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**Showme**

25c



**OCTOBER** 1955  
**OPEN DOOR ISSUE**

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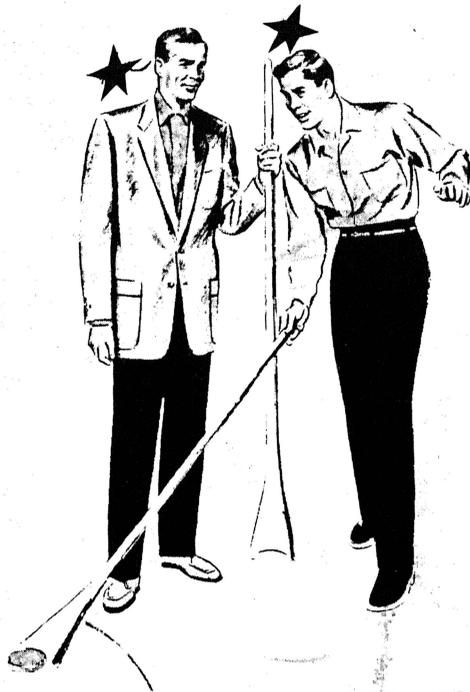
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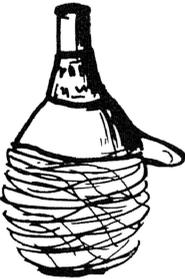
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Puckett's

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- Whiskies
- Beer
- Wines
- Mixes

**OASIS LIQUORS**  
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**the**

**TROLLEY CAR**

trolley burgers

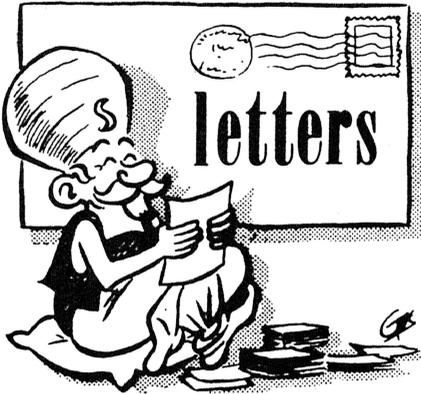
trolley cheeseburgers

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Dear Ed., I'm writing letters to every magazine in the country, just to tell them what I think of the dirty double crossers. You aren't any good and never will be and BOY! Did Hitler have the right idea about overrunning the United States. I hate you and everybody else too.

Anonymous

Editor:

When I left school in 1952, I stopped getting SHOWME every month as had been my habit all through my eight years at the University. I met a young lady at a dinner the other night, and when I mentioned attending Missouri, she replied, "Oh, that's where the SHOWME's published, isn't it?" That one remark made me realize how much good humor and relaxation I've been missing for three years, so enclosed you will find three dollars for a nine issue subscription. . . .

Dr. A. R.

Dear Editor

I picked up a copy of the SHOWME in a waiting room last week and I got a little nostalgic. I was associated with the publicity department of SHOWME back in 1933, and if you young people have as much fun as we did in those depression days you are lucky indeed. . . .

Mrs. Linda W.

It's still fun, Mrs. W.

Dear Editor:

Just a short note to tell you how much we enjoy the SHOWME every month, and that we're looking forward to a year of humor and satire. You people sure have the knack of putting your finger on the ridiculous aspect of a situation. Keep it up!

Charlie and the boys  
at the house.

*Thanks a lot, we try to please—take a look this issue at our new section, aptly entitled Octoberfest. . . . Just a starter on a whole new series of ideas to please you, and you, and you. . . . Ed.*



"ART LOVER MAC?"



**\$25.00 1st Prize**

**\$15.00 2nd Prize**

**\$10.00 3rd Prize**

In an effort to encourage Creative Writing and give aspirant writers an outlet for their work, The Missouri Showme wishes to announce that it will sponsor, each semester, a creative writing contest. The contest is open, not only to the students and faculty of The Missouri University, but to Showme readers everywhere, with the exception of those persons who are active members of the Missouri Showme staff.

We will publish the best stories and articles submitted each month in The Missouri Showme, with the notation that it is a contest entry. At the end of each semester a panel of judges will select the best of the material we have published and Showme will present to the three top writers a certificate of acknowledgement and a cash award as listed above.

We must insist that all material be typed and double spaced. Each manuscript should bear the authors name and address, and if sent through the mail it must be accompanied by a self addressed stamped envelope, or picked up at the Showme office. The author may submit as many entries as he wishes. But each manuscript must be marked as a contest entry.

Manuscripts should not be shorter than 800 words or longer than 5000 words. The editors of Showme must reserve the right to edit or abridge any story we accept for publication.

Address all material to The Missouri Showme, 302 Read Hall, The University of Missouri, Columbia, Mo.

The Editors

**Start fall  
with our clever  
step-ins**



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- trollings
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**the novus shop**  
18 ON THE STROLLWAY



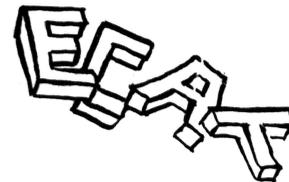
In the past, the new editor for the forth coming year utilized this space in the first issue to introduce himself and to praise the "now" editor emeritus. Breaking, or at least bending, tradition somewhat, I shall forego these niceties and talk to you, rather, of what we will attempt to do with regard to our publication.

You will have noticed by now that there has been some changes made in the general format and content of the magazine. I say, by now, because no one reads the editor's column until they have thoroughly digested the rest of the magazine. I grant you that the change or eliminate all of the changes which have been made are of a minor nature in most cases. But they are, we feel, a start toward the complete overhauling of our magazine. This is not to say that we intend to change or eliminate all of the traditional things that have, in the past, made SHOWME one of the more outstanding collegiate publications. We are approaching this overhauling campaign with this idea in mind: we will change or junk any idea that we have considered adequate in the past when it can be demonstrated that a substitute idea will improve the readability of our magazine.

SHOWME has been primarily, a humor magazine for many years and we will continue to carry on for the most part, a humorous, or perhaps more appropriate to this year's magazine witty underlying theme. But we feel that SHOWME should be more than just humor. It should be, in our estimation, a reflection of all facets of college life and tal-

ent. We are initiating, this year, a short-story contest which will run each semester, in an effort to bring to our readers more and more short stories and features. We will print anything of merit even if it is literature. (See Page Three). In fact, we want literary type of stories, if they are available. Poetry, if of sufficient quality will be able to find a place in our magazine. In spite of this policy, SHOWME will not become in the purist's sense of the word, a literary magazine. We will continue to print material that is entertaining and interesting to all reader groups of college level. A college campus isn't the sole domain of the intellectual, pseudo-intellectual, moralists, or devotees of barn-yard slapstick. Though there may be some items of interest for these souls, our magazine will be aimed at the normal group of above average intelligent, well-meaning, and non-crusading readers who have bought SHOWME in the past and enjoyed it. If an article, for instance, should happen to deal with such touchy subjects as sex or morality, or religion, in a manner in-offensive to an intelligent liberal being, then, I, as editor, will exert every means at my command to get it published.

So here is the magazine. If you like it let us know. It is you whom we wish to please, and your comments will help us to give you what you want. If you do not like it, let us know, because even if we shouldn't agree, we'll take time to give you a hell of a good argument.





# MISSOURI SHOWME

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## Features

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Handshaking while balancing a tall lemonade and juggling the long spike is an art—through the impartial eye of the SHOWME camera \_\_\_\_\_ 10, 11

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A brand new SHOWME feature on the thing that makes life worth living, and an editors life a labor of love \_\_\_\_\_ 36

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NUMBER 1

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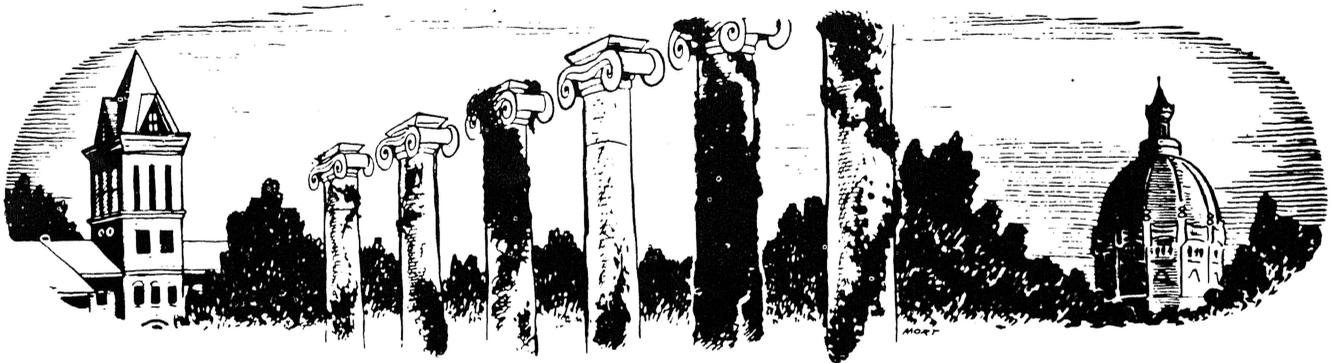
Daddy's cadillac is a puff of blue smoke on the distant horizon. The Sigma Perus are still out of sight over yon hill. The buildings are without doorman, or doors, or building in some cases, and the dogs have only three legs. And one's simply lost without one's auto. And please don't weep mother, for today I am a man. . . . Until there rings those immortal words. . . . Hey Frosh!

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"O what shall I hang on the chamber walls?  
And what shall the pictures be that  
I hang on the walls?  
To adorn the burial-house of him I love?"  
—Walt Whitman



# Around The Columns

## Here It is

Here it is, Ecat; . . . read it, strangle on it, make funny faces at it, spread it out on the floor and roll in it . . . I care not what others may do, but a bird in the hand gathers no moss and also I have seen the enemy and they are mine and also also Barkis is willing and also also also here it is Ecat. . . .

## October

Hay boy here it is the merry month of October and that's something you don't want to miss . . . leaves falling softly to the ground . . . clattering up the sidewalks . . . covering up empty beer bottles . . . covering up people who have emptied the beer bottles . . . walking through crisp fall air . . . rolling around in crisp leaves . . . shall we talk about a bowl game? . . . or shall we talk about next year? . . . naw, lets talk about this good ol' crisp month of October . . . trees dying . . . people dying . . . Tripod . . . does Tripod know it's October? . . . well, somebody better tell him . . . he might miss this good ol' crisp month . . . crisp fireplugs I betcha . . . Halloween soon . . . "trick or treat, mister" . . . "you want I should cut your ears off Sonny?" . . . October . . . the Harvest Moon . . . wonder what people harvest under the Harvest Moon? . . . wild oats maybe? . . . oh well . . . October . . . crisp pretzels . . .

## Pitcher Shows

We see where an organization known as the "Commonwealth" Theaters (commonwealth—that's one name even we can't figure out) have bought up all the movie house except one of the passion pits out on the hiway and the Tiger art theater and therefore hence you could almost say they kinda have a monopoly on the whole works couldn't you?

Yeah.

And you might say they could do what they wanted, couldn't you?

Yeah.

But people who run movie houses are usually pretty nice people, aren't they?

Yeah.

And so they surely won't raise the prices any, will they?

Yeah.



## Grand Canyons

Boy, we sure do have a whiz-bang of a street department here at Columbia. Yes sir, these boys can do more hole digging and street paving and hollering and general carrying on than any other outfit their size in the world. And timely, why they work with clock-work precision. Take the way they worked that razing of Rollins street in front of Johnston Hall, for instance. Did they scurry around and try to get it done in just three months and probably end up with a slip-shod job? No-sirree you can bet your bottom dollar they didn't. What *they* did was go at it cool and slow and make it last into maybe four or five months so they'd give us students time to get back. You think they'd be sly and selfish and get it done during the summer while there wasn't hardly anybody around to watch? Well, some sneak-thieves might try and work a low-down deal like that, but not *these* boys. Nosir. They were fair and square about it and kind of took their time at it and gave *everybody* a chance to see it.

Now that's what we call Democracy.

Let's all drink a beer to 'em . . . sometime.

Anytime . . .

Now . . .

