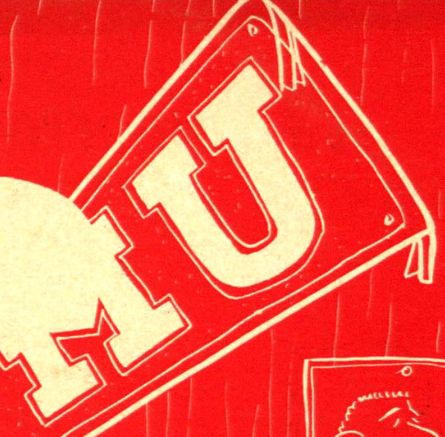




MISSOURI Maiden SHOWme



HERB GREEN

"WHY FIGHT IT?"
ISSUE

It's Tomorrow Night!

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Spring Fashion Show

presented for the A.W.S. Career Conference

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HAMBURGERS and
CHEESEBURGERS

AT THE

SHACK



Wow! There goes my gal in her Julie's suit!



Dear Editor,

Your last issue of *Showme* was very good and I am writing to congratulate you. Especially I would like to congratulate the author of "Disintegration". I would like to see more like it and more of its author.

Here is to your continued success in the field of good publications.

Sincerely yours,
Moto
Columbia, Missouri

How many issues did you buy
Mr. Moto—Ed

Gentlemen:

Up to this date we have not received the January issue of *Showme*. My son Charles, a graduate of '51 who is now in the army has not asked for much since he has been at camp, but one item he has asked for and it is *Showme*.

I will very much appreciate, and I am sure Charles will too your seeing that the January issue is sent to me so that I can forward it to him. Thanking you, I remain,

Kansas City, Missouri
Yours truly,
James Sacamano

We'll get Patsy on it right away
—Ed.

Dear Sir;

How do you feel about the new literary magazine SDX is backing?

Columbia, Missouri
Jim Boucher

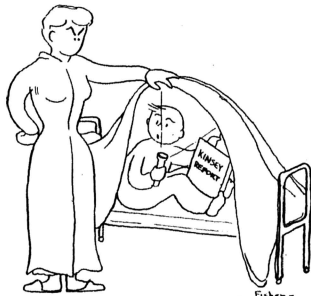
How do you feel toward the Police Gazette?

Dear Editor,

I enjoyed your last cover very much and would like to see more of its type. *Showme* has concerned itself with trivia for far too long. It is encouraging to see that on occasion your art staff can rise above the ordinary level of achievement they usually satiate themselves on.

Edward Brocklust
Columbia, Missouri

Oh, Eddy, we're all so pleased...
How many issues did you buy?
—Ed



For Spring It's Colors by DEBS and COVER GIRL

Red

Pink

Violet

Chartreuse

Yellow

Green

Purple

Banana

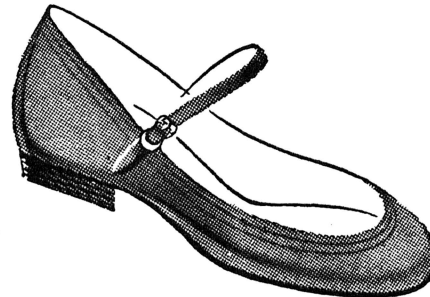
Blue

Black

Brown

Fuschia

Burnt Sugar



the novus shop

On the Strollway

Purses
to
Match

But I was only trying to see if I could study by dim light, like Lincoln did.

Dear Sir:

Showme is a good enough magazine, O.K. But it would sure be better if you printed some of my stuff. Are you guys a closed lobby or somethin. Huh, tell me, huh?

Columbia, Missouri

In the first place pal, you forgot to sign your name (or did you?) How can I tell your "stuff" hasn't been used if I don't know who you are. In the second place, some of your "stuff" may be in this issue, or it may be slated for the next one. *SHOWME* has published, on the average, of two new contributors every month. We need new writers, artists, gagmen and ad salesmen. There's always room. The *SHOWME* staff is, undoubtedly, the most "unclosed" organization on campus. Good luck, and don't forget to sign your name to your "stuff"—Ed.



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In A Hurry

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**SPOT
NEWS**

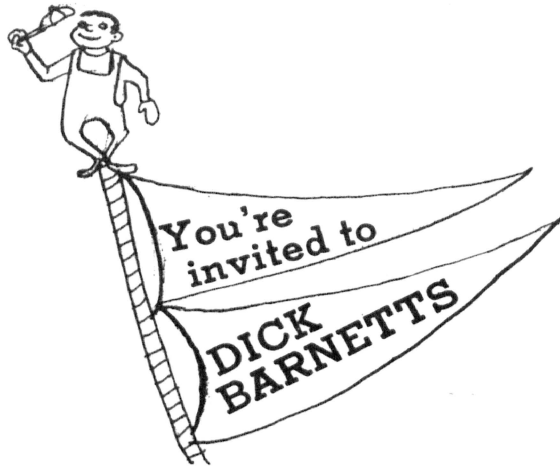
Spotless Grooming
for the
Well-Groomed Coed

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Columbia



H. R. Mueller
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- Decorative Novelty Plants
- Hallmark Greeting Cards

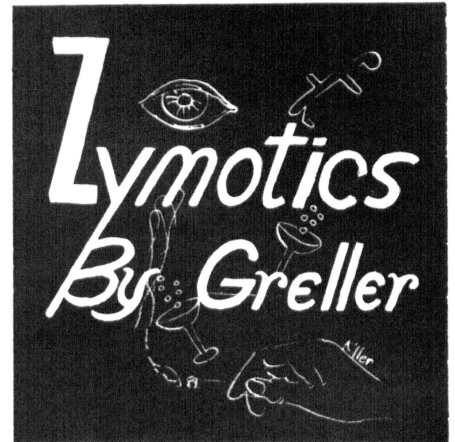
For The Girl You Admire, and Greatly Desire
Come To Us to Inquire, About Flowers By Wire

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PHONE 3170 OR 3179

FLOWERS FRESH
FROM OUR GREENHOUSE



*"Oh a kiss on the lip today is
really detrimental,*

*For we get nothing more than a
blurb.*

*The kiss is now extinct and there
fore not as lethal—*

*So we'll all have to adjust
To a new sexless type of lust—*

*The kiss is dying
And the girls are crying*

*"That it is no more than a means
to an end"*

Who's end?

Pear-shaped or square-shaped

*I'll even take is round shaped--
Kisses were a Misses best friend.*

*It all begins in Hollywood—Sup-
posed creators of the kiss su-
perb—*

*But because of her continual
sexless blunders, the kiss has
now been reduced to a blurb.*

*And not only is the kiss passe,
but it is threatening to become
extinct.*

*And through the reverse process
of sex evolution, The kiss will
soon be the new "Missing Link*

*By next year the kiss'll be some-
thing we read about-or see in a
museum.*

*It'll put an end to sexy songs, Hit
parade will sound like a requi-
em.*

*The screen has always been a
training ground for lovers
young and old,*

*And now that everything's cen-
sored or cut-(or behind a hay-
stack) The men are left in the
cold.*

The breakdown of the kiss, Is the breakdown of our whole moral system—

The Hayes office and such are defeating their own purpose by their process of suppression.

Any girl will tell you that a kiss today will score a zero—

Apparently the French import stopped with Pierre Aumont and Charles Boyer,

And the girls are becoming insecure, frustrated, maladjusted and neurotic

For they've always considered the kiss more than 'just mere Latin Inter-play.

A result of this kissless calamity is that marriage is becoming absurd,

For instead of this spasmodic kissless displeasure, It would be one steady blurb.

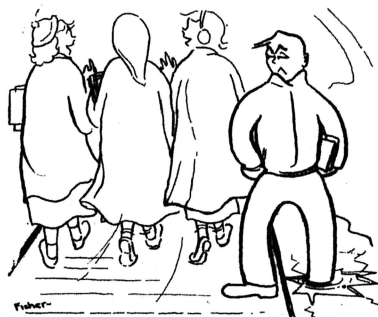
When a man in France comes homes from work, His wife receives a production,

When a man in the USA comes home, a tweak on the cheek 's the extent 'uv her disruption.

America is dying and not the world, As the last Olympic Team proved,

For our team representing the kiss; achieved the distinction of being the only one booed

In the shot put we scored—In track we had them floored—Our skaters made them roar



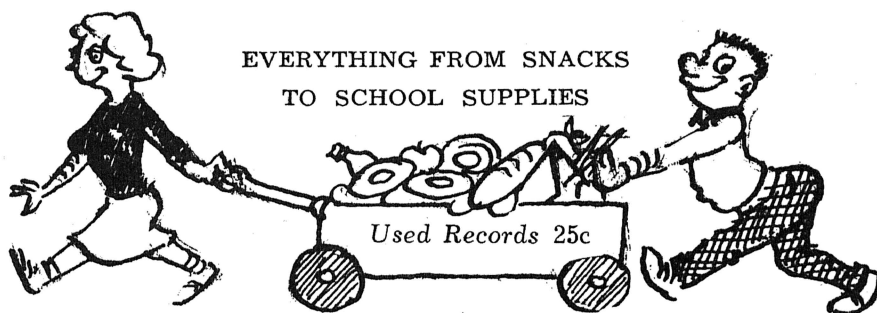
But when we kissed, they merely got bored.

In days of old, when silence was gold. In the days of the Silver Screen—

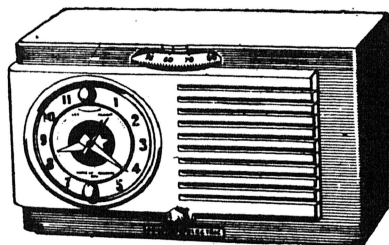
(Continued on page 29)

ONE STOP—GET IT ALL!

