

THE SATURDAY EVENING
PEST

NOVEMBER 1950

25¢

A SHOWME PARODY

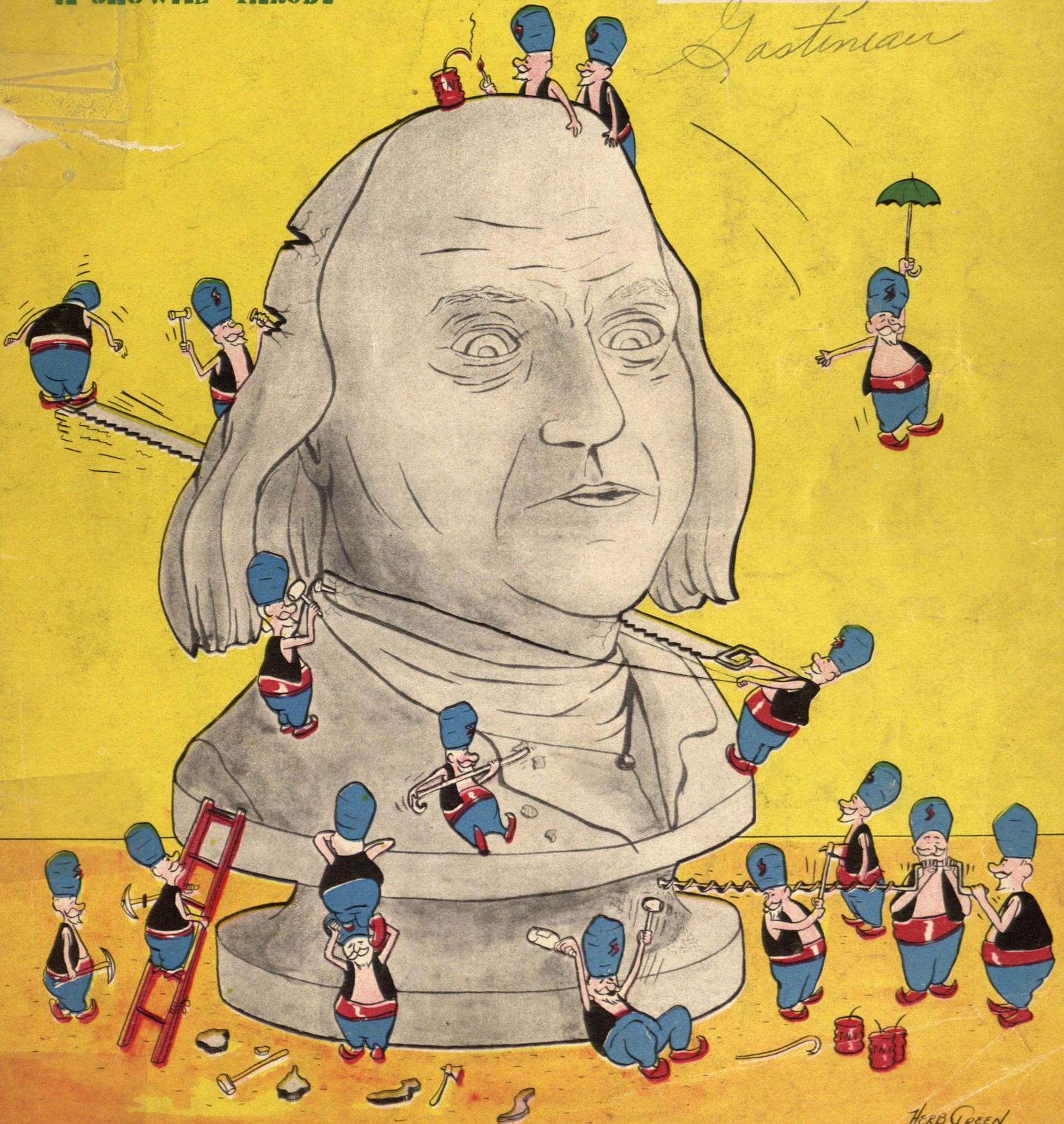
Cities of America

Columbia, Missouri

The Fantum Philiver

By Don Dunn

Gastman



HERB GREEN

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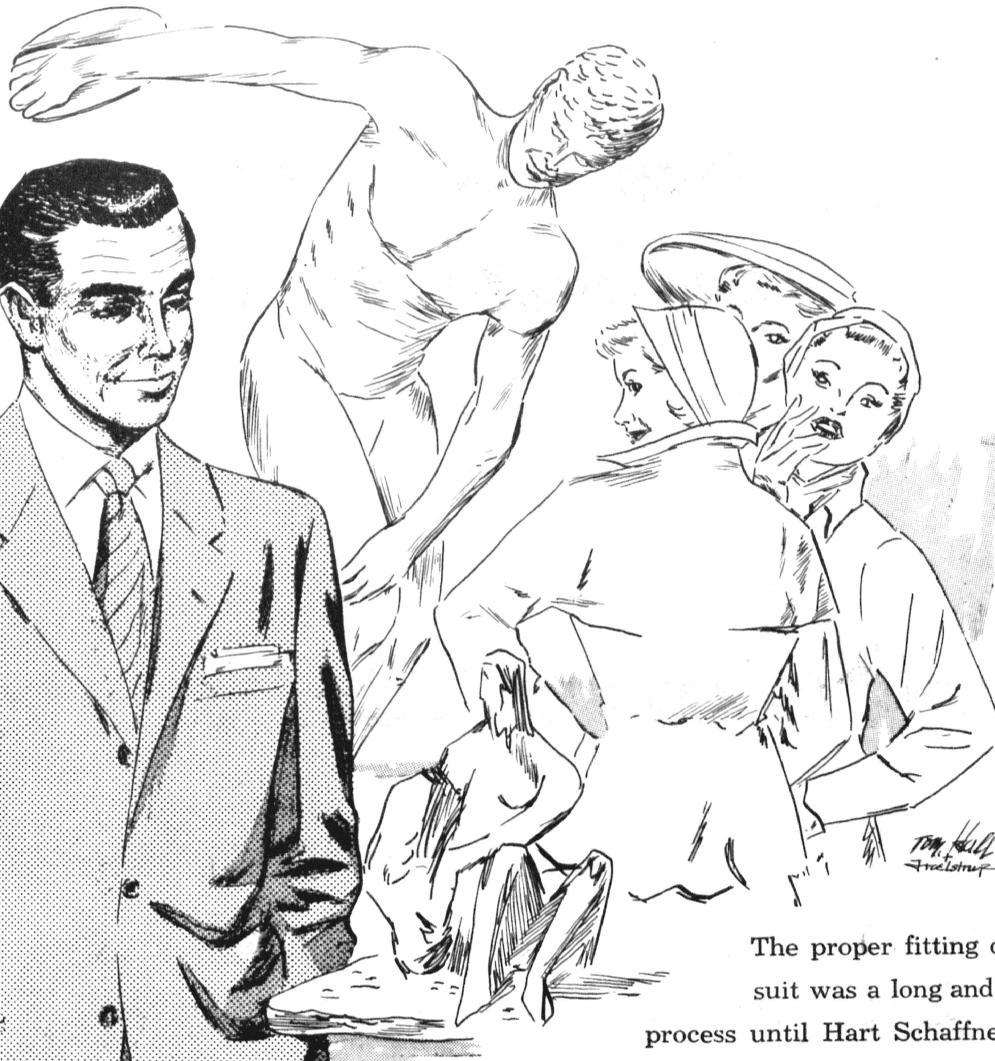
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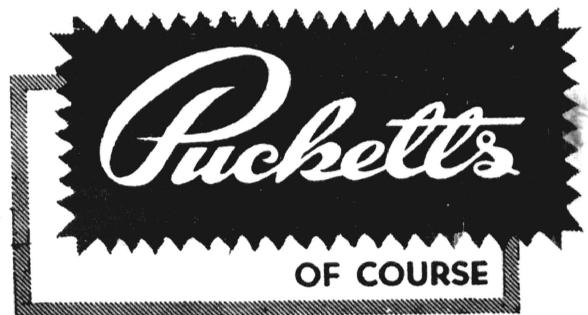
The dash of youth and an air of sophistication are tailored into this Woodland Tone Shark-skin.



The proper fitting of a man's suit was a long and tedious process until Hart Schaffner & Marx discovered that men could be classified into distinct physiometric groups. Year by year our designers have learned how to translate this science of measurement into the art of fit. Today we may cut a single fabric into 253 different sizes and shapes. And that is why it pays to go to the store that sells these fine clothes. There you are most likely to find the suit that was made expressly for your figure, in which you will look—and feel—your very best.



**HART SCHAFFNER
& MARX**





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Just as surely as the slimy creek rusts tin cans—so your family's needs change. Children are born just as the steam springs cleanly from the hillside... they grow up... get an education... collect filth... wander between the banks of life, looking for the one that offers the most interest. You'll need a flexible life insurance to carry you over the tumbled stream bed of life.

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Remember, from birth New England Scrubutil your death.

The NEW ENGLAND SCRUBUTIL

Life Insurance Co. of Boston

THE SATURDAY EVENING PEST



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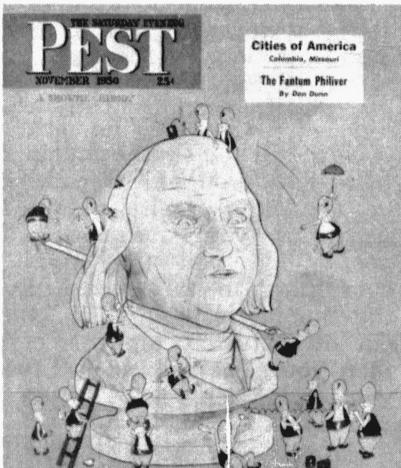
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THIS WEEK'S COVER

At this time we're going to drop our gentle satire and say a few sensible words concerning the cover. The idea was the result of three horrible hours in the back room of the shack where the staff wracked its collective brain

trying to whip up an idea. The result is prominently displayed. As you probably know, the Post runs a Ben Franklin cover once a year. We feel that our cover expresses what we are doing to the Post. Herb Green was the artist.

LETTERS

TO THE EDITORS



“You, too, will like the fresh, minty flavor and relaxing refreshment of **Beech-Nut Gum**”



4

After carefully considering your cover of October 28, I have decided that artist Stephen Doughnuts, doesn't know peanuts about corn.

I have lived in the corn belt for nigh on to twenty-eight years and I have never seen a corn field such as was drawn in this cover. It's obvious that the artist made it all up.

In the first place, the rows are two inches too far apart. Any fool knows that you can't plant corn that far apart. The Ford tractor is just made so wide and wouldn't fit in this field. And those ears—my goodness, any fool knows that you can't have 36 kernels in one row. I've never seen a row with over 34.



And the shucks ain't the color that he has used. Any fool can tell you that there ain't never been corn shucks that color. And what's that kid doing fooling around with the corn. Wouldn't let my kid fool around in my corn field. Hope you will take more care with your covers hereafter.

GEORGE PORGE

Holysock, Kansas.

—Artist Stephen Doughnut's cover is authentic. The scene was painted in Uruguay.—ED.

Whales Are Nice

I was exceedingly interested in your fascinating article about whales in the October 21 issue (*Whales Ain't Snails* by Pundaf Larde). It's seldom that the

world is blessed with such an enlightening exposition.

Few people realize what utterly wonderful things whales are. Why they're almost human. I've always wanted one for a pet. Perhaps the author knows where I might get one.

Please continue this good work and let the world have more information on these magnificent creatures.

MILLICENT STOOPNAGLE

Laramie, Wyoming

—Writer Larde's formula for obtaining a whale. Go jump in the ocean.—ED.

One more. Just one more asinine article such as the one concerning whales and I start reading "The Saturday Review of Literature." You ain't the only damn magazine that's supposed to come out on Saturday, you know.

KILMET HELMET

Ontario, Canada.

Why Saturday

For twelve solid years I went to the local magazine stand on Saturday and tried to buy your magazine. For twelve solid years I could only get your magazine in the middle of the week.

Finally I gave it up and for the past seven year I have had a subscription. Do I get my magazine on Saturday? Hell no—I get it in the middle of the week.

Now tell me—just why in the hell don't you either come out on Saturday, or else change the name of your magazine? It's people like you that mess up everything in this world. Even the Sunday paper, which comes out on Saturday night, is closer than you. I'm sick of it, I tell you—sick, sick, sick

JAMES GASTRIC

St. Louis, Mo.

"Boy oh boy!
No clipped
toenails!"



In **BLOODSHOT-EYE** 198 PURE GRAIN **CUTICLE JUICE**
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HEALTH HINT

HERE'S THE ONE SURE CURE FOR GURGLING KIDNEY TUBES IN THE LOWER ABDOMINAL CAVITY!

GOODY! JAM PACKED WITH CALCIUM, IT CAN REALLY FIX YOU IN ONLY 45 SECONDS!

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THEN, ADD DEHYDRATED WATER AND BUCK IT UP WITH POWER-PACKED LITTLE-THURLOW ALL PURPOSE GOOF BALLS (ALSO MADE BY OUR MONOPOLY).

HEATS YOU UP!

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You can get your favorite
Ice Cream Dishes or Cold Drinks
at the friendly Bengal Shop. Come
in and see Mr. Harris today.

BENGAL SHOP

Sundries Magazines College Supplies

"just across from B.&P.A. School"

MISSOURI Showme

on sale
December 13th

The yearly yaks about Santa and company with a 1951 twist to meet the New Year. No formulas for purple passion, but lots of ideas for drinking it.



LETTERS

CONTINUED

Lots of Plots

I enjoyed the story in the October 28 issue by Clarence Buddington Hellfire (*Blood's Bloody Blood*). It was the kind of story that I like very much.

However, there was one thing that bothered me. The plot and characters somehow seemed similar to other stories in previous issues—such as "The Jagged Daggar" (Oct. 21), "Corpse and Corpusles" (Oct. 13), "The Cream Scream" (Oct. 6), "The Saw Tooth Sword" (Sept. 30), "The Knifed Wife" (Sept. 23), "The Overstocked Grave" (Sept. 16), "The Pilfered Wafer," (Sept. 9) ... (three pages omitted) ...

Naturally the resemblance is small—merely plot and characters. However, I was just wondering ...

ROBT. WINFIELD SNOOK, JR.
Iteywatchie, Texas.
—Naturally any resemblance is purely accidental.—ED.

Mistakes

Ha! In your article concerning Welfried Gluckstite in the October 13 issue (*Bottle Baby at Sixty Eight*, by Heartfelt Sixpence) you said that Mr. Gluckstite never uses a tie clasp—even when spying at meetings of Alcoholics Anonymous. You said that in the third line from the bottom, second column, page twenty five.

In a 1922 issue of *Judge* there is a blurred picture of Gluckstite with three members of the New York State Patrol. Careful work with chemicals and magnifying glasses on the original photograph (obtained after six months of searching) has revealed Mr. Gluckstite wearing a rather large, gold tie clasp.

I don't know where Mr. Sixpence obtains his information but he has certainly done a sloppy piece of work with this.

HAWKEYE PIERCE
Navajo Reservation, Colorado.
—Heartfelt Sixpence is downcast.—ED.

FEDUNG

"The
Pre-Shaped
Hat For
Pre-
Shaped
Heads"



THE ABOVE MODEL IS THE
EXCLOOSIVE "Dunkleberry"

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or oval. . .or even if it comes to a
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about ripping or tearing the lining. . .
this is all done at the factory!

So get a
Fedung Hat today! Remember! the
supply is limited. . .but even so we're
WAY ahead of the demand!

NOT PARTICULARLY
RECOMMENDED AS
AN



The Cold War In Crowder

With the war in Korea ended, the government finds itself faced with a new trouble spot. The cold war in Crowder threatens at any moment to become hotter than purgatory.

Last month a crisis was threatened when left wing elements from the Blue Campus area entered forbidden territory illegally. When accused by a loyalist officer of having entered with a forged passport, the radical blues rose in a body and threatened the officer with the Bronx-cheer treatment.

Coolly the officer surveyed the situation, and demanded the offenders passport. When refused, this valiant leader took things into her own hands and soundly thrashed one of the blues.

What will happen next? The situation has grown more acute each day. The radical blues (who had the audacity to burn a cross on the Crowder border) continue to demand better food. Obviously they are too well educated to appreciate what is being done to them.

Too many of them, it seems, object to the two servings of grease and one of egg (mixed) that they receive for breakfast. It is obviously sheer stupidity that causes them to object to the fact that good breakfasts are served only on weekends, when many of them are out of the



A ROOKIE TO BE WHIPPED INTO SHAPE

Crowder territory, or sleeping through breakfast. They cry that they have paid and should receive in return—a cut and dried Marxian theory.

