

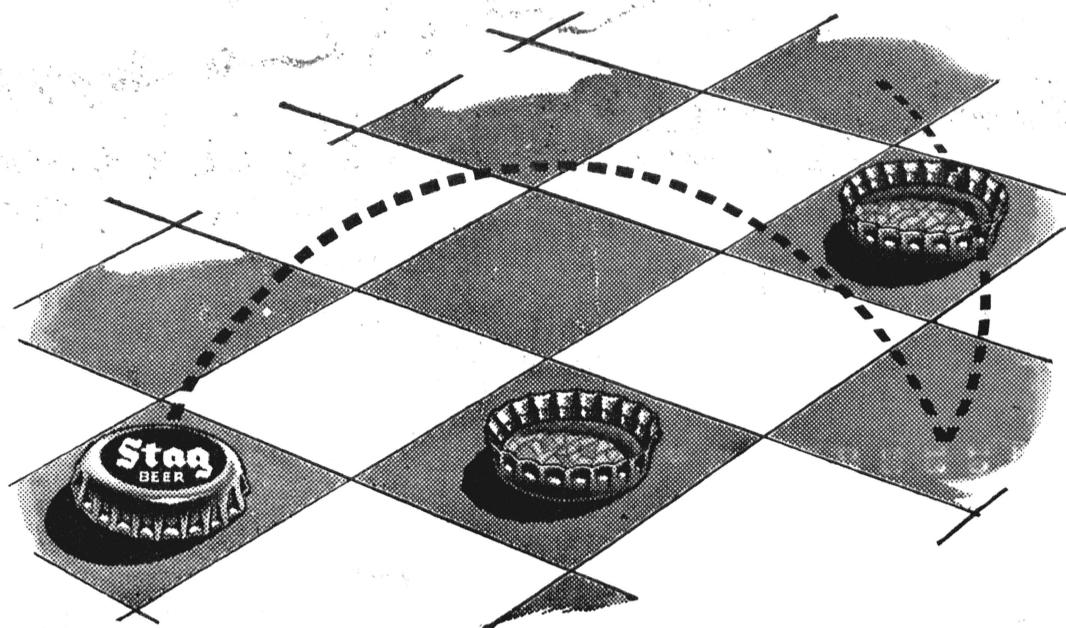
MISSOURI
Showme

January 1955

25c



BOHEMIAN ISSUE



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MISSOURI

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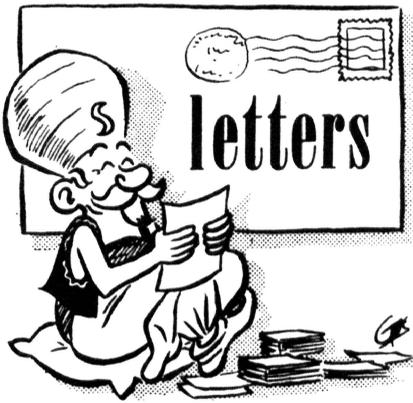
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Dear Sir:

Last month in one of your Swami Snorts columns, you published a little squib which interested me very much . . . quote "One carton of Chesterfields will be awarded each month to the person submitting the best joke to be run in this column each month. Address all entries to SHOWME, 302 Read Hall. This month's winner is Mr. Bob Sloan, 500 College." Then Sirs, you published my little squib.

In the first place, I wrote that squib five years ago when I was in school, but if you want to publish it again, of course it is up to you. My only concern is . . . I don't live at 500 College anymore. I live at 238 Wasyluka Lane, Richmond Heights, Richmond, Va. And . . . where are my cigarettes?

Bob Sloan
Class of '50
Richmond, Va.

Dear Bob . . . for old times sake, we're sending you a carton of Viceroy's and an SGA issue of the Steward . . . our mistake is that in a last minute rush, we needed some copy to fill a space and we just clipped a column out of an old issue of Showme . . . there is no contest, but you should feel honored . . . it isn't every day that Swami does a repeat performance for free . . . Ed.

Dear Editor:

Being a former Susie . . . I find that the only thing in Columbia I can't live without is Showme . . . your Stephens satires are priceless, your cartoons

without equal . . . you can print all the humor that the girls back there now really enjoy . . . down deep in their hearts.

Joan Wilke Boothe
Germantown, Pa.

Some susies here appreciate us too, altho they won't admit it — Ed.

Dear Sir Editor:

I have just received my December issue of Showme and from the looks of it, this year's series should surpass even the high standard set by Joe Gold's fine editorship.

Din Mytime
Copper Club
Defoe, Maryland

Thank you for the roses . . . but it will be difficult to pass the magnificent standard of humor set by last year's Showmes—Ed.

Dear Sir,

Tell me . . . does Showme still get banned an average of once a year as it did in, pardon the expression, the good old days? The audacity of the old Showme used to keep pedantic profs. in line. The same holds true for current editions, I hope?

Sen. Arthur V. Marper
West Falls, Alabama

The reactionaries on the campus have started a whispering campaign and one group has just voted to ban Showme . . . but we have a system of cells all over campus waiting for the revolution . . . Hail Swami—Ed.

Dear Editor Sir Please:

Enclosed you will find a check for three dollars to pay for a one-year subscription to Showme. My son graduated from the school of Journalism in June of '51 and he wants to keep abreast of school activities.

Mrs. Harry Leibovich
5900 Etzal, St. Louis, Mo.

Oh, we'll keep him abreast of things allright—Ed.

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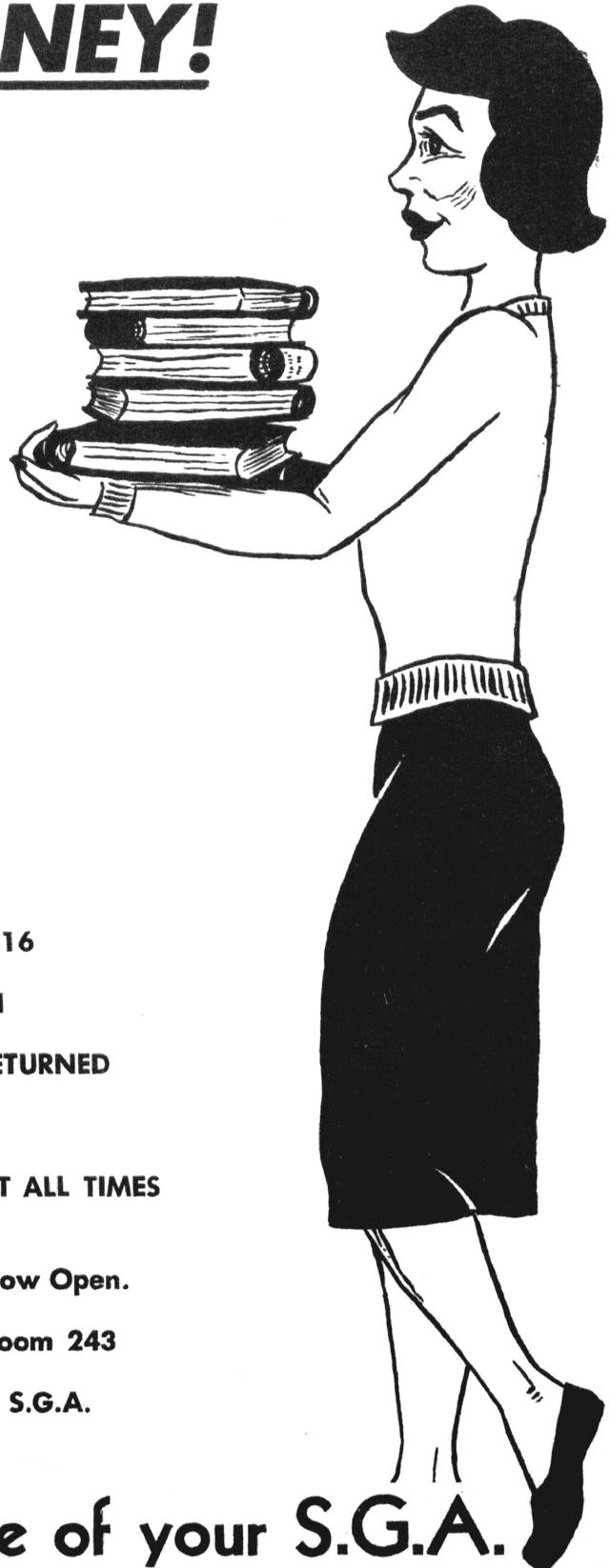
A SECRETARY WILL BE ON DUTY AT ALL TIMES

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BOHEMIAN BARFS

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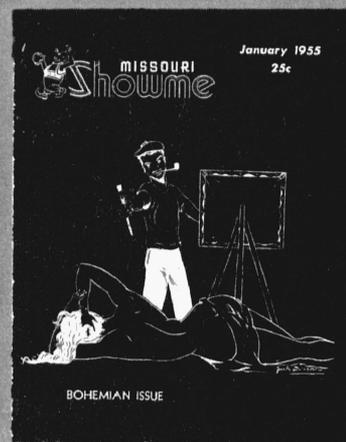
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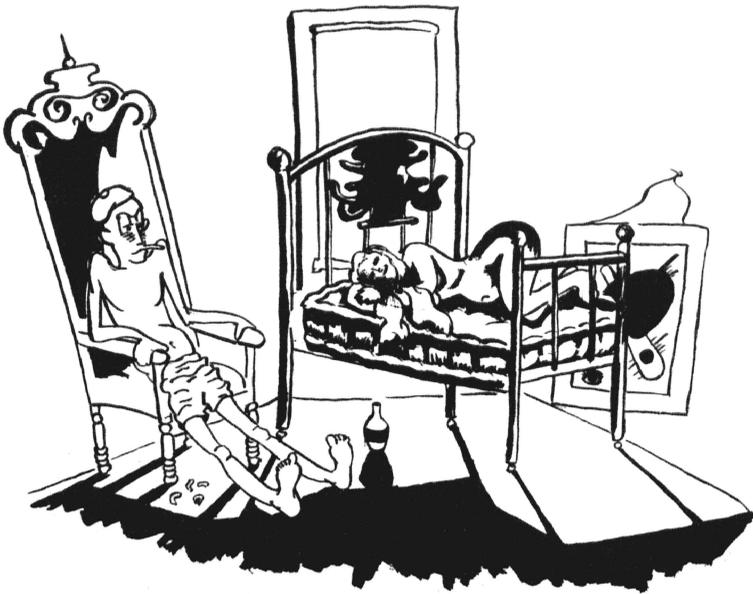
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ABOUT THE COVER

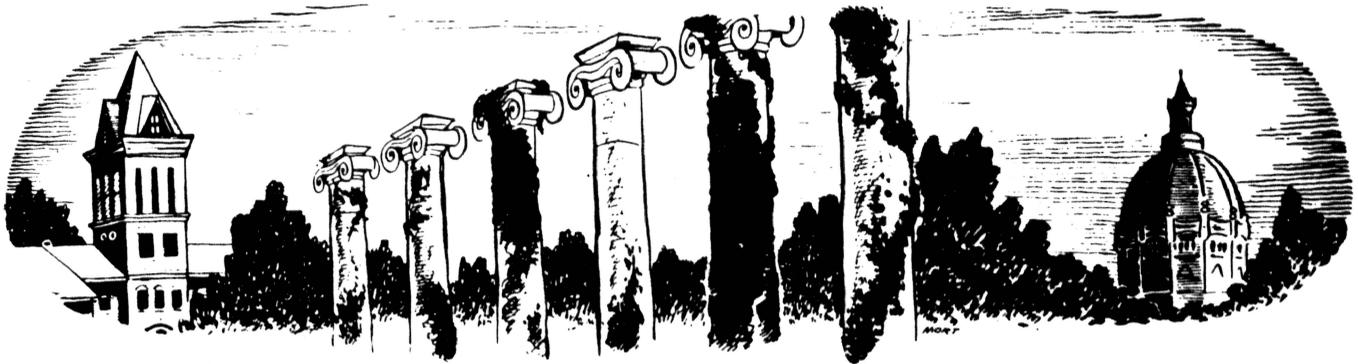
Swami brings you the Bohemian issue . . . and Jack Duncan does his first cover, in the artistic style. Next month, we print a cover of what the artist sees . . . maybe . . . but anyhow it is symbolic of the bohemian atmosphere which permeates the confines of Swami's garret at the top of Read Hall. Jack admits that he had to resort to using a model for this cover, but he won't tell us who the model was. Now, just who has Jack been dating these past few weeks . . . Joan . . . Mary . . . Phyllis . . . or . . .



