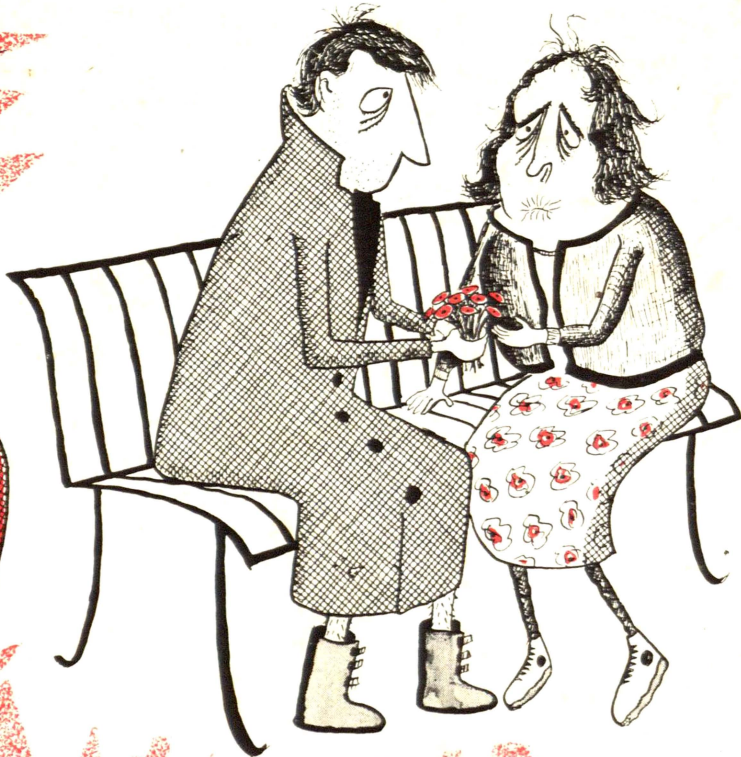
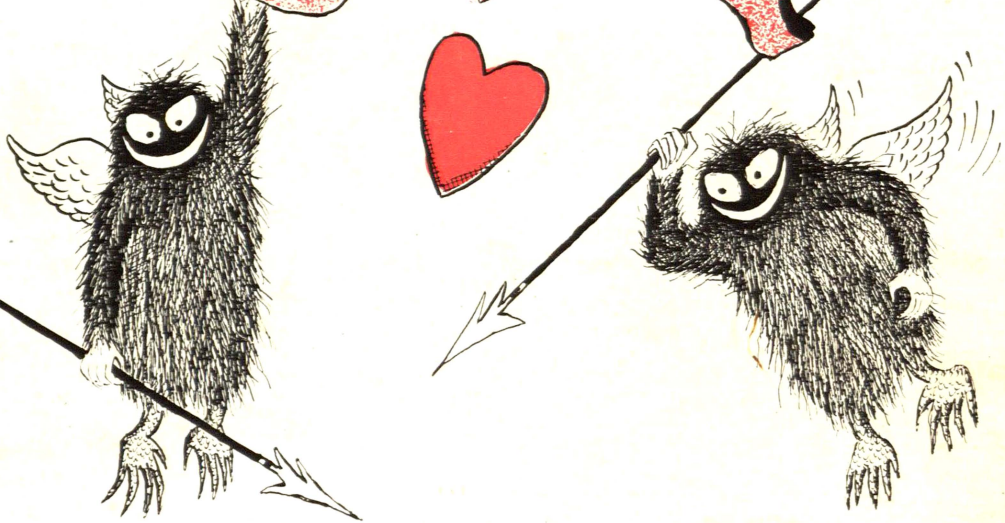


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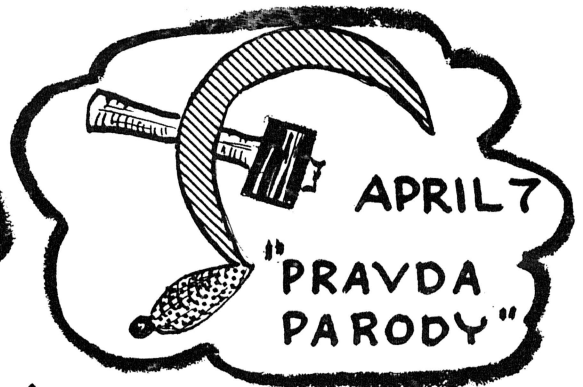
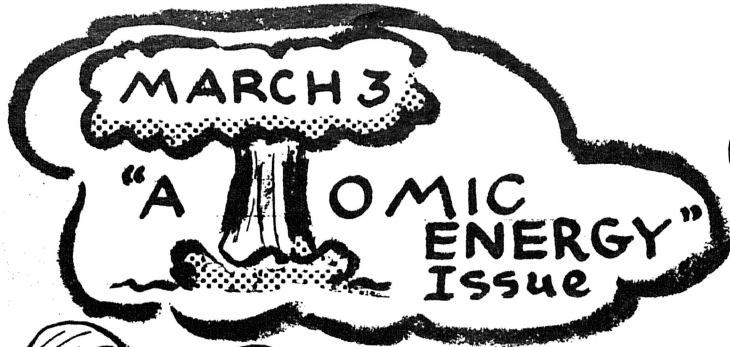


DICK
NOEL

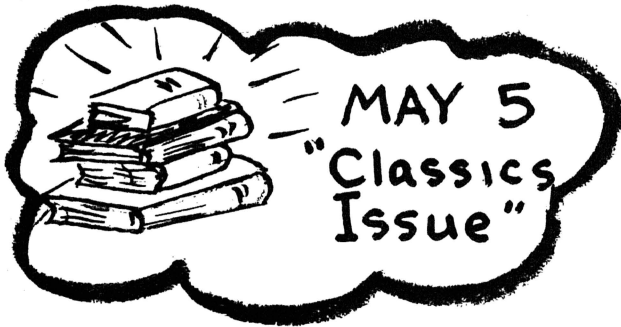
HEARTS AND FLOWERS ISSUE

WARRIOR

1954
25¢



Swami's future goodies



**You haven't time
to wait!**

buy your
1954 Savitar NOW!

buy from

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

Don't Waste A Minute—Savitar Sales Close February 15.

THORNTON
**5 MORE
DAYS**

a poem about college life

There once was a typical college kid,
Whose name it so happens was playboy Sid,
He never studied, he never worked,
He always played, he always shirked.
Late he'd stay out with his pals so dear,
Drinking and drinking his cola clear.

His clothes were tattered and torn to a shred,
Nothing but headaches ever filled his head,
His appearance was sloppy and so was he
In fact he was a regular horror to see.
Little he knew of changing styles
Or how smart dress wins ladies' smiles
He never heard of Pucketts store
Or of their knowledge of clothing lore.

Green shirts he thought were really fine
Especially with bluejeans (simply devine)
So on he went in his college years
Till finally he left (amid professors' cheers)
But now that he's gone he's filled with remorse
Cause he's flaked away his life, of course
And now the world so cruel and mean
Is taking its toll on this jelly bean.

Working hard from day to day
He washes windows and slaves away
As soft sad tears come to his eye
When he thinks of college life gone by,
And of all the things he **could** have learned
How "clothes make the man" (advice he'd spurned)

His story is sad, sad but true
Come to Pucketts before Sid becomes you!



Pucketts

STEAKS AT ERNIE'S? WHY DAHLING, COME RIGHT ON OVER!

ERNIE'S

STEAK HOUSE

A Valentine's Day Resolution

Before you park remember this
 Logically speaking it's foolish to kiss
 You may protest or heave a sigh
 But It's got to go and this is why
 Philosophers in ancient days
 Said, "We must forsake our sexy ways
 Enjoy a kiss might mean that we
 Would forget philosophy
 Nothing worthwhile's ever made
 If pleasure we do not evade."
 This plainly shows the sensual joys
 Were never made for girls and boys.
 All other kisses too are wrong
 To an evil class they do belong
 Don't kiss a person of your gender
 For this is silly you must remember
 And those who kiss babies are really worms
 They give the poor child all their germs.
 If you don't enjoy it, it's alright to kiss
 But really what's the sense of this.
 So why not decide on Valentines Day
 That logically kissing doesn't pay
 But girls for you I add this P.S!
 Logic won't make you a social success.

Fairbanks

* * *
 She threw alphabet soup at her boy friend—hot words passed between them.

* * *
 Conscience doesn't keep you from doing anything wrong—it just keeps you from enjoying it.

* * *
 Crook (over phone): If you don't send one thousand dollars immediately, we will kidnap your mother-in-law.

* * *
 Answer: I don't have that much money, but your proposition interests me.

* * *
 A man came home at four in the morning and found a man in the closet of his bedroom.

"Where were you until four o'clock in the morning?" screamed his wife. The husband countered, "Who is this man with you?" The wife said, "Don't change the subject!"

* * *
 Sign in a public dance hall. "He who hesitates is not dancing."

Cover Girl of the month

Miller's

800 Broadway

HANDMADE HAND-LASTED

Higher Education

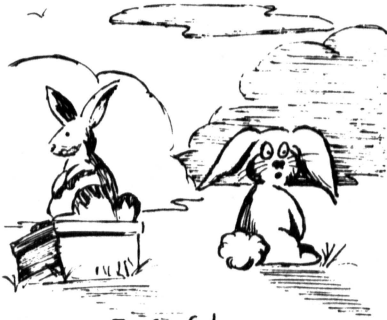
They told us college was the school
Where we'd acquire that wondrous tool,
Of education, which would rule
Our lives and earning power.

Some even went so far 's to say,
A quest for knowledge is the only way
To receive the fullest pay
From invested brains and hours.

"A quest for knowledge,"—pretty phrase,
Coined no doubt in bygone days
When learning meant more than a maze
Of quizzes, quizzes, quizzes.

I ask you, comrade without hope,
You, groggy from no-doze and dope;
Are you "questing", when you race to cope
With these damned infernal quizzes?

—Murry



I Goofed

In an English army hospital:
"Ullo, Bill!"
"Ullo, Alf!"
"Come in to die?"
"Naw, yesterdie."
* * *

Prof: Mr. Jones, I hate to tell you,
but your son is a moron.
Jones: Where is he? I'll teach
that young pup to join a fraternity
without consulting me.
* * *

A group of farmers were crowded
around the post office window
to get their mail, when one of
them stalked up and shouted:
"Any mail for Mike Howe?"
The post office clerk, a stranger in
the community, glared at him
over the rims of his spectacles
and shouted back: "No, not for
your cow nor anybody else's
cow."



Columbia, Mo., February 10 (Exclusive) Eager college men crowd cars in frantic rush to buy Valentine gifts for their girls at Julie's

MEET ME AT
**Andy's
 Corner**



"On the Highway
 Out Past the Stadium"

FOR THE BEST
 IN MOTION
 PICTURES



MISSOURI
 THEATRE

On the Strollway



Here we go again, gang. Another semester and four more issues to put to bed. We've got most of our first semester crew still pounding typewriters, drawing boards, and sidewalks. Bill Braznell has finally turned in his pens and brushes for Air Force blue, and Swami will miss his old partying buddy. Benny, Jerry Powell and old "Bear" Brown are still around taking care of the business angle, while Rosebud goes into her last half year sorting out the funny ones from the clean ones. Chipper steps up to Gutz' place and Warren Murry replaces good old B. J. Rudy as feature editor. Bill Roberts is going to relax and let "Bear" chase advertising all over town. And, me? Somewhere far in the distance I can see the light of June shining through four more issues.

Remember last month we gave you a whole lot of Mickey Mouse

about a wild parody on Colliers? Well, for quite a while we figured we were going to do it. Then one night at a gag meeting somebody had a better idea. After kicking it around for half an hour, we decided we really had something this time. And so, come April, we will have a parody, but not on Colliers. The April issue will cover our conception of Pravda and other organs of the Russian press. Of course, this is all barring the intervention of a certain Senator from the North. We haven't decided on a title yet, and perhaps you can help us. One thing we do know. It will be "The Most Widely Red Magazine in the Nation."

And this month. Well, we're lucky we even got a magazine out, let alone finally got a theme for it. Back in December it was "Hearts and Flowers." Then it was the "Valentine Issue". Then we got the wild idea to bring in Abe Lincoln, and the "Emancipation Issue" was it for a while. But Dick Noel already had the cover idea by this time, so we went back to the original. At any rate, here it is, 5,000 copies, and we hope you like it.

Joe



DICK NOEL

Wendel always was a rather poor loser.



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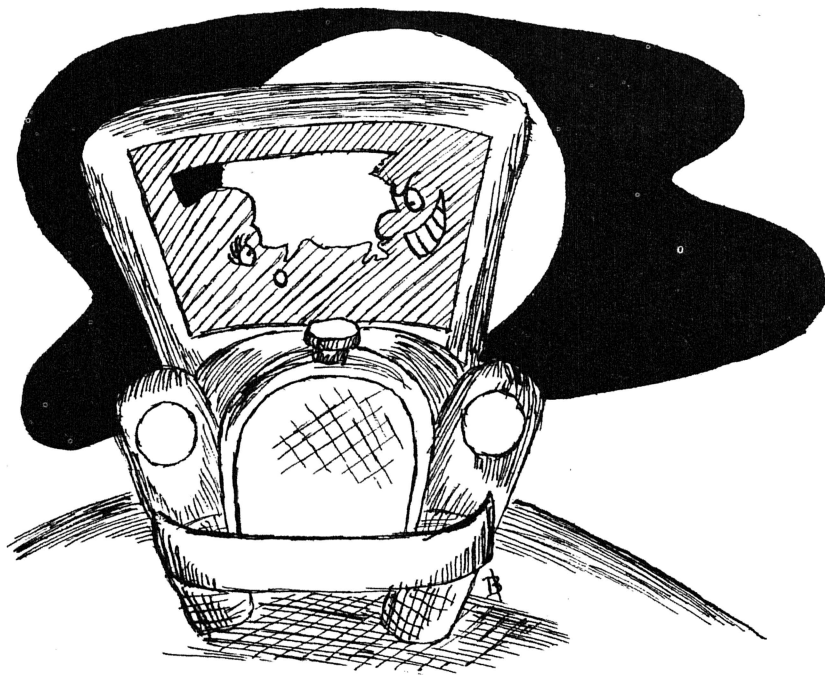
Photos by Al Smith

Volume 30

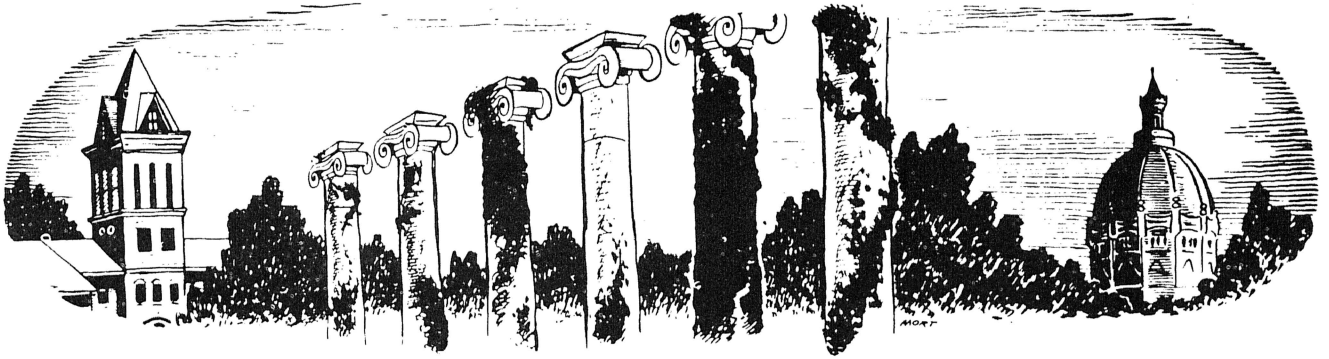
February 1954

Number 5

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I'd love to kiss you for a lark;
I'd love to hug you in the dark;
My dear, I'd **really** love to—
If I could find a place to park.



