



SHOWM3

COMMUNIST EXCHANGE ISSUE

NOV. 30¢



SGA PRESENTS

One of the season's great Jazz shows

STAN KENTON AND HIS BIG BAND



AND



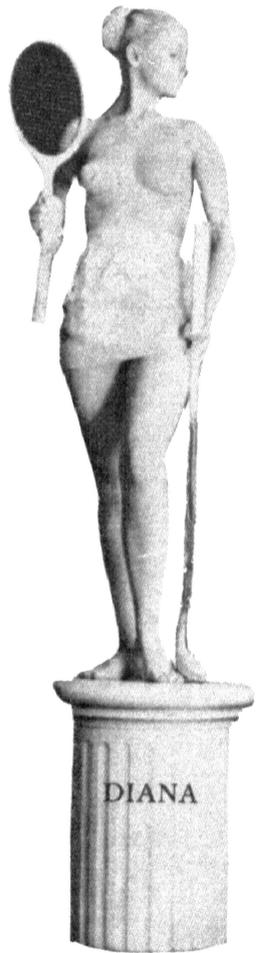
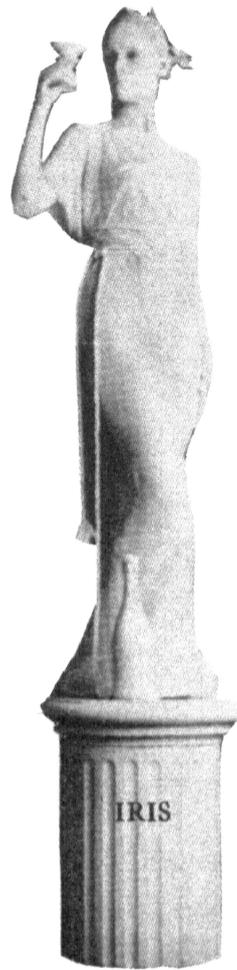
THE GEORGE SHEARING SEXTET

DECEMBER 5, 1957

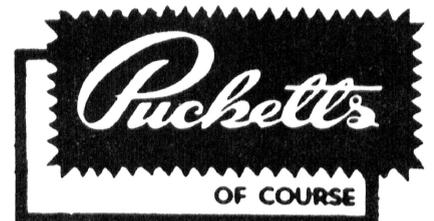
TWO SHOWS . . . 7:30 AND 9:30

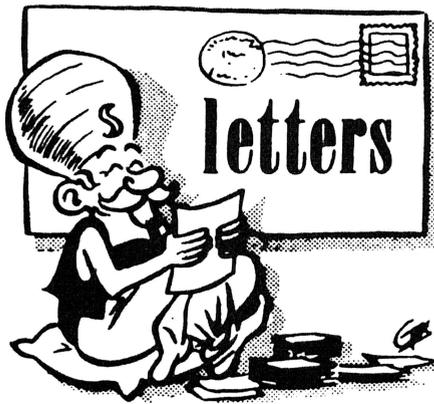
\$1.50 Per Person—All Seats Reserved

TICKETS ON SALE NOVEMBER 26 – STUDENT UNION



AVORITE OF THE GODS
DRESSED BY





SHOWME,

I have read your two issues from cover to cover. After laying aside the last issue several thoughts came to mind.

I am sure that Mr. Noel thinks it is cute to be ungrammatical (and in a college magazine it's even cuter) and he massacres English often enough so he, at least, must also think that sort of thing is funny. It is, the first time. Unfortunately for Mr. Noel it is no substitute for wit and it proves all by itself that is is no substitute for humor. But carry on, Mr. Noel, even if I don't laugh at your efforts I do at Maneater's.

Secondly it might be nice if the editor, who finds endless amusement at referring to himself as brownskinned, would realize the horizons of humor aren't limited to second-rate imitations of Mad comic books. These articles and stories, which do great credit to the writers' high school training, are just dull after a while. I'm sure you can do better. Why not a satire on SHOWME? You'd have plenty of material to work on.

A major point of irritation is the layout. It is consistently uninspired and often confusing. One of my favorite pastimes, after looking through the magazine, is trying to decide which parts go with which parts. It would be nice to have it consistant and clear. It might make the material seem better through association.

However, you do have some good points. I counted two. Almost half of your advertisements are funny. (I won't go so far as to say interesting.) Also, an occasional cartoon is interesting. (I won't go so far as to say funny.) Mr. Freeman, Mr. Flynn, and something called Zan have been

*The Allies are coming, KOM-
RAD, arise and arm!*

earning their keep. The other efforts should return to high school.

With respect,

CHARLES DERIEMER
715 Missouri Ave.
* * *

Dear Charlie D . . . :

Happy to hear from an exulted representative from the sophomore class. Glad to hear you are making Criticism 5 your major. And we are more than elated to hear that you bought our children's nursery rhymes with the delightful illustrations for the more simpleminded.

But, Charlie D . . . , our feelings were hurt when you attacked our one love, Dick Noel. Please smile just a teeny-weeny bit. The rest of the sophomore class does. We don't care if we have a poor magazine, our spelling and mechanics are bad (ah . . . c o n s i s t e n t spells consistent, not c o n s i s t - a n t and paranthetical phrases do go within a sentence and do not stand alone) just so long as you smirk every now and then . . . please.

Do write again and enhance our poor man's non-profit comic book with your effervescent epistles.

HOLD IT !



For a Good Photograph

Peterson's Studio

John L. Miles, Photographer

**Portrait and
Commercial
Photography**

910 A E. Broadway — GI 3-6691

They add so much to our dull magazine's quality.

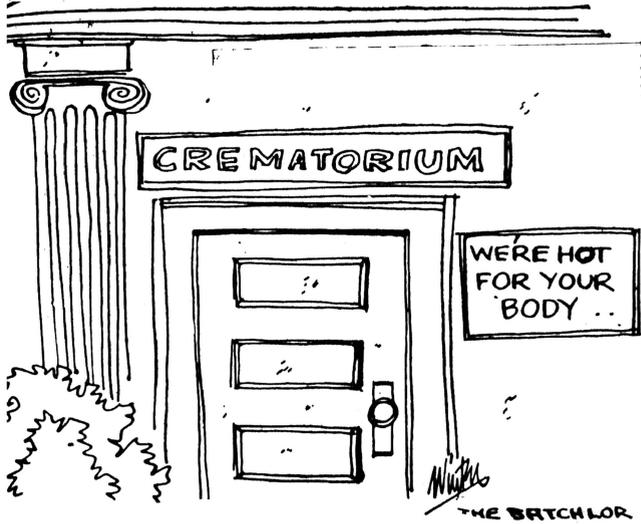
On our knees deeply bowed
upon the earth,

that . . . editor and children
of his staff

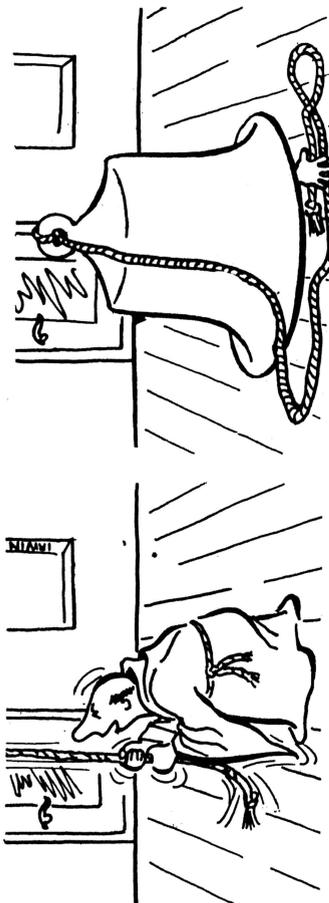


"That's funny. My wife went to Stephens too!"

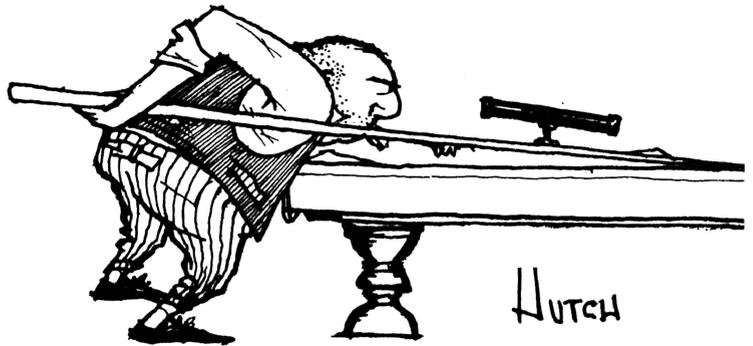
filched



THE PRINCETON TIGER



Profile *





The day never ceases when a sellout comes around to grace the doorsteps of SHOWME. That's what we had last issue. Even Tennessee's "Streetcar Named Desire" shocked the subtle sleeping minds of a prudish few who desired to see "nice plays" of a high school quality presented. It's all in fair play when the majestic gesture of issuing 400 complimentary tickets to foreign students and policemen and other personal

friends was decided upon by the power under the real power at Workshop. It's a strange organization they have over there. A darned sick sight if one considers the blundering children that tie its hands and restrict its growth into one of the nation's top collegiate theater groups. It could rightly be one, if a few interfering hands were kept out of the professional's hair. "They're still driving mules in this state when it comes to building an all purpose auditorium." Even with restrictions, a pat on the back must be given for the workers and performers who will make shows like "Kiss Me Kate" a success.

Your editor has been digging into facts that need a little needling to right wrongs. It's these personal references that are objected to in the magazine, but the publicized effect is felt by those who are too proud to admit mistakes. SHOWME must rightly squirm under the censor's thumb, but who is going to make the upper echelons squirm, the untouchables who seem to be infallible? What better issue to reveal in than an exchange issue

with the University of Moscow, college of purges and stories of personal atrocities to minds and nations. The University of Missouri, like other too large organizations, has its glaring faults and it pleases this media to criticize. How else can rectification be brought about?

And then there are the stories of voting graft, ballot stuffing. But let's not be critical, I'll suggest a remedy. Why not issue separate voting cards at registration with the student's name and I.D. number on? Each campus election is indicated in a square on the card (or a number). A simple show of the student's I.D. card and voting card at the polls (located anywhere, no lists), a punch in the proper square and a ballot cast takes care of the vote. Much simpler, isn't it?

Tabloids unlike SHOWME are dealing mostly with scandal. SHOWME delights in printing censored obscenity of a highly intellectual level which means we print mostly tripe. But tabloids write for an eighth grade reader . . . so SHOWME writes for a . . . Tomas

I'm Just Getting Ready
for a
Delightful Evening

at

Frosty's

3622 Olive

IN ST. LOUIS

- Mixed Drinks
- Modern Jazz
- No Cover
- No Minimum

NO MINORS SERVED

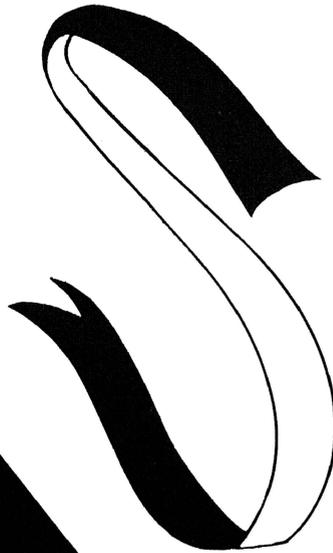


The Allies are coming, KOM-
RAD, arise and arm!

A UNIVERSITY of MOSCOW

(USSR)

exchange issue



November's MISSOURI howme

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In Grand pa's day,
He never quite knew why.
During Dad's time,
He read it on the sly.
If it's not in SHOWME's pages,
The censor passed it by!



U.F.S.

The advantages, inspirations, love and devotion of the Mosou students are depicted upon their cover.