Herein lies the threat to our capitalistic enterprise. The blue radicals scream for their money's worth. They fail to appreciate the generous servings of boiled potatoes, squash and cabbage that are provided. They ignore the fact that the financial condition of Crowder stands on a narrow margin. The highly skilled technicians (hash sloppers) that work in Crowder demand exceedingly high salaries.

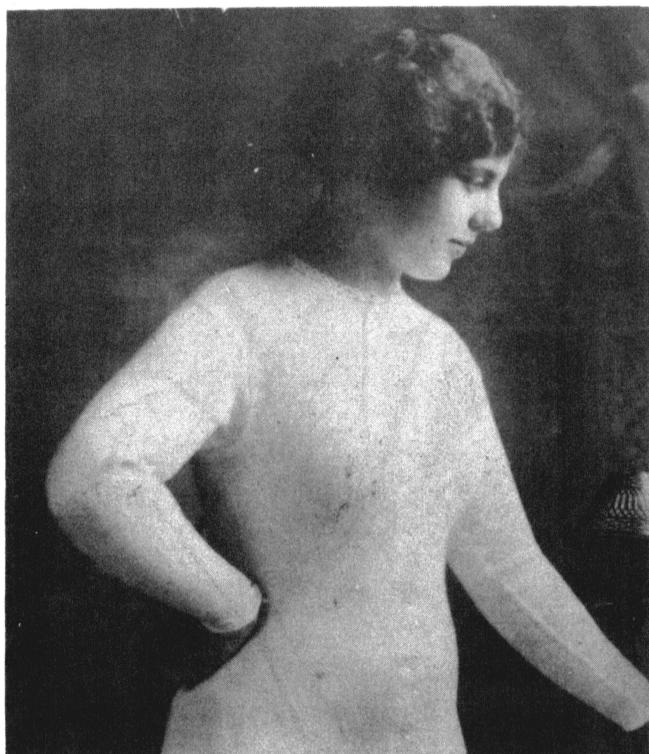
But the blues ignore this completely. "We want our money's worth" they scream and scream

again. Excessive demands such as these threaten the government with a crisis at any moment. As a supreme insult to ridiculous reasoning they demand the right to eat where they please. The government has done its best to fulfill this demand. "Move out," it has said, "Move bag and baggage, out of our housing." The blues retaliate this fair offer with cries of unfairness.

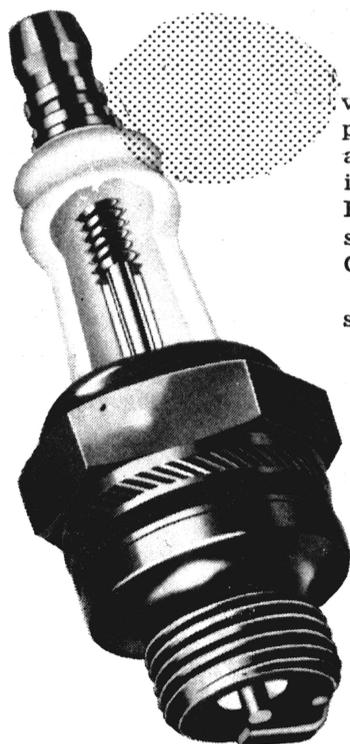
And so the pattern goes. We have watched the radical elements at work before—always demanding what is humanly expected; always crying for fair treatment; always expecting their money's worth.

(Continued on page 22)

Which is really Mable Gluckstite ?



World-Famous Car-Lite Spark-Plugs Give You SMOOOOTH PERFORMANCE... QUICK STARTS



You can enjoy these advantages when you replace worn out Ford with a 1950 Cadillac containing Car-Lite spark plugs. Both are pretty good stuff—especially if it's a Cadillac convertible.

If you know your movie stars then you'll recognize

Mabel Gluckstite as the girl shown on the left, star of "Midnight on the Hinkson". At right is Sable Gluckstite, mother of Mabel.

And if you know spark plugs we'd be glad to have you tell us how to make the damn things.



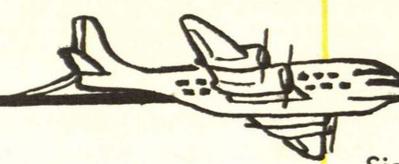
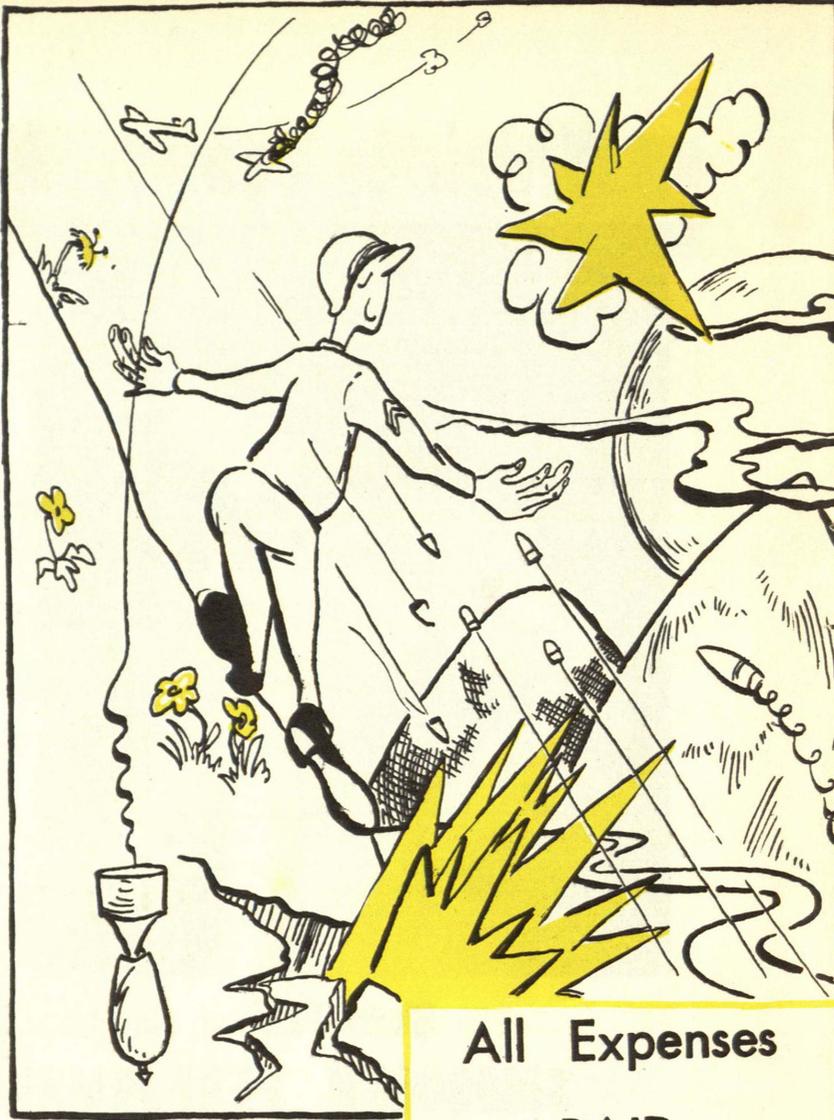
CAR-LITE

SPARK PLUGS

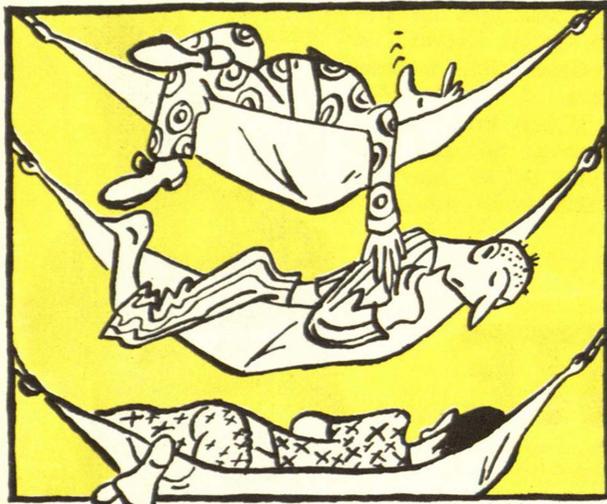
"Ignition Engineered"

Visit the beautiful red hills of serene North Korea. Gaze at the sublime beauty and tranquil serenity of this ancient vista that spreads itself before your eyes.

Now you, too,
can afford
that trip to
KOREA
for an ...
unlimited period



**All Expenses
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Herb Knapp

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Don't hesitate. You will enjoy the beautiful fall weather. Investigate at once this pre-arranged, all expense tour of the fascinating Orient.

Sign up in a group or by yourself. Just ask your local recruiting agent for further details.

Reservations at each stop are guaranteed!

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Two Muscular Men and a Provocative Girl

by Jerry Smith

Vanilla finds love
in intrigue

VANILLA was distraught. The man was so big and muscular with wavy blonde hair. Oooh, he was so big and muscular with wavy, blonde hair. Vanilla was so distraught. She closed her big, wide, beautiful, blue-as-the-Danube, star-filled, deep limpid, eyes a moment and absently stirred the 7-Up in her shot glass.

"Madame," the waiter snarled, "you are wearing out our spoons." It was the secret signal. Vanilla let her big, wide, beautiful, blue-as-the-Danube, star-filled, deep, limpid eyes rest on the waiter's tall, hunched, twisted frame.

"Yesss," she whispered, almost in fear.

"Those spoons cost four dollars," he snapped.

"Ah," thought Vanilla. "At 4 a.m." She shot a glance at her 24-jewel Bulova empress and admired the gold frame.



"It's the finest sterling," he said. He let his fathomless, deep, sinister eyes rest on the big, muscular man with wavy hair.

"It's solid gold," she cried, showing him the watch. "I have the guarantee in my purse." She began digging.

"Sterling," the waiter repeated. "Sterling, sterling, STERLING!"

"Sterling," she thought. "How was Sterling? It had been so long. Was it Paris? London? Ah, London... No, it had been Pulaski, Arkansas. Ah, Pulaski—the smell of the river—the sewage—that night on the river—the boat—the old tin can she used to bail out the water. How was Sterling? Sterling was so big, so muscular—so dark-haired."

"That man," the waiter hissed. "Who is he?"

"I don't know," she admitted. "He's so big, so...so...so...muscular." Her big, wide, beautiful, etc., eyes sought the man with the wavy, blonde hair.

"It's too dangerous," the waiter said. "I can't let you do it." His deep, fathomless eyes deepened; they were fathomless.

"Oh father," Vanilla sobbed. "It's too late now. We can't stop. We've gone too far."

"Yes, yes, we can," he said. His breath was heavy. "We..." He pitched forward on his face. The carved handle of a carved knife stuck from his back. It was a carving knife. Vanilla screamed.

All was panic. Women screamed. Men screamed. A deathly silence filled the place. The big, muscular, wavy, blonde man was suddenly before Vanilla.

"Let me help you," he said in his deep baritone. "I understand." That was the last Vanilla knew. She sank into that deep, dark peace known as midnight-on-the-brain.

Vanilla opened her big, wide, beautiful, etc., eyes and stared at the full moon. She sighed.

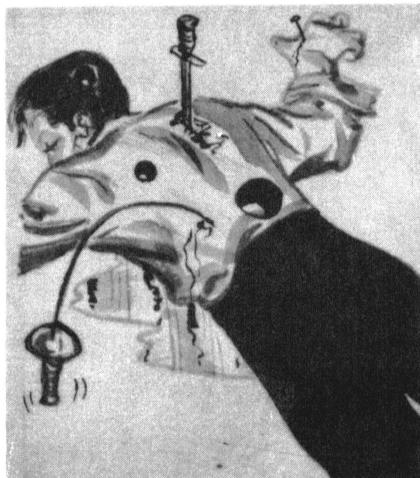
"Ah, you've awakened at last," said the big, muscular man, car-

essing her cheek with his lips.

"What happened?" she breathed.

"You flipped out," he said tenderly. He was very tender in his tenderness.

"Oh," she said, realizing that words were so cheap.



"I thought you would never awaken," he admitted, smiling sweetly. He was so sweet in his sweetness. "I loosened your dress at the neck. You still didn't awaken so I loosened your dress at the waist. You still didn't awaken so..."

"Ohhh," Vanilla gasped.

"Madame," he said reddening redly. "I am a gentleman; I brought you here into the open air." His wavy, blonde hair fell down over one eye. The other eye was beautiful—Vanilla thought.

"Thank you," she said.

"Forget it."

"I am so grateful."

"Forget it."

"I can never repay you."

"Forget it."

"It would have been terrible if you hadn't rescued me."

"Forget it."

"I shall remember your kindness eternally."

"Forget it."

"I have money. I shall repay you richly."

He was silent. She realized that she had insulted him. He smiled at her. It was so big of him to forgive the insult. It was so big of him—he was so big—and muscular.

"What is your name?" he questioned.

"Vanilla," she replied softly.

"Such a strange name."

"Yes," she admitted. "You see, I'm one-third neopolitan."

"My name is Tolivar," he said. "Tolivar Brown." His blonde, wavy hair fell down over the other eye. His nose is beautiful—Vanilla thought—so big, so muscular.

Suddenly she stiffened involuntarily. "TOLIVAR." She almost screamed the name. This—this was the man Sterling had warned her of. This was Tolivar—so big and muscular.

He smiled at her. "You need not be afraid," he said kindly.

"So you know?"

"Yes, I know." He said it almost reluctantly. "I know that you are Vanilla Borshwitch. How could I forget the beauty of that name—or the beauty of you. Those eyes—those big, wide, beautiful, blue-as-the-Danube, star-filled, deep, limpid, eyes."

"Tolivar," she sighed. Her big, etc., eyes closed. She breathed heavily. She felt him close to her. Then his body was heavy on hers—too heavy. He was quite unconscious.

"Very pretty," Sterling said, lighting a cigarette with his left hand. His right hand held a revolver. She stared at him. It had been so long. Sterling was so big, so muscular.

"Sterling," she gasped.

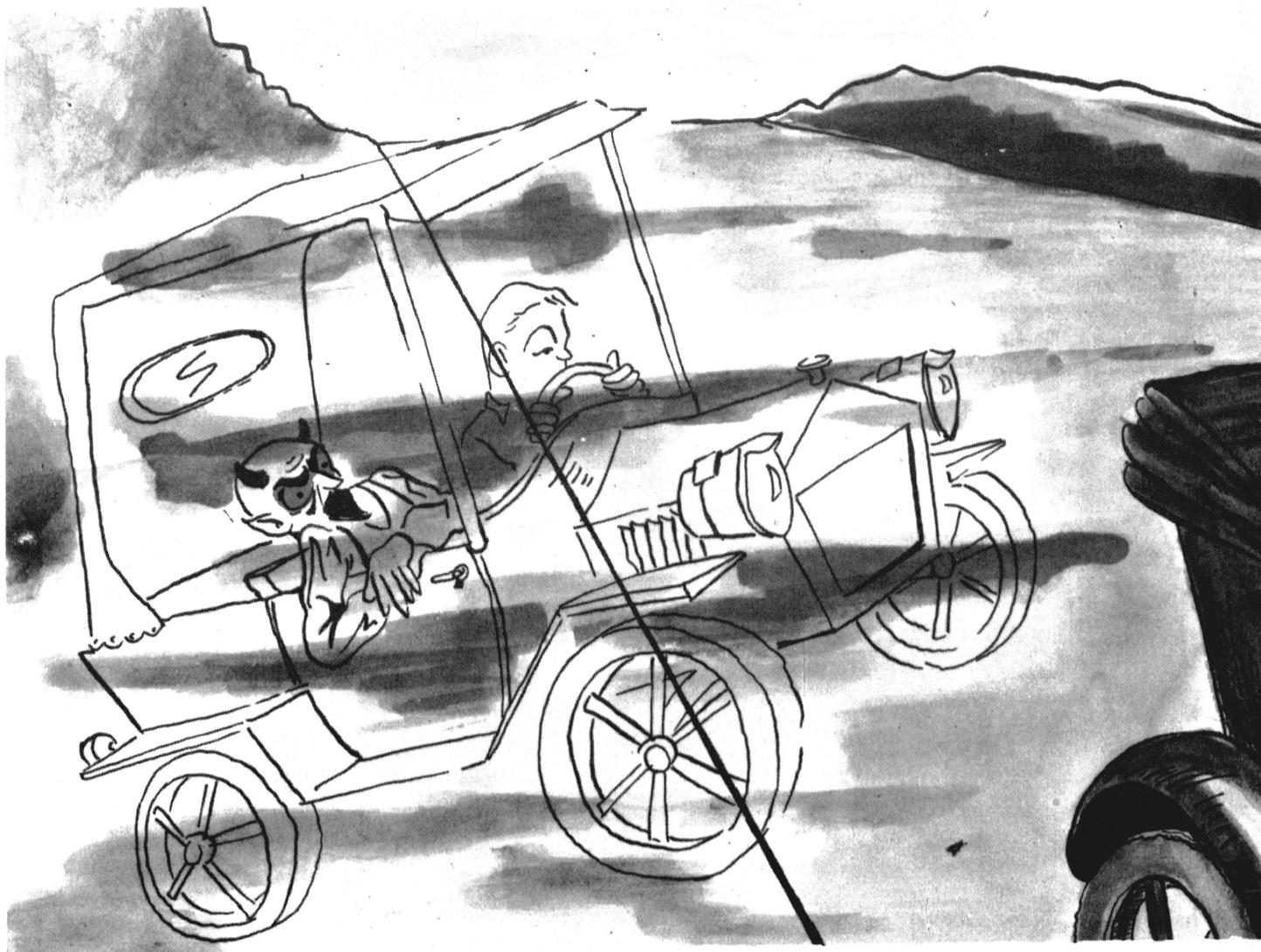
"None of that sweet talk, baby," Sterling snapped. "You dames make me sick with your sentimentalities." A slight sneer marred the natural sneer of his lips. "Walthello," he said crisply to

Illustrated by
Glenn Troelstrup

(Continued on page 22)



TROELSTRUP



The Fantum Phliver

Death rides the highway in a Model-T.

by Donn Dunn

THE sun was pretty warm, you know, that day last summer when the wife and me was drivin' over Passaic way to see Emmereldy and the kids. As I was sayin' the sun was pretty warm, you know, so maybe the wife and me was seein' things when we saw what we saw—I'll get to that in just a jiff. On t'other hand, maybe the drinks I'd had for supper made me see it—but I hadn't drunk very much. Just a

couple glasses of cider, you know. I allus say a man should have his cider.