Rah, Rah, Go

We firmly believe that that figment of alums' imaginations known as School Spirit is a very desirable thing to have at a college.

While we don't lose sleep thinking about it or stop dead in the middle of 9th and Broadway to mutter "Damn. Sure do wish we had some school spirit", we do realize its importance and would value its appearance here at M. U.

But it seems to us its being gone at wrong.

If there was anything to get spirited about at the University of Missouri besides 3.2 beer there would be more spirit than three regiments of the National Guard could handle. A school doesn't need a pep squad if there isn't any pep. Free 40% Bran Flakes would be just as effective, if not more so.



Stop, Thief

We notice where the local Dick Tracys are gonna get 'em a jim-dandy radar outfit to catch all the bad people (you can always tell the bad people-they ride black horses) who can't keep their rods under control and pull crazy tricks like drag-racing parking meters and things of similar absurdity.

While they're at it they'll no doubt catch a few murderers and bank robbers and maybe some kidnapers, too.

Well, that's progress for you. Two way wrist radios next year, probably.

Orchids and Dandylions

Since we have griped for about the last three or four paragraphs and have gotten a few things off our chest, we will now hesitate for a brief moment and pass out flowers to some of the things we like around here.

Lessee now . . . there is . . . and also . . . oh yes, and . . .

Well.

Uh.

Cold beer is always good.



Between you and us and Spider Burke, what this school needs is something to get excited about, not an organization through which to do it. It's like making out. First you get the girl, then the spirits, then the excitement. Not the other way around.

Get A Mule

And lo and behold the great high people who know what's best for us and treat us as a mother would a child have gone and built 'em a new law which says, briefly:

Freshmen can't have cars.

And so Jim and Charley and Jane will all have to leave their Caddys in St. Louis and Kansas City and Blackwater and learn how to ride the loaves of bread that pass for busses around here. And maybe they'll walk to classes. Or roll. Or crawl. And anyway we haven't seen any of these wild parking lots everybody was supposed to be building so it might be just as well.

But as someone once said, laws are made to be broken, soooo . . . we'd just as soon get run over by freshmen as sophomores anyway.

Summer Fool

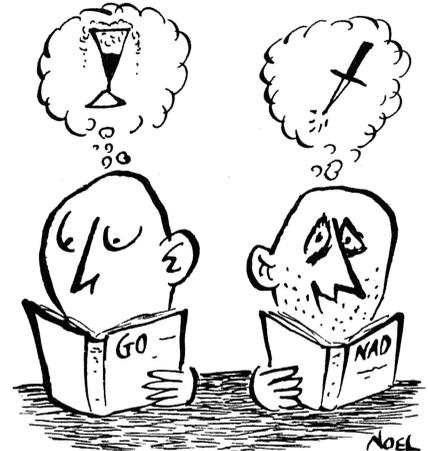
They had summer school here last summer.

We went.

Five hours.

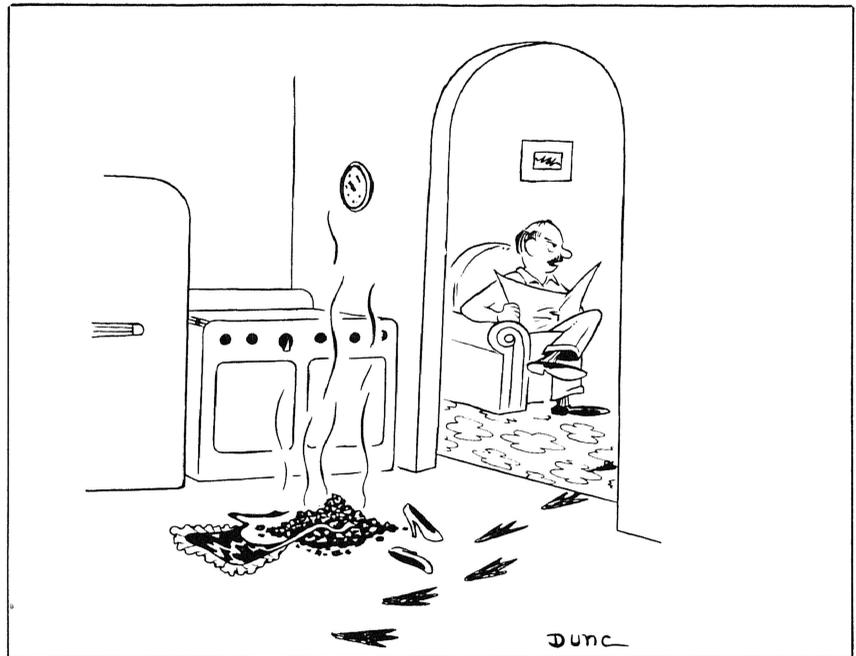
I.

We're not going again.



*Rush Weak*

The annual free-style hand-shakers exhibition known as rush week was struggled through a few weeks ago by several thousand sweaty Brooks Brothers models. To us who had endured thriving Columbia all summer, the sudden emergence of miny miny cute dollies in high-heel shoes brought out several nervous twitches and old war wounds. To say the least. Things like this should be taken



*Johnny, take off that captain video helmet and go tell mother that something is burning in the kitchen.*

*Overheard*

Blessed are the pure, for they shall inhabit the earth.

\* \* \*

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

\* \* \*

in short doses. Or maybe the plunging method is OK. After all, just looking won't hurt, will it Ma? We won't touch, honest. Heh, heh.

*Surre He Is*

Bud Wilkinson, lion-tamer at the University of Oklahoma, states in a recent issue of Sports Illustrated:

"Frankly, I'm not interested in records. The thing I'm proudest of is the type of boy represented at Oklahoma in football."

Sure, Bud, just common 'ol barefoot boys that brush their teeth daily and always tell the truth.

*Communists?*

The K. C. Star reports that in the Chelsea section of London, the Public Health department came up with a statistical dilly.

Births there were 787 in 1952, ditto in 1953 and ditto in 1954.

Gracious—all that organization. Sounds kind of iron-curtainish to us.



THIS IS A BOTTLE. IT SERVES ABSOLUTELY NO PURPOSE ON THIS PAGE. IT IS JUST A BOTTLE.

THANK YOU. NOEL

*Burp*

Dr. Phillip P. Gray of the Master Brewers' Association of America says beer gushes over when opened because: "Colloidal particles acting as nuclei are responsible for the liberation of carbon dioxide gas from the unstable, supersaturated solution of carbon dioxide existing when the container is opened."

And we always tried to keep from agitating the damn stuff.

—Richard Bollinger Noel

Some people have no respect for age unless it's bottled.

\* \* \*

"Who you shovin'?"

"I dunno, what's your name?"

\* \* \*

"My aunt had her first child last week, and was she disappointed."

"Why? Which did she want, a boy or girl?"

"Neither. She wanted a divorce."

\* \* \*

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





*A rushee's first view of a sorority. Even Nero's lions looked sleepy until the christians were run in.*

## RUSH WEEK IN PICTURES



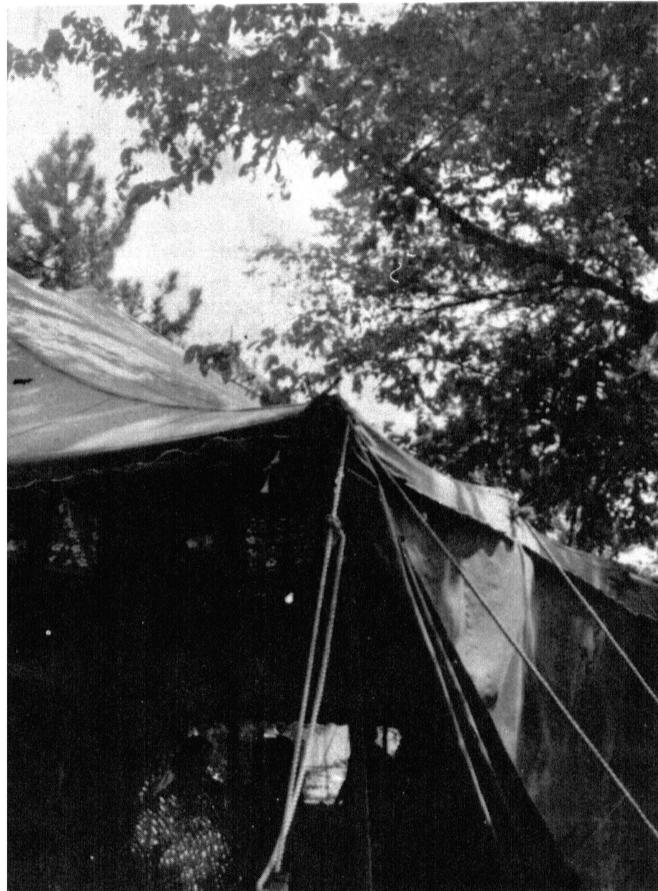
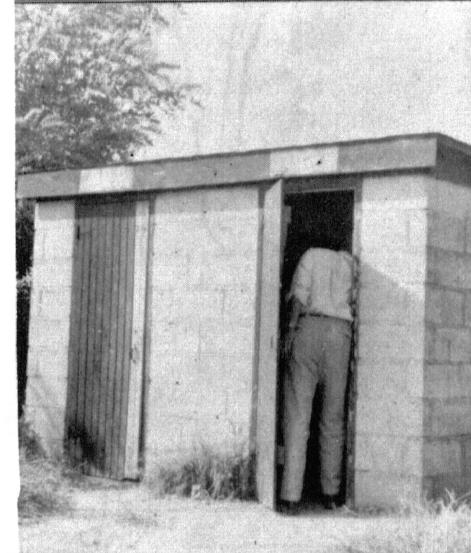
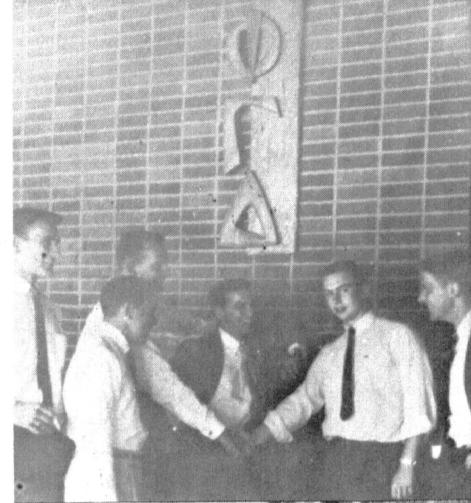
*Page 40, Alcoholic Beverages, paragraph 1: "An organization shall not serve, or permit the drinking of, an alcoholic beverage at any time, or by anyone, on the premises under its control." This tiger read the "M Book." There is lemonade in the coke cooler for the thirsty pledges . . . Suuure there is!*



*Alpha Phi's new home. . . Oh let the sun Wednesday and Sunday evening . . . come,*



*Rush week activities are supervised by an impartial group of people who are carefully selected from the cream of Greek affiliated students. They are known as Pan-Hellenic Council. Here are three of the most photogenic . . . Ugh!*



1. *This is a paid advertisement.*
2. *Three little pi . . . suzies wait to be rushed by the big bad wolf.*
3. *Rushing was not, in all cases, conducted within the confines of urban Greektville.*
4. *Sororities also serve lemonade at rush parties. This little girl is attending her sixteenth in two days. She is rushing . . . to the curb to be sick. She hates lemonade.*

*shine in . . . Tent meeting and box supper every come, come. . . .*

# The Seven Year Zilch

by Bob Williams



(The curtain raises on a young man of about twenty-seven years. He is lying full length on an ancient drop-center typewriter desk from which the center has long since disappeared. Naturally, in the position he is in, he is a bit uncomfortable and restless. The desk is in the center of a single room containing a candle, right center; a pallet, left rear; and a megaphone standing by the single window, right, directly across from a ragged drape hanging across the doorway, left. The young man, John, is immaculately attired. He buys his clothes from Lurie's Second-Hand Credit Clothiers. He makes 500 dollars a year. He is a pencil salesman for a large firm. At the time of the play, his wife is visiting her family down on the Battery. He is lonesome. He speaks.)

