

DECEMBER, 1956

# Showme



25¢  
(CHEAP)

AUSTIN  
BOOTH

*Come Back Sober Issue*

Sigma Psi

Alpha Chi Omega

Delta Gamma

Alpha Epsilon Pi

Zeta Tau Alpha

Delta Tau Delta

Tau Kappa Epsilon

Pi Kappa Alpha

Acacia Alpha Psi

Sigma Alpha Phi

Pi Beta Phi

Delta Delta Delta

# Holiday Greetings

from

Alpha Tau Omega

Alpha Gamma Phi

Beta Theta Pi

Gamma Phi Beta

Kappa Sigma

Alpha Farmhouse

Delta Upsilon Chi Alpha

Alpha Delta Pi

Lambda Phi Gamma Delta

Phi Kappa

Kappa Alpha Epsilon Phi

Kappa Kappa Gamma

Delta Theta Alpha

Alpha Gamma Delta

Sigma Alpha Epsilon

Sigma Chi

Pi Kappa Phi

Zeta Beta Tau

Sigma Phi Epsilon

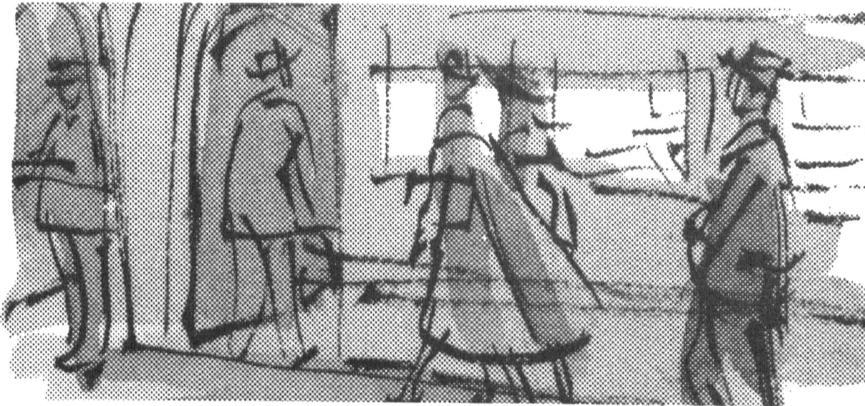
Phi Kappa Psi

Sigma Delta Tau

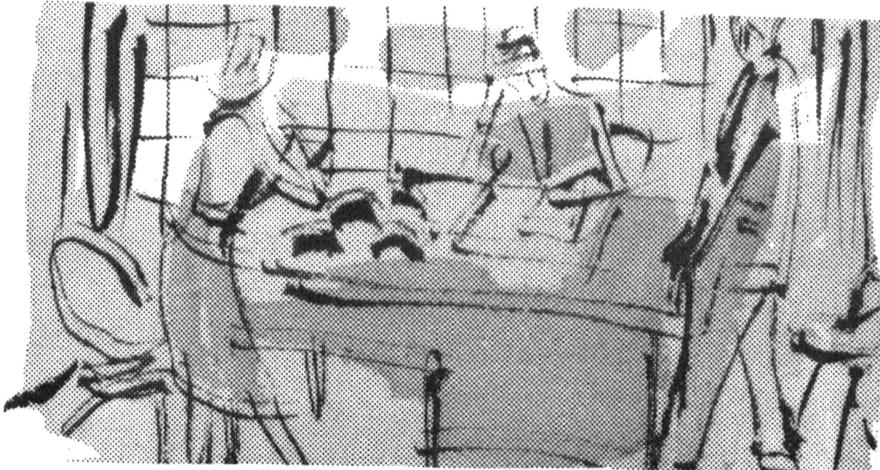
*Puckett's*



Wish You a



Merry Christmas



In All Your



Holiday Activities



*Puckett's*

908 East Broadway



# SDX's 72-Pt Jewels



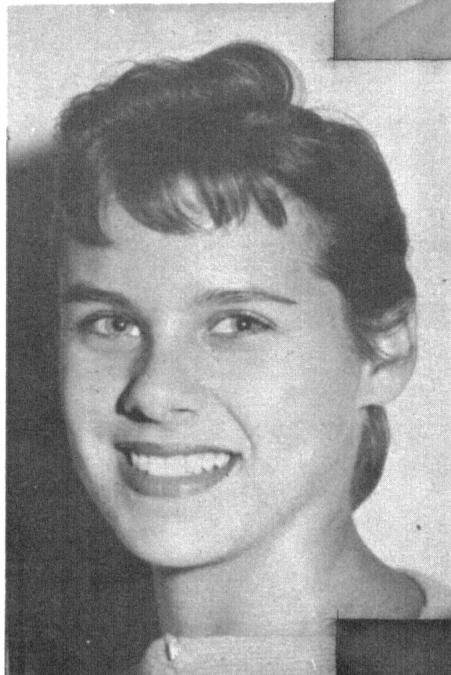
OCTOBER — Bette Mathes,  
Sigma Delta Tau



