

SHOW ME

25c

JANUARY
1954



BOB
CARTER

NOSTRI MORITURI TE SALUTAMUS

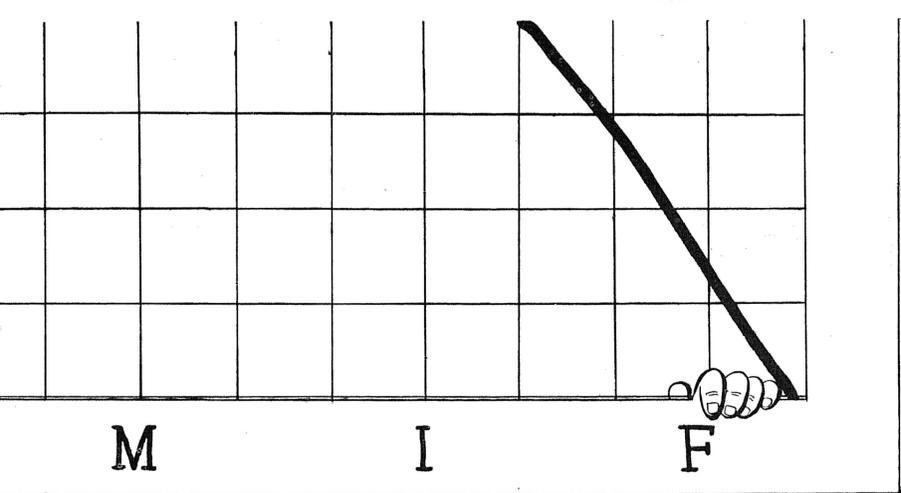
*When it comes
to printing...*

**KELLY
PRESS**



**COVERS
THE
SUBJECT**

Kelly Press • 8th at Locust • Phone 4163



You might be . . .

low man on the class curve but you'll
always make the grade in campus wear
from Puckett's.



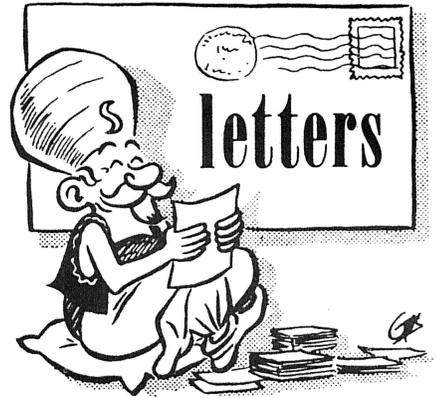


Carlye

Makes up in daring for what it lacks in length. Carlye's short evening dress of maple leaf brocade flaunts a new peaked cut along the bosom and a faintail ruffle low in back.

The Blue Shop

912 Broadway



Dear Sir:

The December issue of *SHOWME* was the best I have seen in three years at old M.U. After laughing my way from cover to cover, I voted *SHOWME* number one on my laugh parade. I am sorry to report that on Dec. 13 *SHOWME* slipped to second. The number one spot has to go to our wonderful (?), well-trained (?) fire department. Their actions at the D.U. fire were not only humorous but down ridiculous.

Keep up the good work as was shown in the Dec. issue and, barring any more disastrous fires, *SHOWME* will again be number one on my laugh parade.

A G.D.I.

We regret having slipped to second, but you must remember that we are all amateurs, while the city fire department is all professional. When it comes to laughs, we can't compete with the pros.

—Ed.

Dear Dah'ling Ed: a poem I dub
To commemorate your Christmas
center shrub
(Compared to the one before it,
done
Colorlessly; eh what, a pun?)
A plant well-fertilized with
"feelh" and dirt;
Not nearly so clean as a dirty
shirt.

Was it filled with gay hilarity,
Or perhaps, just plain vulgarity,
The blunt and vulgar outhouse
stuff
May sell a while quite enough.
But even freshmen become col-
legian;
And patrician Suzies from the
plebian.

*What to do with a Nickel
when thirst
arrives*



Coco-Cola Bottling Co. of Columbia

Why don't you get more Swami
 slaves,
 Georges, Annes, Sues, and Daves
 To intellectually stress and strain
 With much of sweat and much of
 pain;
 Go into a little huddle
 After something maybe subtle.

More satire, lad; and even Kinsey
 Can be mixed with wit and
 whimsey.
 You have nothing to lose but your
 chains
 And Tripod could bark at a moon
 again.
 I'll quickly promise not to nag,
 If you'll really have a "humor"
 mag.

And "feelthy" money will flow
 like wine;
 Your Swami's SHOWME fame will
 shine.
 What a mag! What a corker!
 Goodbye to Pogo and New Yorker.
 Adieu, my friend,
 A hopeful reader

If you dislike the "feelth", my
 friend,
 And want to start a clean-up
 trend,
 Be funny, then, but never cuss
 And someday you can write for
 us. —Ed.



Sirs:
 It's a sacrilege, but after receipt
 of your magazine from one of the
 honorable MU students, I, con-
 gratulate you! The publication is
 one of the best of its kind . . . fore-
 going statement to include that
 published by Texas; wherein,
 Missourians, lies the sacrilege.

J.A.

Austin, Texas

Your straightforward praise with-
 out exaggeration pleases dear old
 Swami. Speaking of Texas, have
 you read the Esquire article of a
 few months ago? —Ed.

The Gift of
 a Lifetime

Feature Lock
U.S. PAT. 2,112,000

DIAMOND ENGAGEMENT
 AND WEDDING RINGS

Campus Jewelers

Payment Plan

On Campustown

MAN . . . you need a
 diet of that
 SUPREME ERNIE'S CHOW

DR. ARAC

ERNIE'S
 STEAK HOUSE



Swami Says..

PATRONIZE My Advertisers

- Garland's
- Puckett's
- Savitar
- Ernie's Steak House
- Texaco Town
- Julie's
- Coca-Cola
- Blue Shop
- Romano's
- Campus Jewelers
- Missouri Theater
- Brady's Paints
- Schepers Distr. Co.
- Missouri Store
- Tiger Laundry
- Nathe Chevrolet
- Novus Shop
- Black and Gold Inn
- Andy's Corner
- Dorn Cloney
- Al Smith, Photographer
- University Book Store

... and remember
the March of Dimes



Another year is shot and so are we. But, still Swami cracks the whip and more issues run through the month-long grind of production. It's getting so we can't bear to look in those blood-shot eyes of ours the morning after all night bouts with the typewriter or the paste pots. But after the last issue, so many people stopped us to tell us that it was "the best SHOWME" they'd ever seen, so we're beginning to feel it's worth it.

From the way you've been buying out the newstands and the salesmen for the past two issues, we are inclined to believe that "Happy Days Are Here Again!" The rain in the morning last month didn't help sales any, but at last check 4800 out of the 5200 were gone, and it looks like it will turn into another sellout.

This month Defoe Copper turned in a Hangnail Sketch

about an athlete. We wondered whether or not the boys who wear the sweatsocks would take it the wrong way, and then decided they had as good a sense of humor as anyone else. If we were wrong, send all mail c/o Postmaster, Havana, Cuba.

You've probably noticed that the magazine is a little smaller this month, That's because we're trying to save money. No, we're not getting cheap, but come April we're planning an expensive parody on Collier's, and we're cutting down now, so that we can really throw a blast with that issue.

Somebody suggested that we conduct a poll in the interest of the student body on "What's Wrong with SGA?" We replied that this was the negative way of going about things, and the SHOWME would rather offer constructive criticism, and besides it would be too long to publish. So we're going to do some ground-work this month, but we've changed the title to "What's Right With SGA?" That way we certainly can't have too much copy. Send your opinion care of Swami, Read Hall.

JOE





Staff

EDITOR
Joe Gold

EDITOR EMERITUS
Bill Braznell

BUSINESS MANAGER
Ben Bruton

ADVERTISING MANAGER
Bill Roberts

ART EDITOR
Bob Carter

FEATURE EDITOR
Betty Rudy

CIRCULATION MANAGER
Jerry Powell

SALES MANAGER
Bob Brown

PUBLICITY DIRECTOR
Jerry Swormstedt

JOKE EDITOR
Judy Rose

PROOF READER
Hal Miller

EXCHANGE EDITOR
Barbara Jones

SUBSCRIPTION MANAGER
Barbara Stein

FEATURES
Warren Murry
Nancy Fairbanks
Lindy Baker

ARTISTS
Chip Martin
Dick Noel
Mark Parsons
Bev Prevallet
Barney Kinkade
Pat Tulenko
Milt Yeary

ADVERTISING SALESMEN
Mary Bess Stephens
Art Rauch

Contents

THE QUIZ WHIZ Ad Manager, Bill Roberts proves to be a Jack-of-all-trades, as he obliges with an art page of the robot average raiser _____	10
TWENTY YEARS OF FACES A professor's eye-view of the past score years at old Mizzou by Dr. Fred McKinney — the first of two parts_____	11
APPLE FOR THE TEACHER Further proving his versatility, Chip Martin chimes in with a love story and its illustration_____	12
THE MODERN ARTIHTH THPEAKTH A SHOWME public service feature giving the views and some of the major works of members of art's new school_____	14
HARRY DEXTER RED Warren Murry, Swami's Washington correspondent with a news story with "inside info" on the biggest story of the year_____	16
FROM HERE TO INSANITY A two page photographic rundown on the novel and motion picture that rocked the nation_____	30

Cover by Bob Carter

Photos by Al Smith

Volume 30

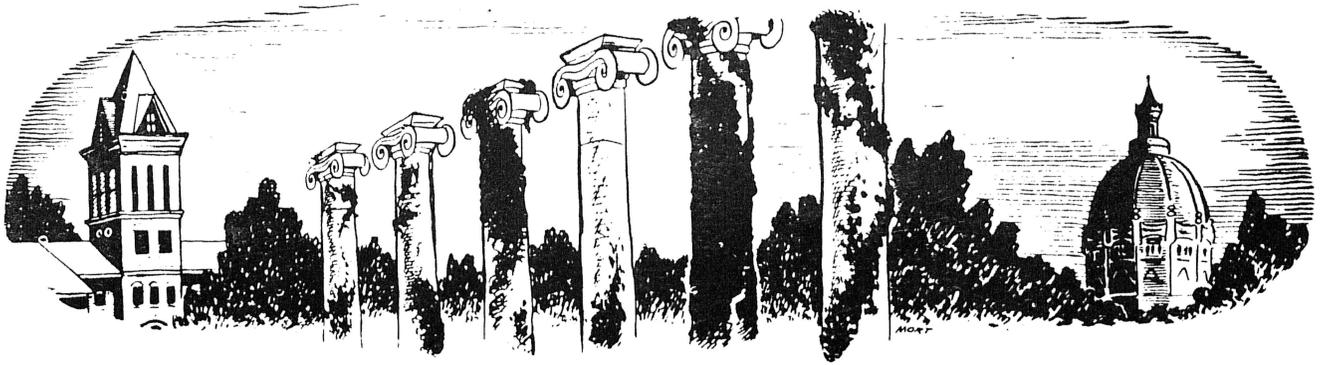
January 1954

Number 4

SHOWME is published nine times, October through June, during the college year by the Students of the University of Missouri. Office: 302 Read Hall, Columbia, Mo. All rights 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: Kelly Press, Inc., Columbia, Mo. Price: 25c a single copy; subscriptions by mail \$3.00. Office hours: 3:00 to 5:00 p.m., Monday through Friday, 302 Read Hall.



Sleeplessly students crack books with fogged sight,
Trying to remedy *all* in one night;
Fearing the doom of a flunk, they atone—
Cramming for quizzes on subjects unknown.



Around The Columns

Overheard

While we were sitting in Ernie's Steak House one Sunday evening last month, the seats next to us at the counter were taken by two young ladies, rather obviously Susies. They changed their orders a number of times, and, at last, finally agreed on hamburgers with hash brown potatoes instead of the usual french fries.

As the harrassed waiter started to leave, one of the sweet young things piped up with an after-thought—"Could I please have my hamburger medium rare?"

Queen's Gambit

Just about now, Swami is tearing his hair, trying to narrow the field down to five finalists for the SHOWME Queen contest. About forty lovelies will have to go home unsatisfied in this first leg of the long journey which will end in St. Louis in the middle of March. Photographs of the final five will appear in next month's issue, and the ballots will appear in the March issue. Who knows, next year we may even have a prince consort, but remember, fellows, you'll have to walk at least six feet behind her majesty, just like they do in the newsreels.

Chip Off the Old Block

The way things now stand in the dorm cafeterias, residents are allowed to have seconds on all non-essentials like bread, potatoes, vegetables, and water. Just the other day we saw one fellow carry his plate back into the kitchen, obviously hot for more potato chips, the most desirable item on the day's menu. He held his plate

out to the server and, with hunger-starved eyes, watched his second helping being dished out. Plink! Plink! And two potato chips dropped into his dish before it was shoved back at him. Never have we seen such puppy-like gratitude, as the resident profusely thanked his benefactor, smiling and licking her hand.

Swami's Big Blast

We had a party. By George, did we have a party! The tensions of putting out the first three issues were relieved as staff members, from the guys and gals who sell the magazines to the crazy artists, contributed in the old SHOWME fashion to a night of gaiety and frolic. Everyone had a good time—from the young lady who insisted that her name was Bonnie Brown Heady to the couple who did what we had always considered impossible—while dancing (?) they dipped to within a foot of the floor. And so, for better or for worse, Swami bids adieu to 1953 and, singing in a cracking baritone to the strains of Auld Lang Syne, welcomes the babe of 1954. And what a babe!



Brace Yourselves

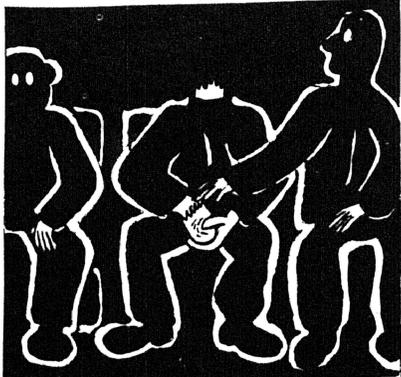
The thirteenth of January, and soon—the end . . . pity the poor frosh who have never gone through a final week . . . into the Valley of Death ride the 6,000, quizzes to right of them, quizzes to left of them . . . mama, mama, see the man with the baggy eyes . . . is he Fred Allen? . . . no, dear, he's a student . . . why didn't I write this term paper when I had the time? . . . gotta get an S, need two honor points . . . why didn't I stay home on the farm? . . . "keep your hands off my gawdammed coffee" . . . the exam is out? . . . how much? . . . too much . . . I'd rather flunk than be dishonest . . . you will . . . let me just get through this eight o'clock exam, so I can go to sleep after lunch . . . it's over . . . and then the parties . . . I don't want to get drunk . . . I just want to get loose . . . real loose.

