



# MISSOURI Showme



JOHN TRIMBLE

HANGOVER ISSUE

MAY 1949

25¢



# Camels FOR MILDNESS!



*Gene Bearden*

Voted the "Rookie of the Year" in the American League with an earned run average of 2.43, Gene was the pitching hero of the '48 World Series...stepping out on the mound to wrap up two big climax games for the Cleveland Indians.

*Johnny Vander Meer*

After many seasons with the Cincinnati Reds, he has more strikeouts to his record than any pitcher on the Club. Vander Meer is the only big leaguer to pitch two "no-hit" games in a row.



I'VE SMOKED  
**CAMELS** FOR  
10 YEARS, GENE!  
THEY'RE **MILD**  
AND THEY SURE  
TASTE GREAT!

RIGHT, VAN! IT'S  
**CAMELS** FOR  
ME, TOO—EVER  
SINCE I MADE  
THE **30-DAY**  
MILDNESS TEST!

In a recent test of hundreds of people who smoked only Camels for 30 days, noted throat specialists, making weekly examinations, reported

## NOT ONE SINGLE CASE OF THROAT IRRITATION due to smoking **CAMELS**



● Have YOU made the popular Camel 30-Day Test? The doctors' findings in the recent coast-to-coast test of Camel mildness speak for themselves. But why not make your own personal 30-day test of Camel Mildness?

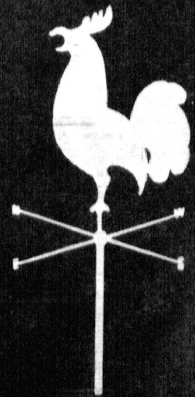
Yes, smoke Camels and test them in your "T-Zone" (T for taste, T for throat). Let your own taste tell you about the rich, full flavor of Camel's choice tobaccos. Let your own throat report on Camel's cool, cool mildness.

### *Money-Back Guarantee!*

Try Camels and test them as you smoke them. If, at any time, you are not convinced that Camels are the mildest cigarette you ever smoked, return the package with the unused Camels and we will refund its full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

America's favorite warm-weather suit...

WEATHERVANES



*tailored by*  
**Handmacher**

**Harzfeld's**

BROADWAY AT TENTH



CHARLES PRICE      PETERSON PHOTO

*Fellas, for  
that photo-  
graph  
you've  
always  
wanted  
call us.*

## Peterson Studio

911 Broadway



# Breisch's

**RESTAURANT**  
9th and Locust

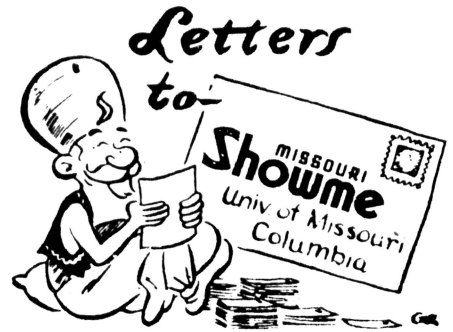
Table Service

Counter Service

Caterer Service

**DIAL 7381**

COMPLETELY AIR-CONDITIONED



... somebody was kind enough to put me on your mailing list last fall and I've been enjoying *Showme* ever since. Many thanks. Incidentally, I have lunch frequently with Homer Croy, who was your first editor back in the Stone Age. Me, I worked on the Michigan *Gargoyle* staff several centuries later—and ago, it seems like.

Cordially,  
Gurney Williams  
Humor Editor,  
*Collier's*

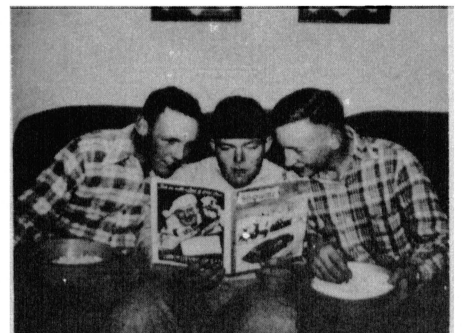
... due to circumstances beyond my control, a copy of the "Queen Edition" of *Showme* fell into my hands. After eagerly reading the pictures and having my kid sister (she's a sophomore in high school) explain the jokes, I came to the conclusion that I enjoyed the issue very much. Several other alums perused the edition; when they finally lowered their eyebrows, they agreed with me. . . .

Yours truly,  
Dorothy Silverman  
Kansas City

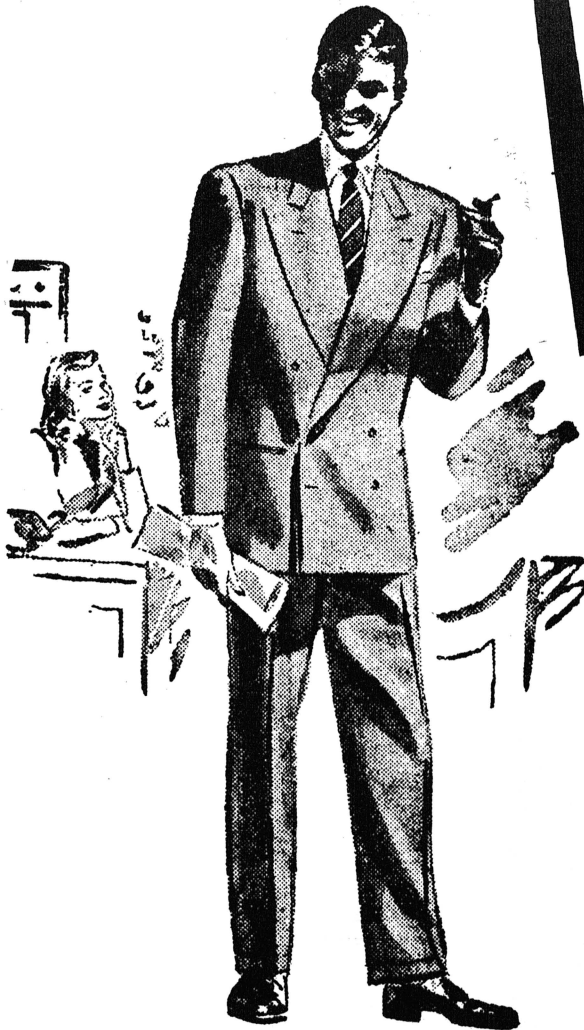
... I would like information regarding a subscription to your magazine. As I am a sophomore in high school, I really enjoy your magazine, jokes, cartoons, etc.

Enclosed is a picture of two high school students and a college man showing deep interest in your mag.

Yours truly,  
Richard McCowan  
Mexico, Missouri



TO THE  
**CLASS OF '49**

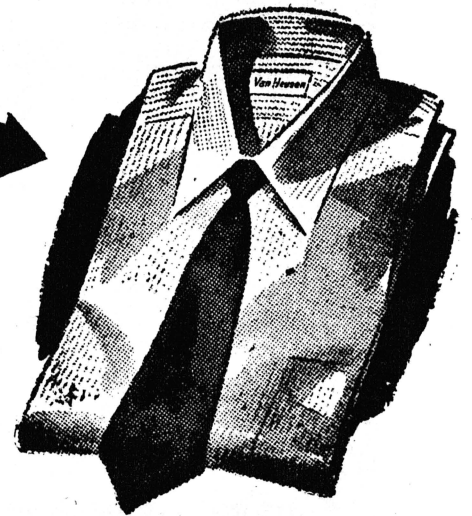


The Management and Staff of Puckett's Wish to Congratulate and Wish Godspeed to the Class of 1949. In Addition, We Wish to Thank All of You for Your Patronage During the Year.

To Undergraduates, We Can Assure the Same Service and High Quality Merchandise for the Coming Year. A Happy Vacation to You All.

**FOR COMFORT**

Van Heusen Airweave Shirts designed for comfort on warm and humid days.



**STYLE AND COMFORT**

For that all important day and for your entrance into the world of business . . . dress smartly in a suit styled by Eagle, Strathmore, Stylemart, or Clipper-Craft.

*Puckett's*

**OF COURSE**

**News**  
FROM PLAZA LIQUORS

**REALLY LOADED** with supplies for any kind of party are these patrons of the Plaza. They could phone 2674 for free delivery, but would rather, see the big available variety themselves. And they like their cigarettes at \$1.37 a carton . . . also the Plaza's new price on cold beer, three in a package. Plenty of parking space

**Plaza**

EAST OF THE CORONADO      ON HIGHWAY 40

*Next Year's Editor*



**Photograph by Julie's Studio**

With the completion of this issue, Bill Gabriel moves into the pilot's seat on Swami's magic carpet. Gabe, whose centerspreads and cartoons have become increasingly popular during the last three years, is the senior member of the staff. He's been a mainstay for the art department since the fall of 1946, and he's been art editor, associate editor, assistant editor—and now editor-in-chief.

Above the line of these duties, Bill's been the chief illustrator for humorous stories and the top gag man. Incidentally, he says one of his high school ambitions was to work on a college humor magazine.

A native of Lakewood, Ohio—which makes him a rabid Cleveland Indian fan—Bill will receive a degree in advertising from the School of Journalism next February. He's a member of Alpha Delta Sigma, national advertising fraternity and Kappa Sigma social fraternity.

**Sales Managers**

Homer Ball  
Don Murray  
Jim McCue

**Sales Staff**

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Tom Mills  
Herman Kohlman  
Ed Nieshoff  
Jim Rayfield  
George Bollman  
Merrill Toms  
Dick Moran  
Bob Smith  
Babette Grimes  
Dave Fairfield  
Walter Cliffe  
Roger Bell

*Christian College Representative*

Kit McKartney



# MISSOURI SHOWME

## HANGOVER ISSUE

YOUR CAMPUS HUMOR MAGAZINE

Dear Reader:

This, the "Hangover Issue," winds things up for the year. We've tried to put in a little of everything...especially cartoons. Since last September, Gabe has been clipping cartoons from our exchanges, and we think he's picked about the funniest of what we've seen.

The idea for the centerspread goes back to the days of Mort' Walker -- in fact, Saul Gellerman wrote the poems last year. We've been waiting all year to use them in this issue.

Well, we've had a great time trying to get out a magazine that would please everyone, and we're looking forward to taking up next year where we leave off now.

Of course, there'll be changes... Phil Sparano, our little business manager for almost three years; ad manager, cartoonist, photo-man. John Trimble; and feature editor Frank Lambie all graduate.

And before we close up shop, we'd like to give back the stacks of manuscripts we're holding. They'll be in our office...304 Read Hall.

Best wishes for a happy summer...

*Richard R. Sanders*

### STAFF

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*Business Manager*  
Phil Sparano

*Ass't. Bus. Mgr.*  
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*ATOM bombs can hardly equal  
The headaches of final exams;  
"I need three points," the student cries  
And crams and crams and crams.*



# Around the Columns

## Overheard

On the steps of Jesse: "Well, if I can't find a job, I can always come back to school."

## May

Brilliant greens . . . welcome flowers . . . warming breezes . . . last fling at the books . . . last fling at campus partying for a while . . . a little nostalgic, perhaps . . . just damned glad, most likely . . . won't be long now . . . guess we can hold out a few more weeks . . . and then those finals . . . May . . . radiant exuberance . . . carefree parties . . . but wonder who I'll date this summer . . . and wonder who I'll date next fall . . . saying "so long" for the summer . . . don't forget to write, Jack . . . sure won't . . . and don't forget to call when you get in town . . . we'll have a big time . . . vacant promises . . . I'll write . . . I'll call ya . . . May . . . last tramp around the columns . . . a diploma to be buried in the attic for years . . . best of luck, Bob . . . hope you get that job . . . and don't forget to look up so-and-so when you get there—he's a great guy . . . sure won't . . . see you . . . see ya . . .

## You Can't Beat 'Em

We were chatting the other day with a friend who's generally pretty lucky at the gaming tables and similar sports. We happened to mention that we're getting pretty anxious for summer, so we can get out of Columbia and get down where we can drop a nickel or two in a slot machine. Well, our friend just shook his head and smiled. Then he patiently explained the following, which has made us wonder a little as to the advisability

of our summer plans.

There is an estimated 30 billion dollar loss to gambling annually, he told us. And of this rather staggering figure, 50% is taken in by the slot machines. On the other hand, the safest place to lose your money is at the dice tables, which take only 1½ to 2 per cent.

From here we branched into a general discussion of betting odds. We learned that some eager expert had gone to the trouble of finding out how accurate the major handicappers had been during the past year. They weren't so hot. If you had started with \$100 and bet \$2 on every race they picked—about 15,000—, you would have ended up \$16 poorer.

As a parting bit of advice, our friend told us to let the other fellow do the calling, the next time we started flipping coins. It seems that seven out of ten persons will call heads, and any statistics major knows that heads will only turn up five out of ten times.

Now we're wondering if any accurate figures have been compiled on

shuffleboard and pin ball. Looks like the handicappers may be overlooking a good bet.

## Female Noses

Here's a boost to waning male supremacy. Psychologists recently have discovered that feminine olfactory organs aren't all they could be. At least, they found that to be the case with those attending college and familiar with perfumes. These psychologists tested a large group of female students. And the girls identified only about a fourth of eight common floral odors presented. The common rose was called everything from cold cream to lemon verbena. Only one of the guinea pigs could identify jasmine, and none recognized geranium.

But what's more important—at least to fellows who are planning on giving the little woman perfume for graduation or a going-away gift—only about half of these girls could tell the difference between an inexpensive perfume and a costly variety. So, if you can determine the acuteness of the sweetie's smeller, you may be able to save yourself some money.

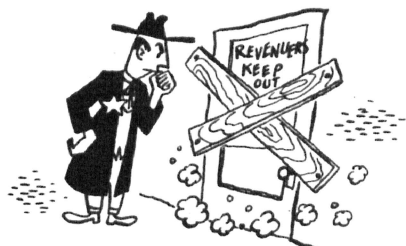
A few weeks ago, the *New Yorker* took a dig at the lofty names attached to perfumes. More recently, they report that a St. Louis woman has been billed for "I perfume Vile." They didn't mention the price, or what the woman thought of the perfume.

Our conclusion is that regardless of these crusaders, women probably will continue to buy the most repugnant liquid in the smallest bottle for the highest price.



### More Ice Packs

We noticed a very small item in a paper the other day which seemed rather pertinent to the "Hangover Issue." The federal government had just discovered that there was 36 per cent more moonshining in 1948 than there had been in 1949. (We glanced south to the Missouri hills and pon-



dered.) It did strike us that the almost 206 million gallons of tax-free moonshine produce adds up to one heck of a hangover. We're wondering if there was any comparable increase in aspirin sales for the same period.

### The Golden Rule

As usually happens in the mad scramble to get back to Columbia in time for classes after a holiday vacation, the busses and the bus stations at the extremities of the state were somewhat overcrowded the Monday after Easter. We were caught in the St. Louis melee, but after a bit of deft pushing and shoving, we finally secured a seat on a west-bound vehicle.

We immediately hid ourselves behind a paper, an act to sooth our

conscience by making us oblivious to those who were desperately looking for a seat. A few had decided to stand for the trip, but the driver soon announced that there'd be no standing room on this run.

This announcement brought on an extended plea from one of the standees in the front. He just had to catch this bus—class at 1:30—negative hours. As we peered sympathetically over the top of our paper, a fellow in the first seat got up, took his bags from the rack, and said, "Here, take this seat—I don't have anything until late this afternoon."

Now we're thinking that there may be a human being or two left in this world after all.

### Second Childhood

We thought we'd seen some darn silly shenanigans around Columbia-town, but we've never bumped into anything quite like the exhibition we saw in St. Louis recently. We were seated in a snug, usually quiet bar, trying to enjoy a constantly blurring television screen. However, behind us were three tables of "girls"—40 and over—out for an evening.

Of course, being "girls" out for an evening, they had to giggle and guffaw. And, of course, each of them had to make at least three trips to a local palmist (more giggles and guffaws). And, of course, each had to enjoy a drink or two.

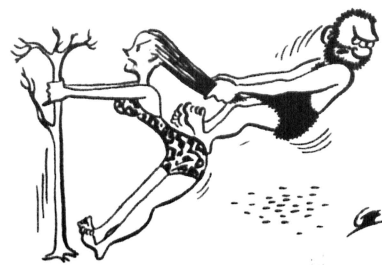
They didn't have to decorate hats with silverware or don catsup-stained tablecloths and parade around their tables. But they did.

Now, we're thinking that a Missouri co-ed, balancing a beer on her head, and singing the "Muffet Man," is almost sedate in comparison.

