

# ПРАВДА

ONE  
RUBLE

BIRTH EXPANSION BUREAU



**MULTIPLY**



GIVE SONS TO THE  
MOTHERLAND!  
IS GIVING BONUS  
AND HERO BADGE FOR  
EACH NEW BIRTH  
**ACT NOW!**

A. SHOWME PARODY APRIL, 1954

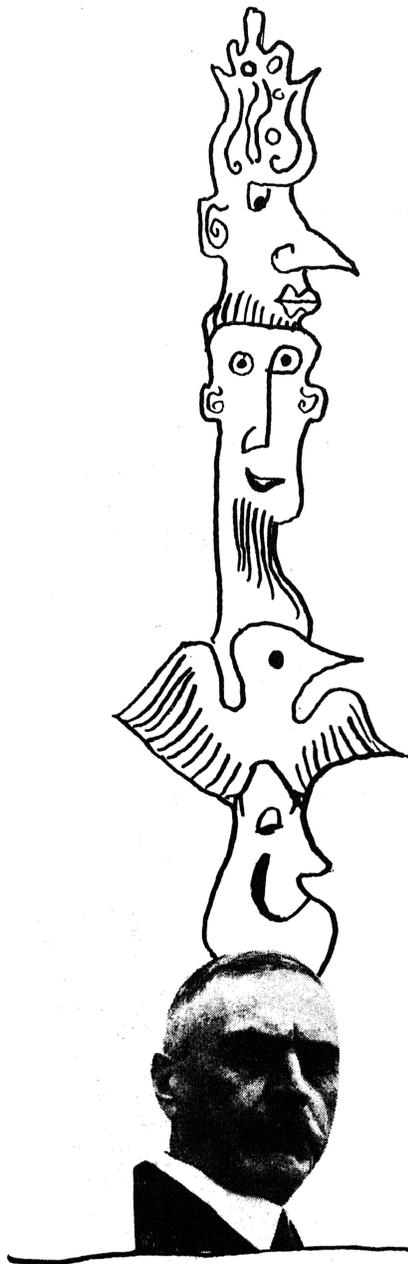


Those who know  
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the costliest process  
known, Budweiser  
has pleased more  
people by far than  
any other beer  
in history.



Enjoy  
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Today

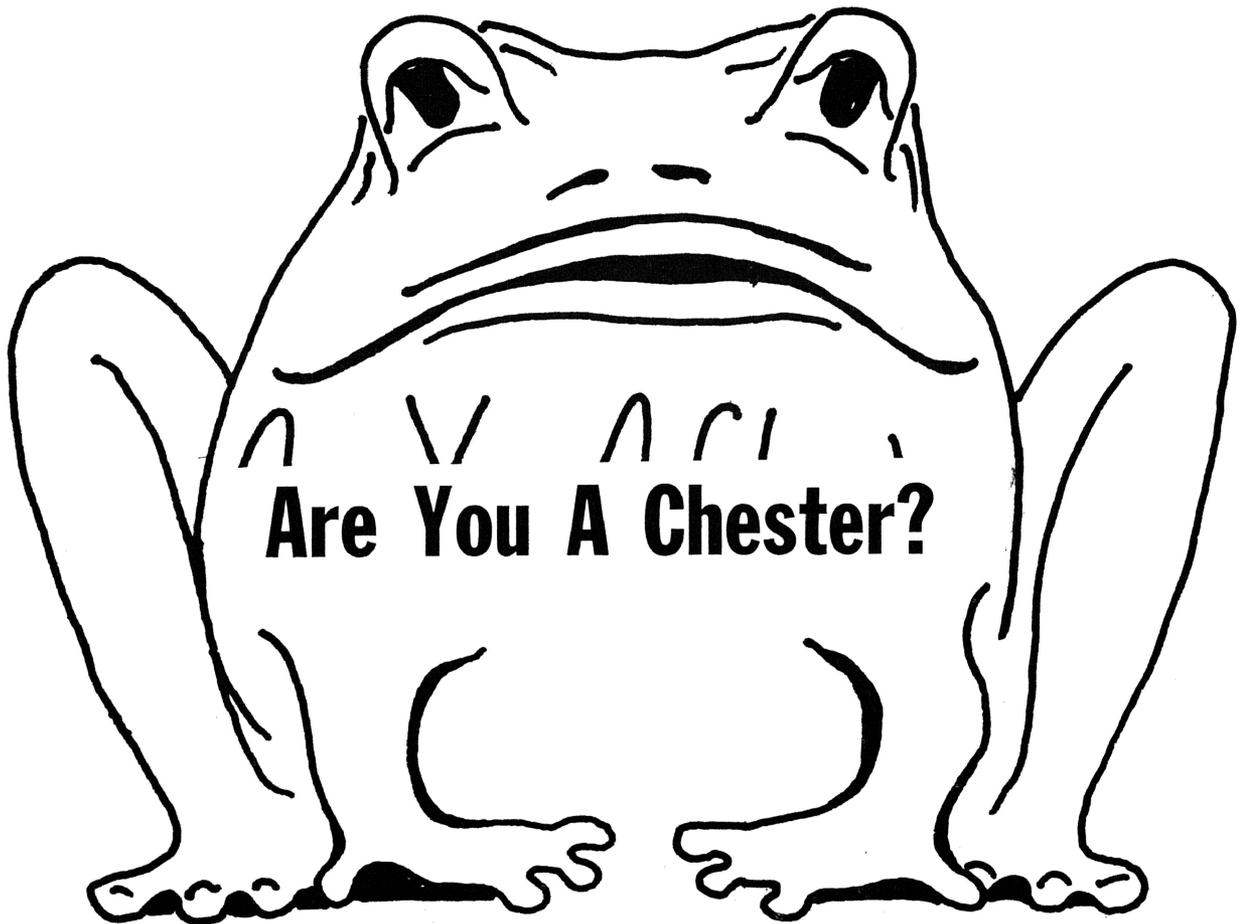


Cheer up!  
don't be low man  
on the **TOTEM POLE**

get some new Spring Sport  
clothes from *Pucketts*....

of course!

**Help Those To  
Help Themselves!**



***CAMPUS CHEST DRIVE***

**April 19-24**

*sponsored by the Student Government Association*

# LETTERS TO Comrade Editor



Dear Komrade Editor,

Is wishing to know name and address of peasant girl of last issue on page 83 ("Pravda goes to a Parity"). Me and Comrades is voting her the "The Pig of the Parity" -or- "The Pepper to Go With Our Salt".

Yours,  
Isgot Antlerski  
North Siberian Salt Works

Dear Ant,

Her name is Fatmit Corsetov. Is no address now, but you will have chance to meet her soon. Was caught keeping profits, and is being sent to your camp to receive honors.—Ed.



Dear Editor,

Since I am not appreciated here at home, I was wondering if there might be a place for me at the Moscow Conservatory. I can cook, sew, and play a mean chorus of chopsticks on the piano. Right now I'm not pinned, engaged, or even going steady. But I'd like to be. I think Americans are queer, don't you?

Charmingly yours,  
Liberitchy

Dear Libbie,  
And so's your brother, George.  
—Ed.

(Continued on page 4)

But dahling ~

where else does one buy their JEWELRY but at ~

**CAMPUS JEWELERS**  
IN CAMPUSTOWN

## ATTENTION!

POUR LE CONFORT D'UN HOTEL ET LA COMMODITE D'UN MOTEL C'EST LE AUBERGE PENNANT MOTOR.

DIE BEQUEMLICHKEIT EINES HOTELS FINDET DER REISENDEN IM PENNANT MOTOR INN.

### TRANSLATION:

### NOTICE:

FOR HOTEL COMFORT AND MOTEL CONVENIENCE, IT'S THE **PENNANT MOTOR INN**



Highway 40 West



**Wholesale Keg Beer – We Deliver**



**Catalina**

why not come in  
and see these  
and many other  
captivating Catalinas?

at

**The Blue Shop**  
912 Broadway

**LETTERS TO KOMRADE  
EDITOR**

(Continued from page 3)

Dear Kommie Ed,

It's been many years since I am writing to you. Last letter won me ten years, all-expense-paid trip to Siberia. Is reason why I write now. In last issue you said, "in Siberia temperature never



goes lower than 67°." Is big lie. Is never lower than 10° below in Garden Spot of the Rooshias. I am knowing. Was my job to spike the mercury. Was doing my little bit for Glorious Cold War.

K. Ramski Coarsacough

Dear Ram:

Welcome home. You is right. Writer was rightist. Is real gone righter now.—Ed.

Dear Rooskis,

Vas ist los? Vy you hate der Chermans? Vot haff ve done to deserve this? Chermans iss goot pipple. Vy do you crittersize? Vot do you vant?

Milton Berlin

Dear Milt,

You're nuts!—Ed.

Dear Sir:

In answer to your critical article, "Why Are Americans Sex-Happy?" I should like to point out a few facts. (1) Americans are normal, red-blooded men and women. (2) Sex is inexpensive. (3) Sex is fun.

Sincerely,  
Howard Hughes

Dear Howie

But wouldn't it be more fun on a five year plan? P.S. What is Jane Russell's phone number?—Ed.

Dear Komrade Editor,

Is wishing to correct a statement of Ivan Bullski in his articles "The Greatest Show on Earth" (*Pravda*, March 3) which described the mass executions of the Bolshevick Revolution. In his article Comrad Bullski is saying that Peter Ketchhead, cousin of the Czar, was beheaded at the main evening showing. This is in error, as Peter Ketchhead was actually killed during the matinee performance for lesser nobility. Also, Bullski stated that a guillotine was used as main prop in show. Is not true, was double blade ax. Is knowing this to be so, as grandfather was chief ax-man, and was known as quite a gay blade in his time.

Yours for Accuracy,  
Iban Peestov

Dear Komrade Editor,

Is sending you congratulations on fine articles "The Greatest Show on Earth." *Pravda* is done state and me great service. Ever since article appeared, my neighbor, Iban Peestov, is been shooting off mouth. MVD is now shooting off head. Is big promotion for me, I denounced him.

Gratefully yours,  
Ivan Powerski,  
Commissar of Contempt

Dear Comrade,

Am pleased with editorial policy. Article on biology was enlightening. Is reassuring to know glorious party is expanding. One cell—two cells—Barf! Cells all over the place. But I am worrying about too many reproductive cells. Remember the party slogan—"No orgies, by Georgi."

Em V. Dee

Dear Em,

*Don't get excited. Is no sex in cells. Cell sex went out with red light over Kremlin during seige of Moscow (Pravda, March 23, 1814)*  
—Ed.

Dear Komrade Editor,

Let's have more pinup pictures of Olga Petronova, girl lathe-hand. She has got what it takes to raise nitchkas. Two hundred and twenty-seven pounds, and all woman—in a Bikini, yet! Oh, barf.

Vashily Hair Tonic

Dear Vash,

*Quite a lot of Trotskyite, eh? Mail us three boxes and we will send you the top to her Bikini,—Ed.*



HE'S GOT FOOD  
ON HIS MIND



No use trying to study when I'm hungry! I'm going out to Texaco Town for a hamburger and shake.



HWY 40 & SEXTON ROAD

A minimum of expense can create your versatile footwear for your spring wearing pleasure.



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... And 14 other imported beers, ales, and wines from around the world—Scotchs and Irish whiskey too!

All well known American beverages for your parties . . . all from

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Free Glass Service

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Well, after two months of hard work, the Queen contest is all over, and we spent a fabulous weekend in the Mound City as guests of the Melbourne Hotel. Her Majesty, Priscilla Lott, and her attendant, Lois Kopp, appeared on radio with Curt Ray, May Manning's Dawn Patrol, and two or three others which have slipped our mind. Swami's Royal Family hit TV with "To The Ladies" on KSD and the Chuck Norman Show on KSTAM, where Guy Mitchell was friendly, if not downright affectionate. On Saturday night the girls had dates for dinner and dancing, Pris with Bob Goddard, the Globe columnist, and Lois with a radio exec, whose name we never did catch. Everyone had dinner at the Chantilly Room, where the Queen was introduced by Buddy Charles, the piano player. Then over to the

Chase Club, where Mindy Carson was appearing. They were introduced there and talked to Mindy afterwards. Despite the fact that we had two or three car breakdowns and didn't get back into Columbia until after hours on Sunday, and despite the fact that half of the people who made the trip ended up in the clinic the following week, it was great. Really great. Oh, oh yes, Nurse, lights out, huh?

This month we have for your enjoyment (if you haven't got anything good to say about it, keep your cotton-chomping mouth shut) the long-awaited Russian parody. Now we have never seen a Russian magazine, and, even if we had, it's doubtful if we would have been able to decipher it, so what we have done is this. We tried to take some of the most notable features in American magazines and transpose them to the Soviet Union. After all, we figured, the Russians would probably claim they appeared in Red magazines first anyway. So in a way you're getting a double parody—American mags and Communist propaganda.

In May it's "The Ozarks" and June "The Classics", and then sleep all summer. C'est magnifique!

*Joe*



"Busy?"

STANSBURY



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Photos by Al Smithski

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The Russian peasant cannot speak  
Concerning his condition;  
So Swami aids the shackled weak  
With pages of sedition.



# Around The Kremlin

## Overheard

It was in the Commissar of Education's office, and the Commissar was explaining the party to a deviationist. "The party," said the Commissar, "acts toward the peasant in the same relationship as a parent toward a child."

"But, comrade Matthewski," groaned the offending peasant, "a parent is supposed to love his child."

"We do love you," said the Commissar, "but for your own good we must shoot you." And he did.

## Politickles

Democracy ain't what it's cracked up to be! We have heard from our agents in the United States of a midwestern university where students vote for their Student Government Association officers. This is not smart straight ticket voting like in Glorious People's Democracy. This is two party Mickey Mouski. In Russia is no good stuffing ballot boxes, because only one party is running. Anyone voting "No" is buried with military honors. On university campus, president of SGA was caught stuffing ballot boxes. He was not shot. This was a big mistake. Instead of big public brainwashing they have private mouth washing with soap. Students is all fouled up. They have forgotten glorious Marxian doctrine—"Shoot first, vote later."