Adios, Amigo

Seldom do we use names in SHOWME, but this one is almost a byword around the campus. One person who has, probably, contributed more to the spirit of old Mizzou, than any in the last couple of years, is finally going to leave the Columns, porkpie in hand, for the big wide world. Spider's going to leave, gang, and whether or not you appreciated the raucous cheers or the "Yell dammit!", you know you'll miss the spirit. So we'll give him one more "Big T", and send him off to "give 'em hell". Even cynical old Swami is going to miss him, for traditions don't come easy around here.

Bang!

Obviously, the understanding of the month award goes to the Post-Dispatch for headlining a United Press story, "BOY BITES ON TORPEDO, HURT". From the headline we assumed it was the type of torpedo that might be fired from a submarine, and we couldn't figure out how the boy could be anything but "hurt". But



the story went on to explain that he had gone to a movie with torpedoes (firecrackers) in one hand "and a bag of popcorn in the other. Inadvertently, he dropped the torpedoes into the bag. Excited by the movie, he bit down on a torpedo." His mouth was only "slightly hurt", but it must have been a shocking discovery.

—j.g.

The First Butt

Have you ever thought about what it costs you to smoke that first cigarette in the morning. Not so much in terms of money or even in health, despite the recent *Reader's Digest* frightening articles, but, rather, in human effort. You arrive at the Union twelve minutes before your ten o'clock class. You've cut the rest, and you haven't even had time

for breakfast. So you gulp down a quick cup of coffee and settle back for an enjoyable after-breakfast smoke. Except that neither the breakfast, nor the smoke could be termed anything like "enjoyable." As the smoke drops to your sensitive lungs, you feel the urge to give one long, tremendous hacking cough, but you know that people won't understand and may promptly shuttle you off to a sanatorium. So you hold it in, and what a supreme effort that takes. Then the second torturing puff, and the third. Finally, your lungs hold up the truce flag, and another day of chain smoking has begun. After that it's easy until tomorrow morning.

Bank On It

One of the most frightening experiences one can have is going into a bank where one has a checking account, and asking how much money one has—according to their records. Every time we do it, we are seized with paroxysms of fear, as they go through the process of calling the auditing department to get "the facts." Somehow these facts never seem to jar with our own, as we discover that what we thought was \$22.00 is really only \$4.37. And then we start remembering other checks we've written on the supposed \$22. But we've found one way to get out of all the fuss and worry and still have plenty of spending money. You just start writing checks on banks where you don't have any money. Then you don't have to fool around with confusing balances and auditors. You and the bank both know you don't have any money there.

No News is Bad News

Last month we were selling magazines on the corner of College and Broadway, and attempted to sell one to a passing Susie. "I'll never buy one," she said, "not after all the nasty things you said about Stephens girls." Squarely, we looked her in the eyes, and said, "Then you've read this issue." "Yes," she admitted. "But, why?" we queried, "If you don't like it . . ." "Well," she answered, "I had to see what you said about us, didn't I?" Which



just goes to show that people are more curious than cats, and cats don't read *SHOWME*—at least, not the four-legged kind.

Negative Hour Picture

It was quite interesting to see some pre-Christmas fuss over the University policy on negative hours. We have enjoyed it every year for the last three. Every year the result is exactly the same, so you start wondering, "Just what is the power of SGA?" The one thing that every student is against, in which every student would back its appointed (or disappointed) leaders, is brought up each year, editorialized and then buried. Maturity in dealing with a problem, such as this, is something



"They really do that 'Slaughter on Tenth Avenue' up brown, don't they?"

that no student can expect from higher-ups in University administration. It's like when you were a child and you wanted a toy. "Daddy, I want that." "You can't have it." "Why can't I have it?" "You just can't that's all." "But, Jimmy's father and Johnny's father let them have one." "I don't care how many of your friends have one. You can't" "But why can't I?" "Don't bother me, I'm reading the paper." And that's the fable for today, kiddies.

Any Takers?

While reading the classifieds in one of the St. Louis papers, we came across "Apartment for Rent to a single couple with or without children." Either people are getting more liberal, or somebody goofed. However, what really interests us is whether or not there was anybody brave enough to rent the place on those conditions.

Congressional Immunity

You've heard of the way congressmen are immune while on the floor of the house or senate. And to local ordinances. It seems like our Student Government Association officials think they fall into the same class. Maybe we're



being too critical of our august and honorable leaders. Maybe their motives are purely unselfish. Maybe they just want to give the Student Court some business. Maybe . . . but who can tell the workings of the genius mind? At any rate, it has been interesting to note the number of times in which members of the elite of SGA have had run-ins with the city police. They not only have run-ins, but they get fined lots of money, but do not become alarmed, kiddies, for Brutus is an honorable man, even though he



"Just call me Father, please—not Dad."

might not be adverse to stabbing Caesar in the back.

No Accounting

Last month we heard a story that is funny enough to be passed on. It was during an accounting quiz that was scheduled for two hours one rainy evening. Outside, the deluge continued, while inside the students scratched their heads and frantically wrote answers. About forty five minutes after the quiz had begun, one young man approached the desk in front of the room with his paper in hand. The instructor took it, and, with a baffled glance, asked the student, "You're not finished already, are you?"

"Nope," answered the young man, "but it's stopped raining outside, so I think I'll go home."

Alas, Poor Workshop . . .

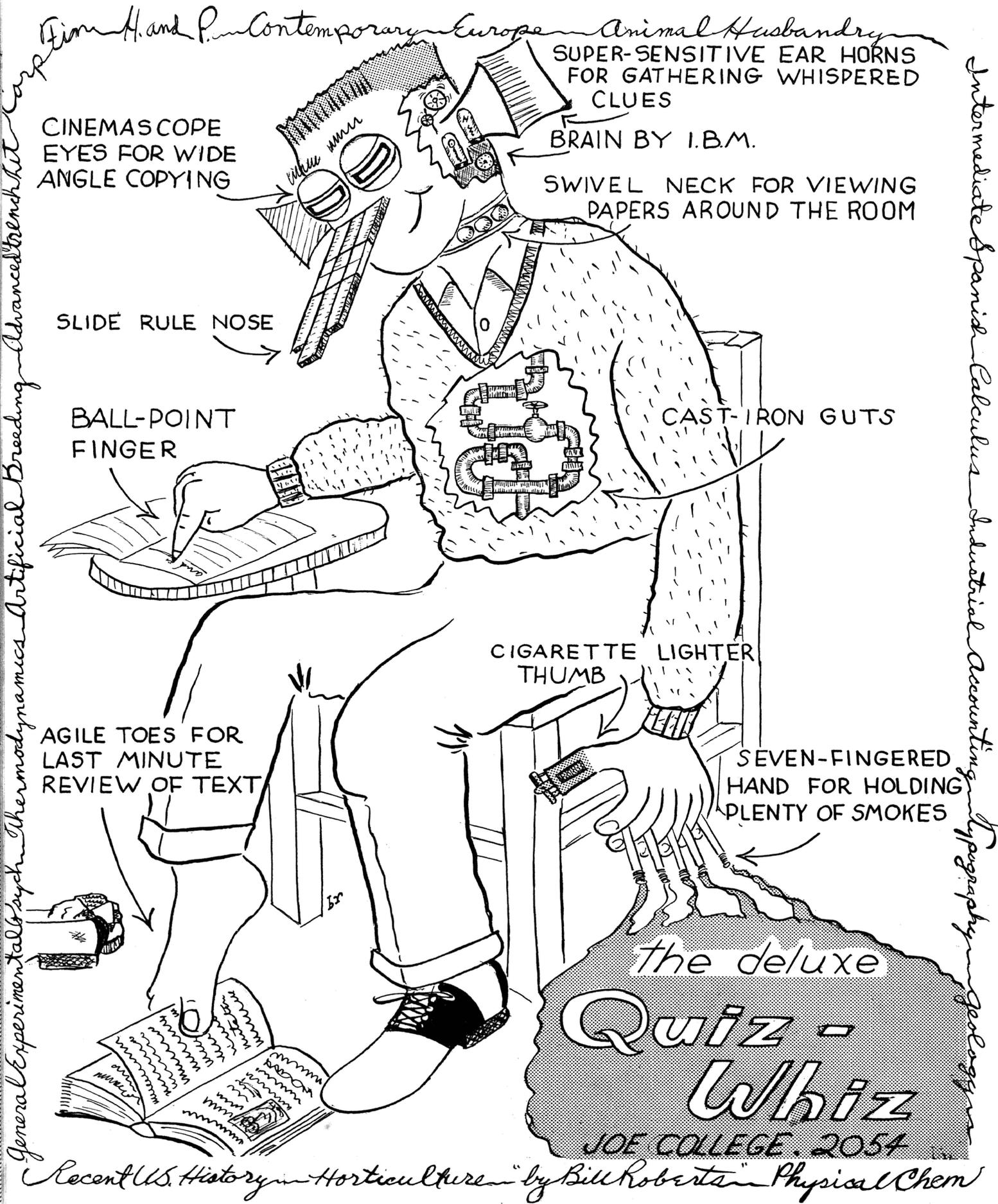
Sadly we view the plight of the Missouri Workshop in being unable to find a home amid the rubble and debris of Jesse Hall. Not that we're going to reach into our pocket and offer them a crust of bread—let's not go too far—but we would like to relate some of the difficulties encountered by the drama organization. Seems like when the big boys tore down Jesse, they tore down the Workshop's stage and plush office space. They are now meeting in a large barrel in the basement of

the Industrial Arts Building. Seriously though, they need a place to put on their shows. First they were offered a place in the Student Union to produce—free to the public. Then they were offered the same deal—except that the money had to remain in the Union—to be spent by Workshop in future productions there. Even though they'd rather be able to spend their money where they damn please, they took the deal. Proving that, when in doubt, get into a clinch fast. Shore would be nice to git some real city slicker drammer out here. Of course,



it's still up in the air because somewhere along the way, somebody is going to refuse the deal, and then we won't be able to see "East Lynne" or "The Perils of Pauline." They might want to put on "State of the Union," though.

THE END —j.g.



CINEMASCOPE EYES FOR WIDE ANGLE COPYING

SUPER-SENSITIVE EAR HORNS FOR GATHERING WHISPERED CLUES

BRAIN BY I.B.M.

SWIVEL NECK FOR VIEWING PAPERS AROUND THE ROOM

SLIDE RULE NOSE

BALL-POINT FINGER

CAST-IRON GUTS

CIGARETTE LIGHTER THUMB

AGILE TOES FOR LAST MINUTE REVIEW OF TEXT

SEVEN-FINGERED HAND FOR HOLDING PLENTY OF SMOKES

the deluxe
Quiz - Whiz
JOE COLLEGE, 2054

General Experimental Psych - Thermodynamics - Artificial Breeding - Advanced Trenching - Carpentry - H. and P. Contemporary Europe - Animal Husbandry - Intermediate Spanish - Calculus - Industrial Accounting - Typography - Zoology - Recent U.S. History - Horticulture - by Bill Roberts - Physical Chem

Twenty Years of Faces

Two Decades of Memories

By Mizzou's Noted
Psychology Prof.

The First of Two Parts

by Fred McKinney, Ph.D.

Not very many months ago I met a middle-aged man who was an alumnus of M. U. He was neat and well-dressed, bald, paunchy—and as I repeated his name upon introduction, it seemed to have a familiar ring. In an attempt to make conversation, I said, "When I first began to teach, I had a student with the same name as yours." It so happened that I could at that moment recall an image of this student—tall, erect, sandy-haired, with rosy cheeks, always well-groomed and alert. The man quickly smiled and said, "I was that student!" I cannot claim that I made a quick, effective reply, because there was no resemblance between the man who stood before me and the popular playboy I knew in the early 30's.

This experience exemplifies an illusion that I have been conscious of for some time, not only in my own perception, but also in some of my colleagues. It is the feeling

of timelessness in respect to classroom experience. Since I have taught in the same room—which is a right turn at the end of those 120 steps leading to the attic of Jesse Hall—for twenty-two years and furthermore, since college students seem not to have changed much in outer appearance in this period, there is a great tendency to lose time perspective. It often does seem to the veteran teacher that only a few years ago he taught his first class, and he may get the feeling that students sitting before him with the usual mixed expressions are roughly contemporary with their parents whom he lectured to twenty years ago.

Now and then, however, I look at an old *Savitar*. This has a realistic effect. I also sometimes reminisce about the 30's and 40's. (In fact, one of those classroom slips is the reason why I am writing this—a *SHOWME* editor was in the class, awake, and copy hungry.) A factual comparison of



"Every now and then a male body would strike the floor."

student generations does reveal differences. Despite the many similarities of the student today and the students during these twenty years, such as youthful energy, use of bright colors, enthusiasm, and hope in the midst of wars and depressions, events during the last twenty years did color the attitudes, problems, and to some extent, the behavior, of students during different five-year periods.

When I first mounted the steps of Jesse Hall in plus-fours, carrying two grips, having just arrived in Columbia from the University of Chicago, I was impressed with the cheerful, attractive, and animated students who were milling around the water fountain in the middle of Jesse Hall. Learning from one of them that there was no elevator in the building and that the psychology department was on the fourth floor, I slowly trudged the steps I have been climbing daily for twenty-two years. My slow ascent up Jesse gave me an opportunity to fill in the first impression of the Prohibition Era M. U. student who seemed so different from the serious students I left at the Chicago campus. The whole atmosphere appeared much more like a gay tea dance at a country club than a university pre-class gathering. Since I was only about four years older than the modal age of my students, they were refreshing to

(Continued on page 29)



Apple for the Teacher

**He was the instructor –
She was the student –
But they both
Had a lot to learn**

Burkett Lambert ambled along the sidewalk toward the dean's office at the other end of campus as the brisk January wind played hide and seek among the folds of his grey topcoat. The trees which were once green and had turned with the year to autumn colors were now bare and provided no windbreak against the biting cold.

As he walked along, his notebook under arm, he pushed his square-like chin out of his topcoat a little farther and put his pipe to his mouth. Striking a match, he contemplated the few students who were out on this cold day, all noticeably preoccupied.

