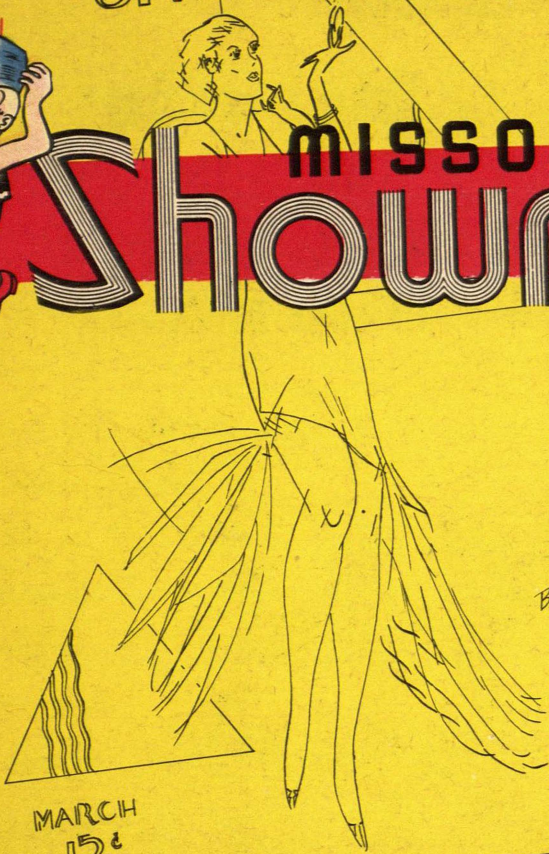


THE NEW  
SHOWME

SHOWME



# MISSOURI SHOWME



BRAXTON  
POLARD

MARCH  
15<sup>th</sup>  
1930



WALKER

Psychology 122w  
A Short Story

SHOWME  
for September 1922



Sing to  
- Fair

**30<sup>TH</sup>**  
ANNIVERSARY  
ISSUE

OCTOBER 1950

25¢

SKIP  
TROELSTRUP

# 30 YEAR ADVERTISER



Make a one stop  
trip to the  
**MISSOURI STORE** for  
All your needs . . .

2. Listen to popular records or purchase  
yours from our large selections.

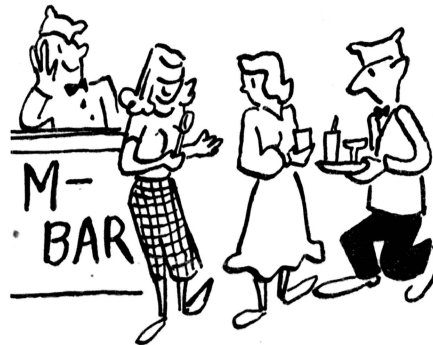


4. Let the Fix-it shop repair your 'lectric  
razors, pens and typewriters, slide  
rules, etc.



These services and many more  
are offered to you to help you  
save time, money and unnecessary  
bother. So come in today and look  
over our store from top to bottom.  
There'll be something you need!

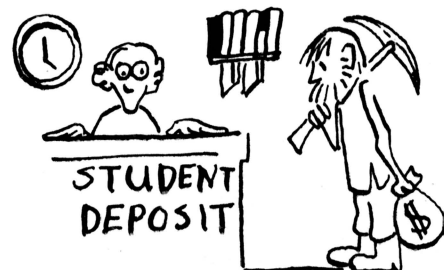
1. Get your favorite cold drinks  
and sandwiches



at the  
**M-BAR**  
in the  
basement  
arcade.

3. Smart students keep their money  
safe in the

**STUDENT DEPOSIT CLUB**



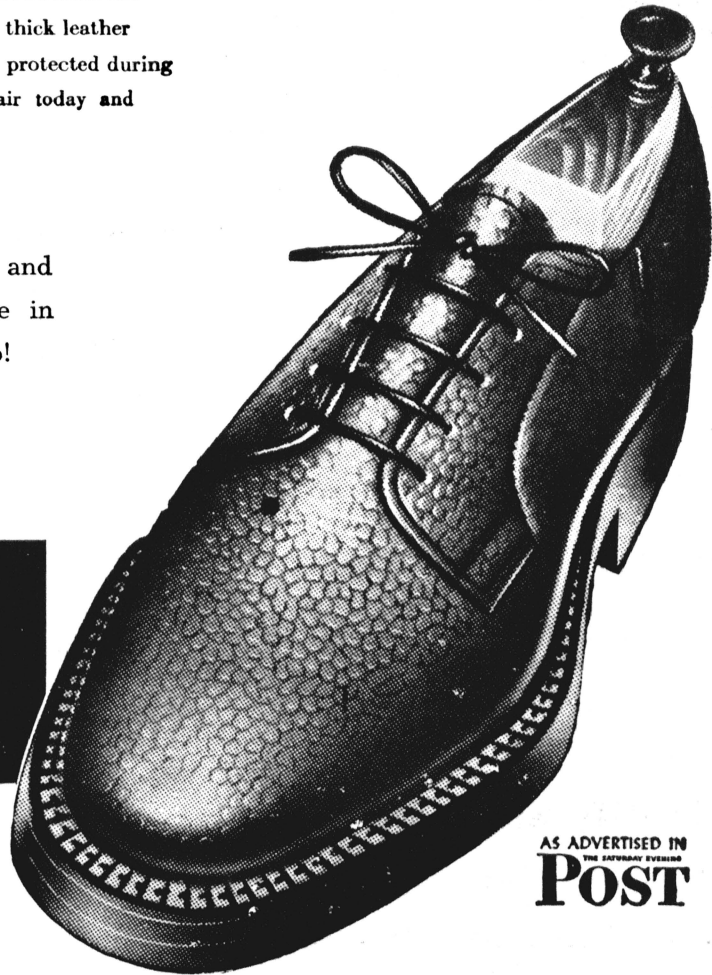
**MISSOURI STORE**  
Across from the University Library

Rugged Scotch Grain Leather

## *Jarman* Scotch Grainadiers

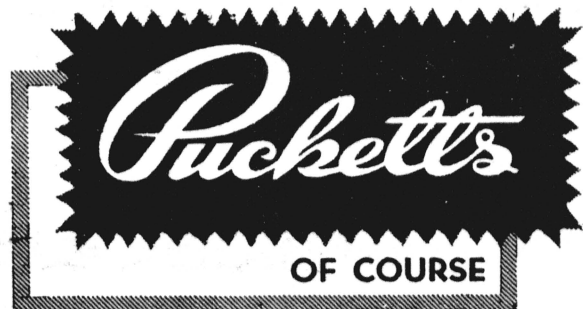
The classic plain toe design teams up with Scotch grain leather in this smart Jarman blucher. It's full leather lined with thick leather sole and heel, to keep you fully protected during all kinds of weather. Try a pair today and discover "friendliness of fit."

Light tan, cordovan and Scotch Grain. Available in plain toe or wing tip!

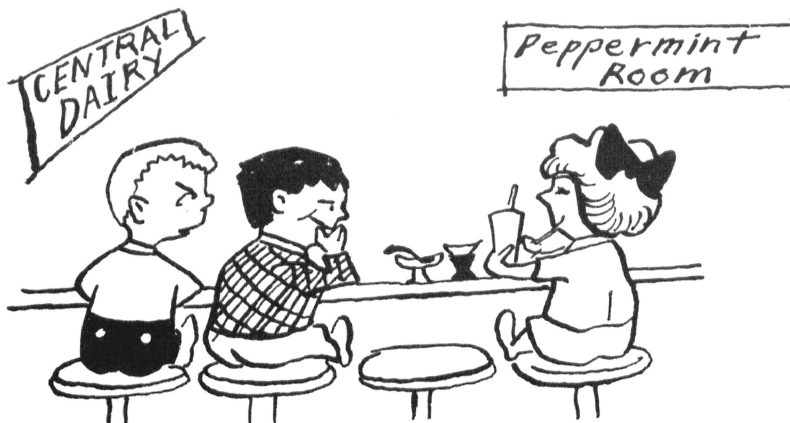


AS ADVERTISED IN  
THE SATURDAY EVENING  
**POST**

**\$995 to \$1395**  
*Some Styles Higher*



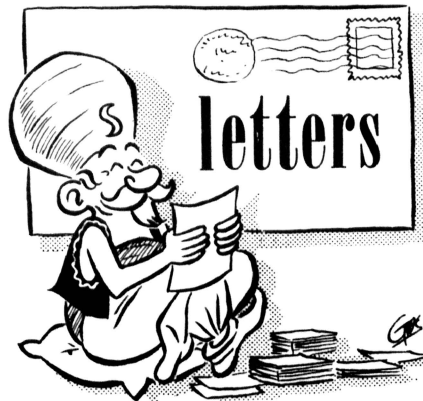
## 30 YEAR ADVERTISER



"When are ya goin' wise up to women? She's just giving ya the eye so that you'll ask her to meet ya at THE PEPPERMINT ROOM tomorrow. All women like to come here."



"You can tell his date is wearing a dress from Julies."



### The Beginning

We were anxious to discover just how *Showme* had started, so we adopted an intelligent attitude and wrote one of the original founders. His answer follows:

"When I got your letter of 22 July and noted that you planned to celebrate the 35th Anniversary of *Showme* I thought that my memory must have slipped a cog for I attended the University in '20 and '21, which would be just thirty years ago, not thirty-five. (It was our hearing that had slipped, not your memory—Ed.)

"We may be crazy, but this is the way we recall the event. A bunch of us, Frank F.B. Houston, now of Los Angeles, Bill Tweedie, of Jefferson City, Lyle Wilson, now head of U.P. in Washington and Eddie DeLong, now Public Relations Director of Princeton, were sitting around talking over the fact that Missouri had no humor magazine... and so decided to start one.

"Eddie DeLong and Frank Houston thought up the name—Bill Tweedie was business manager; I was the advertising manager, Frank was art editor, Eddie, the joke editor, etc. It was not a Journalism school activity, but a private organization.

"We rented a room downtown and started to put out a monthly. And how we worked! We had no credit—had to pay the printer cash. Had no advertising, no national advertising for the back cover; no money for color work. The local business men didn't especially want a humor magazine (they'd never seen a copy, of

course) and felt that their advertising should go into the local papers—not a magazine for national circulation.

“We slaved and sweated and suffered and got the first issue out and it was pretty terrible. Some of the faculty objected to our rather pointed brand of humor and some oaf had slipped in a couple of dirty jokes. Some of the cartoons poked fun at a well-known professor and some had girls showing a little too much leg—and the magazine very nearly died at birth. But we went on begging advertising and asking for jokes and copy and it gradually got to be accepted and liked.

“Frank and Lyle Wilson and I left the magazine to write a musical comedy called “The Green Jug” in which Jane Rogers played the lead. (Jane and her sister Torch went on to stage and radio fame.) Frank did the music—which was very good and Lyle Wilson, Hugh Gibson and myself did the book and directed the show.

“That’s the story as nearly as I can remember. Hope you can check it for accuracy. Will watch to see how you handle it when we get a copy at San Jose State as I am, this year, going to be the faculty advisor for *Lyke*, our own humor mag.

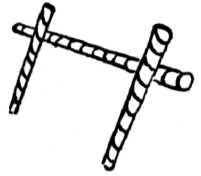
Cordially yours,  
Owen Atkinson

“P.S. Congratulations on the bang-up job you are now doing with *Showme*. Everybody says it is about the best of all the college humor magazines.”

“Our sincere thanks to Mr. Atkinson for the history and the nice words—Ed.



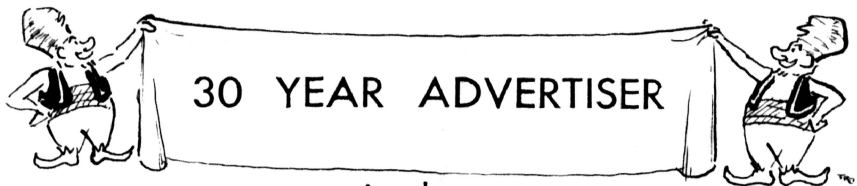
## A Touchdown is Scored at the PEN POINT



Touchdown is the easiest pen in the world to fill. It empties, cleans and refills in a single downstroke. Air does the work! Stop in and see this revolutionary pen...Priced from only \$10.00.

109 on the Strollway

## Look for the Words...



in the  
**ADVERTISEMENTS**

in this issue

### It Means...

that the advertiser has supported **SHOWME** since the **first year** of **SHOWME** history. That **SHOWME** has carried the advertisers message to Mizzou students for **thirty years**.

### Our Thanks...

go to both the 30th Anniversary advertisers and to those advertisers who have more recently chosen **SHOWME** as the **best medium** for reaching students at **Christian** and **Stephens** as well as the University.

**SHOWME Advertising pays**

DARLING! HOW DID YOU GET IT BACK SO SOON. YOU SNAPPED IT ONLY YESTERDAY

THAT'S EASY... I TOOK THE FILM TO KNIGHT'S DRUG SHOP\* THEY GIVE 24 HR. FINISHING SERVICE !!  
\*815 BROADWAY  
PH 4101



30 YEAR ADVERTISER



All Join  
 Hands!

All join hands with  
 Beech-Nut Gum!

Circle around and  
 reach for some!

To enjoy its fresh  
 coolness, don't be slow!

Swing to Beech-Nut,  
 Do-si-do.

Y' can't beat Beech-Nut  
 for taste and quality.  
 Swing to Beech-Nut...  
 Beech-Nut Gum!



WELL, here IT is," said the man, displaying he knew not what. In our case, the IT is the *Anniversary Issue*. We spent a lot of time in intensive research digging this stuff out of the library's inner-sanctum. Some of you may think it wasn't worth it. Actually it was very much worth it. However, rather than follow in the footsteps (off campus) of many of the old issues, we restrained ourselves and printed the milder (?) stuff.

A resume of what our research turned up is to be found in *Around the Columns*. The actual findings fill the rest of the magazine, with a new "goodie" thrown in here and there.

Actually this issue is sort of an experiment. We want to see

if the things that were funny in the twenties and thirties are still funny today. Since the entire staff is composed of cynics, it's up to you, the reader to decide. Maybe you'll discover that things haven't changed too much.

