


June 1955

25c



MISSOURI
Showme



NICK NOEL

"Throw The Censor In
The Hinkson" ISSUE

Wait! Wait!



I'll submit if you'll take me to . . .

The Stables

"Located on the Hink for your convenience!"

The beer is cooler here than anyplace
in Columbia . . . it's iced-down longer
. . . for your discriminating taste . . .
have one today at the Stable!

Hart Schaffner & Marx • "Botany 500" • McGregor

Puchett's

"OF COURSE"

The Place To Go For The Brands You Know

**Graduate With
Hart Schaffner & Marx . . .**

If there was ever **one time** when you most feel a compelling urge to splurge on a new suit, it's Graduation! But it could never be considered splurging to buy "Hart Schaffner & Marx". It's just smart business to invest in clothing that will net years of handsome service.

See our selection of light weight Summer Suits or the favorite year o'round weight. In the colors you want — Navy Blue — Charcoal — Black — Light Blue and many other colors.

FROM 59.50

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HART

SCHAFFNER

& MARX



Don't Forget That Gift!

Visit our Gift Bar and select from our many **new** ideas such as * Manicure Sets by Griffon * Ash trays by Dunk-it* Small Life-like Tigers * Jewelry by Swank * Bill Folds by Prince Gardner * Toilet Cases by Dopp-Kit and many others.



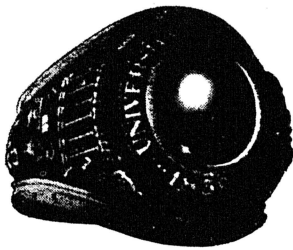
Hickok Belts • Florsheim • Prince Gardner Bill Folds

Swank • McGregor • "Botany 500" • Winthrop Shoes • Manhattan • Hathaway • Swank

Swank • Florsheim • Manhattan • Hathaway • Jockey • Munsingwear • Lee Hats

Graduates
REMEMBER
MIZZOU

with a
CLASS RING



IN SILVER & GOLD

10k Gold—
 Heavy Weight \$30.00
 Medium Weight \$25.00
 (plus federal tax)

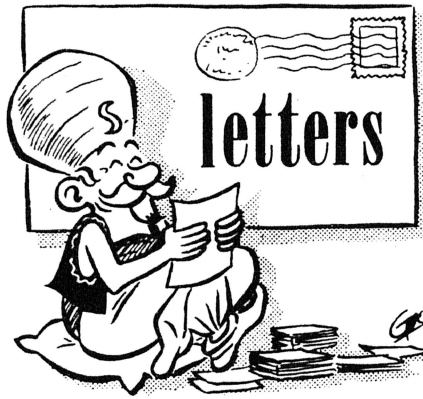
In Silver—
 Above prices less \$7.50

Only \$6 deposit with order
Choice of Stones:

- Synthetic RED
- BLUE Spinel
- BLACK Onyx
- Amethyst
- GREEN Tourmaline

Campus
Jewelers

On Campustown



Dear Sir:

I noticed in your Ozark issue that you did not include reference to your (in) famous Raccoon Joke, and besides the usual query as to what it is, why in hell did you leave it out last time!

A Devoted Reader
—Hell, it was May, wasn't it?
 —Ed.

* * * * *

Dear Ed:

Congratulations on the best issue of Showme I've ever seen. You sure did a swill job, and in the last two weeks, I've made over \$7,000,000.00. Keep 'er up, boy.

An Ozark Merchant
 * * * * *

Dear Ed:

Please don't make your magazine so interesting from now on, 'cause everytime me and my gal go out, she wants to sit and read Showme all night long. I don't like her to do this, as I feel that it's my turn to read it.

Joe Gold

—Joe, our best wishes, but we can't help either our attraction or your lack of it. —Ed.

* * * * *

Dear Ed:

I've written you a letter every month since September, and I've never had one printed yet. Why is this?

Summersot Ma'm

—This is why—Ed.

Deah Mistah Editoah:

When are you-all a'goin' to come daown to the Ozarks agin to sell us some moah adv'tisin'? I shoah hates to think about a great, big, ole summer without some o' thet thar big boy with the Roman Ha-arcut.

Dixie Belle



—Dixie, you don't want none o' thet boy—Ed.

* * * * *

Dear Editor:

I hears from someplace that your magazine would not be censored the next time. Is this true?

Fred Robbins

—Boy-Boy-Boy-Boy-Boy! — Ed.

* * * * *

Dear Editor and staff and stuff:

I bought your damned magazine in May, and by God! You said I'd learn all about how to come across on the Lake of the Ozarks in a boat, and how to go down on a weekend trip, and how to make love to Chip Martin, and how to make a daisy chain and all sorts of things, and you never mentioned a dawg-gone thing about any of it in the magazine. I think you're a bunch of heels, 'pon my soul.

P.O.'d Plenty

—P.O.'d, we're sorry, but it was all there, between the lines—Ed.



Congratulations Graduates
and
Thank you for your
patronage

 **Lamb's**

12 S. 9th St.

BREISCH'S


Barth's
EST. 1868
CLOTHING CO., INC.

DEAN'S TOWN & COUNTRY
10 on the Strollway

Garland's
20 on the Strollway

Campus Drugs

MISSOURI
COMMERCIAL CO.

CAMPUS-VALET
CLEANERS

Grads

your HINKIN' days
are over—
now's the time
to

SPRUCE UP

at

TOWN & COLLEGE

809 Broadway

Meet the Crowd
at the SHACK . . .

- tap beer
- bottle beer
- sandwiches



SHACK

706 Conley



Well, so we're at the end of the long, paper road . . . even now the typewriters are beginning to feel lonely from not being roughed up while a staff writer pounds out the multitudes of words it takes to fill a humor magazine. The edges of the paste pots are beginning to become crusted from the dry, white paste that was used on the proof pages . . . and the ink bottles are dry . . . as dry as an Ozarkian dirt road . . . the brushes are piled up in the little cabinet in 302 Read Hall and will serve as framework for the spider webs which will decorate the shelves while this Swami retires and the office awaits the moving in of the new editor

Leaving the job as editor of one of the finest humor magazines in the country isn't an easy thing . . . your very body becomes as a part of the Show-me institution . . . and when

you begin to lose it, it's like losing your arm . . . or your head . . . or . . . well, it's like leaving the job as editor. It's been a grand experience, this editor business, and even though there's a little regret . . . there's a little relief too.

We did what we promised in the last issue. We said we were going to throw the censor into the Hinkson, or some other such place and, so help me, we've done it. Just take a look at the cover!

Here's to having worked with a fine crew all year . . . a toast to all those who have worked for Swami these past nine months. Special tribute to those who came in the last few months and weren't with us long enough to be awarded a key at our recognitions banquet . . . Ronnie Soble . . . Katie Kelly . . . Bob Williams . . . Bob Cates . . . a special orchid to Al Smith, who's been with Swami for a long, long time.

From here on, it's ECAT. May God bless him the way I've been blessed with such a loyal staff.

So long, dear readers, it's been you who's really been kind. You've bought more magazines this year than Swami has put out in a long time. That's payment enough for what we've done . . .



"I don't think we'll invite the Fredericks — they both have cancer."



MISSOURI SHOWME

Staff

EDITOR

Chip Martin

ASSISTANT EDITOR

Earl C. A. Thompson

BUSINESS MANAGER

Jerry Powell

ASSOCIATE EDITOR

Mark Parsons

FEATURE EDITOR

Bob Williams

ADVERTISING

Barbara Breisch

Bob Brown

Pud Jones

Deanne Fields

ART EDITORS

Jack London Duncan

Dick Noel

PUBLICITY

Marjean Gidens

Katie Kelly

CIRCULATION

Bill Howard

Chuck McDaneld

PHOTOGRAPHY

Al Smith

Warren Goepfel

Tom Eblen

EXCHANGES

Carolyn Horn

SUBSCRIPTIONS

Helen Mortenson

JOKE EDITOR

Judy Jenkins

RAUNCHY RIB-TICKLERS

BLACKBOARD BUNGLER

Movie of the month with pictures in lurid detail ----- 10-11

SNATCHES OF LIFE AT MIZZOU

Did you ever? You'll not want to exclude this little spread of candid shots with captions appropos ----- 12-13

GOODBYE GIRL

An old-old story with a new twist, literally speaking ----- 14

MAMORIES OF MIZZOU

A sort of a farewell (temporary) by Jack Duncan. This is the centerspread to end all centerspreads ----- 16-17

THE SNAKE

An autobiography by Bob Williams, the original rattler ----- 18)