Anyway, we're chuggin' along—you know—in the old Essex when I look out the winder and say to the wife, "Carrie, d'yuh see that old Model T that's chuggin' along the road right up there in front of us, you know?"

The wife adjusts her bifocals (ain't women like that!) and

peers out what would have been the winder-glass if the car had had any glass. She looks right hard, you know and says, "Yep."

Never bein' one to argue with the little woman, I give the old buggy the gas and we go chug-chuggin' right past the old Model T like it ain't movin' atall. Only took us four miles to catch up and pass it, too.

As we go by, I sort o' look



out the back, you know, and see that there's an old man and a young boy drivin' in the car. They weren't dressed out of the ordinary, but something about them give me the willies. Maybe it was the blood spattered on their coats.

Anyway, I didn't like their looks, so I step on the gas, you know, and we pull away from there like lightnin'. So, we're chug-chuggin' along, you know, and the wife is dozin' in the hot sun when I notice a weird sound. It was sort o' a wailin' like a forlorn banshee might make—'course I never heard a forlorn banshee, you know, but I guess that's how they'd sound. As I think about it, I recall

hearin' the sound for quite a long time now, but I was still drun—a little sleepy from the cider (A man should have his cider) and I hadn't thought much about it.

So, then, the little woman wakes up suddenly and grabs my arm, you know. "Did you hears that wailin'?" I ask. She adjusts her hearin' aid, ain't women like that, and leans forward, listenin' like, you know. The wailin' comes again and the little woman says, "Yep." She went back to sleep.

Now, I always been a pretty brave fella, ain't scared o' noth-

in', you know, but I sure got jittery when that queer wailin' started in again. It sounded like it was right behind us, so I takes a deep breath, shuts my eyes, turns around quick, and opens my eyes. And there it was you know! Big as life and smack-dab behind us is that old Model T, just chuggin' along like sixty and the old duffer at the wheel just leanin' on that horn like he wanted blow us all the way to Moberly, Mo.

I wakes the wife up quick. "Is that Model T right behind us?" I shout. She looks, listens, and sniffs the air like old Bess, my

ILLUSTRATED BY

HERB KNAPP

(Continued on page 31)

THE CITIES OF AMERICA

COLUMBIA, MISSOURI

**Progress has come to this typical college town
in the heart of Daniel Boone territory**

COLUMBIA, Missouri, the historians' paradise and the feature writers' nightmare, is located approximately in the heart of Missouri, near the part where heart attacks are fatal. This thriving little cash register is about 120 miles from the smog of St. Louis, and a little farther from the gangster graveyards in Kansas City.

Columbia was founded on the spot where Daniel Boone dropped a coon-skin cap while running from a Stephens' Susie. The spot was marked, a column was erected and somebody built a campus around it. Later the column burned down and a small bungalow was built in its

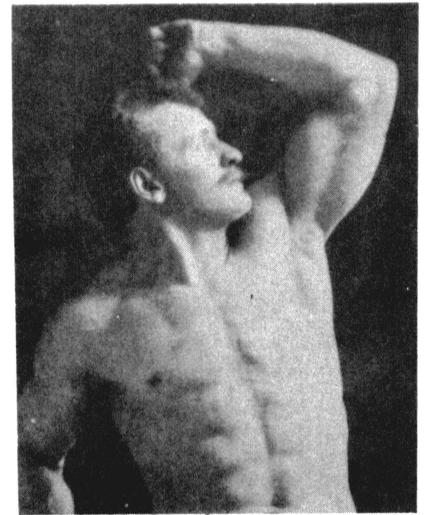
place. This was later named Jesse Hall Auditorium.

A great percentage of present day Columbia population is filled by educated people. The remainder of the population is mostly students and professors. There are also some unclassified politicians who sponsor banquets now and then and bury Abraham Lincoln three times a year.

The original settlers of Columbia were the descendants of the Susie who caught Boone and married him in the Lodge—the minister-in-residence officiating. A column was erected over the spot where this minister was buried. Later the column burned



The Shack (formerly the Palace) is the meeting place of the elite. Daniel Boone slept here.



Tennessee Foghorn is credited with being the first human being to venture into the wilds of Columbia.

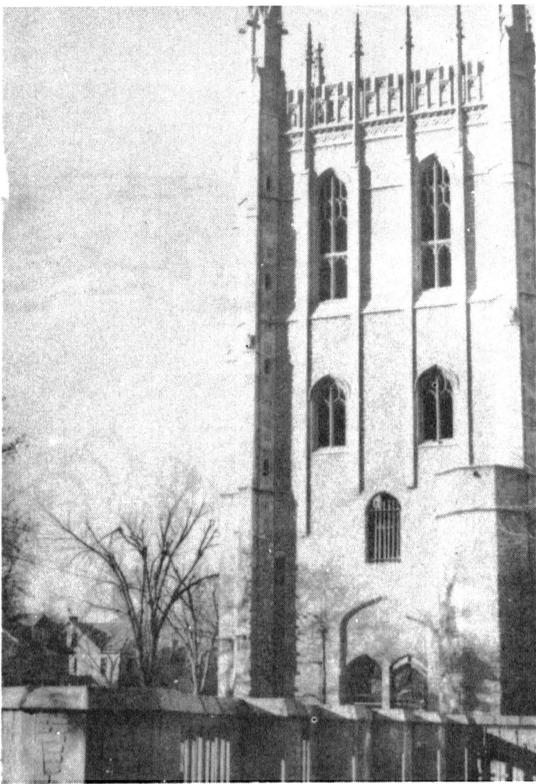


This housing project is the pride of Columbia. Built as an experiment, the project was copied by many other cities. Not the simple design and varied construction.

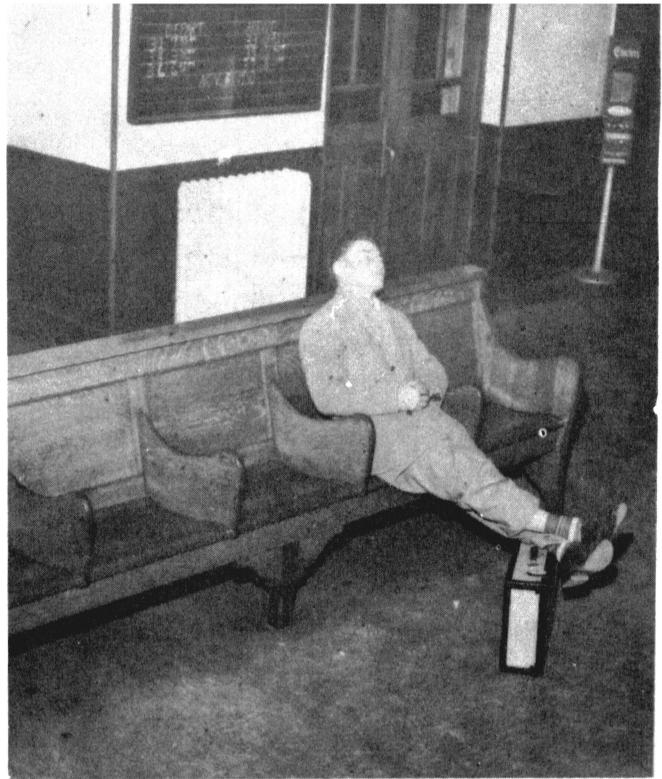
down and a courthouse was erected.

The first business set up in Columbia was a 3.2 rotgut-leave-your -45.s-at -the -counter shack known as the Palace. The original building is still standing and today is a palace known as the Shack. In the back room there is still a blood stain marking the spot where Daniel Boone shot the minister who married him to the Susie. Throughout the colorful history of Columbia run the names of Boone and the Susie (Boone was running).

Columbia's great industries are vital to the good health of America today. Detroit has its automobile plants; Pittsburgh has its steel mills; Columbia has its



The University is noted for its foundations. Here is the finest foundation on the campus. Constructed in the twenties, it is the most beautiful example of Gothic foundation in North America.



The rush period in Columbia's grand central station. Busy citizens hurry for their train and do their best to avoid being trampled in the mob.

drug stores. There are more drug stores in Columbia per square foot than in any other town in America. One of the drug stores is as famous for its sales tax mills as Pittsburgh for its steel mills.

But the basic foundation of Columbia prosperity lies in the educational institutions within its boundaries. There is Hickman High School, Jefferson High School University High School and many others.

There is also a state university in Missouri which remained relatively obscure until a recent article in an obscure magazine. The article, entitled "The Old Master of Old Mizzou", concerned a well-known author at the school.

One of the most spectacular sights in Columbia is the Stephens Hotel, for women only. The hotel is a city within itself, containing dress factories, stables, an ice cream plant (annex), and a prison.

Columbia also has a girl's college, called Christian. It is located about two blocks from the nearest man and competes with the Stephens Hotel for social life.

This busy city is the transportation center of the state. Two railroads have lines into Columbia to serve as braking points for trains that can't make the hills in Kansas City and roll back this far. There is also a Greyhound cattle stop and watering station.

Business in Columbia has increased tremendously in the last few years. Only a few months ago two theatres opened their balconies and installed sound. Pop-corn stands have tripled in the last year and two new stop signs went up in a week.

The University of Missouri promises to be an accredited school in the next few years. A costly building program has gone into effect. Holes are being dug, sidewalks are being torn up, foundations are being built. Old Mizzou is most famous for its foundations and remains of razed buildings.

But economy is the by-word despite the spending. Economy has always been the by-word at old Mizzou. In 1906 a school building was due to be razed. But three two-by-fours saved

historic Lathrop Hall and it is still in use today.

Columbia is rapidly becoming a modern town. Recently it was discovered that progressive towns have sidewalks on streets other than main-drag. Plans are being made to accomplish this. Even before this the city discovered that parking meters and painted curbs were exceedingly successful and these were immediately adopted.

A striking aspect, one for which it is known throughout the state, is the proficiency of dogs in Columbia. Most people who pass through the city usually recognize this fact with the statement, "Columbia is certainly going to the dogs."

Certainly Daniel Boone would agree, as a Susie chased him down Broadway today, that Columbia has changed. Not only has it changed-it has progressed. No longer do men wear coonskin caps; no longer is the Palace a shack; no longer do columns stand alone; no longer; no longer. Progress is here to stay!

THE END



Herb Knapp

The Dude of Table Forks

Dude Slater was trapped between Indians, the Cavalry and the finance company.

by Bob Skole

Dude Slater, framed for the murder of his own brother, escapes from prison at Prairie Flats and goes to Blood Gulch. There he intends to find the body of his grandmother, whom he had killed the night before he went to jail. But when he gets to Blood Gulch, he finds the body removed from the acid pit where he had stored it temporarily. Realizing that he must have the body to prove where he was the night of the murder of his brother, he goes to Col. Bluster of the 8th Cavalry, who was her lover.

Entering the Colonel's quarters, he finds him in the arms of Destiny Jones, Dude's fiancée. They both draw for their guns, but Destiny comes between them. When the smoke clears out of the room, so does the Colonel, for Destiny has more lead in her than a uranium plant

Determined to gain revenge, Dude heads for the Indian country taking with him the Colonel's daughter. He stirs the Indi-

ans to war and they decide to attack the 8th Cavalry. In the ensuing fight, Dude gets wounded and is nursed to health by his brother's widow, who is the Colonel's mother. He learns from the widow that his brother wasn't murdered, but choked to death on some arsenic she accidentally fed him.

Wanting to clear his sister-in-law's name, Dude plants the Colonel's finger-prints on the arsenic bottle, and reports it to the

ILLUSTRATED BY
HERB KNAPP

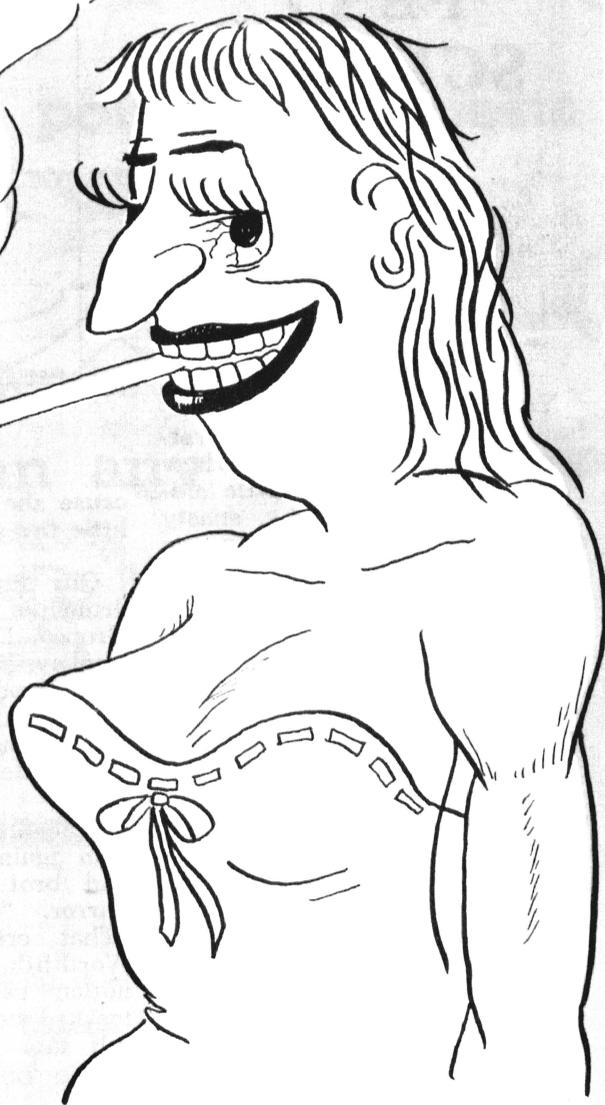
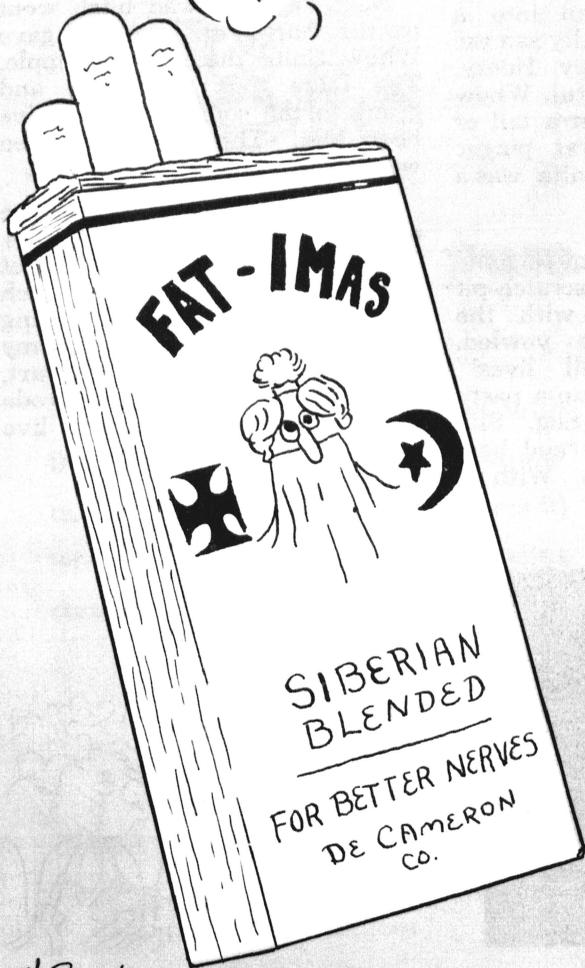
(Continued on page 40)

Smoke

FAT-IMAS

"I AGREE"

Says pretty petite Myrtle Fudd,
charming hog-caller.