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*High in my shadowy garret sit I
Content with a cracker, a jigger of rye
A bit of Picasso, a Chippendale chair
And a tall iron bed with a model to share*



Around The Columns

Overheard

The Union has been getting more and more crowded during the morning Coffee Hour, and one Friday about three weeks ago it reached a peak with people sitting on chairs, tables, and even on other people. At ten A. M. a bleary young man, standing among the debris of scarred tables and students, muttered, "This is horrible — I'll have to go to class to find a seat."



Memoirs of '54

It's all over now . . . '55 has bounced in fresh and jaunty — at least for a while . . . past glories and past debacles are almost forgotten. The night last spring when the basketball team knocked off KU . . . the ballot box stuffing in the last SGA election . . . the national championship HI Simmons and the baseball team won . . . the resignation of F. Middlebush . . . the fine job SGA did on Homecoming with Billy May's orchestra at the dance . . . the fuss over a "one day Thanksgiving" . . . Tatum's knife in Don's back . . . it was a pretty good year . . . and yet . . . the next one is always

"going to be better" . . . ready or not . . . here it comes.

A Clean Sweep

If you've spent any time at all in the Union Scrounge Lounge (naturally, you have, if you're a red-blooded college youth) you have probably come into contact with the middle-aged man who sweeps the floors. This gentleman would make a wonderful character for somebody's Great American novel, if some raw, hungover, bleeding-eyed student does not kill him first. The man in the white suit comes around and looks under all the tables for trash. When he finds some, he looks to see if there is anyone sitting at the table. If there isn't, he finds a booth that is occupied, and sets to work with his broom, hitting feet, barking shins, and generally making this miserable for bridge players and jelliers. One day we were sitting there at a table with a friend, when "Old Reliable" came along. While we attempted to raise some hot broth to our lips, he laid hold of our table and began to move it.

"Wh . . . wh . . . what are you doing?" we wailed.

"Gotta move the table."

"Yes, I know, but why?"

"Gotta line it up with the other tables."

"Can't you come back when we're finished?"

"Nope."

With that he hauled the table about four feet away, and we slid our chairs as quickly as possible to catch up with our din-

ners. Like we said, if somebody doesn't get to him first . . .

The Tippler and the Lady

This happened quite a while ago, but it's worth repeating as almost any shaggy dog type story is. At the Homecoming Game we sat beside a young man who constantly refilled a plastic cup from a huge thermos bottle. And it wasn't coffee. At halftime he became so obsessed with heaving a roll of tissue paper at Governor Donnelly, that he unloaded a cupful on the back of a young lady in the next row. When that fair sexed Tiger fan turned to glare and deposit a few wrathful remarks, the tippling young man brushed her off with the remaining strand of tissue paper and said regretfully, "Thash all right, lady . . . ish bonded."



74-13

Now that New Year's Day has passed and Nebraska and Duke have battled in the Orange Bowl, we may return to the Thanksgiving Day when Genial Jim Tatum and his "48 States" huskies tried to get into the Bowl picture by grinding Missouri to a bloody pulp strewn over the gridiron at College Park, Maryland. "Big Jim" could smell the

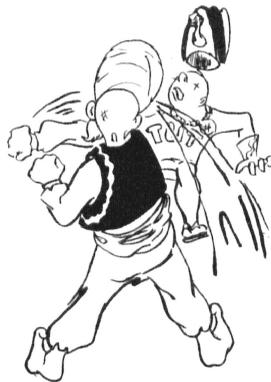
orange blossoms bad enough to enjoy Don Farout's disaster. True, he used his second and third teams, but then Nero probably enjoyed it just as much, when they sent in the third-string lions to devour helpless Christians. It's a long way to next fall when Missouri's first home game brings Maryland to Tigerland, but it's not too far away to begin to wave a bloody flag of vengeance. All right, Hellcats, here's your chance. Don't let anybody forget the 74-13 score. Rub it in to us like salt into an open wound. Rub it in, until we're ready to run out on that field next fall and start an old-fashioned riot. And if every student isn't up in that stadium yelling his lungs out for Tatum's blood, then this school deserves to lose again, only this time by a hundred to nothing. Remember — 74-13!



Let's Sue SIU

Deep in the wilds of Southern Illinois there is a university that goes by the name of SIU, and they have just published a humor magazine called King Tut.

our brothers of the quill and filth producing new efforts in the field of jaundiced yellow journalism. However, and here we must resort to puns — tut, tut, little lads of SIU, it is not considered Jiminy Cricket to lift three pages bodily from dear old Swami. We wouldn't mind at all, and we would even be flattered if SHOWME received credit for its filched pages, but when they appear as if the Illinoisians had initiated them, the old boy with the turban breathes fire and brimstone. Maybe next time we could have UsOU from SIU.



Greenwich Time

Sometimes we never know whether we are writing for one type of issue or another. There's always the possibility that at the last moment the editor will get a brainstorm and change the whole theme of the issue. That's why we're not even sure this is the Bohemian Issue, even though, as we are writing this, it is. But, if it is, we doubt if the cover will be the one we suggested, for there are ever timid

souls amid the most risqué groups. We suggested a modern art cover depicting a bowl of fruit. Somehow, symbolic covers never seem to come across.



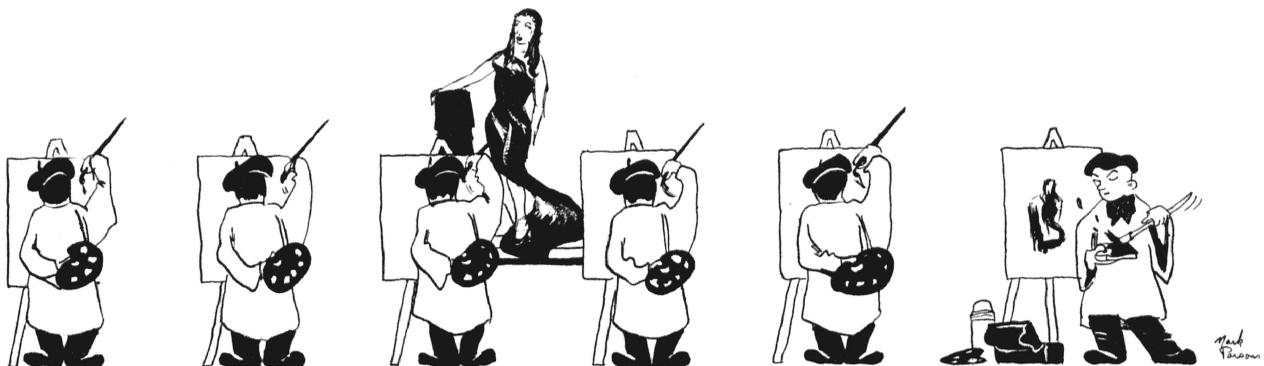
L.A. in the Smog

California has been having all sorts of difficulties with smog, fog, and auto accidents resulting therefrom. But our favorite smog story refers to a driver who was buzzing along at about ten miles an hour during the thickest smog period. Seeing a red light ahead he made a right turn . . . and promptly crashed through the front of a department store. Seems like the light was not on a street corner, but on the top of a police car.

Dunkin' Hinds Approved

One afternoon we were sitting in the Showme office throwing letter openers at the secretaries, when the telephone rang and interrupted a touchdown pass.

"Missouri Showme," we chortled.



"Do you have a Sally Smythe registered there?" inquired a feminine voice.

Thinking she was referring to our subscription list, we stumbled a bit and told her we didn't think so and what did she mean by "registered?"

"You know," she said, "registered."

"Lady, just what do you mean?"

It began to dawn on her that there was something amiss. "Isn't this the Showme Motel?" she asked.

"No ma'am," we said, "This is the Showme magazine, but if you'd care to make a reservation . . ."

That's when we heard the click on the other end of the wire.

Things Have Changed

For you Freshmen who have just returned from your first trip home since you went away, this may strike a responsive chord. It seems like we always build up that idea of what it's going to be like when we get home. And somehow we're always disappointed. It isn't anything our parents do or say, but there's always that feeling of "This isn't what I expected." Perhaps it may be explained by the fact that home is where we were children, and, even though people try to make us feel as if they realize that we have grown up, there is always that feeling in us that this is where we were dependent, this is where other people made our decisions for us." And now we've stepped into the world. We have made our own decisions, we have been on our own. And that independence, once achieved must be cherished and even flaunted, until we reach the point, and our parents reach the point where it is taken for granted, and not looked upon as something extraordinary. But that first time is hell.

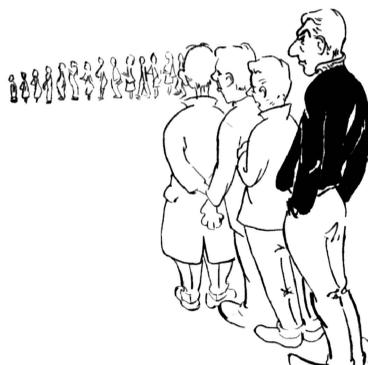
Red Tape Job

So you want to beat the crowd, huh? Well this is the day to get going. Be the first in your crowd



"Well, Miss Webster?"

to register. Come back home with your head awry and your trousers sagging and proudly display your punched card and say, see gang, I'm first in our crowd. When they have given you a stiff shot, sponged off your dripping brow with alcohol, and washed your feet and put you to bed, you can have the excruciating pleasure of knowing that you **WERE THE FIRST.** Get your



courses all lined out before anybody else has a chance to get the last course card for Ancient Greek Bottle Warming, and cause you endless hours of squirming through an uninteresting semester of English Bourbon Dynasourstys. Oh, and while you're down registering, would you mind picking up a schedule of courses for us? We might even enroll in the university next semester.

Silver Threads Among the Gold

Well, this is it. We've figured and refigured, and every time it comes out to twenty-five. This is the twenty-fifth "Around The Columns" that we have written in the past three and a half years. At seven and a half type-written pages per issue that comes out to about one hundred and eighty eight pages and at 250 words to every page, it means that we have written more than 47,000 words in all. For those of you who cannot see expending all that energy and typing paper for something like SHOWME, it will seem like a tremendous waste, but the Columns have always been our way to let off the stored up venom and causticism that a month at Mizzou always fosters. If you don't enjoy it, then we're sorry, but if you do, then maybe it wasn't a waste anyway you look at it. Five more and we can pick up our diploma and leave at the good old three oh mark. And that's it for now. Toot!

joe gold

Swami Proudly Presents . . .



SHOWME QU and CRYSTAL

Eddie Stankey, manager of the St. Louis Cardinals, will be a judge for the preliminary selection in the Missouri Showme Queen Contest . . . to be held in the Student Union Ballroom,

**IT'S EVERY GIRL'S DESIRE
IT'S EVERY COED'S DREAM
TO BE THE 1955
MISSOURI SHOWME QUEEN**

- **CORONATION AT THE CRYSTAL BALL
By the UNKNOWN "Swami"**
- **NATION-WIDE PUBLICITY**
- **THE FAMOUS "TRIP TO ST. LOUIS"**
- **ESCORTED BY A CELEBRITY**
- **ACCOMMODATIONS IN THE PRESIDENTIAL
SUITE OF THE MELBOURNE HOTEL**
- **RADIO AND TV APPEARANCES IN ST. LOUIS**
- **A BANQUET IN AN EXCLUSIVE NITE CLUB**
- **AND MANY OTHER "SPECIALS" TO MAKE
HER THE MOST ENVIED QUEEN OF ALL.**



EEN CONTEST

the

BALL

January 11 at 7:30 p.m. The entire campus is invited to view the selections of five candidates who will vie for the most envied title on campus. Names of other judges will be announced later.



