

C: 22/10/12



MISSOURI Showme

STEPHENS



QUIET!
GENIUS
WORKING

REMEMBER!
NO SEX BEFORE
SIX!!

M
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1
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25c



TERRY REES

SAME
SEX
IT
MAY

TAKE HOME TO
MOTHER 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!**

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Shaw & Sons



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Dear Editor:

In your April issue . . . *Around the Columns* . . . abortionistic "report" on the recent Stan Kenton concert.

From the beginning it was quite evident that the writer had no conception of reviewing, but a narrow-minded approach clearly indicating ignorance of the subject.

In all sincerity, I hope that your prodigy will stay within the realm of his ability—a feeble attempt at humor—instead of an assinine try at reviewing.

Sincerely
Tom Mills, Jr.

Tch, tch. Very impressive. While you're in school, friend, you might pick up a little general education and learn that "abortionistic," "narrow-minded," and "ignorance" are not synonymous with "he disagrees with me". If you're really observant you might even discover that Around the Column (written, by the way, by a violent pro-Kenton) is not, has never been, and will never be a review for anything in general and the 'big noise' in particular—Ed.

Dear Editor:

Who picks the boy and girl of the month and why?

George Dooley
Columbia, Mo.

Members of the Staff choose the B and G of the month from suggestions of students (when made). They are chosen for their interest and participation in school activities. We're always glad to have suggestions—Ed.

A NOTE OF THANKS TO CHRISTIAN COLLEGE

We aren't going to give Christian College a write-up, but we do want to thank the college in general and three girls in particular for the wonderful co-operation they have given *Showme* this year.

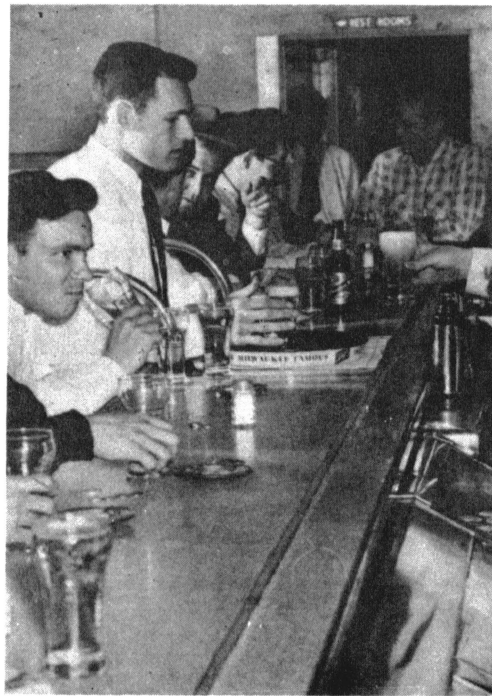
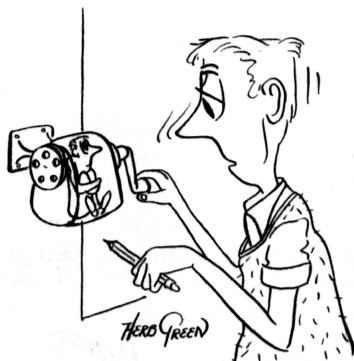
While Stephens was banning us, the Christian Student Government voted three girls to serve as *Showme* salesgirls at Christian. They are:

Wayburn Shawhan, 19, a senior from Hazard, Kentucky, and a member of Delta Psi Omega and Radio Guild. Wayburn is majoring in dramatics and plans to attend the University of Michigan next year.

Judy Merrick, 19, a senior from Nashville, Tennessee, and a member of Phi Theta Kappa, Phi Delta Delta and Delta Psi Omega. Judy intends to go to either University of Missouri or Vanderbilt next year.

Donelle Keeney, 19, a senior from Lexington, Missouri, and a member of Phi Theta Kappa and Sigma Phi Gamma. Donelle is the editor of *Microphone* (which she considers her greatest honor) and plans to enter J-school next year.

To our three lovely salesgirls *Showme* says—thanks a million, we really appreciate your time and effort.



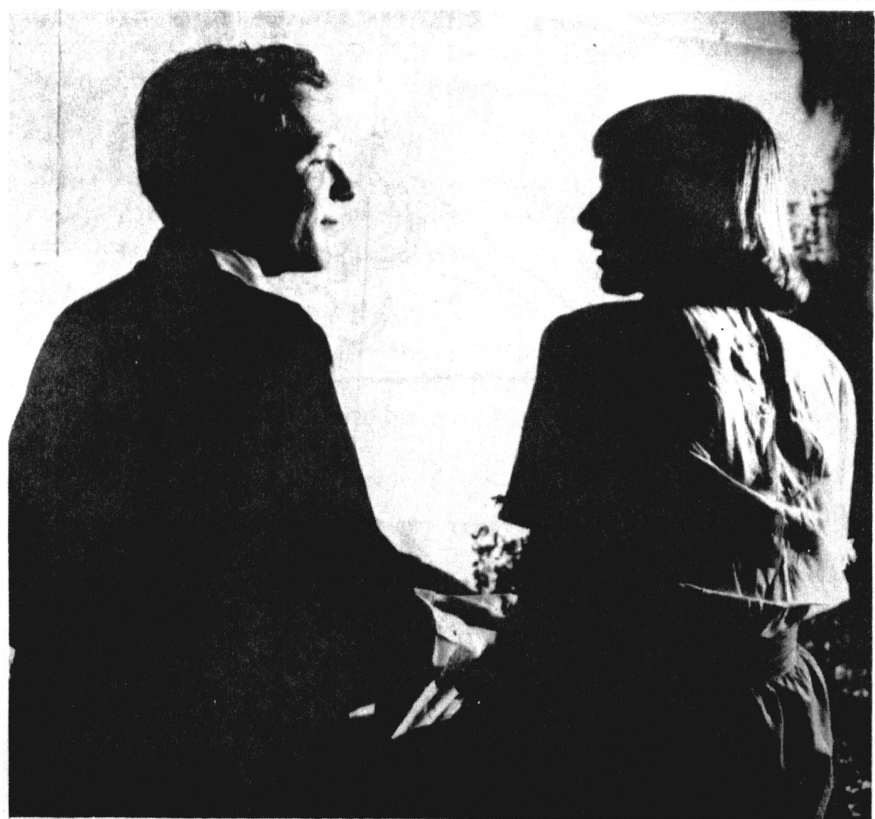
Students...

Relax and enjoy those hot evenings in the "air-cooled"

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"Coldest 5% Beer in Town" - 13 S. Eight

"Welcome Sign is always on for You"

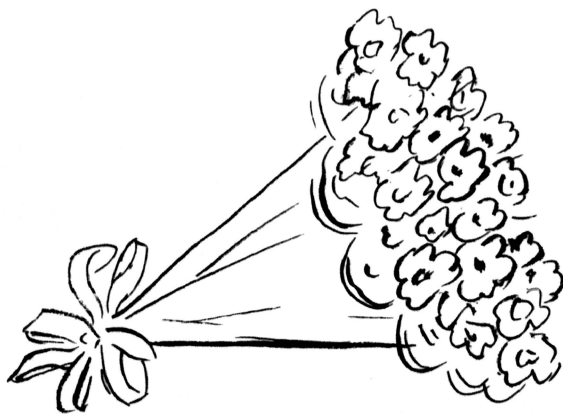


"...but if I leave here I won't be able to buy my clothes at Julies!"

May Flowers



*are alright in
their place . . .
but for a real
bouquet . . .*



in Party Beverages

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YESSER . . it's ESSER!

715 B'Way . . . next to the DANIEL BOONE Hotel



THIS issue ends what was probably the most successful year in *Showme* history. But we've been crowing about that all year long, and I'm sure all readers are well acquainted with the statistics.

For the past few months we've been turning out issues according to the old formula, figuring that since you, the reader, seemed to like it, we'd keep at it.

However, we have not only been turning out issues, we've done a lot of thinking about next year and have come up with some completely different stuff for future issues.

We will start off the year with the 'Orientation' Issue which we feel will put you in the mood for the old 'rah rah' life. Then we'll follow with our 'Anniversary' Issue, celebrating 35 years of *Showme* history. This issue will contain the best material we can dig out of 35 years of *Showmes*.

Then we're going to do the first *Showme* take-off on a national magazine. We've done a lot of planning for this issue and think you will enjoy what we have in mind.

That's as far as we've gone, but don't be surprised at anything that might follow those issues.

Editors have always used the last issue to tell students that the *Showme* staff is open to anyone with talent, ideas or ambition. Being no exception, I say—the summer address is on page 9; let's hear from you.

Have a nice summer; see you in September.

Gerry



MISSOURI SHOWME

YOUR CAMPUS HUMOR MAGAZINE

Take-Home
To-Mother
Issue

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

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COVER BY TERRY REES



MEMBER

Volume 27 May 1950 Number 9

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MEMBER



***M**OTHER dear, we're on our way
Prepared to make your drab life gay,
To fill the town with news sensation
Practising our education.*



Corn

(—or, our jokes aren't always the worst.)

Harry: I'm knee deep in love with you.

Mary: I'll put you on my wading list.

It's a Crime

There's bad news for the hot-rod boys. Ford is making hot rods for the police and they're capable of reaching 60 in first gear in 11 seconds... The FBI says there's a major crime committed every 18 seconds in the U.S.... A man in Muncie, Indiana, recently wrote a letter to the editor complaining about the inefficiency of Police. A few days later he was caught attempting to crack a safe... An Oakland, California, man was driving his automobile when it was sideswiped. He chased the other car and cornered it. Three men jumped out, slugged him, and threw him into the ditch. When they tried to drive off, he jumped in front of the car and narrowly missed being run down. When police, summoned by the man's wife, arrived, they arrested the poor guy because he had an expired driver's license... A St. Louis thief spent several days digging through a basement wall to rob a store. When he finally crawled through the hard-gained entrance, police, who had been watching the operation all the time, were waiting to haul him in... A prisoner was released in Fort Worth because his jailors couldn't stand the way he smelled... A rank amateur swiped two bits from the principal's desk in

a Detroit school. He left a note: "I'm sorry I broke in. I guess I'm just bad."

Nose Count

The census takers provided some real humor for the reading public last month. Seems like everything happens to them—everything from being whacked on the head by a frying pan and being bitten on the nose by a dog to having people classify themselves as a thief and having a woman give her age as 44 when the taker knew her 39-year-old son.

One of the earliest and funniest of these incidents happened exactly 29 minutes after the census began. Someone called up the census office and wanted to know where the hell the taker was.

"I got things to do," the man said.

Likker Report

Nobody appreciates the conscientious citizen in New York who tried to do even more than

his bit during the recent water shortage.

He drank two quarts of blackberry wine a week and two quarts of gin a month to conserve water. When he tried to deduct the cost of this sacrifice on his income tax, the claim was denied.

Despite this boy, hard liquor sales are down 30 percent and beer 6 percent from postwar peaks. The average citizen only consumes 1.16 gallons of distilled spirits a year nowadays and 17.6 gallons of beer. Had your quota yet?

Yoo Hoo

An observant pilot was flying over a flooded area when he noticed flashing signals and flood lights near a farm below. Quickly he relayed a distress signal to the authorities.

While rescuers rushed to the scene, the pilot directed operations from above until his gas was almost gone. Another plane took over. Rescuers made their way through the swollen waters by boat. Finally they reached the house. A farmer met them at the door.

"Shucks, there ain't no trouble," he told them. "I just turned the lights on to guide neighbor folks coming over by boat to see my television set!"