EVERYTHING FROM SNACKS
TO SCHOOL SUPPLIES

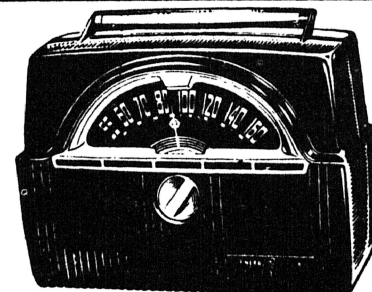


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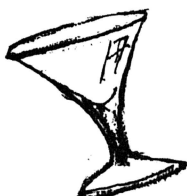


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This is purely a personal opinion. It does not reflect the policy of this magazine. It is not an indication of the attitude this magazine will pursue. However, speaking of the group, of the organization as a whole, not of any of the individual members... furthermore, just between you and me... i HATE pan-hell. They give me a big juicy headache. i CURSE pan-hell. They have caused me to lose weight, sleep and my supply of aspirin is running mightly low. Worst of all they have made Dude Haley fidgity, and he is making me fidgity, snarl.

* * *

Before the year is over I have reached the point where I think *Showme* will run an issue

consisting entirely of cartoons and jokes. The university wants culture... the students want funnies. The students buy the magazine... the university does not buy the magazine. Hence, and so forth.

* * *

"The human race must have been involved in some awful aboriginal accident" ... Cardinal Newman. That's funny some of the faculty feel the same way about *Showme*.

* * *

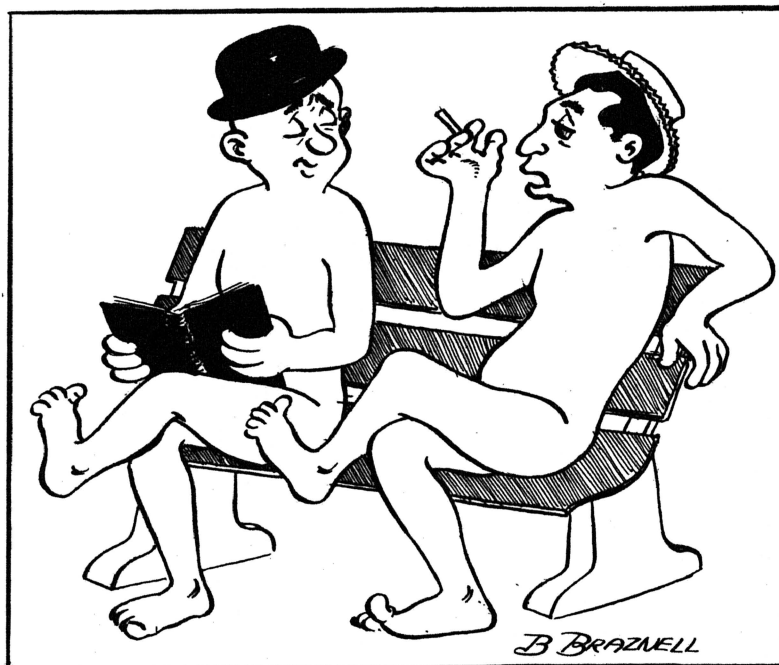
The last two covers of this magazine have pleased a small minority and displeased a vast majority of its readers. I urge you not to give up. Each time they were different minorities. Sooner or later, since everyone belongs to some minority or another, we'll get around to your cell.

* * *

My roommate just left the rom. He's trying to study.

Sincerely,

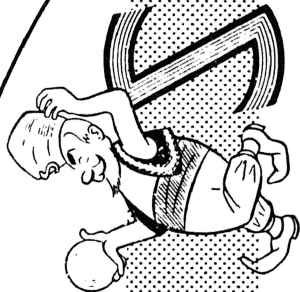
Herb Knapp



Gotta light

MISSOURI SHOWME

YOUR CAMPUS HUMOR MAGAZINE



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February, 1952

Number 6

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*Blackness and blackness and now only white,
Finals and finals all through the night—
Flunking and flunking, now I shall “mad it.”
I can no longer fight it now that I’ve had it.*



Around The Columns

Misnomer

An ancient Greek tells us that exchange dinners aren't what they used to be.

"In the good old days," he says "we actually exchanged the dinners. Our cook would take a bunch of victuals over to a sorority house and the other cook would cart a mess of stuff back. Man, that was the real thing.

"These days, the dinners stay right where they are and the people get exchanged. It's a damned shame."

Sick & Tired

are we of the way some publications criticize the local sports picture. The basketball team wins "although it hit only 20% of its shots" and the 'guys just don't seem to do anything right. From here it looks like Sparky's boys—and this goes for other varsity sports as well—work a lot harder for their school than many a sportswriter-about-town.

Red Lights

Contrary to a general misconception, the ones on Stephens campus indicate a radio station.

At Last

all three schools—Christian, Stephens, and The University—joined in a cultural undertaking of considerable note. The King David Oratorio, some notes of which are more considerable than others, was a success because factions of all three music faculties—with a good University Chorus—made it possible.

Heads Will Roll

On February 7, 1952, Crowder Hall served a meal fit for human consumption.

* * *

I stopped traffic in my Maiden-form Bra.

* * *

The Real Thing

When THE MISSOURIAN covers a presidential race they don't kid around. Check this January 25 headline:

DEMOCRATS ASK
TRUMAN TO RUN
IN K. C. MEET

Kinda makes you wonder who the dark horse will be.

Liberal Education

With a view to the real meaning of the above term, Stephens College (which is getting too big a play in this issue but we need the money) and The University



will initiate an exchange student program next semester. This will send 500 Susies to fraternity row and 500 to the south dormitory group while the same number of men make the trek to LRW, Tower Hall, et al. The plan will tie in nicely with a "Marriage and the Family" course that gets the go-ahead next fall, although certain members of both boards of curators have indicated disapproval of what they refer to as "the whole rotten mess."

* * *

We have it on fairly reliable authority that the January fire in Wales Hall that ruined two beds and scorched four walls was not of cigarette origin. Cigar.

* * *

To over-specialize is to be intellectually poor.

* * *

Serious Stuff

"Savitar" a good year book that you'll someday be damn glad you bought, won't even get to the presses if you don't inquire pronto about your subscription. It's your yearbook and one of the few tangibles that'll keep Ol' Mizzou with you after graduation. Check in at one of the booths-about-campus or see Larry Bartram at Read Hall...2nd floor.

Overdue . . . Criticism

One of the nicest things that can be said about the University Library is that they keep a lot of us in mail.

And one of the truest things that can be said about same is that it's pretty tough to get a book over here. Witness this attempt:

—Party "A" fills out four call slips and hands them to Party "B", girl hand-writing expert.

—Party "B" hands slips to Party "C", who disappears into the back room for an indefinite period.



—Party "C" eventually returns and says to Party "B" in low tones, "This one is in the Jefferson City Public Library. I can't find the rest"

—Party "B" repeats this to Party "A" and says, "Bring over the card catalogs on these three." (This means Party "B" doesn't think Party "A" can read.)

—Party "A" lugs card catalogs over to Party "B" and proves he can read quite well.

"You can read quite well," says Party "B", "Do you want us to put these on Look-Up?"

"What's Look-Up?"

"We look the books up." (Party "A" has never heard it expressed so well.)

"When?"

"Well—we might look them up tomorrow. Then if we find them we can notify you the next day—no, that's Saturday—we can send out the notice on Monday—you should get it Tuesday—"

"And I can get the book on Wednesday?"

"Maybe."

"Maybe?"

"Well, we might not have it—"

(It gets to be a regular game after a while.)

KARSCH FOR PRESIDENT

or

Who the Hell is Taft?

From shore to shoal, from rock to crag

*There comes a mighty cry,
It echoes loud, from vale to vale,
And rebounds from the sky—*

We want KARSCH for President

Up sweeps the Word, it thunders loud,

*And Harry paces the floors at night,
While Big Earl can only quake . .*

Oh, it's KARSCH for President

*The multitude takes up the chant,
The Dispatch soon quits its view;
Missouri is wild about its boy,
who*

Gives promise of something new:

They want KARSCH for President

*Republicans have gone insane,
The Demos mourn loud and long;
To no avail they beat their breasts*

And succumb to his siren song . .

Oh, its KARSCH for President

*The electorate gives Taft the shaft
And votes a "phooey" to Dewey;*

*They soon spike Ike, and vote nary for Harry,
And won't buy Warren's hooey—*

They want KARSCH for President

Wild students build their great huge fires,

*And hold their rallies late
And shout the name of KARSCH on high*

And on Stassen vent their hate—

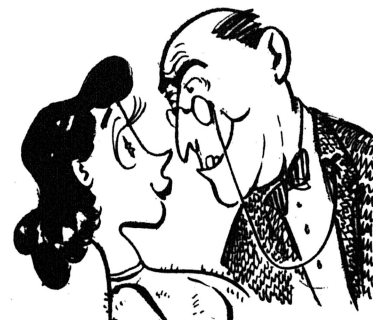
And cry "KARSCH for President"

*Mizzoo's Pol Sci will save the day
The Russian Bear he'll tame,*

So, students, stand up and shout the Word,

To all the world proclaim;

We want KARSCH for President



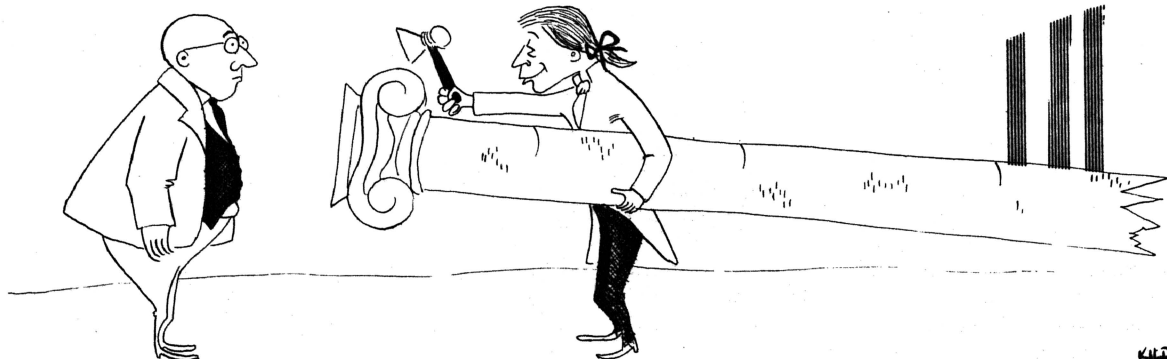
Inquiring Professor

As this went to press, Columbia Cops were still looking for a "Professor Wilson of Washington University" who was giving young ladies free automobile rides in exchange for information about "love, sex and girls."

