

Lustrean

MISSOURI Showme



APRIL 1957

DOLL ISSUE

25c

PAT KILPATRICK



her mother,
her grandmother

■
CLASSIC
man-tailored
LADIES' SHIRT
of
PLAID GINGHAM
by



"Plaid, please!" Yes. plaids please! See--and wear--this colorful, distinctive plaid combed gingham--as rich and modish a SHAPELY Classic shirt as you've ever admired.

Sanforized--so you know it will always fit you.

Small round Eton collar,
band cuffs of white pique,
long sleeves, mannish
pocket.

\$4.95

The illustration shows only one of 22 styles in Shapely Classic cotton shirts . . . including other plaids, diagonals and plain stripes, plain colors and whites . . . priced from

\$3.95-\$5.95

The Blue Shop



***so much more...
for so little more***

When you stop to think about the prices you pay for the things you buy (and who doesn't today!) isn't it astonishing how intrinsic values vary? Some products give so much more than others—a good suit of clothes for instance. When you consider the cost of the fine fabrics in a Hart Schaffner & Marx suit, the hours of skilled craftsmanship that go into its making and the years of usefulness and enjoyment it will give you, then you realize what a remarkable value it is.

If you are interested in getting most for your money, go to the store that sells Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes.

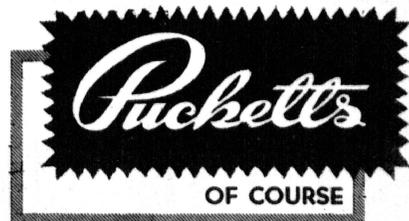
You can depend on them for good looks and long wear.

The quality has not been (*and never will be*) sacrificed. The value as always is outstanding.



**Hart
Schaffner
& Marx
Clothes**

From \$55



Looking for a Place to have your graduation cap and gown picture made?



Then your search is over... phone for an appointment today at Peterson's Studio. Avoid the rush—make your appointment now!

We furnish the cap and gown at no extra charge for you

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You can get that Second Date with a Queen if you Bring her to the STEIN CLUB

'THE
WELCOME
SIGN
IS
ON FOR
YOU''



"COLDEST
5%
BEER
IN
TOWN"

The STEIN CLUB



Dear Editor,

Enclosed find clipping that shouldn't happen even to a Korean.

(text of clipping follows):

Bewildered Korean Has No 'Sho-Mee'

With 25th Div. Korea—"Sho-mee", the youthful Korean boy complained to his GI employer.

The soldier cast back through his limited knowledge of Japanese and Korean. He was puzzled. The word was totally unfamiliar to him. Later, the incident slipped his mind.

That night at the mess hall, he noticed his employee wearing a very long face and kicking at a pebble.

"Did you eat yet, Kim?" he asked.

Kim shook his head, then pointed to the other Koreans holding their chow, pass in the mess line. "Mess sergeant speak sho-mee and Kim have no sho-mee."

P. S. Navy five term student—'48-'50.

Sincerely,

Cmdr. W. F. Smith, USN

Tactical Air Control Squadron
One

Amphibious Forces, US Pacific
Fleet, P.C.C. P.O.

San Francisco, California.

Kim—you can't have your Show-me and eat it too—Ed.

Delmanette
STYLED BY DELMAN

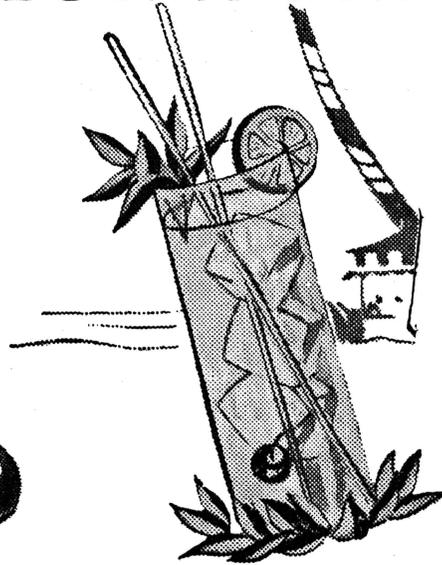
mademoiselle
shoes

Sorority Shoes



For Sunlit Days

SPECTATORS



White with contrast, a happy complement
to your casual fashions... glove supple
and suave with quality unequalled



the novus shop

18 on the Strollway

Pipe Smokers



For
**Pipes
Tobacco
Smoking Supplies**
Brown Derby

116 S. Ninth Phone 5409

BRADY Says:

"Win or lose, one thing I know
... you will want your house
or room to be something
SPECIAL."



Decorate with

**PITTSBURG
PAINT**

BRADY'S

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4978



editor's ego

THIS month we bring you the Doll Issue, and the 1951 Showme Queen and her attendant. As you probably already know this year's Queen is Alice Martin, a very pretty Tri-Delt from Sikeston, Missouri. The Queen's attendant is a tall, fetching blonde from Potosi, Missouri, Peggy Essmyer.

This year's contest was one of the most enthusiastic we can remember. After double-checking we found that there were almost 3000 ballots cast.

Alice Martin, in our estimation (it took three of us to hold Swami down), will be one of the leading candidates for the choice of Miss Missouri that will be coming up before long.

We're still wearing big grins from the comments we heard about the last issue. We're glad you liked it because we had a lot of fun putting it together. Tony, our printer, was so enthusiastic that he set us all up to martinis when we went to Jeff City to begin printing. We'd like to remind you that *Showme* is your magazine and if there's something you don't like about it let us know.

The staff, having sobered up sufficiently from the Alcoholic Issue, settled down to working up the Doll Issue. They came up with enough ideas to fill three magazines. Anyway we hope you like it.

We would like to dedicate this issue (something we seldom do) to all the dolls around Mizzou whether they be Bimbo, Susie or from Christian College.

Next month we'll be around again with our last book of the semester—the Parole Issue. See you then.

HERB

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MISSOURI SHOWME

YOUR CAMPUS HUMOR MAGAZINE

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COVER BY PAT KILPATRICK



Volume 27

April, 1951

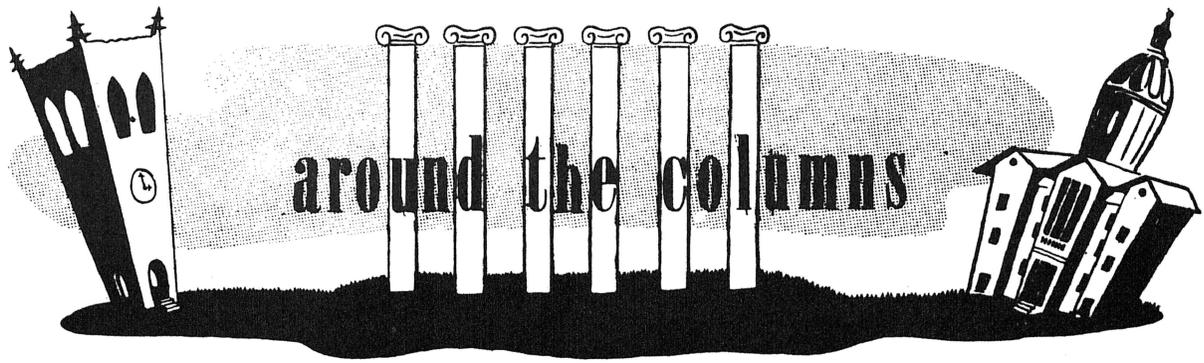
Number 8

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*STEPHENS, Christian and Mizzou—
Shades go down, and light shines through;
The boys walk home with eyes so bright,
And the dolls are safe for another night.*



Apology

We were reprimanded last month for the story we wrote about the little kids in the dorms who play nice destructive little tricks, and told that we should never, never, ever say anything like that about students, but should only make nasty cracks about the University because we make the students look ridiculous.

We're really sorry—but if the shoe fits, pull the nails out of the heel and drop them in the lock on the housemother's door, shove the heel down the drain to stop it up and shove the rest of the shoe into the bed of the guy next door and you certainly aren't ridiculous.

Warishell

We dug this one out of the *Kansas City Star* to prove that if there's no humor in war, the papers will make some.

This concerns a story about the U.N. forces moving north again. The soldiers, plodding their weary way, came across signs left by the Chinese, going the same way, only earlier. The *Star* continued:

"The signs said:

AVERT TEXTILE STRIKE"

10c on the Nose

Somebody was telling us about a story he read in the paper concerning an ambitious book maker who was taking ten-cent-bets on the races from little kiddies.

Of course they were probably just pony races, and Frank Costello probably wouldn't be interested, but we suggest that Robert Montgomery look into the matter

and if it's a big thing perhaps we can drag in Winchell.

We also wonder if Kefauver has a young son. This would be a wonderful opportunity for him to follow in the old man's footsteps. Anybody interested in television rights?

Meaty Jokes

Socialistic Britain has produced some typically "British" humor concerning the state of affairs on the long rock. We picked up a couple concerning the recent meat shortage which we thought we would pass along as follows:

"When man bites dog, it's not news—it's lunch."

"My father-in-law went to Leamington Spa for his liver. What people will do for their meat these days."

Oh, well.

Oh, Beautiful

With all due apologies to Joyce Kilmer, we shall proceed to corrupt his poem with appropriate (here) words as follows:

We think there never shall be found

A fence as lovely as the ground.

A stranger to Mizzou might be inclined to think that it's built in the middle of a town where the sheep owners and cattle owners are battling over the relative merits of fences for grazing purposes.

Actually the campus is taking on the appearance of a grand maze such as that used by psychology students to determine the intelligence of mice. The mice in this case are becoming more frustrated all the time.

We can't complain about the sidewalks being torn up—even though we have been hurdling and lunging around barriers for two or three months—because these are the result of ultimate improvements. But any day now we expect to round a corner and impale our respective selves on a newly-erected fence pole.

Could it be possible, with the extensive range of the ag school here, and the forestry and landscaping departments, that no one has heard of shrubbery? We have seen some beautiful species of thorny shrubbery that neither man nor br'er rabbit would dare to approach. And strangely enough, it's much more attractive than a super-chicken-wire fence.

Roaring Forties

Now we know why life begins at forty. A doctor has told a group in Detroit that a man is a fool to drink before forty and a fool not to drink after forty.

Three ounces of whiskey or wine each day after forty helps prevent hardening of the arteries. And who wants hard arteries? There was no comment on what the stuff does before forty.



\$\$Music\$\$

S.G.A. took a corking loss at the Hal MacIntyre dance we are told. We happened to be there, enjoyed it, and thought there was a fair-sized crowd. In fact, had it been the old gym, many would have danced in the hall. We wonder how those dances were paid for?



Anyway, there was a loss and so it seems that there will not be another big-name band here for some time. As someone said—these name-bands don't play just for prestige. So, kiddies, if you want to hear Flanigan, Dorsey or Kenton, there are several record shops in town.

