

# MISSOURI Showme

Sept.

15¢

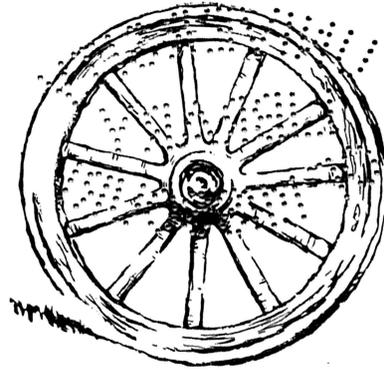


OVAN HALL

378.9M91  
Qsh

**FRESHMAN NUMBER**

# The Wheel



*Welcomes the students of Missouri, Stephens, and Christian  
Colleges to a glorious college year, and invites you to  
drop in and inspect Columbia's most modernistic  
cafe! EAT the wholesome nourishing  
and well-prepared food that active stu-  
dents enjoy, when dining at THE  
WHEEL. One taste of our  
home-made pastry and  
you'll forget all  
homesickness*

*Let us make your home-made pastries*

*"Always a good meal at the Wheel"*

# The Wheel

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Dial 6857



The Best Quality Groceries and Meats  
 at  
 The Best Possible Prices  
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**JACKSON-FINLEY**  
 GROCERY and DELICATESSEN

Dial 3136                      8th and Cherry St.

Patronize these merchants

**Dr. Virgil Blakemore**  
 OPTOMETRIST

302 Exchange Bank Bldg.  
 Columbia, Missouri

Tell them you saw it advertised in The Showme

... Concentrated Coverage  
 ... Reliable News  
 ... Faithful Service



**THE COLUMBIA  
 MISSOURIAN**

ALIBIS

Herewith, we enumerate for the information of that oncoming crop of freshmen . . . . a small number of the aged, antique, archaic, and . . . antebellum alibis used by previous underclassmen in explaining their persistent inability to arrive at their 8 o'clocks on time. . . . . We suggest that the freshmen organize at once and invent some newer ones. At least some consideration should be shown to the profs, who are so familiar with "our" alibis they can quote the *last* five words of the sentence before we can.

"My roomie forgot to . . . (uh) wind the clock."

"My roomie forgot to . . . (uh) set the alarm."

"My roomie forgot to . . . (uh) wake me on time."

"I didn't get back from Westphalia on time."

(Jeff City and Sedalia sometimes substituted)

"The houseboy failed to get us up this morning."

"I couldn't find my roommate's tie that I wanted to wear this morning."

"My roomie forgot to remind me that I had an eight o'clock today."

"My car wouldn't start."

"I stayed up all night studying and overslept this morning."

(This was the prize excuse back in gran'maw's day.)

For the Sweet Young Thing: "Oh! Professor, am I late?"



"Can you act?" asked the movie director.

"Act! Why on the stage last week I died so naturally my life insurance agent, who was in the audience, fainted."

—Log



Question: Oh where has my little dog gone?

Answer: Around the corner and under a tree.

—Sour Ozel

**Exchange National Bank**  
 COLUMBIA, MISSOURI

1865—Resources \$1,400,000—1931

Member Federal Reserve System

Your account appreciated.

He: I would like to have some good old-fashioned lovin'.

She: O. K. I'll take you over and introduce you to my grandma.

—Log

Then there was the New York Scotchman who hired Floyd Gibbons to talk over the long-distance phone to his girl in San Francisco.

—Octopus

Woman (prospective buyer of dog): My good man, does this dog possess a family tree?

Salesman: Oh, no, madam; he has no particular tree.

—Medley

Barber: Haven't I shaved you before?

Victim: Oh, no, I got these scars in the war.

—Medley

**MATTER OF PUNCTUATION**

Motto of the Phi Bete: Study like hell!

Motto of the athlete: Study? Like hell!

—Widow

Then there was the co-ed who thought sex was something they keep potatoes in.

—Ohio Sun Dial

Indignant wife (to inebriated husband): And what does the clock say?

Husband: It shays "tick-tock," and doggies shay "bow-wow" and cows shay "moo-moo" and little pussy cats shay "meow-meow." Now are ya satisfied?

—Flamingo

She was as pretty as a picture—so he framed her.

—Rammer-Jammer

Tell them you saw it in The Showme

*Announcing . . .*

Opening of the Main Dining Room for Sunday Dining Service—Delicious Dinners

or

A La Carte if you wish

Johnnie McGuire and his popular orchestra will entertain you.

**TIGER HOTEL**

Main Dining Room

Mezzanine Floor

**PK**

*"You don't wait on us"*

**What P K Means to Texas—**

1931 SEPT. 5 A.M. 11:04  
ABB27—U S AUSTIN TEX 5 1038A  
TEXAS CONGRATULATES MISSOURI P.K.  
STOP P.K. IS VERY POPULAR STUDENT RENDEZVOUS HERE  
TEXAS LONGHORN-RANGER

*What P.K. means to Texas is expressed by the telegram received here from the T. U. humor publication.*

YOU WILL GET

*The SAME service  
The SAME quality food  
here at Missouri*

**Let's Meet and Eat at**

**PK**

*The House of Accommodation*

Open 6 A. M.—2 A. M.

Patronize Showme advertisers



**KNIGHT'S**

Clothing and Furnishings

Missouri Theatre Bldg.

Columbia, Missouri

For highest quality patronize Showme advertisers

*"I Know My Fords"*

**STREET'S FORD SERVICE**

7th and Ash St.

	<b>6</b>	
Repairing	<b>9</b>	Greasing
Storage	<b>2</b>	Tire Repairing
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*Hugh Street is the Boy*



*Editor-in-chief*

HAROLD (ABIE) ELFENBEIN

*Business Manager*

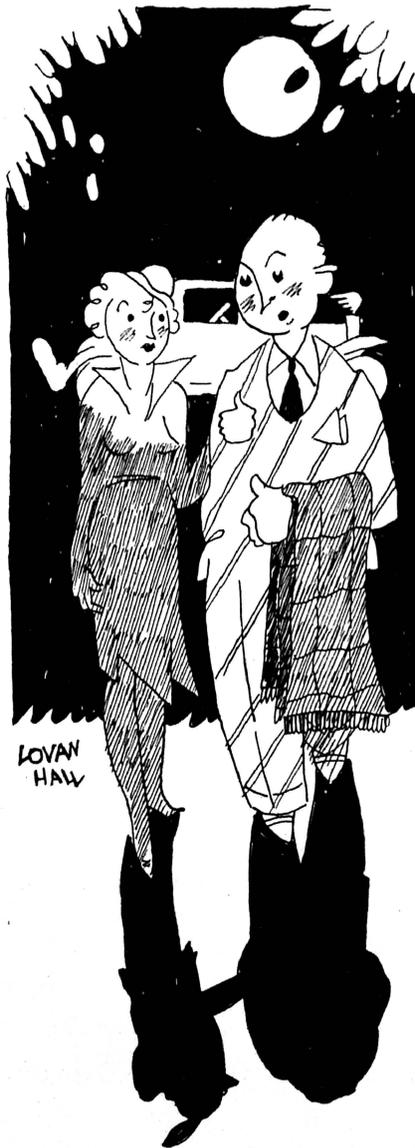
GENE W. MOORE

*Contributors to this number are:*

Lovan R. Hall, Helen Eastes, David (Cap) Paisley, Clif Jones, Clark Nichols, Donald Cullimore, and Earl Voight.

