



MISSOURI SHOWME

February 1955

25c

GEAR

CRYSTAL BALL ISSUE

WANT THE
COOLEST SMOKING MIXTURE
 YOUR PIPE EVER HAD?

THE
 ANSWER IS
 IN THIS
POUCH!!



**WHY A MILLION MEN
 HAVE SWITCHED TO HOLIDAY**

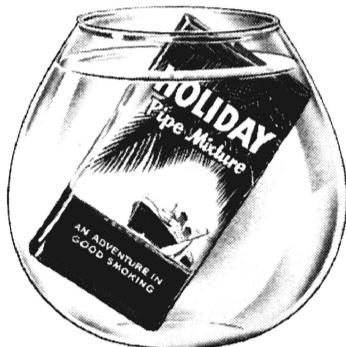
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HOLIDAY
 SMELLS GOOD—SMOKES GOOD

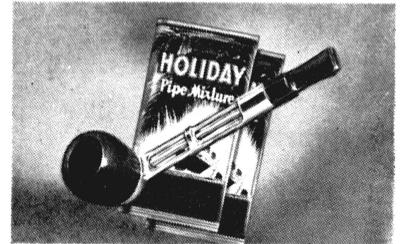
AMERICA'S FINEST PIPE MIXTURE!

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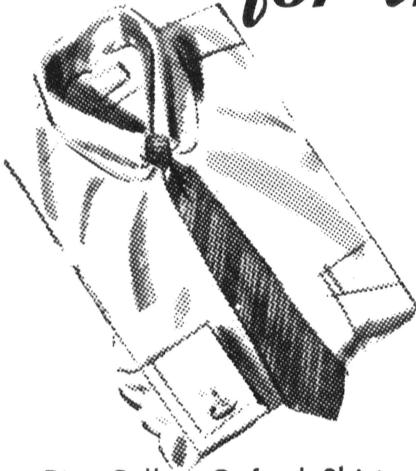
Mail with \$1.50 to Park Lane, Larus & Brother Company, Inc., Richmond, Va.

CM-2

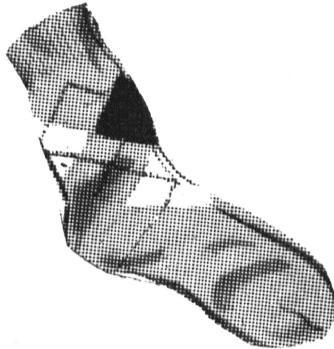
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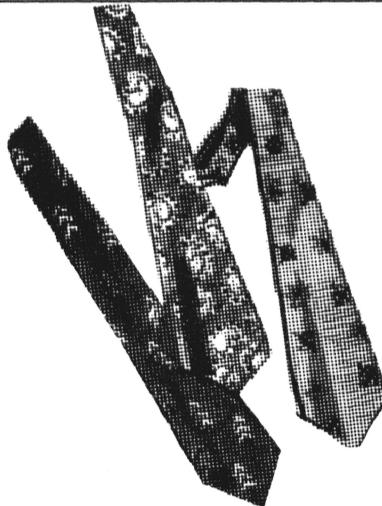


Forstman Argyles
\$3.50 Pair

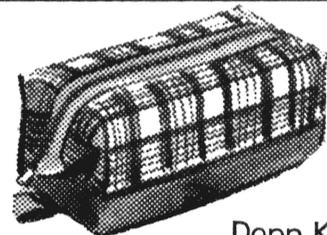
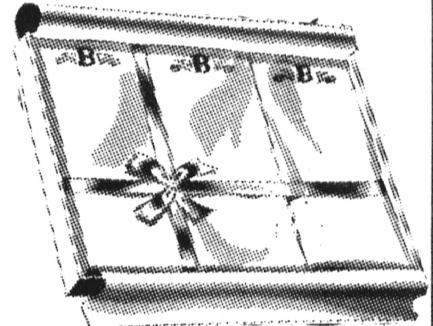
Whether it's a gift for dad, brother, or your favorite beau you can be sure Puckett's will have the appropriate and handsome gift . . . Select from the finest and most complete men's lines - at Puckett's . . . of course.



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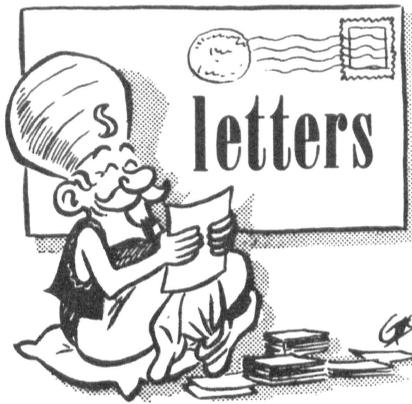
The Brown Derby

116 S. 9th Phone 5409

She's stepping out
in shoes from
Miller's

**Be Sure to See Our
Beautiful Spring Lines**

800 Broadway



Dear Editor . . .
G-g-gosh it's cold out here in this barren world. I oughta be back in school where it's hot . . . sometimes.

Please send me a subscription to your magazine so I can reminisce about the better days.

Grateful George
Shivvers, Conn.

G-g-gosh G-g-george, if it's that damn cold, to hell with SHOWME, we're shipping you a toaster and some melba grease.—Ed.

Dear Sir Editor, old bean;

If you confess to bein' a mess, but am really a trooper, you'll slip a shaggy Showme under separate cover and zoom it down here to the deep Sooth, where we love our wimmen and humor. Your magazine is the most to say the least . . . and the least we have is two bucks.

Johnny Devereaux
Shreveport, La. La.

We don't dig you big boy, but your cash is cool.—Ed.

Dear Ed;

Gosh boy, you've really got a good magazine, but it stinks. Could you please refrain from printing so many pictures of pretty girls and print material for the edification of the soul? That's what I'm hot for!

James G. Knight
Hollywood, Calif.

Jim m'boy, you don't want a copy of SHOWME . . . you need Christian Science Monitor.—Ed.

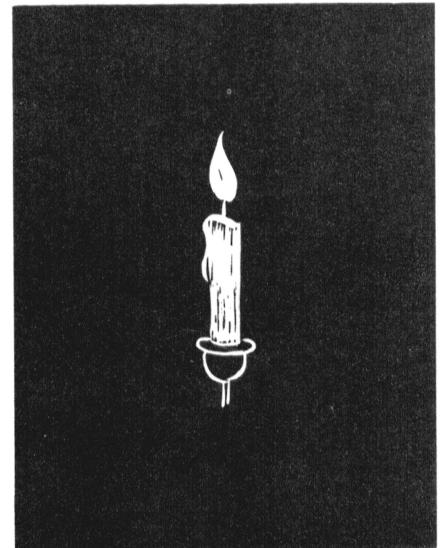
Dear Editor;

I've heard that you all have been using my name in your magazine quite frequently in the last few issues and I must say that it makes me very happy to be able to take part in such a great tradition as SHOWME.

If it would please you, I would like to trade one of my books about my life which I am writing called, "Make Yourself at Home," for one of your copies of SHOWME.

Thank you ever so kindly,
completely yours
Waldymyr Liberace

Thank you sir . . . I have always been an advocate of the life of leisure and feel sure that your book will give me some new ideas—Ed.



Dear Sir Editor;

Boy, I'm hot to trot and rarin' to go . . . ship me a copy of SHOWME with that "down-to-earth" humor I'm yearnin' for.

Alfred Shinsky
Baton Rouge, Backanforth

If it's "down-to-earth" humor you want . . . then maybe you'd better send for a copy of Colorado Flatiron . . . thats' why they went out of business . . . as for us, we're still up in the sky—Ed.

VOTE

In Your S. G. A. Election

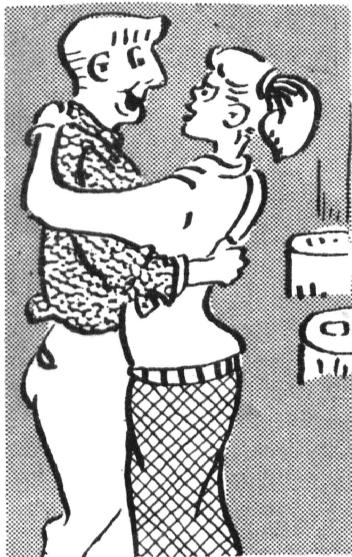
March 14-15



- *Your Vote is
Your Voice in
The Student Government*
- **Take your I. D.
card with you
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Student Government Association

It's
A Good Evening
When You
Go To
The Yacht Club



Sandwiches
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In just a few days now, Swami and his followers will be whooping it up at the "Crystal Ball" and we'll be crowning our queen. After that, we go to St. Louis and have another ball. Believe it or not, it's been a job to collect humor to keep our readers satisfied and it does the soul good to take a rest.

There have been many changes in the staff this month — Joe has retired, Mark gets moved up to associate editor, Jack and ECAT are co-art editors now, Dave Hewitt is our new feature editor and Dick Eckler takes a stab at publicity.

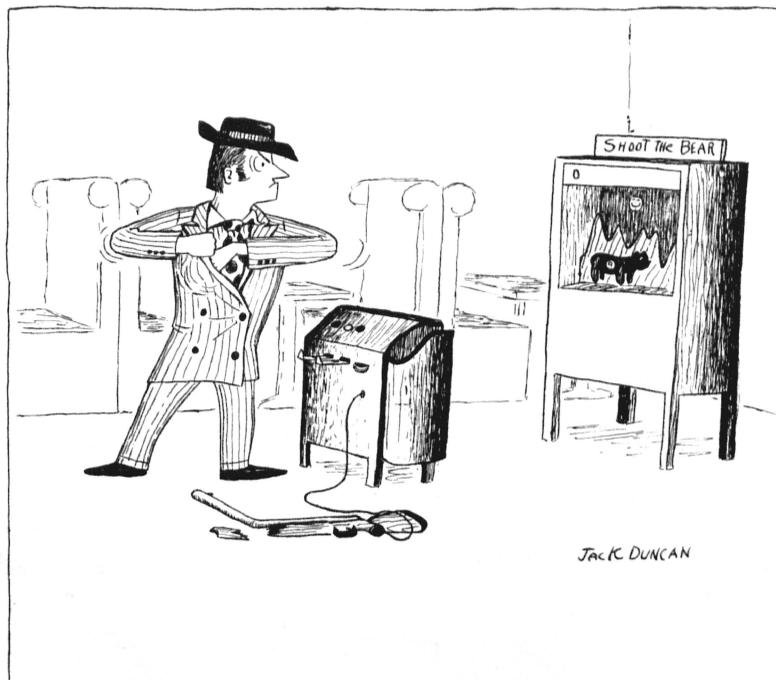
Roger Goodwin (page 40) will be M.C. for the Crystal Ball with the kind assistance of the Tri-Delta sorority. From Swami's heart goes his sincerest appreciation to every girl of that organization for their help in making this our "... finest hour."