For your benefit we tacked dates onto all the material—nothing has been changed. Even the cartoons were copied down to the finest detail; the covers on our cover are exact reproductions. The only changes are, in most cases, story headings and illustrations.

We would like to thank the Missouri Historical Society and its members for opening their files for our benefit and for putting up with our typewriter banging, illegal cigarette butts and occasional swearing at a hard-to-copy carton. We really appreciate it.

Next month we will issue our pride and joy—an issue that we have been planning for many months—*The Saturday Evening Pest*. We think you'll enjoy it. See you then. *Jerry*

## Staff

**Editor-in-chief**  
 Jerry Smith

**Associate Editors**  
 Herb Green  
 Glenn Troelstrup

**Advertising Director**  
 Ed Overholser

**Photo Editor**  
 Tom Smith

**Publicity Directors**  
 Fred Seidner  
 Marshall Siegel

**Art Editor**  
 Herb Knapp

**Exchange Secretary**  
 Mary Ann Dunn

**Business Manager**  
 Alan Ebner

**Asst. Bus. Manager**  
 Carolyn Lipshy

**Circulation Managers**  
 Homer Ball  
 Dude Haley  
 Dick Sedler

**Sales Manager**  
 Dick Rogers

**Secretary**  
 Mary Ann Fleming  
 Joey Bellows

**Proof Reader**  
 Mel Britt

**Art Staff:** Pat Kilpatrick, Marilyn McLarty

**Photos:** Gene Rapier, Al Paro

**Advertising:** Joy Kuyper, Carroll Sand

**Features:** Don Dunn, Jerry Litner, Fred Shapiro, Bob Skole, Joel Gold  
**Publicity:** Phil Cohen, Jay Goldman, Lloyd Hellman, Judy Klawans,  
 Joy Laws, Barbara Lee, Nikki, Zemliak.

**Circulation:** Bill Alexander, Bob Herman, Jerry James, Harold Wiley



# MISSOURI Showme

YOUR CAMPUS HUMOR MAGAZINE

## Contents



### The Adventures of Ambrose

A 1921 nonsensical serial about two something-or-others and several whatchacallits that ended exactly as it had started and continued—without reason ..... 14

### Fire! Fire! At Jesse Hall

You've heard about this sooo many times, and read about it even more. But here's the story of how the columns came to be—from 1933 ..... 24



### The Story of Little Nell

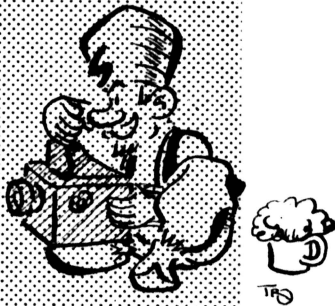
Here's a silly little story in Greek—Nu Greek. So un-Kappa beer, drink Alpha bottle and prepare to translate this 1937 offering ..... 18

### The Mud Puppy

A few mild passages from an Outlaw column of 1929. After reading this slander sheet you'll probably be glad that it died before your time ..... 41

### Mizzou in the Twenties

Herb Green borrowed Swami's crystal ball, said the secret cuss word and took a look into the past. The result is recorded for posterity with something new in the way of center-spreads ..... 22



### Literary Indigestion

Petting, smoking and other sports commonly enjoyed by college students have been the subject of much criticism ever since when. Here's a resume from a fairly recent period—1928 ..... 26

Cover by Glenn Troelstrup

Volume 27

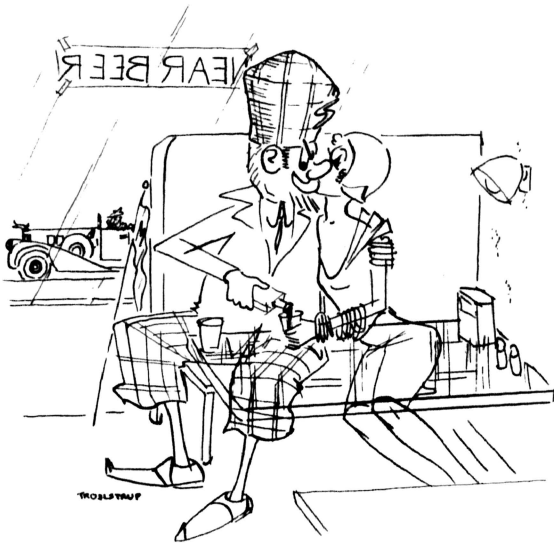
October, 1950

Number 2



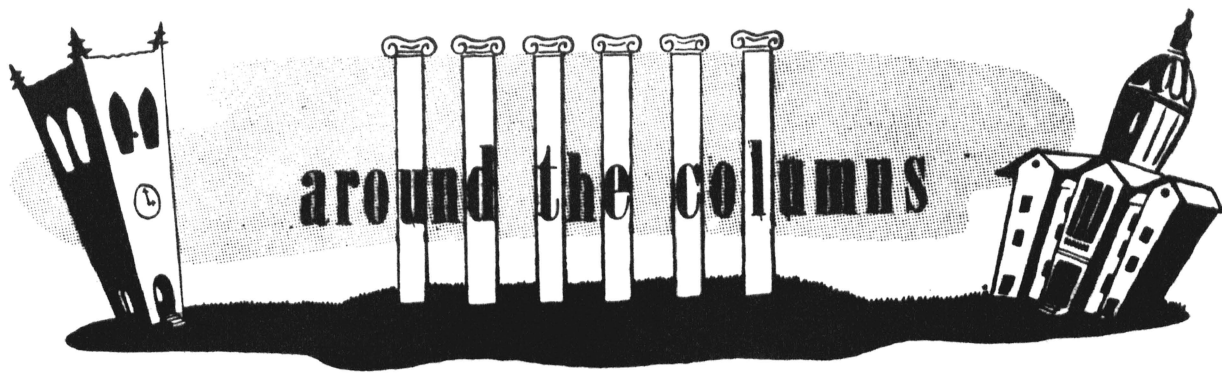
SHOWME is published nine times, September through May, during the college year by the Students of the University of Missouri. Office: 304 Read Hall, Columbia, Mo. All copyrights reserved. Unsolicited manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Advertising 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, 304 Read Hall.





*H*IDE your whiskey, stash your gin,  
Guard your blonde and flirty Gerties;  
Watch your pin-ups drawn by Petty  
Swami's reached his sassy thirties.





## History

Maybe you aren't interested in the history of *Showme*, but just to show you who the hell is editing this book, we're going to give you a few pages of it—stick around, we think you'll find it interesting.

## Nothing New

After about 25 hours in the files of old *Showmes* we have come to the conclusion that there isn't such a thing as a new joke. We were amazed to find jokes back in 1920 that are still being used today (and not only by *Showme*—we steal our jokes from other mags).

You will undoubtedly discover this for yourself as you finger through the pages of jokes that we have provided; though we have tried to cut out all of those that we remember as having been printed in *Showme* in our "modern" history.

But, all in all, it just proves the joke about the joke cycle—we steal 'em from you, you steal 'em from someone else, they steal 'em from us. In a few years they'll all be new again.

## Kid Showme

*Showme* of the early twenties was not too dissimilar from the *Showme* of today. A thirty-two page book was tops (only recently has *Showme* reached the "peaks" of 48 pages). Stories were a rarity in those days, even shorter than short. Jokes and cartoons were thrown helter-skelter into the mag to fill space between the few ads.

The first *Showme* housed itself independently in the Guitar Building. In the latter twenties, due to financial difficulties, it slipped silently back into the University, taking up residence in Lowry Hall.

Prices varied in these first twenty years of *Showme* history. Ranging from a low of 10c to a high of 35c, the mag held what would be considered today as a death sentence circulation. In the thirties, the mag slapped itself on the back for gaining an all-time high for circulation—900

## Hot Numbers

In those days, issues were not issues, but "numbers". Some examples were, "Petting Number", "High Life Number", "Modest Number", and "In the Clutches Number."

Although money was a rarity, the staff evidently worked on the theory that one must spend money to make money. A joke contest was offered with prizes of \$5, \$3, \$2 and \$1 for the best jokes.



Swami was evident in the sig cut of the first issues—but he was rather elongated and looked like a bored Mervin. Later this ancient idea of Swami disappeared to be replaced by a clown similar to the Columbia Jester. Though today's Swami was there in spirit, he didn't appear in person in *Showme* until the '40's.

## The Outlaw

In 1924 the *Showme* mysteriously disappeared and in its place came the wild and woolly *Outlaw* with a promise of real, down-to-earth, humor. First price was two bits for 32 pages later 10c for 20 pages.

With offices outside the University, the *Outlaw* specialized in snappy cartoons and jokes. One issue contained a college version of the Ten Commandments. Liquor and Sex were THE topics. However, contrary to popular opinion, the *Outlaw* wasn't as rakish as history says.

With a threat of extinction handed it by the University, the *Outlaw* toned down its jokes and took a sharp slap at the "minority critics" who objected to their humor.

## Croy and O.O.

Page 10 of the first issue of the *Outlaw* was blessed by the letter from Homer Croy, the noted humorist. Mr. Croy recalled the days when he had attempted to start a humor mag at Mizzou. Said Mr. Croy, "...up to that time I had enjoyed comparatively good health." Mr. Croy's mag, by the way, was the *Oven*—four pages of "roasts" which sold for a nickel.

Also blessing the opposite page was a letter from O.O. McIntyre which dispelled the hallucinations that we have had in the past about O.O. being the founder of *Showme*. He never attended Mizzou. He did, however, allow himself to be adopted as Godfather of the *Outlaw* and subsequently the *Showme*.



### Stephens, Too

In this period Stephens came into its own. A rather mild description by the *Outlaw* in '25 says "A cutie college where girls spend their time writing and receiving special delivery letters, breaking dates and dodging the decalogs."

The same issue describes a journalist as "A slick-garbed sucker bound for the gutter with joy in his heart." *Savitar* was "A chronicle of the year's crime, with chromos of the criminals." An engineer, "A dumbell dressed like an Ag who runs around Red Campus looking at co-eds' knees through transits."

### Dead Outlaw

In 1930 the *Outlaw* dissolved itself into the new *Showme*, came under the control of Sigma

Delta Chi (where it remained until recent times), and adopted a slogan, "Nonsense, Sense and Consequence"—via a contest and \$5.00.

We were gently surprised to read that the new mag took note of one Donovan Rhynsburger in the second issue. This was April, 1930. Considering the way he looks now, he must have been about 14 then. Jesse Wrench also began to break into print about this time—perhaps before, we may have missed it.

In a May '32 Issue of the *Showme*, Jesse was listed as the number one point of interest on the Campus. The Columns were number two. Number ten was the Rock Quarry. The Hink was completely ignored: evidently it's possibilities had not yet been exploited (or it was a secret).

Jellying was the number one sport and beer bust was non-existent. Flapper was the number one word, and Cheve convertibles were advertised for \$465 up—convertibles, too.

### Girl's Colleges

In September, 1930, the *Showme* printed articles on both Stephens and Christian—serious articles, written by girls attending those colleges. Described in a dignified manner, are some of the rules at Christian:

1. All window shades must be pulled down when the lights are on.
2. Girls are not permitted to talk more than three minutes to young men on the streets or in any store or eating place.

3. No girl is permitted to go shopping with a young man at any time. Etc.,

No Stephens rules were listed. Undoubtedly too many of them.

This was the big year—the year of 900 circulation—there were almost that many on the staff. A campaign was conducted to get the U to give students New Year's Day as a holiday. Ballots were printed and an editorial raised hell. No results were printed.

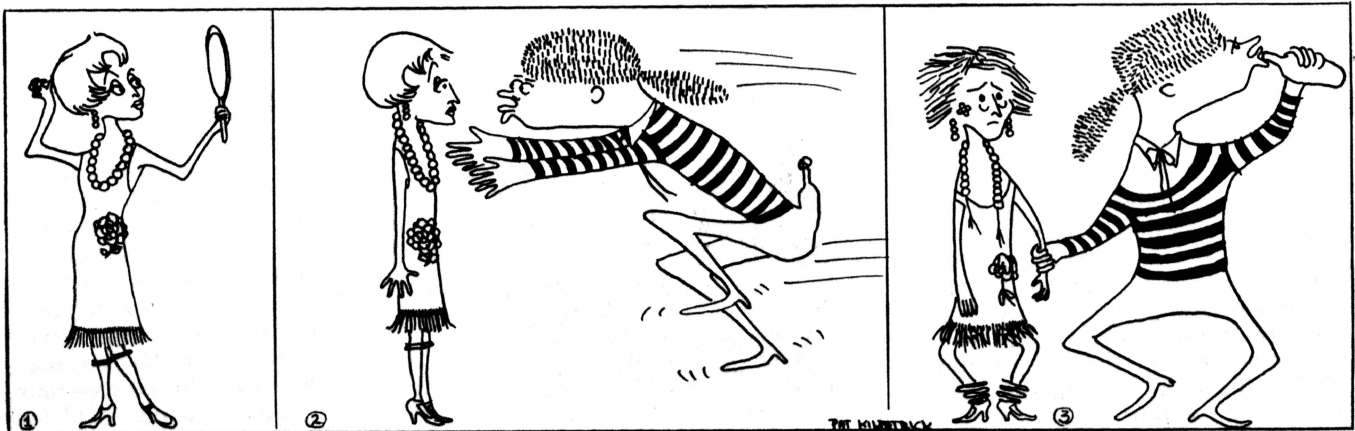
Lynn C. Mahan was editor and a cross-word puzzle appeared. The mag commented, "Belle of Baltimore was pure and chaste; Poo Po Pa Doo may not be so pure—But more CHASED."

### To Hell with U

Throughout its entire history *Showme* has never shown any reluctance to light into any campaign that needed campaigning



or tear into any reform that needed reforming. Serving (or trying to serve) as the voice of the students, the *Showme* found itself in more than its share of hot water.



Everything from proms to S.G.A. re-organization comes under the wrathful eye of *Showme* and company. In 1920 came the announcement that the U would build the Student Union. Shortly thereafter the *Showme* ran an editorial claiming that much more could be done with the money—the Union could wait. Never before and never since has a *Showme* editorial seen such a remarkable response!

On the side the *Showme* cynically kidded the *Missouri Student* for its reluctance to speak boldly on matters of student importance. A comment was, "Here we are, trying to be funny and failing, and the Student being funny without even trying." *Showme* even appointed a "Slam Editor" to report monthly on the *Student*—a job a child could handle.