### Provincialism, Maybe???

We're not sure whose business it is—Columbia's or the state of Missouri's—, but we think someone connected with streets or roads ought to take a little drive out in the vicinity of south Highway 63. If they'll turn onto the Ashland Gravel Road by Bob's Texaco Service and then slow down just before they come to the bridge, they'll see a small white sign on the right side of the road. In large letters, black and deliberate, is the warning:

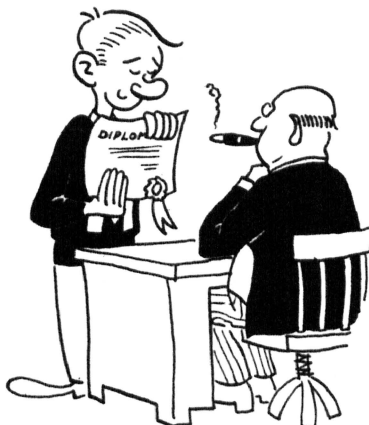
NAROW  
BRIDGE



### Democracy at Work

We're watching with hopeful interest a patriotic plan conceived by Columbia's Junior Chamber of Commerce. Their idea is to help sell democracy by an intensive advertising campaign. Pointing out that of the millions of dollars spent every day on advertising, little if any derides

POP  
MINN  
ZOU



a competitor, the Junior Chamber is attempting to get the idea of democracy before the world—and our own country—by a positive approach.

To implement the idea, they're offering merchants a shield to incorporate the four freedoms, and the words "Democracy is a good idea. Back it! Sell it!" The Chamber is offering to send mats or proofs of the shield to other chapters throughout the state and country for use by their advertisers.

### Here Comes the Bride

With June, the traditional wedding month, just around the corner, we dug into Cupid's archives and came up with some whys and wherefores of wedding traditions.

Back in the Stone Age, we learned, women didn't particularly care for men, so the young swain, if he were to have a mate, had to carry her off by brute force. He often needed helpers, who, through the ages, have evolved into the present-day best man. By the same token, the bride had numerous, though sometimes apathetic, protectors—and these are today's bridesmaids. Some authorities say the custom of throwing shoes dates back to these 'robber' days, but, of course, the missiles were more potent than a misguided hunk of leather.

Others say the sailing shoe represents the transfer of authority from the father to the bridegroom.

Well, as folks became more civilized, this fighting for brides resolved into a bartering affair. The security put up by the bridegrooms put up was called "wed". Later on, as the world became more civilized—or when the ratio of men to women was like pre-war M.U.—, fathers attempted to make their daughters more attractive by offering extra inducements in the form of a dowry or trousseau—which charming custom has fortunately remained with us.

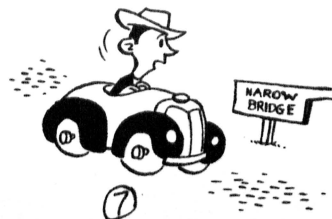
Flower girls are said to be emblems of productivity. Years ago, little



"My God... What do we do now?"

themselves a symbol of a fruitful union, preceded the wedding party. Rice throwing is just another expression of the same idea. Earlier, any grain was used, but practice has evolved. The wedding veil originated with the Egyptians, the Hindus, and the Arabs. These people never let the poor bridegroom get so much as a

Recently *Showme*, with the help of KFRU and several sponsors, has undertaken to give Columbia an extra hour of broadcast time. This new venture, tagged *Showme Partytime*, is on the air from midnight Saturdays until one a.m. We play records—lots of the old standbys of a few years back—, we talk very little, and that's it. Why don't you give a listen next Saturday, and let us know what you think.



peek at his prospective spouse—before it was too late.

This arrangement is something like our blind-date custom—except with permanent after effects.

### SUMMER ADDRESS

During the summer months, address all communications to:

Editor

Missouri *Showme*

1471 Arthur Avenue

Lakewood 7, Ohio

If you have suggestions or contributions for next year, we'll be glad to hear from you.



## CANDIDLY MIZZOU

*End of the Whirl*

**BEAUTY AND BEAST** combinations sometimes occur, even at M. U. But on the local scene, beauty doesn't even wait for Hair-breath Harry to pull off a rescue. Instead, this particular beast gets a Bronx cheer from well-postured Ann Auld. Shaggy boy is Jim Higgins, party issue promoter. Said he: "Fangs anyway."

JOHN TRIMBLE—SHOWME



■ SINCLAIR ROGERS—SHOWME

**CROWN PRINCESS** makes the little fishes feel at home by raising the bottle in its most exalted use; a christening. The question: who is it all for, the fish in or out of the pond?



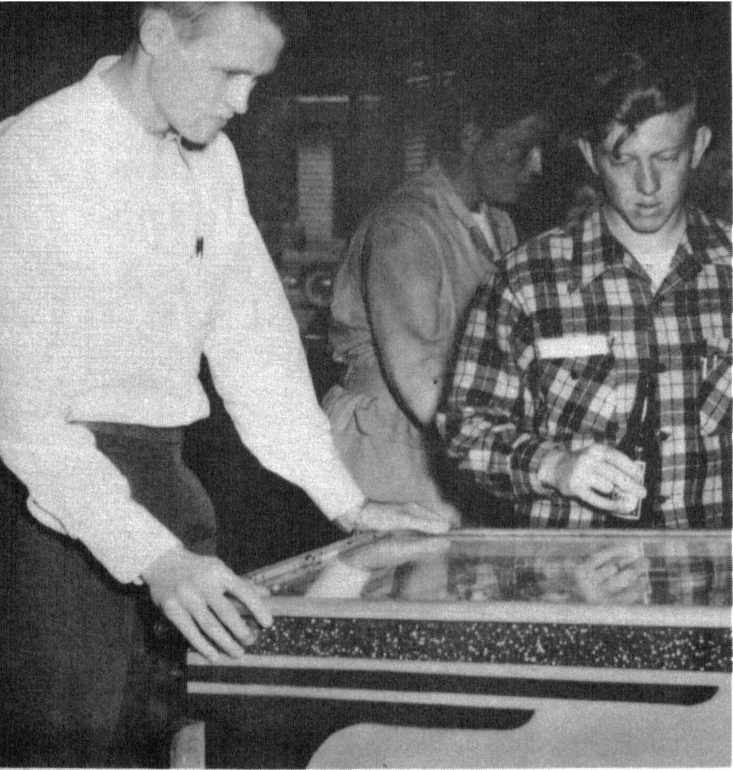
■ KEN NEVAR

**TIGER PITCHER** Bob Smith is an Ag Junior from Clarence, Mo. Drivers passing Memorial Stadium who hear a denting clunk overhead will know that some batter caught a piece of one.



■ SINCLAIR ROGERS—SHOWME

**TYCOON MAKERS** from the Business and Public Administration faculty desert cigars ("Gimme the biggest and blackest ya got") to pursue a few laughs during business week. Future wheels behind the wheels of trade wore top hats and the comfortable demeanor of veteran proprietors. Communist threat on the European front or not, the capitalists partied unapprehensively.



JACK ORGAN

**SHUFFLEBOARD** finds people spin-sliding small metal disks up and down a long table while pinball receipts diminish. A recent game allegedly included one player kicking another in the derriere to distract him; the latter clobbering his irritator and municipal custody for both of them. The pinball machine pays its fraternity house's electricity bill.

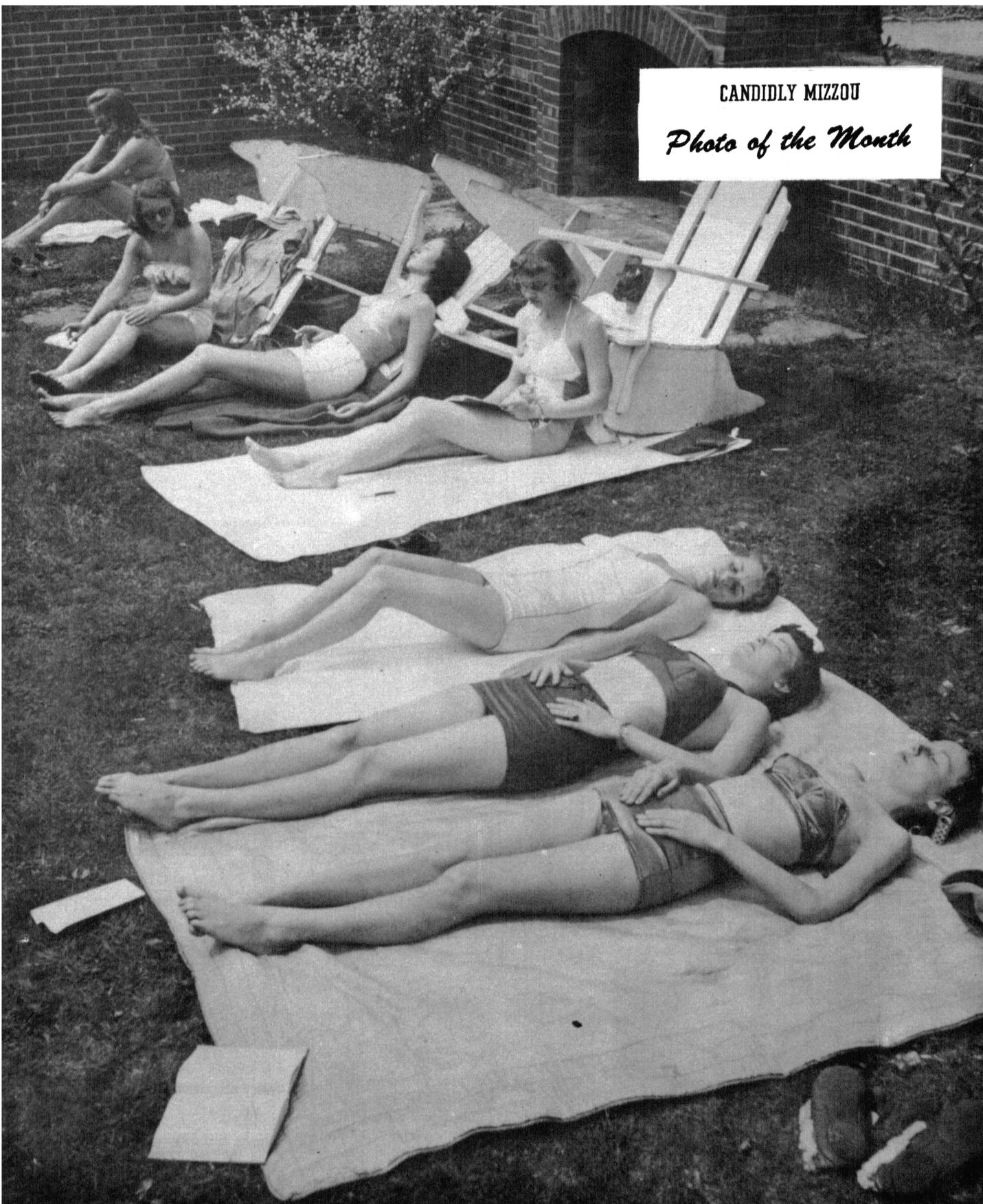


JIM SWETNAM

**LIFE MAGAZINE** photographer Peter Stackpole, who makes a specialty of U. S. campus coverage, once again took M. U. to readers of Life. With movies carrying most of the load, millions of Americans can remain forever ignorant of the fact that college is the most time-consuming institution ever devised by man. Its only virtue: girls who can read and write.

CANDIDLY MIZZOU

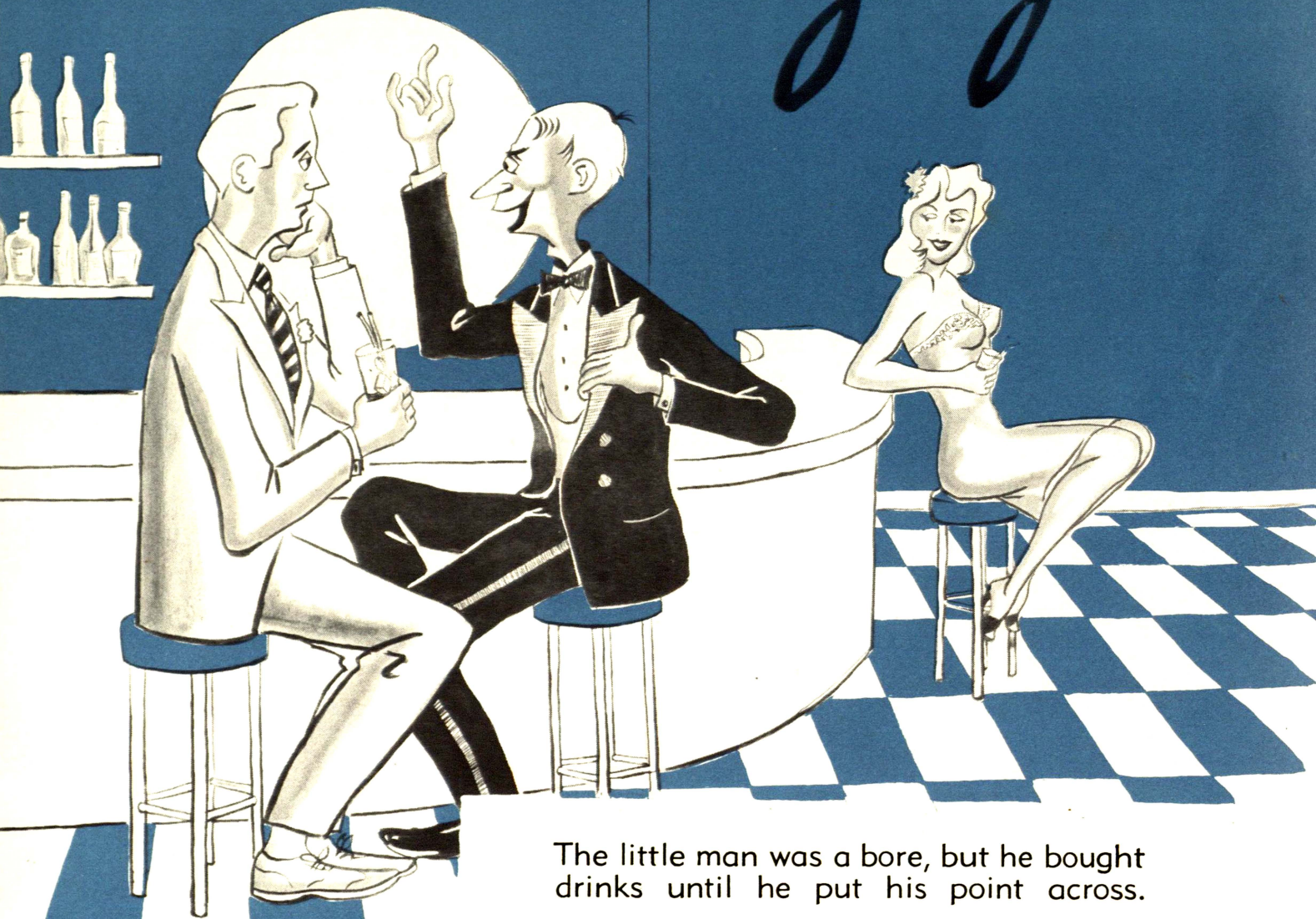
*Photo of the Month*



**SUN FLOWERS** turn golden tan prepping for the summer swim. When this cluster hits the beach, skirt lengths and such will be immaterial to nearby menfolk, who between dips will tire nervous systems and strain eyes in bemused visual appreciation. This seasonal occurrence makes non-aquatic operators understandingly resentful—until they imitate.

SINCLAIR ROGERS—SHOWME

# The Most Amazing...



The little man was a bore, but he bought drinks until he put his point across.

by Jerry Smith

*I*'M the most amazing man you ever saw."

I looked away from the gorgeous blonde seated across the room, who I had been giving the eye for the last ten minutes. The little man settled his emaciated body on the stool next to mine.

"The most amazing," he repeated, paying for the Zanzibar that the bartender had just brought me. I smiled at him.

"Is that so?"

"Yes," he said, returning the smile.

His thin, boney face almost split under the strain. "You know," he went on, "people are always saying that a person should just be himself. They say that's the way to be successful."

"Well." I glanced back at the blonde and caught her eye. She gave me a look to freeze hell and I decided that I had wasted a valuable ten minutes.

"But I discovered early in life that I didn't possess the characteristics or abilities to be a success."

"That's too bad." I decided that this would be a long lecture and be-

gan drinking the Zanzibar hurriedly, hoping that perhaps he would buy me another one.

"I discovered this very early in life, when I was a mere youngster." He paused dramatically. I wondered if I was supposed to applaud.

"So," he continued, "I decided to be someone else."

"That was quite an idea."