JOHN: I buy my clothes from Lurie's Second-Hand Credit Clothiers. I make 500 bucks a year. I am a pencil salesman for a large firm. My wife is visiting her family down on the Battery. I am lonesome. (Hears police whistle, off, runs to windows, sticks head out, looks around. A shot zips past his face, and he ducks, comes back to desk, wipes his forehead, sits down.)

Whew! That was close. It's time I had an affair. I've been married now for seven days. I'm beginning to get stale.

(At this moment, a slovenly wench dives head-first into the window, gun in hand. She sinks onto the pallet.)

JOHN: Who are you—let's have an affair.

JEAN: (Wipes off forehead, says with lisp:)

I'm Jean. I live upstairs. I shot at you. Aren't you mad?

JOHN: Of course not. Have a drink. (Reaches into desk drawer, takes out can of Sterno. Takes out pliers, squeezes juice into glass, hands it to her.)

JOHN: How about some music? What would you like to hear, Hank Snow, Tennessee Ernie, —I know, how's this . . . (Sings) No, no, I can't forget the hours, no, no, you're sweeter . . .

JEAN: (Interrupting with a grimace) Don't you even have a radio?

JOHN: Hell no.

JEAN: Well, lets have that affair you were talking about. First, I'll cook us some eggs. You got a kitchen?

JOHN: (Gesturing) Sure, right through that door.

(Jean goes out, John walks to window, picks up megaphone, points it out window, turns slightly to front, explains to aud.):

Got to call the old lady, got to see what she's up to.

(Back to the megaphone, hollers into it . . .)

Hey, honey, you there?

(Several seconds pass)

VOICE: (From without) Hell yes, what 'chu want? Charlie's here, and we're going out for Pizza in a minute. Come on now, hurry up.

JOHN: (into megaphone) Nothing doll, I just wanted to tell you I'm not having an affair.

VOICE: OK, now g'wan to bed. Me n Charlie are goin' out. Bye.

JOHN. (Puts down megaphone, strides to center,)

Gee Whiz! I never did like that Charlie, he don't mean no good and he's nothing but a home-wrecker and anyway he always had eyes for the old lady. (He is still looking perplexed when Jean walks in with a tin plate of eggs. She places the plate on the desk and walks over to John.)

JEAN: Well, honey, hereth you eggs. Eat 'em and we'll have that affair.

(Lights dim on John wolfing eggs with his fingers and Jean looking on hungrily—there was only one egg, the cheap Jerk.)

## ACT II

(Morning-same set. John is cramped, in the center of the desk. Jean is curled up on the pallet, asleep. A horse is lying curled up by the door, dead. Three or four vultures are on the edge of the desk, about to fall asleep. Eddie Arcaro is in the corner left rear, asleep—no wait, he's dead too—must have been a terrible 9th at Washington Park. The Frankenstein Monster is sitting under the window, sorting bolts and nuts. Jackie Gleason is conducting a full-dress rehearsal for his opening at the Grand in St. Louis. Hemingway is lying next to the pallet, dead, having been gored by a cow he was trying to milk on Olvera street. Two maggots are making love in dead Ernest. Harry Truman is washing plates after last Tuesday's Jackson Day Dinner in honor of Herbert Hoover—or is it a Hoover day dinner in Honor of Andrew Jackson. Stan Kenton is in corner right rear teaching a midget how to play baritone sax. The focal point, however, is a Cadillac in the center of the stage with an East St. Louis *Journal* reporter's feet sticking out from under the trunk lid. John awakens, stretches, speaks)

JOHN: (looking around) Goodness me! That must've really been an affair. Jean, Jean wake up! (Runs over to Jean's prostrate form, shakes her. She

rises, melts into a willowy wisp, floats out the window, muttering:)

JEAN: Wow! I'm dead! (Floats away.)

JOHN: (Grabbing microphone, hollering out window as lights fade:)

home, bring Charlie, we got a little party going over here! (Dead horse rises, melts into two parts, the head turns out to be John's wife, and Charlie, as you'd expect, turns out to be the other end.

(Curtain)

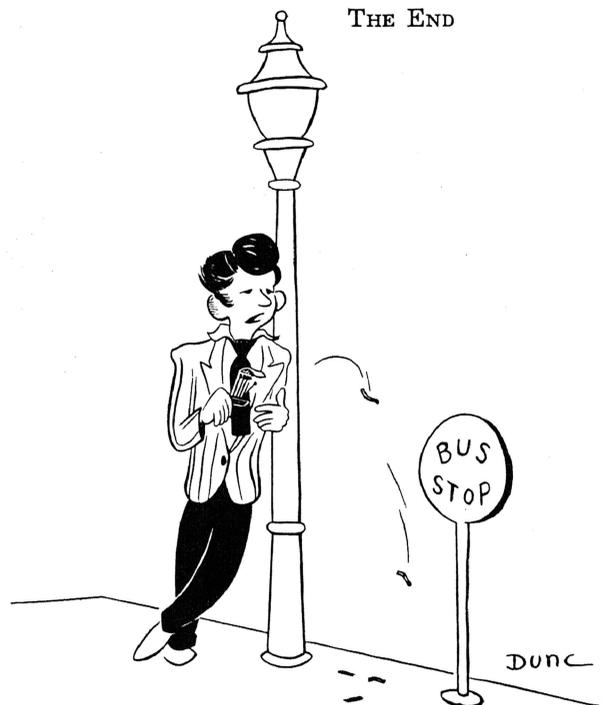
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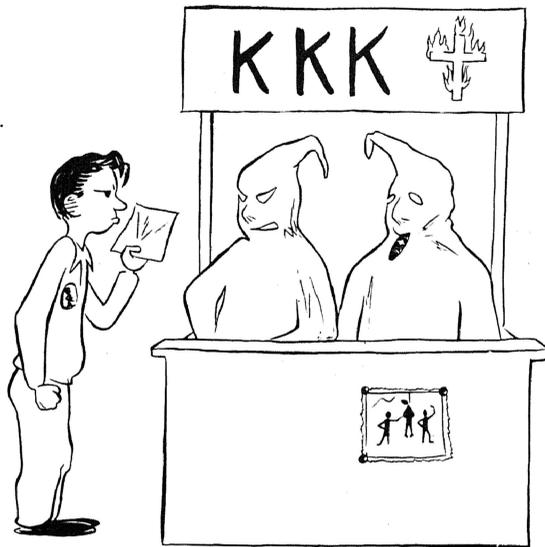
John.....	Courtesy of.....	Marsha
Jean.....	Courtesy of.....	D'Arc
John's wife.....	Courtesy of.....	Marsha
Desk.....	Courtesy of.....	Read Hall
Megaphone.....	Courtesy of.....	Athletic Dep't.
Sterno.....	Courtesy of.....	The Shack
Eggs.....	Courtesy of.....	Henny Penny
Horse.....	Courtesy of.....	Bing Crosby
Eddie Arcaro.....	Courtesy of.....	Horse
Vultures.....	Courtesy of.....	Dean of Students
Frankenstein.....	Courtesy of.....	Castle-On-The-Hill Enterprises
Jackie Gleason.....	Courtesy of.....	Castle-On-The-Hill Enterprises
Ernest Hemingway.....	Courtesy of.....	Ava Gardner
Maggots.....	Courtesy of.....	University Hospital
Harry Truman.....	Courtesy of.....	Truman Memorial Library
Stan Kenton.....	Courtesy of.....	Norman Granz (Personal Supervision)
Midget.....	Courtesy of.....	Ham Fisher
Baritone Sax.....	Courtesy of.....	University String Ensemble
Cadillac.....	Courtesy of.....	Gus and Tony Fischetti
Journal Reporter.....	Courtesy of.....	St. Louis Post-Dispatch
Lighting.....	Courtesy of.....	Tavern Candles, Inc.
Fade-out on lights.....	Courtesy of.....	Columbia Power Station

May we be the first theatrical company entering into the fall production season to wish you a very merry Christmas and a happy and prosperous New Year.

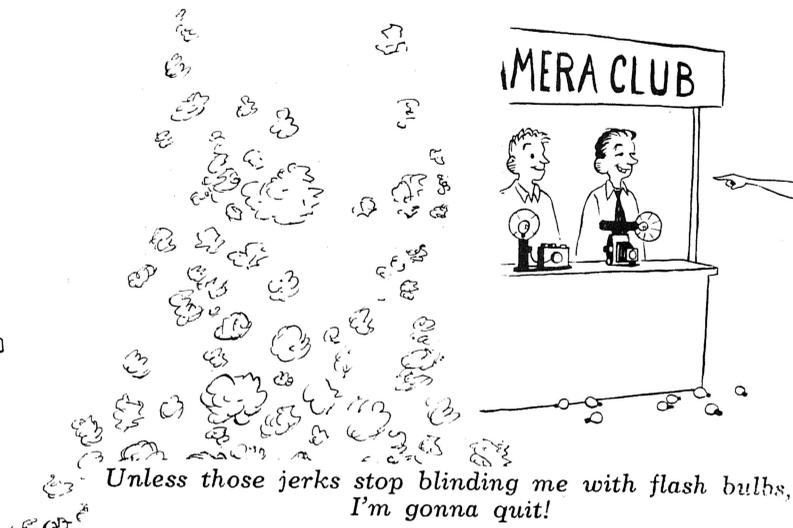
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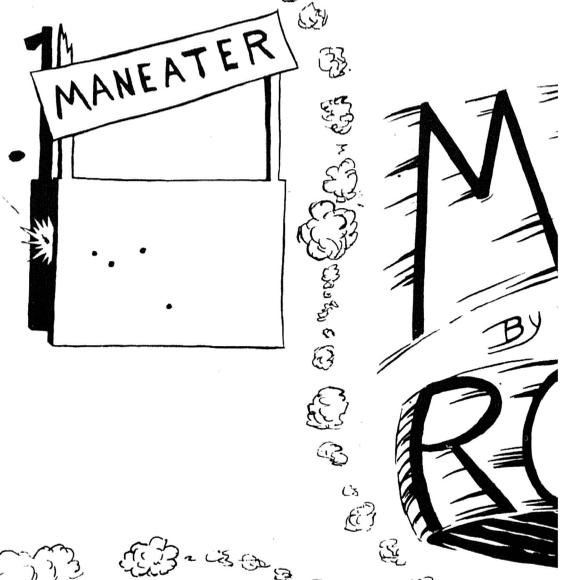
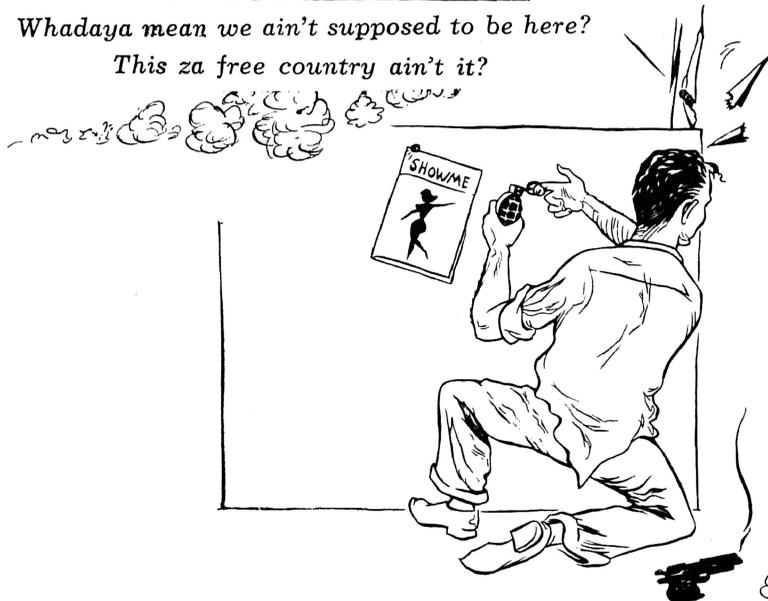
*She loves, she loves me not.*



Whadaya mean we ain't supposed to be here?  
This za free country ain't it?



Unless those jerks stop blinding me with flash bulbs,  
I'm gonna quit!