\$how\$

Movies are better than ever—everywhere except a certain cinema in Columbia where they are merely more expensive. We are told that 65c is now the kick at this certain place up-town.

Some outfits have managed to form a boycott of the place and it sounds like a pretty good idea to us. There are several just-as-fine-if-not-better shows here in Columbia and a little vacation

from the high price joint might bring about a change of heart.

However, if there is no loss of business—why shouldn't the other movies climb on the gravy-jet? Probably will.

Passing Thoughts

Have you ever considered the advantages in identical twins marrying identical twins?

A woman in Toronto killed her husband because he said "The Thing" was about her face—now nobody will want her.

Killer Cook got 300 years—the judge must be taking these miracle drugs too seriously.

The Air Force tried something new and dropped 2,400 empty coke and beer bottles on the reds—probably figure the communists will all surrender for the nickle deposits.

Somebody finally introduced a bill in Tennessee to allow the teaching of the evolution law—they'll probably recognize electricity next.

Truman has made May 20th "I Am An American" Day—made it on Sunday so McCarthy would not be on the senate floor that day.

Showme had 210 March issues swiped—which shows that even education can't correct punk thieves.

Savit-Hours

The Savitar Frolics needs no commendation from us to make it acceptable to us, so we'll just go along with the popular feeling that it was mighty fine.

We would, however, like to present another popular view concerning the show—it's too

damn long! Seems that it could be cut to some six acts—perhaps a little longer—and profit.

And, at the risk of repetition, wouldn't it be possible to have the pre-show proceeding take place towards the front of the auditorium where the people in the balcony (who pay the same price as the ground-floor patrons) could get a glimpse now and then?

"Election"

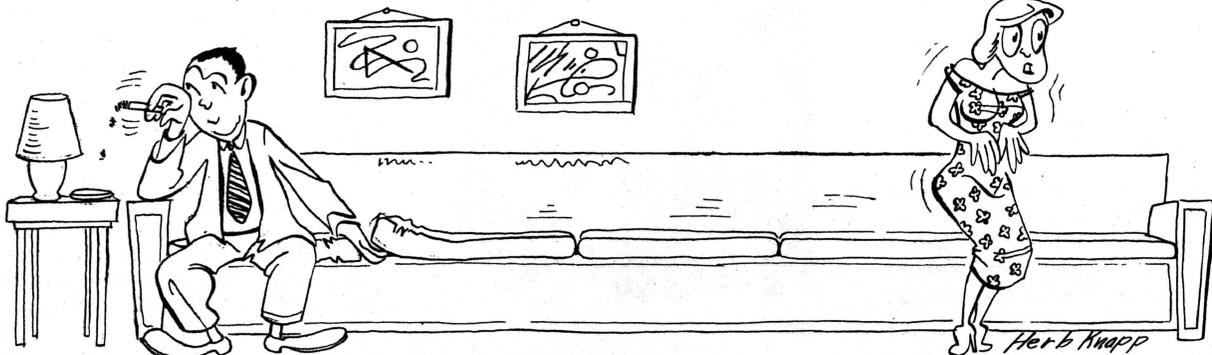
As usual it is interesting to note how many people voted for something else than voted in the S.G. A. election. This year the *Showme Queen* pulled about double.

We were reading in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* about the big "machine" here at Mizzou, but were inclined to think the big "machine" was the some 6,200



students who didn't vote. Call it apathy if you wish; some call it protest.

It all goes to prove that maybe you can lead a horse to water and make him drink—but the water may be stagnant.



Socialism

Interested in Socialism? Here's a story we picked up concerning same. You might find it interesting:

It is about the year 1975 and the United States had become completely socialized. A man, who had become ill, went to a government doctor and after standing in line for hours was examined and told that he had leukemia.

The doctor explained that he was not permitted to treat the man, but gave him a card with the diagnosis on it and sent him to the government dispensary, a building as large as the Pentagon

Here he was told to proceed down a long corridor having the successive letters of the alphabet over the doors leading from the corridor. He was to enter the door having the same letter as the first letter of the name of his disease.

The man walked down the corridor, past the doors until he came to the one with L over it. He passed through it and found himself in a room with many doors having labels on them such as "Liver Trouble," "Lung Trouble," etc. He went through the door marked "Leukemia" into a smaller room with two doors marked "Alien" and "Citizen".

Going through the door marked "Citizen" he was again in a room with two doors marked "Male" and "Female". He passed through the door marked "Male" and again was in a room with two doors marked "Colored" and "White".

He went through the door marked "White" and once again was in a room with two doors, marked "Protestant" and "Catholic". He went through the door marked "Protestant" into a room having two doors marked "Republican" and "Democrat."

Having been a good Republican all his life he went through the door marked "Republican"—and found himself out in the alley at the back.



Long Draw

That old ad killer, the Federal Trade Commission, has ordered the makers of king size cigarettes to quit claiming that their butts are cooler than others.

The commission says it may be true that the fag is cooler while it is burning to standard length, but you have to toss it away then or the rest of the cigarette will contain more tar and nicotine than the regular size job.



Come on you ad men—let's prove that nicotine is good for something. We wonder if anyone has tried Hadacol dipped cigarettes—sounds like a terrific idea.

Small Pounding

Russia got real kind-hearted last month and gave a generous contract to an Austrian industry by ordering \$200,000 worth of sickles. Our sources says that perhaps hammers will soon share in the boom.

We would like to amend that statement and say that hammer handles will probably soon share in the boom—Russia is already loaded with hammer heads.

Oh, Putridful

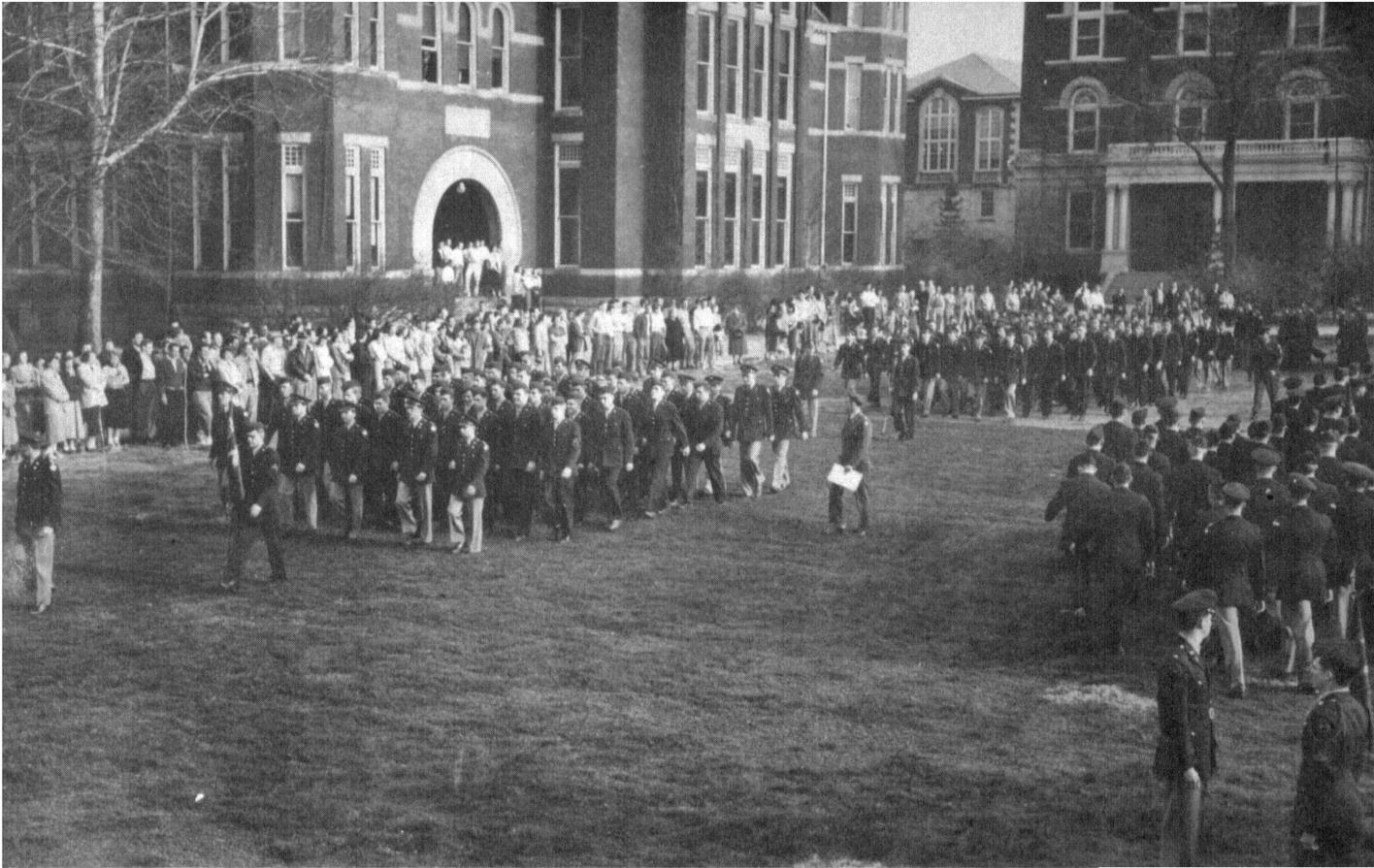
We were cornered the other day and told that we should quit worrying about the holes on the campus and wander down to Southeast dorm where we could really get an eyeful—and noseful. We did—and did.

A tremendous amount of money was poured into the new dorms and no little for beautifying purposes. Then, to complete the job, a grand collection of garbage cans was plunked down right in front of the Southeast to show everyone that the University is complying with the accepted standards for trash collection. We understand you can smell the stuff for several blocks.



candidly mizzou

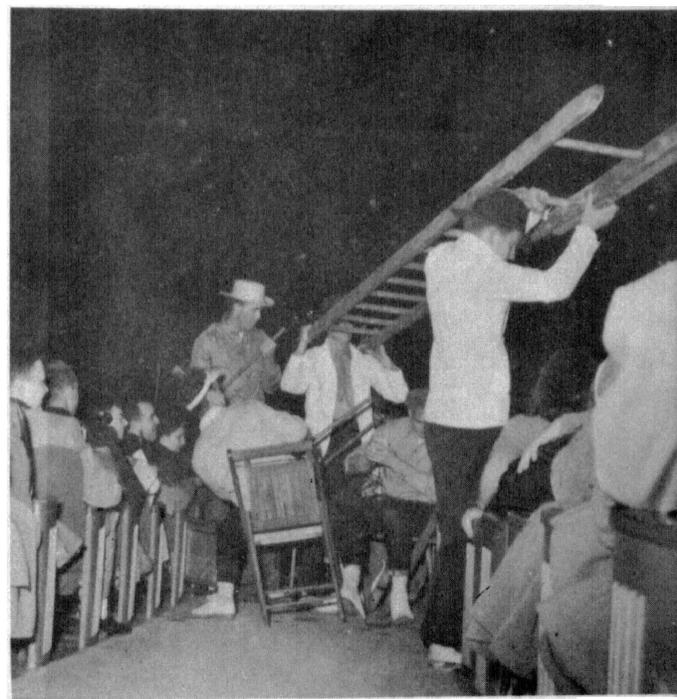
PHOTOS BY TOM WEISKIRCH
(left to right) **Miss Bev Rotroff**, last year's Showme Queen, and Miss Missouri of 1950; **Mr. Kelly**, manager of the Melbourne Hotel, and sponsor of the Queen Contest; and **Alice Martin**, this year's winner. They are pictured during the weekend in St. Louis, which was one of the prizes.



