

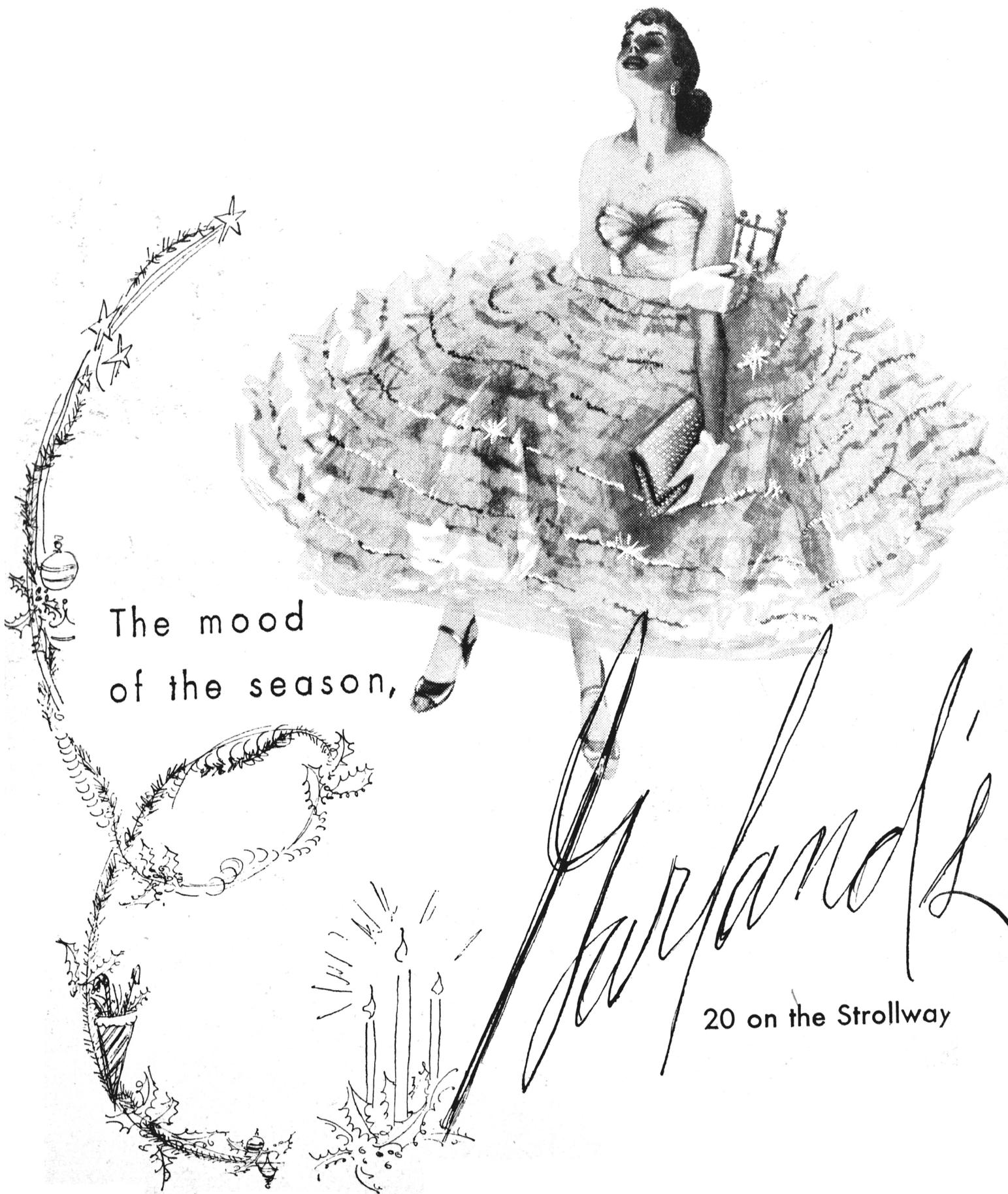
MISSOURI

Showme

25¢



A Special Christmas Present from Swami



The mood
of the season,

Harland

20 on the Strollway



Puckett's

Sends Wishes
For A

Merry Christmas
to all!

Under New Management

FOR RECREATION



FOR SMOKERS' SUPPLIES



"LARGEST SELECTION OF TOBACCOS IN COLUMBIA"

FOR CANDY, SOFT DRINKS

NOVELTIES and SUNDRIES

THE CAMPUS CLUB

"Where You Can Proudly Bring Your Dad or Sister"

ON CAMPUSTOWNE
ACROSS FROM JESSE

TODD BEDSWORTH
Owner & Mgr.

THE SPANISH SAY

Feliz Navidad

THE FRENCH SAY

Joyeaux Noel

The NOVUS GANG Says

*Merry Christmas
and
Happy New Year*



the novus shop
18 ON THE STROLLWAY



Dear Swami:

We have just finished reading the last issue of the *Showme* and, contrary to what some other Susies may think, we enjoy it.

As for the Suzy who wrote to you, she must be one of a minority. We are happy to know there is money on this campus. After trying to collect much-needed money for our slightly bankrupt under-subsidized publication, we have been led to believe that a depression has struck the Stephens campus.

However, we don't appreciate being degraded in the *Showme* for lack of finesse and tact exhibited by a few more robust students.

Sincerely yours,
The Underpriveleged Staff

We are pleased that a few from East Broadway appreciate our efforts. Hence forth we shall disregard nasty notes and young ladies lacking finesse and tact from that general area—Ed.

Dear Swami,

I am a former student of Ol' Mizzou who is lucky enough to have a sister to send me my favorite humor magazine. I am very well pleased with the publication and find the first two copies the best I've seen. Keep up the good work.

Cpl. Carl T. Schmidt
A faithful reader,
U.S.M.C.
Camp Catlin

Thank you, Corporal—Ed.

Dear Editor:

Returning to "Mizzou" for Homecoming I procured the October and November issues of *Showme*. In my spare time, from '49 to '52, I attended a few classes at "Mizzou". I am stationed with Division Finance at Fort Riley. I'm speakin' at ya now, Editor and would like to subscribe tot he remaining six issues of *Showme* Enclosed are two pages of "E Pluribus Unum."

Sincerely,
Bill Bartholomew
US55257321
Hq. Co. 10th Div.
Fort Riley, Kansas

Ah years ya talkin', Bill—Ed.

She: "Where are you going to spend your honeymoon, my dear?"

Her: (blushingly) "In France."

She: "How lovely!"

Her: "Isn't it? Harry told me that as soon as we were married he would show me where he was wounded in the war."

• • •

Two roosters were caught in a deluge of rain. One ran for the coop and the other made a duck under the porch.

• • •

Confucius say—Man who lose key to girl's apartment get no new key.

• • •

"Are you entertaining a man in your room?" asked the house detective over the telephone.

"Just a minute, I'll ask him."

"I'm going to have a little one,"
Said the gal, gay and frisky;
But the boy friend up and fainted
Before he knew she meant whiskey!!!

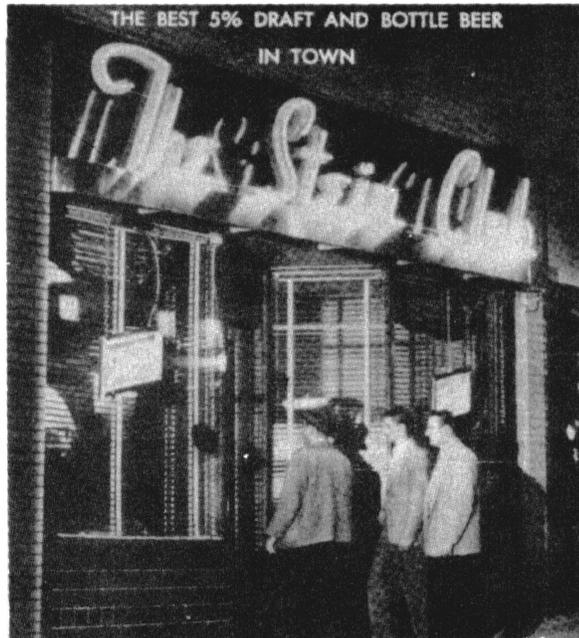
• • •

A recent poll taken to determine the main reason why men get up at night brought the following vital statistics:

- 10% to raid the ice box.
- 15% to visit the bathroom.
- 75% to go home.



He rated kisses this Christmas with gifts from Julie's



**Michelob on Tap
Is Exclusive With**

The STEIN CLUB

BRADY SAYS:

Happy Holiday!



Decorate With
**PITTSBURGH
PAINT**

BRADY'S

15 S. 10th
4978

FOR THE
UNUSUAL IN
CHRISTMAS
GIFTS
SEE ...

Gibson's
APPAREL
810 BROADWAY



Since Christmas has become a time when everybody gives everybody else a present, Swami has stepped right into the swing of things and gives you an eight-page spread of what the *Showme* staff considers the best cartoons of the past half decade. All you have to give us is a quarter.

Here, you who have heard of Flash, Mort, Gabe, and Troelstrup can see why they are considered *Showme* greats. Back in '47, '48, and '49, *Showme* was in its heyday and the big 4 whipped out a magazine that was read by 5,000.

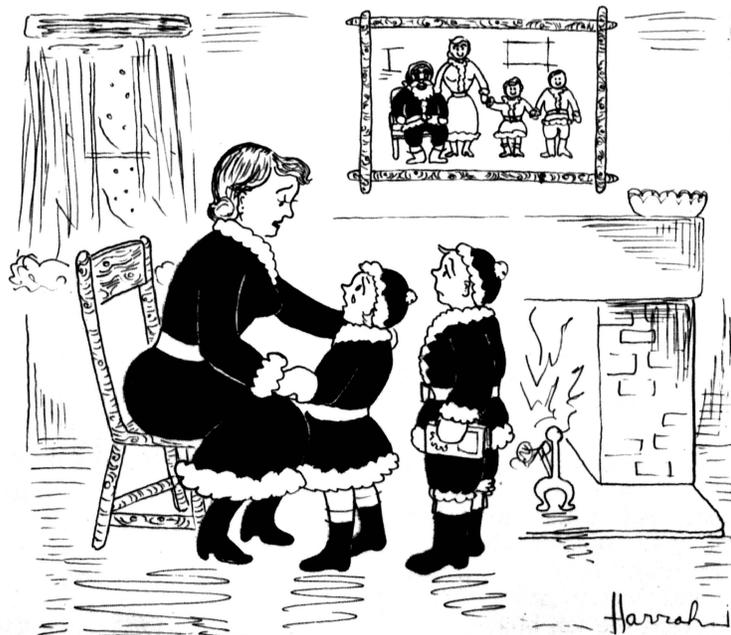
Along about '49, Herb Green and his fantastic imagination stepped into *Showme's* pages to tickle the campus funny bone with the antics of his mean little kids. Herb Knapp and his loose-jointed characters began to show up about this time too, and I think that most of you can take it from there

We hope you enjoy our review of campus humor and *Showme* personalities. We got a kick (along with a few headaches) out of getting it together.

Our last wish is that all of you have a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Take it easy, save your bottle caps, and drive carefully.

Don't miss the January Recovery Issue of *Showme*.

Killer



"Mother, the kids at school say that there isn't any Santa Claus that he always turns out to be your Daddy."

MISSOURI Showme

YOUR CAMPUS HUMOR MAGAZINE

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The best SHOWME cartoons from 1947-1952 are wrapped up as Swami present to you 20

JUSTICE

Sarcasm about humor editors may be funny, but Roger Julin will no longer be with us after this issue 29

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COVER BY BILL BRAZNELL

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*Swami gives us laughs and snorts,
And ham from County Boone,
But only you, dear Santa Claus
Can get us off at noon.*



Around The Columns

Overheard

In a psychology lab section the instructor was talking to a sweet freshman coed:

"And who do you usually experiment with?"

