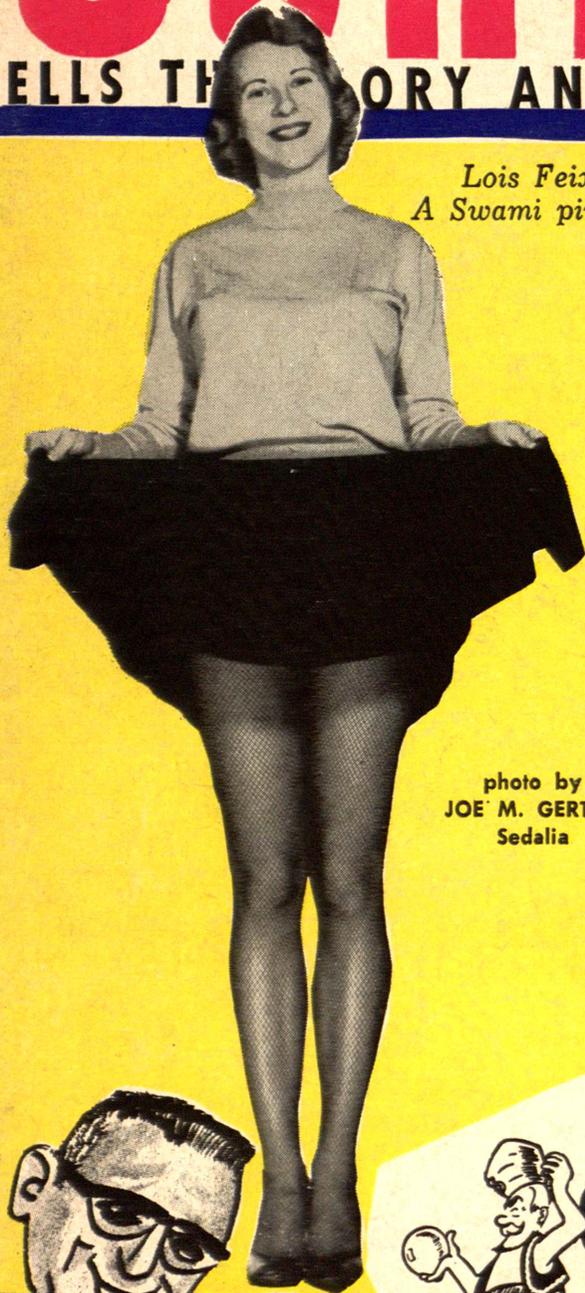


POC

SEE PAGE 18

Confidential

SELLS THE STORY AND TAMES THE NAMES - OCT. 30c



Lois Feix
A Swami pin-up

photo by
JOE M. GERTEIS
Sedalia



PSSST!
PSSST! PSSST!
WHAT THE
BOARD OF
PUBLICATION
DIDN'T KNOW
ABOUT
DADDY-BIRD
ROBERT
TOMAS
HARISON
AFTER 4 YRS.
IN RUSSIA—

Showme

TOMAS



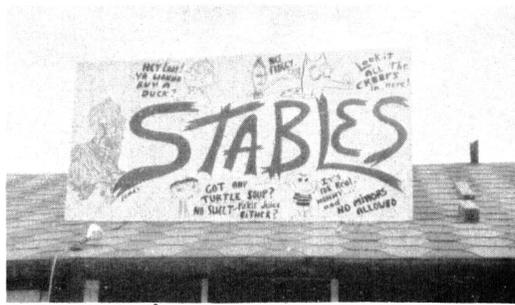
Glenn
Kulum



THE MANMUNCHER STORY THAT CONFIDENTIAL
SHOWME couldn't print—

**ALUMNI —
JAM SESSION**
before
Nebraska game
and before all
games after

begins 10 a.m.



Tomás

HARLEM ACES — Sundays
3-5 p.m.

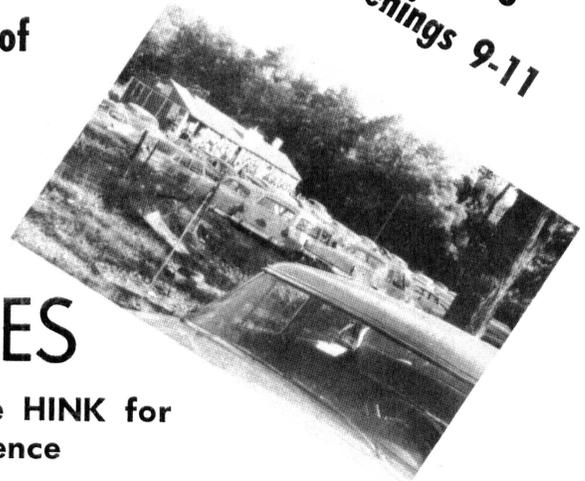
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people
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to
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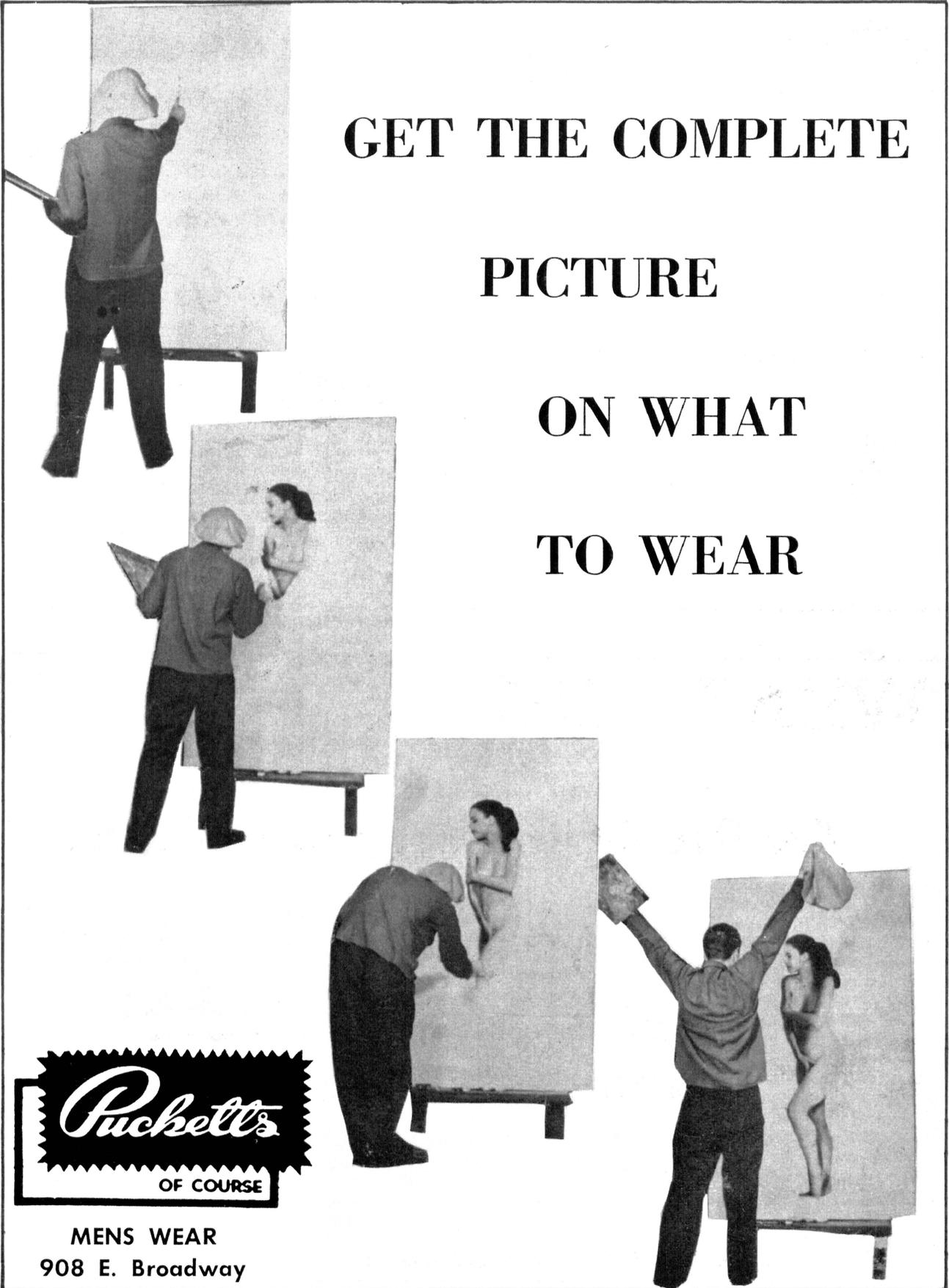
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PARKING METERS CANNOT BE TOLERATED SAY MANY STUDENTS IN LETTERS TO SWAMI. City Manager Leo Hill spoke to SGA about the present meter situation and talk of future installation on the Red Campus. Harold Meythaler, a member of the planning and zoning commission said in a story printed by the *Missourian* that meters be "slapped all around the new dormitories to see if that would bring results." The results being to change the University's attitude "completely disregarding parking problems." The *Tribune* also ran an article on the same day, Sept. 6, attacking the University.

* * *

Letter writers to Swami so far are: Gary L. DeVore, Peter L. Land, Charles A. Lesh, John Ebert, Walter S. Davison Jr., Harold L. Atkins, Lee M. Tomlin, and Joe Hartenbower, all against the City's action in complete disregard of you the student.

One solution suggested by one writer ran like this:
Dear Sirs:

I read your interesting article in the last edition of *SHOWME* concerning parking meters.

I feel that mass meetings and petitions are fine, but the direct approach is much more satisfying.

Have you ever tried putting a little chewing gum on your pennies before you put them in the meter?

A Naughty Mouse
* * *

STEPHENS SUZIES (EX)
WANT *SHOWME* . . .

Dear Editor,

Last year while I attended Stephens College I looked forward

to your magazine every month. Just to think about it now makes me chuckle, so for me to keep laughing at the University here, I would greatly appreciate it if you would send me a year's subscription. Please send me the bill and your "fabuli" magazine as soon as possible. Will be looking for it!

Sheila Malone
4716 Emerson Ave. So.
Minneapolis 9, Minn.

Dearest Sheila,

Just send us the money, all three of those wierd green George's and we'd love to send you all unattached copies of columnists, cartoonists, and photogs to keep you happy.

Love,
Ed.

* * *

Greetings from Calif!

Enclosed find a check for \$3.00 for a subscription to the "*SHOWME*."

I'm a former "Stephens Suzie," from Nebraska, and have transferred as a junior here to Whittier. It sure will be good to see the "*SHOWME*" again.

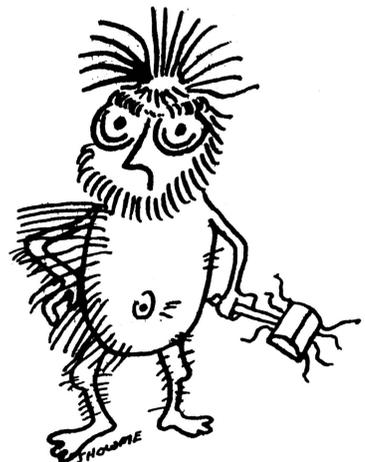
Please send it to:

Allison Kawal
Johnson Hall
Whittier College
Whittier, Calif.

Dearest Dear Allison:

UMMMMM, *SHOWME* will be more than delighted in gracing your bourdoir or elsewhere you read such lascivious literature, especially since you've paid us for it.

Come up and see me some time,
Ed.



Damm GILLETTE RAZORS!

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SHOWME

"Let's go out and frustrate some men."



Parking meters, loaded ads, smiling faces at 7:40 classes and many pictures of a girl have sent Swami into a dither.

CONFIDENTIALLY speaking, he's sure that you new readers have now found a reason to abhor this pulp called SHOWME. But did you read the story of the behind the scenes of *Maneater*? Press blow ups at the *Missourian* plant and printing the issues at the Tribune and who really put out the first issues of *Maneater*? And what girl wants to be called "Miss MANeater?" (The rag is running a female contest, you know of course, like yeah).

For you old browsers as well as you new skimmers, we've got more pictures of two different Swami finds. Now you ask how we get such feminine pulchritude to pose for our cheesecake. Well old Swami has his eye on every roving beauty on this campus as well as other campi and then he takes them out personally and poses them for a photog of his. Really, it's very unrewarding work for Swami and the photog.

And then there are the Pi Phi's and pledges that answer the phone when Swami's on the other end. He's after material girls, but he's also very very touchy about how he's handled! ! ! Remember, Swami's one of the nine judges on the Miss Missouri Pageant.

Well, scratching the surface of winter, I see that Swami must warn you that after Homecoming this Saturday, you'd better don your winter undies and things and winterize the baby and check the Almanac and perhaps read SHOWME for kicks.

Tomás

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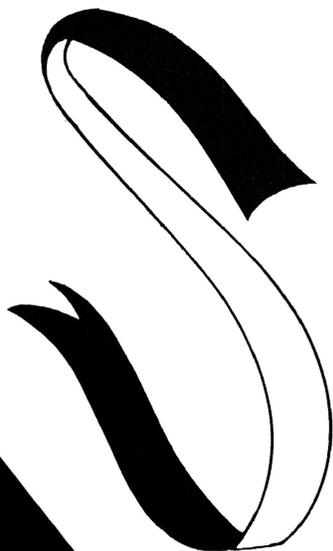
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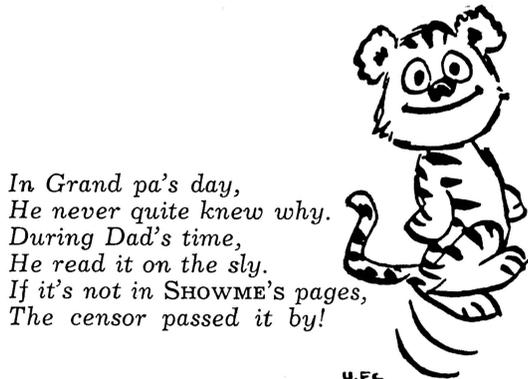
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VOLUME 34 OCT., 1957 No. 2



*In Grand pa's day,
He never quite knew why.
During Dad's time,
He read it on the sly.
If it's not in SHOWME's pages,
The censor passed it by!*

This month's cover needs no explanation nor reproduction.
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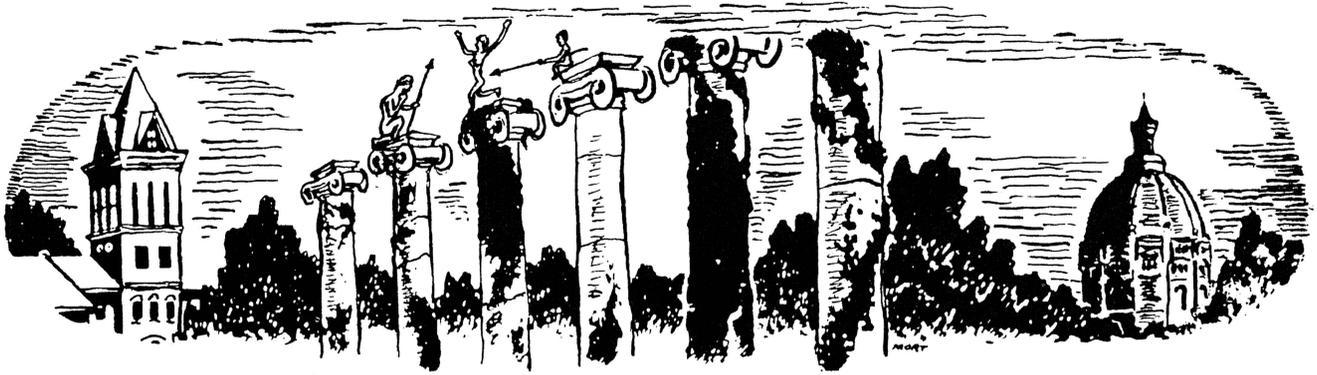
like

Maneater

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CONFIDENTIAL stories are the rage
A life stripped bare on every page
They've preyed on souls from street to steeple
But now they're running out of people.