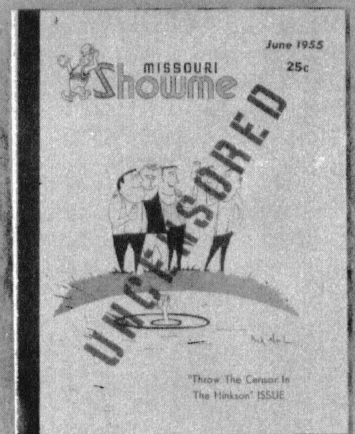
Volume 31

June, 1955

Number 8

ABOUT THE COVER

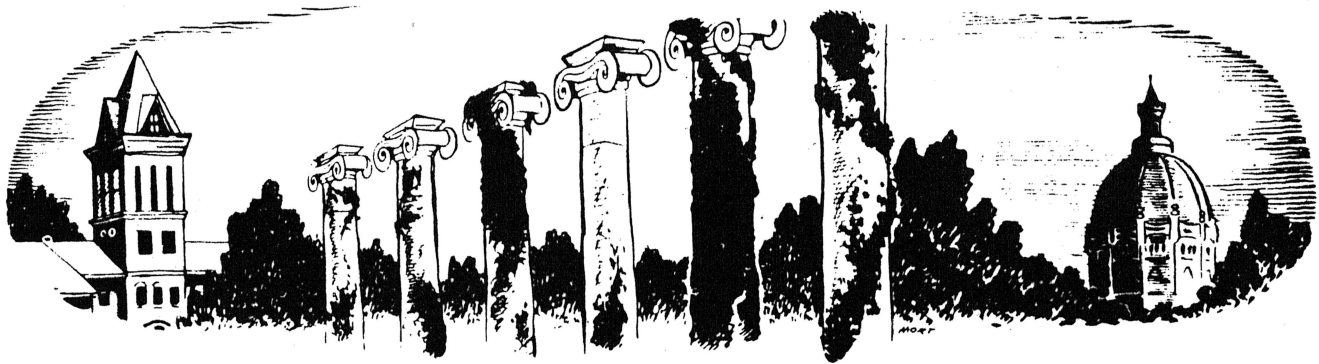
Little Dick Noel does it again. He shut the door on his little hairy monster and all the other morbid characters he associates with and picked out an especially sharp pen and went to work on Swami's last cover of the year. It's a fitting reminder to our readers that when you throw a little bit of ink here and there, it'll mess around and cause bugs to stick to it until you come up with something like Dick Noel . . . or rather like one of his drawings. Really Dick did a swell job on this one . . . and it just proves that you can't plant rhubarb in a strawberry patch, or something.



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*We're not as restrained or hopelessly chained
or coerced as you might think, son!
We took our mentor, our beloved censor,
and threw him into the Hinkson!*



Around The Columns

Overheard

We were in a used car lot, looking over the likely prospects of vehicles to provide us transportation during summer school and the agent came waddling up to us, mumbling a mystical oath or something.

We told him how much we could afford and then both of us walked over to the far end of the lot where the more rustic models were. Their antique frames still showed a semblance of the newness which was theirs some twenty years or so ago.

"Now here's one," said the old man, mouthing his words like a side-show orator, "Hit's never been owned by more than one person at the same time."

"Hum-m-m," we said, scratching our nose, for it was bee season and we felt we were just about to be stung.

"It'll hold four people," he added enthusiastically, reminding us of the side-show politicians of a few weeks back. "But it'll hold six if they're well-acquainted!"

Yeah.

Too Many Horrors

We lost.

We weren't poor losers, but we lost poorly. The Maneater staff ate us up on the soft-ball field and we came back to town with head hanging, only a little spirit left. Actually the spirits were gone by the first of the sixth, but we had hope that someone would go after another keg.

They were all there. The Maneaters. The Showme staff was still recovering from the night before when we had our magnificent banquet. That's not an excuse . . . but it is a reason that there weren't more staffers out

at Cosmo park. Actually, the Maneaters (there were also a few woman-eaters there, too) proved to just be better ball-players than the Swami crowd.

We played roamin' center field. One of our little advertising girls played center field. So we roamed over center field. It was sad though when we fell into a mole-hole and missed the fly ball that was sent our way. That was one error that cost us two runs, but it was fun . . . the Showme staff had to pay, but we drank more than they did too, so it wasn't too bad.

We were light on girl jocks and the saddest point of the day came when one of our girl jocks left. The Maneaters said we could replace her with a male staffer and when we did, they gained two more runs on us. Oh shame!

Next year things will be different. Now everybody meet out at the field behind the STABLES and we'll have an early practise for next year.

June

Studying for finals . . . then we're clean and pure as snow driven mad . . . pack the tennis rackets and all the other junk accumulated over the semester

. . . got that bus ticket . . . a sweltering ride on a Greyhound . . . hounded by the woman sitting next to you . . . a couple of stopovers . . . then home and Mom and Dad and OH NO! . . . that girl that we met at the beach . . . what a beach! . . . sand all over the place . . . water at the edge of the sand . . . uncomfortably warm . . . that summer job . . . or maybe two months at the Lake of the Ozarks . . . ah! . . . Sundays at the race track . . . drop or win thirty in a day . . . dancing on the roof garden at the Chase or the Continental in K. C. . . . tennis on the Plaza . . . canoeing at Swope Park . . . or riding the roller coaster at the Highlands . . . buying sun tan lotion by the cartons . . . sneaking off at the beach and trying to get a tan all over . . . poison ivy . . . explanations . . . mosquitos . . . getting hotter through August . . . then that last fling before School again . . . then hopping back on that same bus . . . Columbia again . . . gee, but it'll be great to be back! We'll miss you Mizzou! That is, except us . . . we're going to Summer school.

J-School Week

It was the same sweltering heat as last year and different smoldering speakers. They smoldered, but few, if any, ever lit up and blazed away. We did get to see a former Showme editor, Charles Nelson Barnard, now managing editor of TRUE magazine. We went out for a few brews and we reviewed old traditions of Mizzou and Showme and every-

thing else. Terry Rees, a former Showme cartoonist, was along too and told how they used to slap beer labels onto the ceiling at Collin's . . . or was it someplace else? I out-chug-a-lugged everybody else anyhow.

One incident during J-Week went like this. It was a hot afternoon and just after the panel on "A Quick Look at My Job" was finished, the moderator decided it was time for everyone to walk outside and take a breather. Well — 200 went out and 50 came back in. English was furious!!!

He took all the cards turned in by the errant students and had everyone else who came back in fill out new cards. This, no doubt, was a retaliation for what the students did. But we think the whole thing was a little silly.

We contend that if the purpose of J-Week was being fulfilled, no student would have wanted to walk out. We think that the purpose of J-Week should be (if it isn't now) directed to the wants of the students, and if it does that, it wouldn't be necessary for the students to even have to fill out attendance cards. A quick discussion with many students revealed that they want to know (1.) what their chances of advancement are in various fields (2.) what salary they might expect in certain fields (3.) and how they might go about getting a job in those fields. Only a few of the speakers touched on those points.

Many of the speakers were interesting even if they didn't discuss those points, which may be a good reason for a student wanting to go to hear them. Many of them were downright lousy and didn't even say anything of importance. If the purpose of J-Week is for incompetent speakers to gain experience in front of an audience, we wish they would pick another audience.

As students paying tuition to receive an education from that school, we should be allowed the choice at least of abstaining from hearing these speakers. If we must attend, at least let's improve the quality of speakers and make it worthwhile to the student . . . which we think is the primary person for which a university exists.



Quickie

Here we were in the furniture store buying furniture again and looking at new styles of lamps and stuff for the living room. The moustached salesman was intermittently folding his hands and putting them in his pocket (this may sound difficult at first, but

he was a mannekin). We sat down in one of those new-fangled wire chairs (wire you doin' that. I asked myself stream-of-consciously) and the salesman said . . . "See these chairs over here? They don't match anything else, but you should have an occasional piece in every living room."

Well, we wanted to keep up with the Jones family, so we got one.

The Suave Cosmopolitan

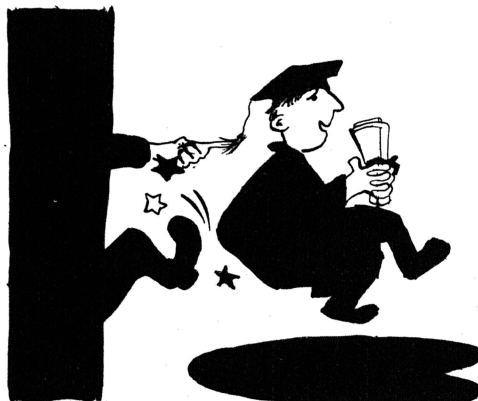
Bob Williams won't divulge the name of the girl who went with him out to Cosmo park about two weeks ago. It seems the date was a blind one, and the girl, not seeing too clearly, went wild (literally speaking) over Bob.

