

The
SHACK

Missouri Showme



JANUARY 1946

15 Cents

Salute to the
Missouri Showme
from **Dave Breyer**
who still wonders what to
do with his B.S. degree in
Psychology from Northwestern U.

1946 BASKETBALL GETS UNDER WAY



JAMES WHITE,
Center



JOHN HEIMBURGER,
Forward



WENDELL MOULDER,
Forward

VARSITY BASKETBALL SCHEDULE—1945-46

M.U.	Opp.
44—Friday, December 7—Westminister at Fulton, Missouri.....	30
64—†Friday, December 14—Nebraska at Kansas City, Missouri.....	54
35—†Saturday, December 15—Kansas at Kansas City, Missouri.....	59
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Friday, January 4—Washington U. at COLUMBIA	
Monday, January 7—†Kansas at Lawrence, Kansas	
Friday, January 11—†Iowa State at COLUMBIA	
Tuesday, January 15—†Kansas State at Manhattan, Kansas	
Friday, January 18—†Nebraska at COLUMBIA	
Saturday, January 26—†Oklahoma at COLUMBIA	
Tuesday, February 5—St. Louis U. at COLUMBIA	
Saturday, February 9—†Kansas State at COLUMBIA	
Friday, February 15—†Iowa State at Ames, Iowa	
Friday, February 22—†Kansas at COLUMBIA	
Monday, February 25—†Nebraska at Lincoln, Nebraska	
Saturday, March 2—†Oklahoma at Norman, Oklahoma	

†—Indicates double header series with Kansas, Kansas State and Nebraska.

††—Big Six championship games.

Missouri

SHOWME

"A Reflection of Modern Campus Thought"

Presented and staffed by the Missouri chapters of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalism fraternity, and Theta Sigma Phi, honorary professional journalism sorority.

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Dave Breger, creator of our cover, is depicting the change from soldier to civilian more skillfully and with more humor than any contemporary cartoonist through his cartoon *Mr. Breger*, now appearing coast to coast as a King Feature.

During the war he chronicled the adventures of the American soldier in training and in combat through his characters *Private Breger*, which appeared in *Saturday Evening Post*, and *G. I. Joe* of *Yank* magazine.

Now his Private Breger has become "Mr." Breger Dave has done justice to the reconversion and is just as humorously presenting a veteran's life. As a former college student, we believed he could best portray the return of the veteran to the campus. He definitely has succeeded. Thanks, Dave!

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP

The Missouri Showme is published monthly during the school year by the Missouri chapter of Sigma Delta Chi, national professional journalism fraternity, as the official humor and literary publication of the University of Missouri. Prices Fifteen cents the single copy. Copyright 1946 by Missouri chapter of Sigma Delta Chi. Permission to reprint given all recognized exchanging college publications. Editorial and Business office, Jay H. Neff Hall; office of publication, Modern Litho Print Co., Jefferson City, Mo. Not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts; postage must be enclosed for return.

The "true sons of old Mizzou" are returning. The back-slappings are increasing as it takes twice as long to complete the main drag from Jesse to Walter Williams. You know the routine—a glance, indecision, a few mind probes, "Well, for God's sake, glad to see 'ya back."

It's going to be a good year. Columbia's night spots are jammied. Background conversation is a pot-pourri of four, three, two years' rehashings, snatches of "What do we do with the Drunken Pilot" and a rebirth of "Used to Work in Chicago." Fraternity houses no longer are silent, empty monuments to better times or even barracks resounding with regi-

mented clod-hoppers. Classrooms, ceasing to resemble something out of a seminary, now hold masculine inmates for 50 minutes, at least.

There's one thing more and it's best explained by a story. One fellow, just hitting town, bought three beers. He didn't drink them. Lined them up, looked at the ceiling and said, "Here's to you. I made it." We all notice those empty chairs—that will never be filled. We can't and won't forget them.

This is the vet's issue of *Showme*. Rough in spots, perhaps. We had reconversion snags, too. But as yet no strikes. . . .

J.R.

Our service flag removed from the window we're back on campus after many doings and misdoings since 1920—yes, we have a past

History of Showme

by DORIS HENDERSON

In 1941 Bob Deindorfer wrote in the January issue of Showme "we wonder what publication historians, delving into Showme files, will say about our Showme." Hmmm. Well, he asked for it!

Back in the postwar era of 1920, G. H. Combs, Jr., and William Tweedie decided that something was needed to pep up the student body. (Now where have we heard that before!) The result was a monthly humor magazine called the Missouri Showme. Thus it was in the dreary month of October, twenty-five years ago, that Showme was born.

"Let the children have the vote" was the theme of the editorial page of that first issue. The editorial also stated that it would strive for unbiased election news—untainted by party affiliations. (That seems to ring a familiar bell, too.) The Missouri Showme of the hey-day 20's followed the policy that "anything goes"—and it went! The January, 1923 issue was called a Back Issue and printed a lot of jokes written in the style of the subject's inner thoughts. It was later in the year that one of the Showmes went too far and printed a story called "Confessions of a Co-ed." Evidently it left nothing unsaid for the Showme was immediately bounced off the campus.

After five years of cooling its heels, it reared its ugly head again in 1927. Someone made a startling discovery. Something was needed to pep up the student body! So they were off again! This time they issued the old Showme incognito under the name of the Missouri Outlaw. Edmee Baur as editor and Wesley Nash as business manager were the fathers of this illegitimate child.

When the publication made its 1930-31 debut, the name on the front cover was once again Showme. This time it began to crusade for a system of student activity tickets for all students on the campus and also for all student activities to be unified under the control of the Student Government Association. (Gads, those were the days!)

Thumbing rapidly through the old files of Showme, we find that most emphasis was placed on music, art, sex, humor, literature, sex, drama, humor, sex, ads, poetry, and sex.

In 1932 a humorous ad on the new Kappa fire escape graced one of the back pages. The ad showed several boys, frothing only slightly at the mouth, on the escape and called it the "College boys' meeting place."