Lovely Love

People in Hollywood have no imagination. They're forever getting divorced for the same old reason—cruelty. It's monotonous when there's such a wealth of



reasons. For example, there's the woman in Texas who asked for a divorce because her husband had four college degrees and she was never even a queen candidate.

In Chicago a woman won a divorce because hubby dumped her



on the floor every time she tried to sit on his lap.

A Missouri man won a divorce because his wife didn't love him because he wouldn't argue with her.

A California woman got a divorce because she was tired of her husband representing her as his elderly aunt.

Another California woman got ditto because her husband abandoned her on a railroad track when a train was coming.

People in Hollywood have no imagination.

Home Sweet

It had to happen eventually. There were some poor U.S.O.s during the last war, but there were many good ones. Few Vets

exist that don't remember at least one U.S.O. where they were treated 'swell'. They certainly weren't home, but they came about as close to it as anything in those 'foreign' cities.

Now it's all over. The U.S.O.s have closed for lack of funds. Here's to 'em. May we never need them again.

Dunn's Dungeon

We were rather proud of *Showme's* funny, funny man, Don Dunn, while he was emceeing the W.S.S.F. show at Stephens Aud. Some may disagree, but we thought he handled the show nicely for the first try.

But one of the best jokes happened not on the stage, but in the audience. As some of you may have noticed, Don used a few jokes from his April column. After a couple of these repeats, a fellow sitting behind us turned to his date and said, "He's getting his jokes from *Showme*."

Such is fame!

Two Bit Racket

There's one lonely student in school who never received any mail and decided to do something about it. In an issue of *MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED* he read this:

"Interesting Mails—25c keeps your mail box full three months. Bentz, Jr., Desk-A 31, Chatawa, Miss."

The lonely student shipped the two-bits out. A few days later he received a package. Inside was a lonely-hearts newspaper, advertisements for pens, stationery, free samples, catalogues, shipping labels, gold mine stock (at 10c a share) and half a dozen ways to make easy money.

Our student sat back and sighed, thinking that for the next three months he would be flooded with this amusing stuff. That was December 3rd. He's still waiting for the second letter. Some people make it the easy way.

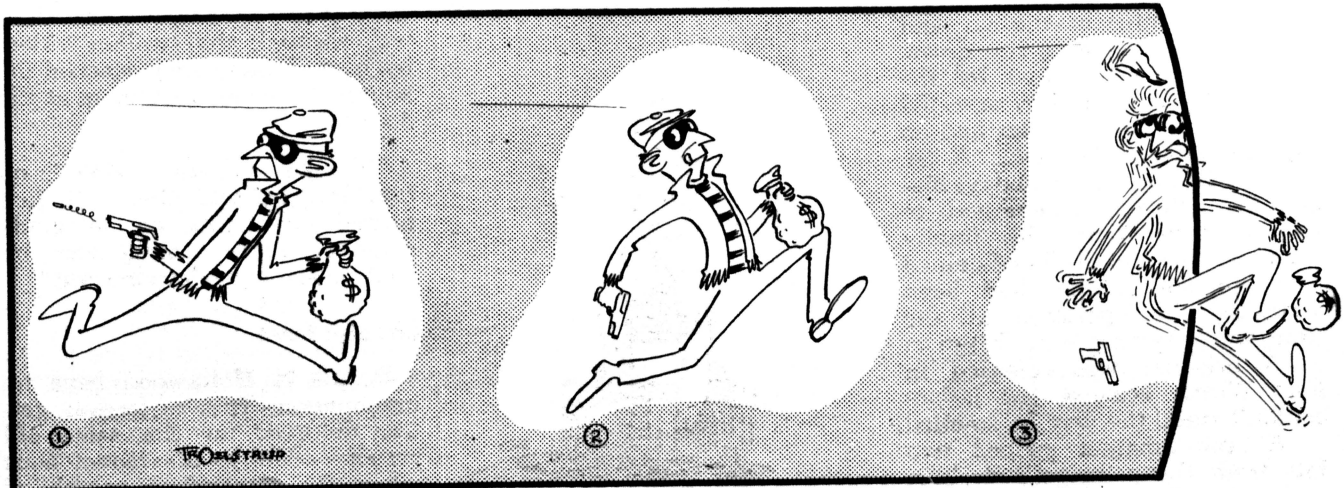
Allee Same Mac

General MacArthur must be stewing in his favorite 'brass-alas-scrambled-eggs' hat today. The Chinese on Formosa and Hainan are sure that the man who hasn't been near the U.S. for ever since



when, is trying to take over the state department and is leading a revolution.

The trouble arises from the fact that the spelling of MacArthur and McCarthy is the same in the



Chinese language. This reports of the actions of 'I-dig-up-dirt-and-paint-it-red' Senator McCarthy seem to be reports of the better-known MacArthur.

Now the General will never come back.

Student Staff

That local pulp rag, the *Student*, has been trying to improve readership by the use of small insert in which they refer to the 'Scrubme'. Scrubme, is of course, a bastardization of *Showme*. (This questionable joke was dreamed up by an obscure editor of the *Student* staff and once a week the entire staff is required to assemble and laugh for ten minutes at the word.)

We're not going to deny that we endorse these statements, since the mere thought of it is ridiculous. Rather, we are going to attempt to expound on them a little. Therefore we quote:

"SCRUBME says Hogan is funny."

Yeah, the whole Student staff is hysterical.

"For a quick emetic, read SCRUBME. For a hearty belly laugh, read Hogan in the *Student*."

After the emetic, everybody wants the Student.

"On campustown, almost every-*Student*." one (with a nickle) reads the

Since coffee went up to a dime the Student circulation has increased.

"If it's in the campus eye, it's in the *Student*."

This heavy wind raises all kind of dirt.

Sic transit.

U.S. Horror

Most students are probably unconcerned when income-tax time rolls around. But evidently the 'gimme' man scares hell out of some people.

Probably the prize example of utter tax frustration happened in Atlanta, Ga. The father of seven children walked into the collec-



"Dear sir: This is to inform you that you have been placed on the Blacklist as a result of your conduct on the night of Feb. 6th."

tor's office to pay his tax. Came time to list his dependents he couldn't remember the name of any of the children!

Ho Hum

If you happen to marry a woman you don't particularly like (and evidently it happens), the

Husbands, according to our source, take advantage of this law more during strikes. This is because they are bored. And when a man is bored, there's nothing like beating up the old woman.

There's another nice law in Milwaukee for people who buy houses that they don't particularly like. It's legal to blow them up.



place to live is Pennsylvania—if you have a large thumb.

The reason, of course, is that there is a law in Pennsy that permits a husband to beat his wife as long as the object used is no bigger than his thumb.

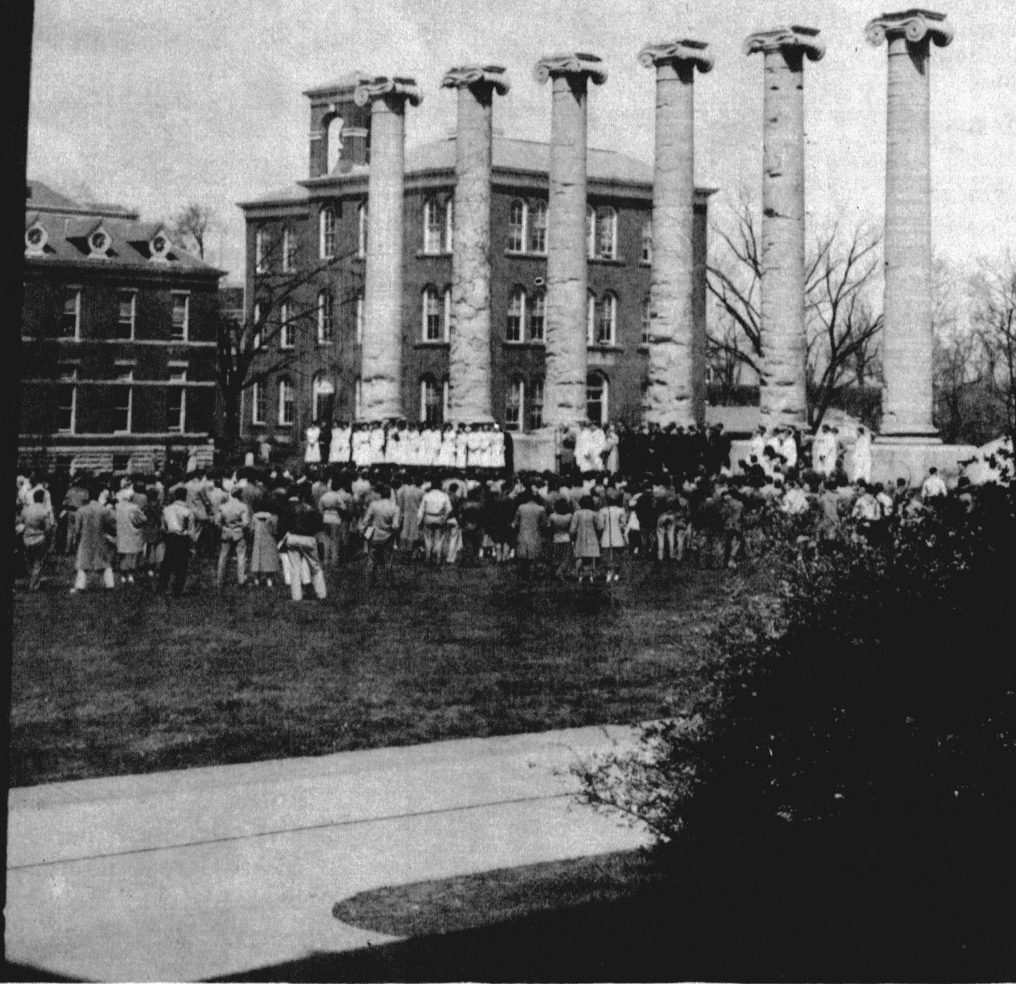
SUMMER ADDRESS

Address all summer communications to:

Editor
Missouri Showme
5915 Cote Brillante
St. Louis, 12, Mo.

If you have any ideas, suggestions or contributions for next year, we would be glad to see them.

candidly mizzou



SINCLAIR ROGERS

THIRTY prominent collegians were selected to pay dues to Missouri's three top honor societies at the annual Tap Day ceremonies. The societies selected these people by stopping a passing bus, taking off 30 people, blindfolding them, and before they knew what happened, firmly tap them. The man in the shadows is mad; all he got was a transfer.



TOM SMITH

IT PAYS to have big pockets when eating at the new Cafe-Roll, the place where you can have all the food you want for only 75c. As diners sit, at a curved counter, the food zips by in a continuous stream on a conveyor belt, and you just help yourself. Pity the man with the short reach.