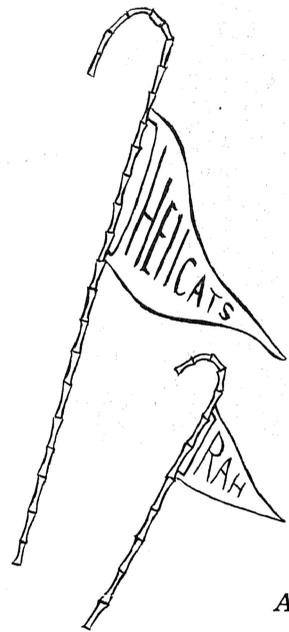


What's ethics? I've been chasing ambulances five years now,  
an I ain't never heard of ethics.



Well, you're pretty good with a javlin, what can you do  
with the discus?

SWIM CLUB



AWS JUDICIARY BOARD

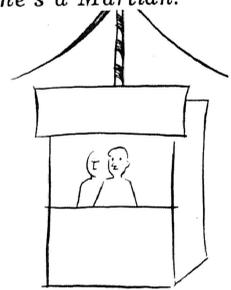


All board members gotta buy their own uniforms, dearie; we furnish the handcuffs and rubber hoses.



Shut up Ralph! I'm tellin' off this bird that claims he's a Martian.

DAIRY CLUB



Jack Duncan

You'll hafta prove your qualifications before you join;  
I got a bucket an a stool you can use.

Now 'essee . . . I've joined the Student Union Board, Debate Society, Chess Club, Tiger Squadron, Hellcats, Verbindung Bund, and French Club . . . Whut now?

# Stomach For Revolt

by E. C. A. Thompson



They had been jostling from one side of the ships narrow quarterdeck to the other for what was becoming an embarrassing long time. After about the sixth time they tried to pass and the tall navigation officer found the bobbing figure of the young woman still directly in front of him, he said to the suntanned and quite distressed little face that flitted before him, "I'm very sorry, my dear, but one more time and I really must go."

"Well really!" They stopped facing each other. The girl was breathing rapidly. She plunked her hands on her hips, and tilted her face up toward the grinning officer. "Well really! You are very funny, aren't you?"

"I'm sorry. I'm not laughing at you, honestly."

"What then, do you find so damned amusing?" She pushed at the saucy little sailor straw that tilted over her pert nose, and started once more to pass the officer.

"Wait! Please, I—"

"Now see here!"

"No, please. I wasn't laughing at you, Miss. You see, it's just that I've made a study of lurching, and you are absolutely the most outstanding natural player I've ever come across."

"I beg your pardon! Let me pass, please."

The officer continued to block the passage. "Lurching. The embarrassing little episode we just completed, is known to the experts as lurching. It's really quite a different sport if the rules are followed."

"You must be drunk or mad. I've placed myself in the hands of incompetents. I shall fly next trip. Now please get out of my way."

"But you must let me explain."

"Since there seems little hope for me to escape your insanity without aid, I suppose I have little choice."

"Perhaps I could buy you a drink?"

"Tell me more of your absurd game, first. I'll probably want to call the Captain and have you locked up."

"Me? Harmless. I wouldn't hurt a fly. Write my mother regularly and drink milk at dinner."

"How disgusting."

"You don't like mothers?"

"Milk."

"Oh, I wasn't sure I wanted to tell you about lurching, if you didn't like mothers."

"Well, get on with it." He took her arm and turned her toward the sea. He leaned easily on the rail. He pursed his lips and studied her thoroughly.

"Lurching."

"Yes indeed . . . lurching. Well first off to be a successful lurcher, you must never lose the ability to be surprised. I mean, if one embarks upon lurching in a manner premeditated, then it's not only entirely unethical, and not very much fun, but we, who study and appreciate the genteel art, frown upon such a person as being a cad of the grossist type."

"You really are mad. I think I'll go."

"Ah! There, you've already lost the second requirement for becoming a Black-Belt Lurcher. We have degrees for competence, you see. White-Belts are neophytes, Red-Belts, proficient intermediates, and, as you may well suppose, to experts such as I, Black-Belts. Anyway, the ability to laugh is the second requirement, and you evidently can't qualify."

"Phooey! I can laugh with the best of them. Wild, I laugh awfully wild—Here, I'll demonstrate."

"No!" he stayed her with his upraised palm, as if she had offered him a dead bird. "I mean really laugh. From deep within. You must be delighted at the way things are. Why, I'll bet you haven't laughed at . . . oh, your shoes, for instance."

"Laughed at my shoes? Just what is wrong with my shoes?"

"Oh, don't get me wrong. I'm sure that they would be considered, by those who consider such things, very nice shoes. But—here!" His movement was so fast and unexpected that she didn't realize what was happening until he had bent forward, lifted one of her feet from the ships deck, and whisked the brown and white spectator pump from her left foot.

My Lord! Here, you! Give me—"

"Jackson. Lt. Jackson Smith."

"I don't care about your absurd name. You give me my shoe. Where are you going?"

"You are the most distrusting person, aren't you? I'm just going to sit your shoe up here on the life preserver locker, so we might

study it more objectively." He returned to the girl at the rail. She stood resting her recently denuded foot on the instep of the one still shod.

"I could very well have your job for this."

You'd hate it. Captain's an awful bear."

"Now look at that." He pointed to the shoe disparagingly. "You probably paid, oh, thirty dollars for those shoes."

"Fifty."

"That's what I mean. Fifty dollars, and look at it. Absolutely worthless, one alone like that. Just consider. What can you do with one shoe? What would you do if you lost one of them? It's much too light to be a tack hammer of any merit. Too porous for a container of liquids, or the planting of flowers." The girl tapped her forefinger on her pursed lips and cocked her head to one side as if she were studying a painting. There was a small dark scuff mark in the heel that hadn't been there before she came onto the quarter-deck.

"Perhaps a weapon?"

"No, no. Much too cumbersome to carry in a pocket. But you're missing the point, entirely. Observe, how without that manufactured bit of molded leather, the continued use of its mate renders you a cripple. Sure, your one leg is a good . . ." he leaned down and squinted at the delicate, very tan, little foot curled over the instep of the one that still wore a shoe. The tiny bit of arch, untouched by the sun was white, and looked soft. He straightened up and holding his hands just so, returned to her side at the rail. "That much," he said, studying the distance between his two upraised palms.

"Now isn't it idiotic that an educated and really rational person would pay fifty-dollars for a contrivance that, should they be deprived of one part of it, makes them a grotesque cripple?"

"It's sad," she said, still staring at the little size four and a half double A. "It really is. I feel like I might cry."

"Me too. I never looked at it anyway before, but with disgust."

"May I have my shoe now?"

He retrieved the shoe from the top of the locker. She took it,

but instead of putting it on, she removed the other one. She held them at arms length.

"Beastly little things."

"Yes indeed. It's asinine what slaves people allow themselves to become. Slaves to every damn fad and fashion that comes along, no matter what good sense dictates, particularly women."

"Why, you're serious about this."

"Certainly I'm serious. Hell! it's a lot of foolishness, all this buttoning, and lacing, and squeezing, and phoney reshaping of the human body. If only people had the courage to stand on their own two feet and tell all the fashion setting parasites that feed off of them to go to hell. Everyone should revolt and throw off the unreasonable dictates of crippling conventions. Be free, as men were created to be."

"I think you're absolutely right, Lieutenant." She dropped the shoes over the side of the ship.

"Hey!" He leaped to the rail and leaned far out over the water. The tiny brown and white shoes bobbed along the side of the ship. The Lieutenant watched them until they were lost in the churning wake.

"Look, I didn't mean you sh—"

"No! I agree with you, you're right. Women's clothes are absurd, and it's our own fault."

"But you aren't going to seriously follow up, and—"

"Oh, posh, don't look so upset Lieutenant. Someone has to get this thing started, or we'll never have our emancipation. I think I'm ready for that drink now."

"Drink? . . . Oh sure . . . a drink." He tried to smile and looked once again over the rail at the churning water. The girl laughed, and took his arm. Without her shoes she was just a little over half as tall as the reedy Lieutenant. They went up the stairs at the end of the short Quarter-deck and walked down the open main deck toward the pink door of the ship's bar.

A bell rang somewhere, Lt. Smith dropped the girl's arm and quickly squinted at the big chronometer on his wrist. "Damn! . . . Look this is awful."

"What is it?"

"I'm very sorry, it's four-fifteen and I have to call and check in to the bridge."

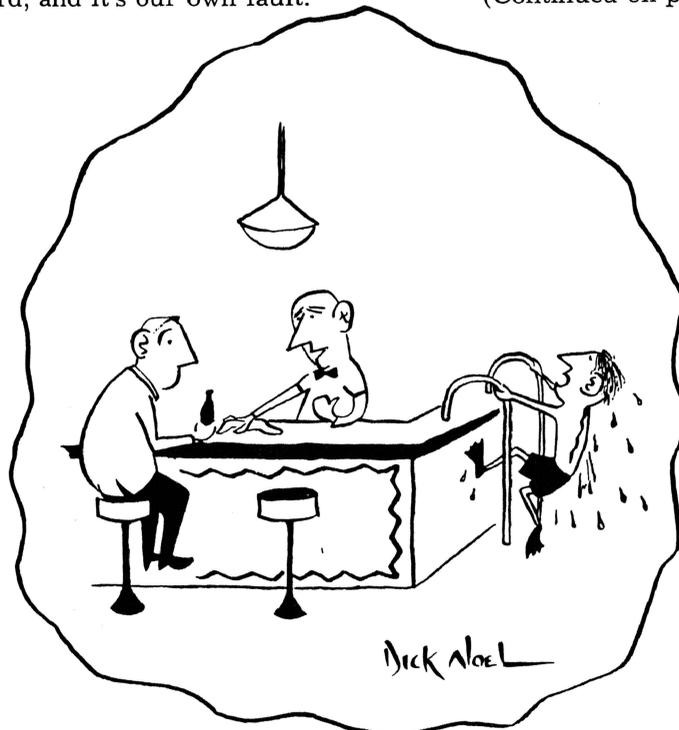
"Oh?"

"I'm sorry, but I really must. The Captain's such a bear. Will you forgive me?"

"Of course, I understand Lieutenant. I don't mind waiting."

"Oh, it may take me a little while, official report and all. Look, why don't you go on in and get us a table. I'll be along as soon as I'm through."

(Continued on page 18)





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## Stomach For Revolt

(Continued from page 17)

"All right." She smiled at the tall embarrassed, young man. He started away. The captain must be as mean as Captain Blye, the way the Lieutenant hurried.

"Hey, what do you drink Lieutenant? I'll order for you."

He didn't stop, but slowed down, sliding along crab-wise. "Me?— Oh! and . . . scotch and water." He nearly tripped over a piece of deck equipment. "I'm really sorry about this. Be back in a minute, now."

"Sure, Lieutenant. I understand perfectly."

The thick rug tickled the bottom of her bare feet. She choked back a laugh. It was amazing how few of the other slaves even noticed. Fewer still thought the sight of a barefoot girl, otherwise smartly dressed, worthy of a comment to their companions. The Lieutenant wouldn't have felt gratified, she was sure. She seated herself at a stool in the very center of the bar.

"Your order, mum?" The bar steward placed a monogrammed linen coster in front of her on the bar.

"I think . . . I'd just like a lemonade, please. One."

THE END



\* \* \*

Kappa: It says here that the Air Force invests \$14,582 to produce an airman.

Second Kappa: Well, the one I was out with last night was a good investment.

