

Dup

MISSOURI

SHOWME



SEPTEMBER 1941

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Dedication



To the late Dean Frank L. Martin, genial pilot of the School of Journalism and loyal supporter of Sigma Delta Chi, this issue of Showme is respectfully dedicated.

DEAN MARTIN

by Eugene W. Sharp

Associate Professor of
Journalism

True journalist that he was, the late Dean Frank L. Martin liked people. This was evident not only in his professional work but in his daily informal contacts with students, friends, and acquaintances. His friendships extended round the world. People liked him because he inspired each to do his best.

A news man first and last and a born reporter, Dean Martin was always an alert and staunch defender of an independent and free press. Be sure your news is in the public interest, then get it and print it regardless of obstacles, he said. He had an uncanny eye for spotting a local news angle or a human interest tie-up in a national or state news item.

His editing was as concise as his handwriting. A few quick strokes of the pencil and the useless verbage was cut out leaving a forceful sentence with the essence of the news.

This journalistic leader made

decisions quickly. Praise and censure alike were given rarely but meant much. You knew when he said "well done", it came from both the head and the heart and was deserved. When he criticized he did so constructively and incisively. His advice and his occasional censure never lost force through being repetitious.

Few teachers in the newspaper field have done more to advance the cause of professional education for journalism. He directed surveys, presided over organizations, made talks, and wrote articles urging an ever higher standard in his chosen field of journalism. He believed thoroughly in learning by doing, but with a worthy goal in view in the doing.

From the time that Sigma Delta Chi first established a chapter on the campus of the University of Missouri in 1913, Dean Martin was an enthusiastic supporter of the ideals and work of that organization. He thought it was needed to stimulate the best in newspaper work. From 1917 to 1922 he was editor of the Quill, national magazine for journalists published by Sigma Delta Chi. He was adviser of the chapter here when it won the national efficiency contest in 1927, and he always evinced a friendly interest in the Showme.

Far from regarding life from an entirely serious point of view, Dean Martin was fond of joking and seeing the real humor in any situation. His warm, friendly smile is known to thousands of former students and friends. By means of it he controlled in a masterful and efficient manner a district convention of the press Congress of the World in Mexico City in the summer of 1931. A Mexican journalist credited that poignant and meaningful smile with harmonizing conflicting interests and personalities in that meeting.

His was a sardonic wit made brighter by a whimsical humor. He liked to laugh and to kid his friends along. No matter what the task, Dean Martin could ask you to do something so that you wanted to do it gladly. He liked people and they liked him.

#

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Guilty!!!

ERNIE HUETER
Ringleader

LEN COHEN
Shyster

ART McQUIDDY
BASIL HARTWELL
Diagramers

DUKE KORNBLATT
Mugger

JOE FINLEY
CHARLIE BARNARD
Brains

STOOGES
Dick Webster
Ray Corliss
Beverly Hofland
June Smith
Cal Weiss

J. V. CONNOLLY
Godfather

SIGMA DELTA CHI
The Mob

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THE SOPHOMORES CAN DO IT

by Joe Finley

WINNING ball clubs don't like to build around rookies. That holds for football, baseball, shinny, bowling on the green, or run, sheepie, run. The old heads are the boys that know their way around, and all the great clubs you see are usually sprigled with veterans.

But great natural ability can compensate for the lack of experience, so we say, in an optimistic mood. But you almost have to be optimistic when you drop around to Rollins Field and see the 74-man Tiger squad work. Last spring, watching practice, you begin to mutter to yourself that the Black and Gold might be pretty tough about November. Then, over the warm summer months when you go dizzy trying to figure out whether the Cards or the Dodgers will be two percentage points ahead of the other after the day's games, you begin to weaken slightly.

The natural hesitancy to be conservative where sophomores abound swings full in the face and you become as cautious as Aunt Agatha at Hialeah. But when the undergrads come back to town and you slip out to see some of the lads ramming their heads into concrete walls to take the new off the helmets, that confidence begins to ooze back.

For when the veteran lettermen begin to moan about the rookies playing too rough, the suspicion strikes you that maybe

these boys up from the yearling squad can play football. Veterans that came out of the Nebraska and Oklahoma games last fall with bleeding faces, bruised hips, and misplaced shoulders, but still smiling, are complaining about the sophomores playing a little rough.

Not so long ago, back before Clark Shaughnessy dropped from grace at the University of Chicago, and giant Tiny Thornhill was just succeeding Pop Warner at Stanford, the Indians went to the Rose Bowl—with nine sophomores in the starting lineup. Paul Christman, Tommy Harmon, and a few other notable lads did not exactly warm the bench when they graduated from the freshman squads.

Major league baseball squads, scientific exponents of the team game, never object to a few recruits around if they were tempered with veteran talent. Old catchers often handle rookie pitchers, and in the infield, there must be a guy around that knows the league. Little Jimmy Brown, just attaining veteran status, takes care of things like that in the St. Louis Cardinal infield.

Sixteen men who saw enough service to "be pledged by the M" club are on hand, and for the first part of the season at least, they will bear the brunt of the heavy duty. Of the sixteen on hand, there is a veteran for every position, and at



the important tackle post, there are four of them.

Jumping quickly to personalities, Harry "Slippery" Ice is the top candidate to take Paul Christman's place at the present moment. The sophomores will face their toughest competition here, but count on Joe Flavin, Red Wade, and Dutch Wyatt to see plenty of action.

All-Americans are fine things for the drum-beaters, and the Krupa section might ogle loudly over the prospects of Captain Darold Jenkins, who ranges up and down the scrimmage line like Paul Bunyan covering the Mississippi Valley. If Missouri places a star in the top ranks



While sophomores get the call as the lads that will determine just how far the Tigers will go this year, the lettermen received the attention of the photographers on the opening day of practice. Three holdovers from last year get their equipment from Storeroom Manager John Martin. They are, left to right, Martin, tackle Bob Brenton, guard Mike Fitzgerald, and guard Bob Jeffries.

of the nation this year, it will be Jenkins.

At all the positions, the Bengals show power and the will-
ingness to win. And if a happy,
laughing gang of big sophomores
can produce, watch the Tigers
scale the heights in 1941!



Adam and Eve in the Garden
had a pretty hard day naming all
the animals. "Well, Eve," said
Adam, "Let's call this a hip-
popatamus."

"But Darling, why call it a
hippopatamus?"

"Well, Hell, it looks like a
hippopatamus, don't it?"



Doc: "I'd like to have a quart
of blood for a transfusion. Can
you give it?"

Fraternity man: "I can only
give you a pint. I gotta shave
tomorrow."



Jack Lister of Normandy, who alternated with Bob Steuber as the regular left end last season, checks out his old number "40" jersey for the opening day of work Wednesday, September 10. With Steuber moved to a wingback position, Lister faces competition only from the sophomores, but that group, headed by flashy, pass-catching Art Santow will make the junior letterman hustle and fight for his job all year.



INFO FO' FRESHMEN



THE MEMORIAL TOWER was erected to the memory of those University of Missouri students who gave their lives in World War I. It is required that hats be removed when walking through the tower. During this school year, contribution boxes will be passed through the local theaters sixteen times a day to obtain funds for the building of ten more towers which will be dedicated to those who have succumbed to the draft and Physics 2B.

In which we give a little peek into the innards of M. U. traditions, organizations, and faux pas. (Fr.)

time to get the hell out of there and go to the Shack for another beer.

THE TIGER CLAW is an organization of M. U. rooters so conspicuously full of school spirit. They have pep. They eat Bran.

THE MISSOURI STUDENT is the weakly student newspaper (be that what it may) which has existed. How or why marks it as the ninth wonder of the world. With the universe so full of parasites at this time, the Student will flourish—even with its circulation of ten. The Student staff boasts ten members. With the government making such an energetic drive to collect, conserve, and convert old rags, the Student may soon perish from this earth. Amen.

A COLLEGE PROFESSOR is the strangest of all non-extinct creatures, and the most baffling to students. The story of M. U.'s first professor dates way back, and since then he has multiplied until now he is outdone only by the students. It seems that at one time there was a young man who was submitted to a very delicate brain operation. The brain was removed and taken into the next room for consultation. Meanwhile the young man became very impatient and finally got up and walked out. Two years later he was found teaching at the University of Missouri.



