

Showme


COMICS



JANUARY
1951

25¢

rbKnapp

INSIDE
36 Exotic Pages
A Faucet Publication 

one of those
"cream
of the
cottons"

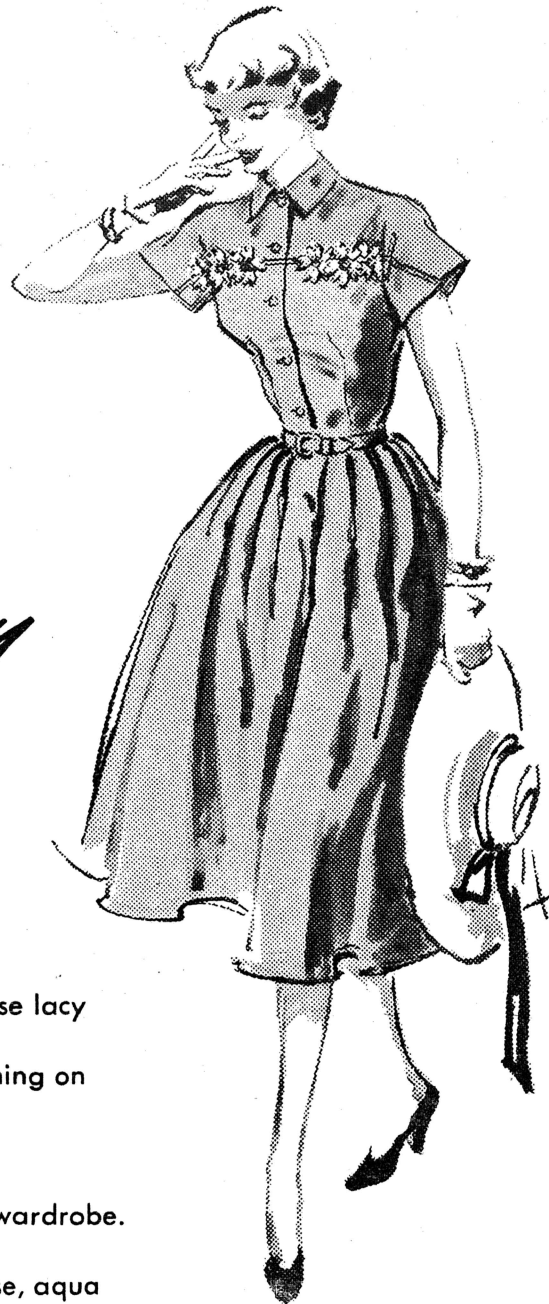
presented by

Betty Barclay

HIDE 'N SEEK

AS SEEN IN FEBRUARY CHARM

Now you see them—now you don't! Those lacy daisies have a delightful habit of buttoning on and off the bodice. Isn't it wonderful! A dress that does tricks and doubles your wardrobe. Fine Sanforized chambray in brown, rose, aqua and grey. Sizes 9 to 15.



The Blue Shop

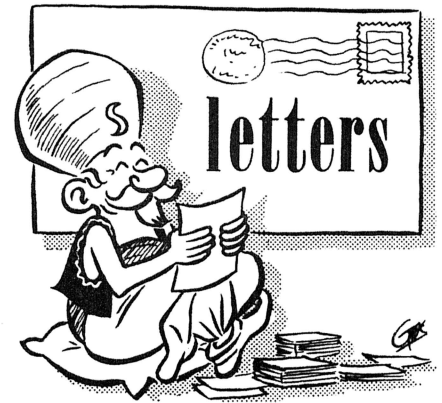


SUIT YOURSELF . . .
Puckett's OF COURSE

for the light of your life...

We have a handsome selection from which to choose.

CAMPUS JEWELERS
Across from Jesse



Dear Editor:

Mr. Fred White, an alumnus of the University of Missouri and a member of our firm, showed me a copy of your recent publication *Saturday Evening Pest*. I thought the book was excellent and it provided me with a good hour's entertainment.

Since my husband is an advertising man, and is now in Korea, I immediately thought of how much pleasure he would get out of it. Would it be possible to send me a copy and bill me here at the office?

I would certainly appreciate any help you can give me in this matter.

Mary Frances Maffei
True Magazine

We were hoping that the work we put into the issue would serve some useful purpose—Ed.

Dear Editor: (*SatEvePest*)

Shore would like to find out how to go about getting a year's subscription to your magazine. I'm enclosing an AirMail stamp so you can forward the dope right away and I can find out what happened to Dude in Bob Skole's story, *continued*.

Don't know how your November Issue strayed way out here in the Islands, but we sure enjoyed it.

Sincerely,

Kate Elizabeth Neely, YN3
USN

Pearl Harbor, Hawaii



A RICH MALT FROM
"THE PEPPERMINT ROOM"



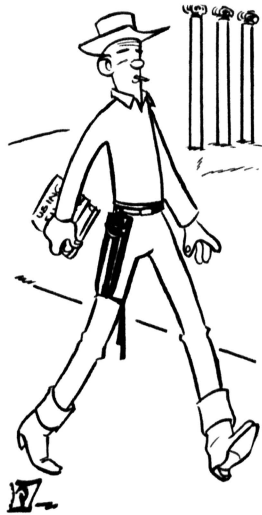
Wal, shucks, gal, since the Pest is issued but once in thirty years, you all will just have to be satisfied with the Showme. For your benefit Bob Skole has ended the "Dude" as follows—Ed.

"Yep," Dude said, as he calmly lit a cigarette. "Reckon so."

"Oh, Dude," said Hope, throwing herself into his arms. Her weight caused him to lose his balance and holding her tight he toppled backward over the cliff. His voice drifted back.

"Yep."

THE END



Dear Editor:

I am a graduate student at the University of Iowa, working in Dramatic Arts, and I have read your magazine. Thus I am acquainted with your fine work in the field of college humor. Thus, I would like to subscribe for a year to your magazine.

Besides, the one here at Iowa stinks.

By the way, I figure I ought to get a discount or something for above blurb.

Sincerely

Jerry Tobias

Iowa City, Iowa

Jerry, as Workshop associates will know, is a grad of the University. We gave him a discount by eliminating two magazines—Ed.



"I've got to make a phone call... quick!"

...to Sudden Service Cleaners and have them fix up these battered clothes of mine."

Sudden Service Cleaners

"Just North of J-School Drive on Eighth St."

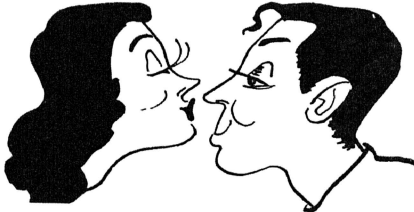


"I just can't study— thinking about my girl in her new sweater and skirt from Julies!"

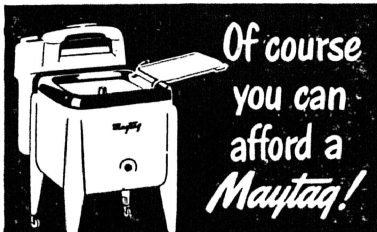
If You Get This ...



Instead of This ...



Try This ...



With a feeble effort, the grey-haired editor raised his head and glared over the typewriter at his impudent staff. "There comes a time in every man's life," he cackled, "when one must forego stuff and things for finer stuff and things."

"Yes, Hemingway, Faulkner, Lewis, Shulman," the staff chortled—happy in the thought that this was the last time they would have to say this.

"In the past two years," snapped the editor, failing in an attempt to pat himself on the back, "I have written nigh to 60,000 words for this magazine. Not a bad record, don't you think?" "You even thought up a cartoon idea—once"—sweetly.

"Well...I had stories published before I was editor, too." The editor jabbed one bony finger at the typewriter keys. "But there comes a time..." The editor sucked loudly on his tooth.

One staff member stood up and jacked up his adams apple with some considerable effort. He said, "It's been fine..sir... working with you." Someone knocked a beer into his newly pleated hound's tooth.

The editor tried to find the \$ mark on the typewriter. "It has been most gratifying," he sniffed. Best damned magazine staff in the country—he thought to himself. "But the finer things of life summon me. I must devote myself to the Elementary Elements of Elementary Advertising for Advertisers, a prerequisite to Editing the Small Town Billboard Bulletin. He sighed.

The staff sighed. The editor chuckled. "Has anyone seen my comic book?"

With that statement the editor walked off the staff page—reading his Comic Book Issue!

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 Seigel

Art Editor
Herb Knapp

Exchange Secretary
Mary Ann Dunn

Business Manager
Alan Ebner

Business Secretary
Shirley Davis

Circulation Managers
Homer Ball
Dude Haley
Dick Sedler

Sales Manager
Dick Rogers

Secretary
Mary Ann Fleming

Proof Reader
Mel Britt

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Photos: Gene Rapier

Advertising: Joy Kuyper, Carroll Sand, Rey Shannon

Features: Don Dunn, Joe Gold, Jerry Litner, Fred Shapiro, Bob Skole

Publicity: Coleman Breece, Phil Cohen, Jay Goldman, Doris Gordon, Lloyd Hellman, Judy Klawans, Joy Laws.

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



MISSOURI SHOWME

YOUR CAMPUS HUMOR MAGAZINE

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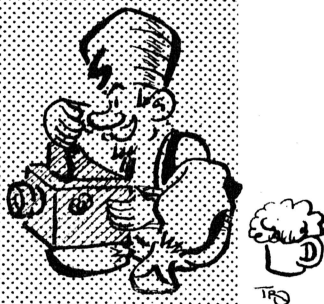
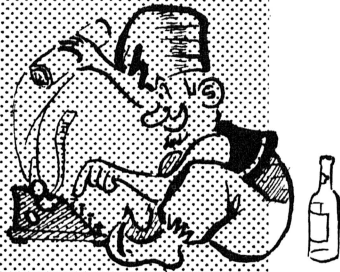
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COVER BY HERB KNAPP

Volume 27

January, 1951

Number 5

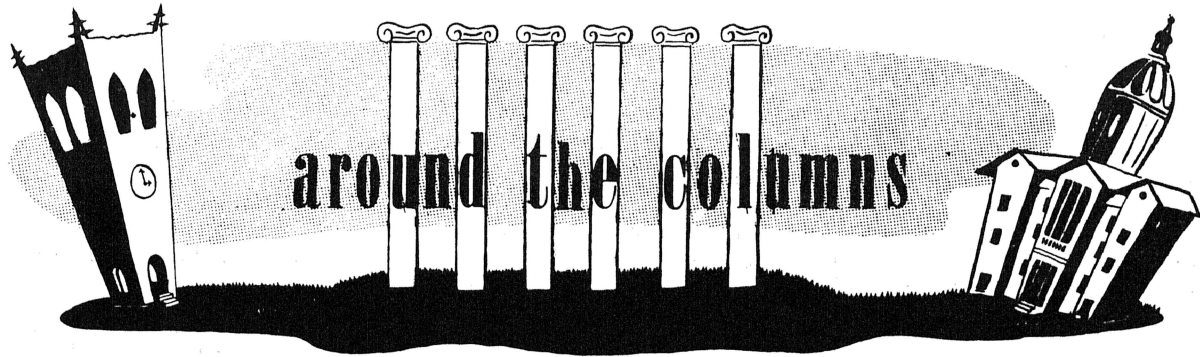


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*THOUGH there is much indignation
About the gore and pranks of crooks,
Phi Beta Kappas in fascination
Go on reading comic books.*



Overheard

A rather dejected veteran straggling across Blue Campus before the Christmas holidays.

