

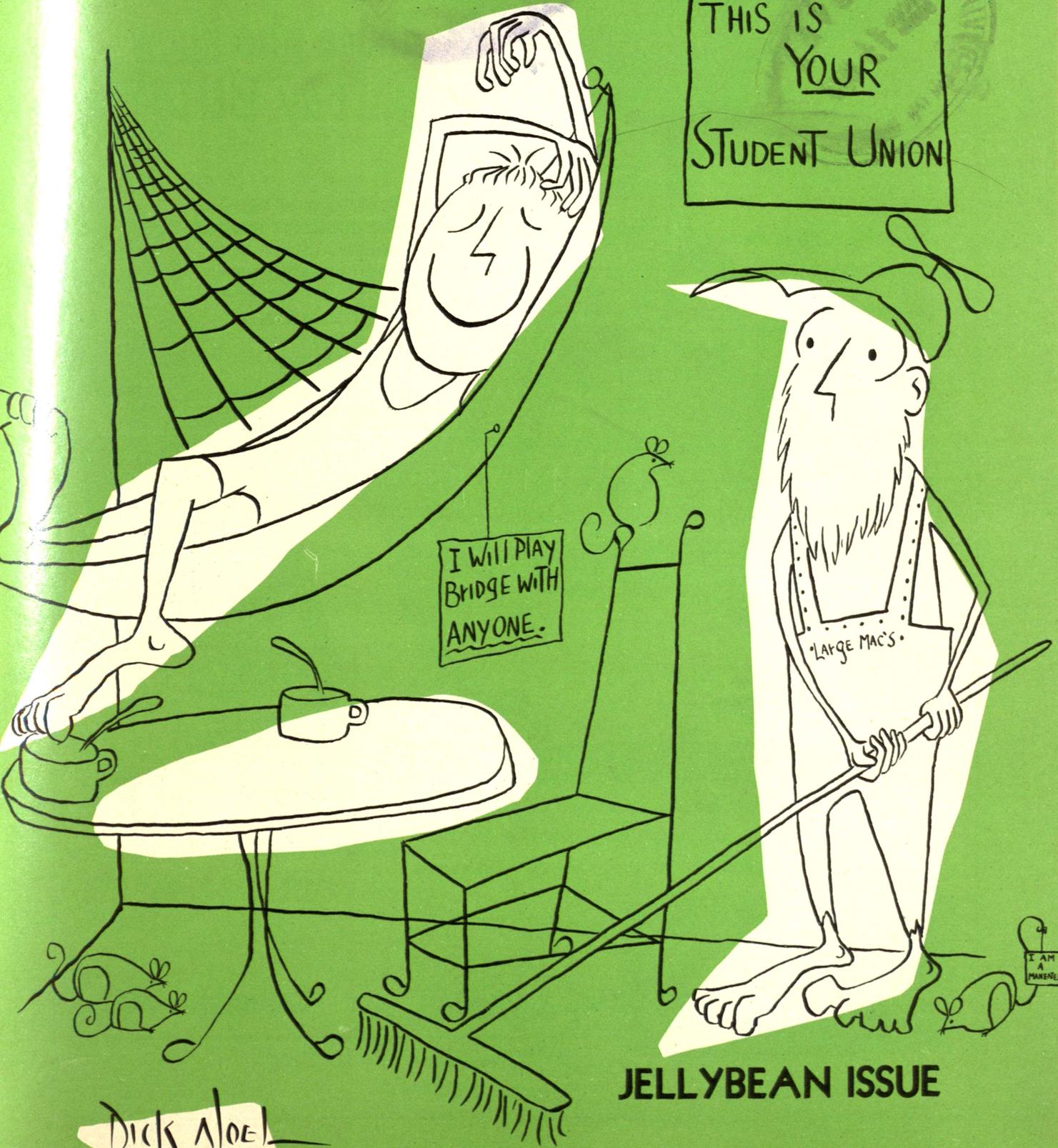
V 27 2006

March 1955

25c

# MISSOURI Showme

THIS IS  
YOUR  
STUDENT UNION



Dick Aioel

JELLYBEAN ISSUE

I AM  
A  
PARENT



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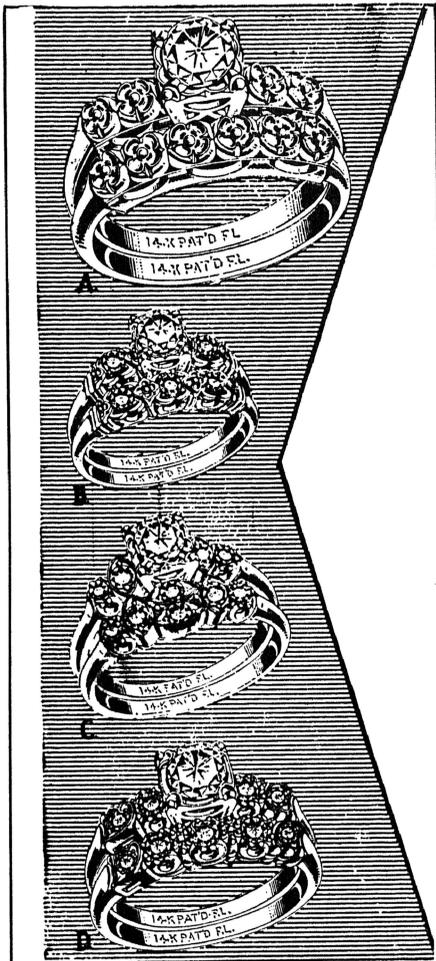
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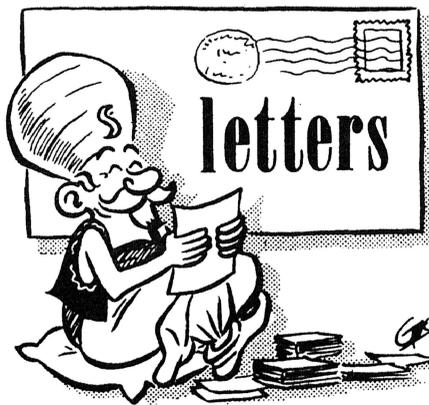
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Dear Honey Editor,

When I was in Stephens College I read your darlin' magazine and learned how to be real witty. So I came to the big town and worked hard and had fun with High Society and finally made it to the top of my profession. I think all ambitious girls should take a tip and study those SHOW-ME jokes before they go out into the world. Maybe they can be as successful as I am.

Betty Reed  
N.Y., N. Y.

*We'll pass the along. -ED.*

\* \* \*

Hi,

My name is Bill Plunkin and by heck I sure enough did like that there Ozark magazine you all put out last spring. I would like to know is there maybe going to be one like it this year?

Bill Punkin  
Frog Hollow, Mo.

*Bill, we'll make an Ozark issue in April, and we're kinda tickled that you liked the last one. ED.*

\* \* \*

Sir:

Your crazy rag fractures me real nervous. DIG that Duncan and E.C.A.T. But what hoppen to the Hairy Monster man and all them spiders and wild bugs?

Stan Wasski,  
Big D, Michigan

\* \* \*

*Stan, that boy is done come back. Take a look at the cover. -ED.*

Dear Editor,

Your mag is great, I like that raunchy stuff. Down-to-earth humor really kills me. But didn't you go a little too far with that joke about the racoon farm? I'll be surprised if they don't ban Showme for that.

Charles Derrosset,

Louisberg, Mo.

*We're surprised too. - ED*

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:

I think your magazine is awful good and those dogs and monsters and things are real funny. But I don't understand some of those jokes, especially in the last issue. What is so funny about that racoon farm joke?

Ella Schmidt,  
RFD 5, Neighville, Wis.

*If we're ever out your way, Ella . . . ED.*

\* \* \*

Dear Sir:

It makes me furious that such vile, abonimable trash as your so-called humor magazine is allowed placed before our boys and girls in the university. Thank God there are decent, clean-minded organizations and church groups which can mould the character and taste of these young people and help to repair the damage done to their morals by your disgusting publication.

W.C.T.U. member  
Kansas City, Mo.

*Thank you very much, Mrs. Member. Glad you like SHOWME well enough to buy a copy. Or shall we presume you stole it?*

\* \* \*

Dear Sir,

The magazine is o.k., but you boys are a little mixed up in places. What gives with ice and snow instead of a beautiful sandy beach in that \$20,000 swindle spread?

Al Sias

St. Louis, Mo.

*O.K., wise guy, you find a palm tree in the middle of the winter -ED.*

Announcing ...

# Miss Missouri Contest



**Eliminations this Sunday**

**2:00 Student Union**

**Large Ball Room**

Missouri SHOWME is sponsoring the local eliminations for Miss Missouri next Sunday at 2:00 o'clock p.m. in the large Ballroom of the Student Union. A panel of six judges, including two students, will select five or six girls to represent Columbia and the University of Missouri in the finals at St. Louis, May 13.

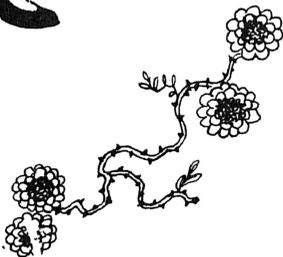
The judges will be Chuck Norman, a disc jockey from WIL; Bob Fry, a director of the National Junior Chamber of Commerce; Peter Patrick, a fashion photographer; Nick Adams, vice-president of the St. Louis County Jaycees; Jerry Powell, business manager of SHOWME, and Chip Martin, editor.

There will be prizes and publicity for the one who is selected to be Miss Missouri, and she will go on to vie for the Miss America Title in Atlantic City.

All organizations, including dormitories from Stephens' and Christian Colleges have been asked to be represented in the eliminations this Sunday. They will be public.

**Sponsored by Missouri SHOWME**

*Spring is Just  
Around the  
Corner*



**Brighten Up  
Your Shoe Wardrobe**

Troylings

Delmanettes

Mademoiselle



**the novus shop**  
18 ON THE STROLLWAY



We just got back from St. Louis and a lovely week-end in time to put out another issue, so all you people wouldn't be disappointed. If I can only focus these eyes of mine between those jarring blasts from the gremlin inside my head, I'll tell you what has happened this month and what we plan for next issue after.

This issue finds us in the Student Union, but as soon as we finish our coffee and moldy donuts we're going to migrate to the Shack and another gag meeting to dream up ideas for the April issue. Maybe it'll be the Ozarks issue again, with your guide to the resorts and honky-tonks, or maybe we'll put that one

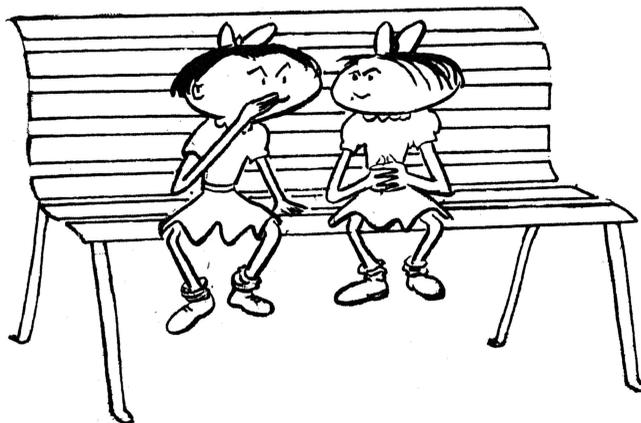
off to slip in some kind of parody. If you have any ideas, please put them in a note and slip it in the crotch of the old mulberry tree. Swami will pick them up and refer them to the well-spent staff, which is still recuperating from Crystal Ball and St. Louis.

We ran into an old buddy the other night at the Breezy Hill nite club and over a cool glass of beer, we talked him into aligning with Swami again. So, we have a cover by Dick Noel, boy artist, or, as his friends know him, boy boy. From now on, dear reader, watch out! Anything's liable to happen.

If anyone has noticed, our enemies have, in the last couple of months, been on the increase. So have our sales. Last month we had a complete sell-out. Which just goes to show that a man's best friend is his enemy.

I must go get an asperin . . . this damn thing is drivin' me crazy. We'll see you next month if we live.

