

the

25¢

missouri showme



oliday

ISSUE

UPSET?

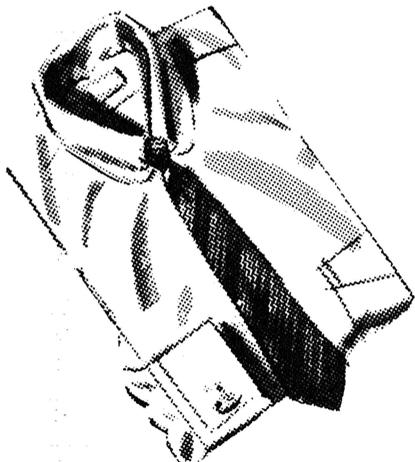


IT'S NOT TOO LATE TO GET YOUR
PICTURE TAKEN FOR

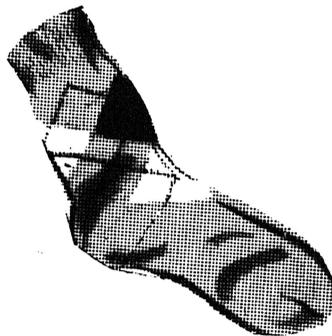
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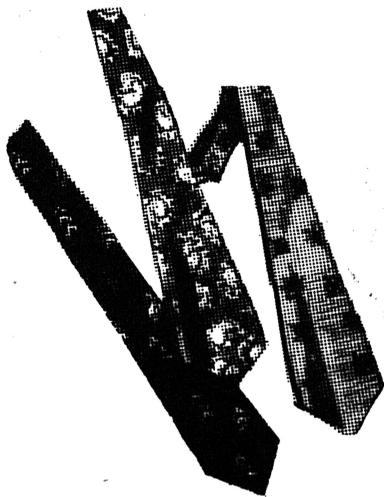
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her
dreams"

when you
take

your gal

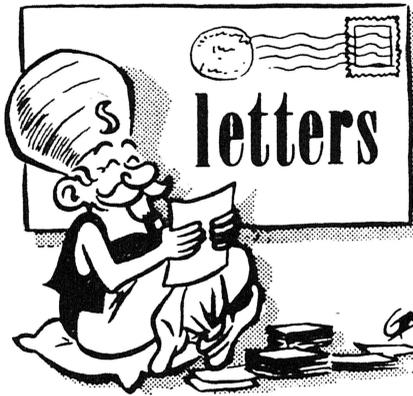
to

ERNIE'S

for a . . .

. . . STEAK

showme



Dear Sir:

For two years I have saved the money I earned from selling Pornographic literature to buy a subscription to your mag. So now you start with this puri-tanical business. My libido cringes with each issue and even if I didn't have a filthy mind I'd still say your jokes are stale.

An Opinionated Curmudgeon
Margaret Foster
St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Margie:

The state of your libido has become a matter of real concern of the entire SHOWME staff, and after calling a special meeting of the department heads, in an effort to help you in your difficulty, the following suggestion is sincerely forwarded. Take one fifth of good Scotch, and two strapping Missouri aggies. Mix well, and take every four hours for one week. At the end of that time, if a noticeable improvement has not ensued write us, and after drawing straws

we will dispatch free of charge one of our own staff members for a personal consultation.

ECAT

editor ecat

enclosed is a morsel of smutty humor. it probably is not fit to print but i thought you in the back room might enjoy it anyhow. you have permission to print it if you don't think it will cause a minor riot. it is up to you.

a bit of fan mail . . . i enjoy your magazine a great deal. it has a good sophisticated humor . . . especially the "around the columns" bit. i cartoon and write also. roses to ecat, dick noel, and jack duncan.

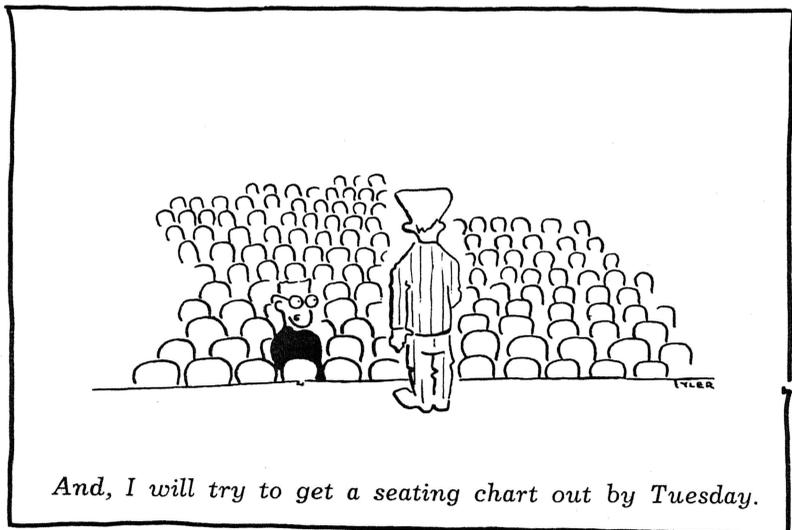
why not photograph some swinging chicks instead of last year's high school prom queens? come over to the "playhouse", us'n got some right purty talents. western talk . . . i'm a new yorker. don't ask me what i'm doing at stephens . . . i keep asking myself the same damn question . . .

decadently . . .

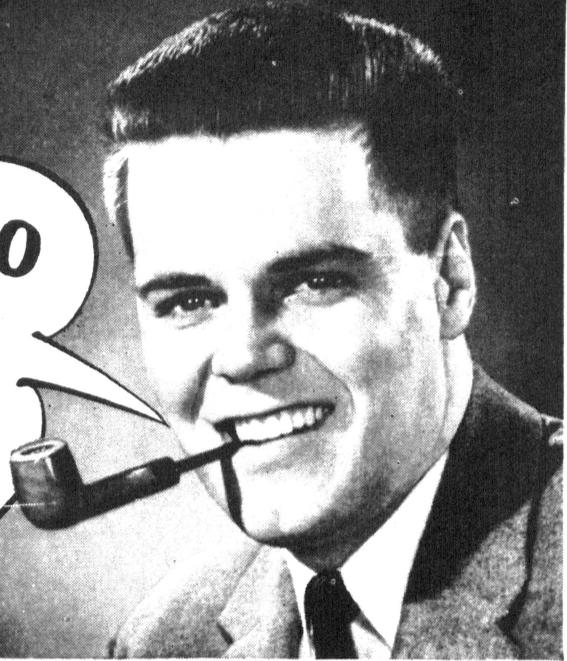
a "susie" at this high school for adolscent girls.

Dear Susie: thank you very much for your contributed cartoon. We feel that you display a considerable amount of talent. Not for cartooning but . . . a considerable amount of talent. Seriously, we would like very much to run a Susie as our "Girl of The Month" sometime this year, and if at all possible we shall. Thank you for the kind words. It goes to show that breeding tells . . . Always!

ECAT

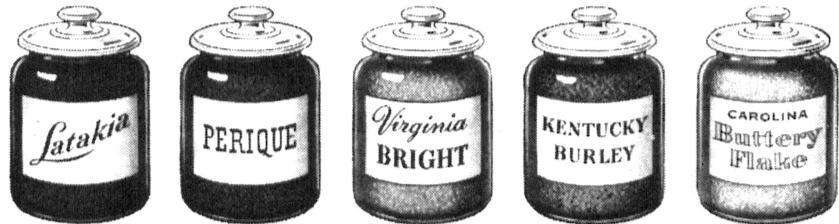


**HERE'S WHY
I'M ONE OF THE
MILLION MEN WHO
HAVE SWITCHED TO
HOLIDAY!**



**Only HOLIDAY gives
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Blend for Mildness!**

Yes, five famous tobaccos skillfully blended into a mixture of unequalled flavor, aroma and mildness. These fine tobaccos, selected from all parts of the world, are blended with a base of cool-smoking white burley . . . Each tobacco adds its own distinctive flavor and aroma to make Holiday America's finest pipe mixture. We suggest you try a pipeful . . . enjoy its coolness, flavor and aroma . . . and see for yourself why more and more men who smoke mixtures are switching to Holiday as a steady smoke.



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Get this guaranteed "Olde London" Pipe and two full-size pouches of Holiday tobacco for only \$1.00. The pipe is fine, hand-rubbed imported briar . . . with genuine hard rubber bit . . . carbonized bowl for cooler smoking. If your dealer is unable to supply you, use this handy order blank.

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CM-12

CHRISTMAS HEADLINES



- mademoiselle
- delmanettes
- troylings
- foot-flairs



the novus shop
18 ON THE STROLLWAY

showme



MID-TERM EXAMS are now over. The mural of the constipated cow has been finished out at the Red-Ox. The Tri-Delts have slunk back into their original state of oblivious nonentity. The kiddies down at the "Fruit-Bowl" (otherwise know as the Maneater office) have had their jelly smeared little patties slapped. The SHOWME staff had its bi-monthly fellowship meeting, (refreshments were served, of course). And what did you think of the football season?

But then you can't win them all. In fact sometimes you can't even hardly win any. Yet, let us not forget the old adage; it isn't whether you win or lose, it's how well you can con the sportswriters. And at that "Old Missouri," as Sparky so quaintly puts it over the radio, is an apparent master. No, we are not sponsors of a "Faurot Must Go" movement. We feel that we have here at Missouri one of the finest coaches in the business as far as knowledge of the game and the ability to impart it to the boys is concerned. But we think it's considerably past high-time for Don and the governing forces of the school to crawl down off their crosses of injured righteousness, and stop crying because Oklahoma's star quarterback happens to come from Texas. Or, chortling gleefully because the freshman team happens to win a fumble-infested Friday afternoon contest from a Kansas team whose coach and some of its players happens to be from Ohio. This, it seems from here, is but an unrealistic and somewhat juvenile attempt at justification for some inadequacy. If Missouri can turn out a team that puts on a credible showing, and there is nothing but Missouri boys in the line-up, that's

fine. But if they do not then it would seem that a greater evil was being done to the thousands who have to shove more than three-bucks across the line to see the game, than would ever be perpetrated on the "boys", or "the school", or "ethics", even if the first twenty-eight players on Missouri's roster were from Abyssinia, (and that ain't even near Ohio).

Let's face it, a nationally rated football power does more to build a state university, both financially, and prestige-wise than a thousand sentimental editorials in the Post Dispatch. Witness Oklahoma, and Maryland, before and after Jim Tatum who, it is said, even drinks whiskey. Still, we have all the respect in the world for Don Faurot, even if we can't agree with his idealogy. And we feel that it's tragic that come a Saturday he can't suit up his idealogy; it might make one damned strong running-back.

WE ARE in the distinct position this year of being probably the only magazine in America that is being criticized from some areas for being non-pornographic. But these critics are somewhat confused—in that sex doesn't have to be illustrated by four letter words. I would venture to say that we enjoy sex every bit as much as any such critic going. The difference being perhaps that we prefer it with our shoes off, and in an atmosphere more conducive to enjoyment than a public rest-room. So we urge these critical few to read a bit closer, and don't skip over the big words, and they may find that sex is as much good clean fun as it is biological fact.

As the saying goes, whether you're rich or poor, it's always nice to have money. Whether you're handsome or ugly, it's always nice to have a face. Whether you're a male or female, it's always nice.

BEAK

the missouri

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They cannot look out far.
They cannot look in deep.
But when was that ever a bar
To any watch they keep?

by ROBERT FROST



Around The Columns

Holidaze

Holidays . . . ah . . . holidays . . .
 Thanksgiving . . . Easter . . .
 Groundhog day . . . holidays . . .
 and the best one of all . . . that
 wonderful, wild, nerve shattering
 mixture of Christmas and New
 Years . . . the mirage shimmering
 beyond the treadmill . . . the end
 of the rainbow, with a pot not fill-
 ed with gold, but with 12 year old
 Scotch . . . Holidays . . . car lots
 being taken over by fir trees . . .
 decorations being put up over the
 streets in November . . . and not
 taken down until after the spring
 thaw . . . bedragled Salvation
 Army Santa Clauses . . . "Momie,
 look! There's Santy Cl . . ."
 "Shaddup and drink yer beer—
 Santy Claws is dead" . . . ah . . .
 holidays . . . Black nights behind
 cold bare limbs of trees . . . crisp
 bleak seven-o'clock skies . . .
 Christmas carol seranades—"No,
 Williams, we're *not* gonna sing
 "Roll yer Leg Over" . . . indoor
 sports . . . hand-holding in incom-
 patible, decorous, weather-forced,
 surroundings . . . dances . . . parties
 . . . bridge playing in front of the
 fire . . . chug-a-luging in front of
 the radiator . . . holidays . . .
 school work apathy . . . the yule
 log spirit . . . and spirits . . . freez-
 ing your hands off on the steering
 wheel at four a.m. . . . the longing
 for green spring weather and pri-
 vate love-making . . . wide eyed
 kids playing in snowdrifts . . .
 bleary eyed drunks rolling in
 them . . . the temptation to stay in
 bed, warm luxury . . . Tripod's
 three-legged foot prints across the
 white blanket on the library lawn
 . . . dead trees . . . dead soldiers
 . . . dead drunk . . . whew . . .
 better pour me two jiggers—it's
 the holidays.

Learn, Don't Live

Seems funny that a guy can go
 through four years of school only
 to learn that he could have gotten
 out in three. Or that he's taken
 the wrong major. Or that he could
 have lived like a prince in an
 apartment instead of a pauper in
 the dorm.



Pomes

*When Santa laughs
 His guts like jelly,
 And that's because
 It's a beer belly.*

*I don't ask much dear Santa,
 Just this I'd like to wheedle,
 A couple of grains of morphine,
 And a hypodermic needle.*

*This time of year
 We love each other
 And refrain for a while
 From beating mother.*

There are a million and one
 angles that a guy can play while
 at MU and keep from behind the
 8-ball. But nobody ever hears of
 them—unless it's too late. SHOW-
 ME is thinking of publishing a sup-

plement to the University catalog
 devoted to these angles. But then
 the University would make them
 illegal so what's the use? Our
 only advice is: keep your ear
 open, your mouth shut, and don't
 volunteer for a damned thing.

Measure of Man

Nothing could be a more con-
 vincing testimonial for the axiom
 "clothes make the man," than the
 ROTC uniforms seen around the
 campus. Take a man, any man,
 and put him in the khaki soldier
 suit and he looks like a piece of
 liver wrapped in butcher's paper.
 No form, no shoulders, no drape,
 no man.

But that's ok. You're in the
 army, boy, and you got to learn to
 rough it boy, through the muck
 and mud and snow and tidal
 waves and hail you and the Post-
 men got to rough it boy, because
 the US Mail and the General's
 roast beef sandwich must go
 through, boy, and so squint your
 eyes and grit your teeth and spit
 and tell 'em that YOU SHALL
 RETURN boy, because, you're in
 the . . . well, you're a small but
 vital part of th . . . you're one of
 Our Boys in the Ser . . .

What it is, you're in the ROTC.
 BOY.

Friend of Man

This may be a little old, but it
 just recently came to our atten-
 tion, and since it tickled our funny
 bone and spinal column and left
 dorsal muscle we shall henceforth
 give it to you.

It seems that Waldo, the dog
 kingdom's answer to King Kong,
 and Benchley, the mobile hot-dog,
 had a little set-to and were growl-

ing and walking around stiff-legged and smelling each other and got worked up to the point where they felt they had to bite each other to keep their self esteem. Well, Waldo did pretty good, but Benchley, who—if we can slip by a sickening pun—was definitely the underdog, and was having a hard time. Because of his very low gravity, the only thing that he could bite was Waldo's knees, and so while Waldo the Terrible was staggering around trying to get his jaws open wide



enough to swallow him, poor Benchley was raising holy Ned with Waldo's shin-bones. Well, you can picture the situation.

Speaking of dogs, what has caused the sudden influx of the three legged variety? I mean Tripod's been around since 1943, and you kinda get used to him, but when you're very nonchalantly tripping through the underpass and are suddenly engulfed by about 16 of 'em, you begin to wonder.

If you get any conclusive evidence that the Med. School boys with their little hatchets are responsible, tell somebody. Quick. They might start practicing on humans next.