"Well," with raised eyebrows, "nobody in particular."

The Happy Time

In a few days the holidays begin and hearts that have been weighted with school cares start to beat more joyously. Vacation—you depart from Columbia, as if it were Alcatraz after an enforced stay... you travel, some for long distances, some for short... you see the outskirts of the old hometown... and suddenly the weight is completely gone... you're home... it was hell all summer, but returning is the most wonderful experience in the world... you see the folks... they gripe about the lack of mail from school, but you know they're glad to see you... you sleep for days... you see the girl or the fellow you haven't seen for three months... you sit by a glowing fireplace... a wild New Year's Eve, and the tension is gone... then the long trip back, and you're ready to fight your way through till Spring.

Art! er?

The recent exhibition by three seniors in the Student Union drew a tremendous amount of criticism from those who do not understand the finer things in

art. Those who are not arty, looked at the assorted geology notes, blocks of color, and black and white lines and gobs. And pooh-poohed. The geology notes, however, seemed to draw the most scornful of the shocked expressions. Viewers decided that they could do as well and that it was all a hoax. But gentle reader, just because Leonardo da Vinci never took geology doesn't mean this is not art.

Quoting an instructor in the art department, "Art is a medium."

But then a medium is a means of expressing an idea to the viewer. And so the viewer may rightly ask, "What was expressed?"

Art is a medium. Art is a medium. Art is a *medium*.

And that's how we'll rank the exhibition—medium.

Mickey Mouse

This a college term which has come to mean general nonsense. Originally, it was the name of a well-known Hollywood rat who



had a paramour named Minnie. This relationship later blossomed into one of pure friendship, which anyone can realize is a lot of nonsense. Hence, the term, "Mickey Mouse." We understand Walt Disney is trying to acquire movie rights to the expression for a cartoon he has been considering for years. But Leslie Cowan is holding out for a larger piece of cheese.

So Deep Within Us

Now that the pigskins have ceased sailing through the Rollins Air, we should like to congratulate the team on a good season and SGA for raising school spirit to a higher pitch than we can recall in three years. After an early season slump, the Tigers snapped out with five conference victories. And even after the losses when the season was young, the school was behind its team, and the pep rallies and snake dances proved it.

In The Book

We were surprised to discover last month that a popular song around town (it was being played at the Stable) was banned on KFRU. We can only presume that the reason was that the song ridiculed religion. If it does, and we are not saying it does, still what reason for banning it, since no ridicule of the principle of religion is present. While the song is being heard in other parts of the state, Columbians cannot hear it. Just who set himself up dictatorially to decide what is or is not fitting that the mature people of Columbia may hear?

Education Goes Ape

It seems to us that there is something that most people miss with four years of college. Not the parties, because there are plenty of them. Not spirit, because there has been a great deal this year. Not activities, because there are regulations.

Perhaps, it's an education. This may seem old, but how many of us learn anything in college? Maybe it can be laid to student disinterest in learning, or maybe there is something wrong with an educational system that has as its main principle—"In one ear and out the mouth." Courses where students are taught to think and question, where a critical mind is developed, are as rare as a non-conference football victory.



Education seems to be going ape with the inevitable result of producing apes with A.B.'s. Sort of a pseudo-intellectual simian society.

Ho-Hum—Stephens Again

After all the complaints we received from up-in-arms Suzies as a result of giving our opinion of

their mixers, we decided to attend one critically and objectively.

Entered Lodge Hall at 8:15 Thursday night, November 20, for a Pan Hel Mixer.



Crowded—about twenty couples were dancing. Just inside the door stood a group of about thirty assorted university males eyeing about fifteen cigarette smoking females seated around a table to the left of the door. At either end of the dance floor groups of males and females were congregated. Very few people of either sex stood alone, proving confidence in numbers.

We asked a number of Suzies what they thought about mixers.

"It's like an auction."

"Reminds me of dancing school."

"It would be all right, if the boys mixed, but, if they don't want to date Stephens girls, they shouldn't come to look them over."

And so on ad infinitum.

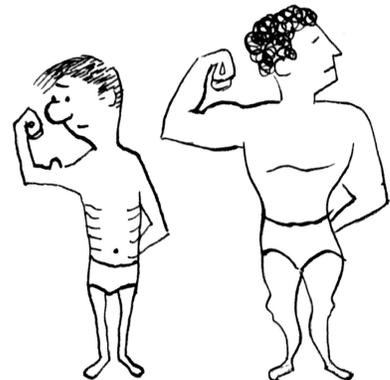
Hoop-To-Do

In an issue of *Look Magazine*

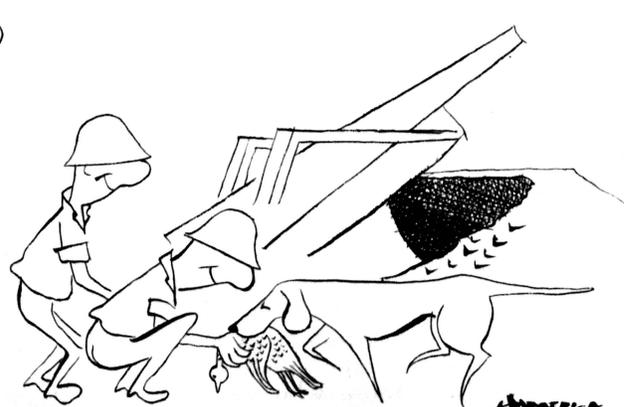
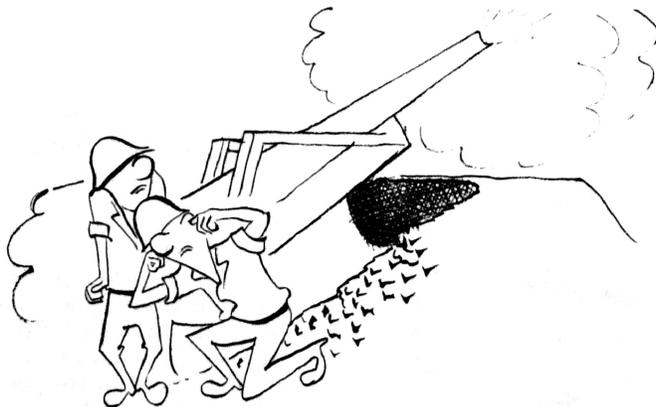
last month the Missouri Tiger basketball team was picked as fifteenth best in the nation. This is a tremendous writeup to live up to, but Sparky can do it with some luck. The hoopsters play a rugged schedule with Arkansas, Wyoming, Kansas and K State. These squads are perennially tough, but Missouri cage squads have turned in good records for the past few seasons, so it doesn't stretch the imagination too much to picture a high national ranking—with a little luck.

Crepe Paper Suzette

Compared to the sleek, smooth Greek, we have noted that the independent is all too often sallow and sickly looking. At first we



thought that all the Greek propaganda was true, until we discovered the food that the independent must eat. Low grade meats cooked in somewhat unpalatable form, eggs that certainly do NOT have the sunny side up, or if they are scrambled, lie there drowning in their own water—all these and more the independent is ENTITLED TO for about \$47 a month. And there are the beans, which



having once been refused, are served again and again, until the peaceful dreams of the cafeteria eater are plagued by visions of being chased by reheated beans.

And so, dear Greek, in the words of a popular song:

"And if he ever walks up to you
Please throw him a crumb or two,
'Cause you could have made
the same mistake."

Pogo, We Is Sorry

After being called many names for our opposition to Pogo for President, we should like to apologize to that adorable little possum and ask him to call his Southern friends off. Our most recent letter on the subject of our morals and legitimate birth called us 'a no-good, mud-slinging, illiterate son of a beat up type-writer.' Things like this make us wonder if life is worth it. Here



we try to protect the public from Pogo, and what happens? He turns out to be one of our biggest advertisers (incognito, of course) from New York. Naturally, we have to retract everything we said about him. Didn't you know? The hucksters are running the show these days.

Polite Princetonian

Here's a story out of Princeton, New Jersey, that we'd like to pass on.

One Sunday morning a junior gathered up the Sunday papers, as he was in the habit of doing, and went to take a bath. Shortly afterwards one of his brothers, returning with his date (town girl) from an all-night party, walked into the house. The maid-



"Awright, draw."

en whispered an anxious question into her date's ear. A moment later, her scream brought her date on the run. There was the amazed junior dumbfounded, with the girl in about the same condition.

Remembering his Emily Post, however, the vertical Princetonian said, "Kitty, may I present Mr. Dean? Bob, Miss Black."

The young lady politely offered her hand, and the astonished junior stammered, "Pleased to meet you."

Breaking an embarrassed silence the junior solemnly aded, "I hope you'll excuse me for not rising."
joe gold

Frolic "Chillun"

For almost a month now the ladies and gentlemen of Greek society have been working on their skits for Savitar Frolics. Never having had enough spirit to care to go without sleep, without food, and without passing finals, we can only look upon these unselfish efforts with awe. Being brave and hardy (the reader may place

'fool' before 'hardy', if he so chooses) souls, devoted to the entertainment of their fellow students, they are willing, nay eager, to slave for two or three months for two nights of glory. The show is always good, a result of nights of back-breaking toil under the harsh and wary eyes of Simon



Legree directors. Swami, doffing his turban, utters, "Never before have so many owed so much to so few," and exits to quaff a brew or two and to speculate on the sanity of anyone who would rather rehearse than quaff.

Joe Gold



The Green House won the Oscar for women's house decorations, and Louella Parsons hopped a Wabash freight to Columbia.

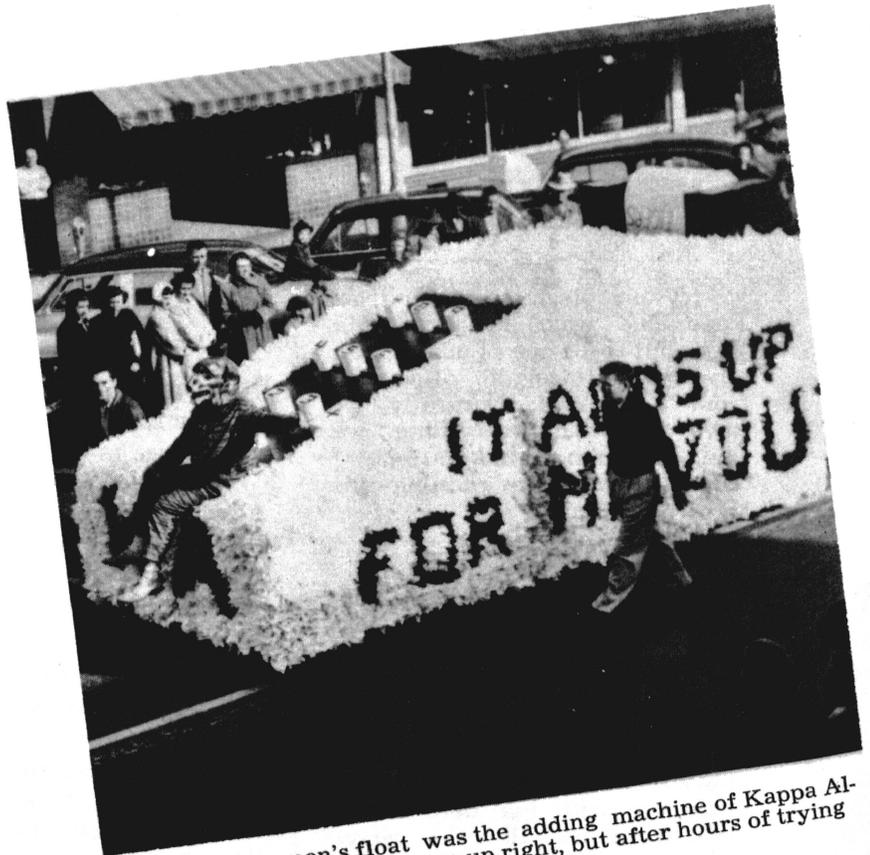


Homecoming Queen, Norma Umlauf, is crowned during halftime ceremonies by last year's choice, Peggy McQueen. The speck on Peggy's nose is our fault, not hers.

