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MISSOURI Showme

HOMECOMING

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HOMECOMING ISSUE

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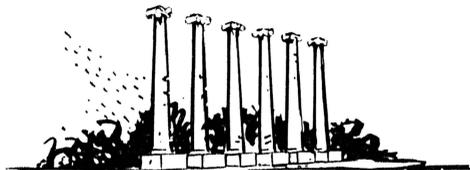
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37 Success Stories

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... THEN THEY JOINED PRUDENTIAL**



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The 37 Missouri alumni listed here have found both with the Prudential Insurance Company of America.

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As Featured In

LIFE

like having
2 jackets for the *price of 1*

Puckett's

"OF COURSE"

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ON CONLEY

BEER IS BEST

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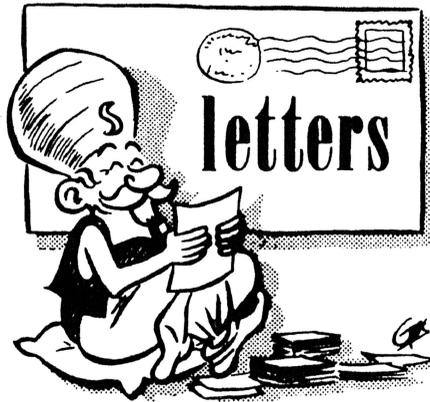
COLLINS

Louis & Ruth Collins

- By the Glass
- By the Jug
- By the Keg

Under New Management

805 E. Ash Phone 4426



Dear Mr. Thompson: (ECAT)—
... I want to state that I believe that you are on the right track as far as SHOWME Magazine is concerned, and I want to wish you the best of luck with all your work this year. . . .

Sincerely yours
Jack Matthews
Dean of Students

Boy! We, must have goofed somewhere!

Dear Swami,

Trust the enclosed 4 skins will cover a subscription to this year's edition of SHOWME. There's not much in the way of frivolity here on the south bank of the Charles.

Sincerely,
R. C. Baker '53
Mellon C-13
Harvard, Business
School
Boston 63, Mass.

Subscriptions are \$3.00 a year R. C. We hope you're more careful with money when you're Chairman of the Board at the Chase National. The beer was good though

Dear Sir,

We would like very much to congratulate you on your terrific new SHOWME. We here at Stephens think it is really fine, though we do miss the center-spread and are wondering if you won't consider putting it back in your otherwise great magazine. Please . . .

P.S. How about letting a Suzie be your girl of the month sometime?

Carolee Clark
Sharon McKenzie
Portia Cambell

O.K.! When?

. . . What the hell are you guys trying to do? Man I can't even understand your first issue of SHOWME. I mean come on let's get raunchy, you know, Dad, let's have another Uncensored mother. Now here's the kind of joke I like. . . .

"Skeets" Flippin
senior
St. Louis

Your joke is unprintable, your attitude unbearable and your evident ignorance insurmountable. A special reading clinic is conducted in Switzler Hall each semester, and they will help you with the big words "Skeets."



How do you tie a double windsor?

MARK
MATSON

WHY A MILLION MEN HAVE SWITCHED TO **HOLIDAY!**



Only HOLIDAY gives you this Custom Blend for Mildness!

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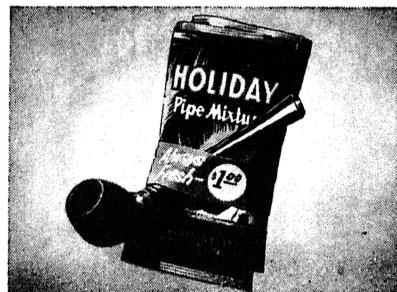
**THE
COOLEST SMOKING
MIXTURE
YOUR PIPE
EVER HAD!**



AT YOUR DEALER'S

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Try Edgeworth—choice cool-smoking white burleys in the air-tight pouch. America's finest pipe tobacco.



Get this guaranteed "Olde London" Pipe and two full-size pouches of Holiday tobacco for only \$1.00. The pipe is fine, hand-rubbed imported briar . . . with genuine hard rubber bit . . . carbonized bowl for cooler smoking. If your dealer is unable to supply you, use this handy order blank.

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**Your
looking glass
for fall**



**mademoiselle
delmanettes
troylings
foot flairs**



the novus shop
18 ON THE STROLLWAY



For the second time in the history of SHOWME the usual date of sale has been altered to put out a special Homecoming issue of the magazine. The editors and staff have worked within a very limited period of time to come up with the special features, stories, and articles, in keeping with the Homecoming atmosphere, which we hope will add to your enjoyment of this traditional weekend. Particularly to you "old" alums, who will have only a few more seasons to enjoy the Homecoming pagentry before your ulcer limits your activity, or the delirium-tremens renders you unacceptable in large crowds, or you are incapacitated by a severe case of social-climber's knee, do we dedicate this issue. But, in so doing we have endeavored to retain enough items of interest for you "young" bucks to enjoy the magazine without learning all the many innuendos that are related to the boisterous ejaculation of "Twenty-three Skidoo!"

* * *

It has been alleged that the art of Homecoming originated right here at the State University, and as unlikely as this may seem let us not, for lack of courage and blind unreasonable faith, throw away such a ready yelling point for our beloved school. Especially when we are considered in some circles to need one so badly. So gird up your loins, (painful prospect if ever I heard one,) and when dissenters shout "falsehood" at our humble claims, shout back in a great voice, "Yeah, you're one too!" This of course will put to an end any reasonable discussion of the matter and neatly obscure whatever validity it might have produced. And it's all for the common good of the school anyway, because, after ten or so

years of this loud caterwalling everyone will have forgotten the premises of the argument, and will have relaxed into a thoroughly enjoyable, bitter rivalry.

* * *

It seems that certain Tri-Delts, evidently envious of one of their "sister's" honor at being selected to appear as the first SHOWME Girl of the Month, entitled in our first issue "Octoberfest," have been throwing their more unproportioned, weight around the soroity house in an effort to discredit a very honorable, and decidedly more attractive young lady. One of these . . . girls has been an unsuccessful candidate for every "Queen" title in the Year Book. From her failure to capture *Swami's* crown she ran through the Aggie pickin's to other, more unlikely judgments, the names of which slips our memory at the moment, but, were approximately equivalent to, "Queen of the Garbage Collectors Local 309," or something like that, which she may have won—No one here seems to remember.

But, anyway, when you can aspire to nothing better, even false virtue is suddenly more important that honest popularity—Isn't it children?

* * *

It has been unanimously decided by the members of the SHOWME staff, (the editor being a one time Kansas, casting the deciding ballot,) that a year's subscription to *The Missouri Showme* be forwarded, free of charge, to Dwight D. Eisenhower who is a Republican, who is now President of the United States, and, in spite of some feeling to the contrary, also the Confederation of Southern States. We guarantee that this is not a Rebel plot to usurp the Union while the good President is recovering from his unfortunate illness. We just recall the time we laid in one of those Army hospitals where most of the nurses, both male and female, needed shaves, and how we would have given anything for something to read other than the Stars and Stripes, and The Salvation Army Quarterly. And don't let them make you mop under your bed every morning either, sir, a man like you don't have to stand for that kind of treatment, anywhere.

LEAF



MISSOURI SHOWME

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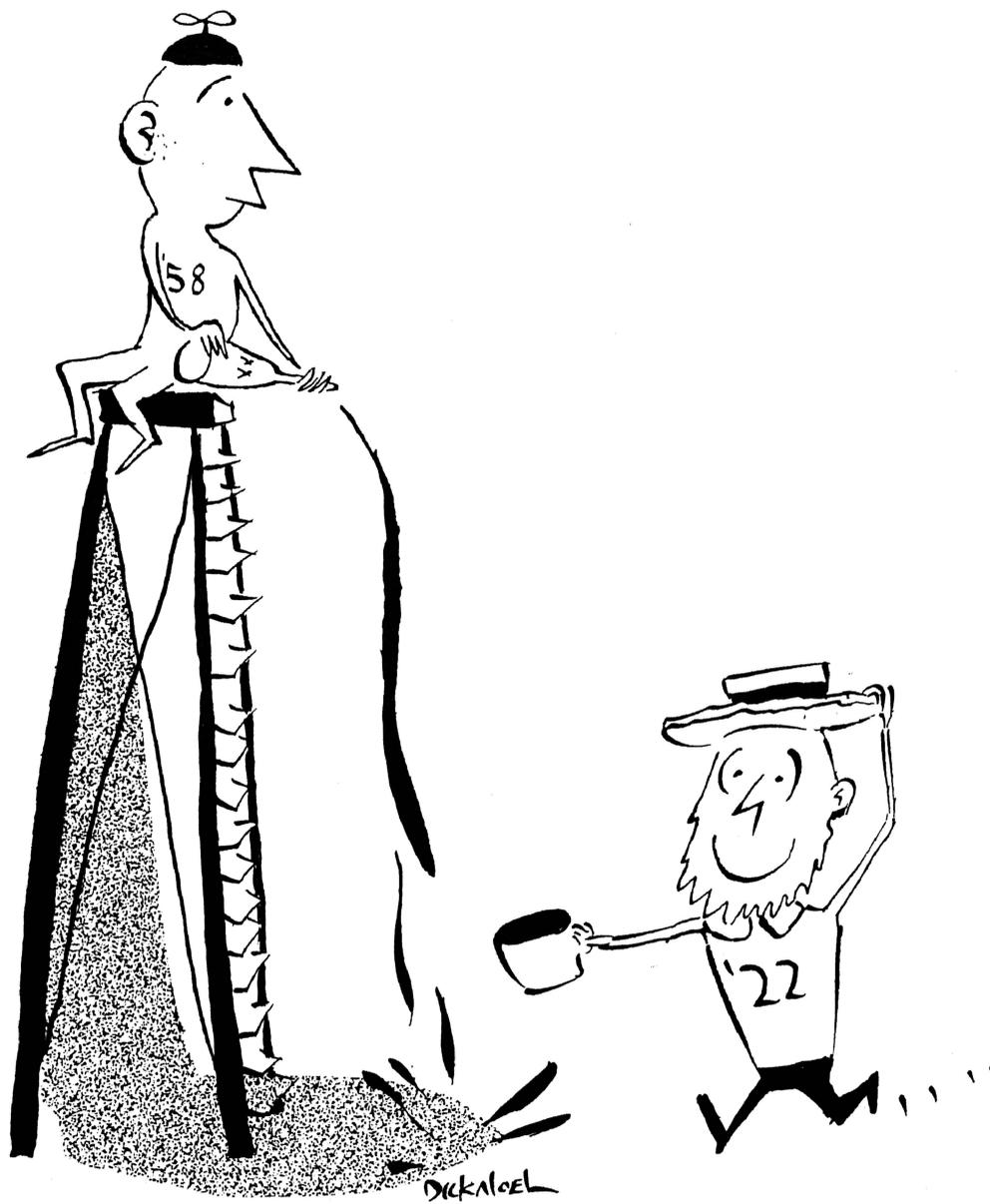
VOLUME 32

NOVEMBER, 1955

NUMBER 2

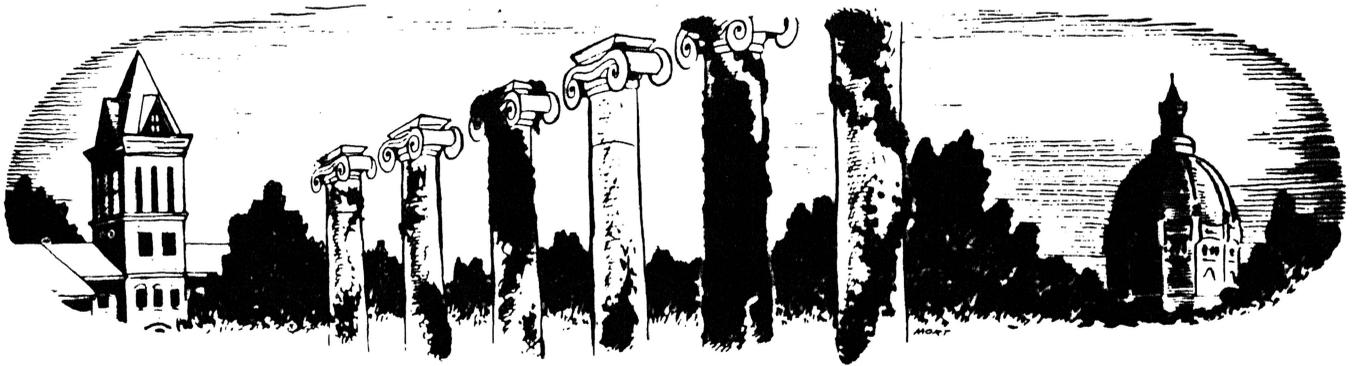
"It matters not how straight the gate . . . how charged with circumstance the course—inner or outer depending on the condition of the track. Cast aside your empty flask and wave that soiled pennant in vociferous approval of a game well played—or just for the bloody hell of it if need be. But come what come may, be not dismayed—there's still tonight and girls . . . to appreciate."