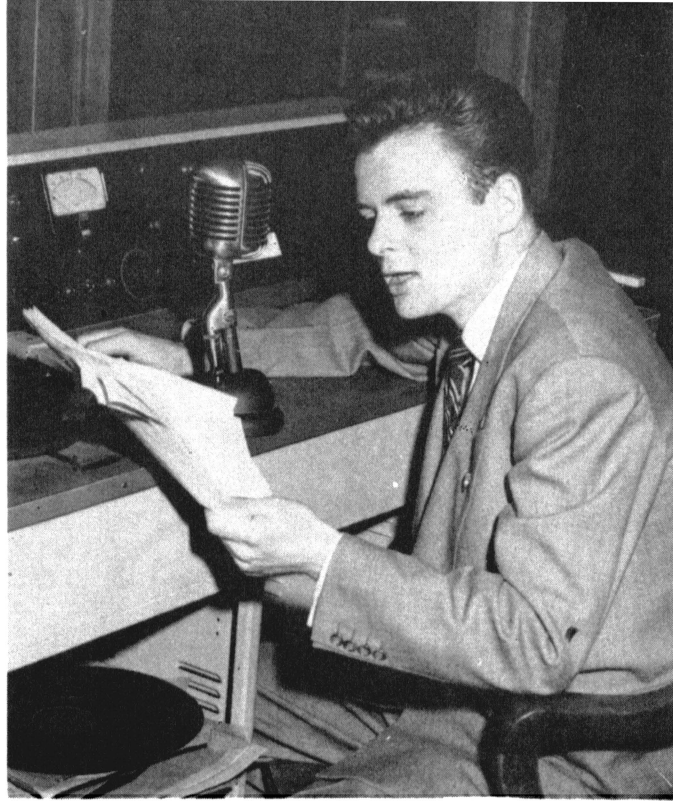
SINCLAIR ROGERS

CAMPUSTOWN RACETRACK six blocks long, Do-dah, Do-dah—was the theme song of the Campustown Races (sponsored by the very busy DU's. Cars entered were seven man—one driving and six pushing. It has been threatened that this speed classic will become an annual event, a thought which sends shivers down the spine of Indianapolis Speedway officials.



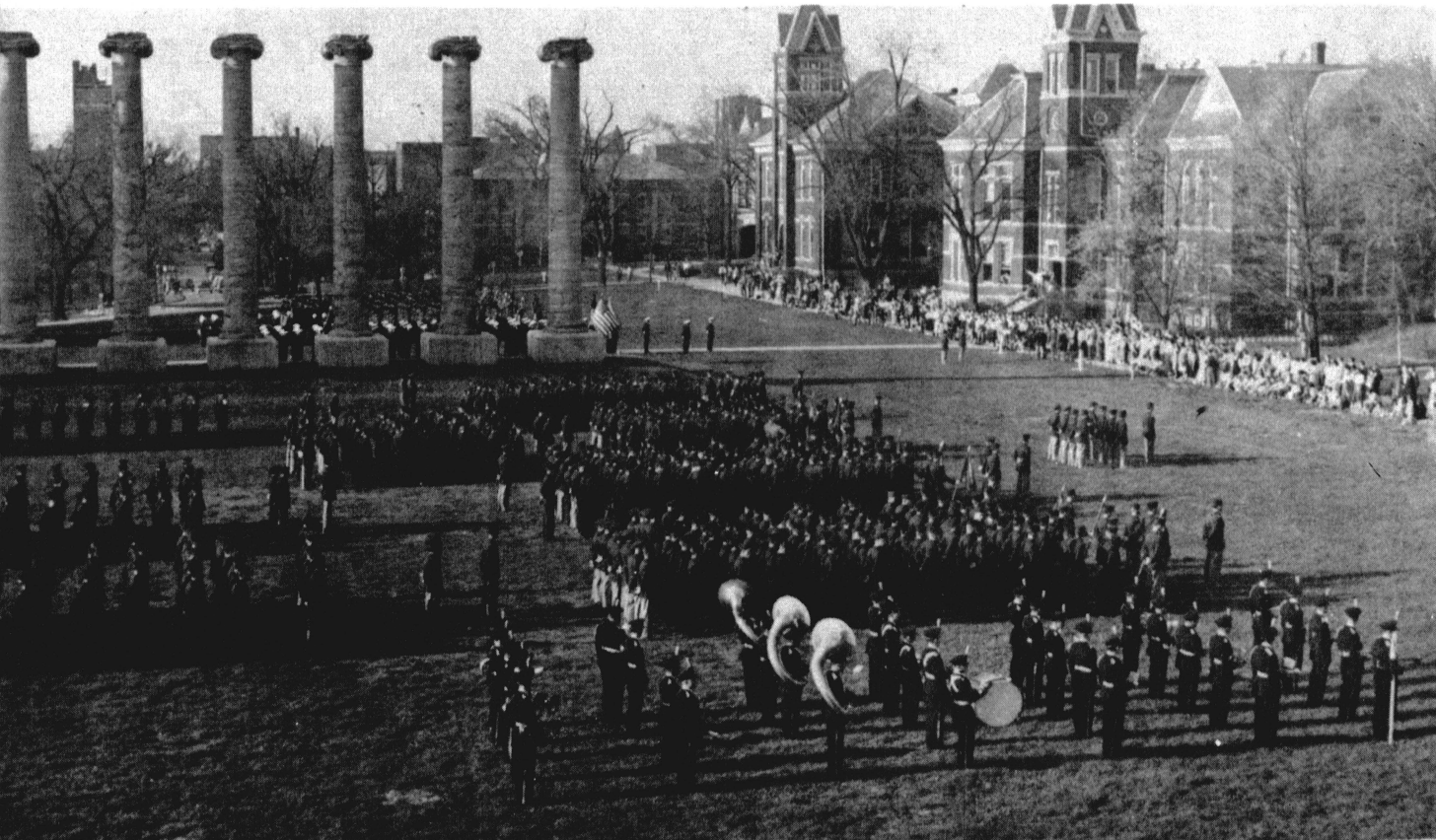
AL PARO

EVEN THE PIDGEONS in Brewer Field House sat up and took notice when Metropolitan Opera star, Rise Stevens, sang. She also has the approval of Rogers Whitmore, local man about Lathrop.



SINCLAIR ROGERS

NOT THAT he's boring or anything, but KFRU disc jockey Phil Wilson has received a scroll from 500 Stephens girls citing him as "the man we'd like most to go to sleep listening to."



SINCLAIR ROGERS

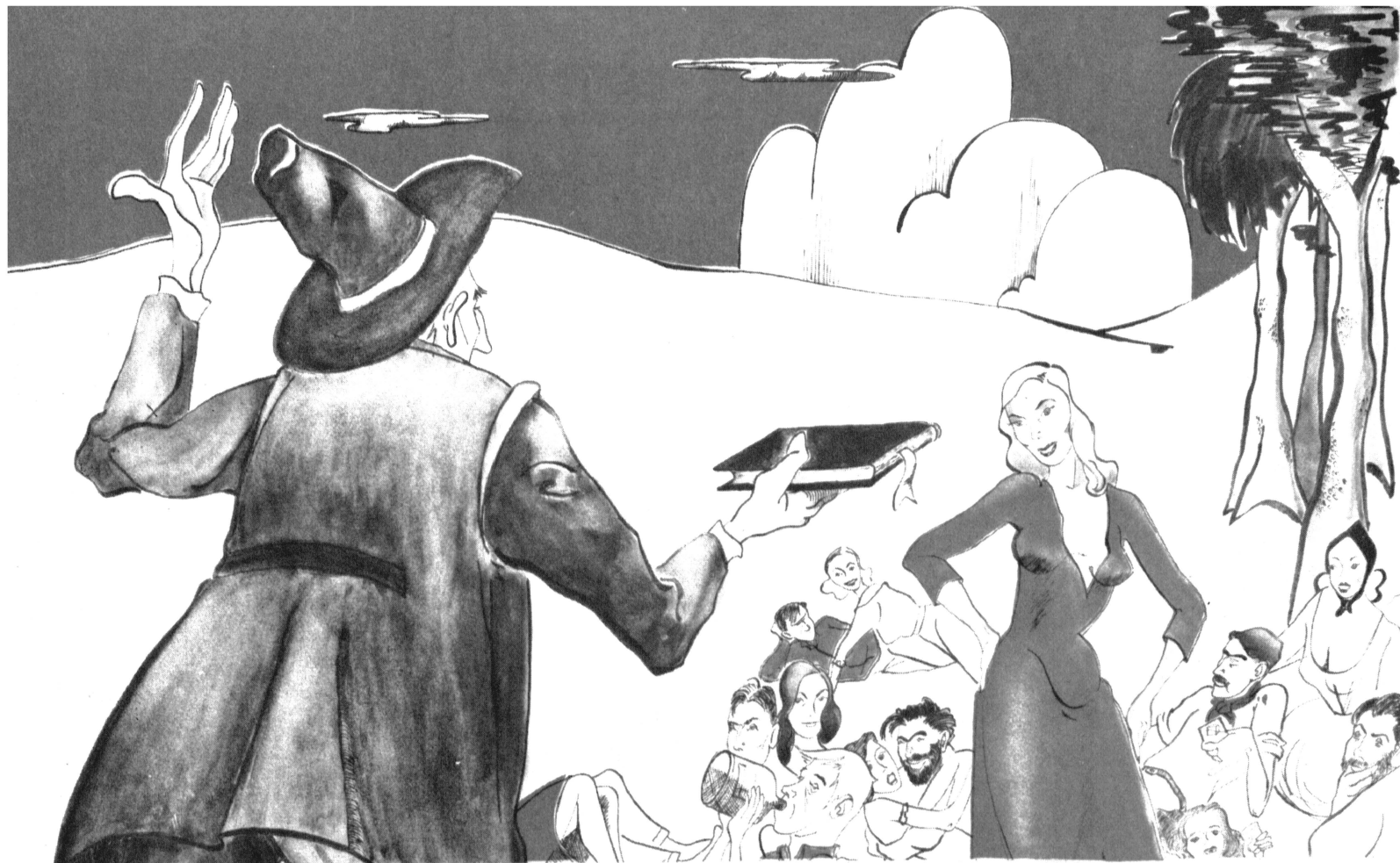
RIGHT AFTER the Missouri corps of cadets passed in review, 1,000 people in Columbia rushed to stock up on Russian War Bonds. As the Sunday soldiers straggled by, women gasped, children fainted, and veterans cried in anguish. Nothing could stop these fierce, classroom-hardened veterans—not even 'Keep off the Grass' signs.

photo of the month



SINCLAIR ROGERS

HANG ON to your confederate money boys, the secession has started again. But no one will start a war over this secession; it's only the Kappa Alpha's leaving the Union for the weekend of their formal. The laughing MP (under the flag) will have the last laugh—he's going to arrest them all for treason.



DEACON GUS and the LONG HAT

by jerry smith

Cissy Willows used her blue baby-like eyes on the Deacon and the man with the long hat decided to preach her a sermon—alone

A IN'T NONE of us seen the preachin' man 'til he was clean up on top of where we was havin' a little funnin' get-together down in the South Valley. Guess we was just about all there 'cept the folks from up to the North Hills. They only came down once a year for the sportin' get-together. Don't know what got the preachin' man all up in the air, 'less it was the youngsters hidin' in the bushes where a body couldn't watch 'em.

"The wrath of the Lord is on ya," he screams, standin' there with his long arms wavin' ever' which direction, his black coat tails flappin' and the longest, blackest hat I ever seen settin' purty as you please atop his head. Skinny he was, like a young poplar, but his voice was stronger than Hud Siddow's when Hud stood up on the hill and called for his hogs, fearin' they'd get down to the Big Mud Hole and he'd lose 'em.

Knapp

"The wrath of the Lord is on ya. Oh, sinners, look to the Lord for his righteous salvation afore it's too late. Yea, verily, let no man put asunder what the Lord has did. Look to Him, I say. Yea, verily, look to Him afore the demons of hell take hold of your sinful souls and drag your likkered bodies to purgatory.