CANDIDLY MIZZOU



Three alums return to their old house. They are waiting for the actives to get out of their beds.



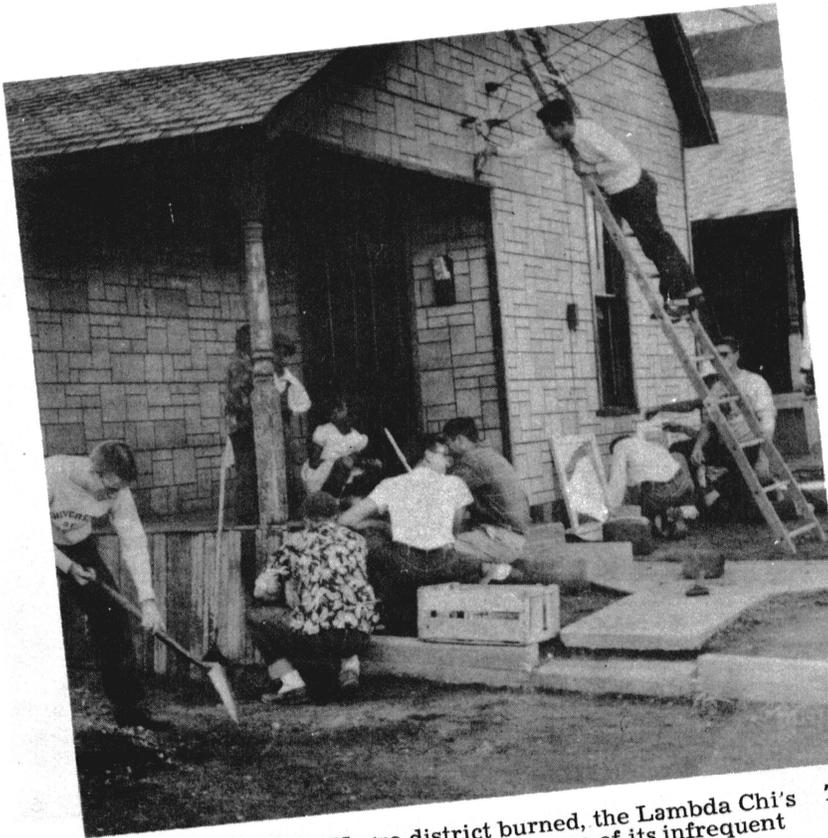
The winning men's float was the adding machine of Kappa Alpha. They added the game up right, but after hours of trying the Civil War still comes out wrong.



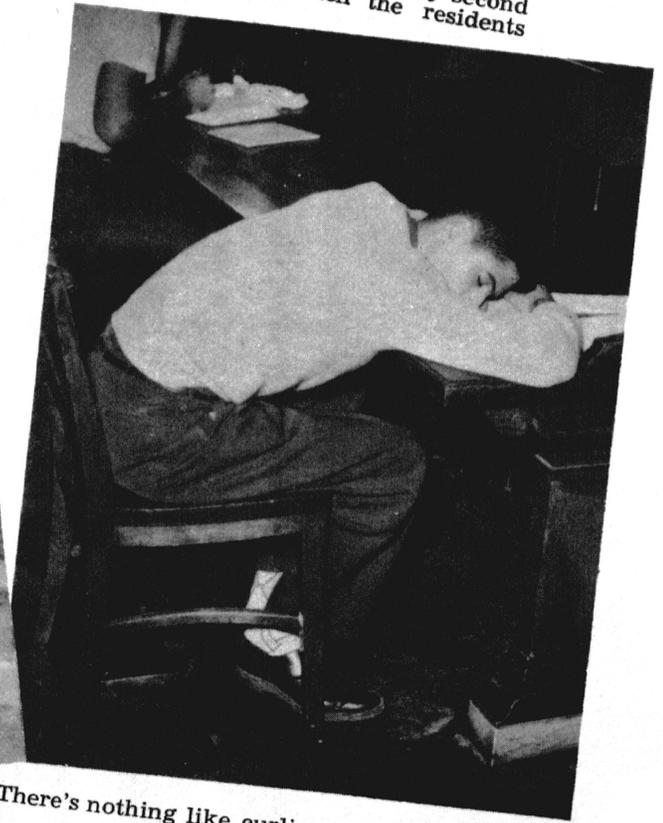
"I saw you kiss my mommy."



This photo was taken, **unposed**, in Defoe Hall at the noon meal. There are promises that the situation will be remedied by second semester, but this is the environment in which the residents must eat.



When this house in the Negro district burned, the Lambda Chi's pitched in repairing it. SHOWME tosses one of its infrequent bouquets.



There's nothing like curling up with a good book



SGA sponsored a Romp and Chomp. These people are chomping. Later they will romp. The combination will make them ill. They will not care. They have spirit. Rah



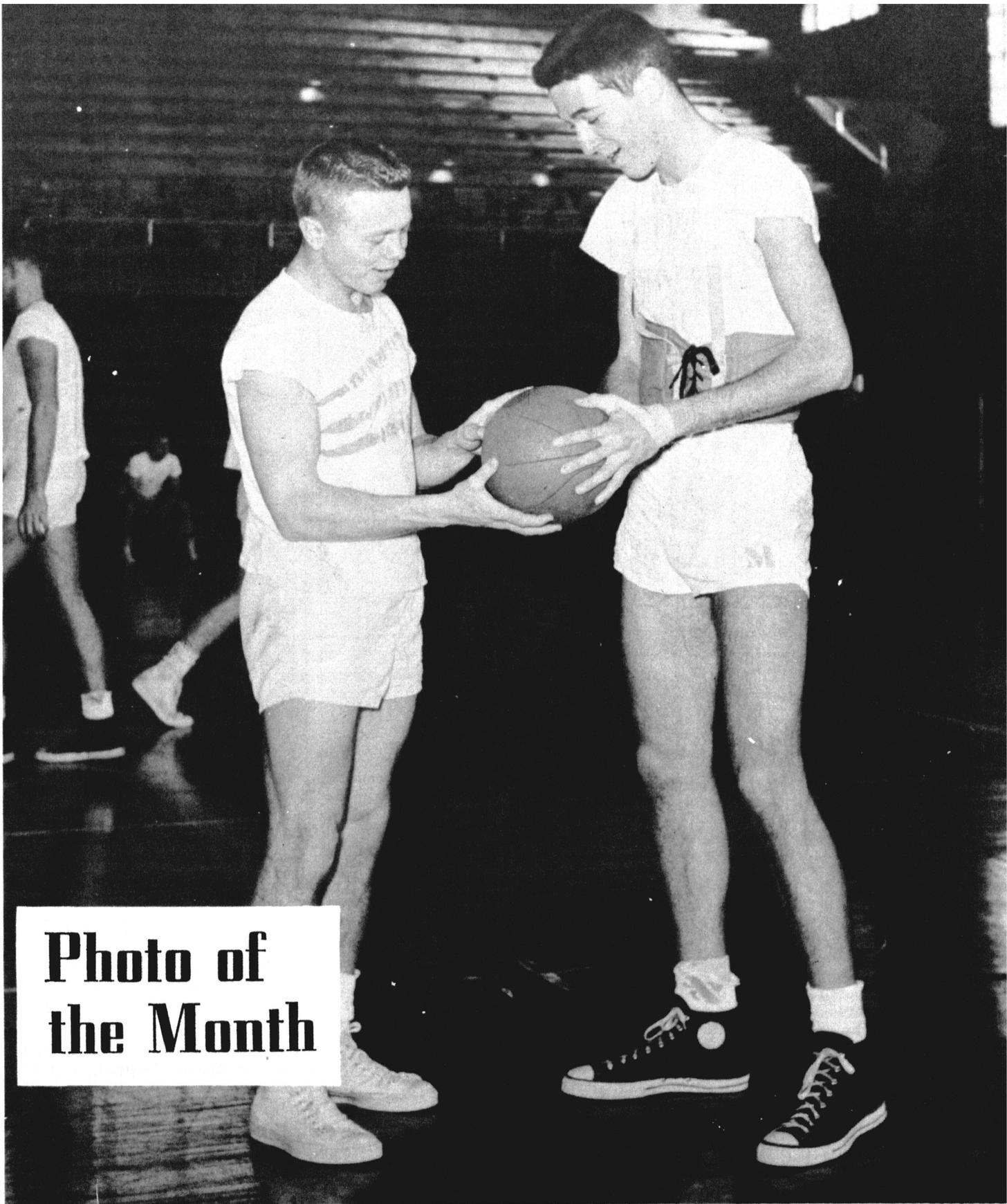
"Let's all cheer with great exuberance!"



It was one of the best campus organizations. May it rest in peace.



After the Homecoming victory Columbia theatres opened their doors to students on Monday night. The tall youth in the rear is not really tall. He is standing on a short Kappa.



**Photo of
the Month**

Bob Reiter, wearing his Captain Midnight Parachute, tries to prove to griddier, Gabby Hook, that the ball is **ROUND**.



SPECIAL DELIVERY

by Joe Gold

The glistening folds of white snow covered the Illinois countryside, as the sputtering train sped northward toward Chicago. A young man sat by the grimy window staring out at the bright picture stretched across the pane, but seeing nothing, save the visions in his own mind. The dark, short-cropped hair sat above the furrowed brow and framed the good-looking profile reflected from the glass. It seemed such a long time to Ken since he had been home, but now the months since early September were like the fast shuffle of a deck of cards, colorful, but quick.

It was now the nineteenth of December, and the long awaited vacation had at last begun. In another hour he'd see Donna once more, and then . . . and then . . . It was a century since her perfume had wafted to his nostrils, as he held her tightly in his arms, both promising to write, promising that nothing would change.

And then the college year, and Donna's pulsing, love-seething letters. The slanted blue words that her heart had thrust upon the page. The sealed white envelopes, which, opened, flooded the dreary room with her sweetness, her charm, her love.

And Ken's written words, too, had been his heartbeats.

The clicking, clicking, clicking of the disappearing rails carried him back to the days of October, as they carried him forward toward the outskirts of the sprawling city.

As, imperceptibly as the Fall days shortened, Donna's letters had changed. They still arrived each day, but the inner fire that had kindled them was not the roaring blaze that September's kisses were. Still, "I love you, darling," but the pulse had slowed, until each letter had been a trial to open, and Ken had read them carefully, trying to see between the lines what seeping poison had crept into the murky ink.

With the early darkening of the



November days, the letters darkened with an ominous foreboding, that wouldn't reveal its hiding place, and each stamped envelope gave off an insidious odor of corrosion that clouded each bright morning and early brought the chill of winter.

Though they did not come as often, Donna still signed, "All my love," and Ken thought still the love was in his heart.

The screeching braking of the train pulled him forward against his will and brought his haunted face before the window in the darkened terminal. Carrying his bags along the ramp, Ken looked at the gleaming criss-cross of steel tracks and tried to see ahead where the light billowed through from the waiting room where Donna would be.