"The drums went bang and the cymbals clanged," and everyone who didn't feel like going to the Shack for a beer went out to line up and march around the quadrangle. TOM WEISKIRCH



Here is another picture taken of Alice Martin as she appeared on a KSD television show in St. Louis. Wonder if the So Good sign in the background has reference to Alice. TOM WEISKIRCH



This is not a publicity stunt for the Painters and Plasters' Union, it is merely a picture of the step ladder used to climb over the night's gate receipts. JACK HODGES



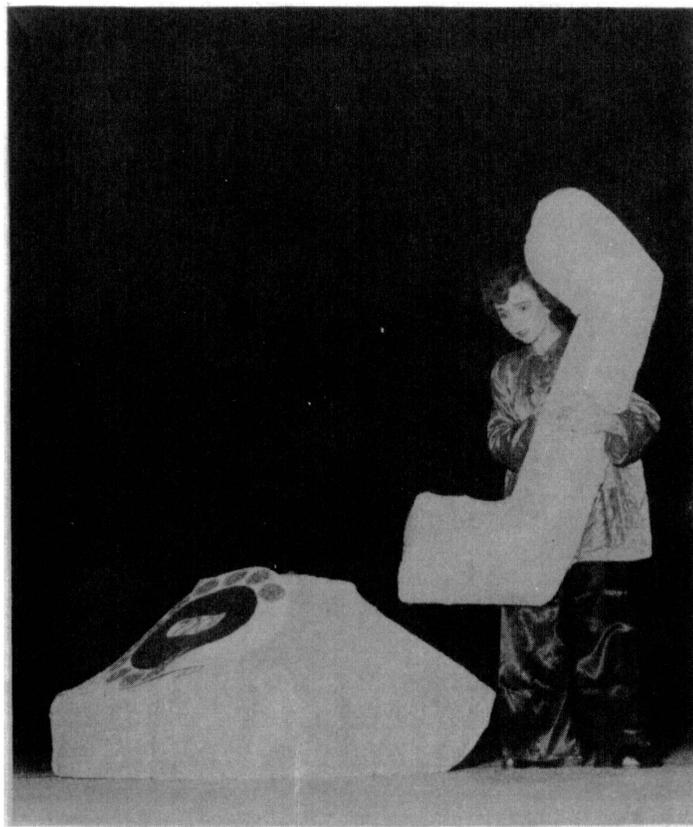
TOM WEISKIRCH

These five lovely dolls are hoping Lady Luck will smile their way the night of the Military Ball. Yep, they're candidates for the queenship of the military on campus—well, you have to get some fun out of ROTC.



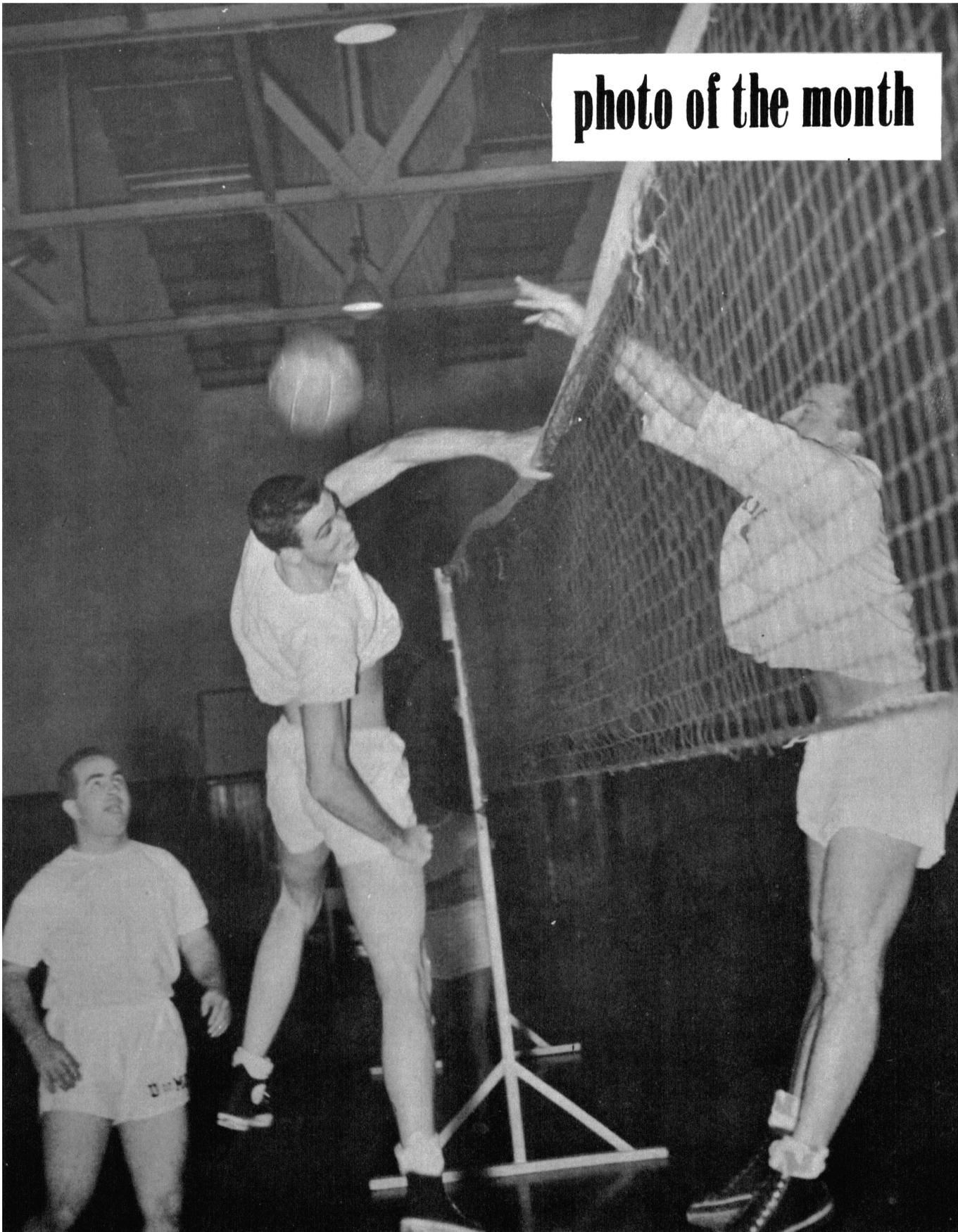
JACK HODGES

Savitar Frolics brought a pleasant break to the humdrum college life with a night of fine entertainment. The young lady on the left, who seems to be appalled by the Columbia telephone situation, is Betty Lou Ogan of Kappa Alpha Theta. "Milty," the gentleman on the right who is Herman Leibovich of Phi Sigma Delta, appears to be enjoying himself beyond words.



JACK HODGES

photo of the month



This year's Intra-mural volleyball crowded its way into the sport spot-light for a brief moment bringing with it a good share of excitement and quite a few heated games. It looks to us as if Gene Landolt (center) has just received a good clot on the head by a fast return. We're still wondering what Jim Higgins (left) is calling the ball.

TOM WEISKIRCH

said the spider

By Jerry Libner

SHE stood in front of the broad picture window and dreamily looked out over the city. It was a city made up of black velvet, sprinkled with wicked little lights that winked at her. She could see no stars, for the glare of the lights from the canyons far below gave a hazy glow to the sky that blanketed the stars. No sounds of the city's commotion drifted up to her penthouse on the 15th floor. Even if there had been a shot on the street below she could not have heard it.

The glassed-in clock on the desk lowly whirred and began to chime the hour. The sudden noise startled her and she spun sharply, awakened from her dream haze and once again conscious of where she was and what she had to do.

It was time to get ready. He was coming soon, everything had to be ready for him. The setting would have to be just right, and there could be no slip-up.

Her eyes darted around the apartment looking for flaws which she knew weren't there.

The apartment was spacious and rich. It was tastefully furnished in the latest fashion, which was an expensive fashion. A woman living there either had to be rich or be kept by a rich man.

The door to the private elevator was made of sleek blonde-wood. It opened into a foyer of pale blue. Two steps led down to the sprawling living room.

The living room ceiling was low and gave a close intimate feeling. The furniture was low, too. The couches and chairs were curving, cuddling, soft, pillowy

pieces. There were low coffee tables and functional lamps.

The fireplace was long and low set in a wall of rough, homey fieldstone. A small fire lazily burned in the hearth.

She went to the fireplace and poked at the logs until they gave off just a soft glow from the small flames and glowing embers.

She pushed back slightly the semi-circular couch in front of the fire place and on the floor in front of the fire she put two cushions, where two people could comfortably lie.

From the icebox in the kitchen she brought two crystal bowls, with fresh gardenias floating in the water. She placed these where the fragrance would be sure to drift over to the lair in front of the fire.

With a thoughtful look she surveyed the lighting. Finally she decided to turn off all the lights except a small lamp on the desk near the foyer.

The room was perfect now. It was dim, lit only by the small lamp and the flickering fire. It was comfortably arranged and scented with gardenias. It was just the way he would like it.

As she turned for the bedroom the bar in the corner caught her eye. Martinis. He loves a martini at the start of an evening.

She took out the bottles and ice bucket, and with deft hands mixed a pitcher of martinis.

The bedroom was done in pale green and flat white. The odds

ILLUSTRATED BY
HERB KNAPP



and ends on the white dressing table were all neatly arranged. The only light on was a small lamp next to the bed. The bed was an oversized double bed, with a white satin cover. The pillow cases and sheets were of soft silk.

She folded down the top sheet of the bed, making an inviting triangle. She fluffed the pillows. As an after-thought she ran over to the dressing table and selected a bottle of her best perfume. With care she put several drops of the delicate scent on the edges of the pillows, where they would be sure to offer their heady fragrance to his sensitive nose.

From her closet she took a frail negligee. It was pale pink, frilly, alluring and almost transparent in places.

She went into the bathroom where she slipped out of her housecoat. Before putting on the negligee she stood in front of the full-length mirror and admired her figure. It was a trim curved figure, perfectly proportioned, with white skin that felt soft to the touch.