Around The Columns

FIRST, children, we will have some noises. Click clack click bong snap ring (that's the typewriter) bang bang bang bang bang bang bang (That's Matt Dillon, Clint Walker, White Erp, Edward Shotgun and other illuminaries piercing bad people and dogs with their trusty Buntlines specials and 45 MM Homitzers and Magnum 308's and trench mortars and frozen snowballs with sharp rocks in them) crisp crunch crackle snap (that's an old man who is senile but doesn't want anyone to know it walking through leaves) s n a p s t o m p squonk swish stomp (he is walking faster now and sort of kicking at the leaves in order to act young and ferocious and unsenile and he is given the bloody leaves hell, I'll have you know) stompswish-stompstompwish- Crunch! Grunt hoo . . . hoo . . . hoo . . . (he has just now come down with a extra special strong swish at the leaves and unfortunately connected with a middlesized brick which some small child has placed under them in hopes that the senile old man would perhaps meet up with it and subsequently fall solidly to the sidewalk and inaugurate the hip breaking season.) Rah rah rah rah rah rah rah (that's non-shaving collitch boys making rah noises quietly to one another during study hall in hopes that they can arouse some sort of mob action against whoever is in authority and perhaps bludgeon him in his sleep) zinggggggaaazongggg . . . thump . . . boinnnnng . . . thump . . . (That's Andre Kostel-

antz and his acquaintances making sort of sad funeral soothe music on the hi-fi which is directly behind me. Andre is not well at all.) Tinkle tonkle squish slurp drip (that is the ice in my glass carrying on and I see that it isn't well at all either because it's empty so if you will excuse me I will go heal it) and noise time is over, children, so you may take your rugs back to the rug room. And be quick about it snarl bite.

* * *

IF THERE'S one thing I don't like, it's an instructor who talks too fast. I don't mean to infer that I am one of those people who diligently record every word of his



master's (or mistress') voice and get twitchy and nervous as a long-tailed cat in a room full of rocking chairs when I miss a syllable or a comma or anything. I just mean that I often wish to sort of know what this guy is talking about, you know, just get the drift of the subject. Like is he talking about King George the Twelfth

(who was probably some king or the other—there's thousands of them) or Harriet Beecher Stowe, because this could be important. Or whether it is corpucles of the sublimentary dorsal muscles or Custards last stand which is the topic of discussion. I mean, man, I like to know what *class* I'm in.

Anyhow, the seven headed monster in my abdomen (a sort of stomach) which is spewing forth all this sour grapy and horribly misspelled prose is being nurtured by the fact that at the present time I am being initiated into the wonders of English literature by an individual who, at best, sounds like a 7,000 horse power Chrysler twin diesel yacht engine churning through wet mud. Or, to put it another way, like playing a 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ record at 45 rpms. Sort of a pregnant combination of Uncle John and Sparky and H. V. Kaltenborn with peanut butter in his mouth.

I'm pretty sure you're all familiar with this sort of thing, but I honestly believe I've got this semester's champ, no kidding. As I said, this is an English Lit. course, but I didn't discover this until after three weeks when the local lick-penny saw fit to produce the text that I needed. Up until then I was under the impression that I was in some sort of language course. Chinese, I figured.

* * *

I HAVE decided, after a good deal of considering, that during the three months which compose the summer, I consumed 1,350 bottles of beer. However, this is impos-

sible. Especially since it would have cost \$347.50, which is ridiculous.

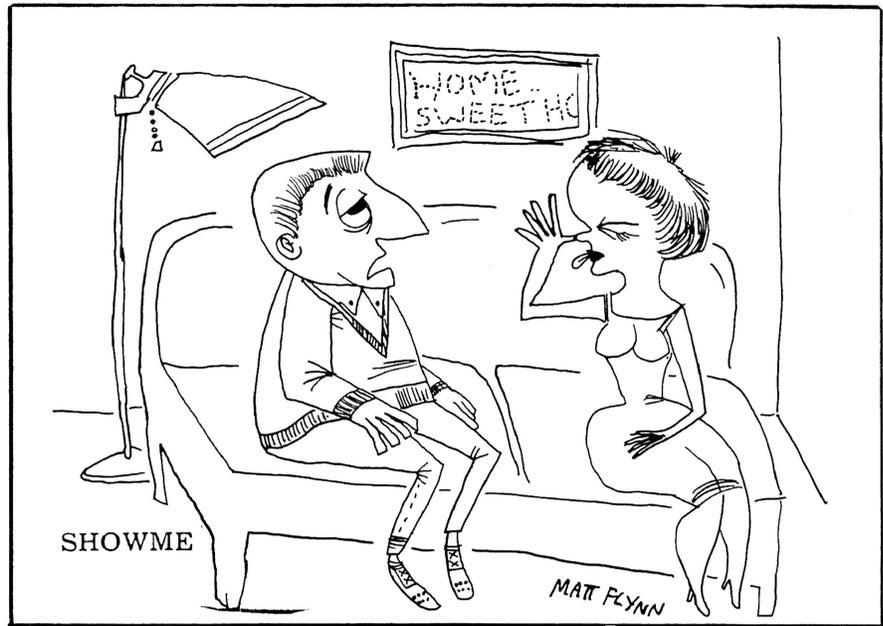
I don't know. Maybe I drank Scotch.

* * *

ONE OF the things I've got is a pair of unbreakable glasses. See, I've got pretty bad eyesight and I've worn shades of one kind or another for about twelve years. Well, I must have busted nearly fifteen pair in that time, so when I was in high school I got a pair of unbreakable jobbers to play football and drink beer in. Or behind, I guess. They stood up great under football, but five years ago I clobbered hell out of 'em in a poker game. Frankly, I wasn't too sad to get rid of 'em—they gave you the general appearance of being a windshield on a motorcycle, if you get what I mean. Sort of like goggles, you know. So I got another pair—again supposedly unbreakable. Oh, hell, they were *unbreakable* all right. They were unbreakable as hell. Except you couldn't see out of them. For some unfathomable, reason they tended to cloud up like the old prewar car windshields used to do. Like I was in a dam fog, man. So a couple of years ago I got some more. These jobs are really tremendous, I kid you not. See, what they did was to fix it so you could drop steel balls on them from a height of 8 feet. And they wouldn't break. They'd do it millions of times, see, lay them specks on the floor and drop steel balls on them. Never break. No sir.

So, heck, I'm satisfied. Anytime I feel like it I can remove my glasses, lay them down on the floor, and drop steel balls on them. I mean I have a tremendous urge to do this constantly, and when you stop to think about it, it's really a very marvelous thing to be able to do. Not everybody can do it. But I can. Anytime — during meals, in church, while swimming (you never know when the urge will overcome you), and, well *anytime*. Tremendous.

Next time I plan to get a pair which you can strike with a six pound ball-peen hammer, hold in front of an acetylene torch, attach to the propeller of the U. S. Nautilus, and pour cream over in the morning and eat for breakfast. That is the sort of thing one



"I feel our love is cooling."

is constantly prone to do with ones spectacles, and I want to be ready.

Steel balls at a height of 8 feet. Great balls of fire.

* * *

WELL, let's see. Let's try Dick Tracy this month. I recall having interpreted Small Orphant Annie for you several times in the past, so we'll try Mr. Tracy.

Here we go. In the first picture we see this woman talking to this man. They are in a sort of cold storage room, or something, and the woman is saying, "But, Robbie, I paid you what I agreed to."

Well. All we get here is that this guy's name is Robbie. That's all. Actually, all we can see of them is their heads, because evidently the man who draws this strip, whose name is Chester Ghoul (which is a hell of a name to pick, is all I got to say) is trying to conserve space.

In the next panel we see a better picture of the cold storage room, and Robbie is saying, "Sure, you paid me 20 grand—but I've changed my mind. I want half of that 200 thousand," to which the woman says, "A HUNDRED thousand for what YOU did?"

Waitaminute. Before I go on I got to tell you that in this cold storage room there is another guy. He is sort of sitting down on a box against one wall and, man if anybody wasn't ever well at all,

this guy isn't. He has got these icicles hanging down from his mouth, and he is sort of blue looking, and if anybody ever need a electric blanket, this guy does. The *least* we could do is call in Oral Roberts.

So in the next panel the woman is talking to the man and she is saying, "All you did, Brother of mine, was to board a plane disguised as my husband and ride to New York," Well, that's nice. I don't know. Perhaps we'd best proceed. Next we have a side view of the guy who is being turned into snow cones for the children, and he looks worse than ever, and ole Robbie says, "It isn't what I did, it's what I know! Come, sis, give. Give, give!" And the woman is kneeling down at a box and she is pulling out great wads of folding green, and she says, "Robbie, I HATE you!"

Yes. Well, in the last panel they (the woman and Robbie, not ole Abominable Snowman. He is sitting tight.) are going out the door and Robbie is counting his loot and saying, "Old Claude won't mind. Ha, Ha Ha! He's just keeping cool and collected. That's what we have to do."

Aha. Our human popsicle friend is named Claude. *Old* Claude, more specifically, and Robbie and his sister are evidently planning on quick-freezing him for later use. You know, like if unexpected

guests drop in for dinner, they'll have plenty of desert. Or something. Dick Tracy. I think I'll stick to Small Orphant.

* * *

YOU KNOW, there are two men whom I admire more than anybody. And, before you start calling me a smart aleck, I realize I said "Whom" back there instead of "Who," but I figger that I am majoring in English, which is what most of us speak; I mean I don't speak it, but some do. I guess you could say the majority speak it, and since the majority does, we best all join. Allys jine the majority, I say—you'll never go wrong. You're liable to end up in jail, is all, but jine it.

Ahem. There are two men whommmmm I admire more than anybody. These two are old Stan Musial and old Clark Gable. I'm serious, too. Take old Stan—hell, he ain't nothing but the best dam ballplayer in the last twenty-five years, is all. *That's* all. You ever see him play? Man. I swear there isn't anything I'd rather do than to be in Sportsman Park—or Busch Stadium, rather, with a paper cup of beer, and a cigar (I get on cegars on important occasions, like wakes, and weddings, and perhaps Tuesdays), and see old Stan coming to bat. He just sort of stands there, like he is looking around a corner, and when the ball is pitched he just whirls around and goes BANG and there is our base hit into right field. Just like that. Stan the Man. You can't beat him.

Then there's Clark. He can't do *anything*, really; he just smirks and lifts his eyebrows and looks suave, and makes out with all the females within 20 miles. But mostly that's just the moving picture jazz. They allys build 'em up where they practically have to use clubs to beat the broads off. You know.

But by jees old Clark's one of the few stags I've noticed around that can still wear a tee-shirt at upwards of fifty-five. And he wears 'em like he was sewed into 'em come spring and not planning to shed 'em till first frost.

And you know, no matter what sort of lemon old Clark done got himself attached to, people still come to watch him, even though he just struts around and plays

Clark Gable. Because this guy is a dam *man*, that's all. He don't have to slob around and spit and carry on like Marlon Brando or anything, or grin and be charming like Tab Hunter, or be Edward Grim like William Holden and carry all the worlds' problems on his shoulders, or anything. He has just got to be Clark Gable, that's all. Actually, I guess old Clark ought to have been born around 1830, so he could live right and act bushytailed like Mr. Rhett Butler did, but it didn't work out that way, so Clark'll just have to struggle along the best he can. But the best he can is pretty dam good.

I guess the only thing I can say by way of apology for taking up your time is that I admire these two people, that's all.

* * *

I HAVE been inspecting the new Edsels for the last few weeks and have come to the conclusion that they ought to be called Eggsuckers instead of Edsels. That's right—Eggsuckers. Just look at the front end of them and you'll know what I mean.

HERE IS something sort of amusing. It was in the newspaper and it was about this second grade schoolteacher, who, while leading her pupils through some patriotic songs one day, discovered that in "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" they had somehow gotten a few of the words wrong. Instead of singing "... where the grapes of wrath are stored," they had it "... where the grapes were wraped and stored."

It don't sound *bad* that way, though. . . .

* * *

IN THE past few weeks I have been asked by several people just why we are charging thirty cents for our magazine this year. I really couldn't tell you, because I don't know anything about that sort of thing. (They don't let me mess much with the money), but I imagine it has something to do with making a profit.

Brazen outfit, aren't they?

* * *

THAT about does it. See you next month, and don't forget, be animal in all that you do.

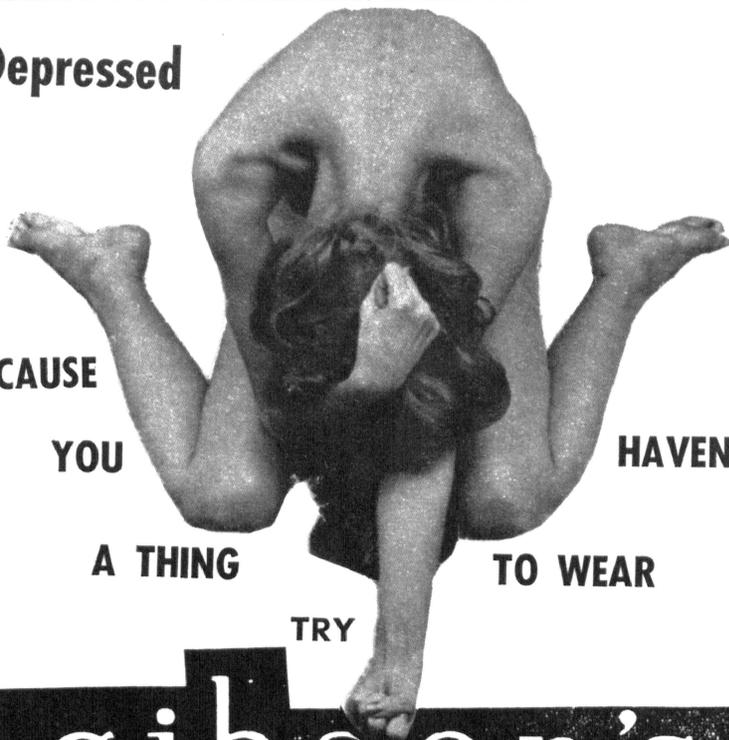
Dick Noel



SHOWME

"Stokes, about your new sign . . ."