The Social Event of the Year... Swami's Crystal Ball.

- IN THE BALLROOM OF THE TIGER HOTEL
- REIGNED OVER BY THE UNKNOWN "SWAMI" WHO WILL CROWN THE QUEEN
- UNEQUALLED ENTERTAINMENT
- ATTENDED BY NATIONAL CELEBRITIES
- PRIZES FOR BEST COSTUMES . . .
- LAVISH DECORATIONS
- INVITATIONS ARE SENT TO THOSE WHO, IN THE OPINION OF THE STAFF OF SHOWME, HAVE CONTRIBUTED MOST TO THE STUDENT BODY
- EVERYTHING IS FREE!





I Gotta Run

Written and Illustrated by E. C. A. T.

Nobody messed around with Gus. He's that kind. Not like the rest of us guys that hung around the Airway Recreation, tryin' to make a buck off the workin' stiffs. Gus was the real goods. Tough and quiet like and smart. Gus had a way with the broads too. There was somthin about that tall greeks long face that had them pantin soon as they glimmed him. Even the johns treated him respectful like when they pick him up for slammin somebody around or somethin. Nobody messed around with Avis neither. Avis was Gus's girl.

She wasn't prettier or had more class than the rest of the broads you see. She was sorta' skinny, except in the chest where she wasn't skinny at all. She just had brown hair, real straight and long like. She was always pale, even in the summer. Spooky lookin, sorta'. Her eyes might have been pretty, but I can't remember if they were or not. They really never looked at you, or if they did they didn't seem to. Her mouth was pretty. Real big and soft lookin, like you want to smash it and dont know why. But you could only want to cause she was Gus's girl.

Dale and me were shooting short rack snooker for fun, which ain't unless you ain't, on one of the nights when Gus wasn't in. He'd been in earlier. He'd got himself a new suit and was wearin a pair of them sharp brown and white shoes. Gus was ridin real high. We heard him tellin about the rich broad who honked for him a little later. He'd really scored this time.

Avis came around that night like always, but she was late and she was wearing one of those gaudy deals without no sleeves or back. She was mad like, in the quiet way a little kid is when he's afraid of his folks after they slam him around. She came right over and didn't say hi, but started right in wantin us to leave her have five cause Gus took everything she had to go promote the rich broad. Gus near broke her arm too. You could see it all black and blue like. We said we didn't have no dough after she saw we weren't

going to spring for no fin and left. She was Gus's girl and he wouldn't want us given her no dough. Nobody messed around with Gus and nobody messed around with his girl without gettin real smashed up. But I had me a real screwy idea. It was all wrong and real screwy like, even when I was settin it up and connin Dale so he don't get no ideas about me leavin alone.

It was eleven then and it took me thirty minutes to square it away. I had to hurry. I made the liquor store around the block and got a pint just before it closed. I knew if Avis was broke she'd be at the Heidelberg workin the GI's. Inside it's lots of noise from the juke box, blue lights all over, with booths for talkin, and a dance floor just big enough should you want to fight or somethin.

Avis was sitting with a sailor in one of the booths. He'd about had it. His jumper was too short to cover his gut, and his sleeve was all wet with beer. The sailor didn't take it mean like when I fell in with them, and he even shook hands when he left. Avis was drinkin beer cause that's all you can drink in the joints, and a couple of times she'd open a little box and pop a pill. She said was I going to take her home, and I told her yeah. She said that was nice and smiled like, except those goofy eyes. I was all the sudden nervous and my hands got coldlike. I keep seein Gus workin on someone and it's dark and I'm the guy he's workin on, and I'm scared cause Avis is Gus's girl.

Even the buses shut down at midnite in my town, so we hailed a cab. It's a long drive to where Avis lived with two other dolls, over by the canal. I grew up in the neighborhood but it had changed, all cheap apartment houses now and no more shacks with outside donnikers.

I tried to kiss her near as soon as we get into the cab, but she yells shocked like for me to please dont so loud the cabbie turned around to see. There was that funny painful look in her eyes, like she reminded me of a hurt animal I saw once.

We couldn't go in the house cause of the two broads sleepin. We went around back where the screen porches go all the way up to the roof. There ain't no chairs so we sat on the cement in a corner. The sky was all muddled like and the moon would shine bright a minute and then go off like a neon. Avis didn't want anything but whiskey, but then she never did I guess, except maybe a pill or somethin. I tried real smooth like to kiss her and she keeps turnin her head and sayin please. I see that Gus slobberin on her and touchin her with those long skinny hands and her wantin him to. I jerked her back against me real rough like, and I hold her face so those big lips can't move away. For bein so skinny and weak looking she is so strong she surprises me. One minute she's fightin like a tiger and then she's pullin at me and whimpering. It's sorta' queer and makes you feel sick and good and scared altogether. Avis don't talk no more after that, she only makes those funny noises like she was cryin and laughin down inside. All the time tossin and pullin at me.

We'd been there about half an hour, I don't know how long, when the moon makin like a neon makes this shadow on the screen right in front of us lookin in the porch. Not movin, just standin there still like. I knew it was Gus even before he laughed. That Greek laughed soft, like he was crazy, high and girlish. Sudden my head felt all full of blood and I can't move or breathe no more. Avis didn't move. Just sat there holdin the pint and starin at Gus, her mouth open and wet lookin in the light. I was standin flat against the wall. I didn't even remember gettin up but I could feel the peeling paint under my hands. Gus just laughs soft and crazy like so I can hardly hear his blade click open. The screen only opens out and I got a chance, but I knew he was going to burn me with that knife no matter should I make it or not. Soon as Gus's shadow's in front of the door I jumped it. My shoulder hit and it give way. I felt my head bang Gus's face through the screen, and the wire

(Continued on page 25)

POP!
GOES THE EASEL
BY
JACK DUNCAN



Tom Gallagher ran his fingers through a shock of unruly black hair and rapped cheerfully at apartment 208. The girl who opened the door was a tiny breathtaking brunette with sparkling, expressive eyes and full lips that curved gayly upward at the corners. As usual, Gallagher's hands clutched spasmodically at the sight of her softly rounded figure and he clasped them carefully behind his back.

"Hi, Kitty!" said Gallagher. He stepped inside and bent to greet her more intimately. When he straightened up, a glittering mobile swung lazily around and bopped him in the eye. Gallagher yelped and swatted angrily. The mobile jangled disconsolately and crashed into a corner; the supporting wire tugged sharply on a frosted-glass light fixture, which dropped and split neatly on his head. Gallagher sat down abruptly.

"Oh, you clumsy slob!" Kitty wailed. She helped Gallagher to his unsteady feet and waved

tearfully at the wreckage. Look what you've done! It took me five hours to make that and you just ruined it!"

Gallagher looked disgusted. "Dammit, have a little concern for me!" He touched his scalp and winced. "What the heck is the thing, anyway?"

"It was a mobile," Kitty sniffed. "I made it."

"Oh," said Gallagher thoughtfully, "A mobile." He looked at Kitty carefully. A black leotard clung snugly to her smooth thighs and well-rounded hips. Hoop earrings swung to her shoulders, and . . .

"No! You've had your hair cut!"

"What's wrong with it?" Kitty bristled. "This is the same haircut that Jeanmarie wears."

"Jeanmarie looks like a wet spaniel. What gives with this arty stuff all of a sudden? You look like something out of Greenwich Village with those hoops and kneepants, and what's the matter with your eyes?"

"That," said Kitty loftily, "Is a touch of mascara. A girl should learn to be mature about make-up; mascara emphasizes the eyes. And don't be so sarcastic about art." Kitty drew herself up defiantly. "I am an art major. I have my courses all planned out, and next semester . . ."

"An art major! You?" Gallagher roared with laughter. He was so amused that he failed to notice the frosty expression which settled over Kitty's features. The door slammed behind him and he found himself chuckling foolishly at nothing.

Gallagher plodded moodily down the stairs and across the street, thinking bitter thoughts. It wasn't the first time that Kitty had developed some wild interest. Once it was archery, and then there was the stuffed animal mania. He shuddered. One hundred ninety-two little animals on shelves and peering around books, and the big, yellow tiger with the luminous eyes that looked at them when the lights were out. If Kitty could only see how ridiculous it was, she'd drop that art nonsense. If she could just see . . .

"I've got it! I've got it!" shouted Gallagher. A little old lady dropped her bag of groceries and fled into a shoe store.

"Boy, will I fix that little babe!" Gallagher chuckled raucously and rubbed his palms together. When he got back to his shared apartment, he had a plan of action firmly in mind. He burst into the room and shouted; "Hey, Casey!"

"Yah?" Casey looked up from a MAD comic book and spit his gum out the window.

"Casey, I'm gonna be an artist. Call up that buddy of yours with all the oil paint equipment and see if I can borrow some of it." Gallagher sketched in the situation and added a few lies for humorous detail. Then he told Casey his plan. What Kitty needed was an object lesson, and if Gallagher turned artist, complete with goatee and beret, Kitty's obsession wouldn't last a week. The hall echoed with ribald laughter.

Far into the night, he brushed and daubed and smeared, with the assistance of Casey and three bottles of Rhine wine. Finally, at three o'clock Saturday morning, Tom and Casey sat back and inspected the finished painting.

"I like it," said Casey.

"Looks good," Gallagher admitted thoughtfully. "But what is it?"

"Let's call it 'Aftermath,'" said Casey.

"Aftermath of what?"

"I dunno, just 'Aftermath.' All these modernistic pictures have funny names."

Gallagher showed up at Kitty's apartment Sunday night with a new beret, a smear of yellow pigment on his cheek, and the 'Aftermath' under his arm.

"Hello, Kitty," said Gallagher. He smiled brightly.

Kitty did not move out of the doorway. "What's this?" she asked warily, "Another big yak?"

"No, no," Gallagher assured her. "You didn't let me explain the other night. I've always been interested in modern art and I'm sorry about wrecking your mobile, so since you liked the stuff I brought one of my paintings over to show you."

Kitty looked at him doubtfully. "Why didn't you tell me before?"

"I didn't think you'd be interested."

When finally Kitty relented and let him enter, Gallagher unwrapped the painting, propped it on a chair and covered his mouth hastily. The cough sounded suspiciously hollow.

"Like it?" he asked.

Kitty cupped an elbow in one hand and tapped her pert nose meditatively with the other. "Tom," she said, "Are you sure this is a painting? It looks like dinner at some Hash House."

"Kitty," said Gallagher reproachfully, "That hurts! My first serious attempt at art and

(Continued on page 32)



Invites

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Tiger Art Theatre

JAN. 9-15

"The Medium"

by Gian-Carlo Menotti
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Anna Marie Alberghetti

JAN. 16-22

"The Horse's Mouth"

Delightful English Comedy

JAN. 23-29

"Pickwick Papers"

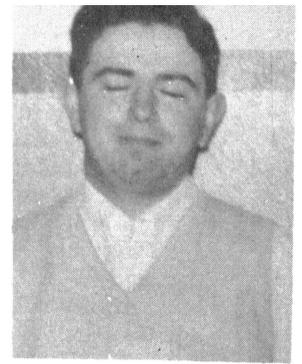
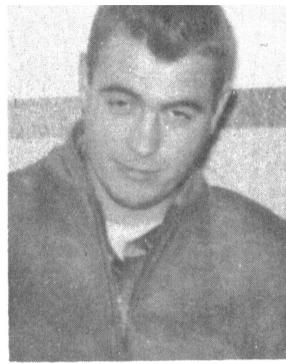
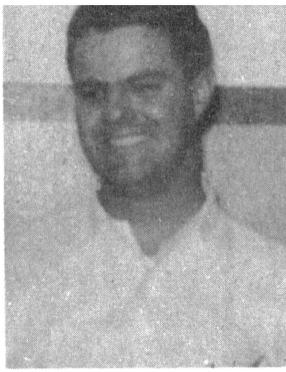
Dicken's Classic

JAN. 30-FEB. 5

"Seven Deadly Sins"

French Drama
Starring Michele Morgan
Gerard Phillippe

TIGER ART THEATRE

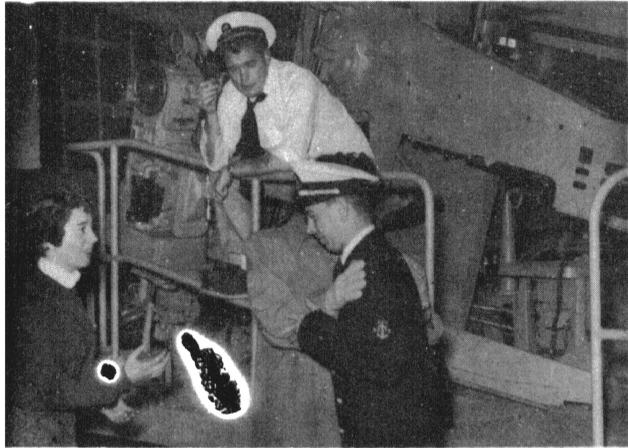


CAPTAIN QUEEG—He had Regular Navy written all over him, but he wasn't a regular guy, and nobody could play with his steel balls. We kid you not.

