



MISSOURI Showme

JANUARY

53

25c



CRAM-IT ISSUE

JAN. 24
econ 8am.
THIS IS IT!

JANUARY
24

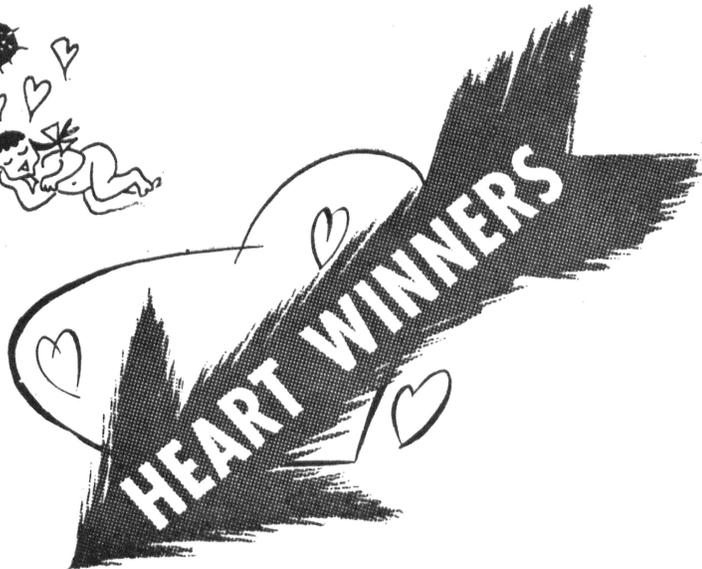
WAKE ME
AT 7:00

WAKE ME
AT 7:00
Joe

PLEASE GET
ME UP AT 7:00
Joe

WAKE ME
AT 7:00
Joe





at



**GIVE HER HEART A THRILL
ON VALENTINE'S DAY**

And that's where Eton* Flannel steps in. There's really nothing quite like it for impressing the right people. A rich, soft fabric . . . that's durable, too. Its easy fit flatters and there's plenty of eye-appeal in any of its three shades of gray. Other colors, too. Add to all this, top-notch styling and deft tailoring by Hart Schaffner & Marx, and you'll be well on your way . . . up!

eton flannel by HART SCHAFFNER & MARX



Ask to see this New Ranch Lounge model . . . the season's new silhouette, tall, trim and athletic-looking.





Feature Lock
T.M. Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

DIAMOND ENGAGEMENT
AND WEDDING RINGS

Choose Her Diamond At

CAMPUS JEWELERS

On Conley Across From Jesse

RINGS FROM \$30

EASY PAYMENT PLAN



Office of Dwight D. Eisenhower
Commodore Hotel
New York, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Kilpatrick,

December 17, 1952

General Eisenhower has asked me to thank you for sending him a subscription to Showme, your call paper.

The General is most appreciative of your kindly thought.

Sincerely,
Edward J. Green
Personal Assistant.

It's Miss, but Gee Whizz, thanks, I guess that's what you call "orders from headquarter".—ED

To Swami:

In re: To your "Around the Columns" story *Crepe Paper Suzette* in which you give out with a poem spoken by Swami to enlightened Greeks on the correct approach to Independents . . . "and if he ever walks up to you, throw him a crumb or two" 'cause you could have made the same mistake".

To that I say . . . you are a simple minded, good for nothing, greasy gagster, who never had an original thought of his own, who didn't have enough guts to



to

America's **FLAVOR**-ite
from coast to coast

"Key, O. to
Prosperity, Ark."
submitted by
Mrs. F. H. Burt,
Marshalltown, Iowa



still only 5¢

go Independent, and who probably doesn't have enough guts to print this ! ! ! !

An Intelligent Reader,

P. S. In my appraisal of your character, I would have called you "a frat. man" but I honestly don't think you have fallen to that low depth yet.

*Dear Intelligent Readers
In my appraisal of your character and judging from the language in the above letter, I would say, you are NOT an Intelligent reader... However, for your information, in the above poem, Swami was speaking through the typewriter of Joe Gold, who is notoriously independent.*

Korea
Dec., 29, 1952

Dear Killer,

Just received the December Showme and it is quite good. Congratulations to you and the staff.

Of course, the cartoon feature from the past five years interested me more than anything. Although John Tremble was not first of all a cartoonist, and his production was quite limited when compared to Mort, etc., to me some of the most memorable cartoons of that period were Tremble's "Penrod" series. Suppose you'll space to reprint one of those in the Spring.

Best wishes for continued artistic and financial success.

Homer Ball

For a former Showme staffer and least we could do would be to reprint a few "Penrods". Thanks for your kind comments Homer.

—ED

Get on the SNOW Ball



.. only 2 weeks left!

You still have a short time to get in on Savitar's snoballing sales drive that ends February 5. Everyone knows that the 1953 Savitar is going to be the biggest, most beautiful yearbook in years. The 1953 Savitar contains all these extra features—20 extra pages, hundreds of extra class pictures and informals a big, new dormitory section, and a complete picture index that allows you to locate the pictures of yourself and your friends in seconds. Buy your 1953 Savitar today—remember, you can't buy a Savitar in May!

Savitar is on sale in Rm. 304 Read Hall, at the University Book Store and convenient campus booths. \$6.50 or \$3.00 down and \$3.50 on receipt of book.

SAVITAR



BRADY Says:

When You Decorate Your
Rooms for Second Semester..

REMEMBER

PITTSBURGH

PAINT

BRADY'S

15 S. 10th
4978

For Valentine's

She'll love

a **STEAK DINNER**



**ERNIE'S
STEAK HOUSE**

1005 Walnut



Years come and go, registration comes and goes, finals come and go, so do Showme editors. This editor is about to take the rest cure as assistant editor and Bill Braznell is stepping into Swami's curl-toed shoes.



Bill joined the art staff only a year and a half ago, but his cartoons, sense of humor, and industry have boosted him right along in Showme's hierarchy. This semester Bill was assistant editor with a job as art editor on the side.

The next four issues will be his babies (figurative term of course.)

Bill a strapping young lad from Manhasset, New York, whose shoulders are just big enough to fill out his jacket, is a senior in the journalism sweat shop. His artistic flair (no relation to the late, ill-fated magazine) was first noticed when Herb Knapp opened his bleary eyes another eighth inch and realized he had another bar boy for the Showme grist and bourbon mill. Coming thru the bush leagues of "Susie Stephens" Bill finally hit the big time with a centerspread and from then on out, he's been one of the mob.

Nicknamed Wally (could it be because his middle name is Walter?) by his Phi Psi brothers. Bill was chief promoter of Fog-bound O'Toole for President . . . his wash drawing of that prominent politician was reproduced in none of the leading magazines throughout the country. He still has hopes for Ol' Fog in Columbia's dog catcher's primaries.

Bill holds another campus office . . . President of SCA (Sack Grabbers of America). After a grueling weekend, he has been known to sleep for 14 hours . . . yes, all at once. Another notoriety was added to Wally's fame last fall when he ran for Knight Owl. His only comment upon losing was "I don't give a hoot."

Despite heavy dating, Bill has no heavy scars to mar his handsome profile. He's not going steady, pinned or engaged.



"All I said was—"ya oughta try a little cheating yourself!"



MISSOURI SHOWME

YOUR CAMPUS HUMOR MAGAZINE

Contents

SIGN OF THE BORE

Gene Koppel goes A. Conan Doyle and plies his typewriter giving out with an intriguing, spine chilling Who-Dunnit14

EASY TERMS

Our lady of letters, Betty Jean Rudy, reveals, in epistletory form, the plight of Samuel O. Brown in trying to buy a professionally written term paper.....16

NOW THEY'VE WENT

Joe Gold proves there is something new under the sun....20

CLASSY FRIED ADS

The combined talents of Joe Gold and Milt Yeary present a new twist on the common want ads 22

Staff

Editor: Pat Kilpatrick; *Ass't Editor:* William Braznell; *Business Manager:* Ben Bruton; *Feature Editor:* Joe Gold; *Advertising Manager:* Barbara Middleton; *Ass't Ad Manager:* Jerry Forbes; *Publicity Director:* Kay Carr; *Secretaries:* Nancy Suggett, Rat Rauth, Jill Meyer; *Joke Editor:* Judy Rose; *Circulation Manager:* Jack Bowman; *Copy and Proof Reader:* Hal Miller; *Artists:* Madge Harrah, Paul Mullane, Frank Lambie, Barbar Larkin, Ed Farber, Dick Thomas, Bob Carter, Larry Hogan; *Features:* Rube Erwin, Gene Koppel, Roger Julin, Betty Jean Rudy; *Advertising Salesmen:* Bill Roberts, Kitty Jackson, Nola Middleton, Shirley Dietel, Joan Kizer, Marl Larson

COVER BY KILPATRICK

Volume 29

JANUARY 1953

Number 5



SHOWME is published nine times, September through May, during the college year by the Students of the University of Missouri. Office: 302 Read Hall, Columbia, Mo. All copyrights reserved. Unsolicited manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Advertising rates furnished on request. National Advertising Representative: W. B. Bradbury Co., 122 E 42nd St., New York City. Printer: Modern Litho-Print Co., Jefferson City, Mo. Price: 25c a single copy; subscriptions by mail \$3.00. Office Hours: 1:30 to 3:30 p.m., Monday through Friday, 302 Read Hall.





*Farewell to youth's bright pleasures
To beer and babes imprudent
Pull out the file—and for awhile
I'll play the role of "student!"*



Around The Columns

Overheard

When the Siamese twins were in the headlines last month, some of the comments about the delicate operation were heard around campus:

"Ha, I can just picture it at the Student Clinic. Silence, except for the doctor's voice from the operating room. "Meat cleaver."

And: "I suppose, if they went to college they'd have to be dually enrolled."

From Here to Inanity

The vacation is done... the grind begins again... five long, torturous months till June... and in a few days—the black coffee binges, the papers that could have been written during the holidays, the midnight oil... Oh, to be a bricklayer!... faces that were pink and healthy January fifth are days of final reckonin'... the now slate grey in these trying wheel has almost turned full circle, and another semester slips into the monotonous haze of memory.

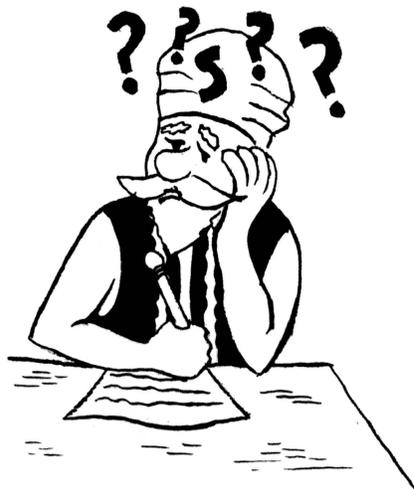
Logrollers Convention

In a short time, Columbia, the convention city, will be immersed in the world-shattering events of campus political intrigue. Soon the McCarthys and Jenners of Little Dixie will be filling the air with claims and promises, rants and raves. The deals will be made, the mud will sail, and the cliques will dictate their desires. And they will promise the moon, the sky, and no more nega-

tive hours. It is ridiculous to incorporate planks that have little possibility of fulfillment. Therefore, on counsel of our distinguished Swami, L.L.B., D.D.T., we recommend both factions band together and bring nickel beer back to Columbia. Do anything, but don't promise us the moon. We're allergic to green cheese.

Bookworm's Delight

Have you ever noticed the male heads that are raised in the library when a shapely femme glides past? At first glance you think everyone is deeply engrossed in studies, but the suspicion dawns that this is not the case. As if a signal flare had been lit, male eyes light in unison on the form of a passing queen, and she goes on without glancing to either side, but she knows. Hell yes, she knows. And that's why we never get our term papers in on time.



"Hood"— A Definition

For quite a while we've been hearing the term "St. Louis Hood," and we decided to investigate. Originally "hood" meant a covering for the head. Then the term was applied to automobiles and meant that part that covers the motor. Finally, it came to mean a gangster, a thug. And so the word has reached the present and we can lump all the previous meanings into one and come up with: "Hood"—a mug with a porkpie hat with his motor racing.

Greasy Spoon Folds

Last month an old routine was broken, as Gaebler's closed "for repairs," and students, jarred out of the rut of habit, wandered aimlessly along Conley, or pressed their noses against the window. People tried the door without ever thinking that it was really closed. No one could believe it. It was like an old friend dying.

Coffee Drippings

Why is it that when you're in a cafeteria-type restaurant they always fill the coffee cups to the brim, and when there's a waitress, the coffee lacks about three quarters of an inch from the rim? We have watched students in the Union, trying to carry coffee from the bar to the booth and ending up with more in the saucer than in the cup. It's only natural that hangover-plagued, nicotine-drugged students shake like Skid Row inhabitants. Therefore, i.e., e.g., etc., we propose two and

one half cent cups of coffee to be served half full at the Student Union. Are you listening, Mr. Stotler? In other words, let's bring the two for a nickel cup of coffee back to Columbia.

Froman Through the Gloamin'

We suffered a tremendous mental shock over the vacation when we tuned in on Jane Froman on television. Jane was moving around, and even did a few simple dance steps, which made us very happy, since we have always respected the courage of the "Song in My Heart" gal. But the real crusher came when Jane was talking about Christmas. "I



think Christmas is wonderful when you're with the folks in your own home. Gee, my old home town . . . Columbia, Missouri." We saw the rest of the show through our tears, as we thought of Columbia, that desolate student-forsaken spot, where Brady speaks only to Cowan, and Cowan speaks only to God. And then her mother, a Columbia resident, came on the show, and we were afraid we were going to see complimentary Boone County

hams strewn all over the stage, but we didn't have to worry. Evidently, somebody forgot to notify the Chamber of Commerce.