Oh I have been to Ludlow fair
And left my necktie God knows where,
And carried half-way home, or near,
Pints and quarts of Ludlow beer:

by A. E. HOUSMAN



Around The Columns

Homecoming

Gee whiliker snapper popper horsers here it is homecoming and everybody and their dog (Lassie) is coming home . . . wild people . . . wilder parties . . . October . . . crisp crisp crisp crisp . . . (that takes care of October) . . . alums . . . dashing heroes of 1920 sucking in their stomachs . . . raccoon-coated rah rah boys . . . "it's not what it used to be . . ." that's true-we got electricity now . . . the beer sales in all Columbia taverns go up 50% . . . so do the aspirin sales . . . homecoming . . . whew.

* * *

The Good Old Daze

The following is an interview which will never take place.

Reporter: Well, Mr. Alum, I guess things sure have changed around here since your time.

Alum: No, not particularly.

Reporter: It was pretty rough sledding back then, wasn't it?

Alum: No, we had it easy.

Reporter: How about parties? You had some pretty wild parties back in the '20's, didn't you?

Alum: Well, no. In fact, the best party I ever went to was last night, and I got sick.

Reporter: The weather was awfully bad back then, wasn't it? How about the big snow of 1926?

Alum: I don't remember any big snow of 1926. First snow I ever saw was when I was in Alaska during the war.

Reporter: Well, to sum things up, the good old days certainly were the best, don't you think?

Alum: Are you serious?

As we said, this interview will never happen. It would probably be just the opposite. But if things begin getting too deep to shovel out of, just take the alum in question over to see the Student Union. After all they've been paying for it since the War of 1812. Haw.

* * *



Books\$

The subject of how we students are annually impaled on a large, purple shaft when we buy and sell our books has been brought up so many times it's revolting even to think about it. But as the subject is broached each year, and to no avail, we are slowly and surely getting the shaft more and more.

But we understand how the bookstores feel. Oh hell yes we do. I mean it's perfectly logical that if I should pay five bucks for a book and put it up on a shelf for four months and then bring it

back to the bookstore untouched by human eyes for whiz sake. I only naturally expect maybe a buck and a half back for it. Certainly. Why, I might have left some fingerprints on it. And then they turn around and sell it back to some other guy for five bucks. Things like that make me wanna kick birds or something.

But, as in so many other things here at the good old State U, we can only gripe, and then not very loudly. But one fine day somebody's gonna be found dead at the bottom of an elevator shaft covered with about 60 tons of books. Heavy books. One damn fine day.

* * *

In Passing

In Worthington, Ohio, after he sideswiped a truck, cracked into four trees, knocked down a telephone guy wire, tore off a length of fence and crunched to a stop against the concrete steps of a house, Vincent E. Greene, 22 explained: "My horn got Stuck."

In Buffalo, when police flushed Decker Smith, 63, from his perch in a tree above the local lovers' lane early one evening and found a pair of binoculars in his pocket, he protested that he was merely making the check of nearby horse-shoe-game scoreboards.

In Athens, Tenn., asked by police why he chained his wife to the bed during the night after he made her work in the fields all day, Farmer Lee McDowell, 46, explained gloomily: "I thought She'd get snake-bit."

In Atlanta, Edward Scott Holder, 47, released from a two year term at Atlanta Federal Penitentiary, back in jail five days later because he swiped ten pigs from the prison's farm, hired seven boys, four trucks and a Cadillac to haul them away, and paid his helpers with phony checks.



Potry

Here is a bit of poetry we came across the other day which we feel you not only will enjoy, but also it will fill up quite a bit of space and I am tired.

*Here I sit and fuss and fret
While my seat is getting wet.
It's enough to make me fume,
Teacher, can't I leave the room?
Why delay me when you know
That I simply have to go.
Really, teacher, I'm not feign-
ing,
My car top's down and it is
raining.
So there.*

Streetcar Named Trolly

Hot boy we got us a gen-u-wine 24 hour quick lunch point with wire wheels. But seriously, those Trolley Car people must be pretty shrewd individuals. Just take a look at their location. Between twelve and one o'clock every night the drunks are shoed out of the Shack and the Italian Village and all they have to do is take a few stagers and there, right in front of them, is a veritable oasis of black coffee. What a racket. But we're all for it—after all, if the drunks tried to make it clear out to the Minute Inn they'd probably be sober by the time they got there and wouldn't need any coffee anyhow.

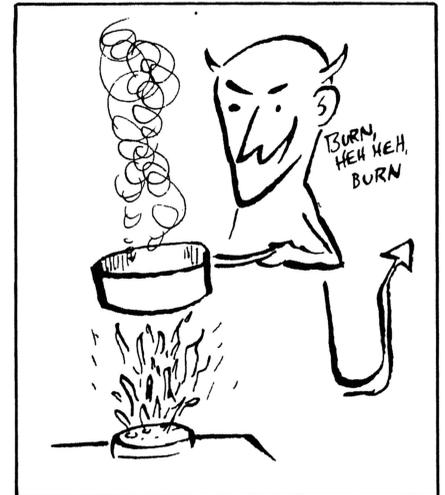
Such is life.



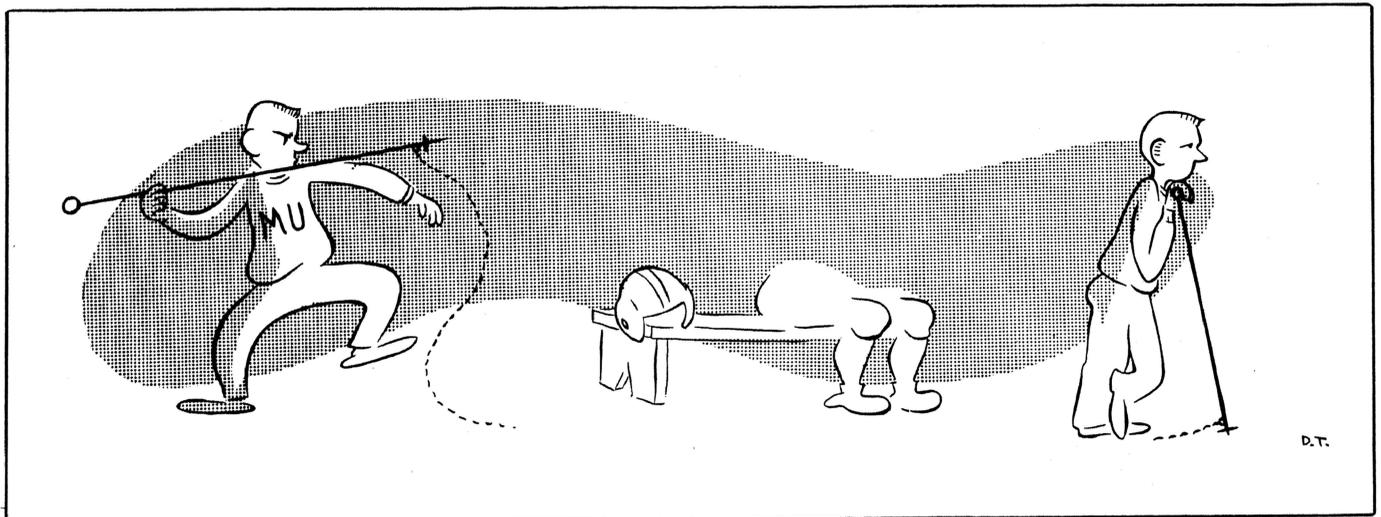
Boil Some Water

Say boy I'll tell you one thing. We're gonna have the hottest Med. School in the world. Yes sir we are. You have no doubt

noticed all the crazy holes (you couldn't help noticing them—you've probably been falling in them) they've been digging up on 6th street and in front of the Lab. School. Well, what it is, it's for hot water pipes for the Med. School. For hot water. And I'll tell you one thing buster, some dark night about two years from



now up in one of the top floor rooms in the Med. building a grim face Dr. Kildare is gonna turn to his head nurse and sort of clinch his teeth and say, very cooly, "Boil some water", and you can sure bet your next week's eating money that that nurse will bring back probably the *boildest* water ever produced by man. In fact, that water will probably be boiled so hard there won't be hardly any left. And then they'll no doubt dig some more holes, this time routing it through Jesse Hall, and lay pipes for cold water. They oughta use matches.

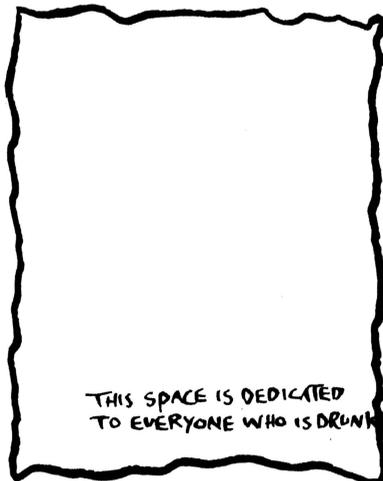


Lots of Parking Lots

While we're going along here griping pretty good, and sort of getting warmed up at it, there's another little point we ought to bring up.

Remember all the hollering about parking lots? And how everybody promised to build maybe 80 or 90 thousand of them? Well, things may be changed when this is published, but at this writing (about two weeks ago) they had actually built one. Right across from the Union. And what is wonderfully interesting about it, cars can't park in it. They've got all these fences and stumps and barricades around it and to park in it, you'd probably have to be driving a tank. But that's alright. It's a parking lot isn't it? Whose the smart guy who wants to get hoggy and *park* in it? Be satisfied. You can't have your beer and drink it too. And there it is—Just like they said.

* * *



You Don't Say

We happened across an article by one of the syndicated personality fixer-upers in the newspaper which we thought interesting enough to pass along. It concerns keeping up a conversation while on a date—something that most every one likes to know about.

This writer supposed that this tongue-tied gal is on a date and the boy says, "Gee, that's a pretty dress you're wearing." Instead of saying "thanks," the girl should say, "Thanks, and that's a nice tie. Where did you get it?"



The guy says, "My sister gave it to me." This could kill the conversation, but the girl should say, "Oh, do you have a sister?" Now the whole point is that the girl should keep throwing cues to keep things going. That's fine.

But we're just a little concerned with what might happen if some girl memorizes this dialog and asks the guy where he got the tie and he says, "My father gave it to me."

* * *

Maneatereateereater

Up till now, the Maneater has said only good things about SHOWME, or nothing at all. We feel complimented. Complimented, curious, confused, and just a

little bit on guard. Maybe they want us to invite them to one of our beer-busts or something. Or loan them a pair of socks. But we're still complimented. We certainly don't want any rivalry or antagonisms to reach the personal level that occurred at times in the past. That is good for no one—the readers, or the publications. So we're not gonna stick our necks out to start anything. In fact, we're gonna compliment right back. Here goes. (Complimenting noises, please.)

We, the SHOWME, think that the other humor publication on campus, the Maneater, is very funny. We laugh at it all the time.

* * *

Gracious

The M Book, your deskbook of information, has made what we feel to be a very interesting error.

On page 40, under Housemothers, it says that in men's organized houses housemothers should be present "... during those hours when the house is open for guests of the opposite sex, unless a suitable substitute has been provided. . . ."

A suitable substitute for the opposite sex?

Now you just look out there—you!

—Richard Bollinger Noel

THE END





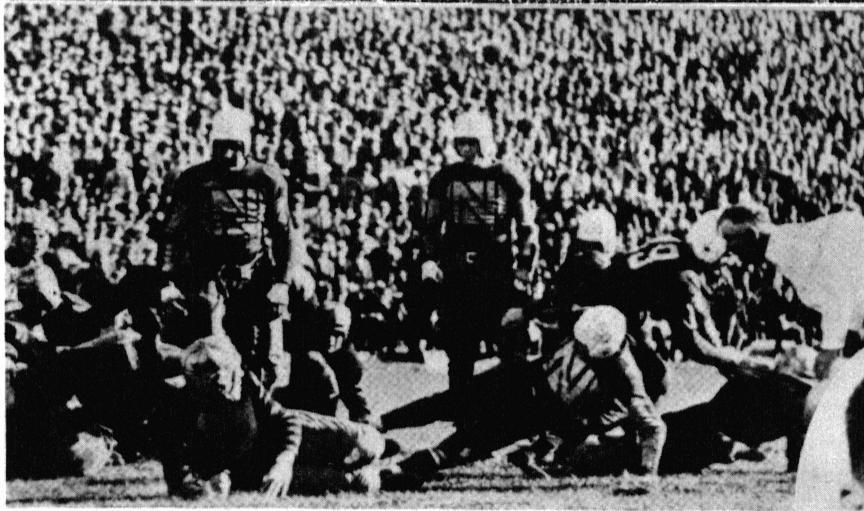
Old Team

Our 1900 team may have looked much like a bunch of convicts, but played like the honest gentlemen they were.