MARYK—He was the Cwane's mate, but he thought the Captain was queer. He was wrong, it was Queeg.

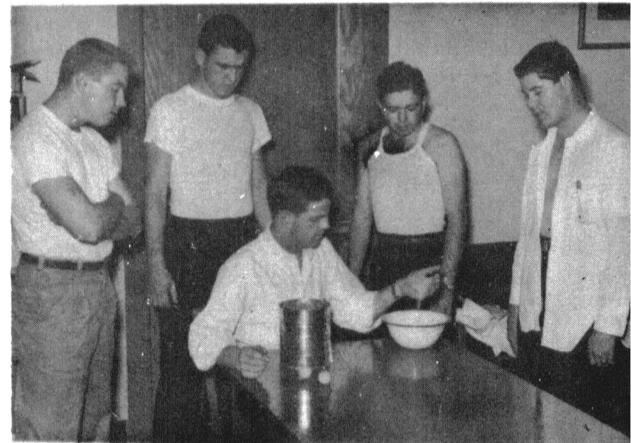
MAY WYNN—She had the hots for Willie, but old Man Oedipus stepped between them, and it took a trial to get them together at last.

THE CWANE MUTINY



When Mrs. Keith hands Willie over to the OOD (Officer of the Deck, slob!) May Wynn tries to get her greasy little pause on the poor young ensin. But Wil-

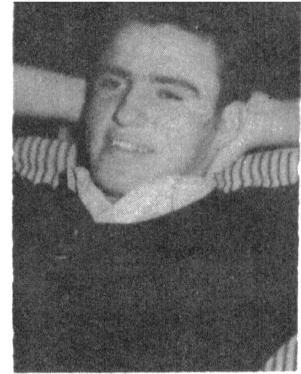
lie is too steeped in his mother's bosom to listen to the please of the little girl from the wrong side of the bunk.



When Phil Queeg boards the Cwane things are different. As Queeg tells the officers in the Wardroom, "There are four ways of doing things around here — the wong way, the wight way, the Navy Way, and my weigh.

You guess my weight and things'll be okay. I kid you knot." The boys can see that he's all Navy but them little steel balls are not general issue, and are specifically mentioned in Navy Regulations 184, 185, and 186.





WILLIE KEITH—A college boy from the Ivy League, he boarded the Cwane with a copy of F. Scott Fitzgerald under his right arm and a quart of Old Fitzgerald under his left. But he was made for the mutiny.

BARNEY GREENWALD — He had to defend the mutineers but he knew — oh, hell yes he knew, and he didn't like one bit of the stinking mess, and that's how he ended up—stinking.

LT. KEEFER—He was a louse, but an intelligent one. Queeg queered his autobiography so Keefer spread the word that the Captain was off his nut.

One night routine is interrupted by Queeg's voice screeching over the P.A. and the clicking of his balls is heard in the background. When the officers arrive in the wardroom they discover Queeg in his nightgown carrying a rubber tire and a candle. Somebody has eaten Queeg's strawberries, which was very queer, because Queeg seldom carried his patch with him. They turn the ship upside down but they can't find the culprit. But by this time Queeg is clicking on all two cylinders.



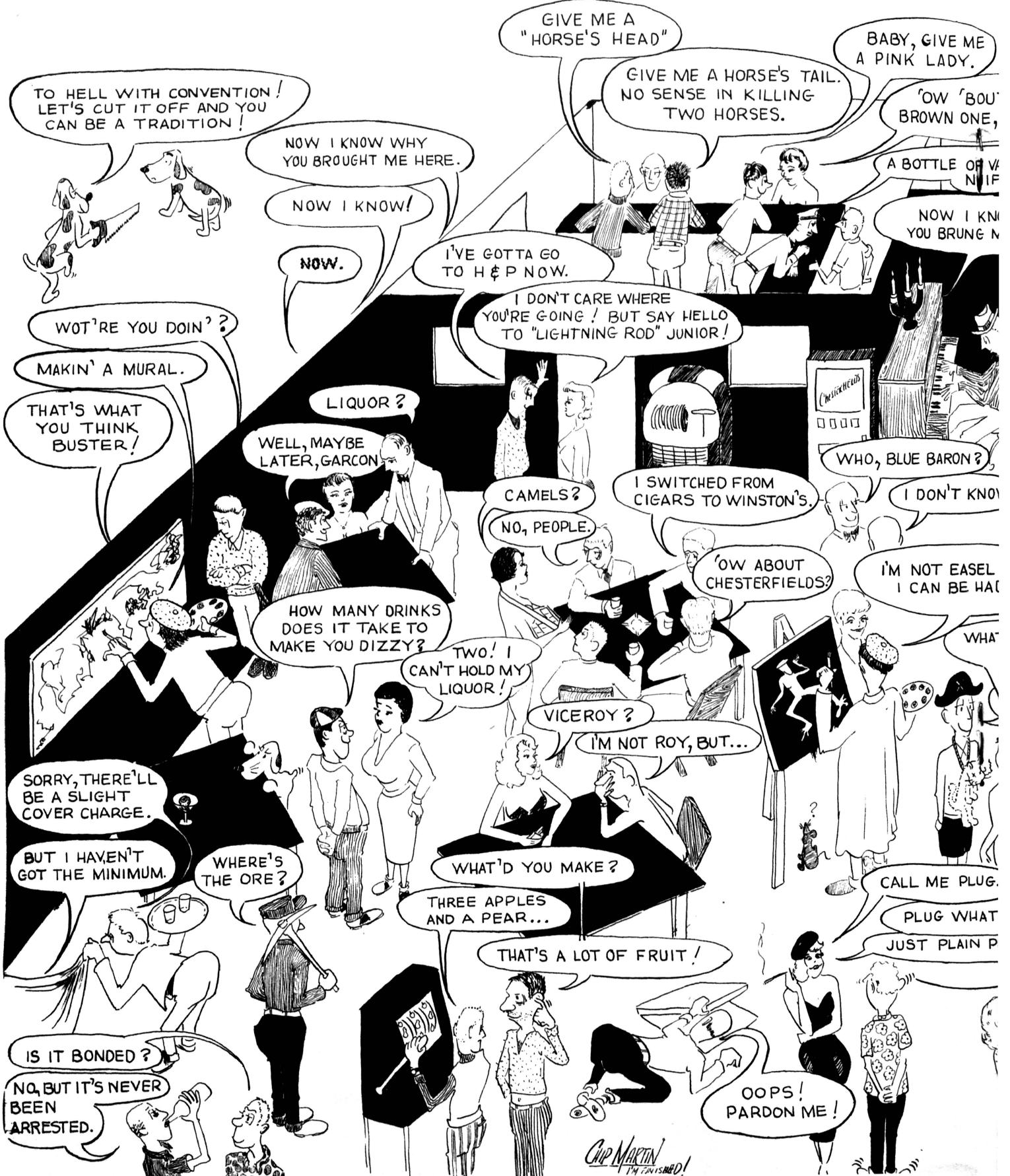
When Barney Greenwald takes the case, he tells Maryk that he prefers Scotch, but he'll take this one anyway. Maryk botches, Queeg bitches, and Barney itches—to put the old royal Navy shafteroo to the mutineers, but he clears them and the courtroom, and Queeg is left alone wondering if he ought to go to Yellowstone National Park for his leave.

A big blow has been in the air for a long time, and finally everyone discovers that a typhoon has taken the wind out of the Captain. Queeg loses his mind, his cookies, and his balls on the bridge at the height of the storm. Maryk decides that this is the time to take over and he tells the boys to get the Captain the helm out of there. Willie Keith decides the hell with his mother, and Keefer is hot to get the court martial started. Anyway, Maryk closes his eyes and they get the Cwane back to port. The crew goes back to Port and Vodka and the officers get themselves a lawyer.

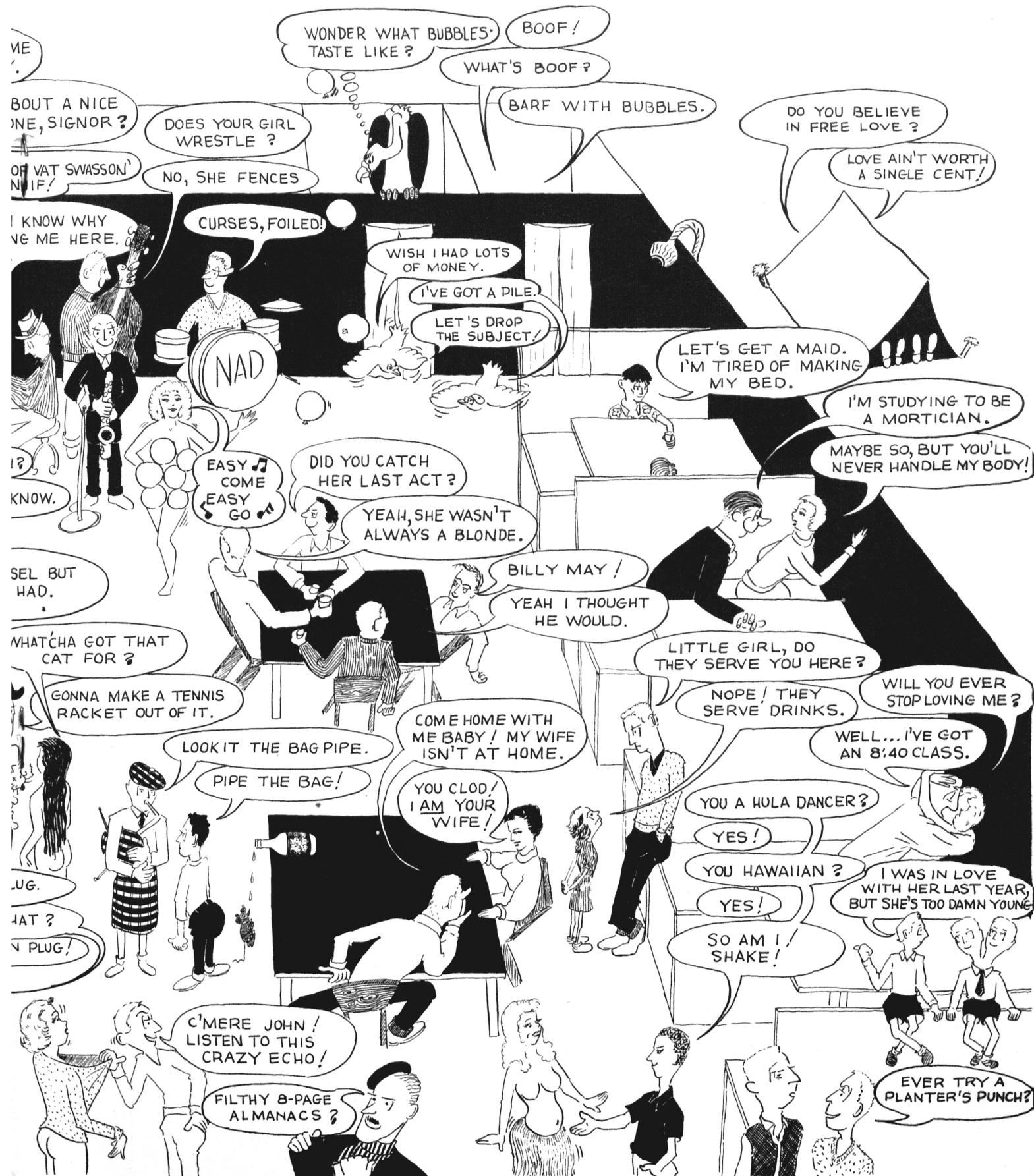


After the trial, the Cwane's crew (Officers only, by God!) have a rousing ball (not Queeg's) and Barney arrives slightly potted. After a few minutes of dirty jokes the party gets into full swing, and Barney uses Keefer as a punch bowl, mixing his martinis in his face. As Keefer wipes off the extra olives, Maryk and Willie leave. Willie goes back to May Wynn, hoping that she May, and Maryk tries to put the touch on Mrs. Keith. Keefer then decides to write a novel and call it the Cwane Mutiny — all about martinis and olive—they make you passionate, you know — olives, you damn landlubber, not mutinies!