Be popular—be like Myrtle. Myrtle smokes
FAT-IMAS. Says charming petite Myrtle—
"Sure, hell yes—I smoke 'em".

H. GREEN

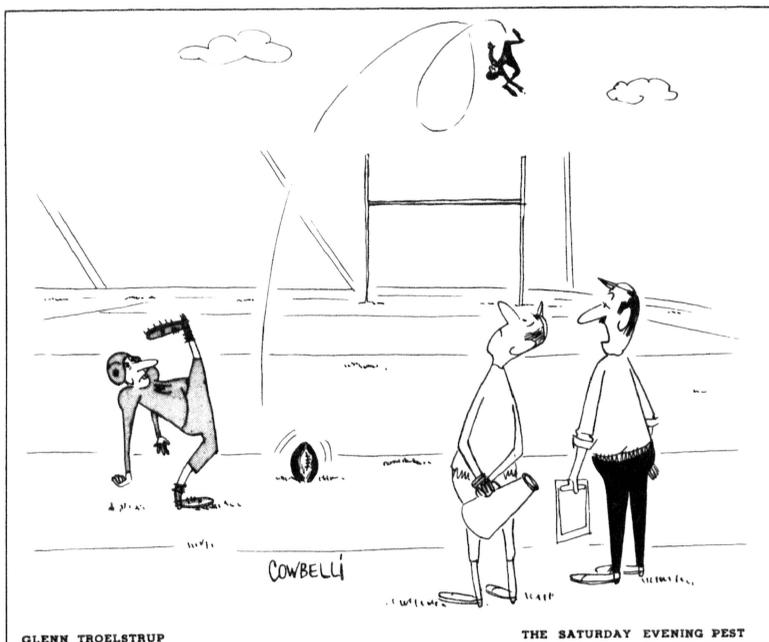
Smoke a long one



PEST SCRAPS

WHOW SNITE
and the Deven Swarfs

by mel britt



*"Quite possibly we should have let Kansas
sign Plunkett."*

Yeny mears ago, in a cuge
hastle, there lived a princy pret-
tice whose name was Whow
Snite. She was a pad little sid-
geon because her neeky, snasty
step-mother made her stean the
clove all the time. But, every
night, she pampened her dillow
dreaming of a Chince Prarming.

Her step-mother was a wad
bitch, cause when she tired of
nicking her pose, she used to
hermuse aself by malking to a
firror. On this darticular pay,
she new her shrose and beaked
"Wirror, wirror on the mall,
foo's the warest of them all?"
And the sirror med, "Whow
Snite, of course!" The fleen rew
into a quage and snorted!
"Gamm that dir! I'll thrit her
sloat!" But the ass she guys-
signed to the job host his led and
her go. Whow Snite liked this,

cause she was not scared of the
little fay groxes.

Our kittle liddo ran into a
drunch of barfs with nilly sames:
Gropey, Dumpy, Snappy, Heezy,
Dockey, Bop and Dashful. Whow
Snite lived with 'em for a tell of
a long hime. This was pinger
geachy cause Whow Snite was a
wassy clench.

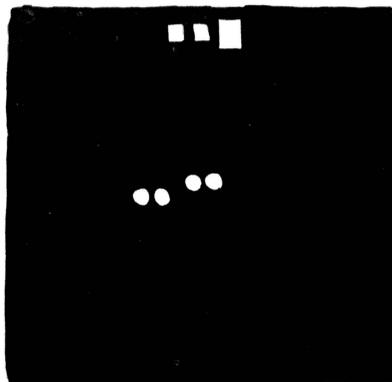
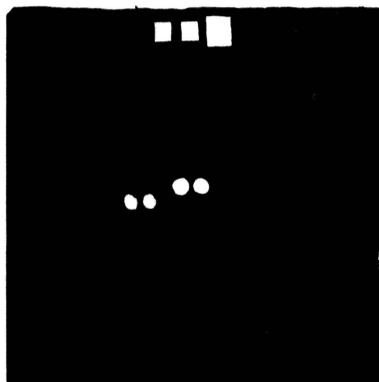
Wheanmile, the queersome
fean again armed her scratch-pit
and brot the sheeze with the
mirror. "Coises!" she yowled.
"That crittle lud still lives!"
Worthfith, she stirred up a pasty
notion called Dalty Sog. She
tracked her coe and turned her-
self into a wad bitch. With a

creevil ackle. she put a Aacky
into a toucious, lemping mipple.

Next day, the wad bitch went
to the harf's dwouse and gave
Whow Snite the Ackied mipple.
The bilde took one chite and
grank to the sound moaning, I've
been had!" The queersome feen
was ho sappy she lied daffing.

The Deven Swarfs were quite
out put. They wept titter beers.
They put her in a cass glasket
and kept her. For ages. Luch
mater, her Chince Prarming
found her and kissed her lammy
clips. She stoke with a wart,
and the lell in fove. They rode
off into the sunning set to live
aver efter.

THE END



Right this minute



more people are pouring **Digeste**



down the drain than any other coffee



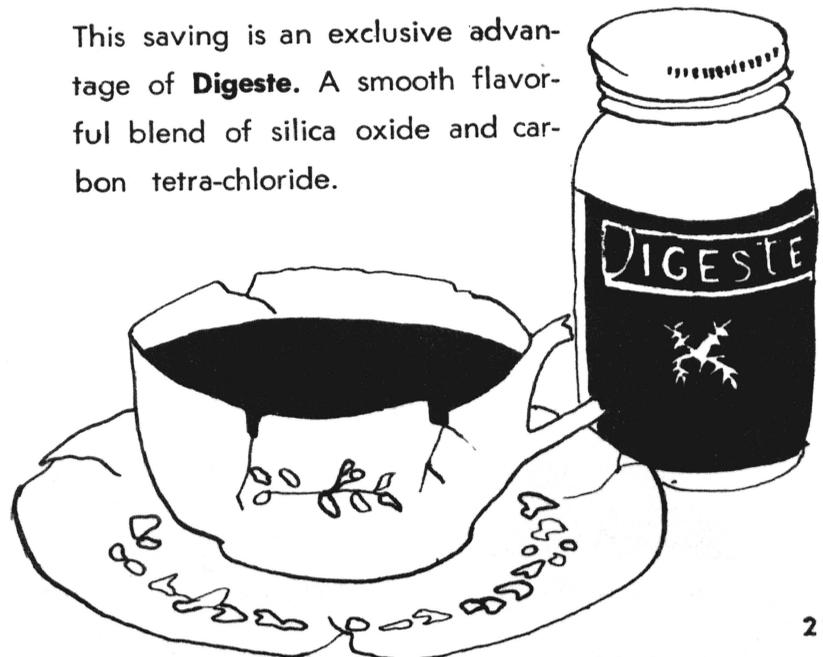
For pure stomach preservation

Kill two birds with one stone with **Digeste***. If you can't drink it—(nine out of ten doctors advise against it)—pour it down the drain. Eliminates, completely demolishes, sink pipe slug.

This saving is an exclusive advantage of **Digeste**. A smooth flavorful blend of silica oxide and carbon tetra-chloride.

DIGESTE

makes coffee worth spitting out on its own grounds.



*(pronounced DIGES-TAX)

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\$6.98

Jane Irwill

Suzanne's

912 Broadway



Homecoming Brings

Lot's of Alums—
Let's welcome them
with chrysanthemums
from

H.R. Mueller
FLORIST

SUPERIOR QUALITY DEPENDABLE SERVICE

16 South 9th

(Crowder Hall

cont. from page 8)

What are we to do? How are we to keep the blues from getting their money's worth? How are we to make sure that the blues don't fill their bellies? How is the high command at the Crowder front to avert good meals?

The answer is simple.—ignore the jerks; it has worked so far. Don't give in to this radical element in our midst.

THE END

(Provocative Girl

cont. from page 12)

the thug with him, "Get this jerk out of the way."

Walthello lifted the heavy weight off of Vanilla. She sighed with relief.

"I can't leave you alone for a minute without you getting mushy with some lover boy, can I?" Sterling snarled.

* * * * *

Abstinence is a virtue,
Liquor is a vice,
I know all that, but what the hell,
Someone pass the ice.

J.J.G.

* * * * *

"But Sterling."

"Shut up." He slapped her sharply across the face. "I've told you that I'll stand no back talk. You're my girl, see. Keep away from other guys." He slapped her again.

Blindly she stepped away from him. Hot tears were hot on her face. "You shouldn't have done that, Sterling." She was cold inside.

He considered her for a moment. "I'm sorry," he said at last. "I guess I wasn't thinking. Lately, I've been so irritable. I've had such terrible headaches and

(Continued on page 24)



**WHAT WOULD YOU
HAVE DONE?**

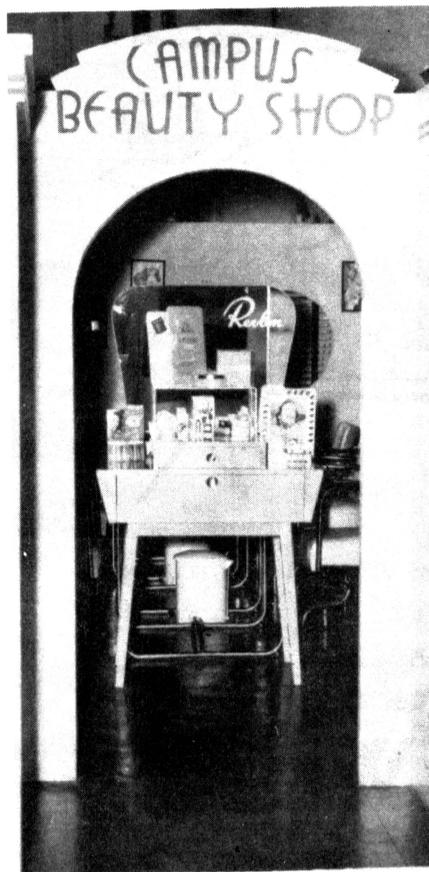
My wife and I, both lovers of the outdoors, were vacationing in the Ozarks. After a few days of inactivity, we decided on a little more strenuous fun—both of us being lovers of sports. After a discussion, both of us loving the water, we decided on a boating trip downstream.

We rented a motor boat and started the trip, both of us being anxious to go. For a few miles we admired the scenery, both of us loving all outdoor life. Then, suddenly, the motor stopped. Neither one of us could get it started, both of us having little knowledge of things mechanical.

It was then that we noticed the increased speed of the river, both of us being observant. Then, both of us having good hearing, we heard the roar of a waterfall. We were being swept towards it. There we were, in the middle of the swift river. The motor wouldn't work. We had no oars, both of us loving to ignore little precautions. Can you figure what we did?

Thinking quickly, I pulled the cord from the motor and whipping my wife into the river I forced her to pull the boat to the shore—because, though we both loved the same things—we didn't love each other.

—P. D. QUICK



Treat your hair to an appointment from

Campus Beauty Shop

Pleasant surroundings in a modern shop—skillful

personalized hair styling

is yours for the asking at

**CAMPUS BEAUTY
SHOP**

**Joe and Alberta Franke
Dial 4445**

Columbia's Smartest Shoes

Delmanette
STYLED BY DELMAN

mademoiselle
Shoes

Sorority

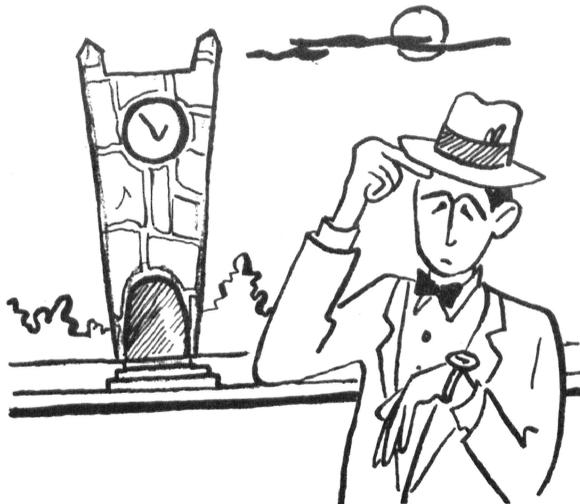
Shoes

SPALDING



the novus shop

Missed
Your
Date?



MAYBE YOUR WATCH NEEDS TUNING, SO IF YOU
HAVE BEEN MISSING DATES, APPOINTMENTS,
SCHEDULES—BRING YOUR WATCH BY AND HAVE
US FIX IT UP FOR YOU.

CAMPUS JEWELERS

Across from Jesse

Your 4-wheel personality clinic
in session every day at



Fountain's Service Station

Corner of University and Ninth Street

backaches. I saw my doctor and he recommended Hadacol. It has done wonders for me. I never would have believed it if I had not tried it myself. If you are suffering from the lack of certain vitamins in your diet, Hadacol may be just the thing for you." He drew her to him and pressed his lips against hers. She was cold. He pushed her from him. "You're using lip ice again," he snarled.

"I'm sorry, Sterling," She was deadly serious, seriously.

* * * * *

Blue eyes gaze at mine—vexation.

Soft hand closed in mine—palpitation.

Fair hair brushing mine—expectation.

Red lips close to mine—temptation.

Footsteps—damnation.

* * * * *

"Never mind that now. Where are the Inner Mongolia Crown Jewels?"

"I have them," she whispered in triumph.

Sterling flushed vividly. His eyes gleamed wildly. His breath came in short gasps. He giggled hysterically.

Slowly Vanilla unscrewed her false right foot. Inside were the Inner Mongolian Crown Jewels. Sterling quickly took them from her. "At last," he said, "the jewels."

"Drop those, Sterling," came the sharp order from the darkness. Tolivar appeared, gun in hand. His face and clothing showed the signs of the struggle with Walthello. "Your tough guy isn't so tough." He smiled cynically. "My four years in the Marines taught me how to handle tough guys."

"Were you in the Marines?" Sterling said with admiration.

"Sure." Tolivar saluted and began singing the Marine Hymn.

(Continued on page 27)



In 3.3 Seconds A Major
League Ball Player Can
Steal Second Base
... But In Only

TWO SECONDS

Boper Spirin
is Ready To
Go To Work!



MAKE THIS TEST!

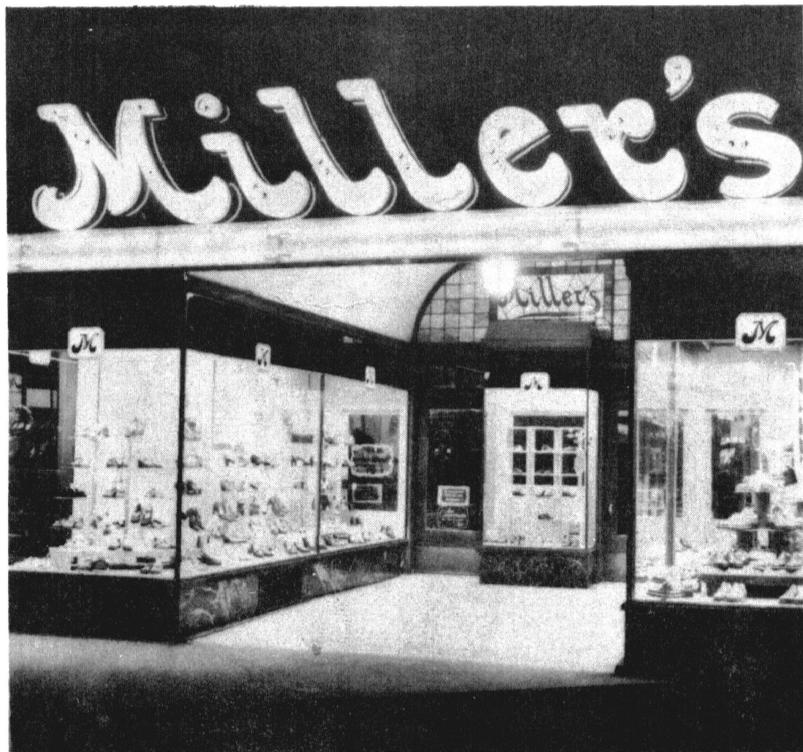
Drop a Boper Spirin tablet into a glass of glycerin and watch how quickly it dissolves. It can dissolve your stomach as rapidly.

