

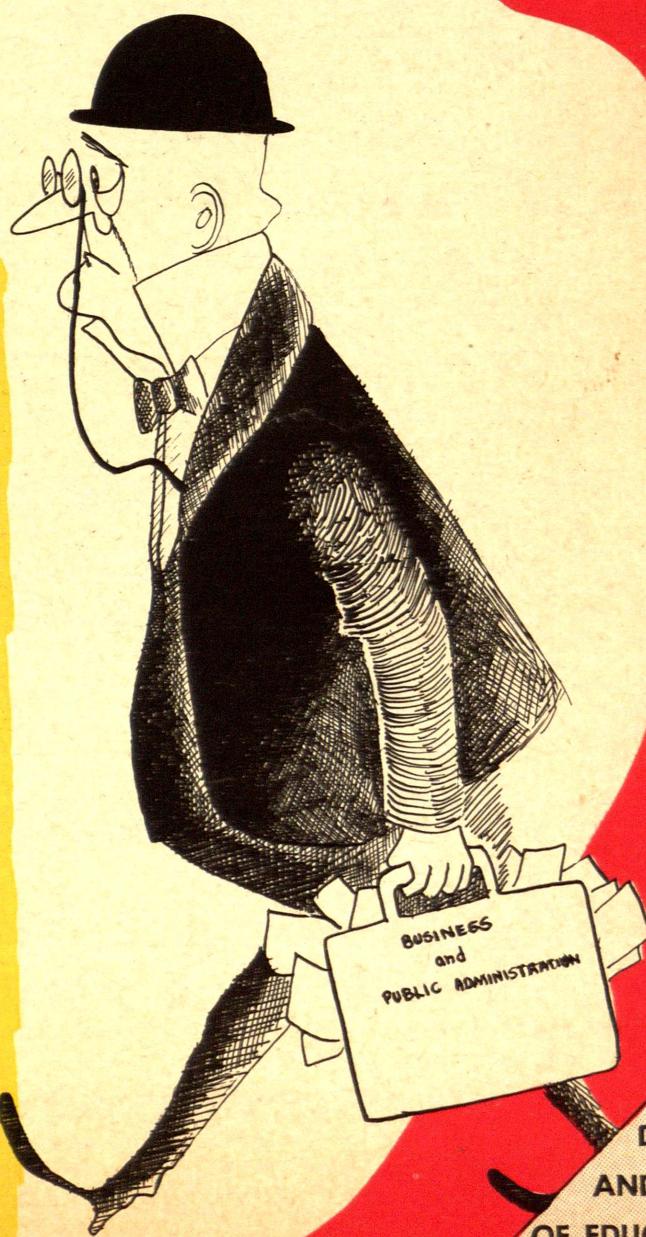
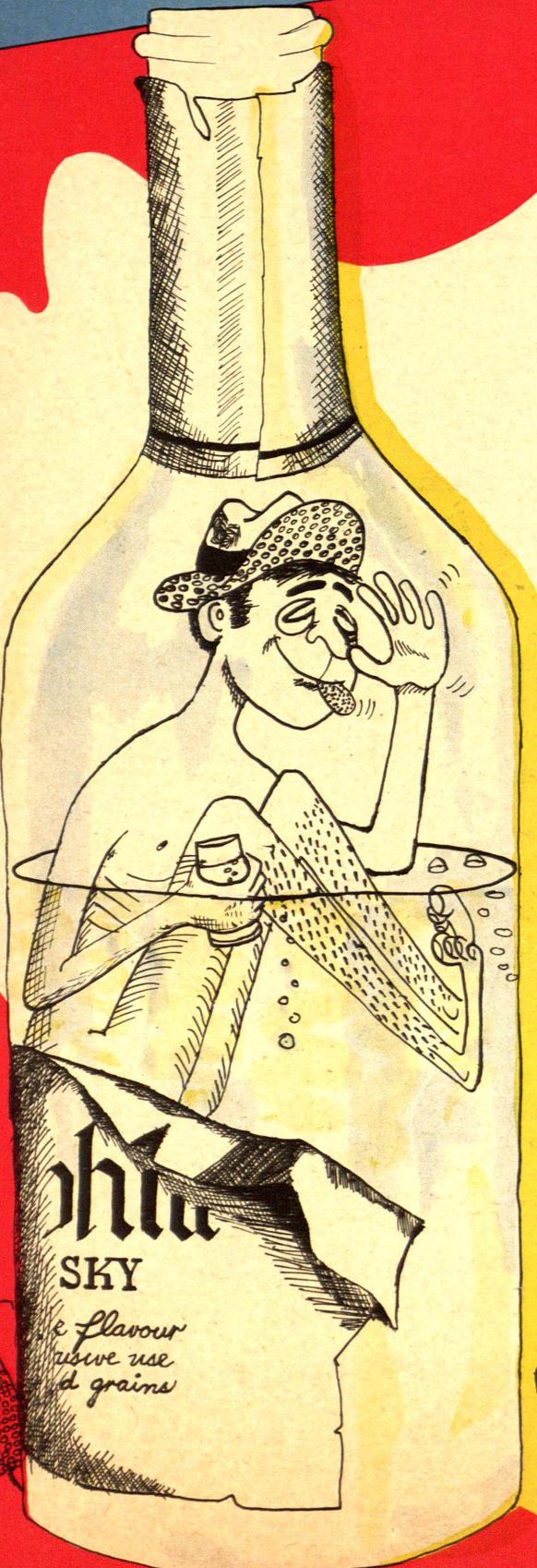


# MISSOURI Showme

OCT. ISSUE IN NOV.

Nov. 25¢

Sept 1951



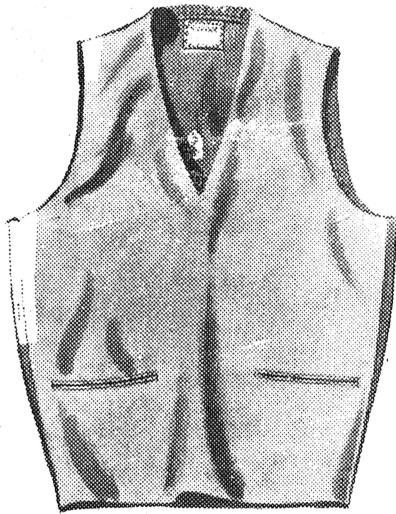
THE  
DECLINE  
AND FALL  
OF EDUCATION

# Knock-out Fashions



at  
*Garland's*

20 on the Strollway



**COUNTRY SUEDE SLEEVELESS:** Luxurious, butter-soft suede is a long wearing campus favorite. Action-styled with pure wool knitted back.

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**ALL-CLIMATE TRI THREAT:** For any weather, anywhere. Wear it three ways . . . the smartly tailored, weather-conditioned, "all climate" cloth shell for milder days . . . the zip-out pure wool lining as the perfect lounge coat . . . or the shell and lining on those brisk days, out-of-doors.

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**SCOT SWEEP SPORT SHIRT:** McGregor's award winning shirt. Styled with the first truly convertible collar in sportswear history—the new, short sweep model with easy-to-slip-in collar stays. Washable rayon gabardine.

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**HAMILTON BLOUSE:** Here is supple, luxurious suede, fitted for action with knit collar, wristlets and waist. Styled with roomy patch pockets, zip front. Fully rayon lined.

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PUCKETT'S OF COURSE—PUCKETT'S OF COURSE---PUCKETT'S OF COURSE—

# Can't Decide?



## Come to

# CAMPUS JEWELERS

**FREE GIFT AND MAIL  
WRAPPING**

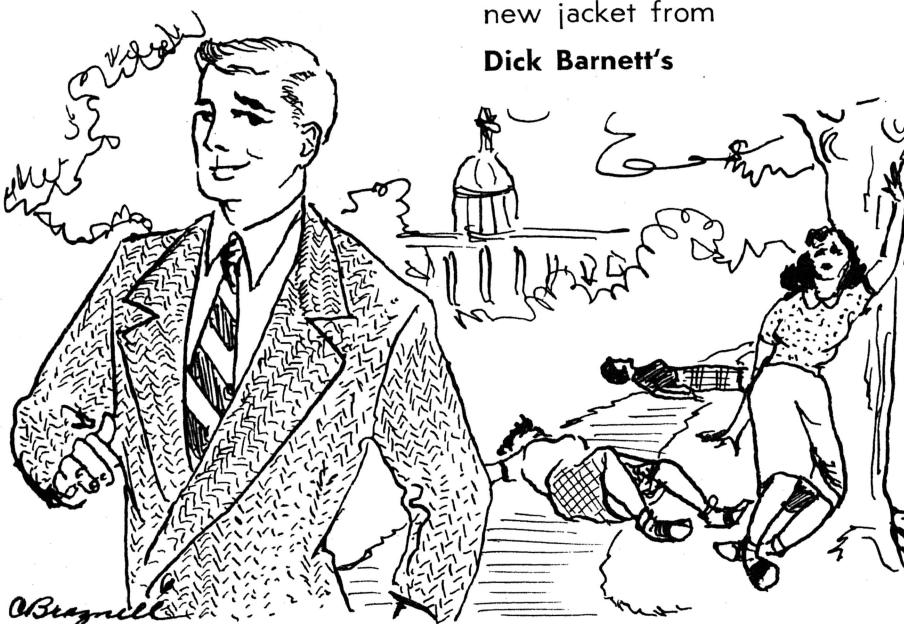
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Jesse	9076

# Dick BARNETT'S

## MEN'S CLOTHING

'Knock 'em out with a smart  
new jacket from

**Dick Barnett's**



Sirs:

Being an ex-suzie it would seem as if something were missing if I didn't get to read *Showme* each month. There's really nothing in these parts to compare with it.

So I'd certainly appreciate it if you'd put me on the list of subscribers. Just let me know the price and I'll send you a check.

Sincerely,  
Linda Smith  
Chapel Hill, N.C.

*Madam, this magazine is priceless. However, we'll settle for three dollars cash or a corresponding amount of trade goods ..*  
*Ed.*

Gentlemen:

Please enter my subscription to the best humor magazine in the country. I couldn't get along without it.

Very truly yours,  
Henry H. Krusekopf  
Tyler, Texas.



*Don't you have any "IT" in Texas... Ed.*

Dear Ed,

I would first like to comment on your publication(?) We enjoy the jokes very much, and consider them the best ever. The stories have no point, and the so called editorials should be left out. However, the good points more than make up for the bad ones so we wish to have our names added to your list again this year.

(Artesia Alcoholic Assoc.)  
yours truly,  
Jay Lewis, Sec. A.A.A.  
State College, New Mex.

Dear Sir,

I was a medical student at the University of Missouri for the past two years and have now transferred to the University of Iowa and do not wish to miss "Showme" for in my opinion, it is the best college humor magazine on the market today.

Thank you,  
Robert Tribble

Thank you, Bob. Praise like that restores our faith in filth...Ed.

## Kilroy Jr.



"A boy's best friend  
is his mother..."



but Cigars are <sup>cobean</sup>  
a Man's Smoke!



You need not inhale  
to enjoy a cigar!

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**\$45**

MIDNIGHT BLUE TUXEDO  
ALL WOOL UNFINISHED  
WORSTED  
NO INCREASE IN PRICE



**ACCESSORIES**

Shirt	\$5.00
Stud & Link Set	3.50
Cummerbund	3.95
Tie & Button Set	2.00
Tie	1.50

**NEUKOMMS**

22 on the Strollway



After teetering dangerously near extinction, Showme came back to set an all-time record for on-campus sales. It made me feel pretty good, naturally, and, speaking for the whole staff, I hope we'll be able to satiate your desire for illicit humor and smutty chuckles to the same extent in all future issues.

\* \* \*

If you don't like the way this magazine is run write or drop by 304 Read Hall, between three and four, any weekday.

\* \* \*

We could sure use some stories next month. Check through those old narration papers and drop 'em by the office. They don't have to be funny, as long as they're half way entertaining, they can be morbid as hell. Horror stories have always fascinated me.