Looks like they can get him for impersonating a student.

* * *

For that extra long vacation:
Save your cuts for finals week.



Freddy, I cannot tell a lie.

KIDPATRICK

Fellow Cribbers

The students got together downstairs in the library last month for a session on cheating, a topic about which no other group is so thoroughly versed.

There was no real life-sized, 100% conclusion, but a round of applause went to an upperclassman who contended that 80% of us cheat when given the chance, including Phi Beta Kappas. We have not polled the local PBK's but they'll probably lie their way out of it when we do. So we don't.

Anyway, the 80% estimate is probably not ridiculously high, even though people who rant and rave and perspire and throw their arms into the air on behalf of moral integrity prefer to think otherwise. They like to believe that only about 30% of us cheat. but let's face it... we're a much crummier lot than that.

That's why, as foolish as a recent SGA proposal may look on the surface, it's a smart move to keep examinations in heavy steel vaults and away from the curious eyes of *everyone*, including those of authority and position who are often prone to be careless and in some cases of the same moral fiber as the rest of us.

And surveillance can't cut out at the end of the mimeograph-to-vault process. Correct classroom procedure should require a good 25-cent proctor, one who walks forth & back amongst us, trusting no one and bent on crushing the first one who opens his mouth notebook, cigarette case, or anything else. It is not out of intellectual or scholar-wise respect that there is no cribbing in, let us say by way of example, Col. DeWeerd's Contemporary Europe Class. There is no cheating because the professor is six-feet-three-inches tall and carries a telephone pole in his right hand. And there he literally holds much of the answer to whatever cribbing question there happens to be.

* * *

Somebody's been complaining about the number of obits on the



Just WHAT, did you "JUST HAPPEN" to remember?

front page of The COLUMBIA MISSOURIAN. Whadaya want-news? The Teacher and Educational Administration

Revis and Judd, page 423

"If those who have qualified themselves for teaching experience difficulty in finding positions they are often greatly discouraged and lose their morale."

We had no idea. Didums hurtums verry bad whenums losties his moraleses



"Many morphological studies have been omitted because they dealt primarily with sexuality and offered little information on the development of the ascocarp." From *Taxonomy of Pyrenomy-*

ceres, by E. S. Luttrell. Published by the University of Missouri Board of Curators, Vol. XXIV, The University of Missouri Studies, No. 3.

Though there is a difference between Mr. Luttrell's profound work and SHOWME, we are proud to face some of the same problems. We, too, are forced to omit many "studies" because they deal primarily with "sexuality". We didn't realize the University was concerned with the morality of ascocarps. It's encouraging. Someday the students and the ascocarps will unite and then, by jimminy, we'll show those censors. By jimminy, we will.

Negative Hours

are a good thing. They keep us consolidated, of one body, cohesive together—here. We don't rush off to our families and run the risk of highway mishap, train wreck, or airplane crash. We stay in Columbia and breathe the clean air. Who says the board of curators is a pack of idiots?

* * *

I do so declare... J.A.



Above...William Eythe and Gale Storm go through a rehearsal for their co-starring role in the Empress Playhouse presentation of "Gramercy Ghost."

The Empress Playhouse—St. Louis, featuring the finest of Broadway's hit plays with such New York and Hollywood stars as Lon McCallister, Joan Caulfield, John Ireland, Joanne Dru, Joan Blondell, John Garfield, Burgess Meredith, Eve Arden, Edward Everett Horton, Joe E. Brown, Wanda Hendrix, Franchot Tone and Constance Bennett...here on the stage of the Empress Playhouse the "Showme Queen" will be given the opportunity to display her dramatic ability under the expert direction of Mr. Robert Perry.

St. Louis' NEW ✧

EMPRESS PLAYHOUSE

✧ Just around the corner

CURTAIN TIME WILL BE ANNOUNCED
IN THE MELBOURNE DINING ROOMS
AND PICCADILLY COCKTAIL LOUNGE ✧

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the biggest
most rewarding
most FAMOUS
most exciting
most competitive
most IMPORTANT
queen contest
of the University
of Missouri
THE



Showme

QUEEN

Finalists

prizes

THE M.C.



Dean Francis English, Dude Haley, Dr. Robert Karsh, Herb Knapp, Mr. Joseph Schwabe

Henry Marder

judges

- APPEARANCE AT THE EMPRESS THEATRE
- A TV DEBUT
- A RADIO SHOW
- TOUR OF ST. LOUIS
- THE GOVERNOR'S SUITE OF THE HOTEL MELBOURNE
- A COCKTAIL PARTY GIVEN BY THE OFFICIALS OF THE CROSLY CORP.
- GIFTS FROM LEADING MANUFACTURERS
- MEETING CELEBRITIES, STARS, AND IMPORTANT OFFICIALS
- SHOWME'S CONVERTIBLE CARAVAN INTO ST. LOUIS
- MANY ADDITIONAL GIFTS FROM COLUMBIA MERCHANTS
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Montine Click



Juanita Thurman

MIZZO'S MOST BEAUTIFUL
THE FINALISTS

Jeanne Carpenter

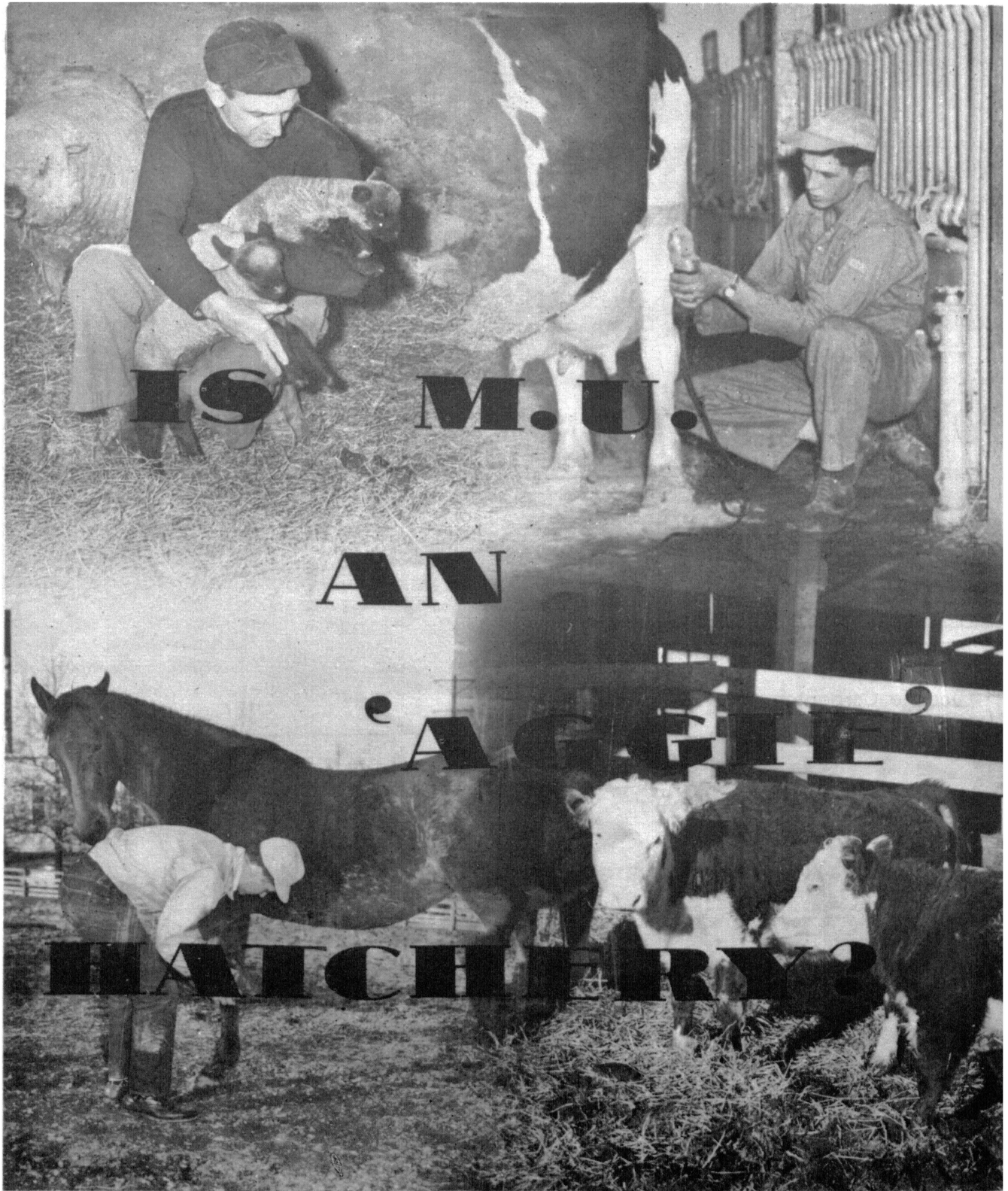


Susan East



Barbara Jones





In line with SHOWME'S policy of presenting cross-section of campus life and opinion we present a quasi-ag view of the campus. SHOWME is not Anti-Anything. We have attended some aggie parties that were in the finest party tradition of M.U. and are looking forward to presenting next month a reply. Get hot on those typewriters, boys, we'll print anything we can get by the censors.

(Ed. Note:) This information is presented to the students of the University and to the people of Missouri in order to acquaint them more fully with this great University and to the people of general level of academic work. It is written plainly and simply, so that it may be read to Ag students.)