"Yea, verily, you been livin' with sinnin' and vicin', but the Lord Almighty done sent me among ya to salvage your souls from the devil. Get down. Get down, I say, get down on your knees and ask the Lord for forgiveness. Yea verily."

Ain't none of us seen a preachin' man for nigh to three years, since Aggie Frant drug Brother John off to the North Hills to raise taters. Took us a mite of time to realize what was doin'. But soon we was all down on our knees screamin' 'Amen' and 'Praise God' and lettin' the preachin' man with the long hat clean out our souls.

That is, we's all down on our knees 'cept Furdy Pinkers who's stone deaf since the day he's six and happens to have his back turned; and Cissy Willows, who just stands there gawkin' at the preachin' man with her blue, baby-like eyes, makin' us more ashamed of her than the fact that she's seventeen and ain't yet taken a man for her own.

"Yea verily," the preachin' man shouts, shakin' his fists at us. "Ask Him for His pardon, afore he turns the wrath of heaven on ya. Sinners ya are, every one of ya; yea, verily. Wallowin' in the filth of sin afore the very eyes of God. And he's awatchin' ya too. Don't forgit it. And the Lord said, Let there be light; and there was light. Yea, verily."

About this time he spies Sid Hawkins real-glass drinkin' jug and his voice cracks real natural like. He pats Sid on the head, real purty like, pulls the stopper from the jug and takes a drink that makes Sid go pale, 'cause Sid ain't the one to be free with his likker.

ILLUSTRATED BY
HERB KNAPP

"I'm Deacon Gus," he tells us, pickin' up his long hat that falls off while he's drinkin'. He sets it on his head and slaps the flat top purty as you please. Then he looks hard at Cissy Willows and right away we think he's gonna preach to her for standin' up while the rest is kneelin'. But she looks at him with her blue, baby-like eyes, and her hair sprinklin' down like a hill stream over her shoulders. The Deacon slaps the top of his long hat again joins arms with Cissy and walks her home, purty as you please.

'Course, ain't none of us would deny that Cissy is the purtiest female in these parts, with her slender legs and her breasts always pushin' hard again' her dress. But with her seventeen and no man of her own, and her standin' up while the rest was kneelin', it just didn't seem right for the preachin' man to take to her so.

Soon as it was dark he took her down to the Big Mud Hole. The men folk always took their women down there when they's courtin', 'cause nobody else went

there for fear of fallin' in and not bein' seen again. Everybody kept their animals away from it; even the skeeters seemed 'fraid of the Big Mud Hole 'cause there weren't none there and no fear of bare skin.

Sid Hawkin's boy was there with his girl. They hid in the bushes and watched Cissy and Deacon Gus. Cissy sat on the big log and the Deacon sat beside her with his long hat still on his head.

"Yea verily," he says, and starts talkin' from the Bible. Aft'er a while he takes her hand and 'cause he don't like her blue, baby-like eyes starin' at him, he tells her to look at the stars and then he looks real hard at the place where her dress ends near her neck. Soon his hand is kinda movin' up her arm and he's preachin' like sixty. 'Bout that time Cissy opens her mouth and starts singin', "Come to the Lord's Pasture, Ye Little Sheep."

The Deacon jumps up so fast his long hat almost fall off, and he backs away confused like. In a little while he says, "Yea verily," and squats down listenin' to the hymn and lookin' kindo sorrowful like at the place where Cissy's dress ends near her neck.



"We certainly won't find any engagement gifts in this department!"

The Deacon was still with us a week later. Every night he'd go down to the Big Mud Hole with Cissy and a little later you could hear her singin' clear across the valley. The Deacon would squat near her, lookin' kinda sorrowful like and clenchin' and unclenchin' his fists. The younguns got tired of watchin' and went down to the South Valley to spoon knowin' the preacher would be at the Big Mud Hole for sure.

Then one day he was gone, and he must have gone arunnin' 'cause he didn't ever take his long hat with him, but left it layin' down by the Big Mud Hole. And Cissy went around with her blue, baby-like eyes lookin' at the ground and her head bowed. The old folks sort of smiled and shook their heads knowingly, and figured that Cissy might be takin' a man for her own soon.

Came time for the sportin' get-together and the folks from the North Hills came down like they always did. The men folk brought their jugs and everybody felt real happy. The younguns, them that

hadn't tried before, gave Cissy company. And Cissy walked around with her blue, baby-like eyes lookin' at the ground, and the old folks smiled and figured she'd be lookin' at one of the men folk soon.

The North Hill folk won the wrestlin' game, like they always did; but we came out better on the log throw. So we was all even when the small-log-split came up, and everybody was excited 'cause the North Hill folk said they had a winner this year.

The North Hill boy, a big lad if I ever seen one, swung his hatchet into the end of the log; but his swing missed two inches of splitin' it clean. But it was a good chop and the North Hill folks were buzzin'. But we didn't worry none.

Our champion set the log on end, the hatchet swished down, bit into the end, and went through all sixteen inches of it—a clean split. Everybody went near crazy, and even the North Hill folk had to cheer that one.

Ain't often folks get to see a log split clean in two.

And when our champion walked up to get the prize, with her blue, baby-like eyes lookin' at the ground, there probably wasn't nobody there thought how much that split log looked just like Deacon Gus' long hat layin' by the Big Mud Hole—split clean in two.

THE END

Dean: "What are those empty bottles doing in this dormitory room?"

Student: "I don't know, sir, I never bought an empty bottle in my life."

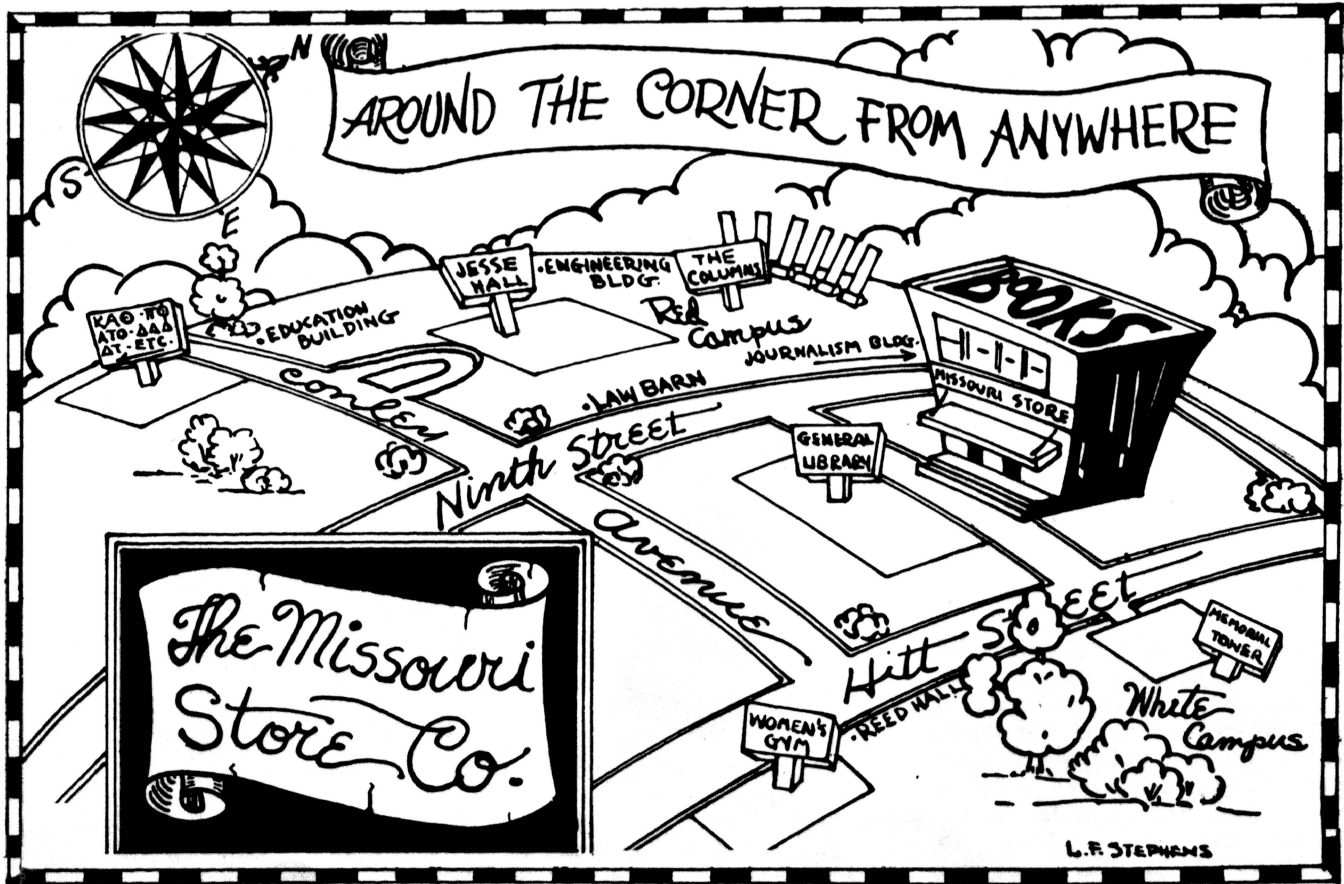
* * *

"Is your roommate broad-minded?"

"Yeah. That's all he thinks about."

* * *

*The girl I left behind me
I think of night and day.
For if she ever finds me
There'll sure be hell to pay.*





She: "I'm Suzette, the Oriental dancer."

He: "Shake."

* * *

A Pullman porter who had started out on an all-night trip, had his run canceled unexpectedly. Returning home, he took a look around the house and then began to strop his razor vigorously.

"What you doin', Jackson?" his wife inquired.

"If those shoes stickin' out from under the bed ain't got no feet in them, ah is gonna' shave."

* * *

Instructor: "Before we begin this examination, are there any questions?"

Student in back: "What's the name of this course?"

* * *

Mother (entering room): "Well I never!"

Daughter: "But, mother, you must have."



"He's teaching marriage and the family this semester."



Which Suit
Is Yours?



the one on the left has been **CLEANED**
and **PRESSED** by . . .

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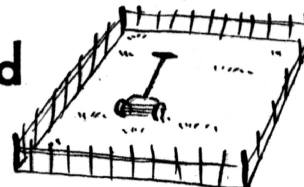
↻ Good Luck

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Purity's Triumph

Dartie was a grader, of the usual sort, who couldn't make up his mind between Purity, Body and Flavor

by Bob Skole



PURITY, Body, and Flavor were sisters. They went to the University. Body was chased by lusty men. Flavor was chased by boozers. Purity was chaste.

The three sisters had but one thing in common: they all loved the same man. He was a grader, Dartie by name. Purity's love was 100 per cent pure. Flavor's love varied from 3.2 percent to 90 proof. Body's love was a permanent 36-c.

Things became complicated at times. Like the weekend Dartie went out with Flavor on Saturday night, and was too drunk the next morning to take Purity to church. Or the time he got mixed up, and plied Body with drinks when it was unnecessary.

But there was one thing he always got straight—their grades. Body made love to him and she got E's. Flavor filled him with liquor and she too got E's. Purity studied. She damn near flunked out. But her grades were honest and her conscience was free. Her sisters were free, too.

One day Dartie found Purity in tears. She had just flunked a test.

Dartie consoled her. "I did the best I could, but I had to be honest. You don't want me to cheat when I correct the papers, do you?"

"Of course not," she sobbed "But I studied so hard."

"Maybe you study too much," he answered. "Now if you would just let me take you out for a good time some night..."

"Oh, no, I couldn't do that," she said, "I love you too much."

