



MISSOURI Showme

OCTOBER 1952



Oct 52

FOGBOUND
O'TOOLE
for
PRESIDENT



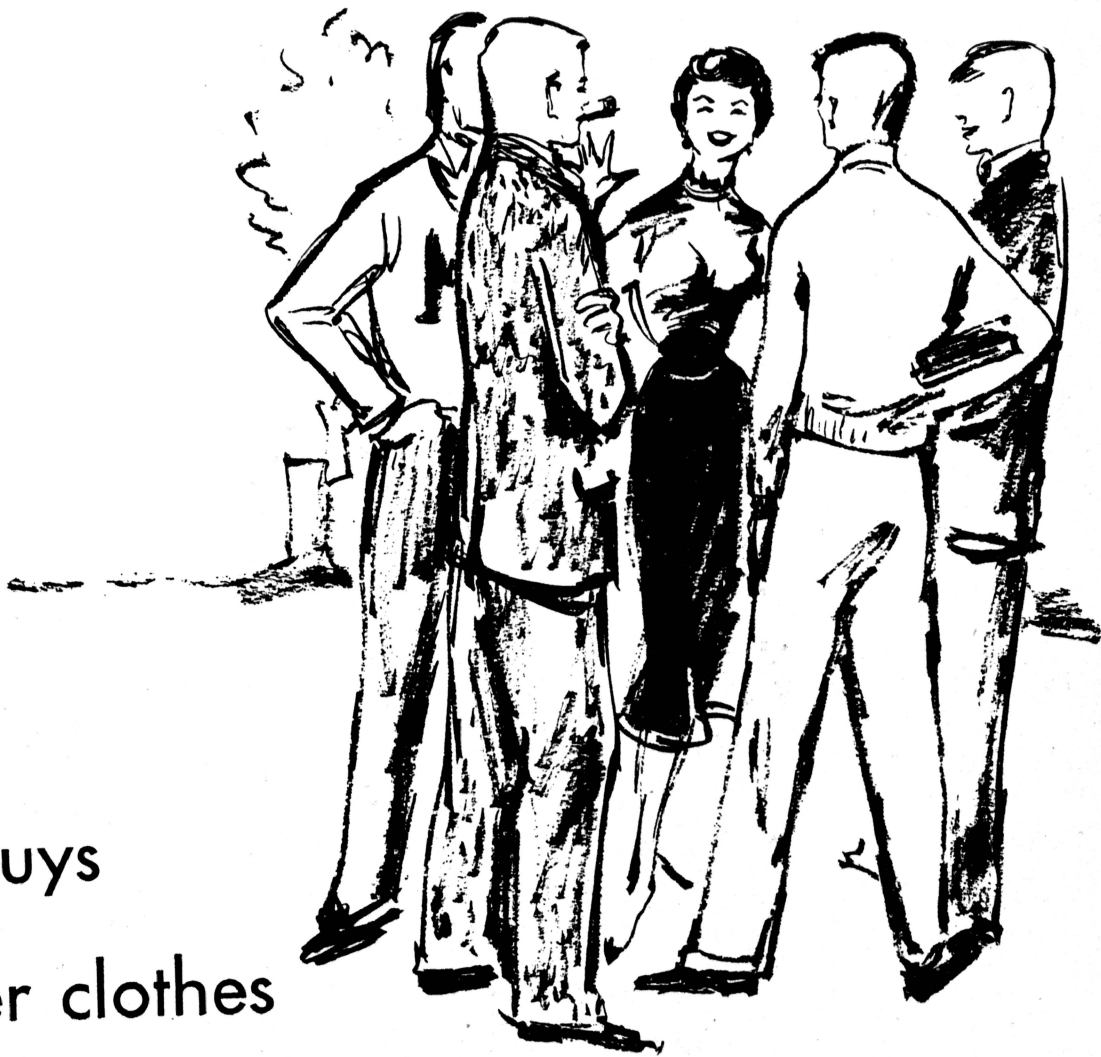
*support Mizzou's candidate!
**GIANT TORCHLITE
PARADE**

TONIGHT AT 8:30
CORNER OF MARYLAND
AND CONLEY

After Truman, who?

O'Toole for President!

25c



she buys
her clothes

at

Garland's

20 on the Strollway





Correct: The gray flannel suit is ideal for the office and everyday town wear.



Conservative: Worn with Homburg, it comes into its own on more formal occasions.



Casual: Trousers may be worn separately with sport jacket. (The ladies' suits, too, have been tailored by Hart Schaffner & Marx.)

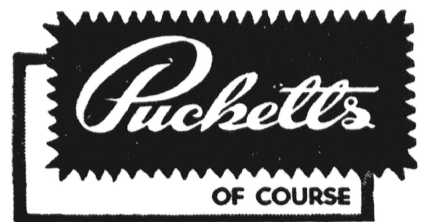
*you can't go wrong in gray...
especially if it's*

ETON* FLANNEL

HART

SCHAFFNER

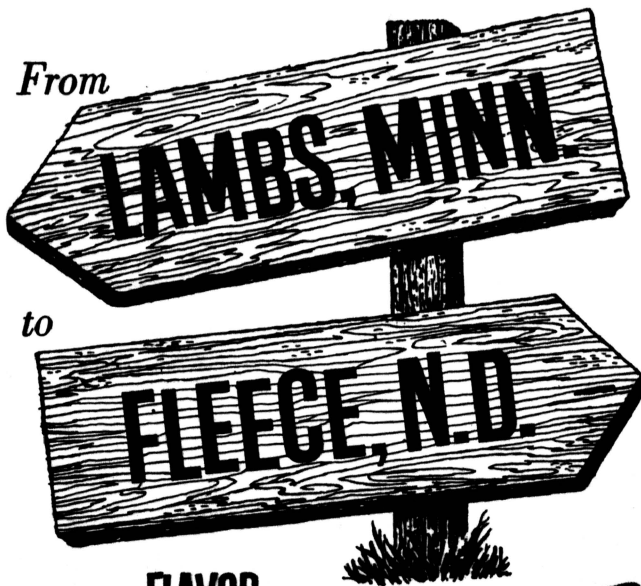
& MARX



see you after class ..

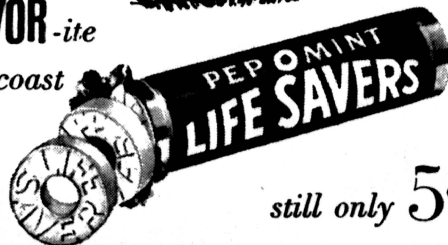
THE SHACK
A TRADITION AT MIZZOU
for
two GENERATIONS
BEER-COKES-SANDWICHES

at **THE SHACK**



America's **FLAVOR**-ite
from coast to coast

"Lambs, Minn. to
Fleece, N. D."
submitted by
Mrs. Dave Wangsgaard
Ogden, Utah



still only 5¢



Dear Editor:

There's a whole bunch of us "Tigers" right here in Damascus, and we're all yearning for a copy of good ol' *Showme*. We've always thought the world of your magazine when we were going to Ole Mizzou. So we decided to write and ask you if it is possible for us to subscribe to *Showme* for one year. We would appreciate you're writing and sending us the rates as soon as possible so we won't miss the first issue.

Sincerely,
Riad K Abou-Seoud
Shouhada, 11 Helwany St.
Damascus, Syria.

Ed—That's the way it goes when you have world-wide circulation.

Dear Sirs,

After having you send me the *Showme* across the country, I have finally been permanently stationed. If I stay here for any length of time I hope to make many visits to Mizzou. By the way, check enclosed for 2 issues.

A frustrated reader,
Pvt. Robert J. Stoffel
Hospital Detachment
U. S. Army Hospital
Ft. Leonard Wood, Mo

Ed—We'll be looking for you, Bob, and by the way, if you can write, draw, sell ads, etc., etc....

Where is my Gawd-dam magazine.

Herb Knapp

Ed—Ah, these tempermental editors.

but you can take it with you!

Who Says you can't take it with you?

You can take all those experiences—all of those friends right along with you—in a lasting record—your 1953 Savitar.

Savitar follows you through an entire school year. The September migration, rush week, football, formals, finals—then Spring, the coming out time, the bustle, the last minute fears—and finally graduation—all in hundreds more informal photos and illustrations.

Savitar newer, bigger (over 50 pages larger than last year) is on sale at booths convenient to all points of the campus. If you prefer, you may buy your Savitar through your house representative or at the Savitar office, Room 303 Read Hal.

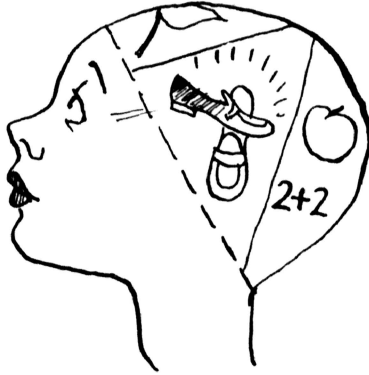


Remember, You Can't Buy Savitar In May

SAVITAR

"You Can't Afford To Miss It"

*It's Fall
and you think of*



*Casuals
from
Miller's
800 Broadway*

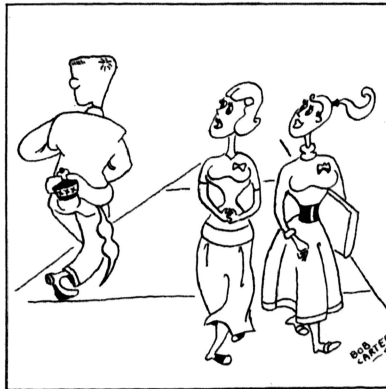
**WITH MEN
WHO KNOW
POLITICIANS
BEST
IT'S
FOGBOUND
TWO TO
ONE**



about O'Toole

For years *Showme* has tried to remain tolerantly aloof from the shallow, the pompous, the inane, the superficial. This policy has been dictated by the conviction that the SGA, the *Student*, the Ag Club and other institutional pillars of University society were better qualified to deal in such subjects.

However, the suspicion has been forced upon *Showme* that all is not what it might be in the world. It seems dark forces are at work. The bars are gone. And the word has gone out that certain local bosses are going to start papering their walls with fraternity charters if sales of you-know-what don't decline.



*You were right Else... He is an
UPPERCLASSMAN.*

Of admittedly lesser importance, but nevertheless a curiosity is the fact that some of the taxpayers' money is not being spent for monuments, museums and the blind.

Now *Showme* is neither squeamish nor miserly. A few hundred billion one way or the other is O.K. in this book. Potatoes, deep freezes, campaign funds, race track loans, internal revenue management, all are worthy projects for government expenditure. *Showme* knows this is so because it has the word of a noted Missouri Phi Beta Kappa (that's right, he made it in 1950). And even if it weren't so, in the words of another noted Missourian, "Boys will be boys."

The fact remains though that if things don't shape up in Korea a flotilla of sampans soon may sail up the Hink. It is only fair to point out, too, that in such an eventuality Columbia restaurants very likely will serve nothing but rice...