Between the broad Missouri and the rustic Hinkson Rivers lies the quaint, yet modern, educational institution of the University of Missouri, a formidable monument to the memory of Johnny Appleseed and his disciples, the First Pioneers of Missouri.

Inhabited, for the most part, by a quaint tribe of Homo Missouri-us Aggricultus, popularly known as "Ags," the University offers a wide variety of majors for the enterprising student, such as Agriculture, Agricultural Engineering, Agricultural Journalism, Agricultural Economics, Agricultural Geology, Agricultural Education, Agricultural Biology and Agricultural Interpretation of Ancient Greek Mythology.

But all work and no play makes Ruben a dull farmhand, so the University has seen to it that a full round of social events highlights the academic year, some of which are the Ag Students Ball, the Barnstorming, the Farmers' Flair, and the Carouse-all. This program is supplemented by less publicized events like weekly hayrides and corn-shucking, plowing a-straight-furrow and hog-calling contests. The last-named event has gained great favor in recent years, as is evidenced by the many individual jousts which spring up in various places at rather widely diversified hours.

Nor does the University take a back seat in Intercollegiate athletic contests. The Horseshoe Pitching team produced three major-leaguers from last year's squad, while Calf-Roping and Bull-Throwing teams were undisputed champions at the Intercollegiate Rodeo. Big improvements are expected for the '52-'53 season.

Those prospective students

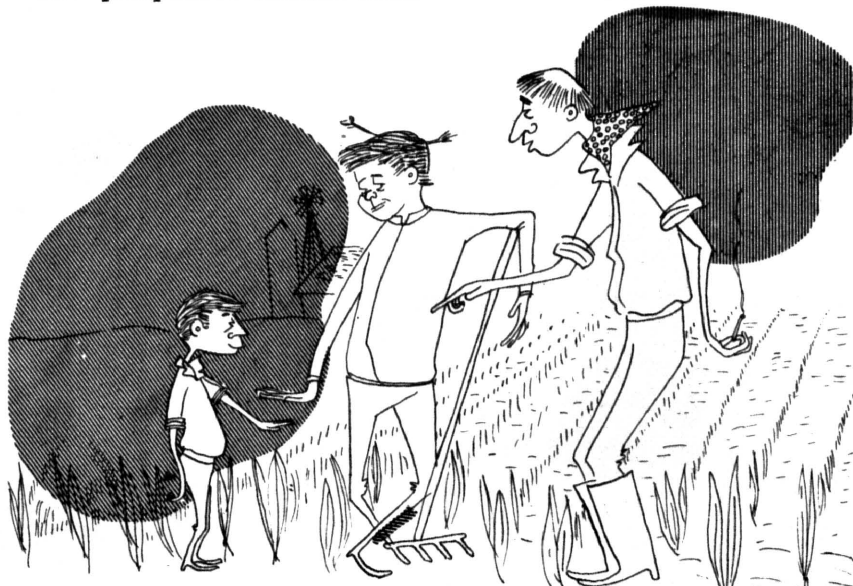
wishing to join an organized social group, such as a fraternity or sorority, will not be disappointed in the University's program. The Pan-Hell organization offers, for instance, the Amazon chapter of Nu Delta for women students, and the Rho Dammit Rho, which is especially concerned with those men students interested in farming bottomland near the Missouri or Mississippi. Those wishing to remain Independent may join the Freelance Farmers of Armenia, who raise Shish-ke-bob to export to Stanford U.

Various publications are offered for the budding Ag Journal writer, such as the *Agricultural Missourian* and the *Ag Student*. Those students interested in earthy humor will find an open field in the *Plow-Me* a student magazine.

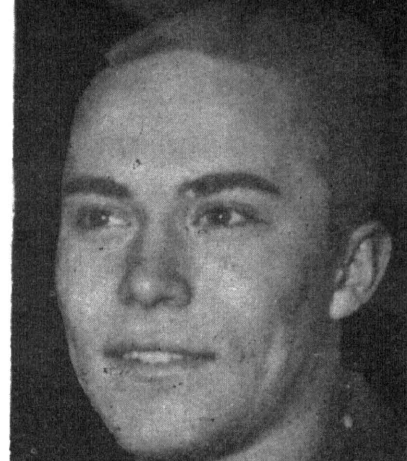
A small minority of the student at the University are "non-Ag" and occasionally rumors circulate that an academic revolution is in the wind, but even "non-Ags" concur heartily that the vast agricultural program gives the University a certain very distinct air.

As for weather, the University is situated very nicely. Some 800 feet above sea level, it has dry summers, cool autumns, stimulating winters and damp, rainy springs with brisk, tangy breezes.

The prospective student need



Suppose to be knee high by July—but Hell—whose knee!



ABOUT THE AUTHOR . . .

Steve Stone: Junior, English-Journalism major, transfer from Muir College (Pasadena, Cal.) Returns to the Land of Sunshine and UCLA after one semester at Mo. Is addicted to girls, writing, and track; hopes to combine the three.

not worry about finding adequate companionship at the University, for it is known far and wide as the *friendly* school. A fellow University Ag student can be spotted a block away—upwind, two blocks.

In short, the University tries to offer the prospective student a "home away from home."

So, as we leave the beautiful University of Missouri, with the sun sinking slowly in the West and the sound of "Whoooooeeee" fading in the distance, we say farewell to the modern counterpart of the Promised Land (Chernozem, that it.)

THE END

Gin and Biscuits



February 1, 1952

Leaving Showme is like leaving home, but I guess every staff member since Zwami was "black listed" at Stephens has felt that there is so much that added up to make it a lot of fun that I wouldn't know where to start - so I'd better just say - "that we sure good Gin and Biscuits".

So' long
Hees Green.



DO WE HAVE TO DRESS FOR DINNER?



BUT, DEAR CHILD, HOW CAN YOU THINK OF MARRYING THE GIRL - SHE ISN'T A KAPPA.



NIGHT-CAP



MUST BE purple



MY BROTHER SENT ME OVER WITH THE FLOWERS. HE GETS THEM WHOLESALE - THEY COST 26 CENTS.



STUDENT GOVERNMENT IS TOO IMPORTANT



BUT DAH-LING - ITS TO KEEP MY NECK WARM.



BUT I DIDNT KNOW SHE WAS A SUSIE — HONEST.



I'M GETTIN' AWFULLY SICK OF THIS BLACK-LIST STUFF.



WHY DONT I GET NO REBATE ?



BUT GENERAL DEWEERD, SIR, WE ROUNDED UP ALL THE NAZI LEADERS FIVE YEARS AGO!



AS MATTER OF FACT I HINE PICKED UP A POUND OR TWO SINCE I GOT MARRIED.



I THINK YOU'LL FIND OUT, DAH-LING, THAT PLEDGING RIGHT MEANS GOING PI PH I.



I DONT CARE IF YOU DID WATCH THE BIRDS AND BEES ALL DAY — THAT'S ALL I KNOW ABOUT IT,

SUSIE STEPHENS By herb green



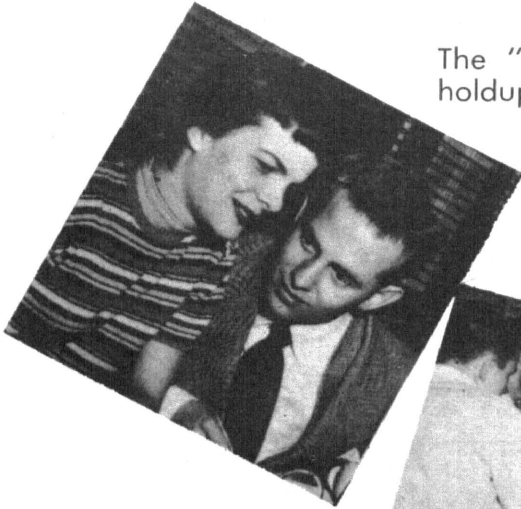
ARE YOU REALLY A CARTOONIST? — HOW QUAINI.



...and all the boys were whoop'en it up...

(Swamie's end-of-the-semester banquet)

The "Killer" describing her last holdup to a fan



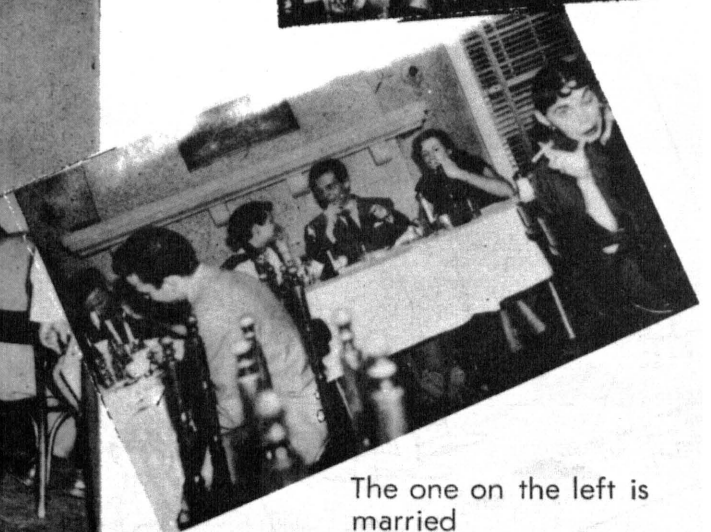
Greller is stuck with us



Fi-Fi gives the boys at tableside a break



... loads of fun



The one on the left is married

Plenty of free pop and wheaties for all.

THE LADY'S NOT FOR BURNIN'

By Bob Erwin

I'm not a prejudiced guy. I want you to understand that from the first. In fact I'm probably the least prejudiced guy I know. I make that saint or whatever he was that kissed the leper look like a piker. Not that I'm a promiscuous kisser or anything. It's just that I'm not a prejudiced guy. When people spit tobacco on the carpet or break light bulbs against the wall or belt their wife over the ears it doesn't bother me. I admit that spittle and glass and pieces of wives knock hell out of a guy's shoeshine, but I ain't prejudiced against dirty shoes.

I will say though that seeing Dorothy all exposed like that did irritate me some. I don't mind seeing a blonde with her clothes off, but when she sits around without any flesh on it peeves me. A good looking girl like Dorothy shouldn't get herself mixed up in any such shennangans. Like I say, I'm not a prejudiced guy and leave and let leave and all that, but still she shouldn't have exposed herself so. A girl who stripped in front of as many people as Dorothy did should know when to leave well enough alone. It wasn't all Dorothy's fault because my partner had a lot to do with it, but she could have been more modest.

I guess maybe I ought to introduce myself before I tell the



BILL BRAZINELL

story. My name is Gustavus Grotch and that's the way I'm known professionally and on bail bonds, but I'm usually called Gus. I'm in show business, nightclub and vaudeville stuff, and if I do say so myself I have one of the best acts of them all. I never got a chance at the big time because I don't have a funny nose or tell smutty jokes or anything. With me this show business is pure art and if the world doesn't want to recognize my genius that's the world's loss.

I produce and direct the act but I shouldn't take all the credit because my partner is an ex-

pert in his field and really sells the thing. His name is Simple O'Goole and he is even more of an artist than me. Simple O'Goole and I do a two men in an act. You've sen a two men in a horse act I'm sure, which is the same thing we do except we have a complete repetoire of animals. There's hardly an animal Simple and I haven't been two men in with conviction and finesse.

This Simple O'Goole is really a joy to watch. He plays the hind quarters in our act, and no hind-quarters man in the trade can match his enthusiasm. Whatever

(Continued on page 25)

I looked into her limpid eyes
 And she gazed deep in mine—
 Whispering, "Why fight it, dear
 Your 'F' was genuine."

* * *

Freudian repressions and other
 obsessions
 Force me to pleasures quite dras-
 tic,
 Between Susie's suspicions, lewd
 inhibitions,
 Profs, tests—I can't fight it—I'm
 spastic.

* * *

A long time ago a feudal lord's
 son was having his own way with
 the wayward girls who lived on
 his father's property. When the
 old man heard of his son's do-
 ings, he approached him asking,
 "Son, I hear you are misbehav-
 ing."

"In what manor, father?" was
 the reply.

* * *

PROPOSAL

O come with me and be my love,
 We'll live on an island together;
 Let us start out tomorrow,
 Depending, of course, on the
 weather.



Oh Jawhn, I KNEW you'd understand

LATER THOUGHTS

* * *

Anthony: "Where is Cleopatra?"
 Maid: "She's in bed with appen-
 dicitis."
 Anthony: "Damn those Greeks."

* * *

And then there is the widow
 who wears black garters in mem-
 ory of those who have passed on.

* * *

students
 are always busy
 usually going nowhere
 teachers
 are always busy
 seeing that they get there

* * *

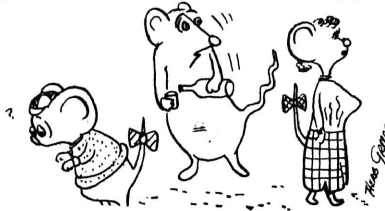
a rose, is a rose, is a rose, is a rose
 but I am a it, am a He, am a Me
 you are a you, are a you, are a you
 but I am a intricate personality.

* * *

my first luv wash shweet
 an I wash nice
 my second wash a gennleman
 he cin go fly a kite
 my third loves my best love
 caush hesh drunk
 and I'm tight.

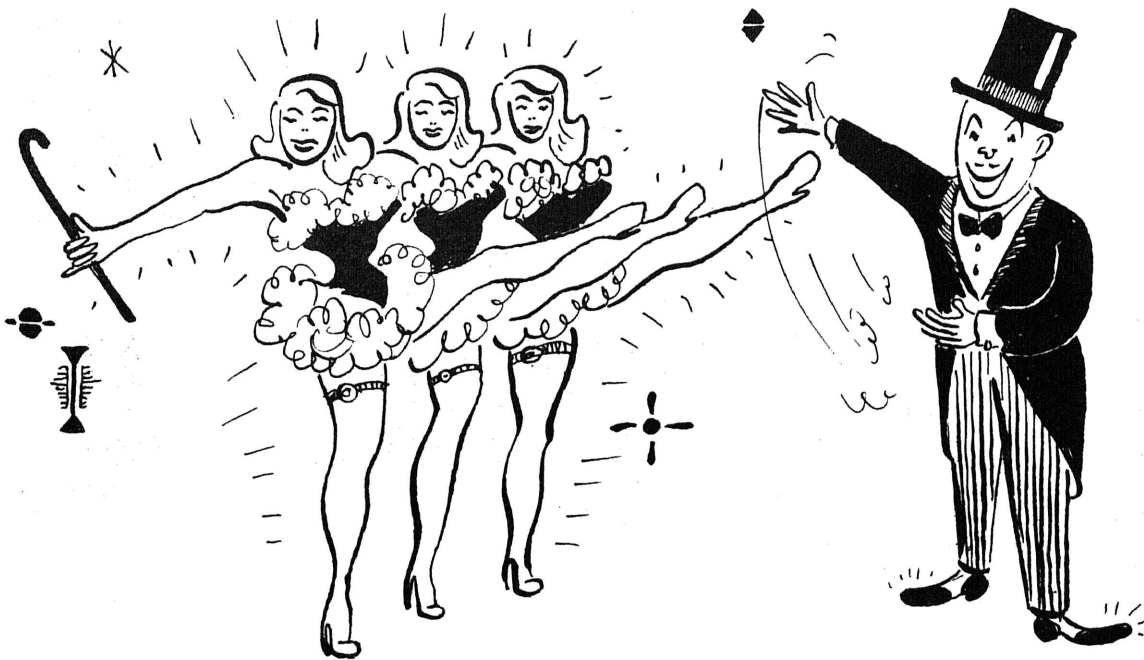
I'm

Coleman Wilson



And now—a word from our sponsor

AN ALL-STAR CAST!



M.U.'s GREATEST SHOW THE SAVITAR FROLICS

At Stephens College Assembly Hall

TICKETS ON SALE AT:

- Savitar Office (Read Hall)
- Engine Building
- Mumford Hall
- B. & P./A.
- Campus Jeweler
- Barth's Clothing Store
- Stephen's Ticket Office
- Jesse Ticket Office

PRICE: \$1.00

Complimentary Seats Reserved

2 BIG SHOWS

8:00 p.m. Friday, February 29

8:00 p.m. Saturday, March 1

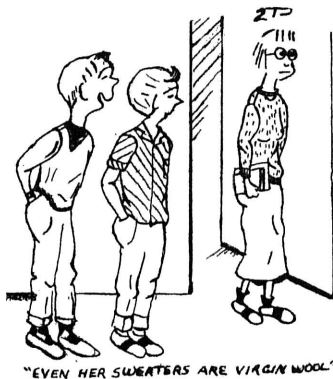
Featuring Bill Rau's Orchestra



(Continued from page 21)

animal we are being two men in Simple studies with patience and devotion till he knows each little wiggle and waggle. Flo Ziegfield once told Simple that he was the best horse's rear end of all time. Like I say, Simple is a real artist.

It is only because I am such an artist and Simple is such an artist and I am not a prejudiced guy that we have gotten along so many years. It's a great comfort



when I'm in a horse to know that Simple is holding up his end with authority, but offstage he is a real nerve racker. Partners in show business get to know each other like nobody else, which means they have to get along. Not being a prejudiced guy, I get along pretty well with everybody but Simple O'Goole surprised even me.

You see Simple O'Goole is a pyromaniac. Not only that, he is an introverted pyromaniac. He is a very nice pyromaniac you understand, but still a pyromaniac. A magician who was on the bill with us explained it all to me. This magician, who got drunk and read a lot, said Simple was a very interesting case because he was compelled to set things on fire but he was too shy to damage other people's property. I get worried when I look this pyromania stuff up in a book because when I find out it means firebug I am afraid Simple will burn up costumes, contracts, theatres, and everything else. But you can't pass up an artist like Simple, so I try him out as a partner.

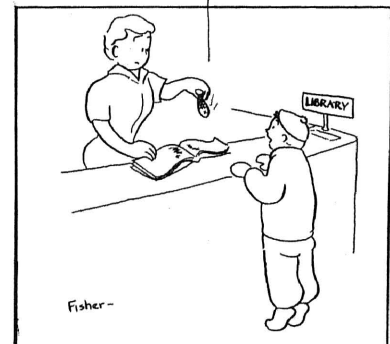
Simple and I got along without any trouble for about a month after we teamed up. I watched him pretty closely, even slept with a

fire extinguisher in my arms, but as far as I could tell he never did try to burn anything. I got to liking him too much I guess, him being such a quiet timid guy, and forgot what the magician told me

Me dropping my guard almost cost us two weeks at the old Orpheum in St. Louis. The Orpheum manager, a guy strictly without soul, wasn't too crazy about our act anyway, so we were out to impress him. I walk into Simple's dressing room just before time to go on and there is Simple methodically lighting rolled up newspapers which he has tucked into his shirt. I run to the tap for water, but Simple, who is blazing merrily, screams for me to stop or he will jump out the window. The guy is really getting his kicks, which might be okay some other time, but we are due onstage in three minutes. I appeal to his finer instincts and say Simple the show must go on. This brings out the artist in him and he reluctantly lets me put him out. I smear a little grease on him, we jump into our horse costume, and knock that St. Louis audience dead. I should tell you sometime what a success we were in St. Louis.