Well, they had a good time out there. It was a quick trip and they got in early. Which just goes to show that everyone should go down at Cosmo park every now and then, but why did they have to go all the way out there?

It was a good thing, too, said Bob. They were lucky that they didn't have a flat tire, 'cause it rained that night.

Goin' Fishin'

We jumped into the car and went out to see if Breezy Hill was open, but it wasn't, so we drove around and never did find a suitable place to drink, so we went to the Ozarks to do some fishin'. When we got down there we didn't catch anything (at least we don't think we did) so we laid out on a big slab of concrete and tried to get a sun tan. Lester had just taken on about



five guys the past night or so, so he was little help when a few fellas from Nebraska considered stompin' us. One little girl, who, incidentally, was coming out in front, told us the fish were biting that day, so we decided not to go swimming.

We didn't take our suits with us anyway.

Showme Banquet

There we were out at Moon Valley Villa eating steaks and stuff and having a big ball. Jerry got up and made a speech and before we got through the evening, just about everybody else made a speech too.

Little Dick Noel and his buddy entertained the folks with their old vaudeville acts (the one about Simon Lègree hitting the poor old man with a vaudeville axe) and then Les and Bob and somebody else gave a little presentation about the guy who couldn't tell a beer tavern from a hole-in-one. Anyhow we had a good time. Jack was carried home, Les was carried home and somebody lost a filling or something on the dance floor of the patio (get right Daddi-o).

Keys were given out to some of those who had given freely also. One person lost his head when he saw the artificial oxidation on his'n and said he wanted a new key.

Maneater

While everyone was up in a tizzy over a little publication that seemed to shake the campus, we withheld comment (except for one time, when it seemed like the election was goin' the other way) on the editorial merits of the Maneater, the gourmet of yellow journalism.

We said once, and we say it again, its editor is a practical man and knows what people will read. We hope he has been successful in selling as many copies as he set out to sell in the beginning.

There is much to be admired in the way the Maneater has handled the Mizzou campus news . . . it has been fairly complete,



Well how do you think I feel!

timely, and *at times*, accurate. Certainly, all its staff members have been go-getters.

It's what they went after that detracts from the promise of that publication. But all its reporters were not responsible for what they went after. As always, the responsibility lies with the editor.

We've heard the comment over and over again that the Maneater policy-makers seem to shun journalism students for what might be termed "shackles of high editorial standards." It's a shame that its editor could not have had some of those standards rub off on him.

We don't stand alone on our opinion of the Maneater. There are scores of people who think that it's readable and buy it to pick up the local dirt, but who are aware of its deviation from the journalistic code.

It's only fitting that we give a tribute to its editor on his last regular semester at Mizzou. (*sic, sans pathos*). Perhaps the following shall be deemed worthy:

*"St. Herman, grant me this;
That I may be saved from t
worms*

Which have infested thee."

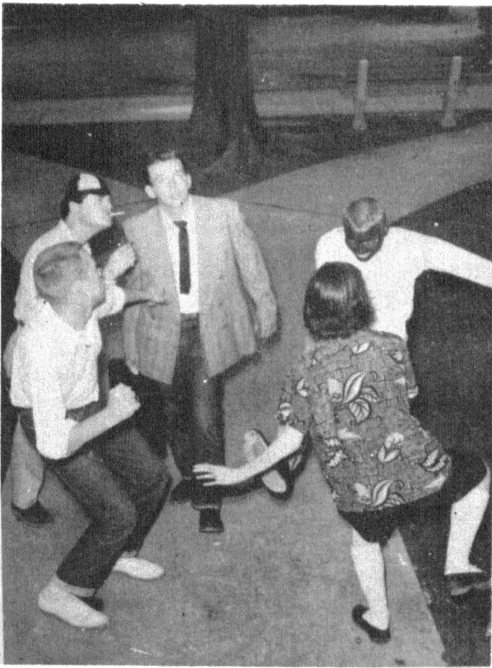
Carousel

It was a pretty professional thing, that Carousel . . . like a Merry-go-raunch. The director sat in a big chair out in front of everything during the rehearsals . . . there was a big chain of command . . . every time you wanted to know something, you had to ask the assistant director and then he'd go rushing-gushing to the little man in the chair and ask him . . . there was one girl in the cast who wanted all the girls to like her and just wanted all the boys. All the boys caroused around and, on the whole, everyone had a good time.

The End

Read and re-read these columns . . . every last word's a jewel — a jem-dandy . . . these are the last you'll ever get from .

Chip
9

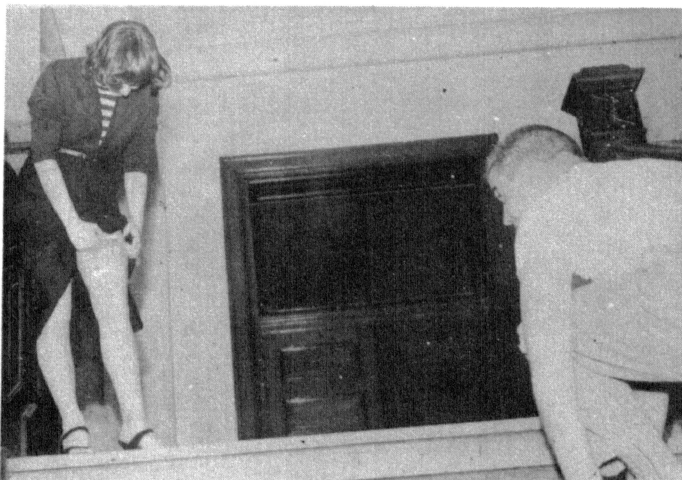


Jitter Miller and friend Bugg dance in joyful enthusiasm at the arrival of their new teacher, Daddio (center). The students at the school like to jitter Bugg, a very friendly girl.

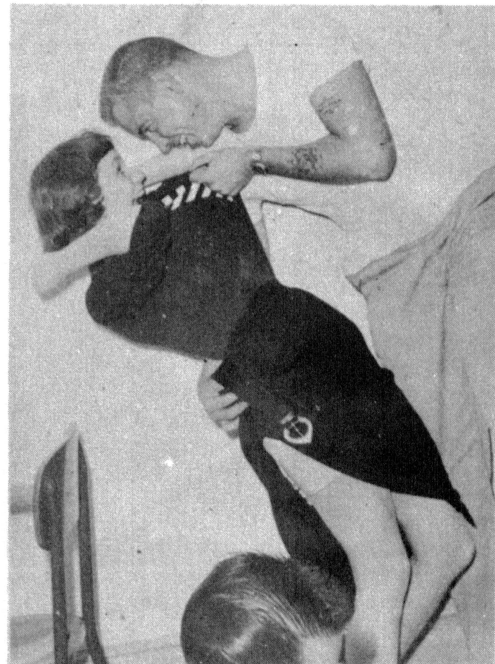


During speech analysis (Speech 175) Immorales shows his appreciation of his home life and community, and adds that, "Tonight for dinner we're having friggin' chickassee."

Blackboard Bungle Movie-of-the-Month



Lois Hammond, beautiful young school-teacher and colleague of Daddio, gives practical application of visual education. Student at right seems engrossed with his lessons.