In the September, 1938 issue a serious ad pictured a breathless young man saying "You bet I'm rushing right over to Chorlton Arms where I can study and sleep in comfort!" This was the year when the "Big Apple" was the craze and they were offering "for free" a box of Life Savers for the best wisecrack!

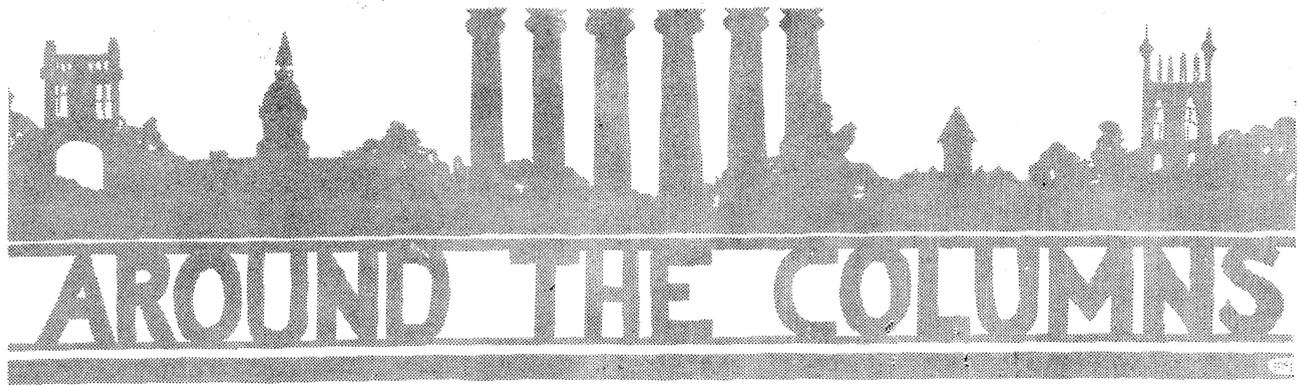
The 1939 issues revealed a raging feud between Showme and the Missouri Student—the latter lovingly nicknamed the "Manuric Stoodent."

One peek at a spring issue in 1941 gave away its theme of "Glamour can be yours" or "if clothes won't do it, try Listerine, Ovaltine, Lifebouy, Smith Brothers, Kreml, Tums, Mennen, Ipana, Bromo, Plastic Surgery, Opium, or the River."

In 1942 the old Showme became poetic over Mizzou's All-American Darold Jenkins. And then the rains came and Showme fizzled out.

Now Showme's back again and what a time to start! A brand spankin' new student government, a Big Six Champion football team, and besides, didn't someone say that what we need on this campus is something to pep up the student body?





Student Government

Resounding around the mighty columns is the embarrassing question, "What's happened to that gol-derned wonderful Student Government we fought with blood and guts for?"

Activities of said institution to date have consisted of opening and reopening of petitions for various committees, appointments of same, and — and — and well, that's it! Oh yes, they also meet every Monday at 5 p.m., in the seclusion of Read Hall. But where, oh where, are all the big "doins" they promised old Mizzo?"

The answer, in a nut shell, is this (and we quote from the council itself): "We ain't got no money!" Scuttlebut has it, however, that come next semester the Student Government will receive quite a cut from a student activity fund to be added to that long list of donations on our registration blanks—so dig deep, students, and save your adverse remarks 'til after the foundling lawmakers fall heir to that one essential for big business—dough!

Outside Inn—"Inside Out"

There's a new place to go in town, at this writing it still has the first claim to cleanliness of our many and multifarious night-spots. "The Outside Inn," which before-1942'ers remember for its convenient darkness, is still unmatched in this respect. Those few who have inhibitions about

showing their feelings under Columbia Klieg lights—operate here with the best of them.

The Inn boasts two rooms—a small one, with a fireplace; a smaller one, closer to the "She" and "He." A word of advice. The latter label does not read "Me." Several, who saw only the one entrance, found the wrong type of equipment.

The Inn isn't the answer to beating the crowds, because and I quote, "Everybody goes there now!" There's one tiny complaint—too much ice in the set-ups.

Coach Edwards

If you have any odd jobs that need professional attention, the man to see is George Edwards. Whoever coined the old saying, "Let George do it" must have had him in mind.

He is currently known as "four-jobs Edwards"—holding the positions of basketball coach, associate professor in physical education, acting director of sports publicity, and acting business manager. Who could ask for anything more!

His colleagues say that he's the most versatile man alive. He can practically do anything a Jeep can do! What's more, (and get this) he can stand on railroad tracks (one foot on each track), jump up, turn around in mid-air, and land with his feet on the tracks in the same spot facing the opposite direction! If you think

that's easy, brother, just try it! But in all fairness to Edwards, wait until you're 55 and then try it!

There's always been plenty of variety in the life of George Edwards, who played all sports at Kansas City's Central High School as a teammate of commical Casey Stengel, former major league player and manager. The football cheerleader at good old Central, K.C., then was William (The Thin Man) Powell, movie actor. We might add here (in fact we will) that Mrs. Edwards was William Powell's leading lady in their high school play—so George isn't the only celebrity in the family!

"Four-jobs" Edwards has been head basketball coach at the University for 16 years, turning out three Big Six championship teams.

Just remember, if you ever want anything done—and done right—"let George do it!"

Jumbo Jim

Star of the Tiger '45 eleven was Jumbo Jim Kekeris, tackle. Sports writers thought well enough of him to elect him outstanding player in the Big Six as well as to several All-American second teams.

Most of the season the gargantuan lad's weight was anyone's guess. The field house scales registered only to 300 pounds. When Kekeris stepped aboard,

(Continued on Page 16)

A veteran's return would be incomplete without a revival of traditions so here's the story of the oldest tradition of all.

Why I am an Oddball

by JESSE WRENCH



People who think I am a screwball have themselves all balled up. I definitely am not a screwball. I am an oddball! It is probably all a matter of genes and chromosomes. (Genes are the little things inside chromosomes. The thing goes on from there like a graduated set of Chinese boxes.) Perhaps a short outline of my life will help you understand how I came to be the oddest ball on this peculiar sphere.

I was born with a beard. That tickled my mother. I used to sit in my high chair at home in Afton, New York, looking for all the world like the man who came to dinner. But the beard was a nuisance during my childhood, and to this day I still find porridge in it.

I was a perfectly normal youngster, and because I spent my early years on the farm, my time was occupied with milking cows, riding horses, and seeing that the goats (with beards) did not get themselves tangled in the barbed wire fencing around the place.

While walking three miles to high school and back every day, I decided to become a minister—a perfectly normal decision which many boys make at that age.

I left my home at Afton-on-the-Susquehanna to go to Cornell, where I did research in the ologies, zo-, ge-, and bi-. As part of my work in ornithology I used to go out on the lawn at five o'clock in the morning to watch birds. While completing an important experiment one morning, I crept up on a bird and poured a coffee pot full of beer on its tail, thereby noting the bird's abnormal reactions. That same morning my classmates dubbed me "the odd one," and I have since been referred to as a

screwball, a loosenuit, an etherhead and an oddball. The latter, I think, is the correct terminology.

My college life was very happy on the whole except that my studies kept me from learning much, and at the end of four years I was flat broke.

An odd-looking professor came to my rescue and offered me a position as general flunky with an archaeological expedition to Asia Minor. This was in 1905, and soon after we arrived, I got into a flat-bottomed boat and rowed around the Dead Sea. When I returned to our station, the natives said that I was the first human being to circumnavigate this particular body of water, and thereafter, they referred to me as "Shadmutt," an Egyptian term meaning 'oddball.' That same year my colleagues and I were captured by Arabs, but they let us escape because they thought I acted crazy all the time. I never appreciated their attitude, but learned later that the Arabs are always merciful to demented creatures.

The constant association with dead things began to get me down. I would dig up musty old dead people, and sometimes they would have to be put together again. It was hot as blazes and my beard was always unkempt. I began to dream of a nice restful job in some cool place—something that required no mental effort. It became such an obsession with me that I decided either to enter a monastery or become a college professor.

I returned to the United States, arriving at about the same time as burlesque. I decided to do graduate work, and was offered a scholarship to the University of Wisconsin. A few days later the

American Archaeological School asked me to go on another expedition, and in 1907 I set sail for Turkey and more dead things. I returned to the states the following year and decided to put in my application at the University of Missouri because I liked the Cornell alma mater song. The University was badly in need of a bouncer for their dances and I seemed to fill the bill.

Among University students it has become a favorite game to see who can tell the best stories about me. They can't understand why I wear a tam and riding breeches. I used to wear knickers but they showed up my westward ho! knees. I wear a hair net to keep the hair out of my eyes, and I mow the lawn in my underwear because I like to mow the lawn in my underwear. And some people call me illogical!

Someday I will have to move to a town where nobody knows me and become a hermit from choice. Then no one will notice me except to say, "That's Jesse Wrench who is a hermit-from choice." And I'll leave this inscription to be put on my tombstone.

*He's certainly not a cueball,
For he's never needed a cue;
And he's certainly not a screwball,*

*That appellation's taboo.
He was snatched from behind
the eight ball,
And bedded down in this trench;
The eight ball's an even number,
The oddball's Jesse Wrench.*

"... And They Hauled It Away to the Mills

by BILL SHEPLER and WEBB SCHOTT

The Board of Curators had been in continuous session for 78 hours. The good people of the state breathlessly awaited the outcome. Would the Pan-Hel tree be cut down? or wooden it?

The president tried once again to restore order, but the din of heated controversy in the smoke-filled conference room was too much for him. He sat down on his dais and leaned over and patted his secretary on the knee. She giggled girlishly.

"The tree must go. The damned thing is lowering students' morals. Besides, we need more lumber for outhouses over at the trailer camp. Think of the housing shortage." Mr. Blippard, dean of men, had the floor, or it had him. After three scotches, he wasn't quite sure.

Miss Jones, dean and protector of women, was next. "This case reminds me of the hey-day of the Green Grotto, back in the spring of '45," she said. "Many friends and enemies were made over that, but we sold it to the Zulus as a storehouse for their out-moded heads. Do we want the Pan-Hel House to become another such den of iniquity? I say—down with the tree." She went on all fours as an empty Scotch bottle went whistling by. The dean of men was getting provoked.

"Trees were made to grow, and live, just as you and I," Mr. Blippard pleaded. "How would you like to be cut down in the prime of life? Every tree has certain inalienable rights, such as life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

The president of the Board of Curators rolled out from under a table and hissed.

"Think of the many birds you will rob of a home," Mr. Blippard continued. "What a dastardly trick to pull on our unsuspecting feathered friends." He stopped, as he noticed his secretary was attracting more attention with her strip-tease on the conference table. Then, taking his courage in both hands, he tried an appeal to sentiment. "I think I shall never see, a poem lovely as a tree; a tree that . . ."

The dean of women threw the bottle back, and he didn't get down in time.

"I had my agents out inspecting the scene, and they reported that the back was nearly gone from the truck," Miss Jones stated. "From the branches hung various articles of clothing, and underclothing. What a disgrace to the fair name of the school. We cannot allow this to pass," she concluded with dignity.

The president drew himself up from the floor, picked up his briefcase, and announced he was going to the Maine woods to work as a forest ranger among his beloved trees.

The board gathered in a huddle and elected Dean Blippard to be the new president. He announced his first act of office would be to cut down the Pan-Hel tree, and proclaimed the following day as Pan-Hel Day. All university classes would be dismissed 20 minutes before noon for the ceremony. Of course, this would be made up at the end of the year by holding school over an extra day.

The board stood on the table and cheered lustily. The meeting ended by the singing of "And They Cut Down the Pan-Hel Tree."

Each month we will print on this page the best short story of the month. The story can be either humorous or serious, but must have student appeal. Preferably it should have a campus or campus hangout background but this is not necessary. Quality and student appeal count most. Length, up to 700 words preferred but longer will be considered. Turn in at Showme office, Room 207, Neff Hall, but pleez have a duplicate copy as no manuscripts can be returned.

The great day finally arrived. Everyone was there, even Tommy Manville with his eighth bride-to-be. They were to be married under the tree, in memory of their first late date, a Hinkson party. A LIFE photographer and feature writer were covering the event.

President-elect Blippard steeped briskly forward, swinging a golden-headed ax. His first swing went wild, decapitating Miss Jones. His next, however, swung true, and the ax bit deeply, as the spectators alternately cheered and cried.

That night the students held a mass demonstration in front of the president's house, singing, "Blippard's a party-popper," and carrying signs which said, "Woodman, spare that tree!"

But Mr. Blippard had disappeared down his drain-pipe with the aid of a can of Sani-Flush.

"Here's to Blippard he's a damn fine boy! He certainly is a daisy, he drives the girls all crazy. Here's to Blippard he's a damn fine boy. Ein Zwei, Drei, Vier, who's going to buy the beer?" chorused the board of Curators.

"... and they hauled it away to the mills."



Not satisfied with a periodic Stop Day the Susies must now have a weekly Stop every Wednesday morning, to eliminate, and we quote, "the fatigue epidemic." Not that we're endorsing a stop morning at Mizzou but how would you like to be getting up around ten every Wednesday as are Ann Wright and Martha Stewart, two of Stephens' Susies?

STEPHENS

Story by June Keller

A morning snack that is more than just a hurried bite. Jan Kimball, Sylvia Morrill, Alice Gist, Ann Wright, and Martha Stewart take care of that empty feeling right handily.

Ah me, and to leisurely go through the morning routine as these same little gals give their teeth the brush off.





Along around eleven there's time to read the bulletin board—and thoroughly at that. Here Martha Stewart, Sylvia Morrill, Ann Wright, and Jan Kimball scan the travel notices.

STOP DAY

Photography by Mary Joe Connolly



What's this? Caught in the act is Jan Kimball telephoning to—well, never mind. These stop mornings give time for those lonnnng conversations.

Leisurely whiling away the rest of the morning at a hand of bridge are Sylvia Morrill, Ann Wright, Gay Hughes, Jan Kimball, and Alice Gist. None of those hasty glances at the clock. Yes, indeed, this is the best idea since Christmas vacation was extended two days. Let's see, how do you write a letter to the president of the University? Dear Dr. Middlebush. . .



A veteran reporter tells his experiences so hold tight to your seats as you read this weird tale of a man from Missouri

The Rover Boys in Tokyo

by **GEORGE E. JOHNSON**

A few weeks ago, I was traveling the middle section of the country, and for nostalgic reasons stopped in a rather morbidly depressing town where a friend of mine ran a school of journalism.

Now it seems this friend of mine had a class composed mostly of persons who might best be described as fiends and frustrated plumbers, who for some unfathomable reason wanted to be reporters. It also seems this friend of mine had a practice of having outstanding newspapermen address the class. Unfortunately, on this day, Drew Pearson, Colonel McCormack, and Bob Casey had backed out at the last moment. It was five minutes before class, and my friend was afraid he would have to lecture the class himself.

It was precisely at this minute that I pushed the empty beer cans aside and entered his office. He seized both my hands, reached back and whipped out a bowie knife. I graciously consented to tell his class of one of my more thrilling experiences as a free lance legman in Tokyo before the war—the time I scooped the world on a Japanese cabinet crisis.

We left the office and entered the lecture room. A few of the embryo reporters were gaily decapitating a copy editor as we entered, but on seeing us they respectfully bared their heads, and sat down, pencils poised over blank notebooks. The girls pulled their skirts above their knees,

crossed their legs, and I began.

. . . It was several years ago. We had been trekking for days. No luck. We had passed the last shrine of Bouldha Bushadah, a local deity, greatly revered by the natives. But we pressed ever onward, onward, as if impelled by some strange urge.

Huntley was stark, raving mad.

We ran out of water, food, clothing. The bearers deserted one by one. Finally, on the tenth day after the water gave out, I impulsively seized my Schneiders-Krupp elephant gun and let Huntley have it through the brain. Ten minutes later I sighted the towers of Tokyo.

. . . The phone rang. I put down a bound volume of "Country Life," May-December, 1935, and languidly answered. It was Jones of Hearst's I.N.S.

"Good God, Johnson," he said. "Damn, hell. The Jap cabinet has fallen, and we damnwell have to get the new one out on the wire by midnight. Young's dead drunk. You've got to help me. Get the official O.K. and give me 1000 words. Dammit, good-by."

Carelessly tossing aside a freshly lit Corona-Corona, I downed a quadruple scotch and rang for my town car.

It was quite a problem. I recalled the time I had been captured by the Ghurkas in Bombay, and involuntarily shuddered. I had barely escaped the death of a thousand slices then, and I still twitch when I think of that hor-

rible night when the leader of the gang read me an advertisement for Scott's Tissue over for 12 hours in sotto voice.

I tapped my man on the shoulder. We stopped and I got out at my favorite Saki joint. Downing a septule scotch with the native drinking cry of "HoLah!", I pulled the curtains of my booth and began to think the thing out.

. . . We Johnsons have always been impulsive, resourceful, brilliant. I remember my great grandfather Silas, the first man to go over Niagara Falls in a whiskey barrel. The barrel was half full, but they hadn't found out until grandfather was on the brink of horseshoe falls.

A tense, hushed little group quickly gathered at the edge of the whirlpool. Eager hands grasped the barrel, pulled it to shore. The lid was removed, the barrel tilted. Grandfather rolled out, the whiskey had disappeared. An internationally famous surgeon rushed to grandfather's side. Grandfather wasn't dead, but God, was he drunk.

After this, a damper seemed to have been put upon the family, at least until Uncle Luther went over Victoria Falls in a Salvation Army tambourine in 1925. It was his gesture against the futility and impending collapse of Western civilization. Unhappily, he hasn't been heard from since.

But the problem at hand was extremely pressing. I downed an octuple scotch, and lit a green

dappled cigar. The Japanese are a peculiar race. They have many foibles. Here was my solution. I decided to recall all the idiosyncracies of the emperor, deftly gain an audience, satisfy the most "idio" of the lot, and get my scoop in return. I roared out to the car.

Some few minutes later I pulled up at the main gate of the palace. I had disguised myself as a shark's fin, and was smuggled into the palace by a Hearst secret operator.

Still in my shark's fin disguise, I was placed bodily in a bowl of shark's fin soup, balanced precariously on the head of a Hearst-paid lackey, and carried into the presence of the Emperor.

His grace tossed aside a copy of

"Captain Billy's Whiz Bang" and seized his chop sticks.

"Now," I thought, and sprang from the soup bowl. In my haste, I slipped, and plowed headlong into the son of Heaven. He fell over backwards, I on top of him.

I rose gasping, and stopped to help him to his feet. His hair had evidently caught on the cushions, for as I pulled him up, it came off, and with it his face. It was fantastic, like something out of "Batman and Robin." For there stood, not the Emperor of Japan, but William Randolph Hearst. My scoop was assured and with a glad cry, I whipped out my teletype and fired out the electrifying news that startled the whole world.



I impulsively seized my Schneiders-Krupp elephant gun and let Huntley have it through the brain.

Joe: "A woman's greatest attraction is her hair."

Moe: "I say it's her eyes."

Ike: "It is unquestionably her teeth."

Mike: "What's the use of sitting here and lying to each other?"

Doc Brown: "You missed my class yesterday, didn't you?"

Jack: "No sir, not a bit."

If all the Thetas in the world who didn't neck were put in one room what would we do with her?

Funeral Director (to aged mourner): "How old are you?"

"I'll be 98 next month."

"Hardly worth going home, is it?"

Mother, will college girls go to heaven?

Yes, but they won't like it.

"Hello, is Mary in?"

"This is Mary."

"I want Mary. Is this Mary?"

"Yes, this is Mary."

"It doesn't sound like Mary."

"But I tell you this is Mary."

"Well, listen, Mary, I can't make it Friday."

"All right. I'll tell Mary when she comes in."

She reached below her dimpled knee

Into her rolled down stocking,
And there she found a roll of bills
Ah me, 'twas sweetly shocking.

"Why don't you keep them in a bank?"

Inquired a nosey prier.

"The principle is the same," she said

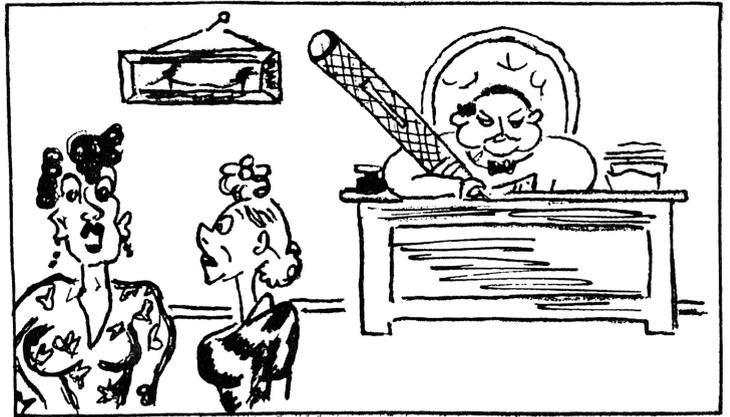
"But the interest here is higher."

—California Pelican.

On this page we will print the best cartoons submitted by students of Missouri each month. If you are a good cartoonist, why not let the entire campus see your work? Copies of Showme go to King Features as well as various metropolitan dailies and periodicals. So possibly here's a chance to get national recognition. Turn all cartoons into the Showme office, Room 207, Neff Hall.



"I want you to meet Prof. Smith—he's head of our anthropology department." . . . John de Lorenzi



"He fills it once every five years"
Johnnie Moelling

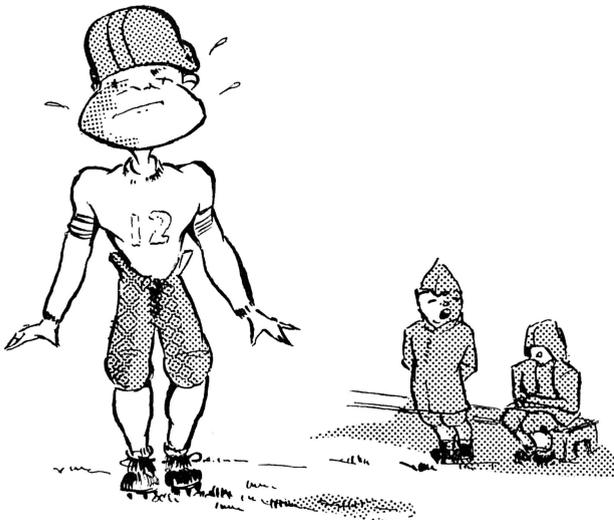


"I think I know now, Mr. Hanson, why they call those drinks, 'Purple Passions!'" . . . Phillip Damaree

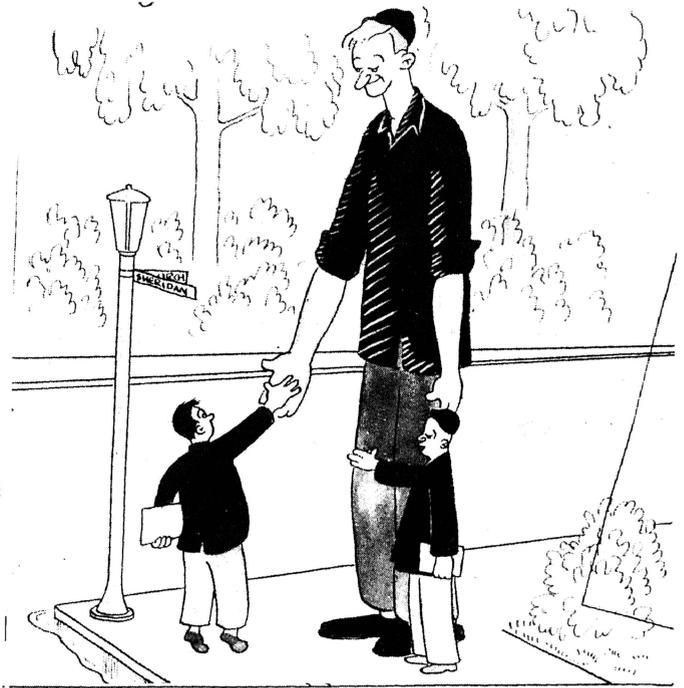


"You certainly took God's own time getting here!" . . . George E. Johnson

On this page we present cartoons from other college humor magazines. How do these compare with Missouri's? We definitely think cartoonists here can do as well (or better) so how about submitting a cartoon for the page across the way?



BEST "DECEPTION" PLAY I'VE SEEN!
—Annapolis Log.



PRINGLE, I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET A
BIG MAN ON CAMPUS
—Northwestern Purple Parrot.



"Rinso . . ."
—Stanford Chaparral.



"Joscoe has a wonderful idea for after the show."
—Northwestern Purple Parrot.



Showme Queen

Story by Mary Louise Miller

A new magazine—or should we say a revived magazine?—suddenly appears on the campus. And what happens? It's gotta have a queen. But of course. What is a magazine without a queen? And with these gorgeous gals to choose from, Showme can't go wrong.

Pulchritude, personality and selling power all in one handy package are these 39 salesgirls, all of whom sold fabulous numbers of subscriptions in competition for the coveted crown.

And not to be daunted by 'way below sub-zero weather and blustering breezes, they graciously give with a little cheesecake to show all the beloved subscribers just exactly what it was that talked them into subscribing.

Two girls from each sorority, two from Hendrix Hall, four from Women's Residence Hall, and one from each of the five largest independent houses were entered as salesgirls and candidates for Showme Queen.

Current betting odds on the winning salesgirl may be obtained at the Showme office and any and all bets will be taken. The queen and her court of four will appear in next month's issue. So don't miss it!





Candidates

Photography by Mary Joe Connolly

First Group: Susan Wurst, Alpha Chi Omega; Spring Crafts, Chi Omega; Mary Cooperider, Delta Gamma; Marilyn Golladay, Women's Residence Hall; Charm Weddington, 709 Hitt St.; Joy Wilson, Alpha Gamma Delta; Frances Weinberg, Phi Sigma Sigma; Adrianne Mallin, Alpha Epsilon Phi; Jane Goetzman, Alpha Delta Pi; Georgia Wood-Smith, Alpha Delta Pi.

Second Group: Suzanne Grigsby, Kappa Kappa Gamma; Gladys Northcott, Kappa Kappa Gamma; Charlene McPheeters, Gamma Phi Beta; Alma Wyatt, Alpha Chi Omega; Helen Dowd, Alpha Gamma Delta; Dot King, Alpha Phi; Rosemary Powell, Pi Beta Phi; Doris Young, Hendrix Hall; Kathie Chamblin, Alpha Phi; Betty Baker, Hendrix Hall.

Third Group: Louise Crutcher, Women's Residence Hall; Gloria Vaniman, Gamma Phi Beta; Gwyned Filling, Women's Residence Hall; Rowena Ritchie, 701 Missouri Ave.; Lucy Hurt, Chi Omega; Sue Hart, Delta Gamma; Marilyn Bange, Kappa Alpha Theta; Sally Limerick, Kappa Alpha Theta; Jean Marshall, Delta Delta Delta; Ruth Beckemeier, Delta Delta Delta.

Fourth Group: Ruth Dyer, 517 Hitt St.; Shirley Laner, Phi Sigma Sigma; Mildred Arnsperger, Templecrome Co-op; Susan Conrad, Zeta Tau Alpha; Gwen Kelly, Home Ec Co-op; Betty Jane Johnson, Pi Beta Phi; Dottie Adair, Women's Residence Hall.

Missing: Elizabeth Brown, Zeta Tau Alpha; Sheila Slann, Alpha Epsilon Phi.



After a long absence from the campus many a veteran needs help in adjusting to his old routine so here are a few tips

Apple Polishing as a Fine Art

by JOHN CROSSER

Apple polishing as a fine art calls for expostulation, discussion and demonstration. Most apple polishers on the campus have the freshman instinct, as do apple polishers in the army, in business, and in the church.

Instructors, who have been and are apple polishers of the first order, welcome a master at the game. They appreciate a fellow in arms whose technique reminds them of past conquests. In contrast they shudder at the approach of the ordinary run whose ludicrous efforts are pitiful to behold.

Being told what not to do is often of more worth than to chart a campaign that only a few will follow. However, I shall do both.

The class will come to order with no bright remarks about your order being beer and sandwiches. That is strictly high school stuff. Nor must we emphasize that the high school technique is the most common on the campus.

Rushing to the instructor and asking foolish questions types the polisher as just out of high school. It often worked in high school simply because the high school teacher knew the polisher was a son or daughter of a school board member.

The University instructor immediately recognizes this type and groans. He is anxious to get away from class, to go to lunch or to forget the whole thing.

So we exhort the rusherupper to get the hell out of the class room as quickly as possible. If he has legitimate business, use the office hours of the instructor. Be careful to catch him with ab-

solutely nothing to do, which is comparatively easy.

Next in line of wasted effort is the sex appeal approach. The instructor who fell for that once is now beating his brains out to feed the kiddies, buy Mom a new coat, or save enough to spend a vacation away from the kiddies, the Mom, and the coat.

Using your eyes often gets I's. Using a flourish of the head or body only reminds him of the time he stood on his head to attract Susie. He wants to forget that!

Don't be an eager beaver and hand in two assignments when only one is wanted. This may prove fatal. The instructor hates like hell to grade one paper, not to mention two. The eager beaver must remember that the instructor thinks already that the student is dumb, and there is no foresight in giving him a double dose, and confirming the impression.

There are many other don'ts," but suffice to mention only one more, called the fraternity or sorority scramble. The brothers or sisters are tipped off that Maggie is not doing so well in her course, "Art as a Career."

Therefore, the instructor is overwhelmed by numerous boys or girls who speak nicely each time they meet him. They know his name! That, to most instructors, is most satisfying recognition. Soon he is invited "over to the house" for dinner and the final push. It is fairly good technique and only the strong survive this ordeal and retain their academic independence.

We have listed the most glaring "Don'ts." Now for the "Do's!"

On the first day be sure, if at all possible, to either sit on the front row or the back row. The front row indicates a passing interest in the course and you are one up on the rest of the class. The back row indicates that you do not give a damn and it may arouse a dormant pedagogical ambition in the instructor to show you that, after all, he DOES have the only worthwhile course in the university. We recall a case in particular in which one Lebo was suddenly awakened by his logic instructor. Lebo sleepily said, "Even so, who gives a damn." It was such deep logic that the instructor not only gave Lebo an "E" grade but quit teaching and went to farming.

Those seated midways in the class are the forgotten tribe. They must actually work or else.

There are two approaches once you have seated yourself properly. Most often used by the master polisher is the dumb or "poor me" attitude. It often arouses pity to such an extent that the instructor will remember his own days of plugging. You may arouse sympathy and sympathy is a deep emotion. Be careful not to carry it too far. You may cause the instructor to feel sorry for himself and he's been fighting that for years. He will likely tell you to get the hell out of the class unless you, too, become an instructor.

The most satisfying and usually most successful effort is the "interested in every word" technique.

(Continued on Page 18)

Poet's Corner

You really orter
Pay a quarter
for Show me!

But, what the hell,
To make it sell
And do our daily stint
We'll cut the price
Or shake the dice
To see our name in print.
—John Crosser.

FOREVER AMBER—or DO THEY BREW IT IN OTHER COLORS?

I've tried to analyze myself,
But my constituents won't stand
still.
They reel and stagger 'til mid-
night;
In the morning they're practically
nil.
Each evening I went toward the
Dixie,

With hopes and thirst quite high.
I burp love tunes with the juke
box.
At sun-up I wish I could die.

I've tried to analyze myself.
Believe me it isn't a snap.
For all my life's ambitions
Seem to remain—on tap!
—Lee Erskine.

ON (and off) THE SURFACE

"Ipana for the Smile of Beauty,"
(Had ten teeth out today)
"I'd Walk a Mile for a Camel,"
(If my feet were just O.K.)
They say, "Borden's Made Me
Famous,"
(I've five cows in my back
yard)
"She's Engaged Because She Uses
Ponds,"
(But I am still suporting
Maud)

Popeye says, "Eat spinach,"
(Junior listens not to me)
"And it's Not a Bird, it's Not a
Plane,"

(Who could that mortal be?)
"Duz Does Everything," 'tis said,
(It looks quite well in print)
And, "There's nothing so dismal
as . . ."

(What's that thing that B.O.
stands for . . . hint?)
Just send in three boxtops,
(And \$3 in check . . . not
loose)
They'll send you back (postage
paid)
(The Ten Ways to Reduce)
This business really drives you
mad,
(And so I'm compromising)
Today I bought a book that's called
("The Art of Advertising!")
—June Tremblay, 1945



McLAUGHLIN BROS. FURNITURE

16 North Tenth

That's Sue Hart, Delta Gamma, sitting
on fluffy rug from McLaughlin's,
and Elizabeth Moody, Independent,
curled up in a comfortable boudoir
chair for an evening with "A
Cara O Cruz." Doris Young,
Hendrix Hall, hunts for Zanzi-
bar on a globe that lights up!
McLaughlin's have numerous
other items within your al-
lowance to replace that
boarding - house - look
of your room, with the
attractive, comfortable
atmosphere of home.

AROUND THE COLUMNS

(Continued from Page 3)

the indicator just whipped about in crazy gyrations.

Kekeris generally placed his weight between 265-285. Tiger mentor Chauncy Simpson lit on the figure 295. Men he blocked and tackled knew that at least 300 pounds had hit them.

Opponents regularly played two men against Kekeris and the Nebraska family mauled the hell out of him. Several Nebraska linemen who stood against him, however, were carried to the sidelines.

It was a Cornhusker named Sedlacek who took a powerful dislike to Kekeris and began mixing it up. Both were ruled off the field. Said Patsy Clark, Nebraska coach: "A dirty player!" But movies of the game showed Kekeris playing clean ball and taking the shiner of the season from Sedlacek's fist without raising a hand.

Coach Simpson turned over some rare material for '46 to returning Head Coach Don Faurot, but no doubt the prize apple of the lot was Jumbo Jim, with one more year's eligibility.

The Shadow?

The Varsity Debate Squad, that

organization that spends its extra-curricular time in periodically exercising its vocal cords, would like to know the name, origin, and whereabouts of a certain dark-haired male character. The gentleman (?) in question attended a forensic whing-ding after the notorious "Greek vs. Independent" debate and it was discovered two weeks later that no one knew who he was! Who invited him? From whence did he come? And whither did he go? That's what the debaters would like to know!

The group adjourned to a well-stocked apartment after the debate to talk about whatever debaters talk about. This aforementioned character was noticed at intervals during the evening, unobtrusively skulking in the background. Everyone accredited his presence to someone else.

When an inventory of the party was taken two weeks later, the resulting roll call was: two Wisconsin debaters, three Engineers (invited along for atmosphere), and this grandson of Yehudi!

He seemed to have a good time though and it is remembered with chagrin that during the entire evening he spoke only three words, "I'll take soda!"

Nightmare Existence

Rumor has it that a certain family living on the outskirts of town keeps having nightmares.

. . . A terrific roar, if taken apart, tinkling ice, splintering glass, squeals of laughter, shuffling feet, muffled music, falling bodies, slamming doors.

The central character seems to be black-skinned, slow-moving George. He glides in and out of overflowing tables—trying to track down the constant wailing of his name.

This Dante-type dream dies out, they say, about 2 a.m. with repetitive "Give it back to us," issuing from a hundred burned-out throats.

Alumnus: "Why, I'm sorry to hear that. How did Brother K. die?"

S.A.E.: "He fell through some scaffolding."

Alumnus: "What was he doing up there?"

S.A.E.: "Being hanged."

Lamba Chi: "May I kiss your hand?"

Alpha Phi: "What's the matter? Is my mouth sticky?"

HUNGRY?



Dutch's food — sizzling
hamburgers — home made
chili — tender hot dogs —
will please your palate.

DUTCH'S

Hitt and Locust

6966



***Mainstay in any College
Wardrobe it's***

Harzfeld's

A Name in a Class by Itself

APPLE POLISHING

(Continued from Page 14)

You will find it very helpful to pay little attention to what the man is saying. Instead thereof, think of last night's date or the one you will have tonight. Your eyes will shine; your whole being will radiate that something which brings response from any man regardless of his age, the status of his married life, or his own conception of right and wrong.

It helps somewhat to actually work a little on the course. You should know the name of the course, the name of the instructor, and, now and then, you should exhibit a notebook. It is not at all necessary to have anything in the notebook.

And now for the really fine points of the game. Plan your campaign much as you would an amorous conquest. Learn quickly the associates of the instructor. Cultivate those who repeat all they hear. Most of his associates will fall into this category. Then, tell THEM what a brilliant person is Mr. Thickhead and the joy of listening to his lectures. Never in a moment of honesty make the statement that you think he ought to be farming.

The associate repeats your observations and Mr. Thickhead im-

mediately agreed with you and you are a very smart fellow, indeed.

Be careful never to ask a question in class or answer one. Ignorance is often taken for wisdom because a man has sense enough to keep his mouth shut. Be the silent, interested follower whose academic day is bearable only because you have the privilege of listening to Mr. Thickhead. It never fails of you are an accomplished hypocrite.

This is a bare outline of what must be done to earn the degree "Master Polisher." For some it is much easier to actually study and force a grade. For others, it is much more fun to polish the apple until it glistens—glistens sufficiently to reflect the hypocritical but smiling face of he who contributes his mite to the fine art of polishing apples.

Cpl.: "In this bottle I have peroxide which makes blondes, and in this bottle I have dye which makes brunettes."

Pvt.: "What's in the third bottle?"

Cpl.: "Gin which makes both."
—Alabama Rammerjammer.

So you had a date with a college man?

No, I tore my dress on a nail.

She: "Nobody loves me, and my hands are cold."

He: "God loves you and your mother loves you and you can sit on your hands."

Going to the Homecoming game?

Yah.

You from Missouri?

Yah. Class of 1940.

That was my class, too. Frat man?

Yah. ATO.

ATO? Hell, I was an ATO, but I don't remember you.

Yah?

Where'd you sit at meetings? Second row.

Oh, that accounts for it. I was in the third balcony.

He never gave her a second thought.

He was too busy with the first one.—Northwestern Purple Parrot.

Maid: There was two men standing outside your window while you were dressing last night.

Madame: That's nothing, you should have seen the crowd when I was younger.

Shortest story in the world:

"Huh?"

"Uh Huh."

Has Anyone Seen Butterball?

Lost

Strayed

Stolen

Everybody knows Butterball — he's a campus tradition—just as Gabe's is. But just before Christmas Butterball disappeared and Campus Town and the faithful Gaebler miss him. So if anyone sees Butterball let Gabe's know.

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I hate to bother you, but you haven't paid your rent this month.

Young girl (peering out of her berth on a sleeper, spying an elderly gentleman): "Sir have you the time?"

Old Gentleman: "No, madam, nor the inclination."

"May I take you home? I like to take experienced girls home."

"But I'm not experienced."

"You're not home yet."

She: "Would you like to see where I was operated on for appendicitis?"

He: "No, I hate hospitals."

"I'll stand on my head or bust."
"Better just stand on your head."

Coed: "First it was love. He fascinated me and I kissed him."

Senior: "Yeah, and then he began to unfascinate you and you slapped him."

Professor (to class): "There's a young man in this class making a jackass of himself. When he is finished, I'll start."

We point with pride to the purity of the white space between our jokes.

Cop: "Say, you can't sleep in the park."

He and she: "Who's sleeping?"

Don't you ever read anything but the jokes?

A sailor is a man who usually has the same thing on his mind that he has on his chest.

"Who was that lady I saw you with last night?"

"That was no lady, that was my brother. He just walks that way."

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For the new Semester**

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"Wonder What Freud would do in a case like this?" . . . George E. John-

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Dry as a Duck...in**

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● "Just tell your Kappa Sig friend she's got everything . . . the Kappa Sigs want."

He: "I have no idea."

She: "Aren't you even inquisitive?"

There was a very young Sig Chi pledge who, upon answering the door, hurried to the actives. "Sir, there's a woman peddler at the door."

Sig Chi active: "Tell him we got plenty."

Breathes there a frosh so abnormal
That he can't be stirred by a low
cut formal.

Judge: "Who was driving when you collided with that car?"

Drunk (triumphantly): "None of us. We were all neckin' in the back seat."

Phi Delt: "Say, Bud, what's that you're reading?"

Phi Sig: "The title is 'What Twenty Million Girls Want'."

Phi Delt: "Did they spell my name right?"

"No, Mabel, a neckerchief is not the head of a sorority house."

Say, who are you shoving?
I dunno. What's your name?

Father: Your new little brother has arrived.

Very Modern Child: Where'd he come from?

Father: From a far-away country.

Very Modern Child: Another damned alien.



● ALL RIGHT; I'VE GOT YOUR PIN. NOW WHAT?

"Eavesdropping again," said Adam as his wife fell out of the tree.

BING'S

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the
Missouri
Theater

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Showme is your magazine. It has to be your magazine in order for it to succeed.

We on the Showme staff have started the ball rolling but it is up to you what happens to Showme from now on. This is the first issue since the war and we on the staff admit it has been a task to begin again and that the present issue is not at all up to the standards we hope to attain.

We believe that Missouri humor is about the best in the country. This applies to state, town, and particularly on the campus. We believe there is talent on this campus, in humor, art, and in literary talent, to reveal to the world at large and to ourselves this particular brand of Missouri humor.

This is where you come in. Showme is your magazine and we will put forth every effort to present your talent and creative genius to the public, both on the campus and nation-wide.

Showme always was and will continue to be a student magazine. With your help we can present a true picture of life at the University of Missouri.

If you are interested in helping Showme at any time and with any talent, stop in the Showme office, Room 207, Neff Hall. You are always welcome.



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