"Very successful too," he admitted, brushing a bit of lint from his immaculate tuxedo with one delicate finger. "I was raised in a somewhat rough neighborhood, you know. The boys wouldn't let me play ball with them, or join the gang, until I became someone else."

"So?"

"So, I became Ty Cobb," he said triumphantly.

"Is zat so?" I turned and looked at the gorgeous blonde. She was adjusting her stockings and I decided that perhaps I should waste another ten minutes.

"Of course, as soon as I became Ty Cobb, every team in the neighborhood wanted me on their side. I was terrific." He tapped his jaw with a finger, causing a dull 'plonking' sound.

"I'll bet you were," I said, finishing my Zanzibar and signaling the bartender.

"Then I was Jim Thorpe for a while and for two weeks I was Red Grange."

"Well." The bartender deposited another Zanzibar before me and the little man immediately tossed a bill to him. I smiled and decided to forego the blonde and give this midget skeleton my undivided attention.

"I really wasn't very many people while I was young. I hadn't developed my powers to the point where I could be almost anyone, as I can now," he said apologetically.

"That's really amazing," I said enthusiastically. "How on earth did you ever discover this power?"

"After I go older," he said, ignoring my question, "I really went to work. The kids in the neighborhood were men now and the childish gangs became bands of gangsters. They were really tough." He squinted one eye, evilly.

## Illustrated by Terry Rees

"I'll bet," I said, between drinks.

"So, of course, my athletic personality was no longer of any use. I had to change myself to exist among these gangsters. Guess who I was."

"Pretty Boy Floyd," I said hopefully.

"Al Capone," he squeaked, pounding the bar with a fragile fist which made about as much noise as a powder puff would.

"No!"

"Yes. In a week I had them under my control. They were helpless without me. I planned all of their work and led them on the most dangerous forays. I was quite a man with the .45 too." He ended on a reflective note.

"Sounds simply wonderful."

"Oh, it wasn't so bad. But, I soon tired of it. Then I became Julius Caesar."

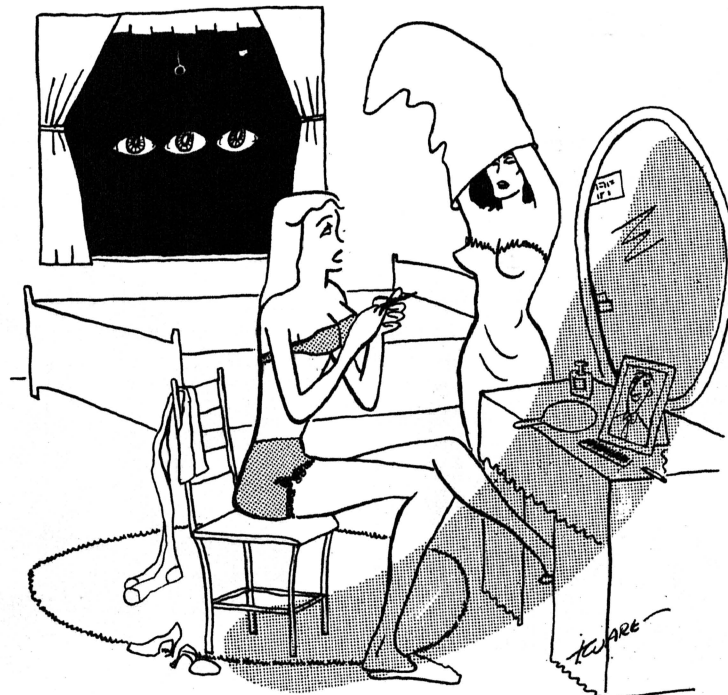
"No."

"Yes sir. I drilled the men and perfected in them the art of sword play. We were terrific. I made some of them senators and we had busts of gods around the hideout . . . er . . . temple. I even tried to get a lion from the zoo, so we could toss some of Greek Ed's men to them. Greek Ed had a rival organization; we called them the Trojans. But we couldn't get the lion and we looked pretty funny running around in togas and not being able to carry .45's and all, so we dropped the idea after a few weeks."

"That's certainly amazing," I said, noticing that my glass was almost empty. I began waving it around and wondered if I should return to trying to make the gorgeous blonde.

"I was tiring of the underworld anyway." He smoothed the bulge in the tux over his nonexistent chest. "I decided to turn to science and the finer arts. Simple Sid, a bartender friend of mine came to me one day with a problem. He wanted a new drink for his tavern, because business was beginning to slacken. So, I became Louis Pasteur and invented the finest drink east of the Rockies. We

*(continued next page)*



"It's the one in the middle that bothers me."



No One Answers,  
They Are  
All Down  
at the Peppermint  
Room



Mother, May We Have More?

Strapless  
Sun - Bras  
•  
MABS  
Swim-Suits  
•  
Shorts  
•  
at  
**Gibson's**  
APPAREL  
810 BROADWAY

called it the Zanzibar."

"Zanzibar?" I said, showing him my empty glass.

"Yes, would you like another?"

"Surely." The bartender made the necessary motions and the little man fished another bill from his pocket.

"Simple Sid made so much money from his Zanzibar that he was able to retire in a few years. It was wonderful."

"It certainly is," I admitted, downing a large mouthful.

"When any of my friends had troubles with their income tax, I became Einstein, and in a few years, they were rich too. I guess I've done a lot for people."

"You certainly have."

"Another one of my friends, Corker Fienk, decided to open a night club. He called on me to paint the murals."

"Then you were Rembrandt," I said, deciding to try another guess.

"Picasso," he corrected. "Rembrandt is no good for night club work. You have to give them something that they can't understand in a night club. That way they keep coming, thinking maybe some night they'll figure out what the pictures are all about."

"Oh, I never thought of that."

"Yes. I was Freud when I figured that out."

"Well."

"I was more people than anybody when I was courting my wife."

"Don't say?"

"Yes, I fell in love with her as soon as I tasted her chicken pot pie. She also makes excellent sweet potato pie, but she's a chicken pot pie specialist."

"Specialist, huh?"

"One mouthful, that's all it took, just one mouthful and I decided that she was for me. I had a hard time getting her, though. I'm not the only person that likes chicken pot pie, you know."

"No, I don't guess so."

"First I was Keats."

"Keats?"

"Yes, poetry, you know. I was Keats, Shelley, Byron and Shakespeare, in his romantic stage, naturally."

"Naturally."

"That didn't go, so I became Paris."

"Paris?"

"You know, Paris and Helen of Troy."



"There is no homework in this course, Mr. Baldwin!"

"Oh, yes." I didn't, but my glass was becoming empty again.

"I was Romeo, Don Juan, Anthony, Charles Boyer, Errol Flynn, Tommy Manville, Artie Shaw and just about everybody you can think of."

"Ali Khan?" I said, thinking.

"Know who I got her with?"

"No, who?"

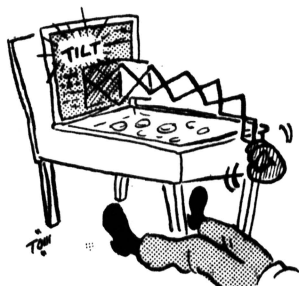
"Frank Sinatra."

"No."

"Yes, she was always crazy about him."

"Well."

"So, we were married and then I became J. P. Morgan and John D.



Rockerfeller. I had to make enough money to keep us alive."

"I imagine so."

"So, other than those two, I haven't been much of anybody. But, I enjoy life just by eating my wife's chicken pot pie. It's wonderful."

"I'll bet it is," I said, showing him my empty glass.

"Do you know who I am tonight," he said, trying to put shoulders in his coat.

I thought of asking him if he was the invisible man, since he was almost gone anyway, but I said, "No, who?"

"Tonight I am Gentleman Jim Corbett."

With that his fist shot through the air in a sizzling arc, and I found myself flat on my back looking at blurred pictures on the ceiling. One side of my face was completely numb and I could feel my left eye turning black.

I shook my head weakly and managed to pull myself to my feet just in time to see the most amazing man I had ever seen leaving with a gorgeous blonde who didn't look like a chicken pot pie specialist.

THE END



HEAR **SPRING MUSIC!**

It's General Electric for **Portable Radios** G-E and RCA

Radio Repair for all Makes

**DON L. SMALL'S**  
General Electric Appliance Store

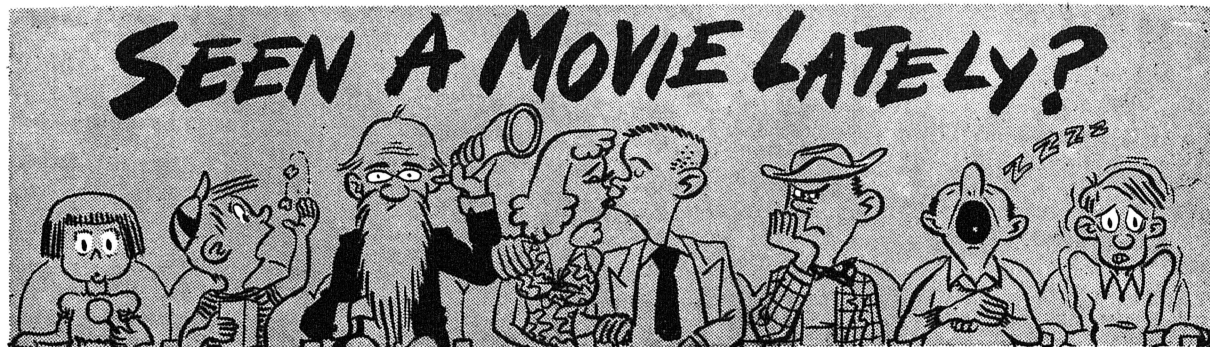
19 N. 10th St



*Knot of California*

Trip-Takers! Complete wardrobe for a weekend—longer, too. Nine interchangeable pair off in style, color, and fabric—your sure ticket to carefree trip-taking. In cool, crease-resistant Pavilion, a rayon suiting we guarantee washable.

*The Blue Shop*



A compound review of the latest cinematic murders, suicides, beatings, and cheatings.

by Ray Rowland

I HAD hardly settled myself in the stucco-upholstered seat when the screen exploded with the word "Tripped," accompanied by the roar of 36 kettle drums and a slide trombone.

I was delighted, having heard many favorable comments on "Tripped," a sequel to "Forced," "Crossed," "Slugged," "Mauled," "Hijacked," "Frisked," "Dunked," and "Hacked."

In the lead role was bold, dashing, muscular, kind, loveable, cruel, mysterious, easy-going, sinful, sincere, sensuous Hank Roundhouse. Other characters were: Lava Flough, a torchy redhead who works in a cheap tap room as a waitress and come-on for fat guys with greasy mustaches; Balso Farnhiem, a racketeer from the big city who tricks Lava with his smooth line and fat roll of hundred-dollar bills; Sam the bartender, who looks excuseably bored throughout the picture; John Smith, a clean-cut law

officer who makes a complete fool of himself; Patsy Barston, a steaming blonde who has a crush on Hank Roundhouse that dates back to childhood; and a third female, Mariam Thorndyke, whose old man owns two-thirds of New York plus a few Arabian oil wells. Mariam, poor child, is standing at the top of the social ladder, trying to kick out from under her.

In the opening scene, Hank is walking the "last mile" in the long cold corridor of Dingledong Prison, surrounded by stern officers, slap-happy newsmen, a heavily-jowled warden (he played a Nazi general during the war), and good old Father Fannygan. Hank shows no trace of nervousness, but keeps his eye trained on the electric chair, a papier mache affair about 30 feet away at the end of the corridor.

Suddenly Hank stops and turns

slowly toward the reporters. He waits until the dramatic music gets a bit softer before he speaks.

"You boys asked me if I had a story for the tabloids. I said no, but now I've decided to tell everything. I want the people to know exactly *why* I am to die tonight, die for a murder I did not commit. I was framed!

(I reached for my hat, suspecting a flashback. And sure enough, as Hank kept blabbering, the scene got hazier and objects began swirling. When the music let up, Hank was pictured a year before.)

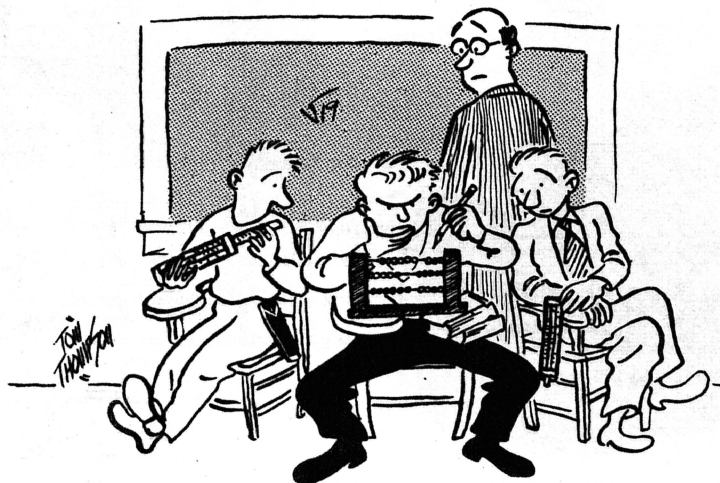
Well, good old Hank looks as if he is down to his last four-bits, so he wisely strolls into the nearest bar and buys a drink. Guess who's crossing her knees at a nearby table? Why it's Lava Flough! She crooks a finger in Hank's direction and he, being flesh, walks over and sits beside her.

"Gotta cigarette?" she asks, hastily snuffing out the one she's been dragging on. Hank reaches into his shirt pocket with two fingers, pulls out a pack, and flips it her way.

"I'm new around here, honey," purrs Hank. "Where can a fellow double his money fast-like?"

Her eyes light up and her stomach says howdy. The bartender ambles over and wipes the table and pours them another drink. "There's a game in the back room," Lava exhales huskily. "Come on, I'll show you."

The rise and move toward the back room, arm in arm. The bartender comes back, drinks their leftover whisky, and pockets Hank's pack of cigarettes. Here he shows a spark of interest.



The back room is packed with dense smoke and tough guys. At one end of the roulette table is Balso Farnhiem, winning stacks of stage money from poor working men.

"Here, big boy, try your luck," whispers Lava, thrusting a G-note into Hank's expectant hand.

Hank merely sneers back at her and steps up to the wheel. He flips the G-note on black-14, picks his teeth. Sure enough, Hank wins, and Balso shoves a banker's fortune under his nose. Hank doesn't even look pleased. And he obviously doesn't know when to quit. He let his ill-gotten gains ride on black-14.

Well, our hero wins again, but this time he plays it smart and makes off with his winnings. Balso gives out with one of his shifty looks and follows Hank and Lava to the door. Somehow he sidetracks Lava and runs her over the coals for crossing him. She just stands there and blows smoke out of her nostrils while looking at her nails.

"Look, Balso, how was I to know he was so lucky? I have a feeling we might be able to use him for—'that job.'" Her lowcut dress drops an inch further.

"Maybe you got something there, baby. Stay close to him and we'll see what turns up."

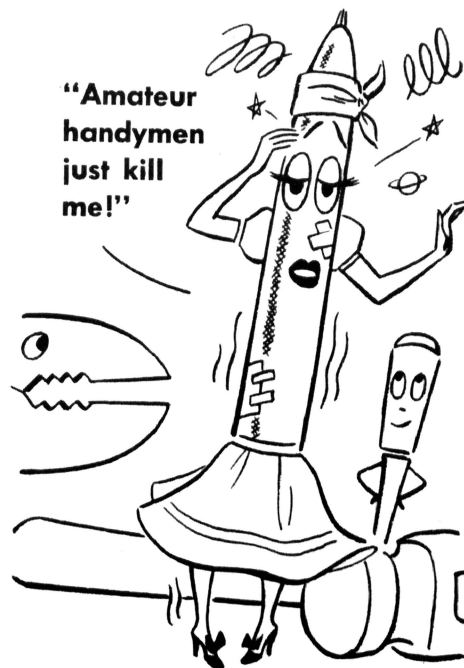
At this point, Officer John Smith and his gangbusters raid the joint and smash the gaming tables. Balso produces a sub-machine gun and cuts down seven policemen before he presses the trigger.

Hank joins the fray, but no one is able to tell whose side he's on. As Balso slips out the back way, the coppers finally overpower Lava and Hank.

The two go to jail, but are mysteriously sprung the next day by the high society dame, Mariam Thorndyke, who takes them to her mansion on the hill. As soon as Lava's back is turned, Mariam makes violent love to Hank, who prefers to drink her liquor.

Later Balso drops in, robs Mariam of her jewels, and disappears again. Naturally, Mariam puts the blame on Hank and sends him back to jail. Here Balso comes to Hank with the details for "that job." Balso explains

(continued next page)



"Amateur handymen just kill me!"

