

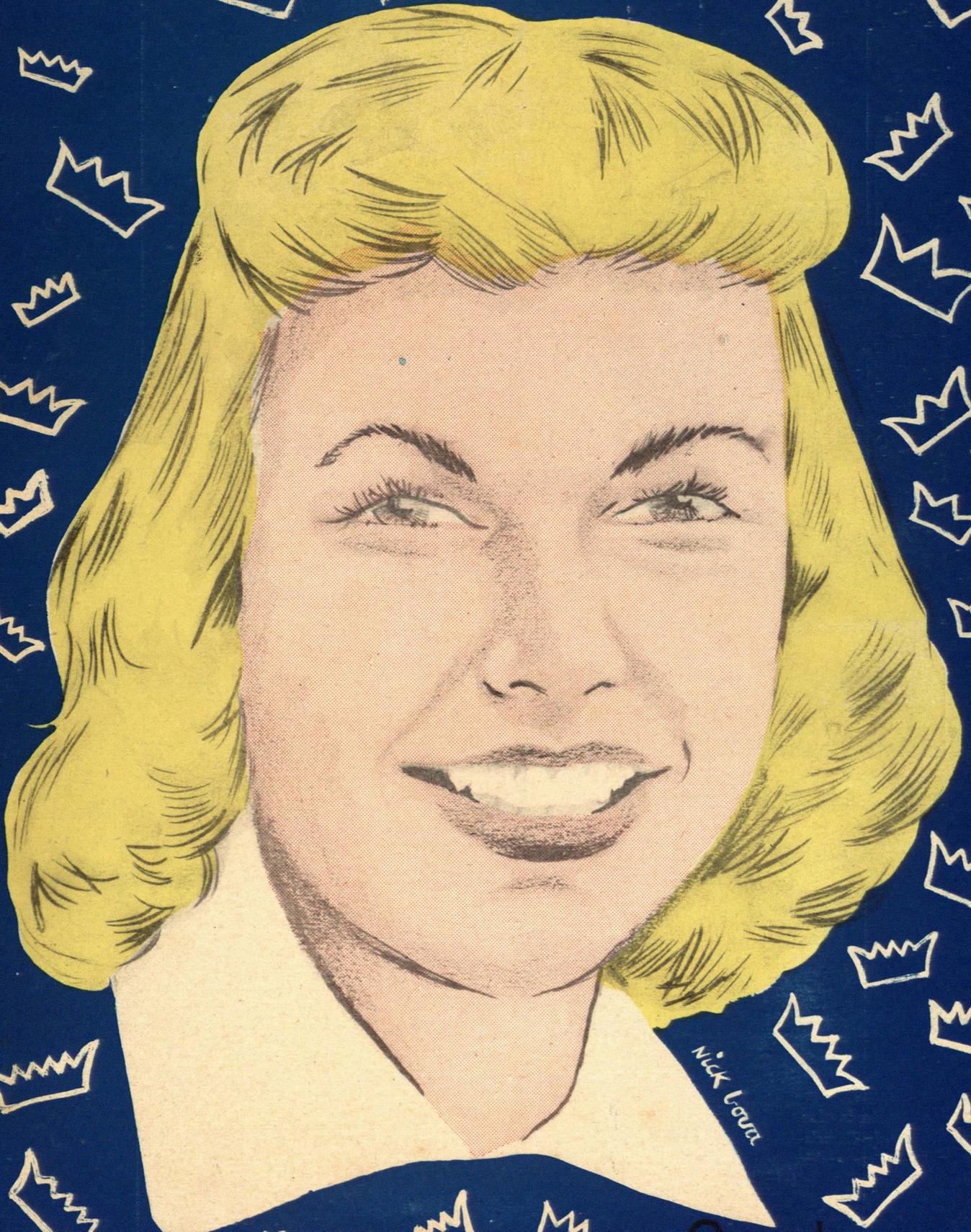


MISSOURI Showme

M
A
R
C
H

1
9
5
0

25c



Nick Lora

Queen Issue

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

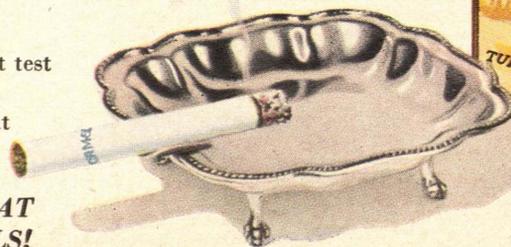


WITH SMOKERS WHO KNOW... IT'S

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!





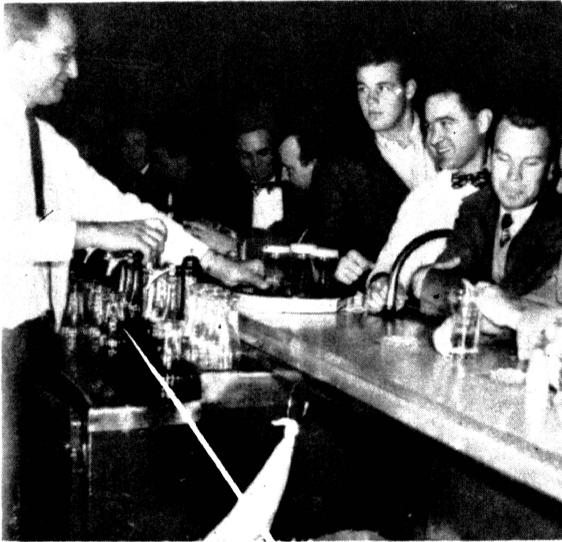
PUCKETT'S
now means..

**Hart
Schaffner
& Marx
Clothes**

Puckett's are proud to bring you those famous Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes. Eye-appealing clothes with authentic, inspired styling that spells good taste—painstaking craftsmanship that assures quality... yet offered at down-to-earth prices that fairly shout value. Get yours today at

Puckett's

OF COURSE

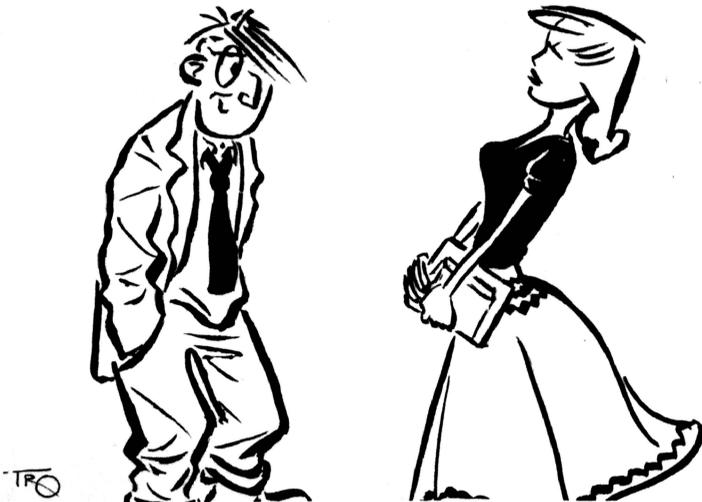


The
**STEIN
CLUB**

has the
Welcome
Sign

5% BEER
13 South Eight

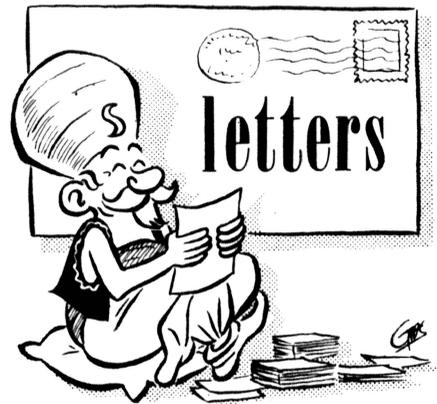
**People Judge You By The
Condition of Your Clothes!**



+Two Day Service

SUDDEN SERVICE CLEANERS

114 South Eighth, Phone 3434



Dear Editor:

I go to P.U. and a friend of mine subscribes to SHOWME and when no one is looking I happen to smuggle a copy in my room. I have been an ardent admirer . . . its' tops on my list.

You had an error in your Jan. issue. On page 19 you loused up a joke. The punch line is supposed to be: DRUNK "Shorry, wrong lumber."

By the way, don't forget to stick this letter in your next issue. I can use the publicity.

Your Slave
Jeanne Koven
Purdue University

we'll do anything to please a reader, Jeanne, especially one who can figure out gag lines for our jokes.—Ed.

Dear Editor:

Congrats from a fellow sufferer to you and your art editor for maintaining a very well-organized magazine. During the past couple years I have been privileged to read SHOWME free gratis.

Enclosed is a money order for the requisite amount so I can have a monthly ecstasy very personally mine. Than' kyou.

Stan Bennett
Art Editor
San Jose LYKE

And the same to you, Stan—Ed.

Dear Editor:

If I knew who was editor I could be a bit less formal as I have probably been on speaking terms with that person.

Be that as it may, I wish, by means of this note, to apply for your hitherto unexcelled publication. Perhaps there is yet time to send the first issues of the semester.

Art Berliner
Truly
New York, N.Y.

The name's Jerry, Art, and the readers, bless them, haven't left us any old copies.—Ed.

Dear Editor:

I think that SHOWME is one of the best humor magazines I've read.

I hope it isn't too late to get a subscription for the remainder of this semester. I've really missed reading it since my 'Stephens Days.'

Doris Luedthe
University of Wisc.

Dear Editor:

After reading several exchange copies of the magazine, I realize life at Colorado wouldn't be complete unless I owned my own copies.

Thanks again for showing how good a top humor magazine can be.

Judy Klawans
University of Colorado

Well, Gee whiz, thanks.—Ed.



GUARANTEED · FLAWLESS

DIAMONDS

Sensationally Low Priced



DIAMOND SOLITAIRE

A glorious solitaire set with perfect diamonds in handsome 14k mounting.

SAME PRICE, CASH OR CREDIT!

CAMPUS JEWELERS

Across from Jesse



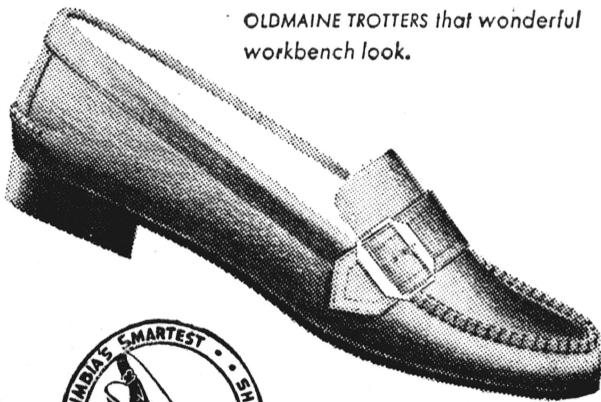
"Two to one she wears her new formal from Julies."



on the beat
with
something
smart for
**young
feet!**



Such heavenly shoes at a close-to-the-earth price! They do a smart co-starring job with practically your entire wardrobe, beside giving you walking-on-air comfort. Hand-sewn trim and flexible leather soles give OLDMAINE TROTTERS that wonderful workbench look.



the novus shop



*T*HIS ISSUE marks a radical change in SHOWME'S make-up. Previously we have always had our type set in Kansas City, while the magazine was printed in Jefferson City. For the last few months our printer has been preparing a linotype, which is, at last, ready.

So, from now on, our type will be set where the magazine is printed and we're looking forward to an easier job and a later deadline.

Perhaps you have already noticed that our body type is new. We have changed from a nine point Garamond to a ten point Excelsior—a much better type face in our estimation. There will be other noticeable changes throughout the magazine—changes which we hope will please the reader as much as they have satisfied us.

After hitting a peak circulation of 6500 last month, SHOWME returns to 6000 this month—an amount which we consider to be our saturation point, and, I might add, a high saturation point. We have had excellent support from our readers this year.

We're happy to announce that SHOWME has been awarded an All-American Rating for 1949—that's tops in the country. We're pretty proud of it and hope you will be, too.

Next month we're going to toss a batch of hallucinations and neurosis at the campus with the INSANITY ISSUE, which we have been planning for some time. Keep your eyes open—anything's liable to happen between now and then.

Jerry



MISSOURI SHOWME

YOUR CAMPUS HUMOR MAGAZINE

Queen
Issue

Editor-in-Chief

Jerry Smith

Associate Editors

Terry Rees

Sinclair Rogers

Business Manager

William Herr

Advertising Directors

Keith Hershey

Bob Summers

Art Editor

Glenn Troelstrup

Joke Editor

Bill Chandler

Publicity Director

Pete Mayer

Circulation Managers

Homer Ball

Alan Ebner

Sales Manager

Jim Higgins

Business Secretary

Carolyn Lipshy

Exchange Secretary

Mary Ann Fleming

Proof Reader

Audrey Giesy

Art: Pat Bauman, Nick Bova, C. J. Cherry, Herb Green, Pat Kilpatrick, Herb Knapp, Tom Ware.
Photos: K. K. Nevar, Jack Organ.
Advertising: Walter Cliffe, Don Garber, Dude Haley, Dick Mackey, Maryanne Meyer, Fran Ware.

Features: Stu Dent, Don Dunn, Jerry Litner, Fred Shapiro, Bob Skole, P. D. Smith.

Publicity: Francine Bailys, Coleman Breece, Bill Franklin, Doris Gordon, Babe Grimes, Lloyd Hellman, Arnie Roooff, Arline Rosenfeld, Fred Seidner, Marshall Seigel.

Circulation: Bill Alexander, Jim Golt, Bob Herman, Jerry James, Harold Wiley.