Around The Columns

Overheard

For the last month of 1953 and the first part of January, one of Swami's female staffers was in a pink daze over her coming adventure into the land of matrimony. One day shortly before the Christmas holidays, the young lady was in a group touring KOMU-TV. A business-minded lad in the crowd, referring to the station, innocently inquired, "Who's going to get the license?"

To this the sweet young thing replied out of her pink cloud, "He is."

Reincarnation

The beginning of a new semester . . . no books for the first three weeks. . . "You mean it'll cost me a dollar to get out of this course?" . . . eager first semester freshmen discovering they're still first semester freshmen . . . icy streets and icy stares from professors when you're late the first time . . . then they begin to get used to it. . . "How much longer till summer?" . . . "Sure, heck, yes, I'll party—lots of time till mid-semesters." . . . "I thought you had this course last semester." . . . "Oh, you did." . . . bleary eyes, not from studying, but from rehearsals for the Frolics . . . it's like getting a fresh start. . . "Only I don't feel so fresh."

Next Prexy

Swami's going to miss good old Freddie when he retires in June. When the seldom seen president of the dear old State U leaves the helm, there won't be another like

him, another as respected among academic circles throughout the nation. We never saw much of Middlebush, but then, who did? And a university president whose whole existence is shrouded in mystery is always fair game for a humor magazine. We hope the man chosen to succeed him will be as qualified as he. And, speaking of Harry Truman, rumor has it that if he took the job, he'd have an option to work at Puckett's during the afternoon. But the names most frequent mentioned are Dean Ellis and Dean Townsend. Remember, you read it here first.

'Taint Funny

We got a large charge out of one of the humor magazines we recently received. It was the Rammer-Jammer from the U. of Alabammer. (Pardon the pun, but it was irresistible.) Tucked away amid some other filched jokes was one credited to SHOWME. Quoting the Rammer-Jammer, "He: Is this the Salvation Army? Him: Yes." Now maybe we missed the boat completely, or

maybe they have found a meaning we didn't consider, but the fact remains, as we explained it once before—that's only half the joke. The other half, which we inadvertently placed on another page, runs, "He: Do you save bad women?" "Him: Yes." "He: Well, save a couple for me for Saturday night." Either the editors of the Alabama mag were polluted when they clipped it, or . . . well, what else could it be? Wonder what kind of stars are falling on Alabama these days.

SGA vs. IFC

We greatly enjoyed the altercation—in letter form only (that's too bad) between the Student Government Association and the Inter-Fraternity Council concerning who is to get the credit for lowered student rates for certain motion pictures uptown. From the latter letter of a Good Samaritan who "only wanted to get the facts", it turned out that neither party had very much to do with anything, except "who's going to win the next SGA elections." At this point we'd like to point—point out that in a democracy that is operated on the principle of free enterprise, a man has the right to charge anything he desires for his product, so long as he doesn't have a monopoly or trust. Since this doesn't seem to apply to the local theatres, it is our belief that the management of these movie houses may charge any price they think they can get. It's supply and demand all over again, but we almost flunked Econ 51. And how do you propose to work out a boycott, little politicians?



Oh Barf!

At a Stephen's mixer late last year, the roommate of last semester's art editor was gaily tripping the light fantastic with a bright young Susie whom he had just met. Somehow the conversation got around to SHOWME, and the young man inadvertently admitted he was rooming with a Swami staffer.



"Who is he?" queried the sweet young thing.

"He's the art editor."

"Oh," said the Susie, "is he the one who draws Susie Stephens?"

When the young man had haltingly admitted that the roommate was the one, the Stephens girl promptly disengaged her hand from his, turned her back, and walked off the dance floor.

Feelthy Campaign?

From what we've seen behind the scenes of political parties striving for your votes for SGA, this looks like one heck of a knock-down-dragout war. This will probably be the feelthiest campaign in the history of Mizzou, and that's going some. And what's going to make it even more ridiculous than

usual is the fact that every cent spent on the campaign is going to have to be accounted for. That means that if you want to paint a sign, saying, "Vote for Joe Schmo", you're going to have to account in dollars and sense where the ink, paper, and maybe even the labor came from. That's going to take a lot of intricate figuring to make sure the other party hasn't exceeded the three hundred dollar limit. And we know of no one, save our politician friends, with minds small enough to cope with all the tiny details.

Sig Heil

One of the most irritating stories in last month's newspapers concerned the activities of one Joseph McCarthy, carrying out a one-man investigation in Boston. After Uncle Joe (who is trying to catch followers of Uncle Joe Stalin, while at the same time using the late dictator's methods) had finished questioning a graduate of Harvard College and Harvard Law School, the trouble began.

The young man, Theodore G. Pappas, "said he wanted to read a statement. McCarthy called the marshalls to 'remove him.'"

Pappas' lawyer "arose and asked, 'Do I understand we can't put a statement into the record?'"

"'Remove him,' McCarthy ordered. Pappas and his lawyer were hustled from the hearing room."

If Mr. McCarthy has his way it won't be long before he'll have his own private troupe of black-shirted guards to stifle any further attempts to "get smart." As a matter of fact, we're running a big risk even printing this.

Lodge-ings

One of the fraternities which was once burned does not seem to be "twice shy". Immediately after the vacation at Christmas time, the DU's rented Lodge Hall from Stephens College. But the Susies didn't get back until the tenth of January, and some of them weren't aware of the change of address. As you can see, this could lead to complications. And it did. One evening while the boys were sitting down to dinner, two girls wandered in and stared wide-eyed at all the young men in the dining room. They were baffled but still game. They just



walked past the dining room to the piano and sat down and started to play. When the boys had finished dinner, they sauntered in and gathered around the piano or just sat down to listen. The girls were a little flustered but bravely carried on. It wasn't until a few minutes later that one of the more merciful brothers leaned over and whispered that the hall had been rented for the semester. With rosy cheeks growing ever more crimson, the Susies beat a hasty retreat.

And then there was the evening a Susie brought her date over



Oh, Fred . . . a necklace . . . how nice.

to play ping pong, and virtually the same thing occurred, to the utter embarrassment of the young man. Do you think if we burned down the dormitories we could luck out, too?

Artistry in K.C.

A few weeks ago Stan Kenton was due to give a dance concert in Kansas City at the Pla-Mor. At three o'clock on that Saturday afternoon, two of our buddies decided to take in the show. Picking up their dates, they made the long trip to the land of milk and Pendergast. Arriving without reservations, they soon found themselves seated behind the bandstand in what is laughingly known as the Annex. This was nowhere. About halfway through the evening, while they were griping about their sad plight, who



should come walking through but Stan the Man, himself.

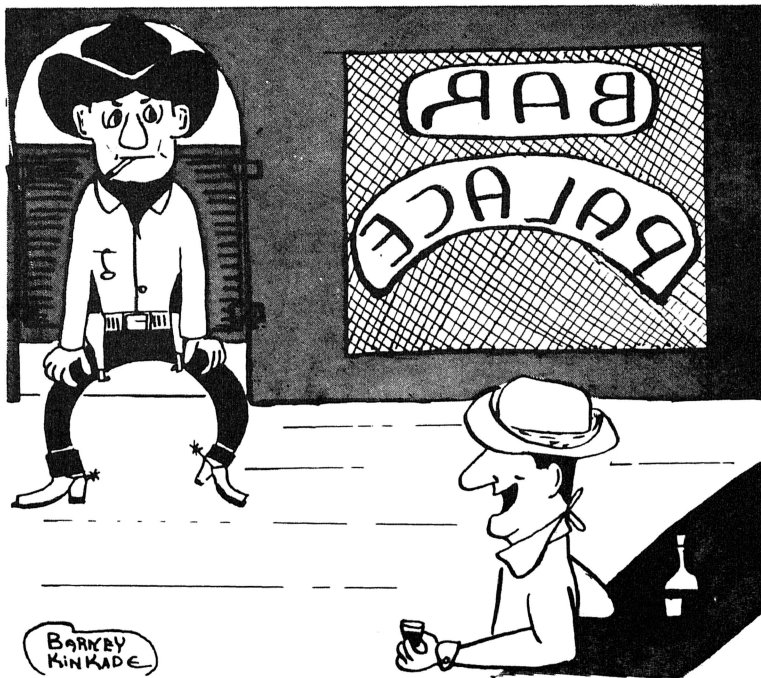
"Jack," said one of the MU lads, "why don't you ask him to get us better seats?"

"By George," said Jack, "I'll do it!"

Grabbing Kenton by the arm, Jack implored, "Stan, we've been driving for four hours just to hear you play. And what do they do, but stick us way back here, where we can't even see you? How about helping us out?"

"Well, Gosh darn!" said Kenton, "You come with me, and I'll see about this."

The four followed him out to the front of the Pla-Mor, where Kenton button-holed the manager. "Look," he said, "my friends here have been traveling all afternoon, and what do you do, but stick them back of the band stand. You can do better than that."



"Old Paint pregnant again, Herb?"

"But, Stan," said the mgr., "we've been sold out for a week."

"Well, you can do something."

After thinking a minute, the manager said, "Well, we do have some space on the mezzanine above the dance floor that's reserved for the people from Capitol records. I'll put your friends up there."

They were ushered upstairs to a plush layout with soft lounge chairs and tables marked, "Reserved." From here they watched the rest of the performance under the baleful gaze of envious customers who couldn't see anything but their backs and the sign marked, "Capitol Records."

To top the whole evening off, Jack, a rabid Kenton fan, asked the master for his autograph. Neither one had any paper, so Kenton reached up to his music stand and came up with his original composition in his own handwriting of "Artistry in Rythm", which he autographed.

So it pays to have a college education and a barrel full of luck, or maybe all you need is luck. C'est la vie.

Union Dues

Many times you don't care what someone else does, so long as it doesn't affect you, and especially

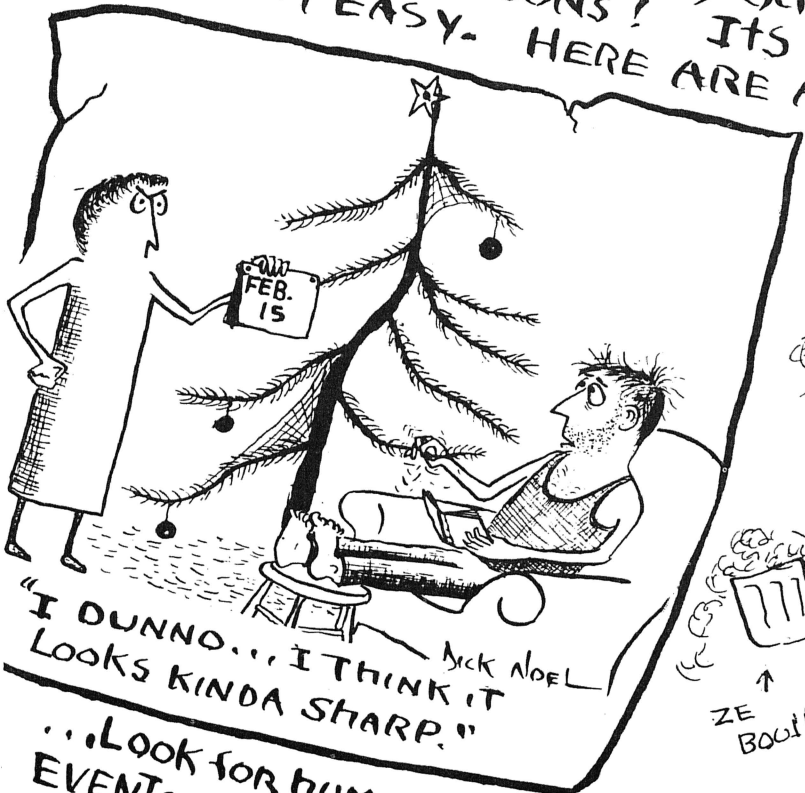
your wallet. Last month we were surprised to find out that some imbecile had left a lighted cigarette in the cushions of a chair in the Student Union lounge. A large hole was burned, before someone found the smoking butt. It could have been a bad fire, but luckily



it wasn't. But the fact remains that we are contributing \$7.50 a semester towards paying off the bond issue on the Union, and it is our Union. As long as we're paying for it, we may as well keep an eye on those few idiots who don't look where they're dropping cigarettes, or who crush them out on rugs. Besides, we waited too long for a Student Union to see it go up in one big blaze of glory.

j.g.

ALONG ABOUT THIS TIME OF YEAR, WHEN THE DARN SNOW'S MEITED, AND YOU'RE ONLY CARRYING THREE HOURS, ... WELL, YOU FEEL LIKE DOING SOMETHING CONSTRUCTIVE. I HAVE A SUGGESTION. INSTEAD OF ORGANIZING A GENUINE CHEROKEE RUG-WEAVING CLUB OR GOING OUT FOR THE HAMMAR-THROW, WHY NOT DRAW CARTOONS? ITS CONSTRUCTIVE AS HECK, AND REALLY VERY EASY. HERE ARE A FEW TIPS.....