For a moment she was lost deep in her thoughts as she looked at the beautiful nakedness in the mirror. Suddenly realizing that time was flying she slipped into her negligee and hurried

(Continued on page 36)





PHOTOS BY GEORGE MILLER

The Queen

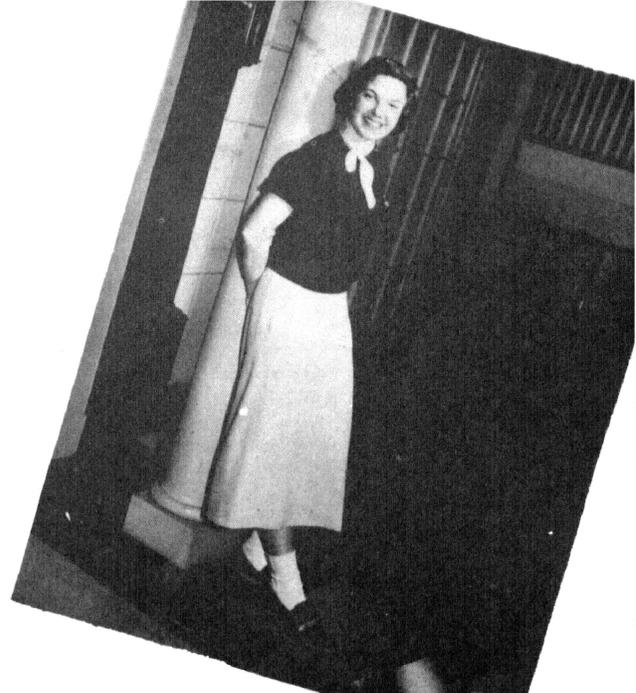
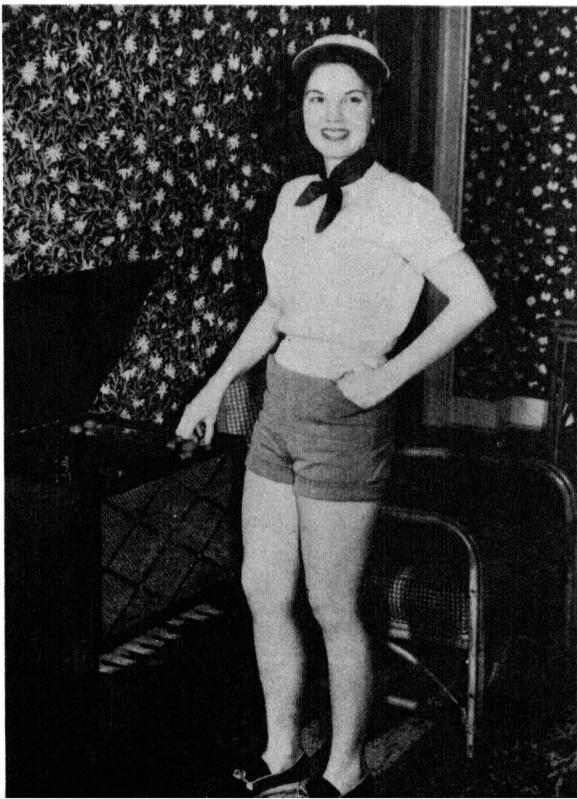
Alice Martin is one of the prettiest girls Showme has had the privilege of having for a Queen, and also one of the most talented. All her life she has been studying the piano at which she is very proficient.

She is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 110 pounds, has dark hair and sparkling brown eyes and is just 19 years old.

Swimming and tennis are her two favorite sports. Scholastically she is an honor student, and in the campus activities she takes an active part. Alice is president of SAI, a member of SES, secretary of KEA, co-chairman of Read Hall Coffee Hour, a member of the Read Hall Policy Board and Carousel.

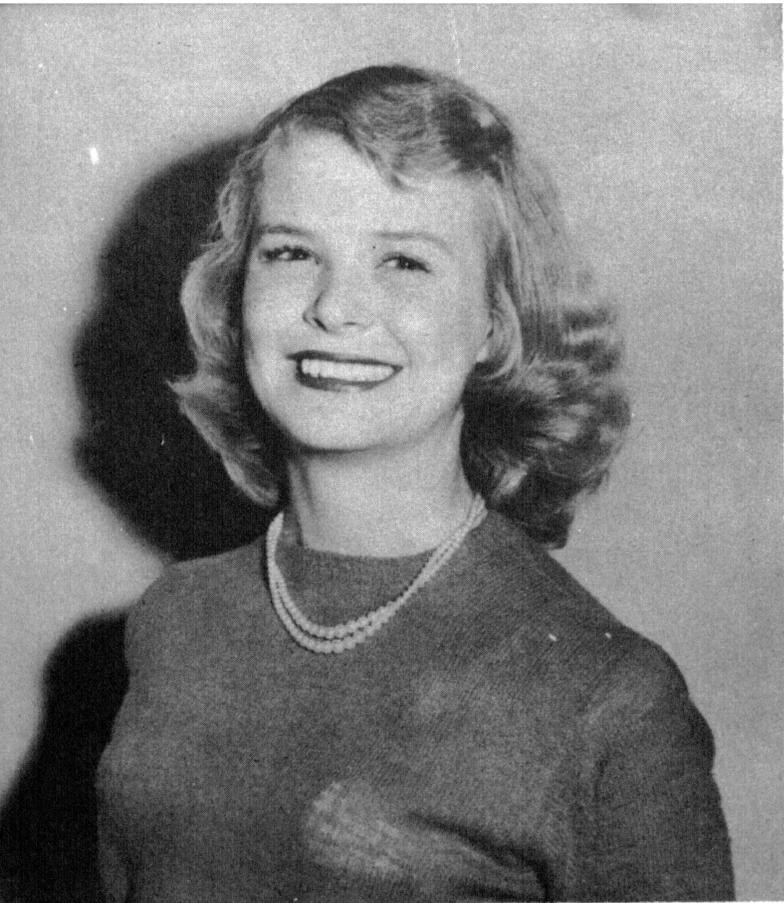
Alice is vice-president of her sorority, Delta Delta Delta, and is a junior in Arts and Science.

Her home is in Sikeston, Missouri.



PHOTOS BY
TOM WEISKIRCH





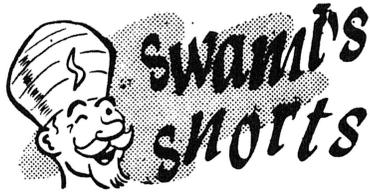
The Queen's Attendant

The Showme Queen Contest was the second queen contest Peggy Essmyer has been in this year. Almost at the same time our contest was being run she was entered as a finalist in the Engineering Queen Contest. After taking a look at Peggy it's not hard to see why. She is a very attractive blonde with smiling blue eyes, stands 5 feet 8 inches tall, and weighs 120 pounds.

Peg's big interest is in sports. All of them from bowling to softball. It is only natural that the girls from WHA would choose her as their Intra-mural sports representative. Peggy is also active in Tiger Claws. She is a freshman this year in Arts and Science, 18 years old and from Potosi, Missouri. Incidentally, Peg is from a family of fifteen.



PHOTOS BY TOM WEISKIRCH



Classified ad: "Wanted—man to wash dishes and two waitresses."

Ana another Tony Marshallo..his wife passed away, and Tony was almost inconsolable. At the cemetery he collapsed with grief. In the car riding back home, his whole frame shook with wild sobs.

"Now, now, Tony, my boy," soothed his friend. "It'sa really not so bad. I know itsa tough now, but in sixamonth maybe you find another beautiful bambina and firsta thing you know you getta married again."

Tony turned to him in rage. "Sixamonth," he shouted. "What I gonna do tonight?"

Visitor: My good man, do these stairs take us to the third floor?

Student: No, you'll have to walk up.

An asylum patient, who had been certified cured was saying goodbye to the director of the institution. "And what are you going to do when you go out into the world?" asked the director

"Well," said the patient, "I have passed my bar examinations, so I may practice law. I have also had quite a bit of experience in college dramatics, so I might try acting."

He paused for a moment, deep in thought. "Then, on the other hand," he continued, "I may be a teakettle."

What position do you play on the football team?

Oh, sort of crouched and bent over.

... and I owe my success to the fact that I buy all my groceries at

KAMPUSTOWNE GROCER

700 Conley



Sun Ensembles by Nelly Don

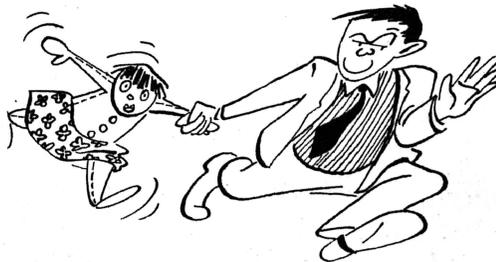
styled for
college wear

A beautifully-cut sundress.. with town airs when you add the bolero jacket. Striking black bodice with motif print. Amber, rose, blue. Sizes 10-16. \$10.95.



Sanforized
\$10.95
Sizes 10-16

- In Columbia is -
Fredendall's.



Take
Your
Doll
To

ERNIE'S STEAK HOUSE

ALWAYS PLENTY OF PARKING SPACE

BACK STAGE AT SAVI



ITAR FROOLICS





THE FIRST DOLL

Pete was having a fine time for himself just knocking about eating peanuts, but his doom was not far off when he became lonesome.

by Jerry Smith



ONCE upon a time, in the beginning, before anything else—you know, the prelude. Anyway, about this time there was a guy, who, by unanimous decision of everyone on earth (him) was called Pete. This guy was really happy all by himself just knocking around earth and eating peanuts. But one day he got lonely

Now this was the first time anybody had ever got lonely, because, you will remember children, there just weren't nobody else living on this rotten apple. He was so lonely it was pathetic. He wanted to cry on somebody's shoulder and couldn't (you may remember why) and there wasn't anybody to punch his card or anything.

Anyway, continuing with the narrative, he was being lonely and scratching around on himself one day because the fleas kept biting him because there weren't any dogs yet and they didn't have anything better to gnaw at. So he was scratching away and in a moment of deep thought invented addition and discovered that he had one rib too many.

Now admittedly in the popular story this guy is supposed to be Adam, but no such gink ever existed because Pete said so because he had been looking all over for another man so they could have a war and couldn't find anyone.

Anyway, by a trick of quick surgery (the first on the earth I'm pretty sure) he hauled out this puny old broken down rib and buried it in a mud pack of the Max Factor variety. Then,

feeling pretty good about himself, waltzed off to a local Sun-kist Orchard and partook of an apple, feeding the seeds to a middle-aged serpent, who immediately expired by choking to death.

Fashioning an athletic belt out of the snakeskin, old Pete pranced back to view his rib and, much to his surprise, found it viewing him. It had changed somewhat in shape, having hair and a mouth sneered and smeared with red.

