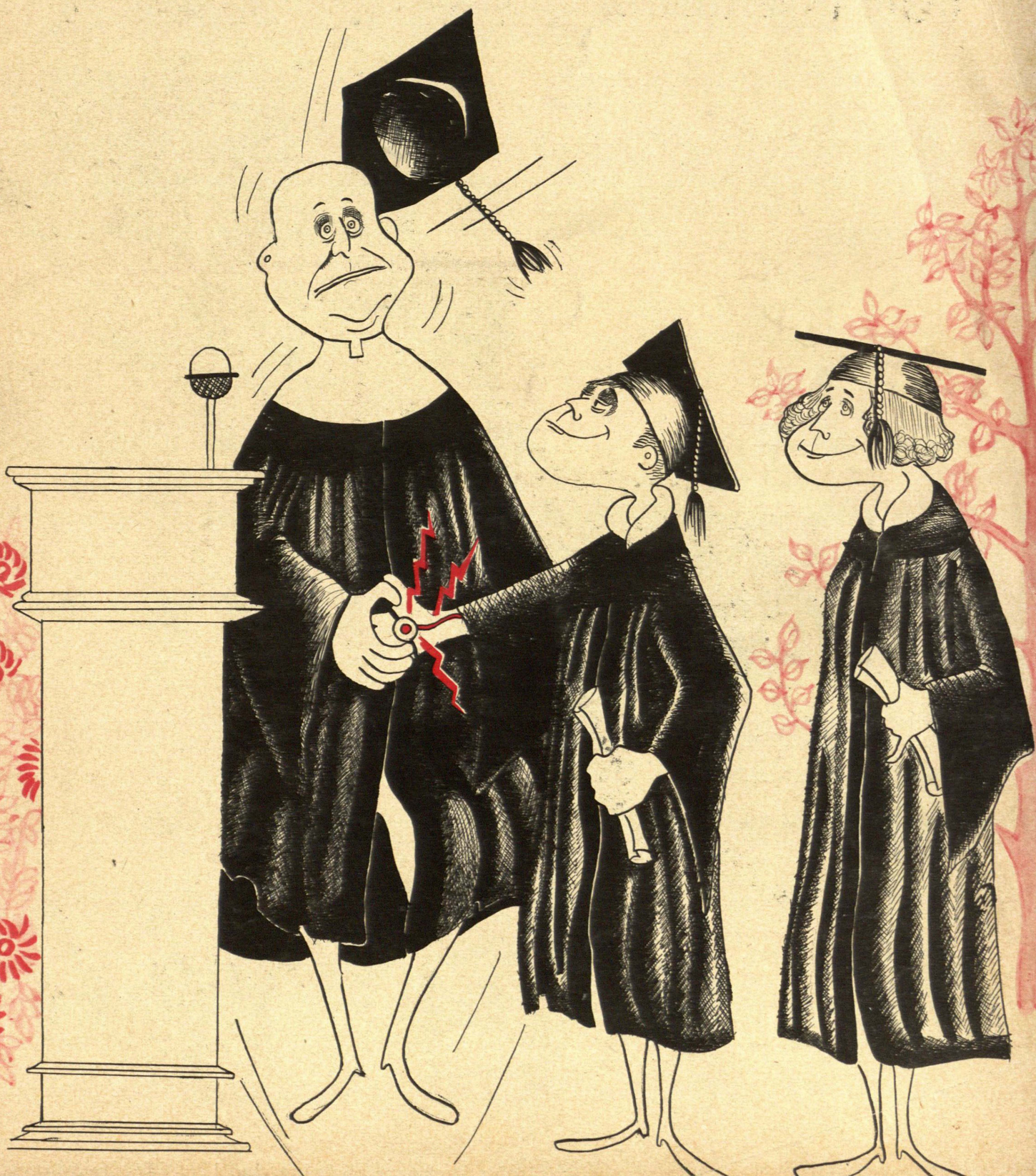


MISSOURI

SHOWME

JUNE

25¢



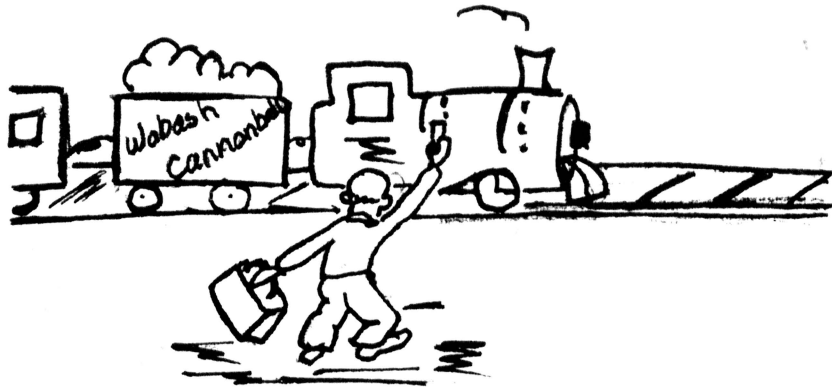
Summer's Non-stop
swim 'n' sun
Fun Fashions



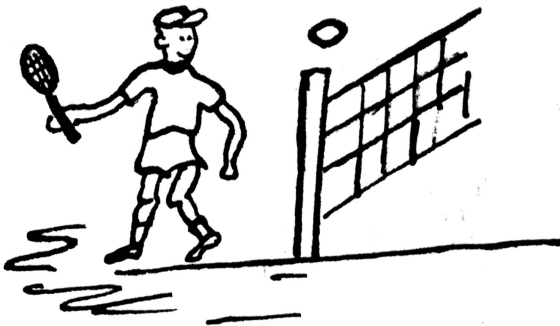
at
Garland's

20 on the Strollway

Although it's Goodbye for now--



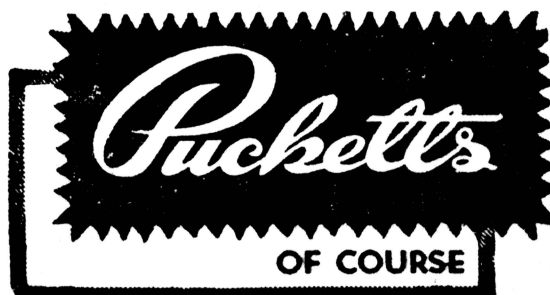
We hope you have a nice summer



And come back to see us next fall



At



Across from

Jesse

Phone

9076

CAMPUS JEWELERS

Congratulations to the 1952 GRADUATES

Congratulates

Your

Graduates

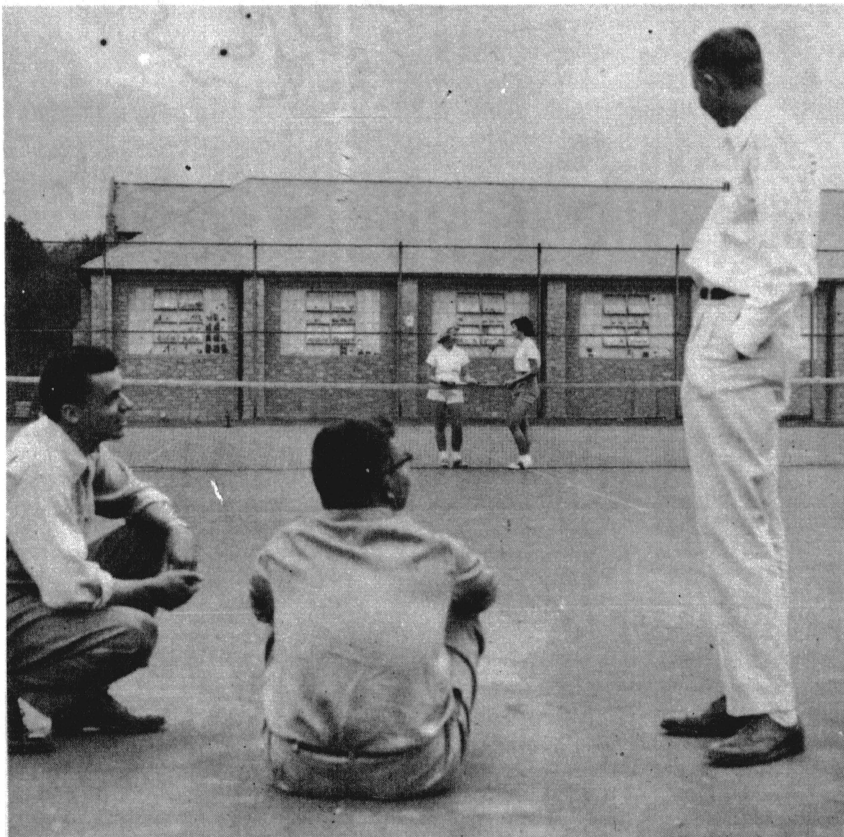
With a

Gift

From

Us.

Ronson Lighters — Greek Jewelry — Elgin Compacts



"Always in form — must be Shorts from Julie's"



Dear Stupe,

Did you really put out the "Smooch Issue" or did some of features germs take over for a month? Gar man we want cartoons. Funny pictures not involved stories.

Your for more art work,
Defoe's Degenerates

"Thy will be done" ..—Ed.

What did you all ever do to the student? Senator McCarthy should take lessons from 'em. Is in your circulation or did somebody steal somebody's goil? I there really that much difference thought your SMOOCH issue was rotten because it was too clean until I read the "Student." Then I rechecked the darn thing and you know ... it was vile!

Jim Beacheem
Columbia, Missouri

It was like telling a joke that lost it's punch line. Thanks for re-checking—Ed.



SCH.AV.MED. L.P.C. No. 2
U.S.N.A.S.

Dear Dean Matthews:

Since I left the University to enter the Navy I have not been able to purchase the *Showme* and I miss the humor it offers.

I would like to know if and how I can obtain a subscription to this magazine. Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain,

Yours truly,
James E. Fancher, AN

KWANDAE-RI, KOREA

Dear Sir:

...in regards to your *Showme* Queen Contest. Enclosed is the ballot marked with the choice of the order of Battle Section, G-2, X ID S Corps

She is Miss Jean Carpenter...

Thanks to a very good friend from Stephens College, we have had the privilege of reading your last two issues...I am a gradu-



ate of the University of Florida and my "typist" attended Auburn we find *Showme* compares favorably with our own college's humor magazines. We think you have a good magazine and enjoy the articles and jokes tremendously.

We would appreciate a picture of Miss Carpenter...she is a lovely girl and has truly captured the hearts of six GI's...

Yours for more laughs from
Showme,

Cpl. Tomas M. McClelland
Cpl. James S. Parker
Cpl. John O. Gundle
Cpl. Vittorio Ienco
Sfc Alexander Simpson
1st Lt. Floryan Yakimovicz

Thanks for your plug and the picture is on the way—Ed.



The music in the joint was so bad that when a waiter dropped a tray of dishes, everyone got up and started dancing.

"Good night," she purred at the door. "If was fun noing you."

Many a girl has thought herself bitten by the lovebug, only to find she was out with a louse.

*Boy: Shut up!
Coed: Make me!
Boy: Always changing the subject.*

Girl: My arm fell asleep. It feels like its full of pins and needles.

Boy: Let's get down to brass tacks.

Most girls attain their ends by not doing enough exercise.

Rosie entertained so many male visitors in the parlor and things were so quiet while they were in attendance that Rosie's Papa finally grew suspicious. One night he told his wife, "I've got a wonderful invention that will help us check up on Rosie. It's a television periscope. Just turn it on when Rosie is in the parlor with her fella tonight. If he holds her hand, there'll be a green light. If he kisses her, there'll be a purple light." The contraption was set in place, the male visitor arrived, and Papa settled back for a nap. His wife awakened him by shaking him violently. "Come quick, Papa," she cried, "and see the pretty rainbow."

Congratulations Graduates



Decorate With

**PITTSBURGH
PAINT**

BRADY'S

15 S. 10th

4978



WANTS YOU!!

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

Next Year



**SWAMI'S
SHORTS**



MISSOURI SHOWME

YOUR CAMPUS HUMOR MAGAZINE

Papa, tell me how you proposed to mama?

Well, son, as I remember it was something like this. We were sitting on the couch in her living room one night and she leaned over and whispered in my ear.

I said, "Like hell you say," and the next day we were married.

* * *

Chaplain: I will allow you five minutes of grace before your execution.

Condemned Man: That's not very long, but bring her in.

* * *

"Im going to have a little one
Said the gal, gay and frisky
But the boy friend up and
fainted

Before he knew she meant
whiskey.

* * *

Junkman: Any old rags, any old clothes?

Kappa Of course not, this is the Tri Delt House

Junkman: Any old bottles?

* * *

Do you file your fingernails?
No, I throw them away after I cut them.

* * *

A tired doctor got his wife to answer the phone by the bed, say he was out, and give advice which he whispered to her.

"Thank you very much, Mrs. Simpson," said the voice, "but I should like to ask you one thing. Is that gentleman who seems to be in bed with you fully qualified?"—Shaft.

Contents

- Around the Columns ----- 7
- No Way Across the River --- 10
- Centerspread, Herb Knapp -- 16
- Gunga-Dunga ----- 15
- Roll'em, Phiblo Quad! ----- 19
- The Cocktail Bust ----- 25
- Lunacy Lust and Lampe ---- 29



Cover by Pat Kirkpatrick

Staff

Editor: Herb Knapp; **Business Manager,** Dude Haley; **Advertising Manager:** Peggy Marak; **Publicity Directors** Hank Marder; **Associate Editor:** Pat Kilpatrick; **Feature Editor:** Joe Gold; **Photo Editor:** Jack Brown; **Art Editor:** Bill Braznell; **Secretaries:** Bev Burris, Katherine Ryan, MaryAnn Fleming, Joey Bellows; **Artists:** Bill Andronics, Madge Fisher, Jack Frost, Bill Gale; **Photos:** Marie Rundberg, Jim Karohl, Henn Liiv; **Features:** Jim Anderson, Keith Lampe, Rube Erwin, Joyce Greiler, Bill Ashlock; **Joke Editors:** Maralee Cotton, Lois Via; **Circulation Manager:** Tom Walsh; **Circulation Staff** Bill Brooks, Jack Bowman, Dpn Olsen, John Judge, Bob Hyde; **Publicity:** Pat Osgood, Fat Kotolov, Jan Hembry, Bob Eubanks.