He saw her before he reached the doorway. Her chestnut hair fell softly about her shoulders framing the short tilted nose, the high, bright forehead, and the too-wide mouth. A green wool coat hid the femininity of curves, till the stockinged ankles emerged, small and pretty.

And then swiftly she was in his arms, and their lips met, seeking, and then released, and their eyes met, searching.

"Did you have a good trip?"

They looked at each other, realizing how much had to be said, and yet, how little could be said. They stood there silent, and the

moment lengthened into an embarrassed eternity. Around them people bustled in a gay kaleidoscopic whirl, while they stood alone in gray drab silence.

In the dark back of the taxi-cab they were only silhouettes, and they gazed upon each other waiting for the words of recrimination each felt the other would have. But only silence, as they swept past jingling street corner Santas, and tinsel window displays and neon proclamations.

Ken's husky voice broke through the steady drone of the motor. "Is there someone else, Donna? ... I'd rather know than guess."

Stopped for a traffic light, they were lit by the glare of headlights across the intersection. She saw Ken's dark brows emphasizing the dark eyes, the eyes that asked so much she could not answer.

"Ken, there isn't, but..." Her voice trailed into the ascending pitch of the motor's whirr.

He saw Donna in shadow, only the tilted tip of her nose in light; and then the beam widened until it bathed her face, and Ken wanted only to hold her. To enfold her in his hungry arms and kiss the chestnut hair that curled about her shoulders. It was a simple impulse, one that had been yielded to many times in the freshness of the Fall, but one which now seemed out of reach and unful-

fillable.

She saw him through the darkness, through the mist that clouded her eyes, and felt him near, so close in the shielding black of the taxi's night. Her hand moved toward his and suddenly stopped. Stopped, because five dozen letters lay between them on the shadowed seat.

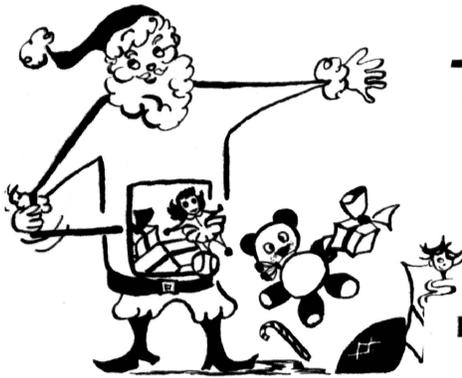
"Darling," he began, but the constriction of the letters choked the words that his heart was forming.

The letters lay between them and fought each word, each sigh, each breath. Five dozen poisoned envelopes aired their deadly perfumes, while Ken and Donna gazed across the breach, and waited.

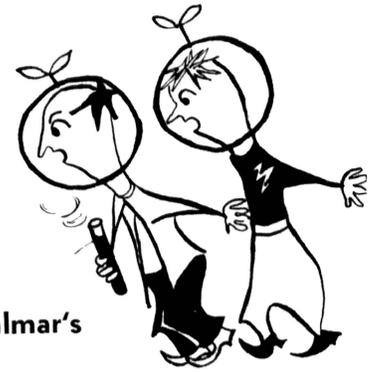
But, as if the striking of a match had unleashed a cleansing phosphorus, they were unleashed and Ken gathered her in his arms, tightly, smotheringly, and she raised her mouth toward his, and the letters burned with an eerie glow, kindled by their kiss, until, as ashes, they might scatter, impotent, to the ends of the city.

And love pulsed anew, unfettered by the venomous serpent of distance that had coiled about their hearts. And the dirty, yellow taxi had become a gilded chariot that carried them away from the land of pen and ink, into love's reality.

THE END



The Nechanical Santa Claus



For only a couple of vitamin pills Hjalmar's Santa could do most anything

"What is it?"

I could not restrain the question as I gazed at the huge contraption that reposed on the floor of Hjalmar's basement apartment. It vaguely resembled a five-foot cube with conical sides. It was made of a glowing metal with hundreds of small dials and switches all over the sides. A gaping hole was on the near side, about two-thirds of the way down from the top.

I repeated. "what is it?"

"Why, can't you tell? It's a mechanical Santa Claus," answered my friend Hjalmar Von Sprighinkle the noted anti-gravitation belt inventor, atomic power man, and science fiction enthusiast.

"A mechanical Santa Claus?" I gasped. "Good grief, what does it do?"

"Don't be silly. It delivers presents, of course. Watch."

Hjalmar busied himself with a few dials. He then turned to me and asked, "What do you want most for Christmas?"

I mused a bit. "Well, I've always wanted some of those new chlorophyll-flavored relaxatives. They're the rage nowadays."

Hjalmar set a few more dials, pulled two small switches and then pulled a huge switch near the hole in the side of the machine. The thing coughed a few times, roared twice, lit up a few lights, and spewed something out of the hole.

Hjalmar took the object out of the little tray just beneath the hole and handed it to me. It was a package of the relaxative pills.

by Roger Julin

But instead of the regular manufacturer's label, it had a picture of a smiling, red-faced old man with a large white beard and attired in a red suit. Underneath was printed "Santa Claus Relaxative Pills. Guaranteed to relax you. Take only as directed on back of package."

"Amazing!" I cried. "You mean you can set the dials in such a way that this machine actually manufactures the goods right on the spot?"

"Not only that," Hjalmar shyly explained (for he was a modest man despite his genius), "it will actually create products that never have been invented. I really don't know it's full powers yet. I invented it just last night."

"How did you ever think of it?"

"Last night I was out getting drunk with some of my students," (you know, of course, that Hjalmar is dean of the College of Atomics and Inventions at the University and also instructor in advanced teleportation, "and one of them was complaining about the absence of the ancient sentimentalities of Christmas." (Although we retain the holiday itself, you remember that archaic customs such as Santa Claus went out of date some 850 years ago, around 2048). "Well, I believe I mentioned something about inventing something. I don't remember what happened after that, and when I awoke on the basement floor this morning, this machine was standing here."

"Don't you have to put something in it, like raw materials?"

(Continued on page 33)



Well, son this year I'm giving you something you an really use.



TO COACH FAUROT

TO DR. DANIEL

TO PINKNEY WALKER

TO HARY DEWEERD

Dear Santa,
To show my appreciation for what my instructors
have done for me and to me, I'd like to give each
a little something for Xmas.
For the long practice hours,
Coach Faurot athlete's foot.
Please put a pointer that will reach to the 15th
row under Hard-Hearted Harv.
I would like to give Pinkney Walker a widget so
that he can illustrate his econ lectures.
For Dr. Daniel and the Psychology Dept., please
wrap a bigger, better mouse that walks and talks and
cries real tears.

Jake Mizzan

The First Gift...



You can meet a lot of people on Christmas Eve, but few like Eddie

KILPATRICK

by Gene Koppel

He didn't see the boulevard stop. He was too intently aware of Bernice next to him, of the moans that forced themselves through her tightly set lips. When the blaring horn of the other automobile broke into his consciousness, there was barely time to bring his foot to the brake pedal. He heard and felt the collision, then the jolt, as his car skidded into the curb. He sat there for a moment, dazed, until the sharp odor of alcohol oozing out of the punctured radiator penetrated his numbness.

He moved towards Bernice.

"I'm not hurt," she whispered.

He heard the motor of the other car start up again and saw it begin to back away. He forced open his door and shouted.

"Wait! Don't leave! Wait a minute!"

He took a few rapid, unsteady steps on the icy street. The driver yelled back at him through a half-opened window.

"Damn it, Mack, get outta the way!"

He reached the front door and threw it open.

"Listen, it was my fault. I know that. But you've got to help me!"

He ran, then was dragged beside the car as it went forward.

"Please, wait! Get her to the hospital!"

The automobile stopped.

"Get who to the hospital?"

"My wife, she's going to have a baby."

"Call a cab."

"It's after two, the stores are closed! No phones!"

The driver looked at him, half in resignation, half in disgust.

"Get her in here, Mack. Make it quick."

The click-clack of the windshield wipers brushing away the thickly falling snow and the drone of the motor were the only sounds. Bernice was huddled on the front seat, between himself and the stranger. Shock had dulled her pain. He hoped that that was all it had done.

"This is out of my way, Mack."

He glanced at the man. Slight build; dishevelled, reddish-brown hair; a boyish face that seemed too weary to change its blank expression.

"I know. I'm sorry."

"Sure."

Bernice looked up.

"Tell him we'll pay him, Bert!"

He could almost smile. Even at a time like this, her pride smarted at having to accept kindness given so grudgingly.

"Thanks, lady."

The last comment, dryly-spoken, needled Bert into saying, "Listen, mister, it was my fault. I've apologized several times already. But you will be paid for your trouble. I'm certain that whatever you were planning can wait. You owe this much to anyone!"

"Sure, Mack. I know. It's Christmas."

It was Christmas. It had been for more than two hours now. And the next few hours might turn it into a nightmare Christmas, a nightmare caused by his carelessness.

The driver smiled. "Consider this my present, Mack. This ride is your Christmas present from Eddie."

Bert loathed him then. He thought that until tonight, he had never realized how mean a soul a man could possess. He had read once that "man is an ape with nightmares," and Eddie made it seem like the truth.

Bernice squeezed his arm. The tall, brightly-lit hospital towered above them. Eddie turned into a side driveway and stopped before the emergency entrance.

He helped Bernice out of the car, and as soon as they were inside, he heard the whine of wheels spinning against ice. Eddie wasn't waiting to be paid.

"He's a Christmas baby, Bert. He'll be lucky."

* * *

Bernice held up a tiny sweater. "And look at this, from your mother. His first Christmas gift!"

Bert shook his head; he handed her a newspaper. She read:

"Eddie 'Baby Face' Lawrence, local small-time gambler and racketeer, was killed by gunmen early this morning on Highway 67, three miles west of the city.

"Police said that Lawrence evidently had been trying to 'skip town' when his automobile was overtaken by another and forced off the road. He was dragged from the car and shot several times with a .45 caliber automatic. The killers, as yet, have not been apprehended."

A photograph of the young, tired face was printed next to the story.

"Edward," Bernice remarked thoughtfully, "isn't a bad name."

THE END

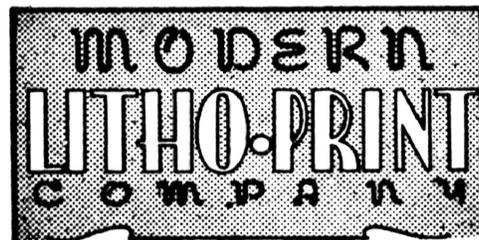
Kid Brother: Give me a nickel or I'll tell dad that you held hands with sis.

Burt: Here you are.

K.B.: Give me a quarter or I'll tell him you kissed her.

Burt: Here, pest!

K.B.: Now give me five dollars!