"Maybe it doesn't take a specialist from Vienna to operate on me... but it does take training and equipment that not many people have. Unless you're an expert, better leave my innards alone."

## "The Perils of Pamela Penn"

PROPER CARE of your pen is important. The point you like, the ink you want are all available at the Pen Point—plus a top-notch repair service to keep your pen healthy and happy.

# THE Pen Point

109 SOUTH NINTH

frosty, cool  
COTTONS  
for  
campus and  
dates

*Suzanné's*

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COLUMBIA'S SMARTEST SHOP FOR WOMEN



WASHING

GREASING

WAXING

AT

ODUS POWELL'S  
STANDARD STATION

9th and University

Phone 5910



Missouri Store Wishes to Congratulate and Thank the Class of '49 and Big Red for Their Patronage During the Past Year.

COMPLETE LINE OF CLASS RINGS, GIFTS AND ANNOUNCEMENTS FOR GRADUATION, DIPLOMAS FRAMED



that he'll pay Hank's bail and slip him some valuable jewels if he'll knock off a girl by the moniker of Patsy Barston, who has been blackmailing Balso.

(Here we get a delightful reverse flashback, showing Hank in the prison corridor still gabbing away while the reporters take cat naps at his feet.)

The screen returns to the original flashback just in time to see Hank point a revolver at Patsy Barston's head and fire. However, the gun holds only blanks, and Patsy gets no more than a few powder burns and a permanently weakened heart out of the trick. Hank sits down at the edge of her bed and reveals all. He explains that he fired the blank to fool Balso and his henchmen who are waiting outside in the hall.

Patsy seems to understand and, with eyes full of forgiveness and mascara, she embraces him.

Things comes to a sudden climax when Balso and his thugs bash down the door and start shooting. Bullets fly for hours without wakening a soul in the building. Finally Hank runs out of ammunition and counts the dead. Balso is done for, but—alas!—so is Patsy. Hank holds her in his arms as she draws her last breath.

A siren brings police swarming all over the place. Hank surrenders to Officer John Smith without a fight.

In final reverse flashback, Hank finishes his tale of woe and the entire lot of reporters, officers, etc., etc., are weeping unashamedly.

Expectedly, Father Fannygan rips off his disguise and reveals himself to be Mariam Thorndyke, the billionaire's daughter. She unrolls a wad of million-dollar bills and bribes the warden to let Hank go free. As the reporters scramble for the telephones, Mariam and Hank dart out through the window.

At the prison gate they meet Lava Flough who knifes Mariam between the shoulder blades and throws herself around Hank. Hank merely yawns with the audience as two little words I'd been waiting for appear on the horizon and grow larger and larger until they spell. . . .

THE END



Mother (entering the room unexpectedly): "Well I never!"

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

\* \*

If a girl's a good loser at strip poker, it isn't always sportsmanship. Sometimes it's plain conceit.

\* \*

One girl to another, looking at a rival, "All a sweater does to her is make her itch."

\* \*

A gal can go far if she is straight—much father if she is curved.

Which reminds us that modern girls wear sweaters, but mothers do the sweating.

\* \*

A man walked in to a bar, sat on a stool, and said to the bartender, "Give me something tall, cold, and full of gin." Whereupon the man sitting on the next stool drew himself up and said, "Sir, I'll have you know you are speaking of the woman I married."

\* \*

Then there is the coed who goes out every Saturday night sowing wild oats—and on Sunday morning goes to church to pray for a crop failure.

\* \*

"Daughter, that fellow who walks with you through the park doesn't look very polished."

"Well, I'll admit he's a bit rough around the hedges."

#### LIFE SAVER JOKE CONTEST

Submit your favorite joke and win a carton of assorted Life Savers. Entries should be addressed to:

Missouri Showme  
304 Read Hall  
Columbia, Mo.

Joke Contest Winner:

Frank Epstein  
311 Waugh  
Columbia, Mo.

Winning Joke:

Co-ed in physician's office: "Doctor, I need an operation."

Medic: "Major?"

Co-ed: "Oh, no, really, just an ROTC cadet."

# Planning A Party?



ALL YOUR NEEDS CAN BE  
SUPPLIED AT YOUR

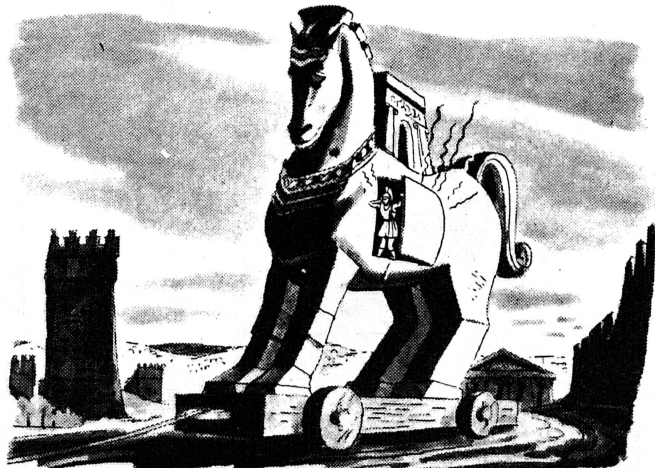
## KAMPUSTOWNE GROCER

Open 8 a. m. to 6 p. m. and 8 p. m. to 10 p. m. Daily  
Except Friday and Saturday  
5 p. m. to 7 p. m. Sundays

700 Conley

## HISTORY REWRITTEN

WHAT WENT ON INSIDE THE TROJAN HORSE



By Zeus! It's stuffy in here.  
Anyone got a Life Saver?



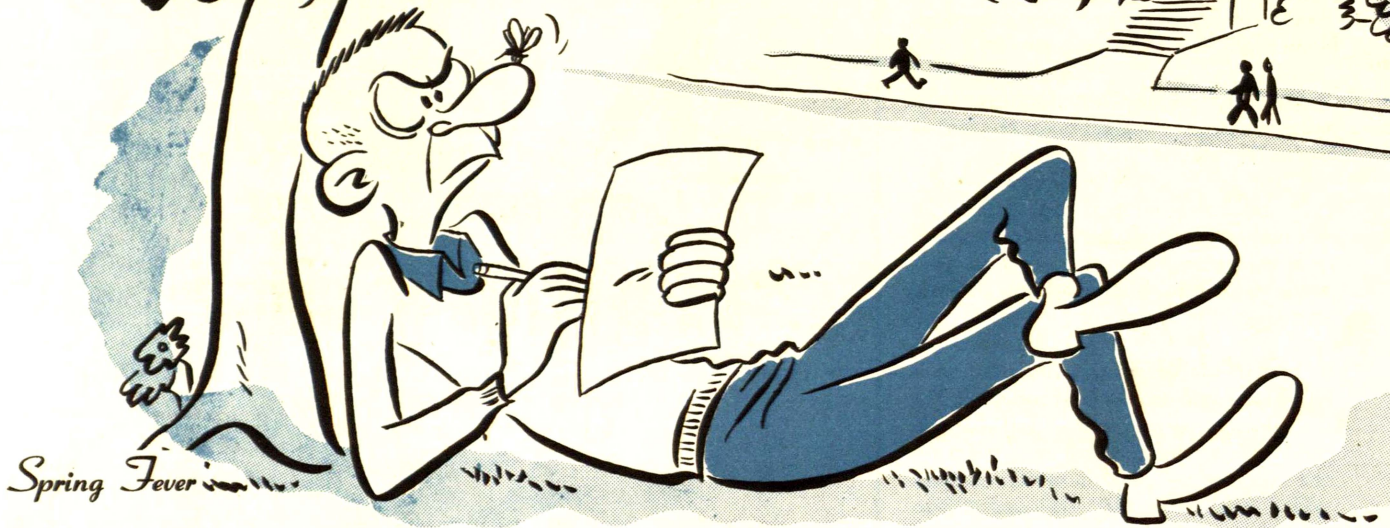
Still Only 5¢

# SPRING

## COMES TO THE CAMPUS

Poems by Saul Gellerman

Art by Bill Gabriel, Jr.



*Spring Fever*

In the spring the sophs 'neath trees repose,  
Their lovesick rhymes to write, and prose;  
But here's the rub - who can compose  
With a spring mosquito on his nose?



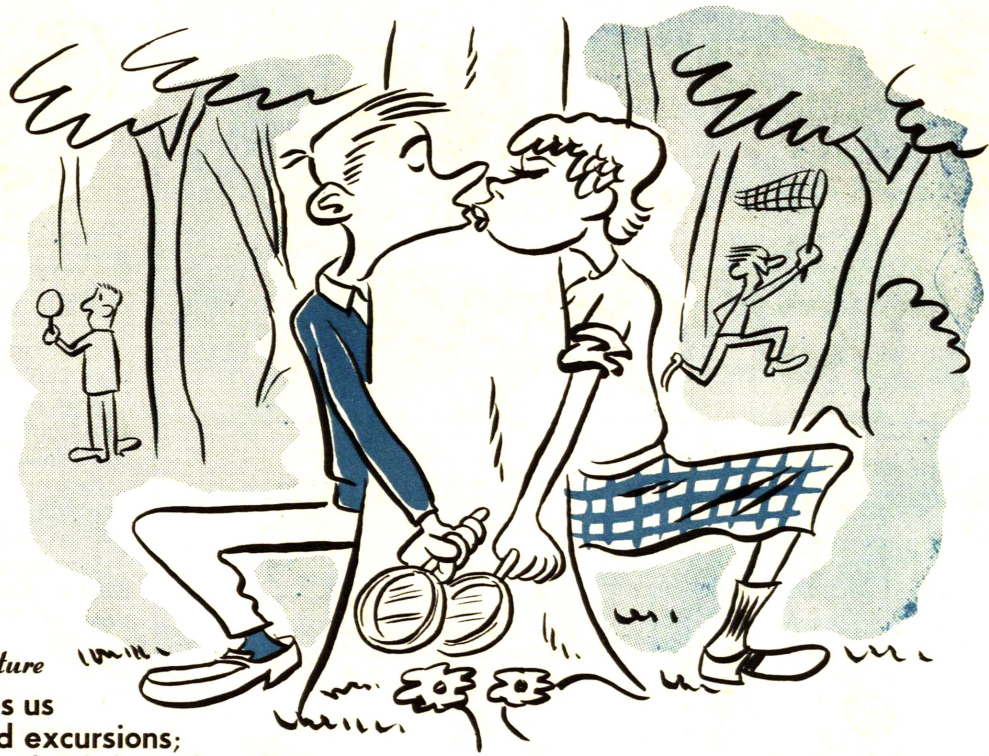
*Everything's Growing*

The upperclassman's orders  
This frat pledge has obeyed;  
"To the barber! Have the winter's  
Hay-crop taken off your haid!"

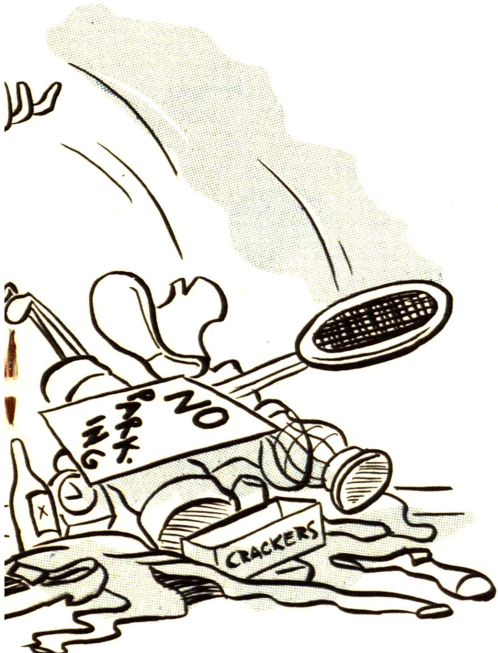


*Spring A*

A closet-cleaning  
Of Classic educ  
It's dandy pract  
For Ancient Exc



*Back to Nature*  
 The faculty amuses us  
 With labs and field excursions;  
 But college boys and girls have found  
 More interesting diversions.



*Housecleaning*  
 Big job is part  
 of education;  
 housework (roommates say)  
 is a diversion.



*New Look . . . No Look*  
 In olden days, with eyes alert,  
 You'd see a coed's skirt invert.  
 Since modern garb blows down, instead,  
 This ancient campus sport is dead!

# Spring Cleaning?

Sure, its time . . .  
Then let us clean and store your  
winter clothes.



**TIGER** Phone 4155  
Laundry and Dry Cleaning



## FOR GRADUATION

You can best express the pride you feel by giving your graduate a Longines or a Wittnauer Watch. A traditional graduation gift—the world-honored Longines, from 71.50, or its distinguished companion, the sturdy, dependable Wittnauer, from 39.75.



*Longines  
and  
Wittnauer  
Watches*

**Lamb's**

12 S. Ninth

Prices Include  
Federal Tax

Longines watches \$71.50  
Wittnauer watches \$39.75



WHAT GOES BETTER  
WITH A DIPLOMA?

Superior Quality  
Dependable Service

**H.R. Mueller**  
FLORIST

16 South 9th



"What's the matter don't you love me anymore?"

"Sure, I'm just resting."

The cannibal's daughter likes the boys best when they are stewed.

*First son:* "Father, I did something awful last night and I need ten thousand dollars or she'll sue."

*Father:* "It's a lot of money, but anything to save the family honor." (Writes check)

*Second son:* "Father, I got into trouble last night and I need ten thousand dollars or she'll sue."

*Father:* "It's all I've got in the world, but I guess anything is better than dragging down the family name." (Writes out check)

*Daughter:* "Father, I did something dreadful last night——"

*Father:* "Ah, now we collect."

"So your brother is a painter eh?"

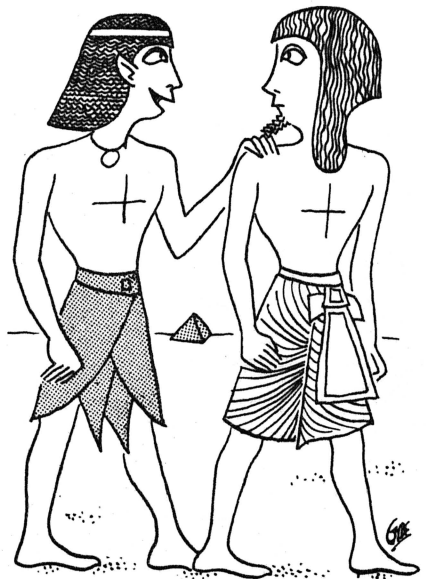
"Yep."

"Paints houses I presume?"

"Nope, paints men and women."

"OH! I see. He's an artist."

"Nope. He paints woman on one door and men on the other."



"Want to join a skyscraper club?"

He: "Do you drink liquor?"  
She (exasperatedly): "Of course, what do you do with it?"

"Why doesn't a locomotive want to sit down?"

"Because it has a tender behind."

He: "I just heard of a girl who takes a shower and dresses in three minutes."

She: "Why, that isn't so wonderful."

He: "I'd like to see you do it."

A homely girl approached the information desk at the tourist park, and asked for a road map.

"Here you are," said the clerk.

"Well, I hope I don't go wrong," replied the girl.

"With that map," retorted the clerk, "You can't possibly."

No! Mable, a neckerchief is not the head of a sorority house.

Visitor: "Do insects ever get into your corn?"

Farmer: "Yeah, but we just fish 'em out and drink it anyway."

"Do you expect to be busy tonight?"

"That depends on the boy I go out with tonight."

Judge: "You should know better than to strike a drunken man, Officer."

Cop: "Sorry, your honor, I didn't know he was loaded."

He: "I wonder if I could make you melt in my arms?"

She: "No, I'm not that soft and you're not that hot."

Two men standing in front of a powder room from which two women are emerging. One turned to the other and said, "There is my wife and my mistress."

"Well, well," said the other, "You took the words right out of my mouth."

"I had to run into a fence to avoid hitting a cow standing in the road," the lady motorist explained to the judge.

"Was it a Jersey cow?" he asked.

"I wouldn't know," she replied, "I didn't see its license plate."

"Going out tonight?"

"Not completely."