Real Pitcher Actors

We pulled out our autograph book when we were told that Tyrone Power, Judith Anderson, and Raymond Massey would be in town Friday night with "John Brown's Body." They'll be over at Stephens Auditorium, the only one of its kind in Columbia. Which reminds us. When we get Jesse Aud rebuilt, we won't have to go skulking over to Suzieville for the drawhmma. We understand that the first show after reconstruction will exhibit, for the first time in Columbia, the talents of Roy Rogers and Trigger in a brand new play by Oscar Wilde-West. With this production of "The Importance of Being a Horse," the Missouri Workshop scores again over the Playhouse.

TV or Not TV . . .

M.F.A. finally pulled its application out of the F.C.C.'s pork barrel and gave the Big State U. a shot at TV. Some time within the next four months it should be known if homes in Columbia and the surrounding area can have the miracle of TV in their front rooms. Up until now, reception in Columbia has been comparable to looking at a snow storm through a dirty windshield. Just what does the aspect of this electronical phenomena hold for innocent, unsuspecting Columbians? Swami foresees: beer sales up 100%, S.G.A. elections brought to the attention of every Boone Countian for the first time in history,

Dagmar's dimensions showing up on pop quizzes, and Don Small competing with Mr. Muntz himself.

The Glass Menagerie

We, who inhabit the upper recesses of Read Hall have been wondering about the why and wherefore of the glass peep holes recently installed in office doors. Has someone doubted that anything other than legitimate business goes on behind closed doors? However, Showme has taken this move in its stride and further de-



veloped it into a money making innovation. For one thin dime, the tenth part of a dollar, cheerfully given to the lady knitting behind the desk downstairs, Showme Staffers will do a small soft shoe routine between three and four P.M.—soft drinks and pop corn sold by Savitar.

Workless Shop

Campus culture sunk to an all time low. "The play's the thing," but the thing is—there ain't no stage! Condemned Jesse Auditorium, long time catch-all of



"Who said, 'More Gruel?'"

Workshop productions is once and for all on the wreckers' black list. Promises of a new theatre are numerous and grandiose, but in the meantime, Workshop hams huddle in their Green Room wondering if "Streetcar Named Desire" will have a long run on icy streets.

Long and Short of It

Like the reoccurrence of some strange jungle disease, exams are with us again. This bi-annual bitter pill is made no easier to swallow by the realization of a cramped, stingy, pinched 2-day-vacation between semesters. Is this the first step in conditioning exercise perpetrated by the administration to prepare students for nine months of reading, writing, and 'rithmetic? Need there be another Christmas tree burning? In a case such as this, a large stack of blue books, ignited by rubbing two graders together might be more appropriate. Florida sun bathers and Sun Valley sport fans are left in the lurch. This year's cry is "Booneville or Bust."

Pens For Arts Sake

They've invented pens that write underwater, pens that write dry with wet ink, and pens that hold more ink than camels do wate, but how about a pen that writes legibly in the dark. What



a boon such a pen would be to vigorous note-taking students in art history and appreciation courses that go ape for slide showing. Struggling students, torn between looking at the slides and jotting down some significant points usually complete such a course with crossed eyes and a notebook filled with henscratches. We don't want to seem imperti-



"I take it Dorothy, that this means we're through!"

ment by calling attention to this situation, but thus far, no plausible solution to this pressing problem has been offered. Possibly practice in some dark closet at home would be of benefit, but an easier way out would be to take a bed roll to class.

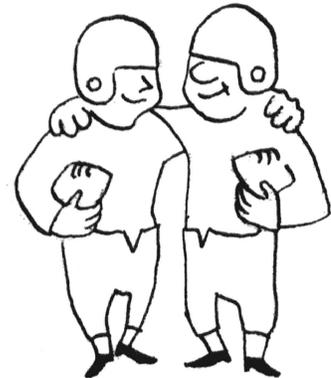
Moo on Defoo

It has come to our attention that anemic independents are suffering from a lack of calcium in their diets. Therefore, we advocate the quartering of cows in University dormitories. This would enable the thirsty independents to obtain an extra ration of cow juice for free. Hey fellows! Of course one can foresee certain difficulties connected with such an ambitious undertaking. Speaking of undertaking, how's business? There will be the mooing of these bovine creatures and the accompanying mess to sweep up. But they could be kept in the closet and the advantages of milk at all hours would far out weigh any inconveniences. And anyone allergic to cows could always go Greek. Horrible thought.

Christmas Stars

Over the Christmas vacation two Missourians were playing with pigskins instead of with turkey legs. Gabby Hook, playing for the Southern All-Stars in the North-South game at Miami, scored two touchdowns on a

twenty yard run and at the end of a sixty-four yard pass from Jack Scarbath of Maryland, the latter tying up the game in the last twenty seconds. Bill Rowkamp started at defensive end in the Shrine East-West game in San Francisco. Bill made a few important tackles and got into the East backfield to block a punt.

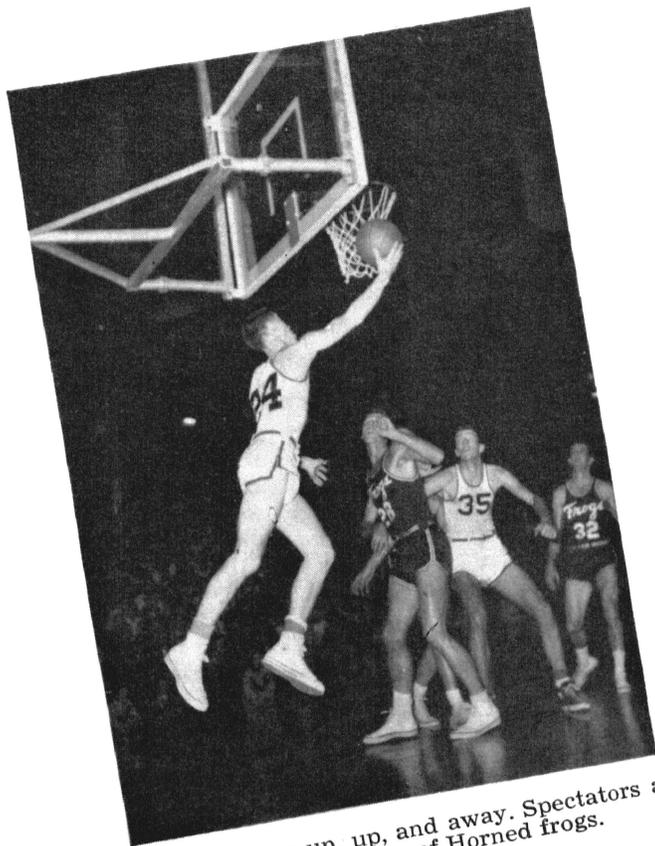


Smug-A-Lug

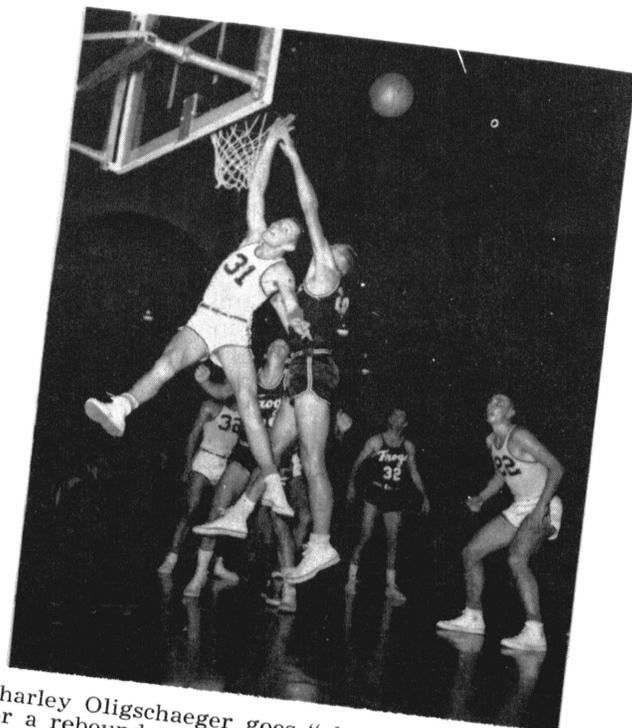
Recently, we came across a brand of scotch with the intriguing title of Old Smuggler. It turned out later that the smugglers involved were of the Capone and Luciano type as our stomach testified. After a glorious evening of elbow bending, the morning after found us on the mailing list of Alcoholics Anonymous with a personal letter from Ray Milland.

Anybody like to buy a fifth of a fifth—cheap? *Dirt Cheap!*

JOE GOLD



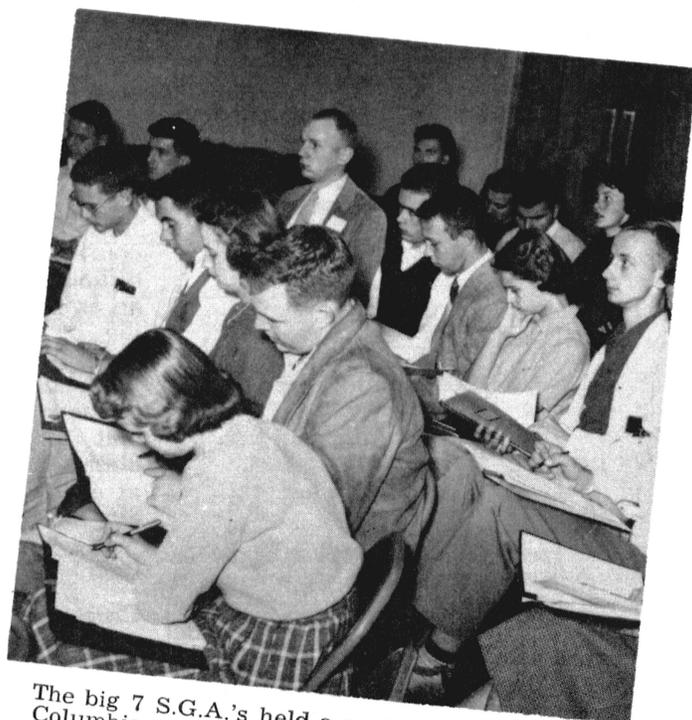
Med Park goes up, up, and away. Spectators are: Bob Reiter and a couple of Horned frogs.



Charley Oligschaeger goes "above and beyond" for a rebound. Win Wilfong awaits without.



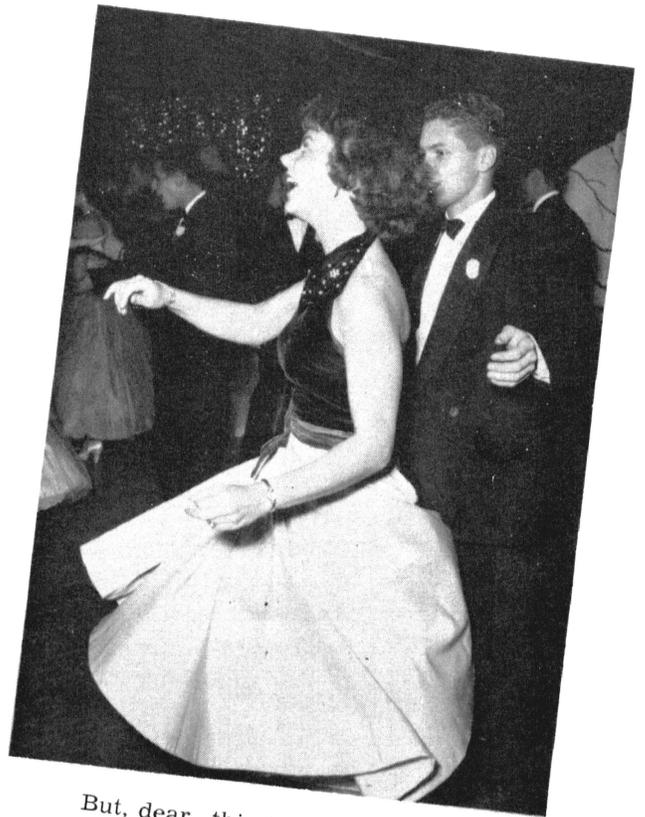
SHOWME publishes this picture as a public service
 This is proof that President Middlebush really does EXIST.



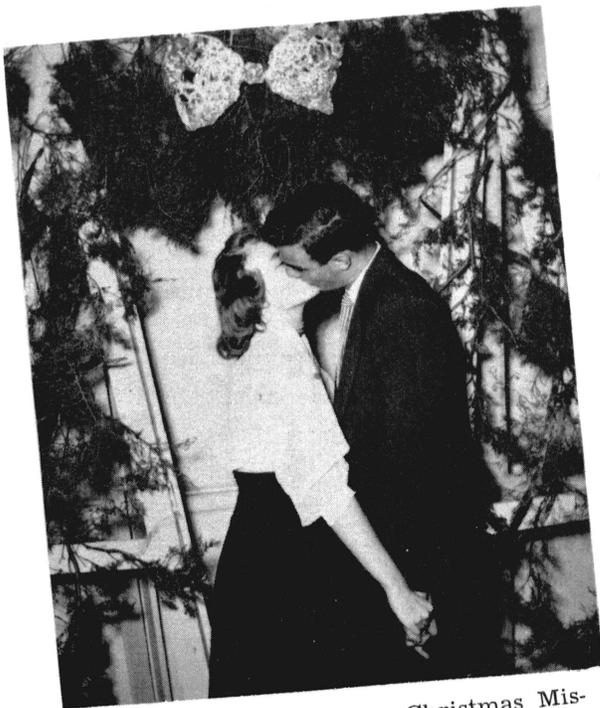
The big 7 S.G.A.'s held a regional convention in Columbia. Note rapt attention. They are listening to a lecture on "How to be Reelected".