Use Boper Spirin for quick relief. Sam Sludgepump recommended Boper for small children use. If you want fast, dependable relief from small children, use Boper Spirin.

BOPER SPIRIN

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

Columbia's Most Complete Shoe Store

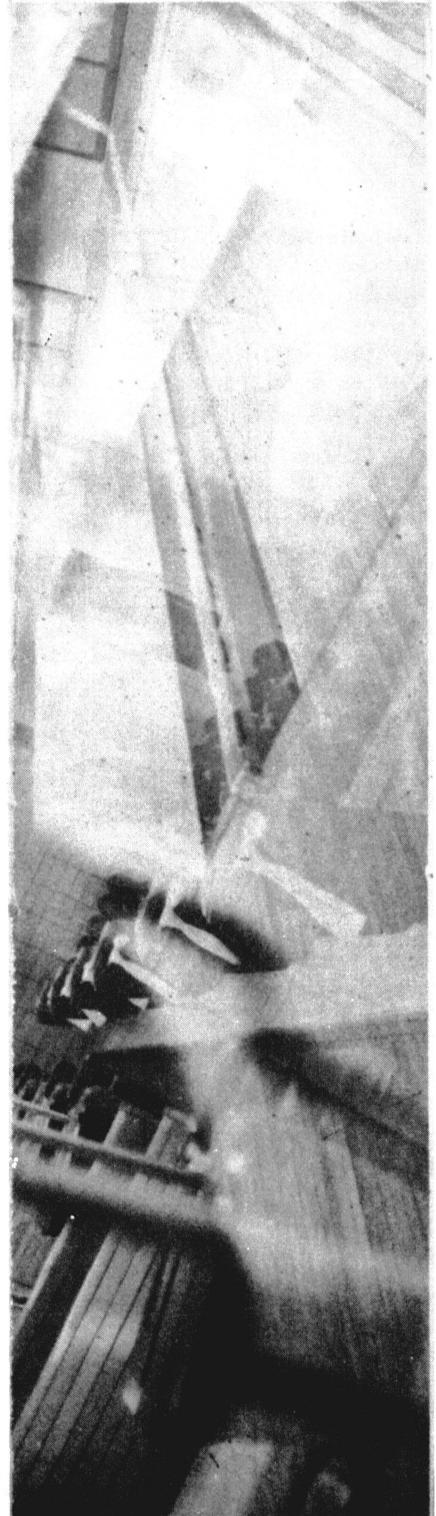


Where University Students Love to Shop



800 Broadway

I'M PROUD OF
THIS PICTURE



"...to the shore of Tripoli," Sterling joined in. Suddenly he lashed out and caught Tolivar on the point of the chin. They fell to the ground together. Vanilla watched the two men—so big, so muscular. They were fighting for her. Vanilla knew it and felt a thrill. These two were locked in a death duel and all for her, for her love. Which would win—which would claim her eternally? Who would be the victor to take her away from all this?

Slowly one of the men rose from the ground. The other was still—so still. Which one had won—who would now claim her after the battle for her love?

Tolivar stood before her. He smiled. Slowly he reached out and took the jewels from her. "Now get the hell out of here before I run you in," he ordered mildly.

* * * * *

To me a women is many things,
 Sugar and cream and Kellog's
 Bran,
 But I'm happiest for the thing
 she's not,
 Thank God, she's not a man!
 J.J.G.

* * * * *

She stood there—not able to move. Again he gave the command, but she couldn't—she couldn't leave. "I'm sorry," Tolivar said.

It was visitor's day. Vanilla stared through the screen at Tolivar. It was the first time he had visited her. Her heart beat madly at the sight of him. He was so big—so muscular.

"Vanilla," he said simply.
 "Tolivar."
 "It has been so long, Vanilla."
 "Seven years, Tolivar."
 "I have been such a fool."
 "Yes, Tolivar, but I have waited—patient in the knowledge

(Continued on page 29)



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- Radios
- Appliances
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TRIO
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DANCING
 ... OPEN SUN ...



So Close

So Handy

that's your



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700 Conley

Your skin turns velvety
with

Ardena
Velva
Cream



ELIZABETH ARDEN creates a cream with rare beauty-giving qualities. The minute you smooth it on; your skin is like silk velvet to the touch! So effective... yet so gentle... Ardena Velva Cream is ideal for even the most delicate skin. Nor will it fatten full faces.

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 - SMOOTH with Ardena Velva Cream, 1.00 to 6.00
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The Blue Shop
In the Central Dairy Bldg.



Since starting this column I've told you about many great pictures that N-G-N has produced. I've told you of great stories and great stars... now I want to tell you the truth.

* * * *

As much as I hate to tell you, the name of this picture (phaa) is "The Rise and Fall of the Merriam-Webster Standard Dictionary." The story is a tremendously dull thing, and rather complicated by the fact that at several times we ran out of money and had to fill gaps in the film with scenes from "Hell's Angels."

* * * *

Due to conditions entirely beyond our control the stars of this fiasco are Jane Brussel and Dudley Dufflebag. Stringyhaired Miss Brussel, if you should be so unfortunate as to remember, was last seen fleetingly in Edison's great classic, "The Great Train Robbery," in which she portrayed a set of headlights on the train.

* * * *

Dudley is type cast as a linotype operator who sets the first Webster dictionary, much to the opposition of two horrible actors who portray two seedy gun-men named Funk and Wagnals.

* * * *

From what I've said here, you can probably realize just how excretable this film is, and if you've got any brains at all you'll watch for it at your favorite theatre, and when it comes there studiously avoid it.

—Leo

P.S. Paramount has turned out some good pictures lately, why not drop in and see some of them instead of this.

that some day you would realize what we left behind us that night."

"Yes. I have. But now it's too late."

"It's never too late."

"That night," Tolivar spoke with feeling. "I told you to leave and you wouldn't. If only I had known. If only I had realized—I could have saved you so much unhappiness. I was a fool not to understand why you wouldn't, why you couldn't leave."

Vanilla wanted to reach out and touch him. His voice broke.

"I want to make it up to you," he said.

"I know Tolivar."

He reached under the screen and laid something in her hand. Tears made her eyes misty. She fought them. There must be no display of emotion now.

"Now I must go."

"Yes."

"Goodby, Vanilla."

"Goodby, Tolivar."

Slowly he turned and walked from the room. He was so big, so muscular. Vanilla's eyes fol-

* * * * *

*Say if with flowers,
Say it with eats;
Say it with kisses,
Say it with sweets.
Say it with jewelry,
Say it with drink.
But always be careful
Not to say it with INK!*

* * * * *

lowed him—her love went with him. Then she turned away. With head high, stolidly she walked back to her cell, full in the realization that a new life lay before. Tolivar had brought her new life, new hope, a new future, a new foundation for happiness. Tolivar had brought her false right foot!—firmly she walked into the future.

THE END

HEY-
It All
Goes!



to the cleaners
when you dial 9727 for fast pickup and delivery.
You'll like the service and the careful treatment of
your most delicate fabrics..

QUALITY LAUNDRY

"Let Mike do it"

MIKE BERGMAN



DRY
SKIN?

OILY
SKIN?



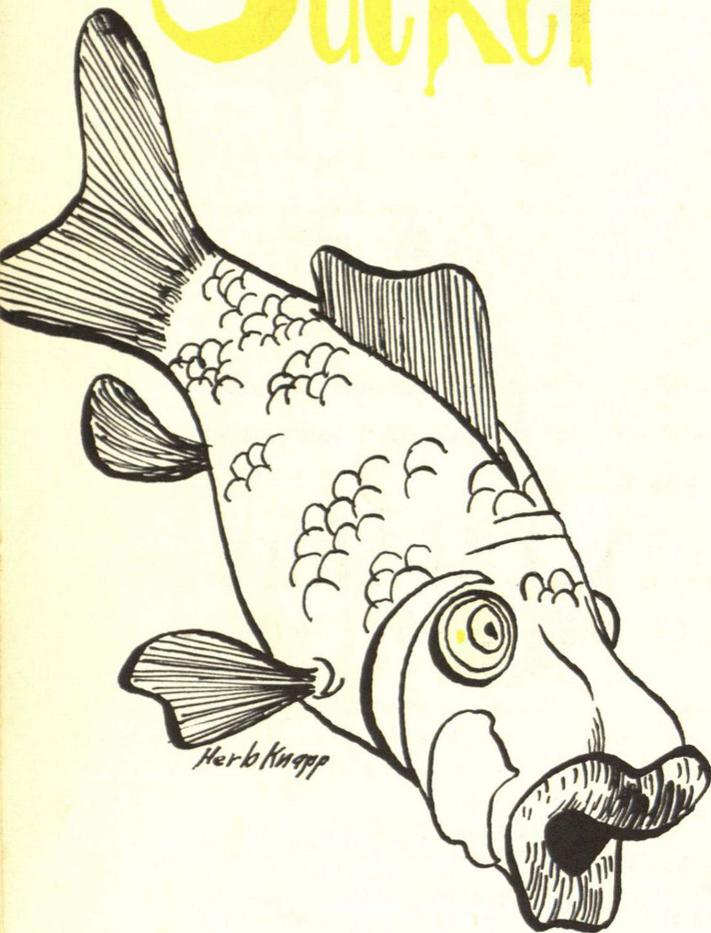
Does your skin get parched and flakey from sun and-outdoor activity? Enjoy a "peaches and cream complexion!" Dojean is rich in lanolin... delightfully scented. Sudsy bath treat!

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

Sucker



Sucker

There's a powerful difference between a "sucker" and a "sucker"

and there is a powerful difference, too,
between gasoline and "Edith" gasoline!



Edith gasoline is greasy. That's why it ruins your engine. It makes a difference you acn feel as it seeps up through the floorboards.

When you see that familiar vermillion and chartreuse emblem on the pump you know what you're getting—old coffee grounds!

Edith "anti-knock" fluid is the best anti-knock fluid in the world. (poor auntie)

The Place where Students Go

Join your friends at the **Den** for a cool Dime glass of **Stag** beer. "Join me for a beer?" among Missouri students means, "Let's go to the Den." In the **Cave** room, you and your date dance or listen to a selection of **100** juke-box favorites.



the **DEN** 

Herb Lawrence, Proprietor

Columbia's newest spot for relaxation is **Herb's Tavern**, 209 North 8th St., one and half blocks north of the courthouse. 5 sets of booths and 12 seats invite you to come in for a cool, cool glass of **Stag** beer. Stop in at **Herb's** tonight.



For
A
Good
Time

HERB'S

(Fantom Phliver
cont. from page 15)

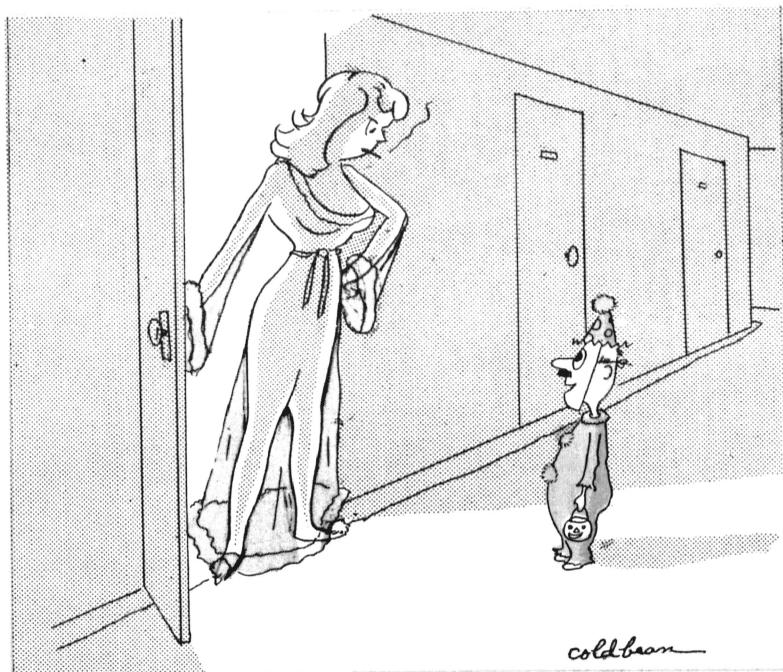
houn' dog, and finally says, "Yep." I let her go back to sleep.

It didn't take me long to figger that somethin' pretty funny was goin' on. In the first place, my Essex could outrun an old Model T any day and I'd been pressin' the pedal all the way to the floor for a heck (you ladies'll forgive the vulgarity?) of a long time. It just stood to reason that we'd have left the flivver back on the horizon, you know. But there it was, right behind us. *And then I thought of the ghost car!*

"Carrie," I whispered, punchin' the wife in the ribs with the gear-shift to get her awake, "didn't we once hear a story about a ghost car that roamed up and down this highway waitin' for someone to come along with spare parts for it—or something like that? You know."

The wife wrinkled her brows and browsed for a moment over

(Continued on page 32)



Twick or tweat—babe?

"Don't Shoot, Honey!"

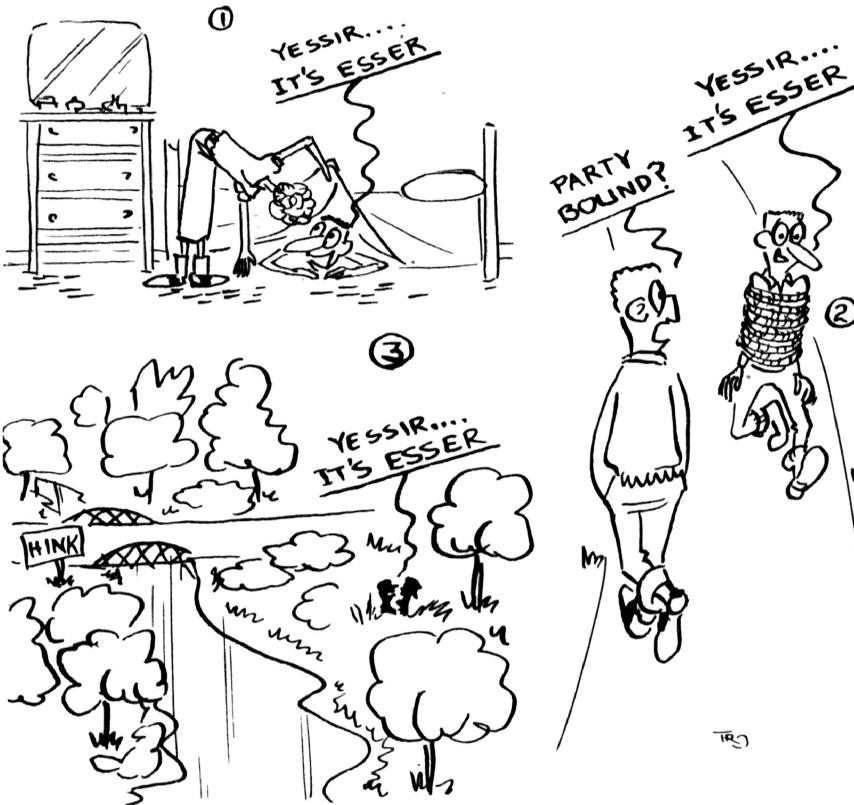
Honest, I'll get my clothes cleaned at Dorn-Cloney next time."

DORN-CLONEY

Dial 3114



Everybody's Saying--



For the Finest in Beverages
YESSER.. it's ESSER!

715 Broadway ...
 Next to the
DANIEL BOONE HOTEL



the ideas' in her head. (Women have so many thoughts, haven't they?) "You know," I said. "It was in a maggyzine story some-time."

She thinks some more. Then her eyes brighten and she says, "Yep."

Well, boy, I ain't goin' to stay around with no ghost car chasin' me, so I pull the throttle and

(Continued on page 34)

* * * * *

*The student gets the magazine.
 The school gets the fame.
 The printer gets the money.
 The editor gets the blame.*

* * * * *

ARE YOU A BETTER SPELLER THAN OUR WRITERS

More than half of the following words are misspelled. Can you find the little buggars that are wrong? Hmm? These words are not just picked at random, but are words that have been butchered in manuscripts that came across my desk.