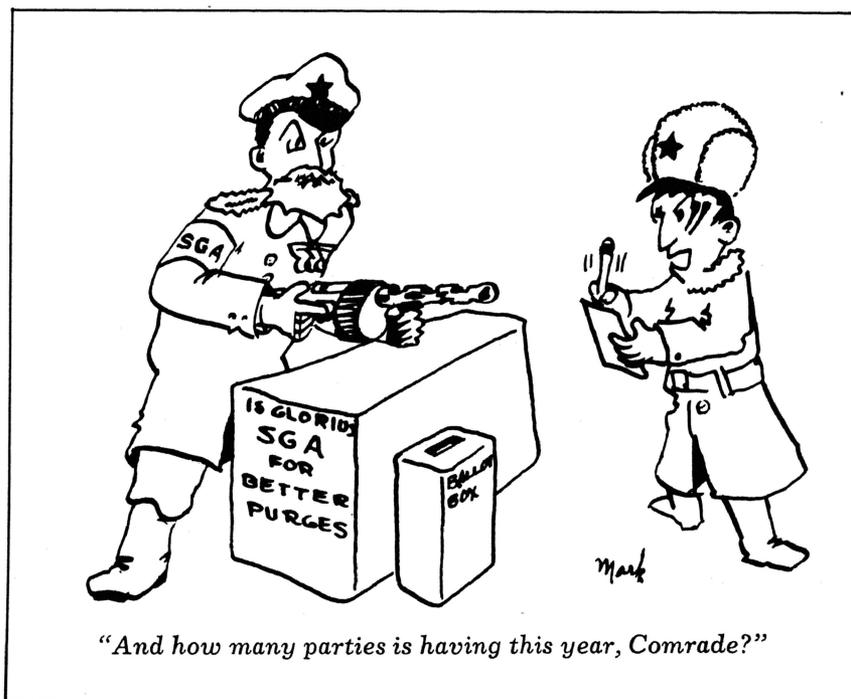
## Jelly Roll

We have discovered a strange American word used mainly by college students. The word is "jelly" and originally meant something spread on bread. As taken over by these lazy capitalistic pigs the word has something to do with a morning hour when one is supposed to be in class absorbing all sorts of educational dogma. When one is not in class, but, rather, out drinking unhealthy dregs of black coffee with other simpering students, one is "jellying." We note with pride that the glorious youth of Russia does not waste its time in such a paltry manner. When

the Russian student is not going to class, purging his relatives, or working in the tractor factory, he is at home fast asleep storing up energy for the benefit of the state. Hail to our glorious working youth! May all their property be public property.

## Stacked Deck

Our informants tell us that one of the most popular card games in the decadent United States is a violent dog-kicking game called "Po' Cur". This game is indulged in as soon as at least three scrawny American men meet in a



"And how many parties is having this year, Comrade?"

smoke-filled room or a beer-filled bar. And then there is always the ever-present four person game called Bridge. This consists of trying to make as many cute tricks as possible. But for us good old Com-mies the only real patriot's game is the national one of Vodka Rummy, or "Only Knocking Allowed is In Glorious Game".



#### *Glorious Germ Warfare*

We have been informed that Hero of Medical Wars, Dr. Trimbleski, has been awarded another glorious medal. This, the latest of the good doctor's honors, was given to him by the Great Georgi, himself, for the physician's work in developing a new type of Black Plague which can be easily transmitted through dirty beer glasses. Dr. Trimbleski has been conducting his experiments on expendable students at the Moscow Conservatory of Barf. He reports that the end results have been most satisfactory, although he has not yet been able to determine why those contracting the disease turn yellow instead of black.

#### *Secret Police*

American capitalists are making fun of our glorious police force in posters and signs. Reports from behind the Beer Can Curtain inform us that such advertisements turn the revered MVD into a dirty word by omitting the M, and warning citizens to beware of the rest of it. For some brave American who would set this right and not beware, we would give many hand claps.

#### *The Farmer's Daughter*

And then there is a story from one of the glorious collective farms in the Urals. It seems that one of the farmer's daughters had too much vodka to drink one night. The next morning, up bright and early at the crack of a whip, she was sitting on top of a tractor digging furrows in the glorious sod. Suffering from a hangover, she hung over too far to see where she was going and fell in front of the tractor. Last word was that she really got ploughed.

#### *Smokers' Coffin*

Is reading all capitalistic propaganda about getting cancer from cigarettes. Only cigarettes giving genuine lung cancer is good old Roosky brands. Nobody who is anybody is contracting mild American type from filtered buttskis and capitalist holders. Real ghastly type was invented by Petro Grad who filched butts out-

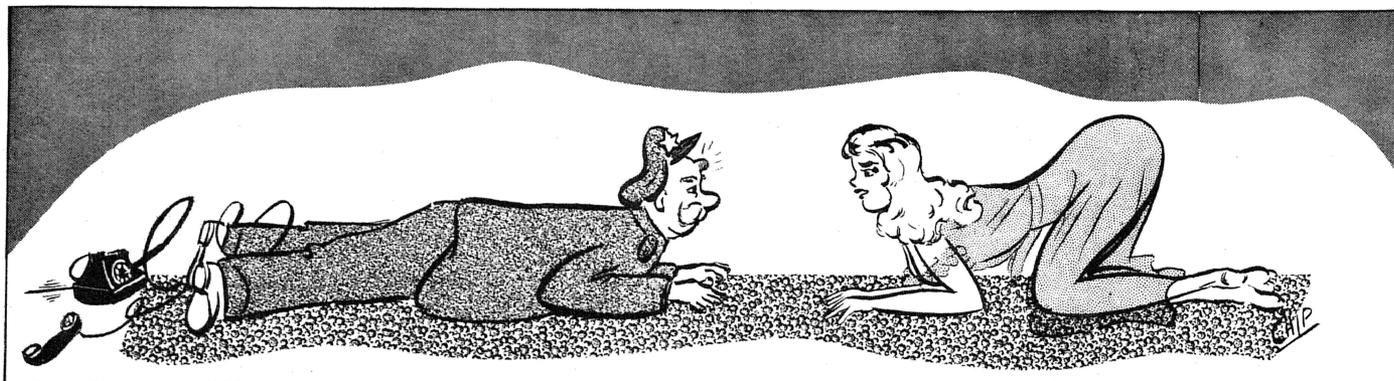
side Kremlin walls. After picking up one butt after another and getting all he could out of each one, Grad contracted the disease. Three days later there was one less resident of Moscow. This is proof positive that Roosky cigarettes give you the real thing.

#### *Gangsterism*

And then we have heard about the ex-Commissar who went over to the other side of the Iron Curtain and explained to some of the members of the United Nations

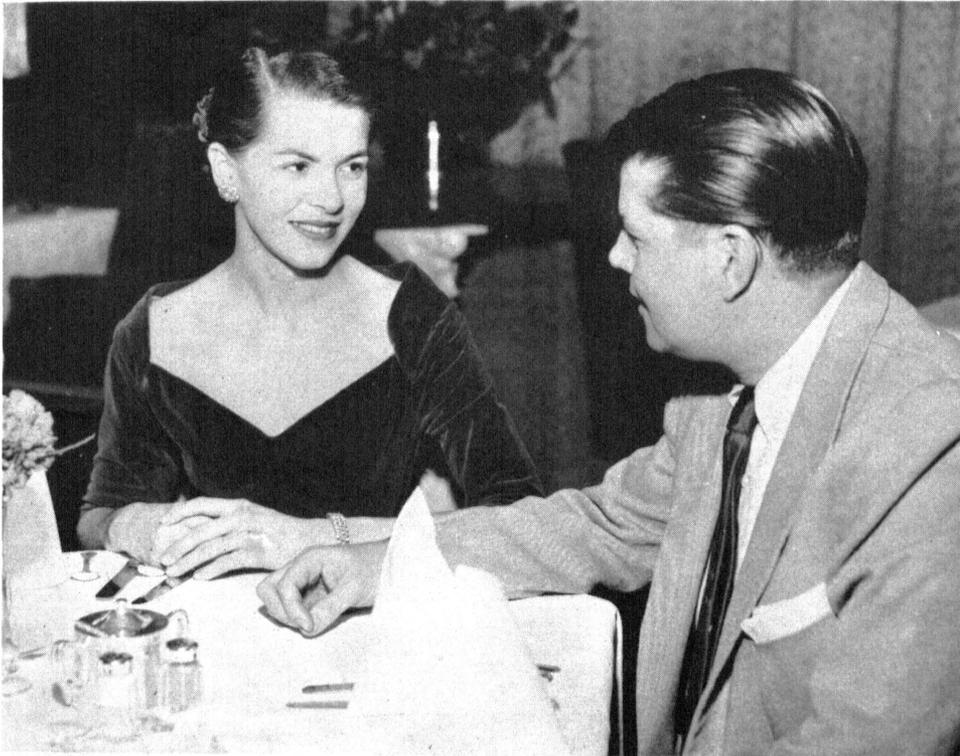


that the reason he switched allegiance was because some of the party leaders kidnapped him one night. He accused the glorious party of "gangsterism" and even made the ridiculous claim that members of the MVD were carrying guns. This is the most fantastic charge we have ever come across. Hasn't he seen enough American movies to know that all those hoods carry guns and that they are all gangsters? And if he should ever have the gall to try to return here it would be like jumping out of the frying pan into the firing squad.



"You see Commissar, I don't really want a Government Child Production Bonus."

## *Pravda Looks At A Queen*



*Globe-Democrat Photo*

American colleges is always having big contests to see who is Queen. One such capitalistic election took place on campus of University of Missouri, sponsored by fascistic publication, "Slayme". Pravda quotes: "Here at last is the young lady you chose for SHOWME Queen. She is Priscilla Lott, an eighteen year old freshman from Kansas City, and a pledge of Kappa Kappa Gamma. Bob Goddard, columnist for the Globe-Democrat, is her dinner date."

Still quoting from right-wing scandal sheet, "Guy Mitchell, the singing star, took a hand in the weekend's fun (or rather, two hands) with a warm-hearted embrace for Pris and Lois Kopp, the Queen's attendant. Lois, nineteen, from St. Louis, is a member of Delta Gamma. She is in the School of Education, while Priscilla is in Arts and Science, preparing for the portals of Journalism School. Both of these cute tricks were suffering from colds on the trip, and Lois still clutches her handkerchief gaily."

*Photo by Rhodes Studio, St. Louis*



# THE GLORIOUS CARTOONS



"Is caused from wearing hero medals too low, comrade."

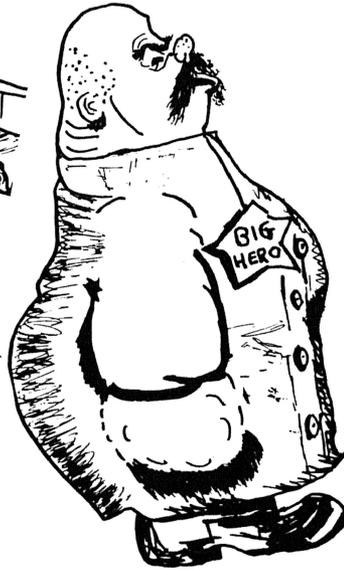


Is hurting me more than is hurting you, comrade horse.

# TWO PAGES OF THE BEST IN RUSSIA



"Capitalist Peeg!"



"Of course, you know what this means, Comrade Vladinsky!"

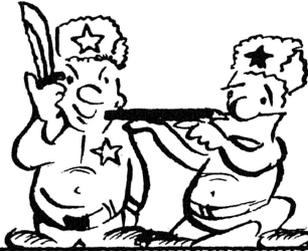


"Is reporting fealthy capitalists using same washcloth among many families, most famous of these is called 'Twelfth Street Rag'."



... is crime against state to see pink elephants instead of red!

# The Most Unforgivable Character I've Ever Met



MARK



BY  
IVAN  
ALDEVAY

I shall always remember my father as being very kind to me. He treated me well, took me places I wanted to go, and in general made my life everything a Young Comrade should want. Only once did he do anything that made me angry. That was when I was ten years old—he beat me, with a switch.

I remember that time very well. Father had come home from the collective farm that day very tired. He had been worked unusually hard, having plowed five acres. To some people this may seem simple, but to my father it was hard. He pulled the plow.

I said something to him, nothing serious, but he didn't like it. That's when he beat me, with a switch. He had no good reason,

really.

Father worked hard on the farm. Some days he had to work late into the night. He would come home exhausted, but he would be up at four to start the next sixteen-hour day. Father was a hard-working man.

Father enjoyed his work. He knew he was working for The Great Cause, and he was happy. Sometimes, about every sixth month, he got a day off. Then he would say to me, "Little Comrade, let's go to the jail today."

And I would say, "Da, papa, and can I feed peanuts to the capitalists?" He would smile and nod and show me how to steal a bag of peanuts from the street vendor.

Father was a big man. His broad shoulders, strong back,

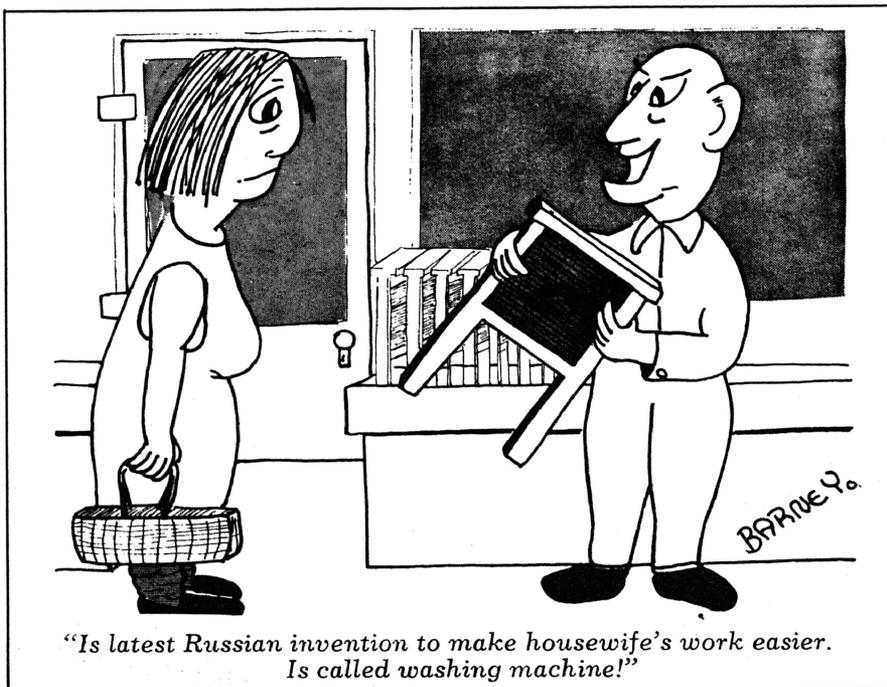
muscular arms, and bronzed skin proved his outdoor existence. He was a very loyal Party man, too, and he had turned in many capitalists, and hung their money belts over our fireplaces.

