



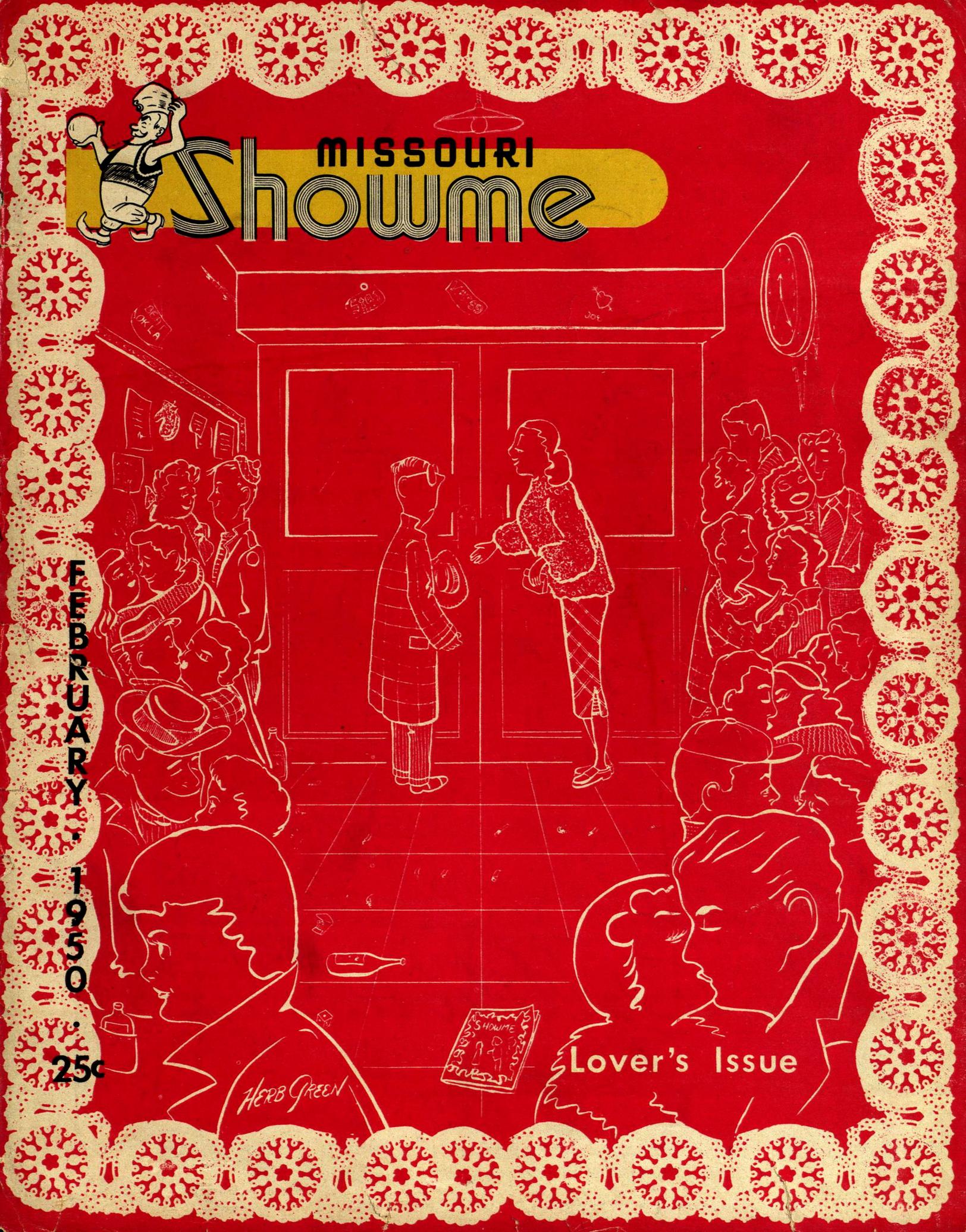
MISSOURI Showme

FEBRUARY 1950

25c

HERB GREEN

Lover's Issue



*"My
cigarette?
Camels,
of course!"*



WITH SMOKERS WHO KNOW... IT'S

Camels for Mildness!

Yes, Camels are SO MILD that in a coast-to-coast test of hundreds of men and women who smoked Camels—and only Camels—for 30 consecutive days, noted throat specialists, making weekly examinations, reported

NOT ONE SINGLE CASE OF THROAT IRRITATION due to smoking CAMELS!



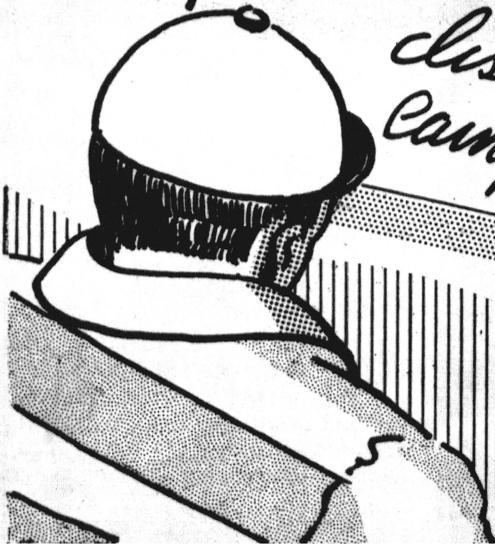
A NOTE FROM . . .

"Eskey" . . .

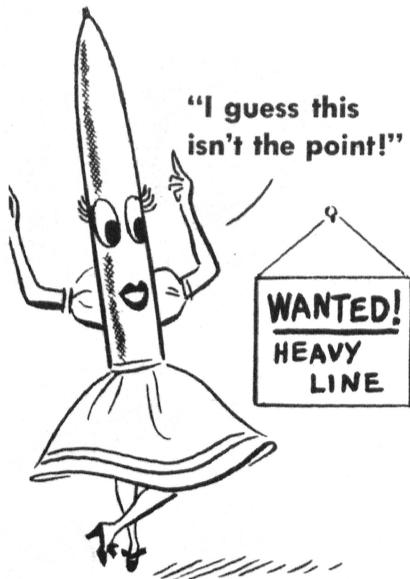


Freshmen —
.. drop into Puckett's
and let me introduce
you to our new spring
styles... "Eskey"

P.S. ...read "Esquire..."
distributed to various
campus activities...



Puckett's
OF COURSE



"I guess this isn't the point!"



"Don't expect me to do a job my point wasn't designed to do. Even I can't make a *heavy* line when I have a *fine* point. Pressing down hard won't help, and it might hurt. It's easy to have my point changed to suit the sort of work you want me to do."

Disappointing results: *Unsatisfactory performance when point is the wrong kind for you.*

The point you want is at the Pen Point in a

Sheaffer

Parker

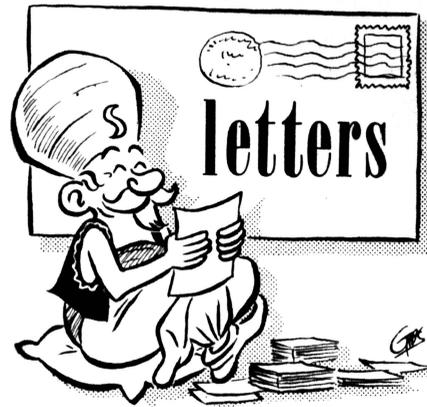
Waterman

Eversharp

Esterbrook



109 SOUTH NINTH



Dear Editor:

. . . We are enclosing herewith the sum of \$1.50 for the remainder of *Showme's* issues. Thank you for the inestimable value of your wonderful magazine in bringing a little cheer and comfort to those poor starved, parched souls thirsting after the knowledge and enlightenment you give—the eulogized but down-trodden Stephens Susies.

Assuring you of our continuing support and patronage, regardless of the danger and risk, through storms, flood, fire, ice, snow, murder and riot, we are. . .

Yours most faithfully,
Dorothy M. T.
Box 2032
Stephens College

Regardless of criticism and ban, through barbed wire, iron fences, guards, rules, regulations and upturned noses, we shall continue to provide knowledge and enlightenment to the down-trodden.—Ed.

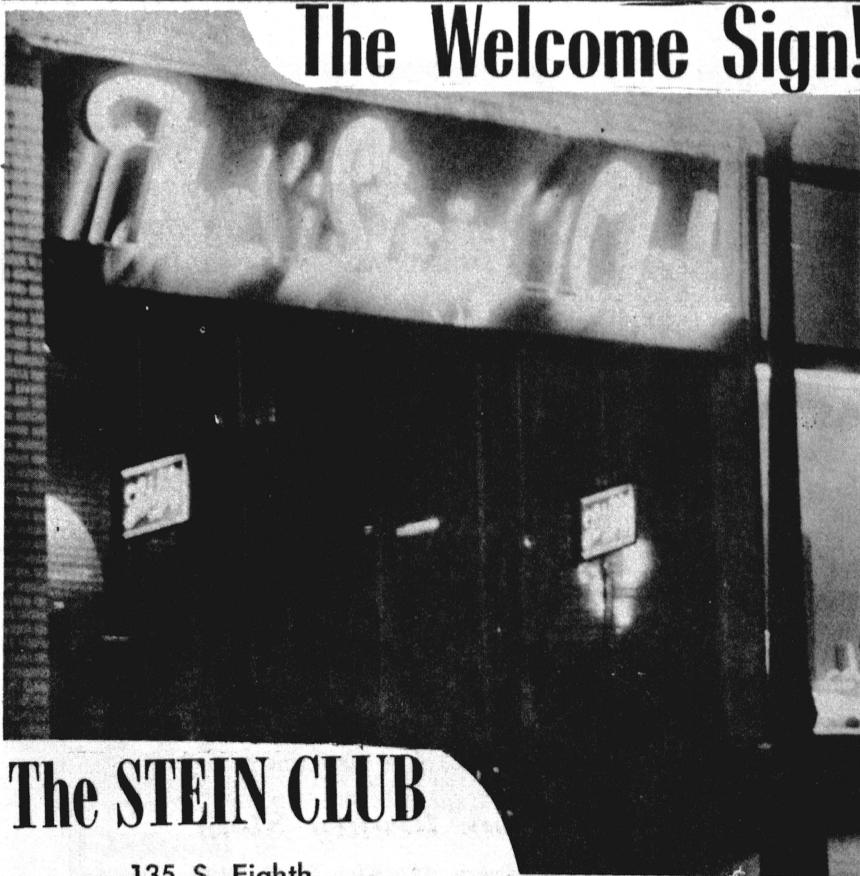
Dear Editor:

I wish to thank your organization for their participation in the recent drive to provide toys for the Nursery Schools at Christmas time.

The participation of student groups in the various Community activities helps to foster a spirit of understanding and cooperation between the University and the rest of our Community.

Very truly yours,
Esther M. Loomis,
Executive Secretary
Columbia Soc. & Service Society

The Welcome Sign!



The STEIN CLUB

135 S. Eighth

Dear Editor:

Your letter of January 10th . . . was referred to the Read Hall Policy board. . . . The Board considered your request and voted to grant the continuance of space in Room 304 Read Hall for the remainder of the second semester.

You are welcome to continue to use the space under the new relationship existing between *Showme*, Board of Student Publications, and the Policy Board.

Most sincerely,
Thelma Mills, Chairman
Read Hall Policy Board

Whew!—Ed.

Dear Al babe:

Please send me prepaid a genuine Quasi-Air Rifle, complete with Shick Ejector Unit.

Box 109
Christian College
Columbia, Mo.

Sorry. The Student purchased the entire stock. Whether to shoot themselves or each other has not been determined.—Ed.

Dear Editor:

After spending more than a year-and-a-half in Columbia, I have become quite intrigued with your magazine and now would like to subscribe to it.

Ruth Stewart
204 Marshall St.
Syracuse, N. Y.

If you spent that much time here, the address you have given us is undoubtedly a rest-camp or mental institution. You might have them reserve a room for us. Ed.

Dear Editor:

I would like very much to subscribe to *Showme* this year. I attended Stephens College last year and became quite attached to your magazine . . . as did most of the girls. Since I won't be around this year and am still very interested in the happenings around Columbia, I thought it would be as good a way as any to keep posted.

Elizabeth V. Corey
6 Sawyer Hall
Denison University
Granville, Ohio

Nothing's changed, Elizabeth. The only bars the Suzies see are on their windows. Ed.



JODIE KOESTER
campus vocalist

Being in the spotlight every weekend demands good-grooming . . . and Jodie knows good-grooming begins with gleaming, well-kept hair. Take her advice and make your appointment at Charm Cottage today for shampoo . . . set . . . and hair styling.

Charm Cottage

3 doors behind Gaeb's
713 Gentry
phone 4277

— Diamonds —



Come in. We can take care of you. If we don't have what you want, we can order it.

Campus Jewelers

Freshman Girls:

—Put your hair
in our care—



You will find us handy

Campus Beauty Shop
Across from JESSE—Dial 4445

Night News

FROM PLAZA LIQUORS



Plaza
EAST OF THE CORONADO HIGHWAY 40

The New Editor



PHOTOGRAPH BY JULIES' STUDIO

WITH THIS issue, Jerry Smith assumes the navigator's position on Swami's magic carpet.

Jerry began contributing to *Showme* as a freshman in April of 1948, but remained anonymous to us until the following Fall of that year. At that time Editor Charlie Barnard finally bribed him to attend a staff meeting.

Since then, the 23-year-old Junior overcame his shyness to become an integral part of *Showme*—not only taking over Bob Rowe's place as chief humor writer, but consistently contributing fiction and features alike to brighten the pages of the magazine.