Contents

Fiction

The Queen of Shakespeare Court	14
A Change of Reels	20
The Noise Expert	30
The Skole Poll	34

Features

The Queen	16
Center Spread	24
Lafter Thoughts	29
Filched	41
Wheels on Campus	43

Departments

Letters	2
Editor's Ego	4
Around the Columns	7
Candidly Mizzou	10
Headline Hash	32
Swami Reports	38
Dunn's Dungeon	45
Contributors Page	48

COVER BY NICK BOVA



MEMBER

Volume 27 March, 1950 Number 7

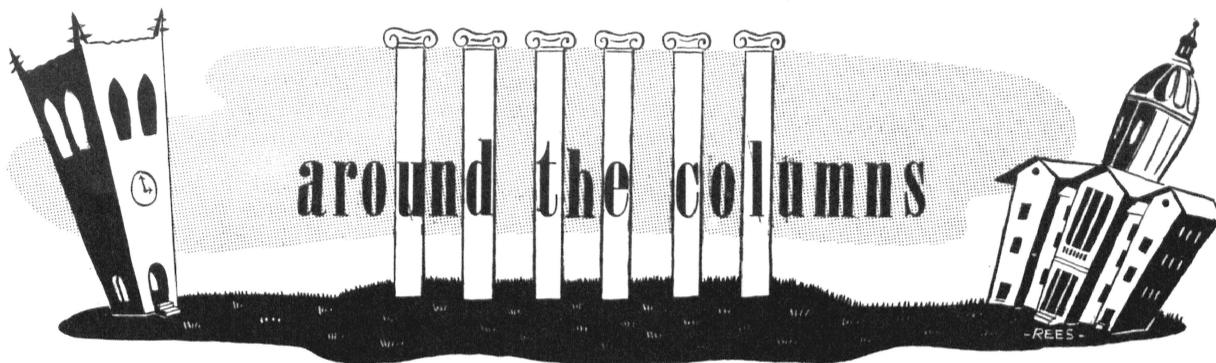
SHOWME is published nine times, September through May, during the college year by the students of the University of Missouri. Office: 304 Read Hall, Columbia, Mo. All copyrights reserved. Unsolicited manuscripts may be sent by mail or delivered to the office. Advertising rates furnished on request. National Advertising Representative: W. B. Bradbury Co., 122 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y. Printer: Modern Litho-Print Co., Jefferson City, Mo. Price: 25c a copy, \$2.75 by mail. Office Hours: 2 to 4 p.m., Monday through Friday, 304 Read Hall.



MEMBER



AS LONG as there's a sprig of ivy,
A column and a gothic tower;
As long as there's a man to vote,
There'll always be a queen in power.



Overheard

In Read Hall: "Vote, vote, vo'e. there's more people running for things than there are voting!"

March

The month that will go down in history . . . as the month that we stopped writing this thing . . . which we doubt that anyone . . . ever reads . . . anyway . . . and if you don't . . . read this . . . you will never . . . know the difference . . . but if you do . . . and you like it . . . you can give us . . . hell . . . and if you don't . . . you can thank us . . . if you don't give a . . . damn . . . then we don't either . . . Have you ever . . . tried to describe . . . each month . . . for about two hundred words? . . . It's difficult . . . we don't enjoy it . . . but we're really enjoying . . . this . . . Looks just like . . . the old stuff . . . doesn't it? . . . Ha, ha . . . we wonder . . . how many people . . . will think it is . . . They will . . . pass it up . . . just like they do every month . . . and they'll never know . . . but you know . . . and we know . . . and the rest of the staff . . . had better mention it . . . or we'll know . . . that they . . . don't read the magazine . . . won't we? . . . next month . . . we'll do something else . . . in this spot . . . March . . . the month.

Old New Yorker

We read an interesting article in the ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH concerning the NEW YORKER. Seems that the king magazine is celebrating its twenty-ninth anniversary. (We feel a little smug because this year will mark SHOWME'S thirtieth.)

Anyway, we were more than interested in editor Ross' statement as to how the NEW YORKER was started. He said that he had been discussing a possible funny series with a syndicate man and the man told him, "Don't make it high brow. Best humor we've had was written by O.O. McIntyre."

According to Mr. Ross that made him decide to start his own mag. We don't know whether to be mad or not—O. O. McIntyre was the man who started SHOWME.

Phooey on you, Ross.

Hoo Ray

The government is really going to protect us from the Atomic bomb (or H-Bomb, as it may be). They are training a group of volunteer atomic ray 'spotters'. These people will learn how to detect the rays resulting from an atomic blast.

O.K., Jack, what do you do with them when you find 'em?



Ef Bee Eye

Every city has its police force. And every city has people who make fun of the police force. We're the people in Columbia. We make fun of the cops, but we did not think what we said was true until we heard this one.

A friend of ours was driving out Stewart Road when the back tire gave out. Our friend got out and began the usual ministrations. While he was sweating and swearing, a police car pulled up. This conversation followed:

Our friend: "Got a flat tire."

Cop: "Got a flat tire, huh?"

Our friend: "Yep. Flat tire."

Cop (after a moment's thought) "What's your name?"

This brilliant question leads us to two conclusions. Either flat tires are limited to people with cert in names in Columbia, or the cop expected our friend to say, "My name is Jack Steamroller, and I robbed Brink's."

It gets funnier all the time!

Last Laugh

Perhaps this one belongs in the HEADLINE HASH department. We sort of felt envious when we read the headline stating that the Christian College Girls were leaving for 'Sunnier Climes'—Florida.

But we had hysterics when we read that their return was to be delayed by bad weather. Anyway, we're happy and they're lucky that it wasn't a typhoon.

Queens Queens

Making fun of queens has become almost a cliché in the college humor field and we try to avoid it. However we can't avoid commenting that the local high schools seem to be trying to outdo us.



Of course we're referring to Hickman High. It seems to us that it's carrying things a little too far when they choose the May Queen in the middle of February. First thing you know they'll be booking them years in advance.

Of course. Bethany, Okla., takes the cake. The high school students there walked out because someone kissed the basketball Queen when she was crowned. The students are backed by their parents.

My, my how good can we get?

Booze Report

Our monthly booze report finds the following oddities. A fellow in Denmark won a bet that he was more corpulent than his opponent. His prize was 100,000 bottles of beer. Not quite so fortunate was the janitor of a liquor store in Philadelphia. Three robbers forced him to drink a fifth

of whiskey. He did so—in five minutes.

In case anyone is interested in what the D.T.s means, Frank Colby says, "Delirium tremens. It's characterized by hallucinations." And sometimes, we might add, the screaming willies.

What Else?

The Aussies still remember the American G.I.s. Yes, they do; SMITH'S WEEKLY said so. And guess why they remember us. Sex! Plain old sex.

Says SMITH'S, "They never seemed to treat sex as an adventure, but more as an acquired habit." Pardon us if our society is showing.

They also remember us for beer. "They carried salt around to give our beer a bit of life—our beer, mind you!" Pardon us, there's a draft.

With these two points in mind, SHOWME is carefully mapping its strategy for the next war. Imagine, an overseas mailing list!

Peek-a-Boo

The peeping-toms have become a new source of revenue in Columbia, but a peeper in Columbus, Georgia, is receiving a 'punishment to fit the crime'.

Linwood J. Hoffman was caught peeping into the bedroom of U. V. Alligood's home. Now Hoffman is in jail and Alligood is peeping in at him.

Alligood is the county jailer.

Elementary

What do you get when you put two and two together? Listen to this.

The Navy has made remarkable strides in rocket power. The big boss says the Navy can't complain anymore—no gripes, see. A Japanese astronomer reports a terrific explosion on Mars.

What do you get when you put two and two together? The Admiral had to go somewhere to blow his stack over the "Big Mo" what wouldn't go.

Weather Report

Maybe you've been wondering about this mild winter. We have too and that's why we were interested in a recent news article concerning this.



According to a Dr. Mills, we are passing into a "Dark Age." It seems that these ages happen about once every two thousand years. During this time the climate gets progressively warmer and the people progressively lazier. So far, he has diagnosed the thing perfectly.

This, says Dr. Mills, changes the course of nations. I guess that means we've had it. Now we can prepare ourselves for long siestas, banana farms and tourists.



Anyway, one thing is certain. If we want to enjoy some more of those sledding, skating winters, we'll have to live a thousand years. Sounds like a good future for the swimming pool business.

Frolic Stuff

We couldn't help but appreciate the beauty and spaciousness of the Stephens Auditorium at the Savitar Frolics this year. A very nice place, lush and all that.

From our point of view the Frolics went well—the skits were good despite the stringent censorship. Gordon Capes, in our opinion, is the funny man of the campus.

There were several bad points, one of which was the obvious poor judgment of the ushers in letting people stand around before the lower entrance doors. Instead of telling the paying customers that the lower section was filled and that there were seats upstairs, the ushers just stood around and looked like ushers.

The pre-show show was a complete mystery to the balcony customers since most of that took place beneath the balcony. And, of course the people in the front rows of the balcony couldn't see very well, so they stood up and prevented the people in the rear from seeing at all. One girl became extremely antagonistic when the fellow behind her requested that she sit down. But you find that kind everywhere.

Feelthy Coal

The coal shortage made a big black mark last month. Square dancers in St. Louis were forced to give up the dozy-do, the winter suddenly got cold for many people, and some cities saw brown-outs.

Several enterprising citizens in St. Louis took advantage of the situation and peddled black market coal—coal with smoke. The city is expecting an investigation by the KANSAS CITY STAR any day now.



"Hold still! Hold still! How can I draw you if you don't sit still?"

Purpleback Party

We've been avoiding any mention of the Brinks Robbery for some time because we were afraid that those, now immortal, robbers would be caught. However, we've decided to make the plunge.



It seems to us that more people admire the thieves than condemn them. We're impartial (though we do envy them the money) and mainly interested in the results of their expedition.

One person has suggested that the lucky winners of the biggest jackpot to date come forth and complain because the F.B.I. hasn't

listed them among the ten most wanted.

The greatest suggestion comes from Congress. It has been recommended that each denomination of bills be made a different color. Of course the recommendation was made by a Congress-WOMAN. This, she says, would help solve such robberies.

Naturally we see the plot behind the entire scheme. With various colored money, a woman could say to her husband, "Oh, no, sweetie, you can't give me a dollar because it's brown. I have to have one of those nice pink twenties to match my new spring outfit."

Pal Joey

March 12th saw the election of representatives to the Supreme Soviet (Parliament). One candidate not only was nominated for his own Moscow district, but for Leningrad, Kiel, Rigna, Vilna and others.

The guys name is Joe—Joe Stalin. Amazing popularity—amazing!

G. T. S.

candidly mizzou

SHOWME
DANCE TICKETS



PHOTO BY SINCLAIR ROGERS

HUSTLERS CROWD around the SHOWME voting booth on day the campus voted for our favorite Queen. Others walked the streets—also looking for unwary men who might be tempted or persuaded to vote for their candidate. Washington lobbyists may laugh, but the girls got out the vote.



PHOTO BY SINCLAIR ROGERS

BEAUTY surrounded by beauty appeared at the S.G.A.—Elliot Lawrence dance. Queen Bev Retroff flashes a pretty smile for the camera after her crowning by President Middlebush. Other smiles belong to (left to right): Violet Richardson, the Queen's attendant, Helen Forsee, the Queen, Barbara Goode and Sue Coker.



PHOTO BY AL PARO

HORRIBLE HORTENSE staged a bang-bang-up campaign for SHOWME Queen, demonstrating Al Capone type of vote hustling. Although cute and clever, she lost on a technicality—she only had two votes! Sponsored by a fraternity, Horrible campaigned with parades and leg show skits in frat houses.

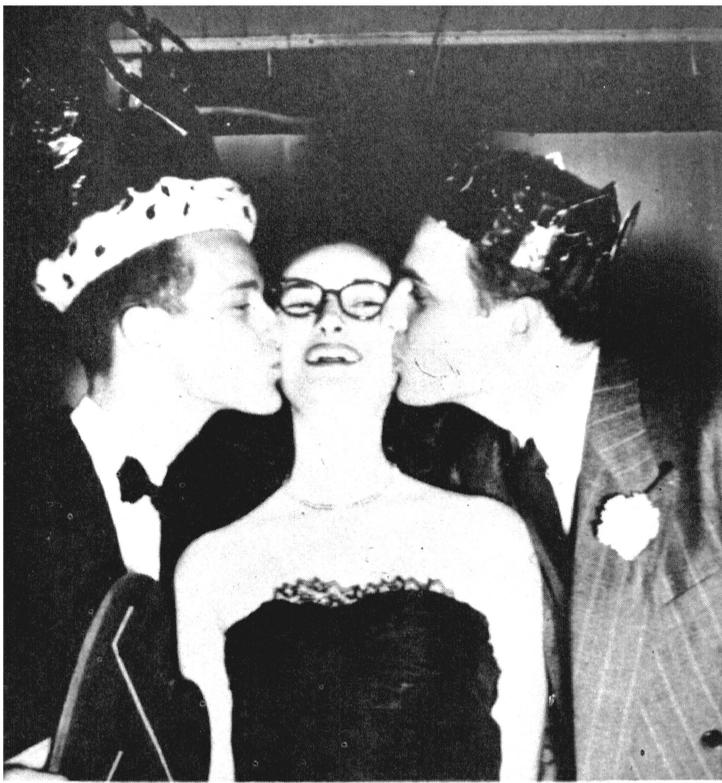


PHOTO BY RALPH J. WILLIAMSON
JACK OF HEARTS, Wayne Bradley, and Prince of Hearts, Sinc Rogers, **SHOWME** staffer, demonstrate abilities after crowning. Had the young lady stepped back, this would have been the photo-of-the-month.

