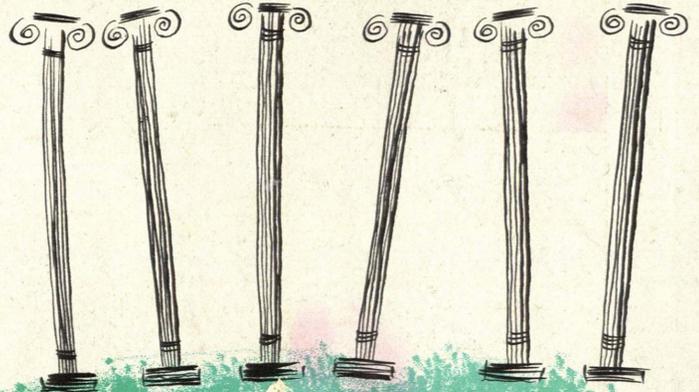


# MISSOURI Showme



MORT WALKER

ACCUMULATION ISSUE



20c

**EXPERIENCE  
IS THE BEST  
TEACHER!**

Cecil Smith practically "grew up" with horses; and he's as sure-seated on a pony as he is a sure shot with his mallet.

He's one of America's polo "greats"—Texas-born Cecil Smith. Veteran of many a famous international match.



*Cecil Smith*  
FAMOUS  
INTERNATIONAL  
POLO STAR



**EXPERIENCE IS  
THE BEST TEACHER  
IN POLO...AND  
IN CIGARETTES!  
CAMELS SUIT ME  
BEST!**

**More people are smoking CAMELS today than ever before in history!**

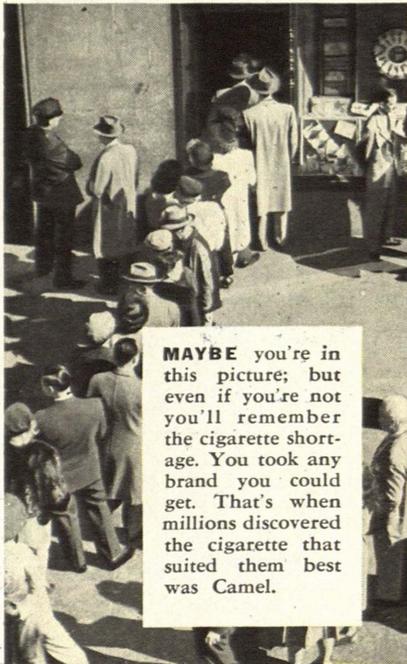
**Yes, experience during the war shortage taught millions the differences in cigarette quality.**

**L**ET POLO STAR Cecil Smith tell you in his own words: "That cigarette shortage was a real experience. That's when I learned how much I really appreciated Camels!"

Yes, a lot of smokers found themselves comparing brands during that

shortage. Result: Today more people are smoking Camels than ever before in history. But, no matter how great the demand:

*We don't tamper with Camel quality. Only choice tobaccos, properly aged, and blended in the time-honored Camel way, are used in Camels.*



**MAYBE** you're in this picture; but even if you're not you'll remember the cigarette shortage. You took any brand you could get. That's when millions discovered the cigarette that suited them best was Camel.



**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'!



According to a recent Nationwide survey:

**MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS  
THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE**

Three nationally known independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors—in every branch of medicine—to name the cigarette they smoked. *More doctors named Camel than any other brand.*



## THIS MONTH'S COVER

MORT' Walker evidently thought that there was a similarity between the way in which the material for this month's Showme was accumulated and the way in which trash is gleaned from the campus. In a way there is a parallel. We use the system employed by most of the editors in the country called "The Dart Board" method. The month's contributions are pinned to the bulletin board and selected by a dart thrown from the editor's experienced hand. We consider it an impartial and highly specialized system and twice as much fun as reading the submissions.

In gathering technical data for the cover Mort' interviewed the campus clean-up man and found him to be extremely conscientious and grossed in his work. "I misses a cigaret butt sometimes but I always go back and gets 'em." he said. He also stated that it used to take him three and sometimes four tries to effectively spear a butt and now, after three years of practice, he can lance an Old Gold right through the "O" With his excellent background and ability we plan to have him edit an issue of Showme next year.

# MISSOURI Showme

## ACCUMULATION ISSUE

**CANDIDLY MIZZOU**—A few pages of humorous snapshots contributed by our readers. In looking at these photographs it might seem that Mizzou is a hive of busy dipsomaniacs which is not so. The reason for so many drinking pictures is that in such instances inhibitions are at a minimum and candid photographers are at a maximum.

**MURDER IN THE SHACK**—A pictorial whodunnit occurring in one of the campus hangouts where anything can, and usually does, happen.

**PAGES OF CARTOONS**—The would-be Arnos of Mizzou use a fun house mirror to distort the figures and situations of our campus life.

**WHEN NIGHTS WERE BOLD**—A photographic review of this year's J-School show written, produced, acted, and seen by Missouri students.

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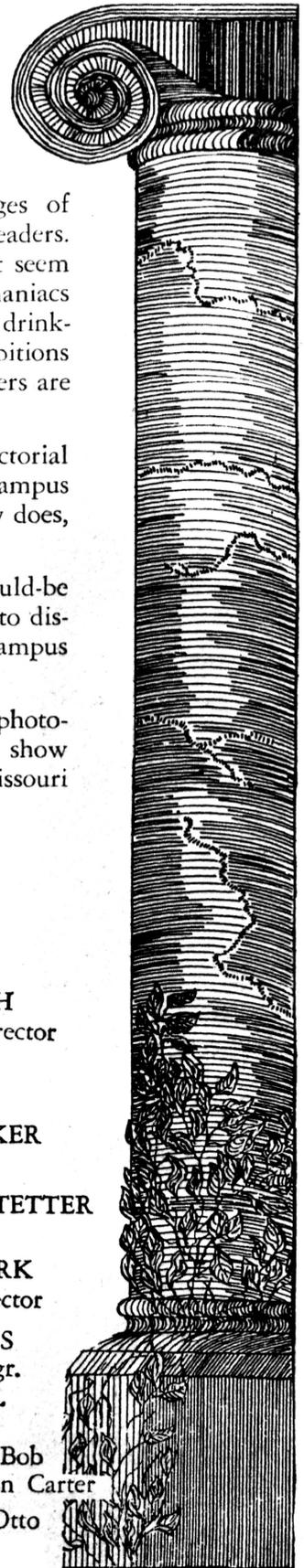
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Store

16 South 9th

Two little rabbits were being chased by a pack of wolves. One little rabbit turned to the other and said, "How about stopping for a minute and outnumbering them?"

He who thinks that "evening" means the same thing as "night" should note the effect it has on a gown.



Frosh: Give me some of that prepared monoaceticaciddesther of salicylic acid.

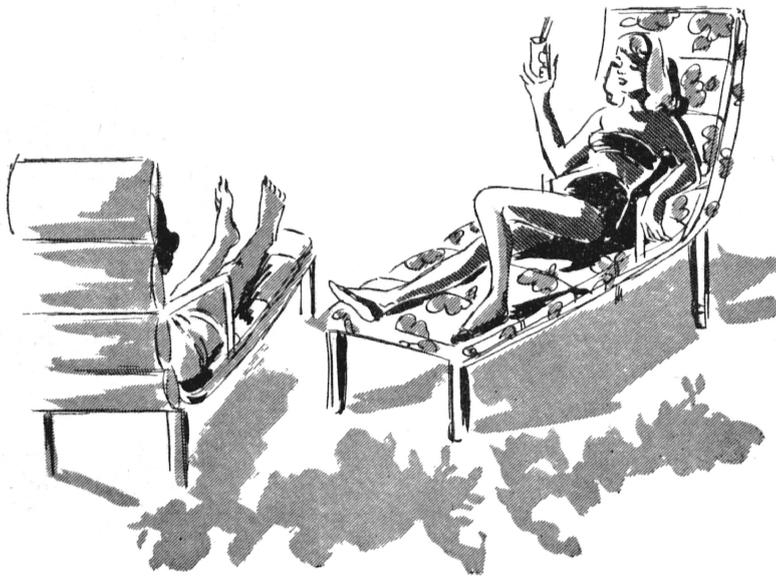
Clerk: You mean aspirin?