LIFE goes to a formal and finds rigor mortis.



But, dear, this is MY dance.

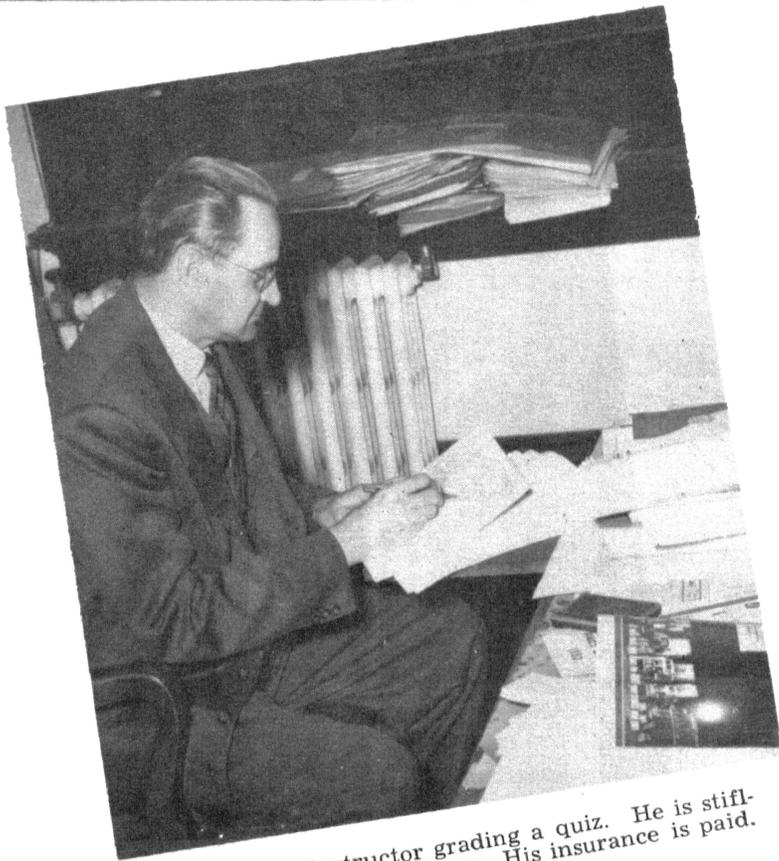


This was taken at the Pre-Christmas Mistletoe mingle. We're not sure that's really Mistletoe, but nobody seems to care.



The University reports that 6,000 students went home for the holidays. Only 1,364 are now attending classes. It is rumored that Dr. Trimble is holding the rest as hostages.

PHOTO BY GEORGE MILLER



This is an instructor grading a quiz. He is stifling a grin. He is happy. His insurance is paid.



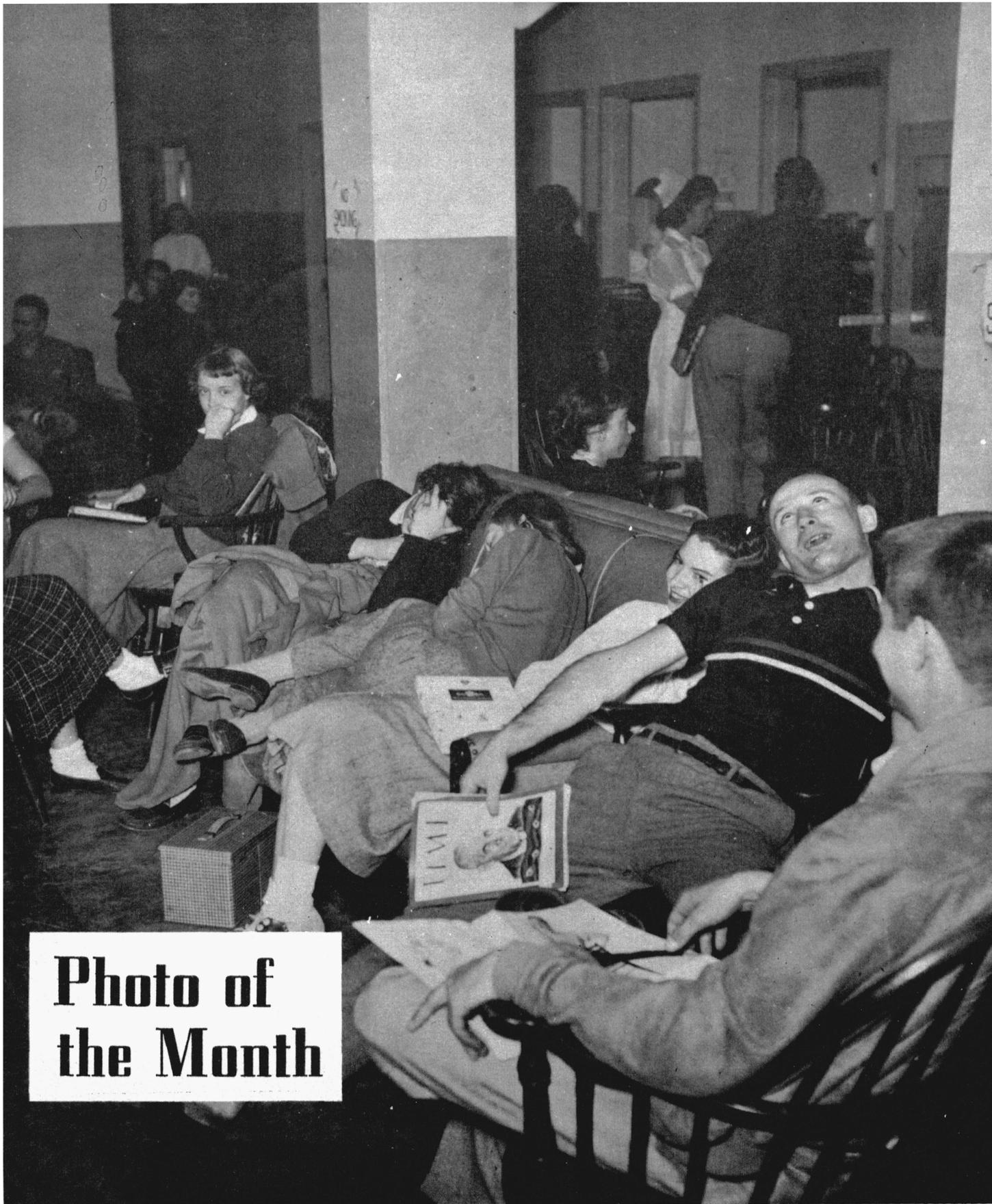
Some housemothers are younger than other housemothers.



"... And, mom, we've got a real plush Student Union where we can dance, drink coffee, lounge..."



This month's Campus Booty of the Weak is Mee Goo Pan, a comely 4' 2", 162 pound transfer from Joliet Prison, majoring in javelin throwing. Mee Goo likes boys. And just think, fellows she's not pinned, engaged or going steady.



**Photo of
the Month**

“Oh Happy Day”



Morelock House solves the case of the stolen lecture notes

Sign of the Bore

by Gene Koppel

1

It was a cold, cold, (that got the point over quite well, didn't it?) December evening. Morelock House and I were sitting in the study of our flat on 22 Butcher Street, trying as best we could to entertain ourselves, which, in the absence of any unsolved murders or Peeping Tommies to be thought about, was proving extremely difficult. House was in the habit of taking heroin injections when he felt himself sinking into a state of boredom, but as there recently had been a shortage of the drug, due to an inspired crusade by the newly appointed chief of the Columbus police department, he was contenting himself with a hypodermic needle of 3.2 beer.

"Gad, Shmatson," House said, wincing as the cheap lager bit into his bloodstream, "I wish those students would get back from their Christmas rest. There hasn't been a bit of violence around Columbus since their departure."

"I sympathize with you, Morelock. Such long periods of inactivity must have a dulling effect on your brain."

"Perhaps," answered my friend, with a familiar twinkle in his eyes, "but I still have retained most of my old prowess. For instance, it occurs to me at this present time that you are extremely chilly."

I marveled at the deductive powers of this great man. For some reason unknown to me, a violent seizure of cold had enveloped my body, but I was sure that my feelings had had no outward manifestations.

"For Heaven's sake, Morelock!" I exclaimed. "How can you tell?"

"Elementary, Shmatson. Although it escaped your untrained

eye, I noticed that the window behind you has blown open. Because of meteorological conditions, and the prevailing wind direction, you are now buried waist deep in snow!"

As I arose from my chair, wringing out my soggy trousers and chuckling at my friend's cleverness, the hand of fate descended upon us, and with its electric touch Morelock House began an adventure which was to prove one of the most memorable in his long career. For at that moment, about twenty yards from our flat, an automobile skidded on the icy street, and, careening over the sidewalk and across our front lawn, smashed through the front wall and finally stopped with its hood protruding well into our study.

"Well, Professor George Jonathan of Columbus College. What can I do for you, sir?" House inquired of the driver, who, having been thrown through the windshield by the impact of the crash, rolled off of the hood and arranged himself in a sitting position on the right-front fender.

Professor Jonathan nervously extracted a cigarette from the pocket of his brown suitcoat, and after it had been lit by a well-aimed cartridge from House's Smith-Weston, he began speaking in the slow, precise monotone that characterized his lectures.

"House," he began, "I have been meaning to get in touch with you. I lacked the nerve to come before—in fact, I have been driving back and forth in front of your home all day—but now since chance has seen fit to bring me into your presence, I might as well tell you what is burdening me."

House had dozed off. Embarrassed by his bad manners, I nudged him with my elbow and said, "Eh, by all means, continue,

Professor Jonathan. My colleague and I are extremely interested in your problem."

Luckily, since his voice had so often produced the same effect upon his students, my friend's breach of etiquette went unnoticed, and the professor went on:

"I am a desperate man, House! This morning, when I went to my office in Steffen's Hall, in order to see if things were ready for the students' return, I looked in the top drawer of my desk and my lecture notes were missing!"

He began to weep, and as there is nothing more disgusting than to watch a grown man cry, especially when he does so in a monotone, I could see that House had to restrain himself when he said, "Come, come, old fellow, aren't you rather building this up to ridiculous proportions? Surely you can exist without your notes for a few days."

"But I can't! They know it! The students all know it! That's why one of them broke in...!"

"By the bye, Professor, if I do take this case, I have one small condition which you must promise to fulfill, and it's simply this: If the matter is solved, and if you do regain your notes in time for tomorrow's lecture, the students must never know who aided you."

Jonathan, perplexed by this, merely shrugged and said, "Modest chap. Certainly, House."

Morelock checked over his Smith-Weston. Then, with the thrill of the chase already glowing in his eyes, he pulled his familiar, peaked hat over his forehead and turning to us said, "Very well then, Professor, back your auto out of our study, will you? We must reach Steffen's Hall before our thief's trail grows cold.

(Continued on page 23)



EASY TERMS

Beware of buying term papers! Write your own, boys



BRADNELL

By Betty Jean Rudy

December 15, 1952

Chapter House MA
3-2 Chug-a-Lug Ave.,
Columbia, Mo.

Dear Sirs:

I saw your ad in the *Student* last month and I believe your services will benefit me immensely. Your ad stated that your company, Life Termers, Inc., specialized in writing term papers, speeches, master thesis and other documents.

I would like for you to quote me a price on a term paper of 5,000 words on the subject "A Dissertation on the Desert." Fifty references must be used and grammar must be perfect.

Advise of the price immediately

Sincerely yours,
Samuel O. Brown

December 21, 1952

Life Termers, Inc.
190978543239997 Fed. Institute
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Mr. Brown,

Your letter was referred to me today, and I am sure that our company can meet your requirements. Your title "Dissertations on the Dessert." sounds very interesting, although I am wondering if the last word of the title should not be plural. Small matters such as that can be ironed out later, however.

Our foremost writers have started research on your composition and we feel sure it will be an excellent paper.

The price is of small consequence when you regard the finished masterpiece.

You did not inform us of the deadline date but I am sure it will be finished before March 1st which should allow you plenty of time.

Yours respectfully,
Ewald Soames Quire, Pres.
Life Termers, Incorporated.

Dec. 23, 1952

Dear Mr. Quire:

You omitted the price for my composition in your last letter, and before work proceeds, I should like to know its cost.

Also, I believe you have incorrectly stated the title which should be "A Dissertation on the Desert" rather than "Dissertations on the Dessert" which you have stated.

I suggest you include short discussions on the types of people living on deserts, their habitats, their dress, the proportions of desert in the world, and a brief resume of desert history.

The deadline is January 12, but I am sure you can speed up work to meet this deadline.

I am hoping for an E paper!
Sincerely,
Sam O. Brown

December 26, 1952

Dear Mr. Brown:

I am sorry I neglected to tell you the price. In checking through our files I find that no similar paper has ever been written, and since that means that your thesis will require a great deal of research, I find it necessary to charge you \$100 (more or less).

After referring your last letter to the research group the

question arose as to the explanation of the title. They understand the habits, proportions, and preferences of deserts, but as to history, I am afraid it will be hard to get.

But I have confidence in our writers, and it will be an E paper Mr. Brown. We have prepared manuscripts for millions of well known people like yourself, Sam, why we have even written speeches for our past presidents. Have faith!

