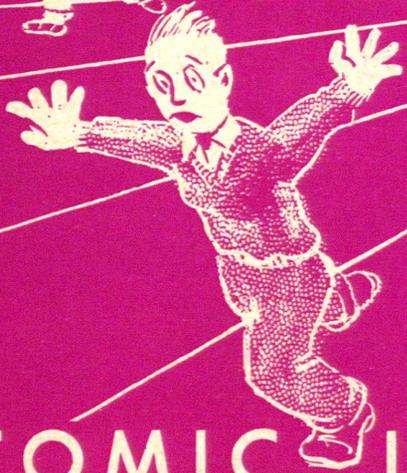


# MISSOURI SHOWMAE

M  
A  
R  
C  
H

1954

25c



## ATOMIC ISSUE

Mark Parsons



# POGO PRESENTS 'U.S. for S.G.A.'

## STARRING

JERRY REEVES



President

FIELDING POTASHNICK



Vice-President

MARY McINNIS

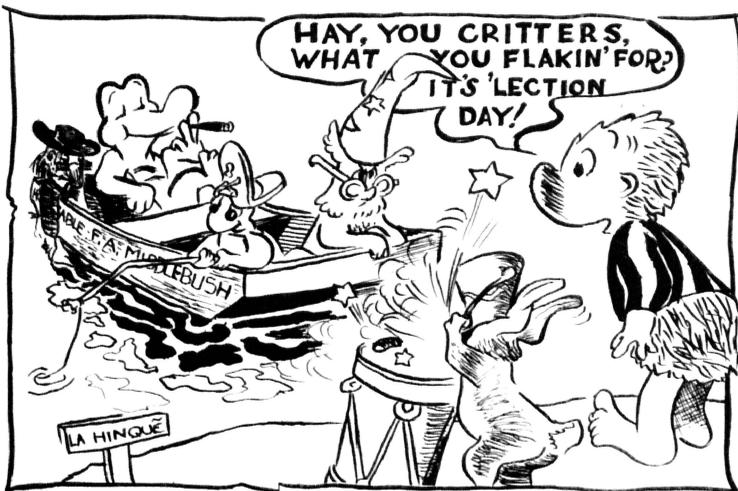


Secretary

JIM WILLARD



Treasurer



Story: Bill Roberts

—Based On Characters Created by Walt Kelly—

Party Artist: Bill Toll

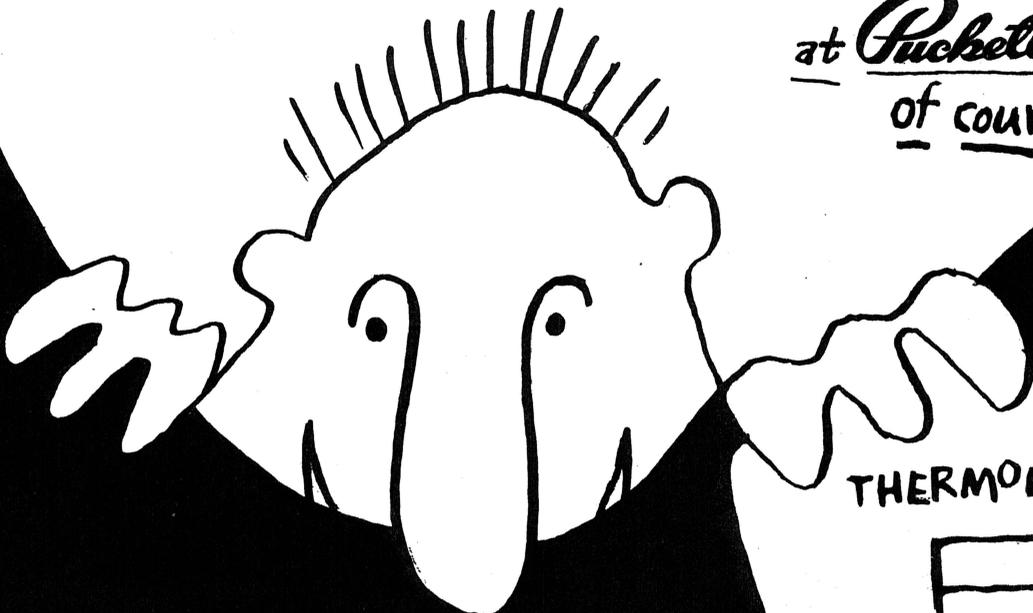
If it happens you sometimes think  
You're about to get drained--down the sink,  
Because you think your courses are hard,  
Then "get" this message from the Bard--

"Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,  
But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy;  
For the apparel oft proclaims the man,"

Remember this (if you can)  
And you'll be like good flashy Dan,  
Who passes Shakespeare in a breeze  
(His stylish dress wins him E's)  
Soon he's expecting Phi Beta keys,  
Because he remembered his ABC's--

Always  
Buy  
Clothes---

at Puckett's  
of course!



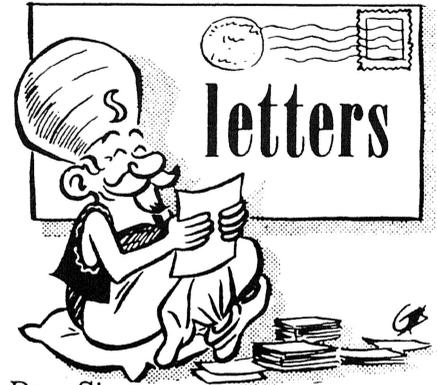
ME 230  
THERMODYNAMICS  
E



LITTLE BOY  
*Shirts*  
WITH A FEMININE AIR

The rage of the season —  
pert, tailored shirts.  
You'll adore their gay  
colors, smart French  
cuffs — borrowed from  
brother styling,  
Available sleeveless,  
short or full sleeves.  
Priced at 2.98 and 3.98

*The Blue Shop*  
912 Broadway



letters

Dear Sir:

I wish to congratulate you on your fine magazine. A friend of mine gave me a few old copies and I liked them very much. The humor in these magazines was outstanding.

I am a student of Loyola University in Chicago. In one of my courses I am required to teach a class every so often. I used some of the jokes from the issue of SHOWME in class when the matter was dull. It was a very effective way to keeping the class awake.

I would like to subscribe to your magazine. . . . Please send me any back issues that I have missed so far this year.

P. H. Sheridan, Jr.  
Thank you,  
Chicago, Ill.

*It's too bad, Mr. Sheridan, that more instructors don't follow your method. Too often, around here, the reading of SHOWME in class leads either to banishment of the offending student, or, at least, a nasty look. Here's hoping you have many bright, sparkling classes with SHOWME as the text.*

—Ed.

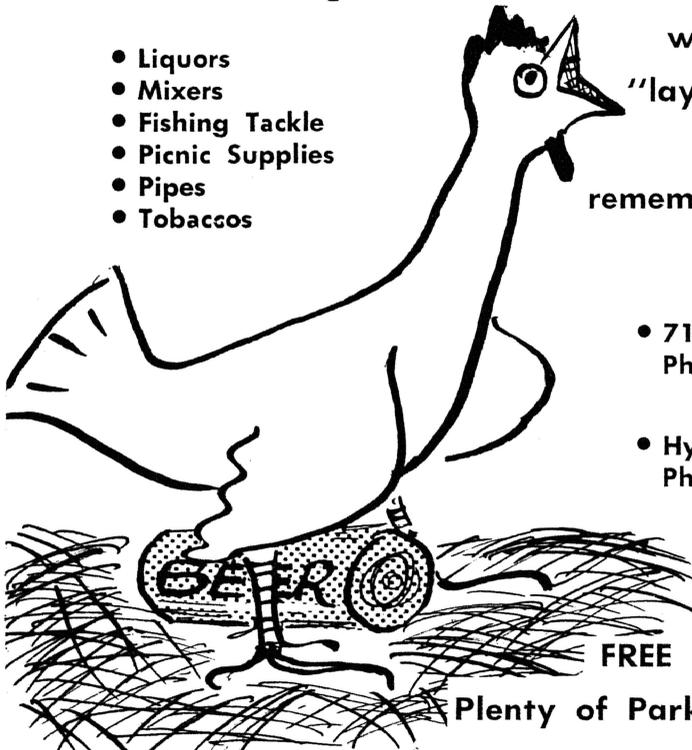
Dear Editor:

I have been greatly concerned as to what prevented your last issue from coming out on Sunday, as all good Sunday School Quarterlies should. Frankly, as I read page after page of sterilized lines, Rinse white phases, and chemically pure thoughts, I was disappointed—It just wasn't funny.

Far from the wonderfully feathery feeling I have received from former issues, I didn't even have a tingle of tattle-tale grey—it was about as sexy as a cold fried egg or the mating call of a "plumber's friend." It was like a glass of water on a barroom table—nice

*Yesser, It's Esser!*

- Liquors
- Mixers
- Fishing Tackle
- Picnic Supplies
- Pipes
- Tobaccos



when you're  
"laying" plans  
for a party  
remember Esser's  
two stores

• 715 Broadway  
Phone 4300

• Hy. 40 & 63  
Phone 3300

FREE ICE CUBES

Plenty of Parking Room

and pure, but it just won't sell.

May I suggest you abandon material from the Ladies Aid, PTA, and WCTU, and put an ear in the Shack, Den, or any good bull session. With more voluptuous girls, leering males, and delightfully fealthy jokes, your magazine will be itself again.

We're big boys and girls now, so turn your writers loose and let sex do your selling.

The Voice of Prophecy  
Don E. Morgan

*Your home remedy for our inexcusable attack for cleanliness would probably cure that disease. But we fear that if we followed your suggestions we would be leaving ourselves open to a bad case of BoardofPublicationsitis, which might be fatal. "Nostris Morituri", and so forth.—Ed.*

WHITE RATS  
ARE **TOO** FUN



Att: Editor  
Sir:

Your SHOWME is out of this world. For the past two years, Blair Ewing has given us a subscription, and we love it. When it arrives, we gather all its fans, this includes several Missouri alums, and, over mugs of beer, we go into hysteria.

This year especially, it's terrific.

Sincerely,  
Willoughby L. O'Connell  
'50.

*Your letter has filled the eyes of all who slave in the nameless ranks of the great Swami, with tears. Over mugs of black coffee, we read it and went into hysteria.*

—Ed.

*Go Formal . . .*



for that special dance, rent a white or black tux at Sudden Service. All accessories available too.



**SUDDEN SERVICE**

**DRY CLEANERS & SHIRT LAUNDRY**

114 South 8th

Phone 3434

I LOVE TO SHOP AT

*Campus Jewelers*



- Diamonds
- Watches
- Lighters
- Compacts
- Trophies
- Watch Repair

**Campus  
Jewelers**

On Campustown  
Easy Payment Plan

A STEP TO NATHE'S



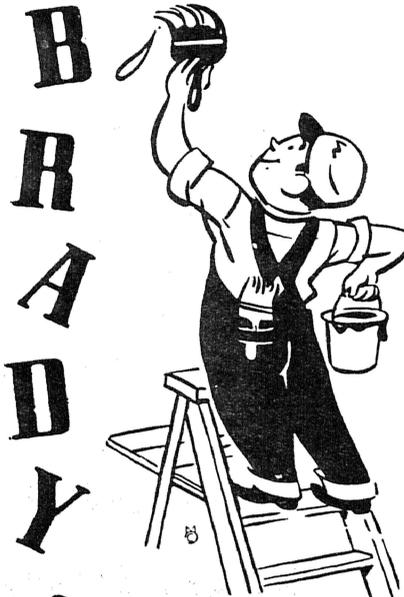
Is A Step  
In the Right Direction

- O.K. USED CARS
- EXPERT SERVICE

*Nathe*  
**Chevrolet**  
*Inc.*

715 Highway 40 West

*For Your Every  
Painting Need*



**COLUMBIA  
PAINT & GLASS CO.**

15 S. 10th

Ph. 4978



As we write this, the sun is shining and the temperature is hovering around the sixty degree mark. Like the character in Nancy Fairbanks' Story, we know "It is good to be warm." Like a sluggish rattlesnake sunning himself on a rock, we feel like doing nothing. But Swami whistles, and the rattler becomes a docile puppy running to do his master's bidding. And so you have the Atomic Energy issue, compiled of our "Blood, Sweat, Toil, and Tears."

Next month comes the big one—the one we are knocking ourselves out for—The Pravda issue, complete with pseudo-Russian news stories, advertising, and Siberian cartoons. Just to be on the safe side though, so as not to be investigated, we wrote a letter to Joe McCarthy, telling him of our plans and asking his blessing on our venture. We assured him that

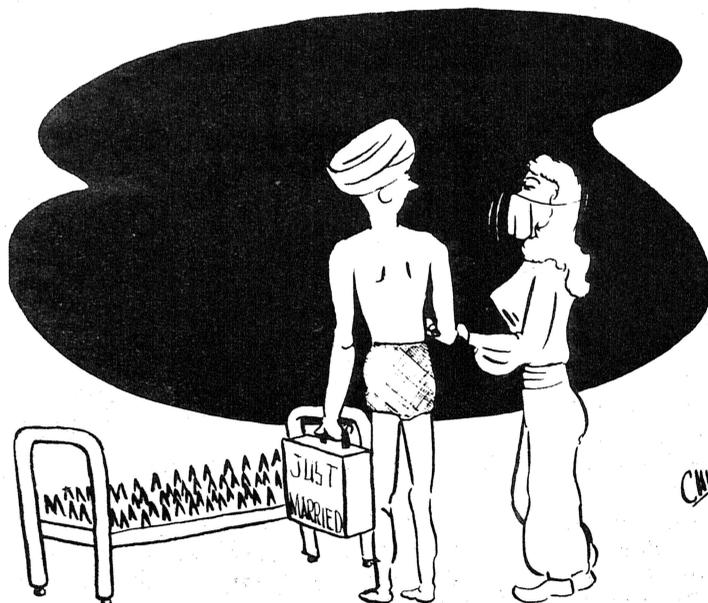
it would "be all in fun and tongue in cheek." We pledged that "none of the members of my staff are now, or ever have been members of the Communist Party . . . . Honest, we're not Communists." If the Senator from the North is kind enough to reply, we shall publish his letter next month.

In May we have another special issue coming up on the theme of Classics of Literature. For your pleasure we shall parody the greats from Chaucer to Hawthorne, and lay low the Bard of Avon.

For June (school doesn't let out until the eleventh) we have planned a theme of "To the Ozarks." More than likely, however, we shall simply take off for the hills of the south and bask in the warm sunshine by the side of the lake, leaving you to curse us for really never intending to put out a magazine in June. It will serve you right for trusting anyone as eccentric as SHOWME staffers.

Anyhow, that's the lineup for the rest of the year. While you're waiting, though, how about sitting down and writing us a little note concerning what you like or dislike about SHOWME. Too dirty? Too clean? Honest, we promise to read it before we throw it away.

*JOE*



*CMR*



## Staff

### EDITOR

Joe Gold

### BUSINESS MANAGER

Ben Bruton

### ART EDITOR

Chip Martin

### FEATURE EDITOR

Warren Murry

### ADVERTISING LAYOUTS

Bill Roberts

### 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

Nancy Fairbanks

Lindy Baker

Ben Ely

John Kovac

### ARTISTS

Dick Noel

Mark Parsons

Barney Kinkade

Bev Prevallet

Corky Cole

Milt Yeary

Bill Hofman

Tony Hardin

DeWitt Barker

Sue Lega

### ADVERTISING SALESMEN

Art Rauch

Bob Brown

## Contents

### MR. ATOM

Here's Chip Martin's parody on "Mr. Adam," the best seller of a couple of years back \_\_\_\_\_ 12

### BEING WARM IS GOOD

As you may have guessed from the title, Nancy Fairbanks has been reading Hemingway, who couldn't have invented Sam Goch \_\_\_\_\_ 14

### THE ROMANCE OF MOLECULES

A page of pen and ink concerning the efforts of two feminine molecules having a ball in a glass of gin by Chipped Martin \_\_\_\_\_ 15

### DEPRAVED NEW WORLD

Any resemblance between Aldous Huxley's "Brave New World" and this work by Bulbous Huxter is purely because Warren Murry stayed up two nights running to copy from the original \_\_\_\_\_ 16

### THE CHEMISTRY OF LOVE

Lindy Baker tosses you a Bunsen burner full of a guy and his girl and her Chem-mad brother \_\_\_\_\_ 18

### SHOWME QUEEN BALLOT \_\_\_\_\_ 31

### YOU ARE THERE

With Harry Truman as President of the University, Ben Ely visualizes an Atomic blast in the Quadrangle for publicity \_\_\_\_\_ 32

Cover by Mark Parsons

Photos by Al Smith, Henry Marx

Volume 30

March 1954

Number 6

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.



**MISSOURI**  
THEATRE  
**CINEMASCOPE**  
COMEDY ACTION  
DRAMA



It has been said that football is the only game which allows a fellow and a girl to carry a blanket through the streets without starting nasty rumors.

\* \* \*

The fire department was called to a hotel to put out a blazing bed. In the bed the fireman found a sleeping man very much inebriated:

Taking him to the police station after putting out the fire, they started to have him booked for arson, but at this point the man reared back and announced that arson was the one thing he couldn't be charged with.

"Why not?" he was asked.

"Because," said the tipsy gentleman, "that bed was on fire when I got in it!"

\* \* \*

Dear Jack: I just read in the paper that students who don't smoke make better grades than those who do.

Love, Dad

Dear Dad: I have thought about it. But truthfully, I would rather make S's and have the enjoyment; in fact, I would rather smoke and drink and make M's. Furthermore, I would rather smoke, drink, and neck and make I's.

Love, Jack

Dear Jack: I'll break your neck if you flunk anything!