\* \* \*

A lady traveling through California for the first time saw a fig tree. She said to the guide:

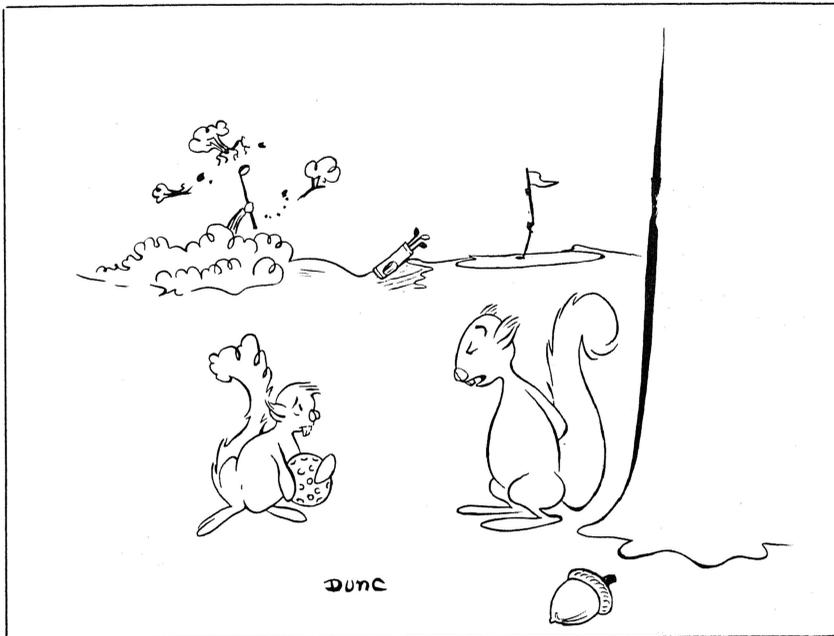
"My good man, what kind of a tree is that?"

"Lady, that is a fig tree."

"Oh, no, it can't be a fig tree."

"Yes, ma'am, that's a fig tree."

"Oh, I thought the leaves were longer than that."



"No, sonny, the big white ones aren't good to eat."



First co-ed: Did you hear about the awful fright Joe got on his wedding day?

Second co-ed: Oh, yes; I was there and saw her.

\* \* \*

It was on a sleighride. The cuddly sweet thing heaved a deep sigh for the benefit of the eligible young man at her side.

"What's the matter, Miss Smith?"

"Nobody loves me; and my hands are cold."

"Oh, that's all right," he comforted. "God loves you—and you can sit on your hands."

\* \* \*

Said a new SAE pledge: I hate women, and I'm glad I hate 'em, 'cause if I didn't hate 'em, I'd like 'em, and I hate 'em.

\* \* \*

She: (playfully) Let me chew your gum.

He: (more playfully) Which one, upper or lower?

\* \* \*

The difference between a tie and a noose is that one is worn without a collar.

GDI: Yes, this is a nice little apartment, but I don't see any bath.

Landlady: Oh, pardon me! I thought you were just another one of those university boys who want a place for the winter.

\* \* \*

She: I'm not myself tonight.

He: Then we ought to have a good time.

Irate customer at ticket office:  
Get away young man, and let me buy a ticket. Do you think you own this railway system?  
New College Grad: Not yet mister, not yet.

\* \* \*

Active: Who laid the table for breakfast this morning?

Pledge: I did, all but the eggs, Sir.

\* \* \*

When it was announced that Lady Godiva was going to ride down Broadway to advertise a movie, the streets were jammed; it had been so long since anyone had seen a person ride a horse.

\* \* \*

Youth must be served—and then carried out.

\* \* \*

The modern girl's clothes are like a barbed wire fence. They protect the property without obstructing any of the view.

\* \* \*

Question: I have found out that I have halitosis. What is the best thing for it?

Answer: Lockjaw.

\* \* \*

Question: What is good for a cold, besides whiskey?

Answer: You damn fool, you don't deserve to have a cold.

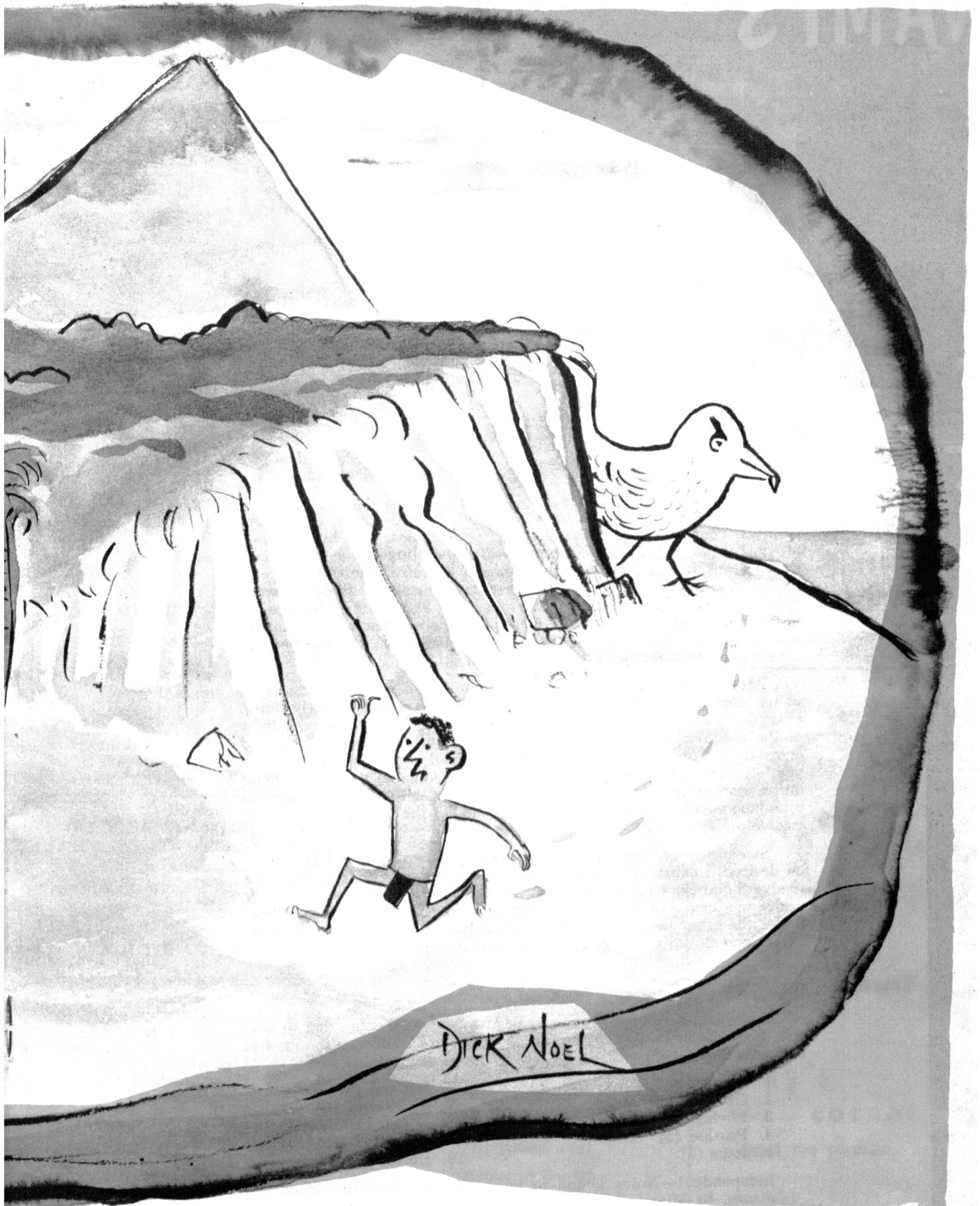
## SUZIE STEPHEN'S —

by ECAT





"... Ugh! WHITE MAN! GREAT



"AT SILVER BIRD COME DOWN FROM SKY!"

# SWAMI'S

# Pigskin Procrastinations

1. OKLAHOMA
2. MARYLAND
3. U.C.L.A.
4. WISCONSIN
5. MIAMI (Fla.)
6. OHIO STATE
7. ARMY
8. S.M.U.
9. GA. TECH.
10. MICHIGAN



(September 4, 1955) Every year at this time Collier's, Street and Smith's, Hammer and Tongs, Look, Peek, Squint, and hundreds of other All-American publications, with their fingers ever jammed against the public pluse, hire some expert to unfurl their charts, and cover reams of foolscap (A term very appropriate to these expert's activities.) with diagrams, weights, measures, and signs of the zodiac, in an endeavor to determine the football fortunes of the more than 240 college teams which comprise the major football powers of the Federal Union and the Confederation of Southern States.

After consulting their myriad accumulation of equations, form charts, and movies of last season's games, the experts evidently dump everything into one of Leon Hart's old football shoes, and by the light of the moon allow their wives, sweethearts, or the buxom girl who came from Collier's along with the job, to select the outcome of the year's football campaigns from Mr. Hart's formidable footgear. Being on an expense account they of course eschew the use of anything as mundane as a blindfold, perfering rather to get the little girl stoned on twelve-dollar Scotch.

Swami, feeling that the experts efforts in the past have left a lot to be desired, undertakes (Sans expense account, sans charts, and sans twelve-dollar Scotch.) to out-guess the pros. So with a trusty six-pack under one arm and an untrusty, but as buxom as they come, Hellcat under the other he gazes into his crystal ball and sees them this way. Street and Smith's ratings appear in parenthesis.

## BIG TEN

Everyone, simply everyone, sees Michigan as the big dog in this one. Swami grants that he should too. But here's the way the crystal ball calls them.

- |                   |                       |
|-------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. Wisconsin (3)  | 6. Indiana (9)        |
| 2. Ohio State (2) | 7. Minnesota (6)      |
| 3. Michigan (1)   | 8. Michigan State (7) |
| 4. Purdue (5)     | 9. Northwestern (10)  |
| 5. Iowa (4)       | 10. Illinois (8)      |

Independent—Notre Dame to loose two and possibly three games, to Miami, S.M.U. or maybe Purdue, or Iowa.

## IVY LEAGUE

The big news from the Eastern aristocrats is that they will play at the game of football again this year. But Swami likes the Big Red after glimpsing the buxom Hellcat's reflection in the crystal globe.

- |                  |                 |
|------------------|-----------------|
| 1. Cornell (2)   | 5. Harvard (4)  |
| 2. Yale (1)      | 6. Brown (5)    |
| 3. Princeton (3) | 7. Columbia (7) |
| 4. Dartmouth (6) |                 |

Independents—Army over Navy, but don't bet on it. Boston U. could go all the way. Boston College, good.

## ATLANTIC COAST

Sunny Jim's Terps to go all the way here and roll in the orange blossoms. Duke's good but plays a murderous schedule and could be forced out of second place by dark-horse Clemson. Tearing off the top of the beer can with his teeth, Swami says.

1. Maryland (1) Got some of the best money can buy. Choice!
2. Duke (2) Might not get started.
3. Clemson (3) If Duke don't, they will.
4. Virginia (4)
5. South Carolina (7) I get an argument here.
6. North Carolina (5)
7. N. C. State (6)
8. Wake Forest (8)

## SOUTHWEST

According to the drum-beaters from the cow country there is no way to scramble the standings in this conference without having seven of the top-ten teams in the country, and they could be right. Swami found that putting Texas A & M last was just as hard as naming S.M.U. first.

1. S.M.U. (4) Lots of fast mustangs
2. Rice (1) Big, but no Moegle.
3. T.C.U. (5)
4. Texas (2) They'll lose their opener to Texas Tech.
5. Baylor (3)
6. Arkansas (6) Mitchell did better with sophomores at Wichita.
7. Texas A & M (7) Bought a lot of talent and should do better than seventh. Swami hopes they take the whole shootin' match.

## SOUTHEASTERN

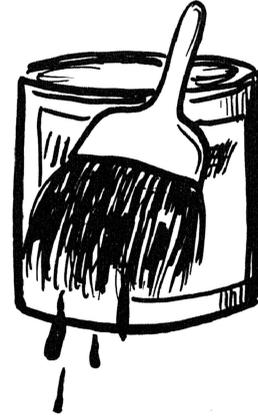
Swami lost his cummerbund on the Rebels of Ole Miss. when Navy sank them in the Sugar-Bowl last year, and can't see them again for the experts covering them with good wishes. Quit fogging up the crystal, Hellcat, or we'll send you back to the S.G.A.

- |   |                     |
|---|---------------------|
| 1. Ga. Tech (3) To hell with Mississippi. | 7. Alabama (8)      |
| 2. Auburn (2)                             | 8. L.S.U. (10)      |
| 3. Mississippi (1)                        | 9. Tennessee (9)    |
| 4. Kentucky (4)                           | 10. Miss. State (7) |
| 5. Georgia (6)                            | 11. Vanderbilt (11) |
| 6. Florida (5)                            | 12. Tulane (12)     |

Independent—Miami (Fla.): Better than anyone in the whole "cotton-pickin'" conference and have a tough enough schedule to prove it.