Respectfully yours,
Ewald Soames Quire, Pres.
Life Termers, Inc.

December 29, 1952

Chapter House MA
3-2 Chug-a-Lug Ave.
Columbia, Mo.

Dear Mr. Quire:

One hundred dollars? I have never heard of such an outrageous price! I probably misunderstood!

Do you realize what one hundred dollars would buy for a college student? And do you realize how minor a term paper is compared to the necessities of life?

One hundred dollars would buy
54 roses
400 Stags
1 month's house bill
10 corsages (orchid)
1 down payment on diamond
495 gallons of gas
153 tickets to the Downtown
400 packs of cigarets
400 Arabian nights
10 ounces of Heroin

And so, 100 smackers is too D--- much to pay for a term paper. Stop work immediately, I'll write it myself. And besides, you still have the title wrong—it is

"A Dissertation on the Desert."
Sincerely
Sam O. Brown

January 2, 1952

Dear Mr. Brown:

Am sure you will reconsider on the price when you see the manuscript which will be carefully hand-engraved with cherubs and angels without proper attire on the front. The title will be executed in Old English style and the back page will contain the names and addresses of all of the research crew of Life Termers, Inc.

But enough for trifles—the work is progressing nicely, and the crew has been working with my secretary day and night—and I feel sure that the result will be a creation due to live as one of the Greats in literature.

Respectfully,
Ewald S. Quire, Pres.
Life Termers, Inc.

January 5, 1953

Dear Mr. Quire:

One hundred dollars is still too much. Disregard my request for an E paper and make it an S paper at half price instead.

Also please change the name of my theme from Dessert to Desert!

Sam O. Brown

January 7, 1953

Dear Mr. Brown:

Absolutely no S paper. We promised an E paper and our standards demand that!

Your paper will be finished January 11, and it will be sent by Air Mail collect.

The error in title was caught and we have included in "Desertion of the Desert" the following points:

1. Why people are abandoning the desert.
2. Why the desert is growing vaster.
3. Why Arabian nights are hot.
4. What are the secrets behind the Desert vales.

(Continued on page 31)



Next time be sure my Valentine Gift is from JULIES!

"COLDEST 5% BEER IN TOWN"



**MICHELOB ON TAP
IS EXCLUSIVE WITH**

The STEIN CLUB

INDEPENDENTS' DAY

By Bob Carter



A BULLY FOR OLD MIZZOU!

VUNCE MORE

SING IT HARRY!
WALKIN, WALKIN,
WALKIN TO MIZZURI

C'EST L

I'VE GOT TO GO TO THE MIZZOURI
WOULD ME WITH SOF

TELL HER SHE'LL LOVE HIS WAVY BLACK HAIR!

NO. 2, IS TRUE
NO. 3, IS FALSE

BUT GEORGE, HOW CAN POOR LIL' ME HELP YOU IN ANATOMY.



ANYONE FOR MILK, AND COOKIES?

AN OLD FLAME.

THE 'VOICE OF FREEDOM'!

YOU CAN'T TAKE AN EXAM!

OH GIVE HIM A CIGARETTE!

WHO SAID, "FREE RUM?"

UGH, ME CAN'T REMEMBER, UNCA DON!

ALLRIGHT, ALL RIGHT, SO I'M A GRADER!

IT'S A SHAME FREDDIE CAN'T COME!

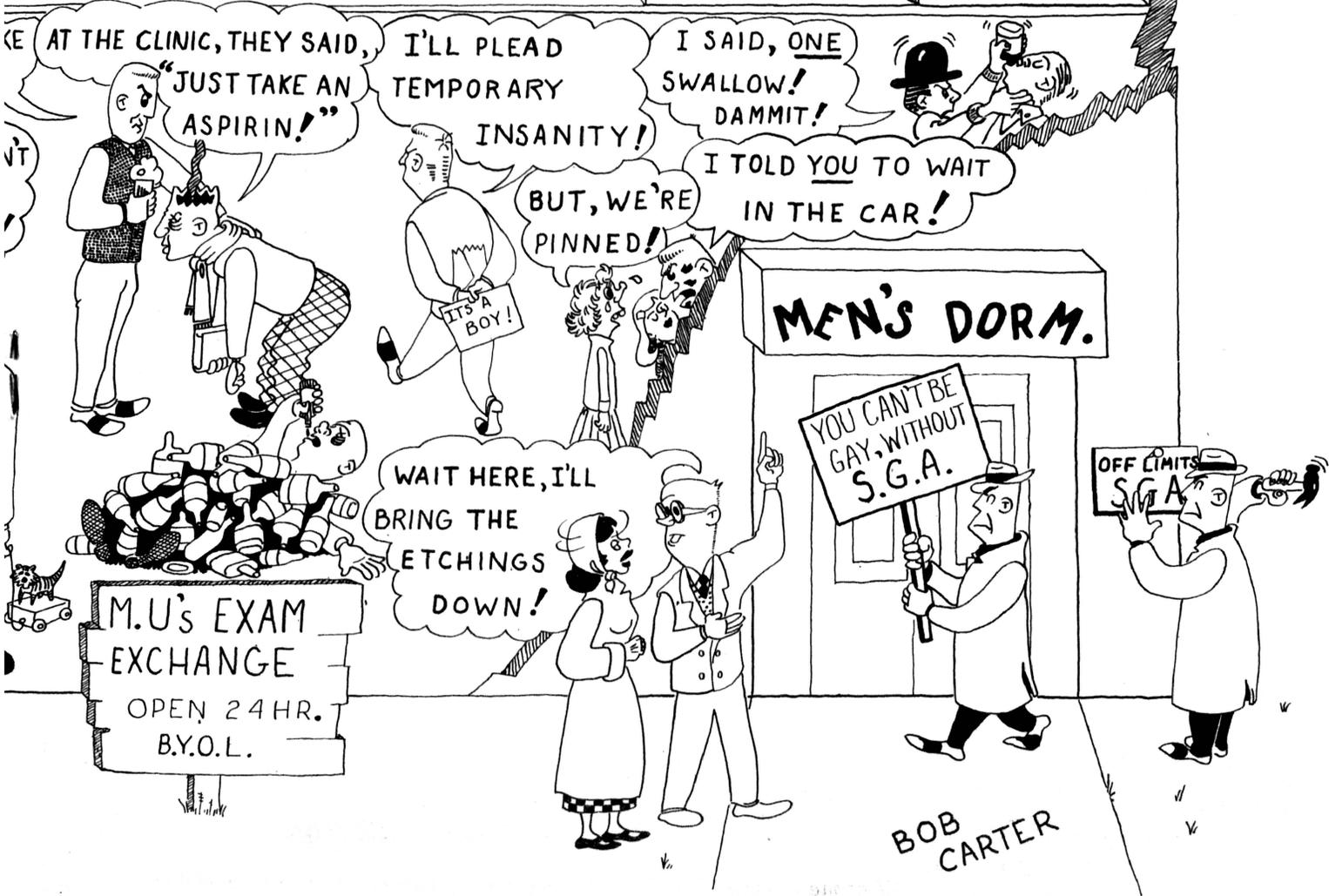
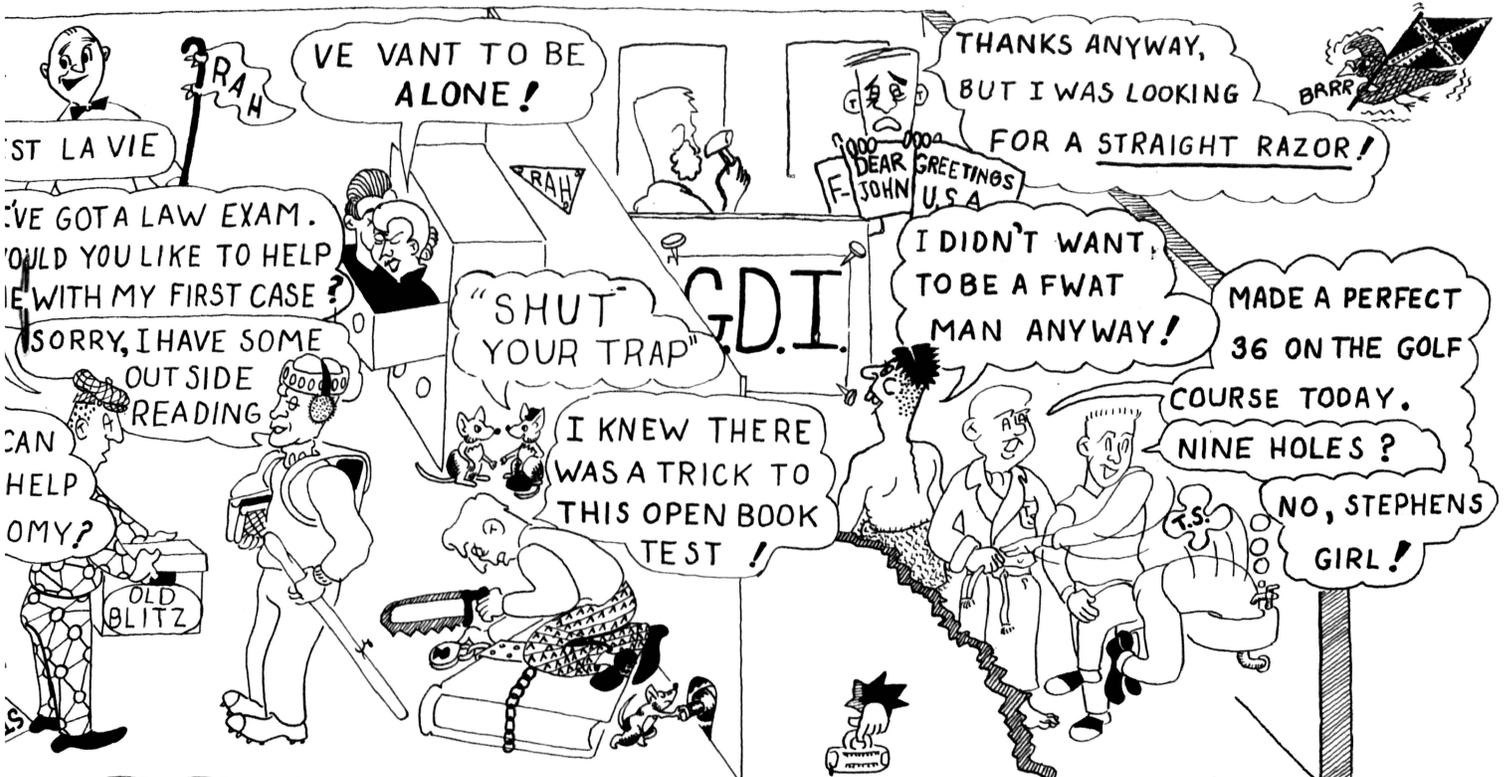
THINK!

HE USES MUM?

GOT THIS EXAM IN THE

PALM OF MY HAND!

MOTHER GOOSE





"Now they've went and did it"

What won't science think up next?



by Joe Gold

INVENTED a whiskey with a built-in bromo for that morning after feeling. Just add ginger ale and the dehydrated pill will fizz like Bikini revisited.

MARKETED a toothpaste tube that won't let the icky stuff ooze all over your bathroom tiles. When you have cleaned those rotting molars, just twist the bottom of the tube, and it will inhale any leftover paste. Just the thing for cheap friends.

PRODUCED an untouchable dress fabric for girls who don't like to be handled. Made of the



finest Texas cactus, this stunning material comes in light green, green, blue green, and green-with-envy.

MANUFACTURED a lipstick that, positively, won't come off. In shades of crimson, blushing rose, pink posy, and "Look Ma,—a rainbow," this lipstick is a must for osculating females. Write: Proctor's Plaster of Paris, Inc., Cement, Utah.

DEVISED a new type of penny which expands when it comes into contact with other pennies. Assorted expansion sizes: nickels, quarters, and halys. The nickel size is ideal for parking meters, coke machines and juke boxes.

BROUGHT OUT a cigarette completely encased in glass, that actually can be smoked by osmo-

sis. Especially designed for people who smoke in bed.

SOLVED the beer drinkers problem of 3.2 stains on the ceiling. Guzzlers no longer have to worry about having cans spouting all over the ceiling. American genius and know-how triumph once again. These mops come in carying lengths depending on the height of the ceiling.

COME UP with a new type of hypodermic needle for people who catch cold easily from drafts. This needle, especially for use with penisillen, works on the same principle as Goodyear's self sealing inner tube. This is available in sizes small, medium, and purple shaft.

INVENTED a new ink for people who sit next to cheaters during examinations. For those who do not like others reading their answers, this ink becomes invisible

in 33 seconds. Professors may smear paper with lemon juice when grading.

MARKETED a new type of postage stamp for enclosing money in envelopes. Put out by the Postmaster General, this stamp



is no different except that Jefferson's mouth is open. All one has to do is hold the money in front of Tom, lick the stamp and Jefferson's teeth will close firmly around the bank notes.

PRODUCED a non-existent clothes hanger for nudists.

THE END



"Let me explain Wortely—When I say we will paint nudes, I mean—"

SHOWME'S Vacation Travel Guide

Places to go and things to see between
semesters .
Fully Illustrated by

W. BRAZNELL
Travel Consultant



For the culture minded— St. Louis's famous
night spots offer a quiet evenings enter-
tainment.



You could take a short motor trip with a
few old buddies from Kansas City



Some people prefer to remain in bustling
and exciting Columbia.



And you can always visit dear ol' Aunt
Nelly in dear ol' Moberly!