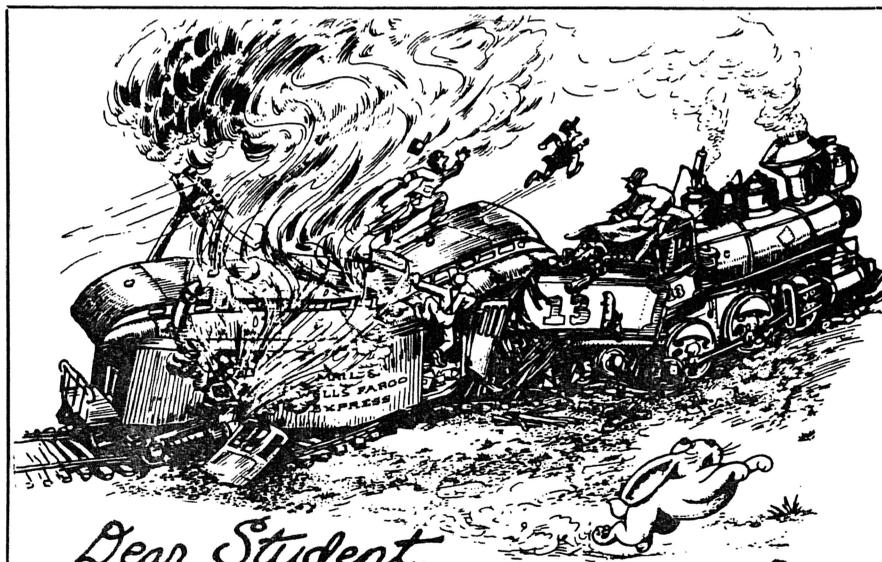
\* \* \*

There isn't much difference in freshmen from year to year. You can tell a freshman girl right off because she says, "Stop!" And you can tell a freshman boy just as easily because he does.

\* \* \*

A local tavern keeper, who had a reputation for keeping strong brews, was awakened the other night by some heavy pounding on his front door. Putting his head out of the window, he shouted, "Go away. You can't have anything to drink at this hour."

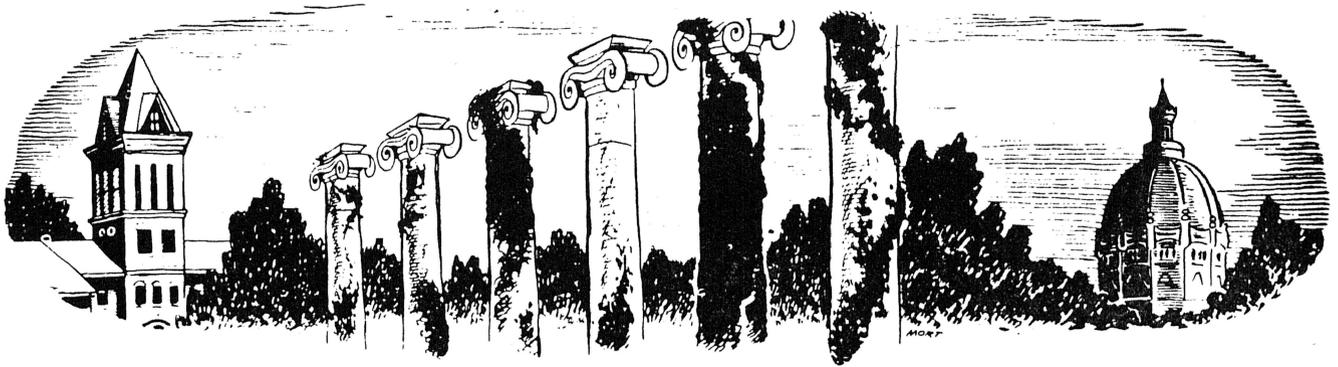
"Who wants anything to drink?" came the answer. "I left my crutches here at closing time."



*Dear Student,*

*Did your letter from home get lost in this terrible train wreck?*

*If so and you're lonesome, stop at the Missouri Store Co. for many items of recreation. Sporting goods, games and playing cards, records. Good books, fun books, pocket books (also blood and thunder ones). Or just stop at the M Bar and meet your friends. (or someone else's friend).*



# Around The Columns

## Overheard

At the beginning of the second semester, brand new freshmen were eating for the first time in one of the men's cafeterias. The breakfast consisted of three strips of bacon and rolls.

With a perfectly innocent gaze, one of the freshmen looked at the man dishing out the bacon and guilelessly asked, "May I please have some eggs?" The startled silence that met his request was deafening.

## Ides of March

Less than a month gone by . . . no books yet . . . but can't you feel the Hinkson in the air . . . old loves and weak hearts flutter in the rebirth of the Springtime . . . the library stands like a deserted castle, visited intermittently by the Plague . . . the crack of bats against white horsehide . . . the crack of chalk against blackboards bringing wandering minds back into the classroom . . . idle thoughts of afternoon spent in the sunshine at Twin Lakes or the Swimming Pool . . . happy peals of laughter . . . the second semester slump . . . soon the soft music of spring formals . . . and who can laugh at young lovers holding hands in a void of bliss . . . even cynical old Swami is struck with that rare infirmity . . . Spring Fever. "

## Workshop Gets the Works

While we are still in a critical vein, have you heard the scoop on the new auditorium rising dramatically from the ruins of Jesse

Hall? Not that it's being publicised very much. The 2,000 seat auditorium is not to house student productions. It is for outsiders who may come in for one night stands and the like. That simply means that Workshop which for many years had dreamed of a new, modern stage and theatre now discovers that it has been shafted, yeah, verily, and is now out in the cold. They might be allowed to put on a one performance show, providing it didn't conflict with any non-student function and provided they would not rehearse in the new building. Of course, we know very little about the "drawma," but we have learned enough to know that you have to rehearse in the place where you're going to present your masterpiece, in order to get the feel of the stage and to know how far to project the voice. But then, who are we to complain? Don't know where we ever got the idea that a university should be for the students enrolled in it.



## The Last Gasp

Having nothing better to do one evening, we were scanning the pages of the *Columbia Missourian*. A tiny squib near the bottom of one inside page caught our eye. It told of an SGA council meeting at which the council was informed that it was responsible for the \$600 debt which the *Missouri Student* has piled up this year. Now \$600 is a lot of money, and it is difficult to see how any publication, even one as rancid as the *Student*, could manage to lose that much money, but it's possible, by George, it's possible. And now something must be done to relieve this malignant growth on the "Voice of SGA." Numerous suggestions might be offered, from eliminating the publication entirely to cutting it down to four pages. However, we realize that wouldn't help too much. The *Student* does serve one purpose—and that is to let you know who got pinned, engaged, or married, so you don't make a fool of yourself by asking the wrong person for a date. Therefore, with this invaluable public service feature in mind, we suggest printing only a mimeographed sheet of paper containing only these vital statistics. Anything else would be wasted effort. This way, SGA would have an opportunity to show the student body what a fine Distribution Committee ("a committee for everything and everything in its committee") they have, and they could give it away (probably the only way they could get rid of it), thus providing themselves with good-will. And they all lived happily ever after.

## Coffee Clutch

Around the middle of February we were in the Union, and feeling that mid-morning slump about to hit, decided we needed some of that good-tasting, fresh coffee. But we decided to buy it at the Union anyway. To make a short story long, we ordered and received a brimming cupful of warm liquid, and a little ticket, at which we didn't bother to look.



Carrying the coffee, most of which had already transferred itself to the saucer, over to the cashier, we plunked down a dime, and waited sleepily for our change. Three pennies later we began to wake up.

"But . . . but . . . but . . ."

"Coffee is seven cents now, sir."

Stunned, we picked up our saucer of coffee and stumbled out in search of a table. We found one (not a bad trick at ten A.M.), and there pondered possible ways of eliminating the Director of the Union. Discarding bombs as being too noisy, and hatchets as too bloody, we began to think a little more rationally. With coffee prices rising all over the nation, and with very few places here in

Columbia still charging the now almost worthless nickel, it would have been reasonable to assume that the Union would raise its prices. We have since been told that the Union doesn't get any discount beyond current wholesale prices, and that the price hike was necessary to even break even, but it was a helluva shock for a man only two hours removed from a warm bed. Now will somebody please tell us what in the world you can do with three pennies?

## Change Letter

For those who have been around for a few years, chain letters are old things—from those promising receipt of a thousand one-dollar bills to those asking you to send a handkerchief. However, a few days ago, we received one that was different from the run-of-the-mill chain letter. This one really had something. Here it is verbatim:

### Dear Friend:

*This chain letter was started in Peoria in the hope of bringing relief and happiness to tired husbands. Unlike most chain letters, this one will not cost you any money.*

*Simply send a copy of this letter to five of your friends who are equally tired. Place your name at the foot of the list, and then bundle your wife up and ship her to the man whose name appears at the top of the list.*

*When your name comes to the top, you may receive as many as 16,718 women, and some of them will probably be dandies.*

*Have faith—don't break the chain—one man did and got his*

*old lady back.*

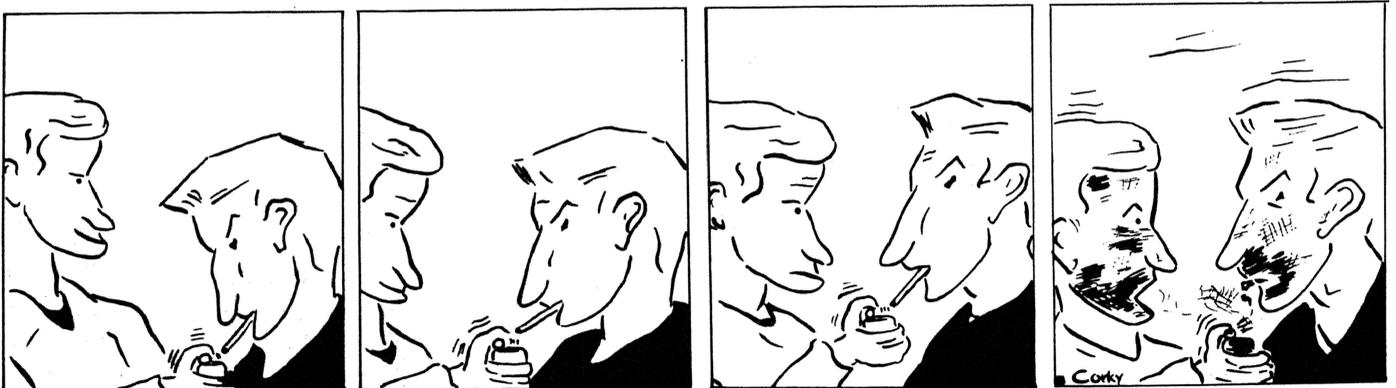
*P.S. At this date of writing a friend of mine had received 356 women. They buried him yesterday, but it took three undertakers 36 hours to get the smile off his face.*

By gollies, gang, rush right out and get hitched up, so you, too, can take advantage of this fabulous offer. We know a bargain when we see one.



## Starlight, Starbright

And here's another world-shaking event. We just found out that after this semester, the Astronomy Department will no longer exist. Because of lack of funds, the star-gazers will have to fold their telescopes and silently steal away. It is reaching a sad state when a university cannot provide the money for the maintenance of courses in one of the natural sciences. And we understand that the library is trying to get rid of many of its astronomy books. But, of course, members of the dying astronomy department probably saw it coming all along. After all, when Venus is in Saturn's house, what can you expect but mother-in-law trouble, and you know what that leads to. It's in the stars.



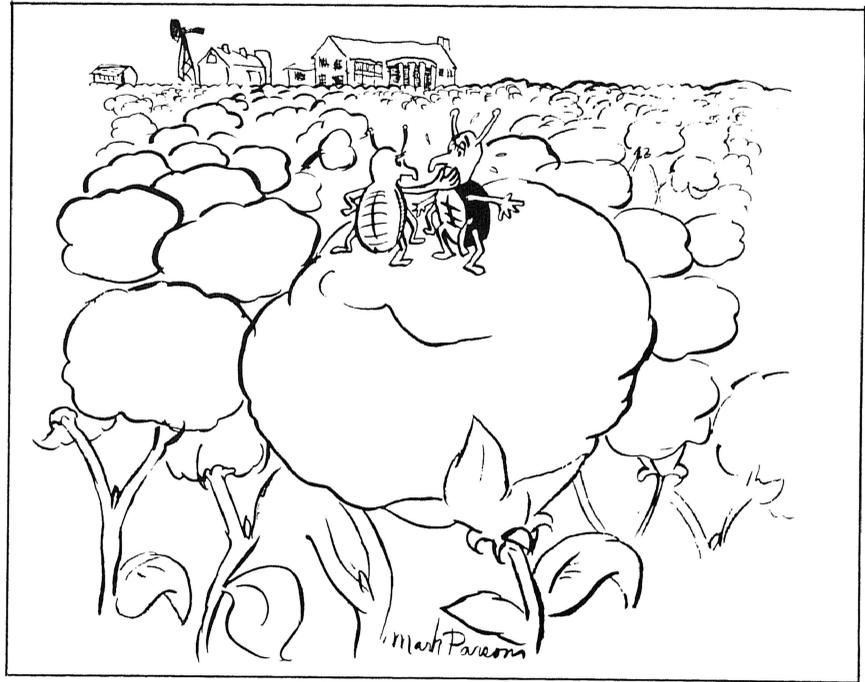
## MEN Wanted

By some quirk of the Fates we were handed a book of matches with the advertising of a certain nameless campus fraternity plastered inside and outside the cover. On the outside was the crest of the brotherly organization, beneath which were the words, "The Fraternity for Life." Intrigued by this simple claim, we opened it, discarded twenty matches and proceeded to read on. "Above all else, Blank Blank Blank stands for MEN . . . Not for Wealth, Rank, or Honor, but for personal worth and character." We were taken aback by this brazen statement. Rounding up all the Poor, Dishonorable Yokels we could find, we sent them on their way to the frat house to pick up their pledge pins. We are avidly awaiting word of their pledging, because, after all, they were MEN.



### Book Fool

For days after the semester began, long lines of gawking people tramped slowly past our door on their way to the "Book Pool." They lined the doorway and the hallway and the stairway stretching all the way down to the first floor. As we mentioned once before, the office of the National Student Association has been placed right next to ours. Now, of course, some people may not be pleased with having to wait an hour or more with an armful of books going up two flights of stairs just to save money. There is no doubt that those who went through the grueling process did save money, but we wonder how



Keep your cotton pickin' hands to yourself!

many of them were struck with the thought, "Is it worth it?" We understand that SGA tried to get a more central place, but it was vetoed by some of the higher-ups. But it did seem a shame that something as useful as the Book Pool had to be hidden so obscurely, and work so slowly, that students became disgusted with its operation.

### The Truman Capers

When Harry Truman was in town last month for lunch at the Union and conferences about his library, we just happened to be on the Tower steps selling SHOWME. We just happened to have a photographer on hand to snap a picture of Harry buying a magazine. And we just happened to start speling the merits of the "Hearts and Flowers" issue, as the ex-President crossed the street. Flanked by President Middlebush and President of the Board of Curators, Powell B. McHaney, Harry strolled up and wanted to know what it was. We explained that it was the Campus Humor Magazine and that it contained an article (really only a paragraph) about Senator McCarthy. He commented, "That ought to be interesting," and then asked the price. When told it was

two bits, he started fishing in his pocket. Then the President of the Board stepped forward, held out a quarter and said to Harry, "You shouldn't have to pay for this. I'll take care of it." But Harry came through like a veteran. Pulling out a quarter, he told us,



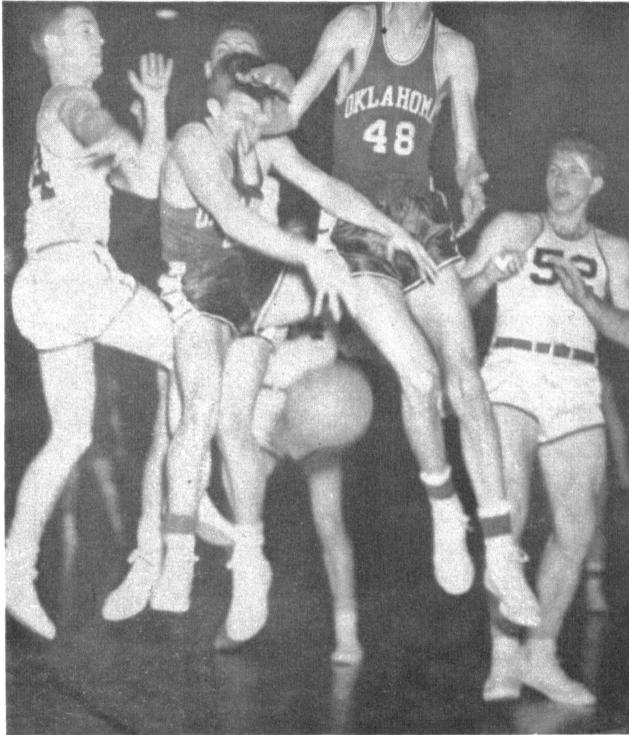
"Let me have two, so I can pay for one myself." The photograph of the hysteric event appears elsewhere in the magazine.

Incidentally, we have placed Mr. Truman on our subscription list, in a rather non-political move.

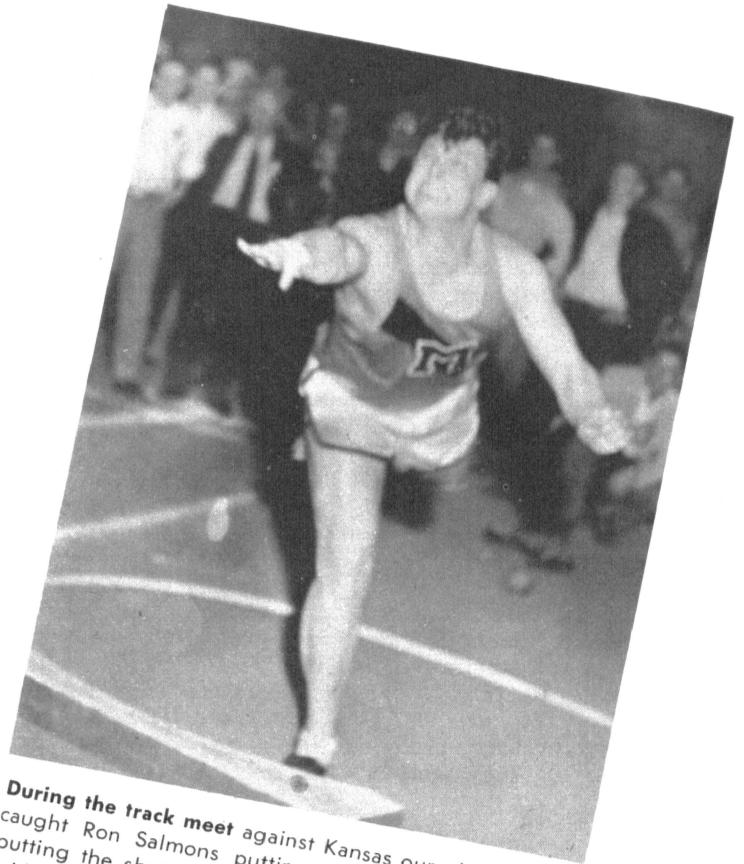
THE END

J.G.

