

MISSOURI *Show-me*

March 25c



To The Woods Issue

BILL BRAZNEILL



KNOCKOUT

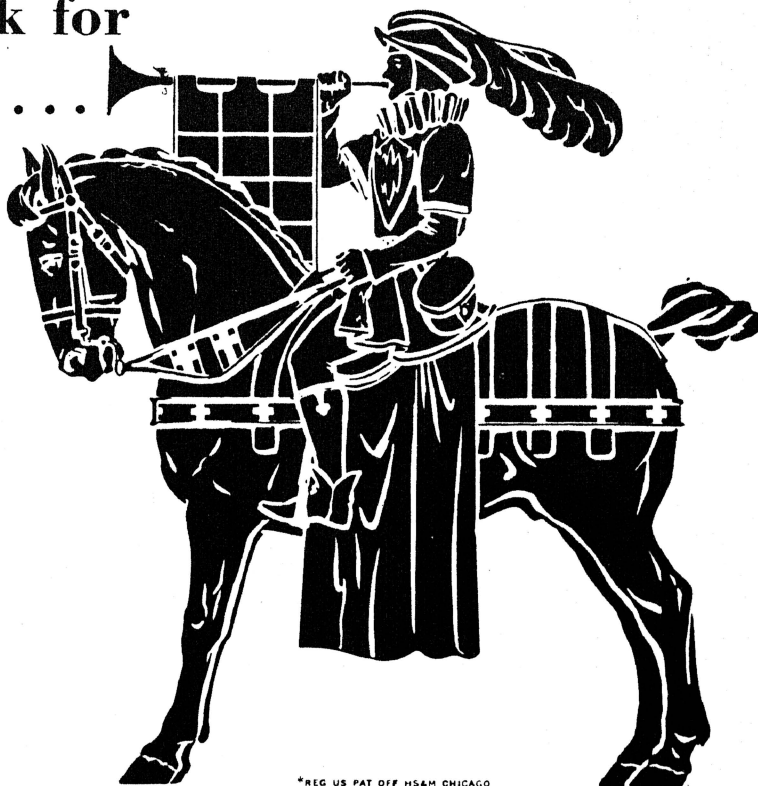
Sun'n Fun

FASHIONS

GARLAND'S

20 On The Strollway

a small thing to look for
a big thing to find . . .



the TRUMPETER* trade mark

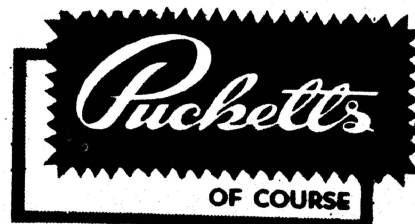
When you pay the price of a Hart Schaffner & Marx suit, be sure you get one.

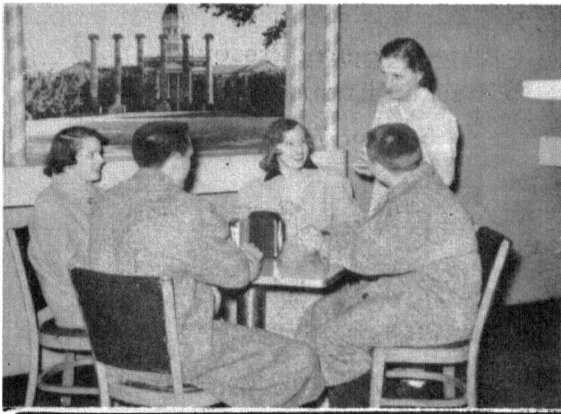
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Have you had
a milk shake
at



Dear Editor,

On our fair campi where SPIR-IT, without "spirits" just ain't been heard of in the stronghold of Arts and Sciene. I, fer one, am DANG proud to be a member of the hogcalling clan!

Agitated Aggie

"Your clan and my clan may be our land someday." But sincerely, don't agitate at us. We're just too agreeable today—Ed.



Dear Slob.

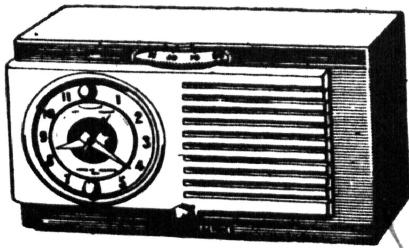
We are two girls writing on behalf of two-thousand! Why do we always have to be the object of your sarcasm and redicule? After all... We could have come to M.U.

Disgustedly,
Sue Graves
Sue Siddall

And... I imagine you do, on occasion. On the other hand, I'm jealous because I COULDN'T have come to your unique institution—Ed.

Dear Dad,

Yer, mag's hep, O.K., but at times you don't "come through"



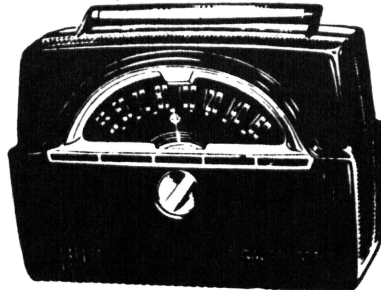
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to all us, yeah. Do yu dig my beat Poppa? Ah's got eyes for a column on whut th' peasants call music but what is really "Gone to J'ruslum JIVE" Which is whut ah digs dad. It's whut ah digs.

From the keyboard to you'sa

A Crazy, Crazy Dixielan' Fan
*What is this "Dad, Poppa" biz?
 They put people in jail for black-mail and besides pan-hell has a rule against it—Ed.*



Please—you're stepping on my knee.

Dear Sir,

I was an avid *Showme* fan when I attended Missouri a good many years ago and was very interested to pick up a recent issue while visiting a friend who has a son at M.U. I enjoyed your magazine very much though it certainly was different when I was there, (26 through 28). I am enclosing three dollars and would appreciate being put on your mailing list.

Dr. William Maxton
 Kansas City, Missouri

Hah...another stray lamb brought back to the fold—Ed.

Dear Mr. Editor, Sir;

Why isn't my name on your damn subscription list...you're just a bunch of pack rats...no appreciation...have you heard this joke...supposed to be true...and then he said...LAUGH DAMMIT...here's three bucks don't spend it all on beer.

Love,
 Mr. Edward Overholser
 (A successful alumnus)
 Texarkana, Arkansas

You know better'n that Eddy-Ed.

"Your Fun is our Business"

Central Missouri Booking Agency Presents

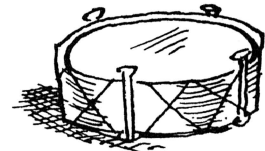
For your spring formals and house parties

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and his orchestra featuring
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 sax and vocals by Marilyn
 Meador.

5- or 6-piece band



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 by lovely Glenna Frazier
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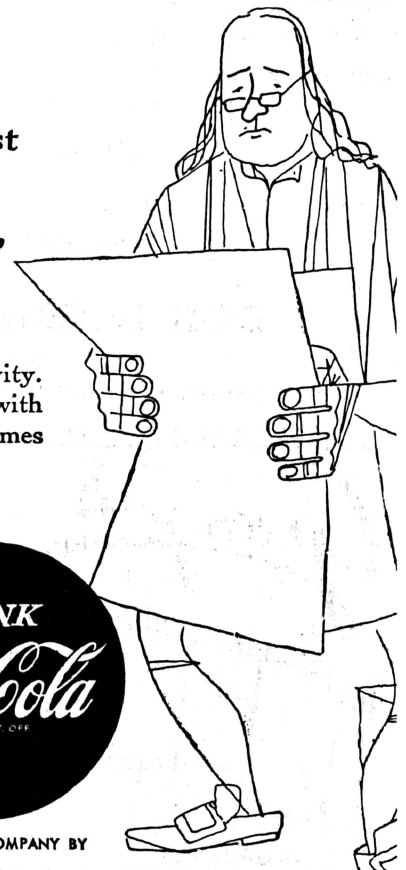
Ben Franklin Printed:

"He that can take rest
 is greater than
 he that can take cities."

B. Franklin

Poor Richard's Almanac, 1757

There's a time to pause in every activity. When you make that pause refreshing with ice-cold Coca-Cola you can take what comes with ease.



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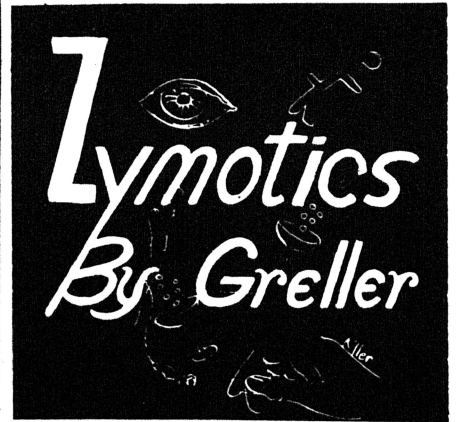
TRAVEL-CAMPUS STUDY

- Europe and Study at Fribourg
- Europe and Study at Geneva
- Europe and Study at Oxford
- Europe and Study at Dublin
- Europe and Study in Spain
- Europe and Study in Germany

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- Flying Seminar (Europe)
- Catholic Study Tour (Europe)
- Europe: Music-Art-Theatre Tour

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Well, Brotherhood Week is over, and we don't have to talk to anyone again until next year. National statistics on dope addiction show that one out of every 3000 are users. That allots about 7½ for the University, and just our luck, they're on Disciplinary Board. Liz Taylor is going to turn into a Tin Lizzy if she doesn't stop this nonsense, marrying a 91-year-old Englishman who is confined to a bathtub for life. And the studio finally revealed Liz's true age as 13. Even Mother Taylor is getting perturbed and threatens to intervene in the next such occurrence.

I understand that Lampe (fello-columnist) is the only boy on campus with cashmere finger and toe nails. Not only does he smoke the finest of cashmere cigarettes but every night before retiring he indulges in a cashmartini, consisting of 1 jigger of an old liquefied cashmere sock, a bit of sparkling alpaca and an angora olive.

Question of the Week???? IS HITLER STILL ALIVE AND IS IT TRUE THAT HE IS THE FORMER RECENT U.S. GRADER AND THE CURRENT COPY READING I GRADER? The graders have organized into kind of a branch of the DAR, only it's the SMVFAS (Sadists of Missouri Valley and Foe of all Students). They sit around at meetings in the archeology specimen room sipping green tea out of old skulls (of past students) and compare F's. Then they sing their theme song, "What is That Foolish Grade Called S?" E is completely extinct. I hereby declare Open Season for graders.

"Handy Telephone" says

Have you called
home lately

**MISSOURI
TELEPHONE COMPANY**

The value of the telephone is greater than the cost.

My nomination for the pic of the month, *** 3 falling stars for Distant Drums, a Budget Movie in Technicolor, Gary Cooper plays the parts of an army officer and an Indian Scout. It takes place in a resort in Florida in the year 1830 and things haven't changed there a bit since, besides the cost of Indians and living.