We had a good reception for our "Bohemian" issue so we're boosting the circulation on this one. Next month you can be looking for our "Jellybean" issue . . . out March 9. After that, just three more issues and then vacation. Already we're gettin' lonesome.

Last month two of Swami's slaves were cited for work done on the magazine and the Crystal Ball. The two were Marjean Gidens and Pris Lott. They have both given freely of their time in helping Swami to put out a good humor magazine and put on a successful ball.

We'll see you after the Crystal Ball! We hear that Groucho Marx is planning to do a personal appearance there.

Chip





MISSOURI Showme

Staff

EDITOR

Chip Martin

BUSINESS MANAGER

Jerry Powell

ASSOCIATE EDITOR

Mark Parsons

ADVERTISING

Barbara Breisch
Bob Brown

ART EDITORS

Jack London Duncan
ECAT

FEATURE EDITOR

Dave Hewitt

MORAL SUPPORT

Les Gibbs

PUBLICITY

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Dick Eckler

CIRCULATION

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Chuck McDanel

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Helen Mortenson

JOKE EDITOR

Judy Jenkins

CRYSTAL CRUNCHES

SHOWME QUEEN CANDIDATES

Here are the lovely coeds chosen last month to vie for that place of eminence, Missouri Showme Queen ----- 10

SWAMI'S BEST CARTOONS

From the pages of old Showme's, Swami brings you eight full pages of gags by the old warhorses of the clan beginning on p. ----- 12

A CRYSTAL BALL

Jumpin' Jack London Duncan does another of his pen-scratchy centerspreads with gags about the ball ----- 20

THE \$2000 SWINDLE

Swami brings you the re-enactment of a crime committed a long time ago . . . and perhaps not such a crime ----- 22

THE 34th YEAR

A short history of the birth of Showme and its old editors who have a claim to fame ----- 36

Volume 31

FEBRUARY 1955

Number 5

ABOUT THE COVER

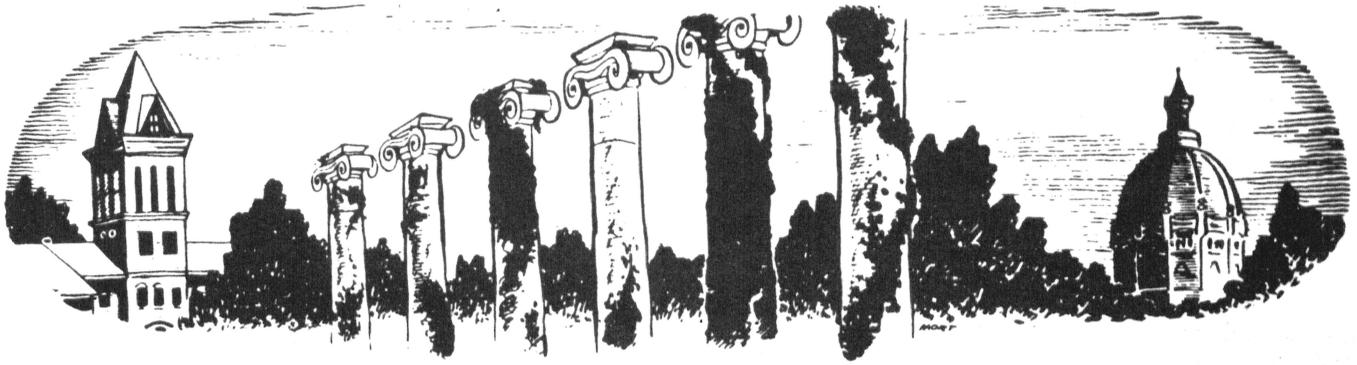
Something of the paper-hanger complex possessed ECAT and he did his first cover for Swami in a super-modern design that seeks to revolutionize Showme covers. His cover reflects the queen of Showme in a silhouette of red against a field of silver . . . it's appropriate for the royal lady and for Swami's 34th Year. Little wonder that ECAT goes around with little queens before his eyes!



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We saw numerous and varied costumes
And one guest even brandished a pistol . . .
Said the offended one . . . "I may not be Swami,
But keep your hands off my ball, it's not crystal!"



Around The Columns

Overheard

We were curled up in a chair in the back of the room listening to the world-shaking, momentous questions being discussed at a political caucus. A voice kept making an urgent plea . . .

"Question . . . question!"

And again.

"Question!"

Finally the astute chairman raised his red face lethargically. "Yes, yes, what was the question back there?"

Over the Waves Lengthwise

We ran into the owner of the new radio station accidentally last month and bent our ear as the small, rather unassuming gentleman related his rough-riding days in Columbia.

He told us that his news and "sweet" music station was not being welcomed in all circles . . . ie . . . Just before the station was granted its call letters from the FCC, an official from the University raised a dispute over the close similarity between the letters and the university. It was argued by the university that radio listeners might think that the station was owned and operated by Mizzou and that it sanctioned all of the advertised products.

Our erstwhile friend rebutted that other places of business identified themselves with the State U. also . . . such as "Tiger Cleaners, Mizzou Bowl, the Black and Gold," but his words were short-lived.

Said our friend: "It was the nicest office I've been kicked out of."

Hurry Up and Wait

eW were standing in the well-known line waiting for our schedule to be checked when an impatient lady made her way to the window and accosted the clerk.

"I've been waiting at the cashier's window for fifteen minutes and there's no one there! . . . could you . . ."

The clerk interrupted the young miss with a reassuring, "Oh, there's always someone there. Just wait a while."



Eight-pagers?

When anyone wants to get rid of something, they usually go to the dorms and stick it under a door. The hill is getting to be like a regular catch-all.

Lately, an enterprising group which might be seeking to take the place of Kinsey, inc., is operating in full force. They're advertising a book with a rather questionable title . . . complete with illustrations. We're wondering if the group has acquired approval from the university, or if the university watch-dogs who enforce the rules on solicitations are asleep. In either case . . .

This Time of Year

The political sentiment which has bene brewing for the past few months now is boiling over onto the campus and the tree stump politicians are in the midst of their glory.

At this time the two political camps are picking their candidates, whether qualified or not, and the lamps on Gentry Place are burning later into the night. It is a state of frenzy enjoyed only by those who have put so much time into it . . . kind of like rinsing the soap out of your hair.

A new party, the Missouri Reform party, has emerged onto the scene and we can't deny that we had something to do with organizing it. It started out with a nucleus of independents . . . there was a hassle over what it was to be named . . . for obvious reasons, it was not called the Independent Party.

The United Students party is building its campaign on the record of a good administration. The Missouri Reform party . . . on the premise that US has not adequately represented the student, and that MR could give a better, reorganized student government.

The MR party will have to look high and low for a candidate who will be acceptable by all the factions of the party.

J-School Blues

We're thanking the powers that the "horrible three" are finished and we can now concentrate on the courses we've wanted to enroll in for the last three years.

Looking back on the melange of "background" courses tho, we are forced to admit that we've had a good time. The TGIF's across the street at Dirty Mac's. The quick cups of coffee at the Bengal Shop. The attic above Neff Auditorium. The time Lee put us through the airplane crash story and the tail was too hot to touch. We skipped that lab 'cause we had it on Monday . . . when we made it up, we found that darned near everybody else skipped it, too.

All those horrible H and P quizzes . . . now we're qualified to write Stag beer labels. The Ad Prin lectures and that St. Bernard . . . the time when someone almost gave the female St. Bernard mating call . . . and then backed down.



Ah, but most of all, we'll never forget the Ad Prin lectures and their vitality of presentation (yawn.)

Balls of Fire

Our last coffee hour before finals started, we were sitting with our companions of the club in a private booth in the union when the wailing woes of the next table reached our ears. Three sisters of the sorority type were talking about Swami's Crystal Ball and one of them displayed her invitation.

The one settled in the corner of the booth assumed the twilight of a scowl on her face and said, "I didn't get one . . . but I don't care. Who ever heard of a crystal ball anyhow?"



O Let Me Hear Thy Gutteral Voice

Like all the grand institutions before it, one which is very dear to the hearts of Swami fans and slaves has fallen . . . to be heard of no more. No longer the small close-knit groups with the common bond of mutual experience . . . no longer the quick glances of recognition of a secret morsel of humor . . . no longer the inspiration of modern art and verse . . . no longer the ultimate in refuge for the heartbroken . . . no longer the high-pitched twit-

ter of laughter from a coed bull-session . . . no longer a source of Swami Snorts: Moberly is dead.

Perhaps that's why the lions never roar anymore.



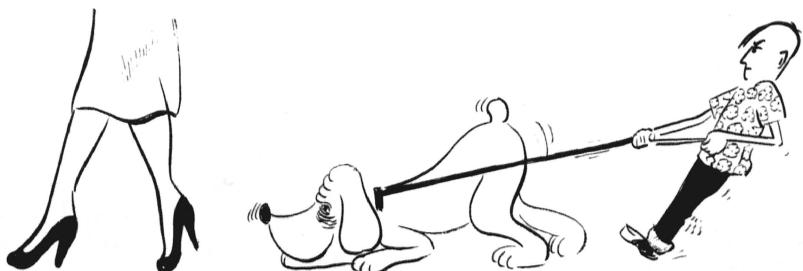
A Fair-weather Friend

What's the difference between a good publication and a publication?

That's what we began to find out what we had always suspected after we came back from the Christmas vacation and found out that a Student wouldn't be published on the first week.

Because we had always taken a more than average concern in our student publication this year because we felt that it had shown a marked improvement over last year, we set out to finding out the reasons behind the inconsistency of publication.

Someone offered that it wasn't published because it had rained for three straight days and the advertising salesman couldn't get out to sell his ads. Another reason offered, just as specious, was that January wasn't a good month for advertising and it wouldn't pay to put an issue out. The de-



Steady Boy, Steady!

cision, apparently, remained with the business manager . . . which leaves us to ponder on who is the boss of that sheet.

Through the efforts of many, the Student has become more and more like what we think a newspaper for this campus should be . . . and then for it to be irregular in its publication dates, for material reasons, is not entirely admirable. It is all too apparent that it is endowed with a Fair-weather business manager.

What would students think if SHOWME didn't publish during January? But then, that is the difference between a good publication and a publication.