SHOWME is published nine times, September through May, during the college year by the Students of the University of Missouri. Office: 304 Read Hall, Columbia, Mo. All copyrights reserved. Unsolicited manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Advertising rates furnished on request. National Advertising Representative: W. B. Bradbury Co., 122 E. 42nd St., New York City. Printer: Modern Litho-Print Co., Jefferson City, Mo. Price: 25c a single copy; subscriptions by mail \$3.00. Office hours: 1:30 to 3:30 p.m., Monday through Friday, 304 Read Hall.





editor's ego

The parties' been lovely. I enjoyed it very much. Oh, of course next time I'll shave. Good by Joisy Jerce G., Solong Bitter J.G. Yes, Pat and Bill have my blacksnake whip. No, baby, I do not know where Dude is. Lampe an Rube are in somebody's room. Drop around my place sometime. Happy bedbugs for rushweek. Really hate to say goodbye but you know how it is. There's a banana boat waiting for me down at the corner. See ya...

Herb Knapp

*Virtues are learned at mother's knee.
Vices at some other joint.*



Why Marrylin, you fiesty little imp you.



College is like a laundry . . . you get out what you put into it but you'd never recognize it.

*Epitaph on an old maid's tomb:
"Who says you can't take it with you."*

Can you tell me what the former ruler of Russia was called?

Tsar.

Right. And what was his wife called?

Tsarina.

Correct. What were the Tsar's children called?

Tsardines.

Back in the day of the knights and the round tables, Sir Cedric was preparing to go off to the wars. He filled his castle with provisions and locked his beautiful wife in it to keep her safe while he was gone. Then he rode over to the next castle to see his

trusted friend, Sir Lawrence.

"Sir Lawrence," said he, "you are my most trusted friend. While I am away I want you to keep this key for me so that no one may enter my castle."

And Lawrence replied feelingly: "Cedric, I am overwhelmed by your trust; rest assured, your key could not be in better hands. Your wife is safe."

Cedric rode off. After riding for an hour or so he heard a horse galloping up behind him.



On it was Lawrence, out of breath from his hard ride.

"Sir Cedric, Sir Cedric!" he shouted. "You gave me the wrong key."

"Do you want to spoon?"

"What's spooning?"

"Spoonning is what those couples over there are doing."

"Then let's shovel."

First Gambler: I'll lay you two to one.

Second Gambler: Braggert!

He: "Will you have breakfast with me tomorrow morning?"

She: "Sure."

He: "Shall I phone you or nudge you?"

M.U. gal: Why there's the fellow who took me out last night. Hello there, tall, dark, and hands . . .

What a charming baby, he looks just like you.

Don't tell my husband that, we adopted him.



The last time I saw the columns
My heart was warm and gay;
The liquor swirling through my
brain
Washed all my cares away.



Around The Columns

Overheard

Two freshman girls walked into Gabe's:

"Oooh, it reeks of beer. Let's leave."

And they did.

Viva Zapata!

These days everyone is walking around campus with "I Like Ike" buttons, or "Get the Shaft with Taft", or "Estes Is the Bestes." People corner us in Gabe's or Read Hall and insist on indoctrinating us into the catacombs of partisan politics. With more candidates than the enrollment at Rolla, we are rather confused, and can only sputter "Viva Zapata!" Who knows, maybe he's running.

Dreamer

It's time to think of what to do this summer. Shall we take off for the enchanting paradise of California? Will it be the North Woods of Michigan? The scalding pavements of New York City? Or perhaps, a short cruise to the Bahamas?

We lie back in our Singapore Sling stupor and madly conjecture on where to go and what to do. But when all is said and done, there is really only one—summer school. How else can one get to graduate in the normal four years?

Let's Spoon

After many courses in the realm of economics, we are able to predict with a high degree of probability a new trend in the business cycle here in Columbia.

In a very short time there will no longer be any market for plastic spoons. Relax, small business. There is yet a way out! The simple solution is to dynamite the Tastee Freeze stand on the Strollway. In this manner, the source of the free splastic spoon will have been destroyed, and there will still be a market.

More public service articles will be forthcoming next fall.

Looking Glass

Putting one little word after another, and whatever happened to April Stevens, the year has flown by. Taking a look at the trials and tribulations of the last two semesters, we're kind of glad it's all over.

Fall: Mizzou fighting to stay at .250 in the football standings.. Showme fighting to come out.

Winter: Chirstmas coming just when things looked blackest... Clyde Lovellette towering on the Field House Court.

Spring: Politics and Beer... Tap Day, but no tap... Spring formals and Beta brawls.

Rape of Hitt Street

One of the most heinous crimes ever committed in Columbia has been perpetrated under the very eyes of University students. Hitt Street, the former shady avenue leading to Johnston Hall, has now been shaved of its former shadiness. The trees have been cut down to widen the street, and those who liked the quiet, small town atmosphere of the street must walk in the sun and curse the ones who did this dastardly deed.

The Easy Way

Why doesn't someone invent a way to record textbooks so that busy students can listen to their courses rather than having to spend long hours reading the books. Imagine being able to go out on a date the night before a big quiz and have a record player booming out the high spots of sociology in the back seat, while students make mad, passionate love in the front seat.

We do this anyway, but the rub is, we flunk. Probably you'd flunk anyway, but it's pleasant to think that you might not.

Coeds Take Note

We noticed an interesting divorce case recently. Up in Michigan (Pardon us, Ernest) a man, suing his wife for divorce, claimed that, when at the movies, his wife made him go outside and stand in the lobby of the theatre during scenes which showed



bathing suits or abbreviated costumes. We have noticed a great many ag students who ought to be made to go outside when scenes of cows and horses are flashed on the screen. It has about the same effect that abbreviated costumes have on others.

Slaughter on Colege Ave.

In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thought of blowing up the Beta House. What



is this fatal fascination for mayhem over on College? From what we hear, it outshone *Quo Vadis*, which was playing at the same time, even if the lions were missing. But from a psychiatric point of view, a little overt aggression is good for the soul. It keeps one from having repressions and being frustrated. And we wouldn't want anybody to be frustrated, would we?

Sales Talk

To those minor publications which are continually sniping at *Showme* in an attempt to escape the anonymity which they so richly deserve, we can only ask, "Care to compare circulation?"

Tracy to Patton

This doesn't even have two meanings, but we thought it was pretty funny. A musician in Ohio complained that he kept getting police calls on his electric guitar. Just think! "I wanna go back to my little grass shack... on the corner of Conley and the Strollway."

Nooses and Cayuses

It's getting so bad at the Uptown that you have to bring your own oats to get in. Westerns are running rampant, and for sixty-five cents you can cheer as loud as you ever could at the Boone. Of course, the Uptown is offering higher class shoot-em-ups, (after all, for that price you'd expect to see Jose Ferrer as U.S. Marshal) but a nag is a nag where ever it may be.

So, park your shooting irons at the door, pardners, and the usher will return them when Hoppy has corralled another passel of desperadoes.

Union Forever

Our first exclusive. The New Memorial Union *will* open in September. Twenty five years of patience have paid off, and the new building will be the greatest thing since reclining seats were installed in the Nash.

Containing about sixty three ballrooms, fourteen cafeterias run by Fred Harvey, and four Basin Street bands, the Union is the fulfillment of the dreams of graduating class after graduating class. The other side of the Tower, however, is still being used by the Horticulture department to see what type of weed grows faster. Someday, perhaps, that too

... but, no, we mustn't anticipate. And a proletarian pox upon you, too!

Things To Come

Last month a new rule was put into effect at Stephens College. Susies can now ride in cars. It's a sort of graduated rule, the juniors being allowed a little, and the seniors, a lot. However, remember prohibition. Everyone drank anyway, when the law was in effect. So did the Susies. Now the question occurs: Will they still want to ride in cars now that it is no longer verboten? Or did they just do it anyway, simply because they weren't supposed to?

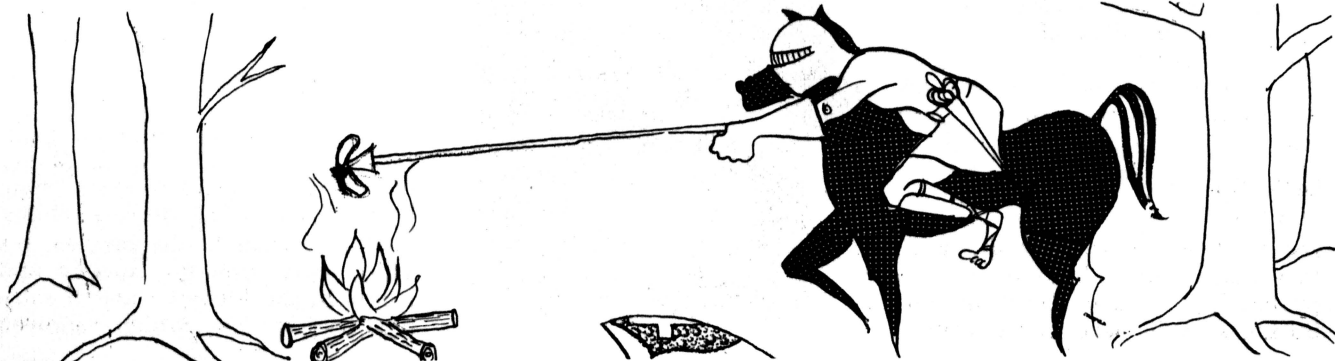
Tune in next Fall to David Harum and find out the answer to this perplexing problem: Can a girl go to Stephens and get taken for a ride at the same time?

Look, Ma, I'm Marching

We keep going out to the Wednesday boy scout marches on the quadrangle, to learn the finer points of military life. It's just



like the army: tanglefooted haystackers from Glob, Missouri and tanglefooted cosmopolitans from New York vie to see who can set the pace. We have seen quite a



few of the boys from Ft. Leonard Wood out on Wednesdays, no doubt, to learn how it is done. They watch avidly as the ROTC kids go through their intricate maneuvers, and then snicker quietly among themselves, probably at some joke they have just gotten. We don't know why. Perhaps it's merely the thought that some day these lads in ROTC uniforms will be officers. That would be enough to do it, wouldn't it?

Hara Karey

Baseball days are here again, and no longer does Johnny Ray boom out over the radio with his famous gusto. "Little White Cloud" has taken a back seat to "Holy Cow." Disc Derby gets shorter and shorter as ballgames get longer and longer. And people who can't stand ballgames are being interrupted in the midst of important business by portable radios on the Hingson. Basehits and beer have replaced sex and beer. The season has changed, but the Griesedick lingers on.

Carouse—Hell

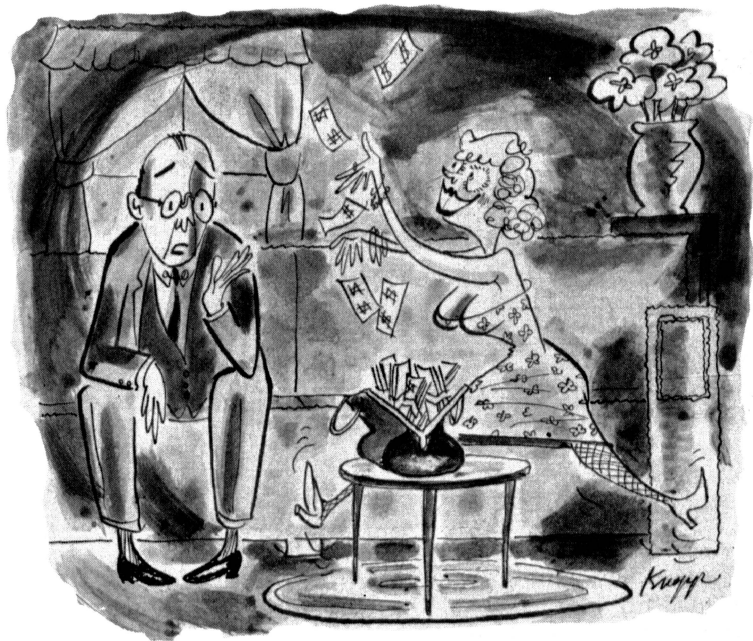
We managed to sneak into Carousell last month at Read Hall, and found out somebody was a liar. There were programs with fancy sounding drinks listed, and we figured this was it. After the fifteenth attempt to reach a state of stupor, it began to dawn on us that none of the beverages contained anything alcoholic whatsoever. Even Hadacol would have given some relief.

Then, to top it all off, refugees from the Waiters' Local 212, kept popping up every five minutes, lifting our glasses, shining flashlights on them to see if they were empty, and saying, "Well, scrounge, what'll you have?"

Anyway, we liked the floor show.

Here's How, Pop

We understand the Student Union Board is contemplating a Dad's Weekend to occur sometime in the future, probably Fall of '53. The idea is for all the fathers to come to Columbia for a



"I suppose we can do without a new auditorium for another year."

football game, banquet, and tours of the campus. We think this would be a good idea. More spirit it would be built up on the campus, and more spirits would be hidden until Monday morning. We suppose it would be best to let Pop get the impression that this is the way we usually spend our weekends. He'll have a good time, you'll have a good time, and besides, it will only happen once a year. And after all, look how much the old man has done for you. One little sacrifice won't hurt.



Psychotic Video

Graham Hall bought themselves a television set last month. They are the first organized dormitory to do such a thing with

the \$2.50 they scrounged out of each resident. We understand the boys from Graham were able to see round two of the Ray Robinson-Rocky Graziano fight last month. Night and day, you can always see the Graham antenna rotating frantically in search of something other than Howdy-Doody. One of these days they may graduate to "One Man's Family."

\$2 Window

Back in April, Stephens College sponsored a Fashion Show and a Horse Show on two successive nights. We understand the same girls participated in both.