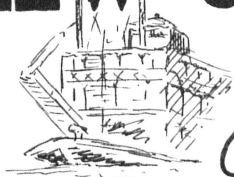
THE "JAY" SCHOOL LIONS are the never-failing guardians of that which is so sacred to the M. U. co-ed. Legend has it should the young M. U. vain walk his girl between these stately statues and they roar, as only lions can, he will know that the chasitivity of the lady in question is still in good keeping. Should they be silent as the two pass through, the boy (if he is a fraternity man) will undoubtedly have another date with said lass. Should the lions begin fighting between themselves, then it's



INCIDENT

IN

NEW ORLEANS



by
Charles Barnard

The cabin of the "Cotton Queen" was flooded with early morning sunlight, and the sluggish, brown water of the Mississippi cast shining, darting reflections through the small square windows onto the low ceiling. The absence of noise and vibration was evidence to the fact that the "queen" had docked, and the slow shuffle of bare feet on the deck above indicated that "Licorice" was at his chores.

Occupant of the cabin was one "Diamond" Descartes—profession: gambler; sole means of livelihood: gambling; success: unfailling.

Worrying at the choker of white lace that erupted from his throat, he pirouetted before the full-length cabin mirror, regarding his perfectly attired figure with a scrutinous and approving eye, and occasionally strutting back and forth, the better to observe the jaunty flow and billow of his swallow coat.

He had been a very regular passenger on the "Cotton Queen" making almost all of her round trips between St. Louis, Cario, Natchez, and New Orleans. The fact that he was known by everyone on the river to be one of the shrewdest of professional card sharks, never dimmed the gleams of gold and white that shot across dusky moon faces when they saw him approach, for "Mr. Diamond", as he was called, was always generous with his tips and cigars.

The previous evening, however, had done much to ruffle his usual calm. It had begun when a mysterious young gentleman in sartorial evening dress had made his way across the great silent carpet of the "Queen's" gaming room and taken a place at the Red Dog table where Descartes was profitably holding forth.

Introducing himself as Jacques Duval of St. Louis, he had seemed not ill at ease in these surroundings of red plush, white-coated waiters, crystal chandeliers, and expensive panatellas. For that matter, it soon became evident that

he was not ill at ease at the Red Dog table either, for within an hour everyone but he and Descartes had withdrawn, leaving these two marble-faced individuals to bankrupt each other.

Far into the night they gambled, the purr of shuffling cards being periodically interrupted by the click of Descartes' cuff links on the table edge as he played. The sound of the churning paddle-wheel had become more audible as the gaming-room was vacated by tired and bunk-destined travelers. Still, however, they had fondled the slippery cards, these two; the pile of chips in front of "Diamond" Descartes becoming steadily smaller. A rare sight indeed, for those who knew him, for it was said that no one ever won from Descartes.

Finally, in the early hours of the morning, the young Duval had taken his opponent's last chip and the two men had stood up. Descartes



had lost \$2,000, but could still smile and bid his young conquerer a good night. River history had been made, however, for "Diamond" Descartes had been beaten at Red Dog.

This particular morning, therefore, his agitation was more than usual as he arranged the fit of his cape and carefully disguised the presence of a pearl-handled derringer in his sash. In two light steps he was out of the cabin, and in several more he descended the gangplank, breathing the fresh spring air and stopping to look both ways as his fine shoe touched the wharf of New Orleans.

New Orleans in 1830—cesspool

of the Mississippi, drainpot of a continent, sanctuary of wickedness. A roaring, boisterous, carnival city, gaudy with the spangles of badness. A haven of pirates, criminals and gamblers. A city without law—without order, but resplendent in the customs, habits, and chivalry of a golden age.

Descartes hailed a waiting barouche and shot an address at the driver as he hopped lightly into the open seat. The chestnut pair pricked their ears at the familiar "glick-glick", and the carriage, with its colorful passenger, jolted down Wharf Street.

Wharf Street—a teeming, seething ribbon of industry, margining the river, and separating its refuse-floating waters from the dim, dusty interiors of the adjacent shipping offices. Wharf Street—a bedlam of hoarse, angered voices, of irritable teamsters, of stomping horses, of odors of hemp and tar, of languishing negroes, of bales of cotton and tobacco, of rope, of boards, of horse dung, and of stench. Wharf Street—a gross part of a vile city.

The spindle-wheeled barouche threaded its painful way through the snarl and presently picked up speed as it traveled on into clearer ways. Descartes wiped a sheen of perspiration from his brow with a fine handkerchief and looked with periodic and impatient glances at a great handful of gold that was his watch.

Noon found him mingling with a heterogeneous group of gabbing, gesticulating men at the open-air slave market, located outside the city in a grove of ancient oaks that were heavy with the spanish moss. Wealthy, corpulent slave owners were here to buy replacements for their plantation armies. Small farmers were here to pick up a helper or two. Pickpockets were here to ply their sneaking trade, and "Diamond" Descartes was here to buy "Samson".

Nor was he the only one, for "Samson" was the biggest, blackest, bull-necked, bum-boater that the slave markets of New Orleans had put on the block in a decade. With an increasing number of enemies (Red Dog victims, mostly), Descartes was no longer willing to trust solely to his lightning dirk and faithful derringer. A body-guard, such as "Samson" would make, was becoming a necessity.

Dozens of shippers, farmers, and boatmen were here to bid on "Samson". His strength had become legendary and fables revolved about his massive being until his fame had become almost Bunyan-like.

Old Judge Grabiner had raised him from a child to the monster

(Continued on Page 10.)

THE SAGA OF THE UNPOPULAR GENERAL

Or

"HE WAS ROTTEN TO THE CORPS"

By Ernie Heuter

(In the background is heard the theme song of the Greek Army—"Don't let a Dago by".)

Scene takes place in a Greek restaurant—one of those places where you eat dirt. At one table is a tea bag. An old sailor comes in and picks her up. At the counter is the down-trodden butcher who sat on a meat grinder and got a little behind in his work. "I've stood enough", said the humorist as they amputated his legs. He had no understanding. From left stage enters a cowgirl who was in a rodeo and held her roan with the best of them. With her is the laziest man in the world—he married a widow and six children. He is the brother of the overly ambitious street cleaner who had his face kicked. "I'm losing my punch", said the Alpha Phi as she left the cocktail party in a hurry. A tomato suggests that the time is ripe for the next scene.

ACT—Now!

SCENE—2-2divine!

TIME—Marches on!

PLACE—or show.

Fifteen men on a dead man's chest—Community Chest (Adv.) Enter: a Freshman who always wore his business suit when he went out on dates. His mother, who had that used car look, owned a bottle works, but he never had a pop. The couple in the 2nd row want a mystery show because they both love each shudder. Behind them sits a drunk Frenchman—the Plaster of Paris. "We'll have to rehearse that", said the undertaker as the coffin fell out of the car. The plumber's face flushed, but being a good plumber, flushed silently. In the corner is the beautiful geometry teacher who knew how to bisex angles. She had such a pretty mouth that she'd put it up against anybody's anytime. Said the raindrop to the particle of dust, "That settles you—your name's mud!"

"That's the spirit," cries the fortune teller as the table begins to rise.

Enter the conceited snake who was all wrapped up in herself. She was so nearsighted that she eloped with a rope. With her is her brother—the Phi Delt who spent ten dollars on his girl every time he took her out—that's all she had.

ACT—natural.

TIME—it right.

Curtain goes up in smoke. Audience sees the salad dressing. The turkey is already dressed.

The scene is set in a vacuum—the large empty space where the Pope lives. Phone: VAT 69.

Enter the young girl who was trying to work her way through college by selling Saturday Evening Post, but all the boys wanted to take Liberties.

Hickory, dickory, dock,

A mouse ran up a hotel bill.

So paying alimony is like taxation without representation.

"It looks like I am stuck for the drinks," says the penniless actor as the bartender stabs him through the heart.

Offstage an Indian bloodhound is very disgruntled. He is left in the woods without a red scent.

Enter: One of Stephens' better. Everyone thought she was spoiled but it was just the perfume she was using. She went Christmas shopping for a book on the sex life of the Indians called, "THE LUST OF THE MOHICANS".

The scene switches to M. U.—the college that's so tough it holds tear gas drills. The students here today are much alike in many disrespects, and if you don't

think they're hard on the foreigners, just watch them down the Scotch. The outstanding co-ed is Sweet Sue, the sugar heiress who climbed the ladder of success wrong by wrong. She is going steady with the cruel, cruel editor of the SHOWME (adv.) who put his relative in the rumble seat to watch his anti-freeze. He used to be the gardner who raised some American Beauties from infancy to adultery. Last to enter is the unfortunate chorus girl—she has the bends. She used to be David Copperfield's girl but now she's Oliver's Twist. At this point the actors strike and go out to the paupers grave where there's free bier. The audience stands on his chair and calls for the author. Will he appear? Of corpse not!

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All seats reserved.

All comments reserved.