Gary and the boys are sent out to destroy an arsenal and some nasty gun runners who have been supplyin' munitions to even 'nastier Seminoles. The men reach the arsenal in Kon-Tiki and destroy it, but are forced to return to their camp through the death-defying everglades. Three-fourths of the flicker is spent with exactly the same Seminoles racing wildly through exactly the same woods, shrieking the Bell

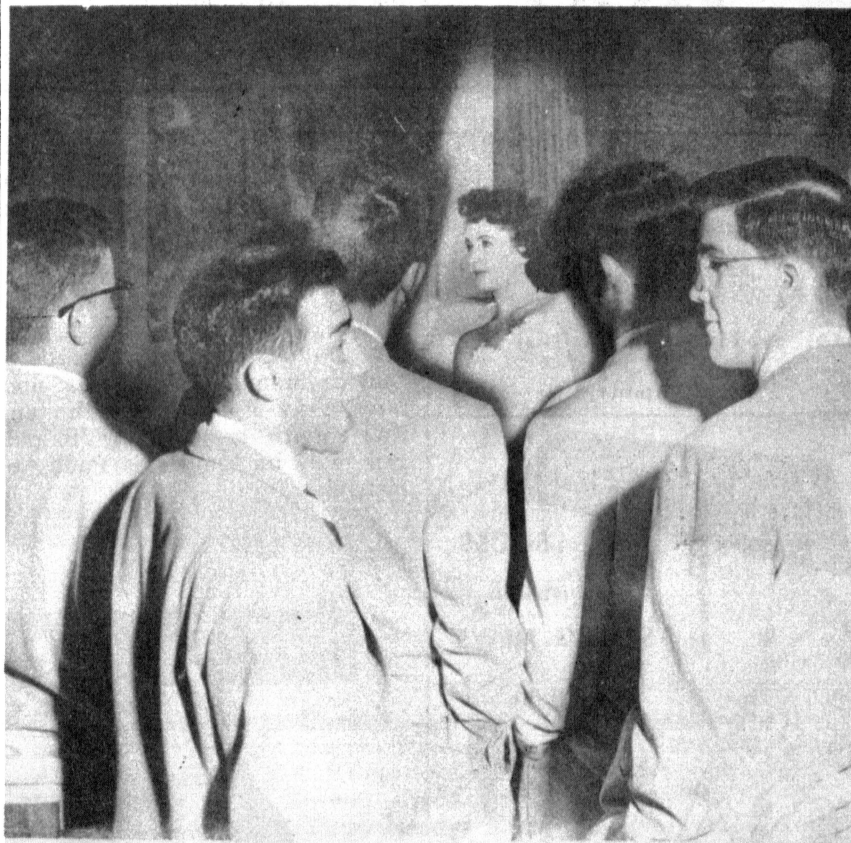


Song from Lachme. They pause once in a while to do a mad mambo. Really fab with Krupa, Hamp and Slam on the Distant Drums. The Seminoles were also very charmingly adorned in silk paisley frocks and scalp lavaliers. At the arsenal, the men picked up a blonde chick, a Hollywood newcomer, but I recognized Simone-Simone making her comeback.

(Continued on page 20)

A Queen's Ransom
in
Snacks and Groceries
at
Popular Prices

KAMPUSTOWNE GROCER



"I bet that's a formal from Julies!"

Remember your favorite girl on

Easter

with a corsage or plant from

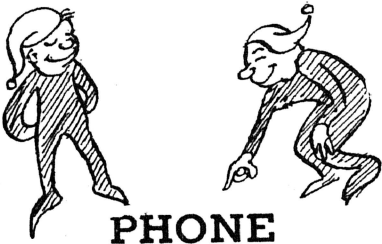
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SHOES
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to make the
most of
your Fashions



editor's
ego

The time has come to speak in terms both filthy and lewd. I read an article recently that stated, a well-fed person has less sexual motivation than does a starving one. This does not only account for the over-population in certain Asiatic nations, it also explains why coeds diet. The consequent assumption being; Skinny dolls... neck?

NOTICE: To all university students living... Do you have a 'Dean's excuse'?

Last year *Showme* initiated a parody issue and in response to popular demand (that's as good a reason as any) we will parodize that infamous treatise, for men only, *True*. For that month (and that month only) Patty Kilpatrick will be known as Paddy or Patrick.

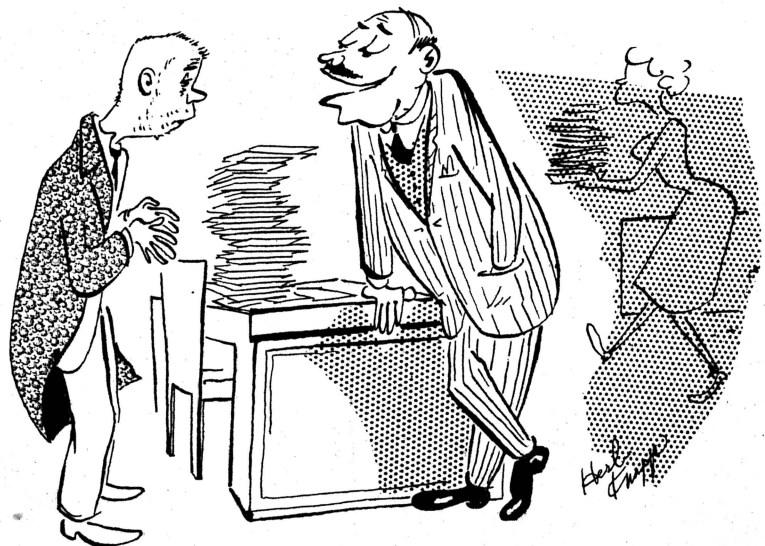
Once more the election bug has bitten the campus. A.C.T., colloquially referred to as Act will box ballots with M.U.S.T., otherwise known as Must. A well-known 'Female-on-Campus' remarked while slightly in her teacups that she thought both names were "cute", which is, perhaps, a fairly accurate description of the whole affair.

They tell me that the latest addition to the well-rounded 'college-kids' vocabulary is "She, He, It, Was, Is, or Will Be, 'Game'." As in "She is one hell of a 'Game' doll." Isn't that just dandy.

Showme has received a lot of manuscripts lately that we've had to reject because they were too 'causeish' or bitter. *Showme's* only cause is entertainment. There is enough flag-waving and miscellaneous expounders of profound suppositions lose as it is. If occasionally a crumb of diatribe slips into some of *Showme's* copy it is through, not choice, but imperfection on our part. We're content to leave the philosophizing to more sedate campuses.

Sincerely,

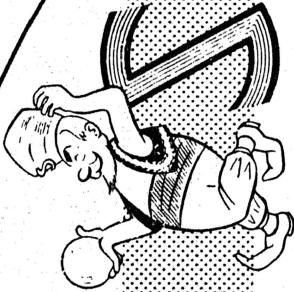
Herb Knapp



Well, Higly, not much like the old 8:00 MWF is it?

MISSOURI SHOWME

YOUR CAMPUS HUMOR MAGAZINE



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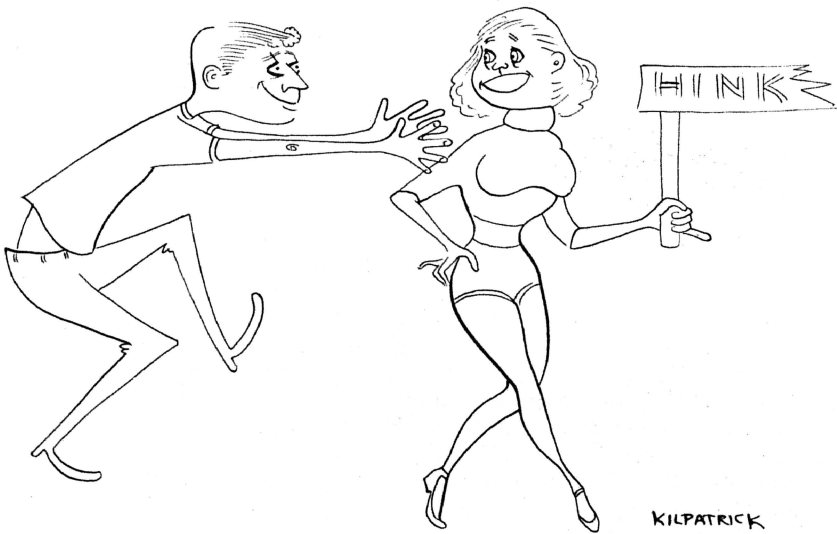
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March, 1952

Number 7

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*In the spring, as Hinkson calls
Float through the air, and study palls,
Smaller classes and more dates
Show collegians seeking mates.*



Around The Columns

Overheard

A student coming out of the back of Jesse Hall the other day found a ticket on his car. He approached the University traffic man who was gleefully tagging everything in sight.

"Where can I appeal this?" said the irate student.

"Ha!" snarled the watchman.

That's all.

Showme Fights Prejudice

It's finally happened. The American Legion, a formerly democratic organization, has denied membership to an honorably discharged veteran of World War II. This deplorable attitude on the part of the Legion brings tears to the eyes of all old Americans who witnessed the founding of this country on a basis of equality for all 176 years ago. These same aging relics wept when Lincoln spoke at Gettysburg and more recently when Harry Truman unveiled the federal budget for the coming fiscal year.

Showme, always ready to defend the oppressed, upholds the right of this poor, discriminated against, individual to join the American Legion.

And just because he was a German Shepherd, named Spud.

The Bitter Half

Just to prove that *Showme* is not bitter, we'd like to print the editor's advice to the staff, just as it lies, unread on the bulletin board in the office:

"*Showme* will not tolerate bitterness on the part of its writers, artists, or editors."

So, if you read anything that smacks of bitterness, say to yourself, "This is not bitter. This cannot be, for the editor says it must not be so, and isn't the editor always right?"

Look Around, Ezio

One of the newest (and we use the term advisedly) sensations in television is a decrepit old Italian count, Renzo Cesana, who pitches woo at the female viewers in the wee hours of the night. Billed as "The Continental" he focuses his eyes on the camera and delivers a verbal seduction, while offering champagne and cigarettes to the non-existent loved one. Every woman who watches gets the feeling that it is she alone, whom he is seducing. Even the menfolk get a big charge out of it, as they sit around the screen writing down helpful hints on how to seduce

the objects of their affections. Cesana's success lies in making each female viewer feel that she is alone in his apartment and her little heart goes pitter pat, wondering whether the sexy glance flipped at her under the drooping eyelashes meant what she thought it meant.

We understand Pinza has filed with the patent office for a violation of his exclusive invention—December feeding April a line of accented bull.

Let's Not Be Naive

We recently received a literary magazine from a girls' school in New Jersey. It was their first issue, so it was understandable. The title was the "Horn Book". We have several ideas on the derivation of the title, but we'd prefer to snicker over them by ourselves.

Anyway, they printed the following as their "Credo":

"What is the nature of the responsibility of a student publication toward its readers? Should it simply reflect the tastes and ideas of its audience, or does it have another function, another responsibility? The question... is one which all student publications must ultimately face.

"It seems to us that a student publication is not a mirror; for it is committed to other purposes.

"The function of a campus literary magazine, for instance, is not to please the largest common denominator of its readers; its function is, rather, to develop creative talent on campus. To this



purpose the editors of Horn Book dedicate themselves."

Their sentiments touch us deeply, and we might even admit that we agree with them, but the absence of a price on their cover shows that they are as subsidized



as New Deal potatoes. Such blissful disregard for finance is heartwarming in these days of almost extinct SAVITARS and grubbing *Showme* ad men. Quel naive!te!

Naughty, Naughty

As a word of warning we should like to mention a recent rule adopted by the M Men's Club of the University. The club has prohibited the wearing of high school letters on campus. So, for those of you who have been proudly sporting letters won in high school for band, glee club, or football, yuh better watch out. 'Cause the big bad mens is out to get you.

Yes Sir, Mr. Kenton

While all-school dances are run to the strains of local Petrilloites, we notice that the Military Ball will feature Stan Kenton et al. (Who Al is, we don't know.) We're not griping, because it has

just been brought to our attention that it's passe, but we'd like to be able to tell papa that we spend his money dancing to T.D.'s or Ralph, or almost anyone he's heard of. Not that Yma Sumac and her Incan Six aren't good, but names are important. It's beginning to look like you have to play the old army game to get anywhere with musicians these days.

Juiced in Gabe's

The switch in Gaebler's policy from non-coffee-like coffee to non-beer-like beer has revolutionized the jelling habits of Missourians. For generations Gabe's has catered to the coffee drinkers, only to discover recently that the Shack was probably making more money.

Now, for a small sum one can drink 3.2 Budweiser and intimate coffee drinkers in surrounding booths. Maybe we're old-fashioned but we kind of liked the dead, quiet atmosphere of the afternoon in Gabe's.