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*Address all communications to THE MISSOURI SHOWME, care Herald-Statesman Bldg., Columbia, Missouri.*



*And what did you say your name was?*



**ABSOLUTELY NOT AN EDITORIAL**

**WANTED:** authors, humorists, poets, cartoonists, satirists . . . and what not. Yes, we DO want more contributors. Showme staff positions that are now available include: Advertising manager, circulation manager, art editor, managing editor, office manager, exchange editor, poetry editor, humor editor,—well, in fact, the entire staff is open for those who are willing to work for them.

These positions are open to every student, regardless of school or department. They are to be filled by persons who by their work prove that they are the right ones to fill these vacancies left over from last year.

Many of the old contributors will be surprised to find this first number appearing the first day of school, yet we wish to mention that new staff positions are open to *everyone*—whether they have ever worked on the Showme before or not!

Pay us a visit at our office any time in the afternoon, we will be glad to talk shop with you.

All material for the October Number which will be published October 8 must be handled in before the end of September. Get busy!





# The Showme Show



HELLO, public, greetings upon your return to the grind *agin* . . . Overheard a couple of citizens discussing this university situation in connection with hard times. One old patriot rallied forth with the remark that “. . . this is going to be a long *uphill climb* to an education.” The fact that we don’t chew the rag prevented us from returning with “Yeh, well some of us are able to make the *grades*.”

With school not twenty-four hours old, most of us will have already heard each other’s vacation stories so many times that bull-sessions will already grow weary. Tales ranging from Russia to Mexico, Westphalia to Sedalia will fill our ears until the drums almost pop . . . and soon it will be good grounds for murder when someone stops us on our way to dinner to yell out “By the way, did you hear about Elmer down in Afghanistan this summer?”

*And what did you say your name was?* E. Willis Brown and Doug Attaway with their “*European Folk Tales*” . . . J. C. Goodwin and his “*Travels through Mexico on Horseback*” along with a supplement by Martha Ann Martin and that crowd who trained it down which reads: “*What I saw in Mexico City and None of Your Business Why*” followed by a suppressed edition of “*Why They Wrote That Song About Monterrey*” with words and music by Dwight Johnson and Frank Gearhart . . . and Marvin Goforth’s vocal chorus “*Broadway as I Saw It*” and an all-musical version of “*Confessions of an American Collegiate Orchestra Tearing Through Europe*” with skits by Ed Connor, Al Christman, Paul Jones, Bob Logan, George Phelps and a number of others who ran across Glen Degner, former student president, while carousing

around Paris and vicinity . . . such tales will be sold and traded at 5-to-1 odds for any of the stories by the gang who remained here and made the *weakly* week-ends to Westphalia and Jeff.

Sorry to hear that Bus Keeton and Chas. Higgins’ trip ended in Monterrey when their motorcycle tried to hug a lamp post.

*And what did you say your name was?* Again we hear that the campus nightwatchmen may still have the prize stories of just what *did* go on this summer. And then we await an explanation of why rotten eggs were thrown at the Beta, Alpha Gamma Rho, Triangle and Sig Ep houses during July and why several other houses (which offer choice targets) were spared!

The farmhouse chaperon this summer played revenue officer and poured twenty-five gallons of the boys’ best down the drain. It must have been terrible for the boys, especially with the raiding of the ill-famed “garden” following the close of summer school. The revenue boys *were* nice about it and waited until the session was over. According to Kansas City and St. Louis newspaper stories, the garden was described by such terms: “A student’s rendezvous” a “roadhouse” and even as far as to call it “a night club.”

Can you imagine a modern girl, especially a co-ed, wearing a corset . . . and to a beer party . . . a pre-registration affair? We can . . . we know . . . for a fact . . . well . . . we *were* surprised . . . for we’d of never thought of it . . .

Keep your eye peeled for a Tri-Delt-Delta Sigma Phi merge for we understand that Mary Burr hopped down to Texas as she could not wait until September to see Neal Guy. Speaking of eyes, many have been set on Bud Pollitt’s pin . . . we sympathize with those who

mourn its passing . . . and if the lucky K. U. maiden scans this sheet, we offer congratulations. Mrs. Betty Brooks Brown will soon be herself again, while on the other hand . . . the royal families of Delta Gamma and Kappa Sig have united in the marriage of Bill Stryker and Helen Henry. And speaking of marriages, and all that, we understand that a committee of two for the Workshop selected a rather expensive sterling silver serving tray for Mr. and Mrs. Donovan Rhynsburger.

For something to do, we might ask John Lee if he missed K. C. this summer. Yes, he spent his vacation as an instructor, or something, at a boys’ camp about 15 miles out from the city. And while on College Ave., wander over to the Figam house and ask the boys if Howard Brecht intends to sing his “Rise and Shine” song to the new pledges. Tis Suggett, pride and glory of the news class, is now working for the State Dept. of Health—that’s a healthy job we hope. Seymour Margules, former *ex*-Stage-Door Johnny is trying to sell ads on a Dallas newspaper. Like many grads of the Journalism school, he is looking for a job that offers a salary along with other advantages.

Mary Paxton Keeley is back and with some new plays. Will Mary ever grow up and stop *playing* around?

For those who failed to go anywhere this summer, we suggest as a substitute trip to old England, a visit and, if possible, an inspection tour through the new Kappa Sig house. It will bring back to mind the days of Sir Richard, Lancelot and even, Ivanhoe. It *is* beautiful. Old English and artistic to the last note. The boys and Ross Dunwoody are to be commended

(Continued on page ten)

# TRADITIONAl TALES

or

## *What We Can Learn at College*

From out of the realms of nowhere, we bring back to mind, for a moment of clear and clean thought, some of those things we are supposed to absorb while we go through the four (and five or six for some) years of this University machine. Perhaps we recall them to prepare ourselves for the question: WHAT ARE the so-called traditions of this institution? . . . And, as a matter of form, we introduce them to the freshman (not expecting that he will respect or remember them, for little do the upperclassmen pay homage to these customs of yesterday) but merely for the purpose of acquainting him with a few things that all students were *required* to honor way back when the collegiate style included long sideburns, high button shoes, and a three-inch stiff collar. (For further reminiscences, see the "Old Fashioned Girl Number of the *Showme*—Adv.)