P.S. As we roll this magazine off the presses, we hear that this same bus. manager has tendered his overdue resignation to the Student. With the foregoing qualifications, he would undoubtedly make a good candidate for some political office.



Would like to see you

We had just finished our coffee and doughnut and were settling down to reading our morning paper when we came across the following in the personal column of the Globe-Democrat:

E.C.R. — Would like to see you. Still feel the same.—M.J.T.

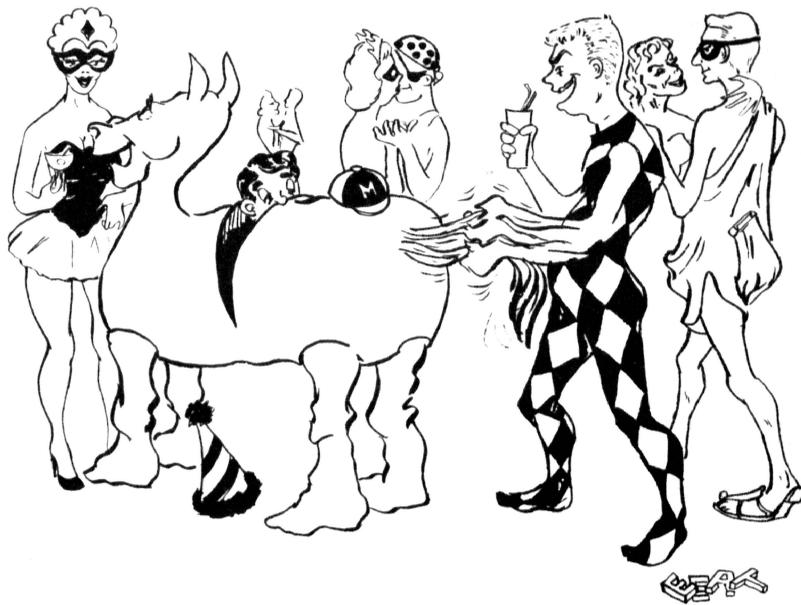
And further down in the same column was the following:

M.J.T. — Would like to see you; ad not very clear to me; don't know how to get in touch.—E.C.R.

Then the next day appeared some more, and we think, the final answer:

E.C.R. — Elephants never forget. Same. M.J.T.

Now . . . we never know that the personals were frequently



Wha' fraternity D'ja shay?

used by elephants, but whatever the case, our heart goes out to two lost lovers who probably came dangerously close to each other when they placed their ads on the same day.

But perhaps E.C.R. could use a little advice from Swami who once knew a girl who felt the same so much of the time that her boy friend got tired of her.



Remember girls, if you think you feel the same all the time, better take some steps to alleviate the matter. Variety is the spice of life.

R. I. P.

This issue marks the departure of one of Swami's most loyal and faithful editors . . . Joe Gold. Like scores before him, Joe has retired to the position of being inactive in Swami's humor magazine, and active in the process of graduation.

He has been one of the Swami clan for as long as most folks on this campus can remember and will be recalled as one of Showme's most outstanding editors. Always ready with an idea for humor, Joe started with Showme back when Herb Green, Herb Knapp, Pat Kilpatrick and Bill Braznell were the mainstays. Joe worked his way to the top of the heap, writing the columns for the editors until he reached a consecutive total of twenty-five. At his twenty-fifth, Joe has retired.



Using flowery phrases to describe what a source of inspiration Joe has been to all of us, would be like trying to paint a rose red.

All we can say Joe, is . . . we've enjoyed every minute of it.

Chip

Here are the candidates for 1955 Missouri Showme Queen chosen by seven judges at the Student Union Ballroom on January 11. You may clip your ballot from the bottom of this page and vote today only at the information desk at the Memorial Student Union. Please fill the ballot out and present your student identification when you vote.

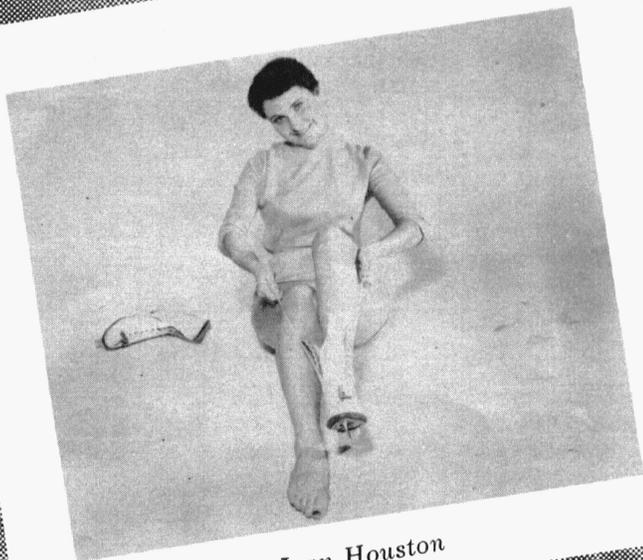
The queen and princess will be chosen by your votes only and will be crowned at the Crystal Ball at the Tiger Hotel Saturday night.

Special thanks go to each of the judges for their work in helping us select our queen and to the Delta Delta Delta sorority for their assistance at the Crystal Ball.

the editors



Aileen Faurot



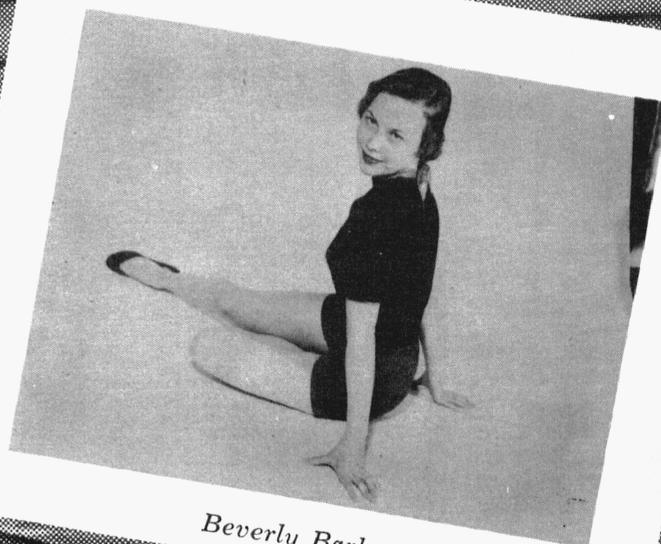
Jean Houston



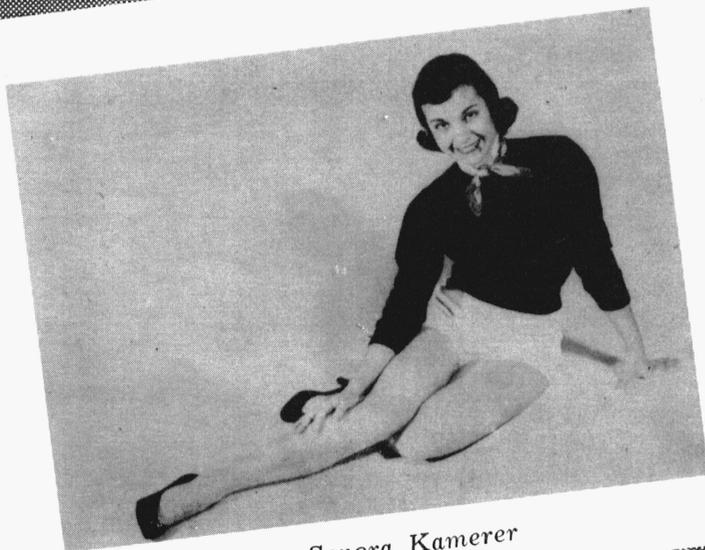
Joanie Dwyer



Virginia Zimmerly



Beverly Barker



Sonora Kamerer

OFFICIAL BALLOT

Name _____

Student No. _____

Select One:

Beverly Barker

Joan Dwyer

Aileen Faurot

Jean Houston

Sondra Lee Kammerer

Virginia Zimmerley

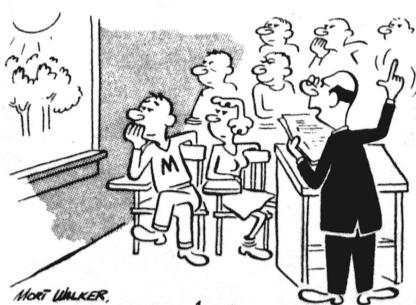
1948

Beginning in the fall of '47, Mort Walker, then editor, introduced the magazine into its present format. Jokes still continued along with the same lines, Vet's, ratio of male and female, and lectures during warm fall days. Ron Galloway felt that some days it didn't pay to get out of bed.

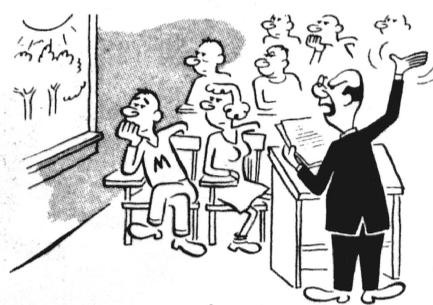


MORT WALKER

"Golly, I Knew I Dressed Too Fast"



1



2



3



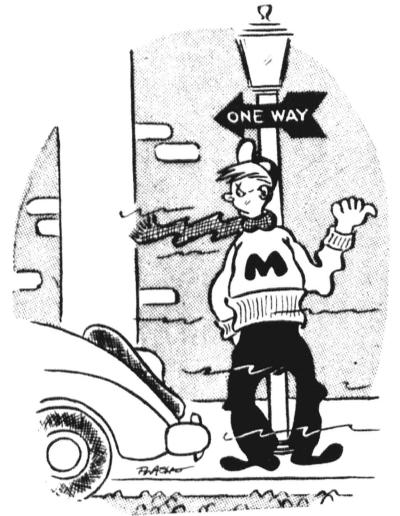
Keep your hands off my gawd damn coffee

1949

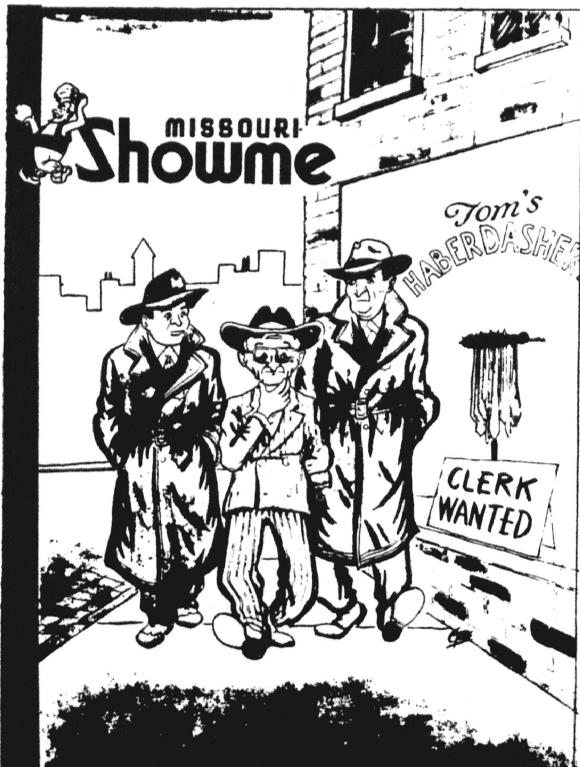
An election year was next, and Gabe brought Showme into political circles with his October cover that was reprinted in the Chicago Tribune. The magazine had a slew of good cartoonists to cartoon the pages for the following year. Bill Gabriel, Nick Bova, and Flash Fairfield gave the example of what a college education does for you. Stephen's, coffee hour and the usual parties remained the topics for discussion as well as the subjects for cartooning.