ED. NOTE: The Showme releases, in fact, denies all claims to the above trash. This literary gem of a masterpiece may, however, be purchased for the reasonable fee of \$5,000.00 (and six mils) or two tickets to the next Workshop production.



"Nobody uses buttons now, mother, why can't I have a zipper?"

(Ed. Note: Why not send in the cute sayings of your children to the Showme?)

He: If you love me, kiss me.
 (She kisses him.)
 He: It's all off.
 She: Why?
 He: If you kiss me, you'll kiss any-
 one.

•

He proposed to her, but she didn't hear him so he showed her an 18 carat diamond ring and she heard him. She wasn't stone deaf.

•

The doctor told him to take something good and warm, so he took the doctor's overcoat.

•

"He likes cigars and smokes two or three boxes a week."
 "What does he do with the cigars?"

•

Never marry on Sunday. It's not right to gamble on the Sabbath.

•

The daughter of a noted financier was talking to her bridegroom:
 "Dad's going to give us a check for a wedding present."
 "Then we'll have to have the ceremony at noon instead of at 3 o'clock," replied the groom.
 "Why?"
 "Because the banks close at 3."

•

The stutterer remarked, "I just washed my mouth and I can't do a thing with it."

•

"I'm half loco."
 "That's all right. I'm half English."



*Here lies the body
 of Cyril McQuack.
 He slapped a friend
 on his sunburned back.*

Old man: I've got seven children, thirty-nine grand-children, and twenty-two great-grandchildren.

Visitor: Well, now, isn't that wonderful!

Old man: Yes, ain't it. And there ain't one of them I'd wipe my feet on.

•

Now that the football season is back, we hope the radio announcers will get over fumbling both teams every time a play is made.

•

Then there's the nudists who play clothes poker.

•

Another thing that helps make the country safe is when a jury is locked up for the night.

•

They went for a ride and all she did was shake her head. After sixty-three miles she told me her nose was caught in the windshield wiper.

•

"No, I can't see you on Thursday. I am going to be operated on, and I'll be sewed up the rest of the week."

•

"Why don't you answer the phone?"
 "It's not ringing."
 "Must you wait till the last moment?"

•

"Has your dog a pedigree?"
 "If he could talk, he wouldn't talk to either of us."

•

He was just out of college and back in civilian clothes.

"Not Malt, Not Rum, Not Wine, Not Nuts, So Help Me, It's Tobacco!"

Indianapolis, Ind.
 June 27, 1941

Larus & Bro., Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

I'm still a young fellow, or like to think so, and as long as I've smoked, I've smoked a pipe. Life for me has been a continual round of trying different tobacco.

I've paid as high as six dollars a pound for the stuff. I've had mixtures made to order.

I've smoked tobacco that tasted like honey, that tasted like rum, that tasted like wine, that tasted like maple sugar, that tasted like nuts, that tasted like burning hickory, that tasted like sweet grass. I once smoked a British blend that tasted like somebody's old tweed suit, so help me.

But Edgeworth—I can't possibly explain it, but Edgeworth tastes an awful lot like tobacco! Possibly it is tobacco and not malt, not apples, not rum, not wine, not something to disguise the taste of a product the manufacturer is ashamed of.

I shouldn't take up your time like this, really. But I long ago promised the first time I found a tobacco I could smoke for a month or more steadily without tongue-bite, throat irritation, dizziness, and at the same time enjoy the flavor every time I lighted the pipe—when I found that kind of tobacco, I was going to write the manufacturer and tell him about it. *Thanks for Edgeworth, gentlemen!*

(Signed) G. T. Fleming Roberts

NOTE: Mr. Roberts got acquainted with America's Finest Pipe Tobacco by sending in this coupon for a generous sample tin.

---SEND FOR SAMPLE (At Our Expense)---

LARUS & BRO. CO.
 209 So. 22nd St., Richmond, Virginia

Please send me, at your expense, a generous sample of **EDGEWORTH** Ready-Rubbed, America's Finest Pipe Tobacco.

Name _____
 (Please print your name and address clearly)

Address _____

City or Town _____

State _____ CP9

The senior was found shot in his room, and the detective immediately dismissed all his roommates as possible suspects. It stood to reason that anybody to whom he owed money wouldn't shoot him.

•

He was calling her his little sugar, but just then her old man walked in and raised cane and two lumps on his cocoa. Now they've moved into a suite for three.

ACE

The American reporter looked all about him. So this was the office of the famous R. A. F. Now if he could find something unusual going on, he would have a swell story to wire home for the Sunday paper.

"There's the Ace of the R. A. F.," an orderly pointed out. "He's brought down 84 enemy planes."

The reporter walked over to the ace and introduced himself. "It must make you very proud," he complimented, "to realize that you've destroyed more enemy planes than any of the others."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that," the Ace replied. "Do you see the Captain over there? Well, he's brought down 112 planes which beats my record by 28."

"Really?" asked the amazed reporter. "Then why don't they call him the Ace of the R.A.F.?"

"Because he's a snob," came the reply. "He refuses to count any Fascist planes."



"Disregarding the impossibility of the thing, why should the cow want to jump over the moon?"

"What's your name?"

"Mary."

"No, I mean your full name."

"It's Mary—empty or full."

"Shall we have a friendly game of cards?"

"No, let's play bridge."

"OH BRING BACK MY MEMORY TO ME"

"Hey, I want my dough back. That memory course you sold me ain't worth a plugged nickel."

"What's the trouble?"

"My memory is worse than ever."

"No!"

"Yes! It's awful. I used to remember what happened for a week back—Now I can't remember nothing at all. When I wake up in the morning, my mind is a blank!"

"Er—I see. Look here, my friend. Are you sure I sold you that memory course?"

"How can I be sure? I just told you I can't remember anything."

"Well, are you sure you bought a memory course at all?"

"I think I did. How about giving me my money back?"

"What money?"

"I don't know."

"You must be crazy! I never sold you a memory course. I don't believe you ever bought one, to tell you the truth."

"My Gawd! Maybe you're right. Ain't it awful?"

"Another thing—how about the ten you owe me?"

"What ten?"

"Don't you remember?"

"No."

"Say, you ought to buy my memory course. You need it bad. Sure I loaned you ten last week."

"Well, if you say so . . . How much is your memory course?"

"Ten dollars. With the ten you owe me, it's \$20 altogether."

"I'll try your course. Here's your \$20."

"Thanks. S'long."

"Thank you. S'long."



FRATERNITY, SORORITY "M DAY" DRAWS NIGH



Bob Fisher, the Man Behind the Mower, urges Paul McIntyre, Harry Dietrich, and Bill Embly to "hurry with that fountain" 'ere some new ATO prospects arrive.



Singing their praises to the Pi Phi Arrow are Ginny Sanders, Toni Stanley, Ginger Gard, Peggy Carpenter, Mary Martin (seated), Helen Barnes, Jane Mars, Mary Green, Jackie Tucker, and Betty Boucher.



Bob Gwin and Don Swanson giving the critical eye to the record selections of Ben Sickel and Jimmy Lowry before the arrival of Delt rushees.

INCIDENT IN NEW ORLEANS

CONT.

that he was today. Like a mastiff, he had accompanied the venerable old gentleman everywhere, from the sun-flooded fields of the plantation to the dark, lurking by-ways of New Orleans. Where "Samson" was, the Judge walked in safety from the vengeance of those who had felt the sting of his sentences.

But, "Samson's" brawn was as a child's when his master was struck by sun. His big, black hands couldn't keep the old heart pumping, nor the old lungs breathing, so now that the estate was to be broken up, he must go like the houses, the fields, and the rest of the slaves: to the highest bidder—"and he," thought "Diamond" Descartes, "is me".

* * *

Caleb Mercer, the plaid-vested, bow-legged, red-headed, auctioneer, gave a companion a parting backslap, accompanied by a roar of belly laughter and mounted the board platform from which he received the bids of New Orleans. Looking again at his companion, he broke into another peal of mirth and then took up the gavel.

Negro after negro went under the bang of that battered instrument until the shadows began to lengthen and the crowd began to thin. Would that big frame never mount the steps and take his place on the block? As he thought this, Descartes heard a babble of voices, of whistles and shouts, as six and one-half feet of negro plodded to Caleb Mercer's side. Like a wind in the pines, the name "Samson" could be distinguished buzzing through the restless crowd. Before the sweating gavel-wielder could begin his usual pre-sale patter on the value and quality of his product, a voice in the throng bellowed:

"Five hundred dollars!" Like an unleashed torrent, the bids mounted, receiving no recognition from the platform, so fast did they come.

"\$600." Little Alf Parkins was in a reckless mood.

"\$700." Paul Lucas needed a field supervisor like "Samson".

