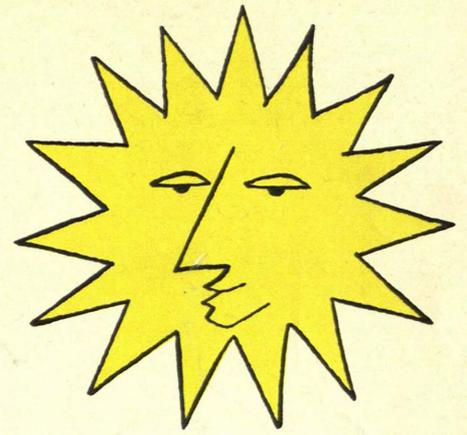
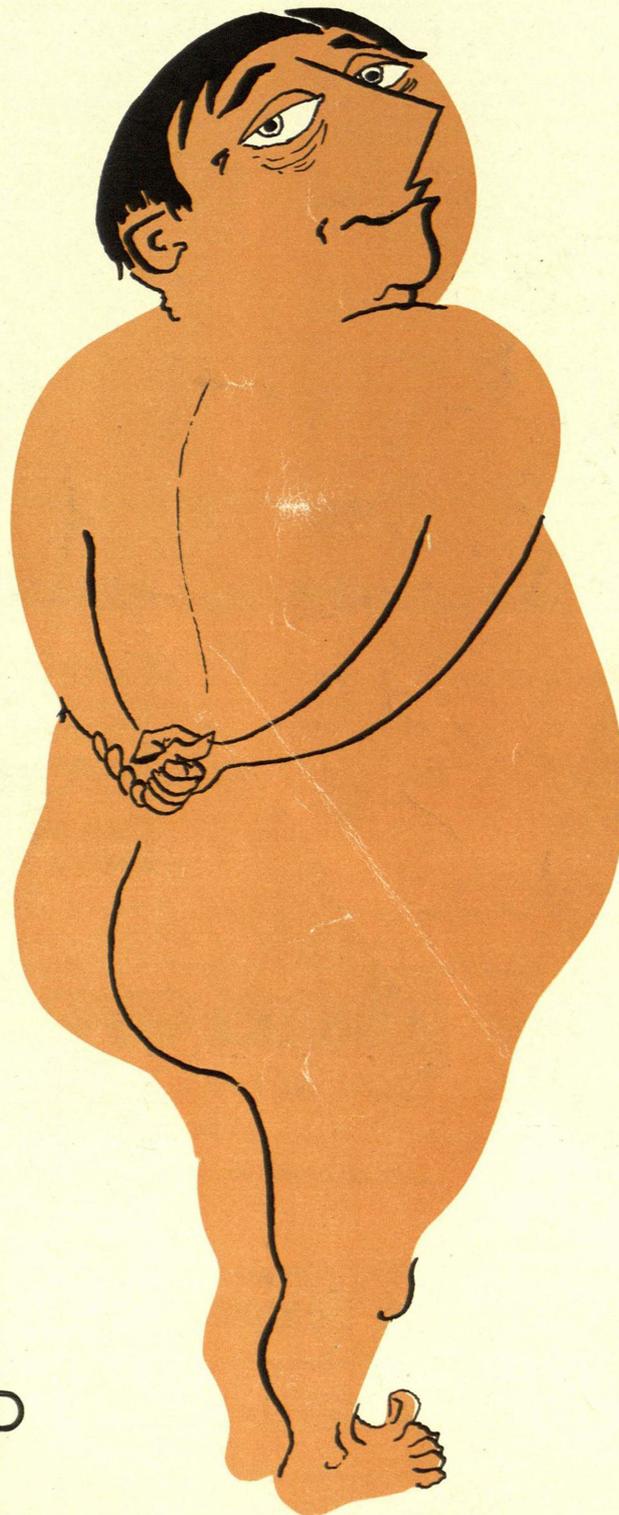




MISSOURI  
Showme



April, 1955



SUNSHINE AND  
HEALTH ISSUE

ED PREUSS

Those who know  
... buy **BUD**



Brewed and aged  
by the costliest  
process known,  
Budweiser has pleased  
more people by far  
than any other  
beer in history.

Enjoy  
**Budweiser**<sup>®</sup>

*Leads all beers in sales today  
... and through the years!*

ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC. • ST. LOUIS • NEWARK • LOS ANGELES

**Schepper's Distributing Company**

**Columbia, Mo.**

---

*Puckett's*

"OF COURSE"

## "Ideal Boss and Secretary"



The Secretary (Babs Derr) is helping her Boss (Bob Marty) pick out the Right Suit for a young executive . . . .  
Jerry Rapp is explaining the "Botany 500" X-ray report to them . . .

The X-RAY TAG enlightens you about the hidden features of the garment—  
giving this clothing the superior value and wearing qualities that make it one of America's outstanding values.

Columbia Savings Bank  
**CHARGE ACCOUNT**  
Service

30-60-90 day accounts

# "Botany 500" Suits-From \$55

*Puckett's*

908 E. Broadway

YOU LOOK  
WONDERFUL

You're Wearing  
NOVUS SHOP SHOES



The nation's top  
shoe lines

- TROYLINGS
- DELMANETTES
- MADEMOISELLES
- SPALDINGS



the novus shop  
18 ON THE STROLLWAY



Dear Chip,

Last week I stopped by 1000 Jokes magazine to meet Bill Yates for lunch and had a copy of the Feb. Showme thrust at me.

It was kinda good to see the book again. I don't know if the old rule about ex-editors getting a subscription still applies, but if this is no longer the case, bill me for a subscription. If it's possible I'd like to have a couple of the copies of the Feb. (1955) too.

It seems like you're always running into old withered ex-Showme editors. I was down in "Philly" not long ago and stopped by TV Guide magazine to sell some work. In the course of the conversation I discovered Merril Pavitt, the editor, was an ex-Showme editor. Guess you knew Charlie Barnard was editor; he's now managing editor of True.

Showme seems to be on its feet. I remember when I became editor it was bankrupt and the University was doing its darndest to kill it. I remember at the time we used to sit around in the Shack and worry for fear Showme was going to die, but now, looking back, I wonder if it would be really humanly possible to kill it.

Thanks for the trouble and give your staff a pat on the back; I think they're doing a fine job. Oh yeah, tell 'ole Tony the printer hello for me — Boy! those were the days.

Sincerely,  
Herb Green

All ex-editors are given lifetime subscriptions to Showme, Herb. Consider your name a permanent addition to the list—Ed.

NOTE: The following is a reply to the letter received last month from the W.C.T.U. member who accidentally read our magazine and submitted a brief criticism—Ed.

Dear Mrs. Member,

I find your letter an unforgivable sin against an extra fine magazine. Rather than feeling anger toward you Mrs. Member, I find only a great pity for one so narrow-minded and egotistical as yourself. I'll bet you still tell dirty jokes and smoke cigarettes out behind the barn.

A Freshman Reader

You tell 'em, boy—Ed.

Dear Chip:

Are you there? No Showme since Dec. Damn it, Chip!

Pvt. Billie B. Kinkade  
US 55 462 074  
HU. Mort. Co. 74th RCT  
Ft. Devens, Mass.

It must be the army red-tape system, Barney! We're sending you the last three issues to bring you up to date. Incidentally, I'm still here—Ed.

Dear Editor:

How about keeping our good humor magazine out of politics? It's alright to write about politics if you can find real humor in it, but don't please involve our magazine, which has been considered one of the finest in the country. It should be your responsibility to keep the magazine on a high level, out of the filthy mud which has been flung back and forth between two warring factions which don't even know what good candidates are.

A concerned student

Thank you for your suggestion. From now on, no dipping in the mud along with the pigs—Ed.

Dear Sir,

Rush me three copies of your Jellybean Issue. I thought it was the best issue you have put out this year.

Merv Rich

They're on their way—Ed.

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



Only **HOLIDAY** gives you this Custom Blend for Mildness!

Yes, five famous tobaccos skillfully blended into a mixture of unequalled flavor, aroma and mildness. These fine tobaccos, selected from all parts of the world, are blended with a base of cool-smoking white burley . . . Each tobacco adds its own distinctive flavor and

aroma to make Holiday America's finest pipe mixture. We suggest you try a pipeful . . . enjoy its coolness, flavor and aroma . . . and see for yourself why more and more men who smoke mixtures are switching to Holiday as a steady smoke.

**HOLIDAY** gives you this Heat-Sealed Wrap-Around Pouch!

Holiday tobacco leaves our blending line with just the right moisture content for a cool, no-bite smoke. You can be sure every pouch will be that way when you open it, because Holiday is the only mixture which has the Wrap-Around pouch. Sealed air-and-water tight, it guarantees you a fresher, cooler-smoking tobacco.

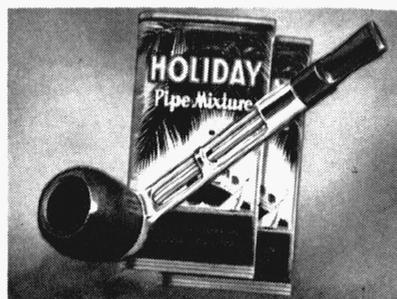
THE  
COOLEST SMOKING  
MIXTURE  
YOUR PIPE  
EVER HAD!



**SPECIAL OFFER \$1.50**

**IF YOU PREFER A BLEND  
OF STRAIGHT BURLEYS**

Try Edgeworth—choice cool-smoking white burleys in the air-tight pouch. America's finest pipe tobacco.



Get this new polished aluminum stem "Park Lane" pipe with interchangeable imported briar bowl and exclusive "dri-dome" which traps moisture to insure a dry, cool smoke—along with 2 full-sized pouches of Holiday Tobacco. If your dealer cannot supply you, use this handy order blank.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

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

CM-4



YOU CAN'T  
TOP  
dry cleaning  
at

# DORN - CLONEY

CLEANERS

107 South 8th 3114



For the Finest  
Domestic & Imported  
WINES

- Excellent Liquors
- Mixes
- Ice Cubes

FREE GLASS SERVICE

# Brown Derby

116 South 9th Ph. 5409



It's getting near the time for banquets and stuff, beer busts and such. Sometime this month, Showme'll be having a banquet with awards to some of its most loyal members. We'll probably be jumping in a truck soon and going out to Breezy or Moon Valley and have a bunch of steaks and all the stuff that goes with it.

Last month we had the Miss Missouri preliminaries and chose four girls to go to St. Louis for the finals. There were about 80 girls in the contest, representing Mizzou, Stephens and Christian colleges. That's all we'll have to do with queen contests for a long time, until next year.

We had one of the largest turn-outs in history for the last gag meeting at the Stables. You,

dear reader, will see the fruits of the meeting on this month's centerspread, done by Dick (the monster) Noel. Another gem is the spread by ECAT on nudism. No magnifying glasses, please.

Savitar Frolics is over now and everyone can get back to the business of graduating . . . or participating in Carousel. Our good friend, Roger Goodwin, is directing the show and quite a number of Swami's slaves are helping out.

We're taking off for the hinkson sometime soon with lots and lots of sody pop and cookies. We'll be looking for all the Showme staff members there, and a few past Showme people. Now that the two political camps have smoothed over their differences and friends are coming back to the fold, we'll be expecting to see some of our old playmates there.

Guess what! Most of our enemies have transformed themselves into friends again . . . that is, except the ones who are on a sour grapes diet!

Lovingly,  
Chip



"Oh come now, Chauncy. You know the club rules."