A BREEZY HILL BOHEMIAN



BY CHIP



WONDER WHAT BUBBLES TASTE LIKE?
BOOF!
WHAT'S BOOF?

ABOUT A NICE ONE, SIGNOR?
OF VAT SWASSON' NUIF!

DOES YOUR GIRL WRESTLE?
NO, SHE FENCES

BARF WITH BUBBLES.

DO YOU BELIEVE IN FREE LOVE?
LOVE AIN'T WORTH A SINGLE CENT!

I KNOW WHY YOU'RE HERE.

CURSES, FOILED!

WISH I HAD LOTS OF MONEY.
I'VE GOT A PILE.
LET'S DROP THE SUBJECT!

LET'S GET A MAID. I'M TIRED OF MAKING MY BED.

I'M STUDYING TO BE A MORTICIAN.
MAYBE SO, BUT YOU'LL NEVER HANDLE MY BODY!

EASY COME EASY GO

DID YOU CATCH HER LAST ACT?

YEAH, SHE WASN'T ALWAYS A BLONDE.

BILLY MAY!
YEAH I THOUGHT HE WOULD.

SEL BUT HAD.

WHAT'CHA GOT THAT CAT FOR?

GOONNA MAKE A TENNIS RACKET OUT OF IT.

LOOKIT THE BAG PIPE.
PIPE THE BAG!

COME HOME WITH ME BABY / MY WIFE ISN'T AT HOME.

YOU CLOD, I AM YOUR WIFE!

LITTLE GIRL, DO THEY SERVE YOU HERE?
NOPE! THEY SERVE DRINKS.

WELL... I'VE GOT AN 8:40 CLASS.

UG.
HAT?
N PLUG!

YOU A HULA DANCER?
YES!

YOU HAWAIIAN?
YES!

SO AM I / SHAKE!

I WAS IN LOVE WITH HER LAST YEAR, BUT SHE'S TOO DAMN YOUNG

C'MERE JOHN! LISTEN TO THIS CRAZY ECHO!

FILTHY 8-PAGE ALMANACS?

EVER TRY A PLANTER'S PUNCH?

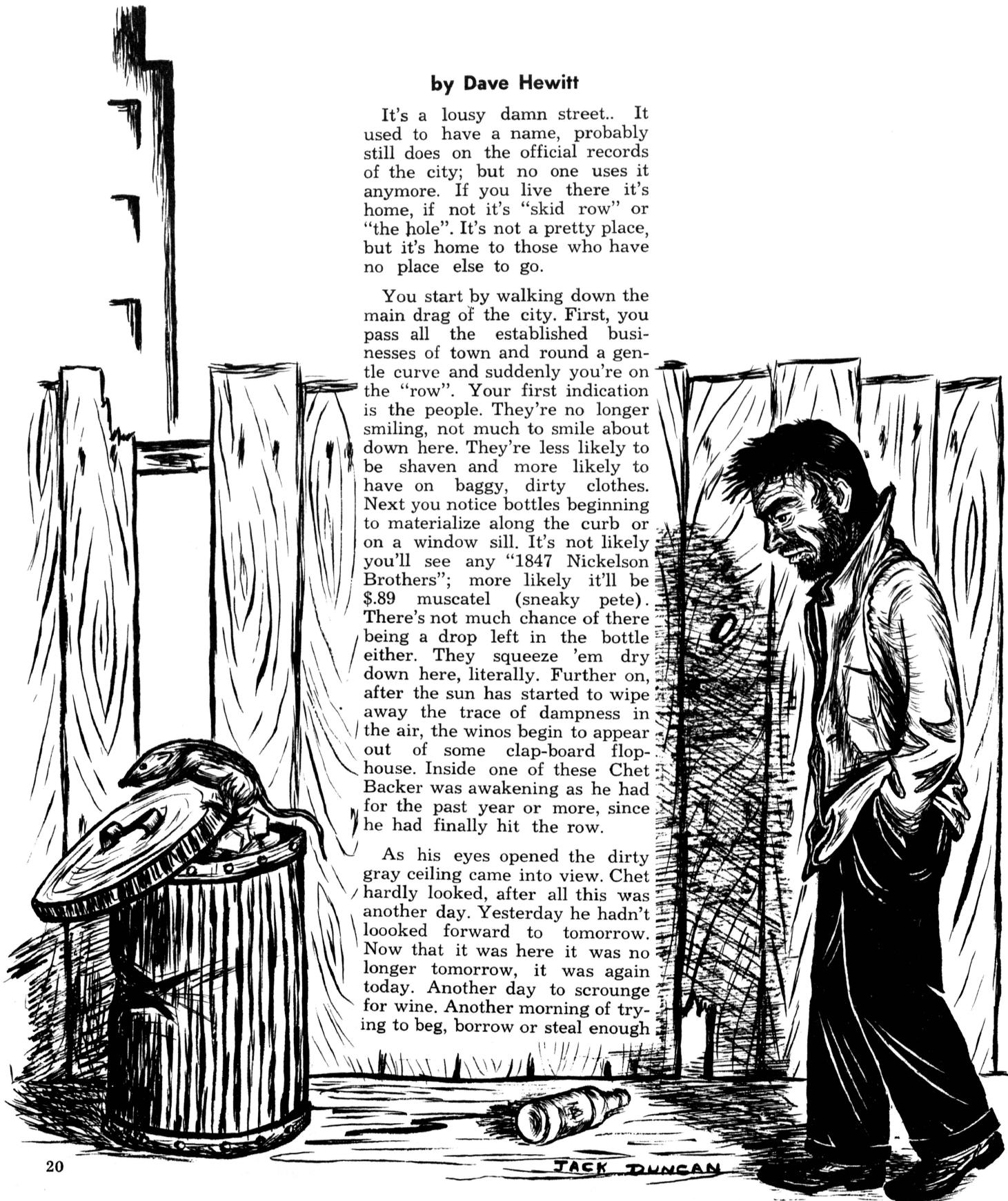
MAY BE ANOTHER DAY

by Dave Hewitt

It's a lousy damn street.. It used to have a name, probably still does on the official records of the city; but no one uses it anymore. If you live there it's home, if not it's "skid row" or "the hole". It's not a pretty place, but it's home to those who have no place else to go.

You start by walking down the main drag of the city. First, you pass all the established businesses of town and round a gentle curve and suddenly you're on the "row". Your first indication is the people. They're no longer smiling, not much to smile about down here. They're less likely to be shaven and more likely to have on baggy, dirty clothes. Next you notice bottles beginning to materialize along the curb or on a window sill. It's not likely you'll see any "1847 Nickelson Brothers"; more likely it'll be \$.89 muscatel (sneaky pete). There's not much chance of there being a drop left in the bottle either. They squeeze 'em dry down here, literally. Further on, after the sun has started to wipe away the trace of dampness in the air, the winos begin to appear out of some clap-board flophouse. Inside one of these Chet Backer was awakening as he had for the past year or more, since he had finally hit the row.

As his eyes opened the dirty gray ceiling came into view. Chet hardly looked, after all this was another day. Yesterday he hadn't looked forward to tomorrow. Now that it was here it was no longer tomorrow, it was again today. Another day to scrounge for wine. Another morning of trying to beg, borrow or steal enough



of anything to rid himself of these morning shakes. His whole body was racked with pain. His eyes, bleary, with a thin grey veil covering them were sunk far back into his head. His hands shook as he attempted to untie his shoes from around his ankles where he had tied them for safe keeping. He rolled over from under the grimy blanket and let his feet hit the floor. It jarred his whole body. Taking a deep breath he again started to untie his shoes, this time he succeeded. Straightening up, he slowly slipped into each shoe. He again leaned forward to tie them but it took too much of the energy he had left so he straightened leaving them untied. Walking to a small wash basin he splashed a little cold water on his face and moved toward the door, the water still dripping from his chin. The fumigation crew was just entering the door for their daily task while an attendant was rousing, not too gently, the remaining sleepers. As Chet hit the door a blaze of brilliant sunshine drove him back into the shadow of the doorway. Rapidly blinking his eyes he again headed into the sun now keeping his eyes mere slits in his head.

The need for a drink now became more agonizing, almost unbearable. Every day for the past year or so it had been bad, but not this bad. He'd never last this day without a drink, never last the morning and it was already 9:00 A.M. At the first Ginmill he entered the door. "The Paradise" . . . some paradise! No money and this place wasn't likely to give on on the house and yet you had to try. He laid his hand on the bar and still it shook. He had to have a drink. The bartender looked up and Chet pleaded silently with his eyes, the bartender shook his head and moved away. Chet stood there gazing at himself in the mirror. Dissipated he supposed was the only word for it. It had been a long hard road getting here. No one came overnight. You started out in a nice office uptown. Sometimes it's a woman. Not in his case. It was the need for something that couldn't be found.

(Continued on page 34)

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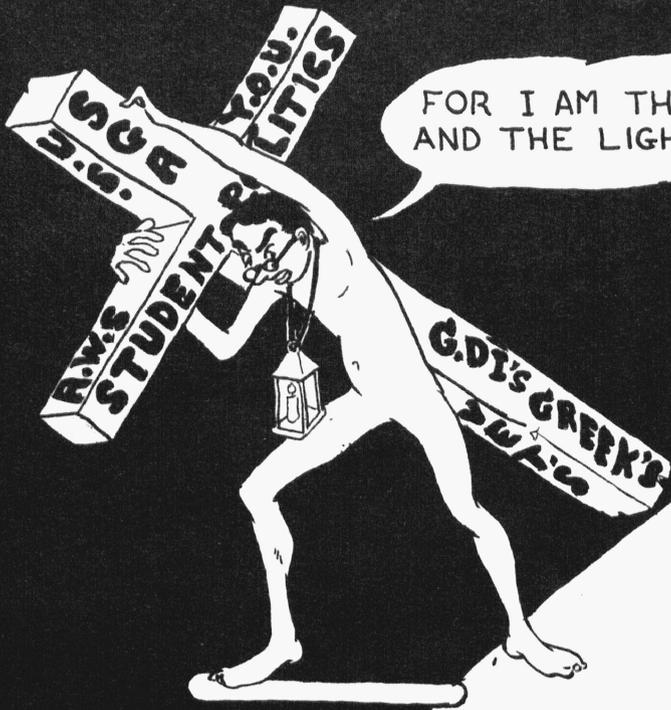


five full glasses

Finest Quality **LIGHT LAGER BEER**
Griesedieck Bros. Brewery Co., St. Louis, Mo.