### Greek Columns

By '32 *Showme* had more or less dropped humor and had become a note book and scandal sheet for fraternities and sororities. Everybody saw their name in print. That, too, sells magazines.

Jesse Hall and the columns were the recipient of much gentle kidding in the thirties, as they are today. And the mag looked back into the 1890s and made fun of the "old days." *Showme* suggested, "Patronize your old man's pocketbook; patronize your favorite sorority house, patronize the U.S. Mail; but for God's sake, patronize our advertisers."

Critics, then as now, forced *Showme* into periodical defense of their type of mag and made them eye the outskirts of the campus. In '35, as an answer to critics, *Showme* put out the "Extra-super-ultra-censored Issue."

### Big Time and Sex

In '36, *Showme* began to go big time with "stolen" stories by Walter Winchell (telling why he hates college students), Homer Croy, Paul Gallico and others. Dave Dexter (now big time, then student) was writing a full-time



Don Burckell

"That's great! Let's censor it!"

column on music for the mag and panning Fred Waring. *Showme* was becoming literary with book reviews and arty stories.

January of '39 saw the first "Sex" issue of *Showme*—in letters six inches high across the cover. By this time the slogan was "A reflection of modern,



campus thought". A lot of literary ideas remained, but they were disappearing. In the February '39 issue *Showme* began to move into the modern stage—a cartoon of Jesse Wrench appeared—beret, goatee and all.

War was a minor topic in '39, but full page ads of a pacifist organization appeared monthly. Thus ended the thirties and *Showme* made ready for wa-

and the "modern" age which was to follow with Mort Walker, Charles Nelson Barnard, Dick

Saunders, and Bill Gabriel. Recognize those names?

### Fame

We couldn't possibly dig the names of all the old staff members, who have hit the big time, out of the files, but we do have a few which we can list with great pride as *Showme's* honor list:

Lyle Wilson, UP Chief, Washington; Joe Alex Morris, former editor, *Colliers*; Dave McIntrye, drama critic, *N.Y. Journal-American*; Charles Nelson Barnard, associate editor, *True*; Dale Beronius, artist, *K.C. Star*; Ralph Daigh, editorial director, Fawcett Publications; Blevins Davis, Broadway producer; Dave Dexter, editor, *Downbeat*; Hal Boyle, AP columnist, war correspondent; Burris Jenkins, editorial cartoonist, Hearst Papers; Bob Broeg, sports writer, *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*; Bob Deindorfer, free lance sports writer; J. V. Connolly, late boss, King Features Syndicate; Mort Walker, editor 1000 *Jokes*, King Feature cartoonist; Elmer Woggon, cartoonist, "Steve Roper."

# candidly mizzou



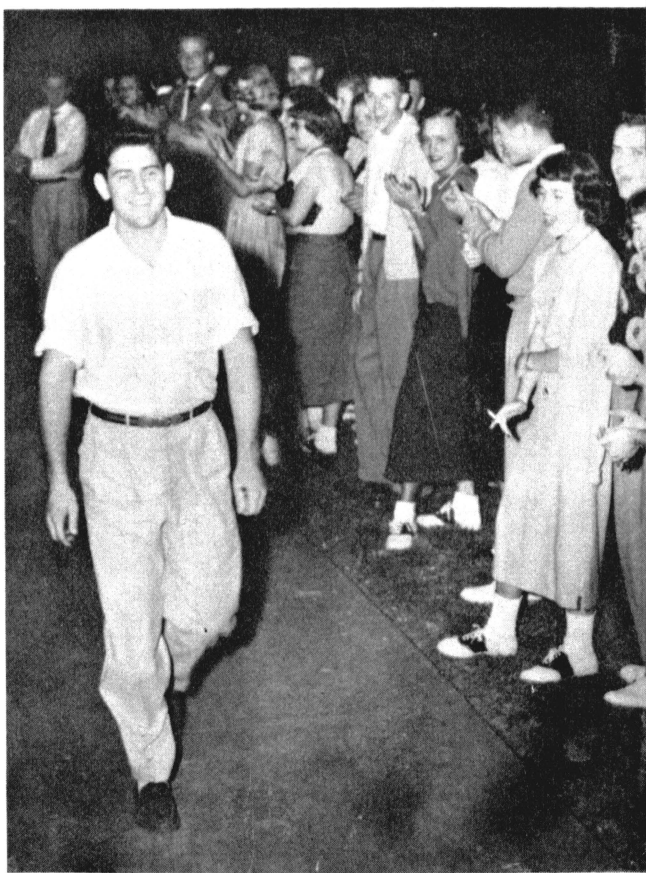
AL PARO

THIS IS a picture of a sport known as "yell-in". It is called this because everybody yells as the girls walk out. Then she is in. Confusing? All the boys stand around nose-to-neck or balanced in mid air with one foot in another boy's pocket. They all think, "this is a nice looking girl. Some day we shall go out and discuss Harry Brown's theories."



BURT McNEIL

THIS IS a picture of a football team in action. Some are getting up; others are getting down. All are watching the wrong team score a touchdown. The people in the background are spectators. They haven't gone home yet. They did. The players couldn't go home—they had to stay and watch the rebels from Clemson have a field day.



THIS IS more of the "yell-in" sport. This time it is boys. They just walk anywhere. The girls are more restrained. They look at the boy, then at their nearby dates, then at the boy, and think, "someday."



AL PARO

THIS IS a skit given by A.W.S. for incoming girls. Two of the girls are acting like boys—they are failing at this attempt. Two of the girls are acting like girls and doing a fine job. The middle one is just acting.



TOM SMITH

THIS IS the **Showme** editor. He is smirking as he watches hundreds of girls sign up for **Showme** work. Also present were Read Hall generals who swiped names from **Showme** list a while—then went home in disgust.



TOM SMITH

THIS IS a gathering of two sophomore council leaders (Jeanie Korn and Marv Fremerman). They are supposed to be entertaining students at Meet Mizzou night. Evidently they are being entertained instead.



TOM SMITH

THIS IS a photo of a photographer taking a photo. It is part of a new system of identification suggested by a devoted trusty at the State Penitentiary in Jefferson City. The girl was five foot two. She is now, and eternally will be five foot six. The University of Missouri has the tallest students in the country.



photo of the month

**DOUG HORNER**  
THIS IS a nice, big, fat, hole. It is being erected on the site formerly occupied by a sign saying, "Keep off the grass." Now they have signs saying, "Walk right" and "Walk left." This hole is being prepared for a pipe which will carry steam heat. This is another chapter in the construction plot to make students so satisfied they will quit griping and study.



# The Adventures of Ambrose



## VOLUME I

Illustrated by Herb Knapp

## VOLUME III

AMBROSE had just finished his breakfast of graham crackers a la mode as Horatio entered through the transom. "Fall in," muttered Ambrose. "You're up early this morning."

"Yes," responded Horatio, "I rose with the salt-rising bread. Have you packed your handkerchief?"

"Not as yet," answered Ambrose, lighting a choice piece of tapestry. "Have you dined?"

"Oh, yes," rejoined Horatio, seating himself on the color scheme, "the doctor only allows me one meal a day—oatmeal. But come, let us go away."

"Go weigh if you want to," retorted Ambrose throwing his handkerchief over his shoulder, "but put a little spring into it. We must find the princess."

And they slipped out of their quarters into the tenderloin.

## VOLUME II

"What," ventured Ambrose, pointing to a peculiar noise behind the bar, "is that?"

"That," responded Horatio, reclining against a cloud of smoke, "is the scream of a pint bottle. The bartender is squeezing it."

"Oh," murmured Ambrose.

Just then a gun man entered, water dripping from his clothes. "He came in on the noon tide," explained Horatio.



"Uh, huh," retorted Ambrose.

"The relative humidity here," muttered Horatio, shoving a square pound of it under the tabl , "is rather heavy. It hurts my digits."

"Quite so," acquiesced Ambrose, "but harken to the malted music."

"Alas!" cried Horatio, rising suddenly.

"Where?" ejaculated Ambrose, suddenly rising

And they crawlstroked through the heavy fog.

Just as the parade ground had been accounted for, they reached Camp Custard.

"The trees of that forest," said Horatio, "were reported absent."

"Indeed," remonstrated Ambrose, "they are without leaves."



Horatio selected a choice boulder, and tearing the bark from it, poured Ambrose a steaming cup of lava. "At the top of yon volcano," he continued, "there is a cone."

"What flavor?" queried Ambrose.

"White," answered Horatio.

Ambrose seated himself on a pinnacle and listened to the gentle rumbling of the twilight, as it bounced from cliff to cliff. "Yes," he mused, "rabbits multiply very rapidly, but it takes a snake to be an adder."

"In which direction," shouted Horatio, "is Chicago?"

"Directions," returned Ambrose, "are always found on the bottle. Let us continue towards the yeast."

And they galloped merrily down the sides of the gorge.

## VOLUME IV

Ambrose and Horatio were leaping across the Grand Canyon, when Ambrose paused to disconnect his speedometer. "What delayed you?" queried Horatio.

"I struck a sympathetic chord," responded Ambrose.

"It sounded like a perpendicular," admonished Horatio. "At least it had the right angle."

At this time a covey of whales hopped out of the juniper bushes. "That's strange," mused Ambrose, "none of them had bridles on. They must be tame whales."



"Did you notice," whistled Horatio, "that they all were gum shoes? Perhaps they belong to the Landlords Alliance!"

"Unreasonable enough," affirmed Ambrose. "But, huzzah, who is yon strange personage?"

And they concealed themselves behind one of their triple personalities.

#### VOLUME V

"I," said the strange personage, after the adventurers had surrounded him by a series of forward passes, "am Gumshoe Gus, de Goof. How is your asthma doing?"

"Remarkable," shouted Ambrose and Horatio in unison, almost together. "Where did you leave Lord Whifempoof?"

"His Lordship," murmured Gumshoe Gus, picking one of his gum shoes on the crocheted counterpane of a silver-tipped asparagus bed, 'is aboard his whaleship, Bosco, in the center of the fleet. He has a steerage passage. Bosco is the one with the brown finish."



"Irrevocable," screamed Ambrose. "Horatio, with this information we can find the Princess before Emancipation Day. How did you leave her, Gus?"

"On foot," sighed Gumshoe Gus, hanging his remaining shoe on the sky line. "However, I can not reconcile this erosion with my constitution."

"Be careful," admonished Horatio, "not to let anything slip into your consttution that may be illegal."

And they stepped aboard a passing hallucination.

#### VOLUME VI

Gumshoe Gus had just finished his boiled banana sandwich when the hallucination came to an end, two miles west of Copenhagen. "So this is Connecticut," yawned Ambrose with modest modulation.

"I thought it was compulsory," rejoined Horatio, removing the zinc etching from Ambrose's radiator. "But why are you tying your imagination to that innocent pine tree?"

"I am preparing to stretch it," answered Gumshoe Gus. "Isn't that beautiful music?"

"Yes," replied Ambrose, "it's my new hat band."

Suddenly Horatio leaped into a canoe and started rowing desperately across the desert. "He drank too much carborundum and iron," explained Ambrose, "in that last pint of mineral water."



At this moment Horatio came dashing in with a squad of sand dunes. "I found them wandering around in the ocean," he explained, "and am taking them home."

"Halt," shouted Ambrose, "there comes Bosco and Lord Whifempoof, chasing a kangaroo und yon hillock. Conceal yourselves."

And they slid under the first curtain of twilight.

#### VOLUME VII

Lord Whifempoof threw out the life line and making it fast to a gentle zephyr, descended on three roller skates. "I usually come down in my breeches buoy," he remarked to the three muketeers.

"Where did you get those breeches, boy?" queried Gus in amazement.

"Keep still," roared Ambrose, "His Lordship was not addressing you. But tell me," he continued to Lord Whifempoof, "How do you like that mountain?"



"It's a nice mountain," interrupted Horatio, "but I'm afraid it won't dew."

"Sh!" cautioned Whifempoof, "Bosco's back porch is stirring. We must be careful not to disturb it. Please throw down your conversations."

"A thousand pardons," murmured Horatio, "I assure you that we did not realize that it was a sleeping porch."

And they stepped across the horizon.

VOLUME VIII

"Why are you so mournful?" asked Ambrose as Gus sent a column of sobs across the nearest glacier.

"I was reared in a pine tree," moaned Gus.

"Perhaps that accounts for the knots in your limbs," ventured Horatio, drawing a conclusion on the canopy of heaven.

"It is not," bawled Gus, shedding crocodile tears into his alligator traveling bag. "Besides, my watch has stopped."

"Perhaps it was a stop watch," reverberated Horatio.

"Be quiet," screamed Ambrose at the top of his Adam's apple. "Who is that on the mezzanine floor of yon canyon?"

"My conscience!" gasped Gus.

"You flatter yourself," responded Horatio. "That is Shadey Sadie, the Princess' attendant-at-large. She must know where the princess is. Come onward to the mezzanine!"

And they floated off on a flying wedge.

VOLUME IX

"The princess," remarked Shadey Sadie, "is still at large."

"How large is the still?" asked Gus, spanking his chops.

"Silence," roared Ambrose. "Sadie, I can tell by the inflection of your ears that you are possessed of a secret. Come, you must tell us where the Princess is imprisoned."

"Hist!" cried Gus, "I hear something approaching!"

"It is probably the millennium," yawned Horatio.

"I will tell you my secret," sobbed Sadie. "The princess has been sent to Siberia for a rest. She blew a fuse in the Circuit Court!" Sadie seated herself on a toad stool. "But the princess is angry at me," she continued. "I lost the silver cuspidor that belonged to her spit curls." Sadie's tears had now melted the glacier, and the adventurers found themselves standing on a street car track.

"There has been a nervous wreck on this line," announced Horatio. "Several of the ties have come untied."

And they waved to a passing group of thunder.

THE END

For an evening at it's best . . .  
Meet your friends at the Tiger Club



Delicious Bar B-Q Sandwiches o Beer o Soft drinks

Dancing

After

8:00 p.m.

TIGER



Club

Columbia's Finest Nightclub  
HIGHWAY 40 E GRAND

Open

Daily

10-1:30 am



From 1932

That girl may be ancient history, but let me tell you her build wasn't roamed in a day.