A tireless worker, Jerry turns out reams and reams of copy without batting an eye, meanwhile encouraging aspiring contributors.

He was the main cog behind the production of our *Missouri Student* satire—from the time the idea was conceived last summer until the final job last month. (And he's been dodging would-be *Student* assassins ever since.)

A special writing major in the School of Journalism, the young St. Louisian hopes to sell his stories to larger markets for a career—God and his typewriter willing.

Jerry is a member of the Campus Publications Association, the I.M.A., and was a Navy swab in the Great War.

—GABE.



MISSOURI Showme

YOUR CAMPUS HUMOR MAGAZINE

Lover's Issue

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*COVER BY HERB GREEN



MEMBER

Volume 27 February, 1950 Number 6

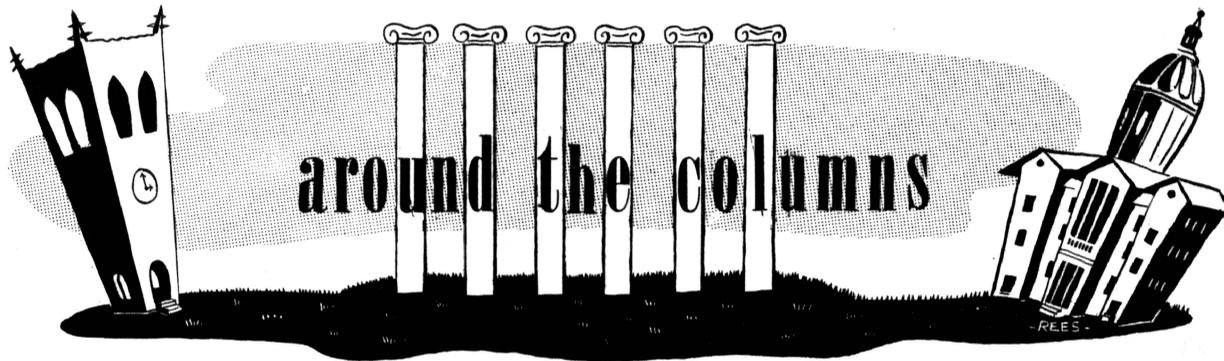
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MEMBER



*Webster calls it strong attachment,
Freud says sex with inhibition;
Plato claims wedding of the mind—
But lovers have their definition.*



Overheard

In front of the J-school library, "I'll trade you two thirty second commercials for a minute and a half promotion!"

February

A new year . . . scholastically . . . new books . . . new courses . . . new instructors . . . new gripes . . . old miseries . . . an unpredictable month in an unpredictable year . . . the let-down after the build-up . . . it'll be different this semester . . . but it never is. . . Questions . . . is it true what they say about H & P? . . . is he teaching this course too? . . . you mean it cost a buck to petition? . . . do we have to stay for the entire three hour lab? . . . and answers . . . yes! . . . February . . . the eternal grind . . . a four month semester . . . with a three-day holiday . . . including the week end . . . and worry . . . when will the first pop-quiz come? . . . and fun . . . the *Savitar Frolics* . . . and love . . . Valentine's Day. . . February . . . the month of horrible weather . . . nothing new . . . and spring not far away . . . nothing new . . . the short month . . . when bills come closer together . . . and it's not long to income tax time. . . February . . . for all its shortness . . . a month indeed.

Apple Saucers

The flying saucer scare slipped back into the news again with an article in *True* magazine which claimed that the darn things are from another planet and have been looking us over for well over a hundred years.

We're in no position to agree or disagree with them, but accepting the idea as true, we'd like to offer several

theories. First: the reason they haven't landed yet is because they're afraid we'll start another war before they can take off. Second: they're in bad need of scrap metal and are waiting for us to blow ourselves to chunks small enough to fit in the saucers. Third: The saucers are actually flying television cameras and this mess on Earth is actually a big show sponsored by an inter-planetary toothpaste concern.

Smith's Axe

I suppose we should thank Governor Smith for handing *Showme* another joke in the form of the will-o-the-wisp auditorium. We've been looking for something to replace the ghostly student union for some time. But somehow we don't find it very amusing.

It doesn't help our ego to have our Workshop reduced to a broom-closet production outfit; nor does it please us to have the University prancing over to Stephens to obtain their auditorium for the *Savitar Frolics*. We doubt that the students like it any better.

We'll have to hand it to the *Student* for the prize suggestion. Let's have the 'Guvnur' come to Mizzou and make a speech in our super cattle-barn, Brewer Field House. Then he can tell us all about this pending Federal Aid—which may become an actuality in twenty or thirty years:

Love, Hah

We haven't been following the comic books closely for the past few years. Thus we were somewhat surprised to discover that *Superman*, *The Bat Man*, and *Captain Marvel* are being replaced by such stuff as *True Confessions*, *Modern Romances*, and *True Love*.

Instead of the monthly battle with mechanical monsters and mad men from another planet, the comic book presents the intimate story of a young girl with an inferiority complex and a twisted personality who loses her one and only to a curvy wench with blonde hair and no sense. After several harrowing experiences with an old maid aunt and a bridge railing, our young heroine gives herself a mental *Toni* and wins back the sucker who is about to marry into 15 million dollars.

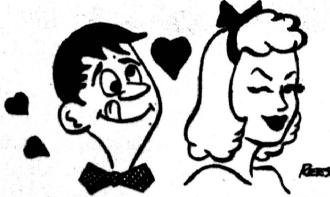
Some of the phrases used in these magazines would give Mr. Abuthnot a bad case of distemper. For example: "Our hearts soared aloft on the magic carpet of romance", "A cold wind swept my heart", "There was nothing to fear now from the dark depths of the past", "My heart bobbed like a leaf in the Autumn wind", "Searing words", "Consuming flame", "Veil of sadness", "Kiss seared my eager lips", and "My calculating vincer".

Oh, please, let's go back to, "Up, up, and away."



Love, Bah

Love is one of those intangible things, that is difficult to define. But, as most intangible things, it is simple to deny. For example, Matthew McAlpine of Australia snorted to reporters on his 50th wedding anniversary that only lunatics fall in love. He claimed that he had never been in



love himself. What did the spouse say? "My husband does the talking for me."

Love, Nah

Another example of love debunking is the statement of Disraeli, the great English statesman. He said, "I may commit many follies in life, but I never intend to marry for love." And, by George, he didn't!

Viewpoint

According to a German writer, pin-up girls are on the way out. This doesn't mean that cheese-cake will disappear from barrack walls and barber-shop calendars. The writer claims that American G.I.s have taken home a new concept of the ideal wife—the homey type will replace the pin-up beauty.



As proof of this he cites the increase of divorces in the U. S. since the end of the war. Now, the writer says, G.I. remembers "How cuddly was Lucie in Paris, how grateful was Grete in Berlin, how gay and undemanding was Marindl in Vienna, how thoughtful was Biangi in Rome and what a model of virtue was Mary in London." This is what Joe will expect from the frau in the future.

We're wondering about Joe who was in the Ubangi territory.

We Object

In the December issue of *Showme*, for the benefit of our staff writers, we objected to the story of the eight-year-old English lad who had a novel published. This month our objection is for the benefit of the entire student body.

The object of our gripe is the seventeen-year-old high school student who completed his four years of college in 30 hours at the University of Chicago. In 30 hours he went from High School to graduate work!

It's bad enough that we students are forced to contend with average raisers and friends of graders. We work and slave day after day to pound out an M in History of the Motion Picture. Perhaps we get an M plus; we're feeling pretty good. Then along comes this guy with his 30-hour superior college average and knocks hell out of our pink cloud.

We object!

Drop Dead

According to a newspaper report, President Truman is expected to get six threats against his life every day

in 1950. Now we ask you, is that right? After all, the President is an important man; he has dozens of Secret Service men to guard him—and he will only get six threats a day. That's hardly enough to notice.

We should all make a resolution to set down at least once a week and write the President a threatening letter. In no time at all the news would make the front page, the President would become a famous man and the Secret Service men would be working for their pay. It would also give congress a good excuse for holding an investigation and avoiding their work.

Naive

A so-called expert, J. P. Fanning, says that married couples are learning to "sleep alone and like it". The proof of this, according to J. P., is in



the sales of twin beds which has boomed since the war. The cold-feet-in-the-back stuff is dead, says J. P.—hubby and spouse like a bed to themselves.

Oh, come now, J. P.; people do need a bed for the guest room.

Woman's View

Since love, in most cases, involves both the male and female species, we thought we would consider some of the theories of origin of the human race—ignoring the usual Adam and Eve stuff. A prize theory was one from the Chinese.

This theory, called the analogy of clay and water, says that in the beginning woman was the water, sweet, pure, and clever; and a man was the clay, ugly, muddle-headed and bad tempered. It seems that the Almighty power took a handful of mud and molded man out of it. But the mud began to crack and fall to pieces. So water, woman, was added which made clay; this made everything beautiful.

It seems completely unnecessary to say that this philosophy was originated by a woman. She wrote it in the form of a poem and presented it to her husband who was giving the eye to another babe. Strange as it may seem, her doddering old man, with sugar daddy ideas, returned to the fold.

It's difficult for us to believe that any man, in his right mind, would return to his ancient spouse because she told him he was ugly, muddle-headed and bad tempered. But we must give both sides.

Both Sides

We're more inclined to accept gleefully the old Greek-Roman mythology theory of Prometheus and the fire. This one has clay in it too. Seems that Prometheus was dithering around with a chunk of clay one day and made man. He liked man so much that he decided to give him fire, the most precious weapon of the gods. This he did.

Jupiter, the big wheel of the gods, wasn't much enthused over the idea. In fact he had Prometheus chained to a mountain (See Life & Lit 40) and began digging around for a way to punish man. The way turned out to be woman.

This creature was called Pandora. The results of her creation are well known. In fact, every man in existence probably has his own opinion of the results. We'll refrain from mentioning any.



"I just tried to show her we could have fun without drinking or smoking."

Hot Stuff

We don't usually get commercial in this column, but we thought we'd pass on this good news to you true lovers of the New Orleans Jazz school. If you want to hear jazz at its finest, tune your radio to WWL (about 90 on the dial) at 9:30 on Sunday nights



and settle back for a solid hour of the real stuff.

The first half hour of the New Orleans Jazz Club is records of the greats. The second half hour is transcribed from the Parisian Room on Rue Royale in New Orleans and is the kind of stuff that shakes the room. The best part of it all is that there's no sponsors and no commercials. It's nothing less than great—

especially the guy who tears the place up with a regulation army bugle. Real hot!

Vice Squad

The Every-afternoon-bridge-and-four-corner-social-life Club of Read Hall took a staggering right to the choppers last month when they were politely but firmly booted from their home in the North Lounge. According to inside information they were, of all things, gambling! Tch.

Now, it seems, the bridgers can't play even if they bring their own paste-boards. Fanatics are now glowering in corner easy chairs while they consider appealing to Ely Culberson.

U. S. Citizen

Confusion was rampant in Chester, Pa. when the cops hauled a speeder into court. The lad with the heavy foot said that he was living in Chester, his car had Texas registration plates, his drivers license was from California, and his mailing address was in New Mexico. The object of confusion explained it all by saying that his folks lived in Florida.

Probably taking the long way home!

G. T. S.

candidly mizzou



LOVERS wishing inside information on what the girl friend looks like between dates may obtain same from the sandwich man who holds key to all sorority houses. The one-slice-between-two hawker ignores eager glances of surrounding beauty as he indifferently distributes his wares and makes mental notes. Possibilities of the job are numberless.

SINCLAIR ROGERS



SINCLAIR ROGERS

BATTLEGROUND brings Queuetopia to Columbia as students flock to hear "Nuts" and see the 'most photographed girl in France'. Topic of conversation returned to "this is the way we did it in Germany". Picture brought no noticeable increase in enlistments, but word has it that Hershey bar sales zoomed to a new peak.



K. K. NEVAR - SHOWME

YEARLY EVENT finds more students forced into hash of earning a living. With no speakers, class of '50 gains admirable distinction of meeting President Middlebush face to face. June class will see only well publicized face of Truman. With size of graduating classes decreasing, future classes may expect almost anything.