"Ya, sure, honey."

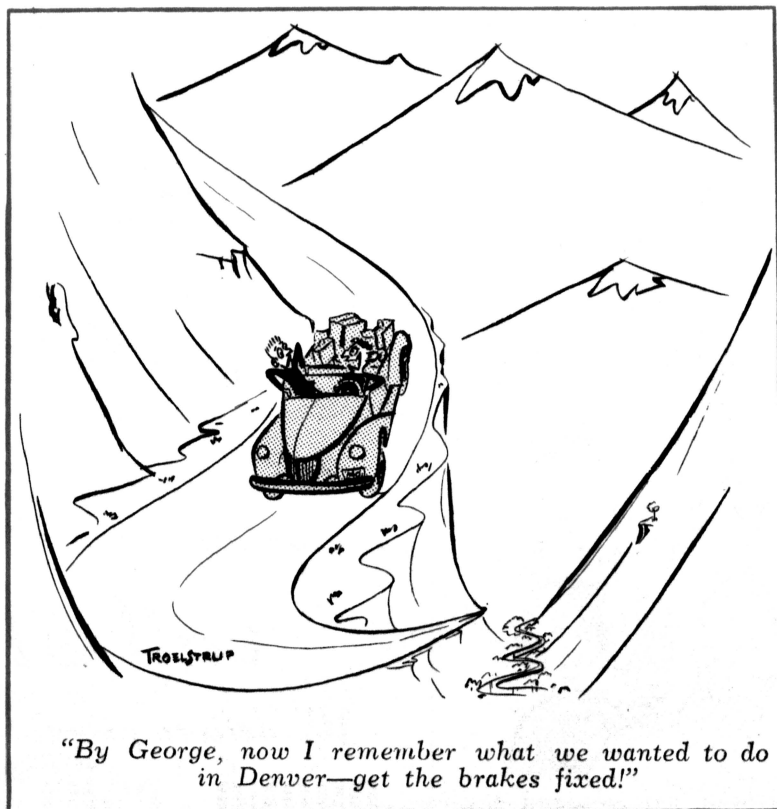
He gave her his handkerchief, patted her hand, and wondered if she would ever make an E. That is what attracted him.

But what attracted Purity she did not know. It was simply another case of unexplainable love. How she could make him love her was the big problem. She knew that she could offer him the same things that Body and Flavor were giving him, but that would not be honest.

Time passed. So did Body and Flavor. Purity flunked.

Purity could not understand her love for Dartie. She realized the baseness to which he had fallen. He would go out with Flavor, and return home drunk with Body. He would go to Purity the next morning and she would lovingly caress his forehead with an ice-bag. Why she forgave this man who was twelve hours previously within the reach of Hell, she never knew.

One day Dartie was correcting papers. He drew a line on the floor and tossed a handful of exams at it. The ones closest got Es, the next Ss and so forth. Or



else he would arrange them in a circle and spin an empty Schlitz bottle in the middle. The first spin stopped at the E paper, the second two at the S papers, and so on, creating a perfect curve.

So engrossed in his work was he, that he suddenly discovered that he was no longer conscious. Bells rang, stars flashed, clouds floated in a purple ocean, and Dartie lay sprawled on the floor.

When he awoke he was a changed man. He gathered up the exams and graded them honestly. He threw the Schlitz bottle, along with several full ones, out the window. Later that day he saw Body and Flavor and told them that he would have nothing to do with their vulgarities. He didn't curse them, but told them that he would pray for their salvation.

He fell in love with Purity. It was an ideal, pure, sweet love. They spent much time in church, listening to the calm encouraging words of the young preacher. It was Springtime and the world was beautiful.

The inevitable happened. The month of June came and Purity stood at the altar. Two "I do's" were said, and Purity walked serenely out of the church with the preacher on her arm.

Dartie, the spurned lover, once again took up Flavor, Body and what went with them. He can be found now, in any number of places, tossing exams at a line.

THE END



"John, have you got a safety pin?"

Memories You'll Treasure . . .

can be caught with a KODAK! . . . Spring . . .
Hink parties . . . picnics . . . graduation . . . col-
lege daze . . . all the things you will look back
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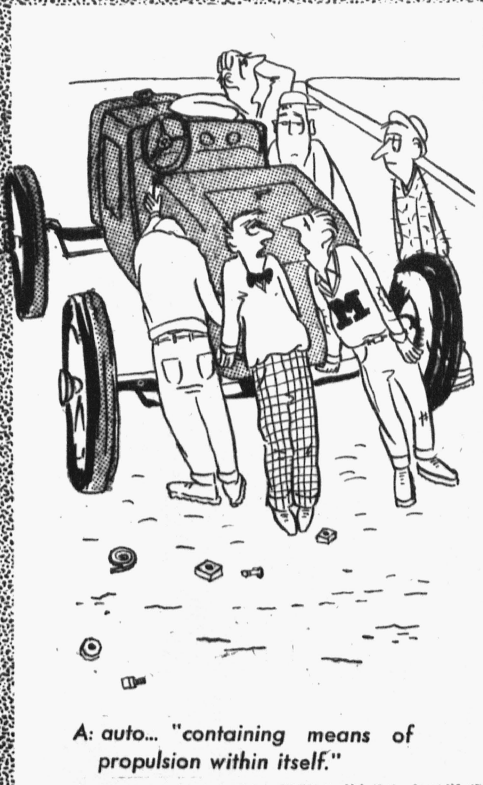
. . . Come and enjoy yourself at the DEN.



Call 3368 for Monday
night CAVE reservations



Webster's Dictionary



A: auto... "containing means of propulsion within itself."



B: birds... "any member of a class of warm blooded vertebrates".
bees... "the honey producing insect."



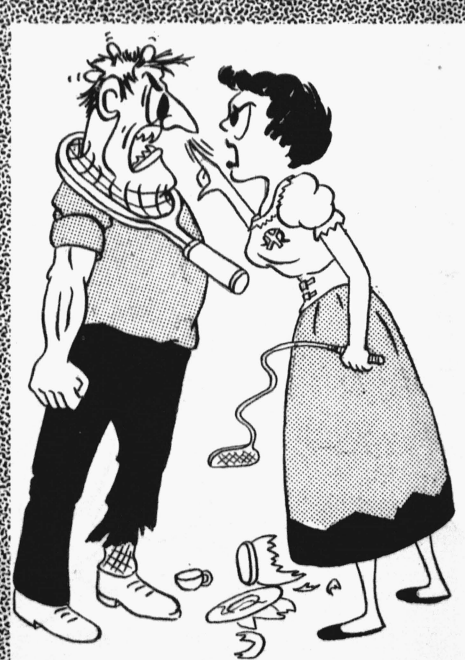
C: Christian... "a short trip by safari ."



H: hung... "fastened to some elevated point without support from below."

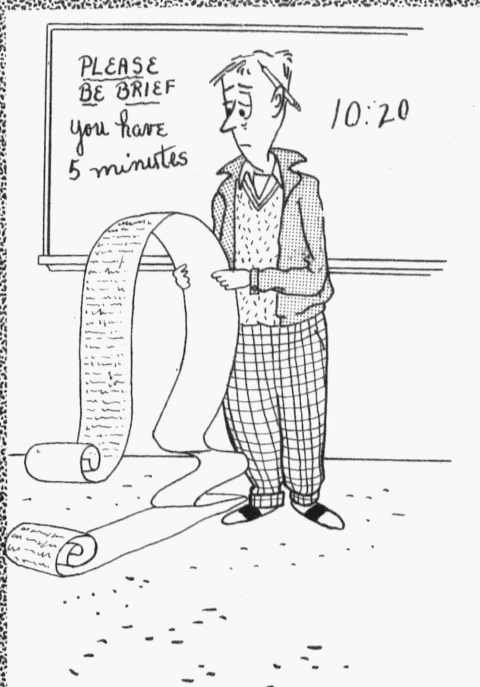


K: kiss... "a sweetmeat made by beaten egg whites and sugar, baked lightly."



L: love... "a feeling of strong personal attachment induced by sympathetic understanding."

Collegiate (abridged)



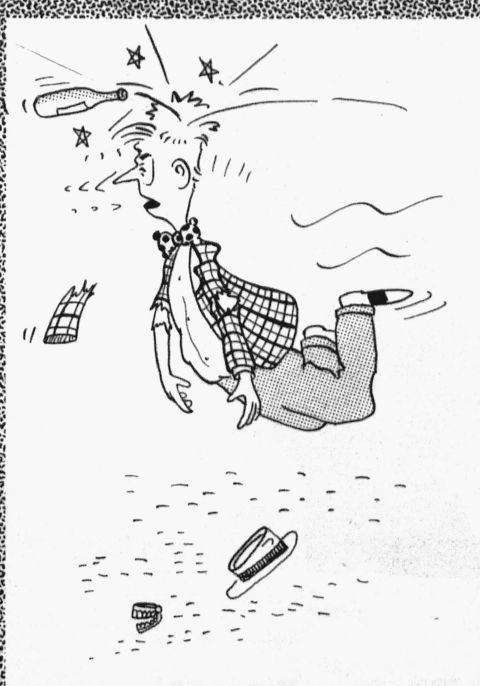
E: Exams... "testing by an appropriate method."



F: fraternity... "a student organization formed chiefly to promote friendship."



G: gin... "a colored, volatile, inflammable liquid."



N: no... "a negative vote or decision."



P: pony... "a small horse not over 14 hands high."



S: Stephens... "an institution of high earning."



Toots Stayed Here

Toots committed suicide—which was a very embarrassing situation for the University officials



By E. W. Lindeburg

I SAT on the chair. Police Chief Gettum slopped all over my desk. He looked at me, pointed his ink-stained finger and said, "O.K., why did Toots commit suicide?"

That was my roommate. I'd come from class and found his bloody brains scattered across the floor. A shotgun had done the job.

"How should I know," I answered.

"Must be a woman. Some hot coed. That's the only reason," he muttered as he flicked cigar ashes on my bed.

"He only dated occasionally, and then different women."

Suddenly a group of University officials bounced into the room.

"What's this about one of our stalwart men committing suicide?" yelled the President. "Must be solved immediately. Got to go. Istanbul."

The other two men were Dean Agateline of Journalism and Dr. Id Ego of the psychology department.

The doc sniffed a while and said, "A frustration of some type."

"A woman," said the chief.

"No, no," replied doc. "That's out in the new psychology departments. Probably a frustration from early childhood. Very possible that his mother fed him burnt porridge when he was one year, six months, seven days old. Note the evidence that he held the gun to his mouth."

"Personally I believe," inserted the dean, "He must have been carrying four advertising courses."

"Nope. He was an Arts and Science student," I said from a corner.

"Let me stick my news teacher on the case," said the Dean. "Our paper never had a 'Big Story' winner."

"Where's he from," the Doc asked me.

"Boston."

"Ah, see how that right hand with the gun is pointed towards the northeast, directly at Boston. No doubt the man was homesick." The Doc was triumphant.

"That's due west, sonny," said the Chief.

"Ah, yes, must have been a Horace Greeley fan and couldn't live up to his journalistic standards," the Dean commented with a smile framed around his cigar.

Figuring I'd better give them the scoop, I came out into the middle of the room and began spouting. "Listen, it was like this. The kid was frustrated, utterly frustrated.

In unison: "Porridge, women, advertising."

"Listen," I said, "The guy was frustrated. He was very conscientious—believed he should do everything that students are sup-



"Oh, Harold, tell me again how true you've been to me."

posed to do. His personality was split between doing his school work and voting in school elections and supporting athletic teams and cheering for queens and . . ."

"Oh, the University could never be responsible," said the President. "It must have been something else."

"Burnt porridge." "Four classes." "A dame."

"... and going to dances, and giving blood . . ."

Two reporters on the school paper burst into the room. One had a camera, another a pad and pencil. "Quick, quick, a story," one cried out. "Quick, quick, a story," cried the other.

"All right, let's have a picture of you' officials standing around the body. Pres, you stand to the left of the chief and shake his hand. You other two look this way with a big smile. That's it. Oh, push that body out of the way. We're more interested in showing the close co-operation between University and City officials. Who in the hell are you over there? Get out of here."

"... and exchange dinners, and coffee hours," I said, rolling under the bed and breathing dust for a while.

Flash bulbs popped, speeches were made, pacts were signed. Then they were ready to go.

"Hey," I yelled, "what about the body? Won't some one take it away?"

"Can't," said the chief, "He's not a resident of the city."

"Young man," said the President, "Your roommate has sacrificed his University Hospital privileges since he is dead and no longer a student of our University."

They went out the door and down the steps.

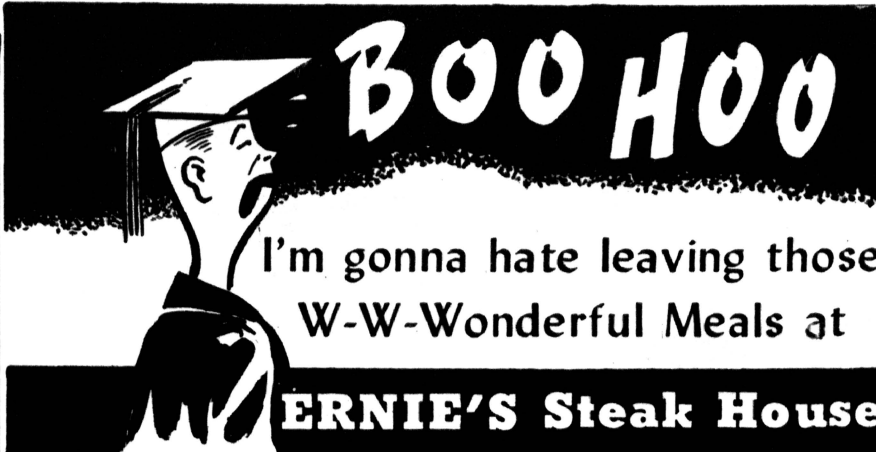
"Four classes and ad."

"A woman."

"Istanbul."

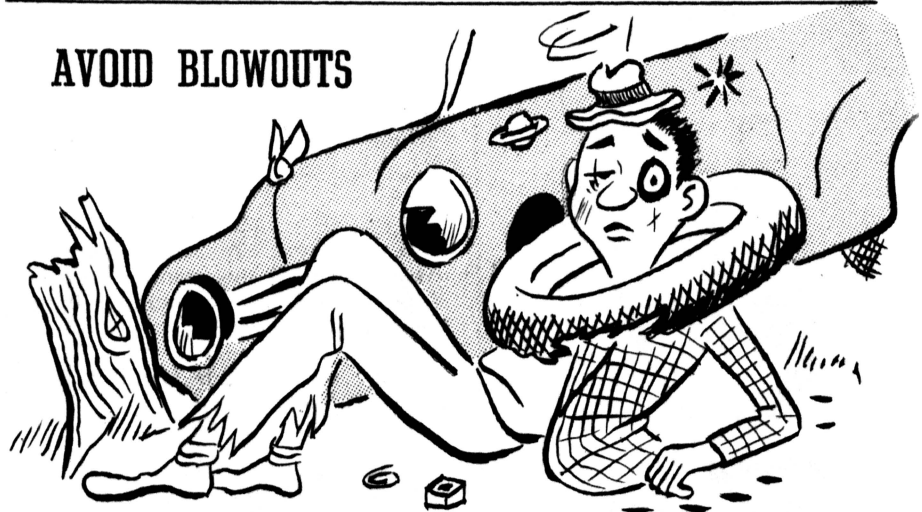
"Pot of porridge."

THE END



BOO HOO

I'm gonna hate leaving those
W-W-Wonderful Meals at
ERNIE'S Steak House



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Central Dairy
Building



First co-ed: "I'll bet you're worried, having two exams in one day."

Second co-ed: "You bet! I don't see how I can be out with two profs in one night."

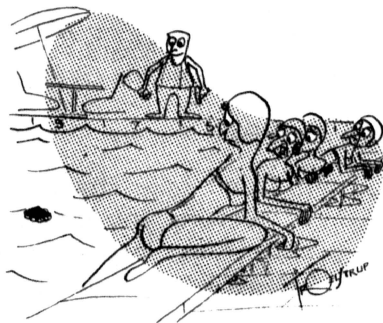
* * *

"Are you the bull of the campus?"
"That's me, baby."
"Moo."

* * *

"I see you are not a gentleman," scorned the woman on the street corner as the wind swept her skirts overhead.

"No," he replied. "And I see you aren't either."



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

* * *

It isn't the string of pearls a fellow gives a girl that worries her. It's the clasp that usually goes with them.

* * *

"Honey, while we are sitting out here in the moonlight, I want to ask you a question."

"Yes, darling?"

"Could we move over a little? I'm sitting on a nail."

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7 Days—Personally escorted. **\$135**
including hotel, Billy Rose Supper Club. All-expense plan, sightseeing trips via rail.

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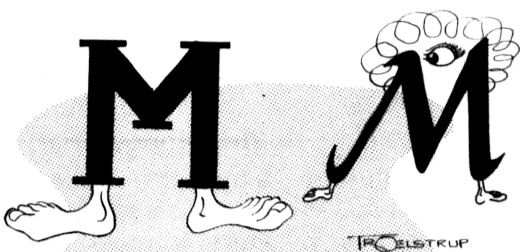


"... And then my folks came down unexpectedly."

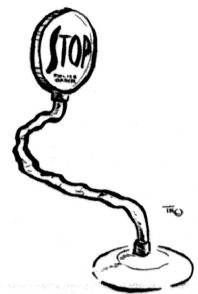
Stuff



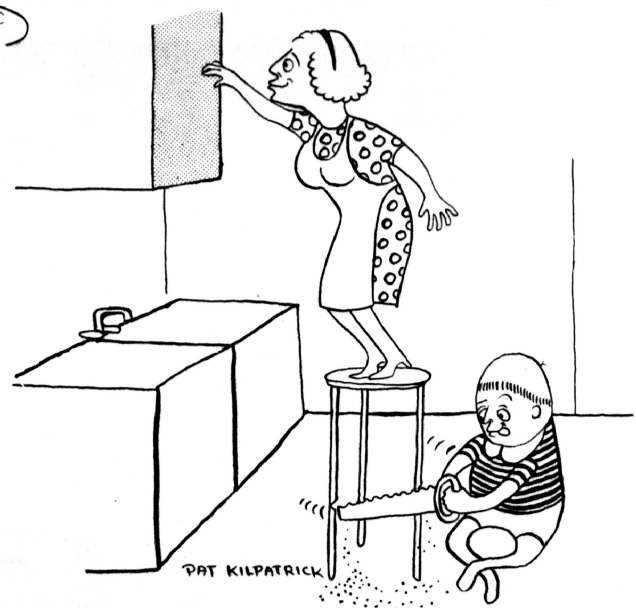
"Heck, I could make it on one try!"



"I'm sorry, but you're just not my type."



"Touch me! Why that dirty gun-totin' dude couldn't hit an elephant"



"It's so nice to have mama's little helper home from school."

Graduation Gifts

When you are shopping for just that right gift for that certain boy or girl, stop in at BUCHROEDER'S. You will find a wide choice of beautiful gifts at all prices.

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HISTORY REWRITTEN

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in California!



...Only 5¢

"How did you puncture your tire?"

"Ran over a beer bottle."

"S'matter—didn't you see it?"

"Naw. The damn kid had it under his coat."

* * *

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

John J. Sullivan
605 Sanford Place
Columbia, Missouri

WINNING JOKE

A Harvard graduate had invited a friend, a graduate of Yale, to the annual Harvard alumni banquet. After the luncheon, each man arose to give a short introduction of himself. The first alumnus arose saying—Harvard, Class of 1912, married, 2 sons, Harvard, class of 1934 and Harvard, class of 1935.

The next man got up saying—Harvard, class of 1914, married, 1 son, Harvard, class of 1936.

So on they went until they came to the Yale man and his Harvard friend. The Harvard grad proudly related—Harvard, Class of 1909, married, 3 sons, Harvard, class of 1929, Harvard, class of 1931 and Harvard, class of 1933.

Not to be outdone by all of this alma mater pride the Yale man arose saying—Yale, class of 1910, unmarried, 2 sons, Harvard, class of 1930, and Harvard, class of 1931.

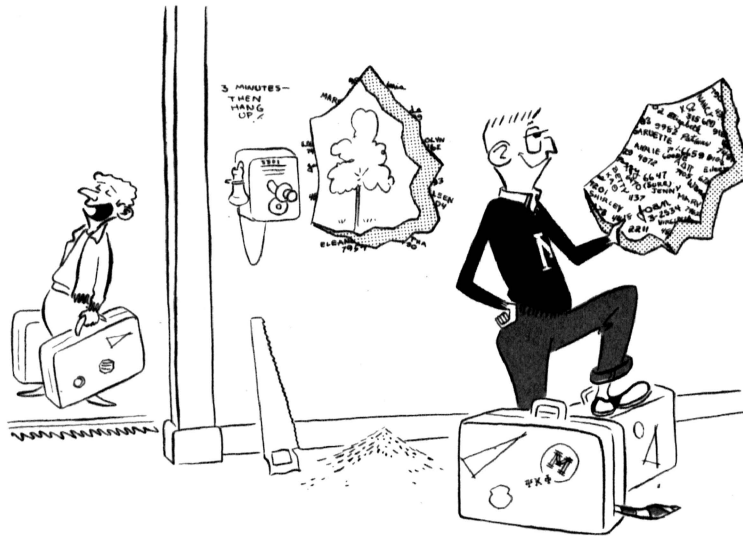
Breathes there a man so much
 abnormal
 That he can't be stirred by a low-
 cut formal.

* * *

Her dress was tight
 She scarce could breathe;
 She sneezed aloud,
 And there stood Eve.

* * *

Out of bed
 And up the Hill
 In the morning's
 Cold, damp chill.
 Looked to neither
 Left nor right
 Musing on
 Last night's delight.
 "Blue-black eyes,
 Vermillion lips,
 Luscious girl
 With slender hips.
 Finally kissed her
 In the bar,
 Did the same thing
 In the car."
 Into class
 In a daze,
 "Why do all
 These people gaze?
 Look at me
 As in disgrace,
 GOD—I forgot
 To wash my face!"



TROELSSTRUP

"Ya got everything, Joey?"



Here's a lesson I confess
 Has cost me lots of jack
 The guy who says, "Who dealt
 this mess?"
 Has aces back to back.

* * *

A boy who wants to make the
 news
 Aspires to fill his father's shoes.
 His sister aims for something
 better

She hopes to fill her mother's
 sweater.

* * *

Finals, finals everywhere,
 With drops and drops of ink.
 And never a prof who'll leave the
 room
 And allow a guy to think.