"\$800." Alf, too, needed a man like "Samson". He'd show Lucas!

"\$900." Mrs. Axton spending her dead son's insurance to buy a hand.

(Continued on Page 22.)



The Missouri Showme?

Printed By The
Offset Process, of Course!

WHERE?

The Star-Journal Publishing Co.
Warrensburg Missouri



STYLED BY
JOHANSEN

Kitten Tred footwear...created by
Johansen to give you new walking
pleasure and style distinction. These
shoes are designed with a padded sole
that lets you walk like a kitten...
softly, smoothly, gracefully.

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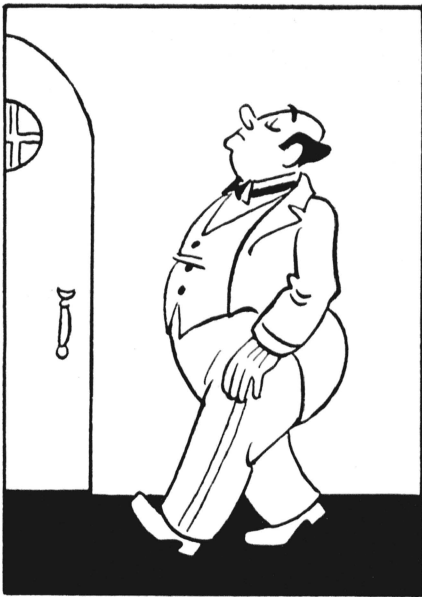
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LITTLE BEEFS

The airplane, they say, has changed our mode of living in this country. And, of course, our mode of dying.

You never see men lying in the gutter today, even though prohibition is long forgotten. That's because there are too many cars parked there.

It used to be hard to find a needle in a haystack. Now it is just as hard to find one in a woman's hand.

They say the bottom has dropped out of the second-hand car market. That's nothing compared to what drops out of the cars.

Times haven't changed much since the invention of the automobile. When they probe the cause of a traffic crash, it still is the pedestrian who is at the bottom of it.

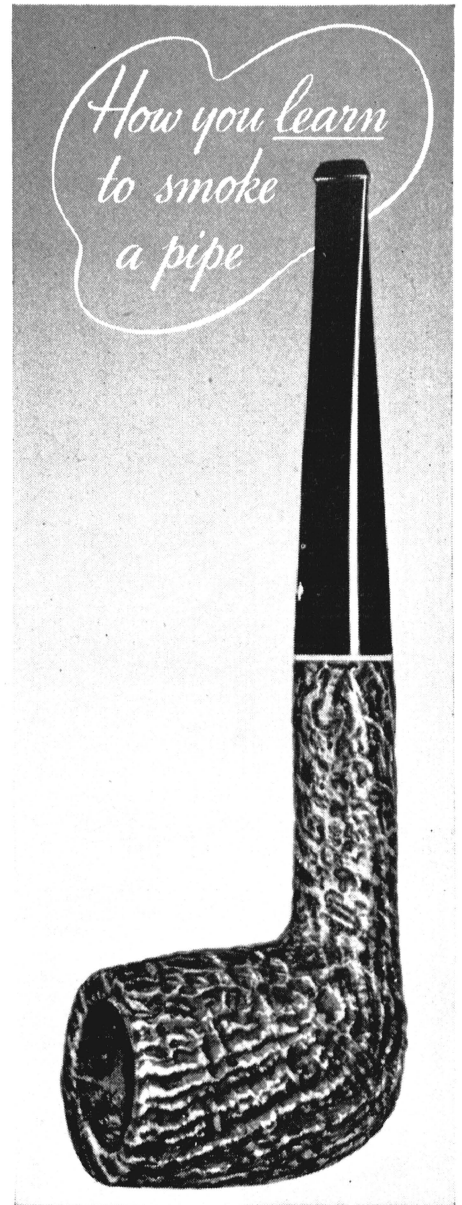
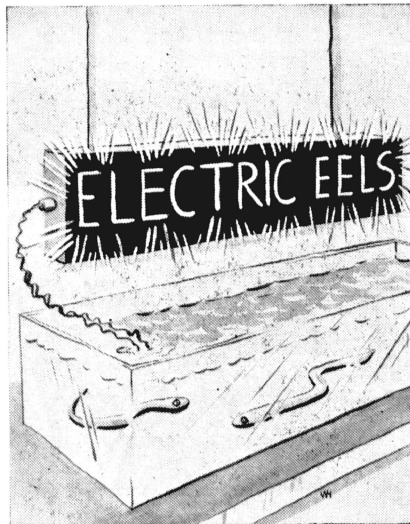
Nowadays the only Indians who bite the dust are the ones who eat spinach.

Colleges should give their graduates a start in life. They should at least tie their diplomas with shoestrings.

Most boxers used to keep scrap books as reminders of their bouts. Now they save dance programs.

In case you still are wondering what does become of old razor blades, the druggist slips them into the packages of the new ones you buy.

Lots of times when you order coffee, half milk, you have to guess what the other half is.



Thorn

KAYWOODIE \$3⁵⁰

Learning to smoke a pipe is like learning to play golf: to *enjoy* learning, to learn *happily*, start with really good instruments! Golf pros say that makes sense, and so do pipe smokers. So start happy pipe smoking on a Kaywoodie: it is made of the costlier, *old* imported briar which produces the sweetest-smoking pipes, the kind veteran pipe-smokers choose. Then, take it easy at first: smoke a *half*-pipeful a day for a little while. Soon you'll *want* to smoke it *all* of the time.



Here you see a giant imported briar burl cut in cross section to show the "prime cut" segment from which Kaywoodie pipes are made. Only this prime cut produces pipes with the sweet-smoking qualities of Kaywoodie pipes.

KAYWOODIE COMPANY
New York and London [In New York]
[630 Fifth Ave.]

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TOUGH COURSE

"Hello, Fred! You are looking kind of fagged out. Have a tough summer?"

"And how! I've been studying all the time."

"Studying? That is a helluva thing to be doing during the summer. Tough course?"

"And how! It almost had me beat, but I managed to stick it out."

"What were you studying for?"

"It's for my job. I have to cram up like this every summer for the same job. And it's plenty tough! If they would only stick to the same stuff, but they are always making changes."

"Well, what ever made you want to become a school teacher in the first place?"

"School teacher? I wish I were; I'm a football referee and it's catching up on the new rules each year that gets me."



"You don't have much confidence in me, do you?"

HE'S A BRUTE

Hello, may I speak to Vivian Sweetwater. Oh, she's studying for a chem quiz, huh? Well, tell her this is very important. Sure, I'll hold the phone.

Hello, hon, this is Maizie. Yeah, I dated him again tonight and it's all off. I've been shedding bitter tears ever since I got back. The other girls in the sorority have been trying to comfort me, but I'm miserable. No, Viv, he didn't strike me, but he's a brute, an absolute brute.

He's usually such a gentleman. You know how he opens the door of his car and shoves me in, a girl appreciates those sort of things. And at the dances he never deliberately steps on my feet; it's just that he makes mistakes, anyone can do that. No, he never realized that there was poison ivy in the last corsage he sent me. He thought I was merely blushing when I turned red in the face. He was really a lamb until tonight—and now—now it's all smashed.

The first thing he did was take me out to dinner. The dinners at Joe's Hamburger Joint aren't so hot, but he doesn't have much money. He did play a selection in the juke box with a slug that he had. I guess he likes

music with his meals. Then we went to a good show. You see, Viv, he knows some fellow that works down at the theatre and this fellow opened a side door and we slipped inside. Everything was perfect, and after the show we sat on a curb and he kissed me now and then while he asked me questions about the quiz in calculus tomorrow.

Then we went to one of the jelly joints that was staying open rather late and he spoiled everything. When the waiter came around for our order he said, "Two cherry cokes with charged water." That was it, Viv, he knows I always drink my coke with plain water.

A policeman rose in a western court to testify against a prisoner.

"Wot's this fellow charged with?" the magistrate demanded.

"Bigotry, judge," the policeman answered. "He's got three wives."

"Three!" cried the magistrate. "Why, you ignoramous, that ain't bigotry. That's trigonometry!"



"Okay, Red . . . Good luck!"

A GOOD BITE

He had been bitten by his dog while studying, but he didn't give it much thought. But when the wound failed to heal properly, he began to worry and consulted a doctor. The doctor took one look at the wound and ordered the dog brought in. Just as the doctor had suspected, the dog had rabies. It was too late to give the young man a serum, so the doctor had no alternative than to tell him that he would have to die of hydrophobia.

The poor young man sat down at the doctor's desk and began writing. The physician sought to comfort him.

"Perhaps it will not be so bad," he said. "You needn't make out your will now."