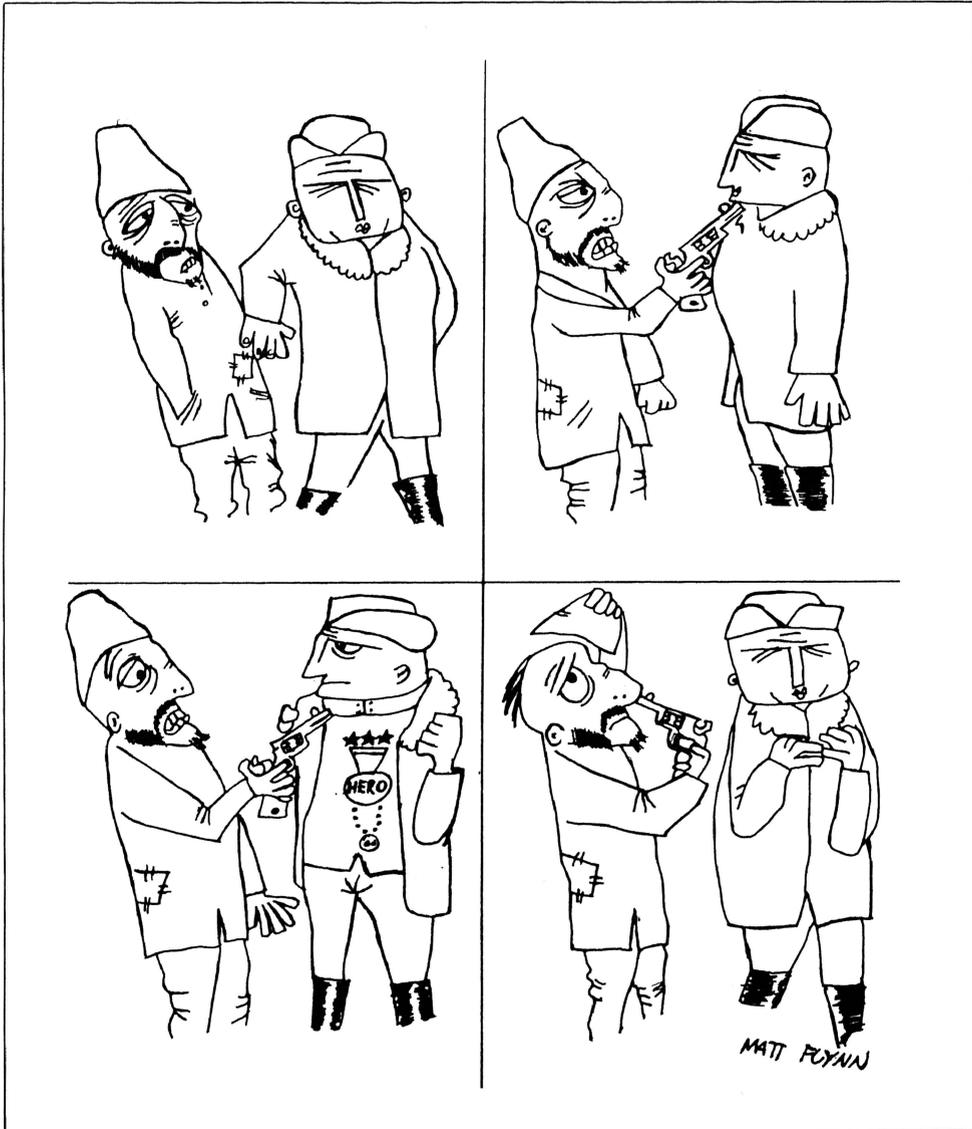
Showme

**AN EXCHANGE
ISSUE**

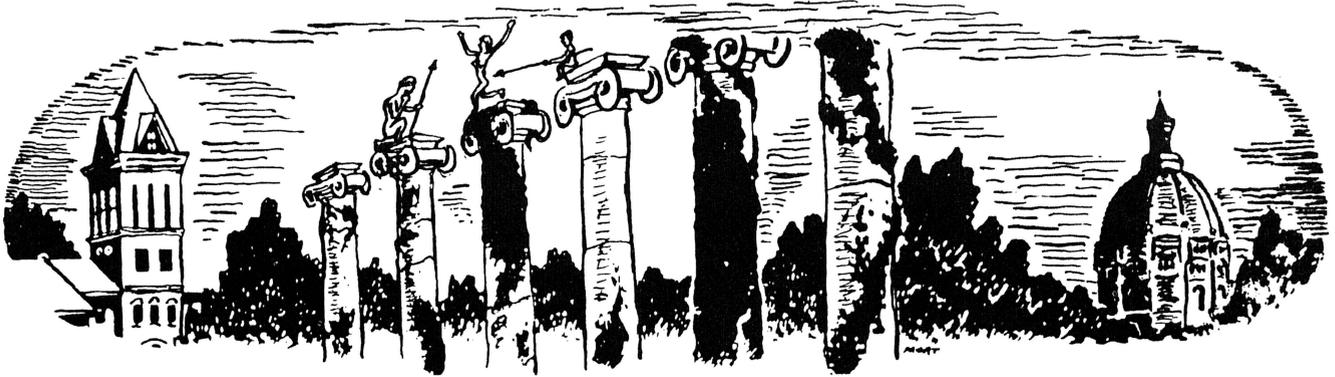
with the
**UNIVERSITY OF
MOSCOW**

(who came out first
with SHOWME)
and "MUTTNICK"

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*The Allies are coming, KOM-
RAD, arise and arm!*



AROUND THE COLUMN?

THIS IS November, month of cold beds, warming drinks, and half-fast lectures by the Red Cross on how not to get Mongolian Fever. Wow. Next month will be December, so keep that in mind. Or in your pocket. Where oh where is my little doggon, oh where oh where has he went. He went to the meadow to find some beer, which he gave up last winter for lent. Little boy blue come blow your horn, the cows got Parkinson's disease, but little boy blew done dug out of town, he's staying with friends in the trees. Water water water water, nor any drop to drink, Johnny's come home from the wars, hooray—he's washing his feet in the sink. There was no motion anywhere, the sea was smooth and glassy, and last week I went to the Met, my friends, and saw ol Raymond Massy.

*Now I lay me down to sleep
but first I'll say my prayers
I pray no monsters will come
and creep*

*very quietly up the stairs.
awomen.
amen.*

ADOG. ADOG, a mad dog, I cried, he's eating up my liver, two weeks later a good friend spied my liver in the river. Over the river and through the woods, to grandmother's hanging we go, and grandmother's tounge,

*(as she was hung)
turned black as indigo.
(a sort of color)*

as I gazed upon the raven, being very cleanly shaven, I put this question to him Quick—where, good bird, is your injector Shick?

Oh well. Literary hour is over, people, but any contributions will be appreciated.

* * *

HERE IS a gag making the round of Madison Avenue. A copy writer was being interviewed for a job.

"Have you worked on cigarette accounts?" he was asked.



"Oh yes."

"King-size cigarettes?"

"Yes."

"King-size filters?"

"Yes."

"King-size cork-tip filters?"

"Yes."

"King-size cork-tip filters in a flip top box?"

"Yes."

"Mentholated king-size cork-tip filters in a flip top box?"

"No. No, not mentholated."

"Well, I'm terribly sorry. We need an expert. Don't call us; we'll call you."

Har har har do har. yes.

Have you ever wished you were a purse snatcher. I have.

I HAVE just now called our editor (I also had to get up and heal my glass) and asked him when my copy had to be in, and he said tomorrow, and I laughed at him, and then he said Thursday, and I rolled on the floor, and then he said Friday, and I said all right. But now I am thinking what a trusting soul our editor is. I am thinking perhaps I might give him ulcers if I don't turn it in Friday, but now my glass is healed, and I've got this far, so I'll continue. But he is a trusting soul. He is also a spook. His last name is Tomás, which must be foreign snap growl prejudice noises keep Missouri green.

* * *

Here is something.

TOKYO, (AP).—The U. S. Army Central PX reports it can't fill orders for a widely popular musical cigarette lighter that plays "I don't want to set the world on fire." The Japanese factory that produced it burned down.

* * *

YOU EVER chug-a-lug beer much." I used to, but I don't any more. Its too piercing. I know a guy, though, really, that can chug a can in under four seconds. Sort of sucks it out. Nasty.

But a good way to get your date loaded is to offer to chug-a-lug with her. Don't beat her by too much, give her a sporting chance, you know. Also if you beat her by too much she will quit chug-a-luging. You don't want that. But hark, listen closely—if she beats you, I repeat, if she beats you, man, just leave. Immediately. Leave. Do not pass Go. Do not

collect two hundred dollars. Go directly to jail. Leave, man, leave.

* * *

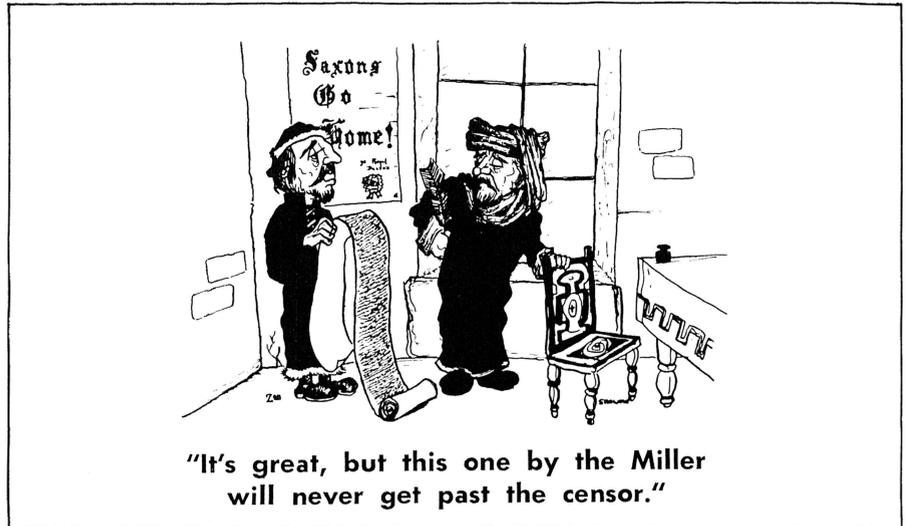
YOU KNOW, nowadays they got music for just about everything. Music to Dream by, Music to Eat by, Music to strangle Your Grandmother by, Music to get Potted by, Music to Dismember Your Dog by, hell, practically everything. But now they've got a new one. Sports Cars in Hi-Fi. Forty minutes of assorted noises made by sports car engines. Also you got program notes on the album; *notice the valve surge on the PBX; whish-whoosh, Whish-whoosh.* Later they plan to install a odor machine (optional at extra cost) which will produce the correct exhaust fumes for each engine. And next spring will bring a new one—*Sports car wrecks in which people die in Hi-Fi.* Bloody screams and everything. Wow.

* * *

SPEAKING of records, here's a goodern. I may have been half asleep when I heard it, but I swear the other night I listened to one which was made up entirely of a man eating celery. The vocalist was Jack Palance.

* * *

I JUST now got out of an hour exam in Classical Mythology (I know, man, but I didn't want to take it—I had to take it . . . the people told me I had to . . . they told me), and right before the exam started, I realized I didn't know who Zeus was. Now Zeus is evidently a big gun in this class, because the instructor spoke of him highly, and during slide period (we have millions of slide periods — colored pictures of snakes and undressed ladies and old tore down buildings, and what all) there were thousands of statues of him, and so I figured I'd best find out who he was. Well, ol Homer Martin (the reason he's in there is because he thinks with his name he'll S out easy, that's why he's in there) sits down the row from me, so I hollered down and says "Hey Homer, who in hell is Zeus?", and he turns around and looks at me like I was some kind of plant or something and says "Zeus?" He was lineman of the week this



week on the AP Poll. Plays guard for Alabama.

You know, I hope ol Homer flunks that exam, I really do. I also hope Kampustown Grocery (that's where he works) gets robbed and he gets shot in the leg. I really hope that, no kidding.

Lineman of the week. Garbage.

* * *

ART LINKLETTER, who does all sorts of things, recently published a book called "Kids Say the Darndest Things!", which is about some of the things children have said on his TV programs. And you know, he's right. They really do say the darndest things.

Here are a few examples:

"We didn't know where we were so we just unrolled our sleeping bags and Daddy told us to climb right in with our clothes on and go to sleep. What we didn't know was that we were camping right next to a railroad track that went through this farm right by our heads. Gosh, was it exciting! I went to the bathroom right there in my sleeping bag."

* * *

"I'm glad to see someone whose teeth are so white and shining. Do you brush yours three times a day?"

"No, sir. Just once. But I use Clorox."

* * *

"My father's the bravest man in the world."

"How do you know?"

"He cut his finger on a glass one time and didn't even cry."

"What was he doing?"

"He was down in the basement bottling beer."

"Tell us about your pets."

"I had five cats, a dog and a bird."

"What do you mean, had? Did something happen to them?"

"Well, first the dog killed almost all the cats." He paused to reflect. "He really wasn't my dog. He lived across the street, and when he came over to see if there was any more cats to kill, he got run over."

"What do you have now?" I asked.

"We have one bird and one hungry cat."

"O-oh," I nodded wisely. "Do you know what might happen next?"

"Yes. The cat's going to eat up the bird."

"Then what will you do?"

"Kill the cat."

* * *

If everybody would pool all their rebate slips for one year, we could run the Missouri Store into bankruptcy.



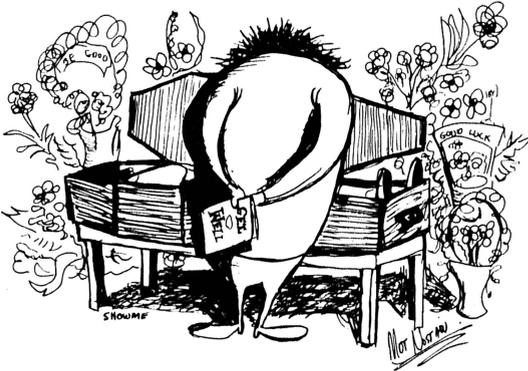
In Passing.

In Winnipeg, when police asked the occupation of Benjamin Monette, convicted of driving his car with faulty brakes, broken speedometer, defective lights and a clutch held together with a rubber band, he answered: "I'm a mechanic."

In Houston, Donald Earl Basam, 29, was sentenced to 25 years in prison for robbery, burglary and theft after he broke into a young woman's apartment at 2 a.m., stole some of her Scotch to wash down four tranquilizer pills, forced her to help him for a couple of hours while he looted the place, then passed out.

* * *

THAT'S IT for this month. No news, other than the fact that the Russians are on the moon, the Chinese are in South Dakota, a used car salesman in Denver went berserk yesterday and killed 58 people with hoarded W. W. II hand grenades, and Hitler was seen in a Leftbank Parisian grogshop. That's all.



speaking
of
the
Chinese,
aren't
they
the
ones
who

write like this?

YES, I thought so, I will leave you with the information that the reservoir capacity of the Grand Coulee Dam on the Columbia River, in Washington, holds 9,517 acres of square feet, and there is a toad in it.

Be cheerful, and step on all the bugs you can.

Dick Noel



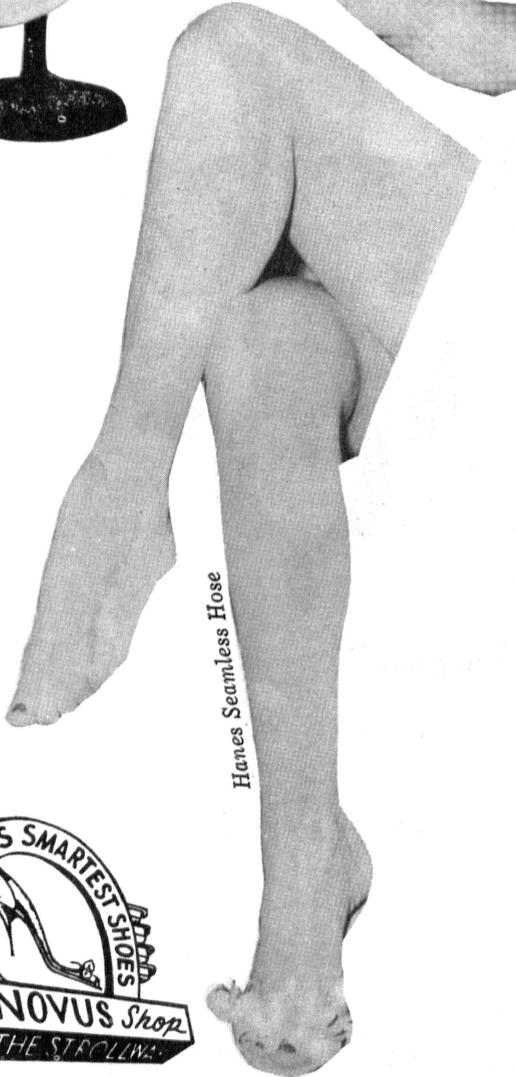
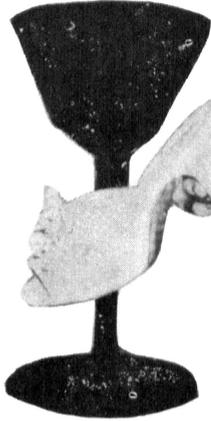
psychologically
speaking

the best balm
is
beer

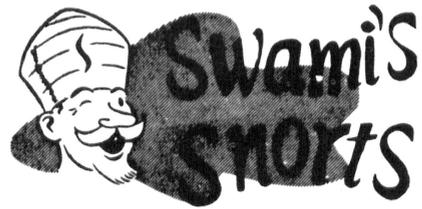
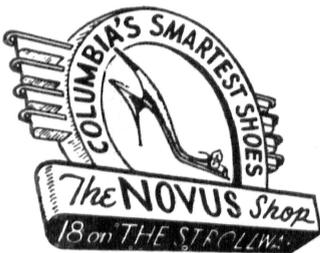
ITALIAN VILLAGE



the
subtle
touch
of
sophistication



Hanes Seamless Hose



Where did you get that purple stain on the back of your dress?"
"OH, I got my thrill on Blueberry Hill."
* * *

There once was a grind named Fressor,
Whose knowledge grew lesser and lesser.
It at last grew so small
He knew nothing at all.
And today he's a college professor.
* * *

Usher (in a very crowded theater): "Sir you will have to sit down front."
Jock: I'll be damned I don't bend that way. . . .
* * *

Somewhat of spendthrift economics professor passed on to the great beyond and in due time came to the Pearly Gates. He approached St. Pete.