In view of its distaste for rice, distrust of Phi Beta Kappas, disillusionment about fur coats and delight in imbibing, *Showme* feels to coin a phrase, that "it's time for a change." And *Showme* also feels that circumstances are such that it can no longer leave the well-being of the nation in the hands of the *Student*.

Therefore, with this issue *Showme* is making an unprecedented entry into the realm of politics. *Showme* supports Fogbound O'Toole for president.

Rube Irwins' friend Ed Kelly points out some of the reasons why we stand behind O'Toole. Bill Braznell's sensitive portrait appearing on the cover reveals further qualifications of this fine American. And in the center-spread Joe Gold outlines some of the planks of the platform that is causing more and more to become fools for O'Toole.

Showme believes that after studying O'Toole's background you, the voter, will share its enthusiasm for him, and that you too, will agree—Fogbound O'Toole Makes Voters Drool!

Pat H

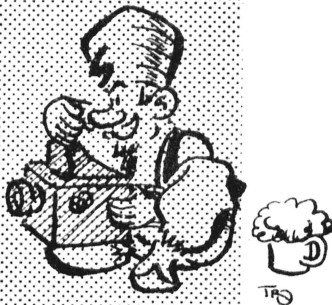


MISSOURI SHOWME

YOUR CAMPUS HUMOR MAGAZINE

Contents

Around the Columns by Joe Gold	7
Till Diplomas Do Us Part by Gene Koppel	14
Politicians Primer	16
An American Comedy by Rube Erwin	18
Fogbound's Platform by Pat Kilpatrick	20
Gridiron Gab by Bill Brooks	22
Hangnail Sketch by Joe Gold	24



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*Ike is running;
Adlai's able,
But Dark Horse O'Toole
Is King of the Stable.*



Around The Columns

Overheard

At the Stable "But I thought you were supposed to aim at the dog."

Bury The Hatchet

Quite a few people have come up to us recently, asking "What have you got against the *Student*?" When we see that they are serious, we try to explain that it's all a big joke and staff members of both publications have a lot of fun, damning the other. So, honest, gang, we ain't mad at each other.

As a matter of fact, we're ready to back them up on *one* issue. At the recent SGA Retreat, many prominent politicians stated unequivocally that the *Student* should be the VOICE of SGA. We uphold the right of criticism and free speech, and oppose any attempt to turn our campus newspaper into a midget Pravda.

FO|MVD

Heeding the cries of public distress, *Showme* has advanced the one man who can "clear up the mess in Washington." Discounting Pogo because of the need for a man who will serve the entire country, and not a swamp-dwelling, cowbird-closeting southerner, the O'Toole bandwagon quickly swelled to runaway proportions. Trembling queasiness engulfed the camps of both the GOP and the Democrats. When questioned about the possible candidacy of Fogbound O'Toole, Adlai Stevenson said, "It is the obvious effort of an aggregation of maniac depressives to circumvent the schizophrenia prevailing the Republican

Party." Said General Eisenhower "Uh, wait a minute. I'll ask Mammie." From London Winston Churchill cabled, "I see ahead a road of blood, sweat, and tears, and can you loan us a few billion?"

For these and other equally obvious reasons we ask you to go out and cast your vote for the next President of the United States—Fogbound O'Toole.

No School Spirit

With the passing of a new liquor law in Columbia this summer, it will now cost anyone misrepresenting his age in trying to buy a drink up to \$500 a shot. What is wrong with the town officials, that laws like this are only passed in the summer? During the summer of a year ago the selling of liquor-by-the-drink was abolished. Personally, we think it's a good idea to make the purchaser responsible, but we wonder if it will have any effect. If they ask if you're 21, you just say "No," and go somewhere else,

where they won't ask. Of course, this could keep up all night, and by that time, look at all the money you've saved.

Maybe next summer they'll pass a law against smoking for minors.

Rebuttal

We were criticised for our attitude concerning Mizzou's suicide football schedule. The point was brought out that the students like to see good football teams brought to Columbia. In that event we should like to recommend that the Athletic Department contact officials of Michigan State and Georgia Tech and have them come down here and put on an exhibition. We may be naive, but the old American idea of winning was impressed on us pretty strongly in our youth. If you want to increase school spirit, give us a team that has a better chance of, at least breaking even, and not just an outside chance to win four games. The players are doing a tremendous job this year. Why saddle them with three or four near-certain defeats. No toothpick, no matter how hard it struggles, can stay up against a tornado.

Independents, Arise!

As far as we can see, the status of the independent student is on the upgrade. A new housing system divides the men's dormitories into houses (each floor being considered a house) and these houses have their own officers. A group consisting of the 19 presidents meets as a president's cabinet to set policy and confer on important matters.



But boys, we *thought* you knew "On this campus the Greeks are society."

Hook or Crook

This year the Susies have come up with an innovation for their man-seeking mixers. Disguising the fact that phone calls are a source of major excitement which doesn't die down for days, the demure Susies are playing it cool. Instead of issuing a "Hurry up on over" blanket invitation to all university males between the periods of puberty and senility, they now give out cards which state, "Admittance only on presentation of this card." This intimates that only a pretty select group shall have the honor of

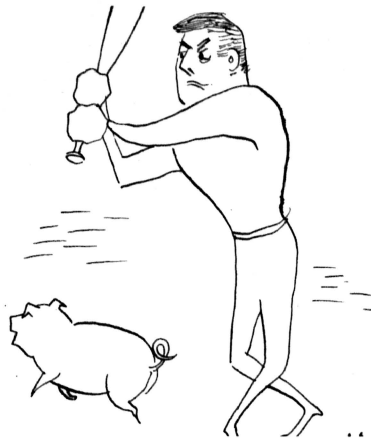


their exquisite company. However the joker seems to be that these cards have reached an inflationary stage, and if placed end to end, would reach from the All States Village to Stevensons headquarters in Springfield, Illinois.



Rollins Spring

We understand that the reason SGA has not been able to do anything about turning the Rollins Springs area into a recreation



area is because in 1865, the ground in question was granted to the College of Agriculture. Country gentlemen, we ask you to reconsider. Remember the national emergency of those days and the general confusion of Reconstruction. Oh, please reconsider and let us, happy students that we are, romp and gambol in your sacred Elysian tracts.

Time for Decision

One night last week we were out at Texaco Town and noticed a fairly young man seated at a table in the corner. His grey beard reached almost to the table. Maybe it was a gag but as we passed him on the way out, after waiting a half an hour for a waitress, he told us that he had been in there for five days waiting to get his order taken. So we



punched his T.S. card and left. But seriously, have you ever gone in there and had your teeth decay because you weren't able to get out and see your dentist. The food is fairly good, and we suppose it is because they go out and shoot their own meat after orders. The food may not be good at Long's but, at least, you don't become senile waiting for it.

The Trench Coat Saga

With the study of literature all but deteriorated, it is not surprising that a comic strip character can become as important (and in this case even more so) than the President of the United States.



es. Steve Canyon, a girl-crazy fly-boy, has been running around with a luscious blonde who claims she was "the backstairs coming home queen of the University of Missouri." Miss Mizzou, as she is popularly known among the comic set, scampers blithely through the strip surrounded by an olive-drab concession to the censors.

Since she is called Miss Mizzou SGA decided to invite her here for the SMU football game. Since they couldn't get the comic strip character, they had to settle for the model, twenty-two year old Bek Steiner. As far as we can see this is the most constructive thing ever accomplished by the Student Government Association. One look at Miss Steiner's construction will show why.

Politic\$

Last month we noted with awe the TV know-how of Dick Nixon, vice-presidential nominee of the Republican Party. His show, explaining his financial status, was one of the most heart-rending soap operas since Ethel Barrymore starred as "Mary Noble, Backstage Knife." Not missing a trick, Nixon covered every subject from Horatio Alger to scraggly, scroungy, plea-bitten Hound



Dogs. Tears flowed down our cheeks as the junior senator from California emotionally tried to explain away a mere \$18,000 worth of "gifts." Our hearts were in our mouths, and, although we didn't believe a word of it, we should like to warn Jose Ferrer that he may have some competition for this year's Oscar.

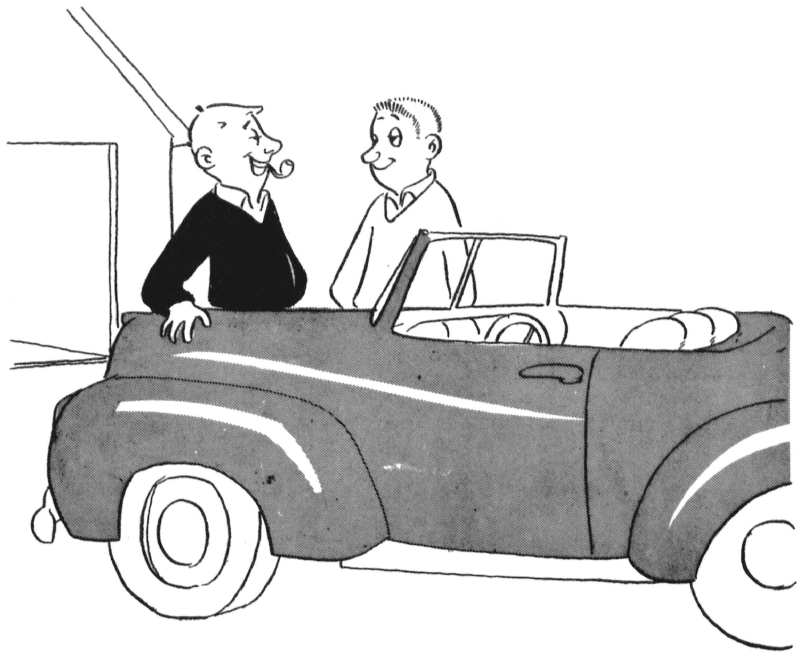
Remember Dick, the show must go on!

Fogbound O'Toole is dead broke.

FO|MVD

The Vampire Club

Despite all the general Mickey Mouse that goes on in our little mid-western bit of collegiana,



"It may be old—But it's still one of the Best makes in town!"

Is Nice?

Now that we have completely gotten rid of our innate bitterness we shall state a few simple pleasant things that we like.

some things are worthwhile. An example of what we mean is next week's Blood Drive. Students have been doing their part in past drives, but it is a sad note that the people of Boone County have not. These Blood Drives are supposedly to fill the quota for the entire county. Last year, however, students donated 57% of all the county's red stuff. The question we would like to post to the good citizens of Boone County is—is it fair to let the students carry the load?

We like... high-skirted female cheerleaders... mauve convertibles with square wheels... text books with pictures and big print... KFRU after midnight... cement mixers better than Stephens mixers... myopic housemothers... town girls... doublebeds... five-legged dogs... SGA's Retreat (should have been farther)... people who don't say, "Glad to have met you"... Sex... people who give us free cigarettes... moonlight on the Shack.