Frosh: Yeah, I never can think of that name.

George E. Fay.

"What are the names of the bones in your hand?"

Pre-Med: "Dice."



"Just a shade darker and I'll match that adorable new tan suit at Woolf's!"

**Woolf Brothers**

Famous last words: "I don't know why you spent all that money and then drove 'way out here, because I don't allow boys to kiss me."

---

And then one wonders what Mahatma Gandhi would have done if he were Sir Walter Raleigh rescuing Queen Elizabeth from the mud puddle

---

Girls when they went out to swim  
Once dressed like Mother Hubbard.  
Now they have a bolder whim;  
They dress more like her cupboard.

---

Tight clothing never did stop a girl's circulation.

---

"I told him I worshipped my figure, and he tried to embrace my religion."

---

Height of conceit . . . working a crossword puzzle with a fountain pen.

---

"Joe proposed last night and now I'm not speaking to him."  
"What made you so mad?"  
"You should have heard what he proposed."

---

Heard down at Macks:  
"That girl is built like a house."  
"Yeah, she's plastered, too."

---

"Yes," said the undertaker, "college boys are the easiest. They are generally stiff when I get them."

## At Graduation Time



## Send Gifts of Beauty

You can take pride in the gift you  
select from the many beautiful  
items of jewelry, watches and  
silver at Lamb's. Know the gift you  
send is one that will bring  
lasting pleasure and dependable service.

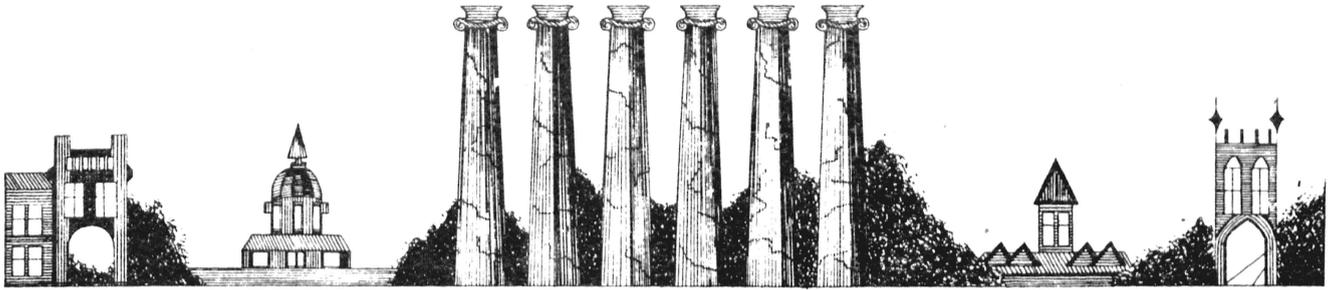
 **Lamb's**

12 S. 9th St.

MORT WALKER



Golly, I can hardly wait 'til the summer vacation.



# Around The Columns

## *Nick of Time*

With graduation so near, it is interesting to note that at least one senior only just completed his education in the nick of time before donning cap and gown. One of our friends reports that a prospective graduate he knows just found out where the Dixie is and made his first pilgrimage there this month.

---

## *Trenchant Phrase*

It has been brought to our attention from time to time that choice of language in our publication should be of prime consideration. Because of that, we were somewhat startled to notice in the pages of one of the more prominent women's magazines, a trenchant phrase which so far outdoes our borderline raciness that we feel almost puritanical.

The phrase, "sexiness tamed by good breeding," was used to describe an outfit worn by a particularly seductive-looking model. We knew that the trend was towards more open acknowledgement of the mission of feminine garment makers, but we hardly expected that the secret would be

printed where all, including the game-male would be able to read it.

---

## *Last Leg*

Frankly, it is with somewhat of a sigh of relief that we view the end of the academic year and also the last of the magazine for the current year.

Eight trials of giving birth to thirty-two pages of attempted humour offspring have done more than acquaint us with every joke that was ever printed in a college magazine. They have taught us that the humor is an unstable as a ripe banana, that what looks good today can be nothing but a rancid smell at press time. We have also learned that to be satisfactory, the output would neces-

sarily have had to run to at least a hundred more pages each issue in order to accommodate the varied tastes of our het erogeneous subscribers.

When autumn bring the return of the magazine, however, we expect that those of us who will return with it will have gained new vigor for inciting laughter, and those whose undergraduate days are at an end will be here in spirit, feeling close paternal concern for the next semester's generation.

---

## *Perfection*

By way of advance publicity for a prospective competitor we feel obliged to report that a plan is underfoot to provide the campus with a magazine next year which—in the words of its perpetrators—will have "the articles of *Harper's*, the stories of the *New Yorker*, and the the cheesecake of the old "Yank."

Such ambition, even though that of a competitor, cannot possibly go unmentioned.

We are in fact, putting in our request to the publishers for a charter subscription.



Pranks

Speaking of around the columns—and we presume that you know we have these past eight issues—we have a genuine regard for the young lad who recently tried to put a literal interpretation to our



catch-all title by driving his auto around the Francis Quadrangle mounds.

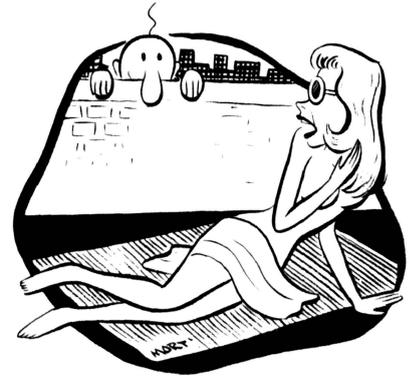
Theoretically speaking, one cannot condone such pranksterism, yet at the same time, were it

not for such variations on the day to day scholastic schedule, one could easily see how the quest of higher learning might be even more stultifying than it proves to be.

Collecting legends of out-of-the-ordinary happenings gets to be a part of putting out a magazine. Along this same line, a recently installed favorite of ours is the story of the M.U. track participant of a few decades ago, who while running a cross-country race was slowed down considerably in his time by having to spend the night in the McBaine jail.

It seems that the zealous sheriff of that famous nearby community—known primarily for its midnight train connections to Columbia—felt that such a display of legs as exhibited by the runner could not be tolerated.

What, we ask, would the good fellow say to the sights of spring sunning seen along sorority row about springtime now.



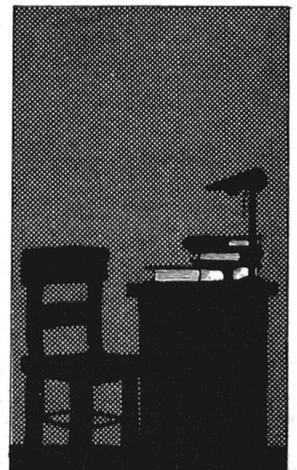
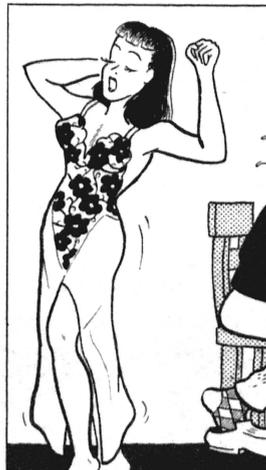
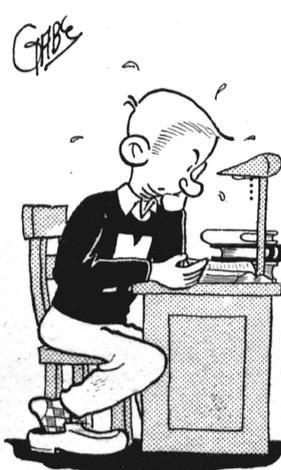
Typical Missouri weekend conversation:

"How was your party last night?"