"Well, there's always one hope. Maybe after this war I'll be too old to fight the next one."

Passing Thoughts

We ran into the Vice-President of the Student Government, Frank Sallee, the other day—scared us to death!

Seems to us that nobody can lose in sports today; the guy that wins, wins—and the guy that loses wins a moral victory.

The Reds have an applause system that we would use at Tiger games—all are ordered to applaud by the numbers.

The Communists say Mark Twain's books are now outlawed in the U.S.—they should take a look at some of our Lit Quizzes.

Somebody finally invented a mechanical brain that thinks like an idiot—now the machine society is complete and ready for war.

A "Letter to the Editor" complains about the number of syllables that Missourians put into words—another foreigner trying to play superior.

GIs in Korea asked for beer so the Ohio W.C.T.U. is going to send fruit juices—another lemon.

Here's a thought for future sailors—even the goldfish got seasick on a recent Atlantic trip.

In a speech a spinster said that the idea of men being the sole

support of a family is deplorable—We can't understand why she's a spinster.

Doris Duke wants to raise perfumed pigs—imagine she's going to sell manicured pigs feet, too.

They've settled where the Republican party was born—and everybody knows where it died.

Literary Effort

As the *Student* reported some time ago (most honestly) *Showme* is very much behind the establishment of a literary magazine on the campus. Not, in any manner as a replacement for that—tch, tch; my, my; goodness gracious—"trashy" magazine *Showme*, but as an outlet for the creative efforts that are more on the "arty" side.

We have been most fortunate in being a part of the campaign for this publication and, for the greater part, have found the idea well received on the part of the administration. Final word on the plan may appear before issuance of *Showme*. We hope it will be a favorable word.

We will greet the magazine most enthusiastically—and then



probably will begin an immediate verbal feud with it. We can hardly wait.

Jeeminy Christmas

Was it a bright Christmas for you? It probably wasn't for many people with the Uncle Sam jitters. Imagine sitting around home during the holidays afraid to open Christmas cards for fear they would contain the wrong kind of "Greetings".

Imagine walking down the main drag, losing some of those jitters in the never-too-bright displays of Christmas cheer, grinning at the straggly Santa Claus on the sidewalk, beginning to feel good when the never-old Christmas music begins sinking inside—and then seeing "GREETINGS" in seventeen-inch letters in a store window.

Imagine? Brrr—it's way past that stage.

Cot A Cig?

You just can't beat the tobacco moocher. We've tried and lost, as have innumerable others. But one fellow thought he had the specie whipped.

To end the mooching of a buddy (?) he took a bit of tobacco, five rubber bands, eight match heads, two locks of finely clipped hair, a teaspoonful of lint, a dash of pencil sharpenings and the contents of one shotgun shell. He mixed thoroughly and presented it to the moocher at the next visit.

Two hours later the guy came back for a refill!

After reading that, we're considering our cigarettes with suspicion lately.

Public Service-

Those of you who left town for the Christmas holiday's weren't privileged to read the joke page that the *Missourian* ran for one day under the sponsorship of the Columbia Bus Co. This was the ultimate in quack advertising. It's so funny one can hardly help but feel sorry for the outfit.



The NICKLE Ride is Back (terrific, huh?)

This was followed by:

A new, exciting way to buy your weekly transportation needs. (Aren't you just thrilled to death with anticipations?)

Then.

A direct saving for your budget! (this line is meant for all morons in town who will read no further)

Now we get the small type, as follows:

You can ride for 5c IF you buy a 50c weekly pass. (this is a free translation, of course)

After quickly passing over the small type we get the punch line:

The bothersome (get this) tokens have been eliminated.

Isn't that just jim-dandy. Imagine, that nice company is going to save everyone a big batch of money—such a nice Christmas present; they're so kind. Of course, you have to ride the bus 15 times before you break even, and each time after that you save 31 $\frac{1}{3}$ cents. If you ride the bus 105 times a week you'll save \$3.

Why, gracious, we'll all be rich before we know it—all we have to do is buy a bus company and print funny ads for the people.

Student Government

When we were thanked last month for saying something nice about S.G.A. we looked hastily about to see if anybody was getting the idea we were looking for political patronage or something. The thanks were honest and we were honest in what we said.

We've heard a lot of gripes about S.G.A.—we've let our own be known. But we've been looking around for a few months. Ever walk into the S.G.A. office? Sometimes it's empty—everybody has to go to classes. But walk into the hurricane when classes are out.

S.G.A.?—a super social organizer, says one person. We know his association with S.G.A. has been at social affairs. S.G.A. doesn't do that; some people think S.G.A. is an unlimited autocracy.

We aren't about to preach the tale of sweat and tears; all we say is that when S.G.A. fails to do something that you think is right and proper, it may not be because they haven't tried. They have, do, and will continue to make mistakes and we (who never make mistakes) will continue to jump down their throats for it.

But we will try to remember that S.G.A. represents the students and they can do no more than we can do.

Ed. Note—Please—we haven't taken up any party affiliation!

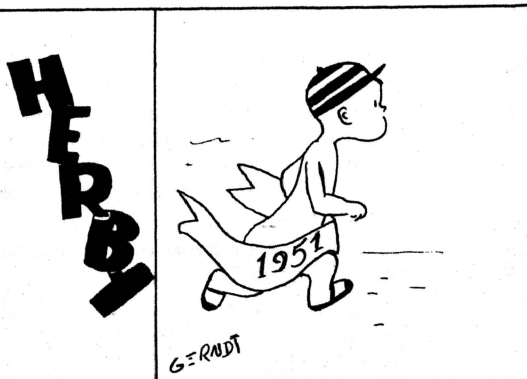
Lifetime Quiz

If the plan for giving college students tests to determine whether they study military tactics or bird calls becomes an actuality it may be profitable for some.



We can just see some of the old History and Principles of Journalism sharpies dusting off the press, pulling out the type cases and selling quizzes in advance at a neat profit. Sometimes those sidelines prove valuable.

But one thing is sure—it will be tougher than hell trying to get copies for the house files.



Advertisers

Maybe you've noticed that *Showme* isn't printing as many pages lately. We've had to cut down on some of our features and joke pages. It hasn't been a large cut—and we're still selling a larger magazine for 25c than the majority of college magazines in the country.

The recent cut in size and future cuts, if any, come because we are losing advertisers. Recently we have found that advertisers are dropping us because they feel that they don't need to advertise in *Showme* to get student business:

We have pointed out the fact that we cover the three schools, selling 3,000 immediately on campus, 300 to Stephens and 80 to Christian. One thousand go to the stores where they are purchased by students and townspeople.

We have also pointed out that despite the great increase in printing costs, we have not raised our ad prices. But we are losing advertisers.

We would feel silly asking students to say "I read your advertisement in *Showme*," when they go into a store; but we do appeal to you, the students, when you have a choice, to make your purchase in the places that advertise in *Showme*.

If you want *Showme* to continue to be the best magazine that we can give you, then help us to prove that advertising in *Showme*, if not a complete necessity, is certainly an advantage. Without advertising we will have to do as the arabs.

Sooo Long

Sooo Long, How Long ya gonna be gone? Like everything else *Showme* expects to be saying that to various staff members throughout this year when laughs will be even harder to find.

Our first such statement goes to one of our top artists, Glenn Troelstrup, who followed the hypnotic finger of Uncle Sam into the Air Force. Our best

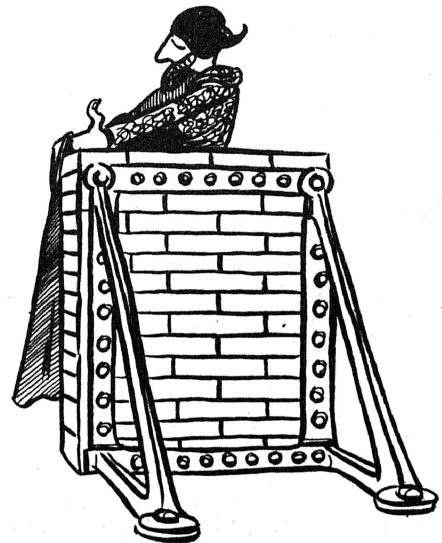
wishes for Corporal success goes with Glenn and we wished he had stayed around long enough to do "Steve Canyon" for the Comic Book Issue.

Savitalk

For some strange reason or other someone completely ignored our statement that *Savitar* is an ancient Tibetan word meaning "three dollars down" and asked us what the word actually meant.

After insisting that we were absolutely correct—to no avail—we dug into our files and came up with this year-or-so-old piece of information which we now repeat for the benefit of newcomers.

traced to 2000 B.C. by some enterprising person who ran across the book buried in a mass of papers in the Dean of Men's office one day.



The word, it seems, is from Vedic mythology (such as it may be) and is the name for a Sun God. Of course, nowadays, the mighty dollar has replaced all such gods and draw your own conclusion.. (\$3 down).

It (i.e. the word) means quickener, impeller or enlivener. -OR... we are impelled to quicken sales and enliven our bank account... (\$3 down).

Savitar, by the way, appeared in 1894-95 shortly after the great fire which (students) burned down what? It has never recovered from the blow.

Three dollars down, please!