Susie Stephens



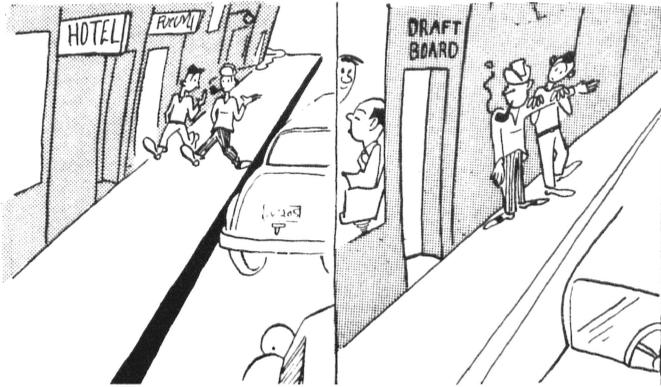
by Nicki



14



"Are you sure I was pinned to you last Spring?"



1950

Terry Rees, Herb Knapp and Herb Green made their debut with the magazine and along with Bill Gabriel made up what some have considered the best art staff the magazine has ever had. Harry's frolics brought about the antics in front of the draft board, and the wind in the tower was blowing even harder. Hulen's lake and mattress parties were the rage.



"You've gotta' do something about the wind in the Tower."



I'm new here—are you sure there isn't a rule against it?



KILPATRICK

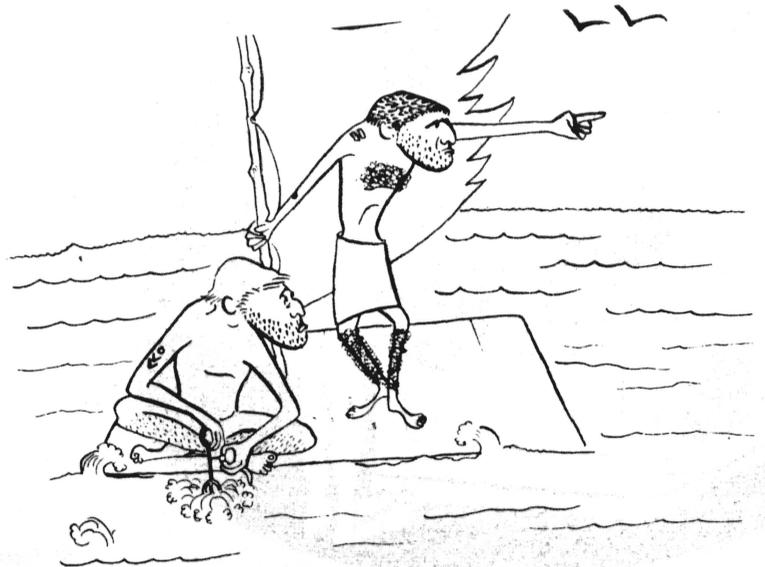
1951

With most of the '50 staff back with a year's experience and the addition of "Killer" Kilpatrick and Glen Troelstrup, the magazine again came through with more and better humor. Killer's cartoon with the violinist was said to be the most widely reprinted cartoon in Swami's history and Herb Green led us to believe that everyone was looking skyward for better things to come.

HERB GREEN



TROELSTRUP

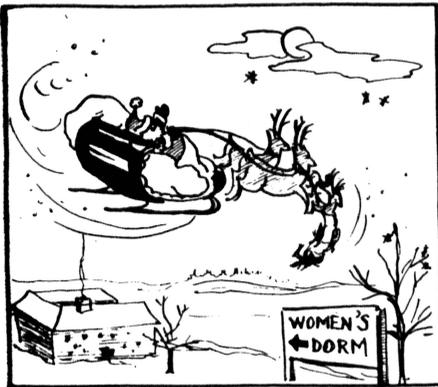


KILPATRICK

1952



Herb Green, Herb Knapp and Killer, with the addition of Bill Braznell and Bill Andronicus, were the mainstays of the art staff. The Columbia Police were doing their efficient job and the girls at Johnston Hall were still wanting the same thing for Xmas. Draft notices still adorned the mail pile and the cub scouts made a nuisance of themselves on the Hink.



There's a cave over here with a bed in it!!



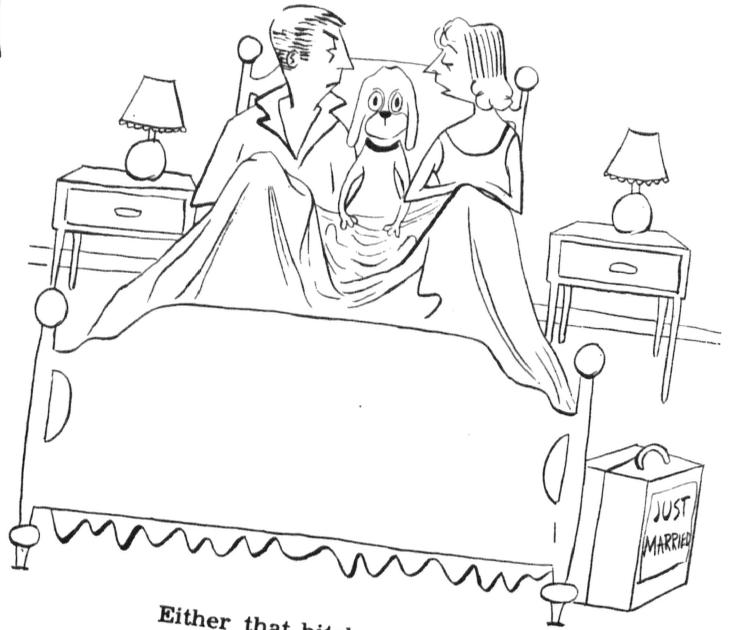
Can't you cook either?



"Let's play University student."

1953

Bill Braznell, with Dick Noel and Joe Beeler made the second semester with marriage, nudists and morbid humor. Noel was still in high school, but Swami put him on as a regular member of the staff. At times, he put Charles Adams to shame with his little hairy monster that rivaled the place of eminence occupied by Tripod.



Either that bitch goes, or I do.



BRAZNELL



Jim, I've been thinking things over. I've decided to kill you.



MARK PARSONS

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

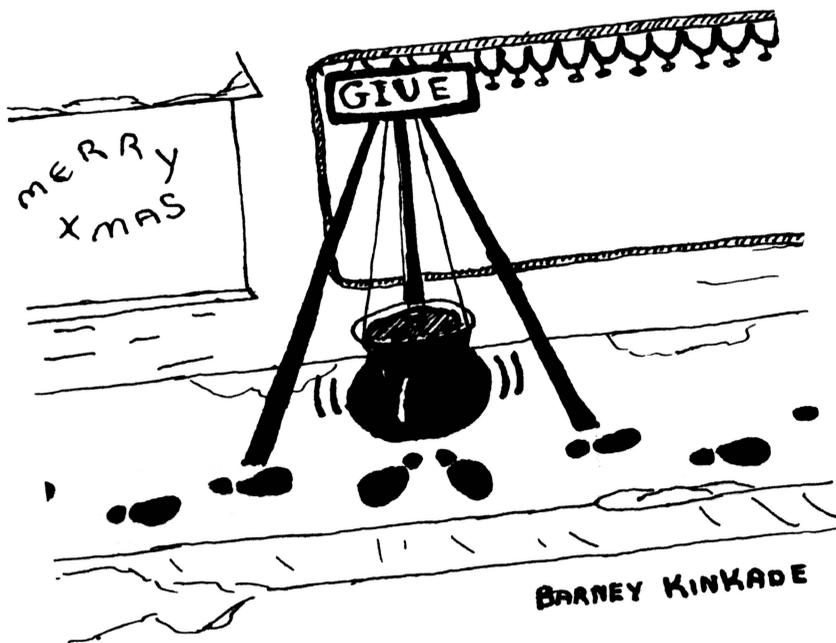


DICK NOEL

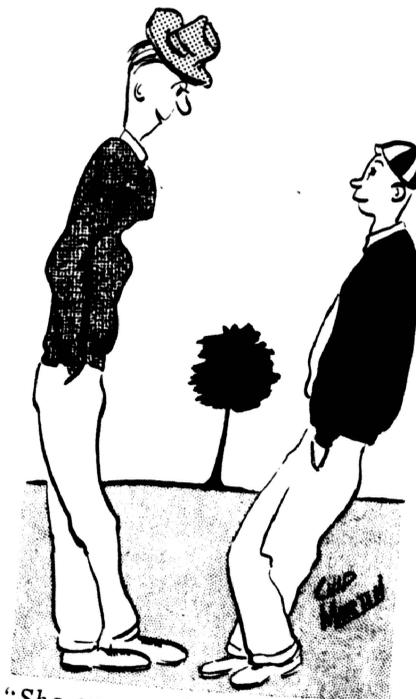
"No, sonny, Jimmy can't come out and play with you. He's dead."

1954

With the exception of Dick Noel, an entirely new crop of Cartoonists joined the Art staff in '53. Chip Martin, Mark Parsons, and Barney Kinkade, all with pen in hand, went out to assure another successful year for Swami. Mark stayed another year to become art editor, but Barney went into the service. With Chip as editor now, a new gang comes on the scene. Jack Duncan, ECAT, and Preuss are the new additions.