Voice on Phone: "We're having a swell time."

"So your gal is a bathing beauty?"

"Yeah—and that girl's really worth wading for!"



# Leggy, Lusty -- THIS YEAR'S J-SHOW "When Nights Were Bold"



Fredna Parker, and Stanley Nienstedt supply the love interest. Stan, a sex starved book-worm coaxes his book-shop princess out from behind the shelves with a persuasive tenor . . . and do those love sparks fly!!

Showme's garter-snapping photomaniac lured the cast of "When Nights Were Bold" into a dark room . . . last week and came out with much mugging grease and a few presentable photos. "Nights" is the story of an intellectual lover who gets his girl the hard way . . . not on the Hinkson but out of a book . . . and one from King Arthur's time at that. This thread of a story is backed up by singing and dancing . . . from a cast of thousands . . . anyhow thirty.



Marilyn Bange puts pen to paper to interpret for chorines Jean Sharp and Mary Lou McGinnis one of the more intricate chorus routines.



Mel Mandel and Frank Goss chase Eileen Lerman thru three acts of love on the run. And even during rehearsal breathers they're attentive to her charms.



Not rockettes . . . but J-ettes. These six jet propelled chorines flash well-turned calves to the snappy original music by Dick Matheson. Terry Waters cracks the directing whip for this covey of cuties.



Gus Giordano specialty dancer with plenty of professional background reaches for a high one. He teams with Eileen Lerman to present a show stopping dance duet.

# Candidly Mizsou



"Won't you step into my parlor . . ." Tom "Spider" Paro, Kappa Sig, attired for business as stated on the door of his chamber. Flies beware.



The Pi K A's, sartorial paragons of the campus, mimic the mode of old Mizsou. While there may appear to be nothing unusual about this photograph, upon closer study it will be noted that there are no honorary keys on Ed Capps' key chain which immediately places the shot in the realm of the unreal. L. to R. Ted Majoris, Ray Bauer, Ed Capps, and George Bohn.



A rather homey scene on the front lawn of the SAE house. What more could spring mean to young men than a GI blanket in the sun, a record player, and a keg of nails. And, oh yes . . . thou!

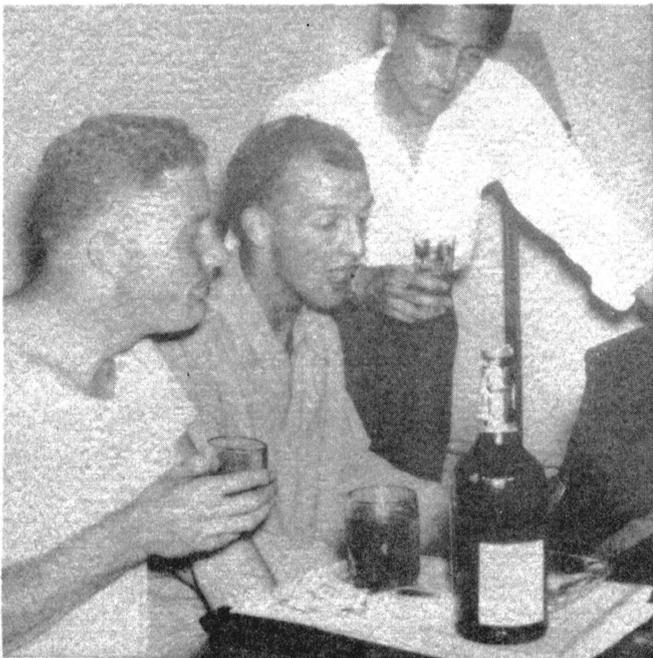


Marilyn Bange, KAT, will kill us for printing this but we think it's worth the price. Is that what girls wear under their winter clothes?



*Who's going to claim the bodies? After a party on the Hink the ATO freshmen gathered up all the bottles and the debris and piled it in the backyard.*

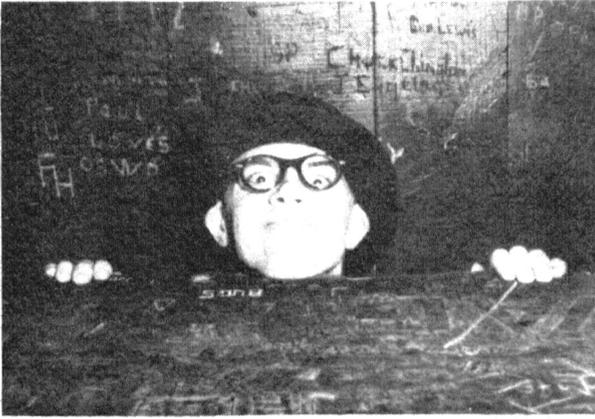
*Anyone missing a room-mate can look behind the ATO house. Don Birnum had nothing on these kids. They've lost a whole semester.*



*"High" notes from a pretty high trio. Here Tom Goodman, Gra Hay, and Jim Carlson tickling the ivories and their tonsils.*



*"Yaaaaaaaa BUH!!!" Al Brix at one of the football games. Good double for the MGM Lion.*



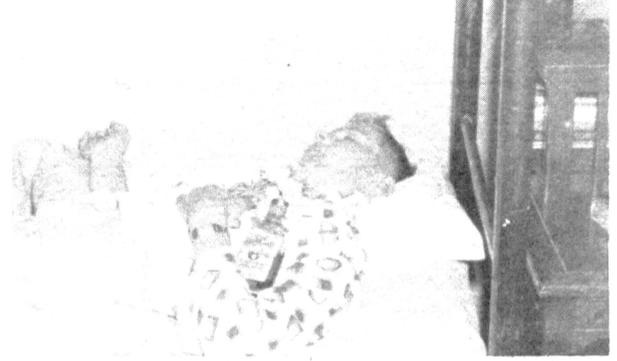
An anonymous photo slipped under our door. At first we thought it was Smoe chinning himself on a table at the back but with those glasses we finally decided it was just an M.U. student coming up to find out what month it was.



Three beerful characters at a Kappa Sig orchard party. The happy lad about to fall over sideways is Deacon Ed Sedivec. Marilyn "Scottie" Scott lofts the lager and Bob Croak chuckles handsomely.



At a Lambda Chi tea for the Tri-Delts Fred Oberbede pulled a neat magic trick. He placed two handkerchiefs in the blouse of Diana Pattison. When he uttered the magic words and yanked the kerchiefs out there was a third article attached which was definitely not a handkerchief.



After a hard night of study, Paul "Flip" Lowry sleeps with his grand-dad. There's nothing like a night cap or a mickey to get a good night's sleep. In fact, that's about the only way you can get it. Then in the morning there's nothink like a bracer and in the afternoon a picker-upper. What a liquid circle Mizzou is becoming.



"Look at what we thawed." Three lovely Chi O's, Pat Sipple, Dot Hetheriton, and Betty Sandell, melting the snow on their front porch.



Pinkney "Buck" Walker, Asst Econ Prof, caught in a gaucho mood at a spring outing. Which way is the gold flowing today, Professor?



Whattsa matter boys? Don't they feed you at the KA house? Anyway it's better than eating at Gabe's. Ed Kennen making a meal of "Linda" while Baker, Porter, and Mitchell line up for seconds.

