

MISSOURI Showme



KIPATRICK

November

25c

Return of The Native Issue



Wool Jersey

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In the dazzling mood of the season,
soft and shapely, or soft and flared,
wool jersey with a beautiful degree of dressiness.

Garland's

20 on the Strollway



Correct: The gray flannel suit is ideal for the office and everyday town wear.



Conservative: Worn with Homburg, it comes into its own on more formal occasions.



Casual: Trousers may be worn separately with sport jacket. (The ladies' suits, too, have been tailored by Hart Schaffner & Marx.)

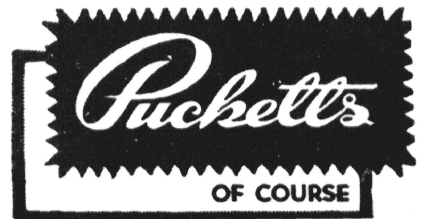
*you can't go wrong in gray...
especially if it's*

ETON* FLANNEL

HART

SCHAFFNER

& MARX



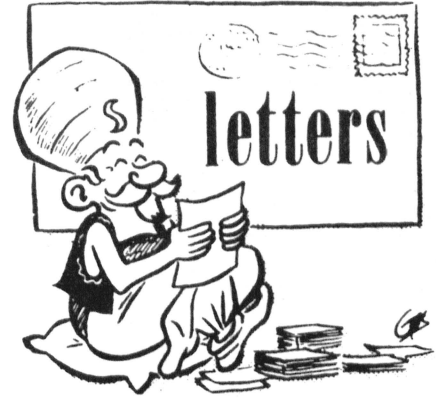


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Lucky guy! His gal bought a Julie's Formal for our dance!



**—I DREAMED I WENT TO
 A PANTIE-RAID IN
 MY MAIDENFORM BRA!**

Dear Editor,

It is with humble gratitude that I thank you for your unswerving loyalty throughout the arduous campaign of last month. Although I was unable to attend your rallies, speeches, and parades, I'm sure I would have enjoyed them. Even though I lost, I'm not bitter. Ike's okay, even if he was a general. (Ed. note. O'Toole was a corporal.) Incidentally, if I can get to Columbia in my travels, I'll let you know. I'm now selling Grandma's Lysoap through Illinois, Missouri and Kentucky.

Best wishes,
 Fogbound O'Toole

FO|mvd

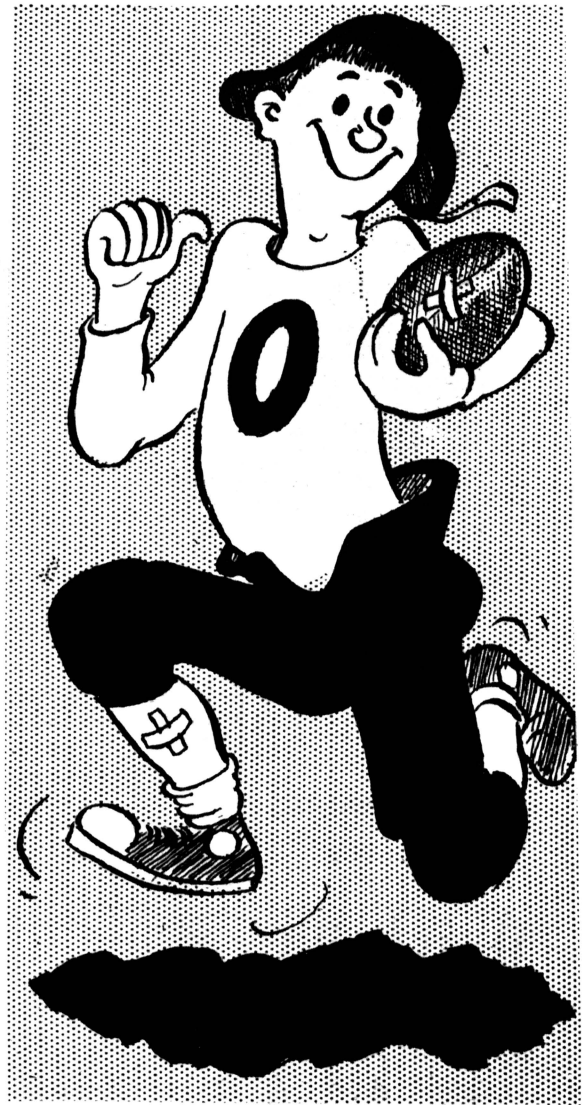
you don't have to be a HALF BACK

NO, you don't have to be Saturday's Hero or the Queen of the May to have your picture in the 1953 Savitar—everybody's a wheel in our book!

MANY of your friends, thousands of people all over campus have already become a part of the 1953 Savitar. You owe it to yourself—you owe it to your friends to add a record of yourself.

THIS YEAR, a complete index will allow you to locate the pictures of all your friends and classmates easily—WILL THEY FIND YOUR PICTURE IN THE 1953 SAVITAR?

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editor's ego

Like your birthday, Christmas, and Easter, Homecoming comes around only once a year. Homecoming—you know—that's the time you stayed up all night working on decorations only to have it rain the next day, or the time the alum who promised a wad only took your bed.

Someone usually wins a football game, and spirits are high and flowing, win or lose. The old grads, who descend upon the campi like locusts, try to pack a second childhood into one weekend. Some alums are shy, some are loud, some are glum, some are

glad-handers and some you even know. (You don't feel quite so bad about your bed then.)

In the Return of the Native Issue, *Showme* has tried to portray the alums in some of their various sizes, shapes and forms. We poke fun, but we also have tried to give the alum a teaser on college life '52, which will probably get the stock comment... "now back in '24 we did..."

Anyway this is our homecoming issue... hope you like it.

And by the way, don't miss the BIG December Issue of *Showme*. It will be Swami's Christmas present to you from us.

A challenge to all comers... Do you really like this rag or do you think it stinks. Your criticisms... good, bad, or indifferent, sincere or cynical (we're hard-headed) are welcome. Send comments to 302 Read Hall.

See you in December,

Pat H



"Ah, Mother Densmore!"



MISSOURI SHOWME

YOUR CAMPUS HUMOR MAGAZINE

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*Old grads never die,
They just return each fall,
And after sopping up our brews,
Their homeward ways they crawl.*



Around The Columns

Overheard

An alum standing in front of the Student Union: "Well, I'll be damned."

Exhaustion

Midterms are over and day follows weary day of boring classes. Hour after hour of sameness riles the creative soul in each of us, and we rebel and look to the light of vacation in the dim distance. People you liked early in the semester have begun to grate on your sensitive soul, and you begin to avoid their hated faces, as they approach you with their insipid leers.

The Living Dead

Arise, oh sleeping Savitar, for, though we have heard you are dying, your blonde-haired editor



says you live, and so you live, a monument to all who pass through four years at Missouri. You cannot die, oh book, for we need you. We want our sniveling faces looking out inanely from

your well-planned pages. We need a record of what we did in our four years of conscious unconsciousness. Arise, oh mighty Savitar, and shining like a beacon over the swirling waters of amnesia, preserve for us the faces of all who played and toiled through the murky darkness of education with us.

Six Point Kid

With coaches scouring the country for boys who can tote the



pigskin for the dear old State U. next fall, it is remarkable that a hometown boy should be completely passed up. We don't know how old this youngster is, but we recommend that Coach Faurot get in touch with him right away, because all reports indicate that "Pee Wee sure can score!"

Chicken?

Last month's blood drive surpassed the 525 quota for all of Boone County with 686 pints collected. Of this amount more than

90% of the blood collected was from students who were willing to stand around for a couple of hours to donate. The people of Columbia, on the whole, were willing to sit around for a couple of hours and congratulate students on their patriotism and sacrifice. We are proud of the student body at the University for proving that some people *do* care and challenge the people of Columbia to accept their responsibility.

"Gimme the T, the T, the big T."

SGA Liked Ike

Being ridiculous reached a new height of inanity last month, but



was hushed immediately. At one of the weekly Student Government Association meetings, before adjournment, a motion was introduced, possibly as a joke, stating that SGA come out in favor of General Eisenhower. A vote showed eleven to four in favor of the motion with several more sensible members abstaining. Then, everyone having enjoyed the joke

immensely, the motion, vote and discussion were stricken from the minutes. Whether they had come out for Ike, Stevenson, or O'Toole, it would make little difference. Supposedly, the Student Government Council is the intelligent, representative student governing body. Where do they come off making a farce of the whole thing by trying to endorse a candidate, or even, and we give them the benefit of the doubt, playing jokes at serious meetings. Remember, kiddies, people are watching you.

"Let's have the I, the I, the big I."



P.K

Nickel Trickle

We were quite struck with the originality of the idea advanced by the Missouri Telephone Company in reply to a request for free phones in the dorms. They suggested the University's giving each housemother a supply of nickels to pass out to callers. This is a very novel scheme probably devised by a man, who, someday will be as rich as the Astors. This time, we side with SGA and their

recommendation that the University contact the Public Service Commission concerning the monopoly and the impossibility of doing business with it.



P.K

We suggest an alternate plan. Student, boycott the telephone company even if you have to walk ten miles to speak to someone. Then save all your nickels and someday we will be rich enough to buy the company. Is good idea? You like?

"Now gimme the G, dammit, the G."

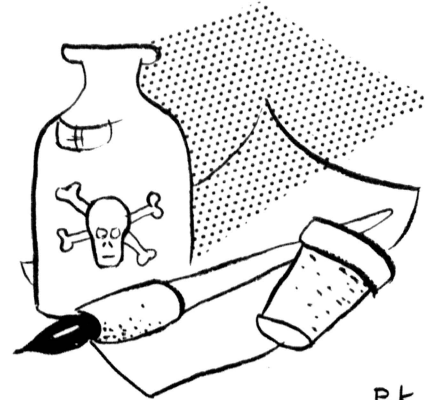
Student Ain't People

We have been wondering just why students aren't given the same rights as faculty members in parking cars. Truc, a sticker for a permit costs the same for each, but some students just don't have the extra money. Why pay money anyway when so many parking spots in lots go unused. We presume that the University is going on the old assumption that students ain't people, so what the hell.

"All right now—the E, the E, the big E."