Closing Shop

Along about this time of year we always like to look at the world situation in general, make a few conclusive statements, and be able to start out in January with a clean slate. Our birds eye view of civilization shows that Tennessee Ernie is holding up juke-box receipts with "Sixteen Tons", Bing is beginning to groan "White Christmas", Dick Tracy is closing in on Oodles, and Orphan Annie's dog has contracted a severe case of Hoof and Mouth.

Noises of thumping basketballs in the gym have replaced the dull



thud of cleated shoe meeting pigskin, Nephew Guy and his talking dog are still clogging up afternoon television, and for five bucks you can not only get a fifth of your favorite hootch, but now it comes in a cut glass gift decanter.

Other trivia we need not discourse upon are Stevenson, the Russians, Ike, the atom bomb, and Bootche's Pool Hall.

Tilt Gilt

Several eminent Chicago psychiatrists have recently published a paper on the "Pinball Person-

ality." After several years studying the pinball player, these authorities reached the conclusion that a guy addicted to the sport is suffering from any number of major and minor frustrations.

A good deal of the pinball players are frustrated at work. Many more are dissatisfied at home. But the majority, they report, are sexually maladjusted. Then the doctors presented a complicated thesis regarding symbols, releases, psychoses, neuroses, and other psychiatric stuff that we would just as soon not mention, and the linotype operator would misspell it anyhow.

But the gist of the thing went like this: The pinball machine represents the woman he'd like

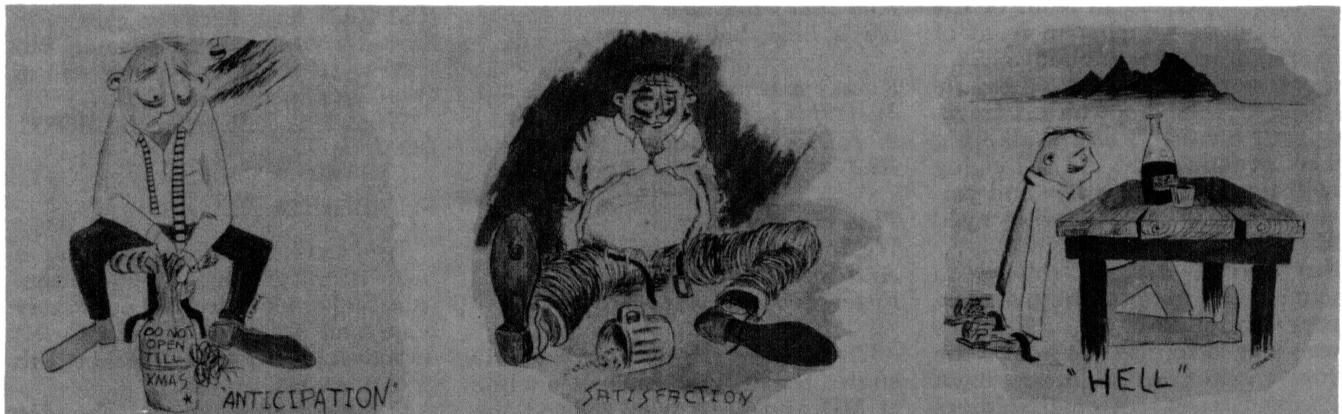


to have. But he can't, so he takes it out on the machine by trying to force the balls where he wants them to go. If he can master the machine (get a free game) he is satisfied. If not, he's no better off than before. So he keeps trying.

Which all goes to prove that . . . well, it shows that . . . see, these psychiatrists know . . . well. Uh.

Have you got two nickles for a dime? I know I can beat it this time.

showme



Football

In the past few months nearly everybody and their brother-in-law's dog's sister has had miny miny things to holler about concerning Missouri University's football team for 1955. We shall now humbly join their ranks.

This year Missouri's football team won only one game while losing nine. In three of their games in which they should've been trompled they gave an excellent account of themselves; in five or six others in which they should've at least held their own they closely resembled Hickman High School's third strong playing volleyball in an underground wind tunnel. This was unfortunate. Unfortunate for the team, the coach, the school, and the students. However, many of the more exuberant sports writers around the state felt that it was much more than unfortunate; they felt that it was a catastrophe approaching that of the San Francisco earthquake. Oh hell yes. It was. Those nasty old football players ought to be hung. And that coach—he's a sneaky one. He



You kick him a while man. I'm tired.



was trying to lose on purpose, that's what he was doing.

Yeah.

These sports writers kill me, they really do. I rather doubt that ten years from now any of 'em will wake up foaming at the mouth in the midst of a cerebral hemorrhage brought on by the fact that Missouri's football team lost 9 games in 1955.

But they want to get rid of the coach—that's the smart thing to do. Yes sir, there's the heart of the trouble right there that mean old coach who was trying to lose on purpose. Sure.

Missouri University is just about the only remaining big-time football school that keeps its nose clean. Just about the only school left that obeys the NCAA recruiting rules to the letter. And other schools get away with breaking them. Oh, every once in a while one of Oklahoma's tackles goes hog wild with his weekly check and buys him a convertible—and then Oklahoma gets their hands slapped, lightly, and are told to be good boys again. That's about the extent of it.

It seems to us that the stone throwers are aiming at the wrong target. Not the coach, friends—the policy. The football policy at MU. If us people are so damn hot to win football games we oughta go up to the Pennsylvania coal

mines and buy us some flesh. About twenty-two hundred pounds of it. Oh sure, we could buy us a coach too—but that's only 200 pounds worth, and he can't play, remember?

Garbage

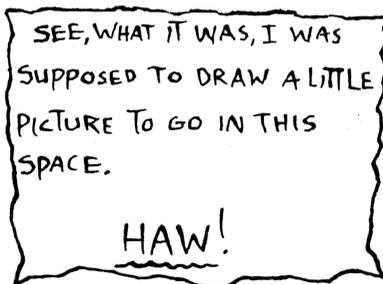
At the risk of being accused of secondary school senility I'd like to forget about my place in the cosmic scheme of things, long enough to wish you all a very sentimental and happy Yuletide. It's a sentimental season and some how the vain strivings for collegiate urbanity and worldliness, etcetera, don't seem to make as much sense as usual.

So Hurrah for Christmas, hurrah for New Years, have lots of good parties, accumulate truckloads of loot, and don't forget, beer and tomato juice can make New Year's Day livable if all else fails.

Sometimes don't you wish you were in Tibet, or Siam or Barcelona, or someplace?

I guess that will fill this space up. See you all next month.

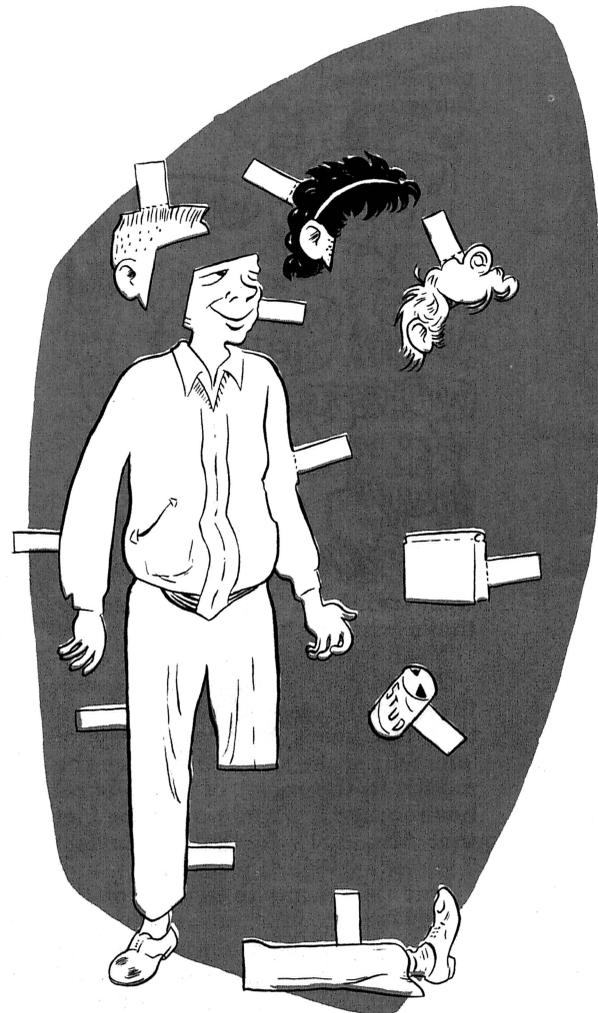
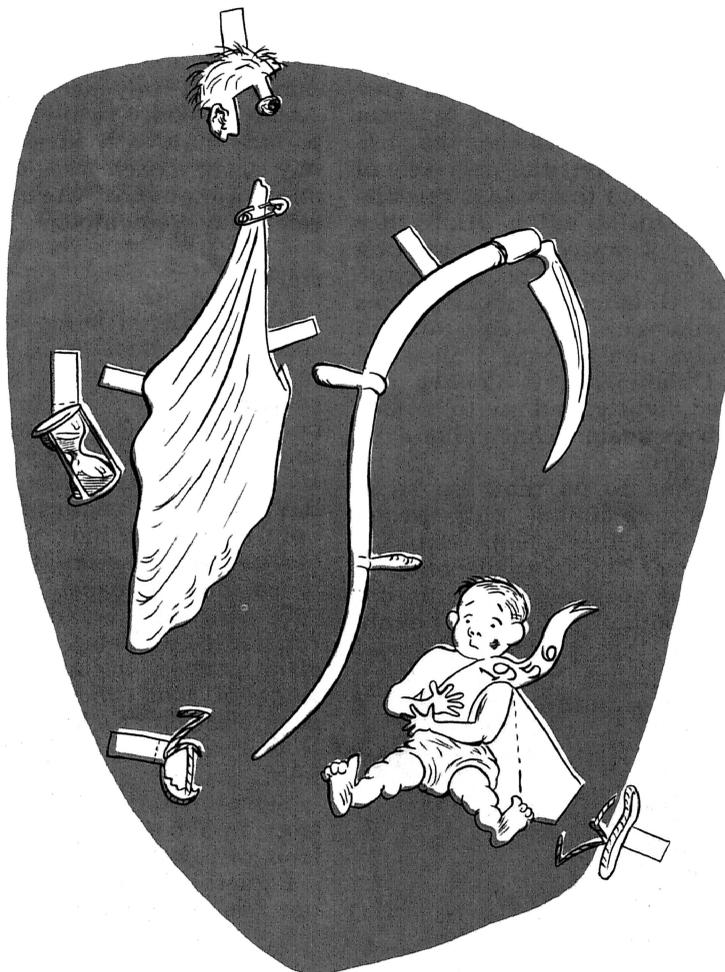
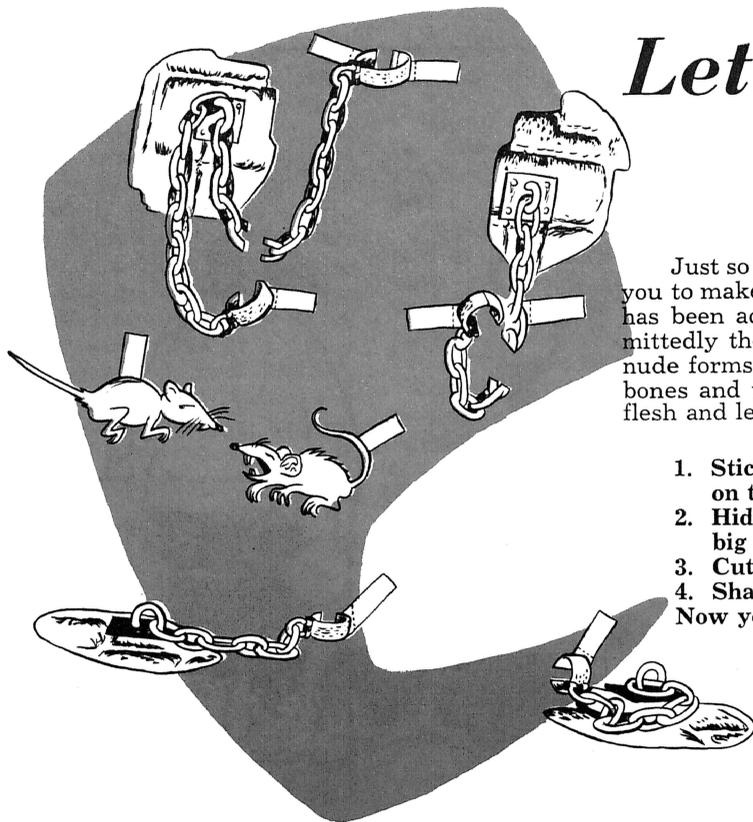
—Richard Bollinger Noel
THE END