Depressed



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College boy: "But Dad, I want to go where there's glamour, women, liquor . . . don't hold me back."

Father: "I'm not holding you back. Take me with you."

* * *

Too often the hand is quicker than the thigh.

* * *

1st Kappa: Does he dress like a gentleman?

2nd Kappa: I don't know. I never saw him dress.

* * *

Alice: Are you troubled at college with improper thoughts?

Carole: Why, no I rather enjoy them.

* * *

"I think John and Suzanne were the cutest-looking couple on the floor last night."

"Oh, were you at the dance last night?"

"No, I went to the House Party."

* * *

Fratboy: I was just in that bar, and got a double whiskey straight, without any money.

Coed: What did you have for a chaser?

Fratboy: The bartender.

* * *

A young lady with a slight cold went to a dinner party, and took with her two handkerchiefs, one of which she placed in her bosom. At dinner she began rummaging to right and left in her bosom for the fresh handkerchief, and suddenly, engrossed in her search, realized that conversation had stopped completely. People were watching her, fascinated. In confusion, she murmured: "I know I had two when I came."

* * *

Alpha Phi: Do you love me?

Sigma Chi: Yes.

Alpha: Would you cry if I died?

Sigma: Yes.

Alpha: Show me how much you would cry.

Sigma: Die first.

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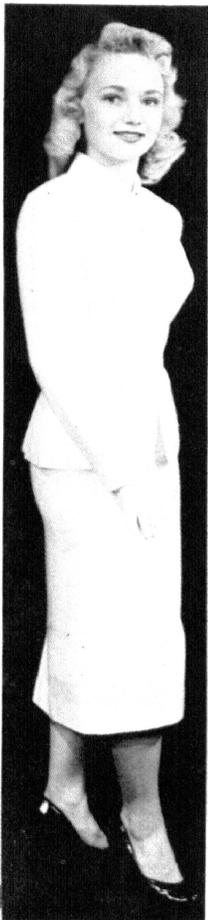
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MISS CENTRAL MISSOURI PAGEANT

SHOWME IS AGAIN HONORED THIS YEAR TO JOIN IN THE SEARCH FOR A MISS MISSOURI WINNER AND WE CERTAINLY LOOK FORWARD TO ONE WINNER FROM OUR AREA. THE JEFFERSON CITY JUNIOR CHAMBER OF COMMERCE IS SPONSORING THE "MISS CENTRAL MISSOURI" PAGEANT TO BE HELD EARLY IN 1958. NATURALLY, ALL CO-EDS ARE ELIGIBLE AND WE SINCERELY HOPE THAT ALL THE ELIGIBLE ENTER. YOU'VE NOTHING TO LOSE AND EVERYTHING IN THE WAY OF EXPERIENCE TO GAIN.



Jerre Ann Teter, a Columbia resident and senior at Christian College will prepare herself for the March 1, 1958 pre-preliminary and will aim her talent, combining the piano and narrative, toward the nine judges and hope that she will be one of the 25 finalists in April, 1958. Jerre has won second place in a statewide Voice of Democracy Contest. She wants to teach speech and dramatics.

Sue Hall of Taneyville, a freshman of the University of Missouri, will seek to capture a berth in the 25 finalists by using her talent of modeling her own clothes. Sue won second place in a Taneycomo Beauty Contest and is a graduate of a Springfield modeling school. Sue sincerely hopes that the nine judges will be keener than keen when she passes before them. She wishes to become an interior decorator or professional photographer's model.

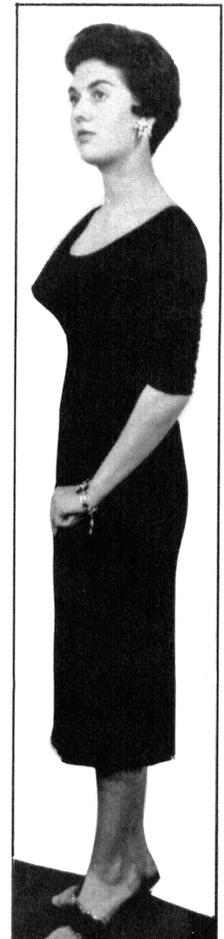


photo by DUKE WADE

Missouri

Entrants will compete for \$1,500 in prizes and a chance to represent Central Missouri at the Miss Missouri Pageant in St. Louis, and possibly after that, to go to the famed MISS AMERICA PAGEANT in Atlantic City, New Jersey.

Any single young lady who is or will be a high school graduate by September 1, 1958 and is 18 and not more than 28 by that date is eligible if she is a resident of Boone, Cole, Callaway, Phelps, Moniteau, Osage, Maries, Morgan, Benton, Miller, Camden, Cooper, Pettis, or Linn counties. ANY STUDENT ATTENDING COLLEGE IN THE AREA IS ELIGIBLE REGARDLESS OF HOME RESIDENCE. Those attending college outside the area are eligible but must have a home residence within the area.

Talent competition is not the only thing you will be judged upon, as a matter-of-fact, you can win on being better in the evening gown, swim suit, and personality competition. Talents may be definite, such as singing, dancing, dramatics, etc., or other non-descript such as the young lady may possess — including art sketches or paintings, a speech on her chosen career, fashion design or modeling, or showing films if she is a water skier or swimmer, etc. She may use help if needed in performing her talent.

Entry blanks and detailed information may be obtained by writing P. O. Box 192, Jefferson City, Missouri.

Your local Junior Chamber of Commerce can answer questions also.

SHOWME wishes all of you who enter all the luck you need and Swami hopes that a girl from this area walks into the Atlantic City finals and maybe MISS AMERICA!

CIGARS

HASHISH?

CIGARETTES

WATER PIPES?



"And what gives you the idea I'm only after your money?"



Brown Derby

the finest selection of
BEVERAGES in town

- Champagne
- Wines
- Ice cold beer
- Mixes

116 S. 9th GI 3-5409

The Latin Lothario wanted to play...

EXPOSED !!

By TOM BLECHHH

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT comes early to *Showme's* staff. Just take a walk past Read Hall some night about twelve and listen to the shrill feminine strains of "Noel! Noel!" drifting down into Hitt Street from third floor. A few campus-wise individuals may scoof and say "Christmas Carols, Hell!" or something equally expressive, and they'd be right. But nobody can deny that it's all in the true Christmas spirit. After all, something is being given away up there!

Noel Tomás, as *everybody* knows, is editor of *Showme*, alleged humor magazine of the University of Missouri. What most people *don't* know about this brown-skinned boy wonder is that, among his friends, he is known as the all-time champion Make-Out-Man-with-a-Method. As a matter of fact, he has a couple of methods, either of which would place him high on the list of all-time Campus Casanovas.

His first *modus operandi*, which he relied on heavily until a short time ago, is a standard but efficient technique used by most journeyman lovers who are in a position to make it work. It begins as an innocent date, with friend Tomas displaying an air of cool detachment, designed to lull his victim into a false sense of security. An ex-athlete, he never forgets the trite-but-true sports axiom, "Cool warm-up—hot game!"

LITTLE SOMETHING EXTRA

As the evening wears on and Noel continues to play the part of the pure, pure gentleman, he chooses just the right time to suggest a drink . . . just one drink. Well, naturally no girl in her right mind would be foolish enough to risk offending such a perfect gentleman, and she accepts. By this time she is so complacent and fearless that she thinks nothing of Noel's insistence that they go to a certain bar five miles out of the way and, later, that they wait fifteen minutes until a certain bartender, Pierre, returns to mix their drinks, because "he puts that little something extra in them." Little does she suspect that that "little something extra" is just what Noel has been after all evening. And what Tomás gets . . . every time.

After the drink, Lover-boy is always in a hurry to leave, and drives out to a little-known spot on Highway 40—*new* Highway 40, which should be completed sometime next Spring—and parks. Once

the initial motion has been made, he follows through in order with: a fond caress; a gentle kiss; a not-so-gentle kiss; and, finally, "Would you like to write for *Showme*, Baby?" Of course, the story is always the same, with the same leading character, the same plot, the same movement, and the same climax, but it always sells.

Noel is quite a resourceful fellow, and along about October first he came up with a system that should prove the envy of everyone in his field, professionals and amateurs alike. At first glance it seems simple, convenient and made-to-order, but only a true genius—or an extremely warped person—could have come up with it.

He simply began to pass word around that *Showme* is sponsoring a Christmas program, and that auditions would be held, by appointment only, at eleven each evening till December 20, in the *Showme* office at 302 Read Hall.

CAMPI SUSPICIOUS

When tryouts first began, there was some small amount of suspicion on campus. There were some who thought that the "Noels" being sung in the *Showme* office were just a little too loud and desperate-sounding to be true, but Tomás quickly cleared that up by explaining, "Like, man, these are *progressive* numbers we're doing . . . I mean, like, get *hip*, man!" And, quite naturally, everybody was satisfied with this—especially Noel.

Although Tomás' new system seems to be producing better, less expensive results than the old, it has its inevitable drawbacks. The chief of these lies in the fact that since his audition-appointment book is full, there can be no repeat performances. With his usual ingenuity, however, he has found a way around this apparent disadvantage.

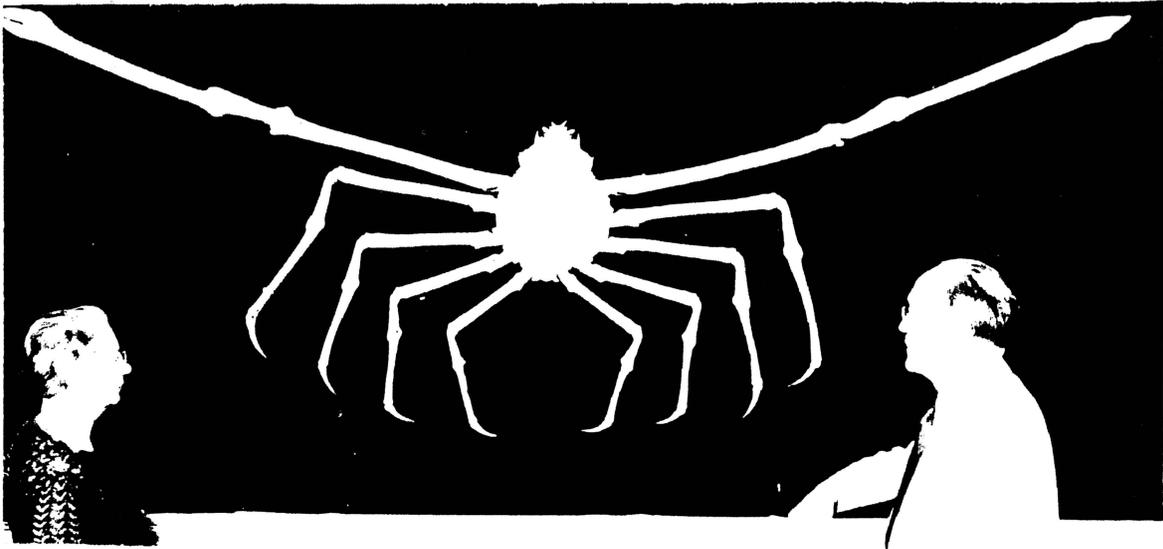
"I'm going to throw a party," he proudly confides to his friends, "for all of them. Right after Christmas vacation. I should have it right at Christmas time, I guess, but I can't; man, I'm gonna *need* that vacation!"

Some of you might wonder what Tomas intends to do in January, when he can no longer use Christmas as a blanket to cover his nocturnal activities. But he's not worried! "Something will come up," he says with typical candor.

With Noel, it usually does.

Where Are The Martians?

HAVE THE FLYING saucers really come to earth? If so, what manner of animal will come to rule the earth? If you were to ask Mr. and Mrs. Herbie Gritch of 111 South Winthrow Street in Scoopville, Missouri these questions, they would answer, "You Bet!"



The Gritches standing before mounted hired hand, who was discovered to be one of the alien creatures. Arm span, 20 feet, waist, 15. Looking for rich young widow.

The first Martian was caught by the Gritches while it was soaking in a bathtub full of salt water. Unable to take it alive, Herbie Gritch beat it to death with a plunger before it was able to reshape its hideous body back into the form of the hired hand. This ability to take the shape of another person is what makes the creature so dangerous, actually in their crab-like Martian form they are surprisingly easy to spot and are easily crippled because of slow, spindly legs.

This is the first one. Where are the others? When asked if they had any reason to suspect the hired hand to be a martian, the Gritches replied, "YOU Bet!"

They noticed these subtle changes in the manner of the hired hand. (1) a need for salt—about seven pounds a day (2) nine fingers on each hand (3) bad breath and underarm odor under each set of arms (4) a passion for red neckties. Note these peculiarities and look for them in the people you meet. Remember, they can be anywhere. They might be your favorite girl or gym instructor.

If you locate one of these creatures, write or phone "The American League For Martian Monsters" or Mr. and Mrs. Gritch, who are looking for another hired hand. Mr. Gritch says that the thing could do the work of five people and is well worth his salt. "You Bet!"