Change of Address

One of the signs of the passage of time is the relocation of the campus mongrel from the Bible College to the lawn of Johnston Hall. It seems to us that Tripod is



displaying a mellowness garnered from his advancing years. That, plus the fact that to date he has always come out second best with the Yellow Cabs. Now he has gotten smart. It's reasonable to assume that a three-legged male should be able to keep up with a two-legged woman. It's certainly been proven that a two-legged male can't do the same.

Joe Gold

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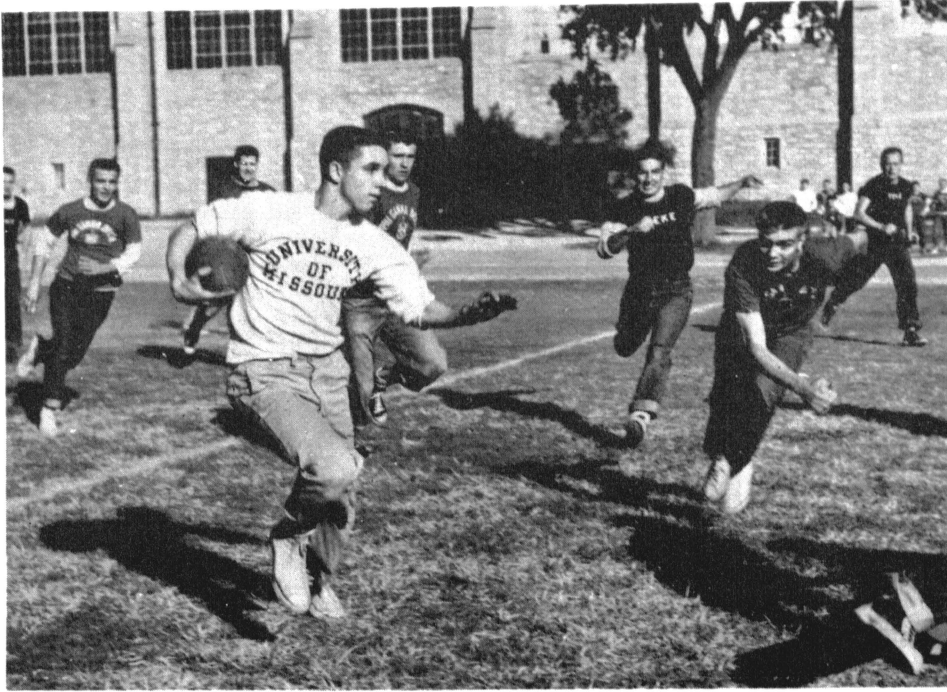


PHOTO BY GEORGE MILLER

They're Off and Running at Hialeah.



PHOTO BY GEORGE MILLER

B... and a right to the Jaw.

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PHOTO BY GEORGE MILLER

How can anyone be so absorbed in the World Series?

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PHOTO BY GEORGE MILLER

And Stalin Laughed.

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PHOTO BY GEORGE MILLER

Missouri Scores on Friday night, S.M.U. on Saturday.



PHOTO BY GEORGE MILLER

So this is what was under the Trench Coat?—
DAMN!



Blouses are up this Year.

Till Diplomas Do Us Part

by Gene Koppel

COLLEGIATE Marriages” exclaimed Seymour. “Greatness.”

“What’s so great about getting married in college,” I snapped angry at being disturbed in an interesting part of my geology assignment.

He snatched the book from me.

“No, George Not getting married IN college. Getting married FOR college. It would only be valid as long as you’re in school”

That settled it. I talked to the Pontiff of our fraternity house the next day and arranged to have a new room mate. Seymour still considered me his closest friend, however, and as it wasn’t a very long walk across the hall, I kept hearing quite a bit about his new idea.

“Why don’t you get yourself a date?” I asked him once. “Then you won’t be so anxious to get married.”

I was spared his pudgy presence after that, and it wasn’t until a week before campus elections that I became aware he had retained his crusading mood. Ruby and I were coming from geology class (fate must have been trying to warn me) when we noticed a crowd in front of Kleppner Hall.

We walked a little closer and who should they all be watching, but Seymour. Now I have never denied the fellow needed watching; I was just puzzled as to why so many had become conscious of it at the same time.

“If you want good grades,” he screamed suddenly. “if you want to have a good time in college, you must defeat the friends of frustration!”



“Give ’em hell, Seymour!” a running on the Collegiate Marriage platform.”

“My opponents will only ...”

His opponents? I nudged an excited girl standing near me and asked, “What’s he doing?” Waiting until a roar from the spectator had died down, she answered “This is the opening of the Seymour for student president campaign. That’s (pointing to the blob gesticulating on the steps of

As I was walking Ruby to the Alpha house, she murmured thoughtfully: “It’s really not a bad idea.”

“It’s insane.”

“George,” she said, giving me a moist look, “you don’t want to marry me. Not even for just four years.”

We walked in silence for a few minutes, then she sobbed, "You are a junior! Not even for two years!" and ran away from me.

There was a torchlight parade that night and the following afternoon, when the Columbus paper printed a front page picture headline, "Dark Horse Running Ahead of Opposition," I decided to use my former influence. Cornering him in his room between speeches I said, calmly, "They're going to kill you, Seymour."

"Why?" he asked, combing back the dishwater from his forehead.

"Because you won't be able to push through your platform. Even if the governor doesn't take you seriously till it's too late, the school will stop you."

He turned to me, his newly found confidence shining through half-closed eyes. "George, come to the rally tonight."

I took that advice. Fighting my way through layers of people, I managed to reach the rear of the auditorium as Seymour was introducing the first speaker, Dr. Jeremy Tripodde of the University's psychology department. His text was, in part:

"... and this program will give new meaning to our marriage courses. It will provide young people with a sound background for their future lives on the outside."

The final, and most important, guest was Dr. Frederick Tumm, president of the University.

"For the first time," he told the audience, "our University will offer the security that comes with family life and a home away from home."

There was another torchlight parade after the rally—an all-night one, and the campaign song, "Collegiate Marriage . . . Sis, Boom, Bage," never stopped for a quarter-rest before it was again litling through the lips of a Seymour booster.

On election day they didn't even bother counting. Seymour men controlled the polling booths and there was no secret ballot. The first lad to vote the wrong way was seized by the mob, painted blue, and ridden around town as an example on the hood of an ancient Ford.

So I kept in my room with the radio switched on and waited. My only hope was that Seymour would celebrate his landslide victory long enough to let people think, but at 11 o'clock I heard:

"Student President Seymour has called a special session of the University council to convene in one hour. This means the new Collegiate Marriage plan will be put into immediate operation."

And at 8 a.m.

"University authorities have cancelled all classes for the next four days to allow the Collegiate-Marriage-Rush Week, beginning at 1 o'clock this afternoon, every chance of success."

Helpless, I picked up my date card at the administration building and rushed to the Alpha house hoping to sign Ruby for dates 2 and 6. But Bill Jellibaum reached her first and as

she was still angry at what had happened earlier that week, she signed with him.

That left only 1 and 5, but I gave them to her anyway. I decided that I would get Ruby or go off campus.

She was standing with the others in front of the gymnasium and the first thing she said to me, was "I am not going to commit myself before preferential. I am entering this with a clear, open mind."

After four hours of talking I had made little progress. The second rush date was approaching and with it panic. When she said, "It's time for you to walk me over to meet Bill Jellibaum," I broke down.

"Please don't go darling!"

She said coldly, "Take me to his house right now or I'll report you to Pan-Hel and they'll take away your social privileges for a whole year."

Thus I was forced to try the limit.

"Ruby, I'll marry you!"

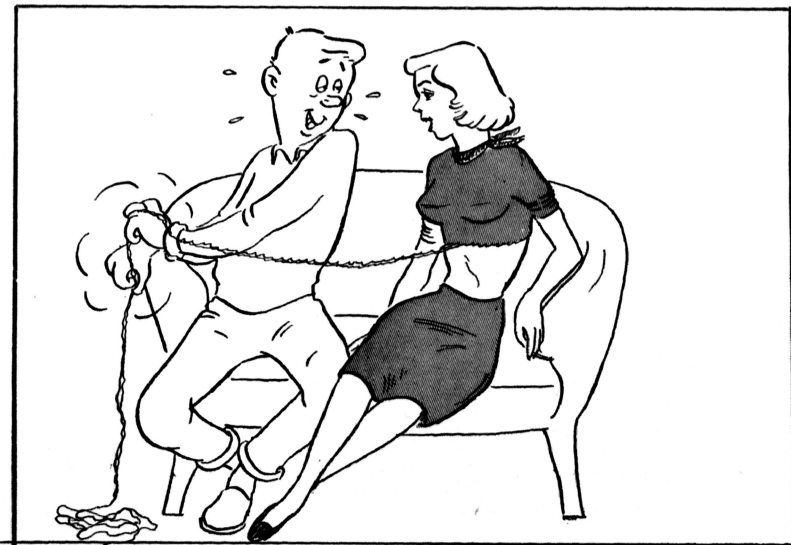
"Real marry?" she asked, perking up.

"Yes!"

"I'll do it."

(Continued on page 31)

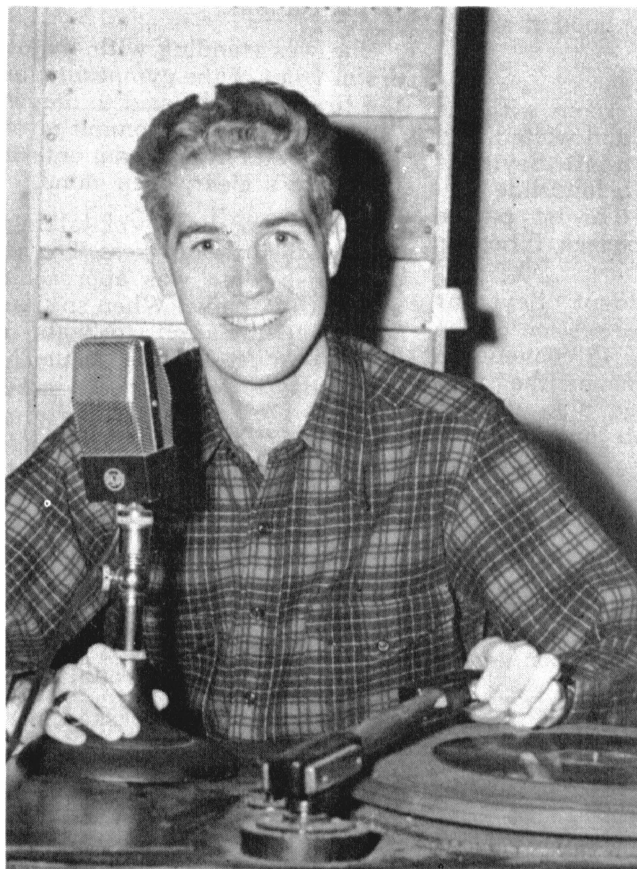
susie stephens by bill braznell



Snap out of it George—You've been wool gathering all evening!

POLITICIAN

PRIMER



This Man is Running for Vice-President. He is doing a benefit show. He will benefit.