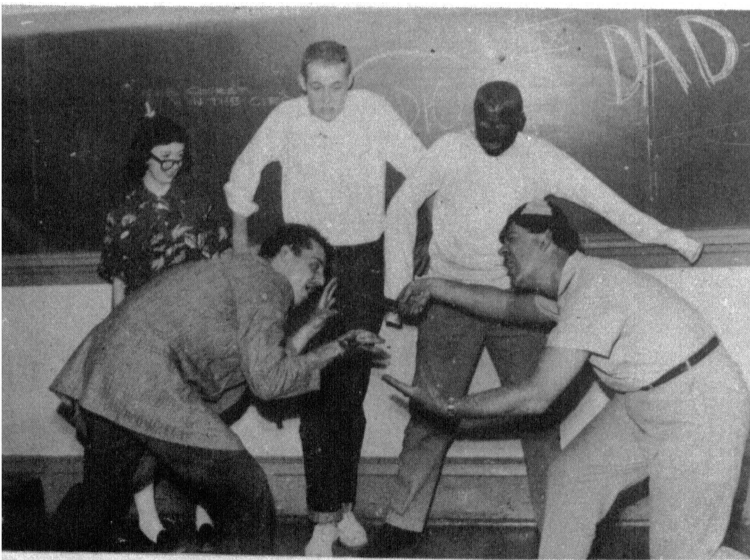
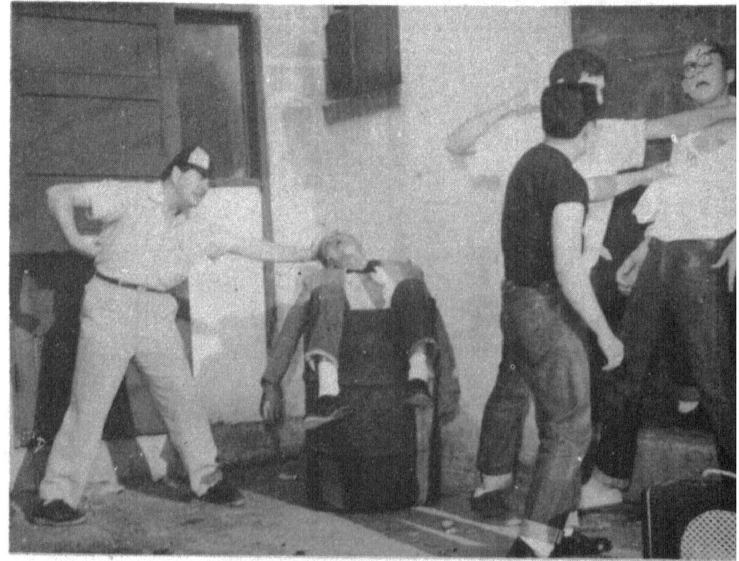


Student, musically inclined, shows a remarkable leaning toward the Hammond Organ. Daddio (center, foreground) is neatly folding garments as they are removed. "Help the children as much as possible," says he.



Daddio and the math instructor stop at the student cafeteria one day. A young student interrupts their conversation to show them her problem. Daddio likes the proposition brought before him.

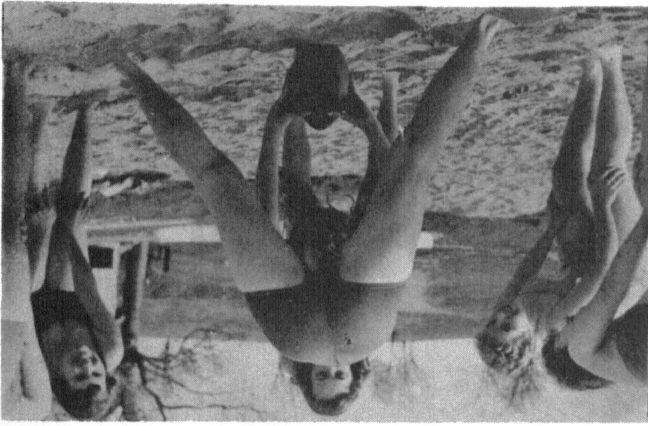
And WHAT a proposition! West (wearing cap) and his cohorts, who were looking in cafeteria window, decide that no damn teacher should stick his nose into the students' problems.



Terrified, Santini (left), Chingar (center), and Miller look on as Daddio and West finally clash in drunken classroom brawl. West has cut Daddio once already, but he is a three time man.

The film ends as Daddio wins approval of class and West gets shaft from Santini. Miller (second from left) seems to have lost a hand in the fracas. West gets sent to West Point while Daddio resumes position working with Miss Hammond.

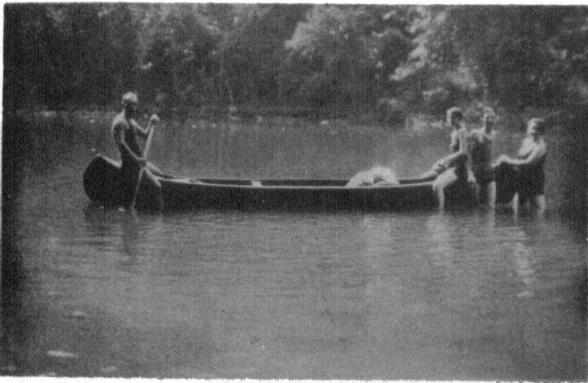




The lady is a magician — she will make the ball disappear . . .



Need we say more?

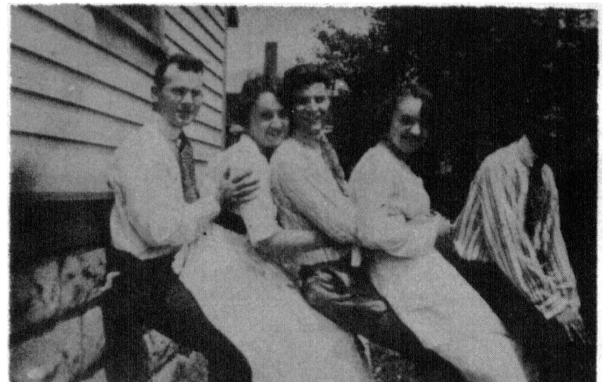


These six people are having fun — two of them are having more fun . . .

Candidly Something *(snatches of life at Mizsou)*



"This ole house," see ad page 27.



Who-o-o-o-ps!



Heavy hung with Medals, hero returns from war . . .



Famous newspaper editor leaves campus — he has a mad dog in the padded crate.



Three girls, eight boys over at the Stadium . .



It may be hard to conceive, but this man is pregnant.

Goodbye Girl

*A Short, Short Story Complete
on this Page.*

by Bob Williams

The boy straightened, his lips tingling from the kiss. He slowly withdrew his arms from around the girl, and took a white handkerchief from his hip pocket and began to wipe at the lipstick that stained his mouth. He groped for a cigarette, found one in his shirt pocket, and lit it with the lighter she had given him for his birthday. A long, slow drag — a quick inhale — a relieved tube of smoke coming from his mouth. He relaxed, turned to the window, through which he could see the automobiles passing in the summer rain, and said,

“So it’s all over. That’s all there is to it. You met this bird from Kansas City, and now you’re going to take up with him.”

The boy had been in love with the Girl, and he still was. His love for her was something which grew inside his cells, like a virus, and at times it seemed as if the cells would burst.

They’d been dating steady all year. They’d met at a football game in October, and by Christ-

mas they were going steady. New Year’s Eve found them pinned, and two weeks later, engaged. It seemed as if they could not get enough of each other, and they were together every night. Boy loved Girl, and Girl loved Boy. It was simple, sweet, and true. Until tonight.

Boy had come over for the usual evening round of television and petting, and it was early in the evening that Girl told him of the new boy — the one she’d met in Kansas City the weekend before. Boy hadn’t believed her at first, because he knew that he was the only one for Girl. Finally, she convinced him that it was over. Tonight would be the last night. The last kiss. The last embrace. It would be goodbye forever.

“Girl, you loved me. God knows I loved you and still do. I don’t know what I did wrong, but it must be that I asked too much. When I leave here, I leave the part of me that’s good and decent.”

Boy turned from the window and looked at Girl lying on the couch. She didn’t look like the



type that would deliberately break a man’s heart. She looked sweet, with her eyes wide and her lips parted faintly, as if an invitation to kiss. Boy felt a pang of helplessness, and felt weak for a moment. He sank into the chair and wondered what he was going to do. School would be out in a week, throwing him into a world where nobody would know of his plight, but what was he to do in that week. Everyplace he went, he would be reminded of Girl. They had spent hours in all the places on and off campus that lovers frequent. Every place he would go, he’d be tormented by the ghost of the lovely past.

Confused, he turned to the door, opened it, and looked back at Girl for the last time. She was beautiful, and the only thing that marred her perfection was the ugly twist in her neck, where the boy had put all of his weight in an effort to stop the flood of words bringing an end to the affair.

“Goodbye, Girl.”





You just have no idea all the courses I'm passing. They have men teachers. And graders. And men sitting next to me who study. So now that it's practically finals — well, I'm learning fast.

People are studying all sorts of strange places, like even the sundeck. I never go up there myself because I don't think it's nice to look down on people, and anyway Mother warned me never to get high. But I always wonder what girls think about while they're lying there, flat on their backs, getting a tan.



Probably about boys. Of course they're not so eager to date us girls this time of the year — instead of looking in that little black book and calling you up they look in the little blue book from their last quiz and stay home to cram. And that's silly—who likes a boy with an E? I like boy with an S—lots of them.

* * * *

Flipping through the pages of my A.W.S. calendar (that's an acrobatic trick I learned in high school) I was just sort of gloating over those seven dates every week. That's the way the calendar is printed. But the cover of it always seems to me to represent the financial set-up of everybody on campus — there's this cool cat juggling the books.