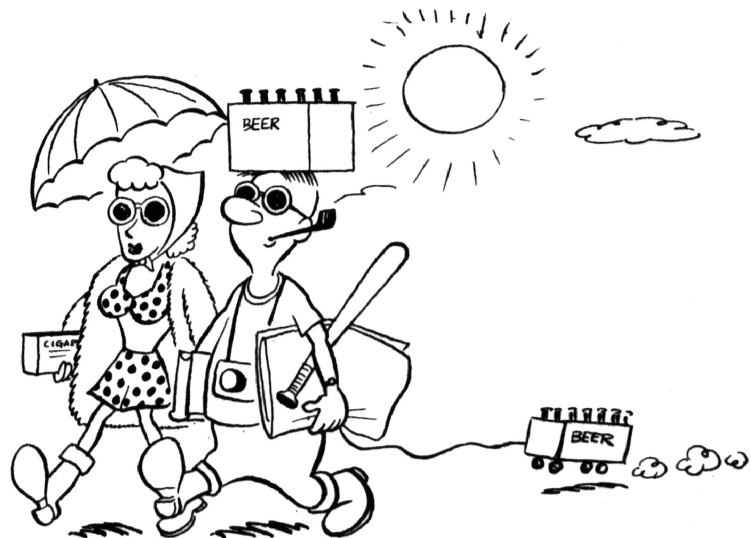


"Over 5 Million Homes  
Can't Be Wrong"

ASK YOUR NEIGHBOR

**Edgar's**

MAYTAG  
1013 E. Bdwy. Phone 7404



When It's Springtime On the Hink . . .

That's the time to see **Esser**. For **Esser** can supply you with your choice of **wines, beers, or liquors** for that "Hink Expedition." Come in and see the only 40-foot liquor display in town.

YESSER IT'S ESSER—FOR FINE LIQUORS

**ESSER DRUG STORE**

715 Broadway

Next to Daniel Boone Hotel

Trying to  
Find a  
Good Place  
To Eat?



You don't have to be a Sherlock Holmes to find out what fine food is served at the *White House*. Try some and see for yourself.

**BREAKFAST** • **LUNCH** • **DINNER**  
ICE-COLD BEER • SANDWICHES

# WHITE HOUSE

6th and Broadway

Open 7 a. m. to 1:30 a. m., except Tuesday

## QUESTIONS

- A** Just find the key, throw out the E,  
And add Blue Grass to fleur-de-lis.
- B** A cheerful mien encircled as seen:  
A doubter of fame, that's most of my name.
- C** The leading three in this basic series,  
Contain advice that's better than theories.

ANSWERS WILL APPEAR IN THE  
NEXT ISSUE OF YOUR MAGAZINE

*Chesterfield*

### RULES FOR CHESTERFIELD HUMOR MAGAZINE CONTEST

1. Identify the 3 subjects in back cover ad. All clues are in ad.
2. Submit answers on Chesterfield wrapper or reasonable facsimile to this publication office.
3. First ten correct answers win one carton of Chesterfield Cigarettes each.
4. Enter as many as you like, but one Chesterfield wrapper or facsimile must accompany each entry.
5. Contest closes midnight, one week after this issue's publication date. New contest next issue.
6. Answers and names of winners will appear in the next issue.
7. All answers become the property of Chesterfield.
8. Decision of judges will be final.

### LAST MONTH'S ANSWERS & WINNERS

- A** The word "milder" appears twice in the ad in red letters, and the word "mild" (two-thirds of "milder") appears in white letters. They all explain why Chesterfield is right.
- B** Four eyes (Darnell's and Griffin's) are the same in color and shape, but not in fame, since Linda Darnell's are much more famous.
- C** The pearl earrings worn by Linda Darnell.
- WINNERS...



A math major and his date were out roaming in the fields when she plucked a daisy and, looking roughly at him, started to pull off the petals, saying:

"He loves me, he loves me not."

"You are going to a lot of unnecessary trouble," said he. "You should count the petals and if the total is an even number the answer will be in the negative; if an uneven number, in the affirmative."

\* \*

*Police sergeant:* "College student eh?"

*Prisoner:* "Yes, sir."

*Patrolman:* "It's a stall, I searched his pockets and found money in them."

\* \*

*Wife (to drunk husband):* "Let's go to bed, dear."

*Hubby:* "Might as well, I'll catch hell when I get home anyway."

\* \*

A tipsy soap-box orator who had reached the argumentative stage sat down next to a clergyman in a street-car. Wishing to start something, he drawled; "I ain't goin' to Heaven; there ain't no Heaven."

No answer.

"I say, there ain't no Heaven; I ain't goin' to Heaven," he shouted.

The clergyman replied quietly, "Well, go to hell then, but be quiet about it."

\* \*

A woman's best asset is a man's imagination.

### Chesterfield Contest Winners

(Entries must be mailed to be eligible for contest.)

Charles J. Wheeler  
Jane Williams  
Landon Smith  
Ted Griffin  
John Wagner  
Donald Mabry  
Mina Weil  
Romae Healey  
E. Neil Larson  
Bob McQuie

The room is upside down  
 The chairs are playing games  
 The bed just won't stand still  
 Radio's calling me names

Stomaches doing a rumba  
 To the screeching in my ear  
 The whole damn world's revoltin'  
 Should have skipped that last beer.

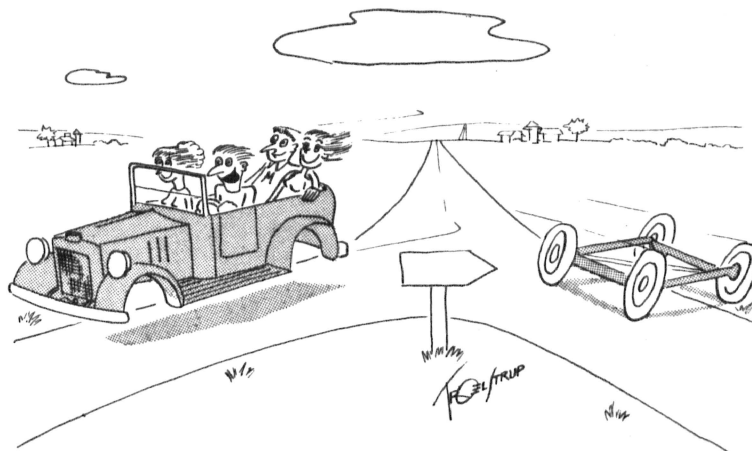
G. T. S.

Whiskey—half a glass  
 Use Vat 69  
 Water—let it pass  
 Add some gin and wine  
 Rum to make it hot  
 Gin to make it slide  
 Drink it like a shot  
 Liquid suicide

G. T. S.

Mine eyes is like two bloody dots  
 Set in a bowl of milk.  
 Mine mouth taste like an inner tube  
 All lined with musty silk.  
 Mine legs is two thin sponges  
 Tied in a silly bow.  
 The world just ain't what it was  
 A drink or two ago

G. T. S.



"Notice how smooth she rides on a sharp curve."

There once was a student named Pete,  
 Who was very slow on his feet.  
 He got caught in the mass  
 Of a government class  
 And died before reaching his seat.

There once was an Angus McFlym  
 Whose physique was extremely slim.  
 He was trapped in the Tower  
 During a Friday noon hour  
 And that's the last that's been seen  
 of him.

G. T. S.



"So you went to Stephens . . . so what!"

*She:* "How is it that you get so  
 divinely after you've had a few  
 drinks?"

*He:* "I drink rubbing alcohol."

\* \*

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

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

\* \*

*He:* "Do you smoke?"

*She:* "No."

*He:* "Do you drink?"

*She:* "No."

*He:* "Do you neck?"

*She:* "No."

*He:* "Do you eat hay?"

*She:* "No, of course not."

*He:* "Well, you aren't fit company  
 for man nor beast."

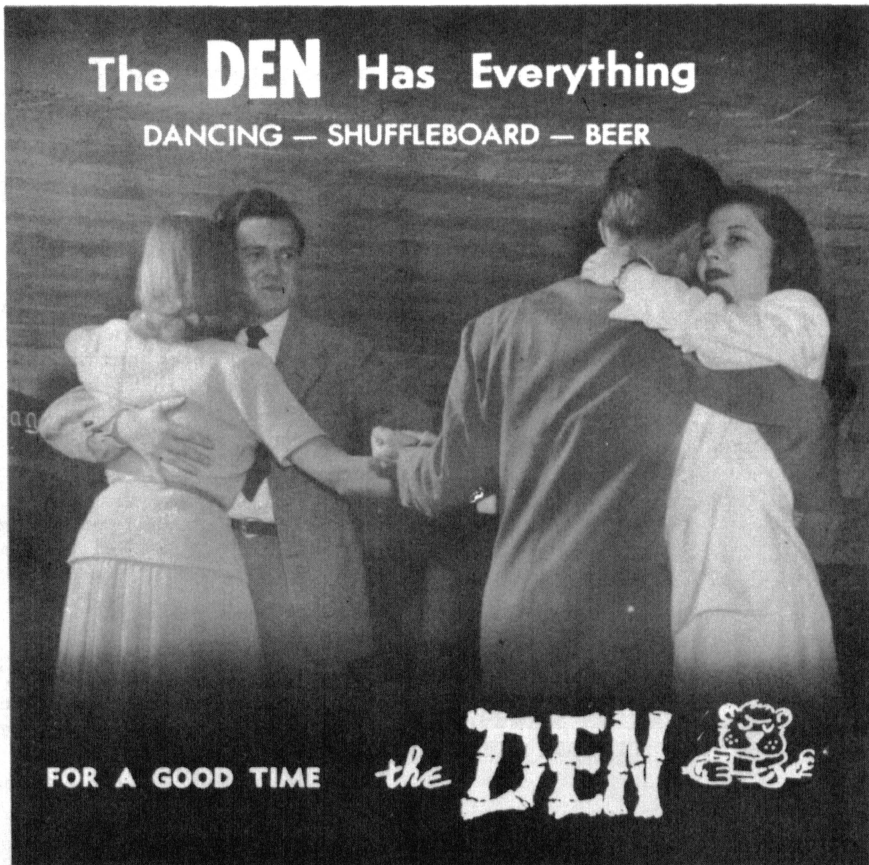
\* \*

A local preacher recently announced  
 that there are 726 sins.

He is being besieged with requests  
 for the list, mostly from students  
 who think they're missing something.

# GAEBLER'S Black and Gold Inn

"Center of Student Activity"  
Conley Avenue



Manufacturers and Wholesalers only

**Frozen Gold**  
CREAM OF CREAMS  
U. S. TRADE MARK NO. 292946  
**ICE CREAM**

Plants located at

- MOBERLY
- MARSHALL
- LOUISIANA
- BROOKFIELD
- COLUMBIA
- HANNIBAL
- MARCELINE
- WENTZVILLE



Hostess: "Marie, did you get the flowers that I am to wear in my hair tonight?"

Marie: "Yes, ma'am, but—"

Hostess: "But what?"

Marie: "I've mislaid the hair."

\* \*

"Where are you going, Zeke?"

"Town."

"What's the matter with the wheelbarrow?"

"Broke."

"Who broke it?"

"Hired man."

"Same hired man who got your daughter in trouble last year?"

"Yup."

"Clumsy, ain't he?"

\* \*

The loving couple were passing through a field in their wanderings, when they spied a cow and a bull doing the equivalent of necking together. The fellow turned lovingly to his girl friend.

"I'd like to do the same thing," he murmured softly to her.

"Go right ahead," she replied coyly, "I'll wait right here for you."

\* \*

Only one man in a thousand is a leader of men. The other 999 are followers of women.

\* \*

"Today I became a mother."

"You a mother? Incredible, my dear fellow."

"Yesterday I met a girl with a face only a mother could love. Today I found out she's worth six million dollars—today I became a mother."

\* \*

The major menaces on the highways are drunken driving, uncontrolled thumbing and indiscriminate spooning. To put it briefly, hic, hike, and hug.

\* \*

The night was yielding to the light bluish sky of the early dawn when a lady, alone, was entering the door of an apartment house. She suddenly stopped and turned to the milkman who at that time was pulling up to the curb.

"Pardon me," she said, "But do you have the time?"

"Yeah," he answered, "but who's going to watch my wagon?"



MISSOURI

# Showme

REPORTS:

## On Prof. Jesse Wrench

As this is our "Hangover Issue" and all sorts of copy seems to creep in, we decided to clean things up by going around and seeing our old friend, Jesse Wrench. We're only kidding, professor. You can put down your bolo knife.)

Anyhow, we climbed the stairs of Jesse Hall and found our gentleman sitting behind a cluttered table, on which was the aforesaid bolo knife. Making a mental note to mind our manners, we sat down, and after a slight exchange of compliments (in the Far Eastern manner, of course), we got around to our questions.

"Professor," we asked, in a tone of respect, "what has the University of Missouri accomplished this year?"

He leaned back and lit one of his roll-your-owns. "We had an opinion poll. That was all that stood out as worthwhile."

"What about the S.G.A. election?"

"Well," he said, "I have my fingers crossed about that."

We countered with, "Have you any suggestions as to how the school could be improved?"

"Yes, I don't see why they don't

poll the student body on the instructors and the faculty."

"Maybe somebody who wasn't expecting it would find himself in a spot," we suggested.

"Bah," he threw back. "They're going to throw me out in three years anyway."

We expressed genuine surprise—we didn't think it was possible to retire an institution.

"Well," we said, "have there been any other improvements in Columbia or the school or anything you can think of this year?"

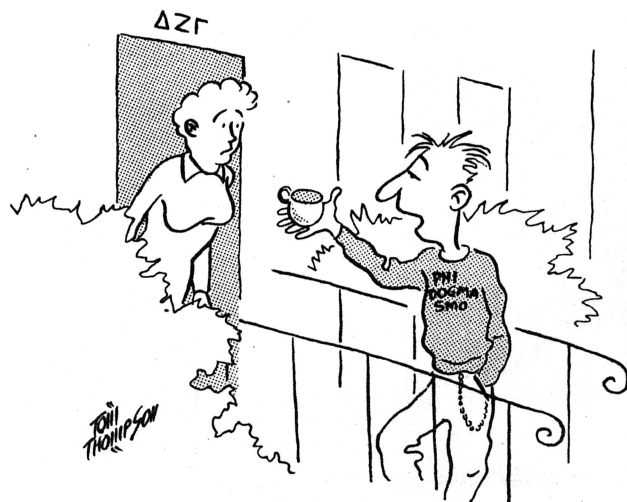
"Yes," he answered, "there's been the establishment of a Quaker unit over at Stephens College, and, of course, the charter election. I was in the charter election here 25 years ago. My wife was the women's chairman. Supporters of the party hardly dared to go on the streets."

"Nothing else that you can think," we persisted.

"Well, we did expand a little. We acquired Camp Crowder, and some large pieces of real estate."

"Nothing else?" we pleaded, making pests of ourselves.

*(continued next page)*

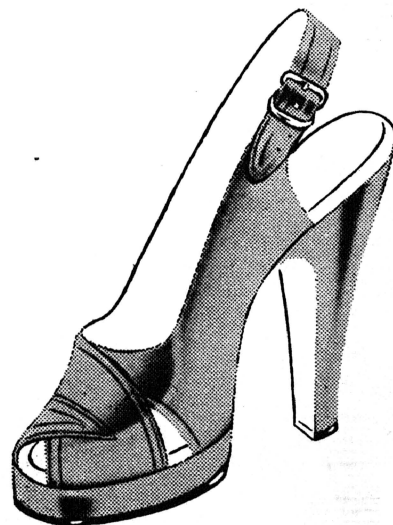


"Our housemother would like to borrow a cup of gin."

It's

## Columbia's Smartest Shoes

For Graduation



WHITE LINEN

WHITE SUMMER SUEDE

- Opera, D'Orsay, and Sling Pumps
- Straps and Ankle Straps Sandals

MADEMOISELLE  
PENALJO  
SORORITY SHOES



the novus shop



## Your Winter Things Are SAFE

IN DORN-CLONEY OUT-OF-SEASON STORAGE—YOUR SURE PROTECTION AGAINST MOTHS AND DUST.

# Dorn-Cloney!

Phone

# 3114



The professor reached for his bolo knife, and we started to run. However, he settled back, and with a malicious glee in his eyes, said, "Well, in athletics, we could put the basketball players on stilts, enclose the football players in armor, and equip track teams with roller skates."

We tried to bring him down to the serious by asking, "What about the smashing season of our debators?"

But he only replied, "Drop the debators in the ash can." Then he added, "We should move the Hinkson closer to the campus or establish a bus service to it, and thus eliminate student automobiles so the people of Columbia can use the streets."