If you have a companion, the hink is al-
ways nice.



If you play your cards right, you might
get traveling expenses to some far off
romantic land!

NEW SUBDIVISION
PLEASANT HILL ADDITION.
 93rd & Main (E. of highway & E. of Grandview rd.) 100 lots to acreage; some wooded lots. Easy terms. Huffman on the ground. Sunday. Crum Realty Co., JA 6700-6702.

600 Southside Real Bargains—100 feet wide; 68 feet deep; \$750; 50 feet wide; 68 feet deep; \$2,250; 100 feet wide; \$650; 160 feet wide; \$2,700. These will sell quickly, better hurry. Good vacant hard to find. Monday, Jackson 674.

BEAUTIFUL laying building lots: 70x150; terrace, block east of Wehall road; all utilities, but new street; only \$900. \$100 down. Easy terms. Krueger, Realtor, LO. 7455, Jan. 21.

\$325 AN ACRE
 18 acres for development adjoining city off 40 highway east. Call Mabes Co., HE. 7903, VI. 1010.

HOME Building Locations—Conveniently located. Platte Woods, Weatherly Lake, Parkville. Convenient terms. Pearl Turnbaugh, Platte Woods, phone Parkville 112. George Pease, Realtor.

BEAUTIFUL level building lot, 70x150; utilities in; 9812 E. 67th st., Raytown. Juanita Miller, AR. 6896.

JAMES B. WELSH CO., RLTRS., JE. 1133.
ROMANELLI WEST
 S. E. Corner 68th Terrace & State Line. Last lot in Romanelli West for medium priced ranch home. \$6,000. CL. 9764.

LOTS—\$750 to \$1,700. Choose your lot and build to your heart's desire. Choice lots go

A. LUSH.
 FOR sale by owner, 220 acres, well improved, on rock road, phone and electricity, 1 mile market. 45 to K. C. grass and tillable, price \$75 acre. Consider renting to good tenant. Address 650 Star.

205—4 1/2 mi. Spring Hill, 8-room house, electric, barn, other bldgs., 100 cult. balance pasture and timber, running springs; stock farm with unusual possibilities; \$850. A. Gruyer Real Estate, Spring Hill, Tel. 474.

205—1/2 mi. Spring Hill, 8-room house, electric, barn, other bldgs., 100 cult. balance pasture and timber, running springs; stock farm with unusual possibilities, \$850. A. Gruyer Real Estate, Spring Hill, Tel. 474.

160 ACRES—50 cultivation; 70 pasture; 2-room house; electric; barn, silo, etc. A dairy barn. \$21,000. Possession. D. A. Glenn, Louisburg, Kansas, telephone 60; Kansas City, HE. 836.

80 ACRES—69 highway; 30 cultivation; 20 pasture; 6-room modern house; barn; garage; chicken house. \$12,600. D. A. Glenn, Louisburg, Kansas, telephone 60; Kansas City, HE. 836.

120 ACRES—Level gravel, 100 house, 2 barns, school bus, 700. D. A. Glenn, Louisburg, Kas., telephone 60; Kansas City, HE. 836.

80 ACRES—Miami Co., 3-room semi-modern bungalow; garage; chicken brooder house; barn; 50 acres timber; 100 acre hill cash. Gugsby-Stark, Kansas, Ottawa, 241 W2.

HIGHWAY 140 level some modern in

suburban, highway, or variety. By owner, address Box 2, Moundville, Mo.

40 ACRES—good land; 3/4 mi. from Pomona. On highway 63; 7-room house, good outbuildings; drilled well and cistern; good fences; 2 deep ponds; 1950 Ford tractor and equipment; bargain at \$7,750. See W. D. Frazee, Willow Springs, Mo.

CASS County—Near Kansas City; modern 2-bedroom house on improved highway; smooth, sloping land most in grass, small \$8,800. Other good farm property. Real Estate, Moundville, Mo.

80 ACRES of black top, state highway. A grad. dairy, 5-room, 1 modern house, barn, other improvements, fruit and water, 2 wells, 2 ponds; 10 pasture, 10 tillable. \$15,000. By owner, Parris, Route 2, Moundville, Mo.

80 ACRES—West of Deepwater, Henry County, 7-room house, other outbuildings; 50-acre growing wheat, balance meadow and open pasture, no timber. Price \$6,500. Good terms. Frank Mathews, Osceola, Mo. Phone 227.

FOR SALE—280-acre farm, about 30 miles S. W. of Fayetteville, Ark.; 100 acres to cultivate, balance in timber, has well and live springs, some fenced. Write Box 157, Sullivan City, Texas. W. D. Workman.

50 ACRES, 3 miles to 1 south 1/2 miles to Lake house with electricity; 5000 sq. ft. for property independent. Phone 328.

28 ACRES—Stock and C weather road and all no. 4-room frame home. Fine water at

R. 1, pp. 11-22.

40 ACRES—2-room house, barn about 3 1/2 miles west Co cultivation, balance good fruit trees; 3 quarters off 5 road, better look at this; \$300 down. Don't write, see Frank Mathews, Osceola, Mo. Phone 227.

CASS County—Near Kansas City, smooth 160; adjacent 4-room brick good outbuildings; abundant corn made 60 bushels. Reliable realty see Bird, Realtor, Harrisonville, Mo. Phone 36.

36 ACRES—2 miles west of Osceola, Mo. 54. 2-family home with other out built lots to sell \$2,300. See this before you buy. Osceola, Mo. Phone 227.

80 ACRES—Good improved gravel west of Lowry City, on a spring, easily make 10-a. 1 in wheat, 1-3 crop goes with house, other good out built lots. \$6,500. Frank Mathews Phone 227.

CASS County Farm—50 acres near new house, good

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Second hand, experienced black jack. Call at information desk, 200 Read Hall.

FOR SALE OR TRADE—300 copies "Secrets of the Split T." Will take anything in exchange. Don Faurot, Athletic Office.

FOR SAILOR TRADE—One waterfront bar. Riverside 123 jump.

WANTED

WANTED—I am writing a book on defense against the Split T. I would welcome any information on the subject. Don Faurot, Athletic Office.

WANTED—Fourth for bridge. Third booth east of juke box. Student Union. Anytime after 10 a.m.

WANTED—Riders to Independence. Share expenses, driving. H.S.T., White House, Washington D.C.



PERSONAL

PERSONAL — Freddie, come home. Dinner is ready. Mrs. M. 22

PERSONAL—Men, are you lonely? Do you spend dateless weekends, thinking of that girl back home? Are you tired of being a wall flower? Call Roblee Rose 2211.



LOST—Vicinity of operating room, University Hospital. Hack-saw, initials G.T. Reward of free appendectomy. Dr. Trimble, Student Clinic.

LOST—One piece of circular foam rubber, about 4 inches in diameter, Convex shape. Sentimental value. Reward. Vicinity Hinkson Creek. R.H.S. Box 229

LOST—Ronson cigarette lighter, initials L.S. Vicinity of Chicago fire. Box 375.

FOUND

FOUND—One 14-foot grey elephant with white ring around tail Corner Broadway and Strollway Owner may claim same by paying for this advertisement and feed. P.S. Feed bill is \$138.63. Box 529

FOUND—One falsie on Hink. Box 422.

"If you can't find it — — — look for it in the Showme yellow pages!

FOUND—One drunken fraternity man. Owner may claim same by paying for advertisement, board and keep. Columbia Police Department.

HELP WANTED

HELP WANTED—200 Chinese coolies. Seasonal work preparing rice. Apply Dietician, Crowder Hall.

HELP WANTED MALE—I will train for a good steady job, leading to an orderly, well-planned future. Opportunity for advancement. Insurance policy necessary. Must pass rigid physical. Cowards need not apply. Col. Harris, Crowder Hall.



BUSINESS PERSONAL— Call 9999 and ask for Martha.

HELP WANTED—Men to install parking meters. Good pay, plenty of overtime. Columbia Chamber of Commerce.

NOTICES

NOTICE—Greased pig contest tomorrow night. Come stag or drag. Grease will be supplied by management. Bring your own pig. Uptown Theater.

SIGN OF THE BORE

(Continued from page 15)

2

It was almost midnight when we reached the campus, and as might be expected, it was quite deserted.

Professor Jonathan motioned us to follow him, which we did, to a small, neat office on the second floor of Steffen's Hall.

"Where were the papers?" asked House, after the light had been turned on.

"In my top, middle drawer. They were right beneath that twenty-five cent copy of *How to Win Friends and Influence People*."

"Yes," said Morelock, examining the drawer, "I'm beginning to see. Nothing else was disturbed?"

"Nothing."

"When was the last time a student spent any length of time in here?"

Professor Jonathan thought for a moment.

"Well, there was one that came in about a week after V-J Day . . ."

"Thank you, Professor. I have enough information now. All I desire is to be left alone for the next

quarter of an hour. I think that I can get your notes back for you."

Professor Jonathan grumbled a bit about being asked so abruptly to leave his 'own office, but he obeyed my friend's request, and we both stepped into the dark hallway.

"As long as we're out here," the Professor said to me, "I'll show you where I lecture."

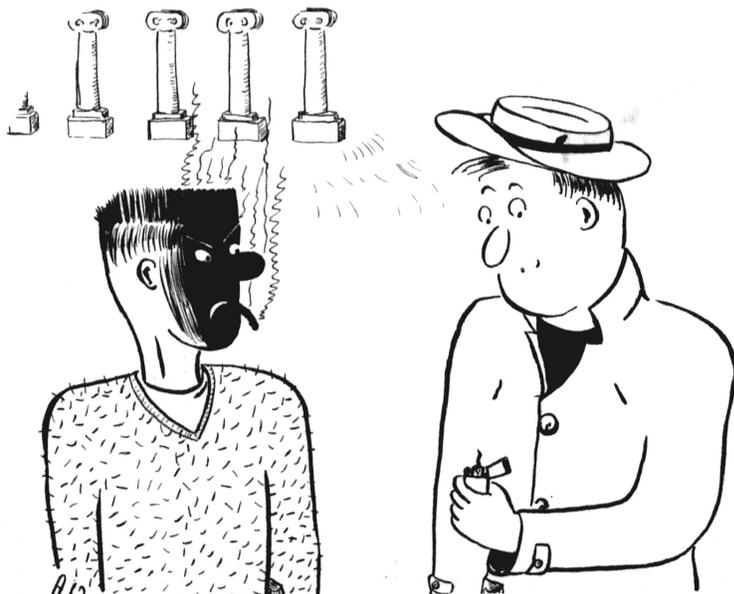
With no little pride, he led me into a large auditorium, and motioning me to be seated, he climbed onto the stage. Then, with a self-assurance I had not seen him display during the entire evening he strode to the middle of the platform where he grasped the edges of the rostrum and said, "This is where I stand, Shmatson, three times a week—giving those nitwits a cultural and practical background the like of which they . . . could . . . receive . . . from . . . no one . . ."

The droning of his flat and even voice was slowly lulling me to sleep. It was a torturous sleep since I could never really escape the goading boorishness of his voice.

"...except . . . a . . . man . . . whose . . . academic . . ."

Someone screamed, "I can't stand is any longer!" and I heard

(Continued on page 29)



"Why don't you trim your damn wick?"

HOTEL GOVERNOR

Jefferson City's Finest



*For that Special Date
Drive over and Visit*

THE RATHSKELLAR

DANCING NIGHTLY
MIXED and FANCY DRINKS

Don't Miss

the Coming

February

MISSOURI
Showme

Columbia

Confidential

Edition

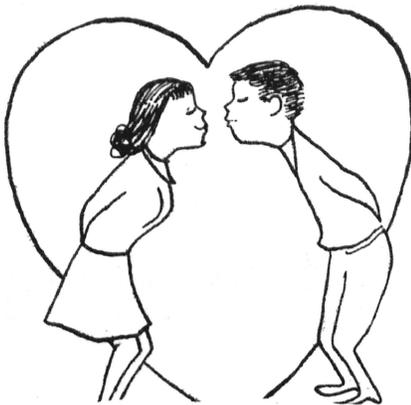


Member of

FLORIST TELEGRAPH DELIVERY

Say it

with flowers



H.R. Mueller
FLORIST

CAMPUS TOWN
9767

25 STROLLWAY
2-3152

hangnail sketch

by Joe Gold

Bolivar Smith: Outstanding Aggie

This month we have chosen Bolivar Smith for our Hangnail Sketch. As a Junior in Ag School he has been pulling very high grades and many udders. Bolivar's only comment when we announced that he'd been selected for this column was a loud "Hooo eeeee!" At first we thought this was a Rebel yell of triumph for the lad from Southern Missouri, but when we were surrounded by dozens of adoring snout-faced four legged creatures instead of dozens of adoring, two-legged Kappa Alphas, we realized it was the call of the wild.

"To what do you credit your success?" we asked.

"Wal, I tell you. Ah git to bed afore nine every night, and ah'm up afore five. Ah don't drink no hard liquor, ceptin' cider (he chuckled), and ah generally lead a damned dull life."

We looked at the tall country boy. His eyes had a soft Guernsey quality about them, and his two buck teeth glinted in the sunlight, as he tried to scratch his chin without taking his hands out of his pockets. He took out a corn cob pipe and lit it.

"But there's no tobacco in there!"

"Ah know thet," said Bolivar. "Mom don't hold with smoking, so ah jest light the pipe, and get my kicks out of seein' the sparks fly."

"Do you ever have dates, Bolivar?"

"Yuh mean with girls?"

We nodded.