Inside the calendar (if you don't have one, incidentally, they're a dollar, and even if you do they're still a dollar) is a sort of explanation about Sarah Gentry Elston — a kind of dedication. It seems she was a great community leader and "Her money is cherished by those women whom she taught and worked with." Confidentially, they meant to say "memory." The printer just forgot. Which means, elephants having the reputation they do, that this guy must be a Democrat.

* * * *

This is supposed to be, they tell me, a Farewell Issue. That would rhyme with "miss you"—but I'm not very poetic. So I'll have to hope I scored a direct hit instead. The way I figure, I'm not really a bum — just one of those tramps around the columns.

Breathes there a man with soul
so dead

Who has never turned around
and said . . .

"Hmmm. Not bad!"

* * * *

There is nothing strange in the fact that the modern girl is a live wire; she carries practically no insulation.

The glowing embers of the fire cast a warm hue into the room. They sat together on the sofa, cozy and sheltered from the storm outside, alone, romantic. Silently, longingly, they gazed into each others eyes. A question trembled on his lips. Her eyes were wide and wondering. Two souls with but one single thought — which one was going after more wood?

* * * *

"Hey Mose — did y'all go to de party las' night?"

"Sho' did!"

"Didja have a good time?"

"Boy, did I! I won second prize in de jitter bug contes'!"

"Yo' did! What was de second prize?"

"I got a quick date with de hostess."

"Sho nuff! What was de fust prize?"

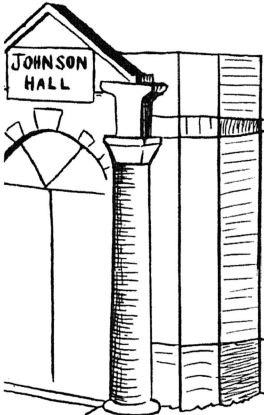
"Fifty cents."

* * * *

Then there's the one about the super-salesman who convinced a staunch Baptist that a picture of Pope Pius XII was a picture of Harry Truman in full Masonic regalia.



BABS, YOU FORGOT TO HAUL IN THE LADDER AGAIN LAST NIGHT!



Mamories of Mizzou

by Jack London Duncan

READER— USE YOUR IMAGINATION — I USED MINE TO DODGE THE CENSOR. DUNC

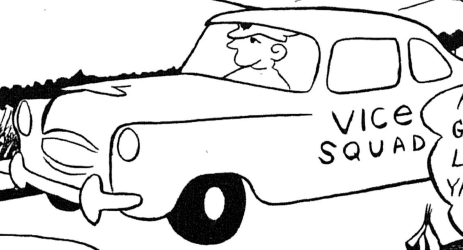
MEN ARE ALL ALIKE!

MEN ARE ALL AH LIKE, TOO!

TO GET CORNDONE AND JELLY.

WHE WE 9

HELL, CHIEF, NOTHIN WRONG IN THERE!



AWRIGHT, AN YOUSE GUYS UNDER 16 GOTTA LEAVE— TH' REST 'O YA GIMME ANNUDA QUATAH!

UNCLE WILL'S REVIVAL

SUMMER HOT HERE?

YEAH, AN SOME ARE FRISID AS HELL

THAT CIGARETTE HAS A PHILTER ON IT!



YOU DIRTY BASSETT!



HOW MANY CUTS DID YOU HAVE?

...AND IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME, I'LL LAY YOU TEN TO ONE!

I EAT LUNCH AT 12:30, HOW ABOUT SIX O'CLOCK?

BY GEORGE WE SURE THOSE CAM RACES PEOP

WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO THIS SUMMER?

BE A MAID!



CENSORED



CENSORED



DON'T SAY IT, LET ME GUESS WHAT YOU'RE SELLING!



AH TOLE YOU NOT TO MESS AROUND.... NOW LOOK AT YOU!

COMO ESTA USTED...

ACH! ICH WOLTE DAS SCHATZI HABEN!

ROTHWELL

BUT MISS, I TELL YOU IT WAS JUST AN ACCIDENT!

WE ALWAYS LOSE, DAMMIT!

I THINK I'M MALADJUSTED!

ALLOW ME...

VD
Movies
10:30
AFROTC

IS SHE A GOODGIRL?

...AND I'M GONNA SUE THOSE NASH PEOPLE

THEY DON'T HARDLY MAKE THEM KIND NO MORE.

NO DAMN TREES FOUL UP MY CENTERSPREAD! DUNC

AN' WHAT'S ILLEGAL ABOUT EVER

CENSOR IS ONE

MY GOODNESS, I JUST LOVE TO READ ALL ABOUT JIM AN JOE AN CAT AN LEROY AN SEBASTIAN AN MADDOG AN SUTTIE AN...

I SEE BY THE MANEATER THAT SOMEBODY CHANGED THE SOAP IN THE LADIES ROOM - AN' JOE GOT A LETTER FROM HIS POP!

WHO ARE YOU?

I'M SUTTIE!

A LETTER

SANS MALICE
JOE, TO YOU AND THE MANEATER STAFF: A LONG-DESERVED BLAST FOR BORING US UNTO ILLNESS WITH GABBLE FROM, BY AND ABOUT THE SEWING CIRCLE.

ON THE OTHER HAND - CONGRADUATIONS AND

GOOD LUCK! DUNC

HE, SIDNEY, FOXED UPSTOWN TLE!

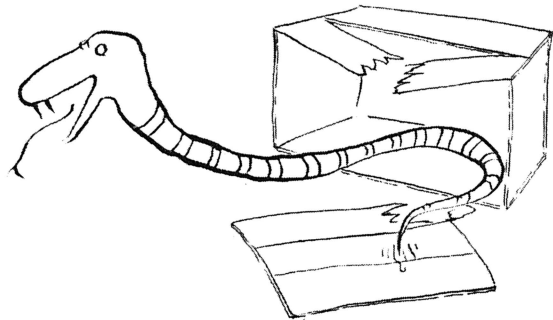
COACH, YOU KNOW THAT KID YOU WANTED ME TO SEE IF HE HAD ANY GUTS?

YEP?

WELL, HE HAD 'EM!

FEELTHY RACCOON JOKES?





The Snake

She'd Soon be Sorry She Knew What Pregnant meant!

by Bob Williams

It was a pretty big snake, all coiled up there by the log, and Barney felt a bit uneasy about the whole damn thing. His hand was hot and moist clenched around the stick he'd cut earlier for this job, and he didn't know if he felt up to it or not. The snake struck. Barney side-stepped, and as the snake hit the ground, he put a foot on its back and drove the forked stick downward. The prongs entered the damp ground, one on each side of the snake's neck, and Barney pushed hard. He had done it. The rattler was his.

Grasping it by the head and squeezing the nerves behind the jaws, Barney lifted the snake and walked back to the box. He opened the lid and dropped the rattlesnake into the box. Closing the lid, he sat down on the box and lit a cigarette.

"Cripes!" he thought, "If I never have to do that again it'll be too soon."

Now all that remained to be done was to nail up the crate and mail it to Sue. "Pregnant, huh? She'll wish she never heard the word when she gets this little Mother's Day gift!"

Barney strolled over to the car parked by the side of the dirt road, and opened the trunk. He took out the hammer and

nails, went back to the box, and began to nail it up. Inside, the snake struck furiously at the noise of the pounding, and once in a while, Barney could see the rattles poking out of the small air holes he'd drilled in the sides of the box. When he was done, he picked up the crate and put it in the trunk, closed the deck lid, and started to get in the car. Halfway in, he stopped and thought, "That snake's liable to die in the trunk — wouldn't do to send my dolly a dead snake at all."

So he opened the trunk and transferred the box to the back seat of the car. He got in, started the car, shifted to reverse, and backed out of the road and onto the shoulder.

He only had to back and fill twice to get turned around in the narrow space, and was soon on his way back to town. It was still early afternoon and Barney just took it easy. He had about forty miles to go, and since it was pretty hot, he didn't feel like knocking himself out by driving like a bat out of hell.

He rounded a curve, and saw a small grocery store, tavern and filling station. He needed gas anyway, so he thought he'd stop in for a beer. He slowed, waited for a car to pass, and turned into the drive. He bounced up to the pumps, and told the old man who

came out of the tavern to fill the tank.

Barney went in, and ordered a beer. When the ragged old woman behind the bar brought the cold bottle and glass to the bar, Barney paid her and moved to a table.

He drank three beers.