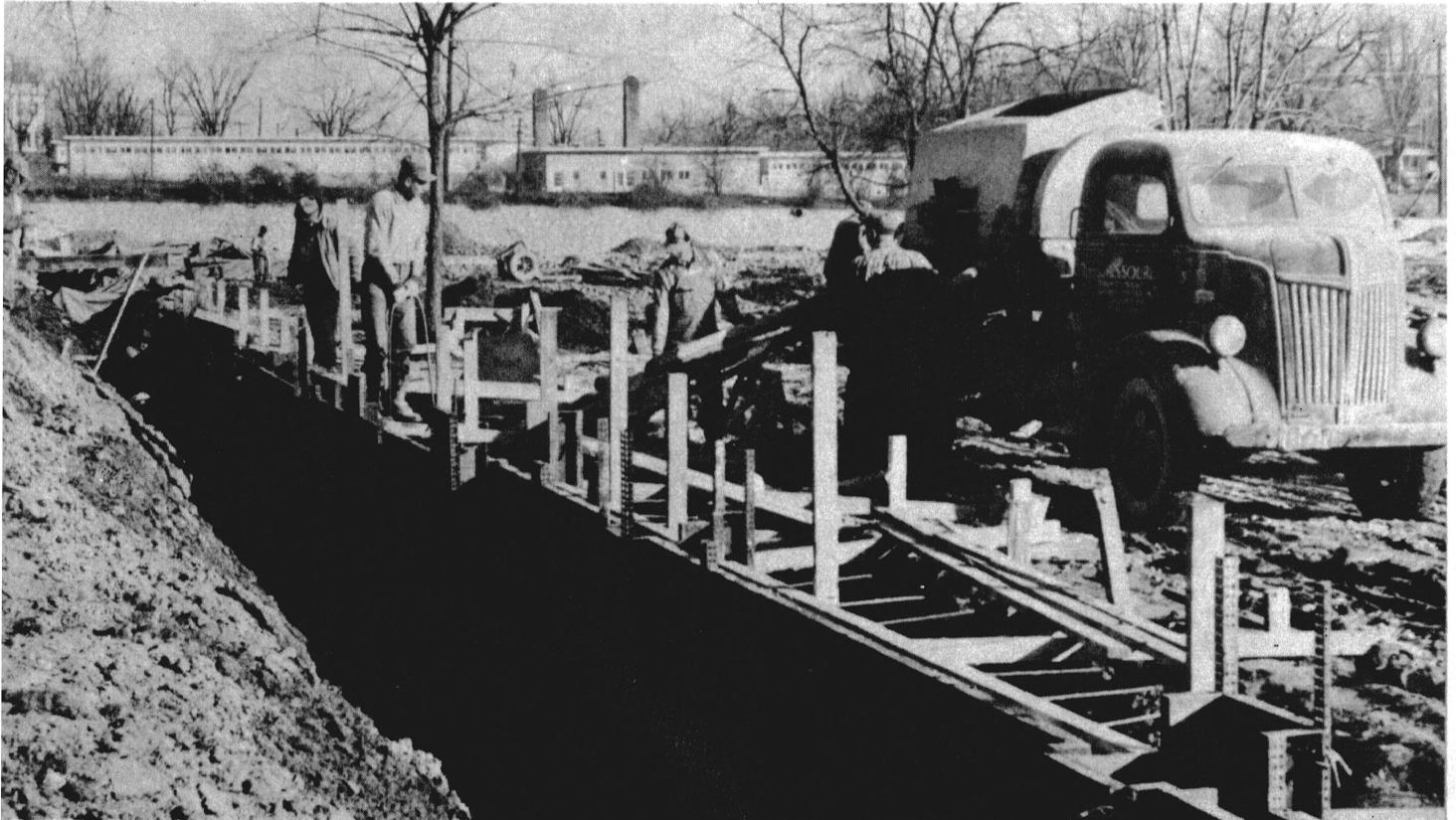


SINCLAIR ROGERS

WEAK STUDENT reply to Stewdent erroneously reported above photo. Old **Student** editor tells how he would have edited Stewdent while new **Showme** editor holds nose and old **Showme** editor recoils in horror. **Student** staffers chuckle obligingly.

BERT McNEIL

BATTLESHIP on wheels tours campus as students admire power and oldtimers recall days of prohibition. Owner claims car once belonged to Al Capone and dresses the part. Car is bullet proof but obsolete in Atomic Age.



SINCLAIR ROGERS

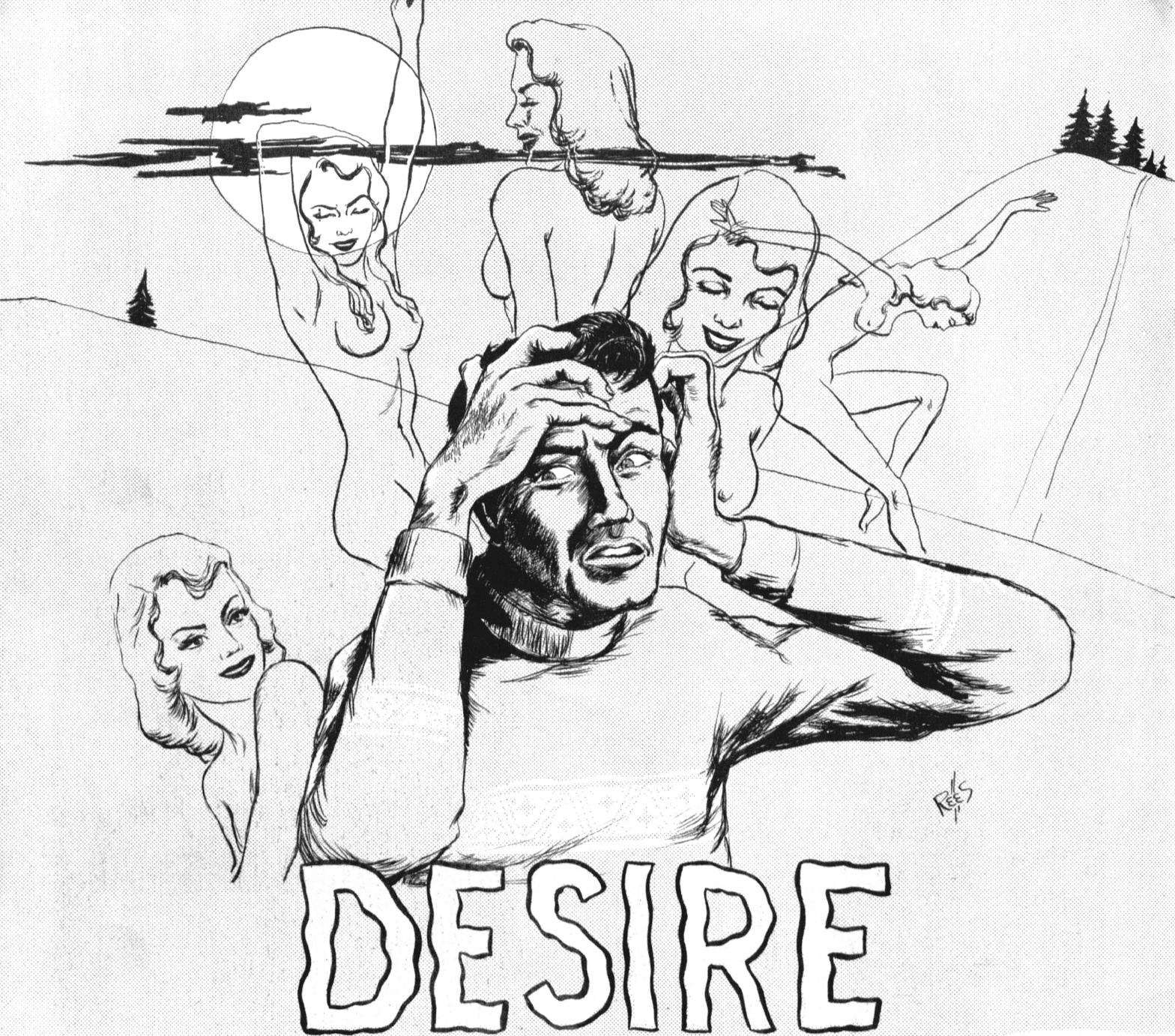
FEMALE ATHLETES burn as new Ag building takes shape over tennis court wasteland. Construction men work indifferently while girls study ping-pong and student politicians wonder whether another monstrosity will be created by a sudden appropriation cut. Question of the hour is what color will this one be? TD-6 sneers from background.

photo of the month



STOGIE CHEWING buddies made first pinning of the new season an occasion at the Sigma Phi Epsilon house by dressing celebrating lover in formal finery. The girl friend behind pin ogles while onlookers leer. Lucky lad tries a happy smile while holding down cane. Glee club sang after dinner while girls gagged on cigar smoke.

SINCLAIR ROGERS



by Colin Cross

**The trap worked perfectly, and she was his.
But it was pleasant to wait and torture himself
with desire.**

SHE WAS there again, moving swiftly across the field of glassy ice, her hair streaming back like delicate lines of water. Her body, a pale crystal of motion, glistened a soft blue in the startling brightness of the full moon. Lightly she leaped across the face of jagged rocks that broke the mirror-covered earth with a cruel

ugliness. The sculptured lines of her lithe, nude body arched in a rhapsody of passion as she abruptly stopped, and stretching toward the sky, embraced the stoic moon. For a moment she was motionless, and unreal part of an unreal scene, a flow of beauty risen from the ice that smothered Kinnis Mountain.

Then slowly, gracefully, she turned toward me, and again I realized the thrill of her magnificent perfection as I stood hypnotized by her beauty, scarcely breathing, unaware that anything existed but her. Her body seemed to absorb the rays of the moon, only to return them to space; a pale, shimmering translucence sur-

rounded her. Her hair moved slightly in the thin breeze and slid over her shoulder to blend with the etched curves of her firm breasts. Her arms were pushed somewhat behind her, accentuating the slender arch of her back and the rich curves of her waist and hips. Slowly her lips parted in a smile of sheer joy, a maddening smile of obeisance to nature and her wild magnificence. She smiled and she seemed to be smiling at ME!

Then she was gone, slipping swiftly, gracefully across the ice to disappear in the shadows of the vast, ageless mountain.

I turned from the window and slumped down into my bed. A great weakness seized me: my body was clammy with sweat beneath my clothing. I pressed my fists into my hot, burning eyes, trying to shut out the memory of what I had seen, the insane memory. But she continued to torture my mind. I could still see her; I could see every motion of her body as though she were dancing on the ice of my mind. My brain recreated in detail the lines of her body, like curves of a river seen from the cliffs of Mt. Kinnis. And surrounding her, as always, was the pale blue luminosity—the pale blueness of the ice that was her stage.

The breath rasped harshly in my throat; a violent chill overcame me, and I buried my face in the pillow.

II

It had been two weeks since I had left Michigan and entered Canada. My original plan had been to take the train to Kinnis, at the base of Kinnis Mountain, and ski to Wanik, some fifteen miles distant deep in the mountains. There I had intended to spend a few weeks, reveling in the company of no one but myself; and then ski back to Kinnis in time for the Winter Festival.

The weather had been perfect when I left Kinnis. There had been no snow for several days, the sun was bright and the snow perfect for skiing. I had spent most of the morning climbing Kinnis, taking my time and pausing occasionally to consider the pleasing panorama that spread beneath me as I moved cautiously upward. I skied for several hours, and just before sundown I stopped at one of the ski-havens, small cabins built at various points in the mountains for the use of travelers.

ILLUSTRATED BY
TERRY REES

I spent the time before sundown repairing some minor damage to the cabin and gathering extra fire-wood. I retired shortly after dark, hoping to make an early start in the morning.

I awoke in a universe of snow. It was a wet, sticky snow, falling too hard for me to continue my journey. I was not too disappointed, the cabin offered perfect isolation, which was my main goal; so I settled down for the day with one of the books which I had brought for just such a purpose.

By noon the snow had turned to rain, one of those rare, unhopd-for freaks of the weather. By ground was covered with a limpid coating of glass. It was that night that I first saw her.

She had come just as she had this night, running swiftly across the field outside the cabin, moving in rapid symphonic motions, dancing to the rhythm of nature. That had been three nights ago.

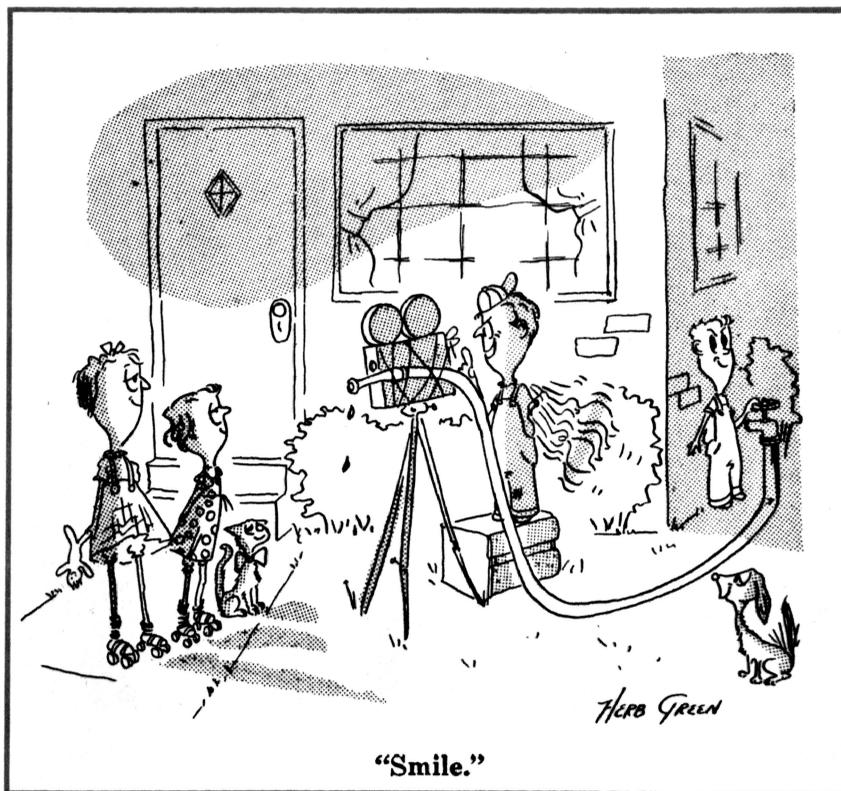
I had seen her, leaping gracefully through the bitter coldness of the night. At first I had been startled,

shocked at the utter fantasticness of it. Then the beauty of her body and movements had captured me completely so that I was unable to move, unable to speak. I had watched, and then she had gone; I had been overcome by a great weakness, the shattering weakness that comes with desire.

For three nights I had watched her dance with nature and make obeisance to the moon. And with each night my desire had grown, had burned inside me, tearing at my mind and filling my body with sickness of want. I had rejected all thoughts that she could not or did not exist, for then I would have had to reject my own sanity. It was difficult to understand the strange passion that had filled me; it was mad, and yet, it was real. Tonight I knew that I must do something—I must have her.