\* \* \*

*Vera:* Did you know that papa's got the gout in his right foot?

*Frank:* Well, I guess that puts the shoo on the other foot now.

\* \* \*

"I'll be frank with you," said the young man when the embrace was over, "you're not the first girl I've kissed."

"I'll be equally frank with you," she replied, "you've got a lot to learn."

\* \* \*

"Many worse things have come to pass," sighed the professor as he gazed at the incoming class.

\* \* \*

"They call that couple over there the 'Teddy Roosevelts'." "Why?"

"He's always rough and she's always ready."



Portrait of a girl who ate a Blue Jay corn-plaster thinking it was a Life Saver

## Three Reasons Why College Men Are Pipe Smokers

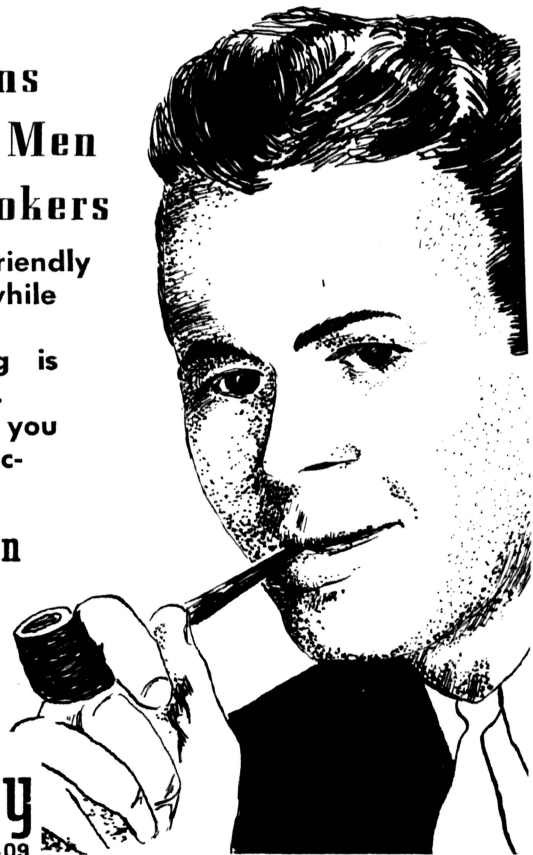
1. A pipe is a friendly companion while studying . . .
2. Pipe smoking is economical . . .
3. A pipe lends you an air of distinctiveness.

See the wide selection of pipes at the . . .

### Brown Derby

116 S. Ninth

Phone 5409



With cheery voice he takes the call



--and then picks up and delivers all



He cleans and washes day and night and when he does 'em they're really done RIGHT!



**TIGER**  
Laundry and  
Dry Cleaning Co.  
Phone 4155



# The Story of Little Nell



OUT IN the barn a restless cow went "Mu-mu". At the sound, Hugo T'Ell, the vicious villain, cursed, "Iota wring that cow's neck."

In the house Nell was entertaining her lover, Alpha. "What's the matter, Alpha, you haven't Eta bit tonight."

"Phi, Nell, I Eta Lambda chop and a piece of Pi, and I drank a Kappa tea."

Then the two lovers went to the living room and sat down beside each other on the sofa. "Phi dontcha Gamma a kiss, Nell?" breathed Alpha.

"Nu-a thousand times Nu," protested Nell.

On the outside looking in, Hugo T'Ell, the scheming villain cursed again. "I Beta dollar I could get her to Gamma a kiss. Phi she's in my power. She even climbs Upsilon my lap. Because I have a mortgage on her house." And he laughed—laff, laff.

So saying, the unbelieving villainous villain burst in the front door and Alpha Beta out the back door.

"Heh, heh, my pretty maiden, Gamma the money to pay off the mortgage, or else..."

"Hugo T'Ell," cried Nell, "Iota slap your face."

"So you Eta going to pay. Pi gosh, I'll fix you."

So the unspeakably villainous villain carried little Nell to his car and Beta down the road.

Our heroic hero, Alpha, was watching and he Zeta himself,

"Omega-d, what is he going to do with Nell?" So he leaped Upsilon his horse and Rho-d down the road. His Indian blood rose in him and he whooped, "Chi-Psi-Psi, Chi-Psi-Psi."

Meanwhile Hugo T'Ell and poor little Nell had arrived at the banks of the Mrs. Slipping River.

"Heh, heh," gloated the very, very villainous villain. "What do you Zeta this? And what are your last words my pretty maiden?"

"Phi Psi, what'll you do?" answered little Nell. "Xi only want to do one thing. Gamma time to Sigma Nu torch song, 'Alpha Sundown'."

And then (you wouldn't believe it) villainous villain stepped into a boat and, with little Nell, Rho-d out to the Delta in the river.

"Arf, arf," he snickered, "In Alpha hour the tide will be Upsilon Delta and little Nell will go to her watery grave."



That's Mr. and Mrs. Tilken—they've never been divorced

So the (censored) villain jumped into his boat and Rho-d for the shore. Beta huge whirl-pool came Upsilon-side his boat and Hugo T'Ell died. He was whirled swiftly to the bottom of the river and Nu one ever saw him again.

In a few moments Alpha Rho-d his Nu horse up to the banks of the Mrs. Slipping. "Omega-d," he Psi-d, "the tide is rising and Nell is stranded Alpha mile out Theta boat. Iota swim out and save her."

So, while his horse Kappa standing there, Alpha dived into the raging torrent and swam toward the Delta.

"Zeta man coming?" Nell cried. "Phi, I believe it is... it's Alpha!"

With Nell Upsilon his sturdy back, Alpha struggled against the swift water and the fierce under-Tau. Phinally they were Lambda against the bank by the powerful current and Tau-ssed ashore.

"Now will you Gamma a kiss?" panted Alpha.

And she did and they now live Theta worry in a little house Pi the Psid of the Rho-d—completely Independent!

THE END

What's the matter now?  
I've got infantile paralysis.  
I told you not to run around with those high school girls.

\* \* \*

Joan: How did you and Betty make out last night playing strip poker?

Joe: Oh, everything came off nicely.

\* \* \*

Artist: How much do you charge for posing as Cleopatra?

Model: My regular price is eighteen dollars an hour for posing in costume, but I always take ten percent off for cash.

\* \* \*

Freshman: Gutny mailfa me  
Postmaster: Whatsah name?  
Freshman: Itzon thenvelope.

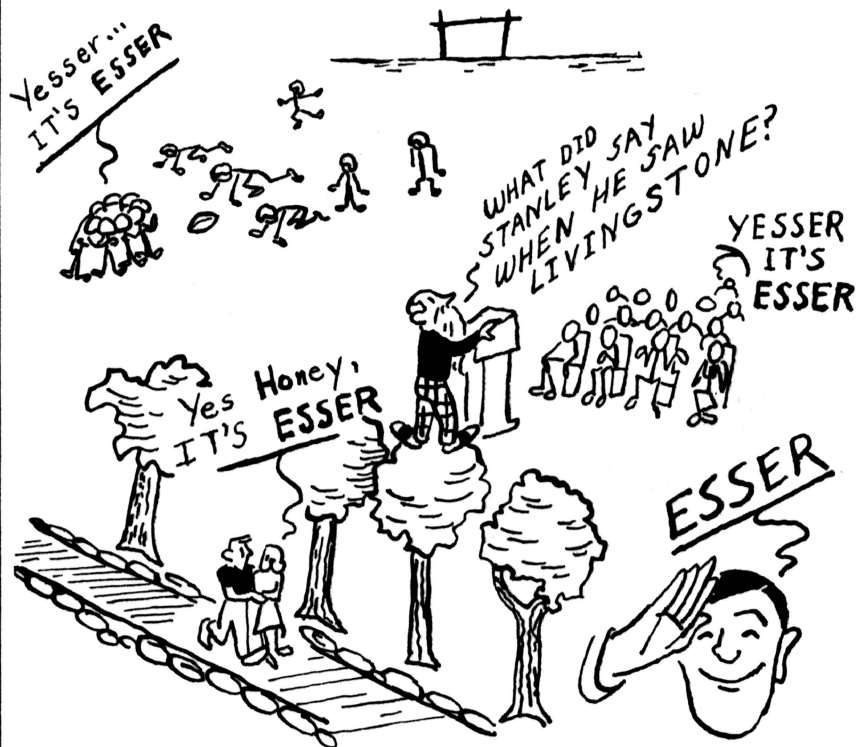


You'll be Tooting Your Horn Too!

After You Taste  
Long's Delicious Hamburgers  
And Chili  
**LONG'S** Ph. 7457

208 S. Ninth

Everybody's Saying - -



For the Finest in Beverages  
**YESSER.. it's ESSER!**

715 Broadway ...

Next to the

DANIEL BOONE HOTEL

WE DELIVER

Call 4300



The Delicate Touches  
 We Give to Fine Food  
 Make Dinner With Your Date

at  
**Ernie's Steak House**  
*Exotic Experience*



**DRY  
 SKIN?**

**OILY  
 SKIN?**



Does your skin get parched and flakey from sun and outdoor activity? Enjoy a "peaches and cream complexion!" Dojean is rich in lanolin... delightfully scented. Sudsy bath treat!



Pure! All vegetable! Wonderful for youth's skin problems... Quick acting cleanser... you can feel the tingle as it penetrates the pores. Grand for lustrous shampoo, too.

*If dealer cannot supply you, send 50 cents and dealer's name for 3 cakes of either kind.*

**SAYMAN PRODUCTS CO. DEPT. (SE) • ST. LOUIS 3**

Anybody can get

The Saturday Evening Post  
 but  
 only **Showme** readers can get  
 The Saturday Evening Post  
 on sale  
 November 15th  
**Showme's first annual parody**



Bev Rotroff

Showme  
**Anniversary Girl**  
 1950

Showme Queen  
 Miss Missouri

PHOTO BY NORM FASTOW



From 1936

You can lead a girl to water but she'll only use it for a chaser.

\* \* \*

Going around with women keeps you young.  
 How's that?

I started going around with them when I was a freshman and I'm still a freshman.

\* \* \*

*First Gladiator:* Give me a steak and make it thick and rare.

*Second Gladiator:* Give me a steak and make it thicker and rarer.

*Third Gladiator:* Chase the damn bull through here and I'll bite him on the run.

\* \* \*

*She:* How did you get the red on your lips?

*He:* That's my tag for parking too long in one place.

\* \* \*

Salome, the first woman to discover the relation between gauze and effect

\* \* \*

Where's the best place to hold the world's fair, Percival?

Just above the waist, Archibald.

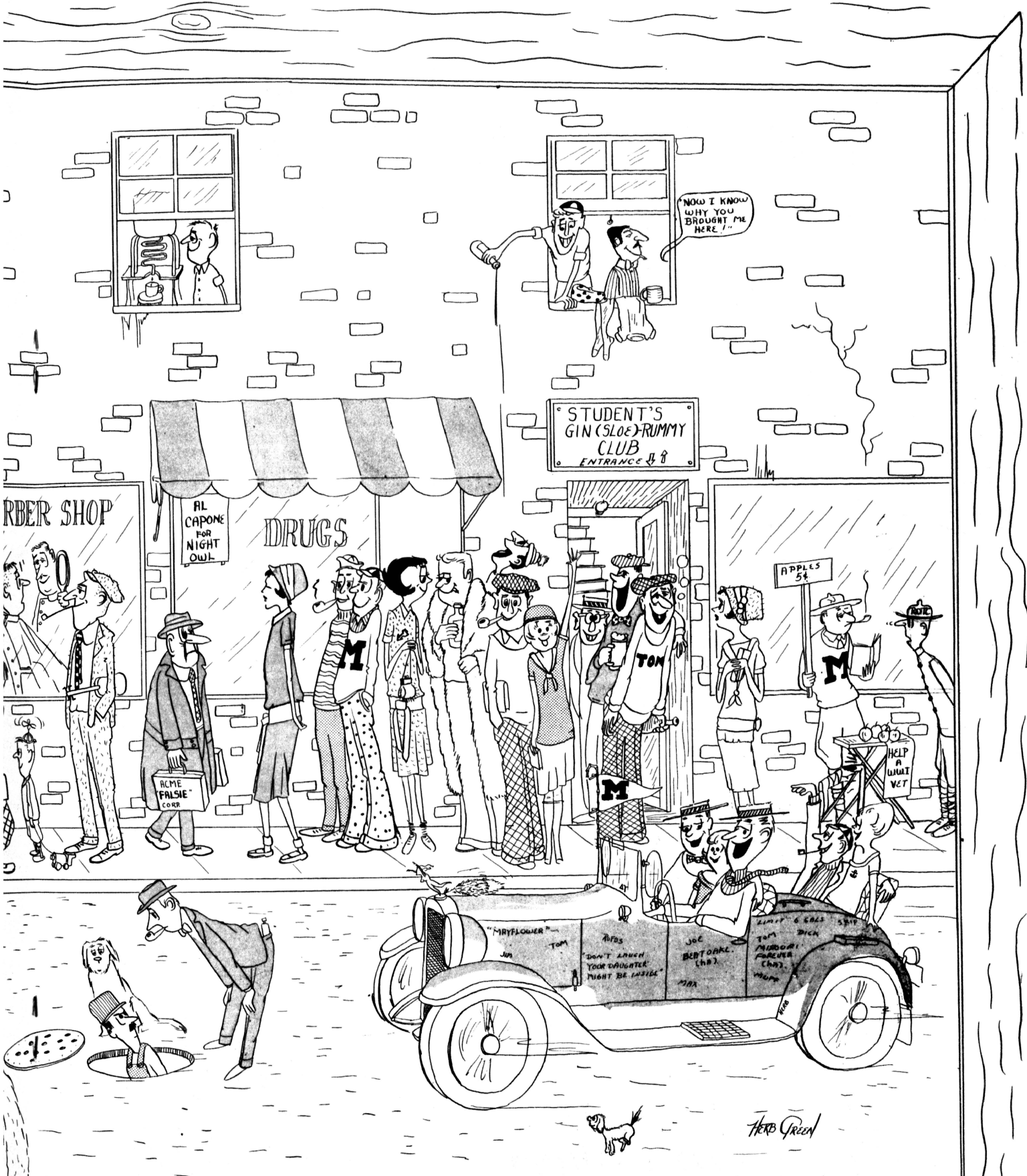
*Miss*  
**MISSOURI**





Mizzou in





in the Twenties



## A Shirt for every girl!

Gleaming . . Glistening . . . m-m-m glamorous  
 Smart coeds know that neatly tailored  
 Shirts are a campus must. Solid color  
 Shirts with white pique cuffs and striped  
 Shirts with solid color cuffs are available in  
 both long and short sleeves.