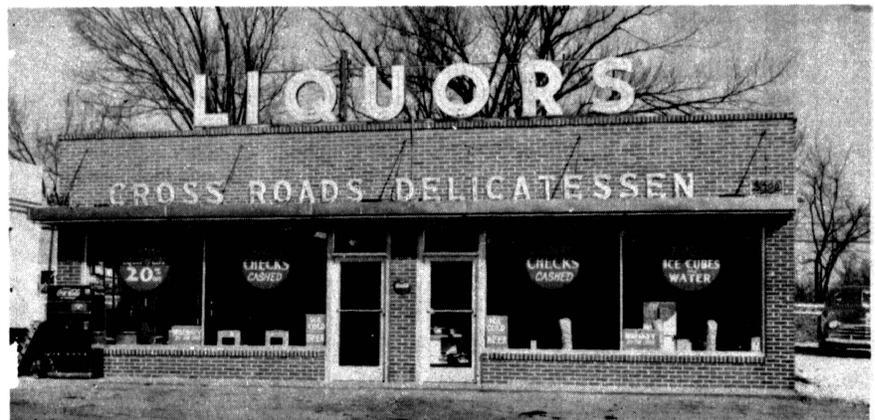


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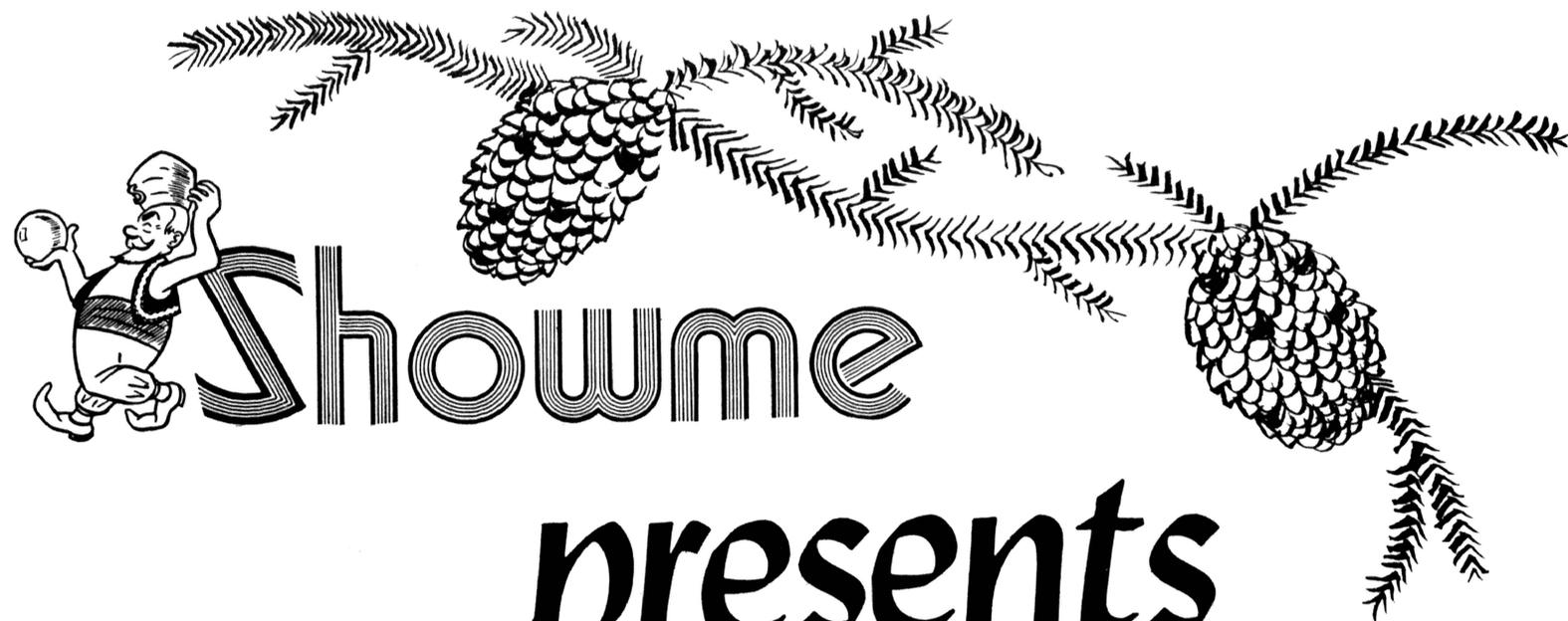
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presents

swami's

BEST

1947

Back in '47 after the Great War Mort Walker, Bill Gabriel and Flash Fairfield were the big guns in SHOWME art work. In those days home was where you parked your trailer, and Mort was editor and was selling to the POST even then. The spirit wasn't as good as Gabe's rally might indicate, but pop quizzes received the same scorn they do today, and snow hasn't changed in five year. In this, the "Year of Walker" the magazine came into its present format.



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

OCTOBER, 1947

FLASH FAIRFIELD



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



MORT WALKER

OCTOBER, 1947

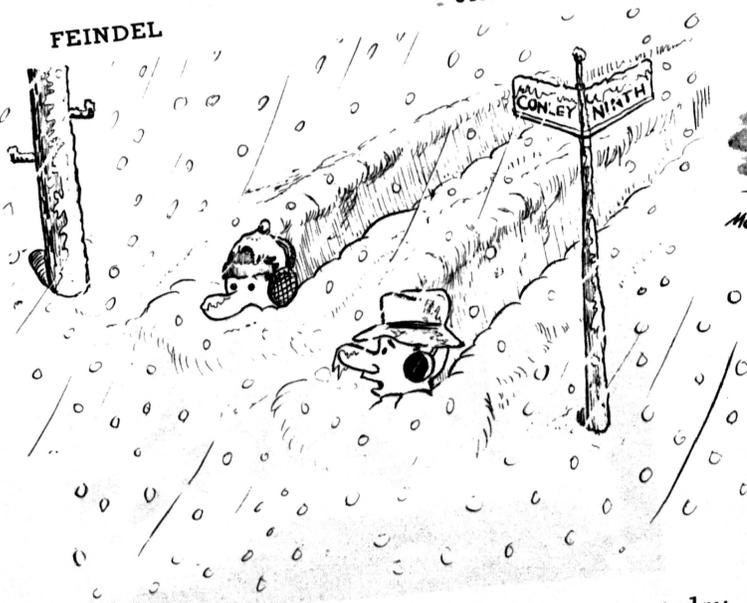


MORT WALKER

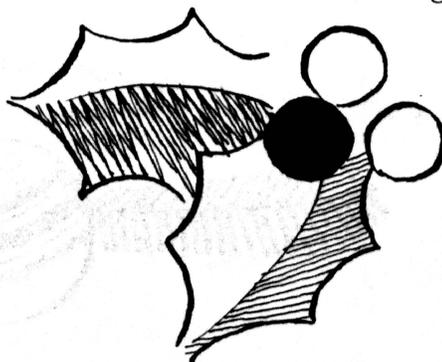
How are you getting along on your G.I. Subsistence

JANUARY, 1947

FEINDEL



Boy, I'm sure glad I wore my overshoes today.

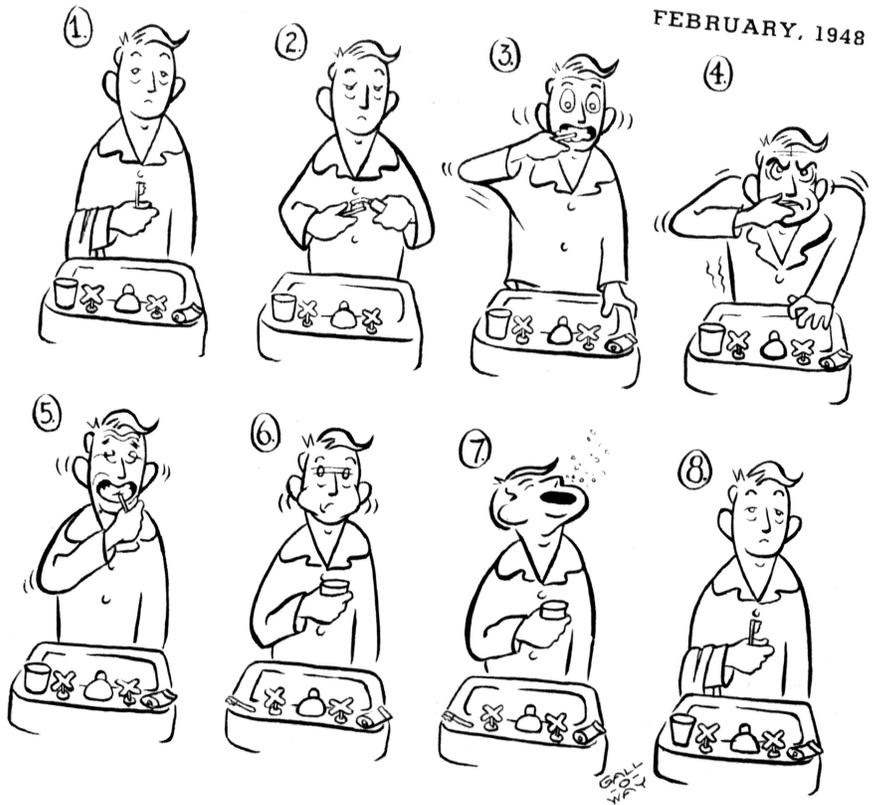


1948

An election year was next, and Gabe brought **SHOWME** into political circles with his October cover that was reprinted in the Chicago Tribune. Busboys were trying to take coffee away from needy morning-after cases, and Ron Galloway added a touch of sublet to Swami's bag of tricks in his before breakfast void. "Temporary" buildings shot up for some of the 14,000 MU students.

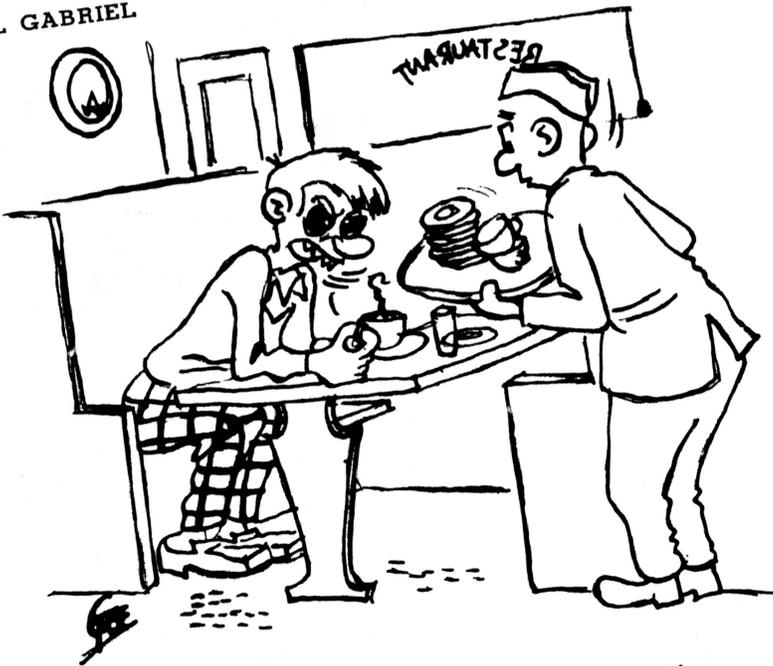
GALLOWAY

FEBRUARY, 1948

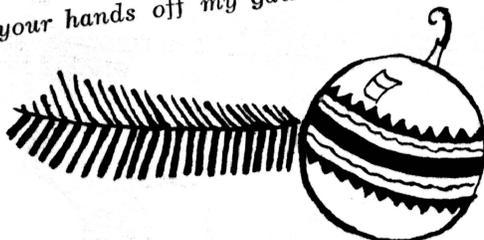


NOVEMBER, 1948

BILL GABRIEL



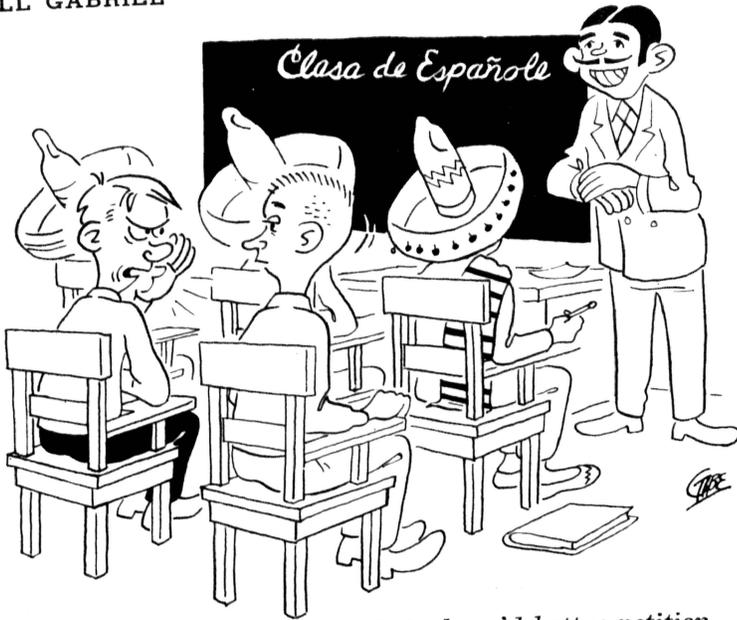
Keep your hands off my gawd damn coffee



BILL GABRIEL

OCTOBER, 1948





Just between you and me, I think we'd better petition

1949

Some of the old timers were still around in 1949, but other artists were beginning to pop up. Terry Rees of cover fame, Herb Green and Herb Knapp began to elbow their way into the funny pages. Rees was sometimes censored, Green started putting mice on the back pages, and Knapp's cynical pen scratched through the night. And Gabe was the last of the Old Guard gagsters.