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FOR I AM THE WAY AND THE LIGHT

WHAT KIND OF GIRLS DO YOU THINK WE ARE!?



OH, I'LL TEACH A COUPLE OF YEARS, THEN I'LL GET MARRIED



HERE I AM YOU LUCKY PEOPLE



YOU BOYS ARE ALL ALIKE



NOT NOW DAMIT CAN'T YOU SEE I'M BUSY!



SOMETIME'S I WONDER WHERE IT WILL ALL END

I COULDN'T CARE LESS



AM I NOT THE LOVLIEST
OF ALL GOD'S CREATURES
?

ONE DAY THIS BOY
WILL GO TOO FAR

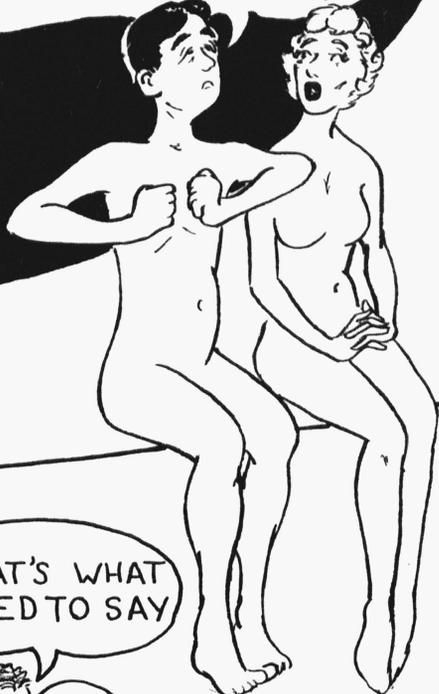


WHAT DO YA' MEAN!
I DON'T EVEN KNOW
YOU!

OH, THE WONDER
OF IT ALL



WHAT DOES IT ALL MEAN?
WHAT WILL BECOME OF US!?

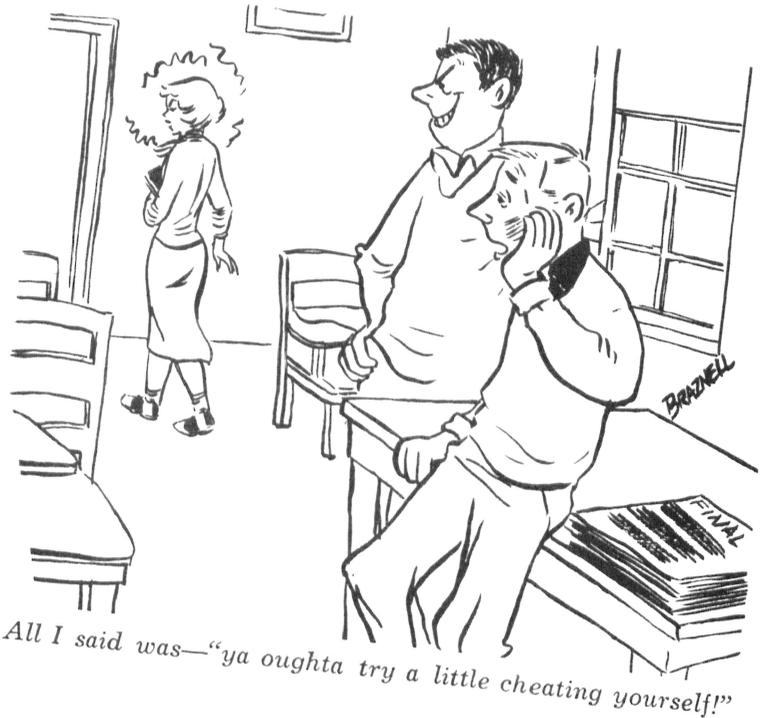
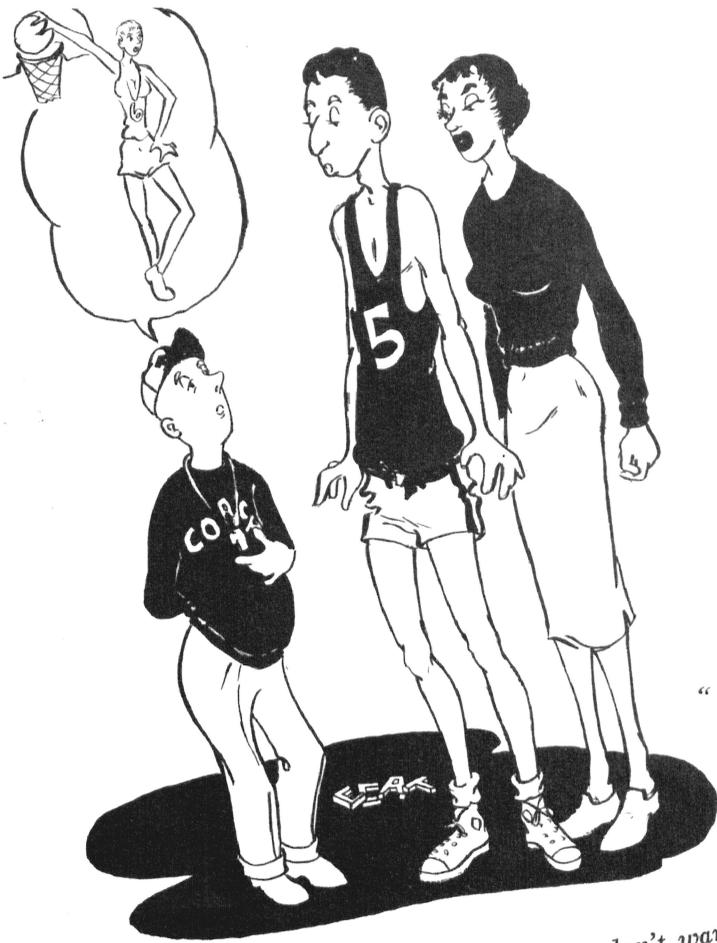


WHO NEEDS
GIRLS ANYWAY



GEE THAT'S WHAT
I WANTED TO SAY

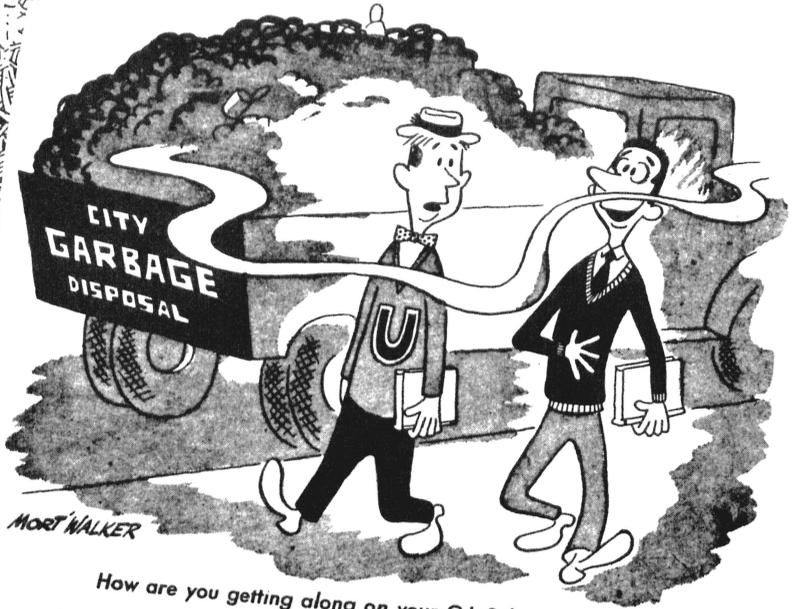
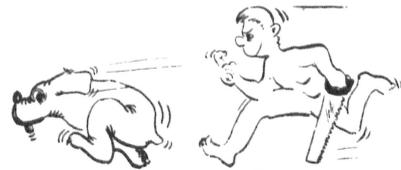




"All I said was—"ya oughta try a little cheating yourself!"

Ah'm sorry coach, but mah wife says she don't want no damn scholarship.

LAUGHTER THOUGHTS



That's the last pop-quiz he'll ever give!

How are you getting along on your G.I. Subsistence?

I GOTTA RUN—cont'd

scraped me bad only it don't hurt much, but my belly felt like I was going to lose my cookies one way or the other. Then I was loose and I ran only it don't feel like I'm runnin, cause I made the fence across the alley and when I roll over the top Gus's face looks so close I think I can smell him breathin. It's down hill to the canal and my legs jarred harder than when on the flat and then the waters cold and stinks. It tasted like ten years old, when I learned to swim here away from my face as I went only then I splashed the scum along. I saw the light flash on that knife when Gus came humpin down the bank. The stinkin water burned my belly and I kept feelin like it was runnin inside of me.

It was only a block to where the canal was fenced across so the crud wouldn't float into town and smell it up. Soon as I come up for a breath Gus spotted me and came runnin down the bank. The other side of the canal was cement straight up to where the buildings started. All Gus had to do was follow me to that wire and wait for me to swim over to him so he could slice my face some too.

I thought about the school just across the bridge where I looped the swing pole standin up once, and the times me and Dale used to swim and slide on the ice right here where the sewage of the whole west side was leaking into me. I was about past it when I saw the hole. It was about four feet up in the all and the concrete was all dark where the stuff ran out of it. The first time I jumped for it I miss and fall back in the water. It was only about three feet around and slimy like so you can't get a hold on it. I made it the second time. I knew Gus seen me and when I look back he's goin for the bridge, but he's just walkin slow like.

I crawled back into the sewer. About a hundred yards back it bent sharp to the left, but it takes me a long time to get that far. It was bad enough knowin

(Cont'd on page 30)



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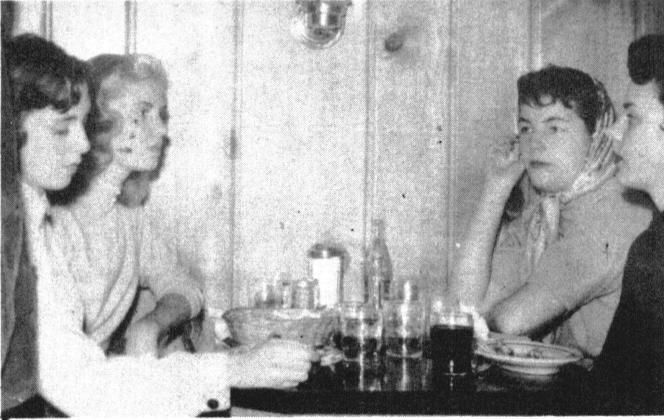
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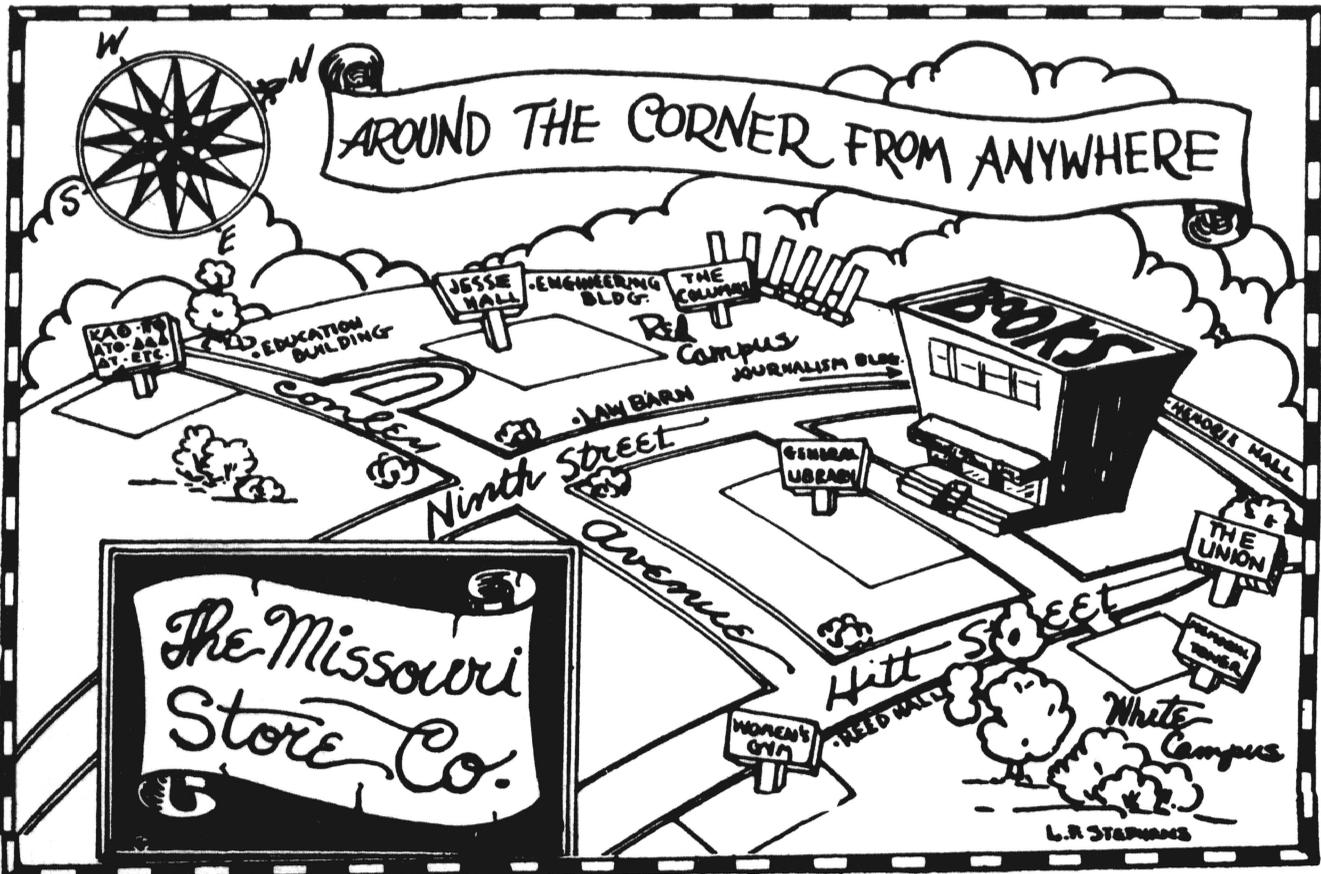
11 a.m. - 2 a.m. Sat.