Dorm-i-story

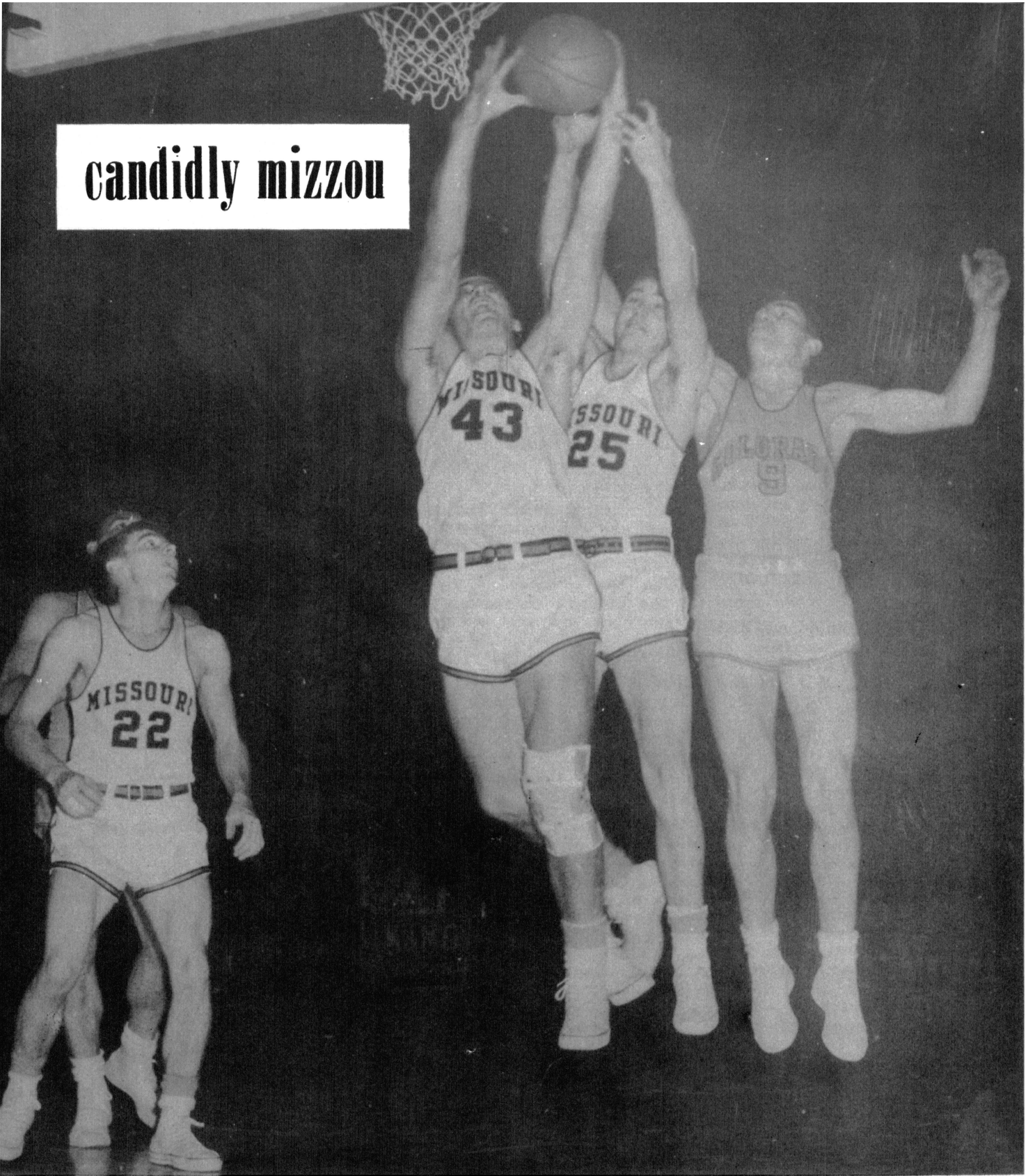
We forgot to mention something about the new Dormitories last month. We forgot to mention the built-in orchestra. It only has one instrument (banjo or ukelele—who knows?) but innumerable vocalists.

It gives forth with music most any time—and most any kind of music, as long as it's cowboy. It appears daily in just one dormitory—but it can be heard most anywhere. It's really nice if you have nothing to do but listen to it—and who has anything else to do, ha, ha, ha.

Ah yes, Crowder Hall—it's still there; doin' its damnest, too.



candidly mizzou



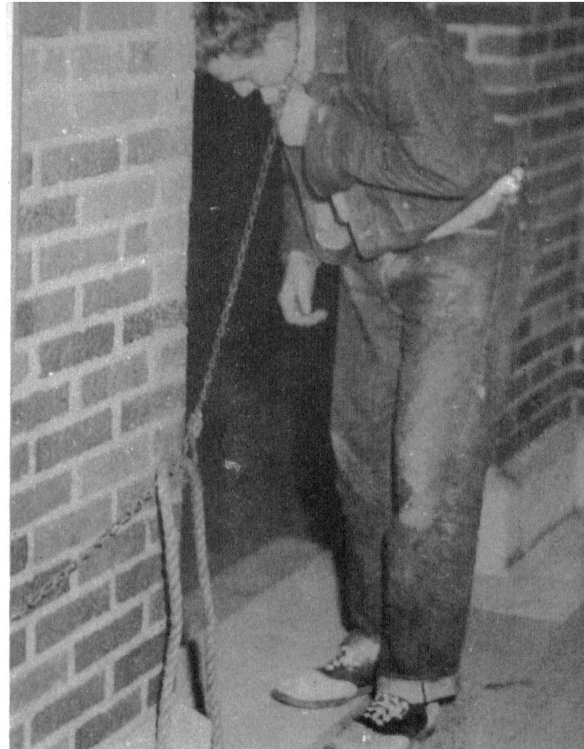
TOM SMITH

THE K.C. tournament wasn't successful—as far as we were concerned—but the boys tried like hell. Number 22 is Buddy Heineman (who has a habit of draggin the big boys down to his size); the boys floating on air are Stauffer (43) and Landolt (25).



BURT McNEIL

THE Lambda Chi's had a big formal and selected a queen. Reliable sources tell us that this isn't the queen; we're inclined to agree—the feet's too big.



AL PARO

SOME Kappa Sig's suffer so much. Pity this poor guy who was firmly chained to the porch of the Chi Omega house. Watch-dogs aren't that expensive, are they



TOM SMITH

CHRISTIAN College, moving into its 100th Anniversary, had a big winter formal (just to prove that Stephen's doesn't have a corner n the market) and called it the Snow Ball. In this photo the orchestra leader is showing them how tall he would be with platform shoes.



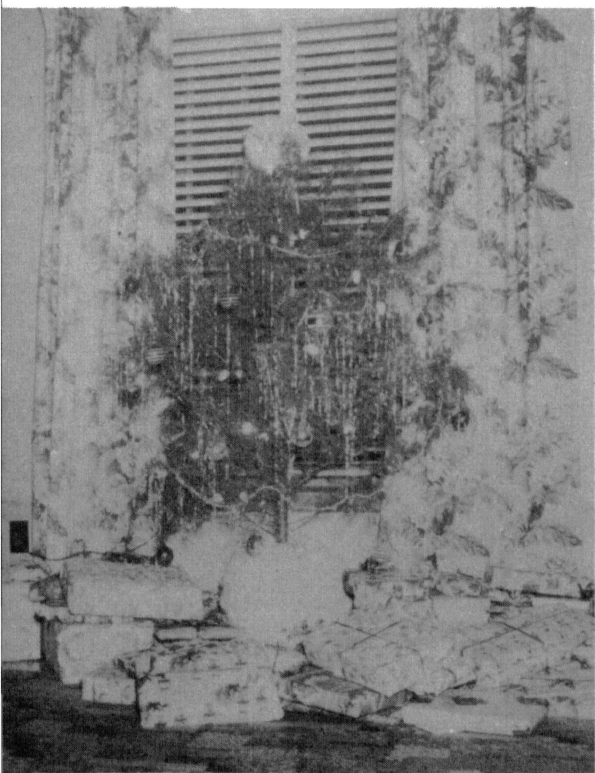
TOM SMITH

THIS canine has a wicked look in its eye. Somebody must have been putting on the dog—ha (ahem). This is probably the she-male the photo-of-the-month was looking for.



BURT McNEIL

HERE'S a nice photo of something-or-other going on at the Alpha Gamma Rho house. We are offering 27 of Herb Green's old cartoons for the correct rule to this game



BURT McNEIL

AH! Christmas! Wasn't it wonderful...



TOM SMITH

AS any fool can see, the Pi Phi's are having a wonderful time here. But we can just imagine what the girl behind the package is going to say to the girl holding the package when she sees her face obliterated!

photo of the month



LEADING a dog's life wouldn't be so bad if a convertible came with the deal. We can't quite figure this fellow; either the gal didn't show up, or the fraternity refused to rush him. In either case we would gladly change places with him—car keys included.

TOM SMITH

Superlout Scores Again

by Joe Gold

THE noonday sun streamed into Superlout's X Ray eyes, and he awoke with a curse on his super lips.

"Damn it to hell!"

Superlout wasn't used to getting up so early, and his super brain was fogged, as he turned over on the couch looking for his girl friend, star reporter for the *Weakly Libel*, Downthe Lane. Then he remembered. Even his morals were super. Last night, looped as he was, he had locked Downthe in her bedroom and slipped the key under the door to her.

"Damn it to hell!" Superlout swore softly. His X Ray eyes probed the wall of Downthe's room. They lit up like a tilted slot machine. "Hot damn!", he grinned with a super smile flashing a super set of 64 teeth—four rows, one on top of the other.

Superlout felt good. He leaped from the couch, beating his four foot wide chest, and shouting, "Up, up and away!" At the resounding crash Downthe opened her door with a pickaxe she had been saving for just such an occasion, and discovered Superlout with his head pushed through the ceiling and his super legs dangling over her head.

Downthe's morals weren't super. They weren't even average. She was mad at Superlout for locking her in, so she swung the pickaxe at Superlout's super hind quarters. The weapon bounced off, imbedding itself in the woodwork along with a family of termites who had gotten there first. Disgusted, Downthe grabbed one of Superlout's size twenty-threes and yanked him back into her apartment.

"Dahling," she whined, "must you be so impetuous?"