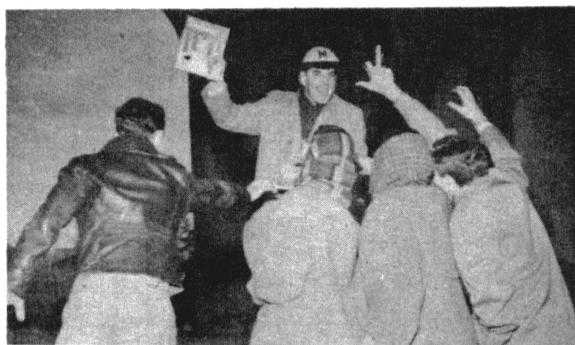
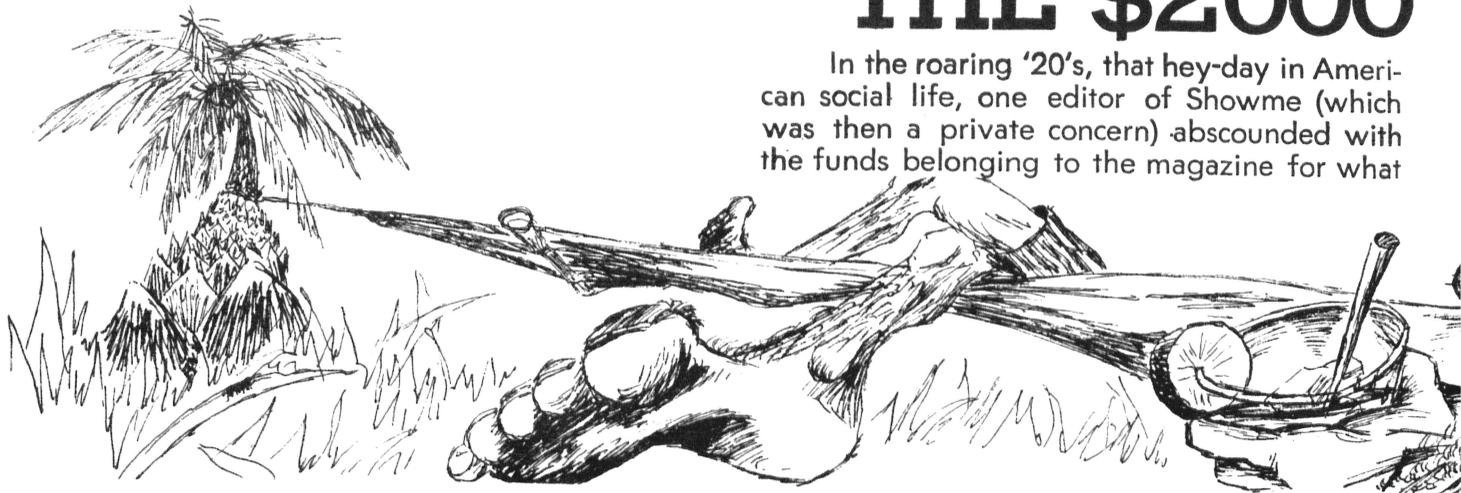
BARNEY KINKADE



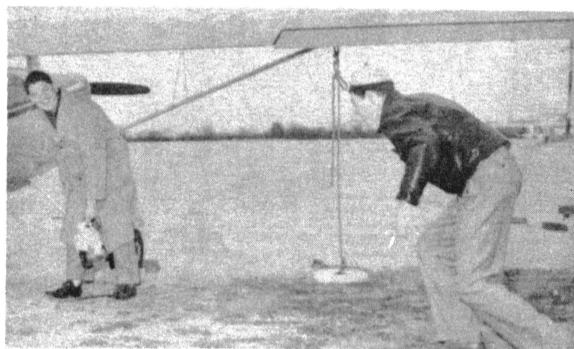
"She sure made an impression on me."

THE \$2000

In the roaring '20's, that hey-day in American social life, one editor of *Showme* (which was then a private concern) absconded with the funds belonging to the magazine for what



Ed Emeritus (a fictitious name) had no more than hit the campus when he found himself standing in the cold in front of the Union selling this fantastic piece of literary effort, *Showme*. His knees clicked, his teeth clicked, and if he had Queeg's steel balls they would probably have clicked too. Someone had said that this was the way to get a head and with a name like that he needed one.



Walking down the steps of the Union, Ed spoke to himself saying, "and those guys in Hawaii think they have loud sport shirts, When Harry built that museum, hell, you saw them. Women in grass skirts, pigs baked in the ground, Kee—rist—opher! This going to Hawaii must be a fad.



As the money hit in Ed's hand he'd count it, grin and say to himself. "If this was mine . . . but then of course it isn't, it goes for bigger and better magazines." Grass skirts would flicker across his eyes as he thought, "wonder if the reservation office got my tickets for South Pacific?" As the other peons brought in the cold cash Ed smiled showing dollar signs instead of teeth.

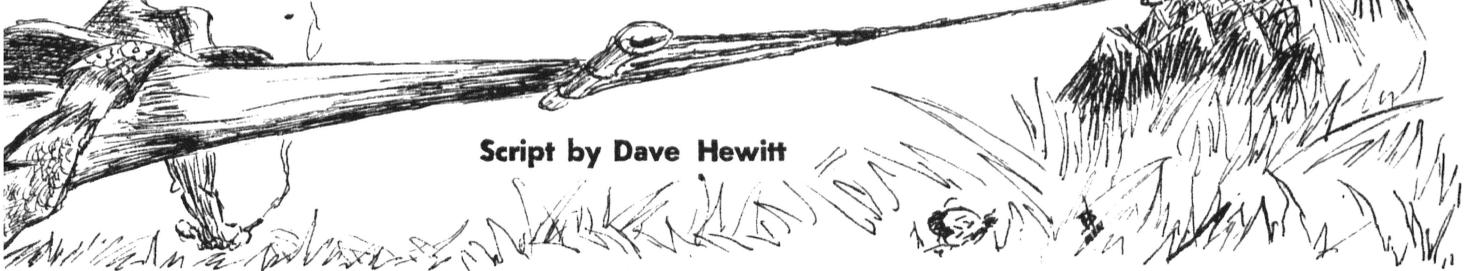


As Ed ran to catch his plane yelling, "DC-3, wait for me" he felt great. As he boarded he was humming "I'm going back to my little grass shack . . ." Ah, I can see it all now. This plane will land and the first thing I'll get will be a lei. Everyone who is anyone has a couple as soon as they land. You just can't hardly get that stuff anymore. Maybe on New Years Eve and even then it's hardly worthwhile.

SWINDLE

he felt was a belated trip to Hawaii. So far as we know it was accomplished with complete success. Swami has decided to re-enact this scene which could very well happen today . . . considering the present staff.

Script by Dave Hewitt



The Union was never like this. Look at all those babes. Wonder which one wants to do a little beach-combing tonight. You'd be surprised what you find on those beaches at night. On second thought, maybe we'll just put the plug in the bathtub and mix a few drinks. Guess I could just drink in the atmosphere, it looks loaded.



Next day after rising Ed related the previous night to a friend. "After I took a bath I wandered out on the beach. Those grass skirts are really the thing. I itch a little this morning, but thats a small price to pay. I also got a little of the pig baked in the ground, not bad if you don't mind a dirty pig. I believe when the newness wears off I'll write a book on 'How to get to Hawaii'. I'll even put out a supplement for the editor of the Student, he'd probably like St. Louis or Kansas City".

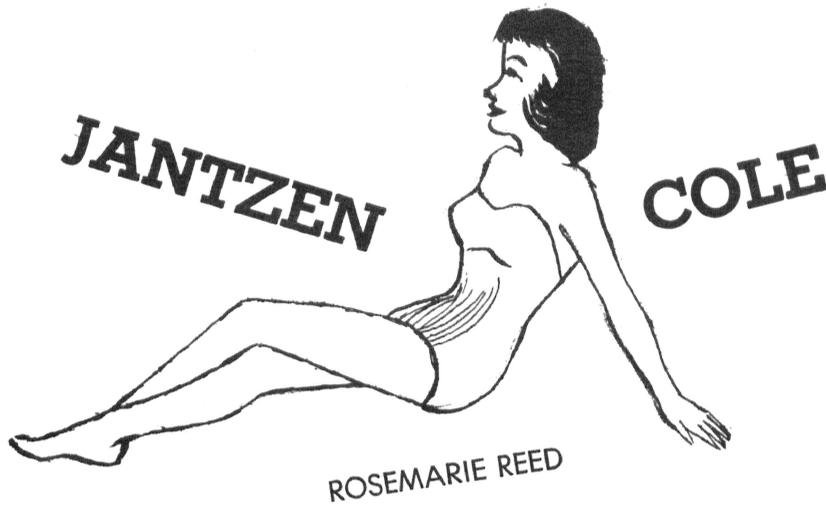


Aloha! Wonder how in the hell he got here. Thats what I hate about people. A man works for a few months, requisitions himself a small salary, takes a vacation and immediately someone thinks he's crooked. Board of Publications probably got shook up and sent him. I'm surprised they all aren't in the library reading Sherlock Holmes. In any case, There you are and here am I. Thanks George.



Like I said before, you can talk to some of these people. All you have to do is wander down to Schofield barracks, get down on your knees and parlay the remaining \$1,000 into a small fortune. You then split with the agent, he throws his badge off Arrowhead Point and you both get a baked pig in a grass skirt into a grass hut and live happily all that day. As all we islanders say, Aloha!

AMERICA'S LEADING BRANDS
IN SWIMMING SUITS



DEANS TOWN & COUNTRY
2 on the Strollway



Before her mother could answer, little sister, age five, piped up with, "Well, she can read, cant she? It was in all the papers."

* * * *

A professor who comes in late is rare. In fact, he is in a class by himself.

* * * *

Drunk (stopping a city bus):
Say, Thish car go to Fourth Street?

Driver: Yes.

Drunk: Well, g'by and God bless you.

* * * *

We join in paying tribute to the trapeze artist who caught his wife in the act.

* * * *

Pi Phi: What's the best way to keep a horse from frothing at the mouth?

Sigma Nu: Teach it to spit.

* * * *

Mary had a little lamb,
Some salad and dessert.

Then she gave the wrong address
The dirty little flirt.

* * * *

"These are my grandmother's ashes."

"Oh, then the poor soul has passed on?"

"No, she's just too lazy to look for an ashtray."

* * * *

"Darling, have you ever tried selling vacuum cleaners?"

"No."

"Well, you'd better start. That's my husband coming up the walk."

* * * *

I want a girl who has the stuff dreams of made of. Money.