"I'm not making out any will," replied the young man. I'm just writing out a list of professors I'm going to bite."



"Jackson's arm is sure loose today!"

The doctor smiled as he entered the room. "You look much better today."

"Yes, I followed the directions on your medicine bottle."

"What were they?"

"Keep the bottle tightly corked."



"A two on the first, a three on the second and now a hole in one! I'll never get any practice!"

SAD SITUATION

The gray-haired woman gazed sadly out of the window, a worried look on her face.

"I'm worried about my poor husband," she said, turning to her friend, Mrs. Bakon.

"Why, he looks the picture of health!" exclaimed Mrs. Bakon in surprise.

"Oh, he's well enough," sighed the gray-haired woman, "but he's out of employment now. He's got nothing to do."

Mrs. Bakon was shocked. "Why," she said, "I thought he was a good teacher."

"Oh, he was—one of the best. And very popular with the students, too."

"Well, that's too bad," sympathized Mrs. Bakon. "Will you have to give up much?"

"Oh, no! In fact, we should be able to afford a few extra luxuries now that my husband's no longer teaching. But I don't know how he'll spend his time. At his age, a man easily gets into mischief, you know."

"Was he—er—asked to leave, or did he resign?" asked Mrs. Bakon.

"I don't understand you," replied the gray-haired woman. "He wasn't discharged, and he hasn't resigned."

"But," protested Mrs. Bakon, "you said he was out of work."

"That's right. He's been appointed Dean."

"Did you tell her that what you said was in strictest confidence?"

"No, I didn't want her to think it was important enough to repeat."

Suzies Return . . .



"Back again" sigh a few of the Stephens beauties as they alight at Columbia.



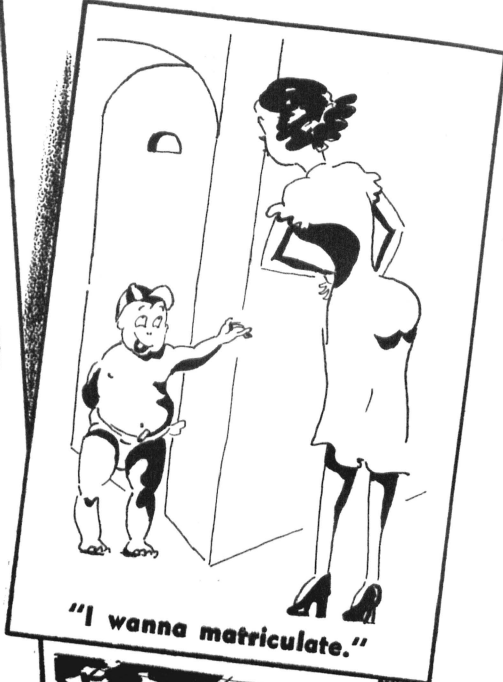
Triple rushing is nothing new. Here Herb Roush of Kansas City brings prospect Marion Waltner down to greet Pat Kewley of Springfield, Ill., and from appearances Marion has another kind of rushing in mind.

Once again the Columbia depot has become a madhouse of feminine exclamations of "Gee it's good to see you", "Did you have a nice vacation", "How's Harry?", "I've fallen in love all over again, he's" And all the town is aware that Stephens College has reopened. The **Showme** might add that things are looking brighter this year, boys. Enrollment "down on the corner" has jumped from 1,710 girls to 1,750—and they're all queens! ! ! !

• • •



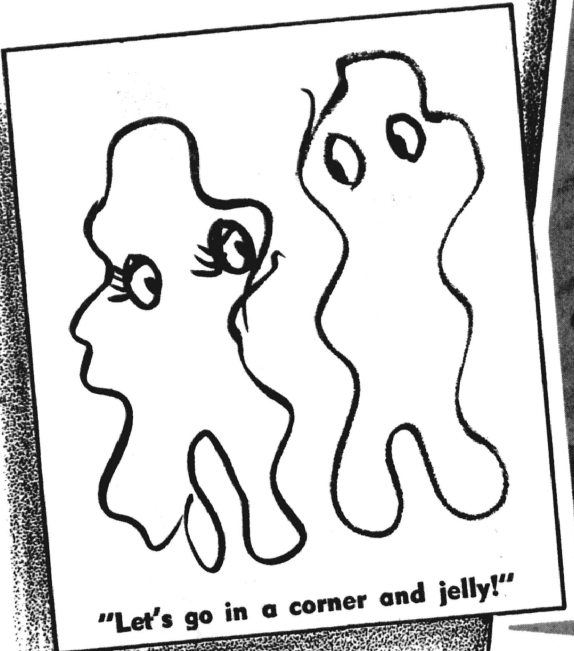
Back for another year are Suzies Mary Joy Roch of Denver, Colo., Marcia Berkey of Tulsa, Okla., and Shirley Rush, also of Tulsa.



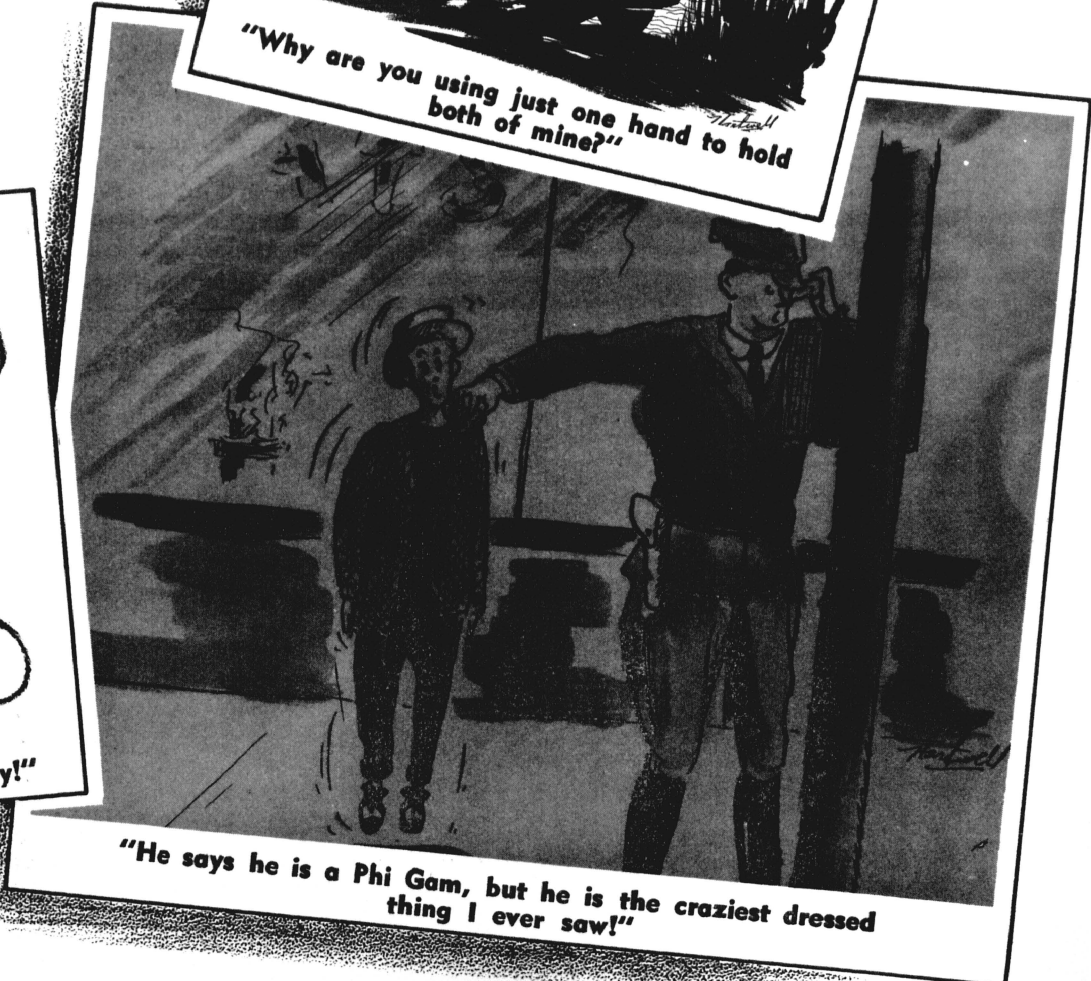
"I wanna matriculate."



"Why are you using just one hand to hold both of mine?"



"Let's go in a corner and jelly!"



"He says he is a Phi Gam, but he is the craziest dressed thing I ever saw!"