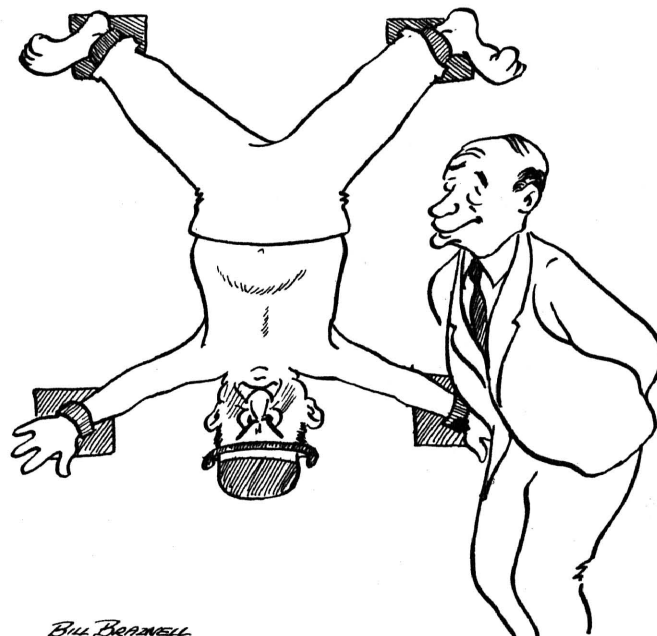
After that first time I knew

what to expect from Simple. It wasn't that he would hurt anybody; he was far too shy for that. He just loved to see things burn so much that he'd set himself on fire. It was a terrible job taking care of him. With an alcoholic or a dope addict a guy has maybe a chance of finding the bottle in the chandelier or the needle under the sofa, but with a guy like Simple there's no way of stopping him. Many's the time I've turned around to find Simple has asked some guy for a light and



I was using it for a bookmark—stuck his nose into a cigarette lighter. Winter was always the worst because Simple would sneak off to the basement and try to crawl in the furnace. Even the summer was dangerous. One

(Continued on page 26)

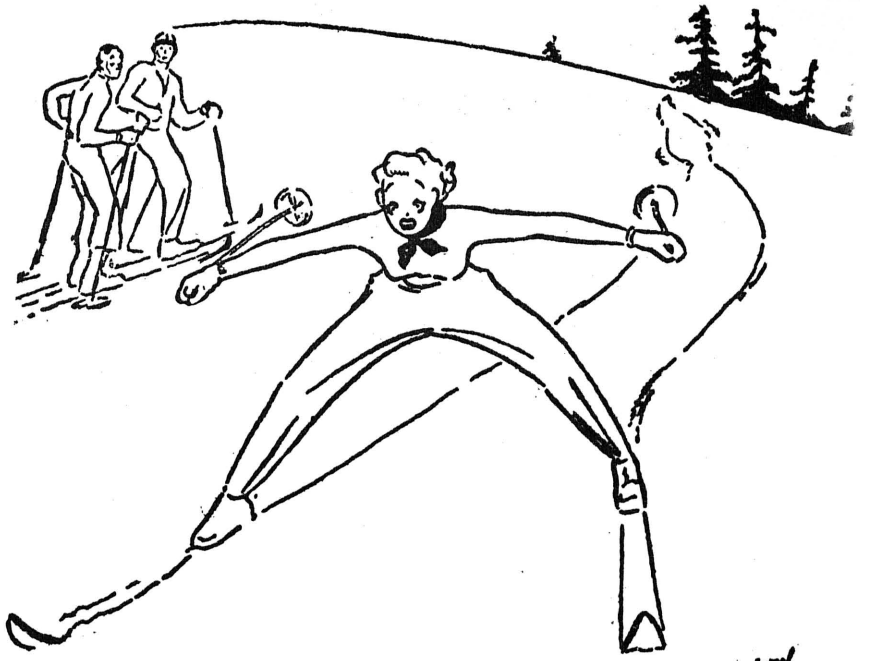


BILL BEANWELL

NOW then, Mr. Hinkle, WHICH cigarette did you find definitely less irritating?



Oh my God! My clapper broke. Voo Doo



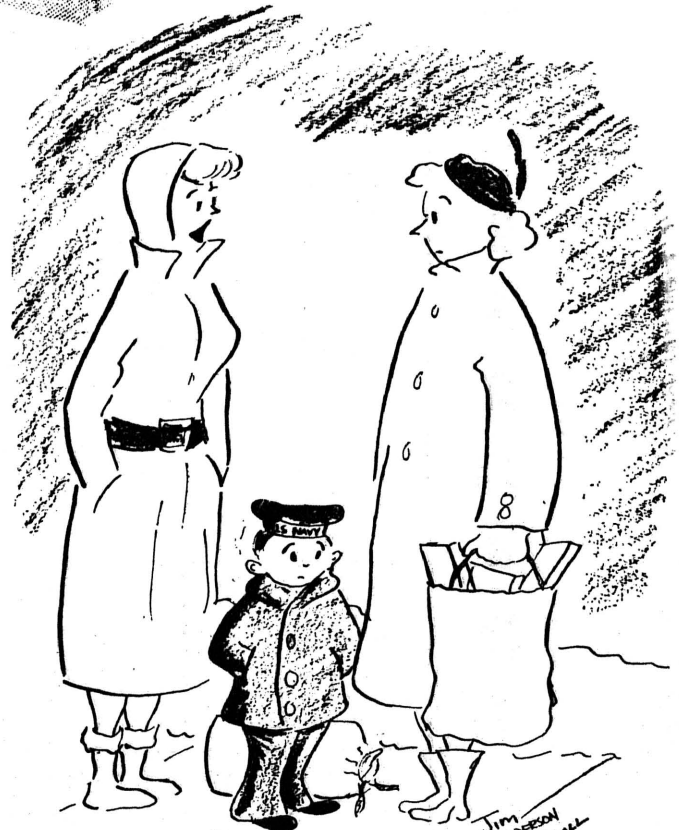
"Make a wish."

from the Dartmouth JACKOLANTERN

filched



"Yorgoff, darlink, ve bane gone too fur dis time."



FROTH

"He decided to go now, so it wouldn't interfere with his education."

(Continued from page 26)

sitting in the patio without any flesh on. Simple is sitting beside her kind of puzzled. Between them rests the open ring box holding a miniature acetyline torch. Simple, loving Dorothy as he loves nobody else, has given her his prize possession, a three thousand degree flame right down the middle.

Like I say, I'm not a prejudiced guy, but this dame letting

Simple take her flesh off irked me... somewhat.

THE END

Mummy, sing me a lullaby."
"Hold my beer for me, and I'll try to get one on the radio."

A gay young Parisian de Laine Long courted an heiress in vain, When he said, "now or never!" She answered, "Au river!"

So he promptly, of course, went in Seine.

"Want to stop the car and eat, sweetheart?"
"No, pet."

Son: "Say Ma, what's the idea of making me sleep up here every night?"

Mother: "Hush, Bobby, you only have to sleep on the mantle-piece two more weeks and then your picture will be in Believe-It-Or-Not."

Circus actress: "You know, sir, this is my first day with the circus. You'd better tell me what to do to keep from making mistakes."

Manager: "Well, for one thing, don't ever undress in front of the bearded lady."

Deep Southern boys like to neck and Hector was no exception

"Honey, would yo mind if ah kissed yo'all?" he asked softly.

"Ain't my lips enough?" angrily snapped his date.

It was not a slow lecture.
It was not a fast lecture.
It was a half-fast lecture.

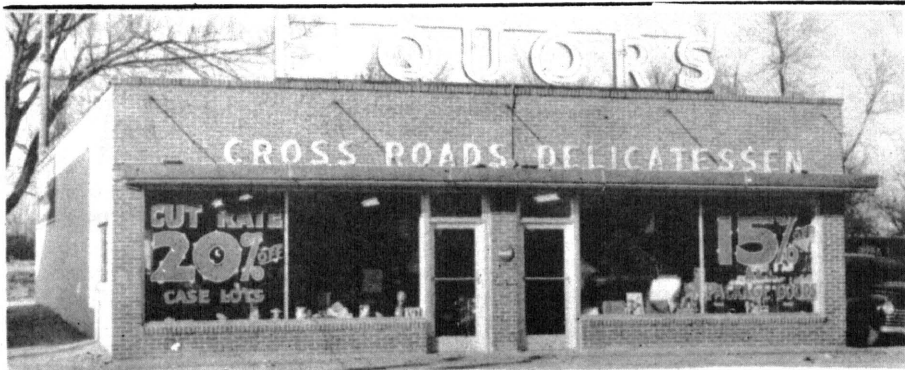
As the regiment was leaving and a crowd down at the Union Station was cheering, a recruit asked: "Who are all those people and why are they cheering." "They," replied the veteran, "are the people who are not going."

"Waiter, what's wrong with these eggs?"

"Don't ask me, sir, I only laid the table."

Some are Scotch by birth, others by absorption.

Baby—Something with a lot of noise on one end, and a complete lack of responsibility on the other



Tel. 2-3121

WAERS

Highway 60 & 63 North

COLUMBIA'S LARGEST DRIVE-IN

LIQUOR STORE

LOOK AT THESE PRICES!!

Old Smuggler \$5.12 fifth	James E. Pepper \$3.02 pints	Imperial \$2.05 pints
Seagrams "7" \$3.63 fifth	Old Taylor \$6.00 fifth	Cooks Champagne 3-fifths \$9.00
Glenmore \$4.09 fifth	Gordon Gin \$3.32 fifth	Calverts Res \$3.63 fifth

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Lowest Prices out-state Mo. We will not Be Undersold	FREE Ice Cubes & Glass Service	200 Car Parking Lot
---	---	------------------------------

All Whiskey 15% off Regular Bottle Price
All Case Whiskey Absolute Guaranteed
WHOLESALE PRICE

Tel. 2-3121

(Continued from page 5)

When Rudolph grabbed and embraced Theda Bara, The audience panted and screamed.

By the time they got to the kiss, The audience was even too weak to hiss—

Which all just goes to show, There's more to it than you gents know

In Fabiola we saw that those Greeks could do it, too, Even the banquet tables became a place for rendezvous.

Stromboli and The Brave Bulls created an exciting trickle,

It takes a foreign movie to bring us something sexicle.

But the kiss has lost its significance in its recent purge by Hollywood,

And the little pecks of Clift and Brando are doing no one any damn good!

THE END

Here's to the tailor's daughter. She's the only thing he ever made to fit me.

She liked her trousseau. He liked her torso. That's why her trousseau was toresou.

She—"Oh look: the bridesmaid!"
He—"So soon?"

He: "I had a dream about you last night."

She: "Did you?"

He: "No, you wouldn't let me."

Two English gentlemen were standing waiting for someone to come from the powder room. A moment later two women walked out. The first Englishman said, "Oh, I say, what do you know about that. Here comes my wife with my mistress."

The second Englishman said, "By Jove, you took the words right out of my mouth."

Frozen Gold

CREAM OF CREAMS

ICE CREAM



HOCKANUM
FLANNEL
SUITS

NAVY

GRAY

TAN

\$52.50

NEUKOMMS

"Guys love dolls in Spring Fashions

at the . . ."

The Blue Shop



Some people sow their wild oats on Saturday nights and then go to church on Sunday and pray for crop failure.

* * *

Two mosquitoes were resting on Robinson Crusoe's arm. I'm leaving now," said one. "I'll meet you on Friday."

* * *

To the woods, to the woods.
No. no.
To the woods, to the woods.
But it's dark in there.
To the woods, to the woods.
But Mother said I mustn't.
To the woods, to the woods.
I'll scream, I'll scream.
How loud can you scream?
eeeh, eeh.
To the woods, to the woods.

*She wore her stockings inside out
All through the summer heat.
She said it cooled her off to turn
The hose upon her feet.*

* * *



I suppose you know your laundry bill is due

Then there was the guy from Gentry Hall who stepped up to the bar very optimistically, and two hours later went away very misty optically.

A college professor had checked out of his hotel and before getting more than a few blocks away realized that he had left his umbrella. Returning to the hotel and approaching the room he had just vacated, he learned that a newly wed couple had taken the room.

They were in that baby-talking stage, and as the professor peeked through the keyhole, he saw the groom kiss the bride and heard him say:

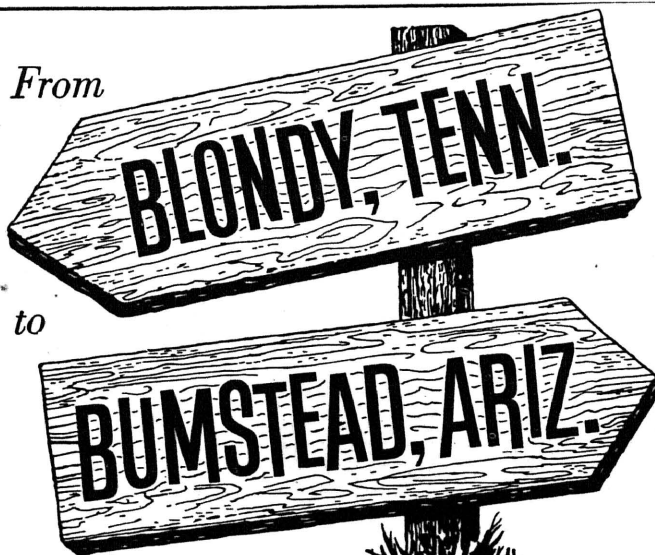
"Whose 'ittle mouth is that?"

"Yours, darling," she assured him.

"And whose 'ittle hands?" he asked, kissing them.

"Yours, of course, dearest," she replied.

"Listen here, young fellow," called the impatient professor through the transom, "when you come to an umbrella, it's mine."



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

"Blondy, Tenn. to Bumstead, Ariz." submitted by Douglas Hausler, Washington, D. C.



\$100 in cash prizes for interesting town names!

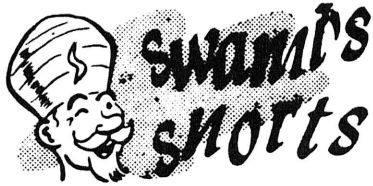
Rules on this page or elsewhere in this issue

LIFE SAVER 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 \$50. Second prize \$25, third prize \$10 and three \$5 prizes. Contest closes June 30, 1952. All entries should arrive at Life Savers, Port Chester, not later than June 30, 1952 to qualify. 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.



"How is it you aren't wearing your ear muffs?"

"I haven't worn them since the accident."

"What accident?"

"Somebody offered me a drink and I didn't hear him."

* * *

Then there was the sculptor who put his model to bed and chisled on his wife.

* * *

*Girls are just like cigarettes,
A fact you will admit;
You can't enjoy them properly
Until you get them lit.*

* * *

Fractured French

place aux dames—ladies room
grand pas—seduction
femme de ballon—bubble dancer
pur sang—lousy music
valse—falsie
jus gan'ti-um—men only
a la belle etoile—to the ladies room
tout est bonne—Bonny is tight again
et hoc—it's pawned

* * *

Southerner: "Ah wants a ticket for Virginny."

Station Agent: "What part?"

Southerner: "All of her, she's my daughter."

* * *

Then there was the absent-minded professor who forgot to write a \$5.50 book to sell to his class.

* * *

Some girls are cold sober. Others are always cold.

* * *

Then there were the two nudists who quit going steady because they were seeing too much of each other.



WANTS YOU!!

- WRITERS!
- CARTOONISTS!
- PHOTOGRAPHERS!
- ADVERTISING SALESMEN!
- IDEA MEN!

Traditional DIAMONDS

PRECIOUS AS YOUR LOVE. YOU'LL FIND THE LOWEST PRICES AND BEST VALUES WITH EASY PLACEMENT PLANS AT



CAMPUS JEWELERS

Across from

Jesse

Phone

9076



"Personalized Flowers"

We Wire
Flowers
Everywhere

ACROSS FROM JESSE

PHONE 9767

Girl of the Month . . .

Judy Klawans

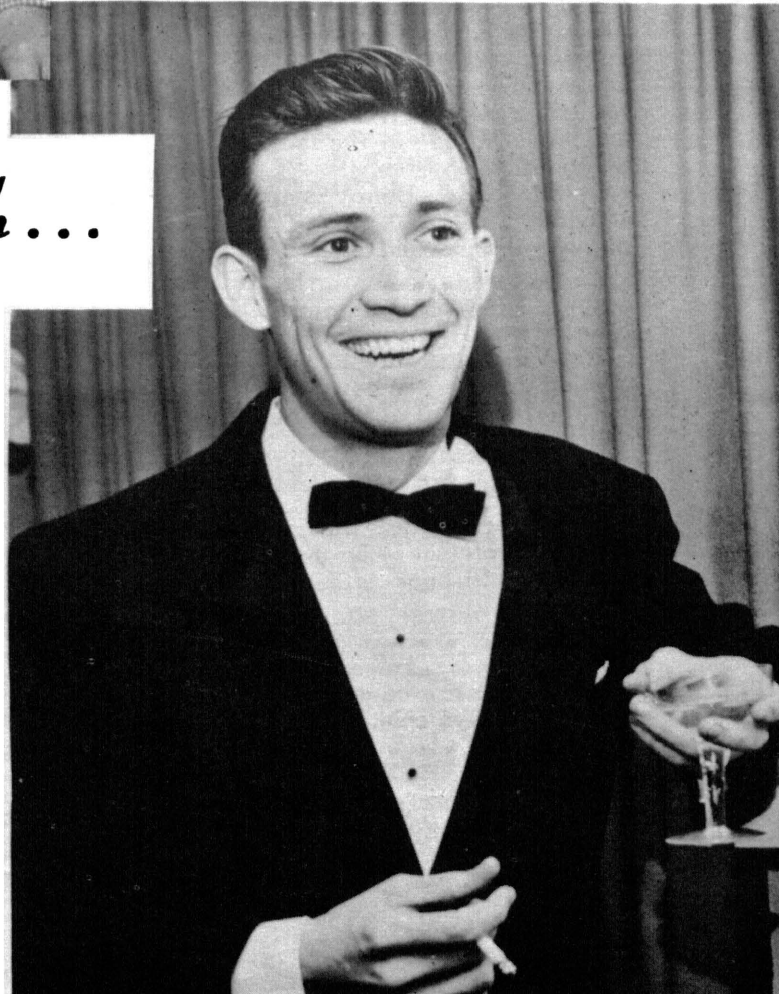
Assistant director of Carousel . . . Assistant producer of Savitar Frolics . . . A.W.S. . . Careers Conference . . . Deans Honor Roll . . . Workshop Board . . . Junior and Senior Pan-Hell . . . Pledge Trainer Vice President, President of Alpha Epsilon Phi Social Sorority . . . Y.W.C.A. . . . Red Cross Council . . . 20 . . . Roscoe, Mo.



Boy of the Month . . .

Terry Rees

Alpha Delta Sigma . . . President of J. School . . . Kappa Sigma Social Fraternity . . . Art Director Read Hall . . . Art Director Savitar Frolics . . . Distinguished Military Student . . . Ex Showme staffer . . . 21 . . . Columbia.



Lunacy

Why do these people wish to change Rollins Ave. to Javelin Lane and Richmond Ave. to Broad Street? Is it due to the several sororities located on each?

* * *

The Missouri Student, the original facsimile newspaper, continued to courageously print 'News About You' throughout January.

But we were startled to see one of their big bold headlines read: "University Strikes Blow at Cheating." Mustering all the calmness we could, we phoned a Lieutenant in the student underworld.

"Is it true," we squawked hoarsely, "Is it true that the University struck a blow at cheating?"

"Certainly not," he said reassuringly.

"Was it close?" we asked.

"Certainly not," he said, "Those imbeciles have not the slightest knowledge of our Plan D."

Plan D, it comes out, is made available only to those initiated into the underworld group. A member, after paying \$200, can completely relax for the remainder of his college career. He need not attend classes or take quizzes

When it comes time for graduation, a little introvert who plays with the IBM machines in the bowels of Jesse Hall is approached. In return for some high coin, he produces a transcript containing, among other things, 120 hours and 120 dandy honor points.