"I DUNNO... I THINK IT LOOKS KINDA SHARP."
- MICK NOEL

~~0/0~~
ZE
↑
BOOZLOINE



"AIRIGHT, SO THERE WAS ANOTHER AX-MURDER LAST NIGHT - DONT HAVE A SPASM!"
- MICK NOEL

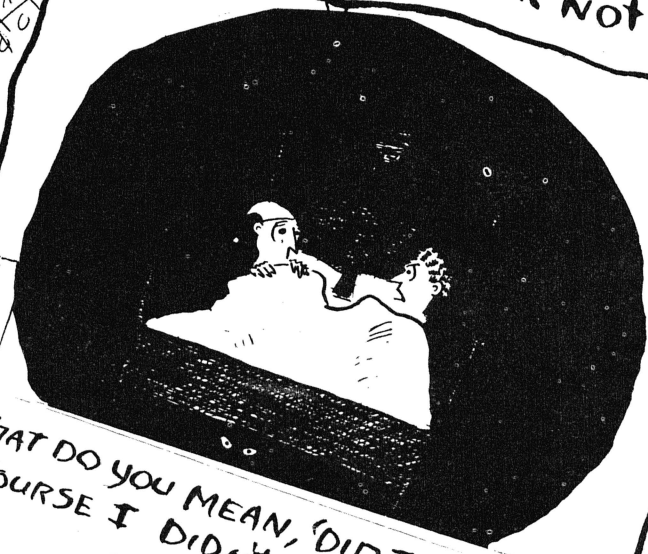
...LOOK FOR HUMOR IN TRADITIONAL EVENTS - YOU KNOW - XMAS, EASTER, HANGINGS, SHOTGUN WEDDINGS... AND ABOVE ALL, BE ABLE TO LAUGH AT YOURSELF.....

...BE MORBID AS HELL.. (THIS SCARES PEOPLE AND THEY CAN'T TELL WHETHER IT'S FUNNY OR NOT!)



"WHY YES, I'VE SEEN IT, ITS VERY FRESH!"
- MICK NOEL

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4
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"WHAT DO YOU MEAN, 'DID I GROWL?' OF COURSE I DIDN'T GROWL!"

ME, THE JUDGE



Corky

by Spilly Mickane

The body lay in the living room,
Cold and dead as the grave.
His head was bashed in; his teeth
knocked out,
And blood gushed out in a wave.
"He was my buddy," I told the
cops,
When they finally arrived on the
spot.
"And I'll get the son of a gun that
did it,
And see that his bones go to rot."
The cops didn't have anything on
me,
So they consented to let me
depart.
"I'll get the guy that did this job,"
I said to myself in my heart.
I went to my office and sat at my
desk,
My feet propped up in the air.
I wondered what means I could
use
To draw this crook from his lair.
Then my door opened and she
walked in,
And loud was my heart-beat,
A gorgeous blond with sexy
curves,
A Susie and how neat!
She shimmied over to my seat,
I smelled her fragrant perfume.
I felt awful dizzy and it seemed to
me
That someone was shaking the
room.
"Hello, handsome," she cooed to
me,
In that low, sexy way.
My mouth flew open and my
throat choked up,
But finally I managed to say,
"Well, dcll, what do you want?
I'm just a private eye."
She said, "How about private
eyeing me?"
And I let out with a sigh.
"I want you to find a killer,

Who murdered a boy friend of
mine.
I'm very much grieved, so don't
be deceived.
Into thinking I'm handing you a
line."
I looked her over from head to
foot
I said, "That sure is a shame,
But I will catch the dirty crook
Or Mike Hatchet isn't my name."
She told me her boy friend's
name,
And it startled me no end,
For the name of her guy was just
the same
As that of my murdered friend.
So being a brilliant detective
I went to work on the case.
I wanted to kill the killer,
So the cops and me had a race.
I scrounged around for many
days,
Hunting hard for a clue,
But I wasn't getting very far,
And I was feeling blue.
Then one night in my office,
A great big gent walked in.
I could tell he was a no-good,
Deeply touched with sin.
"Look here, Hatchet," he said to
me,
In a voice that was rasping and
raw,
"You better lay off this case
you're on."
And he hit me hard on the jaw.
I picked myself up off the floor,
And fought back like a cat,
I hit him hard with my swivel
chair
And he went down after that.
I jumped on top of him like a
flash,
And hit him hard on the jaw.
I felt the bones crack and crush,
And saw the blood run raw.
I kicked him hard in the stomach,
And saw him gasp for breath,
A few more blows crushed in his
skull,

And I knew he was close to death.
Again I smashed into his teeth,
And heard them clang to the
floor.
He pleaded for mercy but I paid
no heed
And kept on giving him more.
I took his arm and bent it back
Until I heard it snap,
He shrieked in pain and then I
gave
His bleeding side a hard rap.
The old boy was about finished,
I hated to see him go,
But I dragged him to the window
And pushed him out to the street
below.
I brushed his blood from my
clothes,
And straightened up my tie,
I washed the dirt from my face
And patched a small cut on my
eye.
And then I left for my home,
I was a trifle worn.
But I wasn't too unhappy,
Because none of my clothes were
torn.
I finally reached the boarding
house,
And went up to my room,
I thought that as I entered
Someone else was in the gloom.
I pulled out my trusty .38
And flipped the light switch on,
And there she stood, the beautiful
blonde,
And man, was I ever gone.
She stood there like a statute,
In a light blue negligee,
My heart pounded in my ears
And then I heard her say,
"I've been waiting for you Mike,
Waiting quite a while.
I thought you'd never get here."
And then I saw her smile.
I crossed over to her,
She slipped her arms through
mine.
I held her close and kissed her,
(Continued on page 20)

STUDENT'S HAMBURG ADDRESS

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new university, conceived in a jelly-session and dedicated to the curve, that grades no men equal.

Now we are enrolled in a great brain factory, testing whether or not that school or any school so conceived and so dedicated can long endure. We are shafted on a great raise of that curve. We have come to dedicate a portion of that curve as a final resting-place of those who here gave their lives that few might graduate. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a lager sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this curve. The jelliers living and dead, who partied here, have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The school will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great cask remaining before us—that from that cause for which they drank the last full measure—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have flunked in vain—that this curve, under duress, shall have a new average—and that partying of the students, by the students, for the students, shall not perish from the earth.

—warren murry



TWENTY YEARS OF FACES

The Second of Two Articles

The McKinney Report

by Fred McKinney

This discussion of student life of two decades grew out of a generalization that along with the Columns and Jesse Hall, student life itself gives the University of Missouri an atmosphere of timelessness. And not unlike the campus, which acquires a new building or a Ninth Street tunnel now and then, it retains its fundamental character—generations of students are so much alike as the years go on as to make the returning alumnus seem less like his former self than his sons seem like him. In twenty years MU has been host to students who have more in common than the differences that depression, war, and “peace” reflected in their exterior.

It is hard to believe that Missouri students in the thirties launched into a semester with a \$15-a-month stipend as their major financial support. At this time though, many high school graduates saw little likelihood of getting jobs of any promise and seized readily the NYA opportunities. They lived in groups in Columbia third-stories, attics, or basements, often cooked their own meals and imported clean clothes and some food from home on weekly or bimonthly hitchhiking excursions.

This kind of college life seemed to be regarded as the exception even then, as reflected in one student's remarks. He had had a full summer of employment, returned early, and obtained two part-time jobs. He came up to my office and with an enthusiastic flourish said, “Well, this semester I'm going to live like a student!” “How have you been living, Tommy?” I required. “Like a young married couple,” was his glum reply.

I knew a student who lived in a basement in a house next to a filling station. He talked about having to work for his room by long hours as a male practical nurse to

a sickly elderly person. When he sleepily described his rooming facilities, he told of a cot in a corner of a damp basement with no bathroom facilities at all. He stated he had to go to the filling station next door to see running water. It can be readily appreciated that Defoe Hall, the first modern men's dormitory on the campus, was for most students quite a boon. (The first men's dormitory—I am told by a few of my older colleagues who lived there—was Lathrop Hall, the present music building.)

The depression period too brought older students to the campus—refugees from unemployment. They didn't seem to me to have the maturity and forcefulness of the war veterans who were to be with us a decade later. They were not returning heroes but the retreating, straggling, and dispersed forces from the Battle of the Economic Boom.

The depression really didn't change the character of student life much—not nearly as much as



the war years. There were dances, dates, some cars, a few shows—everything was done on a less expensive scale. Coke dates and long walks and students in the balconies in the shows (half-price in those days) increased. During this time the shores of the Hinkson were rediscovered.

In the thirties a fire occurred during the dinner party in the house with a sky light, south of the library. I was a guest there that night and remember it as a festive occasion (both the dinner and the fire). We helped carry

(Continued on page 17)



Cupid Strikes Back

by Nancy Fairbanks

"Something's got to be done. Here I am a senior and I'm not even secretly married." Caroline ground her teeth at the embarrassing thought of her situation. "I've dated two-hundred and nineteen boys and what have I got to show for it? No hits, no runs," she grinned reminiscently, "but plenty of errors. And if someone asks me to be bridesmaid in another wedding—I've had it. Two times already I've been a bridesmaid. Not that I'm superstitious but I'm not taking any chances." The phone rang and Caroline went out to answer it. She returned and flopped despondently in a chair. "Well, I've had it. What could I say? Sorry kid, but my prospects aren't good enough to risk a third trip up the aisle for anyone but me. I've sure got to do something. Quick! The only remote possibility is Godfrey. What



an ass! That boy must be retarded. He shakes my hand at the door and bids me a cheery good evening. Oh well, he's got money."

She sat in her room a long time painting her toenails green and thinking about her problem. Finally she put away the bottle and got out a piece of writing paper. "Dear Mr. Cupid—"

Two and a half weeks later Caroline received this letter:

Dear Miss Caroline,

I was very sorry to receive your letter and hear of your desperate situation. I'm not too familiar with the territory in which you live, as people down there seem to make ends meet without my help. But as I need the money I shall attempt the journey to Columbia. I peeked in on you the other day and was very surprised that you need my help. You are a very attractive female. I might even be interested myself if you were a few thousand years older.

As I understand I am to meet you and the target in a parked car on a place called the Hinkson. I provide three kinds of shafts—the royal shafts, the purple shaft, and the deluxe, gold-tipped, perfect-passion shaft. I have detected one minor difficulty. Having cased your young man I find that he has a rather strange circulatory system. However, I'm sure that if you can get him to bend over at the proper moment, I will be able to drive an arrow through his heart.

You may expect me on the 14th about 10:45 providing the weather is good, of course. You understand that I won't be able to come in a cold climate considering my traditional state of undress. I can't shoot straight when I'm cold. So until our future meeting I remain.

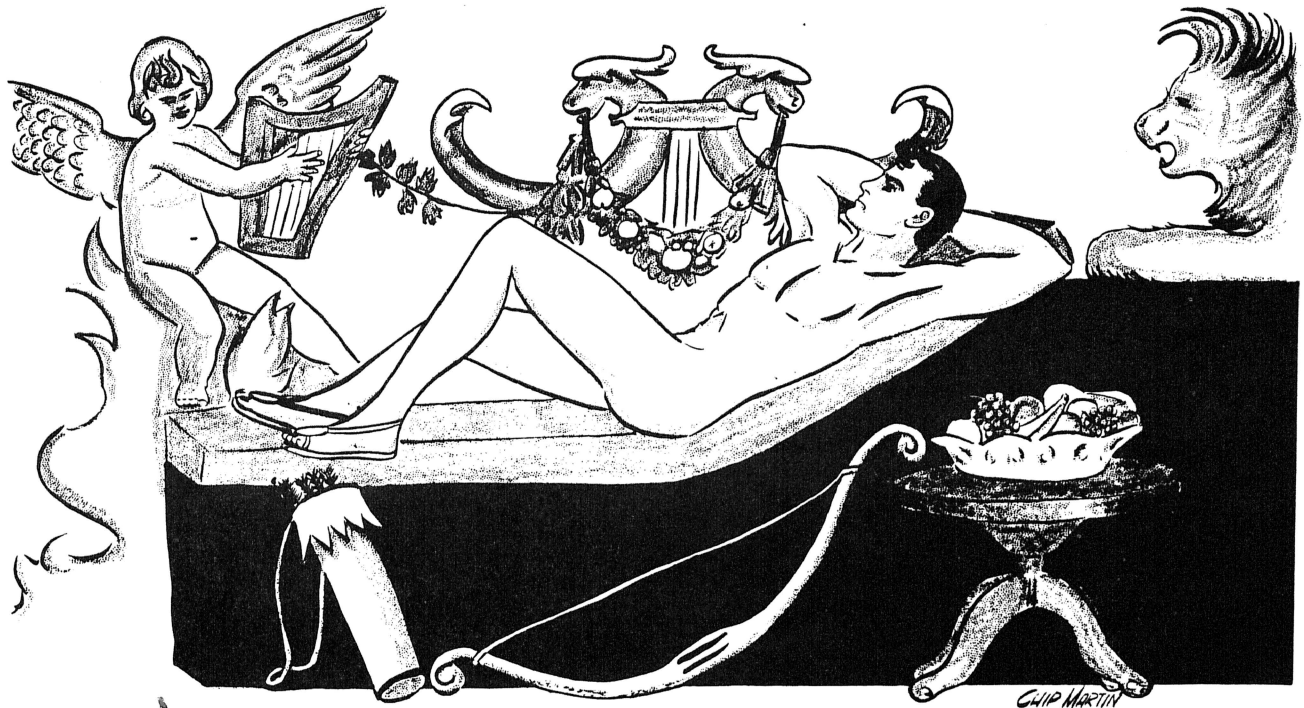
*Sincerely yours,
D. Cupid*

"Godfrey, prepare yourself. The great day is at hand." She waved the letter triumphantly at a picture of Godfrey standing in front of a fireplace with his homberg tilted rakishly over his left eye.

A week later Godfrey in his riding clothes called for her, innocently unaware of his pending proposal. He greeted Caroline, shook hands with her, tipped his hat to the house mother, and they left.

"Why the horsey outfit, Godfrey? Did you trade your car in for a four-footed model?"

"I thought we'd ride tonight."