Superlout gazed at her from his Neanderthal face. With a sigh she hurled herself into his super arms and cooed, "There's something I must tell you, Supe."

"Sure, babe, sure," Superlout answered, dropping her on the floor. A thought had struck him. Superlout was ready to strike back. He had just remembered about The Black Hood. The Hood was running a bookie shop behind the local schoolhouse and was fleecing the little tykes out of their milk money. This wasn't so bad, but it was taking business away from "Superlout's Casino for Kiddies", a small fry gambling establishment which kept Superlout in new union suits and capes.

Downthe smiled seductively at him and Superlout took her in his arms, gave her the kiss she

was craving and left her gasping for breath on the couch.

"Up, up and away!" he shouted, sailing through the gaping hole in the ceiling, knocking a few more feet of plaster down on Downthe, who didn't mind getting plastered.

Superlout flew over the city of Messlopolis looking for some drunken bum he might roll for booze money. A pigeon flew over Superlout, and the hero's face turned white.

"Damn it to hell," Superlout swore, clutching the bird, plucking its feathers, and cooking it on a convenient meteor. His breakfast finished, Superlout rocketed once around the world just for the hell of it, and settled down to the serious business of locating The Black Hood.

Down swooped Superlout, but, overshooting his landing, he came to rest on the spire of one of Messlopolis' most modern schoolhouses. Below him a steady stream of children walked from the main building toward a tiny frame shack. Superlout watched, absorbed.

Suddenly his X Ray eyes filled with rage, as he looked into the small shack and saw—The Black Hood! Prying himself loose from the steeple, to which he had become quite attached, Superlout bounced to the ground for a closer look.

"Get in line, stupid," a freckle-faced little girl screamed.

Superlout slunk over to the shade of a tall oak tree and watched the proceedings with an injured air. Slowly the children passed into the shack each grimy fist clutching the pennies their fathers had slaved to earn, and giving them to that heartless fiend, The Hood. And they could have been spending it in "Superlout's Casino for Kiddies"! Superlout was angry. More than that; he was annoyed.

Quietly he walked to the end of the line to await his encounter with the villain. When an hour and a half had passed, and Superlout hadn't moved an inch, he began to grow suspicious. He tapped the shoulder of the tall youngster in front of him.

"Hey, why aren't we moving?"

The shape ahead didn't answer, and, on a closer inspection, Superlout found he had lined up behind the oak tree.

"Damn X Ray vision," he muttered. "Can't tell a tree from a burlesque queen. Everything

looks the same, when you can see through it."

The bell ending recess had rung, and the way was now clear to The Hood's place of business. With a bold unflinching step Superlout walked toward it. Flinging the door open, he confronted the villain.

"I am Superlout."

All that could be seen of The Black Hood was a frightened pair of green and brown eyes (the left one was green). He was swathed in a black satin robe, which seemed to shiver slightly, as he faced his famous foe. He was scared.

"So what?" The Hood asked, picking his nose. "Which horse do you want?"

Superlout was furious. He grabbed The Hood by the neck, and took off through the roof into the blue sky, where the pigeons were happily awaiting him. It wasn't often they got to practice on a moving target.

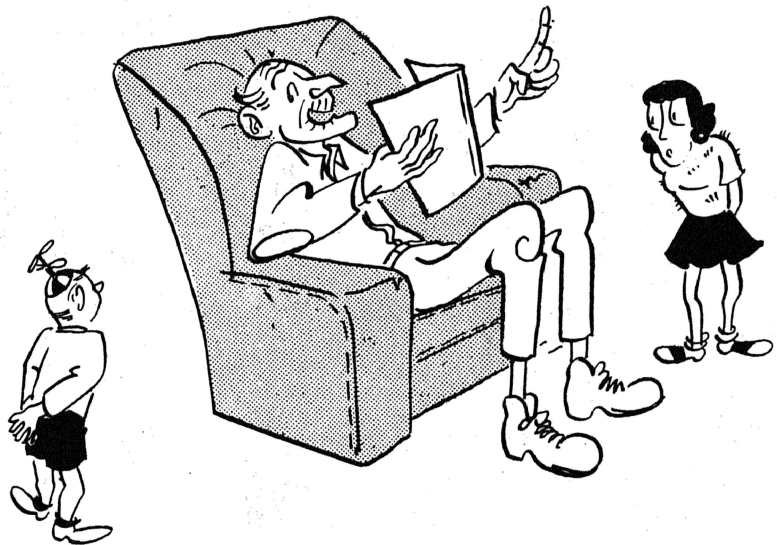
Wanting to be merciful and save time and trouble, Superlout followed by the adoring flock of pigeons, carried The Hood to a small pool in the Caribbean. Superlout chuckled something about poetic justice as he deftly dropped The Hood into a school of man-eating fish, and flew away whistling "School Days." It was all over and Superlout remained the sole exploiter of helpless little boys and girls.

THE END



You Get
24 Hour Photo Service
at
KNIGHT'S DRUG SHOP

"Now way back in 1951..."



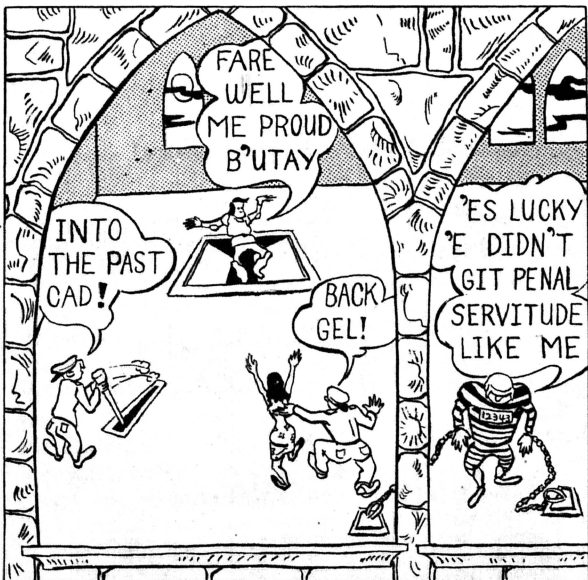
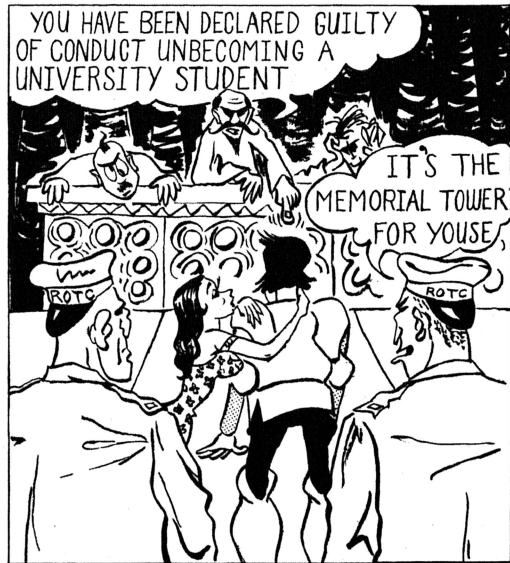
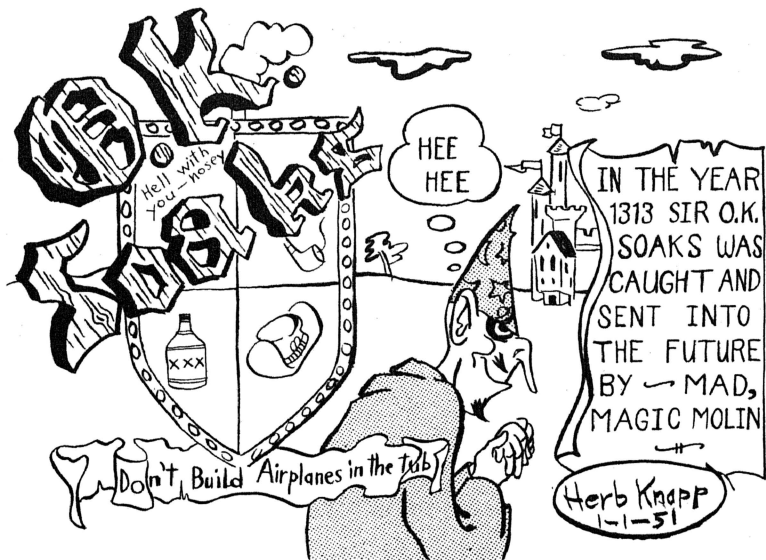
You'll want to show the kids what a wheel you were at ole Mizzou... your '51 Savitar is your best prop. Order yours today!

JESSE
MUMFORD
ENGINE BLDG.