Burkett, too, was preoccupied on this typical wintry day which marked the end of final week. These few students he saw who were apparently making last minute preparations would soon be on their respective ways to their homes, he speculated. Well, it would soon be home for him too, said his thoughts, as if to console the young man for having to be out in the cold weather.

Just as soon as he turned in the grades of his English class to the dean's office, he would meet Clorisse and would find just what the few days between semesters would hold for him. But, that was the problem.

At least that seemed to be the problem which preoccupied Burkett on his way to turn in his grade reports . . . the reports which were complete except for one student.

Burkett's thoughts wandered back to a couple of months ago when he had handed out the mid-semester grades to his English students. The members of that particular class had a fairly high grade-point average so Burkett had felt prompted to speak to the auburn-haired Miss Clorisse Noble who had barely eked out an M minus.

What had started out that afternoon as a little private conversation over a cup of coffee on how to improve one's study habits, had blossomed into a pleasant relationship between instructor and student.

To describe Clorisse, even with the fluency of an English teacher, would be a difficult task, thought Burkett. The color of her eyes resembled the soft brown coat of a young fawn he had once seen while taking a walk through the north woods. They were soft, knowing eyes which had told him things that could never be expressed in words. There was no

doubt that the trim, radiant-looking Clorisse had a special something about her that made a fellow want to hang around, and for that reason, Burkett had gone out of his way to share her company.

In a mad whirl of seeing each other, neither Burkett nor Clorisse had ever mentioned the subject of grades or study habits again until last week, just before final week. Burkett hadn't given his class another hour quiz since mid-semester, telling them that they could reserve all their pent-up energy for the final. And, seeing that the decisive week was around the corner, Clorisse had broached the subject of grades one evening when they had gone out for a walk around the campus.

Burkett had told Clorisse that he would have to wait until the final examinations were evaluated in order to let her know her grade for sure. He had told a white lie that night because, as he reflected many times in the last few days, he knew that Clorisse didn't know her Chaucer from Shakespeare. That's the way it was, and for all she had learned from the course, Clorisse deserved an F.

Somehow, making that observation made Burkett feel guilty when he thought of the many times he and Clorisse had gone to the music room so they could be alone . . . the times when most students were studying, so they would be sure that the room was empty. Without a doubt, Burkett had taken up a lot of Clorisse's time which she might have otherwise spent studying.

Clorisse made the lowest score in the class on the final examination. It had been lower than any of his students had ever made in his English section. Indirectly, he supposed, he was at fault for her low score.

By that line of reasoning, Burkett assumed that it would be justifiable to give Clorisse a passing grade, but, there was the principle of the act. There were really two principles, and Burkett couldn't choose between them.

Considering that he was the cause of Clorisse's failure, Burkett felt that he might be justified in giving her a passing grade. If he considered how Clorisse had done on her examinations in comparison with the rest of the class, she should get an F.

That was Burkett's problem and when he had asked Clorisse to come to Kansas City to meet his folks during the intercession between semesters, he

Written
and Illustrated
by Chip Martin



hadn't thought of what her reaction might be, if he decided to give her an F.

Well, he said to himself, he would find out in a few minutes.

He climbed the worn granite steps which led up the the entrance of the building and hurriedly opened the door so he could get in out of the cold. A light snow was beginning to fall now and he would have to hurry if he were to drive to the city before dark. It won't be so bad, he thought, if Clorisse decides to go along. She would be waiting for him upstairs outside of the dean's office and she would tell him if she could make the trip.

It would have been better, Burkett reflected, if she had let him know in advance so that he could have wired his folks and told them that he was bringing a guest.

This will be the grand unveiling, he thought. He would tell Clorisse her grade and she would tell him if she would go home with him.

(Continued on page 20)

He had told a white lie that night . . .

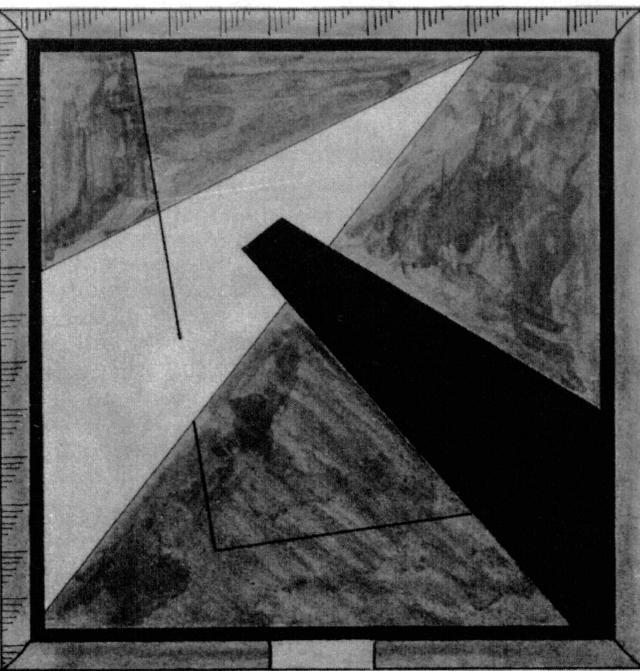
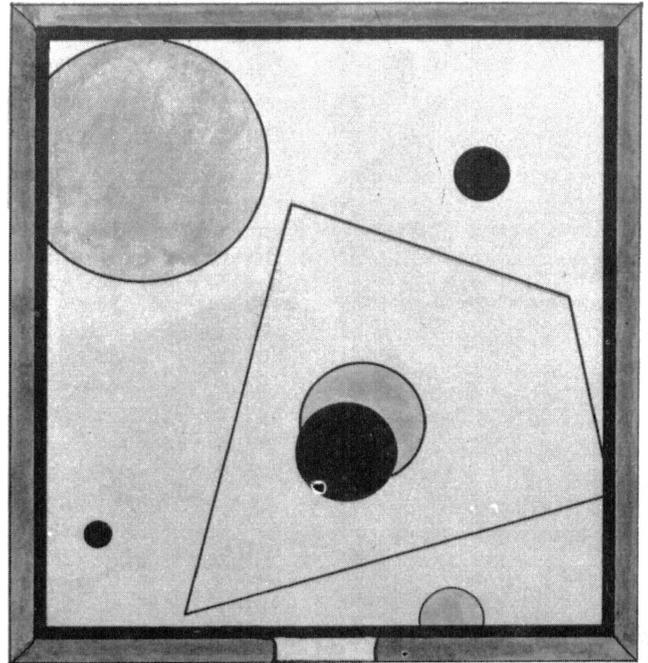
THE MODERN ARTITHT THPEAKTH

Again, SHOWME has gone out of the way to bring to its readers an exclusive feature on one of the most controversial mediums of the present day and age . . . Modern Art. Among various circles, modern art is considered the criterion of all art, and it was from one of those circles that four outstanding artists have been chosen to present their personal comments on modern art and on their most famous paintings. The following is a special report from our correspondent in Greenwich Village on the works of the eminent Pebble Pickaxo, formerly of Los Angeles, California; Rosetta Vanzetti, also from California; Sacco Bologna and Chese Bencutti, both from South St. Louis.



Mr. Pebble Pickaxo, an authority on composition, stresses that "Modern Art is a medium in which one freely expresses himself, and in order to do so, the artist must be well versed in composition. My painting, 'Lovers in a Mine Shaft', is considered one of the most outstanding in color and subject compositions. The

young man is just the exact distance from the girl in relation to the picture as a whole. The picture is a hole really, but if the boy were any closer to the girl, she would probably slap him. They would probably wrestle around a bit and fall into the ore car at the extreme right. Since there are no ores in the ore car, the couple would get themselves quite messy, and the entire situation would distract from the true meaning of the picture as a whole, er . . . in its entirety. At any rate one easily grasps the full significance of the painting in its present state, especially in the personification of love in its natural environment. Incidentally, the purple flag on the wine keg is not a contributing factor to the true meaning, but merely for decorative purposes."

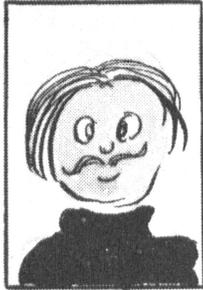


Mr. Rosetta Vanzetti, superficially effeminate in the portrayal of Modern Art, adds a more important phase to the subject: emotional content. "When I was in Norway last year, visiting with a former friend of mine, Christine, I got the inspiration for my most recent and most talked about painting . . . "OshKosh B'gosh," which is reprinted on this page. I



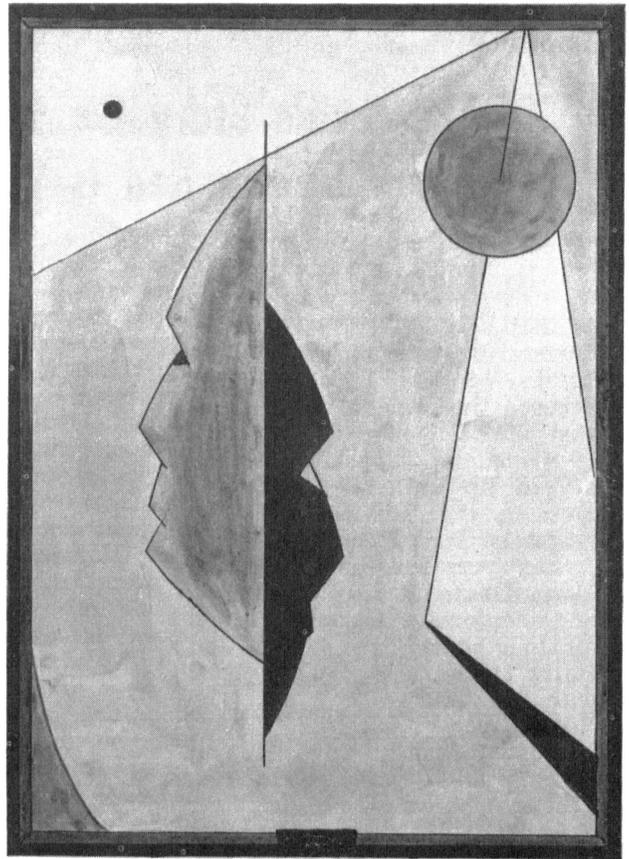
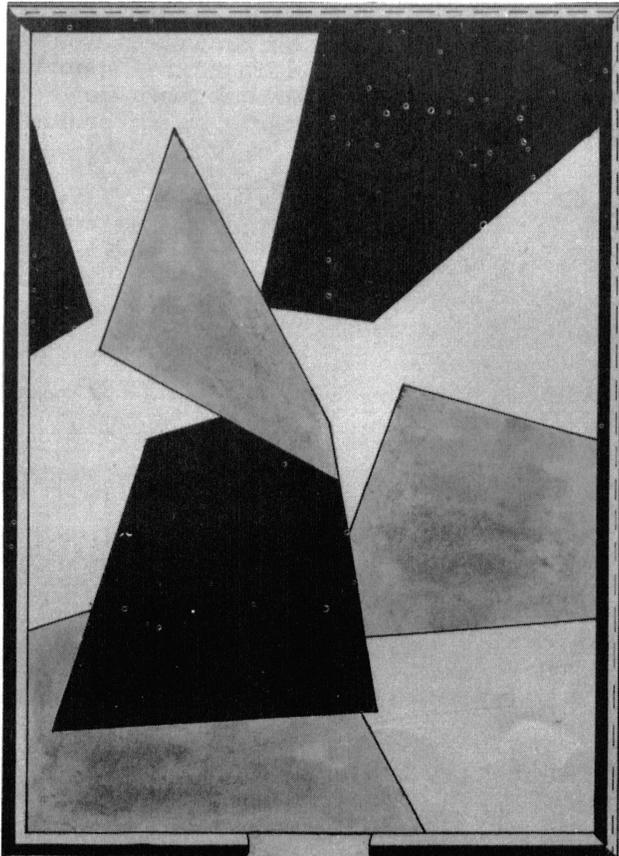
was inspired beyond all limits to put onto canvas what had shaken my soul so violently that it left its mark upon me. Upon gazing intently into the vast proportions of feeling in my painting, one senses the extreme cruelty of such an action which was the source of emotional upheaval for me. Suffering in each movement of animated color, the pervading spirit of the heart, with its very life removed, undergoes profound agony. Slowly, and with the feverish passion found only in sudden shock, the mind reaches insensibility and cold callousness. In a feeling of impassivity, it comes to the grim realization . . . portrayed in the exact center of the painting . . . that some vile, thoughtless creature has swiped its glass of beer."

“... moral significance and stimulating incongruity.”



Mr. Sacco Bologna is one of the foremost modern artists who still carries over some of the qualities of the old school. Any beginners in art appreciation should have no trouble in quickly comprehending the full value of his paintings on city life. On reiterating the basic points discussed by Pickaxo and Vanzetti, Sacco adds that “modern art more quickly puts its point

across to the art lover if it includes a lot of color and variety in subject matter. In my painting ‘Celare Artem,’ which is centered around a newsboy on a busy street corner, the subject matter is variable enough to provide scores of different opinions as to the most successful way to sell newspapers. I bought a subscription from the youth after he promised not to move for five hours so that I could get his exact expression on my canvas. In reality the newsboy is a hood in disguise. After he sells his last paper to the young lady in the yellow hat, he will go across the street where there is another newstand, operated by a blind man. The boy will cheat him blind by buying all his newspapers for pennies and telling him that they are dimes. Unnoticed by the youth, however, is a red agent about to put the blink on his capitalist tactics. The youth is saved in the end when his true friend, the blind one, bites the commie on the left front leg.”



The last of the artists to speak is Mr. Chese Bencutti, outstanding in representing nature upon the canvas. Says Ben: “Modern Art can only be completely successful when the artist portrays a subject exactly as he sees it, without magnifying, distorting or otherwise changing its inner, as well as outer, appearance. Abstraction without malformation is art. To exemplify, my painting

‘Dilemma At Dawn,’ which was suggested by a friend of mine who chooses to remain synonymous, is noted for its contrasting colors, intellectual meaning, moral significance and stimulating incongruity. At first glance, one might think that the farmer with the plow is crazy, but not so. He wisely sets about his daily tasks while scaring up a flock of crows. In the upper right corner, the spectator can readily detect that the crows are all flocked, the corn is ready to be shocked and the grain is about to be reaped.



A Swami

Special Feature

(Editor’s note: If we can get our special correspondent to leave Greenwich Village, we will send him to Ubi Sunt, South Africa to report on another up-and-coming medium, Basket-weaving.)