Sometimes he would take me to the Trials. They were a lot of fun, although everyone knew how they would come out. Father would sit by me and explain what was happening. "See that man, my little comrade," he would say, "he was caught staring at unworthy capitalistic propoganda pictures of Marilyn Monroe." And then a skinny, shriveled prisoner would stand and be seized by two huge guards who would jerk him out the door. Then Father would point and say, "See there. That man barfed at his potato soup." And another withered prisoner was led away to his doom.

Father made the trials very interesting. He was half the fun of going to them. When the prisoners would rave on and plead innocence, Father would go into an uproar and soon all the other spectators would join him. It made the solemn drudgery of trials go away, and all of us really lived it up.

Before the days of the Great Revolution, my father was nothing but a poor struggling labor-

(Continued on page 16)



BARNEY P.

"Is latest Russian invention to make housewife's work easier. Is called washing machine!"

# Reviews of Best Book in Union

## FOREVER EMBER

Ember Klapsic, is a poor working girl who goes, door to door, selling Pringmaid Sheets. Because of her bouncing personality, Ember is known to her friends as Pepsi. Pepsi bounces through life carefree as a mink. One day, Pepsi is demonstrating the durability of the sheets to a handsome customer, and he tells her that he has never seen such endurance. Flattered by such talk, Pepsi stays



under his spell for quite a spell. The handsome customer falls in love with Pepsi, and wants her to quit work and marry him. Pepsi is quite taken by the man, but is getting so much satisfaction from her career that she hates to give it away. The ensuing emotional conflicts make a gripping story, designed to grip you in the end.

## MONEY-BAGS IS WATCHING YOU:

A look into the future by a culpable author. The plot is on Wall Street in an unmentioned capitalist country. The main character of the story has the ridiculous name of Horatio Algier. He shows criminal tendencies early in life, buying newspapers at three cents apiece, and selling them to the unsuspecting masses for a nickel. Soon, Horatio has so much money he can't put it all in his pockets, and he carries it around in a big bag, hence, the name Money-bags. When Money-bags has enough bags full of money, he continues his crimes on a larger scale by

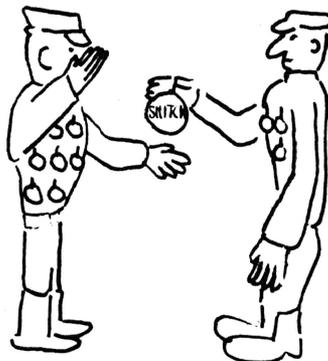


buying newspaper buildings and selling them again. All the while, of course, he is selling for more money than he is buying. As Money-bags owns more and more of the country's buildings, the people become more afraid of him. Everyone doing any business whatsoever, has the feeling that Moneybags is watching over his shoulder, waiting for a chance to grab. Such a situation results in the inevitable, a neurotic nation.

This book is a must for radicals with capitalistic leanings. It can only be interpreted as a prophetic warning.

## RATIO ALGIERSKI

Ratio Algierski is the story of the rise of the son of a poor peasant, to the rank of Major in the MVD. Rat's start in life is his birth. He grows up on a collective farm, where he collects wheat, and frequent cuffs on the ear. His first big break in life is when he is chosen one of the privileged few to attend school. At school, Ratio quickly learns the



route to success when he becomes teacher's pet by tattling on his best friend. When Ratio has tattled on all the other children, and they are expelled, he graduates Valedictorian. Utilizing his secret to fame, the hero of the book works his way through college as MC of a game, played with the secret police, called "Information Please." From college, it is only a hop, skip, and a few black lies, until Ratio becomes a genuine paid informer. When the Captain of MVD realizes that Ratio is getting more hero medals as an informer than he is as Captain, Ratio is sucked into the corps. Ratio's promotion in the service is phenomenal, but you must read the book to learn the full story.

## THE OLD MAN AND THE SALT SHAKER

The story is of an old man who for seven days tries to shake salt from a clogged salt shaker. The author goes to great length to describe the old man's emotions, and



gives long discussions which he has with himself over how much he dislikes saltless borscht. At the end of the seventh day, the old man has given up any hope of ever getting any salt for his borscht, and is about to eat it as is. Then the secret police come in the door and drag him off to Siberia. Twenty years later, the old man returns to his hut, carrying huge bags of salt. When he enters his hut, and goes to the table, he finds that during absence his borscht has all evaporated. The old man cries.

THE END

# MAD-TSE-TUNG



- HAND LAUNDLY
- IS GUARANTEED YOU COME CLEAN
- IS ALSO BRAIN WASHING

## USE VETO

Don't smell like Tito

VETO has the smooth creamy texture of limestone. It will last for years and give best results for eliminating that unpleasant odor. So don't be bourgeois; rush right out and buy the new economy size, one gallon for just \$3.00 plus tax. Approved by 10 out of 10 diplomats at all U.N. sessions.



Is eliminating B.O.

\*Bourgeois odor



"I didn't."

## THE MOST UNFORGIVEABLE CHARACTER I'VE EVER MET

(Continued from page 14)

er, a slave of the Czar. In his very early life he had been an athlete. He had played soccer with Kremlin Komets, one of the best teams in Moscow. As he grew older, he had less time to play, and he gradually gave it up. Often in his bedtime stories to me he would tell me of the days in Moscow when he jocked for the Czar.

After the Revolution he left the dingy, filthy, smoky factories for the cool, fresh air of the farm. The Great Government had placed him among his countrymen, to join them in producing wealth for the masses. My father was grateful to the Government for this. My father loved his Government.

At night he would tell me stories of ancient Russia. I would ask him endless questions, and he would patiently answer them. He would tell me about the Great



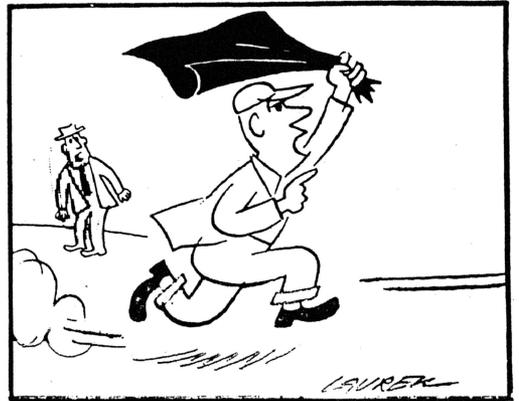
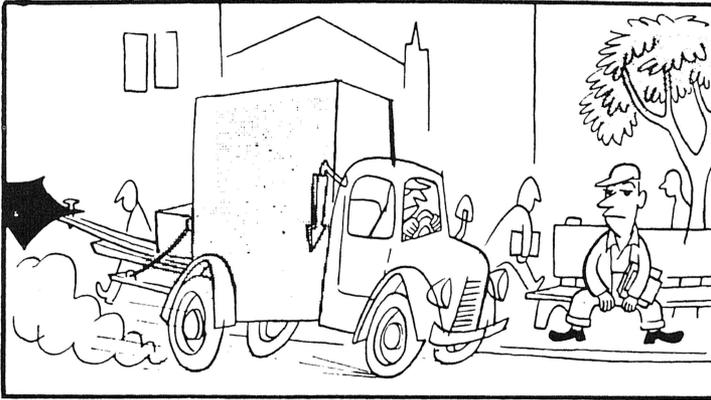
Russians who had invented all the really great things in the world today. Sometimes he would relate the history of Russia, from the time it began itself up to the time of the coming world conquest. Then he would tuck me into my straw bed on the floor and see that I fell safely asleep.

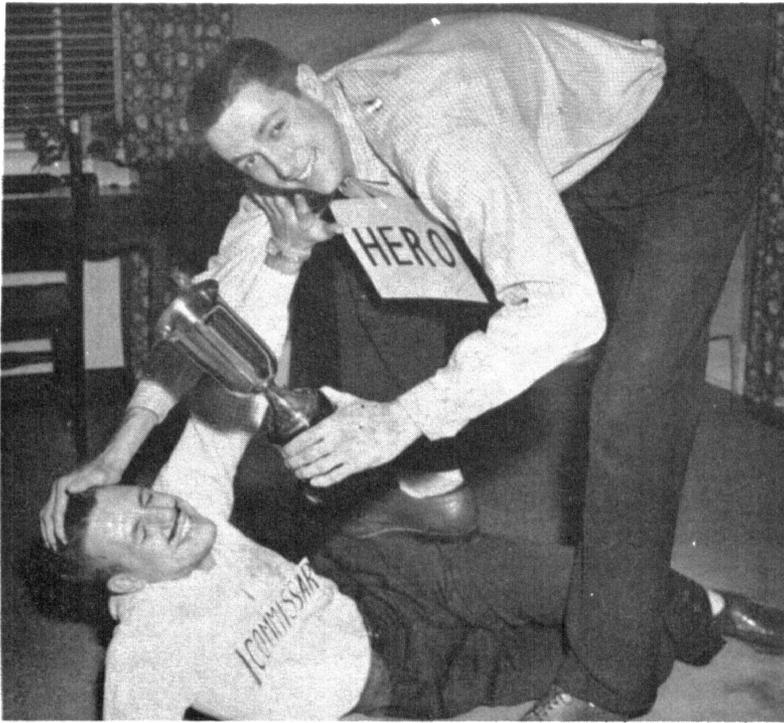
All my life he was good to me. Yet I remembered the time he beat me, with a switch. I had to do it,—I turned him in as a spy. I knew that he would never beat me again.

They didn't care if he was guilty or not—he was just another collective aggie. As I sat at his trial, I thought of the times he had sat beside me in the same courtroom, telling jokes and making me laugh. But he had beaten me once—with a switch. And I never forgave him. He was the most unforgivable character I've ever met.

THE END

# THE RED FLAG





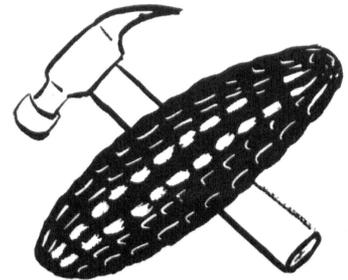
The heck with the party — there goes Comrade "X" in her new cotton from Julie's.



Help raise the devil while you live. You will meet him soon after you die and those who are acquainted with him will get the best shovels.

\* \* \*

Ivan: What is heredity?  
Igor: Heredity is when your grandfather didn't have any children and your parents didn't have any children, and you won't have any children, either, probably.



### HAMMER & PICKLE

\* \* \*

He: I hear Bill was thrown out of college for cheating.

She: Yes, what happened?

He: He sneezed while he was taking a Russian exam, and they threw him out for conjugating a verb.

\* \* \*

A Russian sailor discovered, when he arrived home on leave, that his wife was expecting a baby any moment. Immediately he dispatched a microgram to his commanding officer requesting an extension and explaining his reason.

The reply came quickly and consisted of the following message:

"The U. S. S. R. N. recognizes necessity of your presence at laying keel. Considers your presence at launching superflous."

\* \* \*

Then there's the family who named their dog Carpenter because he did odd jobs around the house.

# ROMANO'S



for

- Pizza Pie
- Spaghetti
- and
- Meat Balls

*The Best Pizza in Town!*

**COMBO** Every Wednesday Nite

1102 Broadway

Open from 4:00 p.m. 'til 1:30 a.m.

A little man ran into a bar. "Quick," he blurted, "gimme a drink before the fight starts!"

The bartender poured a shot, the man gulped it, and scurried out the door. A moment later, he was back with the same request, and fled again.

About the sixth shot, the bartender stopped him. "Say bud," he said, "who's gonna pay for all this hooch?"

"Oh, oh," moaned the little man, "The fight's about to start."

\* \* \*

A girl's best asset is a guy's imagination.

\* \* \*

Bell-hop (making a lady and gentleman comfortable): Anything else, sir?

Guest: No, thank you.

Bell-hop: Anything for your wife?

Guest: Why yes, bring me a post card.

\* \* \*

"I think Boris and Maria were the cutest-looking couple on the floor last night."

"Oh, were you at the dance last night?"

"No, I went to a house party."



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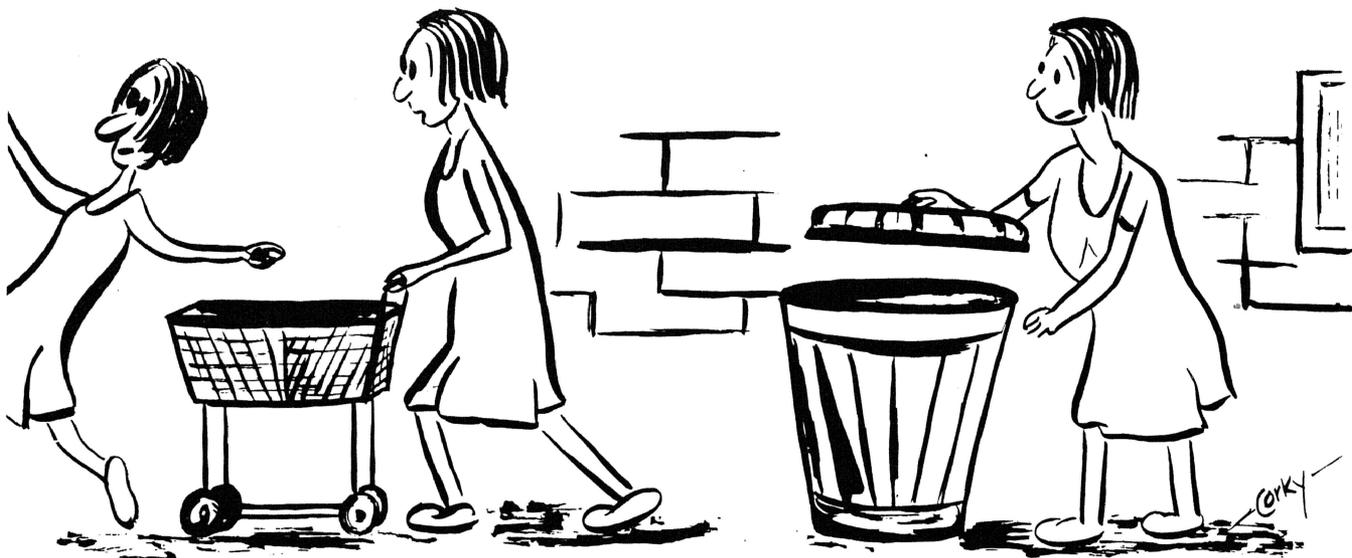
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**IS SHOOTING ANYONE  
SMOKING PARLIAMENTS**

# Report to the People



Zdrastvuetya, comrade house wives. I, Nadya Slovonovich, am reporting on wretched living conditions of feelthy obnoxious masses in United States. Two years I am living in Washington, D. C. (D.C. is for damn capitalists.) While I am living there I am watching. Comrade husband works in glorious Russian embassy. He is in charge of ash trays. He is watching, too. His job is watching ashtrays to be seeing none of glorious comrade employees smoke too many feelthy American cigarettes.