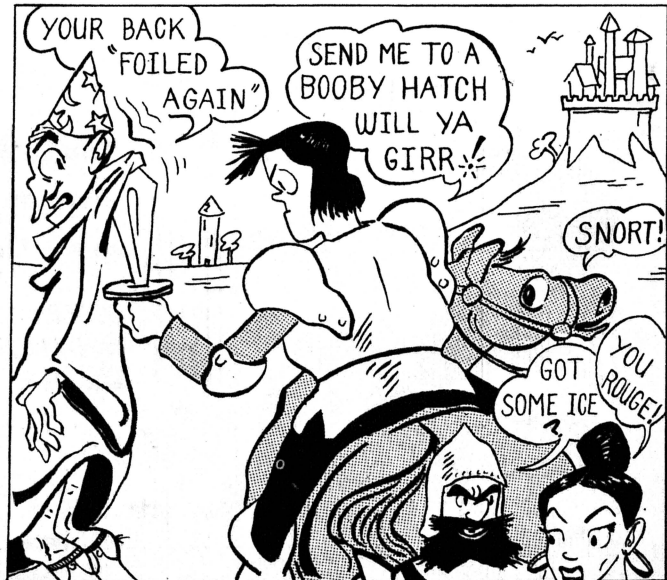
B&PA
303 READ HALL
UNIV. BOOK STORE

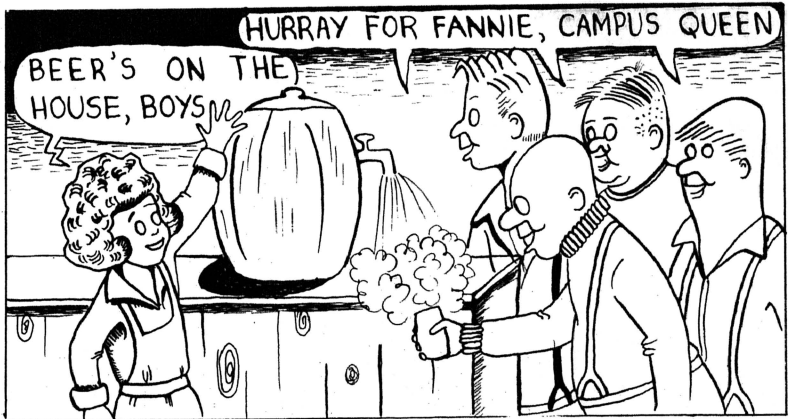
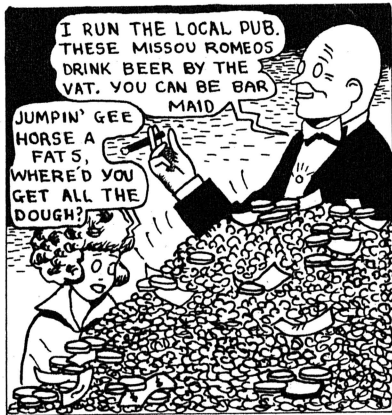
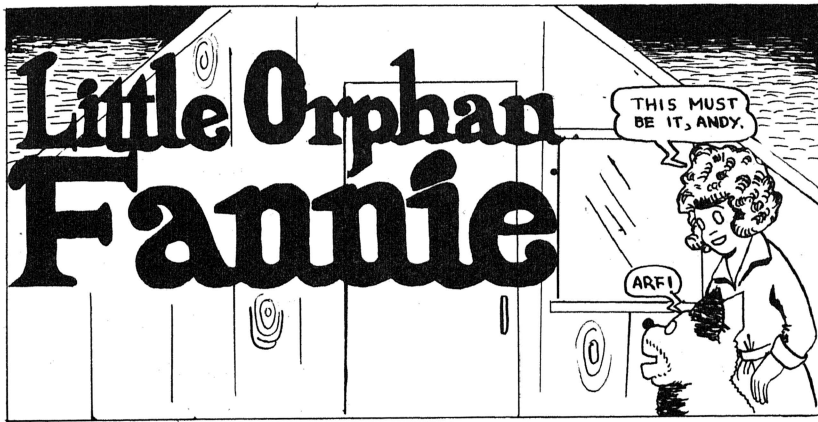
PETERSON STUDIO
On Sale Now

1951 SAVITAR



**T
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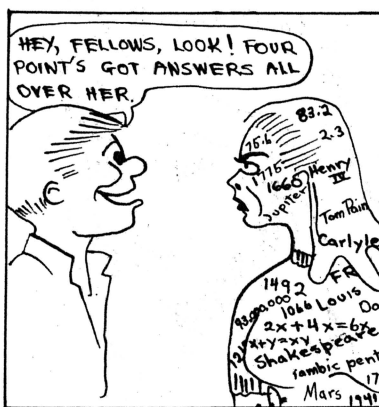
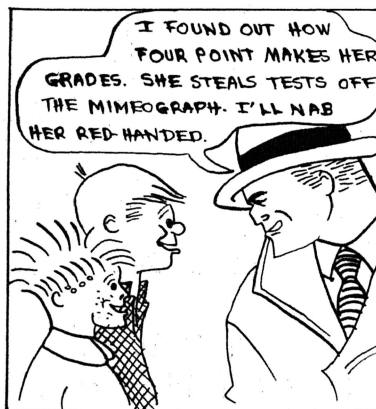
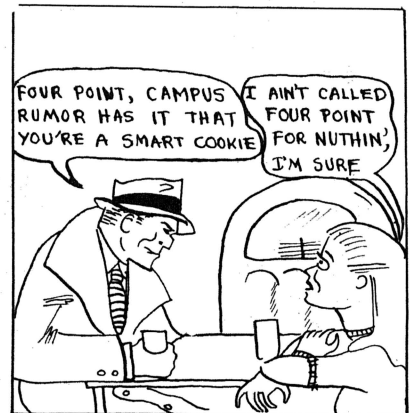
SOMEWHERE IN THE WILDS OF THE UPPER HINKSON, HANDSOME BOB SMITH IS HELD CAPTIVE BY A GROUP OF RENEGADE STEPHEN'S GIRLS. HE WAS CAPTURED AFTER A LATE DATE WITH A SORORITY GIRL. THEY ARE TAKING HIM TO THEIR LAIR. HE IS SCARED.





DICK RACY

THE DEFECTIVE



WESLEY JOE



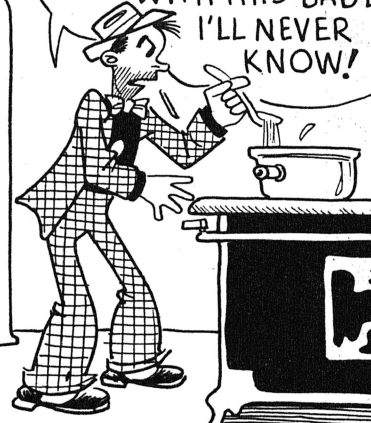
FLOOZIE

BY
BUNG YUNG

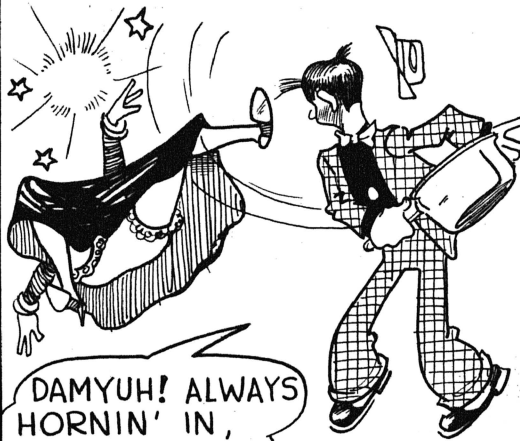
ANOTHER BAD DAY AT THE TRACK! HOPE FLOOZIE HAS A DECENT MEAL FOR A CHANGE!



SAME OL' PEACOCK PUKE! WHY I TIED UP WITH THIS BABE I'LL NEVER KNOW!



AAH, SHADDAP AN' COME UPSTAIRS. GOT A STUD GAME GOIN'!



DAMYUH! ALWAYS HORNIN' IN, AREN'T YA?

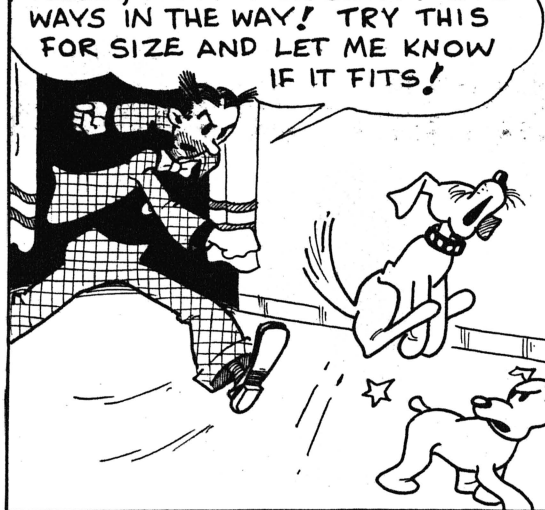
WHENEVER A STUD GAME IS STARTED AROUND HERE, I DO THE STARTING, GET ME? NOW QUIT SLOBBERING AN' CLEAN UP THIS MESS I MADE!



YOU KIDS KNOCK OFF THE BEER LONG ENOUGH TO GET SOME SET-UPS AN' GIN DOWN TO CREEPY'S PLACE. BETTER BE QUICK, OR I'LL KNOCK HELL OUT OF YOU!



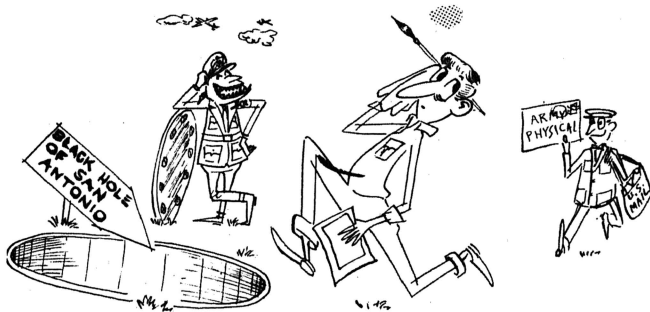
FLEEZY, YOU AN' YOUR BROOD ARE ALWAYS IN THE WAY! TRY THIS FOR SIZE AND LET ME KNOW IF IT FITS!



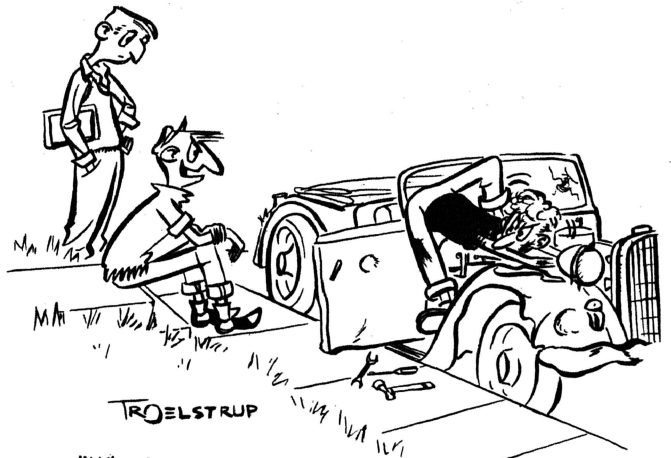
NOW FOR THAT STUD GAME — GEEZE, ARE THOSE FISH IN FOR A FLEEING!



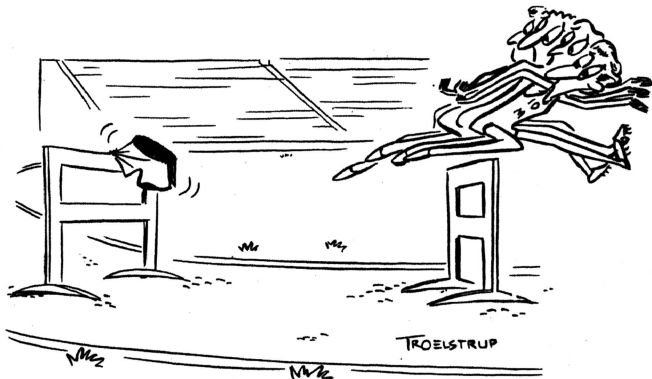
"THEY CAN'T TAKE ME"...