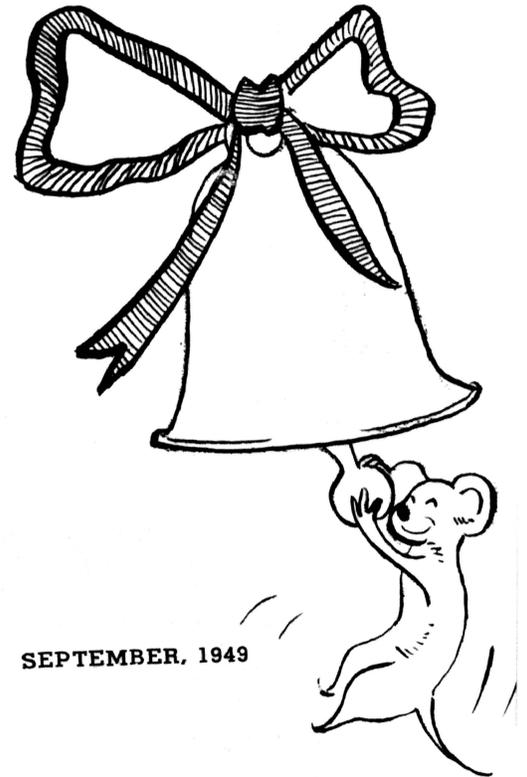
HERB GREEN

DECEMBER, 1949



TERRY REES

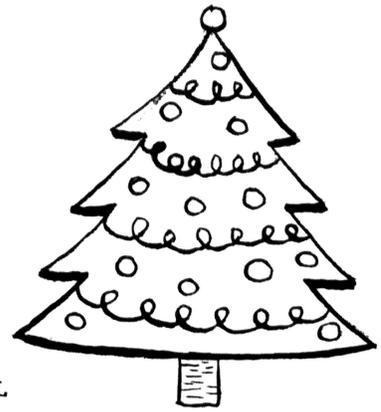
SEPTEMBER, 1949



Hey!, Keep off that wench!



Zee hombre that made thees vino must have had athletes feet



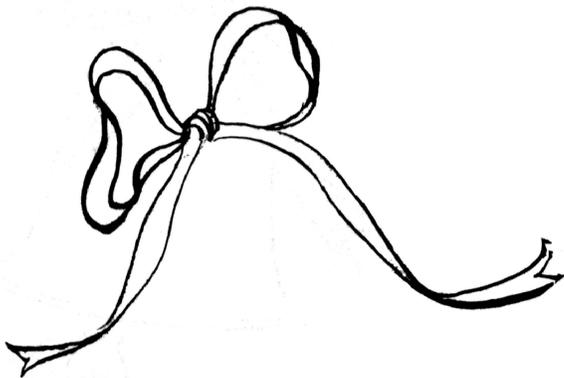
BILL GABRIEL

SEPTEMBER, 1949



GLENN TROELSTRUP

SEPTEMBER, 1950



1950

Came 1950 and Swami had added a few new names to his growing list of contributors. Glenn Troelstrup drew people with long noses and signed his name so large that editors complained. Pat Kilpatrick's "weirdies" scared a lot of people and the "violins' gag was reprinted in a lot of college magazines. Meanwhile registration was leveling off, and SHOWME's circulation was doing the same.



Amazing how simple the solution was, once we got down to brass tacks!

APRIL, 1950

PAT KILPATRICK



KILPATRICK

GLENN TROELSTRUP

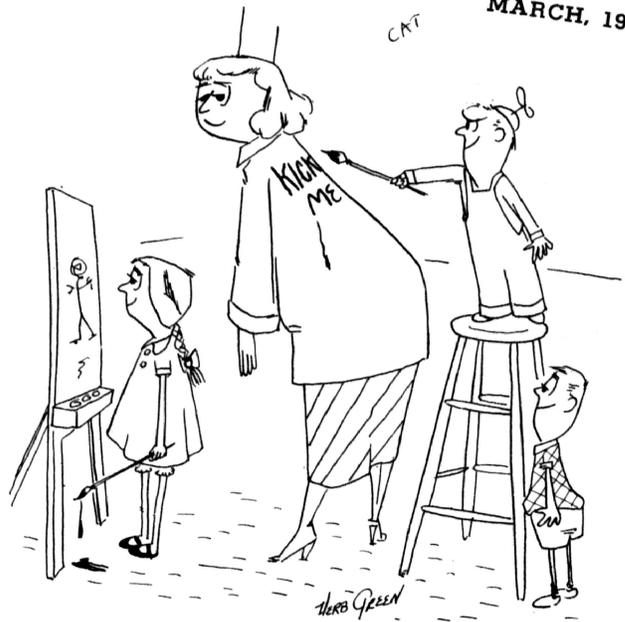
JANUARY, 1950



Gold, gold, gold! Where the hell is all this uranium they're talking about!

HERB GREEN

MARCH, 1951



CAT

HERB GREEN

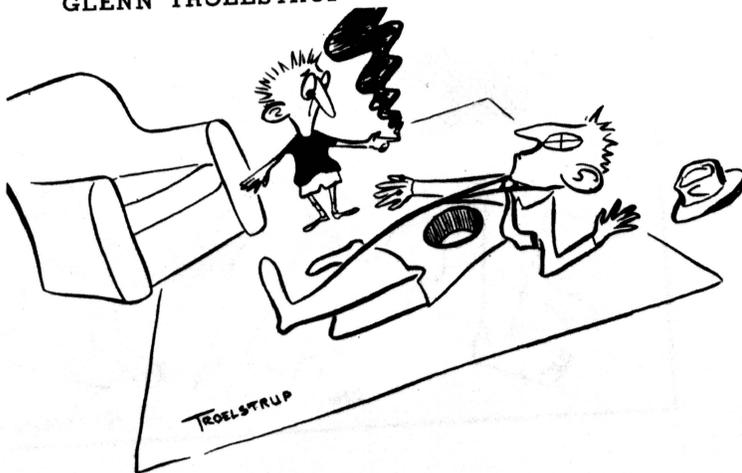


1951

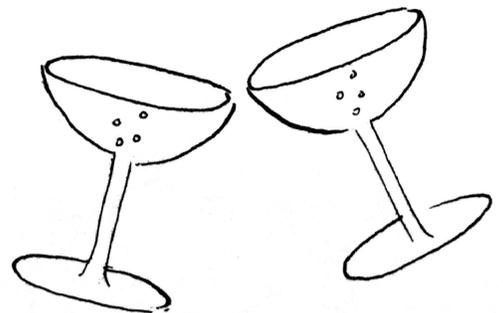
The following year was a big one for cartoonists, since most of the artists were still with Swami after a year. Styles were improving and readers could tell who drew the cartoons without the signatures. A big year for parties, 1951 could brag of gag meetings in the Shack that rivaled the days of the Triumvirate of Mort and Gabe and Flash. Glenn went into the service but Swami was 4F.

GLENN TROELSTRUP

JANUARY, 1951

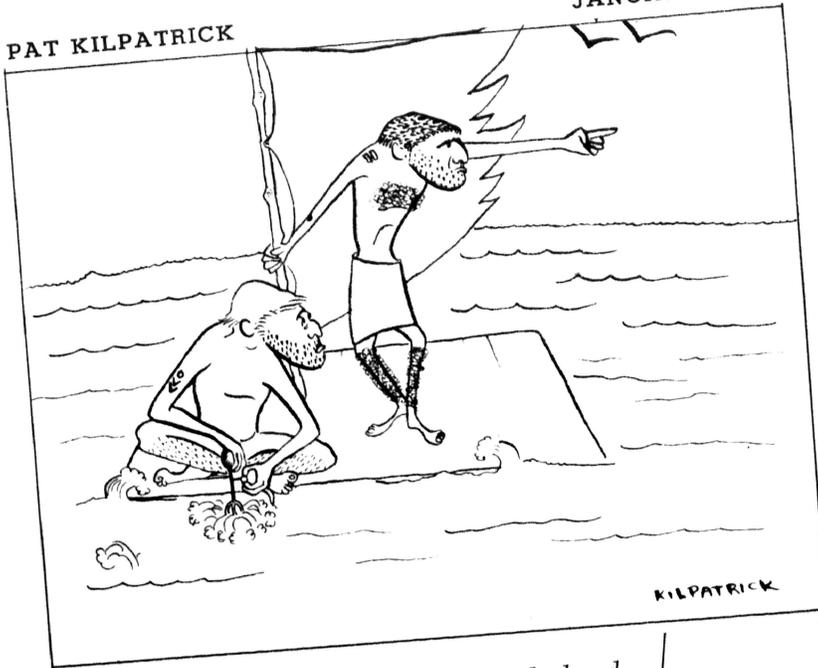


TROELSTRUP



PAT KILPATRICK

JANUARY, 1951



Damn the torpedoes, full speed ahead



1952

With one foot in the grave, 1952 is ready to bow out, but the funny bone is still tickled by editors Knapp and "Killer" and a brand-new comer, Bill Braznell. In this age of artist-editors layouts and illustrations improved, and the cartoonists were in their glory. And as the years go by Swami gets fatter and sassier, as his book comes out each month, as artists' temples grey.



HERB GREEN

MARCH, 1951



PAT KILPATRICK

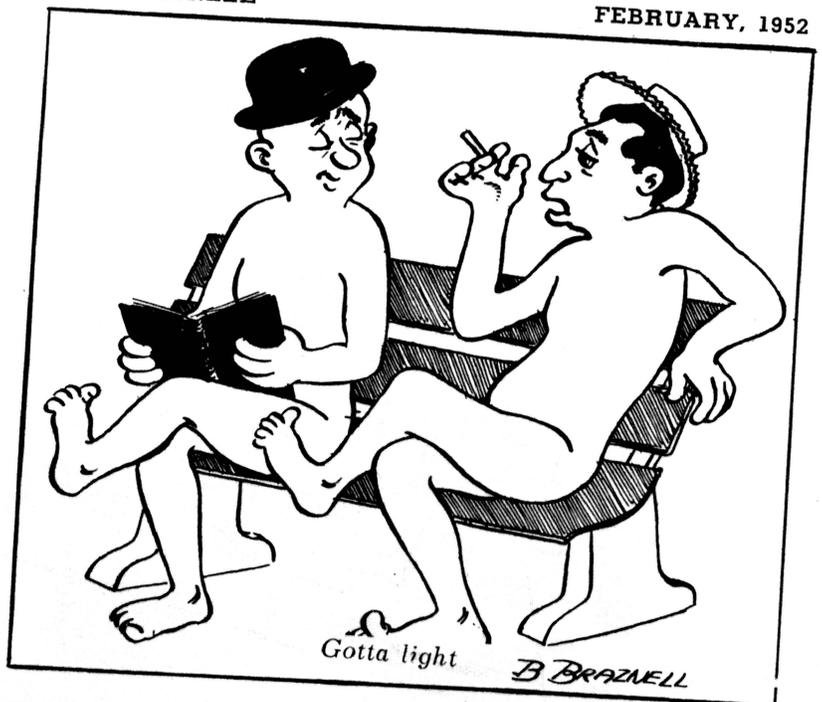
JANUARY, 1951



She looks perfectly normal to me Mrs. Smith

BILL BRAZNELL

FEBRUARY, 1952



Gotta light

B BRAZNELL

Merry Xmas

and

FEBRUARY, 1952

HERB GREEN



He married the grader

BILL BRAZNELL

JUNE, 1952



All right, dammit—if you don't want to cash my check
just say so

JANUARY, 1952

HERB KNAPP



Tell it again, I didn't get it

Happy New Year

**Want a
CHEAP
Christmas
PRESENT
for a
CHEAP
FRIEND**

Send those cheap friends of yours **SHOWME** Subscriptions for Christmas. It will serve them right. And for \$2.00 what can you lose, who knows, they may even enjoy **SHOWME**.

Mail this coupon with \$2.00 to Room 302 Read Hall. Your cheap friend will receive this and the remaining five issues.

Send Six Issues of **SHOWME** to My Pal

Mr.
Miss
Mrs.

Address

—Enclosed find \$2.00—

hangnail sketch

by Joe Gold

Lura Vamp—Beauty Queen

The French maid led us through the corridors, until we reached a door with a bright red star on it. She opened the door and we were face to face with Lura Vamp, the girl we had chosen as typical beauty queen. Miss Vamp had won the Barnwarmin' Queen contest in 1939, 1943, and more recently in 1950. She had also been Homecoming Queen in one of her Barnwarmin' off years—1945. In addition she had won many other contests including the Ameriacn Royal, beating out a prize-winning sow from Sedalia.

She turned and saw us. "Hello, darling," she said briskly brushing her honey blonde hair, which lay on the vanity in front of her. "What can I do for you?"

We remembered our mission and said, "Miss Vamp, our magazine has chosen you as the typical beauty queen."

"Why, how nice What magazine is that? Do you carry 'Beetle Bailey'? I just adore Beetle Bailey, don't you?"

"Yeah, he is cute, but have you a statement to make?"

"Why of course I have, darling. I want to thank all of those lovely youngsters for picking me as their queen. It's an honor, you know."

"We want them to see, that you queens are just like every other coed, Miss Vamp. What courses are you taking?"

"Courses?"

"Yes, you know. What are you studying?"

Her doe eyes widened blankly, and she said, "But I thought you knew. I don't go to school here. (She began to lapse into a Jersey accent) I never did. I was passing through Columbia one night a-



bout thirteen years ago on my way to Kansas City where I had top billing. Here, let me show you what I did. I was pretty good at it, but them lousy flatfoots. You ain't got a fan on you, have you?"

"No, Miss Vamp. But if that's true, how did you get into this plush house and live here for all these years?"

"I'm not too certain about that myself. All I know is that after me and one of the judges for a queen contest got real chummy back in '38, I won the contest.

"Next thing I knew all these little girls wanted me to come live with them. They get a cup every time I win a contest. I can't see it myself 'cause the damn things are always empty. But you know what they say about looking a gift horse in the choppers."

(Continued on page 36)



Justice -- or The Meaning of Deadlines



The Commissar of Humor was not a man to joke with

by Roger Julin

The Commissar of Humor was not a man to be intimidated.

Neither was the Commissar of Cartoons.

And they were in a bad mood that day.

"Where is your story?" the Commissar of Humor roared at me as I stood meekly in front of his huge desk in the Department of Laugh and the Whole Soviet Union Laughs With You.

"Where is that cartoon you were to draw?" roared the Commissar of Cartoons from his smaller desk across the room. He roared a little less loudly because he was subordinate to the Commissar of Humor.

"We have a deadline to meet, you know," they roared together.

"Well, sir," I began—

"That's a lie!" shouted the Commissar of Humor. "That's the weakest explanation I've ever heard. Hand in your story and your cartoon now or we'll take away your hero medal and your subscription to Capt. Billy Whiz Bang."

"Oh, no sir." I was on my knees now, pleading. "Anything but that. I'll do anything, sir. Anything." Now I was kissing his feet. It was quite an ordeal, too, because he had no shoes. Nobody in the department has any shoes. The Commissar of Supply says we think better with shoes off.

"Get up, man. Don't slobber all over the room. We have to clean up here, you know. Now, where is that humor story about that horrid Capitalist custom of

Christmas for our December issue of *Snowme*?"

"And where is that cartoon of Santa Claus?" asked the Commissar of Cartoons.

I was stuck.

I had to invent an excuse.

I certainly couldn't tell them I was really a secret agent for *The Stewed Ant*, the opposition paper that's secretly printed in a dingy cellar in the slum area. I wasn't a humor writer. Scathing editorials and crusades are my specialties.

"You see, sir," I explained. "It was so cold my typewriter froze."

"Don't be silly, Gabbislobkowiczovitch, our scientists haven't invented the typewriter yet."

"They haven't? I mean, sir, the lead in my pencil froze."

"Pencil? Where did you get a

pencil? Only top party members can afford pencils. You're supposed to write with your blood." He pushed a button on his desk. "I'm afraid that you are no longer useful."

The door opened and two huge men in black uniforms entered the room. I was lost.

The Commissar of Humor was smiling now. It was the first smile I had seen in 20 years. "Take him away. Don't worry, man. I'll see that you get justice."

Justice! Just the sort of thing you'd expect from a *Snowme* man. I expected a life sentence to Siberia. It was too much to hope for the death penalty.

At the courtroom, the man ahead of me was sentenced to 25 years in a labor camp for a faultily muffled. No. He didn't have a

(Continued on page 37)



Solid ice. Looks like this will be the last Hink party of the season

rube- barbs

by Rube Erwin

Oh, hell! It's went and snowed in Columbia after all. Just when I was writing a book called "Retgression of Glacial Influence As Manifested In Herbacious Mutations Contrasted to Plumbing Problems of Pre-Saxon England, With Pornographic Illustrations", a blanket of white descended on us and I was dragged out to build snowmen. In the process I lost 3 hands and a left nostril to frostbite, and now I can't even turn off the radio, much less write a book. If I have to listen to "Setting The Woods On Fire" one more time, I will. Luckily for you even though I'll never finish my book, the girl who shares my shower has agreed to record this column while I dictate it.

To partially compensate for not offering you the definitive study of glacial relations (not so cold a subject as you think) there is a book I should tell you about. The book is titled, "Sexual Behavior of Amoebae," but no one need feel left out because the authors have tolerantly admitted humans to the charming story. There's no mention of the Optician's Society but I imagine they are 100% behind it for its contribution to national blindness.

You will be disappointed by the plot; nothing original or fresh has been added—the same old sexes are having the same old problems about the same old

thing—but, the subtitles are the apogee of pulpstand art.

I want to say right now that you over there in the corner with sorority pin on heaving bosom had better pack up that lascivious grin and get out of here. This book report is only for those readers who have a mature outlook on sexual matters and can appreciate the finer points of sub-head writing.

The body of the book is very dull, very unsensational, very unimaginative, very unrewarding to the thrill seeker. It is another job by those psychiatrists who want us all to be happy. But the chapter sub-heads.

Ah, Voila! What delicacy, what tact, what subtlety, what erudition, what discretion, what money-makers! Listen to a few: Nights of Division; The Ghost of the Ex-Mate; Asexual Snobs; Behind Cell Walls. Hot diggety dawg, eh gang? That's the way to sell psychiatry, eh? And educate the people, eh?

You'll find the book, sorority girls, in campus coffee houses next to the photography mags.

Well, that's my book report for the semester. Have you done yours? Oh, that's right, you're going to take care of that over the Christmas vacation. Sure you will. No question about it. There will be plenty of time every day to work on it. You'll get up at 2 coffee and dress til 3, read the paper till 4, telephone till 4:30, talk

to the parents till 5, and that leaves 15 big minutes till you slip into a martini for dinner. Sure you will.

I hate to be crying on your shoulder all the time, honest I do, but the unexpected snowfall in Columbia did worse to me than snap of a few appendages. If the year we never had winter had lasted 3 more weeks I would have been a millionaire. Rich enough to buy my own mismanaged clinic, whee! For Columbia, dear readers, was about to become the Eden of the Midwest. We had the queens, we had the beach (oh how I long for the white sands of the Hink) we had the crazy costumes, we had everything but the sunshine to make Columbia the Mecca of winter tourists.

Came sunny October, came sunny November, came the year we never had winter, and I was to be the gambling king of touristful, sinful, ginful Miami Boone. I had the legs all sawed for my faro table the day the snow fell. My Prince Albert coat was back from the cleaner, my sleeve garters were freshly ironed, my poker face was ready to put on, my call girls were by the phone, my sleeves were crammed with aces, then—not to be, not to be. Oh, cruel world.

Sure, the crowds still pour in from McBaine to see the stunning Columbia fashions, Boonevillians still jam our town to enjoy the excellent cuisine and Hartzburg still pours itself into our streets to gape at the tall buildings. But never, never, now, will Columbia rival Cannes. I asked a friend of mine who lives on the Atlantic coast to send me some. What will I do with it now? The closets are too full of skeletons to hold a salt marsh.

Ah, but then life's not always fair is it, and how dull it would be if it were. Carry on.

THE END



Hotel clerk (To prospective guests): I'm sorry but we don't have room service.
 Guest: Oh, that's all right.
 Clerk: You'll have to make your own bed.
 Guest: That's all right.
 Clerk: You'll find hammer, saw, lumber and nails in the back room.

* * *

Mother: Is that young man there yet?
 Daughter: No, but he's getting there.

* * *

Looking coldly at the man who had just given him a nickle for carrying his bags twelve blocks the little boy said: "I know something about you."
 "What?" asked the man.
 "You're a bachelor."
 "That's right. Know anything else about me?"
 "So was your father."

* * *

First Drunk: We're getting closer to town.
 Second Drunk: How do you know?
 First Drunk: We're hitting more people.

* * *

School days, school days
 Dear old golden rule days,
 She was my gal in calico,
 I was her bashful barefoot beaux,
 And I coyly wrote on her slate:
 Keep out of the sun, babe, everybody's looking through your dress.

* * *

Do you serve women at this bar?
 Nope, you have to bring your own.

* * *

If there's a coal shortage this winter, use coke. It won't give much heat, but remember, you get two cents back on every bottle.