Showme Applauds

President Midlebush and Dr. Thomas A. Brady for the proposed revamping of Jesse Hall. For years students have forced themselves into the tiny, sultry fire-trap, not knowing if they would be crushed in the rush for the door when the fire broke out. Enlargement of the auditorium is something that is very necessary, and the administration is to be congratulated for hearing the call.

Is The Schedule of Courses Worth Keeping?

Joe Gold



by Rube Erwin

The party lasted four hours and 15 minutes. It could actually be snipped off and reangled within those limits. To be sure, there were daubs and streaks of activity that ran off the canvas clear out of the frame of the thing, but the bulk of people clustered and swayed around the dance floor for four hours and 15 minutes.

The dance floor was the hard core of the party, the firmly placed centerpiece that gave tension and rhythm and movement to it. The trails of hurried drinking and rushed lovemaking that were the party too, hung like gay ribbons tentacled around the dance floor. The dance floor was a festive reference point from which the college revelers gauged their place in the party.

It seemed somehow to understand its function, for it pretended innocently like the dancers it bore that the dancing was a serious thing. It was flustered and a bit unsure of its finery like the girls who switched their skirts across it. Its casual palms and perky white railing were not for a decorator's eye, nor for the fierce eye that abstracts beauty from form. Its makers, because they were its users, unconsciously had calculated that no amount of gilt would outshine the star-dusty bath that washed across it from the dancers' eyes. Most of all it seemed that this dance floor would cease to be if the warm spring night and the green fraternity lawn and the near grown cubs did not surround it.

A popular song told all this to the dancers and to the couples that sat under the trees in the dark or held each other in the parked automobiles. A popular song told all this, and if the little man who had written it somewhere once really owned the easy emotions he had syncopated he would have liked his audience. If he had stood and watched the dancing young bodies caress each other and the clear young voices not hide their laughter he might have written a better popular song. A popular song told all this, and that was why the young faces looked so raptly at the saxophones; they were listening to themselves.

Listening to themselves made these young people honest. White tuxedo coats and orchid festooned shoulders were a uniform of the army of the young. The production greetings, the obvious wit, the repetitious phrases, the ostentatious flittings were not so serious to this hive of bees as they seemed. They were the props for the drama of the delicious hovering years, the years these up-turned young faces mirrored, of adulthood without adult responsibility.

This was the fraternity party that lasted four hours and 15 minutes and that Rex and Linda were separating themselves from. Side by side, hand in hand, each looking straight ahead, they walked down the driveway to Rex's car. Rex's properly laped coat, Linda's properly bare shoulders, and the proper sleekness of their young heads were like the other streamers that dangled about the dance floor as couples came and went. Their figures in no way stood out from the pretty party painting.

Nor would they have wanted to stand out. They were young, they were healthy, they were waiting like the rest, and they were amusing themselves while they waited. They were only tired of being amused en masse; that is why they were leaving.

They were greedy too, greedy enough not to be satisfied with the youth and the fat, amusing wait. They were so greedy they wanted no limits to their amusements; that is why they were leaving. They were tentatively in love, so they could experience the whole wait through each other. They were in love and they wanted to be alone to say so; that is why they were leaving.

Rex held open the car door for Linda and shut it softly, behind her. He fumbled a key into the trunk lock and pushed it up. Skillfully grasping a pitcher of icewater and a bottle of whiskey, he came 'round to his side of the car.

They sat close together on the car seat for a long time, talking breezily. Gradually their voices lowered and their eyes stared big and intent on each other. The gentle clink of ice in their glasses was their only punctuation. The drinks began to flush their faces and squash their consonants; melt their vowels. Inexorably the party moved away and the waiting room narrowed to a car, a drink, and an armful of each other.

Suddenly the night was one long, deep, fiery kiss that squeezed them breathless in the same clenched fist. Their lives so clamped together momentarily that they imagined they knew who and what they were. The benediction of sex poured over them like sweat, until, in the pulsating blackness appeared a tiny white arched bridge between them. Their faces pressed, their eyes closed, they could see the gently curving bridge touching each of them. They passed each other on the bridge and found each other's shore, then met again on the bridge by the rail.

The bridge held in space for a moment, then shattered, and their eyes were open, and the kiss was ended, and people were strolling by the car, and the party was over, and another couple asked for a ride home. Rex and Linda were sure afterwards that they had talked to the other couple on the way home, but they could never remember. Rex remembered only

laboriously driving as if he furnished the power for the car with his own body. Linda remembered silently screaming as she tried to calmly say goodnight to Rex in the crowd of people at the door, screaming at the sharp break of her pleasure.

The vision of the bridge was an awesome secret that they kept almost from each other. Its strangeness made it fade away till it had no strength to stop their quarrels. They quarreled often and that stopped their fun. If they couldn't get distilled fun from each other the waiting wasn't fun and that stopped their love. Graduation spread them a thousand miles apart and there were no letters.

There was still the fraternity house, though, and its parties. Rex saw Linda there a year later on a football weekend. She was with someone dispensable and he was alone. They said hello uncertainly and wondered if they might fall in love again. In a corner of the party they sat and talked, afraid to be alone, afraid not to.

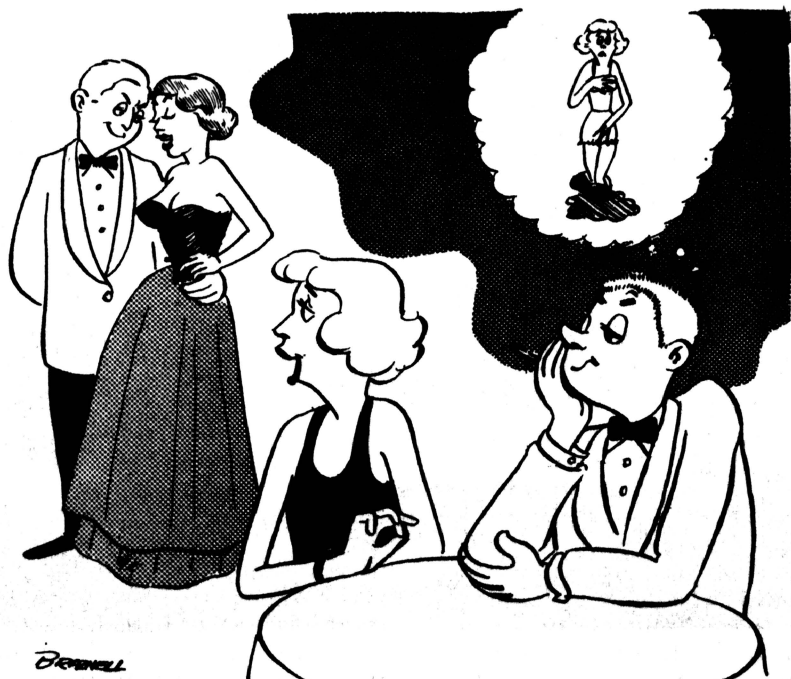
They watched each other shyly as they said supine things, dis-

comfited by the stranger who wasn't a stranger. They remembered the tiny, white bridge and how they had walked above the river time. They knew how the other's lips would taste, how to coax a smile or smudge a frown. They almost dared to touch once.

But the waiting, leisure years were over. Rex was in a uniform.

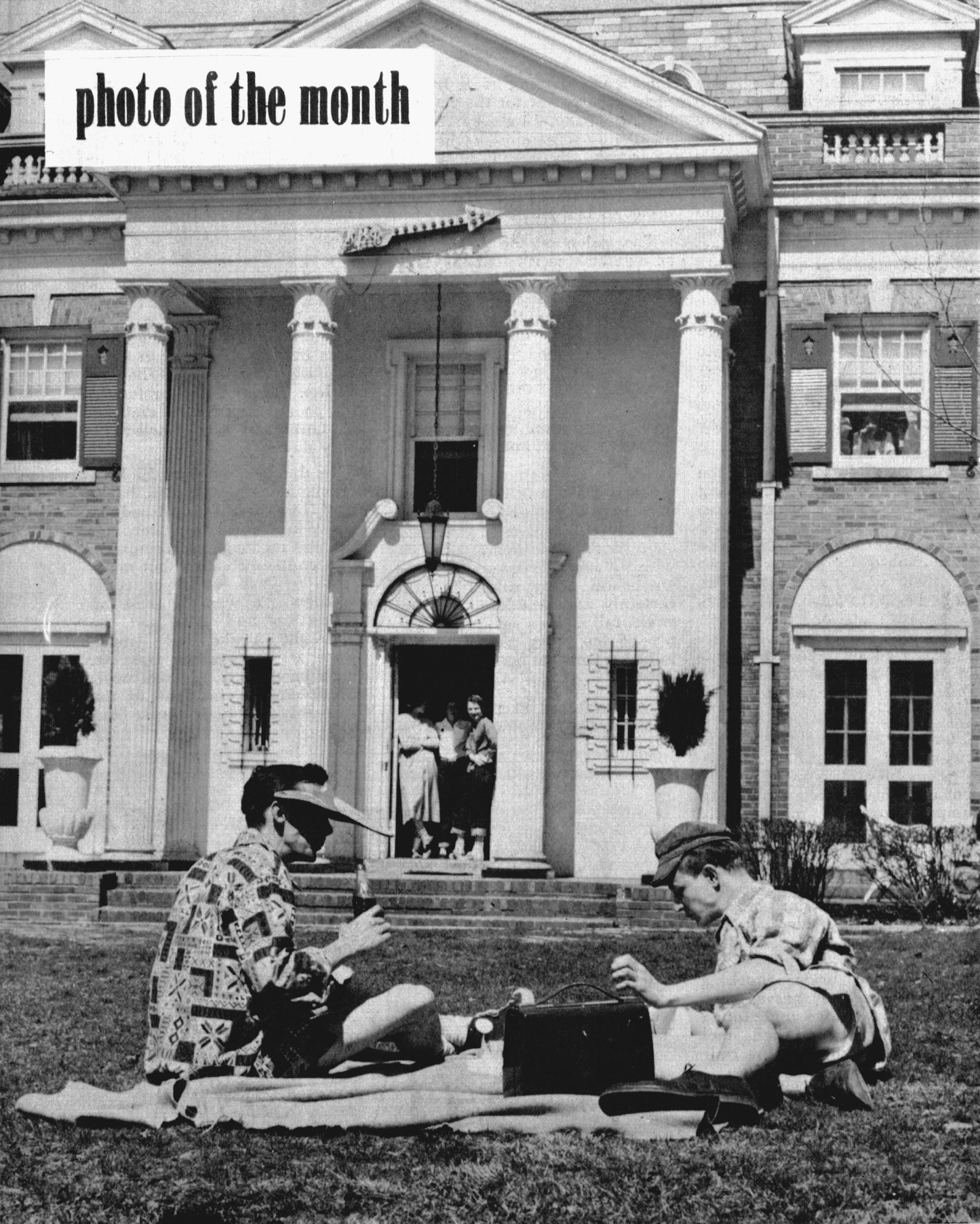
He didn't know what war was or did, but Linda didn't know fear and training camps and Capt. Littleton who cursed his men. Linda modeled now for a living. She didn't know where that led, but Rex didn't know professional hypocrisy and painful diets and Mr. Gundlack who pawed her every day.

Rex didn't know that. He knew that she looked lovely and that he might kiss her if he wished. He didn't know that for her, too, play was no longer an occupation to be endlessly varied but now a breath to grab when you could. He knew she was the same appealing size and shape and that he might stroke her smooth throat if he wished. But Rex didn't know that she had moved to another shore of time, or that there was no way across the river.

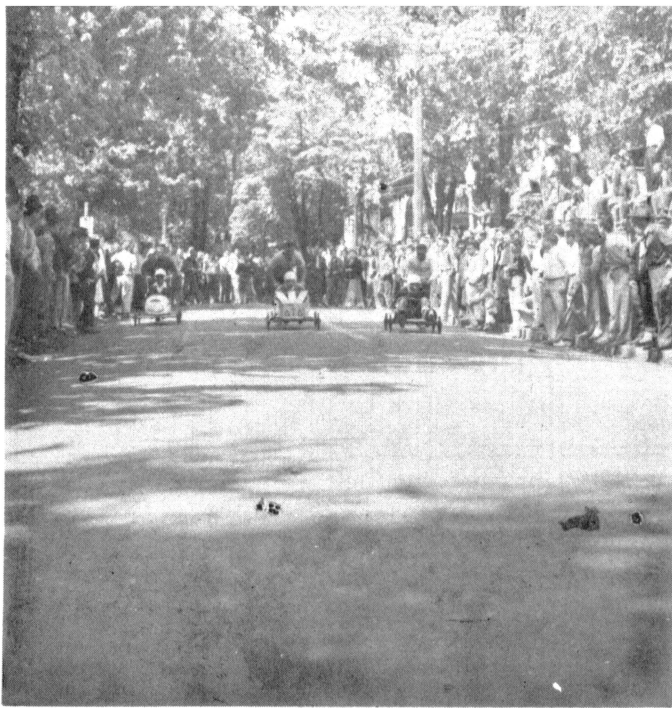


"Oh, John—couldn't you just picture me in a dress like that?"

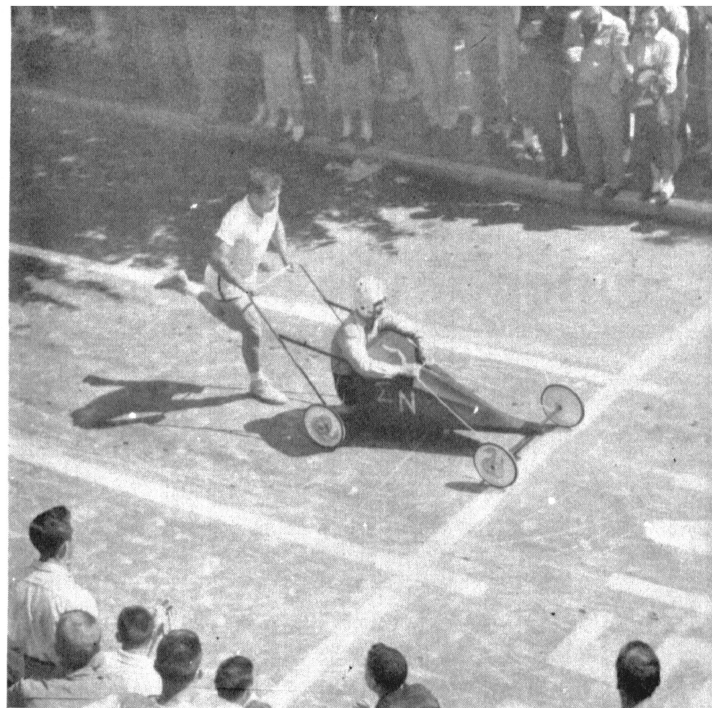
photo of the month



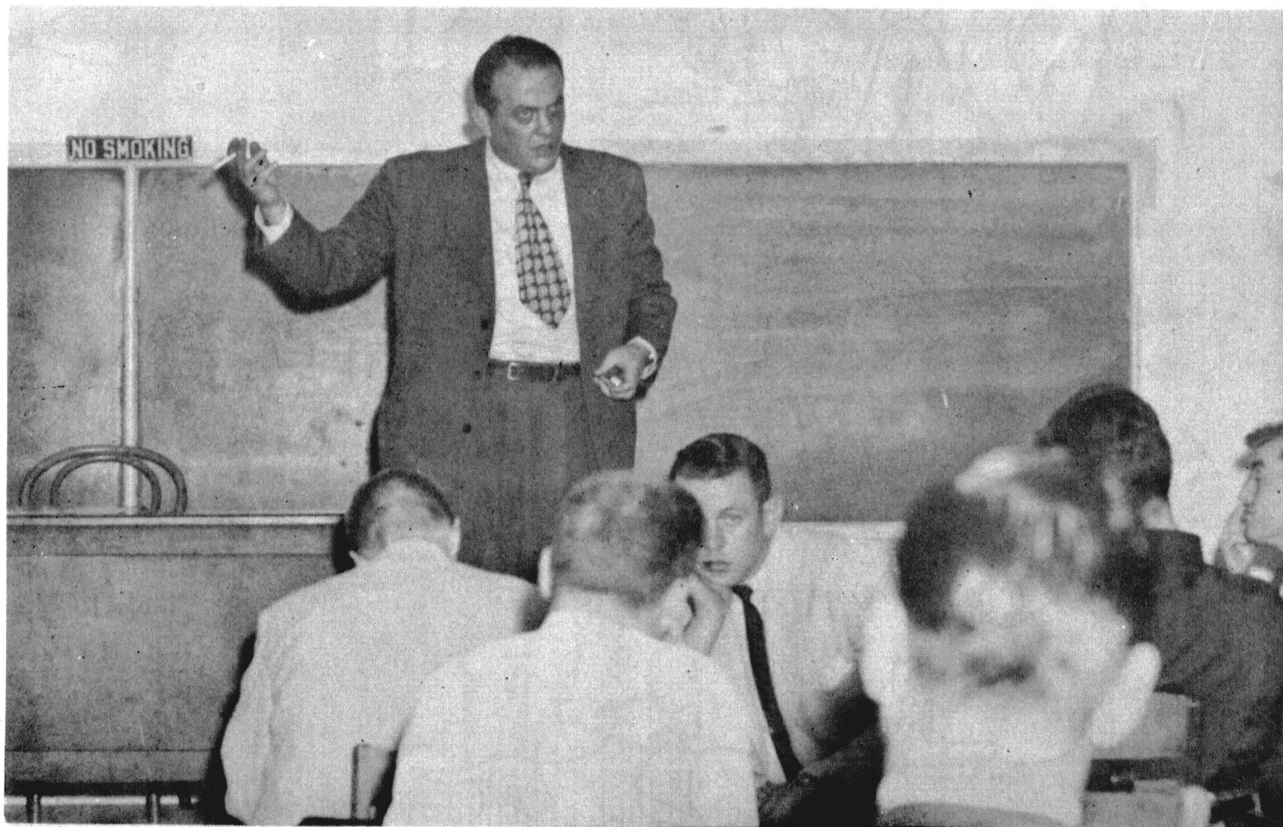
Two members of the *Student* staff relax between crusades on a blanket party given by a local clique. Editor Steninger is saying, "This more fun than throwing eggs."



Around the turn and into the stretch comes three contestants for the Delta Upsilon Derby Cup...



...And Sigma Nu, entered at 6 to 1, crosses the wire going away into the third heat of the annual Campustown race classic

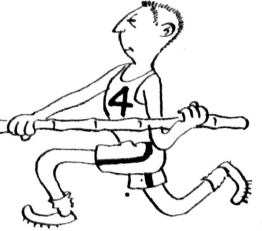


Prof. Paul Burcham is giving an enthusiastic IFC audience the straight poop on the "no bars" ruling. University rulings are not made to be broken by any Tom, Dick, or Harry who so chooses, explained Mr. Burcham. Someone offer Paul a light.

"speaking loosely . . ."

a neophyte's view of campus expressions

by bill braznell



"SHAFT ARTIST"



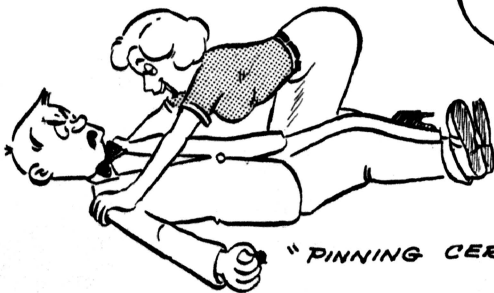
"SHE'S ABOUT HALF"



"SPIKING A RUSHEE"



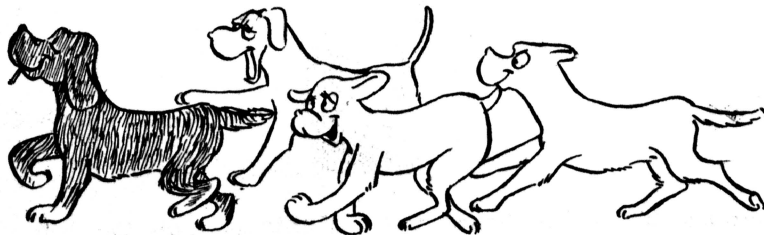
"FOUR WHEEL PERSONALITY"



"PINNING CEREMONY"



"SACK HOUND"



"COOL DOG"



"SHAPING UP A PLEDGE"

BILL BRAZNELLS

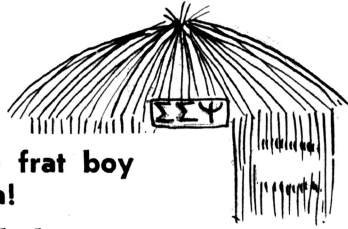


GUNGA-DUNGA



The story of a native frat boy
in the wilds of Africa!

by Rudyard Ashlock



Classes at Ohungi State let out every hour on the hour, which wasn't often enough for Gunga-Dunga, especially today. It was sixth sun, the day of the big intramural chopchop game with the Frumps, and although Gunga-Dunga was only fourth string on the team, he always looked forward to the games in hopes that some day he would get to play. And to add a little more sparkle to the picture, his tribe's spring formal was tonight and he had a date with the biggest girl in the Dappa Dappa Uh! women's tribe which, according to Gunga-Dunga, was tops on campi.

Nervously he watched his 21-jeweled sundial while the thick-lipped instructor chattered on and on in his lecture about Recent Ubangee History. Finally, the long awaited drum sounded and class was over. Gunga-Dunga leaped from his stump, grabbed the vine at the door of the thatched hut, made like a pendulum for some 150 yards and dropped gracefully onto his chartreuse elephant convertible. He was all the way over on "red jungle" and knew he must hurry if he was to get home before they stopped serving lunch. Now was the time to go! Go! Go!

Burning hoofs like a real hot-rod Gunga-Dunga tore out of the parking lot, jammed his elephant into second on a dry creek bed, took a turn on two legs and shot up a monkey trail, and finally swung around on College Path and came to a screeching halt in front of his tribe house.

Upon showing his I.D. scar and slipping the secret rabbit punch, he was admitted to the house.

Lunch was rather scanty for

Gunga-Dunga that day. He was a "zshok" and "zshoks" didn't eat before games. So while the majority of his tribal brothers were feasting on man-chops and thousand-finger salad, Gunga-Dunga had to wistfully content himself with a few meager toenails.

The contest was scheduled for half past two shadows, but both teams arrived early in order to go through their ceremonial warm rituals. Gunga-Dunga liked this part the best as it was the only time he was ever on the playing field with the rest of his native tribal brothers.

They started out with Randolph Shuffle, then preceded to a modification of the "Balboa,"

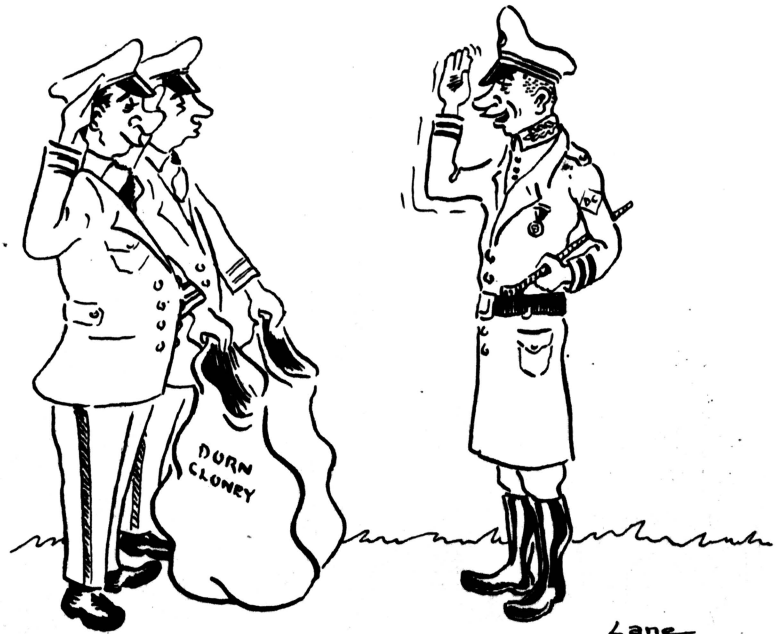
and finally concluded by forming a big circle and playing "Molo, molo... who's got the bolo?"

And then... game time!!!!

Stan got the starters from both tribes out in the middle of the clearing and briefed them on the rules of the game.

"Now boys, you all know the rules of intramural chop-chop. The two captains are blind folded and placed one behind the other, facing the same direction. Then, the one in back is given the bolo and when the drum starts beating, he takes three swings at his opponent's head. If his opponent can guess exactly when to duck, that is a safety, his team gets 3 points and the batter is out. In

(Continued on Page 18)



"OK lads, Give those "Tiger" beggars hell!"

"Business School

(All I want is a job, . . . any job.)

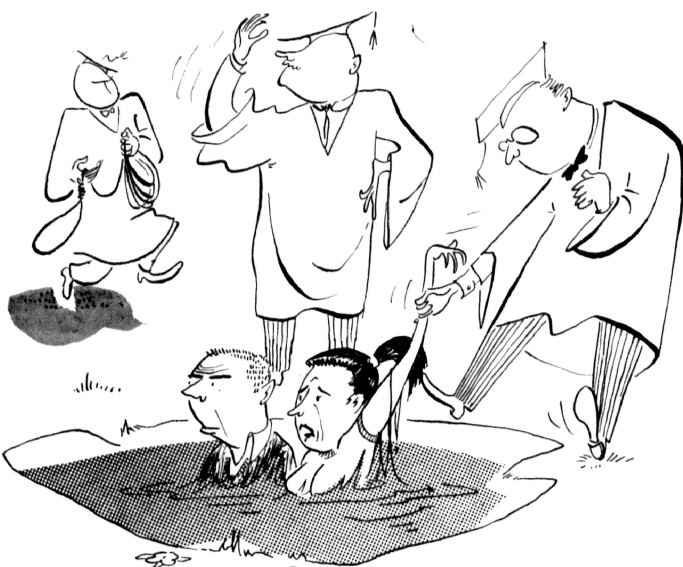


CRACKS IN THE WALLS of IY

by HERB KNAPP



"This lad . . . is TRUTH"



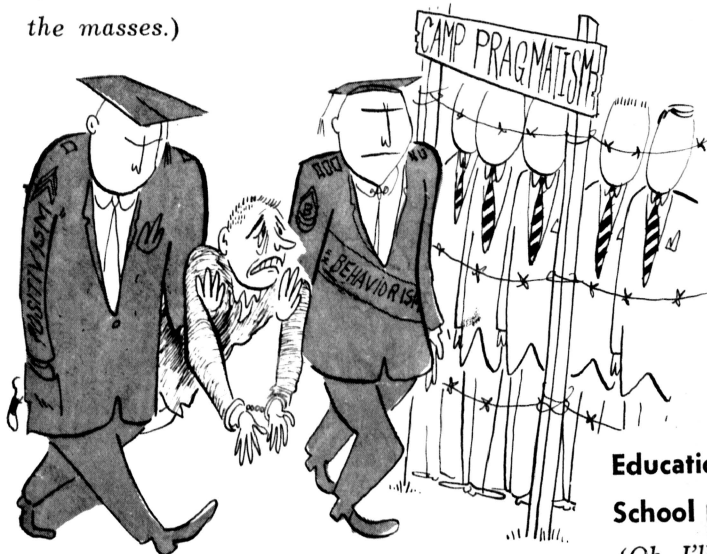
'Oooo! If they'd only let us think for ourselves!"

Art School

(Thank GOD I'm not a member of the masses.)



"Sometime world



Education School (Oh, I'll but the

"But I don't want to adjust!"



"But, see here, man. You've GOT to Care!"



A Budding Sophisticate



"Oh, Darling, W be so

Physical Education

(I gona . . . be a . . . coach, coach,
coach, coach.)



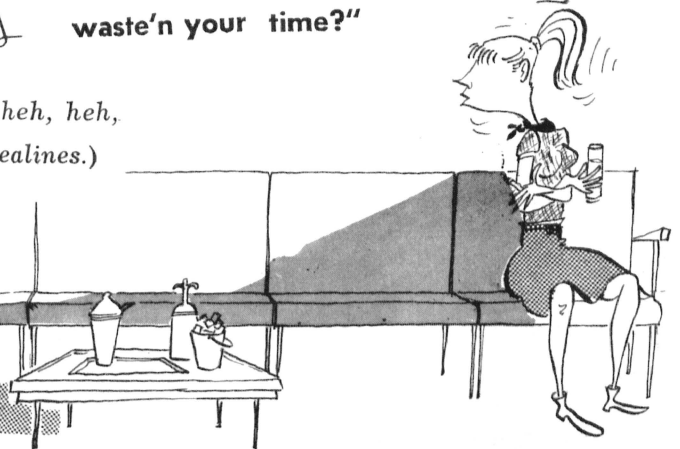
Sometimes it's nice to have a little
world all your own."



"Sometimes do you feel as though yer
waste'n your time?"

J-School

(Deadlines, heh, heh,
deadlines, dealines.)



Ag School

(Jolly Student Stunters,
Are We.)

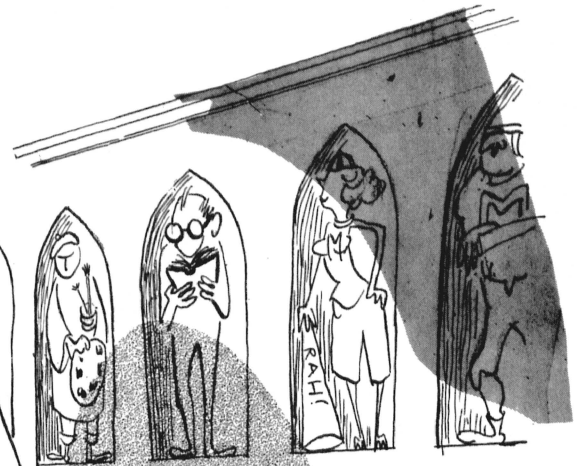


Education

h, I'll teach for a few years,
then I'll get married.)



"There IS SO a GOD!"



g, WHY must you
be so critical?"

"If you don't learn anything else in College you've
gotta learn to think, think, think. . .for yourself."

"Everybody's found their little niche but me . . ."

(Continued from page 15)
 the event that he loses his head, the opposing team must try to pick it up and throw it through a basket at the end of the field. In so doing, that team is considered vulnerable and must have at least two and a half heads to open the next chop."

And so the game started, and Gunga-Dunga waited and waited and waited until finally it was the last half of the ninth chop and the Frumps were still leading by one head.

"Dunga!" hollered the coach from the other end of the log.

"Yes," answered Gunga-Dunga anxiously.

"Dunga, guess you'll have to go in for Gladu. He's running around out there like a chicken with his head cut off. Dunga, it's up to you. Do it for the ole' tribe boy, the ole' tribe. And remember, above all, don't lose your head."

Gunga-Dunga obliged and quickly stepped behind a bamboo

tree where he started to peel off his glasses and fig leaf. His high-pitched boyish voice cracked as he spoke...

"This is no job for Gunga-Dunga. This is a job" . . . his voice suddenly changed into a low manly, and menacing undertone . . . "for the GORT! Now-up, up, and awaaaayy!"

Yes, mild mannered, unimpressive Gunga-Dunga, was in reality the GORT, stronger than a dozen elephants, faster than the speed of a "geekii birds", and most fearless champion in all the jungle.

Now, from the limits of the stratosphere, he began to plummet toward earth like a burning meteor. Faster and faster he went until he had seven times surpassed the speed of sound. As he bore down into the intramural clearing where the game was progressing, he sharply pulled out his dive and the friction from his tail-wind was so great that all the Frumps' heads melted like hot oleomargarine. Then quicker than the eye could see, he changed once again into the unassuming role of Gunga-Dunga and placed himself in the middle of the field.

Gunga-Dunga had scored 79 points and won the game. His tribal brothers were pulling their lips for joy. He was hoisted to their shoulders and born triumphantly from the field of battle.

Yes, Gunga-Dunga has gone down in the annals of Ubangee history. He was featured as "Zshok of the month" in the next issue of "CHOP-Me" the campus humor magazine and even before the spring formal had gotten under way that very night, the biggest girl on campus war wearing Gunga-Dunga's tribal ring in her nose.

The story of a young tribal pledge, who overnight rose to the heights of glory—Gung Ho for Gunga-Dunga.

THE END

The best way to drive a baby buggy is to tickle his little feet.

H. R. Mueller
FLORIST

**Sincere Congratulations to the Graduate—
 And to those Returning—We'll See You
 Next Fall.**

**Member of
 F. T. D. A.**

**Across from campus tool
 9767**

**Downtown 25 strollway
 2-3152**



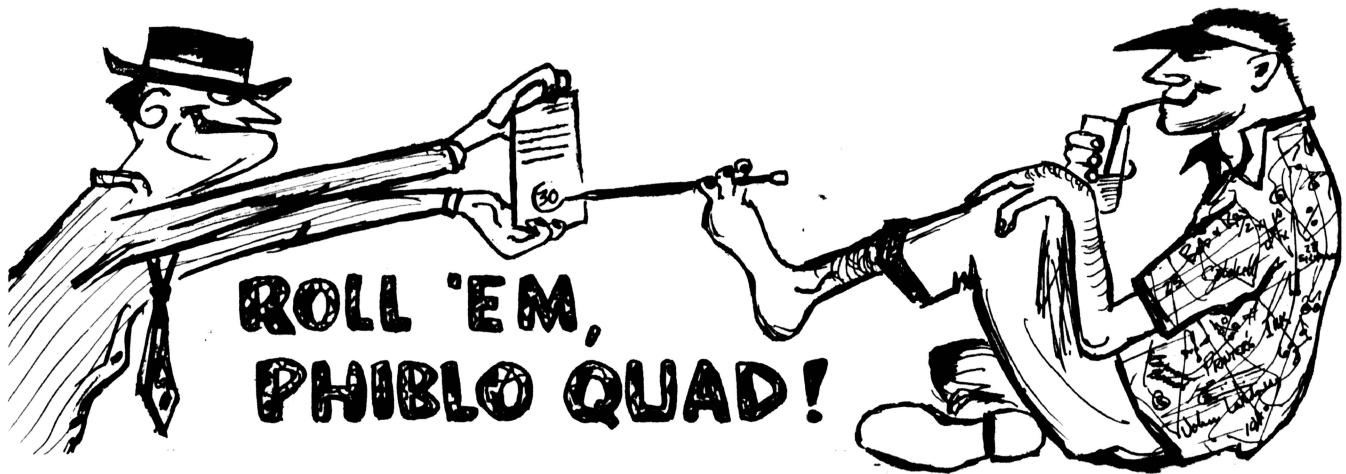
VISIT OUR NEW RECORD SHOP

**Capitol
 Decca
 London
 Mercury
 RCA Victor**

DON L. SMALL G-E STORE

19 North Tenth Street

**If your present radio or phonograph is ailing—Bring It to our
 Guaranteed Radio and Phonograph Repair Department**



Phiblo Quad whisked through the city room of the University Press and slammed some papers on the editor's desk.

"Hot copy, Chief!" He yelled, "Sitfling! Torrid, Straight from the Equator!" He tore off his shirt and fanned himself excitedly.

"Good boy Quad, Good boy." Harry Forehead, editor, smiled powerfully and sipped a luke-warm glass of mineral water. He looked thoughtfully at his co-worker and his mind drifted back four years, not an unusual occurrence . . .

Harry Forehead and Phiblo Quad had both come up the hard way . . . Arts and Science by way of Elementary Education . . . and they had been through a lot together . . . a used car lot. Yes, it was Harry and Phiblo all the way . . . Harry and Phiblo, Forehead and Quad, Quad and Forehead, Forehand and Backhand, To and Fro, Scotch and Water . . . an unbeatable combination.

They made a fearless pair of journalists, did Forehead and Quad. They stood for the right . . . the freedom of speech, woman suffrage, emancipation of the flatbed press, outright repeal of the Hut Sut Song . . . If stronger men had ever held the reins of the University Press, they were all but eclipsed by the impregnable radiance cast about by these two glowing personalities.

When Forehead and Quad walked down the street together murderers took to the sewers, dogs stopped chasing automo-

by Jim Anderson

biles, and coeds refrained from attacking football players. Quarreling children threw their arms about each other and exchanged all-day suckers, and confirmed atheists requested encores from the Salvation Army Band. They were that kind of men.

It was no wonder the University Press, second only to the New York Daily News in circulation and Red Flame Charcoal in utility, gained a following unheard of since Steven Scollish was run out of town for accepting

money under false pretences. It was no wonder the University Press was today considered a pillar of deathless integrity in a world divided by uncontrolled prostitution and the International Dateline. It was no damn wonder at all.

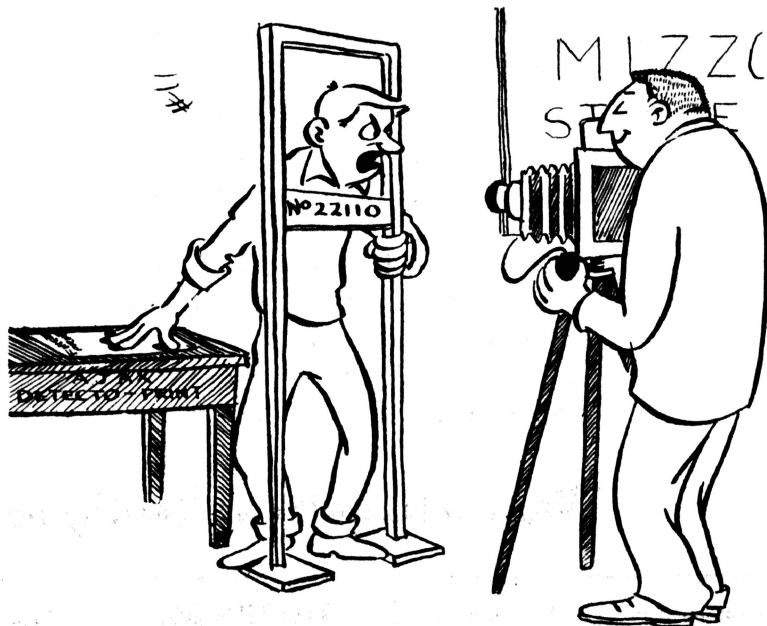
"Good man, Quad," Harry Forehead repeated, finishing off the mineral water in a flurry of belches, "Good man." Quad said nothing.

"Did you say something, Quad?"

"No I didn't say anything."

"That's your only trouble, Quad . . . You don't say nothing,

(Continued on Page 22)



All right, dammit—if you don't want to cash my check just say so.

Cover it up, Pal, you're asking for trouble



Come on into the Biology Lab, friend, and let's have a heart to heart chat about this problem.

You've taken a lot of kidding about those pretty curls that aren't there any more, and even the freshmen admire you for the good sense of humor you've managed to keep. But the hairs are still falling thick and fast and—let's face it—your chances of being elected best looking are growing kind of slim.

Well, listen. *Everyone* looks better in a hat, especially those of us who don't have the mops we used to. You look younger and you look sharper. You look like you were dressed—not like you were running across the street for a cup of coffee.

And get this, too. Running around letting your head take all the punishment from wind, rain and sun is just asking for trouble. Hats are protection, that's their first function, and you can do yourself a lot of damage forgetting it. You got actinic rays from the sun that dry up your scalp, and wind and rain and snow which take the natural oil out of your hair and can play hob with your sinuses and things. Without a hat, you're taking chances with your hair, your health and your appearance.

"Wear a Hat—It's as Healthy as It's Handsome!"

These fine hat labels have published this advertisement in the interests of good grooming and good health of American men.



DOBBS 

CAVANAGH 

KNOX 

BERG 

BYRON 

C & K 

DUNLAP 

"My wife ran off with the butler."

"What a shame."

"I'm satisfied. Furthermore, my house burned down and I haven't any insurance."

"Too bad."

"I'm satisfied; and to cap everything, business is so bad I'm going bankrupt. But in spite of everything I'm satisfied."

"How is that possible with all your misfortunes?"

"I smoke Chesterfields."

* * *

Oh darling, I missed you, she cried, and fired the gun again.

* * *

Electric razors who marry doorbells have little humdingers.

* * *

Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner
His crib notes in his lappa.
He opened his book
And took a quick look
And now he's a Phi Beta Kappa.

* * *

That guy's a pain in the neck.
Well, I have a lower opinion of him myself.



"here they come again—scram wit dat thing."



If she calls you to her bedroom
In the middle of the night,
And through half-closed eyelids
You detect a telltale light,
If her bosom heaves tumultuously
Like the tide upon the ocean,
And her voice is soft and
tremulous
Betraying her emotion,
If her nostrils dilate widely
With each panting, labored
breath
And her shapely body trembles
As if approaching death,
If she beseeches and implores
you
As she grasps your trembling
hand
To alleviate her sufferings,
The tortures of the damned,
That's ASTHMA !!!