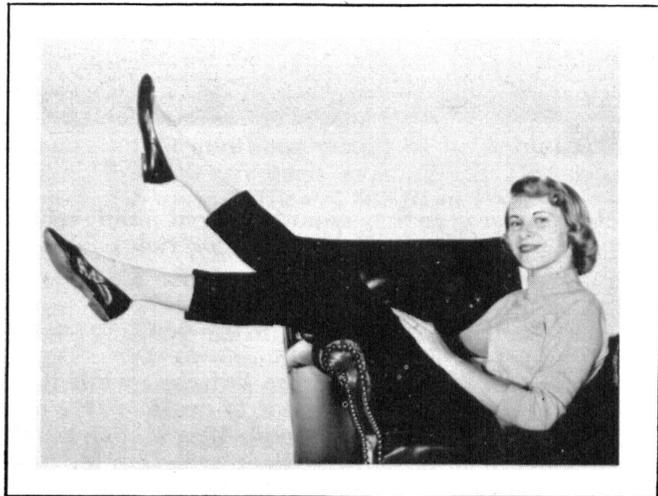
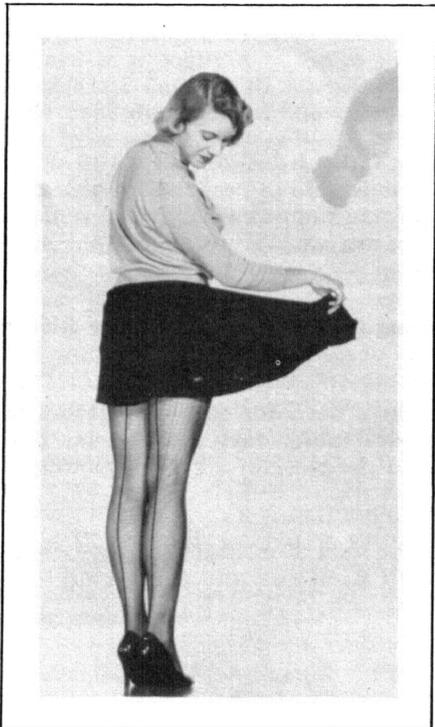


LOIS FEIX, a Wright City charmer, strikes Swami's fancy and graces SHOWME's slick pages with an added attraction of the month for our visitors.



photos by JOE M. GERTEIS,
(Lehmer Studio) Sedalia

*Lois Feix
A Swami pin-up*



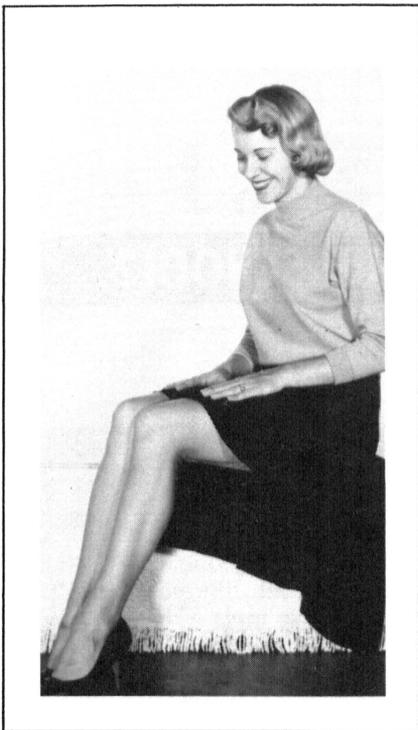
BARTH CLOTHING CO., INC.

Leaders in the Field of Quality Clothes Since 1868

Nunn-Bush and Egerton Shoes for Men
Kuppenhiemer Clothes
Stetson Hats Arrow Shirts

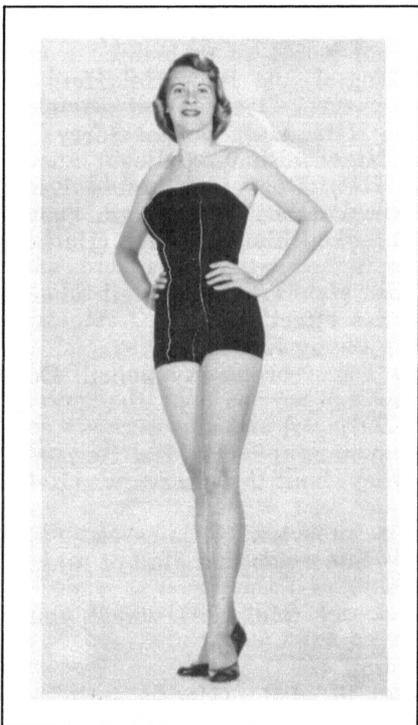
817-819-821 Broadway

Phone GI 3-5678



photos by JOE M. GERTEIS,
(Lehmer Studio) Sedalia

*Lois Feix
A Swami pin-up*



● Offset Printing

● Mimeographing

COLUMBIA BUSINESS SERVICES

● INVITATIONS
● POSTCARDS

● ANNOUNCEMENTS
● FRATERNITY PRINTING

306 South 9th

Phone GI 2-1171



There was a young co-ed named Grace
Whose home was a gang meeting place.
Her steady, named Eddie,
Helped get parties ready
By bringing home Coke ... by the case.*

**And that's a slick idea for
the next meeting of the gang
at your house!*



COKE IS A REGISTERED TRADE-MARK



Bottled under authority of The Coca-Cola Company by

What'll they think of next? Now . . .

HAPPY PILLS AT OUR SCHOOL?



This is a service of SHOWME to education and to root out those facts that lay buried behind the Med School Lockers.
Matt Flynn

Q—Dr. Plub, exactly what are Happy Pills?
A—They are little, round, black pills like this one I have in my mouth. See it on my tongue.
Q—Oh, yes, I see it. What are you doing with such a pill?
A—I take them.
Q—Oh, well. What effect does it have upon the taker?
A—At first none. After the pill begins to melt, the taker begins to feel like he's floating. The pill turns red at the center. That is when it begins to make you happy. Sometimes you laugh.

Q—Are they dangerous?
A—No. Not really. (He!) Here try one.
Q—Do I just put it in my mouth like you did?
A—Yes: It doesn't take long to melt. (Hee! Hee!)
Q—What does your wife think about your taking Happy Pills?
A—(He!) Who cares what the old bag thinks.
Q—Is your pill turning red yet?
A—It's pink. Hows yours? (He!)
Q—Whats so funny?
A—Your tie. It's got big flowers on it.
Q—My wife gave it to me. (Ha!) Sorry, Dr. Plub. What kind of men traffic such pills?
A—Doctors mostly. Me mainly. (He! He! He!) I don't sell many. I take them all myself.
Q—(Ha! Ha!) Where did you get *your* tie?
A—The (he!) old bag knitted it out of yarn. (He! He!) no one wears a yarn tie! (He! He!)
Q—Is your's red yet? (Ha!)
A—(He! He!) Dark pink.
Q—Mine's red all ready red (Ha! Ha! ha!) How come?
A—You've been sucking. I just let—(He! He!)—mine melt.
Q—Do you have a dog (Ha! Ha!) Oops! Sorry.
A—Saright! No! (He, he, he) I have no dog.
Q—Why not? (Ha! Ha!) Dogs are a man best friendly. (Ha!) Sorry. (He!) Sorry Agin.
A—I had a dog but it looked like my wife! (He he he) she . . . (he)
Q—Can the taker, (Ha! Ha! Ha!), taker tell when the Pappy Hill takes effect? Sorry.
A—(He! He! He! He!) Pappy Hill!
Q—Whoops! (Ha! Ha) I just broke my pencil. Do you have one?
A—You bet. (He He! He!)
Q—Do you like to go swimming? (Ha. Ha. Ha.)
A—Sure! Sure! But what about the interview. (He! He!) Sorry.
Q—Big Deal! Big (he!) Interview. Who cares.
A—My wife. (He! He!) She reads that kind of junk. (He!) The dumb slob!
Q—Put your shirt back on! (Ha! Ha!) where you going?
A—(He! He!) Swimming! (He!)
Q—(Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha) in what? (Ha, ha, ha, ha)
A—(he, he, he, he, he, he, he . . .)

Tails Of Old Wazzou

by
Ray Phipps



"Easy does it son," said the short pale stranger, eying himself unsteadily in the murky-type bar-room mirror . . . "the natives are restless tonight."

At that the "old grad" poured the last of the five-percent from his pitcher, opened his mouth and gulped loudly as it splashed down his double-breasted necktie.

"Let me help you sir," I said, (spotting a live one) and handed him a soggy bar rag with which he ruined the rest of his suit. "Thanks, jelly bean," said the stranger (wringing the rag out into his glass). "My names Mitziemocker, class of '27, you've probably heard of me, hey?" "Oh sure!" I lied as he called for another pitcher of beer. "Two glasses, inn-keeper!" I screamed. "Yep," he said, "thought I'd come back for the big game and give my old buddy Don a little help if need be; why I remember the time. . . ." "Farout doesn't coach the big team anymore," I said, "we've got a new boy now, name's Broyles."

"Doesn't matter, son," he said, "he'll have heard of me; isn't everybody who carried the leather ninety-five yards for a T.D. in the last thirty seconds of a tied-up ball game with two broken legs and a concussion to win the ole oaken bucket for ole Wazzou, ya know! Boy! Those were the days! 'Course you wouldn't remember, that was back before your time . . . they didn't even have parking meters in Columbia then."

"Gad!" I said to myself, "This guy's really ancient."

"Actually, I've been here for days," he growled, "but it was just this afternoon that I finally found a place to park. I hadda tell the cops I was a bookie to get 'em to leave me alone."

"Did they have Suzies back in your day, Mr. Mitziemocker?"

"Wow! Did we ever HAVE Suzies! What a question. Ho-ho! Har-har! and etc! Did we EVER have Suzies! Son I'll have you know it was old Samuel J. Mitziemocker himself, sitting right here next to you now that was the reason they started that grand old tradition known as the Stephen's Blacklist! And I was just a red-faced frosh at the time, at that. Yessirree! 'Black Sam' they used to call me.

"Why in my time a pledge couldn't be initiated until he made 'the list.' Just wait til they hear I'M back in town . . . there'll really be a whole lotta shakin' goin' on. Why I was the one that broke the story about their Dean of Women being an ex-bubble

dancer from Egypt, instead of a famous lady basketball player, like everybody thought! For years they'd been wondering why she never dribbled.

"They called her the 'Original Gaza Strip!' We even booked her to replace the top banana on the 1-5 spot on Radio Free Mizzou. 'Daisy Crockett . . . the gal who thrilled a bear when she was only three'."

I barfed quietly. "Confidentially," he said, "what's your name?"

"Just call me Elmer" I drooled and went back to work on my needlepoint.

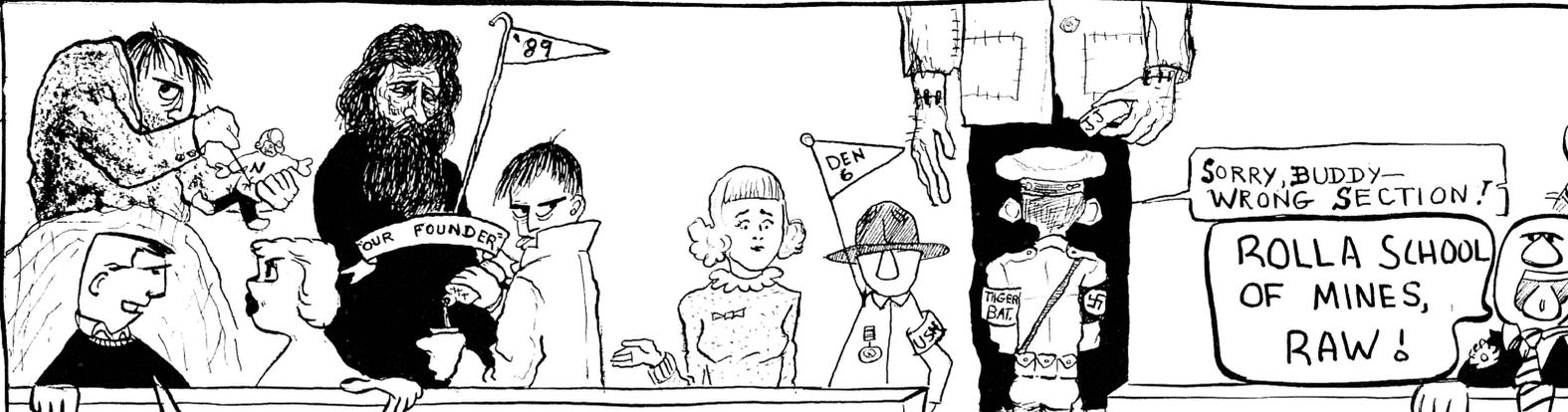
TIME FOR AN EYE CHECKUP



COLUMBIA OPTICIANS

11 South Ninth

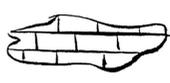
Phone GI 3-6345



WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE IF YOU CUT 500 BRAS IN HALF?

I DONT KNOW, ROGE, WHAT?

1000 BEANIES WITH CHIN STRAPS



JJ

NON-TRANSFERABLE

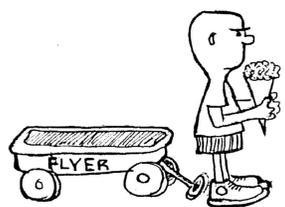
ANOTHER BROKEN FIELD RUNNER

50



YOUR SON, OF COURSE HE'S GOIN' GET TO PLAY TOO!

FRIENDS—YOUR ATTENDANCE OF THIS MONSTER RALLY IS INDEED GRATIFYING-----



DIG

DIG

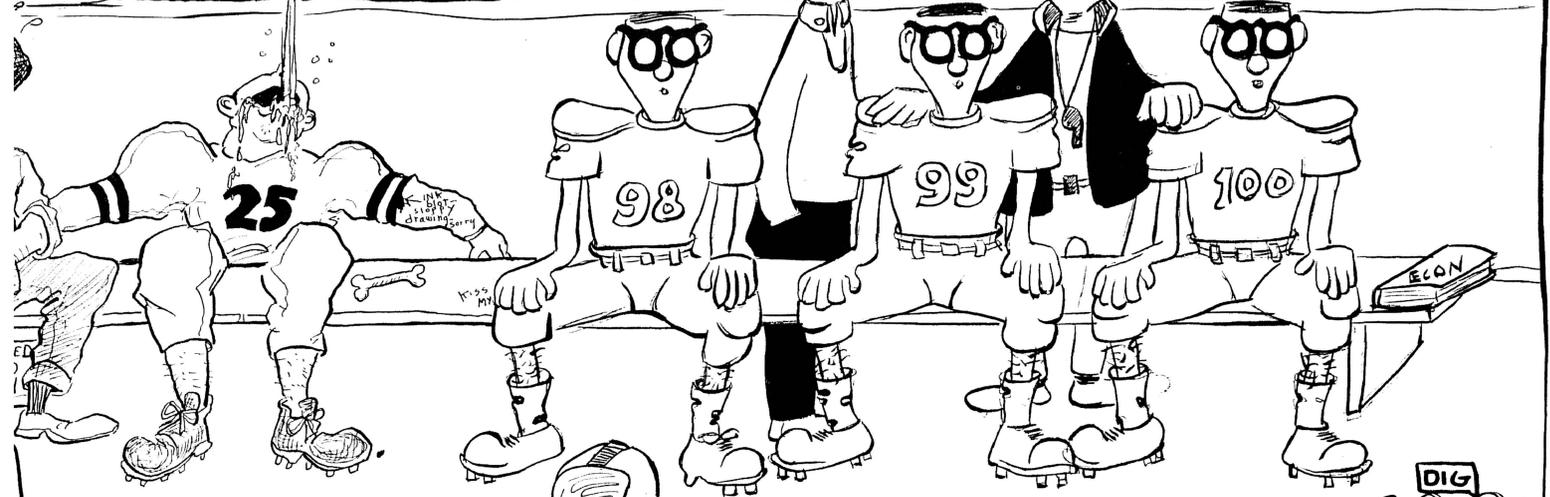
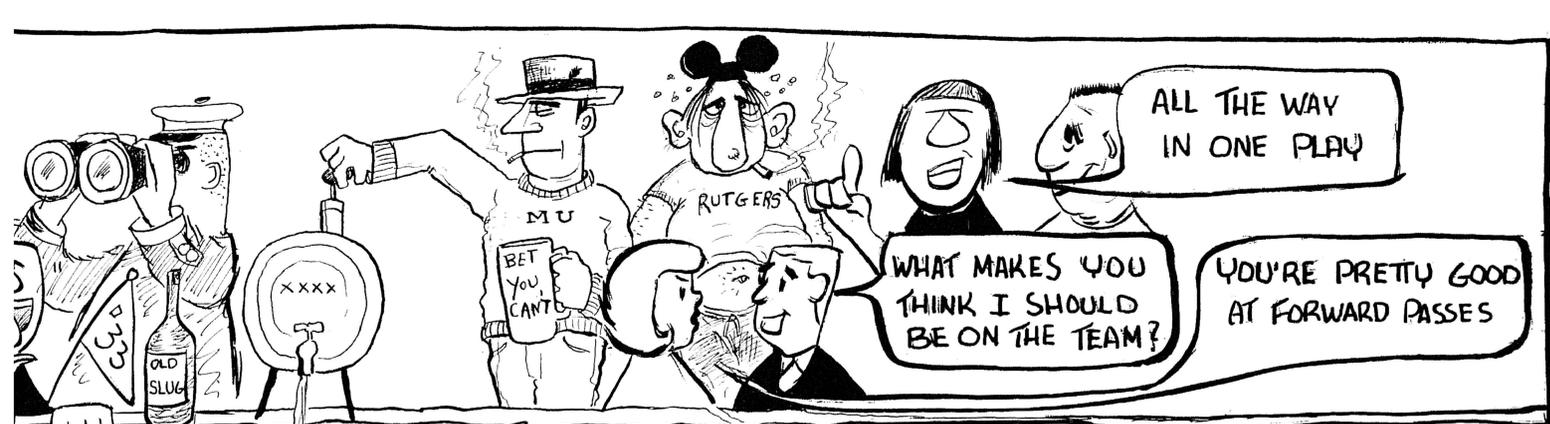


SAY, THIS ISN'T THE BASEMENTS TO THE WOMEN'S DORM EITHER,

... And Sometimes They Play Football Too.



"we go screwy over dewey"



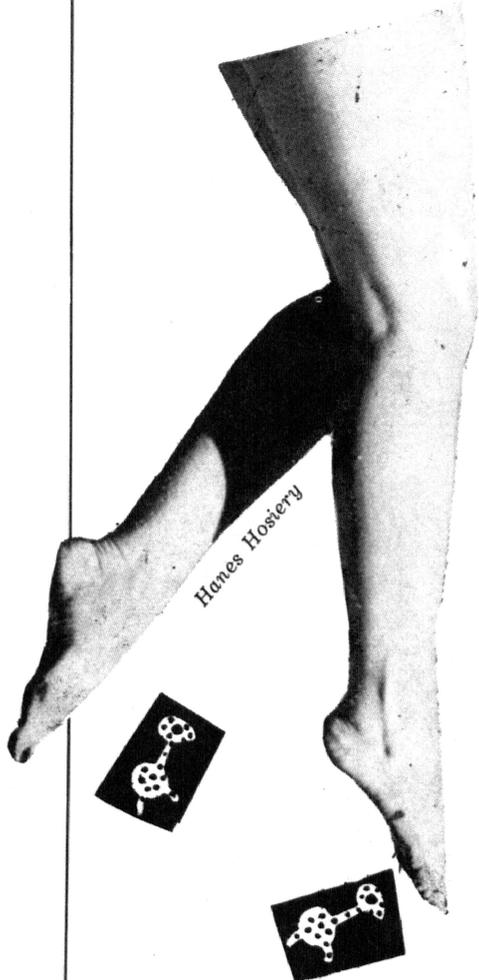
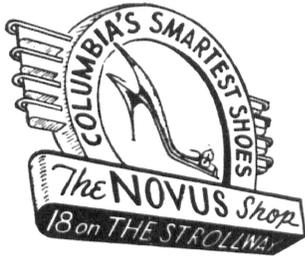
THE CRACKS
OF CASH-ON-DEMAND
RAVE FROM
KILL!!

SHOWME

DRAWN
ONE NIGHT BY
ZAN
and
KINKADE

Twinkling Toes

Have CAPEZIOS



YOU DON'T KNOW



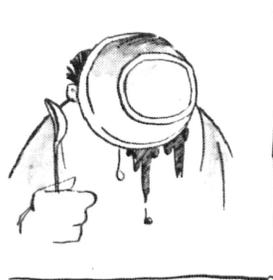
You give your hand to me, and then you say hello . . .



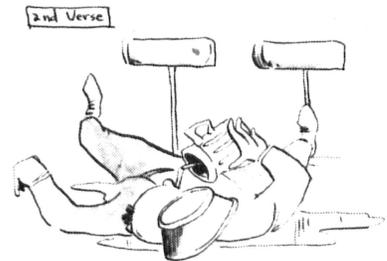
And I can hardly speak, my heart is beating so . . .



And anyone can tell, you think you know me well . . .



But you don't know me.

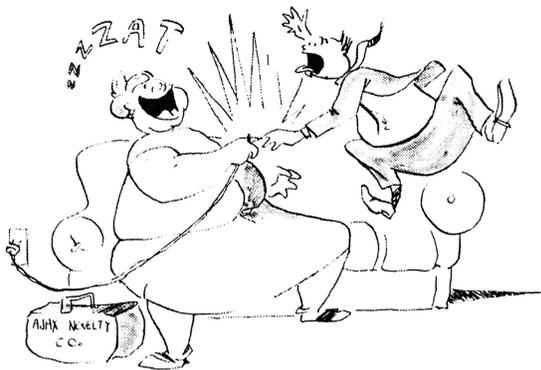


No, you don't know the one who dreams of you at night . . .



And longs to kiss your lips, and longs to hold you tight . . .

ME (song in parody)



To you I'm just a friend, that's all
I've ever been, but you don't
know me.



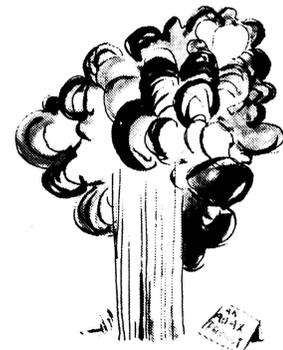
You give your hand to
me, and then you
say goodbye . . .



I watch you walk
away besides the
lucky guy . . .



To never never know . . .
The one who loves you so . . .



No, you don't know me.

Wednesday Evening TV

KSD-TV, Ch. 5; KTVI, Ch. 3; KETV, Ch. 9 (Central Daylight)

MOVIE

8:00 2 "The Miss and Bromb
"The Miss and Bromb
businessman is
the continuous
of a body.

10:30 2 "Trio," J.
Michael Renn
erogy of Some
series.

11:00 2 "Trade W
March, Joan
police office
chase after
spect.

11:45 5 Movie Mus

WORLD

A.M.

11:45 5 Milwaukee
New York Ya
Also on KSD 1

2 Game of th
10:30 2 Movie e.
Simmons Mic
S 57.
you have a
husband's dea
two bits of
"Alibi," Mona
2 Confidentia
11:00 5 2 News, W
11:15 5 Headline.
11:30 2 Movie. "J
Fredric March,
45 News, Wea
5 Movie Mus
4 "Fugit fc
5 Around th
12:15 5 Weather F

FOR THE ULTIMATE IN TUBE WATCHING

Scheduled
don; Paul
Paul and
y Mathis
1 Englis
Goldwin
Ferry

Best. Bet-
star with
Awkward

A lawyer-
r uses his
oom voice
ains Nazi
Compan

9:00 4 Circle Theater. Series
premi on the "Steel
ternate with "Bu
000 years. The Dead
Scrolls," dramatic story
exciting discovery of
Bolic sc
This I r
Boin
Del Flanagan vs. Yama Ba-
hama
9 Understanding Numbers.
"Base and
mat, s
9:30 5 Veiled Prophet Parade.
Frank Eschen describes the
p as it passe Twelfth
and Give
9:42 2 Fantasy. R
p-Sa Sedoer 151
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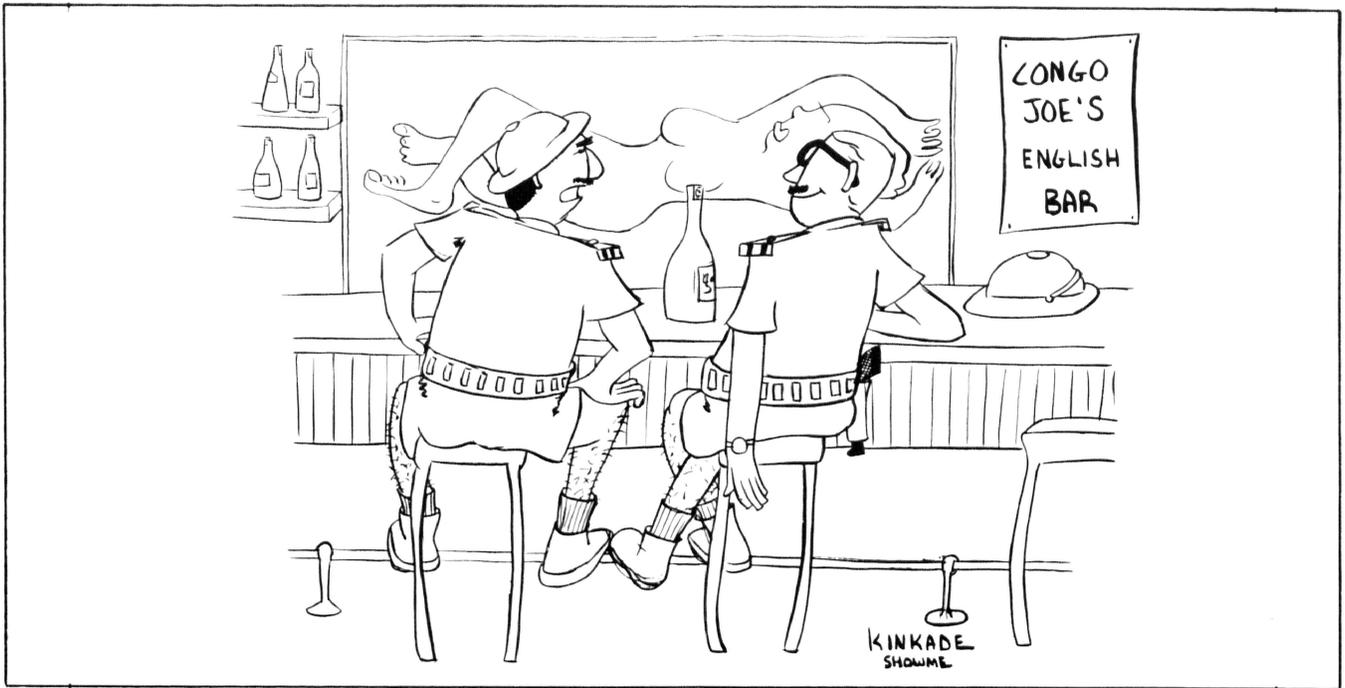
10:00 4 Star Performance.
5 Dr. Hudson.

Wednesday Daytime TV

GET POTTED ON BEER FROM Village Italian - NOEL

11:30 4 Search for Tomorrow.
5 Pre-Series
11:30 4 Guiding
World Series C
Yankees
Braves
9 There.
12:00 4 Reca
2 News
12:20 9 Lines
12:30 2 Film.
12:40 9 H

2:10 4
2:30 2
2:35 8 St. Louis.
3:00 4
2 American
9 Line and
3:15 4 Secret Sto
3:30 4 The Edge
9 Sch
3:30 5 My Little
2 Trust Your
Clock.
2 Life with Elizabeth
1:10 9 Physics.



"And then, Sedgewick, the durn missionaries came."

*Janie Beaven
Girl-of-the-Month*



photo by DUKE WADE

OH??

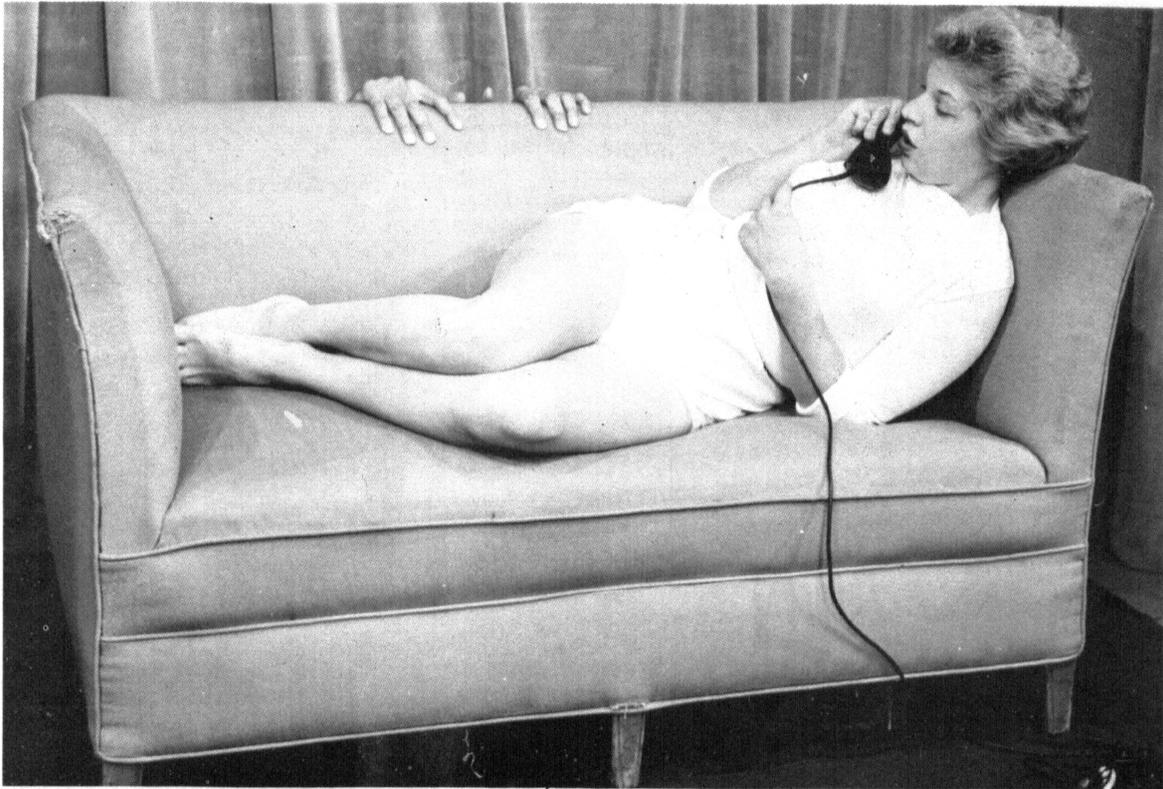


photo by DUKE WADE

Janie Beaven
Girl-of-the-Month

The Brands You Know!

Esquire Socks
Tru-Val Shirts

Tex Tan Belts

Munsingwear Shorts

Alligator

Tru-Val Shirts

Wembley Ties

Gramercy Park Suits

I.V. Cords

Lamb Knit Sweaters

Flat Top Hats

Levi's

TOWN and **COLLEGE** MENS WEAR

809 Broadway

Frosh: Tell me the story of the dean's office raiding your fraternity.

Sigma Chi: Oh . . . that's a closed chapter now.

* * *

First Kappa Sig: Was it very crowded at the Coronado last nite?

Second Kappa Sig: Not under my table.

* * *

KA: (in court for speeding) But judge, it's simply in me to do everything fast.

Judge: All right . . . see how fast you can do thirty days.

* * *

"Lips that touch wine shall never touch mine," said the Suzie.

And after she graduated she taught school for years and years and years and years.

* * *

A girl with poise is one who knows how to refuse a kiss without being deprived of it.

* * *

First Suzie: Y'know . . . I wouldn't trust him too far.

Second Suzie: I wouldn't trust him too near!



EVERYONE GETS
THEIR CLEANING DONE

AT
**TIGER LAUNDRY
AND
DRY CLEANING**

1101 E. Broadway — GI 3-4155

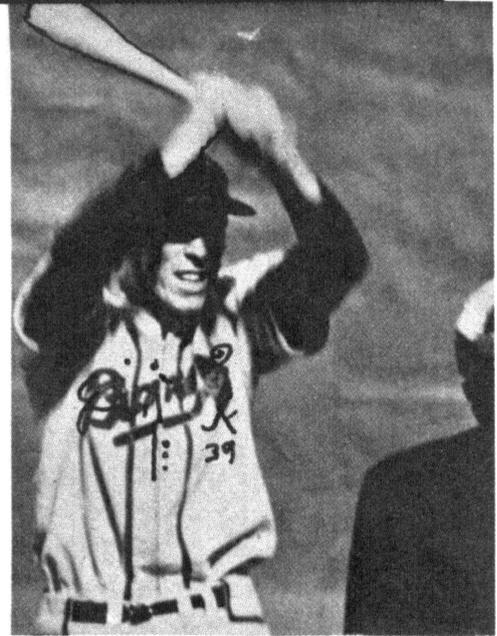
NOW IT CAN be told. A page of life ripped from the soul of a boy, tormented by

a life of football. This is another Showme exclusive. Here is the story.

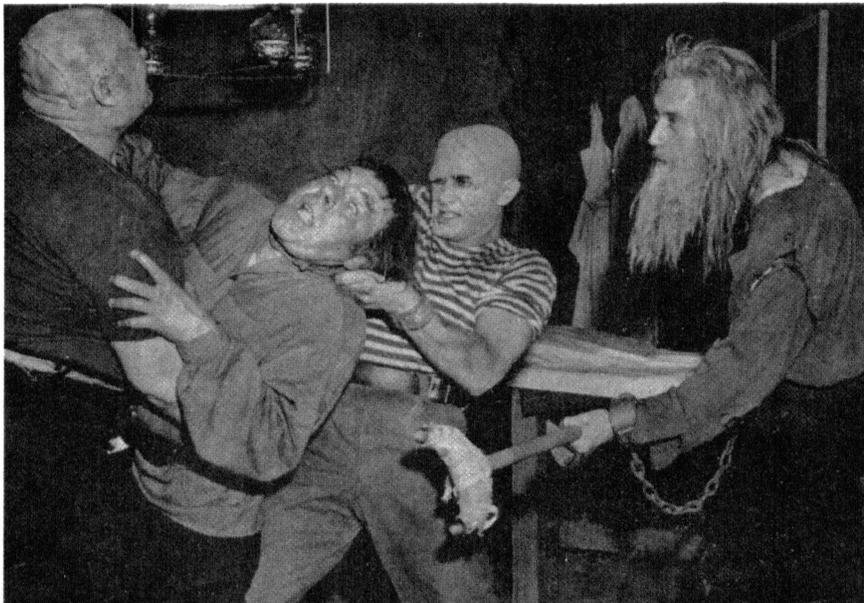
THE STOMPER KOWOWSKI STORY



As a boy (left) he made money to help pay his way to school by picking up waste paper. He then sold it to * "Dirty Sam." This, however, is a picture of his mother who ran the 10th and Broadway corner.



(Photo right) After years of savings and strife, stomper was given a scholarship to the Big U. He loved baseball and worked hard. The picture was taken when he was told that he was at school on a football, not baseball scholarship.

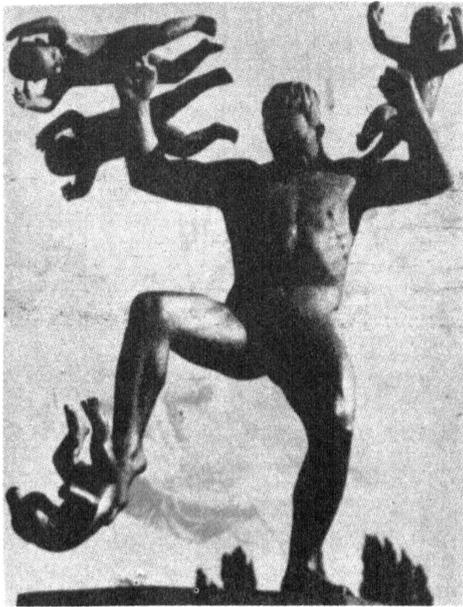


Stomper talked over his problem with the boys of the coaching staff, and was convinced that it would be to his advantage to play ball. It is interesting to note that the boys were not taking Speech 175.

It was the new coach. (He retired the other one with the baseball bat above) who saw stomper's potential. In fact, coach Ed Rex dated his mother quite a bit. Not his mother, his mother! We may expose this spicy story at a later date.



**Nobody knows what Sam did with the paper. Rumor was that he ate it. He did.*



Stomper was Dynamo on the field. He couldn't be stopped. (photo left) This was snapped the day that he caught up with the people who put a "naughty girl picture" on the back of his gym suit. "That ain't nice," he commented on the way to jail. It wasn't. It was pretty messy.

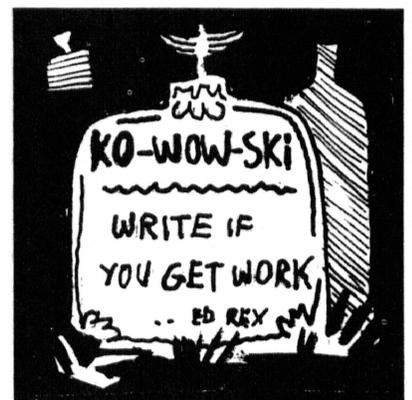
The picture on the right was taken when the team agreed not to shave until they won a game. He was able to wear the same tie nine years.



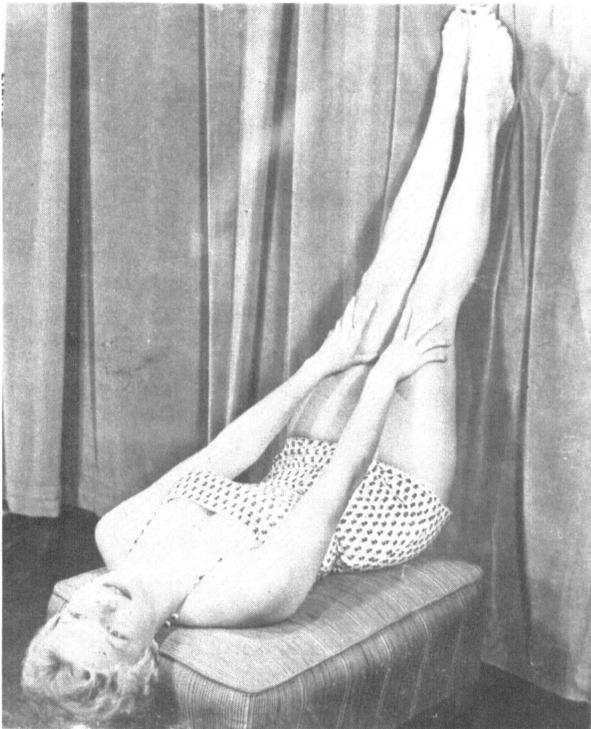
(Left) The end of a hero. The end came in his private swimming pool. His feet had become hopelessly entangled in his beard. It was more tragic to note that the team won the next game, and he could have been saved by a close shave.



KO-WOW-SKI! KO-WOW-SKI! KO-WOW-SKI Now you're gone, but not forgotten; Even though your breath was rotten. **KO-WOW-SKI! KO-WOW-SKI! KO-WOW-SKI!**



A simple tribute. He would have felt proud, if he could have read.



*Janie Beaven
Girl-of-the-Month*

photos by DUKE WADE



THE BIG SOUND

AT THE SMALL SHOP

DON SMALL RECORD SHOP
19 NORTH TENTH PHONE GI 3-5673



What did the ocean say to the airplane when it flew over? Didn't say nuthin'. Just waved.

* * *

A perpetual lush who lived in one of a number of look-alike apartment buildings was trying to convince himself he was entering the right one.

What a day. I lost my job. I lost my billfold. My wife ran away with the electric light man. The Yanks lost to the Senators. It's unbelievable . . . leading by three in the eighth, and they lost to the Senators!

* * *

Alice: Are you troubled at college with improper thoughts?

Carole: Why, no I rather enjoy them.

* * *

EXCERPTS FROM maneater **FILES REACH SHOWME**

**"HIPPIY HAPPY HOMECOMING"
kulum**

PULL UP A PLEDGE and sit down. And listen. Some wicked, wicked boys have been taking things to drink into ball games. Not openly, but in paper cups or vacuums or gallon jugs or water trailers. And CENSORED. . . .

And it's got to stop. Everybody says so.

The authorities were prepared to turn a blind eye on the occasional cup of 3.2 that came in under someone's beanie, or even when an odd shaped maidenform turned out things even maidenform never dreamed of.

But CENSORED. . . .

If you weren't in on things you'd never realize.

Take a "for instance" CENSORED. . . . for instance those fly sprays ORIGINAL Scotch Mist. A block over you'll find CENSORED. . . .

The cunning thing is that the authorities can't do a thing. When they check your CENSORED. . . . They may suspect from the large collection of drunken flies sitting on the bench and buzzing CENSORED. . . . that something is afoot. But they can't prove a thing.

Water bottles you say? CENSORED. . . . CENSORED. . . . the boys are really organized. And CENSORED. . . .

When you get your ice cold coke and the boy goes away so you can see the game again, push down hard with your straw. If you paid a dime for the drink, all you get is a bent straw. But if you got a special, only taking 15c change from your half, when you push something gives, and low and behold, you break through the bottom of the cup into the wine cellar. Stir, consume and CENSORED. . . .

Other delicacies are CENSORED. . . . peanut butter—it's rum soaked. Highly popular last

game was the saki sauce on franks. And the fruit candies. Fruit, fruit, they come in seven exhilarating flavors of Kentucky's finest.

For the teetotaler CENSORED (maneater files blurred).

If you abhor alcohol, and cannot bear the thought of dragging in those dreadfully cancer loaded fumes, be CENSORED. . . . Marijuana for the masses. Heroin, hashish and hold your arm still honey, you'll jiggle the needle. This hurts nothing but your CENSORED. . . .

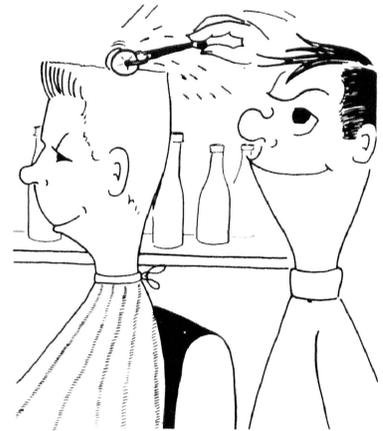
That's about the size of it CENSORED. . . . , we'll have 30,000 people who won't know if they're homecoming or homegoing. And CENSORED. . . .

Of course, I should have told you, be sure to keep this all a secret. If the Administration found out, they'd be almost sure to stop it.

. . . CENSORED to END . . .

HAIR CUT

THE RIGHT WAY



**TIGER HOTEL
BARBER SHOP
19 S. 8th GI 3-4121**



**"THEN I WENT
TO
ERNIE'S FOR
A STEAK..."**

Ernie's Steak House

1005 Walnut

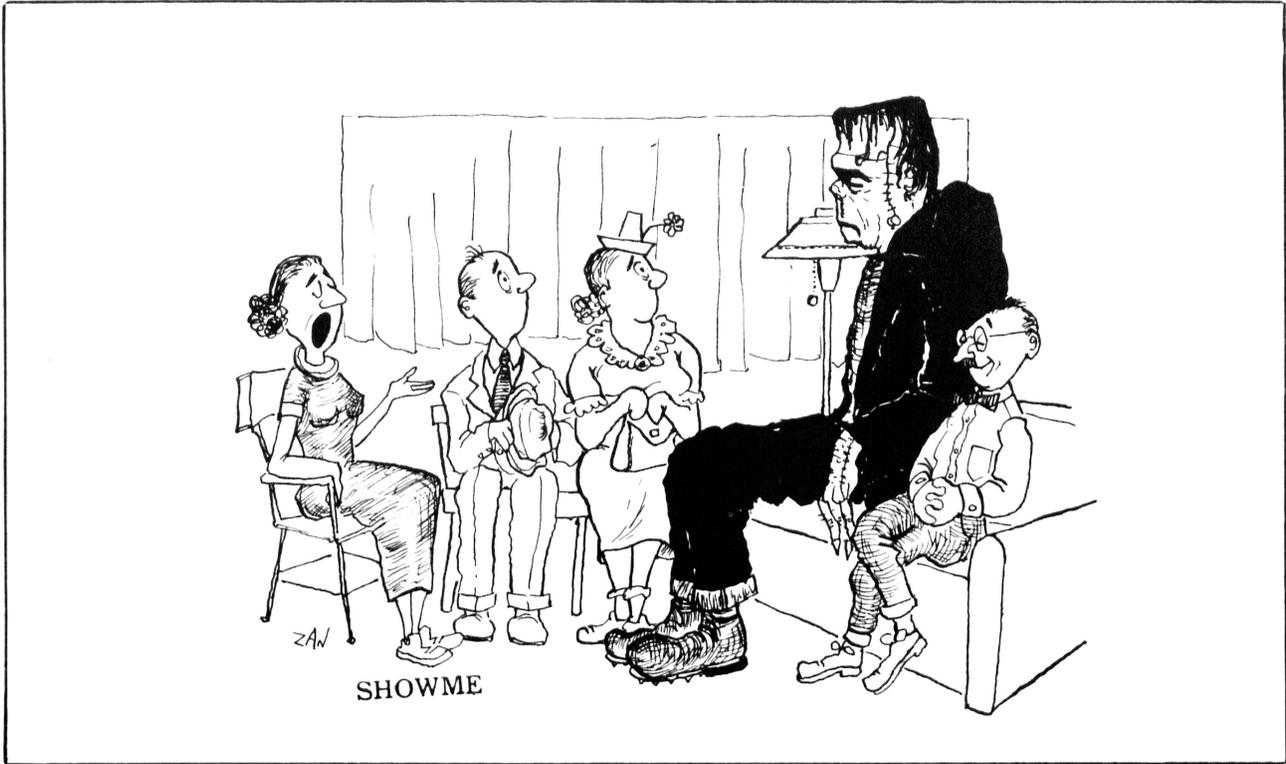
photos by DUKE WADE



*Janie Beaven
Girl-of-the-Month*



JANIE BEAVEN . . . Swami find of the month and initiated into the ranks of SHOWME's cuties. Columbia is called home to our Janie.



John fancies himself an inventor . . .

99 BOTTLES OF GUYS AT THE



STEIN CLUB

THE DRUNKARD

or
One Excuse Is as Good as Another

My hand now holds
My severed heart—
I gave to her
No little part.

For one sweet night
We tho't we knew
The World of Hearts
Held only two.

But now a third
Holds tight my first,
And now no fifth
Can quench my thirst.
S.S.

* * *

Coroner: "And what were your
husband's last words?"

Coed Widow: "He said, 'I don't
see how they can make a profit
on this stuff for a dollar and a
half a fifth.'"

* * *

"Sticks and stones may break
my bones, but obscenity excites
me."

SHOWME



"It's working! It's working!"



Swami's Snorts

College boy: "But Dad, I want to go where there's glamour, women, liquor . . . don't hold me back."

Father: "I'm not holding you back. Take me with you."

* * *

Too often the hand is quicker than the thigh.

* * *

1st Kappa: Does he dress like a gentleman?

2nd Kappa: I don't know. I never saw him dress.

* * *

Beta: Did you hear about the girl who backed into the airplane propeller?

Theta: Yep, disaster.

Beta: Hell no, it damn near killed her.

* * *

"I think John and Suzanne were the cutest-looking couple on the floor last night."

"Oh, were you at the dance last night?"

"No, I went to the House Party."

* * *

Fratboy: I was just in that bar, and got a double whiskey straight, without any money.

Coed: What did you have for a chaser?

Fratboy: The bartender.

* * *

A young lady with a slight cold went to a dinner party, and took with her two handkerchiefs, one of which she placed in her bosom. At dinner she began rummaging to right and left in her bosom for the fresh handkerchief, and suddenly, engrossed in her search, realized that conversation had stopped completely. People were watching her, fascinated. In confusion, she murmured: "I know I had two when I came."

* * *

Alpha Phi: Do you love me?

Sigma Chi: Yes.

Alpha: Would you cry if I died?

Sigma: Yes.

Alpha: Show me how much you would cry.

Sigma: Die first.



"What were you doing in the living room until three o'clock this morning?" asked the irate housemother of the coed.

"Why nothing wrong, Ma'm," explained the coed. "My boyfriend and I were playing monopoly last night. First he kissed me, then I kissed him. Then he hugged me, then I hugged him. Then . . ."

"Just a second. That's monopoly? Who taught you how to play it?"

"My boyfriend."

* * *

Give me a match, Bill.

Here it is.

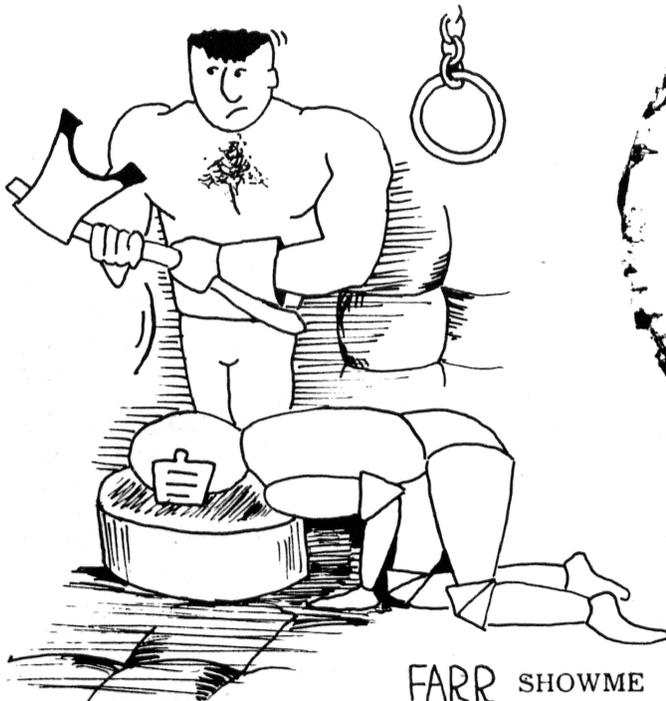
Well can you beat that? I have forgotten my cigarettes.

Too bad, guess you won't need the match after all, will you?

* * *

The Dean's wife was very fond of hubby although the years had given him a paunch and a head of skin. Thinking she recognized her husband in a suburban bus, she left her seat and put her arms around a man sitting several seats ahead who looked like her favorite husband. Naturally she was greatly embarrassed when the man turned around and she saw that he was a perfect stranger.

"Oh, pardon me," she stammered, "but your head looks exactly like my husband's behind!"



FARR SHOWME

this month's BALFOUR BEAUTY



Miss Nancy Brady
Alpha Epsilon Phi
Recently engaged to
Arnie Kratchman
Sigma Alpha Mu

Her beautiful Solitaire
Diamond Ring
from

NEWMAN'S JEWELRY

(MISSOURI THEATRE BLDG.)
Hdq. for L. G. Balfour Co.



Official Fraternity and Sorority Pins
Crested and Engraved Gifts
University of Missouri Class Rings \$22.00-\$33.00
Crested Beer Mugs and Pledge Paddles



" . . . So here's to the next verse that's
WORSE than the other . . . "

Newsboy: Extra, extra! Read all about it, two men swindled!

Alex Seconk: Give me one . . . say, there isn't anything about two men being swindled!

Newsboy: Extra, extra, three men swindled!

* * *

A sexton cleaning up the pulpit after Sunday service took a peek at the preacher's manuscript. Along the left margin were such instructions as: "Pause here," "Wipe brow here," "Use angry fist gesture," "Look upward."

Near the end was a long paragraph of texts, opposite which the preacher had marked in large capital letters: "Argument weak here, yell like hell!"

* * *

Slowly, her eyes flowing softly, the beautiful young debutante raised a glass on high, exulting: "Port wine to me is the nectar of the gods, the elixir of life. When I imbibe its fluid, my very soul begins to throb and glow. The music of a thousand muted violins whispers in my ear, and I am transferred to the make believe world of magic. On the other hand, beer makes me barf."

* * *

"Hey, Mister, can you spare a quarter for a cup of coffee?"

"A quarter for a cup of coffee!"

"Yeah, I'm keeping a woman."

* * *

Did you hear about the paper doll who committed suicide?

No.

She found out her mother was an old bag.

* * *



"Well now, who has a match?"



MARY ANN SHERIDAN

Kappa Kappa Gamma

1957 Greek Week Queen,

agrees that shoes at

Gene Glenn's are fit for a queen.

Gene Glenn

Where are we going to eat?
Let's eat up the street.
Naw, I hate asphalt.

* * *

"Yep," he said, "That looks like our television aerial."

Then, as a stair creaked, "Yep. My wife's been trying to get somebody to fix that step."

And, as he entered the bedroom, "Yep. There's me and my wife asleep."

* * *

One evening recently Alex Seconk was having a drink with his friend Xela Knocek when a young smart-alec sauntered over to our table and spotted Xela's very bald head.

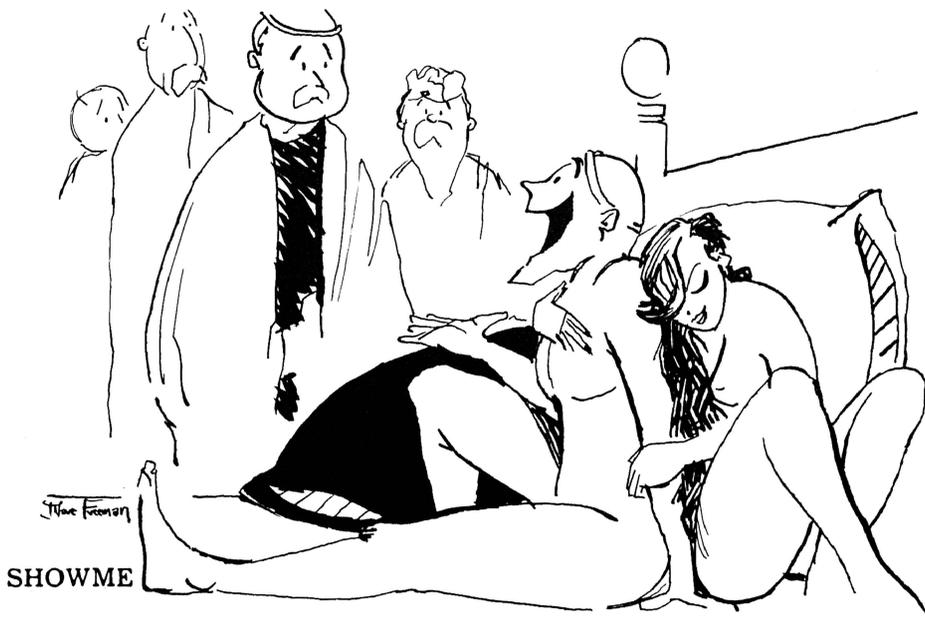
"You know, Xela," he said, "your head is so soft and smooth, it feels just like my wife's leg."

Xela reached up, patted his own head and replied, "Damned if it don't."

* * *

"What was the hardest thing you learned at college?" asked the proud father.

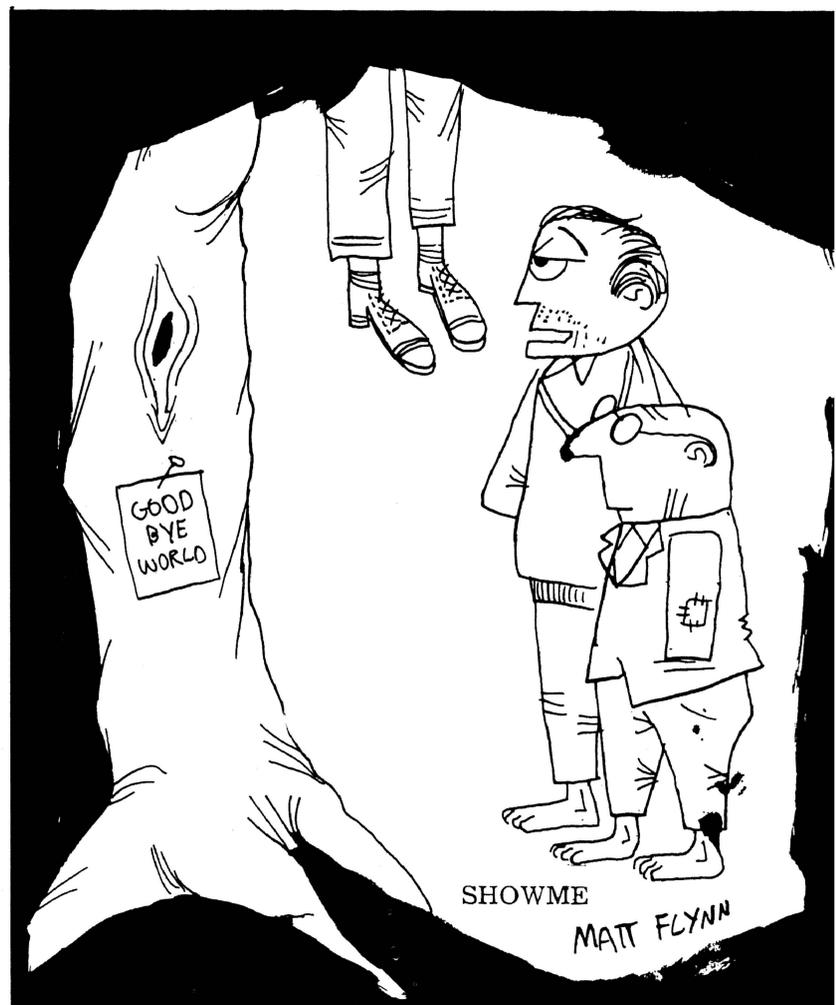
"How to open beer bottles with a quarter," said the son.



"Say! Boy are you wrong, Socrates! It is better to do evil than good."



"Oh goody, CHARADES!"



"10½ . . . What size do you wear?"

LOLLY TOO DUM

As I went out one morning to take
the pleasant air—
Lolly too dum, too dum, lolly too
dum day!

As I went out one morning to take
the pleasant air,
I heard a widow-woman talking to
her daughter fair.
Lolly too dum, too dum, lolly too
dum day!

You better go wash them dishes
and hush that flattering tongue
I know you want to marry and
that you are too young.

Oh pity my condition just like
you would your own
For seventeen 'long years I've
been sleeping all alone.

Yes I'm seventeen and over, and
that you will allow—
I must and I will get married for
I'm in the notion now.

You might be in the notion, but
where would you get your man?
Oh never mind, dear mother, I
could get old dandy Sam.

Suppose Sam was to slight you,
like you done him before?
Oh never fear dear mother, I
could get a dozen more.

Such as doctors and lawyers and
men of high degrees—
Some wants to marry, and some
would marry me.

There's peddlers and tinkers, and
boys from the plow—
Lordy, mercy, mammy! The fits
upon me now.

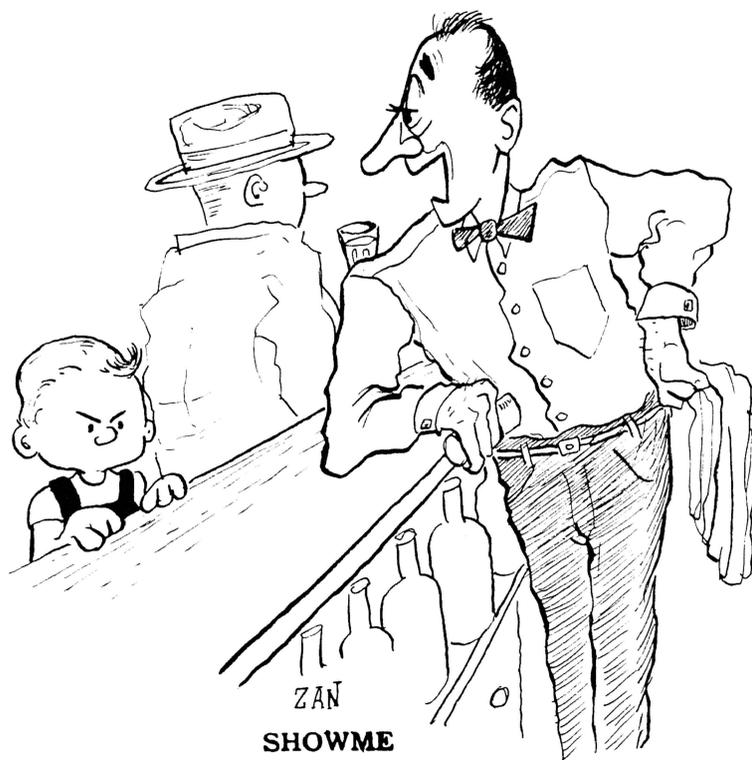
Now my daughter's married, and
well for to do.
Gather 'round young fellers, I'm
on the market too.

* * *

Blow-off: (doubbing a shot)
"I'm certainly not playing the
game I usually play."
Caddy: "What game is that, sir?"
* * *

Christmas Eve was lively bright;
All the guests got rather tight.
Then, amid the party frisky,
One complained of bootleg
whisky.

In the morn the paper said
All the party guests were dead.
* * *



SHOWME
"Got an I.D. Card?"



SHOWME

". . . so I sez 'Haw, you can't scalp me, Injun,
I'm already bald."

(Scene: cocktail party)
 Host: Highball or Martini?
 Coed: Just a straight ginger ale,
 if you don't mind.
 Host: Pale?
 Coed: No, just a glass!

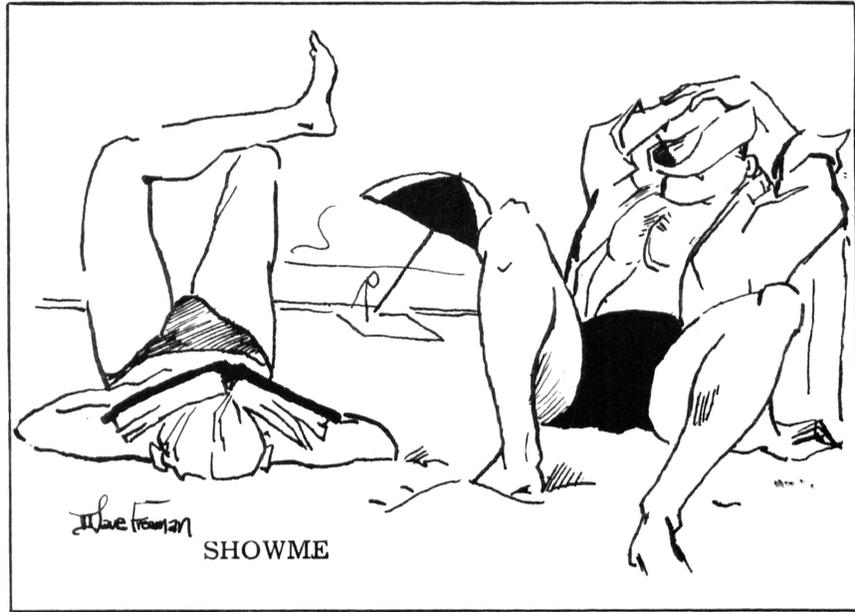
* * *
 A professor's hare-brained ef-
 ficiency scheme: One of the Siam-
 ese twins eating watermelon and
 the other spitting out the seeds.

* * *
 Cathy College: But honey, I'm
 just a beginner when it comes to
 making love.

City Dorm Boy: All right baby,
 let's begin.

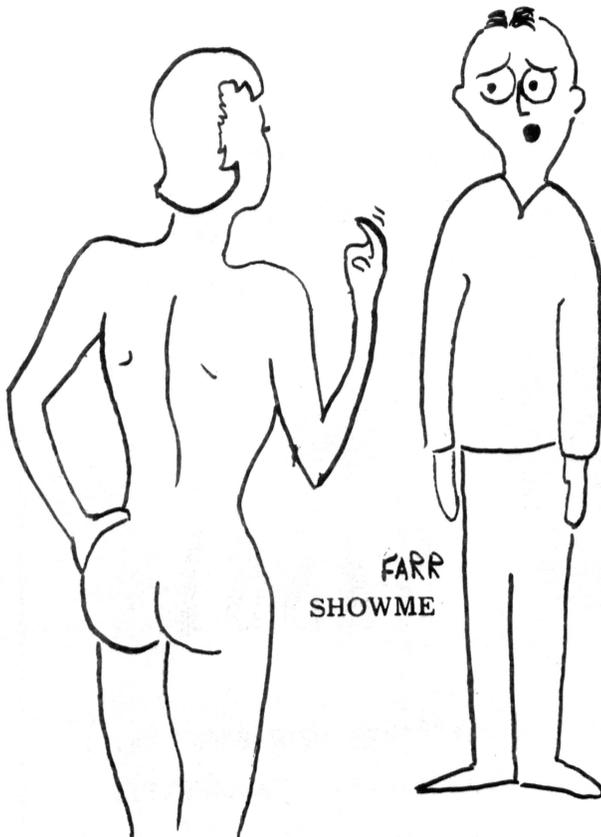
* * *
 A wily bandit was finally cap-
 tured by the king's men. The
 king, a man fond of games and
 riddles, posed this one to the
 bandit: "You may make one state-
 ment. If you tell the truth in it,
 you will be shot. If you lie, you
 will be hanged." The bandit put
 everything in a fine mess with this
 reply:

"I am going to be hanged."



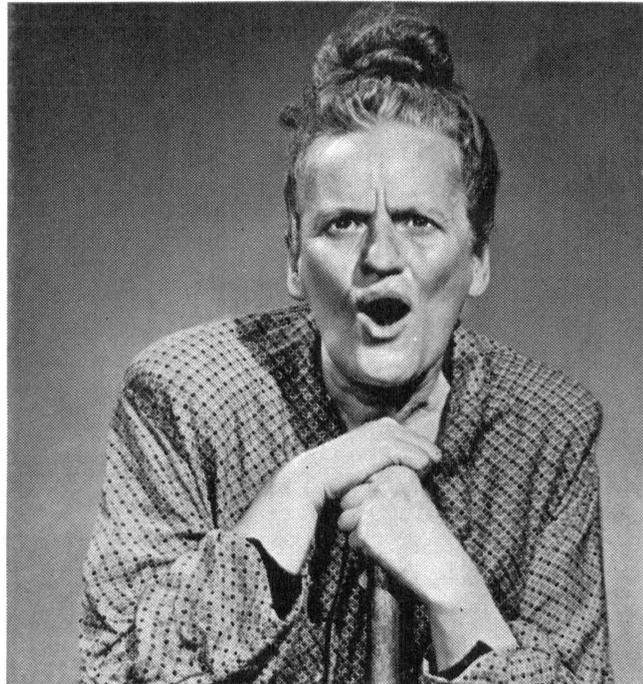
SHOWME

"Oh, I used to date girls until I discovered
 it was my own cologne water I liked."



FARR
 SHOWME

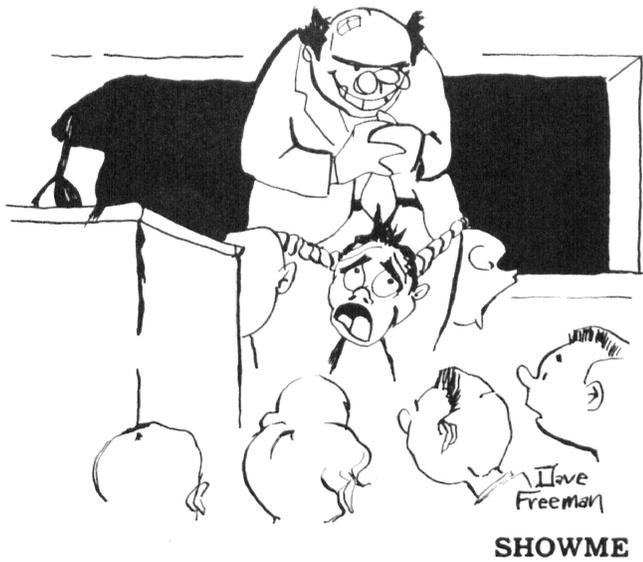
"If we're going butterfly hunting,
 where's your net?"



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



still only 5¢

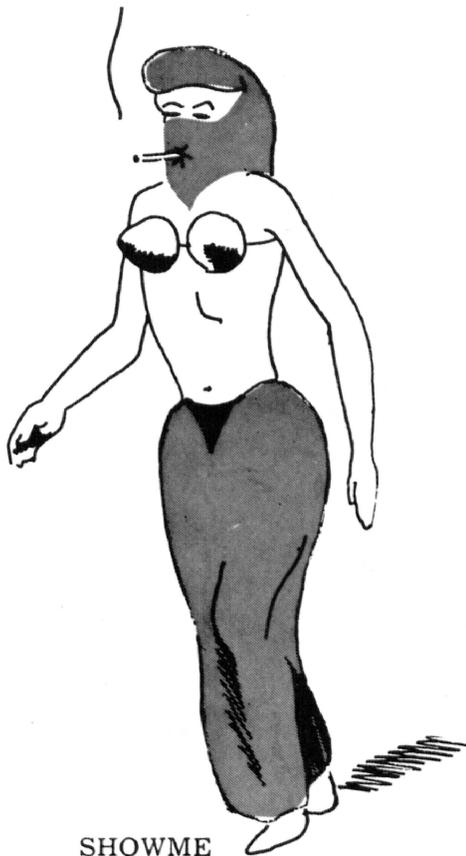


SHOWME

"Perhaps you've heard what happens to students who flunk this course."



"Let's read SHOWME once more before we ban it."



SHOWME

FARR

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"on
the
rocks"

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*Lois Feix
A Swami pin-up*

photo by JOE M. GERTEIS,
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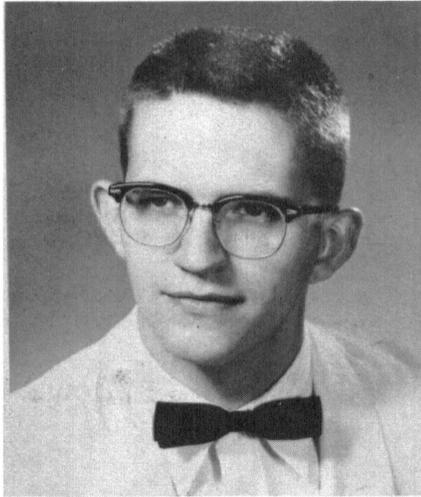
HARWELL MANOR

RUTH and HAROLD WELLS

2 miles South of Memorial Stadium on Providence Road

Newly enlarged dining room—capacity 150.
Smaller rooms for smaller parties.

CONTRIBUTIONS OF SORTS



TOM EBLEN

An emaciated streak of romantic journalism. A bespectacled courier of a generous smile. Tireless in the pursuit of the opposite sex. I mean gender.

All this is Eblenology, an new cult emanating from the Delta Whoopsalong fraternity, the worship of a six foot idol with hot feet.

None but Tom could find a chameleon in the Columbia Courthouse, alienate the Tribune reporter within two days of meeting him, and still rise to face the condemning world with bloody eye and parched mouth.

This all-but-21-year-old Journalism School senior writes well. He may not look well, but certainly looks often. He graduated from his home town high school, St. Joseph Central and slid down to the University three years ago.

Apart from being a D. U., Tom rates to the Journalism fraternity SDX, and to J-School Production Board.

We have it on the very best authority that next year Tom is going to start taking out girls. We think he'll have more trouble with them than he did with the chameleon. And more fun. The chameleon got its name in the paper. Perhaps the girl will too.

As we said, all this is Eblenology. Kulum

Jolly TOM SIEG, traitor to the sacred conformist undergraduate does not wear pants with buckles in the back! However, he usually wears pants. But deep down, like the jolly boy he is, Tom is a regular fellow, because he has . . . a, a . . . because tattooed on . . . ahem, uh . . . Tom is buckled on the end.

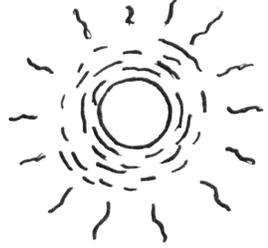
Filched snapshot shows Sieg in characteristic pose, with unidentified person. Tom is married. Not to an unidentified person. He lives at a trailer court where he is always laying patios or something. His wife, with Uncle Sam, sends Sieg toward J-School, which he will enter next semester. Tom lives under a big black whipsnapping cloud: when he stops making E's his wife quits work.

Tom snowplowed his way south from St. Paul, Minnesota. He lived there even before he Fought For His Country. Tom has many jolly tales about maneuvers in Japan. He has transcribed some of them in a style said to smell of Hemingway. He hates Hemingway. He also writes dirty sonnets.

And he regularly shoots off his toothy mouth (with air from coal tar-coated lungs) in highly censored column Shooting Gallery, feature of Grade A Number One intellectual magazine on campus.

Hays







Noel
Fifteen Minutes From
Anywhere

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