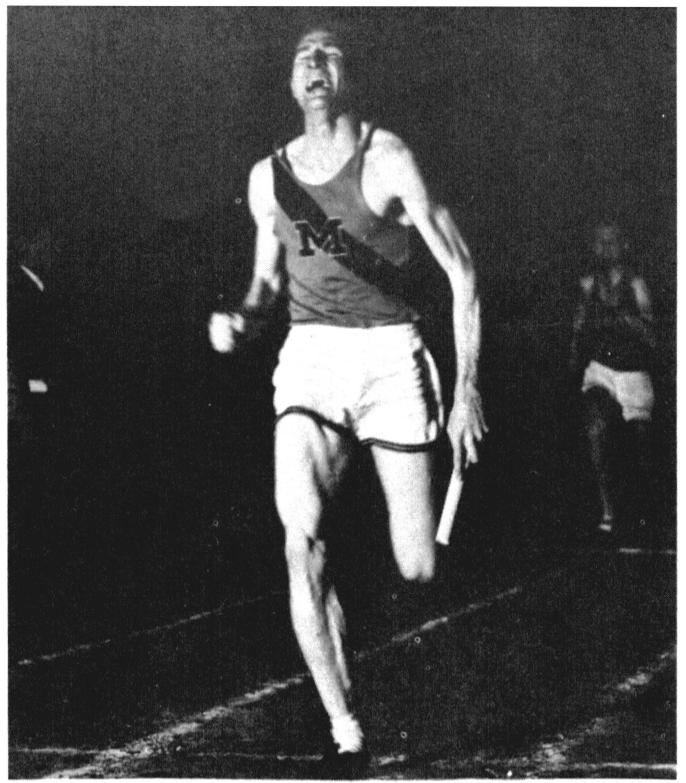


PHOTO BY BRUCE GORDON
ELMER KLEIN seems to crying for joy as he whips damnyankees from Kansas in mile relay. Man following him appears to be chewing on a candy bar.



PHOTO BY GLEN BERG
COMPLETE with witches, fairies, munchkins, and other assorted odd creatures, the Kappa Alpha Theta's and the Lambda Chi Alpha's frolicked to a win in the **SAVITAR** annual. Best performers were Sheren O'Hara, the lady on the right, and Don Murray, the lady on the left. Husky wand-waver is John Kadlec, sometimes football player.



photo of the month



PHOTO BY BERT McNEIL
A BIRTHDAY PRESENT for Sparky was Mizzou's victory over high riding Kansas State. Sparky pretends to buss K-State coach, who tries hard not to cry on Sparky's birthday suit. Puzzled K-State player is wondering "wha' happen'". Lafferty ponders same question. Maybe Don Stroot knows.

The Queen of Shakespeare's

Tristam Kosjek wanted some social activities; Beetle belched—Little Lucifer had an idea.

"DIS PLACE is dead," said Tristam Kosjek, peering over one amazingly large foot at Little Lucifer.

Little Lucifer opened one eye slowly and considered his half empty glass of beer. He then opened the other eye and considered Tristam's amazingly large foot which was perched atop the table next to its mate.

"Dis place is sure dead," said Tristam.

Beetle Spifflic belched loudly. Then he sighed.

There was no movement among the three men for some time. Seemingly they were quite tired. Actually they should have been quite tired. They had spent ten hours during the day in hard labor at Willy's Auto Clinic (Willy's Garage to everybody but Willy). Willy had worked them exceedingly hard. Willy was that way. The three men should have been quite tired.

"Dis place is dead," said Tristam Kosjek—quite loudly this time.

"Yeah," ventured Little Lucifer. "Wot we need is some activities," Beetle Spifflic inserted.

"Yeah," Little Lucifer agreed.

"We need some activity events," said Tristam, with no little effort. He shifted his astounding mass of muscle and the chair creaked painfully.

"Ain't no reason why us in Shakespeare Court can't have social fun like them top-hats up-town," said Beetle indignantly.

Tristam's feet hit the floor with a shuddering crash. Little Lucifer sat up straight. Beetle belched and glanced at Pool, the bartender. Pool grinned and set up three.

"Idea," Little Lucifer shouted. "I got an idea."

"A social fun idea?" Tristam's face was bright.

"We should have a queen," said Little Lucifer.

"A queen," echoed Beetle.

"Everybody's got a queen," said Tristam.

"Us too. We gotta have one." Beetle was joyful.

"We can have a party," Tristam roared.

"Sure, we gotta get a snazzy queen," Beetle said.

"Where?"

"The berlyque," said Little Lucifer.

"Th' berlyque," shouted the others.

Pool grinned as he set the three beers on the table. "I'll spread the word," he said. "A party"

"Social fun," said Tristam.

Pool told his customers to get out. One was indignant. "We gotta have social fun on Shakespeare Court, don't we?" said Pool as he threw the man out.

II

The show was good. Little Lucifer bought three boxes of candy. He got two Japanese water flowers and a brass whistle. He blew the brass whistle in the ear of the man in front of him. When the man complained, Tristam threw him into the orchestra. The show was good.

When a girl came on the stage. Tristam would say, "She's snazzy. Let's have her for queen."

Little Lucifer would say, "Shut up." Beetle would belch.

One girl took off everything. Beetle quit belching and Little Lucifer's eyes bulged. Tristam said, "She's snazzy. Let's have her for queen." Little Lucifer didn't say, "Shut up."

"Yeah," he said. Then he blew on his brass whistle.

III

The sign said, "Shakespeare Court Ballroom." But anybody could see that it was only temporary. The sign behind it said, "Willy's Auto Clinic." The place was full of people.

"They didn't wait for us," Tristam pouted. "They didn't wait for the queen to start the social fun."

The Queen looked vaguely into the empty bottle that she had polished off on the way to the 'Ballroom', threw her arms around Tristam, and planted a kiss on his red cheek.

"She's pretty," giggled Tristam.

The noise was deafening. Pool, the bartender, was trying to neck with a red head in a convertible that was parked in the 'Ballroom.' He kept sliding out because the car was jacked up on one side. Finally he knocked the jack out, climbed in, closed the door, and put the top up.

"They're wrecking the place," said Willy.

"We gotta have social fun," Tristam growled.

"You know we take care of things," Little Lucifer said.

"Yeah," said Willy. He collapsed to the floor under the weight of the Queen, who had suddenly taken a liking to him.

"Hey," he shouted. Then he giggled, "He, he, he." Then he laughed, "Haw, haw." Then the

ILLUSTRATED BY
HERB GREEN

(Continued on page 22)

Court

by jerry smith





PHOTO BY JULIE'S

The Queen

BEVERLY ROTROFF

BEV ROTROFF "may not be an angel," as her song slogan went, but evidently the majority of the voters decided that she would more than do as the 1950 Showme Queen.

The 5'5" blonde beauty from T.D.3 was, in her own words, "panicky" when she was announced Showme Queen and quite dazed when President Middlebush placed the red-rose crown on her head. When she left the stage, "the floor seemed a mile away."

Dark-eyed Bev is an Elementary Education major from Kansas City, but her greatest desire is to sing with a band. Bev likes to wear the usual coed wardrobe of skirts and sweaters, but prefers jeans. Her preference in men is well-exemplified by boy-friend, Tiger-gridder, Dale Portman.

The Queen is an alternate cheer leader and likes sports, "especially swimming and tennis."

When asked if anything exciting had ever happened in her eighteen years, Bev thought it over a while and finally decided that becoming Showme Queen had been the most exciting.

Bev gives credit for success in her first queen campaign to her manager, Jo Ann Hurt. Other factors are a dimpled smile and a well-proportioned 120 pounds.

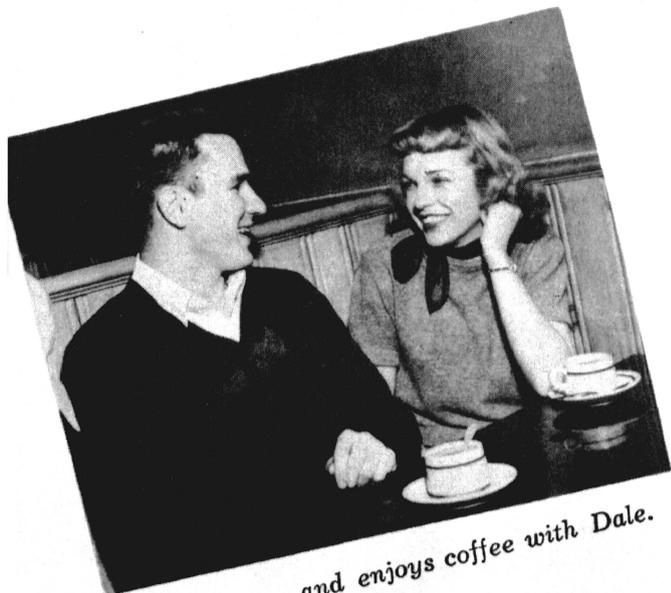




Bev has 130 room-mates in T.D.3...



... would like to sing with a band...



... and enjoys coffee with Dale.

PHOTO BY SINCLAIR ROGERS



The Queen Story

This week-end the Queen, her attendant and chaperone will travel to St. Louis via the SHOWME "Convertible Convoy." There they will move into the Presidential Suite at the Sheraton Hotel, sponsor of the Queen contest.

Escorted by Tiger football stars, the Queen and her attendant will be treated to a full, sight-seeing tour of St. Louis, hockey and basketball games, an evening at a famous St. Louis night spot, the "Jug", a stage appearance at the Fox Theater, and an appearance on KSD-TV.

The Queen was chosen from five finalists in an all-student election in which over 1700 ballots were cast.

The Queen's Attendant

HELEN FORSEE of the fetching smile is a dark-haired beauty from Boonville, Missouri. This is the first year at Mizzou for Helen. She formerly attended a girl's school and says Mizzou is "much more exciting." The 5'3" Tri-Delt pledge is a merchandising major and is "really interested in it." Helen is a member of Femme Forum and does work for Savitar. She likes dancing, designing, and the fellow she is pinned to. Helen is looking forward to her St. Louis visit and is "scared" at the thought of appearing on television.



PHOTO BY SINCLAIR ROGERS



Helen works for Savitar...



... but would rather drive a car.

a change of reels...

by *Morti Novick*



The old-time movies are gone; in their place is Just Plain Jane, Van Yonson and a jackass.

WHEN WAS the last time you walked the Last Mile or rode the Oregon Trail with Cecil B. De Mille? It seems that the old time motion pictures are gone like a straw hat in a March wind.

Today, when the show is finished, so are you. The Hollywood scenarios nowadays feature a complete shake-up of the individual. You won't get a better pre-creatic Mickey Finn in any Hobo jungle.

The New Look in filmland is the psychological nail biters, with the plots as congested as a Mah Jong game in a bathtub. Another Frankenstein would be welcome.

Usually the plot takes the looker into a psychoanalyst's office where you find the hero lying on the sofa. He's telling the doc in the white cardigan that he didn't mean to put the mule in the baby's crib or lead the blind man off a wharf.

After exhaustive jabber the doc lets the hero know that all his troubles are due indirectly to a childhood tragedy. Hero breaks down and admits when he was five he once poisoned his pet roach.

"Pack your straight jackets," the doc tells him, "and put your Roman toga in the suitcase you're going away for a rest."

Arriving at the rest home, "Napoleons Uninhibited," hero falls in love with the night nurse, Just Plain Jane. This love action prompts the Stephen gals to roll up their bobby sox and naw on the curtains. They'll drop you at the first crackle of bubble gum.

Hero and Plain Jane, at this point, plan an escape from Dr. Heinrich Schweinholtzer, a dissipated Bavarian beer hall renegade, who was expelled from Medical School because he tried to grow hair on a dead man's chest.

They made good their escape, and you next find the couple in Greece. They are floating down the Asposos in a tinselled felucca looking for terra coated femmes near Tanagara. 11,000 miles east of the Pecos. This is all Greek to you.

After spending the night in the Acropolis with a group of dogs they meet up with Ulysses, who is riding a sway back mule and

singing "Show Me the Way to Go Home." This brings back memories of the States to the hero and he soliloquies a Yankee Doodle ditty of purest red, white and blue.

Suddenly, there is a rolling rumble of drums, cymbals crash, and the opening bars of John Philip Sousa's "Stars and Stripes Forever" blare through the sound track. A silhouetted echelon of marching men, singing in a deep throated vigor, "Glory Halleluiah," against the background of bursting rockets, ba he the screen in glorious technicolor.

Don't cash in your war bonds, it's only Van Yonson, Just Plain



"But Mrs. Jones—but—but—suppose there's a fire."

Jane's ex-boy friend. Van had promised Jane that he wouldn't speak to her until he completed his Charles Atlas' correspondence course. Van wears his hair long like Tarzan and walks with the square-shouldered swagger of an affluent duke leaving Madame DuBarry's boudoir.

By this time the audience is clapping. It looks like the end.

But no! A twist of events finds the mule Ulysses has been riding to be an ancestor of a famous English thoroughbred. This brings on a sea of protests from Parliament, the Kentuckians threaten to secede, and in the terrifying interlude the hero is captured by a band of Besserabian gypsies.

The hero then turns out to be the mule—which is an ass of a different nature.

THE END



If every boy in the U. S. could read every girl's mind, the gasoline consumption would drop off fifty per cent.

* * *

Testimonial received by a drug concern: "For nine years I was totally deaf, and after using your ear drops for only ten days, I heard from my brother in South Dakota."

* * *

Motor Cop: "Hey, you! Didn't you hear me say, 'Pull over there?'"

Driver: "Why, I thought you said, 'Good afternoon, senator'."

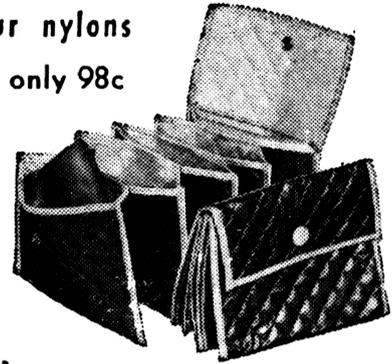
M. C. (smiling): "Isn't it a warm day, senator?"