Homely Hominies

While taking a course in College Algebra, we were required to read an article in a homemakers' magazine entitled "I'm a Homely Woman". It was termed outside reading, and so I spent many days in the glorious, fresh Hinkson air, reading it, and trying to figure out what it had to do with the course. We finished the article, but not the course.

The first page showed an obviously gorgeous brunette with her head in her hands, probably trying to decide whether to make an Aggie or a Business student her late date for that evening.

We concluded that someone was frustrated. The author, the girl in the picture, or us.

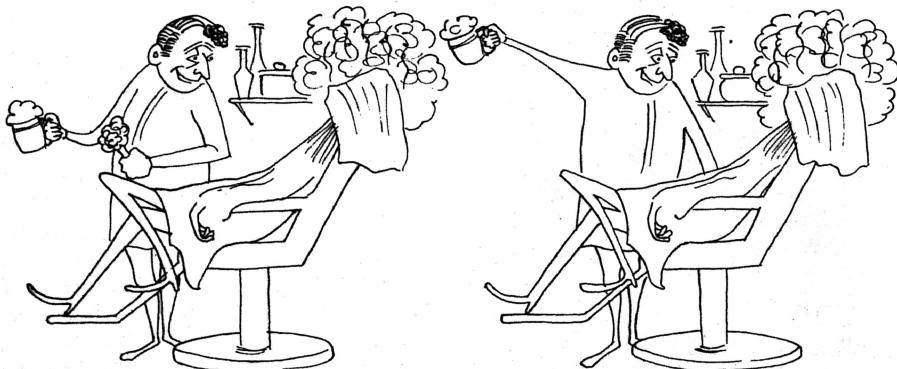
Then we tried to find the reason for this type of beauty frustration. We aren't psychiatrists, but it is quite evident that the type of advertising to which we are subjected has a great deal to do with it.

Have you ever seen an advertisement that pictured a homely male or female drinking Goober's Mouth Wash? Hog Wash! Of course you haven't, and we doubt that you ever will. Every girl who gets engaged because she uses Cement Hand Lotion makes the average girl look like she needs plastic surgery, and fast. Every girl who models brassieres makes Jane Russell second bust. No wonder we feel bad. People just don't look like that, and the odds are, they never will.



We even wince at pictures of huge, "Me Hongry" jokers urging us to buy this bathing suit, or that five o'clock shadow remover.

We're just puny, average, semi-homely humans, so why have kittens about it? Huh?



Swearing of the Green

It has recently come to our attention that a small clique on campus, known as engineers, St. Paddy's boys, or Slide Rule Slims, have for years been publishing a magazine featuring a couple of pages with the very original title of AROUND THE COLUMNS. It's not that we object to this shrewd piece of engineering piracy, but would we go around printing on the finer aspects of the Brooklyn Bridge? The answer, obviously, is no! Who the hell would understand it? So, we shriek, "For shame! Little helpers of St. Patrick."

Mourning Becomes Harvard

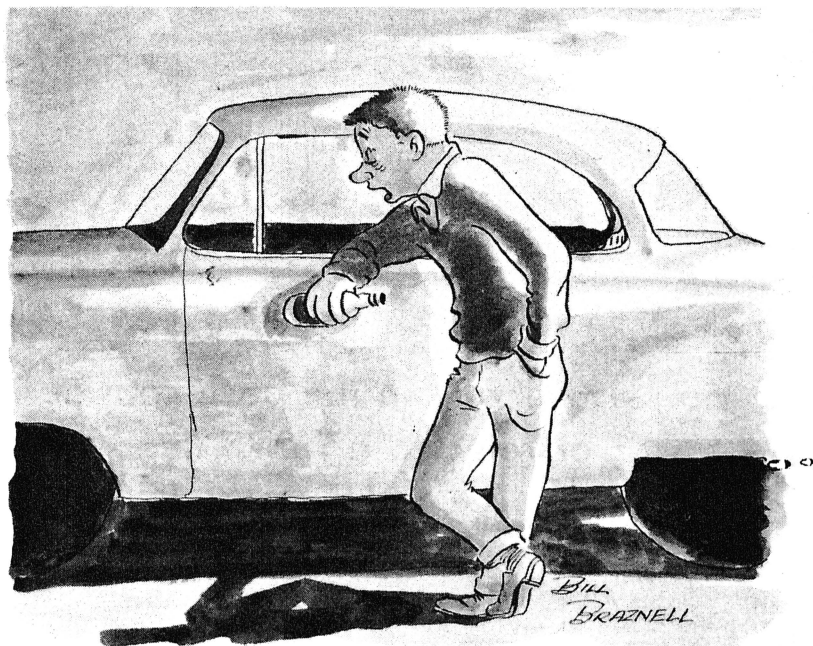
The last stronghold of American freedom has fallen with the announcement that Harvard Undergraduates may no longer entertain female visitors in their rooms after eight o'clock in the evening. We have always considered it amazing, that, with such an arrangement in the past, Harvard should remain an all-male school. After all, the odds are still about even on a baby being a boy or a girl.

Ray of Hope

One passionate recording artist is the cause of our flunking our first exam this semester. His male? female? banshee wail? type of yodeling has brought tears to the eyes of lesser men than we. However, at his? hers? its? rendition of something that sounded like "The Small White Nimbus That Bawled its Damn Eyes Out," we flooded our Ancient and Medieval textbook with so many tears that even Breasted couldn't stop weeping right in the middle of Ramses' harem. Somebody, please give the neurotic warbler a handkerchief and directions to the nearest bridge of sufficient height, and we might be able to Wrench an M out of the course. Thank you, music lovers.

Littature

We note with interest the inauguration of a new literary magazine on this campus. The kids are ready to take their first



Yeh—"Can't go drinking tonight"—yeh—"Big test tomorrow—got to hit the books" Yeh, yeh—George, I'm talking to you.

leap into the pitfall-fraught world of commercialism, and *Showme*, as always, is prepared to lend a hand, but not a dime, to the fledgling's initial flight. This will now set up a direct channel between this magazine's rejection file and the printer's desk for the new magazine. If it were to be a humor mag, we could promise to laugh, but since



it is to be "the finer things" they will probably go so far over our grubbing heads, that we shall have to retire to one of the local saloons (and there are many) and discuss the pros and convicts of San Quentin.

What's this foul rumor that's been floating around about run-

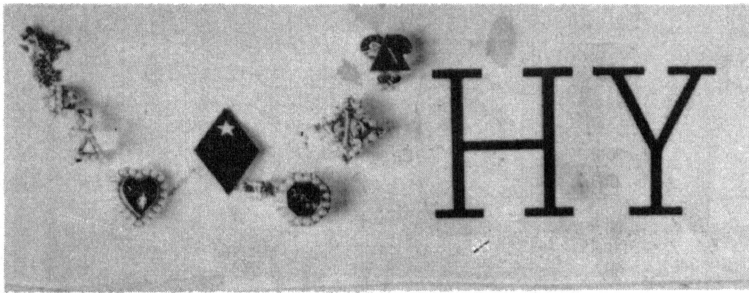
ning a "Tom of Tarts" to compete with the well-known J of H?

The Oldest Profession

Last month the AWS Careers Conference confiscated all the offices in Read Hall to hold their gabfest on "Which Professional Do You Prefer?" The professions assigned to each office were related to the various offices. For instance, musicians used the music room, journalists used the *Student* offices, and somebody used our office. All we are sure of is that it was some kind of recreation. We found pamphlets all over our ordinarily meticulously clean floor, exhorting the poor wenchies to get some recreation. We consider it an insult to this magazine to be used for indoctrination into recreational professions. After all we are important. We serve a much needed function on this campus. Anyone who can tell us what, will be welcomed with open arms any day of the week save the middle five at the *Showme* office, 302 Read Hall.

But what profession was our room used for? We'll pay five bucks anytime to find out.

J.G.



BOY'S GET PINNED

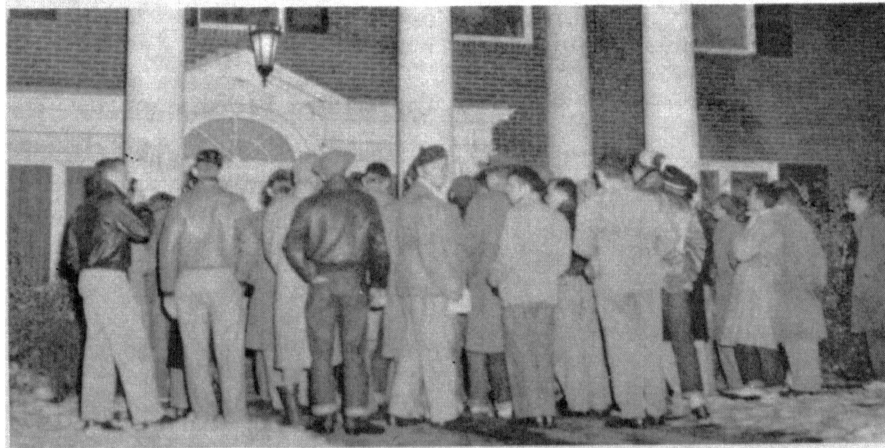
(THE REAL REASON)

Have you, in the past, considered, accepted, or rejected a "pin"? Read on young lover.

Learn the INSIDE!!

by Bill Ashlock

Late one miserable night as I was strolling back to my butane tank, I chanced to notice a strange commotion on the porch of a sorority house. It was par-



tially obliterated by the driving rain and claps of thunder, so I crept closer to get a good look. A flash of lightning lit the sky revealing a group of men huddled together.

Horrible thoughts began to run through my ganglia. "Had there been a death? ... birth?"

Tippy-toeing still closer, I noticed that some had bowed their heads in reverent silence while others sobbed and moaned. "No! Wait ... the poor dogs were singing!" I caught something about a "coffee cup" or some sort of cup.

Totally mystified, I turned toward the sorority house and was

astonished to see fifty or sixty sopping wet Arabic girls on their knees praising "Allah."

In a passion of sympathy, I burst into the midst of the crowd asking if there was anything I could do. The chanting continu-

This is a serenade. It is when the old gang gets together to holler encouragement at a friend who thinks he has a doll on the verge. They are singing "Don't Do It." Later they will all make bets.

ed. A boy and girl were in the center of the group rigorously grappling with each other. Then it clearly dawned on me that the crowd had gathered to root for either one or the other to win.

"I'm for the boy. How 'bout you?" I blurted to the tall young chap standing next to me. With that, I let out a harsh whistle, several rounds of boisterous applause, and shouted "Come on,

fella. I'm behind 'ja boy. Let's go now!"

There was a sickening silence and I became the object of all attention. "This is a pinning serenade fella," came a hoarse voice from somewhere in the crowd, at which time I was thoroughly pummeled.

Ever since that fateful event I have been probing into the question "Why? What is it that drives these red blooded young R.O.T.C. heroes to the 'ultimate end' in college romance?"

One reason easily deducted from my related experience, being that a pinning serenade would offer a good opportunity for a fellow to get even with his fraternity brothers. First he calls the weather man and arranges for a serenade. Having set the date, he begins to look for a girl that will concede to wear his pin. And finally he witnesses the fulfillment of his desires on that glorious night, when the heavens open up and send their wondrous message down upon his brothers, not with the sound of angel choirs and golden harps, but in the form of "light freezing rains with the possibility of scattered snow flurries and a ten degree drop in temperature for Columbia and vicinity tonight."

Another prime motivation that leads to the "big lunge" is the fact that boys who are pinned are usually granted certain extra liberties by the sorority. It was rumored last year that sorority set

the curfew at 1:30 for pinned couples on 10:30 nights and at 4:00 o'clock on Friday and Saturday nights.

Some houses grant what are known as "rambling priveleges." The story goes that an innocent young sorority pledge was once seriously shocked due to a cute case of exposure. She had just capered from her room, revealing everything but her x-ray photographs, when she came face to face with a hoody looking frat man. Her lower lip plummeted to the floor.