(Continued on page 24)

## PAINT AHEAD for homecoming



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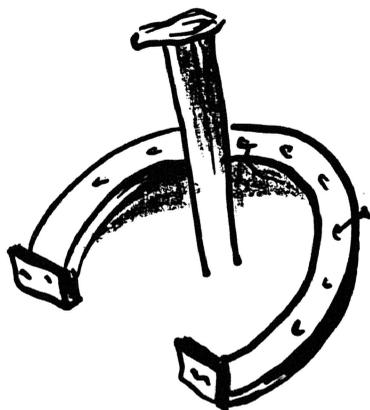


**what's the news?**

**andy's  
corner**

**past the stadium**

**TRY  
YOUR  
LUCK  
AT  
THE  
STABLES**



**The Stables**

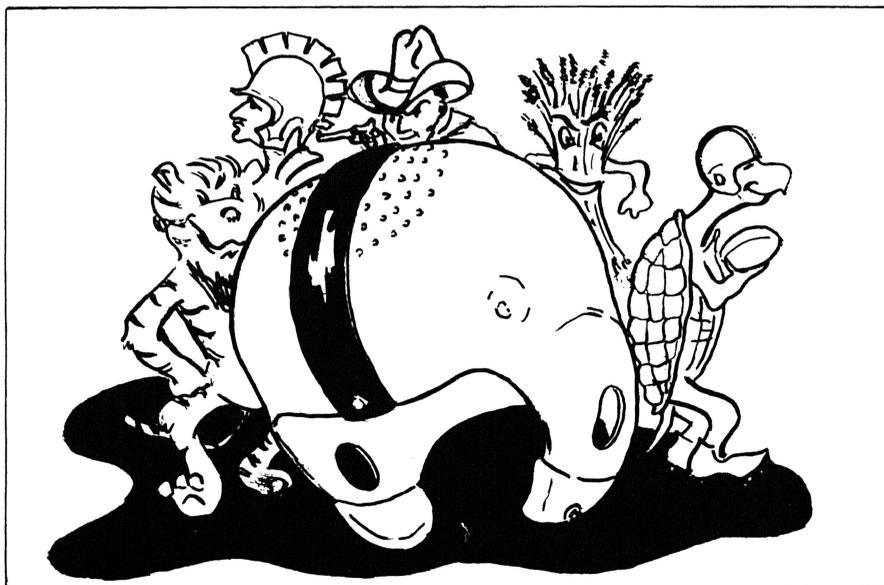
**Out past the Stadium**

(Continued from page 23)

**PACIFIC COAST**

So who've they got beside U.C.L.A. out in the land of fruits and nuts? Nobody, that's who. Swami scrambles them up after first place just to be unconventional.

1. U.C.L.A. (1)
2. Stanford (3) Good as anybody else, after the Uclans.
3. So. Calif. (2) Could beat Stanford 50 to 0.
4. California (4) Might not finish this high.
5. Oregon State (7)
6. Washington (5)
7. Wash. State (6)
8. Oregon (8)
9. Idaho (9) Should ought to abandon the game.



**BIG SEVEN AND MISSOURI VALLEY**

Except for second place, Swami agrees with Mistery Street Smith right down the line on the Big Seven race where the rest of the Conference's Stadii are jokingly (?) referred to as Oklahoma practice fields. But the Missouri Valley is another thing altogether.

**BIG SEVEN**

1. Oklahoma (1) So what?
2. Missouri (3) Watch Hunter, Martin, and Cutright.
3. Colorado (2) Could wind up in second.
4. Kansas State (4) Won't get started.
5. Nebraska (5) Shouldn't slip this far.
6. Iowa State (6) Better than last year, after a little beef buying.
7. Kansas (7) Won't go without a victory this year.

**MISSOURI VALLEY**

1. Wichita (3) For old times sake. They did it with "greenies" last year.
2. Okla. A & M (2) Could be the best of the Valley. Tough.
3. Houston (1) Definatly a sleeper.
4. Detroit (4) Developing.
5. Tulsa (5) Hurricane still a breeze, but is picking up in velocity.

(Continued on page 28)





*Mother was right—Virtue doesn't go without its reward.*



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

\* \* \*

KA: Wow, were you ever treating your date swell last night! Who was she—your fiancée?

ATO: No. The roll-taker in Econ 51.

\* \* \*

Little boy: "Daddy, what is a bachelor?"

Daddy: "A man who didn't have a car in college."

\* \* \*

The freshman girl showed up at the clinic with a note from her housemother: "Dear Doctor: please will you do something to Jane's face. She's had it a long time and it's spreading."

\* \* \*

A freshman is a person who thinks that college is run for students.

\* \* \*

You've read the passage wrong, young lady—it's "All men are created equal," not "All men are made the same way."

\* \* \*

Delta Chi: What in the world makes your tongue so black?

Phi Psi: I dropped my bottle of whiskey on a freshly tarred road.

\* \* \*

Suzie: Can you tatoo a cat on my knee?

Tattooer: We're having a sale on giraffes this week.

\* \* \*

Coed: I finally went to Dr. Gimbel about the craving I get for kissing every time I have a couple of drinks.

2nd coed: What did he give you?

Coed: A couple of drinks.

\* \* \*

The Irishman was relating his adventures in the jungle. "Ammunition, food, and whiskey had run out," he said, "and we were all parched with thirst."

"But wasn't there any water?"

"Sure, but this was no time to be thinking of cleanliness."



Hurry up! My gal just got a new dress at Julies.

**JULIE'S**



**ROMANO'S**

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(Continued from page 24)

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### THE TOP TEN TEAMS

When you read Swami's Bowl picks, you're going to think the canned ambrosia has gotten absolutely the best of the old fellow, or that the assisting fugitive from the card section has fraterced the boy's crystal ball in an outburst of spirit and enthusiasm. (Which the Hellcats heretofore haven't been particularly noted for.) Because Swami has the no. 4 team whipping the no. 3 team and the no. 2 team taking the no. 1 team. But as publicity men and other tub-thumpers don't suit up for Bowl games, Swami likes it this way.

#### TOP TEN

1. Oklahoma
2. Maryland
3. U.C.L.A.
4. Wisconsin
5. Miami (Fla.)
6. Ohio State
7. Army
8. S.M.U.
9. Ga. Tech.
10. Michigan

#### DARK HORSES

(Not necessarily in the second ten.)

- Rice
- Purdue
- Auburn
- Duke
- Colorado
- Mississippi
- Navy
- Cornell
- Notre Dame
- Iowa

And in the real big ones . . .

**ROSE BOWL**—Wisconsin over U.C.L.A. Ameche is gone and Wisconsin now uses 11 men.

**SUGAR BOWL**—Army over Ga. Tech. Won't let Navy get ahead of them.

**COTTON BOWL**—Miami (Fla) over S.M.U. in a race of speed merchants.

**ORANGE BOWL**—Maryland over Oklahoma. No Terrapin soup for the Sooners. But close

All right, so you don't agree. Neither do the people who make their living at this foolishness. If Swami saw it the way the experts do there would have been little use for his going to such lengths to show you the true light. And since this publication is oft-times laughingly referred to as a "Humor Magazine", then save it and split your sides roaring over the old boy's barfs at the end of the season.

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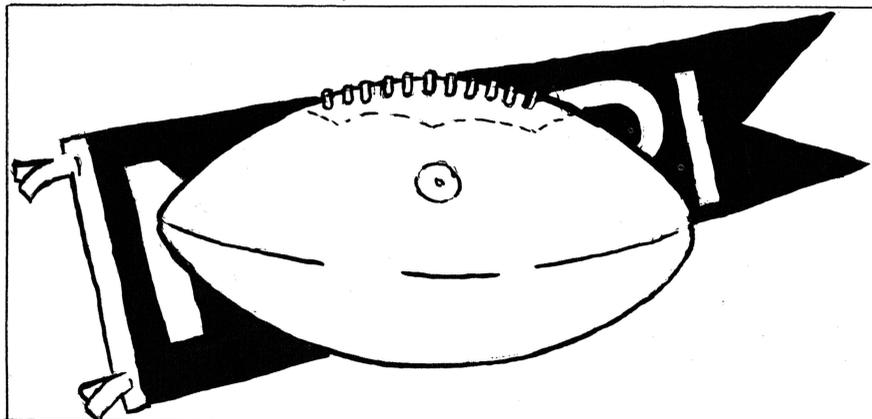
- Whisky
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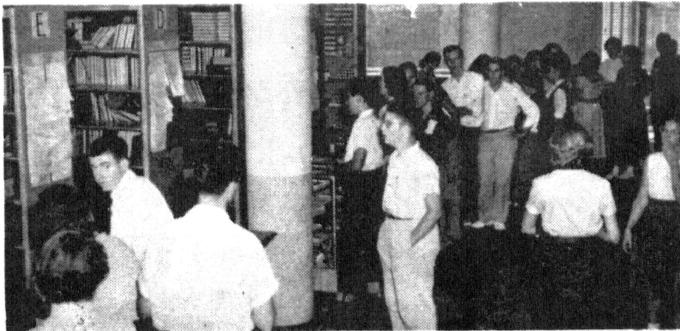


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Student Union Building



A college student is one who enters his alma mater as a freshman dressed in green, and emerges as a senior dressed in black. The intermediate process of decay is known as a college education.

\* \* \*

The human brain is wonderful. It starts right in working the moment you wake up in the morning, and doesn't stop until you are called on in class.

\* \* \*

A dumb girl is a dope, a dope is a drug, doctors give drugs to relieve pain; therefore a dumb girl is just what the doctor ordered.

\* \* \*

He: I'm groping for words.  
She: I think you're looking in the wrong place.

\* \* \*

Forty years they had been married, and for 40 years she had made the living; then he died. The thrifty widow instructed that his body be cremated and the ashes delivered to her. Carefully placing them in an hourglass she set it on the mantel, sat down to rock and said, "Now you worthless bum, at last you're going to work."

\* \* \*

Question: Our house mother looked funny this morning, so we took her temperature. It was sixty. What do you think is wrong with her?

Answer: Nothing. She's dead.

\* \* \*

Suzie: Lou used to say there was something about me you loved.  
Phi Delt: Yes, but that's all spent now.

\* \* \*

Housemother: Why, when I was a girl, we never thought of doing any of the things you girls do today.

Freshman: Which was why you didn't do 'em!

\* \* \*

Many an M. U. co-ed used to have her gowns dry cleaned. Now she has them distilled.



"Do you know what the burglar who broke into the SAE house last night got?"  
 "Yeah . . . pledged."

\* \* \*

Pledge: Whose that girl with the ugly face?

Active: That's my sister.

Pledge: Beautiful figure.

\* \* \*

Sergeant: "All right now, Rookie, what is maneuver?"

ROTC rookie: Something you put on grass, sir, to make it green.

\* \* \*

1st student: I hear he drinks something awful.

2nd student: Yeah, I tasted it.

\* \* \*

A minister was stopped by a woman who said her conscience was bothering her. It seems she had looked at herself in the mirror and felt pleased with what she saw. She was afraid she was becoming vain.

"Calm yourself," he replied. "It's not a sin to make a mistake."

\* \* \*

The flustered freshman rushed in to the clinic and said:

"Did I leave my panties here?"

"Yes," said the doc. "Here they are."

"Thank goodness," she exclaimed.

"I was afraid for a moment I'd left them down at the dentist's!"

\* \* \*

A salesman called a prospective customer and the phone was answered by what was obviously a small boy.

"Is your mother or father home?" the salesman asked.