Prof: I'm Prof. Snultz and I would like to be admitted to heaven.

St. Pete: What have you done to be allowed into heaven.

Prof: Like what?

St. Pete: Oh, say like charity.

Prof: I gave ten cents to the Girl Scouts in 1947.

St. Pete (turning to St. Gabriel) Hey Gabe, how 'bout Prof Snultz for ten cents to the Girl Scouts in 1947.

St. Gabe: Yep, here it is, ten cents in 1947.

St. Pete: Well what else did you do in your life besides harass students.

Prof: Well, I gave fifteen cents to the Salvation Army in 1951.

St. Pete: Gabe, Prof. Snultz fifteen cents to the Salvation Army in '51.

St. Gabe: Right here, Snultz fifteen cents in '51.

St. Pete: What else did you do?

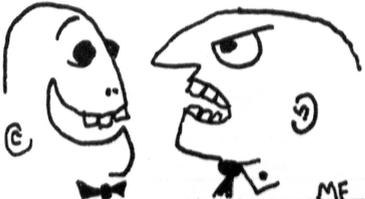
Prof: Welllll, that is about the extent of it.

St. Pete: What do you think of his qualifications Gabe?

St. Gabe: Give him his quarter back and tell him to go to hell. . . .

The Allies are coming, KOM-RAD, arise and arm!

hi FI!
 fi? HI·FI!
 hi-fi? HOUSE!
 hi-fi house? YES!
 where? STROLLWAY
 120? SURE!
 oh sure. GOT MUSIC!
 good! REAL GOOD!
 well, see ya. WHERE?
 there! OH,..SURE.



**MY GOSH!
 IT'S A STRIKE**



at



ROMANO'S

where

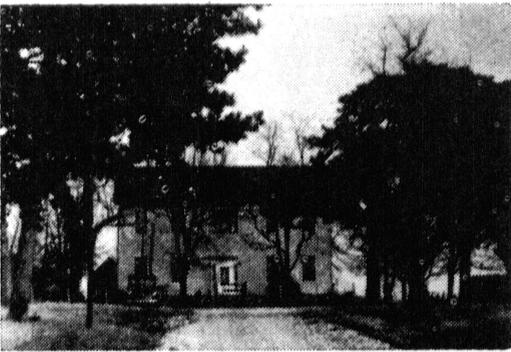
**PIZZA Is King
 and
 BOWLING Is Best**

1100 E. BROADWAY

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Can't Be Too Crazy



MATT FLYNN

**IF HE GETS HIS
 CLEANING DONE AT
 Tiger Laundry
 and
 Dry-Cleaning Co.
 1101 E. Broadway**



**EVEN POTATO SACKS
COME BACK CLEAN
and FAST too from
SUDDEN SERVICE**

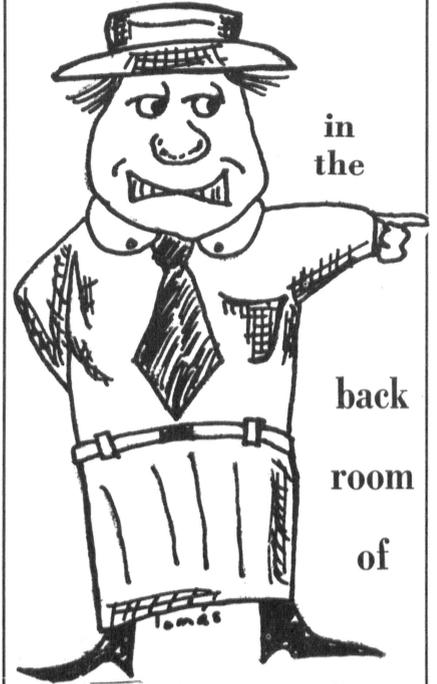
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FOR 2-DAY SERVICE WITH:**

- Pick-up & delivery
- Drive-in facilities
- Laundry shirt service
- Cleaning & pressing
- Tuxedo rentals

114 So. 8th St.

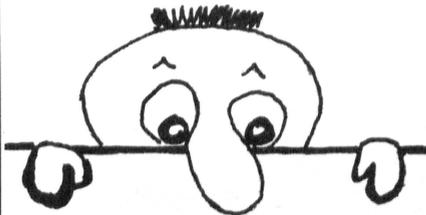
GI 2-6107

DA HOODS ISS



The KEG

(formerly Collins)
drinking kegs of brew.



Looking for
Something
?

you can find it at

GLEIM'S

TRADING POST

Columbia's Most Unusual Store

907 BROADWAY



LIKE
THAT
STEAK!

Ernie's Steak House

1005 Walnut

KOMRAIZ NIG-NOG ZP3AK2

o} TH3

AMERICAN PR322

Humanize.

Everybody's doing it this Fall. A gray-headed old man told me about it in the back row of a history class. He said the idea is to make everything more readable. A sort of super-journalism. You can humanize practically anything. Senators, statistics, comrades, even Dick Noel. Makes them all more interesting.

Take a forinstance. When you want to tell the drab outsider how big M.U. is, you don't mention the 10,000 nig-nogs struggling for degrees. No, you tell him how much soap it takes to wash their dirty necks; or how many nut cases flunk out with nervous breakdowns; or how many freshmen women have to sleep in the lounges because Johnston Hall isn't big enough; or how much polish the ROTC uses; or how many threats the editor gets; or how many flu cases the clinic couldn't take; or how many Stephens Susies the co-eds hate; or how many people went to see Streetcar for their education. But don't say 10,000 students.

Ten thousands just isn't enough humanity.

An additional advantage is that if you humanize enough, you don't have to know anything about the subject. You just ooze humanity like Jane Mansfield. Her 42-18-37, isn't statistics, it's fascinating.

Our comrades have got it down to a fine art. They humanize each other. Begrudgingly, of course, because with all that equality they have in our homeland, they don't want anyone to get more human than the other. And NOBODY gets more human than Nikita Khrushchev, or else.

So, if you want to be read, humanize. Don't make such dull statements as "There are 15 card-carrying freshman." Scintillate. Evaluate. Say there are enough to give the President of the U. S. the aspirin habit. Enough to make the bloodmobile top its quota. Enough to railroad the secret sessions of the Student Union Board.

Or hide the Student Government Association's profiteering. Enough to change the "M" to "N" for the Homecoming game. Enough to join hands in a circle round the bottom of the columns and sing (to the tune of Dixie) to the glorious Hammer and Cycle on the Firey Red background. Enough to vote a new party into power at those SGA elections. Enough car owners to fill the parking round the campus. But don't say 15.

Fifteen just isn't enough comrade-like humanity.

Take another forinstance.

Humanize insults. Threaten your political representative with humanity. He'll never recover. Don't say politicians are useless. Elaborate. Say how useless. Humanize. As much good as a toothache. They're useful, but so is rollerskating. As useful as Book Store rebates. As useful as want

ads, or ant wads. As useful as all school elections, or pop quizzes, twin beds, or Sid Booth's column and his lovelorn evening disk show. As useful as porch lights, wet grass, barbed wire on the Hinks, yellow ink or damp matches. As useful as Elvis on hifi, Satchmo on the violin or hooped petticoats on a windy corner.

Just one last forinstance.

Humanize your behavior. Be specific. Don't just say hello. Say, hello hairy; hi baldy; what say foreigner; morning frosh; ho there, hick; hey one-eye. Mind you, we didn't say people would like you. But they'll read you. Dick Noel proves it every month.

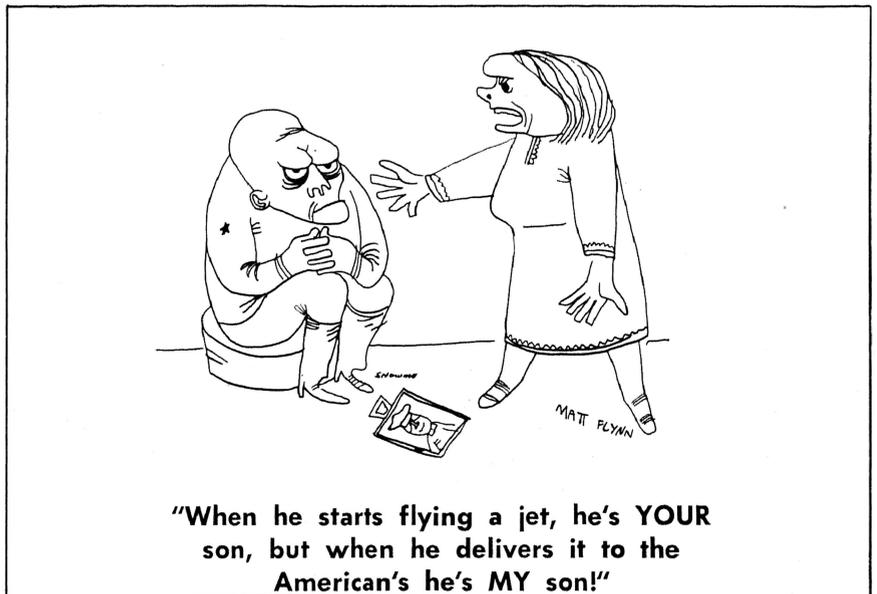
Almost everybody's doing it.

Don't ask to whom.

Don't plagiarize.

Humanize.

kulum



THE VOICE OF QUESTION AND OPINION

In our colleges and universities, institutions of the educated, there exists the basis for international unrest and prejudice against Americans. Foreign students are being subjected to situations that **SHOULD NOT EXIST** among our higher educated peoples, yet they do. These are the first of a series of articles dealing with the voice of question and opinion of the foreign students and of factual situations that have happened.

SITUATION I . . .

Student X from country Q has been graduated from the School of Engineering at the University of Missouri. Student X is a better than average student and wishes to continue at another school in graduate work. Student X applies and is accepted by the University of Z. He travels up there. University of Z asks for a recommendation from the University of Missouri and professor Y phones University of Z and informs them that Student X is not a very good student. Student X is rejected from University of Z. Indignant, student X returns to the University of Missouri and demands an explanation and professor Y informs him that he, professor Y, made no such phone call. Student X leaves the United States very indignant and promises to

inform authorities of the University of Missouri about this situation.

Professor Y has been offering no help to other students from countries Q, R and S with their studies, but their American friends can obtain help. They, in turn, help the students from countries Q, R and S.

"MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN MAKES COUNTLESS THOUSANDS MOURN!" . . .

—Burns

"He was a man, take him for all in all," . . . Hamlet, Act.I. Sc. 2.

Dear Editor:

Sometimes I am asked, "Can you tell me why in the world Asian people are turning more and more anti-American everyday?" Sometimes Americans complain, "We give foreign aid; we send food, medicine, etc., but in spite of all that, we are being criticized by Asian people. Why?" Such questions come to me and then I am expected to answer.

Americans have been losing their popularity in the Near and Far-East since McKinley and the Spanish-American War. The reasons are generally social, political and economical.

The University of Missouri and its students may not be able to do much about the economical and political, but they are able to do much about improving social relations.

Without seeming to be too egotistical, I feel that we foreign

students are one of the best sources for improving relations. Foreign students are, in a way, guests of the United States State Department. Many of us foreign students will play an important role in molding our governments and people's opinions. We may be important in our government some day. The impressions we get from Americans will be carried with us to our countries. Many foreign students of the Asiatic races most probably tell about some unpleasant incidents to their homes via word of mouth or letters.

I obtained a phone number from the University housing lists and called a landlady to see if the room she had listed was available. She said it was and to come up anytime I'd care to. I hurried over to see the room, three minutes from where I was, and rang the bell. She opened the door, but did not come out. Her first and last words were, "I am sorry, I could not recognize on the phone that you were a foreign student. I do not take any foreign students." Before I could say anything, she shut the door.

Once I saw a "Room for rent" sign while I was walking down a street, so I stopped by and inquired about the room. The landlady came out, took a careful look at me for a moment and replied (with a sad face), "I'm sorry, we do not rent rooms to foreign students." The moment was embarrassing for both her and me. "That's all right," I said and I turned quickly and stepped down from her porch and started walk-

*The Allies are coming, KOM-
RAD, wise and armi*

ing fast until I was sure she could not see me anymore.

Another student and friend of mine was told once "I will give you a room provided you leave and come only during the early morning and late evening hours because my neighbors might see you and break our friendship."

The University of Missouri housing lists carry listings that boldly state "NO FOREIGN STUDENTS PLEASE". We must smile when we see this, but our letters home do not smile.

I have seen signs welcoming foreign students, "Foreign Students Preferred". When I talked

to one of these people who had such a notice, he said, "Americans are selfish. They are proud of what they have accomplished. I am waiting for the day when they will realize their mistakes."