# Mizzou Exposure



**Sports shots** take the spotlight as Missouri's Tigers walloped the Sooners from OU. The Sooner center seems to have lost his head over something, while Bill Holst and Wynne Casteel stand back aghast over this development.

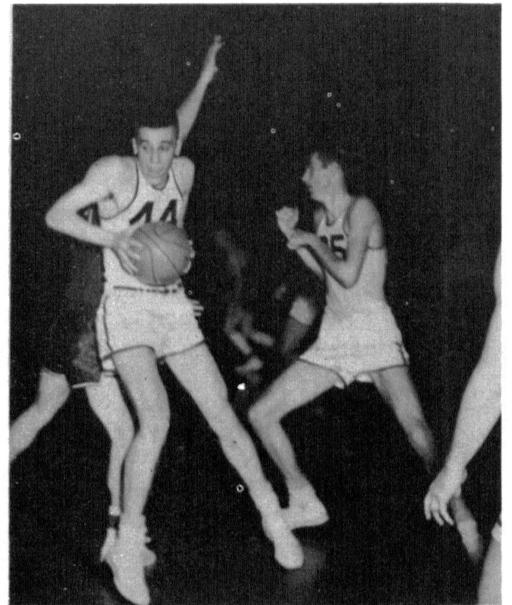


**During the track meet** against Kansas our photographer caught Ron Salmons putting everything he had into putting the shot. Although Missouri couldn't catch up with the Jayhawkers, Salmons won his event.

Photos on this page by Al Smith



**The middle of last month** was full of singing, dancing, and Dixie-land bands, as eight male rivals battled it out to see who would reign as Jack of Hearts for the coming year. Personable Perry Huston rode Dudley, the red wagon, home first for a DU victory.



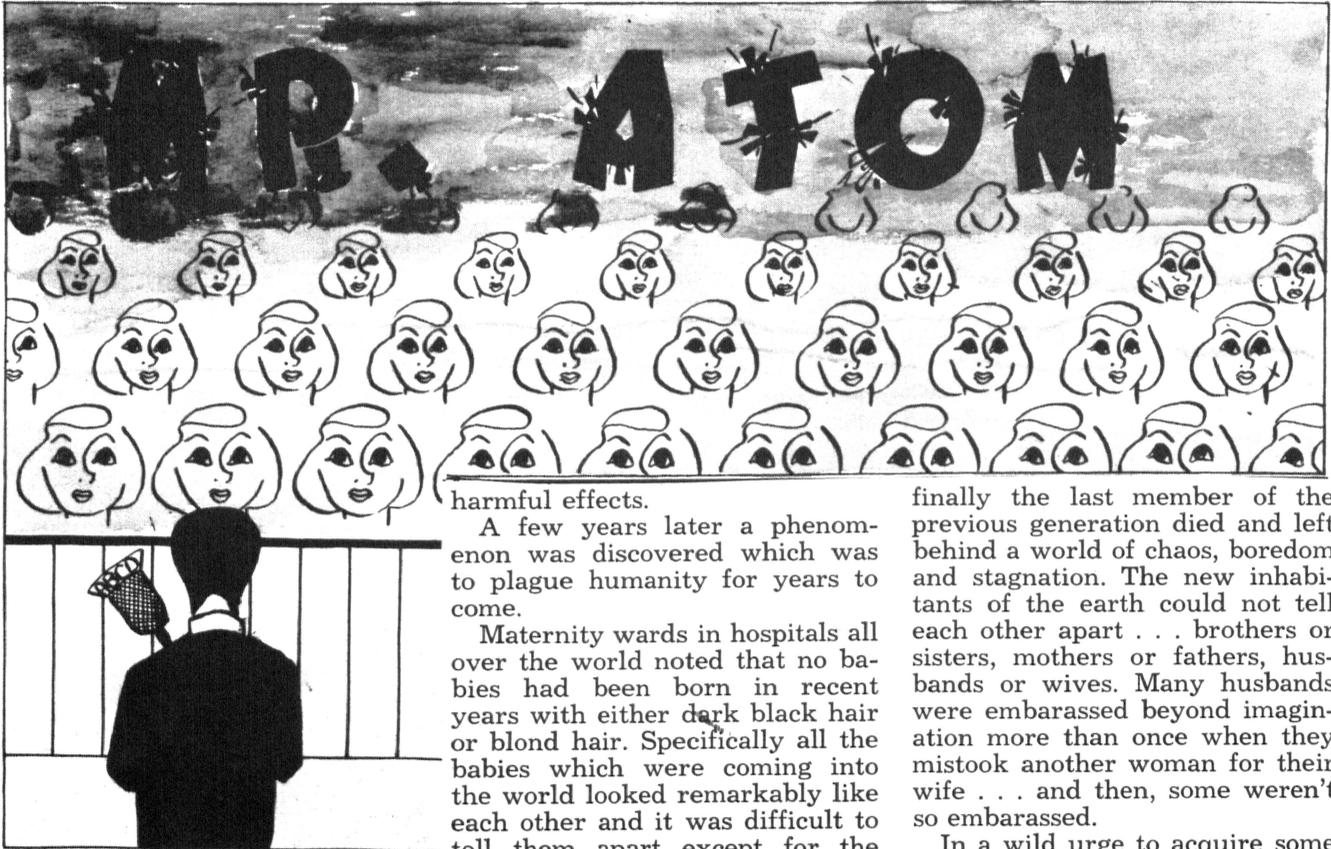
**Again** the OU basketball game. With Red Reichert in trouble, Bob Reiter comes to his aid—Don't hit him, Bob.

*Harry  
Buys a  
Showme*

"When in Columbia, do as the students do." And in Columbia, everybody, but everybody reads the campus humor magazine. Harry S. Truman in for a day of library science, took time out for a peek at the "feelthy" magazine. While this photograph was being taken, Mr. Truman had a copy of SHOWME in his hands and was looking it over. That's President Middlebush's back and Powell B. McHaney, President of the Board of Curators, on his left. Between Truman and Middlebush, the Editor of SHOWME is grinning fiendishly over the transaction. Further details in "Around the Columns."

Photo by  
Henry Marx





by Chip Martin

It was in the spring of the year 1954 when the great tragedy happened. But no one knew at the time that it was a tragedy . . . its consequences were felt and ultimately understood only a few generations later.

Two world powers, struggling for leadership in an age of atomic and hydrogen bombs, unknowingly, simultaneously detonated a new type of atomic weapon . . . the Thermonuclear bomb . . . at opposite sides of the earth, hence putting into effect a chain reaction which was to cause humanity many years of grief.

The two explosions combined, had more destructive power than the sum total of all explosives in history and the blasts were heard and felt by all the world.

Scientists of all nations made reports and exhaustive studies on the effects of the explosions, but no decisive results were discovered save a small amount of radio-activity which pervaded the atmosphere. The learned men of the time discounted the amount as being negligible and said that it would soon disappear with no

harmful effects.

A few years later a phenomenon was discovered which was to plague humanity for years to come.

Maternity wards in hospitals all over the world noted that no babies had been born in recent years with either dark black hair or blond hair. Specifically all the babies which were coming into the world looked remarkably like each other and it was difficult to tell them apart except for the age-old system of tying identifying ribbons on them. The color of the hair on new-born babies was similar to a brown and with a vague greyness prevalent in the pigmentation. All in all, none of the babies carried any outstanding characteristics. If it were possible, they appeared to be mass-production stereotypes just rolled off the assembly line of a big baby-factory.

Universities and research laboratories plunged into a search for the cause of the phenomenon, but to no avail. Years passed, and still the strange quirk of nature remained with humanity. The old generation with all its various personalities and human traits began to die out and was replaced by a new generation of stereotypes. Everyone looked alike, talked alike and even acted alike. Progress was at a standstill. No longer were there inventors, geniuses, eccentric scientists and college professors. None of the new generation which peopled the earth had ambitions beyond the ordinary. They were just interested in following a normal routine of life without incident.

The situation grew worse when

finally the last member of the previous generation died and left behind a world of chaos, boredom and stagnation. The new inhabitants of the earth could not tell each other apart . . . brothers or sisters, mothers or fathers, husbands or wives. Many husbands were embarrassed beyond imagination more than once when they mistook another woman for their wife . . . and then, some weren't so embarrassed.

In a wild urge to acquire some distinguishing mark apart from the rest of the populace, some groups attempted to bring back the old German custom of fencing in order to put fighting scars in the appropriate places. Other groups, in the Wild West custom, began to adopt a system of putting the same brand on husband and wife similar to the method used on cattle. Even that proved to be a bit embarrassing, what with everyone going around asking everybody else to show their brand.

Both systems of identification soon became so popular that duplication in many cases was inevitable. Finally, some went so far as to break off limbs, or jump off cliffs in hopes that they might look different than all the rest . . . This was the shape of the world when Ivan Adamski made his appearance.

Ivan crawled out of his cave in the lower Siberian tundra region and saw the first natural light of world on the first day of Spring in 2054. He was the direct descendant of Dongif Adamski, a brilliant scientist who had predicted the world mess and had taken his wife and family into the

deep caverns of the Siberian salt formations to continue his scientific research uninterrupted by world problems. Ivan was born in the cavernous laboratories that his father had ingeniously constructed and was schooled into being a great scientist like his father. Now, his family having passed away, he ventured into the world of civilization to enlighten the people on the cause of the disaster that his father, Dongif, had so accurately predicted.

By long years of research, Ivan and his father had discovered that the radio-activity which permeated the atmosphere so thoroughly a century ago had somehow destroyed the gene producing ability of the human species. The loss of the gene, a part of the life-giving chromosome concerned with the transmission and development or determination of hereditary characteristics, had resulted in the perpetuation of a race minus any of these characteristics.

Luckily, Ivan and his family had escaped the disastrous effects of the radio-activity. But, in contrast to a physical appearance minus characteristics, Ivan, in his mole-like surroundings, had taken on the appearance of a mole. He hadn't access to a mirror and had not seen himself before, but his parents had assured him that he need not worry since he was no stereotype like the rest of the unfortunate human race.

In a hunched-over posture, a result of long hours poring over books, Ivan walked out of the wastelands towards civilization. He passed by a small pond and stopped to take a look at his reflection.

He was taken aback by the horrible reflection and became depressed at the thought of meet-

ing other people with such a monstrous-looking countenance. But, nevertheless, he trekked onward.

It goes without saying that Ivan was received by civilization in good style. For a while, these who saw him were alarmed at his distorted features, but soon became used to him. His amiable character helped him much in his travels around the world to give lectures on the cause of the world problem . . . lack of characteristics.

No sooner than womankind became aware that Ivan was the only man who could save humanity from becoming infinitely stereotyped, the poor ugly hunch-back was plagued with requests for matrimony. Women came from all parts of the world to vie for his affections. The manner in which hordes of women literally groveled at Ivan's feet was almost a paradox.

During his long years of study in his cave, Ivan had been without the pleasant company of women. Now being swarmed by the hundreds, even thousands of women, Ivan became completely confused. As much as he desired to choose one of these women for a mate, he knew that it was virtually impossible, since the rest of the female population would not leave him alone.

Things were, indeed, taking a bad turn. Men all over the world both sympathized with him and envied him.

His popularity had now made him a rich man and he was able to afford a chauffeur, a large household and even a private physician. Upon advice of his physician, he escaped the demands of the female public for a few weeks and took refuge in the seclusion of a cabin in the mountains.

He remembered the scientific

volumes in a micro-filmed packet that his father had made for him for quick reference in any situation of problematic significance. Taking a wild chance, he found what he was looking for and studied for a fortnight on the advanced techniques of plastic surgery. Having a tremendous capacity for learning, he consumed the necessary literature and prepared to set forth on his solution.

He practised the surgery on his willing servants first, in order to master the art. He made over the chauffeur into an elephant, a butler into a dairy cow, and his physician into a lion. For a while, he rode his chauffeur about the north woods and enjoyed the fresh milk from the butler, but just missed being enjoyed by the physician.

Ivan then set up a mirror in front of himself and performed his own plastic surgery, a feat unsurpassed in medical history. Needless to say, the operation was successful and Ivan took on the features of all the rest of the men of the human race. His servants who no longer could tell him apart from each other, left his service and went back to the city, leaving Ivan to himself.

Ivan was never heard of again, but the people never forgot him. It was said that he went back into civilization and oblivion, marrying one of the many stereotyped females who was not aware of his heritage. In later years, a new change was seen taking place in the characteristics of humanity . . . people began to take the appearance of moles. The source of the new human characteristics was never definitely established, but many philosophers speculated that Ivan Adamski had done his duty for humanity.

THE END



# BEING WARM IS GOOD



by Nancy Fairbanks

Sam sat in his room bitterly slopping his feet in a pan of rubbing alcohol. His feet hurt. The alcohol was warm. The warmness was fine. Sam liked the feel of the warm alcohol on his sore feet. It made him warm. Every day he walked from White Campus to Red Campus all day. When he got home his feet hurt. Sam hated his feet. They never stopped hurting. Sam hated White Campus and Red Campus. Sam hated everything but the feel of warm alcohol on his sore feet. Sam hated them. He had almost finished his self-designed process for distilling used rubbing alcohol into 200 proof bourbon. He had discovered that his feet did half the job. In a week or two he would try it out on his professor. He hated his professor. His professor left the windows open on cold days. It was cold. Sam hated the cold. He was always cold. He hated people that liked cold air. His professor liked cold air. He always left the windows open. Sam hated his professor.

Sam dreamed of turning the university into a military state. First there would be inquisitions, and then, shootings. Sam cackled. He could see Colonel Harris trembling against the wall now. Everyone else would march. He, Sam Goch, would sit in a black sedan and watch them marching. Their feet would hurt. He often thought of it when he sat beside

his warm tub of alcohol. It made him happy.

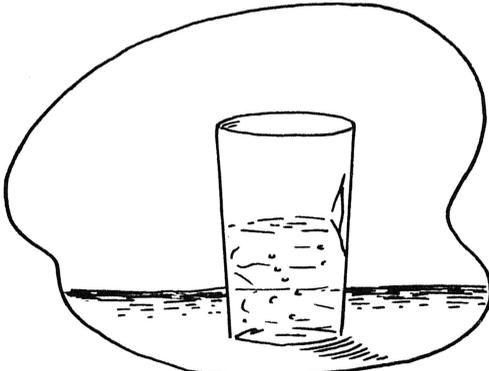
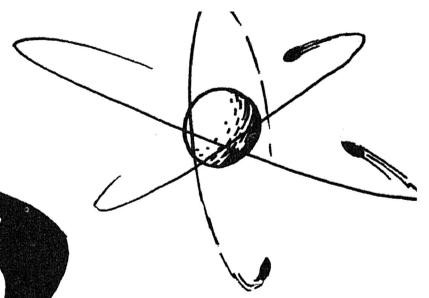
Sam stood up and threw his copy of *Little Women* at the radio. He hated women. They said Sam wasn't too hot. Sam knew he wasn't too hot. He was cold. Women hated Sam. His mother had been a woman. She hated Sam. She said he was cold. He didn't think she was too hot either.

The radio fell on the floor and broke. He was glad. Some fool had been shouting, "Run for the hills," all evening. Then he would mutter gabbled phrases about strange planes and atomic blasts and the like. Sam wasn't fooled though. He knew it was just a stupid attempt to organize a mass Hink party. Sam hated Hink parties. Once he had taken a girl to a Hink party. She had consistently tried to kiss him. He hated girls. He had strangled her with his Roy Rogers lasso. It had given him a fine feeling. It made him feel warm. That was good. The radio began to play again. "Attention. It is too late to evacuate your area. The planes are overhead. Protect yourselves as best you can. University officials announced a few minutes ago that, in case of atomic blast, school will be recessed tomorrow. Negative hours will not begin till the following day at eight o'clock. That is all."

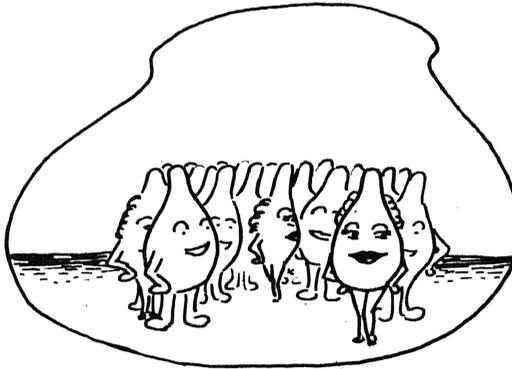
Sam snorted. They were trying

(Continued on page 39)

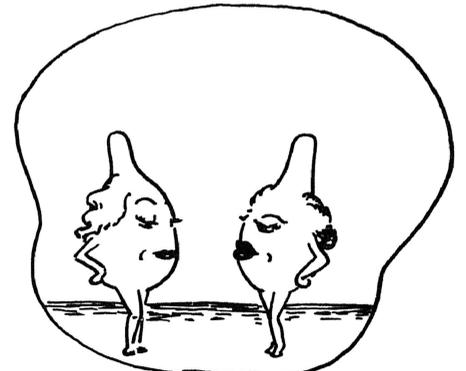
# THE ROMANCE OF MOLECULES



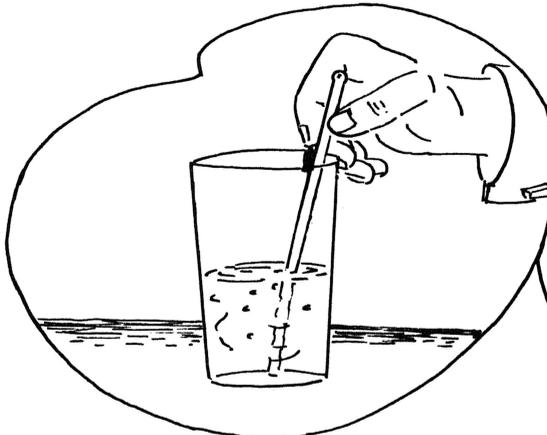
ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A GLASS OF GIN.