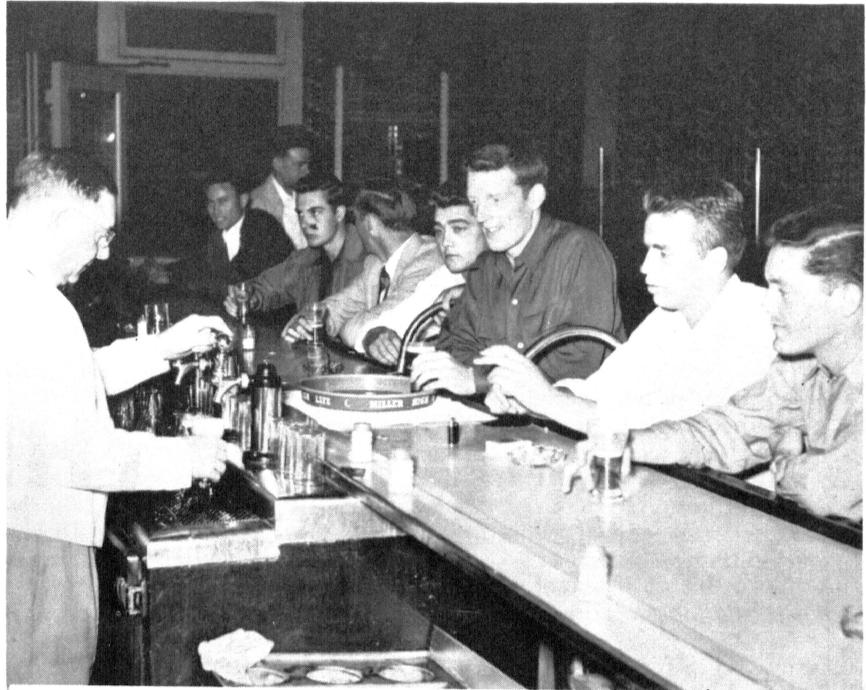
The child said no and the salesman asked if there was anyone else he could speak to.

"My sister," the youngster replied.

"Let me speak to her," the salesman said.

There was a long period of silence and the little boy returned to the phone.

"I'm sorry, but I can't lift her out of the play pen."



## The STEIN CLUB

got to be well dressed this year

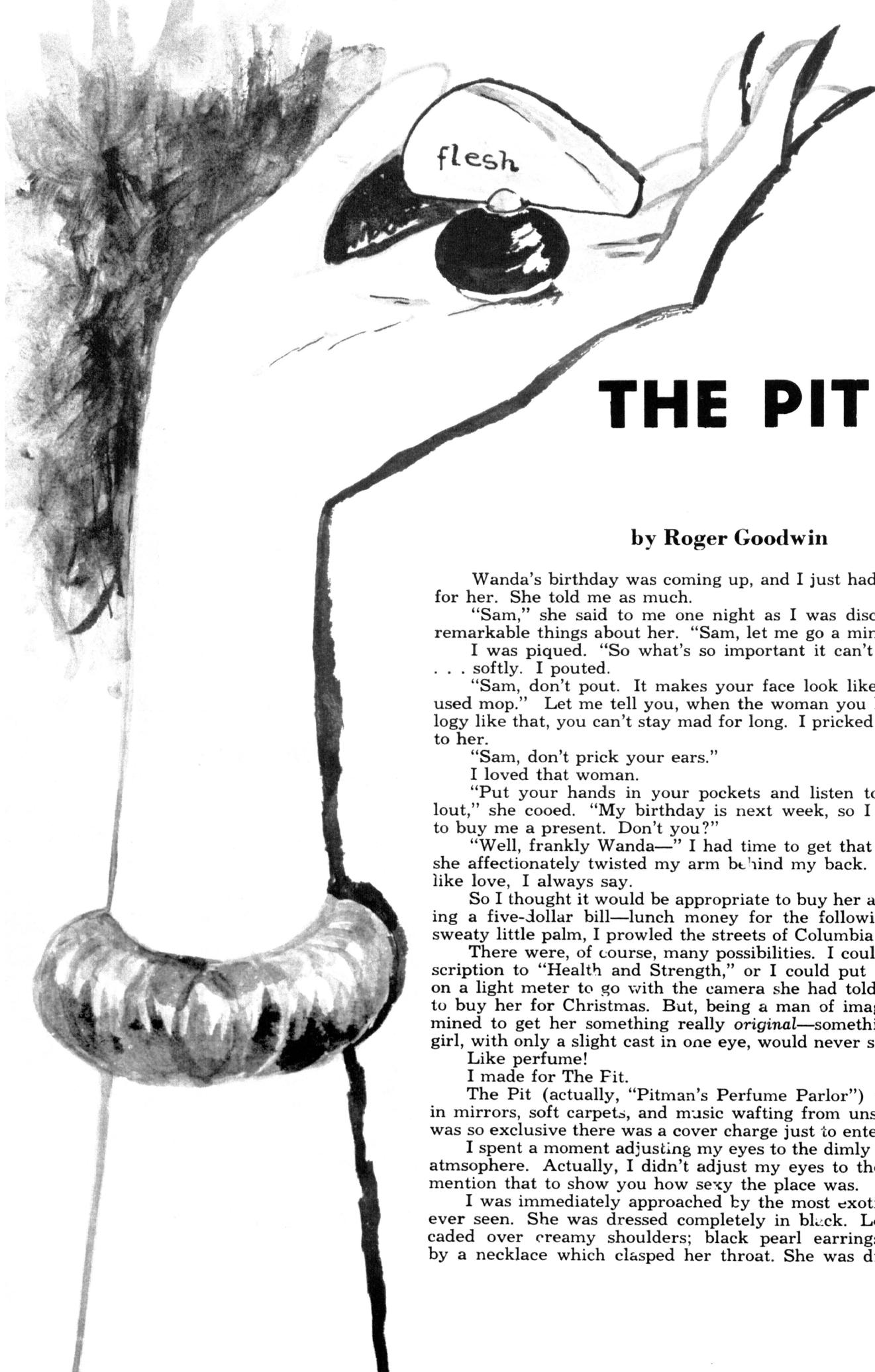


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# THE PIT

by Roger Goodwin

Wanda's birthday was coming up, and I just had to get something for her. She told me as much.

"Sam," she said to me one night as I was discovering new and remarkable things about her. "Sam, let me go a minute. *Sam!*"

I was piqued. "So what's so important it can't wait?" I snarled . . . softly. I pouted.

"Sam, don't pout. It makes your face look like the bottom of a used mop." Let me tell you, when the woman you love uses psychology like that, you can't stay mad for long. I pricked my ears to listen to her.

"Sam, don't prick your ears."

I loved that woman.

"Put your hands in your pockets and listen to me, you stupid lout," she cooed. "My birthday is next week, so I think you ought to buy me a present. Don't you?"

"Well, frankly Wanda—" I had time to get that much out before she affectionately twisted my arm behind my back. There is nothing like love, I always say.

So I thought it would be appropriate to buy her a present. Clutching a five-dollar bill—lunch money for the following week—in my sweaty little palm, I prowled the streets of Columbia one day.

There were, of course, many possibilities. I could buy her a subscription to "Health and Strength," or I could put a down payment on a light meter to go with the camera she had told me I was going to buy her for Christmas. But, being a man of imagination, I determined to get her something really *original*—something that a lovely girl, with only a slight cast in one eye, would never suspect.

Like perfume!

I made for The Pit.

The Pit (actually, "Pitman's Perfume Parlor") was a symphony in mirrors, soft carpets, and music wafting from unseen speakers. It was so exclusive there was a cover charge just to enter.

I spent a moment adjusting my eyes to the dimly lit, incense laden atmosphere. Actually, I didn't adjust my eyes to the incense—I just mention that to show you how sexy the place was.

I was immediately approached by the most exotic woman I have ever seen. She was dressed completely in black. Long jet hair cascaded over creamy shoulders; black pearl earrings were matched by a necklace which clasped her throat. She was dressed in an im-

possibly tight black satin sheath dress, which danced whenever she took a breath. The top of the dress was . . . oh, it was unbelievable. In addition to this, the woman was superbly assembled: she made Marilyn Monroe look like a Girl Scout.

"May I show you something?" she breathed, bending over for something. Her voice made me all sweaty. I sort of nodded, and she took my arm and guided me to a sofa in a secluded corner.

"Just what did you have in mind?" she inquired softly, caressing my left ear.

I finally found my voice. "I was sort of thinking of a birthday present for my girl. I mean perfume. I understand you carry perfume here . . . too."

"I think we can fix you up," she murmured, rising from the sofa and leading me to a counter made of black glass and set with tiny rubies. "Just what kind of girl is she?"

I blushed. "She's . . . she's wonderful," I stammered.

"I mean, what's her personality? Is she tender, soft, moody?"

I thought of the gentle way she twisted my arm. "Yes," I said.

"Is she intelligent, understanding, sympathetic?"

I thought of the shrewd way she picked the movies we went to. "Yes," I said.

"Is she beautiful, well-groomed, a woman of impeccable taste?"

I thought of the clean jeans she habitually wore.

"Yes! Yes!" I cried, giving a little leap into the air. "She is all of these—tender, understanding, beautiful. She is the woman I love!" I sank to the floor, exhausted. The woman clapped politely.

"I think," she said finally, "we have just the perfume. But you must know that it is the most potent blend ever made, and might be a powerful tool in the hands of unscrupulous men. You must promise to guard it well."

"You can trust me," I said simply. We shook hands, not trusting ourselves to speak.

Then she disappeared between two curtains behind the counter, returning with a wierdly shaped flagon, completely unadorned.

"This," she intoned ominously, "is our blend."

"What is its name?" I asked shyly.

"Flesh," she murmured reverently. She was breathing hard.

So was I.

"Okay," I said, "I'll take it. Please wrap it up."

She reacted as though I had slapped her across the face. She blanched. Not much—just a little blanch—but I could notice it. She blanched, all right.

"What do you mean, wrap it up?" she hissed. Her dress was dancing all over the room by this time. "Don't you know we can sell you, at most, one-fourth of an ounce? And for that you will pay dearly?"

I let a tear come to my left eye. "I'm sorry," I said contritely.

She looked at me a long time and slowly got control of herself. "I believe you," she announced finally. "It's a mistake any fool could make."

I was overjoyed. "Then I can have it—I mean a tiny bottle of it? I promise, Scout's honor, I will never let it fall into the hands of unscrupulous men. *Please!*"

She softened again and leaned over the counter toward me. She

half-closed her eyes and moistened her lips. Then—ever so slightly—she nodded. "It is yours."

"How much is it?" I asked, reaching for my billfold. . . .

\* \* \*

Wanda got her perfume, but she never will get the camera for Christmas. She broke off with me the day after her birthday. She told me she refused to associate with a slob who thought so little of her he'd give her a few drops of cheap toilet water.

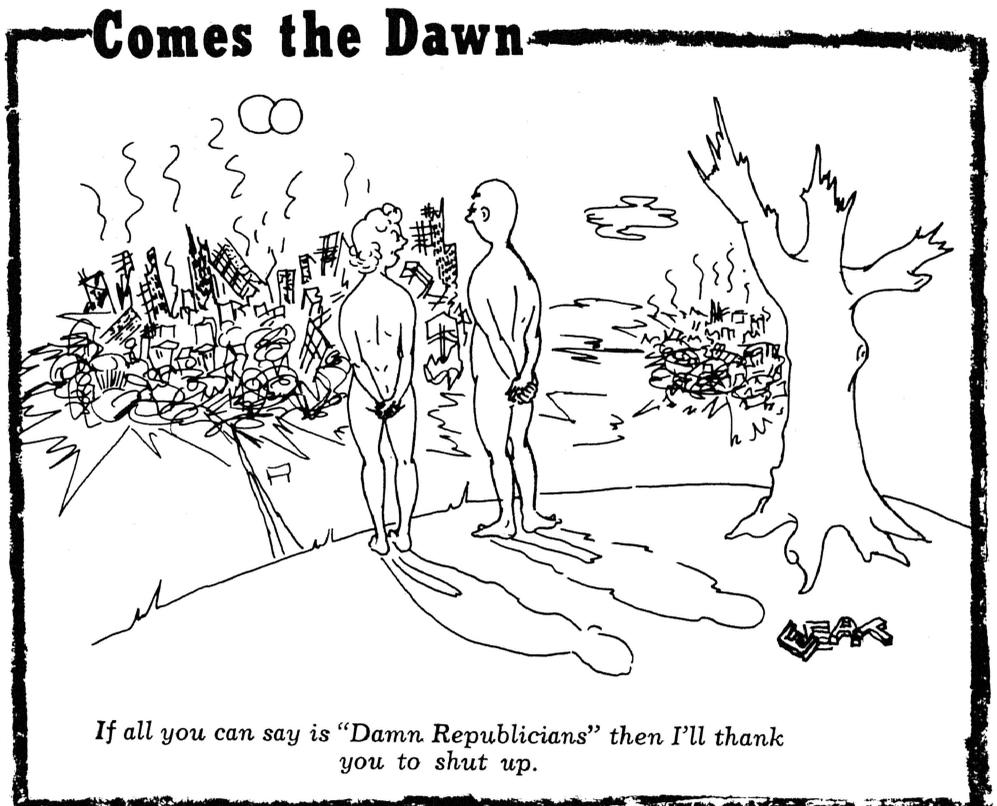
Maybe it's just as well, because I'm too busy these days to see her even if she'd have me. I'm working at The Pit, washing all those mirrors and vacuuming the rug and doing other odd jobs every night. They said something about a promissory note I'd signed and possible court action, and a lot of other things.