Americans at the universities and colleges are not reaching out to the foreign students as much as they have in the past, but are making us come to them. We are in a foreign land and naturally we hesitate, hold back and are cautious because we do not know the American way. Only small groups of students at the universities and colleges are "reaching over backwards", as a friend of

mine said, and are seeking us to bring us into their midsts. Some of us realize that not all Americans are forward, but what about the fraction of us that do not know? What about those of us who have experienced very embarrassing situations? Maybe we will weigh this someday when America calls upon us for a visit or a favor and we will have that memory still lingering.

Much remains to be done in alleviating these unfavorable situations. Edward R. Murrow once said, "Realize the reason or she will make you feel her."

Harshad P. Mehta, India

One would think, Mehta, that at an American institution of higher learning, we would have some form of intelligence dealing with this ever present problem. At least there are some of us who are trying to make up for what some of our educators are leaving undone.

TOMAS



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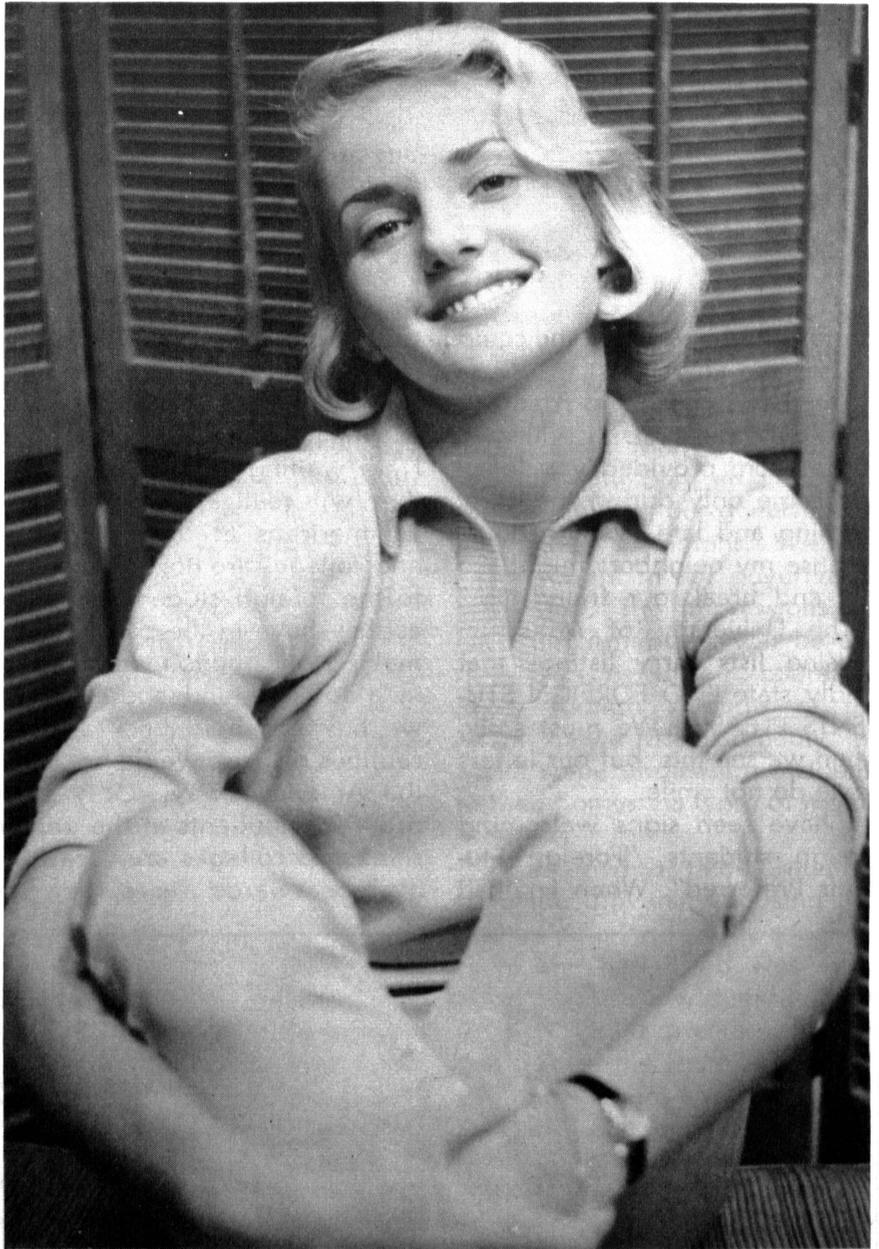


photo by DUKE WADE

*Bonnie Diamond, Swami's
Girl-of-the-Month.*

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"You can't arrest me. I come from one of the best families in Virginia."

"That's O.K., buddy. We ain't arresting you for breeding purposes."

* * *

When a girl tells a fella she's a perfect 36, she expects him to grasp what she is talking about.

* * *

Nancy: "Let's not have any more jokes about sex, drinking or profanity. Nothing with smut."

Editor: "O.K. I'm tired of putting out this magazine too."

* * *

Grace: "You gotta hand it to Marvin when it comes to petting."

Stella: "What's the matter with him—too lazy?"

* * *

Sweet young thing: "Can you tattoo a cat on my knee?"

Tattoo artist: "Yes but we're having a special on giraffes this week."

"But, Henry, that isn't our baby."

"Shut up! It's a better buggy."

* * *

SADIST: Person who locks a fraternity bathroom door the night of a beer party.

* * *

Anyone can play bridge, but it takes a cannibal to throw up a good hand.

* * *

HE: "I'm groping for words."

SHE: "I think you're looking in the wrong place."

* * *

A student went over to the student health service.

"Doc," he said, "I feel so bad that I often think of killing myself."

"Now, now," soothed the doctor, "You just leave that to us."

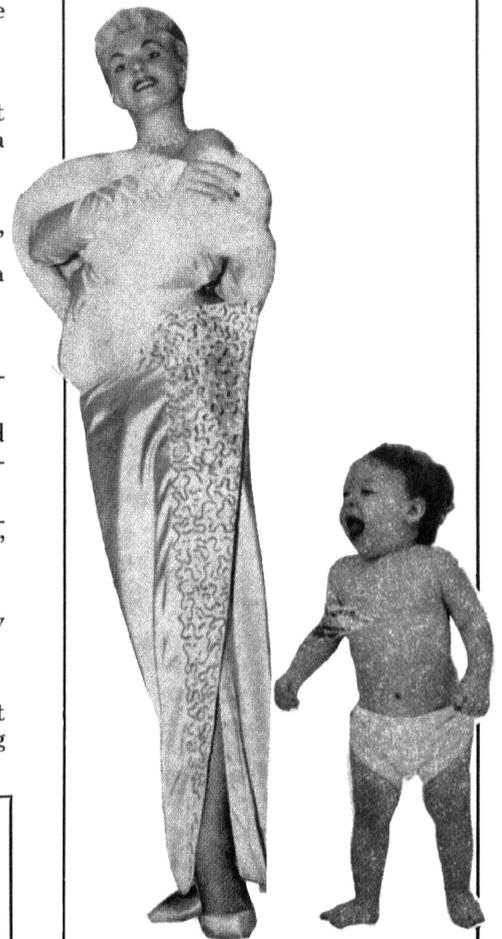
* * *

"Darling did you ever try selling vacuum cleaners?"

"No of course not."

"Well, you had better start now. That's my husband coming up the walk."

From The TALLEST



To The SMALLEST

everyone enjoys

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Reeman

FROM THE PEN OF THE MOSCOW SCHOOL OF MINING LOCATED IN ROLLA, RUSSIA MERRY-GO-ROUND

Just a few words from the fertile land of education, located 30 miles northeast of Uncle Sam's favorite Ozark playground, Fort Wood. R-O-L-L-A, is how it is spelled, coming from the first letters of a raunchy obnoxious laggard lax animals, a description given the founding citizens by local Indians and first sent up in smoke signals, AD 1811. To this day descendents of the early pioneers remain to shaft the students.

We are ahead of y'all up there in one respect. We are the first Mining School to have an exchange student from the University of Moscow. You know "dear ole Mosou." This hep cat is called Hugo Slobian and is our ace foreign reporter. Hug is a Mining major naturally and is from Siberia. He was chosen from a large group of Ruskiies because of his great ability to create snow. It seems that ole Doc Fuller of the Physics Dept. found some student who got a 90% on a quiz and rather than risk being called soft hearted, adopted Hugo to adjust this situation.

Hug's brother just recently came to Hamerica and was interested in Mizzou but then he found a news article saying that the girls at the Univ. had asked for more rigid curfews; seems the girls aren't as good and durable as the Mosou chicks. Much to Hugo's surprise, his brother dis-

liked the curriculum at Mizzou. He said that Soc. 201 wasn't for college boys. It seems a waste of money as most students in Moscow already know the facts of life. So Hug's brother, Petrovski, became a Frat Man. He's known as Pat the cat from the Jazz Frat. Bop Chapter is proud to announce that Pat is "crazy, man!" We recommended to the Cat a volume of Poe called "The Turn of The Screw" if he wished to find out the grading system of this FORSAKEN spot in the garden of the Ozarks. Ah, but life is so rosy in Rolla. No place to go, nothing to do and best of all, no girls to pester us. Our one big kick in this vacuum is to ride the Merry-Go-Round. What is this deal? It is our interpretation of school life???? MSM is a big Merry-Go-Round. No one remembers where or when he got on and few people, if any, know when they will ever get off. So round and round we go listening to the Vodka soaked voice of Hugo singing his Siberian sowherding songs, being flunked not only by the prefs, but by our buddies, the good ole hypocrites.

Whoopie!!!! And away we go as we move the merry Menagerie from the musty muck of the Rolla Miners to Columbia. Since this is our first time in your sheet of scandal, a word of thanks to your editor for finally waking up to the fact that we of the forgotten

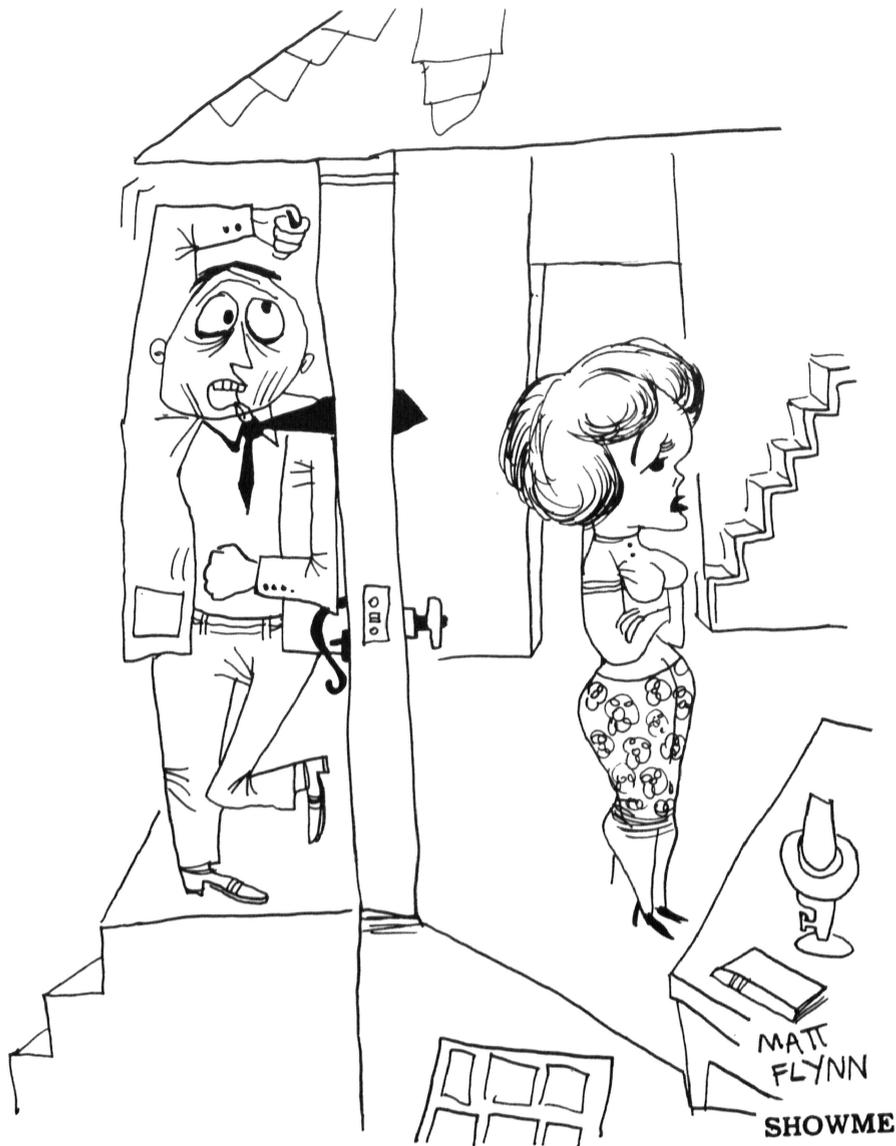
Souls are great literary geniuses.

Mox Nix is my name and the Bee Bop is my game, I'll Rock and Jive and live it up and ask you chicks to fill my cup with all that stuff that you call sin, 'cause I'm wild and crazy and a little insane, this engineering has gone to me brain. Bax is my boy; to his mother he's a joy; although he's still sober, his back he'll bend over, to lick the livid lips of a luscious co-ed.

Damn, oh, damn!!!! The Dean's men are after us again. Seems we are hunted like dogs due to our Revolutionary voices. So as the sirens are screaming and the door is being smashed, one utterance is shouted, "Grab the whiskey and let's hide in the sticks," said Bax to your ole buddy, Mox Nix.



"I wish you'd outlaw drinking again, Dean . . . business is slow."



"Go home, John we have nothing more to say."

YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE CROSSEYED



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**"The JAMES DEAN
STORY"**

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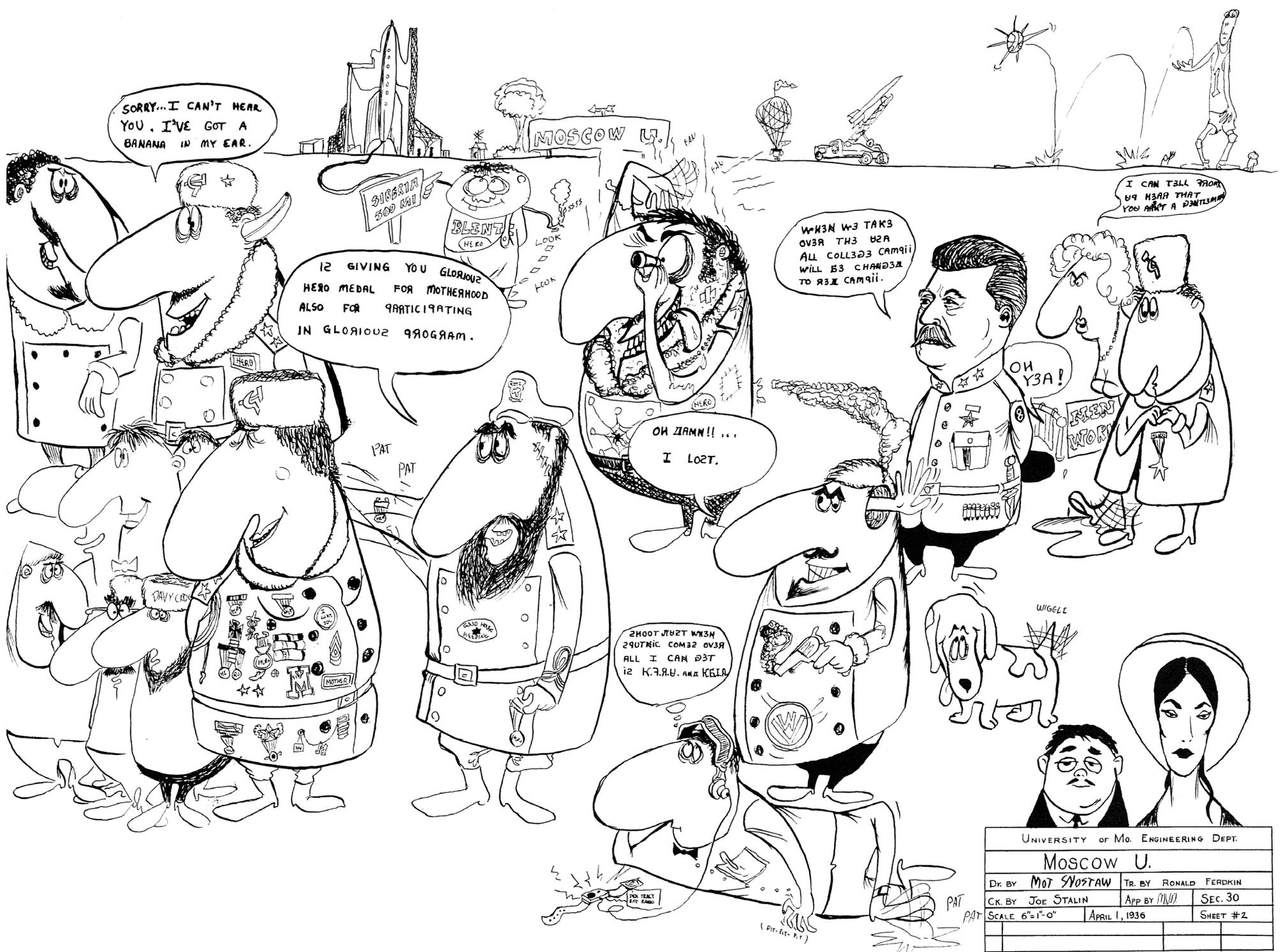
"SEA WIFE"

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ELVIS PRESLEY

"JAILHOUSE ROCK"



SORRY...I CAN'T HEAR YOU. I'VE GOT A BANANA IN MY EAR.

IS GIVING YOU GLORIOUS HERO MEDAL FOR MOTHERHOOD ALSO FOR PARTICIPATING IN GLORIOUS PROGRAM.

OH DAMN!! ... I LOST.

WHEN WE TAKE OVER THE USA ALL COLLEGE CAMPII WILL BE CHANGED TO REJ CAMPII.

I CAN TELL FROM UR HEAR THAT YOU ARE A DUMBLEMAN

OH YZA!

2HOOOTLUZT WENZ 29UTRIC COMBZ OV3R ALL I CAN D3T IZ K.F.R.U. ANZ KEI3A

UNIVERSITY OF MO. ENGINEERING DEPT.			
MOSCOW U.			
DR. BY	MOT STYOSTAW	TR. BY	RONALD FERDKIN
CK. BY	JOE STALIN	APP BY	JOE STALIN
SCALE	6"=1'-0"	DATE	APRIL 1, 1936
			SHEET #2



You don't have to go to college to know that after eating, drinking and smoking, the best breath fresheners of all are.



still only 5¢



1st He: It's going to be tough sledding tonight!

2nd He: How come?

1st He: No snow.

* * *

The English teacher took a piece of chalk and wrote on the blackboard, "I don't have no fun over the week end." "Now, James," she commanded, "how should I correct that?"

"Get yourself a feller," suggested James.

* * *

Housewife (to garbage man): Am I too late for the garbage?

Garbage man: No ma'am; jump right in.

* * *

One of the freshman took in a strip-tease this vacation and next day went to an oculist to have his eyes treated.

"After I left the show last night," he exclaimed, "my eyes were red and sore and inflamed."

The doc looked him over, thought a minute, and then remarked, "Try blinking your eyes once or twice during the show—you won't miss much."

* * *

I recently heard about three student nurses who were very late getting back to the hospital one night. As they were slipping in, they met three interns coming out. "Shh," they said, "we've been out after hours."

"That's okay," replied the interns, "we're just going out after ours."

* * *

A very attractive young lady breezed into the flower shop and searched through the shelves for the flower of her choice. Unable to find it, she turned to the florist, an old man who was trimming a plant in one corner of the shop.

"Do you have any passion poppy?" she asked.

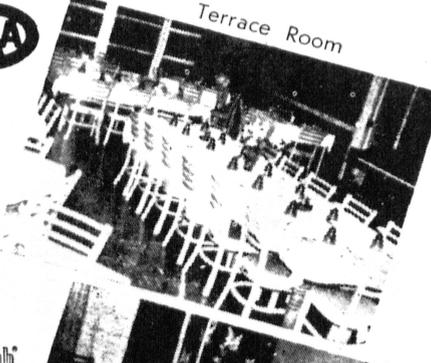
"Sure do," he wheezed. "Just wait until I get through pruning this lily."



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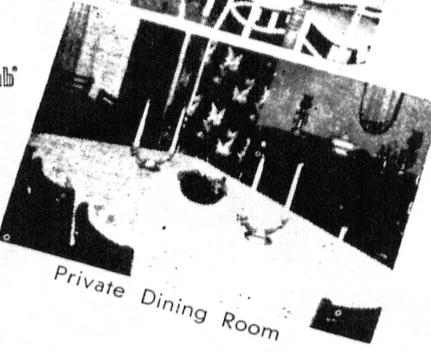
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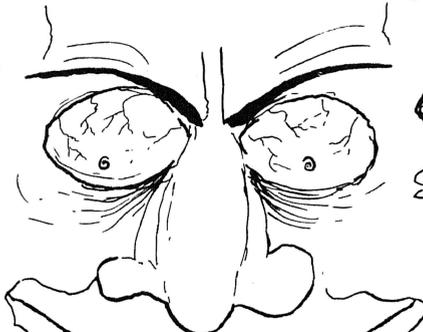
Highway 40 East
COLUMBIA, MISSOURI

Private Dining Room



IN THIS DAY OF SUBVERSIVE ORGANIZATIONS AND INDIVIDUALS, IT'S DAMNED HARD TO TELL JUST WHO YOU CAN TRUST. YOUR CLOSEST FRIEND MAY BE HARBORING SOME DARK SECRET. THUS, AS A VITAL PUBLIC SERVICE, **SHOWME** PRESENTS A SURE TEST TO FIND OUT...

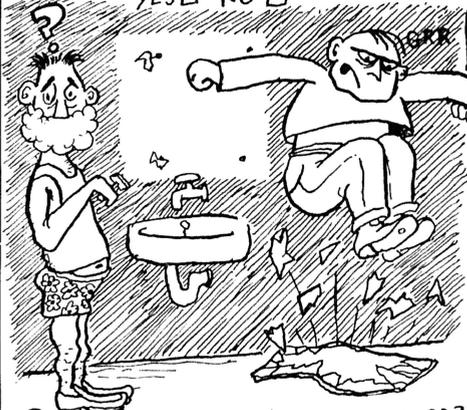
IS YOUR ROOM-MATE A VAMPIRE?



1. ARE HIS TEETH UNUSUAL?
YES NO

2. ARE HIS EYES UNUSUAL?
YES NO

3. DOES HE DISLIKE FRATERNITY PINS SHAPED LIKE CROSSES?
YES NO



4. DOES HE DISLIKE MIRRORS?
YES NO

5. DOES HE SLEEP ALL DAY..... IN A COFFIN?
YES NO



6. WHEN HE GOES OUT NIGHTS, DOES HE DO SO IN AN UNUSUAL MANNER?
YES NO

7. DOES HE KEEP STRANGE PETS?
YES NO

8. DOES HE OFTEN DRESS IN A SINGULAR FASHION?
YES NO



IF THE ANSWER TO ALL ABOVE QUESTIONS IS **YES**,
CHANCES ARE YOUR ROOM-MATE IS A VAMPIRE. YOU SHOULD EITHER:

- A. GET INTO ANOTHER ROOM.
- B. TELL DEAN MATTHEWS.
- C. TAKE BLOOD TRANSFUSIONS DAILY.
- D. DRIVE A STAKE INTO ROOM-MATE'S HEART. (BE REAL SURE IF YOU USE THIS ONE!)

GO NOW AND GIVE THIS TEST TO YOUR ROOMIE. NOW IS THE TIME. (NOTE: THIS TEST NOT VALID FOR WERE-WOLFS, G-HOULS OR ~~WOLVES~~ Wow!)

9. HAVE YOU BEEN NOTICING TWO FANG MARKS ON YOUR NECK WHEN YOU GET UP IN THE MORNING, AND HAVE YOU BEEN TIRED AND RUN-DOWN?
YES NO

ZAN
SHOWME

THE BIG SMOKE



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Write: UNITED SOVIET SOCIALIST REPUBLIC

Embassy—Washington, D.C. or University of Moscow c/o Comrade Shepelof



THE QUEEN
DOESN'T WANT
ME TO WINK
AT THE COEDS

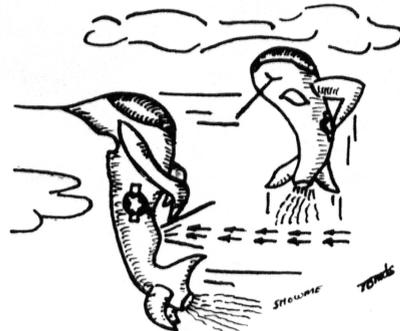
*but she does let
me eat at*

Campus Snack

227 S. 9th

● Sandwiches ● Steaks ● Beer

JETTY



**"If you'd slow down to 600 mph, you
wouldn't be shooting yourself with
your own bullets!"**



RUSSIAN CHILDREN'S TALES

by dan hays

I. Little Red Riding Hood

Little Red Riding Hood went strolling across the steppes one day to take some borsch and a bottle of vodka to her poor old grandmother, who was in bed with Asian flu. Pretty soon she noticed that a big hairy wolf was following her, running from bush to bush, trying to appear stealthy.

She turned around unexpectedly and said, "Big hairy wolf, why are you following me?"

The wolf grinned ironically.

"I see," said Little Red Riding Hood. "All for the Party," she sighed.

"Where are you going?" the wolf whispered.

"I'm going to grandmother's house to take her some vodka."

"Hmm," said the wolf. "Does your grandmother live alone?"

"Yes. But she sees quite well, and she has a quick mind."

"Tch, tch," said the wolf.

"Nevertheless, big hairy wolf, we can take care of her."

So Little Red Riding Hood skipped off, thinking of the wolf's big eyes, big mouth, and the hair on his chest.

Soon she came to her grandmother's house, the wolf following close after. "Hello, grandmother," she said. "Here is some borsch and vodka."

"How nice," her grandmother said, but Little Red Riding Hood was already at the door, letting the wolf in. Before the grandmother could say anything, they had chopped her into small pieces and stuffed her down the garbage disposal unit.

Red Riding Hood said, "Well, we got rid of her."

"Yes," the wolf said. "But couldn't we go someplace more private? I hate the kitchen."

"How about the bedroom?"

"Excellent suggestion," the wolf said.

When they had locked the bedroom door Red Riding Hood sighed. "At last we can be alone."

"The moment I've been waiting

for!" the wolf said breathlessly, as he slipped her the microfilm.

II. Henny Penny

Henny Penny was in the barnyard one day doing her bit for the last Five Year Plan when something fell from the sky. She crawled from under it and ran off screaming, "The sky is falling! The sky is falling!"

Ducky Wucky heard her and panicked. He ran off squawking at the top of his voice, "The sky is falling! Help! The sky is falling!" Pretty soon the barnyard was one huge unco-ordinated spontaneous demonstration, with feathers and dust rising from it.

Commissar Turkey-Lurkey heard the racket and went out to investigate. "What the hell is going on?" he said.

"The sky is falling!" Ducky Wucky said.

"What gives you that idea?"

"Henny Penny told me."

He went to Henny Penny, interrogated her, and she showed him what had fallen on her.



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has the Finest Selection of BEVERAGES in town

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- Wine
- Ice Cold Beer
- Mixes

116 S. 9th **GI 3-5409**

*The Allies are coming, KOM-
RAID, arise and arm!*



"Don't you know a first stage rocket of glorious satellite when you see one?" said the commissar.

III. The Fox and the Commissar

One day a fox coming home from work at the collective farm spied a large bunch of juicy purple grapes. Smacking his lips, he turned from the path to get them. But they were higher than he could reach and he had to jump at them.

He jumped and jumped, but not one grape did he bring down. Finally, in a torment to eat the grapes, he gave a tremendous leap and brought down the whole bunch.

Just as he was about to taste them, Commissar Bear came by. "My, but those look good," said the Commissar.

"Yes, indeed, sir," said the fox.

"Thank you for your contribution for feeding the glorious masses," said the Commissar, as he took the grapes from under the fox's twitching nose and ambled down the path eating them.

"I hope that Commissar gets sour grapes," said the fox, but a weasel behind a bush heard this, informed on him, and the fox was sent to Siberia, where he died of cold and hunger.