"Oh, forget it."

"Seriously, my dear, we had a jolly good hunt this afternoon and I forgot about the time. At any rate I do think riding clothes give one such a jaunty air. What would you like to do tonight, my dear? We could go to my apartment and play a rousing game of ping-pong."

"That's probably the only game that would occur to you to play in your apartment," she thought. "Let's go to the Hink."

"What?" Godfrey blushed furiously. "My dear Caroline, you know I'm not that type of fellow. Dear me, what would Mother think?"

"Oh relax, Godfrey, I'm not going to attack you. How much money did you say your father had?"

"I don't recall saying. Gentlemen don't discuss finances."

"Well, I'm not a gentleman. Or did you notice? The Hink is such a nice quiet place, and I want you to tell me all about how you won the Chess Tournament."

"Well, in that case we might."

Caroline glanced at her watch. "Hurry Godfrey. It's almost 10:45."

"Oh, I'll get you in on time, my dear." A few minutes later Godfrey parked the car. "Well now—This is frightfully exciting, you know—first we lined up our men. My opponent was a bit nervous—I'm really quite well-known in chess circles as a relentless player—"

"I'll bet you are. Let's turn on the radio." Godfrey looked hurt. "For background," Caroline added hastily.

She snapped on the radio. A voice blared out, "Calling all cars, calling all cars. A naked male was reported wandering around the streets of Columbia carrying a dangerous weapon. He is believed to be heading in the direction of the Stables. Apprehend

him. He may be dangerous. Watch out for flying arrows. That is all."

"How odd," said Godfrey. "Some lunatic from Kemper, no doubt. I'll get some music."

Caroline nervously lit a cigarette. She had a frightening premonition who the man with the dangerous weapon was. "Oh, D.C. don't fail me now."

"I moved out my pawn, and he moved his out. The fight was on. I was determined to win. We stalked each other. Ah, I remember it as if it were today." Godfrey was breathing hard. "I took his queen. He was shook."

"Good evening ladies and gentlemen," said a voice on the radio. "I have an interesting tid-bit for you. The Columbia police apprehended a nude man this evening carrying a bow and arrow and walking toward the Hinkson area. The police believe he is a dangerous criminal who escaped from the state mental hospital. He is being held now for indecent exposure and carrying a dangerous weapon. He gives his name as Dan Cupid. He will be taken to Jefferson City tomorrow for further questioning."

"Oh hell," said Caroline. "Faked out."

"Yes he was. Then I took his knight."

"Come on, Godfrey. I've got to get back to Columbia."

"But Caroline!" He took her hand. "Don't you want to hear about the rest of the game?"

"Hurry, Godfrey. You can shake my hand when we get back and tell me about the chess game tomorrow."

"Very well. Until tomorrow then, dear." Godfrey started the car and drove back to town.

"I'll get out here, Godfrey," and she hopped out in front of the police station. "The least I can do for the poor little boy," she thought as she ran up the steps, "is bail him out." She approached the sergeant at the desk. "I've come to bail out that poor little boy

(Continued on page 27)



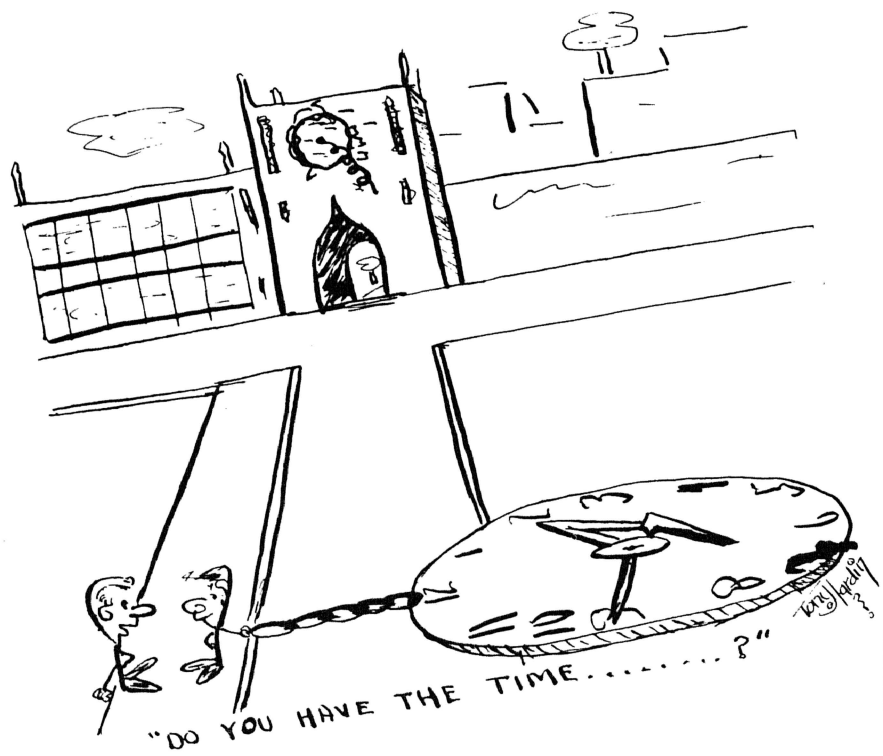
"Heck of a spring on that door, eh, Al?"



NICK NOEL

"Tired? Nervous? Fidgety? Have that 'run down' feeling all the time? Act now! Don't wait a second! Write to the New York Amalgamated Casket and Mausoleum Co. for your free booklet. . . ."

Giggles



"DO YOU HAVE THE TIME.....?"



"Ugh . . . Geronimo, you've been reading those Spring Maid ads again."

TWENTY YEARS OF FACES

(Continued from page 13)

out the artist-owner's painting to the cheering of the student crowd. The firemen could master the fire but not the audience and the owner lost at least an extra room because of the student assistance. As I went down the side steps carrying paintings early during the blaze I saw a newly delivered milk bottle on the step. An hour later when firemen and students had departed, I again went out the side door. The milk bottle was in its place, but empty. I am not sure now whether this reflects the depression or the universal character of student life.

The ROTC marched (only Infantry and Artillery at that time) around the Columns in those days but peace parades with placards also formed on 9th Street. A segment of the students talked about social issues. If there was an active young Communist group it was not button-holing students on Conley Street. There were, however, many organizations emphasizing social reform. Student cops as such sprang up. One of the newly-constructed girls' dormitories was cooperative in nature. The independents became organized for the first time, I believe. The organization was called "The Commons Club."

Next in student history came the draft and Pearl Harbor period. What individual sophomores and juniors thought about military service differed widely. A few students were conscientious objectors. Some wanted to leave school and join their generation in what seemed the main show. Others had the "Let-them-come-after-me" attitude. This group dwindled greatly as the heat of the war fervor increased. Each week, some abruptly quit school after the return of an hour quiz. The holiday usually cut the ranks somewhat.

College parties often assumed a farewell theme. I still have a student-dawn party decoration—a small military vessel—as a souvenir of one of those College Avenue enlistment parties. There were mixed emotions at these social affairs. Many of the girls seemed sad toward the end of the party. There was great toasting—

sans glasses, of course—of the departing brother.

I had, around this time, my first all-girl class. One of the girls was 65 years old and didn't wear sweaters. The girl's college trend lasted only a semester.

It wasn't easy for the few male students who sometimes suffered the tortures of the damned after every effort to get in some military branch had failed. Some felt too conspicuous and quietly left the campus. At this time even the faculty seemed to have the feeling that the place was becoming an outpost and a mere vestige of a former life. The Air Force was recruiting teachers for their program around the country. They held a meeting in Jesse Hall and the large room was jammed with faculty members "seeking information about their proposition."



The military era swelled the campus again, at least in body. The Air Force landed on the campus. They lived in girls' dormitories (after the last remnants of a perfumed past had been cleared out), fraternity houses, and Defoe Hall. They marched with songs to and from classes. Students from the east coast sometimes complained at being sent to "This jumping-off place"—that is, until they discovered the female campuses. They called the Columns "squibs".

The typical campus life ceased to exist for awhile; parties and activities were planned by the Student War Board. Rallies and hog-calling were memories. Girls no longer thought themselves outcasts because they didn't date. Fraternity houses were boarded up or rented to the Air Corps, the campus jelly-places were empty—

(Continued on page 25)

Ranch House

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- CHICKEN

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CYNIC IN THE CLINIC

By Chip Martin

OUT, C

ROOM

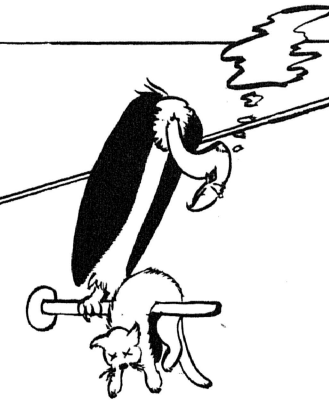
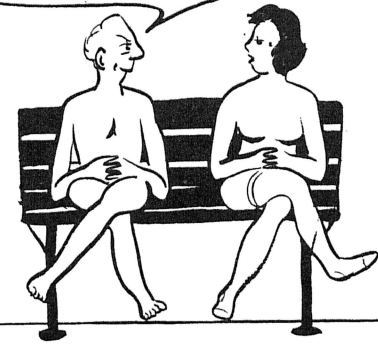
SAW ZE BONE!
WHY YOU NO WAIT
FOR ZE COTTON-
PICKING SIGNAL?

HERE'S YOUR
HASH, SIR!

NO, NO, IF I CANNOT
HAVE ZE MEAT, I
DRINK ZE BOULLION.

ARE MY SEAMS STRAIGHT?
I HADN'T NOTICED.

SQUARE-SHA
OR PEAR-SHA
THESE PINS
WILL FIT
YOUR SHAP



ALRIGHT NURSE, THE
EMBALMING FLUID!
BUT DOCTOR,
I'M NOT DE-E-E-E-EAD.

БАРФ, БАРФ!
Где Доктор?

THIS THE STUDENT CLINIC?
YESSIR!
GOT A BAD CASE
FOR YOU.

ANYBODY WA
A FREE STEV

WHERE'S YOUR BROTHE
OH, HE'S STUDYING ABROA

NOW MISS....
YOU SAY YOU'RE
HAVING TROUBLE
WITH ATHLETES HAND?

CALLING
DR. TRIMBLE

REALLY MISS,
YOU NEEDN'T BE
SO DEMONSTRATIVE.

ALL WHO WANT T
THROAT SPRAYED
FORMS TO THE RI



I'VE GOT
DROPSY!

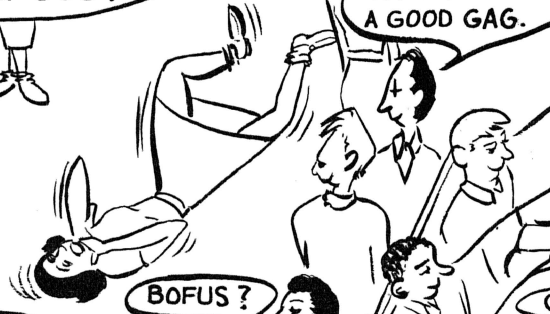
AN' THAT TEACHES YOU!
SCOUNDREL! BRIGAND!
YOU TATER-EATIN', MELON-
STEALIN' DIRTY
SCALAWAG, KEEP
YO' COTTON-PICKIN'
HANDS OFFEN
PLEDGE PUGH!

EH... WHAT'S
UP DOC?

NOW THERE'S
A GOOD GAG.

DO YO
FRUIT

I PLAYED A
NEW GAME
LAST NIGHT...
AND LOST.



HERE'S A HYPO.
THAT'S A SHOT!

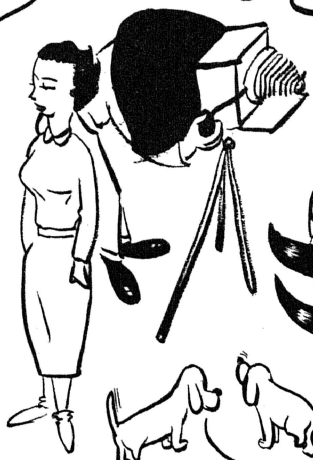
WHO'S A POT?
BEEN CAUGHT

NEVER FOUGHT?
OTTA BE TAUGHT!

HEY PERCIVAL!
YES DEAR

KEEP YOUR
COTTON-PICKIN'
HANDS
TO YO' SELF!

YES DEAR



BOFUS?

NO! THAT'S NOT
YOUR FATHER.

CHIP MARTIN



OUI, M'SIEU!

SORRY OLD PAL!

IS THERE ANYTHING WRONG DOCTOR?

YOU LOOK ALRIGHT TO ME, BUT I'M JUST THE JANITOR.

NOW, NOW, THIS WON'T HURT... DID IT?

BARF!

SPECIAL THIS WEEK!
APPENDIXES
1/2 OFF
FOR QUICK
TURNOVER

BE A CAMPUS WHEEL
OWN YOUR OWN
TABLE.

302

MARCIA!

JOHN?

GET OFFEN MY
COTTON-PICKIN' TOE!

NT
WIDENT?

PUT ALL YOUR WIDGETS
ON ME IN THE FOURTH
AT JAMAICA.

I KNEW HIM WHEN HE
WAS ONLY AN ECON.
PROF. HE USED TO
HORSE AROUND A BIT.

IS THIS THE
SALVATION ARMY?

BETCHA NEVER
DID SEE ATHLETES
FEET AS BAD
AS THIS!

R?
D

NOW THERE'S
A COOL CAT!

THEIR
LINE
GHT.

NO, NAD.

I FEEL GREAT
THIS MORNIN'

YOU SPRAY
TREES?

NOW WHAT BRAND DO
YOU PREFER, DOCTOR?

WELL, I COUGH, COUGH,
COUGH, COUGH, COUGH!

BUT LIEBNITZ, IN
HIS DEISTIC THEORY,
DOES NOT CONSIDER
THE INDIVIDUAL CASE
OF INTERMINABLE
SUFFERING.

YOU GOT A FREE ABRASION?

YES.

HOW DOES THAT SUTURE?

I'M COMPLETELY LACERATED.

COME BACK, SHANE,
MOMMY LOVES YOU!

I'M TAKING RUBBER
PROCESSING 102.

BET THAT'S A
SNAP COURSE!

WANNA
BET?

YOU REMIND ME
OF SOMEONE.

ZACHARY SCOTT?

NO, SACRE BLEU!

REAL CLEAN
SHOWME?