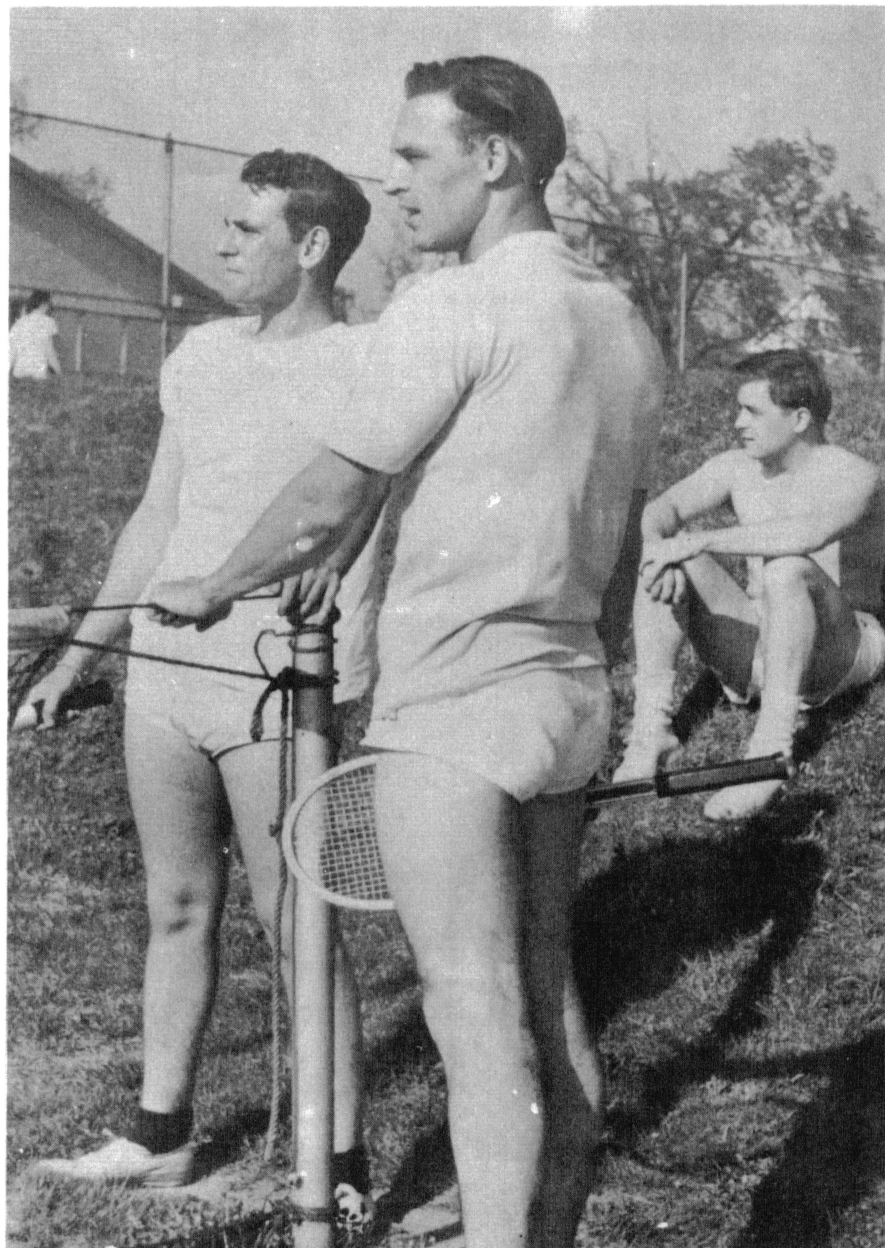
We saw that we were lost, but we went ahead and suggested eliminating finals.

"Nah," he said, "then the students wouldn't have anything to gripe about. Oh, yes—let's get rid of the history department, and let's see what else. . . ."

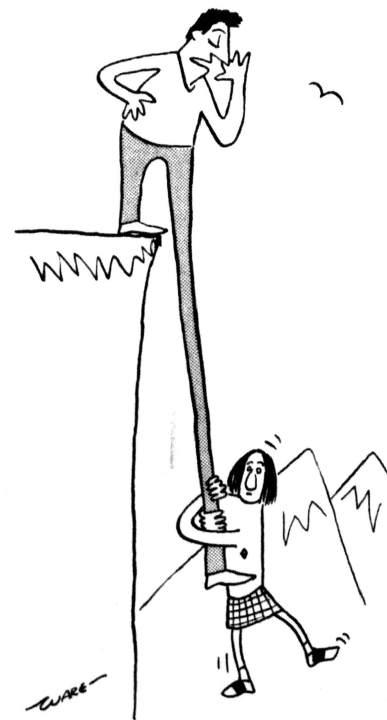
He leaned back and closed his eyes in meditation.

We tiptoed out without disturbing his thoughts. For all we know, the professor's there yet, getting rid of everything.

F. C. S.



"I'LL BET A DOLLAR HER SHORTS ARE FROM JULIES"



"I think you're pulling my leg. . . . You're no pushover."

# The Case of Looie Potts



Looie was just an average college guy . . . . .  
until he stepped off the train at home.

by Jim Seer

**L**OOIE Potts stepped off the train at 4 p. m. It was the first time that Looie had been home since he left for Misery U. in September. Now it was June and Looie was home for the summer.

Looie grasped his bags firmly and walked briskly from the station. As he stepped outside, he saw a line of cabs parked near the door, their motors idling. His eyes widened with terror, and, with the cry, "Trapped", he dropped his bags and fled down the street.

After he had run about a half a block, he glanced over his shoulder and stopped. A sly grin spread over his face and, walking back, he picked up his bags and entered a cab, remarking to the driver, "You guys is gettin' soft."

The cab driver threw the car into gear and swung into the street. As he approached a stoplight at a busy intersection, Looie dove headfirst to the floor. This happened three times. The fourth time, Looie merely gripped the back of the seat and, when the cab stopped, he remarked, "Well, I'll be damned. Didn't miss a one. You must be new."

Looie was very happy to be home. He greeted his parents and sister warmly and seemed quite normal until dinner time. Then he sat down at the table and began eating as fast as he could put the food in his mouth, saying intermittently, "This ain't bad. Somebody sure slipped up." When he was finished, his mother offered him more. He looked at her rather queerly and replied, "Who you tryin' to kid?" Then he went down to the corner drug store and bought half a dozen candy bars.

His mother became worried when he refused to go to bed until his father moved a cot into the room and promised to sleep there.

The next morning, Looie Potts rose at 6:30 a. m. and ran through the house shouting, "Got a 7:30? Hit the deck, up and at 'em."

When his mother got up, she found Looie in the basement, shaving over a wash tub. She finally convinced him that he should go upstairs. When he discovered his sister combing her hair in the bathroom, he whistled shrilly and started shouting, "Hey, fellows, look what we got. Who's been holding out?"

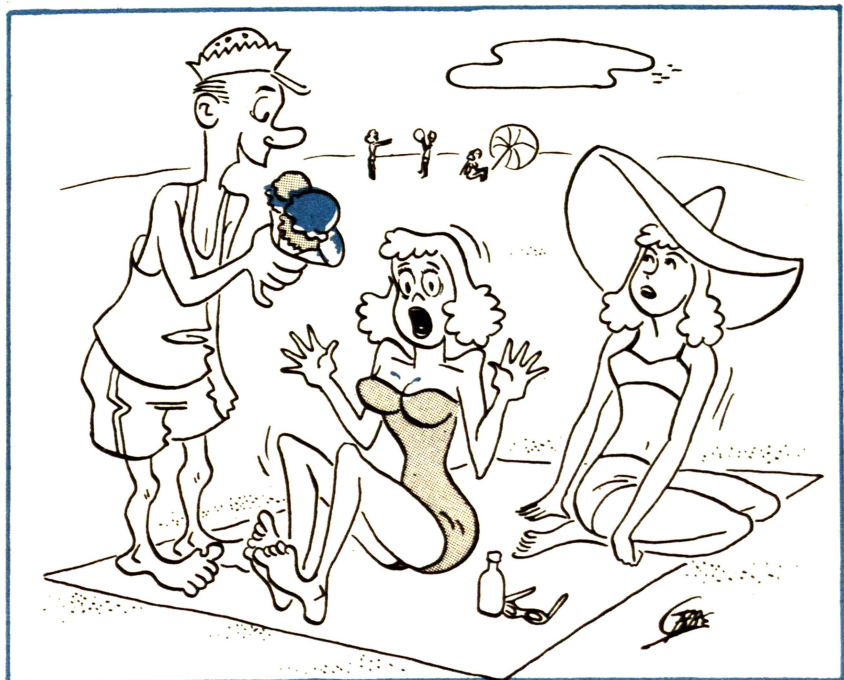
That day Looie ate lunch in a restaurant with his mother. He paid the bill, but he was shaking violently and, hustling his mother from the

place, he mumbled, "Boy, we sure put one over on them." He giggled loudly and kept watching to see if anyone were following.

Looie and his mother then went shopping. In the store, Looie ran from one counter to another, looking at price tags. A short while later, he disappeared. His mother decided that he had gone home, and she went on to another department store. As she entered, she saw a large crowd at the end of the aisle. Investigating, she found Looie in the center, standing on a table and shouting, "The depression is here. Everybody buy while prices are low. Get it while you can. Depression is here."

With some difficulty Looie was re-

(continued on page 36)



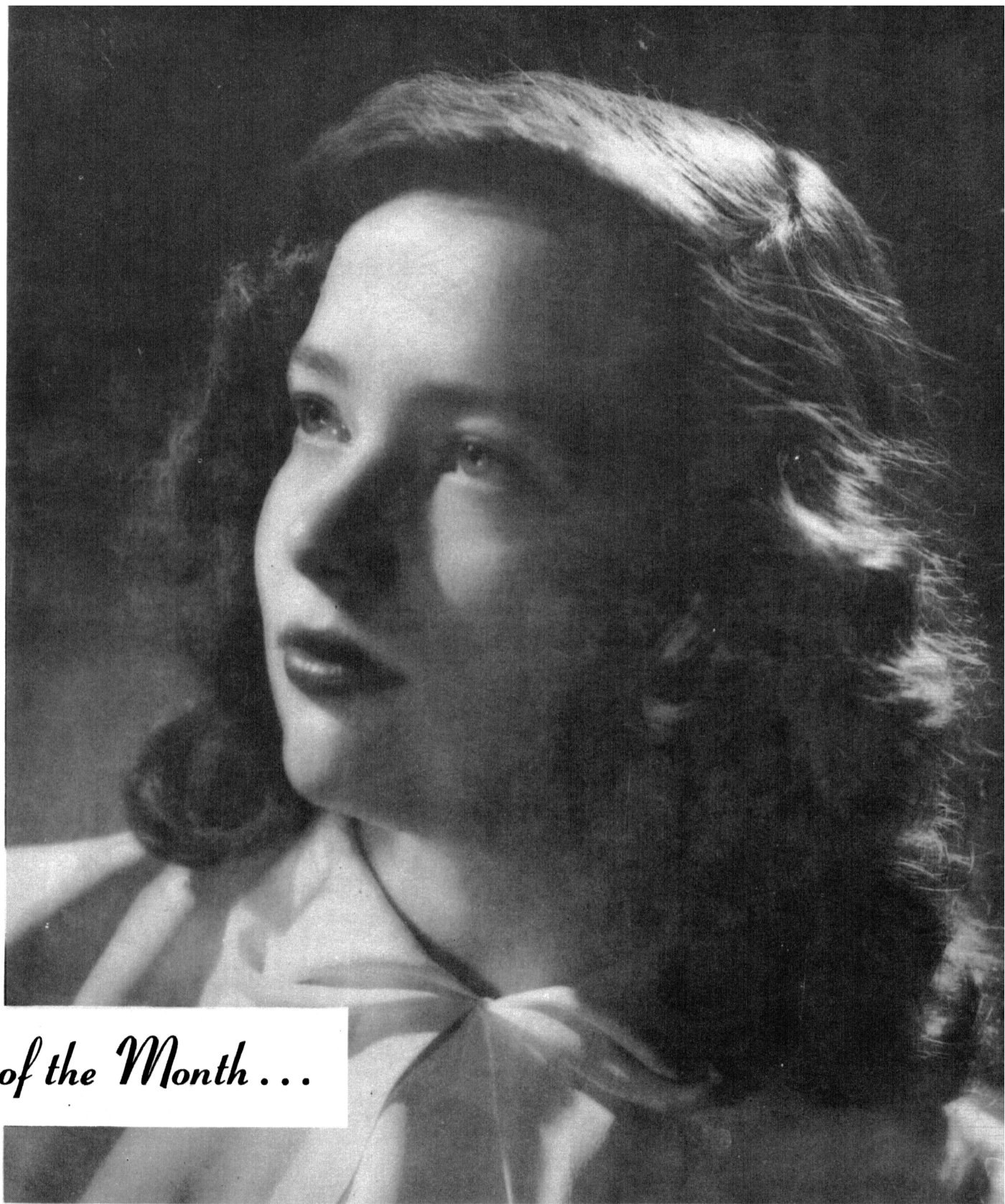


*Boy of the Month . . .*

**BILL GANT**

Photograph by Gibbons Griffin at Julie's

Graduate Student in Journalism . . . Omicron Delta Kappa, national leadership society . . . QEBH, senior men's honorary . . . former president of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalism fraternity . . . Kappa Alpha Mu, honorary in photo-journalism . . . University Board of Student Publications . . . Savitar Board . . . former secretary and mayor of Fairway Village . . . 26 . . . Grenada, Miss.

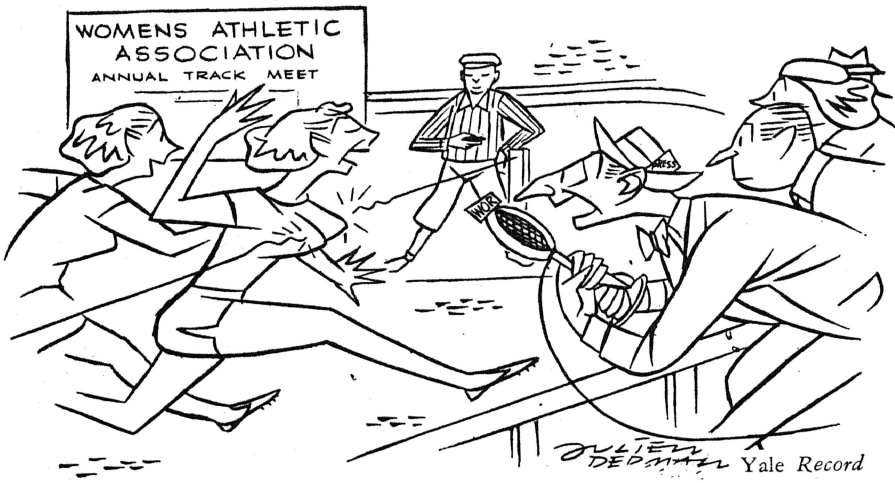


## *Girl of the Month . . .*

### **ISABEL CRICHLOW**

Photograph by Gibbons Griffin at Julie's

Junior in Arts and Science . . . Associated Women Students president . . . former president of Sigma Epsilon Sigma, sophomore and junior honorary . . . Athenaeon Society . . . SGA Public Relations Committee . . . former Student Manager of Forensics . . . Varsity Debate Squad . . . Kappa Epsilon Alpha, sophomore honorary . . . Alpha Phi, scholarship chairman . . . 19 . . . University City, Mo.



"Miss Jones wins by a—er—uh . . ."



Washington U. Quirk  
 ". . . And now, fans as the Cardinals come in for their half of the fourteenth inning, why not go out to your ice-box and open up another cold bottle of beer? . . ."



"Oh, Alvin, not really!"



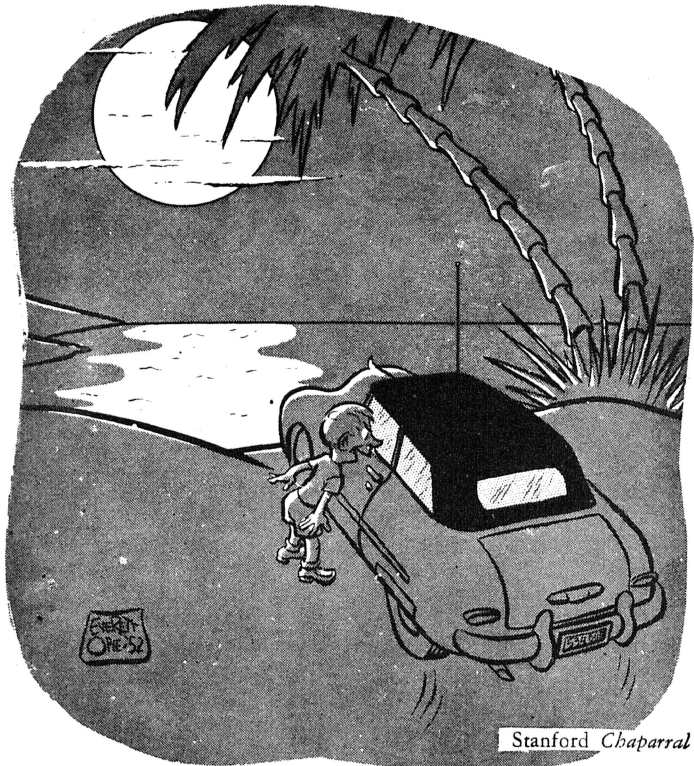
"Stop Staring."