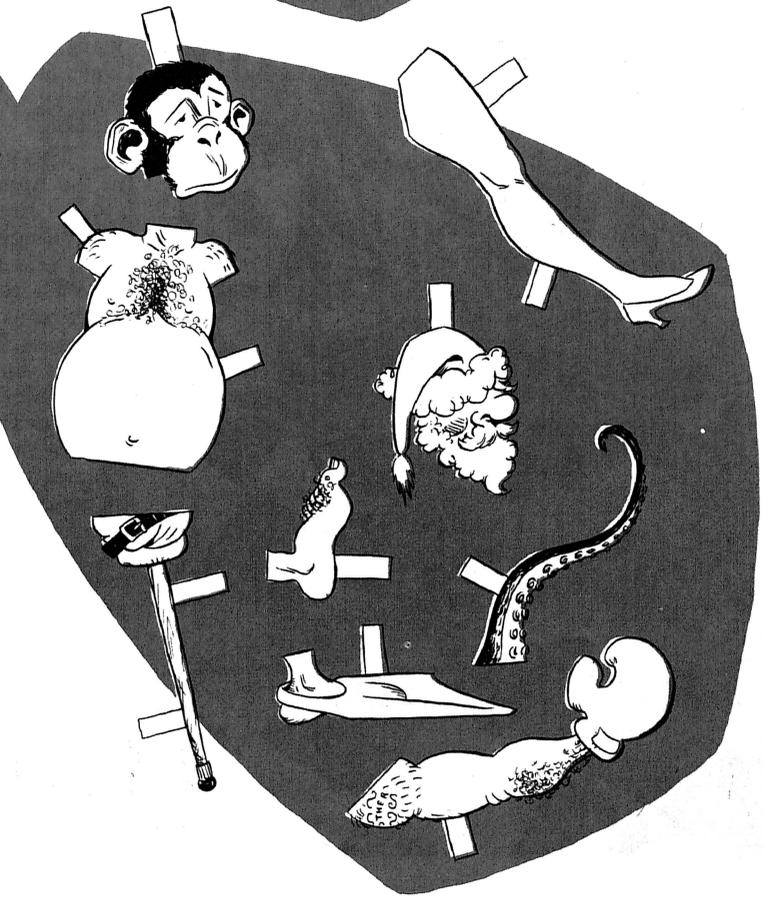
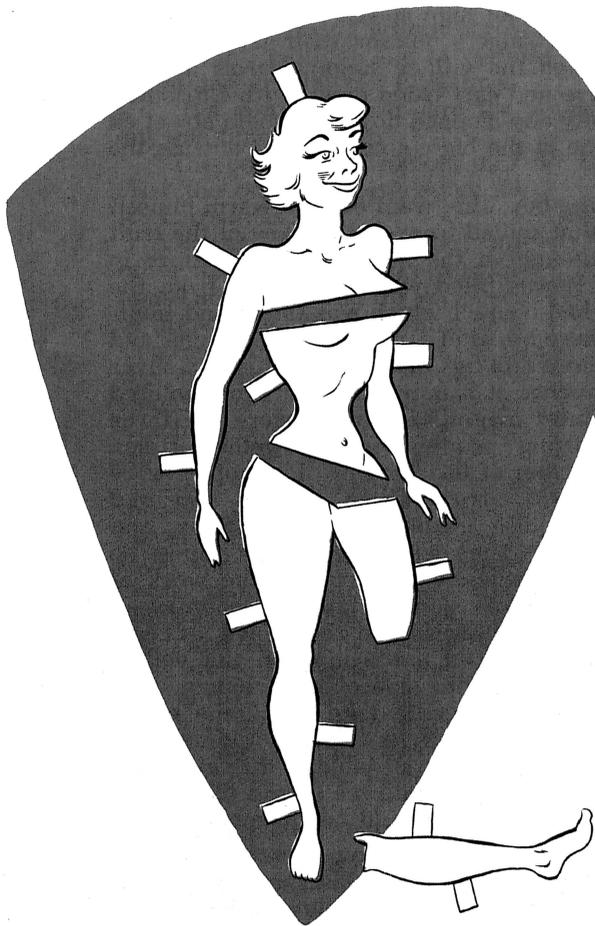
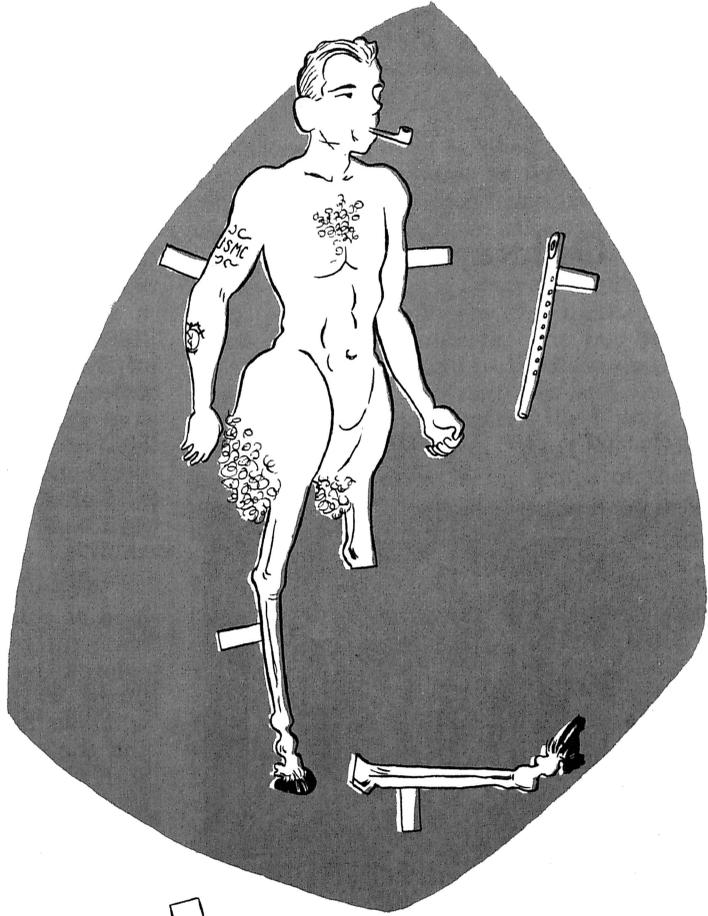
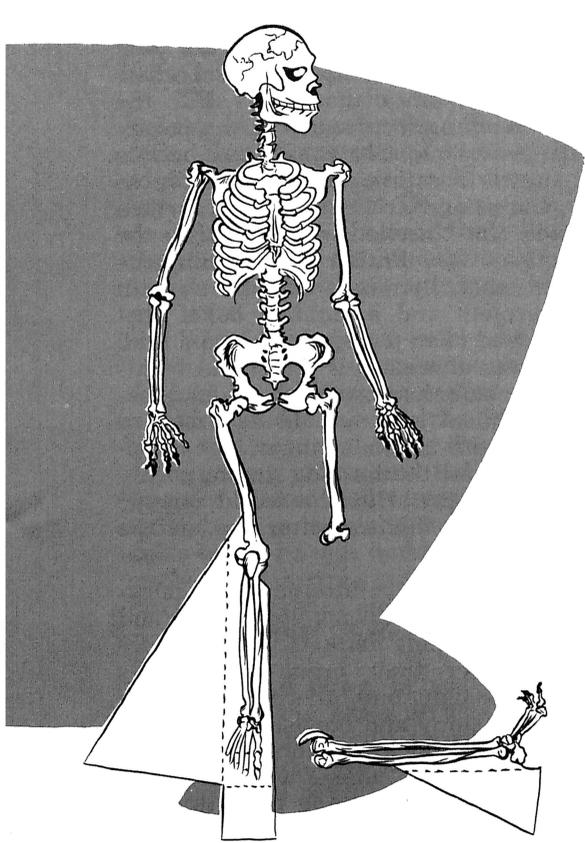


Let's Make People

Just so it won't be a shutout SHOWME has made it possible for you to make all manner of good people before the new year. This has been accomplished through the medium of paper dolls—admittedly the media is limited. No vulgar nonsense like dressing nude forms. No sir. This is the McCoy. You start with a pile of bones and put people on them. So pick up any handy piece of flesh and let's get started. All you have to do is. . .

1. Stick the skeleton to a laundry shirtboard and cut it out on the black lines.
 2. Hide the rest of Daddy's shirt under the bed—or if you're big enough, make him eat it.
 3. Cut out all the people and put them in a hat.
 4. Shake the hat.
- Now you are set to make people.





THE GOLDEN PINEAPPLE

by Gefforey Fullick

a story for Christmas



CHRISTMAS EVE came all shiny and crisp to the English village of Englefield Green in the year 1936, just as many other Christmasses had come before and have come since that time. For the young choir-boy dreaming his dreams in the porch-way of the village church, Christmas was both a holy time and mysterious time. It was as holy as the frosted sky, and as mysterious as the gifts which lay nestled inside the tinselled wrappings at the foot of the Christmas tree. Earlier that evening the boy had sung Christmas hymns in the church with a sense of wonderment and a childish belief that the village outside had been transformed into a kind of Bethlehem. It was almost as if the sound of his voice and the other voices had breathed the imaginative shapes of a Biblical fantasy. He had seen so clearly the Christ-child in the manger, the shepherds, the wise-men, and the heralds singing richly and clearly into the night. But the world outside no longer looked like Bethlehem after he left the church.

The village bubbled and spluttered like a fairyland of colored lights. The villages bundled to and fro with brimming shopping baskets and brightly colored packages under their arms. The stores threw warm pools of light onto the sidewalk, the windows bulged with shiny and handsome presents, and the candy shop and the fruit store were laden with good things to eat. The village was alive with jostling and vibrant people clutching their turkeys, mistletoe, and young children about them, swinging along in a chatter of high spirits and animation. A group of choral singers holding their lanterns aloft trooped through the village singing carols as they went. A horse and cart laden down with Christmas trees and holly clip-clopped down the main street on its way to one of the big country homes outside the village.

The young boy, Jim, went over to warm himself in the light that spilled from the window of the fruit store. Jim thought it the most fascinating store in the village. It was filled with rare fruits from the East, and it had a smell which was tangy and inviting. There were boxes of nuts, crates of oranges and tangerines, dates and figs in beautiful blue and silver packages, bunches of bananas hanging from colored strings, but most magnificent of all were the three pineapples sitting prominently on yellow tissue paper in the center of the window. Pineapples were a rare and exotic fruit which to Jim appeared suddenly and quite magically at Christmas, and at no other time. They were the loveliest things he had ever seen, flawlessly constructed, the work of a craftsman in some sunny, faraway country—a wonderful mixture of green and red-brown, as regal as the King of England, enthroned on the yellow tissue paper on the other side of the window. The boy had an idea. He would take one home to his mother for a Christmas present. He would set it in the middle of the dining-room table so that everyone who came into the room could see it, and then when Christmas was past they would cut it open and eat it, but not before.

Jim went inside the shop and asked the proprietor the price of the pineapples. Five shillings each,

and Jim had only three pennies which he jingled self-consciously in his pocket.

The boy stood for some time outside the store looking at the pineapples. Then he walked slowly down the village street wondering just how and where a boy of nine could find five shillings to buy a pineapple on Christmas Eve. Somewhere away in the far corner of the village he could hear the sounds of a choir singing. Jim picked up the tune and hummed his way home to his house at the end of the village.

When the boy got inside the house, his mother and father were sitting in the living room. Some of the logs Jim had fetched earlier from the woods were crackling and blazing in the hearth. It was good to be in that cat on the rug snug room, toasting itself in the strong yellow and red glow of the fire. Jim's younger sisters had already gone to bed and his father was putting the finishing touches to a huge doll's house he was building for the girls. The boy's mother was sorting out little packages on the table for the Christmas stockings.

His mother looked up from the table. "Jim, you are late."

"I stayed down in the village looking at the shops after the carol service. The shops seem to look especially pretty tonight."

"Well, son, you'd better get your clothes off. I'll make you hot cup of cocoa, and then if you like you may help me stir the Christmas pudding before you go to bed."

"Mother, may I go out carol-singing for a little while? If I can get lots of pennies, I want to buy something special for Christmas."

"It's getting rather late for young boys to be out this time of night."

The boy's father looked up from his carpentry. "Let the boy go, dear. After all, it's Christmas Eve."

"Thanks, Dad." Without another word Jim skipped out of the house and he was on his way back to the village. He decided against singing in the village itself. If he was to earn lots of pennies, he would have to go to the big houses which were situated in the country about half a mile away.

After singing for little more than an hour, Jim had collected eleven pennies, a cup of warm milk, and two slices of fruit cake. Some people had opened their doors and when they had seen him they had said it was time little boys were in bed, and then they had closed the door again. One old man offered him sixpence if the money was for charity, but Jim told him it was for something special.

A mile further along the road curling away from the village, stood the great country house of Lord and Lady Ashleigh. The boy had heard about the suits of shin-

ing armor in the big hall, and the shields and paintings which looked down from the high walls. But that was only what people said, and he had never been in the house to see for himself. Nobody that Jim knew even went carol singing there. The people inside that house must be terribly grand and very rich—maybe they would give him lots and lots of pennies and he would be able to buy the pineapple.

The boy ran all the way to the big house. The house was at least a quarter of a mile back from the road, but Jim could see the lights burning as he stood on the road outside. The boy pulled his coat tightly around him and walked slowly past the lodge houses standing like sentinels and up the curving tree-lined driveway towards the house.

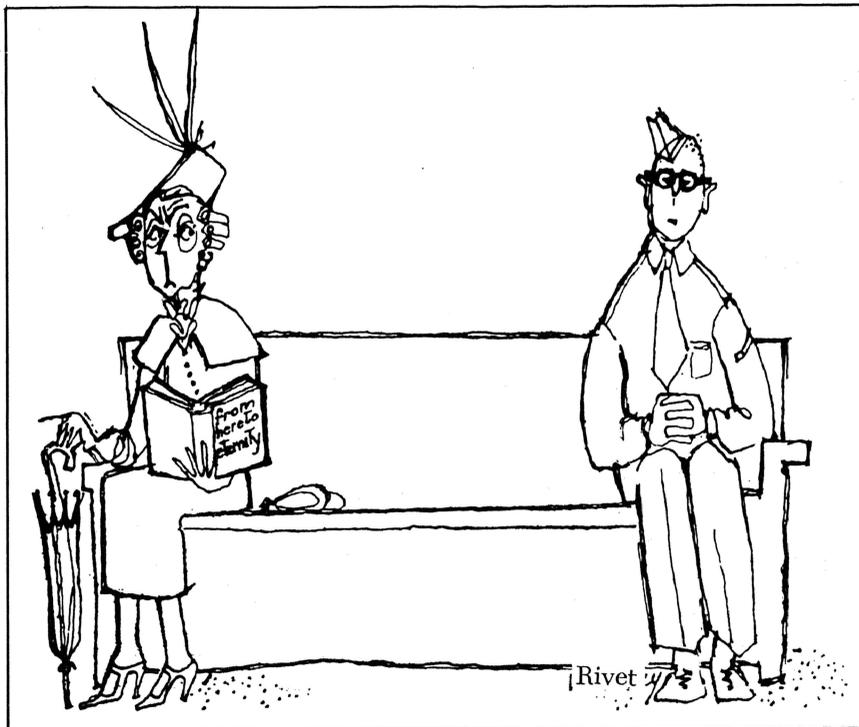
Jim stood outside the great oak door to get his breath and he drew in big gulps of the cold night air. All the windows of the mansion seemed to be ablaze with light, although the heavy red curtains made it impossible for the boy to peer inside the house.

He stood quite still in the orange glow for a minute. He was shaking with nervous anticipation, and he didn't really know what carol he should start off with. Then he thought of the pineapple in the fruit store, and his mother and father waiting in the warmth of the living room, and he knew it was time for him to begin singing. The boy began very timidly at first, his voice brushing gently against the great oak door. "We three kings of Orient are, bearing gifts we travel so far . . ." He had almost finished the carol when the big door opened and a butler in livery stood there in the lighted doorway.

"What is your name, son?"

"Jim Turner, Sir."

"The master says to wish you a Merry Christmas."
(Continued on page 17)





Chick—A college-boy waiter, he was working himself through school and everywhere else he could chisel into. A real Jack Armstrong type.



Pinky—Camp K Social Director, this boy has his finger in every pie.



Teddy—A hysterical doll sent to Kamp K for her nerves and finds she doesn't have any.



Itchy—Investigator of the whole mess, and an evil character if there ever was one.



Faye—Erotic plus, Faye has eyes for all the men at camp, especially the ones with bulging muscles.



Herman—All he wanted to do was to cut somebody up in little bitty pieces, no matter who. He did.

Wish you Were

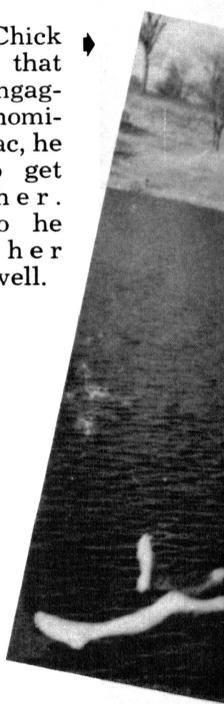


Teddy, a hysterical bundle of nerves, comes to Kamp Karefree for relaxation, is advised upon arrival by Faye to "Have some fun—here, I'll put your engagement ring in a safe place". Faye doesn't know, however, that Teddy is engaged to a homicidal maniac.



Teddy wins "Miss Kamp K" title, and is bussed by Pinky at the coronation in the great hall. Chick is a bit upset because Pinky isn't kissing him. Pinky does not know that Teddy is engaged to a homicidal maniac.

When Chick finds out that Teddy is engaged to a homicidal maniac, he decides to get rid of her. Quick. So he throws her down the well.

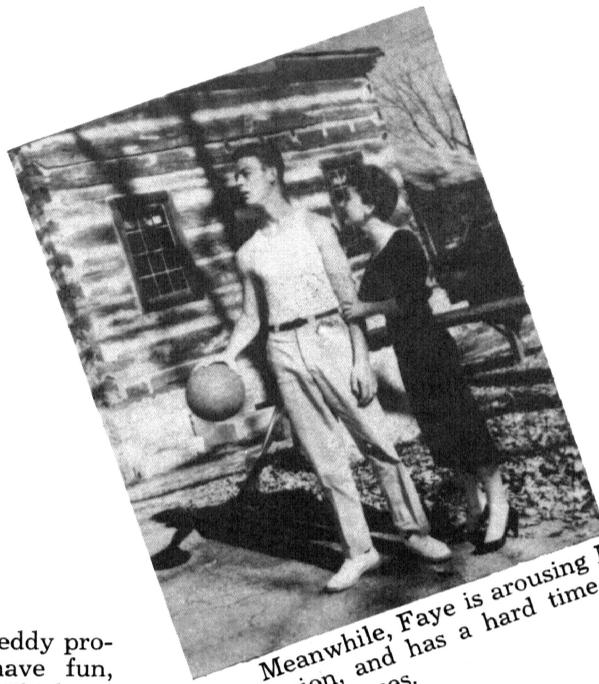


Monday

a showme parody



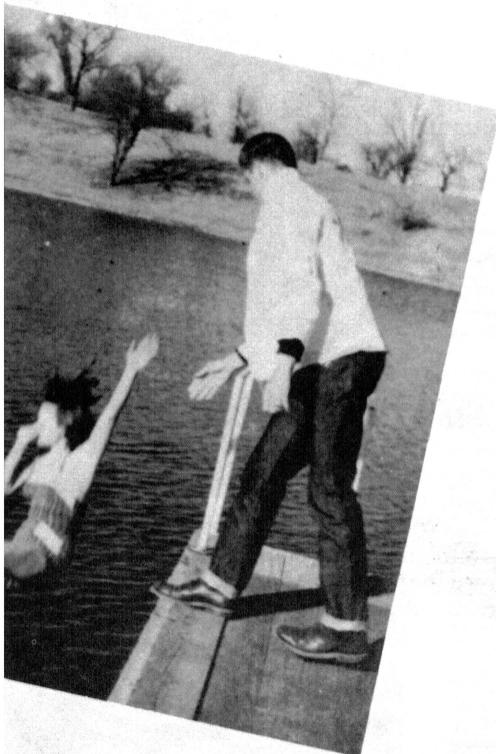
So-o-o, Teddy proceeds to have fun, and asks Chick, a college-boy waiter at the Kamp, how to go about doing this. He shows her, unaware that Teddy is engaged to a homicidal maniac.