"Oh, cornflakes," said Pete,

"this rib verily hath great magic, verily." Whereupon he received a sharp right to the choppers and a nasty remark, which sounded something like "shuda-hellup."

"This verily is some doll," said Pete, preceding Damon Runyon by six million years.

Now naturally, at this point in the story, everybody thinks this is Eve and she's going to seduce old Pete. But that stuff is merely an old wives tale and the actual truth is that Pete tried passes that haven't been rediscovered

SUSIE STEPHENS

By herb green



But honey—honest—it ain't your money.

yet and the closest he got to a caress was when this doll followed up a flying dutchman with a half nelson and full body press.

So Pete is wandering around one day chewing on his thumbs because he has worked his fingers to the bone trying to keep this doll happy when he stumbles across Fort Knox and comes up with four million in cold gold. Now neither Pete nor this doll knew what gold was, but when she saw it her face lit up like Times Square and she nailed Pete to the ground with a flying mare.



Illiterates.

They were married the next day by a wandering evangelist who had wandered onto earth seven and a half million years before his time and was trying to find his way back. Naturally they lived happily ever after.

Except that a few days later a Prudential Life Insurance man, who had accidentally fallen off the Rock of Gibraltar came upon the newlyweds and sold Pete a \$30,000 policy. The next day the doll blew Pete's brains out with a 75 mm. cannon which was laying around awaiting for the French Revolution, which of course, is another story.

Anyway, the moral of this story is: Don't buy a \$30,000 insurance policy when there's a 75 mm cannon laying around where your rib can get at it.

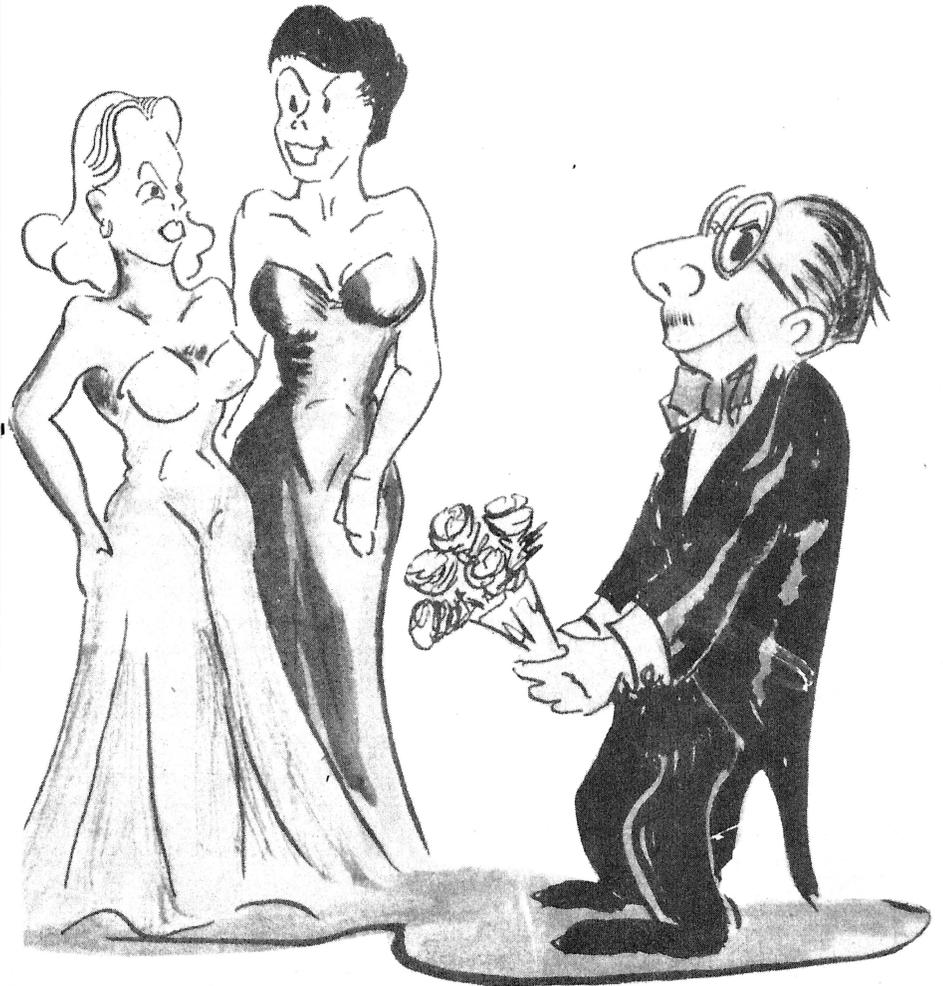
THE END



"If it's Economical laundry service you want just **Dial 3114.**"

DORN-CLONEY

Dial 3114



". . . I know, but his fraternity's having its banquet at the Villa"

Banquet
Reservations

'Moon Valley Villa

Dial
6576

How To Have Fun With Your Susie

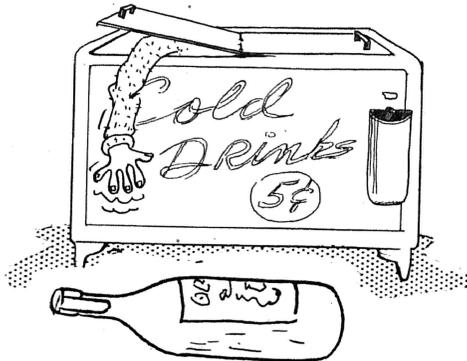
And Not Get Caught

By

Herb Green



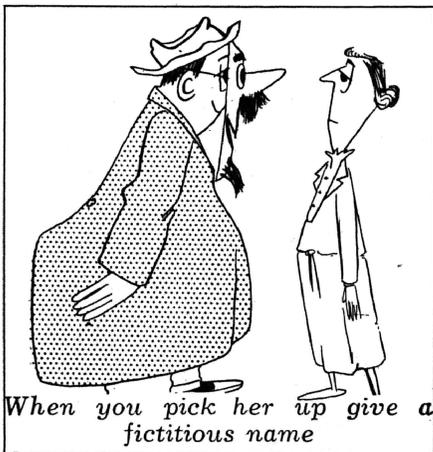
When you go on 40-Hiway disguise yourself.



Play some harmless game



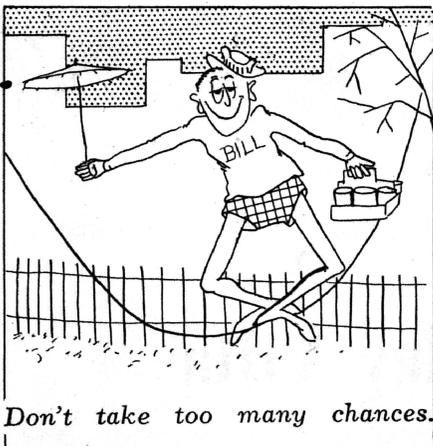
There are a lot of places Stephens doesn't patrol



When you pick her up give a fictitious name



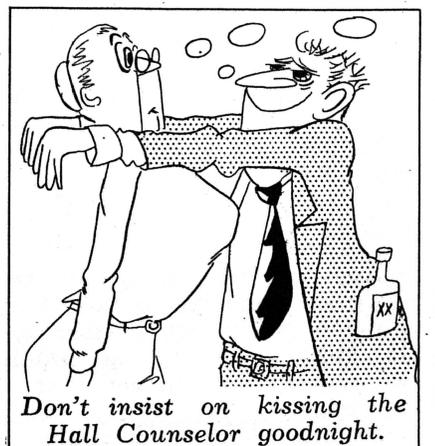
Keep her sober enough to remember what hall she's in.



Don't take too many chances.



Find a place to go that nobody knows about



Don't insist on kissing the Hall Counselor goodnight.



An English doctor was walking slowly down a New Jersey shore when he came upon a group of men working feverishly to revive a drowning beachcomber. They applied artificial respiration until a truck roared up with a lung pump. The men pumped water from his lungs for fully a half-hour. Still the beachcomber showed no signs of life.

Finally, they decided to try pumping his stomach. They pumped and pumped. First, they got a little sea water, then a little sea weed, a little sand and more sea water and sea weed and sand.

The English doctor walked quietly up beside them and offered, "I say...don't you think get better results if you'd pull his back side out of the water?"

* * *

Captain: "How many people on board?"

Mate: "Fifty-two."

Captain: "Pull up the gangplank ... that's a full deck."

* * *

She: Do you know what they are saying about me?

He: What do you think I'm here for?

* * *

Mrs. McTavish (looking out the window): "Sandy, here comes company for dinner."

McTavish: "Quick, everybody run out on the front porch with a tooth-pick."

* * *

The great big beautiful car drew up to the curb where the cute little working girl was waiting for a bus. A gentleman stuck his neck out and said, "Hello, I'm driving west."

"How wonderful," cooed the girl, "bring me back an orange."

Records — Records — Records

STOP - LOOK - SHOP

At DON SMALL'S New Record Shop



PORTABLE RCA VICTOR RADIOS—PHONOGRAPHS

Capitol

Decca

London

Mercury

RCA Victor

DON L. SMALL G-E STORE

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Guaranteed Radio Repairs

Hey----

It's a Tiger Special



In the "Peppermint Room"





1 DAY
Special

2 DAY
Regular

Free Pick-up
and Delivery

Don't Let
Your Clothes
Go to the Dogs

Go To
Sudden Service Cleaners

PHONE 3434

—"Just north of J-School Drive on Eighth St."—



Joe and Alberta Franke
Dial 4445

the Queen
in the
hair style
created
especially for
her
by

**CAMPUS BEAUTY
SHOP**



A young Alabama Marine, after fighting World War II in the Pacific jungles, came back to his Alabama plantation with a pet monkey. He found that the monkey could pick cotton faster than he could, so he went to the local banker and asked for a loan with which he could buy 100 monkeys and train them to pick cotton at far lower cost than the human hand.

"No," said the banker, "it's far too risky. As soon as you get your monkeys trained those damned Yankees would come down here and free them."



Daughter of first film star: "How do you like your new father?"

Daughter of second film star: "Oh, he's very nice."

Daughter of first film star: "Yes, isn't he? We had him last year."

"Why do men have hair on their chests?"

"Well, they can't have everything."

Give an athlete an inch and he'll take a foot. But let him take it. Who wants athlete's foot?

Hunter: "How do you detect an elephant?"

Guide: "You smell a faint odor of peanuts on his breath."

* * *

If she's cold like an icicle, remember that an icicle melts easily when you hold it.

* * *

A pink elephant, a green rat and a yellow snake walked into a cocktail bar.

"You're a little early, boys," said the bartender, "he ain't here yet."

* * *

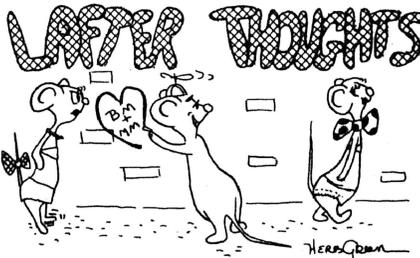
A traveling salesman was about to check in at a hotel when he noticed a very charming bit of femininity giving him the so-called "eye".