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SWC



After placing some flowers on a grave in a cemetery, a man noticed an old Chinese placing a bowl of rice on a nearby grave, and cynically asked, "What time do you expect your friend to come up to eat rice?"

The Chinese replied with a smile: "Same time your friend come up to smell flowers."

* * * *

Theta: If a buttercup is yellow, what color is a hiccup?

Phi Delt: Burple.

* * * *

In Hungary, a commissar asked a peasant how the new potato crop production plan was coming.

"Under our glorious leader, Malenkov," replied the peasant, "our potato crop has been miraculous. If we were to put all the potatoes in a pile they would make a mountain reaching to the feet of God."

"But our leaders say there isn't any God," said the commissar.

"There aren't any potatoes, either," replied the peasant.

* * * *

Two voices were heard:

"I love you," said one.

"Ouch," said the other.

It was two porcupines necking.

* * * *

"How could you steal from your own grandmother?"

"I waited 'til she went to sleep."

* * * *

When there aren't enough men to go around — they go around.



For a real cool

JACK

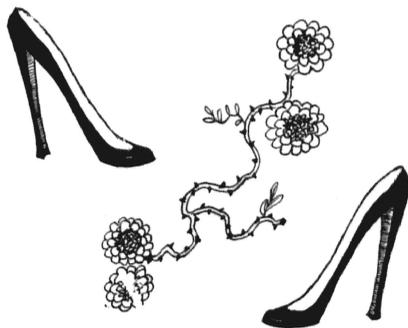
of

HEARTS

VOTE FOR

Jerry
Powell

Spring is Just Around the Corner



Brighten Up

Your Shoe Wardrobe

Troylings

Delmanettes

Mademoiselle

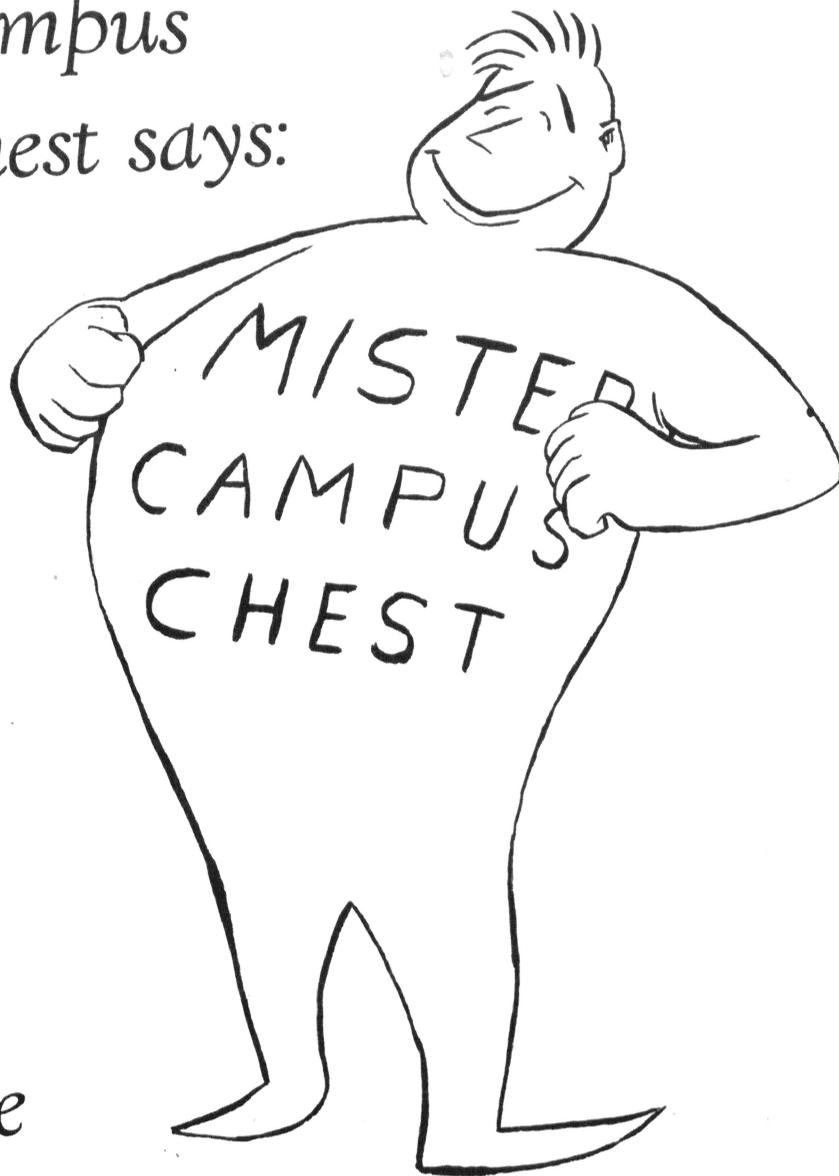


the novus shop

18 ON THE STROLLWAY

*Mister Campus
Chest says:*

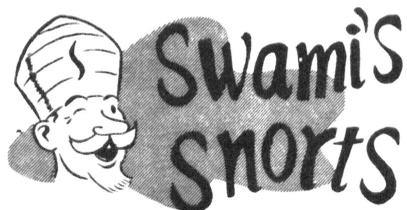
**DO
YOUR
PART**



*Contribute
Wholeheartedly to*

CAMPUS CHEST DRIVE

February 28 - March 4



Fuedal Lord: My son, I hear you misbehaved while I was away.
 Son: In what manor, sir?
 * * * *

"When I go to bed, I see red lights and green lights in front of my eyes."
 "Did you ever see a psychiatrist?"

"No, just red lights and green lights."
 * * * *

"Marry me, although I am only a poor advertising major, or I will shoot myself and make a spot on the rug that only Glutz's Special Cleanser selling at all better grocery stores for only 25c will remove."
 * * * *

To kiss a miss is awfully simple:
 To miss a kiss is simply awful.
 Kissing spreads disease, it's stated,
 But kiss me, kid, I'm vaccinated.
 * * * *

Traveler in general store: I want to buy a toothbrush.
 Storekeeper: Sorry, ma'am, but our supply of summer novelties ain't in yet.
 * * * *

Wife: (To drunken husband) Dear, let's go to bed.
 Husband: Might as well. I'll catch hell when I get home anyway.
 * * * *

"Does your orchestra play requests?"
 "Certainly. What would you like for us to play?"
 "Pinochle."
 * * * *

Susie: Daddy, there's a girl in my biology class who has a hat just like mine.
 Dad: So I suppose you want me to buy you a new one?
 Susie: That would be cheaper than me changing schools.

Yesser It's Esser!



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● Mixers

Cold Beer by the Case

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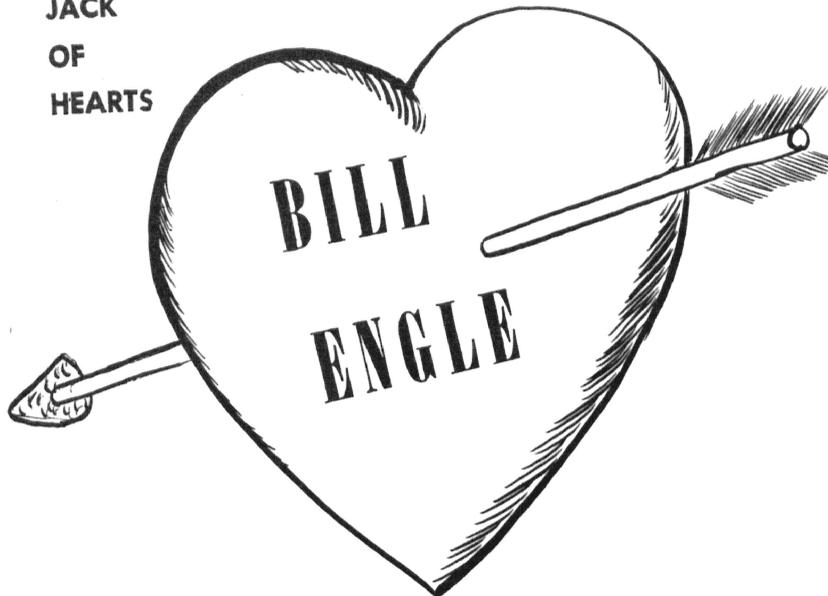
- Tap Beer
- Bottle Beer
- Sandwiches



SHACK

706 Conley

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YOUR
JACK
OF
HEARTS



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It's February, and if you don't count the weather, that makes it spring. Already people are full of all sorts of poetic stuff like balmy breezes and baloney. Fellows are thinking about good-looking girls and girls are thinking about good-looking fellows, which is why nobody dates.

I guess everybody'll get together for the big *Showme* dance, though. You know, people that come to the Crystal Ball are supposed to dress as what they'd like to be. For me it's no problem — I'd just like to be invited. But say I did come, what would I wear?

First I thought I'd like to be a radio disc jockey, because they are so funny. Like the one the other night who said, "Now I'm going to play 'Sleepy Time Gal' for all you boys and girls in bed." Or I could be a prune, like one boy I know who said he planned to get stewed anyway. But that would be sort of pruney.

Of course, lots of stuff happens after Crystal Ball. There's Campus Chest for instance. And that reminds me — why doesn't Missouri give letter sweaters for girls who are in activities? It seems to me that sweaters are nothing to be one-sided about. Just because boys can make more points playing football or basketball doesn't leave girls out completely. We may not make great hook shots, but look what we go through getting dressed for a date. And we have to be on guard in case we run into somebody forward. Look in the back row of the Uptown if you want to see somebody try a real screen play. I'm so wrapped up in this whole subject that I'm planning to write a big pamphlet about it called "Better Letter Getter Sweater."

I admit that "Teach Me Tonight" gave me a push in the right direction, but at any rate — I've changed my major to education. That's one way to be a girl with class, I figure. Only when I tried to pledge the education honorary fraternity, I was blackboarded.

I'm taking a course called Educational Problems. Sort of an experimental group — people come in and study us. But the other kids in the class are real swell, and it's fun being the only one big enough to climb over the top of the play pen. Anyway, the teacher doesn't get me down — he left one night and said something about going to the zoo. Or maybe it was the Tiger Club. I went out with him and got something I just have to pass on — the news that this semester we can cut all we want. Only one group will still get negative hours: the photography classes!



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at

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Sandwiches



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"Ruby" and "Cotton"

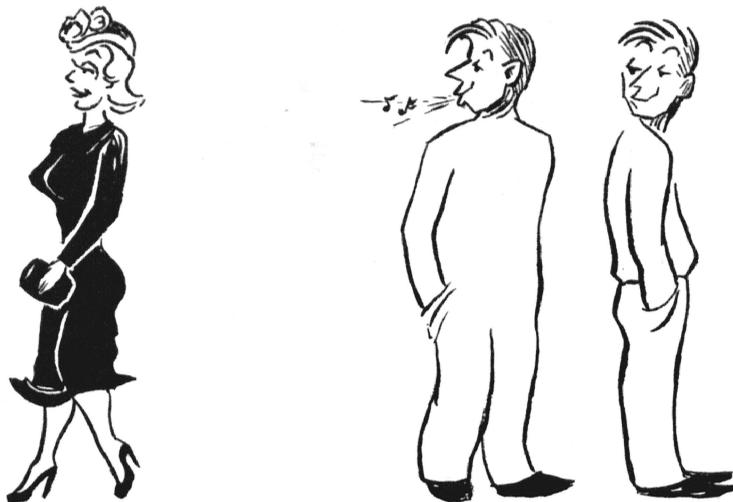
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Phone 4426



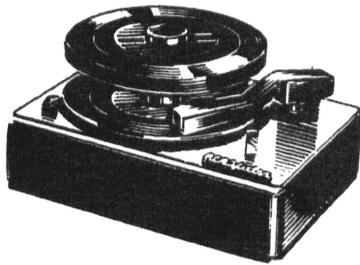
Bombs fall. Russian troops draw near.
 Plague hits. War and death are here.
 Underworld—Crime and moral decay.
 Never fear. Consult your SGA.
 June sixth: on my way to class.
 Fell down—on a piece of glass.
 Blood ran—red as June's own flower.
 No nurse—just a negative hour.

AND SHE GOT HER CLOTHES
 AT THE BLUE SHOP



The Blue Shop
 912 Broadway

RCA-45 Record Players



● J-2 RECORD PLAYER
\$19.95

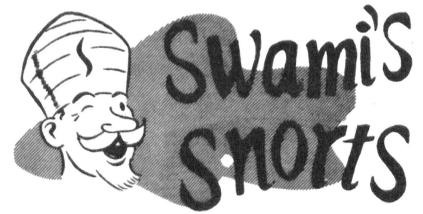
● EY-2 Player

● HY-4 (Hi-Fi) PLAYER

Don Smalls Record Shop

19 N. 10th

Phone 5673



Joe: How do you spell crysanthemum?

Moe: Yellow or pink?

Joe: Pink

Moe: P-i-n-k.

* * * * *

"How many eggs did you have for breakfast, Caesar?"

"Et tu, Brutus."

* * * * *

"Mr. Jones," asked the instructor, "How far were you from the correct answers?"

"Only three seats, sir."

* * * * *

"I'm sorry," said the dentist, "You cannot have an appointment with me this afternoon. I have eighteen cavities to fill."

Then he picked up his golf bag and left.

* * * * *

"Let's organize a new fraternity."

"Why?"

"I've just discovered a new grip."

* * * * *

Mother: (Examining toy) Isn't this rather complicated for a small child?

Clerk: It's an educational toy, madam, designed to adjust the child to live in the world today. Any way he puts it together, it's wrong.

* * * * *

Customer: Waiter, what is this you served me?

Waiter: That's bean soup, sir.

Customer: Never mind what it's been, what is it now?

* * * * *

Small Boy: Dad, what are those holes in the board for?

Dad: Those are knotholes.

Small Boy: Well then, what are they?



Wholesale Keg Beer – We Deliver



"Daddy, if you give me a dime,
I'll tell you what the ice man
said to Mama."

"Okay, here's your dime."

"He said, 'Do you want any ice
* * * *

Girls who give up all their time
To write a stuffy thesis
May have to give up love and joy
And be content with nieces.
* * * *

A fat lady stepped on the
scales, not knowing they were
out of order. The indicator stop-
ped at 75 pounds. An inebriated
gent who had just emerged from
the corner taproom watched her
intently. "My gosh," he said,
"She's hollow."
* * * *

Prof: What is the name of the
tablets the ancient Gauls used
to write on?

Student: Gaul stones.
* * * *

"Oh, dear, I've missed you so
much . . ." And she raised the
revolver and fired again.
* * * *

Heard on the beach: My good-
ness, isn't that Fanny Brown
over there?
* * * *

"Me slept with Daddy last
night," said the small child to
her kindergarten teacher.

"No, dear," said the teacher,
"I slept with daddy last night."

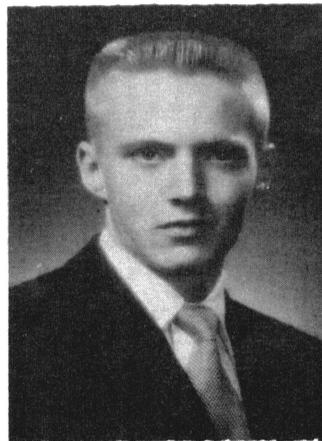
"Well, then," said the child,
"You must have come in after
me was asleep."
* * * *

By the time a boy gets old
enough to know how much he
owes his parents, some girl comes
along and gets most of the in-
terest.
* * * *

Nudist— one suffering from
clothestrophobia.

Make Your Choice for

Jack of Hearts



Dan Weakley

DELTA TAU DELTA



Nothing, Nothing, Nothing but JULIE'S



the one to be
your jack of hearts
should be the one
who plays the part

Wade

courtney



Bridegroom— a wolf who paid too much for his whistle.

* * * *

Nightclub— A place where they take the rest out of restaurant and put the din in dinner.

* * * *

Some people thirst after fame, some after money, but everybody thirsts after popcorn.

* * * *

She's the vacuum-cleaner type - - - just purrs and lies on the floor.

* * * *

Manufacturer describing his new line of brass: "Egg cup. Tea cup. Coffee cup. Pick up."

* * * *

Little dog looking up at a parking meter: "It ain't worth a nickel, I'll wait 'til I find a fireplug."

* * * *

"Are you the young man who risked his life to save my son from drowning when he fell through the ice?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Then where the hell are his mittens?"

* * * *

"Oh, what a funny looking cow," the chic young thing from the city exclaimed to the farmer. "But why doesn't it have horns?"

"There are many reasons why cows do not have horns," the farmer explained. "Some do not have them until late in life. Others are dehorned, while still other breeds are not supposed to have horns."

This cow does not happen to have horns because it is a horse."

* * * *

S.A.E.: What does a dog do that a man steps in?

Kappa Sig: Pants.



The Mightiest Motion Picture of them All!

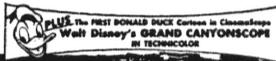
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STARTS FRIDAY, FEB. 25

MISSOURI THEATRE



One thing about baldness—it's neat.

* * * *

In England the sailors must be pretty small. I read the other day that one fell asleep on his watch.

* * * *

Passing a cemetery in the wee small hours of the morning, a drunk noticed a sign which read, "Ring the bell for the caretaker." The drunk did just that, and pretty soon, a bleary eyed little man came to the door.

"What do you want?" he said.

"I wanna know why you can't ring the damn bell yourself."

* * * *

An inspector, while making a tour of an insane asylum, noticed an inmate who was wearing nothing but a hat.

"Why is it, my good man, that you are not wearing your clothes?"

"Well, sir, nobody ever comes here."

"Then why, may I ask, are you wearing your hat?"

"Someone might, you know."

* * * *

There are still a few girls who are attracted to the simpler things in life — men.

* * * *

Professor: Name two ancient sports.

Student: Antony and Cleopatra.

* * * *

"Mummy," asked the ten-year old, "How did Queen Elizabeth know she was going to have a baby?"

T. G. I. F. !!

I'm headin' out to where the breeze and the booze is cool through and through!

Breezy Hill

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and
Have A
PIZZA PARTY**

- Pizza Pie
- Spaghetti & Meat Balls
- Beer

ROMANO'S

102 Broadway



"How is it that you can kiss so divinely?"

"Oh, I used to blow a bugle in the Boy Scouts."

Captain: "I'll bet you wish I were dead, so you could spit on my grave."

ROTC Student: "No sir, I hate to stand in line."

Jane: Does your boy friend have ambitions?

Jean: Yes, ever since he's been knee high.

"A fresh guy tried to pick me up in the street yesterday. Boy, what an apartment he's got."

**Aloha Oe!
the real McCoy!**

**Vote
for
Johnny
Perio
for
Jack
of
Hearts**



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For Those Important Events

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TIGER HATTERS & CLEANERS

13 On the Strollway

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Wednesday, February 23-8:00 p. m.

AT THE NEW JESSE AUDITORIUM

Tickets now on sale at the Student Union and Puckett's — \$1 per person. This group has been voted the best jazz combo in the 1955 "Downbeat" Poll , and is now making a tour of the leading college campuses.

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Juicy Steaks

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and
NICE ATMOSPHERE

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Town**

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the 34th year

Since the turn of the century our interest in laughter has been on the increase. Each year has seen an increase in the number of humor magazines, comic strips, and cartoons. As laughter is unsurpassed as a medicine, Swami decided to trace M.U.'s contribution to the life expectancy of our native sons.

In 1906, Missouri's first humor magazine became a reality. Homer Croy, noted writer and humorist was its editor. "The Missouri Oven" as it was called, was a five-cent pocket edition humor magazine.

Following The Missouri Oven the first Showme hit the campus in the fall of 1920. Two students, G. H. Combs Jr., and William Tweedie were its founders. It soon became as much a part of the campus in the '20's as white bucks are today. In 1923, according to the risqué fashions of the day, Showme printed a story entitled, "The Confessions of a Co-ed" which resulted in the magazine's being banned from campus. Apparently with "Freedom of the Press" in mind the magazine continued underground with the most appropriate name "The Outlaw."

From 1923 until 1930 "The Outlaw" continued to prosper under the guidance of O. O. McIntyre who, with apparent disregard for the guardians of Jesse Hall became the magazine's Great White Father. At sometime during the '20's funds were absconded from the magazine for a non-scheduled trip to Hawaii. Swami brings back this story on page

In 1930 the magazine again appeared under a different name, "The New Showme". The following year the "New" was dropped and, under the sponsorship of Sigma Delta Chi, continued without apparent reputable damage until suspension of publication in 1941.

Following the war Showme again resumed publication. Its climb upward from 1945 has never ceased. Circulation, advertising and the size of the magazine have all increased many fold. From the pages of past Showme's can be seen the life of M.U. through fads, styles, campaigns, and what-have-you. Likewise through the pages of nationally known magazines and newspapers can be seen the rise to fame of other Showme notables. Among them are Lyle Wilson, chief of the United Press Washington Bureau; Dave Dexter, editor of Downbeat; Ralph Daigh, editorial director of Fawcett Publications; J. V. Connolly of King Features Syndicate; Mort Walker of Beetle Bailey fame and Herb Green whose cartoons can be found in the Saturday Evening Post.

A member of the National Scholastic Press Association, Showme is rated at the top of its field by most critics. It is now also independent of campus sponsorship.

In 1906, Homer Croy, in his Missouri Oven said, "Our purpose is not only to amuse, but to comment on University conditions." With the passage of forty-nine years Swami feels this is still a high minded objective.



A faith healer ran into an old friend and asked him how things were going.

"Not so good," said the friend, "my brother is sick."

"Your brother isn't sick," contradicted the faith healer, "he only thinks he is. Remember that. He only thinks he's sick."

Two months later, they met again, and the faith healer asked, "How is your brother getting along?"

"Worse," replied the other, "now he thinks he's dead."

Soph: How did you like Venice?
Frosh: Oh, I only stayed a few days. The place was flooded.

Clerk: Did you kill any moths with those moth balls I sold you yesterday?

Customer: No, I tried for five hours but I couldn't hit one.

A man who was wanted by the police had been photographed from six different angles and his pictures had been sent to all the sheriffs in the state.

In a few days headquarters received this wire from a small town chief: "I duly received the pictures of the six outlaws wanted and am happy to report that five of them have been captured and we are hot on the trail of the sixth."

If all the professors in the world joined hands, they would reach halfway across the ocean. We are in favor of this agreement.

WHO ME?

I'M GOING
TO
THE
STABLES,
NATCH!



The Stables

"The place where jazz and good beer get along"

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Choose a tour dealing with a special field such as music, art, languages—visit the Orient or go around the world.

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John H. Furbay, Ph.D., Director, TWA Air World Tours
Dept. CM-FE, 380 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Please send me information on the Flying Educational Tours to be offered in 1955.

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Address _____

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**CAMPUS
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706 Conley

What is this Any Way?

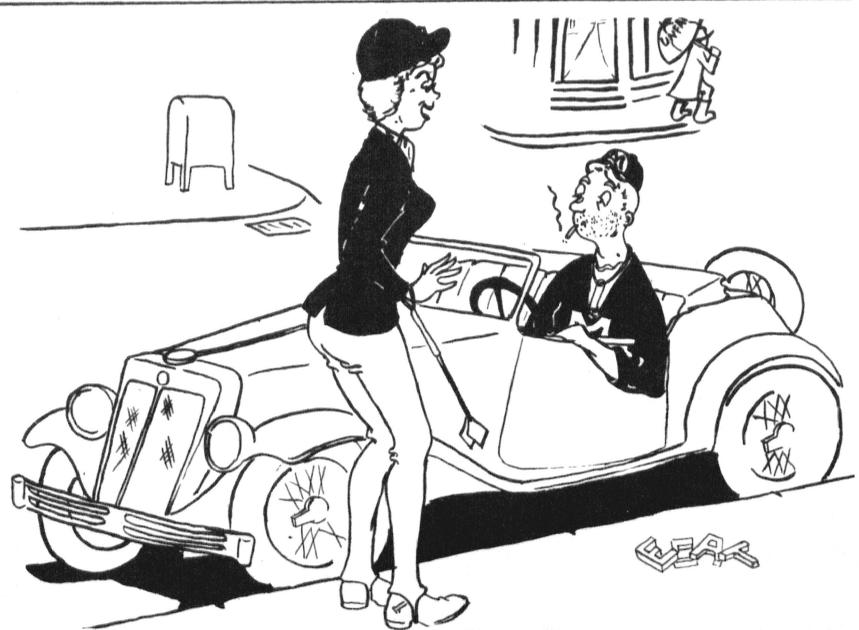


Being relatively new around here, I'm not quite on the up and up about what is what, and am, as a result, feeling rather down and out. I have read my "M" Book carefully, but still I find my poor self at an utter loss. In the morning I roll my bobby socks neatly around my clean-shaven ankles, jump into my black suede loafers, let a bit of toast seep through my teeth (may the Johnston Hall dietician rot in Hades), and set off for my 7:40 on 4th floor Jesse. I sidle modestly past the jock house and cautiously cross the street to avoid some character who's screaming something. I run through the underpass for safety's sake, and there I am on Red Campus. Then classes . . . Now what gets me is that I stand for fifteen minutes on the Engineer's Clover and all they do is shudder . . . And would someone understanding please tell me what

the sam hill happened to the roar of the "J" School lions. How will I ever explain to Mother? . . . And these rules at Johnston! What is it with the one that says: "No using the laundry past seven PM, even if you have a date at eight and pants in the dryer." Little wonder that they call the hall "Pleasure Island." . . . All this fuss they make over Tripod. There's a dog on Red Campus that has him beat. I'd a lot rather have three legs any day than a knot in my tail . . . Enough of all this idle chit-chat. I'll own up to the fact that I don't know much about this collegiate routine. But I *have* learned one thing, if no more: never drop a nickel in the phone until your party answers.

— The Freshman

SUZIE STEPHEN'S — by ECAT



I'm so glad that we're going to the "stables" dahling, it's such a dee-lightful day for a canter!



One day, James Whistler came home and found his mother scrubbing the floor.

"You're off your rocker," he said.

* * * *

Slogan on a restaurant near the Hoover Dam: "Best by a Dam Site."

* * * *

She was only the plumber's daughter, but her cheeks were always flushed.

* * * *

"Daddy, who was Hamlet?"

"Bring me the Bible, stupid, and I'll show you who Hamlet was."

* * * *

"Was your friend shocked over the death of his mother-in-law?"

"Shocked? He was electrocuted."

* * * *

Sigma Nu: What would you say if I were to kiss you?

Susie: I wouldn't be in a position to speak.

* * * *

Mother: Tell the minister what mothers' little darling did at the party today.

Little Girl: I frowned up.

* * * *

Instructor (to student entering classroom at 9:45): Sir, you should have been here at 9:40.

Student: Why? What happened?

* * * *

The little girl was sitting on the couch very demurely, watching her mother smoke a cigarette. Her blue eyes had an expression of wistful disillusionment. Finally, unable to stand it any longer, she burst out in her childish falsetto: "Damn it, mother, when are you going to learn to inhale?"

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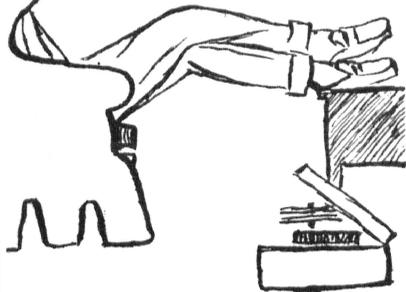
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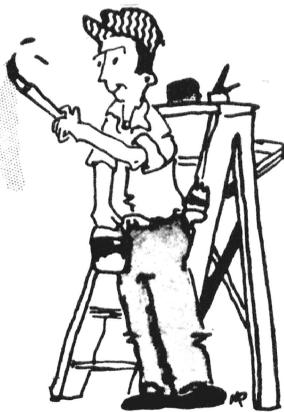
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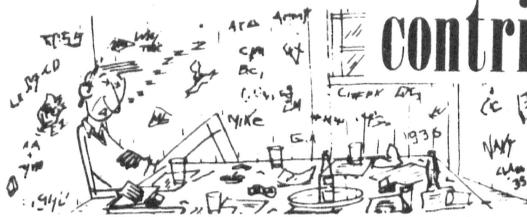
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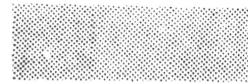
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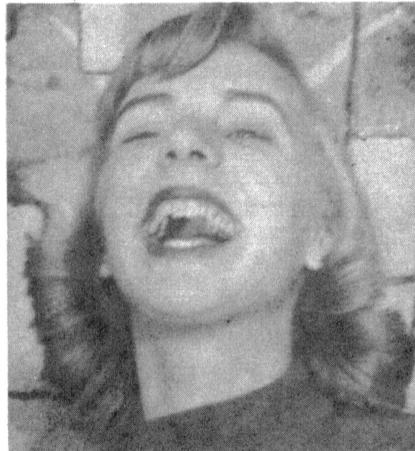
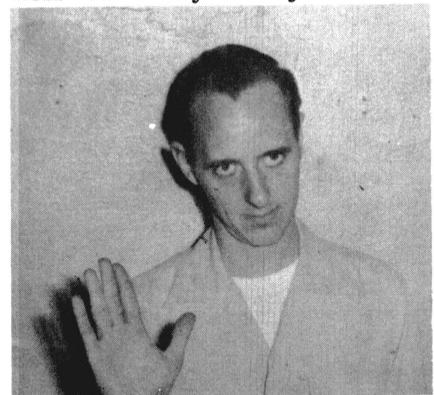
ROGER GOODWIN

Exiled from the land of the Chicago typewriter and now interred in the land of the negative hour, Roger Goodwin, boy wonder of the theatrical world, author of auto-biographies (see page—), and journalism student supreme, prefers women to beer, (crazy mixed up kid) but since the latter is cheaper, he hangs out more at the Stein Club than Stephens.

Roger is a graduate of Uncle Sam's Air Force and while travelling around has, written words and lyrics, co-starred, produced, and directed (hey Don, maybe a one man football team!) musicals and plays for Air Force personnel.

24 years ago he uttered his first words, "E Pluribus unum," and since then has entertained the idea of collecting the elusive stuff which bears the words. He intends to graduate this spring and enter graduate school next fall; his professors agree that he will be back next fall — though not enrolled in graduate school. He likes to handle women and eventually hopes to get in television direction and production.

As a tip to undergraduates, Roger says, "If at first you don't succeed, give up," and "Happiness can't buy money."



JUDY EDWARDS

"Tight skirts" Edwards (sometimes called Judy) stumbles around in the Johnston Hotel and occasionally leaves to attend classes — about the teaching of human (ugh) children. Otherwise she might be turning out articles or poetry for Swami, or reading the Johnston Hotel classic, "How to Catch a Husband."

Judy gives her address as St. Louis County (though she's really more familiar with the East Side) and claims she wants to become an English teacher and write nice stories for children. Her *Showme* background should be quite indispensable for that type of writing. What she actually wants is to become espoused and raise enough kids for a band — or if she starts early enough, a whole orchestra. Any takers?

Judy is a Tri Delt pledge, she's a freshman and hopes to make good enough grades to become an active her senior year. She's also a member of the Student Union poster committee.

Playing the piano, bridge and collecting boys hats (with the boys still in them) are her hobbies.

1955

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