* * *

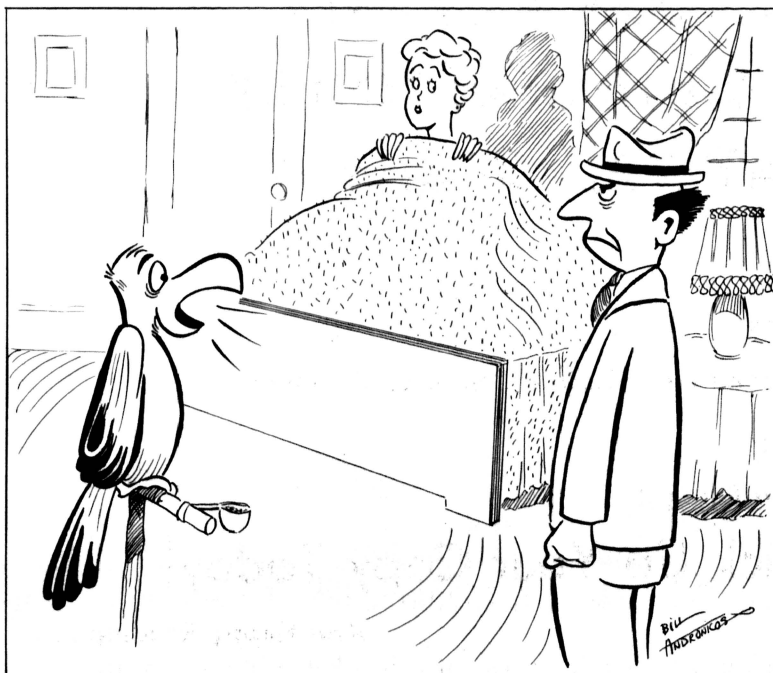
Who was that woman I saw
you outwit last night?

* * *

The only trouble with being
able to read women like a book
is that you're liable to forget
your place.—Widow.

* * *

Advice to co-eds; If you write
illegibly when you sign out, it
won't be so obvious when you
come in.—Blue Beetle.



"Quick... under the bed! Here comes my husband!"

(Continued from Page 19)
but you must know something—”

“Yea, I just keep rolling along eh Chief? Haw Haw...” They burst into laughter and two choruses from “Show Boat.” From then on it was one song after another, including “From Then On” “One Song,” and “After Another,” three all-time all-timers. The first verse of “Bringing In The Sheaves” brought them to their senses...

“Well, what’s the news, Phiblo?” the editor asked, his eyes narrowing so he could see better. (If you’re near-sighted, slant your eyes. You’ll see farther, better, faster... But beware of the immigration authorities.)

“Well, what’s the news, Phiblo?”

“You already asked that.”

“So I did. Did you answer?”

“Not yet.” Phiblo Quad collected his thoughts and arranged them alphabetically. Then he pointed to the pile of papers on Foreheads desk. It was almost as

high as the pile of sweat on Forehead’s forehead. “That’s the big story on top, Chief... See what you think of it.”

Harry Forehead grasped page one with conviction and read intently, eyes slanted, The nature of the content was indeed startling. Forehead would have been wide-eyed, but he could see better slant-eyed. It was a paradoxical situation, wanting to be wide eyed when such a condition would render one sightless. But this is a digression.

“This is a digression, Quad!” Forehead shouted, “I mean this is treason!” Forehead was very angry.

“Not treason, Chief, but truth” Phiblo Quad stood up and put his shirt back on. Then he put his shirt front on. He looked impressive. He was impressive... the police department could vouch for that.

“I can’t print it, Quad... I won’t print it... There isn’t a sorority in town would buy our paper if we ran that story.”

“Nonsense, Chief... they’d eat it up... You know how sorority girls are...”

“The hell they would... This makes sororities look ridiculous. Why any freshman on the financial borderline would look at this and think *once* before pledging.”

“Nonsense, Chief... this is news... objective reporting. Even sorority girls go for objective reporting.”

“They might go for news, Quad but as for objective reporting...” He re-read the story:

RIOT AT GAMMA HOUSE

*Iota Pledge in Stitches
Fourteen Others Hurt, Police Say*

State U. May 20 (UP)—“I do not know how it all happened.” This was all once-pretty Anita Dragg could tell hospital attendants and reporters about last night’s riot on the front lawn of the Gamma House. Speaking carefully through wired jaws and lacerated lower lip, Miss Dragg

(Continued on Page 24)

It’s Here! The Big, New 1952 SAVITAR

It’s Being Distributed TODAY!

And MAY 22, 3, and 4

THE PLACE: READ HALL

IF YOU PAID IN PART:

Bring Your Receipt and \$3.50 to Complete Payment

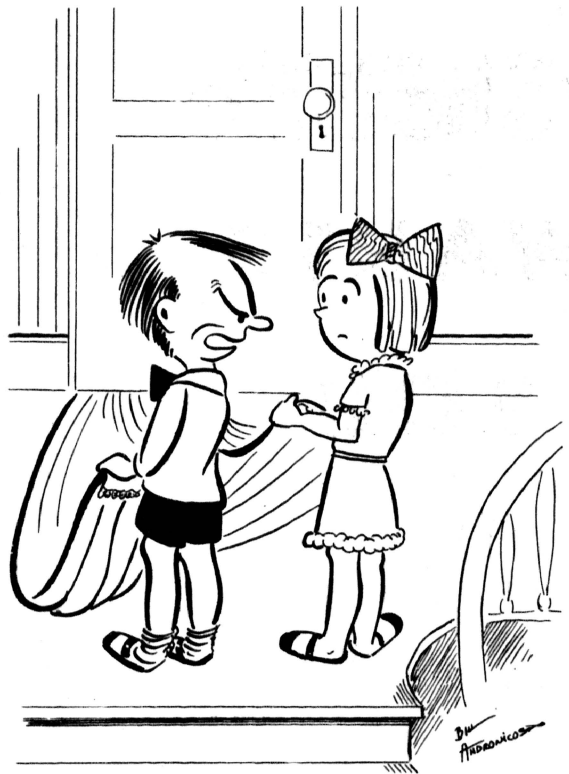
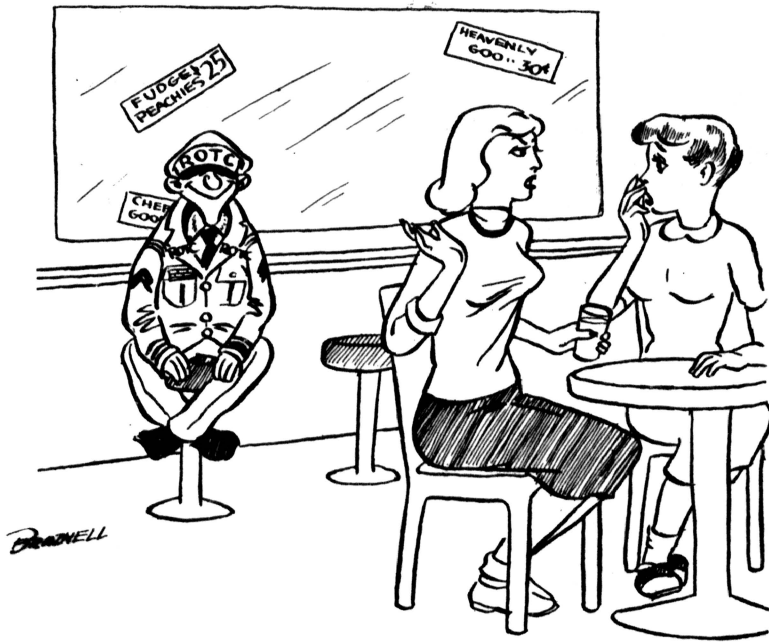
IF YOU PAID IN FULL:

Just Bring Your Receipt!

Don’t Delay! Pick Up Your Copy Today!

And Happy Reading ...

THE 1952 SAVITAR STAFF



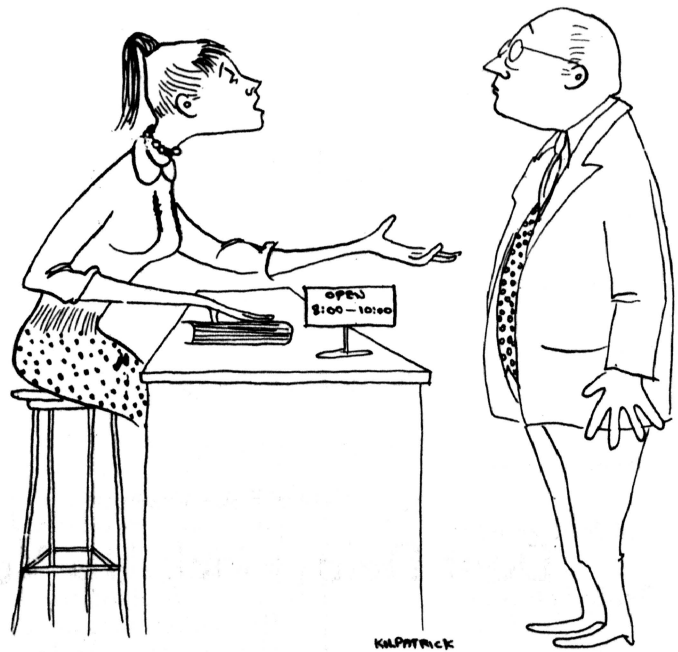
"He says he's shipping out tomorrow and would we like to boost his morale?"

Stuff

"I don't get it. They have us follow them around all day long, then they slam the door in our faces."



Well, my goodness, I was only a few minutes late!



"Your ID card, Freddie."



WANTS YOU!!

- WRITERS!
- CARTOONISTS!
- PHOTOGRAPHERS!

- ADVERTISING SALESMEN!
- IDEA MEN!

Next Year

AMERICAN SASH & DOOR COMPANY

Benton Plaza-Bellfountain

Kansas City, Mo.

Sashes—doors—

Cabinet Work—

Bank Fixtures

(Continued from Page 22)

told of knocking on the front door of the Gamma House, in hopes of borrowing a cup of sugar.

"Somebody opened the door. I told her I was an Iota pledge and repeated the Greek alphabet. Then I asked for the cup of sugar and everything went black. I fought like crazy," she asserted.

Melissa Strong, president of the Gamma House, told reporters a different story.

"The girls were all downstairs in the lounge," she said. "The housemother was reading us poetry, and it was a moment of spiritual growth, as we say.



BRAZNELL

Gee, Coach... who would 'a think it?

"Well, Millie Jones, an astronomy student, was at the front window star-gazing when she noticed someone on the lawn, spraying the zynnias with Real-Kill. Fearing the work of a sadist, Millie called the rest of us to the window.

As a group, we sensed the gravity of the situation... Our zynnias in the hands of a maniac. Then this person... This Anita Dragg of Iota... came to the door, the Real-Kill still in her hand. And we were ready for her

"At a signal from the housemother, I opened the door and the battle was on. There were fifteen casualties in all, I believe."

Matthew Jackson, head of the student disciplinary board, has still another version of the proceedings. After making it quite clear that he was "not mad at

anybody for letting the air out of my tires," Dr. Jackson issued this statement to the press

"There has been some talk of one of the Gammas 'putting the make,' as they say on Anita Dragg's fiance. At any rate, I don't think Miss Dragg went to the Gamma House for a cup of sugar.

"Naturally, it is an unfortunate situation all the way around, but one that can be worked out with a certain amount of discretion. I'm recommending several dismissals in the morning."

Millie Jones, astronomy student and key witness, could not be reached for comment.

"Well, what do you say, Chief... do we run it?"

"We do not, Quad, A thing like this is dangerous. A thing like this can do more harm than good. A thing like this is cheap sensationalism, and we aren't that kind of newspaper. We are a pillar of deathless integrity in a world divided by uncontrolled prostitution and the International Dateline, and don't you forget it. Trash like his is strictly for the yellow journalism boys... we want no part of it." Forehead stood defiant.

"Well, maybe you're right, Chief," said Quad, weakening.

"Damn right I'm right, boy. Here, have a glas of mineral water." By this time Quads' point was lost and he knew it. He drank his mineral water and pointed meekly to another story on the desk.

"There's an editorial for you, Chief."

"About what?"

"The anti-humor crusade."

Harry Forehead's face lit up. "Now you're talking, Quad... now you're showing a little common sense... a little integrity. Even sorority girls will go along with us on this one, boy. We'll clean up... everybody'll be behind us... we'll give it everything we've got, eh boy? He slapped Phiblo Quad on the back and burst into a joyous chorus of the Alma Mater.

THE END

by Joyce C. Greller

THE

COCKTAIL BUST

(colloquially referred to as T. S. Grillet.)

spraying on the sawdust)

Graham: That was a close shave, but I feel myself again being with you, a real woman.

Gert: The girl you're pinned to just doesn't understand you.

Graham: So, what's to under-

pin goes back to your house-mother.

Graham: Yes, Lydia, Now run along with Bevo and let us be.

Bevo: Now wait—We have seriousness to discuss. It is up to MOCB's as us Graham to

Cast:

Graham DeWang — Outstanding campus figure in J-School

Lydia Pinkham — Outstanding campus figure to whom Graham is pinned

Bevo Cavarski—Star of the Football Team

Gertrude Rah—Cheerleader, going with Bevo

Stranger, later revealed as Dr. Couee of the Psych Dept.

Miss Metaphor—Couee's asst. Art Student from Art Dept.

NOTE: Graham and Lydia and the Stranger are in the upper social strata of le campi, being well moulded figures, Bevo, Gert, and the Artist are lower, warped, and degenerate, and the audience is warned against listening to their lines.

Act One-Scene One

Graham and Gert are sitting back to back on an ermine rug in Graham's drawing room. The entire apt. consists of the drawing room. An art student in a bikini bathing suit is drawing. It is a mural of a woman over the bar which covers the entire back wall. He is an exponent of barroom art. The Stranger is half hidden under the rug.

Graham: Gert, you upset me and so does your past.

Gert: Ah, Graham—You're making me distressed. (They embrace passionately back to back tip over and lay

stand. She's just sexless. (Enter Bevo and Lydia)

Bevo: Gertrude—What does this mean? I turn my back upon you to study with Lydia only to discover that you are rollicking with Graham.

Gert: It was his idea, he thought he could cheer me up.

Bevo: But when one attends needs to be done, done, done, with the spirit of the school. It is going, going, going, gone and you our prize cheer teacher has lost her all.

Lydia: One more such carnal synergism, and Graham, the

revive school spirit—Halleluia!—It is our moral obligation.

Graham: Oh you football players and your puritanical ways—I say bah.