\* \* \*

Do you like martinis? So do I.

\* \* \*

While sitting in the Shack the other day, unobtrusively carving dirty words in the woodwork, I got to thinking... But everything's all right now.

\* \* \*

Next month Swamie proudly presents... I don't know the name of it yet but we'll come up with something.

\* \* \*

Why do you bother to read this column anyhow? Don't you know nobody reads this thing. And why should they? It's my ego, isn't it?

"All the mistakes of youth are on the side of intensity and excess, running counter to the maxim of Chilon ('Moderation in all things'). They carry everything too far... They are fond of laughter, and therefore facetious, facetiousness being a subdued insolence."...

...ARISTOTLE

I sure wish the old boy were around to explain all that to the Board of Publications next time they have me on the carpet for one of those "Youthful indiscretions."

\* \* \*

Swamie's going to come through with a Showme Art Exhibit in the Shack one of these days. Laugh while you quaff, at eleven cents a glass.

\* \* \*

See you all next month, and until then "Rah, rah, Pep club, Rah rah rah.. burp.

Sincerely,

*Herb Knapp*

**YOUR ROOM'S  
A WINNER!**



Decorate With

**PITTSBURGH**

**PAINT**

**BRADY'S**

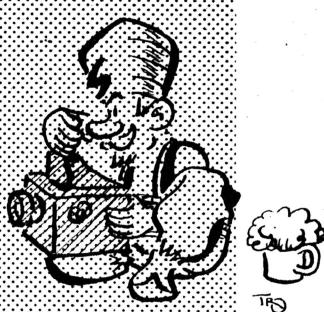
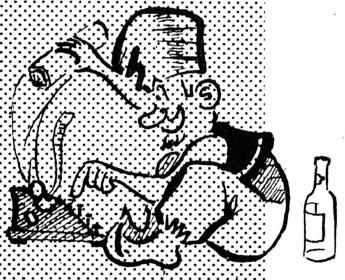
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# MISSOURI SHOWME

YOUR CAMPUS HUMOR MAGAZINE



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## Staff

*Editor-in-chief:* Herb Knapp; *Editor-at-rest:* Herb Green; *Business Manager:* Dude Haley; *Advertising Director:* Peggy Marak; *Publicity Director:* Hank Marder; *Feature Editor:* Bob Skole; *Art Editor:* Pat Kilpatrick; *Secretaries:* Mary Ann Fleming, Joey Bellows, Mary Ann Dunn, Scottie Hickok; *Photos:* Jack Brown, Jim Gaskins, Jim Karohl, Marie Rundburg; *Artists:* Bill Andronicus, Jim Rohl, Carolyn Brognell, Bill Brognell, Hal McLain; *Features:* Jim Anderson, Keith Lampe, Bob Irwin; *Joke Editors:* Maralee Cotten, Lois Via; *Circulation:* Bill Brooks, Jack Bowman, Don Olson, Tom Walsh, John Judge, Bob Hyde, Chuck Asley; *Publicity:* Pat Osgood, Herb Motersbach, Marty Brown; *Advertising Art:* Jean Ann Harrison.



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*Every test got out, each grader was corrupt,  
Professors' salaries were never upped;  
Education declined and then it fell,  
And they all got learnin' deep down in hell.*



# Around the Columns

## Overheard

First Stephens girl: So I told him that I had a date with another guy....

Second Stevens Girl: What! You didn't tell him the truth, did you?

## Home Is Where You...

Well, if it's where you hang your hat, lot of hats must have been hung in Columbia, judging by the Homecoming hordes. However, most of the invading locusts weren't interested in hanging hats, but in simply hanging one on. Homecoming is as good an excuse for stocking up on a winter's supply of cheap alcohol as is usually needed.

The dashing heroes of the 1920 campus sucked in their stomachs and said that it isn't what it used to be. The racoon-coated rah-rah guys, vintage 1925, said they made better booze in bath tubs than the rot-gut students drink now. The B and PA tycoons of 1930, who were the most disillusioned bunch on the campus at the time, boasted of how they worked their way through school selling apples and wooden nutmegs, while the punks today just wait for the G.I. check. The late "30's" model, who profited from the R.O.T.C. to the tune of colonel's birds, talked of how rough it had been in the Pentagon, and how you guys never had it so good.

Which all proves that bygones are never bygones, but are always bigger, better, beautifuller, buxom bygones.

## One, Two, Three, She

When Pageant magazine prints it, it's called scientific research; when *Showme* prints it, editor's are transported to the colonies. Pageant's recent contribution to our growing library on sex on the campus merely confirmed the data that *Showme* investigators had compiled years ago. Except we couldn't print it.

We doubt very much if we would be allowed to reprint the Pageant article, but we can recommend it. The data was compiled from a survey of a dozen colleges throughout the nation. Missouri and Stephens were not surveyed for the very same reason Notre Dame and Our Lady of the Elms were left out. The researchers wanted averages, not extremes.

Articles of this nature are highly important in developing mature attitudes on the subject of human relations. That's why *Showme* would like to devote more space to such material. But censors got feelthy minds. They

sometimes question our noble intentions. This is discouraging at times, but Emerson's words keep us striving toward our idealistic goal: "To be great is to be misunderstood."

## That's Nice, Don't Fight

Behind Gentry Hall, which is by way of saying W.R.H., there is a kiddies' playground. This caused a bit of eyebrow raising when it was erected, for no one has ever heard of a university taking special pains with immature co-eds, no less mature ones' offspring.

But this was hardly the case. It seemed that a course in the care and cleaning of scrawny kids had to have a laboratory someplace. And the place where the girls used to sun-bathe is now it. So again, science and education toss beauty to the winds. But even worse, it is often sleeping beauty. But don't complain girls, you'll have your laughs when the swing breaks.

## Gamma Phive Gaited

Everybody gotta have a queen, including the American Royal. In that queen's court were three local lovelies, members of a social sorority whose chief claim to notoriety is their success at entering queen contests and their agility on fire escapes. The queen and her court presided over horse shows, cow shows, pig shows, and peep shows. They were all invited to return as contestants next year.



## Hoo-Ray

School spirit is highly desirable at a college. Without it, you ain't educated. Our local Steve Wilson is going to see that we get it, comes hell, high water, or a manacuring of the Tiger Claws. At least his campaign is less stupid than Greek-cussin'.



But not much less. If there was anything to get spirited about at the University of Missouri, there would be more spirit than three regiments of Columbia cops could handle. A school doesn't need a pep squad if there isn't any pep. Free Wheaties would be just as effective, if not more so.

Between you, us and Steve Wilson, what the school needs is something to get excited about, not an organization through which to do it. It's like making out: First you get the girl, then the spirits, then the excitement. Not the other way around.

## The Consipated Eagle

Uncle Sam is a busy guy. Not only is he working himself silly

trying to stem Communism, but he has to take care of R.O.T.C. problems. His citizens in Mexico have to be gotten out of jail, and he has to monitor Radio Moscow broadcasts. He gotta see that farmers get their ponds built, while he buys rivets for new aircraft carriers. France is complainin' about an arms shipment being two rifles short, and there's a stamp machine in Oshkosh that needs oiling.

Is it any wonder that the G.I. checks are late? What with the Iran oil being sewed up, the great white Eagle's digestive tract resembles a desert road during a dry spell. But the good bird is straining. Checks will arrive before Christmas, he grunts.

No, one cannot deny that the Eagle isn't giving it a good college groan.

## Blue Blueprints

we understand it, is in the edu-we understand it, is in the education business, not in the hous-ing business. The new men's dormitories prove it.

Whoever the architect was, he shouldn't have been. The only architectural feat he accomplished in designing the building was in keeping with the "ugly buildings" motif around which the rest of the University is built.

Take the wash rooms for example. One guy showers and the others in the place get wet. Or the phone situation. One guy makes a call and everyone else in the hall can't help but listen. (Even the temporary dorms have phone booths.) Most schools have some sort of "call system" in men's dorms as well as in women's. We got nothin'.

It's strange how the building bosses attempt to save money in stupid construction, but don't flinch at purchasing even more stupid accessories. The super-deluxe, automatic, wood inlayed tie racks are the biggest boner. We doubt if they'll be in working order, or even around, in three years.

The proposed chow-hall and recreation unit to be built some day in the center of the dorm quadrangle is a fine dream, although one will get you ten that it will be merely a Crowder Hall a few hundred yards to the east.

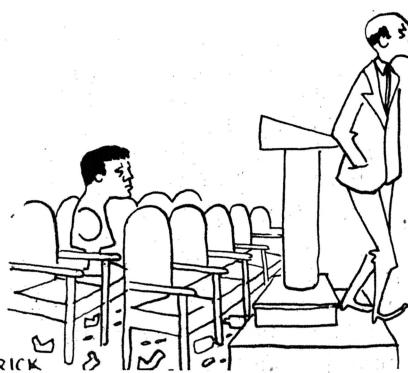
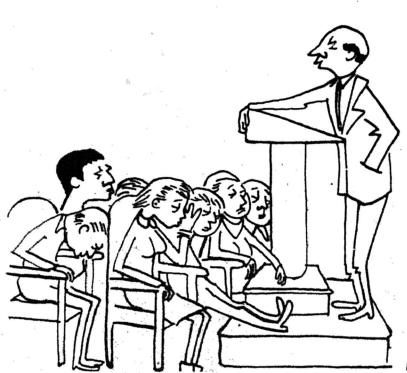
But actually, there is no right-ful complaint coming. After all, some of the best scholars we knew starved to death in musty garrets.

## Check-Book Learnin'

Stephens College ought to rake in close to three million dollars this year, figuring \$1600 from



each of the 1800 Suzies they have. Actually this isn't much. Several students could match this easily out of their pin money.



Three million fish is a lot of sea food, but it could hardly pay for one Friday's dinner at Stephens. Where the school gets the big haul is from its alumnae. It was at Stephens where they first learned to say, "Yes," and the contributions director has been exploiting it ever since. But don't get the idea that every girl who went to Stephens has money. Many of them bankrupt their families by going there.

Many Suzies claim that they have no money at all. Only the rich can afford to make this boast. Some of the girls never mention money. They write checks. Most of them, however, are plain, ordinary, every day, normal youngsters, who enjoy the very same things most of us enjoy, but who can afford it.

### To Each His Own

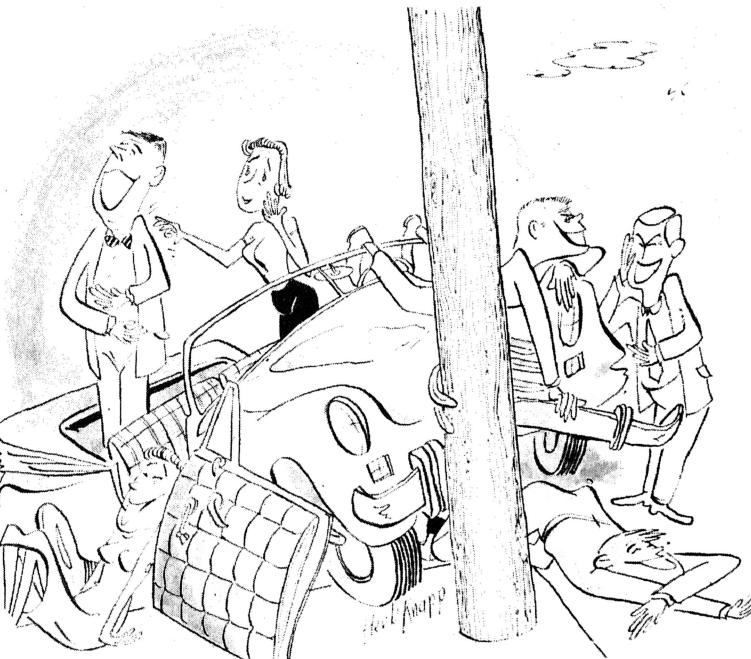
The Missouri Student, a weekly campus newspaper, recently published an interview with an Ag School mule. In case there is any wonder as to which staff member was assigned to the story the person who brays out their editorials is fully qualified to talk with that animal. As a matter of fact, he can speak several mule dialects, and usually writes in the language of the mule's immediate ancestor—the ass.