5 p.m. - 12 p.m. Sun.

Italian Village

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Come In and Meet Your Friends



Bummin' Around

I don't guess I'm awfully cultured. Maybe sort of Ho-Bohemian. Of course I like good music, like a telephone ringing and a bass voice fiddling around at the other end. Or the bell at half-past when I'm so bored I'm ready to do something drastic with my pencil.

I sure worked things sharp this Christmas though. I got just what I wanted for a present — dark curly hair, real muscular, and loads of appeal. I can't wait 'til we get the license, although I'll have to get him distemper shots first.

One bad thing about Christmas, though — even the people who say "Many Happy Returns" on the package mean for you to keep their presents. And what am I ever going to do with a pink lace nightgown? I mean—I could so easily get along without it. What I really wanted — well, when I was little I always asked for a pony. And now because of Spanish 2, things have not changed a bit. Also I asked for a pretty, illustrated bacteriology book. Then when fellows asked, "Why not just one little . . ." I could turn to Chapter 4 and tell 'em! And they say yes anyway.

Being back at school now sure confuses things. Like the other night I told a joke in the Student Union. I didn't get it myself, but after it was over the boys laughed a low cackle and the girls were sort of quiet. Somebody said it was "raunchy" but I said that was impossible because I'd never been West. Then everyone was quiet, even the boys.

But one boy said my joke was real good, and he knew just what to do with me. I didn't like the way he said that. Anyway, he

told me to go to the Shack, where lots of people get together and tell jokes like mine. Only they understand them. They write for *Showme*.

Inside the Shack it was dark and sort of smelly. Two boys said they'd help me enjoy the atmosphere in a corner booth. But then when I said I was there to help write for *Showme* they invited me right in to the back room.

There wasn't any other girls in that room. There weren't any boys there either. The two I'd met said something about flipping for me, but I told them I hated to see boys doing acrobatics just to show off for a girl.

After a while I got tired of just cracking their hard-boiled eggs, and besides I don't like to be around watching people drink beer. I like to have some too. So I left the Shack, and right away I promised myself not ever to tell nasty jokes I don't know the meaning of. Not even if I *had* heard them in the first place from teachers in class!

Ashes to ashes
Dust to dust
If you don't like my sweater
Get your hand off my arm.

* * * *

Then there was the young man who suddenly decided to live a strictly moral life. First he cut out drinking, then he cut out smoking, then he cut out swearing. Now he's cutting out paper dolls.

* * * *

One day during a war, a tall, strong, and handsome soldier in the Roman legions broke into a house where he found two lovely, luscious, sloe-eyed young maidens and their elderly nurse. Chuckling with glee, he roared, "Prepare thyselfes for conquest, my pretties." The lovely girls fell to their knees and pleaded with him. "Do with us as thou wilt, O Roman, but spare our faithful old nurse." "Shut thy mouth," snapped the nurse, "War is war."

* * * *

"What a lot of girls there are who don't want to get married."
"How do you know?"
"I've asked them."

SUZIE STEPHEN'S —

by ECAT



Well reahly dahling — Huw bourgeois can you get!!



Don't you think this rally is getting out of hand?

**THE STUDENT'S OMAR
KHAYAM**

Sunday Mornings

Oh, threats of Hell and hopes of Paradise,
One thing at least is certain—this life flies,
One thing is certain and the rest are lies—
Saturday's beer brings Sunday's red-rimmed eyes.

COMMENT ON APPROACHING OLD AGE

me muscles grow sleepy,
me senses, they dimmen:
phooey on liquor,
phooey on women.
—saul g.

FURTHER COMMENT ON APPROACHING OLD AGE

me ideas grow stricter
on matters below me:
phooey on people,
phooey on SHOWME.
—same guy.

FINAL COMMENT ON APPROACHING OLD AGE

phooey!
—likewise.



**THE
POET'S INSPIRATION**

*The poet Keats lay in his bed,
Penniless, sad, and nearly dead.
No mighty verse was his creation,
Alas, he had no inspiration.
Then, a nightingale hopped on his sill
And handed him a dollar bill.
"Keats," it chirped in gentle tone,
"Remember, this is just a loan."
That's why Keats wrote, though wan
and pale,
Of what he "Owed to a Nightingale."
—Donn*

LIMERICK

*An MU girl said to her beau,
Let's skip this and go to a show.
I don't want to be rude,
But you ARE in the nude
And this party is formal, you know.*

*A serious thought for today
Is one that may cause us dismay.
Just what are the forces
That bring little horses
If all of the horses say "Nay?"*



"Let me explain Wortely—When I say we will paint nudes, I mean—"

Nearly Everyone Reads the Student

from Bangor to Bangkok
you'll hear them say . . .

"Highly readable" . . . Ernest H.

"Stimulating Incongruity" . . . Defoe C.

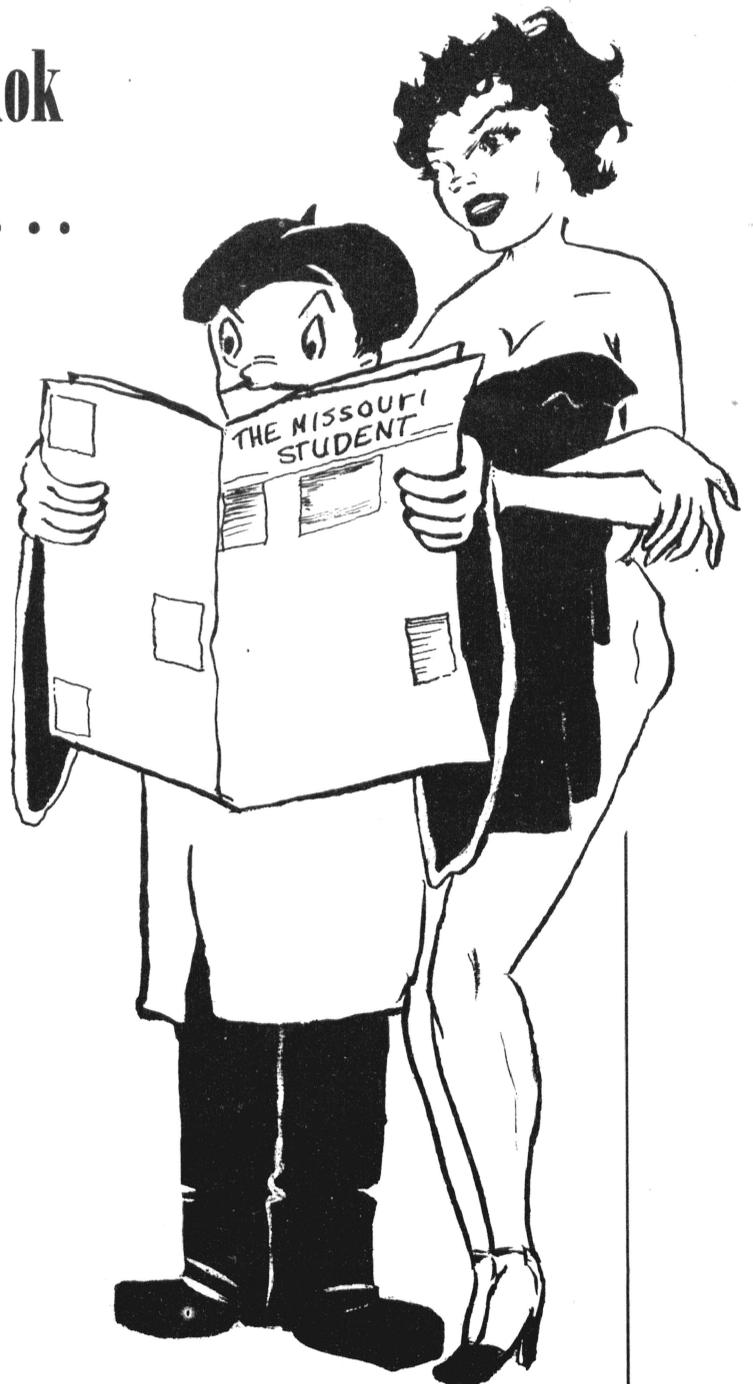
"Vitaly interesting and controversial"
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I GOTTA RUN—cont'd

what I was crawlin in but I had to search through the stuff with my hands for the broken glass and sharp things. I miss a lot of things, and I get cut bad on the legs and hands. I remembered everytime I threw a razor blade or broken glass in the can.

Just past the bend the sewer gets smaller and the air ain't no good. I started feelin light and sorta' tingled all over like I was drunk, and even though I gotta slide along on my belly it didn't hurt so much now. Real drunk. I got scared maybe I was going to pass out and I tried to shake it off. I didn't think Gus got me that bad. Didn't seem right, two little holes could bleed that much and I was sick. I heave in that muck like I aint never going to stop until my socks come out. Then I felt real sleepy like and want to stop and lay my head down. The water's cool and wet. Just want to rest for a minute. Just lay in the cool a little while, that's all. Then I remembered that kid in the sixth grade who crawled back here once, and gas leakin in from somewhere kill him. I remember when the emergency johns pull him out he's all blue and his tongue's real black like. I know now why I felt like I'm drunk and I gotta keep movin. I didn't feel for no more sharp things, to hell with them. I gotta get to the air at the end. Twice I about faint out and gotta knock my head against the sides and dunk it in the water to snap out of it.

I saw the opening like it was the prettiest thing in the world. Just a little long square of light way up in front me. I crawled faster and air breathed sweeter. I jammed my face into it and gulped air. Then Gus smashed me. I saw the brown and white shoe comin and knew he'd busted my nose. I slid back in the crud and layed there watchin Gus's feet and the striped socks move a little one way and then the other.