BY



These shirts by Shapely have the roguish button-down collar and those frenchy-French cuffs . . . in broadcloth, pique and chambray.

P. S. We have the skirts you need  
 tweed, wool, gabardine.

# The Blue Shop

In the Central Dairy Bldg.



From 1920

*T-hound:* How are the Christian girls this year?

*Heavy:* Aw, you can't fool me; there aren't any.

\* \* \*

*Friend (at funeral):* It must be hard to lose a wife.

*Bereaved:* Almost impossible.

\* \* \*

*She:* George, you looked awful foolish when you proposed to me.

*George:* Very likely I was.

\* \* \*

*Stu:* What do freshmen do with their week-ends

*Dent:* Put their caps on them.

\* \* \*

Do you know where little boys go who don't put their Sunday school money in the plate?

Yeah. To the movies.

\* \* \*

*Mae:* Tom's so darn masculine. He always sees me in the wrong light."

*Kitty (sweetly):* Which one is that—day light?



"The ball is on the 40 yd. line. There's one minute to play. We're losing 7 to 6. This game decides the Championship. My back itches!"



Do you know Jane Hathaway?  
I'll say she does!

\* \* \*

"Just think, old top, you can get a wife in Japan for 50c."

"Well, I guess a good wife's worth it."

\* \* \*

*Jennie*: "Dick didn't blow his brains out when you rejected him. He came around and proposed to me."

*Jeanette*: "Well, he must have gotten rid of them some other way then."

\* \* \*

"Say, have you heard that old joke about crude oil?"

"No, tell it."

"I can't, it's not refined."

\* \* \*

*Minister*: Would you care to join us in the new missionary movement?

*Miss Ala Mode*: I'm crazy to try it. Is it anything like the shimmy.

\* \* \*

*Hazel*: Aren't the profs around here theoretical?

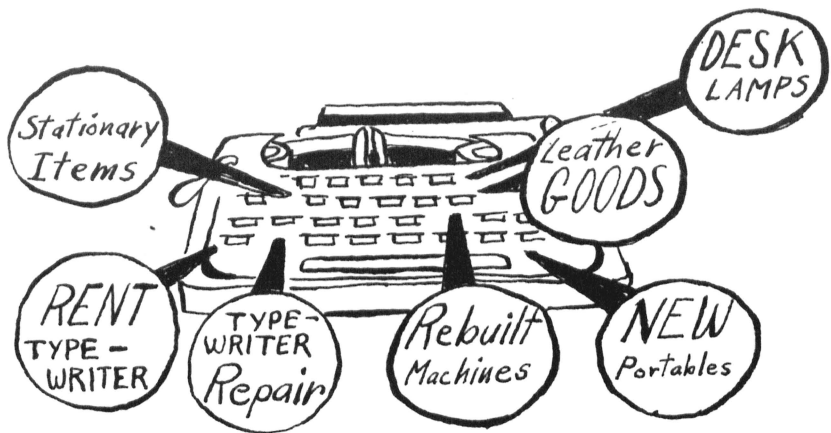
*Nut*: I'll say so. Professor Nowitz starts off every morning with, "Now class, suppose you had a dollar."

### LIFE SAVER

### JOKE CONTEST

Submit your favorite joke and win a carton of assorted **Life Savers**. Entries should be addressed to "Joke Contest, **Showme**, 304 Read Hall, Columbia, Mo."

The winning joke will be published next month.



Make us your typewriter headquarters—whether you want to rent a standard or portable for one month or a semester—you can count on us for the best deal on typewriters! If you've got a sick typewriter—bring it to us for surgery!

## Central Office Equipment Co.

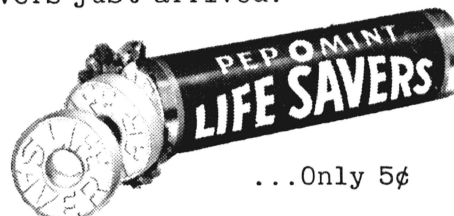
111 on the Strollway

## HISTORY REWRITTEN

WHAT PAUL REVERE REALLY SAID



Hurry up, everybody! A shipment of Life Savers just arrived!

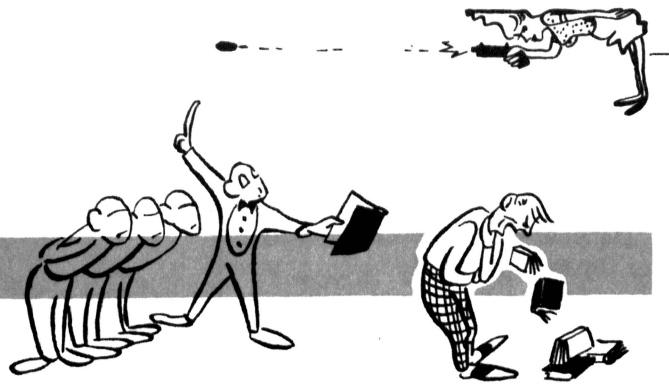


...Only 5¢



# Literary Indigestion

Herb Krapp



**G**REAT consternation was caused in the staid college town of Columbia, Mo., when it was asserted by one of its most respected citizens that a sport, commonly known as petting, was found to be strongly entrenched within its borders.

That this was the rule had been known for several years, but it was only recently that this seamy side of college life was given widespread publicity when a young person of the female sex (commonly called a co-ed or a girl) was found smoking in a closed car in one of the by-ways of the town. The lights on the car were dimmed.

The sensation has spread far and wide until now national and international complications have arisen. War is being waged by the Society for Suppression of Petting Parties on the corn quaffing element of the town's younger set, who have declared that they will stand by their guns "until every petter has been petted, every necker, necked and until the oceans grow dry."

Journals throughout the country are commenting on the matter which has caused the machinery for a Congressional investigation to be set in motion. Commenting on the upheaval, Dean Bert Cackle, in the Columbia Razzourian, says:

"I can't see nothing wrong in it. But what I can't understand is this: Why can't young ladies and co-eds smoke on college property instead of using the alleyways? Ain't college property good enough for them? From now on I want no one to smoke any-

where but on the campus or in the University Buildings".

"But," adds Dean Becky Beach Pretty, "how are you going to get all co-eds to smoke?" As reported in the Columbia Daily Baboon, she declares that—

"I don't believe anything I see in the papers. And before I make any statement for publication I'll have to consult attorneys. It's for the courts to decide anyway."

A different stand is taken by the "Police Gazette", which denounces in no uncertain terms the laxity of morals among the college generations. As cabled by the Unassociated Press, the Gazette says:

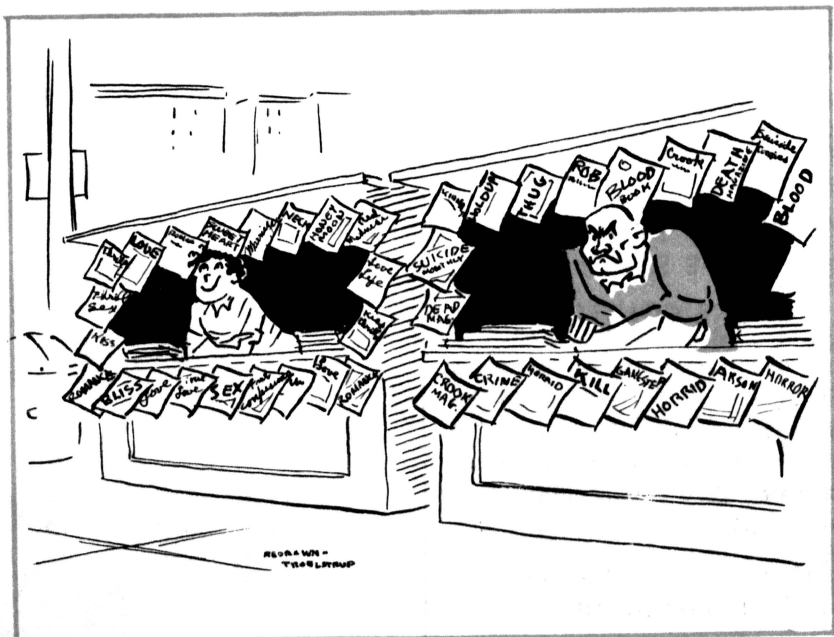
"There ain't no harm which-ever in a goil puffin' on a coffin tack if she has paid for them.

John F. Fitzgerald and Flo Ziegfield both disagree that broads, frails, jennies and other people of the female gender should if they could."

"But the Sears-Roebuck Catalog is not content with this and, considering the affair from a different standpoint, solemnly shouts from the housetops that since—

"Our mechanical osculators can't be beat; you couldn't beat them if you wanted to. They respond to delicate treatment immediately and without trouble."

Significant, however, is the comment of the current issue of the Lydia Pinkham Almanac which, reading from left to right, including the Scandinavian, goes on to say as follows:



"Enclose a stamped addressed envelope to Lydia Pinkham, Lynn, Mass."

"Buy them by the gross."

Nevertheless and notwithstanding, "Sloppy Stories" maintains that necking is a menace to the race and so should be encouraged. As Mercy Park so admirably describes it in the last issue—

"Mary Belle knocked at his door. She had brought hot water. She crossed to his side, hesitatingly, silently. His breath quickened. He asked, without turning his head, What do you want Mary Belle?"

"Mother and Dad have gone out."

"He did not turn. Well?"

"They—they will be gone quite a while."

"Her vibrant, quiet words, her nearness, made his heart pound in slow, hearty throbs. What is this he felt, and had never felt so keenly? He wanted her to go—and yet he knew that before she left him, there would be an understanding between them.

"As he turned to her, the secret of Mary Belle burst over him!"

"Late into the night..."

"Well, his uncle said, you've had an affair with the low class girl. What are you going to do about it?"

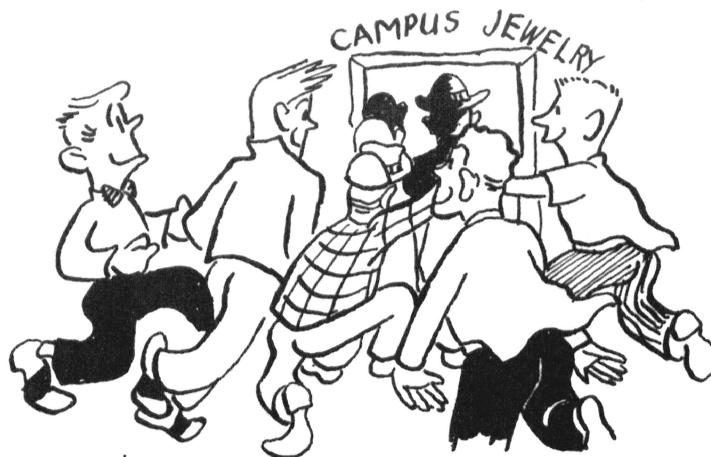
The final note and a poignant one it is, is struck by Beatrice Fairfax whose "Advice to the Seasick" has stirred the world. In a recent issue of the "Checko-Slovakian Flypaper" she asserts a few of her personal experiences. One that throws a little mud on the subject has to do with the momentous question being debated. She tells it in her own inimitable way as follows:

"Dear Miss Fairfax: I went out walking with my fellow last night and he took me to his room. Did I do wrong? MABEL.

"Dear Mabel: Did you? BEATRICE."

THE END

*The Rush is on . . .*



College joes from far and wide are visiting the **CAMPUS JEWELRY** for just that right gift for their girls.

## CAMPUS JEWELERS

Across from Jesse  
**Diamonds Watch Repairing Watches**

We're in love with a wonderful  
**FABRIC**

**TEMPO**

in suits by

*Don Richards*



**Wonderful Suits!**  
**Superbly styled.**  
**Amazing Price!**  
Add it up and you get  
a big, big reason why  
your next suit should  
be a Don Richards.

**NEUKOMMS**

22 on the Strollway



# Fire at Jesse Hall!



*Listen my children, while I tell  
you all,  
Of the Saturday night burning  
of Jesse Hall.*

ORDER YOUR cokes, kiddies. Get your knees out of the isle. You might as well listen. You're going to be here for a few months—dashing past these old columns in the morning—ankling past them at night. It's time you learned why workshop can't put its posters on the middle column.

Hey! Don't leave. Not without shaking in your share of the check anyway. I know you've been fooled. Around Mumford they told you the columns were once part of a building which the Ags carried off just to tease the Engineers. And the Engineers came up five minutes later and told you about someone over in Egypt—or was it Greece?—who heard about the heathen Ags and sent them the columns as a representative gift of paganism; that the Columbia express delivered them on the wrong campus and the Ags have been trying for years to get the funds to move them east.

Yeah, I heard those tales, too. See, I've been around here a little longer than most of you. I figured they couldn't both be right so I moseyed over to the library and doped it out for myself.

It all began along about bath time on the snowy evening of January 9th, 1920. In the spacious, brilliantly lighted auditorium of the University, students were assembled awaiting an entertainment by the Athenian lit-

erary society and griping in the meantime about Christmas neckties and post-holiday quizzes.

Suddenly into that merry crowd, crashed the great central sunlight—almost knocking the whole bunch cold. At once the hall was in genuine Halloween darkness. Everyone started howling and elbowing around. The crowd eventually pushed itself out through the folding doors and the vestibule to safety.

Everyone had something to say. "FIRE! FIRE! The University is on fire." was the whoop that went around. Out in town the news spread, the old timers said, "Hell, those sophomores again." and settled back in their horsehair. But the fire reflected in the sky and soon all over town they were beginning to see the light. (!) Everyone stuck the

kids in bed, blew out the lamp and started for the campus. The fire was putting on a show that the Athenians couldn't hope to have equalled. People stood around in the snow and forgot to notice what anyone else was wearing.