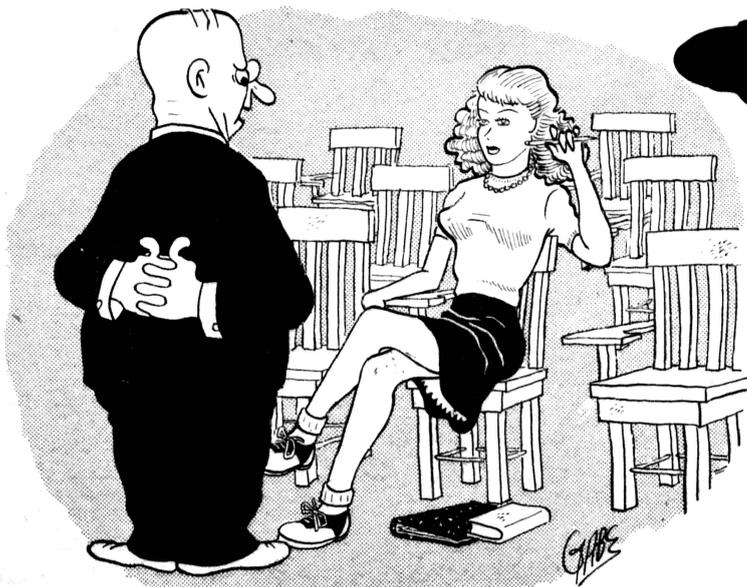
# CARTOONS by



"I Said Over Lightly!"



"I'm awfully near-sighted without my glasses, But I'll play you a game."



"Understand, Miss Biddle, I'm keeping you after class merely as A disciplinary measure."





George had been guzzling beer. When his girl friend, Norma, got out of class at 4:30 she went to the Shack, where she met him at his table. With her were Turner Rogers and a mysterious blonde whom she introduced as "Jean." Turner was the one who had beaten George that morning in a match to see who would represent Lambda Chi in intramural horseshoes. George had argued with him, called him a "horseshoe jock."

"Hello," Turner snarled.

In spite of hard feelings, the conversation at the table was friendly, until George asked Norma why she had refused to party with him on the Hink that evening. "I have to do some lab work in French Philosophy," she said.

George became sullen. A few minutes later he suddenly slumped over in his bench.



Inspector Cannibal Hobb asked a few routine questions — the girls' phone numbers, where the suspects had been on the night of January 16, etc. Pointing an accusing ball-point pen at "Jean," he asked what her plans were for that evening. When she said, "Nothing," the inspector glanced at his watch. It was 5:30.

Then he squinted at the suspects. "I'm sorry," he said, "I'll have to take one of you with me in the patrol wagon."

# MURDER *in the* SHACK



## SOLUTION:

Which one of these characters killed George????

The inspector naturally took the blonde (wouldn't you?).

As he cruised away with her beside him on the plush front seat of his convertible patrol wagon she screamed her innocence. "I didn't kill him! I didn't!"

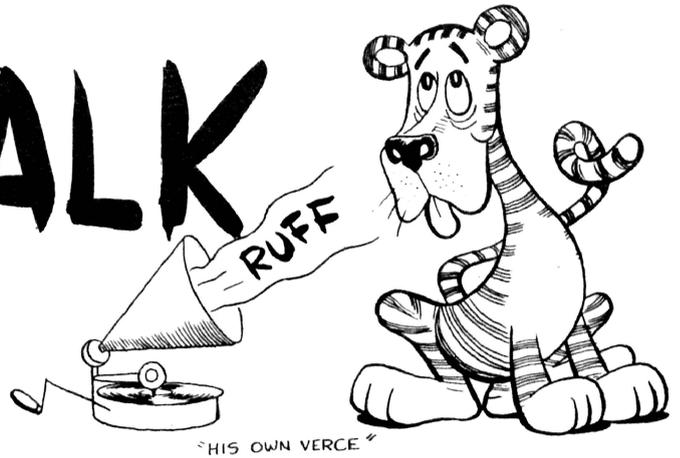
"I know you didn't," the inspector said smoothly. "Nobody did."

"Then what happened to him?"

"Nothing that a cold shower and a couple of bromos won't cure."

# TIGER TALK

By Rees and Rowe



The Gamma Phi house has its own lost week-end personality now it seems. In every mail there is a letter for Liz Baker from Alcoholics Anonymous. Maybe the girls ought to check the chandeliers for hidden bottles.

Under the heading of "Famous Last Word" department comes this story from the Phi Psi house. Al Ragan double dated with Dick Hall and his date Lela Arnett, Alpha Phi, and parked his car in a place that happened to be muddy. Dick got out to push and in the process got mud all over himself. When Dick started to get back in the car Al turned and said, "Please don't get any mud on the car, eh Dick."

Having fulfilled a life long ambition to drive around the columns, George Wagner, ATO, sold his car to the houseboy. Now he is in the market for a pogo stick. What life long ambition have you in mind now, George?

Betty Neel from 604 Sandford Place is having troubles getting her signals straight (Lots of girls would like to have the same troubles). The other day she was walking home from a coke

date with one boy and saw another boy waiting for her on the porch. As she approached the phone rang for her. After answering the phone she came out on the porch and said goodbye to the two boys because she had to get ready for an evening date. Some days you just can't make a million dollars.

Something just has to be done about this unbalanced ratio be-

tween men and women on the campus or all the coeds will be nervous wrecks. e.g. Lyn Wright Alpha Gamma Delta, went downstairs to meet her date when she saw another fellow waiting for her. To avoid embarrassment and complications she slipped out the side door with her first date.

"Deacon" Parsons, KA, was at Gaebler's the other night with his  
(Continued on page 19)



Victor is awfully bashful in front of strangers.

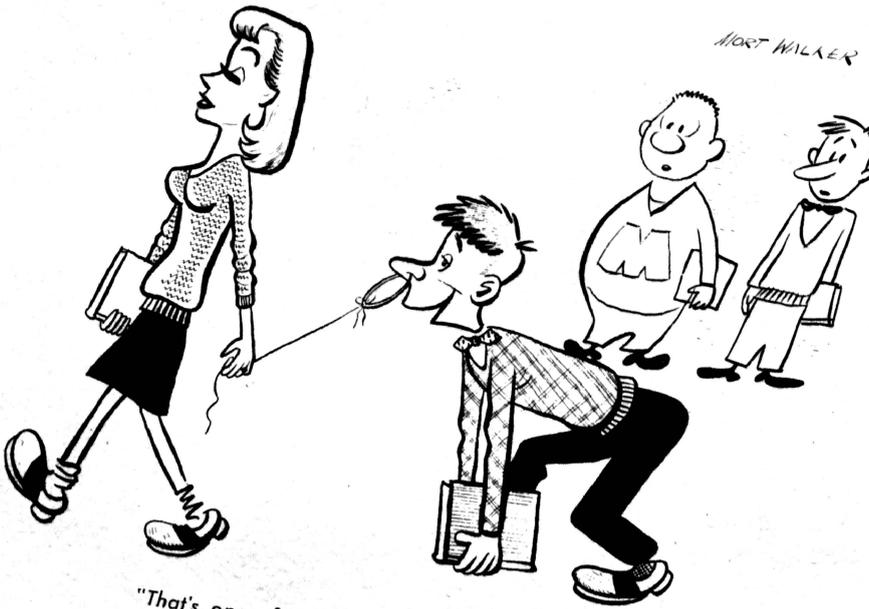
# "ASININE"



"That's uncle Henry, the black sheet in our family."



"Whew"



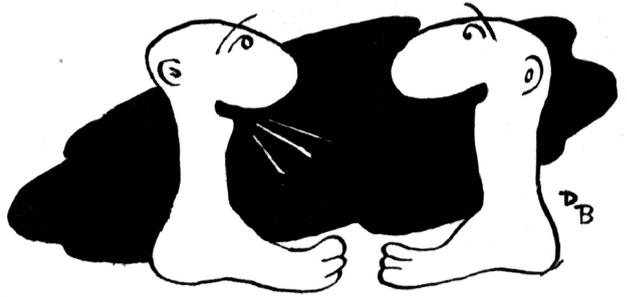
"That's one of those double ring engagements."