* * *

Chaucer and I wrote a dirty story
 Bawdy and lewd from the start
 But mine, people said, was por-
 nographic

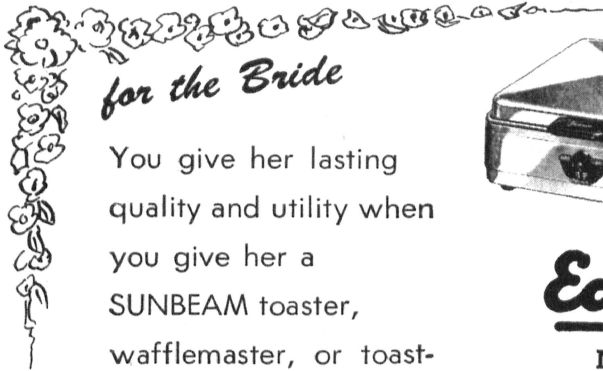
And Chaucer's was classical art.

* * *

The ward was full of ailing men,
 The air was full of groaning
 The doctor entered, full of fun
 "Good moaning, men, good
 moaning."

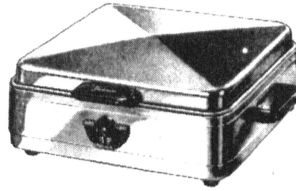


"I'm afraid you don't get the idea, Logan."



for the Bride

You give her lasting quality and utility when you give her a SUNBEAM toaster, wafflemaster, or toast-master from . . .

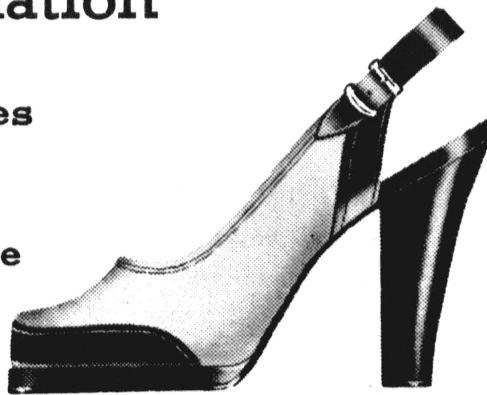


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 - B.&P.A.
 - Engine Bldg.
 - Campus Jewelry
 - Central Dairy

- Crown Drug
- Bengal Shop
- Esser Drug
- Kampustown Grocery
- Silver Dollar



Ann: "I walked 13 miles yesterday."

Nan: "For goodness sake!"

Ann: "Yes."

* * *

Then there's the bachelor who got thrown out of his apartment when the landlady heard him drop his shoes on the floor twice.

* * *

"Do you neck?"
"That's my business."
"Professional, huh?"

* * *

Stopping at the first house on his famous ride, Paul Revere cried, "Is your husband home?"

"Yes," came back the reply.

"Then tell him to dress and fight the British."

At the second, third, fourth and fifth house he repeated the cry. At the sixth house, he cried, "Is your husband home?"

"No," came back the answer.

"Whoa."

* * *

Him: "Why is it you have so many boy friends?"

Her: "I give up."

* * *

I don't know why I go out with her. In the first place she's too skinny . . . and in the second place, too.

* * *

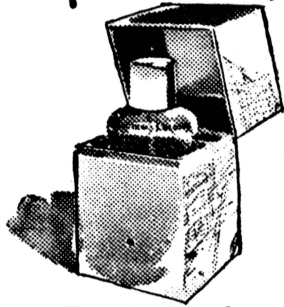
Taken from a test paper in English literature: "A morality play is one in which the characters are goblins, ghosts, virgins and other supernatural characters."

* * *

How to give a girl a surprise—place arms around waist. Draw her strongly toward you and hold her tight. Start to kiss her. When she says: "Stop!" release her. Note the amazement on her face.

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He seems to be walking on a cloud since he ate one of those appetizing dinners at

CHARLIE'S

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



SWAMI'S shorts

Advice to coeds: If you write illegibly when you sign out, it won't be so obvious when you come in.

* * *

The height of bad luck—sea-sickness and lock-jaw.

* * *

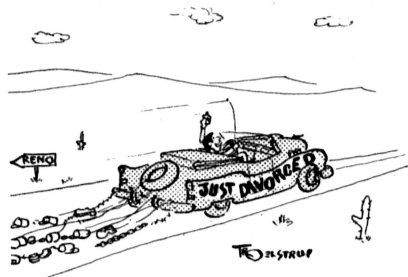
What's a college humor magazine censor?

That's a guy who sees three meanings to a joke that only has two meanings.

* * *

Slave: "There is a girl outside without food and clothing."

Sultan: "Feed her and bring her in."



Student nurse: "Doctor, every time I bend over my patient to listen to his heart, the heart beat increases. What should I do?"

Doctor: "Button your collar."

* * *

He: "I suppose you dance."

She: "I love too."

He: "Great, that's better than dancing!"

* * *

"I said stop it."

"Shut up or I will."

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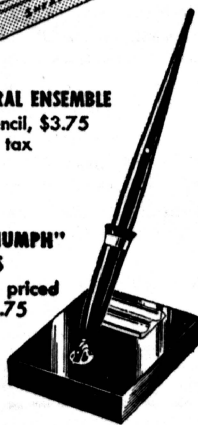
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voters and less politicians in
office.*

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TO FLORIDA ABOARD
PRESIDENT'S YACHT

Wait 'til the President finds out.

JOHNSTON DENIES HE
IS COMMISSAR OF
HOLLYWOOD MORALS

*After such happenings who
wouldn't deny it?*

HOROWITZ TO PLAY
LISZT AND CHOPIN

*Two against one—that ain't
fair.*

'NO INTELLIGENCE'
ON RUSSIAN SUBS
JOHNSON INSISTS

*Boy, are those Russian sailors
stupid.*

NEW YORKER TO TALK
ON CHEST CAMPAIGN

*Uh, is he from Goodyear or
Maidenform?*

\$21,000 FOR TWITCH COVE
SEAFOOD IN ROILING
WATER ROILS DOUGLAS

*Uh, huh, we would hope to
think so.*

* * *

They had driven some distance
when he turned to her and said:
"Are you a Camel or a Chester-
field girl?"

Puzzled, she replied, "Why,
what do you mean?"

"Well, what I mean is: do you
satisfy or do you walk a mile?"

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"Eye-catching
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... with the famous *Dupliquette*
heel that draws admiring glances
your way—lifts your spirits
sky high. In shadow sheer
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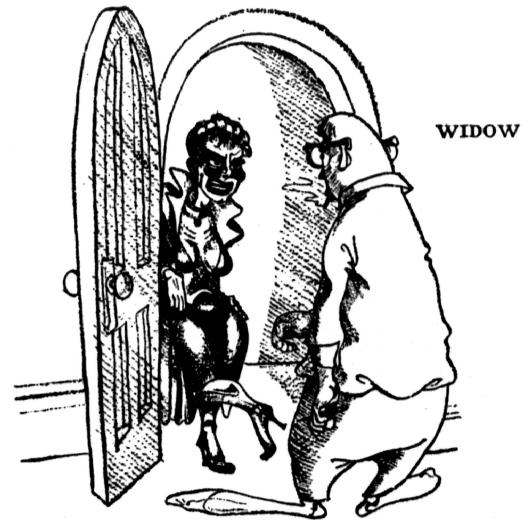
\$1.95
a pair

the stocking in the little purple box!

Exclusively ours

Harzfeld's
broadway at tenth

* A Spurgeon Original
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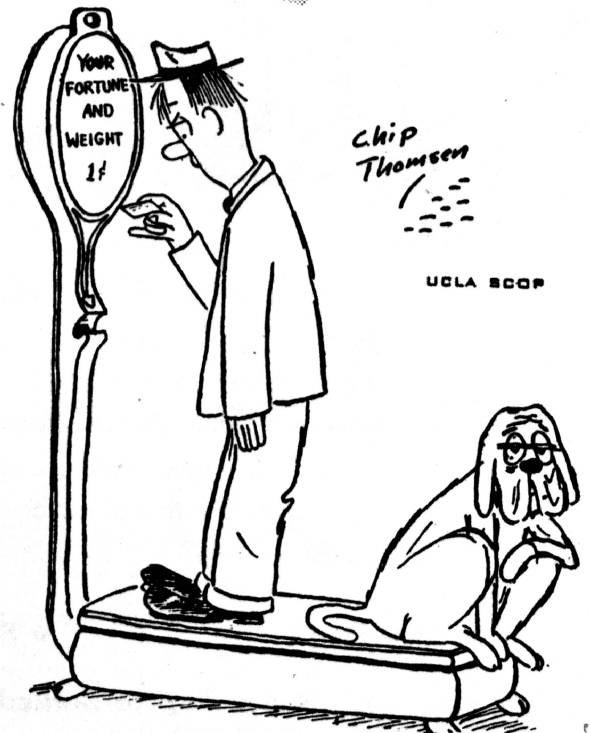


"Rossellini in?"

filched



"Any ideas why people stare at you?"



"—You are honest, loyal and dependable. Your greatest pleasure is to lie in front of a fireplace and be scratched behind the ears—"



Companionship . . .



Companionship and good beer belong together. You can relax better over a cool glass of beer at the Dixie. Come down to Dixie with your friends and have that last good bull session before you leave. We have beer by the glass or bottle for your pleasure.

- Steaks
- Sandwiches

- 5% Tap or Bottled Beer

THE DIXIE

803 Walnut

Phone 9446



He: "Darling, your eyes are like deep pools of sparkling water; your lips are like two little red rosebuds wet with the morning dew; your teeth are like the finest pearls; but you have the damndest looking nose I ever seen on anything but an African anteater."

* * *

Father: "And since you have been in college what do you find is the hardest thing to deal with?"

Son: "An old pack of cards."



First girl: "I don't like your boy friend."

Second: "Why?"

First: "He whistles dirty songs"

* * *

"Do you think the Kaiser is blowing his horn too much?"

"Damn Teuton."

* * *

Iceman (in kitchen with cake of ice): "Hello, Sonny."

Sonny: "When you say that, smile."

* * *

She: "I played strip poker last night."

Her: "High stakes?"

She: "No, just panty-ante."

Hear no evil, speak no evil, and you will be a first-class party-pooper.

* * *

The temperance lecturer asked his audience: "Now, supposing I had a pail of water and a pail of beer on this platform, and then brought on a donkey; which of the two would he take?"

"He'd take the water," came a voice from the gallery.

"And why would he take the water?" asked the lecturer.

"Because he's an ass," came the reply.

* * *

Two burly cannibals caught a beautiful young girl and brought her before their chief. He casually looked her over, yawned and said "I believe I'll have breakfast in bed this morning."

* * *

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: Chesterfield Contest, **Showme**, 304 Read Hall, Columbia.

LAST MONTHS WINNERS

Jean Osborn
Beverly Hill
Vincent M. La Corte
William C. Coplen
Charles W. Medley
Jim Phillips
Pat Spencer
Robert H. Davidson
Martin W. Keeth
Ashley Maple

Winners should report to 303 Read Hall for their Chesterfields.

IMPORTANT: This month's winners will be notified by mail.

For that farewell dinner date, we suggest the cool seclusion of the Patio



Moon Valley Villa
Just call 6576 for reservation

QUESTIONS

- A** Aslant, I lie surrounded by a word
Which twice repeats a virtue which you've heard.
- B** A letter (from the Greek), a conjunction (transposed),
One from Flanders, here reflected and posed.
- C** A ten dollar bill, and the term "to sell"
Gives one a title, if they're combined well.