1. colledge
2. edge
3. edgeication
4. G.I. Bill of Rights
5. money
6. futball
7. Greasy Dick Beer
8. tiegers
9. editor
10. stayedium
11. pony
12. grayder
13. wachmen
14. chug-a-lug
15. curfooie
16. nek
17. lawndry
18. dere cur:
19. tekstbuk
20. wimmin
21. bed
22. Corn-Dlonie
23. chek
24. Younivercity Buckstore
25. credit
26. co-Ed
27. Cy Colegy

Correct spelling of trouble-makers on page 36.

We're not tobacco men . . .

We're medicine men

Old Mold



OLD MOLDS ...

the Penicillin Cure



"Here comes a Neat Number-wonder if she would like to view the etchings on my new wallpaper from

BRADY'S

15 South 10th St.



24



HOUR

Photo

Finishing

Come in today

KNIGHT'S

DRUG

SHOP

815 Broadway

stamp on that old gas pedal and we go chug-chuggin' along like all get out. After a few seconds, I glance over my shoulder. The Model T is still there—and the old driver's blowin' his horn like he just hasta pass us.

I go faster, you know, but he wouldn't get off my tail. I try to wave him past in the hope he'll leave us be, but he just sticks next to us and blows his horn in that long banshee wail. After an hour of hittin' nearly forty-five all the way across the plains, the old Essex gives a little cough, you know, and I see the gas needle is scrapin' the bottom of the dial. There ain't nothin' else to do.

"Carrie," I say as I pull over, "you better make a little prayer for us. We're gonna meet up with a real live ghost."

Carrie says, "No!"

I look at the Model T pulled up behind us and the old duffer climbin' out his door and walkin' toward us. I say, "Yep."

Then, his big white hand opened the door of my old Essex and his tiny red eyes were glarin' in at me. When he spoke out,

his voice sounded just like Satan's, you know.

"I been tryin' t' get yuh to stop for miles," he said. "When you passed us before, your

* * * * *

The guy across the hall from me Plays Crosby's latest platter—

It's only 2:14 a.m.—

I guess sleep doesn't matter.

D.D.

The trouble with writing verse (As almost everyone knows)

Is that if you're not awfully careful with words,

The darn stuff comes out prose.

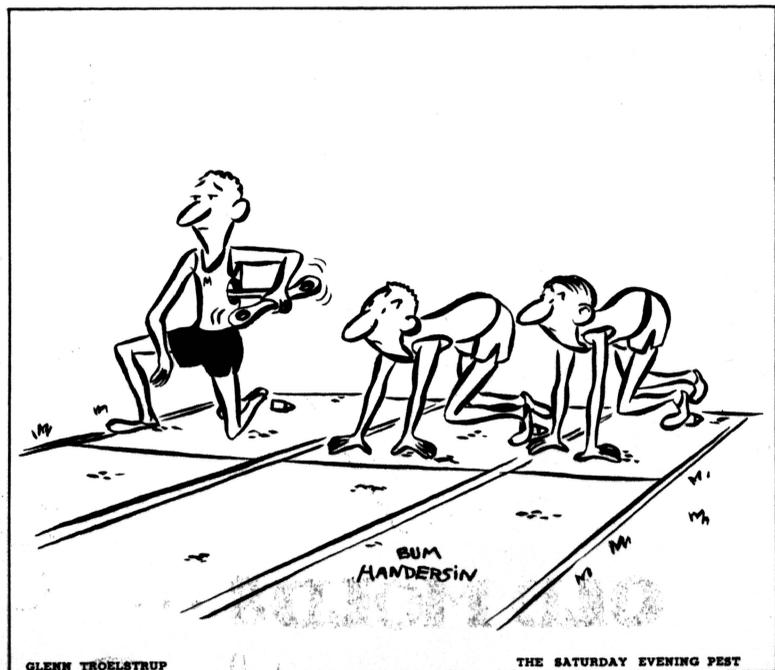
D.D.

* * * * *

bumper hooked on ours and you been pullin' us for an hour."

Which just goes to show you that you can always find an in'trestin' story to tell for a thousand bucks—you know.

THE END



GLENN TROELSTRUP

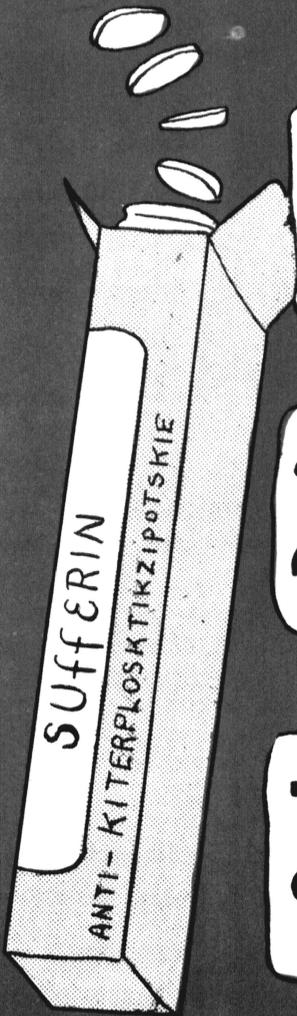
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



Sufferin

Acts six times faster than
Salt Water

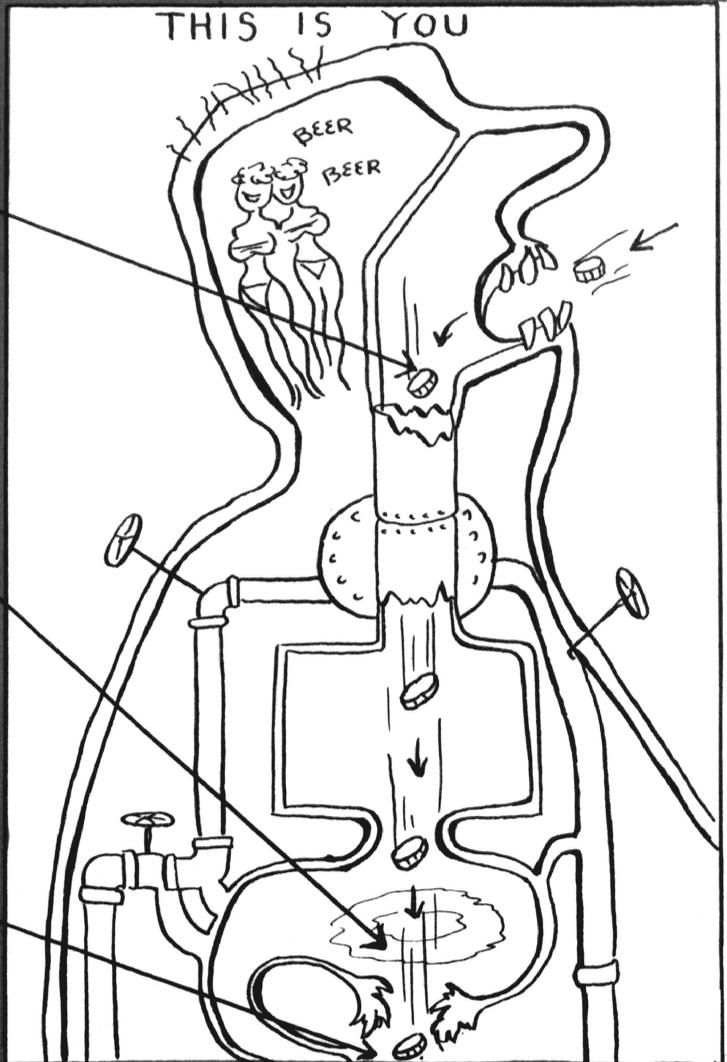
New product nine times faster than medicine



1 SUFFERIN enter ab-
osfprasped here.

2 It dissolves rapidly
with its exclusive
formula opens trap
door of stomach fast

3 Last stage before in-
testine lining is eat-
en away stopping
pain.



No more stomach pains—SUFFERIN eats stom-
ach lining away relieving pain.

Don't ask your psician—go ahead, be brave—
try it.



Cold Beer
 Tempting BarBQ
 Sandwiches
 Soft drinks

TIGER Club

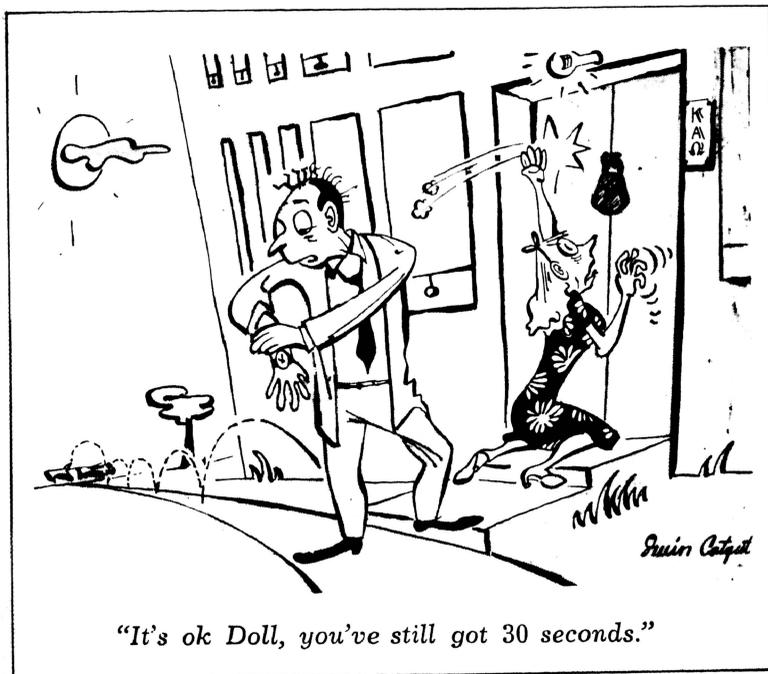


Columbia's Finest Nightclub
 HIGHWAY 40 E GRAND TRC

Open daily
 10-1:30 a.m.
 Dancing 8:00
 except Sunday.
 200 p.m. on
 Sunday

* * * * *

FAMOUS LAST WORDS



STRICTLY BETWEEN ROOMMATES

*We're through again—this time for keeps;
 She broke it off—that's all!
 How long, now, should I let her wait
 'Til I decide to call?*

D.D.

* * * * *

Correct Spelling for "Are You A Better Speller"

2. edje
3. edjication
4. G.I. Bull of Rights
9. edittorr
10. staidium
13. watchmean
15. curfoo
18. dere sir:
19. tekstbook
21. double bed
23. chekk
24. Youniversity Buckstore
25. leave your right arm
27. Sy Colegy

HOUSEHOLD TIPS

by Sassy Nancy

ASTOUNDING what little household helps one can pick up at these hen parties sometimes. Here, for example, are a few practical goodies I learned one night recently... and all of them work for me if I try hard enough. Work a handful of green dye into your next chicken potpie... sure to make your guests green with envy. If your family is tired of ice tea and more ice tea for dinner, pour half a pound of salt into your potatoes at the next meal... the family will love the ice tea. A dash of onion juice in that lemon pie is certain to add something to an old recipe

* * *

YOU CAN WIN THE PLAUDITS of the public even with greasy clothes. Don't worry about those grease spots on your suit or dress...with this new method you can't be hindered socially or in business. That's why I beg you to use GREASO, the new greasy grease for your clothes. It works like magic... making even the stubbornest grease-resistant clothes greasy. If you have a grease spot on

(continued next page)

LIFE SAVER

JOKE CONTEST

Submit your favorite joke and win a carton of assorted **Life Savers**. Entries should be addressed to "Joke Contest, Showme, 304 Read Hall, Columbia, Mo."

WINNING JOKE

There's nothing strange in the fact that the modern miss is a live wire—she carries practically no insulation.

CONTEST WINNER

Kay Hunt
609 B Providence
Columbia, Mo.



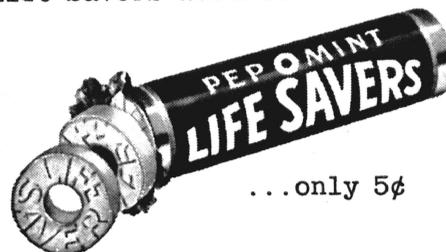
"And be sure to buy mine at Julies!"

HISTORY REWRITTEN

WHAT STARTED THE BOSTON TEA PARTY



Keep looking, men! There must be Life Savers aboard!



...only 5¢

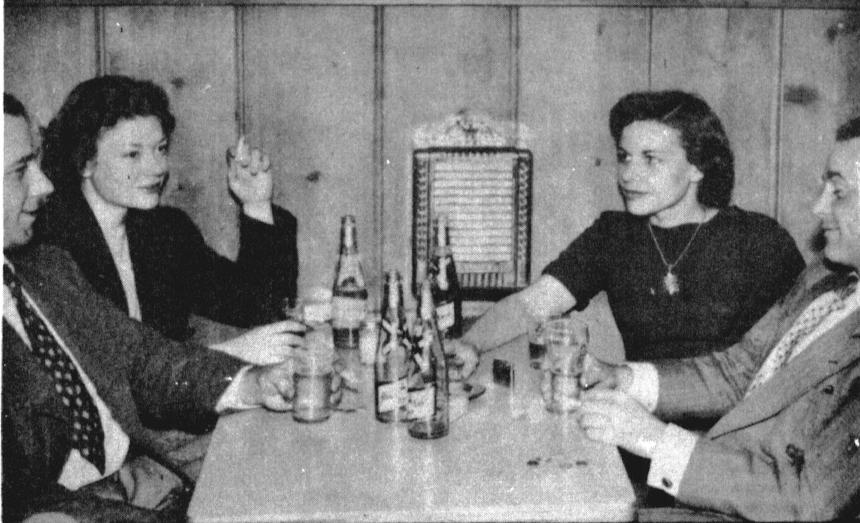


But why walk?

Phone 4155 for free and Delivery

Pick Up

Come on down for a wonderful evening with your date-plenty of your favorite 5%



STEIN CLUB

Coldest 5% Beer in Columbia

your favorite suit or dress, buy an economical 16 gallon can of GREASO...fill the bathtub... dip clothes—just once. Your clothes will be completely greasy in just one dip. In case a spot is missed, just soak a rag with GREASO and rub heavily. Presto, your clothes are entirely greasy...there's no need to worry about damaging the material. GREASO contains no acids and no caustics...just plain old unadulterated grease. There's nothing else at any price that can make your clothes greasier.

* * *

DON'T GET GREY over those food bills...here's a free volume that tells you how to beat those old prices. The HOUSEWIFE'S LITTLE BLUE BOOK...free for the asking. This simply wonderful book explains in detail how to plan your meals for economy...how to buy in volume to save...how to cook so that nothing

* * * * *

There was a young chap from Azusa,
Who was thrice in love a loser;
Suicide was his aim,
But he wasn't too game.
So he ended up being a boozer.
J.J.G.

* * * * *

is wasted...how to keep meat from spoiling...how to make that lazy good-for-nothing husband get out and earn enough money so you won't have to economize...how to keep the children from eating so much...how to treat malnutrition...how to sponge off of relatives...how to beat the government out of a pension...how to live on beer and pretzels. Also a chapter on the free lunch house and Red Cross relief. Don't miss getting your free copy. Just send 75c to the Standard Oil Company, New York, and your copy will be sent collect.

* * *

WHY SMOKE OPIUM when the thrill of smoking can be yours at standard prices? For the fin-

The Role I Liked Best . . .



est in smoking kick try COUGH-INAILS, the new king-size cigarette . . . fit for a king. The finest turkish and domestic tobaccos have been completely ignored in the making of COUGHINAILS. The tobacco is the finest grade grown along the railroad tracks in Georgia and Mississippi. Blended to perfection with the taste of locomotives and the

smell of wild goats, COUGHINAILS are sure to provide a new thrill in smoking pleasure. They combine the two qualities that make for good smoking . . . the coolness of loosely packed tobacco . . . plus the taste that irritates your mouth and throat. Try a pack of COUGHINAILS today . . . the king-size cigarette fit for a king (King Lear). Or



"Pardon me, is this seat taken . . . oops!"

They go together



Boy and Girl

Popcorn and a stroll

it's just natural when a boy and girl go walking to take along a box of hot, fresh corn from the

KORN KRIB

207 on the Strollway

SERVICE



OUR SPECIALTY

When you need expert service on any of your home appliances, give us a call. We guarantee satisfaction and prompt, courteous service.

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The Perfect
Christmas gift—
A Pen and Pencil Set

from



For the one you love—
Both Beauty and Usefulness are
in a treasured Pen and Pencil set from
the Pen Point—Start your layaway plan now!

**Your SAVITAR Picture
Must be Made by Dec. 1**

It's later than you think!

Your individual picture must be made by
the first of December.

No pictures used in last year's SAVITAR
will be used this year.

So phone 6691 or go by the Peterson Studio,
911-A Broadway, for an appointment.

Appointments are necessary for all pictures—
don't delay—have your picture made NOW!

SAVITAR

better still, buy a carton...
COUGHINAILES cost no more
than good cigarettes.

* * *

STICKY TRICKS are too nu-
merous to mention with skoch
tape. The stuff is positively amaz-
ing...it sticks to anything. Just
try to get some of the stuff off
your hands some time. Speaking
of hands...next time you rob
that pedestrian in a dark alley,
bind his hands with skoch tape
...it will take him hours to get
loose. Also recommended for
girls on their third date with the
same fellow. And if you want to
get that dirty spot off the wall
paper, just cover it with skoch
tape...pull and off will come
the dirt, wallpaper, plaster and
siding. A neat job at small cost
A torn skirt can be repaired eas-
ily with skoch tape...but it's
recommended beforehand for
girls on their fourth date with
the same fellow. On the end of
a stick, skoch tape will prove
handy for picking dimes out of
the collection plate on Sunday.
Girls on their fifth date with the
same fellow will discover that
skoch tape doesn't do everything.

* * * * *

*If you're seeking a believer
In the thought of Omar Khayam
A drinker, smoker, lover, jok-
er—*

Stop your searching! Here ayam!

D.D.

* * * * *

(The Dude from Table Forks
cont. from page 18)

*marshal. The marshal jails Dude
because he is riding a stolen
horse. The Colonel, however, in-
tervenes at the hanging, and
takes Dude before a firing squad.
But the soldiers refuse to kill
Dude because he owns the only
saloon in town. Dude escapes and
runs away with the Colonel's
wife, whom he returns the next
day in favor of his daughter.*

*As they enter the house, he
sees the Colonel in the arms of*

Quality Jones, Destiny's sister. The Colonel's wife grabs a gun, but her aim is poor and she blows her own head off. Quality and the Colonel by this time are well on their way towards Table Forks. Dude says to hell with 'em and goes out to find the body of his grandmother.

* * * * *

My dad sent me to college,
So I can learn a lot,
But all I've learned since I've
been here is,
"Bartender, let's have another
shot."

J.J.G.

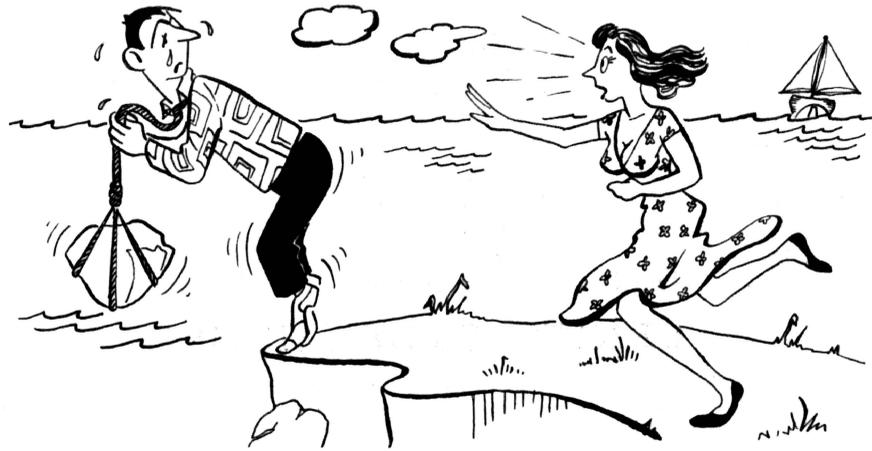
* * * * *

He returns to the acid pit in time to find his wife tossing in Purity Jones, Quality's sister, and dancer at Dude's saloon. Dude hadn't heard of his wife's return from the East, and, as a matter of fact, didn't want to. Seeing a money-making investment being washed down the drain, Dude is infuriated, draws his gun and let it never be said that anything ever came between Dude and his wife. She joins Purity and grandma.

Dude returns to town to visit his saloon, and finds that Jake Jones, the bar-keep has skipped town with the safe and three dancing girls. Suddenly remembering that he had filed his grandmother in the safe under expendables, Dude takes off after Jake. It was his great-grandmother whom he tossed in the acid. Jake's trail leads to Table Forks, where the Colonel, a marshal and a Senate crime investigating committee are waiting for him. In the ensuing fight, two senators are removed from office, and civil service exams are opened for marshal.

Jake blows open the safe, finds grandma, turns her over to the Colonel, who executes him the next morning for murder. He then confiscates Jake's property and goes into the Black Hills with them. The girls escape and return to Dude, who, by this time, has married one of the

(Continued on next page)



"Don't Jump!

I'll go out with you if you'll only take me to the...

PEPPERMINT ROOM"



The Hathman House

"Home of Fine Foods"

SPECIALIZING
IN

Italian Spaghetti Ravioli
Chicken Cacciatore

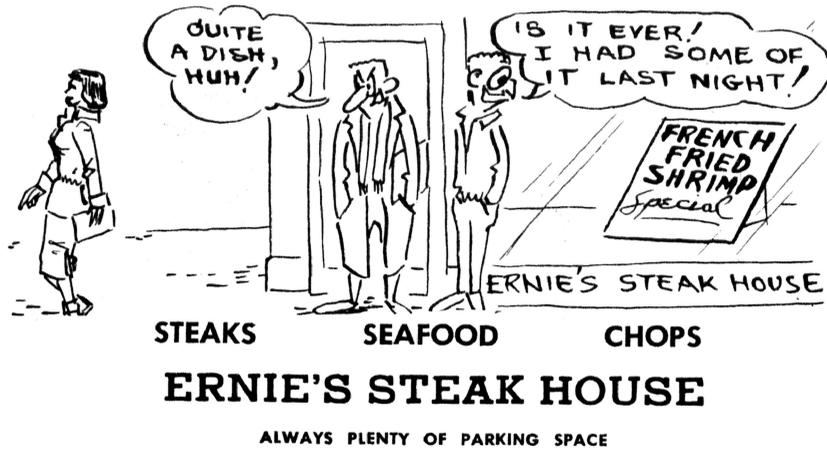
Fried Chicken Steaks

Frog Legs Shrimp

Boone County Ham
Oysters

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Be the hit of the crowd
with just the right
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Music Accessories

Shaw & Sons
North Tenth off Broadway

senator's widows. Indians attack the town and carry off Dude and his wife—in opposite directions, luckily for Dude. Recognized as their former friend, the Indians make Dude the head of the gambling concession.

Anxious to know why he hasn't received his monthly cut, the Colonel sends out a troop to the village. The troopers are captured and put to torture, but Dude intervenes and has them scalped on the spot. One man escapes, however and reports to the Colonel who immediately prepares to ride against the Indians.

Using an old Indian trick, the redskins trap the 8th Cavalry in a valley. The troopers dig in for a last stand, but the attack is called off while Dude makes a deal with Cecil B. DeMille when the on-location team arrives, the Indians charge the starving troopers only to find them gone.

The redskins vent their fury on the Hollywood crew and sell the movie rights to Paramount.

Dude discovers that the cavalry escaped through an old mine shaft they found while digging in. Leading his Indians to the mine entrance, Dude meets the Colonel face to face. The Colonel is repulsed and escapes with his men into the mine. They begin digging an exit, and in this way plan to shaft Dude.

The Indians, in the meantime, revolt and return to their squaws, leaving Dude to deal with the cavalry the best he can. Dude slips into the mine and stumbles across a rich gold vein. Digging up as much as he can carry, he returns to Table Forks and open up a new ride-in saloon. Business flourishes and Dude imports five new can-can dancers from Paris.

One of the girls falls in love with Dude and he rides out to find his wife, who was captured with the Indians. She finds her among the harem of the Chief, draws her derringer and divorces her from Dude. But the chief holds her for ransom, which Dude never pays because he did not like her anyway.

Dude meanwhile has contracted some steep gambling debts from Riverboat Sam, who is actually a federal agent sent by Washington to investigate the disappearance of the 8th Cavalry Regiment. After looking high and low, but not low enough Sam gives up, and is waiting in Table Forks for the next stage. Dude is forced to give him three dancing girls as part payment of his debt.

The agent leaves on the stage but Dude rounds up his gang and rides to intercept it at Goon Valley. They meet the stage, hold it up, kill Riverboat and take off for the hills. While Dude is paying his men, the ground opens up near them and the Colonel emerges. Dude gets the drop on him and makes him sign a full pardon.

* * * * *

"The Horse"

The horse is of the equine class
One end is neigh,
The other—tail.

J.J.G.

* * * * *

It is then that a rider appears bringing the news that the Indians are attacking Blood Gulch. Dude and the cavalry rides hell-for-leather to the rescue, but they are too late. There is only one survivor, the sheriff, who locks Dude for jailbreaking. Dude escapes, taking the sheriff's daughter with him, who escaped the massacre by bribing a brave.

Dude keeps the girl with him until the sheriff signs a full pardon. Taking the girl back to her father, Dude is nabbed by the Colonel for carrying a woman across the state border. Dude escapes from the colonel and returns to Table Forks. There he and his gang barricade the streets and wait for the inevitable attack, which never comes off because the cavalry found some Indians to chase.

Dude removes the barricades and the town goes back to normalcy. Dude's saloon flourishes,

There's nothing to do



the radio won't pick up anything—
Wish we had one of those **NEW PHONOGRAPHS**
and some of the **LATEST POPULAR RECORDS** from

RADIO ELECTRIC

1005 Broadway

Phone 6236

LIKE TO STUDY ABROAD NEXT SUMMER?

You can earn full credits on an all-expense,
university-sponsored study tour via TWA

Now's the time to start planning for one of the most interesting and profitable summers you've ever spent... sightseeing and studying in Europe while you earn full university credits. Again in 1951, TWA will participate in the tours that proved so popular for the past two years... in cooperation

with the "Institute of University Studies Abroad." And you'll have a chance to learn at first-hand the new concept of air-age geography... traveling by luxurious TWA Skyliner. Remember, half your time will be devoted to touring Europe and the other half in residence study as indicated below.

Look at this list of study-tours being planned for next summer (from four to nine weeks abroad), and check the ones that interest you:

- SWITZERLAND** University of Geneva
- University of Zurich, School for European Studies
- University of Lausanne
- Fribourg Catholic University
- FRANCE** Sorbonne (Paris) Lille (at Boulogne-sur-Mer) or Toulouse (at Nice)
- AUSTRIA** University of Salzburg
- BRITISH ISLES AND IRELAND** Study at various universities
- SPAIN** Madrid and Barcelona
- ITALY** Florence and Siena
- GENERAL EUROPEAN** Study and Travel Tours
- INDIA** "India and Problems of the Orient," including Cairo visit, a 6-week tour leaving in January, 1951.



Across the U.S. and overseas...

you can depend on **TWA**

John H. Furbay, Ph.D., Director TWA Air World Education Service,
80 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

Please put me on your list to receive detailed information about study tours via TWA indicated above, to be sent as soon as available.

Name _____ Position _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____ Phone No. _____

C-11

FOR TOPS IN A TOPCOAT

GET A

CAPPS



Capps Clothes
FOR YOUNG MEN

Capps topcoats are cut FULL ... they're roomy ... they're comfortable. And they look good because they're tailored with extreme care by a manufacturer with more than a century of experience in making FULL MEASURE clothes.

You're sure to find just the style, material and pattern you like, in stock or custom tailored.

NEUKOMMS

22 on the Strollway

and soon Dude opens up a branch in Coffin Gap. He hires 12 girls for this branch, and falls desperately in love with one of them one.

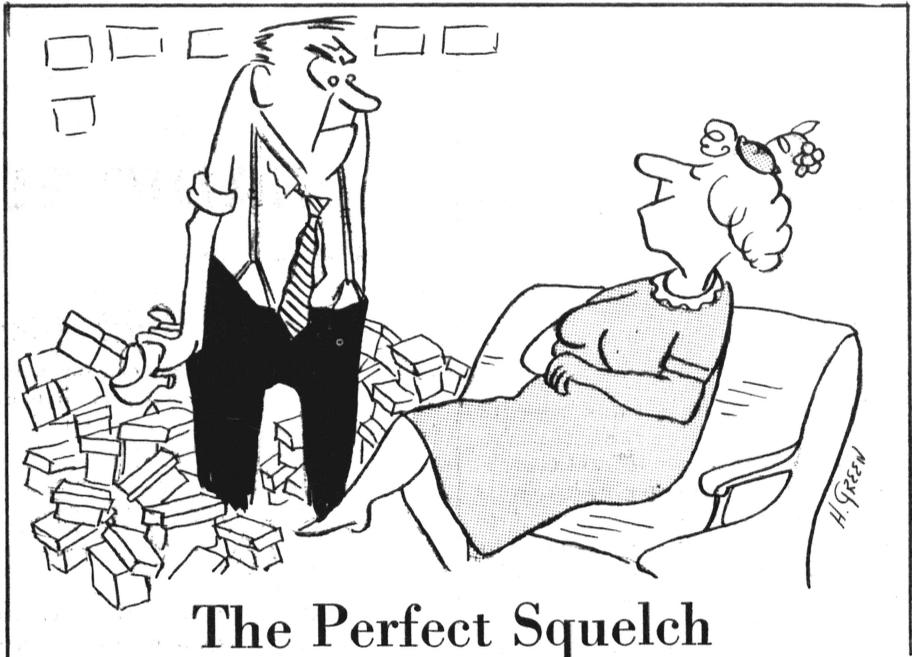
She turns out to be Charity Jones, who has come West to avenge the deaths of her sisters and father. When she learns that Dude was instrumental in their deaths, she confronts him with her pearl-handled revolver, but Dude's lightning draw enables him to give Charity to the Lord. Dude says to hell with her and clears out of town with the sheriff on his heels.

On the outskirts of town, Dude meets the returning cavalrymen, who have trium-

phantly defeated four Indians. He is taken into custody, when the sheriff gallops up and demands his prisoner. In the ensuing fight between the sheriff and the Colonel, Dude escapes. The cavalry buries the sheriff with military shovels.

Dude heads for Cactus Gully, where his friend, Poncho Gonzales, runs a gambling house. There Dude meets Hope Jones, who is the black sheep of the Jones family. She is a faro dealer. Dude loses heavily to Hope, but Poncho doesn't care. Dude shot him, three installments back. However, the sheriff locks Dude up because Poncho owed

(Continued on page 46)



The Perfect Squelch

An elderly lady entered a shoe store and requested that the young clerk show her some shoes—size 6½. The clerk promptly dug out the old reliables and displayed them. The lady wasn't interested.

So the clerk dug out some of the latest styles and offered them. The lady still wasn't interested. Somewhat irritated, but still the perfect salesman, the young man dove into the stacks once more.

He showed the lady every style, shape and size available. Still no sale. He dug into the

basement, the attic, the safe. Finally he had shown the lady every shoe in the store. He told her so.

"What," the lady exclaimed, "Do you mean to tell me that you have no more shoes? I came in here to buy a pair of shoes and I demand that you find me a suitable pair."

The young salesman drew himself up, looked coldly at the lady and with perfect salesman's manners said:

"To hell with you, you old bat."

DON DUNN

She's Lovely . . . She's Engaged!



"I owe it all to Woodburn," Wanna says, "and my father."

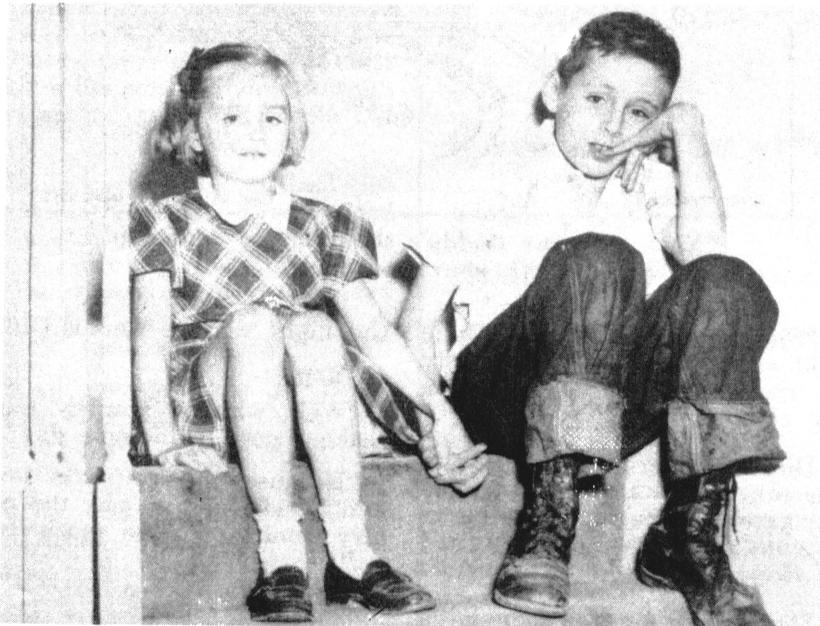
SHE'S ANOTHER WOODBURN DEB

WANNA MARIÓN HASTE, one of M.U.'s most unfashionable set, and lovely daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dunn N. Haste, smiles happily—with accent on her dish-rag blonde hair—in the arms of her betrothed, Burle Escue, Jr., of Kuna Springs. Woodburn has been her beauty care since childhood.