"Shore ah do. Ah had one just last night. Hit was one o' them Stephens blind dates. Now ah



know ah ain't no good-looker, but thet gal ah got last night—effen ah called her a pig, no self-respectin' farmer would have anything to do with me!"

"Well that kind of girl usually has a nice figure."

"Figure! That gal was built like a sow."

"At least she must have been a good conversationalist."

"Yeh mean talker? Wal, ah tried to talk to her, but she didn't know the fust thing about crop rotation, or soils, or field crops. Why thet girl didn't even know what a hog call was!"

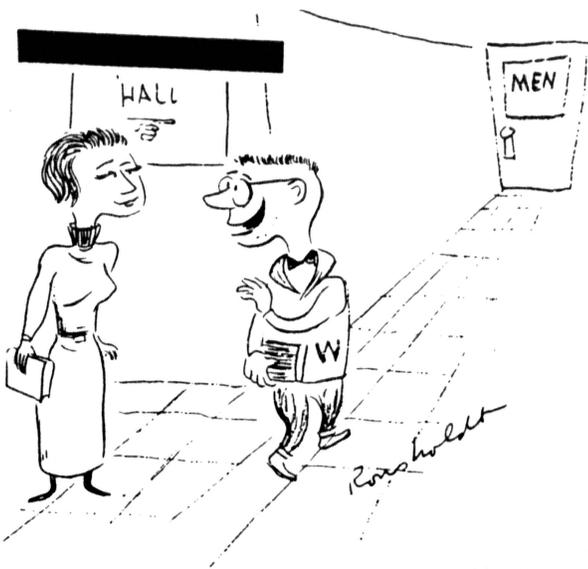
"Did you tell her?"

"Tell her! Ah showed her and you know—they shore are plenty of pigs over at Stephens!"

(Continued on page 33)

filched

THE EL



"Well . . . I've got to run now."

— The Syracusean



"What's the matter, baby, you seem so cool and distant tonight"

rube- barbs

by Rube Erwin

Well, yes, come in, but quietly. No! For God's sake leave off the light! Excuse me for not rising, but this floor is so comfortable. I'll be with you in a minute, just as soon as I find my head. It's rolled off somewhere here under the furniture and the damn thing is just laying there throbbing to beat the band. Or maybe the band is beating it. Or maybe I'm the band and I'm beating both of us. Wait a minute, wait a minute. I may be sick unto the death but I'm not so sick I have to sound dead. Would you be a good egg and soak it under the tap over there? Oh, wonderful, thank you! Now, if you'll wait just a moment while I vomit we can have a nice long chat.

Sorry about the delay. It was kind of you to come see me. Nobody has you know, except the police department. I think I promised to give up my citizenship if they'd leave; can't remember exactly. I definitely think I'm going to live now. How can I tell? Just little things like wanting to and being able to tell the difference. I was too proud to call a doctor, you know. Seems silly now, but when I came to, New Year's morning, I insisted that any man who could collect that powerful a hangover was stronger than the A.M.A. You're the first person I've been able to talk to since New Year's Eve. Whole English words I mean. Did some mighty articulate groaning though But we don't need to talk about

New Year's Eve do we? I've been told all about me tearing off Myra's dress and setting the Lewis' house on fire and playing Channel swimmer in the Bates' bathtub and, let's forget the whole thing. Okay? There is one thing I want to say, though—"quoth the raven." Yes sir, from now on I'm going to bed any year that begins with a New Year's Eve.

But its no wonder I acted like that New Year's Eve after what I went through. And not only me, you understand, but everybody. Yeah, right down to the cage cleaners at the zoo. You know what I say? I say the hell with Tiny Tim! Biggest fallacy ever put over on us. That Scrooge might have been a crotchety old guy, but what he did was nothing compared to that scheming little kid. Know what happened to me on account of Tiny Tim? Plenty. My girl left me for a department store and she took all my money with her, every bit of it. What kind of a kid was that Tiny Tim anyway? Hopping around on that crutch doesn't fool me any. I say he was a department store managers' publicity stunt and say the hell with him.

And I'll tell you something else too. I'm sick and tired of those eager Indians in Hollywood. Nobody who's so lazy that they live in a skin tent instead of a house is going to be that energetic. It used to be that an Indian just got shot off his horse and maybe once in a while tortured somebody to death. But every movie

that comes out now has the Indians making speeches like Hamlet. Nowadays, when the chief says, "I, Droopy Drawers, have spoken," he says it like the trees were going to fall down. And some of those Indians Ride On Before Them like it was the Second Coming. Those Indians don't ever give themselves any relaxation. Gary Cooper gets to wet down his throat between gunfights, but those Indians throw a dry dance on their days off and yell and scream and get all sweaty. That's probably the trouble with those Indians; they don't have a little drink now and then.

Speaking of drinks, what say we go out and get some. I had a couple before you got here. Bit that dog right back. Wanted to offer you one when you came in, but my bottle's empty. Just a minute and I'll have my clothes on. I'm feeling better now, lots better. Put on your coat and we'll go have a party. Can't let New Year's Eve get us down. Nothing stops an old Channel swimmer.

THE END

SONG OF THE BOOZY SUSIE

But Mother, I tell you I really don't drink,

I just bought that beer for shampoos.

That brandy is not for the purpose you think,

I use it for seasoning, not booze

That bottle of gin makes delightful cologne,

And the bourbon is good for a chill.

That fifth of tequila's a friend's, not my own,

She can drink it but I never will.

My temperance has earned me a wide reputation

And won me attention galore.

I'm known far and wide as the new Carrie Nation,

So help me up off of the floor.



ODE TO LE PROFESSEUR

To ye who stand with grade book
in hand.

Towering over students in front
Must ye glower and rage, chant
every page

And end each class with a grunt?
Why is it that ye could not learn
to be

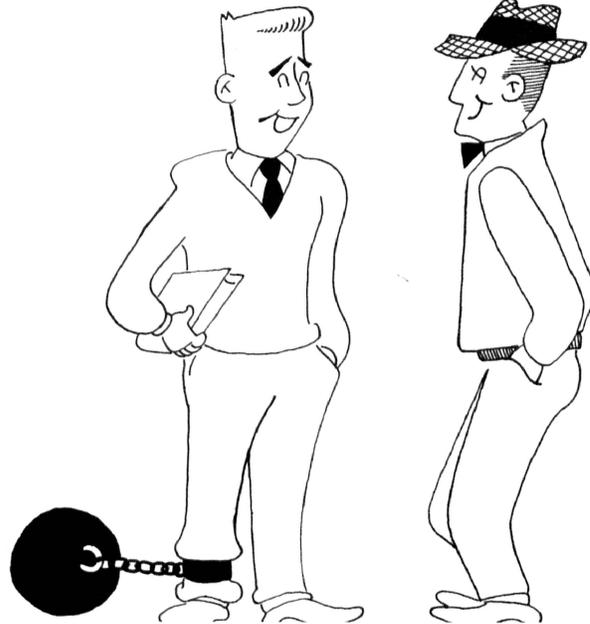
Gracious and charming as well—
Nodding and smiling, your stu-
dents beguiling

Instead of being cross as H---!
Though ages past you've resembl-
ed an asst.

Second in comman to the Dean,
We want you to know before we
go

We thought your antics a scream!
bjr

Is your girl spoiled?
No, it's just the perfume she's
wearing.



BOB
CARTER

Just because I'm married doesn't mean I can't go out with the boys!

Fond of music?
Oh, yes. And you?
Oh, yes.
Let's go have a drink.

"Say what's that crawling on
the wall?"

"Lady bug."
"Gad! What eyesight!"

Did you make the debating team?
N-n-naw, they s-s-said I wasn't
t-t-tall enough.

Does Ed have many women?
Many! The twentieth name on his
list is Alice Adams.

She used to be the belle of the
town, but somebody tolled on her

"How are the children getting
along, Mary?"

"Oh fine. Tom wants to be a
racketeer and Sally wants to
be a chorus girl."

"What's happened to Johnny?"
"Oh, we had to kill him. He want-
ed to go to school."

CHESTERFIELD CHUCKLE
CORNNER

One carton of CHESTER-
FIELDS will be awarded each
month to the person submitting
the best joke to be run in this
column each month. This month's
winner is Paula Harbor, 904 Prov-
idence. Address all entries to the
Showme asylum, 302 Read Hall,
care of Judy Rose, Joke? Editor.

He: "I only go out with girls who
wear glasses."

She: "Why?"

He: "I breathe on them and they
cant see what I'm doing."



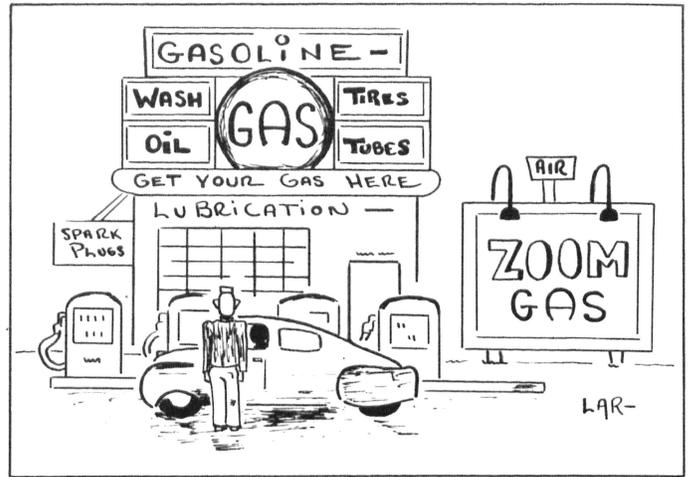
Mullane

"Those damn college kids pull all the best jobs."



Mullane

"And now for the final exam."



"You got a rest room?"

Stuff



Harrah

"Chirp, damn you chirp!"



Mullane

"So I sez, 'Look stupid yah can't flunk me...'"

SIGN OF THE BORE

(Continued from page 15)

a burst of rifle fire; then another one. An indistinct figure huddled in the back row bolted down the aisle and hurtled through the door. I looked at Professor Jonathan. He had slumped against the reading desk, which was holding his limp form erect. I was on my way up to the stage when House poked his head through the doorway and shouted, "No time for that, Shmatson, we've got to catch him!"

Morelock and I ran down the stairs and out of the building. Then House stopped and pointed to the figure of the assassin scuttling towards the far end of the campus. My friend laughed.

"He hopes to elude us, Shmatson. Come, we will meet our murderer directly in front of his own abode in less than ten minutes!"

With that, House turned and strolled leisurely off in the opposite direction; nor would he explain his remarkable actions until we had reached the outside of an ordinary white frame house, six blocks north of Steffen's Hall.

"For heaven's sake, Morelock," I whispered, unable to restrain my curiosity any longer, "will you please tell me what you are up to?"

House chuckled and pulled me behind the trunk of a large tree, where we might be unobserved, and yet command a view of the rest of the street.

"The case is really a very simple one, my dear fellow," House began, "The chap we are looking for could not be a student for several reasons. Mainly, it is doubtful whether any student enrolled in Jonathan's course knows more about his office than its approximate location. The thief knew the exact location of the papers IN the office. That, my friend, narrows the field to suspects down to two people—both of whom were constantly in close personal contact with the Professor: his secretary, who is married and most likely unconcerned with anything

connected with the late professor and, (here he dropped his voice until it was barely audible) that young gentleman stumbling down the block towards us this very minute! Roger Willcoe, Jonathan's assistant!"

I turned my head, and just as House had described, there was a "young gentleman," quite out of breath, walking towards where the great detective and I were standing. In the dim glow cast by the street light I could see that he was of medium height, of stocky build, and that he was rather shabbily dressed. His thin hair was falling over horn-rimmed glasses, and aside from the smoking automatic rifle which was slung over his left shoulder, he looked harmless enough.

Suddenly he stopped, as if some sixth sense had warned him of our presence. Throwing a panicky glance in our direction, he turned quickly and started to run back down the street. House and I immediately began pursuit, but Willcoe seemed to run as if the *Hounds of the Hinxson* (Drippincot, \$3) were at his heels. He paused only now and then to throw twenty or thirty shots back at us with his automatic rifle, which, aside from riddling a young couple in a parked car, did no harm. The chase led us to the main thoroughfare of Columbus, and from thence, east until we approached the outskirts of a fashionable girls college. Willcoe scampered up the front steps of one of the outer halls, and, after turning for a last time to fire wildly at us, disappeared inside. I was on the verge of following him in, when House grabbed me roughly.

"Shmatson, you fool! I can't afford to lose you, too!"

"What do you mean," I spouted doubting my friends sanity. "You have let him escape us!"

Morelock shook his head grimly. "Listen," he said.

I heard shrill feminine yells from inside the hall. Then the staccato tongue of Willcoe's rifle. Soon the firing stopped, and there were only the girlish shouts and an occasional, weak, masculine groan. A few more moments and

there was nothing but silence.

"Let us be off, Shmatson," said House quietly. "Our work for tonight is ended."

3

Once back at 22 Butcher Street, House slipped into his lounging robe, lit his pipe, and proceeded to tie the remaining loose ends of the Jonathan affair together for me.

"Roger Willcoe returned to Steffen's Hall in order to further enjoy the feeling of power which the anticipated job of full-time professor had given him. He had no doubt that Jonathan would resign once he found he could not regain his notes. But, in his nervous condition, he could not bear the sight and sound of Jonathan standing in his old teaching spot in the auditorium. So, from his hiding place in the last row, he shot the Professor with an automatic rifle, which was probably left there by some student who smuggled it into class with the same intent, but lost his nerve."

"What about Jonathan's body?" I asked. "We can't just leave it standing there."