CHIP



MARTIN

*Psst! I think he has the hots for me.*



# MISSOURI SHOWME

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### JOKE EDITOR

Judy Jenkins

Jellybeans, All Colors

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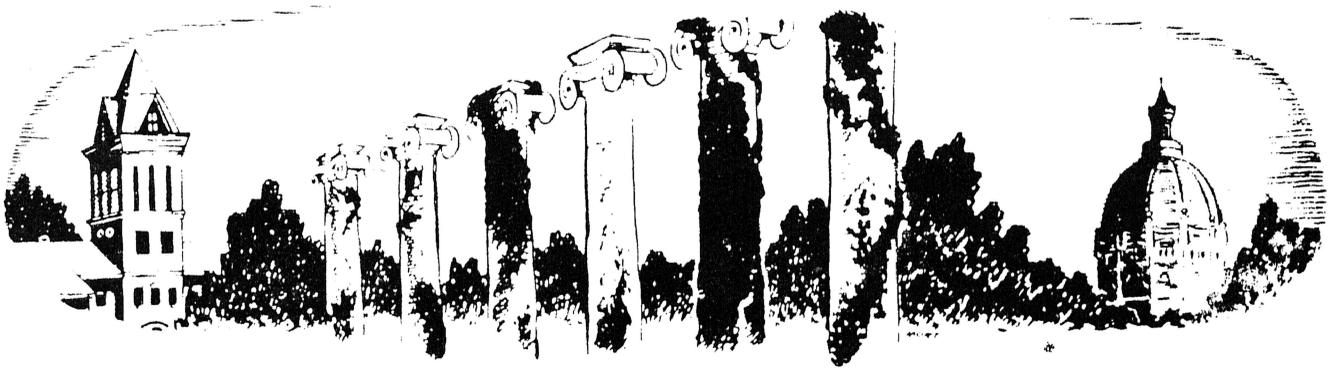
You've heard of the proverbial pool of pollution. Well, here's the proverbial Jellier in all the glory of the Dick Noel hairy technique. He's back with us again and he put down his glass long enough to scratch out a cover which should shock even the most reserved janitor. In all the beauty of Costa-Color (that's color that costs) the Noel cover reflects his interpretation of the guy who hangs around the Union twenty-four hours of the day and four hours at night. (In case you haven't figured it out, we're mixed up, stupid!)



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*When we consider the Union—  
It's the zorchiest place to jelly.  
There's nothing like soggy donuts  
And coffee inside our belly!*



# Around The Columns

## Overheard

This is strictly a product of the well-known grapevine. It was just a few days before the Crystal Ball and among many of the students, the ball was the topic of the day.

A nice-looking young man with a crew cut, generally known as a garrulous type, bent our ear and told us (secretly, of course) that Dudley Martin was coming to the ball as Judge Reed, and vice versa.

## Vote-vote-vote

What with queen contest and jack-o-hearts campaigns, it has become old turkey to sit in the Union and listen to the warped strains of music coming from the juke-box telling us to vote, vote, vote, everybody vote for some-



body or another, to the tune of "Hearts of Stone" or "Birth of the Blues".

There's nothing like it. We spent about two hours a day ourselves in the Union sipping our coffee

and enjoying the quartets and stuff crooning the pops of the day, but it's downright shaking to hear Vote, vote, vote everybody vote. We never did hear who they wanted us to vote for, but the music was, well different. So different, in fact that it makes us want to machine-gun the nickle-odean.

In a short while comes the Ugly Man Contest. Please, ugly men, don't make any records!



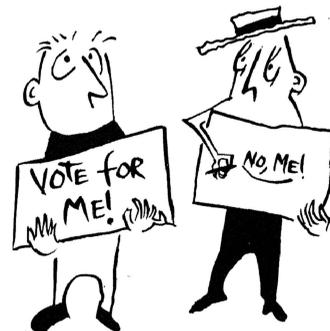
## The Jungle

Ah yes, and that brings us to the fealthy subject of politics.

Two weeks ago at the MRP nominating caucus, Dudley Martin and John Collet pleaded, nay begged, for ole' Howdy to respond to the call, but he walked out and left the Reformers alone with their Ags to choose from. The moral to this is: An Ag in the hand is worth a glass house. The husky boy goes back into oblivion, Harry goes back to the Hill and the Ags take over. Ah, me, how things have changed.

Meanwhile, back at the ranch, Paul Kittlaus wonders how he got where he is. Most of US bigwigs, especially the grand old oracle of political wisdom, the Judge, believe that Paul would've made a better presidential candidate. One bigwig said: "That's what happens when you don't fix nominations!" Some of the lesser US'ers say that the boy wonder lost his chances when he announced prematurely that he was handed the nomination.

Others say that because Jerry Friedheim isn't well-known, the chances of MRP go up. Up or down, what difference does it make? It's like flipping a two-headed coin . . . when you get right down to it, this whole thing probably has very little to do with the ultimate scheme of things. Eh?



## There It Goes

Back to the campaigns and stuff, we were passing through the tower one day last month and saw three men with soap and scrub-brooms cleaning a white-washed sign off the sidewalk. Another appeal for a vote.

That's where your \$7.50 goes!

*The Crystal Ball an'. All*

There were about 300 people who went to the Crystal Ball and saw Doctor John G. Neihardt, dressed as Swami, crown the queen, Virginia Zimmerly, and dub the princess, Beverly Barker. Guest of honor was the dean of students, Dr. Jack Matthews, who danced with the queen for the coronation dance. Roland Haun, who had the best costume, had the honor of dancing with the princess.

You guessed it. That outstanding, unsoiled representative of the US'ers, Merv Rich, was the one chosen for having the most unusual costume of the evening.

Dr. Matthews came as an umpire. He played incognito all evening until the coronation when he took off his mask and lo, kissed the queen. Thinking he was starting another tradition, we hastened to jump in the line but were elbowed out of the way by a lady.



The Tri-Deltas were magnificent. Swami presented them with a loving cup for their participation in the entertainment, and from now on, people will probably be wanting to know who the little girl was who undressed behind the screen.

Groucho Marx was there in person of Roger Goodwin. He exceeded the show into hilarity. It was hilarious the way his mustache kept falling off. But Rog did a great job. This month he has a short story in the magazine.

Marjean gave her undying devotion to Swami by standing at the door and letting us know when Dean Jack walked in. It worked out fine.

Sue bought so many balloons for decorations that we're going to have enough left over for another ball next month. Now everybody be down at the hotel at 9 o'clock Saturday morning.



We need a good strong nucleus.

Chuck played quick-change artist and assisted the Tri-deltas. Les put make-up on his face so nobody could tell who he was and came stag. He helped himself.

Jack backed down from wearing his straight-jacket. There would've been times when he might've had to get his arms loose, and it could've been embarrassing.

One couple who came in nice outfits were a big game hunter, and his date dressed as a tiger. . . the big game. This looked like one case where the hunter was hunted.

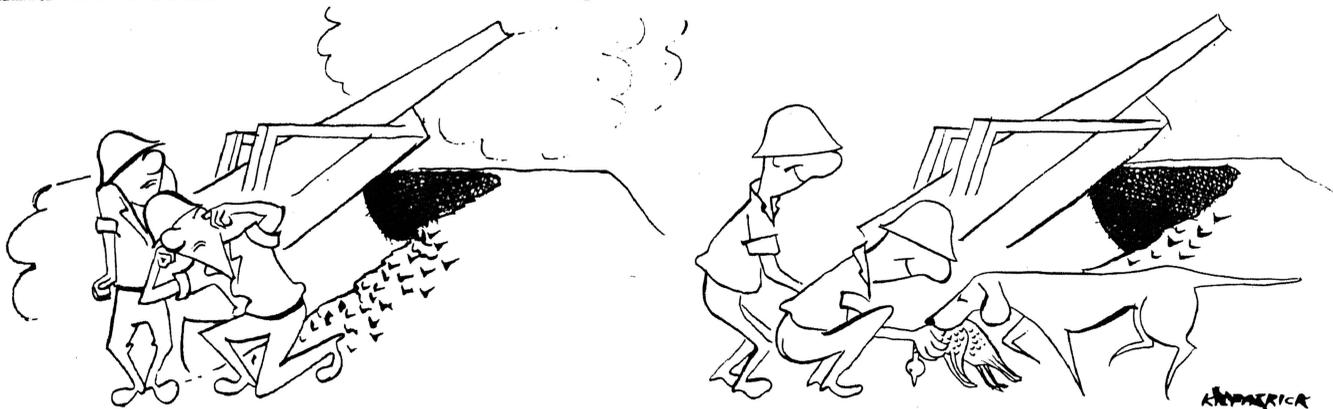


Anyhow, the thing got over with and we had a helluva time getting all that make-up off. The next week-end we started all over again and took off for St. Louis with the queen and princess. Our own Chuck McDanel, Chuck Norman of WIL escorted the girls and we made a tour of the nite-spots. The Melborne hotel put us up for the weekend and we had a good time. We all enjoyed ourselves, but three days away from Mizzou was too much. We were all eager to get back to Columbia and our studies.

*Curb Service*

One of our buxom secretaries who is majoring in education and has a love for children was telling us this the other day.

She was walking along the side-walk when she saw a little boy sitting on the curb with his hands under his chin as if he were moping. A feeling of compassion swept over our friend and she sat down on the curb next to the boy.



She gently placed an arm on his shoulder and said nothing for a few minutes. Then:

"What's the matter with you?"

"Aw, I gotta go home I got the chicken-pox!"

So he went home.

Our friend? She's over in Parker II.

*We Love Thee Like a Brother*

We were casually sitting in our shaded office one day last week when a little pledge of the ZBT's walked in and looked around. Being of kind heart that afternoon, we let him stay.



"Chip," says the boy, "can I vote a split ticket in the SGA election?"

"Why, sure," says we. "I guess so, why?"

"Well," said the pledge slowly rubbing the brim of his beanie on his knee, "I'd rather not say, but you know Marv Rich."

"You mean you don't want to vote for him?"

"Don't say anything about it," he pleaded, "he'd shoot me if he knew."

The youth went on to say that the Zebe house levies a \$25 fine against any active who votes against their present political affiliation. Woe be the pledge who was ever found out to vote otherwise.

As has been oft repeated, there is no honor among brothers . . . or something.

*It Aaint Quite Cricket . . .*

There's new publication on campus and it is really a jim-dandy!

The other day we were talking to one of its reporters (who, for obvious reasons, prefers that his name not be mentioned, who gave us the details behind the little error and retraction of last



*But of course, dear, she's my pledge daughter!*

two issues.

Huskey was not injured at the Reform Caucus. His operation had been planned long before. Joe knew the truth two days before the paper was issued. He didn't correct it. He was told again before the paper went to



press, but he said it was too late. We don't know the reasoning used in connection with the printing of such a bare-faced lie, but we do know the value of that type of news. It makes readers sit up and take notice. It sells newspapers, and one of the basic policies of the paper is to do just that.

A retraction never completely erases the harm done by such an error (we assume that it was). Joe knows that. All we can say is . . . it just ain't quite cricket, Joe.

*Bring Your Own Glass*

One-by-one our old hang-outs are getting the shaft. Last week we went into one and they could only give glasses to persons who were twenty-one or over. The proprietor explained that the revenooers were apt to drop in any time of the day and make a raid, and he couldn't afford to take chances.

Well, either a whole lot of us are going to have to start drinking milk again or we're going to have to find a way around all this law enforcement.



Swami has a solution! For the benefit of those who are willing to break the law, we've printed a blank identification card on page 19 which you can fill in yourself and cut it out. We'll show 'em. and for the rest of you . . . any-one for a milk bust?



Typical of the judges for Queen Contest preliminaries was Lt. Gov. James T. Blair who conscientiously put superior, excellent, instead of using number system.



Candidates posed at Student Union for publicity pictures. Enthusiastic photographers used four rolls of film, two film packs.