### R.I.P.—Dormitory One

Shed a tear for Dormitory After years of faithful service, has been closed. It was the best dorm the University had. It was too good. That is why the residents say they were evicted.

The school figures that for administrative reasons, and, naturally, financial reasons, it is better to keep students centralized in as few dorms as possible. Which is true.

So Dorm 1 residents are moved into dorm 3, which was once called Temporary Dormitory 3 but which evidently isn't. Along with life in the campus suburbs goes one ticket entitling the bearer to eat at Crowder, another entitling him to a hall counselor, a third permitting him all the mothering he can get out of a



*Tell it again!—I didn't get it!*

housemother, and a fourth which lets him see the chaplain.

Dormitory 1 was fine. It was laid out in suites, it was quiet, it was central, everyone minded his own business, there was no housemother to plague him, a guy could get ulcers wherever he wanted to, and best of all, residents were satisfied. And now it is closed.

Shed a tear for Dormitory 1.



### Warm Form Dorm

The hottest girls on campus live at Dormitory 6. Seems that

the blast furnace that heats the place just can't control itself with so many lovely damsels flitting around. Windows are tossed open, blankets are merely a memory, and the residents all make like Sally Rand. This makes the oven even worse.

Actually it's a gigantic reducing plan put over by the home ec department. This makes up for all the good eating the girls get over at the cafeteria. It is also a weeding-out process. The girls are all from out-of-state. If the fees did not get them the heat will.

About being so hot, the girls apologize, "We just can't help it." Which is the best excuse heard on this campus since the advent of the gasoline engine.

### How Accomodating!

From an article in the Missouri Student: "He (an M.U. professor) has always made it a point to tailor his information for his students, enabling them to understand even the most involved lesson."

American education marches forward!

—Bob Skole



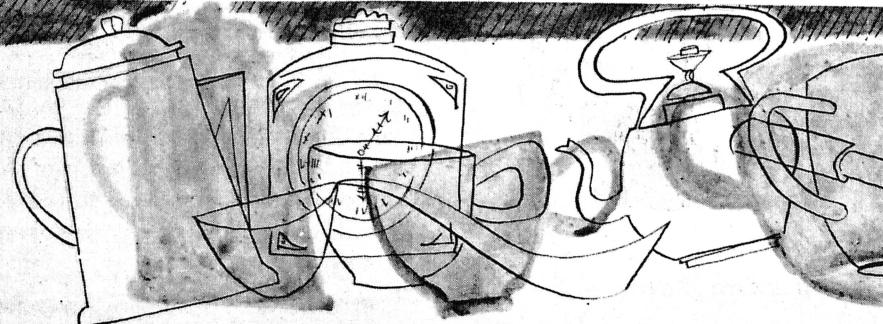
By Bob Skole

Dr. Froid's first function after he was appointed president of the large midwestern school was to call a meeting of the entire faculty. A couple hundred professors, instructors, and other educational miscellania crowded into the large lecture room. There were even some teachers. Several up-and-coming graders had wrangled invitations. The biggest of the campus cops kept out all but the authorized.

How Dr. Froid became president was no secret. A ten million dollar donation from a French perfume heiress and Froid was the only string attached.

He wasn't much to look at when he stood at the podium. He was like most professors: old baggy suit, modest tie, lots of uncombed hair, sharp features that looked hungry, glasses and that was about it. Except for his eyes. They actually seemed to gleam, and often times reflected light when there wasn't much light to reflect.

# FROID TOYED



But nobody took much notice of this. They all knew that he had taught psychology at some coastal school in Europe, and that the professors, highly underpaid over there, eat lots of oysters, which are the cheapest thing growing. It was due to the oysters, they said.

The Doctor spoke quietly and quickly. His English was poor

but he made himself clear. He was going to revolutionize the basis of American Education—at least in this school.

All subjects, he said, with no exceptions, are to be taught with primary emphasis on Sex. And if anyone didn't like it, there was the door.

No one moved. The board of curators, who were sitting on the stage, merely blushed and looked at their shoes. They previously had heard the doctor's terms, and had agreed.

The whole idea of the thing did not bother the faculty as much as the seeming humiliation that would accompany their having to go to classes to learn to teach "the new way." The Doctor had brought with him a couple dozen students from his old school. They had been fully indoctrinated and were to teach the system to the professors.

The faculty was accustomed to strange orders from "above" and took it all placidly. Besides there was a ten per cent salary increase, which was as welcome to them as a text book royalty.

The entire faculty went to classes and learned things that they had never before imagined. The physics department, for example, learned that there were no negative and positive electrical poles, but male and female. Dairy Husbandry became Dairy Adultery.

The journalism school's newspaper was to be styled after the Police Gazette, and divorce news was to take the place of church news. The English department was to use a new text with the bawdiest parts of Shakespeare and Chaucer not only left in, but discussed in detail. And so on.

Many of the faculty members were convinced of the soundness of the Doctor's theory for his disciples presented their lessons well. Actually, the faculty always had some idea that sex played an important part of every college student's education. So the entire theory wasn't hard for them to take. The ten per cent was even easier.

The following semester the theory was used in all classes. At first, lectures caused a bit of embarrassment, but soon both students and teachers began to enjoy them. Not only did they enjoy them but they rapidly realized that Doctor Froid's theories of "sex basis" was entirely correct.

With this realization came a sincere desire by students to learn as much as possible about their courses. Men who had heretofore never opened a book, unless it was to find a co-ed's telephone number, spent long hours in the library, pouring over the latest Froidian revised texts. Co-eds, who had never stayed in the dorm at night unless it was absolutely necessary, now studied themselves to sleep in the early hours when they used to sneak up the fire escape.

Dr. Froid made certain that every lecture was as interesting as possible. Soon class-cutting was only done in extreme cases of illness. Negative hours were done away with as a relic of the "old school." Exams became mere formalities, for all students made perfect, or close to perfect, scores. The school had turned into one gigantic study hall.

Dance halls closed. Beer parlors shut down. Pin ball machines rusted. Exchange dinners became symposiums. The Student Union was made into study rooms. The student government found itself without anything to govern. And worst of all, weeds grew in the mammoth football stadium.

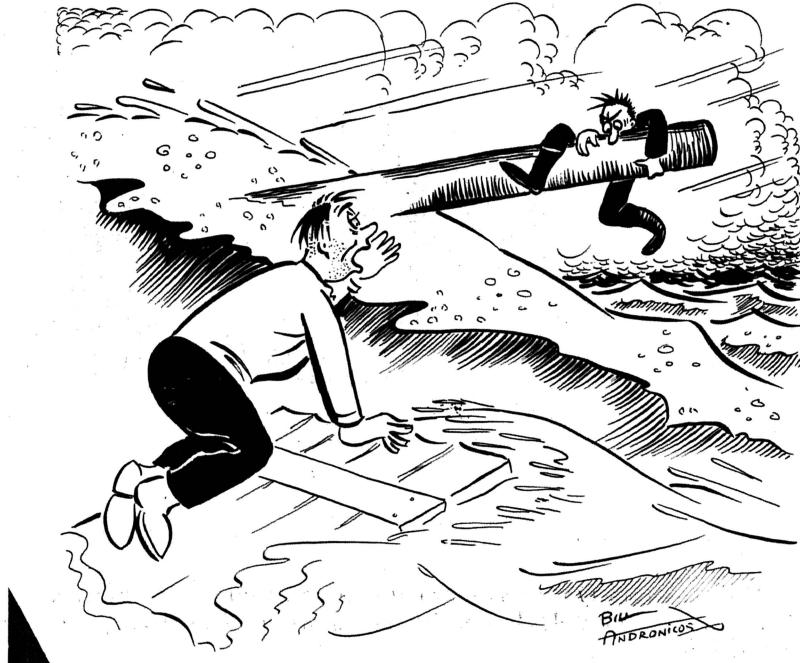
Dr. Froid had done the seemingly impossible. He had turned the university into a place of learning, simply by basing everything on sex.

But although students studied and teachers taught, something was wrong. The Theory was working fine in lectures and labs, but it was a dud in campus life. The students never seemed to be able to leave the attitude of the classroom.

Dr. Froid was worried. It had worked fine at his school in Europe. But at this tremendous Mid-western school his "sex basis" outdid itself.

By this time, the Doctor had drawn international fame to his experiment. Universities made fabulous offers. The Doctor realized that his only salvation was

(Continued on page 16)



Did you find my little pipe, the one with the Chinese design on the bowl?

# photo of the month



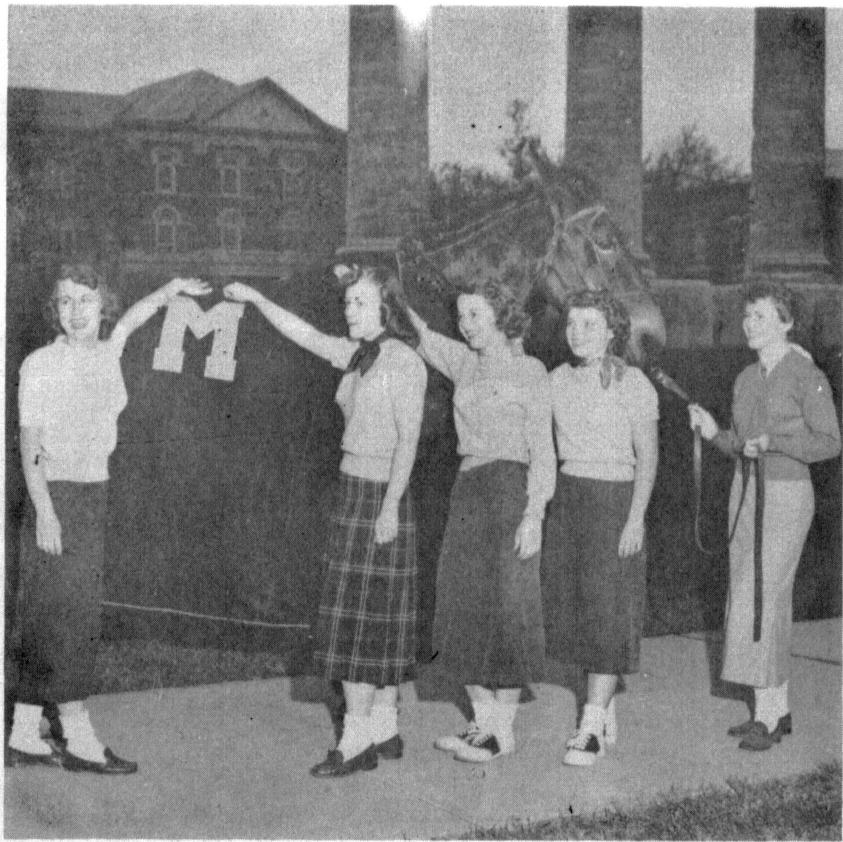
This year's Homecoming Queen is one of the most fascinating creatures we have been privileged to meet in a long time. She's sleek, gentle and as graceful as any queen could be... No you dope, she's **one on the left!**