The Columbia Missouri

The Inside Story On Spy Case Harry Dexter Red Is White

by Warren Murry

WASHINGTON (BS)—Attorney General Brownie's speech on November 6 in Chicago, which accused the previous administration of negligence in screening governmental appointees, has stirred up quite a controversy here in the Capitol City. The Attorney General stated that the former president had appointed Harry Dexter Red to the position of Commissar of Currency, when all along he had been advised that Harry Dexter was playing footsie with the Kremlin.

When confronted with this accusation, former president Human said: "I didn't know he was Red, I thought he was White."

As charges and counter-charges flew back and forth over Capitol Hill, every news analyst in the city interviewed the prominent figures in the case, in an attempt to see just where the blame lay.

At the time of this writing, Mr. Brownie, the man who originally dropped the bombshell, was unavailable to reporters. Ever since his speech, he has been attempting a seance to obtain further evidence from the departed Mr. Red.

Mr. Brownie stated in his speech that the Federal Bureau of Interrogation had informed the president of Red's activities many years ago. To check on this, reporters questioned Mr. Vacuum, the head of the bureau.

Mr. Vacuum said: "I well remember the Red case. It has been top drawer in this bureau for some time. We always keep the pinks and other unmentionables in the top drawer. But as for Mr. Red, I told the President and told him, I said that Harry Dexter Red is up to no damn good, that's exactly what I told him."

Drew Pearson

An interesting inconsistency has come to light in the Justice De

Mr. Human replied that he remember Mr. Vacuum's statement, but at the time thought he was speaking of a music critic. "That girl has a fine voice, and if ever anyone says otherwise, I'll drop-kick him over the Washington Monument," shouted the former President.

Speaking in his own behalf, the music critic said: "I never heard of Harry Dexter Red. I am as pure white as the snow. My name is White, and I still don't like the way she sings."

Whitacher Shamedher held a press conference where the reporters played a parlor game of trying to guess which jack-o-lantern held the microfilm. In his statement to the press, Mr. Shamedher said that he had known Red when he was white with pink trimming but, "... because of the drought, my pumpkin crop failed. . . . I really have nothing to add."

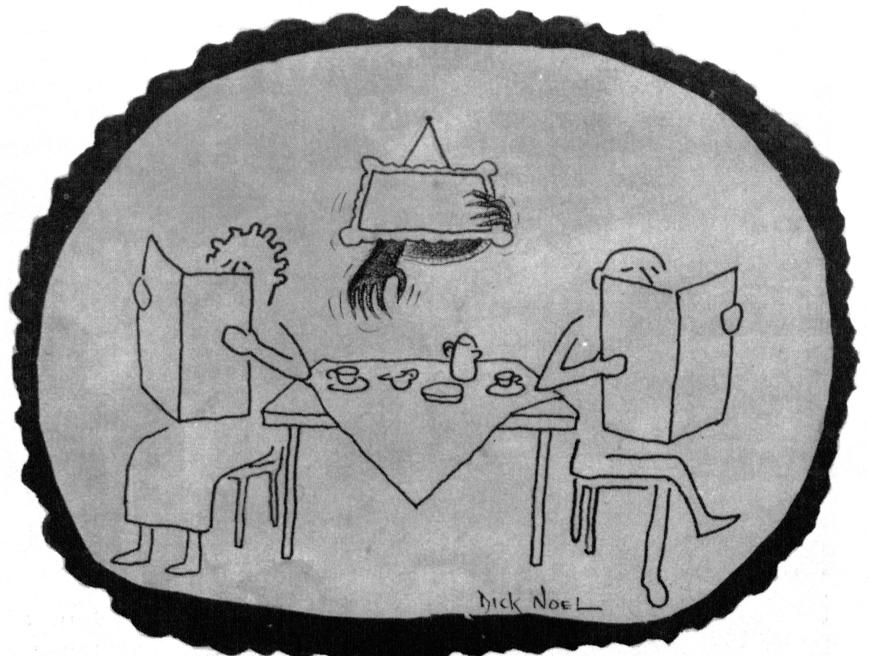
As the drive back from the Shamedher farm took the reporters past the country club, they



Cat

decided to take the opportunity to interview the President. It was his opinion that Brownie was a good driver, but he got in the rough a lot, and his close-in game was lacking. As one of the reporters said, "... with that kind of talk, the Boss-man is apt to get his Brownie in trouble."

In and around the Capitol Building itself, talk ran more (continued on 2B, column 4)



"Pass the coffee, dear."

328
To
Be

PANN
prison
begin
big ch
nism.

Plans
U. N. in
at 9 a. m.
with 30 c
who have
After t
ished—al
—the A
importa
back 24
Reds
The b
The (C
only abc
Chinese

ice
na
lis
pri
T.
h
ab
ke
ne
is



People grasping cocktail glasses,
 People smoking, people drinking,
 Coughing, choking, getting stinking
 Some discreetly.
 Boiled or fried, some completely
 Ossified.
 Liquor spilling, trousers sopping,
 Steady swilling, bodies dropping,
 Glasses falling on the floor,
 People calling, "Drop some more."
 Bodies steaming, morals stretching,
 Women screaming, freshmen
 retching.
 Heavy Smoking, air gets thicker,
 Someone croaking, "No more
 liquor."
**WHAT? WHAT? NO MORE
 LIQUOR . . .**
 People snicker, unbelieving,
 No more liquor, let's be leaving.
 No more drinking?
 Groans and hisses, what a stinking
 Party this is.

A disturbed woman was watching a little boy sitting on the curb smoking one cigarette after another and sipping a clear liquid from a hip flask. Finally, unable to bear it any longer, she approached him and said, "Son, why aren't you in school?"

The little boy answered disgustedly, "Hell, lady, I'm only three years old!"



From

If I have as much intelligence
 As you say I possess;
 If I always look to you
 The snappiest in dress;
 If I were half as beautiful
 As you always say I am,
 Then I wouldn't even date you,
 You funny little man.

Lou: I heard that you were out golfing with Eddie. How does he use the woods?
 Lil: I woun'dn't know; we played golf all the time.

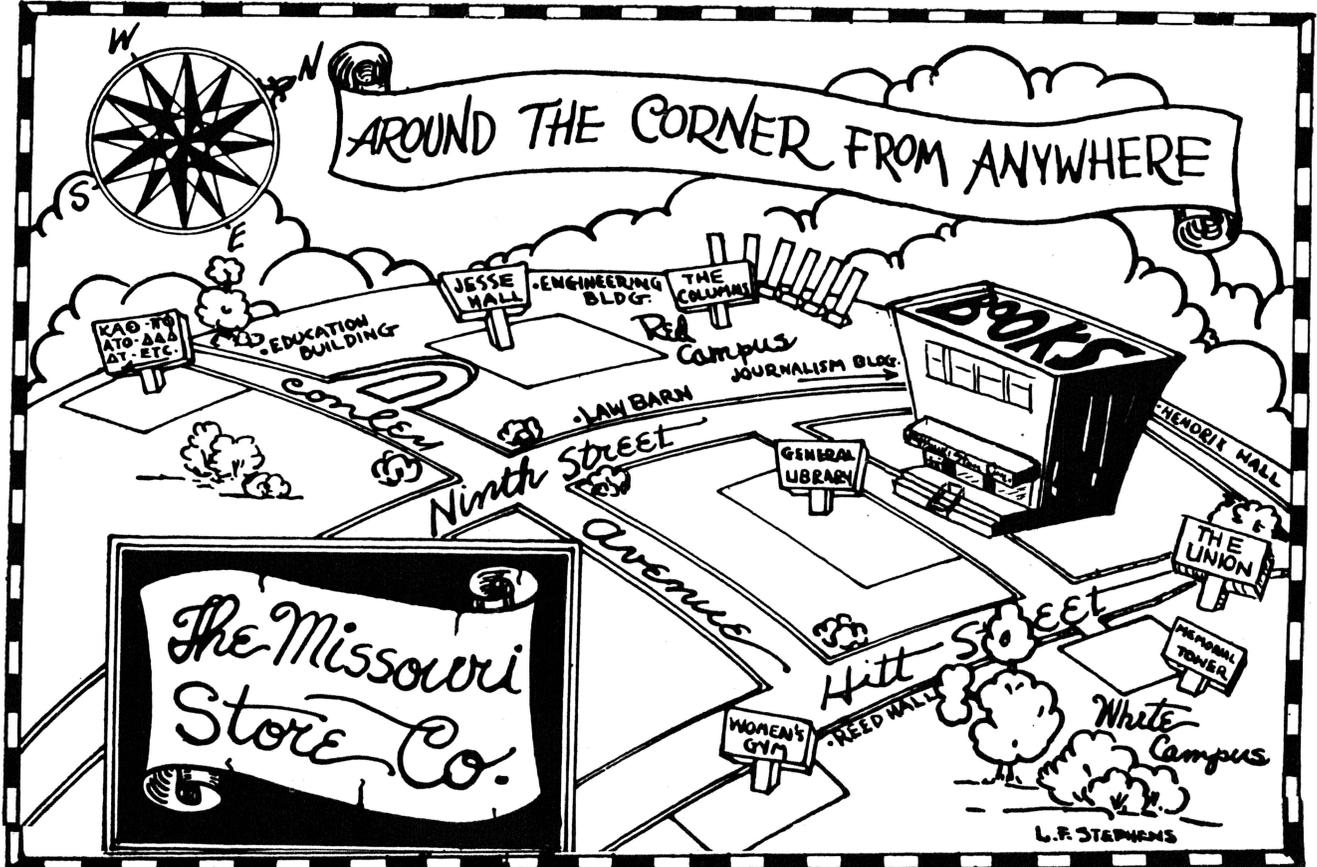
* * *

Definitions:

Failures: People who stop looking for work the day they find a job.
 Mixed company: What you are in when you think of a story you can't tell.
 Dime: A dollar with the taxes taken out.
 Dope ring: A wedding band.
 Anatomy: Something that everyone has, but looks better on a girl.
 Stripteaser: A girl who's good to the last drop.
 Experience: What you have left after you've lost everything else.
 Fraternity pin: An increase in privilege.
 Alimony: A system by which when two people make a mistake, one of them continues to pay for it.

* * *

Bowlegs may not be few, but they're far between.



NO SENSE SAYING IT--
I'LL JUST GET CENSORED

WHAT'D YOU WEAR TO THE
MASQUERADE?

I WROTE "SUNKIS
ON MY CHEST AND
WENT AS A
NAVEL ORANGE

WHAT MADE YOU
DECIDE TO BE AN
ARCHIOLOGIST?

SOME DAMNED FOOL TOLD ME
THEY WENT AROUND UNCOVERING
BUSTS OF GREEK MAIDENS

GOT ANYTHING
TO FIX A LOOSE-LEAF?

DID YOU GET YOUR
TEXT FOR LABOR PROBLEM

IT'S CHEAPER
TO BUY A
USED ONE

YOU IN
BAR
NO, S

A SMALL BOTTLE OF
RUBBER CEMENT!

VORACIOUS..
FAMISHED..
RAVENOUS..
RAPACIOUS..
INSATIATED..
ESURIENT..
AND ALL THE TIME
I THOUGHT I WAS
JUST HUNGRY!

I'D REALLY GO
FOR A COKE!

REALLY? THAT'S
WORTH A NICKEL

A LITTLE MORE
GADAM FRIENDLINESS
FROM YOU, PLEDGE PUGH

? DIM
& CHE

BE GOOD, PERCY!

I'M TR-Y-ING, DEAR!

EVERYTHING
IS
LOWER
HERE!

DAMMIT, SHANE..
WHEN I SAY COME BACK,
I MEAN COME BACK!

STUFFED
TIGERS!
• REAL HAIR
• LIFELIKE
• \$500

WHO'S THAT?

SAM, THE BOOKMAKER
HE WORKS UNDER COVER

NEVER COULD TELL
A BOOKIE BY HIS COVER!

HOW YOU DOING
IN ANIMAL HUSBANDRY?

GREAT.. NEXT WEEK
I GET TO BE ANIMAL

YOU
NEVE

RAY MIZZOU

WITY TIC

WISH THE U. WOULD START PAYING THESE BOYS IN CASH!

Bookstore Blues

A Farewell to Old Mizzou

By Bill Braznell

NO, NO~ I WANTED BOTH!

TOO MUCH WHAT? IMPOSSIBLE!

STUNTED GROWTH?

YEH, TOO MANY BUTTS...

THAT'S FROM TOO MUCH SMOKING

DID YOU EVER GET PROFESSOR SOVER'S TEXT

BET YOU WERE QUITE A GUNMAN IN YOUR DAY..

S YET?

THE M.U. ND?

ALVATION ARMY

THAT'S MY BUSINESS

WHY SON, I USED TO GET THE DROP ON MOST EVERYONE!

GOT ANY "MUM"?

DON'T GET "FRESH"!

WELL?

OH, "STOPPET"!

NO, AND I'M WORRIED!

DO YOU HAVE SCHICKS RAZORS IN THAT BOWL?

WHAT'S IN THE BAG ON TOP?

SHAY, I'LL BET THERE ARE SHEVENTEEN OR EIGHTEEN!

THAT'S ME STUPID

I'VE GOT \$738,653 IN REBATES.. HOW MUCH YA WANT FOR THE STORE?

UNIVERSITY

PLES AND MERRY CHEEKS

POOR FATHER ER HAD A CHANCE!

FILTHY EIGHT-PAGE BLUE BOOK

ERS

Y PUAL



APPLE FOR THE TEACHER

(Continued from page 13)

Burkett started up the steps to the second floor and mused; It'll soon be over and . . .

A fellow instructor had once told him about a girl in one of his classes who had played him along for a grade and then, at the end of the semester. . .

Burkett reached the top of the steps and looked down the hall. She wasn't there. He hastened his pace and the clicking of his heels against the cold floors resounded through the practically empty building. Just as he was about to swing into the dean's office he heard her.

"Burk . . ."

He turned and saw her sitting on the bannister overlooking the first floor lobby.

"Burk," she smiled and he almost detected a light in her eyes. "I'll be waiting when you come out," she said.

"Okay," he answered and started to smile, but instead, turned and went into the office.

The secretary at the desk was talking on the telephone and looked up for a moment.

"Mister Lambert, you can just leave your grade reports with me if you want to. The dean is out right now," she said.

"Thank you," Burkett replied and thumbed through the cards until he came to the one with Clorisse Noble's name on it. He



made a quick mark on it with his pen and returned it to its place.

"Have a pleasant week end," said the secretary, again taking time out from her telephone conversation.