* * *

An old fellow was crossing in front of the Student Union when Waldo ran past and knocked him down.

The next instant an MG skidded around the corner and inflicted more serious bruises.

Bystanders helped him to his feet and someone asked if the dog hurt him much.

"Well not exactly," was the reply. "That can tied on his tail did the damage."

* * *

"Writing home?"

"Yep"

"Make a carbon copy."

* * *

Five days a week, he's just plain guy;

Short, fat and dull, from Monday thru Fri.;

Come Saturday night, there is fire in his glance;

He's six feet tall and thinks he can dance. . . .



"How's 'bout slapping the hell out of me now so we can enjoy the rest of the evening."

* * *

"Ho Pedro, why are you looking so happy?"

"Ahh, it is because Lolita has promised to be mine."

"Caramba, Pedro, not Lolita. Every man in Tasco has made love to that one"

"Si, But, Tasco is such a leedle town."

* * *

Add a new line for young stags:
 "Baby, I'm too poor to afford etchings, but if you come up to my apartment I'll show you the handwriting on the wall."

* * *

How'd you puncture that tire?
 "Ran over a milk bottle."

"Didn't see it huh?"

Naw . . . the kid had it under his coat."

For the College Girl
 It's Strictly Glamour at . . .

BERNHARD ALTMAN

deans
Town & Country
 ON THE STROLLWAY
Clothes for the Young in heart

*Bonnie Diamond, Swami's
 Girl-of-the-Month.*

photo by DUKE WADE



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Pantry



A complete meal with a
 choice of 3 vegetables

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It had been two months since I had fled from Columbia, Missouri. My mission was accomplished; I had stolen from the University of Missouri Memorial Tower the secret of perfect clock-timing. For this I had been hailed and toasted over all Moscow. Yet this was to be my first audience with Nikita Krushchev.

I knew Krushchev was a simple, gracious person; Eleanor wouldn't lie about something like that. Nevertheless, I was nervous as I approached the door. I knew his reputation for engaging in long, profound philosophical conversations, and I feared he would look down on me because I was not his intellectual equal. It was bad enough that I had been an American.

He was standing at the window with a cocktail glass in his hand. He looked as if he had been crying. I screwed up my courage and spoke.

"You sent for me, *Gospodin* Krushchev?"

"Forgive me. You've caught me at a bad moment. I often stand at this window half an hour or more. A new moon always makes me sentimental."

"I understand."

"No you don't. Americans are callous, unfeeling pigs! You have been here only two months. You have not had time to become disseminated."

I began to wonder what he had in mind. "Don't you mean assimilated?"

"Stupid language."

It somehow occurred to me that I was not making a very good impression. I steered the conversation in another direction.

"Your scientists have certainly made a great deal of progress in the past few years."

"Yes. We used to make our vodka from potatoes. It wasn't very good."

"You've done all right with atomic power, missiles, satellites, and that sort of thing, too."

"Oh, those; yes. Our science has a long and lustrous history. It is not only in the past few years that we have made amazing advances. Certainly you recall Leonardo Da Vinsky."

"Da Vinsky?"

"Da."

"But wasn't he Italian?"

"Nyet! He was the intellectual leader of Florensky, a suburb of Petersburg. You have lived too long under the corrupting influence of a decadent capitalist propaganda system. It is just as I said in my speech the other day. . . ."

"Oh yes," I said, "I enjoyed your speech thoroughly."

"Thank you. But it was nothing, really. I didn't write it myself, you know . . . it was ghosted."

"Nevertheless, it was marvelous. Who wrote it?"

"Joe Stalin."

"Heh-heh." The Russian sense of humor is certainly subtle, I thought.

"Ha, heh, hee, ha-ha-ha-ha-HA HAHAAHAHAHAHA!" Krushchev rather liked it himself. He

sprayed me with vodka.

"Thank you." I said. "Yes, I did enjoy your speech, particularly the part where you said to the West, 'Don't get tough with us; we'll Beria!'"

"Yes, that was an excellent speech I made. But enough of me. What about you? What have you done to acquaint yourself with Russian culture?"

"For one thing, I've finished reading all about Anastasia." I said.

"Bozhe moi! Murder Incorporated! In Russia we would never allow private interests to operate such an organization. Have another vodka."

"But I've already had fifteen glasses."

"Silence! You are drinking with Krushchev!"

I drank another. The inspiration I had gained was remarkable. As he spoke, I sat there motionless. The vodka was 190 proof.

"I think we should destroy the West tomorrow," he said.

"That's a capital idea!" I said.

"Don't try to be droll; that's how Georgi got his."

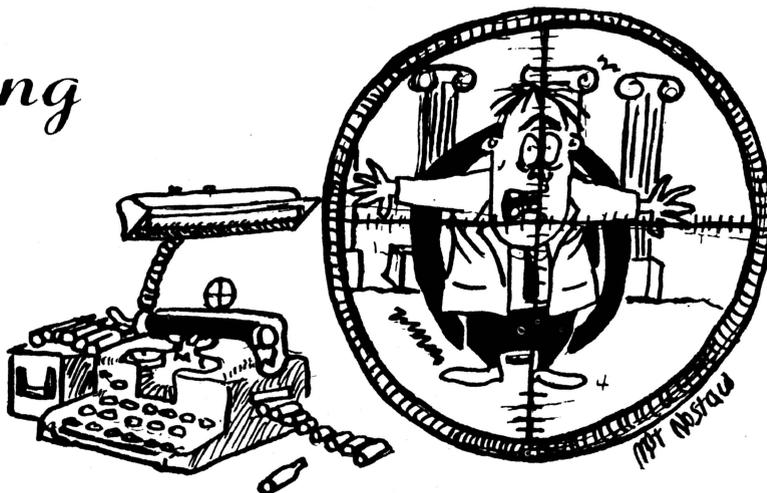
"I'm sorry."

"All right. Now it is time for you to go. I am very busy and can spare little time. As it is I shall probably be bottled up in my quarters all night."

I mouthed the usual parting courtesies. It was difficult, because my lower lip was numb and my tongue paralyzed; moreover, my elbow was sore and I could

TOM SIEG'S

Shooting



Gallery

As I left, I was truly inspired. Here indeed was a great man: leader of the people; intellectual; pleasant, and hospitable. As if that were not enough, he was a sportsman. We made a date to go pheasant hunting later in the month. . . . I think that is what he said.

"Certainly," I thought, "history has produced no greater man, and no greater country." Then I belched and went home.

No if's, and's, or but's . . .

SHIRTS LOOK THEIR BEST THE WAY WE DO THEM!

• That's because we use the equipment, supplies and methods that insure a perfect job every time. We even use a special laundry starch called Velvet Rainbow that keeps shirts wrinkle-free and comfortable much longer than ordinary household starches. Try us on your next shirt bundle, and see the difference!

DORN - CLONEY
CLEANERS 107 S. 8

Old lady (holding a steak above Fido's head): Speak speak.

Dog: Bow wow, damnit, bow wow.

* * *

A pinch of salt can be greatly improved by dropping it into a can of beer.

* * *

A bachelor is a man who has no children to speak of. . . .

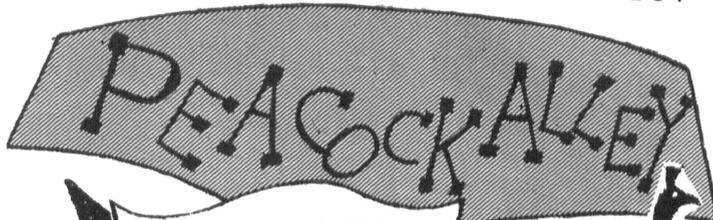
* * *

Prof: (pointing to a cigarette on the floor):

Jones is this yours?

Jones (pleasantly): Not at all sir, you saw it first."

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**CHICO HAMILTON
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Chico Hamilton
Quintet



There's a wonderful difference in the feel and looks of a suit fitted by . . .

NEUKOMMS

WOMEN

“Be ready the firstest and have on the tip of your tongue the mostest.” . . . ex-marshall Zuhov and the purged past.

A Handy Dandy Chart of the Most Used Lines (by males), What the Speaker Really Thinks and How (in order not to laugh in his face but to remain naive) You Should Answer.

*by AP
mose and bunch*

the line	what he's thinking	naive answer
I'm more mature. (used by veterans)	Let's dispense with child's play.	Are you sure you're limber enough?
You're so young, what do you know about life?	I DARE you.	I was 12 last summer.
You're different from any girl I've met.	You behave like the rest.	Green hair does help doesn't it?
Let's have another beer.	This one should do the trick.	I'd be delighted, but 25 is my limit.
You're the first girl that's ever affected me this way.	Gullible, aren't you?	But you told my roommate last nite . . .
“You remind me of my sister.”	(If I had a sister.)	“You look like my sister too.”
Your eyes are so lively in this light.	Better speed this up, only ½ hour 'til closing time.	It's not the light, it's the contact lenses.
I really mean it, I don't have a line.	This sincerity bit always gets them.	You should try one sometime.
I'll see you.	This'll give her something to live for.	Not if I see you first.

*Bonnie Diamond, Swami's
Girl-of-the-Month.*

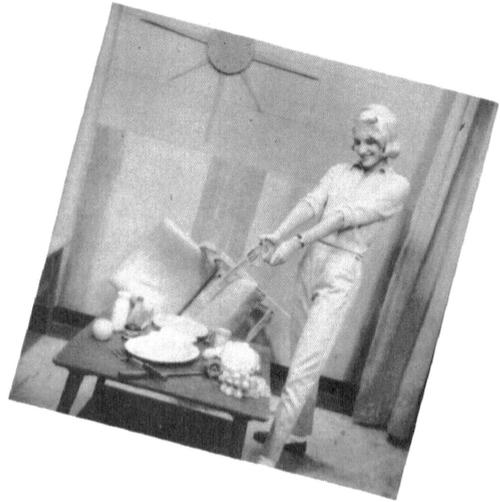


photo by DUKE WADE



Bonnie Diamond winked at Swami and ended up Girl-of-the-Month. Bonnie isn't a fugitive from a Diamond mine, but a beauty from University City and she's a sophomore here at ole Mizzou.

**"Ah, what would the world be
without blondes?" . . . Swami
'57-'58**

Dr. Morris Borris Ivan N. N. O'Swartz of the Vulga School of Lunar Scientific Research says:



Dr. Morris and his crew of trained experts (l to r), botany expert, Dr. Egor Pettle, Crash Kowowski, captain, Lena Lovlinr, head of the refreshment committee and a close friend of the captain (behind Lena) Myron Myron, head engineer and handball instructor (a boy to keep your eye on). The doctor (in chair), the doctor's worthless son-in-law (on floor), navigator, comrade Corrigan (behind him), Chritchton Nebuca, communications chief and programming director. The crew is made up of volunteers (with the exception of the doctor's son-in-law who was volunteered by the doctor).

Trying hard to muster a smile, Dr. Morris Borris Ivan N. N. O'Swartz made no comments as to future plans for the Lunar rocket. He did, however, comment upon the future of navigator Corrigan.

"THE MOON NEXT"

Dr. Morris says this for three good reasons:

First—Because he is the head of the Lunar Expedition.

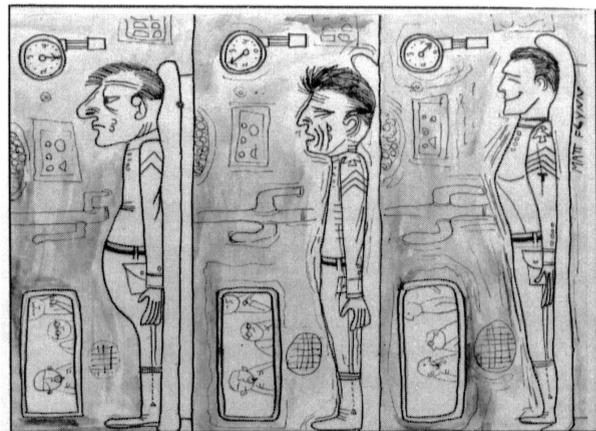
Second—Because those are the only English words he knows; not necessarily in that order; "Next the Moon," and "Moon, the Next" are also within his scope.

Third—Because that is what he was told to say.

He was made expedition leader because of his outstanding contributions in the fields of "the fight against dry scalp" and "watering down whiskey for the masses." As you may remember, he was awarded the five star golden bird hero crest for his essay "Hamster care in troubled times." He is also the proud owner of the point five trophy for giving his motherland eighteen new sons. So you can see that the doctor is a very busy man.

But the doctor is only a cog in the great wheel that will propel us into space.

The date for the "blast-off" was set and the crew was put under intense training. The code word for the operation is "men's room 125." This code word was selected by the code word board because that is the only room



Here one of the research building janitors is placed in a pressurized room to simulate "blast-off" conditions

Panel 1: The subject is placed on a couch such as will be used in the rocketship.

Panel 2: Pressure is turned on. Notice how the distortion of the body mass causes the subject to assume a grotesque appearance.

Panel 3: Under intense pressure, at the high point of the blast-off cycle, the subject is hardly recognizable.

NOTE . . . there seems at this time to be no lasting effect from the blast-off force, much to the janitor's wife's disappointment.

available to hold meetings. It is interesting to note that this code word was selected from a list of fifty-two, forty-seven of which were four letter words submitted by the doctor's son-in-law; which exhausted his entire vocabulary.

The crew was brought together and introduced, except for Lena who was already pretty well known. The doctor briefed the crew on their perilous mission and explained that good health and a willing attitude were of the uppermost importance. He praised the lovely refreshment committee chairman for displaying these characteristics and invited her to stop by his lab some evening. Her attitudes were in direct contrast to the doctor's son-in-law, who cut his wrists in a vain attempt to jump through the window. Myron Myron ended his escape plan with a solid clout with his cast iron bolt remover.

Experiments were run upon the crew to try and determine the reaction that the body will have when it is rocketed into outer space. Foods were of great importance because of the limited space aboard the ship. Condensed food pills were invented. These pills are to be supplemented by the refreshment committee at the crews' request and a space has been provided for this in the ship's log and scientific data sheets to find if a man's basic drives will be changed by space. The most interesting experiment is the one that is shown in the photos.