"Man on second," she hoarsely whispered in a vain attempt to warn her sorority sisters.

"Save your breath sister," grunted the hood as he pulled a card from the secret pocket of his Captain Midnight strato-jacket. "Rambling priveleges!"

L. G. Balfour & Co. has also done much to promote the institution of pinning. The other day I noticed an advertisement offering "A LARGE FAMILY SIZE GIRL" for each purchasing customer. In addition the company has marketed a brand new red, white and green sweetheart pin, featuring a portable stop sign that glows under water, a liquid cooled radial engine, and an enclosed picture of Mandrake the Magician.

Can a boy in his right mind ignore such gold-plated opportunities? I say "The WEDDING is dead; long live the PIN."

THE END

Right: see the hand. See the pin. This is the GAME thing to do; away from home.

Below: Lookit the BIG piccher. This story was no: long enough. It's interesting though. We now know how the noses fit.



The ANGELLO CASE



By Litner R. Mayfield

From the beginning the case smelled like a pair of wrestler's armpits. I pulled a coffin-nail from my molested pack and lit it. "Tony Angello". I figured the chief was kidding when he put me on Tony. O'Connor tried to put the cuffs on this case a few years back, and now he's six feet under Forest Lawn. I gave the butt a deep drag. I wasn't getting anywhere holding down the sidewalk out here, so I walk through

the gate. I gave the place the once-over and once over was enough. My face stopped in front of plenty of door. I gave the customary knock on the big brass handle. A panel slid open, and a raspy voice gave me the chill treatment. I checked him out quick.

"O.K., Frosty, let's make with some latch action."

He pulled the old stall. "Whom shall I say is calling?"

"Com'mon, Brighteyes, wiggle the doorknob before I wiggle your teeth."

I exhaled smoke through the penal and let him cough for a while. He knew I meant business so he made the door swing. He

(Continued on page 22)



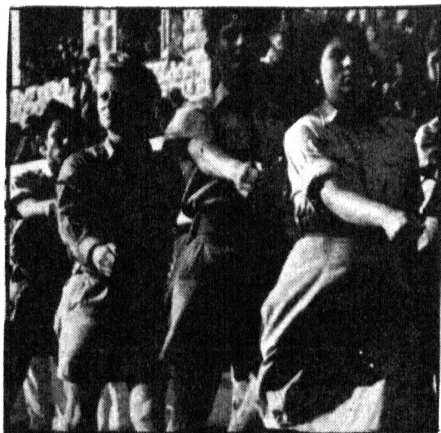
OUR HERO.

I DODGED THE

ROTC



I was allowed to purchase a lovely uniform for only \$465. I really looked smart.



And maneuvers weren't too bad. We worked out with Stephens and it gave me a chance to meet some girls. A few of them did ask me out.



One day when marching, I fell into the clutches of a grasping sorority girl. I learned two weeks later that she was a secret agent for the Foreign Legion... New uniform... 465 rubles.



If it weren't for the camp followers, the sweet dolls who you could always count on after a tough day, life wouldn't have been worth living.

One day in the year 1939 during recess, after a gruelling morning in kindergarten, 10 armed men surrounded me and gave me a khaki sock for my marbles just for signing a little ole piece of paper. I never thought about it again, but every Christmas I got a package of dehydrated rations. In 1951 I entered the University of Missouri. The same 10 men approached me with that slip of paper one day in Gabe's, gave me the other khaki sock, and rushed me out the door. From that day on, my life took on new meaning

I was in clutches of the ROTC. Due to ignorance of the child labor laws, I was detailed to a 68-hour week of macadam drilling at strickly salt mine wages. They laughed when I called Joe Stalin un-American, but their laughter turned to amazement when they saw Uncle Joey in the Ranks.



One day we received a talk on practice formation by Major Blanche Hobby. But is was usually drill, drill and more drill.



See the three frolicers. The one in the middle will play Nero. He is lining up the strings on his fiddle. He is saying, 'I will fiddle—you bet your sweet togas, I will fiddle.'

FROLICS

BERGERIE

Well, fello duil-normals, Miz-zou's attempted revival of Major Boas' Amateur Hour has come and fled. Major Eyler tried to cover up most of the flaws, but the curtain went up anyway.

Everyone overlooked the bowed legs in the first chorus line. The girls went to a dude ranch between semesters. That's one explanation of how they got them.

In between acts, the faculty band directed by jazz-bow Mott and featuring Satchmo Middlebush on the glockenspiel entertained with a juicy version of Grapes of Wrath. Jelly-roll Wiley on the tuba was real gone.

The winning skit provided good comic relief from the comedians. So what if funny man Hoel did drain his material from the Rosetta Stone and a local mummy, Henri Bradshear.

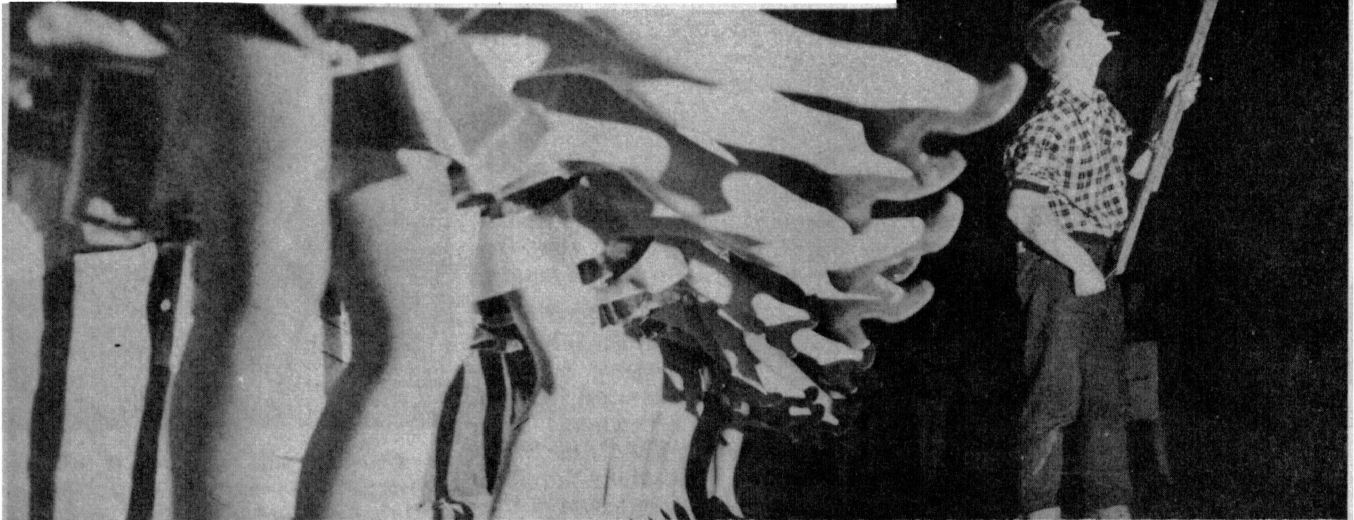
General DeWeerd and his Usher Corps handled everyone's seats with experienced hands. Only a few of the girls complained.

But amid the cheers of beaming parents and deprived Stephens girls, the '52 frolics was an adequate sexcess, and a fair substitute for a silent film.

Incidentally, excuse the rehearsal pix, but our photographer heard the girls practiced without their G-strings.

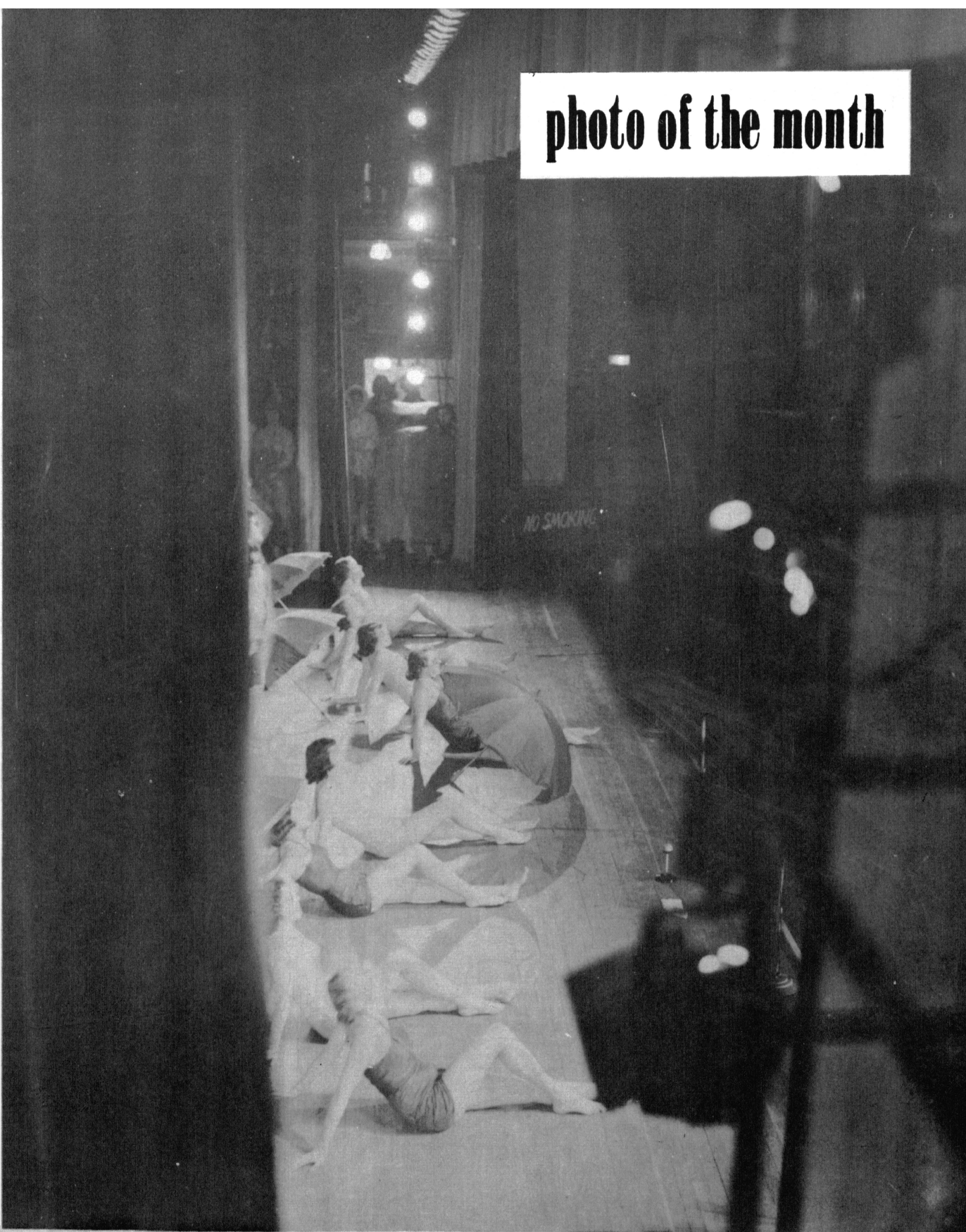


These girls are playing around backstage. Soon they will play around onstage. After that they will play around offstage. They like to play around. They are upperclass women. They know how to play around!



These are why the faculty goes to the frolics. These are appendages. The boy in the picture is not interested in these appendages. He is not a member of the faculty. He is crazy. The appendages will kick him.

photo of the month



See the girlies. They are rehearsing for the Big Show. Their director is sitting out front screaming, "Sell it, sell it!" So whose buying? . . . Everyone except the photographer. He is angry because the girlies kept squirming and blurring his pictures.

TO TIME

(No. 1. "COLLEGE DI")



"A BOOK OF 'POGO'
UNDERNEATH A BOUGH.
A KEG OF BEER,
A ROLL OF BRAUSCHNWIWER
AND THOU
SINGING 'BY THE HINKSON.'"

OH EARNIE,
YOUR SO 'NEAT'

THE KING
IS DEAD,
YOU KNOW.