Nebraska

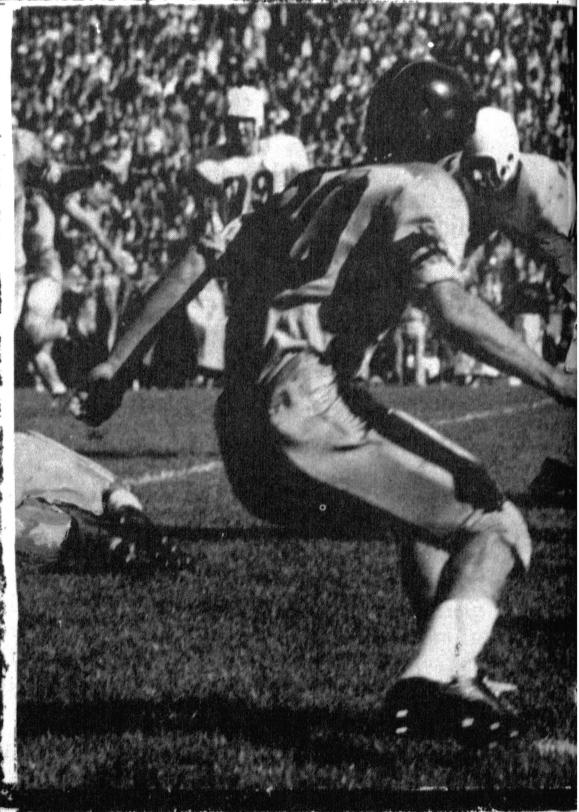
1920 saw our own Don Faurot playing fullback against a mighty Nebraska machine, and we lost, 20-0.



Nebraska

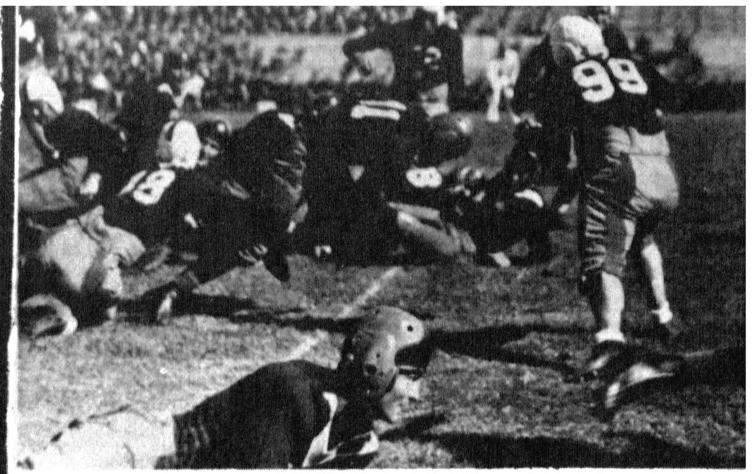
Buster Brown had his dog Ty, and we had ours with Nebraska in 1929, 7 to 7.

THE B



in pic

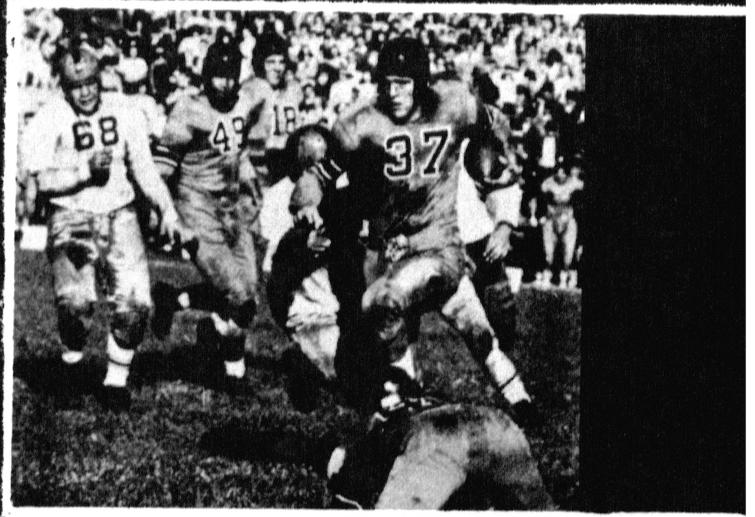
IG GAME



Oklahoma v. Missouri
Line plunging spelled victory in 1936 for Mizzou, as we beat Oklahoma 21 to 14.

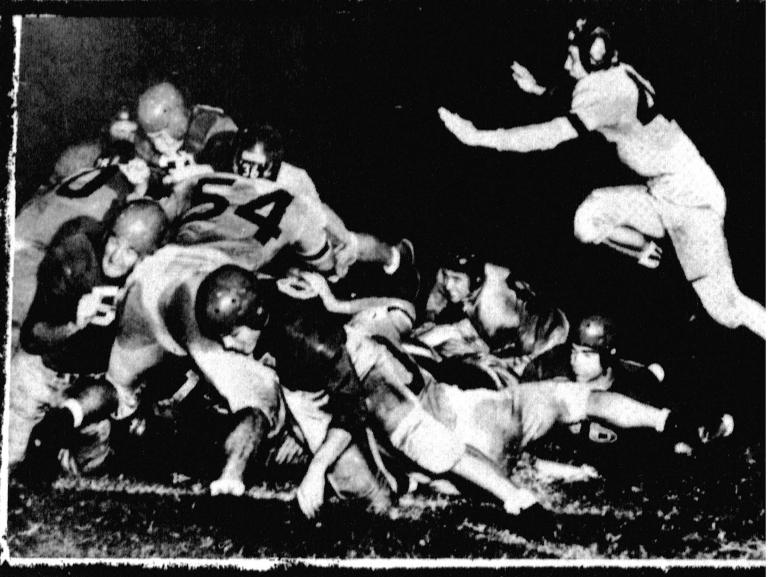


Missouri v. Kansas
A Kansas back is down, and so was Kansas in 1954—41 to 18.



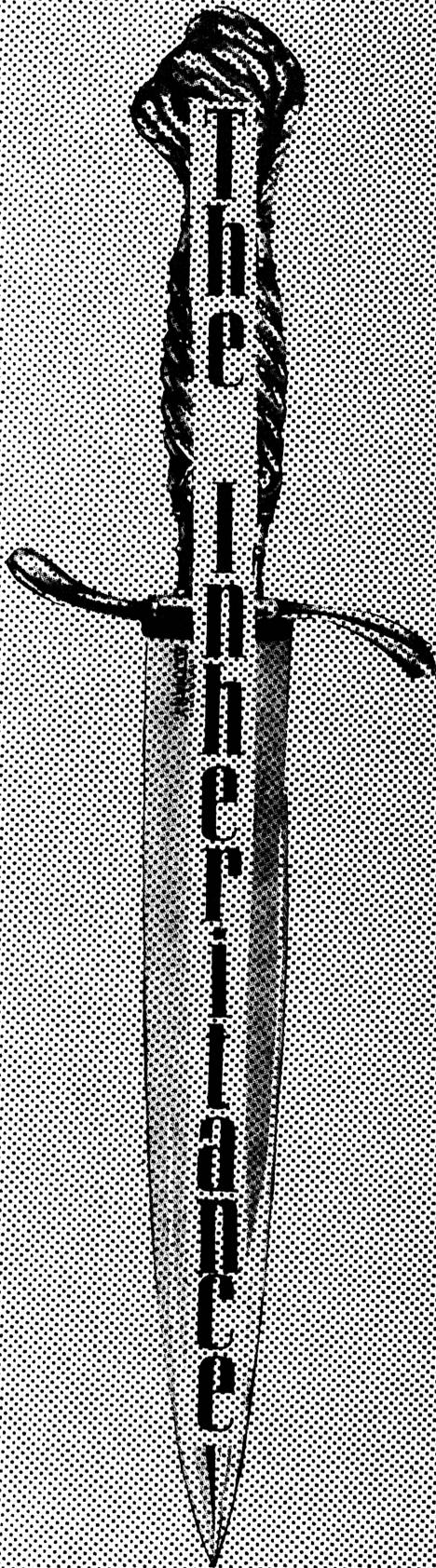
Oklahoma
In 1941, we bulled through for a narrow 28 to 20 win over the Sooners.

tures



Oklahoma Game
Then in 1947, we piled up not only in the play, but in the game, losing to Oklahoma 21 to 12.

a showme contest entry



by Bob Kelly

"First time I ever see Albie is at Camp Henderson . . . that is back during the war . . . nineteen an' forty three, I guess. We are both yardbirds; we never get out of the states the whole time.

"Well, one day I am out policing the parade grounds when this little guy comes over an' says to me, 'Hi, I am Albie,' to which I answer, 'Hi, I am Frankie'. Albie . . . that is all I ever know to call him . . . anyway Albie says to me, 'Frankie, If I ever pick up another butt off this place I will go punch the C. O. right in the middle of his nose'."

"That was the Market Street stop, wasn't it?"

"Well, anyhow, it is a pretty hot day an' since I can see that this boy is not exactly what is known as a heavyweight, I say, 'Albie, boy, you are suffering from what is known as the severe Army bitches, but it is seldom fatal.' He tells me to shut up because he means it an' then he drops his sack of trash an' strolls away. Me, I don't try to stop him . . . I figger he will be back shortly because it is not wise to play games with the solider types."

"Huh? Naw, I don't mind the Army, a guy can get along."

"So the next day Albie don't show up for work so I figger that he is able to grab a couple days in sick bay by telling them he is not feeling good. But when I take off for chow call I go over to the mess hall an' who you think I see? Sure enough there is Albie sitting in the shade with a bag of spuds beside him an' a tub full of peeled ones on the other side. An' he is using the biggest an' shiniest knife I ever see . . . a big silver and pearl job with a blade long as your arm . . . just peeling them spuds like he is really enjoying it."

"Now everybody gets K. P. once in a while so I say to Albie, 'Albie, you poor, unfortunate soldier. How come is it that such a great warrior as you gets assigned to the small weapons staff?'"

"Well, sir, he just sorta smiles an' waves that big knife in my face an' says, 'Frankie, I have finally found me a home in the Army. They have finally rec'onized my talents an' have use me accordingly'. Then he tells me that he is spent his last day picking up butts an' he is now the main and permanent spud skinner for Charlie Company. Now I think he is really gone batty but sure enough every day there he is at the mess hall . . . just sitting in the shade, like I say, smiling an' peeling.

"He is always using that same shiv, too, an' I mean he really treats it like a baby. Sometimes when he gets through quick he practices throwing it at the rotten spuds. He sticks them up on the wall an' he

gets so he don't miss when he throws at them. An' sometimes he just sits an' stares at it . . . turns it over an' over in his hand . . . stares at it, see? An' every night he spends an hour sharpening it like a razor so he can shave with it the next day. I mean he really gets so he can handle that knife."

"Yeah, thanks. Got a light, too? You said you were goin all the way to the southside?"

"Like I was saying, after we are becoming good buddies Albie finally tells me about this knife. He says that he buys it to give to this girl, see, only she runs off with some other Joe. 'There is not another like this knife, Frankie', Albie is always telling me. 'There is not another like my girl, too.' He says that he keeps it to remember his girl. Can you 'magine him giving this big shiv to his girl?"

"Well, one day he is sitting there peeling an' the spud slips an' he cuts his finger with that knife. Albie is not the most refined guy an' so he cuts loose with a string of lingo which makes the top sarge sound like an amateur. Well, it happens that at this time the company chaplain is wandering by an' hears Albie, see? So he goes over an' tells him how wrong he is being an' how he is a bad influence on the rest of the guys an' tells him that if he ever hears him cuss like that again he is going to get him disciplined and I mean good.

"But old Albie just looks up at the Sky Pilot an' tells him right where to go, which was not very smart. Whereupon the chaplain tells him that he is really in for it now. And he is going to speak to C.O. without delay. As he is walking along Albie just picks up his knife casual like an' bingo! the Chaplain gets a shiv in his hip. Well, at the court martial Albie tells them that the knife slips out of his hand, but it don't go right for him an' they muster him out real gracious like an' give him two years in the can to boot.

"That was Murdock we just passed wasn't it? I'll take another one of your cigarettes if you don't mind."

"Well, before they take Albie away I slip him a couple of bucks I have extra just to buy him

smokes an' stuff for a while. I am surprised to get a letter from him a while later in which he tells me that he is getting along fine an' asks me to write him only I remember that I still do not know his last name. But I send a letter anyway to the warden down at Leavenworth thinking maybe he will be able to figger out just which one is Albie about him an' his knife.