House shrugged. "After his students have been sitting there thirty or forty minutes this morning, they'll realize the old boy's dead."

Smiling, Morelock reached into his trousers pocket and extracted five small vials.

"I found these in Jonathan's desk, Shmatson. You see, this case hasn't been entirely without reward. Empty that 3.2 beer out of my hypodermic needle and hand it to me, will you?"

THE END

I'm going to fire the butler. He's all wet.

Have you been having an argument?

No, but my wife's been having a bath.

* * *

He: Hello, baby.

She: I'll have you know I'm nobody's baby!

He: Gad, you must feel sheepish at a family reunion.

Son: Daddy, is cofferdam a bad word?
 Father: No, son.
 Son: Well, my teacher has a cold and I hope she'll cofferdam head off.

* * *

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

* * *

Three salesmen were standing on a street corner in North Africa. One was an Englishman, one Arabain, and one an American. Just then a beautiful dancing girl walked by.

The Englishman said, "By Jove!"

The Arabian said, "By the Prophet!"

The American said, "By tomorrow night."

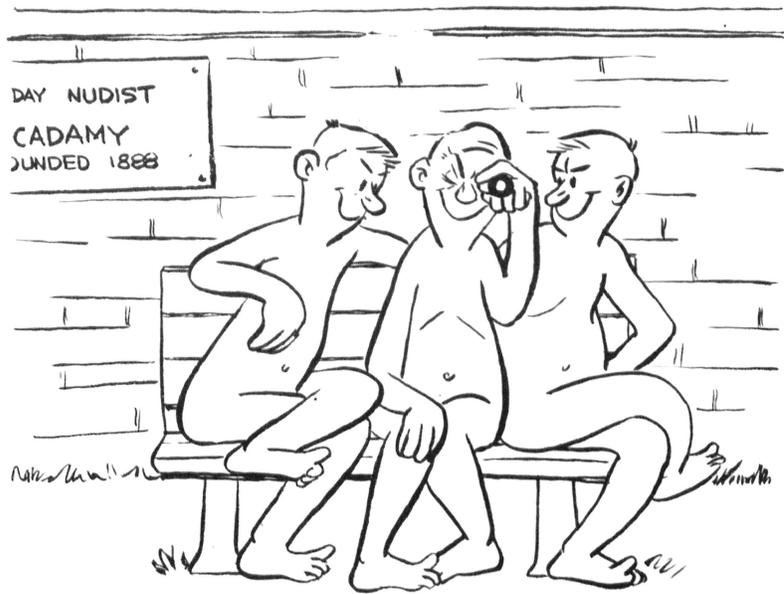
* * *

"Do you like short skirts, Mike?"

"Naw, dey get lipstick on me shoit front when I dance wid dem."

* * *

A widow is the most fortunate person in the world. She knows all about men and all the men who know anything about her are dead.



BRAZNELL

An old-fashioned girl blushes when she is embarrassed, but a modern girl is embarrassed when she blushes.

* * *

She: Darling, did you ever try selling vacuum cleaners?
 He: No, of course not.
 She: Well, you'd better start now that's my husband coming up the walk.

* * *



The scene is a dress rehearsal of "Noah's Ark." Hundreds of people and animals are running about. But above all the confusion can be heard the shrieks of the electrician: "What lights shall I use? What lights shall I use?"

And the heavens open and a voice comes to him, "The flood lights, you sap."

* * *

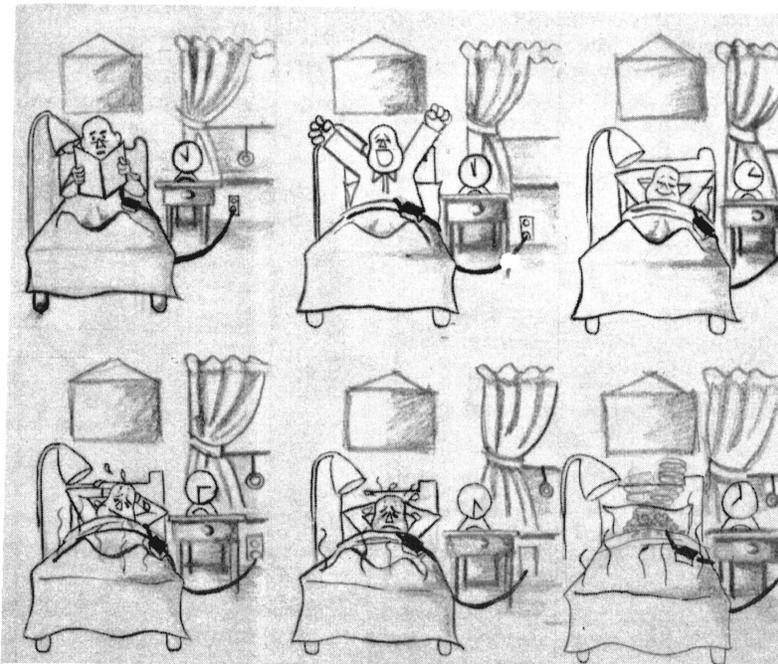
"What do you think of the Museum of Arts?"

"Oh, the pictures are O.K., but there ain't no good jokes under them."

* * *

He: Sir, may I have your daughter for my wife?

Father: Bring your wife around and I'll see.



EASY TERM

(Continued from page 31)

You will be pleased with this fine paper. Remit \$100 by return mail or pay your postman on delivery.

Sincerely,
E. S. Quire, Pres.
Life Termers, Inc.

January 9, 1953

Dear Mr. E. S. Quire:

Title STILL WRONG STOP. This is corerct title—A DISSERTATION ON THE DESERT STOP Credit Bureau is assuming risk—will remit one dollar weekly until debt is cancelled STOP

S.O. Brown
Life Termers, Inc.
19097854329997 Federal Institute
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sam:

Changed title STOP Sending manuscript by Special Delivery STOP Installment payments ok STOP We are proud of "Dissertation on the Desserts STOP.

Sincerely
E. S. Quire, Pres.
Life Termers, Inc.

January 15, 1953

Dear E. S. Quire:

Am enclosing one dollar—first installment on the debt. You will be overjoyed to learn the thesis was an E paper. Although I was unable to use the paper due to the error in title and information "Disertations on the Desserts." My roommate used it and passed a course in Home Economics with an E. I 'flunked, but we'll try again next semester.

Sincerely,
S. O. Brown

THE END

Definitions:

Clergyman—A man who works to beat hell.

Platonic Love—Like being invited down into the cellar for a glass of ginger ale.

Snob—A person who wants to know people who don't want to know him.

Lipstick—Something that gives added flavor to an old pasttime

Television—A device that permits people who haven't anything to do to watch people who can't do anything.

Modern wall flower—A girl who dances every dance.

Vodka—A drink that tastes like your foot feels when it goes to sleep.

Grudge—A place where they keep automobiles.

* * *

Drunk in a telephone booth: "Number, hell! I want my peanuts!"

* * *

We were never able to find Grandma's glasses, but now she leaves them just where she empties them.

* * *

You haven't had a real hangover until you can't stand the noise made by Bromo Seltzer.

* * *



Boy of the Month...

don rutter

Senior in Agriculture . . . Mystical Seven . . . Who's Who in American Universities and Colleges . . . Omicron Delta Kappa—Historian . . . Ruf Nex . . . Alpha Ueta . . . Block and Bridle Club—President and Vice President . . . Sophomore Council—Vice President . . . Denver Livestock Judging Team . . . Ag. Club . . . Senior Chairman—Farmers Fair . . . Varsity Football letter—'51-'52 . . . Alpha Ueta Freshman Judging Award . . . Ag. of the Month . . . Missouri Educational Foundation Scholarship . . . Board of Curators Football Scholarship . . . Dean's Honor Roll . . . Chaplain Vice President . . . Alpha Gamma Rho . . . 21 Shelbina, Missouri.

Girl of the Month...

marian Reid

Senior in Home Economics . . . Merchandising Major . . . Mortar Board . . . Fanfare for Fifty . . . Danforth Fellowship for Home Ec. Seniors . . . AWS Council . . . Judiciary board . . . AWS Treasurer . . . Dean's Honor Roll — two years . . . Displaced Persons Committee of SGA . . . AWS Freshman Orientation . . . Who's Who in American Universities and Colleges . . . Senior Panhellenic Adviser to Junior Panhellenic . . . Membership Chairman-President — Gamma Phi Beta . . . BV years old . . . Columbia, Mo.

HANGNAIL SKETCH

(Continued from page 24)

We thanked Bolivar for the interview and asked him if there were perhaps some friends he'd like to mention, so they could see their names in our magazine, and maybe open their money belts for a copy or two.

"Wal, thanks for settin' here a spell and jawin' with me. Ah would like to thank all the boys in the Ag Club for the honor they give me. They voted me the Aggie most likely to Sow Seed."

And that was our interview with Bolivar Smith, outstanding Aggie.

THE END

* * *

Did you hear about the man whose cat got run over by a steam roller? He didn't say a thing—just stood there with a long puss.

• • •

The little child was sitting demurely on the couch watching her mother smoke a cigarette. Her little nose was wrinkled and in her dark blue eyes was an expression of childish disillusionment. Finally, unable to stand it any longer, she burst out in her quavering falsetto: "Mother, when the hell are you going to learn to inhale?"

* * *

Doctor: Ever have accidents?

Cowboy: No, but once a steer stove up three of my ribs and another time a pesky rattler dug his fangs in my leg.

Doctor: Don't you call those accidents?

Cowboy: Accidents? Hell, no! Them two did it on purpose.

* * *

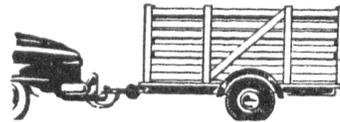
"You can't arrest me. I come from one of the finest families in Virginia."

"We aren't arresting you for breeding purposes."

SAVE 75% on Moving Cost

Rent a Trailer One Way

Local or
Long Distance



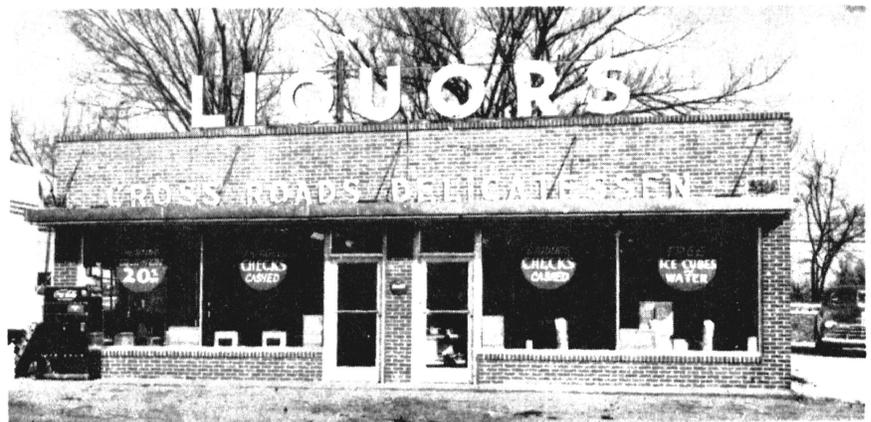
2 or
4 Wheel

You can save 75 percent on moving costs. Rent a trailer and take all your things with you. When you get there just turn your trailer in to a member service. You only pay for one way. Lights and hitches are furnished. We have furniture pads, refrigerator dollies, and tarpaulins. It's the cheapest, most convenient way to move.

LIONBERGER'S TRAILER RENTAL SERVICE

HIWAY 40 AT SEXTON ROAD

PHONE 9815



WAER'S CROSSROADS LIQUORS

Junction 40 & 63 North—Phone 23121

—Free Ice Cubes & Glassware Service—

All Students Checks Cashed

5 % KEG BEER



First Suzie: Why is your right shoe muddy?

Second Suzie: I changed my mind.

Housewife (to garbage man): Am I too late for the garbage?

Garbage man: No ma'am, jump right in.



"Let's play University student."

A westerner entered the saloon with his wife and six-year-old boy and ordered two whiskeys.

"Ain't ma drinking?" asked the kid.

It's amazing what some women get away with, and still keep their amateur standing.

Scene in English pub:

"Allo, Mary, are you 'aving another one?"

"No, it's just the cut of my coat."

Two inmates were conversing in their well-padded cell.

"I've just decided to buy all the diamond and emerald mines in the world."

The second gent considered this seriously for a few moments, and then murmured softly, "Don't know as I care to sell."

34

Willie, looking for something to do,

Chopped his brother George in two,

East is east and west is west,

Now George's pants don't meet his vest.

An old man, walking down the street noticed a little boy seated in his wagon crying.

"Why are you crying sonny?"

"Because I can't do all the things that bigger boys do," replied the boy.

"Well, move over," sobbed the old man.

There was a young man from Carew

Who found a dead mouse in his stew

Said the waiter, "Dont shout, Or wave it about, Or the rest will be wanting one, too."

Drunk (to splendidly uniformed bystander): Say call me a cab, will you?

S.U.B.: My good man, I'm not a doorman; I'm a naval officer.

Drunk: All right, then, call me a boat—I gotta get home.



"Anyone else differ with my new theory?"

Doing anything Saturday night?

Nope.

Could I borrow your soap?

She: What position do you play on the football team?

He: Oh, sort of crouched and bent over.

Hey, you guys, where you carrying that fellow? Is he drunk?

Nope.

Sick?

Nope.

Just a gag, huh?

Nope.

Dizzy spells, maybe?

Nope.

Well, what the hell is the matter with him?

Dead.