Spittin' Suzy

Having no idea we had created such a furor in our last issue, we received the following letter from sweet, demure lass at Stephens College. The letter is written from a constructive point of view and is as modest as any we have ever read:



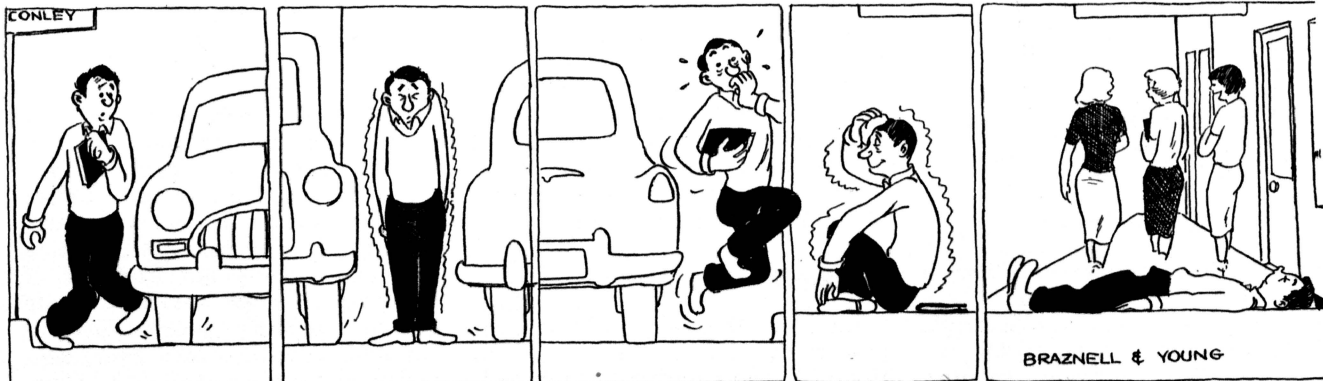
P.K

"I've just finished reading the poorly written articles in the latest edition of *Showme*.

"You have made it quite clear that "Missouri's School for Midgets" doesn't go for Stephens. If this is true, then why do the little boys waddle over here for dates?

"This poor forgotten little community would probably go on relief if Stephens would pack up and leave. (Ed. note: 'Sigh of relief' is probably what she meant.) I'll bet you'd be the first one to have your T.S. card punched, if a boy's school came in here and took your 'girls.'

"Let me know if I can ever help you write any articles. I



took journalism in high school.
Sincerely,
Suzy Stephens"

Now fellows, doesn't this little epistle of self-effacement make you want to jump on your kiddie cars and race over to Lodge Hall? Hmmm? But they're so sweet!

"Gimme the R, the R, the big R."

Party Politics

We especially enjoyed the election party held in the Student Union November 4 from 7 p.m. until 3 a.m. Sigma Delta Chi did a fine job with its coverage, and the building was jammed until very late. A few things we noticed were: the intense interest in the outcome; how easy it was to tell a Democrat from a Republican by facial expression; how many girls stayed until the end,



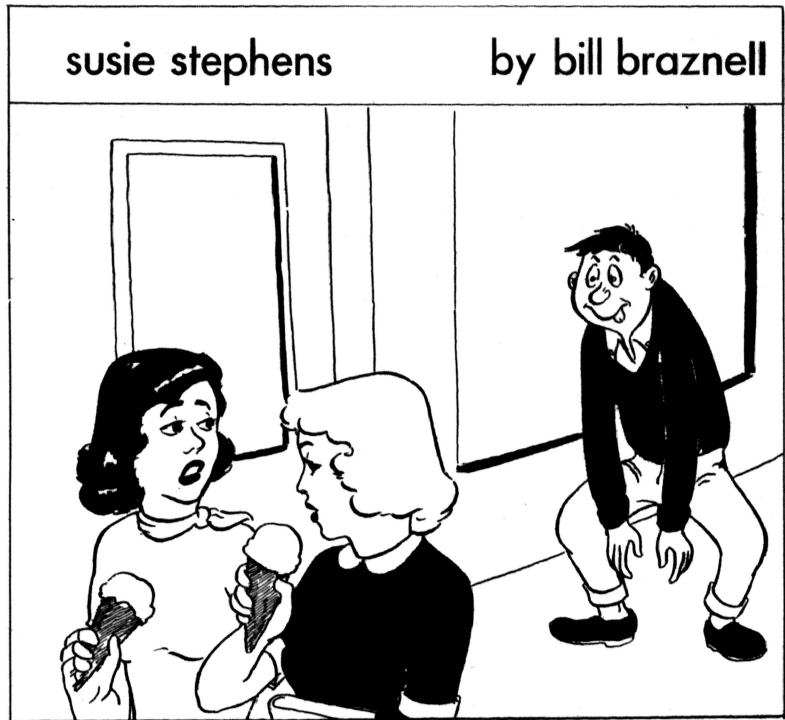
P.K.

not out of interest, but to take advantage of a three o'clock night; the idiot who put a nickel in the juke box, when everyone had quieted down to pay attention to the returns coming over the loud-speaker.

"Let's have the S, now, the big S, the S."

Fog's Had It

It is our sad duty to report on the whereabouts of Fogbound O'Toole, who, in a losing presidential race, said, "It's in the book." O'Toole has retired to the balmy Ozarks, where he feels at home, to write poison pen letters to Winchell and ABC. "I wuz shafted," said the eloquent O'Toole. "Wait 'til '56—I shall return!"



"Of course, he could be just hungry!"

And thus passed from the political scene one of the most colorful characters since Calvin Coolidge backed up against a modern impressionist painting that was still wet.

"All right now—Tigers-Tigers."

Romp, Dammit

SGA has sponsored a Romp and Chomp. Now we don't mind romping and we don't mind chomping, but it seems awfully cold to do either on Francis Quadrangle's Little Hinkson, the twenty-first of November. Maybe we haven't got school spirit, but we can't understand why these things had to be planned outside.

Why, it's cold enough these days to frost your nose.

So... constructive suggestion. Why not have Homecoming earlier next year? This time of year is not conducive to building floats and decorations. Other schools have earlier Homecomings, why not M.U.?

"Again—Tigers."

No Like

Last month we listed a number of things we liked. This month let's reverse the process.

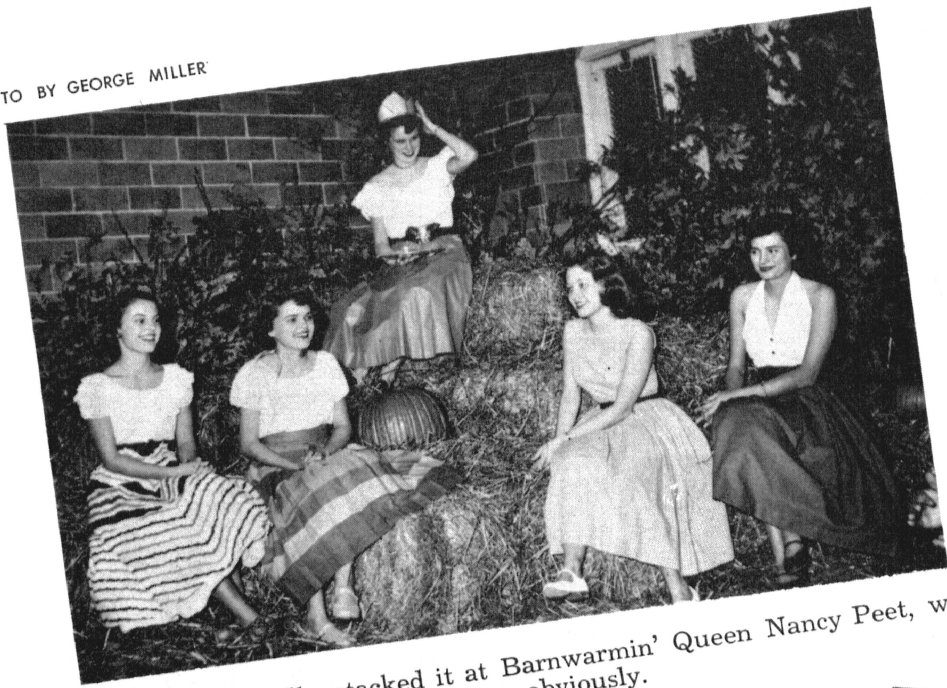
We don't like... funny boy professors... deadlines... mornings after... negative hours for before and after vacation cuts... the beer in Gabe's... Susies... quiet rooters at football games... the lack of elevators to the fourth floor of Jesse... politics.



P.K.

Once more—Tigers!
Damnit, Spider, we *are* cheering.
Joe Gold

PHOTO BY GEORGE MILLER



The Haystackers really stacked it at Barnwarmin' Queen Nancy Peet, with the crown—obviously.

CANDIDLY MIZZOU

PHOTO BY GEORGE MILLER



10 "Well, yes. As a matter of fact, Martha Washington was a Pi Phi."

PHOTO BY GEORGE MILLER



"Ah jest loves spareribs."

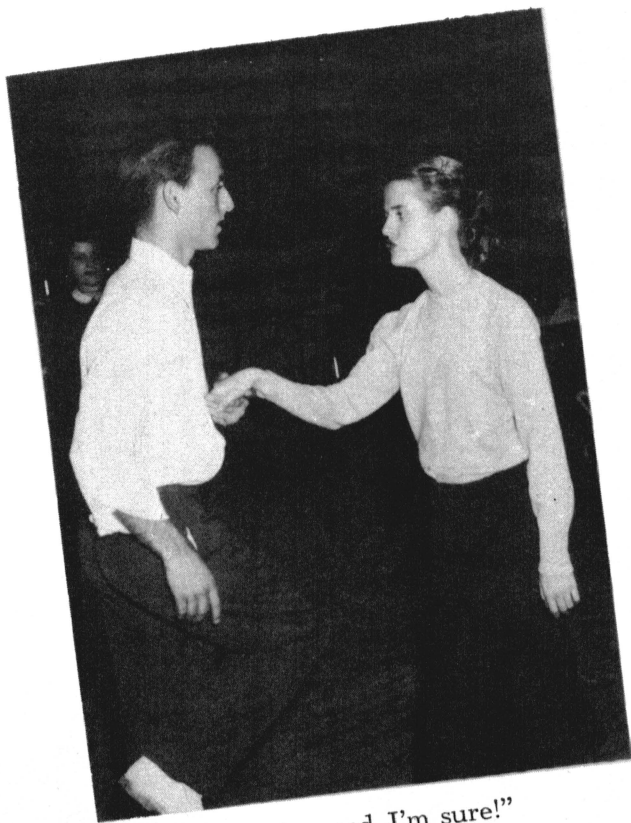
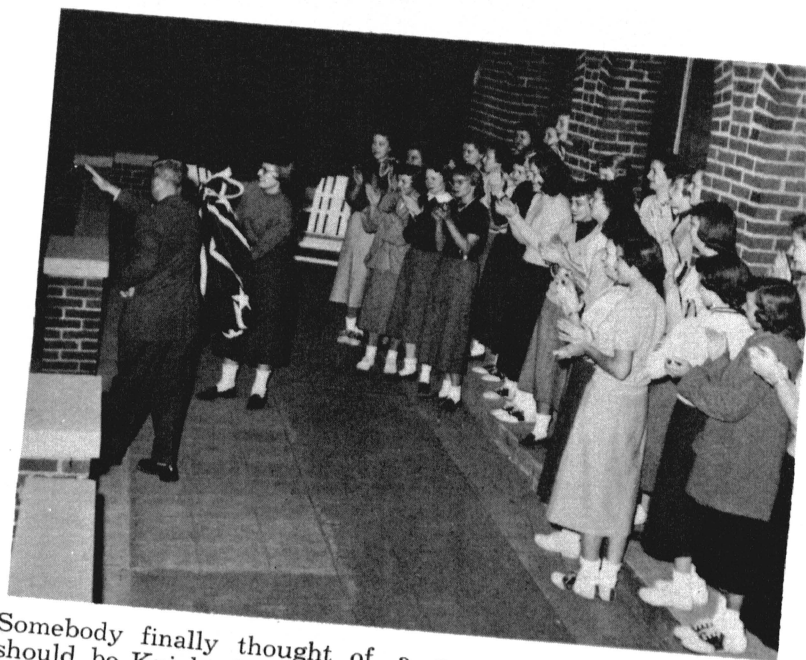


PHOTO BY GEORGE MILLER "Charmed I'm sure!"