The old man came in, and said that the gas would be three dollars and thirty-one cents. Barney unfolded four one-dollar bills, and stood up, drained his glass, and waited for his change. He went out, got in the car, started up, and pulled out into the highway. He didn't see the big trailer-truck rounding the curve until it was too late.

* * * *

"I wish you wouldn't talk about it Amos," said the little old lady, "it's too horrible for words."

The old man, tired from a hard days' work at the pumps, stretched and said, "Yeah, I know it's pretty bad, but damn! I can't get over what that doctor said. That boy wouldn't of died if that snake in the car hadn't busted loose when the truck hit and tore up the car. The boy didn't have a mark on him, except them two fang marks in the back of his neck."

● ● ●



Lester, I like you to meet my wife, the old bag lost the batteries to her hearing aid.

PREUSS



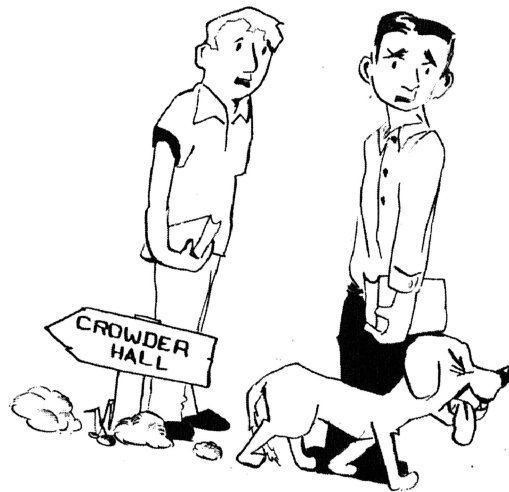
Your time is up Miss Isley

PREUSS



And do you realize, that since my worthy opponent has taken office, the price of living has gone up .75 cents a fifth?

Preuss



CROWDER HALL

PREUSS



"I hear somebody's layin' fer ya'!"

Kesling
- Kitty Kat -

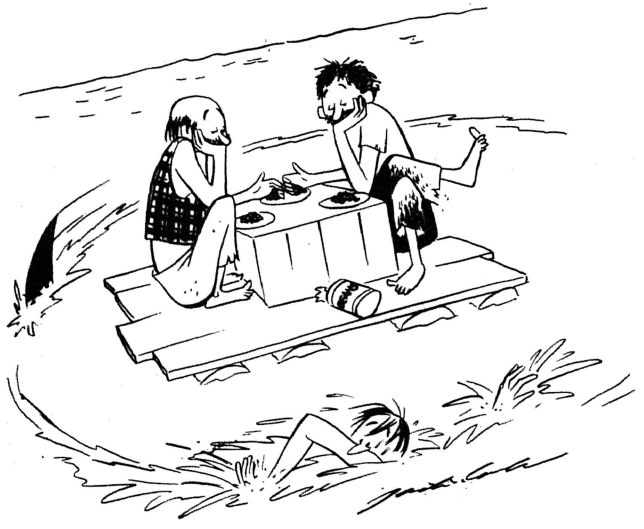


Hey, this pen leaks!

Unknown

filched

a SHAFT cartoon



"No! No, my children, just a simple kiss."
- Chapparral



Sigma Alpha Epsilon

Tau Kappa Epsilon

Delta Upsilon

Delta Chi

Alpha Tau Omega

Phi Kappa

Sigma Phi Epsilon

Good Luck in the Future Graduating Seniors

Pi Kappa Alpha

Phi Gamma Delta

Delta Delta Delta

Sigma Chi

Phi Delta Theta

Lambda Chi Alpha

Phi Kappa Psi

Kappa Kappa Gamma

Zeta Tau Alpha



- COME ONE!
- COME ALL!
- HURRY!!

Big

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_____ Gym

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6 to 9

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SONGS

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newspaper reading

the popular way

Read

"Tiger Rag"

- INACCURATE!
- BLASPHEMOUS!
- LIBELOUS!
- FISHY! (Crappie)

212 Read Hall

Phone

9869



A New York theatrical producer wired a Hollywood actress to ask her price for appearing on the Broadway stage, reports PAGEANT. She replied that her price was \$2,000 a week.

"Accept two thousand with pleasure," the producer telegraphed.

"TWO THOUSAND FOR ACTING," she wired. "PLEASURE EXTRA."

* * * *

"I want you to vaccinate me where it won't show," the beautiful showgirl told the physician.

"All right," the doctor replied, "but that will be ten dollars — in advance."

"Why in advance?" the showgirl asked.

"Because I generally weaken in such cases and fail to charge anything," confessed the doctor.

* * * *

The census taker approached the little tumbled down shack on the outskirts of Savannah, and pushed his way into the front room through a bunch of small children who were playing all over the place. A large lady was identified as the lady of the house, and to her he put his customary questions.

"He ain't got no occupation," she sighed, "He done passed away fo-teen years ago."

"He did? Then who do all these little children belong to?"

"Dey's all mine, sir," proudly stated the mother.

"Why, I thought you said your husband died fourteen years ago?"

"He sho' did, sah, but me . . . I didn't."

A man had been drunk for six months. His wife, completely discouraged, acquired a lover. The wife and lover were in bed one night when the drunken husband came staggering home. The lover was frightened, but the wife said:

"Don't worry. He's been drunk for six months and I'll bluff him."

The drunk undressed and got into bed.

"Shay my love, there's six feet in the bed."

"You're drunk," replied the wife. "You've been drunk for six months."

"I know I'm drunk, but I can still count — one, two, free, four, five six."

"You can't count," said the wife, "you're so drunk you're blind."

"I am not," said the husband. "I'll count from the other end. One, two, free, four, five, six."

"You can't even spell your own name," said the wife.

"Well, then," said the drunk, "I'll get out of bed and count."

He staggered around to the foot of the bed and said:

"One, two, free, four. That's right, my love. My mistake."

And he got back into bed and went to sleep.

* * * *

"Gestern habe ich einen jungen Mann kennengelernt, der noch nie ein Madchen gekusst hat."

"Den mochte icn gernmal kennenlernen?"

"Dafur ist es jetst zu uspat . . ."
Mein Kampf

* * * *

Along with old shoes, tin cans and what have you tied to the back of the newly-weds car was a sign reading: "Amateur Night."



It's only until we can get the television fixed.



Cap: Yes sirl Come to think of it I could spare a dime for a cup of coffee, friend.

PREUSS



Look kid, we ain't got no scrabble soup.

PREUSS



D you want to make a bet on next year's Derby?

Mont

HOW FAR IS . . .

THE OLD LOG INN?

JUST ½ MILE SOUTH ON THE
BANK OF THE HINKSON

BOX LUNCHES

HEY MABEL ON TAP

I DREAMED I WENT TO

HELL



IN MY ERIN-GO-BRAUGH!

You'll go to Hell too, unless

You can develop your best points with an Erin-go-braugh.

In flesh color for the daring!

U.S. CAUCUS

Tonite

Let's all get together at the Football Stadium at 7:30 P.M.

**EXTRA! (Duddily Martin to be tarred and feathered
and burned at the stake.)**



The bashful bride whispered to her husband as they entered the hotel:

"Jack dear, let's try to make the other people think we've been married a long time."

"All right, honey. But do you think you can carry both suitcases?"

* * * *

The old gentleman on the street-car took pity on a pretty girl swaying with a strap on the crowded car. He offered her a seat on his lap, remarking that he was a very old man.

She hesitated a moment but when the car lurched she sat on his knees. The car bounced along swinging around the curves. Finally the old gent spoke up:

"Miss," he said, "I think one of us will have to get up. I am not as old as I thought I was."

* * * *

While the young suitor was waiting for his girl, the latter's little sister sidled into the room.

"Did you know my sister's got three other boy friends?" she asked coyly.

"Really?" he asked in surprise. "I haven't seen any of them."

"Neither have I", said the moppet, "but she gave me a quarter to tell you."

* * * *

"Doctor my husband thinks he is a refrigerator."

"That isn't too bad. Quite a harmless delusion I'd say."

"The delusion I don't mind, Doctor. But when he sleeps he sleeps with his mouth open and the light keeps me awake."



Swami's Snorts

A gentleman, on being informed that he was the father of triplets, rushed to the hospital and burst joyously into his wife's room.

The nurse was not pleased to see him.

"You can't come in here covered with germs," she said. "You are not sterile."

"You're telling me I'm not!" replied the husband.

* * * *

Did you hear about the happy Roman? Gladiator.

* * * *

Then there's the one about the thrifty cat. Every week he put a little into the kitty.

* * * *

"Have you heard about the new college game?"

"No, what is it?"

"Button, button, here comes the housemother."

* * * *

"I would rather commit adultery than to attend class without my uniform," the officer told his class of AFROTC students.