According to some of the older sophomores in the Engine School who are still trying to pass Hydraulics, there is still some gossip about a tradition lingering around "The Six Sacred Columns." For years freshmen have always been obsessed with the idea of digging underneath them to find who is buried there, however we might say that the terrible odor really comes from the Chemistry Building. As the engineers' story goes, and they stick to it, only seniors and grads are permitted to walk around the upper mound near the columns. Even one of the older boys (when interviewed) insisted that with special permission, a faculty member or delegated alum *could even sit on the base of the columns*. Tsk! Tsk!

Furthermore, we learned that the dear ole juniors are permitted to go as far as to walk around the lower mound, while those terrible sophomores possess the privilege of walking on the campus as far as to the columns. However . . . freshmen could get no closer to the columns than the sidewalks would permit.

These rules were supposed to be strictly enforced by the "Paddle Squad" of selected engineers. Within the past few semesters we have had the pleasure to witness a few such outbreaks at which occasion some poor soul gets *his* tanned! . . . But in the long run (and it usually *is* a long run) the main purpose of the whole idea—that of saving or protecting the weeds and everglades on the quad—is forgotten, for after one of these melees the after-effects are still obvious until spring planting or until the Ag short course finals.

While dwelling on the Ag "seet-ye-ation," we might add that they, too, have a similar custom on their

sacred grounds . . . which as a matter of fact is more thoroughly enforced. However the engineers are somewhat more civil in administering their punishment, for, after it is over, they immediately resume their idleness, but with the ags conditions are different. In Mumford Hall classes must be postponed for several hours, at least until a few members of the Ag paddle line are able to have their tonsils swabbed and their voices restored.

And now to stroll south to the corner of Ninth and Conley, we are confronted with a building commonly known as "the Law Barn," wherein reside out "honest" lawyers, for whom Diogenes may still be searching. The chief tradition among lawyers is to flunk the bar exam . . . but we will let that drop. Running a furlough behind, we find among other law traditions the idea that everyone but lawyers are no better than the scum of the earth, and especially engineers. Once a year, at least, once, the two schools engage in a semi-friendly game of football with the lawyers usually on the winning side. This is either because they can secure more professionals to play for them under their "pre-law" ruling, or because they can out-argue the poor engineers who unfortunately do not have their slide rules with them . . . or both!

Lawyers and Engineers again tie-up during St. Patrick's week when the latter paint the town green and the former try to rub it off.

Now, to return to some more respectable customs, we find that freshmen still buy caps, and better still, we have evidence that some *actually wear them!* From various sources we are told that freshmen are supposed to decorate their skulls with their caps from September until the day before the Thanksgiving game, at which time they engage in fisticuffs with what few sophomores who do turn out in behalf of the class. And winning as they always do, the frosh burn their caps along with an effigy of the sophomores. But if they should lose, the custom is so arranged that they are to be tormented with their caps until X'mas.

Along with the wearing of the cap, there is the custom of using it to recognize upperclassmen (which may include anyone but the sucker who will squat and thumb his cap-button.)

As time rolls along and we begin to anticipate the arrival of the second or third check from home, the freshmen, under the careful guidance of Prof. Wrench, are organized enough to get together and rush down Ninth Street and congregate in front of the Missouri

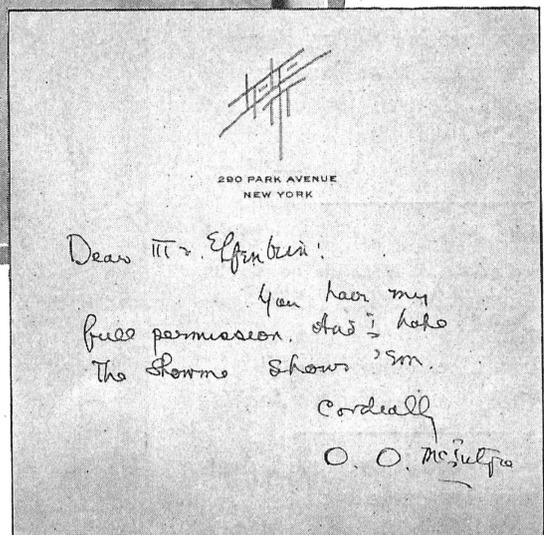
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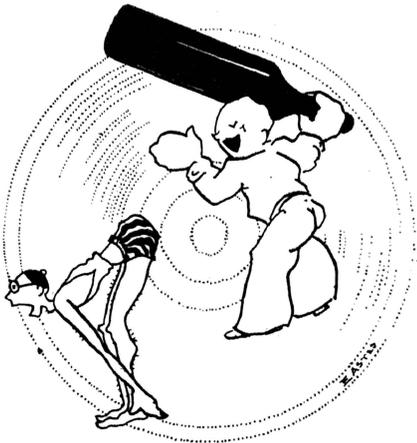
**Mr. O. O. McIntyre**

ITS GODFATHER, who has honored THE SHOWME by accepting this title and has given us permission to print this photograph which he has presented to the magazine and which now hangs in the SHOWME office. We are anxiously awaiting a message for a future number from our Godfather to his Godchildren.



SHOWME SHOW

(Continued from page seven)



The Hit of The Weak.



She: "You don't love me any more. I'm going back to my mother."

He: "Don't bother. I'll go back to my wife."

—Voodoo.

Both them hula girls loved the same man, so they pulled straws for him.

—Whirlwind.

Check and Double Check

He phoned his sweet boob-a-doop long distance. Five minutes later: "Deposit one dollar, please."

He talked some more.

"Deposit another dollar, please."

No answer.

"Deposit another dollar, please."

"For goodness sake, how can I? The thing's clogged up with my last check."

—Siren.

Number 308 (in Harem): "Did you know that Solomon is 85 years old tomorrow? What shall we give him?"

Number 23: "A night off."

—Yellow Jacket.

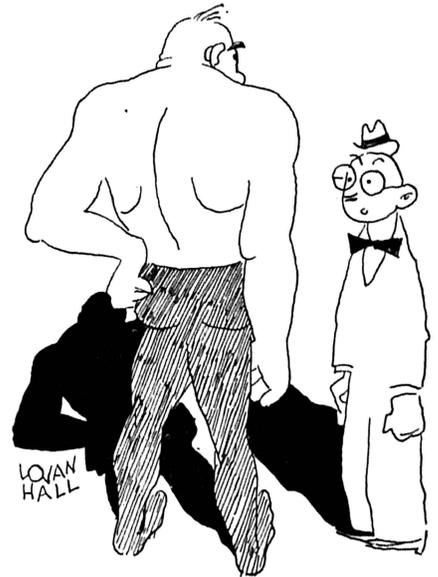
I think the moon is overrated, dear  
I thanked its magic spell  
Until one night with you it didn't  
appear,

And we did quite as well.