If the editors of *Time* made a study of University men students they would probably come to the conclusion that they fall into two types.

lust AND

Type A arises at 6 every AM, goes through health exercises, then dons an orange sportshirt made of cheesecloth, purple silk slacks, bright red plastic socks that glow in the dark, and black patent leather shoes.

Type A attends all classes, takes down every word instructor says. After classes he attends meetings on racial discrimination and cheating among students.

Type A's evening is spent studying. He usually retires shortly after midnight. Upon graduation Type A takes job as librarian's

assistant at \$120 per month.

Type B arises at 9:30, slips into cashmere button-down shirt, cashmere slacks tailored by Dar-off, Mongolian cashmere sweater, cashmere argyles and cashmere Scotch-grained shoes.

He cuts all classes, trips instead to Gaebler's where he spends remainder of morning and early afternoon hours drinking

lampe

coffee, smiling, and patting girls—often on somewhat private parts of their anatomies.

Remainder of afternoon is spent drinking beer with one of the girls he patted earlier in day.

Returning to his residence for evening meal, he is still sober,

(Continued on page 34)



BRADY Says:

"Paint your room for the second semester."



Decorate with

PITTSBURG

PAINT

BRADY'S

15 S. 10th

4978

(Continued from page 33)

yet kicks kahndly cleanin' woman.

Type B's evening is spent drinking whiskey, usually with girl who accompanied him in afternoon. Often he seduces evening date into signing out in order to take advantage of romantic early morning hours.

Type B usually retires at dawn. Upon graduation, he takes position as junior executive, earns \$500 per month plus liberal expense account.

* * *

Fortunately we were able to spend some time this past month in the University student clinic, Little Dixie's challenge to the Mayo brothers.

We heard many atrocity stories, but the topper was this:

Patient X entered clinic, probably against better judgment, after injuring knee. The injury was very painful, causing X to moan, groan. Doctors were called. They rushed him to operating

room—and removed his appendix.

We wonder if they apologized.

* * *

We spent many days in the clinic and they were all wonderful. Everyone paid so much attention to us. Every third day a porter would come by and wink. That little act of kindness kept us going.

After a week the porter came in. But it was just to bring fresh water.

And then one morning at dawn an old witch woke us up. Feeling smart-alecky, we said, "What d'ya want, baby, blood?" But the witch had a quick comeback that was a conversation stopper.

She said yes.

We had a radio and eagerly followed the adventures of Capt. Henrik Kurt Carlsen. We felt we were going through similar hells. But we were always safer than Capt Carlsen. Our ship definitely was not going to sink. Not a single rat had left the room since we arrived.

Finally a gnome with St. Vitus Dance danced in. He had maple syrup stains on his shirt and tie and some had dried on his chin. The sight of the maple syrup made us very hungry.

"I am a doctor," he said in Hungarian, "And I have just had breakfast and I am not the least bit concerned about your case."

For a Polynesian, he spoke Hungarian well.

"That's fine," we said, "But could we see some one who is?"

Before leaving, we learned that the witch had a racket. She takes a fifth of blood from each patient, uses a few shots for tests then peddles the remainder on the red market. Reportedly, she was earning \$400,000 annually before taxes.

* * *

A bloody racket, indeed.

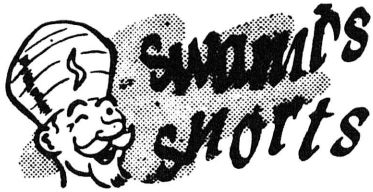


DON'T BE CAUGHT NAPPING WHEN THE BIG DAY

IN YOUR LIFE COMES ALONG,

BE SURE YOU'RE PROPERLY DRESSED IN CLOTHES FROM

Woolf Brothers



As the FBI agent passed thru the village he noted amazing evidence of target shooting. There were numberless bullseyes on fences with a bullet hole exactly through the center. He wanted to meet the marksmen and was introduced to the village idiot. "How do you shoot like that?" he asked.

"Easy," was the answer, "I shoot first and draw the circle afterwards."

• • •

He: "What are my chances with you?"

She: "Two to one. There's you and me against my conscience."

• • •

Little Miss Muffet decided to rough it,

In a cabin quite old and medieval,

A rounder espied her and plied her with cider

And now she's the forest's primeval.

• • •

A none too prosperous London clergyman reluctantly accepted the offer of a commercial firm to supply his congregation with free books containing the standard hymns, with the stipulation that a little advertising might be injected. When the books arrived, the minister was overjoyed to find the books contained no advertising matter at all. But on the following Sunday he was horrified to hear the following hymn:

Hark! The herald angels sing,
Murphy's pills are just the thing:

Peace on earth and mercy mild

• • •

"I'm making an S of myself," said the little noodle as he jumped into the alphabet soup.

Main Means of Transportation on Campus



RUGGED, LIGHT WEIGHT HANDSEWN LOAFERS, IN FINE GLOVE LEATHER AND SOFT SUEDE IN AN ASSORTMENT OF COLORS YOU'LL LOVE RUST, GRAY, BLUE, BLACK AND RED

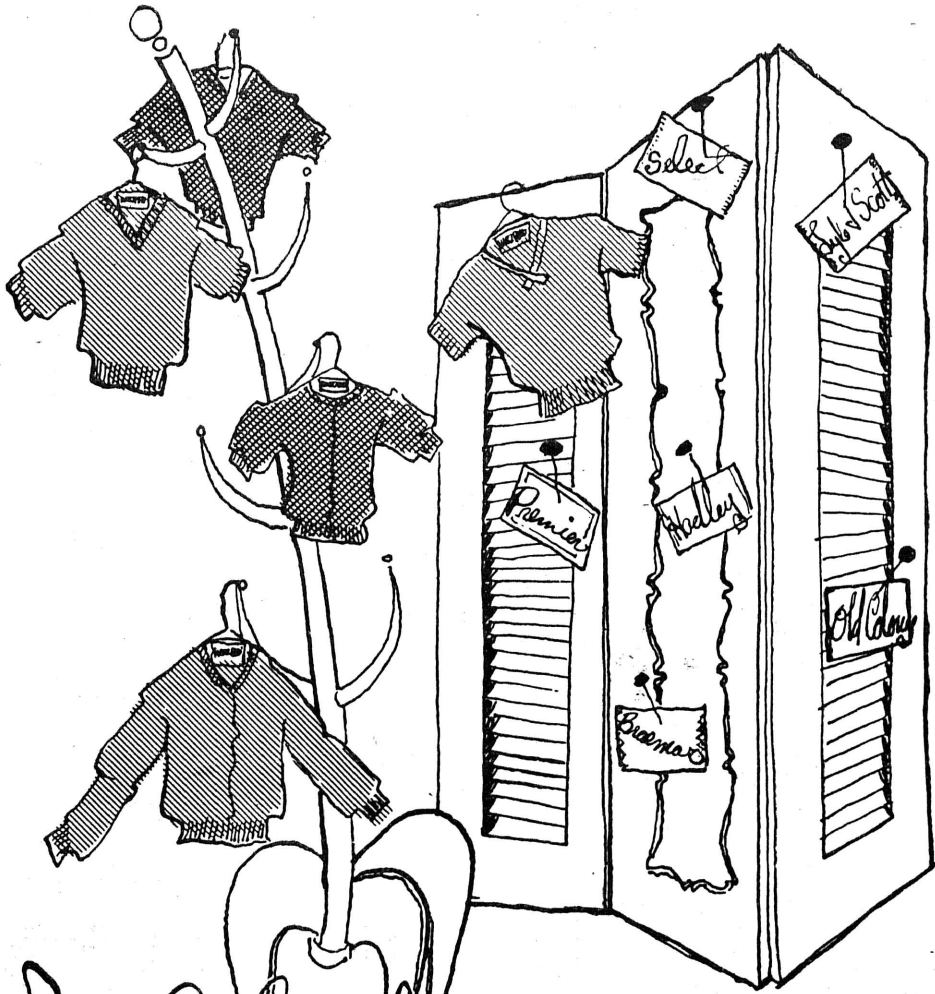
NAMES YOU KNOW \$6.95 to 9.95

- Connie aaaa to C
- Sandler of Boston 4 to 10
- Jacqueline
- Taylor Made



WHITE BUCK SADDLES AND BLUTCHERS FOR YOUR AROUND CAMPUS TOGS AND CASUAL WEAR. 'A CAMPUS RAGE' AND A DEFINITE 'MUST' ON YOUR LIST FOR SPRING.





In Columbia, nearly everyone buys her



Sweaters at

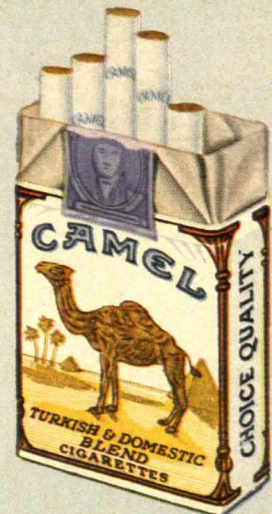
Harzfeld's

*Campus
Interviews on
Cigarette Tests!*

No. 13—THE MOUNTAIN GOAT



He thought they were trying to make him the butt-end of a joke when he was asked to judge cigarette mildness with a mere puff of one brand and a quick sniff of another. The fancy foot-work didn't dazzle him! He knew that the pinnacle of pleasure comes from steady smoking... and that there is only one test that gives you enough time to permit conclusive proof. Smokers throughout America have made the same decision! *It's the sensible test...* the 30-Day Camel Mildness Test, which simply asks you to try Camels on a day-after-day, pack-after-pack basis. No snap judgments! Once you've tried Camels for 30 days in your "T-Zone" (T for Throat, T for Taste), you'll see why...



After all the Mildness tests...

Camel leads all other brands *by billions*