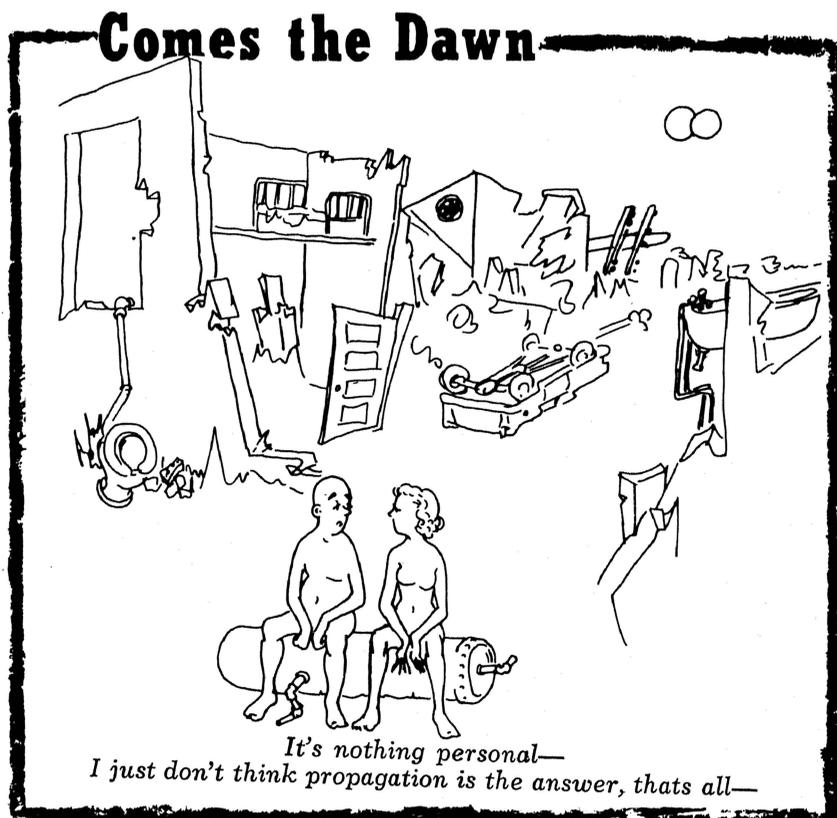
"He gets it okay because about a year later I get another letter from him saying that he is getting out in two weeks an' for me to come an' meet him so we can get together again just like old times. I am playing with a band in Harrisburg then. It's not a big band-you see-sort of a little combo to back a stripper an' a comic in this mexican club where we worked." I'm making pretty good money . . . so I take a couple days off an' go down to meet him.

"Well, when he walks out of that gate I mean I don't know what to say. The kid looks like he is lost thirty pounds an' aged twenty years. I mean he is really had it . . . he looks like he is dead. Geez, he looks terrible. Anyway he walks right up to me an' we shake hands an' he says to

me 'Hi, Frankie', an' I say, 'Hi, Albie', an' then he says why don't we go into K.C. for a little 'homecoming' party. He says that he makes a little money on the side carving an' whittling little things to sell in the prison store. An' then he pulled out this same pearly knife an' shows me . . . yeah, he is still got the damned thing. I do not know how or why they would let him keep it but there it was."

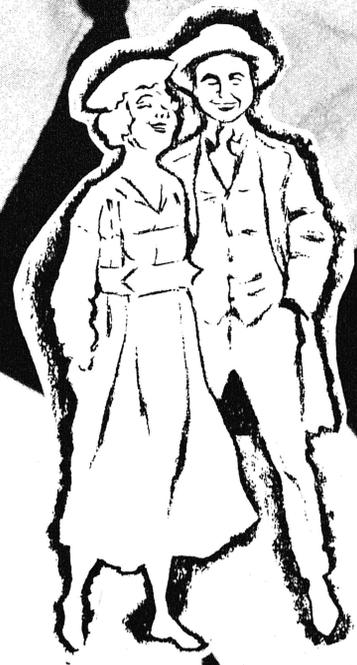
"No, I ain't in no band now."

"But, like I was sayin', I am doing good with this band an' I have a nice little car an' so we go into town an' pick us up a couple of wimen an' begin hitting the bars. I mean we are really living it up, see, an Albie hasn't had a drink in so long he is getting pretty tight after just a few. Now Albie is not what you will call a real handsome guy an' what with just getting out of the can he looks like he is going to blow away with the next big breeze. Anyhow his woman is a real beast an' the drunker he gets the sicker he gets of her, so he starts trying to put the make on this another babe, just looking at her with those big bulging eyes. Well, the guy she is with catches on an' (Continued on page 27)





1899—The headguard was a mop of hair—the forward pass an infant. Mizzou was beaten only by Drake and K.U., and Washington U. was the only other opponent to score a point.



1916—The Missouri Valley Conference championship was in dispute—a tossup between K.U., Nebraska, Ames and Mizzou. The War To End War threatened the future of M.U. football. And this bit of foolishness enlivening the Campus King contest was crazy man, gone.

I'm king of the campus,
Am I
I sing and I dance
And step high
And for sweet girlies all,
I just have to fall,
I'm king of the campus
Am I.



1923—Mizzou lost the homecoming bout to Oklahoma, and Fullback Don Faurot eulogized his varsity career thus:

“Yes, I am one of Missouri’s most versatile athletes. My home is in a little town on the edge of the Ozarks, Mountain Grove, but I soon became too big for the town and had to move away.

“I am one of those rare birds who came along without the customary blare of brass, but make my presence felt. It is with the keenest regret that this year I bid farewell to my Alma Mater.”

MISS



1929—Missouri tied Nebraska seven up at homecoming, but lagged behind the Corn Huskers for second place in the Big Six. Automobiles were a mighty factor in campus social life. The frats lured rushees with promises of mobile dates and joy-riding weekends.



1939—The greatest Missouri football season. The Golden Tigers plowed undefeated through all opposition—took the Big Six Conference title—but dropped the Orange Bowl game to Georgia Tech for '39's only Football loss.



1947—Once again Mizzou bowed at Homecoming to Oklahoma's Sooners—and to the Kansas Jayhawks for third place in the Big Seven. A far cry from the mighty '39 season.

DURY

if you find work write

'46 '37 '09 '55
'18
'32
'15

These illustrious Missourians of old—or old Missourians—have left us the heritage of opportunity. . . . The assurance that when our time comes to fight the battle of life there'll still be room for us at the top—they aren't occupying all of the space.

And in addition to their individual contributions to the world—whatever they are—theirs has been the task of carrying the culture of Mizzou to the world. This they have done faithfully and well. To every part of the globe they have spread it, like a swarm of mosquitoes disgorges a heinous disease—as a matter of fact many countries now vaccinate against it.

And if University policies, scholastic requirements, and campus social activities remain the same we may well follow in their glorious footsteps—unless we get an inoculation quick.

True D. Morse left Carthage, Missouri, in 1920 so he could come down and learn all about agriculture, and it looks like he must've absorbed a little of it, 'cause he's our present Under-Secretary of Agriculture over around Washington, D. C. A prime example of an MU aggie made good if there ever was one.



Seems like when Mr. Morse was in school he couldn't pass up a club or organization, because he belonged to everything from the Ag Club right on down to Alpha Gamma Rho. He was on the Varsity Debate Squad too, which is jim-dandy background if you're going to hang around Washington very long.

His diploma was harvested in 1924.

Eugene Field didn't graduate from here, but he went here the same time as his brother did, and had a ball while he was doing it. He was inattentive, indifferent, and made poor progress in his studies, BUT, he was genial, sportive, song-singing, fun-making and a genuine party boy.



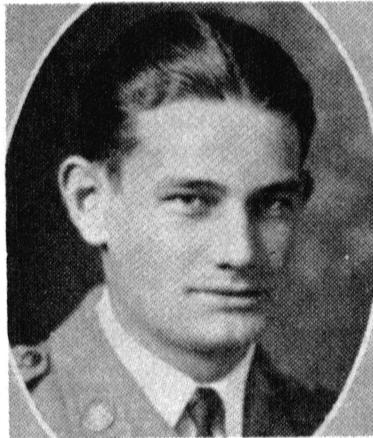
Mr. Field went to Campustown in 1870, the same year the Shack was built.

He was a writer and a practical joker and prankster, but even with those social disadvantages, managed to retain his superior intellect, and those who were in the know say that Brother Field had most of the faculty beat when it came to skull-work.

Effective this date, Mr. Field is an Honorary SHOWME Staff Member.

Karl Richard Bopp, pronounced *Bope*, is the top dog in his field, which is Federal Reserve and Central Banking. Whatever that is.

Anyway, Mr. Bopp has been in on a bunch of advisory committees, has written a number of pamphlets, and is now serving as Vice-President in charge of Research at the Federal Reserve Bank in Philadelphia. The theory has been advanced that he's the one who thought up the idea of those white-to-black pennies we struggled with not so long ago, but it's doubtful.



After he left Kirkwood in 1924, it only took him four years to get his BS in Business Administration, after which he left the columns for a stretch up north and a Masters degree. But he came back for a Ph.D. and, seeing that his G.I. bill was running out, set out in the cruel world where he's been doing pretty well ever since.

Inez Robb, known to her more intimate friends as Inez Early Calloway Robb, this former Delta Gamma graduated from Mizzou along about 1924, not only qualified to write news, but to climb mountains, speak Spanish, argue with other people and act in plays. Very versatile.



Inez has been in on some big things since she's been reporting, among them the coronation of George VI (very big to George VI), the Alger Hiss trial, and the Texas City disaster.

Miz Robb now writes a column for International News Service, and if past performance is worth anything, it's probably a very good column, but we never read it. We never read anything but *My Day* and Roger Price.

you're
the
high
man
on
the
totem
pole
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YOU
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YOUR
GIRL
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Hiway 40 & Garth

TIGERS

(Continued from page 17)

"Cleo Frank Craig put on his basketball suit down home to shock his aunt Sally". But it wasn't Cleo Frank then, it was "Red". This was in 1913, when Mr. Craig was playing basketball for Mizzou, and before he ever thought of being president of the National Safety Council in Chicago.



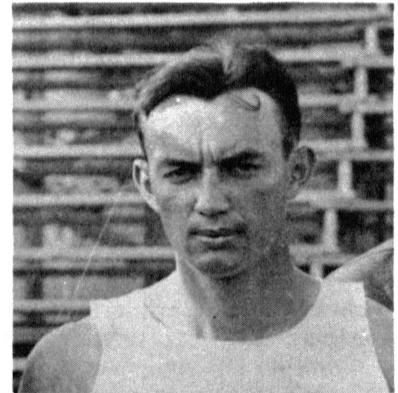
Cleo was awarded a gob of honorary degrees a couple of years ago, and even got one here, which is rare because there are some of us who can't even get a regular type degree at Mizzou. But he took an engineering degree here first, back in 1913, so he had a jump on us there.

While he isn't fooling around a bank or an art gallery or making "Life you save may be your own" posters, Mr. Craig has a job down at the telephone company or someplace.

Brutus Hamilton was born in Peculiar, Missouri, and since then he must have run three or four times around the world, only stopping long enough to put on his warm-up robe and take a sheepskin from dear old Missouri in 1922.

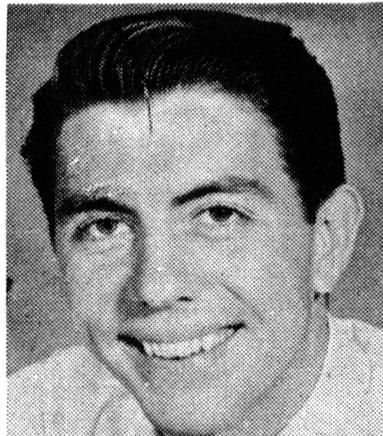
Man, was this kid ever fast! He won the AAU decathlon in 1920 and just missed something else by three or four points or maybe two. Brutus was an All-American football player too, and was a regular whizz-bang in the cage.

Now he's handling the ever-popular California U. stable, having just finished coaching the victorious U. S. team in the 1952 Olympics.



Mort Walker, cartoonist extraordinaire, put his knowledge of University life to work for him after he was all through with this business of education.

Mort was a Kappa Sig, a member of Sigma Delta Chi, and even got tangled up somehow with the *Savitar*. His best deal, however, was when he was editor of the *SHOWME*, and you just can't go much farther in life than that.



Jean Walker is Mort's wife, and also went to school down across from the Bengal Shop, and took a BJ in 1951. The Walkers' have one child, Beetle, who is currently making a million dollars a year in the army. Last year, Beetle Bailey won the Billy de Beck Memorial Award, the cartooning game's equivalent of the oscar, and seems to be searching for an oak leaf cluster this year.

Mrs. Anne Hetzler, who lives at 6 College Avenue here in Columbia, has taught at both Christian and Stephens colleges and has done quite a bit of private tutoring. Among her many students was her daughter, Jane.