On streets I am seeing there is no garbage or trash. Everywhere is cans saying keep your city clean. In cans are garbage and trash. Is being saved for rich capitalist bosses. Poor people is getting no garbage or trash. In Russia poor people is getting all garbage and trash. American people is starving.

I am walking down street. Sign in window is saying Fire Sale. I am walking in store. I am looking for fire. Is no fire; is only feelthy obnoxious propoganda. I am going into store to buy food. Door is going round and round. I am going out on wrong side. Is government attempt to keep American public confused. In front of store is huge windows so American secret po-

lice can check on American masses who is always buying too much. I am looking all over store. Is very poorly stocked. I am looking every where for borscht and good black bread. Is none. Only is white bread. All bread is sliced. American masses is too poor to have knives to slice bread. Finally I am getting red beets for borscht. Everywhere is women pushing babies around in carts. I am realizing store is slave market for young children. I am asking woman how much fat babies bring on American market. She is taking her fat baby and running. Is obvious to me American government is trying to keep child slavery under hat. I am going to pay for my red beets. I am offering man good ration ticket. He is refusing. I am offering him good Russian ruble. He is refusing. I am offering him more rubles. He is still refusing. It obvious prices are very high. I am throwing red beets in his face and leaving. I am well informed on U. S. government policies. Government is taking food and throwing food away so prices will be high. Very sly. They are starving opposition to death. Too bad they are not catching on to cheaper, more advanced Russian methods of eliminating opposition.

Husband is getting me ticket to see capitalist comedy call United States Senate. Is very funny. Commisars is all arguing. I am laughing. Everyone is knowing argument is not allowed. Then big Commisar McCarthski is getting up and making speech. Is saying down with Communists. I am throwing vodka bottle at him.

Then lesser Commisar is getting up and calling McCarthski names. I am laughing. Is very funny. Everyone is knowing he will be getting shot in third act. In second act is audience participation. People in balcony is jumping up and shouting "Long live Puerto Rico." They are shooting actors. Is very funny. I am clapping. Is very funny satire on United States Government. I am recommending U. S. Capital Theater to all fellow travelers.

Husband and I are going sight-seeing. First we are looking at big monument of man who couldn't tell a lie. Is obvious early American leaders were not very good. Everyone knows first qualification for leadership is to be glorious liar.

We are visiting big hotel called White House. Furniture is very old. Is too bad they can't afford new furniture. People are running in and out carrying very small suitcases called briefcases. Is obvious they can't afford many clothes if suitcases are so small. In front yard of hotel are big fountains. No one is taking bath though. American public is very dirty.

Then we are visiting building called Pentagon. Capitalist architects is very poor. Is making big mistake and building five walls on building.

We are going to big museum. Is obvious American people are very immodest. All statues are naked—not even any hero medals on chests. Comrade husband and I have to snicker when we see how inglorious American people is. No one is wearing hero medals. Also very boring.

Is very good to be back in glorious Soviet Union. Is more interesting. At least in glorious Soviet State is knowing that knocking on door at 3 o'clock in the morning is not Barnacle, Bill, the sailor.

THE END

hunting for  
a really good  
place to eat?



You don't have to be a Sherlock  
to find Ernie's . . . and you don't  
have to be a connoisseur to know Ernie's sizzling  
steaks can't be beat.

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**THAT JUST WON'T WILT**

*Don Richards*

**DACRON\***  
linen

**\$37<sup>50</sup>**

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Don Richards DACRON-LINEN  
stays put through the muggiest  
summer day. The reason:  
dacron, acetate and viscose  
blended to the texture of  
the finest Irish linen.

**NEUKOMM'S**

**22<sup>nd</sup> on the Strollway**



RED  
ER DRIVE  
E MASSES

WHAT DO YOU  
THINK OF THE  
COLD WAR?

PEACE AT  
ANY PRICE

DARN VULGAR  
BOAT MAN

M.V.D.  
STRIKES  
1 out of 5

I AM A  
CENSOR

WHAT'S  
THAT MEAN?

I DON'T  
KNOW

I'VE GOT  
IT!

YOU'VE GOT  
IT!

YOU'RE HANGIN'  
WRONG!

SALE  
25¢ AT  
ALL GAS  
STATIONS

YOU CAN'T GET  
INTO LENIN'S  
PALACE.

BUT I'VE GOT  
A NEW KEY.

SHANE,...  
COME BACK

HAVE YOU HEARD  
THE LATEST  
JOKE?

NO, DARN!  
NEITHER  
HAVE I!

BUT (GASP) \* MAH  
GUN IS (GASP) EMPTY  
HooBoy

INVENTOR OF  
BIG ORANGE DRINK

DANG-I FORGOT  
MY COAT, TEX.

MOMMIE! MOMMIE! THE FELLOWS  
WONT LET ME PLAY BALL WITH THEM. THEY  
TOLD ME TO TAKE A TIP FROM THE HOISUM  
BUNNY AND....

SHADDUP  
AND DRINK  
YOUR BEER

CHEAP  
HEROIN  
AS USED  
IN  
STEVE CANNON

HE FORGOT TO  
PUT ANGSTURAN IN  
MALENKOV'S BREW.

THIS UNDERGROUND  
STUFF ISN'T AS HOT AS A  
LOT OF PEOPLE THINK.

NAD

OH WELL, THE  
HOURS AREN'T BAD, AND  
YOU CAN HAVE ALL YOU  
WANT TO EAT.

DR. KIMSEY  
I  
TELL ALL

STAY  
DRIFT

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## SHOWME STUDIO

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Only by Appointment



A woman entered the village bakery: "Here's a nice cake," said the clerk.

"Why, Mr. Michilov, I'm surprised at you," ejaculated the woman. "Why, that cake looks as if some mice have been nibbling at it!"

"Honest, lady, it couldn't be," said the baker. "Why, the cat was lying on it all night."

\* \* \*

Leon: What did they call shotgun weddings before firearms were invented?

Anna: They were beau and error affairs.

\* \* \*

"Just fancy that," exclaimed the proud mother. "They've promoted our Illiitch for hitting the sergeant. They've made him a court-martial."



"Is American version of the ballet"

# ORIGINAL MUSIC and DANCES

## MAY 4 - 8

"Let's Make Way  
FOR



Tickets **NOW** on Sale  
9-5 Student Union \$1.50



Webster says taut means tight. I guess I was taut a lot in school after all.

\* \* \*

Hell hath no fury like the lawyer of a woman scorned.

\* \* \*

Her head is just as vacant as the breakfast room in a hotel at Niagara Falls.

\* \* \*

Then there's the one about the puzzled Pole. He lived on the border between Russia and Poland, and he worried about it for years. "I'm a man without a country," he said. "I don't know where I live."

So, eventually, he got a state surveyor to swing around his way and make an extra special, Double A, careful survey. "You live in Poland," decided the surveyor.

The Pole hurled his hat in the air with a cheer. "Thank God!" he cried. "No more Russian winners!"

\* \* \*



Rimsky: Did you hear about that girl who went to the masquerade party in a suit of armor?  
Korsakov: No, what happened to her?  
Rimsky: Nothing.



"This is the only place you can touch these things for anything near the price."

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COLUMBIA'S FAVORITE DRIVE-IN THEATRE

Entertainment FOR YOU FROM THE STARS

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**BROADWAY** DRIVE-IN THEATRE

**GRAB THAT DRAG**

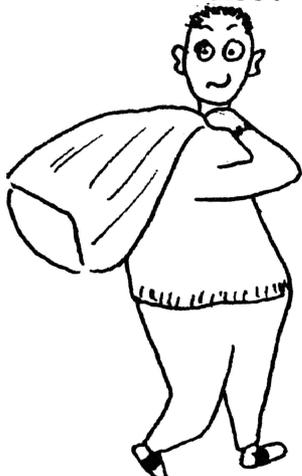
... and bring her to ...

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"On the Highway Out Past the Stadium"

where am I  
Going? Why, to  
Dorn-Cloney, where  
else?



FAST SERVICE . . .

**DORN-CLONEY**  
3 1 1 4



*Definitions:*

American: A person who isn't afraid to bawl out the President, but who is always polite to a policeman.

Sombrero: A gloomy-looking hat.

Screwbrawl: A melee at a mad-house.

Night Club: A place where they have what it takes to take what you have.

Kiss: A noun, though used as a conjunction; it is never declined; it is more common than proper and is used in the plural and agrees with all genders.

\* \* \*

Sonia: I cannot marry you, as I do not love you, but I will be a sister to you.

Nikolai: Fine: How much do you think our father is likely to leave us?

Then there's the one about the old Russian peasant, who, while drinking vodka in the local pub, remembered a phone call he had to make. To make certain that no one would drink his vodka while he was gone, he wrote this note: "I spit in this vodka."

Upon returning, however, he was chagrined to find written boldly across the paper, "So have I."

\* \* \*

Hotel Manager: Did you find any of our towels in that salesman's suitcase?

Hotel Detective: No, but I found a chambermaid in his grip.

\* \* \*

Puffing and blowing, the young Russian soldier just managed to jump into the carriage as the train left the station. The middle aged man in the corner eyed him with scorn. "When I was your age, my lad," he said, "I could run half a mile, catch a train by the skin of my teeth, and yet be as fresh as a daisy."

"Yes, sir," gasped the young fellow, "but I missed this one at the last station."



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- Reconditioned for safety
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- Reconditioned for value
- Honestly described
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*Chevrolet*  
*Inc.*

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*"But Commissar, I am loyal to the party in my own small way."*

Karl: What are you doing with my raincoat on?  
 Marx: Keeping your suit dry.

\* \* \*

An anti-Communist, condemned to the firing squad, was asked what he wanted before he died. He replied: "I would like to be a member of your party."

"Well," said the commander, "that is strange, indeed. Why did you finally come to take such a splendid attitude?"

"Oh," was the indifferent rejoinder, "I just thought it would be pleasant to know that when you shot me there would be one Communist less!"

\* \* \*

Russian Cop: Get down off that statue of Stalin!

Inebriated Student: Aw, shaddup, if you had one ounce of patriotism you'd be up here, too.

The old maid called in her lawyer and explained her last will and testament. "I want to give \$3,000 to the art museum, \$1,000 to my nephew, \$1,000 to the Y. W. C. A., and \$1,000 to the library."

"What about the remaining \$500?"

"I've never had a lover, and I'll give that to anyone who will kiss and make love to me!"

"I'll do that," said the lawyer. He hurried home and explained to his wife. That evening he called at the old maid's home.

At nine o'clock his wife became nervous and called on the phone.

"It's all right, dearie," he explained. "She has cut off the art museum and the library, and if you let me stay another hour, she'll cut off her nephew and drop the Y. W. C. A."

# The Perfect Squelch!



The peasant woman was well known in the office of the Commissar of Complaints. She had a sharp tongue, and was infamous for constantly being displeased about something.

The Commissar listened patiently as she went through a long tirade of how poorly the country was being run. He yawned, as she became more petty, and voiced her disgust at the low quality of beets which were available for borscht, and that her children were without shoes.

Seeing that rantings in general were having no effect on the Commissar of Complaints, the peasant woman delved into personalities, and shouted, "What's more, this bureau is the worst managed in all the Rotten Red State!"

The Commissar slowly drew himself to full height and quietly replied, "Peasant wench, this time you've said too damn much," as he lopped off her head with his sabre.

*Spring is just around the corner...* and there's a new style afoot at the Novus

*Troylings*  
*Delmanettes*  
*Mademoiselle*

the novus shop  
 18 ON THE STROLLWAY

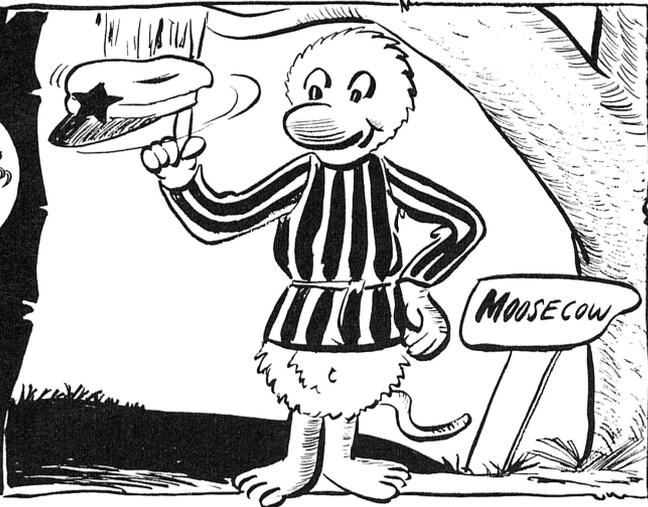
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# NOGO

*In the Mañana Split  
of Let's Have a Party*



I IS YOU COMRAD, I IS YOU FRAN  
I THE NOBLE DORG, NONE ELSE

I WISHED I HAD GRUNDOON'S  
JAWS FO' BAIT (CRAZY MIXED UP KID)  
YOU IS NEEDS A FISH  
LICE SENSE.