—Froth.

for what they have done, especially out there on the hill.

For one of the grandest views ask Ross to show you the one from the library (which is wonderful itself even its collection of books ranging from 100 best detective stories to "What every Woman Should Know" . . . and they are actually in the collection) and to get back to the view—that one from the library running west into the parlor and for another good view, vis-a-versa. Don't fail to see the den . . . that is if you can get in . . . it's real den-ish . . . and what a lovely porch with all its advantages, etc . . . in the daytime it offers a pretty view of the tennis courts, terrace and barbecue oven. We are well pleased with the choice of furniture, lamps, pictures, and—well, you *must* see it for yourself, for it's like the proposition: "When you come to a sign you have to detour. There's no other way around it!"



"I wanna enroll in the wrestling class, Sir."



"Judge, dis niggah promised to take me to Florida."

"Naw, I didn't, Judge, I only said I was goin' to Tampa with her."

—Texas Ranger.

"Is my face dirty or is it my imagination?"

"Your face is clean, I don't know about your imagination."

—Malteaser.

Mary had a little lamb—  
Which is unconventional to say the least.

—Sniper.

Hello, hello, hello. Operator, give me the Ozone Cab Co. Hello, Ozone? I'm calling from Salt Lake City. This is Brigham speaking. I'm taking my wife to the prom. Will you please send up a fleet of cabs.

—Red Cat.

Voice (over the phone): "Central, I want a policeman badly."

Operator (sighing dreamily): "Gee, kid, so do I."

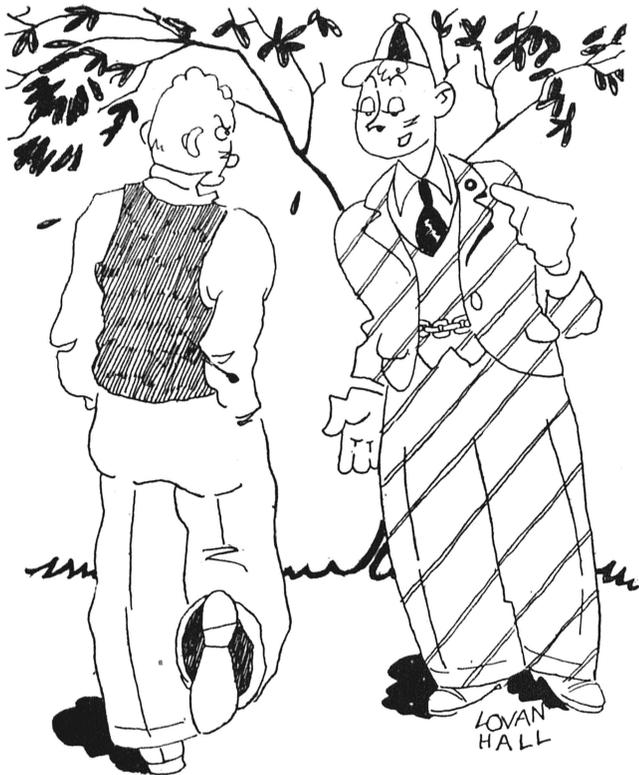
—Temple Owl.



HALL

How do you know she's a radio announcer's daughter?

She told me to please stand by.



Pledge: "Say, I've just sobered up. Can you tell me whose button this is?"



Stout Woman: I want to return this washing machine.

Salesman: Why, what's wrong with it, lady?

S. W.: Every time I get in the thing, the paddles knock me off my feet.

—*The Puppet.*

Father is the necessity of convention.—*Medley.*



Some femmes are good in spots and bad in spots. Lonely spots for instance.

—*Wampus.*

"Harry surprised me by telling me that we're going to take our honeymoon in France."

"How nice, and did he spring it on you?"

"He said as soon as we were married, he would show me where he was wounded in the war."

—*Octopus.*

Voice from Passing Auto: "Engine trouble, Bud?"

Voice from Parked Car: "No."

Voice from P. A.: "Tire down?"

Voice from P. C.: "Didn't have to."—*Mugwump.*

Mug:: Say, I can twist this little dial and get New York.

Pug: That's nothing, I twisted a little dial and got Sing Sing.

Janet: I love you bushels and bushels.

Jack: Are they standard measure, honey?

Whim: What did she say when you asked her for pie?

Wigger: Oh, I got a tart reply!

Larry the Life Guard says: "It's only a darned fool that would hug the shore when the surf is full of bathing beauties."

If a girl starts to walk back from an airplane ride some fellow is sure to glide her home.



Flo: "Hasn't she a muddy complexion?"

Jo: "You bet! It's slippery when she cries."

## TRADITIONAL TALES

or

*What We Can Learn at College**(Continued from page eight)*

Theater, where with town boys, seniors and alums, they go into a huddle and shout "Mizzou" three times and crash the gate! This practice originated out of the original freshman shirt-tale snake-dance or "The parade of the Thundering Thousand," five hundred or dirty dozen, who on the night of a victory of the Tiger football team raised so much hell, the theater had to let them in so the townspeople could go to sleep.

Among the numerous celebrations, both private and otherwise, before-during-and after football season, we recall, as best of all, the night of the bonfire before Homecoming. Some of us, however retain only slight recollections of such events, yet we are led to understand that they *do* have a bonfire. Each year the job of collecting material for the fire grows more difficult, especially since the folks no'th of Broadway are wise and now cement their telephone booths to the foundations.

Delving (no, Elmer, not diving, *delving*) into the more aged traditions we have stumbled into a little something concerning temperance rules for freshmen. Chief among them, and to our amazement, we learn that freshmen are neither to be seen nor heard during the evil hours of night when everyone is trying to keep from studying. Nor are they to frequent, visit, loiter or be observed in on near the pool-halls. (No relation to Jesse and Read). Likewise gossip goes along to include restrictions as to regulating a frosh's dating, wearing his roomie's socks, saying naughty woids, and the like!!

To save out readers trouble we will add that a number of these rules and rag-u-lations are still published and thrown in with no extra charge when purchasing a freshman cap. Buy one and see for yourself! To those desiring more *de-tailed* information regarding rules, just thumb your nose to a member of the Student Senate as you plow across the quad.