INFORMATION PLEASE

"Excuse me one moment, Professor. I'm Brown in your psychology class. Professor, I'm in great need of your help. It's like this: I bought two dogs and it's got me all mixed up, that is not the dogs but their names. First, I named them *Put* and *Take*, but that wasn't any good. So I changed their names to *Once* and *Twice*. Then when people would say, 'Come here, little doggies', I'd say, 'You have to call him *Twice* and the other one *Once*'. But now I can call them both once because I realized that in naming them *Once* and *Twice*, I had named them both twice, once before. I realized that I could name one *Once Before* and the other *Twice Before* because I've already named them once before and twice. Now neither comes when I call *Twice* and both come when I call *Once* and—Oh, Professor, hey!"



"I had a great game of golf today; I found two balls."

"Could you lend me five bucks?"

"I never lend money. It only breaks up friendships."

"But, after all, we never were good friends."

At any wedding, you'll always hear, "The bride looks beautiful." If that is so, where do all the ugly wives come from?

"Jack makes me tired."

"It's your own fault, dear. You should stop running after him."

Bob: My girl inherited her beauty.

Bill: Yes, her father left her a drug store.

I CALL MY GIRL . . .

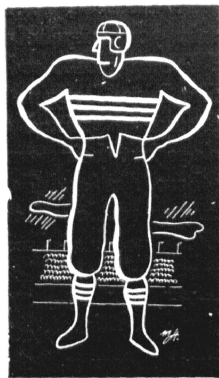
Cinders because she used to be hot stuff.
Beet Sugar because she's sweet but hard to cultivate.
Aeroplane because she's no good on earth.
Catsup because she's pure but artificially colored.
Marcel because I'm not sure she's permanent.
Onion because she's strong and full of tears.
Rumor because she goes from mouth to mouth.
Amazon because she's wide at the mouth.
Lemons because she makes my lips pucker.

Joan: The man who married Ethel got a prize.
Irene: What was it?



"I hope we won't see the same pitcher twice."

LIFE'S CYCLE



Big Bojo Brown (Bo to his intimatefriends) has been awarded an athletic scholarship to Podunk Tech. Bojo will be remembered as the outstanding

quarterback of Center High's football team for the last three years. Bo says that Podunk will drop its rule against allowing freshmen to play on the varsity once they see him in action. —*The Drippy Valley Gazette*

Coach Ogden Blue told the press yesterday that never before had he seen such a lively bunch of freshmen as Podunk Tech has this year. One in particular, Bojo Brown, quarterback from Drippy Valley, impressed him very much. —*U. P. Dispatch*

It is evident, from the chat that I had with Bojo Brown, Podunk's new Frosh quarterback, that he isn't very brainy. He'd better be as good as he says he is because Podunk professors pass the *good* football players. Bad ones are treated like any other student. Bojo made quite a hit with the varsity when he showed up for practice wearing Joe Gould's uniform. Joe Gould is quarterback and captain of the varsity.

Lincoln Frick

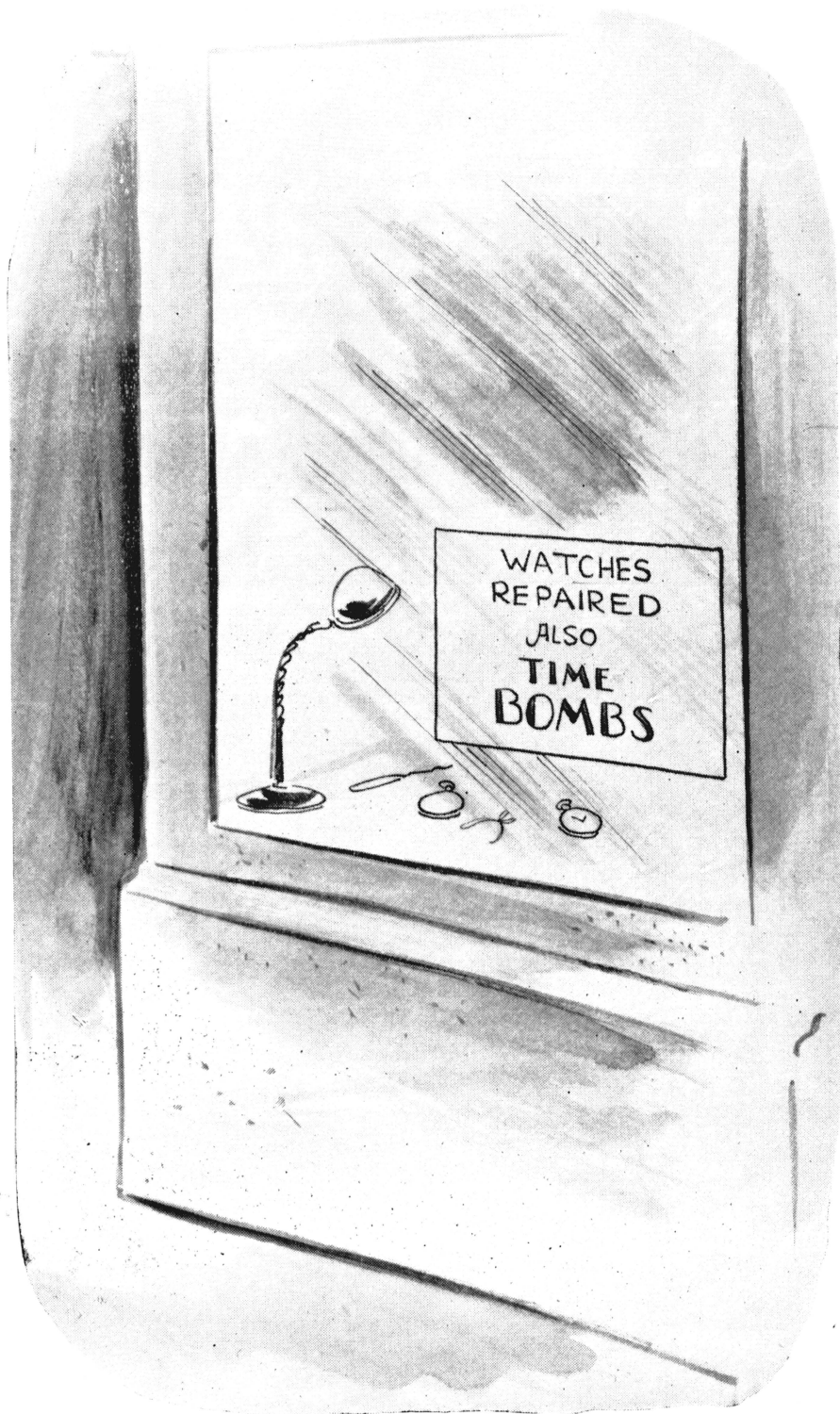
Sports Announcer for Radio Station B. O. P.

The Varsity scrimmaged against the Frosh yesterday and the slaughter was stopped after the Regulars scored 78 points against the Frosh's 0. Bojo Brown called signals for the Frosh.

—*Podunk Tech's Daily News*

Bojo Brown is back in town. "I quit the school. We couldn't come to terms," he told us. "All they wanted to give me was an education. What's more, Coach Blue and I didn't agree on certain fundamentals of the game," Bojo said. Bojo says he's going to take a temporary job at the filling station. In the meanwhile, he hopes to get back his old position as quarterback for Center High. "Technically," he said, "I never really graduated."

— *The Drippy Valley Gazette*



METERS AND LETTERS

*There are meters of accent,
There are meters of tone,
But the best way to meter
Is to meter alone.*

*There are letters of accent,
There are letters of tone,
But the best way to letter
Is to letter alone.*

"How do you feel?"

"Just like I look?"

"That's too bad."

"He's a blue blood. His blood is so blue—he's been despondent for years."

ROUND TOWNER

Midst the solid sendin' of the brass section and the 4-beat stomp of the rhythm section, we wish to welcome you, yes ye old cats and you future gates.

Of course all interest is on the local campus swing bands that are going to put out with a sendin' type of jazz this coming year. Most of Charlie Fisk's old band is back on campus and are starting their own combo with Gordon Bibes' frontin' the hep organization. Bob Baker is taking over Count Solomon's solid crew. This promises to be a hep year for all you fans of the torrid tempos. Tommy Dorsey's recording for Victor of **Swing Low Sweet Chariot**, is fine. This is a 12-inch recording, 4½ minutes of jive, while on the other side, the old favorite, **For You**, is done in a sweet flowin' style. Vaughn Monroe, the band sensation of the past summer, has made some hep records for Bluebird. One swing tune, **Sam You Made the Pants Too Long**, is terrific! This is a band to watch as they are on the way to the top. Another band from the coast that the more sedate swing cats proclaim is something new in this thing called swing, is Claude Thornhill's. His arrangements give a modernistic touch to the old 4-beat jazz ideas. Of course, Glen Miller, the Glen Gray of this generation, is still making those fine records for Bluebird. Leading the list of his recent waxings are **Adios**, **Chattanooga Choo Choo**, **Boulder Bluff**, and **It Happened in Sun Valley**. Here are four varied types of Miller's jive that should be in every record collection and campus. Harry James, the man who has added three violins to his band, has done the impossible and made it click. Yes cats, he plays a jump type of music and then can play the sweetest music you ever care to hear on a winter night. His latest trumpet solo, **Trumpet Rhapsody**, is even better than his **Concerto for Trumpet**, being more of a mood type of music.