ISN'T YOU'ALL CAUGHT  
NOTHIN' YET? NOT  
EVEN ANYTHING THAT  
SMELLS LIKE FISH?

HE CAIN'T ROW, NO ORE!  
FO' ROE NINNY!  
WHAT HE FISHIN FO'?

GEORGI ON  
MA MIND

HEY YOU'ALL  
IT'S GONE BE  
MAYDAY SOON  
US IS GOT TO  
HAVE A PARTY

COME ON  
DAMMIT

WHUT'S MAYDAY?

THA'S THE DAY 'TWEEN  
FRYDAY AN' SATIRE DAY

US'NS HERE AT THIS  
OKEFORNOOKIE IS HOT  
FOR ANY CELEBRATION  
AS LOYAL SOFTISTS  
US SHOULD HAVE A  
BIG DEMONSTRATION

I IS HOT FO' YOU!

DRUNK  
ALREADY?

THE ICE  
IS ON ME!

WHAT HE SAY?  
HE GONE MAKE  
AN ICE O' HIMSELF

US KIN HAVE SHARE-RAIDS  
AN A GUESSED SPEAKER

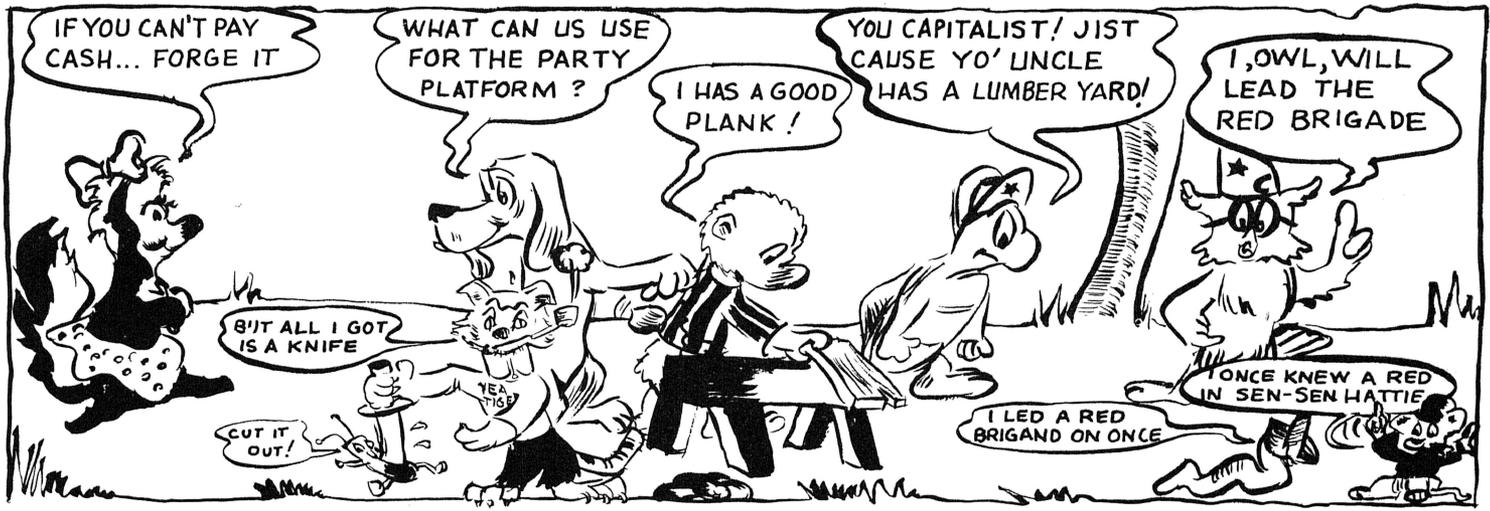
LE'S HAVE THIS  
LITIGATION ATNOGO'S  
LIL' HUT

"THE ICE MAN  
COMETH!"

ME TOO!  
ALWAYS, ALL WAYS

LAY OFF  
DA SLOWER  
COMRADE

SMACK



IF YOU CAN'T PAY CASH... FORGE IT

WHAT CAN US USE FOR THE PARTY PLATFORM ?

I HAS A GOOD PLANK !

YOU CAPITALIST! JIST CAUSE YO' UNCLE HAS A LUMBER YARD!

I, OWL, WILL LEAD THE RED BRIGADE

8'IT ALL I GOT IS A KNIFE

CUT IT OUT!

I LED A RED BRIGAND ON ONCE

ONCE KNEW A RED IN SEN-SEN HATTIE



HERE'S TO VISHINSKY HE'S A DAMN FINE GUY!

I WANTS TO SPEAK ON DELECTABLE MATERIALISM.

I THINK ALBERT'S ON THE WRONG TRACK

I LIKE LEAVE KARACHI!

CAPITALIST PROPAGANDA SAY'S EVERY DOG IN U.S. HAS HIS OWN FIRE PLUG.

WE REALLY GONE HAVE A COTTON REAPIN' PARTY

I WEEL GIVE ZE GUSSED SPEAKER ZE OUI-OUI WELCOME



YOUSE GUYS IS ALL MIXED UP!

WE'LL HAVE A PARTY OR MY NAME AIN'T HARRY VONDERFISTINOFUS

I G'WAN CAST MY BOTTLE ON THE MAY POLE

BARF!

DAMNED PARTY-POPPERS!

WE MUST HAVE A MAY POLE

AND DON'T FORGET THE MAFIA



YAA YOUR MUDDER GOES TO BED AT NEIN O'CLOCK!

YAA I'VE GOT AN UDDER MUDDER!

COMRADES! THIS CALLS FOR A COMPER MICE!

DON'T YOU BULL MOOSE ME!

YOU'RE NUTHIN' BUT A DAMN OLE' CRAT

LET BYGONES BE BOP

SHOULD ODE A QUAIN ANT5!

Mark & CHR

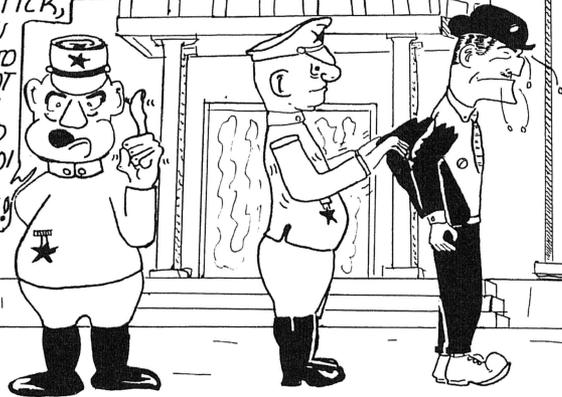
# FEARLESS FALSTICK

# OF THE

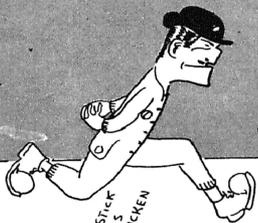
# MVD BY BARNSKY



WE ARE DRUMMING YOU OUT OF THE MVD FALSTICK, BECAUSE YOU HAVE FAILED TO CAPTURE THAT AMERICAN CRIMINAL AND MASTER OF 1001 DISGUISES. **MANYFACE!**

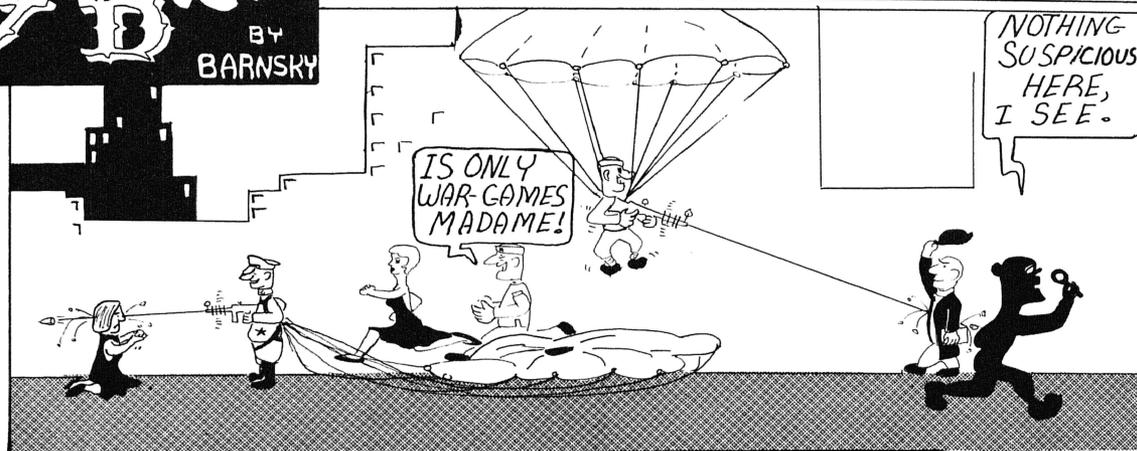


DEMOTED FROM THE MVD TO THE BVD I'LL GET THAT MANYFACE



FALSTICK IS CHICKEN

IS ONLY WAR-GAMES MADAME!

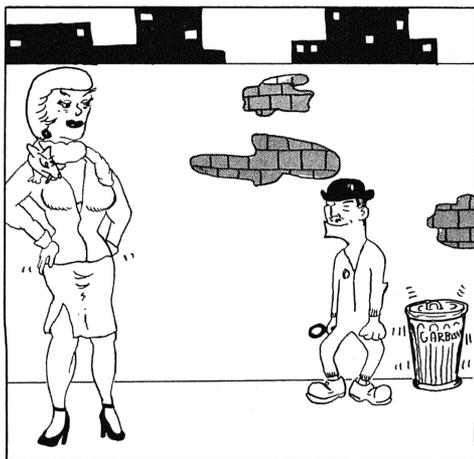


NOTHING SUSPICIOUS HERE, I SEE.

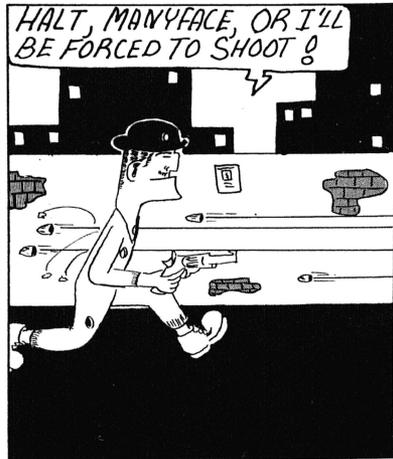
PLEASE, COMRAD, NO INTERRUPTIONS DURING MINE LUNCH HOUR!