They told me I'd be working there through the "foreseeable future," whatever that means.

The woman at the Pit? Listen, her birthday is next week, and

guess what?

the  
end,  
man

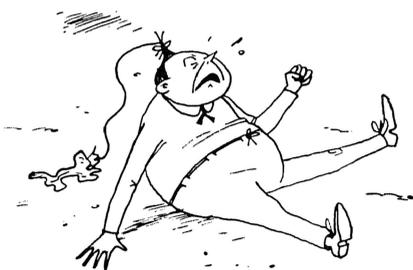
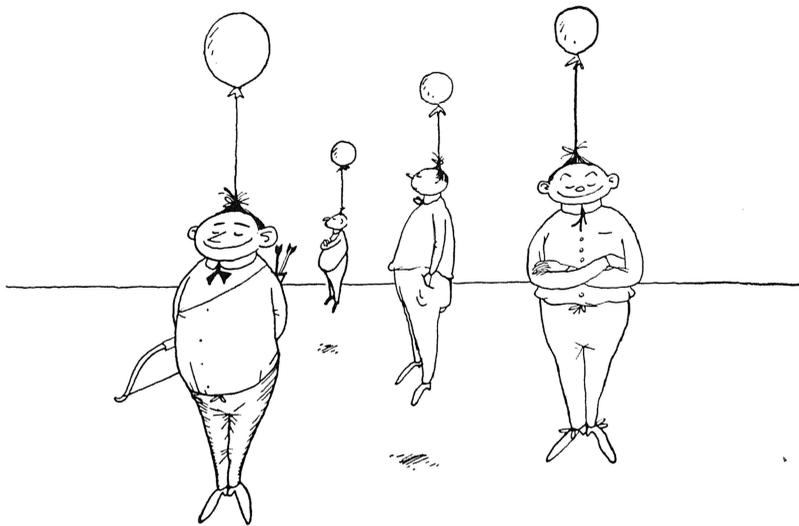


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# OCTOBERFEST

Sadie Carmack

△△△



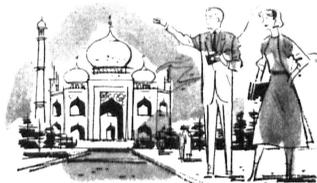
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# The Maneater

don't read it

digest it

# University Regulations You Should Know

## FEES

All University fees are to be paid in cash and in advance and do entitle the payee to such University privileges as: use of the drinking fountains, University sidewalks, and an autopsy at the Student Clinic. Payments may be submitted by mail to the Bursar, Sun Valley Idaho.

## HOUSING

All students must live in dormitories or houses approved by the Committee on Student Housing. Stringent regulations require all such student dwelling places to have at least a grass thatched roof and a full length portrait of Dean Matthews on the wall. Commuting from such distances as Hannibal, Moberly, or East St. Louis is not advisable.

## GRADES AND POINTS

A student's achievement in each course is registered by E, S, M, I, F. Grades of I and F require consultation with your local draft board. Grades of E and S are of no importance unless the student plans to graduate.

## WITHDRAWING FROM COURSES

Students may withdraw from courses with no loss of money within three days of the beginning of the semester. After that, only a death release signed by a University-approved housemother will be honored as sufficient cause for refund of fees.

## REGISTRATION

Before a student may register, he must have a Permit to Enroll. These may be obtained at the Capitol in Jefferson City. Once the Permit has been secured, students seeking to register should

come prepared to remain overnight and should carry with them a flashlight, towel washcloth, toothbrush, and sandwiches.

## STUDENT IDENTIFICATION CARDS

When all fees have been paid, and after the student's head has been shaved by the University barber, his photograph will be taken for his Identification Card.

## STUDENT OPERATED VEHICLES

All vehicles including cars, roller skates, and pogo sticks, regardless of make, model, or condition, are to be registered with the Dean's Office. Upon receipt of a student sticker, the owner is then responsible for all University and Columbia ordinances. These include No Parking restrictions within three blocks of all University buildings, 14 mile per hour speed limits anywhere in the county, and permanent exile for striking any University policeman, even with just cause. Owners of motorcycles must not paint

or decorate them in any way to resemble vehicles of the State Patrol. Fines incurred are to be paid within fifteen minutes of receipt. Confederate money will not be honored. Appeals on University traffic tickets may be made. All such appeals should be post-marked by midnight of the date of receipts and should be mailed to the Traffic Committee, c o Dead Letter Office, Columbia, Missouri.

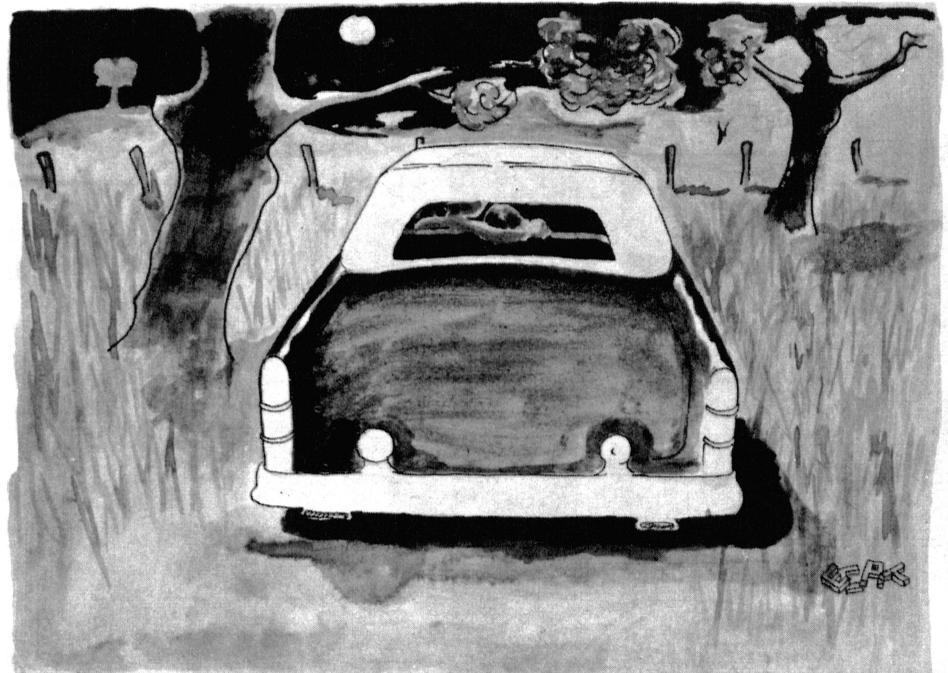
## DRAFT DEFERMENT

Any questions regarding draft deferment are absolutely ridiculous.

## MARRIAGE

If a student marries while registered at the University he is subject to immediate expulsion, if the Director of Admissions is not notified within five days. Married students will be asked to move from University dormitories unless the woman is over eighty-seven years old, in which case she will be engaged as a Head Resident.

THE END



*"Oh, all right—but I think you should know I don't believe in getting pinned until after mid-term."*

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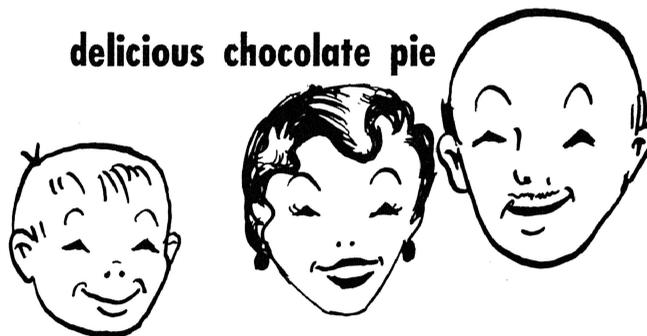
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## Next Month in SHOWME

▲ A real old fashioned Center-Spread only *now* in full color.

▲ The first entry in the SHOWME short-story contest.

▲ Homecoming through the years. An Art page in a refreshing new style.

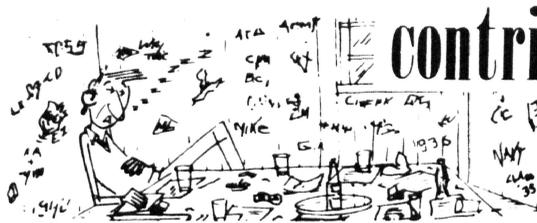
▲ The Big-Game in pictures.

▲ Swami follows up his Octoberfest with a real Homecoming Queen.

▲ And many more features, cartoons and stories for your Homecoming weekend.



ON SALE OCT. 22.



## contributors' page



Swami has taken an Editorial assistant this year, one Carolyn Ford. When asked what duties the job entails, this pert miss modestly screams that she's just an errand boy. Actually, she is the integrating force between the man with the crystal ball and the staff of **Showme**. (Not to be confused with the staff of **Life**.) What she needs is a Buck Rogers Integrator Ray Gun.

A five-foot-seven, 120 pound junior, Carolyn is majoring in Journalism and English Literature, and always cools her coffee in a Chaucer.

Her age? Why she's twenty—she represents a decade of good old Jefferson City upbringing, and believe you me, old Jeff City didn't know what it was losing when it decided to let Carolyn come to the city for an education.

Kappa Kappa Gamma is where this Ford parks each night, and is, by the way, where she indulges in her unusual hobby of censoring Showmes.

Carolyn is probably the most popular member of Swami's organization, as when it comes gag meeting time, she doesn't partake of bottled goodies, and incidentally, has a scintillating wit.

When asked whether 7301 would be a good number to call (for a single male, that is), Carolyn replied, "Well, I won't know until tonight, so at this printing, her courting status is unknown.

If, at one time or another, you should happen to see a vision of what appears to be a pitcher of beer perambulating around complete w/arms, legs and sundry other human equipment, why you can bet your old bottom Green-lease bill that it's none other than the one and only, the ever popular OUR OWN Chuck McDaneld.

.. humorist, writer, poet and gag man in his own right, he is currently serving Swami as father confessor, with a little business managing on the side, a position to which he was elevated from Circulation manager at the turn of the new semester. He also turns the handle of the printing press.

Chuck, a clear-eyed, fresh-complexioned, nineteen - and - a - half-going - on - twenty - year old Phi Kappa Psi, hails from the far-flung province of Kansas City. When asked just why he picked Columbia for his schooling, he replied, "Blazes, I **thought** three and a half bucks was awful cheap for a trip to Sout' America!"

While he isn't practicing his toastmaster drill at Wheeler's Social and Athletic Club, or teaching the vagaries of vagrancy to young, sweet fatales, Chuck might be found learning all about the intricacies involved in the heady career of marketing over in all those red brick buildings across from the Shack.



# *Richard Maltby*



GAY FESTIVE HOMECOMING—with its colorful breathtaking floats and its clever house decorations—the suspense of the announcement of the homecoming queen and her lovely attendants at half time—the merriment of the weekend.

It's Homecoming, the most exciting weekend of the year. After yelling "Go Tigers" in the crisp autumn air all afternoon, what would be a more wonderful way to climax the 1955 Homecoming weekend than dancing to the delightful music of Richard Maltby and witnessing the crowning of the Queen at the Homecoming Coronation Ball.

You'll want to hear and see Dick Maltby play his first and million dollar platter of "ST. LOUIS BLUES MAMBO", plus his arrangements of "BEGIN THE BEGUINE MARCH" and "SIX FLATS UNFURNISHED."

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