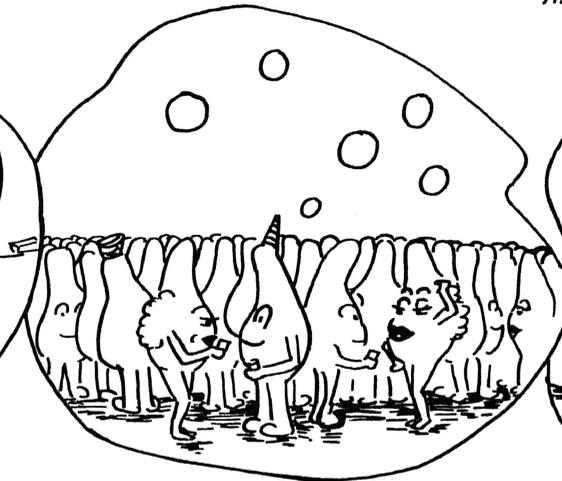
THERE WERE MANY MOLECULES IN THIS GLASS OF GIN....



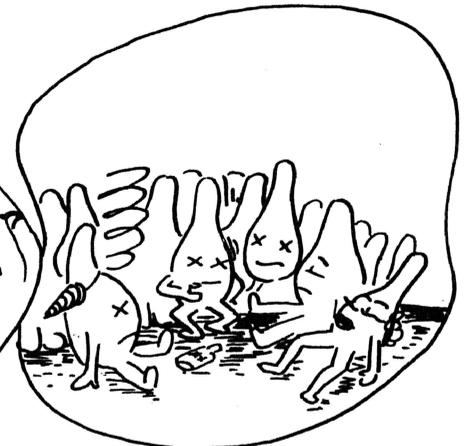
THERE WERE TWO IN PARTICULAR... MOLLY-CULE AND SALLY-CULE.



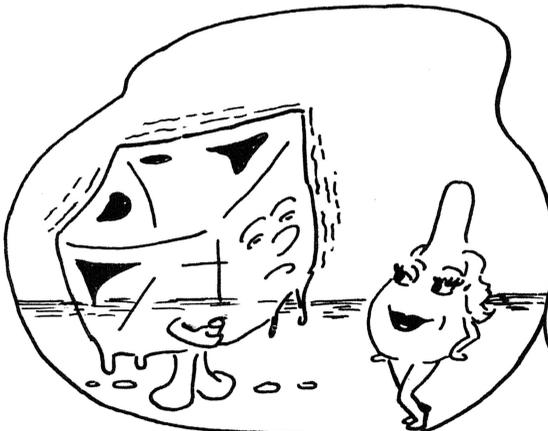
THEY WERE ALWAYS IN A STIR ABOUT SOMETHING...



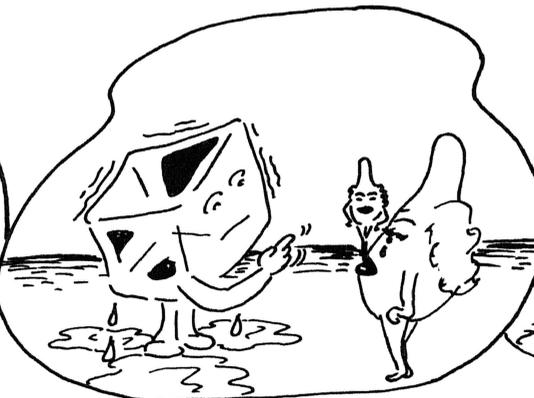
ONE DAY THEY DECIDED TO HAVE A PARTY AND THEY INVITED ALL THEIR FRIENDS.



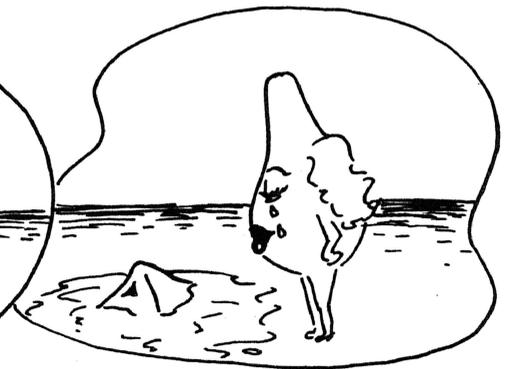
EVERYBODY GOT DRUNK. THEY WERE THE BIGGEST BUNCH OF GIN-RUMMYS YOU EVER SAW.



SALLY WENT WILD OVER RICE-CUBE THE ICE CUBE... BUT SHE GOT THE COLD SHOULDER.



THE ICE CUBE SAID, "SO SOLLY, SALLY, MY HEART BELONGS TO MOLLY."



SALLY SAID, "WHY ARE YOU SO COLD TO ME AND SO HOTTAMALE?" BUT THE ICE CUBE MELTED AWAY.

MORAL: ICE CUBES ARE MADE BY PLAYING IT COOL. *CHIP*

# DEPRAVED NEW WORLD



A squat grey building of only thirty-four stories. Over the main entrance the words, MISSOURI UNIVERSITY AND BRAIN FILLING CENTRE, and, in a shield, the University's motto, UNITY, STABILITY, EXPEDENCY.

The students lay on stark white tables made colder by the hard white light from the ceiling. To those of the bygone era, they would have looked more like cadavers of the ancient medical schools, than what they actually were—young people acquiring an education.

"And this," said the Dean op-

ening the door, "is the engineering department."

Bent over one of the inert students, a technician was working about the head with what looked much like a rotary drill.

"As you will observe," said the Dean, "the dormant student is in the process of receiving an education that at one time took four years. It now requires fifteen minutes."

The scholars checked their watches, and hurriedly scratched in their notebooks.

"You scholars are the only people of our society who carry on

the research, and obtain knowledge that is empirical. As some of you have already found, this is a slow, difficult process. But think how trying it must have been back in the middle Twentieth Century, when they learned by that method, everything which today we can graft onto the brain in a matter of minutes."

The technician had removed the drill, and was attaching to the skull a crystal apparatus shaped like a funnel.

"Historically speaking, in the time before the Atom—"

At the mention of the revered word, the scholars fell to their knees as one, and chanted:

"All praise the Atom, that which we are of, and all around us is of."

"In that time," continued the Dean, "the process of grafted knowledge was unheard of. People actually learned trades such as engineering, medicine, surgery, and law, by the same tedious methods with which we now carry on our experimental, and original learning."

The technician had selected a bottle marked *The Elixir of Chemical Engineering, B.S.*, from among the bottles identified as Elixirs of: Chemical Engineering M.S., and Chemical Engineering Ph.D.

"This specimen before us is about to become a graduate with a Bachelor of Science degree in chemical engineering."

The technician was carefully pouring into the funnel.

The scholar's pencils raced



"Oh, Alice, why do you hide such a sparkling personality?"

across the pages, making dubious markings.

"In the ancient method of schooling, students made their homes in the same communities which housed the colleges. You see, they actually lived here, studied here, and had parties here. That time is now known in academic circles as the Era of Beer."

The scholars looked quizzically at one another, until finally one was brave enough to ask the Dean how to spell the new word.

The technician had stopped pouring, and was removing the funnel apparatus.

"Money was a big factor then, and residents wanted the students to live in their city. In writings recently uncovered, one philosopher remarked on the significance by saying that the only positive way to gain wealth through an education was to fleece those acquiring one."

A musical gong sounded, marking the end of the class day for the scholars. They filed from the room, and started for their dormitory where they would do more work to prepare themselves as scientists in the new world of education.

\* \* \*

The Dean sat behind his desk. The visual intercom showed he was conferring with his assistant. The Dean was speaking:

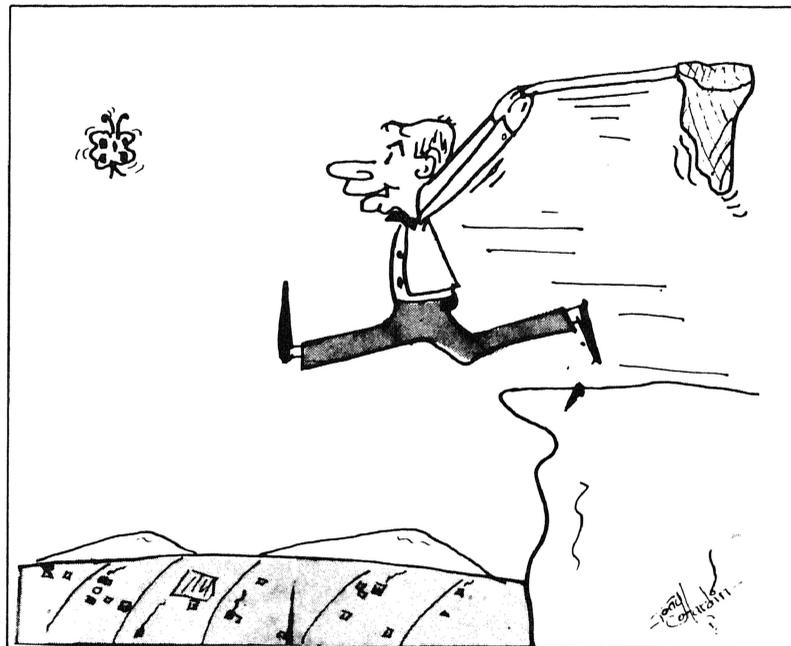
"I think I understand alright. You said that you had enrolled a twentieth century primitive in a class of scholars, with the prospect of making him one of the future scientists? Fantastic!"

"Not nearly as fantastic as one might imagine. The primitive showed a genius rating on the electro-brainwave-analysis, and was reading a ridiculous book called something *Shakespeare*, when found on the reservation."

"Reservation?"

"Yes, when the Educational Revolution began in the twentieth century, those opposed were placed on a reservation. They have a society that has degenerated for the past centuries."

"I question the whole affair, but if you think he can do the work, give him the usual brain-grafts of prerequisites, and send him to the Centre."



"At last!"

The primitive had been studying with the scholars of the Brain-Filling-Centre for over a month. It was still terribly difficult to be using an education when he couldn't remember having learned anything. Just the day before, he had found himself giving a dissertation in class on a subject that, as far as he could remember, he had never known existed. It was frustrating, and the primitive was homesick for the reservation. Life was not as fancy on the reservation, but it had at least been enjoyable. People there were still persons, not academic machines racing for a finish line that didn't exist.

The Dean droned on. The primitive doodled a picture of a foamy mug.

"In the normal life span of one hundred years, the human mind can absorb only so much knowledge."

"I wish I were back home absorbing a cold beer."

"What's that?" said the scholar in the next chair. "Did you speak of beer?"

"I did."

"That must truly be a phenomenal liquid. Only last week I received a brain graft over in the history department. It was a master, with a thesis on twentieth century beverages. To me, it seems utterly absurd for those

people to place so much emphasis on an amber drink, which is nothing more than a water solution of undistilled, fermented malt. Still, it does fascinate me. I should really like to brew up a batch, just for curiosity's sake, of course."

The class gong sounded.

The primitive left the room talking quietly to the scholar who had spoken so knowingly of malt fermentation.

Three weeks had passed since the first batch had come off from the vats which the primitive and his new friend had set up on the vacant thirty-fourth floor of the squat grey building.

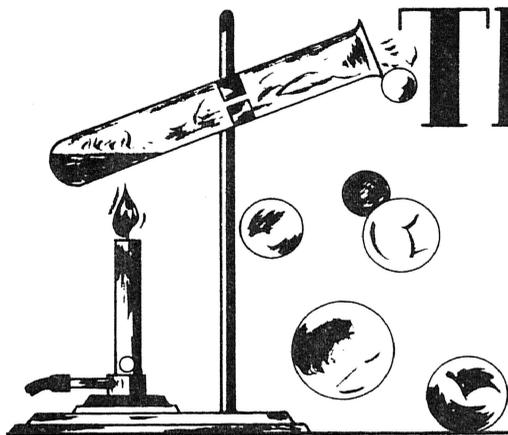
"I am disappointed," moaned the Dean, "that yesterday's experiment was a failure."

The primitive smiled as he thought of how the Dean would take it if he knew what had been going on upstairs.

It had been a glorious three weeks.

There had been the sour faces the scholars had made when they first tried the *necter-of-yesterday*, as they called it. He chuckled as he remembered the scholars sipping delicately, pretending that they liked the stuff, and then, after the first two glasses, drinking great gulps, of pride as he imagined again hearing the lusty

(Continued on page 25)



# The Chemistry of Love

Corky

by Lindy Baker

I used to be a pretty regular guy. You know, kind to small animals, smaller than me anyway, clean-speaking in the presence of maiden aunts and fairly sober most of the time. I didn't have a mean or cowardly bone in my body, except maybe a small one in my foot that gave me a twinge now and then. That is, until I met Leora Goodrich, a wonderful, wonderful girl who looked as pretty as the cover on a fancy box of candy. And twice as sweet. Overnight my life changed into a bad dream of deceit, fraud and almost murder. You see, Leora had a brother, Harry. He was a greenish-looking specimen, whom I'm sure her parents must have adopted out of pity or hauled out of their goldfish pond one dark and depressing night. While Leora was good and kind, Harry was, well, Harry had the same last name. He was majoring in chemistry—lived, ate, breathed the stuff, even smelled like it when the wind was against you. But Harry hadn't been asked to join a fraternity during rush. And his sister wanted Harry to be happy. That meant Harry pledging a respectable frat. I was dating his sister. I was also rush chairman of Tri Phi. You beginning to get the plot?

When I kissed Leora at night outside her dorm I felt like I could climb Mount Everest before breakfast, swim the deepest ocean, even get Harry into Tri Phi. Then when I went back to the brightly-lit house and looked around at my brothers I wished I had never met Leora. Wished that she had been an orphan. Wished

that she been born ugly. Not that my fraternity is the most snobbish on campus, but we DO have our standards. To be sure, these standards can be bent occasionally; they're not inflexible. Occasionally like when a wealthy alum wants a friend's below par son pledged at the same time our chapter room is beginning to show the wear and tear of weekends. At times like that we can bend our standards almost to the ground. But Harry didn't even have nice breath, let alone money, personality or influence. Just a beautiful sister and an unwilling ally. Me.

At first I tried bringing up Harry's name casually in meeting, trying to pass him off as an ordinary rushee, but Herb Brown, our prexy, just laughed. A rather ugly laugh. Then I tried blackmailing some of the fellas into backing me, offering my car, my best ties and a free case of whiskey. They swore, to a man, that they'd drink water, wear T-Shirts, and walk the legs off their dates before they'd be a party to pledging Harry. I was beginning to feel a little depressed. One night I even threatened to de-activate, but Herb Brown just laughed again. Then I really began to feel depressed.

When I picked up Leora last week I must have looked a little glum. "What's the matter, Don?" she asked, pulling my head over onto her soft cashmere. She began to stroke my head. I sighed and said, "Let's get married, Leora, and forget the rest of the raunchy world." I was thinking in particular of Harry. I had my eyes shut, but I could imagine the look on Leora's face. "Are you

crazy? What would you suggest we live on?" I opened my eyes and said, "We could try love for awhile." She just laughed.

Suddenly at that exact moment there was an awful explosion and the evening sky turned the color of an overripe tomato. I scrambled up in my seat and started the car. "It's the Chemistry Building—hurry, Don." Leora sounded a little frightened. By the time we reached the fire there was a big crowd, huddling in little tight groups, just standing there, watching the flames leap toward the black sky. The firetrucks roared up, sirens shrieking, and a bunch of sleepy-looking men scrambled down, unwinding hoses and hoisting ladders. One of them grabbed me and handed me a hose. "Here, son, lend a hand, will ya?"

Before I could think much about it, I was inching my way toward the front door of the building, trying to hold onto a wiggling fire hose. The din was terrific and the smoke was nearly choking me. Through the door came the familiar odor of lab, and I suddenly remembered Harry! HARRY! He said he was going to do an experiment tonight, something about gasoline and sulphur. And was I going to save Harry's life by directing the water through the door? I started to choke again, and then quietly, very, very quietly, I began to back away from the blazing building, not stopping until I felt the curb on the sidewalk hit the back of my foot. I had turned the hose off. After awhile I bowed my head and tried not to grin from ear to ear. Harry would be happy down there with enough fire and brim-

stone to smell up the place forever. Suddenly I felt someone stumble into me from behind. I turned and saw Harry, looking greener than usual and minus his eyebrows. "Hi-ya, Don. You know what, I almost didn't get out of there in time." He gave his braying laugh and I shuddered. "I even saved some guy's life"—he jabbed a bony finger toward the limp figure of Herb Brown on the ground ahead—"said he'd never forget what I did." I looked over at Herb Brown again—he was sitting up and it seemed to me he was leaning a trifle heavily on Leora, who was holding his head. He looked like a man who was going to enjoy a long, long convalescence. I gritted my teeth and tried to smile. After awhile I gave up trying to smile and just gritted my teeth.

That was last week. This week Harry was pledged to Tri Phi, Leora has been to dinner every night of the week as the "special" guest of Harry's pledge father, Herb, and I was blackballed. But I'm a friendly guy, not one to hold grudges. I even sent a special package of high explosives to Harry, my old, old buddy and didn't sign even my name. I give him two weeks and then BOOM! Somehow being blackballed from a fraternity with no house on campus doesn't seem so bad. Kind of funny, in fact.

THE END

An earnest young thing had been attending classes in first aid, and in the course of her studies had reached the artificial respiration stage. She was eager to put her knowledge to the test.