I spent the next day preparing a trap. I selected a large evergreen in the field near the cabin. I dug a shallow ditch, above which I constructed a roof of ice, carefully made by pouring water over a rude frame. When I finished, I had an ice cave, large enough to cover me and allow me to escape quickly. Carefully I covered any traces of my work and patiently waited for darkness.

(continued on page 20)





SEE the college men. They are friends. They get dates for each other. The man is saying, "The one on the left is your date." The other man is shocked. Soon he will be angry. Tomorrow they will not be friends.

dating primer for lovers



SEE the pretty girl. She is on a date. Her date has just asked her a question. She will say no. He will take her home.



THESE girls are on a date. They have just seen their date's wallet. They are very happy. They will get their dates drunk and roll them.



SEE the fraternity man. He is on a date. He is saying to his date, "Come up to my house and see my keys." He has no keys.



THIS is a college girl. She wants a date. She hopes the call is for her. It is for her room-mate. She will not give up. She will always answer the phone.



THESE students are trying to get a date. They are wearing the 'bold look'. They are standing in front of the Central Dairy. The man is saying, "Shout louder, I think she hears us." This is fun.



LOVE WITH MUSCLES

by Jerry Smith



The saga of the blind date continues. This one has biceps; move over, Jesse Owens.

SO I am peacefully sprawled across my sack, deeply involved in a study of the ceiling, when my buddy asks me if I will kindly join him in a double date. So I go on a blind date. So what the hell? Ain't there a ratio? Do I know what a blind date is? Ha. I know I am not getting a date with eyeless girls yet. I know it has got to be feminine—but it ain't; it's a blind date.

We enter into this quaint, rustic, mansion—me and my buddy. Two girls greet us. One has a shape; the other has a chest expansion. Do I know which one is mine? Ha! She makes wet liver out of my hand. I am not an anemic person, but I am feeling inferior as hell.

So I take her dancing. We could ride in a taxi—the place is only two miles this side of St. Louis. But my date must keep in form—such a form. Why she keeps it is beyond me. My buddy takes a taxi; I never see him again. We are walking. I am giving her the old gaff about the weather. She is conversing of the weather, too—it is hockey season. Do I know anything about hockey? Ha. So I learn. She is expounding lengthily on the Blackhawks. I decide they are the ones who fight Custer. I am deceived. Custer plays left guard for the Crimson Tide in 1896.

The pace is too rapid for me. My nicotine-saturated lungs are in agony. She is pushing for a new record in the two mile. She is making like Jesse Owen. Do I give up? Ha. Am I a quitter? Ha. She makes wet liver out of my arm. The conversation is now of the baseball category. Do I change the subject? She has arms like normal legs. I converse with her of baseball.

At last we make our appearance before this dance joint. I am exhausted, numb, beat—pooped. She is refreshed. I tug on the door with my last ounce of strength and fall down sixteen steps. Is it embarrassing to me because my date carries me to the table with one hand? Ha. There is not enough blood in my veins to make my face pink.

The waiter is hanging over me with a sneer on his face. My date informs me that she does not drink coke. It is bad for her form—such a

form. Beer she orders—with foam. We enjoy a lagging conversation so I converse of Beethovens Sixth. She is conversing of the fifth—the fifth round of the Graziano-Fusari fight. To this she adds demonstrations. Who is she demonstrating on? Ha. So I suffer because I don't wear a quilt or maybe a mattress.

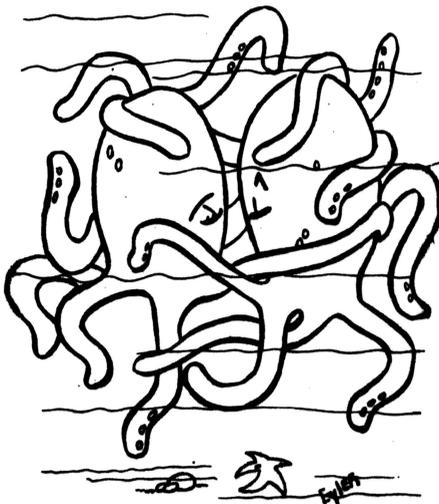
The juke-box is noisy. I decide that my body is more important than my two feet and request of my date, a dance. We are dancing. Does she



"Are you the one whose father owns a newspaper?"

make wet liver of my feet? Nonsense. I am not even stepping on my feet, She holds me seven inches above the floor. She hums in my ear. I grasp for breath—such a chest expansion. Now she whispers in my ear. I am learning the batting averages of the American League.

The juke-box issues forth with some jitterbug music. I am fighting madly but escape is impossible. She is demonstrating how Charlie Trippi goes through the left side of the Philadelphia Eagle line last year. What does she use for a ball? Ha. My lacings are coming undone. Do we score a touchdown? I am indifferent—unconscious.



When I come to, we are outside. My date is considering me at arm's length. She drops me and we take another walk. This time we are trying the three mile. I let her win to be polite—such a chest expansion.

There's a bench where I fall. I decide that bachelorhood is the goal of my ambitions. She is just warming up. We are necking, to say the least. I am clutching the bench. She is alternating between a Japanese strangle-hold, and a German hammer-lock. Something is weighting me down—such a chest expansion. She whispers in my ear. I am learning the batting averages of the National League.

So I take her home. She wins. The porch is dark; the moon is full; the night is young. With a girl it's a night for romance. So what am I doing? Ha. I am running like hell. This time I win. Move over, Jesse Owen.

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Everybody Likes Switzer's Licorice!

Switzer's

St. Louis

(continued from page 15)

Wrapped warmly in a blanket, I settled in the ditch and waited. In one hand I held a large roll of tape. My hands were gloveless to prevent clumsiness. It grew bitterly cold and a biting wind dashed against my hiding place. The moon moved high above the jagged brow of Kinnis. Occasionally I glanced at my watch, and rubbed my hands together to keep them from becoming stiff. Patiently I waited.

Suddenly I saw her. She seemed to rise from the ground, materialize from the darkness. She moved towards me, even more swiftly than it had seemed from the cabin. The gracefulness of her movements captured me and it was difficult to concentrate on the plan I had outlined in my mind. As she came closer her beauty seemed to reach out and surround me with a fervid warmth; I began to breathe heavily, sweat formed on my forehead.

Then she was before me. I leaped from my hiding place and threw my arms about her, pulling her close to me. Startled, she fought wildly and ineffectively, striking me with her

tiny fists. I held tight, squeezing her close to me. Her body thrashed violently. Suddenly she was limp.

I pulled her to the ground and quickly taped her arms and legs. She offered no resistance, but there was hurt and confusion in her eyes. Her skin was smooth, and when I touched it, a strange warmth ran through my hands.

Finishing the task, I gathered her into my arms and carried her to the cabin. She struggled vigorously but uselessly. Her lips moved mutely. I laid her on the floor and let my hands touch the clear flawless beauty of her skin. Again I felt that strange, pleasing warmth. Her eyes seemed to plead with me, though she no longer struggled. Quickly I bent down and kissed her lips; they were warm and smooth.

I stood up and walked away from her. I was filled with the exoric feeling of victory. She was mine now—mine. No longer would she torture me with her moonlight dance and her laughing lips. Now she was mine to do with as I pleased, and it was sweet to wait, to torture myself with desire that would be fulfilled.

I removed my coat and threw it on the bed. I walked to the window without looking at her. Sadistically I avorided her like a child saves the icing from a cake in order to inhance the enjoyment of it. She burned in my mind; my head pounded; the heat of the room was suddenly oppressive.

The night was quiet, showing no sign of the struggle that had taken place. The moon was full and I could almost see her dancing lightly across the world of ice, swaying to the song of desire, leaping and twisting. But now she was mine. The heat of my body burned my eyes. I could stand it no longer. I whirled and strode across the cabin. An overwhelming dizziness seized me, my skin seemed to contract painfully and I was cold, colder than I had ever been in my life. She was gone!

There on the floor lay two soggy bands of tape; across the rough boards ran a small rivulet of water. A searing pain ran thorough my hands. Slowly I lifted them and looked at the red, blistered skin—ice burns!

THE END

The
Sheraton
Hotel



Sponser of the Showme Queen Contest

Vote for Your SHOWME QUEEN

February 22, 1950 at Jesse Hall and Missouri Store

Meet the Five Finalists



Violet Richardson
Chi Omega



Barbara Goode
Kappa Kappa Gamma



Beverly Rotroff
T. D. 3



Sue Coker
Pi Beta Phi



Helen Forsee
Delta Delta Delta

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2. Escort — a handsome male.
3. An appearance on KSD-TV.
4. A stage appearance at the Fox Theatre.
5. Tickets to hockey, basketball game
6. An evening at the "Jug", a far

7. A full, sight-seeing tour of St. Louis.
pictures in the St. Louis newspapers.
to and from St. Louis by
"Convertible Convoy."

The winner of the Showme Queen Contest will be announced at the S.G.A. dance on Saturday, Feb. 25th.

... the "Hink" in winter,

LOVER'S SIBERIA



Hinkson Creek THIN ICE



SMOCCOOL
SMOCCOOL
SMOCCOOL
SMOCCOOL

YASH, WELL NOBODY TOLD ME IT WASH FORMAL

HERE DOGGY! NICE DOGGY! UP "KING", UP BOY! "KING"! KING! UP! UP UP ULP!



For Gump Oxy-Snow ANKX

HEY MAC! WHERED CHA GET YER ELECTRIC BLANKET?

PAL, THATS NO ELECTRI BLANKET.

EXCUSE ME, YOUR WIFE IS ON THE PHONE

HE THOUGHT HE HAD HIS LOVE TO KEEP HIM WARM

SURGENT REST-ON, AH PRESUMES

ILL FIND MIDDLEBUSH YET!

WHERES YOUR SLEEPING BAG WILLIE?

WHICH ONE?



HOW DO YOU MAKE SUCH BEAUTIFUL WOMEN?



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AND TODDIES! ONE BOTTLE
OF AIR-WICK WITH EVERY
STUDENT

MISSOURI
STORE
ANNEX

THIS CAN'T BE
SIBERIA!

I DON'T GIVE
A DAMN HOW THE
ESKIMOS DO IT!

YOU'RE
SAVED!

MIND YER
OWN ~~XXXX~~
BUSINESS!

WHERE
AM I?

SHE SAYS
SHE'S TIGHT

DAMN
RIGHT

KITE!
WHOSE FLY'N
A KITE?

DON'T GRILL
ME BIG
BOY!

FROSTY
MALTS, ROOT
BEER, TONIC!

HELP!

HE KNOWS A
STAG WHO
MIGHT!

MIGHT
HUH! I
KNOW A
STAG WHO
WILL!

ME
HONGRY!

CHOU FLUNK
DOMKOPF! IT'S
A STALACMITE

DAMNED
AMATEURS!

HEY PROF.
I FOUND A
STALACTITE

WE WERE LOST
ON A GEOLOGY
FIELD
TRIP LAST SPRING

I'M SOO
TIRED

GLUKES-STITE!

THE NORTH POLE
WAS NEVER
LIKE
THIS

GLUKES-STITE!

HEY FELLAS
A FIGHT!

FIGHT!

SURE IS
CONVENIENT
FERUSH DRUNKS

AT'S
ERIC
T!

Harold Knapp

ENJOY

Frozen Gold

CREAM OF CREAMS

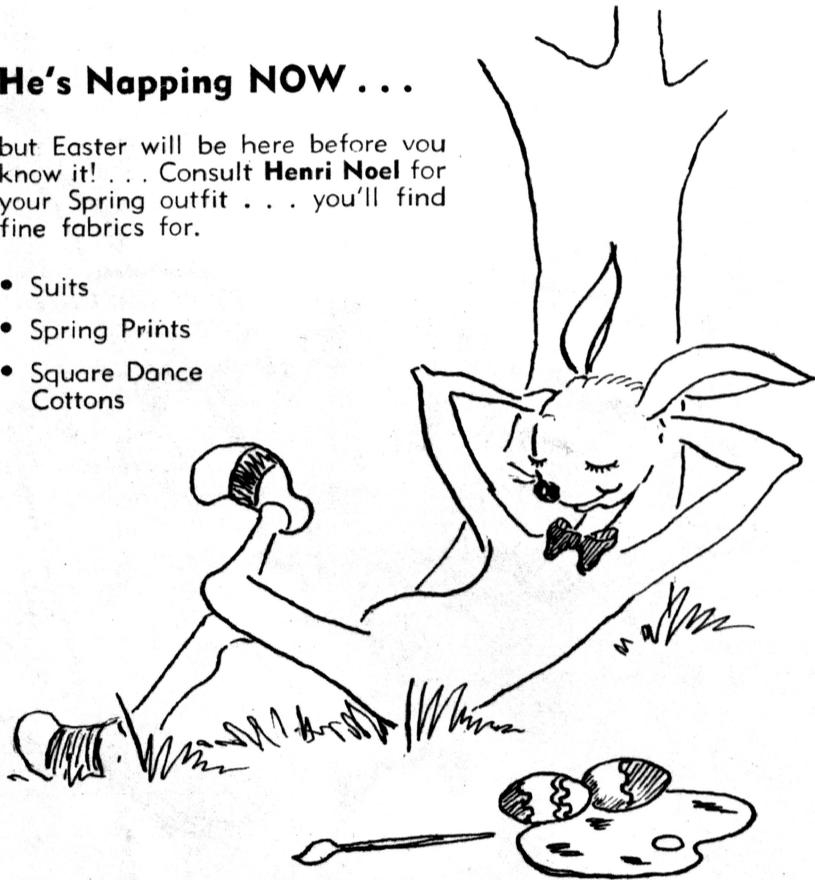
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"I'm entered in two contests—one for the most beautiful back and the other for the most beautiful bust."