You gates may have wondered what happened to Charlie Fisk and

his band. Well, the lad is hitting the road for the big time and it looks and sounds as if he'll make it. Wherever the band has played this summer it has broken house records. In the near future you'll hear Charlie in the wax, for Decca has an eye and a needle on our M. U. protege.

In the classical department, Victor has an interesting interpretation of the **Concerto No. 3 in C-Minor** of Beethoven for piano.

But to get back to more beat talk. If you've not heard Larry Clinton's **Let Me Off Uptown**, you are not in that old groove—it is really solid. During rush week some of the lodge houses demonstrated jam sessions par excellence for the new gates on campus—just to show them the swing situation. Two that were especially hep were those at the Kappa Sig and Phi Sig houses. The cats really sold out with a "groove-in" type of jazz.

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Date: "If you kiss me I'll scream."

Deke: "But there's no one within hearing distance."

Date: "Then what are you scared of?"

The Ed's Corner



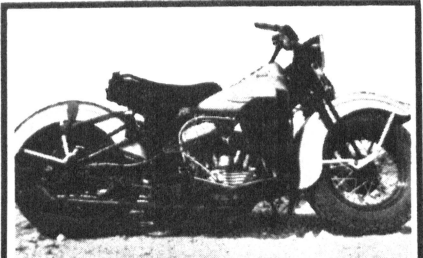
Back again to the old grind and Ye Ed is still trying to get accustomed to the swing of the swivel chair. As is evident, this position of editor is as strange and baffling as can be imagined.

The customary step first taken by any new radical editor is to immediately change the policy of his brainchild. Just such shall be done. The staff of Showme this year pledges itself to give to the student body of the University of Missouri a publication dedicated to the happier, more intimate, and humorous sides of college life; presented in an informal way and with a definite purpose in mind to maliciously hurt, slander, or in any other way mar the character of no organization or persons. The Showme stands upon a platform of unbiased coverage and animosity towards none. It is our sincere hope and primary aim that you will read the Showme and laugh.

At present the Showme is without a staff. The call is out for gag men, cartoonists, advertising men, stenographers, circulation editors, photographers, and beer salesmen. The Showme office in the School of Journalism is open from 3 to 5 P. M. each day and we invite you to visit the den of chaos.

Hoping that we may please you, our most valued critics, I remain,

Editorially,
ERNIE.



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INCIDENT IN NEW ORLEANS CONT.



"One thousand dollars!" Cy Leng could use him on a river barge.

Descartes smiled a little, and edged nearer the front of the crowd.

"Eleven hundred dollars". Sam Austin felt this would win the sale.

"Fifteen hundred dollars." A St. Louis buyer for some big river company.

He hadn't made a bid yet. A pause, and the confused Caleb gasped, "Fifteen hundred dollars gentlemen. Do I hear higher?"

In a cool tone Descartes spoke. "Yes, I'll give you two thousand."

A murmur—a movement in the mosaic of people and a fancily attired young man made his way to the front. "Jacques Duval," whispered someone.

"Twenty-two hundred dollars," called Duval.

"Twenty-five hundred": Descartes.

All the other bidders had now dropped out. No nigger, not even "Samson", was worth even half that much. The pauses between bids became longer. The crowd became quieter as it watched these two enemies of the gaming tables pit their gold against each other, for by now all of New Orleans had heard of Descartes' humiliation of

the night before. Explosive drama was in the making.

Duval, determined in voice, spoke. "Twenty-six hundred dollars."

Caleb looked to Descartes for the bid that he knew would be forthcoming.

"Twenty-seven hundred," he spoke, looking at his huge watch.

Duval toyed nervously with his cape chain, looked about him, and raised the bid to twenty-eight hundred dollars.

"Ridiculous!" cried a jealous old plantation owner and walked disgustedly away, only to stop and continue to watch the climactic situation.

Descartes, his face impassive, bid twenty-nine hundred dollars, and blew his nose. It was no longer "Samson" on whom these two bidding; it was their pride and determination not to be publicly outdone at any price.

"Three thousand dollars!" blurted Duval and the crowd gasped. That tremendous total had been reached! All the throng's eyes turned to Descartes. As they did, he swirled his voluminous cape about him, adjusted the rake of his gaily plumed hat and turned his back on the huge negro, on the people, on Mercer, on Duval, and the bunting-covered platform.

Slowly he worked his way through the separating crowd and firmly he stepped to his waiting barouche. If a \$3,000 bid for a slave had surprised this gawking group of New Orleaners, then the sight of "Diamond" Descartes, the proud, haughty "Diamond" Descartes, retreating from an auction, defeated by a young man who only the

(Continued on Page 23.)

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night before had beaten him at Red Dog—this was too much.

Duval turned crimson, then white. Caleb Mercer scratched his frowsy head and croaked confusedly, "Three thousand dollars, gentle-do I hear more?" Silence—long, anxious silence, then when it was obvious that Descartes intended to bid no more, the gavel crashed the table with awful finality.

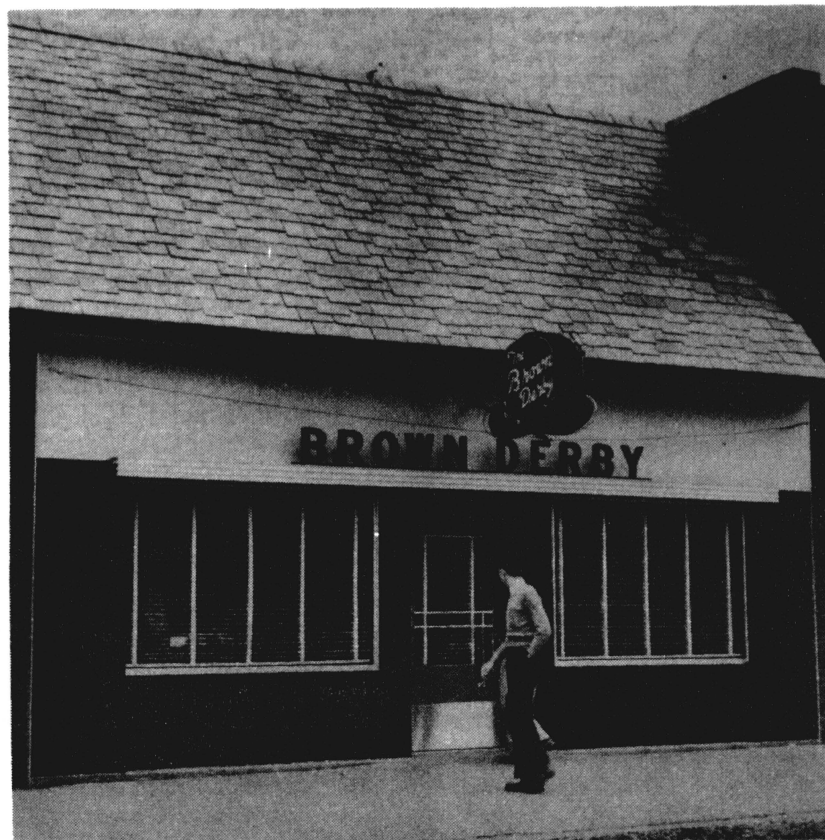
"Mr. Duval will pay the usual 10 per cent auction fee and the remainder to the owner: "Mr. Descartes of Natchez."

At these mechanically spoken words by Mercer, Descartes turned in the barouche and hailed Duval. "Jacques, my impetuous young fool, I'll take payment in gold."

The throng moved at the words. Duval advanced to the shining carriage in which the smirking Descartes was settling himself.