Pretty soft for your nylons

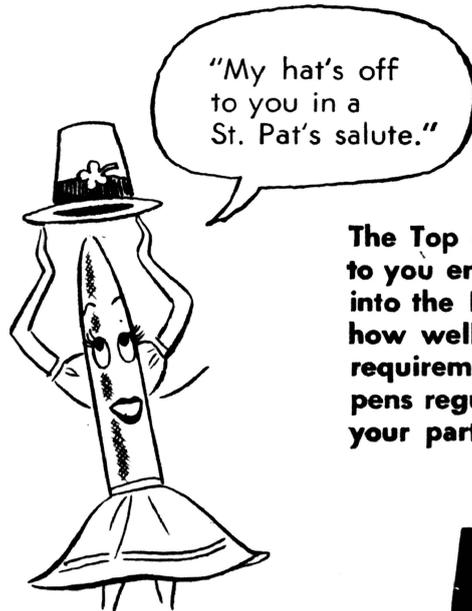
HOSE-POCKETTE only 98c

Washable, snag safe, a must for traveling.

Four pockets for hose, special zippered pocket for personal needs. Smart Colors



- In Columbus its -
Fredendall's



The Top o' the Morning to you engineers—come into the Pen Point to see how well your special requirements are met with pens regularly carried for your particular needs.

Watermans India Ink Pen is an example of a specialized pen meeting your special needs.



109 SOUTH NINTH

The
Hotel Sheraton
Saint Louis

Sponser of the Showme Queen Contest

(Continued from page 14)

Queen giggled and Beetle yanked her up.

"Aw," said Willy, "I gotta have social fun, too."

Little Lucifer blew on his brass whistle.

At ten thirty someone threw a bottle through the window of the convertible. Pool got out and started a fight. Willy climbed into the convertible and shut the door. The redhead climbed out of the convertible and said, "To hell with you."

By eleven the fight was a riot. Tristam said, "Look, social fun," and waded in. The Queen started singing and unbuttoning her blouse.

At eleven thirty the 'Bal'room' was raided and the light went out. The Queen continued singing. When the lights went on at twelve, the queen was still singing and three men were in the garage.

Tristam looked at the Queen and said, "She's snazzy."

Beetle belched. Little Lucifer blew on his brass whistle.

IV

The three men seemed quite tired. Actually they should have been quite tired. They had spent ten hours during the day in hard labor at Willy's Auto Clinic. Willy had worked them exceedingly hard. Willy was that way. The three men should have been quite tired.

"Dis place is dead," said Tristam Kosjek—quite loudly.

"Wot we need is some activities," said Beetle Spifflic.

"Yeah," agreed Little Lucifer.

"We need some activity events," said Tristam.

"Ain't no reason why us in Shakespeare Court can't have social fun like them top-hats up-town," said Bee le.

Tristam's feet hit the floor with a shuddering crash. Little Lucifer sat up straight. Beetle belched and glanced at Pool, the bartender. Pool grinned and set up three.

"Idea," Little Lucifer shouted. "I got an idea."

"A social fun idea?" Tristam's face was bright.

"We gotta have a queen," said Little Lucifer.

"We can have a party," roared Tristam.

"Sure. We gotta get a snazzy queen," Beetle said.

"Where?"

"The berlyque," said Little Lucifer.

"Th' berlyque," shouted the others.

Pool grinned as he set the three beers on the table. "I'll spread the word," he said. "A party."

"Social fun," said Tristam.

Pool told his customers to get out. One was indignant. As Pool threw him out he thought, "I'm probably losing lots of money closing early every night—lots of money. But we gotta have social fun on Shakespeare Court, don't we?"

V

The show was good!

THE END

THIS SUMMER—learn as you travel by air

TAKE A UNIVERSITY-SPONSORED STUDY TOUR ABROAD VIA **TWA**

Conducted by nationally known educators, approved for full university credit, these TWA tours give you the additional opportunity of gaining your "Air World Education" firsthand!

1. UNIVERSITY OF GENEVA. Five weeks' travel via private motor coach in Europe plus four weeks' study at the University of Geneva. Special courses available in French and English. June 20 to August 21. \$1260.* Write Swiss Educational Service, 80 East 42nd St., N.Y. 17.

2. EUROPE. Tour of eight countries. Personally conducted by Dr. George F. Kneller of Yale University. July 21 to September 5. \$1563.* Write Dr. Kneller, Yale School of Education, New Haven, Conn.

3. FLYING SEMINAR. Firsthand survey of present-day Europe. Personally conducted by Dr. Paul Dengler. July 5 to August 10. \$1284.* Write Bureau of University Air Travel, 11 Boyd St., Newton, Mass.

4. UNIVERSITY OF ZURICH. Summer School of European Studies. Instruction in English and German. 5 weeks in residence plus five weeks' travel through Europe via private motor coach. Price \$1290.* Write Professor Beatrice Barker, State Teachers College, Trenton, New Jersey.

For further information and descriptive literature, write to addresses given above.

*price includes all expenses



Across the U.S. and overseas...
you can depend on

TWA
TRANS WORLD AIRLINE
U.S.A. · EUROPE · AMERICA · ASIA



The real reason money is called Jack is because a queen takes it.

* * *

I didn't know she was a golfer when she asked me to play around.

* * *

A shoulder strap is responsible for keeping an attraction from being a sensation.

* * *

She: "Do you know the things they are saying about me?"

He: "What do you think I am here for?"

* * *

Now I lay me down to sleep
The lecture's dry, the subject's deep
If he should quit before I wake
Give me a poke for goodness sakes!

* * *

Girl: "Don't you think Ethel looks terrible in that low-cut gown?"

Guy: "Not as far as I can see."

* * *

Mother, to daughter coming in late:
"What makes your right shoe so muddy and not your left?"

Daughter: "I changed my mind."

* * *

A girdle is an elastic supplement to a stern reality.



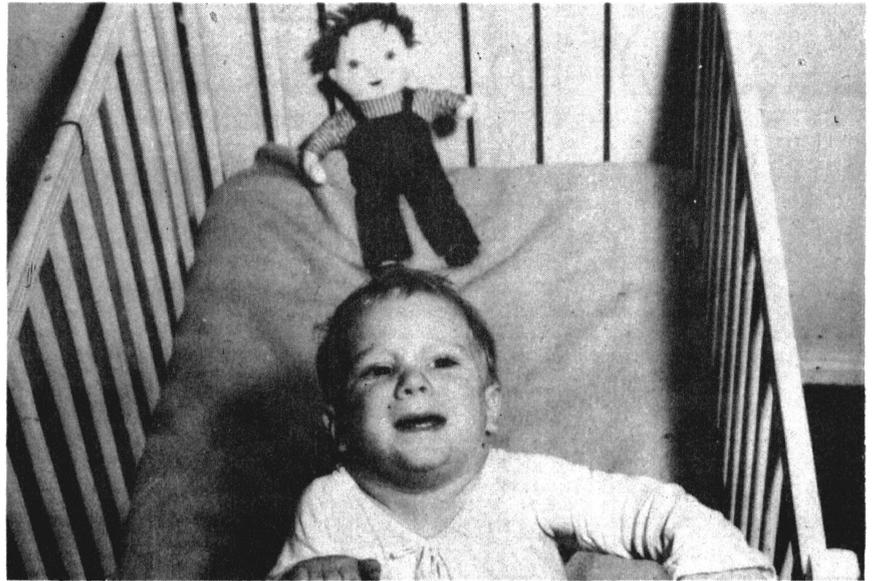
"Who was that queen I saw you stacked up with last night?"

We Have Refreshments To
Go With Our Pool Tables

- o Cigarettes o Candy
- o Pipe Tobaccos . Soda



the **CAMPUS CLUB**
730 Conley



it's time to change . . .
your car for Spring
Powell & Fountain
Service Station

corner of University and Ninth Street

For Your Parties
We Have Plenty
Of:

- Pop Corn
- Caramel Apples
- Caramel Corn
- Cheese Corn



KORN KRIB

207 S. 9th St.

Dial 2891

EXCHANGE



I SAID PHEASANT, PHE-A-SANT!



HOW MANY MO' WE GONNA SERVE?

ME WANT BRED!

SOMEDAY I'M GONNA WRITE A POEM ABOUT YOU GUNGA!

BUT HONEY BROKE, HAVEN'T A CENT THE



DO YOU HAVE A WEAK STOMACH?

GEEZE, NO! I CAN THROW IT AS FAR AS ANYONE!

I DON'T CARE IF YOUR NAME IS RONSON-THIS IS NO TIME TO GET LIT!

THAT AWFUL FLIMS DRE

WANT CHER STEAK?

RARE, HELL, I CAN'T EVEN FIND IT!

AND IF I WERE YOUR HUSBAND, I'D DRINK IT!

I STILL DON'T THINK THIS IS WHAT THEY MEAN BY EXCHANGE DINNER

WHEN YOU GET THROU WOULD YOU MIND SMEARING YOUR HAND ON MY BREAD!

GO SIT SOMEWHERE ELSE. IF I WERE YOUR WIFE, I'D POISON YOUR MILK!

"DAMN SHOWME" CARTOONISTS

I STILL THINK TED IS CHINTSEY!

STEAK OR STAKE?



HE'S BEING FOR A CREEK HE CAN'T BE HERE ANY



visits an DINNER

I'M
I GOT
T IN
WORLD.



THAT WON'T
MAKE ANY
DIFFERENCE.
I'LL LOVE
YOU JUST THE
SAME - EVEN
IF I NEVER
SEE YOU AGAIN!



IOTA BUMMA SIG

O.K., DAUGHTER,
POINT HIM
OUT!



'S AN
Y
ESS!

AND THAT'S
AN AWFUL
FLIMSY
EXCUSE
FOR
STARING!

HEH, HEH...

...I
HAVE AN AWFUL
COLD TODAY.
THE BROTHERS HAD
A KEG OF BEER ON
DRAUGHT LAST NIGHT
AND I SAT IN THE
DRAFT!



WHERE?

WHEN I
MARRY, I'M GOING
TO MARRY A MAN
THAT DOESN'T DRINK,
SMOKE, PLAY
CARDS, OR STAY
OUT LATE AT NITE.
YET, I WANT
HIM TO HAVE
A GOOD TIME!

PROBABLY
A GOOD
SINGER.
SHE'S
GOT LEGS
LIKE A
CANARY!



JUST
GIVE 'EM
FIVE
MINUTES, AND
WE'LL
BE
MOBBED!

UGH,
G

TD-3?
I THOUGHT
THAT WAS
AN
INSECTICIDE!



YOU GALS
REALLY
IMPRESS
ME!

MY NAME'S
QUIT'S

WHEN I WAS
BORN, POP
TOLD MOM
THEY'D BETTER
CALL IT QUIT'S!

WHAT AN
ODD NAME.
HOW'D YOU
GET IT?

JUST
BECAUSE
YOU'RE A
VIOLINIST, IT
DOESN'T
MEAN YOU
CAN FIDDLE
AROUND!

WHY
YOU DIRTY
LITTLE
HUMAN!



GLENN
TROELSTRUP

THAT'S
THE
BIGGEST
JOKE
ON HERE



STYLE NEWS
by Johansen



Tantalizing nude
opera pump in
Cherry Red, Navy Blue
\$11.95

Miller's

**SWAMI'S
SHORTS**

The dam burst, and the raging flood quickly forced the townspeople to flee to the snow-covered hills.

As they gazed down so sadly at their flooded homes they saw a battered brown derby float gently downstream from a short distance. Then it stopped, turned around and plowed slowly upstream against the rushing waters. After a while it turned and moved downstream again.

"Say," said one of the town folks "What makes that derby act so funny?"

"Well, I ain't sartin sure," spoke up a youth, "But last night I heard Grandpa swear, come hell or high water he was a-gonna shovel the snow off the walk before Christmas."



There isn't much difference in freshmen from year to year. You can tell a freshman girl right off because she says, "Stop," and you can tell a freshman boy just as easy because he does.

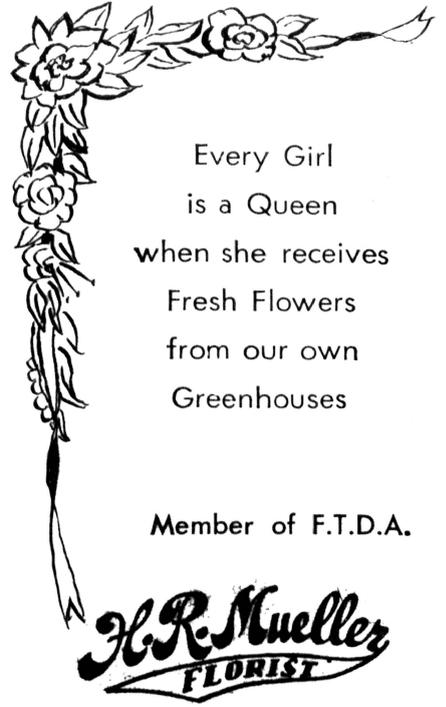
* * *

Visitor (at asylum): "Do you have to separate the women inmates from the men inmates?"

Attendant: "Sure, the people here ain't as crazy as you think."

* * *

Sign in a machine shop: "Girls, if your sweater is too large for you, look out for the machines; if you are too large for your sweater look out for the machinists."



Every Girl
is a Queen
when she receives
Fresh Flowers
from our own
Greenhouses

Member of F.T.D.A.