One evening she saw a man sprawled face downwards in the road. She hastened to help him and started her artificial respiration routine.

Presently the man stirred and looked around. "Lady," he growled in protest, "I don't know what on earth you're up to, but I wish you'd stop tickling me. I'm holding a lamp for a fellow working down this hole."

\* \* \*

Neighbor: If you don't stop blowing that trombone you'll drive me crazy!

Child: Ha! You're crazy already. I stopped a half an hour ago.



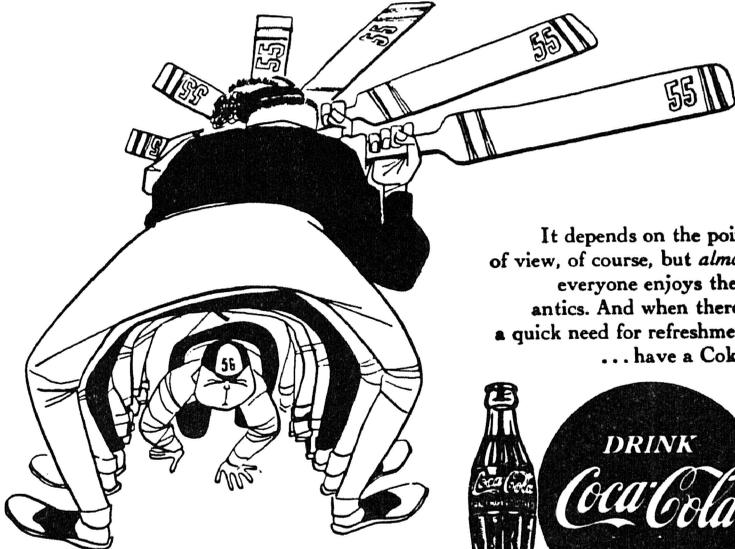
# TIGER THEATRE

*Your Columbia Art Cinema*

SPECIALIZE IN FIRST RUN  
FOREIGN AND ART PICTURES

<b>SUNDAY</b> Continuous Shows from 3:00	<b>MONDAY-SATURDAY</b> Showing 7:00 and 9:00
--	--

## Campus capers call for Coke



It depends on the point of view, of course, but *almost* everyone enjoys these antics. And when there's a quick need for refreshment ... have a Coke!



BOTTLED UNDER AUTHORITY OF THE COCA-COLA COMPANY BY

### Coco-Cola Bottling Co. of Columbia



# Collins

**FOR FUN**

**BUD AND SCHLITZ ON TAP**

**KEG BEER AND ALL BOTTLED BEERS**

**SANDWICHES** *"Ruby and Cotton"*

I DIDN'T KNOW I HAD IT IN ME!

LESLIE COWAN WON'T LIKE THIS!

MRS. WHITT, OH, MRS. WHITT!

PLAYS HELL WITH THE CONCERT SERIES!

NOW - THE "I" - THE BIG "I" GO, GANG

BUT, I GOTTA GO TO CLASS - ITS A NEGATIVE HOUR DAY!

LET'S GO NUCLEAR FISSION!

I KNEW THIS WOULD BE A DIRTY ELECTION!

NOW THIS IS WHAT I CALL SPIRIT BY GEORGE!

WHAT BLEW YOU UP THERE?

IS THAT PURE ANGORA?

NO, IT'S PROCESSED WOOL AND YOU CAN'T PULL THE WOOL OVER MY EYES!

BUT GOLLY, DARN! THEY CAN'T DO THIS IT ISN'T ON THE SOCIAL CALENDAR!

SOME BLAST

YOU'RE TELLING ME!

YOUR LIPS TELL ME NO NO, BUT THERE'S BOUILLION IN YOUR EYES

WHAT A BLAST

THE ONE DAY I DIDN'T WEAR MY MADEN FORM!

NOW WHAT THE HELL CAN WE LEAN THIS LADDER AGAINST?

BOYS WILL BE BOYS!

I ALMOST MISSED A RUNG!

REALLY HUNG?

WHOSE TOO YOUNG?

DUDLEY

BARNEY KINKADE

DAMN NEAR WRECKTEM

ACRES AND ACRES

# AFTER THE BLAST 1954

by Barney Kinkade

I SAY, RODNEY, THERE ARE DAYS WHEN ONE WONDERS JUST WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT!

NOW, AFTER THAT RUDE INTERRUPTION, I'LL CONTINUE WITH MY LECTURE.

BEST DARN BARN-WARNIN' IN YEARS

NOTHING LIKE THE PARTIES WE USED TO HAVE, THOUGH!

MAN-DIG THIS GONE CAMPUS!

U-235?

NO, ME 35!

GO YOU MOTHER!

IS YOUR RADIO ACTIVE?

BUT HARRY, WHERE WILL WE PUT THE LIBRARY?

MOTHER'S GONE!

BOFUS

I SAY SHE'S FAST?

IS THIS THE SALVATION ARMY?

UNSURPASSED!

IT WAS!

MUTHAH'S LIKE THAT YOU KNOW!

WHOSE GOT ZE DING-DONG, WHOSE GOT ZE BELL, WHOSE GOT ZE CLAPPER, EH?

GER COUNTER WHAT YOU GOT THERE?

ANTS GEIGERS WHAT'S IT DO?

BUT YOU WILL VOTE IN THE S.G.A. ELECTION, WON'T YOU?

OH BARF! GET ME A DOCTOR, BARF

LOSE ANYTHING IN THE BLAST, JOHN?

YEAH, I'M AFRAID SO!

FEELTHY FIRST-AID MANUAL?

WHATTA CASE OF ATHLETES FOOT!

"Hey! Lookout, Mister! Even a gal in a Woolf Brothers spring outfit isn't worth risking your neck to look at!"

**Woolf Brothers**

**BLUE NOTES COMBO**  
*Every Wednesday Nite*

**Pizza Pie - Spaghetti and Meat Balls**

**ROMANO'S**

1102 BROADWAY



She: Would you like to see where I was operated on for appendicitis?

He: No, I hate hospitals.

\* \* \*

When a car is stalled on a moon-lit night on a country road and the man looks in the girl's eyes, he's single; if he looks in the gas tank, he's married.

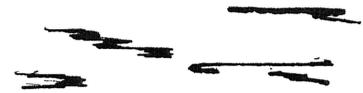
\* \* \*

Girls who eat spinach have legs like this!!

Girls who ride horseback have legs like this ( )

Girls who get drunk have legs like this ) (

Girls who use good judgment have legs like this X



He who laughs last may laugh best, but he soon gets a reputation for being dumb.

\* \* \*

Anderson: Darling . . . er . . . there had been something trembling on my lips for the last few weeks . . . er . . .

Fair Lady: Well, shave it off.

\* \* \*

Mistress: Mary, when you wait on my guests tonight, please don't wear any jewelry.

Mary: I haven't anything valuable, madam, but thanks for the warning.

\* \* \*

Two Fakirs found a bag of nails . . . so they started a pillow fight.

\* \* \*

Is the parking problem tough on your campus?

No, it's the problem after parking that's tough.



An English farmer was out in the field one day, sprinkling purple dust over the ground, when a stranger passed by.

"Why are you sprinkling purple dust over the ground?" he asked.

"To keep lions away."

"My dear fellow, don't you know there hasn't been a lion in England for over two thousand years?"

"Well, confidentially," said the farmer, "it's a lucky thing . . . this stuff isn't very good."

\* \* \*

Jack: I was a 90-pound weakling and whenever I went to the beach, a 220-pound bully kicked sand in my face. So I took this course I read about, and, sure enough, in a little while I weighed 220 pounds.

Dick: Then what?

Jack: I went to the beach and a 440-pound bully kicked sand in my face.

Mr. Brown rushed to the telephone and called the doctor: "Doctor, doctor, come at once! My wife was sleeping with her mouth open and a mouse ran into it!"

"I'll be there as soon as possible," said the doctor. "While you're waiting, try waving a piece of cheese in front of her mouth. You may be able to coax the mouse out."

But when the doctor raced into the house, Mr. Brown was waving a black bass in front of Mrs. Brown's mouth.

"Good heavens, man!" said the doctor, "I said cheese. No mouse would come out for a fish."

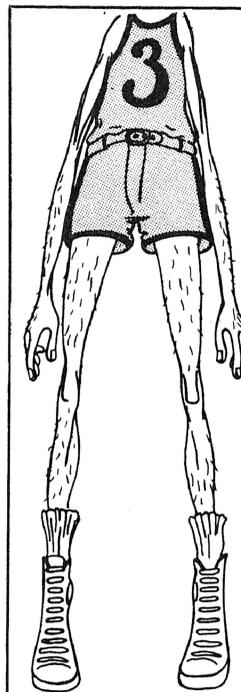
"Alright, alright," said Mr. Brown, "but first we've got to get the cat out."

\* \* \*

Freshman: Doctor, my trouble is my dreams. I always dream the same thing. Girls, lightly clad girls, running in and out of my room at the wee hours of the morning.

Psychiatrist: Ah, yes, and you want me to make you stop dreaming about these girls?

Freshman: No, no, sir . . . I want you to make them stop slamming the door.



THE  
HEIGHT  
OF  
SERVICE

- Laundry
- Dry Cleaning

DORN-CLONEY

Where Steaks are the Greatest

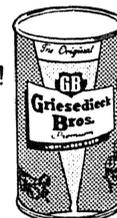


ERNIE'S STEAK HOUSE



jubilee  
pak

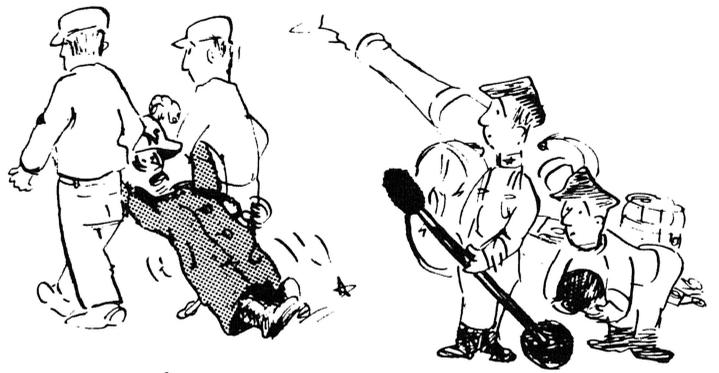
Smart . . . Different . . .  
in sparkling party colors!



Griesedieck Bros. Brewery Co.  
St. Louis 4, Mo.



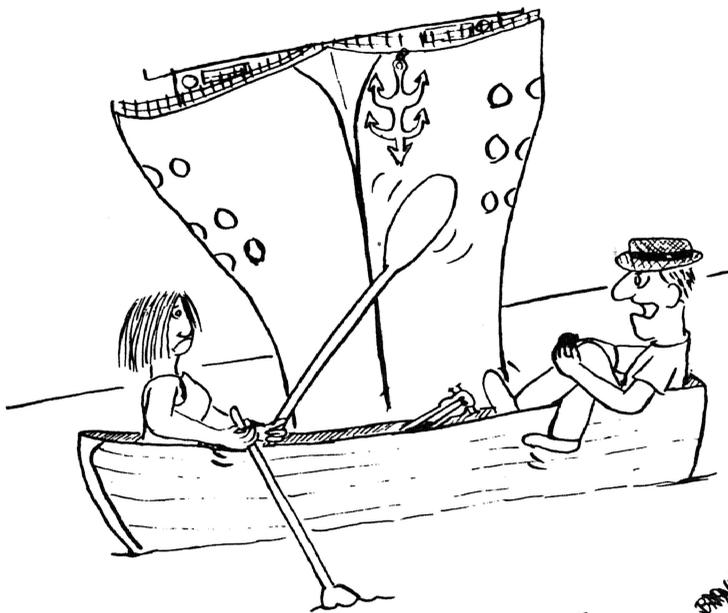
"Well, there goes the 'King of the Beasts'."



"But, I am... I am!"

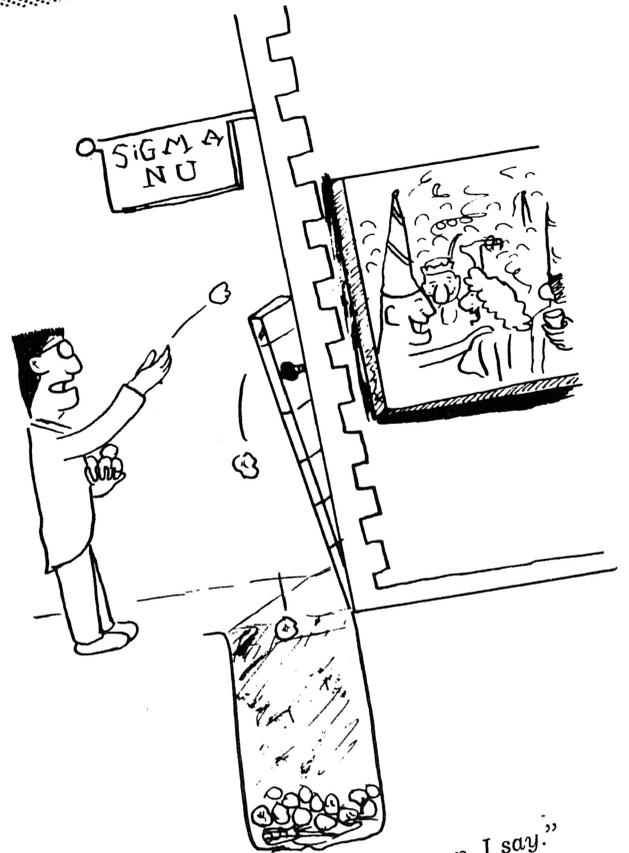
Mark

**stuff**



"Damn it, Maggie—Row!"

BRANDY



"Open up... open up, I say."

**DEPRAVED NEW WORLD**

(Continued from page 17)

strains of *Here's to Primy*, he's a damn fine guy.

"This class is the worst of my experience. Not only has every attempt at a brain transplantation failed, but none of the simple brain-grafts which you have attempted in the laboratory has been successful.

"Mr. Primitive," queried the Dean, "have you any explanation for the ap—"

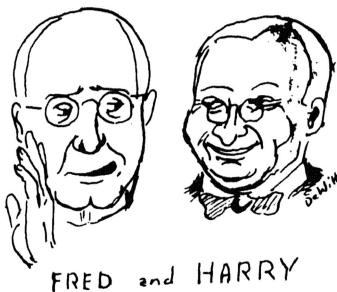
The class gong sounded.

"Saved by the bell," shouted the Primitive, as he dashed for the door.

"T-A-I-F," yelled the scholars in unison, and headed for the thirty-fourth floor of the squat grey building.

**Warren Murry**

THE END



Ed: Cheer up, pal. A woman's 'no' often means yes.

Ned: What about her 'Phooey'?

\* \* \*

Adolph: Knock, knock.

Herman: Who's there?

Adolph: Der Fuehrer.

Herman: Der Fuehrer who?

Adolph: Der Fuehrer the only girl in the world and I was the only boy.

\* \* \*

He knocked at the door. "May I come in? It's the room I had when I went to college in '09," he said.

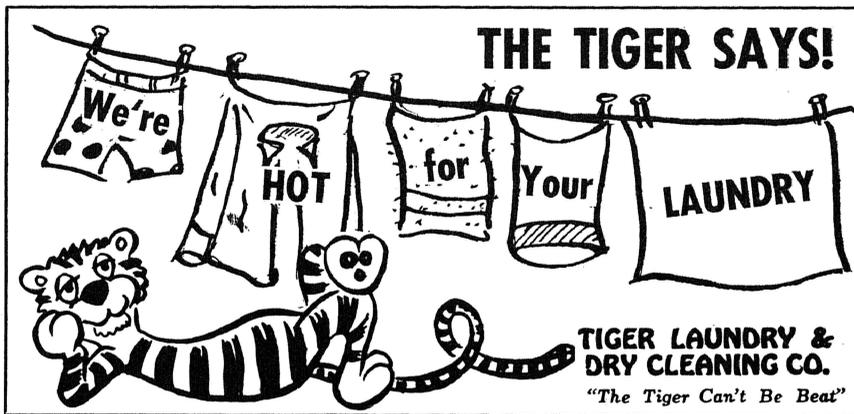
I invited him in.

"Yes, sir," he said, lost in reverie. "Same old room. Same old furniture. Same old view of the campus. Same old closet."

He opened the door. There stood a girl, terrified, half-clothed.

"This is my sister," I said.

"Yes, sir, same old story."



**In these towns you will find**

**CAPP'S FULL-MEASURE CLOTHES**

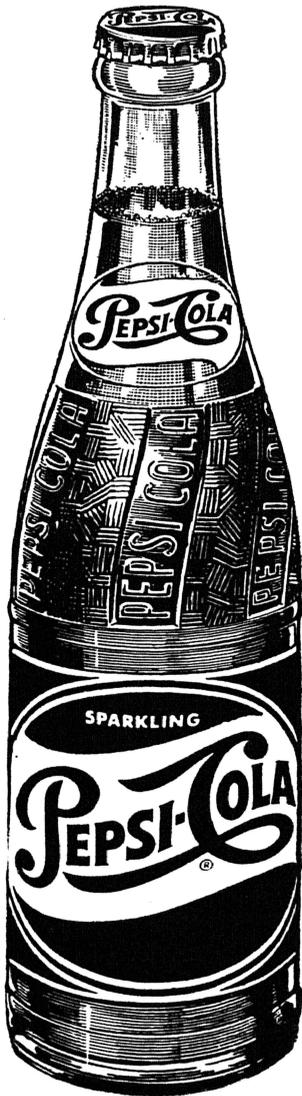
**In Columbia you will find them at**

**NEUKOMMS**  
22 on the Strollway

**PARKADE**

**DRIVE-IN THEATRE**

**HIWAY 40 WEST**



Smith Beverage  
Company  
Columbia, Missouri



Things A Boy Likes To Hear A Girl Say:

1. "No, I've never seen the golf course at night."
2. "Why bother, there's no one home here."
3. "You don't think this bathing suit is too tight, do you?"
4. "Let's go Dutch."
5. "Chaperone? What chaperone?"
6. "No, it really doesn't make any difference whether I get back at all tonight."
7. "My, but I'm cold!"
8. "We could always move in with my family."
9. "Yes."