Glenn Troelstrup herewith offers his farewell to Mizzou - in the manner he knows best. We have responded in kind with our farewell to him.



"Why don't you jack up the horn and run a new car under it?"





**RCA VICTOR
RADIOs and TELEVISION**

New Record Shop
"45" 33 1/3 Records

**Guaranteed Repairs
(30 Years Experience)**

DON SMALL G-E STORE

19 North Tenth Street

Your 4-wheel personality clinic
in session every day at

Fountain's Service Station
Corner of University and Ninth Street



Call on Her
with

Flowers

from

**H. R. Mueller
FLORIST**

SUPERIOR QUALITY DEPENDABLE SERVICE

16 South 9th

24



They call them virgin pines be-
cause they never been axed.

* * *

"We'll have to rehearse that,"
said the undertaker as the coff-
in fell out of the hearse.

* * *

Probably the easiest way out
of our financial difficulties would
be to give the land back to the
Indians and apologize for the
condition it's in.

* * *

She: Do you think you're San-
ta Claus?

He: No, why?

She: Then leave my stocking
alone.

* * *

Diner (to headwaiter): By the
way, did that fellow who took
our order leave any family?

* * *

It was prom time. Fifty couples
were dancing to the strains of
mad music. It began to rain. A
hundred and fifty couples are
dancing...

* * *

What would this country be
without women?—Stagnation.



IMA HANGOVER



"Honey," she asked, "you don't mind if I wear velvet instead of silk, do you?"

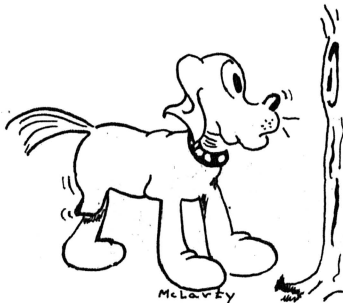
"No darling," he answered, "I will love you through thick or thin."

* * *

"No, Miss Ragan, a neckerchief is not the head of a sorority."

* * *

Three skunks went to church and they all sat in their own pew. When the collection basket came around, they each gave a scent.



Columbus was the first Democrat because:

He didn't know where he was going; he didn't know where he was when he got there; and he went on borrowed money.

* * *

One car they're all dying to ride in is the hearse.

* * *

Then there's the story of the laundry man who was struck by an automobile while crossing the street. He went down with flying collars.

* * *

She: But, remember my modesty.

He: Oh, yeah, remember?

BARTH

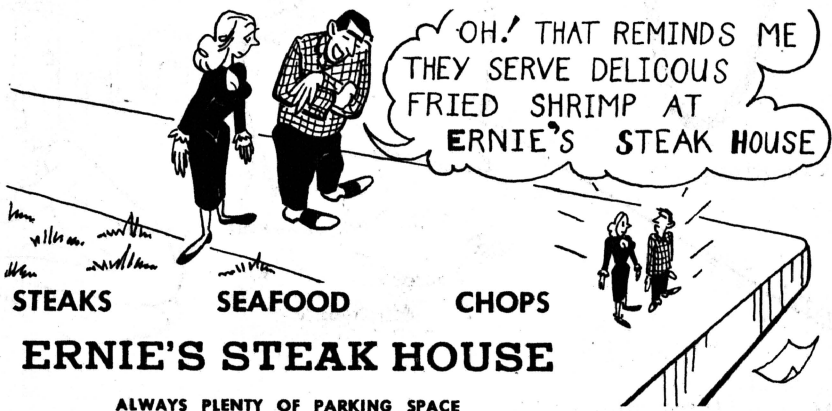
CLOTHING COMPANY, INC.

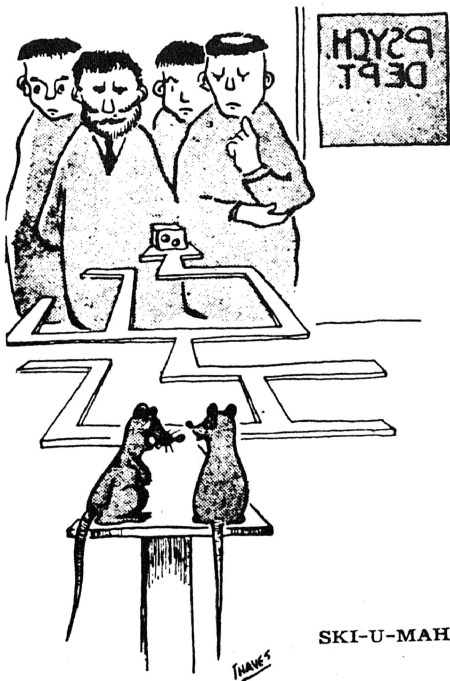
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STETSON HATS ARROW SHIRTS

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817-819-821 Broadway

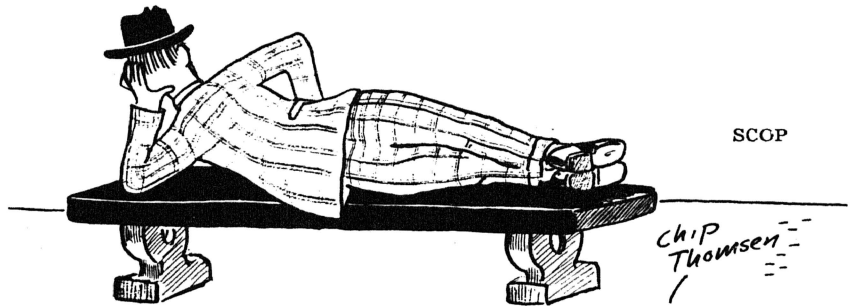




SKI-U-MAH



SCOP



Chip
Thomson

"Fer a lousy piece of cheese."



TARNATION

This Mail - 5/31/6

filched



JEYNES

"Well?"

RECORD



Harold: Oh, my darling, I crave to hold you close, I crave to kiss to you, I crave to hug you.

Joyce: Oh, a crave man!

* * *

He: I'm tired of playing checkers.

Haw: Sort of checkered board, huh?

* * *

Then there was the meteorologist who could look into a girl's eyes and tell weather.

* * *

A college man is like a kerosene lamp: not very bright, smokes, often goes out at night—and usually gets turned down.



He called his sweetie "baseball" because she wouldn't play without a diamond.

* * *

A freshman is a person who thinks colleges are run for students.

* * *

George: We certainly had a wonderful time last night for ten cents.

Jean: Yeah, I wonder how little brother spent it.

* * *

Some girls are like a zippered nightie: pull anything and it's all off.



Be Careful!

or you'll ruin my neat pants crease or wrinkle my suit that I just got cleaned at

Quality Laundry

"Let Mike Do It"

MIKE BERGMAN

Got War Jitters?

Read

The **DRAFT** Issue

and feel worse

On Sale

Next month

Professor: "Here . . . catch hold of this wire."

Student: "I got it. What now?"

Professor: "Feel anything?"

Student: "No."

Professor: "Well, then, don't touch the other one. It carries three thousand volts."

* * *

Little Nicky, five years old, was walking down the street with little Joan, four. As they were about to cross the street, Nicky remembered his mother's teaching. "Let me hold your hand," he offered gallantly.

"Okay," replied Joan, "but I want you to know you're playing with fire."

* * *

"Where've you been, Bill?"

"In the phone booth, talking to my girl, but dammit, someone wanted to use the phone and we had to get out."

* * *

Dinner Guest: "Will you pass the nuts, Professor?"

Professor (absent-mindedly): "Yes, I suppose so, but I really should flunk them."



She: "Do you love me?"

He: "Yes."

She: "Would you cry if I died?"

He: "Yes."

She: "Show me how much you would cry."

He: "Die first."

* * *

Policeman (to pedestrian just struck by Columbia driver): "Did you get his number?"

Victim: "No, but I'd recognize his laugh anywhere."

* * *

Little Bobby tripped and fell on his face on the sidewalk. An elderly lady rushed over to help him to his feet.

"Now little boy, you must be brave about this," she purred.

"You mustn't cry."

"Cry, schrmy," replied little Bobby. "I'm gonna sue hell out of somebody!"

Betty: "He fascinated me and I kissed him."

"Billie: "Yeah, I know. And then he began to un fascinate you, and you slapped him."

* * *

The best way to drive a baby buggy is to tickle his little feet.

* * *

She was only a gear-maker's daughter, but she could outstrip them all.

* * *

Just because my eyes are red is no sign I'm drunk. For all you know, I may be a white rabbit.

* * *

She may not be wanting to hurt your feelings as much as she wants to stop them.

* * *

He kissed her on her rosy lips; How could he then but linger?

But oh—when he carressed her hair,

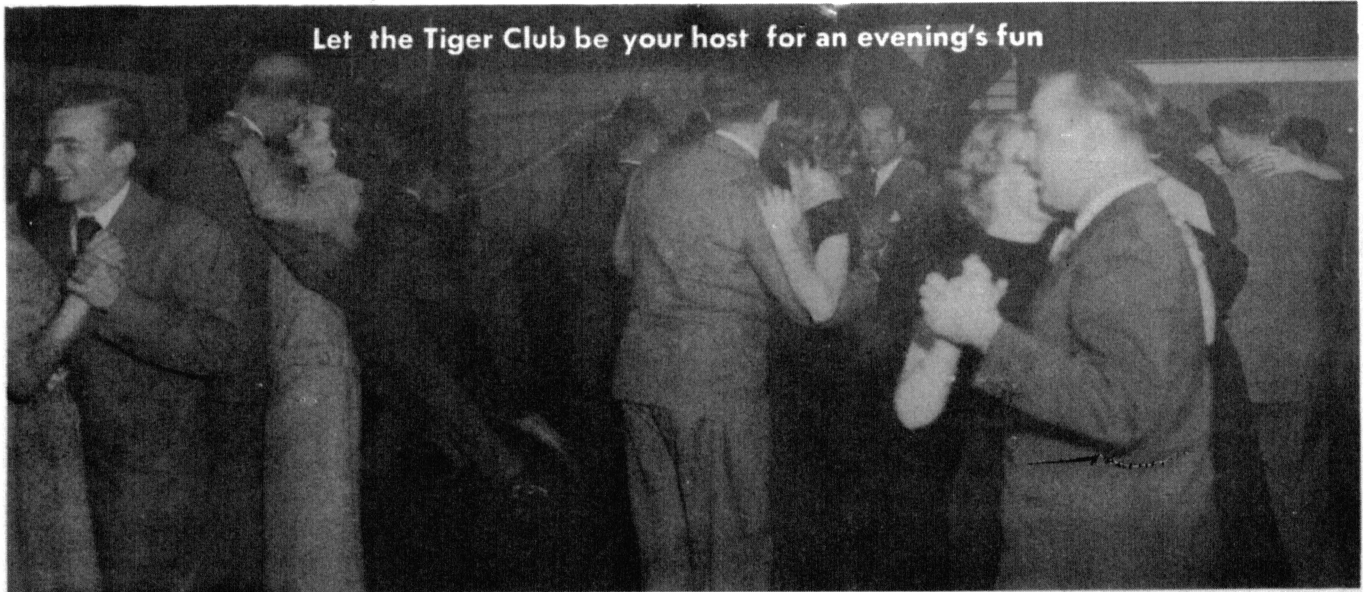
A cootie bit his finger.