Bevo: But when one attends school—one must pledge all his allegiance and support our dear alma faithfully. We need more devotion and stronger ties with the mater

Lydia: Ya got an Oedipus complex or something, Bevo?

Gert: And I, a failure. Man, I just

(Continued on Page 26)





First son: "Father, I did something awful last night and I need ten thousand dollars or she'll sue."

Father: "It's a lot of money, but anything to save the family honor." (Writes out check.)

Second son: "Father, I got into trouble last night and I need ten thousand dollars or she'll sue."

Father: "It's all I've got in the world, but I guess anything is better than dragging down the family name." (Writes out check.)

Daughter: "Father, I did something dreadful last night—"

Father: "Ah, now we collect."
—Covered Wagon
* * *

Kissing a girl is just, like opening a bottle of olives—the first may come hard, but it's a cinch to get the rest.
* * *

Famous last wordss "Hell, he won't ask us that."

(Continued from Page 25)

can't get with it. I'm cheerless.

Lydia: Disguting—The flagrant instanse of waste discovered by the School Preparedness Subcommittee of oyster forks for athletes.

Art Student: Why don't you all swap. Bevo-go with Lydia, and Graham, repin Gert. It Would end your frustrations, Bevo could play better, and Gert would regain her cheer spirit and the school would be saved.

All-including Stranger: You simple idiot, What do you take us for, Intellectuals?

Gert: There must be a complex answer to it all.

Art Student: So you're wanting a nervous breakdown. Look closely under the Ermine rung. (All eyes turn to the stranger).

Stranger: Yes, I am the solution. Let me introduce myself. I am Dr. Couee of the Psych Dept.

Graham: I feel dependent on you strangely.

Gert: He is God, come to save us

and the spirit.

Art Student: God just polished off a fifth.

All: Razmatazz—
Curtain

Act One-Scene Two

(Same time, place, actors and dialouge as in act one, only more depressing.)

Act Two-Scene One

(Room 307-Jesse)

Dr. Couee (On the phone): One never knows school spirit. One may have a glimmer of it as it passe. To know school spirit is to know oneself, and to know oneself is more than is given to one man to know. (hangs up) Ah, yes, you're so right Couee, you devil you (kisses his shoulder) Miss Metaphor, please drag out the couch. I have to confuse four people all at once this morning in-a few minutes.

(Enter Graham and Gert, Bevo and Lydia and the Art Student who commences to paint on the wall.)

Graham: My Sweetie and I are incompatable and I'm hot for Gertrude, Bevo's trick.

Bevo: I hate Gert, but I simply adore Lydia.

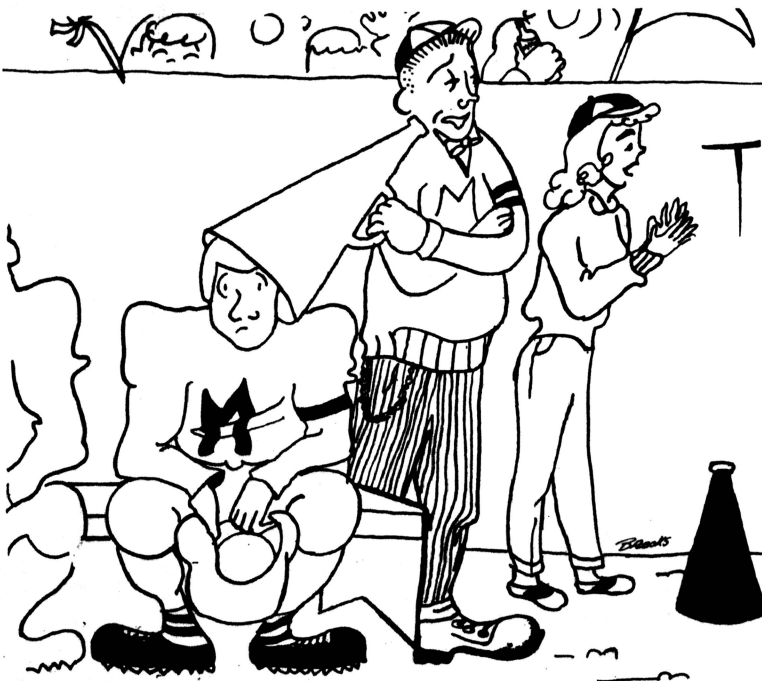
Lydia: The situation was tolerable till a arty student suggests we remate according to our passions. So simple, we became confused.

(Artists paints "that's me, folks" on the wall.)

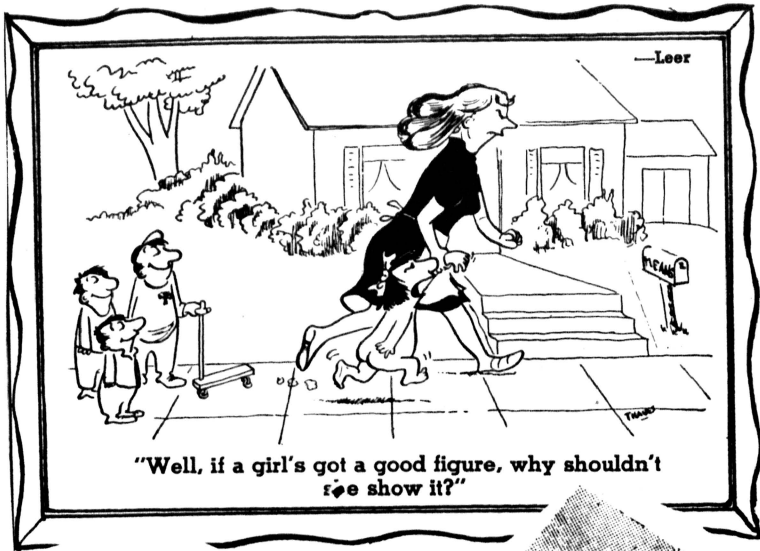
Gert: As a result, there is no school spirit on our campi.

Dr. Couee: I have a system, but no answer! You are not beyond salvation. The artist diverted you from your own reality, him not having any conscious, and he has confused the apparent real with the real which is apparent, and thus, you're "Not For Real."

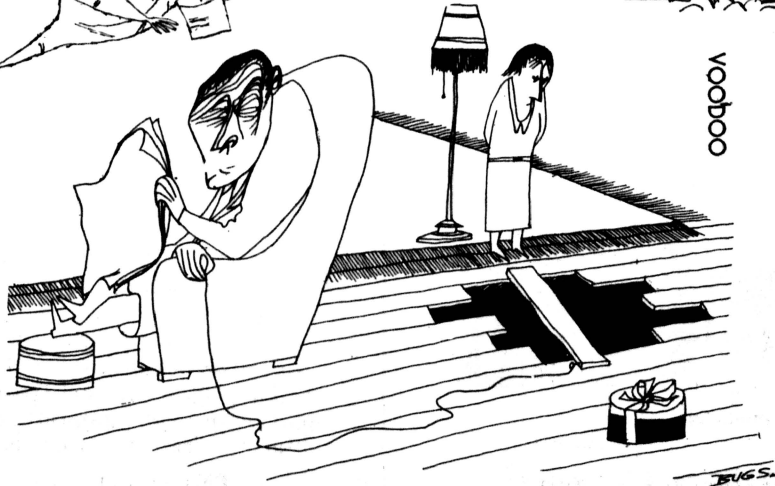
Gert: I feel better already.
(Continued on Page 28)



"Get the babe in the 10th row, second section, fifth over..."



filched



"You're not the first man in the world that's been poisoned."

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.

(Continued from page 26)

Lydia: I am completely confused. Kiss me, Dr. Couee, you're wonderful.

Dr. Couee: You must choose your faiths. Go then Bevo and Lydia and you Graham and Gert, and work out your destinies together. Once you glorify your nasty ole suppressions you'll have all the jheer you want and the spirit will reek forth.

Bevo: Great, but what about the fee. This isn't included on my scholarship.

Dr. Couee: In this case, nothing.

(*Miss Metaphor drops dead off the stage.*)

All: (But Lydia and the Dr., who are kissing) I feel Ricky ticky already.

Act Three-Scene One

Graham's drawing room 2 years later. Graham and Lydia are sitting together on a coon-skin coat, waving school banners, reciting.

Graham and Lydia: Ricka ticka Tee Kick them in the knee. Ricka Ticka Tass. Kick them in the other knee.

(*Enter Dr. Coee, in short pants and eton cap, having since become a case of regression.*)

Dr. Couee: A routine check. I see you can once more bear each other.

Both: We've discovered the spirit. It comes from within.

Dr. Couee: And Graham, Do you even think of Gert?

Graham: Only in my conscious moments.

(*Enter Bevo, dressed in the robe of a rare order of trappist monks.*)

Lyda: Bevo, how good to see you

Graham: It is good. We understand you had signed up with the Egyptian League, and were crushed by a big Pharoah at the Pyramid Bowl.

Bevo: Yes, I followed Gert up the Nile. She had gone to bring cheer to the Mummies and a pyramid fell on her.

All: Ohhh. She had the Oedipus Complex after all. Dirty, dirty Mummy.

Dr. Couee: I knew it was her faith.

Graham: She has served. (*Artists paint bandages around his girls showing he was secretly in love with Gert all the time.*)

Graham: I'm going to devote my life to the Cause for the Advancement of repressed British Subjects.

Lydia: And I shall go to Egypt and take over where Gert split off.

Artist: Hey Doc-Could you confuse me a little.

Doc: I do not talk to artists.

Art Student: Huba-Hubba I love Motha.

Dr. Couee: Especially if you have an Oedipus.

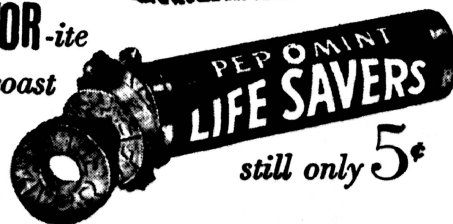
All give a locomotive cheer for Gert and the curtain falls.

THE END



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

"Maybee, Mich. to
Whynot, Miss."
submitted by
Mrs. Roy Fletcher,
Indianapolis, Ind.



\$100 in cash prizes for interesting town names!

Rules on this page or elsewhere in this issue.

Lunacy

With a decent shuffle of the cards, I shall shortly tuck a sweat spattered diploma 'neath one arm and stumble away from this terrifying town of negative hours and pyscopathic professors.

And I'll be happy.

But, looking back over these rum-riddled years spent here, I cannot sincerely say that I've entirely hated them.

True, I can't overlook those long, torturous trips to the Files for term papers. And those days at the end of each month when I couldn't afford to pay my ghostwriter for his excellent work on essay quizzes.

Also, this place has ruined me. Stop me if you've heard this one before, but when I set foot in Columbia, I was a nice sweet shy retiring kid.

I guess from the first I realized that this life was wrong for me. I had not been in town three hours when I was beset at my diggings by a middle-aged man saying, "Welcome, my friend. It is well. For I represent Alpha Bib Bib. We're charming. And what is more important, we have a well-rounded group."

Ah, so!" I said, attempting smoothness. This was what I had been waiting for throughout my days.

Soon I found myself in an Alpha Bib hotbox. Their third stringers were assigned to my case and they began feeding me straight grain alcohol through a garden hose.

"Good for whad ails ya," one said. No getting around it—they

had sharp talkers.

"But I haven't had breakfast yet," I whined, toying nervously with the ankle chains.

"So wha'dahell," Cicero continued, "It's Rush Week, ain't it?"

lust AND

To that I was forced to say yes. But I said yes to nothing else and after three days and two nights, they released me.

Later I met the Alpha Bib pledge class. I didn't like him one bit.

Several days later I attended my first University class. Gee, I was excited. Armed with a primary and three supplementary texts, I found a seat near ringside and quickly snatched it.

'Twas an English class and, fit-

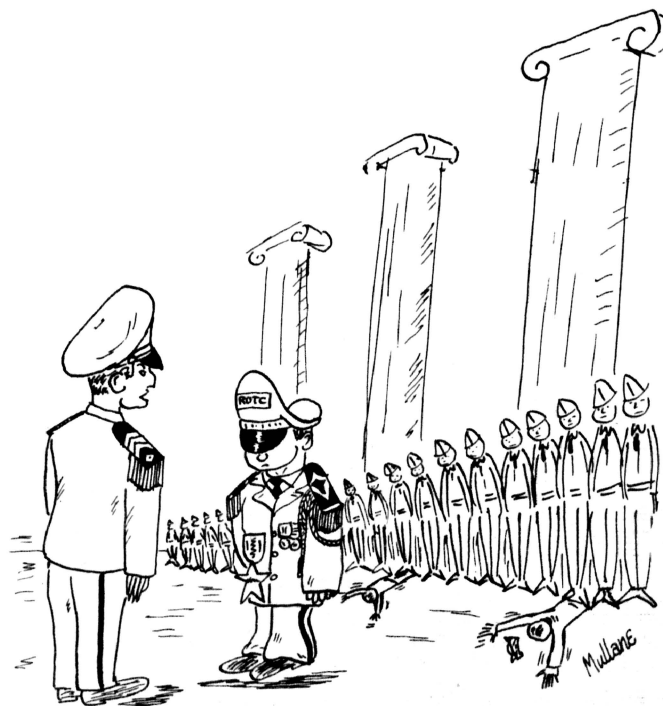
tingly enough the instructor was Indonesian. He had been lured across the sky-blue Pacific by an ad begging, "You too can learn English quickly—through teaching!"

The University didn't pay him. And he was forced to work during off hours on the Ag School's Experimental Farm. But he did not seem to care. He was fascinated by our idioms.

lampe

Anyway, I had just taken my ringside seat, when a greasy wine bibber gushed into the room and poured himself into an adjacent seat. Our dialogue went something like this:

(He:) "Pssst—Hey buddy, wanna shoot craps."



"Well done Ginnis, that was a tight squeeze."

(I:) "Certainly not."
 "Well, wanna split halves."
 "Certainly not."
 "Geezawz, kid, just what brings you here, anyways."