This is a Political Boss. He is thinking of the Guest Room in the White House.



This is a Vice-President. He is Investigating Vice. The report will never get back to Washington.



This is an ardent campaigner, he is trying to put his hands on another vote.



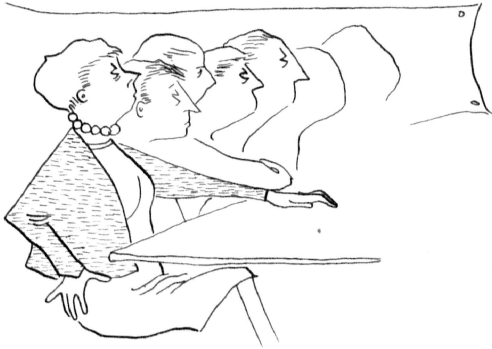
This is a Northern Senator. Someone has just mentioned Tolstoy.



This is a Political "Deal." Both men will support the One in the Middle.



This Candidate is trying to prove that he voted against prohibition.



American Comedy



by Bob Erwin

A Play About A Visitation Which, Like The Locusts, Is Upon Us Every Four Years. This Visitation Is Less Voracious Than The Locusts But Harder To Exterminate.

(Stage Directions: The scene is laid in a banquet room which holds perhaps 300 people seated uncomfortably at long tables. Each person has before him a maroon colored glass tumbler, a salad plate, a dinner plate, a butter plate, and some stainless steel tableware. At intervals along the table handfuls of cut flowers have been stuffed into glass vases. This is the banquet room of the Hotel Warwick—"In New Belgrade It's the Warwick." The season is autumn and the outside temperature is briskly cool, but the renowned steam heat of the Warwick and the warmth of 300 bodies have raised the temperature of the room to approximately 85 degrees. The seated men and women are nearing completion of their dinners. The Warwick has managed to serve fried chicken to 300 people without coming closer to the center of the fowl than the outermost extremities, and, in addition, has furnished a generous helping of watery, artificially green peas, and a lump of mechanically whipped potatoes. Presumably 150 chicken breasts are to be eaten by the kitchen help. This is a meeting of the Young Registered Voters And We Do It Club. With a flair of imagination they have put up a sign over the head table which reads in large red letters, "Crockett County Young Registered Voters And We Do It Club—We're Fools For O'Toole." A man with sev-

eral prominent gold fillings rises; he beams at the assembly till there is quiet.)

"My fellow club members, and

guests, (here he flashes a toothy smile to the man seated on his right) it is my privilege at this time, and I do count it a privilege ha, ha, (he smiles again at the man on the right) to introduce a man with a message. Our speaker for tonight has come a long way to talk to us here in little old Crockett County. He is a stranger here and not a member of our club, but you can be darn sure that he is the kind of man we like, who has been out doing things. We don't know him personally here but we do know his reputation because as a matter of fact, he has been right up in the

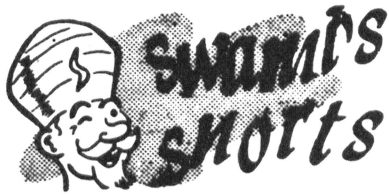
state legislature for the past two years. More important than that, he is a personal friend, a real pal, of the Boss. He's kindly come to us tonight not just to share this good dinner (here a pause while he grins at the Committee on Dinners) but to give us the true picture about the Boss. He's here to show us how to work even harder for the election of our next President, Fogbound O'Toole. I give you now, straight from the horse's mouth, the Honorable Ed Kelly!"

(Ed Kelly rises, amid applause and the sound of chairs being pushed back. His double-breasted coat is held together only by the inside button and has crept up over his paunch like a tailor's nightmare. He

(Continued on page 28)



Say, Chet. You can start the party now. I'm here.



A drunk got on the downtown bus and sat down next to an elderly, white-haired lady.

"You may not know it," said the old lady, "But you're going straight to hell, young man!"

The drunk jumped to his feet and hollered to the driver, "My gawd, let me off. I'm on the wrong bus."



How's about you and me stepping out *BABE*?

Voter: "Why, I wouldn't vote for you if you were St. Peter himself."

Candidate: "If I were St. Peter you couldn't vote for me. You wouldn't be in my district."

* * *

Mother (entering room): "Well, I never!"

Daughter: "But, mother, you must have."

* * *

A girl can learn all the answers by running around with questionable fellows.

* * *

She: "What's the difference between dancing and marching?"

He: "I don't know."

She: "I didn't think you did. Let's sit down."

* * *

The cannibal's daughter liked the boy best when they were stewed.

913 BROADWAY

We've blazed the trail!

We hope you'll follow our footsteps to

913 BROADWAY

The

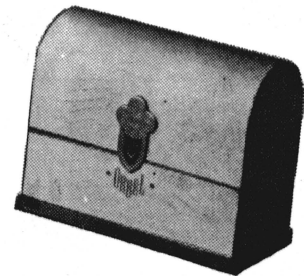
PEN POINT

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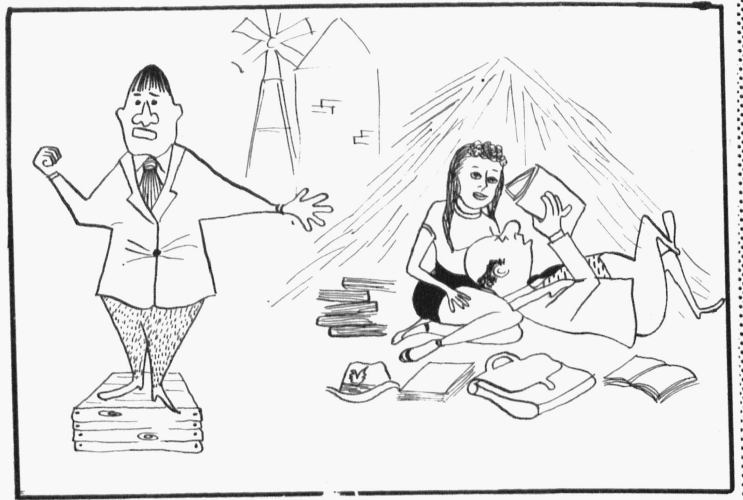
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COMMIES

Communists
Have gotta go,
'Cause I like Santa
More than Uncle Joe.



FARM

For all the things
The salesmen taught her,
I stand for a raise
For the Farmer's Daughter.

FOGBOUND'S



DOMESTIC POLICY

To coincide with
The housing boom
I want a chick
In every room.



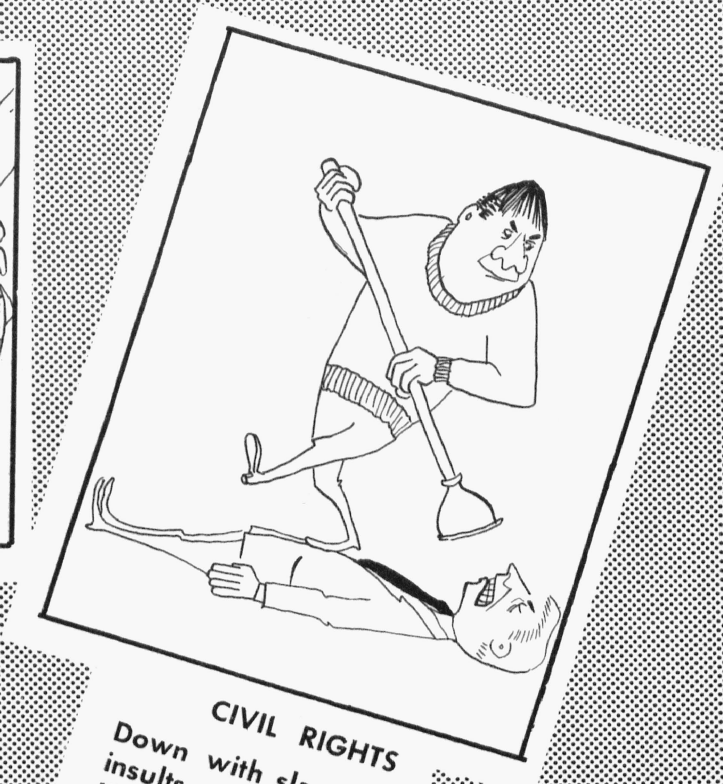
CORRUPTION

If I'm elected
President,
You'll all wear mink
At five per cent.



LABOR

Repeal Taft-Hartley
 From coast and plains
 To rid us all
 Of labor pains.



CIVIL RIGHTS

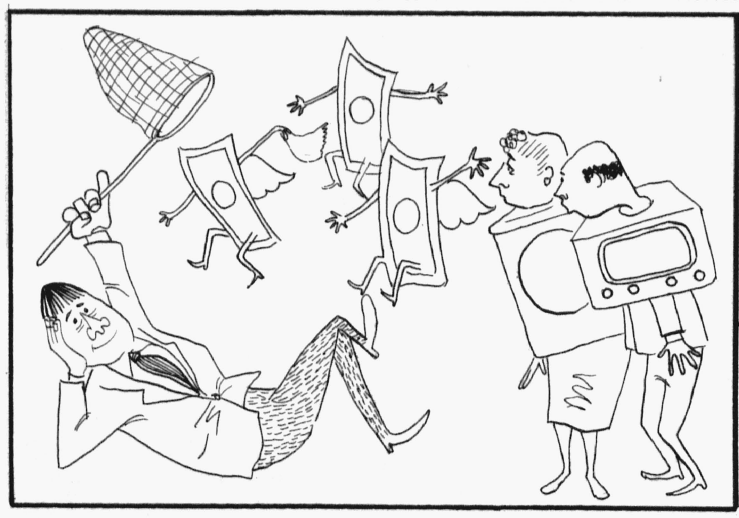
Down with slander,
 insults and drivel;
 I'll muzzle McCarthy
 and make him civil.

PLATFORM



STATES' RIGHTS

Federalism
 Is all right,
 But every state
 Should learn to write.



INCOME TAX

Our money goes,
 Before we get it;
 Eliminate tax
 And live on credit.

GRIDIRON GAB



by
Bill Brooks

FOOTBALL!!! There's a crisp knife-like edge in the air on a football weekend, or maybe it's the breath of the guy sitting next to you. Anyway, spirits are high (beer's cheaper) and free flowing. From the packed stadia of the nation comes the rumble of over-zealous alumni and rah-rah student bodies being stimulated by the gyrations of their semi-pro elevens on the zebra-striped, green swards of their gridirons.

FOOTBALL!!!

Now let's take a quick glance at our salwart squad—the golden shirted wonders of the big state U that Saturday risk life, limb, and a damn good scholarship at the hands of hulking gargantians from the hills of Maryland, California, Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa or Colorado. To say nothing of the steel mills of Pittsburg, and the lumber camps of the Pacific Northwest.

Our backs can: Plunge, probe, slash, pummel, dive, smash, dash, hit, smack, lunge, surge, power, cut, ram, push, jaunt, blast, crash bolt, bruise, bore, plow, lug, assault, rip, roar, and also they're pretty fair runners.