The course of true love never runs up the light bill.

How about the calf that bit the cow because it wanted to hear the "Big Mamou?"

Officer: How did you knock him down?  
Coed: I didn't; I just stopped to let him cross and he fainted.

"I've made love to so many women," he confided, "I think it's time I changed. Tonight, I'm going home to my wife and confess and ask her forgiveness."

Of course his wife was hurt by his confession and she asked, "Was it that little dancer, Anita?"  
"I'm sorry," he replied, "I won't say."

His wife continued, "I bet it was that model, Patricia."

He kept his silence.  
"I know who it is . . . it's that hat-check girl in the theater."

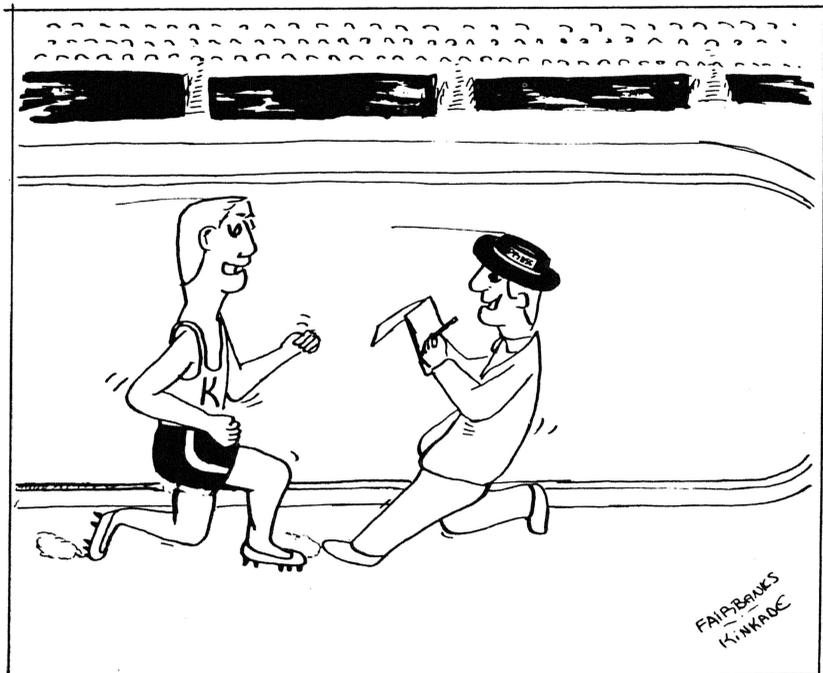
"Sorry, I can't tell you."  
"All right," said his angry spouse, "if you won't tell me who it was, I won't forgive you."

Next day: "Did your wife forgive you?"  
"No," was the reply, "but she gave me three swell leads."

If more than one mouse is mice,  
And more than one louse is lice,  
Then you must agree  
Obviously,  
That more than one spouse is  
spice.

He: You've a faculty for making love.  
She: No, just a student body.

It's hard to figure out why a girl thinks a man is rude and vulgar when he stares at what she's trying so hard to display.



"... and where do you run next week, Mr. Santee?"



# SWAMI'S SHORTS

One Tri-Delt to another: Of course, I wouldn't say anything about her unless it was good, and, oh boy, is this good!

\* \* \*

Joe: Just got back from a trip around the world.

Moe: Great! Did you stop off in Egypt?

Joe: Oh, yes.

Moe: Go up the Nile?

Joe: Sure, swell view from the top.

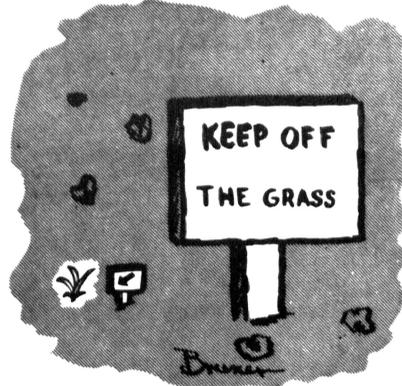
\* \* \*

After a rather wild date with a charming young lady, her escort, a bit worried, asked, "Do you tell your mother everything you do?" She looked up and said, "Certainly not. Mother doesn't give a hoot. It's my husband who's so inquisitive."

\* \* \*

When a gal is the toast of the town, all the fellows want a bite.

A student put a bottle of Scotch in his pocket. On his way across the street he was knocked down by an automobile. Picking himself up, he started to walk away when he felt something warm trickling down his leg. "Oh, Lord," he groaned, "I hope that's blood."



In the perfume department of a large store, a young lady with a baby in her arms stepped up to the counter and carefully surveyed the display which included: "My Sin," Ecstasy," "Tabu," "Irresistible," and "Surrender."

Quietly she asked the salesgirl, "Would you like a testimonial?"

There once was a maiden of Siam  
Who said to her lover, Kiam,  
If you kiss me, of course  
You will have to use force—  
But heaven knows you're stronger than I am.

\* \* \*

The church service was proceeding successfully when an attractive young lady, who was seated in the balcony, became so excited that she leaned out too far and fell over the railing. Her dress caught in a chandelier, and she was suspended in mid-air. The minister noticed her undignified position and thundered to his congregation: "Any person who turns to look will be stricken stone blind."

A man whispered to his companions, "I'm going to risk one eye."

\* \* \*

A husband arrived home late frequently and was finally bawled out by his wife one night. When reprimanded, he asked her to swallow some Scotch he had with him. She coughed and coughed and sputtered. "See," he said victoriously, "and you think I enjoy myself Saturday nights."

Confetti's  
Joyce  
Delmanette  
Spaldings  
Mademoiselle  
Troyling  
Debs  
Hanes Hosiery  
Oldmaine Trotters

COLUMBIA'S • SMARTEST SHOES •  
the novus shop  
18 ON THE STROLLWAY

# TASTEE FREEZ

Will Deliver Free With  
Minimum \$2.00 Order

Phone 2-1670



# at Moon Valley Villa



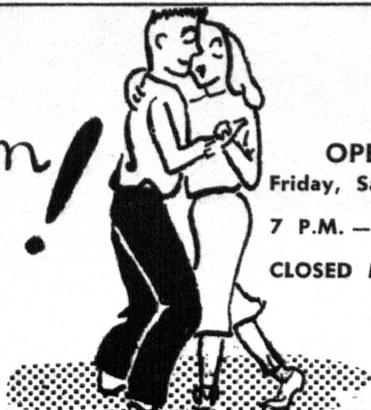
T-BONE STEAK — \$2.00

PORTER HOUSE STEAK DINNER FOR TWO — \$5.00

PHONE 6576

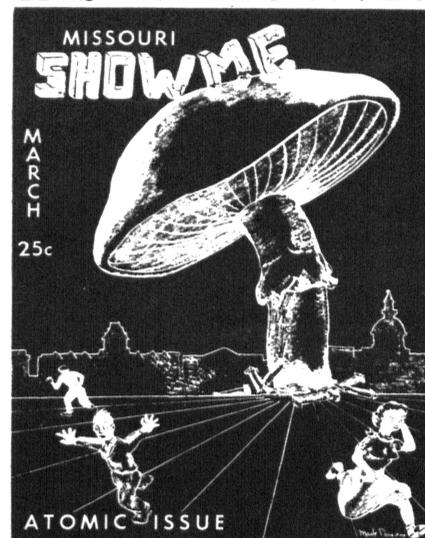
# Outside Inn!

- soft drinks
- sandwiches
- dancing
- cold beer



OPEN 3:00 P.M.  
Friday, Saturday & Sunday  
7 P.M. — Tues., Wed., & Thurs.  
CLOSED MONDAY

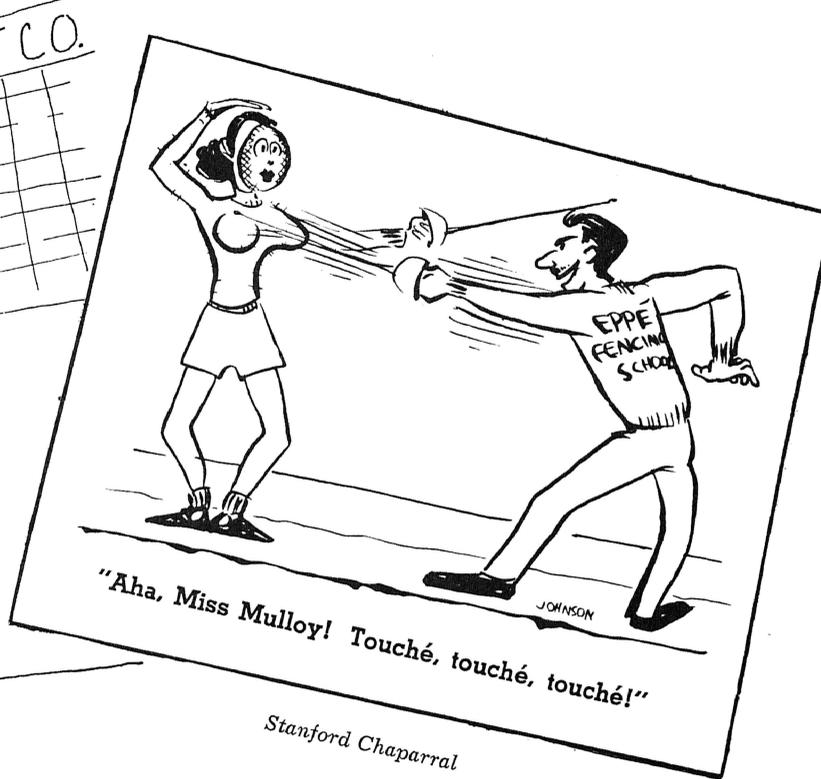
## THIS MONTH'S COVER



When he was informed that the honor of producing the cover for the Atomic Energy issue had devolved upon him, Mark Parsons (see page 40) threw his arms about the editor's neck—and tried to throttle him. This doing no good, Mark ungracefully accepted the task and promptly set to work. Taking the "Mushroom" theme from previous atomic blasts, he incorporated it into a real, live mushroom sprouting in the middle of the Quadrangle, and so another symbolic cover is born. The selection of a color was left to the artist, who decided that Magenta was just what he had always wanted (magenta being a cross between blood and ebony). The cover was produced by a reverse plate process, which means that there was one black and white drawing. The printer then reversed it so that the black became white, and the white flowered into magenta. Confusing? To get the effect of shading around the top of the mushroom and in the broken letters of SHOW ME, Mark used a pebble grain type of paper that makes a fast job of india inking look like it is speckled. We trust that Parson's Perverted Picture will never come true, but if it does—remember, you saw it here first.



Cornell Widow



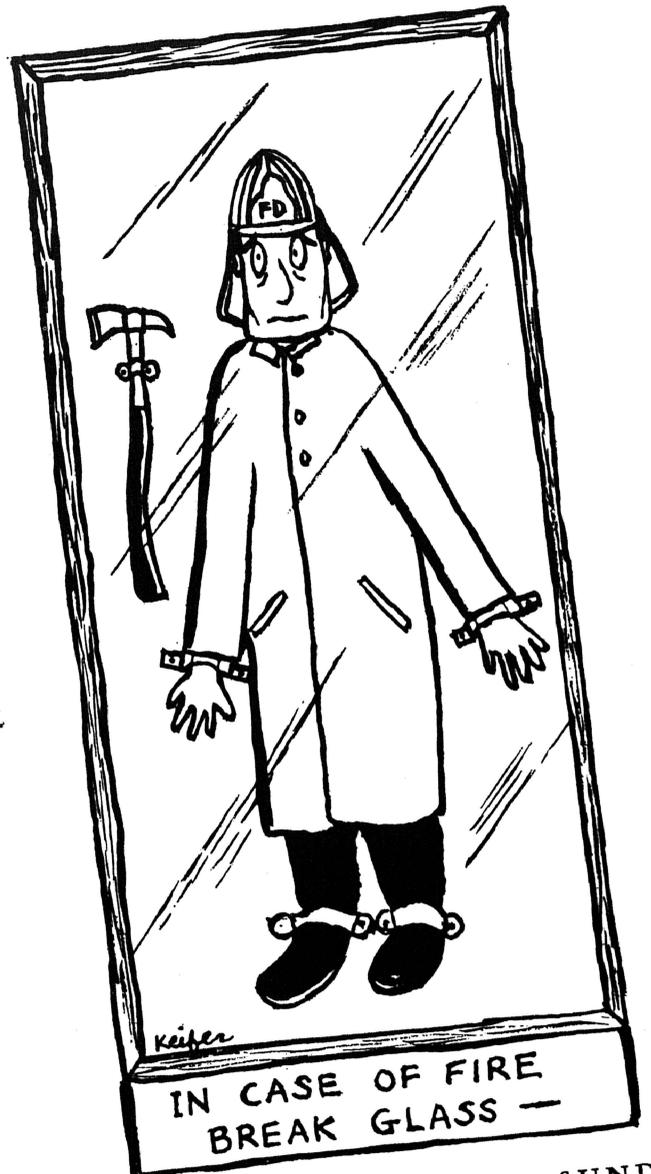
Stanford Chaparral

# filched



"... and it's a hit for Jimmy Dugan ... in the hole between third and short ..."

B. U. Campus



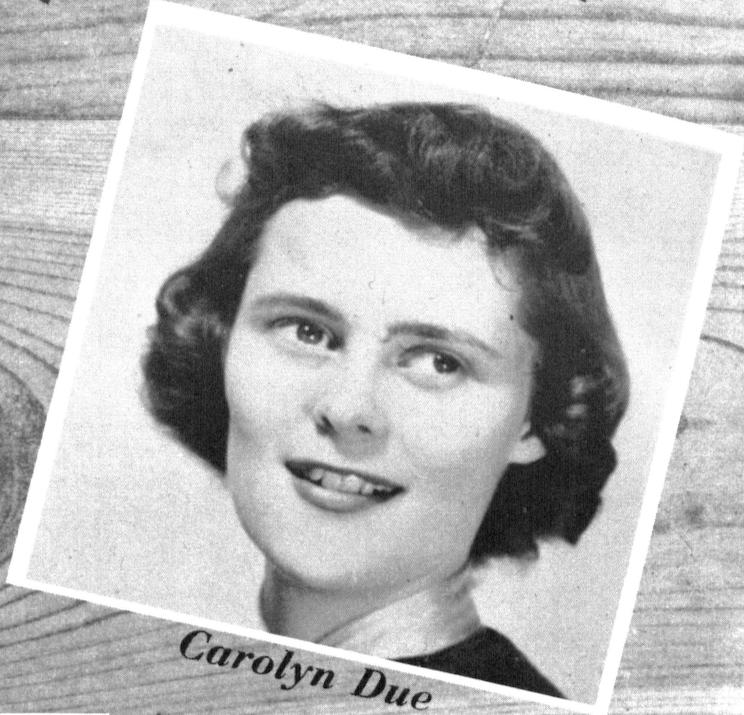
Keifer

IN CASE OF FIRE  
BREAK GLASS —

*Vote Now At The Union*



*Priseilla Lott*



*Carolyn Due*

### *The Queen's Gems*

- **A Suite at the Congress Hotel, St. Louis**
- **Her escort, columnist, Bob Goddard**
- **A radio appearance**
- **Guest on a television show**
- **A Banquet sponsored by Anheuser Busch in their new Penthouse**
- **Appearance at the Town and Country**

J  
E  
R  
R  
Y  
P  
O  
W  
E  
L  
L

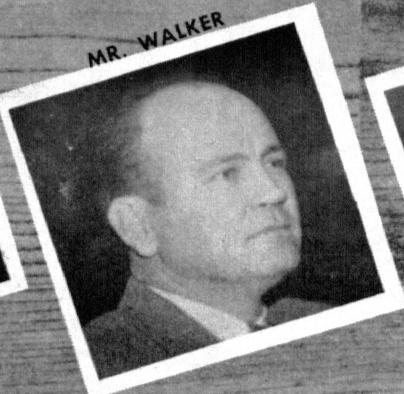


M.C.

D  
R.  
B  
U  
G  
G



JOE GOLD



MR. WALKER



MR. ROBINS



BEN BRUTON

# For Showme Queen



Sylvia Wood



Joyce Chatham



Lois Kopp

R  
E  
A  
D  
  
T  
H  
I  
S  
  
C  
A  
R  
E  
F  
U  
L  
L  
Y

If your name and I.D. number are not on your ballot, it will not be accepted. Photographs on I.D. cards will be checked against the person presenting the ballot. On Thursday, March 4, all votes will be counted by Sandy Smith, President of A.W.S. and the Editor of SHOWME. Announcement of the winner will appear in the Monday evening papers. Ballots may be cast at the information desk at the Student Union which will be open between the hours of 8 A.M. and noon, and 1 P.M. and 5 P.M. on Wednesday, Mar. 3 only. The judges, whose pictures appear on the opposite page, were able to choose these five young ladies. The rest is up to you.

This ballot or a reasonable facsimile may be used.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

I.D. No. \_\_\_\_\_

### CHECK ONE

- ( ) Joyce Chatham      ( ) Lois Kopp  
( ) Carolyn Due        ( ) Priscilla Lott  
( ) Sylvia Wood

A  
L  
L  
  
P  
H  
O  
T  
O  
S  
  
B  
Y  
  
A  
L  
S  
M  
I  
T  
H



**your announcer, ben ely**

Good afternoon, friends. We are speaking to you from the campus of Missouri University.

It is a balmy day here in Columbia. Spring has given its spirit to the school, and even the temporary buildings have taken on a distinctive beauty. In the midst of the green of Francis Quadrangle stand the columns, sombre and tall. The lions of Neff Hall are poised and silent as always, while the dome of great Jesse glistens in the sun.

All is quiet on the quadrangle. No one can be seen either in the classrooms or on the sidewalks. The breeze gently ripples the grass, and for all its beauty, the place begins to look desolate.

This is the Atomic Test on Francis Quadrangle. You are there.

About a mile away from the

quadrangle, safe and high in an observatory tower, stands University President Harry S. Truman. He is beaming broadly while explaining to the press the nature of the test.