The janitor, the fireman and a student ran up to the library. They swung an ax right through the floor and carried in the hose from a rack in the hall. There was a cistern in the basement into which water was pumped by a Worthington pump with a capacity of 1,500 gallons an hour when it was doing its Worthiest. The only thing wrong with the water was its small ideas. Instead of running out on the flames, it ran out on the janitor the fireman and the student. There was nothing else to do. The janitor, the fireman and the



*"Doesn't it make you wonder what the hell?"*

student ran out into the snowy night.

The east wing had started to blaze. The snow began to cool one spectator off and he remembered the tablet of Jefferson's monument had been placed in the chapel. It was too late to do more than run a temperature about it. (Several days after the fire it was excavated, still almost red hot from the ruins. It was broken in three pieces and beginning to pulverize.) The president's house repeatedly caught on fire and at one time the furniture was all rushed out for an airing.

People were getting organized and things started moving. One professor led the charge to the museum. Elephants, tigers, crocodiles and gorillas were dragged out together and got chummier there on the Columbia snow than they ever had in the African jungles. Another professor began the rescue of the law library. The most daring group carried out apparatus from the physics lab.

The climax came when the copper-sheeted dome got tired of being tied down and just went everywhere. Several men were in the building at the time. The floors and walls had more vibration than a Harlem night club.

The finale took place in the room in which were stored 14,000 pounds of ammunition for the rifles of cadets and shells and powder for the artillery detachment. They say that for years afterward Columbia kids would not give the 4th of July a second glance.

It was after midnight before the fire had destroyed the west wing. Workmen clearing away debris four months afterward unearthed heated stones and red hot irons from that section.

The show was over about two o'clock. Everyone went home to throw another lump of coal at the fire and warm up some coffee; except the cadets who sat around all night seeing that no one carried off the state's ashes. to full up their driveway.

*(continued next page)*

## TALLEN BEVERAGE CO.

WHOLESALES

**Schlitz Beer**

**Stag Beer**

COLUMBIA, MISSOURI

It's time to break up this party . . .



We just finished playing a saucer! Think I'd better go down to RADIO ELECTRIC tomorrow and get some of their new records for our next platter party."

**RADIO ELECTRIC**

1005 Broadway

Phone 6236

*"We have large supplies of hit tunes by popular artists"*

**MISSOURI Showme**

On Sale Each Month

Jesse Hall  
Mumford Hall  
B. & P.A.  
Engine Bldg.  
Campus Jewelry  
Central Dairy

Crown Drug  
Bengal Shop  
Esser Drug  
Kampustowne Grocery  
Silver Dollar

BY THE WAY.  
ARE YOU FROM  
CHICAGO?

"What did you operate on this guy for?"

"\$800."

"No, I mean, what did he have?"

"\$800."

May we present Cavalry Cora whose love for the Army was purely platonic.

\* \* \*

He: You're the world to me.

She: Yeah? Well you're not going to make any Cook's tour tonight.

\* \* \*

Speak-easies are breaking up the home and prohibition agents are breaking up both.

\* \* \*

Tailor (to assistant): And who was that lady I seen you outfit last night?

Everybody was up early for Sunday morning. There was a meeting at 9 o'clock and the faculty decided to go on with the work. There wasn't a sermon in Columbia that morning. All the ministers were over at the meeting. All available buildings were to be utilized.

And Tuesday, after chapel, classes went ahead...with everybody wondering if Easter vacation would be cut and E students griping because grade books had been burned and the Athenians priding themselves on having one program, at least, that really set the house on fire.

THE END

OH, YOU  
ARE?

Chaleh: Why are college engagements like Chesterfield cigarettes?

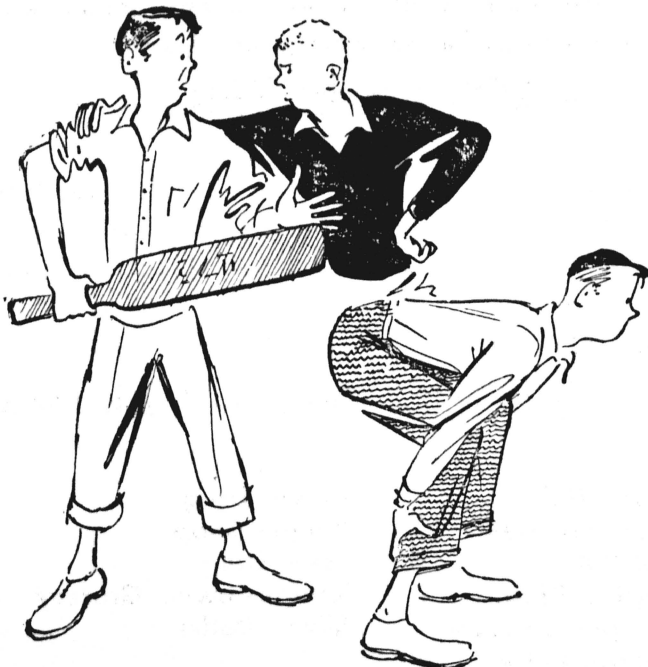
Mollah: I give up, old dish-rag.

Chalah: Mild, but they satisfy.

OH!

TRD

30 YEAR ADVERTISER  
Congratulations Showme! From one of your  
First Advertisers!



"I just haven't the heart..  
they're Woolf Bros. Slacks"

Woolf Brothers



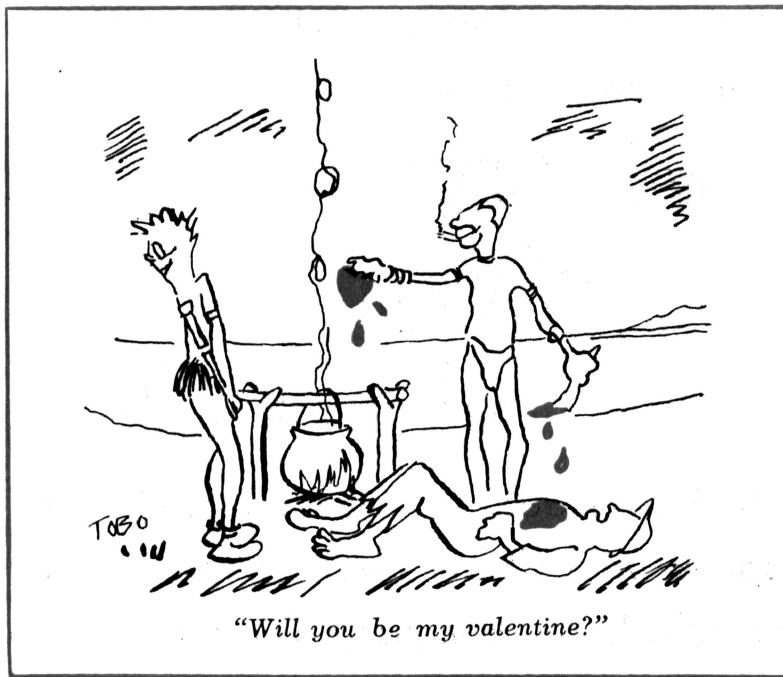
Life being what it is,  
Men being what they are,  
The girl who really goes places,  
Is the one who will go far.  
—1935

\* \* \*

The grave-digger said  
Things appeared kinda  
Daft ter him  
So he dug a hole  
And pulled it in  
After him.  
—1933

\* \* \*

Ladies and gentlemen, it's best  
we should see,  
The blissful life of the common  
bee.  
Free of charge, he gathers nectar,  
And on his hip has his own  
protector.  
He's never hounded by a sherriff,  
Nor gives a hoot about the tarriff.  
Miles and miles he goes without  
toil,  
Yet never endorses a motor oil.  
Would that I might fly and play,  
And make some honey every day!  
—1930



## LATER THOUGHTS



Blessing on thee, pretty miss,  
Quaker maid I long to kiss,  
With thy merry, wanton quips  
And thy quirking, lip-sticked lips  
All that sort of thing connotes,  
That thee knows thy Quaker  
Oats.  
—1928

\* \* \*

'Twas in a restaurant they met—  
One was Romeo, T'other Juliet.  
'Twas here he first fell into debt,  
For Romeo'd what Juliet.  
—1927

\* \* \*

The girl I respect,  
Is Miss Hassenflu;  
She never inquires,  
"Whatfratchabelongto?"  
—1925

\* \* \*

A pretty young typist from Wor-  
cester  
Was well paid, but her boss  
soon redorcester.  
Then the boss one day thought  
"My scheme came to naught,  
For she don't do the work that  
that she yorcester."  
—1923

\* \* \*

Said a sweet you Miss from  
Mizzou,  
"Oh dear! I'm feeling so blue  
Because I have nothing to wear."  
"Never mind," said her sister  
That question's no twister  
The way styles are now  
You should care!!"  
—1920



Vote Getter: Do we have any supporters at your house?  
Co-ed voice (indignantly): How should I know? We  
have enough trouble looking after our own.

You now have faster LONG DISTANCE  
calls to and through:

● St. Louis

● Chicago

● Kansas City

We have added 9 new direct circuits  
to speed up calls as another service by  
your telephone company for your con-  
venience.

## MISSOURI TELEPHONE COMPANY



She doesn't have her dresses cleaned at

## Sudden Service Cleaners

114 So. 8th Two Day Service Ph. 3434

—"Just north of J-School Drive on Eighth St."—



From 1923

"Wrigley has a rail-road train  
of his own."

"A regular chew-chew train,  
isn't it?"

"They say he is very wealthy."

"Well, he certainly has a mint."



The ship was nosing its way  
from Staten Island in a dense  
fog, the tugs honking their horns  
continually.

"What kind of noise is that,"  
asked the young thing.

"That," said the captain, "is  
Long Island Sound."

\* \* \*

The able-bodied men who used  
to raise Cain on New Year's Eve.  
didn't do Adam thing this year.

\* \* \*

*Boss:* Sir, what does this  
mean? Someone just called up  
and said that you were sick to-  
day and couldn't come to work.

*Clerk:* Ha, ha! The joke's on  
him. He wasn't supposed to call  
up until tomorrow.

\* \* \*

I hear the sideshow owner was  
arrested for disturbing the peace.  
What was he doing?  
Punchin' Judy!



The clock strikes twelve. The twitching hour. Bette Anne strokes his hand with a wistful tenderness.

"It's no use, David," she murmurs brokenly. "We can never be happy together. You have your career and I have mine, and never the twain shall meet."

"Everything Kipling said isn't always true. You know that. For my sake, Bette Anne, give up painting shoe trees and come back to me!"

\*\*\*

If the modern college girl is a clothes rack, then Lady Godiva was a wardrobe trunk.

\*\*\*

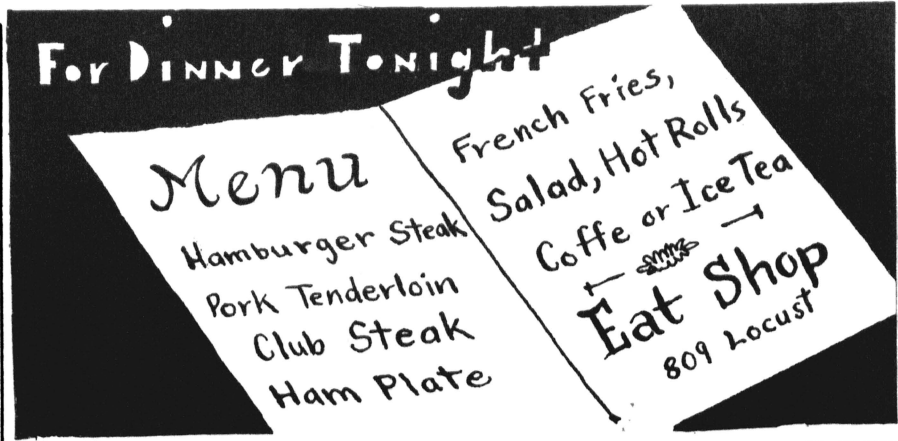
Are you on the Showme staff? Yes, I pen for the book. Well, you ought to be booked for the pen.

\*\*\*

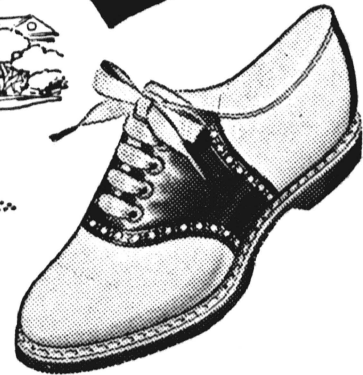
A freshman answer to a question: Anatomy is the human body, which consists of three parts, the head, the chest and the stomach. The head contains the eyes and brains, if any. The chest contains the lungs and a piece of liver. The stomach is devoted to the bowels, of which there are five a, e, i, o, u, and sometimes w and y.



*Kissing a girl is just like opening a bottle of olives—the first may come hard, but it's a cinch to get the rest.*



*Columbia's Smartest Shoes*



Also all white



**the original saddle oxford  
with the distinctive "tapered toe"**

Spalding's saddle oxford is still walking away with top honors. Not just the co-eds, but every busy, comfort-craving young woman wants the Spalding classic. A soft, tapered toe is one reason for its tremendous popularity, and you'll love the way it stands up under wear and tear! It's in brown and white or black and white.

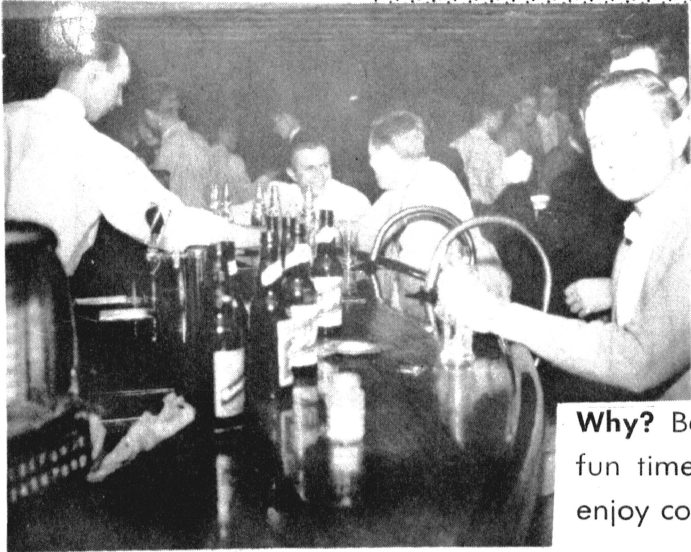


**the novus shop**

On The Strollway

# *the* **DEN**

The Place Where **STUDENTS** Go



**Why?** Because at the **DEN** you can always have a fun time... here you can meet your friends and enjoy cool glasses of **Stag Beer** for only a dime... or you can get your favorite **bottled beer**, too.