# ACCUMULATIONS"



"hew! He sure is some operator!"



Yes, I was in Detroit last week-- We do have something in common.



"Are you sure you showered after practice today?"



# "OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES"



Ohio State Sundial



"I wish I could give you an 'A', Miss Poodle—but I'm afraid you must repeat the course."



Mich. State Spartan



"Now, then, young man, just what is your complaint about the quonsets?"

"And then in some ways I prefer Gladys."

If a girls wants to get a man to marry her, she has to use her come-on sense.

---

She was only the optician's daughter—two glasses and she made a spectacle of herself.

---

1st Coed: Oh, my head's ringing this morning.

2nd Coed: Well, you shouldn't have tried to be the belle of the party last night.

---

"Matrimony's" not a word—it's a sentence.

---

When a girl is the sunshine in your life, she's bound to make things hot for you.

---

Why do you swear so much?  
'I talk like that just as a matter of cuss.



She was only a chaplain's daughter, but you couldn't put anything pastor.

---

My uncle is a fresh heir fiend—he changes his will every month.

---

When better exams are made, they won't be passed.

## 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

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For a Party of 4 or 5

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"Do you college boys waste much time?"

"No, most of the co-eds are reasonable!"

"I hear Doris is engaged to an X-ray specialist."

"Wonder what he sees in her?"

Wallflower: I'm as fit as a fiddle, but. . . .

Blonde: . . . . you need a beau to play with!

A gal you'll like  
Is Peggy Bong;  
She's rather short,  
But lingers long!

Joe: "It says here that women in the middle ages used cosmetics."

Moe: "Hmm. Women in the middle ages still use them!"

"Well, young man, so you wish to become my son-in-law?"

"Not exactly, sir. I only want to marry your daughter."

Excuse me, Madam, but could I help it if you got between me and the spitoon?

Jane: The man I marry must be a hero.

Betty: Oh, you're not as bad as all that.

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MORT WALKER

"But Your Pants Are Green!"

## TIGER TALK . . .

(Continued from page 13)

date. She was a little peeved because all the Deacon wanted to do was play the pin-ball machine and she wanted to dance. They



compromised. He played the pin-ball machine.

---

Someone wrote in that Marie "Slim" Putney and George Deal made a "Regal" pair at the Triple D. dance. Has this something to do with the kind of shoes they were wearing?

---

A new trend on the campus is the practice of house presidents going out together. Charlie Ridgeway, SGA White Father, has been squiring the Great White Mother of the Theta House, Greta Sayers, and Bob Kirby, Kappa Sig, and Alma Wyatt, A Chio, are other Albinos seen together recently. Wonder if they ever get out with the enlisted personnel.

---

We thought at first that Berkeley Kirschman owned a new kind of amphibious vehicle when we heard everyone going around saying, "Water car. Whater car." But upon investigation we discovered that it was just a Buick land yacht. Have any trouble using knots instead of miles-per-hour, Berk?

SAFE

SOUND

DEPENDABLE

# EXCHANGE NATIONAL BANK

1865

"The Friendly Bank"

1947

## Yesser it's Esser—



## For Graduation Gifts

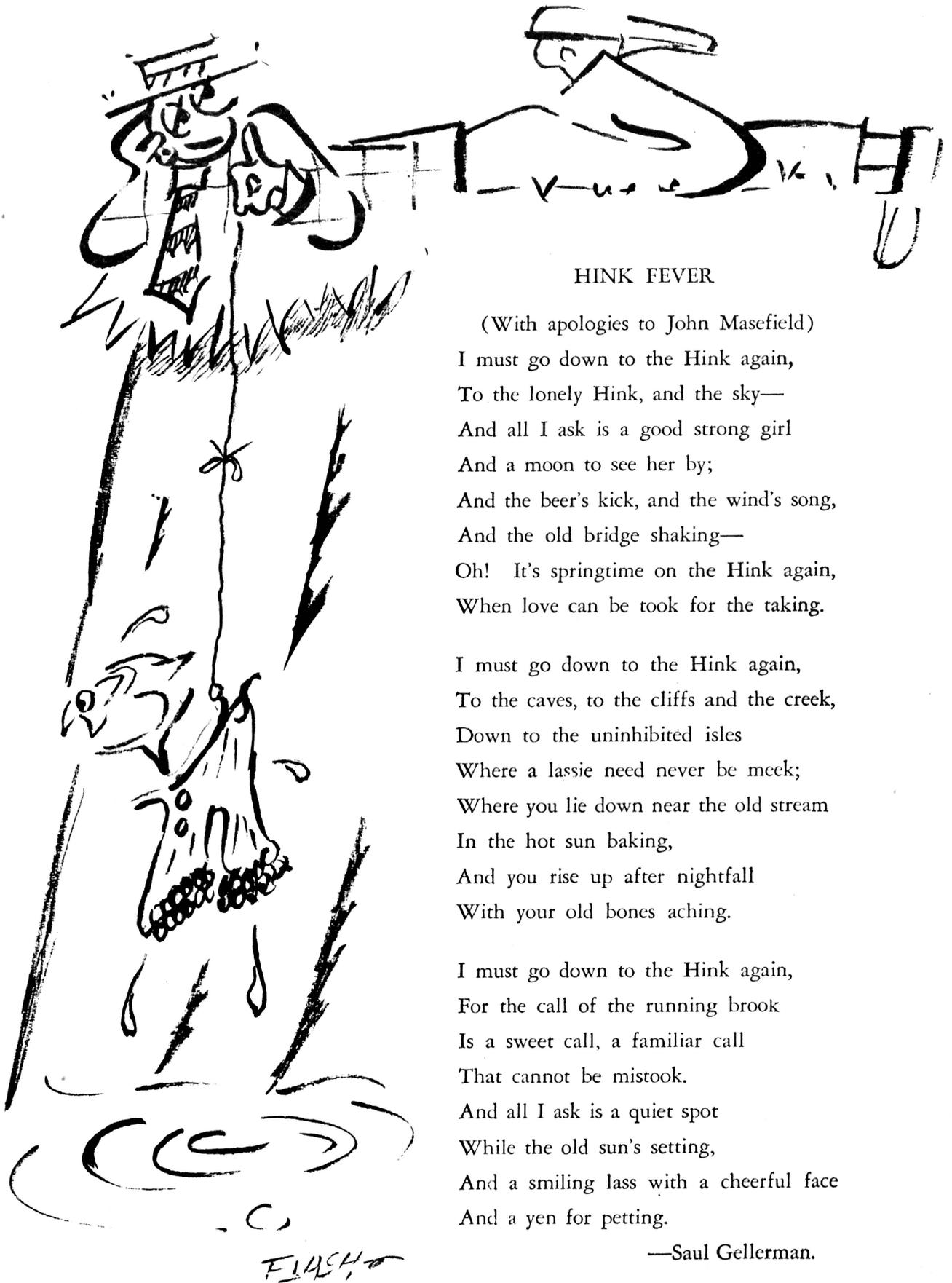
Visit the "Upstairs" Gift Shop

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- Shaving Kits
- Ladies' U.S. Howland Swim Caps
- Golf Equipment
- Fishing Supplies
- Leather Goods
- Glassware

## Esser Drug Store

715 Broadway

Phone 4300



## HINK FEVER

(With apologies to John Masefield)

I must go down to the Hink again,  
To the lonely Hink, and the sky—  
And all I ask is a good strong girl  
And a moon to see her by;  
And the beer's kick, and the wind's song,  
And the old bridge shaking—  
Oh! It's springtime on the Hink again,  
When love can be took for the taking.