"Hell, who wouldn't?" a voice meekly rang out in the rear.

* * * *

Frosh: "Why don't you ever wear gloves on a date?"

Junior: "I feel better without them."

* * * *

"Do you neck?"

"That's my business."

"Professional, huh?"

* * * *

A bird in hand is worthless when you want to blow your nose.

"Sonny you know you shouldn't drag your little sister down the street by her hair."

"Aw that's all right lady, she's dead."

* * * *

A philosopher is a man who can look into an empty glass and smile.

* * * *

He who laughs last has found a meaning the censors missed.

* * * *

"You can't beat the system," moaned an SAE over his last semester grades. "I decided to take Basketweaving for a snap course, but two Navajos enrolled and raised the curve!"

* * * *

Angry housemother: "What do you mean bringing this girl in at this hour of the morning?"

K.A.: "Had an eight o'clock."

* * * *

Some girls think low-cut gowns are indecent . . . other girls are well-built.

First Pi Phi: What's the square root of 69?

Second Pi Phi: Eight something.

* * * *

J-school prof: I've found that the best way to start a day is to exercise for five minutes after arising, breathe deeply, and finish with a cold shower. Then I feel rosy all over."

Student: (muttering in sleepy voice) "Tell us more about Rosy."

* * * *

The flashy dame passed through the Union lobby several times. Finally the polite young AFROTC lad stepped up to her and politely inquired:

"Pardon me, but are you looking for some particular person?"

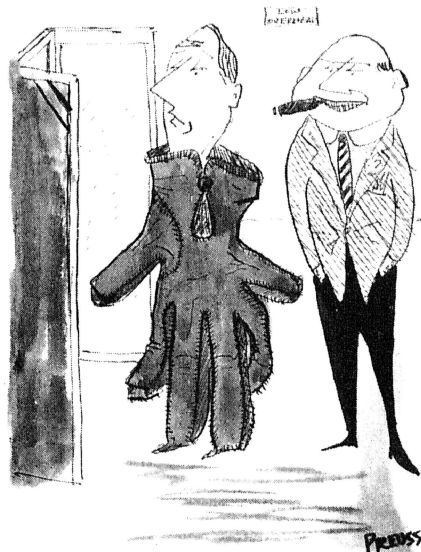
"Oh, I'm satisfied," she smiled right back, "if you are."

* * * *

"How much does your new baby weigh?" the neighbor asked. "Four pounds," the young mother replied.

"Just four pounds?" the amazed neighbor asked.

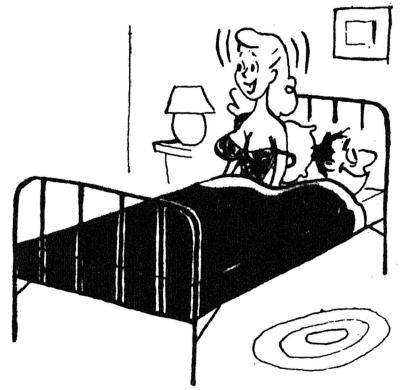
"Well, what in the world do you expect?" said the young mother. "We've only been married four months."



Yes sir. Fits like a glove.



hal hudson



"Wow! What a dream!"—Shaft

"I'd still like to know what all those tickets
you were selling to your friends were for."

a SHAFT cartoon

filched



Gus Farmer

"Stories! Who the hell wants
to tell stories?
—Pelican



"I was a Beta — what were you?"

THE SPARTAN



My friend Sally went with her conspicuously expectant daughter-in-law to visit a neighboring rancher. As they were departing, the rancher asked Sally if she would leave his hunting rifle with a gunsmith in a village along the way. Having parked the automobile in the village, the two women were strolling leisurely along, Sally with the rifle under her arm.

Suddenly she turned to her daughter-in-law.

"Eloise," she said, "Would you mind walking on the other side of the street?"

A plump and respectable lady approaching middle age was converted to nudism and spent her summer vacation in a nudist colony. Old friends, meeting her afterward, listened agog as she told all.

"It was such a glorious sense of freedom I got there," she said, "And such a release from stifling and outmoded thoughts and feelings."

Then a dreamy and somewhat disturbed look possessed her and she gazed into space.

"But, you know," she confessed, "there's just one thing that I don't seem able to control. It may be that the bonds of custom and early training are so strong that I'll never get over it."

"Yes?" her friends asked breathlessly.

"Well," the lady answered shyly, "it's next to impossible to keep your napkin from sliding off your lap!"

SUZIE STEPHEN'S

by ECAT



Hell! we'll take it for the whole eight hours — our daughter don't graduate from Stephens everyday you know!

MALTS
SHAKES
SUNDAES



ZESTO

Hiway 40 E

"This Ole House"

near the tracks
by the ice-plant

is

GOING

OUT

OF

BUSINESS!

- All kinds of bargains
- Kind of a rummage sale!
- Special door prize for every customer!
- Everything goes!

**If you get a chance
get in today . . .**

302 on the Strollway



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offers their very best wishes to the

GRADUATING SENIORS



the novus shop
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(Strictly A C.I.O. Commodity)

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\$6.95

Greenspon's

900 Broadway



The frat man was out on a blind date with a rather flat-chested sorority girl. The evening ended on the sofa in the young lady's sorority house. The boy put his arm around her and made a few preliminary passes.

The girl stiffened indignantly.

"Here, here!" she cried.

"Where, where?" he replied.

* * * *

Scotchman: "Hurrah for Scotland!"

Irishman: "Hurrah Hell!"

Scotchman: "That's right, every man for his own country."

* * * *

Sigma Nu: "I went out last night with a girl who really had something."

ATO: "So?"

Sigma Nu: "I think I've got it."

* * * *

Phi Delt: If you were ever stuck alone on a desert island, what kind of man would you like to have with you?

Demure Theta: An obstetrician.

* * * *

Sign for Smith Brothers cough drops in a New York subway:

"Take one to bed with you."

Inscription underneath:

"I wouldn't sleep with either one of them."

* * * *

1st D. G.: I'm going to enter my dog in the dog show this year.

2nd D. G.: Do you think he'll win?

1st D. G.: No, but think of all the nice dogs he'll meet.



Waiter: "Why are you washing your spoon in the finger bowl?"
 Sigma Chi: "I don't want to get ice cream all over my pocket."

* * * *

A farmer was highly incensed on entering the new doctor's office to be told by his nurse that he had to go into the next room and undress.

"But I just want the doctor to look at my throat," the nurse said. "It's the doctor's rule."

Madder than a wet hen, the farmer went into the other room where he saw another undressed man sitting.

"Isn't this ridiculous?" he asked. "All I come in here for was a throat checkup."

"What are you crabbing about?" the undressed man said. "I just came in to read the electric meter."

* * * *

The young man contemplated his second glass of beer.

"How much beer do you sell a week?" he inquired.

"About 40 kegs," the bartender replied.

"I'll tell you how you can sell 80."

"Eighty kegs? How?"

"Fill up the glasses!"

* * * *

Television: A device that offers people who don't have anything to do a chance to watch people who can't do anything.

* * * *

D.U.: Is the dance formal, or can I wear my own clothes?

WHY DRAG HEAVY CLOTHES HOME?



You can't use your winter clothes this summer. Tiger Laundry stores them economically, saves you trouble of packing and lugging . . . Come in or phone for information

TIGER LAUNDRY

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- Spaghetti
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KOLLEGE KATS Every Wednesday Night

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BRING YOUR DATE AND
 ENJOY CINEMASCOPE
 UNDER THE STARS

THE MODERN ENTERTAINMENT MIRACLE

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HALT —
don't go further
down the road

stop at **ANDY'S CORNER**
one mile south on highway K

SCHOLARS!
Going to Summer School?
BUY NOW and SAVE
Books
Paper
Outlines
Pen and Pencils

CASH for your BOOKS
UNIVERSITY BOOK STORE
Student Union Bldg.



The Newlyweds took the honeymoon suite in a hotel. The bride was a beautiful creature, truly statuesque in figure, and her husband was obviously very much in love with her. The walls were thin, and two sailors occupied the next room.

"My dearest," said the husband, "you are so beautiful, guess I'll get a sculptor from New York to model you."

A moment later there was a knock on the door.

"Who's there?" asked the husband.

"Two sculptors from New York!"

* * * *

Julie's had a new shipment of brand-new perfume the other day: RACCOON 69. Pi Phis are buying it by the Queerts!

* * * *

ATTENTION GIRLS AT JOHNSTON HALL: Girls who spend too long on beaches . . . look like oranges, not peaches.

* * * *

The course of true love never runs up a big light bill.

* * * *

Beta: May I join you madame?
Theta: Heavens, am I coming apart!

* * * *

Delt: Do you believe in Buddha?
Kappa: Of course, but I think oleo margarine is just as good.

* * * *

And then there was the Tri Delt who soaked her strapless gown in coffee so it would stay up all night.

* * * *

Some girls are afraid of mice . . . and then others have ugly legs.



An attractive airline hostess was coping with two wolves on the same flight. After fending them off for a couple of hours she finally relented and sat down next to Wolf No. 1.

After a few minutes' low conversation the girl nodded her head in the affirmative and then, several minutes later in the rear of the plane, she also seemed to agree with Wolf No. 2. After whispering the name of a Los Angeles hotel and a room number in his ear, she went about her duties as Wolf No. 2 seemed satisfied and relaxed for the rest of the trip.

In Los Angeles that night, the pretty hostess went out on a date with her steady boyfriend. About 10 o'clock she looked at her wrist watch and she couldn't help wondering what Wolf No. 1 was going to say when Wolf No. 2 knocked on his door at the appointed hour!

* * * * *

Jim dropped into the small town physician's office just when it happened to be full of patients. The physician opened the door of his consultation room just about then and Jim yelled out loudly:

"Hi, doc, how are you?"

"Hello Jim, and how are you today?" the physician answered.

"Fine Doc. I'm doing just fine since you took away my prostitute."

* * * * *

Cop: (to students in parked car) "What are you doing in there?"

Studene: "Nothing!"

Cop: "Okay, then you come out and hold the flashlight!f"

Congratulations Graduating Class

Wishing you a lot of luck on your new adventures
and thanking you for your patronage
in the past!

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DRY CLEANERS & SHIRT LAUNDRY

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Brighter it up
with Paint
from . . .

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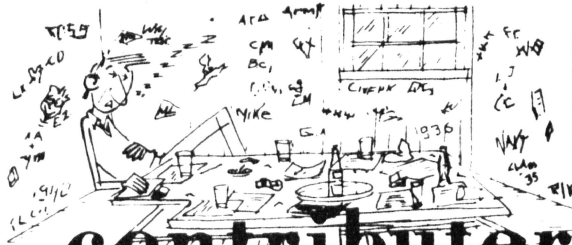
Your Choice
of the Finest

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- WINES
- MIXES
- ICE CUBES

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Brown Derby

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Contributors' page

Bob Williams

When discharged from the army, Bob had great ideas for the future. He returned to his native East St. Louis and tried to interest his friends in a business venture. He figured that with the help of the local hoods, plus his artillery training and a few 90's, he could increase his wealth quick, like down at Fort Knox. His friends, however, wouldn't help him with the job, and since Bob didn't want to do any honest work, he just fiddled around for awhile. The city built the big bridge then, and since there weren't many places to go anymore Bob came on over to Mizzou in hopes of discovering greener valleys.

He has been a welcome addition to Swami's feature staff, for, when not writing material, he usually can be found gathering it in the local beer halls. This is unusual, as most of the slaves only gather material.

Bob is a freshman and hopes to enter English's Hell-hole to study radio and TV.



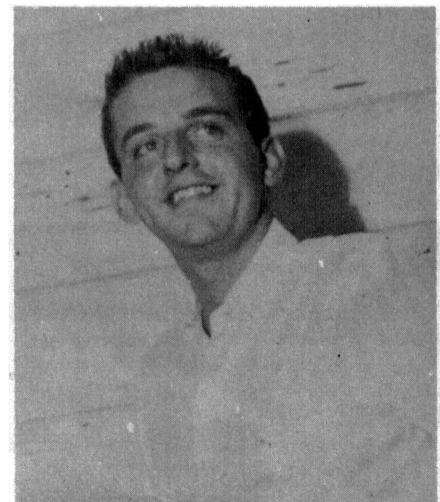
Katie Kelly

Since Kathryn Ann Mary Patrick Michael Kelly started working for Swami, she has sold advertising, read copy, written copy, worked on publicity, and well . . . actually nothing seems too hard for this enthusiastic little nymph. "Oh Maniac" is her original description of the editor who stifens up and runs sentences together to reciprocate this remark.

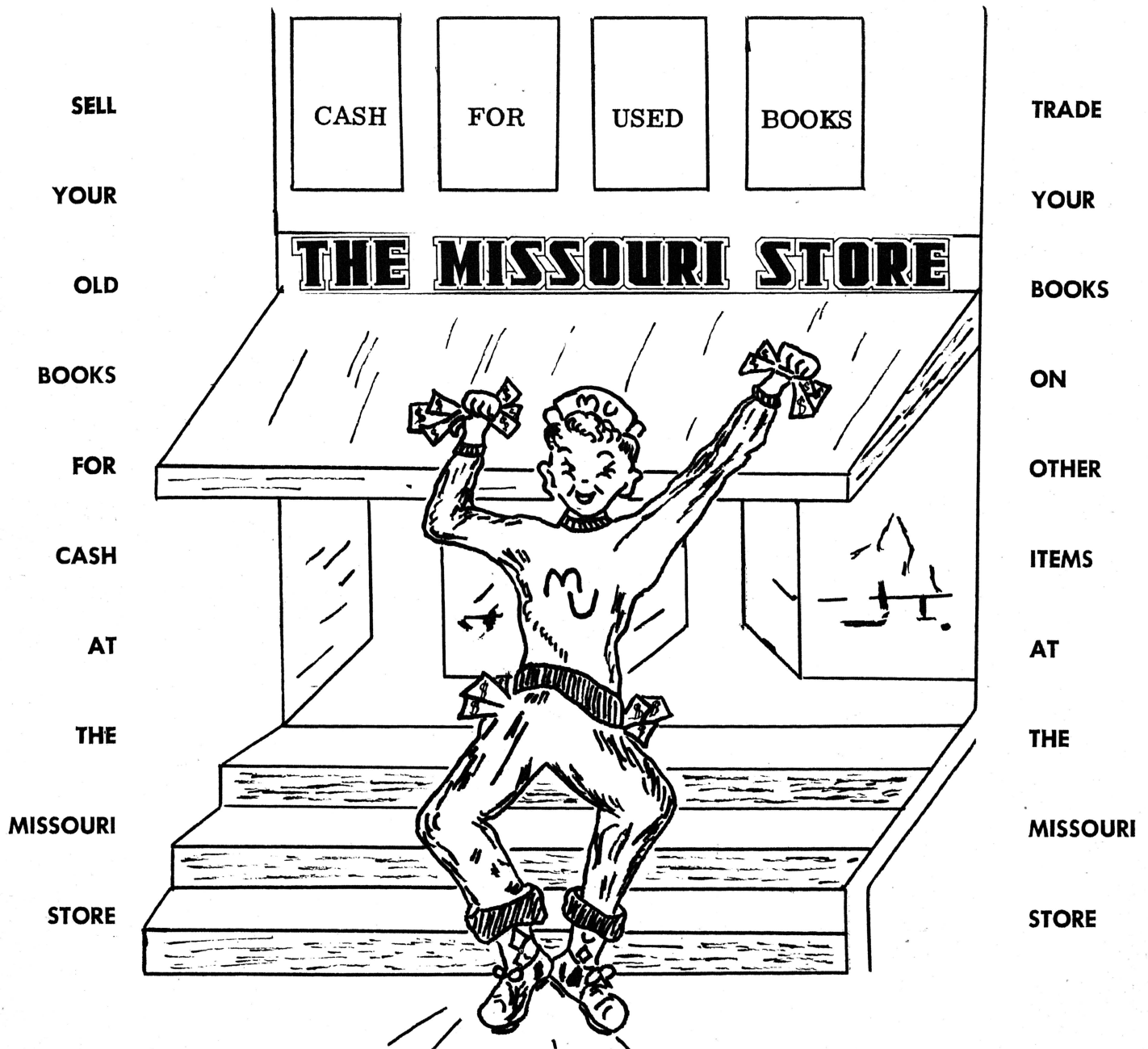
Katie is an eighteen year old freshman and lives, during school, at TD 3, and during the summer in a tepee at Albion, Nebraska where she works for the Albion Weekly News. She also writes continuity for radio station KFRU and is at MU to major in journalism.

Her school career was nearly interrupted while she was selling in the Ozarks during the readying period before our last publication. At one establishment she sold a full page ad and impressed the manager so that our Katie was offered a job. She couldn't limber up for the work, though, and was fired almost before she started.

Katie likes the life here on campus better than the reservation. "There are so many words down here that are more expressive than 'ugh'".



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