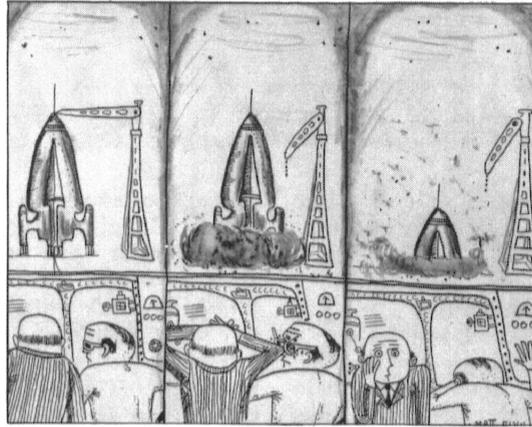
A big gala send off party was given for the crew and each was presented a gold loving cup. Lena Lovlinr broke down in tears. It was the first time she was awarded a loving cup, although she deserved many. Comrade Corrigan, the navigator, outlined the "blast-off" program, including verses from Kepler's second law concerning the radius vector, a run down on the trajectory of a long range missile, a short knight owl skit, a song from the Vulga boatman and ended it up with a toast to Dr. Morris. The doctor's son-in-law also offered a toast to the doctor, using his forty-seven word vocabulary, plus nine new words he had learned especially for the occasion. He was still shouting as he was helped from the hall.

These photos were taken of the "Blast-Off" area from a vantage point in the control room.

Slide 1 (left)—*the rocket is poised, ready for the moment that it will hurl toward the moon . . . count off . . . 7 - 6 - 5 - 4 - 3 - 2 - 1*

Slide 2 (middle)—*O Blast Off! in a blinding cloud of lights and fire the mighty jets rumble into action. . . .*

Slide 3 (right)—*My Gawd! Old Comrade "wrong way" Corrigan has done it again. He put it in reverse.*



The next day was "blast-off" and the crew was present with the exception of the doctor's son-in-law who was suffering from a nervous breakdown. The crew was presented rainbow colored space suits, monogramed, and a year's subscription to Popular Mechanics. Another round of toasts were offered, which the son-in-law managed to show up

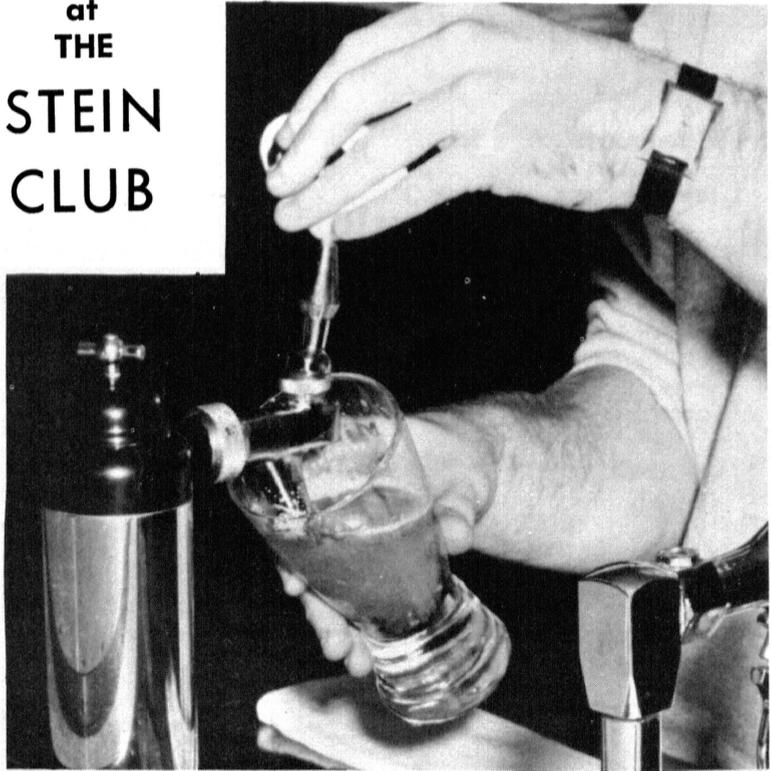
for, and Lena kissed everyone goodbye again. Amid cries and screams, the crew climbed into the space ship. The cries and screams belonged mostly to the doctor's son-in-law who was forced aboard at gun point by Dr. Morris. The doors were closed and the cries were stopped by the cast iron bolt remover. All was ready for the "Blast-Off" to the moon.

Flowing from the hands of an expert

at
**THE
STEIN
CLUB**

**M
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C
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L
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B

D
R
A
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T**



M. U. comes up with another first

FLUNKING Insurance

Here you are stoddents! Are you worrying about your grades and coming exams? Are your grades so low that you might be "lifted" from the University? Are you ever rewarded for failing a course? That's right, I said REWARDED. All you have to do to alleviate your flunking problems is to contact the FLUNKATOV AGENCY and accept our offer.

We are offering to you, for a small consideration, an insurance policy covering the risk of flunking. But, first of all, we must investigate your grade point average so that we can compute your probability of flunking and thus, adjust your premium to that probability. However, due to the added cost of the investigation process,

we are offering an average premium of only fifty (50c) cents per person per semester per course. If you fail a course, we will indemnify you for the sum of one (\$1) dollar.

This insurance program offers many benefits to you. We will carry your risk of flunking which will, in turn, lessen your worry. Further, we actually indemnify you for flunking which will inable you to buy a pitcher of brew at some side street tavern to drown your misfortune.

Remember, all you have to do is to contact the Comrade FLUNKATOV AGENCY. Should you qualify for this offer and we accept your risk, we will issue your policy immediately upon receipt of your permission.

Interested?

Woman

*They're conniving
and catty
and they never get ready;
and when
you don't want to
they want to go steady;
they're fickle
and funny
and void of all brains;
and to catch
any man
they'll take any pains.*

*They're sly
and they're heartless
and I swear
I'll swear off them,*

But they smell good.

dan hays

*The Allies are coming, KOM-
RAD, wise and arm!*

J. JOHNSON FRUIT AND PRODUCE CO.

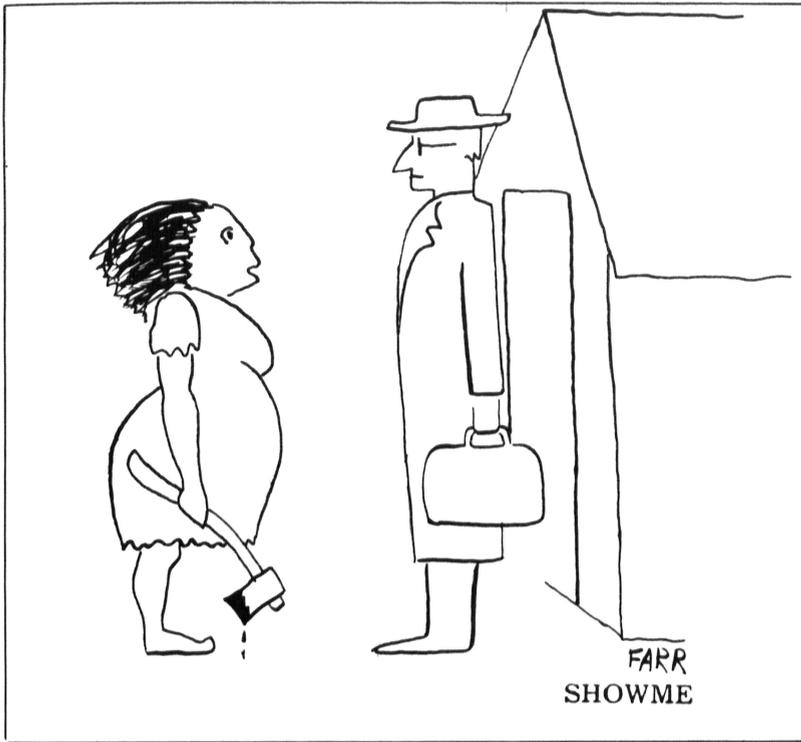
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"That's funny Doc. Jake never did complain about any concussion."



"Why, Bolitov, you old dog. Seven olives."

A realty agent got a phone call from a young man about town.

"What kind of a place do you want?" he asked.

"Ah just a small apartment, big enough for my hat and a few friends."

* * *

A local cop waived a co-ed over to the curb and complained, "Miss, why have you no red light on the rear of your car?" "Officer," she answered "it's not that kind of a car."



"Pardon me sir, but is this your ear?"



• NO COVER

• NO MINIMUM

**IN ST. LOUIS
THE WHOLE TOWN
IS TALKING ABOUT**

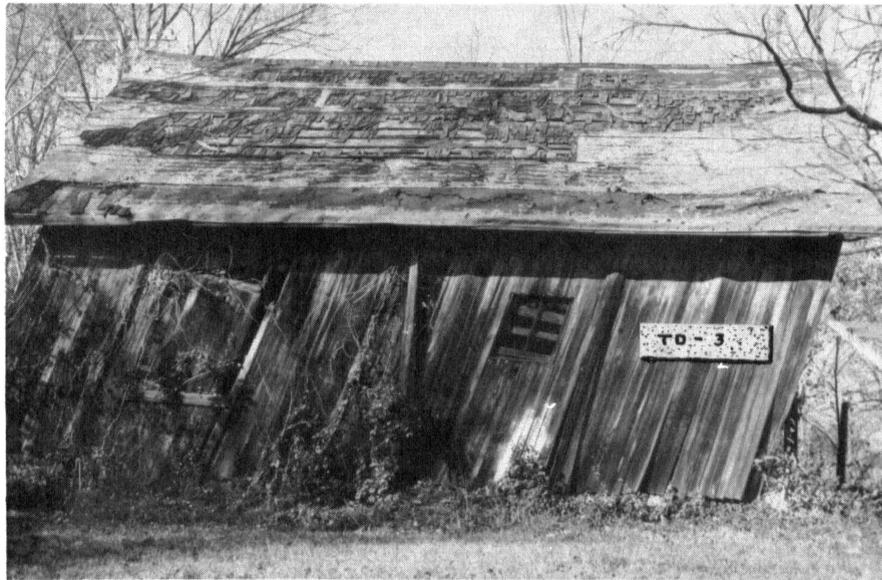


**THE RED ROOM
BAR and LOUNGE**

across from
**THE EVANGELINE RESIDENCE
FOR BUSINESS WOMEN**

18th & Olive TOPS IN JAZZ ENTERTAINMENT NIGHTLY

The Allies are coming, KOM.
RAD, arise and arm!



Girl's Temporary Dormitory #3
Housing problem? Heck no . . .
but what holds it up?



One of the more astute medics at the Clinic received a letter from a poor freshman in Johnston Hall. "Please send me the name of some good book on personal hygiene. I think I've got it."

* * *

The rich and beautiful young widow had two cherished pets, a canary and a parrot. When she went out she always placed her loved ones in the bathroom to protect them from thieves, and upon returning home she would remove them before taking a shower.

One day she forgot to take them out and proceeded with her nightly shower. Soon after she finished undressing the canary chirped: "Peek, peek."

The parrot gleefully exclaimed, "You can 'peek' if you want but I'm going to take a damn good look."

* * *

She wore a new evening dress but her heart wasn't in it.

* * *

"This one is
SHOWME!"



Yes, folks with discriminating taste have always called for **Showme**. Nothing but the most wholesome paper is used, and the ink has just enough—not too much! — salt.

So buy a **Showme**—or subscribe to **Showme**—as soon as it hits the stands.

**SHOWME'S Taste Good —
Like Brauschensweiger Should**



"Stop nagging, woman! Who do you think you are? The voice of Free Europe?"

Professor: "The jackass walked down the street."

Jock: "Whattsa jackass?"

Prof: "You mean to sit there and look me in the face and say you don't know what a jackass is."

He: We certainly had a big time last night for ten cents.

She: I'll say! I wonder how little brother spent it?

"The opinions of the speaker you have just heard are necessarily those of this station."



"A coming home party from Siberia, and YOU have to mention SALT!"



Breisch's

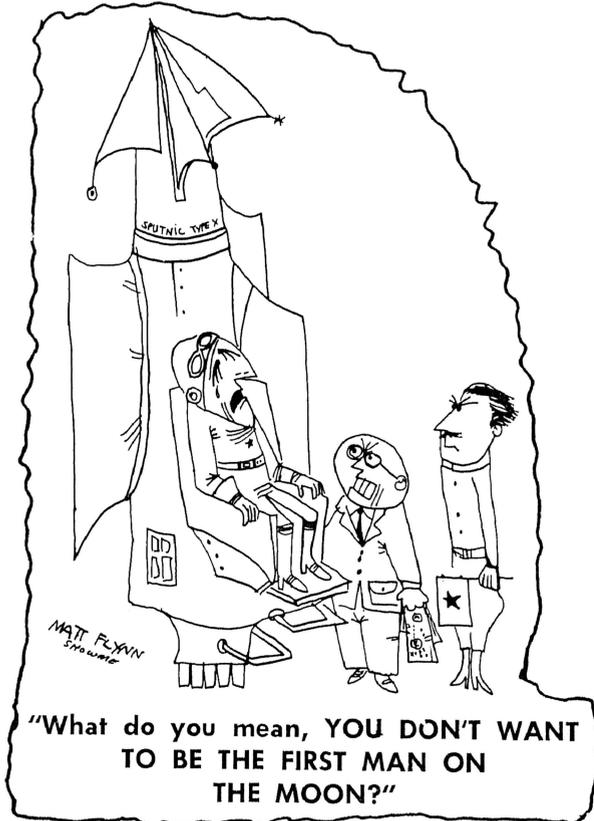
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expertly served
food at
reasonable prices
PLUS
refinement