I must go down to the Hink again,  
To the caves, to the cliffs and the creek,  
Down to the uninhibited isles  
Where a lassie need never be meek;  
Where you lie down near the old stream  
In the hot sun baking,  
And you rise up after nightfall  
With your old bones aching.

I must go down to the Hink again,  
For the call of the running brook  
Is a sweet call, a familiar call  
That cannot be mistook.  
And all I ask is a quiet spot  
While the old sun's setting,  
And a smiling lass with a cheerful face  
And a yen for petting.

—Saul Gellerman.

The ATO's are making that fourth floor pay for itself. They have opened up an observatory and are charging admission to observe the heavenly bodies on the Tri Delt sun bathing porch. Here's our dime.

---

Thriller-diller of the month: Masked men with a diabolical purpose in mind attacked the A D Pi house. The girls didn't mind the men so much as they did the goat which they found wondering around the second floor. The girls, not knowing how to entertain anything with a beard, gave it the bum's rush. The masked band disappeared into the night foiled in their plans of having the goat eat off the back door lock.

---

"Moneybags" Smith, SAE, took off for the Derby with a built-in bar in the rear of his convertible.



Showme exclusive — Pat McKee, Gamma Phi, pinned to Frank Becklean, SAE.

---

"Dixie" Bob Gunderson has been running all over town look-

# Enjoy

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*"No Finer Candy Than Busy Bee"*

# Shades of the Past Invade Mizzou

THE return to the Campus of a long-lost tradition brought thoughts of the good ol' days when M. U. soldiers of the R.O.T.C. unit held their annual Ball early this month.



Cadet officers in full dress uniforms gave Kappas Pat Burnett and Martha Furr a thrill with personal delivery of invitations. (above)



Barbara Embleton is the lucky Pi Phi receiving the salute and invitation from the brass delegation. (left)

Cadet Colonel George Denton leads the Grand March opening the Ball. The Colonel's Lady Barbara Embleton holds down his salutin' arm.



ing for a white coat that will fit him. He's really not so hard to fit—it's just that those 93 inch arms cause a little difficulty.

Massey Watson is planning on opening up a date bureau. He's always doing something for the boys.

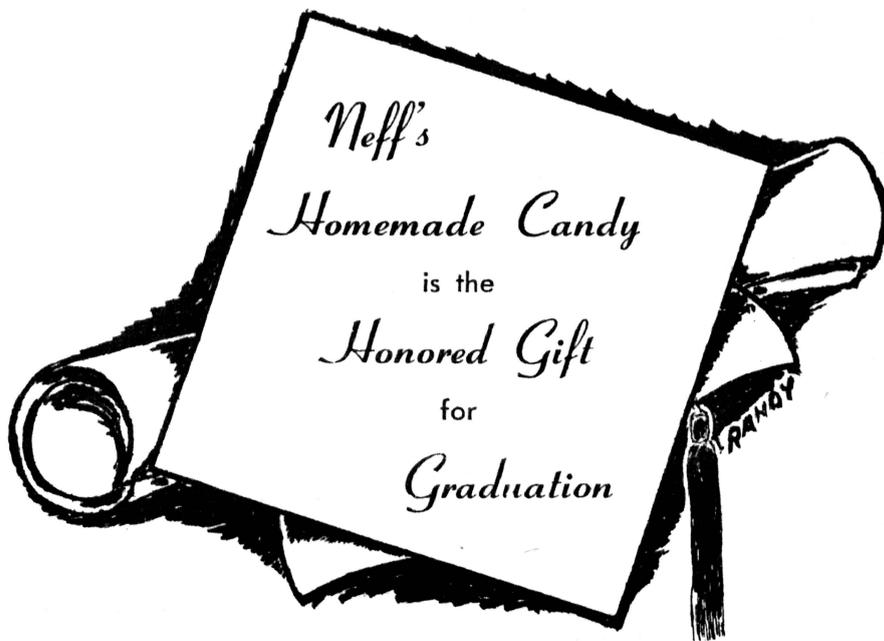
Betty Meyers was hospitalized with a swollen face. Before she went in, the popular diagnosis ranged from mumps or poison oak to being hit with a baseball bat or a beer bottle. But it all turned out to be just an unglamorous food-poisoning.

Reuben Robinson, ace pole polisher of Jesse Hall, (he claims his actual title is janitor) has been transferred to the Education building. Reuben is quite bitter. "They ain't as much purty women there," says he.

Bill Carpenter, Phi Delt, only wears those sun glasses all the time to keep people from not recognizing him.

Gene Young, 213 Hitt, goes to the "Hink" frequently with a Stephen's Assistant Athletic Director. She assists him by hunting for rocks for his geology class, and he reciprocates by being her Judo assistant—practicing holds, you know.

"Lil" Jack Moore, Kappa Sig, started going out with his "psych" lab instructor, Helen Rozzel, ADPi. Jack says that he had a lapse of memory on their first date and tried using psychology—with definite negative results, as you



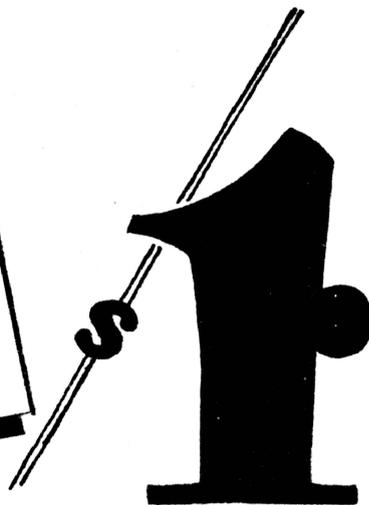
## neff's date and candy shop

NINTH AND UNIVERSITY

# T-BONE STEAKS

*with*

- Lettuce Salad
- French Fries
- and Drink



might expect. He hasn't said what he tried the next time.

Bill Pfander from the Farmhouse has given up wearing grease paint and false whiskers over at Stephen's any more. Not only that, he's using his own name.

Mona "Meatball" Mutersbaugh, Delta Gamma, and "Tur-

key" Bently, Phi Delt, are seeing stars in each other's eyes.

Shirley Jean Wild, Zeta, is expecting these days — a new Buick convertible, that is. She says she knows exactly what color and model it's going to be— someone ought to tell her that people just can't control those sort of things.

Sorry to hear that Maggie Sayles, PiPhi, has left her post as Society editor of the Missouri Student. Sure is a low blow to society in general.

Posies to Martha Furr, Kappa, the little girl with the lovely voice. She's always very accommodating when called upon to deliver impromptu selections at parties. She loves the singing part, but sometimes the milk she drinks to stay in shape gets more than a little tiresome.