In a casual manner he walked over and spoke to her as though he had known her all his life. Both walked back to the desk and registered as Mr. and Mrs.

After a three-day stay he walked up to the desk and informed the clerk that he was checking out. The clerk presented him with his bill for \$250.

"There's a mistake here," he protested. "I have been here only three days."

"Yes," replied the clerk, "but your wife has been here a month."



#13

The wife was always antagonized by her husband's going out at night. His departing words were always, "Good night, little mother of three." They particularly annoyed her.

But one night she could stand it no longer. When he took his hat and started for the door and called out cheerily, "Good night, little mother of three" she chirped sweetly, "God night, father of one."

* * *

Englishman: "I say, what is that they're doing?"

American: "They're dancing."

Englishman: "My word! They get married later don't they?"

* * *

Adam was the first man in history to be awarded the Oak Leaf Cluster.

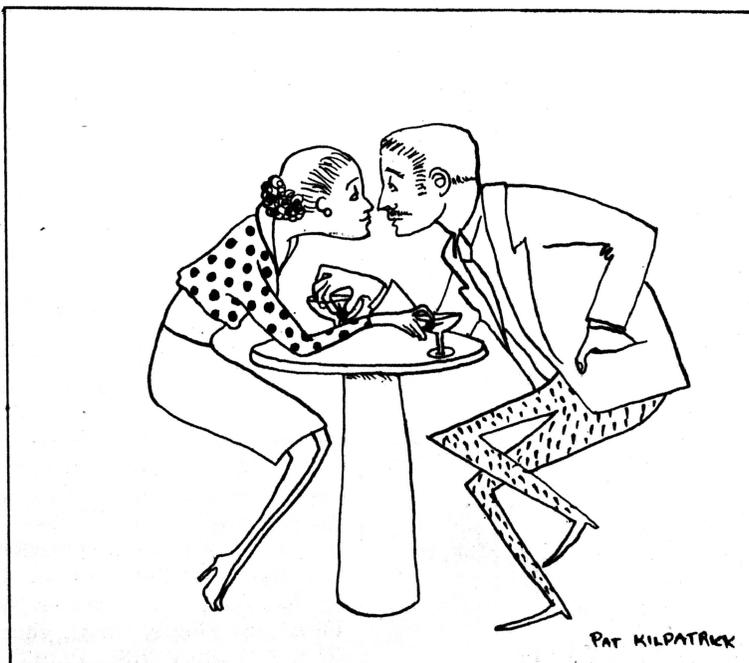
* * *

A batam rooster was chasing a hen around the barnyard. After a while the farmer came and threw some corn down in front of the rooster. The rooster stopped and started to eat the corn. The farmer exclaimed, "God! I hope I never get that hungry!"

* * *

Coed: "Where is Elsie?"

Housemother: "I don't know. She went to the library."





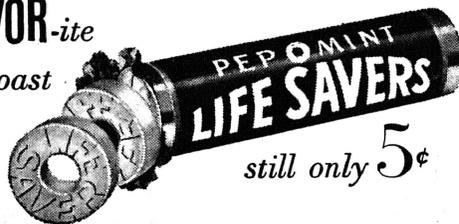
A doll ... A dance,
The perfect chance
to buy a corsage from

H.R. Mueller
FLORIST

SUPERIOR QUALITY DEPENDABLE SERVICE



America's **FLAVOR-ite**
from coast to coast



still only 5¢

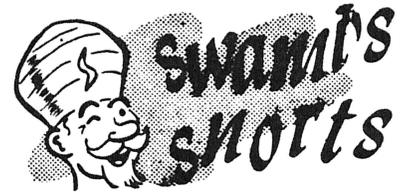
TALLEN BEVERAGE CO.

WHOLESALES

Schlitz Beer

Stag Beer

COLUMBIA, MISSOURI



The V.M.I. Turn-Out recently printed an interesting motto on its coat-of-arms... "Live Alone and Lack It."

* * *

"Pardon me, but do you have a ladies' waiting room here?"

"No, ma'am...but we have two rooms for ladies who can't wait."

* * *

She was only the plumber's daughter, but every time a man whistled, her cheeks flushed.

* * *

In Paris, it's frankness;
In Panama, it's life;
In a professor, it's clever;
But in a college magazine, it's smutty.

* * *

Old Maid to robber, "Oh, gracious...frisk me again."

* * *

As one coed put it: "Everything I want to do is either illegal, immoral—or fattening!"

LIFE SAVER CONTEST RULES

1. Pair up actual U. S. town names. Example: From RYE, N.Y., to BOURBON, Ind. From SOFT SHELL, Ky., to LITTLE CRAB, Tenn. Send as many pairings as you like.
2. The odder the names—and the more amusing the relationship between the two—the better your chances will be.
3. First prize winner will be sent \$50. Second prize, \$25, third prize \$10 and three \$5 prizes. 1st contest closes March 31st., 1951. All entries become the property of Life Savers, and prize-winning combinations may be used in future advertisements, together with the names of the winners. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded. Simply mail your entry to LIFE SAVERS, PORT CHESTER, N. Y.

COLLEGE GIRLS CHEER HADACOL



Hadacol May Relieve Cause of Troubles When Due to a Lack of Vitamins B₁, B₂, Niacin and Iron, that Interfere with Fun and Studies!

The marvelous benefits of HADACOL, today's great nutritional formula, are equally helpful to young and old alike who are suffering from a lack of Vitamins B₁, B₂, Iron and Niacin.

Here's what these two pretty coeds, who may have been suffering from such deficiencies,

have to say: "We are two college students writing you this letter. Before taking HADACOL we were nervous, restless and unable to sleep at night. We found we were foggy all day and ached all over. Now after taking only 3 bottles of HADACOL we are different persons. We are full of life and energy and our aches have completely disappeared. Thank you for your wonderful discovery of that remarkable product, HADACOL."

At left: Miss Irene Siken-tanz, 3323 Cleveland Avenue, Port Huron, Mich.



At right: Miss Elaine Krupzak, 5082 Lapeer Road, Port Huron, Mich.

This is typical of thousands of letters telling how HADACOL relieves the real and basic cause of deficiency distresses.

For HADACOL provides more than the minimum daily requirement of Vitamins B₁, B₂, Niacin and Iron, plus helpful quantities of Phosphorus and Calcium. It builds up the hemoglobin content of the blood (when Iron is needed) to send

these precious Vitamins and Minerals surging to every part of the body and to every body organ.

Why not find out today why thousands say, "Only HADACOL gives you that Wonderful Hadacol Feeling." At your druggist: Trial size only \$1.25; large family size, only \$3.50.

SENATOR DUDLEY J. LE BLANC The Best Friend You Ever Had



Senator Dudley J. LeBlanc

Senator LeBlanc has been in public life since he was quite a young man and has always advocated the cause of the oppressed and downtrodden. It was he who introduced the law in Louisiana that gives every deserving man and woman in Louisiana a pension of \$50.00. It was he who introduced the law creating the office of Service Commissioner, the duties of which office is to see that every deserving ex-soldier and veteran receives his just reward from the Federal and State Government. It was he who has consistently fought the battle of the school teachers in the halls of the legislature. He worked untiringly for

the farmers and the laboring man.

You can place your confidence in a man who has by his past activities demonstrated to you that he is your friend. If you are suffering from deficiencies of Vitamins B₁, B₂, Niacin and Iron, don't hesitate, don't delay, buy HADACOL today.

NOW WE HAVE MIXED DRINKS AND COCKTAILS



Mixed Drinks
Cocktails
5% Beer
Bar BQ
Packaged Liquor

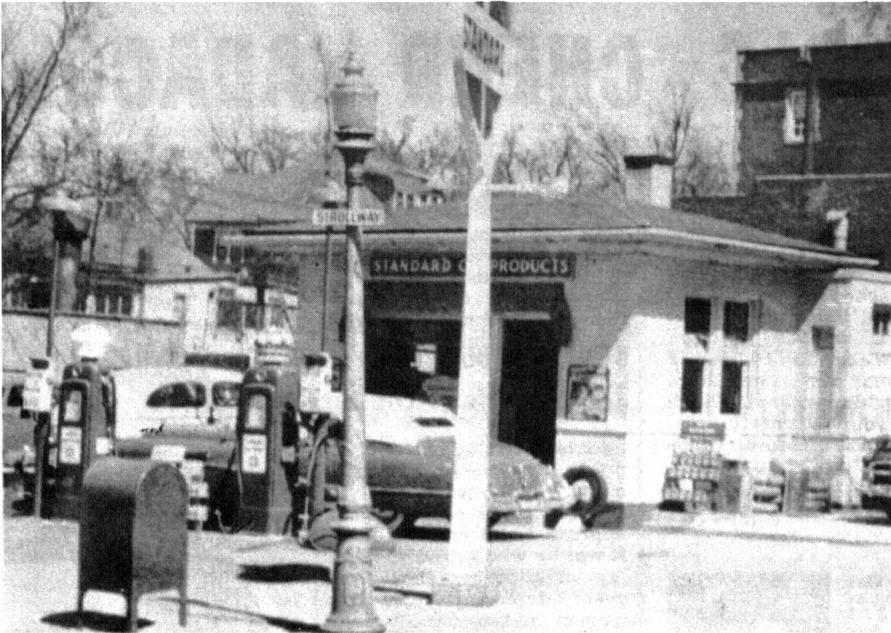


TIGER CLUB

"Columbia's Finest Nightclub"

HIGHWAY 40 & GRAND

Open
12-12
Dancing 8 p.m.
Closed
On Sunday



Stop in For Your
Spring Change Over

Fountain's Service Station

Corner of University and Ninth Street

JUKE CLUB
9801 SO. BROADWAY
IN
PERSON
John Cotter
TRIO
NIGHTLY EXCEPT MON. TUES.
DANCING
.. OPEN SUN ..



"Did you hear about the sleepy bride?"
"No, what about the sleepy bride?"
"She couldn't stay awake for a second!"

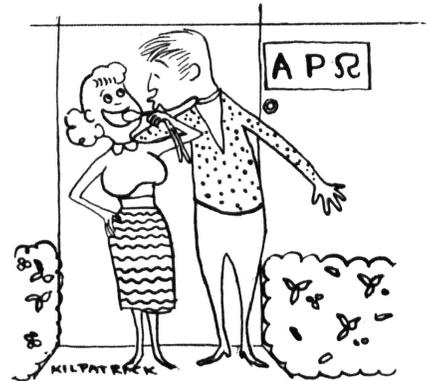
* * *

"Melvin, Melvin..."

"What, Ma?"

"Are you spitting in the fish bowl?"