If by chance, and a small one, you should come near the Journalism Building some night as you cut thru the campus on the way to the evening shows (those at the theaters) we suggest that you whistle as you go thru the little park just behind the building—it's safer for your Adam's apple. And if you risk it to go that way during the daytime, take a little time out to pause and look at the old, shall we say—rustic, bridge across the little "crik" there. Would-be newspaper men and women (those who gab at every corner they can find) tell us that one will never be a success in the journalistic world until he or she has been kissed while crossing this bridge. A number of

*(Continued on page thirteen)*

# J. C. PEN

708-24  
COLUMB

*Smart! Thrill to Thrift*

# NEW FALL DRESSES

PENNEY'S LOW PRICE!

**\$9.90**

*New Colors!*

*Novel Effects!*

*Distinctive Styles!*

*Beautiful Materials!*

VALUE and again VALUE for women who want more than the average amount of style and quality at a low price! Dresses superbly made of splendid quality materials in tailored and frilly styles . . . you'll love the stylishly distinctive touches that stamp them as this season's very own!

**PENNEY CO. INC.**

8. adway

MISSOURI

## TRADITIONAL TALES

*(Continued from page twelve)*

grads have informed me to stay away from yon bridge and take a shot at the desk-book for diversion.

The newest tradition to develop around the linotype area is one that is centered around the west side of Neffall where the two stone lions stand guard. The story about what the lions will do is similar to the one told about the two lions in Kansas City at Broadway and E. Armour Blvd. Just ask anyone from Kansas City what the reference is. And, if you are from Kansas City, it's your own fault!



## BALLADE OF PROTEST

by  
"M. B."

*(From the Texas Longhorn-Ranger)*

Although, in life's recent stages  
Colleges have borne the gory  
Bludgeonings of all the sages,  
Who proclaim, quite mandatory,  
That the women, a *priori*,  
Cause our morals low to sink,  
I don't feel condemnatory;  
All co-eds aren't what you think!

When I meet a lad who rages  
Over woman's pristine glory,  
Crying we should be in cages,  
Though I fear his territory  
Suffers from some predatory  
Creature warm and soft and pink,  
Still I utter, *con amore*,  
All co-eds aren't what you think!

While you turn the daring pages  
Of some novel amatory,  
Wherein some wild youth engages,  
Choosing words too excretory,  
To set forth the idea hoary,  
That we girls are on hell's brink,  
Heed my words exhortatory:  
All co-eds aren't what you think!

## ENVOI

You who hear some college story  
Full of necking, smoke, and drink,  
Trust not innuendoes gory—  
All co-eds aren't what you think!



*"And what did you say your name was?"*

**WHAT IS GOLF?**

(Author Unknown)

Golf is a form of work made expensive enough for a man to enjoy it . . . it is a physical and mental exertion made attractive by the fact that you have to dress for it in a \$250,000 club house.

Golf is what letter-carrying, ditch-digging, and carpet-beating would be if these three tasks had to be performed on the same hot afternoon in short pants and colored socks by gouty-looking gentlemen who required a different implement for every mood.

Golf is the simplest looking game in the world when you decide to take it up . . . and the toughest looking after you have been at it for ten or twelve years.

It is probably the only known game a man can play as long as a quarter of a century and then discover that it was too deep for him in the first place!

The game is played on carefully selected grass with little white balls and as many clubs as the player can afford . . . These balls cost from 75 cents to \$25 . . . and it is possible to support a family of ten people (all adults) for five months on the money represented by the balls lost by some players in a single afternoon.

A golf course has eighteen holes . . . seventeen of which are unnecessary and put in to make the game harder. A "hole" is a tin cup in the center of a "green." A "Green" is a small parcel of grass costing about \$1.98 a blade and usually located between a brook and a couple of trees . . . or a lot of "unfinished excavation."

The idea is to get the golf balls from given points into each of the eighteen cups in the fewest strokes and . . . the greatest number of words.

The ball must not be thrown, pushed, or carried. It must be propelled by about \$200 worth of curious looking implements, especially designed to provoke the owner.

Each implement has a specific purpose and ultimately some golfers get to know what that purpose is . . . They are the exceptions.

Tell them you saw it in The Showme

**TILLOTSON'S**  
**JEWEL SHOP**  
COLUMBIA, MISSOURI

**A Courteous and  
Intelligent Service**

After each hole has been completed, the golfer counts his strokes. . . . Then he subtracts six and says: "Made that in five . . . That's one above par . . . Shall we play for fifty cents on the next hole, too, Ed?"

After the final or eighteenth hole, the golfer adds up his score and stops when he has reached eighty-seven. He then has a swim, a pint of gin, sings "Sweet Adeline" with six or eight other liars . . . and calls it the end of a perfect day!

\* \* \* \* \*

**EDITOR'S NOTE**—(This "treatise" on golf was taken from a trade magazine published in Kansas City, Mo. The author is absolutely unknown. Anyhow, we'll wager it was taken from actual experience.)



What do you want for your birthday?  
Something for my neck.

My gosh! Have you started charging for that?  
—Battalion.



**POLO SCHEDULE**

- Sept. 19—Practice games
- Sept. 26—Practice games
- Oct. 1—St. Louis Country Club at St. Louis
- Oct. 3—St. Louis Country Club at St. Louis
- Oct. 8—Iowa State College at Columbia
- Oct. 10—Iowa State College at Columbia
- Oct. 15—Oklahoma Military Academy at Columbia
- Oct. 17—Oklahoma Military Academy at Columbia
- Oct. 22—Oklahoma University at Columbia
- Oct. 24—Oklahoma University at Columbia
- Oct. 29—Ohio State University at Columbia
- Oct. 31—Ohio State University at Columbia
- Nov. 5—University of Illinois at Columbia
- Nov. 7—University of Illinois at Columbia
- Nov. 12—Iowa State College at Ames
- Nov. 14—Iowa State College at Ames

A total of fourteen games with ten played in Columbia and four played on trips.

Patronize these advertisers

Phones: Office 5103 — Res. 4012

**Dr. H. H. Buescher**  
Dental Surgeon

**METROPOLITAN BLDG. 9th Broadway**



"That's all right, just call me mother"



Boss: Late again!

Clerk: Well, my wife presented me with a baby last night.

Boss: She would have done a lot better with an alarm clock.

Clerk: Come to think of it, that would have been an achievement.

—Medley

He: What are women good for?

She: Many of us aren't.

—Brown Jug

"His name is Charlie Mellikevlamana."

"Finnish?"

"I did; that's all."

—Brown Jug

"Hey, Gadget, suppose you're officer-of-the-deck of a ship at sea. It is night and a heavy sea is running. Suddenly you see a rocket go up to leeward, followed by another and another, what is it?"

"Coney Island, sir."

—Log

Patronize the merchants.

Your friends will serve you at

**THE EVEREAT CAFE**

440 Ninth St. near University Ave.

for we employ only students

\$5.00 Meal Ticket \$4.50

Leonard Morris, Prop.