While Jane attended the University of Missouri, she was a member of Kappa Kappa Gamma sorority, and appears each year in that organization's rush pamphlet. She sang the lead (female) in the annual J School operetta, and was dubbed the "Singing Coed" by fellow students because she was a coed and sang.



Then, before things had cooled off, Jane Froman was crowned Coming-Home Queen, the first in the history of the school. Since then they've switched the words around a little, but you get the idea.

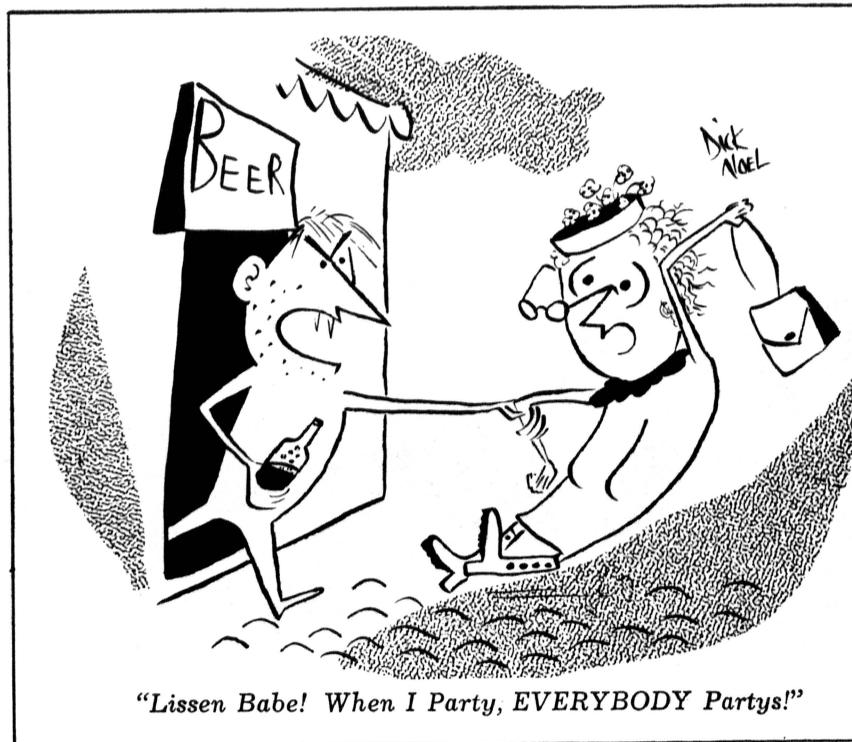
Along in 1942, when things looked bad for the U. S. and A., Uncle Sam sent Jane around to Mizzou to sell a couple of war bonds, but since she'd become a famous gal, nobody recognized her in the old town. She must've sold quite a few bonds, though, 'cause we won the war.

And this place called Mizzou has a veritable BATCH of names and faces and times and nostalgia and stuff scratched into stuff.

So, on this Homecoming of 1955, our fiftieth, we of the SHOWME have picked out a selection of what we hope will be a cross-section of the average alumni—the John Does, the Mary Smith's—and we think that you will find yourself among these pictures, for *these people* are the hardy stock which shall inherit the earth.

So sit back, take a look, and think a bit about *your* stock of names, faces and times. . . .

THE END



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I understand you're living off-campus this year. How do you like it?

Well, this place I got— when they can rent it out it's a rustic cottage. When they can't, it's a cowshed.

I'm Miserable. I've got on my sitting-down shoes and my standing-up qirdle

I haven't either been doing aggies. I just tore my dress on a nail That's All!

By Damn! You'll stay out here till you get it Right!

Hello, Mom AN' DAD AN' DEANIE AN' CAROLYN AN' PEATIE AN' Bev AN' Pud AN' PRIS AN' BARBARA AN' HELEN AN' ---

What the hell ever happened to the days of the cute Cocker Spaniel?

If I get it I'll lateral to you and—

and I'll HAND OFF to Herb and—

and I'll be DAMNED!!

I'll trade up' this end for one of them tackies, Tony.

Naw — I'd hate to break up a set, Howard.

Remember when Don had us working out with a basketball? Well, you jest go ahead and fumble this Mother.





ylon that's a
und Hellest
n Peculiar Missouri
ior, standing Gft...

NOW COME ON KIDS
YOU'RE NOT TRYING.
NUMBER SEVEN ON
THAT LITTLE WHITE CARD

What do mean
what position does
he play? He plays stoop-
ed over just like
every body else

She must be
very domineering
She writes her
diary a week ahead.

Square hell!
that Boy's an
Octagon. And you
Just know that's
twice as bad!

look Jack are you
in love with my girl?
Then stop telling
her you are. It
Makes her Nervous

NO!

Somehow I came
up with two-I
wondered if.....?

Oh! Come Owoooooon
Mercy! you kids can
yell louder than
thee haast!

Hello! Operator
get me Tarkio—
Say this is Don, listen
how about us startin'
a home+home series?

He says he's
tryin' to hatch some
school spirit out
of it.

ORANGE BOWL OR BUST

HOW TO
PLAY THE
SPALT-T
JIM TATUM

MISSOURI

VISITORS

ELCAT

and Nancy Sweet

RAY PU

RAYMIZZOU

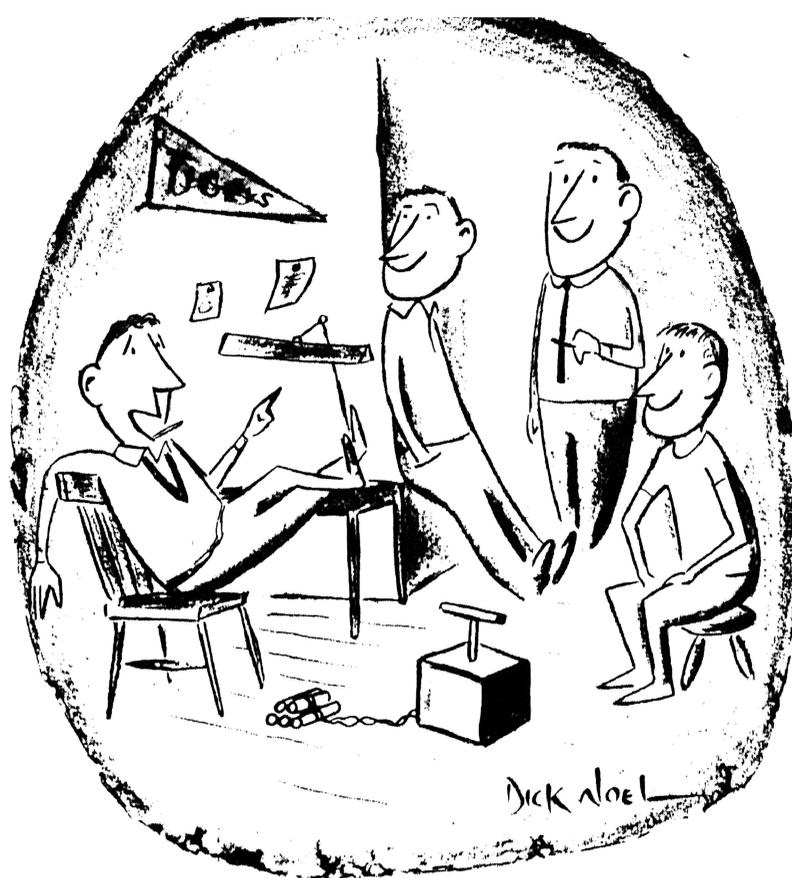
ELLCATS



Homecoming Queen

Virginia Zimmerly, Kappa Kappa Gamma. Last year's SHOWME Queen has been selected to reign as 1955 Homecoming Queen.

Photo by Bladow's



"OK, Lets go over it once more. Joey, You're lookout. From 8:45 on you'll be at the head of the stairs by the water fountain. Fred will be in the mens room with the plunger. At exactly 9 o'clock I walk in the office and ask for the head of the French Dept. . . ."

Stuff



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footwear . . .**



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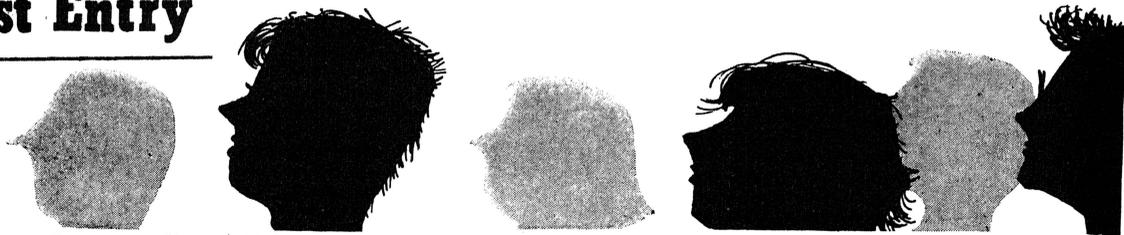
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Huxley on the Ceiling, Orwell in the Dome

Young Ed Lynch's symbolic assault upon forces endangering Western morality cannot be fully understood without some attempt to evaluate the history of the Horizontal theatre itself. This new-standard motion picture projection technique was forwarded by the Carpathian-International Company of Hollywood, California. The concept, according to contemporary newspapers and mind of Mr. Salvador Carpathian, Head of Production.

It was a crucial time for the industry. After prompting a temporary financial upsurge, primitive widescreen processes had begun to pall upon viewers. Refusing to accept the decline, Carpathian dispatched a team of statisticians and psychologists to dig out the causes of American apathy. Their report confirmed his suspicion that present screens weren't *big enough*.

Audiences subconsciously desired to be completely surrounded by the picture, according to Professor Blakeslee of the University of Chicago. The illusion was feasible in huge urban theatres but houses were unable to accommodate a screen of necessary dimensions. Maximum attendance in new or reconstructed buildings would fail to support the added upkeep. Carpathian, after a single glance at a typical undersized house, came to his tradition-shattering conclusion. While a gigantic image could not be cast on the proscenium was ample room on the ceiling, without major alterations, there "In the future," he declared next day to all news media, "audiences will lie down to view Carpathian-International presentations."

This notion was first received with ridicule; the next day 37 newspapers carried comic editorials headed *Are We Going to Take This Lying Down?* Nevertheless, public response in trial areas favored the Horizontal scheme. A

few studio executives feared that religious groups might object to reclining mixed-company but Carpathian blocked censorship moves by scheduling a remake of the ten commandments as the first all-Horizontal superfilm.

The next—and key—extension of the Horizontal idea we owe to Harold Brockneer, a New Orleans theatre-chain owner. Incensed at construction of a floating drive-in on Lake Ponchartrain, Brockmeer groped desperately for a novel counter-thrust. The newly-announced Horizontal projection, he reasoned, was inadequate, since it lacked the essential element of personal privacy. No record exists of how he found his answer but its result may be seen in every American movie house; "Brockmeer's Bubble" is universal.

"Brockmeer's Bubble," a dome of one-way-vision glass enclosing two couches, was an immediate sensation. It combined with Horizontal movies to create a new entertainment medium. Despite tripled ticket prices and denunciation from church and civic organizations, audiences increased. Nowadays moralists have been virtually silenced as millions weekly seek refuge from the commonplace in individually airconditioned domes, enveloped by a mist of technicolor illusion. Machines within each bubble provide candy, hot buttered popcorn, and soft drinks.

Young Ed Lynch was an employee of the Crystal Cinema in Juggler, Mo. His duties consisted of sweeping the main floor and polishing the exterior surfaces of the domes. Today's average movie house is, naturally, different in structure and spirit from the theatre of a decade ago. Only a few dim bulbs now illuminate the facade and customers enter through basement doors, climbing a short flight of steps to their rented "bubble".

Although the ushers in the cellar were better paid, Young Ed preferred his menial tasks. Often, following afternoon cleanup, he remained on the floor through the first show. The colors from the ceiling cascaded over him as he sat staring at rows of blank, silvery domes and imagining occurrences within them. He never looked at the screen, understandably enough. Even if he could hear the sound, channeled to each "bubble" through personal speakers, Horizontal movies would hold little interest for a vertical viewer. Last year's biggest moneymaker, for example, was a two-hour examination of tropical shorelines with appropriate background music.

A lanky eighteen-year-old with advanced acne and rimless glasses, Young Ed hated the Horizontal theatre. His motivations, based on adolescent frustration, subsequently concealed envy of the dome's occupants, and Midwestern religious teachings, are of minor interest. The gesture alone concerns us. In being the first to act he achieved significance.

Quitting work last Tuesday evening Young Ed noticed Jeannie Griggs and a loutish male companion at the ticket window. Jeannie was a small, red-haired, attractive girl whom Young Ed had silently admired in high school. Visions of smashed purity littered the road home, where Mother Lynch waited with a pot of instant cocoa.

His parents were sitting at the kitchen table when he entered. Old E. Lynch, an asthmatic and opiated dentist, was reading *The Saturday Review*.

"You're late, Sonny," said Mother Lynch as she poured the cocoa.

Old Ed looked up from his magazine. "Good show?"

"I didn't watch." Young Ed spooned sugar into his cup. "Jean-

nie Griggs was there with some fellow. First time."

Old Ed laughed. "You gave yourself away that time, Sonny. Stuck on her?"

"You really shouldn't harbor such thought," Mother Lynch said. "I know Jeannie's family. Such a sweet girl."

"Worrying about the wrong things, Sonny," said Old Ed. "The kid's don't go to the movies for privacy. They just think so. The real reasons are pretty devious."

Mother Lynch clucked. "Don't talk that way, Father. You ought to be glad to have a son who worries instead of getting into trouble and drinking."

"There's a good editorial in this issue." Old Ed jabbed his magazine. "Are We Losing Cultural Ground to the Chinese Communists? That's the secret, Sonny, this twenty-year war scare with H-bombs and all. The young people go to movies instead of any place else because they're a better place to hide."

"It's not right!" shouted Young Ed, thinking of Jeannie Griggs.

"Don't listen to your father, Sonny. He's been reading again."

Old Ed ignored her. "Horizontal pictures have brought the uneducated down to the egghead's level. an old-time intellectual, when he wanted to dodge reality, filled his range of vision with the pages of a book. The best a semi-literate slob could manage was the ordinary movies and then he had to look at somebody's hairy head and listen to rattling popcorn bags. Television screens were too damned small. These new theatres are it. Now everybody can hide—no literary pretense necessary."

"Maybe they were just holding hands in there," Young Ed mused, half-aloud.

"All the kids," his father declared, "night after night crawling out of domes and then going home to sleep, forgetting other people exist. You know what's going to happen one of these days?"

"How you go on, Father!" chuckled Mother Lynch, won over by his eloquence.

Old Ed stood for his climactic, wheezinz outburst. "One of these days, for laughs, a theatre manager is going to remove those

domes, and it won't make a bit of difference. The kids, all mentally sealed-off, will go right on the way they did before—as if the 'bubbles' were still there. It's coming!"

Young Ed leaped up, kicked back his chair, and stared horrified at his father. Then he turned and strode out through the door.

"Sonny," Mother Lynch called after him, "you didn't finish your chocolate!"

The destruction of the Crystal Cinema's "bubbles" is described by Editor Lawrence Burnsmith in the April 27th issue of the *Juggler Weekly Gazette*. Burnsmith was leaving the theatre when Young Ed Lynch rushed past. Sensing the boy's almost maniacal haste, he followed him through an employee's entrance to the main floor.

"I had never been up there before," Burnsmith goes on. "The central projection dome spread its inverted triangle of light to the ceiling. The others fanned out from it like, ghostly halved ping-pong balls . . .

"Lynch ripped a fireaxe from the wall and splintered the nearest dome. The glass fell away with a cataclysmic crash, intensified by the scream from within. It was a lusty young scream . . .

"He destroyed dome after dome with the axe. The odor of mari-

juana rose from several. Over half were broken before he was halted . . .

"An interplanetary chase scene overhead added grotesque background to terrified people lurching about in semi-darkness. At least three fights began, owing, I found out later, to discovered marital infidelities . . . The most pitiful figure was a dishevelled, red-haired young woman who ran in panicked circles until her escort calmed her . . .

"After confusion had subsided, a curious atmosphere swept the floor. The suddenly-congregated audience, largely post-adolescent, regarded themselves not with shame or even chagrin at their disarray, but with an apparently initial awareness of other social creatures."

Burnsmith's account, including interviews with Young Ed Lynch's family, recieved world-wide notice. It has returned to public focus an awesome danger to our moral and intellectual future. Organizations formed to turn back the seeping degradation of the Horizontal theatre have doubled membership as a result of Young Ed's action. The fireaxe, we believe will be the standard of thinking Americans for years to come.



"Here's to Dobbin, Hooray at last!
Here's to Dobbin He's. . . ."



And you can ask that old coach another thing! How come the Symanski's can buy a new washer, and the Kowalski's can afford to have another baby, and the Grieps are able to . . . and . . .

The Inheritance

(Continued from page 13)

tells him to lay off. Old Albie then proceeds to spit right in the guy's face an' this feller just takes Albie by the shirt an' lifts him right off the ground an' spits right back in his face an' winds up like he is going to knock him through the wall.

"Like I say, I am not the biggest man around but beside me Albie looks like a pushover. So 'bout the time this guy is getting ready to hit Albie in the mouth he pulls out his big shiv an' sticks it clean through this feller's arm an' lights out the door of the place like Man O' War . . . that is how I get this bum arm."

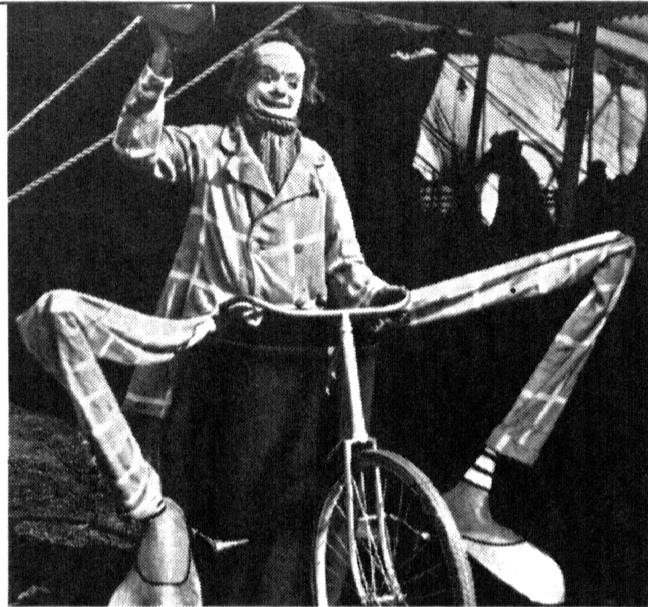
"Huh?"

"Naw, Albie gets out of there before anybody can stop him an' by now they are all too busy trying to keep me an' my arm from parting company. Well, I spend two months in the hospital an' have to see my car to pay the hospital an all. When I get out I don't have much left so I thumb it back up to Harrisburg. By this time the boys are broken up an' I find out that I can't play no more anyway, my fingers don't work so good, so I am out on the street for the first time. I get a job now an' then selling tickets in a movie house an' stuff like that . . . you know . . . just enough to keep me going. But by now I cannot use the arm at all an' I usually don't keep a job long. Whenever it rains like today I have to go get it rubbed so it won't drive me crazy an' my boss's do not like me taking off like this two . . . three times a week."

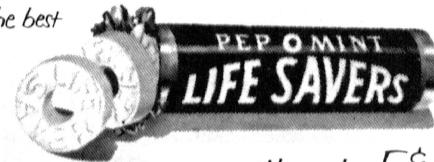
"Yeah, there ain't hardly anyone rides out to southside this late. Seems sort of a shame to keep the el's rummin for only one or two guys don't it?"

"Finally I get a job with the Western Union over in Jersey City delivering telegrams which I can do without no physical effort other than a helluva lot of walking, see? An' I keep going pretty good. Then 'bout six months ago I am walking down the street when this big red Cadillac sildes to a stop an' who do you think steps out? It is Albie. Lord, I don't hardly know the kid now.

(Continued on page 28)



You don't have to go to college to know that after eating, drinking and smoking, the best breath fresheners of all are



still only 5¢



You take it! I've got to meet my gal at Julies.

The Inheritance

(Continued from page 27)

He is fifty pounds heavier, I bet, an' there he comes toward me wearing the flashiest suit I ever saw, with a big gold watch chain across his vest an' smoking one of those long skiny cigars. Well, he sees me an' walks right up an' shakes my hand an' says, 'Hi, Frankie', an' I say, 'Hi, Albie'. Right then he says why don't we ge somewheres an' have dinner on him an' I tell him that is okay with me. So we take off in this big red wagon of his an' he says how good it is to see me an' how it has been a long time. I agree an' we stop at this real swank cocktail parlor an' go in for a meal."

"Well, we are sitting there and naturally I tell him he is looking good and that he maybe has found a gold mind somewheres. He says, 'Yes, that is exactly right, almost', and goes on an' tells me about what he is doing. He says that after he knifes me he decides that it is time to head for other places so he stows away on this boat to South America. An' the boat is just pulling into the harbor at Rio when he is caught. He tells me that he is there in a lifeboat two weeks without eating nothing but scraps. When they hit a squall two days out he catches a dandy cold, see? Well, when the boat is docking a big Cuban deck hand hears Albie sneeze and coughin' under the canvas an' hauls him out an' heaves him over the side.

"Then, he says to me, one of them sharp little pleasure boats comes along an' fishes him out right away an' this old man takes him to his house . . . which happens to be a real wild gambling 'house' . . . an' has the girls working there take real good care of him till he is okay again. Well, Albie figgers that if this business is good enough to get this old feller a nice little sailboat an' a couple of big cars that it is not something to leave go of. He starts helping this old guy an' his wife run the place an' with him knowing the type of entertainment the sailors like an' all that, business picks up real good." Well, this old man is so happy, and makes enough money to retire that he offers to sell the place to Albie cheap an' he buys it an'

next day finds out that the place is condemned by the new government . . . they change down there alla time, you know. They tell him that his place is going to be tore down to make room for a new office building. By this time the old man is skipped with the dough an' Albie is left holding the bag but good.

"An' he says that down there they do not give a damn about no rights or nothing because the next day, before he can move out even, the wrecking crew is there to tear her down. Well, there is nothing to do but stand around an' watch them tear the place up, says Albie. So next day, see, they are blasting out the cellar when all of a sudden something shiny comes peeping up out of one of them dynamite craters, just catch the sun's rays an' gleaming to beat the band . . . 'Just like that old knife blade . . . shiny like that', Albie says."

"Then all them native workers starts hollering an' waving an' running around yelling something like 'plate' which Albie finds out from one of them idiots means 'silver'. An' sure enough right there in the middle of the city they find this silver. Well, the wreckers don't stop with Albie's place, now, but keep right on tearing up everything in the block an' sure enough there is a big lode of silver just sitting there waiting to be dug. But to cap it off, a week later the old government is back in the cap'tal an' gives the land back to the owners, see? 'So now', Albie tells me, 'I got a big silver mind down in South America.'"

"Yeah, he tells me all this while we are eating a real eight course job with all the trimins.

"About the time we start on the dessert Albie says, 'Frankie, I know I owe you a lot for what I done back in Richmond. I try to get in touch with you but nobody knows where you are. Maybe you can call this luck but I sure want to do something for you if I can. Frankie', he says, 'I got to take care of the place down there, an' it will mean a nice wad of cash for you'. It is a great setup, he tells me . . . says I can stay at his place with all kinds of servants an' an' stuff."

(Continued on page 30)



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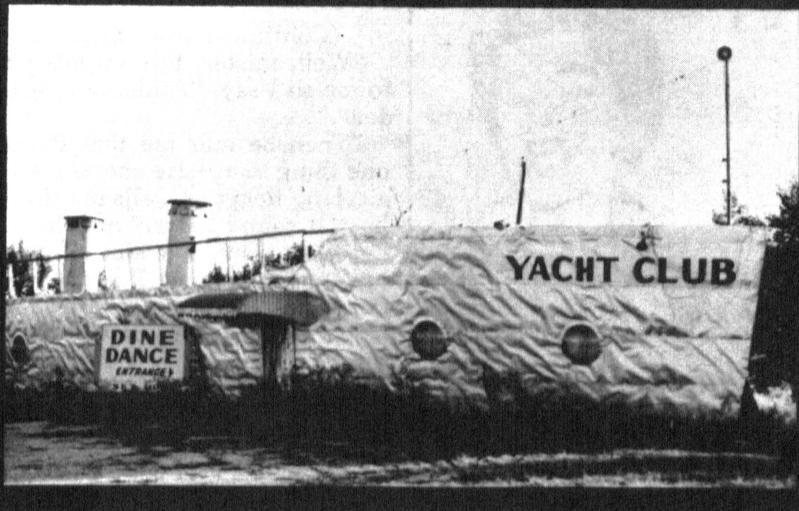
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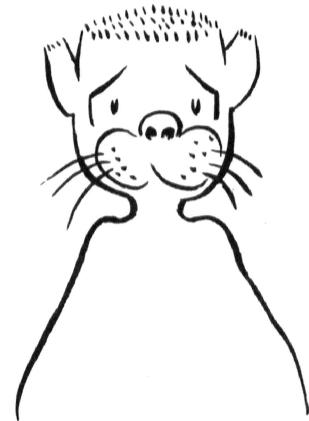
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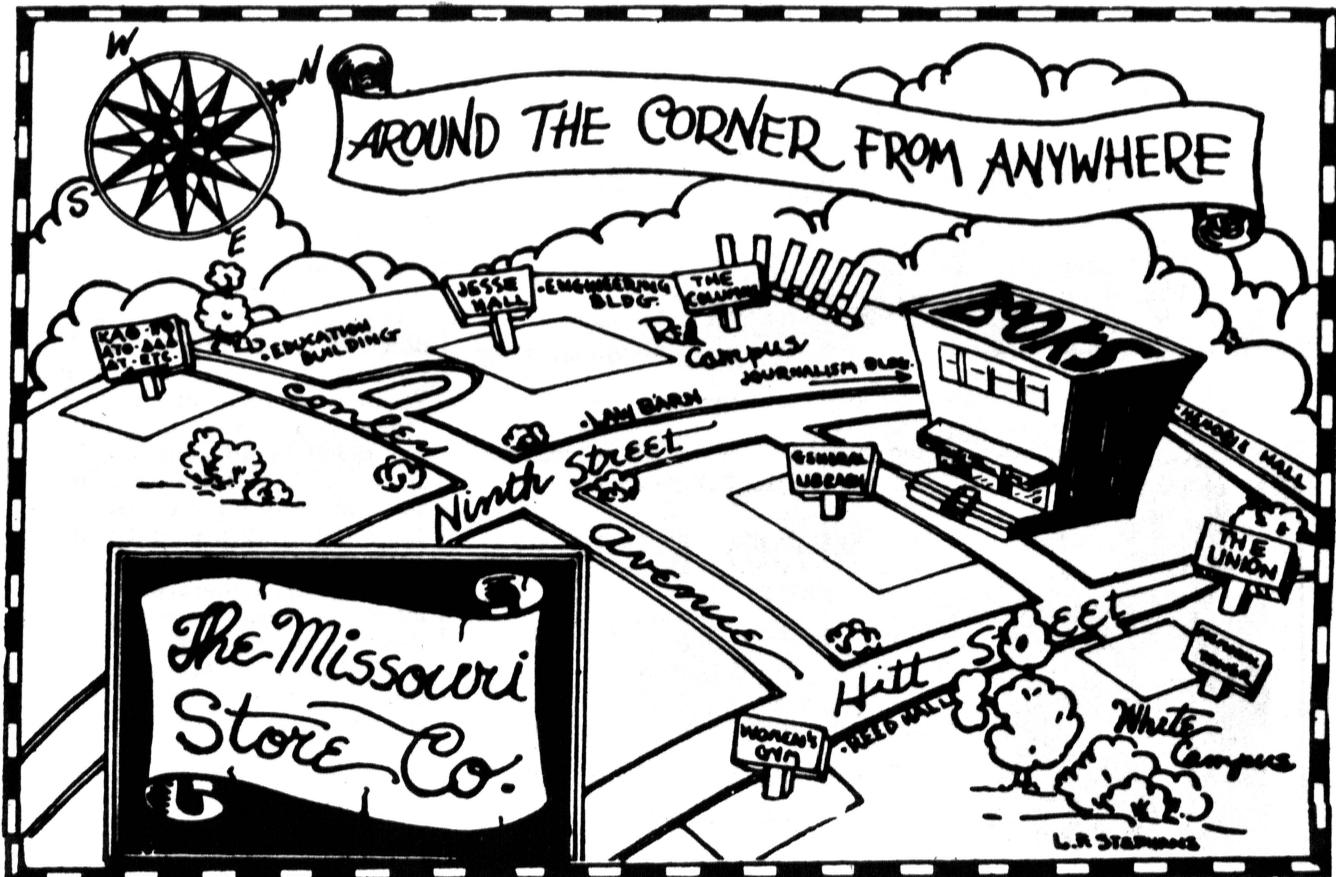
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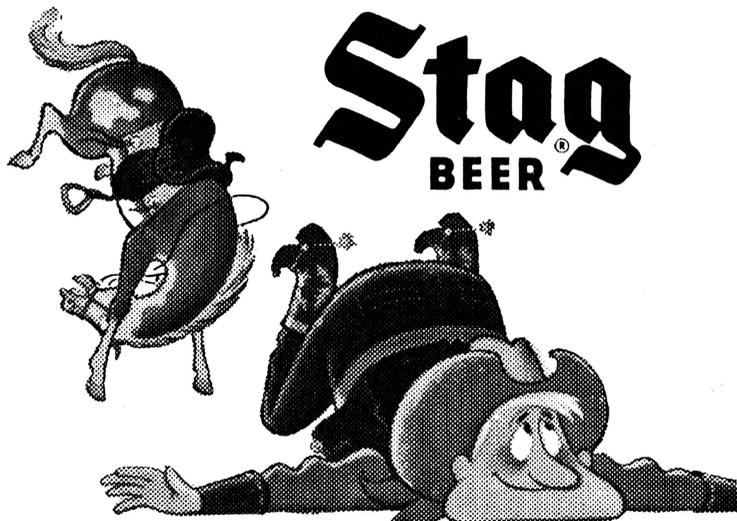
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The Inheritance

(Continued from page 28)

"Well, mister, this sounds good to me so I say, 'Albie, boy, it is a deal'."

"Then he tells me that there is one thing more. He shows me this airplane ticket an' tells me that he buys it round trip an' now he cannot use it an' that since I got to have one anyway I can take it from him for one hundred an' fifty bucks, which ain't even half what it costs'. So I say 'Swell, Albie, but you give me a couple days to dig up the cash, huh?'" An' he says, "Sure, I will meet you here tomorrow night an' you can pay me an' we will go over everything again."

"So I scrape up the dough here an' there . . . I have a little saved . . . an' sure enough we close the deal with a handshake over the best food I ever eat with good whisky an' the waiter in the swallow tail coat.

"Next day I tell my boss to take a flying leap since I am not in too good anyway because I forget to deliver that telegram when I run into Albie. I hurried home an' pack my bag an' head for the airport. I even tip the hack a five an' make like I already got a million what with flashing big grins at all the cute babes I see. When I step up to the window to check my bag the feller there looks at my ticket an' says for me to please sit down an' that he will take care of me in a minute."

"But in just a minute I mean the place is full of cops. They come over to me an' haul me down to the station an' book me for everything they can dream up. When I tell them just what I am telling you, mister, they say that my ticket is no good an' is the sixth which is turned up in just the same way for the past month. They naturally are pretty hot to find out where Albie is, but I tell them honest I don't know. They let me go when I promise to tell them if I see him again . . . 'course I am intending to do this very thing because I now have more than what is known as a passing interest in Albie."

"Naw, I see Albie again . . . it's his funeral."

"Naw, they never do get him . . . it is the ulcer."

(Continued on page 33)



President Ellis: "I never saw the campus littered so with paper as it is this morning. How do you account for it?"

Dean Matthews: "The Grounds Maintenance Commissioner had leaflets distributed yesterday asking students not to throw paper about."

* * *

The objector to temperance spoke bitterly. "Water has killed more people than liquor ever did."

"You are raving," declared the teetotaler. "How do you make that out?"

"Well, to begin with, there was the flood!"

* * *

"Where is that beautiful canary bird of yours that used to sing so clerly and sweetly?"

"I had to sell him. My son left the cage on the radio set and he learned static."

* * *

Downstairs TD-3: "Didn't you hear me pounding on the ceiling?"

Upstairs TD-3: "Oh, that's all right. We were making a lot of noise ourselves."



Prof: (in chem I) Who is the greatest inventor the world has ever known?

Frosh: An Irishman by the name of Pat Pending.

* * *

Instuctor: What is the feminine of bachelor?

Student: Lady-in-waiting.

Father: (impressively) "Suppose I should be taken away suddenly, what would become of you, my boy?"

Irreverent Son: I'd stay here. The question is, what would become of you?

* * *

"After all, what is the difference between the rich man and the poor man?"

"The rich man has acute laryngitis and the poor man has a cold."

* * *

"Have any of your family connections ever been traced?"

"Yes, they traced an uncle of mine as far as Canada once."

* * *

Smith was sitting down to breakfast one morning when he was astounded to see in the paper an announcement of his own death. He rang up his friend Jones at once. "Hello, Jones!" he said. "Have you seen the announcement of my death in the paper?"

"Yes," replied Jones, "Where are you speaking from?"

SUZIE STEPHEN'S —

by ECAT



Certainly I'll elope with you Dahling!—
Within the city limits of course.

The Oklahoma Game

by Joe Gold

Melon: Thank you, Spook. Leak for Oklahoma on their own 27. There's a fumble in the Oklahoma backfield. It was Johnson who dropped that ball . . .

Spooky: No, Melon, it was Biddy Leak, number 22, a senior from . . .

Melon: Thank you, spook. Leak fumble and there's a big pile-up on the Sooner twenty-seven . . .

Spooky: I believe it's closer to the twenty-eight, Melon.

Melon: There's a pile-up on Oklahoma's twenty-eight yard line, and it looks like Missouri has recovered . . .

Spooky: It was Bobby Festering from Crystal Gulch, Missouri who got that ball, five ten, and a senior, weighing . . .

Melon: Right, you are Spooky. Missouri moving now into the T, Rubbernecker out along the left flank . . .

Spooky: Melon, that's Cornwallis on the flank. Rubbernecker is on the bench . . .

Melon: Shrdlu takes the snap from center, he's fading behind good protection. He flips a short one into the flank . . . complete to Rubbernecker . . .

Spooky: That's Cornwallis . . .

Melon: . . . who's moving down to the twenty-five before he's swarmed under by a host of red shirted Sooners. That play was good for three yards and it's second and seven . . .

Spooky: Melon, I'd say it was closer to second and six . . .

Melon: Shrdlu takes the ball again, running along the right side, on a keeper play. There's a lateral to Flabberholzen . . .

Spooky: Six one and a junior from . . .

Melon: . . . who gets a good block moves all the way to the Sooner nineteen yardline before he's brought down. Nice run, huh, Spook?

Spooky: Melon, that was the longest run of the afternoon for the Tigers, and, according to my figures here, that is the fourteenth longest gain of the year on a keeper play with a lateral tagged on to the end. That boy, Floozy Flabberholzen, looked real good earlier in the year but this was the first time since the Purdue game . . .

Melon: Thanks, Spook. To bring you folks up to date . . . After Flabberholzen got to the nineteen, a pass, Shrdlu to Etaoin picked up ten yards, and a sweep of left end by Rubbernecker got to the four yard stripe . . .

Spooky: Melon, I keep telling you Rubbernecker is not in the ballgame.

Melon: . . . Shrdlu then sneaked to the one yard line, and that's where the ball is now. First and goal to go on the Sooner one.

Spooky: Oklahoma is lined up in an eight man line, Melon.

Melon: Yes, I know . . .

Spooky: Just thought the folks might like to know.

Melon: Thanks, Spook. Shrdlu takes the snap from center, he leaps. There's a bullet intended for Etaoin in the end zone . . .

Spooky: Melon, I believe if Etaoin hadn't dropped that ball, Missouri would have had a touch-down.

Melon: I don't think there's any doubt of that, Spook. The boys are fighting real hard. They're just up against a tough Wilkinson ball club.

Spooky: Wilkinson is six one, and a coach from Norman, Oklahoma.

Melon: Thanks, Spook. There's a minute and twelve seconds left on the clock, as Missouri takes time out.

Spooky: Melon, I think that's one minute and fifteen seconds.

Melon: No, Spook, I can see it better from here . . . it's twelve.

Spooky: I think you're wrong, Melon. See that's a five on the end.

Melon: It's a two.

Spooky: Five.

Melon: Two! Whoops, there goes Shrdlu on a give to the full-back. It's Flabberholzen from the one. And he's into the end zone. Flabberholzen scores.

Spooky: Flabberholzen is six in one and a junior from Futile Forks . . .

Melon: Flabberholzen scores and it's Missouri 6, Oklahoma 48. Paul Palsy coming in to attempt the extra point.

Spooky: Palsy, six six, and a grad student from Wambesi . . .

Melon: The kick is wide, and there's the gun for the end of the ball game . . .

Spooky: Six two and coach from . . .

Melon: This is the Missouri Sports Nitwit.

THE END



The Inheritance

(Continued from page 30)

Bob: "Aren't you coming in swimming?"

Betty: "I can't. A moth ate my bathing suit."

Bob: "The little rascal. He must have been on a diet."
* * *

Old Aunt: "Well, I shall not be a nuisance to you much longer."

Nephew: "Don't talk like that, aunt; you know you will."
* * *

Beta: "A good deal depends on the formation of early habits."

Phi Delt: "I know it; when I was a baby my mother hired a woman to wheel me about, and I have been pushed for money ever since."
* * *

A man was tuning in on the radio, when he got a sudden twing of pain in his back.

"I believe I'm getting lumbago!" he exclaimed.

"What's the use," answered his wife, "You won't understand a word they say."
* * *

"You look depressed, my friend. What are you thinking of?"

"My future."

"What makes it seem so hopeless?"

"My past."
* * *

A gold digger had died and all her worldly possessions, including a parrot, were being auctioned off. "What am I offered for this beautiful bird?" said the auctioneer.

"One buck," bid a bystander.

"Two bucks," roared another.

"Make it five, Daddy, croaked the parrot, "an' I'll give you a kiss."
* * *

"You don't seem to realize on which side your bread is buttered."

"What does it matter? I eat both sides!"

"Sure, just like that. I went an' thumbed it over to Pittsburgh for the funeral. It is a real nice one, too, . . . lots of flowers an' all that . . . Albie buys them all before he dies just to make sure. He don't have no friends what I know of. There are four people at this funeral, though . . . the undertaker, a priest, a guy who works in the place I guess . . . an' 'course, me."

"I guess this undertaker feller is wondering what I am doing there because after they lower Albie down he comes over an' I tell him that Albie is my best friend. Then he asks me is my name Frankie to which I answer, 'Yeah, depending upon which Frankie you are looking for'. Well, the guy says that the doc says Albie don't have nothing like kin-folk or nothing . . . he don't leave much because he sells everything so he will be sure to have a real great funeral with all them flowers an' a real priest an' something besides a wooden coffin."

"Then this undertaker tells me that before Albie dies he says,

'Get Frankie', only they do not know who Frankie is an' so Albie dies. Then he reaches in his pocket, this undertaker does, an' pulls out this little box. 'Mr. Luecker . . . the deceased . . . wanted you to have this', is what he says. An' you know, mister, this is the first time I ever know what Albie's last name is . . ."

"Say that was Western . . . we got to get off next stop. Sure didn't I tell you that's my stop too."

"Well, I guess that's about all of the story anyway . . . just about the way it was. But talking to you has been my pleasure . . . an' thanks . . . for the cigarettes . . . thanks a lot, friend. Maybe I'll see you around sometime. I won't speak, though . . . it don't look too good for you. You bein' respectful and' in insurance an' all. Say it is rainin' ain't it? Here I'll hold your brief case while you get your umbrella up. They ought to put more light up here.

"The package Albie give me . . . I guess I didn't say did I? But there ain't much in the little package he gives me . . . nothing much at all."

"See?"

THE END



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She: Your kisses are like a popular drink.

Pig-Pot winner: Powerful?

She: No, Old Fashioned.

* * *

ECAT: What's a censor?

Bob: A person who can see three meanings to a college joke that only has two meanings.

* * *

How about this incident in a St. Louis department store. A lady customer asked for a book that would tell a seven year old boy all about the birds and the bees.

"You mean on sex education?" the salesman asked.

"Oh, no," said the lady. "I have children so often he knows all about people. Now he should know about the birds and bees."

* * *

The salesman had two hours to kill. It was a rural town way up in Nebraska and he wondered what he might do.

He hailed a passing farmer and asked: "Do you have a movie here?"

"No."

"A pool-room?"

"No."

"Well, what do you do for amusement?"

"We usually go down to the grocery store. They have a new bacon slicer."

* * *

The inquisitive chap stared at the name on the shop window—A. Swindler.

He went inside and asked, "Wouldn't it be better if you printed your name in full?"

"Hardly," said the merchant. "My name is Adam."

* * *

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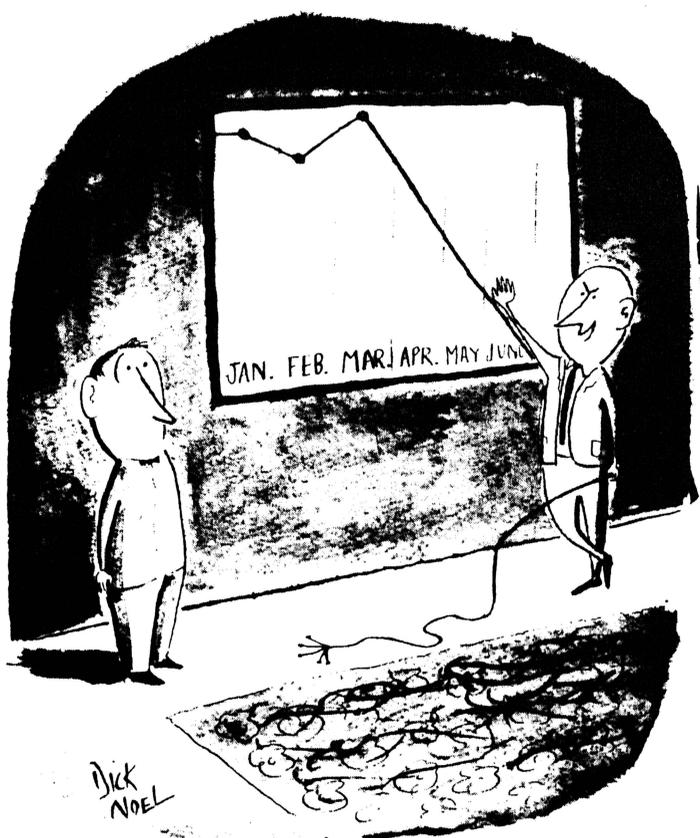
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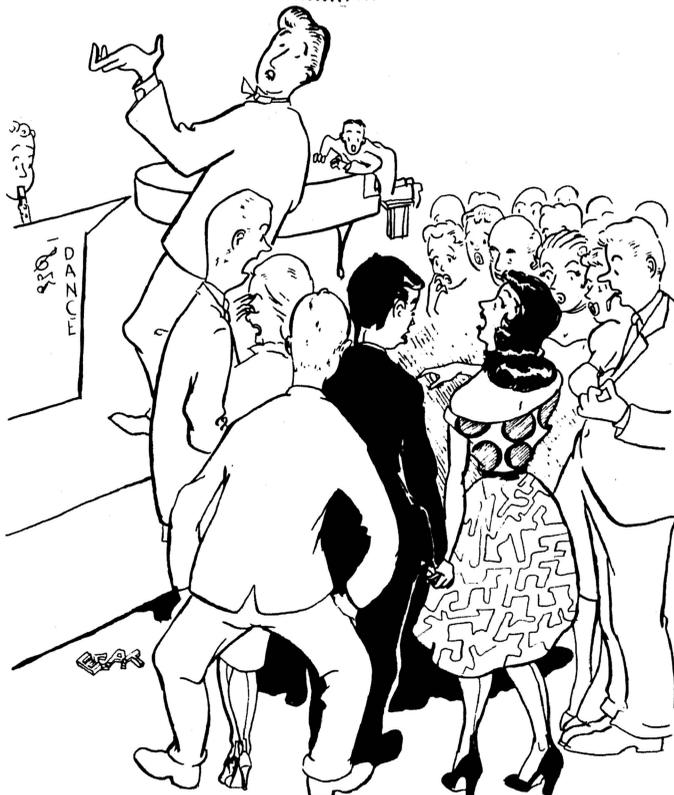
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DICK
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*"Lets see, Henderson—
You joined us in March, Didn't you?"*

Stuff



*My Lord! I thought they were demonstrating
the Mambo!*

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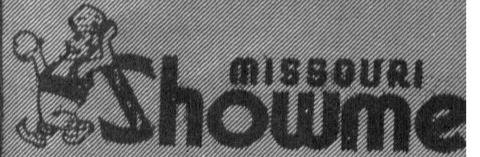
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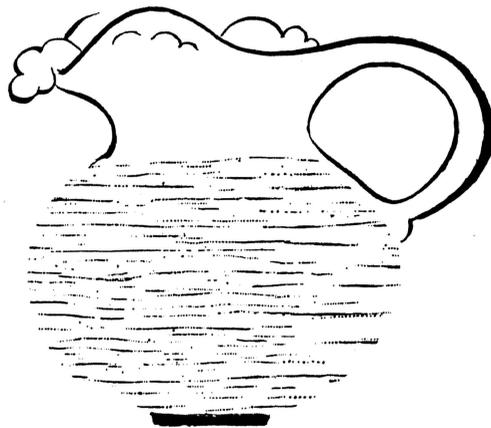
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Of Noble Tigermen

by **Harold Lanier**

Class of '50

Oh hear ye men of honor
To a tale that plagues the corps,
The charred remains of battle
That heaven seeks no more.

Of turf up-earthed, of sod less
green,
Of stands in empty reign,
Where once the clog of cleated
heels
Besieged the green terrain.

It was here the men of Black
and Gold
Assembled for the throng,
So take the cheer and send the
year
Triumphantly along.

The brazen air of victory
Had been the guiding light,
If followed through, would
comfort few,
Save those that came to fight.

The tumult rose in grand array
The din had scarcely died
When perchance, a passing glance
Saw victory passing by.

The epaulet of tasks undone
Shone brilliantly afar,
Of wayward hearts that bear the
grief
That dusk would fail to char.

Yet why we ask, doth reason
show
The failure to but heed,
The vain display of mockery
That would not guarantee.

The silence bares the souls despair
Of quiet in loss so rare,
Yet not one thought of credence
As to why the throng was there.

That victory is a hallow
That shelters all who care,
But, would fail to dim the
perchless light
Of those who's grief is rare.

A grief so tender yet so strong
Is that which mirrors not
That failure by the poor
Must never split the lot.

So come ye men of olden times
Of pasts both great and true,
Let not the dawn of aftermath
Appraise what is not due.

Hold unto truth what bold hearts
seek
Of honor great and strong,
That when the call of duty seeks
We pass our spirits on.

* * *



Prof: I won't begin lecturing until
the room settles down.

Student: (from the rear) Go home
and sleep it off, old man.

* * *

University Cop: Where are you
going in such a hurry?

Student: I just bought a new text-
book and I'm trying to get to
class before it goes out of date.

* * *

Absent-minded prof: Lady, what
are you doing in my bed?

Lady: Well, I like this bed; I like
this neighborhood; I like this
house and I like this room.
Besides . . . I'm your wife.

* * *

Independent: What is platonic
love?

Greek: Warming chairs, burning
lamps, playing victrolas, sitting
around a sorority house and
leaving at 10:30.

* * *

The Betas were arriving back to
the frat house after vacation.

First Beta: What did you do this
summer?

Second Beta: Worked in my dad's
office. And you?

First Beta: Yeah . . . I loafed too.

* * *

Salesman: What sort of toothbrush
do you want?

Sigma Nu: A big one. We had a
big pledge class this year.



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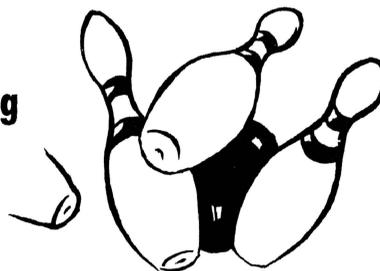
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NEUKOMM'S

ON THE STROLLWAY





Next Month
in
SHOWME
hell!
we
don't
know
yet!

ON SALE
DEC 7



contributors' page

The little gal whose picture graces this page is some kind of editor or another around 302 Read Hall, and while she's not work-horsing around, she likes to hear the sound of the phone ringing over at the Kappa house.

For October, Miss Petefish chooses an oatmeal shantung Kappa Sig, smartly accented by raccoon lined suede combat boots and a shrunken head charm bracelet.

In her leisure time, Joanne likes to read, play chess and bridge, study, and during working hours write letters to the Iowa State Penitentiary at Animosa, of which she is an honorary inmate. She also likes to drink beer and spends her imbibing hours looking around the room and muttering "Well, I never. . ."

Luckily, secretaries are plentiful this year, as Joanne cannot type a note; and about this sorry shortcoming, "Petey" has only to say in the way of apology, "Well, I never wear a girdle."

THE END



joanne petefish



dick noel

If versatility is a virtue and spontaneity is a symbol of success, Swami has, for an art editor, perhaps one of the greatest of the plastered saints of all time—Dick Noel.

Dick writes (Cats is Good People); draws cartoons and covers (as per hairy monsters); and broadcasts on the radio. If he doesn't have a radio station handy to victimize, he'll sit on the Stables roof and enlighten the aboriginal population until such time as he is driven off by Our Own Columbia police.

A native of Columbia, Richard Bollinger Noel joined the SHOWME staff while he was still a Kewpie (Rah), and has been working and working ever since, and is currently spending his time trying to devise a scheme to move the SHOWME annex *en toto* from one conference locale to another. He says, "It'll be like a big sedan chair."

When asked to describe his idea of the perfect man, Mr. Noel calmly asserted that it must be "The feller who, in a blizzard with two guys and two blankets, will blithely curl up under the leaves and die."

RHW

THE END



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