"No, Ma, but I'm coming pretty close."



"Goodnight, George, thanks for a lovely evening."

* * *

Father: Your little brother has arrived.

Little boy: Where'd he come from?

Father: From a far away land.

Little boy: Another damn alien.

* * *

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

* * *

Hans and Peter went walking with their mother one day. As they neared the edge of a cliff, Peter gave his mother a shove and she went rapidly down to join her ancestors. Peter smiled at his brother and with a very casual air said, 'Look, Hans, no Ma!'

The Gold Brick

By Joe Gold

There once was a girl named Lucretia,
Who worked in Japan as a geisha
The word sounds quite bad,
But a girl to be had
Is the same in New York or
Phoenicia.

Hinkson, Hinkson
Call not me;
I've got a test
In H. and P.

Some girls are like dried-up
cucumbers—they're much better
when pickled.

Little coed aims so high;
Her ambitions reach the sky;
But still she has one aim in life
And that's to be a little wife.

Dolls who scream "Mama"
Are not such brutes
As those who yell "Papa"
In paternity suits!

Ugly girls, who in the dark
Make good companions for a lark
Often scare men in the light,
And quickly get a fast "Good
Night!"

By girl's a doll,
A real, gone moll,
But her figure's not her own;
Less borrowed gear,
I sadly fear
I'd never ring her phone.

Without those things
She'd get no rings;
She'd be flat as a bone;
But with those nets
She always gets
Some interest on the loan.

"Daddy, how do animals
breed?"
"Troo dere noses, nacherly."



A Movie Isn't a Movie

without popcorn
from the

KORN KRIB

207 S. 9th St.

Dial 2891

the DEN for fun



under New Management
Shorty and Al



The Cave Is The Place

where

STUDENTS

go

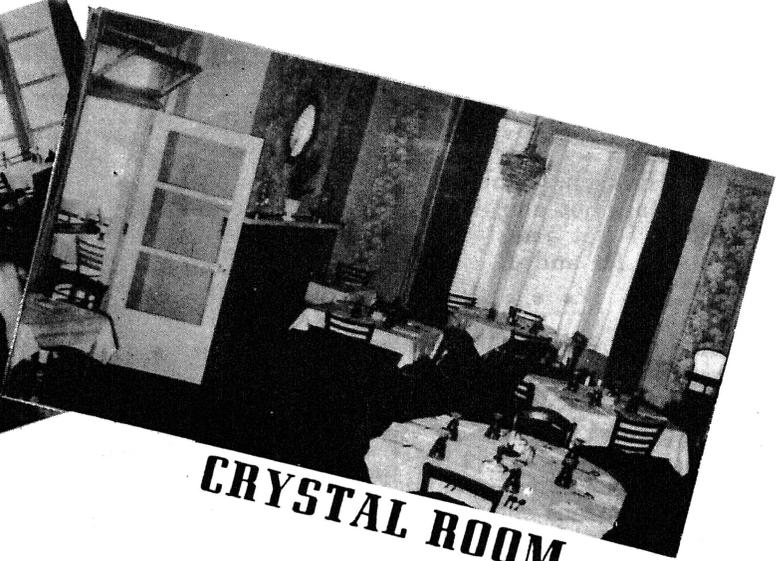
The Hathman House

"Home of Fine Foods"

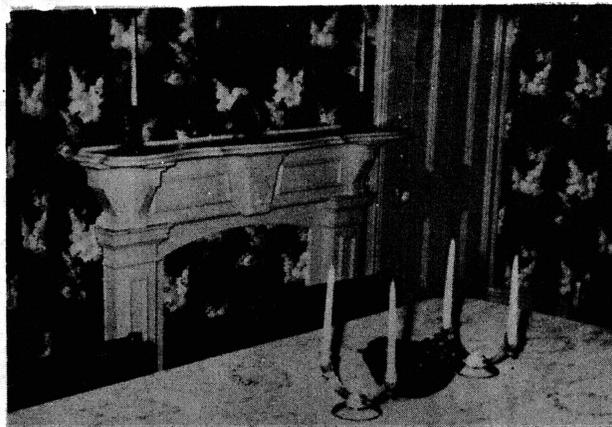
Invites You to Visit our new "Terrace Room" for your Dining Pleasure.



TERRACE ROOM



CRYSTAL ROOM



PRIVATE DINING ROOM

● Italian Cuisine

Chicken

● Steaks

● Boone County Ham

"Luncheon By Reservation"

● Seafood



It was a triangle; she and I were both in love with her.

"Did you get home all right last night, sir?" the streetcar conductor asked one of his regular passengers solicitously.

"Of course, why do you ask?"

"Well, when you got up and gave the lady your seat you were the only two people in the car."



The river steamer was attempting to scrape her way over a treacherous sand bar. Her engines were straining, her paddle wheels were churning madly and every member of the crew was holding his breath as the vessel crept inch by inch over the bar.

A recluse, living in a solitary cabin on the riverbank, chose this moment to come down to the stream's edge for a pail of water. As he turned away with a brimming pail, his action caught the eye of the captain.

"Hey," roared the fuming skipper. "You put back that water!"

First Communist: "Nice weather we're having."

Second Communist: "Yeah, but the rich are having it too!"



It's the

BENGAL SHOP

for magazines, cold drinks and the best coffee
'n pie in town, Come in and See Mr. Harris today
"just across from B.&P.A. school"



COOL
OFF



in a

Don Richards
SHORE BREEZE

The summer suit that never gets tired \$33.50

Summertime — and the living is breezy — in a cool-as-can-be, smart-as-can-be Shore Breeze summer suit, Flexo-Lounge styled by Don Richards.

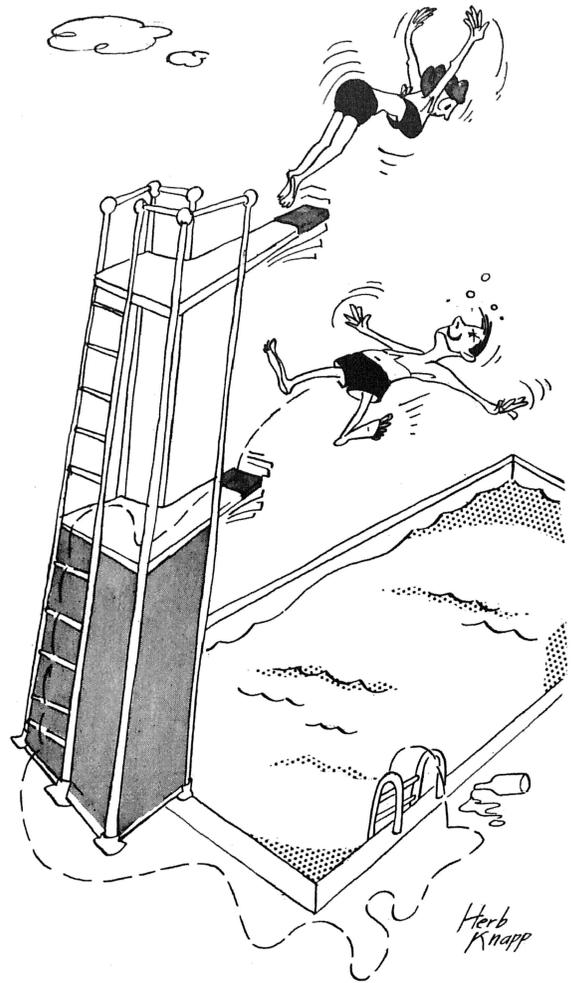


NEUKOMMS

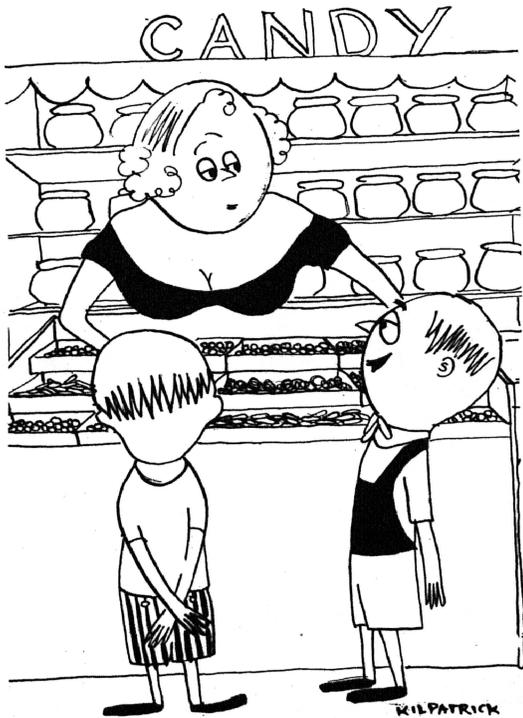
22 on the Strollway



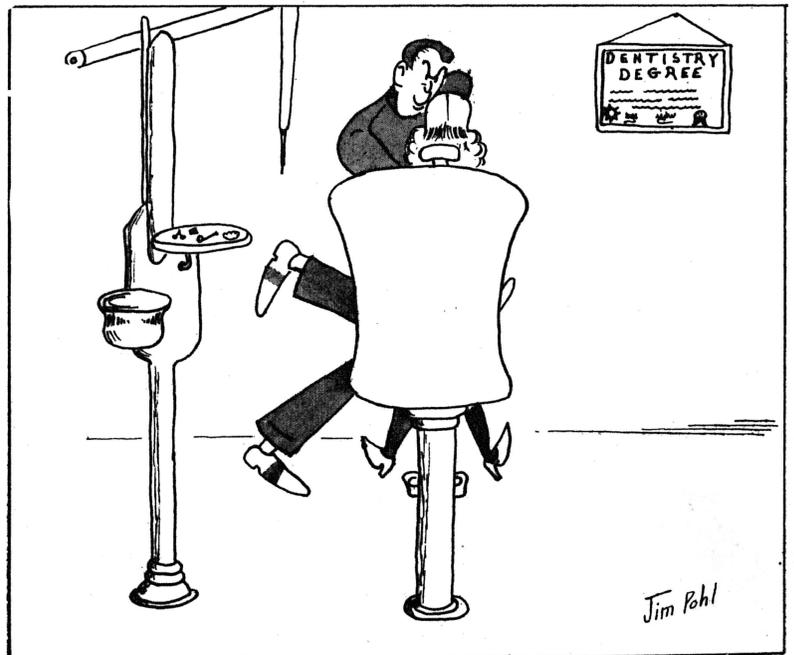
"Somebody better lift him up before he goes psycho."



Stuff



Everything looks so good I just don't know what to take.



"Doctor, those are NOT my teeth!"



Sheriff: "Did you catch that automobile thief?"

Deputy: "He sure was a lucky guy. We had chased him a mile when our 1000 miles were up and we had to stop and change oil."

An ash tray is something to put cigarettes in if the room has not got a floor.

Definition of a professor: One who talks in other people's sleep.