Zoo Visitor: Where are the monkeys?

Keeper: They're in the back, making love.

Visitor: Would they come out for some peanuts?

Keeper: Would you?



Said Adam to Eve, "You've gone and put my dress suit in the salad again."

Leon: Have you heard about my new book dealing with the sex life of the Indians?

Lou: No, what is it called?

Leon: "The Lust of the Mohicans."

Customer: Look here what you've done!

Laundry man: I don't see anything wrong with that lace.

Customer: Lace? That was a sheet.

"Who made her dress?"
"I'm not sure, but I think it was the police."

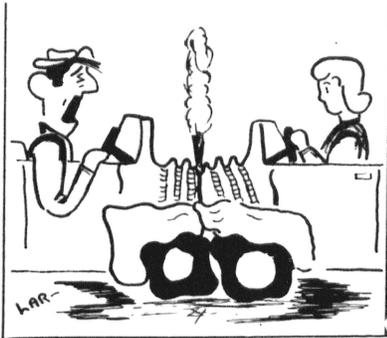
* * *

Nit: Do you believe in Buddha?
Wit: Of course, but I think oleo-margarine is just as good.

* * *

"Did your watch stop when it dropped on the floor?" asked a man of his friend.

"Sure", was his answer. "Did you think it would go through?"



It's my fault lady. I should have pulled off the road when I saw you coming.

* * *

Prof.: I will not begin today's lecture until the room settles down.

Voice from the rear: Go home and sleep it off.

* * *

Do you smoke?
No.
Do you drink?
No.
Do you neck?
No.
Well, what do you do for fun?
Tell lies.

* * *

Men like a pretty girl,
Some prefer culture and such
But the kind of girl they really want

Is one who don't "No" too much.

* * *

Slogan on a crematorium door:
"We're hot for your body."

* * *

"Carry your bag, sir?"
"Hell no, let her walk."

Give . . . so that She will not Walk alone

Polio was a paradox in 1952. While science last year was making its most historic strides toward polio prevention, the disease struck with force unparalleled in American history. The year saw a tug-of-war between epidemic and control which only a smashingly successful 1953 March of Dimes drive this January can decide favorably.

An increasing percentage of persons in the 18-25 age bracket were polio victims last year.



Remember the January Drive of the March of Dimes



YOUR
CAMPUS HUMOR MAGAZINE

Sold
Each
Month
At

On Campus

- University Book Store
- Jesse Hall
- Hill Hall
- Mumford Hall
- Engineering
- Student Union
- Tower
- B. and P.A. Building

Off Campus

- Central Dairy (outside)
- Towne House
- Hopper Pollard
- Bengal Shop
- Campus Drug
- Campus Jeweler
- Kampustown Grocery
- Missouri Book Store
- Christian College
- Fulton, Mo.



Individual Copies ----- 25c

Subscription Cards

\$2.00

(To Mail, \$3.00)



contributors page

roger julin

When the first story he ever submitted to SHOWME was accepted, Roger Julin went right out and bought up every Mickey Spillane book in Columbia. Since then, editors have not been so cordial to his manuscripts. Only nineteen years old, young Mr. Julin manages to dash off stories for SHOWME with no more effort than he polishes off a T-bone steak. (This is no mean feat, since Roger hangs out at Cramer Hall, a place not famed for its T-bone steaks.)

Roger is a native of Rochester, Minn., also the home of the Mayo Clinic. It's rumored he was asked to leave town, but only because he was to healthy. And so our hero migrated to Columbia where he could be with the other healthy transfers. Early in September he fought his way out of registration line, amazed but victorious, finally enrolled in J-school. Now a junior, he tries to keep from going broke after buying all of Dean Mott's texts.

When questioned about the girls on campus, Roger answered in his usually gorrulous manner, "oh." When asked about his military status, he commented "oh-oh." This means he is sure of at least one congratulatory greeting upon his graduation a year from next June.



nancy suggett

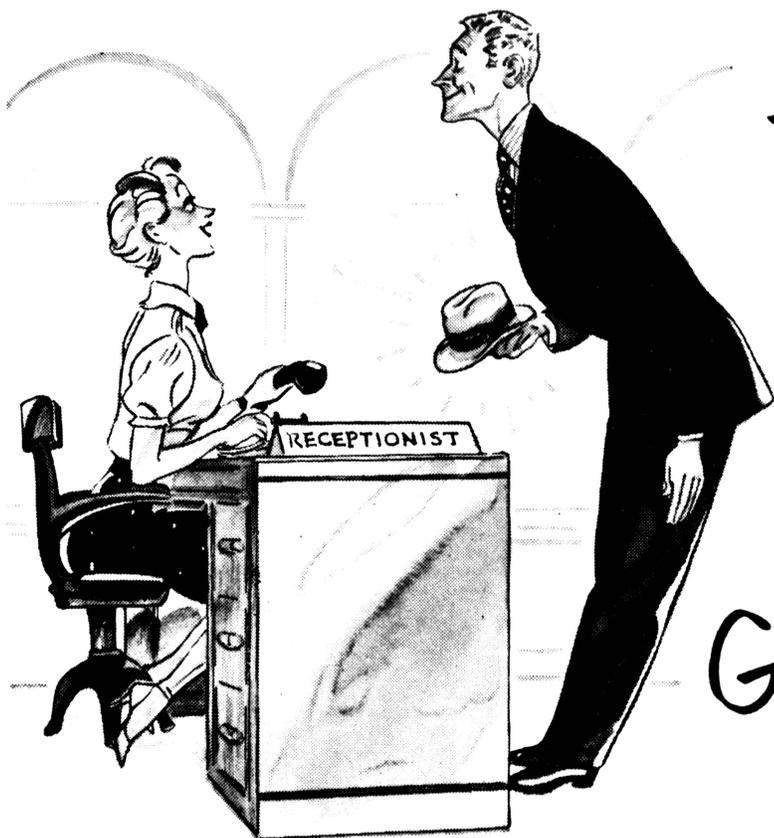
When Swami came up with Pat Rauth, he also inherited Nancy Suggett. However, a five foot three, blue eyed, hundred and ten pound legacy is not a liability in any business. This pint sized typing machine has been writing Swami's personal letters since Grant took Richmond. Supposedly she is a business secretary, but it's none of your business what she does in the office.

Nancy is a royal booster of the magazine . . . "No home should be without at least one copy." Now, at twenty five cents a throw that would be roughly . . . In her more bitter moments she goes around picketing the board of publications with placards that read 'pay ALL Showme staffers'

A Senior in education, Nancy deserted Fulton, Missouri four years ago for the plush Gamma Phi Beta house on Rishmond.

Twenty years old, Miss Suggett is proudly displayed to all sighters who scale the heights to the third floor of Reed Hall. For the first time in history, Swami has finally got a typist who doesn't hunt and peck.

Besides taking sixteen hours, Nancy also has the added responsibility of sobering up the Bnsiness Manager after a hard weekend of monkey business.



Take off Your
Hat to the Most
Important
Girl in Your Life!

Not the Queen of the Junior Prom, *not* the Kappa most likely to succeed, but a little receptionist named Jane!

She's the gal at the desk at the very first company you are going to call on. The gal who will flash the word that Fearless Peerless is without, ready, willing and able to go to work. Take off your hat as you enter, smiling.

And, brother, you better *have* a hat! Because it is a well-known fact that today's business executive looks favorably upon the prospective junior executive who has the foresight to dress the part. You *may* get away with being without a hat on the banks of the Old Raritan—but not on Madison Ave., LaSalle St. or Market St.!

So, go forth from the hallowed halls, brother—and may luck attend you—proudly bearing your diploma in one hand and your hat in the other. With a hat, you're not dressed to *get by*—you're dressed to *get ahead*.

"Wear a Hat—It's as Healthy as It's Handsome!"

These fine hat labels have published this advertisement in the interests of good grooming and good health of American men.

DOBBS 

CAVANAGH 

KNOX 

BERG 

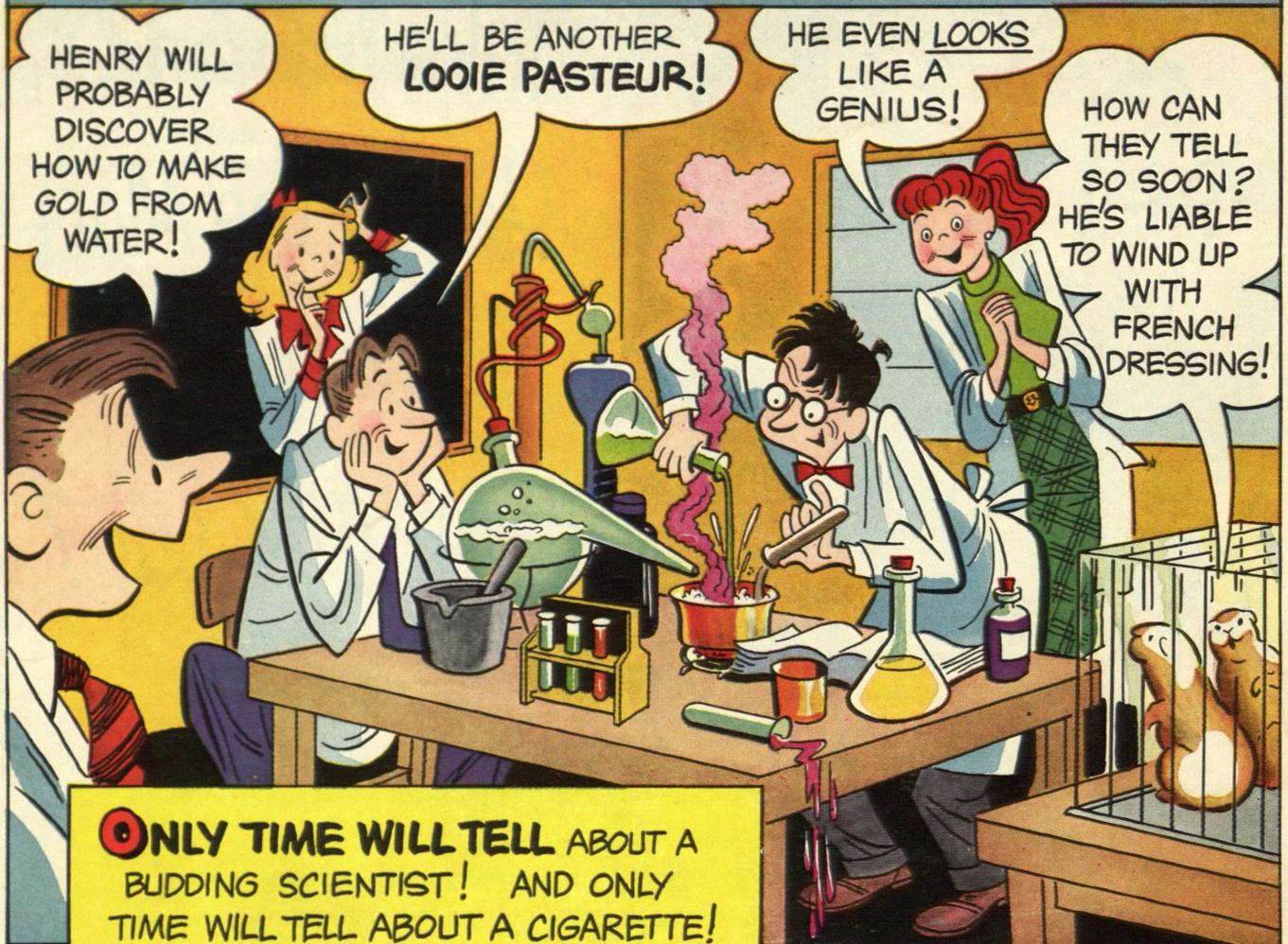
BYRON 

C & K 

DUNLAP 

Divisions of the Hat Corporation of America—Makers of Fine Hats for Men and Women

...*But only Time will Tell*.....



HENRY WILL PROBABLY DISCOVER HOW TO MAKE GOLD FROM WATER!

HE'LL BE ANOTHER LOOIE PASTEUR!

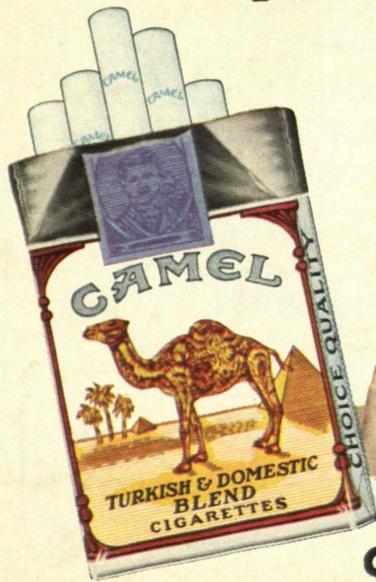
HE EVEN LOOKS LIKE A GENIUS!

HOW CAN THEY TELL SO SOON? HE'S LIABLE TO WIND UP WITH FRENCH DRESSING!

ONLY TIME WILL TELL ABOUT A BUDDING SCIENTIST! AND ONLY TIME WILL TELL ABOUT A CIGARETTE! TAKE YOUR TIME...

B. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

Test **CAMELS** for 30 days for Mildness and Flavor!



● Why is Camel far and away America's most popular cigarette? There's a simple answer: Camels give smokers just what they want—rich, full flavor and cool, cool mildness . . . *pack after pack!* Try Camels yourself! Smoke only Camels for 30 days and see how mild, how flavorful, how enjoyable they are as your steady smoke!

CAMEL leads all other brands by billions of cigarettes per year!