Somebody finally thought of a reason why Jim Windsor should be Knight Owl. KAs paid off with their Dixie flag.



Showme gag meeting. Left to right: Smith, Jones, Brown, Adams, Black, Smith, Green, Jones, Lee, Doe, Smith Jones.

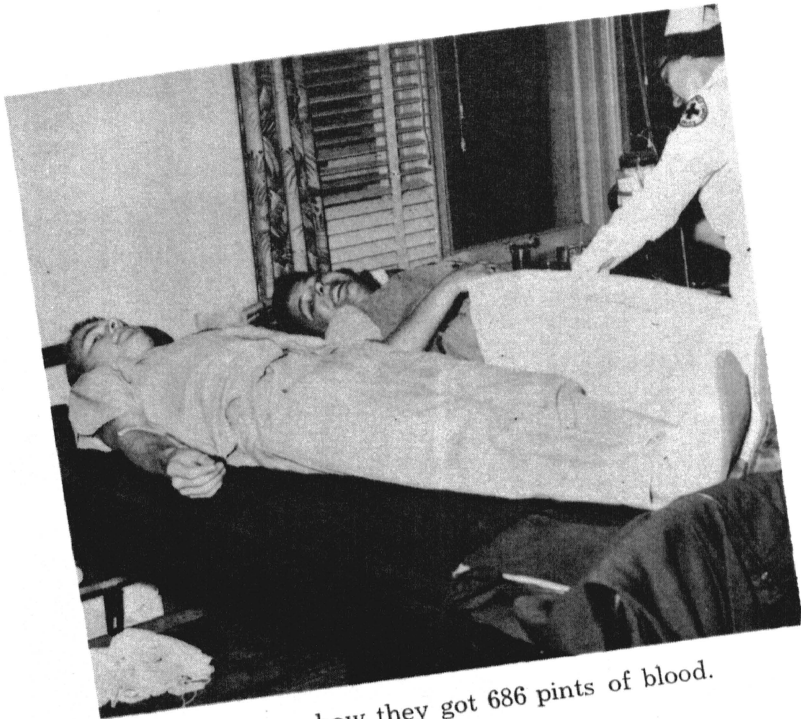
PHOTO BY GEORGE MILLER



PHOTO BY GEORGE MILLER

"Oh, no! Gimme the quarter first."

PHOTO BY GEORGE MILLER



Now we know how they got 686 pints of blood.

PHOTO BY GEORGE MILLER



So, this is touch football.

PHOTO BY GEORGE MILLER



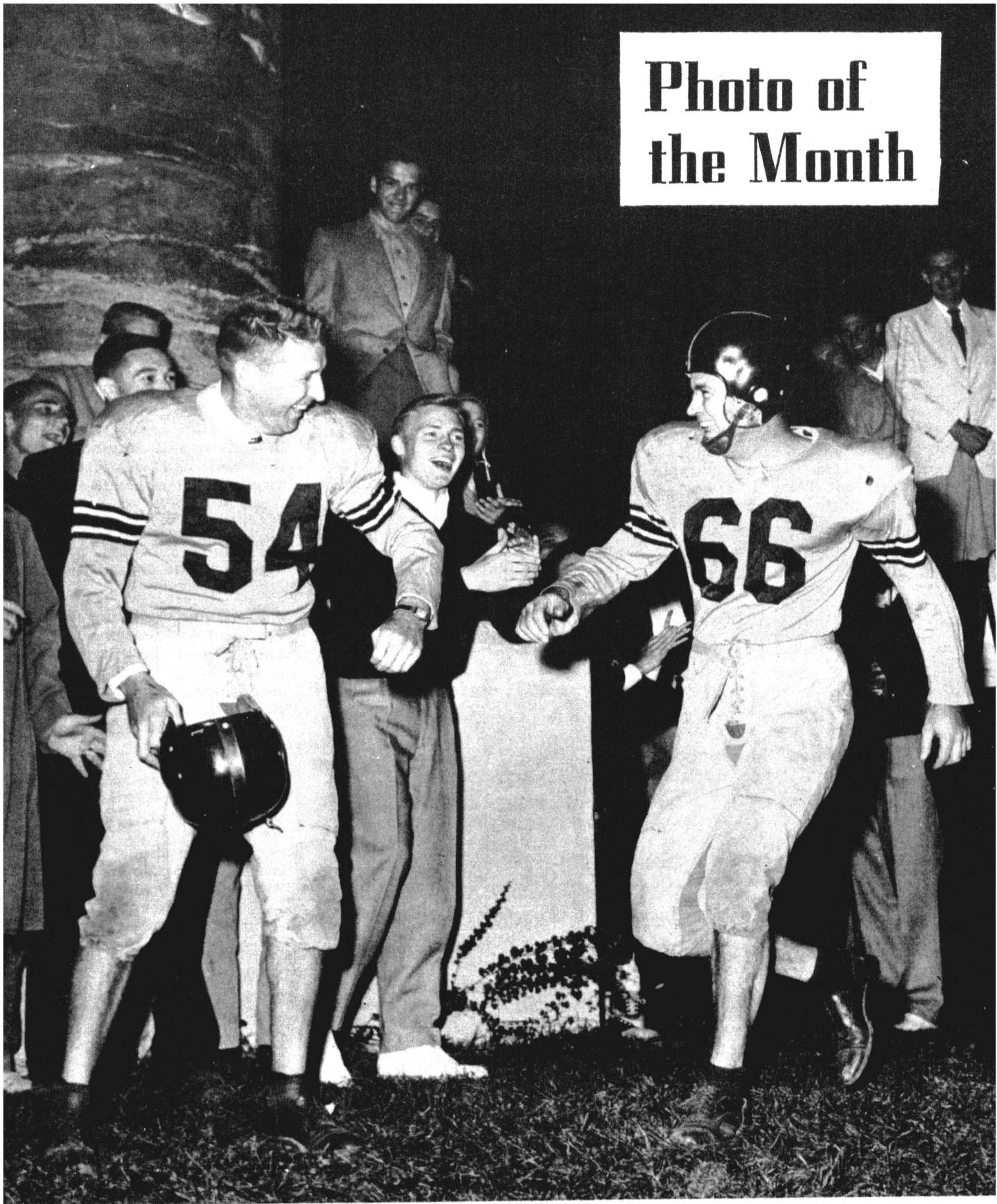
And the hog calls cease 'til Farmers' Fair.

PHOTO BY GEORGE MILLER



Waterlogged fans at the Colorado game admire Don Faurot's Australian Crawl.

Photo of the Month



Kansas—Can you top this?

PHOTO BY GEORGE MILLER

QUARTERBACKS NEVER QUIT



"... Slipping past the tackle, he broke toward the sideline."

by Joe Gold

The pigskin plummeted out of the blue, and Vic Ramsdell gathered it in on the Benton 35. Cutting straight up the middle, the flashy Benton quarterback returned the punt to the midfield stripe, eluding a State tackler who almost trapped him on the 42.

As Benton went into the huddle, Vic glanced up at the scoreboard clock at the south end of the stadium... five minutes left to play in the first half with Benton ahead 7 to 6. The husky lineman towered over Vic as he called the next play.

"23B" he grunted, and sunlight caught the edge of a tooth chipped in last year's loss to State. His dark eyes flashed, and he patted the linemen on their rumps as they trotted into position.

Working off the T, Vic took the snap from center, faked to the fullback, Ormanski coming past and pitched out to his speedy halfback, Doyle, wide on the right flank. Doyle grabbed it and swivel-hipped his way down the sidelines all the way to the State 37 yard line.

On the next play, Vic handed off to Ormanski, but the big boy could only pick up a yard and

a half, as State closed the hole fast.

Above the roar of the Benton homecoming crowd, Vic Ramsdell called his signals.

"36-24-36."

Vic took the snap, faked a lateral, and faded to the 43. A crushing block by Dale Larson saved him from being smeared for a loss and Vic got off a long pass for Billy Baggett. The rangy end leaped high among three State defenders and came down with the ball and was immediately dropped just inside the State 10.

With a Benton first and goal to go staring them in the face, the State Maroons, two touchdown favorite at gametime, called time out.

Kneeling, Vic removed his helmet and a shock of curly black hair framed his rugged, good-looking face. He thought of the scene in the clubhouse before the game. Barney Stone, the coach, had talked straight from the shoulder to them.

"Men," he had said, "you know we've only won two games out of seven this year. I'm not making any excuses, or pointing any fingers, but the alums are after my scalp. They practically told me that unless we win this one, I can look for another job."

The players had been shocked. For as long as they could remember, the name of Barney Stone had meant football at Benton. True, everyone had expected a great season, and something hadn't come out right, but that wasn't any reason to give old Barney the sack.

Vic recalled how surprised he'd been. Mary Ann hadn't said a word about her father's position, and Vic had never thought about it. He took a lot of kidding about being engaged to the coach's daughter, but it didn't bother him. He and Mary Ann had been dating for two years and they'd been engaged for the last six months.

The whistle blew and Benton huddled. They broke and lined up in the T.

"35-23-35."

Vic took the ball from center, turned and handed off to Larson racing toward the left flank from his halfback spot. State started to shift toward their right, and Ormanski cut two of them down with a sweeping block. Suddenly State realized they had been tricked, as Larson handed it to Doyle who took the reverse and was cutting back toward the right. He swept around the end, and a block by Vic Ramsdell erased the last Maroon on the two yard line. Doyle stepped across untouched and Benton led 13 to 6. Vic converted and it was 14 for Benton. The homecoming crowd went wild.

The half ended with the score unchanged, although State had pushed to the Benton 38.

In the dressing room, Vic was lying on a bench when Barney came around.

"You're doing a great job, Vic. The pro scouts are really getting an eyeful this afternoon."

Vic grinned and was glad Barney would be around next year, even if he would be with the pros.

Billy Baggett came over.

"Congratulations," he smiled. "Glad to see you're going to play football after this. And Mary Ann's a real cute kid."

Vic laughed, and recalled the interview he'd given out to the school paper.

"If we win," he'd said, "Mary Ann and I will get married. If we lose, I'll never play football again."

He realized it had been rash, but he wasn't the kind of guy who'd back down. He'd do what he'd said.

It was time to go out on the field to wrap it up. Vic felt great. As he trotted past the stands, Mary Ann clutched at his jersey. Vic grinned at her. She was so small, so cute, and so blonde. She also knew quite a bit about football.

The crowd's greeting was ear-splitting, but Mary Ann was trying to tell him something. "Vic, I saw the doctor today...he says he says I'm going to have...I mean...we'd better..."

Vic couldn't hear everything and what he did hear, didn't make sense, and he kissed her on the forehead to the crowd's delight, and trotted onto the field.

State kicked off and Ormanski brought it back to the Benton 30. In the huddle Vic called for the reverse that had netted them their last T.D.

"35-23-35."

This time the Maroons were ready and the linebackers moved in and smeared Doyle back on the Benton 26. It was second down and 14 to go for a first down.

"12C," Vic snapped. It was an optional pass or run play and was risky from deep in Benton territory, but Vic was used to banking on hunches and he had one now.

Taking the fall from center, Vic faded. He saw Doyle and Baggett around the 45, but they were covered by State men. The hulking Maroon end had fought past the blockers and was closing

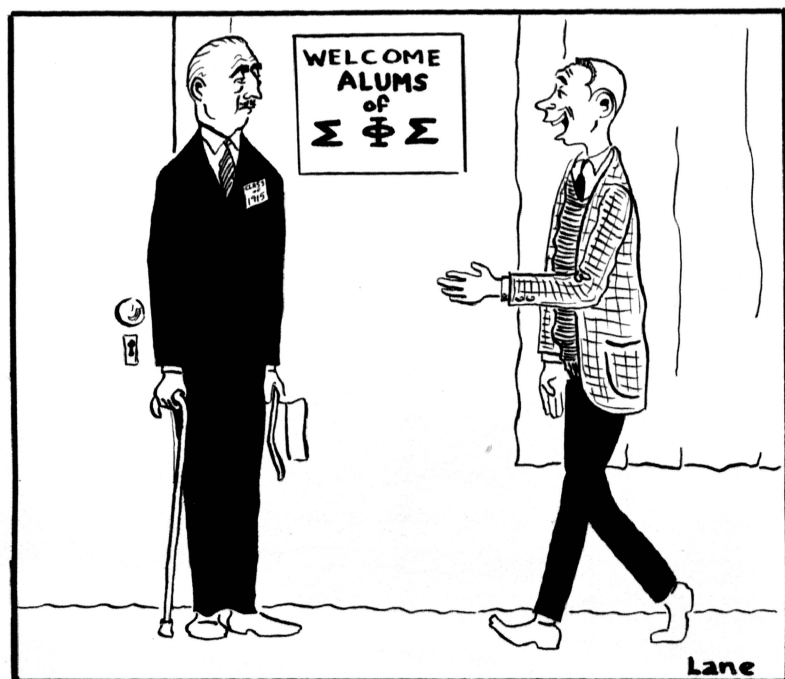
in on Vic. Vic cocked his arm, and started to throw. The end leaped high in the air attempting to block the pass. As he did, Vic tucked the ball under his arm and side-stepped to the right, slipping past the lunging tackle, and he was off and running toward the sidelines. Two State tacklers tried to head him off, but just as he reached the field, Vic stopped dead in his tracks and reversed his field. The defenders were left grabbing thin air, and Vic was skipping across yard markers with blocking forming ahead. Two crashing blocks by Ormanski and Larson got him into the clear on the State 40, and from then on not a hand was laid on him, as he loped into the end zone for a 74-yard touchdown jaunt.

Vic missed the extra point, but nobody cared, as Benton led 20 to 6.

Sitting on the bench beside Barney watching the defensive platoon trying to control the powerful State offense, Vic's mind wandered to Mary Ann.

"I saw the doctor today...he says I'm going to have..."

(Continued on page 30)



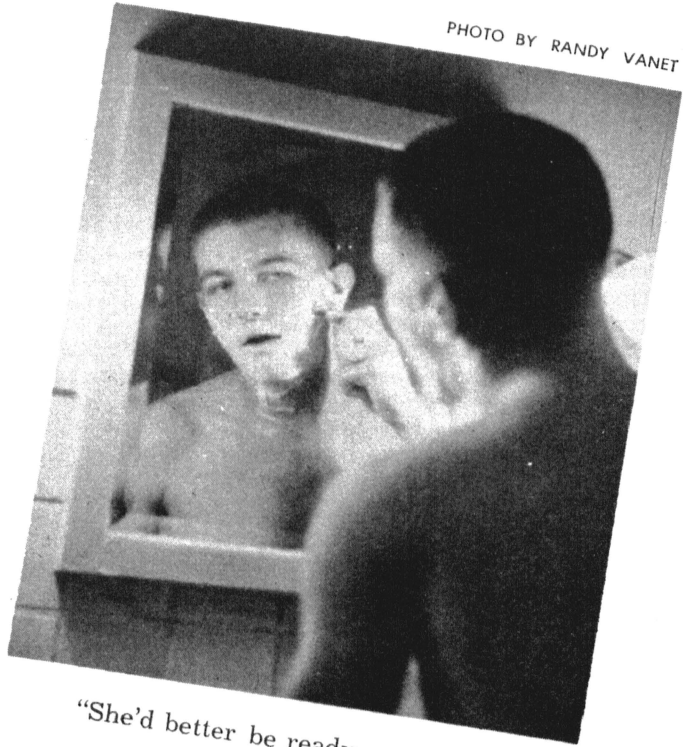
"Why you're old 'Dirty Mouth' Jones, my dad knows you!"

PHOTO BY RANDY VANET



"I'll just let him wait another five minutes."

PHOTO BY RANDY VANET



"She'd better be ready on time."

Toujours La Date



"I should have known."

PHOTO BY RANDY VANET



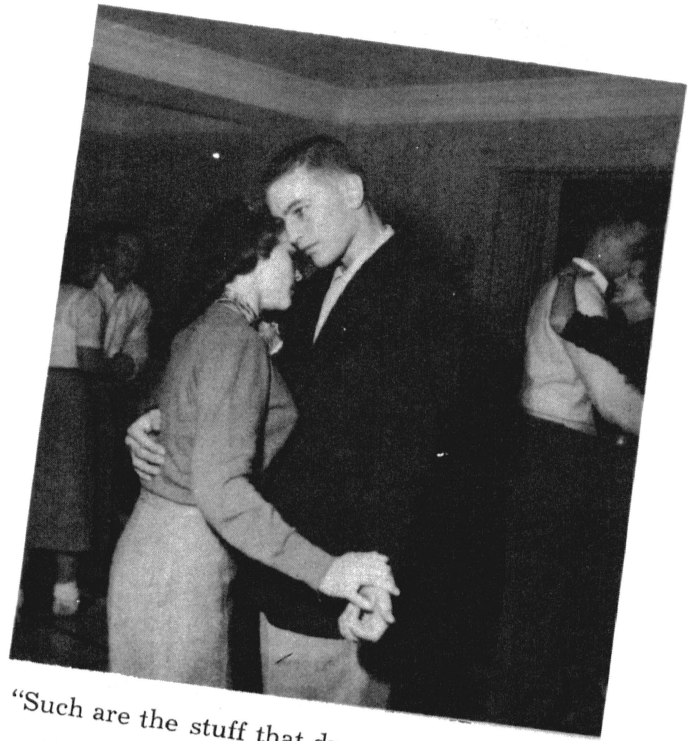
"Come me fair beauty—your chariot awaits without."

PHOTO BY RANDY VANET

PHOTO BY RANDY VANET

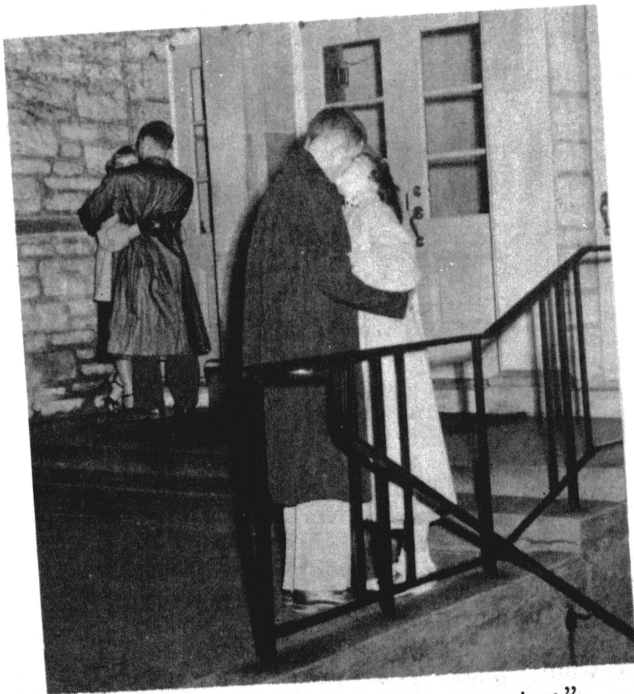


"These foolish things..."



"Such are the stuff that dreams are made on."

PHOTO BY RANDY VANET



"The platonic end of a platonic evening."



"If only I could afford all this."



Secret Life of Norbert Biltrap



by Roger Julian

Only two men now remained between him and the goal line. "Touchdown" Biltrap, the Galloping Ghost of the U. of Mizzeri Bengals, lunged toward them, realizing he must go all the way on this play. His team was trailing the Kansas Joyhawkers by three points in the big Homecoming game, and he had just heard the final whistle. Artfully he sidestepped around the first man. Now only one man was left, the hulking 294-pound safety man. Not a sound could be heard in the stadium as the two players neared each other. 30,000 pairs of eyes flinched as—

"Look out for that car!" shouted a harsh voice at his side. Norbert Biltrap returned to reality and swerved his 1938 Ford away from danger. "How many times must I tell you to watch where you're going. Oh, if I only knew how to drive."