and Mickey Lowell at the Hammond Organ

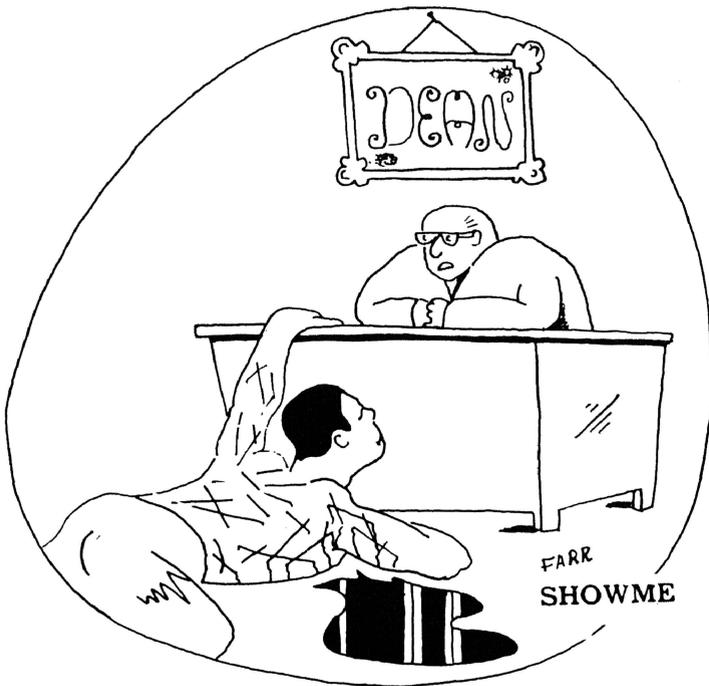
Breisch's RESTAURANT

ON THE STROLLWAY - 9TH & LOCUST

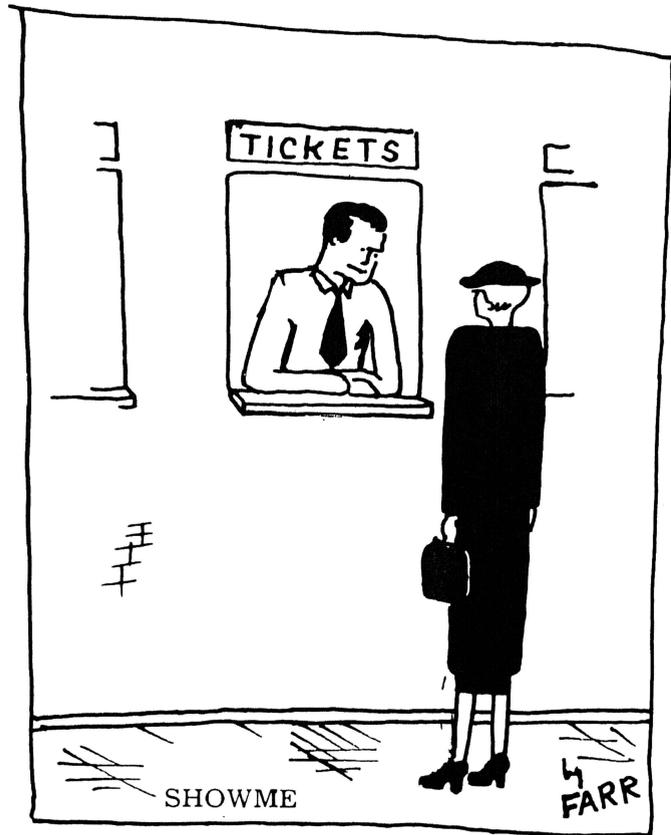


"What do you mean, YOU DON'T WANT TO BE THE FIRST MAN ON THE MOON?"

SHOWME Specials



"It has been called to my attention, Smith, that you have over sixteen cuts!"

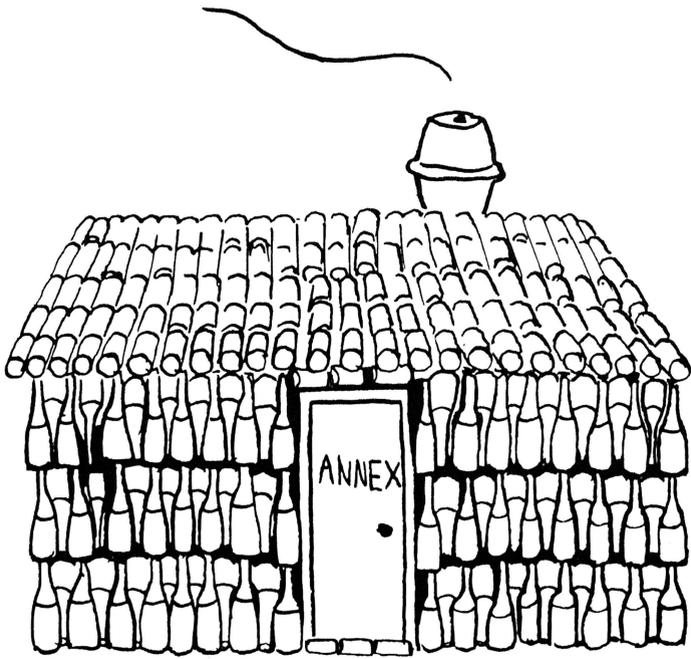


"Sorry, Ma'am . . . Nothing scheduled straight to Hell!"



"So that's what causes the Red Glow on Mars, you foxy Martians!"





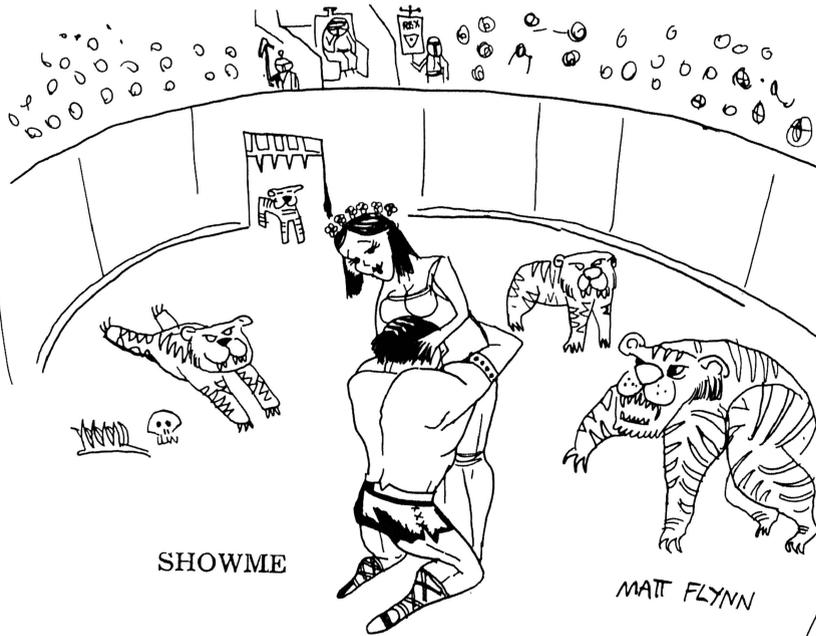
"Great balls of fire!"

SHOWME FARR



KINKADE
-SHOWME-

"Quickly, Pervis, the bromo;
You know how these dirty tramps always upset him!"



SHOWME

MATT FLYNN

"You shouldn't have come."

*The Allies are coming, KOM-
RAD, wise and arm!*

*The Allies are coming, KOM-
RAD, wise and arm!*



MATT FLYNN

"No thanks. If you've seen one massacre,
you've seen them all." SHOWME

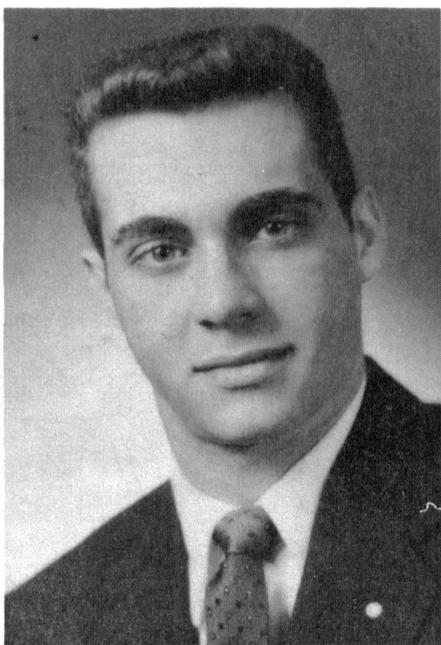
CONTRIBUTIONS OF SORTS

Like meet Weinbach, Showme's sure fire ad manager who always is able to come up with the key word.

Bob is constantly saying clever things like "If you go fast you won't last, if you go slow you won't know," or "To each his own like an ice cream cone," or "Let's put the dough in the oven and see if it rises." (The latter is not really Bob's very own achievement. It was invented by his buddy Tiger Mahiger who is only mentioned here for the singular assonance of his name.)

When he isn't at the Stables blowing out strong sounds on a dead skin, he's impressing the passion-flowers with honey-coated lines like, "Your lips look as if they'd taste like red raspberries." Now all you girl-types arise! You are *not* the only red raspberry in Bob's life.

The nicest thing about Bob Weinbach is that he sells ads. More ads than Showme has sold in several years. And they're fun to read too! (The preceding was a paid ad. That Weinbach never misses a trick.)



There are some gunchi around here that are wondering who the new type addition is that's aborting the pictures on the innermost pages of Showme. We're not too sure ourselves. He just infiltrated, sort of, and this is the result. (Eechhh.)

Like dolly-birds and daddy-birds call him Duke (not Amboy Duke), but people who aren't on specially friendly terms or don't care to be, call him Dell M. Wade III.

He's from Hollywood, originally and now Columbia by way of choice parts of the southland (Fla.), Korea, Japan (yeah, yeah, yeah) and St. Louis.

The boy with the Balboa haircut came to the University last Spring directly from the bosom of Uncle Sugar's junior birdmen. He likes to tell those who will listen that he was the only airman in the outfit that didn't get a re-enlistment talk.

When he isn't standing around the T.V. station like a lump of sludge, he is brewing up sour-sweet pork chops in his two-bedroom trailer, located on the Hinkson for. . . .

Women. He has none. Want him? We're running an auction if you've got FOOD, MONEY and 36-24-36 (and baby blues).



After the ceremonies were over celebrating the unveiling of a bust of an old professor a pretty young alumni walked up to him and said "I hope you appreciate me," she cooed, "I came 50 miles to see your bust unveiled."

"My dear young lady," replied the gallant prof., "I would travel a thousand miles to see yours."

* * *

A mother of rather mild financial circumstances was trying to enroll her daughter in Stephens. "Has she a good musical education?" she was asked.

"She sure has," was the proud mother's reply. Tell her the name of any song you like and she'll tell you what's on the other side of the record." (AND THEY TOOK HER)

* * *

One day during a war, a tall, strong handsome soldier in the Roman legions broke into a house where he found two lovely, luscious, sloe-eyed young maidens and their elderly nurse. Chuckling with glee he roared, "Prepare thyselfes for conquest, my pretties."

The lovely girls fell to their knees and pleaded with him. "Do with us as thou wilt, O Roman, but spare our faithful old nurse."

"Shut thy mouth," snapped the nurse, "war is war."

* * *

He: "Do you know what virgins dream about?"

She: "No, what?"

He: "I suspected as much."

* * *

Professor: I will not begin this lecture until the room settles down.

Student: Go home and sleep it off.

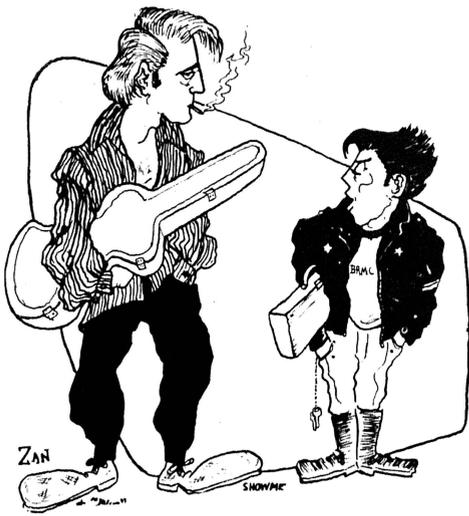
* * *

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

* * *

"Porter, get me another glass of water."

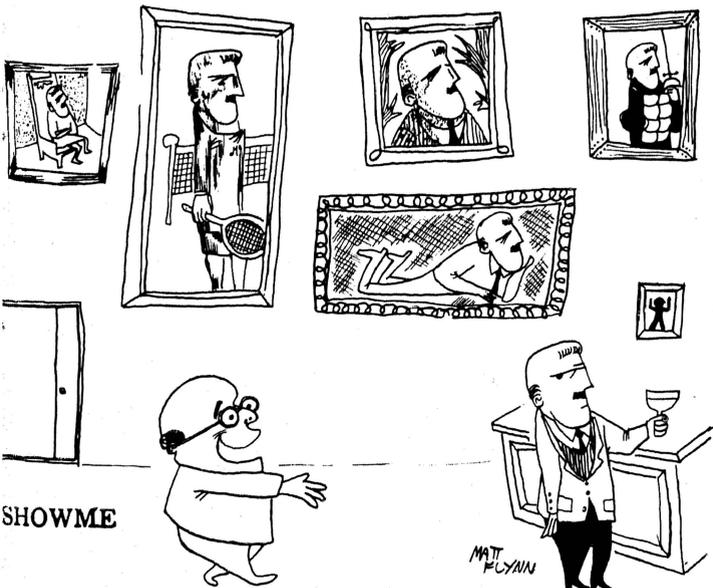
"Sorry, suh, but if I take any more ice that corpse in the baggage car ain't gonna keep."



"Hey, Mon, shine your shoes! It's guys like you that give us Rock 'n Rollers a bad name!"



"Ed, you should go easier on your pledges."



"Well, Lord McHenry, how are you?"

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in
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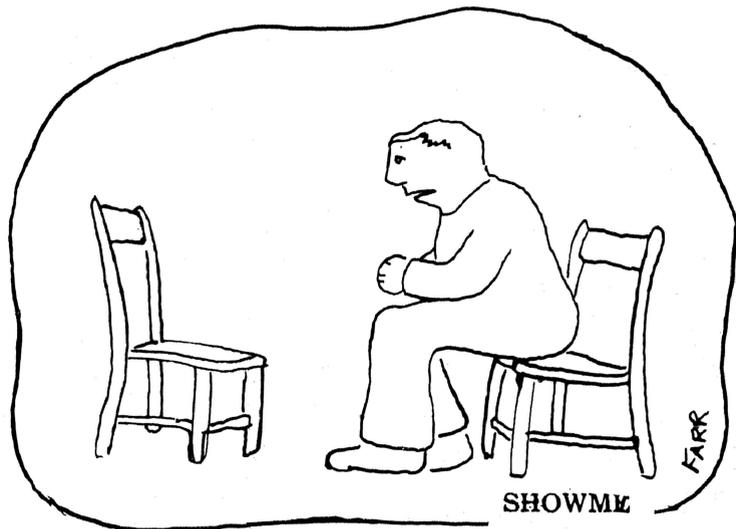
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