**Any** time of the week, the **DEN** is a place to meet your friends or to take your date dancing to your juke-box favorites. Stop in tonight!

The Den is open from 2 p.m. until  
1:30 a.m. Seven days per week

Reservations are accepted for the Cave Room  
on Monday nights.



For a good time... *the* **DEN** 

# LAUGHS FROM THE CAMPUS



I'D LOVE TO GO ON YOUR HOUSE PARTY!

-YOU'LL HAVE TO!

THAT MAN DEALS IN RED FLANNEL UNDERWEAR!

WELL - HE HAS NOTHING ON ME!

YOU SAY SHE WEIGHS EXACTLY 108 POUNDS STRIPPED, EH?



BRAXTON POLLARD '31  
REBRAWN-TROJESTRUP



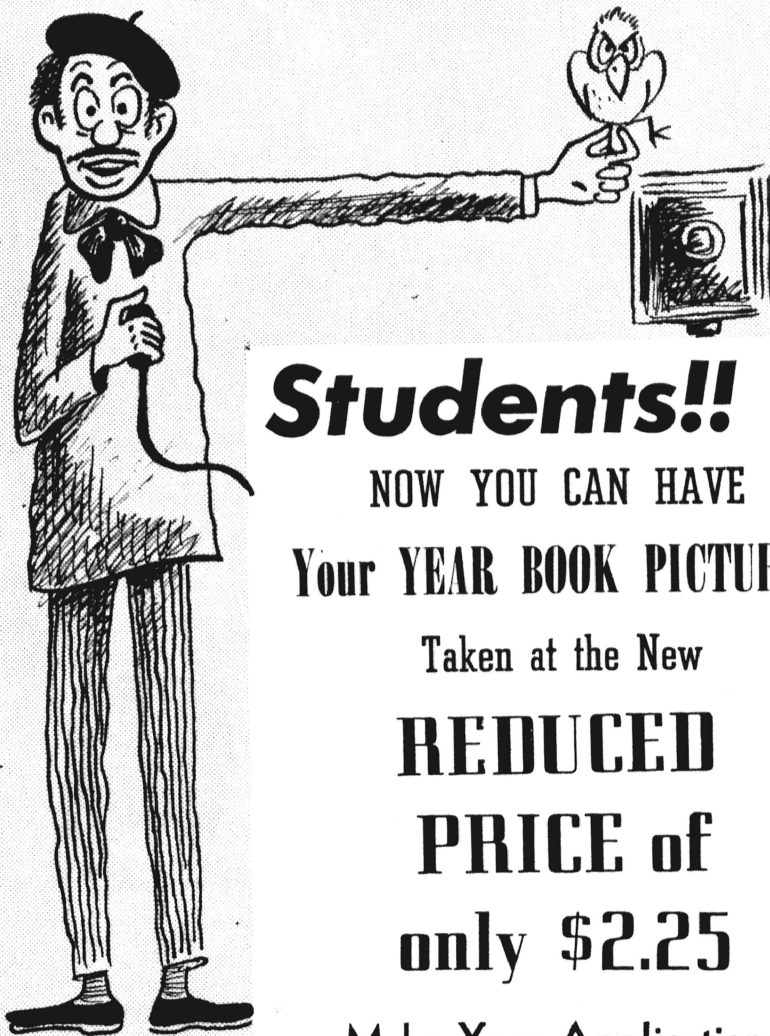
**M**any football games-  
**U**sually with date-  
**M**ust buy chrysanthemum  
**S**hop first at-

Member of F.T.D.A.

**H.R. Mueller**  
**FLORIST**

16 SOUTH 9TH SUPERIOR QUALITY DEPENDABLE SERVICE

30 YEAR ADVERTISER



**Students!!**

NOW YOU CAN HAVE

Your YEAR BOOK PICTURES

Taken at the New

**REDUCED**

**PRICE of**

**only \$2.25**

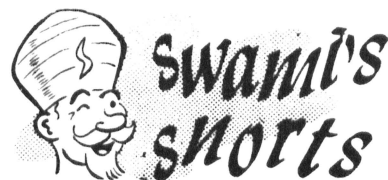
Make Your Applications

**NOW at PETERSON'S STUDIO**

911A Broadway

Phone 6691

**Do it Today**



From 1925

How old is that flapper?  
 In her early nicoteens.

\* \* \*

Hobb: That guy wears Indian neckware.

Nobb: How come?

Hobb: Bow tie and arrow collar.

\* \* \*

Most men like girls who refuse to wear short skirts any longer.

\* \* \*

Cheer leaders (to girls' cheering section): Let's go girls. Show them you're Black and Gold supporters.

\* \* \*

Monday is wash day, but most college men are cleaned sometime between Friday and Sunday morning.

\* \* \*

First Burglar: Where you been?

Second Burglar: In a fraternity house.

First Bruglar: Lose anything?

\* \* \*

Joe: What was that you found on the sidewalk?

Moe: I ain't saying.

Joe: You and I have been frat brother for years, Moe. We've had no secrets.

Moe: Well, I'm not telling, but if I ever catch the guy that spits like dimes, I'm going to kill him.

\* \* \*

Our idea of an optimist is an engineer on the local Katy.

\* \* \*

Nowadays the only thing that gets something for nothing is a vacuum cleaner.



"A rag and a bone and a hank of hair," mused the college student as he gazed sadly at the boarding house stew.

\*\*\*

Most boys would hate to be a duck and discover that their first pair of pants were down.

\*\*\*

What is the difference between a school of journalism and a burlesque show?

The women in the burlesque show are prettier.

\*\*\*

Attentions—things often mistaken by flappers for intentions.

\*\*\*

"I'll never get over this," said the chicken as she rambled up to the ostrich egg.

\*\*\*

"Snap out of it," exclaimed the Theta as she discarded the garter.



At the Theta House

30 YEAR ADVERTISER

ENJOY  
**Frozen Gold**  
CREAM OF CREAMS  
U. S. TRADE MARK NO. 292946  
**ICE CREAM**

**The women  
are pushovers...**

For men who have their suits and clothes done up by QUALITY LAUNDRY Dial 9727 for free pickup and delivery.



**QUALITY LAUNDRY**

"Let Mike do it"

MIKE BERGMAN

Finest you can buy!

**The MAYTAG Dutch Oven  
GAS RANGE**

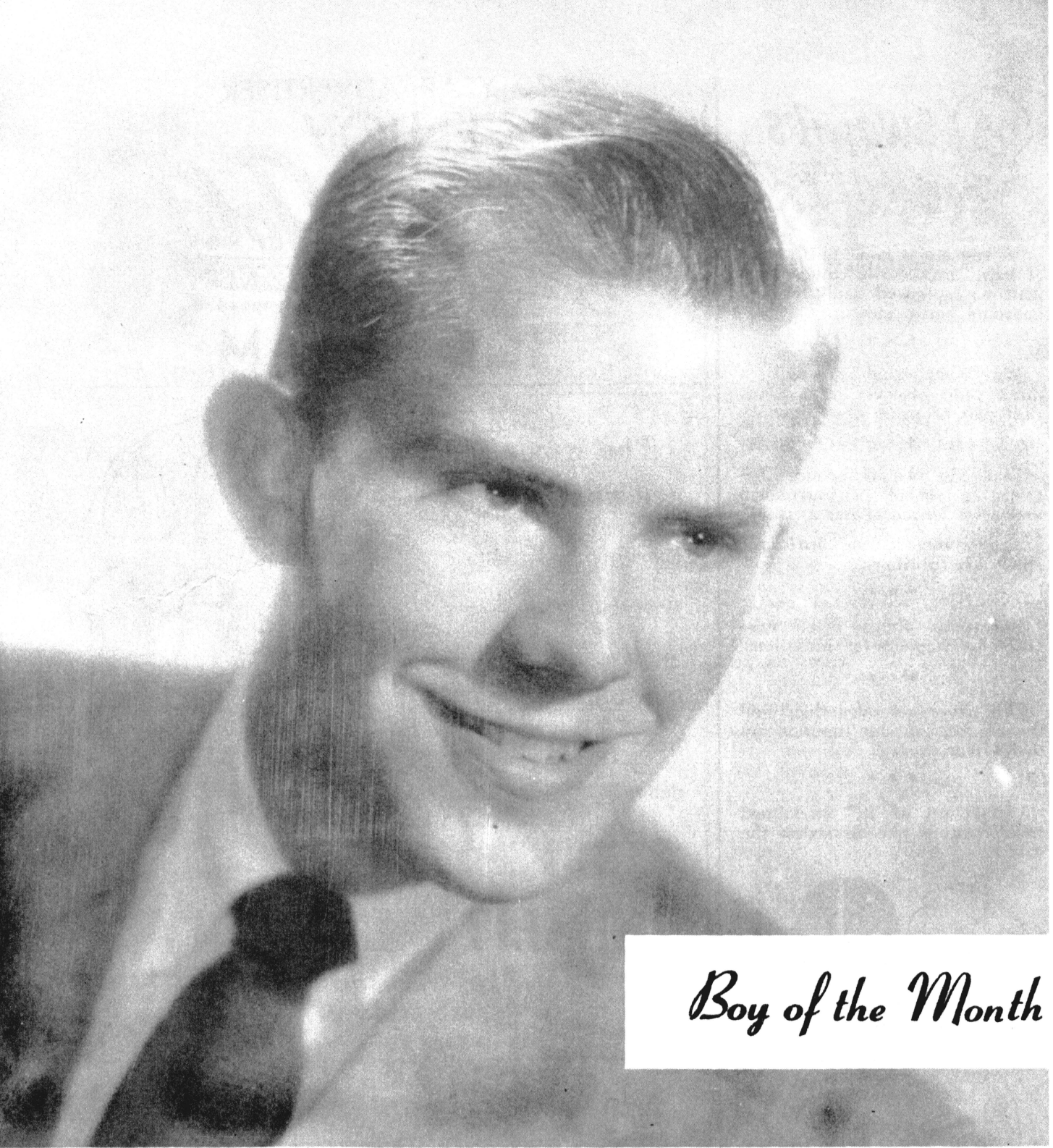
• Cook the automatic Dutch Oven way and use your usual methods too. See it today!



**Edgar's**

1013 E. Bdwy.

Phone 7404



*Boy of the Month...*

PHOTOGRAPH BY GIBBONS GRIFFIN AT JULIES

**Dave Smalley**

Senior in Arts and Science . . . President of Alpha Phi Omega, service fraternity . . . President of Burrall Commission . . . Chairman of World Student Service Fund Drive . . . Vice-president of Athenaeon Society . . . Burrall Cabinet . . . Delta Sigma Rho, forensics honorary . . . Varsity Debate Squad . . . ex-member of Inter-Fraternity Pledge Council . . . 20 . . . Beta Theta Pi . . . Kansas City, Missouri.





## *Girl of the Month...*

PHOTOGRAPH BY GIBBONS GRIFFIN AT JULIES

### **BETTY ANN MAX**

Junior in Education . . . Treasurer of Student Government Association . . . President of Sigma Epsilon Sigma, sophomore women's honorary . . . Treasurer of Sigma Alpha Iota, music honorary . . . Association of Women Students Council . . . YWCA . . . Home Ec Club . . . University Singers . . . ex-freshman representative on A.W.S. . . . ex-sophomore representative on SGA . . . Zeta Tau Alpha . . . 20 . . . Crystal City, Missouri.



# So Close. . . So Convenient

That's Your

## KAMPUSTOWNE GROCER

700 Conley



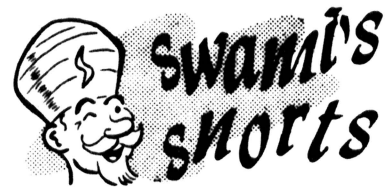
Come in and browse around  
the new music store



## Shaw & Sons

North Tenth off Broadway

- WURLITZER PIANOS
- LESTER PIANOS
- BAND INSTRUMENTS
- OLDS SELMER BRANDS
- BUESCHER, HOLTEN BRANDS
- SHEET MUSIC
- GUITARS AND UKES
- AMPLIFIERS
- MUSIC ACCESSORIES



From 1928

Something must be done, said the bride as she smelled the burning steak.

\* \* \*

The marriage knot is too often a slip knot instead of a slip not.

\* \* \*

A girl may not let you, but it's a safe bet that she appreciates your wanting to.

\* \* \*

She only a traveling man's daughter, but she gives mean samples.

\* \* \*

"Business is fine," yelled the scissors grinder. "I've never seen things so dull."

\* \* \*

The present chess champion of the world took 2 hrs. 10 min. utes to make one move in a recent match. Naturally there is a certain amount of jealousy in bricklaying circles.

\* \* \*

That's a hell of a note, said the monkey as he sneezed in the saxophone.



*The wife of the Advertising manager of the Blistering Co. discovers to her horror that her husband has at last contracted a severe case of Halitosis. She is his closest friend but will she tell?*

# THE MUD PUPPY

One of the reasons for the downfall of the *Outlaw* was the column, *The Mud Puppy*. More or less a slander sheet, the *Mud Puppy* freely took sides on all issues, told stories about people which people would probably have wished untold, and told them with names. Nothing was too high or too low for the attention of the *Mud Puppy*. A few excerpts have been chosen from several issues of the *Outlaw*—Ed

March, 1929

**HOWLING MOBS** paced the barren sod outside the *Mud Puppy's* abode and hissed dire threats of revenge. But was our hero in the least terrified? Nay, for as the very tongues beyond babbled curses, the magnificent creature vanished into the night leaving the enraged mob to scream their rage at the moaning trees. A wise owl, who can see all and consequently knows all, saw the gorgeous *Mud Puppy* and his brood seated in a luscious grassy meadow, all chuckling, for had not the populace barked up the wrong tree? They had that, and still their prey steals through their very hands, safest when among them.