"They can't draft me. I've got a disability—no guts."



"Aww-w-w-k! I've been peopled!"



Stanford Chaparral

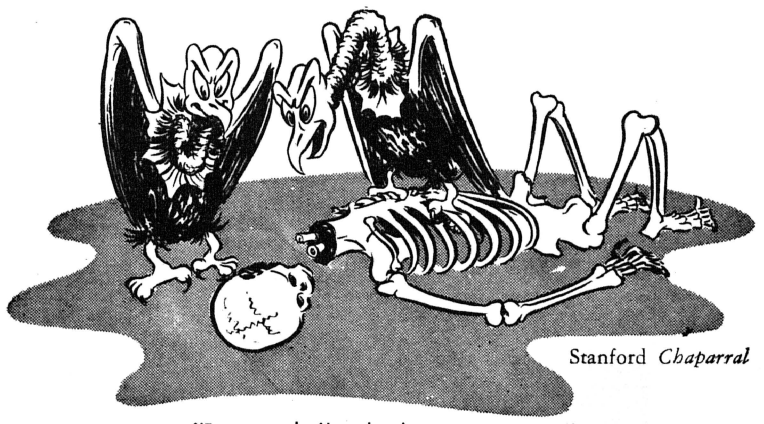
"I see London I see France . . ."



Penn State Froth

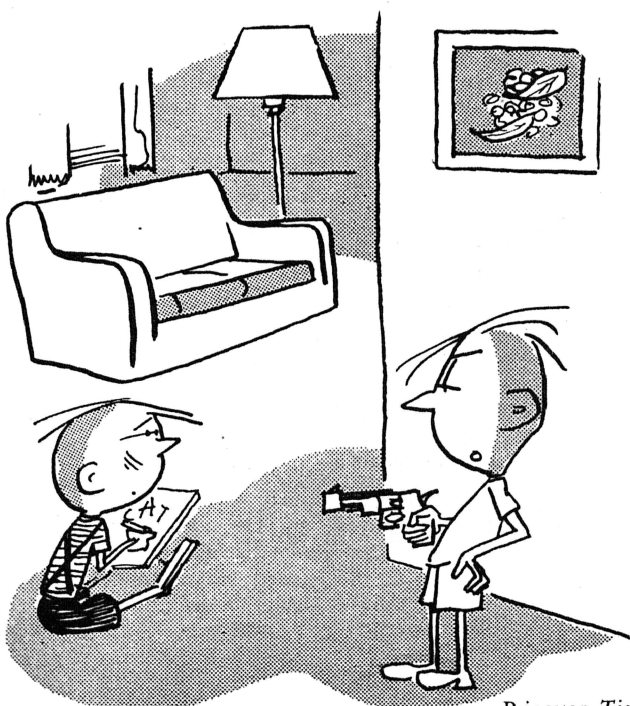
"Stop thief!"

Swami Presents:  
**THE BEST CARTOONS**  
 From the Nation's Leading  
 Humor Magazines



Stanford Chaparral

"Best neck I've had in years . . ."



Princeton Tiger

"You know too damn much."



Chip Thomsen

"It's for YOU!"

UCLA Scop

# Summer Students Attention!

The Cool Golden Campus Will Be Open  
All Summer



And to you June  
Grads, we want to  
wish the best of  
luck.

## GOLDEN CAMPUS

Underneath the Bowling Alley  
Call 3358

*For That Farewell Dinner*

*Make Your Reservations*

*At*

**HARWELL  
MANOR**

*Call 6809*



FRIED CHICKEN • STEAKS • HOME MADE ROLLS

Two Miles South of the Stadium on Providence Road

## Looie Potts . . .

*(continued from page 31)*

strained and taken home. He rested a few hours and then left the house. It was evening when he tired of walking and stopped at a corner drug store. The girl sitting at the counter was an old friend, but evidently Looie didn't recognize her because he began whistling, winking, and waving a pack of cigarettes at her.

She smiled and spoke, so he bought her a coke. Then he asked her for a date, and she said yes.

"O. K.," replied Looie, "can you make it three weeks from Tuesday night?"

When she offered to go out with him that same night, Looie was seized with severe shakes and had to step outside for a minute. Returning, he offered her a cigarette, but she refused. This brought on another fit of shakes and coughing.

Looie asked her where she would like to go. She suggested her house, but he made some vague remark about not wanting any house mother peering down his neck—and took her to a show.

During the evening, Looie made frequent comments about the time, especially after 12:30. When the girl asked if he wanted to go home, he denied it and purposely kept her out until 2 a. m. When they did get to her home, he refused to say good night until the porch light was turned on.

Looie Potts was found at 2:30 a. m. wandering through the streets singing, "I didn't take her home 'til two, I didn't take her home 'til two, two o'clock in the morning."

He was taken to a hospital. At 8 the same morning, a doctor diagnosed his care as "Schizophreniaparanoidecatic—collegiate" and immediately rushed to his room. But it was too late. Looie had been given a pretty nurse, good food, fine service, visitors, excellent medical care, and a room to himself. The doctor sadly returned to his office, his face pale, his eyes filled with suffering.

And now, in a nearby mental institution, a patient by the name of Looie Potts is making life miserable for the rest of the inmates by screaming wildly about "Utopia" and "living in a dream."

**THE END**

# PERCY

## The Beer Bottle Nobody Loved

**P**ERCY was a strange creature, indeed. He was only about nine inches tall, and a little more than that around. The main part of his body was fat, and he had an extremely long neck. He was perfectly circular, dark brown in color, and had no arms or legs. Percy was a bottle.

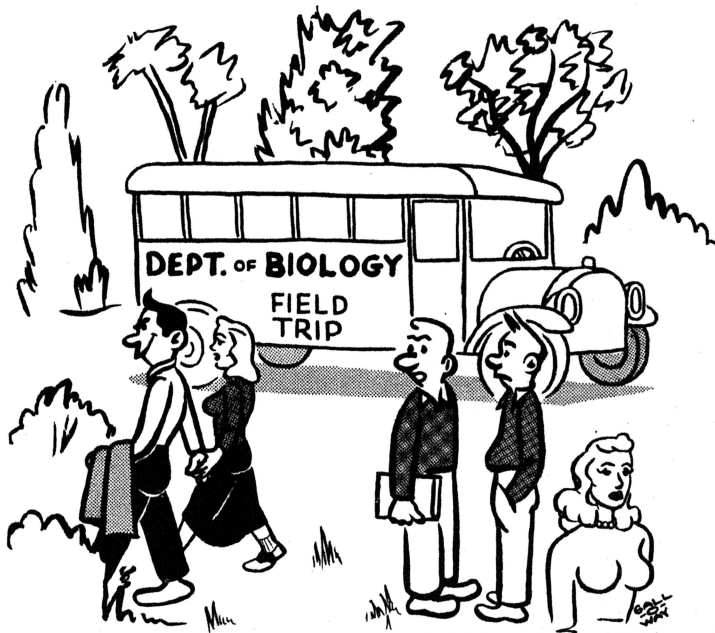
Percy was born in a glass factory on the East coast. When he first entered this world, he found that he was pretty damn hungry, and expected that some one would feed him. But, some guy grabbed him around the neck and put him in a box with a bunch of other bottles that looked just like him. The next time Percy saw the light of day was in a brewery in St. Louis.

Here, Percy was fed—fed with a foul smelling liquid that caused his head to swim and brought forth in him a strong desire for the company of a girl bottle. But, there were no girl bottles around.

Percy didn't mind when a cap was put on his head. He decided that it gave him a new, distinguished look. But, when some character slapped a large, wet piece of paper across his stomach, it made him pretty damn mad, but what could he do about it? Percy didn't have any arms to remove it.

Again Percy was seized by the neck and stuck into a carton. He then traveled a long distance in the back of a truck. He was unloaded in an evil smelling place and placed into a large container of cold water. Chunks of ice rested against his side. He was unhappy—not because of the ice, but because he still desired the company of a girl bottle.

After several days in the water, he was removed and his cap jerked off without any regard for the pain it inflicted. A guy wearing a bow tie and an evil look in his eye grabbed him, carried him out into the cool



"Well, there go the graduate students."

**Excellent** Coffee



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*One Day*

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*All Work*

*Done in Our Own*

*Plans*

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CAMERAS

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PHOTO SUPPLIES

●  
**KNIGHT'S  
DRUG SHOP**

815 Broadway Phone 4101



## Fathers Day Is Sunday, June 19th

May we suggest that gift selections for dad be made early while stocks are at their peak!

*- In Columbus -*  
**Fredendall's**

night air and into a car. He was then transferred into a girl's hand. It felt nice, but Percy would have liked it better if there had been a girl bottle.

Suddenly he was turned on his side and his neck inserted into the girl's mouth. His insides began to drain out. "Vampire," Percy thought, wishing he could swear at her, or split to pieces and cut her lips. When he was righted, about a third of him was gone.

Percy hoped that the girl would drink no more, but the guy with the evil look in his eye kept saying, "Go head, finish it. I'll get another."

So it was that Percy was drained bone dry. As if that weren't bad enough, somebody dropped a cigarette down his neck and began picking the paper off of his chest. It hurt like hell. Percy would have cried if he hadn't been so dry.

Suddenly he was swung through the air and very nearly hit the evil looking guy in the head. The girl said some natsy things and Percy was pitched out the window. It nearly killed him, inflicting a large crack on his side. He lay in the road for a long time hoping he wouldn't die before he ever had a chance to be with a girl bottle.

He lay there for several days, when he was picked up and stuck into the radiator of an ancient car. From there he became a candle holder, canteen, target (luckily, for poor shots), kerosine container and club.

Finally Percy was taken into a home and a large cap, spotted with holes was inserted into his neck. Every week he would be filled with water, the cap inserted and he would be shaken over clothes. This wasn't a bad job and Percy was fairly happy. But, one day his happiness was complete. The door of his room was opened and another bottle was placed beside him. He looked at it carefully. It was a little larger than he, around the bottom. But, at the waist it dipped in and then blossomed out into the full figure of womanhood. At several places on the bottle was inscribed 'Milk—Grade A'.

A woman bottle, Percy was in his glory. He smuggled up close to it and sighed. And so it is that Percy rests in his room beside the girl bottle, hoping that some day there will be some little perfume bottles running around the house.

THE END

**The Welcome Sign!**  
THE BEST 5% DRAFT AND BOTTLE BEER  
IN TOWN

**The Stein Club**

AT THE  
**STEIN CLUB**  
13 S. Eighth

# JERRYMANDERING WITH JERRY SMITH



I must say that spring is certainly the finest time of the year. It is nice to see the sap rising in the trees and more saps lying under them. Some people just don't care where they prove theories.

Speaking of trees, Doodle Daily, who drew those pictures on a local bus with his eyes closed, tells me that the University certainly messes things up by cutting down the large trees and substituting small ones. These twigs give less shade than a termite infested popsicle stick, which leaves people with a herringbone suntan. Doodle says everytime he looks at one of these persons, he feels as though he is in Central's Peppermint Room.

The Hink is doing a rush business. Sigma Al tells me that he is down there the other night doing a little research. He says it is so crowded the bushes are hiding behind people. Once he tries to uncap a bottle of beer and takes two inches of skin off some guy's nose.

Foggy Daze, the frosh, says this 'Love and Marriage' lecture series has been very beneficial to him. He is very sorry that the final lecture is called off. It was to be called, 'There's Always Reno', but Artie Shaw couldn't make it.

Danglin Infnative, the *Student* star reporter, tells me that when the first 'Love and Marriage' lecturer says that Columbia girls have babies by reading about them, two publishers and half the *Showme* staff leave town.

Of course, the *Student* staff doesn't run this story. They are only interested in articles such as the one titled 'Hink Full of Fine Fishing to Drown Mid-Term Blues'; which just goes to show how much they know about it.

Nosey Eversharp, the I-school student, tells me that the *Student* is in line for the Pulitzer Prize for the line in one issue which says, "This space left blank just for the hell of it". This is certainly their best line

all year. They are so proud of it that the next issue has to be put out by some sorority.

Madden Burndup, the ex-G.I., is telling me about the teaching aid program. It seems that the teachers are going to learn how to do it this summer. Madden says it is about time. He says that his Spanish teacher has a Swedish accent, his econ instructor borrows five bucks from him every Friday, his botany teacher uses a Burpee catalogue for a text book, and his government prof is a Tory.

Lefty Waynger, the radical, gives me all the dope on the big Communist 'intellectual' meeting in New York. He says the place is loaded with smart people. The roll call looks like a fine arts 'Who's Who' (which just goes to show that it doesn't take brains to get ahead in the world).

Of course, the big wheel in the whole set up is Shostakovich. Lefty says that he is a real musician, but evidently he is not very good as I

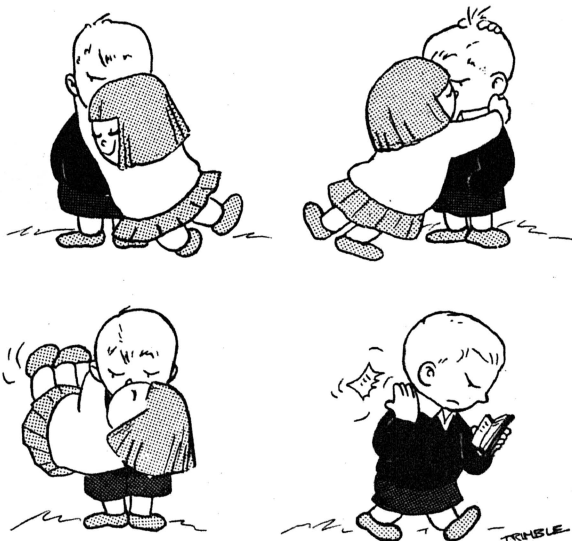
never hear any of his stuff in the Shack. Lefty says to prove that he is a real musician all the way, when he goes to a burlesque theater, he refuses to sit anywhere but the orchestra pit.

Lefty says his next musical work will be titled, "We Hate to See You Go Joe, Molotov is a Grand Old bop concerto in Q round major with a veto monotone by 'I don't give a damn what it is, I'm agin it' Vishinsky.

It seems that the meeting is a big failure as, after gathering all these intellectuals, *Stop The Music* doesn't call and Shostakovich is forced to go home wearing the same old horn-rimmed glasses. I also understand that Stalin is dying for a ball point pen.

Lefty says the straight dope is that the Russians never will use the A-bomb on Columbia. They have developed a special bomb. When it hits,

(Continued on next page)





THE CONNOISSEUR  
EATS HIS STEAKS  
AT

# ERNIE'S STEAK HOUSE

AIR-CONDITIONED

Say "So Long For A While"  
With Flowers



*Campus Florist*

708 CONLEY



STEAKS  
HAMBURGERS  
FRENCH FRIES

*For the Finest Food in Town*

Open All Summer — Air-Cooled

a bunch of little people run out. Half of them begin building the Student Union and the rest repair streets. This shocks everybody to death.

Smudge Pot Briar, the walking furnace, tells me that Crowder Hall is developing a 'cold cook' method for use next year. With this method the meat (ha) and potatoes will be cold as soon as they are cooked and won't have to set in the refrigerator for two days. They are also working on a process to develop chickens that will lay greasy eggs and save them that expense.

Legal Graft, the B. & P. A. student tells me that this City Manager deal is lousing up things for students going home. They are having a difficult time obtaining bus tickets as



all the buses are filled with little fat men smoking cigars and wearing Truman buttons.

But Legal says the city is smart to bring in the Manager while the students are leaving. This way he will not know the truth until September. Of course, if Stephens buys any more land, the only thing the manager will be able to manage is the south sidewalk on West Broadway.

Two Gun Levi is all ready to go back to Tehksas. He has his Frank Buck explorers watch and an oxygen tent. Two Gun says he will not have to work this summer. He is going to change his name to Oxydol and sue Procter and Gamble.

I run into Bud Wyser, the psych major, in the Shack the other day. Bud is doing a fine business selling his personal drink to co-eds who use it to clean nicotine stains from their teeth. Bud tells me that the Personal Adjustment Clinic is overcrowded with people which are frustrated from wondering whether to be happy about going home or sad about finals.