"Why did you steal that \$50000?"
"I was hungry, your honor."



"Kiss me again, Baby."

"Well, Willie, what did you learn at school today?"

"I learned today 'Yes sir,' and 'No, sir,' and 'Yes, Ma'am' and 'No, Ma'am'."

"You did?"

"Yeah."

If there's a coal shortage this winter, use coke. It won't give much heat, but remember, you get two cents back on every bottle.

Latest ball scores: Red Sox 4, White Sox 3, Argyles, \$2.95.



Why Wait
24-Hour
Photo Finishing

KNIGHT'S DRUG SHOP

815 Broadway Phone 4101

Wondering what Flowers to buy Her For that Special Dance?



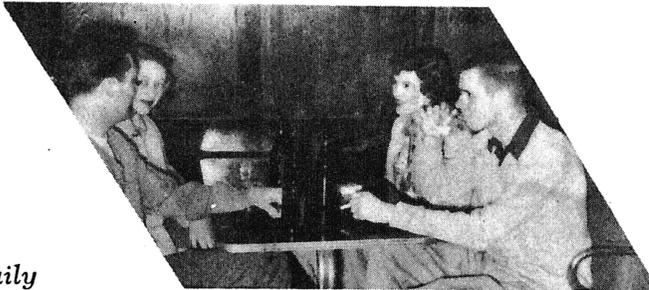
Come in and let us fix a personalized corsage for you!

FREE DELIVERY



GOLDEN CAMPUS

**IS WHERE QUEENS
LOVE TO GO**



Dancing Daily
2 p.m. till 1:30 a.m.

Sandwiches
Cold Beer
Soft Drinks

**Columbia's
Newest and Finest
Recreation Spot**

Locked for Love!

Nationally Advertised

Feature Lock
U.S. Pat. 2,101,000

DIAMOND RINGS

See why **FEATURE LOCK** Rings are the pride of Miss and Mrs. U.S.A.



One of Our Most Beautiful Designs.

THIS...



FEATURE LOCK Rings stay in perfect position, showing your diamonds always.

NOT THIS...



Ordinary rings twist, tilt, shift on your finger.

Buy and Wear Separately or Together... We'll Hold Your Matching Ring till You Set the Date!



Campus Jewelers

Across From Jesse

(Continued from page 15)

back to the bedroom.

She went to her dresser and opened the big bottom drawer. From under a pile of sweaters she took a tan, flat package, about 12 inches long. Opening it she removed an ugly stub-nosed .38 revolver that lay there. Carefully she closed the box and slipped it back into the drawer.

The bluish gun was brand new and cold. It was covered with a coat of light oil which got on her hands. With an annoyed expression she looked at the gun and felt the oil on her hands. With quick steps she went into the



"Aw, Go to hell!"

bathroom and carefully wiped the oil off the gun and her hands with a Kleenex.

Back in the bedroom she opened her top drawer and took out a box of cartridges. Carefully and with an experienced hand she broke the gun open and inserted the shells into the chambers.

Then she went over to the bed and carefully lifted up a pillow and slipped the loaded weapon into the pillow case. Gently she replaced the pillow and smoothed it out.

As she went back into the living room she made sure to leave the bedroom door open an inviting few inches, and let the soft light from the lamp shine through.

(Continued on page 38)



The Pullman conductor one night found a red lantern hanging on one of the lower berths, so he looked up George, the porter, and asked, "Say George, why is the red lantern hanging on lower six?"

"Well, Boss, Rule 23 in my rule book says that you should always hang up a red lantern when the rear end of a sleeper is exposed."

SAE: "Hello, is this the Salvation Army?"

Voice: "Yes."

SAE: "Do you save bad women?"

Voice: "Yes."

SAE: "Well, save me a couple for Saturday night."



"A penny for your..."

Doctor: "Well, Mrs. Jones, I have good news for you."

Patient: "But, it's not Mrs.—it's Miss Jones."

Dr.: "Well, then, Miss Jones, I have bad news for you."

The Bee is a busy little soul
He has no time for birth control
And that is why in times like these

There are so many sons of bees.

Frosh: My roommate says there are some things a girl should not do before twenty.

Soph: Well, personally, I don't like a large audience either.



Be smoo...th with a
Sunbeam
Shavemaster Shave



They're Better at the Dairy Bar!



Delicious hamburgers, sundaes, sodas... Every ice cream mixture you like is Better at the Dairy Bar... "You name it... We'll make it."

DAIRY BAR

13 N. 9th

"Down from the Varsity"

Attention! Attention! Attention!

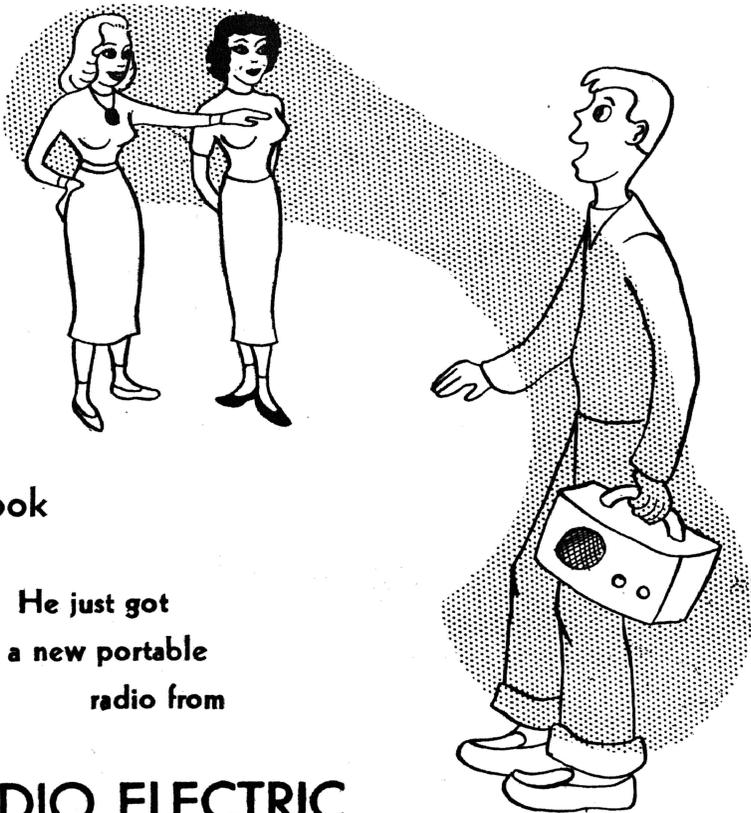
For the **Finest** in **Engraved Announcements**
Wedding Invitations and **Personalized Stationery**
Contact

TROY C. NEWMAN, L.G. BALFOUR CO.

P.O. Box. 86—Columbia—Ph. 7442

Beautiful "BLUECREST" Diamonds

We specialize in designing badges and keys for new organizations and will be glad to submit sketches and prices with no obligations.



Look

He just got
a new portable
radio from

RADIO ELECTRIC

(Continued from page 36)

The web was finished now.

Suddenly the buzzer explosively rang. Someone was downstairs ringing for the elevator to bring them up.

Excitedly she pressed the button releasing the elevator.

As she waited for the elevator to make the journey up to the perch of heaven she went to the phonograph and turned it on. It started to play a low, sentimental record.

With a start she realized suddenly that something was still undone. The curtain in front of the window was still open. The thought of the nearness of the slip-up made her shake. Frantically she ran to the window and jerked the curtain closed.

Slowly she turned around and waited.

The sound of the rising elevator stopped. The elevator door slid open.

THE END

A prim old Quaker lady was driving her shiny new car in Philadelphia. Suddenly, at a cross street, a heavy truck was unable to stop until it had collided, crumpling a fender, breaking a window and gouging a hole in the side of her car. Infuriated, the lady managed to control herself only by remembering her Quaker upbringing. She got out and walked over to the truck driver.

"When thee gets home to thy kennel tonight," she said, "I hope thy mother bites thee."

* * *

Mother: What have you been doing all afternoon?

Son: Shooting craps, Mother.

Mother: That must stop. Those poor little things have as much right to live as you have.

* * *

A Hollywood producer received a story entitled "The Optimist." He called his staff together and said, "Gentlemen, this title must be changed to something simpler. We know what an optimist is, but how many other people know it's an eye doctor?"

One whisker
doesn't make
a bluebeard

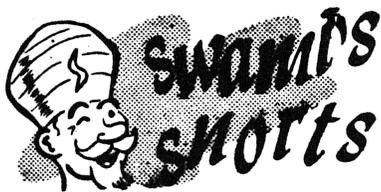


-but Cigars are a Man's Smoke!



**You need not inhale
to enjoy a cigar!**

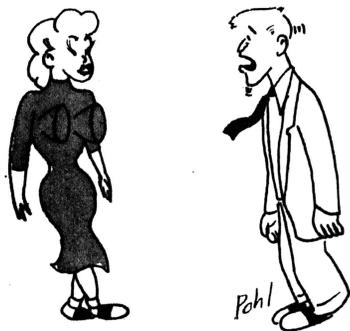
CIGAR INSTITUTE OF AMERICA, INC.



Little dog looking up at a parking meter: "Hell, you gotta pay now."

There's a new snake song going around these days: 'Baby, It's Coiled Outside.'

The click of the knitting needles, the creak of the rocker, and the ticking of the grandfather's clock were all that disturbed the silence of the warm, sunny room. With childish curiosity Little Gloria sat watching the purls and stitches. "Grandma," she asked, "why do you knit?" "Oh," wheezed the little old lady, "just for the hell of it."



"Let's go honey; I got dressed just as fast as I could."

She was only the minister's daughter, but you couldn't get anything pastor.

"Why the black crepe on the door? Is the roommate dead?"

"Black crepe nothing! That's the roommate's towel!"

He: "Are you afraid of the big bad wolf?"

She: "No, why?"

He: "That's funny, the other three pigs were."

Make a Note of
Going To . . .



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Did you see that girl in the Jantzen bathing suit from Julies!

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CREAM OF CREAMS

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ICE CREAM



Harzfeld's

Campus Interviews on Cigarette Tests

NUMBER 7...

THE HARLEQUIN DUCK



"I may be a clown—but I'm no fool!"

He might be the merry-andrew of the marshlands, but lately he's been downright glum about these trick cigarette mildness tests. Never one to duck facts, he holds nothing much can be proved by a sniff of one brand or a quick puff from another. Snap judgments can't take the place of regular, day-to-day smoking.

That's why so many smokers are turning to . . .

The sensible test . . . the 30-Day Camel Mildness Test, which simply asks you to try Camels as a steady smoke—on a pack-after-pack, day-after-day basis. No snap judgments needed. After you've enjoyed Camels—and only Camels—for 30 days in your "T-Zone" (T for Throat, T for Taste), we believe you'll know why...

**More People Smoke Camels
than any other cigarette!**