ROTTING LUCK
.... WHOT

BEER HO

HOOSH AHEAD!
WERE SAVED

THIS, WE SHALL
ASSUME, IS THE
ARGONNE.
NOW WE
CHARGE!

(*see at
V bottom

OH PROFESSOR
DEWEIRD... YOU
MAKE HISTORY
JOLLY WELL
"LIVE"

MURDERER!

INTERESTED IN
THE FORMATION
..... EH?

'QUITE!' GET OUT
PICK AND LETS
A PIECE FOR T

SOMETIMES YOUR
BEST FRIENDS
WON'T
TELL YOU.

YOUR
FRIENDS
WON'T
TELL YOU.

GREAT
BOOPSIES!
MY MUG
IS BROKEN!

YOU SAY
YOUR FACE
IS CRACKED

SHE SAYS
SHE BUSTED
HER ...

SHE DID
NOT! THE 'CLUB'
WOULDN'T
PERMIT IT!

HEY,
'BIG BOY',
GOTTA
OPENER?

YOU BETCHA BABE.
WHERS YER
CAN?

I'D HELP YOU
GUYS PAY FOR
THIS BUT I'M
ONLY HAV'IN ONE!

LET'S SEE...
ONE KEG OF BEER
DIVIDED
BY TWO, EQUALS...

BUT YOU'VE
GOT TO VOTE IN
THE S.G.A.
ELECTION!!

with
1006527 1/2 men

WOODS VERSION SERIES")



(Continued from page 5)

Six swamps, 2 cotton-tails and 1½ alligators later, she looks as lovely as ever except for a small smudge of her cheek. Of course, she is accompanied by a servant Arthur Treacher, who combs the belle's tresses 8 times under various harrowing conditions. Incidentally, Mickey Rooney was excellent in the lead alligator role. He consumed 2½ soldiers and played each bite to the hilt. I found out later that the hair combing routine was a cheap publicity stunt promoted by Toni,

You know, which Seminole is wearing the scalp with the Toni?

Gary grunted his usual 30 words throughout the picture and heroically pulls his troupe through the Everglades to safety. He does do a jazzy rendition of Tiger Rag in the middle of one of the swamp scenes.

Though well-disguised, we all detected Bette Davis as Bogata, the Indian Chief. She was superb in the part. And instead of smoking her usual 3 cartons of peace pipes, she sublimated into chew-

ing tobacco, She was especially magnificent in a final scene in which she and Gary do a water ballet number. The aquacade ends with Bette getting it. A knife through the ribs, that is. With their Chief gone, the battle is over, and the Seminoles race back to their Happy Hunting Grounds in the Everglades to take showers and remove their smelly, sticky make-up. There are good Indians in the picture, too, who aid the white men. They are identified from the bad Indians by their lack of Halitosis. You see, they gargle with white man's magic potion-Kreml. And those Indians are getting so commercial. Instead of dying like they used to, each one goes through a death scene that is equivalent to Hamlet or Cyrano. Anyways the film ends happily with Gary returning home unwounded to his little son and french poodle and taking the blonde (almost brunette by the of Arts and Science. I, fer one, am nurse.

THE END

• • •

Guide: We are now passing the largest brewery in the world.
Student: I'm not.

* * *

Can I see the doctor?
Which doctor?
Do you think I'm a heathen?

* * *

A young couple, very anxious to be married, went to see a local judge. "Impossible," said the judge. "Even a special license would take two days."

The would-be bride and groom exchanged a look of misery, then a smile appeared across the man's face. "Well," he suggested, "couldn't you say a few words just to tide us over the weekend?"

* * *

Toastmaster introducing a speaker: I'm sure that Mr. Jones of the soils and fertilizer dept. will give you a pleasant half hour. He is just full of his subject.



DO IT WITH A
TAILOR-MADE SUIT

You select the cloth and style you want, and leave the rest to us.

Men who know, say,
"The best fitting suits
come from ..."



NEUKOMM'S

CREDO

We can gripe and itch and yell;
 We can raise all sorts of hell;
 It does no good with censor's
 veto,
 But this is our SHOWME credo
 No Science nor Art do we respect
 We shall damn them all to heck,
 But when the censor thumbs his
 nose,
 It comes out mighty like a rose.
 —J.G.

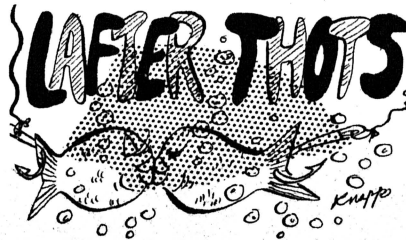
I think that I shall never see
 A girl refuse a meal that's free;
 A girl whose hungry eyes aren't
 fixed
 Upon a drink that's being mixed;
 A girl who won't forever wear
 A bunch of junk to match her
 hair;
 A girl who looks at boys all day
 And figures ways to make them
 pay.
 Girls are loved by jerks like me
 "Cause who would want to kiss
 a tree!"

Little Boy: Do you love me?
 Little Girl: Uh-huh.

Little Boy: Then why doesn't
 your chest heave like in the
 movies?



You wouldn't do this John, if you really loved me.

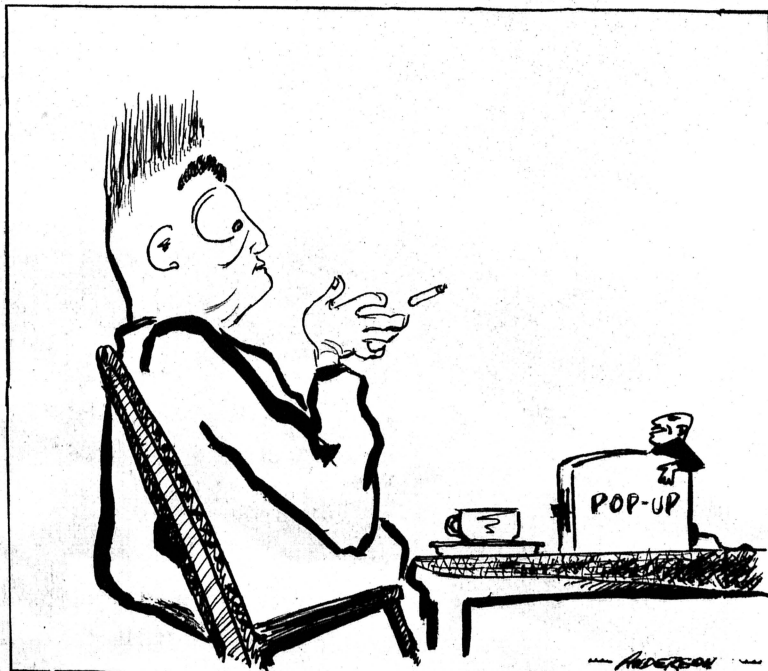


HINKWARD HO!

With hey and ho, Hinksonward
 go
 Old Mizzou's lads and lasses
 Sounding on high the battle cry—
 "To hell with books and class-
 es!"
 "While spring is sprung, and
 hearts are young
 And loyal to the mission,
 We'll keep intact by 'loving act'
 A helluva good tradition!"
 —John Wiseman

Bob says that he must be get-
 ting old; can't take "Yes" for an
 answer anymore.

While preparing for a formal
 dinner, a matron who was suffer-
 ing from a bad cold tucked one
 hanky up her sleeve and one in
 her bosom to carry her through
 the evening. While she was using
 the one up her sleeve the other
 slipped down around her waist.
 At the height of the party, she
 started to fish for the clean han-
 ky. The other guests noticed her
 actions, and she thought it best
 to put their minds at ease with an
 explanation. "I can't understand
 it," she said, "I know I had two
 when I came."



Medium or well done.

(Continued from page 14)

gave me the nod to hang on to his heels, so I followed him into the next room. I encountered a black dress in a green room. The back of it was framed against a big window. Cigarette smoke made a halo above bleached hair. I knew she'd seen my reflection in the glass, but she gave me that "I don't know you're there" routine.

"Hey, baby."

She turned her black dress slowly around as I knew she would with those words. She gave me the slow smile and an uplifted eyebrow.

"Well?" Her lips made an embrace of the word. She let me run my eyes over her shape. A pair of legs growing out of three inch pumps made their way over to me. If I'd been a foot shorter she would have gouged my eyes out.

"I'm not interested in the front around here, Baby. Where's the wheel around this joint?" She closed in. I could feel warm,

smokey breath on my neck as she answered.

"Don't give me the quiz show, Big Boy," she exhaled French style. "Do you have an appointment?"

She looked out of the corners of her eyes. "I suppose you could, if you really tried."

"No, Hot Lips, could I make one?"

"No doubt, but tell me, where's the head for that Homberg over there?" She followed my thumb to the hat rack in the corner.

"What's wrong, Handsome, am I boring you?"

I looked down.

"I know," she answered. Her stark black dress brushed against me, and she raised her lips slightly. "What's the matter, Handsome, my lips too sticky?" Her voice sounded like someone stroking velvet with a rooster feather.

"Naw, I just don't want to ruin the press in my suit."

"You can always take your suit off, you know." She moved in.

"I know, Baby, but I also press my underwear." I sat on the edge of the desk. "Com'mon, Honey, out with it. Where's the boss? Where's he hang—" I stood up and she poured into my arms.

"I like you," she sighed.

"That's not unusual, Honey, Most babes do."

She tried to catch another goodie, but I pushed her back. "Enough of this eat face, Baby. I came here on business!"

"You asked for it, Hot Shot!!" She pushed a button.

I grabbed her wrist. "I always ask for it."

Just then a knob turned and a door opened. Muscles stacked six feet high filled the door. For a minute I thought I better make a quick departure, but when thick fingers grabbed my collar and a

(Continued on page 24)

SERVICE—QUALITY—GOOD COFFEE—

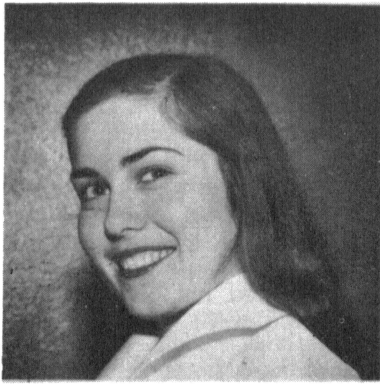
SERVICE—QUALITY—GOOD COFFEE—



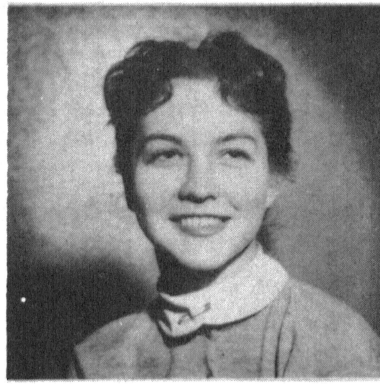
V. K. Hill of Moon Valley Villa, Manager

SERVICE—QUALITY—GOOD COFFEE—

SERVICE—QUALITY—GOOD COFFEE—



Juanita Thurman,
Gentry Hall



Jean Carpenter
Gentry Hall



Suzan East
Gentry Hall

CHOOSE YOUR 1952



Barbara Jones
Johnston Hall

In addition to the fabulous array of prizes awaiting the *Showme* Queen in Saint Louis, Columbia merchants contributing to her majesties coffers include:

- * INA THORPE, FLORISTS
- * BUCHROEDERS JEWELRY STORE
- * GARLAND'S
- * MILLER'S SHOE STORE
- * BALFOUR COMPANY
- * ERNIE'S STEAK HOUSE
- * LAMB'S JEWELRY STORE
- * THE LEDO BEAUTY SHOP
- * CAMPUS BEAUTY SHOP



Montine Click
Templecrome II

BALLOT BOXES WILL BE LOCATED AT THE FOLLOWING SHOWME SALES STANDS WATERS, MUMFORD, ENGINEERING, HILL B & PA AND JESSE

SHOWME QUEEN BALLOT

- Juanita Thurman (Gentry)
- Jean Carpenter (Gentry)
- Suzan East (Gentry)
- Barbara Jones (Johnston)
- Montine Click (Templecrome II)

CHECK ONE

(Continued from page 22)

wadded fist hung one on me, I decided to stay around just to see how the fight would come out. I let another one sink into my mid-section before I got mad. I took a quick duck and came up with a fist full of nitro. A short upper-cut showed me bare soles pointing at the ceiling. I straightened my tie. "Still trying to ruin the press in my suit, eh, Sugar?"

"My! You're rugged."

"Yeah," I said, adjusting my shoulder padding.

"What's your name?" She ran her fingers through my hair.

"The handle's Shovel. Sam Shovel. But you can call me Lover-Lip for short—but not for long."

"Oh, Shovel," she said stroking my face.

"Cut it out, Baby. Now tell me, where's the mainspring?"

She gave up. "In there, Wise guy." She pointed angrily to a door.

"Thanks. I'll buy you a beer sometime." I strolled through the door and a bruiser came up from nowhere. He offered me knuckles to chew on, but I ducked. I pulled out my .38 and blurted. "I don't suppose Santa would mind if I opened your head before Christmas!" I pulled the trigger six times. His head looked like a snood. I kicked his body out of the way and went into the big office.

Behind a huge mahogany desk sat a twenty-five cent cigar with lots of men hanging onto the end of it. His big flabby jowls hung down over his chin. He was a jelly-fish. His fishy eyes looked up.

"What do you want?"

"I just wanted to congratulate you on your fine reception committee, Tony." I sat on the edge of his desk and lit a smoke.

"Can't complain about it."

I strolled over to the liquor cabinet, pulled out a Haig & Haig pinch bottle, and poured myself a drink. "O.K., Angello. Start talking."

He stalled. "About what?"

I walked back to his desk and mashed out my cigarette on the polished mahogany. "Knock it off and talk, Tony." I exhaled the smoke in his eyes.

"I don't know what you're—" Before he could finish, I was on his peepers with my two gloved hands.

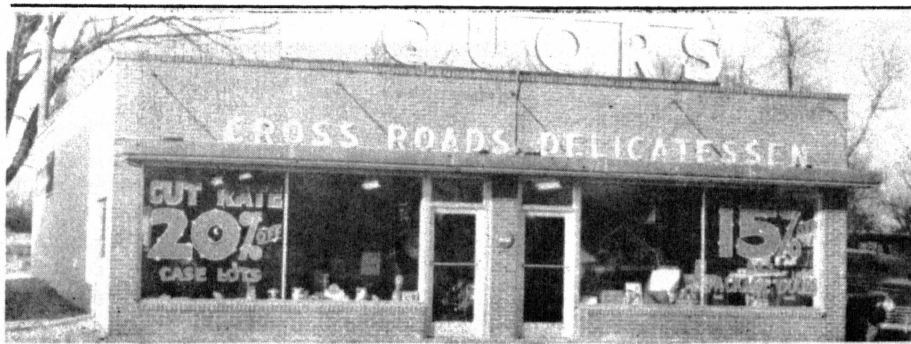
He squirmed. I swatted his slick face a few times. "Talk!" My knees kissed his stomach. "Squeal fast, Angello!" I wrapped my gloved hand around white, clean throat.

"Leggo!" His eyes were turning red. I laced his ears.

"Talk" I shoved two quick ones at his kidneys.

"Aggh-stop-STOP Willya!" He gasped in pain, "What do you want to know?"

"TALK! Talk fast!" I rasped I had him by the shoulders and was beating his head against the



Tel. 2-3121

WAERS

Highway 60 & 63 North

COLUMBIA'S LARGEST DRIVE-IN

LIQUOR STORE

LOOK AT THESE PRICES!!

Old Smuggler
\$5.12 fifth

James E. Pepper
\$3.02 pints

Imperial
\$2.05 pints

Seagrams "7"
\$3.63 fifth

Old Taylor
\$6.00 fifth

Cooks Champagne
3-fifths \$9.00

Calverts Res
\$3.63 fifth

Glenmore
\$4.09 fifth

Gordon Gin
\$3.32 fifth

Old Quaker
\$2.50 pints

Lowest Prices
out-state Mo.
We will not
Be Undersold

FREE
Ice Cubes
&
Glass Service

200
Car
Parking
Lot

All Whiskey 15% off Regular Bottle Price

All Case Whiskey Absolute Guaranteed

WHOLESALE PRICE

Tel. 2-3121

desk.

"Stop! STOP! You're cracking it," he screamed.

"This is your last chance, Angello. Talk or your guts will show. Talk! TALK!! TALK!!"

He took a sobbing breath. "Sam SAM, what in hell do you wanna know?"

"I'm asking the questions around here." I slapped him with the back of my hand, leaned over and grabbed the phone. I dialed 8426. A voice said, "Yeah, Peerless Detective Agency."

"Chief. This is Shovel. What was it you wanted to know from Angello?"

The voice screamed back, "Angello? ANGELLO? Why you nitwit. I sent you out for a pack of cigarettes three days ago. Where the hell have you been?"

My face went flatter than a warmed over beer. I hung up. "Hey, Angello!"

"Yeah, yeah?" His fishy eyes looked up at me. "What do you want?"

Gimme a pack of smokes!"

THE END

* * *

*I think she's priceless.
I know she is, I've tried.*

* * * *

Have you ever been a Maid of Honor.

Oh, sure, but that was before I met Tom.

* * *

It was high noon at the Mosque. The high priest was intoning, "There is no God but God and Mohamet is his prophet."

A voice broke in, "He is not."

The congregation turned and there stood among the sea of brown faces a small yellow face.

* * *

The priest straightened up and said, "There seems to be a little Confucian here."

* * *

A girdle is an elastic supplement to a stern reality.

A tramp steamer had struck a mine and was slowly but surely sinking in mid-ocean. The ship, from the captain down, was manned by as villainous a crew as had ever been gathered. They were now assembled on the slowly submerging deck as the captain asked, "Can anyone sing a hymn?" There was a shuffling of feet but no reply. The captain tried again, "Can anyone say a prayer?" Still no answer. The captain looked his crew over in disgust and grunted, "Well, we

ought to do something religious. Let's take up a collection."

* * *

The salesman sat in the church bored and dejected, while the preacher rambled on about the Ten Commandments. Suddenly he reached Number 7 and intoned: "Thou shalt not commit adultery."

The salesman sat upright and snapped his fingers. "Now I know where I left my umbrella."

For your "Heavenly Body" swimsuit
by Cole of California come to

Gibson's
APPAREL

810 BROADWAY
COLUMBIA, MD.



Wife, in midst of argument with hubby: "There's no use discussing things with you! We can't agree on a single thing."

Hubby: "You're wrong. For instance—if you entered a room with two beds in it, a woman in one and a man in the other, in which would you choose to sleep?"

Wife: "With the lady, of course!"

Hubby: "That proves my point—we agree. So would I."

* * *

A home-coming vet got a job as a reporter on a midwestern daily. "Be brief!" the city editor kept harping at him. "Always be brief." The cub sat down and wrote: "James C. Gilligan looked up the shaft at the Union Hotel

today to see if the elevator was coming down. It was. Age 33.

* * *

*Student's prayer;
Onward, move onward,
O time in thy flight,
Make the bell ring
Before I recite . . .*

* * *

Little Susie had been naughty, and her mother suggested that she mention the matter in her prayers. She did so, and this is what she said before going to sleep. "Dear Lord, I know I've a bad little girl, and I do wish you would help me to be better, and if at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

* * *

Here's a toast to the girl who steals, lies and swears—steals into your arms, lies there and swears she loves you.

* * *

"I'm a pauper."
"Congratulations, boy or girl?"

My brother was fooling around with a buzz saw and had his hand taken off at the wrist.

Poor guy, my brother was fooling around with a grass widow and got his hand taken off at the knee.

* * *

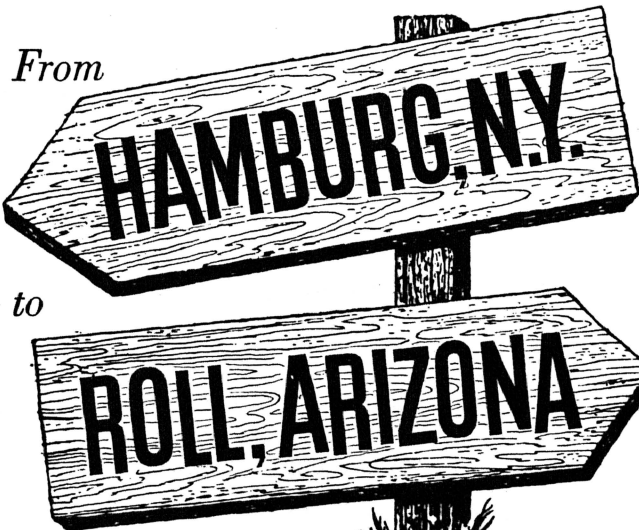
Spring Fashion Notes: Young ladies will be wearing the same thing in sweaters this year.

* * *

A young thing stepped on the drugstore scales after eating a giant sundae and she was shocked at what she beheld.

She slipped off her coat and tried it again. The results were still unflattering, so she slid off her shoes . . . then she discovered she was out of pennies. Without a moment's hesitation, the lad behind the soda fountain stepped forward.

Don't stop now, he volunteered, I've got a handful of pennies and they're all yours.



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

"Hamburg, New York
to Roll, Arizona"
submitted by
Walter A. Quinlan,
Tucson, Arizona.



\$100 in cash prizes for interesting town names!

Rules on this page or elsewhere in this issue.

LIFE SAVER CONTEST RULES

1. Pair up actual U.S. town names. Examples: From RYE, N. Y., to BOURBON, Ind. From SOFT SHELL, Ky., to LITTLE CRAB, Tenn. Send as many pairings as you like.

2. The odder the names—and the more amusing the relationship between the two—the better your chances will be.

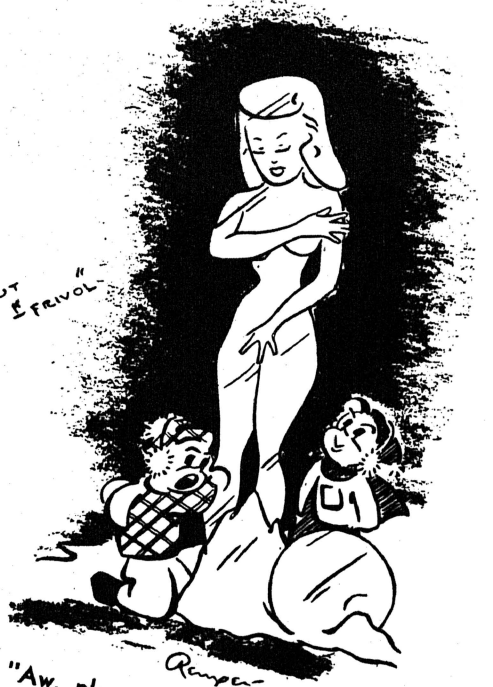
3. First prize winner will be sent \$50. Second prize \$25, third prize \$10 and three \$5 prizes. Contest closes June 30, 1952. All entries should arrive at Life Savers, Port Chester, not later than June 30, 1952 to qualify. All entries become the property of Life Savers, and prize-winning combinations may be used in future advertisements, together with the names of the winners. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded. Simply mail your entry to LIFE SAVERS, PORT CHESTER, N.Y.