H.R. Mueller
FLORIST

SUPERIOR QUALITY
DEPENDABLE SERVICE

16 SOUTH 9TH

**MISSOURI
Showme**

On Sale
Each Month
At

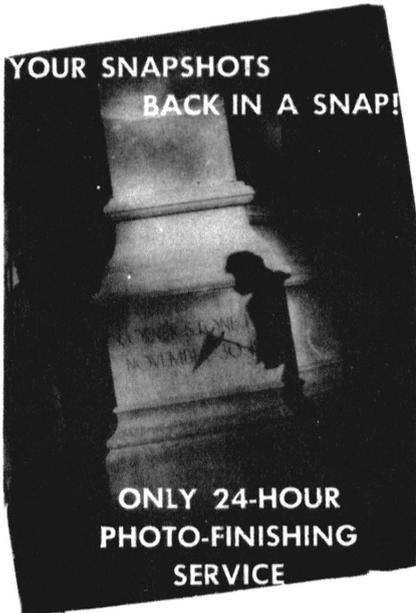
- Jesse Hall
- Mumford Hall
- B.&P.A.
- Engine Bldg.
- Campus Jewelry
- Central Dairy
- Crown Drug
- Bengal Shop
- Esser Drug
- Kampustown Grocery
- Silver Dollar



Modern
LITHO-PRINT COMPANY

● 413 MADISON STREET
JEFFERSON CITY, MISSOURI
TELEPHONE 1444
Offset Printing

**YOUR SNAPSHOTS
BACK IN A SNAP!**



**ONLY 24-HOUR
PHOTO-FINISHING
SERVICE**

**KNIGHT'S
DRUG SHOP**

815 Broadway Phone 4101



Dick old man, can you let me have five. . . .

No. . . .

. . . minutes of your time?

. . . trouble at all, old scout.

* * *

Know what time it is?

Yeah.

Thanks.

* * *

Captain, is this a good ship?

Why, madam, this is her maiden voyage.

* * *

Othopedic Specialist: The girls at these Florida beaches have beautiful legs, don't they?

Lung Specialist: I hadn't noticed; I'm a chest man myself.

* * *

"Let's make a date for Saturday."

"I have a date for Saturday."

"Then let's make it Sunday."

"I'm going out of town Sunday."

"How about Monday?"

"Oh damn it. I'll go Saturday."

* * *

Druggist: "I made a mistake in that prescription I gave you for your wife. Instead of quinine I gave you strychnine."

Customer: "You don't say. Well, then I owe you twenty-cents more."



"In this outfit, they don't refer to me as the 'Housemother'!"

There's only one look...

*The Arden
Look*



**ESSENTIALS TO
CLEANSE,
REFRESH,
SMOOTH**

CLEANSE with Ardena or Fluffy Cleansing Cream, 1.00 to 6.00.

REFRESH with Skin Lotion, 1.00 to 4.00
Ardena Special Astringent, 2.25, 4.00 and up.

SMOOTH with Ardena Veiva Cream, 1.00 to 6.00;
Orange Skin Cream, 1.00 to 8.00; or Perfection Cream, 3.25, 6.00 10.00,

prices plus taxes

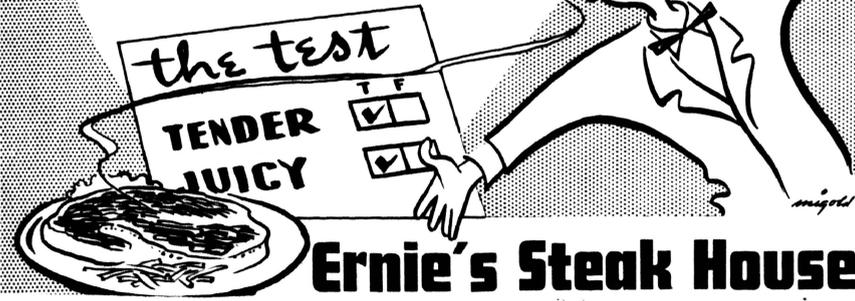
Columbia's most complete line of

ELIZABETH ARDEN

make-up, treatment, and scent.

The Blue Shop

**YOUR NOSE KNOWS BEST
OUR STEAKS PASS**



Ernie's Steak House



We hear that next year's bathing suits are barely big enough to keep a girl from being tanned where she ought to be!

* *

Cleopatra and Marck Anthony were floating down the Nile on Cleo's convertible barge. She reclined upon her couch, looking very beautiful. Marck was standing over her orating. "Cleo," he said, "my love for you rages like a burning forest. Furthermore, O Goddess of the Nile—"

"Marck," said Cleo, "I am not prone to argue."

* *

First love is only a little foolishness and a lot of curiosity.

* *

Today's best value for a nickel is a phone call to the *right* girl.

* *

Long skirts are like prohibition: the joints are still there, but they're harder to spot.

* *

"I want an explanation and I want the truth," snapped the irate wife.

"Make up your mind," said the husband. "You can't have both."

* * *

An absent minded professor was strap-hanging in a bus. His left arm clasped a half dozen bundles. He swayed to and fro. Slowly his face took on a look of apprehension.

Noting this, a young man standing beside him said, "Can I help you, sir?"

"Yes", said the professor with relief. "Hold onto this strap while I get my fare out."

* * *

Guide: "We are now passing the largest brewery in the world."

Student: "I'm not."



**Students! Get your car ready
for Spring**

**We have a complete line
of automobile accessories including:**

- . Wheel Covers
- . Whitewall Discs
- . Briteboy Whitewall Cleaner
- . Plastic Gloss Polish
- . License Frames
- . Special Trade-in Allowances on Tires
- . New Nylon Blowout Proof Tubes
- . Seat Covers
- . Breezies—Assorted Colors
- . Sun Visors

**Also special introductory offer of a free set
of initials for your car with ANY purchase.**

CHAMBER'S
221 North 8th St.



Tire Store
Phone 7229

Mary had a little skirt,
 She stood against the light;
 Who gives a damn
 For Mary's lamb
 With Mary's calves in sight.

* * *

My lady, be wary of Cupid
 And heed to the lines of this
 verse—

To let a fool kiss is stupid;
 To let a kiss fool you is worse.

* * *

The guys who think our jokes are
 rough

Would quickly change their
 views,

If they'd compare the ones we
 print

With those we're scared to use.

* * *

He came in through the window
 As the innocent maid lay dream-
 ing.

Her pretty arms beneath her
 head

See his vicious eyes a-gleaming
 With a sudden spring he reached
 her;

She awoke with a violent shriek,
 And smashed the darn mosquito
 That bit her on the cheek.



T. O. ELSTRUP

**"Yes, I'll play it once more for you—THEN I'M
 GONNA' TAKE THE DAMN THING OUT AND
 SMASH IT!"**

LATER THOUGHTS



H. GREEN

She reached below her dimpled
 knee

Into her rolled down stocking
 And there she found a roll of
 bills.

Ah, me, 'twas sweetly shocking.

"Why don't you keep them in a
 bank?"

Inquired a nosey prier.

"The principle is the same," she
 said

"But the interest here is higher."

* * *

I never kiss I never neck,
 I never say hell, I never say heck,
 I'm always good, I'm always nice,
 I never play poker, I never shoot
 dice,

I never wink I never flirt,
 I say no gossip, spread no dirt,
 I have no line, play no tricks,
 But, what the hell, I'm only SIX!

* * *

An enemy, I know, to all
 Is wicked, wicked alcohol.
 The good Book, though, com-
 manded me

To learn to love mine enemy.

* * *

Barber sneeze,
 Man sneeze.
 Man dead,
 Next please.



T. O. ELSTRUP

"Quit worryin', Nick. I tell ya' this babe's a queen."



The Noise Expert

by Jerry Smith

A tale of the guy who lives in the next room. Perhaps you know him—Zap, zap.

LET ME tell you about this guy that lives in the room next to mine. He comes in when I am doing nothing but minding my own business and ignoring a textbook which is laying on the desk. He comes in.

"Zap, zap," he says, pointing the right index finger at me. "Zap, zap."

What am I supposed to do, fall off the chair, break out the bottle or draw pictures in the dust on the textbook? I sit there with this 'zap zap,' business going on. He flops down, this guy that lives in the room next to mine. He flops down on my well-made sack.

"Plumpf," he says. Just 'plumpf.'

The bed bounces up and down from his weight. "Boong, boong," says the guy from the room next to mine. "Boing, Boing."

"Let me tell you about this guy I meet on the street," he says. The conversation is picking up.

"I'm walking down the street," he goes on, "Plack, plack, plack. When, whoompf, who do I meet but this guy I ain't been on such good terms with since I busted his cranium in grade school. Wham, it hits me that maybe he remembers. So, whish, I step aside a little. Errt, he puts on the brakes. Whumme, I figure he's going to take a poke at me. My brain starts working, clank, clank, clank. Whoo, he looks big. Whish, he takes a swing at me, whish, whish. They all miss, spoosh. Then plooeey, I let him

have one where it hurts. Cruuunch, he's down. He's big, roooann, so I ain't sticking around. Whoosh, I make tracks."

I look him over, this guy from the room next to mine. I am amazed. I am confused. Cou'd this be Spanish two? Or maybe criptograph 207?

He grabs my clean towel and begins flipping it. "Twang," he says, "Twang, twang, twang."

He socks me in the leg with the towel. "Crack," he giggles. "Break your bone? Crack, crack. We can fix that easy." He grabs my leg.

"We twist it a little that way, roonch, then this way, skeetch. Then we yank it kkkuuuttch." He is having hysterics by this time.

"I can see you when you get up," he roars. "Brunk, the leg



"Yoo hoo, Susie, it's me—your lil 'ole roomie; I'm back from home EARLY!"

snaps in the middle. Whoomf, you're on the floor."

I consider my leg thought'ully. I have never had trouble with me legs before. It feels funny.

"Let me tell you about this guy I met this afternoon," he says. "Terwang, terwang." He is pulling on two ends of my towel. "Think it will rip?" he leers. "Rruuutchcritz."

"Rruuutchcritz?" I eye my towel frantically.

"Let me tell you about this guy," says the guy from the room next to mine. "We're kids in school. He's a little bigger than me. You know, blup, bleep—a little bigger. So we're playing games one day. Zip, zip, zip, we're running around. I'm running fast—swish. I come along, clip, clip, clip, and zruuung—this guy sticks his foot out. Ploom, I hit the ground. Rooouw, tooow, my head is going around.

"I'm mad, see, sssst, mad. Wham, I'm up; clowee. I give him one; toomg, he's down. I figure he won't forget that."

He looks at me, I look at him. I think, maybe if I ignore him, he'll go away.

"Shrdlu," he says.

"Shrdlu?"

"Toowong, toowong." He enjoys bouncing on my well made sack. "This is softer than mine," he tells me. "Mine's like a rock, clunk, clunk. I break a back bone, goinch. This is better, hoomph, hoomph."

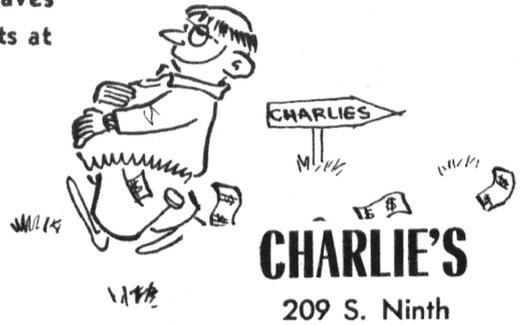
I sigh. He looks at me kind of funny. I sigh again. He seems disturbed. I figure noises annoy him. I sigh real loud.

"Gotta go," he says. "Into the raging blizzard, whoooo, on King, on you huskies, zompfr, ununch, ununch. I'll see you around. Zap, zap."

So he leaves me sitting there minding my own business. I don't move for a while. Then, umprh, I pick up my typewriter; clitch, I put in the paper; and, click-click, click, click, I tell you about th's guy that lives in the room next to mine.

THE END

He eats well and saves money with meal tickets at Charlie's!



CHARLIE'S

209 S. Ninth

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

PEGGY THOELKE

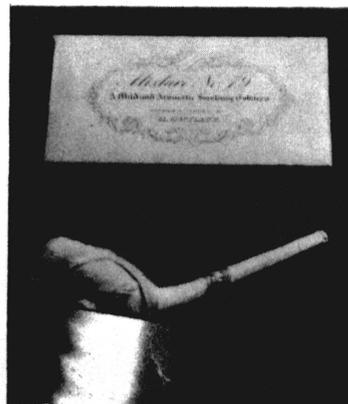
Lambda Chi's Crescent Queen, is the March model from Charm Cottage's well-groomed customers.

See the difference professionally-styled hair can make in **your** appearance. Make your appointment today.



Charm Cottage

3 doors behind Gaeb's
713 Gentry
phone 4277



PIPE SMOKERS

Mixture 79 is only one of the many brands we carry for your smoking pleasure

BROWN DERBY

PHONE 5409 116 SOUTH NINTH

like mad

like crazy

like all get out

like a lover loves his love

like a baby loves his bottle

like a mother loves her babe

like a miser loves his dough

like Grandpa loves his nip

like a woman loves her Man

like a man loves his stomach

like an actor loves his Oscar,

that's how we love our cottons

See them!

at

Henri-Noel
...fabrics...

HISTORY REWRITTEN

DANIEL IN THE LIONS' DEN



Any of you chaps have a Life Saver?



...Only 5¢

headline-hASH

From the COLUMBIA MIS-
OURIAN

Parents Told to Begin
Sex Education Early

Before they're parents, surely.

Stephens Gets Rest
On March 23

*Might as well give them the
rest; they have most of it now.*

Bill Taylor Came Here for Lunch
And Stayed to be City Manager

*Some of those lunches are ex-
pensive.*

Tuesday Club Sees
Color Film on Meat

*Wonder if that's better than
the usual screen*

From the ST. LOUIS GLOBE-
DEMOCRAT

Barring Reds from Japanese
Diet Urged by Yoshida's Aid

*They would probably prefer a
Russian diet anyway.*

From the ST. LOUIS POST-
DISPATCH

New-Type Sweaters
Have Frosty Look

*Must be a new type girl wear-
ing them.*

Sells Seventh
Street Corner

*Wonder if it cost less than the
Brooklyn Bridge*

* * *

LIFE SAVER JOKE CONTEST

Submit your favorite joke
and win a carton of assorted
Life Savers. Entries should be
addressed to this magazine.

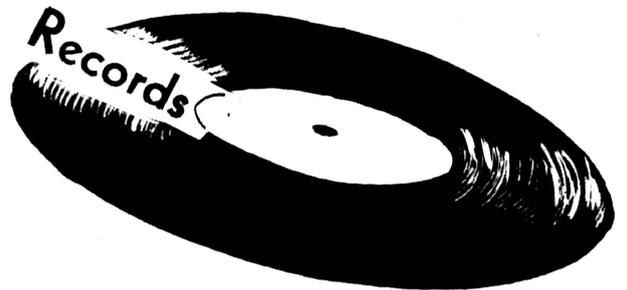
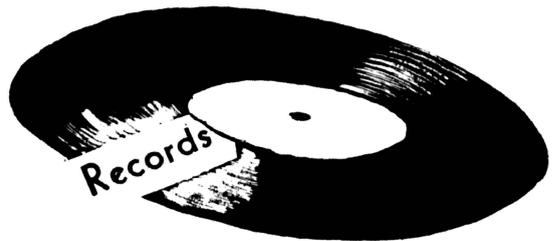
JOKE CONTEST WINNER

Robert Hienel
221 "I" St.,
Columbia, Mo.

WINNING JOKE

Once upon a time there
were two Irishmen. Now
there are lots of them.

jazz popular classical swing be-bop old favorites

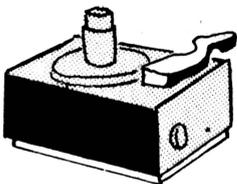


Come See

Don L. Small's New
Record Shop

in his store on north tenth

You can enjoy music at its best



The new RCA Victor record player system gives tones at their best ...
100% distortion free ...
faster changing ... small and compact ...

RCA Victor's New (45) Records and Record Players Here



Skole's Poll

by Bob Skole



An accurate statistical report on the Susies secret life as compiled by crow-eating Skole

98% OF Stephens girls want to get married. 47% have a hard job getting a date. No, we didn't propose to, or proposition, every gal at Stephens, but we found this out in a recent survey. The poll covered 5% of the student body, which may seem like a small number, but that's all we could get to before the authorities threw us out of the dorms.

Here are the results of the poll:

100% of the girls interviewed were definitely interested in men. 3% who were from Aviation Hall, asked what a man is. After a short demonstration, they, too, were interested.

Juniors are more frustrated than Seniors. This is shown by the fact that 20% of the Junior girls find their social life inadequate, while only 10% of the Seniors find theirs so. This is due to: (1) Seniors have had more time to adjust themselves, or (2) they have become so hardened to frustration that they don't mind it any more. The frustration of the Juniors is again shown by the fact that 66% of them want more opportunities to meet men, as compared to 32% of the Seniors who feel that their man-meeting opportunities are inadequate. In regards to meeting men, 76% of the girls thought that Open Houses are a poor method of doing so. Nevertheless 86% become acquainted with most of their males through the Open House Line-'em-up go-get-'em method. (You figure that out!)

Seniors have, on the average, 3.74 dates per week, while Juniors must be satisfied with only 2.25. Some factors must be taken into consideration in regards to these figures. First, we doubt if any girl would truthfully tell a stranger the exact number of dates she has. Second, a few social lionesses, with their two dozen dates a week, throw our curve way off! (To do this they throw their own curves around pretty much also...) 53% of the Juniors find their number of dates insufficient, while only 3% of the Seniors are dissatisfied. Which just proves how little it takes to please some people.

One of the hardest questions for the girls to answer was, "Why do you date?" 40% of the girls dated "to get away." 33% dated

"to have a good time," and 27% dated "to meet other people." These, of course, are their primary motives—most of the Susies date for more than one reason. For example, one girl told us, "It's a good way to go out when you're broke." (You mean they have such a condition at Stephens?)

Seniors get around more than Juniors. Watch your blood pressure, Stephens Administration, but 28% of your Seniors and 5% of your Juniors frequent Off-Limits establishments. This is not bad considering that 81% of the Seniors and 70% of the Juniors would LIKE to go to Columbia's Night Spots. Such self control! (Dammit!)

65% of first year Susies accept blind dates. This figure jumps to 84% when the girls become Sen-



iors. The increase can be explained as follows: A Susie gets "stuck" on her first three blind dates. She swears them off. She spends the rest of her Junior year in semi-seclusion. By the time she becomes a senior, she realizes that she must get a man pretty quick, so she goes hog wild, accepting any date—blind, near-sighted or otherwise. This theory is demonstrated again through the fact that 29% of the total dates of the average Junior Susie are blind, while the Seniors' jump to 34%.

Not only are Seniors more anxious to date, but they are easier to please. Only 10% of the Juniors' blind dates are "satisfactory" while 19% of the Seniors find theirs O.K. Here is more evidence of the six S's—the Submission of Stephen Seniors to the Sad Social Situation.

The main faults found with blind dates, in the order of their occurrence, are: (1) No common interest; (2) Expect too much on the first date; (3) Not the right type; (4) No looks; (5) No personality; (6) No manners. This leads us to conclude three things: (1) Stephens girls are fussy; (2) Stephens girls are very fussy; (3) Stephens girls are too damn fussy!

60% of the Juniors believe that it is a difficult matter to get a date, whereas only 37% of the Seniors have the same trouble. This clearly indicates which should be the exploited class. Need we say more?

The "going steady" and "getting pinned" questions present a confusing amount of statistics. 33% of the girls want to go steady. 42% want to get pinned. 10% want to get pinned, but do not want to go steady. 9% are going steady but do not want a pin. 12% are pinned but do not go steady. You figure it out!!

As we mentioned before, 99% of the girls interviewed want to get married. We are now dating the other 1%.

THE END

T.G.I.F.C.*

join your friends and have a free snack
at our store on Friday afternoons
5:00 to 5:30

* Thank God It's Friday Club

Garland's

the store with you in mind

20 South Ninth

Start your record collection NOW

BING CROSBY
DINAH SHORE
STAN KENTON
ARTIE SHAW
JUNE CHRISTY



DORIS DAY
TOMMY DORSEY
FRANKIE LAINE
BENNY GOODMAN
XAVIER CUBAT

Listen to the famous bands and singers whenever you desire. We have large supplies of long-playing records as well as the regular ten and twelve inch sizes. See us soon for your favorite recordings.

RADIO ELECTRIC

"Just West of the Quadrangle on University Ave"



You are cordially invited to
inspect our Spring and Summer
showing of choice fabrics
for Made-to-Measure Clothes
at Popular Prices

NEUKOMMS
22 S. 9th St.

QUESTIONS

- A** If you locate me, you'll see this modern age,
Add a furry friend who lurks upon the back page.
- B** Where the dogwood grows you'll find me too,
Believe me, solver, I'm pale in hue.
- C** What's the smoke that satisfies? Simple as A B C,
Look at the frame's initial lines; its slogan is in 1, 8, 3.

**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 BARBARA HALE.** An arrow is a "barb"; a constellation is "Ara"; hearty is "hale."
- B THE FIGURE 4,** is made by the manner in which the Stork's legs are crossed.
- C MULLINS,** To heat and spice is "mull." Add taverns (inns) and the whole answer becomes Mullins.
WINNERS...



"I call my girl 'Furnace'."

"Why, because she's a hot number?"

"No, she goes out on me if I don't watch her."

* * *

First Girl: "I hit a telephone pole last night."

Second Girl: "It's a wonder your neck wasn't broken."

First Girl: "Well, it wasn't broken but it was sadly interrupted."

* * *

"In the old days, did the knights fight with battleaxes?"

"Well, the married knights did."

* * *

Quoth she: "When I let him steal a little kiss, I didn't know it was going to develop into a one man crime wave."

* * *

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

Francy Chadbourne
Ernest Wagner
Don Dalton
Eric Flor
Larry DiDonato
Bud Moser
Ernest Hale
Aubrey Mullins
John C. Wycraft
Edward Royce

Winners should report to
303 Read Hall for their Ches-
terfields.



Picture of You having a good time

You, your date, and your favorite beer... large glasses of Stag for a dime... or your choice of bottled beers... You and your date dancing to the latest tunes in the CAVE... You testing your skill on the DEN'S shuffleboard tables... All of this is a picture of you having a fun evening... Come and see yourself.

Reservations accepted for the CAVE for Monday nights... Call 3368

the **DEN** 

The Place Where Students Go

tired of
runnin' dry?



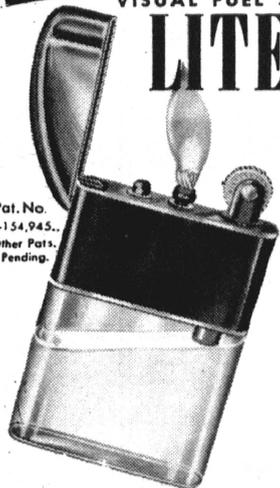
You'll never be caught
with your "fuel down" with a

Ritepoint

VISUAL FUEL SUPPLY

LITER

Pat. No.
D-154,945...
Other Pat's.
Pending.



IN 4
JEWEL
TONES
crystal
ruby
topaz
emerald

You can see right through that handsome lucite base and tell how much reserve supply you have! Precision built for "sure-fire" performance. No leak! No evaporation!

\$375

No Federal Tax

SIGNALS THE EYE—LONG BEFORE DRY!

Ritepoint
VISUAL FUEL SUPPLY
TABLE-DESK LITER

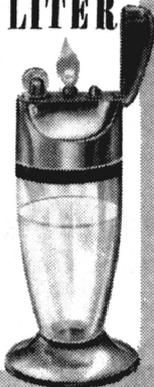
handy dandy for your desk!

In crystal topaz,
emerald and ruby.
Translucent lucite
bases. Holds many
months fuel supply!
Metal top and base.

\$750

Patents Pending.

No Federal Tax



RITEPOINT CO.

4390 S. Kingshighway Blvd. • St. Louis 9, Mo.
One of the world's largest makers of Pens and Mechanical Pencils.

SWAMI REPORTS:



On Housefathers

by Fred Shapiro

WE WALKED into the Shack the other day and found our kingpin Swami working hard at his usual occupation—drinking. We sat down beside him and introduced ourselves to his companion who seemed to be moaning about something and was too busy crying into his already well-salted beer to notice us.

"What's the matter with him?" we asked Swami.

"Let him alone," the prophet replied, "he's got a right to cry the blues. That fella has troubles. He's a housefather."

"Oh," we queried, "and why should that make him particularly unhappy?"

At this point the house father spotted in us a new outlet for his story so he started babbling again.

"Now see what you've done." Swami said, "you've got him started and he'll go all through the whole story again. Damn you."

He said some other unflattering things, but we were too busy listening to the house father to hear him. The house father was babbling somewhat incoherently so we stopped him.

"Wait," said we, "start from the beginning. Why did you first decide to become a house father?"

"My wife became a house mother" he replied, "and besides I was planning to do a thesis on abnormal psychology. To say nothing of the fact that I thought the boys might be able to give me a little help with some of my more difficult subjects now and then."



"So you're a wheel. Quit being so damn dramatic!"

"Tell me," said Swami, looking up from his beer, "how many ki's have you got, and how did your wife feel after having all those kids at once?"

"Twenty-six and tired, mighty damn tired," he replied.

"Well," we inquired, "are you sorry you became a house father?"

"Yes and no," he answered, "yes, because those guys don't know any more about my home-work than I do and no because our house files have the most and best pornography on this campus."

"Well," we inquired, "We don't understand what your main troubles really are."

"Oh, you shouldn't have said that," said Swami, digging in for a long siege."

"It's like this," he answered, "I am sick and tired of the food. It's a little better than restaurant chow, I suppose, it's only spoiled on one side; and I'm tired of telling the boys to take their feet off the tables at meal time; and I'm tired of their standing outside the door to my room and belching whenever they're hungry; and I don't like to have to tuck them into their straight jackets every night and lock their chains."

"That's saying nothing about all the red tape I put up with," he went on, "the parole slips when they go home on vacation, the weekly policy report my wife has to send to Stephens college whenever the boys develop any new strategy. But what really gets me is when the boys run out to other houses saying 'my Pa can lick your Pa.' Having twenty-six various house fathers coming around with murder in their eyes every day brings on trouble."

"What's more," he continued, "I don't get enough respect. The kids all run around calling me Pop. If they have to address me on the street, I wish they would please do so by calling me father or pater, perhaps. My classwork is suffering too. I'm tired after teaching those brats how to read and write, I have a hell of a time waking up for Early Morning Bird Calls."

(continued next page)



**PITTSBURGH PAINT
and
GLASS PRODUCTS**

15 South
10th St.

BRADY'S

Phone
4978

Order your
Fraternity - Sorority
pins and rings
and class rings
from

BUCHROEDER'S

1015 E.
Broadway

Teen-agers go for Switzer's Licorice!



Everybody Likes Switzer's Licorice!

Switzer's

St. Louis

It's Hinkson Time Again



Buy your food from your

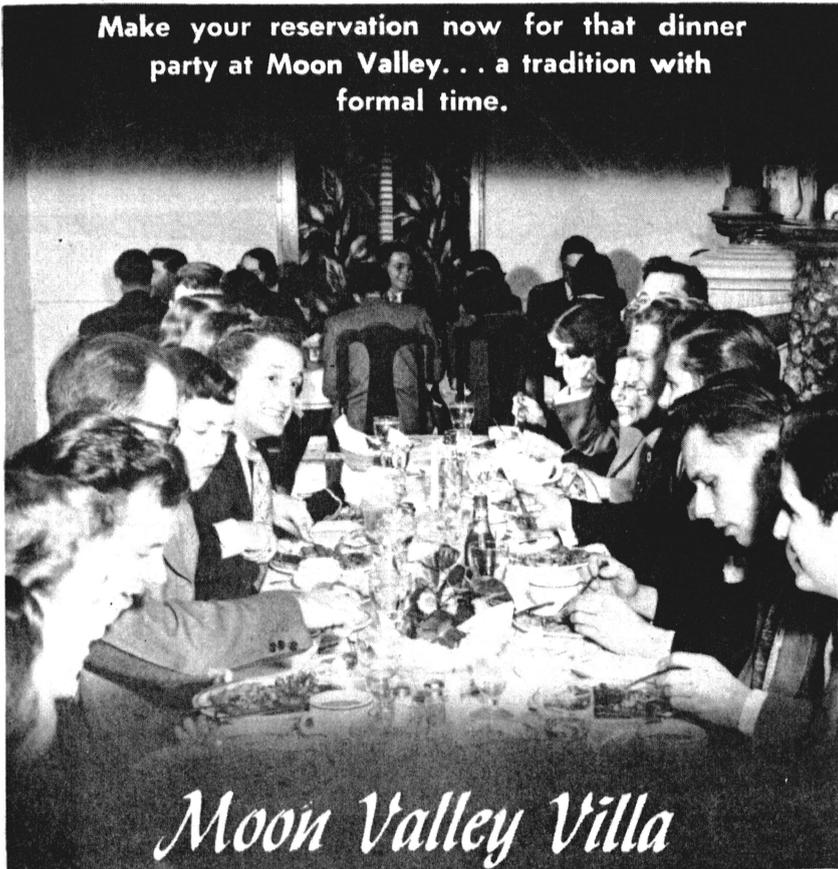
KAMPUSTOWNE GROCER

OPEN 8 A.M. to 10 P.M. Monday through Thursday

8 A.M. to 6 P.M. Friday and Saturday

5 P.M. to 7 P.M. Sundays

Make your reservation now for that dinner party at Moon Valley. . . a tradition with formal time.



Moon Valley Villa

He stopped for a minute and Swami looked somewhat relieved. "There," he said, "he's stopped. Don't ask him anything else. He's liable to blow up in your face.

"One more question," we begged. "just tell us do you use any disciplinary measures?"

"Oh," the house father answered, "just a few mild ones. such as chastisement with a baseball bat, and a few other little tricks of the trade which I picked up when I was a Joliet turnkey. Oh, those good old days."

He looked as if he were going to start a fresh wave of reminiscences, so we got up to leave.

He grabbed our arm to stop us. "Please stay," he begged "let me tell you how I went from the sublime to the paternal in one short fatal step."

We wrenched free from his grasp and started walking out the Shack door.

"Oh, well," he yelled after us, "what has Crosby got that I have not five times as much of, besides money?"

We caught our last glimpse of the house father as he turned back to Swami and began talking anew. Swami wasn't listening. He sat and quietly drank, his mind far away. He should care, the house father was buying the beer.

THE END

"Honey, Ah loves yo' bathin' suit!"

"Sho' nuff?"

"Man it sho' does!"

* * *

"Why are there more automobile accidents than train wrecks?"

"Must be because the engineer isn't always making love to the fireman."

* * *

A monkey looks like a man who is worried. A monkey looks like a man who is worried because he has made a monkey of himself. And a monkey looks worried because he is awake that he looks like a man who is worried because he has made a monkey of himself.



... So natcherly he's gotta sleep wit da farmer's daughter. . .



... an' later on da farmer starts gettin' wise . . .



... and—and, ha ha ha ... he says—ha ha ...



... terrific, huh?

JACKOLANTERN



"There's milk and cold cuts in the icebox, John."

CHAPARRAL

filched



UCLA SCOP

"By George, you're right, Mr. Wilson! That IS an E!"

A Man is known by
the company he keeps

TAPPAN

Maytag

Sunbeam

FRIGIDAIRE

Manning, Bowman

Bring your
Appliances to
our Repair Shop

Edgar's

MAYTAG

1013 E. Bdwy. Phone 7404

MISSOURI
Showme

WANTS YOU !
WRITERS!
CARTOONISTS!
PHOTOGRAPHERS!
IDEA MEN!



Judge (to prisoner): "What is your name, occupation, and what are you charged with?"

Prisoner: "My name is Sparks. I'm an electrician, and I'm charged with battery."

Judge: Officer, put this guy in a dry cell.

* * *

Prosperity means wine, women and song.

A depression means beer, mama and the radio.

* * *

A finished musician is Octavius Platt; He got caught playing in the wrong flat.

* * *

What does a bride think when she walks into a church? "Aisle, Altar, Hymn."

* * *

Little Boy: "Ma, I just cut off my leg in the thresher."

Ma: "Stay outside until you stop dripping. I just mopped the floor!"

* * *

"Mommy, Mommy, bawled the little girl," "Daddy just poisoned my kitty."

"Don't cry, dear," replied the mother sympathetically. "Maybe he had to."

"No, he didn't," screamed the heartbroken child. "He promised me I could."

* * *

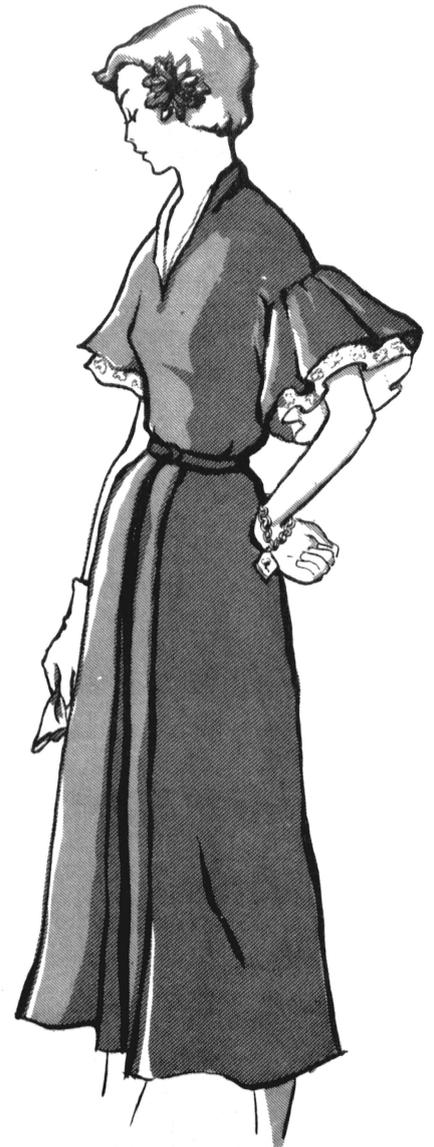
"No," said the centipede, crossing her legs, "a hundred times no."

* * *

She: "How was your party last night?"

Voice on phone: "We're having a swell time."

Spring
Nylon



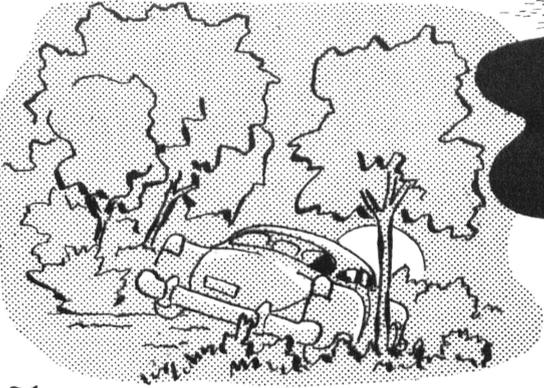
\$29.95

Figure flattering nylon, in navy or black, trimmed in white nylon lace. Featherweight, packable, washable

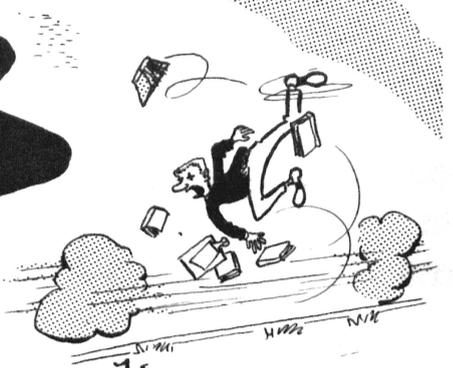
Sizes 9-11-13

Greenspon's
900 Broadway

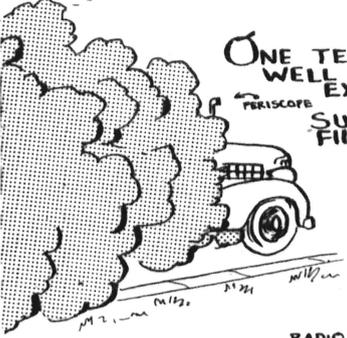
WHEELS AROUND CAMPUS



THIS IS A BEAUTIFUL WAGON, BUT MRS. SMACK HAS DRIVEN LESS THAN 10 MILES ON HIS LAST 54 DATES.



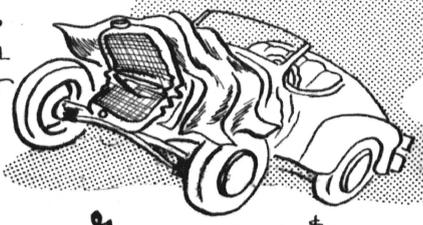
U-KNOW-WHO CAB CO. HAS A NEW FLEET OF 50 CHEVS. THE ONLY SOLUTION IS 32 MORE UNDERPASSES.



ONE TEXAS OIL WELL IS DEVOTED EXCLUSIVELY TO SUPPLYING FILBURPS V-8.

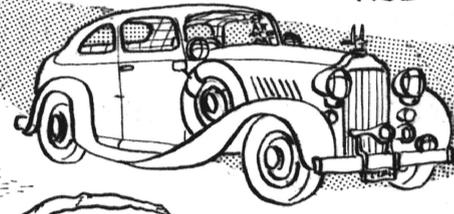


CECIL BAKER DOESN'T RATE WHEELS BY AGE. HIS STILL RUNS PERFECTLY DOWNHILL!



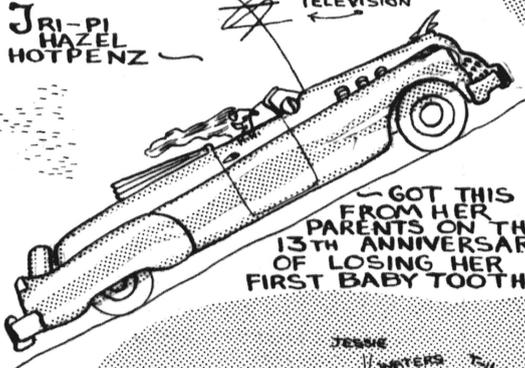
MAXHOLE CAPITALISKY-

SLITCH BLEW \$800.00 ON THIS SNAZZY ROD - BUT IT HAD MECHANICAL BRAKES.

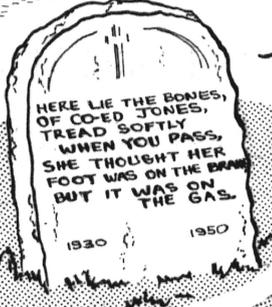


JRI-PI HAZEL HOTPENZ

RADIO, HELL! THAT'S TELEVISION

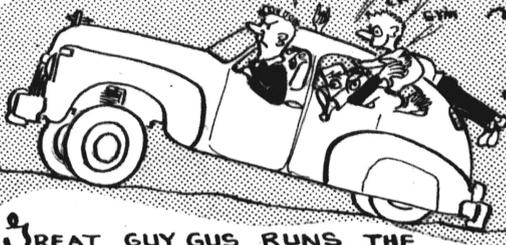


- GOT THIS FROM HER PARENTS ON THE 13TH ANNIVERSARY OF LOSING HER FIRST BABY TOOTH.



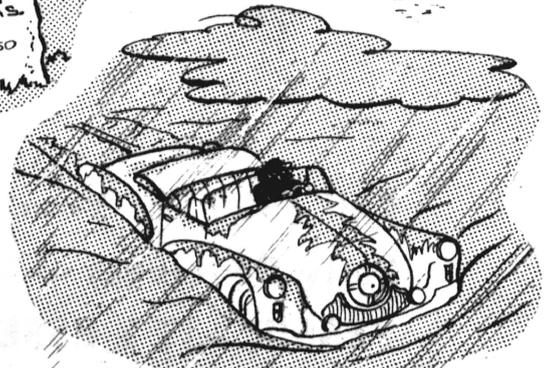
HERE LIE THE BONES, OF CO-ED JONES, TREAD SOFTLY WHEN YOU PASS, SHE THOUGHT HER FOOT WAS ON THE BRAKE BUT IT WAS ON THE GAS.

- COULDN'T RESIST IT WHEN BRITISH DEVALUATION DROPPED THE ROLLS FROM \$10,000.00 TO \$17,995.00.

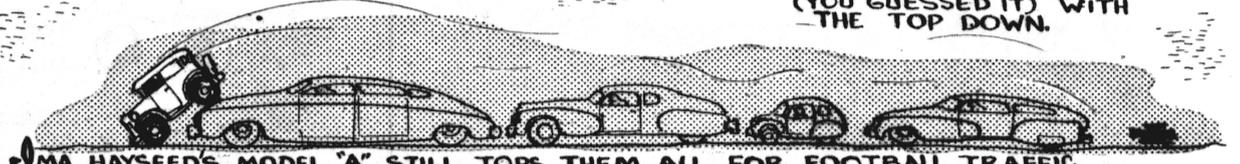


JESSE WATERS
THE SEVEN
CROWDER
GYN

GREAT GUY GUS RUNS THE HOUSE-TO-CLASS CAB CO. HE THREW OUT THE SPARE TIRE AND NOW CARRIES A SPARE SET OF TRUCK SPRINGS.



CLUTCHSLUSH EVEN RODE OUT LAST YEAR'S ICE STORM (YOU GUESSED IT) WITH THE TOP DOWN.



MA HAYSEED'S MODEL 'A' STILL TOPS THEM ALL FOR FOOTBALL TRAFFIC.

E

STANDS FOR **EASY** TO ORDER
AND **EASY** ON THE PALETTE.

S

STANDS FOR **SURE** QUALITY
AND **SURE** DELIVERY ---

S

ALSO STANDS FOR ALL STAND-
DARD BRANDS AND FOR
EXCELLENT **SERVICE**

E

STANDS FOR **EVERY** COURTESY
FOR **EVERY** COSTOMER

R

REMINDS YOU TO REORGANIZE
YOUR PHONE NUMBERS AND

**Call 4300 For Your
Party Beverages - - - -
YESSIR - IT'S ESSER
Next To The Dan'l Boone**



Jack: Last night I finally persuaded my girl to say "yes."

Jake: Swell, old man, when's the wedding?

Jack: Wedding? ? What wedding?

* * *

"It's true," said the husband, pensively. "My wife ran away with my best friend."

"Too bad. Was he a handsome devil?"

"Can't say. I never met the man."

* * *

She was the type who softly murmurs sweet nothing doings in your ear.

* * *

The young bride approached the druggist timidly.

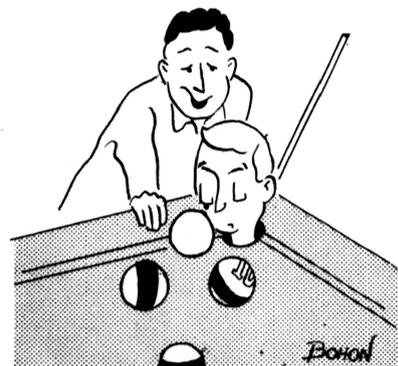
"That baby tonic you advertise," she began, "does it really build bigger and stronger babies?"

"We sell a lot of it," said the druggist, "and we've had no complaints."

"Then I'll take a bottle," she said. "And do I have to take it, or does my husband?"

* * *

This may be the machine age, but love is still made by hand.



"I still think I can make it."

dunn's

dungeon



by don dunn

GOOD HEAVENS! Now it's the **SHOWME** queen! Savitar J., School, Ag-School, Engine School, Hickman High—who knows where it will end? I'm surprised we haven't been approached by some three-year-old tot who says, "Thay, will you vote for Thən'ra Thmith? She's runnin' for Queen of the Univerthity Laboratory Nurthery School." It may happen thoon--er, soon.

* * *

THOUGHT OF THE MONTH: It's nice to be a queen—especially if you're a girl.

* * *

Maybe that's the trouble around this campus: it's always a girl who gets to be a queen. Sure, I know the boys have a chance at Knight Owl or Jack of Hearts, but that's all. Why is this discrimination being practised? Listen, I've seen some fellows around school who look a darn sight better than some of the girls. That's what we need—a couple of boys running for, say, for Showoff queen. Why, I can almost hear one of the candidates trying to drum up votes now:

HARRY (the candidate): Pssst, Jack, come over here under this pinball machine.

JACK: Oh, hiya, Harry.

HARRY: Who you voting for for Showoff queen?

JACK: Why this Yacovitz, the quarterback, looks pretty good.

HARRY: Yacovitz! Jack, I'm surprised at you. You've seen him out on the field in those short knickers, haven't you?

JACK: So?

HARRY: Well, migawd man, do you call **THOSE** legs?

JACK: Oh, yeh, I see what you mean.

HARRY: Not only that, but you know those tremendous shoulders he has

JACK: Yeh?

HARRY (looking furtively around, whispers) Falsies!

JACK: No!

HARRY: I happen to know he has his pads specially made in Atlanta, Georgia—that's 'way down South in de land ob cotton'.

JACK: Y'know. I noticed there was something funny about him when I accidentally brushed a-

gainst him on the dance floor—but if I don't vote for him, who can I vote for?

HARRY: Well, Jack, I don't want to influence you, but did you see the Savitar Frolics?

JACK: Yes?

HARRY: Remember that dance I did in the girl's dress?

JACK: Oh, yeh, that little short dress that showed almost—

HARRY: Yes—and every bit of it was real! Catch?

JACK: Gotcha! See ya around.

HARRY: Right. Hey, there's Al over there. Pssst, Al, come over here under this pinball machine. . . .

Getting away from queens and down to serious matters, have



Manufacturers and Wholesalers only

Frozen Gold
 CREAM OF CREAMS
 U. S. TRADE MARK NO. 292946

ICE CREAM

Plants located at

- MOBERLY
- MARSHALL
- LOUISIANA
- BROOKFIELD
- COLUMBIA
- HANNIBAL
- MARCELINE
- WENTZVILLE

Rx *Complexion Formula*
Sayman Soaps
 FOR MEN AND WOMEN

**DRY
 SKIN?**



**OILY
 SKIN?**



Does your skin get parched and flakey from sun and outdoor activity? Enjoy a "peaches and cream complexion!" Dojean is rich in lanolin... delightfully scented. Sudsy bath treat!



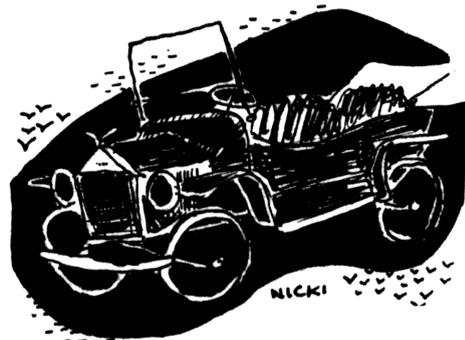
Pure! All vegetable! Wonderful for youth's skin problems... Quick acting cleanser... you can feel the tingle as it penetrates the pores. Grand for lustrous shampoo, too.

If dealer cannot supply you, send 50 cents and dealer's name for 3 cakes of either kind.

SAYMAN PRODUCTS CO. DEPT. (SE) • ST. LOUIS 3



you noticed how the system here is beginning to get loused up by profs doing things they aren't supposed to be doing? First, someone over in the Econ department wrote an income tax pamphlet that the state is passing out for free—you, know, one of these simplified eight-page folder that requires a simplified eight page folder to understand it—and then



this fellow down at Journalism School whips off a Saturday Evening Post story and receives a fabulous sum for it. Now, I'm not begrudging anybody anything, but I wish they'd think about what they're doing before they go any further with such things. You see, profs, we poor students sit out in front of your lectures and think. "All right, all right, go on and talk, talk, talk. If you knew anything about the subject, You'd be out making money and not just telling us how to make it." Now please, profs, leave us be with our cynicism. Stop disenchanting us!

* * *

Speaking of income taxes, there's a clever question on the form I got that reads, "Are you blind?"

Don't know why they call it a withholding form—I can't withhold a cent from them.

It must be pretty terrible to

graduate and make so much money that you can't get a few bucks refunded from the government every year.

* * *

The motion picture situation in this town is also getting pretty complex. I didn't mind fighting a battle to get in to see "Battle-ground," or waiting until twelve o'clock to see "Twelve O'clock High," but when I had to stand behind eighteen dogs to see "Challenge To Lassie," that's going too far.

They've had a sign up on Broadway for quite a while saying that the Tiger Laundry Company's building is going to be turned into a theatre. "Stromboli" ought to go over big there—it would be a nice clean picture.

I hear that instead of tickets, they're going to sell you all the buttons they've mangled off my shirts during the past two years.

And you know that popcorn you always drop on the floor while you watch the picture? They'll be able to sweep it up, run it through a washer, resalt it, and reseal it—I think I'll get a television set.

THE END



"Now watch my feet."

803 Walnut

New Initiates!

Your **BALFOUR** representative

assures you quicker delivery on your
Official Fraternity and Sorority Pins and
Crested Gifts
Call or See

Phone 7442 *Tommy Conrey* 109 Aldeah

We found out where the
"Wild Goose Goes"



To the Dixie for a
Cool glass of beer.

- Steaks
- Sandwiches
- 5% Tap or Bottled Beer

THE DIXIE

Phone 9446



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!**



nick bova



PHOTO BY JULIE'S

It seems that every year we have a considerable amount of trouble deciding what sort of a cover to produce for the QUEEN ISSUE. It usually results in some sort of an experiment.

This year we decided to do a portrait of the Queen and naturally our choice to do the art work was Nick Bova, SHOWME'S artist. Previously Nick has done two illustrations for SHOWME fiction and both have been excellent jobs.

Nick is 23, a senior in Arts and Science from St. Louis, Vice President of Delta Phi Delta, honorary art fraternity, and hopes some day to do national illustrations like Whitcomb's.

bill chandler

As far as we know, this is the first time an Ag-student has ever received a write-up on the SHOWME contributors' page. We had been shopping around for someone to handle the jokes for SHOWME, when suddenly someone let out a ripping Ag howl, grabbed the scissors and began snipping in our exchanges—this was Bill Chandler, our new joke editor.

Besides his joke activities, Bill owns part interest in a racing greyhound which periodically presents him with a taxable income. With this in mind, his greatest ambition is to own a flashy Jaguar—convertible, of course.

Bill is 20, a sophomore in Agriculture, a member of Phi Eta Sigma, freshman honorary, and resides with his dog in Sarcoxie, Missouri.

fred shapiro

Last February when Dick Sanders became editor of SHOWME he decided that his editorship duties would not allow him time to continue with his feature, SHOWME REPORTS. So he began looking around for a replacement and came up with an enterprising young freshman, Fred Shapiro.

Fred is one of those editor joys who will walk up to most anyone and ask him most anything. He has probably met more faculty 'wheels' than anyone on the staff.

Fred is 19, a Pre-J sophomore in Arts and Science from Philadelphia and hopes some day to do his work for a big-time newspaper.



PHOTO BY JULIE'S

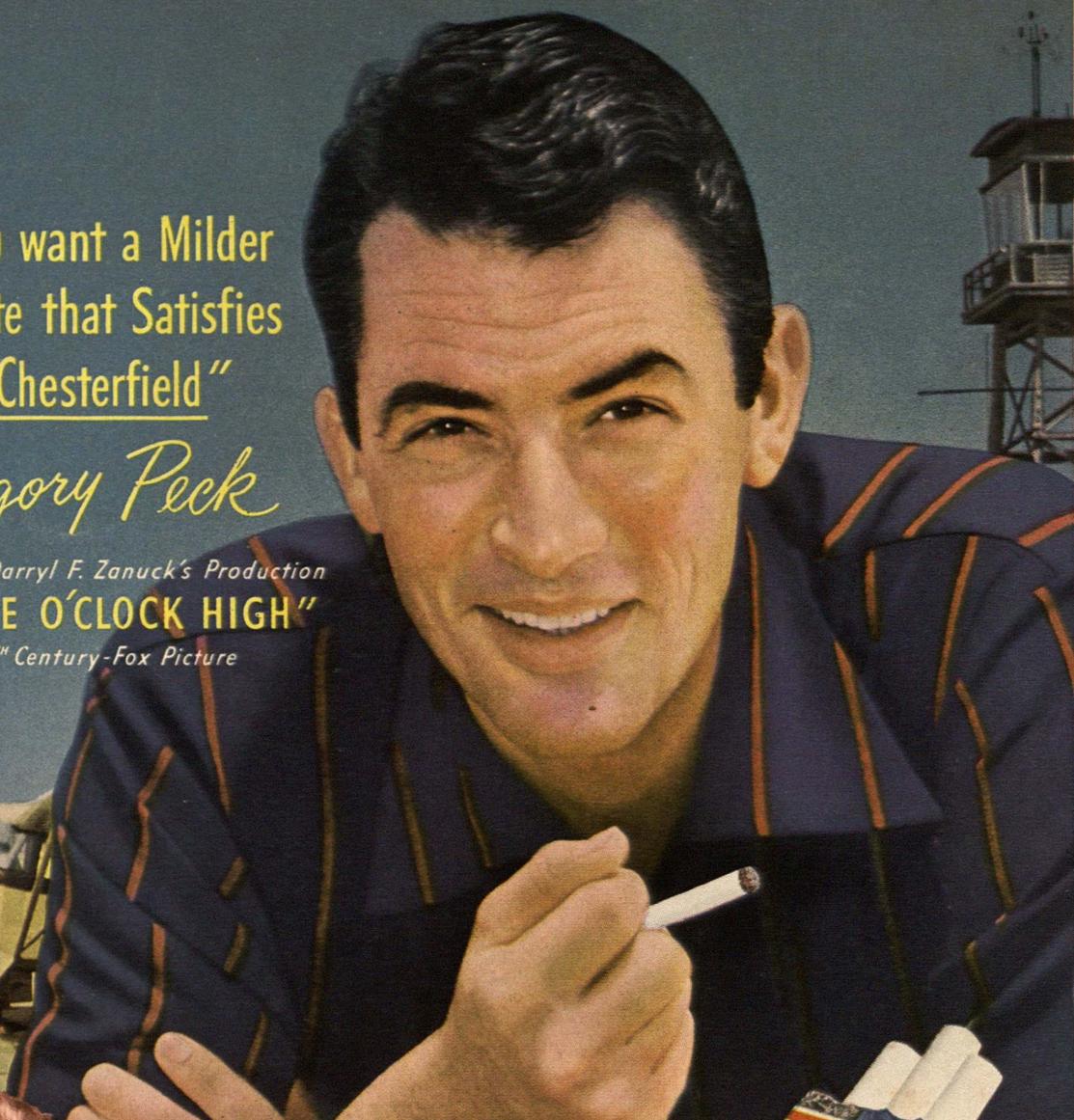
"If you want a Milder
cigarette that Satisfies
it's Chesterfield"

Gregory Peck

Starring in Darryl F. Zanuck's Production

"TWELVE O'CLOCK HIGH"

A 20th Century-Fox Picture



...and JASPER T. CARTER,
PROMINENT TOBACCO FARMER says -

"Chesterfield pays the top price to get
the very best mild, ripe tobacco.
Chesterfield has been my cigarette
for over 35 years."

Jasper T. Carter

BLANCH, N. C.



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

the Best cigarette for YOU to smoke