# MISSOURI Showme

## Staff

### EDITOR

Chip Martin

### ASSOCIATE EDITOR

Mark Parsons

### BUSINESS MANAGER

Jerry Powell

### ADVERTISING

Barbara Breisch

Bob Brown

### ART EDITORS

Jack London Duncan

ECAT

Dick Noel

### PUBLICITY

Marjean Gidens

### CIRCULATION

Bill Howard

Chuck McDanel

### PHOTOGRAPHY

Al Smith

Tom Eblen

Warren Goepfel

### EXCHANGES

Pat Peden

### SUBSCRIPTIONS

Helen Mortenson

### JOKE EDITOR

Judy Jenkins

## THE BARE FACTS

### THE KOLLEGE KATS

Here's the low-down on the guys who play their music low and down in the groove, with pictures ----- 10

### CATS ARE GOOD PEOPLE

That mad, impetuous monstor, Dick Noel, reveals his latest desire; that of maiming cats -- 12

### NO PUNCH!

Intimate, intriguing . . . the true account of what happened to a little nude coed ----- 14

### MOVIE OF THE MONTH

A critical review (with gestures) by one of Swami's newest . . . Bob Williams ----- 22

Volume 31

April 1955

Number 7

## ABOUT THE COVER

Ed Preuss breaks with the bare facts this month with his first Showme cover and keeps the paint brush in the flesh color to come up with this cover which, if nothing else, is different. Ed has been hopping on our back all year to let him do a cover, so here it is, at the Preuss best. If Ed will stick around for another month, we may be seeing a centerspread with all his crazy-looking people in it. In case any of our readers wish to express a desire to keep Ed from doing a centerspread, remit 10 cents and a top from a can of Excello soap powder to Box 431, Detroit, Michigan, Department A, and tell us in 25 words or less, just what you think of Japanese Boll Weevils.



SHOWME is published nine times, October through June, during the college year by the Students of the University of Missouri. Office: 302 Read Hall, Columbia, Mo. All rights reserved. Unsolicited manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Advertising rates furnished on request. National Advertising Representative: W. B. Bradbury Co., 122 E. 42nd St., New York City. Printer: Modern Litho-Print Co., Jefferson City, Mo. Price: 25c a single copy; subscriptions by mail \$3.00. Office hours: 8:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m., Monday through Friday, 302 Read Hall.



While boys and girls in the nude  
Get sunshine-basking pleasures,  
Swami sells to eager youth  
His pornographic treasures.



# Around The Columns

## Overheard

Two little boys with tousled hair, wearing rompers, were walking around on the second floor of the Student Union, peering into one door after another. One of them shyly opened the door of the big ball room and saw one of the sororities practicing a Savitar skit.

His eyes widened in boyish curiosity as he looked from one bare-legged girl to another and he ventured, "What's all this goofin' off in here?"

## Ah! April

Little green sprouts begin to shoot out of the ground . . . humming sounds in the air again . . . warmer breezes wafting in and out of 302 Read Hall . . . more T.G.I.F.s . . . Hink parties . . . walks in the woods . . . Amethystine Ardor . . . fishing in the Hinkson . . . picnics at night again . . . sleeper in the afternoon classes . . . fewer people in the Union . . . more people around the Shack . . . days are longer . . . weekends shorter . . . jaunts down to the Ozarks . . . the first swim of the season . . . exams rolling around again . . . the end of the road looms ahead . . . forgot to buy a Savitar . . . graduation around the corner . . . not for us, though . . . summer school soon, ugh . . . cotton dresses are becoming style again . . . in the windy tower . . . makes you want to curl up and die almost . . . life is sure wonderful . . . bless my soul . . . it's Spring!

## My Country 'Tis Of Thee

We received word the other day that our good friend and a former student of Mizzou, Jerry Reeves, has finally been drafted into the service.

Jerry, as many of our readers will recall, reportedly left school because he was expecting the call to duty. Swami sends his best wishes to a fellow-independent. We're putting in a subscription for him.

There must have been a long waiting line to get into the Army . . . or something.



## All Our Friends

Every now and then we like to have a cool one down at the Shack or the Stables or out at Breezy Hill, and as we place our elbows on the counter and begin to enjoy it all, the woes of the bartenders come back to us. It seems to be a battle between the revenooers and the taverns to see who can hold out the longest. They tell us that it's getting so bad that a white-bearded man went into a bar last week and was forced to show his ID card.

Because we're way over twenty-one ourselves, innocent looking little freshmen and sophomores crowd around us and ask us to buy one for them (with their money, of course). It's no wonder that our popularity with the younger set has increased!

## Our Nine Lives

Political assassins could have reveled about three weeks ago had it not been for a little bank of terra firma near the Hinkson Creek which prevented a long story from being cut short.

We were riding with a lady friend in one of the older cars on campus, a Model A, on our way to the TV station for a class when the brakes just didn't seem to work anymore. We were on the winding road which leaves College Avenue, south, to go to Highway 63, and as we rounded a curve and came to the bridge which crosses the Hinkson, we saw another car coming towards us on the bridge.

Things went too fast for anyone to think . . . that is, except the driver . . . and we swerved right off the highway onto a little mound about four feet high. It stopped us and as soon as the other car had passed, ole Pixie just rolled right back down onto the highway and we continued on to the station.

Our hair turned a little gray, but we're still here . . . which may or may not be pleasing to some people.

Off-limits

There's a fraternity which is just about to lose its social privileges, but certainly not from the lack of ingenuity of its chapter members.

It seems they had a party a while back and in order to get around the liquor restrictions, they roped off one corner of the house and placed it off-limits. There's where they kept the liquor . . . and they made it plain that any person entering the off-limits area was doing so on his own responsibility and the chapter could not be held liable for his conduct.

It sounds pretty good on paper . . . but the higher powers didn't agree. Some people just don't understand the intellectual minds of our youth.



Wrong Number?

There are at least two or three houses and one floor of a dormitory which has a few occupants who are perturbed as a result of some spirited college boy who pulls off a telephone trick and then, supposedly, clutches up with laughter at someone else's expense.

It goes something like this: The phone rings. You pick it up and say hello.

"Hello, is Mr. Fitzpatrick there?"

"No, I'm sorry, you must have the wrong number."

"Thank you," and he hangs up.

About five minutes later . . . the same thing. And finally after the boy tries about three more times, a different voice, or the first voice disguised, calls one more time. You're pretty aggravated by now. You say hello, gritting your teeth.

"Hello. This is Mr. Fitzpatrick. Have there been any calls for me?"

Exasperation. He hangs up. You mumble a few phrases reserved for similar occasions and growling, you stalk off. You'd give anything to get your hands on the funny boy.

Asi es la vida, we always say!

Roses To A Rose

Last month when we were passing out bouquets to the people who helped so much with making the Crystal Ball a success, we, Pete forbid, left out the name of the little girl who played seamstress for 39 hours and made Swami's outfit. So, here and now, we take pleasure in throwing a special round of roses to Joan Petefish, Kappa Kappa Gamma, a five-feet-three inches tall, and a sophomore from St. Louis, Missouri.

Bless you, my child, you did a magnificent job!

Mary, Mary, Quite

Looks like that new "sweet music" station will soon change its call letters after all . . . even though it had a good argument against the University. The FCC has given it permission, according to newspapers, to change the call letters, which incorporate MU into them. The reason, as given by University officials, is because listeners might think that the station is being operated by Mizzou.

Swami suggests that the station change its call letters to KMOO . . . it is fitting and proper.



Real Gossip

With the big blue shoes crossed on the beat-up desk in the office of Swami, we were taking our regular afternoon nap when our publicity director rushed in with a tip. Taken aback by the sudden enthusiasm which is almost foreign nowadays, we woke up expecting to hear that someone had set fire to the library again.

She told us that her housemother (AEPHi) yanked on her ear the last week and said for her to suggest to the Showme "columns" that they place this item somewhere: What housemother was at a fraternity party she



wasn't supposed to be at?

It turned out that the house-mother wasn't really breaking any rules. She only wanted to be the creator of a little talk. So, for your benefit, little housemother, there you are!

### Hoe That Gung!

We had a gag meeting the other day out at the Stables and just got settled down to some serious beer drinking when in walked one of the newer additions to the gag staff.

"Well, about time," says one. "I walked out," says the youth, huffing and puffing like a Labrador Retriever.

"What! Why didn't you call for a ride or something?"

"I thought it was a nice night for a walk . . . and besides I'm gung-ho!"

We gave him an extra beer and loaned him a pan to soak his feet in while we got on with the meeting. Ah, eager youth!

### Hello and Goodbye

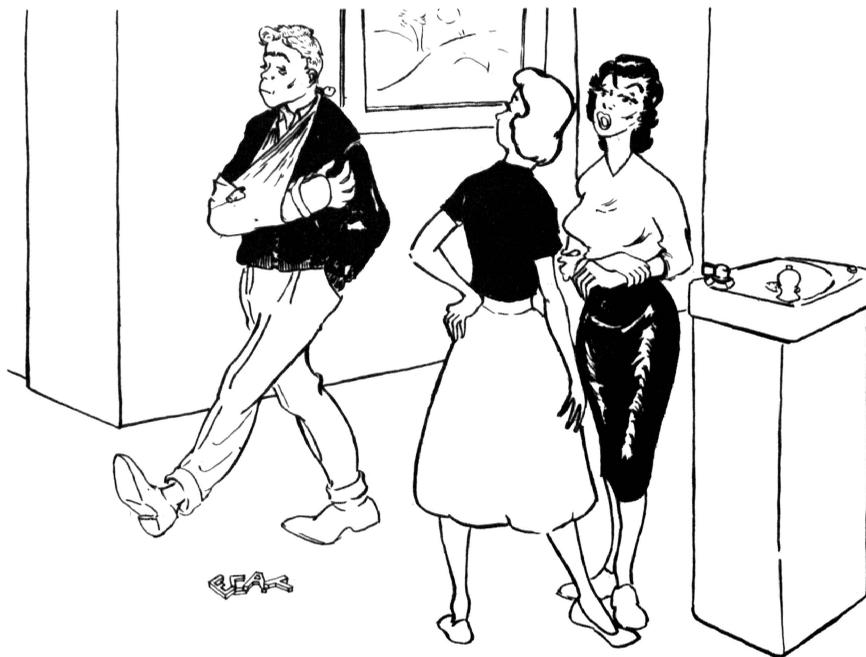
A friend of ours told us a sad tale about a guy who dates two girls in the same sorority house . . . or, at least, did for a while. Everyone more or less regards the situation as sort of taboo . . . a sort of unwritten rule or something. This is what can happen when you break the rule.

It seems he was walking up to the house to pick up a date with one of the gals when he spotted the other one coming out of the doorway.

"Why, hello, Roger. I was going out for a little tennis just now, did we have a date, or something?"

"Welll . . . er, no. You see, Elaine . . . I uh, well, uh . . . this other girl . . ." and so on.

The latest word is that they voted in the chapter meeting to put that little candle-burner on the black-list or something. Which just goes to show that crime doesn't pay and you should always be kind to dumb animals.



He broke it fighting for my honor — I slammed the car door on it.

### T. G. I. P. D.

We were sitting in the corner booth of the coffee shop last week and writing some potree when a couple of coeds came up and asked if they could join us.

Certainly, we said. We kept writing while the gals talked about who saw who at the Den or the Stein Club last night and how many pork chops they'd had that week and how they were on a diet and how they just couldn't cut out the beer and etcetera until, finally, another uninvited guest strode up. Can I sit down, he said. Yes, they said.

He told one of the girls that he was getting a check the next day from the government and would probably have to pay out quite a bit of it on bills.

"If I don't spend all my check tomorrow afternoon, how'd you like to go out with me tomorrow night and drink it up a little?"

The business-wise young miss pondered a bit, and then asked, "How about making it tomorrow afternoon?"

And they say women are dumb.

### Take These Chains

College atmosphere must certainly be common breeding grounds for chain letters, all types. One currently circulating over the campus goes like this: ". . . Put your best enemy's name at the bottom of the list and cross the name at the top of the list off . . . making ten identical letters and sending them to ten of your best friends. Then, go out and shoot the person whose name heads the list. This enables you to get rid of your best enemy and yet, not be directly connected with his timely death. The person you shoot will undoubtedly be unknown to you and you, therefore, will be above suspicion."

"Take especial care not to send any of the letters to any of your known enemies. You could very easily get *your* name put on the list. As the letter circulates more and more, your name probably will hit the list sooner or later anyhow, but who cares? You can't live forever, you know!"

Even now, we walk up and down the streets, suspiciously eyeing any conspicuous bulges in the topcoats of every shady-looking character on campus.

CHIP

# The Kollege Kats

written by judy edwards



We may not have Stan Kenton or Woody Herman on campus permanently, but M.U. boasts the closest thing to it. The Kollege Kats—who draw crowds to the Stables, the Yacht Club, and Romano's—supply us with the jumpin'est. Through agonizing screams of "Dixie", shattering of beer bottles, and much stamping of feet, the Kats play bravely on. Frantic.

## Wes Hasse, Bass

"I've been playing pop music only one year," Wes says, "and I get a big kick out of it." Wes Hasse, the Kats' lanky bass player, took up bass nine years ago, but has previously played only in the classical realm. In 1950, when Wes



was a senior in high school, he played in the Saint Louis Philharmonic Orchestra. His biggest aid as far as music is concerned was a little cellist in his high school orchestra. Now, besides playing with the Kats, Wes is teaching bass at Stephens which he likes "just fine."

Wes enjoys playing with the Kats. "The variance in the audience" Wes says, "makes the job very interesting." Wes likes pro-

gressive jazz and his favorites are Perez Prado and Dave Brubeck. Currently Wes is trying to develop the smear bass technique—which amounts to sliding over vaselined strings.

Wes needs only one hour to graduate from business school this June. His major is industrial management. This semester he is carrying four hours—and spending the majority of the day sleeping. He is careful to see that the telephone is placed by his bed.

We asked Wes about other hobbies and interests. "I was born on a farm and have a machine shop," he answered. "I like scotch on the rocks and am fairly tolerant of women." Wes isn't quite sure what he'll be doing this summer. Al invited Wes to accompany Bob, Jack and him on the road. He may spend the summer working in a factory or playing in a band.

"My really ideal summer," says Wes, "would be to live and play in a hotel. After the job—a chat with some young lady. Sleep til noon. Martini for breakfast. Life!"

## Alan Rose, Tenor Saxophone

Heading up the Kollege Kats is leader Alan Rose—a dashing, clean-cut nineteen year old junior from Saint Louis. Al joined the Kats as a freshman and took over leadership this year. He also does the arranging for the band and a little song-writing. Al doubles on the clarinet but prefers the sax. His favorite big name artists are Paul Desmond and Gerry Mulligan, although Jimmy Forest's style has influenced Al's. "I've known Jimmy for some time," Al says, "and tend to follow his style."

Al's biggest experience playing was last summer when he went south in the band of Chuck Cabot of Dallas. "I'll always owe whatever success I can muster up to my father," Al says, "As far as I'm concerned, he's number one man in everything."

Al is a Sammy here and although playing takes up most of his time, he manages to make average grades. He intends to make jazz his career, and his ambition is to hear his own recordings on the radio. Al is a progressive jazz man and plays purely for the love of music. "I think the band, if it will stick together, can make a name for itself," Al remarks.



"I love to play out at the Stables, but the audience—miserable! All yelling, no appreciation. The boys would like a little approval after a number. It'll make us play better. Our main object is to appeal to that audience."

Music has first place in Al's life, but girls run a close second. Rumor has it that Al is on the lookout for a gorgeous M.U. gal with loads of money. How about it, girls?

### George Kratz, Trumpet

George Kratz has come to be a tradition at the Stables where he has been playing for six years — two years before the Kollege Kats were formed. George is twenty-four and will graduate this year.



"I have chosen law as a career," George discloses, "because when your hair gets gray you come into your own. With music, your job goes all too often when your hair goes'. For this reason George didn't accept the offer of a scholarship to Schillinger House, a school for professional jazz musicians which is located in Boston.

George has quite an extensive musical history. He started playing the trumpet thirteen years ago and is still studying. He has gone on the road many times with several bands and has played all over the country and in parts of Canada. His biggest help has been Eddie Brauer who teaches in Saint Louis. His favorite band is Woody Herman's Third Herd.

George tries to develop a variety of styles because he plays chiefly to appeal to his audience. He says of the Stables and Romano's — "As far as I'm concerned both the audience and places are the greatest."

Al, the leader of the Kats, gives his opinion of George: "George is great now — as he was the first time I ever heard him. I think he could play trumpet in anybody's band." Next year George and his trumpet will be sadly lacking here. This summer it'll be the army for George—for Private George Kratz.

### Jack Gleason, Piano

Tickling the ivories for the Kollege Kats is twenty-year-old-first semester-senior Jack Gleason. We asked Jack how he liked playing up here. "Now and then I get a kick out of it all," he answers, "but that money sure comes in handy." Jack's ambition is to make a million dollars. Practical as all hell.

Jack started playing the piano so young that he could scarcely reach the keyboard — the week after his fourth birthday. His mother, who was apparently gung ho music, saw to it that prodigious Jack took thirteen years of classical piano lessons.

Amazing as it may seem, Jack has developed his jazz technique all on his own. "I need to work on my right hand," Jack admits. Jack, like the other boys in the organization, likes jazz of the "cool school." **Intermission Riff** is his favorite song and Kenton and Brubeck he places at the top of his list. "I feel that I owe a lot to my mother," Jack said, "and especially to George Kratz."



ODK, AKPsi, Scabbard and Blade, the vice-presidency of SGA — all this plus a little gal and a lot of music has kept Jack a busy man. Says Al Rose: "Jack is one of the best piano players I've ever played with. It seems as if he gets better every note he plays." That's the general consensus.

### Bob Falkenhainer, Drums

"Bob is the brightest hope I've seen join the band" — the leader's opinion of nineteen year old Bob Falkenhainer, Delta Tau Delta. Bob started drumming when he was

five years old under the instruction of his father who was Supervisor of Music in the University City School System. Bob hopes someday to be as good as Buddy Rich and Shelle Manne, although he doesn't plan to "beat his way through life."



Bob is a music education major and is considering being a music critic or disc jockey. Slingerland drums are his favorite. Bob is currently aiming to improve his speed and further develop his technique. Apparently, Bob's speed and technique aren't too undeveloped; and when he was a sophomore in high school he accepted a scholarship to the National Music Camp at Interlochen, Michigan.

His biggest thrill in music camp was playing with Gene Krupa on the radio last year in Saint Louis. Bob likes progressive jazz, especially that of Kenton and Stan Getz. He has learned a lot this year from George Kratz. Bob gets a kick out of playing at the Stables and at parties, and he likes the Yacht Club especially because of the "cool sound." "I wish the audiences would appreciate the cooler music," Bob says — and this view seems to be typical of the organization.

Two years prior to coming to M.U. Bob played in the Saint Louis Philharmonic Orchestra. This summer he plans to go on the road with Al Rose and Jack Gleason. "Wherever we go will be good enough for me as long as the three of us stick together." And about the Kats — "George is the greatest, Al is the swingin'est, and the rhythm section works fine together."

# Cats Are Good People



## *Plagiarism, Shintoism, Lightning Bugs and Air Raid Sirens*

written by Dick Noel

Yessirreebob, cats are good people, I kid you not and cross my heart and stick needles in my eyebones. Grab a big orange and pull your go-cart up close and squat in it and I will give you the word. What I mean is, dad, I will give you the hope and the straight poop and the WORD.

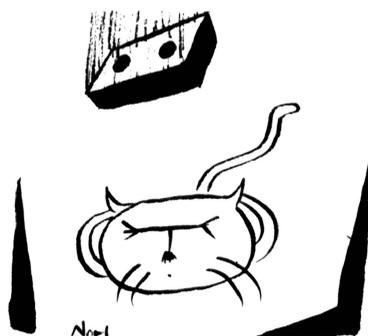


I will start at the beginning and let the mist of time roll back and . . . Ain't that a bunny? The crazy mist of time, I mean. I read it in the Dairy Goat Journal or someplace and so I stole it and everybody will think I made it up myself which just goes to show crime doesn't pay and that includes plagiarism and Shintoism and squashing lightning bugs, too.

Alright. I have stuck the needle in good and I am floating

away on the wild mist of time and if Gabby will say a word while they are changing sides after the 6th inning I will navigate over to the corner and crouch down in that mother and start giving you the WORD.

As far back as I can remember I have always been interested in cats. What I mean is I enjoyed them. I liked to see what made them go. You know —



which parts would break and what would interest them any and things like that. I guess you could say I sort of tortured them, sort of. I always called it experimenting, though. I kind of made it warm for those cats; they weren't never bored.

That damn mist of time is rolling in like mad and if you would

be good enough to scrape some of those crazy snakes off of me and fill up my glass I will continue.

Ah, that's better. I never was overly fond of snakes. I never did carry 'em around in my pajamas or anything. I had an uncle once that used to let 'em stick their heads in his mouth. I don't take much truck with that kind of garbage, though. I'd just as soon smooch with a rhinoceros. Well, as I said, I sure kept off the dull times for those cats.



What I mean is I make 'em hop. After a while they gave me plenty of room. Oh, they didn't exactly dislike me. Whenever I came around, though, they usual-

ly remembered something they had been putting off and would decide that this was as good a time as any to do it and they would sort of hurry away to get at it.

I'd perform all kinds of experiments on 'em . . . bury 'em under ground and set fire to 'em and make 'em pull me around in wagons and oh, hell, everything. They was pretty gay times, take it all around.



Noel

I remember one old tom we had that got taken down a notch. Me and a bunch of kids used to play war, and one thing we never could get ahold of was an air-raid siren. Well, I took this old tom up on top of the garage and tied him down so he couldn't move around any and whenever we needed an air-raid siren I would climb up on the garage and grab hold of this cat's crazy tale and crank that daddy up and I kid you not he was the most supreme air-raid siren you ever heard in your life.

Well, after about ten years of this, people started looking at me sort of funny. Old ladies would jerk their children off the streets whenever I come around. It was then that I turned to the bottle. Everything was rosy as hell when I had the bottle. One jolt was all I needed. Just one jolt. Then two jolts. Then three jolts. Things like that never stop. Its the system. Nobody can buck the system. Hell, I'm not one to be a radical. I just kept using the bottle. Then I started squashing ants. I would follow these ants around, see, and I was sly about it, and then come thundering down upon them, and stomp! I would stomp and squash and . . . I was talking about cats, wasn't I? You better be glad I

wasn't talking about ants, that's all I got to say. I go *wild* about ants.

Anyway, I raised cain with those cats. I used to give 'em baths in Old Dutch Cleanser. Sometimes I gave 'em dry baths with sandpaper, which is a good experience for an up and coming cat. Well, I will give you the WORD some more. The word is this: cats are good people. They really are. They're friendly, understanding, good talkers and they're smaller than we are. That last is exceptionally good — that part about being smaller than we are.

Wicked-like now, the big wild mist is coming in again and I am just liable to start ripping around here like mad and you just be glad I don't have 700 Polish dentists with me, that's all! I'd show you a merry time!

I really should tell you some more about my childhood. All the big literary people always tell about some jerk's childhood. Usually this child whose hood they're telling about is warped as hell and strange and perverted and queer and it makes good reading. You know what I mean,

it's interesting. Well, mine isn't. Interesting, I mean. I am so damn normal it makes me sick to my stomach. By the way, did you ever notice how they spell stomach. They spell it stomach. *Sto-much!* If that isn't a pretty howdy do. But hell new-monias the same way. You can't win.

Well, I know *one* thing for damn sure.

### CATS ARE GOOD PEOPLE!



Noel

They are trustworthy, honest, smelly, carriers of social diseases, and help dead old ladies across the wind tunnel. And you can't beat that at Krogers. Hell, you can't even beat it at the Barney Stevens Store.

## SUZIE STEPHEN'S —

by ECAT



"What did I have to do for it?—Just shorten the sleeves, dahling".

# No Punch!

## Nudes, Figleafs, and Shrieks

written by judy edwards



Everyone's heard of the Lovable Girl of the Month, surely—the busty advertisement in *Seventeen*. Well, one summer my impetuous sisters and their friends decided to start a Lovable Girl of the Day club. They called it the L.G.O.T.D. club and no one had the vaguest idea what it was all about.

These buxom young ladies were the rage of the Wisconsin lakeshore that summer. At any rate, every morning the sporting members would compete for the honor of being Miss Lovable for the day by appearing at breakfast in their most temptingly snug T-shirts. They obviously made quite an impression, but the boys could *not* figure out all the L.G.O.T.D. business. Each day one of the girls would outdo the rest and trip off with an appropriately placed badge. The club would honor her with the theme song, "How Firm a Foundation," and proceed to do every conceivable service for her all day.

I wasn't put together too recklessly for my thirteen years, but no matter how I strained to outdo my competition, I couldn't seem to push out in front. Nevertheless, when I appeared one morning in a T-shirt so low that I was practically barefoot they charitably named me Miss Lovable.

All day I felt so voluptuously proud that (with a little cheating) I could have popped the buttons right off my T-shirt.

At ten o'clock that night I met the club on the pier for my initiation. They blindfolded me,

spun me around, and dragged me off into the woods. After threading about through the woods for a while we drew near the lake.

A moment later all my voluptuousness was deposited uncomfortably into the bottom of a boat. We slid noiselessly away from the shore. No one said a word.

After what seemed like hours of bumping about on the lake, our boat suddenly scraped against land.

"Off with everything but your shoes," Adele snapped.

I hated my sister Adele at times like this, but she was deservedly president of the L.G.O.T.D. club and commanded respect from the more scrawney ones. I blushingly complied.

Then the girls whipped out a rope and tied me to a little tree. They crushed an egg on my head, emptied a jar of honey on my shoulders, grabbed my clothes and blindfold, and paddled away.

I writhed and squirmed out of the ropes and peered out to see where I was. I saw that it was a tiny, empty island in the middle of the lake. Behind me rose a steep incline and on top of the hill I could see waist-high grass.

In hot pursuit of a figleaf I scaled the incline. Dirt, grass and insects climbed aboard coating my sticky, bare self. Smugly thinking how dexterously I had

slithered out of the ropes, I settled down in the high grass to wait for the girls to return.

Presently I saw something moving in the underbrush. Then another movement, and another.

"Aha!" I thought. "They think they're going to scare all hell out of me *from above!*"

I sat motionless, silently watching the grass move around me. Little fishing cruisers were darting around the lake with white headlights. There was a row boat or two anchored uncomfortably close to my island. I began to wish desperately that the girls would cut out all this mickey mouse and bring my clothes.

Suddenly the four creeping figures arose. My heart lodged in a knee.

Four of my brother's friends stood within *inches* of me.

I let out an anguished scream and they flew into the woods. Howling with laughter, they pushed off in their boats. I shrieked for my sisters and belted out my hatred for the whole damned mess.

This brought fleets of outboards scurrying toward the island from all parts of the lake. I dashed furtively from tree to tree as spotlights skirted the island. Boats landed.

By some miracle, the girls had beat the fishermen to my rescue . . . which was rather a disappointment, because if they hadn't this story would really have packed a punch.



Dr. Trimble, sir, if I could just have one small little bandage for my knuckles. I've sort of been beating at the bars you might say. No sir, I mean prison bars. You see tomorrow they're letting us out for good behavior. No, not in the *morning*, certainly — we might go wild with a whole day of freedom and tear up all the pretty grass on the Quadrangle. But just as soon as we turn in to our 10:40 philosophy teacher (and there are things I'd rather turn into) a paper on the futility . . . or fertility . . . or whatever . . . of life, we're free! Well, not really free. Just send in a buck someday.

\* \* \* \*

I know a funny boy who says there's a drinking problem on campus. The problem is where to get it without any money. One boy was so desperate he went down to the bookstore for a roll of scotch tape. And in one of my classes it's even worse . . . the teacher told this fella he had an "S" or an "M" and he yelled "S or" — and went flying out the door. Yes, sir, it's very strange. You'll excuse me while I drop down to that hat store on Strollway.

\* \* \* \*

Not that anybody has offered me one, but I was thinking how it would be for a girl to have a car down here. Learning to drive wouldn't be hard, because we're all pretty experienced with a clutch. In fact I'd really like a new Dodge — I'm tired of using the one that, "I have a cold and my lip hurts."

I can just see it now — I drive up, park, pick up my date, park, and back he is safe and sound: When the front of Defoe at 12:30 begins to look the way the front of Johnston does now, we'll know that women are in the driver's seat where they belong.

\* \* \* \*

Time marches on, and while it may be marching into summer camp for a large part of the school, the rest of us have to find summer jobs. From a girl's point of view, going to any of a number of camps will save on the clothes-buying problems. Or we can always be resort waitresses and serve up just what we want. Who knows what we'll have to resort to? So look around, fella, the girl who's stacking your dishes may be quite a well-stacked dish herself.

#### DEFINITIONS

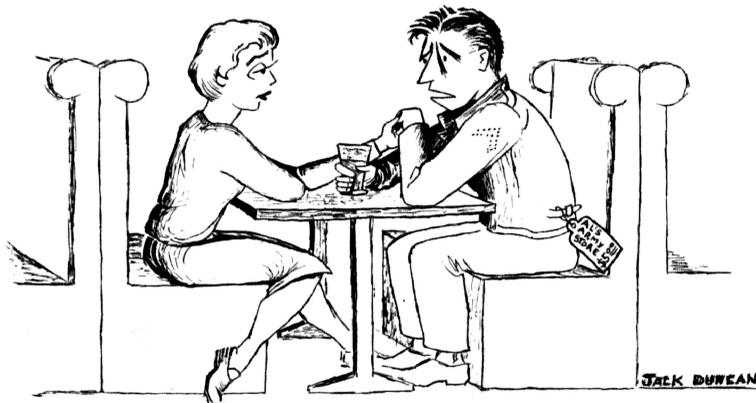
Abacus — a swear word.  
 Cameleer — dirty look given by a camel.  
 Abalone — Expression of disgust.  
 Catalogue — Book about cats.  
 Absentee — Missing golf equipment.  
 Chambray — Poor imitation of a donkey's voice.

Balsam — To cry a lot.  
 Caballero — Jacket to wear in a taxi  
 Debilitate — To pay one's debts.  
 Deliberate — To put back in jail.  
 Elide — Told a lie.  
 Fatigate — To gain weight  
 Genesis — Jenny's sister.  
 Hackneyed — Opposite of knock-kneed.  
 Hermit — Lady's glove.  
 Jodphurs — Cat sounds.  
 Nitride — All night trip.  
 Octopus — Eight-legged cat.  
 Jugular — Shaped like a pitcher.  
 Impale — Not looking well.  
 Ransom — Travelled at lot.  
 Partite — Stingy father.  
 Savory — Savings bank.  
 Unicameral — Having only one camera.  
 Quadrangle — Four-sided row.  
 Quatrain — Type of locomotive.  
 \* \* \* \*

The farmers' daughter returned from college for summer vacation and her father looked at her and said, "Lost some weight, haven't you?"

"Yes," she replied, "I only weigh 110 pounds stripped for gym."

The farmer leaped out of his chair and screamed, "Who the hell is Jim?"

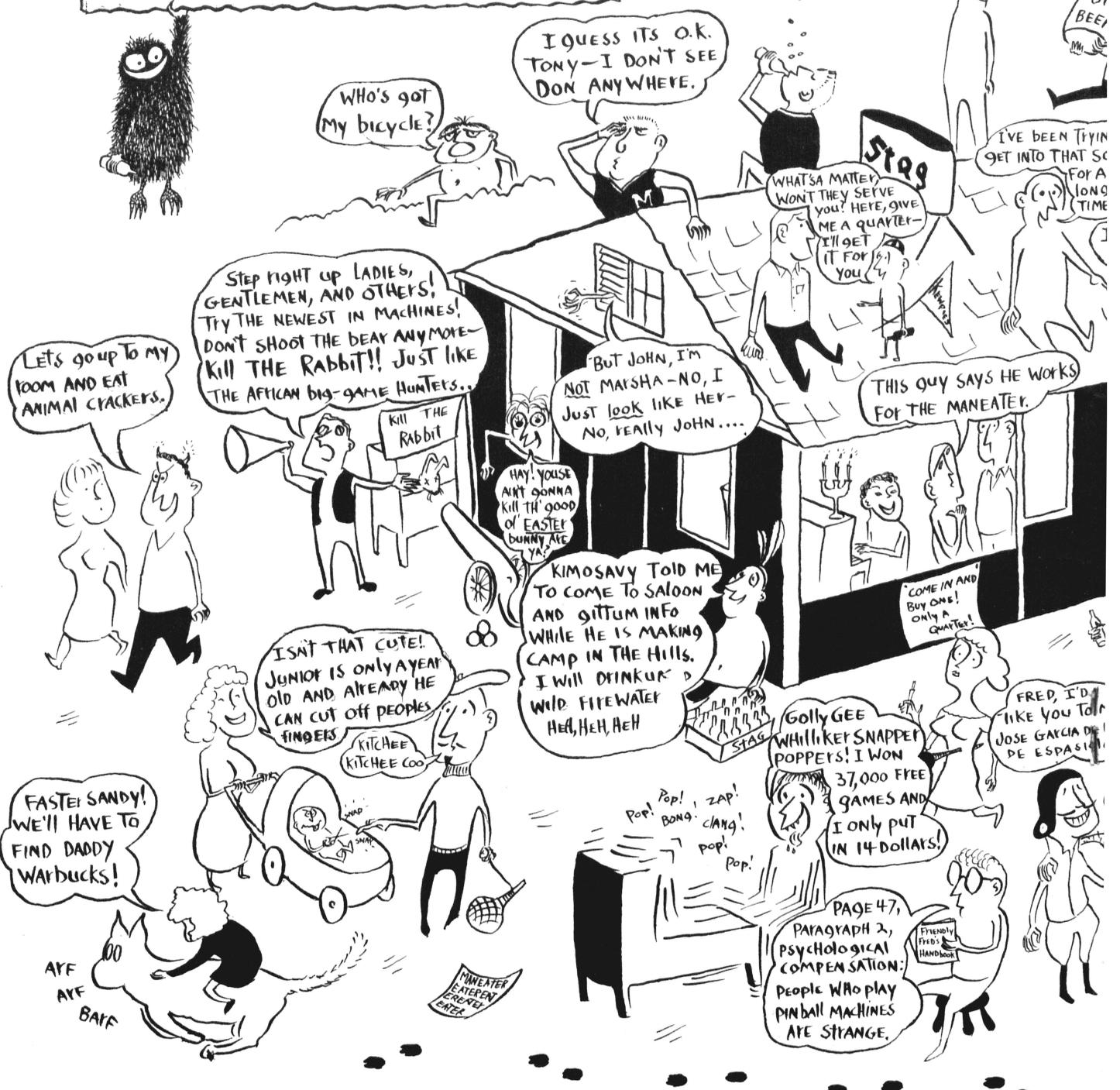


Yeah, I was in Korea. Chosin . . . Inchon . . . I don't like to talk about it, though.

# Health and Sunshine at the

# STABLE

by Dick Noel



WHO'S GOT MY BICYCLE?

I GUESS ITS O.K. TONY—I DON'T SEE DON ANYWHERE.

SAY BILL, YOU THOSE JIM O'CANNS, DIDN'T YOU?

TO OF BEE

I'VE BEEN TRYIN GET INTO THAT SC FOR A LONG TIME

WHAT'SA MATTER, WON'T THEY SEVEE YOU? HERE, GIVE ME A QUARTER—I'LL GET IT FOR YOU

STEP RIGHT UP LADIES, GENTLEMEN, AND OTHERS! TRY THE NEWEST IN MACHINES! DON'T SHOOT THE BEAR ANYMORE—KILL THE RABBIT!! JUST LIKE THE AFRICAN BIG-GAME HUNTERS..

LET'S GO UP TO MY ROOM AND EAT ANIMAL CRACKERS.

KILL THE RABBIT

BUT JOHN, I'M NOT MARSHA—NO, I JUST LOOK LIKE HER—NO, REALLY JOHN....

THIS GUY SAYS HE WORKS FOR THE MANATEEK.

HAY! YOUSE AN'T GONNA KILL TH' GOOD OF EASTER BUNNY ARE YA?

KIMOSAVY TOLD ME TO COME TO SALOON AND GITTUM INFO WHILE HE IS MAKING CAMP IN THE HILLS. I WILL DRINKUR WILD FIREWATER HEH, HEH, HEH

ISN'T THAT CUTE! JUNIOR IS ONLY A YEAR OLD AND ALREADY HE CAN CUT OFF PEOPLES FINGERS

KITCHEE KITCHEE COO

FASTER SANDY! WE'LL HAVE TO FIND DADDY WARBUCKS!

AYE AYE BARE

PINWATER WATER GREATER ENTER

Pop! Pop! ZAP! BONG! CLANG! Pop! Pop!

GOLLY GEE WHILLI KEET SNAPPER POPPETS! I WON 37,000 FREE GAMES AND I ONLY PUT IN 14 DOLLARS!

FRED, I'D LIKE YOU TO JOIN JOSE GARCIA DE PE ESPASIO!

PAGE 47, PARAGRAPH 2, PSYCHOLOGICAL COMPENSATION: PEOPLE WHO PLAY PINBALL MACHINES ARE STRANGE.

Friendly Fred's Handbook

Apologies -

14 GAGS WERE CENSORED OUT OF THIS CENTERSPREAD SO MANY OF THE REMAINING ARE NOT ONLY RATHER VAGUE BUT ALSO DOWNRIGHT REDICULOUS.



DICK NOEL



"GESUNDHEIT!"

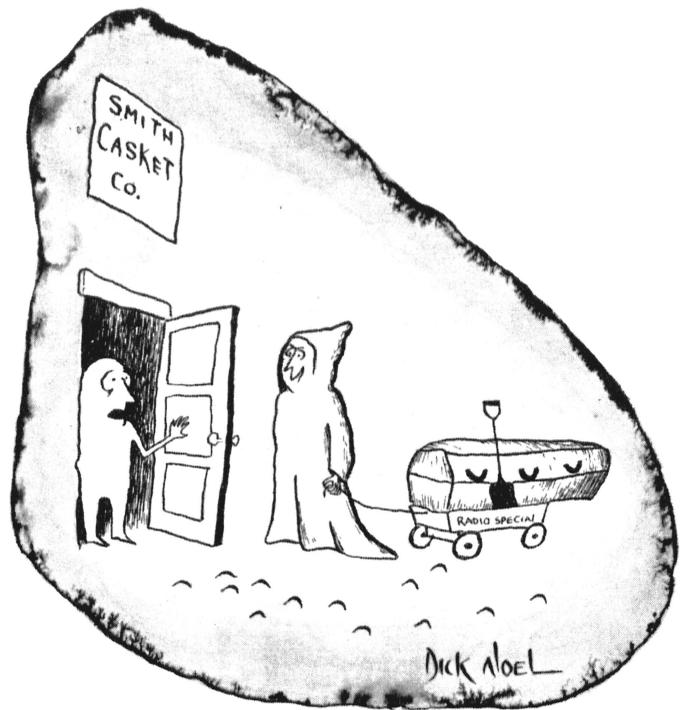
**Stuff**



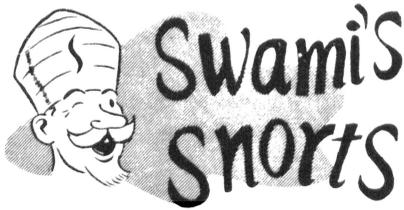
In my day son, we nailed up a HORSE SHOE . . .



LAY DOWN THAT PITCHFORK  
AN FIGHT? YOU COWARD!



"... No Ma'am, we don't give refunds on . . er . . 'Empties."



A college prof was taking roll in one of his classes.

"Robinson."  
 "Here"  
 "Rosenthal"  
 "Here"  
 "Mary Smith"  
 "Here"  
 "Wannamaker"  
 "Yes"

\* \* \* \*

1st Pi Phi: I walked 13 miles yesterday.

2nd Pi Phi: For goodness sake.

1st Pi Phi: Yes.

\* \* \* \*

The little man came home unexpectedly to find his wife in the arms of another man.

Angrily, he raised the man's umbrella high over his head and brought it down with all his force, breaking it over his knee.

"There," he said, "I hope it rains."

\* \* \* \*

As the co-ed so aptly described her date, "He's tall dark and hands."

\* \* \* \*

Bartender, put two cherries in my martini. The doctor said I should eat more fruit.

\* \* \* \*

Mother: Tell me, dear, whose little boy are you?

Sonny: Hell, don't tell me you don't know.

\* \* \* \*

A German in the Soviet zone reported to the police that his parrot was missing. He was asked whether the parrot talked.

"No," he replied, "it's dead."

# YACHT CLUB

Hwy 40 E.

THE  
 KOLLEGE  
 KNOTS

SUNDAYS

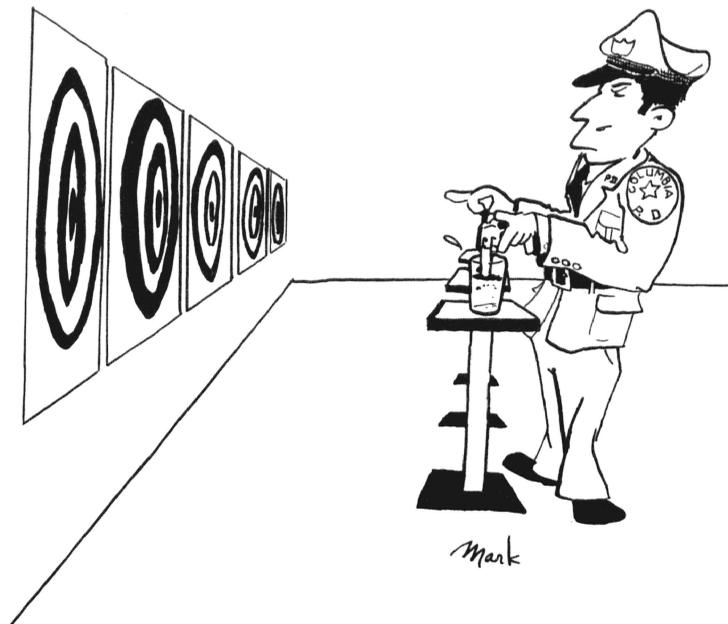
5:30 to 8:00

PIZZA and SPAGHETTI

Open Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun.

BEER

SET-UPS





MISSOURI

Showme

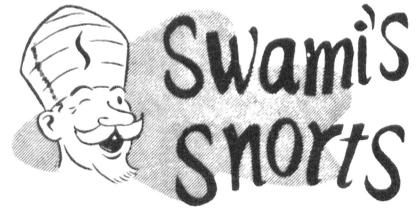
Invites

You To

Come Up To

302 Read Hall

- GAG MEN
- ADVERTISING
- WRITERS
- ARTISTS



Lady Godiva was the first jockey. She never placed but she showed.

\* \* \* \*

"My girl never goes out with other men."

"How do you know?"

"She's in jail."

\* \* \* \*

"Pardon me Mrs. Astor, but it never would have happened if you hadn't stepped between me and the spittoon."

\* \* \* \*

A gold digger is a girl who hates poverty worse than sin.

\* \* \* \*

Teacher: If a farmer sells 4500 bushels of wheat for \$2.00 per bushel, what will he get?

Student: A cadillac.

\* \* \* \*

There's a new aspirin on the market, that contains chlorophyll. Its' for people that have stinking headaches.

\* \* \* \*

My brother took medicine at college for four years, but he quit. He wasn't getting any better.

\* \* \* \*

"How is your physical condition?"

"Fine. I've only been in a hospital once, and that was on account of my mother."

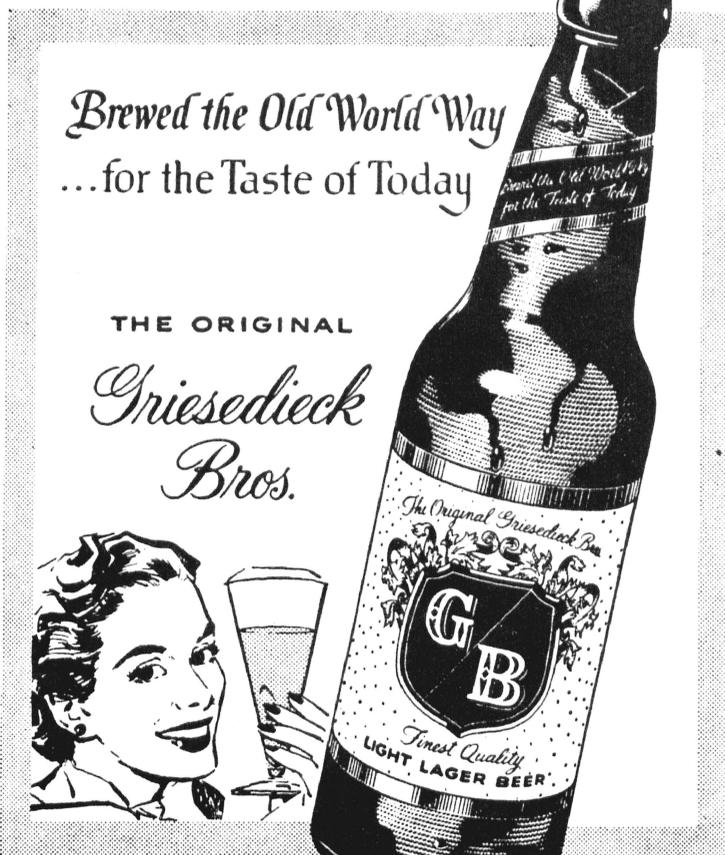
"What did she have?"

"Me."

\* \* \* \*

She: Doctor, every time I smoke a cigarette, I get passionate. Can you help me?

Doctor: Have a cigar.



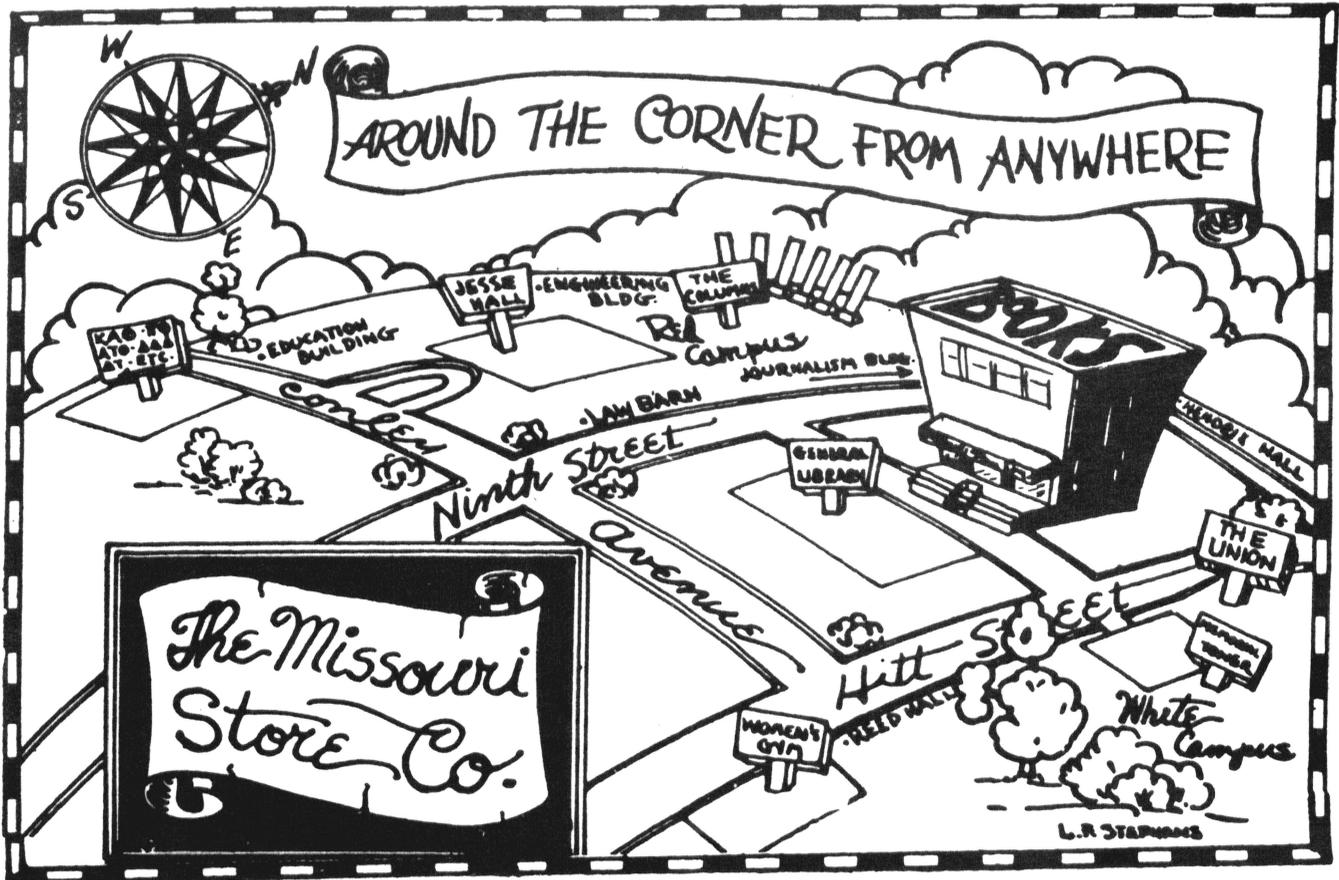
Brewed the Old World Way  
...for the Taste of Today

THE ORIGINAL

Griesedieck  
Bros.

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

J. Johnson Fruit & Produce Co.  
Columbia, Missouri



You'll Know It's "Real" Italian Food

When you Eat at the Italian Village

● OUR SPECIALTIES ●

Ravioli — Fried Chicken — Pizza

Italian Submarine Sandwiches — Special Toasted Ravioli

FOR DELIVERY 5743

Also Noonday Special Lunches,

Monday through Friday

Fried Chicken, French Fries and Salad

for only 60c

OPEN :

Monday through Friday — 9 A.M.

Saturday, Sunday 11 A.M.

The Bill Hillborne Duo

Appearing on Wed. & Fri. Nite

*Italian Village*

706 CONLEY

Come In and Meet Your Friends

PHONE 9371

## Allen Flowers

Official Florist  
Military Ball

Special service . . .  
Special flowers . . .  
Special discounts to all R. O.  
T. C. Cadets

all flowers guaranteed

at

# Allens

South 9th Phone 4433

PAINT UP  
and  
BRIGHTEN UP  
with  
PITTSBURGH PAINTS

B  
R  
A  
D  
Y



S Columbia

PAINT & GLASS CO.  
15 S. 10th Ph. 4978

# Movie of the Month

## *A Public Service Feature*



by bob williams

*Singing in the Rain*, our choice for movie of the month, is the hottest show to come out of Hollywood in years. The movie based on the life of R. S. V. Perllouitt, a Norwegian ventriloquist, co-stars Margaret O'Brien and Charles Laughton, with Lady Astor and Jimmie Doolittle giving excellent supporting performances.

The plot is simple, but heart-rending. R. S. V. Perllouitt (Charles Laughton) sings one hundred and thirty-seven popular songs. Marie Avoirdupois (Margaret O'Brien) meets her boyfriend's (Thomas Mitchell) cousin (General MacArthur) on the way to visit his aging grandmother (Dinah Shore).

Marie's boy friend Sam's cousin Bill has a brother Dudley (Jimmie Doolittle) who wants an appointment to the new air academy, and wants Marie to see her father (Mickey Rooney) about it.

Marie's father, Mr. Avoirdupois, has three friends in the Pentagon (Curley, Larry and Moe), and Marie asks him if he would contact them. Mr. Avoirdupois calls in his secretary, a noted ventriloquist, Mr. Perllouitt, and dictates a letter to him, causing Mr. Perllouitt to break out in

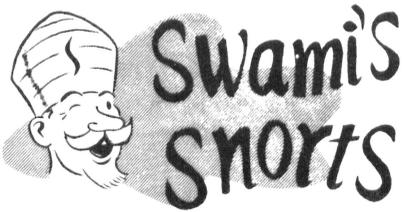
song. He sings the overture from Dante's *Inferno*. While singing he hits a very high note — a hell of a note!

In due time, two officers from Washington (a role well-played by Albuquerque) come to Pottsville to interview Dudley for the academy. The two officers (Amos 'n Andy) enter singing the duet from *The Wild One*.

Meanwhile, Marie, back at the Lone Ranger's (J. Arthur Rank) cabin, has teamed up with Tonto (Dr. Christian, and Paint (Judy). Marie gets Paint in her hair whereupon she sings, "I'm goin' to wash that mein right outta muh hair".

The film ends as Lassie (Lassie) charges into the scene, having just been seduced by Rin Tin Tin (Waldo). Marie and R. S. V. Perllouitt ride off into the sunset, seemingly unaware that they have no transportation whatsoever.

The picture is in Cimarronscope, with color by Crayola. Unfortunately, the night we saw it, the curtain stuck at the Niger, and the picture seemed a bit fuzzy. We do, however, recommend this picture to an adult audience only, as one scene depicts the birth of a baby conger eel.



I know a psychiatrist who guarantees to cure you in a week or you get your mania back.

\* \* \* \* \*

My wife called me from the hospital and told me that the baby weighed five pounds. I told her to bring him home anyway. It was better than nothing.

\* \* \* \* \*

Tip for freshman and visitors to Columbia: To avoid that run-down feeling, stay off the streets.

\* \* \* \* \*

Tomorrow: Today's greatest labor-saving device.

\* \* \* \* \*

He stood on the bridge at midnight,

And tickled her with his toes.  
But he was just a mosquito  
And it was the bridge of her nose.

\* \* \* \* \*

Father: The boy who marries my daughter will get a prize.

Boy: May I see it?

\* \* \* \* \*

"That girl I was out with Saturday night looked like she had dropped from Heaven."

"Yeah, without a parachute."

\* \* \* \* \*

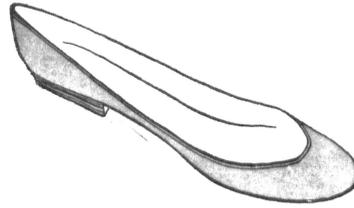
"Doc, was my operation a success?"

"Sorry, old man. I'm Saint Peter."

\* \* \* \* \*

Jerry: Let's not have any more jokes about sex, liquor, or profanity.

Chip: I'm tired of putting out this magazine, too.



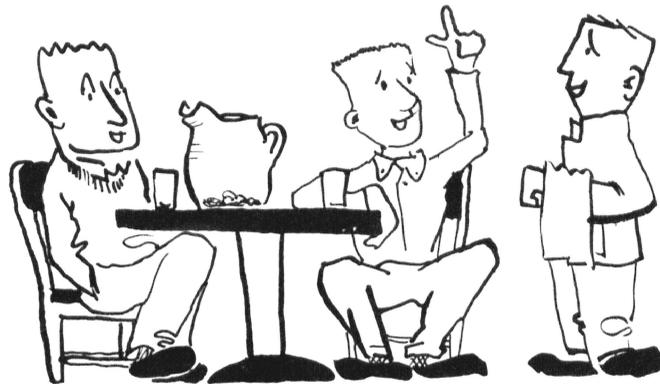
## Scooters

Flattering colorful flats in pink, light blue, navy, black, natural, red, white, natural straw.

Greenspons

\$6.95

"Let's Have Another Pitcher."



- Tap Beer
- Bottle Beer
- Sanwiches

## The SHACK

706 Conley



## Good Flat Top

CAN BE HAD

New

SHO Me

BARBER SHOP

708 Conley



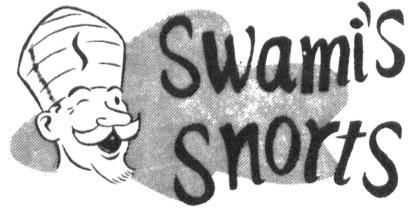
# Collins

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

805 E. Ash

Ruby & Cotton

Phone 4426



1st Susie: She looks like Helen Green.

2nd Susie: Yes, and she looks even worse in pink.

\* \* \* \*

"Did you hear about the paper doll who committed suicide?"

"No. Why did she do it?"

"She found out her mother was an old bag."

\* \* \* \*

"I want to get some grapes for my sick husband. Do you know if any poison has been sprayed on them?"

"No ma'm. You'll have to get that at the drug store."

\* \* \* \*

Little Willie wrote a book. Woman was the theme he took. Woman was his only text Little Willie's oversexed.

\* \* \* \*

A college man is like a can of Bab-O. He works fast and leaves no ring.

\* \* \* \*

Adam and Eve were the first bookkeepers. They invented the looseleaf system.

\* \* \* \*

A despondent old gentleman emerged from his club and got into his limousine.

"Where to, sir?" asked the chauffer.

"Off a cliff," he replied, "I'm committing suicide."

\* \* \* \*

Two mosquitos were resting on Robinson Crusoe's arm. "I'm leaving now," said one, "I'll see you on Friday."

## "I Love to do my Shopping at Campus Jewelers"



E.C.

- Diamonds
- Watches
- Lighters
- Compacts
- Free Gift Wrapping
- Mail Wrapping
- Costume Jewelry
- Sorority & Fraternity Jewelry

## Campus Jewelers

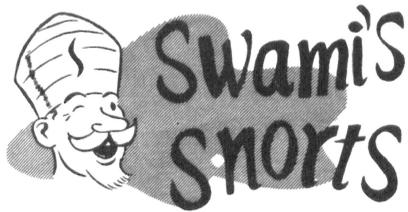
On Campustown  
Easy Payment Plan

ONCE AGAIN YOU CAN DRIVE OUT TO



NOW OPEN!  
HIGHWAY 40 WEST

## DRAKE'S DRIVE-IN



Sign in fashion window of an Italian clothing store: Don't be mistaken for an American tourist. Wear Italian-made clothes.

\* \* \* \*

America was discovered many times before 1492, but they always managed to hush it up.

\* \* \* \*

Little Boy: Mother, why does it rain?

Mother: To make the grass and trees grow, dear.

Little Boy: Then why does it rain on the sidewalk?

\* \* \* \*

Little girl: Daddy, mommy just drowned one of my kittens.

Daddy: Don't cry, dear, maybe mommy had to.

Little Girl: No, she didn't. She promised me I could.

\* \* \* \*

Campus Cop: Young man are you going to kiss that girl?

Freshman: No sir.

Campus Cop: Well then, hold my flashlight.

\* \* \* \*

"This bed," the antique dealer confided, "belonged to my own great-great-grandmother."

"Sure," the unbelieving prospect replied, "And I'll bet it's one of the beds George Washington slept in."

"Very likely, sir," said the dealer, "but we never can get great-great grandmother to admit it."

\* \* \* \*

Then there was the time they crossed a rooster with a rooster and got a very cross rooster.

FABRIC WITH  
A "FINE  
ITALIAN HAND"

Don Richards

Sorrento

55% WORSTED 45% DACRON\*

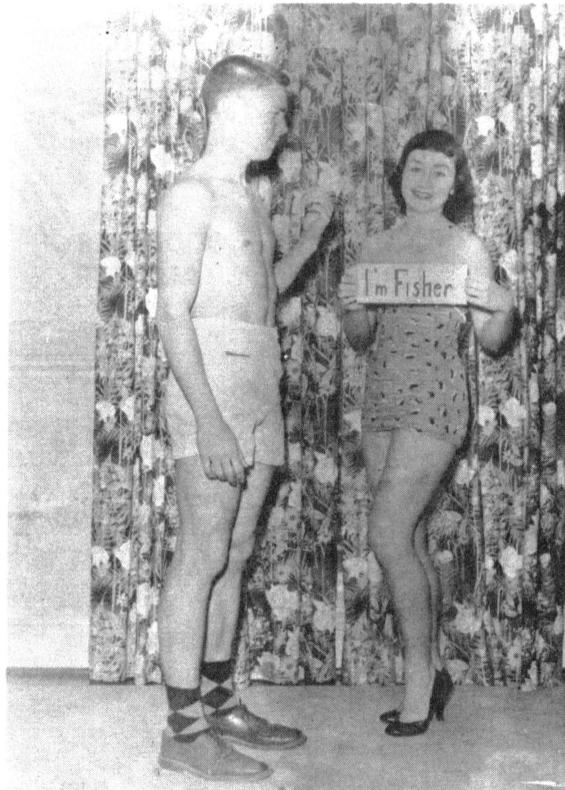


A subtly blended, cable-weave texture that gives your summer suit the eye appeal of a costly imported silk. Tailored with narrower shoulders and lapels in either light tan or lamp black.

\$45

NEUKOMMS

22 on the Strollway



Body by Fisher . . . Swimming Suit by JULIE'S



FOR THAT  
*Special Corsage*  
 FOR THAT  
*Special Someone*

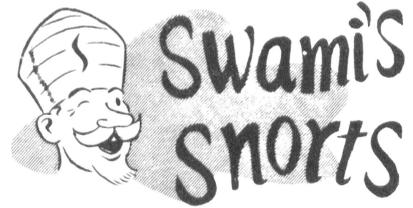
Whether her dress is formal, semi-formal, or informal you can get flowers from Mueller's that will fit perfectly. Flowers make any occasion very very special.

- Original floral designs
- Finest fresh flowers
- Fast delivery service



25 On the Strollway

Phone 2-3151



Knock, knock  
 Who's there?  
 The traveling salesman.  
 The traveling salesman who . . .  
 Yes.  
 Come in.

\* \* \*

*Mark Anthony:* I want to see Cleopatra.

*Servant:* She's in bed with laryngitis.

*Mark:* Damn those Greeks.

\* \* \*

We were never able to find Grandma's glasses, but now she leaves them just where she empties them.

\* \* \*

Silas Clam lies on the floor. He tried to slam a swinging door.

\* \* \*

An optimist is a man who figures when his shoes wear out he'll be back on his feet.

\* \* \*

"What makes you think this is a night for wild oats?"

"Your eyes told me sow."

\* \* \*

She: "Swell party tonight."

He: "Yeah, I'd ask you for the next dance, but all the cars are taken."

\* \* \*

*Prof:* Do you think Henry Ford would make a good president?

*Clever Student:* Verily, he has the makings of another Lincoln.



Going Formal

**RENT**

**A DINNER JACKET**

It's smart to rent — and economical, too! Choose from the newest styles, freshly cleaned pressed and fitted.

**Sudden Service Cleaners**

114 South 8th

3434 or 2-1022



# Swami's SHORTS

The origin of the saying, "Oh, yeah," has been attributed to an unbelieving bridegroom who, upon hearing his bride say, "Now I lay me down to sleep," said to himself, "Oh, Yeah."

\*

He: Will you have breakfast with me tomorrow morning?

She: Sure.

He: Shall I phone you or nudge you?

\*

She: I caught my boy friend necking.

She: I caught mine the same way.

\*

Abe sued his wife for divorce after she bore him triplets for the fourth time. He charged her with being overbearing.

\*

He: I've finally met a girl who was well reared.

He: How'd she look from the front?



"What's the date of the Roman Conquest? It's next to your thumb."



*After Six*  
BY RUDOFKER

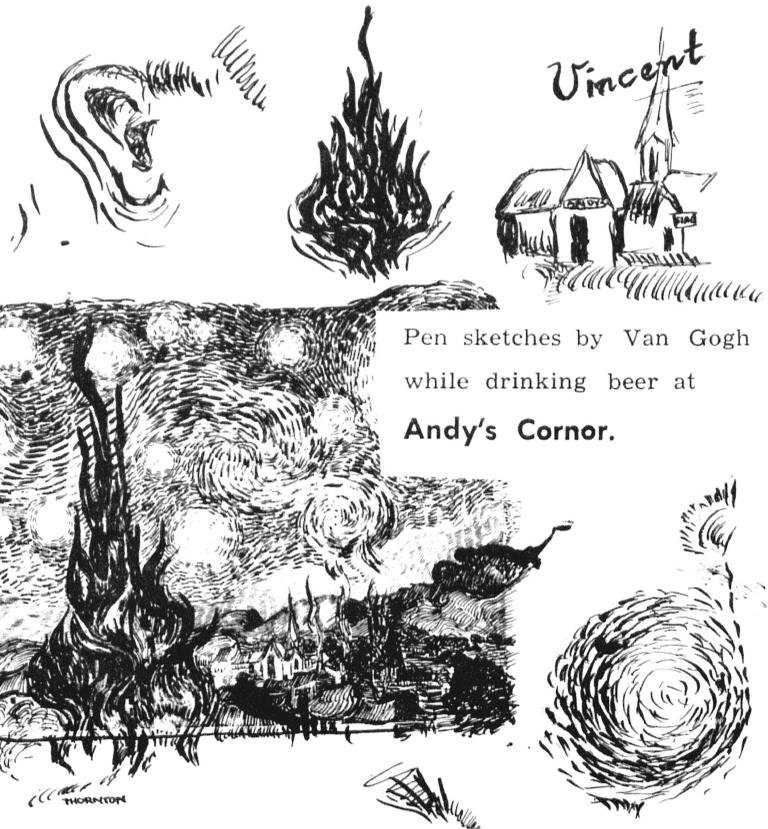
**Single-Breasted Shawl Collar  
Dinner Jacket**

**\$26.95**

Smartly tailored, crease resistant . . . gleaming white rayon tropical our exclusive stain shy finish . . . featherlike, fully-lined

**BARTH CLOTHING CO., INC.**

**Quality For 86 Years**



Pen sketches by Van Gogh while drinking beer at **Andy's Cornor.**

# THE PIZZA HOUSE

Serving Columbia's Finest Pizza!

— OUR MENU —

● SAUSAGE	small	\$ .90	large	\$1.70
● CHEESE	"	.70	"	1.30
● ANCHOVIES	"	.90	"	1.70
● GREEN PEPPERS	"	.80	"	1.50
● MUSHROOMS	"	.80	"	1.50
● PIZZA DELUX	"	1.20	"	2.00

- SPECIAL -

● Green Pepper & Sausage	small	\$1.50	large	\$1.85
● Mushroom & Sausage	small	1.05	large	1.85

And Now Serving Spaghetti

FREE DELIVERY 7-12 P.M.

Open 4-12 Daily

11 N. 9th

Phone 2-1283



Jim: I wish I had a nickel for every girl I've kissed.

Lil: What would you do, buy a pack of gum?

\* \* \*

We went for a ride and all she did was shake her head. After sixty-three miles she told me her nose was caught in the windshield wiper.

\*



"About that date I told you I'd dig up . . ."

\*

"Why, I'm ashamed of you, my son," the father fumed at his loafing son.

"When George Washington was your age, he had become a surveyor and was hard at work."

"And when he was your age," the boy said softly, "he was president."

\_\_\_\_\_

Epitaph on old maid's tomb: "Who says you can't take it with you?"

\_\_\_\_\_

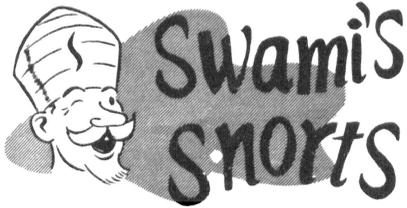
Sign on the sheriff's desk: "Out for lynch. Back at 1 o'clock."

## To the Stables, Waldo!



# The Stables

The place to go . . . always!



Attention! You can cure your roommate of snoring by advice, cooperation, kindness and by stuffing an old shirt in his mouth.

\* \* \*

You haven't had a real hang over until you can't stand the noise made by Bromo Selzer.

\* \* \*

"Darling, am I the first man you ever loved?"

"Yes, Reginald. All the others were fraternity boys."

\* \* \*

A drunk was standing on a Montreal street corner one night saying in a loud voice: "Ish impossible, ish, impossible."

"What's impossible?" inquired a passing cop.

"That sign up there," replied the drunk. "It saish 'Drink Canada Dry'."

\* \* \*

"You've read that sentence wrong, Miss Adams, it's all men are created equal, not all men are made the same way."

\* \* \*

A lady bought a parrot from a pet store, only to learn that it cursed every time that it said anything. She put up with it as long as she could, but finally one day she lost her patience.

"If I ever hear you curse again" she declared, "I'll wring your neck."

A few minutes later, she remarked rather casually that it was a fine day. Whereupon the parrot said "It's a hell of a fine day today." The lady immediately took the parrot by the head, spun him around in the air until he was almost dead.

"Now, then," she said, "It's a fine day, isn't it?"

"Fine day," sputtered the parrot, "where the hell were you when the cyclone struck?"

*Get Right Daddy-O!  
Out on the Patio!  
... at Breezy,*



DANCING  
UNDER  
THE  
STARS

**Breezy Hill**

5 MILES EAST ON HWY 40



**BYRON**

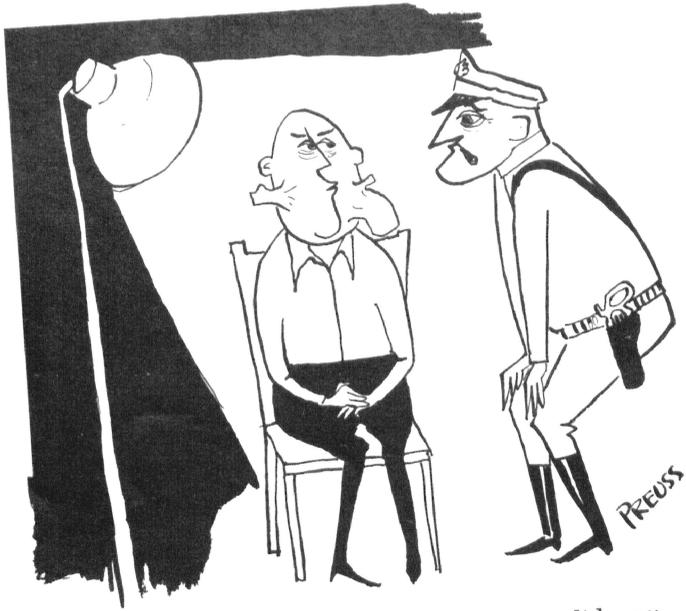
on Life Savers:

"Give away thy breath!"

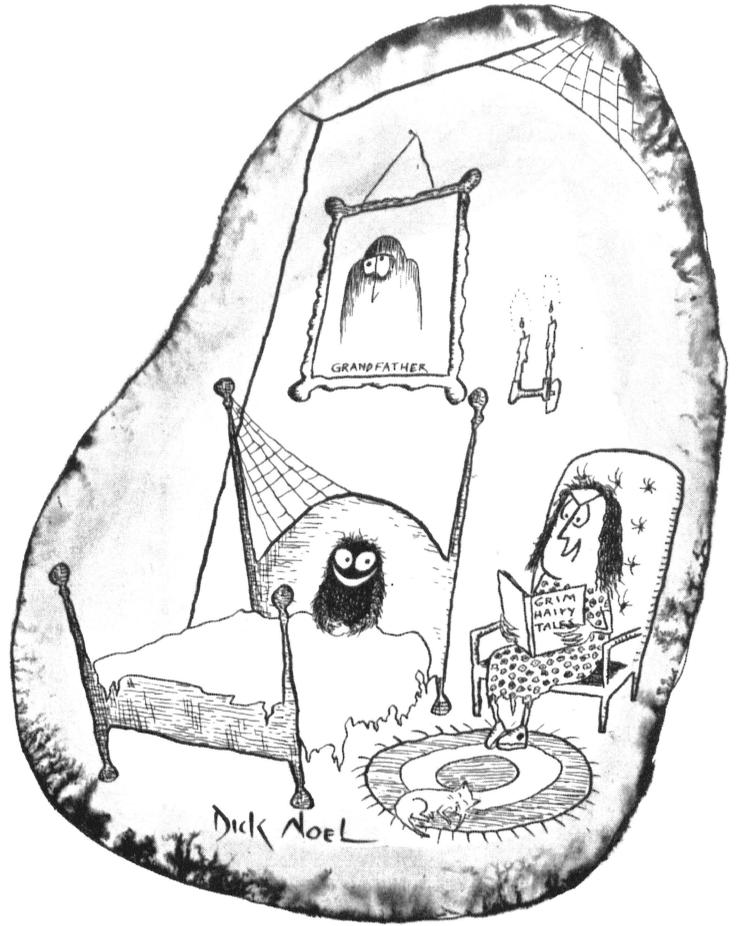
*From My 30th Year, line 36*



Still only 5¢



O.K. Simpson. Confess. Now where did you put that gun?



“... And so the horrible witch, after bludgeoning both of the little children, lived happily ever after.”



Whada ya say, Killer? Hows about a fast game of old maid.



Sir, may I have your daughter for my wife?

Bring your wife around and we'll see.

\*\*\*

"What would you call an old maid doing the dance of the seven veils?"

"A comic strip."

\*\*\*

Mother: Now, Junior be a good boy and say "ahh-h" so the nice doctor can get his finger out of your mouth."

\*\*\*

Nudism is a back-to-the-form movement.

\*\*\*

An old man is a guy that can't take "yes" for an answer.

\*\*\*

A woman without principle draws considerable interest.

\*\*\*

Many a fork in the road has been used for a spoon.

\*\*\*

He: They had to shoot poor old Fido today.

She: Was he mad?

He: He wasn't any too pleased.

\*\*\*

Am I the first girl you ever kissed?

As a matter of tact, yes

\*\*\*

Her Dad is in charge of a large number of Missourians.

What is he, a prison guard?

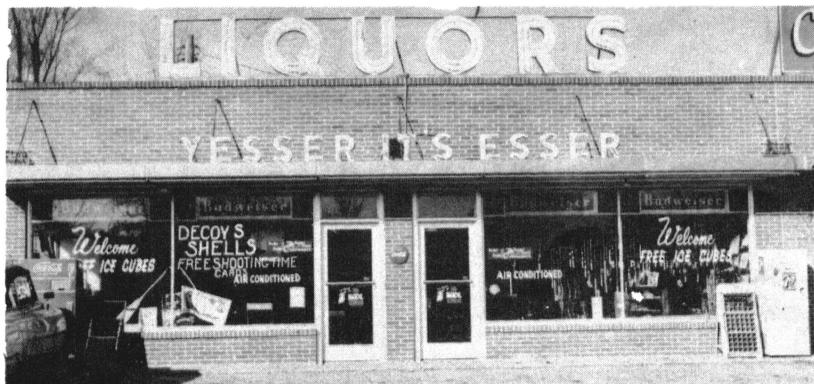
No; he delivers newspapers.

\*\*\*

What do you think of her features?

Fair, but they seem a little bowlegged.

## Yesser It's Esser!



● Liquors

Cold Beer by the Case

● Mixers

Free Glassware Service

REMEMBER ESSER'S TWO FINE STORES

Hunting & Fishing Licenses — Guns & Ammunition  
Fishing Tackle — Picnic Supplies

715 Broadway  
Phone 4300

Highway 40 & 63  
Phone 3300

FREE ICE CUBES — PARKING SPACE



## Fried Chicken

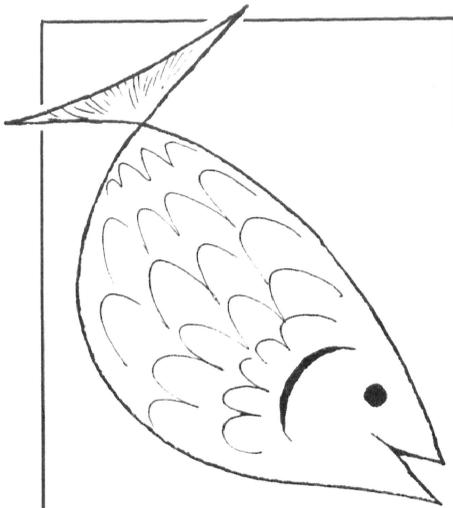
At Its Very Best

- Barbecue
- Sandwiches
- Soft Drinks
- Homemade Pies

Curb Service  
Open 4-12 P.M.

# TEXACO TOWN

Highway 40 & Sexton



Quit  
FISHING

around—

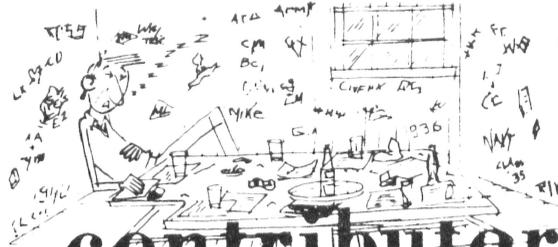
your best

BAIT

is at

**ERNIE'S  
STEAK  
HOUSE**

1005 Walnut  
Phone 6625



## contributors' page



SUE LEGA

Always located near the beer Keg at Swami's T.G.I.F.'s, Sue "Bottoms Up" Lega manages to receive enough inspiration to draw art work for Swami's hopeful advertisers. She is a senior from St. Louis and hopes that eventually her bills will be forgotten so she can return home.

Sue lives over at "Widows Roost", sometimes referred to as Gentry Hall and from this base of operations sallies forth on her many activities, most noteworthy of which are: Student Union Activities Board, Election Board, Savitar Board, Carousel Art Director, and Chug-a-lug champion of the roost.

She has ten short weeks of school left to snare a husband and failing this, will probably get a job in advertising or art work.

Her advice to MRS.-hunting freshmen is: "start looking immediately, the early bird gets the worm."

ED PRUESS

One snowy day last winter Ed Pruess (it rhymes with aeious) entered the musty confines of Read Hall heading for the "Good Old Student" office. After making a few wrong turns he stumbled into the Showme office and has been doing cartooning and art work since.

Ed lives over on college avenue, near Stephens, but his wife — the former Betty Lou Kelly, a Gamma Phi Beta — protects him from the corrupt advances of the amorous Susies.

He is an escapee of Jefferson City and is presently wearing the uniform of the Army R.O.T.C. His rotcy friends know him as "short round" and say the name comes from firing at the wrong point on a raunchy M-10 plotting board he had decorated.

Ed is a senior and is majoring in interior design. He is also interested in fabrics — he presently is working on a comfortable strait-jacket for enterprising psychologists — furniture designing and interior decorating.



*Scabbard & Blade*

- - present - -



"THE MAN WHO PLAYS THE SWEETEST  
TRUMPET IN THE WORLD"

*Charlie Spivak*

AND HIS ORCHESTRA

- - FEATURING - -

**AUDREY MORRIS**

Lovely Song Stylist

*Military Ball*

**Saturday April 16**

8:30-12:30  
ROTHWELL GYM

---

---

**Tickets on Sale**

- SCABBARD & BLADE MEMBERS
  - STUDENT UNION APRIL 11-16
- 
- 

SUBSCRIPTION \$3.00

**ALLEN'S FLOWERS**

4433 — 9470

205 ON THE STROLLWAY

OFFICIAL FLORIST

● \$1.00 DISCOUNT on Corsages above \$2.99

● Ball Decorations

● Queen and Attendants' Bouquets

Courtesy Allen's Flowers

Great day in the morning! Flavor in a filter cigarette!

# WINSTON tastes good — like a cigarette should!



IT'S GOT  
REAL FLAVOR!

AND  
DRAWS SO  
EASY!

## Winston brings flavor back to filter smoking!



■ No wonder Winston has changed America's mind about filter cigarettes! Winston tastes good — like a cigarette should! It's got real flavor — the full, rich flavor real smokers want. You're sure to enjoy Winston's finer flavor!

■ Winston also introduced a finer filter that works so effectively, yet doesn't "thin" the taste. The fine tobacco flavor comes clean thru to you because Winstons are *easy-drawing*. You'll really appreciate Winston's finer filter!



Smoke **WINSTON** the easy-drawing filter cigarette!