"Pammy Jammy"



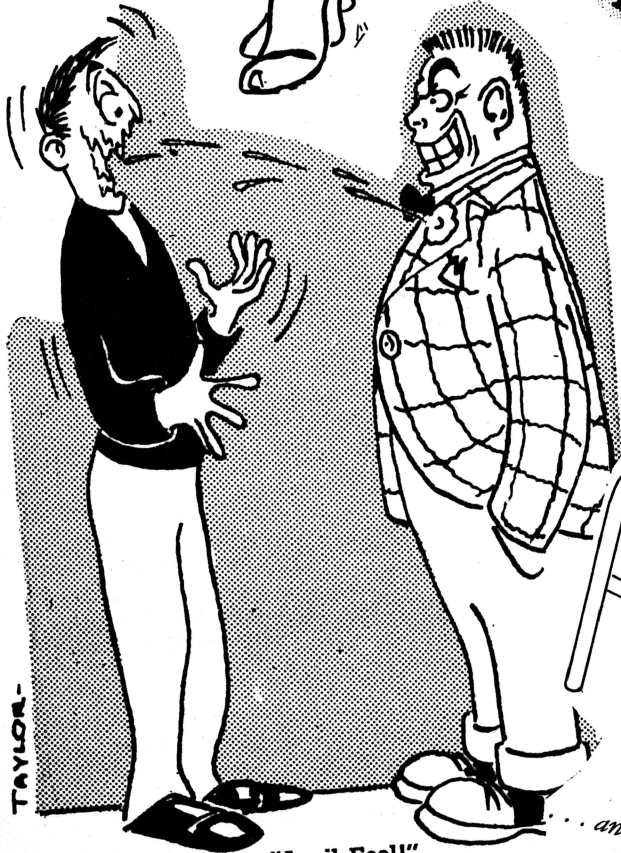
"NOW TELL ME JUST ONCE MORE ABOUT
ARTIFICIAL INSEMINATION!"
"FRIVOL"



"Aw, please mom, let me stay. We
almost got her made."

"Sundial"

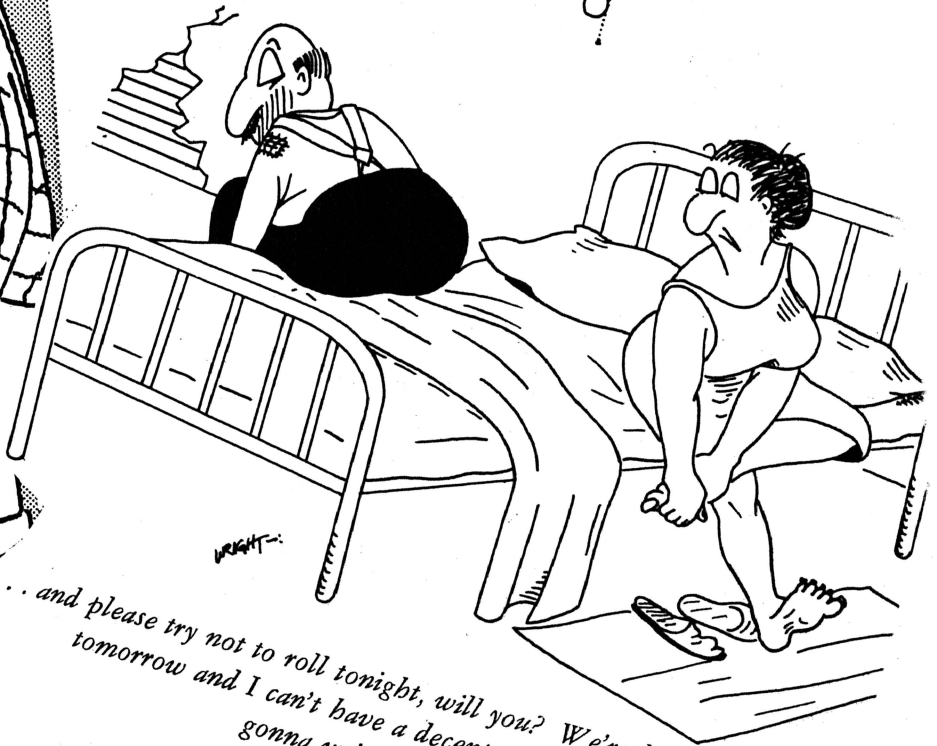
itched



TAYLOR

"April Fool!"


"The
Tarnation"



WRIGHT

... and please try not to roll tonight, will you? We're having company
tomorrow and I can't have a decent table cloth if you're
gonna wrinkle the sheets.

"Arizona Kitty Kat"



**THE
HORROR
ISSUE
WATCH FOR IT!**



Mixed Emotions: Man seeing his mother-in-law backing over a cliff in his new Cadillac.

* * *

A British sailor dancing with a young thing in a very lowcut gown at the Canteen dance, blurted out politely, "Beg pardon, Miss— is the V for Victory?"

"That's right," she said sweetly. "But the bundles are not for Britain."

* * *

The birds do it
The bees do it
The bats do it
Join the Air Force.

* * *

The essence of humor is corn;
The main part of corn is the kernel;
A colonel stays a colonel if he's friends with the general;
A general remains a general if he's known in the Pentagon;
A Pentagon has five sides;
A page has four sides;
On some four-sided pages the writing runs out and a space filler is needed;
This is a space filler . . .

* * *

Two maids were discussing men. "Which would you desire most in a husband," asked one, "brains, wealth or appearance." "Appearance," snapped the other, "and the sooner the better."

* * *

"Where are you?"
"I'm hiding."
"Dammit, where are you?"
"I've thrown myself away."
"Come out."
"No!"
"Yes."
"No."
"Listen, I'm gonna look for you and when I find you, I'm going to—"
"I'm in the closet."

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SHIRT LAUNDRY**



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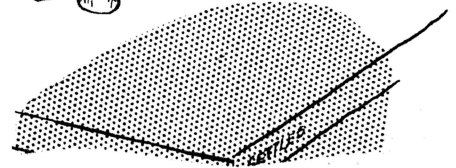
ACROSS FROM JESSE PHONE 9767



See Prof, igneous in there.



stuff



If this chemical were to explode, I'd be blown through the roof—Now 'round close so you can follow.



So this is your idea of a 'Nest in the Woods.'



Before I die—tell me—did we get him?

Let Your House Bring
New Cheer With Spring



PITTSBURGH
PAINT

BRADY'S

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4978



When descriptions are over,
My question is next,
"Never mind all this clowning
How's she feel about sex?"

The aviation instructor, having delivered a lecture on parachute work, concluded:

And if it doesn't open—well gentlemen, that's what is known as 'jumping to a conclusion'."

Next to a beautiful girl, sleep is the most wonderful thing in the world.

His wife determined to cure him of his bad ways, and with the aid of a sheet and electric torch transformed herself into a very fair imitation of a ghost. Then she went out to the drunkard and

shook him.

"Wash that?" murmured the toper.

"Satan," came the reply in a sepulchral tone.

"Shake handsh, old horsh. I married your sister."

Oh, Boone county is a hard county,

and it mothers a college brood.
Its 3.2 bars hold hidden charms
For collegians so sinful and lewd.
—C.W.

The train was about to pull out of the station when suddenly a man ran out on the platform, jumped on the train, threw several suit cases into a berth and then jumped off the train again and ran down the platform.

"Have I got time to say good-bye to my wife?" he yelled as he passed the conductor.

"I can't tell," replied the conductor. "That all depends on how long you've been married."

IN LOVE

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SANITONE
the better
kind of ♥
dry cleaning
that gets out
ALL the dirt!



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Amazing new Sanitone Service gets clothes really clean! Colors and patterns restored to original brilliance. All spots out. Costs no more than ordinary dry cleaning.

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"You will win
her heart with a
dinner at the Villa."

**MAKE YOUR
BANQUET
RESERVATIONS
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Moon Valley Villa

DIAL 6576



While sitting by the steeple,
 watching all the people.
 The cards came out to play.
 The polka-dots jumped up to
 shout
 Whoosits names ran all about
 It was a most unusual day.
 The Kahns and the crickets
 Sang the St. Louie Blues,
 The pryamids all gamboled and
 the witches made the stew
 The buildings all were tilted,
 the sidewalks up and flew
 Presidents rode kiddy kars and
 skinned their bony knees
 Monkeys drove the busses and
 the Indians all were pleased
 Schoolmarms found their books
 all stuck.
 Policemen shouted "Kick me,
 Kick me once for luck."
 Anyone with any sense
 Had their mouths stopped up
 with muck
 These lines were inspired
 by an intellectual desire
 Because it's raining outside today
 —C.W.

* * *

Girls are just like cigarettes,
 A fact you will admit;
 You can't enjoy them properly.
 Until you get them lit.

* * *

THE CHESTERFIELD CHUCKLE CORNER

One carton of CHESTERFIELD cigarettes will be awarded each month to the person submitting the best joke to be run in this column each month. Address all entries to SHOWME, 302 Read Hall. This month's winner is Mr. Stan Garst, 110 East Broadway.
 "A dumb girl is a dope.
 A dope is a drug.
 Doctors give drugs to relieve pain
 Consequently;
 A dumb girl is just what the doctor ordered."
 Hah, Hah, Stan that sure was a corker. Hah, Hahuu...



You Can't Beat CAMPUS JEWELERS

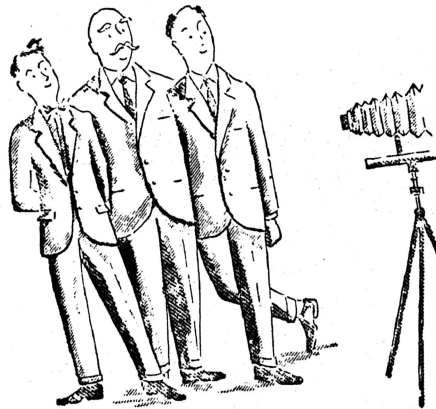
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 Expert watch repair,
 Jewelry repair, Lighter repair
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Across from

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Jesse

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The 'legacy' everyone likes... a taste for
 WOOLF BROTHERS cloths which have been
 handed down at M.U. for three generations!

Woolf Brothers

... Hound of the Month



Alf

Senior in ournalism . . . I Bit-
a Gamma . . . Who's Who in
American Kennels . . . For-
mer President of Long-Hair-
ed Dobermans (music hono-
rary) . . . B.O.W. . . . Inde-
pendent as hell . . . 12 . . .
Dog Dome, South Nome.

... Bitch of the Month

Tripod

Senior, unclassified . . . Mys-
tical Three . . . DGA. . . . Yel-
low Cab Honorary . . . Var-
sity Flea Scratching . . . Prog-
enitor of three-legged off-
spring . . . Representative to
International Mutt Confer-
ence . . . 112 Vicinity,
Bible College.



Lunacy

For several issues now, I've been referring to me as we. But us is tired of this and we think me should call a screeching halt to this pronominal mess.

So from now on, the eyes have it.

* * *

I really hate to drag that anemic *Missouri Student* into this column time and time again. But when it leads with its battered chin, wot can a guy do?

Take this for example, gleaned from that treasured issue of 25 the Feb:

"The Association for Better Campus Government has scheduled talks on SGA and the elections to be held in Library Auditorium. The first discussion is this Wednesday, and the topic is "Why Have an SGA?"

Wow! And that's what I've always said. Why have an SGA?

I guess it's imperative, though, that we build the egos of these young men who leave behind their combines and harvesters to attend the University. Give them meetings to attend and petty pointless topics over which to argue.

Think of the consequences if these Big Dealers were to come home after a hard day slaving over a hot plow and be unable to climb into a fresh pair of fatigues and attend an action-packed, quasi-subcommittee meeting on the rising prices of local movin' pitcher places.

How would they impress the boys down yonder at the General Store?

At long last it appears as if America is retreating toward those Gay, Roaring Twenties.

lust AND

Certainly a step in the right direction was taken with that sensational jewel robbery in Kansas City recently. Four men you'll remember, wearing gloves hoisted an elite dinner group of \$68,000 in gems, which is a shade more than the Missouri Book Store's daily handle.

The *Kansas City Times* noted that the men talked quietly and smoothly among themselves.