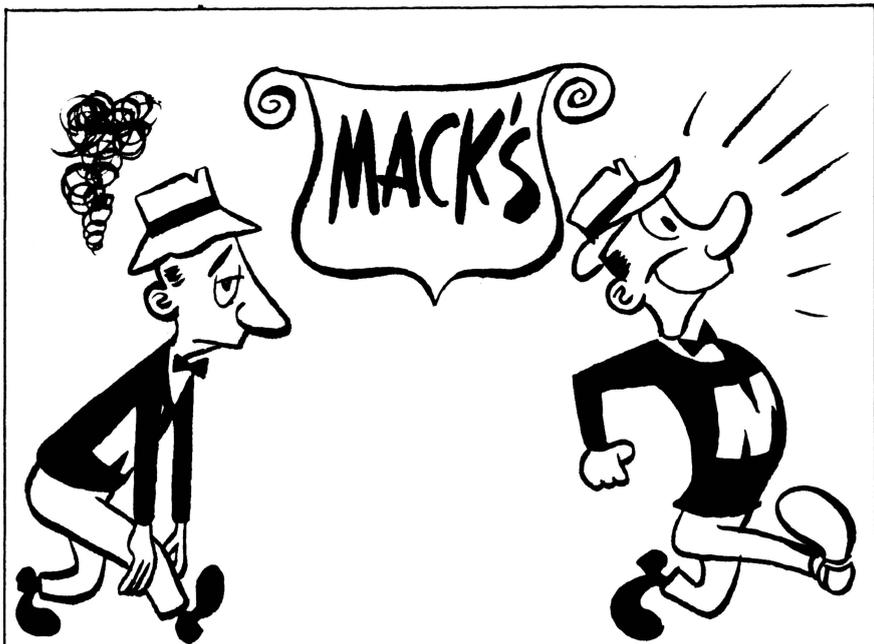
The Thetas have a neat idea for financing their parties. At their Country Club Garden Dance they built a wishing well and encouraged everyone to toss in their pennies and make a wish. It is still a matter of fate whether the wishers will have their wish come true or not but there is no doubt that the Thetas realized a cool seven dollars and sixty nine cents on the venture. One of the girls who is really a go-getter suggested that the next party be a Swimming Pool Fiesta and taunt Lady Luck with four-bit pieces.

Flash! Evelyn "Wrigley's Delight" Schulman is masticating like mad again now that her wisdom teeth flunked out.

The ATO's recently entertained Alumni and parents at weekend parties. Need we add that these were two separate and entirely different weekends?

came in late last night you said that you had been to the Hall and now you say that you were at the Missouri."

Suspect: "When I came in last night I couldn't say Missouri."



*If* you feel sort of lax  
And don't know what to do,  
Come on down to Mack's  
And enjoy a good old brew.

Everyone else does it,  
You can do it too.  
Come on down to Mack's  
And enjoy a good old brew.

**MACK'S CAFE**



*"Reflection"*

A reflection shone one day  
 Thru mists of heavy air.  
 An amber lake remade for me  
 A scene of heaven, where  
 Castled peaks of cumulus  
 Stood suspended white  
 In ecstatic loveliness  
 Gleaming God's own light.

So white, so true, so fine they  
 seemed,  
 My groggy mind was sent  
 On raving things to human thanks  
 For things to humans lent.  
 I told my friend who sat nearby  
 My thoughts so pure sincere.  
 He said, and blew the foam away,  
 "Shut up and drink your beer."

Blonde: "I was out with an  
 M.U. man last night and we  
 walked four miles!"

Redhead: "For goodness  
 sakes!"

Blonde: "How did you know?"

"Give me a chicken salad."  
 said a fellow at one of the local  
 beaneries.

"Do you want the forty cent  
 one or the fifty cent one?" asked  
 the waitress.

"What's the difference?"

"The forty cent ones are made  
 of veal and pork, and the fifty  
 cent ones are made of tuna."



ONCE upon a time every little boy thought  
 that the way to reach the other side of  
 the world was to take his little spade  
 and dig a tunnel through the globe.

He had dreams of reaching a strange land of enchantment. He dug and dug; but as he grew older, he was disillusioned for he realized that he could never dig that far — that he could never contact that strange land of enchantment. But today even this tiny little boy knows that *many* strange lands of enchantment may be reached in a matter of minutes. From the time he learns to walk he knows that the TELEPHONE in his home will connect him with any and *all* strange lands.

**MISSOURI  
 TELEPHONE  
 COMPANY**

**MEET MR. HARRIS . . .**



Who is always Ready  
 to serve you.

**BENGAL SHOP**

ACROSS FROM B. & P. A. SCHOOL

"Did you ever hear anything so beautiful?" exclaimed the daughter of the house, as she turned a new swing record on the Victrola.

"No," replied her father. "The nearest thing I ever heard to it was when a truck loaded with empty milk cans had a collision with another truck that was loaded with hogs."

In reply to an advertisement for an organist who could also teach music, the following epistle was received:

Gentlemen: In reply to your ad for a music teacher and organist, either lady or gentleman, will say that I have been both for several years, and I am sure that I can handle the job."

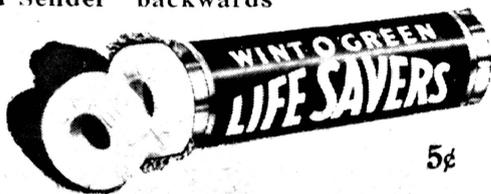
WIN A CARTON OF LIFE SAVERS! The best joke submitted before the end of school will be published in the September Showme. Address entries to SHOWME, NEFF HALL, COLUMBIA, MO.

Are you a  
Rednes dilos\*



Do you win the gals with your smooth line—then lose 'em with your rough breath? Cheer up, chum! You can be a super solid sender. Just get hep to luscious Life Savers. Those dandy, handy candies keep your breath so-o-o fresh!

\* "Solid Sender" backwards



5¢

JOSE (who likes to brag): Juan, I theenk I weel sheep 50 bools to the bool fight in Mexico City.

JUAN (who sees all, hears all, and says little) doesn't bother to reply.

JOSE: Juan, I theenk I weel sheep 100 bools to the beeg bool fight in Mexico City!

JUAN still remains quiet.

JOSE (striking the bench with his fist in desperation): Juan, I theenk I weel sheep 150 bools to the bool fight in Mexico City. What you theenk of dat?

JUAN: I theenk you are beeg bool sheepeer.

LIFESAVER JOKE CONTEST  
WINNER

Man may have more courage than woman, but he doesn't have half the chance to show his backbone.

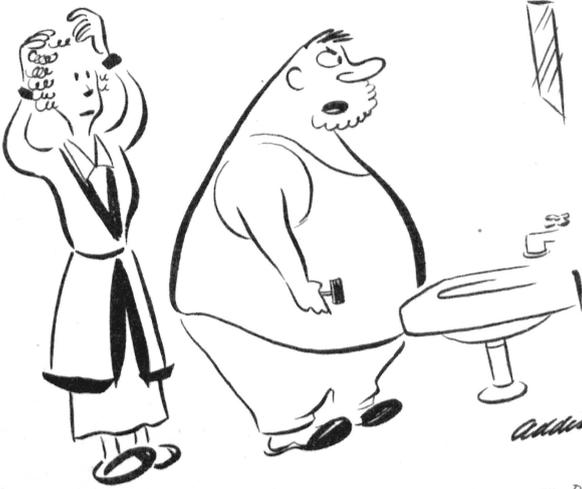
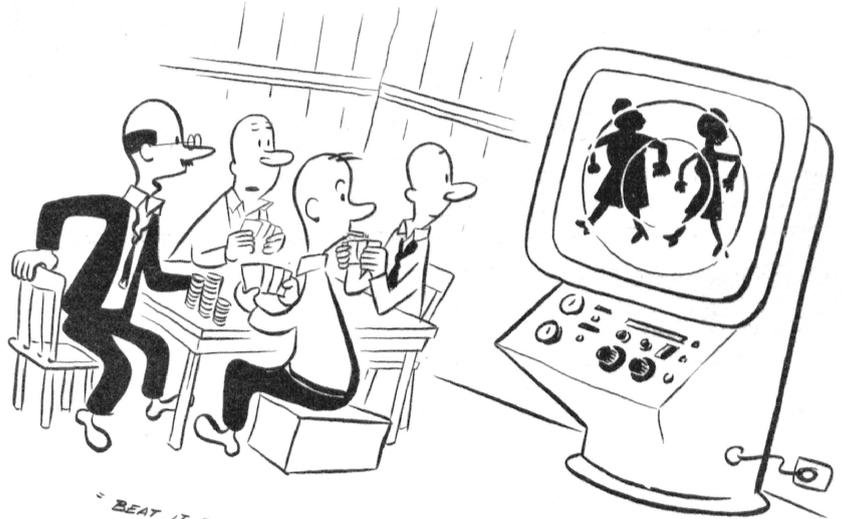
Susie Hindman  
701 Maryland

