Mr. Wrecter glared. "Dick Wrecter knows one end from another," he shouted. Greta ran her fingers through his hair. "Mus admit yer very talented. Can't let some other company get you." He signed his name carefully on the

back of her hand.

"Oh thank you, Mr. Wrecter," she said sweetly, "and would you give me your autograph?"

"Mos' certainly, my dear," and he signed the contract.

Greta thanked him and started for the door. Wrecter was right behind her, and Greta found herself playing Ring Around the



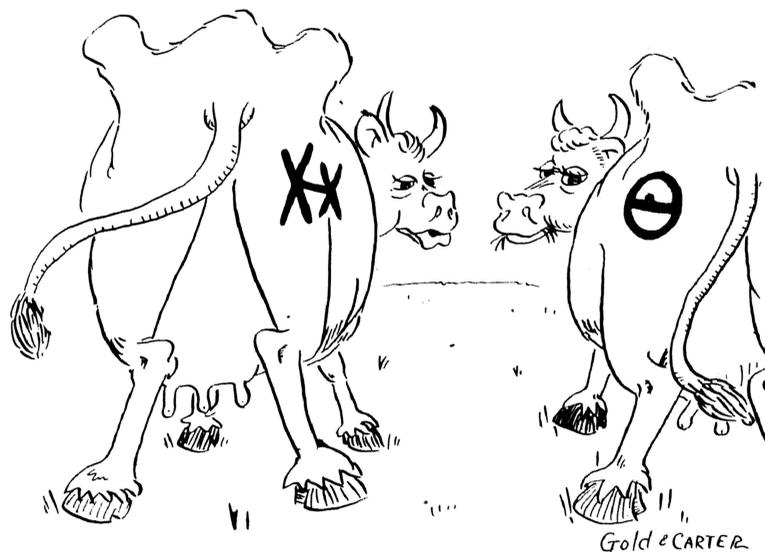
Desk at an accelerated pace. His hands almost reached her, but Greta inhaled in time.

"Almost had you that time," he squealed.

"Damn near, Wrecter," she yelled as she dove through the glass door.

"Ah, these television men," thought Greta as she walked home. "They don't know one end from the other."

THE END



Which brand do YOU prefer?

THIS MONTH'S
Balfour Beauty



June Redding, Chi Omega
Recently Pinned to Jim Fell,
Phi Psi

her sweetheart pin

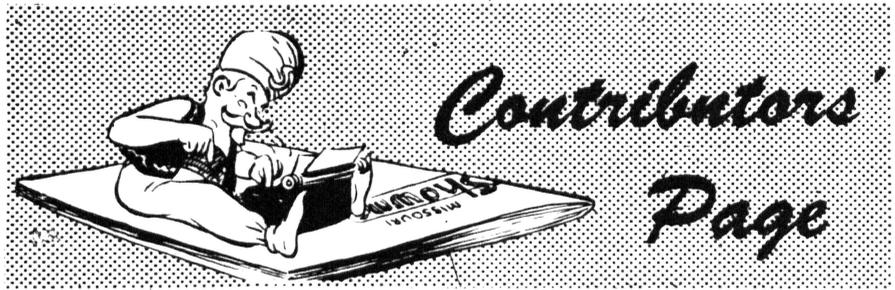
BY L. G. BALFOUR

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- Trophies
- Party Favors
- Official University of Mo. Class Rings
- Costume Jewelry

Newman's
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Your New Balfour Headquarters



Contributors' Page

barbara stein



When the second semester began last spring Swami acquired a brand new business secretary. The business manager found red-headed Barbara Stein wandering around campus with nothing to do. Being a man of action the B.M. immediately offered her a position on the secretarial staff. It wasn't until after she got in the office that she found out what the position was. Still, it can't be too bad, since Barbara insists she loves working for SHOWME.

This pretty young Gamma Phi has become a fixture in the office, smiling at the caustic comments that flow through the air. So far she has managed to keep her wits about her. The last three business secretaries have had to be farmed out to a rest home. Barbara is twenty years old and hails from the notorious place across the river—East St. Louis. She's a junior in the College of Education, evidently confused as to teachers' salaries. Barbara admitted that her secret desire is to have so much money that she could burn \$1,000 in her backyard and enjoy watching the smoke rise.

As practice for her future pyromaniacal activities, this 5' 2", 108 pound cutie sits around the office holding smoking cigarettes to the corners of Swami's hard-earned subscription money.

dick noel

Before he had graduated summa cum magnet from Hickman High School, Dick Noel had convinced the editor of SHOWME that his artistic contributions were fit for the magazine. One evening last spring Dick wandered into a gag meeting at the Shack followed by a three foot, hairy monster with three flies hovering above his head. Dick was accepted, but the monster was told to go home and practice dynamic tension.

Eighteen years old, and a resident of Columbia, Dick is a freshman with journalistic intentions. No frat pin graces his lapel, but he once did consider joining the Missouri Workshop. When they tore down Jesse, they tore down Dick's ambitions of becoming another John Barrymore. This budding Charles Addams is 5' 9" and 150 pounds with blonde hair on top of his head, "Which is as good a place as any," according to Mr. Noel.

Another admission was, "I have a sadistic sense of humor." This was undoubtedly the understatement of the year, as his ghouls, and monsters will readily attest.

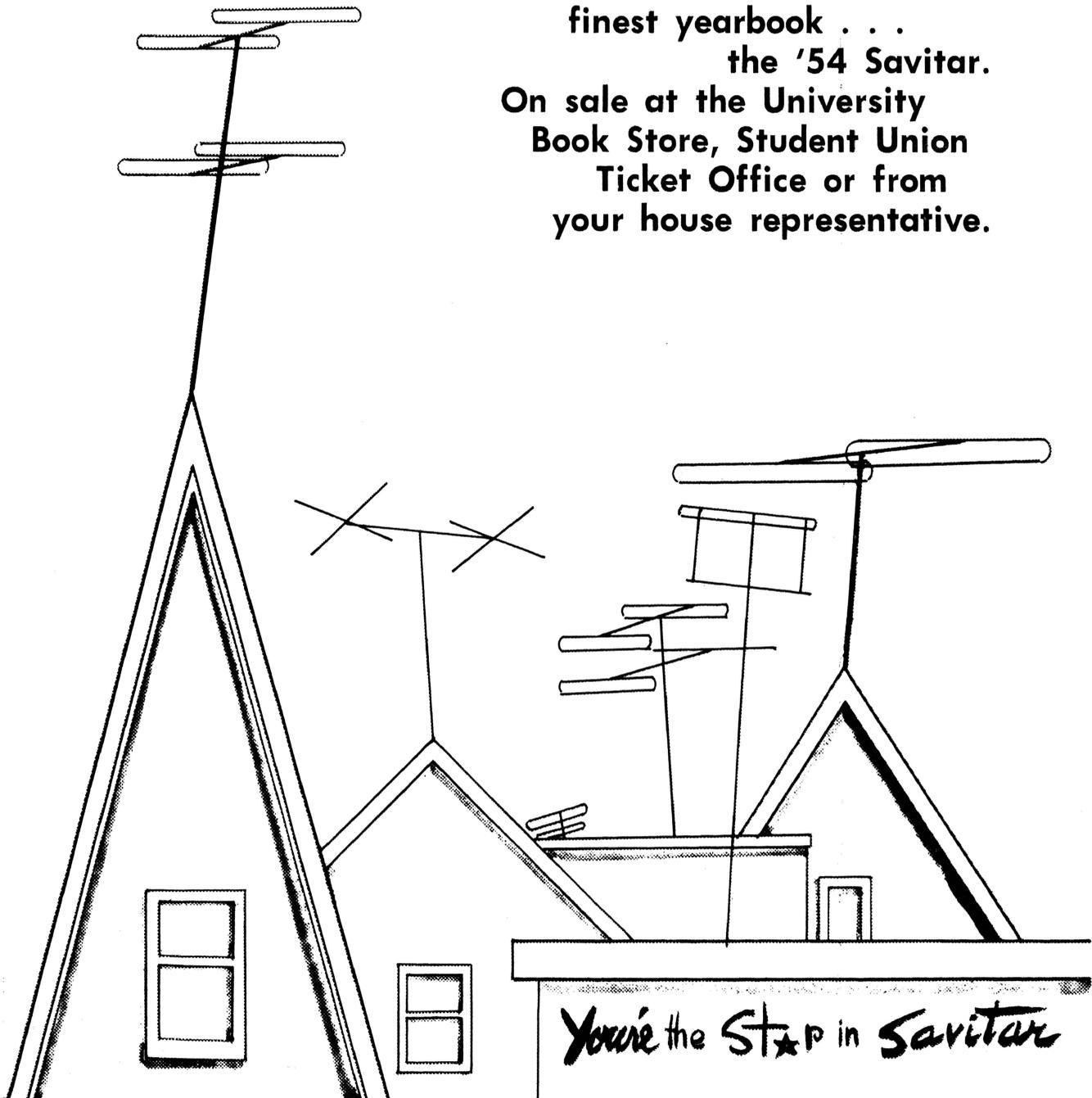
Besides drawing cartoons with a fountain pen dipped in blood, Dick has other hobbies. Among these are golf, handball, and running over old ladies in the family car.



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