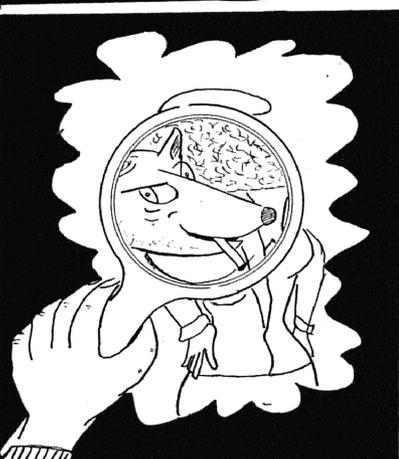
FALSTICK IS FEELTHY CAPITALIST

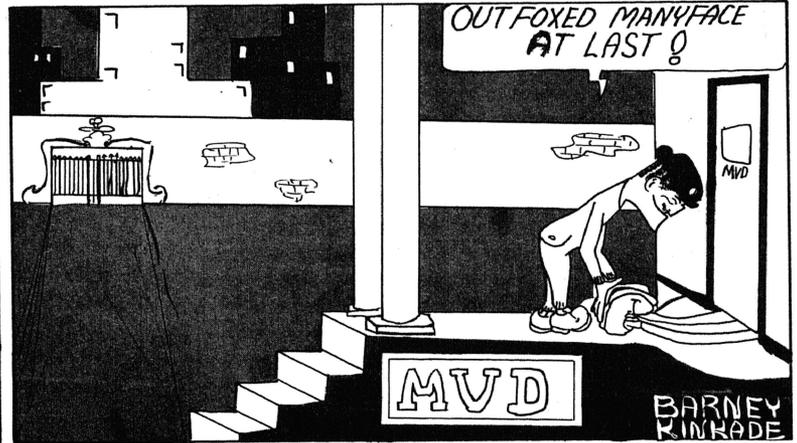
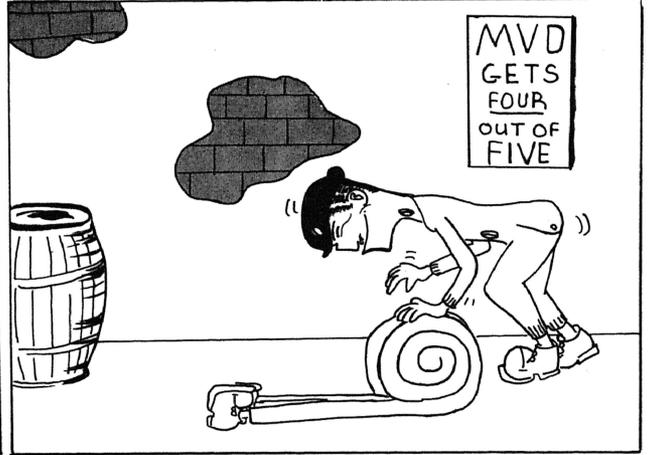
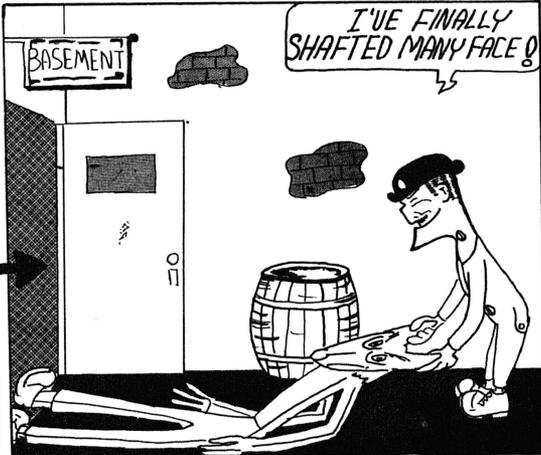
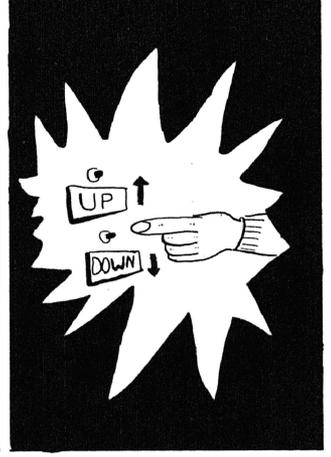
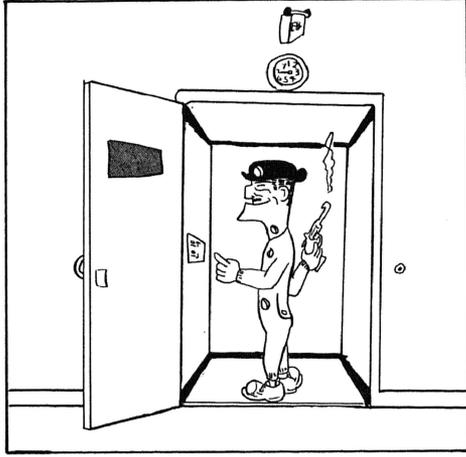
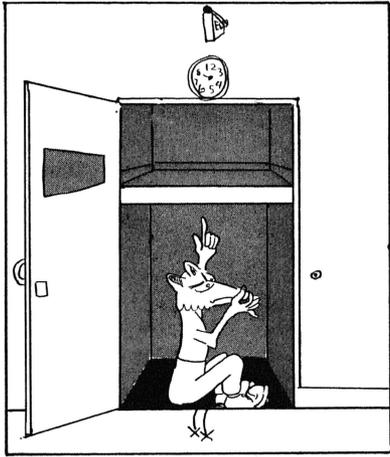
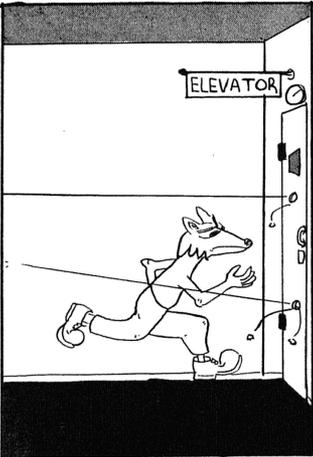
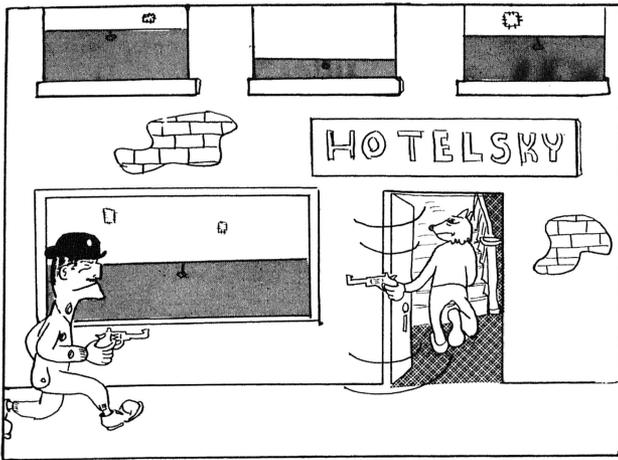


HALT, MANYFACE, OR I'LL BE FORCED TO SHOOT!



MADAME, IT IS MY SUSPICION THAT THIS FUR-PIECE IS REALLY **MANYFACE**, MASTER OF 1001 DISGUISES.





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- STAG BEER
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- FUN

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UNTIL 1:30 A.M.

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# The McCarthy-Truman LETTERS



In the past month we've been writing letters all over the country in the hopes of stirring up a minor hornets' nest. On this page are the letters we've been mailing and on the following page is the only reply we have received.



\* \* \*

February 10, 1954

February 14, 1954

Senator Joseph McCarthy  
Senate Office Building  
Washington, D. C.

Mr. Harry Truman  
Independence, Missouri

Dear Mr. Truman:

Dear Senator:

For more than thirty years the University of Missouri in the home state of Harry S. Truman has been graced with the presence of a humor magazine popularly known as the Missouri SHOWME. This magazine has existed through fair weather and foul, through censorship and banning to off-campus obscurity all the way up to the present.

Last Wednesday, I stood on the steps of the Memorial Tower . . . hoping to get a picture of you buying a copy of SHOWME. The photograph would have been good publicity for the magazine. As luck would have it, however, you and I came out well, but the magazine is nowhere to be seen. Be that as it may, I should like to know if you enjoyed the issue. Never before have we sold a copy to an Ex-President of the United States, nor have we ever had a quarter we didn't spend. But yours has received the place of honor in our office.

Now we are approaching a new era. We intend to do a political parody. One night last month one of the staff members suggested parodying *Pravda* and other organs of the Russian press, and the wealth of ideas that followed seemed to indicate that this would be one of the funniest issues we have ever published.

With your permission I should like to show my appreciation for your being such a good sport about buying the magazine the other day by placing you on our permanent mailing list.

However, realizing the amount of criticism something like this might leave us open to, I am writing this in the hopes of securing your blessing our venture. May I offer my pledge that none of the members of my staff are now, or ever have been members of the Communist Party, nor do they espouse its doctrines. Although it may appear in the issue that we are putting forth Red dogma, I may assure you that it will be all in fun and tongue in cheek. Honest, we're not Communists.

You might be interested in knowing that in April we intend to do a parody on *Pravda* and Russian magazines. Just for kicks I wrote a letter to Senator McCarthy telling him of this and swearing that we are not now, nor ever have been members of the Party, and asked his blessing. I do hope the Senator won't think me sarcastic.

Thanks again for being a good sport, and we'll try to give you a few laughs through the pages of SHOWME.

Very truly yours,  
Joe Gold, Editor

Sincerely,  
Joe Gold, Editor

HARRY S. TRUMAN  
FEDERAL RESERVE BANK BUILDING  
KANSAS CITY 6, MISSOURI

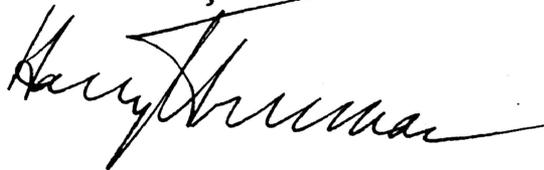
February 23, 1954

Dear Joe:

I certainly appreciated your letter of the  
fourteenth.

I enjoyed seeing all the young people when I was  
in Columbia the other day and I also enjoyed  
reading the magazine which you are getting out.  
Of course, if you want to put me on the mailing  
list I will appreciate it. I got a great kick  
out of the copy you handed to me.

Sincerely yours,



Mr. Joe Gold  
Editor, Missouri Showme  
University of Missouri  
302 Read Hall  
Columbia, Missouri

P. S. I don't think the "snollygoster" Senator  
from Wisconsin will pay much attention because he  
doesn't like to be ridiculed.

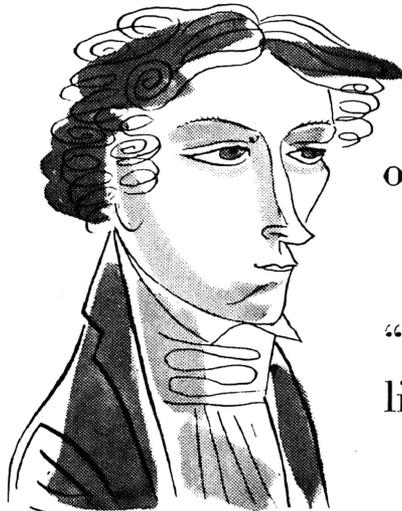
For tasty drinks and  
 food with good flavor . . .  
 Drive in to DRAKE'S -  
 It's the perfect time saver!

## DRAKE'S DRIVE-IN

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# KEATS



on Life Savers:

"Why not  
 live sweetly?"

from *The Dove*, line 10



Still only 5¢



*Homemaker*

*Homilies*

This is Betty Crock, your downtown shopper and homemaking authority with a few hints on the care and feeding of husbands and families once again this month. First of all, I want to tell you about a new offer from one of the larger stores here in Moscow, the Red Star Commissary. Yes, ladies, you can send in now and get your own burlap-bound copy of the official Red Star Commissary Cookbook, called "15 Ways to Prepare and Enjoy Potato Soup." Now you send no money. Just submit 16 names and addresses of suspected traitors to the state living in your neighborhood, but please remember members of your immediate family are not eligible in this offer. You will be sure to receive your cook book within the next two years or not later than midnight after the first execution of any one of your 16 entries. So get busy now and get to know your neighbors better. Simply invite them in for a steaming bowl of potato soup, prepared in any one of 15 ways, five of which use potatoes for ingredients.

\* \* \*

And now, Mrs. Homemaker, a few tips in the fashion whirl. The top designers here in downtown Moscow, buyers for the Red Star Commissary, have come with a definite statement that boot tops *Are going down* this season . . . to reveal brief glimpses of swish-



# Collins

FOR FUN

BUD AND SCHLITZ ON TAP  
 KEG BEER AND ALL BOTTLED BEERS

SANDWICHES

*"Ruby and Cotton"*



ing red flannel undershirts, the really accepted color these last few years. You'll be interested to learn also that Jacques Fath-o-Nitch has come out with something really revolutionary again in the fashion world. You'll have to see it to believe it. Dresses to be worn now and later all season and then converted into honest-to-goodness feed sacks. And the joy of this style is that no sewing ability is needed. You merely slip out of the dress, pour in the required amount of chicken feed, and voila, even your husband will comment on the quick change.

\* \* \*

For the more sophisticated matron, one of the better-known local stores, (the Red Star Commissary), is now showing their spring line, the perfect round-the-clock frock. This is a basic ensemble with simple enough lines to wear with ease during the early morning neighborhood interrogations, but also smart enough to wear with assurance during those sometimes long, drawn-out

public hangings, some of which, incidentally, you will be glad to learn that the Red Star Commissary is featuring daily right after luncheon in their tea room on the



second floor. And remember this, ladies, there stunning new outfits are not only wrinkle-proof, but will *absolutely* not show blood stains, even at the messiest executions.

\* \* \*

For those of you who are concerned about the welfare of your young children, the only downtown store is proud to announce their offer of a new psychology

book for the harassed parent. This volume, illustrated by a well-known artist, explains the importance of such new theories as the starting of simple manual-of-arms training for the pre-kindergarten tots. Now, for the older child who is perhaps already an accepted member of a neighborhood cell block, the Red Star Commissary is also introducing a new psychology book explaining Adult Behavior. This is written in a thoroughly charming manner to show the adolescent the importance of overcoming such mental blocs in the home as obedience to mother and fathers, as well as the necessity for overcoming such obstacles as early childhood manual-of-arms training before the age of five, the official voting age here in Moscow. And to please everyone, both these books are bullet-proof and small enough to be slipped into the pocket over the heart in case either the parent or child is a bit skitterish at early morning rifle practice.

THE END



## Students' Sportrio - - Two Complete Outfits in One!

First . . . there's a single-breasted suit  
of gray flannel; or blue, gray, brown, or tan tweed.

Second . . . there's an extra pair of contrast slacks  
which, when worn with the coat,  
make a smart sport suit!

Sizes 33 to 42 regular; 35 to 42 long

**\$65.00**

VARSAITY SHOP - 2nd FLOOR

**Woolf Brothers**

BEER **Stag** BEER  
**BLACK & GOLD**  
**INN**

We are now serving  
**BREAKFAST**

Each morning — 9:00 a.m. 'til noon

Tomorrow morning, and every morning,  
eat at the

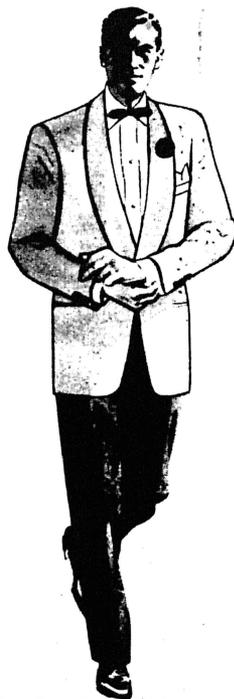
**Black and Gold**

ON CONLEY IN CAMPUSTOWN

*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

THIS MONTH'S COVER  
**ПРАВДА** ONE RUBLE

BIRTH EXPANSION BUREAU



To get serious for just one brief moment, the cover of our parody represents the ideal of socialized living from the standpoint of Art Editor, Chip Martin. The lady with the group of sniveling little nitchkas doesn't look too happy over her lot, but the small gentleman by her side (whom Chipper assures us is her husband) seems rather proud of his latest contribution to the welfare of the glorious state. Never having been to the land of the Great Bear, we are unable to verify the truth or likelihood of such an occurrence, and yet we have heard rumors. Even in such a Soviet Utopia, one is struck with the feeling that somebody is paying for all this. Probably the little guy doesn't realize it, but the government will come along and, by hook or crook, get its money back, so that they can pay the next set of new parents.

In its subtlety the cover is reminiscent of the one Bill Gabriel drew way back in 1948—the one showing Harry Truman looking thoughtfully at a "Help Wanted" sign in a haberdashery store around election time. This cover will probably not be reprinted in the Chicago papers as that one was, but, there's always the possibility that the "Daily Worker" will pick it up.—Ed.

THE END



Four out of five women haters are women.

\* \* \*

He: Do you love me, Gloria?  
 She: But my name is Evelyn.  
 He: Isn't this Wednesday?

\* \* \*



The Dowager Duchess of Lee  
 Once sat by my side at a tea  
 Her rumblings abdominal  
 Were something phenomenal  
 And everyone thought it was me.

\* \* \*

The advantage of being bald is that when her mother walks in all you have to straighten is your tie.

\* \* \*

Mail orderly at Mail Call:  
 "Letter for Cdadwinskiernozsky"  
 Voice from rear of barracks:  
 "What initial?"

\* \* \*

Tenant: The people upstairs are very annoying. Last night they stomped and banged on the floor until after midnight.