"Thanks again," said the young instructor and walked out into the hall.

Clorisse was standing near the door with her hands stuffed down

into her coat pockets. She parted her lips and took a step forward as if she were about to speak, then hesitated and let her eyes say it for her.

Burkett looked down into those inviting eyes which now took the appearance of two, dark brown, precious stones and out of the corner of his eyes he caught the image of her full mouth as if it were beckoning to him.

The answer came.

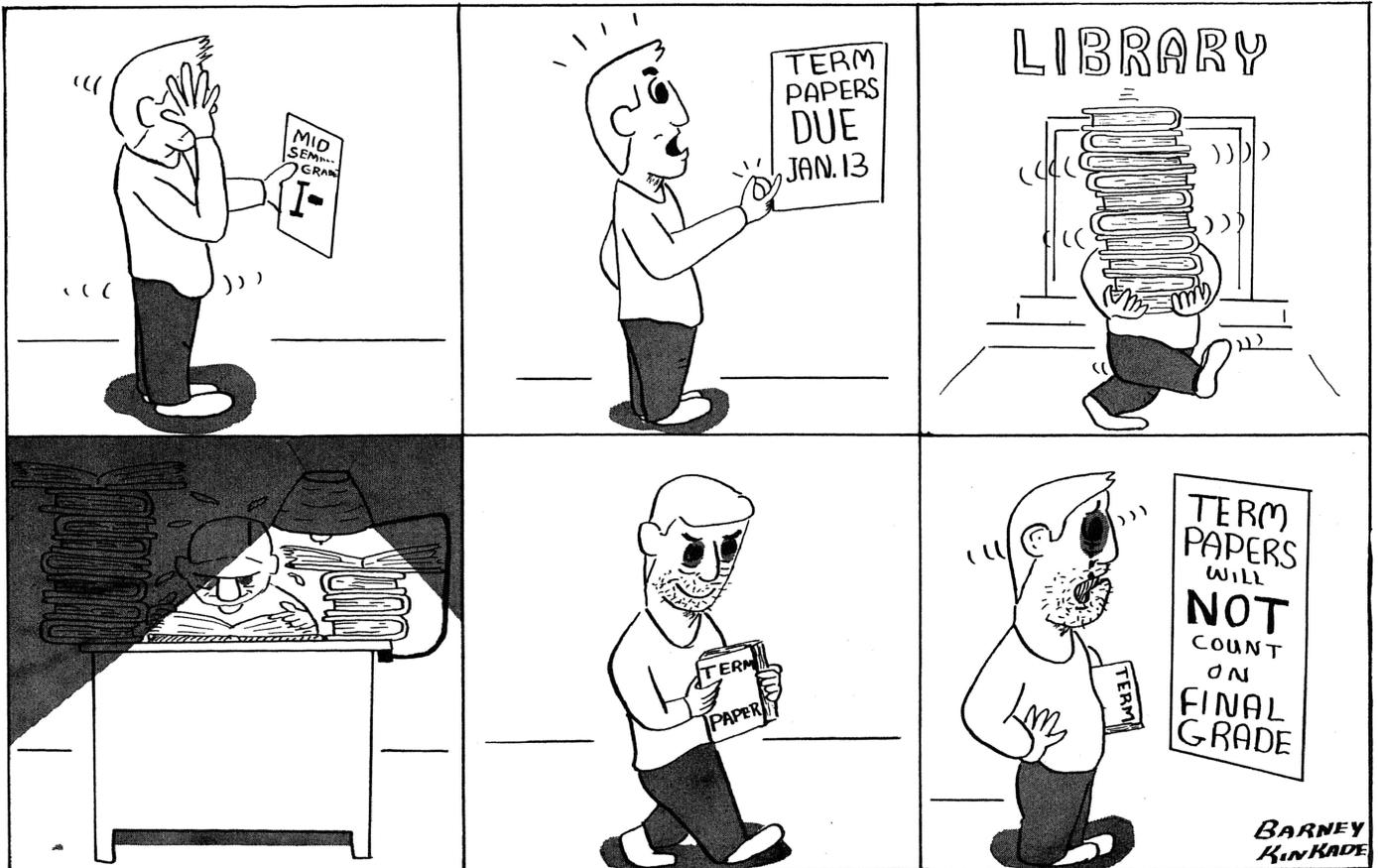
"I flunked you, Clorisse." Burkett tried to apprehend an answer.

"I never was the studious type Burkett," she murmured, and beginning to smile, reached up to him with her lithesome arms. "I've decided to drop out of school next semester and sew some buttons on the shirt of a certain guy I know."

Before he knew what had happened, Burkett Lambert was being kissed by a disarming bundle of softness, and he responded aptly.

After all, Burkett concluded, one didn't have to have a thorough knowledge of Chaucer for what he had in mind.

THE END



BARNEY KINKADE



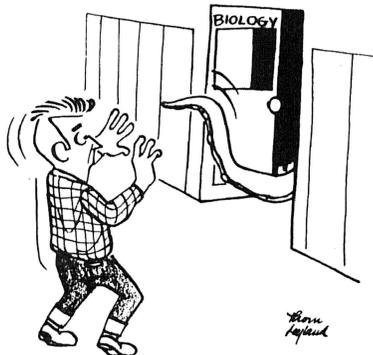
The two stood on the doorstep
 Their lips were tightly pressed
 The housemother gave the signal
 The bulldog did the rest.

* * *

There was a young gal from Peru
 Who decided her loves were too few
 So she walked from her door
 With a fig-leaf, no more
 And now she's in bed with the flu.

* * *

I'm for grading on the curve
 I think the plan is fine
 Provided that they start the swerve
 The grade one lower than mine.



Dean (to couple): Caught on a blanket party, eh? What are your names

He: Ben Petten.

She: Anne Howe.

* * *

A young lover was reeling off a heavy line to impress the beautiful girl. "Those soft lovely hands," he whispered. "Your warm lips. And those beautiful eyes . . . where did you get those eyes?"

She answered, "They came with my head."

* * *

And then there was the South Seas explorer who, when confronted by the native girl's dad, explained that he was hunting grasshoppers.

PAINT UP
 WITH PITTSBURGH PAINTS
 from

Brady's

15 South 10th Phone 4978



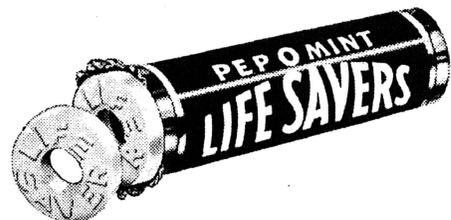
BE A FEELTHY CAPITALIST!



Sell those old books at
UNIVERSITY BOOK STORE
 STUDENT UNION BUILDING

. . . and buy your new ones while you're there!

Still only 5¢



GRAB THAT DRAG

... and bring her to ...



**Andy's
Corner**

• Beer • Food • Fun

"On the Highway
Out Past the Stadium"



and
there's
new style
afoot at the Novus

*Troylings
Delmanettes
Mademoiselle*



the novus shop
18 ON THE STROLLWAY

hangnail sketch

by Defoe Copper

Me Hongry—Athlete

Dodging body blocks and flying tackles we made our way through a broken field of yo-yos and bubble gum to find our hero—Me Hongry, Tiger star sacked out in his dormitory room. Two monstrous feet hung over the bottom of the bed, and a huge shaggy head hung over the other end. The middle was taken up with six feet five inches of brawn that weighed almost two hundred and twenty pounds according to the last football program.

Gently tapping the five letterman, quadruple-threat back, on the shoulder, we waited for signs of life. None came. We tapped, and we pulled, and we pounded, and we shouted. Nothing happened. Seeing a whistle on the dresser, we blew, and then all hell broke loose. Me Hongry leaped from his cot, took careful aim at our posterior, trotted five steps toward us, and planted a size eighteen foot right in the middle of our rear. We went sailing gracefully, end over end, toward the opposite wall. Evidently, the sight of our poor, mangled body brought Me Hongry around, for when we started to come around, the athlete was applying cold compresses to our splattered forehead.

"Gee, I'm sorry, buddy, but when I hear a whistle I kick off automatically."

"Well, that's all right," we said, on our feet, because we couldn't find a soft enough place to sit down. "The reason we're here is to give our readers the inside story on a football hero. They want to know what makes you tick."

"Gosh," he goshed, "I sure am honored." His yo-yo was frantically jumping up and down, so we knew that he was happy.

"When did you first become interested in attending this institution of higher education?"

"Huh?"

"When did you decide to come to Mizouz?"

"Oh. Well, I was working at the



garage like I usually do on Saturdays, when this long-jawed guy drives up and tells me he's got a flat, and he has to be up in Columbia in a couple of hours for the football game. I didn't know what it was then, but he tried to explain it to me. Anyway, I lift up the car like I usually do to change a tire, and he jumps out with his eyes flashing on and off. I ain't too good at reading, but Ma said it spelled out 'Orange Bowl', when they flashed like that. He told me to call him Uncle Don, and he put me in the trunk, and we were off to the big city. I played that afternoon."

"Yes," we said, "you were a sensation in your first game. You tackled the goal posts on the first play, and they had to hold up the game for an hour."

"Yeah, then I got the hang of it, and I broke three legs and a collar bone." The bubble that he burst just then sounded like the cracking of bones, and we leaped on top of the dresser.

"Don't be skeered," Me Hongry said, "it's only gum."

"Er, yes. Me, we're sure all our readers know about your heroism on the gridiron, but suppose you tell them about your life behind the scenes. Did the university give you anything to play?"

Me Hongry was cracking his knuckles, and it souted like an entire ten cent bag of popcorn. "No, they didn't give me nuthin. All I got was this room, a red MG, and a deep-freeze full of steaks."

"Did they supply your books?"
"Books? What's them?"

"Them's . . . er, *they* are what you study with."

"Oh, yeah, I almost forgot. They give me a broad to study with. She's my tu . . . too . . . tut. . . ."
"Tutor?"

"Don't you say nasty things about my girl!" His hands were on our lapel, and we were two feet off the ground, frantically trying to walk out of the room. Finally, we managed to explain what a tutor was, and he calmed down.

We tried to get the conversation down to a less emotional level. "Tell us, Me, what do you plan to do when you get out of school."

"Uncle Don says, I don't never have to leave. I get a new name when my eligi . . . eligib. . . ."

"Eligibility?"

"Yeah, I get a new name when that runs out."

"But, surely you must have some dream you want to fulfill besides playing football."

"Well," Me Hongry bashfully grinned, "someday I want to get married up with some girl and go down in the Ozarks and raise mums to sell at the football games. I jest love mums."

Our thought that he could certainly use some was interrupted when some damn fool blew a whistle. Sailing high over the dorms, we were happy that we had added three more points to Me Hongry's scoring average. We were a field goal.

THE END

* * *

Circus actress: This is my first job. You better tell me what to do to keep from making any mistakes.

Manager: Well, girlie, just don't undress in front of the bearded lady.



Sigma Nu: Do you know why girls walk home?

Theta: No, why?

Sigma Nu: Never mind. Let's go for a ride.

* * *

Father: You say you want to marry my daughter? Preposterous, young man! You couldn't even keep her in underwear.

Suitor: You haven't been doing too well yourself, sir.

* * *

A student wandered into a tennis match and sat down by a cute coed.

"Whose game?" he asked.

"I am," she replied.

* * *

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

* * *

The difference between a married man and a bachelor is that when a bachelor walks the floor with a babe in his arms he is trying to sober her up.

Judge: You say this man stole your money out of your stocking?

Girl: Yes, your honor.

Judge: Why didn't you put up a fight?

Girl: I didn't know he was after my money.

* * *

The ideal time to have a date is in the oui small hours.

* * *

Girls are like typewriters, when you punch the wrong places you get the darndest lines.

* * *

"What's that you're reading?"

"It's called 'What Twenty Million Women Want'."

"Let's see if they spell my name right."

* * *

Waiter, there's a splinter in my cottage cheese.

What do you expect for a dime—the whole damn cottage?

* * *

Lady (to streetcar conductor): Will I get a shock if I put my foot on the track?

Conductor: No, lady, not unless you put your other foot on the trolley wire.

* * *

As you smoke, so shall you reek.

Suzie Stephens

by Bob Carter



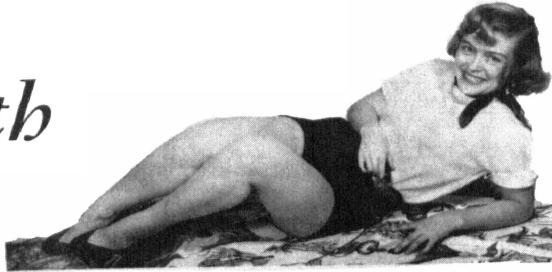
It didn't take long for word to get around that we've been blacklisted.

for Photography from Cheesecake to Portraits . . .

CALL

Al Smith

Phone 2-3910



"Uncle Al's January Cheesecake"



Mother: Do you like your new nurse, Jimmy?

Jimmy: No, I hate her. I'd like to grab her and bite her on the neck like Daddy does.

* * *

Angry Father: What do you mean by bringing my daughter in at this hour of the morning?

Student: Have to be at class at eight.

* * *

Bridegroom: I thee endow with all my worldly goods.

His Father: There goes his bicycle.

* * *

Then there's the bop cannibal who eats his three squares every day.

* * *

Beta: Where did you get that black eye?

S.A.E.: From the war.

Beta: What war?

S.A.E.: The boudoir.

* * *

And when you get through with that cigarette, wipe the ashes off your teeth.

* * *

Judge: What are your grounds for divorce?

Bride: He snores.

Judge: How long have you been married?

Bride: Two weeks.

Judge: Granted; he shouldn't snore.

* * *

A man threatening to 'end it all' was perched atop a tall building in a southern city and a policeman had made his way to the roof to try to persuade him not to jump.

"Think of your mother," pleaded the cop.

"Haven't any."

"Think of your wife and family."

"Haven't any."

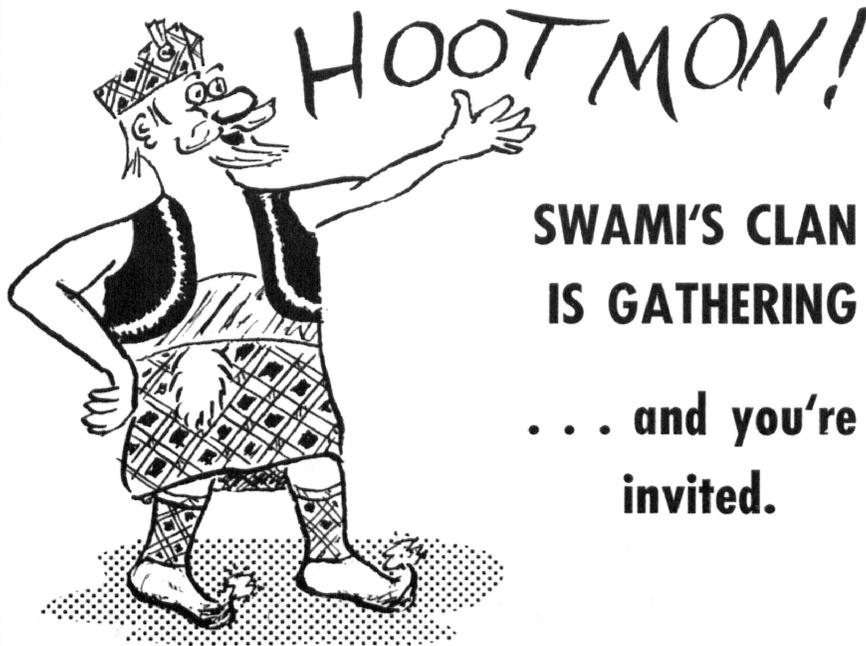
"Your girl friend, then."

"I hate women!"

"All right, think of Robert E. Lee."

"Who's Robert E. Lee?"

"Jump, you damyankee!"



**SWAMI'S CLAN
IS GATHERING**

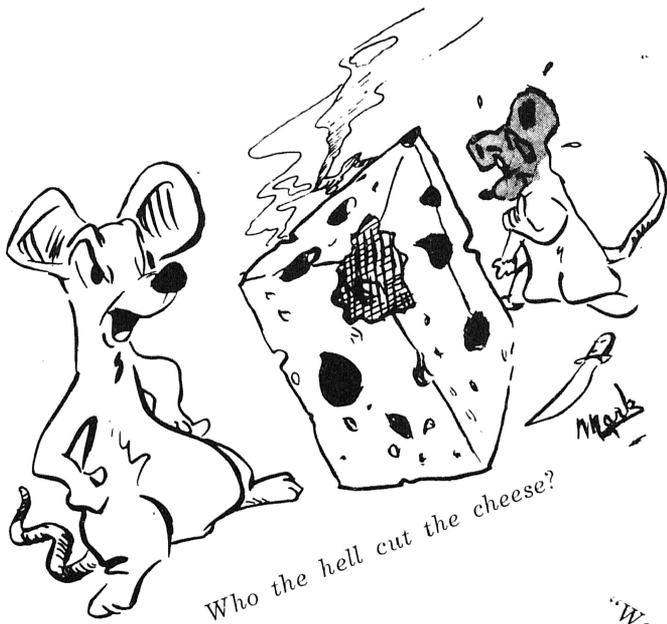
**. . . and you're
invited.**

If you think you've got talent, as a writer, cartoonist, or general funny man . . . come meet Swami's clan. Hear how SHOWME operates and what you can do.

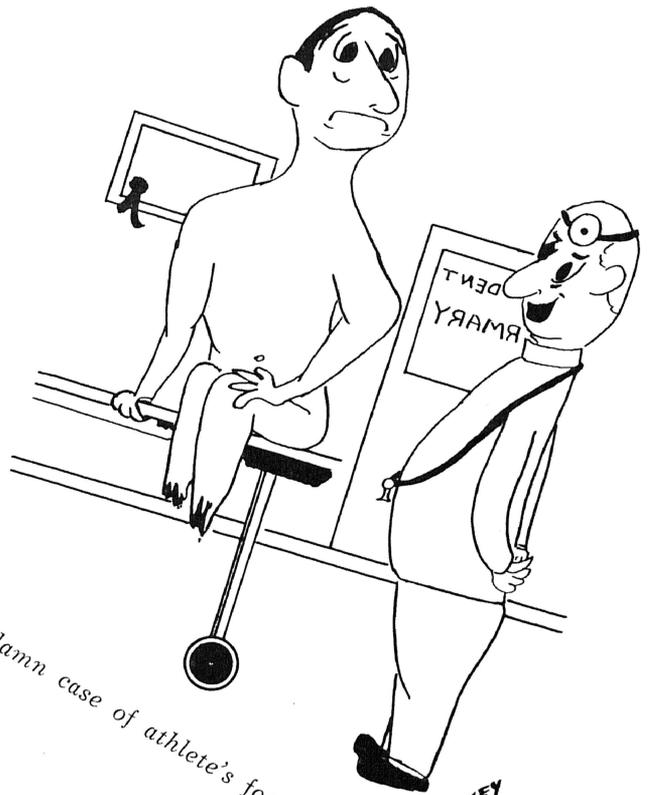
THE TIME - 7:30, JANUARY 19

**THE PLACE - LARGE BALLROOM,
STUDENT UNION**

WE'LL BE LOOKING FOR YOU!



Who the hell cut the cheese?



"Worst damn case of athlete's foot I've ever seen."

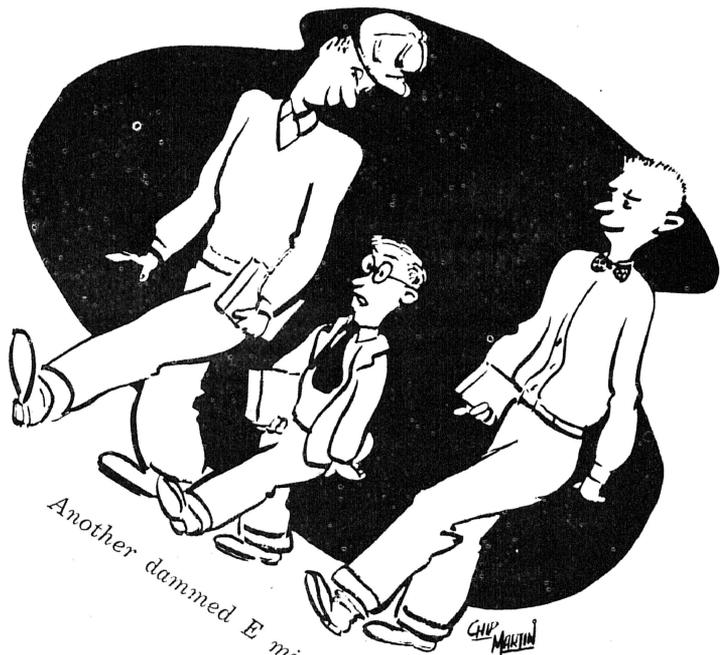
BARNEY KINKADE

Stuff



"Halt . . . please halt!"

YEAR Y



Another dammed E minus!

CHIP MARTIN



MISSOURI
THEATRE

CINEMASCOPE

COMEDY ACTION
DRAMA



Women are like baseball umpires; they make the decisions and they think you're safe when you're out.

* * *

You can't always tell how far a couple have been in a car by looking at the speedometer.

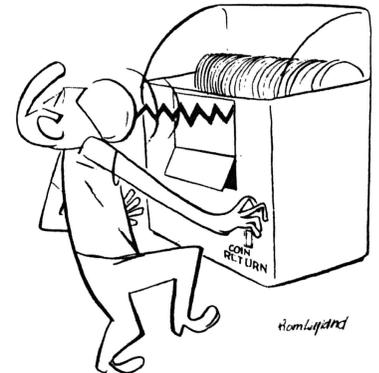
* * *

Waiter: Can I help you with the soup, sir?

Diner: Help me? What do you mean?

Waiter: Well, sir, from the sound I thought you might wish me to drag you ashore.

* * *



Kappa: Swear that you love me.
Phi Gam: All right. Dammit, I love you.

* * *

Two Indians obtained a room in a big city hotel. Making a routine checkup, the manager found a tepee set up in the room and one of the Indians sitting in front of it smoking a pipe.

"How," said the Indian.

"Where's your friend?" asked the manager.

"In there," . . . indicating the bathroom.

Looking in the bathroom, the manager found an Indian with an arrow in his heart.

"My Lord! Who killed him?"

"Me. I killed him?"

"Why did you do it?"

"Him spit in spring."

* * *

"So you bought a home in the country?"

"Yes, five rooms and a path."

BLUE NOTES COMBO

Every Wednesday Nite



Pizza Pie - Spaghetti and Meat Balls

ROMANO'S

1102 BROADWAY



a Vaccine will mean Victory!

Join the **MARCH OF DIMES**

January 2 to 31



by Lindy Baker

I threw my apron over my head, sobbing brokenly and wiping my eyes on a ragged, grimy sweater sleeve. They were going to let me write for *SHOWME* at last! I blew my nose again and handed back the editor his ragged, grimy sweater. "Hand in your mop, Kid, we're going to put you on a column." Someone raised a window and pointed toward Red Campus. "The one in the middle, Kid, with the vines creeping up it." It was too much for me, and I started to bawl again (such jokes!). I took a firmer grip on my wastepaper basket and said, "Somebody pinch me, I must be dreaming," leering hopefully at a cartoonist in one of the cages along the wall. The editor threw a typewriter at me and told me to get busy. The typewriter hit me squarely between the eyes. I started to cry again. So did the editor. His typewriter was broken.

* * *

Did I ever tell you about the handsome football player that was so crazy about me last year? We-el, he wasn't exactly crazy about me but he did sit next to me in English 40 and he would have been crazy about me if I had looked like Marilyn Monroe only I don't and once he asked to borrow my notes before the final and since I didn't have my notes to study from because I loaned them to him I flunked the course but he did too because he lost my notes so there we were together again in English 40 and this time he told me to type carbon copies of my notes in case he ever lost them again and then there was the time he smiled at me, just me

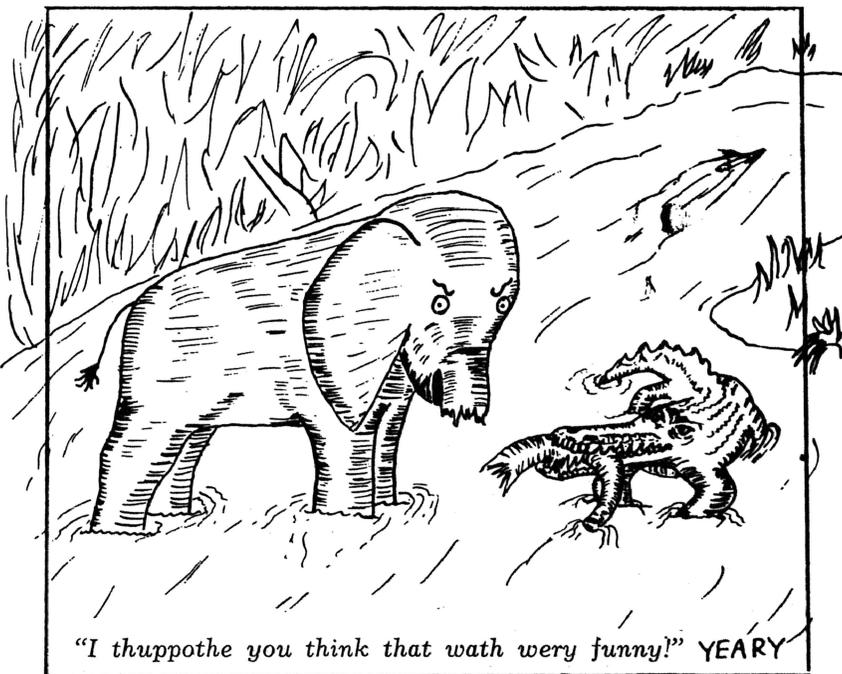
alone, when I fell down the steps in Jesse Hall and broke my left leg and I just knew he was too embarrassed to ask me out while my leg was in a cast but I sat by the phone every single night last semester waiting for him to call. He never did. Anyway I saw him again today and ya know what, he's not so awful cute when you take off that big letterman sweater and put it on the cute blonde Theta he was with. He doesn't suspect it yet, but we're all washed up, kaputt like that, just as soon as I burn my English 40 notes, carbons and all.

* * *

I don't seem to comprehend ze language they are speaking in my philosophy classes lately. Eh, bien, I can whisper "open the window, if you please," in French, ask for the olives in two more languages, scream, "stop stranger,

I only asked the time," in three tongues and demand the red pencil of my uncle on yonder table in the Spanish of a native (of Asia Minor). Sounds simple, n'est-pas? Si, Senor, I, I am. You see when my greybearded teacher came to class yesterday he closed his eyes and announced he had an idea (I never met up with a teacher who didn't). Then bingo he opens his eyes and looks right at me and calls me a mess, and says, I'm not there, that I'm only a wisp of his imagination. I leaned closer to sniff his brand of hair tonic but he goes right on and tells the class that I just THINK I'm setting on my chair. Now, I ask you, if he thinks I'm going to sit on the floor and let him call me a mess, he's crazy. That is to say, he has the appearance of being not normal in my mind, what there is left of it.

THE END





MARCH OF DIMES



JANUARY 2-31

MARCH OF DIMES

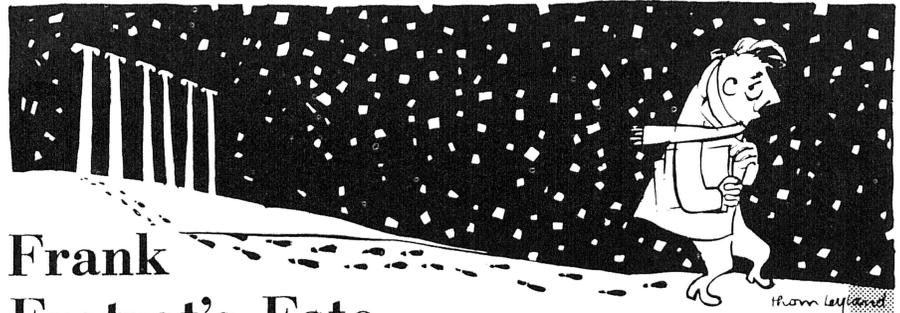


JANUARY 2-31

MARCH OF DIMES



JANUARY 2-31



Frank Fratrat's Fate

A fierce wind howled and raged about
The day fickle fate faked Fratrat out.
Twas dark and wild; Frank left the dorm.
All bundled up, he braved the storm.
"This is the worst, to say the least.
Tis no fit day for man nor beast."
Said he, "I fear I will get lost.
Oh dig this crazy holocaust."
All night he'd strained o'er notes and book.
No copy had he of the final, poor schnook.
To pass he needs must make an E,
But he was not too slick, you see.
So he studied doggedly night and day.
This sucker choose the honest way.
Oh, the snow lay heavy o'er the town,
And a mighty wind bent poor Frank down.
It knocked him one way and the other.
It really was a nasty mother.
Poor Frank staggered through the storm.
His cashmere coat scarce kept him warm.
When finally he arrived and sat,
A glacier was formed on his hat.
The professor passed the finals round.
They were two feet thick and weighed a pound.
But Frank was sure this test he'd cool.
He knew each fact and every rule.
"I'll have no cheating," the professor said,
"If you dare to talk I'll knock you dead."
And when the test was under way,
A friend in softest tones did say,
"Oh, I say, Frank, you are unzipped."
A great embarrassment poor Frank gripped—
He clutched. "This can't be true," said he.
"How humiliating. Oh woe is me."
The professor leaped toward Fratrat's seat
"I heard you speak, you little cheat.
I'll have no cheating on my test."
Despair lay hard in poor Frank's breast.
"Hand in your paper, wretch ill-starred,
The Dean will punch your T. S. Card."
And thus the fickle finger of fate
Pointed at Frank. He got the gate.
The moral of this story is:
"Never think you've cooled a quiz."