Meanwhile, Faye is arousing Muscles to impetuous acts of passion, and has a hard time remaining aloof from his ardent advances.



But Teddy survives, and everyone is happy again except Herman, Teddy's fiance, who doesn't know that he's a homicidal maniac.



Itchy tells Faye that it was really his fault that Teddy's ring corroded on her chest and left a big green circle, but that he's sorry and since they're the only two left at the camp (Herman cut up the rest) why don't they be friends.



Love In Heat

by Virginia Turman

"Oh God . . . it's hot!" The boy mopped his brow with an edge of the soggy sheet. The sticky air had formed a cocoon around his body and even before he took the sheet from his face, new drops of perspiration were oozing back through his pores.

The girl let a transparent fluff of nylon fall to the floor. "Honey, I don't know how much longer I can stand this stuffy little room. This heat is terrible."

He took a drag from his cigarette, feeling that the smoke swirling through his lungs was leaving a charred mass of tissue behind, and leaning across the wide span of bed, crushed it in an ashtray.

"Baby, this weather is enough to make even love-making an effort, isn't it?"

Too hot to make love . . . ? The oppressing swelter of the tiny room seemed to close in tighter around her. Through the brief window she could see a table fan in a room across the way spinning hot air to someone out of sight.

She sighed, exhausted, and lay back listlessly on the pillow. Yes. In the heat, even passion was taxing.

Suddenly, she jerked to a sitting position.

"I think I hear someone coming!"

"Your room-mate isn't supposed to be back until eleven. It's only ten."

She murmured, "I'll see who it is."

The boy, irritated at her leaving him—even for a brief moment, muttered, "To hell with it . . ." But she was walking toward the door, dim lights playing hide-and-seek on her shining body.

Almost immediately, she was back. "Nobody," she explained as she fell back onto the rumpled bed. A momentary silence.

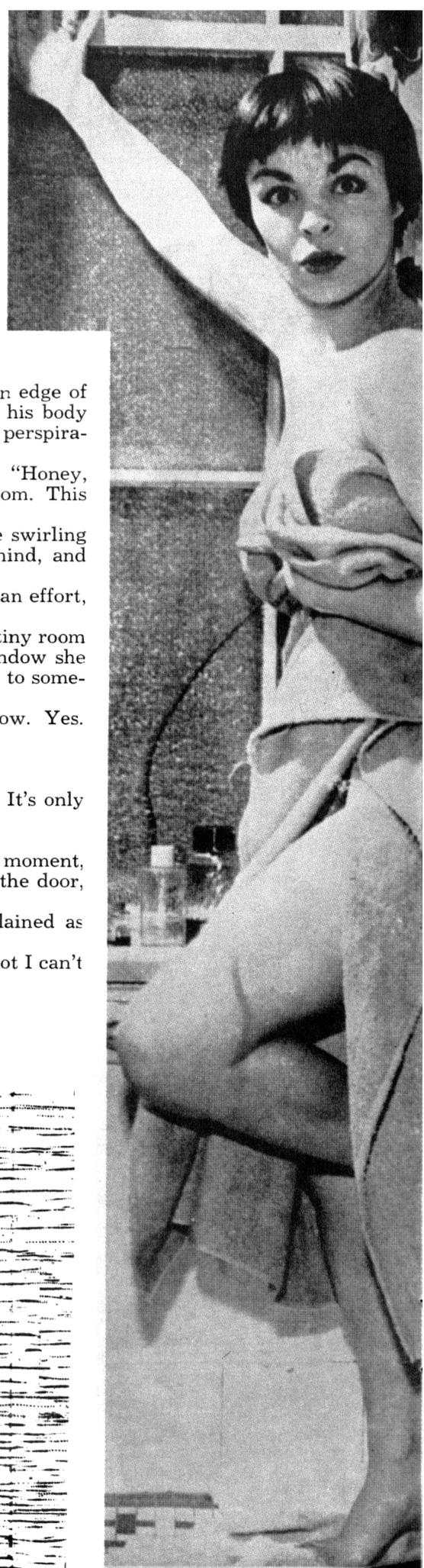
His bare leg swung over the side of the bed. "God, it's so hot I can't stand it. I gotta take a shower."

"Well sugar, I'll let you go then. I'll see you tomorrow."

"O.K. If I get a chance, I'll call you again before class."

"Bye Now."

The two telephones clicked simultaneously.



THE GOLDEN PINEAPPLE

(Continued from page 13)

mas and would you be so kind as to step inside the house and sing carols for his guests."

The idea of doing such a thing was frightening and foreboding, and the boy's first thought was to turn and run back along the driveway and out onto the road beyond.

"The master would like you to come into the drawing room. Follow me please."

The boy took off his cloth cap and followed closely behind the butler's heels. Their steps were muffled by the thick carpeting. Jim thought he was in some strange history-book world. There, large as life were the suits of glistening armor and the colored shields and crests on the wall. It was just as people had told him.

The butler opened the doors leading into the drawing room.

"Master James Turner," he announced into the open room, and he quietly shut the doors behind the boy. Jim just stood there looking at his feet and screwing his cap in his hands, not daring to look up.

"Won't you come in, James? Come over here and stand by the fire."

The room was magnificent and there were a great many people in evening dress. The men were smoking long cigars like his Uncle Harry smoked when he had a win at the races, and the women in their beautiful gowns and jewels were sipping from small, slender glasses. Jim felt uncomfortable and stood with one foot on top of the other. A tall, distinguished grey-haired man—that must be Lord Ashleigh, Jim thought—beckoned the boy over to the rug in front of the fireplace.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I would like you to meet Master James Turner. He is going to sing carols for us."

Jim looked up and mumbled something or other. The people were smiling at him and the boy felt warmth of the fire at his back. He no longer felt nervous and began to sing with all the strength and clarity of his boy-soprano voice. He sang beautifully; he knew he had never sung as well before, and the people in that

(Continued on page 21)

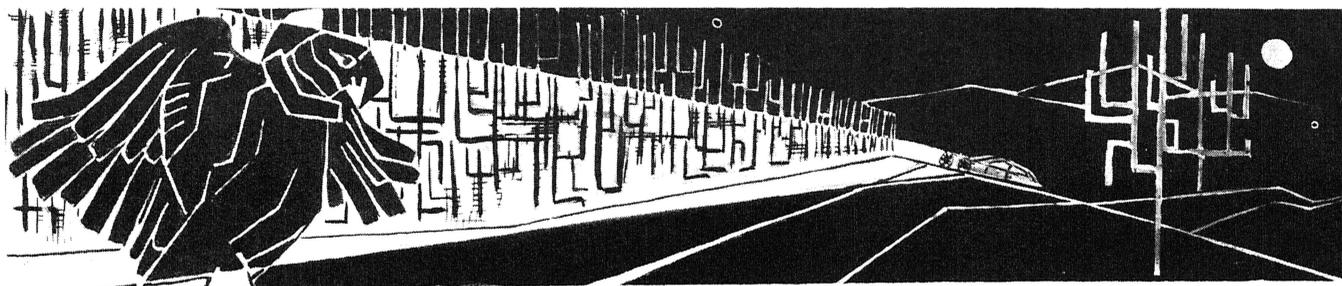
**"There's
plenty of
CHRISTMAS
CHEER
at the**



Stein Club

Christmas partying begins at the Stein





HONEYMOON

by Jim Albright

WHAT A HAPPY wedding day it had been. Of course, it was just a small affair, but the cake was nice and rice was thrown and everybody seemed to have a good time. Now, as the beams of the headlights played hide-and-seek in the darkness of the road ahead, she snuggled against him with the feeling of security that only a newlywed can feel. The world was theirs and they were about to capture it. As the powerful car ate up the licorice stick that was the highway, the wheels hummed a lullaby, and the bride slept. While she dozed, her husband thought about her, "I should have warned her about taking those stay-awake pills. When they wear off they are just like sleeping tablets. She'll be dead to the world for the next few hours."

She roused somewhat when he stopped at a fork in the road. He looked down at her, "On the right it is two hours to the first motel. This old sign on the left says that it is about five miles to a motel."

"Go to the left," she murmured, the shadow of a smile flickering about her lips.

The licorice stick turned into a piece of salt water taffy, and soon rocks and sand were playing a staccato rhythm on the sides of the car. The night suddenly became cold, and a curious strip of fog poked an inquiring toe down from above. Like a boy who finds that the water is warm, the whole body of mist plunged down to swim along side of the now slowly moving car. The husband humped his shoulders forward, peering intently into the swirling darkness in an effort to stay on the road.

He stopped the car abruptly and looked out in surprise. For there, rising majestically on either side of the mucky road were two large columns of stone, on which perched two enormous black falcons, as though guarding the entrance to some never-never land of mystery. Leading up to the stone columns on either side were stone walls which stretched back into the fog like lost armies.

Drawn by curiosity, the husband left the car with his flashlight and walked back along the wall to such a spot where he could climb up on it. Then he walked carefully along the top until he came upon one of the falcons. A beautiful piece of art it was—cast in bronze and painted a bright, gleaming black. Every feather, every detail of the falcon was lifelike and real. Its thick strong legs ended in sharp talcons, which clung to a simulated tree branch cemented to the top of the column. The husband descended from the wall and walked over

to and ascended the other. He found the other falcon the exact duplicate of the first. His curiosity satisfied, he returned to his car and started once again to creep through the fog.

About four hundred yards down the road two dark shapes cut through the yellow beam of his headlights. Instantly he stopped the car and gazed out over the hood, not without some feeling of trepidation. But he saw nothing. Again he started and immediately the twin blots darted before him. This time he kept moving, at the same time reaching into the glove compartment where he always kept his revolver. As he moved his arm his wife, almost unconscious in her doped sleep, slumped over across the seat. He stared at her for a long moment, then locked her door and cocked his pistol. Suddenly the dark figures materialized into large black falcons. Wings flapping and beaks moving noiselessly, they hovered in front of the car as if to block his path. He jammed on his brakes and jump quickly out of the car. Twice the gun fired, and one of the monstrous birds dropped out of the glare of the headlights.

As he started to move towards the gruesome thing his wife muttered from within the car, "What was that?"

He glanced at her slumped in the corner of the car and snapped, "just a blowout on the highway. Go back to sleep."

"Well, hurry up. I'm hungry and I'm cold." Her half open eyes drooped again.

He bent down in front of the car to see what he'd hit and found his hands flailing in mid-air. Instinctively he clutched the front tire. Not six inches from the wheel was a cliff, and though he could see little in the darkness, he felt as if it descended into the very gates of Hell. He looked about him and found a large rock, which he cast into the void before him, and waited for the sound of it crashing to the bottom. He never heard the sound. All he heard was a soundless night—soundless and sightless. Hurridly he jumped into the car and shifted to reverse, praying that no cliff was behind him. Almost frantically he spun the wheel and headed back the misty road, with a complete disregard for the fog and pitfalls in his path. All thoughts of a motel were gone in his urgency to retrace his route and leave the haunted wilderness. He thought of his wife, sleeping restlessly; "Thank God she's asleep."

The fog was lifting slightly. Both the stone columns appeared before him, and his first impulse was to fly between them and never stop. But he had to see; he had to satisfy his curiosity. Bronze falcons that fly—impossible! Clambering up the wall he tore his jacket and skinned his wrist. As he treaded his way to the falcon, he thought he heard the whirr of wings. But, no, there it was. Shiny and bright, just as before. He jumped off the wall and proceeded to the other. Once again he fancied he heard the whirr of wings. And then he saw it. The falcon was there—covered with mud and one leg missing, but black stone. He wasted no time getting off the wall. As he landed he sprawled headfirst in the mud. He scrambled to his car, shifted to low gear and spun his tires in his haste. His wife glanced at him through sleep-laden eyes and asked him what was wrong. He stared at her; then, as though awaking from a bad dream, "We took the wrong road."

THE END



Barber: "You say you've been here before? I don't remember your face."

Student: "Probably not, it's healed up by now."

* * *

Home is where you can scratch any place that itches.

* * *

Salesman: "Do you wear night gowns or pajamas, Miss?"

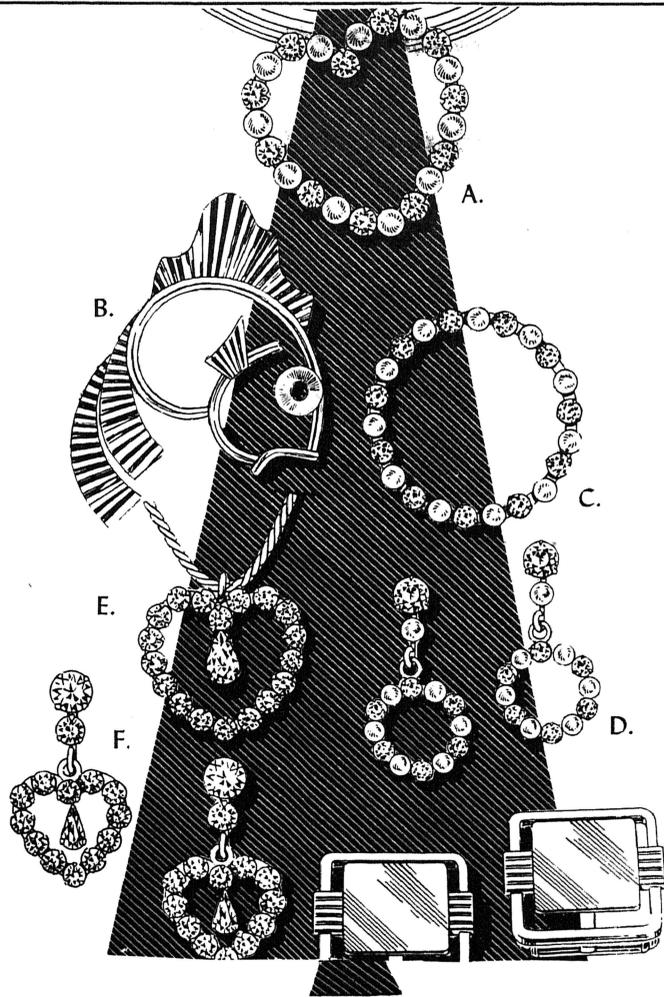
Young Lady: "No."

Salesman: "My name is Bowers . . . John Bowers."

* * *

"Your girl is spoiled, isn't she?"

"Nah, that's just the perfume she's wearing."



Trim Their Tree

with these tremendous trifles that will decorate their person long after the tree trimmings have been put away. All are attractive (price and otherwise).

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|----------------|
| A. Ice blue stones with pseudo-pearls | \$11.00 |
| B. Gold fish pin in 14 karat overlay | \$10.45 |
| C. Blue or rhinestone and mock pearls | \$14.30 |
| D. Earrings to match the circle pin | \$16.50 |
| E. Heart design rhinestone pendant | \$16.50 |
| F. Matching rhinestone drop earrings | \$17.60 |
| G. Cuff links 14k rolled gold overlay | \$11.00 |

Prices include Federal tax Charge or budget

BUCHROEDER'S

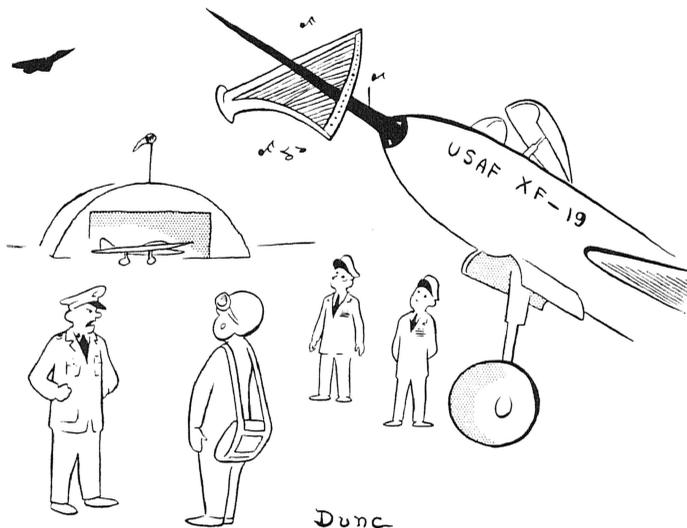
1015 BROADWAY



You'll need

party footwear

Columbia's favorite Shoe Store



I TOLD you not to go above 8,000 feet, Simmon.

stuff



"... and with this dress you receive a free bottle of cough syrup!"
 Laugh Book — Camillo

the
 finest selection
 of LIQUORS
 in town

- Whisky
- Ice cold beer
- Wines
- Mixes



Brown
 Derby

116 S. 9th

Phone 5409

show me

THE GOLDEN PINEAPPLE

(Continued from page 17)

room with the paintings and the oak panneling applauded him when he finished.