Bud also says that Bow Tie Bob, the biggest B.M.O.C. on the campus, is there. It seems that one of Bow

Tie's peasant friends purchases a new Kaiser Virginian and Bow Tie goes whacky trying to put the top down.

Anemic Corpuscles, the blue campus resident, is very excited about the new dorms that are being built. It seems that next year the barracks will be removed and everyone will live in a dorm. Anemic says that these buildings will have all the conveniences of home. There will only be six persons to a room. There will be indirect lighting, on sunny days, and personal showers on rainy days. The chow hall will have great improvements over Crowder Hall—it will be equipped with candy bar machines in case the students get hungry. Also, the student will be free to do as he pleases—from 11:30 A.M. 'til 1 P.M.—on Sundays—every other week—during leap years—in June and July—unless a summer student.

All my friends, who have provided me with all this stuff during the semester, tell me that I should say goodbye and have a swell summer to everybody. This of course comes double from me.

I ask Cue Ball Stanza what he has to say this month. He replies, "Poey on teachers, poey on books; poey on Jesse's rotting dome; poey on classes, poey on notes; poey on it all—let's go home."

See you in the employment office—when I pick up my check.

THE END



"In the Spring a young man's fancy . . . Yeah!"

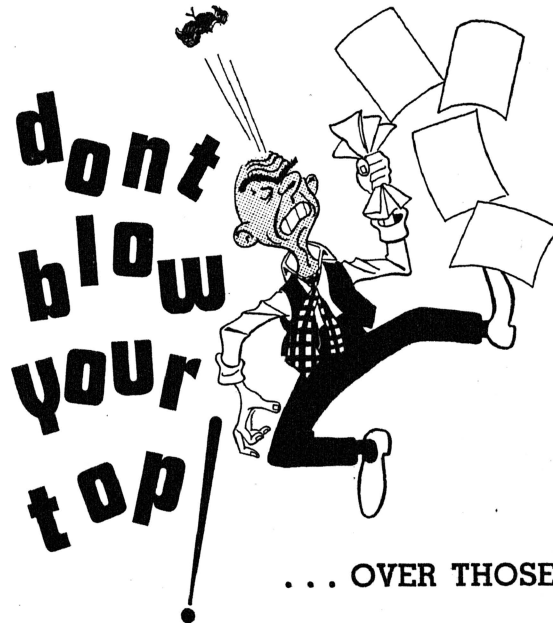
Buy Your Summer Clothes From

# Barth Clothing Co., Inc.

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Dial 5678



. . . OVER THOSE

FINAL EXAMS . . .

Final exams can be rough . . . everyone knows that. But don't knock yourself out. Take a break now and then . . . over a cool bottle of NEW DIXIE beer.

• Steaks

• Sandwiches

• 5¢ Tap or Bottled Beer

## THE *New* DIXIE

803 Walnut

Phone 9446

Afternoon or Evening  
All Summer Long



**THE STABLE**

Providence Road Near Hinkson Bridge



"I always eat in this restaurant. You know in lots of restaurants the waiters grab the plates away before you have finished."

"And they don't do that here?"

"Oh, yes, they do, but here you don't mind it so much."

\* \*

**COEDS ATTENTION:** All of Columbia's leading ready-to-wear stores for ladies are featuring silk dresses this spring for girls who are tired of having the wool pulled over their eyes.

\* \*

Three salesmen were sitting in a tavern having a few rounds of beer. "I hate to see a woman drink alone," said the liquor salesman. The wholesale grocer salesman added, "I hate to see a woman eat alone." The mattress salesman remained silent like a gentleman.

\* \*

*First Model:* "The artist I pose for does painting, etching, and sculpturing."

*Second Model:* "But doesn't he have one thing he does better than anything else?"

*First Model:* "Yes, but he's also good at painting, etching, and sculpturing."

\* \*

"Bridget, were you entertaining a policeman in the kitchen last night?"

"Well, mum, that's for him to say. I done the best wid the materials the good Lawd gave me, mum."

\* \*

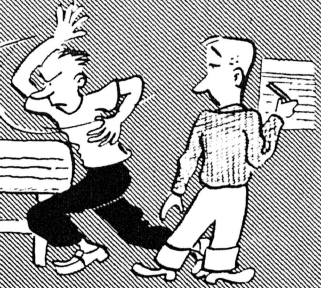
It seems that the gate broke down between Heaven and Hell. St. Peter appeared at the broken part of the gate and called to the Devil, "Hey, Satan. it's your turn to fix it this time!"

"Sorry," replied the boss of the land beyond the Styx. "My men are too busy to worry about fixing a mere gate."

"Well, then," growled Peter, "I'll have to sue you for breaking our agreement."

"Oh yeah," said the Devil, "where are you going to get a lawyer."

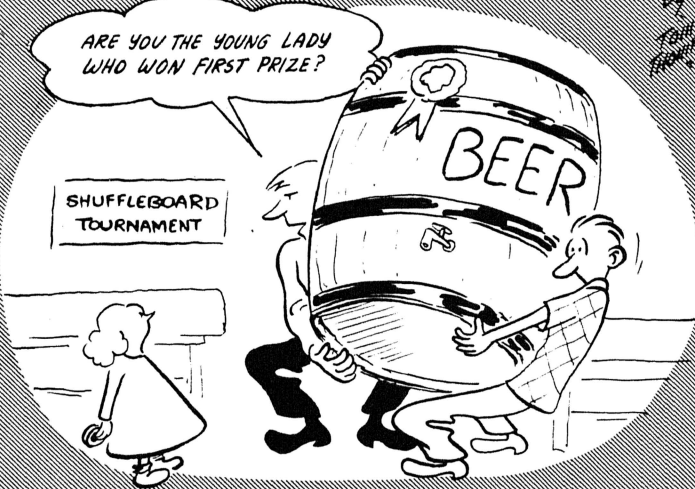
# SHUFFLEBOARD DERBY



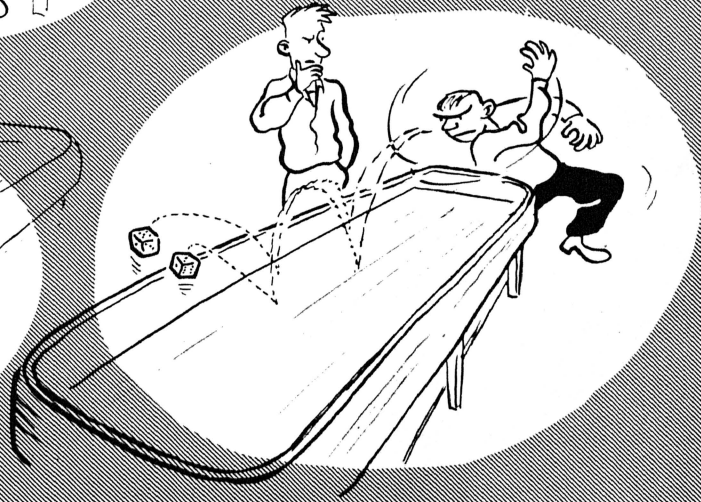
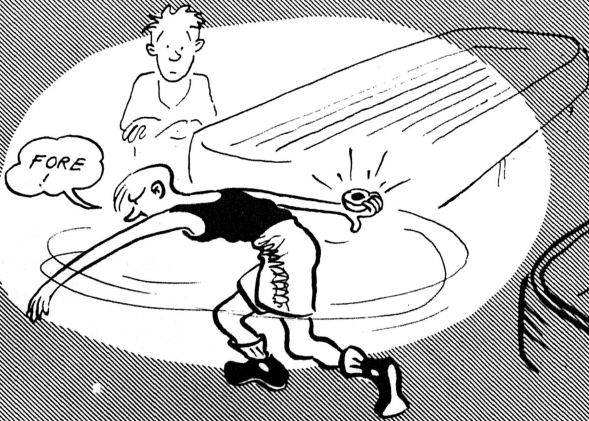
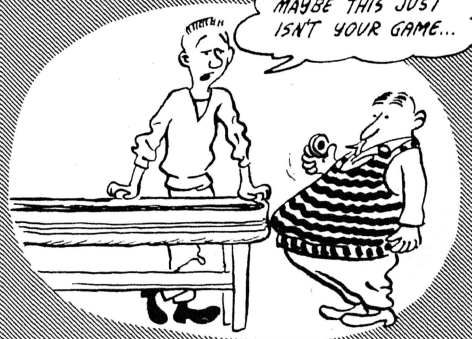
ARE YOU THE YOUNG LADY WHO WON FIRST PRIZE?

SHUFFLEBOARD TOURNAMENT

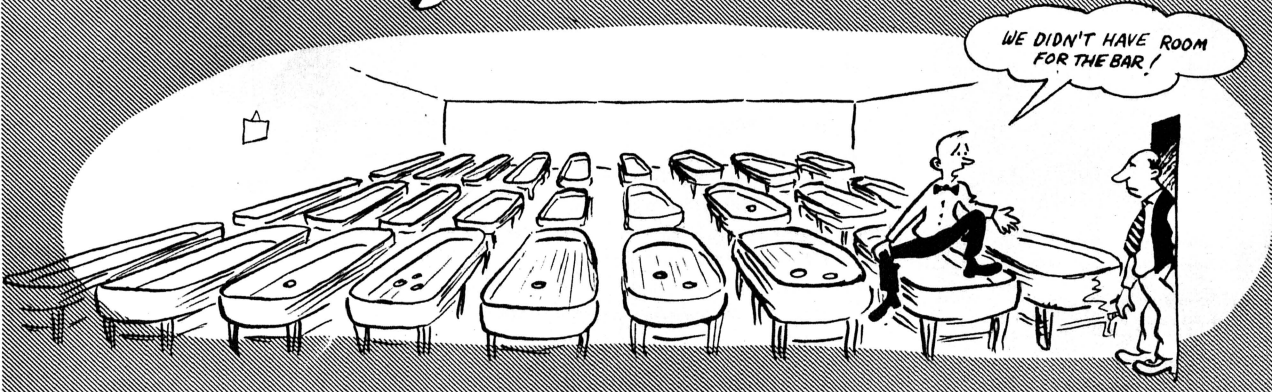
BEER



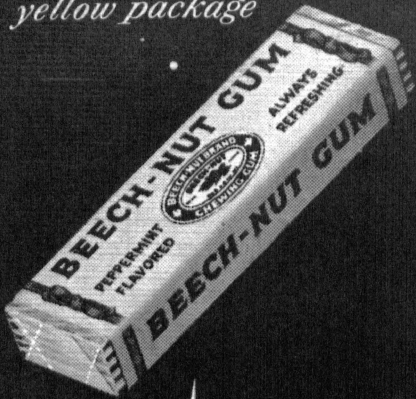
MAYBE THIS JUST ISN'T YOUR GAME...



WE DIDN'T HAVE ROOM FOR THE BAR!



The famous  
yellow package



All

Beech-Nut Gums  
have the uniformly  
high quality and  
fine flavor that have  
given them such out-  
standing popularity  
throughout the  
nation.

It's "Always  
Refreshing"



PEPPERMINT  
**BEECHIES**  
The Candy Coated Gum  
Also in Spearmint and Pepsin



MISSOURI

Showme

## Contributors' Page

### Chris Chilcutt



Photograph by Julie's Studio

A few months ago, Chris Chilcutt cornered our advertising director, John Trimble, and asked him if he could use another ad salesman. John said sure, glad to have you, and now Chris boasts one of our longest lists of accounts. He says his main idea in working for *Showme* is to get experience—he's an advertising major in the School of Journalism.

Chris is a junior, 23, his home is in Springfield, Missouri, and he's a member of Lambda Chi Alpha social fraternity. Before he took up ad selling, he says he played a tenor sax. When he finishes here at Missouri, Chris says he's heading west to California and San Francisco.

### Alan Sherman

Alan Sherman, cartoonist, says he doesn't know why or how he began drawing—but he does say he'd never done any cartooning until he came our way last fall. We needed cartoons and cartoonists, so Al became a cartoonist. Previously, he'd confined himself to illustrating, mostly for advertising.

A freshman in Arts and Science from St. Louis—University City, he

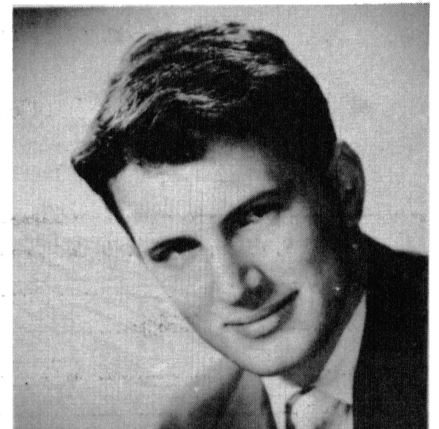
insists—, he intends to get into advertising work eventually. In line with this aim, he took a trip a while back and returned with the St. Louis advertising we've been running lately.

For a sideline, Al carts around a wire recorder, picking up choice bits that prosperity will enjoy, and returning a record of the same when the voices desire.

### Jerry Litner

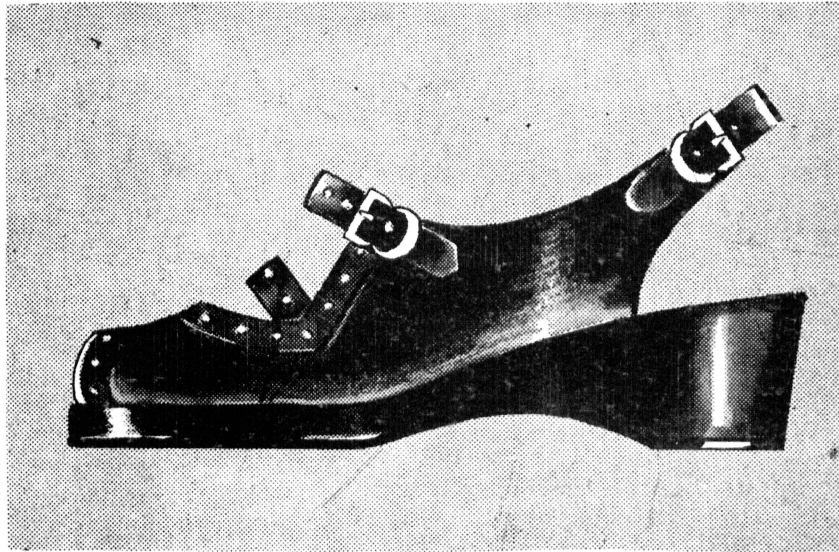
Jerry Litner—formerly of "fable" fame (his "Fable of the Capitalist" was reprinted in the *Tulane Urchin*)—says he's written his last fable. He says he's afraid of being typed—a fate that doesn't seem at all likely. Besides the literary effort in our behalf, Lucky (his nickname) has been particularly valuable as an idea and gag man.

Born in Brooklyn, Jerry now claims the area around Bridgeport, Connecticut, for his home. Before he came west, he was a full time reporter for the Bridgeport *Telegram*. Asked how he got out here, Jerry readily admits that no eastern school would have him. Now he's glad they didn't—he likes it here. A member of the Sophomore Council, he's pre-journalism and a member of Zeta Beta Tau social fraternity.



Photograph by Julie's Studio

# \* Westport



## **The Popular Red BANDIT \$6.95**

Westport has dressed up women's casual shoes, has made them attractively styled as well as comfortable and durable. Typical of the Westport line is the phenomenally popular Red Bandit style pictured above in red, green, white, brown smooth leather, or black suede. It's as easy to order by mail as filling out the attached coupon.

BOYD'S, Olive at Sixth, St. Louis 1, Mo.

Please send me \_\_\_\_\_ pair(s) Red Bandit

Size \_\_\_\_\_ Width \_\_\_\_\_ Color \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Charge  Check or Money Order Enclosed  C. O. D.

Add 2% tax if delivered in Mo.

# Boyd's

Olive at Sixth, St. Louis 1, Mo.

# *A* *lways* *B* *uy* *C* CHESTERFIELD

"When you smoke  
Chesterfield you get a Milder  
cooler smoke - that's why  
it's my cigarette"

*John Lund*

STARRING IN  
"BRIDE OF VENGEANCE"  
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE



## Prominent Tobacco Farmers smoke Chesterfield

**JAMES H. DARDEN, Farmville, N. C. says**

"I've smoked Chesterfields steady for 12 years.  
They're really MILD. They buy mild, ripe, sweet-  
smoking tobacco . . . the kind that ends up in real  
smoking satisfaction."



THE BEST CIGARETTE FOR YOU TO SMOKE - MILD *much* MILD