# THE BALL

Queen and Princess were not known until coronation. Compassionate audience remained hushed during ceremony. The royalty paused for pictures which were sent over all wire services, picked up by newspapers all over the country.

Girls formed semi-circle around Swami, Dr. Neihardt and knelt to ritualistic ceremony. When Queen Virginia Zimmerly and Princess Beverly Barker were crowned, guest of honor, Dean Jack Matthews, bowed to kiss queen, danced with her.





High school audience met Showme Queen and Princess on show in penthouse of Chase Hotel. Teen-agers cheered when girls said they represented Showme humor magazine.



Two girls and editor went to St. Louis on a Friday, appeared on seven radio shows and one television. Appeared twice with Ronnie Gaylord, record star, once with movie star Thomas Mitchell and once with Billy Williams Quartet. Curt Ray Show, KMOX, is pictured here.

## The St. Louis Trip

Cocktail party at Melbourne Hotel was visited by Ronnie Gaylord who was making country-wide tour. Gaylor was amicable, concerned about catching cold from being out in the rain that same day.

Popular Ruggeri's steak house feted royal guests and Showme staff. After steak dinners and posing with amiable manager Frank Ruggeri, party made tour of Encore Room, Chase Club and spots on St. Louis' east side.





*Queen Zimmerly was happy but tired after trip; said she enjoyed royal suite at Melbourne best . . . meals served in room.*



*Princess Barker was escorted by Chuck Norman, WIL disc jockey. Said one of high points of trip was getting to meet and talk to chaperone Dr. John G. Neihardt.*



*Girls sat at piano with recording star Ralph Sutton and combo, who were currently playing at Encore Room.*



Do you know what girl's gym classes are like? I mean that you can't cut, and you have to wear white and stuff like that? Otherwise you wouldn't understand how miserable it was yesterday when I lost my clothes.

You see, they were in a paper bag in a zipper notebook to hide them (the white shirt and shorts). I guess only freshmen kinds of people carry zipper notebooks, but I bought it in the fall before I knew that, and anyway I get fewer remarks than when I carry an overnight case to class.

Well, here I was in the locker room ready for my 11:40 gym class, but my notebook wasn't. And I couldn't exactly explain to the teacher that I'd left my clothes somewhere on campus.

But I was supposed to have them on the line up for roll call in ten minutes. So I ran out and started looking in all the places I'd been that morning.

I really hurried, because gosh just think of being drummed out of folk dance for being short a shirt and stuff. I remembered drinking my usual buttermilk at the Union two hours before and figured maybe I left it there. So I rushed in, tripped over two refugees from Johnston and looked round my booth and under the table. But neither the girl nor her date had seen it.

Even though I was already two minutes late I ran over to T-10 and interrupted an English class. "It's in a notebook;" I gasped. "Has anyone seen an old bag . . . ?" The teacher stared me down. "Oh not you," I explained. "This was an old bag with clothes."

Somehow I hadn't helped matters. I rushed to Jesse, where my 8:40 art class had met. My breath was coming in short pants but I needed something to wear on top too. I raced up the stairs to the second floor, staggered up to the third, and crawled up to four. As I adjusted my oxygen mask, I headed toward the art room and tiptoed in.

It was completely dark while the teacher showed slides. "I lost my shirt," I whispered kind of scaredly to somebody in the third row.

"So stop bettin'!" There always is a "wise guy" --you know the kind. Any way you look at it, I was glad I'd only mentioned the blouse. No telling what he'd have said if I'd asked about the notebook. Not knowing just where to go next or what to do, I sat on him. Then he told me.

After a while the lights went on. And at the same time I remembered something about leaving my room in the awful rush. And maybe forgetting something. "I've got it!" I shouted, "I left my clothes at the dorm!"

I think maybe I'll just take the cut in gym instead of trying to explain the whole sad story to my teacher.

It's amazing how everybody wants to go to Heaven but nobody wants to die.

\* \* \*

People today are no worse than they ever were: it's just that they don't pull down the shades.

\* \* \*

Basically, there are only two ideas in the world - - men have one and women have the other.

\* \* \*

The shortest distance between two pieces of bread is the slice of ham in the sandwich you order in the Student Union.

\* \* \*

Gentlemen prefer blondes because blondes know what gentlemen prefer.

\* \* \*

Girls who like to show their knees know about the birds and bees.

\* \* \*

Protect the birds: Remember -- the dove brings peace and the stork brings tax exemptions.

SUZIE STEPHEN'S —

by ECAT



*He said he'd been saving 6 weeks for this night on the town and like a fool dahling, I thought he meant money.*

# He Was Ernest

By Roger Goodwin



Listen, I gotta tell somebody. I get back to school this year, rarin' to go. I'm a sophomore, and with that first year under my belt, I figure I'm all set to knock 'em dead this year. Study up a storm, and that sort of thing. Also, I have a girl all lined up that I just started clicking with before we got out for the summer. And I have a good bankroll saved after working all summer. I'm set to make it, see?

I even come back to Mother Murphy's to live. Good old Mother Murphy. Actually, she isn't too old — only about 85. She isn't my real mother, either . . . but everybody calls her that. I don't know if she has a real first name or not.

The middle of September, like I say, I park my little '32 roadster in front of Mother Murphy's mansion at 1342½ Barf Lane, grab my suitcases, and run up the front steps and into the parlor.

"Mother Murphy!" I cry. "Mother Murphy, I'm back!"

Mother Murphy comes out of her room and spies me. Her eyes light up.

"Oh hell," she says, "not *you* again."

It is good to be home.

"Get those suitcases off my clean carpet and take 'em up to your room," she purrs. "I saved your old cell for you, like you asked. And you got a new room-mate. He's up there now . . . probably getting scuff marks all

over the floor. And don't forget: dinner's served promptly at 5:30."

Whereupon good old Mother Murphy gives a saucy toss of her white head and hobbles back to her room.

A new roomie! Golly! I dash upstairs to my old room, throw open the door, and extend my hand.

"Hiya," I say cheerfully, "I'm Freddie Fresno!"

"Care to talk about it?"

I can't see who says this, because the room is almost completely dark. The shades are drawn, and the only light comes from a candle stuck in a beer bottle which is setting on the bookcase. Also, the room is filled with smoke.

"Gee, it's dark in here," I stammer.

The bitter voice comes back at me: "That's as asinine a remark as I've ever heard."

As my eyes become adjusted to the dim light, I can make out a figure sprawled on my bed — or what used to be my bed. (I had the lower bunk last year.) This was too much for me. Mustering all my courage, I turn on the lights.

And you know, it's a funny thing: it's the first time in my life I ever had to muster my courage to turn on the lights.

My room-mate is a real funny looking guy. He's not exactly small, and he's not exactly big

. . . but you get the feeling he's both big and little at the same time. He has big black eyes, and dark bushy hair, and two days growth of beard. He's dressed in a dirty T-shirt and real filthy jeans. He doesn't have on any shoes or socks, and his feet smell.

He just lies there, smoking a cigarette, staring at me.

"You probably want to know my name," he finally says. "It's Ernest. You may not call me Ernie. You may not call be 'buddy,' or 'pal,' or 'roomie.' Call me Ernest. Is there anything else troubling you?"

"Well . . . I was just wondering . . . Ernest . . . why don't you turn on some lights?"

"Because I prefer to have it dark. The candle throws sufficient illumination for my purposes."

"Were you sleeping?" Then I notice the cigarette in his hand again, and know he couldn't be sleeping.

"I seldom sleep with a cigarette in my hand, stupid." It's like he reads my mind.

\* \* \* \*

Well, I guess this gives you the idea. I finally get moved in, taking the top bunk. I find there's lots of room in the closet, though — Ernest doesn't own any clothes except three T-shirts and a pair of jeans. (He didn't but the "extra" two T-shirts, he explains — they were Christmas presents.) I don't know what he's

majoring in, or where he's from, or what he wants to be, or if he likes baseball, or whether he likes brunettes or blondes, or anything. We just sort of co-exist.

When I leave in the morning for my 8:40, he's asleep; when I return at noon, he's in bed smoking, with the shades drawn and the candle lit; when I come back at 4:30, he's gone. He usually comes home at midnight, after I'm asleep.

I know it's midnight, because he wakes me up. He isn't noisy . . . he just smells.

\* \* \* \*

This goes on for a few weeks. I don't bother Ernest, and he doesn't bother me. It's like he's judging me, because I have the feeling he's always watching me. Especially on week-ends I have the feeling he's watching me . . . because that's about the only time we see much of each other.

Then all of a sudden he seems to make up his mind about me, and he gets real friendly. One Sunday about the middle of October he's lying in his sack reading a paper-back book and I'm studying history. All at once he says, "You can call me Ernie, if you want to."

Just like that: "You can call me Ernie."

So I start calling him Ernie, and he starts calling me Freddie, instead of "stupid" or "idiot". And he starts taking a real friendly interest in me.

Like my girl. Oh, I forgot to tell you about her. Well, after I get back to Columbia I give her a call, and we start dating again. Her name is Patty, and she's got soft brown eyes, and soft blonde hair, and soft just about everything else, too. I'm taking her out about three times a week, and we have a lot of fun. More than fun, actually, but I don't want to get too personal.

Ernest — I mean Ernie — starts asking me all kinds of questions about Patty. He seems real pleased about her, and keeps nodding his head and sort of smiling, so I rave on and on.

Then he says: "What do you see in her, Freddie?"

I'm pretty startled by this, and kind of hurt, too, but Ernie keeps going.

"Obviously, she's just another pretty middle-class virgin, out to have a good time. I abhor the middle class, and I can't stand virgins, and I hate having a good time. What you want is an intellectual who is aware of the problems to be solved in the world . . . a woman who realizes she can't get by on looks alone, for these are fleeting. But sensitivity, Freddie, and awareness, and strength, and intellectual honesty . . . ah, these are the things to look for. I hope you find them. Maybe your Patty has them. But I doubt it."

\* \* \* \*

Well listen, I'm *really* confused now. I keep dating Patty, of course, but she looks a little different to me. I keep wondering about what Ernie has told me, and I'm all mixed up. But Patty doesn't notice any change in me, and we keep having a good time . . . at least she has a good time.

Ernie is like this about everything we talk about. I'm real enthused about a history course I'm taking. The professor makes things really *live* — you know what I mean. So I got real worked up about it, telling Ernie all the funny stories I hear in class, and Ernie sits there and smiles and nods his head.

Then he says quietly: "You really believe all that crap?"

Or I tell him about Groucho Marx's latest hilarious routine on television the night before. And Ernie smiles and nods his head, and finally says, "What do you think this guy is really contributing to society?"

I try to find out what Ernie is interested in, but all I get is vague answers, like, "Living . . . the world . . . society . . . individuality . . . intellectual independence." I do find out that he's actually taking some courses, in philosophy and literature: real deep stuff. Also, he's writing a book, but he won't tell me what it's about.

Also, he's dating a girl.

Patty.

I discover this shortly before the Christmas holidays. It seems he's been dating her since the middle of November.

When I ask her about it, she's pretty embarrassed. But I make her tell me about it. According to her, all they do is go out someplace and drink red wine, and Ernie recites poetry to her. She insists she doesn't really like him — he just "fascinates" her.

But strangely, it doesn't make much difference to me. I give up seeing Patty with no trouble at all. She is, after all, just a pretty middle-class virgin and has, when you get right down to it, really no intellectual awareness of the world.

When I ask Ernie why he's seeing her, he looks real startled for a minute, and then blushes. *He blushes!*

"I don't know why, Freddie. I just like her, that's all. I know she's stupid and unaware and a virgin . . . but I like her. I've never really liked a girl before. I guess I've been too busy for other things." Then he rubs his jaw and mutters. "Hmm . . . I need a shave."

I get kind of a bang out of this. I flop into my sack and light a cigarette. "Ernie," I say, "just one question: do you wear blue jeans and a T-shirt when you take her out?"

He looks sheepish again. "I did at first," he confesses, "but with her it didn't seem quite right. So I bought a shirt and a pair of slacks. I've kept them hidden. I didn't want you to find out about it."

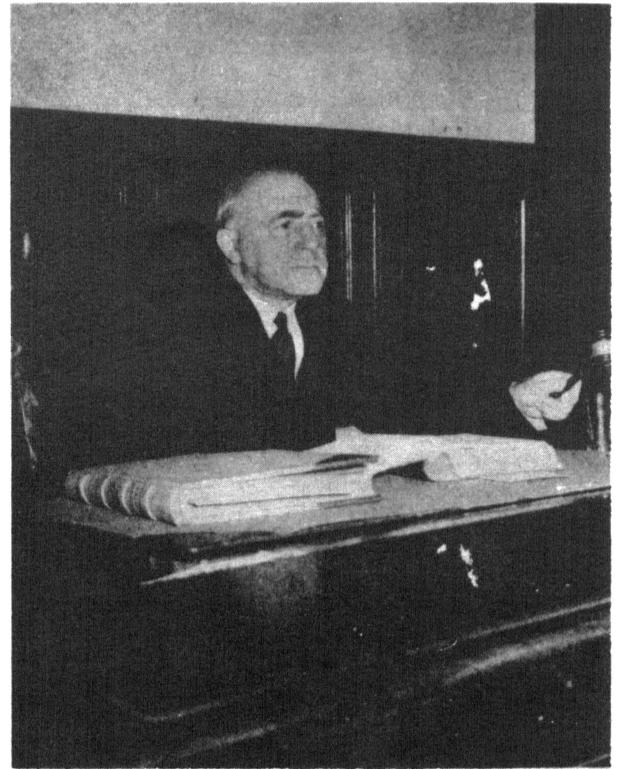
Laugh? It's the funniest thing I've heard all year. Intellectual awareness. Big deal.

I am still laughing as I get out of the sack, pull down the shades, and light the candle. I am still laughing as I light another cigarette, pull out my bottle of wine, and crawl back into my bunk.

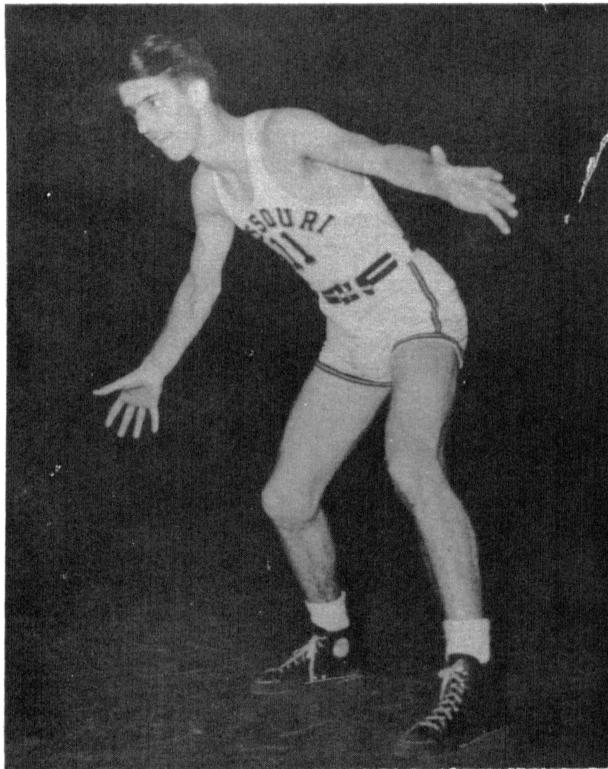
And then I feel the stubble on my chin and smell the smoke and alcohol on my breath. And I see Ernie, getting dressed up to go out with Patty, looking at me kind of funny ●●●



*This is a sorority girl. She is about to give her boy friend the shaft. He is a GDI. He is used to it.*



*This is a pledge trainer. He has just deducted 43 pledge points from Pugh's accumulation. Pugh has been a bad boy. He dated a Suzie.*



*This is a fraternity man. He is standing outside of Crowder trying to trap rushees. He will trap some. They will eat Sunday dinner with him. He thinks they will pledge his fraternity. They won't. He will be mad. We will laugh. Ha.*



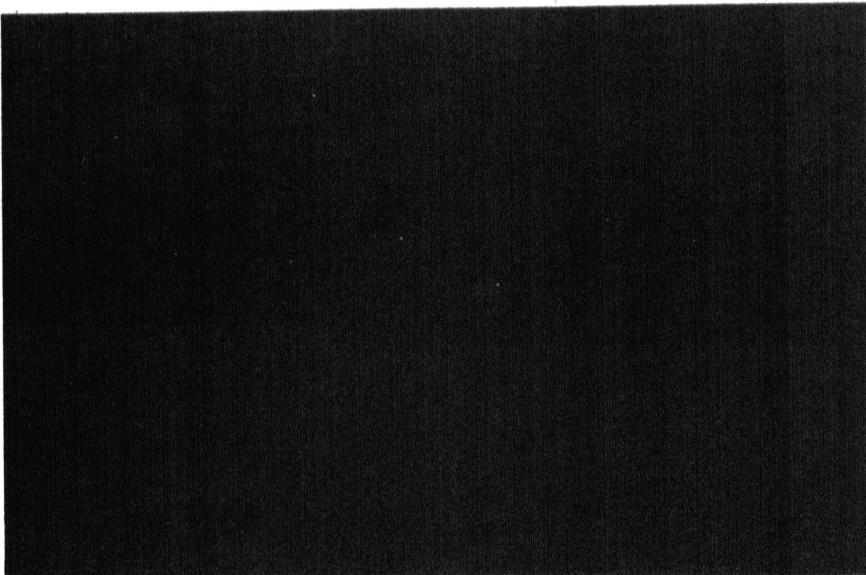
*See the pretty girl. See the ugly boy. He is asking for a date. She doesn't want to go with him. He is a big man on campus. Her pledge mother wants her to go with him. She will. Barf.*



**Going!**



**Going!**



**Gone.**

# Ouch !

by Jack Duncan

My dental troubles started back in Marine Corps boot camp in the spring of '53, when I showed up in a dentist's office with a molar cavity. It was a nice, sunny day, and the armed guard hadn't even hit me once on the way over.

"Good morning, Son!" The dentist grinned broadly, advertising a set of uppers made of number 23b white acrylic, shade 7. "I'm going to teach you a new way to relax, okay?"

"Yessir," I said. In Marine boot camp it is considered intelligent to say "yessir" when addressed by anyone in authority. It is never good policy to contradict an officer.

I sat in the chair while the dentist exhaled listerine and stared deep into my eyes. I stared back respectfully.

"Now just concentrate on a spot on the ceiling and relax."

"I don't see any spot, sir."

"Well *find* a spot. All right. You're beginning to get tired, your eyes are heavy . . . you're very comfortable, very, very comfortable . . . you can't stay awake; the room is getting dim . . . things are becoming hazy . . . you want to go to sleep . . . it's sooo easy to go to sleep . . . you're breathing slowly, slowly, you are going to sleep . . . now you're al-most asleep . . . you . . . ."

"I don't think it's gonna work, sir."

The dentist straightened up and bumped his head on the light; then I couldn't see him for awhile and everything was quiet. After a minute he leaned over again and smiled a little. There were white patches around his nostrils and a muscle under his left ear twitched now and then.

"That's all right; that's just fine," he said. He patted my shaven head. "We're going to try it again now, and it *will* work this time, won't it?"

"Yessir."

"We'll do it differently. Now close your eyes and concentrate on a spot on your forehead. All right? Fine, fine. Now relax just like you did before. Relax all your muscles — don't clutch the chair . . . thaaat's right."

The dentist crooned softly for a long time and I thought about the spot on my forehead. My nose began to itch.

"Now you're asleep and you can't feel anything at all in your mouth. Are you asleep?"

"Yessir," I said. My nose still itched, but it didn't seem right to scratch it.

"Fine. Now remember, you won't feel a thing until I tell you to wake up."

"Yessir."

I heard something snuffle in the door as the drill began to grind.

"Sorry I'm late, Doc, but — say is he hypnotized? But — get Joe and Glen? They wanted to watch you do the next one."

Joe and Glen came back with the first corpsman and they all stood around and exhaled Listerine while I tried to concentrate on the spot on my forehead. Pretty soon I forgot I had a forehead, and I discovered a Great Truth. Screaming to yourself is sometimes as effective as screaming to other people; it doesn't take nearly so much breath and you don't have to stop.

I started screaming in high C.

One of the corpsman started to say something.

"Shhh!" said the doctor. He stopped drilling. "Son," he said, "Son, can you hear me? That's fine. Now listen, you can't hear anyone but me, do you understand?"

"Yessir."

The corpsman said: "I knew this guy from India that was a Hindu and he didn't believe in hypnotism. He said it took twenty-seven years just to learn to concentrate. How can people that don't know how just sit down and be hypnotized, when they can't concentrate?"

I screamed up the scale to E-flat.

"Are you sure it doesn't hurt him? That's an awful big cavity."

The dentist assured them that it didn't hurt at all, but nobody asked for my opinion.

"It must be okay to get a tooth fixed this way," Joe ruminated. "Just wake up and never know you've felt a thing."

After a long, long time, the filling was tapped into place and a hush settled over the room. The dentist cleared his throat.

"All right Son, now you're waking up. You are starting to feel things again . . . you can hear now . . . when I count to ten you'll be awake . . . six . . . eight, nine, ten!"

Well, I woke up all right, and one of the corpsmen showed me which tooth they had been working on. The Dentist patted me on the head again and said I was a good subject. As I staggered down the long hall toward daylight, the beautiful, ugly face of the guard and the blessed routine of recruit training, my torturer was modestly receiving the compliments of two officers, three admiring corpsmen and a large, shaggy WAVE.

# *How To Succeed In SGA Without Really Trying by His Master's Vice*

The preliminary skirmishing will be done with Tuesday, and the serious SGA statesman can get down to the more important business of dividing the spoils of office. For the benefit of newly elected politicians, here's a few tips on how to succeed in SGA without really trying.

Do not be discouraged if you have a low IQ. Many sub-normal representatives have risen to the very pinnacle of student leadership. Make up for your lack of brightness by getting to the office early and changing the date on the calendar. This will mark you as a go-getter.

Look the part! Long, gold chains outfitted with flashy keys from little known organizations distinguish the successful campus politicians. Any pawnshop can furnish you with an impressive collection. Buy plenty; at the big state U. prestige is measured in pounds of brass.

Along with a keychain, purchase a large, black leather portfolio. In SGA a portfolio-carrier is a man to be reckoned with and is accorded the respect one usually reserves for the grader of "H and P." It is unnecessary to carry anything in the portfolio, although it can double handily as a container for your lunch.

Pencil bags under your eyes, and blacken the lids with mascara. This will do wonders to give you that harried, been-up-all-night look, so necessary if you are to appear to be doing something.

Cultivate an ulcer! Only VERY IMPORTANT and VERY BUSY SGAers have ulcers. During a luncheon conference, casually pull a pint of skim milk and a cracker from your portfolio and nonchalantly eat them after tossing off some little aside like: "Hope you fellows will excuse

me. Picked up an ulcer. Worked too hard on the Wicket situation, I guess." Should a superior ask you to do something, an ulcer is also a convenient way out. "I'd love to get a crack at that parking situation J. B. It challenges a man like me. But I'm afraid it would play hob with the ulcer I picked up working on that Book Pool job."

Once in SGA don't worry about being promoted. Big Wheels are constantly searching for Little Wheels; Little Wheels for Littler Wheels; and so on ad - in - finitum. If recognition seems to come slowly, don't be discouraged. Quite accidently, a few incompetents are overlooked for promotion each year, but if you go unrecognized, don't despair. There are countless proven methods to win advancement in SGA without actually deserving it. These methods are simple enough for even the average administrator to grasp, and are currently all the fashion.

The SGAers first rule is to disregard any matter in which students are vitally concerned. Realize that, for the most part any project suggested by a non-SGA man will require work. Avoid work! SGA could not function if its members were required to work. One cannot work and be a top-level SGAer. Leave work for the pledges. Confine your efforts to important things like thinking up projects. Useless projects are preferred. When in need of a useless project, refer to this handy table of tried and proven ones.

1. Arranging trains to out-of-town track meets. This project is ideal for those harried representatives too busy with extra curricular activities to devote any time to SGA. All this project requires is publicity releases mentioning the representative's

name frequently. It is not necessary to arrange for a train. No one ever attends these functions. You will be considered very much on your toes, if, after the meet, you make another news release bemoaning student apathy and suggesting that SOMETHING be done about school spirit.

2. Conducting public opinion polls and surveys. This is the fad in student government. One doesn't need a subject of any importance or that might be controversial. Select something nebulous and high sounding. Take the matter of school spirit for example. First, poll the students to see if they want a poll, second; poll them again to see if they want school spirit; thirdly, poll the pollers to see if they think the first and second poll truly indicative of student opinion. And finally, write a sarcastic letter to the Maneater claiming the poll was bungled and ought to be done over. This technique gets sure fire publicity results and fools the students into thinking you're working your tail off. Actually polling will allow you lots of free time to think up bigger, better projects. If you are a Greek, simply command the pledges to fill out the thousand or so poll forms; leaving you lots of time to attend conventions and conduct investigations.

3. Conducting Investigations. Investigations are currently a very fashionable dodge; both locally and nationally. When the voters demand action or your scalp, the clever SGAer can still avoid work and representing his constituents by conducting an investigation. An interesting variation on this technique is to investigate your fellow investigators. Mastery of this device while in SGA will pay off handsomely if you are ever elected to the Senate.

If the embryonic ward-heeler faithfully follows these tips, he can be a BMOC in no time. Who knows, he might even rise to chairmanship of the Rules Committee, and later if he's an Independent (Greeks are not eligible for the office) even President of SGA.

LET'S SEE YOUR I-D CARD

I'D LIKE A CHERRY PHOSPHATE PLEASE

YEAH LET'S CELIGATE TONIGHT

DO YOU KNOW WE'VE BEEN GOING STEADY 60 HOURS?

LOOKIT GEORGE MISS CAMPUS CHEST

MY GOSH! WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME BEFORE? I THOUGHT YOU WERE A LETTERMAN

MEANWHILE BACK AT THE RANCH

THERE WE WERE ON THE LAST LEG OF THE RACE WHEN MY FOOT GOT STUCK IN THE MUD!

ONE DOESN'T BABY!

HOW DOES ONE MAKE LOVE ROGER?

I'M TIRED OF DEALING OUT TO YOU GUYS, ALL THE TIME.

OUT DAMNED SPOT!!

ZZZZ SHOOOIE

ARE YOU SURE YOU DONT HAVE TRENCHMOUTH

YEAH I'D HAVE ASK YOU TO DANCE BUT ALL THE CARS WERE TAKEN

SWELL PARTY LAST NITE

W'ALL TH'FELLA DOWNSTAIRS SAID THEY WUZ JEST TH'CHECKER'

NO! INLAYS

BRIDGE ?

DARLING IT'S MENTAL TELEPATHY!!

# JES' JELLIN'

By

# BEAR



WRESTLE

YA OTTA  
ME BOX!

ARE YOU OF  
AGE?

NO! MY FATHER  
RUNS A RACCOON  
FARM

LET'S GO TO  
THE LIBRARY

WHY  
IS IT ON FIRE

FIRE?

WHY DID YOU  
AND HOBART  
BREAK UP?

HE BEATS ME  
~ EVERYTIME!

WHAT ARE ALL  
THOSE OTHER BUILDINGS  
USED FOR?

I DUNNO'  
YOUR DEAL

CHARLIE BROKE HIS  
ARM FIGHTING FOR  
HER HONOR

WHY? SHE WANT  
TO KEEP IT?

HER IS LIKE  
AR OF OLIVES  
COMES  
IS A CINCH  
BEST.

WHY  
IS IT ON FIRE

FIRE?

A 3.9!! HAVE  
YOU EVER ... NO!  
I CAN TELL YOU  
HAVEN'T!

FEELTHY BE-BOP  
RECORDS  
QUEEN ESCORTING  
AND  
EAR-CHEWING

BY SPECIAL  
REQUEST  
WAK

ON TH'  
WAY!

FIELD  
IN  
ARTILLERY

SOME ONE  
SHOULD TELL HIM  
WHAT TH' LIBRARY  
IS FOR

NOT REALLY  
I TRADED TWO  
COKES AND A  
MALTED FOR IT

NOW I  
KNOW WHY  
YOU  
BROUGHT  
ME  
HERE!

THEY'RE  
STALEMATED  
AND NEITHER  
ONE WILL ADMIT  
IT!

I'M SORRY  
PROFESSOR  
I DON'T HAVE  
TIME. I'M DUE  
TO SPEAK AT  
CAREERS CONF.

AWRIGHT!!  
NO-HANDS! THAT'S  
TH' 16TH' STRAIT  
NOW BY DAMN, LET'S  
SEE YOU  
SHUFFLE!!

OH! BARF  
HERE COMES JO.  
IF THERE IS ONE  
THING I CANT  
TAKE IT'S OLD  
3.0. JO

GIN

BEGINNERS  
LUCK

OS

WAL

# The UNITED STUDENTS Presents

## THEIR 1955 SLATE ...



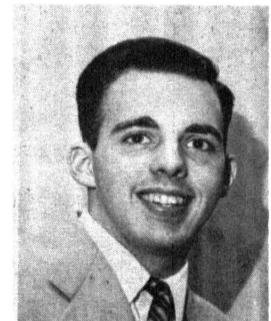
**JERRY FRIEDHEIM**  
for President



**MARVIN RICH**  
for Vice President



**JAN HENDERSON**  
for Secretary



**PAUL KITLAUS**  
for Treasurer

### REPRESENTATIVES FROM

**SOPHOMORE CLASS** — Joe Sacamono, affiliated; Hugh Mulwaney, unaffiliated

**JUNIOR CLASS** — Betsy DuBois, affiliated; Nancy Harris, unaffiliated

**SENIOR CLASS**— Dan Bishop, affiliated; Mary Daniels, unaffiliated

**ARTS & SCIENCES** — Jim Deberry, Dick Terry, Jim McCallister

**EDUCATION** — Shari Walkley, Joan Grammer

**AGRICULTURE** — Paul Gamble, Charles Schmidt

**ENGINEERING** — Sheldon Erlich

**B AND P.A.** — Pat Gould

**JOURNALISM** — Jerry Swormstead

**MEDICINE** — Bill Wilson

**LAW** — Bill Burlison

**GRADUATE** — Sara Bangert

Running on an outstanding platform with the student its main concern. Included among the nine vital issues:

- **New Advisor System:** Whereby students have better informed advisors, extra help for freshmen and sophomores, and the simplification of registration procedures.
- **Student Discount Service** will be established through a SGA student discount service. Proposed to enable students to get discounts on merchandise bought from member stores.

# VOTE US FOR SGA



# Swami's Snorts

The men in college,  
The he-men and the wrecks,  
They do a lot of talkin'  
About beer and also sex.

Now it's been my observation,  
In spite of all they boast of,

That between beer and women;  
Beer is what they get the most of.

\* \* \*

"Don't get any ideas, bud, that  
woman is my wife."

"Who's got any ideas? Just  
gimme a piece of beer."

\* \* \*

Professor: "Didn't you have a  
brother in this course last  
year?"

Student: "No, sir. It was I.  
I'm taking it over again."

Professor: "Extraordinary re-  
semblance, though . . . extra-  
ordinary.

Give an athlete an inch and  
he'll take a foot. But let him take  
it. Who want's athlete's foot?"

\* \* \*

Alimony: the high cost of leav-  
ing.

\* \* \*

Newlywed on honeymoon in wire  
to boss: "Please extend vaca-  
tion. It's wonderful here."

His Boss replied: "It's wonder-  
ful anywhere. Get back to the  
office."

\* \* \*

Little Miss Muffet

Sat on a tuffet

Drinking her gin and rye.

Little Jack Horner

Sat in a corner

The simple fool!

\* \* \*

"It takes 'a lot of nerve to wear  
one of those strapless evening  
gowns."

"That it does. . . and a couple  
of other things."

ONCE AGAIN YOU CAN DRIVE OUT TO



NOW OPEN!  
HIGHWAY 40 WEST

**DRAKE'S DRIVE-IN**

*Brewed the Old World Way*  
...for the Taste of Today

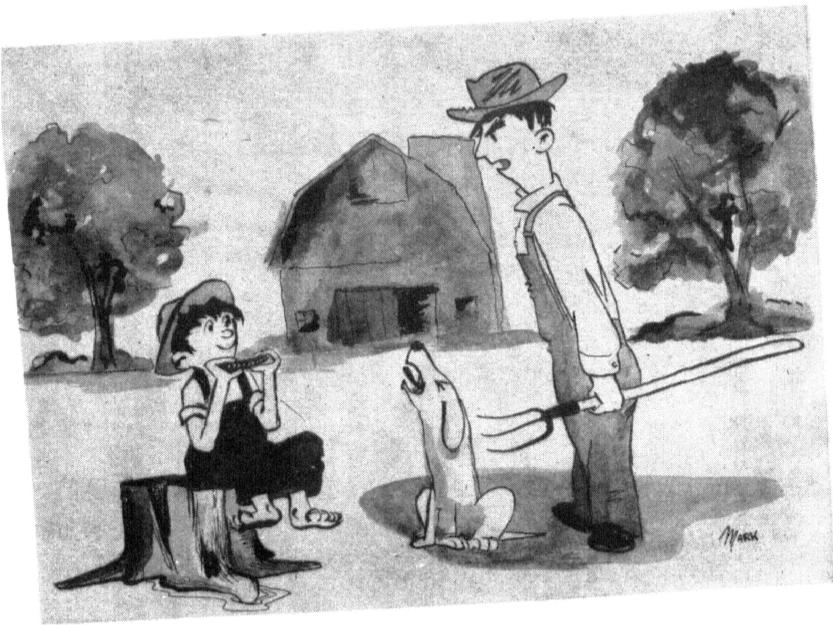
THE ORIGINAL

*Griesedieck*  
*Bros.*



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

**J. Johnson Fruit & Produce Co.**  
Columbia, Missouri



Why don't you play something the dog doesn't know?



Brother that's what I really call a Hang-over.

# LAUGHTER THOUGHTS



"You better push 'em a spell Luke, Ah got the damp aches in muh back."

# VOTE MISSOURI REFORM



**Terry Porter  
for President**

**Let's Get An S.G.A.  
That Can DO Something**

**Sam Reyborn - Vice President**

**Sallie Sawyer - Secretary**

**Bill Howard - Treasurer**



**This month's BALFOUR BEAUTY**

Miss Joan Landon, Kappa Kappa Gamma,  
recently pinned to Ben Bruton, Phi Kappa Psi

**her sweetheart pin by L. G. Balfour**

LOCATED AT

**NEWMAN'S JEWELRY**

207 ON THE STROLLWAY

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

Tops in die work and quality.



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

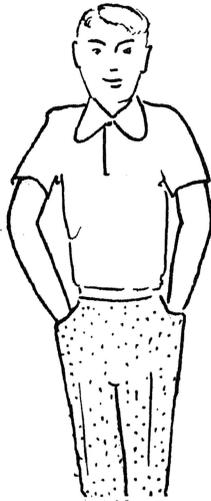
FROM \$22.00 TO \$33.00 - PLUX TAX

**COMPARE BEFORE YOU BUY**

## The New Italian Shirt

Don Juan of California

\$4.95

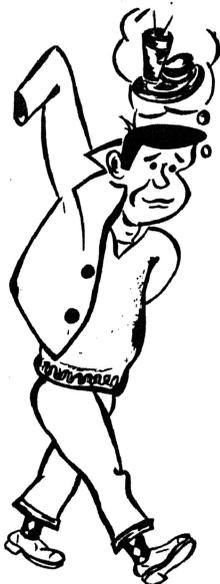


The practical roll collar can be worn for any occasion. ALL RAYON . . . CREASE RESISTANT. Completely washable. In small, medium & large. New spring colors & designs.

**TOWN** *and* **MENS WEAR**  
**COLLEGE**

809 Broadway

## HE'S GOT FOOD ON HIS MIND



No use trying to study when you're hungry. Go to Texaco Town for a hamburger and a malt.

**Texaco**  
**Town**

Hwy 40 & Sexton Rd.



"Maw, it sure is too bad about our two daughters up there in the cemetery."

"Yep, Pa, sometimes I wish they were dead."

\* \* \*

There was a young lady of Spain Who met dishonor again and again

And again and again and again And again and again and again.

\* \* \*

Thinking she recognized her husband, a lady in a suburban train left her seat and put her arms around a man sitting several seats ahead. Naturally she was very embarrassed when the man turned around and it wasn't her husband.

"Oh, pardon me," she stammered, "But your head looks exactly like my husband's behind."

\* \* \*

He has a contagious smile — trench mouth.

\* \* \*

. . . And then there was the little moron who went to bed with her boyfriend's picture, and nine months later she had paper dolls.

\* \* \*

Chinese gardener about to throw fertilizer on his rice; Dung Ho!

\* \* \*

Mama: Now, Junior, don't ask so many questions. Remember that curiosity killed the cat.

Junior: (after a moment of silence) What did the cat want to know?

\* \* \*

They were quite a distance from the shore when the canoe tipped over and sank.

"Do you think you can make the buoy?" he asked.

"If not," answered the sweet young thing, "it will be the first time."



Then there was the man who had a habit of collecting stones and putting them in his bathroom. He had rocks in his head.  
\* \* \*

Joe: "Where'd you get that new hat?"

Moe: "My wife gave it to me. It was a surprise."

Joe: "A surprise?"

Moe: "Yeah, I came home the other night and found it on the table."  
\* \* \*

Prof: "The examination papers are now in the hands of the printer. You have three days in which to review the material covered this semester. Are there any questions?"

Student: "Yes, sir. Who's the printer?"  
\* \* \*

In Egypt there once lived a teaser  
And all the boys wished they could squeeze her.  
But after a while,  
She went down the Nile  
And you should have seen  
Julius Caesar.



Dolls who scream, "Mama"  
Are not such brutes  
As those who scream "Papa,"  
In paternity suits.



# Collins

FOR FUN  
Sandwiches — Keg Beer to Go  
**COLLINS' TAVERN**

805 E. Ash

Phone 4426



For Those Spring Occasions  
**TUXEDO RENTAL**

All Styles — Single Breasted

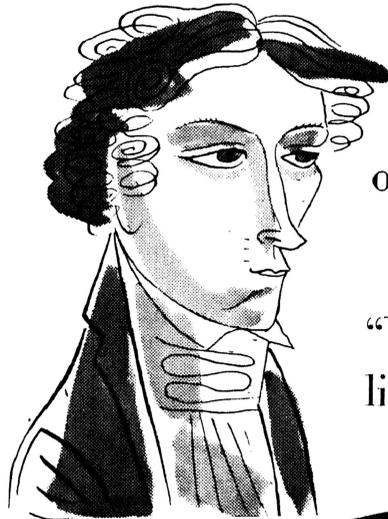
Tony Martin

Full Line of Accessories

**TIGER HATTERS & CLEANERS**

Phone 5714

# KEATS



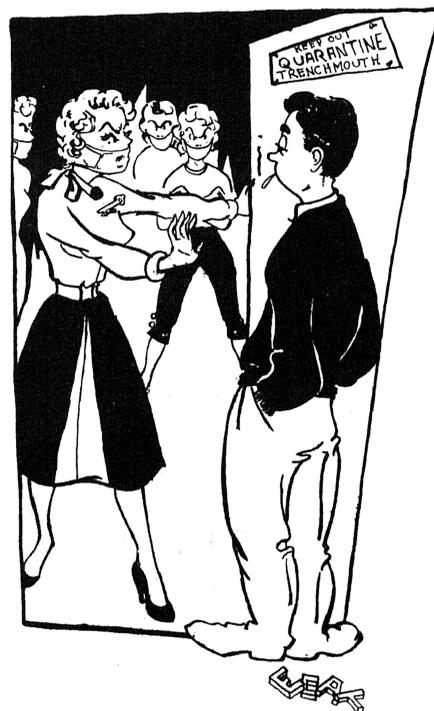
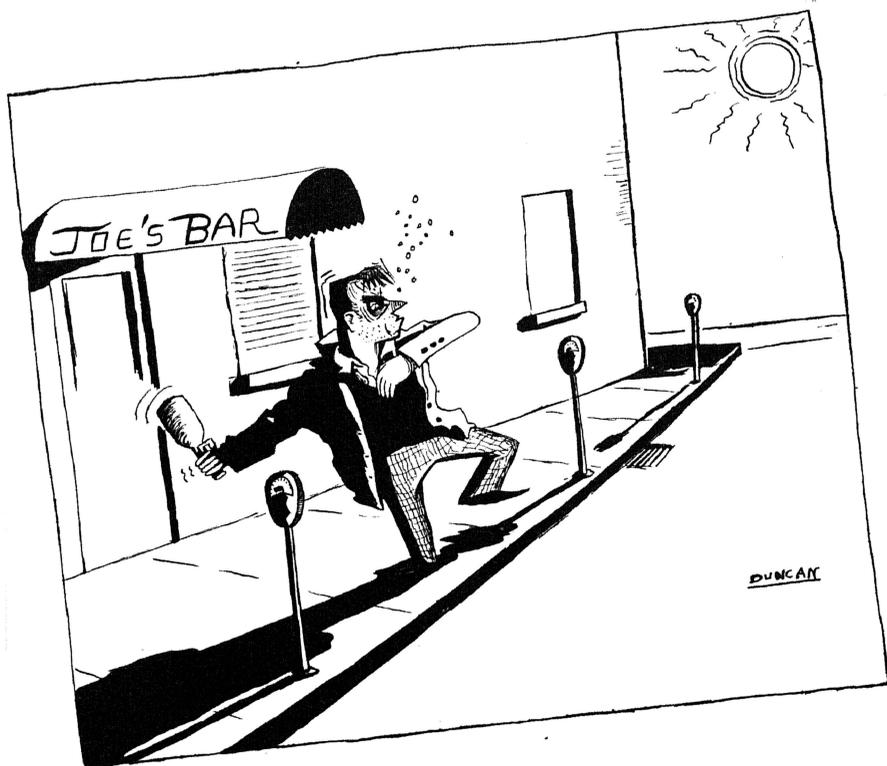
on Life Savers:

"Why not  
live sweetly?"

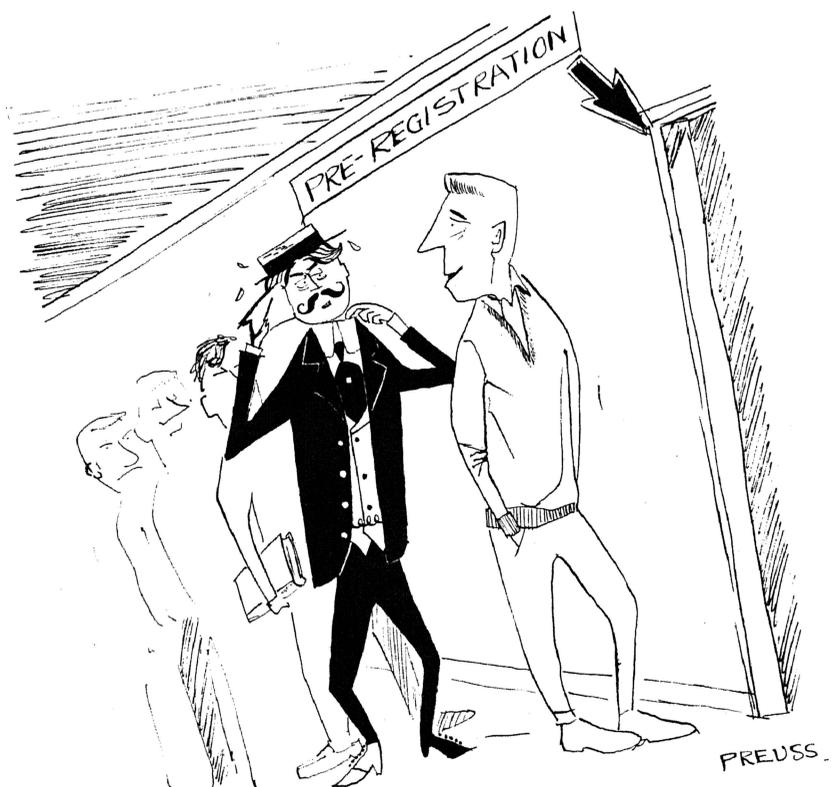
from *The Dove*, line 10



Still only 5¢



*I tendered your apology to the house mother Irving — she says "go to hell!"*



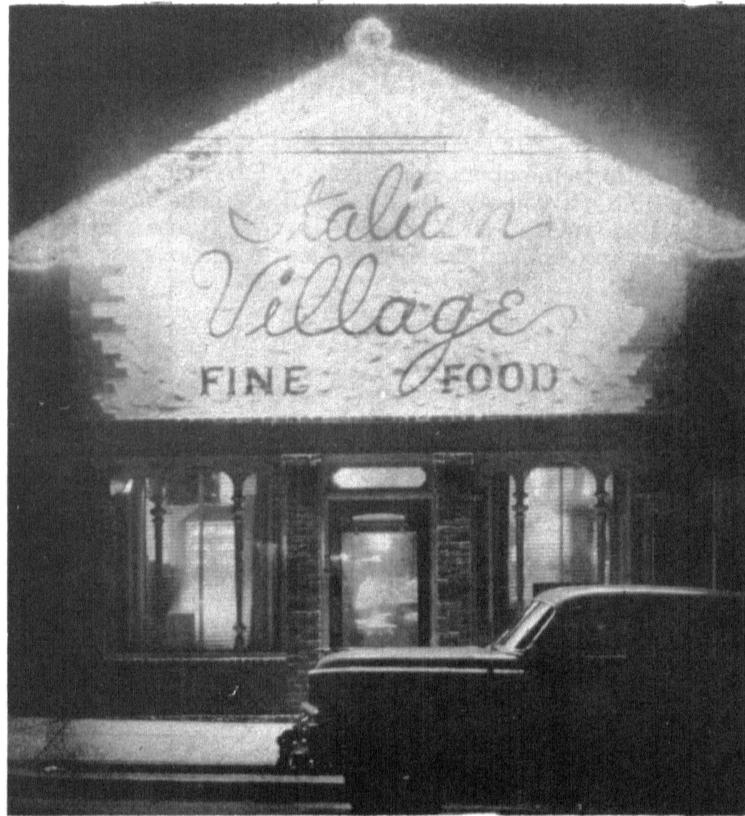
*BEEN WAITING LONG?*

**Stuff**



*You a Sorority Girl?*

*A New Italian Village  
In The Center of Campus Town*



**Pizza With A Real Italian Flavor**

● **FREE DELIVERY**

● **MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS**

**OUR SPECIALTIES**

**PIZZA — SPAGHETTI — RAVIOLI**

**ITALIAN SUBMARINE SANDWICHES**

***Italian Village***

**Come In and Meet Your Friends**

**706 CONLEY**

**PHONE 4720**

# some TRADITIONS of MIZZOU

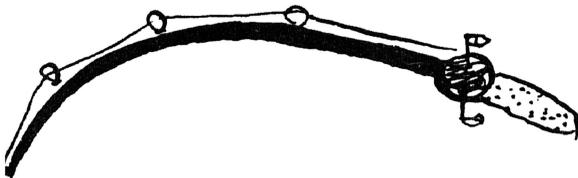
... Flunk your last test? Maybe it's because you stepped on a crack or talked in the "J" School tower. Then again you may just be stupid. If the latter is the case, you can step on all the cracks you want to.



Girls, remember, don't get caught on the engineers circle (if you get caught at all). It goes hard with first offenders, too. The penalty that is. It used to be a kiss but remember, don't trust an engineer past his third digit.



And who amongst you hasn't been on a T.G.I.F.?



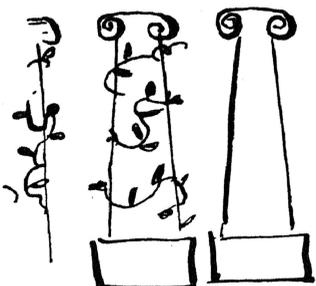
A fellow sports lover caught a fish in our famed Hinkson the other day and the darned thing was wearing a raincoat!



Need we mention our famous lions? note: any girl who doesn't understand by now, please send us a penny post-card and we will send you an explanation in a plain, brown package marked personal.



Then there is that damned column that won't take the proper college spirit and grow a decent vine of ivy. Seems way back when, one gent shot another at its base and he carelessly spilled his blood all over it, stopping any future growth. Don't cry over spilled blood. Tripod would have killed it by now anyway.





"Lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine."

"Your lips?"

"No, my liquor."

\* \* \*

Our grandmothers believed that there was a destiny that shaped their ends. Modern girls put their faith in girdles".

\* \* \*

He: (telephoning) "Is my wife at home?"

Maid: "Whom shall I say is calling?"

\* \* \*

A little boy was sitting on the street corner with a cigarette in his mouth and a flask in his hand when an elderly lady came by.

"Sonny, why aren't you in school?" she asked.

"Hell, lady, I'm only three."

\* \* \*

"Sir, may I have your daughter for my wife?"

"Bring your wife around, and we'll see."

\* \* \*

A cynic is a person who, when he smells flowers, looks around for a coffin.

\* \* \*

"It's disgraceful. At the basketball game thousands of girls had to be turned down for seats."

"Oh, I don't know . . . it sounds like fun."

\* \* \*

The doctor came out of the bedroom to the anxious wife.

"Frankly," he said, "I don't like the way your husband looks."

"Neither do I," she said, "but he is nice to the kids."

\* \* \*

"A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer."

"Maybe that's why so many of us flunk."

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"Do you know why the little bee didn't stop at the Standard station?"

"No".

"Because he was an ESSO bee."

\* \* \*

1st Beta: "I've made up my mind to buy all the gold and silver in the world."

2nd Beta: "I don't know that I care to sell."

\* \* \*

"Mama, mama," cried little Johnny, "The puppies are here."

"How do you know . . . have you seen them?"

"No, but the dog is empty."

\* \* \*

An Englishman and an American were out for a walk. After a half hour's silence, the Englishman remarked, "Spring in the Air."

"Why should I?" answered the American.

\* \* \*

"I know a man who has been married for thirty years and has spent every evening at home."

"That's what I call true love."

"The doctor calls it paralysis."

\* \* \*

"Why that black shroud on your roommate's bed? Did he die?"

"What black shroud? That's his sheet."

\* \* \*

The newlyweds had been married the day before and this was their first breakfast together. Shyly, the bride spoke.

"Darling, I have a confession to make to you. I have asthma."

"Thank Heaven," he answered, "and all the time I thought you were hissing me."

\* \* \*

Dinner-guest: "Will you pass the nuts, professor?"

Professor: "Yes, I suppose so, but I really should flunk them."

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# Swami's SNORTS

Definition of a professor: One who talks in other people's sleep.  
\* \* \*

"Ma, can I go out and play?"

"What, with those holes in your trousers?"

"Naw, with the kids across the street."  
\* \* \*

A young lady, telephoning a music store, was connected by mistake with a garage.

"Do you have 'Two Red Lips and Seven Kisses'?" she asked.

"No," answered the garage-man, "But we have two tomcats and seven kittens."

"Is that a record?" she asked.

"Well, lady," said the garage-man, "we think it is."  
\* \* \*

Mama: This is our new neighbor, Mrs. Jones. Kiss the pretty lady, Junior.

Junior: No, I'm afraid.

Mama: Why, Junior, what an awful thing to say!

Junior: Well, she might slap me like she slapped Papa.  
\* \* \*

Mother: (putting Junior to bed) Shh-hh, the sandman is coming.

Junior: Fifty cents and I won't tell Daddy.  
\* \* \*

She: I see by the paper where nine professors and a student were killed in a wreck last night.

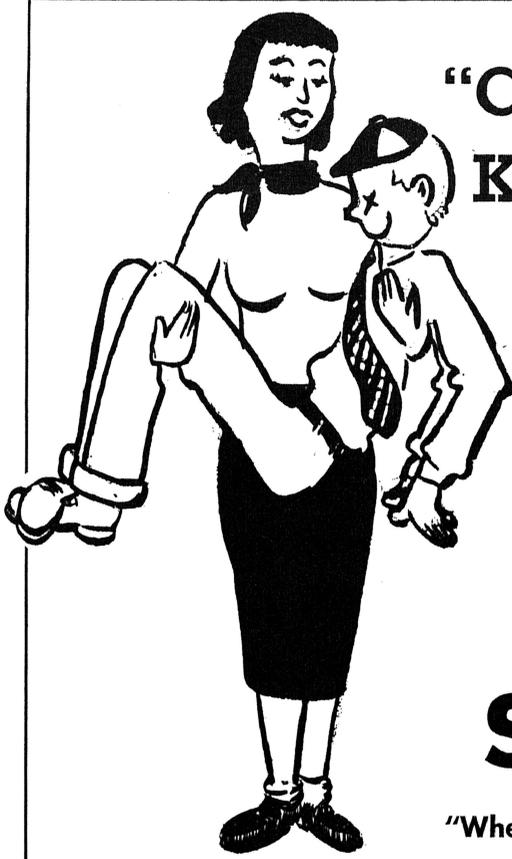
He: Poor chap.  
\* \* \*

Little girl: "I saw mama kiss the iceman this morning."

Daddy: "Gad, why does she waste time with him we owe the grocer ten dollars?"  
\* \* \*

"What's the difference between a cynic and a stoic?"

"A stoic is what brings babies and a cynic is what you wash them in."



"Can I  
Keep Him ?"

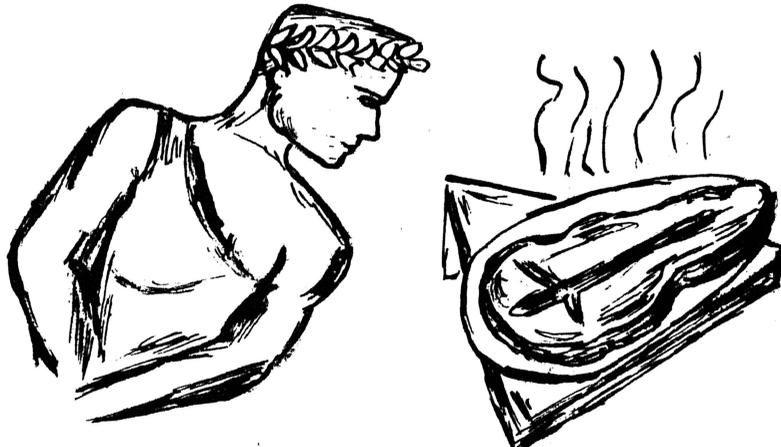
I found him out  
at the

## The Stables

"Where the Hink is close by"

Even the Roman's like

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SWC



# Swami's SNORTS

Two little German boys were walking through the mountains with their mother. As one of them suddenly pushed her off a cliff, he chortled to the other: "Look, Hans, no Ma."

\* \* \*

Oh the carnal desires  
Of the camel  
Are Stronger  
Than anyone thinks,  
One night in a seizure  
Of passion  
He tried to make love  
To the Sphinx  
Now the Sphinx  
Is made out of sandstone  
And rocks that outcrop  
Near the Nile,  
Which accounts for  
The hump on the Camel  
And the Sphinx'  
Inscrutable smile.

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He: "If I tried something, will you call for help?"

She: "Do you think you'll need help?"

\* \* \*

The inexperienced young backwoods teacher scratched his head when a school kid asked him for a definition of the word "alabaster."

Finally he admitted. "I'm not downright sure, but it might be an illegitimate Mohammedan."

\* \* \*

Have you ever noticed how people who can take it or leave it alone, usually take it?

\* \* \*

1st Kappa Sig: What did you do when Suzie's strapless evening gown started to come off?

2nd Kappa Sig: I helped her out as much as I could.

\* \* \*

A certain little red corpuscle was swimming around in the vein of a horse, when it suddenly came to a fork in the stream. It paused a moment, then took the stream to the right. Then a huge virus appeared and swallowed up the little red corpuscle. The moral of this story is: Never change streams in the middle of a horse.

\* \* \*

People who live in glass houses might as well answer the doorbell.

\* \* \*

She: (cooly) You bad boy! Don't you dare try to kiss me again.

He: I won't. I'm just trying to find out who has the gin at this party.

Then there was the waitress who was so dumb she didn't know if lettuce was a vegetable or a proposition.

I wish this class was over so I could

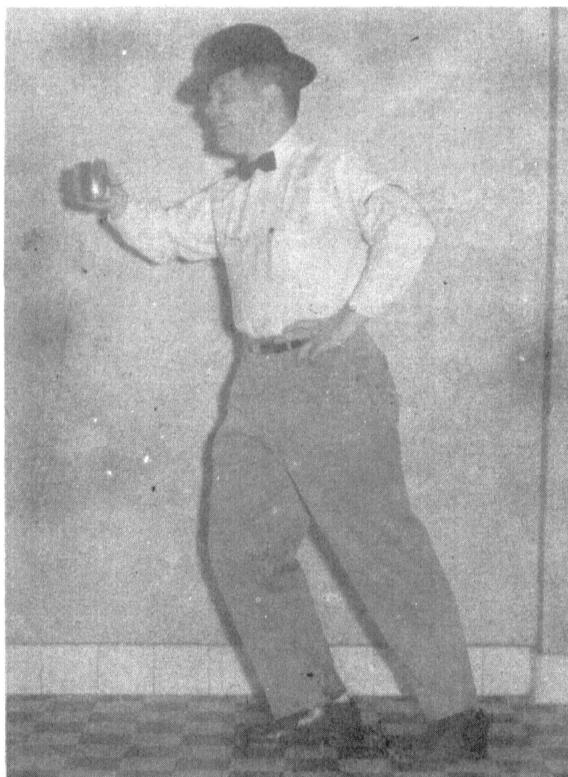
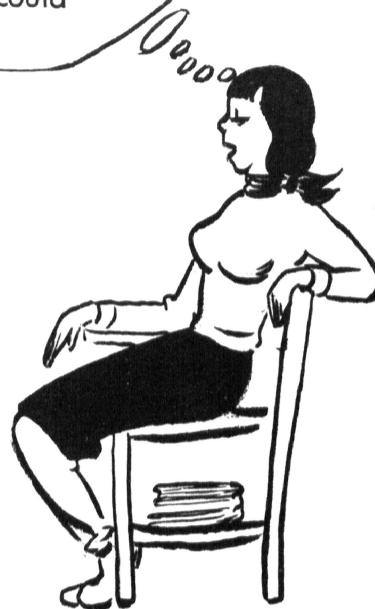
TGIF!

AT

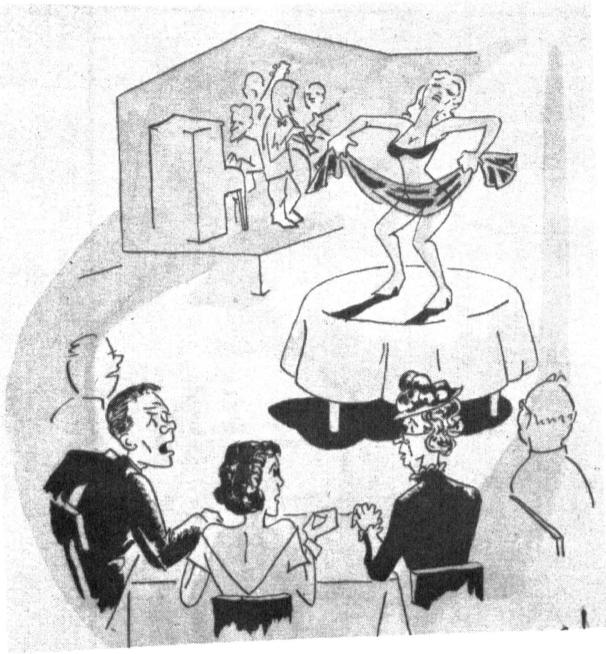
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"Sure'n begorra, she's a Julie's girl!"



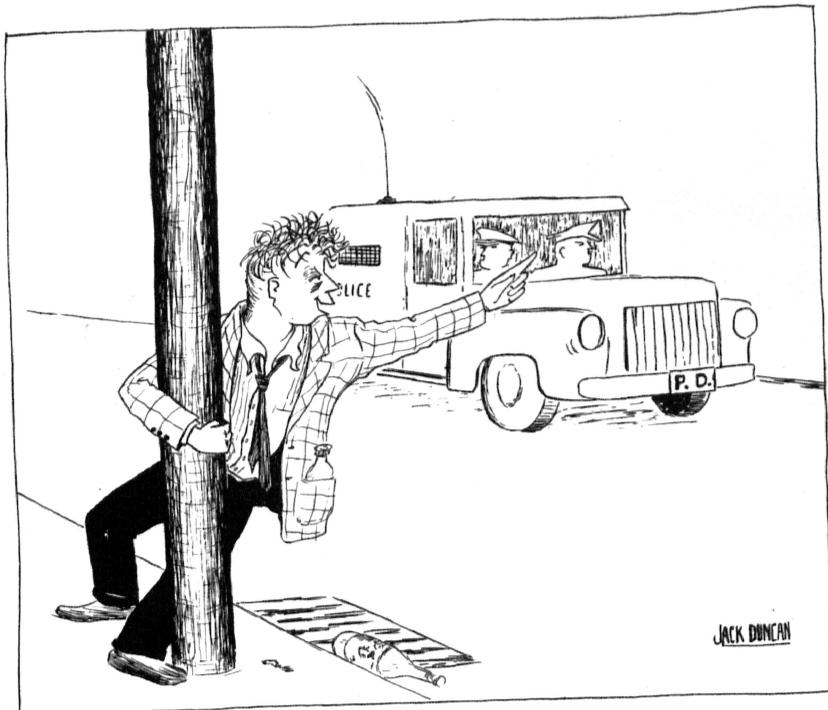
No Aunt Martha that's not exactly what the term table-hopping means—.



"Loan me a Nickle, Mister . . . Now."

DICK ALOEL

# Stuff



"TAXI!"

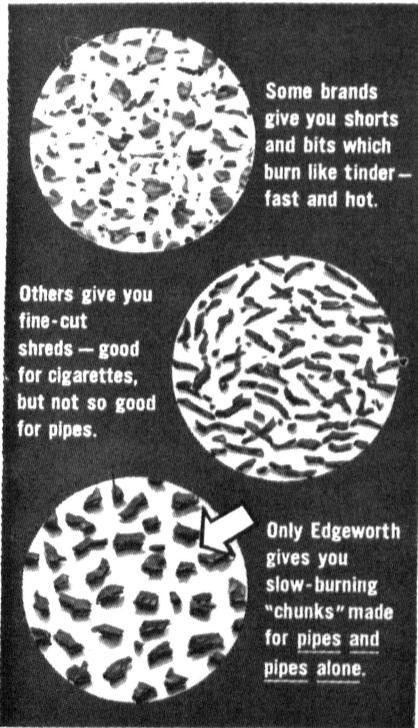
JACK DUNCAN



One might think he takes his course seriously, mightn't one?

# "Old Timer" Shows Young Pipe Smoker Reason EDGEWORTH SMOKES COOLEST

Compare the  
Cuts of  
Pipe Tobacco



Some brands give you shorts and bits which burn like tinder—fast and hot.

Others give you fine-cut shreds—good for cigarettes, but not so good for pipes.

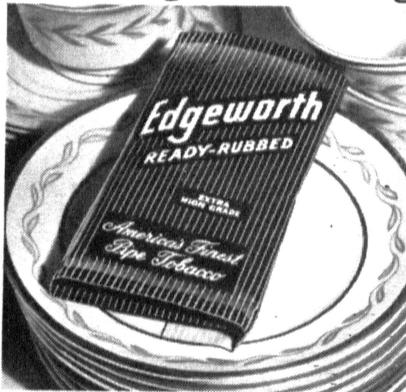
Only Edgeworth gives you slow-burning "chunks" made for pipes and pipes alone.



**Shows Meaning of "Ready-Rubbed"**  
Old time smokers knew the secret of cool, even burning. They carefully "hand-rubbed" their tobacco into chunks of just the right size. Now

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Friend of ours put his Edgeworth above a hot stove, then forgot it! Three weeks later he found it—still moist and cool smoking!

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### FOR A COOL MIXTURE TRY HOLIDAY

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CM-3

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"... Awright Louie, Tell ya what I'll do. I'll give ya 50 thousand an' two Railroads fer boardwalk an' parkplace."



"... And then the army comes in and takes over — they're ok — for shock troops y'see, but ..."

# Stuff



She'd still be in the chorus if her family didn't have connections.

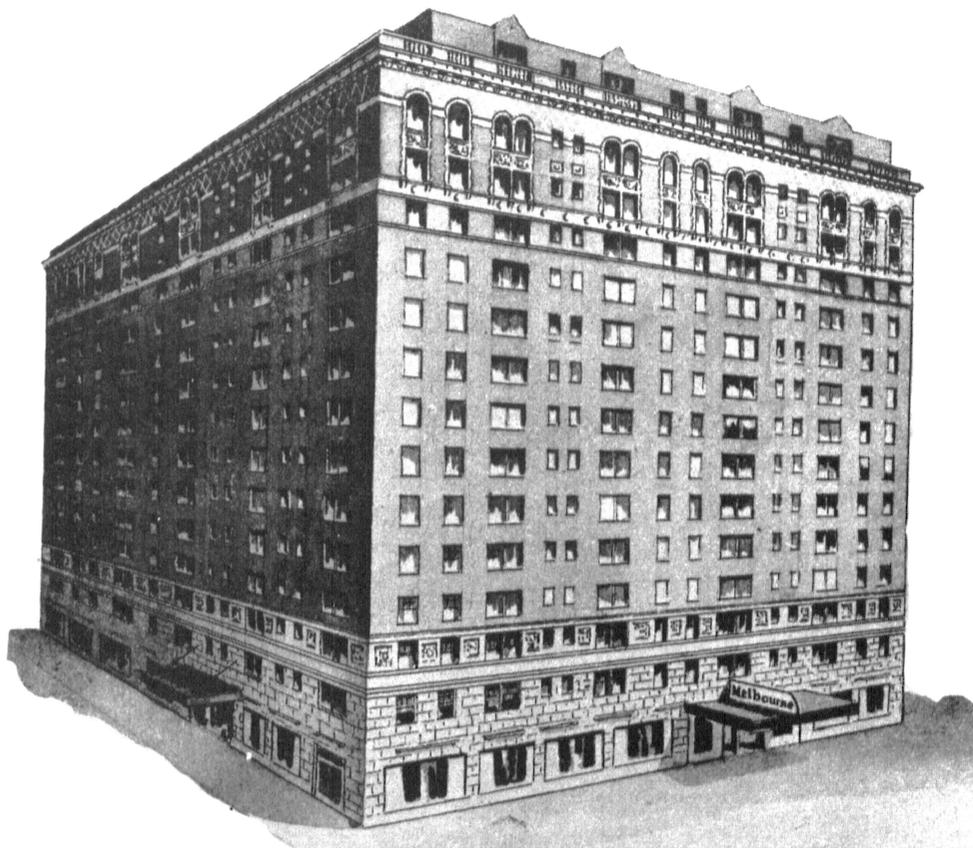


What D'ya mean yer sorry! Da damn ting's fer de stewdent body ain't it?

# *The Hotel Melbourne . . .*

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

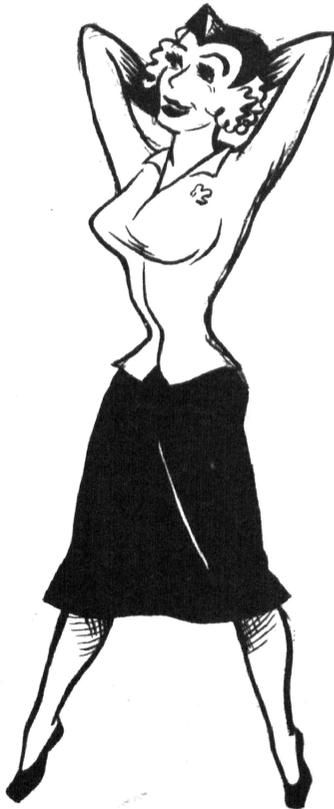


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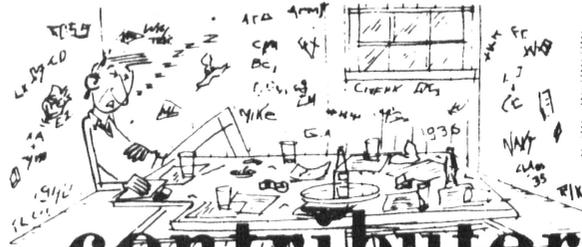
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## contributors' page



**Barbara Black is the latest jewel in Swami's turban.** She is five years old and not especially noted for veracity. After a sneak look at her draft card, we concluded that she is, in reality, nineteen years old and a freshman who resides at Johnston Hall.

Babs likes to doodle, sing raucous songs in the shower and collect old tin cans full of beer, a combination of quirks we formerly attributed only to cartoonists and other creative people. And Babs is creative. She had written a couple of stories which are gathering dust somewhere in the clutter of the editor's desk. While waiting for her fictioneering talent to bloom, she earns her beer and keep by assisting the publicity staff.

Babs majors in speech and dramatics and hopes to eventually become an actress. We sincerely believe that she will. This charming little brunette is — well — charming. If we all have overestimated her talents, however, Babs plans to fall back on the teaching profession for a career. And marriage? "Well," says Babs softly, "When I DO drop my career and marry, I'll find a guy with money." Famous last words, young lady.

Sometimes Showme is lucky enough to find a handsome, bright-eyed, intelligent and energetic young staff member. On the other hand we have Charles H. L. Z. M. McDanel, boy circulation manager. Chuck occurred nineteen years ago in Kansas City, and today he squanders his time in business school and Phi Kappa Psi.

Chuck is a soph — a veteran of one horrible year in engine school, after which he gladly forsook a career replete with riding boots and batwing pants and discovered the joys of marketing. The Joys? Yes. Chuck aspires to sell plows or shovels or something to farmers who have daughters. Young, co-operative, impressionable daughters. While waiting for DER TAG, Chuck packs away some experience. The first Wednesday in every month he sells at Stephens College. He sells SHOWME, you fool. Because of Chuck's radiant personality and scintillating wit, the sales at Stephens are usually abnormal. Last month he was socked with a wet towel and hidden in a car before the Dahlings would buy. However, when unsold copies litter the office at 302 Read, his unquenchable optimism cheers us all. "Lousey issue anyway," he grunts.



**1955**

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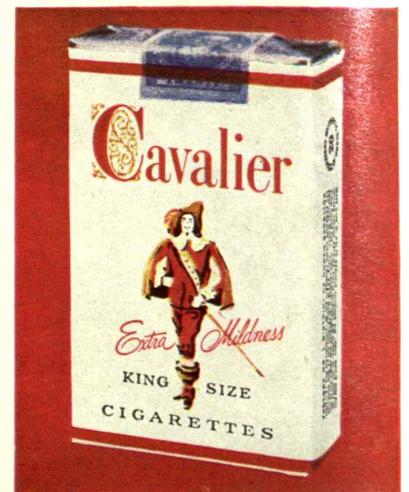
Enjoy both sides of smoking pleasure!

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