S

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to Portraits . . .

CALL

Al Smith

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Uncle Al's
February Cheesecake



ME, THE JUDGE

(Continued from page 11)

And then we had some wine.
And then we went to the sofa,
I held her close again,
I got a whiff of her perfume,
And it just smelled like sin.
I kissed her hand, she kissed me
back,
We fell into an embrace,
And I layed a thousand kisses
Upon that lovely face.
She threw her arms around me,
And pressed me to her breast,
I'd been through this with lots of
girls,
But this one was the best.
When I woke up next morning,
She'd already dressed and gone.
I showered, shaved, and dressed
myself,
And stepped out into the dawn.
That day I found the very clue
That put the clincher on the case.
I knew who killed my buddy,
And I had vowed to smash his
face.
I went to the blond's apartment,
I knocked and she came to the
door.
I thought that what I had to say
Would probably make her sore.
She let me in and I thanked her
And gave her my sly smile.
She looked as beautiful as ever,
Like Cleopatra on the Nile.
She sat on the sofa,
I sat on the chair,
I gave the story to her straight.
She looked at me in despair.
"You killed him," I told her,
"You did the killing, dear."
Terror was upon her face,
And in her eyes was fear.
"I'm going to kill you, dear," I
said,
"Just like you killed my friend."
No matter what you say or do,
This, dear is your end."
She started stripping down, you
know,
Like they always do in these
books,
I just stood there laughing at her,
And she gave me sexy looks.
And then she finished, standing
there
"Stark naked" as Mickey would
say.
"To hell with my old buddy,"
said I,
And I threw my gun away.

ben ely

THE END

Feature Lock
DIAMOND ENGAGEMENT
AND WEDDING RINGS

Campus Jewelers
On Campustown

Payment Plan



by Lindy Baker

You know, the strangest thing happened to me the other night. I had a date! But wait, there's more. The boy I went out with claimed he was Prince Charming and lived in a palace high on the hill. I think he was trying to tell me he was an S.A.E., but was just a little shy. Come to think of it, though, whoever heard of an S.A.E. that was a little shy—except of money on Saturday night? And then he insisted upon drinking Champagne, (I guess he wasn't an S.A.E. after all), out of my slipper. He was drunk in no time. I wear a size 13A. You know what happened next? Promptly on the stroke of Twelve he turned into a pumpkin. I mean, really, how embarrassing for me to be seen out with a vegetable! Luckily I spent two fifths of the evening (Seagrams) under the table, so I don't think anyone noticed he was my date. He didn't seem to notice, either. And he made me walk home alone. But I really learned a lesson from my experience . . . there are twenty-three Elm trees, no sidewalks and ooh, ever so many parked cars between the S.A.E. House and where I live.

* * *

"Hello—hello, Betty? I just had to call and tell you how excited Lover is about going to the Jack-of-Hearts Dance with me. No-oo, not too much trouble. . . . Well, I did have to use my feminine charms a little, but now he's just dying to go." All the while I was talking to Betty I could hear these agonized screams in the background over the phone, so I knew she was having trouble with her Don about the dance again. Honestly, at times Don could be so unreasonable! Last year, for instance, he had made such a fuss

about going to the dance, had pouted for hours and simply refused to budge from his stretcher all evening. Pretty soon, though, the screaming stopped and Betty was back on the phone, wanting to know if they could double-date with Lover and me. I said okay and then hung up. For a minute I stood there looking at Lover and thinking how lucky I was. He was such a dear! And then I hurried right over and cut his limp body down from the ceiling, humming softly as I wiped the blood from his bruised face. Thank Goodness, Lover always saw things my way EVENTUALLY, even when both eyes were swollen shut.

* * *

Girls, going home between semesters, do strange men annoy you . . . perhaps try to get your phone number—even pester you for dates? Hmm, me either!

Though once a stranger did try to pick me up in the club car but somehow I managed to get up off the floor myself. Still balancing my drink on the end of my nose, too. Or was it his nose? Oh, well, as I remember it now the drink spilled all over when the train went around a curve and I had to wait hours before we came to a dark tunnel so I could lap it up without anyone seeing me. And then a little later a tall, dark man came and stood by my seat, trying to talk to me, but I ignored him for two hundred miles. Then he called the conductor, the coward, so of course I had to give him back his seat. The train was just coming into Chicago, though, and I was getting off anyway. Any way I could. Chicago is a wonderful place! Here it was Christmas and Mother and Father would be waiting for me at home. I just sort of choked up, thinking about it. Chicago is a wonderful place but I live in Nebraska.



"But modeling is a legitimate profession, Mom."

Come on out!



Texaco Town

HWY. 40 & SEXTON ROAD



What to do with a Nickel
when thirst
arrives



Coco-Cola Bottling Co. of Columbia

THIS MONTH'S COVER



The red and black splashes of ink on the cover of the magazine probably sets a new high in horror even for *SHOWME*. When Dick Noel was assigned to do the cover, staffers shuddered, fearful of what the "Monster Man" might come up with. Their worst fears were realized. Artistically speaking, with an eye toward sales, the cover is novel, and should pull in a few more customers. (Some of Dick's most rabid fans are witches, ghouls, and goblins.) But, once and for all, Richard has destroyed the sentiment of the once-proud month of February that boasts St. Valentine's Day. Who can ever again look at young lovers on a bench and still get the bright warmth of young love? He who can, must have a strong stomach.

THE END

* * *

"But I can see the stars overhead," replied the passenger sharply.

"Yep," came back the captain, "but unless the boilers bust, we ain't goin' that way."

* * *

A boy and a girl were out driving. They came to a quiet spot on a country lane and the car stopped. "Out of gas," said the boy. The girl opened her purse and pulled out a bottle.

"Wow! said the boy. "A bottle—what is it?"

"Gasoline," smiled the girl.



Definitions:

Nylons: Sheer today and gone tomorrow.

Heel: The sort of fellow who moves four times a week just to louse up his homing pigeons.

Ginger Ale: A drink that tastes like your foot feels when it's gone to sleep.

Egotist: A person of low taste, more interested in himself than in me.

Golddigger: A girl who breaks dates by going out with them.

Professor: A man who tells you how to solve the problems of life he became a professor to avoid.

Dictatorship: A form of government in which all that is not forbidden is compulsory.

Alcoholic rheumatism: Getting stiff in every joint.

Home: Where you can scratch any place it itches.

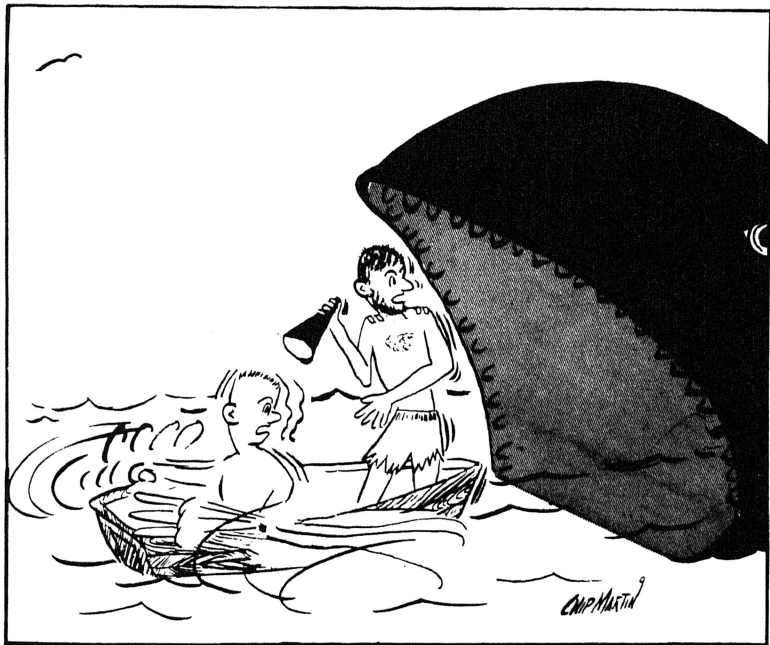
* * *

Son: Don't witches make their brew any more?

Dad: Sure, only now they call it coffee.

* * *

Beta in front seat of a car: "Honey, you've got to put on some weight—I've shifted your leg three times."



Reverse engines, full speed ahead!

Some people have no respect for age unless it's bottled.

* * *

"Who you shovin'?"

"I dunno, what's your name?"

* * *

SOME

girls
built
this

are
like
one

Others
are
more
like
this

But they all usually end up like this.

Then there was the one-fingered pick-pocket who could not steal Life Savers.

* * *

Associate Editor: Let's not have any more jokes about sex, drinking, or profanity.

Editor: O.K., I'm tired of putting out this magazine, too.

* * *

He: (with hands over her eyes) If you can't guess who it is in three guesses, I'm going to kiss you.

She: Jack Frost; Davy Jones; Santa Claus.

Early Spring Fashions



Sweaters ... soft pastels

... fresh crisp Blouses

The Blue Shop
912 Broadway



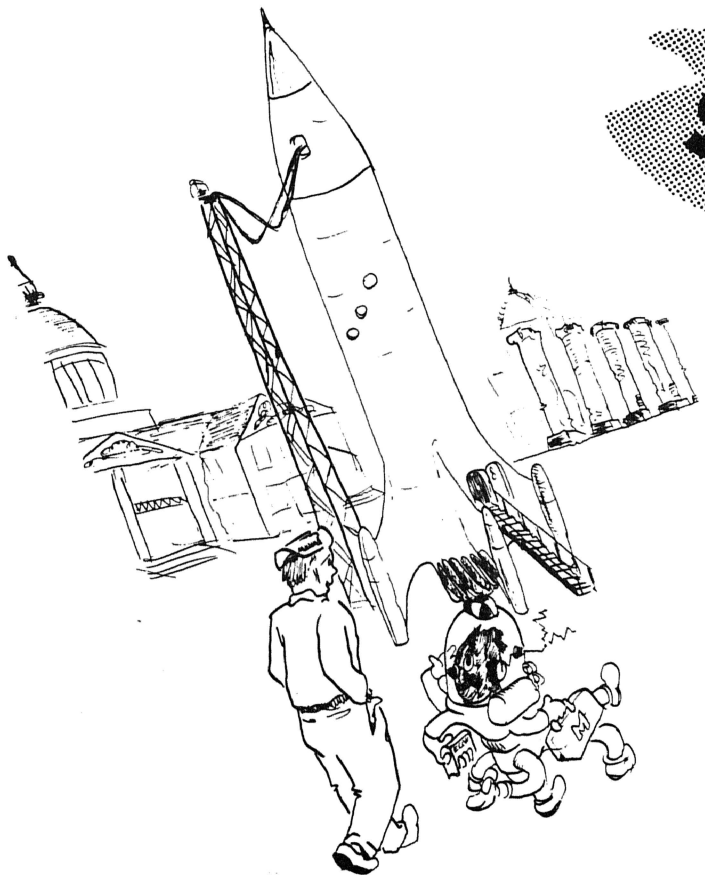


Man, that's what I call a kiss.

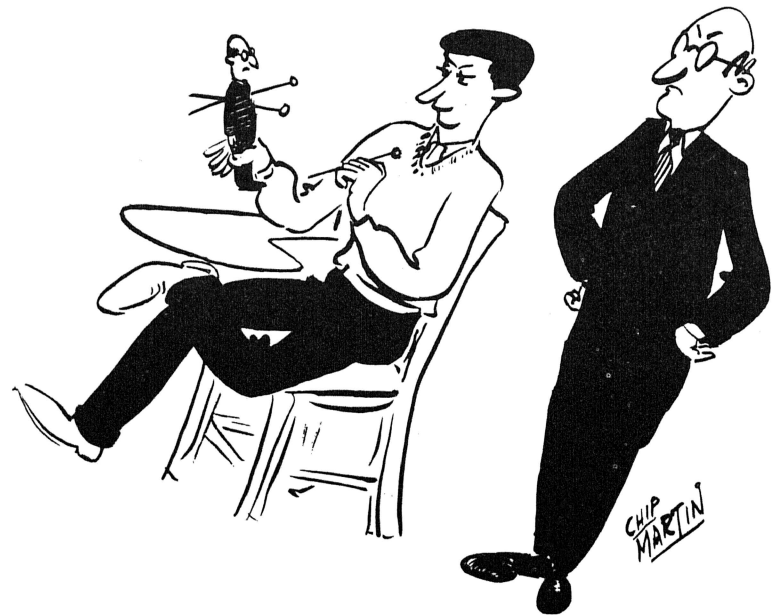
... and then, Shadwick, I find out it's only a bloomin' witch doctor in disguise."

BARNEY KIRKADÉ

Stuff



Must be nice to go home every weekend.



TWENTY YEARS OF FACES

(Continued from page 17)

all of this in spite of the fact that there were almost as many students on the campus as in pre-war days (counting Air Force men, Navy diesel school gods, ASTP and Navy V-12s).

I once stood watching the martial bands coming to class. I must have reflected my sad feelings—that these were the college-age men—when I noticed a familiar face, a former student. I imagine I smiled because contrasted to his military bearing was the wink he used as a signal of recognition. Underneath the uniform was the timeless collegian.

Then came VE day, and almost overnight civilian students returned to a campus that had resembled Monday at a city park more than rendezvous for college students. Then I had my first psychology class of over 300 students in the now-demolished Jesse Auditorium. It was a new experience not to know what the students in the back row looked like. I still meet people from that period who tell me they took a class with me. I don't remember ever seeing them before.

However, students of this period were among the most mature, alert and thirsty-for-knowledge that I had known. It was a delight to talk with them and to see their approach to college material. Trailers appeared on Sixth Street and north of the home of the dean of agriculture on College Avenue. Then the golf course between Kentucky and the Stadium underwent metamorphosis and became a GI village. Barracks were moved in and flanks of them bordered the area south of the campus near the football field.

College life in previous times did not include 4 o'clock caravans of baby buggies, classes filled with male students with wedding bands, and several young women not too many months from motherhood. Some fragment of military dress appeared on almost every male student. College life on Maryland, Kentucky, and Rollins Streets was supplemented by married life in the GI village. These students, only a few years and a few blocks away from their fellows in frat homes and dorms

existed seemingly happy in the reality of a luxury-less budget and without any of the activities that some had thought indispensable to college attendance. Their community life seemed quite wholesome and the amount of discord and inter-family strife was surprisingly small. The single GI's had their life too. They talked about Pneumonia Gulch, the Blue Campus, and Crowder Hall. They soon learned to meet the standards of dress and behavior set by college girls.

Now, the present era, which the readers of *SHOWME* can describe better than I. This generation to me compares quite favorably with all the other college generations I have know, including my own. I am impressed with your realism, without sacrifice of your ideals. You are as young a generation as has entered college, though no younger than many. You seem to plan more in terms of the inevitabilities of the future. On the whole, you seem a little less scholarly and politically conscious than the post-war one. You appear to be a little better generally oriented than the pre-war generation. Of course these generalizations are hard to document. They are the impressions and the products of time-affected memories, memories colored by strong partiality to college youth after 28 years of being among them.

THE END



Waiter: And how did you find your steak, sir?

Diner: Why, I just moved this little piece of potato, and there it was!

* * *

In Paris, it's frankness;

In Panama, it's life;

In a professor, it's clever;

But in a college magazine it's smutty.

* * *

The little six-year-old was making her first visit to the country. The farmer's wife was taking her around the farm showing her the place. She saw the chickens, the garden, the barn, and ended at the pig pen where an enormous sow was reclining in the sun.

"Big, isn't she?" asked the farmer's wife.

"Yeah, and I know why," replied the little girl. "When I saw her yesterday, she had nine little pigs blowing her up."

* * *

"Ivan, what are you doing?"

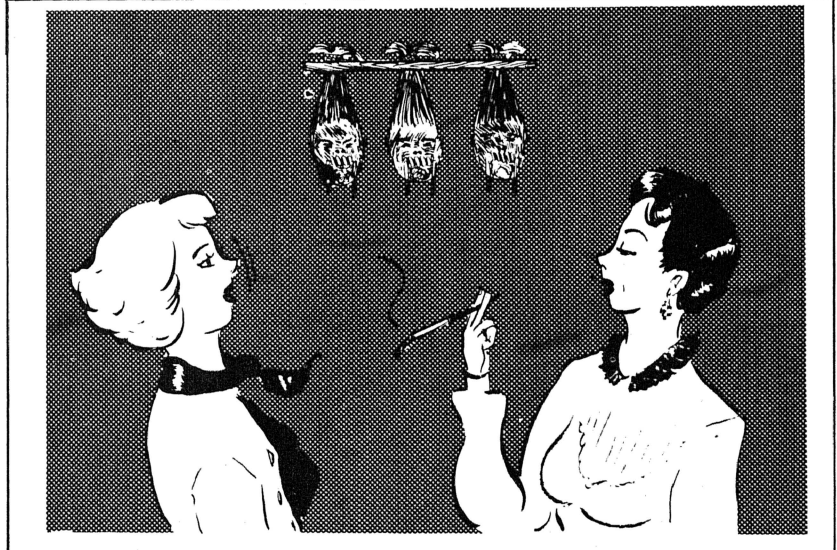
"I'm drunk, Papa."

"What?"

"Yes, I'm drunk pictures on the wall."

Susie Stephens

by Chip Martin



"And these, dahling, were fraternity boys."

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For being naughty, the little girl got a spanking on the "this hurts me more than it does you" basis. Doubting the truth of her parent's statement, the girl walked into the bedroom, shut the door, and undressed. Backing up to the full length mirror, she exclaimed: "Aha! Just as I thought. He cracked it!"

* * *

Two glamour girls boarded a crowded bus, and one of them whispered to the other, "Watch me embarrass a seat from one of the men."

Pushing her way through the standees, she bore down a gentleman who looked substantial and embarrassable.

"My deah Mr. Brown," she gushed, "fancy meeting you on the bus. Am I glad to see you—you're getting to be almost a stranger. Oh, am I tired."

The sedate gent looked up at the girl he'd never seen before, and as he rose, he said, for all to hear: "Sit down, Bertha, my girl, we don't often see you out on wash day. No wonder you're tired. By the way, don't deliver the washing till Wednesday. My wife's going to the district attorney's office to see if she can get your husband out of jail."

* * *

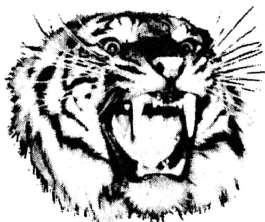
In 1830 a merchant in Springfield, Ill., put a sign in his window, "Boy Wanted." That day a lanky youth came into the store and applied for the job.

"I just came from Kentucky," he said. "I've been helping my father split rails down there. I taught myself to read and write in front of the fireplace. And now I'd like to get a job here in Illinois, work real hard, and maybe someday be President."

"What's your name?" the merchant asked.

"Everyone calls me Honest Abe."

"What's your last name?"
"Humperdinck."



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CUPID STRIKES BACK

(Continued from page 15)

you arrested tonight. The very idea, calling a child's bow and arrow a dangerous weapon, arresting a little boy because he didn't have any clothes on!"

"Little boy! Lady, you're as crazy as he is."

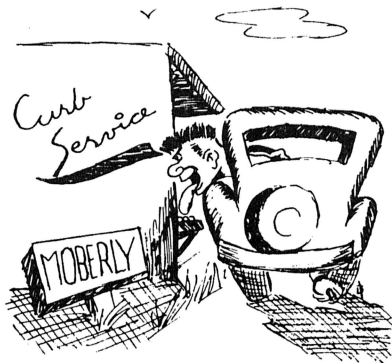
"Well, I'm going to bail him out. He's a friend of my family."

"Oh, really," said the sergeant sarcastically. "Are your family nudists too?"

"I'll thank you to leave my family out of this."

The sergeant sighed helplessly. "Nothing but crackpots in this town. Crackpots and nudists. Do you have the money?"

"Just charge it to the Gamma Gamma Gamma house."



"Just a minute, lady. I'll send him out. Be glad to get rid of him."

Caroline sat down on a bench to wait for her would-be benefactor. In several minutes a tall handsome man walked into the room. "You must be Caroline. I am your servant, wondrous one." He put his arms around her and kissed her tenderly.

"Godfrey was never like this," gasped Caroline, coming up for air. "Who are you?"

"I'm Cupid."

"Cupid! But you're supposed to be a little boy."

"Little boys grow up," he said reaching for her again.

"I'll say."

"Ah, Caroline, you are more beautiful than Venus, more passionately desirable than Aphrodite, more heady and exhilarating than nectar; you'll be the loveliest thing to grace the heights of Mount Olympus—"

(Continued on page 30)

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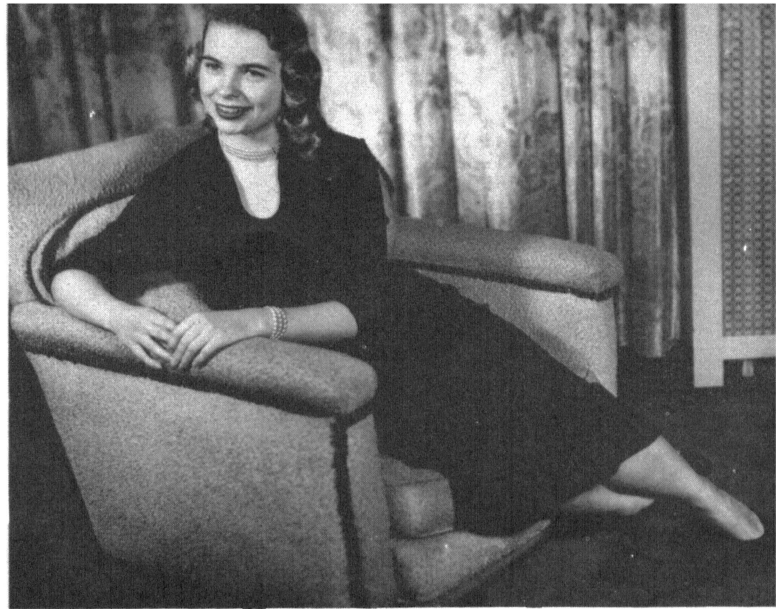
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Joyce Chatham



Sylvia Wood

1954

Sho



Lois Kopp



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About the contest . . .

The five young ladies pictured on these two pages have been selected as the finalists for 1954 SHOWME Queen. The judges, whose photos will appear next month, were Pinckney Walker, Econ Prof, Dr. James Bugg, History Prof, Fred Robins, Director of Student Publications, Ben Bruton, Business Manager, and Joe Gold, Editor. From the 52 contestants the judges were forced to narrow down to five on the bases of Facial beauty, Poise, General appearance, Figure, and Personality. In the March issue ballots will appear, which, accompanied by an I.D. card, will entitle you to vote for your choice. The Queen and her attendant will be escorted to St. Louis by members of the staff. Prizes to be awarded the girl you choose for Swami's Queen will be announced next month. The finalists are: Joyce Chatham, a junior from St. Joseph; Lois Kopp, a sophomore from St. Louis; Sylvia Wood, a sophomore from Normandy in St. Louis; Carolyn Due, a freshman from Clayton in the St. Louis area; and Priscilla Lott, a freshman from Kansas City.



wme

Photos by
Al Smith

1953 SHOWME QUEEN Annie Ryan

Photo by Julie's Studio

een



Priscilla Lott

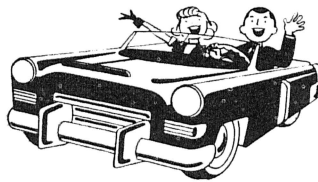


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IT'S LYLE'S



CUPID STRIKES BACK

(Continued from page 27)

"Who, me?"

"Now that I am free I will save you from this terrible fate."

"Thank heavens. We'd better hurry and put that shaft into Godfrey."

"Yes, darling, I'll save you from Godfrey. We'll flee together to Paradise."

"But I don't mean go away with you."

"Caroline, you love me don't you?" Before she could answer



he kissed her again.

"But what about Godfrey?" Caroline asked dazedly.

"My dear, is it our ages that you are worrying about? What's a few thousand years? Love surmounts all barriers."

"But Godfrey—"

"I'll take care of Godfrey," he said soothingly.

"How much money do you make a year?" asked Caroline suspiciously.

"Why, beloved, there's no money in Paradise. Everyone's rich."

"No kidding!" She threw herself into his arms. "Kiss me, passionate one, and let us fly away to greener pastures."

* * *

"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. Columbia is in a turmoil tonight. A University student, Mr. Godfrey Peabody Carstairs IV, was found dead in his apartment this morning. Cause of death—a strange ancient gold tipped arrow in the seat of his pants.

Mr. Carstairs is survived by his chess set."

THE END

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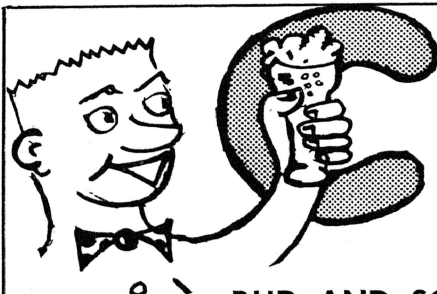
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KEG BEER AND ALL BOTTLED BEERS**

"Ruby and Cotton"

"My aunt had her first child last week, and was she disappointed."
 "Why? Which did she want, a boy or a girl?"
 "Neither. She wanted a divorce."
 * * *

Ain't gonna do it for a dime no more—
 Did it last night 'til my back was sore.
 Fifteen cents is now my price—
 I'll do it good, and I'll do it nice.
 Shoeshine, Mister?
 * * *

Little Johnny came home from school crying, "Hey, Ma, all the boys are picking on me. They say I have a big head."
 "You don't have a big head, Johnny. Now run along and play."

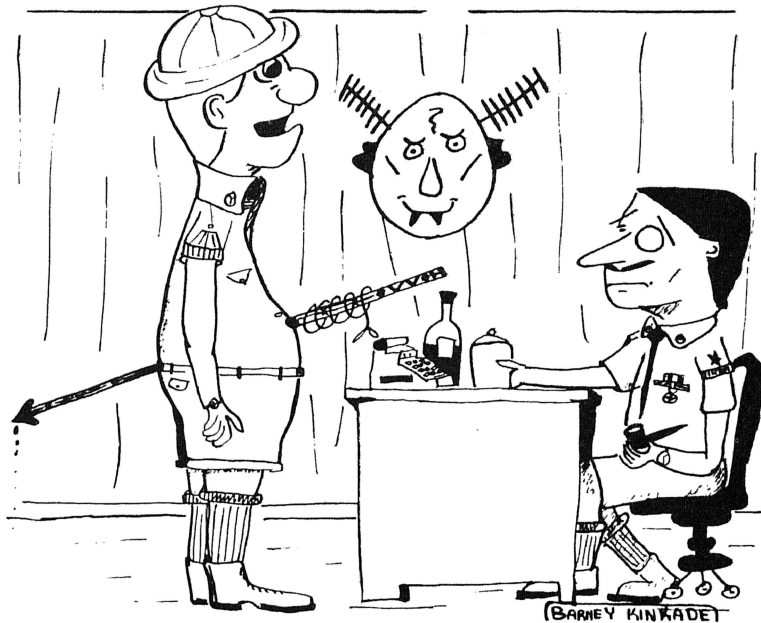
The same thing happened the next day, and the next, and each day Johnny's mother comforted him. The fourth day Johnny came home with the same story.

"For once and for all, Johnny, you don't have a big head. Now please go down town and get me ten pounds of potatoes."

"O.K., Ma, give me a sack."

"Sack? What do you need a sack for? Use your cap."
 * * *

Theta. Haven't you heard? Marilyn has just married Roger.
 Kappa: Roger! Not really? Why, that was the boy she was pinned to.



"Begg'n' your pardon, guv'nor, but I'm afraid relations with the natives 'ave taken a bad turn."

WTF THOUGHTS



A hypochondriac on vacation sent a card to his psychiatrist: "Am having a swell time. Why?"
 * * *

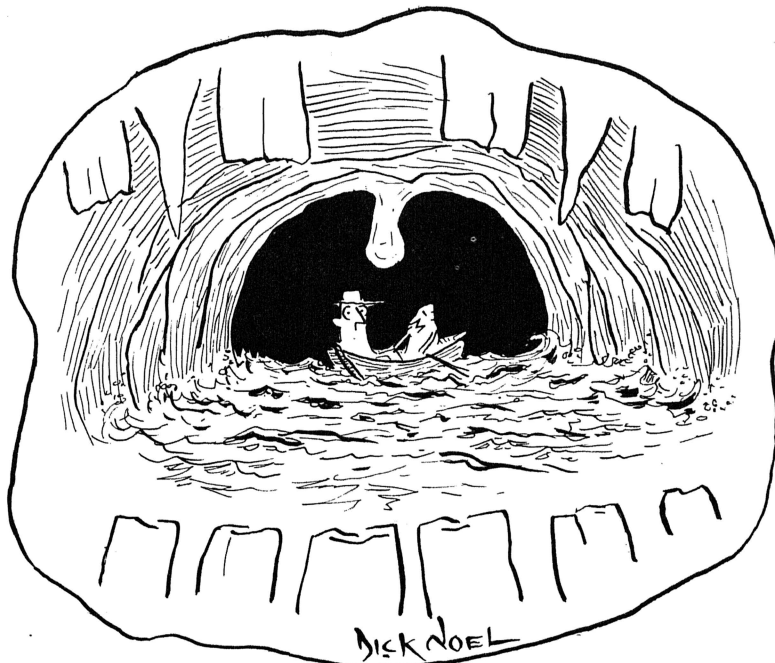
"Bartender, put two cherries in my Manhattan. My doctor told me I should eat more fruit."
 * * *

Speakeasy in shady sectors,
 Charleston, Jazz and hootch inspectors,
 Ivy leaguers, scandal, sin,
 People drinking bathtub gin,
 Scions' money, all you ask,
 Yellow roadsters, pocket flask,
 Yachts upon the Hudson tacking
 Women with their morals lacking,
 Parties, fun, alas alack,
 When the hell's it coming back?
 * * *

There was a young fellow
 named Gale
 Who ate quarters and landed
 in jail;
 His parents in town
 Took the news with a frown,
 So he instantly coughed up
 the bail.
 * * *

Blessed are the pure, for they
 shall inhibit the earth.
 * * *

Owing to a dense fog a Mississippi river steamboat was stopping in the mouth of a tributary. An inquisitive passenger inquired of the captain the cause of the delay. "Can't see up the river," was the laconic reply.



"you got me—must be a cave of some sort"

WHAT'S IN A NAME

by John Kovac

Between Aaron and Zweig the Columbia student directory lists almost ten thousand names of students enrolled at Christian and Stephens Colleges and the University of Missouri. There are also some pretty good numbers.

Your name is the title by which you are known and identified, and it is important to you, but when everyday names are grouped in a particular sequence, they stir the imagination.

The directory lists Carrs, Fords, Packard, Tudor, Fraizer, Kaiser, Nash, Olds, Wheelers, one Dent and a Van Coevering from Pontica, Mich. And there's Schinnerdecker.

Most people are resolved to go through life with an inherited surname and a first name which dotting parents spend months selecting, only to call you by a nickname.

Shortest names in the book are Uy, Go and Lu.

Somprom Visolyvidhikal is almost unpronounceable to Columbians, but in Bangkok, Thailand, it might be as common as our Smith which leads the directory, appearing 77 times.

The good book of students also lists one Lord, a Temple, two

Churches, four Popes, three Christians, one Grace and a Pray.

There's also Montgomery, Ward, Duncan, Hines, Maxwell, House and Coffee.

And if you want to kick the gong around, ring any one of 20 Bells. For the body, see Head, Arms, Cheek or both Hands. Russell appears seven times and Janes twice, but there's only one Sample.

Trickey, two Dobbins and a Gallop add up to three Winns for a Groom and a Trainer.

Magazine readers will find Quick, McCalls, and Harpers. And for the salesman there's one Fuller and two Brushes.

The romantic set may fall for two Idols, two, too Devines, an Ogle, Sweet, Darling, Damsel, Trueblood, Manlove, two Loves, a Peek and a Gee, Flattery and one Goodnight. There's also Wolf, Wolfe and Wolff, but a wolf by any name acts the same. And there's Schinnerdecker.

Colors adorning the directory include Brown which leads with 64 entries, and Green, Black, White, Silver, Gold, Gray, Maize, Hazel and one Dye for those who don't find a color to their liking.

There are seven Roses, a Violett, two Flowers, one Mayberry,

two Raspberrys and 12 plain ole' Berrys.

Music lovers may turn to Gilbert and Sullivan, Rodgers and Hart, two Lutes, a Horn, Fyfe, Piano, two Noels, a Ditty, a Waltz, and a Singer as well as a Major and a Minor.

For other entertainment there's Casebeer, Beers, Stout and a Glass.

Only East is missing in directions, with North and West appearing several times, while South comes equipped with an accent. It belongs to a young belle who calls herself Southall.

These aren't pen names, but the book lists one Writer, nine Parkers, a Schaeffer and a Waterman.

Symbolic of European countries and cities are Ireland, French, German, Holland, Brittain, England, Glasgow, Berlin and London.

For attire, you may select Coats, Glover, Hatfield, Inglove, Vest, six Shorts, Taylor, Shoemaker, Weaver and a Wrinkle.

If you're thinking of your stomach, you would notice two Kitchens, Bakers, Cooks, Bacon, Fry, two Shanks, Rice, Roll, Potts, an Eater and a Munch.

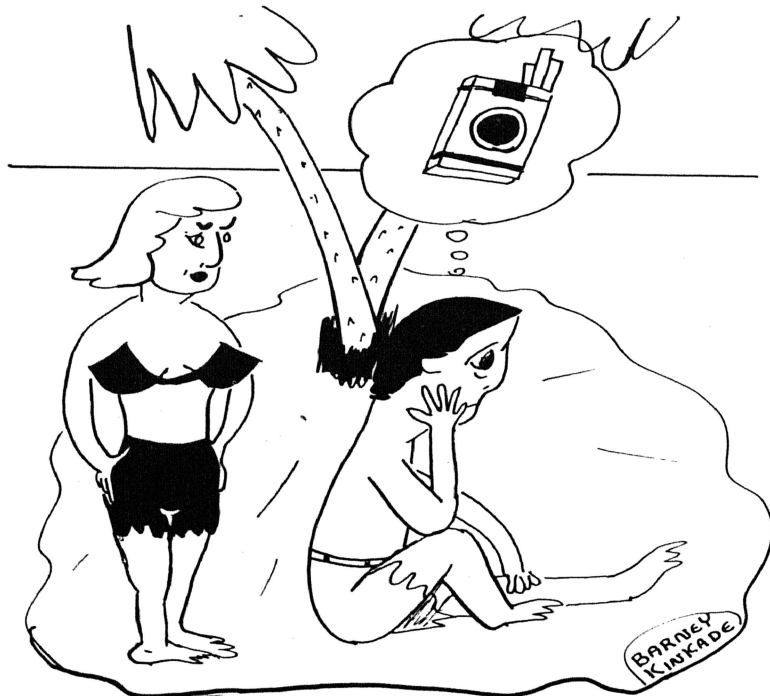
Should you prefer royalty, look up 15 Kings, a McQueen, one Counts, four Knights, an Earl and Duke. And for one Lawless there are two Wardens, four Marshalls, a Sargeant, one Garrison and a Fort. And there's Schinnerdecker.

The thrifty may ogle at three Banks, Cash, Check, Crisp, Bills and Nickels. In the student directory you will also find Stanley and Livingston.

Moving outdoors you can see Woods, Fields, Land, Forrest, Parks, Meadows, Hills, Gardners, one Farmer, Crabtrees, March, Moss, Grass, Harbor, Bay, Shorts, Waters, Beach, Pool, Brooks, a Hunter and four Gunns, Wells, Wheat, a Vineyard and a Teegarden.

Also therein lies Birds, Swann, Wren, Eagle, Crows, Fox, Duck, Beavers, Crane, Bulls, and Bucks, Pike, Schrimpf, Sturgeon and a Lamb. Oh yes, there's also Schinnerdecker.

THE END





Jim: I wish I had a nickel for every girl I've kissed.

Lil: What would you do, buy a pack of gum?

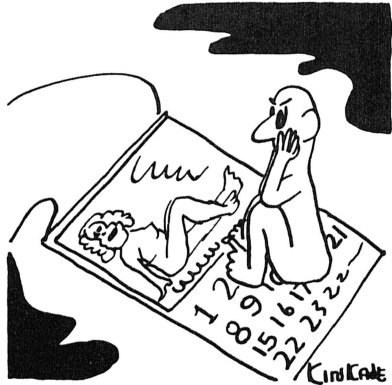
* * *

Teacher: And now, Willie, can you give us a sentence with "heterodoxology in it? Willie: No.

* * *

A preacher has recently announced that there are 762 sins. He is being beset with requests for the list, mostly from students who think they are missing something.

* * *



The newly married hostess at her first cocktail party was passing out cocktails and comments and doing her level best to make everyone feel at ease. She smiled sweetly at a middle-aged guest and said, "I won't offer you a cocktail, Mr. Smith, since you are president of the Temperance League."

"No," he corrected, "I'm the president of the Anti-Vice League."

She nodded absently and said, "Oh, yes, I knew there was something I shouldn't offer you."

* * *

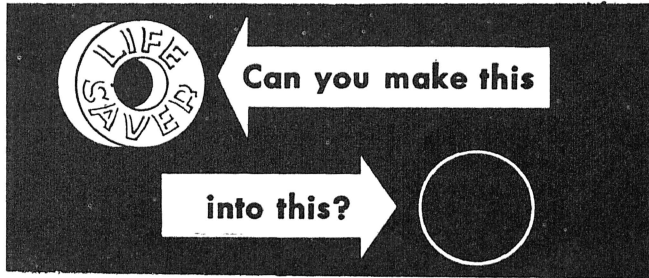
Matrimony puts an end to more petting than all the park police put together.

* * *

Pedestrian: What's the matter, are you blind?

Motorist: Blind! I hit you, didn't I?

Self-Control Contest

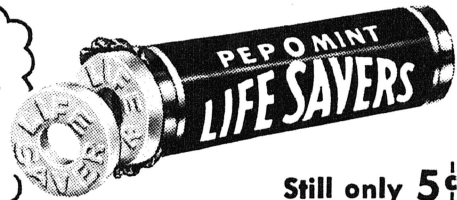


The Life Savers Corporation offers any student **TREMENDOUS PRESTIGE** for solving this fascinating question:

What are the smallest dimensions to which a Pep-O-Mint Life Saver can be reduced by oral hydraulics?

To enter the contest, simply submit your best experimental attempt to the Life Savers Corporation. All entries must be received unbroken and *unwrapped*.

(In layman's terms: let one of these goodies melt down in your mouth as far as you can. If it breaks—you don't have good self-control, but you've had a good time, anyway!)



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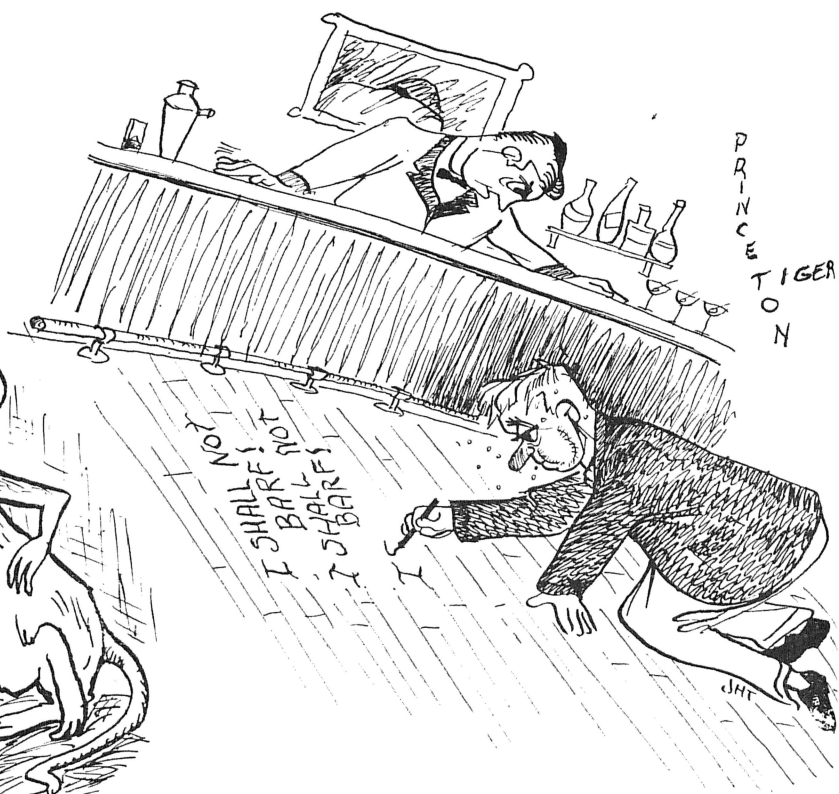