* * *

Co-ed: "I'll stand on my head or bust!"

P.E. Instructor: "Just stand on your head. We don't expect too much."

Let the Tiger Club be your host for an evening's fun



Cold Beer

Tempting BarBQ

Sandwiches

Soft drinks

TIGER Club

Columbia's Finest Nightclub
HIGHWAY 40 E GRAND

Open daily
10-1:30 a.m.
Dancing 8:00
except Sunday.
200 p.m. on
Sunday

Headline Hash

HE LOVES PEOPLE
J. C. PENNY TELLS
LOCAL RESIDENTS

The local residents love pennies, too.

THOUGHT ALLIES
SCOTCH BUTCHER
NORTH KOREANS

Buddy, next time you get an F (or G, or H) in copyreading, take a look at this thing and try and reason it out!

UP TO CONGRESS
TO SAY HOW MUCH
A GOAT SMELLS

Some of this Republican reform, no doubt.

WASHINGTON DENIES
HE WAS DRUNK

Well, it was a cold night and a long trip across the Delaware.

STEPHENS SHAPES
NEW HONOR POLICY

We have the strongest desire to place a semi-colon at the end of the first line.

'SEADY DATE' HUGH
THOMPSON SCORES
AGAIN IN GUILD RECITAL

We wonder if Mr. Thompson and the Missourian made a trip to their respective lawyers.

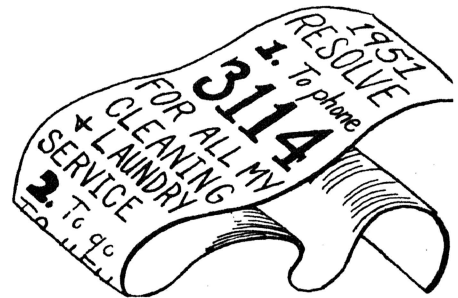


I Resolve

Free Pick-up
and
Delivery

DORN-CLONEY

Dial 3114



Spring Fashions

by

Delmanette

STYLED BY DELMAN



... its the new
shell pump in
colors

- Purple
- Fuschia
- Melon
- Navy
- Red
- Green
- Pink
- Yellow
- Light Blue

These Shoes featured in Kid Leather



the novu\$ shop

See the lovely...

Pen Point

Valentines

FOR EVERYONE



We have every kind for all the people you have in mind.

The Pen Point
109 South Ninth Street

Advertising Space

FREE

in Showme

(when available)

Student Sponsored

Charities

and

Worthy Causes

the Goldbrick

By Joel J. Gold



AH, SWEET MYSTERY OF LIFE!

Six pillars of stone
Etched against the sky,
You stand there alone;
God knows why!

Oh, ancient relics
Of bygone beauty,
I gaze and think,
"Now ain't this fruity."

While you stand there, stately
Columns,
I'll a question ask;
As you shiver in the cold,
Don't you wish you had a flask?

When wintry blasts swirl
through your ivy,
And you're feeling far from
swell,
Don't you ever get to thinking,
—"What the hell?"

Six pillars of stone
Etched against the sky,
You stand there alone;
God knows why!

* * *

It's been proven: More doctors
smoke Camels than vice versa.

TONGUELASHING A PEEPING TOM

Hey, you up there, standing on
the ladder,
What do you think you're doing?
You're like a bull coming on the
run,
When he hears the heifers moo-
ing.

Get out of here and leave this
place!
Yes, go back to your dorm,
And don't be so dad-blamed anx-
ious
To see a female form.

Well, now he's gone, the fright-
ened wretch,
And from my wrath he shook;
Now I shall climb his ladder,
And have myself a look.

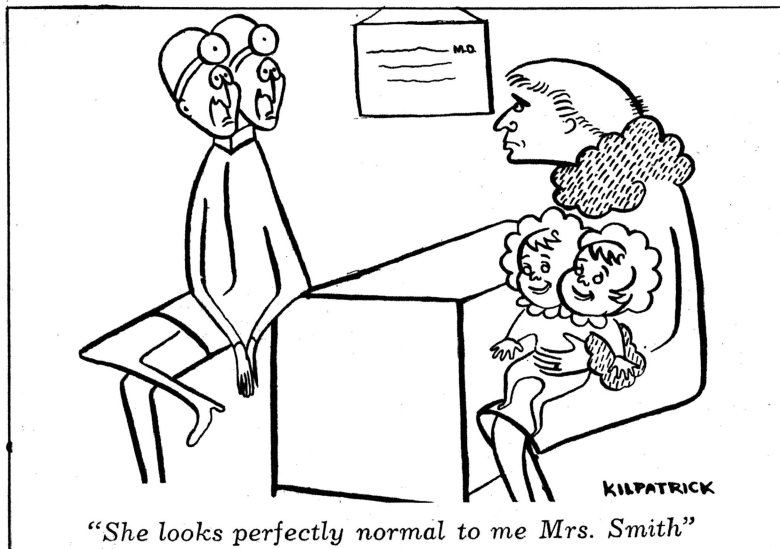
* * *

Guys who say, "I don't like
dames.
To me they're all spare tires."
More often than not
Turn out to be
The biggest of the liars.

* * *

Psychiatrists say and rightly so,
We should lose every inhibition;
Do what we want and worry not:
Chase women, or go fishin'.

So this advice I took to heart,
And now my head is swimmin';
While the others sit with baited
hook,
I, in vain, chase women.



"She looks perfectly normal to me Mrs. Smith"

"The dangers of college are many,"
Said unmarried Aunt Sue from
Kilkenny.

"Believe it or not,
That's just where I got
Da dum da da dum da da dum
dum."

(The censor, you know.)

* * *

My eyes encountered four of her
When I called on Bessie Rishun,
'Cause Bessie had two heads
And I had double vision.

* * *

"Well," said the janitor, watch-
ing the building burning, "I
guess I just lost my 'Head'."



"George!" Susie Stephens
screamed at him,
"I fear you've ripped your pants.
"I know, my dear," quoth
George with vim,
"I owe it to your fence!"

* * *

I opened up the can of beer
The explosion sent me reeling;
Won't someone tell me how
to get
Beer stains off the ceiling?

* * *

Columbia:

Where the Hink and the coeds
are ready,
And the Columns speak only to
pigeons,
And the pigeons speak only to
Freddie.

* * *

Father and Mother have parted;
I am the cause, 'tis said;
Both of them wanted a baby,
But they got me instead.

Take a break from studying for finals ...
Come on down to the STEIN CLUB and relax

'THE
WELCOME
SIGN
IS
ON FOR
YOU"



"COLDEST
5%
BEER
IN
TOWN"

The STEIN CLUB

The Hathman House

"Home of Fine Foods"

SPECIALIZING
IN

Italian Spaghetti Ravioli
Chicken Cachtatore

Fried Chicken Steaks
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Boone County Ham

Highway 40 East :: :: Phone 3385

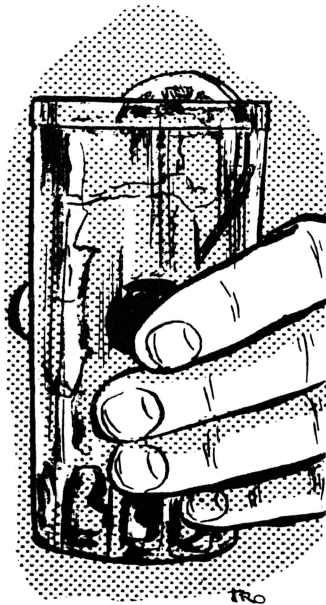
Luncheon By Reservation



When **CLASS** is **OUT**. . . Students **RUSH** to
KAMPUSTOWNE GROCERY for a **QUICK SNACK**

Planning an "End-the-Semester" Party?

You'll Need Beverages



**CALL
4300**

WE DELIVER

YESSER. . . it's ESSER!

NEXT TO THE DANIEL BOONE HOTEL

She looked at me "Come hither-ly"

From eyes that did entice;
One look at her and I was sure,
She wasn't very nice.

. . . So I followed her.

* * *

Wherefore art thou, Griesedieck?

Faltsaff, thou do lag.
Schlitz! I am Pabst caring now;
I'll have a glass of Stag.

* * *

Her slap was hard;
His face was not;
But he deserved
Just what he got.

* * *

"I'm going to reform," she said,
inserting the falsies.

* * *

"Who threw the dungarees in
the soup at dear old Crowder?"
Nobody answered, so she shout-
ed all the louder,
"It's a low hillbilly trick,
And I'll beat the Ozark hick,
Who finally put some flavor in
the chowder."

THE END



A maid in the land of Aloha
Got caught in the coils of a Boa;
Like arms the snake squeezed
And the maid, not displeased,
Cried, "Go on and do it Samoa."

* * *

The girl who thinks no man
is good enough for her may often
be right—but more often she
is left.



dunn's dungeon

by don dunn

THE SCENE is the Shack. The time is about nine-thirty on the cold night of December 19, 1950. A SHOWME staff meeting is in progress.

"Dunn!" screams the editor. "Wake up!"

I leap to my feet, rubbing the sleepy-dust from my eyes, salaam three times, kiss him lightly on the forehead and cheeks, grip his hand in the old fraternal shake and snap to attention. "Yes, sir," I blurt. "Did you want me?"