Now, class, the first victim for dissection this morning is a person known to the unfortunate few who do as "Cut-up" Cunningham. If he were stranded on a desert island with nothing but a mirror, he'd be happy. And what a way with the women. Ask him how he does it and the answer, as expected is:

"Be nonchalant, kid and let 'em know they're getting a bargain."

Now, in all seriousness, what can you do with a guy like that? Is he handsome? (Chorus of mixed voices, mostly mixed) Yes, oh my Gawd, yes, he is very handsome. (Step, chorus and exit). The curious may locate this phenomena during the social hours at any of the joints. He sits in the booth, eyes upon all female newcomers, sucks his sody, looks at all female newcomers, never takes his eyes off the fema (check) and looks at the girls. His little circle of bodyguards warns him of any impending catastrophe to his vest and chin. (They are an admirable clique of satellites, trained well since their freshman days.)

He may be identified by his hat—excuse the appellation, Knox and Co.,—which expresses

his individuality or rather, his courage. But it is when his hat is off that his real work begins. Quickly, quickly, he rushes to the sides of acquaintances, slaps their backs, cracks wise at the girls, promises the boys a drink in the near future and on to the next table. With fair results he makes three parties a month.

October, 1928

This idea of taking social privileges away has its drawbacks. The Thetas are muttering, "Dance, where is thy sting?" and the Kappa Sigs proudly maintain that they are as dumb from the neck up as they are in the back yard. Of, course, the Thetas have their social attractions, judging from the way those scantily clad Fords are stacked up outside. Some of their pledges (I could



Missouri co-eds might help against Oklahoma this way.

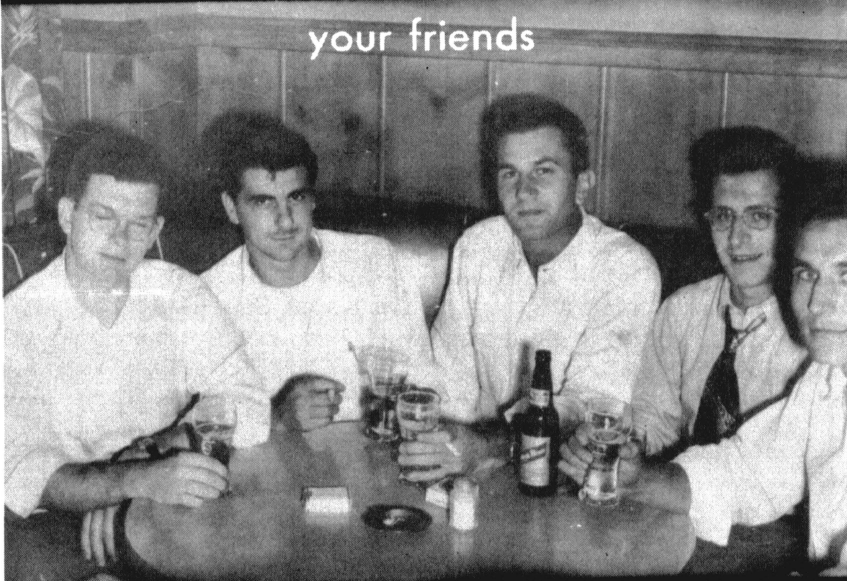
We'll deliver  
Anywhere!

Just pick up a phone dial 5142 and tempting food and drinks will be delivered to you.



**PHONO - GRILL** 203 N. Ninth

Join in the fun! Bring your date to the  
**STEIN CLUB** where you're sure to meet  
your friends



**STEIN CLUB**

"Coldest 5% Beer in Columbia"



Don't "Paper your walls with Love Letters."

Come by Brady's and have us show you our wallpaper selections and help you make suitable choices for your interior decorating.

15 South **BRADY'S** Phone  
10th St. 4978

not keep my promise) are full of U.S.A., which means Unusual Sex Appeal. One Queenly exponent burst into Harris' the other night and fifty forks were dropped simultaneously. As I was at the cashier's cage writing a mahogany promise to pay, etc., I was unable to notice whether it was a body by Fisher or if her stockings were coming down.

January, 1929

There he is, folks! Oh, you great big, cute little devil! He tries to muss up all the little ceds (single standard rough house stuff) and occasionally steals a kiss if the girl is tight enough. The big 'one-date' man of this campus, George F-----. His huge bulk is always crammed inside his varsity sweater and he never wears a hat. Probably they don't make them big enough. This baby hippo is frequently seen at dances, but as he never does that sort of thing, he is very efficient in lending local color to the occasion. Somebody please graduate him!

February, 1929

The seven passenger bath-tub goes to Lucille M---- for being the dumbest female in these parts. Her psychology professor requested each member of the class to submit a question, written, pertaining to the subject. This requirement soared way beyond her intellectual capacity, and so she coerced a willing lad into doing the said duty for her. He did.

It was submitted without even being read by the young lady in whose name it was signed. "If it is an ascertained fact that I am biologically descended from a silly jackass, it is no doubt apparent that conditioned reflexes are responsible for many of the wrongs that are committed in this naughty world." Miss M---- batting average is quite consistent.

June, 1929

They say Stephens' formal was quite the berries. The telephone had a rush of business the day preceding the brawl due to the last minute efforts to round up enough gullible University

men with which to block up enough entrances to keep the sprightly sisters from galloping off in the moonlight. A few of the prettier babes were fortunate in hooking a male for the evening; but the "cute ones with an awfully nice personality" had the roomies on every wire in town. "Well if you CAN come, please bring about 45 others with you. G'Bye."



After the chape ones had extracted the information that you were going into Journalism and that your father was a lawyer in Push-Push, Oklahoma, the dancing commenced. The sheer-silkily clad legs meandered about in every conceivable direction but in the right one. It was impossible to elude the rhinestone missles by stepping outside. When you're in, you're IN! The chaps (pet name for chaperones) had the joint well protected from external stimuli in the form of shady lanes. Every speck of lipstick that went to the dance came out of it on the former owner, thus making the dance a total flop. We did hear something about one little girl that beat it to Jeff City; but as far as we know she is still there. They are going to have another dance next semester but that is where we will take it out on the freshmen—we'll make them go.

THE END

The movie theatres in Columbia are just like careful poker players. They never start anything until they get a full house.

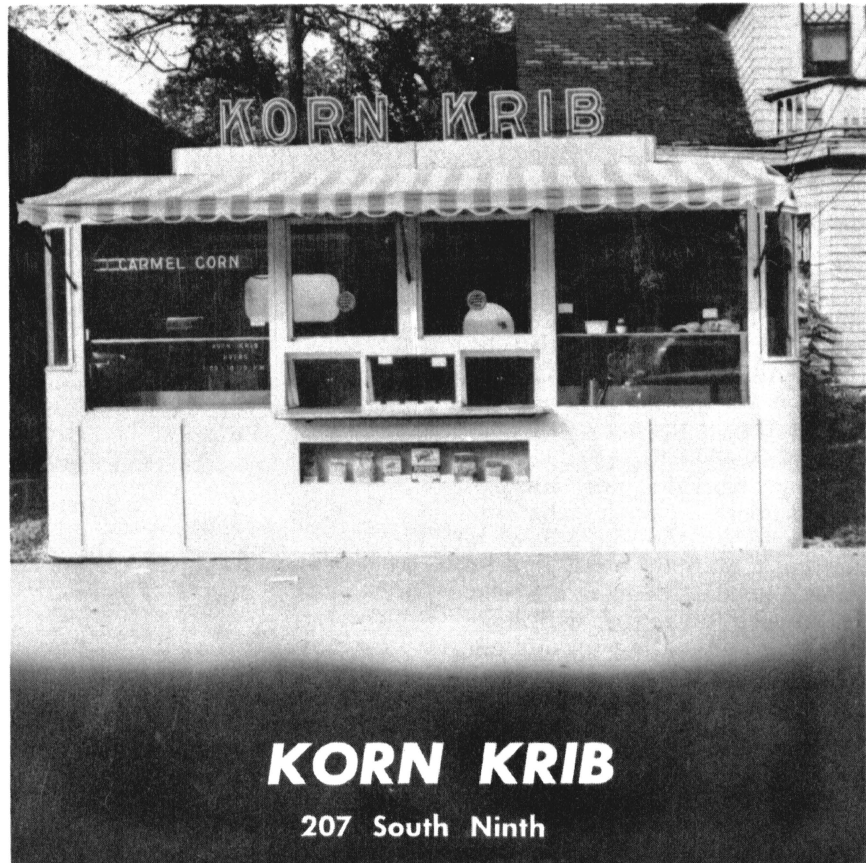
There's an easier  
way out!

30 YEAR ADVERTISER

Let us handle your clothes worry—you'll look sharper and feel smarter—others do notice your appearance! So Dial 3114 for...



**DORN-CLONEY**  
DIAL 3114



**KORN KRIB**

207 South Ninth

30 YEAR ADVERTISER

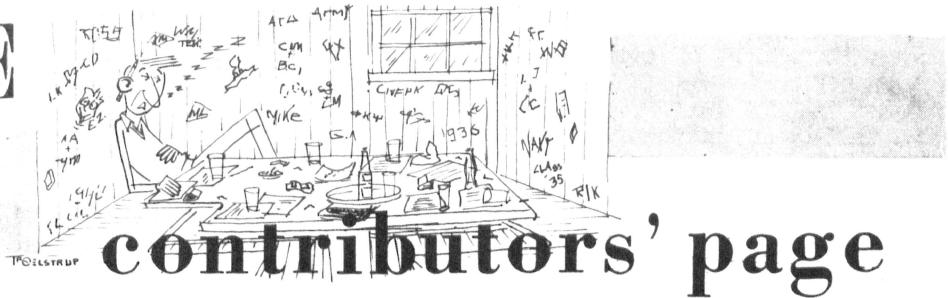
*Harris*

*Good Dining for more than  
a quarter century*

**Two rooms available  
for Private Parties**

**Phone 4401**

# SHOWME



## contributors' page

### Ed Overholser



Photograph by Julie's Studio

Ed Overholser is our surprise man of the year. We expected him to be good, but not that good. Ed impressed us a lot last year with his sales ability and so, even though he had had only a semester on the staff, we made him ad manager.

Being worriers we kind of fretted about Ed during the summer realizing the difficulties of running a staff by mail; but Ed, being a good ad man and a worrier himself turned in a fine job of selling and setting up our ads.

Ed is a rather quiet person—we think. We haven't seen enough of him to really be sure; but work and worry seem to be his main pasttimes. His shyness became apparant when we told him that he would have a write-up. Immediately he became the little man who wasn't there and when he finally found him, he couldn't give us enough information to fill a paragraph.

We did find out that Ed is 20, an advertising major from that explosive town, Texarkana, Texas, and a Kappa Alpha with an honest-to-pete southwestern accent.

This is Ed's senior year in J-school so we can look for a full year of Ed's fine work. He is always on the look for new salesmen, so if you have ideas or ambition, Ed is the man to see.

### Mel Britt

"What a riot." Those words have practically become synonymous with Mel Britt on the *Showme* staff. Mel became the keystone of *Showme* gag meetings from the time she walked into the back room of the Shack and joined our gag-weary gang.

Since joining the staff last semester, Mel has moved into the proof-reader position, and, more lately, the joke editorship. We're expecting the jokes to improve considerably.

We asked Mel how she got that "terrific" sense of humor and according to her, she "does not know how she got that way." We're glad she did.



Besides loving to laugh, Mel loves music. Once upon a time, she tells us, she sang with a band, but gave it up—for laughing, no doubt.

Mel is also a big help to the staff in Jefferson City when we set up the magazine. She inherited Audrey Geisey's old job of setting type and came through with honors and only a few misspelled words.

Mel is 20 and an Advertising major from Granite City, Ill., (that rough East Side), and a member of Zeta Tau Alpha.

### Herb Knapp

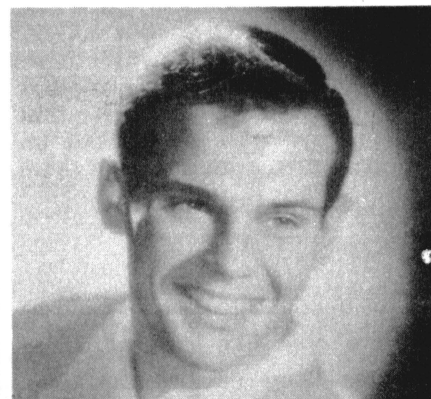
In case you don't recognize Herb Knapp in the photograph, it's because his eyes are open (or are they?). We can't figure out whether Herb is just tired all the time or just works hard all the time.

One thing we do know about Herb; he has become a whirlwind on the art staff this year and wasn't happy until we noticed his ambition and made him art editor.

From that position Herb hopes to build up the art staff (he's on the prowl for new talent, you artists) and discover new ways to illustrate stories. You probably noticed his lay-out on "Paul Parrut" in the *Orientation Issue*.

Herb hasn't reached the ranks of professionalism as yet, but his cartoons have been re-printed in other college mags and we wouldn't be surprised to find Herb in the big time some day—when he opens his eyes and finds it there.

A Kansas City boy (where he worked in a lumber yard this summer), Herb is 19, majoring in (Herb says, "No comment") and a member of Pi Kappa Alpha.



Photograph by Julie's Studio



*In Columbia nearly everyone buys her shoes at*

**Harzfeld's**

**broadway at tenth**

# Campus Interviews on Cigarette Tests

## Number 2...THE FLICKER

"One question...Where do I flick my ashes?"

Don't think our neat-pleated friend with the drape-shape doesn't know the score! He's plenty hep to all those tricky cigarette tests! If you're in the groove, they're not fooling *you*, either. You know, from your own smoking experience, that just one puff of this brand...then one puff of that brand isn't going to give you the answer you want. What can you possibly tell by a quick inhale and exhale, a whiff or a sniff?

The *sensible* test — the one that gives you the proper answer—is a day-after-day, pack-after-pack tryout for 30 days. It's the Camel 30-Day Mildness Test! You judge Camels for 30 days in your own "T-Zone" (T for Throat, T for Taste)—the real proving ground for a cigarette. Once you've tested Camels as a *steady* smoke, you'll *know* why...

**More People Smoke Camels**  
**than any other cigarette!**