Mr. Truman, in his short span as university president, has already done many great things for the school. He has succeeded in adding several new buildings to the Ag campus, continuing his farm support program. He has also donated a large sum toward construction of the other wing of the Student Union because "I always was in favor of big unions."

Now Mr. Truman stands in the tower. Beside him are his wife and daughter. Behind him stands Maj. General Harry Vaughn, commander of Missouri University's ROTC.

We are situated in the radio booth in the same tower as Mr.

Truman. From here we can see the whole university, from Big Hinkson to Little Hinkson. It is a deserted school. Days ago the last student left for home, shelter, and safety. Now the great school stands empty, her gray and red buildings awaiting the big blow.

Mr. Truman, speaking at a press conference two days ago, announced that this test would be the greatest publicity stunt in the history of old Mizzou. He expects enrollment to increase by 25% as a result of the big test.

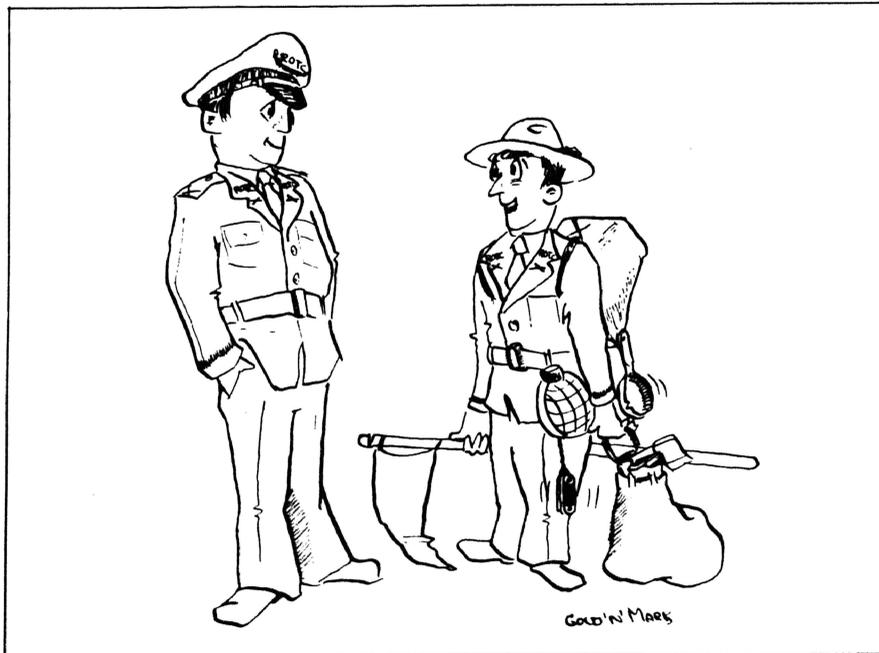
Once more looking down at the empty quadrangle, we see that it is barren as before. Quiet and serene, it is awaiting the blast that will make its name live in immortality. The merry partying of College Row and Greek Town has subsided. The Shack stands like an empty tomb, her scarred benches vacant, her beer casks still. The wind and dust have covered the tire tracks on the Hink, leaving a bare and desolate wilderness.

Now, in the distance, we see the plane carrying the A-bomb approaching. The exact spot of the drop should be just to the south of the columns, in front of Jesse Hall. A quick glance at Mr. Truman tells us that he is still beaming broadly, one arm around his wife, the other around General Vaughn.

The plane is now circling overhead. Mr. Truman is looking up at it, his broad grin opening up his face.

We have just been ordered to strap on colored goggles to protect ourselves from the glare of the blast. Time for the bomb must be at hand.

Just a minute—the plane seems to have shifted its course to the North. The tower is busily trying to contact the bomber, but



*But, didn't you get an order to go to summer camp, too?*

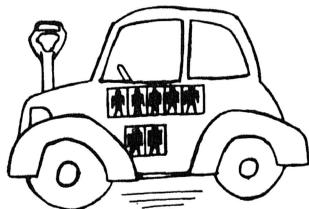
there seems to be interference. Wait—far to the north—it's a mushroom! Is there a city up there? What's that—M-O-B-E-R-L-Y?

Ladies and gentlemen—nothing definite yet. Yes, wait, here it is. We've regained contact with the plane. They've established their position, but too late. The bomb was mistakenly dropped on Moberly, Missouri.

Mr. Truman seems rather shaken, staring at the mushrooming cloud to the north. His wife is silently sobbing, her head on General Vaughn's shoulder, her tears rusting his medals. I have just been handed a message— Mr. Truman deeply regrets the mistake, but resents the telegrams from outraged students, which have begun pouring in. Well, that will be the last blast in Moberly for a while.

You were there. Thank you and good afternoon.

THE END



*See*

Pre-med student (leaving zoo lab): What's that strange odor?  
Passer-by: Fresh air.

\* \* \*

I was charmed by the look in her eye,

By her nightingale voice I was smitten.

And her beautiful figure, oh my!  
By her glorious hair I was bitten.  
She's really the charmingest girl, sir,

In her arms any man would find bliss, sir,

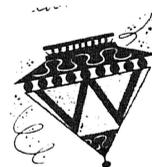
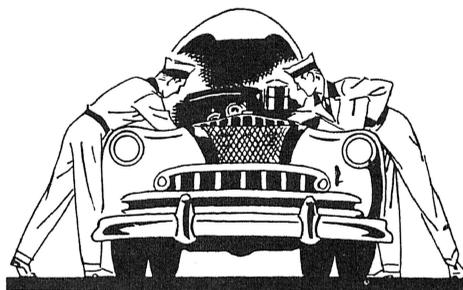
But what struck me the most about her,

Was her hand when I started to kiss her.

\* \* \*

Some girls learn fast  
That sin can be pleasant  
And don't mind a past  
If it gets them a present.

**TOPS IN SERVICE !**



**LYLE'S GARAGE 903 Ash Phone 3390**

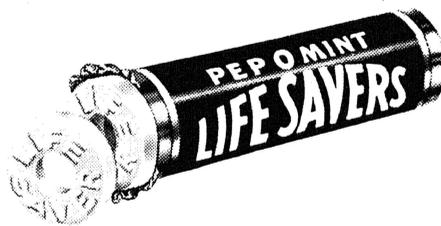


**MILTON**

on Life Savers:

"Sweet is the breath"

from *Paradise Lost*, *The Beautiful World*, line 1



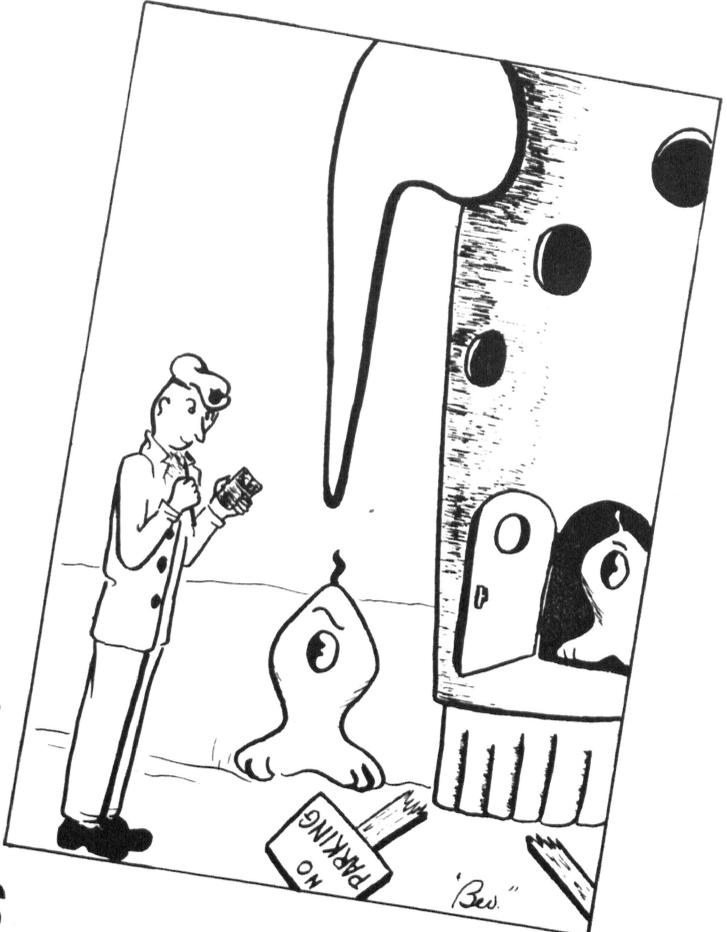
Still only 5¢

**ONCE AGAIN, YOU CAN DRIVE OUT TO**

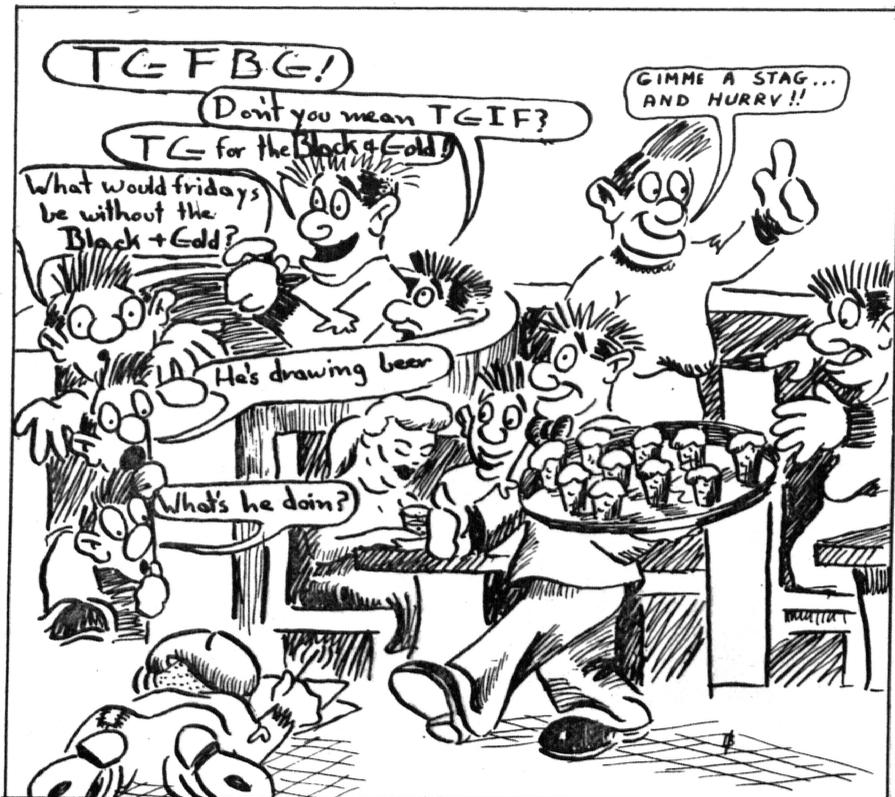


**DRAKE'S DRIVE-IN**

**NOW OPEN!  
HIGHWAY 40 WEST**



# Giggles



# Black and Gold

for Photography from  
Cheesecake to Portraits



CALL  
**Al Smith**  
Phone 2-3910

Definitions:

Elder Statesman: A politician who is now being re-elected by the babies he once kissed.

College bred: A four year loaf requiring a great deal of dough and plenty of crust.

Poise: The ability to keep talking while the other fellow pays the check.

Old Maid: A girl who talks of beau-gone days.

Teen-age: The time between pig-tails and cocktails.

Career girl: One who prefers plots and plans to pots and pans.

Man: What a boy becomes when he stops asking his father for a larger allowance and begins asking for a loan.

True musician: One who, when he hears a lady singing in the bath tub, keeps his ear to the keyhole.

\* \* \*

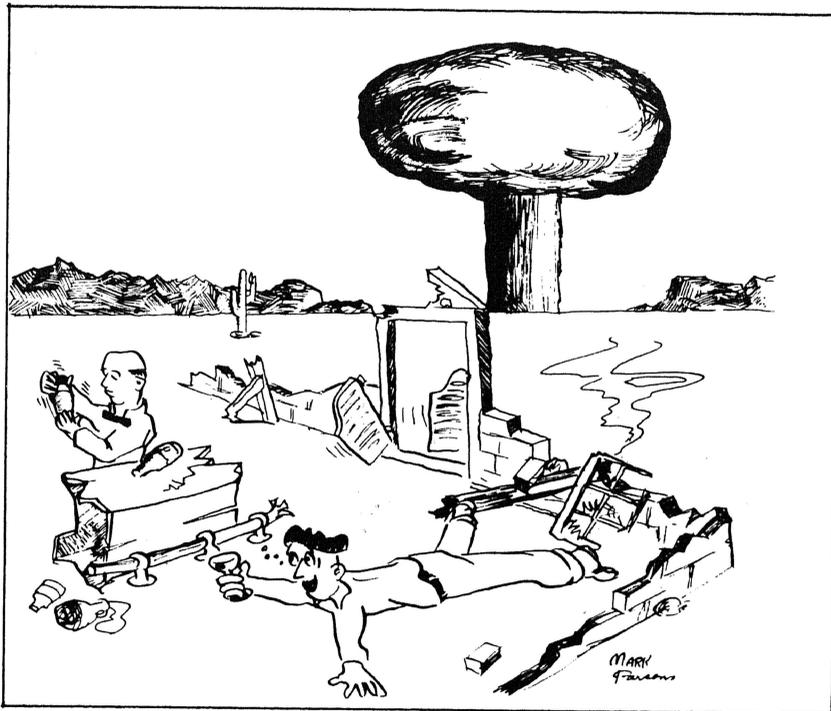
Gas station attendant (pointing to choke lever): You say your car uses too much gas? Know what this is for?

Woman (airily): Oh, that! I never use it, so I keep it pulled out to hang my handbag on.

\* \* \*

A woman filling out an application form puzzled over the line, "Are you a natural born citizen of the United States?"

Finally she answered, "No . . . Caesarean."



"Crazy, man, mix me another."

# AFTER THOUGHTS

A Scotsman had to send an urgent telegram, and, not wishing to spend more money than necessary, wrote like this:

"Bruises hurt erased afford erected analysis hurt too infectious dead."

The Scotsman who received it immediately decided it was: "Bruce is hurt. He raced a Ford. He wrecked it and Alice is hurt, too. In fact, she's dead."

\* \* \*

She was a second-hand furniture dealer's daughter. That's why she wouldn't allow much on the davenport.

\* \* \*

She: That girl's a virtuoso.  
He: Don't be silly, she's been married twice.

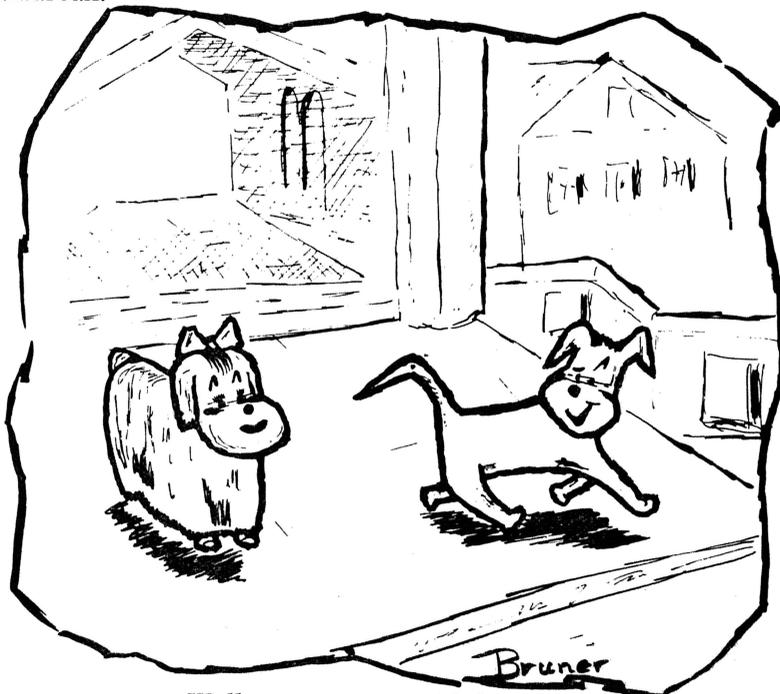
\* \* \*

Kappa Sig: I haven't heard a squeak out of you since we started dancing.

Theta: Oh, I'm pretty well oiled.

\* \* \*

I love the homework the teachers give,  
The tests.  
I hate the pretty girls who flirt,  
The pests!  
I'm never late to classes, nor take My cuts.  
I do my homework faithfully.  
I'm nuts!



Well . . . see ya around the columns.

**You Can FEEL**

**The Difference**  
in our better  
**Sanitone Dry Cleaning**

✓ Fabrics soft, yet full-bodied  
**ROBINSONS**

**CAMPUS-VALET**  
CLEANERS



My buddy's a bounder,  
A dirty rounder,  
His chin's all covered with foam.  
I've oft heard him utter,  
While stretched in the gutter,  
"My gosh, it feels good to get home."



Theta: Why do men have hair on their chests?  
Phi Psi: Well, they can't have everything.

A woman used to go to the doctor to see if she could have children. Now she goes to the landlord.

\* \* \*

Bureaucrat: If we are unable to figure out a way to spend that two hundred and twenty million dollars, we lose our jobs.  
Secretary: How about a bridge over the Mississippi River—lengthwise?

\* \* \*

Every day about the same time a man sticks his head in the barbershop and asks, "How long?" The barber always looked around and informed the man of how many customers were ahead of him. The man always said, "O.K., I'll see you later." But he always came the next day.

One day the barber decided to find out why he waited till the next day for his haircut, so he hired the shoe shine boy to follow him.

"Did you tail him?" asked the barber.

"Like I was glued to him," said the shoe shine boy.

"Where does he go?" asked the barber.

The boy's eyes twinkled merrily, and he said, "Straight to your house."

**If you like beer you'll love Schlitz**

There's no harsh bitterness in Schlitz... brewed with just the *kiss* of hops. This dry and mellow beer is the world's largest seller.