Answers and names of winners will be available at magazine office. Winners will be notified by mail.

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.
6. All answers become the property of Chesterfield.
7. Decision of judges will be final.

LAST MONTH'S ANSWERS & WINNERS

- A** The B of ABC. If you look intently at the letter B, you will see two D's inside it.
- B** TRIPP. A prefix for three is "tri." Like two peas (pp) in a pod give you "Tripp," whose letters are odd (five).
- C** YOUNG MAN WITH A HORN. A youthful homo sapiens is a young man. The rival of the Cape of Good Hope is Cape Horn.
- WINNERS...



Girl of the Month...

VEVA DRAKE

Junior in Arts and Science... President of Association of Women Students... Former Sophomore Representative on A.W.S. Council... Chairman of Heartbeat dance... Secretary of Hui O Aloha... Past President of International House... Fanfare for Fifty... Past secretary of World Student Service Fund... Student Assistant in Chemistry Department... St. Louis, Missouri.

PHOTOGRAPH BY GIBBONS GRIFFIN AT JULIES



Boy of the Month . . .

RONALD M. TOMS

PHOTOGRAPH BY GIBBONS GRIFFIN AT JULIES

Senior in Business and Public Administration . . . President of B. and P. A. Council . . . Ideal Boss of B. and P. A. School for 1950 . . . Alpha Kappa Psi, professional business fraternity . . . Vice-president of Interfraternity Council . . . M.U. delegate to National Interfraternity Conference . . . Past secretary and president of Lambda Chi Alpha . . . University Men's Burrall Cabinet . . . Sophomore Council . . . Savitar . . . Carousel . . . Intramurals . . . Past Treasurer of Student Election Committee . . . 22 . . . Kansas City, Missouri.



Feature Lock Duos ---

Locked together in perfect position always

CAMPUS JEWELERS

Across from Jesse

*Planning
A
Picnic?*



Buy 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



Active: "What's your greatest ambition?"

Pledge: "To die a year sooner than you."

Active: "What's the reason for that?"

Pledge: "So I'll be an active in Hell when you get there."

* * *

Some gal's dresses are like barbed wire, they protect the property without obstructing the view.

* * *

Conscience gets a lot of credit that belongs to cold feet.

* * *

Employer: "Why Mandy, why do you put up with that husband of yours? I know he's a good husband, but it's you that has to earn the living."

...Negro maid: "It's like this, Ma'am, I makes de livin' and he makes the livin' worthwhile."

* * *

She: "I caught my boy friend necking."

Her: "I got mine that way too."

* * *

Hubby: "Doesn't my new love technique awaken something in you?"

Wifey: "Yes, it arouses my suspicions."

* * *

One: "I had a date with a general last night."

Two: "Major general?"

One: "No, not yet."

* * *

"Heavy date you had last night Have a good time?"

"Rotten."

"Whatsamatter?"

"Did you ever enjoy a book with the last chapter missing?"

dunn's



dungeon

by don dunn

THIS IS it! The last column in the last issue of *Showme* for the semester and I can just hear you happy people chortling in devilish glee as you eagerly seek the last line of this Dungeon. Yes sir, you won't have to put up with me for about four whole months! And even when you get back and start reading this stuff again in a desperate search for humor and sex, you'll still be better off than the poor innocent freshmen who come in totally unprepared to digest this. It's enough to make them start eating at Gaeb's.

And, speaking of restaurants, have you tried this new place with the revolving counter? The first time I went there, I thought it was Breisch's sandwich counter—and I had been drinking spiked buttermilk. Dishes goin' round and round and round and round. 'Mazin'!

I like to eat there now, though. You get plenty of exercise trying to get the food before it whistles by. I've worked out a system that goes: 1. Squint carefully at the dish as it approaches. 2. Stand up and grab the spoon while it's still five feet away. 3. Try to scoop out the food as the dish comes by. (Hah! Try stopping the Twentieth Century Limited!) 4. Wave a polite good-bye with your handkerchief as the food disappears into the kitchen.

But you get all you can eat for seventy-five cents! (So what if you have to stay there four weeks eating?)

At this point I would like to dedicate a final poem to many professors I have withstood in

such courses as General Soc., Psych. 1., H. and P., etc., etc., *ad nauseum*.

I'm determined to become a hitter

Of the next who says generalities "glitter!"

So what's the matter with me? I'm likeable. I'm of reasonable intelligence. I'm not ugly.

The above statements are in reference to a little episode that occurred the other day. All my

life I've seen cartoons, read stories heard about barbers who talk, talk, talk, your arm off. So, being a sociable guy, I saunter into my favorite clip-joint the other day, I take a chair and say to the barber, "Hiya, doc, old boy."

"Fnnff."

Naturally, this intrigues me. Who ever heard of a barber who wouldn't talk?

"Think the Cards'll win the pennant this year," I say.

"Fnnff." The scissors go clip-clip-clip.

Susie Stephens

by herb green



"I know how much you'll miss me dear, but three months isn't too long."



Spring + Love =
Flowers

FROM

H.R. Mueller
FLORIST

SUPERIOR QUALITY

DEPENDABLE SERVICE

16 on the Strollway



Thank you for your cooperation through the year. Congratulations to graduating seniors and best wishes for a pleasant summer to all the returning students.

MISSOURI TELEPHONE COMPANY



Spud Spouts by Don L. Small

"The best road to travel is the straight and narrow...there is less traffic there."

...and now is the time for portable radios by GENERAL ELECTRIC... and geet a FREE Baby Brownie Camera to make your outings complete on Hinkson Creek.

DON L. SMALL'S

19 N. 10th St.

Use Our Guaranteed
Radio Repair Service

38

I'm puzzler and puzzler. Maybe he's tongue-tied or something.

"Fnnff?" I say.

"Yep," he says.

So I sit there and talk to him. Really a fascinating conversation. We discuss Marxism, Communism, Republicanism, Ismism—that is, I discuss—now and then he says, "Fnnff."

Eventually I grow bored with the bickering back and forth and shut up. He snips with no quips from the lips.

I give up. I wait. He shoots the towel off my neck.

"That'll be one dollar, friend," he says with his grimy palm itching in anticipation.

"Yeh," I say, digging down.

These Columbians! Can they talk your arm off—and your bank balance.

* * *

Sign That Spring Is Really Here: Good old Gabby Street saying, "You bet your bottom dollah that these good old redbirds ain't givin' up hope of winnin' that there good old pennant just because they went and done gone lost those good old first fourteen games in good old succession."

* * *

Nearly forgot that before I go I'd better toss in a few cracks about that Porn—er—*publication* known as the *Student*. These are so you'll have something to remember to gripe about over the summer.



"But darling, I never peel!"

1. It's the only paper in the world printed on a special extra-strong newsprint—Kleenex with hardening of the arteries.

2. The issue put out by Theta Sig was actually a desperate attempt to capture the woman reader's nickel. When it didn't work, the fealthy editor satisfied himself by capturing some Theta Sigs.

* * *

And on that cheerful note, I think I'll end this last column of the last issue (stop shouting Hooray! until I get finished, will you?). I've got more important things to do anyway.

I'm going to put a maraschino cherry on my tongue and wait with baited breath for the anti-prohibition report of the census takers.

THE END



*Drink up, drink up, little star,
Crook your elbow on the bar,
One more shot and then we'll
mope,
You filled with booze and me with
hope!*

* * *

*She was a gorgeous creature,
He was a doting male.
He admired her figure in English
And wanted to prove it in Braille.*

* * *

*She (indignantly): "There are
lots of couples who don't pet in
parked cars."*

*He: "Yeah. The woods are full
of them."*

* * *

*Be it known to a'll the folks
We couldn't cause to grin...
They alw-ys cut out better jokes,
And put some clean ones in.*

**When You Stroll
It's Just Natural
To Buy A Bag Of**

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



KORN KRIB

207 S. 9th St.
Dial 2891

**Better Have Thoses 'Tuxes'
In Shape For The Formals**



+Two Day Service

Waterproofing and Storage

SUDDEN SERVICE CLEANERS

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Teen-agers go for Switzer's Licorice!



Everybody Likes Switzer's Licorice!

Switzer's

St. Louis



Unwrap a
 Smile

Round you go
 with Beech-Nut Gum!

Watch her smile
 then you'll want some!

One taste of that tingling,
 timeless treat,

And you'll smile, too...
 round's complete!

The quickest way to unwrap a smile!
 Open a package of Beech-Nut Gum.
 Swing to Beech-Nut Gum!



MISSOURI Showme contributors' page

dude haley



PHOTO BY JULIE'S

"Next month I'm going to start selling ads." That is the favorite phrase of 'our boy' Dude Haley. Dude has been telling us that for about eight months now, and as far as we know, he has yet to sell an ad.

He was so convincing that we made him a member of the ad staff and he promptly became one of the best super-salesmen that we have ever had—on the circulation staff.

Dude's main job is selling Stephens (at Central Dairy) and he always manages to get rid of a lot of 'extra' mags. We expect even better things of Dude in the future.

Dude is a member of Phi Kappa Psi social fraternity and that's all we know because we can't find him. Maybe he's out selling ads.

graduates

Comes graduation time, comes time for the *Showme* to take its loss of staff members. Graduation always creates quite a gap in the staff. This time we're losing Sinclair Rogers, Associate Editor and the main cog of the photo department for several years; Buck Herr, Business Manager for the past year; Keith Hershey

and Bob Summers, our two red-hot Ad Directors; Pete Mayer, our Publicity Director for ever since when; Jim Higgins, genial Sales Manager; Audrey Giesy, our Proof Reader and number one type setter; Pat Bauman, Nick Bova and C. J. Cherry of the art staff; P. D. Smith of the features staff; and Wally Cliffe of the ad staff.

To these members of the staff, who have been such an important part of the magazine this semester, the rest of the staff says, "The best of everything to you in the future."

don garber

Don Garber is a product of the town that will go down in *Showme* history—the same town that gave us Flash Fairfield and Bill Gabriel—Lakewood, Ohio. We are hereby adding Don's name to that noble (?) list.

Don has been around *Showme* for about two years, selling ads and contributing ideas—but mostly selling ads.

Don is 21 (soon), a J-school junior, a member of Kappa Sigma social fraternity and Alpha Delta Sigma, advertising fraternity. When he graduates, he says, he wants to do a little of this and a little of that.



PHOTO BY JULIE'S

newest campus shoe,
the Cat-Cay...

SPALDING



Here's the shoe that combines 3 favorite features of the campus shoe: stroller styling, white buck leather, and Spalding coral single unit rubber sole. It's the newest in the Spalding line of leisure and casual shoes. Looks great with college gray flannels and cords. **10.95**

eddie's toggery

'Always a Style Ahead'

225 South Ninth

Phone 9574

Columbia, Missouri

See RHONDA FLEMING
CO-STARRING IN
"The Eagle and the Hawk"
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE
COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR



"Smoke my cigarette, Chesterfield,
they're Milder... *much Milder*"
Rhonda Fleming

"...THAT'S RIGHT. CHESTERFIELDS ARE MILDER. I know
that for a fact, because raising tobacco is my business, and
Chesterfield buys the best mild, ripe tobacco I grow. Beside
that, Chesterfield has been my steady smoke for 11 years."
C.J. Gholson
PROMINENT TOBACCO FARMER
WYLLIESBURG, VA.

A *Always* **B** *Buy* **C** **CHESTERFIELD**
The Best Cigarette for You to Smoke