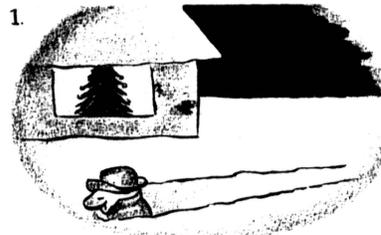
A girl who attended Bryn-Mawr
 Committed an awful faux-pas
 She loosened a stay
 In her decollette
 Exposing her je-ne-sais quoi.

* * *



THE SORORITY GIRL

The sorority girl, the sorority girl
 Lost in the stream of the social swirl;
 Her false identities, her false charms,
 Her false lover in her arms,
 All seem to press upon her mind
 That she must better all her kind;
 Fancy frills and frocks she wears
 Unknowing exactly why she cares
 Smoking, drinking, being quaint,
 Appearing, yet, just as a saint;
 Campus intrigue her favorite game;
 She tries so hard but all in vain.
 B.D.



I see you've been dating that
 S.A.E. again.
 No, I tore my dress on a nail.

* * *

Written exams
 Are not what I'm best in
 I think of the answers
 After handing the test in.

* * *

To kill halitosis
 Try chlorophyll gum
 It turns your teeth green
 But tastes better than Mum:

* * *

What would you do if I kissed
 you on the neck?
 I'd call you down.

* * *

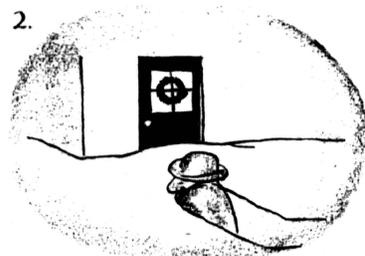
Do you think a girl should learn
 about life before twenty?
 Certainly not, that's too large an
 audience.

* * *

Who's that?
 Girl I used to sleep with.
 Shocking! Where?
 Physics lecture.

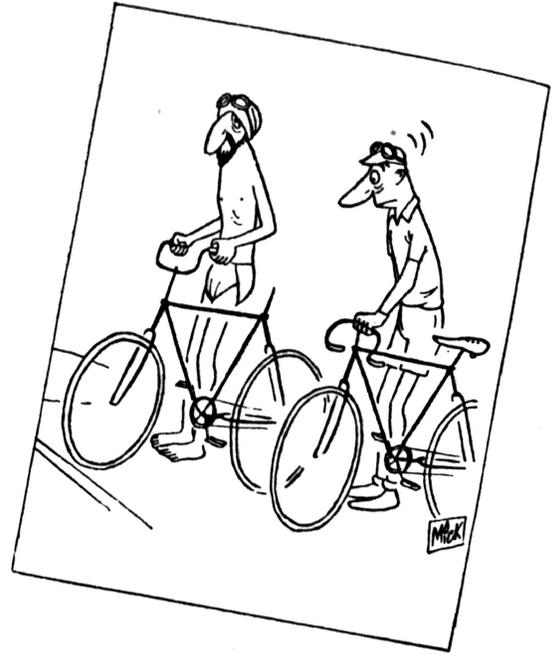
* * *

Do you know the difference between
 trying to kiss Ellen and
 you?
 I'll bite.
 Exactly. And she won't.

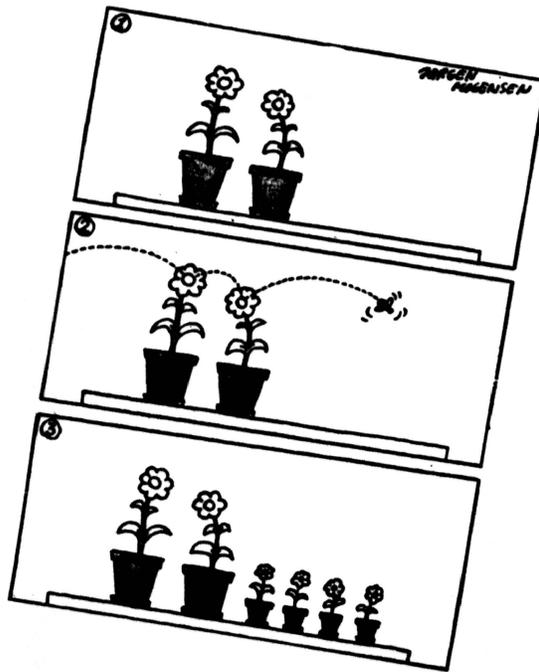




"He fell in, came up, murmured 'Mmm, mmm, good' and sank."



filched



THE MECHANICAL SANTA
(Continued from page 16)

"No I don't think I'll have to feed it much. I put a few vitamin pills in its mouth this morning. It swallowed them, burped a couple of times, lit up a light or two, and seemed quite satisfied."

"Well, you better watch its diet. A machine like that, if overworked, will require something more substantial. It may eat you out of house and home."

"Oh fie on thee. Ye have strange ideas about the mechanics of science." Hjalmar had recently returned from a short time-trip to England of the middle of the Second Millenium and had not yet fully recovered from its effects. "Besides," he continued, "I don't plan to use it very much. It's more or less of a pet."

I had to leave then and I left Hjalmar gazing happily at the machine, and for a minute there, it actually seemed as if the machine was smiling back at him. Purely my imagination, of course.

I lost contact with Hjalmar during the following weeks. Both he and I had our classes and he went on another field trip, this time I believe to the U.S.A., around 1950, to check some equations with Einstein. As for me, I was quite busy with Ag students who put a cow into the expensive huge centrifuge, trying to simplify the process of making homogenized milk.

Anyway, it was nearly Christmas when I began hearing reports of Hjalmar's activities. It seems his students had found out about the Santa Claus machine and had spread it all over the campus. Soon he was swamped with orders, and, being a kindly man, he had filled them. Thousands of new products were being carted out of his basement, each one beautifully wrapped, tied in a bright ribbon, and with a card engraved "To— from Santa," with each blank filled with the correct name of the person who was to receive the gift.

When I heard of all this, I immediately called Hjalmar. When

he appeared on the telescreen, he was a tired old man with deep creases in his face. He was nervously twitching and he repeatedly looked off to one side.

"How are things going?" I asked.

"Not so good," he murmured. "The machine has turned out some really fine presents, but I'm beginning to be worried. It got some instructions mixed up yes-



terday and turned out a cross-lapped periflat instead of an over-lapped octyth. It hasn't been the same since."

"Universes!" I cried. "How does it react to the vitamin pills?"

"It won't take them. It just spits them out. It doesn't seem

happy any more. I think you better come over and help me fix it."

"I'll be right over," I said, and signed off.

I don't know what compelled me to take my atomic ray gun along, but I carefully loaded it to maximum potential and hurried to Hjalmar's apartment.

I opened the door upon a shambles. Particles of lab equipment were strewn all over the floor. Furniture was broken. All evidence of Hjalmar was gone except for a few bits of clothing. The machine was in the middle of the room, quietly humming.

I pulled out my ray gun just in time to blast the long metal arm that jumped out of the machine's mouth. Another arm reached out for me; then another. I blasted them both and then turned the gun on the machine itself. Strange screeches and screams emitted from it while it disintegrated, but I didn't stop until it was blasted out of existence.

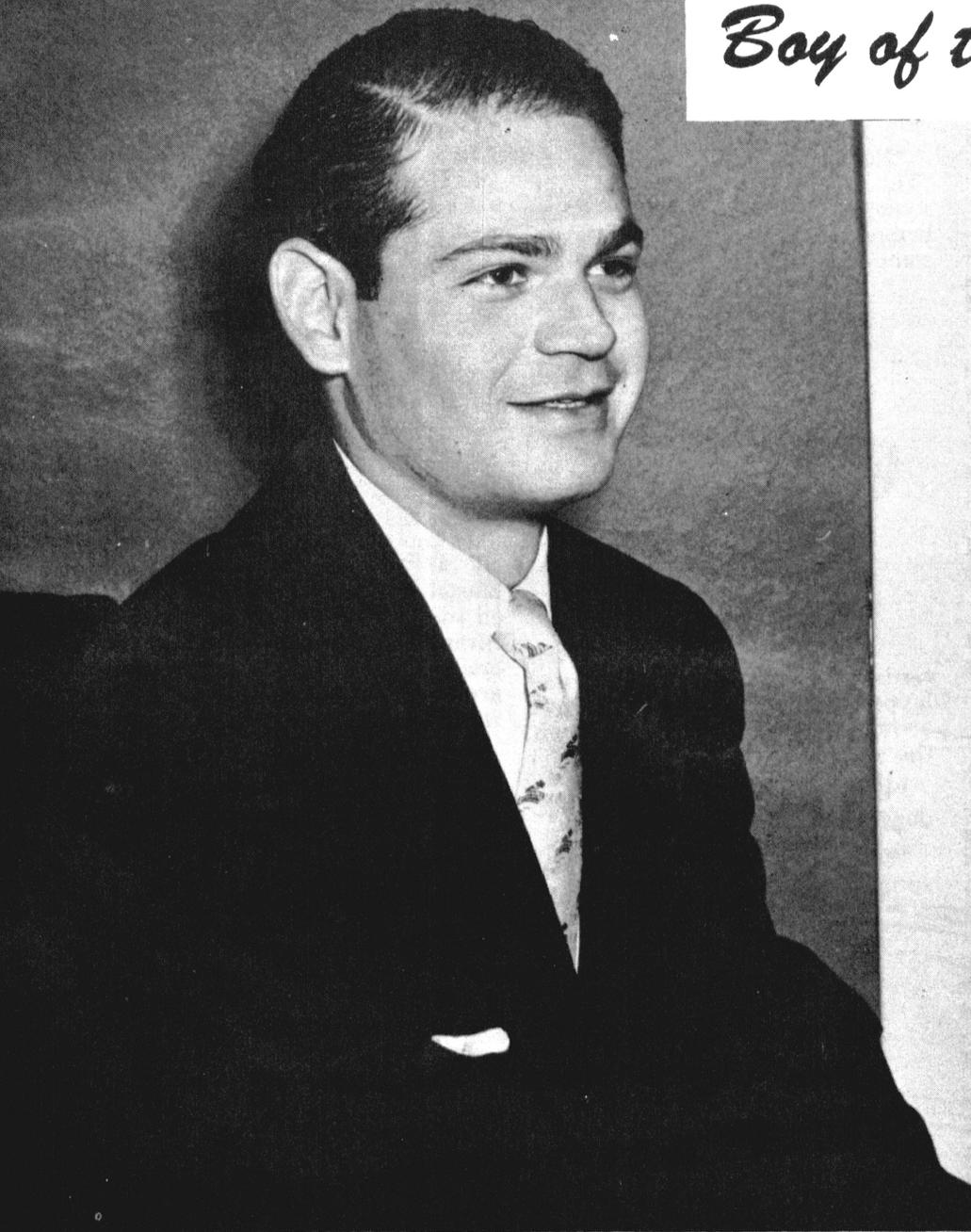
It is well that I was able to destroy such a machine.

The damn thing had eaten Hjalmar.

THE END



Boy of the Month...



Fred Seidner

Senior in School of Journalism . . . Chairman of S.G.A. Dance-Concert Division (Jazz at the Phi, Homecoming) 1951-'53 . . . Assistant Chairman Carousel, 1952 . . . Greek Week Publicity Chairman, 1952 . . . Arnold Air Society . . . Sigma Delta Chi . . . Board of Publications . . . Who's Who in American Colleges and Universities . . . "Campus Columns," SGA . . . Half-time announcer for M.U. Band . . . Sophomore Council . . . SGA Publicity Committee . . . Athletic Committee, '49-'50 . . . Past SHOWME Publicity director . . . Feature Magazine . . . Mystical Seven . . . Sigma Alpha Mu . . . 21 . . . Chicago, Illinois.