**THE TIGER**  
Invites you to call—

- Skilled, Licensed Operators
- Soft Water Shampoo
- The Highest Quality Supplies Used at All Times

**Tiger Beauty Shoppe**  
Phone 3411

Tell them you saw their ad in the Showme

**POLO**  
*Follow Mizsou's Most Spectacular Sport!*

**See opposite page  
for tentative schedule.**

Tell them you saw it in The Showme

Welcome Students . . .

Expert  
Photography  
and  
Pleasing You  
Is  
Our Specialty  
Central Dairy  
Bldg.  
**PETERSON'S  
STUDIO**  
Call 6691 for appointments

THE MISSOURI SHOWME



Original rushee scouting around for a date.



NO FAIR

Driver of car (unfamiliar with the road): "I take the next turn, don't I?"

Muffled Male Voice From the Back Seat: "Like hell you do!"  
—*Jack-o'-Lantern.*

"How come the asbestos gloves?"  
"I'm going out with Gregory-May tonight."  
—*Pitt Panther.*

Stude: "What is the literal Latin for 'He pretended he wanted to ride'?"

Stewd: "Hitch, hike, hokum."  
—*Columns.*

For highest quality patronize Showme advertisers

**Students . . . .**

Start The Year Right And The Year Will End Right.

Theme Paper, Binders, Supplies

**KRESS'**

On Broadway

Once: Was he surprised when you said you wanted to marry his daughter?

Twice: Was he? The gun nearly fell out of his hand.

—*Rice Owl.*

"Curse it! Curse it!" hissed the villain snatching at the girl's waist.

"No it isn't, either," she retorted, "it's a girdle."  
—*Beanpot.*

"See the beautiful virgin pines."  
"Yeah, and I know what she's pining for."  
—*Puppet.*

"I hear that when Mrs. Smythe died she left \$70,000 in her bustle."

"My, my, that's a lot of money to leave behind."  
—*Carnegie Tech. Puppet.*

She: "Do you care for pink step-ins?"

He: "Now let me see . . ."  
—*Red Cat.*

Mary has a little swing,  
It isn't far behind;  
And everywhere that Mary goes  
The swing is just behind.  
—*Log.*

She laughed when I sat down on the park bench, but when I started to play—"  
—*Frivol.*

Two people who can always make ends meet: The Siamese Twins.

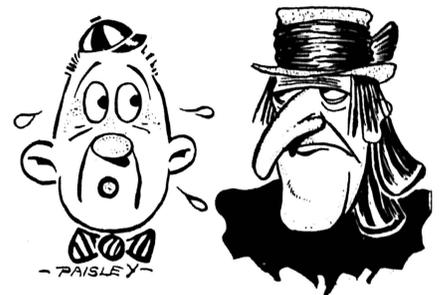
—*Arizona KittyKat.*

Any taxi driver can make a running broad jump.

—*Blue Jacket.*

Eve decided to outsmart Adam so she made herself an apron of leaves. It happened they were poison ivy so she succeeded in her desire.

I think that I shall never see  
An F as lovely as an E.  
An E whose form is pressed.  
Upon the records of the blessed.  
An F comes easily—and yet,  
It isn't easy to forget;  
F's are made by fools like me,  
But only God could make an E.  
—*Ghost.*



Mister, do you believe in the survival of the fittest?  
Hell, no!! I'm an undertaker.

Patronize these merchants

**CONLEY-MYERS BANK**

Extends Their Welcome and Service to the University Students

Capital and Surplus \$150,000



Ekel: "Give me a sentence with the word *avoid* in it."

Bedekel: "I can't hear *avoid* you say."



Mule: Hello, What are you?

Austin: I'm an automobile. What are you?

Mule: I'm a horse.

And they both laughed.—*Dodo*

"Hey, you can't dance that way in here."

"But this is interpretative dancing."

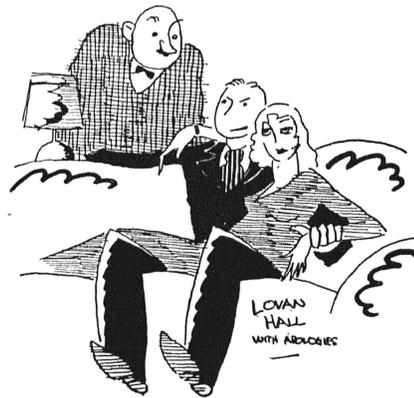
"Then I'm interpreting it the wrong way."

—*Octopus*

You gotta give 'em credit: An Eskimo is the only one who can be married one day and have a good sized family the next.

—*Columbia Jester*

For highest quality patronize Showme advertisers



Jill: "And we'll live on cheese and kisses.

Jack: "Yes, I'm fond of cheese."

Delicious home-cooked meals  
35c

includes any five-cent fountain drink  
Home-made Pies Pastries

### UNIVERSITY SHOPPE

"A Rendezvous for Students"

905 University

Dial 3846

Patronize these merchants

Books

Gifts

Stationery

*Satterlee's*

Missouri Theatre Bldg.

Tell them you saw it advertised in The Showme

Dial 5304

Free Delivery

Dial 5304

# Anderson Drug Company

Successor to Prather's

219 South Ninth, Columbia, Mo.

Parker Pens

School Supplies

Whitman Candies

**Walgreen System**  
DRUGS WITH A REPUTATION

Toasted Sandwiches

For Every Taste

Call Us Now

She: Would you go through fire for me?

He: Gladly, dear.

She: Well, try it some time—you aren't too hot at present.

—*Old Maid.*

Nurse: Mr. Jones, you are the father of quadruplets.

Mr. Jones: What! One of them things that runs around on four legs?

—*Ski-U-Mah.*

Patronize these advertisers

STORAGE—GENERAL REPAIRING—ACCESSORIES—WRECKER SERVICE

**A. O. Cullen Garage**

If I please you tell others, If not—Tell Me

DAY AND NIGHT SERVICE

Phone 5419                      218 N. 8th St.

Patronize Showme advertisers

**Missouri Flower Shop**

*Guaranteed Flowers*

29 N. 10th St. — Phone 4412

LaForce High Grade Home-made Candies

We specialize in the Dance Corsage

Tell them you saw it advertised in The Showme

You won't know you are away from home cooked meals if you eat at—

**GREEN MILL**

Luscious Lunches, Confections to please the palate

"That will be enough out of you" said the doctor as he stitched the patient together.

—*Maltcaser*

"Say, sit down in front!"

"G'wan, I don't bend that way."

—*Log*

This little sheep went to market . . .

This little sheep stayed at home . . .

And so we have Virgin Wool.

—*Red Cat*

**TECHNIQUE**

Co-ed: "Where did you learn to kiss like that?"

Frosh: "Clucking at the horses."

—*Utah Humbug*

He: "Well, that sounds very fine, but tell me, Has your apartment a fire-escape?"