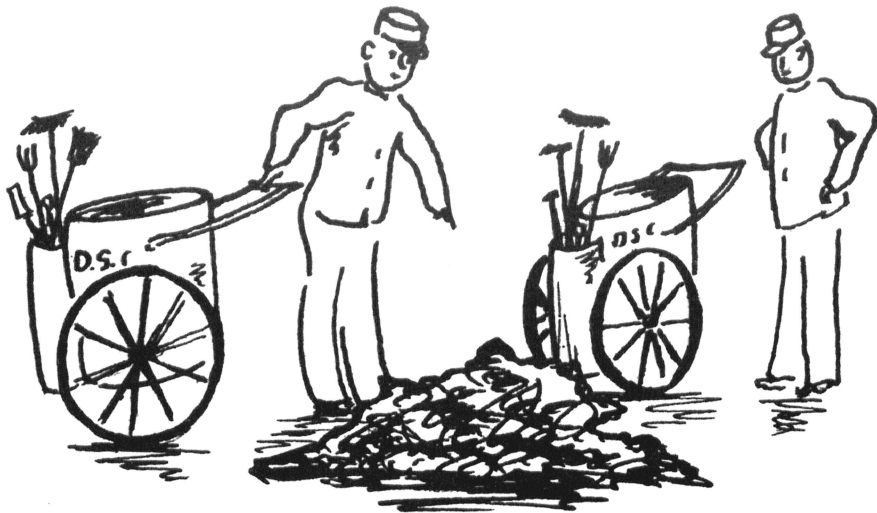
"You'll take payment, Descartes? Hasn't there been some mistake? You are not the owner of Sampson."

Descartes adjusted a glinting diamond on his finger and spoke very quietly. "I am, however, the owner
(Continued on Page 24.)



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"That ain't hay!"

INCIDENT IN NEW ORLEANS CONT.

of the slave you just bought. You may deposit the three thousand at the People's Bank under my account." He was about to signal the driver to proceed when the dumbstruck Duval suddenly regained his senses.

"You lying cheat," he cried, "Grabiner owned Sampson, not you!"

"Sampson?" retorted Descartes. "Oh, I purchased Samson in a private luncheon transaction. A mere

similarity of physical proportions has led you to buy another of my blacks. That, however, is your misfortune. Our account is now, I believe, even. Good day to you, sir."

With this he was gone, the red dust of the country road enveloping his speeding carriage. Duval turned to Cabel Mercer.

"They always said you couldn't win from Descartes. So far they are right, but we shall meet again—some day. —Charles Barnard.

Welcome

old and new

STUDENTS

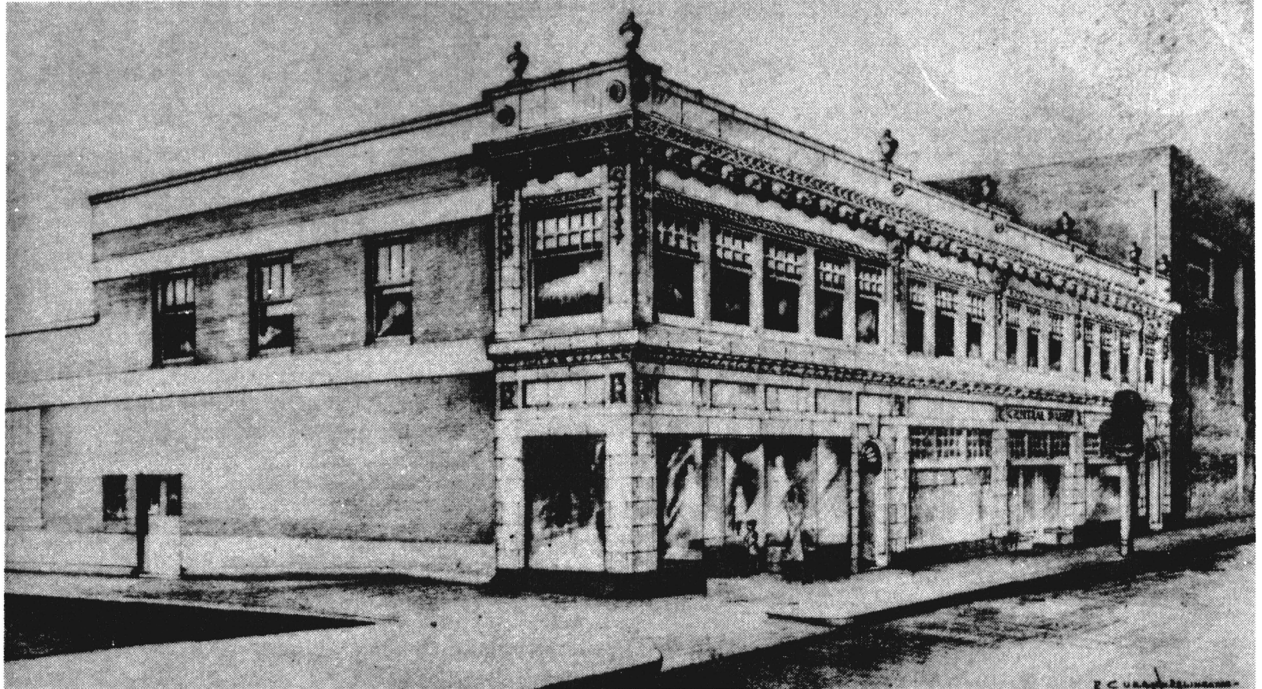
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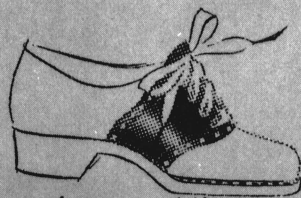


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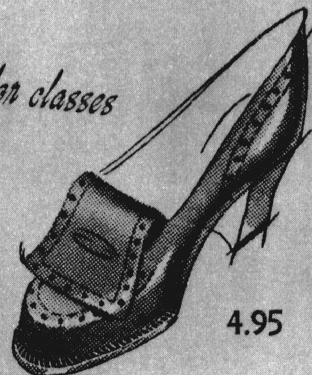
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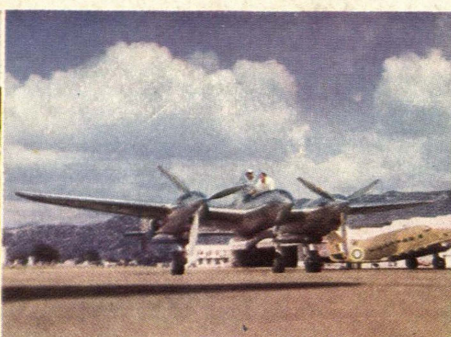
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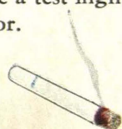
for classes
4.95



SIX, SEVEN MILES UP! In air no man can breathe—and *live!* Motors—now even *pilots* are “super-charged.” On the stationary bicycle (*above*) Marshall Headle, chief test pilot of Lockheed, breathes pure oxygen for 30 minutes before a test flight in Lockheed’s new interceptor.

SHE CLIMBS A MILE A MINUTE. They call her “Lightning.” Pilot Headle clambers into the cockpit, switches from a pocket oxygen flask to his cabin supply, and streaks for the stratosphere. He’s test-flown 300 different planes. But when he lands, it’s always... “Now for a Camel.”

YOU CAN’T SEE HIM up there. You can scarcely hear the hum of his motors. Then his voice comes into the radio tower: “Headle—35,000 feet—diving now.” And you just *hope!* Seconds later—yes, seconds—he’s landing. And here he is (*above*) cool, calm, lighting up a Camel.



THE SMOKE'S THE THING!



CAMEL'S
EXTRA MILDNESS
IS PLENTY OKAY WITH ME.
I SURE GO FOR
THAT FULL, RICH
FLAVOR

The *smoke* of slower-burning Camels contains

28% LESS NICOTINE

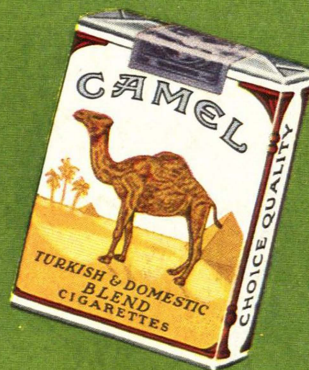
than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests *of the smoke itself*

“Less nicotine in the smoke means more mildness to me,” says test pilot Marshall Headle as he lights up America’s favorite cigarette

THERE may be little traffic at 35,000 feet, but test-diving any new, untried plane is no Sunday joy-ride. No, not even for veteran Marshall Headle (*above*).

Naturally, mildness is important to Marshall Headle. And in the cigarette of costlier tobaccos... Camels... he gets extra mildness—less nicotine in the smoke.

What cigarette are *you* smoking now? Chances are it’s one of the five included in the nicotine tests reported above at the right—tests which trace Camel’s advantage right down to the actual smoke itself. Obviously, the *smoke’s* the thing! Try Camels. For convenience—economy—buy the carton.



BY BURNING 25% SLOWER than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them—Camels also give you a smoking *plus equal*, on the average, to

**5 EXTRA
SMOKES
PER PACK!**

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

CAMEL THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS