

ANNIVERSARY

ISSUE

25c

MISSOURI SHOWME

OCT. 1947

25c



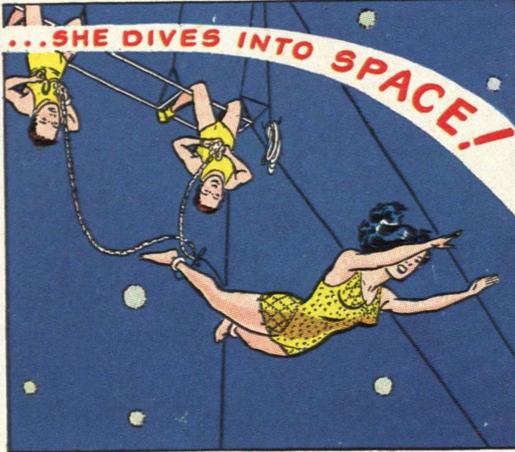
GIBBE

"Experience is the Best Teacher!"

in aerial acrobatics—and in smoking too," says **ROSE GOULD**, aerial sensation of the Big Top



ROSE GOULD HANGS BY HER HEELS — WITH NO OTHER SUPPORT AND NO NET — IN A STUNT THAT MAKES EVEN VETERAN CIRCUS HANDS BLINK!



YES, SHE FELL ONCE — CABLE BROKE — THIS IS HER FIRST APPEARANCE SINCE

SHE'S GETTING READY FOR THE DIVE NOW

FROM 75 FEET UP — WITH NO NET...

...SHE DIVES INTO SPACE!

— STOPPED BY THE ROPES AROUND HER ANKLES — ONLY THREE FEET FROM THE GROUND!

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



I SMOKED MANY BRANDS DURING THE WARTIME CIGARETTE SHORTAGE — CAMELS SUIT ME BEST!

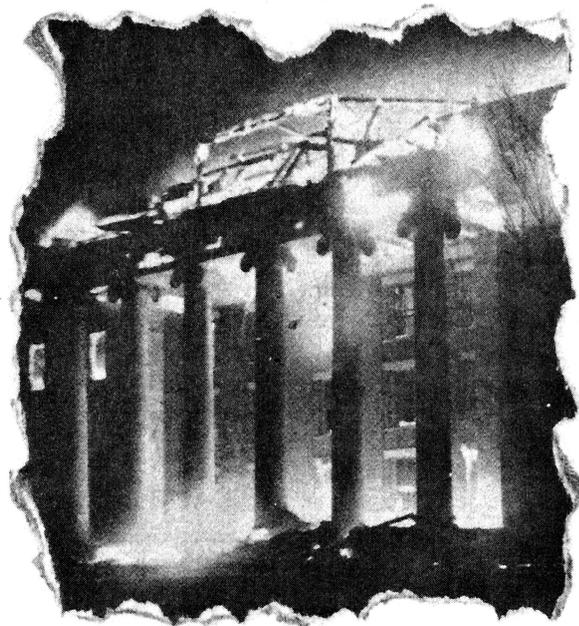
Rose Gould

Featured aerialist of Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus

Your "T-ZONE" will tell you...
T FOR TASTE...
T FOR THROAT...
 That's your proving ground for any cigarette. See if Camels don't suit your "T-ZONE" to a "T"



MORE PEOPLE ARE SMOKING
Camels
 THAN EVER BEFORE



Look Familiar?

You Bet It Does—

THERE WAS A HOT TIME IN THE OLD TOWN THAT NIGHT . . . On Jan. 9, 1892 the Athenaeum Society was holding a meeting in Academic Hall (there was no Shack in those days). Right in the middle of it the chandelier fell to the floor and then the fun started.

The single fire hose was faulty, but it made little difference for the water tank was frozen. Fortunately there were no casualties . . . only one crushed thumb suffered when a stuffed elephant fell over in the museum. Next morning there were the columns and some smoldering ruins, of course.

The old state 'U, now over a century old, is loaded with traditions. . . . YOUR 1948 YEARBOOK, the Tradition SAVITAR, is going into the files and attempting to give you stories of the school's rich history. The SAVITAR is to be bigger and better than ever before . . . with 128 more pages than last year . . . 432 picture pages in all and at NO INCREASE IN PRICE. It's still \$4.90 plus 2% tax.

Pictures and more pictures of YOUR friends . . . YOUR activities . . . YOUR class . . . YOUR social life. The perfect record of your coming year at Missouri. Subscribe now at Savitar office 303 Read Hall (3-5 afternoons) or Savitar Salesmen on the campus.



1948 YEARBOOK

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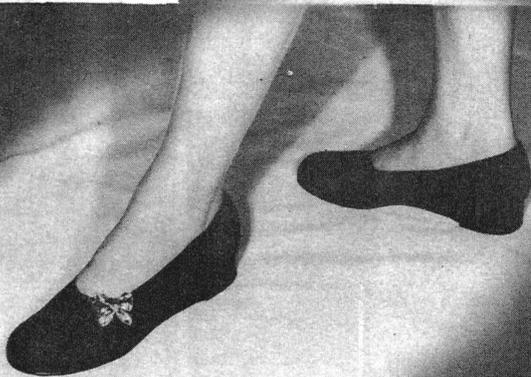
UNIVERSITY OF MISSOURI

KNOX HATS

Exclusive With Us

Woolf Brothers

PRACTICAL
SADDLES



LANE'S
914 Broadway

Letters to the Editor --

Mr. Editor:

Being a very frank individual, and also short of cash, I wish to register a complaint: why the hell does the SHOWME cost 25c now?

Iratly yours,

Bill Faust.

Dear Bill:

Why does milk cost 17c a quart instead of 12c?

Incidentally, none of the staff members make a cent. All work is gratis on the SHOWME and any profits realized go into making the magazine bigger and better.

Mr. Editor.



Dear Editor:

I wish to protest against the quantity of references to "beer" found in the SHOWME. They bother me!

A Solid Citizen,

Herb Nebel.

Dear Mr. Nebel:

The SHOWME attempts to mirror life at Mizzou, not to reform or influence. True, we distort and exaggerate as the laws of human demand, but we are sure you will agree that beer is not over emphasized in view of the



advanced 3.2 habits of Missouri students.

Soberly yours,

The Ed.

Dear Editor:

Have you ever been to the Hinkson? I doubt it. You are always promoting the Hinkson as the Mizzou man's Garden of Eden. Don't you know that place has mosquitoes? Every time I take a girl out there, she gets all bit up and won't go back. Isn't there some other place me and my girl could go?

A Frustrated Student.

Dear Frus':

We're sorry, but God made the country. He also made mosquitoes and gave us impulses. To enjoy the one, you have to en-

Are 'YOU' in the "LUCKY CIRCLE?"



WATCH For YOUR Picture In the CIRCLE

NOTICE—Bulletin Board Posted Bi-Weekly in
Central Dairy—Watch for Your Picture

WIN

A "Carry-Out Snack"
For a Party of 4 or 5

ICE CREAM

- Choice of Cake or
- Cookies
- Chocolate Syrup



CENTRAL DAIRY

Convenience
For You!

LOCATED IN
CAMPUS TOWN

skilled watch repair
large gift selection

CAMPUS JEWELRY

● Across from Jesse Hall ●



"Okay, I'll bet you all of Argentina and half of Australia and I'll raise you my last pack of Dentyne Chewing Gum."

"It's no bet, Pal—you gotta have a sure thing to risk your last pack of swell-tasting Dentyne Chewing Gum! For my money, Dentyne wins on flavor and on the way it helps keep teeth white."

Dentyne Gum—Made Only By Adams



dure the others. The whole staff has had training on the Hink—they're all scratching.

The Editor.

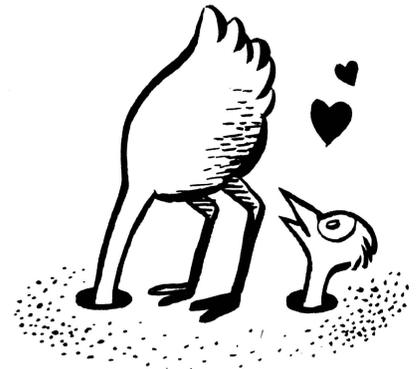
Dear Mr. Editor:

How about letting your readers know the method by which the "Boy and Girl of the Month" are chosen?

Just Curious.

Dear Curious:

The "Boy and Girl of the Month" are chosen from suggestions made by you, the readers,



and by members of the staff. They are selected on the basis of popularity, personality, and campus activity.

The Editor.

Missourian.

Helping Hand Subdues The Savage Breast

Copenhagen, Sept. 23, (UP)—A "dog" arrived recently at the custom office in a crate without an address. Customs officials fed and watered him, tied a string around his neck, and walked him in the hall.

It was a fine friendly animal, and they would have liked to keep him. But yesterday two men from the Copenhagen zoo arrived, and said they would like to have the wolf they were expecting.

You gotta watch those helping hands, girls, they're pretty sly sometimes.



MISSOURI Showme

"LIFE AT MIZZOU AS SEEN THROUGH
SWAMI'S CRYSTAL BALL."

SHOWME, OCT. 1920

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Sue Harris—Gamma Phi Beta
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Corinne Sartorius—Zeta Tau Alpha
Pat Hughes—Delta Delta Delta
Joy Scrinopski—Alpha Epsilon Phi

Stephens College Representative
Dot Stephens

Special Salesmen
Bill McCarter
Bill Herr

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TWO WORLDS—A story by Charles Barnard concerning an unhappy married life and the mind of the husband at work.

CANDIDLY MIZZOU—A collection of photos taken at campus activities during the past month.

SWAMI'S CRYSTAL BALL—What's happening to whom on the campus.

SHOWME SCRAPBOOK—A gleaning of the best material from the first Showmes of 1920 taken from the archives in the library.

GIRL AND BOY OF THE MONTH—The monthly feature honoring two outstanding students of the university.

STOLEN—Clippings from other humor magazines on other college campus'.

ROWE'S CROWS NEST—Laughing gas from one of the school's best known wits.

*Published monthly during the school year by the students of the University of Missouri sponsored by Sigma Delta Chi, national journalism fraternity.
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Subscription rates: \$2.00 in Columbia for nine issues during school year. \$2.50 by mail outside Columbia. Single issues 25 cents.



*J*hy locks are growing greyer,
And thy paunch is growing, too . . .
Thy trophies growing greener,
Since you played for old Mizzou.



Around the Columns

Overheard

"There's nothing wrong with this university that an Atom bomb wouldn't cure."

Educational Klondike

The gold rush is on. Wildcat buildings have sprung up all over town. More than fifty restaurants per square mile, saloons on every corner, banks doing a land-office business, wooden shacks appearing overnight, teeming masses of people, spenders and scalpers.

This is the promised land, the merchant's mecca. This is Columbia, the Klondike of the Middle-west where 15,000 students spend over a million dollars a month.

As You Were

In 1920 the country was just two years out of the last war. The Showme cost 35c a copy, Harris' Cafe had a dance band on Saturday afternoons and a "booth of romance" where couples could sit in privacy. Nice women didn't show their knees or smoke in those days and fraternity men had moonshine stills because of

prohibition laws. Communism was the big boogey man of the day and Ted Lewis was the favorite music maker. Jive was looked down upon and it was considered improper to "shuffle" when you danced. Theda Bara and Mack Sennet packed them in at the movie houses.

Fatima and Spur were the cigaret favorites made by the same companies that make the popular brands of today. Arrow shirts were advertised in the Showme picturing the fashion of detachable collars. The University was still growing up and was packed with veterans as it is today. Plans were being made for the building of the Memorial Tower with a clock and "melodious chimes to count the jeweled hours."



Hope

When "Hopeful Manor" was occupied last year the title carried an entirely different meaning than it does this year for its female occupants.

October

The school year is really under way again and Columbia seems to have caught the spirit of mental fermentation, caught the exciting stir of Saturday afternoon football games, caught the romance of autumn, caught the musty fragrance of multi-colored leaves scattered by sweater-cool winds, caught the hell from professors for too much day dreaming.

Wrong Pledge

A news item in the Missourian last month stated that the Kappa Alpha fraternity pledged nineteen men. The fraternity received a call the next day from a woman who asked if she could bring her husband over. "He's been unink-

ing too much lately and I'd like for him to take the pledge," she said.

Sacred Grass

Last year it was a sin for city folk to step on the grass of the Ag Campus. This year, however, with the lawn covered with so



many temporary classrooms, it is a problem to find any grass at all.

Love's Labor

We came across an interesting bit of local legislation the other day. It seems that the Kappas

have a rule which forbids the girls' getting familiar with their dates before six in the evening. After six they are left to their own devices and the world can continue to go around.

It's No Joke, Son

Since this is supposed to be a humor magazine, we tried to think of something to write about the tardy GI subsistence checks. Finally we concluded that there was nothing funny about it.

A fearful rumor is being circulated that the pay will not arrive until the last of November. In that case, Thanksgiving may be early or late depending on the receipt of the checks.

Friendly Rally

The all-school pep rally in September was one of the best things this school has ever seen. Everyone was in a good mood. Columbia's mayor smiled right back at the impish "Boos" and President

Middlebush even enjoyed the brazen catcalls of "Hi, Freddy."

On the other hand, when Jesse Wrench vituperated fraternal organizations for holding back school spirit, 4,000 Greeks who had sold the rally tickets, helped prepare the food, served the meal, and policed the area, cheered.

It just goes to show you that mass hysteria can be magnanimous sometimes.

Who's Coenisufogky?

The Columbia Missourian ran a United Press story the other day

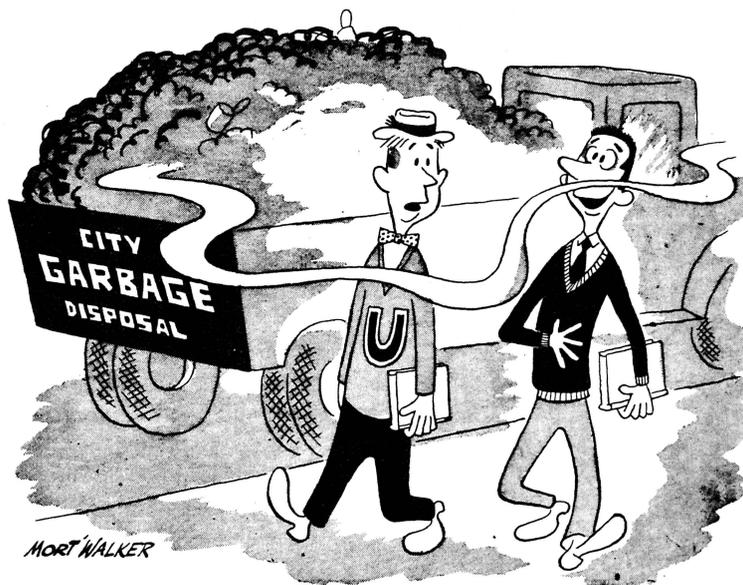


which read in part: . . . "To add to the ceonisufogkygnNNdao To add to the confusion. . . ."



No DT's Thanks

A young fellow who lives in a trailer near the Fair Grounds hit the sack after a tough night with a combination of beer, rum, whiskey, and coke. In the morning he awoke with a big head and an elephant staring at him through the window. With trembling hands he searched the phone book for his doctor's number and the location of the local W.C.T.U. His wife interceded to tell him that the circus had moved in at night. He gave up drinking anyway.



How are you getting along on your G.I. Subsistence?

Microbe Minded

The sanitation drive sponsored by SGA is something we've all been looking for. SGA advises



us not to eat in any place which has more than a 100 microbe count. That will give us something to do in the afternoons at the Shack. No more will people carve their initials . . . they will spend their time counting bacteria on the glasses.

Clipped from the Missouri Student.

Owner Loses \$12; Waxes Sentimental

Add to your list of most appealing bulletin board notices the one currently appearing in Read Hall: "Lost, twelve dollars—one ten and two singles. Requested back for sentimental reasons—such as eating the rest of the week."

We can't return it for similarly sentimental reasons.

This happened after World War III when the atomic bombs had killed every last human being. After three or four days when the dust had settled, a couple of monkeys came out of their cave and solemnly surveyed the desolate landscape. After several minutes the small monkey turned to her friend and said: "Well, honey, shall we start the whole damn thing over again?"

Two coeds were looking around the art department in Jesse Hall the other day. They came across a painting of a nude which one of the girls recognized as her companion.

"Why, dear, I didn't know you ever posed in the nude," she remarked in amazement.

"I certainly do not," was the indignant reply. "He painted it from memory."



Fad: Something that goes in one era and out the other.

*

"I think your husband dresses nattily."

"Natalie who?"

Two worlds



But really, Maxine, you know yourself she isn't his type! They'll never. . . ."

"Oh, but you're so wrong, Toni! Bob is exactly what she needs. And, besides, you can't blame her: he has that charming place in Colorado. . . ."

"Arizona."

"Well, wherever it is, he has it and everything else she could wish for. I'm sure. . . ."

"And I'm just as sure that they'll never make a go of it—ranch in Arizona or not. Bob Clayton may have money, but his family background—oh, horror!"

I sit very quietly and listen to the cats tear human flesh. One of them is my cat—Maxine, my wife—a feline bitch without disguise. I watch her, without caring to hear more of her words, and try to trace back over the five years of our marriage to a time when she did not appear to me as she does today. There was such a time—there must have been. This person is not the Maxine of then. How she's changed! How far she's come from the little girl that I knew—the girl of twenty, with a ribbon in her hair. Now she sits with the air of a high priestess; her long, scarlet finger nails tapping an indolent rhythm on the edge of the cocktail glass; her gown priceless and provocative; her mind a chessboard of intrigue; and her heart a thing of clay, clasped by a dollar sign.

“Oh my dears, you simply *must* hear this! Clark Thorndyke—you know Clark—well, he's wearing a moustache now! Imagine!”

“Gloria will love that!”

“Oh, I don't know. It was probably her idea. She's such a stinker.”

“. . . and what she sees in him, I'll never know!”

“Oh, he's cute—but with a moustache, oh God!”

I repeat a silent 'Oh God' myself. What was that book called? *One World?* There's no such thing. There are two worlds: the one I'm in and the one Maxine worships. One's hard and clean and good and honest and sincere. Her's is rotten. Rotten with hypocrisy: Hypocrisy: “Act or practice of feigning to be what one is not. . . .” That's how much the dictionary knows. There's more

to it. There's the cruelty that goes with it. The hurting, painful cruelty of words spoken without a heart; of eyes that see nothing but sordid dullness in simple human virtue.

So, I've made up my mind to leave my wife. Oh, I know, I've said that before. It isn't anything I decided this afternoon. The determination has been growing on me for a long, long time. What happened before? Why haven't I done it, instead of just thinking about it? Maybe no guts. Maybe because she never gave me a good concrete excuse. But this time I'm going through with it. A lot of men leave their wives. Sure they do. They just get up some day and leave. Like I'm going to do. Today. And if anyone asks me why I did it, I'll tell 'em I had damn good reasons of my own. That's what I'll tell 'em.

“My dear, have you *seen* her coat? It must have cost a fortune!”

“Oh what difference, Maxine? How can you talk about the cost?”

He can afford it, and after all, she sleeps with him, doesn't she?”

“I know, darling, but such a fur!”

“Well, he must have known it wasn't free. She can have any man she wants, and he knows it.”

The price tag. The ever-present, god-damned price tag. On everything. On fur coats, on yachts, on custom built cars, on people. On the very act of life itself—a price tag. 'Marked down this season to \$3.98 plus tax.' 'While they last: Love Affairs at the special reduced rate of one Persian Lamb.' Don't worry. Dr. B. will take care of her. By appointment. \$1000. Sybil went to him last Fall. Remember? After the yacht races.

But this time I'm going to be cute about it. I've never deceived her yet, so she won't expect it. Pretty soon this jam session will break up and she'll expect me to drive her home—or somewhere. If I wait 'til then, I'm stuck. I've

(Continued on page 23)



I was in love with her dreadfully last year—I forget what day.

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Fun and spirit were the keynotes of the parade which preceded the largest pep rally in the school's history. Here Pat Ragland, Marty Stevens, Cookie

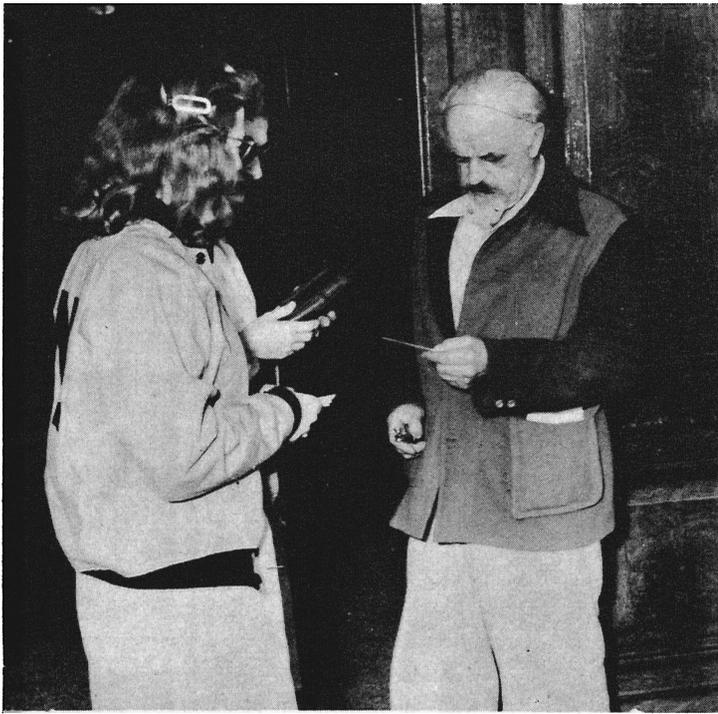
Ruester, Pat Watkins, Sally Clapp, and Shirley Hill add their charming enthusiasm to the fete.



Freshman orientation was not all business as shown by this skit put on by Hattie Littlefield, Mary Ann Boyce, Bob Pierce, Verlie Abrams, and Rollie Oaks.



Playing Bridge to help pass the time are several 50-yard line aspirants. After the stadium gates opened they continued the game for another two hours before the game started.



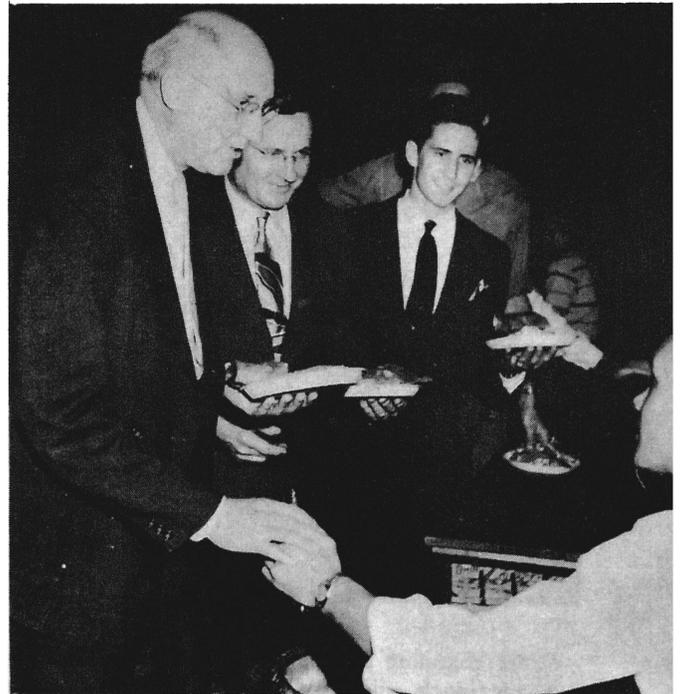
Jesse Wrench at his traditional post during registration, looks carefully before he admits two co-eds to the library inner-sanctum.



Stephens Susies and Missouri students making with bread and butter in order to feed 4,000 students at pep rally.



A line of stephens bags at the Wabash station for transport. Rather handsome looking luggage, if you ask us.



A rare photograph and a rare occasion. President Middlebush makes his first, and probably his last, public appearance.



Mizzou's reserve strength follows the game from the bench—for the moment. Tigers Bowen, Savage, Hulse, Watzig, Armstrong, Dusenbury, Cliffe, Trippe anticipating . . .



It's the chow line for everyone the night of the pep rally. Warren Bunting, with coke, and a few other unidentified persons.



Six charming but, alas, unknown girls enjoy the picnic lunch. The girls were generous with their smiles, but shy when it came to names and other particulars.



Apparently this group had been in the ticket line since early morning. We wanted to join them for a bite, and examine the contents of the bag in the foreground, but didnt have time.

Swami's Crystal Ball

"Sees All" By Dave Rees



Sig Alph Rog Barnett is the chef par excellence and the ideal husband. His wife, Pat, was secretary of the Boone County Fair this summer, so while he worked at the fair grounds, he prepared the meals and brought them out to the fair. Man can that man make strawberry cream pie.

Don Carr, Phi Psi, didn't enjoy the fair too much though; Those ferris wheels and octopi are rough on a churned up stomach.

Kappa Lolly Ronayne also worked for the Boone County Fair by being secretary of the Junior Chamber of Commerce. It was "yes sir" and "no sir" to J. C.'s and "yes mam" and "no mam" to their wives until she learned she was



older than many of the wives and as old as some of the members.

What a paper that must be in Roswell where Art McQuiddy, Johnny Kaler, and Piglet Stangebye are all working. And some persons criticise the Denver Post.

The Delta Gams chased their pledges out of the house the other Sunday to have initiation. Five of them repaired to Gaebler's where they went to sleep in one of the large booths. You know how cattle sleep with their heads all on top of each other. Can you moo too girls?

Biggest news of the month though was announced when Frank Rice and Herb Nebel took the pledge. When approached by one of the W.C.T.U. members who started in on the chant, "Ah temperance, how sweet is your name," they replied that it was nothing to get alarmed about,

it was just so they'd have more time to devote to women. Don't get alarmed, eh?

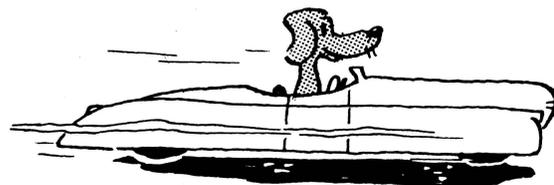
Claude Stephens is really trying for the title of the Biggest Wolf on Campus by trying to outdo everyone else in all these: girls, Bohemianism, reckless driving, beer, and whatever else you might have—he's out for it.

There's a long story about Gamma Phi Pat McKee's being a sculptress (I guess that's the way you spell it, I've never known many of them intimately), but it's too involved to give all here. Corner her or Ed Menges in the Shack some rainy afternoon for several hours of entertainment.

Sig Alph Jack Sappington thought he'd be cute during rushing so stepping up to a rushee he said something like, "Frankly I'm going Sigma Chi." The reply was, "Shake brother, so am I."

Sigma Nu Dave Gregg is trying this month for a new title, the Best UNDRESSED Man.

Rosemary Wiseman, Alpha Phi, went to sleep on her arm the other night. As a result her arm



also napped off. When she awoke, her arm of course had no feeling so when it suddenly appeared in front of her face without her kinacsthetically sensing it, she gave out with a blood-curdler. Half the Alpha Phis came rushing in, but by that time she had discovered it was the five-fingered monster and had nothing to say to the girls but that it was a nightmare.

(Continued on page 25)

SHOW ME

Excerpts From Old Ads:

From the Tavern Billiard Hall ads: "Nothing is so restful as a quiet game of billiards. Men of power play billiards for recreation."

The Memorial Tower, which was originally destined for a student union building, was advertising for subscribers.

In the ad we found: "That tower will be as solid and enduring as the granite hills. From that tower melodious chimes will count the jewelled hours. And their mellow tones will ever sing in sweet harmony. . . ."

From Harris' Cafe ad: "And if you do as do most Missouri men, it was a savory meal in the Booth of Romance at Harris'."

A new Black Norwegian Calf Brogue Boot at \$16.00 and other Brogues from \$8.85 to \$17.00 (also wool hose) were sold at Miller's.

Daily Brothers ad: "Whatever you expect in a suit—you'll find it here. Every suit that goes out of our store, contains the three main essentials of a suit. . . ."

"CLIPPED FROM

Prohibition and Short Skirts

What is this season's best humorous fiction?

The Eighteenth Amendment

Risque Co-ed:—"To think we are to be prevented from ing our knees!"

Conservative:—"But we still rouge our faces."

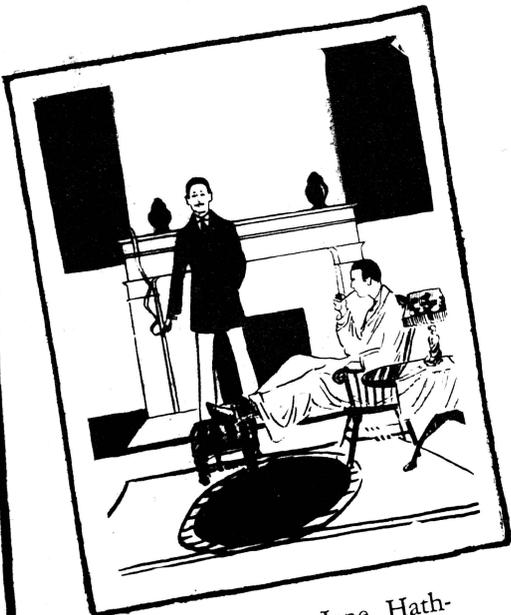
Risque Co-ed:—"True, but looks at our faces?"

Sh! The undertakers are making bier!

Fond Mother: "What do you think John is drinking he brew down at the University?"

Wise Father: "What makes think? Woman, I know; I got his expense account and his figures are staggering."

Women are taking to knickerbockers for street wear. The reformers are right—the skirt is doomed.

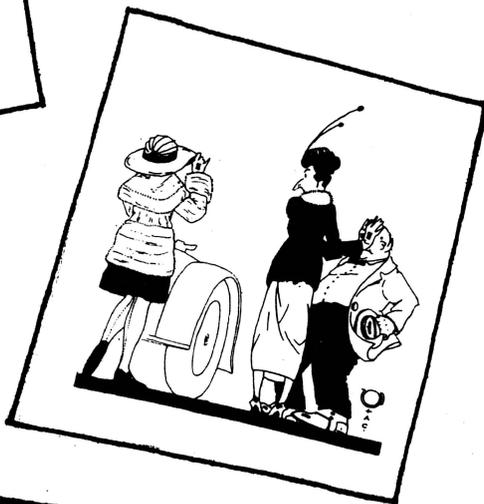


"Do you know Jane Hathaway?"
"I'll say she has."



"Dick didn't blow his brains out when you rejected him; he came around and proposed to me."

"Well, he must have gotten rid of them in some other way, then."



"Variety is the spice of life."

SCRAPBOOK

SHOWMES "

Then As Now:

Waiter: "Tea or coffee?"

Waitee; "Don't tell me; let me guess."

When does the confidence return?

"On Friday."

When does the college spirit burn?

"On Friday."

When do the students gaily yell?

When do their youthful voices swell?

Until they're heard in—Halifax?

"On Friday."

Our aim in life is to make you laugh,
ours 'til we blow,

The Showme Staff.

And you kissed me, Celeste, in a lonely, dark place,

'Till I own 'twas done expertly, too.

When I parted myself from that prolonged embrace;

Entangled myself from your collar's frail lace,

O how could I know

That your lips ruby glow

Had given said glow to my face.

Yes, it's true—

ruby red spot tinged my face.

Jokes From The Twenties:

"Maw says you can't kiss me anymore, Willie Jones, 'cause you might get microbes and I might get your crobes."

Pest No. 4632:

Another bird

I'd like to croak

Is Reginald Georgette.

Who after

You have rolled your own,

Says,

"Have a cigarette."

"Have you prepared for this class?"

"Yes, sir."

"What have you done for it?"

"Brushed my hair and shaved."

It is said that when a young lady of a certain village eloped, disguised in her father's clothes, the weekly paper came out with the following headline, "Flees in Father's Pants."

Hazel: I haven't slept for days.

Eyes: 'Smatter? Sick?

Hazel: No; I sleep nights.

If education makes a person refined, why is a college course?



Hard Boiled Instruction at the Seat of Learning.



"Your dress suit is a little damp."
"Yes, there's so much due on it."

The first cover of the first Showme.



"Oh, George, do you Mary's back?"
"I'll say, many's the we danced with Mary."





JILTED

L'I'L JACK MOORE

"Yes, I guess you're right. It was certainly my own fault. Uh huh, perhaps. Goodbye." CLICK!

"Well, Bob, I talked to her. You probably heard. No, it didn't do any good. She won't change her mind, no matter what I do or say. It's a little late to start worrying about it now anyhow. I had all the chances in the world to straighten things out. . . .

"What'd you say? . . . Yeah, I'll say I had her figured wrong. It's funny though. I would have sworn that she'd do right by me. Don't get me wrong. I didn't think for a minute that I had swept her off her feet or anything. Still, I thought I was making a point now and then. I realize I'm no Casanova. I can think of a million guys with a lot more on the ball than I, but still. . . .

"Yeah, that's right. For some reason she just made me think that I was important to her. I'd hate like hell to say that she intentionally led me on. I honestly think she's too swell a woman for that. I don't know what it was. It just seemed that when I walked into the room she smiled at me in a different way than she did at anyone else. Maybe it was all just wishful thinking. I don't know.

"Boy, she had me going though. You know how it was yourself, Bob. You've seen me talking to her many a time. She didn't act

like she was bored, did she? What? . . . No, I'll grant you, she wasn't jumping up and down in ecstasy, but she certainly didn't brush me off.

"Another thing, we really used to have some fine discussions. Take books, for instance. We used to get together every one in a while and she'd take the Shakespeare that I thought was stiff and she'd break it down into child's play. I could have listened to her talk for hours, if she'd have spared the time. Those talks meant plenty to me.

I had hoped she enjoyed them too. Evidently not though.

"You remember, Bob, months ago, when I told you that I thought she and I would get along well? Did you think at the time that I was just conceited? Tell me the truth. . . . Boy, I don't know what got into me! I'm tempted to believe that maybe all women are rather fickle. At least, from her actions I'd say so.

"And something else. I'll bet she told me a dozen times that



That's the last pop-quiz he'll ever give!

she wanted me to do better in my work. She encouraged me so much, and I took it all in and tried so hard. Well, pretty hard anyway. . . .

"Yes, I suppose she tells that to all the boys. At the time though I was snowed. I thought she was encouraging me because she was really interested. Oh, what a damned fool I was. After all the things I told people about how nicely we were getting along. Man, will I get the horse-laughs!

"Sure, I even wrote the folks about how much I thought of her and how well we were getting along. I was certain I could count on her. Then this. I mean I've had it. . . .

"Did I think she was attractive? No, not like some woman. But she had some things about her. Things you just couldn't overlook. Like I said, intelligence for one thing. She sure has got it. Gosh, I don't know. She was just so darned sweet and friendly. I took everything for granted. I guess I just don't know women. Who'd have ever thought that after our whole semester's work she'd flunk me in that Literature course?"

★ ★

Jinks: "How are you doing in your studies?"

Binks: "Derriere."

Jinks: "What do you mean?"

Binks: "Behind in French."

Definition of a pink elephant:
A beast of bourbon.

And then there was the girl who was so dumb that she thought Vat 69 was the Pope's telephone number.

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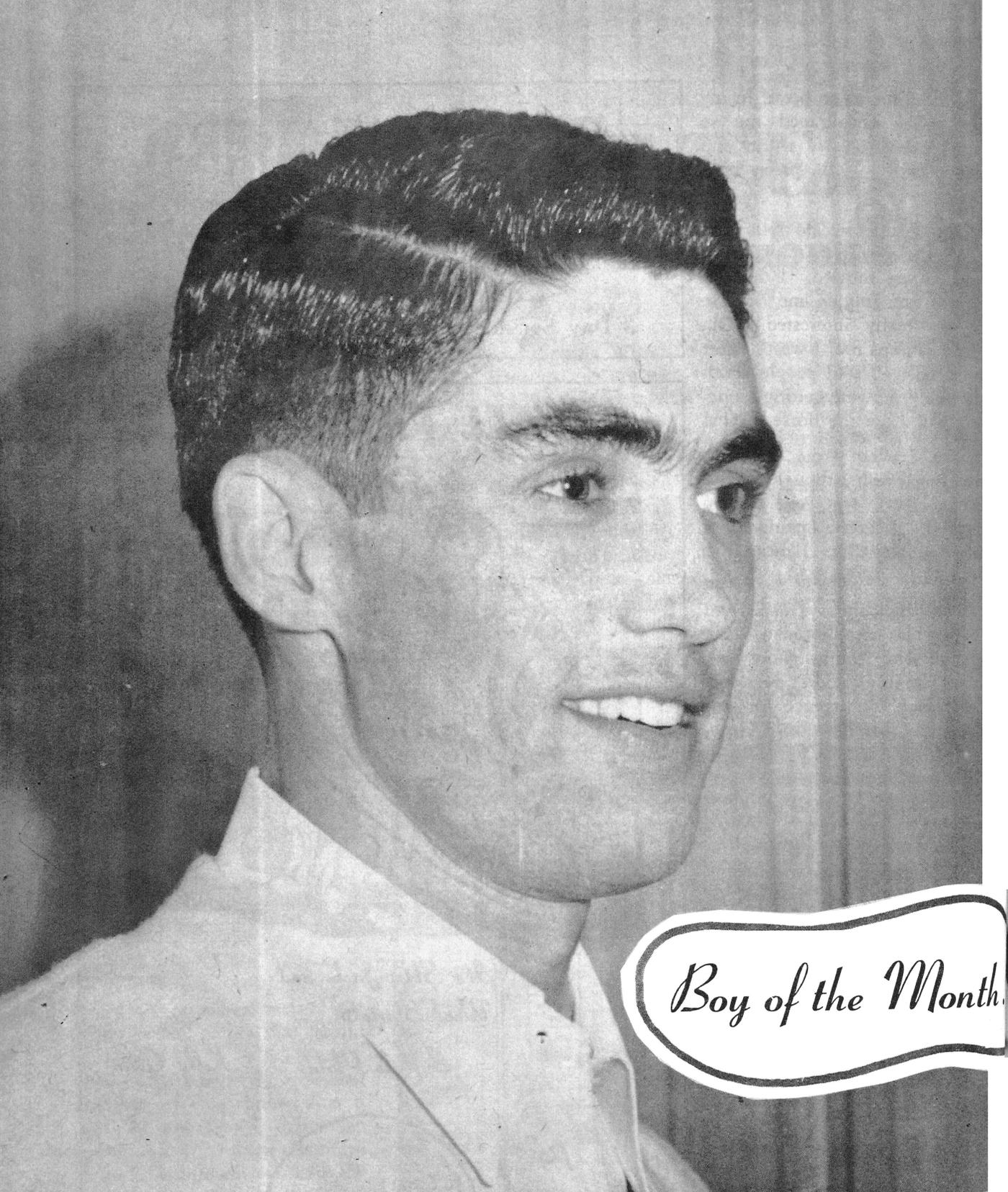
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RUSS BEEBE: Home in Columbia
... junior in BPA ... cheer-
leader ... Phi Delt fraternity
... president of Tiger Claws.



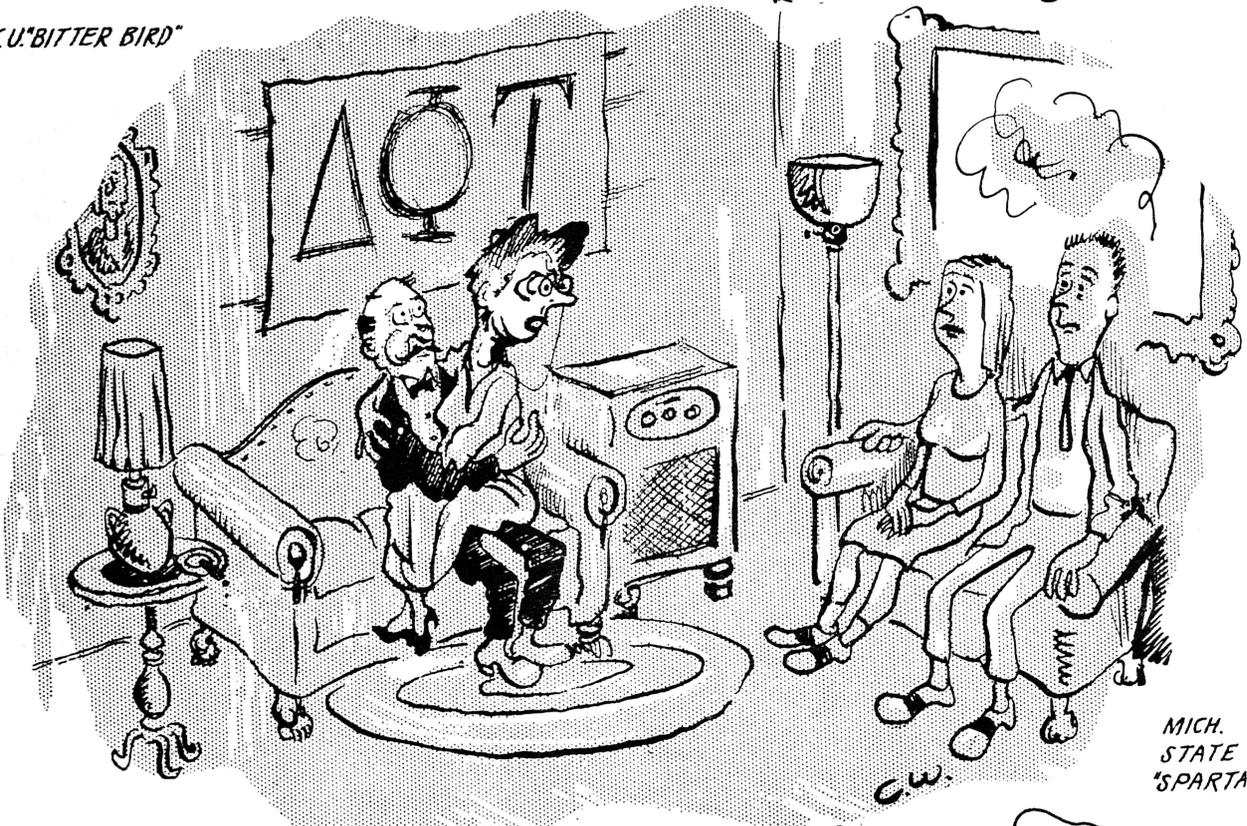
Girl of the Month...

MARTY RUDDY: Home in Webster Groves . . . sophomore in Arts and Science . . . 18 years . . . cheerleader . . . Delta Gamma.



Stolen

K.U. "BITTER BIRD"

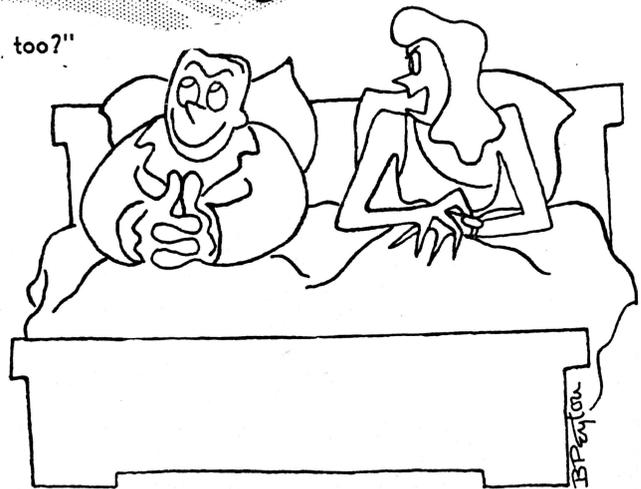


MICH. STATE
"SPARTAN"

"Gee whiz, can't a housemother have any fun, too?"



PRINCETON "TIGER"



"How long does this damn 'spiritual love' last, anyway?"

TWO WORDS . . .

(Continued from page 11.)

got to have an excuse to get out now. A phone call maybe? No, there's a phone here. Asperin from the drug store? Better not that. They've probably got asperin in the house. I've got to think of something soon.

"I hear that Dennis Marshall is going to Rio for the Winter."

"Who?"

"Dennis Marshall—you know him—the big one that Jo An jilted."

"Oh yes; who is he taking this year?"

"Jo An."

"Not really?"

"Well, young Van Horn didn't tumble. The girl had to do something."

"I suppose she did—but with Dennis Marshall—ugh."

What the hell am I waiting for? Why sit here and stare at this curl of lemon peel wrapped around a cube of ice and hate myself for not throwing the drink right in her face. Her pancake makeup would run and smear. She wouldn't like that. The stained dress wouldn't matter—I could buy another; but the face must be saved: that's the front—that's the part that others see. She knows if it isn't perfect that they'll talk about her when she leaves. So it's perfect: a tragi-comic mask, like the white perfection of a bandage that hides a sore.

Did I say, 'when she leaves?' She's going to leave alone, you know. I won't be with her this time. I won't be here, Maxine. You'll have to call a cab and then make silly excuses for me. You'll have to invent some reason for

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What I wanna know is, can you support her in a manner she's NOT accustomed to?

my disappearance. You're good at that, though. Of course, they'll know you're lying, but social lies—you always told me—aren't the same thing.

"... so all of us drove on out to the club, and who do you suppose we ran into? I was mortified! There was Jim with Francie! And I'd just told him I had a headache."

"He was with Francie Powers?"
"Well, you know *why*."

I've got to escape now! Damn her and her money. Damn her to hell. I didn't marry her for that. Remember? Two worlds: one travelling at high speed with a liveried chauffeur at the wheel, jumping the red lights; getting the ticket fixed; buying the right of way with a screaming siren; feeding on grouse and pastry; filling their rotten stomachs with compound interest; fingers probing chocolates to find the imported nuts; a dynasty of lacquered hair and plucked eyebrows; beauty by the gross, by the pound, by the dollar at Antoine's; toilet paper to match the tile, tile to match the income, income to match the neighbors'; contempt for honesty and humility; glory for the personality of a nightclub M.C.; victory of the genealogy, victory of the inbred, landlord stock, victory of the social register, victory of waste and plenty. No! My world rebels: my world of simple people, simple goodness—yes, even simple minds. My world of clean, wholesome poverty; my world of love; my world of sunrises that the other never sees unless it is up late; my world of work and beauty: the beautiful parallelism of fresh-plowed furrows; my world that hit a beach in the Pacific with me; my world of soap

and water, of good pipe tobacco, of savory smells of food. My world says, no! It declares war. Draws its guns and fires into the crystal chandeliers; rips, thudding into every symbol of privilege and pomp, hurls the caviar at their faces like a slapstick comedy.

"George, Darling, what on earth are you doing? You've been staring at your drink for half the afternoon."

Silence.

I'm George and I'm not going to answer you, Maxine.

"George! We're driving the Masons over to the Canoe House. Come dear."

Silence.

My God! Has she caught me? Won't I escape?

"George, for Christ's sake, darling, don't take on one of your moods again. Get your coat."

Silence.

"George, say something!"

"Im coming."

★ ★

Blessed are the pure, for they shall inhibit the earth.

He: "Let's get married or something."

She: "Let's get married or nothing."

The little boy looked at the girls in their midroff bathing suits and asked: "Papa, why do all the good-looking girls wear their water wings all the time?"

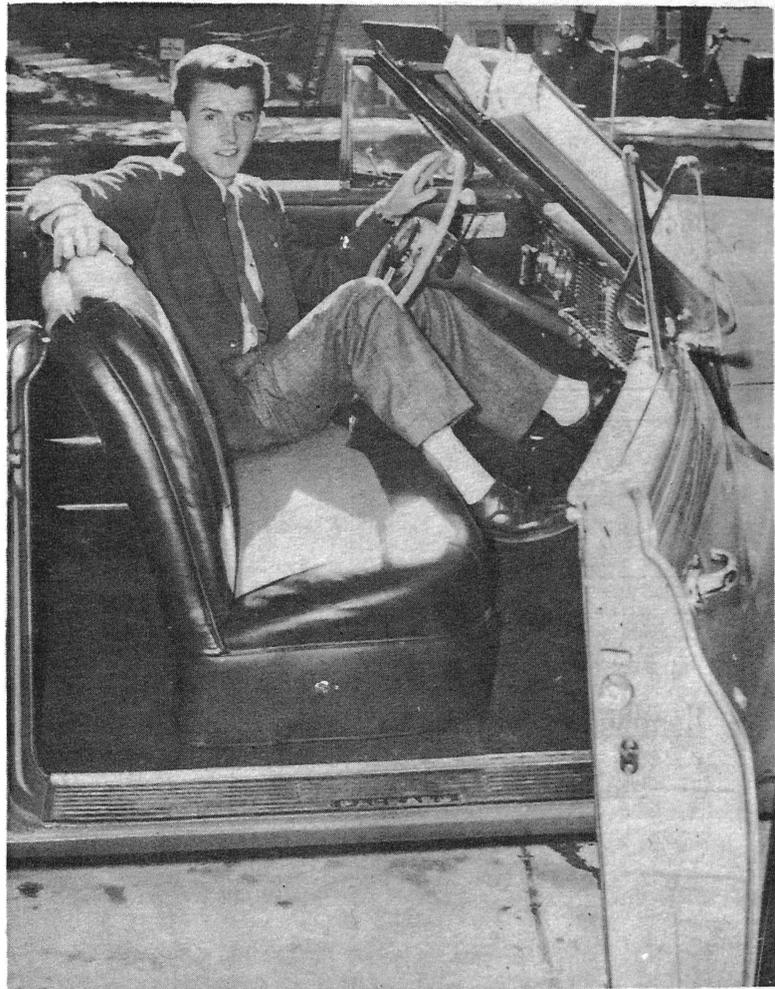
"What's the idea of all the crowd at church?"

"There's a travelling salesman down there confessing his sins."

CRYSTAL BALL . . .

(Continued from page 15)

Speaking of Alpha Phis, Iris Core can stand up with the best of them. She had a date with Kappa Sig Bill Mills this summer. Bill suggested they drink beer chintzes. "Isn't that awfully potent?" the innocent girl queried. Bill replied something about its all being in the mind. Bill had to be carried upstairs, and frat brother Cliff Ward took the wide-eyed one home. "I'm sorry I got that poor boy drunk she told Cliff.



Rockey Kerwin, ATO, says "This space is reserved for my gal in her new suit from JULIE'S."

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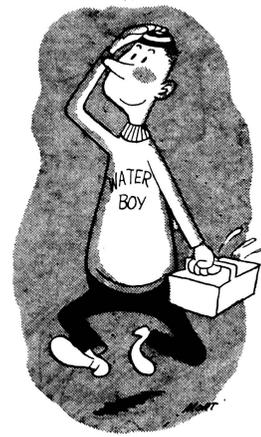
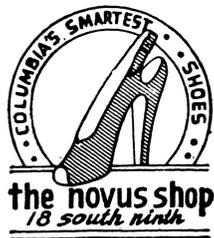
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*A hearty "bail" to the unsung lad
Who totes the H₂O.
This lowly gridiron Gunga Din,
This hero of T.O.*
(* Time Out)*

Mother: "Didn't I tell you not to go out with perfect strangers?"
Daughter: "But Mother; he isn't perfect."

*

Some girls are easy to look at — others pull their shades.

*

Boy: "Do you believe in free love?"

Girl: "Have I ever sent you a bill?"

*

"What's this I hear about your dieting?"

"Oh, it's just a means to an end."

*

She: "And will you ever stop loving me?"

He: "Well, I've got an eight o'clock class in the morning."

*

A rumba dancer starts at the bottom and works fast.

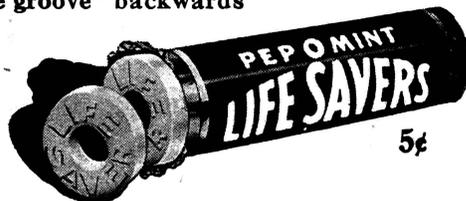
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You might be—if you love onions *and* men too! They just don't go together, Honey! Unless, that is, you keep your breath sweet with yummy Life Savers. Then, you're *in the groove* right. You can go on loving onions, men, and of course you'll love Life Savers, too.

* "In the groove" backwards



Showme Joke Contest

Best joke submitted each month will win a carton of Life Savers. Entries should be addressed to:

SHOWME, Neff Hall, Columbia, Mo.

A Columbia home owner was mowing his lawn dressed in his oldest clothes. A woman in a fine car stopped and asked him: "What do you get for mowing lawns?"

"The lady who lives here lets me sleep with her," replied the home owner. The lady in the car drove away without a comment.

*

A sensible girl is not so sensible as she looks because a sensible girl has more sense than to look sensible.



"Would you like to join our football team?"

"I don't know enough about the game to play but I'll be glad to referee."

*

The curse of drink is being stuck with the check.

*

A priest saw one of his parishoners hanging drunkenly on a lamp post.

"For shame, young man. What's gotten into you?"

"Three Fathers, Feather."

*

Mandy went into the bank and, digging down the front of her dress, came up with 35 dollar bills to deposit. "Why, Mandy," said the Teller, "have you been hoarding?"

"No, suh," replied Mandy "Ah made this money taking in wash-in."

ROWE'S CROW'S NEST



Summer time: When the living was easy-or what would I have done without the 52-20 club. . . . I had the closest call of my life this summer. I almost got a job. . . . I went to Atlantic City. While there I ran into a girl who wasn't entered in the Miss America Contest. . . . I stayed in Philadelphia for several weeks before going to Atlantic City. The liveliest thing in Philadelphia is Independence Square, and you know what a riot that place is. . . . That Atlantic City was just full of women. They are the only ones who had any money. The only other people who were down there were men. . . . While on the beach I ran into a girl from Stephens. I didn't realize she was from Stephens when she first tackled me, but then I recognized the hold. . . . The trouble with going home was that most of my old buddies were either married or in the penitentiary for selling marijuana. . . . During the summer there was a lot of speculation about the different persons who saw "Flying Saucers." You think those were hallucinations? Some fellow in summer school thought he saw a girl. . . . As for Columbia, there were so few women around here this summer that even a horrible looking girl friend of mine got bids for dates. One was from a fellow who found her phone number engraved in a booth at the Shack,

and the other bid was from Ringling Brothers. . . . There were many floods around Columbia this summer. Five fellows in one fraternity house dropped dead from shock at seeing water in their house. . . . The current on the Hinkson became so vicious it almost swept away all the empty beer bottles. . . . Flash: Government railroad inspectors investigated the tardiness of the Centralia-to-Columbia "Cannonball," and found that the engineer had been dead for three months. . . . Collier's Magazine gave MU a big spread in one of their summer issues. They called the article

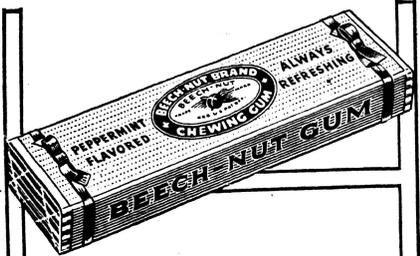
"The City Without Secrets." Five sorority girls read the title and applied for a transfer immediately. . . .

She's lovely, she's engaged, she drinks ready-mix concrete. . . . There are so many students in the H&P and Economics classes, that Petrillo claims they are rallies and there should be a full orchestra at each session. . . . The staff of the Savitar has begun their sales promotion for 1948. All first semester freshmen are guaranteed delivery of this book by the time

(Continued on page 31)

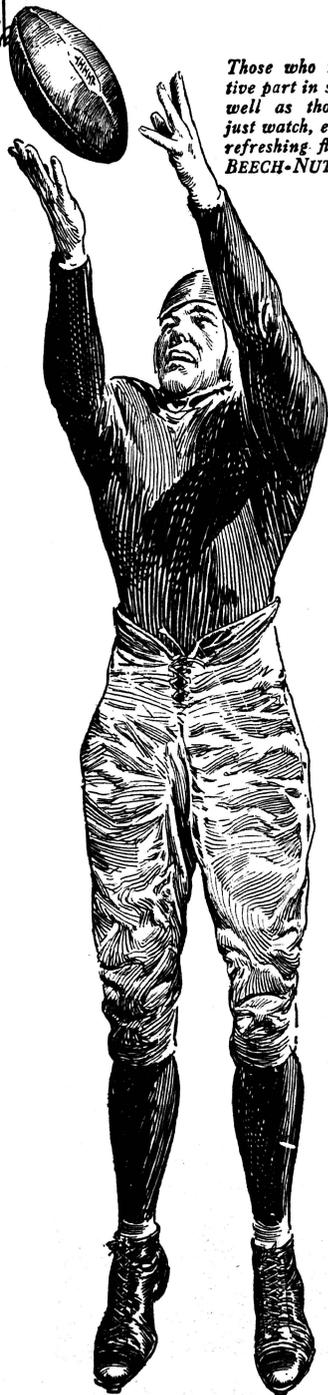


Don't you think this rally is getting out of hand?



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Beech-Nut Gum



Those who take active part in sport, as well as those who just watch, enjoy the refreshing flavor of BEECH-NUT GUM.



To the Coeds to Make Much of Time

(With apologies to Robert Herrick)

*Gather ye blankets while ye may,
Old Hink is still a-flowing:
And thither lure some lad today,
Tomorrow 'twill be snowing.*

*If you would reap the winter fruit
Then sow your seeds today, Dear.
For gals before, however cute
Were that much older next year.*

*The Hink will close with icy floes,
And thunderstorms will hover:
And when it snows each coed knows
The hunting season's over.*

*Then be not coy, but seek romance,
While leaves are gold and ruddy:
For having lost but once your chance,
You may forever study.*

—Saul Gellerman.



No, no, Miss Smith—why can't you get a nasal sound like Mr. Brown.

CROWS NEST . . .

(Continued from page 29)

they become seniors, but mind you, they must hurry. . . . If every reader knew, what Missouri Student readers know, they'd read Showme. . . . Scoop: Here is an item for two MU veterans who are looking for a room. A lady in Cleveland, Ohio, has offered two large rooms in her home to two non-smoking, non-drinking vets with a jet-propelled aeroplane. As yet, no two non-drinking men at MU can be found. . . . The city of Columbia has just laid off thirty street sweepers. Authorities claim they won't be needed until women's dresses get shorter. . . .

★ ★



The apple of a man's eye is a half-peeled peach.

*

"I took her to a show, bought her a dinner, and then went to a night club. Then do you know what she said?"

"No."

"Oh, then you've had her out, too."

*

Women, generally speaking, are generally speaking.

*

She: "I'm getting so thin you can count my ribs."

He: "Gee, thanks!"



"Ask for Janet"

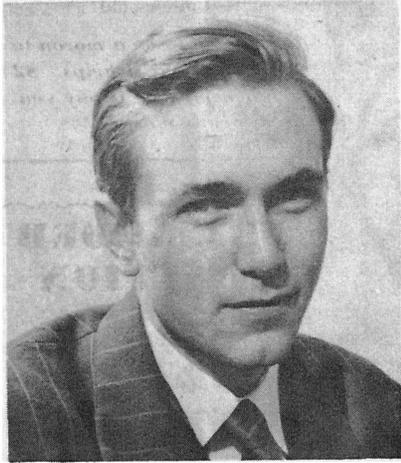
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"IT'S BLENDED



IT'S SPLENDID"

THIS MONTH'S CONTRIBUTIONS...



Before delving into the personalities abounding in this month's effort, a word to you author's would-be authors and aspiring young readers.

SHOWME can use material. If you have some worthwhile effort, pony express it to our literary proof reading room, better known as the "office" in J. Neff Hall, and let our two story editors rip it apart.

For the sake of expediency, we'll mention the following do's and don'ts concerning your contri-

Number your pages in the middle, one inch from the top and submit all copy in typewritten form. Use any contemporary make-up, but please, at least one inch margins on each side. You'll also be helping out a good bit if you THOROUGHLY proof your own work and let us have a clean, neat and errorless manuscript. Place the approximate number of words in the upper right

hand corner and do not clip or staple your pages in any way.

If you feel like investing in stamps, send us your effort with a stamped, self-addressed envelope and be assured of a returned manuscript. For those who need the exercise, walk up to the second floor of J. Neff Hall and pick up your reject in the wire basket, so labeled, reposing peacefully on one of the numerous desks. All manuscripts, accepted or not, will be given full attention and acknowledged, of course.

Contributions should be limited to a maximum of 1500 words and above all, (this we plead on bended knee) no explanatory letters. Our story editors are prepared for great heaps of manuscripts, so if you have poetry, humor, satire or any literary masterpieces lying around loose, give the readers a break and let them read it in SHOWME.

Jean Suffill

A true Missourian from Kansas City informs us that "I was here last year and am still here. I was a Junior (in a way) last year and am still a Junior." She is responsible for this month's center-spread compiled from old and moth eaten SHOWMES and insists she made the page because nobody else was simple enough to appreciate those "corny jokes."

Which may be, but we think it's a kinda cute layout.

Jeannie, besides working on the features and advertising end of the journal, is SHOWME'S exchange editor and is a member of Gamma Alpha Chi advertising honorary fraternity.

Clyde Hostteter

The young man you see (above or below) is none other than Clyde Hostteter, the lens man responsible for those fine fine photos of SHOWME'S Boy and Girl of the Month and other invigorating projects.

Clyde is Photo Editor of the mag. and insists that his spare time is devoted solely to women, 3.2 and more picture taking. Hailing from Kansas City, he is a Senior majoring in Journalism and hopes to graduate in June and let the future run over him with a rush.





EASY MONEY DEPARTMENT



Little Moron Corner

Mohair Moron, the upholsterer's son, was found huddled up and shivering in his refrigerator one day. He explained by saying, "I was th-thirsty for a P-pepsi-C-cola and was t-told it should be d-drunk when cold. Now I can drink it. I'm c-c-cold!"

You don't have to be a moron to write these . . . but it helps. \$2 for each accepted we'll pay you, and not a penny more.

EXTRA ADDED ATTRACTION

At the end of the year we're going to review all the stuff we buy, and the item we think was best of all is going to get an extra

\$100.00

Sing a song of sixpence, pockets full of dough. Here's the way you'll get it from Pepsi-Cola Co. Make us laugh . . . if you can. We'll pay you \$1, \$2, \$3 . . . as much as \$15 for stuff we accept—and print. Think of it. You can retire. (As early as 9 P. M. if you like.) You don't have to mention Pepsi-Cola but that always

makes us smile. So send in your jokes, gags and no bottle tops to Easy Money Dept., Pepsi-Cola Co., Long Island City, N. Y. The very next day you may receive a de-luxe radio-phonograph combination and a nine-room prefabricated house. It won't be from us. We'll just send you money if we feel like it. Easy Money, too.

—HE-SHE GAGS—

If you're a "he" or a "she" (as we suspect) writing HE-SHE jokes should be a cinch for you. If you're not a "he" or a "she" don't bother. Anyway, if you're crazy enough to give us gags like these, we might be crazy enough to pay you a few bucks for them.

* * *

He: Give me a kiss and I'll buy you a Pepsi-Cola . . . or something.

She: Correction. Either you'll buy me a Pepsi . . . or nothing!

* * *

He: When a man leans forward eagerly, lips parted, thirsting for loveliness, don't you know what to do?

She: Sure, give him a Pepsi-Cola.

* * *

He ghost: I'm thirsty. Let's go haunt the Pepsi-Cola plant.

She ghost: That's the spirit!

* * *

\$3.00 (three bucks) we pay for stuff like this, if printed. We are not ashamed of ourselves, either!

CUTE SAYINGS of KIDDIES

(age 16 to 19 plus)

A famous sage has said that people are funnier than anybody. If that were true, all you'd have to do would be listen to what the kiddies are saying, write it down, send it in, and we'd buy it. If that were true. It might be, for all we know. We haven't the slightest idea what we'll ac-

GET FUNNY... WIN MONEY... WRITE A TITLE



This is easier than taking candy away from a baby. And less squawking. Maybe you don't want to be rich, but just force yourself. You'll like it. And, if we like the title you write for this cartoon we'll force ourself to give you \$5. Or if you send us your own cartoon idea we'll up it to \$10. For a cartoon that you draw yourself, we'll float a loan and send you \$15 if we print it. Could you expect any more? Yes, you could expect.

cept. Chances are it would be things like these unless we get some sense.

"My George, who will just be 17 on next Guy Fawkes Day, had his appendix removed last month. When the doctor asked him what kind of stitching he'd like to

have, George said, 'suture self, doctor.'"

"Elmer Treestump says his girl Sagebrush, only 22¼, brings a bottle of Pepsi-Cola along on every date for protection. She tells everybody, 'that's my Pop!'"

\$1 each for acceptable stuff like this.

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Dorothy Lamour

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