PHOTO BY HENN LIV



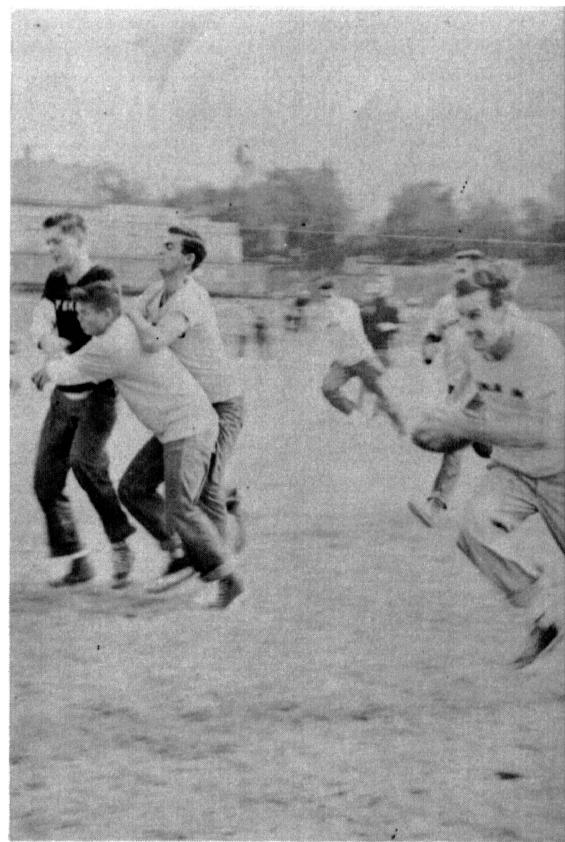
*Floating down the avenue, we had numerous displays of student originality. The DG's said, "It's in the cards," and they shuffled themselves a straight-flush. Sailors always come through on a rainy day.*

PHOTO BY JIM KAROHL



*What is this fatal attraction that this animal has for Mizzou's most delectable lovelies? Here "it" is shown with the Barnwarmin' court. A few days before "it" was with the Homecoming Queen. It's rumored, "it's" being groomed for Harry's campaign.*

PHOTO BY JACK BROWN



*These lads are playing touch football. It is an intramural sport. College Joes play it with rolls of quarters in their fists*

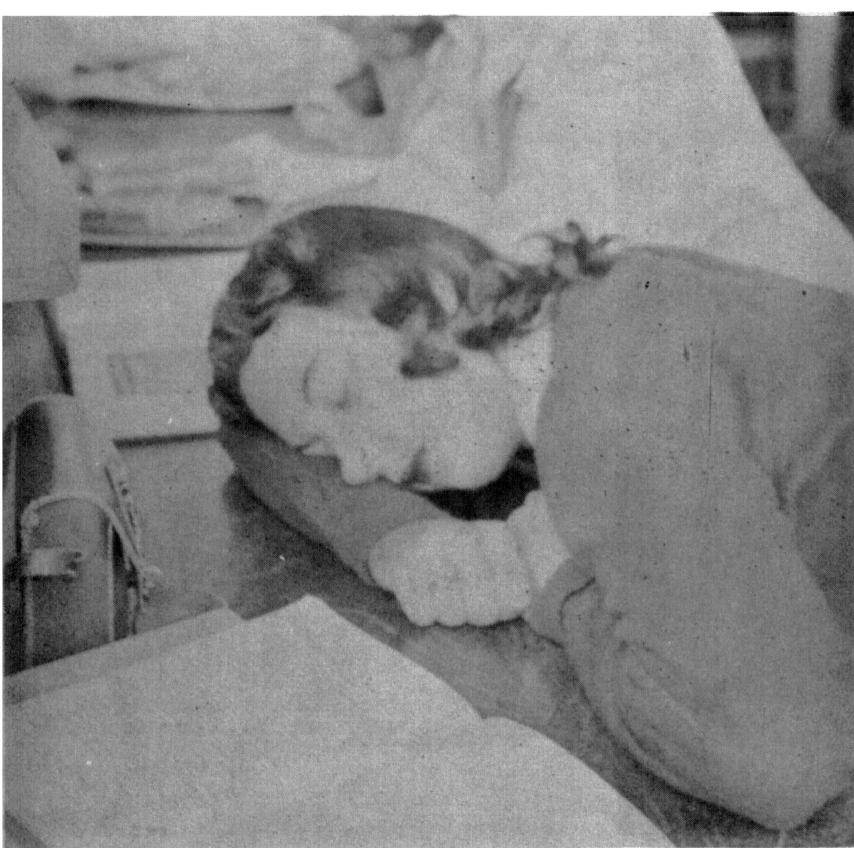
PHOTO BY MARIE RUNDBURG



For subscriptions above and beyond the call of duty, Showme presents a 100 per cent subscription cup to the Alpha Phis. Such backing can only be appreciated in the back room of the Shack. PHOTO BY JACK BROWN

The DG's also shelled much moola into Swami's coffers, Dude Haley, Showme's business manager presents the Sailors with their subscription cup. Quit staring girls, it hasn't got beer in it.

PHOTO BY JACK BROWN



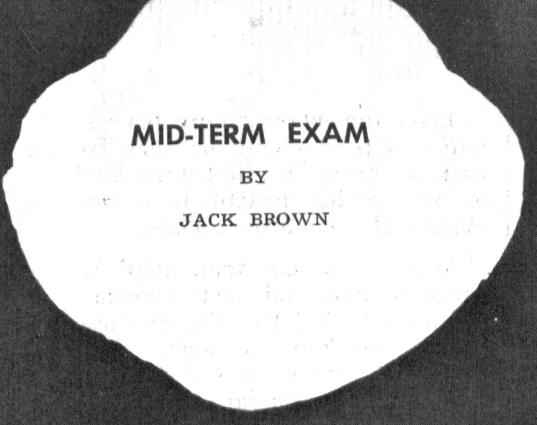
Every student who comes to college develops good study habits. This girl has just finished hitting her books. Now she's resting up so she can hit them again.

PHOTO BY JIM KAROHL



Higher education is here pared down to its fundamental best. The local magazine racks are usually frequented by serious minded students seeking relief from the dating problem.

PHOTO BY MARIE RUNDBURG



## MID-TERM EXAM

BY  
JACK BROWN

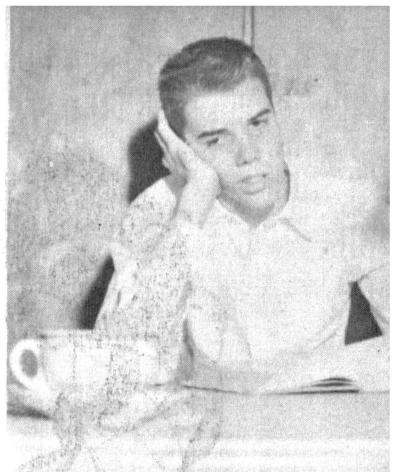
It's time to hit the books again.  
Time to study, time to learn,  
Time to pass the mid-term exam.



Quiz... Quiz... What quiz?



Am I that far behind?



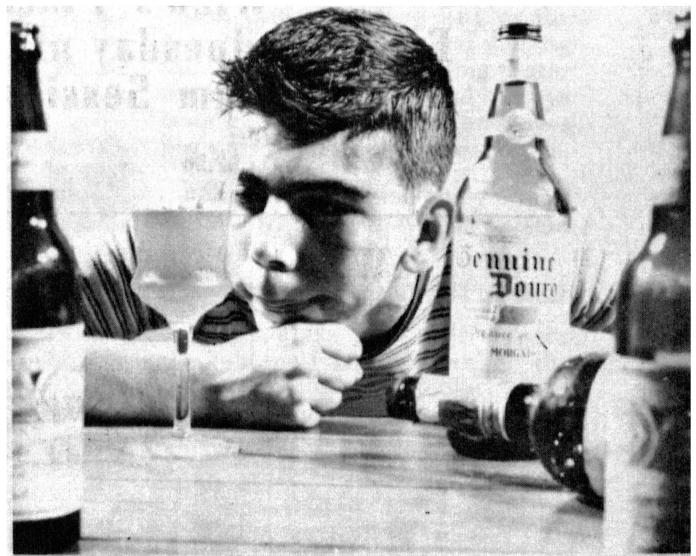
Coffee, Coffee, sure gotta  
stay awake!



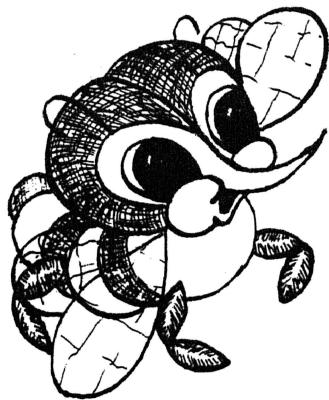
Hafta hit this test.



We mustn't... I gotta study.



What's the use!



MAKE a B-LINE

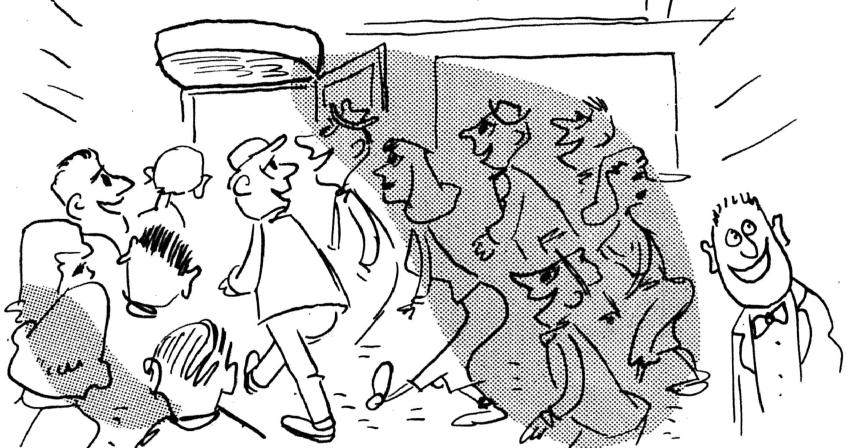
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**Jam Session**

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1st

\$2.50  
2nd

Cold Beer  
Good Sandwiches

**Watch for New Opening**

**H.R. Mueller**  
FLORIST

FLOWERS FRESH FROM THE GREENHOUSE

17 ON THE STROLLWAY  
TEMPORARY

PHONE 3179

to leave the school before his system collapsed about his ears. He took the best offer, and went East to set up his system in a tremendously wealthy college.

And his system took hold! In lectures, labs and most important in campus like! Dr. Froid's "sex basis" worked wonders, and eventually made the College of Oyster Bay world famous.

THE END

"Pardon me," said the man to the blind beggar, "are you the father of these children? All five of them look like you."

"Yes, they're all mine," said the beggar.

"Well, my friend, do you think it's sensible for a man in your position to bring all these children into the world?"

The blind man shrugged and said: "Can I help it if I can't see what I'm doing?"

\* \* \*

*Slogan on a crematorium door:  
"We're hot for your body."*

\* \* \*

Little Willie wrote a book,  
Woman was the theme he took  
Woman was his only text  
Ain't he cute? He's over sexed.

\* \* \*

Girls who eat spinach  
have legs like this ||  
Girls who ride horses  
have legs like this ()  
Girls who get plastered  
have legs like this )(  
Girls who use good sense  
have legs like this X

\* \* \*

"I'll see you," said our hero, as he laid down four aces in a game of strip poker.

\* \* \*

When Mr. Johnson, having heard that he was the father of triplets, rushed eagerly into his wife's room, the nurse intercepted him and scolded, "Don't you know any better than to barge in like that? You're not sterile!"

After a glance at his breed, the unnerved Mr. Johnson piped up, "You're telling me!"

**By Bob Irwin**

**PREFACE**

*Comrades!* Your editors take this opportunity to expose another instance of swinish imperialist treachery. For years the Yankee dogs have fostered on the world's children a lecherous fantasy called *The Adventures of Tom Sawyerinski*. It is now the privilege of your editors to bring you a true version of the Sawyerinski story. While doing research under the guiding principles set down by the Number One Editor we found the original manuscript in the typewriter of the Commissar of Literature.

It is interesting to note that the real Mark Twain was invented by two Russians, Olga and Vasily Sonavich. Not only did the Sonaviches invent Twain, but side-paddle steamers, catfish and the Mississippi River, too. Though the loathesome bourgeoisie claim Twainski and Sawyerinski as their own, and twist the writings accordingly, the truth now comes out that Twainsky was abducted by a depraved Lithuanian and spirited away to a horrible concentration camp called Missouri.

After months of unspeakable torture Twainsky was forced to sign his name to the false work which the greasy capitalists used to brow beat school children. Carrying on as lifter of the oppressed, Pravda is proud to bring you the true Marxian Tom Sawyerinski.

**Chapter 2**

**THE GREAT WHITEWASH**

Saturday morning was come and all the bourgeois world was bright and fresh. There was a reactionary hymn in every heart, and if the heart was young the music issued from cunning lips. There was cheer in every face and a spring in every step of those who drove the proletariat to starvation. The locust trees were in bloom and the fragrance of blossoms filled the air, though only class exploiters were allowed to sniff. Cardiff hill, beyond the village and above it, was



green with vegetation and it lay just far enough away from the slimy steamy slums of the people to seem a Delectable Land.

Tom appeared on the sidewalk with a bucket of whitewash and a long handled brush. He surveyed the fence and a deep melancholy settled down on his spirit. Thirty yards of board fence nine feet high. Life to him seemed hollow. Sighing, he dipped his brush and passed it along the top-most plank; compared the insignificant whitewashed streak with the far reaching continent of unwhitewashed fence, and sat down on a treebox discouraged.

**Illustrated by  
Carolyn Brognell**

Jim came skipping out at the gate with a tin pail, and singing the International. Bringing water from the town pump had always been hateful work in Tom's eyes but now it did not strike him so.

"Say Jim, I'll fetch the water if you'll whitewash some," said Tom.

Jim shook his head and replied:

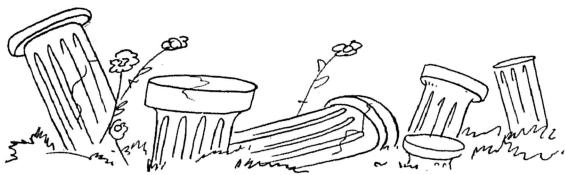
"Can't, Mars Tom. Ole missis, she told me I got to go an' git dis water an' not stop foolin' roun with anybody."

"Jim, I'll see that you get two meals a day."

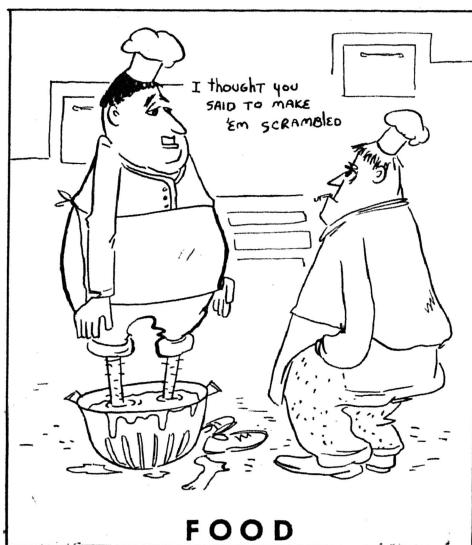
Jim began to waver.

Jim was only human—this attraction was too much for him. He bent over to set down his pail.

(Continued on page 20)



# Why It F



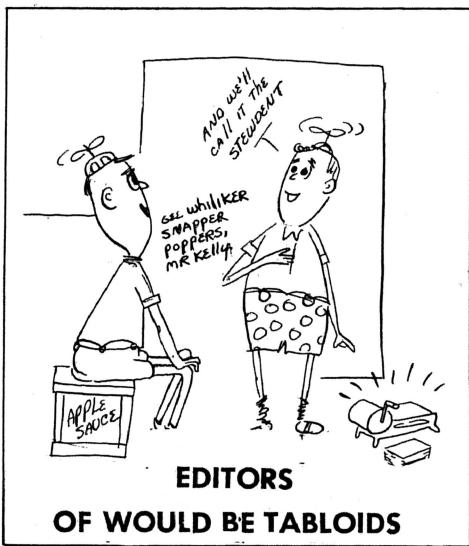
FOOD



GENDARMES



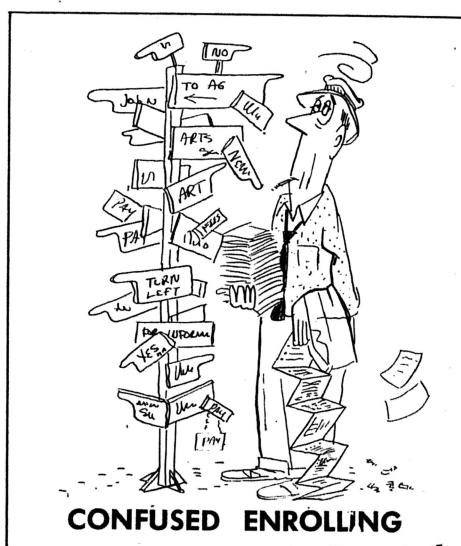
"SHH—I HEAR THEY'RE HIRING"



EDITORS  
OF WOULD BE TABLOIDS



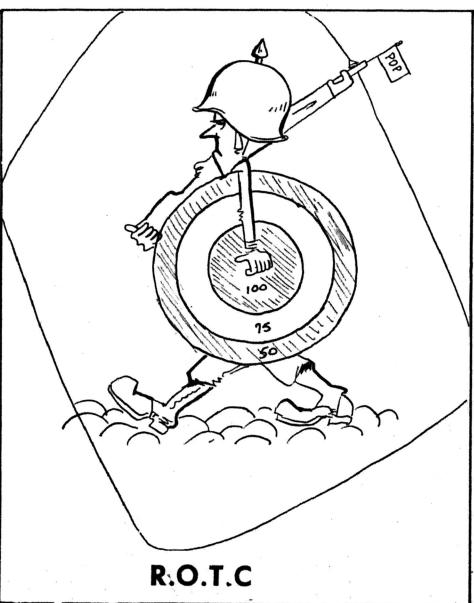
GRADING SYSTEM



CONFUSED ENROLLING



POP QUIZZES



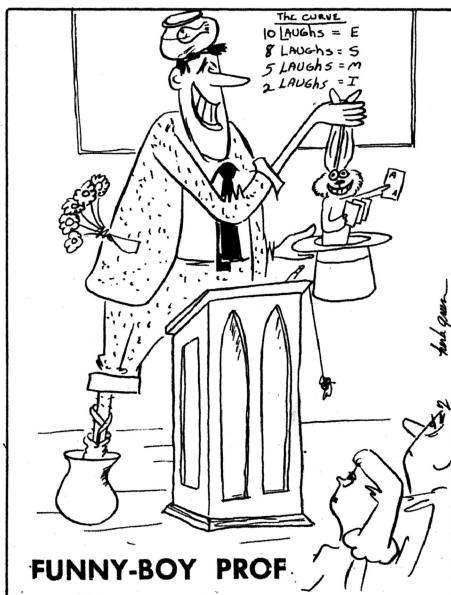
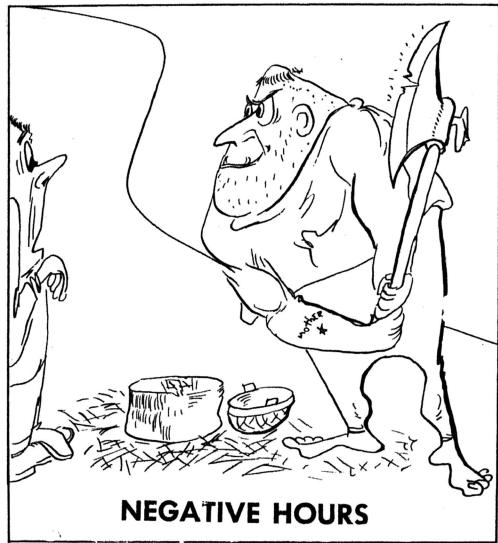
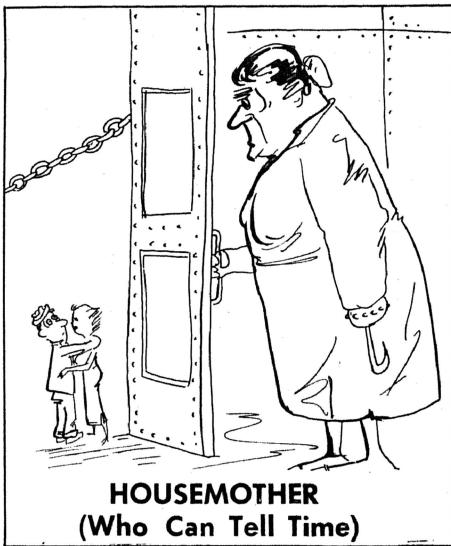
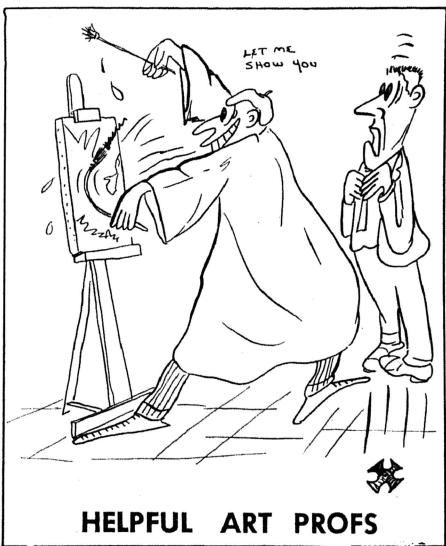
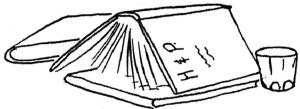
R.O.T.C



MONETARY EXCHANGES

ell.

By Herb Green



In another moment he was flying down the street with his pail and a bleeding back. Tom was whitewashing with vigor and Aunt Polly was retiring from the field with a cat o' nine in her hand and triumph in her eye.

But Tom's energy did not last. He began to think of the economically wasteful luxury he had planned for this day. He mused on Aunt Polly's lesson in exploitation. If an old biddy who had sucked the workers' blood for years could still be so forceful he, Tom, who had yet to fire on his first picket line, must take note. At this dark and hopeless moment a great magnificent inspiration burst upon him.

He took up his brush and went tranquilly to work. Ben Rogers hove in sight presently—the very boy, of all boys, that he had anticipated. Ben's gait was the hop-skip-and-jump: proof enough that his heart was light. He was eating dirty breadcrumbs and giving a racking cough at intervals, for he was impersonating Karl Marx. As he drew near he slackened speed, leaned over, and shook a cloud of dandruff from his head. Indeed, he had saved a whole jar full of dandruff flakes in order to imitate the fine flurry that

Marx spewed from lecture platforms. Tom, who usually set the dogs on proletarian playmates or hung them by the thumbs, paid no attention. Ben, emboldened by a calm reception, opened his twisted, scab covered mouth. (He had been face stomped by an overseer the week before.)

"Hello, Tom, You got to work, hey?"

Tom wheeled suddenly and said:

"Why it's you, Ben! I warn't noticing. What do you call work?"

"Why ain't that work?"

"Ben, you're just a filthy, ignorant varmit who's only fit to mine coal eighteen hours a day, so you can't be 'spected to understand. But whitewashing is the 'herited privilege and pleasure of all the right kind of folks, meanin' the owners of the forces of production. It's somethin' you got no business askin' about 'cause your a stinkin' pimply beast of burden. I should bust your runny little nose for even askin' about whitewashin'."

Ben trembled at Tom's words, but he whimpered:

(Continued on page 21)



I hear he hates Greeks.

# WANNA

**Write?**

**Draw?**

**Take pitchers?**

**SHOWME**

?

?

?

We're lookin' for you  
in our office at 304  
Read Hall

Drop in

Office hours:

sometime after one  
every afternoon.

# Kilroy Jr.



**SMITH'S SELF-SERVICE LAUNDRY**

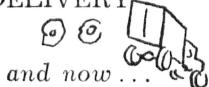
"Where Clean Folks Launder"

SIXTH AND CHERRY PHONE 3428  
COLUMBIA, MISSOURI



FREE GLASS SERVICE

FREE DELIVERY



and now ...

ICE CUBES

25c a bag

at your service

# Brown Derby

116 S. Ninth

Phone 5409

"Tom, could I try just a little please?"

"Ben, you oughta be broke on the wheel for that!"

"Please, Tom, just let me do a little."

"Well, all right if you'll pay me somethin'. What you got?"

"I ain't got nothin', Tom, but please let me."

"Go get me the fillins out of your ma's teeth."

Ben, dazed by capitalist propaganda, ran off as fast as his legs would carry him. In no time he was back with three bloodstained gold fillings. Tom reluctantly gave up the brush and sat in the shade closeby watching and planning the slaughter of more innocents.

There was no lack of materials; boys happened along every little while. By the time Ben was fagged out, Tom had sold the next chance to Billy Fisher for his father's life savings. When Billy

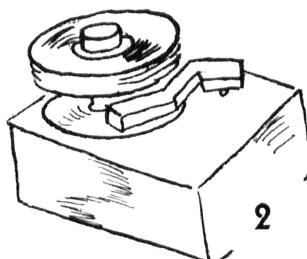
(Continued on page 22)

# 2 for 1 Sale!!

at DON L. SMALLS'

Columbia's Most Complete Record Shop

1 RCA VICTOR "45" ATTACHMENT



2

\$6 WORTH OF FAVORITE ALBUMS

*Both  
for only  
\$12.95*

## DON L. SMALL G-E STORE

19 North Tenth Street

Guaranteed Radio & Phonograph Repairs



"on the Strollway" it's

## eddie's toggery

"ALWAYS A STYLE AHEAD"

# Columbia's Smartest Shoes

- Penaljo Casuals
- Mademoiselle
- Sorority Shoes
- Oomphies
- Rhythm Step
- Rice-O'Neill
- Delmanette



**the novus shop**

On the Strollway

- Vitality
- Dickerson's
- Spaldings
- Junior Debs
- Cobblers
- Van-Raalte Hosiery
- Oldmaine Trotters



"Hoping for football weather? Well, my friends... is on the way... and I suggest you get down to

## Woolf Brothers

For A Good Warm Coat!"

GUESS WHO  
GOT THE DATE?

Better See

**TIGER LAUNDRY & DRY  
CLEANING CO.**  
The Tiger Can't Be Beat.  
1101 Broadway      Columbia  
Dial 4155

tired, Johnny Miller took his place, paying Tom the money the white slaver had given him for his sister. Charlie Brown was next; he paid by pawning his grandmother's artificial leg. And so on and on, hour after hour, the boys came.

When at last the whitewash was gone, Tom sent them back to their hovels and contemplated his success. He smiled at the way he had duped the peasantry. He hoped that someday he would be mayor so that he could cheat the whole city. His reverie ended, Tom made his way down to view the Saturday lynchings.

Anybody who can keep this up for fifteen chapters without vomiting is eligible for a Hero Of The People, 8th Class Medal. For you fellows and girls who can't write or who have weak stomachs the same medal is available if you enlist in the army for fifty years and/or bear eighteen children.

THE END

Sorority girls most pleasing  
Will soon start wheezing and  
sneezing,  
Cold weather is rough  
They're finding it tough  
To show off their pins without  
freezing.

\* \* \*

"What a splendid fit," said the tailor as he carried another epileptic out of his shop.  
"Where ya been?"  
"Out with my girl drinking rum."  
"Jamaica?"  
"Don't be so damn nosey."



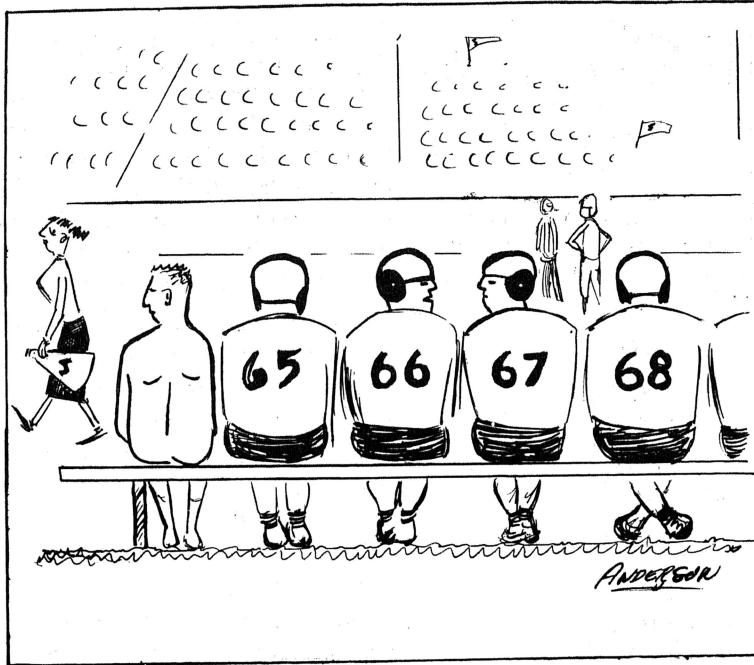
I hope I'm not boring you.

\* \* \*

"I was shot in the leg in the war."

"Have a scar?"

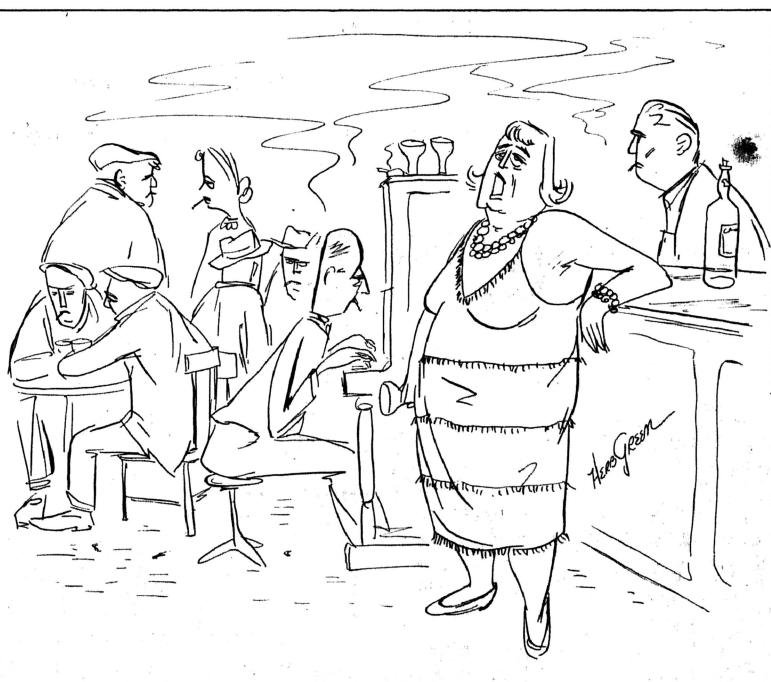
"No thanks, I don't smoke."



As I understand it, the coach told him not to dress  
for the game.



Frankly, my dear—



Pi Phi Kisses



"And what kind of officer does your uniform signify?" asked the inquisitive old lady.

"I am a naval surgeon," he replied.

"My goodness, how you doctors specialize these days."

\* \* \*

One strawberry to another: If we hadn't been in the same bed, we wouldn't be in this jam.

\* \* \*

The floor walker was approached by a cute shopper who asked: "Where can I get some silk coverings for my settee?"

His reply was: "First aisle to the left in the lingerie department."

"Where ya been?"  
"Out with my girl drinking rum."  
"Jamaica."  
"Don't be so damn nosey."

\* \* \*

Women are like typewriters, you punch the wrong places and you get the darndest answers.



One can of paint said to another "Darling, I think I'm pigment."

\* \* \*

One look at a brassiere ad is enough to convince one that honesty is not the bust policy.

There was an Army wife during the war whose husband had been in the Pacific for three years. She began receiving letters from him in which he told of the beautiful South Sea Island belles and of their growing fascination for him. Worried at this, she went to her doctor for advice.

"Well," said the doctor, "there is a chemical that can be introduced into a man's food that will lesson his natural emotions." He gave her a prescription and told her to put it in some food and send it to him then see what happens.

The wife had the prescription filled, and wishing to be sure it worked, she put a double dose in some cookies she had made for him, and sent them to her husband. She didn't get a letter from him for three months, then when one finally arrived, she hurriedly tore it open. The letter began:

"Dear Friend:"

## WHETHER IT'S A

. Special Date

. Weekend Party

. Holiday Celebration

. Or a plain old Stag Beer Bust

come in or phone



# 801 Liquors

801 Walnut across from  
the Courthouse

PHONE 7806—WE DELIVER

Keg beer, too



# Mighty Like a Ruse

by Jim Anderson



KILPATRICK

Fabien (Dingdong) Sodd should have been a penguin; not that he looked like one, but then he would have been in Antarctica and off the streets, a healthy condition.

"Dingdong," he used to say to himself in clear, bell-like tones, "I know you're goin' to hell, and you know you're goin' to hell, but does she know you're goin' to hell?" and with that he would toss down his second boilermaker press him for the fall, and send him back to Purdue University.

"You're ruining my floor, you know," spoke Spak Spook, a barkeep's barkeep, "Think I'm made out of linoleum?"

"Sorry, Spook," said Sodd, dusting off his elbow and gluing it to the bar, "but you know how I am when she ain't around. Gimme a sidecar."

Spak gave him the sidecar and Dingdong took it out to his motorcycle. It didn't fit, so Sodd drank up.

"Who's she out with tonight?" asked Spak, feigning interest at 3.2%

"Guy named Gerll," Sodd said.

"Gerll who?"

"Guy Gerll."

"Oh, one of the Gerll boys, eh?" cracked Spak.

"Don't be funny. He's out with my wife, ain't he?" Dingdong bellowed, pussy-footing it to the end of the bar for a shot of catnip.

"Yeah, he sure is, D.D. How are the kids taking it?"

"On the sly like the rest of the minors, I guess—"

"I mean how do they feel about Daphne going out with Guy?"

"Oh, that. It don't seem to bother 'em. They just say 'What the hell, it's his money', and go on with their crossword puzzles. Y'oughta see some of the cross words they come up with, too."

"I can imagine," spoke Spak, imagining. "And in the meantime it hurts you inside, doesn't it?"

Sodd looked wistful. Wistful looked Sodd. Sodd looked away. "How'd you know?" he asked.

"Oh, I have sort of an understanding about things like that. I've been around a lot."

"If you've been around a lot where's your used cars?" Dingdong chimed in, laughing, clapping himself on the knee and falling on the floor. But suddenly he was serious. "What'll I do, Spook?" he pleaded.

"First, get up. You're getting all sawdust. Next, get a divorce. It's the only way." Spak mixed up a Tom Collins. Tom came back later for a road map.

"Divorce Daphne? Geez, I hate to think about it," said Sodd, hating to think about it. "She's the mother of my children, and that's more than I can say for myself."

"But she's no good for you Dingdong. Look at yourself—

(Continued on page 26)



*And if that won't work, pull the old apple routine.*

**Fraternity Jewelry**

**Watches**

**Silver**

**Gifts**

*at*

# Buchroeder's

Jewelers for Three Generations

## FOR THE FINEST IN LIQUORS

623 brands of beverages to choose from

BEERS

WINES

MIXED COCKTAILS



GINS

LIQUORS

CHAMPAGNES

## HILLAS' LIQUORS

21 S. NINTH

5304

FREE DELIVERY TILL MIDNIGHT



For quick dependable laundry & cleaning rush to

# DORN-CLONEY

Dial 3114

drinking, fighting, ruining my floor—and why? Because she's tired of you, that's why. She does not care about you or the kids, who at this very moment could be burning the house down . . ."

A fire truck went by. Sodd's kids were burning the house down.

### II

Daphne Sodd walked into Spak's about midnight, picked up a barstool and sat down. It was the first time she'd picked up a barstool.

"Where ya been?" asked Dingdong through force of habit.

"To the show, sport," she said. "'iss the Shirt Off My Back', a real scorcher."

"Yeah? Well, I got somethin' to tell ya, baby," said Sodd, getting real tough.

"I know, I know. The house burned down. So is that my fault?" She took the cap off a bottle of Schlitz and ate it.

"Naw, this is worse'n that, baby. Me and you have had it. Tell her, Spook. I'm washing my hands of the whole thing." He stepped into a small room and washed his hands of the whole thing. Spook told her.

### III

When Dingdong returned to the bar he found it vacant, except for Tom Collins, who had taken the wrong road map.

"You see Spook and a dame leave the place?" Dingdong matter-of-factly inquired.

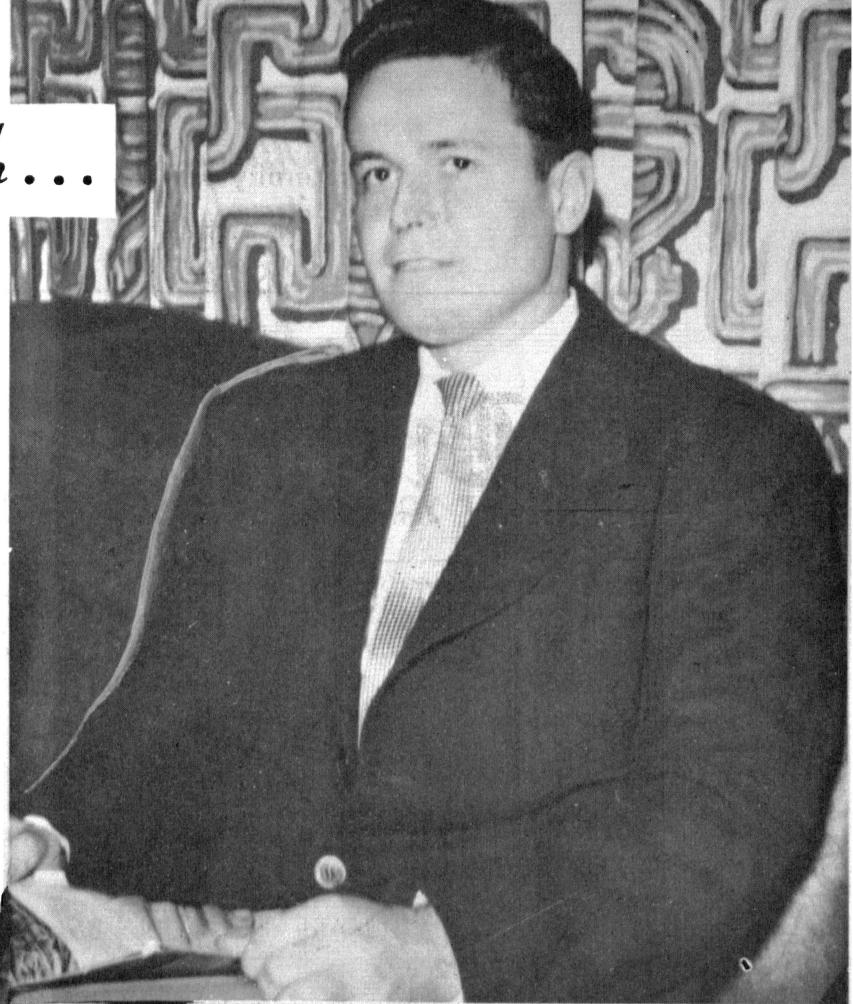
"Yep," Collins yepped, "bout two minutes ago. She's your wife,

(Continued on page 28)



## *Boy of the Month . . .*

**Blackie Huff** — Journalism major . . . Alpha Delta Sigma, advertising honorary . . . chairman of the Department of Public Relations . . . Inter-Fraternity Council, two years . . . SGA publicity chairman . . . SGA dance committee . . . chairman of the Eligibility Committee of Inter-Fraternity Council . . . Alpha Tau Omega president . . . 24 . . . from Independence Mo.



## *Girl of the Month . . .*



**Janet MacDonald** — Education major . . . Associated Women Students Council, three years . . . Savitar staff . . . Junior Pan-Hellenic president . . . Red Cross representative . . . Kappa Epsilon Alpha, freshman honorary . . . Sigma Epsilon Sigma, sophomore honorary . . . Sophomore Council . . . Arts and Science Dean's Honor Roll . . . Dream Girl of Pi Kappa Alpha . . . Pi Beta Phi . . . 20 . . . from Springfield, Mo.

PHOTOS BY JIM KAROHL

*Official*  
*University of Missouri*  
*Class Rings*

## Troy Newman

*L. G. Balfour representative*

Contact for your needs in Fraternity Jewelry

Crested Jewelry  
Rings  
Insignia  
Knitwear  
Chapter Needs

Billfolds  
Jewel Boxes  
Compacts  
Lighters  
Favors

Stationery  
Programs  
Invitations  
Awards  
Mugs

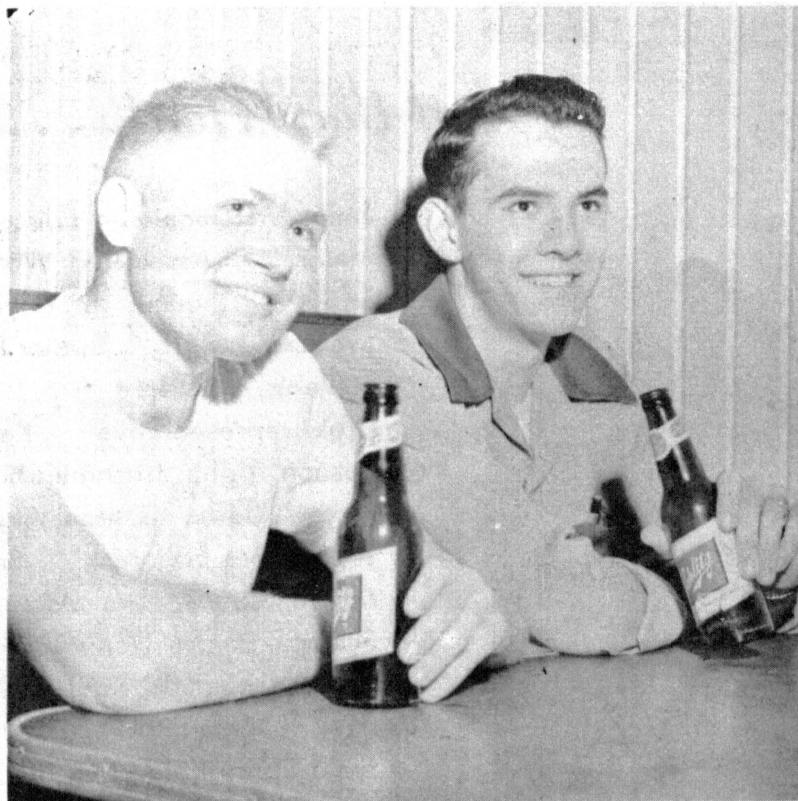
*Diamond Engagement and Wedding Rings.*

## L. G. BALFOUR CO.

211 Aldeah Ave., Box 86

Telephone 7442

Columbia, Mo.



"... bet my girl wears her new formal from Julie's tomorrow night!"

ain't she?"

"Yeah."

"Where ya think he'll take her? Ain'tcha worried?"

"Naw, I ain't worried," said Sodd. "He'll take her home. Spook has an understanding about things like that. He's been around a lot, you know..."

"Yeah? Well, if he's been around a lot, where's his—"

"Can it, boy," Dingdong clapped a hand over Tom's mouth, "I already heard that one..."

THE END

They had driven some distance when he turned to her and said, "Are you a Camel or a Chesterfield girl?"

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

"What I mean is do you satisfy, or do you walk a mile."

\* \* \*

She was only an undertaker's daughter, but could she ever lower the bier.

\* \* \*

I was out with a stuffed shirt last night but on her it looked good.

\* \* \*

The birds were chirping sweetly,  
The sun beamed on my bed,  
But all I thought that Monday morn,  
Is this balloon, my head?

\* \* \*

On one beer I got happy,  
On two—and it's no fable,  
I dreamt I wore my Maidenform  
When I went out to the Stable.

\* \* \*

First cow: "Where are all the other girls today?"

Second cow: "Oh, they're all over having a bull session."

\* \* \*

The man who invented the davenport should be a happy man... millions have been made on it.

And then, there's the one about the co-ed who had to leave school because her slip was beginning to show.

\* \* \*

Then there were the two corpuscles who loved in vein.

\* \* \*

With necklines getting lower and skirts getting shorter, it's a good thing the modern coed goes in for wide belts.

\* \* \*

He bought her a new sweater, then tried to talk her out of it.

\* \* \*

Sympathy is what one girl offers another in exchange for the details.

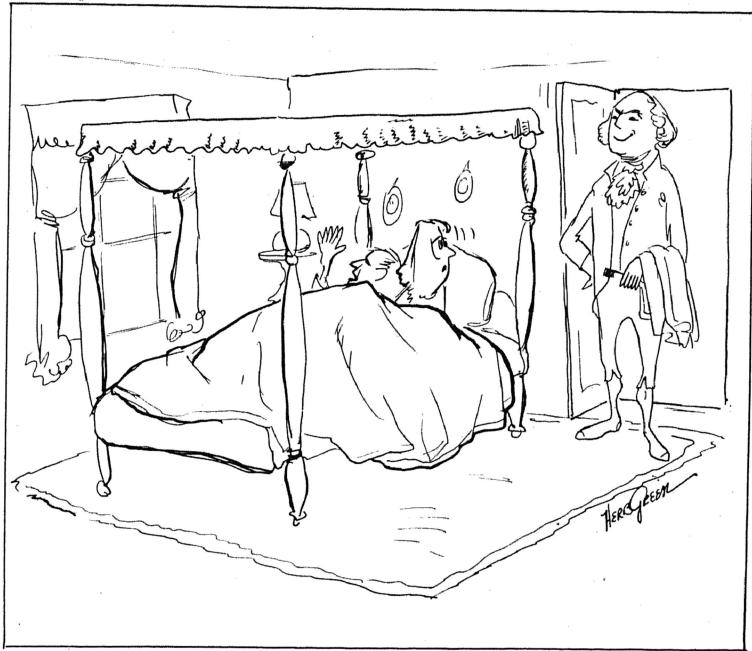
\* \* \*

A shoulder strap is a piece of ribbon that keeps an attraction from becoming a sensation.

\* \* \*

Shouted the evangelist: "Adultery is as bad as murder, isn't that right Sister Johnson?"

Sister Johnson: "I don't rightly know, I ain't never murdered nobody."



All right, so George Washington slept—

## AFTER TWILIGHTS



The old fashioned girl who spent evenings at home making rugs now has a daughter who weaves all over town.

\* \* \*

Ad in paper—"Daughter, come home. All is forgiven. We're calling it Diploma because you brought it home from college."

\* \* \*

Here I sit and fuss and fret  
While my seat is getting wet.  
It's enough to make me fume,  
Teacher, can't I leave the room?  
Why delay me when you know  
That I simply have to go.  
Really, teacher, I'm not feigning,  
My car top's down and it is raining.

\* \* \*

And then there's the one about the co-ed who had to leave school because her slip was beginning to show.

\* \* \*

Sam: Believe me, my girl's plenty hot on the piano.

Ham: Gosh, hasn't she got a sofa in her house?

I guess you didn't hear me. I said, 'All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.'

—H. C. Anderson

# Frozen Gold

*CREAM OF CREAMS*

## ICE CREAM

*- - - that special gift for  
that special person*



Jamb's  
JEWELRY

12 ON THE STROLLWAY

9495

## UPTOWN COFFEE SHOP

Breakfast Lunch Dinner.

7 to 2 5 to 7

1009 E. BROADWAY



A young blonde walked into a drug store and timidly approached a clerk. "The baby tonic you advertise, does it really make babies bigger and stronger?"

"We sell a lot of it and have never had a complaint," said the clerk.

"Well, I'll try a bottle then," said the bride, and then left. A few minutes later she returned, went up to the same clerk and whispered:

"I forgot to ask, who takes it, me or my husband?"

\* \* \*

"My girl got a new car."  
"Chevrolet?"  
"Naw."

\* \* \*



Yes, I got out without anyone seeing me—what's up?

"So your brother is a painter, eh?"

"Yep."

"Paints horses, I presume?"

"Nope, paints men and women."

"Oh, I see. He's an artist."

"Nope. He just paints women on one door and men on the other."

Barth's offers large  
selections in...

**McGregor Sportswear**

**Nunn-Bush Shoes**

**Arrow Shirts & Ties**

**Stetson Hats**



### LIFE SAVERS CONTEST RULES

1. Pair up actual U.S. town names. Examples: 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 \$5. Second prize \$25, third prize \$10 and three \$5 prizes. Contest closes December 31, 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.

\* \* \*

*First Cow:* "Where are the rest of the girls?"

*Second Cow:* "They're over in the other pasture having a bull session."

Dancing on Wednesday evenings  
8-12  
to live dance bands

## SHOWBOAT

We accept  
dinner  
reservations

1 MILE EAST ON HWY. 40

Our food is  
served to  
please you

PHONE 9554



America's FLAVOR-ite  
from coast to coast

First prize-winner  
"Love, Miss. to Neck,  
Mo." submitted by  
Miss Shirley Collins,  
Ithaca, N.Y.



\$100 in cash prizes for interesting town names!

Rules on this page or elsewhere in this issue

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"It's Krendell—poor beggar's been having beastly luck lately." —RIGGIO '55  
"JACKOLANTERX" —SCHLEMEYER '50



# filched



# Lunacy

SHOWME's theme this trip is *The Decline and Fall of Higher Education*. How very nice. Except that this leaves us completely cold. For we hadn't noticed that education rose. When? Where?

As we look about this staid, impressive campus, we find no change. Those same substandards remain here still. We still have Economics textbooks decked out with sentences that ramble for two or three pages and are crammed with fog wards.

And we still get our supply of freshman English instructors from the placement bureau of the Society for Underprivileged Displaced Persons. They ticha dis stuf, but they no spika it.

At least we still have a fine School of Journalism with its fine laboratory newspaper. Recently, this fine laboratory newspaper ran a fine laboratory feature story entitled, "I Picked Apples at McBaine."

This story, fascinating throughout, dealt with a young man who arose early one Sabbath, journeyed to McBaine, and picked apples. Unfortunately, they were not laboratory apples. But they were good eatin' apples, and this guy picked, picked, and picked. After he had picked, he was given some nice mone...

And after the laboratory newsmen found out about this escapade, they told this young man to type, type, and type. And then they printed. And everyone enjoyed the story so very, very, much. Didn't they?

\* \* \*

Neither are most University sorority girls making a dime.

Men are taking a "lay fair" attitude toward them. Before accepting blind dates with these

## lust and

frails, males used to ask: "Is she good looking? Does she have a nice put-together? Is she cornfed? Does she like tall grass?"

Now they want to know if she is with car. Dolls with four-wheeled personalities are selling this year like hot diplomas. Those with Nashs can really be choosey.

\* \* \*

This year many students here are restless. The old guard is gone, they say, so 'wot hops' now for laughs. Some have tried going to classes, but the newness and

freshness of that soon wore off.

The answer seems to lie in new casual, red-blooded college stunts

\* \* \*

You know Tripod? That traditional three-legged canine? Some wish to lop off his remaining three stems and dangle him about town from the rear of an auto.

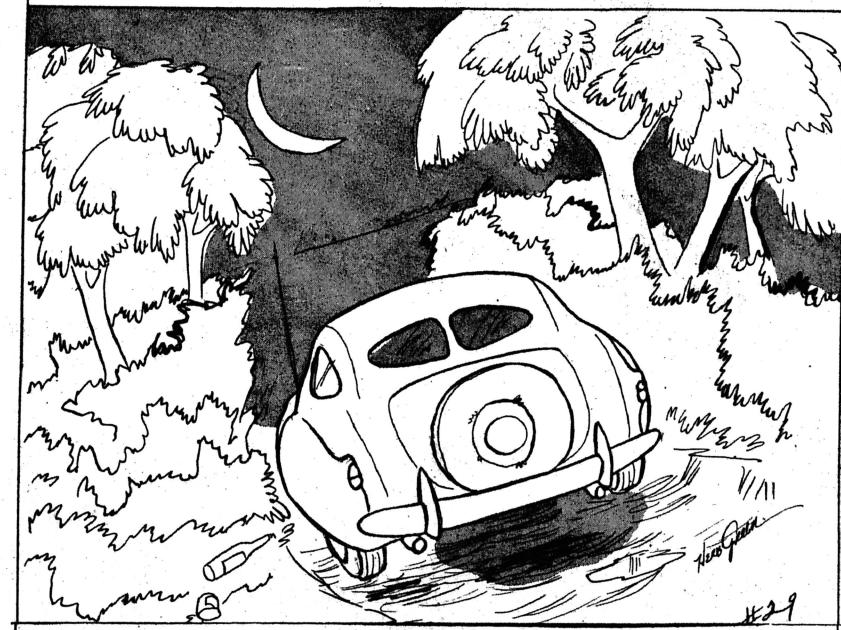
## lampe

And one male Greek outfit came up with a jewel. They began putting a heroin compound in their dear housemother's early morning cereal. This they continued, gradually increasing the does until she became subordin-

(Continued on page 36)

### SUSIE STEPHENS

By herb green



By George—Stephens girls are different!

ated to the stuff. Then—they cut her off and gleefully watched its effect.

\* \* \*

We became so alarmed about this football situation one day that we went down to the armpit haven and volunteered our services as a flat back. Everyone was very nice, and said definitely to come back this winter. "It'll be a cold day when we use you," they said.

\* \* \*

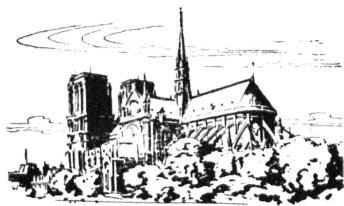
An Ag lodge, the Mu Moo gang produced a clever little trick. One day last week they cruised by the modest home of the Alpha Loams, their arch rivals, and burped machine gun slugs into their neat living room. Fortunately, the Loams knew it was not intended to harm permanently relations between the groups. They just smiled and buried their dead. "How nice," they said, "That the Mu Moos are thinking of us."

\* \* \*

Have you said your three 'rahs' for today?

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Adam and Eve were the first bookkeepers...they invented the loose leaf system.

\* \* \*

Didja hear about the gal who couldn't understand why she was blessed with twins, since she had never been on a double date.

\* \* \*

"How about a kiss?"  
"Sir, I have scruples."  
"That's okay, I've been vaccinated."

\* \* \*

Mary had a little car  
She drives it very brisk;  
But Mary doesn't care, you see  
She has only her \*

Wee Willis Winkle  
Runs through the town  
Upstairs and downstairs  
In her nightgown.  
Hey, there, Willis—  
I don't like to shout,  
But the Vice Squad'll getcha  
If you don't watch out.

\* \* \*



SAE, looking through telescope:  
"God."  
Another: "Aw g'wan; it isn't  
that powerful."

THE CACKLE OF THE CO-ED

Gee, it's swell I'm finally here,  
A freshman at Mizzou,  
I hope that grades which I will  
make  
Will bring me S.I.U.  
I'll work real hard and make all  
E's.  
And graduate next year,  
I'll be rich and famous, too  
When I launch on my career.  
And I'll be the queen of this and  
that,  
I'll go out every night,  
And maybe get a pin or two,  
From Jim or Bob or Dwight.

Well, here I am a senior now,  
For five years, it's a fact,  
I've still to get that longed-for E,  
Nine honor points I lack.  
The only guys I ever date  
Are those we class as drips,  
The only pin I ever wore  
Was one to pin my slip.  
I feel so old and tired now  
It's raining and I'm drenched;  
I guess that I'm forever here,  
Just me and Jesse Wrench.

—D.M.

# 0-0-0 THAT SUIT LOOKS LIKE NEW AGAIN!

..THANKS TO SANITONE  
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## Your Suits Will Look Like New Too!

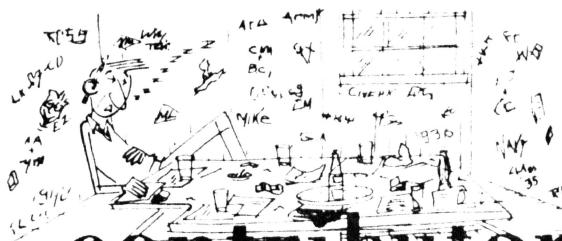
- Colors sparkle; all dirt removed
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## CAMPUS VALET

CLEANERS

907 University

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## contributors' page

peggy marak



Showme's head huckster is the vivacious Peggy Marak. She likes martinis and she sure looks cute when she blows her stack. A habit she indulges in with terrifying regularity. Don't get the wrong idea now. Most of the time she is the warm, sensitive, somewhat demure young woman she appears to be. Only when one of the ad salesmen forget to see a potential contract does she revert to type. Then all you can do is to secure and weather the thing out.

Miss Marak has a passion for men from Yh-aale. One, in particular, or so it is rumored. When we mentioned this fact to her she gave us that "One crack and I'll cut your heart out," stare. So we presume there must be some truth in the stories.

Peg sacks out at the Delta Delta house while she's here in Columbia and calls Maplewood for more money. She doesn't smoke. She hates cigars and has a tendency to laugh hysterically when overly tired. What color pajamas she wears, we don't know. And really, it's none of your business either.

She has red hair, a very mild red and is a pretty darn terrific young woman. For once we can say—rah, rah, rah and mean it.

bob skole

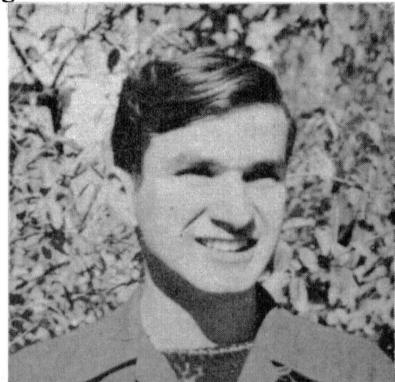
The incomparable Skole.

In this issue Swamie bids a nostalgic farewell to one of the most talented idiots that has ever pounded a typewriter for him. We've read some of the stuff Charlie Barnard, Homer Croy and Hal Boyle had published in past Showme's. For our money Bob Skole has done stuff every bit as good...when he's not suffering from a hangover. A cartoonist's dream at gag meetings, he has that rare ability to be feely, but not dirty. There's a big difference?

However, even an expert can slip occasionally. Remember his story, "The Lid Was Up?" We were kicked out of Stephens for that literary gem.

If you patronize any of Columbia's more popular taverns you're sure to have seen him. The short degenerate bum with the writer's cowlick he keeps flicking back out of his eyes.

And guess what he's going to do when he finally matches his honor points and credit hours. Graduate and go, where all good little writers go, Paris, no less. And with a companion, yet. And best of all she's of the female gender.



PHOTOS BY RUNDBURG



"Jo the best dressed gal  
on the campus"  
She buys her clothes from **Harzfeld's**

Campus  
Interviews on  
Cigarette Tests!

## No. 11...THE ROOSTER



You have to get up early in the morning to put one over on *this cock-of-the-walk!* When it came to making "quick-trick" experiments of cigarette mildness, he stated flatly, "That's strictly for clucks"! How 'ya going to keep 'em down on the farm—when they *know* there's one convincing way to prove cigarette mildness!

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