The Beer that Made Milwaukee Famous

**TALLEN BEVERAGE CO.**

**Suzie Stephens by Barney Kinkade**

"But, dahling, you mean you don't carry the Wall Street Journal?"



A Southern farmer was introducing his family of boys to the President:

"Sixteen boys," he drawled. "All are Republicans except John . . . the little rascal. He got to readin'."



Little Susan had a burning ambition to be a doctor, but she was only five, so her dolls were her chief patients. Occasionally, however, she received an imaginary call to attend someone in the neighborhood. One day she



"Calling Mars . . . Have found primitive Earth creatures dwelling in caves."

rushed out on one of these calls, forgetting to close the door.

"Susan," her mother cried, "Come back and close the door!" But Susan paid no attention. When her father sternly repeated the command, Susan reluctantly retraced her steps and loudly slammed the door shut. Then she continued on her way.

After a while she returned to the house. "And how is your patient getting along?" Susan's mother asked indulgently.

"She died," the little doctor replied, still angry. "Died while I was closing that damn door!"

The excited voice of a young freshman girl came over the phone: "Two boys are trying to break into my room through the window!"

"Listen, lady, this ain't the police department, it's the fire station."

"I know," she replied, "but my room is on the second floor and they need a ladder."

\* \* \*

"Hey, you can't dance that way here."

"This is interpretive dancing."

"Then I'm interpreting it the wrong way."

## HOW TO SURVIVE THE J-BOMB\*

(\*J-Bomb: a gal in a spring suit from Julies)



You could try covering up your eyes . . .



Or rolling up in a ball . . .



\*You could duck behind a handy tree . . .



But why fight it? Is there a better way to get knocked for a loop?



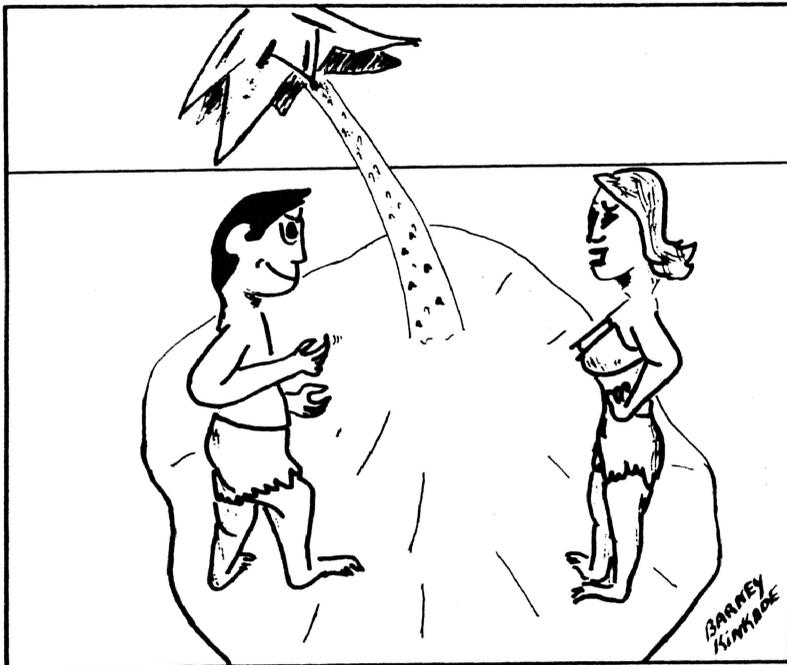
by Lindy Baker

"You dance divinely," I said breathlessly as I untangled my right foot from behind my left ear, "I bet it was kind of hard to learn to dip like that." My partner smiled modestly through his missing front teeth and looked down at his mangled leg. Just then some sadist put another slug in the juke box and my date threw up his head, whinnied once and galloped down the dance floor. He insisted upon showing me a tricky new step he dreamed up when he was going with a girl who had a club coupe. He must have meant club foot. Finally I couldn't stand it any longer and I hauled off and socked him. I learned that when I was dating a boy with a two-door Ford. My partner, sprawled on his back half-way across the floor, sat up and shook his dazed head. Then

he smiled broadly. "Say, ya didn't tell me ya could dance East St. Louis style."

I'm taking that new course over in B&PA, Monkey Business 109. 109 means one out of nine passes, and the requirements say you have to be a kindergarten graduate and able to read and write (not at the same time). That's to teach it. To take it you have to be a senior and have a lot of guts. Also kind of stupid. I'm the prettiest girl in the class, though. I'm the only girl in the class, too, I might add but usually don't. I don't know what the course is about, I won't until the night before the final, but I do know the boy in front of me is kinda cute. He's not so handsome or tall but he's awful smart, witty and has a lot of taste. Like yesterday when he turned around and said to me, "How about me and you going out tonight?"

Goodness Gracious, I don't know what a little ole rascal of a fraternity boy put in my sassaprilly the other night, but it made me feel, well, just so grand inside. As soon as I ran my little pink tongue around the rim of the glass I just had to loosen my peter pan collar. Later on I even remember tearing the pink bows out of my pigtails and tossing one of my high-button shoes in the air. Just like they weren't my only Sunday-go-to-meeting pair. You see, this was my first date with a real, live fraternity boy (he had just pledged) and he was such a gentleman, so jolly and all. I rubbed my wet nose in his sleeve and tried to tell him how grand I felt. He just chuckled and said "I know, Baby, I know." Well, that made me laugh and laugh until the tears ran down my new pinafore. Being a fraternity boy and a gentleman, he propped me up to the table and poured me another sassaprilly because I was so thirsty again. Then I leaned over and bit him on the ear, like I'd seen them Stephens girls do, and he just chuckled while the blood gushed down his cheek and said "I know, Baby, I know." Bingo, I was thirsty again! But like I said, he was a fraternity boy and a gentleman so he poured me another sassaprilly and asked me if my pappy was a good shot with a rifle. I told him no (Pappy had almost missed my brother-in-law) and he chuckled all the harder and well, I swan, if he didn't pour me another sassaprilly. And because he was such a fraternity boy and a gentleman he gave me eh, double snorts I think he called 'em, but I was still thirsty. He insisted I have one more and then I slapped his face. . . . He were ONLY a fraternity boy.



"Touch me and I'll scream."

## BEING WARM IS GOOD

(Continued from page 14)

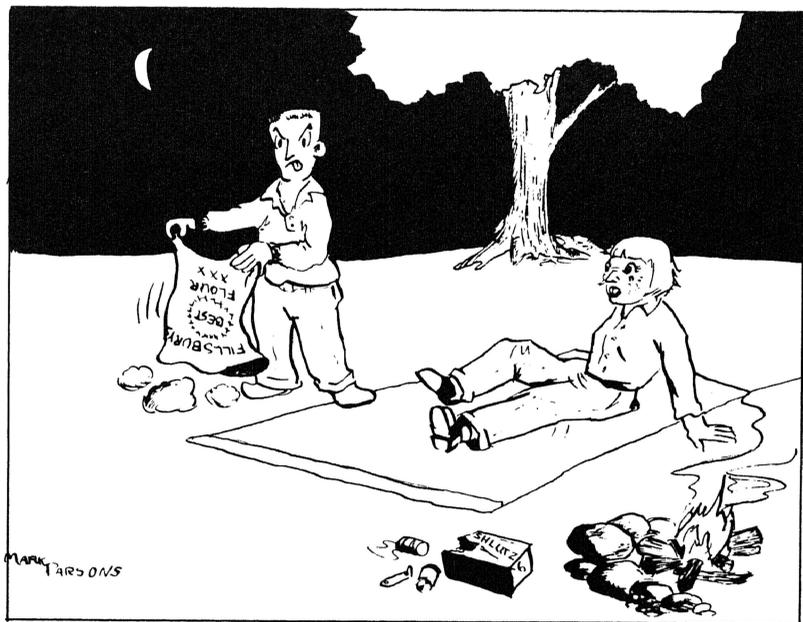
to get him out of his room so they could steal his formula. No one could outsmart Sam Goch, boy genius. It was cold out there. Sam hated the cold. Atomic blast. Ha! It would take more than an atomic blast to make Sam put weight on his aching feet. Atomic blasts were warm. Warmness was good. He loved atomic blasts. He picked up *Little Women* and bit a large hunk out of it. He spit it out the window. It tasted terrible.

A huge roar shook the still night. Resulting explosions rocked the building, and the warm alcohol slopped on the floor. Sam cursed. Alcohol was expensive. He stuck his head out the window. Intense bright light made him reach for his sun glasses. Buildings were crumbling all around him. The bricks of his own building were melting. Otherwise it seemed to be holding up pretty well. Sam smiled. The union lay in a puddle on the ground. A few bones of late jelliers floated in the puddle. The heat was good. Atomic blasts were good. The columns were toppling over. Sam licked his lips happily and took another bite of *Little Women*. Women couldn't say he was not so hot now. He was pretty hot. The panorama below him was exhilarating. An old woman running under his window called desperately for help. Her clothes were smoldering. It was the house mother. In a moment of compassion Sam threw his tub of rubbing alcohol down on her. She

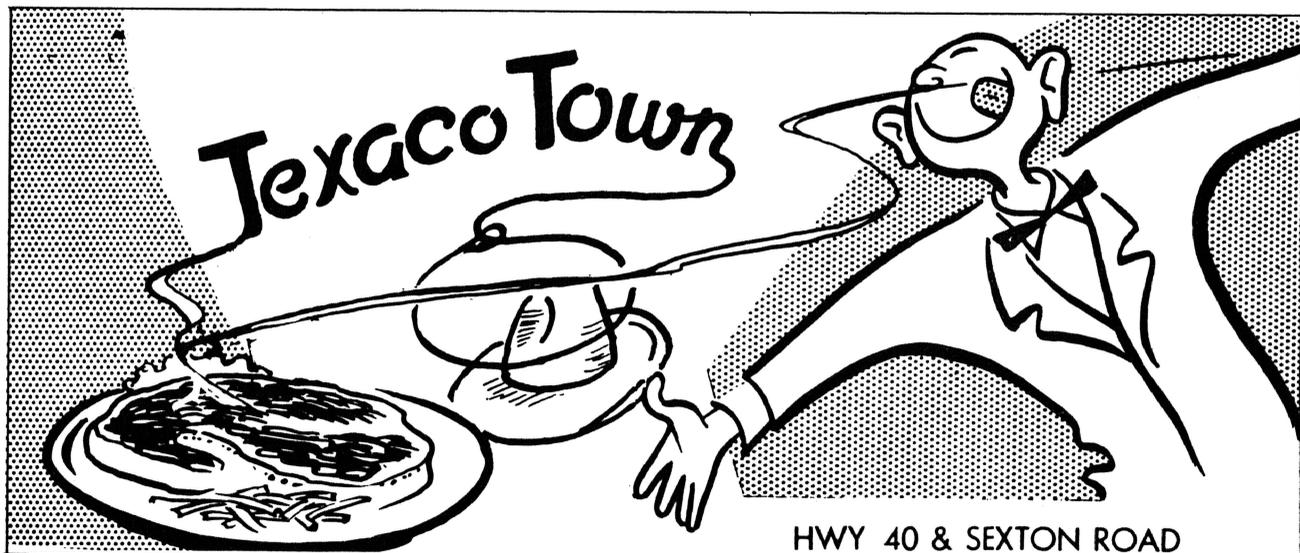
burst into flames. She would no doubt enjoy it in her last moments. The entire wall of his room had melted away. He had the feeling of sitting in a huge amphitheater watching a breathtaking spectacle. He felt fine. There would be no school tomorrow so he could sit up late and watch—at least until the building collapsed. He propped his feet up on the radiator which was quite soft. The hot air and smell of burning buildings was good. His feet felt fine. They had never felt so good. He looked down at them. He had no feet. Sam was happy. He remembered his childhood. It had been terrible. There had been marching. Now he would never

march again. He had no feet. It was good. He recalled a little child. He hated the child. The child bit him. Children were good. The child had said he wasn't so hot. It was true. Sam had been cold. Always he had been cold. C-O-L-D—the letters rose in front of him. They were marching. But he was warm now. Sam was happy. Another dormitory crumbled. Sam smiled. It was his dormitory. Sam was happy. Happiness was good. It was warmness. Sam was happy. He was warm. He was hot. He mopped the sweat off his face. It was hot as hell. It was hell!

THE END



"But, John, don't you love me anymore?"



★ MOVIES ★  
★ UNDER ★  
★ THE ★  
★ STARS ★

COLUMBIA'S  
FAVORITE  
DRIVE-IN  
THEATRE

Entertainment  
FOR  
YOU FROM  
THE STARS

UNDER THE  
STARS

OWL SHOWS  
START FRI.  
MARCH 19

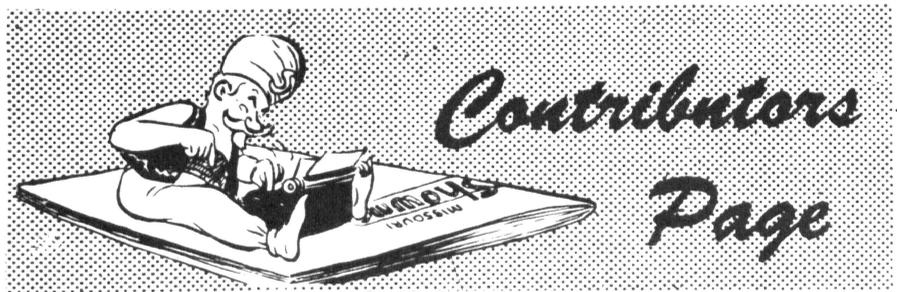
Enjoy in COMFORT AND PRIVACY!  
**BROADWAY**  
DRIVE-IN THEATRE

**SHE WENT  
WILD**



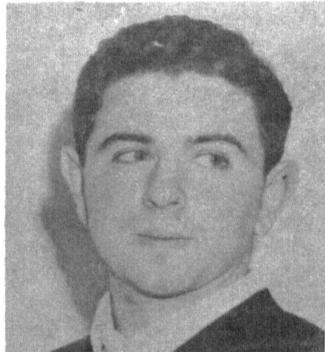
**AT Andy's  
Corner**

"On the Highway  
Out Past the Stadium"



*mark parsons*

*art rauch*



"I think SHOWME is the best all-around magazine on the stands today—I, myself, find it quite adequate." Swami lowered the gun from Mark Parsons' head, who went on to add, "I am also quite stupid." The latter pretty well sums up why he has been working lo, these many generations on SHOWME's staff, wasting his talent. "If I burn out before I graduate I can always get a job on the staff of the *Student*." At 20, Mark has reached the stage of advanced decay known as his junior year. When he staggers past the columns for the last time next June (in the early afternoon for a change), he'll be clutching his degree in electrical engineering ("I expect to get a charge out of the whole thing.") Until then he is laying low from the police, his creditors, and autograph hounds (more of his creditors) over at the Lambda Chi House. Just a poor country boy who wandered from Bowling Green Way three years ago, Mark today is an even poorer country boy. "Women" was his terse comment. Still young at heart though, he admits he CAN be approached by the opposite sex. That is, if they're rich, beautiful, rich, and sweet. Or just plain wealthy. Or even plain and wealthy. Most of the time, though, Mark is chained to his drawing board.

One dark and bleary night Art Rauch stumbled into the first door on the right, "you can't miss it," and has been a permanent fixture in the SHOWME office ever since. He claims he was looking for the SHOWME office all the time. Swami, who was looking for a bright, alert ad salesman at the same time, swallowed his disappointment and hired Art instead. Art, not so well known as Andy the Lover in the better circles, seems almost human when not browbeating the local merchants into bigger and better (and more expensive) ads. He claims he developed all the adman's baser instincts early as a child when he began taking candy away from babies. Older now, Art finds it more rewarding to give candy to babies (also older).

Twenty years old, Art openly admits he lives in Grand Island, Nebraska, when he's not living it up here at the local Phi Psi chapter. In between orgies he can be found loitering around J-School where he is majoring in you know what. Eventually he hopes to go into short story writing, mostly because novels take too long. Top man with many of the girls on campus, Art is also 1-A with another group, the United States Army. "It's just the curse of being so good-looking," were his own words. (his alone).



# SAVITAR FROLICS



**TICKETS ON SALE**  
**MARCH 29**

**\$1.00**

*ALL SEATS  
RESERVED*

- Student Union
- Barths
- Jesse Hall
- Stephens Playhouse

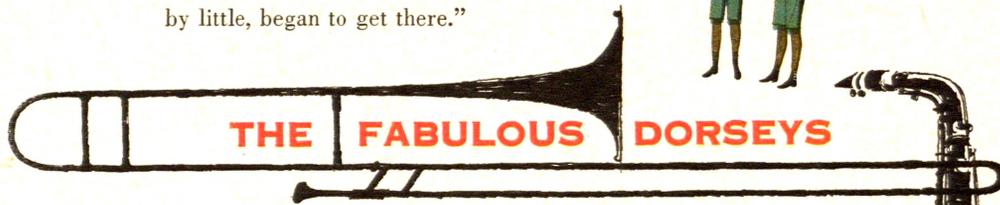


**Stephens  
Auditorium  
April 2-3  
8:00 p.m.**

*Mizzou's Famous Variety Show*

# HOW THE STARS GOT STARTED...

**Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey say:** "Our Dad led the brass band in our home town. He started us on our way tooting in the band when we were eight years old. We watched and studied successful musicians as much as we could, worked real hard and, little by little, began to get there."



**I'VE SMOKED CAMELS 15-20 YEARS...**  
SINCE I DISCOVERED CAMEL'S SWELL FLAVOR AND WONDERFUL MILDNESS  
*Jimmy*

**I STARTED SMOKING CAMELS**  
LONG AGO. I WATCHED, AND THE GUYS WHO ENJOYED SMOKING MOST WERE GUYS WHO SMOKED CAMELS. THERE'S NOTHING LIKE CAMELS' FLAVOR  
*Tommy*



**START SMOKING CAMELS YOURSELF!**

Smoke only Camels for 30 days and find out why Camels are America's most popular cigarette. See how mild and flavorful a cigarette can be!

**FOR MILDNESS AND FLAVOR**

# Camels

agree with more people

**THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE!**