She: "Oh, yes."

He: "Fine, that lets me out."

—*Cornell Widow*

Wife to hubby who has stumbled over a chair in the dark trying to get to bed after a large evening:

"Is that you, John?"

Yesh, m'dear, if 'taint I'm going to 'ply for a divorshe."

—*Case Tech*

Tattoo Artist: "See that girl? Well, I've got designs on her."

Flora: "I hate Bob."

Dora: "Why?"

Flora: "Well, I offered to take whatever he thought my kisses were worth and this morning he sent a bill marked 'physical labor'."

Tell them you saw their ad in the Showme

Why call elsewhere—

When

"The Tiger Can't Be Beat"

Laundry — Cleaning — Repairing

**Tiger Laundry and Dry Cleaning Co.**

Dial 4156                      On Bdwy at 1101



**A NEW TASTE SENSATION  
HITS THE  
CAMPUS**

**And it's a LIFE SAVER  
FOR DEAR OLD WHOOSIS**

For highest quality patronize Showme advertisers

**Johnnie McGuire**  
and his 9-piece band

Back from a season tour where we made hits at popular resorts in Texas, Nebraska, and Missouri.

Hear Us at the Tiger Club Wednesday Nights Starting September 16

Hear Us And Get Our Prices Before Booking. Your Fall Dances.

Patronize these advertisers

*Two Flower Shops*

**H. R. Mueller**  
MEMBER F.T.D.  
**FLORIST**

16 South Ninth  
Green House West Blvd.

Our Home Grown Flowers Assure You The Finest Quality.



"A penny for your thoughts."

"A penny hell. It's the kind of thing you pay \$8.80 a seat for on Broadway."

—Jack-O-Lantern



"Did you hear about the Egyptian government washing the desert with Lifebuoy?"

"Yes, there were some awful sphinx out there."

—Froth

**APPROPO AT MISSOURI**

Delta Tau: I didn't sleep a wink last night.

D. U.: Why not?

D. T.: The shade was up.

D. U.: Well, why didn't you pull it down?

D. T.: I couldn't reach to the Theta house.

—Sour Owl



"Was it much of a necking party last night?"

"Was it? Say, before the dance the hostess says: "Everyone chews his own partner."

—Royal Gaboon

Tell them you saw their ad in the Showme

**Greenspon's**  
1006 BROADWAY

*The First Impression is always Best*

Begin the year right and visit Greenspon's for your formal dress.

In a cigarette it's taste, but in an Austin it's impossible!

For those who can't understand Einstein here is a much simpler formula to relativity:

To one gallon of apple cider add one cup of raisins and one cup of brown sugar. Let solution stand in warm corner for at least six weeks or until odor is as offensive as ten skunks in parallel on a damp night. After consumption of the above product, it is seen what makes the world go around.

—Green Griffin

Masher (to sweet young thing)—What's your telephone number?

S. Y. T.—You can find it in the phone book.

Masher—Well, then what's your name?

S. Y. T.—That's in the phone book, too.

“You know, Henrietta, every time I see you my heart beats faster. I feel the urge to do bigger and better things. I feel so strong and virile. Do you know what that means?”

“Sure. It means in about five minutes you and I are going to have a wrestling match.”

—Sun Dial

You'll find that when you're dancin'

To some music quite entrancin'

You can always do free lancin'

With your eyes—

But remember when you're lovin'

In a corner turtle-dovin'

That a precious line of nothin'

May be lies!

—Sun Dial

Judge: And what are your grounds for divorce?

Young Bride: Harry snores.

Judge: How long have you been married?

Bride: Two weeks.

Judge: Granted. He shouldn't snore.

—Splinters

Tell them you saw it advertised in The Showme

Fraternity Jewelers  
Badges  
Rings  
Crested Gifts

**Buchroeder's**

C. A. Dixon, Rep. Dial 3222

Tell them you saw it advertised in The Showme

**FORD**  
Sales and Service

Skelly Gas—Your Favorite Oil  
and Service the Ford Way.

Good Used Cars at All Times

**E. C. Clinkscales & Sons**

5th and Broadway Phone 4126

For highest quality patronize Showme advertisers

**College Cleaners**

4 presses for \$1.00

Dial 5636 We call for  
and Deliver

The Wise Student Protects His Education  
With  
Low Cost Life Assurance

See E. D. WAYLAND

**Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada**

102 Metropolitan Bldg.

Dial 6961

THE MISSOURI SHOWME



**Polly and Molly**

*Prattlings By A Pair Of Prize Punsters*

**Polly:** Well, girl, last night I had the *cuh-razz-i-est* dream. And, honey, he was simply *darling!* But, . . . oh, heck, that kind of a man *could* propose to me in a dream!

**Molly:** I had a crazy dream last night too, but it was about that darn Alfred Brown. Do you know Al, Polly? Thought maybe you did. Well, . . . uh . . . I dreamed that he had a date with that awful Sue Smith. You know Sue, don't you, Polly? She's that tall girl with the red hair who sat next to Mary Walker at graduation . . . and she had on the *quecrest* . . . well, maybe not exactly *quecr*, but . . . oh, well she had on a funny looking dress. Yeh, her ole man gave her that new car for her graduation gift, but she didn't get it until two weeks after school was out.

**Polly:** Funny thing how all the good luck goes to the *dum* clucks. Isn't it, Molly? Why, all my folks gave me for graduation is this wrist watch, and . . . well, tho it is pretty, you can't go for a ride in it . . . Molly, don't you think it is *simply* terrible for a girl to pick up a boy and take him riding?

**Molly:** Oh, I can't say its *exactly* wrong, . . . but . . .

**Polly:** Well, I saw this Sue take your Al for a ride that night of the freshmen's dance in—what's

the name of that big building? Oh, yeh, Jesse Hall.

**Molly:** Did you see them leave, too? Darn that Sue, I just *can't* like her. And I'll fix Mr. Alfred Brown for that, *too*.

**Polly:** Lot's of people condemn her for doing what she does . . . oh, I don't mean she does just *anything* . . . or, well, just *everything*, you know, anything that is *real* bad, but it's the people she goes out with that *starts* the talking.

**Molly** (angrily): Say, you lay off Al. What about yourself at that Senior Class swimming party Thursday afternoon before graduation? Oh, you remember . . . yeh, and I saw you . . . and that ham Freddie Baker. Freddie gave you a regular *bear hug*, didn't he?

**Polly:** He most *certainly* did not! We had our bathing suits on!

**A Freshman Aspires To Be:**  
 Captain of the football team,  
 A fraternity man,  
 Phi Bete,  
 Able to hold his liquor,  
 On a publication,  
 And after a successful year is:  
 A sophomore!

—Punch Bowl.

"What is heredity?"  
 "Something a father believes in  
 until he sends his son to College."  
 —Texas Ranger.

Little Willie: "Pa, what's a  
 Weekly Financial Letter?"  
 Pa: "I get one from your college  
 brother every Monday."  
 —Texas Ranger.

**His First Day at the Gym**  
 Prof.: "Did you take a shower  
 bath?"  
 Frosh: "No, is there one miss-  
 ing?"  
 —Bison.

"I see you have a sale of furs.  
 Fire sale?"  
 "No, mange."  
 —Purple Parrot.

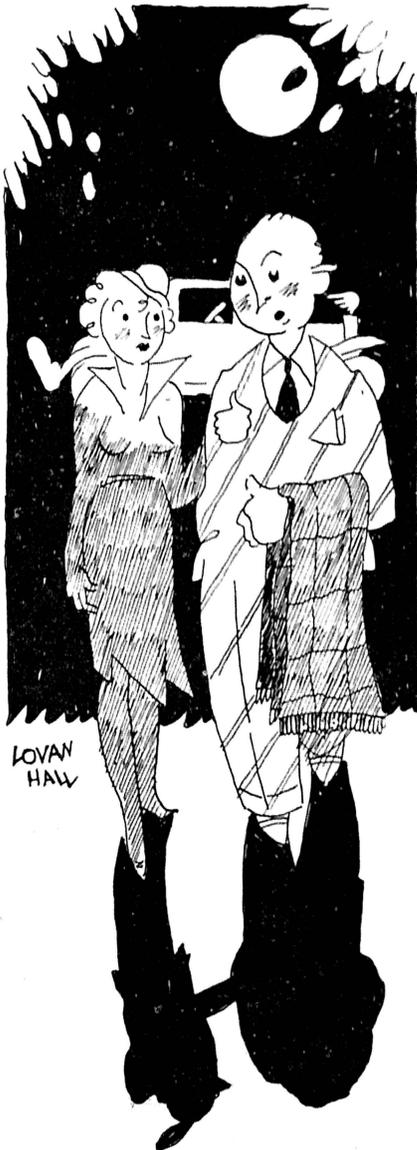
Official Printers of the University of Missouri

**Herald-Statesman  
 Publishing Co.**

COLUMBIA, MISSOURI  
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"We Print the Showme"

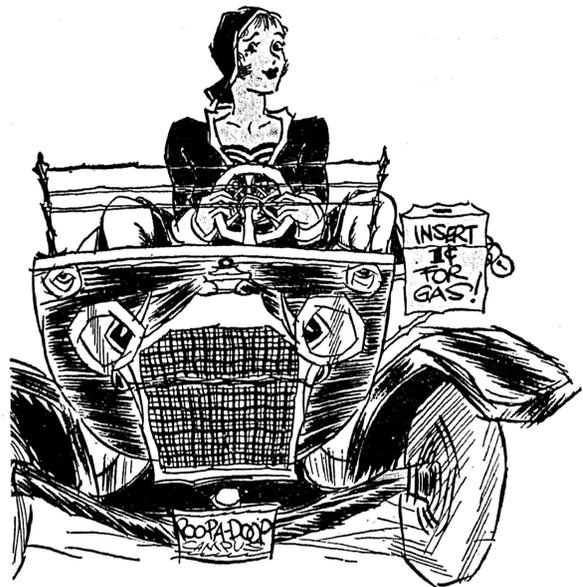


"And what did you say your name was?"

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CO-EDS!



Soon She'll Be Calling Amoebas  
By Their First Names



Maybe, but she also keeps on speaking terms with the other animals on the campus.

Classrooms may teem with stern professors earnestly intent upon taking life seriously, but the Greek gods and goddesses of the campus demand a touch of gayety in their education. Something young, vivid, sparkling and exuberant.

Dick Hyland's *Diary of a Football Player* is one of the literary surprises of the season. Leonora Baccante's *Can't We Be Friends?* is another. Every co-ed will want to read new things by Katharine Brush, O. O. McIntyre, Margaret Banning, Achmed Abdullah and Noël Coward—to mention but a few.



SPECIAL TO COLLEGIANS

9 Months (the school year) for \$2.00

COLLEGE HUMOR  
1050 N. LaSalle St., Chicago



I've sold my Greek pony and am using another fellow's. Here's the \$2 for nine issues of COLLEGE HUMOR.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

*You ain't seen nothin  
You ain't heard nothin,*

But you can expect something in the  
next

**SHOWME**



**Out October 8th**

# Of course **CAMELS** are milder **THEY'RE FRESH!**

**H**AVE you noticed how men and women everywhere are switching to the fresh mildness of Camels? Always a great favorite, this famous blend is more popular now than ever, since the introduction of the new Humidor Pack.

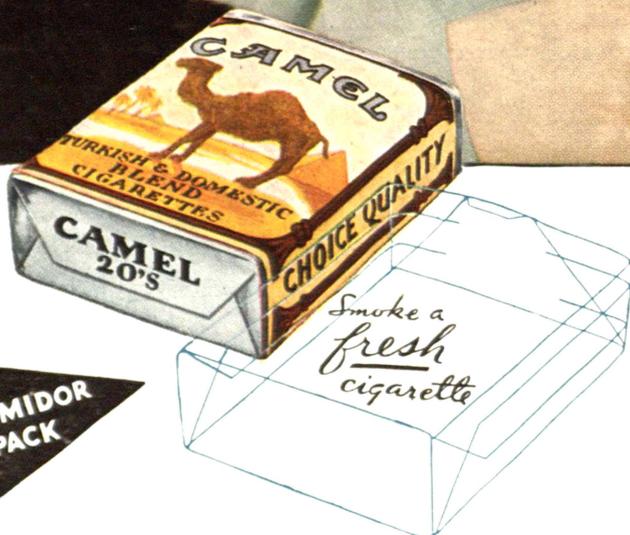
If you need to be convinced, make this simple test yourself between a humidor fresh Camel and any other cigarette:

First, inhale the cool fragrant smoke of a perfectly conditioned Camel and note how easy it is to the throat.

Next, inhale the hot, brackish smoke of a parched dry cigarette and feel that sharp stinging sensation on the membrane.

The air-sealed Humidor Pack keeps all the rare flavor and aroma in and prevents the precious natural tobacco moisture from drying out. Important too, it protects the cigarette from dust and germs.

Switch to Camel freshness and mildness for one whole day, then leave them — if you can.



● Don't remove the moisture-proof Cellophane from your package of Camels after you open it. The Humidor Pack is protection against dust and germs. Even in offices and homes, in the dry atmosphere of artificial heat, the Humidor Pack delivers fresh Camels and keeps them right until the last one has been smoked.

# CAMELS

Mild . . . NO CIGARETTY AFTER-TASTE