Pizza Pie - Spaghetti and Meat Balls

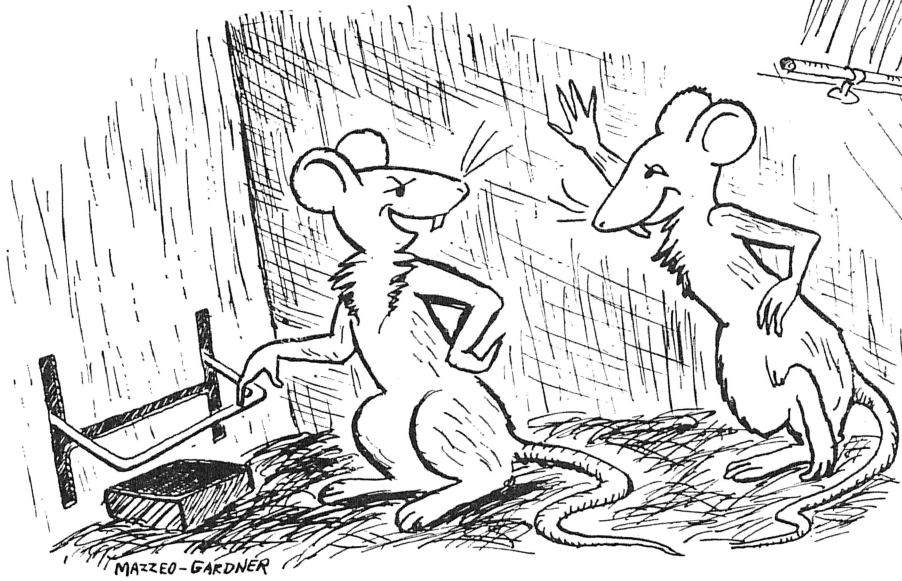
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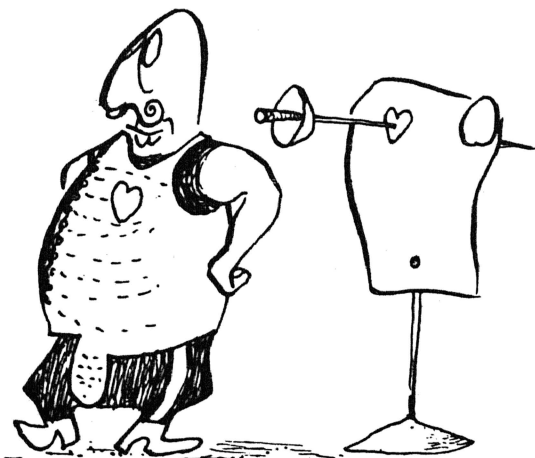
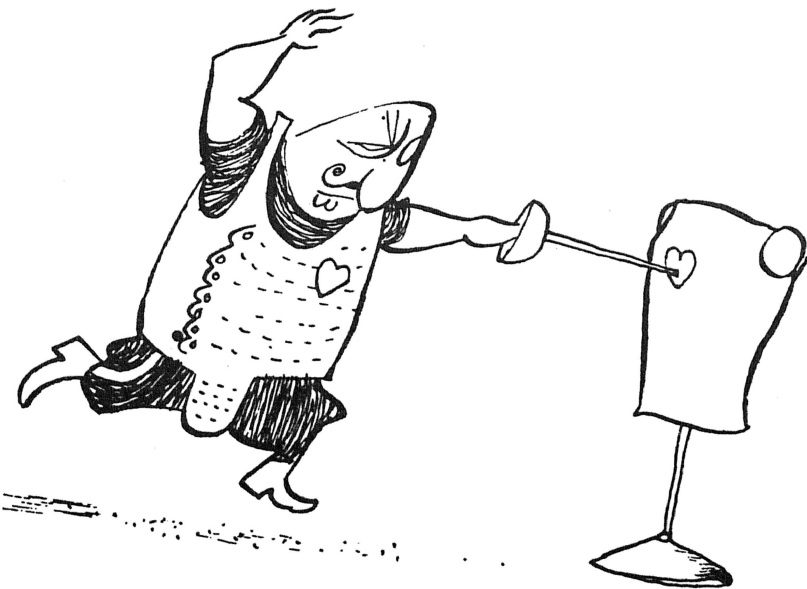
PRINCE
TIGER
ON



"Boy, do we have this guy conditioned. Every time I press the bar down he drops a pellet in."
—Jester



"A little present from the men of my house to the women of yours."
—Splinter



—Splinter



"This has all been very interesting madame, but I am no longer with Dr. Kinsey."

* * *

Three old maids lived together and each one owned a cat which she kept shut up for fear it would go tomcatting. One of the old maids got married and after honeymooning for a few days wired the other old maid as follows:

"You can keep your cat shut up if you want to, but turn mine out."

* * *



One student is claiming that he read in a text on primitive cultures that a Ubangi is the only human on earth who can seal a letter with a kiss—after it's in the mailbox.

* * *

Socialism: you have two cows, keep one, government takes other for poorer people.

Communism: have two cows, government takes both, gives you some milk.

Facism: Government takes both cows, shoots you.

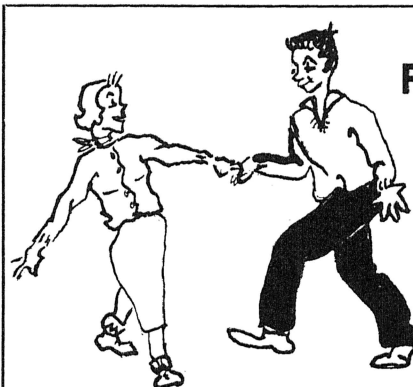
Unionism: two cows go on strike for more hay. No milk and no feed.

Capitalism: sell one cow to buy a bull.

* * *

A young and attractive girl entered the door of a crowded bus and asked the handsome driver, "Can you squeeze me in there?"

"It will be a pleasure, Miss," he grinned, "if I can get somebody to drive this bus."



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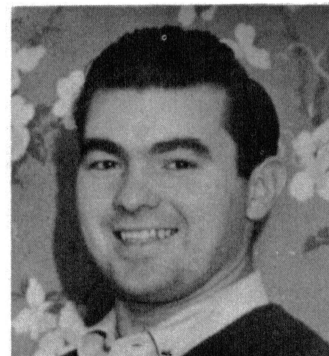
bob brown



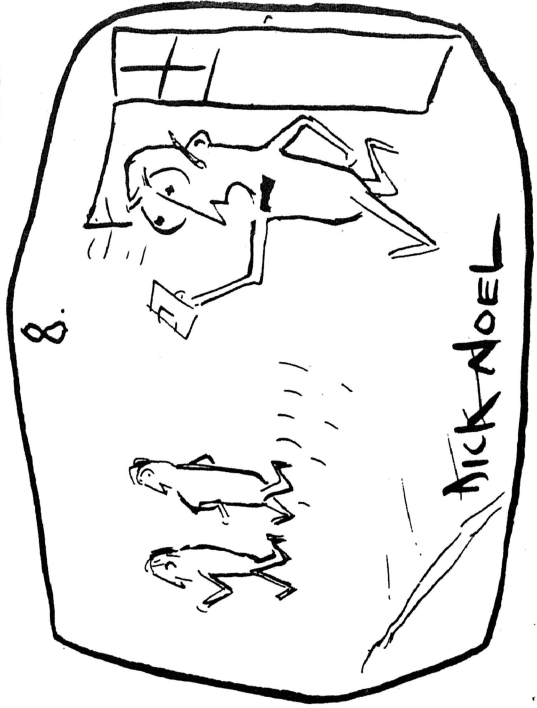
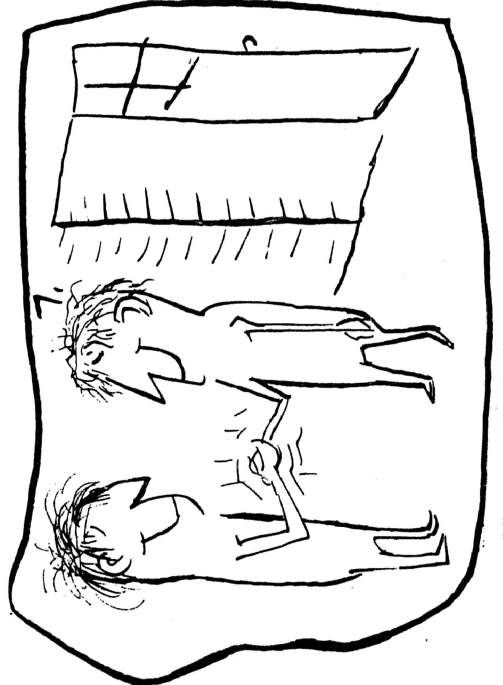
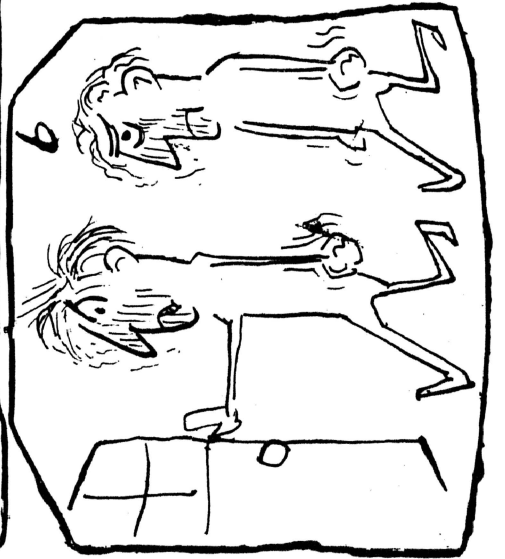
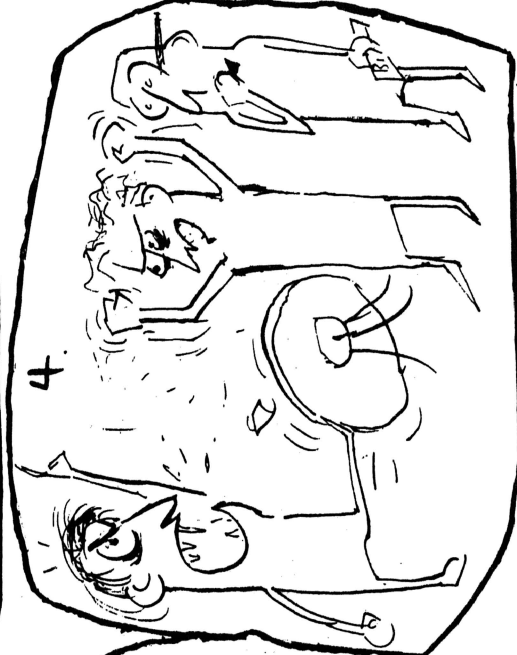
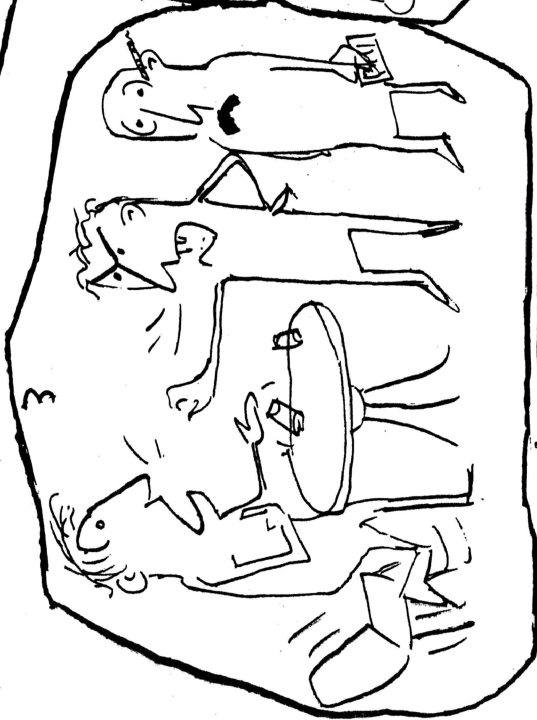
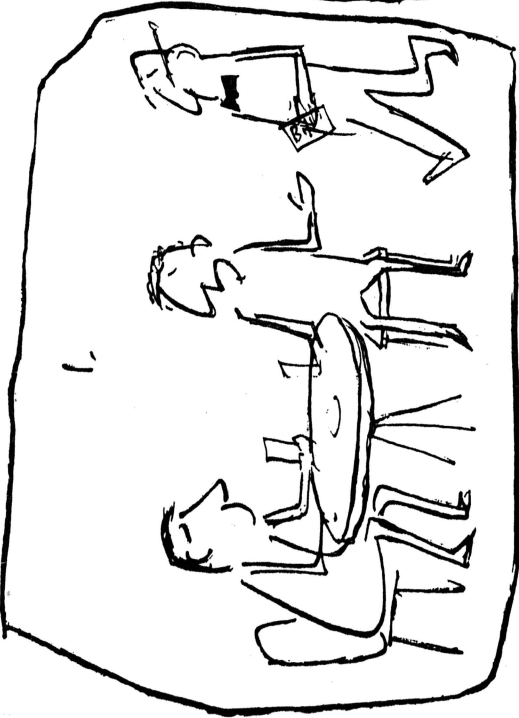
"I can't sing or dance, so I thought I'd get a job on SHOWME as an easy way to become popular." After a semester of laboring for the magazine, Nancy Fairbanks is going around, plaintively inquiring for the names of some good song-and-dance teachers... even card tricks would be better than this. An unusual girl, Nancy collects string long basting threads and tarnished Dewey bottoms. The latter were a handsome gift from Swami, who likes to give his workers a little something—and in Nancy's case it was darn little. Not an ungrateful wench, she says "I'm just biding my time until Dewey runs again though, either for President or the hills—either way I'll make a killing." Besides it could have been worse, you should see the stuffed walrus head over Swami's desk. (He's the last writer that failed to meet the deadline.) Even as a wee child in the wilds of Ferguson, Nancy planned to matriculate at the University ("I never did chew my food at meals") and now as a wee sophomore she is planning to go into J-School so she can study the seamy side of life (Advertising). Until then she hangs out at the Chi Omega House where she has learned to duck phone duty and to play a mean game of Bridge. But because she's also pretty she really doesn't spend too much time around the house.

Have you seen a tall, blond Greek God wandering around the campus lately? Oh, no? Well, perhaps you know Bob Brown then? He's tall, and a Greek, too (by pledging Phi Psi, not by birth). He is also the sales manager for Swami and is anxiously waiting for one of his salesmen to sell a SHOWME—literally hanging by his thumbs until then (the editor's idea). Two years ago Bob started his career at the top selling SHOWME's to the Stephens lasses and has gradually been working his way down to the position as assistant advertising manager. Now at 20 he is a real honest-to-goodness, hairy-chested junior, spending his daylight hours over in that building between J-School and the Chemistry Building, learning about industrial and personnel management. But, as soon as the shades of night fall in the sorority houses, Bob can be found selling ham and cheese sandwiches to the girls. He admits it's mostly pure ham, though.

He also acknowledges he's somewhat of a reckless driver after inhaling the fumes from a whiskey cork, and is somewhat busy right now looking for the odd pieces of his Grandfather's Buick. But in another year he'll be in the Air Force and things will be different then—his Grandfather hopes.



"IT'S
ON ME"
→



HOW THE STARS GOT STARTED...



MARGE and GOWER CHAMPION met as schoolkids at dancing school. Their paths criss-crossed for years as each sought a career. Finally, Gower, back from Service, "teamed up" with Marge. After months of rehearsal, they were a sensation in TV, movies and stage.

They are now Mr. and Mrs.



*Marge and Gower
Champion*

FAMOUS DANCING STARS

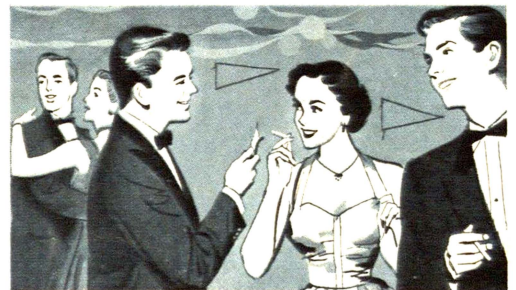


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