"Yes, dear," replied Norbert in a mild voice, suppressing a wild desire to unscrew the wheel and hand it to his wife. Controlling his emotions, he drove about the campus, pointing out to his wife the various buildings.

"There's the new student union, dear. When I was last here, it was just a hole in the ground."

"Hmmpfh," snorted his wife. "Doesn't look as if much improvements were made. Honestly, Norbert, I don't see why we had to come back here for all this silly rigamarole. You know very well I'll have to miss my club meeting this weekend just for this silly old football game."

"I'm sorry dear, but this campus holds a good many memories for me."

"As if you really did anything here. Your professors won't even remember you."

"Oh, yes they will. They thought I was quite an outstanding stu—"

The elderly man with the goatee glared balefully at the class. He could see the football linemen hungrily dreaming of the coming annual game with Stephens and he could smell the fraternity men as they peacefully dozed off the effects of last night's party. "Well, I see that since nobody else can give me the answer, I'll have to call on the old reliable. Tell them, Biltrap. Maybe they can learn something." The thin bespectacled young man with the high forehead rose from his seat. "Well, sir, although you may recall the population of Iran is 15% Kurdish, that has no effect on the fact that Mount Savalan of the Elburz Range is 15,784 feet high. The report that the goats and sheep of the Kurdish tribesmen have eaten off some 3,948 feet of the mountain is entirely false." As he sat down, an excited murmur that had roused the class out of its slumber now rose to wild applause. The stunned professor could only nod his head and say, "Excellent work, Biltrap. Amazing, simply amazing."

"Pull in here, Norbert. I want to pick up some things in this store."

"Very well, dear. By the way, this parking spot will be a good place from which to watch the parade. It'll be coming by here

soon."

"Oh, Norbert. Must we see that silly parade with all those silly floats?"

"Now dear, you know the Homecoming parade is one of my fondest memories. It always has the finest floats in the world. Now, when I was here, we really had ourselves a Homecoming para—"

A glob of papier mache faintly resembling a Kansas football player swung loosely from the incorrectly-tied hangman's noose. The other end of the rope was nailed to a rickety, makeshift gallows and the entire contraption was precariously standing on top of an old farm wagon pulled by an old mule whose prominent ribs were painted with black and gold stripes. Proudly astride the animal was the thin figure of Norbert Biltrap. Amidst the black and gold bunting that covered the wagon was a huge sign which announced to the world that "Pi Upsilon House Says String Up the Joyhawkers!!!" "Norbert!" shouted a wide-eyed freshman as he ran up to the mule. "We've been awarded the grand prize for the best float! Here comes President Middle now!" University President Frederick A. Middle strode up to Norbert with a huge blue ribbon in his hand. "You are Biltrap, I understand," he said. Norbert could not hide a smile as he answered, "Yes, SIR!"

"Well done, Biltrap. Very well done. Your float shows artistic leaning and great ingenuity. It gives me great pleasure to give you first prize. Mark my words, young man, you'll go far in this world." "Oh, thank you sir. Thank you very, very, very mu—"

"Thank goodness all that silly stuff is over," said his wife as they left the stadium after the Bengals had come through with a magnificent last quarter rally to lose by only 59 points. "Now we can go home."

"But dear, aren't we going to stay here in town and celebrate?"

"Celebrate? YOU? Ha! Don't make me laugh. What would a little mouse like you do to celebrate? The strongest thing YOU ever drank was ginger ale."

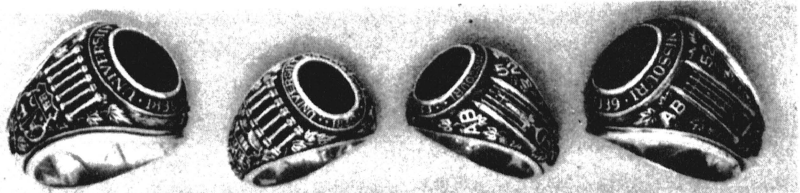
Norbert "Hollow Leg" Biltrap sat at the small table in the smoked-filled room, gazing dully ahead with bloodshot eyes. Dark figures seemed to flit about the room but he paid them no mind. He was, to put it bluntly, D-R-U-N-K. For shame, Norbert. What would the football coach, the goateed prof, and the University President, what with all their high-minded ideals, say to you now? A healthy young specimen who had not yet felt the effects of his celebrating came up to the table. "Norb, old boy, they've got your plaque all fixed up and they're going to put it on the wall now! You just gotta come, cause it's a historic event. Come on, you can make it. It's just across the room." Biltrap tried to focus his bleary eyes, pulled himself to his feet with the other's aid and stumbled across the room. There, for the rest of the world to see, was the pencilled compilation of his night's work. A record truly to be proud of. Written on the back of an old envelope by a crusty sports writer from the J-School and pinned to the wall, those immortal words stood out even in the heavy smoke. "Here on this night, Norb Biltrap, class of '26, set a record never before equalled and which no doubt will never be reached. It has been carefully documented that in a carefree Homecoming mood, Ol' Norb downed two fifths of Scotch, a pint of Gordon's, a quart of pure Russian vodka, some assorted wines, brandies and whiskeys, an undeterminable amount of beer of various brands (our computer lost count after three cases) as well as puffing some two pounds of Old Ozark Wood

(Continued on page 37)

"For a lifetime choose the finest"

OFFICIAL
UNIVERSITY of MISSOURI
CLASS RINGS

crafted by
BAL FOUR



"The High Quality Die Work that Distinguishes Fine Jewelry from the Ordinary"

TROY NEWMAN
211 Aldeah
Ph. 7442

Lamb's Jewelry

Missouri Book Store



Model—Donna Olson—Stephens College

The Top of the Evening

New elegance as the season opens

Dean's

TOWN AND COUNTRY

10 on the Strollway

THE BIG GAME

by bill braznell

LET'S WHITEWASH
THOSE JAYHAWKS

HEH! HEH!
THEY THINK
SNOW!



I WOULD HAVE
PLEGDED TRI NU~
BUT I WAS
BALD!

I STILL SAY IT!
PRETTY SNEA
TO GET A BE
INTO THE G

WELCOME
KANSAS

IF YOU WEREN'T
MY BEST FRIEND,
SHAFTLY, I'D PUNCH
YOU IN THE NOSE!

BUT, YOU SAID
YOU'D LOVE ME
ALWAYS!

SEE, JOHN, I TOLD
YOU WE COULD
SQUEEZE 1 MORE IN!

POW!
POW!

DIDN'T I?

QUEEN AGAIN~
AND I HAVEN'T
A THING TO WEAR!

HURRY UP WITH THAT TAPE, DOC
HE'LL MISS THE LAST
QUARTER!

HE KISSED THE
LASS AND BROUGHT
HER!

BEER?
I'LL HAVE
SHLITZ!

I AIN'T
TALKIN'

HOW'S YOU
BUSINESS,
NEWSEAT
NAN?

BOUT HALF
FANNIE!

KISSED WHO'S
DAUGHTER?

CAUGHT HER KISSING
WHO? I CAN'T HEAR!

SHOWS

I FEEL LIKE
I HAVE BUTTERFLIES
IN MY STOMACH!

BUY YOUR
SEAT
CUSHIONS

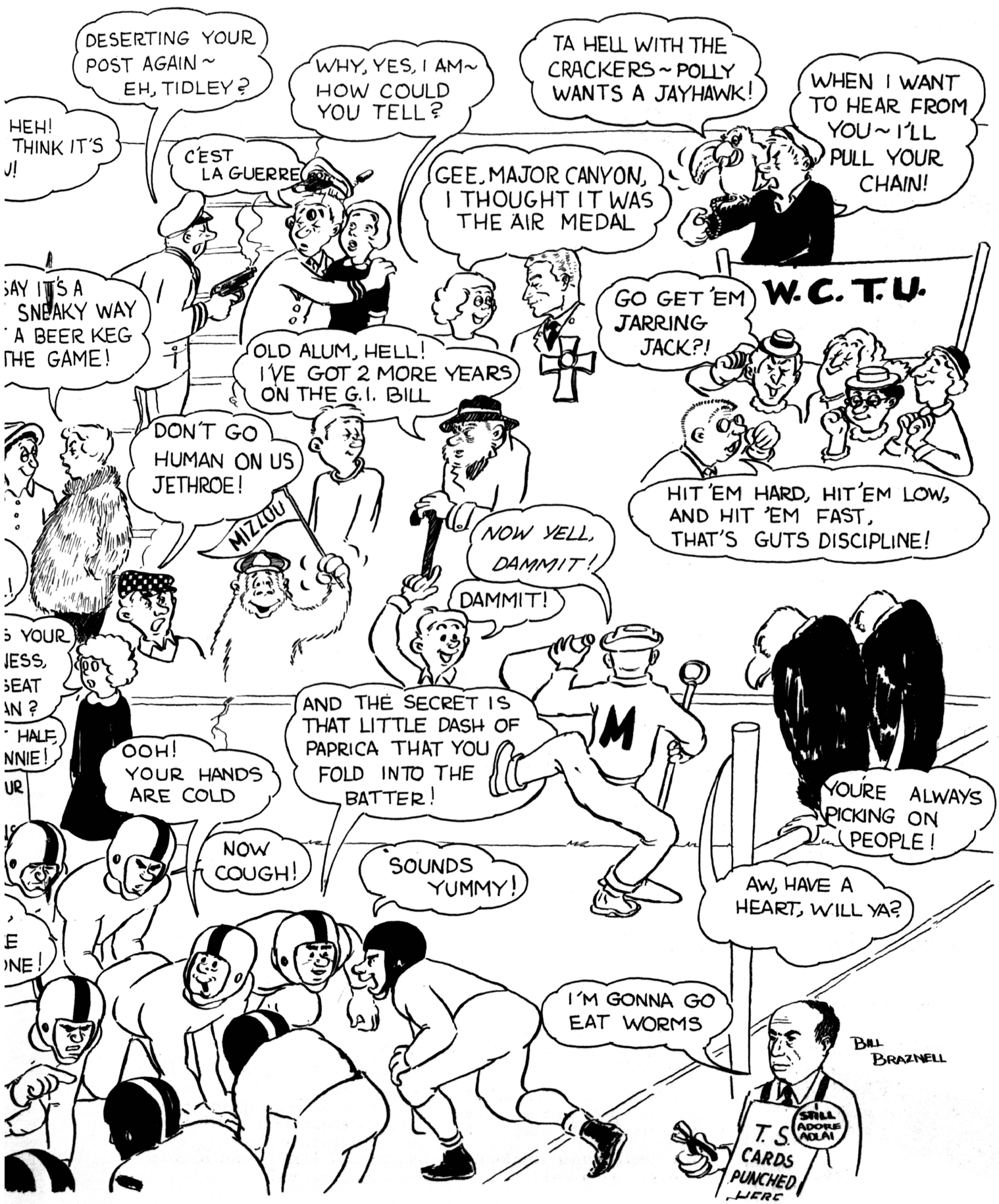
DOES IT
HURT BAD,
JOE?

WHAT DID
YOU HAVE FOR
LUNCH?

BUTTERFLIES

OK., JOE,
YOU FAKE
THIS ONE!





DESERTING YOUR POST AGAIN ~ EH, TIDLEY?

HEH! THINK IT'S J!

WHY, YES, I AM ~ HOW COULD YOU TELL?

TA HELL WITH THE CRACKERS ~ POLLY WANTS A JAYHAWK!

WHEN I WANT TO HEAR FROM YOU ~ I'LL PULL YOUR CHAIN!

C'EST LA GUERRE

GEE, MAJOR CANYON, I THOUGHT IT WAS THE AIR MEDAL

SAY IT'S A SNEAKY WAY A BEER KEG THE GAME!

OLD ALUM, HELL! I'VE GOT 2 MORE YEARS ON THE G.I. BILL

GO GET 'EM JARRING JACK?!

W.C.T.U.

DON'T GO HUMAN ON US JETHROE!

MIZLOU

NOW YELL, DAMMIT!

DAMMIT!

HIT 'EM HARD, HIT 'EM LOW, AND HIT 'EM FAST, THAT'S GUTS DISCIPLINE!

IS YOUR BLESS, SEAT AN?

HALF, NNNIE!

UR

E ONE!

OOH! YOUR HANDS ARE COLD

AND THE SECRET IS THAT LITTLE DASH OF PAPRICA THAT YOU FOLD INTO THE BATTER!

YOU'RE ALWAYS PICKING ON PEOPLE!

NOW COUGH!

SOUNDS YUMMY!

AW, HAVE A HEART, WILL YA?

I'M GONNA GO EAT WORMS

BILL BRAZNELL

T.S. CARDS PUNCHED HERE
STILL ADORE ADLAI

BRADY Says:

The Tigers will whitewash K.U., but how about you adding a spot of color to your room for the coming Holidays!



Decorate with

PITTSBURGH

PAINT

BRADY'S

15 S. 10th

4978



It's time

to get your

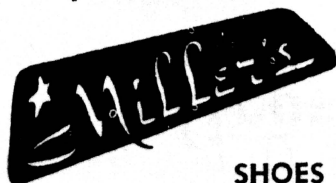
Festive Footwear

for the

Christmas Formals

and of course

you'll remember



SHOES

hangnail sketches

by Joe Gold

We figured the football stadium would be a good place to interview a typical alum, and we were right. Boswell T. Throaty shook our hand heartily, offered us a nip from a bottle and threw an arm affectionately around our shoulders.

"Mr. Throaty," we asked, "what was it like when you went to old Mizzou?"

"Ah, sonny, those were the good old days. When we won a football game (he frowned when we flinched), we'd snake dance through town and all the movie houses. When there was a good Theda Bara show in town, we'd fake a football game and snake dance in, stay for two hours and snake dance out. Ah, those were the good old days."

Boswell T. Throaty belched and took a long swig from the bottle, holding the label prominently outward. Then he flashed the Phi Beta key he'd picked up in a pawnshop. Suddenly he was on his feet screaming "I love peaches, I love cream, I was the captain of the team," which he later admitted he'd stolen from a Bob Hope movie. But it got a big laugh from the students, and he was happy.

"Were you a Greek, Mr. Throaty?"

"Was I a Greek? Why, sonny, everybody who was anybody was a Greek in those days. I was so Greek, they had to read Plato to me to get me to sleep when I was loopy."

He jabbed an elbow in our sides to get the joke across so we laughed through the tears.

"Was there much drinking in your day?" we asked.



"Drinking? Why we had to keep a tin pail around the house to keep it bailed out. And oh, how we could hold our liquor! Why I can recall personally killing a fifth of bourbon, a pint of vodka, and a fifth of scotch at a party one evening and then going out playing basketball with a trash can in the middle of Providence Road. But I wasn't drunk! The boys used to mix their own brews. I remember some of those fellows. There were One Eye Finnigan, Shaky Hansen, and No Guts Smith. Too bad they're not here to see this game."

He removed his hat and bowed his head.

This done, he began waving his pennant, knocking off hats, blocking views, and poking out eyes, until somebody lit a match to it, but by this time Boswell's eyes had become bleary, and he was not seeing too well.

When coloured shapes began running onto the field, he leapt to his feet and began chanting an ancient Incan cheer. He was screaming frantically now about "dying for old Jesse Hall" and "scoring for Gabe's" when a multitude of hands grabbed him and hurled him back into his seat. Kansas had just taken the field.

THE END

Hunter: Got a Canadian Goose yesterday.

College Freshman: Everything's classified these days.

• • •

The Airedale said "Have you heard from your boyfriend lately?"

The Cocker said, "Yep, had a litter from him last week."



WHY STUDY?

Why study?

The more you study, the more you learn;

The more you learn, the more you forget;

The more you forget, the less you know.

So why study?

Why study?

The less you study, the less you learn;

The less you learn, the less you forget;

The less you forget, the more you know.

So why study?

R.J.



Time to do your Christmas Shopping



Lucien Lelong
the perfect gift
12 on the Strollway



"What became of Sarah? It's almost daylight and we've got to be getting along."

"Oh, she found a new formal from Woolf Brothers upstairs and I couldn't drag her away."

Woolf Brothers



THE ALUMS RIDE AGAIN



by **Betty Jean Rudy**

November 11, 1952

Chapter House MA
3-2 Chug-a-Lug,
Columbia, Mo.

Greetings members of Chapt. MA

From the issue of Ye Olde Fraternity magazine I read that homecoming is November 22 STOP Class fraternity brothers of 1900 plan reunion in Chapter House during Homecoming weekend STOP Need accommodations for 80 STOP Great to return to Mizzou and re-live college life STOP

Yours in brotherhood
Aloysius Ferdinand III
(Alum of 1900)

Nov. 12, 1952

Aloysius Ferdinand III
IOU Wall Street
Dry Gulch, Mo.

Dear Alum Ferdinand:

Cancel plans STOP Chapter house full STOP Can arrange sleeping accommodations if not particular who with STOP MA regrets but hope alums will stop at Chapter House for tea after Homecoming game STOP

Yours in Activehood
Samuel O. Brown
Chapter House MA

Nov. 13, 1952

Tea, H— STOP College not what it was when I went there STOP 80 alums arrive Nov 22, active chapter can sleep on Hink STOP Done before STOP Yippee Missouri here we come STOP

Aloysius Ferdinand

Nov. 14, 1952

Misunderstood wire STOP reservations for alums ARE CANCELLED STOP No room STOP Try Chapter House PA in Kansas State STOP Lots of room there STOP

Samuel O. Brown
Chapter MA

Nov. 14, 1952

My dear young men:

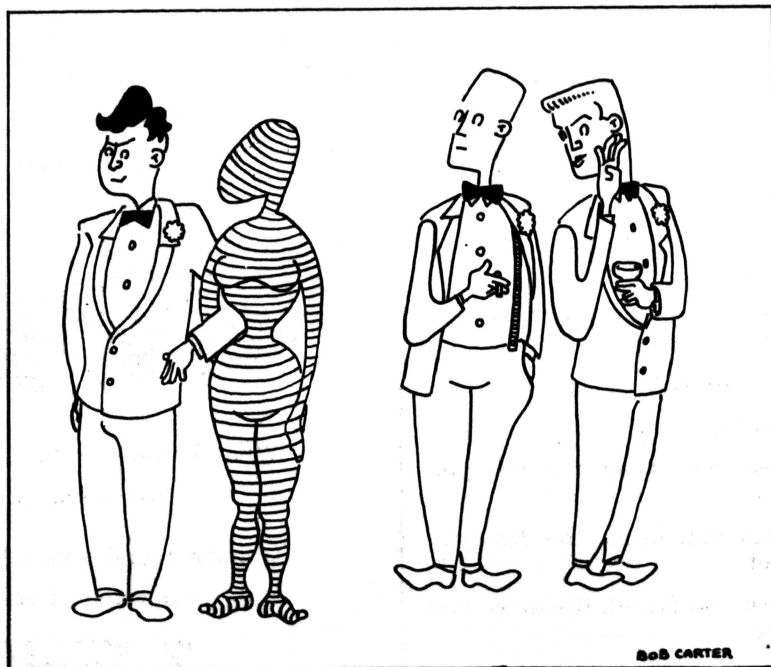
Fifty-two years ago I left the Chapter House MA with joy in my heart, knowing I could return any time to my college home STOP I was president of the Beer Busters Assn; Vice president of the Hinkson Preventative Society; Secretary of the I.K.G.O.

L. (I Keep Girls Out Late) and Treasurer of the Prohibition Party in Columbia STOP

Now, when I plan a reunion the Chapter House says there IS NO ROOM STOP Remembering that we always found an extra bed when we wanted one, I am sure you will reconsider and honor our plans STOP.

Horace Brewery, President of the Clean Cow Milkers Company agrees to furnish drinks for everyone; alums have decided to give the House a leather bound set of Poetry and Prose selections for the Library as their 50-year reunion gift STOP

Trustingly
Aloy F.



"I wonder where Bill dug her up!"

Nov. 15, 1952

Dear Aloy:

Far be it from us to be asinine about this reunion but there is NO ROOM STOP Developments around the house may force evacuation anyway STOP

1. The cook is down with ptomaine poisoning.
2. Fourteen expecting—polio.
3. Clarence Cooler entertaining Phi Beta Kapa rushees that weekend.
4. The House \$400 in debt for food.
5. MA Chapter House Mother campused for being a minor.
6. The pledges walked out Wed haven't been seen since.
7. Chapter MA has lost its social privileges.
8. Our president under strict surveillance of a psychiatrist.
Sam O. Brown

Nov. 16, 1952

Dear Sam O. Brown

Don't lose heart . . . alums come through STOP

1. Walter Finiky of the Stop and Go Hotel Association sending personal chef to cook during Homecoming weekend STOP
2. Dr. U Lose flying to examine polio suspects STOP
3. To H--- with Phi Beta Kappa rushees—they're not our type STOP
4. Getting a loan from RFC to finance debt STOP
5. Sending old pal Jane Russell as sensible House Mother for Chapter MA STOP
6. Found pledges at K.U. spotting football plays. Are returning home tomorrow STOP
7. Called Freddie Middlebush (alum of '90) and got social privileges back STOP
8. Sending president of MA for a weekend rest cure—I arrive Monday to supervise House STOP

Brother Aloy

(Continued on page 33)



after the show
drop in at
"The Dairy"



**Michelob on Tap
Is Exclusive With**

The STEIN CLUB

"COLDEST 5% BEER IN TOWN"



*This Thanksgiving
Send Flowers*

**H.R. Mueller
FLORIST**

Campus Town
9767

FTDA
Member

25 Strollway
2-3152

Dear World-at-large:

Most little boys want to be firemen, cowboys, pool sharks or something useful like that when they grow up. Until recently this little boy's cherished ambition was to be a goatherd when he grew up and graduated from the School of Journalism. The day of disillusionment dawned, however, and I find myself dragged willy-nilly away from my boyish dreams into, you should excuse the expression, a column.