The tall, distinguished man came over and shook the boy by the hand.

"Very nicely done, James. And now let us see if we can find an adequate Christmas present for you."

Lord Ashleigh took a silver serving tray and handed it around among his guests. They dipped into their pockets and purses and tinkled in pennies, sixpences, and even shilling pieces. Jim had never seen so much money before.

Then quite suddenly the boy forgot about the money, Lord Ashleigh, and the people in this great house. He wondered why he had not seen them before. Sitting on the sideboard were three enormous pineapples. They had been painted a bright golden color, and sticking from the tops were tall green candles burning with tiny yellow flickering flames. They were much grander than those in the fruit store. They were beautiful!

"Here you are James, and a very Merry Christmas to you." The boy cupped his hands and Lord Ashleigh tipped the tray full of coins into them. Jim thanked everyone and wished them a Merry Christmas. As he started to leave the room, he stopped by the sideboard and looked closely at the golden pineapples. The undercurrent of conversation in the room had died to a whisper, and Jim felt that everyone was watching him. Lord Ashleigh broke the silence.

"Do you find them exquisite, James?"

"I think they are the most wonderful pineapples I have ever seen."

"What would you do with such a fruit, James if you had one?"

"I would give it to my mother as a very special Christmas present."

"That sounds like a very thoughtful idea. I'll have the butler wrap one of them up for you."

"No, sir. If I may, I would like to take it just as it is."

Jim took the pineapple in one hand, and clutching the coins

(Continued on page 22)

deans
Town & Country
ON THE STROLLWAY
Clothes for the Young in heart



You don't have to go to college to know that after eating, drinking and smoking, the best breath fresheners of all are.



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**Gifts from all
over the world**

BARTH'S On Broadway

THE GOLDEN PINEAPPLE

(Continued from page 21)

with the other, he followed the butler quickly through the hallway, through the open front door, and out in the night now still and quiet except for the bells of the church calling the villagers to the midnight service.

The boy ran all the way home because he knew it was getting late, and very very soon it would be Christmas morning.

THE END



When Francis Cardinal Spellman visited Los Angeles, a six-year-old girl was among those who met him. His Eminence smiled benignly, patted her on the head and murmured, "God Bless you."

Puzzled, the little girl looked around, then turned to the Cardinal and asked, "Who sneezed?"

Gal: "Say, that's a bad gash you have on your forehead, how did you get it?"

Guy: "I bit myself."

Gal: "Come, come, now, how could you bite yourself on your forehead?"

Guy: "I stood on a chair."

* * *

Isn't that an old-fashioned suit Margie has on?

"Yeah, it covers her well."

"Knees too!"

* * *

Ed is bringing Sarah home from an expensive night club.

Ed: "You know, babe I've got \$15 invested in you."

Sarah: "Yes—and what do you expect?"

Ed: "Oh—to take about a \$13 loss."

* * *

When I'm wearing strapless things
Instead of buttons and bows
I notice my short boy friends
Are always on their toes.

* * *

A doctor and his wife were taking a leisurely Sunday stroll when they passed a good looking young woman, who smiled at the doctor very pleasantly.

"Just someone I know professionally, Dear," explained the doctor.

"Oh," asked his wife, "Your profession or hers?"

ready
for
WINTER driving

"Need
Anti-freeze
for your
Car?"



Service Station
On the Strollway



**Chains
put on . . .**

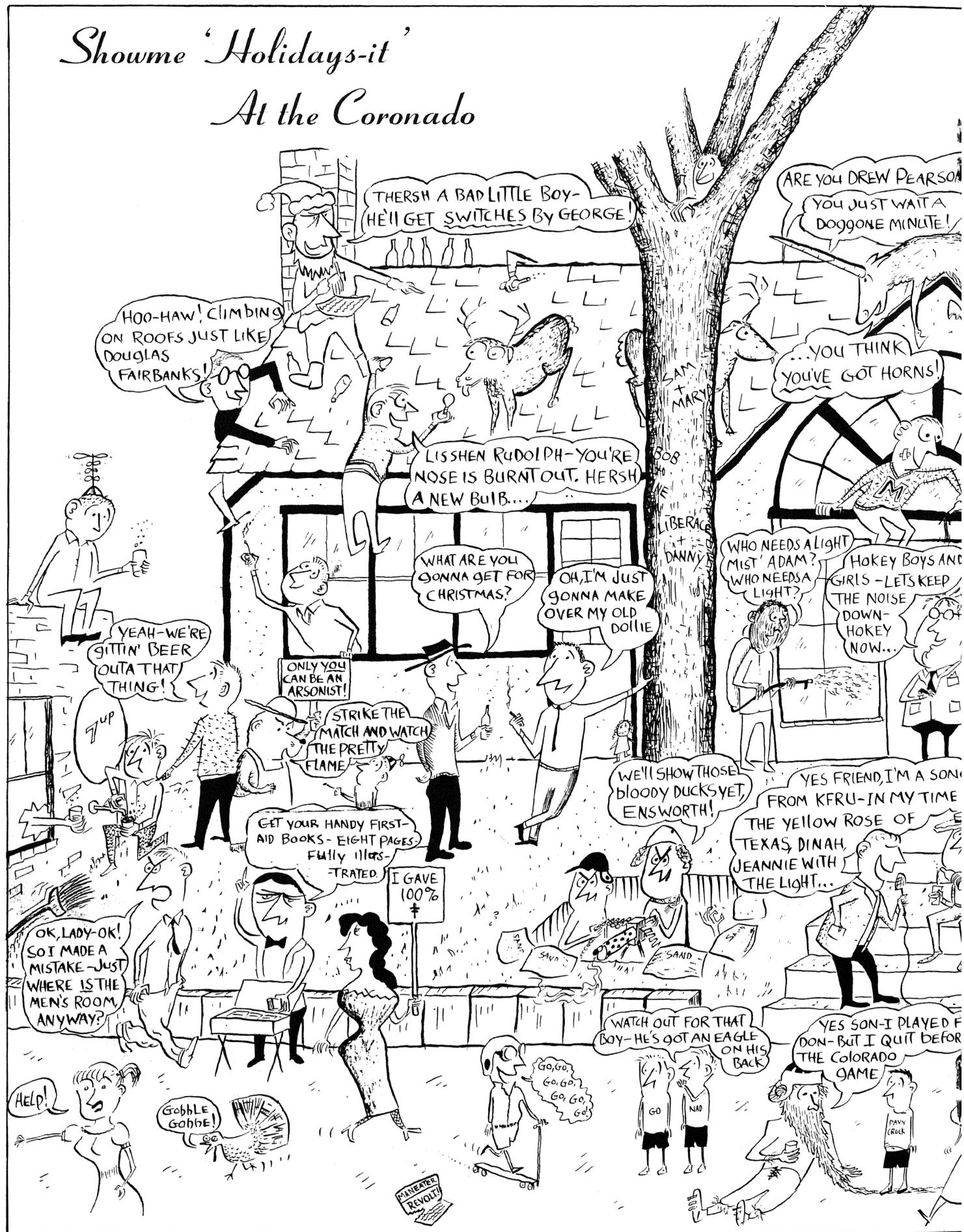
conveniently located across from J-School

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DEC
25



Showme 'Holidays-it' At the Coronado





BUT DARLING - YOU KNOW IT'S BETTER TO GIVE THAN RECEIVE!

HAW!

NAH - THEY'LL NEVER DRAFT OL' FRED - HE'S IN THE NATIONAL GUARD

MY BUDDY'S RICHARD BURNES

GLAD TO MEET YOU, DICK

HONK HONK IN MY MOER CAR...

NEW

Coronado

DO YOU KNOW EBENEZER SCROOGE?

REALLY!

IT IS BETTER TO STEALTHAN RECEIVE - CONLEY

SIR, I AM NOWHERE NEAR ON MINE! THIS ONE BELONGS TO MY BROTHER

AMI GO HOME

ANNEX BEER

EX BEER

BUT... HOW MUCH GIN DOES IT TAKE TO MAKE GINGER BEER?

GETCHA NUTS OUTA MY FOOD!

I'VE GOT A HEADACHE ASPERIN? NO - JUST A HEADACHE

I AM AN ASS

G-PLUGGER I'VE PLUGGED

...YES, ISN'T IT NICE? MOTHER GOT IT FOR ME

HUMP!

I WAS EIGHT TODAY

...IT'S OK - HE'S WITH ME.

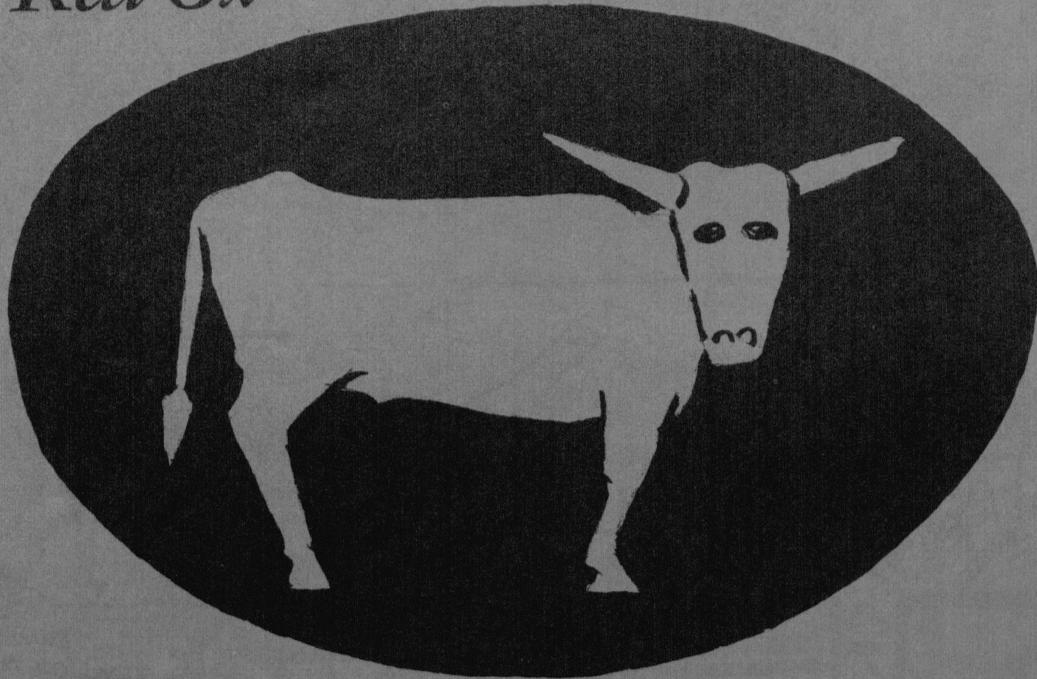
NO FREDDIE - THAT'S FOR SANTA CLAWS

GIVE

LOOK JACK, I KNOW YOU WERE IN THE MARINES, BUT YOU'VE GOT TO SING IT ADEST! FIDELIAS - NOT SEMPER FIDELIAS...

DICK NOEL

The Red Ox



Go north on Third Street to Highway Forty

XMAS GIFTS ? ? ?

what? again

This year make your selections:

EASILY – INEXPENSIVELY – AND IN GOOD TASTE

BOOKS—

If you've never given a book, you've missed something. Your friends and relatives will like it. There's a BOOK for every person on your list in our stock and prices start at a BUCK.

Come in and look around –Free Parking

MISSOURI STORE CO.

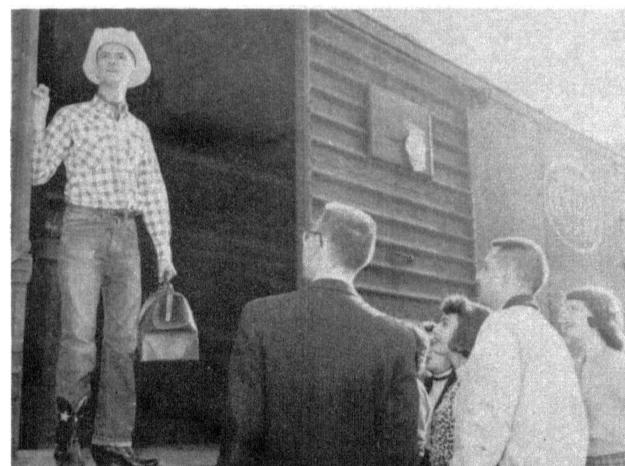
"Ours is a trade that service made"

show me

Parity goes to college

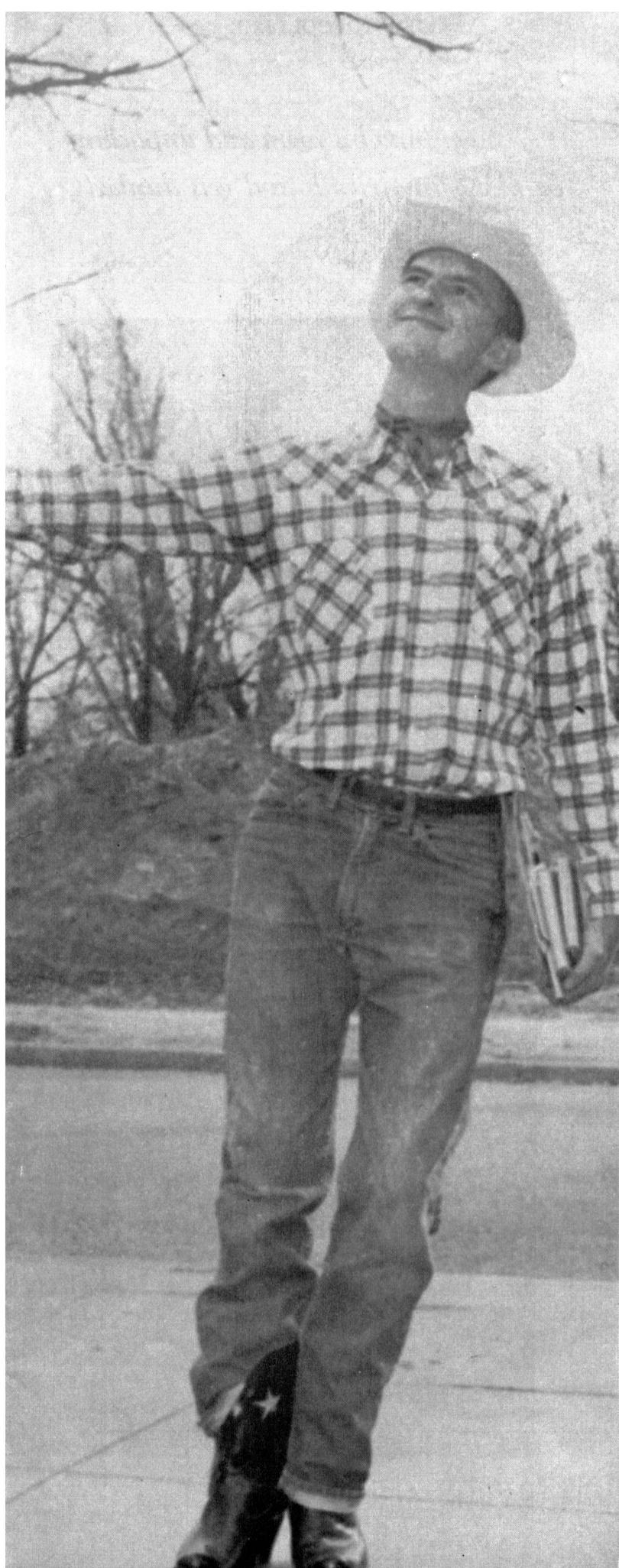
*In his first week at Ag School, he meets the
biggest challenge of his 18 years*