Landlord: Did they wake you?

Tenant: No, luckily I was up playing my tuba.

"Comrade Poppa, vot is a vacuum?"

"A vacuum is a void."

"Da, I know dot, Comrade poppa, vot's de void mean?"

\* \* \*

"Why are you sprinkling grass seed in your hair, Miss Garbo?"

"I vant to be a lawn."

New! All New!



jubilee pak

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



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



## This Month's Balfour Beauty

Miss Pat Freeman, Delta Gamma, recently pinned to Chuck Batch, Sigma Alpha Epsilon.

*her sweetheart pin* By L. G. Balfour

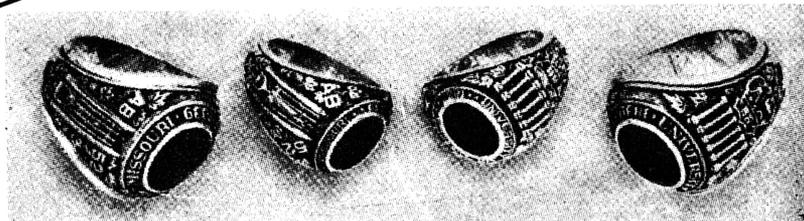
LOCATED AT

# NEWMAN'S JEWELRY

207 ON THE STROLLWAY

Another Balfour Beauty is the new official University of Missouri class ring.

Tops in die work and quality.



Jesse Hall can actually be seen behind the columns on the shank of the ring.

FROM \$22.00 TO \$33.00 — PLUX TAX

## COMPARE BEFORE YOU BUY

# Barth Clothing Co., Inc.

*Leaders in the Field of  
Quality Clothes since 1868*

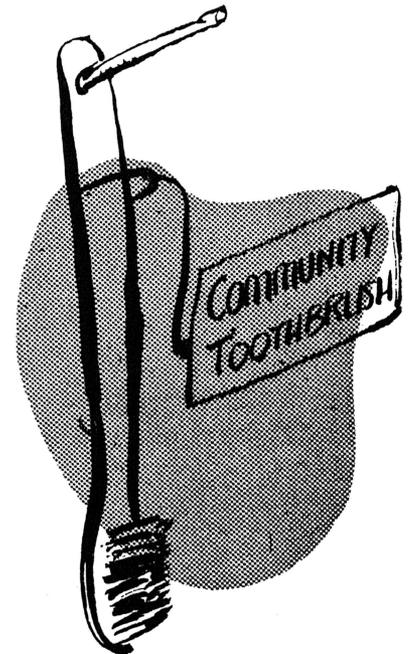
NUNN-BUSH and EDGERTON  
SHOES FOR MEN  
KUPPENHEIMER CLOTHES  
STETSON HATS                      ARROW SHIRTS

817-819-821 Broadway

Ph. 5678



A great industrialist, upon his return from a visit to Moscow, was besieged with questions. He finally developed a standard answer: "The four nicest things in Russia are the caviar, the Ballet Russe, the subway, and the permit to leave the country."



"Drink broke up my home."  
"Couldn't you stop it?"  
"No, the still exploded."

\* \* \*

1st Chinese Communist Soldier: I just brought a skunk into the barracks.

2nd One: Where you gonna keep him?

1st One: Gonna tie him under the bed.

2nd One: What about the smell?

1st One: He'll just have to get used to it like I did!

\* \* \*

A woman's declining years are before 30. She seldom declines after thirty.



*"We're not going to the Hink or any other place until we stop at The Stable for Hamburgers and Beer."*

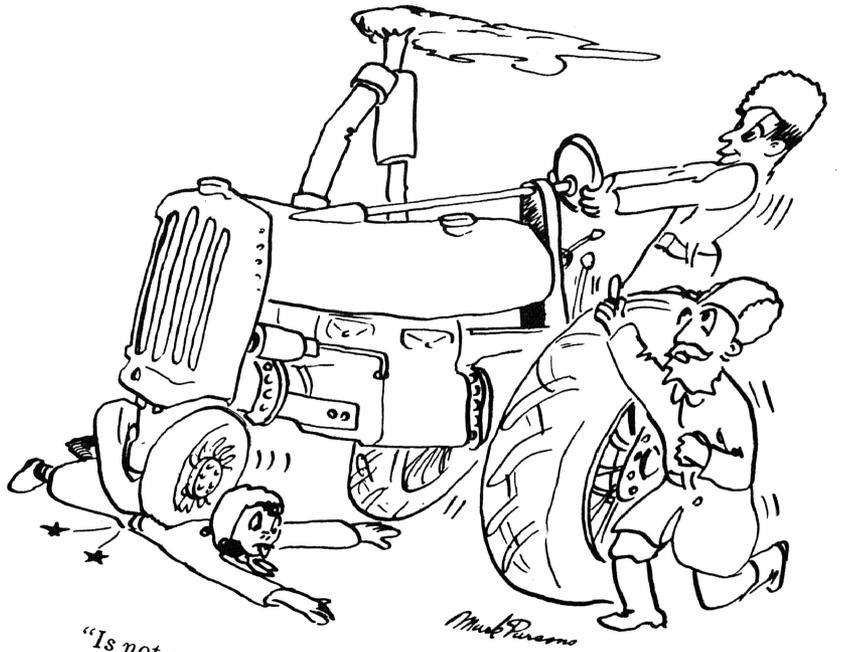
**You've Really Missed Something . . .**

**if you've missed the Kollege Kat Combo that plays each Sunday afternoon from 3-5 p.m.**

**The Stable**



"Fred! Fred! Put down that corkscrew! I'm not really a champagne bottle, honest Fred. . ."



"Is not using collective tractor for personal gain, Ivan."

# Stuff



"Dot comrade . . . is original bonny hop."



"No, don't tell him—it might spoil his whole day."

wash day woes?  
... just call 4155



**TIGER LAUNDRY &  
DRY CLEANING CO.**

"The Tiger Can't Be Beat"

OT



Then there's the one about the dumb Russian peasant who took a ride on a train so he could see a berth.

\* \* \*

Three old Russian diplomats were discussing the ideal way of dying. The first, aged 75, said he'd like to crash in a car going 80 miles an hour. The second, aged 86, said he'd like to take his finish in a 400 mph plane.

"I've got a better idea," said the third, aged 95. "I'd rather be shot by a jealous husband."

\* \* \*

M.V.D. man: Young man, are you going to kiss that girl?

Peasant: No, sir.

M.V.D. man: Well, then, hold my flashlight.

\* \* \*

The portly man was trying to get to his seat at the circus.

"Pardon me," he said to a woman, "did I step on your foot?"

"I imagine so," she said, after glancing at the ring, "all the elephants are still out there."



**THE PIZZA HOUSE**

**COMRADES!**

We are daily serving the best  
Pizza in town! Come in and  
join your friends for Pizza  
served to order!

**DELIVERY SERVICE**

Open Everyday 4 p.m. to 12 Midnight

SWC

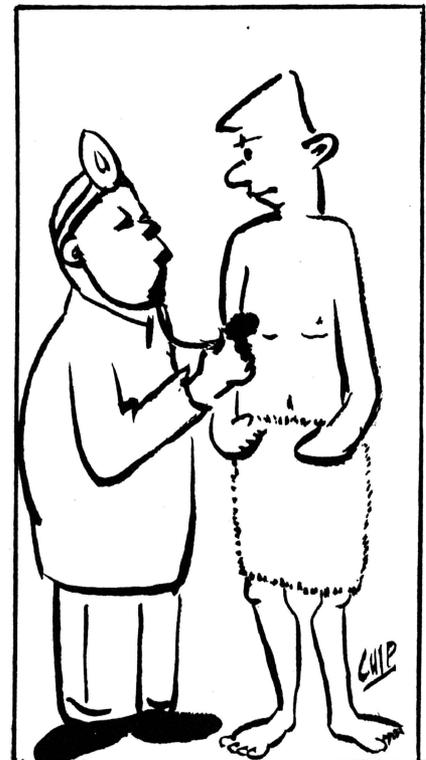


Makes any evening an event!

**MISSOURI  
THEATRE**

**CINEMASCOPE**

WT



# SAMOVAR FROLICS

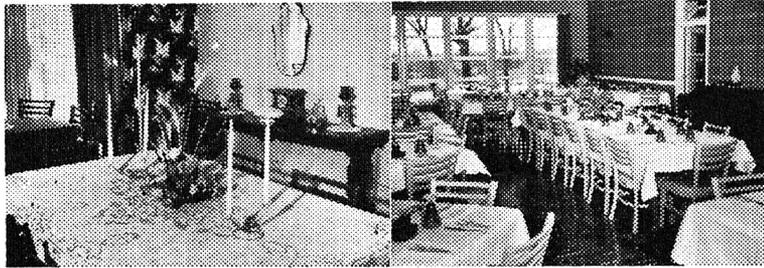


- ★ NOW AT UKRAINE THEATRE . . . ALL SEATS
- ★ BEHIND POSTS. IS GUARANTEED YOU CRANE.
- ★ IS STANDING ROOM ONLY FOR MASSES.
- ★ IS RIDICULING GLORIOUS PARTY
- ★ IS MIMICKING GLORIOUS LEADER.
- ★ IS BIG MASS EXECUTION AFTER SHOW.
- ★ IS ONE NIGHT STAND ONLY.

For Your Dining Pleasure, We Invite You to

## THE HATHMAN HOUSE

"Home of Fine Foods"



CRYSTAL ROOM

TERRACE ROOM

Luncheons by reservation prepared by Mrs. Ida McCray, who is noted for her fine cooking. Mrs. McCray will bake your birthday cake to serve 15 for 3.50.

*We Specialize in Italian and Greek Cuisine*

Steaks, Seafood, Fried Chicken, and Boone County Ham. Complete dinners from 1.50 to 3.75.

AIR CONDITIONED

Hi-way 40 East

Phone 3385

# Is Russia Going Communist

(Reprint from the Daily Shirker)

Today there are many muck-rackers who are saying that the USSR is going Communist. This is a plain old cotton-picking lie. As a matter of fact, there are probably more reds in the United States than in Glorious Momma Russia. And besides, have you never heard of White Russia? Why for you call us reds?

Quoting from the Premier's most recent ukase, "Russia is a government of the pipple, by the pipple and for the pipple, and if the pipple don't like it, they know what they can do about it." Such a statement indicates the Premier's warmth and love of the common wharf rat. And a raw shad roe to you, too.

Communism follows the theories of Karl Marx, and in the *Commie Infesto* he says, "The theory of communism may be summed up in one sentence: Abolish all private property." In Russia we do not abolish all private property—merely all private citizens.

Now in fealthy rich America it is different from Russia. Your decadent capitalism dictates that a man must work like a horse to enrich a few men. Then if this poor tubercular slob makes a mistake like stealing he is thrown in jail. Russia is nothing like this. The worker in Russia does not work for a few rich men, but for the government, which, the worker knows, is really himself. And if the worker should accidentally speak against the government (which is really himself), he is not thrown heartlessly in jail. He is given a vacation. A vacation at one of the finest salt resorts in the Soviet Union. Before he dies of saltpetre poisoning he has had the time to think about his crime

## Seniors!



AVAILABLE FOR YOU . . .

- Official class rings
- Caps and gowns

And surprisingly low prices!

Leave your order NOW

Be in step for graduation

## THE UNIVERSITY BOOK STORE

STUDENT UNION BUILDING

and make full confessions to the state. And you say we are heartless wretches!

It is true, I admit, that all around my country weaker nations are turning to Communism. But is this our fault? China, Czechoslovakia, Rumania, and many others have taken up the Marx Trail, of their own accord, with absolutely no help from us. But do you ever hear of Russia turning Bull Sheviky? You do not. While I am asking questions, what is the meaning of this "Iron Curtain" the rest of the world has enveloped itself in? Why is Russia being discriminated against?

Another sore spot in these international relations is the United Nations. Everywhere I am hearing that Russia is making trouble. Russia is the bad one. Russia should not use the veto so often. It is all a big mistake. The other nations do not understand us. When a vote is taken all the members vote one way, and Russia, to go along with the gag, says, "Ve, too." And everyone thinks we say "veto". It is all one big mistake. It always is.

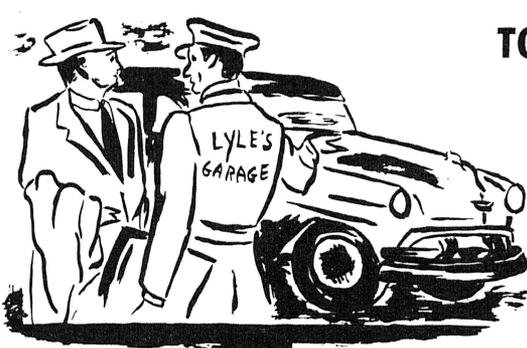
Russia is more democratic even than the United States. In your country at an election the people's minds are confused by having so many candidates. In Russia we think of the poor illiterate people. To avoid confusion, there is only one candidate. This makes everything Hunky-Dory.

And who is this loudmouth, Charlie McCarthy, the puppet, who is always trying to find Communists in your government. In Russia, we do not have such War Mongers. We would take someone like him and shoot him in the back of the head. And then we would beria him. We would probably shoot Edgar Bergen, too.

Russia is your friend. She is England's friend. She is everybody's friend. Russia is the friendliest place in the world. For free literature, write to the Soviet Chamber of Commerce for your Scot Tissue guide to the land of enchantment.

Again, I can only say that Russia is not going communist. And you capitalistic swine had better believe me!