—nancy fairbanks

TWENTY YEARS OF FACES

(Continued from page 11)

me after three years of graduate study. I attended the student parties every weekend. In the middle of the week, students would hand me stag cards, which were small 1" x 2" printed white cards with my name penned on a line. I would join the ring of stags that surrounded the eight or ten dancing couples at the party, and now and then I would join the students in "cutting-in" on a coed in one of my classes. She almost invariably attested to how much she was "getting out of the course."

I was very conscious of the fact that I must keep my dignity, despite the fact that most of those who attended the party had lost their hours ago. I remember some experiences that occurred then that I haven't seen for years. Every now and then a male body would strike the floor. This apparently didn't bother too many people. The orchestra played on; everyone continued to dance. Eventually the person would be recognized and dragged off into a corner. Once, when I was at such a party on Rollins Street, not as a chaperon but as a guest, I recognized the pale immobile face of one of my students. He was the third or fourth who had forcefully taken this horizontal position during the evening. I also recognized him as a member of one of the social organizations on the campus. It seemed to me that he had

spent about five minutes on the floor—I am sure that it was only 60 or 80 seconds. Everyone was obviously walking around him. Finally, I recognized a boy who wore a similar pin across the large room, went over to him, and suggested tactfully that I thought his brother's position on the floor was not good publicity for his organization. He agreed and found another brother. Together they carried the boy into an adjoining room.



After two years a bachelor, I arrived one evening with my first date to a student party. She was my wife. During the evening a student cut in, and when I found a place in the stag line, another student came to me and said, "I could see you were stuck, Doc, but I didn't know the girl." Even my deep prolonged laughter after I said "That's my wife" didn't seem to reassure him.

It is hard to believe today that in the 30's there was nothing that

remotely resembled a student union. There wasn't even a room where students could gather together, lounge and informally talk or read. There were instead in Campus Town at least three places where students could gather together in booties, chat, play cards, drink cokes and j.p.'s (J.p.'s consisted of very thick chocolate malted milk, named after the man who first served them in the late 20's in a store near the Missouri Store, I am told. During the prohibition era this was one of the favorite drinks. It consisted practically of straight ice cream.)

The early thirties seem in retrospect a most carefree period, at least for those students who were most in evidence. Although the depression had reached Missouri, and had made inroads on enrollment, many of the students who were here in '31 and '32 apparently were from families that weren't disturbed financially to the point of changing the lives of their youth.

As I reread the above it seems I have described a very superficial aspect of college life but that is my memory of the whole tenor at that time. Every large restaurant, for example, had student jazz "orchestras" that played daily from 4 to 6 p.m.—the term "jellying", though coined earlier, had a high frequency of use in this 5-year span.

END OF PART I

(To be concluded next month)

B LACK

and

G OLD

INN

... a Missouri Tradition

FROM HERE

Prew



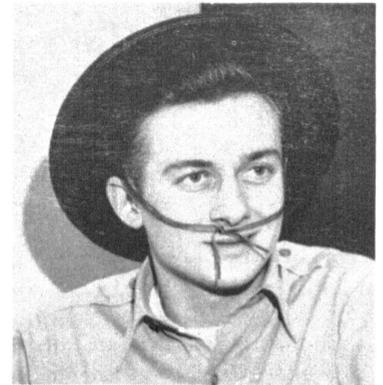
... he was a thirty year man, and luvved the army, "'cause a man's gotta be what he is, or he ain't worth nuthin'."

Lorene



... in the states they called her Alma, in Honolulu, they called her Countess, but she was on call any-time.

Maggio



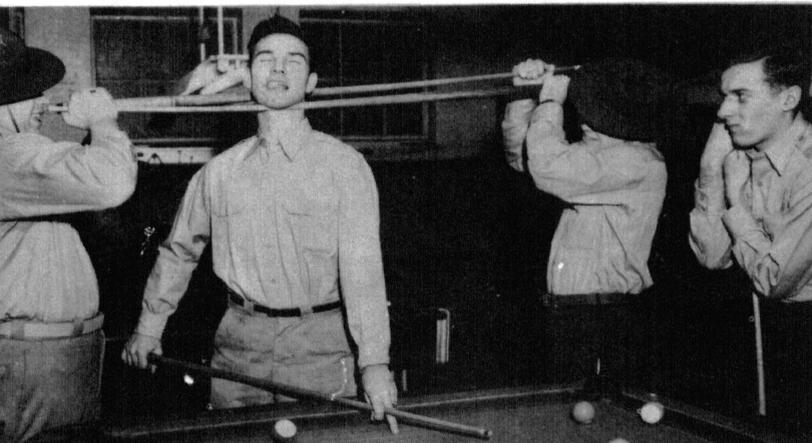
... this paisan was Prew's best buddy boy, but only his best friends called him "sot".

Prewitt was a soldier first and a tuba player second, when he transferred to Captain Holmes' company. Holmes wanted him only because of his ping pong ability. But Prewitt had given up ping pong forever after he had served a ball into his best friend's mouth, choking his buddy to death. Mercilessly, members of the team gave Prew the Treatment.

Below: Taking their cues from Holmes, they coax Prew to join the team, as Maggio watches.



Above: Throwing the captain to the sharks, Warden fakes Karen out to the beach. "I never knew it could be like this ... nobody ever kissed me the way you do."



Sergeant Fatso Judson passes Prew and Maggio and sees a piece of pornographic literature they have stolen. His dirty comment so enrages Maggio, that Angelo hits him with a chair. Fatso announces that he is going to carve Maggio like a Christmas turkey. Sgt. Hero Warden breaks a beer bottle to the delight of his buddy and offers, "If it's killin', yuh want, Fatso, come on."



TO INSANITY

Fatso



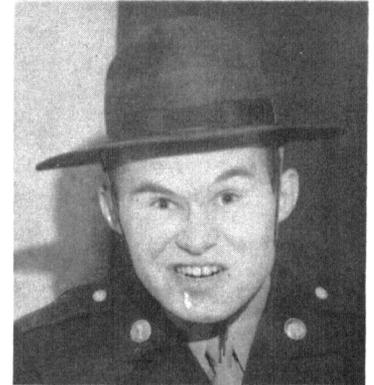
... the boogie-woogie piano boy of the New Congress Dance Hall, but to those who knew, he was just plain slob.

Karen



... she was only the captain's wife, but the sergeant didn't find her prone to argue about rank.

Warden



... he was interested in making captain, but the captain's wife was a different matter.



After Maggio has been sent to the Stockade for being blacklisted at the New Congress, Prewitt and Warden celebrate the Chinese New Year with a couple of fifths of Vodka in a middle of the road orgy. Everything ends happily, however, as Maggio dies escaping from prison, Prewitt kills Fatso with an accurately placed oblige from his tuba, and the Japanese oblige by bombing the hell out of Pearl Harbor. Prewitt is killed trying to kibitz in a poker game, and Karen and Lorene find themselves shipmates on the boat back to the states. Both have received leis in the island, and they know that neither of them will ever return for any more Hawaiian leis.

Above: Maggio takes Prew to the New Congress Club, a glorified mixer with a cover charge. Here Prew finds nothing to suit his taste. Suddenly, there she is — all by herself. Prewitt marches across the dance floor with a chorus of "Flight of the Bumblebee" to gawk at Lorene. "I knew you wuz different from these other girls the minute I seen yuh." "And," she says, "I knew you wuz different too."

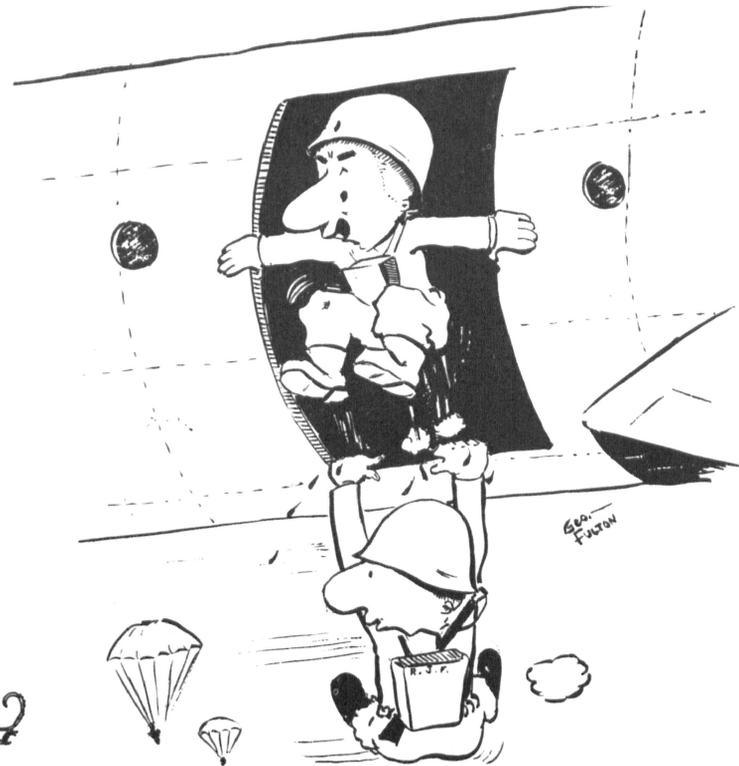
Photo by Al Smith





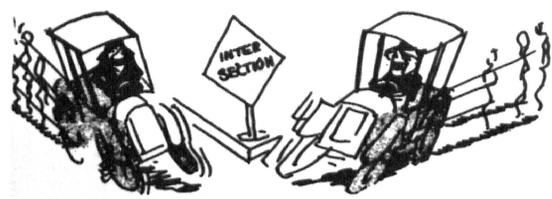
"Now then, we are all alphabetically arranged in the front row: Allen, Atkins,— Miss Zylanco."

Octopus



Geo. Farrow

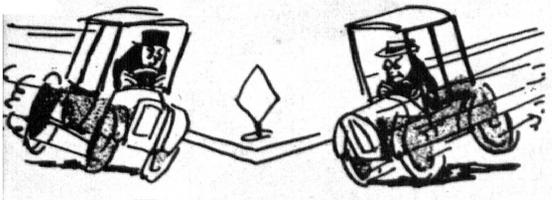
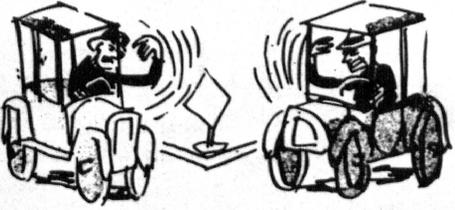
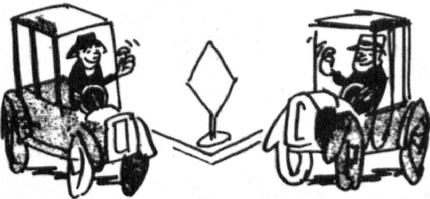
filched



"This is no fun." Pelican



"Geronimo, Rumley, GERONIMO!!!"
—Kitty Katt



W.C. Coker

Harvard Lampoon



MUTCH

"You ordered a zombie, sir?"
Pelican

THIS MONTH'S COVER



Perhaps you've been wondering what "Nostri Morituri Te Salutamus" means. Perhaps you really don't give two whoops in the rain barrel. It's a phrase that was used by the gladiators of Rome, before they attempted to clobber each other. Facing the emperor, prior to the crucial test, they looked him squarely in his wine-shot eyes and said, "We who are about to die, salute you." Feeling the full significance of this comment just before finals, Bob Carter took pen in palsied hand and started to sketch. The result is a very symbolic cover representing the gladiatorial battle between university and student. The results are not in doubt; the only question is: How badly will the little fellow be splattered?

THE END

* * *

She doesn't smoke
 She doesn't drink beer
 That's right . . . she's not
 A student here.

* * *

For Oscar Barr
 Please shed a tear.
 He cranked his car,
 'Twas still in gear.

* * *

Boy: Do you like to neck?
 Girl: No, I'm 84 years old.

* * *

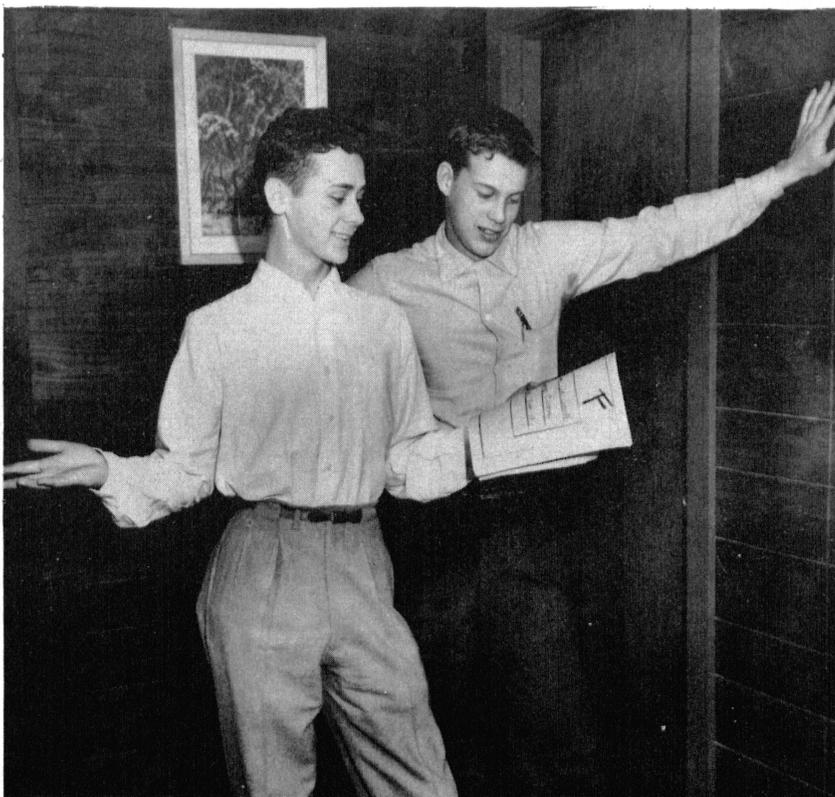
Three Stages of a Man's Life:

1. Tri-weekly
2. Try Weekly
3. Try Weakly

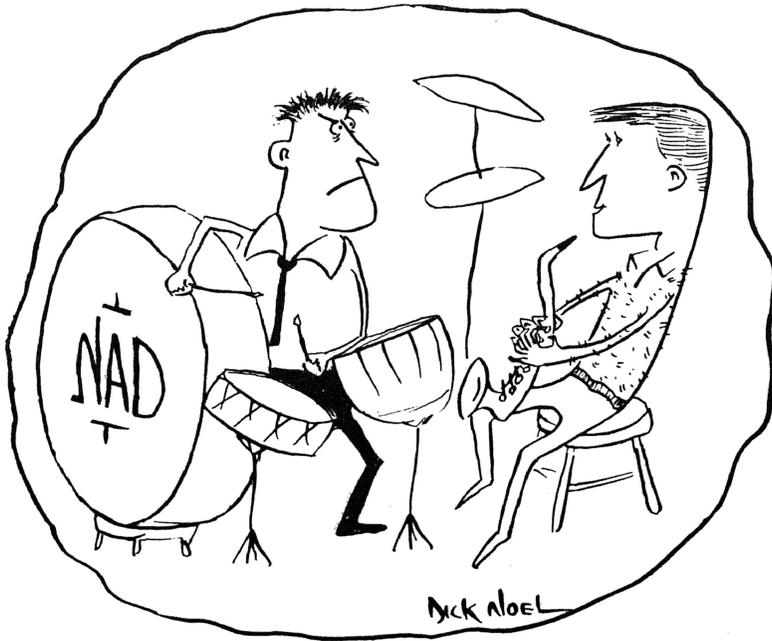
Come on out!

Texaco Town

HWY. 40 & SEXTON ROAD



"I may have rated straight "F" in Econ but I'm rating straight "E" with my gal in her dress from JULIE'S"



"Don't look at me . . . I didn't say anything."

TICKETS

There's meal and movie and parking
 There's pawn and speeding and such
 You're forced to fix or secure them
 And you never are left with much.

Alice Bullock

* * *

An earnest young teaching assistant
 From facts of the world was far distant
 A girl in his section
 Made an obscene suggestion
 Which would have shocked him
 Like hell if he'd listen.

* * *

"Hurray," cried the rabbit running
 out of the forest fire, "I've
 been defurred."

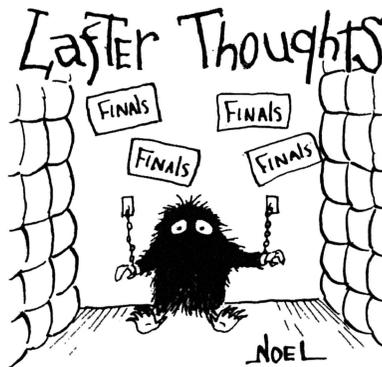
* * *

A college senior dated a young
 lady from a nearby girls' school a
 few times. Then some weeks
 passed, and when she hadn't
 heard from him, she sent a tele-
 gram reading: "Dead, delayed, or
 disinterested?"

To which the young man
 promptly wired back: "Hunting,
 fishing or trapping?"

* * *

The gal who wears the plung-
 ing neckline does it to show us
 her heart's in the right place.



BUDGET BLUES

What to do with my budget?
 I've worked it o'er and o'er
 There's always too much month
 left
 When my money is no more.

Alice Bullock

* * *

Did you miss your train, sir?
 No, I didn't like the looks of it,
 so I chased it out of the station.

* * *

The girl greeting her boy friend:
 "Notice anything different about
 me?"

"New dress?"

"No"

"New shoes?"

"No, something else."

"I give up."

"I'm wearing a gas mask."

* * *

A good friend was telling me of
 a bald-headed man who sells hair
 tonic. "But how can you sell hair
 tonic if you have no hair?" chal-
 lenged a friend. "What's wrong
 with that?" was the answer. "I
 know a guy who sells brassieres."

* * *

She: I'd better warn you—my
 husband will be home in less
 than hour.

He: But I've done nothing I
 shouldn't do.

She: Well, I just wanted to warn
 you that if you're going to, you'd
 better do it in a hurry.



Got time for a short one?

Girl of the Month

Marty Brown

Senior in School of Journalism, majoring in Advertising . . . Sophomore representative, SGA Council . . . Sophomore representative, AWS Council . . . KEA . . . New Student Week Group Leader . . . Fanfare for Fifty . . . Chairman, Division of Personal Contacts, SGA . . . Theta Sigma Phi . . . Chairman, SGA Retreat '52 . . . Co-chairman, SGA Student Union Retreat '53 . . . Secretary, SGA . . . Who's Who in American Universities and Colleges . . . President, Alpha Chi Omega . . . 21 . . . Kansas City, Missouri.



Photo by Al Smith

Boy of the Month

Bud Bradshaw

Senior in Arts and Science, majoring in Law . . . SGA President . . . Chairman department of Activities . . . Arts and Science representative . . . Track . . . "B" team letter . . . varsity cross-country letter . . . ODK . . . Mystical Seven . . . APO President, vice-president, secretary . . . Delta Sigma Rho vice-president . . . Varsity Debate . . . Varsity Oratory . . . Athenaeum Society . . . Dean's honor roll . . . Student Forensics Committee . . . Student Union Activities Board . . . NSA delegate . . . Distinguished Military Student . . . Who's Who in American Universities and Colleges . . . Secretary, Beta Theta Pi . . . Lebanon, Missouri.

Photo by Al Smith



TIGER
LAUNDRY AND DRY CLEANING COMPANY

High Quality Cleaning

Low Prices

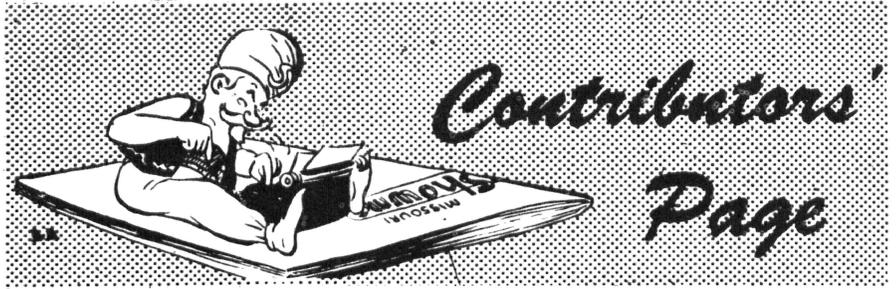
1101 Bdwy. Phone 4155

Chevrolet
brightens the new year.

Brimming with beauty •
 Purring with power
 for 1954

Nathe
Chevrolet
 Inc.

715 Highway 40 West



barb jones



No matter what your private opinion of Swami is, God Rest his Soul, you have to admit that his eyesight isn't growing dim in his dotage. Voila, Barbara Jones his exchange editor, would brighten up the appearance of any drab office. Barbara first started working in the SHOWME office two semesters ago when one wintery day she tripped over to Read Hall with a basket of goodies under her arm for the destitute writers. Beneath the sparkling white cloth was a whole basketful of stolen jokes from a periodical published on the Gutenberg press out of Cambridge.

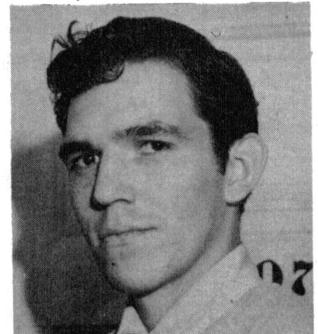
A junior in the school of education, Barbara chose that particular school mostly because they don't get so nasty when you miss a class now and then (Monday through Friday). A roomer over at the Gamma Phi Hotel for Women, she yearns to become an air line hostess upon graduation. Her home address is Hannibal.

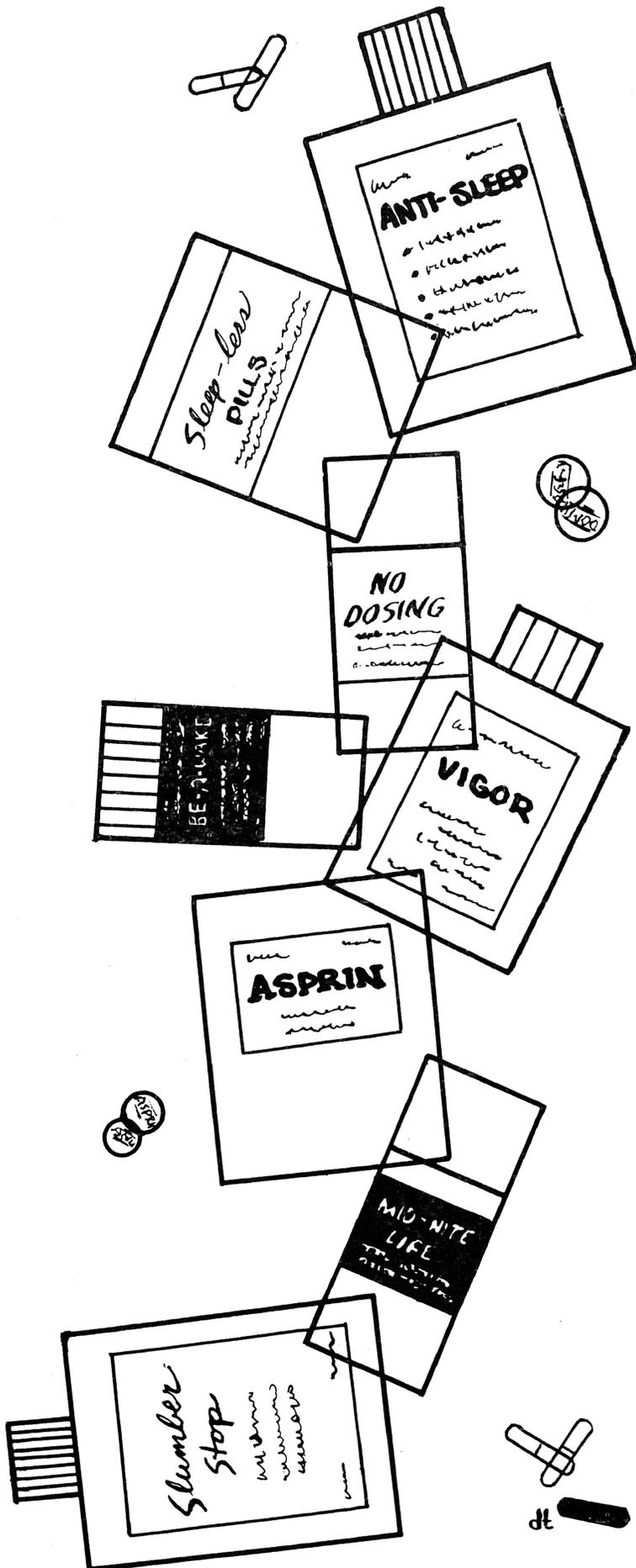
And in case you didn't know or had forgotten, the pert Miss Jones, whose efficiency in sweeping up the morning-after-deadline-mess in the office has won her the editor's undying gratitude, was a SHOWME Queen finalist in her freshman year. As a matter of fact, you voted her in as runner-up, and her trip to St. Louis was her first real contact with Swami.

chip martin

Somewhat of a loudmouth, Chip Martin, the son of the Vertible Block Martin, has been known to say anywhere from three to four words in a single afternoon. Sometimes he gets downright gabby and comments on the weather, if it's unusual enough. The last time was when Noah floated by Read Hall on his home-made ark. The rest of the time Chip draws those hilarious cartoons that even crack the stony face of the editor.

Tall, dark-haired, handsome, broad-shouldered . . . we could go on, but he's married—this sprite of 23 will be Swami's art editor next semester. An alum of Wyandotte High School many ice ages ago, he attended Kansas City Junior College before coming to Missouri. Chip also spent three years between his High School and College years in the Air Force at the Barksdale Base where he labored mightily on the "Observer." Most of the time he just drank beer, though. Even now, given enough beer, he will admit that he plans to enter J-School and putter around there for a couple of semesters. (Too bad, he seems like such a smart lad, otherwise). Quite light-hearted about the idea of eventually graduating, Chip says he might even go to work when he gets out—perhaps, he'll carry on playing the guitar on KFRU's Saturday night jamboree, as he does now.





The time is near
for you to take,
The little pills
to keep awake.

But finals will not
always last,
And college days will
soon be past.

Now,
If you want
to remember far,
Rush right down
and buy your Savitar.

But
The sales for Savitar
will soon close down,
When February 4th
rolls 'round.

We need not tell
you any more,
Just buy your Savitar
for '54.

Order from

- House Representative
- University Store
- Student Union Ticket Office
- Savitar Office

How the stars got started



ANNE JEFFREYS dreamed of being an opera star, studied long and hard. **BOB STERLING** could have been a pro athlete, but chose the long, hard pull of acting. Both eventually won good parts on stage, radio, TV. They met on a TV show... became Mr. & Mrs. in real life... and "Mr. and Mrs. Kerby" in TV's brilliant new "Topper" program!

Anne Jeffreys AND *Bob Sterling*
Stars of the fabulous new TV program "TOPPER" CBS-TV, Fridays



Anne: I CHANGED TO CAMELS YEARS AGO BECAUSE TO ME THEY TASTE BETTER AND ARE SO MILD. YOU TRY THEM, TOO!

Bob: SO MANY FRIENDS SMOKE CAMELS, I TRIED THEM AND FOUND I LIKE THEM BETTER THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

For *MILDNESS* and *FLAVOR*

Camels
agree with more people
THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE!



Start smoking Camels yourself!

Smoke only Camels for 30 days and find out why Camels are first in mildness, flavor and popularity! See how much pure pleasure a cigarette can give you!