Our passers can flip, toss, twirl, sail, hurl, pinpoint, spot, launch, chuck, pitch, fire, spear, and also pass the pigskin fairly well.

Our line blocks.

Of course this is the way the Tigers stack up to most Missourians (one in particular). Actually they're a fairly well-balanced team, with most of the players two arms, one on each side; two legs, a right and a left, and so let's do, just for the hell of it!

Now lets' look around the conference... Coach Faurot and staff would probably rather not, but forth.

Kansas—is listed first, not because it's the best but because it begins with a K. The Jayhawkers were fed raw meat all summer by Coach J. V. Sikes, and now the conference title would be desert. Influential Missouri Alumni on ex-K.U. fullback Bud McLaughlin's Kansas City draft board erased one of the Jayhawkers biggest threats. However, their Rogue's Gallery of Brandeberry, Hoag, Reich, etc., will probably prove that the shortest distance between the line of scrimmage and the goal line, is the way they run it with a football. We're picking Kansas to finish in the conference.

Oklahoma—are forever proving the old adage... "Get 'em young and bring 'em up the way you want 'em." We know of at least half-a-dozen coaches who'd as

soon the Sooners'd soon lose. Bud Wilkenson has run up a string of All-Americans that'd wallpaper the lounge of the new student union. And this year with a Scotchman (nationality) named McPhail, who isn't stingy about gaining yards, plus a Vessels, Crowder, Leake and Catlin, who are all keeping the publicity department busy. We predict the Sooners will not only finish in the Big Seven, but will also have a fair standing with their own oilmen when December rolls around.

Colorado—has built a Rocky Mountain fortress in Boulder, and it's now or never for Dal Ward's Golden Buffs. An early season tie with Oklahoma showed it'll take at least mountain goats to beat the Buffs in the rarified atmosphere of their own back yard. However, since Buffalo are almost extinct so will be Colorados chances if they don't click this season. They do have a punter in Zack Jordan who can kick the ball further than a relay team of *Showme* staffers could lug it in 10 minutes. And Woody (the woodpecker) Shelton, breaks a field almost as nicely as Bobby Reynolds. We predict Buffalo meat is going to get cheaper but for now it's still commanding a good price.

Nebraska—has been hiding under an All-American blanket dated 1950. The aforementioned Mr. Reynolds who's willing to lug the pigskin 357 yards for a 60-yard touchdown (as he did against Missouri a couple of years ago), should make Cornhusking tougher this year. You can still trade a bushel of corn for a ticket to Nebraska's games. We predict the Cornhuskers will not get a Rose Bowl bid this year.

Iowa State—has only one Mann on its team. But if their one-Mann attack can keep enough footballs in the air, somebody can catch them. All Cyclones emminating from Ames this year will be of a purely meteorological nature and if they hit any football fields, it'll only be those which accidentally came into its path. We predict this years' Cyclones won't drive anybody into a storm cellar.

(Continued on page 25)



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Don't Miss

the Coming
November

MISSOURI
Showme

Homecoming

Edition



hangnail sketches

by Joe Gold

IGAR smoke eddied under the closed door of the headquarters of Porky Barrel, political emeritus. Shifty-eyed, back-door influence peddlers slipped past us, and we were encountered by a smiling row of straight white teeth, and a hand that wrung ours mercilessly.

"Well," said Parky Barrel, "it's good to see you again John."

Our name is Cyrus, but we have always liked the name John, so we didn't bother to correct him.

"To what," we asked, "do you owe your success?"

"Ever.. since... I... was... young.."

At this point, an eely individual stepped out of the darker recesses of the room and interrupted.

"Let me tell this, Pork, old buddy."

"Oh, yes, Crud, Yes, of course, thank you."

Pork was so relieved, he knelt and began to kiss Crud's tobacco-stained hand.

"Crud's my new campaign manager," he explained.

We recalled Crud's face from a police line-up in the days when we had the night-court beat for the "Gazette." Porky's career began when he was just a ward-heeler in the IMA. You might say he was just a little heel in those days. He was very popular from the start. People kept coming up and asking him, why in the hell he didn't do something with himself..."

"I remember. It was, why in the hell don't you drop dead," interrupted Porky.

Ignoring this attempt at minute detail Crud went on with a tale of Porky's rise from obscurity to



notoriety. His first feeble attempts at fame were realized when he was elected, unanimously, after a few dissenting elements had been wiped out, secretary of the Hogwipers of America, Boone County Chapter.

"Later on, when he became more influential and had a few more dollars to spend on certain necessities, like votes, he rose to the honorable position he now holds, Emperor of the Quadrangle.

While Crud was recounting the glorious exploits of Porky Barrel, the latter had crept into a corner, put in his thumb, pulled out a plum and said, "what a good boy am I."

On that note, we left left, while Crud was extolling the virtues of the campus politician, who sat grinning foolishly, in the corner, probably planning some shrewd piece of political activity while trying to go around the world on his yo-yo.

THE END

Gridiron Gab

(Continued from page 23)

Kansas State—does much better putting a ball through hoop, than across a goal line. The not-so-Wild Cats either by hook, or crook* (*this is a synonym for forfeit) always seem to be playing out of a well. They're still the Meek charges of a big six, on the gridiron. Which all goes to prove it takes more than trackmen, Pennsylvania coal miners, and a couple of Army letter jackets to win football games between September and December. We predict Manhattan football fans will move to Lawrence.

Now for another word about the Tigers. Pre-season prognosticators predicted Ol' Mizzou would finish a sterling last in the conference, needless to say such tried and true experts as Grantland Rice can err. There was even a little talk about Missouri picking up the Kewpies franchise in the CEMO high school football conference for next season.

Or perhaps you haven't heard about the uniform manufacturer in Kansas City who heard the Tigers were going to be the door-mats of the conference? He was offering uniforms with WELCOME across the front for half price.

But to get completely serious, remember . . . when you and I are sitting out there in the stadium (commonly known as the house that under-paid youth built) those boys down on the field are putting out everything they have, brawn and brain . . . and for what? Room, board and tuition.

THE END

* * *

Breathes there a man with soul
so dead,
Who never to himself has said,
"To hell with class, I'll stay in
bed."

* * *

Everybody likes to see a broad
smile, especially if she smiles at
him.



Miss Penny Wise says

GET 'EM CLEANED

AT

TIGER LAUNDRY
& DRY CLEANING

1101 Broadway

Dial 4155



For OL' MIZZOU and my gal in her coat from Julie's!



The witching hour
has arrived!



If you want to
look wonderful
at Halloween
parties, come in
tomorrow for
something NEW!

Gibson's
APPAREL
1108 Broadway



I serve a purpose in this school
On which no one can frown
I always go to every class
To keep the average down.

Girls when they went out to swim
Once dressed like Mother Hub-
bard
Now they have a different whim
And dress more like her cup-
board.

The real reason that money is
called Jack is that a Queen al-
ways takes it.

"See that good-looking dame
across the street?"
"Yeah, so what?"
"Well, see that fur coat? I gave
her that. And see those swell
clothes? I gave them to her."
"See that little boy with her?"
"Yeah."
"Cute, isn't he?"

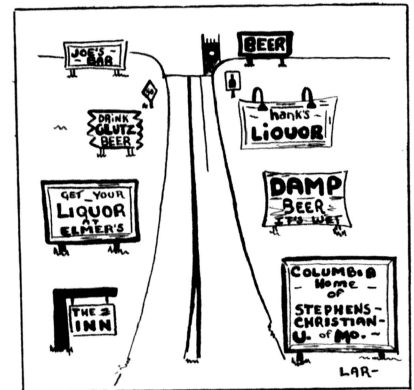
"Too bad about the disappear-
ance of Professor Smith. He was
a profound thinker."

"Yes, he always thinking, no
matter where he was. The last
time I saw him he was in swim-
ming and he suddenly called out:
'I'm thinking! I'm thinking!'"

"You fool! Professor Smith
spoke with a lisp."

"Who was the first man?"
"George Washington."
"No, Adam."

"Oh, well, I didn't know you
were including foreigners."



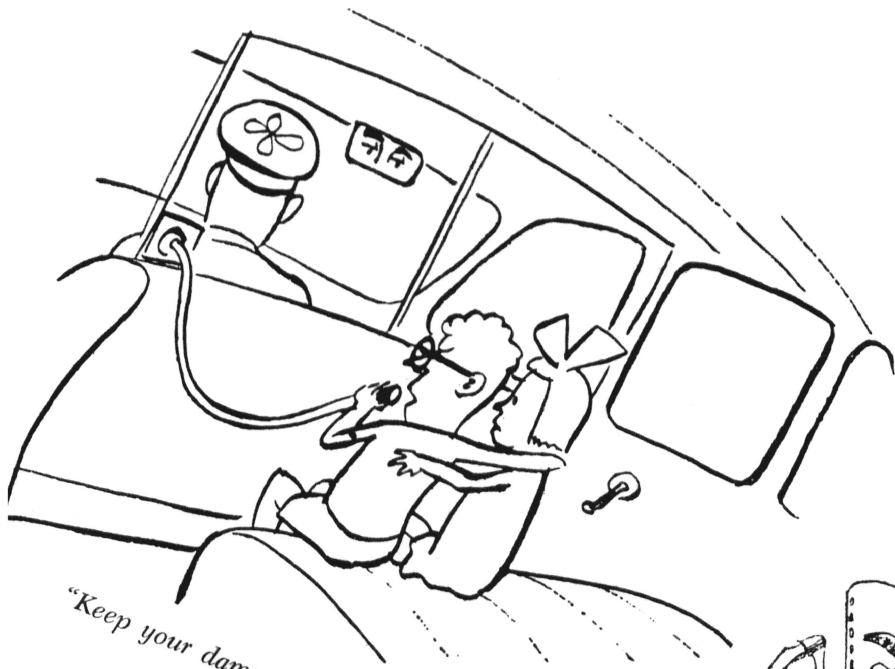
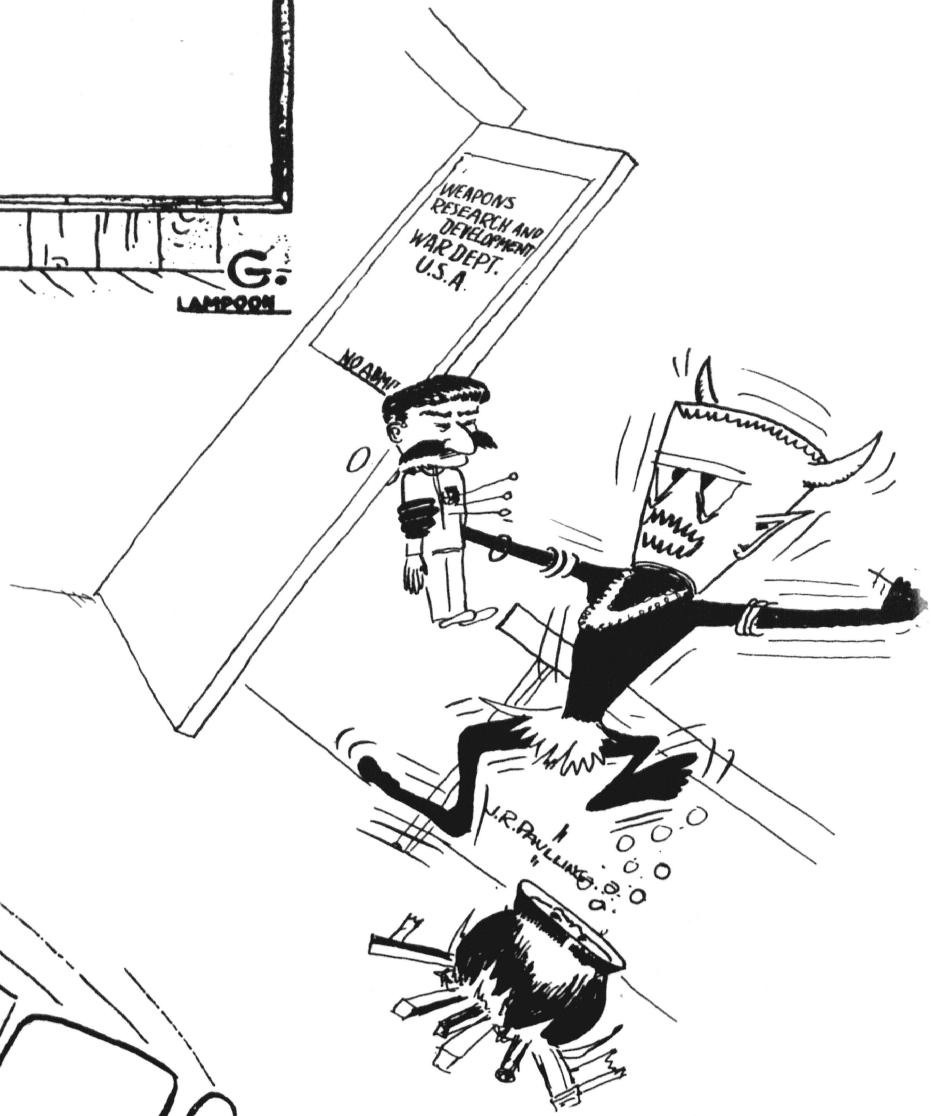
"Where were you born?"
"In a hospital."
"No kidding? What was the
matter with you?"



Oh, No, This is the Student Union!



filched



"Keep your damn eyes to yourself, Peabody."
-Yale Record

"Let's read that once more before we ban it."

Jacky Cameron

American Comedy
(Continued from page 18)

smiles at the applauders, and, without raising his arms from his side, seems to wave them over his head like a prizefighter. He dramatically drinks a sip of water, puts his hands palms down on the table and stares seriously at the crowd. He speaks with jaw thrust forward)

"My friends, and I count each and every one of you as a friend, for that's the only thing that counts. I can't tell you how happy I am to be here in Crockett County tonight! Like I said the other day, they say old Davy Crockett could spit the bark off a tree and any place where Davy spit is good enough for me.

"Seriously, folks, I'm here for just one thing tonight. I know who's going to be the next President and you know it. But do the people know it? The people are all right, you bet they are, but everyday they're having their ears plugged by a lot of radicals and intellectuals. I'm here tonight to make sure that you and I get

out there and really pitch in to let the people know that Fogbound O'Toole will be the next President of the United States of America. (*Whistling and clapping here*)

"I'm not going to talk to you tonight about the downright details of the campaign. You and I are agreed on that. What I want to tell you are the rock-solid facts about Fogbound which over and above any darn political talk make him the man that should sit in that White House chair.

"All that doublemeaning talk about foreign policy, states rights, and such is beside the point. The one reason you and I are fools for O'Toole is because he is eminently, pre-eminently, and re-eminently the man in the American dream. The real power behind O'Toole, ladies and gentlemen, is his background and not a lot of hanky-panky talk about service in government.

"What is this background? Well, I'll tell you.

"First of all look at Fogbound's parents. From the day she was born till the day she died his mother was a sweet silver-haired lady. She never went to bed until Fogbound's 35 brothers and sisters were tucked away warm and dry in the loft. No matter how much she scrubbed and sewed for those 36 kids she always looked like the lady of the castle.

"I imagine you can guess what kind of a man Fogbound O'Toole's father was. He made 130 million dollars by the time he was 25. He outsmarted every man in the state, but, except for a little he kept for the family, he gave his money to the Blind Orphan Society. He wouldn't put any floor in his cabin because he knew that bare feet on bare dirt build character. And I should say he did build a character in his son, Fogbound O'Toole!

"You talk about honest! When Fogbound O'Toole was a boy he



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F O / M V D

Fogbound O'Toole

Makes Voters Drool

O'TOOLE HAS NO
SECRET FUNDS

O'TOOLE HAS NEVER
CHEATED ON TAXES

O'TOOLE HAS NEVER
EARNED ANY MONEY
TO PAY TAXES ON

But the public is hot for him

Follow the crowd!

Remember:

F O / M V D

wouldn't even take a mink out of his traps, much less carry it home. Why, onetime when the kids in school got up a fund to send Fog to the state band concert he refused to go unless he could choose his own music. And, though, just by accident, Fogbound did get mixed up with the that Plundergasket gang at the pool room, he wised up and took his cue down the street. Believe me, the only deep freeze he ever saw was the ice he broke in the pan to wash his feet before he went to school.

"Fogbound did his schoolwork all right but he didn't take up any of those fancy radical ideas. Out on the old gridiron is where Fog did his thinking.

"Fog could have had plenty of money from his father to go to college but he wouldn't take one thin dime. He worked his way through scraping hides at the tannery. He didn't just sit around reading books in his spare time either; he was in lots of important things—Student Council, Leopard Cuticles, Musket and

Ball. He was president of his fraternity, too, but that didn't stop him from seeing the gang at the tanpit.

"I guess Fog's war record would elect him alone. He spent the whole war overseas and there wasn't a day that he wasn't out defending that big, beautiful Old Glory that waves over us all. He was one of our boys in khaki who showed the whole world that America is God's country (*here Ed Kelly let a single tear roll down his cheek*). The war didn't harden him or hurt his Christianity any either. He killed 153 men singlehanded, but he stayed the same fine God-fearing American he's always been. The whole time he was overseas he took care of his outfit's mascot puppy.

"Fog came back from the war to the good old American way of life. He made a place for himself and now is running for President.

"If you and I go out and tell the people what kind of a man Fogbound O'Toole is, he can't help but have his feet propped up

on that White House desk come January. Tell the people what he is and they'll know what he'll do. Don't listen to any politicking talk about issues; just tell the people that Fog is a white, Protestant American. If some old maid voter won't let go of your lapel without talking some trivial issue, tell her that Fog settles every issue in the traditional American way.

"That's the American way and that's the kind of man Fog is. That's why you and I want to be O'Toole's tools.

"I thank you."

(At this there is a general standing up and heavy handed applauding and cigar lighting. The gold tooth chairman shakes hands with Ed Kelly and over the din of the crowd thanks the Committee on Speakers for their choice. Someone in the corner bangs out "Clementine" on a piano and all members leave.)

CURTAIN

Dear Dad,

Everything's fine at school. I'm getting lots of sleep and studying hard. Incidentally, I'm enclosing my fraternity bill.

Your son, Pudge.

Dear Pudge.

Don't buy any more fraternities your pop.

A Sigma Chi was trying to pick up a Suzie at a football game.

Suzie "Quit bothering me."

Sigma Chi: "Pardon me, I thought you were my mother."

Suzie: "I couldn't be, I'm married."

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

She: "Do you know what they are saying about me?"

He: "What do you think I'm here for?"

Little Boy: "Daddy what is a bachelor?"

Daddy: "A bachelor is a man who didn't have a car when he was in college."



My "Area of Concentration" is English Lit—What's yours?

Labor strains you;
Funds disappear;
Liquor trains you;

And dope feels queer;
Tobacco's awful;
Taxes are high;
Sex isn't lawful;
You might as well die.

French Prof.: "Le petit chose."
Student: "Mine?"

"Grandma, get out of the stable! You're too old to be horsing around."

"Waiter, there's a locomotive in my soup."

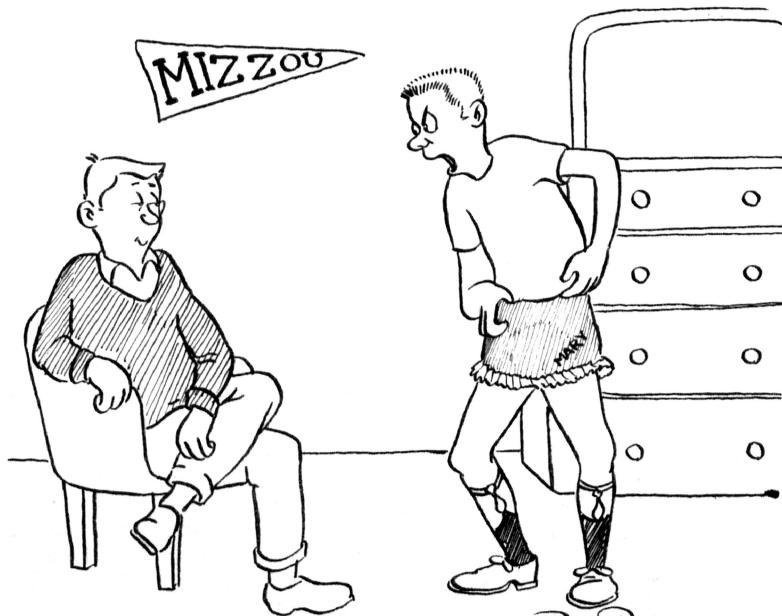
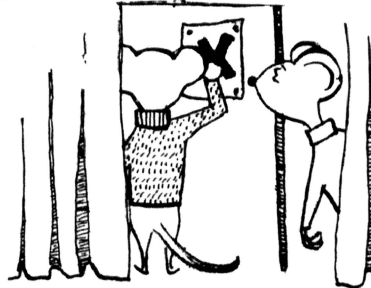
"Yes, sir, this is a training table."

Women must be braver than men—because they show so much more backbone.

Then there was the absent-minded professor who forgot to write a \$5 book to sell to his class.

Nurse: I think that college boy in 312 is regaining consciousness.
Doctor: Why, did he try to blow the foam off his medicine?

LATER THOUGHTS



All right wise guy—what would YOU do if you had suddenly accumulated 25 pairs of them?

Til Diplomas Do Us Part
(Continued from page 15)

"Wonderful! We'll leave for Pocahantas, Arkansas, right away!"

I sneaked Ruby into my car and drove as far as the highway when a sudden increase of traffic brought us to a stop. Both lanes were bulging with incoming vehicles, all packed with wild-looking boys and all with horns going full blast. Decals on the windshields proclaimed them from such widely diverse and strange places as Harvard, Duquesene University, Washington University and Kansas City Junior College.

"We've got to turn around," I told Ruby. "There isn't a chance in the world of getting anywhere on this highway."

I managed to break into the stream of traffic and once back in town, changed to a sidestreet and began on a roundabout way back to the fraternity house. Over the radio, our stunned ears heard:

"Tens of thousands of male

students from all over the nation have invaded Columbus to participate in the Collegiate-Marriage-Rush Week. The new University project has lost all semblance of order. A delegation from Cornell University has seized the student government offices and the new group has officially disbarred all University men from participating. Student President Seymour has taken his council to exile-headquarters in Lauder Hall. All... (A shattering of glass and a gurgle ended the broadcast)."

We made it as far as Donnelly in the car, and through the ruse of my wearing a letter-jacket pilfered from a polluted SMU man, walked unchallenged to Lauder. The atmosphere there was tense, but orderly. Olive-drab trucks were being loaded with frightened co-eds, as were many automobiles and coupled to the rear of the trucks were six 105mm. howitzers.

"It's Student General Seymour!

TENSHON!"

Waddling towards me, proud in his advanced ROTC uniform,

Seymour held out his hand and said, "Glad to have you with us, George. I'll make you a sergeant."

Things happened fast then. I learned the newcomers had caught everyone gathered at the gymnasium for the beginning of the second date. Our men had beaten them off, but at a tremendous cost, and retreated with a skeleton force to Lauder Hall.

Seymour told the staff his final plans that night. Gathering close around him, so we could hear his high, weak voice, we listened in silence.

"They'll probably come at dawn. We'll pull the guns out to the stadium and wait for them there. We haven't a chance, of course, with no live ammunition, but it will give the women time to evacuate Columbus on the back road. "Quincannon, (he turned to me. Quincannon isn't my name, of course, but John Wayne was Seymour's idol and there was always a Sgt. Quincannon in his cavalry pictures) you're in charge

(Continued on page 35)

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Fogbound O'Toole

Dean's List . . . Young Democrats . . . Young Republicans . . . Young Dis-
sipates . . . What's That in American Colleges and Universities . . . Pres-
ident of Free Beer Movement . . . Tippecanoe and O'Toole Too . . . 42
. . . One Shot, Missouri.



Girl of the Month...

Bek Steiner

Miss Mizzou ... Empress d'Hink ... Coming Home Queen ... Chairman, Young O'Toole Club ... Pep Club ... Copa Cutie ... Outstanding Public Attraction selected by C. of C. ... Running Mate from O'Toole ... 24 ... Ohio.



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For Steaks
the way you like'em
**ERNIE'S
 STEAK HOUSE**
 1005 Walnut



Definitions

Conscience—Something that gets a lot of credit that belongs to cold feet.

Sympathy—What one girl offers another for details.

One-legged virgin — Hop-a-long Chastity.

Low neckline—Something you can approve of and look down at at the same time.

Professor—One who talks in other people's sleep.

Election year: When the nearest thing to the jawbone of an ass may be a microphone.

College: The place where one learns what the boss will want him to forget.

"Is your daddy home, sonny?"
 "No, sir, he hasn't been home since mother caught Santa Claus kissing the maid."

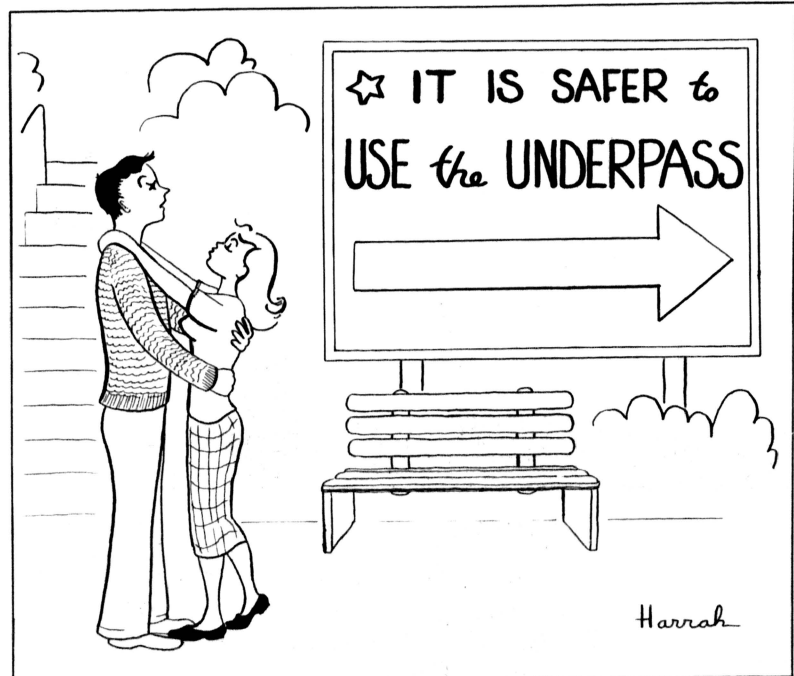
Alice: What's your father's occupation, Bill?
 Bill: My father's a cop, but I'm no flop.
 Alice: Well, my father's a banker but I'm no Quaker.
 Fred: Huh! My father's a chauffeur, but I'm no loafer.
 Helen: Er, ah...my fathers' a surgeon.

"Tell me, how did you get Junior to eat olives?"

"It was simple—I started him on martinis."



Then there was the sailor who was discharged and sent back to the States because he talked in his sleep. They sent him home to mutter.



Harrah

Til Diplomas Do Us Part

(Continued from page 31)

of getting the girls out of here. Don't leave them no matter what.'

"I won't fail you," I said choking a little.

Ruby and I were bouncing away from the stadium in the rear of a 2½ ton truck when I caught my last glimpse of Seymour. He was standing by a howitzer, the light from a camp fire flickering dramatically on his chubby face. Above his men's soft humming of 'Fight, Jaguars, Fight', I heard his last words to me.

"Make them remember me, George. And tell them that not even now, at the last, do I feel bitterness because not a single one of them would sign a rush date with me!"

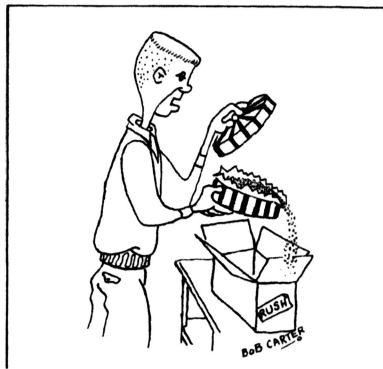
THE END

First Rabbit: My old man is in jail. He signed somebody else's name to a check to pay for my birth.

Second Rabbit: Oh, I see. You're a hare to your father's forgin'.

* * *

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



Oh Boy, cookies from home.

Girls who give up all their time
To write a stuffy thesis
May have to give up love and joy
And be content with nieces.

* * *

Waitress (looking at nickel tip left by guest): "What are you trying to do, Big Boy, seduce me?"



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S.A.E., looking through telescope:
 "Gawd."
 Another: "Aw, g'wan; it isn't
 that powerful."

* * *

A woman who was to be blessed with an addition to her family asked her little 6 year old son what he would like next Christmas. To her delight the little boy answered, "I'd like to have a baby brother." As it happened, the brother arrived just at Christmas time, and everybody was happy about it. During the following year, the mother again asked the lad the same question to which he replied, "Well, if it won't put you outa shape, I'd like a pony."

* * *



"If any one knows any reason why this man should not marry this lady let him now speak, or forever hold his peace."
 Voice from the rear: "That's no lady, that's my wife."

* * *

Senior: "Don't let your mind wander, mister!"
 Freshman: "Why not?"
 Senior: "It's too weak to be out alone."

* * *

He: "Please."
 She: "No."
 He: "Just this once."
 She: "I said no."
 He: "Aw, gee ma, all the rest of the kids are going barefoot!"

* * *

John stopped the car, turned off the lights and the key and moved toward his date, as a bo approaches a desired feast.

She: "You aren't pulling that 'out-of-gas' routine, are you?"

John: "No, this is the 'here-after' routine."

She: "Whats that?"

John: "If you aren't here after what I'm here after, you'll be here after I'm gone!"

* * *

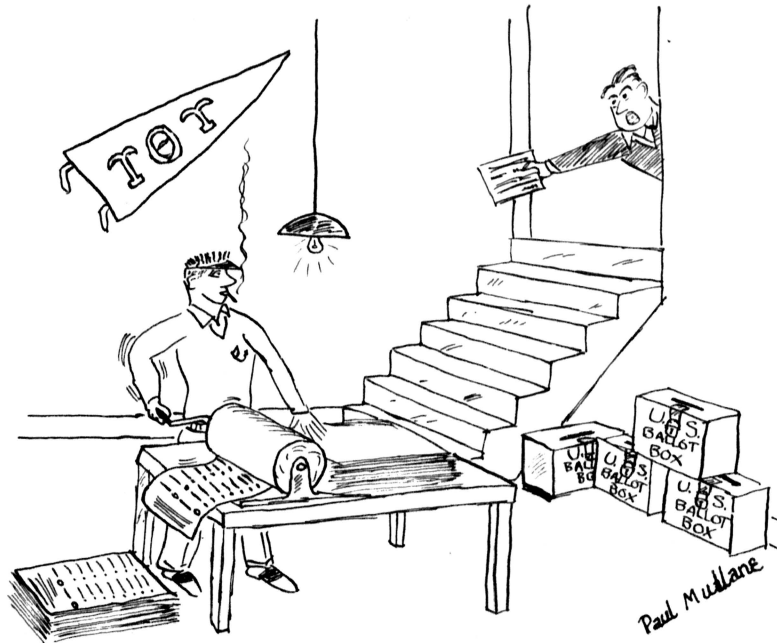
A small boy's head bobbed up over the garden wall and a meek little voice said, "Please, Miss Brown, may I have my arrow?"

"Certainly, young man, where is it?"

"I think it's stuck in your cat."

Call
Troy Newman

7442
 to see
Balfour
 Jewelry
 Order
 Christmas
 Favors
 and
 Gifts
 Now



Stop the press—that alum's name was Andy not Adlai.

Infants play with their toes,
 Babies play with their curls;
 Schoolboys play with their tops;
 Collegians take out girls.

* * *

"Did you get home all right after the beer party last night?"

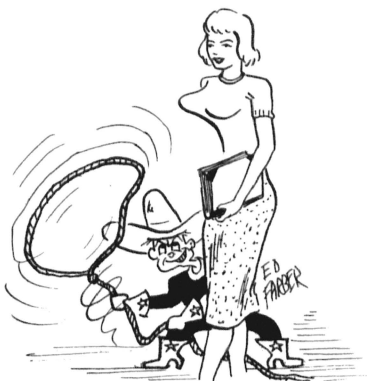
"Fine, thanks, except that just as I was turning the corner by the Teke house, somebody stepped on my fingers."

* * *

"Was her father surprised when you said you wanted to marry her?"

"Surprised—why the gun nearly fell out of his hands."

* * *



"I know a man who has been spending every evening home."

"That's what I call love."

"The doctor calls it paralysis."

* * *

Real estate agent: "Now here's a house without a flaw."

Harvard grad: "What on earth do you walk on?"

* * *

Conversation between a Greek tailor and a customer:

"Euripides?"

"Eumenides."

* * *

Policeman: (to pedestrian just struck by an M.U. student)—

"Did you get his number?"

Victim: "No, but I'd recognize his laugh any place."

Two Rings That Lock As One!

ROYAL BLUE DIAMONDS
 exquisitely set in



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One of Our Most Beautiful Designs.

See why FEATURE LOCK Rings are the pride of Miss and Mrs. U.S.A.

THIS...

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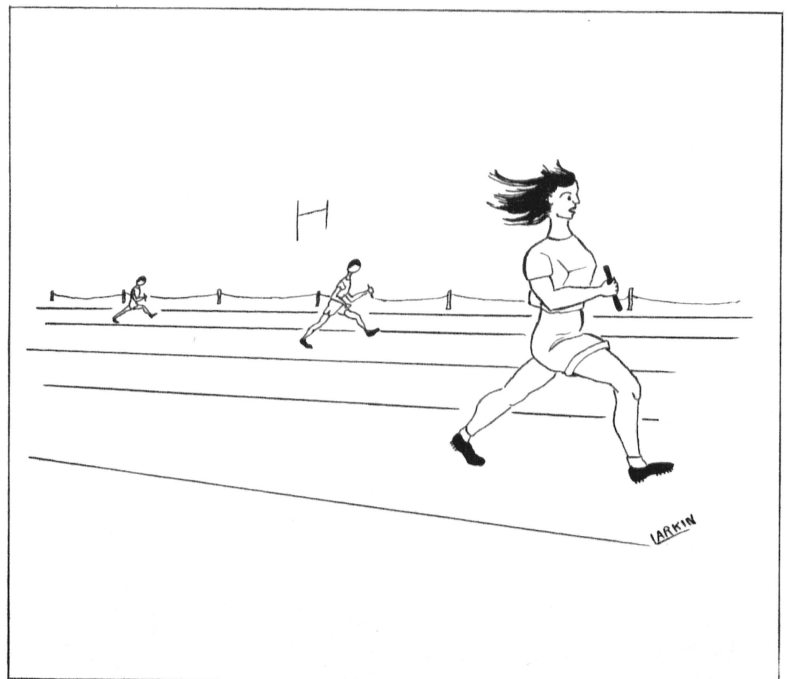
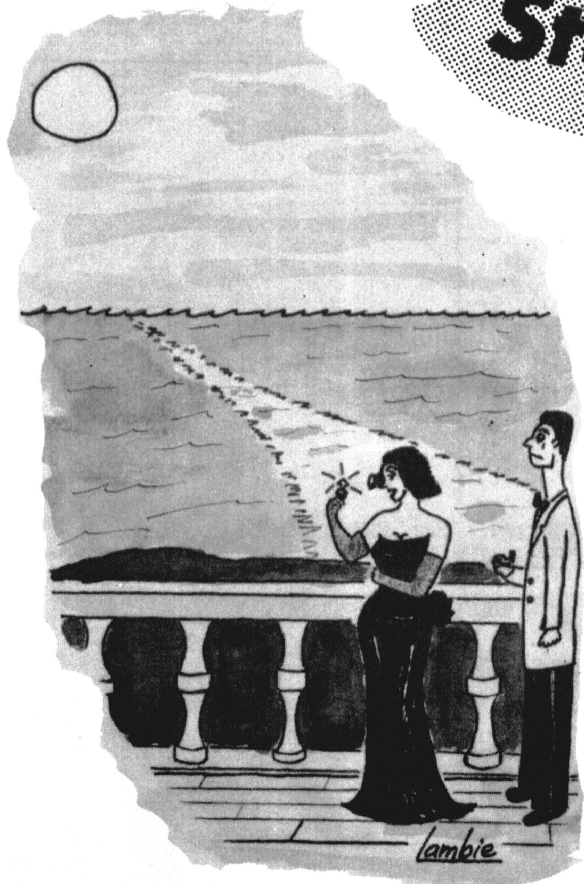


All Right, and how about answering some questions concerning your own private expense account?



..Mentally Clean and Morally Straight. No Thank you, Ma'am.

Stuff

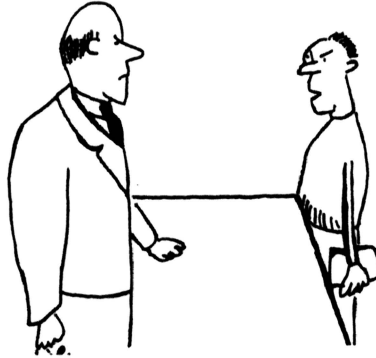


"Go You Mother!"



"Mama, daddy isn't like other men, is he?"
 "Why do you ask, my child?"
 "Well he just got tired of waiting for an elevator and went down the shaft without one."

Wife: "Goodness, George, this is not our baby. This is the wrong carriage."
 Hubby: "Shut up. This is a better carriage."



The doctor came out of the bedroom to the anxious wife. "Frankly," he said, "I don't like the way your husband looks at all."

"I don't either, Doc," the wife replied, "but he's nice to the kids."

This is a joke told to me by a gentleman. I know he is a gentleman because he came out of a door that said so.

John: Let's get married or something.

Marsha: Let's get married or nothing!

Once a King always a King, but once a Knight is enough.

Junior: Let me have some money
 Pop: What did you do with the dime I gave you last week?
 Junior: I spent it.
 Pop: What are you doing—keeping a woman?



**DON'T
 Think Before
 YOU VOTE
 VOTE
 O'TOOLE**

This is the man who can get rid of the "mess in Washington." Fogbound O'Toole says, "I will lend-lease it to England."

**Can You Still
 Like Ike?**

**Can You Still
 Be Mad
 About Ad?**

NO!

**Don't Even
 Consider It**

**VOTE
 O'TOOLE**



never
compare
a
star
with
a
stand-in

compare

Don Richards

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have ever worn.

The colors—Oxford, Cam-
bridge, Grey, Surry, Brown
and Avon Blue.

\$55

NEUKOMMS

22 South 9th
on the Strollway



contributors page

PHOTO BY RANDY VANET

barbara middleton



This young refugee from an advertising contract first came to *Showme* when Dean Mott said, "It pays to advertise." (or at least someone said it.) Since that fateful day, she has been a blonde daze in the *Showme* office, thrusting her original layouts upon anyone who so much as glanced twice.

Her friends call her "Middle" which can mean anything you damn please, and, once upon a time she had a burning ambition, just like everyone else. She wanted to play the piano underwater, but when the Australian Crawl stymied her, she had to give up the idea.

When Barbara turns those big blue eyes on bashful store owners, they usually forget economy and common sense and buy at least 1/9 of a page. At this rate "Middle" will be a millionairess by the year 2238.

When she isn't scampering down Broadway, followed by track coach, Tom Botts with a stop watch, "Middle" usually drops off for a bite to eat at the Delta Gamma house. It is said that she sleeps there, too, but this is only rumor. She is 20 years old (just missed voting for O'Toole by 25 days), and lives in Kansas City, (which is not very original, but what do you want for 118 pounds?)

joe gold

Comes a groan, a long piercing look, and then from the very depths... "Who cut my copy." This is Joe Gold, prolific *Showme* feature editor who turns out copy faster than rabbits multiply. Joe who calls the Empire State home, came to ol' Mizzou for journalism, but changed his mind along the way. He now buys philosophy texts.

Lanky Joe turned up in *Showme's* hallowed halls four semesters back when Jerry Smith was at the helm, and has been pounding Swami's typewriter ever since. A spark at any gag meeting, he usually speaks a few quiet words from the corner that nine times out of ten turn out to be funnier than an Olson and Johnson comedy.

Joe also hangs out in the SGA office... it's purdier than ours since they moved to the Union... where he heads the public welfare committee. As guardian of student welfare, all Joe wants to know is... "who is there to look after me."



Joe hangs out behind a typewriter at Defoe Hall, looks young for 21, and smokes Herbert Tarreyton's to be discriminating.



Grab Your Boy, Coach, He's Heading Off Downstream

WELL, WELL, there goes Roscoe—with a smile on his face—walking into the jaws of virus X. He spends all year long training and building up big muscles to make the team. And here he is fresh out of the shower plodding his way homeward, his hair glistening in the moonlight.

Come on over here, Roscoe, and let me explain some of the facts of life. The team needs you, son! And the best way to crump out on it is to wander around without a hat. Especially after a shower.

A hat, my friend, is as important to your health as an overcoat or a pair of shoes. Maybe more so. Your head needs warmth and protection. Let it get cold and the rest of you has to work like a horse warming it up. Nature is more concerned about your skull than any other part of your body.

So put on a hat and you'll be doing yourself a double favor: you'll look better and you'll feel better, too!

"Wear a Hat—It's as Healthy as It's Handsome!"

These fine hat labels have published this advertisement in the interests of good grooming and good health of American men.



DOBBS 

CAVANAGH 

KNOX 

BERG 

BYRON 

C&K 

DUNLAP 

Divisions of the Hat Corporation of America—Makers of Fine Hats for Men and Women

...*But only Time will Tell*



LOOK AT HER! A 300 BOWLER!

A CLEAN STRIKE! BOY, HAVE I GOT A PARTNER!

HUH! NOTHING TO THIS GAME!

HOW CAN THEY TELL SO SOON? TAKE IT FROM AN ALLEY CAT... ONLY HER FORM'S GOOD!

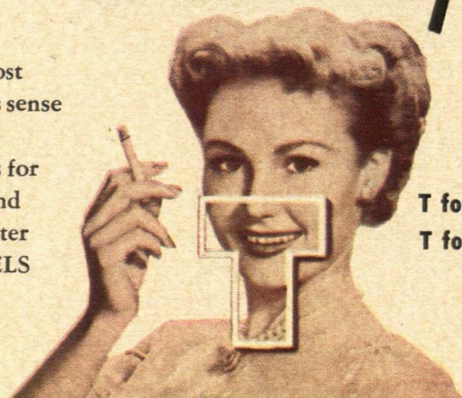
ONLY TIME WILL TELL HOW GOOD A BOWLER WILL BE. AND ONLY TIME WILL TELL HOW MILD AND GOOD TASTING A CIGARETTE CAN BE! TAKE YOUR TIME... MAKE THE SENSIBLE 30-DAY CAMEL MILDNESS TEST. SEE HOW CAMELS SUIT YOUR THROAT AS YOUR STEADY SMOKE!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

Test CAMELS in your "T-zone" for 30 days!



CAMELS are America's most popular cigarette. It makes sense to test them as your *steady* smoke. Smoke only Camels for thirty days. See how rich and flavorful they are—pack after pack! See how mild CAMELS are—week after week!



T for Taste—
T for Throat

CAMEL leads all other brands by billions of cigarettes!