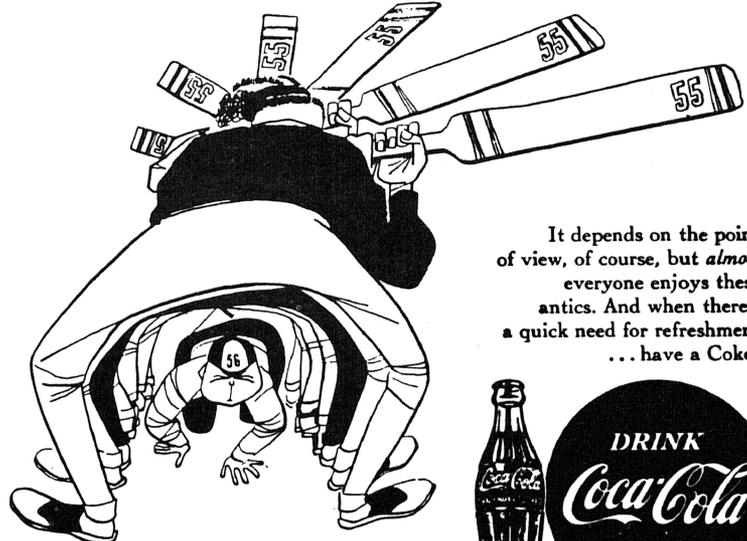
THE END



**TOPS IN SERVICE !**

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

**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!

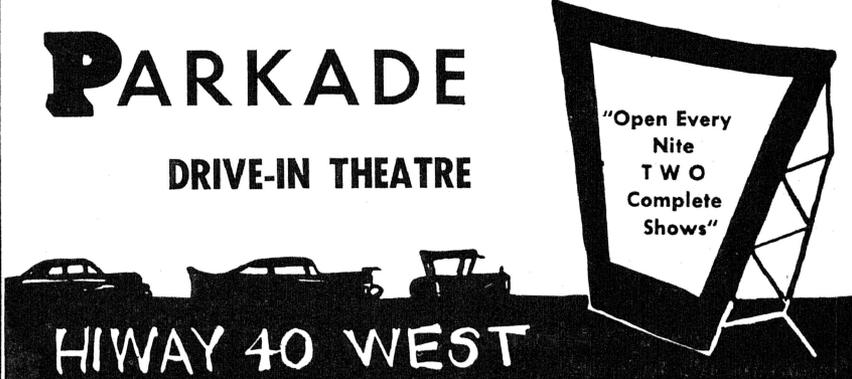


BOTTLED UNDER AUTHORITY OF THE COCA-COLA COMPANY BY  
**Coco-Cola Bottling Co. of Columbia**

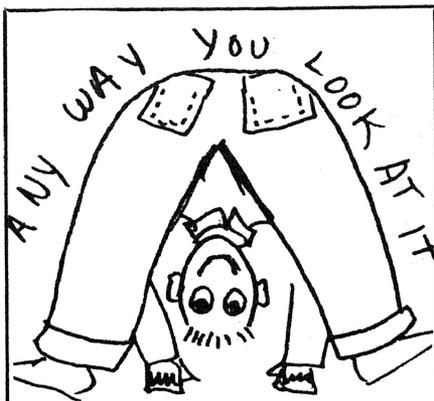
**PARKADE**

**DRIVE-IN THEATRE**

"Open Every Nite  
TWO Complete Shows"



**HIWAY 40 WEST**



IT'S THE  
**OUTSIDE INN!**

- soft drinks
- sandwiches
- dancing
- cold beer

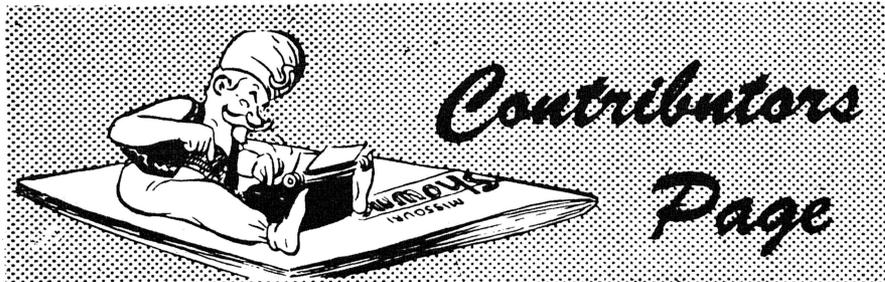
**OPEN 4:00 P.M.**  
Friday, Saturday and Sunday  
**7 P.M. — Tues., Wed., & Thurs.**  
**CLOSED MONDAY**

LET US SHOW  
YOU HOW MUCH  
**BETTER** OUR  
SANITONE DRY  
CLEANING  
**REALLY IS!**

- All dirt removed
- Stubborn spots out
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- Better press lasts

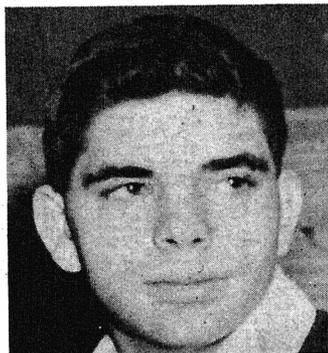
Once you've discovered our amazing new Sanitone Service you'll never go back to old-fashioned dry cleaning again! Call us today!

**Robinson's**  
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*Cleaners*



*jerry swarmstedt*

*barney kinkade*



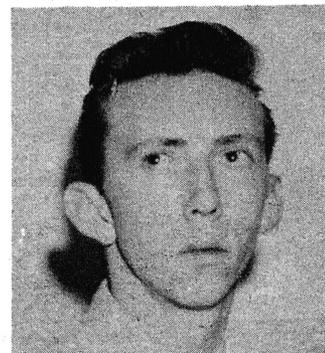
"I used to dream of getting to the top of the heap—the third floor of Read Hall to be exact—just so I could lean out the window of the SHOWME office and glare at all the professors who ever flunked me." Finding this took too much time, Jerry Swarmstedt closed the window and went to work as Publicity Director for Swami. Because he has done such a good job this year, the 20-year-old sophomore uses this as an excuse for going into J-School next Fall to major in advertising. "At least it'll keep me off the streets nights—I won't have time to sell SHOWME's then."

A Gamma Phi legacy by marriage (his parent's), Jerry admits he was "most anxious" to pledge that sorority but finally "saw the light"—unfortunately the house-mother had seen it first, on the second floor after closing hours—so our hero pledged ATO instead. "It's not the same but the food isn't bad—if you REALLY prefer to eat all the time."

A runaway from Cincinnati, Ohio, Jerry plans to go into newspaper advertising when he graduates. But what he really wants to do is go back to a certain beach and kick sand in the face of that girl who laughed at him when he was a 300-lb. weakling—just as soon as he gets his weight back up to 300 pounds and she divorces Charles Atlas, the bully!

"Flicking cigar ashes off his checkered vest with an elegant gesture, Barney Kinkade confessed he went to work on SHOWME "Strictly for laughs—I figured they could use a few." To accomplish this, he draws those "ooh, how funny—now explain it to me, Don," cartoons for the grateful peons every month. In between times he likes to observe the ridiculous side of life, particularly over in Business School where they have him lumped as a junior in Marketing. This has made his advisor very happy. He is a banking professor. When he got the news straight from the horse's mouth "he swung by his tail and threw peanut shells back at the graduates students for almost an hour." At least that's what Barney says.

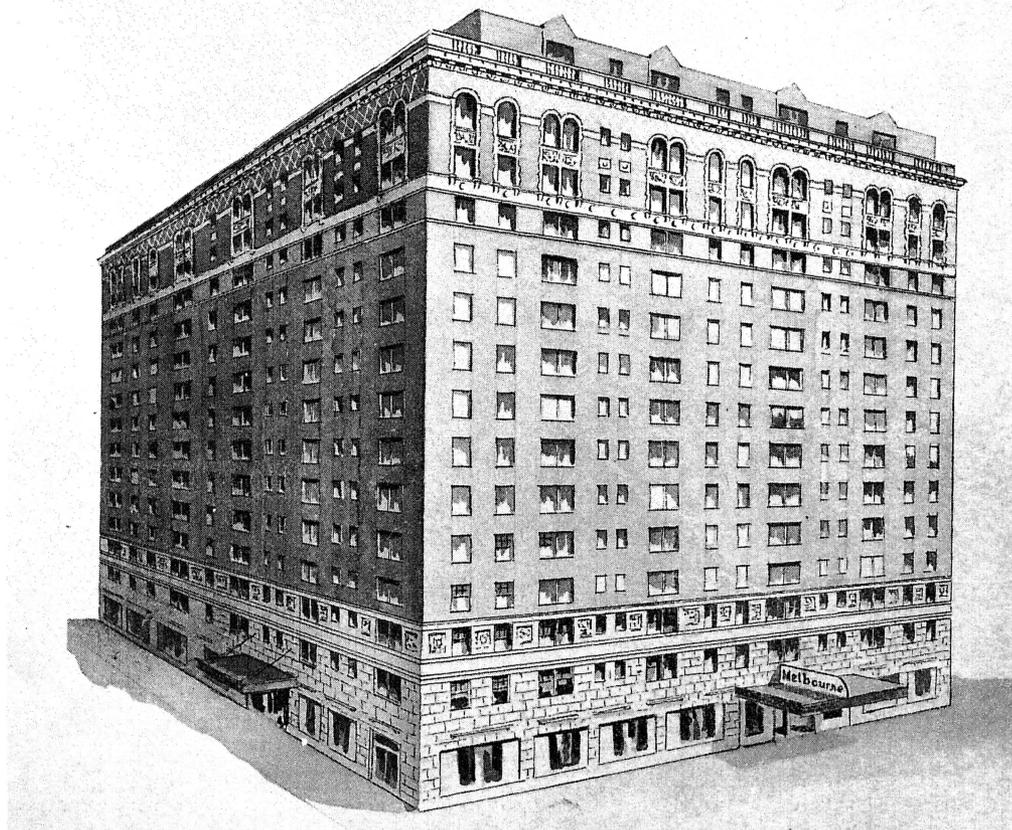
An exile from Gallatin, Mo., not to be confused with Paris, France, Barney "roughs it" over at Cramer Hall where he insists upon eating three meals a day. This way the food in the army will taste better than mother's when he joins up this summer (at the Navy's insistence). After a two-year hitch, Barney has no definite plans, other than to make lots and lots of money, "by hand, down in the basement, if necessary."



# *The Hotel Melbourne . . .*

an albert pick hotel

The SHOWME Staff wishes to thank the Melbourne for its cooperation and gracious hospitality in sponsoring the Queen and her party. When in St. Louis, stay at the Hotel Melbourne where you too will be treated like royalty.



- ◆ Dining Facilities
- ◆ Spacious Guest Rooms
- ◆ Party Rooms

*Lindell Boulevard  
and  
Grand Avenue*

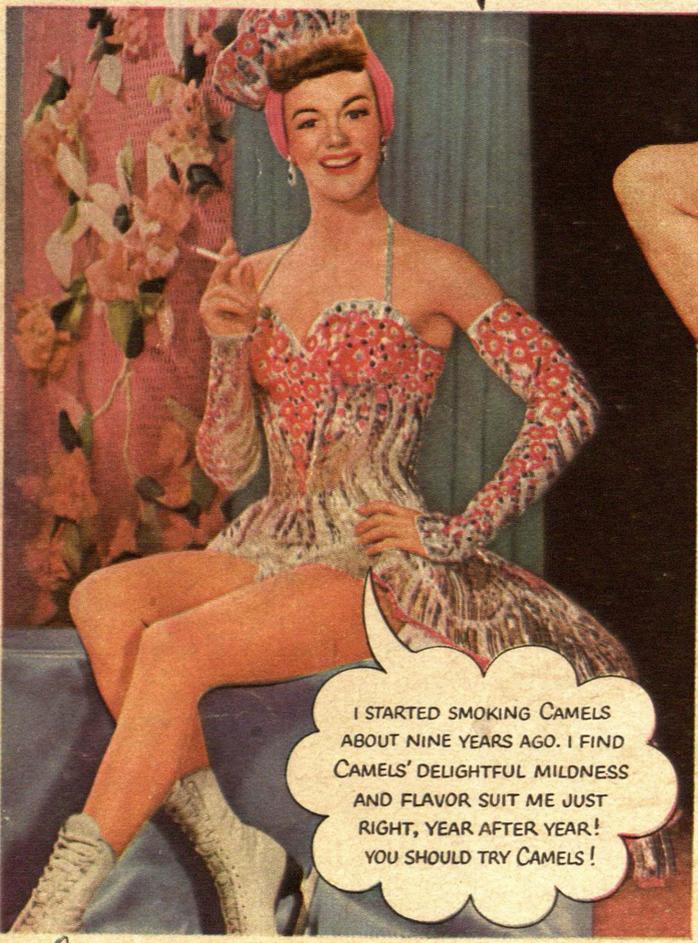
Telephone  
OLive 2500

HOW THE STARS GOT STARTED..... *Donna Atwood*

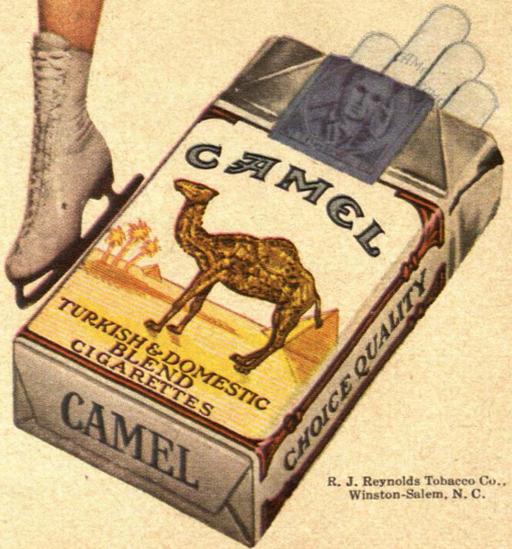
AMERICA'S NO. 1 "QUEEN OF THE ICE"

**Donna Atwood says:**

"I was 13 before I put on skates. I'd had ballet lessons and this helped my skating. In three months, I surprised even myself by winning the Pacific Coast novice championship. Three years later — the National Singles and Pairs. Then I joined the Ice Capades. Skating's *still fun!*"



I STARTED SMOKING CAMELS ABOUT NINE YEARS AGO. I FIND CAMELS' DELIGHTFUL MILDNESS AND FLAVOR SUIT ME JUST RIGHT, YEAR AFTER YEAR! YOU SHOULD TRY CAMELS!



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



Start smoking Camels yourself!  
 Make the 30-day Camel Mildness Test. Smoke only Camels for 30 days — see for yourself why Camels' cool mildness and rich flavor agree with more people than *any* other cigarette!

for Mildness and Flavor **CAMELS** AGREE WITH MORE PEOPLE THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE!