

33 #7
1957

April, 1957



Showme



25c

FREE!
This Issue
Contains A
Free 25c
Hulen's Lake
Swimming
Chit

ALSO
Special
"Peanuts" Tiger
Pattern For
Skirt or
Jacket

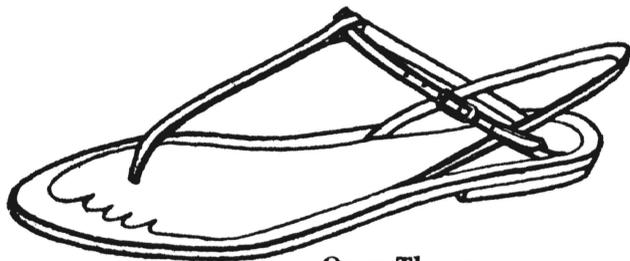
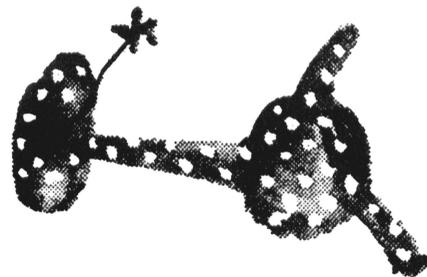


WITH
PERMISSION
LIMITED
FEATURE
BYND.

Showme Queen Katie James

*A new line has been added
to the NOVUS SHOP*

some people can't
capezio® people can



Open Thong comes
in Vanilla and White
See our Many other



the novus shop
18 ON THE STROLLWAY

THE FRANK SULLIVAN

Quintette

appearing every

FRIDAY & SATURDAY

NIGHT, 9-12

at

THE BREEZY HILL



Roses are red
Violets are blue
I get the heaves
Just thinking of you.

Naturally Yours ... for Easter
the **SLIMMER, NEATER,
LIGHTER LOOK**



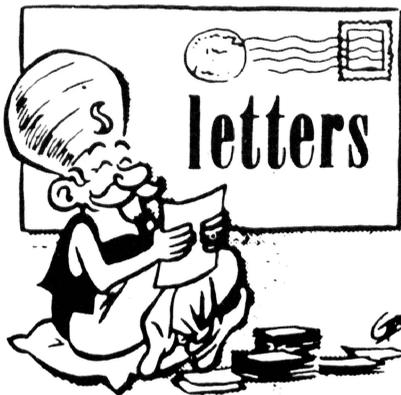
Our

TROPICAL SUITS

by

Botany "500" Palm Beach
Haspel Varsity Town
Hart, Schaffner & Marx





Thanks for helping us make magazine possible.

Sincerely yours,
Corrine R. Katz
College Humor
10 E. 40th Street
New York 16, N.Y.

* * *

arch 22

Dear Editors:

A recent survey in one of the men's dorms has turned up evidence that explains why so many M.U. men are inclined to agree with the author of "I Hate Girls Even More So" (January issue).

This survey was based on a test for . . . Each man interviewed was asked 25 questions. These would be answered neither correctly or incorrectly, but from the masculine or feminine viewpoint. The normal male should have answered 60 to 80 percent.

SUSIE STEPHENS

Here's how the guys came out:
36% was the lowest.
72% was the highest.
54% was the average.

Draw your own conclusions!

Sam

(Real name withheld by request)

TD-4

Columbia, Missouri

Dear "Sam":

Now try it in Gentry Hall. And when you give us those results we'll throw a big party for both dorms . . . at separate locations.

Eds

* * *

March 1

Sirs:

Start with March.

Thank you.

Kala Gresky

Delta Gamma

University of Idaho

Moscow, Idaho

Dear Editor:

We are trying to revive *Shaft* magazine on the University of Illinois campus. We feel *SHOWME* is the humor magazine we would like to pattern ourselves after rather than using the format of the old *Shaft*.

We hope we can intrude on Swami's personal ledgers (and send answers to enclosed questions on your business side) so they may serve as a guide to determining our own (rates and figures).

We expect to have the first issue of our magazine out sometime in May and we will be sure to send you a copy.

Cordially yours,

B. D. Johnston

Box 672 Station A

Champaign, Illinois

B. D.:

This is a real compliment . . . to see our present format catching on with other editors. We'll be watching for that first issue. *Shaft* used to cut a wide swath through campus publications offices. Hope you can attract back a damn good bunch of readers like Missouri is blessed with. You're in if the faculty wouldn't be caught dead reading the mag in public. We're in.

* * *

Dear Skip:

You will be glad to know we are using four cartoons from *SHOWME* in the forthcoming issue of *College Humor* on sale in April.

Checks totaling \$40 should be reaching you in about two weeks.



"It's been a lovely evening, Harry . . . Call me again when you have a lot more money to spend on me!"

What's your line?
I'm a college professor.
Yes, but what do you do for a living?

Kala:

Boy are you lucky, financially, that we thought you meant March, 1957, and not 1934.

Eds
* * *

March 1

Sirs:

I couldn't stand to miss a single issue. It's great!

Thank you,
Jo Ann Smith
3600 Griggs
Apt. 64
Houston, Texas

Jo:

We couldn't stand to miss your check. It keeps us solvent.

Eds
* * *

Feb. 6

Dear Sir:

For some time I have been pushing the idea of a nationwide humor magazine with a college motif. Some of the best humor available is going unseen due to limited distribution of school circulation.

A publisher is putting such a publication on the stands and all I need now is permission from college staffs to proceed. I will make payment for written and art work.

Please specify whether you wish checks made out to the writer or artist . . . or directly to the publication.

Please enter a subscription to SHOWME for me. I will appreciate your immediate attention as I am pushing a deadline.

Yours truly,
Jack O'Brien, Editor
COLLEGE FUN
810 Westwood Ave.,
Westwood, New Jersey

Dear Jack:

Delighted! Anything except "Thurlow". Another publisher has rights to book sale in the U. S. But better make those checks out to the individual artist or writer. We're not hinting that the check might get into the wrong hands but some edi-

Dear Skip and Nanci:

SHOWME is really great. I've just finished the February issue and I'd like to reach a few hundred miles and pat you both on the back. I was really ruined for SHOWME in recent years because I first hit M.U. in 1949-50 when some tremendously talented (and outrageously wild) people — mostly vets — were running the magazine. I can't now remember their names but Glenn Troelstrup might have been one of them.

After a bit in the service I finished up in 1954-55. That was a great year for me personally — but not for SHOWME. The children had come back. Or maybe it's because I was older. But as I remembered, SHOWME was not meant to be the weapon for one editor's personal (and petty) battles. It was when Chip was editor — and it wasn't even very funny.

I graduated in '55, came out to Denver, and subscribed. It was still a pale imitation though ECAT tried new things.

Your salute to the centerspread made me sit up and take notice. And then came your February issue. The letters pages were filled with legitimate letters, not phony inventions of a misguided editor. Ego was well written and made sense. (No personal vindictive.) Then Dick Noel, bless his heart. I must tell you that I think Noel's columns consistently have been the freshest, funniest contributions to the magazine, last year and this. Even my apartment-mate (a Colorado U. grad) is a confirmed Noel fan. The expose on sorority life was biting and did this old independent's heart good. Your selection on Religious Emphasis Week was excellent. I enjoyed Balladeer's Barstool not because I like folk music, but because I like the way Jerry Shnay writes. Flynn is tremendous. The centerspread missed it, the photo layout was sloppy, but you can't please everybody — especially me who has waited seven years to pat SHOWME on the back.

Bless your collective hearts for doing whatever editors are supposed to do to fill the book to overflowing with those cartoons. That's real home-grown originality.



One thing I can do without — Murlin Gene Smith. He smacks of Chip Martin, frankly. Cleverness with a touch of bittersweet is always welcome, but Mr. Smith doesn't quite have the touch. After wading through his stuff I keep asking myself, "Why doesn't the poor boy leave school if he's so unhappy there?"

I'm looking forward to the next issue. If you knew what a tremendous surge of pride I feel that Ye Olde Schoole has finally done it again, you might be tempted to take a couple swallows of my beer right now.

Sincerely,
Roger Goodwin, B.J. '55
455 E. Hampden
Englewood, Colorado

(Cont'd next page)

tors in the past have been, shall we say, interested in the newer cars field.

Two Mercedes-Benz Fans
* * *

take care of all of your thank-you obligations?

Two Tiger Users
* * *

Feb. 27

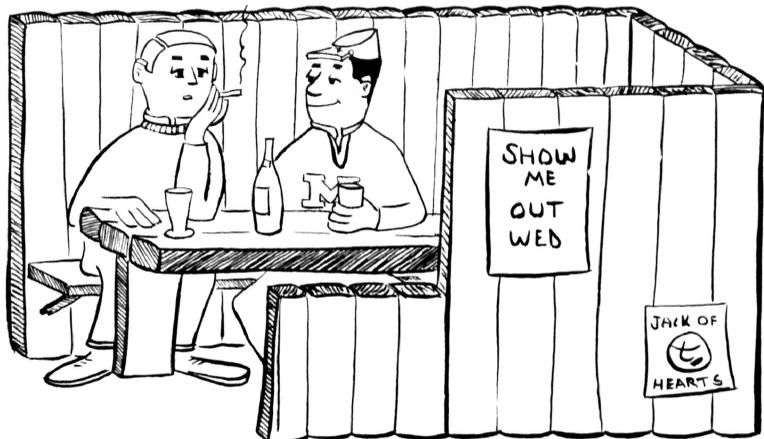
March 18 Dear Skip:

Dear Sir and MADAME:

Hot damn, you asked for it in your Editor's Ego.

WE HATE YOU HATE YOU HATE YOU HATE YOU!

You are right! The credit and non-credit situation is one of the most messed-uppest messes in the whole student publication field. (Editors Ego, February issue) More power to you.



KINKADE SHOWME

"Sure will be a relief to graduate and take it easy for a while."

It is therefore and here-to-with obvious isn't it, that we hold you in a certain degree of dislike.

Get our snapping, jumping Tiger offen your damn contents page.

Hi ho,
Maddog MANEATER

Maddog:

Right after you bannered that \$10 was missing from Campus Chest collections, your letter arrived . . . written on new, expensive bright letterhead stock. Well! The Tiger? Oh yes . . . as James Hennessy, business manager of United Feature Syndicate said, "You have our permission to use the tiger created by Mr. Charles Schulz. In this connection, please send us copies of all reproductions for our files and inclose the ONE WHICH APPEARED SOME MONTHS AGO IN MANEATER."

S'matter, Maddog, we gotta

By the way, *Rammer-Jammer* is dead. The *Mahout* is the Alabama humor magazine.

Tell Dick Noel he is the best young cartoonist in the country.

John Wagnon
Editor
Mahout
Box G
University of Alabama

John:

Delighted to hear from the democratic South. What does *Mahout* mean? Glad you go along with our credit ideas cause a few more editors like you who read us besides clipping us apart for cartoons would give campus mags a shot in the arm (See Editors' Ego, this issue). Give 'em hell down there.

Two Egos
* * *

Feb. 19, 1957

Dear Sir:

Enclosed find two dollars cash payment for the remaining issues of *SHOWME*. Due to the fact that my father attended "Ol'

Mizzou" during the '30's he strongly recommended that I matriculate at Grinnell, therefore, *SHOWME*, best college humor magazine in the U.S., will be my only contact with M.U. outside of the many friends I have there.

Please get on the stick and send it.

Sincerely yours,
Joe Walka
Cowles Hall
Grinnell College
Grinnell, Iowa

Dear Joe:

You are the kind of discriminating student we'd like to have here . . . on the Publications Board. We're already on the stick, Joe, only down here we call it the shaft. And just to prove we're a bunch of right guys, Jack Taylor and Jean Madden will still put pop's name in *The Missouri Alumnus*.

Editors
* * *

April is Here! "Hink Time"

**For A Successful
"Hink" Party
you need**

A Girl

A Blanket

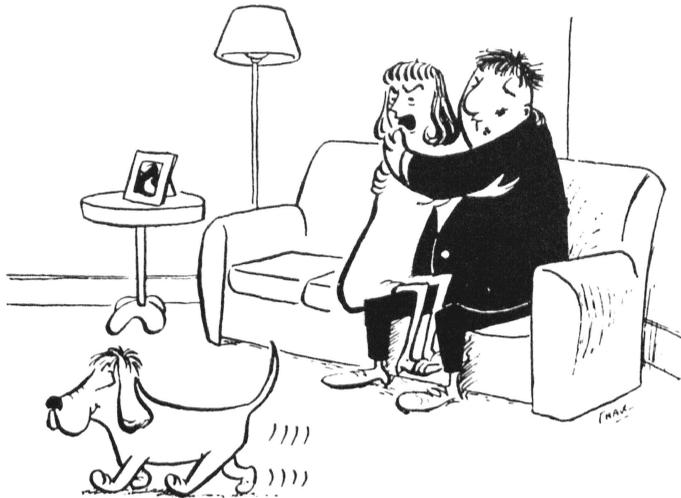
A Radio

What? Your Radio Busted?
Get it fixed at

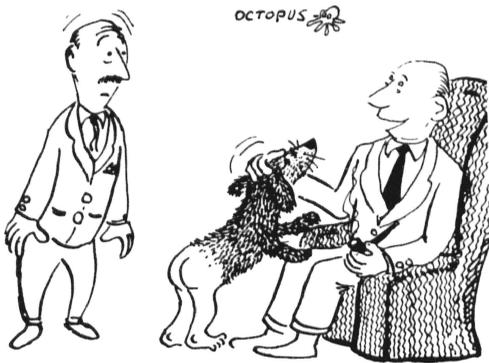
Wright Radio & T.V.

Hiway 40 & 63

filched



"There goes old blabbermouth, now the whole neighborhood'll know."
Ski-U-Mah.



"He's almost human."



"WHERE THE HELL'S MY GAWDAMN NURSE?"

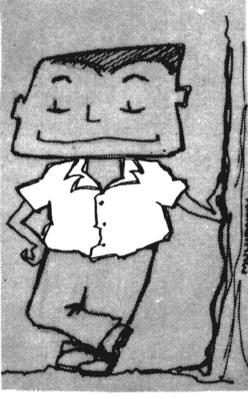


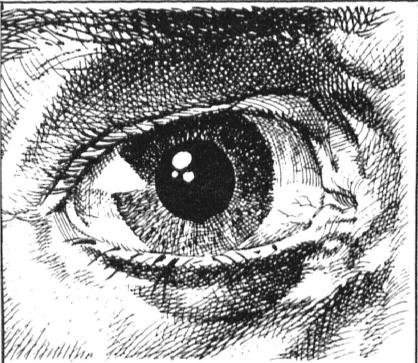
All Sorts
of Cats
hang out at

THE DEN

915 Cherry
Gl 2-9604

One Side
bub
I've got
pull





Adam and Eve were the first bookkeepers. They invented the loose-leaf system.

SEE YOU AT
HULEN'S LAKE*

*FREE with coupon
on Monday and Tuesday
APRIL 22-23 ONLY



We were tickled with some of the comments we received concerning our note here about other magazines stealing our stuff and crediting themselves (February issue). We've reprinted one in this month's Letters to the Editors because it's from John Wagnon, editor of the Alabama **Mahout** (formerly Rammer-Jammer). John sent along the original reprint of Jack Duncan's "hit me with his crutch" cartoon. We note that an overall credit was given separate from the cartoon and that other editors ignored that and ran it as a **Rammer-Jammer** cartoon. Alabama is absolved and we welcome another of the better campus editors to our way of thinking to bring a little more morality among college mags. But:

A BLAST AT "BLAST"

Just how long is Mr. Krupa up there running the University of South Dakota **Blast** going to scissors up SHOWME cartoon work and run it as original Dakota art? In the March issue: Around the Columns head stolen; Troelstrup, Flynn and Kinkade cartoons lifted; centerspread (January) SHOWME cover layout copied and Filched page run whole plus THE GREATEST CRIME OF ALL. Krupa's **Blast** COMPLETELY IGNORED OUR APPEAL IN THAT ISSUE ON LIFTING CREDIT AND CHOPPED APART THE CENTERSPREADS AND USED THEM AS INDIVIDUAL CARTOONS. Especially lifted were the Beer Bust, Before that Date, Walker's First Spread and That Packet of Assorted Miseries Which We Call a House.

OF ALL THE STOLEN MATERIAL, ONLY ONE CARTOON WAS CREDITED TO SHOWME.

What did the ocean say to the airplane when it flew over? Didn't say nothing. Just waved.

We hear **Blast** may collect the SHOWME cartoons of former-**Blast** staffer, lovable Swami-ized J. J. Aasen, for one issue. If so, let's see those credits.

College magazines are a springboard to the nationals, and we would like to remind some of the ertswile "editors" that on the national scene their practice is what is known as Plagiarism.

We welcome Alabama **Mahout** Illinois **Shaft**, Penn. **Froth**, Kansas **Squat** and the Michigan State **Spartan** to our camp. Any other moral editors?

We're proud as punch that the MISSOURI PAGEANT COMMITTEE has asked SHOWME to join with it to bring word on the 1957 "Miss Missouri Scholarship Pageant".

All the information is found in later pages. Back in 1955, SHOWME cooperated in the same event and the Pageant committee held a Sunday afternoon interview in the Student Union to explain the scholarship and beauty award info to 54 interested campus beauties.

If you're interested in running for MISS MISSOURI, read our story and drop around for an hour to see movies and hear talks on how YOU may win . . . because SHOWME wanted to help put you there.

Just another service of your twenty-five cent monthly dreadful.

Writing the Contributor's Page this month, we have a "new"

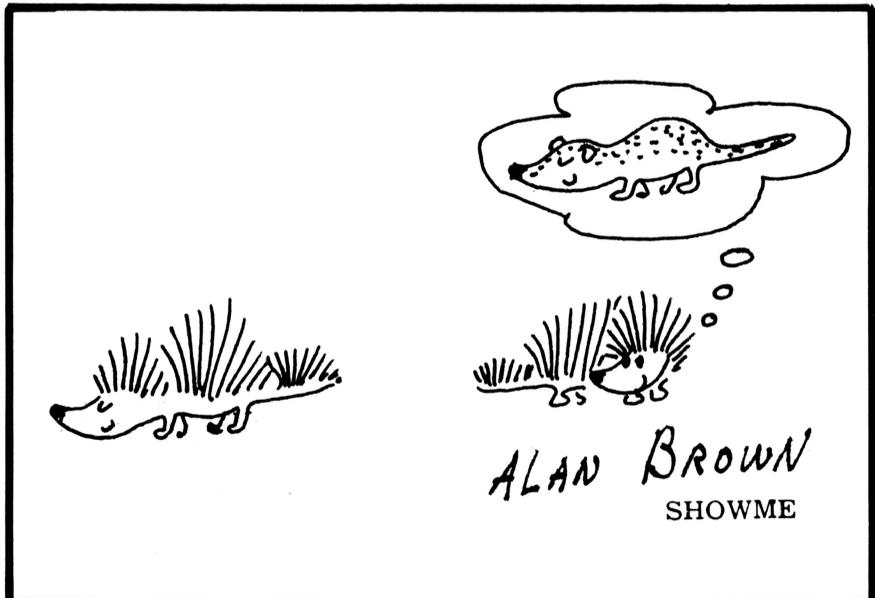
SHOWME staff member, Noel Tomas. After being on the verge of breaking into SHOWME print all year, Noel has finally made it. Last month his modern fable of St. Patrick made it as far as the galley proofs, but got deleted in a frantic burst of editorial economy (prompted by Dick (Scrooge) Johnston). Noel and Dick Noel keep us in constant confusion trying to remember that one is NO-EL and the other Nole. Just one traumatic experience after the other!

And next month SHOWME pays its own unique type of tribute to the funloving Ozarks, weekend haven of rebellious frustrated students. On warm May weekends, when the prospect of studying and the scholastic aura of a many-campus town become too much for the student body to bear, there is a mass exodus southward.

Immersed in alcoholic glory on the Lake of the Ozarks, term papers and exams are forgotten temporarily, as the student's most pressing problem becomes how to acquire a quick suntan painlessly. Next month, SHOWME takes a **grande tour** of the Ozarks, as a preview for the uninitiated and a lure for the professional weekenders. It's Ozark time again!

Nanci &

SKIP



ALAN BROWN
SHOWME



Showme

VOLUME 33

APRIL 1957

NUMBER SEVEN

EDITORS

Skip Troelstrup

Nanci Schelker

BUSINESS MANAGER

Dick Johnston
Brack Hinchey

PHOTOS

Joe Van Trump
Charlotte Peaslee

OFFICE MANAGER

Pat Deatherage
Alex Seconk

EDITORIAL ASSISTANT

Dick Noel
Alex Seconk

PUBLICITY

Judy Miller
Margi Foster

SUBSCRIPTIONS

Joanne Petefish
Alex Seconk

FEATURES

Ron Soble
Alex Seconk

CIRCULATION

Bob Clatanoff
Ruth Muff

EXCHANGES

Carolyn Maas
Alex Seconk

ADVERTISING

Gene Scott
Alex Seconk

ART

J. J. Aasen
Alex Seconk

JOKES

Ginny Turman
Alex Seconk



U.F.S

In Paris, it's frankness,
In the New Yorker, it's lif
In a professor, it's clever:
But in Showme,
It's censored.

FEATURES

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SHOWME is published nine times during the college year by the students of the University of Missouri. Office: 302 Read Hall, Columbia, Mo. All rights reserved. Unsolicited manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Advertising rates furnished on request. National Advertising Representatives: W. B. Bradbury Co., 122 East 42nd St., New York City. Printers: Modern Litho-Print Co., Jefferson City, Mo. Price: 25c a single copy; subscriptions by mail, \$3.00. Editors' phone numbers: GI. 3-4053 or GI. 2-9855.



IMNI NASTAW SHOWME

*Spring is putting on the squeeze
With snappin' jumpin' birds and bees
Queens 'n Tigers, beer 'n sin
Have Ole Nature in a spin.*



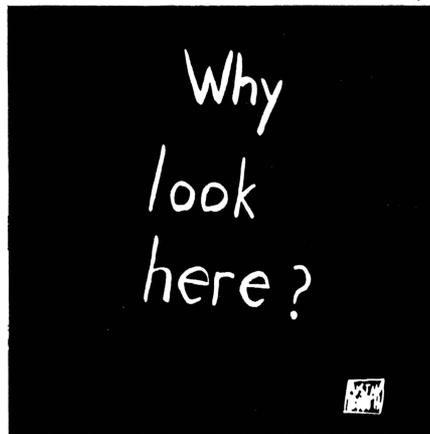
Around The Columns

It is five minutes to one in the afternoon and I am sitting on a stool in the Italian Village inspecting a very large, cold, frosty quart of Stag beer. There are two labels on the quart — one on the neck and one the bottom; the top one says "The Best Brews in the World come from Carling's", which I am in no position to dispute, and the bottom one says "Stag" and then, in smaller letters, "Premium Dry Pilsener". The "Stag" is so you'll know what kind of beer it is and the other part is I guess merely a factual statement. Premium Dry Pilsener, it says. I don't even know what Pilsener is, so if they want to call it Pilsener, it's all right with me. I'm no trouble-maker. They can call it toadmonger for all I care. Anything. It's beer.

SEE THE REASON I'm here is because it's Friday and I just had a test in Regions and Nations of the World, which would lead anybody to drink. No kidding, it would. I never seen a test like that one was. Remarkable. It was one of those deals where after you walk into the room and they hand you the test (complete with super-sonic electric decoder pencil with blue lead), you sit there and sort of look it over (the test) before starting on it, and you have a terrible feeling that you have walked into the wrong classroom. You think that maybe you are in a class in which they are teaching Nuclear Physics or Armenian or Birdhouse Shelling II, if you know what I mean. It's very unnerving. You notice that the guy in front of you has developed a severe nervous tic in his left cheek, and the guy next to you is clenching and unclenching his fists and has got this sort of hunted expression on his face. It was wild. I never seen a test like that before in my life, no kidding.

So I'm in the Italian Village with my quart of beer. The bartender's name is Wayne. He is a good guy. I just told him about

this test and he said "Tough", and "Well, one test don't make the whole grade," and things like that which bartenders are supposed to say, you know. If they don't say them they are lynched or stoned to death or something, so they say them. I think they must take a course in it.



But his name is Wayne, anyway. He has got a pencil behind his ear and has got this little nick in his chin where he must have cut himself shaving. He is talking to somebody, and he is saying "What kind of beer you want?" The guy wants a Falstaff. He gets it. The earth turns another notch and time marches on. Downhill.

SPEAKING OF EARTH (I just spoke of it), in front of me is this blue globe of the earth and it says "Schlitz" on it and it is slowly turning around, from left to right. I am watching it. It is one of those things with which you can entertain yourself in a bar after you get tired of reading if you are under twenty-one do not ask for beer and no personal checks cashed and please no credit and matches free light up a Kool and Rolled Gold pretzel sticks and Schlitz on tap and Budweiser and Penrose Sausages and in bottles Stag and old Plantation nuts and Busch Bavarian and the cigar that breathes and pitchers \$1.25 and Slim Jims and spaghetti and meat sauce \$.90.

If you watch this globe turn from left to right long enough you get the feeling that the globe isn't turning at all but that the whole bar is. From left to right. That's just what I've been doing, but I've stopped now. I'm not chicken or anything. It's fun for awhile, really. But while doing it I poured about half of my current quart down my left pant-leg, so I stopped. Wasteful, you know. Helping Hitler.

The guy who runs the place is named Clair and right now he

is standing in front of the cash register counting the till, which is a very dangerous thing to be doing, if you stop to think of it. The guy on my right is telling the guy on his right about some other guy who can chug a can of beer in three seconds, and the guy on my left is Doc Shaw and he is telling the guy on his left that he is majoring in Rural History, which is a lie.

Just now some guy somewhere put a dime in the juke-box and that marvelous invention is producing the recorded voice of Harry Belafonté singing something stimulating. Lots of electric guitars and hollering and drums and carrying on. Harry sounds like he's in a cave.

Hell, he shouldn't have done that — what he did now, I mean. He put another dime in the juke-box and Julie London is singing and it sounds real soft and misty and I feel like I'm eighty years old.

BUT IT'S FRIDAY and I am in the Italian Village and I have a little over half a pack of cigarettes and enough coin for three more quarts.

I'm satisfied. I couldn't ask for no more.

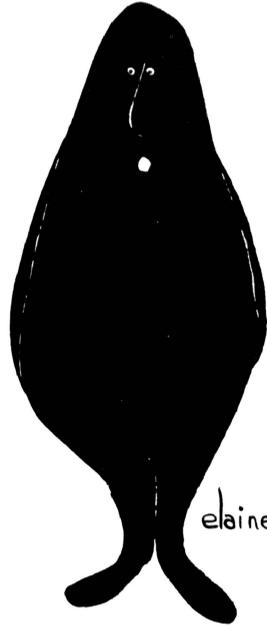
Until next Friday.

THIS MONTH is the month of April. Seriously, it is. Anybody will tell you. April. It's all the rage. Spring is here (it's actually been here for two or three weeks, officially, you know, but not so as you'd notice it and the birds are out and the flowers are out and Harry Carey is making like the exhibition games are the Olympics and the dollies are beginning to shed those hairy looking socks and some fools are trying to go swimming and it's getting practically impossible to study nights and the beer tastes better somehow and edieandbill are laughing at the funnylimping balloonman and rolling in pudwonderfuls and the whole damn season is getting out of hand. Crazy.

Spring, you naturally realize is, when The Whole World Comes Alive. This includes everything

and everybody — even caterpillars and ashtrays and old scar-eared tomcats and Red Foley and bowling machines and wrist watches and old ladies with umbrellas.

But it does. Come alive, I mean. Everything. And it's a pretty good deal, really, if you stop to consider it.



ALFRED
E. NEUMAN
IS NO DAMN GOOD

Except for one thing. Keep your eyes on the cemetery.

* * *

THE FOLLOWING is one of those small items you find in the back pages of newspapers which are often funnier than hell and which — from my standpoint — are very convenient because I'm extremely lazy and . . . see . . . all I have to do is . . . well . . . yes.

Therefore hence ergo hoc spit: ABILENE, Tex. (AP) — Doyle Roberts unwrapped the new auto license plates he purchased yesterday and found a note between them which read: "Help, I'm being held prisoner." The plates are made by inmates of the Texas State Penitentiary at Huntsville.

See what I mean?

* * *

ONE OF THESE DAMN DAYS I'm gonna learn to spell Ardy Freidbaum's name right.

* * *

RIGHT NOW I'm sitting in front of the television set. While ago I told you I was sitting in the Italian Village, and I was, but I'm not anymore. I'm sitting in front of the television watching ol' Perry Como. You know ol' Perry Como. Joe Relax. He is so relaxed he practically collapses on the set. But he has got these guests, you know, and one of them tonight is Anna Marie Albespaghetti, and she is singing. This opera garbage. She is going wild. Later on Sig Seizure will be on, and if I'm still here I'll tell you about it.

* * *

YOU KNOW, nowadays us Americans are so overwhelmed by reading matter of all kinds that we can hardly be relied upon to judge rationally anymore. We got girlie magazines, westerns, scandal sheets, true confessions, science fiction, and, so many I couldn't begin to list them. But the really interesting — and disgusting — point about them is that in any of the categories — love, western, or what have you, you continuously run into these trite phrases and speeches which you've been reading over and over ever since you can remember. You see and hear them all the time — in movies, on television, radio, in newspapers, but most of all in the pulp magazines that seem to be engulfing our whole culture.

For the past few years I have been keeping my eye out for them (you can hardly miss them), and the following is my version of all the trite speeches rolled into one, for each type of magazine.

ARMY LIFE—

"Awright, roll call, men. Answer up. Jones, O'Reilly, Horwitz, Chang, Pizzari, Washington, Steinburger, Wellington . . ."

RURAL—

"Well, I tell yuh what, Jamie — if'n you straighten up and

face this like a man, I'll get yuh a *new* dog, and he'll be twict as good as pore ol' Rover . . ."

LOVE—

"Darling, even if we're separated by oceans, you'll always be with me . . . here. No, dammit — not there, *here*, in my heart . . ."

COLLEGE LIFE—

"Look dad, I really hit the books last night, so let's go beer down. Then we'll dig out for the house, chow, watch the tube, catch a flick, grab a little sack . . ."

WESTERN—

"Awright Bart — you may think your fast gun is pretty fast, but my fast gun is so much faster than your fast gun I could even use my *second* fastest gun and it'd still be so much faster than your fastest gun . . ."

SCIENCE FICTION—

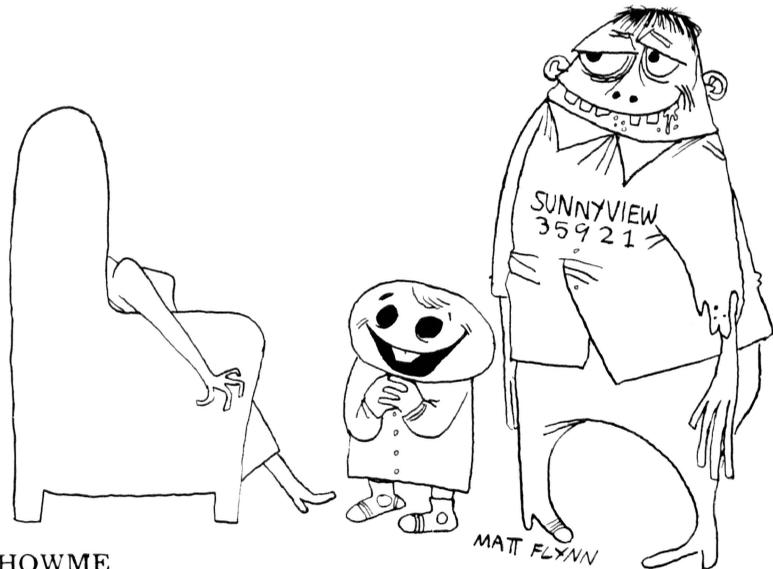
Gentlemen, my analysis isn't quite finished, but from what I've found so far I can tell you that this . . . thing . . . we are dealing with is *not of our earth* . . ."

MYSTERY—

"Strange indeed, Hanson, that you just happened to have a \$10,000,000 insurance policy on your aunt. And made out only two days before the . . . uh . . . accident, too . . ."

SPORT—

"Say skipper, I know I've got a broken leg, but if you want to let me pinch-hit for Blake, well, I'll sure . . . no, no, the cast won't get in the way at all . . ."



SHOWME

"He followed me home, Mommy. Can I keep him,"

IF THEY don't take that guy off television who says "I feel great — and Anacin doesn't upset my stomach!", I'm going to have a fit.

IN PASSING—

In Cleveland, cops surprised 40 men playing cards in an eight by ten foot room, bagged two packs of cards and the 17 gamblers who couldn't squeeze past the door or dive through the window, later released their catch on insufficient evidence after they examined the cards, discovered they were printed in Spanish, decided it would be impossible to explain the game to the judge.

In Cary, N.C., accused by sheriff's deputies of knifing an ac-

quaintance during a fight over a woman, Early Montague shamefacedly explained: "Yeah, I cut him, but my big blade broke and I couldn't get the little blade open to cut some more."

DO YOU ever listen to the radio in the morning right after you get up? I do — I mean I used to. I don't anymore. KFRU has got Boris Karloff on every morning at quater to eight. No stuff — Boris Karloff. Listen to it sometime. Really start the day off right. Man. Next they'll start broadcasting funerals. At meal time.

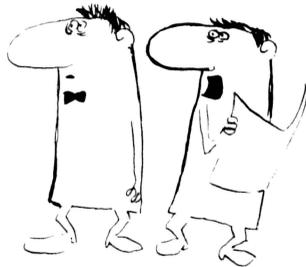
ONE OF THE MORE humorous aspects of last months TV "Emmy" awards was that, in one category, they had Tennessee Ernie and Bishop Fulton J. Sheen competing against one another. Luckily, neither won.

If you get a chance, don't fail to kill all the rabbits you can. After all, next week's Easter, and we don't want to get to the place where all these wonderful celebrations are merely bypassed.

Damn sam, i hope im thru now. im gonna quit anyway. if you run short stick in a joke or something, noonell notice . . .

Be cheerful, friends, and keep things buttoned up . . .

DICK NOEL



SHOWME

SHOWME

"I think he's touched!"



The picture starts with camera following a pair of feet trudging through frozen mud and sweat. The feet are bloody and wrapped in World War I knapsacks. In the background we hear the movie theme song, "Battlescar Daddy Rock." Suddenly a bomb whistles across the gray screen and explodes in front of the camera. As the smoke and blood clears we see

THE GUTS and the GUTS

SCENE ONE: We see the feet still walking. They are somewhat bloodier. They march up forty-seven flights of stairs, march past a pile of broken bricks and splintered beams, past a heap of grinning bodies, and finally, as the music swells, a bloody foot kicks open a bullet riddled door.

"Hot damn that smarts!" the owner of the feet screams. "Yes," the other comments, But it's realistic as hell. The other man is Captain Eddie Albertcloonie. He is peeling a banana. The first man is Jack Ugly. The captain finishes peeling the banana and throws it in the corner with the

Directed by Matt Flynn
SHOWME presents a movie review.

For those of you who saw the show when it was here, we hope you enjoy it for the second time; for those of you who missed it, congratulations.

others. He then eats the peel. The captain is crazy. The camera turns on the figure in the doorway. A lean man with a strong, hard face. The face speaks . . . "You sent for me, sir?" The "sir" is said sarcastically. "Yes-sireebobarootiekazootie, Jack Boy. I have a really keeno idea. I want you and some of the boys to take the tiny town of Wectzenblurch." The captain smiles. "We'll cover you." Camera moves in for a close-up. The captain twitches nervously. His eyes are watery, his skin is pale, his hair is blond crewcut. He grins at Jack Ugly and adds, "We'll be right behind you."

Jack grits his pearly teeth and flexes the muscles in his jaw. Sweat trickles down from his matted hair and forms dirty rivers on his grimy, realistic face. He explodes. "Yeah. Like you were behind us at Reutzencomp and Chritchton! Dunfruz and Roblehall! If you," he says breathing heavily, "If you get me down again. I'm coming back and ram this hand grenade down your throat." Jack whirls and stomps dramatically out of the room. Then, when out of sight, he breaks into a painful hobble.

* * *

SCENE TWO: Jack and the boys are high on a windy hill. The set was borrowed from *Love Is a Many Splendored Thing*. The morning mist was borrowed too, but unlike other unrealistic movies, this show has no kissing lovers. This show has only sweating men.

"It's too quiet, Sergeant Ugly." It's a kid's voice. The camera focuses on a shaggy-haired, lovable farmboy. He has his arms about

a collie dog's neck. The dog followed him clear from Potlicker, Miss. And that's quite a swim.

The wind stirs Jack's long black hair. The sergeant folds his arms about his one-man bazooka with bayonet attachment. "I'll go it alone," he says quietly. "'Tis a far, far better thing that I do this now than I have never before done and/or something." Jack's not too good with the long lines. The collie dog sighs.

"If I don't return, sweaty and brave, remember this . . . he who, who he . . ." Jack stares cinematicly out into space. Then with a snap of his fingers, he charges down the hill toward the town. After he is out of sight of the boys, he slows to a hobble. He had to ham it up for the boys. In the background he can hear them singing *God Bless America* in march time. It is very inspiring.

Now we can see Jack approaching the town; for, through the magic of motion pictures, we are located in a belltower in Westzenblurch. We hear realistic, cruel voices. Actual type of mean, nasty enemy voices. "Rottzen Americano peeg. I ban gona shottzen." Boom. Tac-tac-tac. WHOMP! BURP! BURP! WOW-BANG BOW! THONK! Every kind of gun in the world . . . ZAP! in the anywhere, opens up on poor Jack who is enveloped in a cloud of smoke, fire, blood and shrapnel.

* * *

SCENE THREE: An orderly bursts into the captain's office. The orderly is sweating. "Jack Ugly is being killed, sir. He requests the cover you offered him, sir!" The camera moves in on the captain's face. He is sweating and crying. He squashes a banana in his armpit. Boy, is he yellow.

"Please sir, you must help."

Tension mounts. The captain drops to the floor and begins to beat his head against a nearby brick. We no longer hate him. Now we pity him. The captain looks up and speaks slowly as he hits his head. "Tell him . . . to do . . . the best . . . he can . . . tell him

. . . that I . . . love him . . . oh my . . . head." With this, Albertcloonie staggers to his feet and stumbles toward his bunk, still beating himself about the head and shoulders with the bloody brick. The music here is very sad. (Scene fades.)

* * *

SCENE FOUR: The smoke has begun to clear on the battlefield. We now see Jack Ugly. He has two bullet holes in his chest and his head has been run over

Ugly for desertion."

There's much boing outside the window. Everybody likes Jack and no one the captain. Then, outside the door, we hear a scraping, gurgling, dragging sound. The captain whirls around, facing the door. The door swings slowly open . . . In topples Jack Ugly. The captain giggles at the mutilated, mangled, maimed, morbid body of once-proud Jack. "You dirty ratnig," Jack mumbles. "You are loathsome and



Dramatic Moment from — THE GUTS AND THE GUTS—A Realistic Release starring Jack Ugly and Eddie Albertcloonie

by a tank. He smiles. He knows that he has come through the worst of it. He knows this means a furlough. But now his face melts into a mask of hate. He is thinking of the captain. He begins to crawl up the bloody slope. The band plays hate music.

* * *

SCENE FIVE: Trembling hands pack a suitcase full of banana peels. "Call me a jeep, Private," he shouts toward a window. "O.K., you're a jeep," the private shouts back. Albertcloonie ignores the laughter and continues. "I'm going to see Colonel Maruin about getting Sergeant

disgusting and not fit to be called Captain and I shall not call you Captain no more, you big pig!" (Note here real realistic use of words such as "big pig" to denote antagonistic attitude of Jack toward the captain.) Jack tries to rise, but can't. The captain is standing on his bloody head. The captain giggles and plunks an object into his mouth. There is a muffled explosion. Blood splatters the screen.

* * *

SCENE SIX. Two orderlies are sweeping the captain into a bloody dustpan. Jack Ugly's sightless eyes cannot see what has
OVER

happened, but we feel that he knows. We feel that he knows that the crazy, hateful, mean and downright disagreeable captain peeled and ate a . . . hand grenade. We feel the true-to-life, realistic justice of it all. The band plays "Battlescar Daddy Rock." triumphantly. In bloody letters across the sweat screen is written:

THE END

A REALISTIC RELEASE

As we leave our sweaty seats and comb our matted hair and gasp for air, we feel strangely ill at ease. Wonder why all the people around us act and look so normal, so unrealistic.



"Sorry . . . I can't hear you . . . I gotta Banana in my ear!"



Carolyn Wilkerson
 1957 Engine queen, agrees
 that shoes at gene glenn's
 are fit for a queen.
Gene Glenn

Queen Katie

and Princess Ann



ANN LEWELLEN

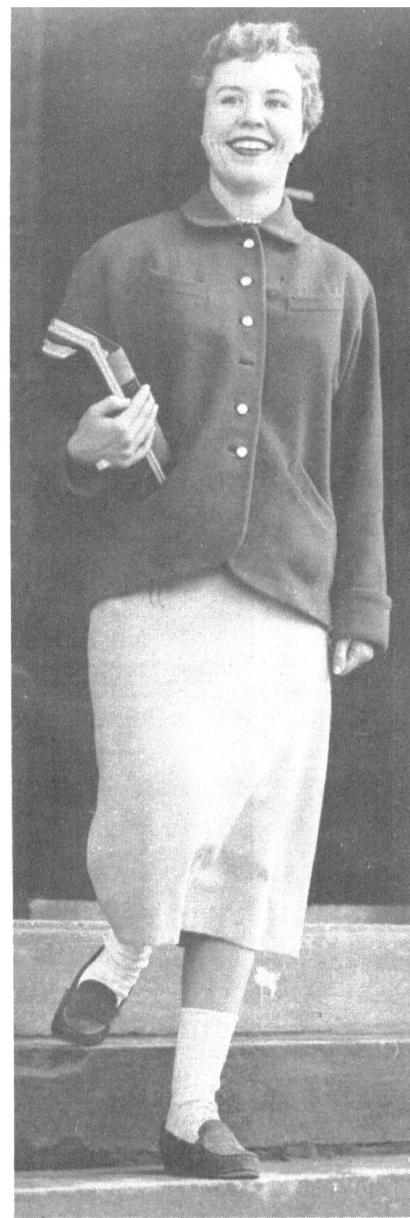
The town of Marshall, Missouri, must have had a ball on March 1, 1936 — 'cause like that's when Swami's queen, Katie James, was born.

This green-eyed, brown-haired miss ranks as one of the prettiest and most-poised of all the Showme Queens. She's also a Kappa Kappa Gamma and the sweetheart of the Delta Tau Delta house — namely Bob Falkenhainer. Queen Katie says she wants to use her major in French to land a job with the government. She likes to swim and to play tennis and as far as Swami is concerned she's going to be unbeatable in any field.

And speaking of something unbeatable, Swami not only crowned a beautiful queen, but also an exquisite princess. Ann Lewellen was born October 19, 1935, in that ribald town of St. Louis and later moved to greener pastures in Jefferson City. This pretty brown-eyed, brown haired miss is majoring in speech therapy and plans to teach deaf children,

There's a certion lucky airman at the Seymour Johnson Air Force Base in North Carolina who has set the date with this luscious coed for July 6. Yes, Ann also is a jock — having swimming, tennis and golf among her repertory.

Swami hit it on the proverbial nail when he said that Katie and Ann would be the perfect complement to anything.



KATIE JAMES

Photos by Charlotte Peaslee

MORNNIG . . .



NOON . . .



AND NIGHT . . .



She's A Queen



...Have a Ball

The air was electric with excitement at the gala Crystal Ball. Finally, the big moment arrived and the name of the 1957 Showme queen formed in Swami's crystal ball. And Katie James was crowned queen.



The St. Louis trip began on a regal note by reserving a royal suite for the queen and her princess — Ann Lewellen. They are being welcomed by Ray Carr, manager of the Melbourne Hotel.

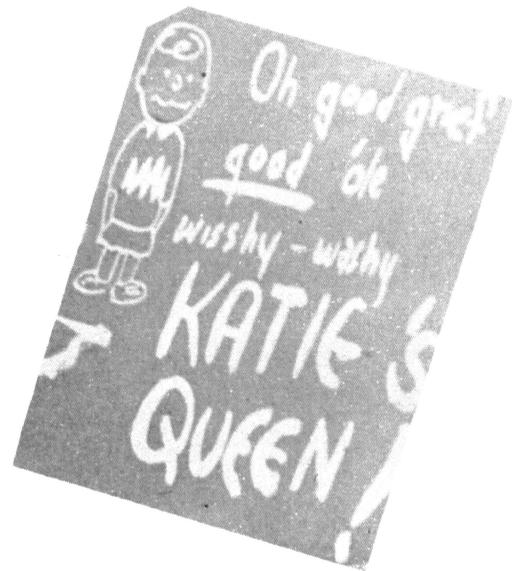


While at KXOK the queen met THE ESCORTS — the top national recording group. They sang for Katie, autographed a record for her . . . and agreed that Swami had made an excellent choice.

Katie and Ann were given the key to St. Louis. Their first stop was at KXOK where they were interviewed by St. Louis's celebrated disc-jockey, Ed Bonner.



in St. Louis



Photos by Joe Van Trump



For those who were still sober, the banquet for Katie and Ann at the Melbourne proved to be a huge success. Katie is in the process of answering for the 258th time, "What's it feel like to be Queen?"

The gala evening started at the Chase Hotel. Here, Katie and Ann are being interviewed on "Thee Harry Fender Show" in the Steeplechase, the Chase's cocktail lounge. "Yes," said Fender, "here's true Americana."



Here's How You Can Be

SHOWME JOINS WITH THE MISS MISSOURI PAGEANT COMMITTEE TO PRESENT A PROGRAM AT 2 P.M. SUNDAY APRIL 14 IN THE STUDENT UNION TO EXPLAIN ENTRANCE OF MISSOURI CO-EDS IN ST. LOUIS AREA PRELIMINARIES IN MID-MAY. ALL CO-EDS ARE ELIGIBLE. PAGEANT STAFF WILL PRESENT COLOR MOVIES.

WILL THIS BE YOU THIS YEAR?



MISS AMERICA 1957
Marian Ann McKnight,
Manning, South Carolina

The Miss Missouri Pageant Committee of the Webster Groves Junior Chamber of Commerce is franchised by MISS AMERICA in Atlantic City to present a Pageant at which one young lady is chosen to represent Missouri in the annual MISS AMERICA SCHOLARSHIP PAGEANT. In September, the state winners compete for the Miss America title and for more than \$30,000.00 in scholarships.

Ten Missouri towns are now holding preliminaries. But ALL GIRLS ENTERING THE MISS MISSOURI PRELIMINARY THROUGH THE COOPERATION OF SHOWME will directly enter the preliminaries in St. Louis in mid-May. A finalist will be chosen there and she will enter the finals in June. No entry fee is required for preliminaries candidates.

QUALIFICATIONS:

- 1) Aged 18 by September, 1957 and not over 27 by the same date.
- 2) NEVER have been married.
- 3) A resident of Missouri OR A STUDENT IN THE UNIVERSITY OF MISSOURI or other Missouri schools.
- 4) High school graduate.
- 5) Ability to present 3-minute talent (voice, dance, instrumental, dramatics, speech, art, design, sports, etc.)
- 6) For the first time, a general scholarship will be offered to Miss Missouri.

See You at the Miss Missouri Entrance Program at



The *Miss America Pageant*
CONVENTION HALL, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

Miss Missouri



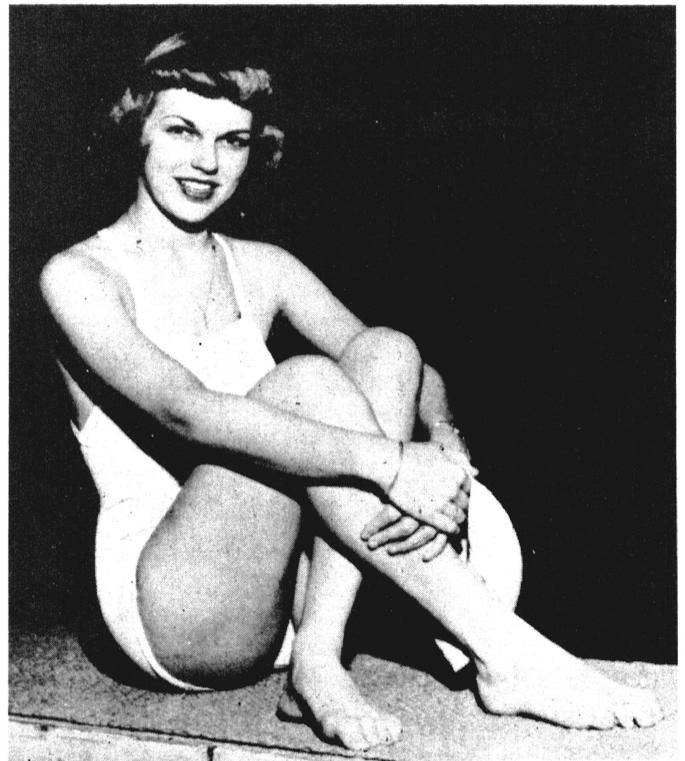
NICE THINGS HAPPEN TO MISS MISSOURI:

Miss Missouri of 1956, Roseann Teri of St. Louis was chosen June 16th. She reigned as official state hostesses at the National Jaycee Convention in Kansas City, an all-expense-paid week . . . Appeared at thirty official dinners as guest of honor or hostess to visiting dignitaries . . . Made 21 radio and TV appearances . . . Interviewed by screen director Nicholas Ray of 20th Century Fox for screen role . . . Toured Missouri by air under auspices of the Missouri Division of Resources and Development visiting 12 towns in one week . . . Featured in numerous newspapers and magazines . . . Officiated at Hannibal's first "Tom Sawyer Day" . . . Visited Louisiana, Missouri's Water Festival . . . Guest of honor at "Miss Missouri Night" at Busch Stadium in the box of August A. Busch, Jr., Cardinal owner . . . Spent one FABULOUS week in Atlantic City as Missouri's representative to the famed MISS AMERICA PAGEANT competing for one of the more than \$30,000.00 in scholarships . . . Officiated at "Missouri Day" at the Mid-America Jubilee in St. Louis . . . Appeared as model at the opening of Joplin's Christman's Macy Store Fashion Department . . . AND MADE AN AIR TOUR OF ICELAND, THE AZORES, BAHAMAS AND BERMUDA during the Christmas holidays as part of a 16-member U.S.O. troupe entertaining troops for two weeks.

1956

MISS MISSOURI
Roseann Teri, St. Louis
\$100.00 Cash Scholarship

Let's Have a University of Missouri Girl Win It Again



Sure you can make it! Co-ed Beverly Rotroff, SHOWME Queen in 1950, went on to win the Miss Missouri contest that year. She was an elementary education major from Kansas City and liked to sing with dance bands.

2 p. m. Sunday, April 14th in the Student Union.

THE KINGDOM OF A

Thousand Queens

THE FRUSTRATING TALE OF A "PEASANT" AMONG THE MSC ROYALTY... TOLD IN SAD WORDS 'N' DRAWINGS BY WILL PETERSEN.



POOR LITTLE AMELIA PFFT! SHE HAD NEVER, NEVER BEEN A QUEEN... SHE HAD NEVER EVEN BEEN A RUNNER-UP... AND SHE HAD NEVER, NEVER, NEVER, EVEN BEEN A CANDIDATE.



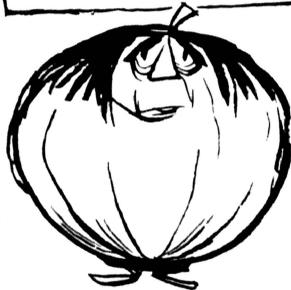
SHE WAS ONE OF THOSE RARE CREATURES AT M.U. ... AN UGLY GIRL.



SHE JOINED COMMITTEES...

.... BUT NO ONE NOTICED HER...

AMELIA PFFT HAD BEEN TRYING FOR YEARS - BUT SHE ALWAYS FAILED. STILL A FRESHMAN, AMELIA REALIZED HER HIDDEN CHARMS WERE GETTING HER NOWHERE - SHE HAD TO BE CLEVER



SHE ATE AND ATE AND ATE... UNTIL SHE LOOKED LIKE A PUMPKIN - BUT NO ONE CONSIDERED HER FOR HARVEST QUEEN!



THEN SHE TRIED TO BE APPROPRIATE AGAIN - BUT SOMEHOW A MASK WAS NO HELP IN BECOMING MARDI GRAS QUEEN. PEOPLE ONLY RAN FURTHER, AND SCREAMED LOUDER, WHEN PFFT WENT BY...



SHE STARTED DRINKING COFFEE - IN ORDER TO MINGLE WITH CAMPUS LEADERS.... BUT... PFFT, AGAIN.

SHE TRIED TO BE CO-OP QUEEN...



HER STUNT FOR PORPOISE QUEEN WAS FINE - FOR THE FIRST FEW DAYS...



THEN SHE TRIED RUNNING AROUND WITH A FAST CROWD... BUT ... SHE DIDN'T MAKE ANY TIME THAT WAY EITHER.



TO APPEAR MORE QUEENLY, SHE WORE HER BLANKET AS A CAPE

BUT THE A.W.S. ACCUSED HER OF BUNDLING and.....



ONE DAY AMELIA WAS SNIFFING THROUGH A PONDEROUS DICTIONARY - WHEN A LITTLE VOICE GAVE HER A WONDERFUL IDEA



..... SHE WOULD BECOME A QUEEN BY DEFINITION...



WITH SO MANY QUEENS THERE HAD TO BE SOME KINGS.....



2. a female sovereign or monarch.
QUEENS ARE BORN-NOT MADE...



BUT SHE FOUND NO QUEEN GENES ... NOT EVEN BLUE GENES ...

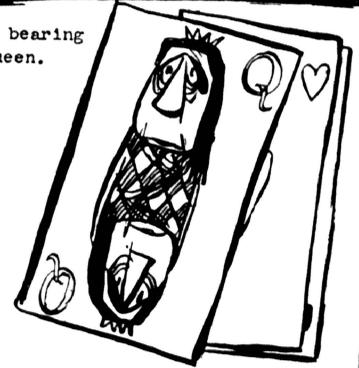


NOTHING IN AMELIA STOOD OUT - SO SHE IGNORED*3.
a woman that is chief or preëminent in any respect.

4. a playing card bearing a picture of a queen.

THIS TURNED OUT TO BE A BUM DEAL ...

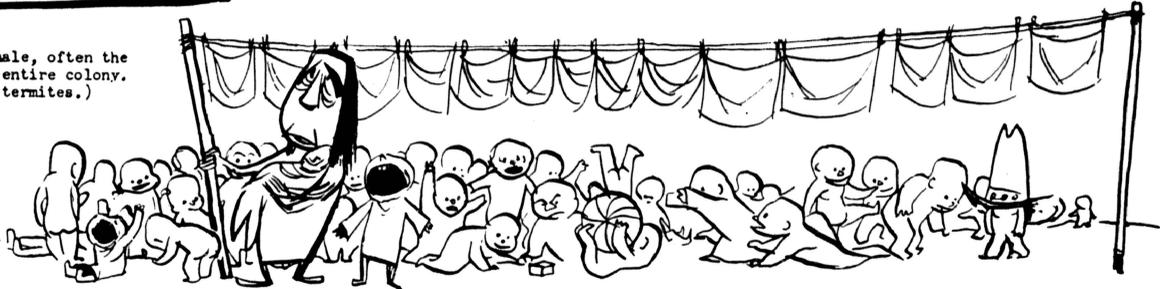
PFFT AGAIN!



5. the most powerful piece, moving any distance, in any straight or diagonal line. (Chess)

THE ONLY THING AMELIA KNEW ABOUT THIS GAME WAS THAT IT ENDED WITH A MATE.

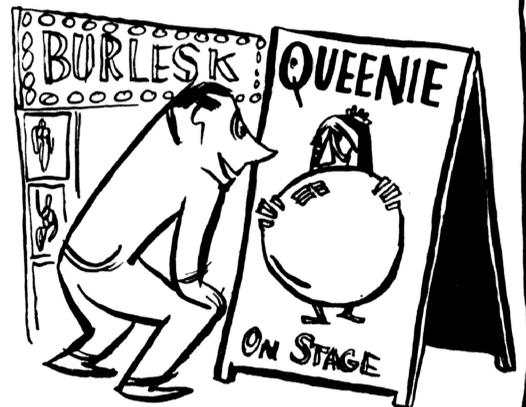
6. a fertile female, often the mother of an entire colony. (ants, bees, termites.)

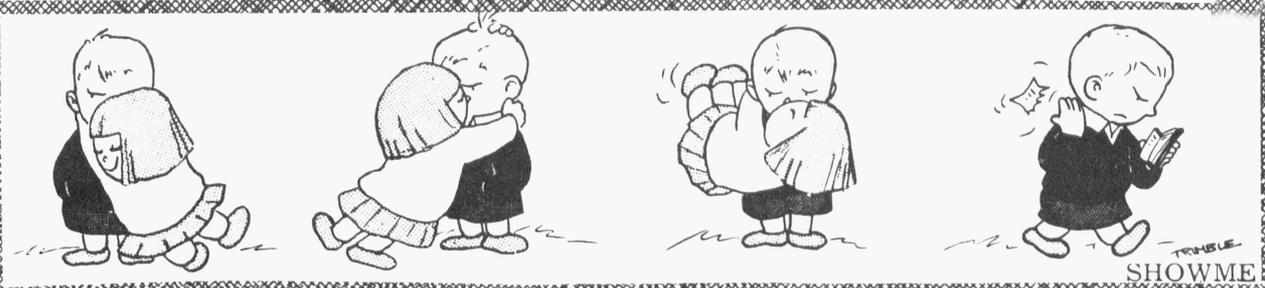


LITTLE AMELIA PFPT WAS WORN OUT AND DISAPPOINTED... BY DEFINITION SHE WAS NOT A QUEEN... NOT A SCHOOL-TYPE QUEEN... AND NOT A WEBSTER QUEEN...

BUT ONE DAY SHE CAME ACROSS A SLANG DICTIONARY

and now





An Essay on Man

I'm a girl.

Right here and now I think we ought to get something straight. This I-Hate-Men-and-Women stuff has gone far enough and I feel compelled to make my position clear.

I LIKE men! As a matter of fact, there are very few things I like better. I like everything about them — from their fraternity stickers to their inevitable endless line of meaningless flattery.

To tell the truth, and I don't admit this to many people, I could get along very nicely without women at all. Understand, I don't particularly dislike women, but with few exceptions I find them completely unnecessary. They do come in handy at times, like for answering my phone calls, and borrowing clothes

from, but they really leave me cold. I prefer male company any time.

When I say I like men, I don't mean necessarily from a romantic angle. That's a lovely angle and I advocate it highly. But besides being fine parking companions, they also make good buddies. Like for jellying. Now the perfect situation, as far as I can see, is me and men — numbering from one on up. Besides being better to talk to, they also buy your coffee — except at times immediately before the 20th of each month.

It's such fun being a woman with men around. I could just go wild on this being-a-woman kick, like having my coat held for me, doors opened, and cigarettes lit. Of course, there are men who seem to think that all women

should be fully emancipated, but they probably have never had a qualified eyelash-batter work on them.

I like men. I like 'em stupid or intellectual, progressive or rock 'n roll. Now don't get me wrong — I do have preferences, but generically speaking, I like men indiscriminately. I even like indiscriminate men.

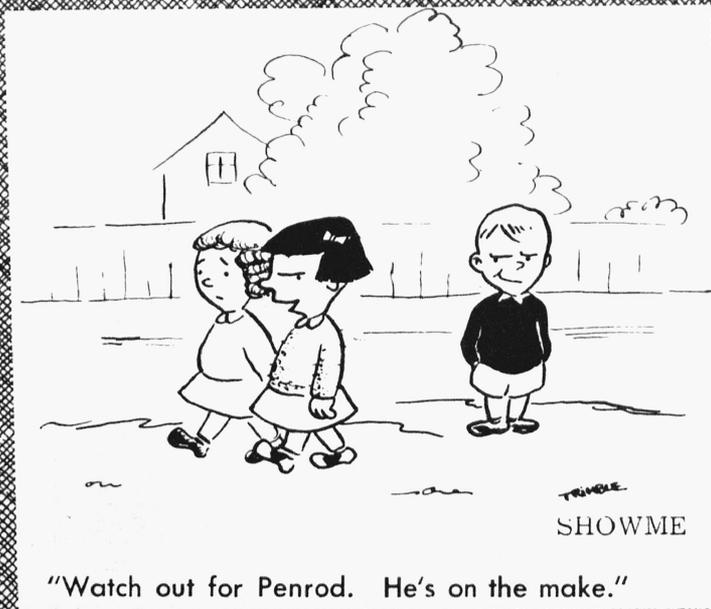
I even like them when they call me for a date at 6 p.m. Saturday, when they're a half hour late for that date, broke and needing a shave. I don't even mind having my chin whiskered or getting late minutes.

I like them suave and sophisticated, but especially when they're helpless and motherable. I don't mind having them cry on my shoulder about another girl or trying to big-brother me. And I can even stomach an Ivy League buckle when it's on a male bottom.

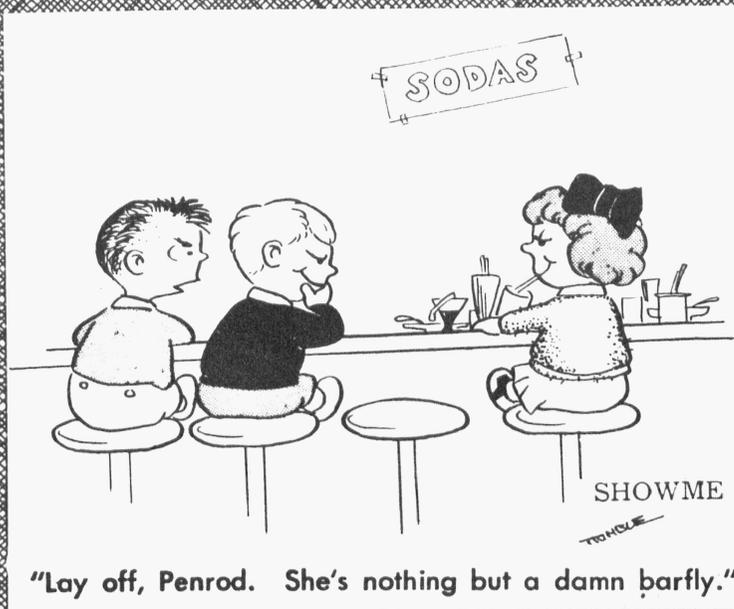
I love men when they smoke my cigarettes, borrow money and confiscate my favorite earrings in a fit of passion and forget to return them.

I love them when they try to make me stop smoking, change my hairdo or lose weight. But I love them best when they love me the way I am.

A man is a creature of paradox. One day he's sweet and pliable and the next he acts like a bear deprived of his honey. He loves me madly and tells me pleasant little lies and the next night he's out with another girl. But I just shrug and say "That's a man for you," 'cause I love him anyway. — N.L.S.



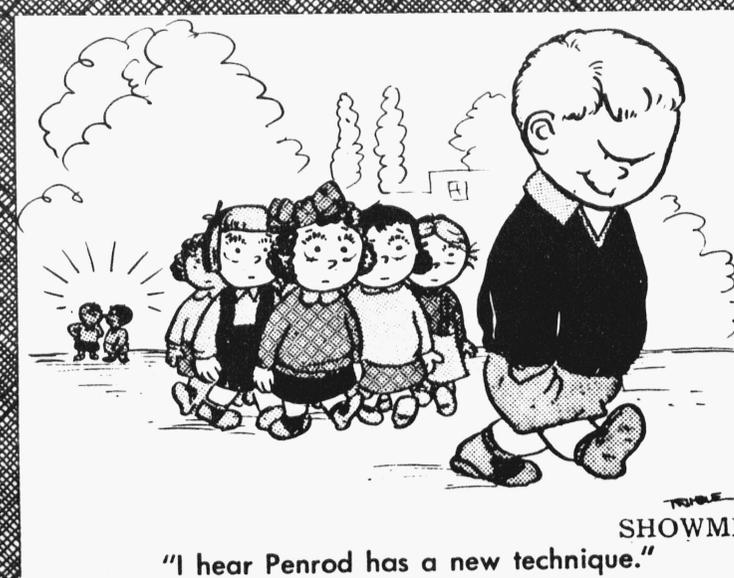
"Watch out for Penrod. He's on the make."



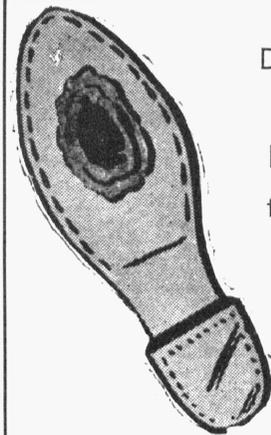
"Lay off, Penrod. She's nothing but a damn barfly."



"I don't care what the Romans did—we'll have no camp followers."



"I hear Penrod has a new technique."



Don't let
this
happen
to you!

Some days you can't make a nickel, but then again, who wants to make a nickel?

If it already
has, see

Campus Shoe Repair

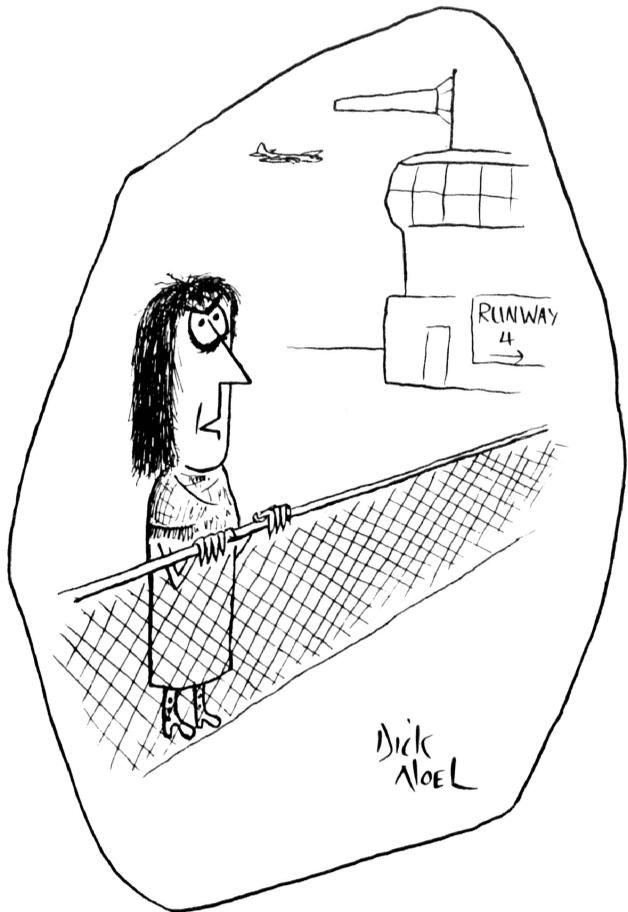
704 Gentry



ANDY'S CORNER

...because

NOEL



OUR BUDDY Went To The

Advertising

STABLES

**To Draw A Centerspread
On A Beer Bottle Which
He Dropped.....
Here Are The Pieces.**

'Evil . . . Evil . . . Man wasn't MEANT to fly.'



'I know your kind . . . Troublemaker.'

"Join us?"



"SHAZAM . . . SHAZAM . . . SHAZAM . . . It's bound to work SOMETIME . . . SHAZAM . . . SHAZAM . . ."



"Fastest gun in the West."



"Draw one, please."



"When I want your advice I'll ASK for it."

A visiting Frenchman was being guided around New York as the various sights were pointed out to him. Finally his guide stopped in front of the Empire State Building and pointed up proudly, "There," he said, "is the tallest building in the world."

The Frenchman's gaze was properly admiring. "It reminds me of sex," he said.

The guide was astonished. "I've seen a lot of reactions to the Empire State Building, but never one like that. Tell me, why does the Empire State Building remind you of sex?"

The Frenchman shrugged his shoulder. "Everything does."

Daughter, have you been smoking again?

I only took two, father.

All right; just for that you go to bed without any gin tonight.

Mechanic: With a car like that, my advice is to keep moving.
Delt: Why?

Mechanic: If you ever stop, the cops will think it's an accident.



SWAMI'S SHORTS

Judge: "What brought you here?"

Student: "Two policemen."

Judge: "Drunk, I suppose."

"Yes, your honor, both of them."

Kit: "Do you think you're Santa Claus?"

Kat: "No, why?"

Kit: "Then leave my stocking alone."

"I think all this talk about college being all wine, women and song is exaggerated."

"Yeah - - you never hear singing in the dorm."

Knock knock.

Who's there?

Hyde Park.

Hyde Park who?

Hyde Park if you would.

Tenant: The people upstairs are very annoying. Last night they stomped and banged on the floor until after midnight.

Landlord: Did they wake you?

Tenant: No, luckily I was up playing my tuba.

"How are you feeling," the doctor asked the well-formed lass. And then he felt.

He: Your husband is a brilliant looking man. I suppose he knows everything.

She: Don't be silly. He doesn't even suspect.

A student went over to the health service. "Doc," he said, "I feel so bad it makes me want to kill myself."

"Now, now," muttered the doc, "You just leave that to us."

Lush (bumping into lamp post): "Excuse me, sir."

(Bumping into fire hydrant): "Excuse me, little boy."

(Bumping into telephone pole): "Well, I'll just sit here till the crowd passes."



PLAN IT AT THE STABLES

Seniors
 Order Your Cap and Gown
NOW

—We have graduation announcements.

Come in and select yours today!

UNIVERSITY BOOK STORE

Student Union Building

*You're
 Invited!*

to
Texaco Town

Home Cooked Meals
 Short Orders
 Sandwiches
 Home Made Pies
 and Hot Breads

Open from
 7 a.m. 'til 1 p.m.
 Weekends 'til ?



Lewis' Texaco Town
 Highway 40 At Sexton

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

**COMMONWEALTH
 COLUMBIA
 THEATRES**

MISSOURI

2:30 — 7 — 9 P.M.
 Continuous Sun.

HALL

7 — 9 P.M.
 Continuous Sun.

UPTOWN

2 — 7 — 9 P.M.
 Continuous Sun.

VARSITY

7 — 9 P.M.
 Continuous Sat., Sun.

BROADWAY DRIVE-IN
 At Dusk



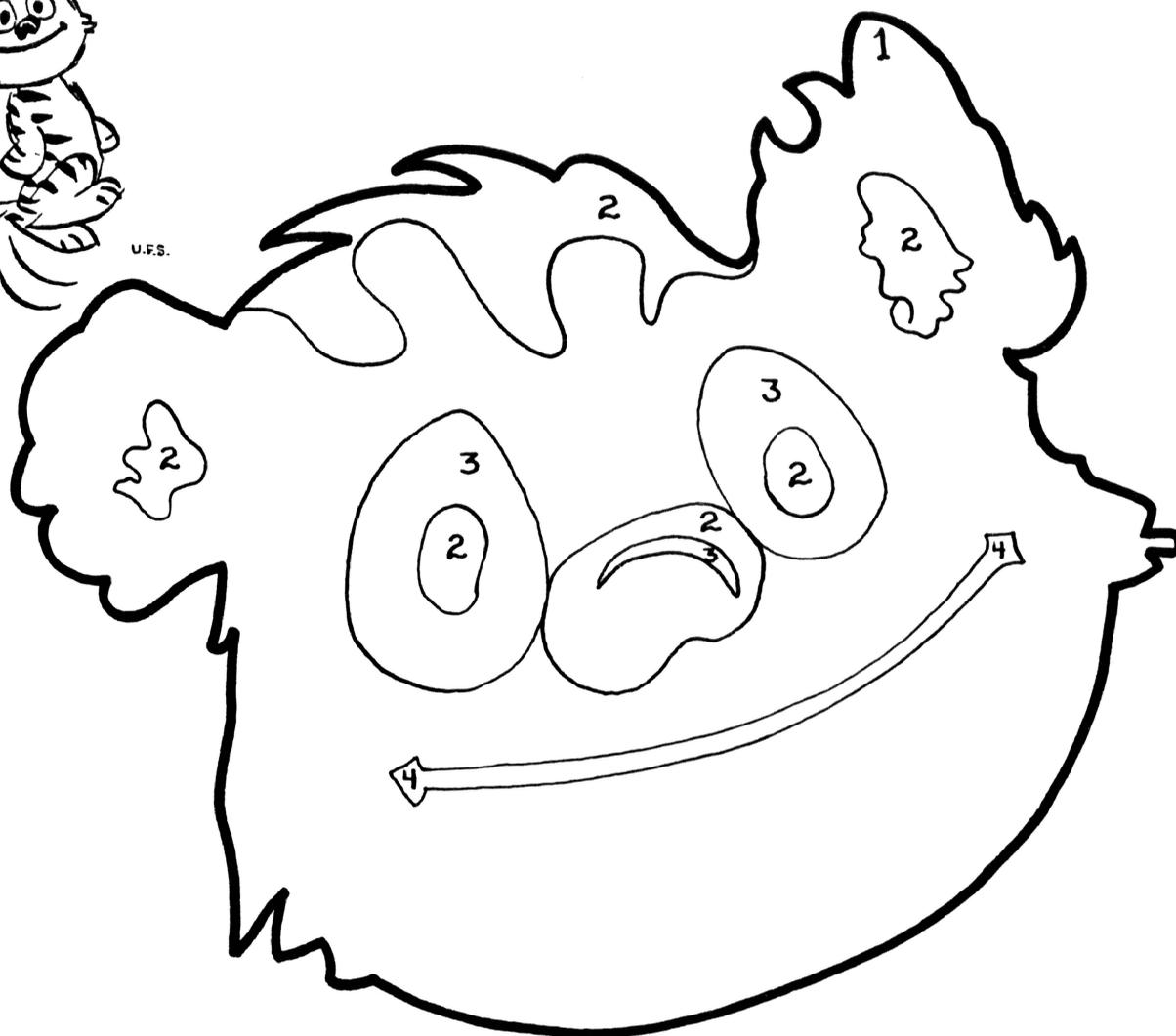
"Now, Students . . . Let me run through this
 again."

How to Make "Peanuts" Missouri Tiger

By Margi, Dolores and Skip



U.F.S.



Material Required:

Gold Felt — 8"x11" (1)

Black Felt — 4"x6" (2)

White Felt — 3"x3" (3)

One spool each of red embroidery thread (4), white embroidery thread (5), black embroidery thread (6), yellow thread and black thread.

Putting Together:

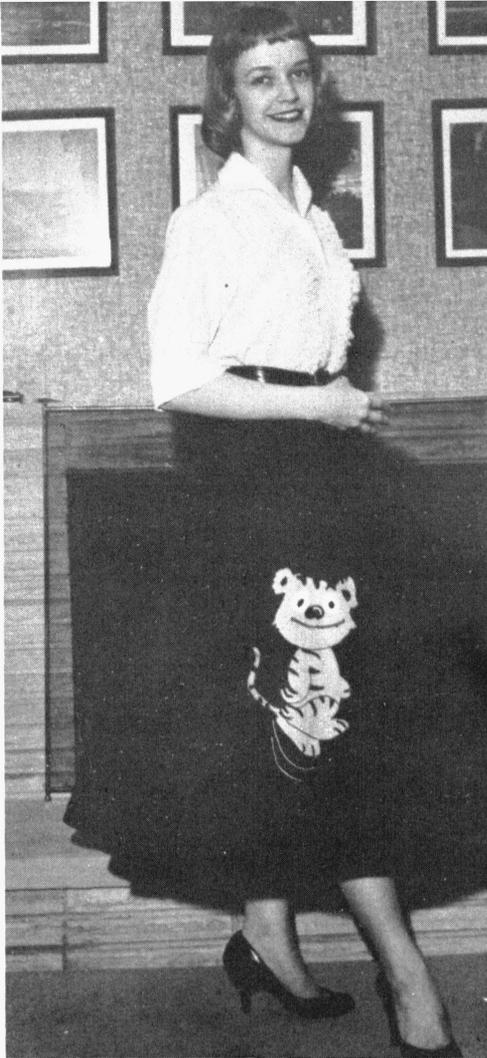
1. Cut the entire body of the tiger along the solid black line from gold felt.
2. Embroider the stretch of mouth (4) in red outline stitch using a three-strand thread.
3. Embroider all lines marked 6 with black embroidery thread in outline stitch.
4. Cut all pieces marked 2 from black felt and pin into position.
5. Cut the pieces of the nose and eyes marked 3 from white felt and place on the tiger.
6. The white felt eyes are one solid piece of felt with black felt pupils placed on top.
7. Place the entire applique in position on the skirt . . . at a slightly tilted position. The front half of the lower foot should be straight to give the proper tilt.
8. The tiger is then sewed from underneath with a small running or basting stitch of yellow thread.
9. Pin the black stripes (2) in position and tack on with black thread.
10. Embroider the lines marked 5 in a white outline stitch.

For Your Dark Skirt or Light Jacket

Sue Wilson

Swami's darlin' in her snappin' jumpin' tiger skirt. She's Peanut's favorite too. 'N Schroeder's 'n Lucy's, 'n Snoopy's. The whole gang's snappin' jumpin' about her.

Photos by Joe Van Trump

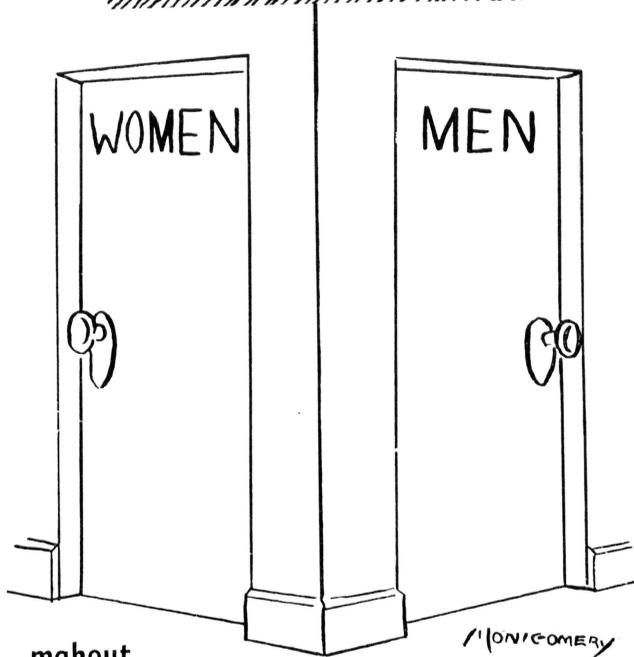




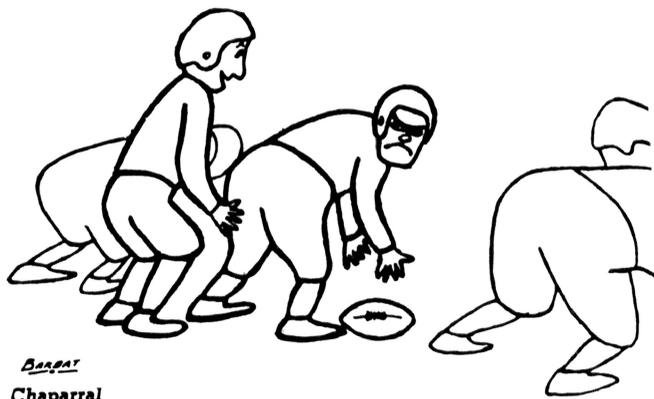
The "Peanuts" tiger was part of a sketch originally drawn for the Homecoming Edition of the *Maneater* (Nov. 30, 1956) by Charles Schulz, creator of "Peanuts". SHOWME was granted permission to use the tiger on the staff page, and release for the tiger pattern, by James Hennessy, business manager, United Feature Syndicate.

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filched



mahout



"Ticklish?"

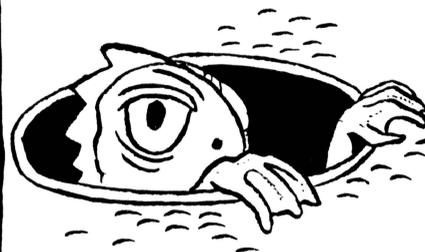


V00 D00

YOU
CAN'T
GET
AWAY
FROM
IT



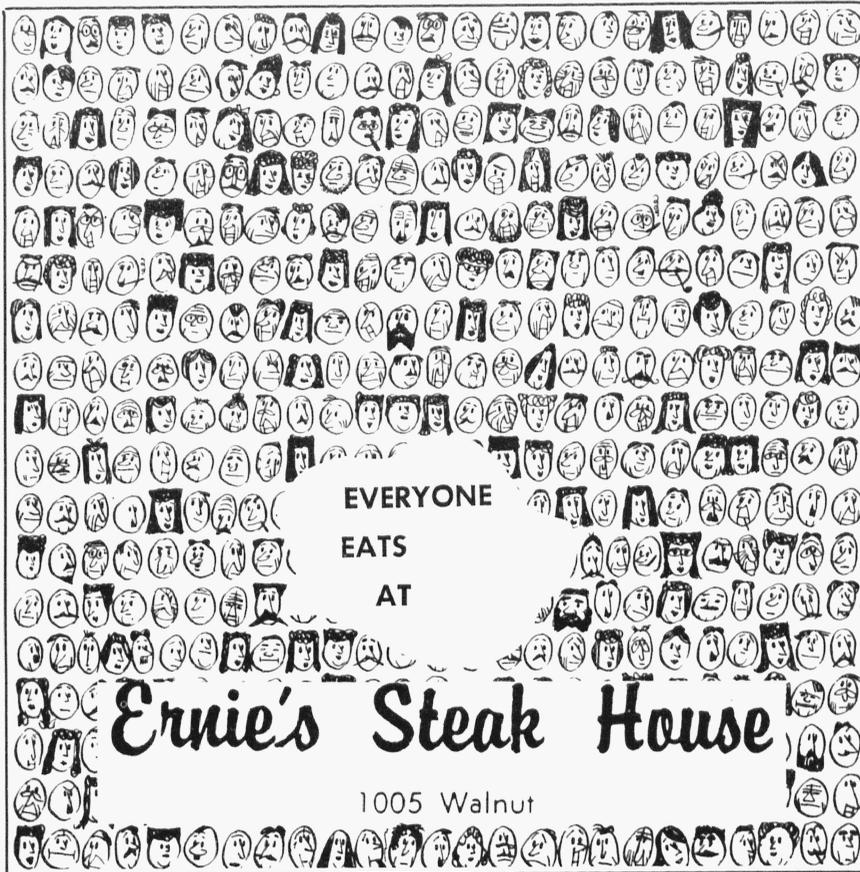
NOEL



THE
PLACE
TO
GO
IS
THE

Italian Village

Don't worry about getting old.
If you weren't — you'd be dead.




SWAMI'S SHORTS

A seagull flew into Andy's the other day and landed on the bar. "Gimme a drink," the 'gull said, "I'm so tired I could drop."

"You do and it'll be the last time you come in here," replied the bartender.

* * *

The pastor found Joe on the sidewalk one night, drunk as usual. He picked him up and told him it just wasn't possible to drink up all the beer that Pabst could make.

Joe looked up at the brewery, all lighted up and said, "Well, anyway, I got 'em working nights."

There's a wonderful difference in the feel and looks of a suit fitted by . . .

NEUKOMMS



As one girl explains it: He's tall, dark and handsome."



SHOWME

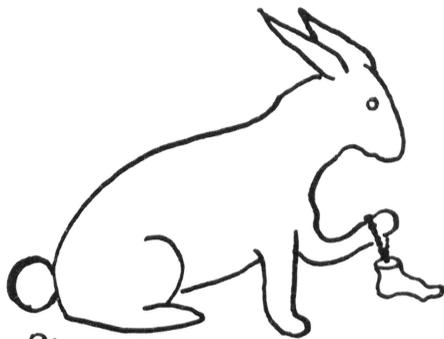
A Bostonian was showing a visiting Englishman around. "This is Bunker Hill Monument, where Warren fell, you know."

The visitor surveyed the lofty shaft thoughtfully. "Nasty drop. Killed him of course?"

Two little boys were walking with their mother along the edge of a cliff. Suddenly, the mother slipped and fell over the side.

"How ridiculous," said the first little boy, "our mother has fallen over the precipice."

"Oh, please don't make me laugh," said the other little boy, "my lips are chapped."



BERKLEY

SHOWME

Birds do it
Bees do it
Bats do it
Join the Air Force!

Alex Seconk entered a crowded subway train and was forced to stand next to a girl for about 20 stations. They were bounced about at very close quarters for the duration of the journey. As the man started to leave at his destination, he turned to the girl, and said: "Madame, here is my card — just in case . . .".

An amoeba named Seconk and his brothah
Were drinking toasts to each othah

In the midst of their quaffing
They split themselves laughing
Now each of them is a mothah.

One of two deaf Englishmen taking a train trip together fell asleep. The train wheezing to a stop at a station awakened him. He turned to his companion and bellowed, "I say, is this Wemberly?"

"No, it's Thursday."

"Me, too, let's go have a drink."

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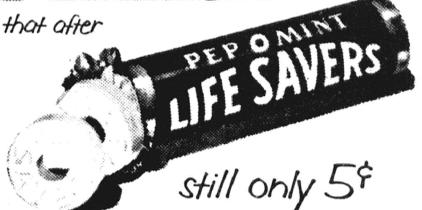
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Conscience gets a lot of credit that belongs to cold feet.

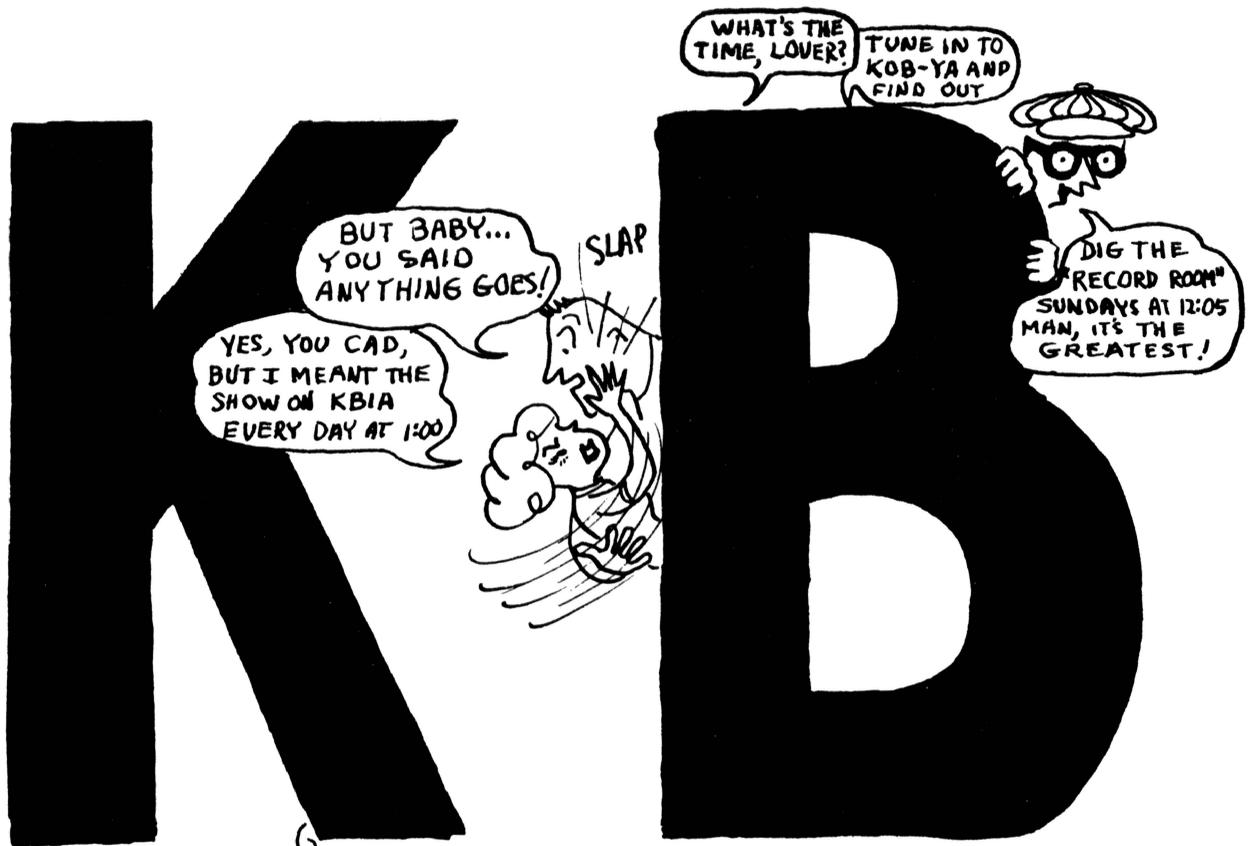


You don't have to go to college to know that after eating, drinking and smoking, the best breath fresheners of all are

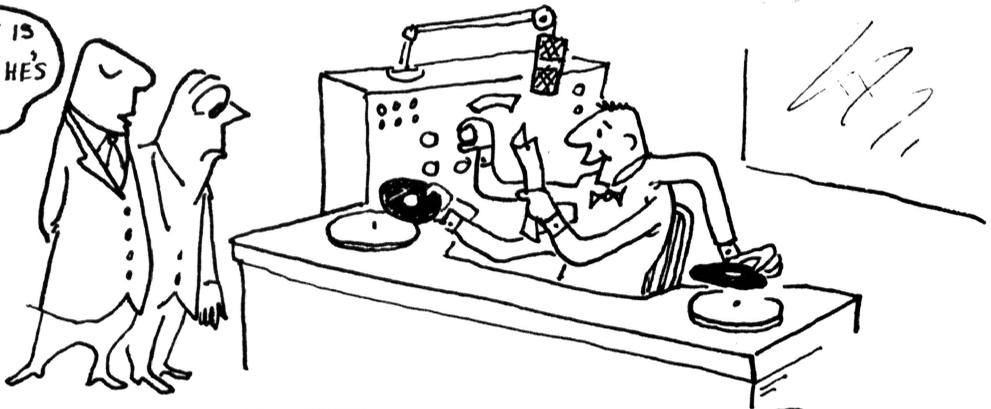


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MUSIC... NEWS

AND WEATHER

LATER DOLL, IT'S TIME FOR THE NEXT LUCKY BUCK!



The Commodore's Ice Box

By Dick Porterfield

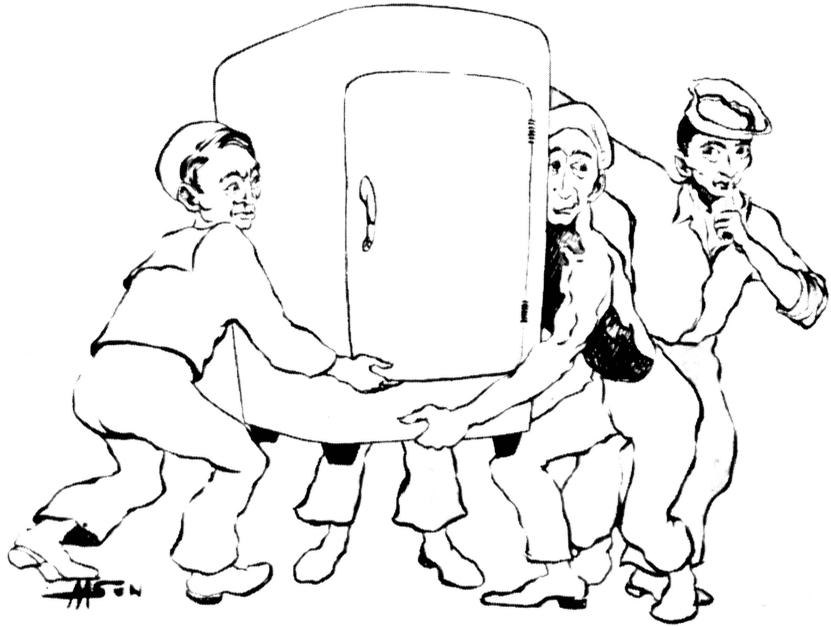
Gloom and unhappiness reigned supreme. In two weeks the destroyer *Wilkins* would leave for another cruise to the Mediterranean. Three men, all radar men, disconsolately sat in CIC drinking coffee, and bemoaning their ill luck at being cast aboard such a ship.

"Just as I was gettin' myself all set up," said Gene, a tall thin boy from Brooklyn. "Last nite Gracie talked to me for more'n two hours. Another month and I'dve been gettin free beer. Man!"

"To think I could've been a yeoman. Probably be settin on some shore station with liberty every night, dating Waves, 'n everthing . . . but no I wanted to be a radarman, scope dope, a knob twister . . . oh", groaned Don, a husky lad from Idaho. This was his normal answer to anything that might come up he didn't like. "I could've been a yeoman".

"Where's Suds?", questioned Andy, a thin bespectacled boy who had an elf-like grin when he was happy.

"Back in the transmitter room asleep probly. He got drunk again last night. No matter what, he gets drunk. If he's happy he celebrates. If he's sad it's to drown his sorrows. I dunno why he got drunk last night. He dint seem happy or sad when he gave me a ride into town," Gene said.



"I wish I could do that. If I get drunk, or stay sober I still gotta work the next day. He always sleeps the whole darn day. It must be nice to be a first class." Andy's words were the thoughts of all the radar men. "I think I'll go get some air. It stinks in here."

It certainly did stink in there. Gene and Don sat quietly, each deep in his own thought. They were supposed to be cleaning CIC, yet it was cluttered with milk cartons, dirty coffee cups, orangepeels, newspapers, magazines, cards and poker chips from the night before.

Andy burst into the room as noisily as he had left it quietly a moment before. "Hey you guys, come out here. I got something to show you!"

"Yeah, what?"

"A refrigerator, that's what, a beautiful lil ole refrigerator just sittin there."

At this Gene and Don stirred. Slowly, much to Andy's disapproval, they made their way out to the O1 level forward. There they beheld the spectacle. A small refrigerator, the type used

To Encourage Student Writing



Showme Supplement

in small apartments, sat on the deck. It was obviously new.

"Pretty nice," said Don. "I wonder whose it is."

"Think of all the beer you could keep in that thing," Gene said.

"That's what we oughta have, an icebox to keep beer and cokes and things cold in. It would be great for mid-watches and things like that."

"I almost got caught stealing that fried chicken from the officers' pantry last night," Andy said. "If we had an icebox nobody could do nothin, cause it would be our stuff, not officers'."

"I wonder whose it is," Gene said. He began inspecting the box for a name, or tag of ownership. "Don't say nothin on it cept Westinghouse."

"That's whose it is!" cried Andy. "Mr. Westinghouse's icebox. You seen anybody round called Westinghouse lately Gene?"

"Not in a month or so."

"How bout you Don?"

"Nope."

"Well then, I Andrew E. (Elmo) Shultz claim this here icebox as free and loose gear. Since there ain't no master at arms

around to put it in the lucky bag, I hereby claim it under the rights of STATUS QUO."

Don asked, "What's that?"

"That's Latin."

"Oh."

"Where we gonna put it? CIC's all filled up with everything and besides we don't want anybody to know we got it." Gene remarked thoughtfully.

"I got it. The radar transmitter room. Nobody goes in there but us and there's plenty of room," Andy cried happily.

"Geez, think of all the chow we can put in there."

"Let's go back inside. We'll put it away tonight after working hours so nobody will know we got it hid."

"What if somebody else takes it?"

"Nobody better try it. I'll bus 'em up good. Besides it's ours, and who would steal it anyhow?"

"Yeah, that's right."

The rest of the day was spent in planning all the things that would be kept in "their icebox". After much arguing it was decided that all the radarmen would be let in on their secret, and that no liquor or beer would be kept there as "someone might get stoned on duty, and then we would have trouble."

That night, after Suds had left the ship to get drunk for an unknown reason, and the rest of the crew had gone on liberty or to bed, three figures stole stealthily forward to the OI level.

"Andy, you get hold of it on that side, and Don, you grab it there. I'll lead the way and make sure nobody else sees us," directed Gene, the senior of the three—a second class petty officer, and the other two merely third class.

Don lifted his end.

"Got your end Andy?"

"Some dirty rat bolted it to the deck! It won't budge."

"Let me see . . . I can lift it. Now come on, no funny stuff."

"I must a worked too hard today, I can't even get it up."

"Here," said Gene. "I'll carry it, you be the lookout. Oof, this darn thing is heavy."

"Watch it going through the hatch," cautioned Andy.

"Ouch!"

"What happened?"

"Nothin much, I just busted all the fingers on my right hand is all."

"Want I should go get the corpsman?"

"No, no, no . . . of course I don't want the corpsman. Quit shovin Don, it's hard as it is walkin backward."

They reached the place where a ladder coming down from the bridge met the OI level. There also, one of the legs of the tri-

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The mother, in an affectionate mood, said to her son, aged five, "And whose little boy are you?" "Hell," he said, "Don't tell me you don't know."

pod mast was anchored to the deck. It was very close and the refrigerator being wide, would not go through.

"What'll we do now?"

"We could take it apart and put the pieces back together again back in the transmitter room."

"No, no, we'd never get it together right again."

"We could disconnect the ladder here at the bottom and one of us hold it up in the air while the other two carried it by."

"Yeah, that's a good idea. Andy you get that pin out, I'll get this one."

"Okay Andy, you hold it up, and Don and me'll carry it by and then you put the pins back in."

"Are you kidding? I can't even lift the darn thing. Its twice as heavy as the icebox."

"You can't carry the icebox, and you can't hold up the ladder. What can you do?"

"Who found it, and declared it free and legally loose gear fella, huh, tell me that. Who found it, huh? You sure didn't."

"I'll hold the ladder up, and Gene, you and Andy scoot it by."

"We don't wanta scratch it up. That would roon it."

"Well, what are we gonna do then?"

"We'll lift it up, and then you hold it Andy. As soon as we get by we'll help you put it back down."

"Awright."

Gene and Don lifted the heavy steel ladder above their heads and held it as Andy stepped between them, grabbed it and braced himself. They released their holds. Andy's knees buckled and he almost dropped it. They both grabbed it again.

"For gosh sakes, you gotta hold it up Andy."

"Okay, I just didn't know it was that heavy. Geez it almost

broke my back."

Again they released it to his care. This time he held it. He also held his breath.

"Hurry up you guys," he said through gritted teeth. "I can't hold it much longer."



Gene and Don quickly lifted the refrigerator and squeezed by with it.

"Ow!", cried Andy, releasing the ladder, which crashed to the deck with a loud bang. "You clumsy ox, Don, you stepped

right on my foot."

Don and Gene dropped the refrigerator and ran behind the deckhouse. Ensign Folsom's face appeared from the deck below. He was the OOD.

"What's going on up there?"

"Nothing sir", Andy said. "I merely droppel my watch."

"Allright, but keep it quiet will you, I'm listening to Drag-net."

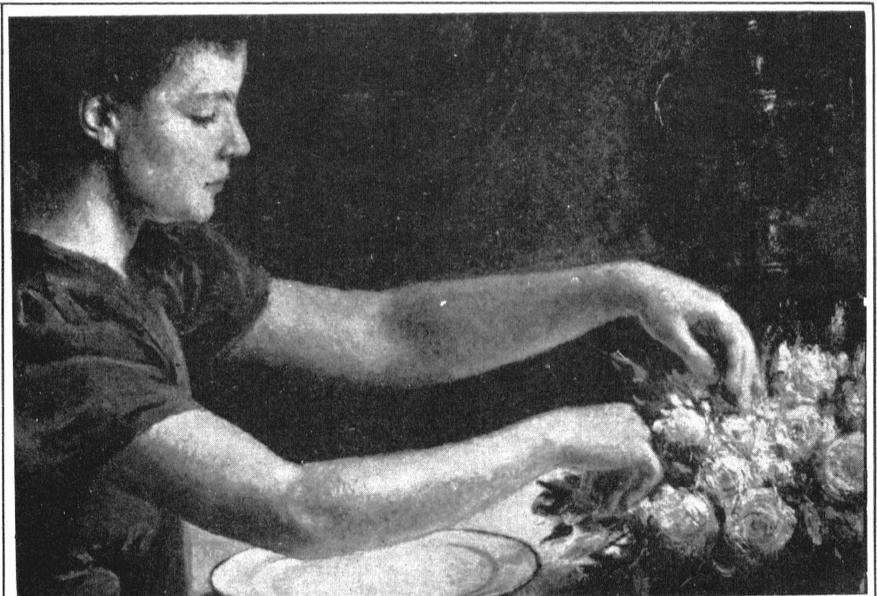
"Yessir."

Don and Gene reappeared. "Why'd you drop the ladder you idiot? It almost hit me," Don said in a strangled whisper.

"You stepped on my foot, that's why. And I wish it had cracked your thick skull."

"For gosh sakes you two, keep it quiet. Let's get this thing in the transmitter room."

The treasure was delivered to the radar transmitter room without further incident. The three quietly went to bed concealing their glee at having successfully completed such a daring piece of



REMEMBER: Mother's Day, May 12 with Flowers by wire from

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110 on the Strollway

Definition of a neurotic—a relatively stable individual with both feet firmly planted in mid-air.

larceny.

Saturday morning was filled with inspection and preparation, so they had little time to even think about "their refrigerator". That afternoon was spent in sleeping, and nothing, no matter how important, could keep them from that.

Sunday morning found the three modern musketeers very busy. Andy had been dispatched to confiscate the parts needed to attach the refrigerator to an electrical outlet. Don was busy finding the tools. It was difficult, as both the electrical and electronic shops were locked on Sundays. Still they succeeded. Gene, being the senior man, and having had more experience in such things, was saved for the actual connection work.

Finally after many errands here and there they were prepared to begin the job.

"You're sure you know how to do this, ain't you Gene?"

"Yeah, yeah, who do you think connected all the radars on this ship?"

"You dint."

"Yeah, but I could've. Hand me that pair of pliers Andy. No, that's the wirecutters. Yeah, that's it. Now all I gotta do is put this big marine plug on this cord instead of this little plug and we're all set."

"Don, what'd you get this pipe wrench for? We didn't need that, do we Gene?"

"That's not a pipe wrench, it's a vice grip pliers, and anybody knows you can always use a pair of vice grips."

"Be quiet youse guys. I'm busy . . . Andy, see if you can wrap that wire around that pole there. My fingers are too big."

"This thing here?"

"Yeah."

"What if I get 'lectrocuted?"

"You won't get electrocuted. It's not even connected to anything."

"Okay, how's that?"

"That's right, now hold it while I screw this screw down to hold it tight. Where'd that darn screwdriver go? What'd you drop it for Andy?"

"I thought you had it."

"Here Don, you do it . . . Don . . . Oh for gosh! sakes, wake him up will you, Andy? That guy could sleep through a hurricane."

Andy delivered a stout kick to Don's ribs. The latter didn't stir. "He's dead. He dint even move."

"Well you do it again, only this time, don't drop it."

"Okay".

After dropping the screwdriver and the plug several times more the job was finally completed.

"There," exclaimed Gene. "Now all we gotta do is plug it in, and it's all set."

Andy plugged it in and tightened the screw cap to make sure

"If she's prone to make mistakes—that's how she'll make them."

TIRED
BLOOD?



(I'm sick sick sick!)

... TRY
A KEG

from

"THE KEG"

(formerly Collins)



"How refreshing it is to find that youth's thirst for knowledge, beauty and the finer things have brought him into my class."

it wouldn't slip out. He stepped back and opened the door.

"Wow! it works. Look, the light's on. Hey Don, wake up, the icebox works."

Don rolled over and went on sleeping.

"You got any money Andy?"

"No, I spent it all payday night. I got a couple old pea coat buttons if that'll do you any good. Why?"

"Well, I thought I'd go in town and buy some stuff to put in there. We might as well start stocking her up now."

"We better wait, you know we're going to school for a week starting tomorrow and Suds would probably eat it all up."

"Yeah, well listen. Next payday save your dough and we'll stock her up with all kinds of gedunks."

"I wonder how many pizzas I could stick in there."

"You ain't gonna put no pizzas in this here icebox. I don't want everything tasting like garlic."

"No pizzas!!!" Andy screamed with such alarm that Don opened one eye which he quickly closed again. "You can't do this to me Gene. I can't live without at least three pizzas a day. I'll go nuts, stark raving nuts, do you hear that. Nuts!"

"Okay, I guess you can keep a couple in there, so long as I have some room for my stuff too."

Lets go getta cup of coffee."

"What about Don, we just gonna let him lay there?"

"Might as well, he'll get up when he gets hungry."

Monday morning, after quarters, Suds staggered up to CIC to have his morning cup of coffee. He was hungover, as usual, and could hardly wait for ten o'clock to roll around so he could go back to the transmitter room for his daily nap that always lasted till liberty call. While he scratched his balding head and bulbous stomach, he surveyed CIC which was in its usual filthy state.

The door slammed as Freeman, the first class boatswains mate, entered. Suds groaned and held his head.

"Hya Suds, any coffee on?"

"Yeah, there's some in there."

Freeman procured a cupful, then sat facing Suds. "What happened to you? You look like a truck hit you or something."

"Out a little late last nite, didn't get much sleep."



Hear the one about the mute that fell into a deep, dark pit and broke three fingers calling for help?

'If you're anywhere close, John, would you pitch me the axe I dropped?'



Music You're Looking For
at

THE HI FI HOUSE

120 on the Strollway

"Say Suds, you seen anything of a refrigerator?"

"No, why?"

"Well, we had it out on the Ol level and were supposed to transfer it over to the *Singer* today. It belongs to the Commodore. Mr. Lawrence is really mad, cause it was there Friday, and we can't find it anywhere. Who'l want to steal a refrigerator anyhow?"

"A penquin maybe. I haven't seen it Boats, but if I do I'll give you a call." Suds mumbled with his head between his hands.

"Okay, thanks for the coffee. I gotta go see if I can find it anywhere on the ship. See ya."

Suds groaned again as the door slammed.

At eight forty-five Gene, Don, Andy, and the rest of the radar-men who were to go to school were lined up on the quarter-deck. At eight-fifty a loud hoarse voice was heard from the deck above them.

"Langly, Burns, Shultz! Get up here! It was Suds. He looked mad. His bloodshot eyes were protruding from their sockets and his fat jowls were flushed more than usual.

"Whatsamatta Suds?", asked Gene in an innocent voice.

"You know darn well what's the matter" bellowed Suds. "That refrigerator in the transmitter room. Who put it there?"

"We did," piped Andy. We're gonna keep pizzas in it. Just think of it, stacks and stacks of pizzas. Wow!"

"Well, get it outa there. In fact put it over on the *Singer*. It belongs to the Commodore and woe be unto you if he finds out you stole it."

"The Commodore!", the three culprits said in unison, their jaws dropping.

"Yes, the Commodore, now get a move on."

Gene said, "What'd ya have to

open your big mouth for, Andy? If you hadn't said nothin we might not've had to move it. Now I'll probly get my blues all dirty."

"Geez, no more icebox, no more pizzas, no more nothin. Darn it, why'd Suds have to find it. Of all tne people to find it, it would have to be him," moaned Andy. "Now I'll probly starve to death all the way over to the Med."

Don said, "I didn't have nothin to do with it. All I did was help to carry it back to the transmitter room . . . I don't know why I have to help put it on the *Singer*. I'm innocent!" he cried. "I didn't do nothin but help carry it."

After much moaning and wailing they detached the refrigerator and carried it to the wing which was close to the wing of the *Singer*. A gap of about eighteen inches separated the two ships. It would be necessary to lift it over the the lifelines and deposit it on the deck of the other ship.

Don stepped across and stood on the *Singer* with outstretchel arms as if expecting Gene and Andy to throw the refrigerator to him. Gene stood with one foot on the deck of each ship. He bent, grabbed an end of it and waited for Andy to lift the other side.

"Well, come on Andy, pick it up," cried Gene.

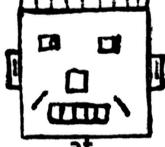
"I can't. It won't budge. I'm just a ninety-eight pound weakling, that's all. Just a weakling."

"Oh for gosh sakes, you held up the ladder didn't you?"

They bent again, grunted mightily and lifted it. It got as far as the lifeline, then Andy dropped his end, causing Gene to lose his grip on his side. It fell to the deck, one corner on Andy's foot.

"Ow! Get it off! Oh God, get it off! It's killing me, besides these are my inspection shoes," cried Andy with anguish. "Get it off!"

Gene said, "Get it off yourself, you dropped it. I didn't."

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Andy bent down and shoved it off his shoe. "Look at that, rooned, just rooned. A perfectly good pair of inspection shoes. They're only two years old too, and look at em."

Suds walked out onto the deck. "What's goin on here," he said. "Haven't you guys got that done yet? You're supposed to be in school in a couple minutes."

"Andy can't hold up his end, and Gene's kind of weak too. Give em a hand will ya Suds?"

Suds straddled the water and with Gene and Andy's help finally got the refrigerator to Don's waiting arms. Don, hugging it tighter than he ever hugged his wife, carefully placed it on the deck of the *Singer*.

Slapping his hands together he exclaimed, "I don't know what you guys had so much trouble over. It can't weigh more than a couple hunnert pounds."

"Awright you guys, go on and get to school. We'll discuss this when you get back."

"I'll bet we will," Gene said. "Grace'll never gimme that free beer now."

The three trudged off, each mumbling. Gene about free beer, Andy about pizza, and Don said something about wanting to get a little . . . sleep.

"Well, I guess I can hit the hay now," Suds thought, as he stumbled his way back to the transmitter room. "How I ever got three guys like that on one ship I'll never know." Soon he was fast asleep dreaming of Boston, beer and his girl friend Rosie.

* * *

Lieutenant Johnson, the Operations officers of the *Wilkins* and Lieutenant Sporkowski, the Commodore's assistant, were talking in the bar of the officers' club. ". . . and the funny thing is, no one knows how it got amidships. Friday it was on your forward OI level. It took two hours to get it from there to his stateroom. They had to take the after ladder from the bridge off, and it took four men to carry it.

Lieutenant Johnson spoke, "Wonder how it got clear back there."

"Beats me. Waiter, another pair of the same."

END



LATEST

SPRING COLLEGE

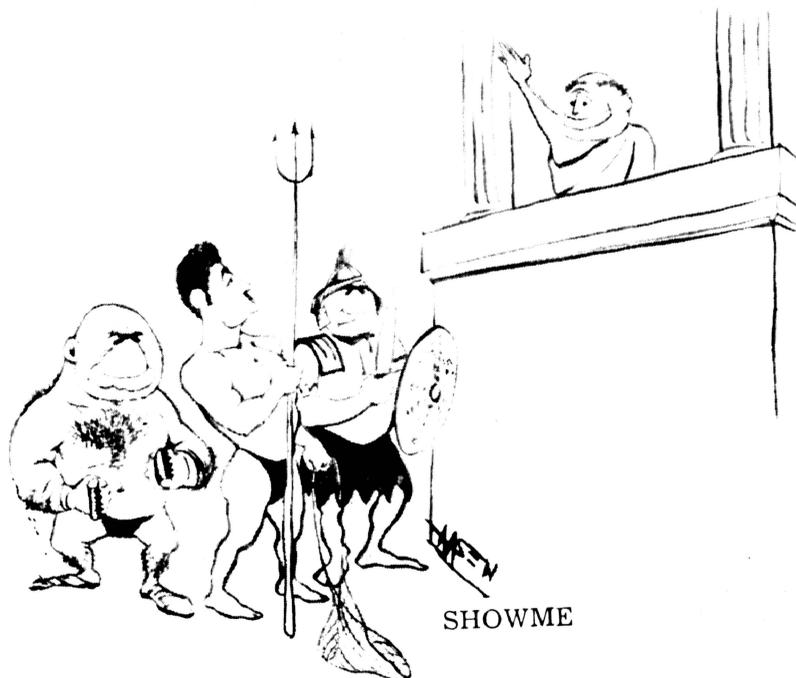
WEAR

We are introducing the newest in Spring Wear for men NOW. Come in today and pick yours.

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and
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"No," said the centipede, crossing her legs, "a hundred times no."



SHOWME

"Remember Fellows, it isn't whether you win or lose, but how you play the game . . ."



A harassed father was trying to tell his son that there was to be an addition to the family. "Son," he said, "someday soon the stork is going to swoop down over our house."

The son thought carefully, then said, "Well, I hope he doesn't scare Mother. She's pregnant, you know."

* * *

"Was her father surprised when you said you wanted to marry her?"

"Surprised? The gun damn near fell out of his hand."

* * *

Co-ed: "Did you object to the way I jumped on the table at the party last night?"

Date: "Yes. How did you expect me to sleep with all that racket going on overhead?"

* * *

First kangaroo: Where's the baby?

2nd kangaroo: My God, I've had my pocket picked.

* * *

Son: "Daddy, give me a nickle."
Father: "What did you do with the one I gave you last month?"

Son: "I spent it."
Father: "I knew it! You're keeping a woman."

* * *

A flea frolicking in a meadow was swallowed by a bull. "I'll revenge myself on this nasty beast as soon as I have rested up," vowed the flea to itself, and took a nap. When the flea awoke the bull was gone.

* * *

Young man, why do I find you kissing my daughter?

I guess, sir, it's because you wear rubber heels.

* * *

"Didja shee me come in da door?"

"Yes."

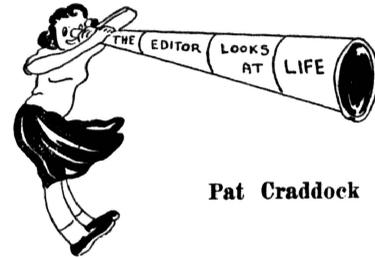
"Never shaw me before in ya life did'ja?"

"No."

"Howja know it was me?"

STEPHENS RECOGNIZES SHOWME EXISTS

Stephens Life, March 21, 1957



Pat Craddock

Far be it from me to throw any roses at a (shall we say) brother publication, especially not one whose great delight is to deride the innocent Susie, but in the case of strong motivation, I can ignore even the most hallowed precedent.

What I'm trying to say is that I think the **Showme** article on Sherman Wu was fine and useful. The question of racial discrimination has more subtle facets than the mob uprising against Miss Lucy in Alabama, and these subtle blows are often painful for their unexpectedness.

It also pointed out, indirectly, that the Negro is not the only sufferer from the narrowness of certain homogenized citizens who forget their own polyglot ancestry.

The extremes of disadvantage to a minority group are obvious, clearly defined and unfair in the far South. The moderate majority can come only as a pleasant surprise. It is almost worse in those undetermined areas where equality is promised and inexplicable barbs are delivered.

Missouri is one of these areas, where the attitude of the individual may be radical in either direction. As temporary residents of Missouri, we can at least arrange to make our individual attitudes something of which we need not be ashamed.

P.S. We still love to deride the innocent (?) Susie . . . Especially with the cartoons drawn by two of your own Susie cartoonists who know you all better than we do. Loosen up, Pat . . . We all like a little fun now and then.

"Number, hell," yelled the drunk into the pay phone. "I want my peanuts."

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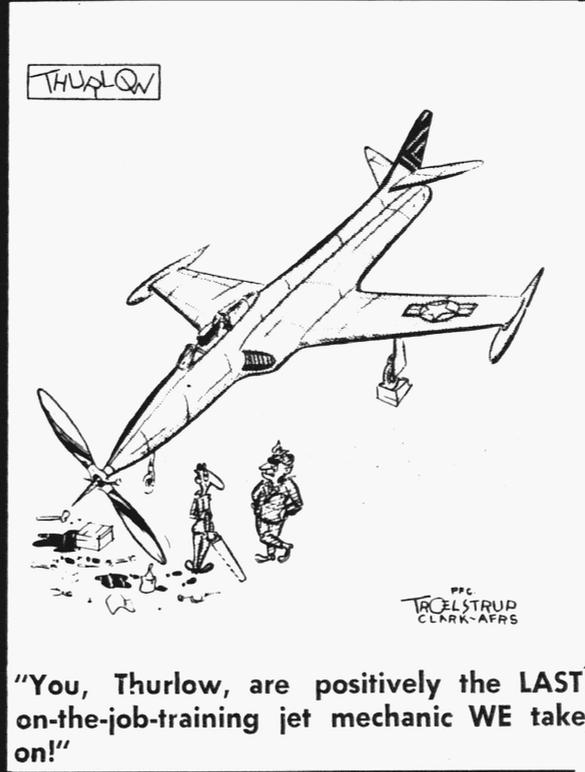
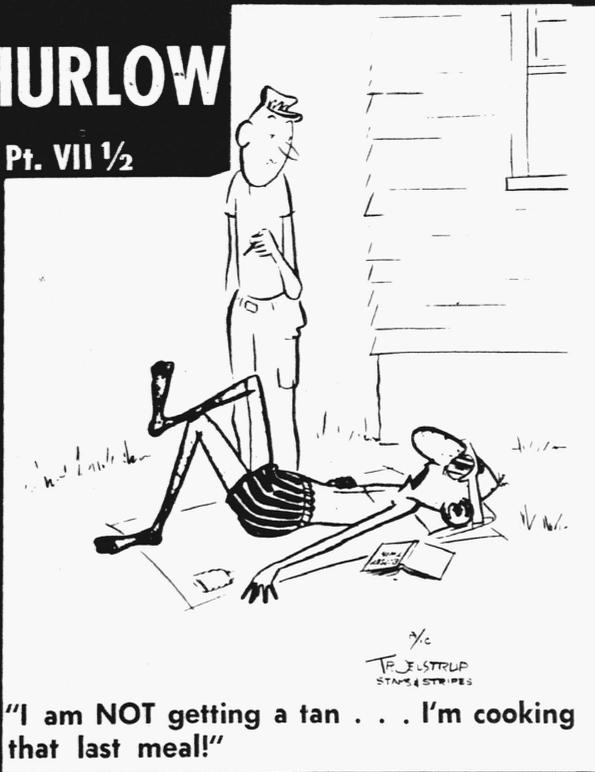
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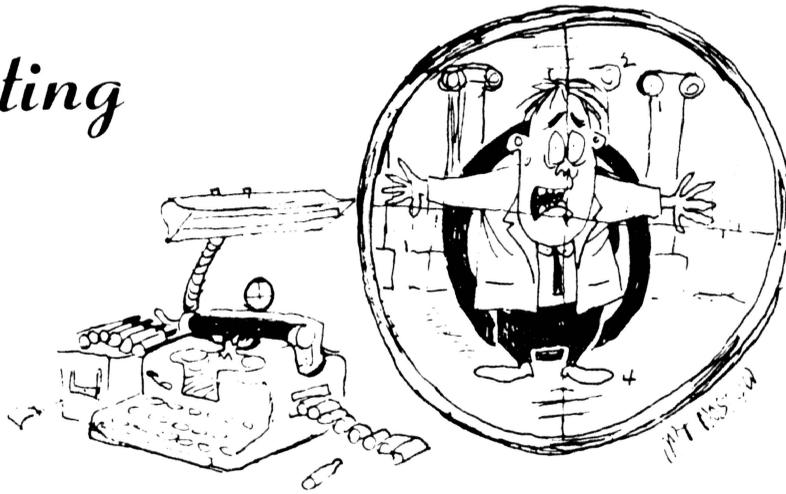
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THURLLOW

Pt. VII 1/2



Shooting



Gallery

I have been informed by an earnest young Greek that my comments about his ilk have "simply infuriated" him in times past. He attempted to enlighten me about Greek life. He told me that many Greeks, himself included, often didn't know where their next copper was coming from, let alone their next Cadillac. To these unfortunates I would like to offer a suggestion. Try working — it does wonders for your viewpoint. Make a hit with your folks. Suggest it to Dad. Watch his eyes light up at the thought that you might stop sponging off him . . .

Green grass. Tests. Worms. Grass stains on blankets. Embarrassing cases of poion ivy. Yeah! When you're out on a blind date with that pig you're stuck with for the evening, keep this consoling thought uppermost in your mind. All cats are gray in the dark.

Aren't all you emigres proud of your foster home town? Hell, yes. The other day I had a wheel cylinder go out, with a resultant drop in my ability to stop my heap in anything less than a country mile, so being a fairly logical sort I took it to a garage for

repairs. I told the man I wanted it fixed "right", to avoid future difficulties. He promised it back that afternoon. When he finally released it late the following afternoon he handed me a bill for \$38.45, which included two new brake linings, four wheel cylinder kits, two dollars' worth of brake fluid, a grease seal (!) and much labor. He then cheerfully informed me that he refused to guarantee the work, and that the brakes might last practically forever or go out three blocks down the street. Nice little town, our adopted home-away-from-home.

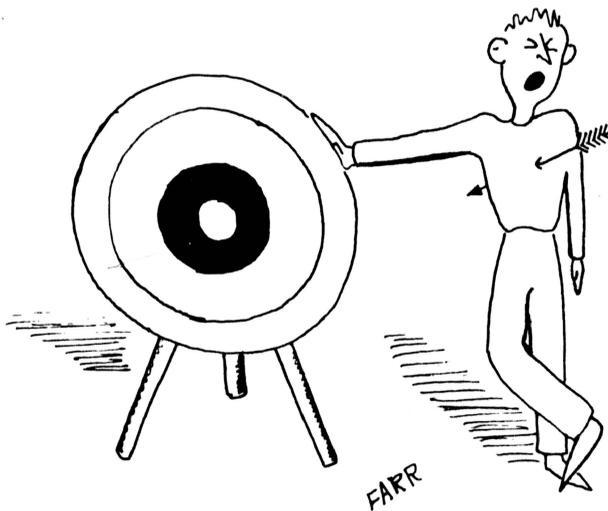
FREE EZRA POUND!!

It looks like civil war is imminent. The city is throwing up barricades again — on Broadway yet! And digging trenches. I don't know who they figure on fighting (I've got a hunch), but if this keeps up, back-pack helicopters are the only answer.

Well, it looks like the teamsters have about flogged their nags to death. The only difference between the man who takes five dollars from the cash register and the man who takes fifty thousand from the account seems to be that the latter is usually more successful. This would seem to prove that if you're gonna steal — steal big, brother. All across the land, Union wheels are sweating, and Mama, where is your wandering boy tonight? The only thing to do is to keep smiling and remember that organized labor is the backbone of America.

Oh, the rich get richer and the poor get poorer, and in the meantime, in betweentimes, ain't we got fun!

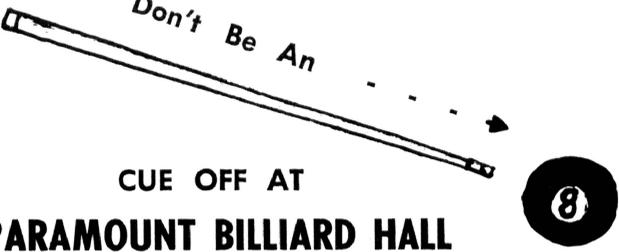
It has come to my attention that the native inhabitants of our local swamp have their own pet name for students — Hairy Necks. This is a fact you will undoubtedly be most happy to ascertain. The only remaining question is why



"A little more to the left, Johnson."

OVER

Don't Be An



**CUE OFF AT
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that particular appellation has been hung on our long-suffering student body. Is it because the University is universally in need of a haircut? Unlikely, considering the many shiny and almost-bald domes trotting around the campus. Is it because of so-called "long-hair" proclivities of the student population? Also unlikely. Lord knows we have more than our fair share of uncouth characters! Maybe it's because of our bobbed-haired belles — they **could** be mistaken for men in slacks. What are they gonna do when the gals convert to the new Elvis Presley Cut? **JUDAS PRIEST!**

According to an emotional stability test given to both prison o/nvicts and college students, the convicts are found to be more stable than the students. THAT should put you jokers in your place.

One of the less believable sights around campus is the college "man" who invariably gets hell-roaring drunk on two glasses of 3.2. I once knew a man who drank neat whiskey and played cards all night long. He was a gambler. He cheated so successfully — and soberly — that he finally had to go out of business. Or consider E. W. Scripps. Old E. W. used to drink a gallon of whiskey each and every day. HE stayed sober enough to amass one of the largest fortunes in America. The logical conclusion is that somebody's faking or their alcohol tolerance level is so low they should be classed as subhuman.

Wenn ich nur die Gelegenheit gehabt hatte, so wurde ich viel mehr getan habe. You bet. I guess this

is one of those times when, in the immortal words of Papa Hemingway, "I just don't have the juice up." Yah. Besides, the damn' coffee's boiling over.

The Russian word for shower is "doosh". Undoubtedly comes from the same root word "douse" or "dwse", which comes from "water-dowse", which comes from "witch". That should prove interesting to someone.

Why is it that these infernal machines are so intricately designed that a man can't change the ribbon in one of these cotton-pickers without spending an hour and a half at the job, getting ink all over everything, and coming out with a badly frayed temper? Undoubtedly a Communist-inspired plot designed to lead to the ultimate breakdown of our capitalistic way of life.

Ah, that gay, mad whirl of power poitics! Nasser the Gasser. Me big chief. You heap little Injun. Me gottum Soviet-type MIG. You go-um Hell, Englishman, Frenchman, Jew, 'Merican. Me wheel. Dam' right. Well, wheels are notorious for coming into contact with various objects thrown between the spokes. Who will be the lucky volunteer? Five will get you ten it won't be us. Or the UN, either. We follow a middle-of-the-road policy. This is defined as doing nothing with much noise and great vigor. Sheep do the same thing — only they're at least quiet about it.

Well, if you bums (editors only —this time) want more, you can write it yourself. Better deal, anyway. Then I KNOW it'll run.



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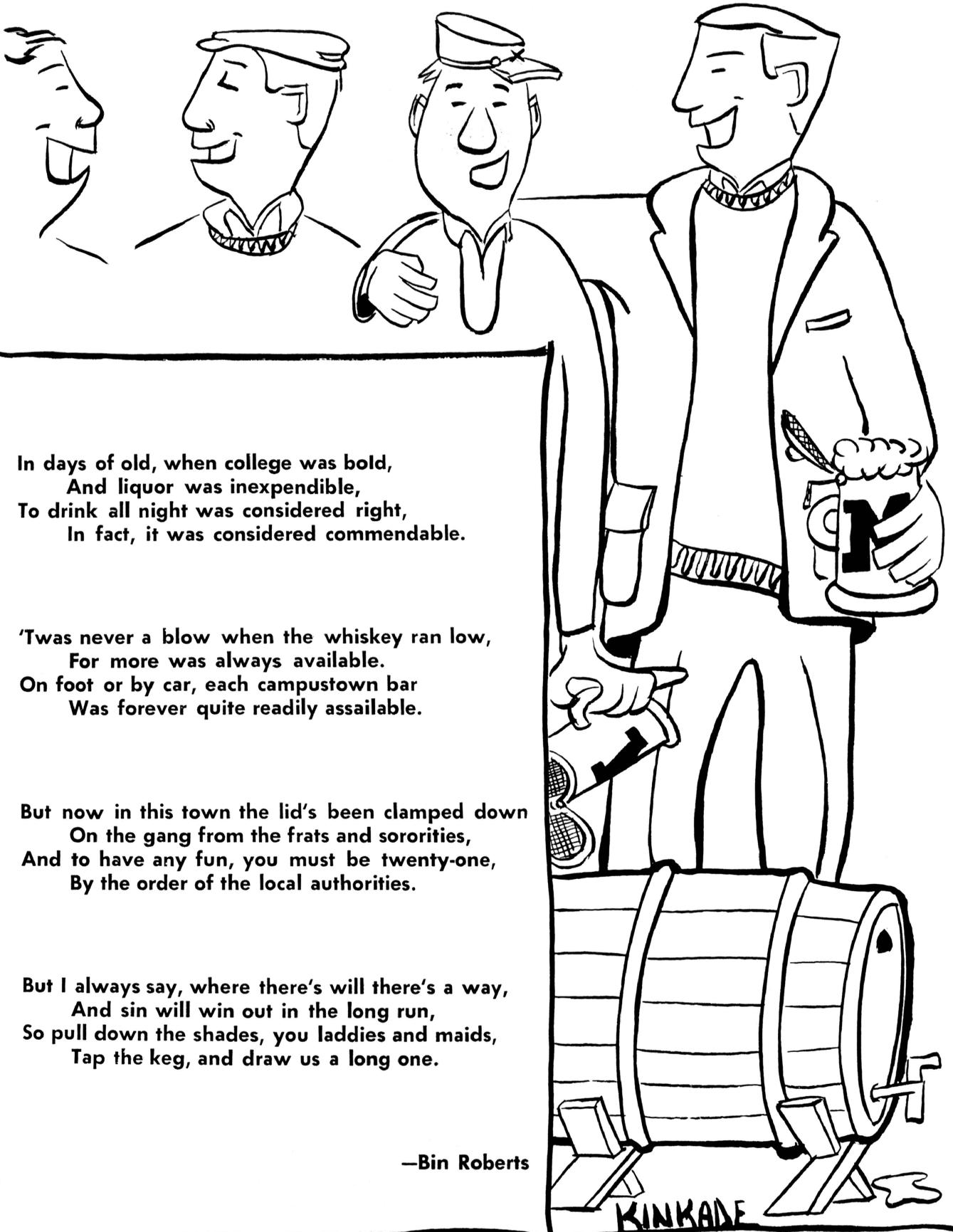
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Come in Early to Assure

Proper Fitting

Ode On Getting A Load On



In days of old, when college was bold,
And liquor was inexpensible,
To drink all night was considered right,
In fact, it was considered commendable.

'Twas never a blow when the whiskey ran low,
For more was always available.
On foot or by car, each campustown bar
Was forever quite readily assailable.

But now in this town the lid's been clamped down
On the gang from the frats and sororities,
And to have any fun, you must be twenty-one,
By the order of the local authorities.

But I always say, where there's will there's a way,
And sin will win out in the long run,
So pull down the shades, you laddies and maids,
Tap the keg, and draw us a long one.

—Bin Roberts

contributors' page

*GOING STEADY . . . Is Tackinoelshaw, saying, has seen funny paperman (artoonist (sic), editorial assistant), DICK NOEL (looks most similar to Charlie Brown cartoon), standing in longest line (his closest love, dog-



This is Richard Bollinger Noel — the only man who can stand upside down and the beer won't DARE spill out.

friend, smelling prospectus pants). And longest line is for . . . "gurgle, he he. ha" (is honorable laugh copied from Noel) . . . for milk bottle of beer. Is little moon face containing squishy eyes protected by faddy black horn-rims and containing distorted mouth (not like zig-zag face of funny people cartoons).

Is said, Dick Noel, ex-Booneville, Columbia, is steady-goer with dog, BEER and hillbilly duets and is weird tenor which is all same same, nice nice . . . arigato.

Sigma Nu: Darling-doll, why aren't you wearing my fraternity pin?

Pi Phi: All the other fellows say it scratches their hands.

*IS PINNED . . . is introducing BARBARA JONES pinned to Delta Gamma sorority. Is most interesting physical person, and also is physical major. This lotus blossom is most hard worker on SHOWME Queen Contest and Crystal Ball and aftermath, trip to her hometown, St. Louis.

Velly talented girl and talent extended most delightfully over SHOWME St. Louis weekend. Besides WAA chairmanship and other activities, is one special when Barbara spends special talent teasing; "I tease," she tell Tackinoelshaw . . . is nice nice and what is this like of four-wheeled convertibles? Is most confusing, to Kusan much.



*ENGAGED . . . Ah so, is presenting most velly honorable G. I., veteran OCS, Ft. Benning, Georgia, Korea, University of Missouri and illustrious SHOWME. Delightful picture illustrates Greek talent to copy honorable Nero haircut, fad of most eccentric persons. Is LES GIBBS, writer aspirant whom humble Tackinoelshaw speak of. Rubaiyat is bible of this honorable veteran of SHOWME weekend. Is miraculous \$20 rescue by most unmisanthropic (number one word)



balladeer, that is greatest event in Les' lowly professional student life. Is seems after delightful participation in splendorous Chase Club shows (horrible giggles plus hearty yahoo), is most sad Les Gibbs with check and no money. Is rescued filled with delicious brew and still live to be engaged again in illustrious pursuit of writing career, "even comic books if necessary." Wonder why honorable Gibbs repeat philosophical utterance that "time is just a moment" so many times?

Is speakee sayonara.

*Is copytake from dishonorable Manny paper.



Big ladies . . . and little ladies . . . and kind of in-

between ladies . . . and rich ladies . . . and poor ladies

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"Strange"



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