This so unnerved me that I fear to this day this I must have missed an etymological explanation or two during that hour.

Our unique little grading system puzzled me during my first few fretful weeks in college. I caught on quickly about 'E' really meaning 'A', 'S' really meaning

'B', etc., but no one seemed able to explain the significance of a delayed grade. This had me on the ropes until finally I was told that the delayed grade is a device by which armpits are able to remain eligible for battle.

I was told that one, an outstanding case, had amassed in seven years a total of three hours 'M' and 114 hours 'Delayed.' They kept him in a cage.

And then I learned that frater-



It's
 that
 time
 again!

KAMPUSTOWNE GROCER

"Columbia's Smartest Shoes"
 says

Congratulations Graduates!

Good Luck and Thanks
 For Your Patronage



On the Strollway

Trying to
 Find a
 Good Place
 To Eat?



Sherlock Holmes Says

ERNIE'S STEAK HOUSE

nities here aren't really entities, but pawns on a large chess board in Read Hall. It became clear that two is a couple, three's a crowd, four is a bridge game and five's a fraternity function.

I went on a fraternity function once during that first year. It was on the fifth floor of a hotel. And in my haste to avoid a desk which was playfully tossed at me, I toppled from an open window.

There I lay on the cold pavement, bleeding. Next I found myself on a concrete cot in the clinic. A porter was bending over me.

"Stitch me!" I shouted.

"Can't," came the reply, "Haf-ta wait 'til the disciplinary people get here from the college."



They came. They saw. And they grilled me viciously for many hours. I said little, being quite absorbed in my bleeding. But finally I cracked and signed a statement admitting that a few in the fraternity had been functioning that evening.

They left gleefully rubbing their fat palms together and congratulating one another.

While still drunk from the newness of this fascinating existence, I wandered one day quite by mistake into the *Missouri Student* stall in Read Hall.

One of their leaders evidently mistook me for a job-seeker, for he asked if I wrote.

"Some," I admitted.

"Good," he continued, "Do you

believe that Eternal Diligence in Studies and Persevering Participation in all Glorious Student Activities and Organizations comes before all else in this, our Mortal Life?"

"Well, not entirely," I confess.

"Leave!" he screamed, picking up a young feature writer and throwing her at me.

Was this the hard-hitting, two-fisted, drinking newspaperman whom I had idolized so many years? Or was this a mutation?

By now I had acclimatized myself to University life. In fact, all was routine and humdrum.

Save for thinly-scattered stabblings, rapes and riots, the University had become a sort of seminary.

This condition has so developed during my several years here, that today I go around wishing much to push friends off high parapets just for Excitement's sake.

And so as I prepare to shake off that Green Coat of Stagnancy prior to leaving the University and Showme, I'll make one final simple appeal.

I say this: "Let love conquer all!"

THE END



"My finals are over and I'm so C-L-E-A-N!"



A backwoods mountaineer one day found a mirror which a tourist had lost. "Well if it ain't my old dad," he said, as he looked in the mirror. I never knowed he had his picture took."

He took the mirror home and stole into the attic to hide it. But his actions didn't escape his suspicious wife. That night while he was asleep she slipped up to the attic and found the mirror.

"Hum-um," she said, looking into it, "so that's the old hag he's been chasin'."

Won't your wife hit the ceiling if she catches you coming in this late?

Probably . . . she's a rotten shot.

A wedding ring is like a tourniquet; it stops circulation.

Student: If it's heads, we go to bed, if its tails, we stay up, and if it stands on edge, we study.

She: I'm waste

He: I'm haste

I went dating on a Saturday night.

We drank some booze and got rather tight.

Twelve o'clock was the end of the ball,

So I escorted her home to dear Johnson Hall.

It was there that my trouble really began.

What happened to me I wish on no man.

I elbowed us a space into the crowded gloom;

Got all puckered up, but that was our doom.

For up in the window sat the stag hens all waiting

To spy on the girls who that night had been dating.

As we started to kiss I heard one of them whisper,

"I never expected that from our bashful sister."

This alarmed my date who was afraid of her "rep,"

So all I got was a handshake on the dorm front step.

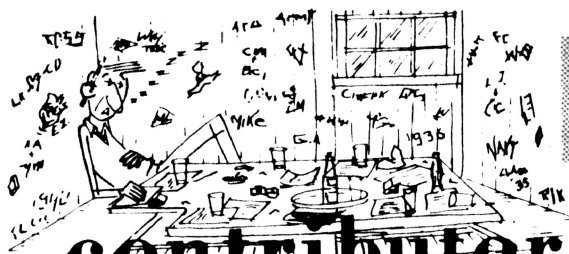
Now I may be different from the rest of the guys,

But never again will I smooch under those frustrated eyes.

Bill Fetter



"...STRANGE, MR. HOPKINS, THAT A SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM GRADUATE WOULDN'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THE WINSOCKET NEWS-TRIBUNE."



contributors' page

bill brooks



Almost two years ago, on a crisp September morning, a little fat boy with brown curly hair nervously stepped into the plush office of the third vice president of the gigantic "Showme Concern."

It was evident that the little fella had clutched. Finally, after a long uneasy pause, he blurted out that he wanted a job. The soft-hearted executive cast a pitying look at his rags and tatters and granted his wish.

Readers, since that time, that little fat boy, with the brown curly hair has grown up to be a big fat man, with not quite so much brown curly hair. He is none other than Bill Brooks—THE Bill Brooks...never heard of 'im eh?

All kidding aside though, Bill has been around *Showme* for quit awhile now, and is doing a great job as sales manager.

A senior in J-School, Bill leisurely bides his time between his wife and year old daughter, *Showme*, two sportscasts per day on K.F.R.U., his studies and his responsibilities as a member of the "Phi Psi Youth Movement."

dick maxey

Have you ever tried to sell an ad? It's not easy. Ask ole' Dick Maxey; he knows; he hadn't sold one in four months.

Yes, Dick was Santa's present to *Showme* this year. Herb Knapp has killed Santa. Maxey has killed *Showme*.

Yet, probably one of the most ambitious ad-salesman in the business, Dick has been faithfully pounding the beat since early last January and has finally come into his own. He modestly attributes his recent successes to his dark wavy hair, milk white teeth, and



muscular physique. We attribute them to his muscular hair, dark wavy teeth, and milk white physique.

His first love to sell came as a small boy of four, when he was peddling "Liberty" magazines. And in only 17 short years, Dick has worked all the way up to the top of the ladder and is selling for *Showme*. Even his own girl concedes that the guy has amazing capacities in the arts of persuasion.

Dick is 21 and a member of Delta Upsilon social frat.

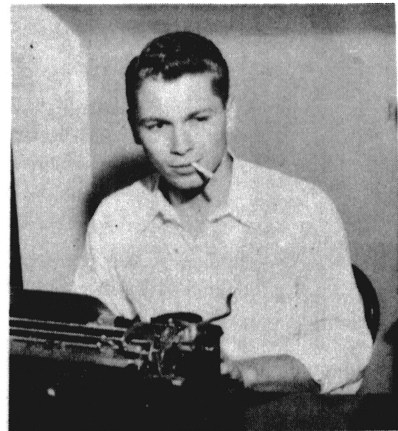
bill ashlock

Bon vivant, scholar, friend of the frustrate female—this is William Ashlock, Toni testimonial writer and author of those sassy little articles which we use as fillers between joke columns.

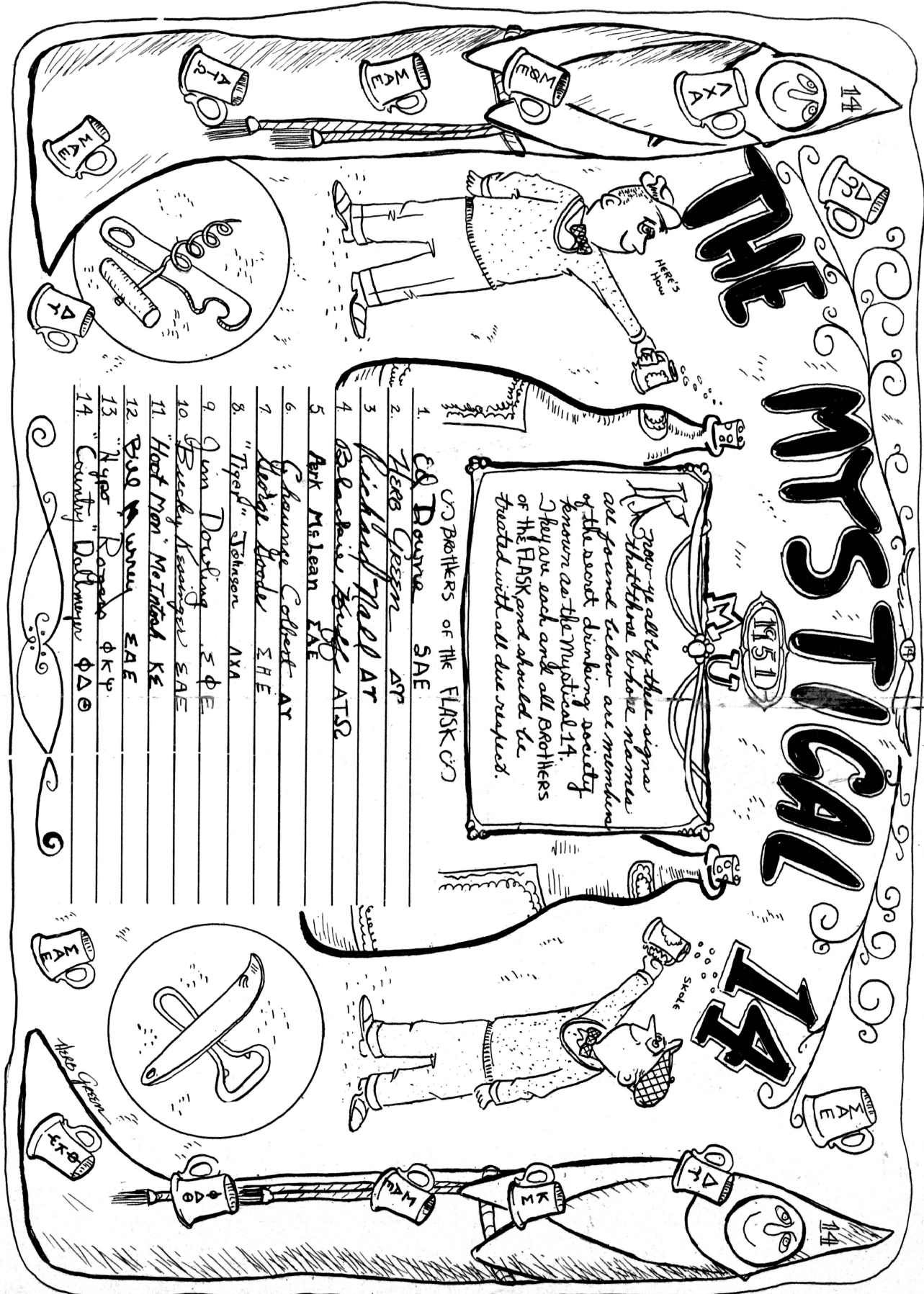
Since entering the Big State U two years ago, Ashlock has participated in many worthwhile activities, including testing sanitary facilities in local pubs and fostering good will missions to Columbia merchants.

No coward he, Ashlock eagerly took on, as his first major assignment, the expose on "Why importance of first hand information on the subject, Ashlock made a truly artistic sacrifice—he got pinned. For your devotion to *Showme*, above and beyond the call of duty, we salute you, William Ashlock.

Ashlock (you may call him Hot Lips) is 19 and wears Threadneedles. A pre-journalism sophomore, he sleeps at the Phi Kappa Psi House and lives at the Kappa Alpha Theta house.



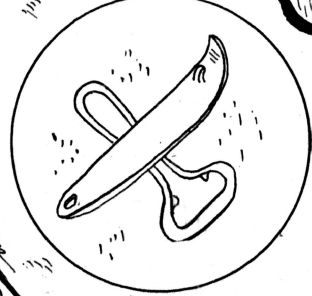
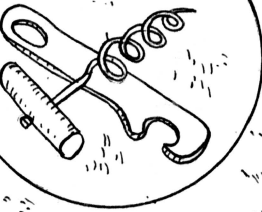
THE MYSTICAL 14



Now ye all by this sign shall know to have names all found below are members of the most drinking society known as the Mystical 14. Ye all each and all Brothers of the FLASK and should be treated with all due respect.

TO BROTHERS OF THE FLASK

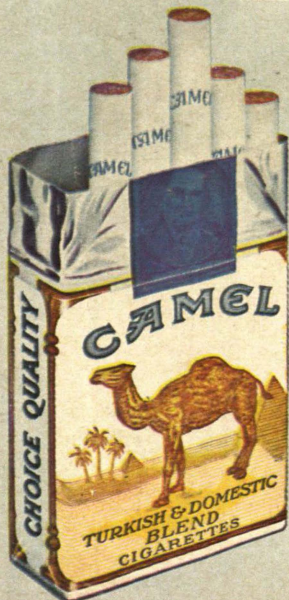
1. Ed Doune SAE
2. Herb Green ADP
3. Richard May AT
4. Barbara Bug ATSR
5. Art McLean IAE
6. Lawrence Collett AT
7. Walter Woods SHE
8. "Tiger" Johnson AXA
9. Jim Douglas S PE
10. Brady Keating SAE
11. "Hot Man" McInnis KE
12. Russ Wynn EAE
13. "Roper" Rogers PKP
14. Country Dalmerer PDE



Herb Green

*Campus Interviews
on Cigarette Tests!*

**No. 18 ...
THE PORCUPINE**



He's listened to the weak thread of so many shallow claims he's fed-up! His point is—there's a *thorough* test of cigarette mildness. Millions of smokers throughout America concur.

It's the sensible test ... the 30-Day Camel Mildness Test, which simply asks you to try Camels for 30 days as your steady smoke — on a day-after-day, pack-after-pack basis. No snap judgments! Once you've tried Camels 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*