YEARS  
of  
Satisfactory  
Service

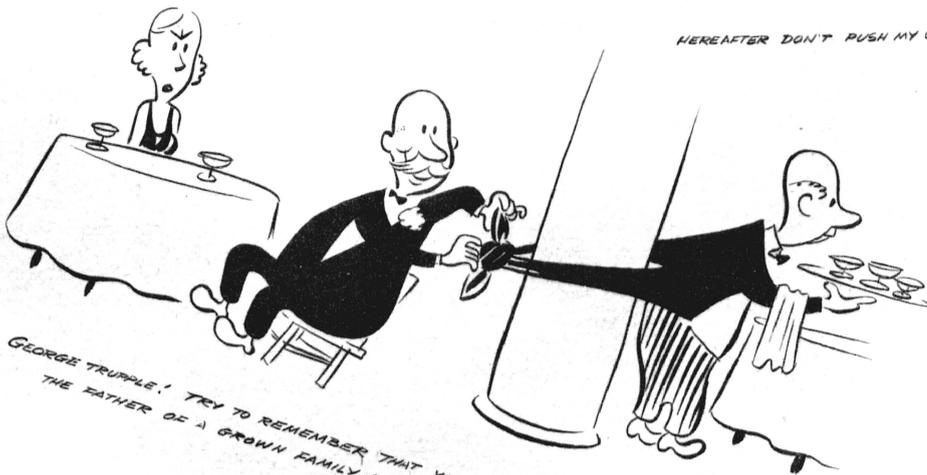
Popular Prices

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HOTEL

Phone 4105



Y'KNOW, SOMETIMES BEING BOTH FAT AND NEARSIGHTED HAS ITS DISADVANTAGES.



GEORGE TRUPPLE! TRY TO REMEMBER THAT YOU'RE A BANK PRESIDENT AND THE FATHER OF A GROWN FAMILY!

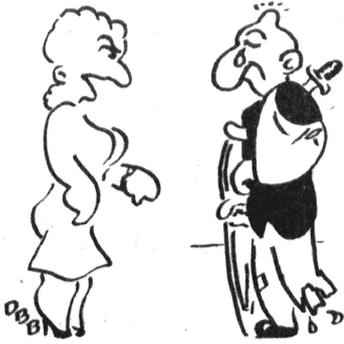
Addison M.



Landlady: If you don't pay your rent, I want your room.

Veteran: Oh, I'm sure you wouldn't like it here.

A young couple registered at a hotel and were shown to their



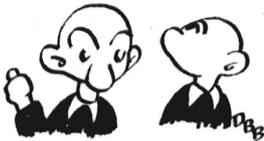
*You're Late!*

room. The new bride was very concerned when she saw the twin beds in the room. "What's the matter, darling?" asked the groom.

"Why," she answered, "I certainly thought we were going to get a room to ourselves.

Frosh: "Transfer, please."

Conductor: "Where to?"



*He's Drunk*

Frosh: "Can't tell you, It's a surprise party."

A professor who speaks eight languages marries woman who speaks five.—News Item The advantage is still with the bride.



I wish I were a kangaroo  
Despite his funny stances  
I'd have a place to put the junk  
My girl brings to the dances.

—Purple Parrot.

And then there was the Republican who was kicked out of the party for having pink toothbrush.

A pessimist is a person who owns a cigaret lighter and carries matches.

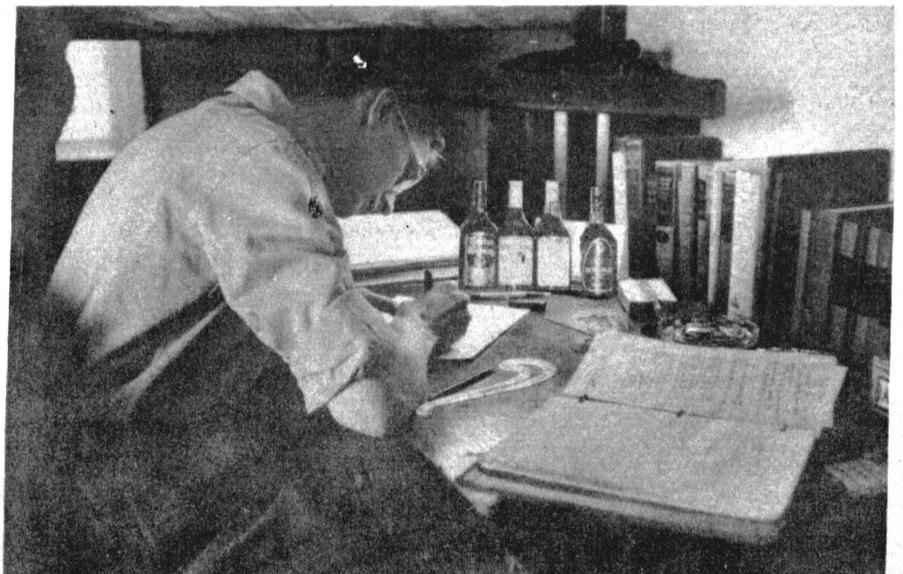
George: I failed in everything but anthropology.

Bill: How was that?

George: I didn't take anthropology.



*Ever Play Any Baseball?*



Dear Readers:

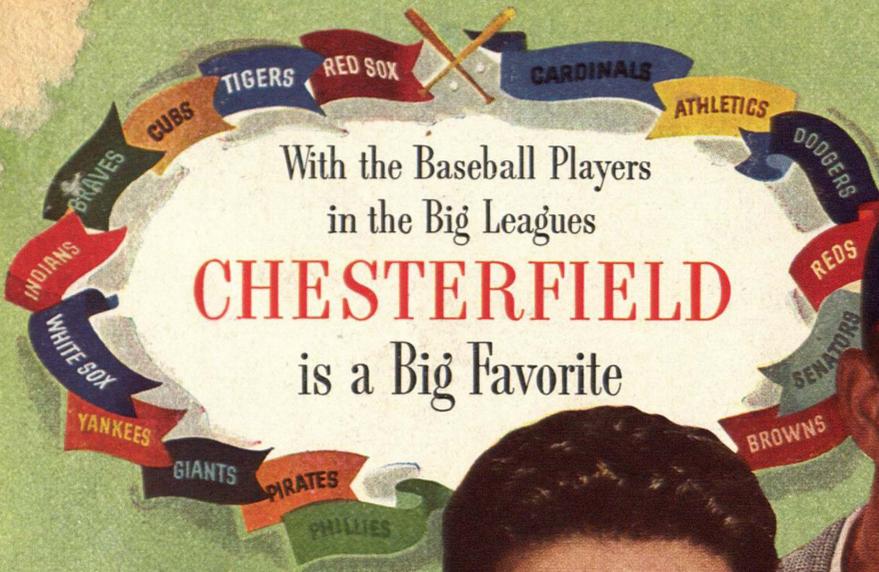
Another school year has gone by and with it has gone another successful year of Showme publication. This has been our first full year of work since before the war and we have had considerable trouble getting back on our funny-bone, so to speak. At the time of the printing of this last issue, however, our books are in the black, two issues have sold out, we've built up a following on the campus, and we have a new pencil sharpener. Things are fine.

Next September we will start the year out laughing by greeting you at the station with the first copy. It will be full of photographs, cartoons, and many new features such as campus personality sketches, serious stories, gossip, and public opinion polls. We want to make the magazine the liveliest thing on the campus -- so red hot you can't hold it and so interesting you can't put it down.

Have a swell vacation -- will see you in the funny papers.

Yours truly,

The Editors



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in the Big Leagues  
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