I should explain why I gave up the goats to be a columnist. It's not that I relish being publicly stoned, nor do I fancy editor's tears all over my Eton jacket. I was tempted away from my sandcastle and roller skates by the two most sinister influences that ever crossed a Dean.

Those of you who had a quarter last semester will remember Joyce Greller, a *Showme* columnist. Those of you who saved your quarter and got your kicks watching the patients in the Alcoholic Ward will remember another *Showme* columnist, Keith Lampe.

I had the misfortune to room with Keith and pass through "History and Principles of Dean Mott" with Joyce. Thus my innocence was despoiled, Satan's agents prevailed, and here I am washing my dirty underwear in the public prints. Even with Greller on the left and Lampe on the right to feel some trepidation, I do not look nearly as well in a hat as Hedda Hopper.

First on the docket are these letters that keep pouring over Swami's desk. For some unknown reason swarms of misguided people write Swami daily to ask advice on life's little problems. Swami has asked me to answer some of the more pressing letters.

First we hear from a worried father. He writes—
Dear Swami:

I often take my little boy to the zoo. His favorite sport is watching the rattlesnake's tongue flick in and out almost faster than

the eye can follow. He has asked me many times just how fast the tongue does move, and I have not been able to answer him.

Can you tell me?

Perplexed



Dear Perplexed:

This is a hard question to answer because it all depends on the snake. No rattlesnake is going to let himself get in a rut if he can help it. There may be some days when he has a head-cold and doesn't feel like sticking out his tongue at all. I suggest you trade your little boy to the zoo and take the snake home with you. You can get to know each other over coffee, and if the snake coyly refuses to tell you, keep track on your fingers under the table.

Swami

The second query comes from a trailer camp mother. She writes—

Dear Swami:

I am not able to afford many nice things for myself because my husband is still in college. What few pieces of silk underwear I do have I must Lux almost every day. My two children, who are not old enough to go to school,

constantly get into mischief and make it impossible to tend the laundry.

With my girdle in the washing machine and me running after the children, how can I keep things together?

At Loose Ends

Dear Loose Ends:

It's too big a job for one person. Have your husband help.

Swami

Another letter is sent by a doubting husband. He writes—

Dear Swami:

Fourteen years ago my wife went to the store for a loaf of bread. She hasn't come home yet.

Should I continue to wait, or get the bread myself?

Anxious

Dear Anxious:

Doctors say we need thiamin, niacin and vitamin B1. I don't want to pry, but if you feel yourself lacking, why not stock some provisions.

Swami

An interesting letter comes from a soldier's wife. She writes:

Dear Swami:

My husband and I were married only seven weeks before he was shipped overseas, leaving me alone in a strange city. In the year he's been gone we have written many letters, but every day I seem more distant from him. I have tried and tried to find something to occupy my time, but nothing seems to do.

What do you think I should do to pass the time away?

Impatient

Dear Impatient:

It seems to me that there's more to your problem than meets the eye. I think I had better talk things over with you personally. Please send your address and telephone number.

Swami

Our next letter comes from an eager young man. He writes—

Dear Swami

When I look at the misery, cruelty, injustice and suffering in the world around me I just want to go out and do something. I feel I must work for humanity somehow. What can I do to make the world a glorious place?

Young Fireball

Dear Young Fireball:

Without hesitancy I direct you to that saviour of mankind, the Student. Though you have missed the Student's great thundering crusades of the past, there is plenty of time for you to get in on the next leap toward Utopia. The Student is about to embark on a project of undreamed benefit to man—*tail files for Tiger Claws*. Don't miss this milestone in human progress.

Swami

The last letter of the month was sent by an older reader. She writes—

Dear Swami:

What were Tom Sawyer and Becky Thatcher really doing in that cave?

Dear Housemother:

Feeling that I was unqualified to answer your question I submitted the inquiry to a panel of Hearst newspapermen. After exhaustive research they were able to show that Tom and Becky were really the nucleus of a grade school dope ring. Tom rubbed out Injun Joe in a dispute over the Hannibal heroin supply and used the Sunday School picnic as an alibi.

Swami

Sorry, but that's all the space we have for your letters this month. Our overflow goes to the Humane Society.

Yours till Mickey Jelke comes home.

Rube

THE END

* * *

Many a bosom companion turns out to be a falsie friend.

Listen Guys!

Make Suzanne's
Your Christmas
Gift Headquarters

Let us Help You

Choose the Gift

Your Gal Will Love—

A Gift from Suzanne's



P.S. Free Gift Wrapping AND a SURPRISE gift to each boy who uses our gift wrapping service.

Suzanne's Suggestions

SWEATERS

PERFUMES

JEWELRY

ACCESORIES

*This isn't all—

Come in and See!

Suzanne's

912 Broadway

This Lush Needs No Bib!

The No. 1 Christmas Suggestion

SHEAFFER'S NEW

"SNORKEL" FOUNTAIN PEN

*SNORKLE—the magic tube that:

fills without dunking,

works without dripping,

drinks ink with siphon action,



—ALL THIS AND CLEAN HANDS TOO!—

THE
Pen Point

NEW LOCATION

913 BROADWAY



When you see a big family, it's a cinch the parents love children—or something.

A beauty by the name of Henrietta
Dearly loved to wear a tight sweater.
Three reasons she had:
To keep warm wasn't bad;
But the other two reasons were better.

Phi Delt: Why the black crepe paper on the floor? Is your roommate dead?

Phi Delt 2: Crepe paper, hell, that's my roommate's towel.

Definitions

Tactful girl: One who makes a guy believe he's a fast worker.

Bachelor: Man who hears patter of little feet in the middle of the night—and gets up and sets a mouse trap.

Synonym: Word you use when you can't spell the other one.

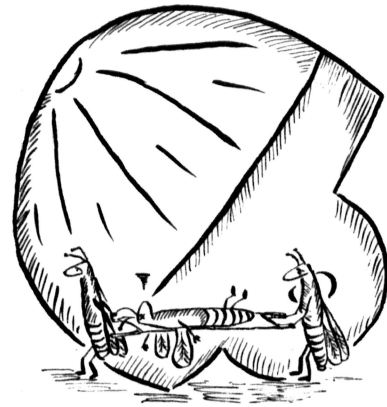
The girl who used to wear unmentionables now has a daughter who wears nothing to speak of.

A thirsty man entered a bar and said to the bartender, "Make me a very dry Martini, please—twenty parts gin to one part vermouth."

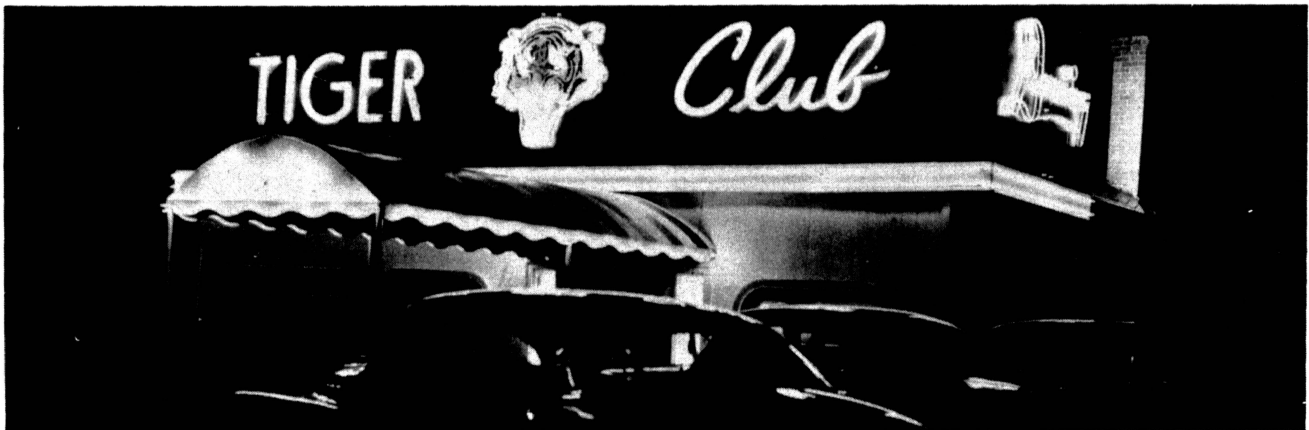
The bartender obliged and as he was about to serve the cocktail to the customer, he asked, "Do you wish me to squeeze a little lemon peel in it sir?"

The Martini addict was outraged, "Say," he barked, "if I wanted a lemonade, I'd ask for it!"

Sue: He's always been a perfect gentleman with me.
Ruth: He bores me, too.



"I wanna tum in."
"No, you tan't tum in."
"Why tan't I?"
"Cuz Mummy says boys should not see little dirls in nite-downs."
Short silence.
"You tan tum in now; I took it off."



For Homecoming Entertainment

Dancing
Nightly

TIGER CLUB



"Columbia's Finest Nightclub"

HIGHWAY 40 & GRAND

Beer
Soft Drinks
Bar-B-Q



filched



Tally Ho. For Gawd's sake. Tally Ho.

QUARTERBACKS DON'T QUIT
(Continued from page 15)

What was she trying to say? The groan of the crowd brought Vic back to the game. State had just completed a 65-yard drive, as their fullback went over from the 2. They made the conversion and now trailed by only seven points, 20-13.

"Come on, son," Barney said, "get in there and get that one back."

Benton's ball on their own 27.

"38-25-37," snapped Vic.

He took the ball, jumped and connected with Billy Baggett on the Benton 33-yard line. Second down and four.

"36-24-36."

Vic faked a pitchout to Doyle and slid along the back of the Benton line, then he cut in sharply and swiveled to the Benton 38 for a first down.

"37-24-36."