I think I'm there a week when I hear someone say to Gus "What-cha doin buddy" and then Gus soft like "I ain't doin nothin oficer."

I started yellin and cryin, yeah bawlin like a punk, and crawling to that hole. Gus says, excited like, "thats what I thought . . . I told my girl when we walk by that I hear someone in that pipe. Next thing I'm layin in the back seat of the car and the john was working over me. The other john is talkin to Gus, and Gus is tellin him again about walkin by takin his girl home and hearing me. I got sick again on the seat and the john swears at me. I felt that inside turning out way you feel going out, and then Avis was there with Gus cryin like. Just before I go under I see the john turn away and I hear Gus sayin "See baby, I tole you there was a bum in that sewer." ● ● ●

* * * *

It may be the men who have their faces on our money, but it's usually the women who get their hands on it.

* * * *

"How long did you work at your last job?"

"Two years."

"What did you do?"

"Two years."

* * * *

"Do you believe in love at first sight?" asked the lovely blond.

"Yes," answered the red-head, "and at every other opportunity."

* * * *

Taxpayers are people who do not have to take a civil service test to work for the government.

* * * *

"Why did you tip that boy so handsomely when he handed you your coat?"

"It wasn't my coat."

* * * *

A man walked into an open elevator shaft and fell four stories. Picking himself up gingerly he said, "Damn it, I said 'Up'."

* * * *

Mother: What have you been doing all afternoon?

Little Boy: Shooting craps, mother.

Mother: That must stop. Those little things have as much right to live as you do.

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POP GOES THE EASEL—cont'd

you make fun of it. You're just mad because I laughed at you. I didn't mean it, honest."

"Okay," Kitty conceded, "I believe you. Now, where are we going tonight?"

"Going?" said Gallagher. "I thought it would be nice to stay here and make you a new mobile. But if you're not that interested . . ."

"Oh, no," said Kitty faintly. "No, by all means, a mobile."

For a week, Kitty endured patiently while Gallagher prattled art lingo which he had hastily gleaned from the library, labored over mobiles, and grew a straggly goatee. On the eighth night Gallagher burst into the apartment to face a determined Kitty, her arms folded across a curvacious bosom and little jaw clenched.

"Kitty! I've got news!"

"It can wait," Kitty said. "First I have something to say. This thing has gone far enough; I know what you've been up to, and you win. See? No mobiles, no hoop earrings, no leotards. You've taught me a lesson—but now, for Pete's sake, get rid of that crazy hat and shave."

"But, Kitty, I'm an artist! At first I was just pretending, but guess what! I'm an artist! I've already got another picture started and it . . . Ooof!"

The oof was produced when Kitty's tiny but effective fist slammed into Gallagher's midsection. He doubled over and Kitty's tiny and equally effective foot connected with his posterior. Gallagher went sprawling into the hallway and a moment later a welter of paint, tubes, brushes, and art equipment descended about his ears. The door slammed shut.

"Jeez," said Gallagher dreamily. "Hurricane Kitty! . . . what a theme for my next painting."
O O O

* * * *

Man (rushing into a store): I want a mouse trap, please, and hurry, I have to catch a bus.
Clerk: I'm sorry, but they don't come that large.



If young girls stay out late, drink, smoke and pet, men will call them fast . . . As fast as they can get to a phone.
* * * *

He: Darling I love you as no one has ever loved before.
She: I can't see much difference.
* * * *

All men were born free, but only athletes can go through college that way.
* * * *

The highway patrol predicted that there would be 497 traffic deaths over the holidays. Two hundred were reported. Some of you people just weren't trying.
* * * *

"Was your husband badly hurt when he was hit by that truck, Mrs. Jones?"
"Yes, sir, he suffered conclusion of the brain."
"You mean concussion."
"No, sir, I mean conclusion. He's dead."
* * * *

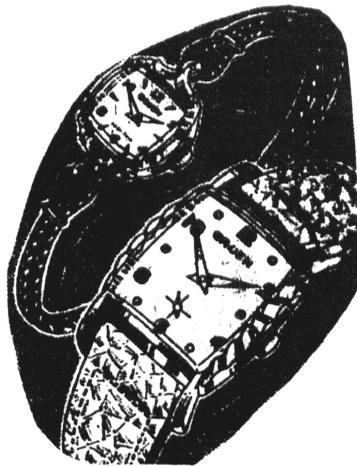
Little Boy: C'mon in and see my new watchdog.
Pal: What's he watch?
Little Boy: Television.
* * * *

Definition of a caterpillar: An upholstered worm.
* * * *

Did you hear about the man who had a shockproof, waterproof, unbreakable, anti-magnetic watch? He lost it.
* * * *

On the first day of school, the teacher was explaining to the kindergarten class that if anyone had to go to the washroom, they should hold up two fingers. The voice of a little girl came from the back of the room.
"How's that gonna help?"

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"It simply has to be JULIE'S"

Rosie O'Grady
Was Quite
A Lady . . .
She Bought
Her Clothes
 at
The Blue Shop
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MAYBE ANOTHER DAY—cont'd

He could see it in pictures, in the contents of a good book. He didn't know what it was but he had to keep looking. He started in nice bars, uptown clubs. Later, after too many clubs, he lost his job and then the slow trip to here began. He pulled away from reality, lived in the world of the bottle and himself. Today he had the feeling that this might be his last look, maybe his last day. He glanced slowly at a woman sitting at a table behind him. She smiled invitingly. He turned away. Chet didn't need a woman, hadn't needed one for a long time. No need for men either, friends or enemies, only for the bottle. He walked unhurriedly through the door. Up the sidewalk he moved, slowly glancing at each bottle laying along the curb. He was no longer aware of what he was doing or where he was going. The need had now become unbearable. He hoped it didn't show too much. He'd been to this city's Belvue once and he had not desire to go again. Death was easier. He passed men he knew along the street but kept silent. You don't bother to ask for a handout from acquaintances on "skid row". They're as bad or worse off than yourself. At 11:00 A.M. he stopped to lean against a lightpost. He had attempted every form of begging he knew and still his body shook with this racking pain, this unpretentious need. He knew he hadn't much more time. Either he got a damn good sized drink within the next hour or the desperate plan taking form in his mind would place him where he'd never again be bothered with the need. Far off he noticed the morning haze had finally lifted from the bridge leaving it clear and bright, framed against the blue sky.

Chet crossed the street against the red light and started uptown. Silently he asked himself, "Have you got the guts?" and then added, "which takes the most guts, living or dying?" By now he was among the tall buildings, housing all those happy unrealistic people. He stopped by the "Star" building. He'd

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once worked here, made a pretty fair name for himself; had his own column and lived in a pretty good set. Up there they weren't looking at the bridge this morning, at least not the way he was. L. B. Bloom, publisher, was setting quietly in his office, a happy, satisfied man, thought Chet. He turned toward the doorway and walked in. Forsaking the elevator he decided to walk. Fifteen minutes later he emerged on the roof and walked slowly to the edge glancing out toward that clear shiny bridge. The bridge was too far off and his stomach was clutching and unclutching. He needed a drink bad, real bad. Turning away from the cleanness of the silver streaked bridge, he walked slowly back toward the doorway ● ● ●

* * * *

Woman walking up to a policeman: Officer, can you help me please? I'm lookin' for a parking place.

Officer: A parking place? But you have no car.

Woman: Yes, I have. It's in the parking place I'm looking for.

* * * *

If one is for milk
And one is for butter
And one is for cream,
Then what is the other?

* * * *

Mrs. B was returning an egg she had borrowed from her neighbor. She stepped inside the back door and called out, "I'm going to lay an egg on the kitchen table." From the next room came the voice of the neighbor's husband: "This I have to see."

* * * *

"Pardon me, sir but do you know the way to the post-office?"

"No, I'm afraid I don't."

"Well, it's two blocks up and one to the right."

* * * *

Papa: You can't marry her without permission.

Suitor: Why not?

Papa: Because she's a minor.

Suitor: You mean I gotta ask John L. Lewis?

* * * *

Definition of a skeleton: A pile of bones with the people scraped off.

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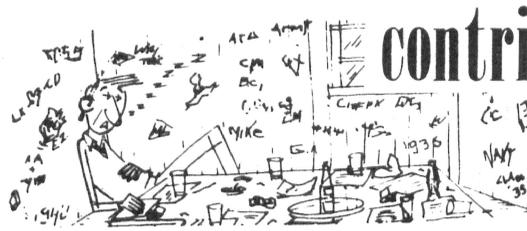
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contributors' page

ECAT

One day last summer Swami received twenty cartoons through the mail and promptly tossed them into the nearest wastebasket and thought nothing further about it until school began. Then a ruddy-faced, crew cut youth stepped out of the pages of Studs Lonigan, and came up to the office with the leprechauns perched on his broad shoulders. This was ECAT, the artist, writer, and companion of the senile editor emeritus.

For some odd reason he was burdened with more Christian names than is fair to ask anyone to carry — Earle C. A. Thompson. This, if you're smart, can be shortened to ECAT.

The Cat is one of those veterans who's been everywhere and done everything and thus takes a dim view of all proceedings like Hellcats, campus politics, and (taking a phrase from this month's short story) "all such like" things. ECAT somehow worked his way through Uncle Sam's Army, Navy and Air Force, skipping the Marines because of an innate desire to live.

Anyway, the ex-Maryland gridder is married to an attractive brunette named Clare. In his own words concerning Mizzou, the ir-repressible man of letters (chain) says, "I like it, but I make more money off the G.I. Bill than I would purse snatching."



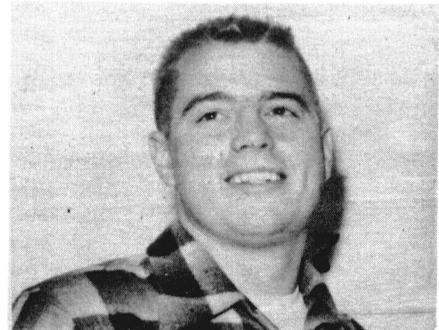
Betsy DuBois

Little Betsy DuBois asked a friend of a friend and we finally let her come to one of Swami's exclusive gag meetings. Now, she's a regular member of the clan with her own column . . . "Bummin' Around". Really, she doesn't bum around . . . she just associates with bums . . . the Showme staff.

She comes from Aurora, Illinois, where you can sit in a deep hole and see the borealis. She came to Mizzou to study Journalism and be a big wheel. She's well on her way since she is an AWS Council member, assistant treasurer of SGA, vice-president of KEA, and even works summers in New York as a camp counselor.

Asked what she likes to do most, Betsy jumps up from her bear-skin rug at the AEPi house and says that, "I write skits for things like AWS and things like SAVITAR . . . and last year I made the WAA varsity in ping-pong." And we ask . . . the whole varsity?

Betsy explains that they didn't take pictures at the last graduation from Sing-sing, so she doesn't have a photo of herself. Showme photog, Goodman, will roll over when she's not looking and snap across the room at her sorority sister with her Leica 3.2. I likea three-two, too!



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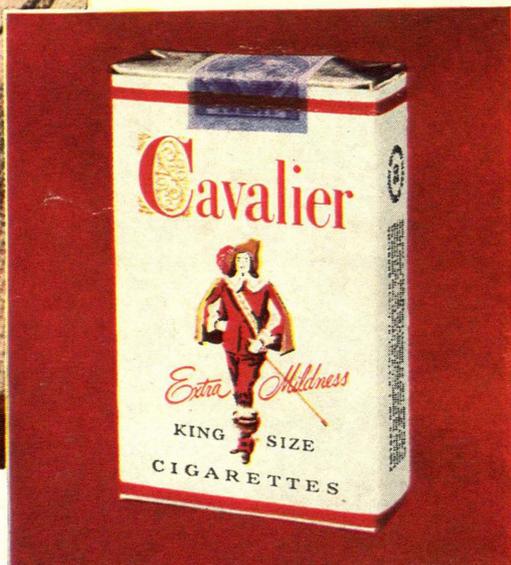
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