"Aren't you excited?"

"I hardly know which way to turn."

* * *

He: "Darling, I'm groping for words."

She: "Well, you won't find them there!"

* * *

A serious thought for today,
Is one that may cause us dismay,
Just what are the forces
That bring little horses
If all of the horses say, "Nay"?

* * *

A modern girl has legs by Stine-
way, a body by Fischer, and necks
by the hour.

* * *

I had sworn to be a bachelor,
She had sworn to be a bride,
But I guess you know the answer,
She had nature on her side.

* * *

It's a great life if you know when
to weaken.

* * *

Professor: "Will you men in the
back of the room please stop ex-
changing notes?"

Student: "They aren't notes, sir,
they're cards. We're playing bridge."

Professor: "Oh, I beg your pardon."

* * *

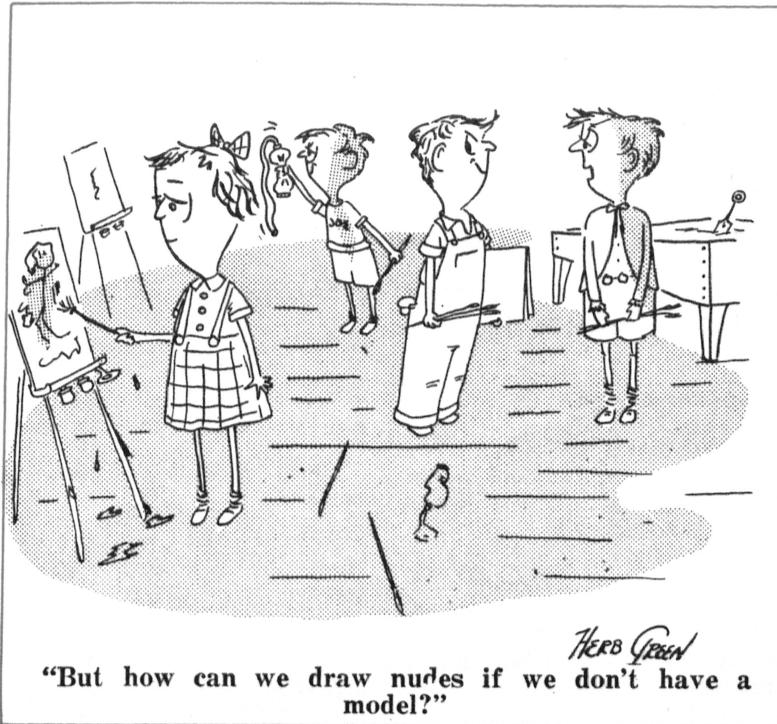
Admiral Perry gives a lot of credit
for the discovery of the North Pole
to his dog.

* * *

When women go wrong, men go
right . . . after them.

* * *

As one rabbit said to another,
"You've had it."



The more I see of the Hinkson the
more I gather
That the study of botany and anatomy
are inseparable, and go together.

Spike

Your singing voice with just one fault
Is surely laudable
Too bad that single fault is that
It's audible.

Spike

The horse and mule live 30 years
And never know of wines or beers.
The goat and sheep at 20 die
And never taste of Scotch or rye.
The cow drinks water by the ton
And at 18 is mostly done.
The dog at 15 cashes in
Without the aid of rum or gin.
The cat in milk or water soaks
Then at 12 it drops and croaks.
The modest, sober, bone-dry hen
Lays eggs for nogs, then dies at ten,
All animals are strictly dry,
They sinless live and swiftly die.
But sinful, ginful, rum-soaked men
Survive for three score years and ten,
And some of us a mighty few,
Keep drinking 'till we're 92.

A perfumer marooned in Fiume
Burnt a broom to illumine his room:
The flames rose with a flash
Which reduced him to ash,
Now his tomb spumes with fumes of
perfume.

T. M. N. A.

An impoverished writer named Scott,
Said, "Riches and wealth I have not,
No flashy new cars
Nor portable bars,
But I think that Frank Luther Mott."

T. M. N. A.

A devil-may-care pair of bares
Braved the lair of a bear on a dare;
'Twas a risk, I agree,
But they wanted to see
What a bear bare of hair cared to
wear.

T. M. N. A.

A scheming and shrewd renegade
A solemn lass tried to persuade:
Though she fought and resisted,
The foul cad persisted,
And made the staid maid, I'm afraid.

T. M. N. A.

Lipstick

I give you a tissue,
After I kissue!

Ronni



"I hope you didn't get all dressed up, Floyd."

Knit One - Purl Two

by LeRoy Wharton

A page torn from the case-book of Shortlock Hams, private detective.



I'M A PRIVATE dick, see? My name is Shortlock Hams, and I'm a rough guy to fool around with. My business is murder. I also like to crochet. Knit one, purl two.

I was knitting a sweater for my side-kick Roscoe Gunn, yesterday, when the office phone rang. I would have taken my feet off the desk if I'd had a desk. They took it back a couple of days ago. They were coming after the telephone today.

I set my ball of yarn down beside the box I was sitting on. They took my chair when they came after the desk.

"Yeah?" I muttered acidly into the mouthpiece. I make it a practice not to be too friendly with my clients.

A voice bounced back at me. "Is this the Ham's Detective Agency?" It was a woman's voice.

"Yeah," I replied dryly. I can take or leave women, too. I stuck a fag in my mouth, scraped my forefinger on the wall and lit it. The fag, I mean.

"I need help," the voice continued. "I'm expected to be murdered tonight." Sobbing.

"Yeah?" I don't believe in getting to damn familiar with them until they have crossed my palm with the filthy green folding stuff some people call money.

Suddenly, I heard a scream over the wire and something that sounded like gun-fire and then dead silence. Sixteen and one-half seconds later a man's voice said, "She was wrong, bub—she ain't expecting anymore." The line went dead in my hands. I can't stand anything that's dead so I cast the phone through the window.

I could have sworn there was a window there.

I went back to my yarn and needles. The door opened. It was Roscoe Gunn, my side-kick.

"Does excitement abound?" he asked, tossing his slouch-hat in the general direction of the hat-rack. Groaning, he said, "What happened to our hat-rack?"

"Them dirty dogs came and got it," I said, sticking another fag between my lips. "You got a match, Roscoe?"

"No."

"Well, I guess that settles that," I said secretively. Our conversations must be carried on in absolute privacy.

"How in the hell did you get in here?" I asked.

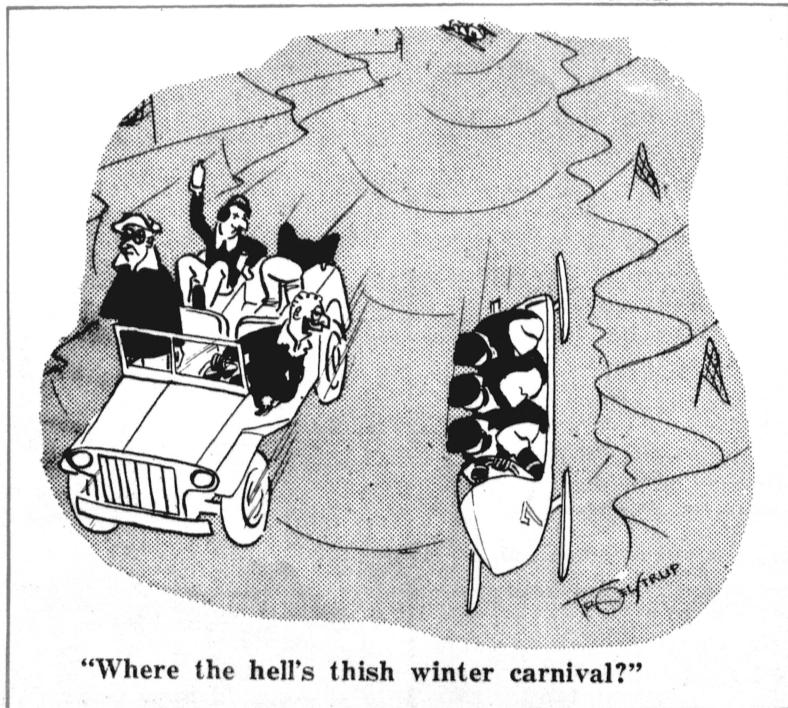
"Why, through the door," he answered.

"That's odd," I reflected, knit one. "Especially so when we ain't got no door."

Roscoe sucked in his lower lip, thoughtfully. "By God," he stated matter-of-factly, "that's right, ain't it?"

"Haul up a crate and sit," I said, purl two. "I have some things I want to talk over with you."

"Roscoe," I began, looking at him straight in the eye, which was a feat in itself if you could do it. He was cross-eyed as all hell. "Roscoe, I just received a phone call from a lady; while she was talking someone shot her from behind."



"Where the hell's thish winter carnival?"

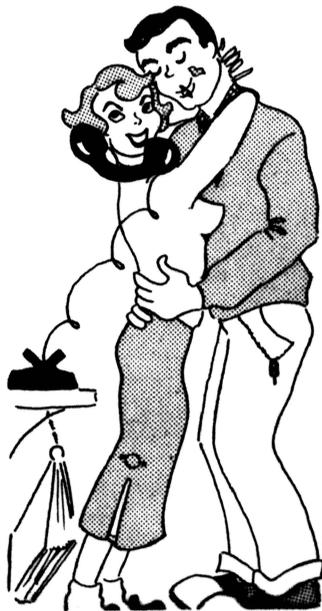
"What did the man's voice sound like?" Roscoe queried, whittling idly on a match.

"I thought you didn't have a match."

Roscoe's face broke out in sweat. "I . . . I didn't think I did have." He tore nervously at his collar.

"Why did you kill the woman?" I said to him, knit one, purl two.

Roscoe ripped his shirt off his back and tore it into tiny shreds. He kicked his shoes from his feet and shoved them skiddingly across the room.



"Go on, darling, why of course I'm listening."

I had him trapped. He pulled tufts of hair out of his head, his eyes rolling idiotically in their respective sockets.

"Why did you do it?" I repeated, glaring into his wet face and handing him a towel.

Gratefully, he licked my hands.

I pulled my thirty-eight out of my shoulder-holster and pointed it point-blank into Roscoe's facial expression. I toyed with the trigger.

Roscoe broke into hysterical sobs. He dropped his head between his knees and bawled loudly. "She was a devil, I tell you, she was a devil!"

(Continued on Next Page)

Variety of Pop Corn For Any Occasion

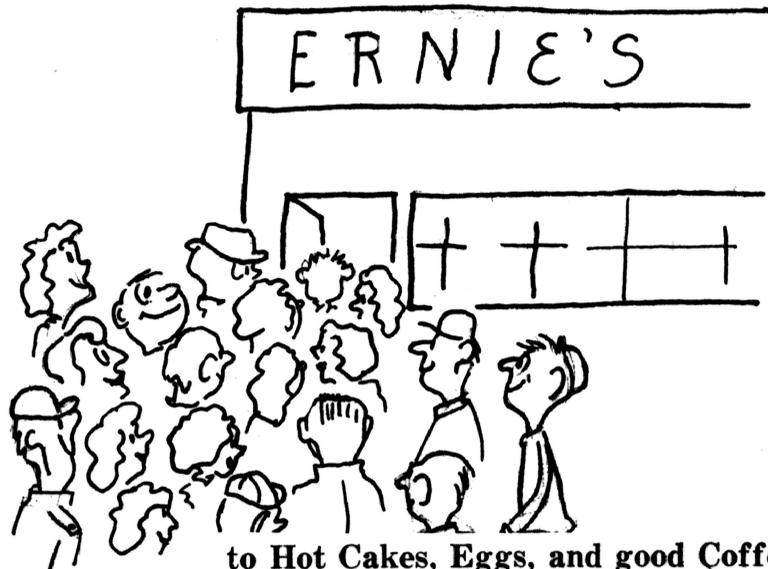
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- Caramel Apples
- Caramel Corn
- Cheese Corn



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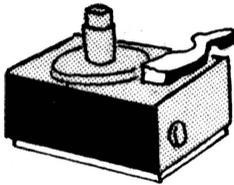
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"No excuses," I said and pulled the trigger. The rod coiled slightly and the front of Roscoe's head caved in.

Oddly enough, my thirty-eight wasn't even loaded. I dismissed this from my mind and shoved his body out of my way, knit one, purl two.

As I've told you before, a private eye has got to be tough. He's got to have guts. And guts is what I've got plenty of. Guts. Ugh!

I climbed the stairway to the ground floor and made a dramatic exit through a revolving door. I was in the revolving door, revolving, for exactly twenty-eight minutes. A man in my business has to keep tab on time. That's the reason I knew it was twenty-eight minutes; it would have been simpler if I'd have had a watch. Knit one, purl two.

I was shocked to see the snow which had blanketed the streets.

I stopped an innocent pedestrian on the sidewalk by tripping him politely into the snow with my foot. "What month is this?" I kicked his ribs in, playfully.

"February," he replied and we shook hands, neither of us trusting ourselves to speak. The pedestrian limped down the street, still waving goodbye with his good arm. I had goodnatureedly broken the other one.

"February," I said to myself. "I must have been up in the office longer than I thought. Six months longer than I thought, as a matter of fact." Knit one, purl two.

THE END

Rastus was wondering about the meaning of the word "propaganda" which he had seen used quite a bit, and decided to ask his wife for help. "Mandy," she said, "What dis here word 'propaganda' mean?" "Well," she replied, "You know that when I was married to my fust husband I had threé children, and by my second husband I had two more. All of which goes to prove that I is the propah goose, but you ain't the propah gandah."

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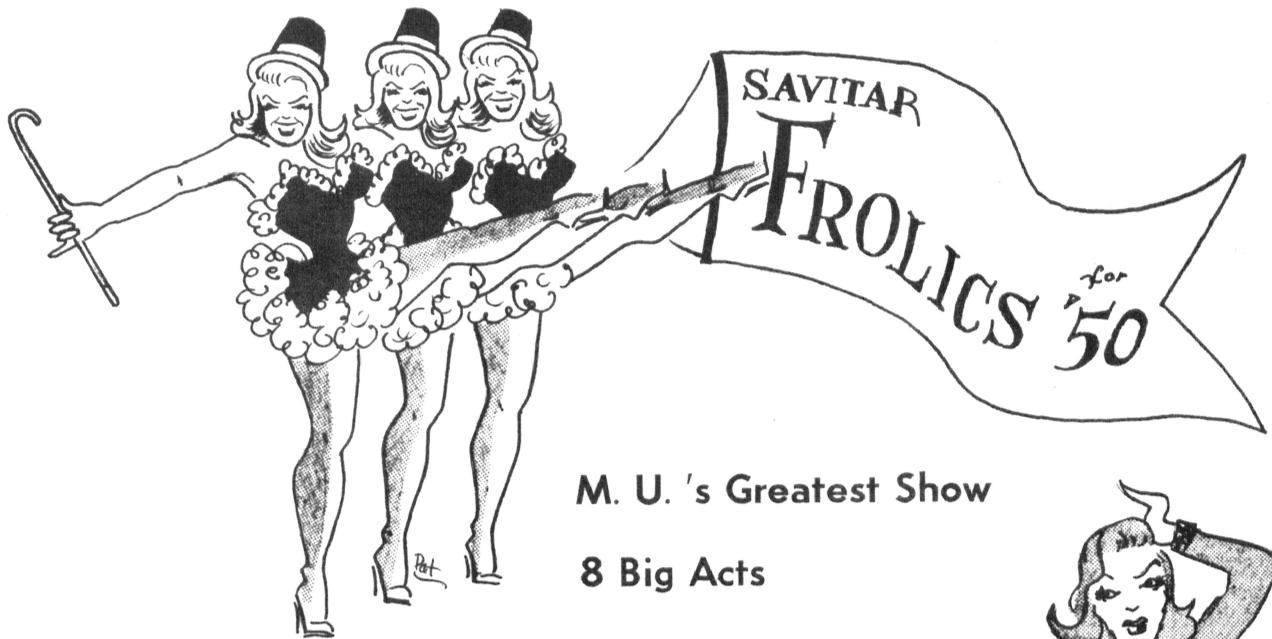
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THE GREAT LOVER?

by Don Smith

When your room-mate tells of his love affairs, perhaps you wonder. Read and learn.



HE SAID:

Did I make out! Brother, didn't you see and hear me? I could hardly get away from her at the front door. Jeez, I thought she was going to drag me right in with her. What a babe! She went for me like a ton of bricks, thought I was the greatest thing to come into her life since her Momma told her. Boy, you can get me all of those you can. Bro . . . ther. She said she wanted to see me all she could, and there wasn't anybody going to beat her time or you know what. Gonna follow me around like a little dog. And eager! Man, I mean she was all over me like a coat of paint.

Jeeze, you must have heard her up there in the front seat. She was panting and carrying on like crazy. Boy, that's the kind I like. And did she go for me! All I had to do was breathe down her neck a few times and wowie! That's what I like about those small town babes; they love clinches like a dying heavyweight. And passionate! Check the shape my hair is in. She was running her fingers through it till I thought I was going bald.

You must have seen us when we were dancing. Boy, if she was any closer she would have been dancing with the guy behind me. Look at the shape the front of my coat is in. And did she have her eye on my pin! I guess that's all these babes think about. She's pretty gone on me too, told me she wanted to hear from me real soon.

She's some sucker for a line. I told her a few smooth ones, and she didn't know if she was coming or going. I really like her too. Only

thing is, she's too eager. I can't stand these pushovers. I'll probably let her drop. Or maybe let her sweat me out for a while, and then call. Or . . . Oh, what the hell. What do you mean, I'm talking kind of funny? I just burned my tongue on some hot coffee, that's all. Like I was saying. . . .

She said:

Quick! Lock the door in case he tries to follow me and break in. What an animal! I can still feel his breath on my neck. And those hands, dozens of them. I swear he had two friends helping him. Listen, Mabel, if you fix me up with one more of those octopuses, I'm going to draw the line. I don't care if he is your boyfriend's roomo. He's a fiend, and I'm going to carry a gun on the street as long as I know he's on the campus.

Look at these bruises! What in the hell will my mother say when I go home next week? I won't be able to wear a low-cut dress for a week. And furthermore, why didn't you do something? You must have been dead in the front seat not to have heard all the scuffling.

I swear he was all over me like a coat of paint. I won't ever be able to bend this elbow again. That's the trouble with those St. Louis boys; they watch the wrestling on television too much. That guy had more fancy grips than a porter at Union Station. Just look at this bruise under here.

My God! First he pinned me in the corner of the seat, then he started leaving tooth marks all over my neck, me with my displaced back from his dancing. Look, I've got the impressions of his coat buttons all over my



"Watch out for the poison ivy."

stomach. And look where his pin was. My goodness! Anyway, he was chewing away and I was biting back, but in self defense, I assure you, and then he tells me he's in love with me. I yell in pain, and to him we're *engaged*. Thank God for my high heels.

Why didn't you at least turn around and see what all the yelling was about? Some friend! When I finally did bite him back he yelped like a stuck hog. I know he won't be eating anything but oatmeal for a while, but that's a hell of a thing to try on the first date. Like I said, if you ever try to get me a date with another one, it'll be the last time for Him, Me, and You! Like I was saying. . . .



A girl who knows all the answers has been asked all the questions.

* * *

How does aeronautics explain the fact that some girls with the most streamlined figures offer the most resistance?

* * *

Illinois tests have shown that alfalfa seeded in mixture with orchard grass and with brome grass increased yields of forage and animal gains over seedings of brome grass and of orchard grass alone. . . .

Well, I'll be damned! ! !

* * *

Two roosters were caught in a deluge of rain. One ran for the coop, while the other made a duck under the porch.

* * *

"Uncle, what's a bachelor?"

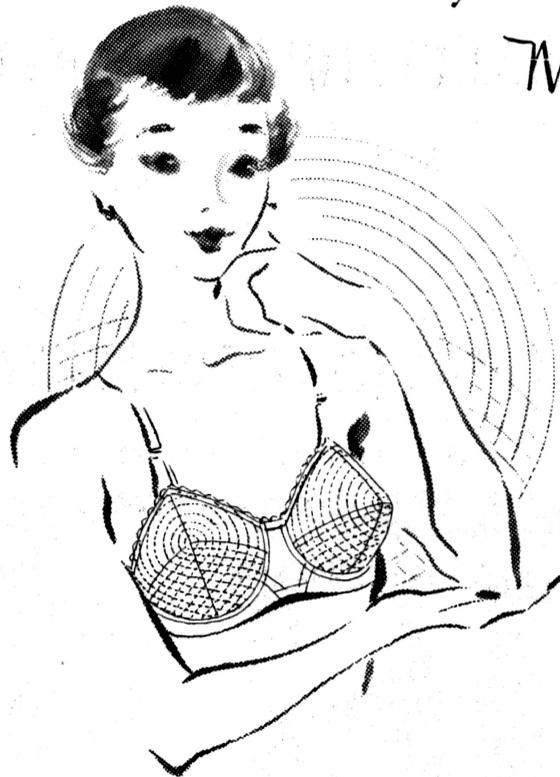
"Junior, a bachelor is a man who didn't have a car when he went to college."



Hi-A...

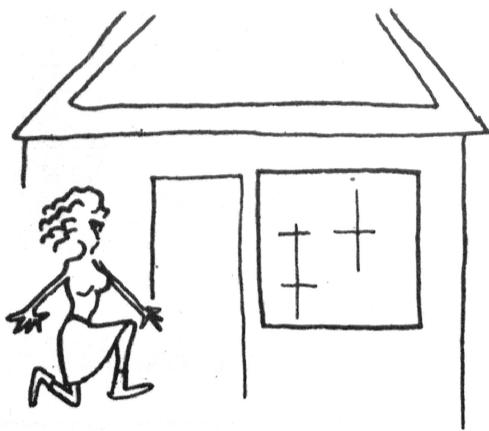
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Just a Step From Campus**

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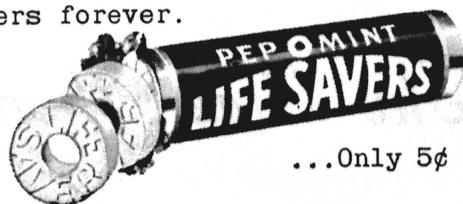
Open 8 a. m. to 6 p. m. and 8 p. m. to 10 p. m. Daily
Except Friday and Saturday
5 p. m. to 7 p. m. Sundays
700 Conley

HISTORY REWRITTEN

WHAT JOHN ALDEN TOLD PRISCILLA



Marry me and I will promise you
Life Savers forever.



...Only 5¢

headline-haSH

Columbia Missourian

Square Dance Clubs
Pick Kings, Queens
PG TWO DUROC

Too damn duroc if you ak us.

Miss L . . . Given Dinner
By Sorority Sisters

Finally paid her dues, huh?

Stamp Booklet Issued
By Postal Department

New field for them.

Tucker Acquitted
Would Try Again

No use throwing away a good thing.

St. Louis Globe Democrat

Sudden Death is Usually
Preceded by Warning Pain

That helps a hell of a lot.

Auto Research Strives
To Increase Demand

Does that mean the war is over?

Everybody knows what a WAC is
(or was), but only a favored few
know the meaning of a WOC. (It's
something you thwow at a wabbit.)

* * *

Slippery ice—very thin;
Pretty girl—tumbled in;
Saw a fella—on the bank;
Gave a shriek—then she sank;
Boy on hand—heard her shout;
Jumped right in—pulled her out;
Now he's hers—very nice;
But she had—to break the ice.

* * *

"Dere goes dat Lindy Jackson wid
her ten children. She sho' do look re-
pugnant."

"Lan sakes alive! Again?"

LIFE SAVER JOKE CONTEST

Submit your favorite joke and
win a carton of assorted **Life
Savers**. Entries should be ad-
dressed to: **Showme**, 304 Read
Hall, Columbia. The winning joke
will be published each month.

The Place Where Students Go



You can enjoy the best Beer, Dancing and Shuffleboard

Your choice in bottle beers or Stag beer on tap for a dime . . . dance anytime to hit tunes . . . sometimes a Jam Session . . . and shuffleboard on modern tables.

Bring your date to the Den for a big evening of fun

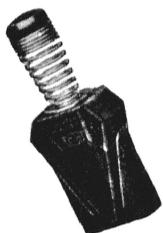
You can have a fun evening any night you come down to the DEN . . . for your dancing pleasure you and your date can go into the CAVE . . . Reservations are accepted for the CAVE for Monday evenings . . . try it next Monday.



The Den is open from 2 p. m. until 1:30 a. m. Sevendays

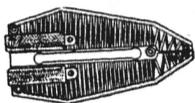


You can get your iron expertly repaired in our service department



plugs

cords



elements

American Beauty
Manning, Bowman

Sunbeam



Edgar's

MAYTAG

1013 E. Bdwy. Phone 7404



SWAMI REPORTS:

On Small Town Date

by Fred Shapiro

WE BUMPED into Swami the other week in a moment of great moroseness.

"Oh hi, Swami," we said, "you know any cure for a broken heart?"

"What are your love troubles," he asked.

"Gosh, Swami, we said, "we just discovered that women are fickle."

"You're just discovering that?" he said.

"Yes," we answered, "and the hard way too. We just found that our steady coed has another, the Christian girl we love doesn't love us, and the Stephens' Susie we take out on the side goes out with other guys

occasionally."

"Yes lad, I know it's tough, but I'd rather have it that way than when I was an assistant to an assistant legend down here many years ago," Swami said.

"Yeah?" said we anticipating one of Swami's fabulous stories, "well, we gotta go."

It was too late, though, for he had us trapped so we sat down to listen.

"It seems," he said, "that this girl had this mad crush on me. She had seen me around the campus a few times and had made various and sundry inquiries concerning my name, age, et cetera, and evinced a definite desire to meet me. I knew who she



PAT KILPATRICK

"But baby, who else can offer you 2,000 bottle caps?"

was and was all in favor of it. She was a very pretty young thing of mixed parentage, (male and female) and she was a lot of fun. Anyhow, I finally let this girl have the pleasure of meeting me once and what does she do but invite me up to her home over a week end. I forget the exact month but I do remember that Friday was the thirteenth of whichever month it was. She had finished her last class and was ready to go at two o'clock, as was I. Then her father showed up.

"I still remember that horrible moment. He gave me a fishy look for a minute after she'd introduced us and then shook my hand. I was lucky, I suppose, that he only broke two fingers. However, nursing my injuries, I got into the buggy and we made the long trip west to her home.

We arrived there just in time for dinner and, as a matter of fact, I was starving. When we pulled up at the house, I leaped out, grabbed my bag and rushed into the dining room to meet the girl's mother.

After the necessary introductions and a few "now where in the hell do you suppose she could possibly have dug up this imbecile" looks at her husband, the girl's mother invited me to set and eat. I did so with my usual dainty appetite, narrowly failing to eat the family out of house, home, icebox and pantry.

After the meal, of course, I looked all around for some cool refreshing beverage, and just to show my laxity, I was willing to settle for anything from absinthe to a zombie. I wound up with a glass of root beer. "Oh well," thought I, "after dinner we can go out and see the town, and maybe even revel in the saloons. So what did we do after dinner? We went to an ice-cream parlor and sat. Then we went to a beer parlor but she wouldn't go in, and she didn't drink anyhow, so we went back to the ice-cream parlor where we sat out the evening. More fun. I damn near died from boredom.

Saturday morning, though, things were different. The family made it plenty lively and really provided me with some excitement. They all sat around and gave me dirty looks. Saturday afternoon, the girl and I went

(continued next page)

THE BOWLING PALACE

Columbia's Newest
and Most Modern
Recreation Center
open play everyday at

THE BOWLING PALACE

Start the New Term Right
Look Sharp and Bright!



+Two Day Service

SUDDEN SERVICE CLEANERS

114 South Eighth, Phone 3434

Stag

BEER

GRIESEDIACK WESTERN BREWERY CO. BELLEVILLE ILL



You + Date + Music + Dancing



+ Your Favorite Beer + Free Popcorn

ALL = A GOOD TIME AT

Golden Campus

Underneath the Bowling Alley within walking distance
Dial 3358

QUESTIONS

- A** An arrow and then a constellation
Plus hearty will give you my appellation.
- B** The stork, 'tis said, has two legs—no more,
Yet here it seems to wind two into four.
- C** Take these ingredients: "to heat and spice,"
When added to "taverns" I show in a trice.

ANSWERS WILL APPEAR IN THE
NEXT ISSUE OF YOUR MAGAZINE

Chesterfield

RULES FOR CHESTERFIELD HUMOR MAGAZINE CONTEST

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

LAST MONTH'S ANSWERS & WINNERS

- A** FRANK CAPRA. Honest or without guile is "frank." A beautiful isle, Capri, with a change of a vowel, gives Capra.
- B** CROSBY. Crops of the birds are "crows;" and insect that hums is "bee." Run them together and you have CRAWSBEE (CROSBY).
- C** SEA, SEE, C. The "Sea" of Green Sea, the "See" in the phrase "See Bing in his latest Picture," and the C. of "S. C." WINNERS...

for a little ride in the buggy. When we got back the family gave us both dirty looks. Saturday evening, back to the ice-cream parlor.

Sunday, though, things got tough. I got up early, went downstairs and was met by her father.

"Son," says he, "and I call you son because whether you know it or not, you're nearly in the family, son, what are your intentions?"

"Huh," I said.

"In other words, boy, when is the wedding coming off?"

"Whose wedding?"

"In this town, boy, when a girl brings a man home to show her folks, it only means one thing. They're engaged."

"Yip," said I.

"Well, boy, when?" said he, glancing toward his .45.

"I'll let you know in a minute," I said, walking out of the room, picking up my suitcase, and walking out of the house and back to Columbia. And that, fortunately, was that.

"Swami," we said, "You lead a tough life."

"Yes," he said sadly. "Now let me tell you about the big-city date I had in St. Louis."

"Proceed," we said, edging carefully toward the nearest exit. We had a small town date in Columbia in one hour.

THE END

CHESTERFIELD CONTEST

Please mail your entry to this month's contest and be sure to include a **Chesterfield wrapper**. The ten bearing the earliest postmark will win the Chesterfields. Address: **Showme**, 304 Read Hall, Columbia.

LAST MONTH'S WINNERS

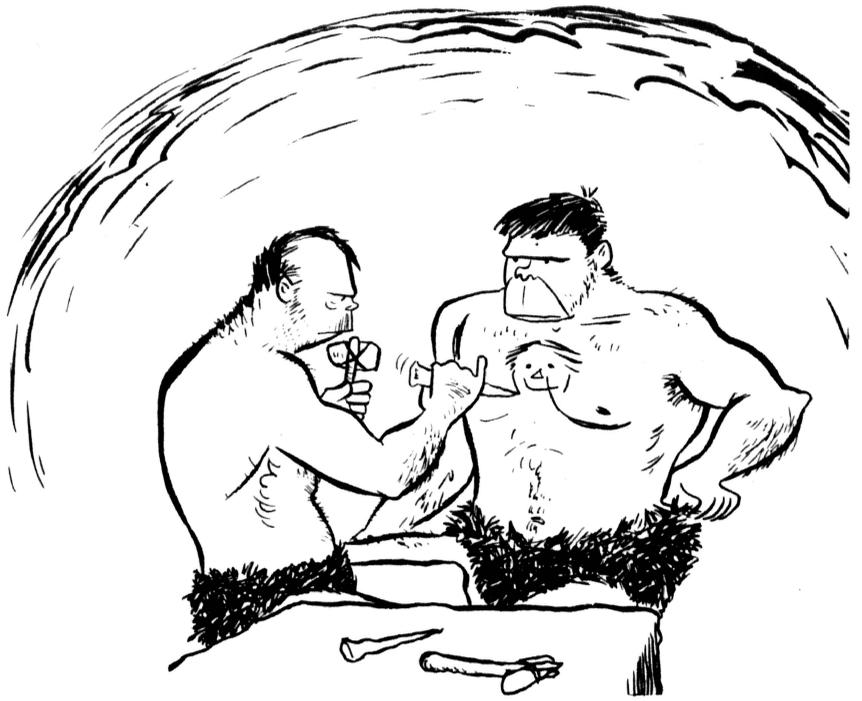
Ben Ornburn
Edward C. Smith
Audrey Kasse
William Turk
Jeanne Bottoms
Marybelle Dailey
J. B. Gillerman
Laurette Burnette
Dan McDermott
Shelly Science

Winners should report to 303 Read Hall for their Chesterfield Carton.



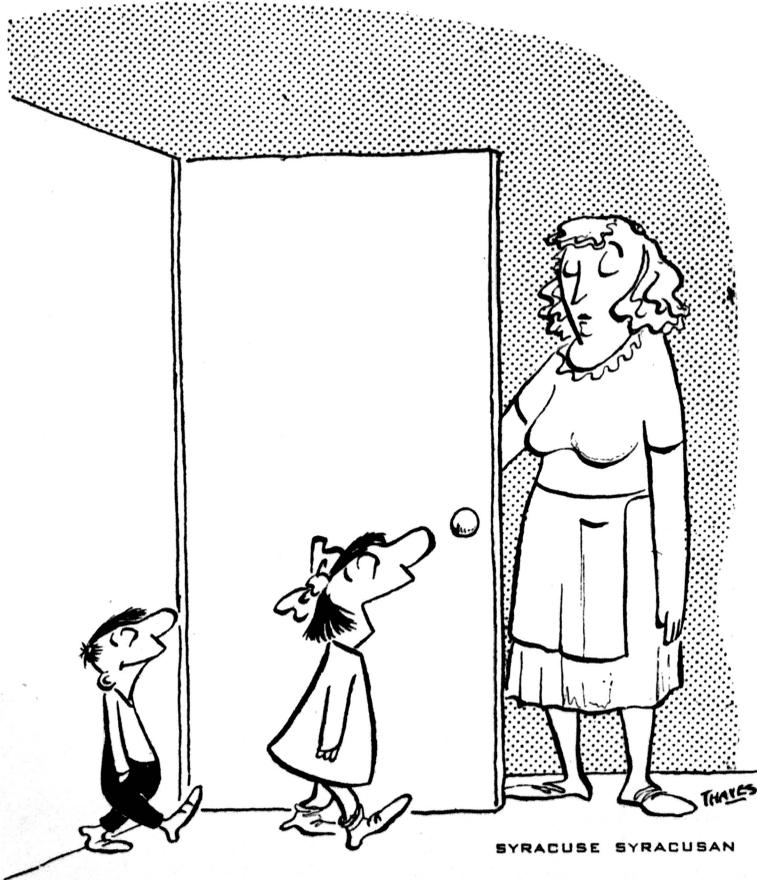
MINN. SKI-U-MAH

Easy now! Easy! It's only her
dirty laundry!



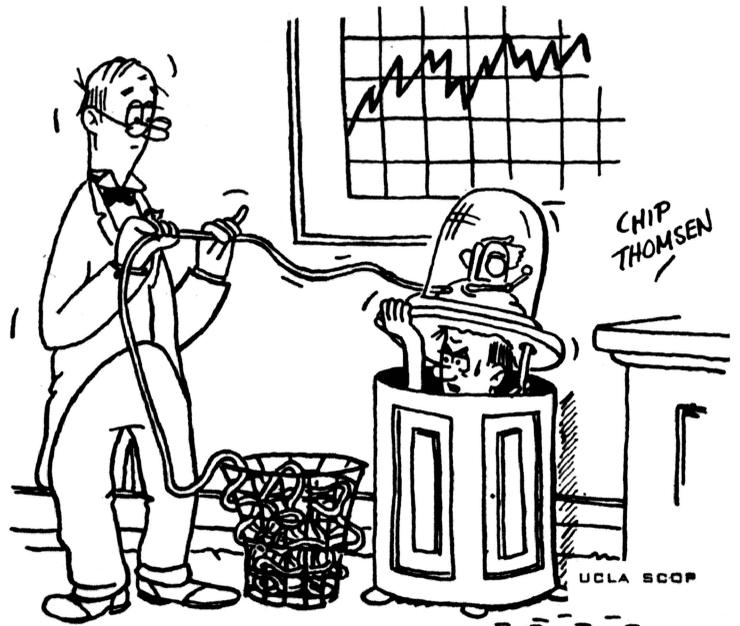
DUKE 'N' DUCHESS

filched



SYRACUSE SYRACUSAN

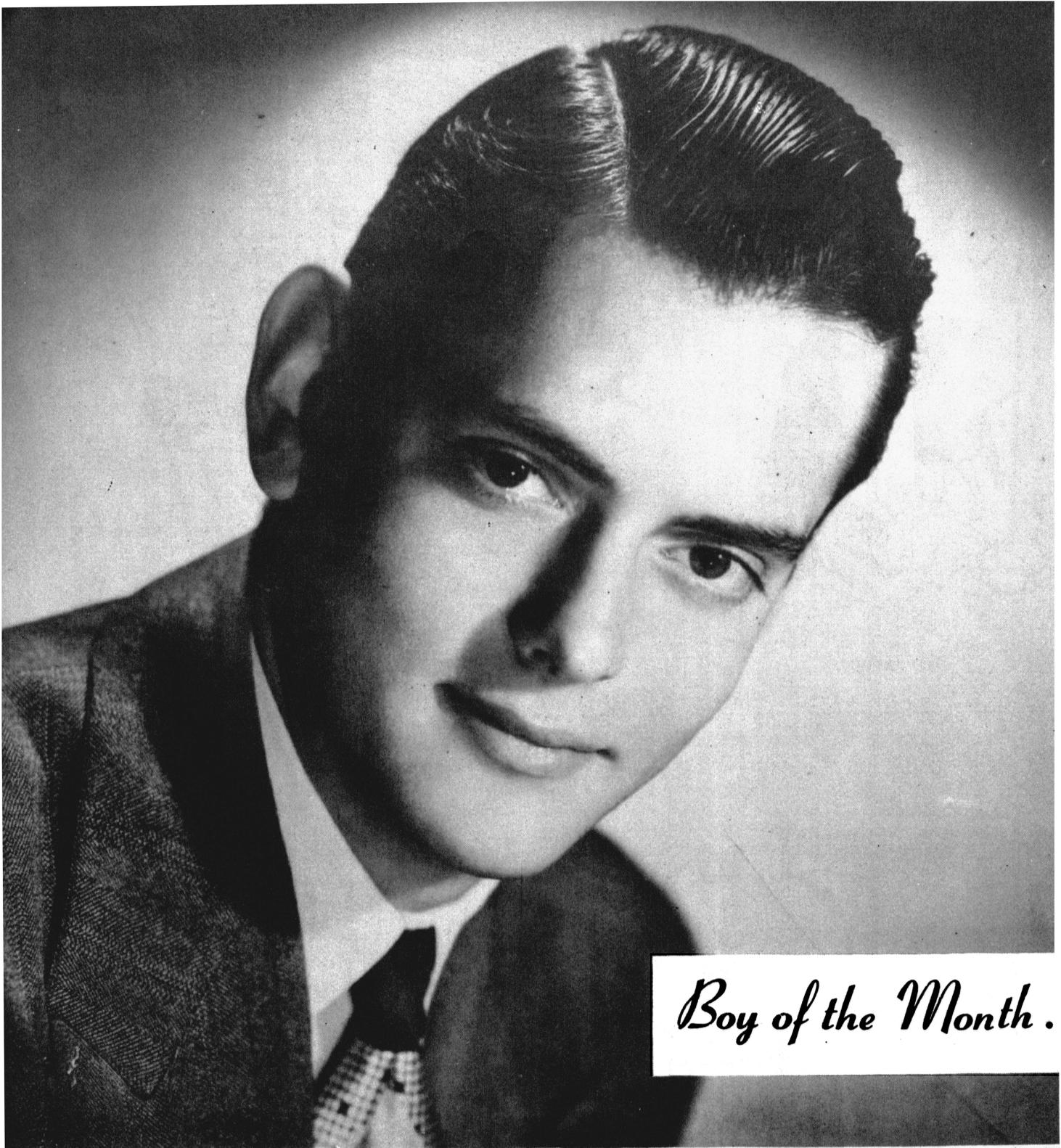
"He followed me home — can I keep him?"



CHIP THOMSEN

UCLA SCOP

"Quit yanking damn it! I'm typing as fast as I
can! . . ."



Boy of the Month . . .

ALAN B. WOLFER

PHOTOGRAPH BY GIBBONS GRIFFIN AT JULIES

Senior in Arts and Science. . . . President of the International Relations Club. . . . Past Scholarship Chairman and member of the court of the Inter-Fraternity Council. . . . Letterman R. O. T. C. Rifle Team. . . . S. G. A. Public Relations Committee and International Affairs Division. . . . State Chairman of Collegiate Council for the United Nations. . . . Alpha Phi Omega, national service fraternity. . . . Omicron Delta Kappa. . . . University Chorus. . . . Freshman Forensics. . . . Alpha Epsilon Pi. . . . 20. . . . Forest Hills, New York.



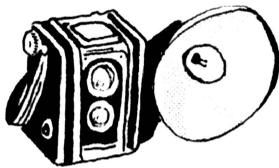
Girl of the Month . . .

MARY BOURN

PHOTOGRAPH BY GIBBONS GRIFFIN AT JULIES'

Senior in Elementary Education. . . . Secretary of A. W. S. . . . Treasurer of Mortar Board. . . . Secretary of Y. W. C. A. . . . Co-chairman of Y. W. C. A. Bible Study Commission. . . . Social Action Chairman of Baptist Student Union. . . . Pi Lambda Theta and Sigma Pi Alpha, education honoraries. . . . Chairman of Y. W. C. A. Christmas Exchange. . . . Summer Chairman of A. W. S. . . . Student assistant in Artcraft Department. . . . Projects Chairman of Temple-crone II. . . . 20. . . . Columbia, Missouri.

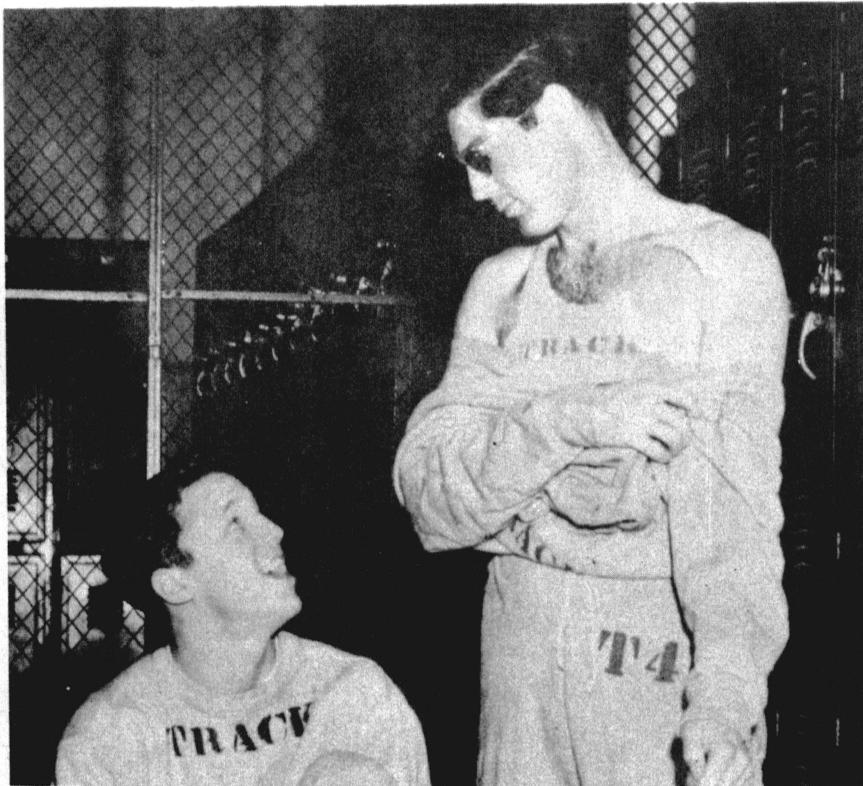
Amateur Photographers



You can see your picture bright and clear in the big reflex finder at the top of the Kodak DUAFLEX Camera . . . Shutter is ready-set . . . 2 1/4 x 2 1/4 negative . . . Camera . . . \$12.75 and Flashholder . . . \$3.33. Come in and see it . . . swell for Spring.

KNIGHT'S DRUG SHOP

815 Broadway Phone 4101



My girl's really terrif in her new suit from Julie's.

Pipe Smokers:

Only place in town where you can get—



Sugar Barrel

Pipe  Mixture

Free Sample. Try it

the CAMPUS CLUB

730 Conley



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

* * *

Blessed are the censors for they shall inhibit the earth.

* * *

Gent: He made a perfect 36 on the golf course today.

Friend: Nine holes?

Gent: No, Power's model.

* * *

"Fe-e-t, what does that spell?"

Johnny did not know.

"What is it the cow has four of and I have only two?" persisted the teacher.

The commotion which resulted when Johnny gave his answer broke up the class and left the teacher a nervous wreck.

* * *

Officer: "Are you happy now that you are in the Navy?"

Boot: "Yes sir."

Officer: "What were you before you got into the Navy?"

Boot: "Much happier."

* * *

"So you want to kiss me! I didn't know you were that kind!"

"Baby, I'm even kinder than that."

* * *

"Hello, want a ride?"

"No, thanks, I'm walking home from one now."

* * *

Exercise kills germs, but we can't find out how to make the damn things exercise.



He must be on his way to one of
Charlie's Good Meals.

CHARLIE'S

209 S. Ninth

Open 6:30 a.m. to 11:30 p.m.

**"In the spring a young man's
fancy lightly turns to thoughts of brew"**



Get in the spirit of the festive season with a good
5% glass or bottle of brew.

● Steaks

● Sandwiches

● 5% Tap or Bottled Beer

THE DIXIE

803 Walnut

Phone 9446

Maybe she'll like the song that's first on the Hit Parade: "Take Your Hands Off Me," or "I Can Scream, Can't I?"

... to want me to want you to want me. . . . (Is there some way to break an unbreakable record?)

* * *

A romance might begin with a strange thing known as a blind date—so here are a few pointers on successful blind dating:



"Good night, George."

1. Find out just what your roommate means when he says, "Of course, she's no Rita Haystack, but she's a cute kid with a great little personality." Usually, this indicates that the woman in question eats her meals from a trough.

2. Take a bottle of good Scotch along—she might be so bad that you'll have to get blind to enjoy the date—on the other hand, she might be so beautiful that the shock will call for a drink. (Who's kidding who?)

3. Don't mention Kinsey at least until after you've introduced yourself. She might not be the literary kind at all—and if she's a blind date, she probably isn't.

* * *

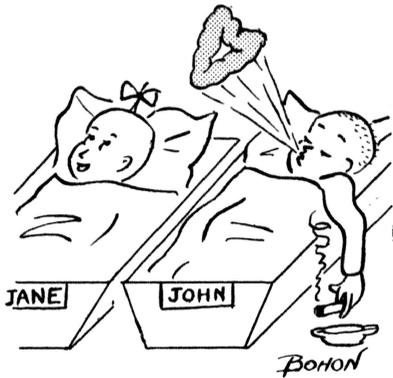
The first date is very important, so you ought to try to make it a successful one. Now, where can you take the girl and what can you do with her once you're there?

You must remember that this is Columbia (you can usually find that one horse they talk about tied up in front of the Courthouse) and there aren't any night clubs or taverns here such as they have in big cities like Moberly, Boonville, and Mexico. However, this town has its hot spots.

There's a place known as the *Bengalair*—this is a knotty pine desk with cokes located in this country's brightest-lit subterranean cavern. If you're clever enough to work out the steps, you can dance to "Mule Train," or "Riders In The Sky" on the juke box. Real entertainment watching the coke machine give change for a quarter.

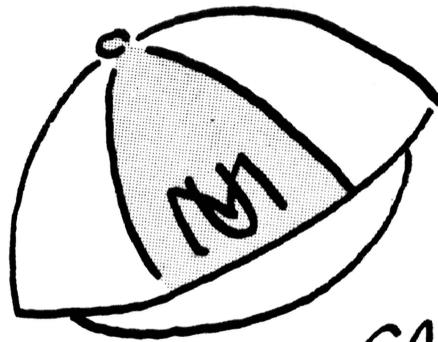
If you don't want to spend an exerting evening, you can go to that theatre uptown where they have the vaudeville (if you'll excuse the expression) every weekend. And a weaker way to end the week I can't think of. They usually have great little talent—1-Act-1 Count It!—and you can get much excitement by throwing coins from the balcony at the entertainers. Remember, however, that there's only one animal that throws a cent.

You can also go to the Hall theatre and let the cats rub against your legs. Make sure the girl you're with understands that it's a cat or you're likely to be picking fingernails out of your cheek.



I'd like to end by noticing that I missed a bitter column for the Bitter issue last month and I have plenty to be bitter about. Might as well air my grievances right now and I'll feel better. I hate spring-handled faucets that turn off before I'm ready for them, doors marked "Pull" that I always push, ball point pens that write for three years and run dry in the middle of an essay final, and people that read this column and say, "Donn, if you don't get something funny in your column soon—!"

THE END



Here is a Classy
 little number—
 Here's a Classy big
 number for freshmen
 Phone 4300

Yessir it's Esser
 next to the Dan'l Boone



MISSOURI

Showme

contributors' page



Everybody
Swing!

Swing to Beech-Nut...
Beech-Nut Gum!
Swing on down
and getcha some!
Swing to the taste
that lasts so long!
Swing to Beech-Nut...
come along!

Y' can't beat Beech-Nut Gum
for quality 'n' refreshment!
Swing to Beech-Nut...
Beech-Nut Gum!



don dunn



PHOTOGRAPH BY JULIES' STUDIO

We had been vigorously searching for a new humor column to replace *Jerrymandering* for several months when, suddenly, we had the strange feeling that we were being watched. We turned around and there was Don Dunn who smiled patiently at our attempts, sat down at the typewriter and promptly expanded *Don's Corner* into a full block, which sank deeply into the earth and became "*Dunn's Dungeon*" our new humor column.

Don has been around *Showme* for several years, carefully reeling off his bits of dry, subtle humor which, by the way, we think is quite good. We have the vague idea that the *Dungeon* might prove to be our best column yet.

Don is 20, a J-School Junior from St. Louis, a Missouri Workshop member, and we understand (from his friends) that he has more brains in his head than most people have in their little finger.

audrey giesy

We have many people on the staff who handle important, but inglorious jobs. The readers seldom hear of them. One of these hustlers is Audrey Giesy, our proofreader. Li'l Audrey claims

that she enjoys proofreading because it gives her a chance to read the material before it's printed. Her opinion on our choice of material is highly respected.

The cute little Delta Gamma claims that she would rather set type by hand than do almost anything, and her ability is well appreciated come time to set up the mag.

Audrey is 20, a senior from Kansas City, and another 'I'm also on the Savitar' staffer.

homer ball

If there was a contest for the most popular big wheel on campus, we'd put our money on Homer Ball, our co-circulation manager. Besides being President of Lambda Chi Alpha, Athletic Chairman of S.G.A., a member of O.D.K., and innumerable other activities, Homer is one of the hardest workers and nicest guys on the staff.

Many people in Homer's position might consider themselves above hawking magazines once a month, but not Homer, who does it with enthusiasm.

Homer is 21, a Junior in B. & P. A. from Holden, Mo., and many other things that we don't have room for.



PHOTOGRAPH BY JULIES' STUDIO



In Golden Chestnut Leather
.....the *Taylored* **Moccasin**

\$10.95

Enjoy the luxurious fit and feel of a genuine Taylored moccasin. Hand-lasted, hand-sewn, and hand-rubbed to give a heel-hugging fit, instant flexibility, and a rich, glowing finish. In golden chestnut leather.

eddie's toggery

“Always a Style Ahead”

225 South Ninth

Phone 9574

— Columbia, Missouri —

MISS HALE DINING AT
SHERMAN BILLINGSLEY'S FAMOUS
NEW YORK STORK CLUB
WHERE CHESTERFIELD IS THE
LARGEST-SELLING CIGARETTE

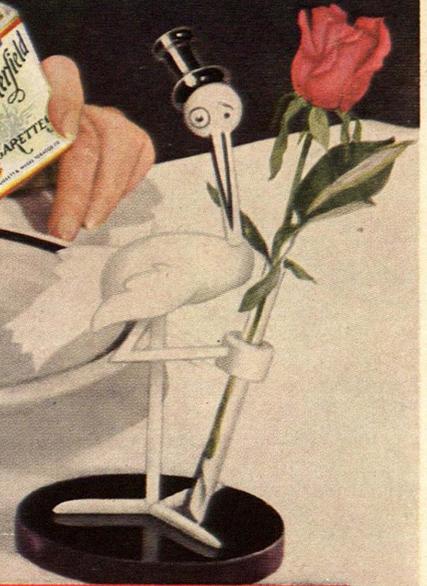
"Smoke My Cigarette
Chesterfield
they're much Milder"
Barbara Hale

Starring in
"JOLSON SINGS AGAIN"
A Sidney Buchman Production
A Columbia
Technicolor Production

...and H.B. Harrington
**PROMINENT
TOBACCO FARMER** says-

"Chesterfield buys my finer tobaccos...
the highest priced leaf on the market.
I find Chesterfield milder and always
satisfying. It's been my cigarette for
20 years."

H. B. Harrington
MULLINS, S. C.



A *Always* **B** *Buy* **C** **CHESTERFIELD**

The Best Cigarette for YOU to Smoke

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"CHESTERFIELD Contest See Page 36"