A handoff to Larson carried them to their own 44 yard line with six minutes left to play in the third quarter.

"38-46-38."

Just as the ball was snapped, Vic stood up straight.

"She's going to have a baby!"

The ball slithered from his fingers and there was a tremendous pileup. Vic stood alone with a dazed expression on his face. It was State's ball on the Benton 42.

Back on the bench, Vic's mind considered what he had just realized. He turned and tried to find Mary Ann's pert blonde head in the crowd, but he could not locate her. Barney, sitting beside him, didn't say a word as he watched State march toward their third score.

"Maybe it's not mine," Vic thought. He remembered her telling him of one of his teammates who had tried to date her as a joke a few months ago. He remembered approaching the Stone gate one night and seeing a figure come out the gate and start off down the block. Vic had figured it was a player who had gone to see Barney on business.

State crossed the goal line, but missed the conversion and trail-

ed by one point, 20 to 19.

Barney sent his offense in, and gave Vic's dazed face a searching glance, before he pushed him toward the field.

Vic received the kickoff on the ten. He moved straight up the middle, straight arming a Maroon-jerseyed tackler before he went down under a pile of Maroons on Benton's 22.

In the huddle, Vic glared at each of his teammates, wondering if one of them had...

As they lined up, Vic hesitated before calling his signals. The whistle brought him out of the trance, and the official stepped in and moved the ball back five yards for delay of the game.

This time he called signals quickly and pitched back to Larson. Dale started toward the end, but a State tackler was in the Hawk backfield and smeared him on the 18. Vic realized the man who had gotten through was his assignment. Benton called time out.

They all looked at him as they relaxed, but Vic didn't even hear



**IT DOESN'T TAKE A DEAN'S LIST GAL TO KNOW
WHERE TO BUY THE SMARTEST CASUAL SHOES
IN TOWN**

Two Favorite Styles

White buck loafers and saddles

Grey, brown, almond, black

suede loafers

Two Famous Brands

Connie Sports

Sandler of Boston

Widths: AAAA to C; Sizes 4 to 10



910 Broadway

Baggett ask him what was wrong. He didn't want to marry Mary. And now. Why she was... well, he'd have a baby. And maybe he wasn't even the one who... And that damn story he'd given out. If Benton won he'd marry her. If they lost he'd never play football again. He didn't want to marry her, and the pro scouts were in the stands watching him.



Time was in and Vic called for a buck by Ormanski. Vic was slow in his timing, and Ormanski had to break stride to take the handoff. There was no hole when he hit the center of the State line. Vic knew he was messing everything up, and he glanced toward the sidelines where Barney was pacing nervously.

The quarter ended with State taking Vic's punt on the Benton 45 yard line.

Vic watched State drive down-field from the bench.

"I won't marry her," he thought, "I won't. But I've got to play football. What in the hell am I going to do?"

Miraculously, the Benton defense held on their own 14-yard line. They were grim as they came off the field, but they tried to force grins for Barney.

Back on the field Vic called for a pass.

"38-46-38."

Vic took the snap from center and faded behind his blocking. He spotted Doyle on the Benton 35 and pitched quickly. The pass was a wobbly one, and Doyle had to stop short and start back. Before he could reach it, a State back had raced in and scooped it out of his hands. He evaded

Doyle's desperate lunging tackle and was scampering toward the Benton goal line. The chalk markers slid by under his cleats. The 30, the 25, the 20. Vic was the only Benton man with a clear shot at him. He dove and missed. The scoreboard showed State 25, Benton 20.

The kick for extra point was blocked and Vic sat on the bench, as jubilant State kicked off with only seven minutes left in the game.

His sub, Graham, couldn't do a thing with a fired-up State defense Benton had to punt on their own 41 and the Maroons started to roll again, eating up the clock. With two minutes left to go, a fumble gave Benton the ball on their own 26. They called time immediately.

Vic's thought was interrupted by Barney.

"Look, son. I don't know what's wrong. I need you in there to win this game. You've got one of the best passing averages in the country. Get in there and complete a few."

For the first time, Vic was jarred out of his daze, and he raced onto the field, accompanied by mingled cheers and boos from the disappointed crowd.

His teammates looked at him suspiciously, but Vic didn't pay any attention.

"38-46-38."

Vic ducked behind his blocking, looking for a man in the clear. He spotted Baggett on the 40, and heaved. Baggett took it in stride and reached midfield before two State men dragged him down from behind.

On the next play, Vic faked to Ormanski driving through the middle, faked another handoff to Doyle, and flipped a short one into the flat to Larson, who gathered it in and got down to the State 42. Only one minute and three seconds remained with Benton trailing 25-20.

Ormanski hit the center of the line, cracking it for three yards and a first down. Vic hit Hicks, the other end for seven yards, and then tossed one to Doyle for eight

more. It was first and ten for a driving Benton crew on the Maroon 24.

A battered State team took time out. The clock showed 23 seconds.

Suddenly thought of Mary Ann and his future flooded Vic's mind. "I can't marry her. And I can't give up football."

Time was in, and on the first play Vic sent Doyle wide around left end. The play picked up three yards. Then a short pass found its mark, but it was short of a first down on the 15 yard line. Vic took another time out with three seconds left on the scoreboard clock.

"If we win, I have to marry Mary Ann. If we lose, I'm through with football." He kept repeating the words to himself, hoping for some solution, but none came.

There was enough time for one play and Vic called his signals.

"38-46-38."

He took the snap and faded all the way back to the 25. He got away from one man and started to move back toward the line of scrimmage. Then he saw Baggett. Billy was in the far corner of the end zone all by himself. It was an easy shot.



In a split second Vic knew once again what winning meant, and what losing meant. Completing the pass meant victory, an incomplete was defeat.

He cocked his arm and fired a pass. Then Vic Ramsdell walked off the gridiron with his head bowed.

THE END

A castaway from a wrecked ship was captured by cannibals. Each day his arm was cut by a dagger, and the natives of the island would drink his blood. Finally one day he called the king. "Listen here," he said, "You can kill me and eat me if you want to, but I'm getting sick and tired of being stuck for the drinks."

* * *

"Why is that man over there snapping his fingers?"

"He's a deaf mute with the hiccups."

* * *

It was intermission at the fraternity dance, so everyone came inside to rest.

* * *

He: Whisper those three little words that will make me walk on air.

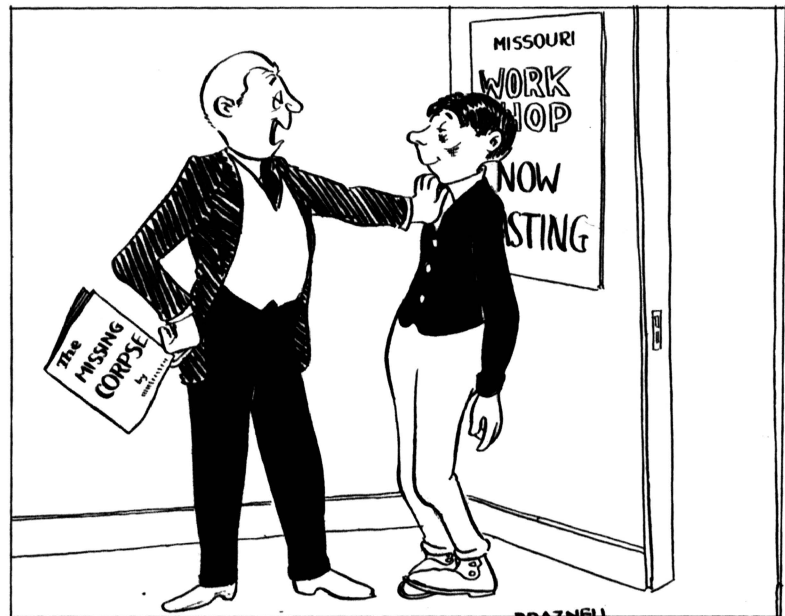
She: Go hang yourself.

* * *

She was only a janitor's daughter but she knew how to turn on the heat.

* * *

Silence isn't always golden—sometimes it's just guilt.



"Yes, Bumpy, at last we have found a role well suited to your particular talents!"

LATER THOUGHTS



Rastus: Where you going, boy?
Sambo: I'm going down to get myself some tuberculosis stamps.

Rastus: What is they? I ain't never heard of 'em.

Sambo: Every year I gets 50 cent worth and sticks them on my chest and I ain't never had tuberculosis yet.

* * *

Teacher asked all the children to write down the name of their favorite hymn. Everyone wrote except little Mary.

"Come on, Mary, write it down," coaxed the teacher.

So little Mary blushing wrote "Johnny Brown."

* * *

Intellectual young man: Do you enjoy Kipling?

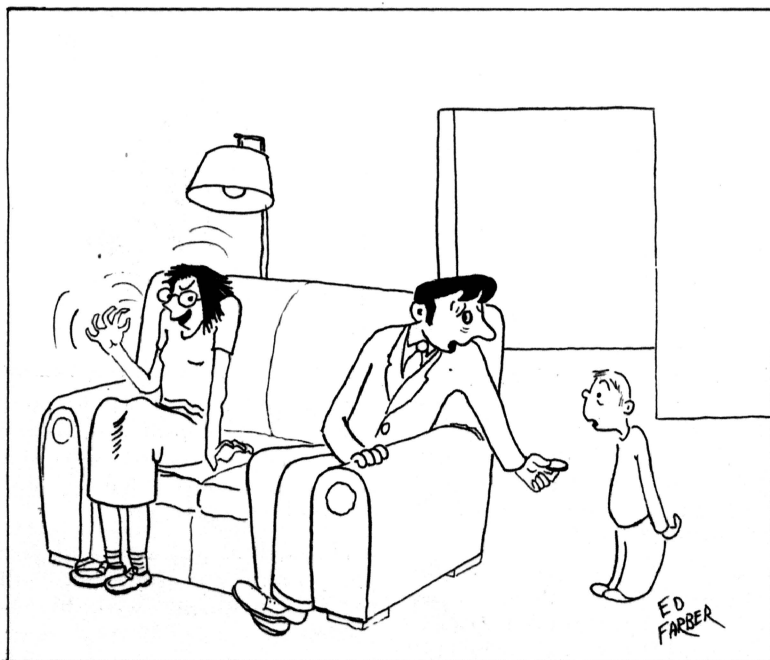
Giddy girl: I don't know. How do you Kipple?

* * *

A hillbilly had been courting a mountain girl. At last her father spoke up.

"You've been seeing Nellie for nigh onto a year. What are your intentions—honorable or dishonorable?"

The startled young man replied, "You mean I got a choice?"



"Pssst... Here's a quaraer if ya' just stick around!"