Wanda's ring—
A Gen-une diamond, flanked by a few other shapeless stones as advertised in True Romance at \$1.98 C.O.D.

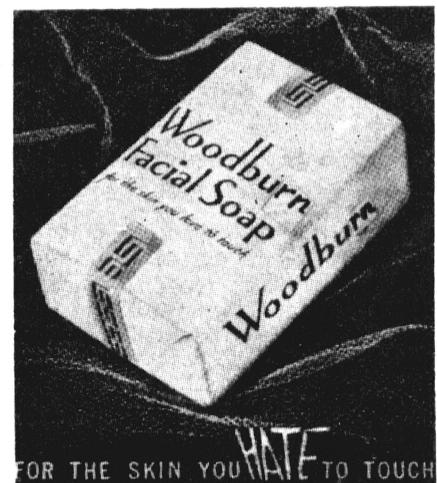


Girls, you too can have that instant raw, red look and a more repulsive color with Woodburn. There's no need to wait 14 days to find out what it does for you. One brush-scrub application and plastic surgery is the only resort. Unmarried women throughout the country are raving. About that neon-light glow of Woodburn facial soap.



Back when she was a wee toddler, she lisped "Wanna" for "Wanda" and played with a boy named—Berle Escue. Said **then** he'd marry her—and what do you think? He **LIED!**

Sports-lovers, the lucky couple make twosome fun of tennis, golf, fishing, and wrestling. "Followed always by my Woodburn Facial Cocktail," says Wanda, "to bring back that burlap complexion."



Add Woodburn beauty baths to your beauty routine. Made from real burned wood, it will leave you feeling like an ash. So get your giant size 2-pound cake whenever convenient. No hurry—it will still be there.

him 5000 pecos. Dude wins his freedom in a Red Dog game, and leaves town with seven of Poncho's creditors on his trail and Hope on his shoulder.

Dude and Hope have established themselves in a deserted cabin in the Badlands.

CHAPTER IX

DUDE stood framed in the doorway of the cabin and looked out into the rain. A cigarette dangled from his hard mouth. A gust of rain drove a fine spray against his hard face. He turned his hard head to Hope.

"Reckon it's rainin', I reckon," he said.

Hope looked up from the bed. Her green eyes caught the glister from the flames in the fireplace and reflected them sparkingly.

"I reckon," she answered.

When she spoke, she showed her small, even, snow-white teeth, that were framed by a well-shaped mouth with full, red lips. Her golden hair flowed to her slightly tanned shoulders. She was wearing a long nightgown that lay lightly on her small but impressive body. Her voice was a gentle breeze among the howling winds.

"Oh, Dude, I love you so much," she whispered, hopping out of bed and running to his side.

He looked deeply into her excited eyes and said, "Yep."

"We'll live here forever and a day, Dude. You and I, alone, together. We have the whole world before us and its ours only, as long as we have our love. Oh, Dude."

He took her in her arms and kissed her passionately on the lips. They pressed their cheeks together and stood that way for a long moment.

"Reckon it's stopped rainin'," Dude said.

"Then you do love me, Dude?"

"Might start again tho'," he answered, looking to the north.

"Tell me again how much you love me, Dude," she said imploringly.

"But then, it come down hard all night."

"Oh, Dude, my soul unites with heaven when you tell me you love me. Will you always be mine, alone, Dude?"

"This ain't the season for long rains."

"Dude, darling, beloved, my passion burns with the flames of the sun."

"Nope, sun won't come out. Too cloudy."

"Oh, Dude, take me in your arms, hold me close, closer, closer..."

"Sorry," he said, "Thought I might have to fix my own grub."

Dude looked down at her pleading eyes.

"Grub," he repeated.

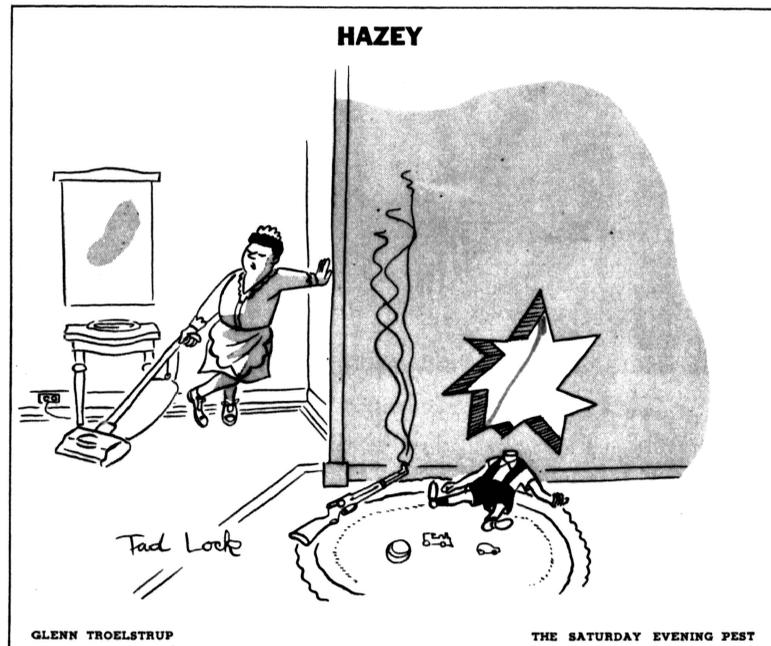
"For you, anything," she said, jumping out of bed and putting on the flap-jacks.

While they were frying, she went into the back room and dressed.

She appeared wearing a low-cut cotton affair that was gathered tightly at her waist.

"Not bad," said Dude, tasting her flap-jacks. "Might make a good wife someday..."

"But, Dude, we were married



"Now put your Daddy's things away and play with your own toys."

"She plumb passed out," Dude said as he tossed her carelessly on the bed. "Now who's gonna fix chow?"

Dude sauntered carelessly to the rain barrel and slowly rolled a cigarette. After filling a bucket with clear water, he returned to Hope and threw it on her.

Slowly she opened her large eyes and looked up at Dude.

"You held me too close," she whimpered.

the night we left Cactus Gully"

"Yep."

"Well, why do you say might make a good wife some day?"

"Because the coffee is lousy and besides, I just saw the cavalry comin' over the south ridge..."

"Oh, Dude!"

"...and the Indians over the north ridge..."

"Oh, Dude!"

"...and the creditors over the west ridge."

"Oh, Dude! We'll have to ride for the east ridge."

"We're on it."

"But the view was so pretty over the cliff."

"We'll have to make a stand for is here. Can you load?"

"Dice?"

"Nope, guns."

"Oh, Dude!"

* * * * *

OBSERVATIONS

*I've watched fellows talk to gals
From sundown until dawn;
Quite obviously, these guys believe*

The snow must go on.

D.D.

* * * * *

He quickly showed her how to load his .44's and began firing at the onrushing Indians. Making each shot count, he threw the redskins' first charge into a panic. He then turned on the cavalry, making many of them happy as his first shot won a medical discharge for the bugler. He fired rapidly and soon they were thrown back disorganized. The creditors were at his doorstep, but his financial difficulties were soon settled as he fired from the hip.

There came a lull in the fighting while the cavalry re-grouped for another charge. The Indians began shooting flaming arrows at the shack as they re-loaded their rifles out of range of Dude's deadly fire.

Hope nestled close to Dude, kissed him lightly on the ear, and whispered, "We're out of bullets."

Dude frantically searched his gun belts.

"I reckon," he said.

"Oh, Dude, I hear them galloping towards us on all sides!"

"Yep," Dude said, as he calmly lit a cigarette. "Reckon so."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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Feeling that hunger pang? Well just dial 5142 for delicious food from the

Phono Grill

203 N. Ninth



Call Home Thanksgiving



Talk with your parents for a few minutes for a few minutes it costs so little!

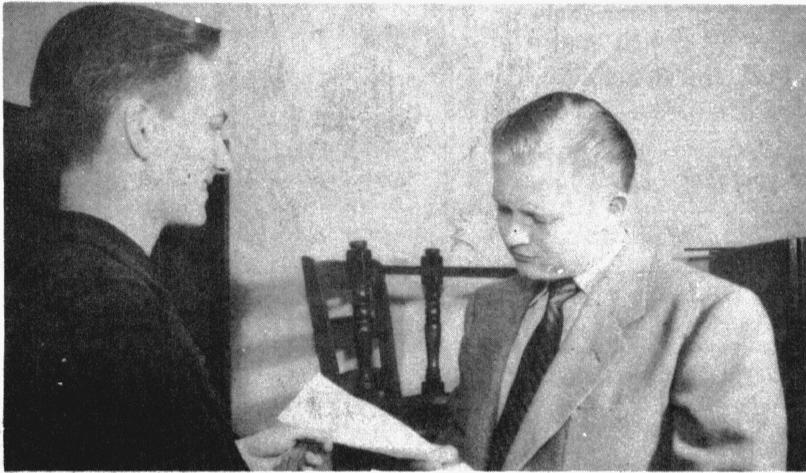
If you can't be with your parents or sweetheart this Thanksgiving-phone long distance it means so much to



them-and to you, yet costs you little.

**MISSOURI
TELEPHONE COMPANY**

KEEPING PESTED



Above you see a picture of one of those poor souls known as the free-lance writer. He is having his ticket punched—in short he's got a reject slip. Hundreds of these poor souls flood the PEST offices daily with their original stories. They still haven't discovered the formula.

They feel that boy plus girl plus boy plus situation is pure tripe. So they write good stuff and get reject slips. Little do they realize that editors are old, feeble and have a disgusting literary taste (one is pictured above).

The particular reject slip being given away is for a "Tugboat Tessie" story. The writer (Bob Erwin) missed the deadline by two days. Now he can add a PEST reject slip to his collection.

Other writers contributed good, original stories. They were naturally, thrown in the waste basket. Jim Anderson, of the select Northeast Dorm Andersons, contributed an inside story of the Spanish-American War, straight from the lips of an honest-to-pete general. The staff enjoyed the story thoroughly before it was thrown away.

Jerry Litner, who had many things printed in the PEST before he became a good writer, contributed several stories, in-



cluding a western and a Cities of America. They were so good we threw them away first. However Jerry slipped back into the old formula and came up with "The Lion's Roar" and "The Roll That I Liked Best" so we used them.

The young fellow in the second photo is Joe Gold. Joe gave us a wonderful story entitled "The Old Master of Old Mizzou" concerning a chess coach. It was terrific so we filed it with the rest.

Joe's reject doesn't bother him however. He has a much better job with a much better magazine known as SHOWME. Joe writes a nice column called "The Goldbrick" and shows great promise. SHOWME readers can look for more of his work in the future. The picture demonstrates the contempt with which Joe holds his PEST reject slip. He is busily working for SHOWME.

Tom Smith

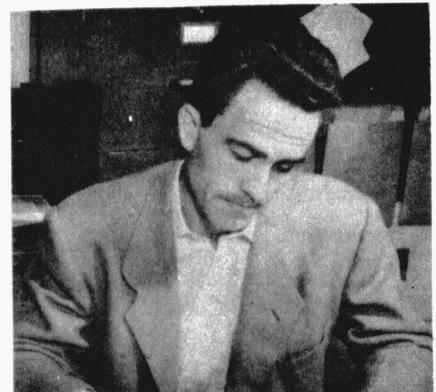
Have you seen that camera running around the campus?—the one with the worried looking guy attached to it? The guy is the slave of that camera and his name is Tom Smith—another one of the Smith clan.

Tom came to the PEST with very good references from that SHOWME magazine. According to them he is the photo editor and takes most of the pictures they use in their Candidly Miz-zou section. Confidentially we've never heard of it.

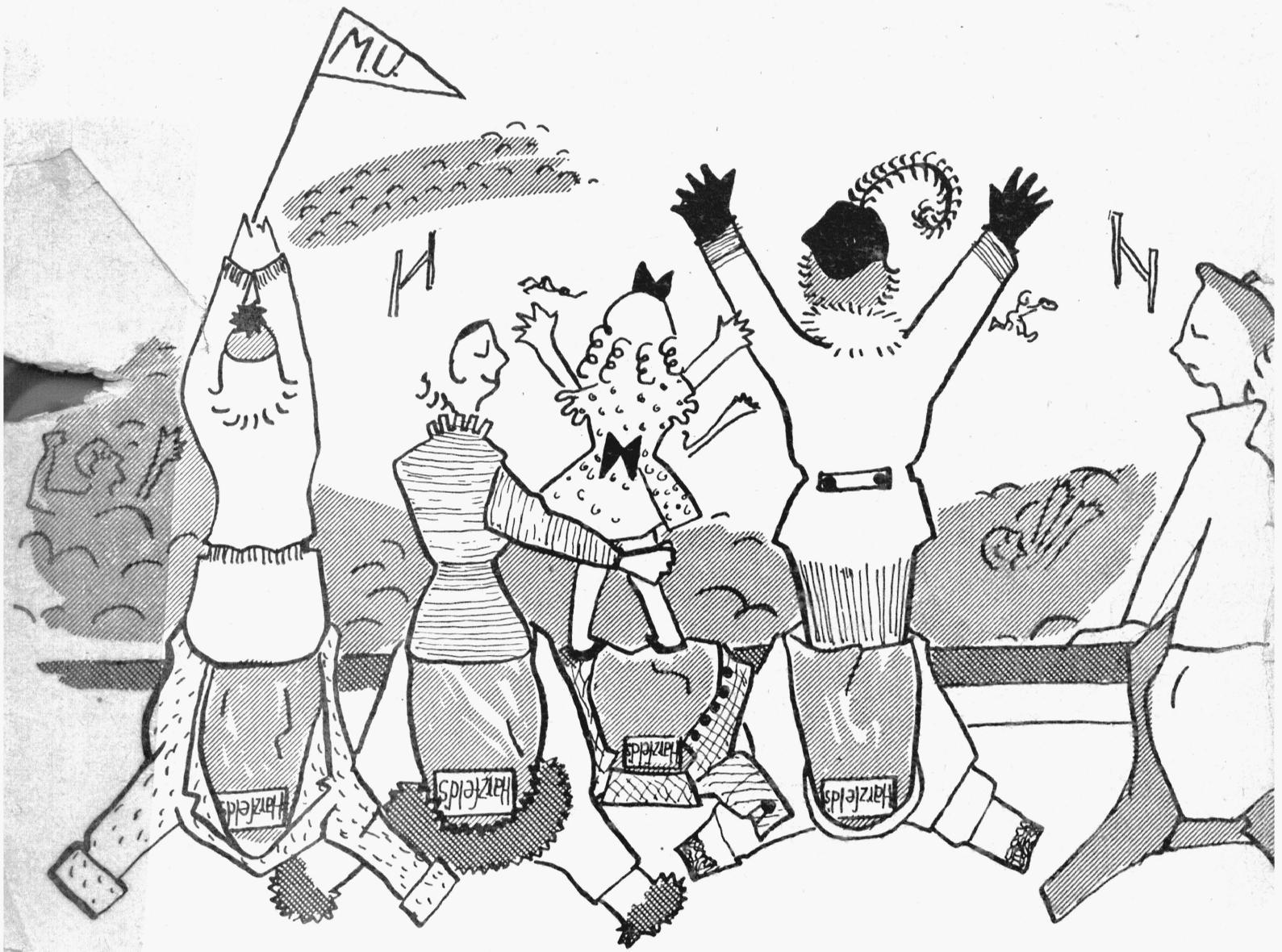
They say that Tom takes pictures even in his nightmares. He attends the University of Missouri School of Journalism (a lengthy name for J-school) where he is a news major. We understand that in at least one of his classes every time the word "picture" is mentioned, Tom slides weakly under the nearest seat.

Tom also dwaddles in photos for other publications on the campus and is photo editor for a second rate year book with the obscure name of SAVITAR. We understand that the word is from the Tibetan and means "Three dollars down."

Tom is 23, and a senior from Cameron, Missouri. He is also the president of Kappa Alpha Mu, photo fraternity .



PHOTOS BY TOM SMITH



In Columbia nearly everyone wears the

Harzfeld's label

broadway at tenth

"My Choice for Taste and Mildness"