This gives me a theory. I don't care whom the Kansas City gendarmes suspect. I say "Cherchez les professeurs."

All professors whom I have had

the good fortune toknow talk quietly among themselves. They do this particularly when lecturing to a large assembly in a vast arena-like classroom.

And from this great "herd" of University professors certainly four can be found who talk smoothly.

lampe

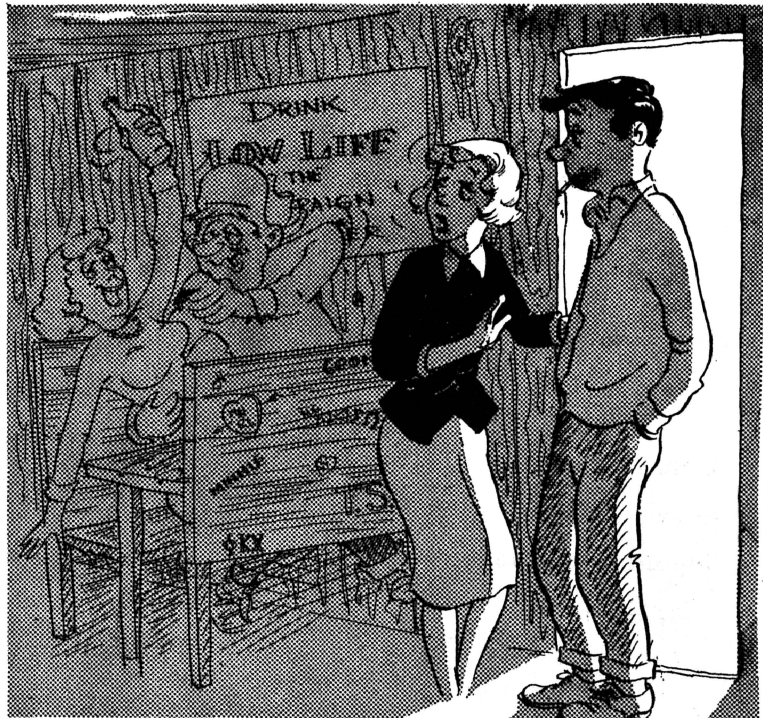
It's easy to find a motive. These men, operating unsuccessfully on salaries of \$4000 or \$5000 per annum, either had to come up with some quick cash or play Russian Roulette with all six cartridges.

Or perhaps the foursome originally had banded together to play bridge, but had tired of the game.

Their conversation when plot-

"SUSIE STEPHENS"

"By bill braznell"



Good Heaven's John—my Senior Sister.

ting this despicable deed could quite conceivably have gone like this:

"Pass."
"One heart."
"Pass."
"Two diamonds."
"Pass."

"Two hearts. But enough of this. Let's buy some gloves and knock over a dinner party. We could probably get about \$68,000 in gems."

"Pass."
"Three diamonds."

"Pass." Very well, but we'll have to talk quietly and smoothly among ourselves. I'll hit the butler over the head with my pistol butt. Where am I to get a pistol butt?"

"Three hearts."

"Pass. Wouldn't a whole pistol be better?"

After this Kansas City thing died down, I anxiously scanned newspapers, hoping to see that

another Roaring Twenties incident took place somewhere in this big nation.

But all I got for my efforts were vague accounts of a few colorless killings.



So then he made me promise I wouldn't cut it until we could be married.

I had rather hoped that this year we could read about one of those old fashioned St. Valentine's Day celebrations. It used to be traditional on that day to line up ten or twelve mugs and punch them full of holes with machine gun slugs.

Did we get any action this

year? Heavens, no. People merely went about mailing silly, sentimental greeting cards to one another.

Of course, looking at this from a practical standpoint, a St. Valentine's Day party would waste a great many machine gun bullets which are sorely needed in Korea.

Red Cross blood quotas in Columbia have fallen far short in recent months—and for good reason. Blood people here have failed to lure members of the University's many mature drinking organizations into donating.

Fortunately, there's a remedy for this appalling lack of jingoism. If these mercenary, drink depraved students will not submit to having The Great Saver of Lives siphoned from them in the conventional manner, they should be allowed, at their convenience, to cough up their 16-ounce sacrifice.

THE END

GOLDEN CAMPUS CLUB

SCHLITZ ON TAP

Gene O'Brien, Manager

National Recording

ORCHESTRA

Artists

Five Scamps
Kansas City

Emmett Carter
Jimmy Forrest

Singleton Palmer
St. Louis



every
WEDNESDAY
and
SATURDAY

Cold Beer

No Admission Charge

Sandwiches

8:30 till 11:30

Dancing



Navy vet: While I was in the South Pacific, I saw the strangest bird. It lays square eggs and talks.

Freshman: What did it say.

Vet: Ouch.

A young coed brought charges against an elderly professor and had him sentenced to jail for a long time. As he was led away, a friend approached him.

"I know you're innocent," said the friend, "Why did you plead guilty?"

"Well," admitted the professor, "The complaint was so flattering I just couldn't resist it."



Hey, Mac, hold your voice down
—I'm getting your line mixed
with mine

Did you see that donkey fall
on 9th street yesterday and break
his leg?

Did they blame the driver?

No, they said it was the asphalt

She: Honey, you don't mind if I
wear velvet instead of silk, do
you?

He: No, dear, I'll love you
through thick or thin.

Law professor at registration:
So you're Pre-Legal, huh.

Student: Hell, no, I'm the
youngest in our family.

Then there were the two bees
who got married and had a little
bumble from heaven.

Dear Son:

I just read in the paper that
students who don't smoke make
better grades than those who do.
Please think about this.

Love,

Father

Dear Father:

I would rather make an S and

have the enjoyment of smoking.
In fact, I would rather smoke and
drink and make an M; further-
more I would rather smoke and
drink and neck and make an I.

Love,
Son

Dear Son: I'll break your neck if
you flunk anything.

"Do you like olives?"

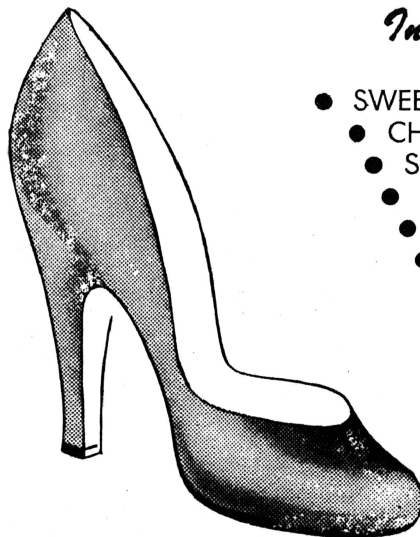
"Olive's what?"

mademoiselle

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In Kid For SPRING



- SWEET LILAC
- CHALKY PINK
- SPRING GREEN
- MAPLE
- PURPLE
- RADIANT RED
- FUSCHIA
- BUTTERCUP-YELLOW
- PEACOCK BLUE

Purses

to

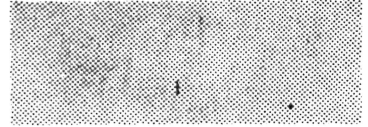
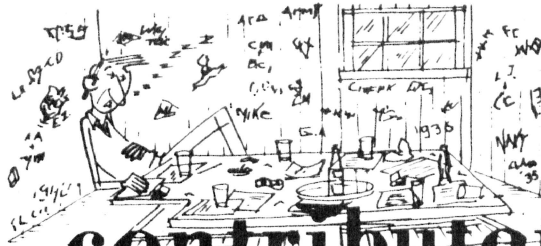
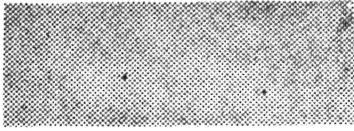
Match

- PASTEL BLUE
- NAVY
- BROWN
- BLACK



the novus shop

On the Strollway



contributors' page

tom walsh



"*Showme* . . . *Showme!* Dammit doesn't anybody want a *Showme?*" shivered little Tommy Walsh as he gallantly held his post at windy Memorial Tower.

A big bad law student happened to be passing by and noticed the plight of the brave little fellow. A sympathetic tear rolled down his bearded cheek. "After all, it is Christmas," he thought as he strolled over to the boy.

"Here son, I'll take one of your magazines," he grunted. "Yeah. and I guess one of those apples too." Flipping a dime on the table, he plodded off into the darkness without his change.

Such are the experience's of *Showme's* dynamic circulation manager, Tom Walsh. A 4-foot-9 95 pound bundle of energy, Tom has been circulating for the *Showme* ever since last September.

Although only 19 years old, Tom, Tom the Atom Bomb, has been bearing the responsibilities of a department head with the efficiency of a man of 20.

Dutifully branded into the Order of Sigma Alpha Epsilon, Tom resides in Kansas City, is a student in Arts and Science, and has offices at "Shack 208 and 209."

joyce greller

With the wild shriek of the Arabian goose, it whistles through the fog at the end of a straining chandelier, then drops cat-like upon the awe stricken victim. Yes, Greller is here!

A possessor of one of the most active imaginations on the staff. Joyce Greller has been one of *Showme's* dependable feature writers for the past five months as well as a main stay in the publicity corps.



"I received my first inspiration to write while receiving a throat spray at the University clinic," modestly giggled Joyce in a personal interview, "but for Heaven's sake don't put that in the article."

Besides sapping Webster's Dictionary for communist propaganda, advertising Kelly for *Showme Queen*," and painting murals in the bathtub, Joyce also manages to attend a few classes in J-school.

Presently residing in Chicago, "Gladu", as her name was pronounced in French Equatorial Africa, stowed away on a banana boat and came to America at a tender age. She is now 21, and though a confirmed Hindu, will continue to support Wilkie in the next election.

bill braznell

One of the most talented contributors that ever graced the pages of *Showme* with the artistic finesse of sheer genius in the field of cartooning was . . . Carol Braznell. She unfortunately decided to leave school however, and her brother Bill, has been granted the position of art editor.

Born with a paint brush in his mouth, a Freudian complex and an undying love for the *Police Gazette*, Bill has turned out some fine "nasties" since he enlisted last November.

"Up at the crack of noon every day," boasts the red blooded "Jack Armstrong" of M.U., as he mercilessly beats on his punctured lungs, "that's my secret to success." Actually he functions best with a 102 degree fever and sustains himself on morphine, beer and bananas.

Young Braznell is twenty years of age, a member of the Phi Kappa Psi Frat Club and hails from Manhasset, New York.

Probably the most courageous of all university students, Bill is frantically struggling through his first year in the School of Journalism.





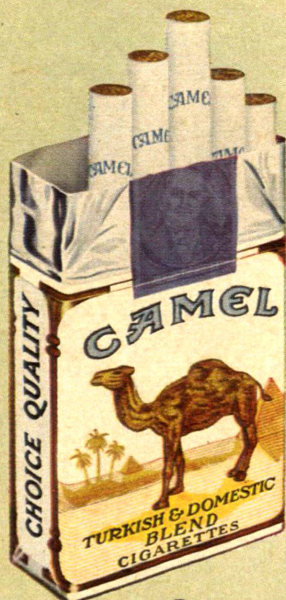
Harzfeld's

Campus
Interviews on
Cigarette Tests!

No. 15...THE SWORDFISH



"They had me
fencing with
fancy facts!"



They crossed swords with the wrong man when they engaged this swashbuckling senior in combat! At first, he was foiled by the tricky, "one-puff" ... "one-sniff" cigarette mildness tests. But he parried their thrusts with this gleaming sword of logic: The only way you can judge mildness is by *steady* smoking. That's the *true* test of cigarette mildness!

It's the sensible test... the 30-Day Camel Mildness Test, which simply asks you to try Camels on a day-after-day, pack-after-pack basis. No snap judgments! Once you've tried Camels for 30 days in your "T-Zone" (T for Throat, T for Taste), you'll see why...

After all the Mildness Tests...

Camel leads all other brands *by billions*