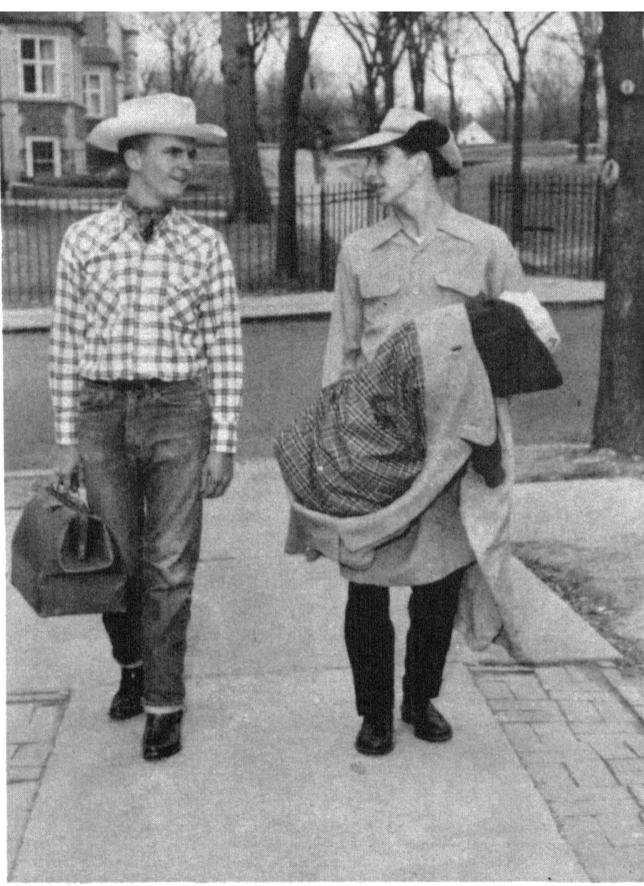
This fall, some 637,000 Americans entered that magical time of life known as college. Typical of many of them is Parity Plenty, one of the thousand-some-odd arrivals at the University of Missouri, Columbia, Mo. Par's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harvest O. Plenty, of Plowfurrow, Missouri, had enrolled him at Mizzou the day he was born. This was a hard trick, because Par hadn't learned to write yet, hence he couldn't sign his own name. Par's father was a graduate of the Mizzou extension course. He liked the way it combines tradition (it was founded in 1953) with a modern conviction that after all, people are **some** damn good. Like his room-mate, Curds Wheyland, of Grabudder, Indiana, Par thought his first days of college were wasted.



A warm welcome at station is given Par by "big brothers".

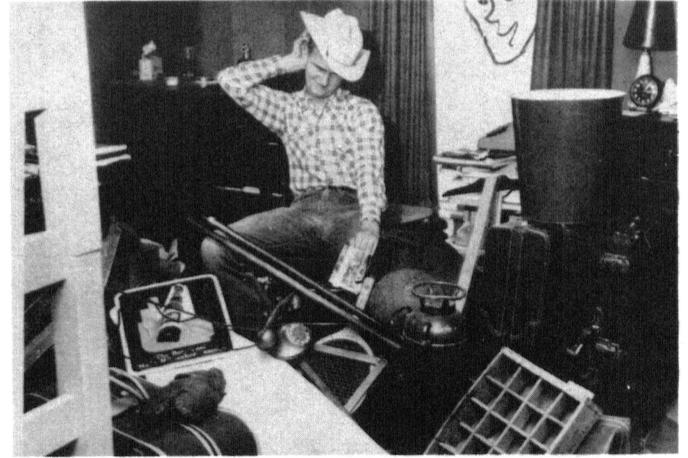
On the threshold of college, Par is eager to explore the world of adulthood.





New roommates Par and Curds find that furnishing a college room is a big job. They get supplies from campus shop.

After furnishing his room and unpacking he meets new friends and gets dunked



As he unpacks his things, Par meets his first crisis: "Where in the world am I going to keep all of this junk I have?"



Par is waylaid by admirers from Stephens College, also in Columbia. Asked how many dates he turns down a day, he answered shyly, "About 457."



Par plunges unwillingly into Ag Pond, tossed by new friend, Sadist Hawkins, a senior at Stephens College.



From looks of him a few minutes later, dunking isn't anything to bother him. He likes the easy give-and-take of college life.



In riding class, Par shows he's an accomplished rider. Horses are owned by police, and stabled in Crowder hall.



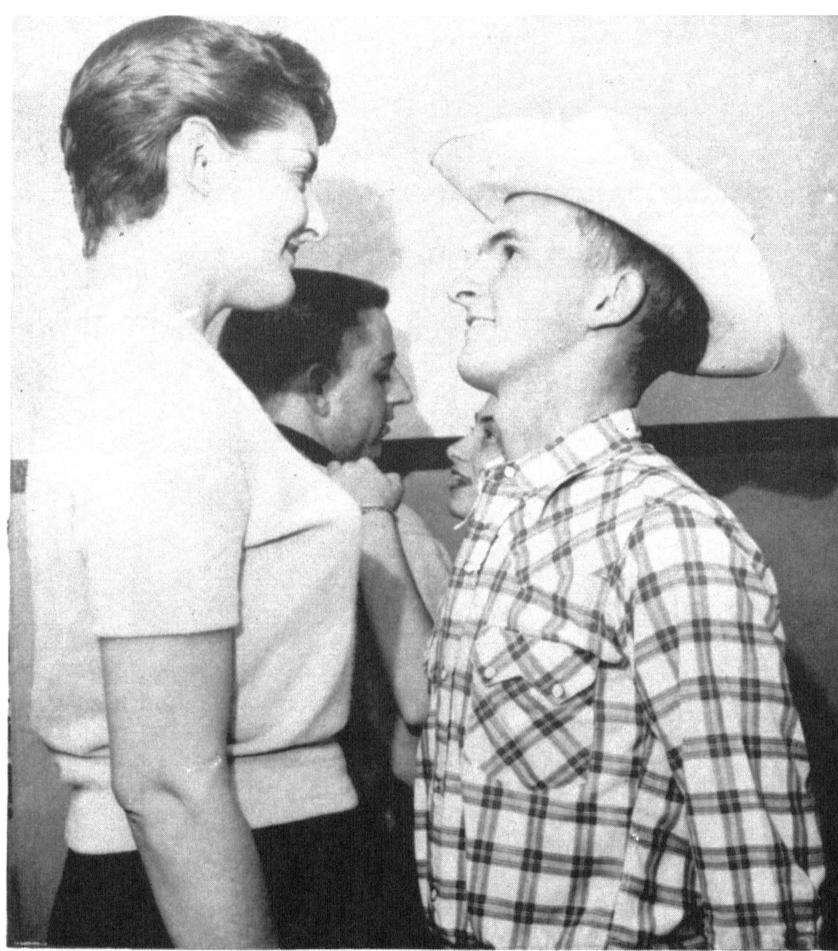
Getting advice from a counselor reassures Par, who's away from his parents for the first time.



The big thing above all is that, for the first time in his life, he's really on his own



Observing a Mizzou tradition, Curds and Par visit college president Tom Ix their first night on the campus.



At first mixer sponsored by college for Stephens students and U. of Missouri boys, Par gets more serious attention from Sadist, who threw him into water the day before.



At a midnight "picnic" in one of the senior's rooms after the dance, Par and his new friend eat, curl their hair, giggle, kid each other and decide to run away from school at the earliest opportunity.



SWAMI'S SHORTS

Suggested Real Estate Slogan:
Get a lot while you're young.

* * *

Coed: "I'll never marry a man
who snores."

Mother: "Yes, but be careful
how you find out."

* * *

They were having one more at
the bar when an old friend, pre-
viously quite normal, came through
the door, walked up the wall,
across the ceiling, down the other
wall and disappeared out the door.
There was a moment of stunned
silence, then;

"What in the world's the matter
with that guy?"

"Yeah, he didn't even speak to
us."

* * *

The mother of triplets was
being congratulated by a friend.

"Isn't it wonderful," said the
mother. It only happens in one
out of 15,875 times!"

"Well isn't that just too remark-
able," replied her friend, "but I
don't see how you find time to
do your housework."

* * *

Jennie: "Dick didn't blow his
brains out when you rejected him.
He came around and proposed to
me."

Jeanette: "Well then, he must
have got rid of them some other
way."

* * *

A car pulled up alongside a
stranded couple.

"What's the matter," asked the
intended helper, "Out of gas?"

"Nope," came the answer from
inside.

"Engine trouble?"

"Nope."

"Tire down?"

"Didn't have to."

* * *

Prof: "Is the theory clear to
you now?"

Student: "Yeah, just as if it had
been translated into Hindustani
by Gertude Stein and read to me
by a tobacco auctioneer!"



"Rate kisses this Christmas with gifts from JULIES"



ROMANO'S

1102 Broadway

Open 'til 1:30 A. M.



Casual Wear
Greeting Cards
Pen and Pencil Sets

ALL YOUR CHRISTMAS NEEDS

Post Office Substation Checks Cashed Free

SAVE YOUR STUDENT REBATES
Worth 5% in Merchandise Anytime

**UNIVERSITY BOOK
 STORE**

Student Union Building



Daffynition: Engagement ring
 ... learners permit.

* * *

Beta: "Don't you think our
 yard is an intriguing place?"

Alpha Gam: "I'll say. It's a real
 fairyland."

* * *

Burglar: "Please let me go
 lady. I ain't never done nothin'
 wrong."

Old Maid: "Well, it's never too
 late to learn."

* * *

Then there was the meteoro-
 logists who could look into a girl's
 eyes and tell weather.

* * *

"Now," she asked, "is there any
 man in the audience who would
 let his wife be slandered and say
 nothing? If so stand up."

A meek little man rose to his
 feet. The lecturer glared at him.

"Do you mean to say that you
 would let your wife be slandered
 and say nothing?" she cried.

"Oh I'm sorry," he apologized.
 "I though you said slaughtered."

* * *

First Gold-digger: "Was your
 time very profitably spent
 abroad?"

Second Blond: "I'll say, I made
 every second count."

* * *

Two stuttering blacksmiths had
 finished heating a piece of pig
 iron, and one placed it upon the
 anvil with a pair of tongs.

"H-h-h-h-h-h-hit it," he stuttered.

"Wh-wh-wh-where?" asked the
 other.

"Aw-h-h-h-hell, we'll have to
 H-h-h-heat it again, now."

* * *

Girl's Father: "Say, it's two
 o'clock. Do you think you can
 stay all night?"

Girl's boy friend: "Well, I'll
 have to telephone home first."

* * *

"How can you stand the food at
 the ADPi house?"

"I take a spoonful of Drano
 after every meal."

showme

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Laugh Book

—Clyde Lamb

Little boy watching milkman's horse: "Mister, I bet you don't get home with your wagon."

Milkman: "Why?"

Little boy: "Cause your horse just lost all his gasoline."

* * *

In an English political oration: "I was born an Englishman, I have lived an Englishman, and I hope I shall die an Englishman."

From the back of the hall in an unmistakable accent came the question: "Mon, hae ye no ambition?"

* * *

Dad criticized the sermon. Mother thought the organist made a lot of mistakes. Sister didn't like the choir's singing. But they all shut up when little Willie piped in, "Still it was a pretty good show for a nickel."

* * *

Notice on the bulletin board of the zoology department:

"We don't begrudge your taking a little alcohol, but please return our specimens."

* * *

Asked to pray for warm weather so that her grandma's rheumatism might pass away, a five-year-old knelt and said: "Oh, Lord, make it hot for grandma."



"I see you are not a gentleman," hissed the woman on the street corner, as the wind swept her skirts over her head.

"No," replied the male, "and I see you aren't either."

* * *

College education for women is futile. If they're pretty, it's unnecessary; if they're not, it's inadequate.

* * *

The car was crowded and the conductor was irritable. "Where's the fare for the boy?" he snapped as the father handed him one fare.

"The boy is only three years old."

"Three years old! Why look at him! He's 7 if he's a day."

The father looked and gazed intently into the boy's face. Then, turning to the conductor, he said, "Can I help it if he worries?"

* * *

Phi Gam to his Gamma Phi: "Darling, your eyes are like pools of sparkling water; your lips are like two little rosebuds, wet with the morning dew; your teeth are like the finest pearls, but you have the damnest looking nose I have ever seen on anything but an African ant eater."

"I don't know who I am. I was left on a doorstep."

"Maybe you're a milk bottle."

* * * *

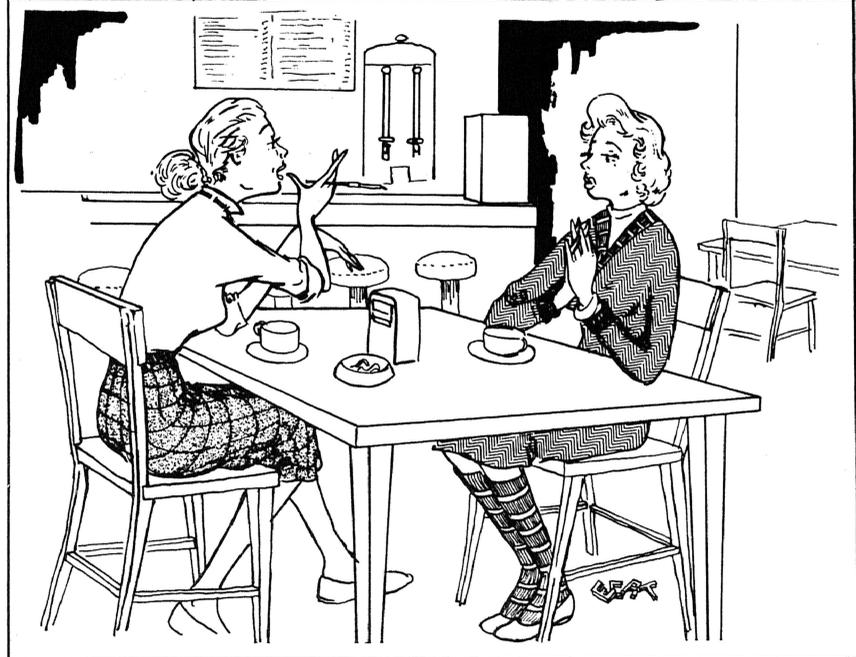
That a girl may be ancient history, but let me tell you, her build wasn't roamed in a day.

* * *

Absent-minded salesgirl (as her date kissed her goodnight): "Will that be all?"

SUZIE STEPHEN'S —

by ECAT



Oh! if it were I, dahling, I'd take the oilman—You know how terribly sterile they say that uranium makes one. . . .!!

by John Bruffey



A Somewhat Short Essay On Morals

THE MAGAZINE had always been taken, more or less, for granted. You had never been a subscriber but, when you ran across it in the drugstore, or at a newsstand, it occasionally caught your eye, and as it was a popular periodical you generally picked it up and glancing rather automatically at the cover folded it under your arm. It wasn't necessary to look at the contents, or thumb through the pages. You knew that there would be a few mediocre stories and a dozen or so cartoons, most of them not particularly funny, and an assortment of photos, jokes, and advertisements. Nothing in the magazine's content was particularly startling or stimulating to your imagination or thought. But undissected it was usually capable of adding thirty or forty minutes to your relaxation before dinner. It was just innocuous enough to maintain the lassitude that comes at the end of a normally hectic day, and yet the activity of turning the pages in the slow unthinking mood its content prompted, was sufficiently interesting to keep you from dozing until time to dine.

You'll have every right to feel betrayed. That's the expression you'll wish to use. Oh, you'll speak differently of it. Aloud, you'll say many things that are directed primarily at the author and the parties responsible for its publication and even be forced to contemplate for some minutes upon the absolute callousness of this our age, perhaps.

You may write a letter to the editor or publisher about it; at any rate you'll become concerned enough to speak of it to your friends and publically denounce what you've found. Your friends shall agree, as perhaps those of your acquaintance, not your friends would not. But isn't that why friends are friends? I mean because they have certain things in common with you, particularly those basic values of decency, morality, and the desire for social betterment of man? They, too, will feel betrayed, as will every right thinking man; who must ever be on the alert for the pitfalls that increasingly appear upon all sides of the path of righteousness. You must, and I know that you must, continue to fight and remove if possible, these evils or sink into the oblivion of

hopeless unsurety. Yes, it will have been a grave wrong done you, but, you will be big enough and possess sufficient strength to escape it this time—Or are you already irrevocably trapped? Let's go over again the method of your betrayal. For you have, already been betrayed, you know.

Remember? It was no different than usual. You were in the same state of mind as on any other day when you had purchased a copy of the magazine. Remember how you sat in the chair, if you were at home you may have first turned on the radio and then prepared to smoke, the magazine laying on your lap? It was rather good wasn't it? You smiled as you looked at the simple but colorful cover. It was no different than on any other when you read the magazine. You half read the printed words and half listened to sounds that were within the room and even heard the more subtle sounds that seeped in from outside of the room—then you turned the page.

You didn't realize what confronted you at first. It appeared to be—an article on morals, which was in itself a somewhat startling, or at least somewhat strange, discovery to make in a publication of this type. It may have been that odd quality that prompted you to read the article in the first place. You won't read the article more than once, for reaching its conclusion you will have consumed it, and it will have betrayed your indulgence, much like an impromptu snack before bedtime betrays him who eats it a few minutes later, when he seeks rest.

In such a manner you have been betrayed, because you needed moral reassurance that your beliefs were sound, that your thoughtfully guided footsteps would lead you to a life eternal and that the pain of death would be but the beginning of a grander existence, void of all desire and of all need. And indeed so it shall. For fortunately, you will eventually reach a state where your desire to be right and your insatiable need to be so reassured,—which is really why you read this article in the first place, isn't it?—will be as void, as is this essay of such reassurance.

THE END

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- Tartan plaid sport shirts
- Ivy model flannel shirts
- Wool rib socks

✓ **FAMOUS CHECK POINT for COLLEGE MEN**

NEUKOMM'S

ON THE STROLLWAY

Cameo With Boiled Ham

by E. C. A. Thompson



show me

HE HADN'T NOTICED IT when he first came into the room. The room was so high and dark, and outside the afternoon was bright with Sunday sunlight reflecting off of the crusty snow. The fat woman had laughed while he stood just inside the door, squinting, waiting for his eyes to grow accustomed to the darkness of the shuttered room. She had laughed and told him in vulgarian German to, "Sitz bitte. Du vait ein moment, verstehen sie?" then she had slipped through the tall sliding doors into the inner hallway and rolled them together behind her.

It wasn't at all what he had expected. Wasn't at all the way he had been imagining it would be. Ever since the idea of coming here began to grow in his mind, he had pictured it differently. It hadn't been easy deciding. Even this morning, when he was shaving next to his roommate, Morris, and later when he brushed off his dress uniform and told Morris that he wouldn't be going to services with him, he wasn't sure he could do it. Looking back, to the time he was on the ship coming over, listening to the other men talking all around him, and watching at night, the efferecent lights dancing along the side of the ship as it slid through the water, he had thought of it. But somehow he had expected it would be different.

He crossed his legs, being careful not to let his heavily waxed boots touch his precisely creased woolen trousers. The material that covered the old fashioned, straight-backed settee was faded and slick, and the movement of crossing his legs caused him to scoot forward so suddenly that he grabbed the un-upholstered armrest for support. He then realized that he had been minutely studying the room ever since he had sat down. Everything in the room was old, like the shiny settee.

There was even an old beaded lamp near the tiny porcelain fireplace. Much of the gilded paste had long since been chipped from its carved base, and most of the cut glass beads had been skinned from the dangling threads. He himself had done that. Climbed right up on the arm of grandfather's big leather rocker when no one else was in the parlor and one strand at a time, he had pulled the beads loose. He remembered that they had sounded just like a long row of dominos being knocked over when they bounced on the white tile that bordered the fireplace, only they were much more fun than dominos, because the little colored beads bounced and sparkled in the light of the lamp. Grandmother's parlor. No, no, he hadn't pulled the beads off this lamp. Grandmother's was in Ohio, just four, tree shaded blocks from their own, newer, white and green house on Chestnut, and he was in Germany.

He looked at his watch, "Have I only been sitting here for seven minutes?" He unbuttoned the stiff flap of his jacket pocket and pulled out a cigarette without removing the pack. Automatically he carefully buttoned the pocket back up and looked around the room for an ashtray. There was a marble topped table to the right of the fireplace. Its legs were heavy and beautifully carved, ending in claws

that rested on huge glass balls that pressed into the dusty blue-black of the once rich carpeting. All parlors were the same. When you slipped away after dinner, while everyone was drowsily sitting in the living-room arguing whether or not Thelma Winfield—"You know dear, the one in Seattle, married that Jennings boy from Winchester," is a second cousin once removed, or a great niece by Uncle Whip's second wife—when you slipped away, and secretly stole into the darkened parlor, everything in it seemed so rich and valuable. Like the things in the big trunk up in the attic, only more so, because these things weren't all the way dead yet and didn't smell musty like the attic things.

It was only after you were nearly grown up and took Cassey to visit grandmother, because, "She's such a lovely little girl, darling, everyone says so. It's only right that your grandmother should want to meet her," that you became ashamed of the parlor. With the shades up and the windows raised you could smell the honeysuckle that grew thick on the trellis at the end of the porch, and the Sunday afternoon sun covering the walls and floor, made the parlor seem smaller than you remembered it. In the brightness the rich old carpet was grey, except where a piece of furniture protected it, and in the very middle, the nap was so worn you could see the cords of the thick backing material right through it. You were ashamed then, of the parlor, and of how grandmother's crackling black Sunday dress looked rusty and ancient. You hated mother for making you take Cassey there, where she sat on the edge of the settee, her toes barely touching the carpet, and her frothy crinoline and net skirt billowing about her on the coarse, drab, cloth of it. Never once looking at you, but daintily leaning forward to allow grandmother, whose long veined hands shook so, to pour tea into her thin china cup. Her pretty golden curls danced when she nodded at something grandmother said, or when she laughed at one of grandmother's quiet twinkling little jokes. But Cassey wouldn't look at you, and you knew that she hated you, and that she hated grandmother's, even though she told you all the way home how much she loved it. "Your grandmother is such a sweetheart," she had said. "I simply love old houses, don't you?" and she had squeezed your hand. But she hated it, you knew, and you hated it too.

Four years later, after you were both out of high school, and Cassey came home one summer and shocked the whole town by running off and marrying that fellow from the Union Pacific yards, you stopped hating it. After a few years, as you grew older, after grandfather had died and you had been allowed to stand with the men of the family while Aunt Elva

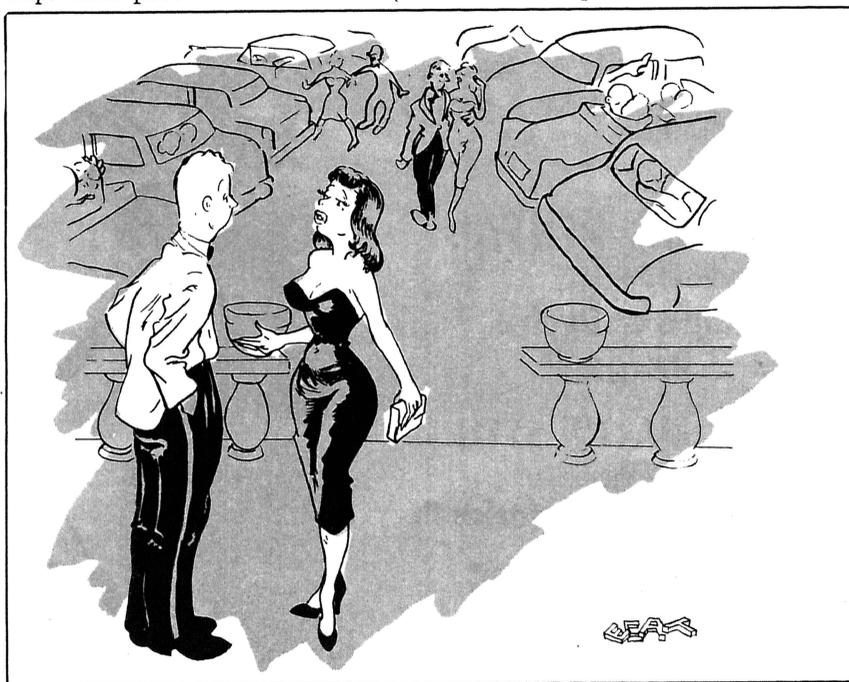
wrote about it in the big copper studded Bible, you even grew to look forward again to visiting there and rummaging around in the never changed old house. The night before you had to leave for the army you had sat in the lamp-lit parlor for over two hours listening to grandmother tell about her eldest son, Uncle Herbert, whose picture hung over the mantle piece, and whom you had never met, because he had been killed in World War One, "At the Marne you know," grandmother always said. The Second World-War had ended, been over for two years, and you weren't likely to be killed at the Marne or anywhere else. But you were feeling sorry for yourself, and it was pleasant sitting there, listening to grandmother tell of Uncle Herbert, knowing that she was wistfully associating you with, "That wonderful, wonderful, boy, shot down in the very prime of life, you know—and so brilliant too."

No, you didn't hate it anymore. It wasn't the same, as when you used to creep in alone, to crawl up in grandfather's big chair, to sit in the deep leather and rock in the dark, pretending that you were in a stage-coach galloping across the night black plains to put an end to the outlaw with the tall black hat, who had killed your father, and forced your mother to do something bad, only you weren't sure just exactly what it was he had forced her to do. You didn't think of the parlor as a wonderful secret place like you did then, in fact you never thought about it much at all after you grew older. But you knew you had never really hated it.

* * *

"Vie gehts shotzie!" It wasn't the same fat woman that had told him to sit down. This woman was younger, and not quite so fat. She had left the tall doors open behind her and stood just a step inside the darkened room holding a black kimona

(Continued on page 46)



I'd love have this dance with you Walter, but your upholstery scratches so. . . .

*It's Formal
Time*



It was all right until he started figuring batting averages.

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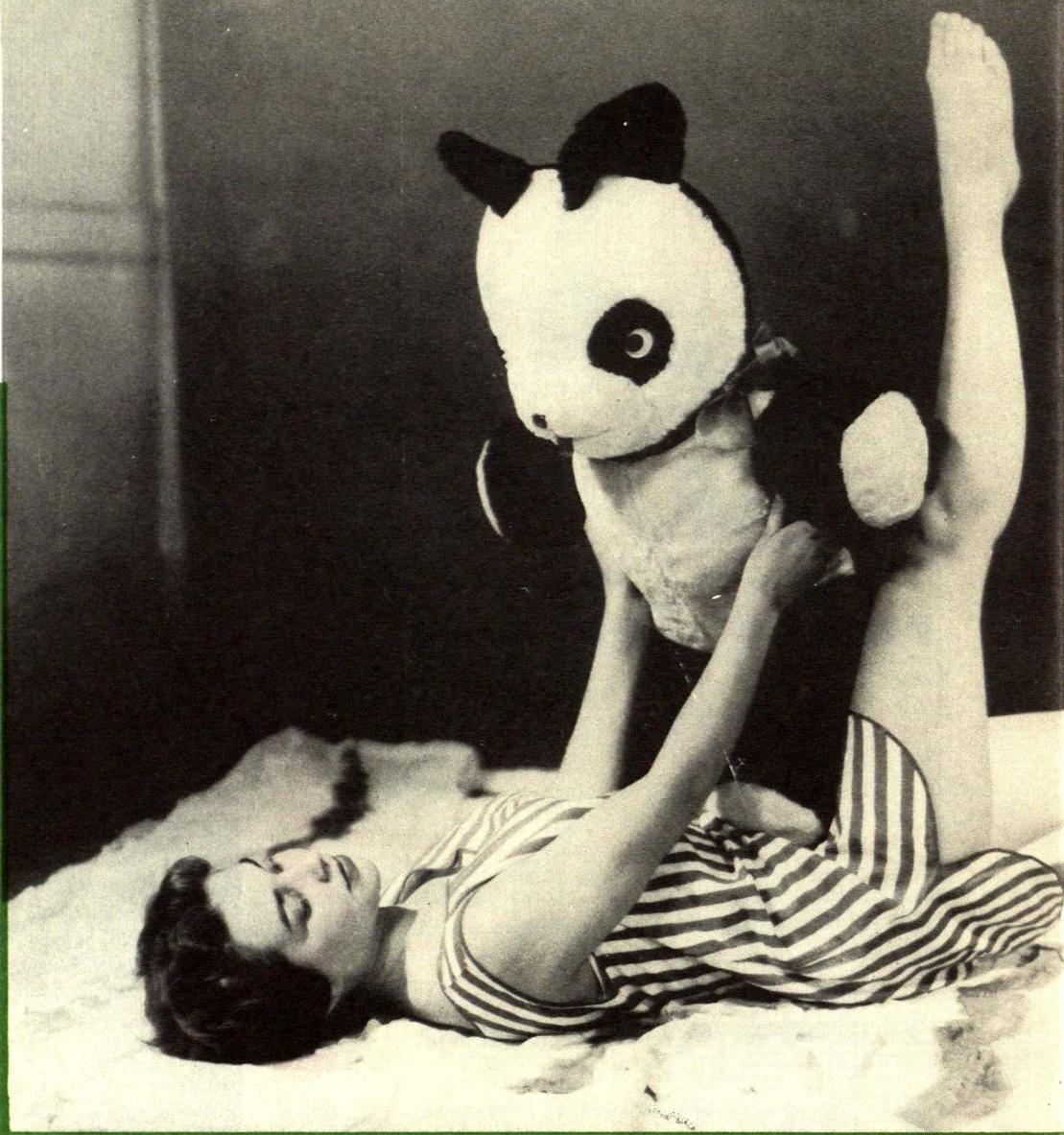
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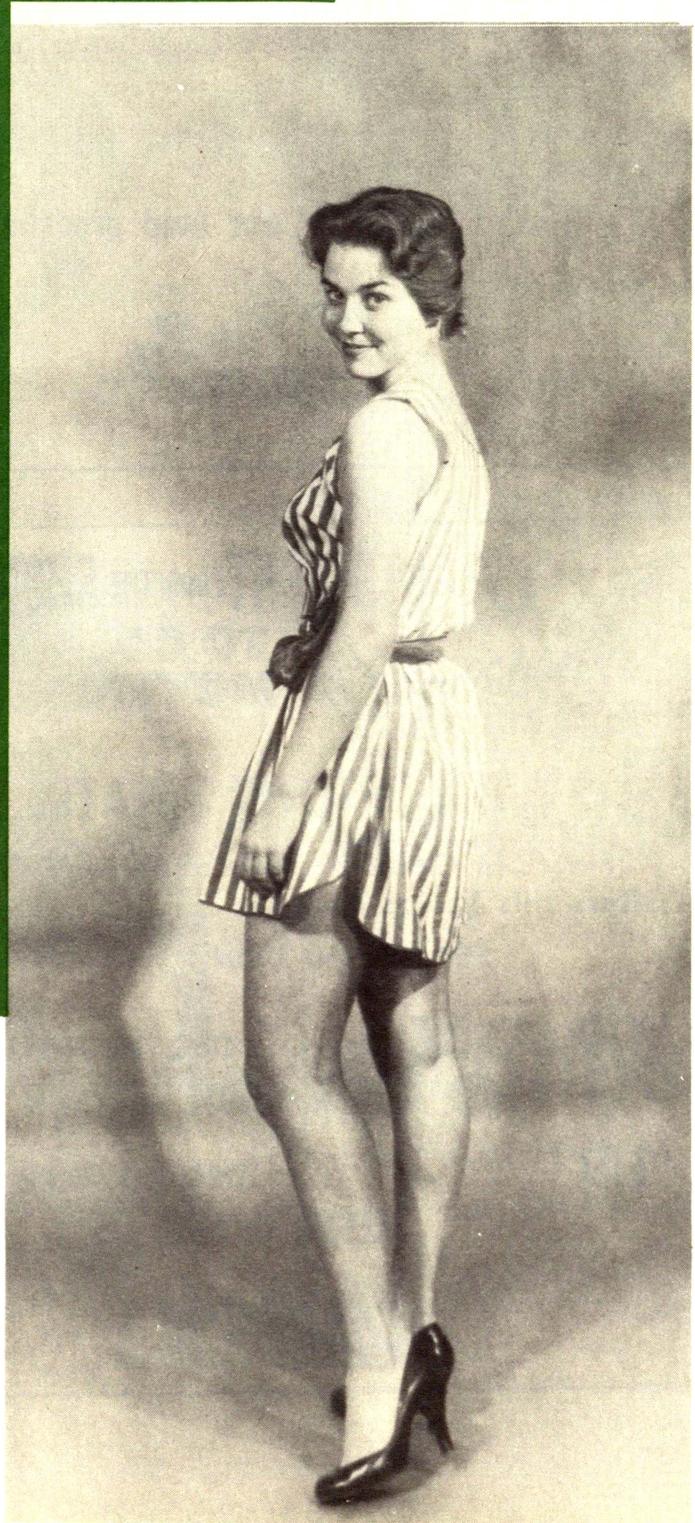
renee londée

The Teddy Bear's Picnic



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or INFORMAL
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H.R. Mueller
FLORIST



Men were born with two eyes and one tongue that they might see twice as much as they say.

* * *

Angry Father: "What do you mean by bringing my daughter in at this hour of the morning?"

Student: "Have to be at class at eight."

* * *

An elderly lady driving along nonchalantly turned a corner and ran over a university student who was crossing the street.

Without change of emotion the old lady pulled up on the other side of the victim, called, "Young man, you'd better watch out."

Raising on one elbow, the trembling youth exclaimed, "My gosh, lady, don't tell me you're going to back up."

* * *

The young couple stopped to read the sign at the front door of a marrying justice of the peace. It said, "You furnish the bride—we'll do the rest."

Bashful groom: "That's hardly fair."

* * *

"I was getting fond of Ed—until he got fresh and spoiled it."

"Isn't it terrible how fast a man can undo everything?"

* * *

Mother: "Sonny, don't use such bad words."

Son: "Shakespeare used them."

Mother: "Well, don't play with him."

* * *

He: "Considering the subject on only the most intellectual level, Miss Jones, how do you think of sex?"

She: "Constantly."

* * *

Corporal: "Where is Bill?"

Private: "Do you mean that fellow that wears a size 14 shoe?"

Corporal: "Yes."

Private: "He is down at the cross-road turning around."



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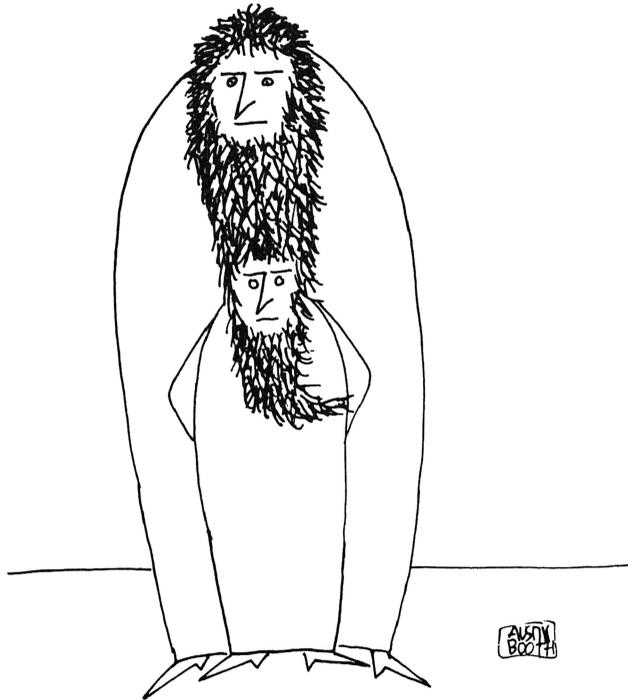
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let the cold wind
blow . . .

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"Pa, tell me how you proposed to Ma," requested the young hopeful.

"Well, son, as I remember it was like this. We were sitting on the sofa one night at her home and she leaned over and whispered in my ear.

Then I whispered, "Like hell you are!"

* * *

A stethoscope is a spyglass for looking into people's chests with your ears.

* * *

Corporal Funston hurried into the headquarters of Colonel Stuffit.

"Colonel," he said, "I have a letter from the men at Fort Wooster in the Sahara. They say they are out of water and that we must aid them."

"Certainly, certainly," replied the Colonel. "Something will be done within the week."

"No, sir. We must get water to them at once."

"Very well, Funston, there is a caravan passing that way tomorrow. We'll have them supply the water."

"Sir we must send the water sooner."

"Really, Funston, they can't be that bad off. Surely they can wait till tomorrow for water."

"I thought so, too, sir. Then I noticed that the stamp on the letter was attached with a paper clip."

* * *

A man came home one evening and raved about his new secretary. She was so efficient—and good looking besides.

"Really a doll," he said.

His little daughter spoke up. "Does she close her eyes when you lay her down, Daddy?"

* * *

Since we call professors "Prof.," it's easy to figure out what we should call assistants.

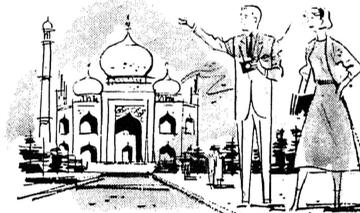
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CAMEO WITH BOILED HAM

(Continued from page 37)

loosely around her. Where the kimona fell away from her body the flesh was slick and white, the color of boiled ham after the rind had been cut away. Her face was splotched with red under tousled, greasy, dark hair, and she was smiling, her gold capped teeth glistened dully in the half-darkness. "Allo shotzie, du like me, ya? Ish ist prima Fraulein, shotzie, das ist bestimpt." She patted her stomach and snorted a throaty laugh. She put out her flashy arm toward him. He stood up. "Vhy du b'ist just a kinder, ya? Vell, come mine liebchen, mine young puppela, come mit Helga."

Her eyes laughed at him, at his youth, at his embarrassment. "Come, come pupela, ve hurry." He looked at the toes of his shiny boots on the worn carpet. The woman took a step toward him. "Come, ve hurry!" Her eyes were blank now.

"No!" He must have shouted, because she jerked and stopped coming toward him. "I'm sorry. I made a mistake. I'll be going." He turned from the woman and walked toward the door.

"Allo, vas ist los mit du? Ha! Ist der big Americanisher soldat afraid of und voman!"

When he had the door open he heard her call after him, "Du svinehund." An old fashioned carriage bell hung over the door jangled when he shut it behind him. It made him think of all the old second hand stores and rummage shops that were heaped together on South Main of his home town. He looked up at the shuttered windows of the houses that ran all the way down the street to the river. He smiled. A soldier from the Constabulary, who was much too old for the corporal stripes he wore, had seen him come from the house. Both pairs of their boots crunched on the thin crust of snow. When they were about to pass the old corporal grinned, "Say Trooper, how's it down there?" The younger man kept walking, but over his shoulder he said, "Good man, real good."

"Yeah, ain't it always?" the corporal answered.

"You better believe it," called

back the private, and he wondered if he would lie to his roommate, Morris, or just not even mention it. He scooped a handful of melting snow from the windowsill of one of the houses. He patted it into a smooth ball and threw it. It flattened and struck right where the two black lines crossed on the sign at the entrance of the street that said 'Off limits to all Military Personell.' He'd have to, that's all there was to it. These things were important and a guy couldn't afford to have the wrong things spread around about him in his unit. If he hurried he could get back to the Kaserne in time to take in the first movie. He tried to remember the title and who was in it. "Hell, it didn't make any difference," he decided, it was in technicolor.

THE END

Phi Psi: "Did you know that we maintain seven homes for the feeble-minded?"

Rushee: "I thought you had more chapters than that."

* * *

Home Ec: "Did you pass trig?"

Ag student: "No, my instructor said I didn't know math from a hole in the ground."

* * *

A wise woman is one who makes her husband feel as if he's head of the house when actually he's only chairman of the entertainment committee.

* * *

She: "Don't you wish you were a barefoot boy again?"

He: "Not me, Lady. I work on a turkey farm."

* * *

Modesty has ruined more kidneys than alcohol.

* * *

"I think when Ray and I are married we'll go to Bali to see what it is like."

"Don't be silly, It's the same everywhere."

* * *

"Mommy, Mommy," bawled the little girl, "Daddy just poisoned my Kitty."

"Don't cry dear, maybe he had to," the mother replied sympathetically.

"No he didn't," screamed the heartbroken child, "he promised me I could do it."

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What the hell do you mean, you love me for what I am?

It's
Christmas

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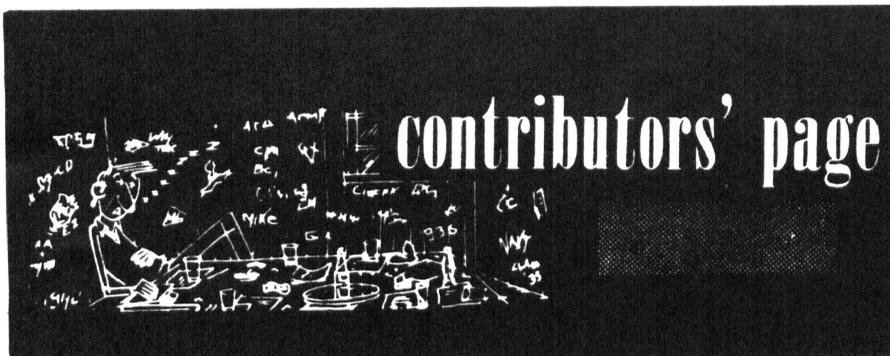


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JUST IN CASE you see a young, good-looking babe in shorts and high heels driving a hearse, blowing a siren or wielding a pistol in the Union, you can go home satisfied that you've seen the Swami's publicity manager hard at work.

"Anything-for-a-gag" Cornett, as her friends call Ann, knows no fear, even when it comes to being thrown into Stephens Lake on a 30 degree day, as happened two weeks ago. When she emerged, dripping, Anni shivered and murmured, "Gloryioski, it's cold!"



Ann Cornett

During school hours, Ann, a native of Columbia, bums around in Arts and Sciences, and is taking Modern Dance and Art. She eats and sometimes sleeps over at Gamma Phi, and while she's not busy in school or with SHOWME, she likes to jitterbug and listen to "real crazy" music.

Ann is nineteen, single and unpinned, but even in an eligible status is booked up for dates about thirty-two weeks in advance. When asked how many dates she turns down in a single day, she modestly replied, "None."

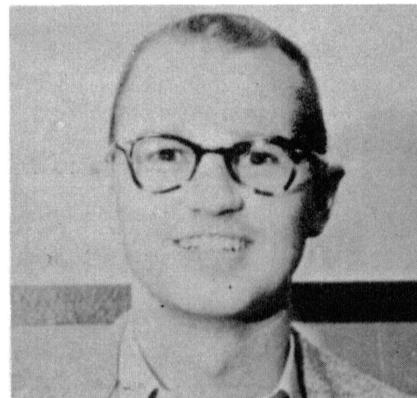
WHEN CARL came to Mizzou to study industrial engineering, he never thought he'd wind up working for SHOWME, but is now Boy Boss of the Circulation department.

A twenty-one year old emigrant from Hermann, Missouri, Carl is a junior and expects to graduate about 1974 if he can keep the bullet-shooter's union stalled off until then. About finances, Carl says, "To throw one's children into the cold world before they're forty-five is certain to cause traumatic conditions."

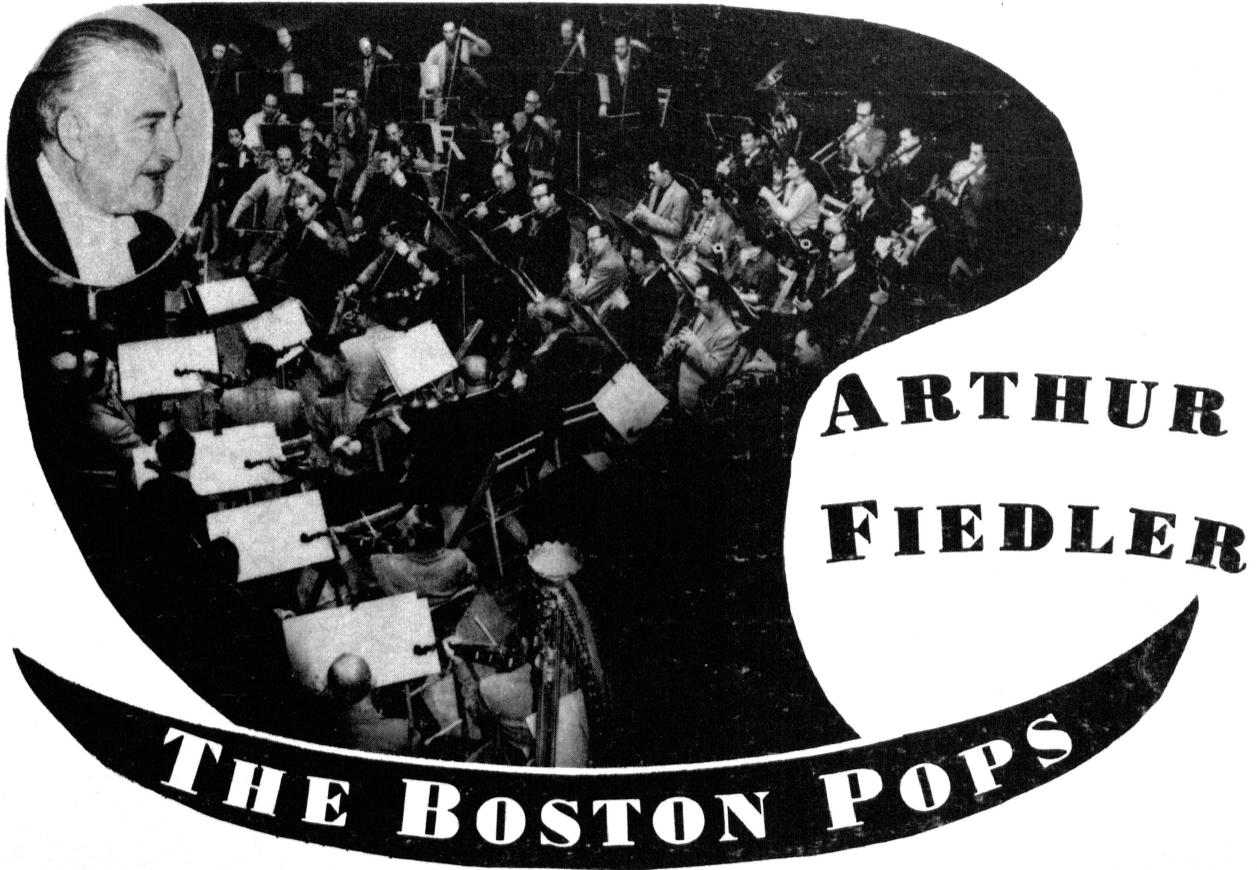
Graham Hall is a good receptacle for Carl's books and clothes, and he visits there once or twice a week to let his room-mate know that he hasn't strayed or been stolen.

There who hang around the office don't see much of Carl, but he always seems to pop up whenever he's needed, and SHOWME off-campus sales this year are better than ever, a fact that'll testify for him if he's ever accused of malfeasance (or something).

While not pushing magazines or drinking beer, or gracing his arm with a lovely, Carl can usually be found — ah — er, well, he just usually can't be found.



Carl Weseman



TOUR ORCHESTRA

Arthur Fiedler and the Boston Pops — two outstanding names in the field of music. In RCA Victor's recent list of 101 Best Sellers of All Time, the POPS scored with 16 recordings (more than twice as many as any other artist) which ranged from Bach to Boogie Woogie.

You won't want to miss the Boston Pops on its first transcontinental tour . . . so circle the date January 12 and order your reserved tickets by mail now. No matter what your taste in music is . . . you'll be certain to enjoy Arthur Fiedler and the Boston Pops Orchestra.

JANUARY 12th

8:30 p.m.

Jesse Auditorium

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