He wipes his face and hand in evident distaste and looks at me coldly. "Dunn," he says finally, "where's your column?"

"Column?" I wonder.

"The Dungeon, stupid! Where is it?"

"For when?" I ask.

"For the next issue, of course, you dope!" His voice is not pleasant.

"But," says I, "I haven't done a Dungeon for months. First, the Anniversary Issue had all that old stuff in it; then, I did a story for the Pest Issue; and last time you used a Christmas story for the Holiday Issue. I don't think I could write a Dungeon anymore ..."

The editor sticks a warty finger under my nose. "Now, look, Dunn," he says. "You're a columnist—and I want a column. No story, no article, no nothing except a column! Give me one—or else—"

He leaves the sentence unfinished, but I'm already imagining

the University holding up my credits or maybe Dorn-Cloney tearing off the buttons of my shirts. The editor can do that. He's got power.

"But—" I protest, "I don't have any ideas!"

"You can get ideas," he cracks "I don't care what you do; just get me a column for the Comic Book issue or—"

"Hey, wait a minute," I say. "The Comic Book Issue? Why, Hope and Benny have done enough comic book gags to fill

all the holes on the White Campus. I can steal—(that's such an ugly word but it's true)—a few ideas and write a column in no time."

"And that," snaps ye ed, "is just what we got—no time! I got to have that column right away—before the holidays end!"

"But I was going to rest over the vacation," I blubber.

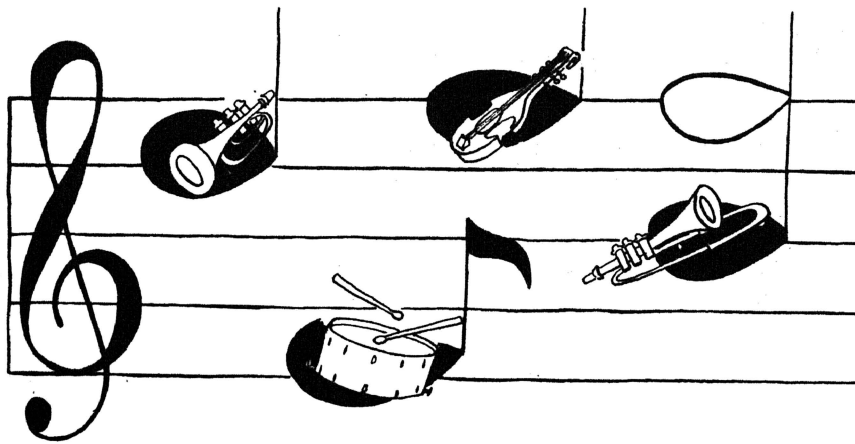
"Dunn," he says, "either you write a column or I run a blank page and put in the middle

SUSIE STEPHENS

By herb green



"Most wonderful Christmas present—Looks like a radio on the outside, then you push a botton and..."



For Your Every Music Need

Stop in at

Shaw & Sons Music Company

North Tenth off Broadway

Watch For the SHOWME Queen Contest!

Coming Soon

You, too, can be Miss Missouri.

'Dunn was too lazy to write anything this month'."

"That would probably get more laughs than my column," I mutter.

The editor smashes a Stag bottle against the table and waves the jagged edges toward my face. "No funny stuff," he says. "Do I get the column?"

"Yes," I mumble as I go for the door. Then, as I swing it open I can't resist. "Hey," I say, turning, "you don't really need my column, you know."

"No?" says ye ed with a very questioning sneer. "And why not?"

"Well," I answer as I try to keep from doubling up with laughter "after all—there's six columns in front of Jesse!"

The room is noisy like a funeral parlor. "Get it?" I chortle. Six columns in front—The ber bottles smash all about me. I jump back through the door. "All right All right!" I yell, "You'll get your column! Stop throwing! You'll get it!"

One of the biggest kicks I get from the funny pages are those comic-strip ads they run every now and then. For instance, I saw one for a certain well-known coffee (which, because we can't use the actual brand name, we'll call-uh-how about-er Sanka? That's a good fictitious name no one would ever think of. Who would imagine such a name as Sanka Coffee? Sounds ridiculous.

Anyway this strip started off with a picture of this guy and doll eating dinner at some friends' house. The doll is drinking a cup of coffee which we know is an inferior brand. This is made very plain by a subtle remark the dame says at home to her husband in the next picture. "Tom" she says, "didn't their coffee stink?"

Tom agrees as they get ready for bed. The dame puts on a negligee like Elizabeth Taylor never got a chance to wear and pops into bed. Tom, for propriety

sleeps in a twin bed across the room.

In the next picture, what do we see but a tall green man coming through the window by the dame's bed. On his chest is a big red sign that says "Mr. Coffee Nerves." From the way he looks at the dame lying in the bed, he's obviously got more on his mind than coffee.

So, in the next picture, this green guy is perched on the dame's bed, hitting her head with a baseball bat. "Ohh, Tom," she whines, "I just can't sleep tonight. What's wrong with me?"

So now Tom looks at her. He says, "Gee, honey, it must have been that coffee you drank." What a dope. Here's another guy in bed with his wife and he says "It must have been that coffee." Why the hell doesn't he yell, "No wonder you can't sleep! There's a big green man hitting your head with a bat!" Oh, no, that would be too easy.

Well, Tom goes back to sleep and Mr. Coffee Nerves moves in on the doll going "Heh, heh, heh!" What fun!

And now it's the next morning. The doll is talking to a doctor. This is unusual. Most such incidents would be reported to the cops. Guess she wants to keep it quiet. So, she apparently told the doctor she's been unfaithful to her husband with a green man. The doctor, in return, apparently thinks she's nuts. He tells her to get a cup of coffee (Sanka, of course) and forget it.

So, in the last picture, the doll is back in bed and she is saying "Boy, that wonderful Sanka coffee! I had fourteen cups and I still feel like I'll be able to sleep all night long." The only trouble is that this coffee has not only given her the ability to sleep, but it seems to have added a new sparkle to her eyes, given her extra strength, made her hair lovely and her figure beautiful and even made the negligee thinner than before.

And now it's obvious that she's not going to get much sleep tonight either. Sanka or not!



I'm going to show
her my new wall
paper and painting
from

BRADY'S

He's the **most envied man** on campus . . . since he
got his **new record player** from



RADIO ELECTRIC

1005 Broadway

Phone 6236

"Student Headquarters for the Latest Records"

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

SHOWME



contributors' page

Mary Ann Fleming



PHOTO BY TOM SMITH

Once a month the *Showme* office in 304 Read Hall is a scene of utter confusion. The place is filled with envelopes, stamps, magazines, letters and huge cardboard boxes. Presiding over the conglomeration, which really isn't confusion after all, is Mary Ann Fleming, our secretary in command.

This year Mary Ann stepped into the frustrating secretarial job which requires keeping track of all of our mail subscriptions. It may sound like an easy job—but when the ignorant editor drops a letter request for a subscription into the mail-out envelope in the *Showme* office and then throws away the envelope with the return address, things suddenly become difficult.

Mary Ann is 19, an Education junior from Maplewood, Mo. and a member of Gamma Phi Beta, social sorority where she is Vice-president and social chairman. She is also a member of the Future Teachers of America, the Homecoming Committee (S.G.-A.), and the Alumni Registration Committee. She would like very much to land a good teaching job in the 5th or 6th grades when she graduates—a nicer thing couldn't happen to a 5th or 6th grade.

Marilyn McLarty

"Gee, I'm sorry," said the editor. "They're very nice cartoons... funny, too... huh... but you see, we have an unusually excellent art staff... er... and it's very difficult to break into the cartooning on *Showme*... uh—emph—aham!"

"Humph," said Marilyn McLarty, depositing her cartoons in her notebook. Then she went home and slaved over more cartoons.

So one day, after rejecting five or six cartoons, the editor sug-



gested that Marilyn try drawing spot-cartoons, the little drawings that serve so nicely to break up long columns of type.

Marilyn tried so successfully that she's been at it ever since. Doing spots isn't the biggest job on the art staff, but it's mighty important come time to make up the magazine.

Marilyn is 21, a member of Chi Omega social sorority, a senior in Art from Columbia, a member of the Women's Athletic Association, Read Hall Recreation Committee, P.E.O. and is very much engaged (we hear tell). Marilyn has done some nice work in oils and would like to continue painting after graduation (in conjunction with being a housewife).

Joey Bellows

In the midst of the *Showme* office monthly mess (described in Mary Ann Fleming's write-up) you can usually find Joey Bellows climbing through the mountain of magazines with utter determination. Joey joined the *Showme* staff this semester and is the number two gal on the secretarial staff—of two girls.

Perhaps the greatest address faux-pas of the century came about after the address of a soldier in Korea was filed in the waste-basket. After some deliberation it was decided that we would just send magazines to the soldier in care of Iwon (perhaps) Korea.

Luckily, the soldier wrote us before any magazines were sent and there was some hysteria in the secretarial ranks when the address was checked and it turned out to be one of these eight-line jobs—serial number, rank, platoon, company, battalion unit, army, post office, area, etc.

Joey is 19, a junior in Education, from Maplewood, a member of Gamma Phi Beta, Savitar staff, Sigma Epsilon Sigma, Future Teachers of America, S.G.-A. and would like to teach 5th grade in Hawaii or South America—Saludas Amigos.



PHOTO BY TOM SMITH



"I saw it first!"

THAT DIVINE NEW DRESS—
(OR SUIT—OR COAT—OR ANYTHING
ELSE TO WEAR—AT

Harzfeld's

Campus Interviews on Cigarette Tests

NUMBER 4 . . .

THE PANDA



*“Let’s get
down to
bear facts!”*

The sudden rash of quick-trick cigarette tests may have caused panda-monium on the campus—but our scholarly friend was unperturbed. He pondered the facts of the case and decided that one-puff or one-sniff tests

... single inhale and exhale comparisons are hardly conclusive. Proof of cigarette mildness doesn’t come that fast! And that’s exactly why we suggest . . .

THE SENSIBLE TEST—the 30-Day Camel Mildness Test which simply asks you to try Camels as your steady smoke—on a pack after pack, day after day basis. No snap judgments needed. After you’ve enjoyed Camels—and only Camels—for 30 days in your “T-Zone” (T for Throat, T for Taste), we believe you’ll *know* why . . .

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