NOVEMBER — Aileen Fautot,  
Kappa Kappa Gamma



MARCH — Carol Anderson,  
Alpha Delta Pi



APRIL —  
Natalie Oxenhandler,  
Johnston Hall



JULY — Kay Thomas,  
Zeta Tau Alpha

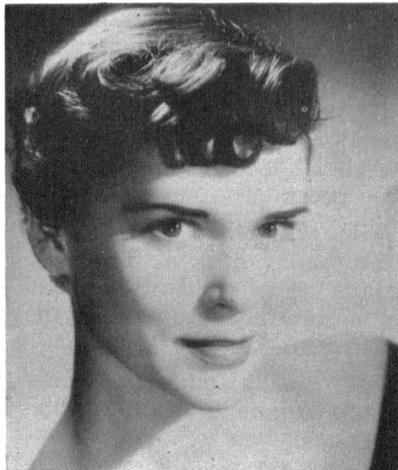


AUGUST — Claire Williams,  
Pi Beta Phi

# Winners of the Miss Mizzou Contest



**THE Miss Mizzou**  
JANUARY — Alice Marx, Alpha Gamma Delta



MAY — Carrey Russel,  
Alpha Chi Omega



JUNE — Judy Rissler,  
Chi Omega



DECEMBER — Beverly Jorgenson,  
Delta Gamma



SEPTEMBER — Jill MacFadyen,  
Gamma Phi Beta



FEBRUARY — Joyce Steele,  
Alpha Phi



Dear Sir,

**VOO DOO WOMAN SURVEY**

An information service poll conducted by the VOO DOO Polling and Statistical Bureau, Unincorporated and Highly Limited (but Patents Pending).

If you have ever been frustrated by the typical survey questionnaire, this is the poll for you. Queries which can only be answered by checking a box opposite the desired shade of meaning have a debilitating influence upon people who are capable of expressing the nuances of meaning they wish to convey in English sentences. We ask only essay questions therefore.

Furthermore, one may not be at all interested in the questions the usual survey asks, but extremely interested in some other questions. For this survey, do not feel compelled to answer any question you'd rather not; answer something else if you are so inclined.

Moreover, this questionnaire is to be filled out only by women. This is a fundamental point in our survey philosophy. We believe that women are the only people worth asking the only questions that are worth answering.

Finally, we are quite serious about this survey. Prominent members of the VOO DOO Organization shall be inserting the data thus codified into a thesis on Psychological Something or Others to be presented forthwith to a Somebody for a Degree of a Sort. What isn't used thusly might even find its way into VOO DOO.

Hence, upon filling out the questionnaire in the way you best know possible, mail it to:

VOO DOO, M.I.T.  
303 Walker Memorial  
Cambridge 39, Massachusetts

Dear Schuster at Stephens:

You bet your platinum plated black knee socks we give a good look at work from Stephens.

We happen to like your work this time. Glad to look at any more. Tell your bunkees too.

We're told there's real talent over there but judging from responses we doubt it.

Prove we're wrong!

Editors

**SUZIE STEPHENS**



"A ride? Sorry, Dahling . . . I'm walking back from the one I took a couple hours ago!"

As the great man once said,  
I will fold my Arab like a camel.  
And silently steal his tents.

**Open Letter From All The Staff But One:**

A few weeks ago "Press Time" a journalism school publication, published a poem satirizing the feeling of a writer handling daily society copy. It had meter, it was funny. The editors used it.

A week later members of Sigma Delta Chi local were in Louisville, Kaintuck, listening to professional lectures on freedom of the press.

While they were there a girl on the society desk of The Missourian was suddenly booted from society and dropped in the news room.

That means nothing unless you stop to note that the author of the journalism school publication poem on society was the same girl who was booted.

It leaves us with a sick feeling. How are these professionals to instill devotion to one of the basic constitutional freedoms when they return to find their colleagues are canned for practicing in their own halls of instruction?

We wonder.

—The Staff

**VOO DOO WOMAN SURVEY**

NAME ..... AGE .....  
 COLLEGE ..... TELEPHONE NO. ....

(use somebody else's if you don't like your own)

1. Is there something about men in general that you just can't stand?  
 Cite instances if necessary. ....
2. What is it about M.I.T. men in particular that you just can't stand?  
 Cite instances if necessary. ....
3. What don't you like about other women? .....
4. What don't you like about present-day morality? .....
5. What don't you like about present-day society? .....
6. Is there any thing else you don't like? .....
7. What are the attributes of a boy you think you could love?.....
8. About what do you day dream? Or what ideal life would you lead  
 if your wish was your life? .....
- 8½. Have you ever wished you were a boy? Why? .....
9. Do girls talk about among themselves what boys talk about among  
 themselves, except the other way around? .....
10. Did — Could — Will — When — Would — What — Huh? .....
11. Have you read VOO DOO? .....
12. Any suggestions? .....

Dear Editors;

Do be careful when and how  
 you use the words "Apache"  
 and "Comanche"! There's a full  
 fledged Apache Indian in the  
 crowd on campus. Don't mind  
 your filthy stuff much, but  
 PLEASE be careful about that

word "Apache"!

As ever,  
 H. V. S.

Dear H. V. S.

We'll watch the Swedish and  
 Norewgian Americans on cam-  
 pus too. Now THERE'S dyna-  
 mite!

Eds.

North Church  
 Boston, Mass.  
 Nov. 28, 1690

To the editors of the Magazine  
 entitled SHOWME:

Thy publication has come to  
 the attention of our board of  
 Elders and we must admit we  
 have never read an instrument of  
 Satan equal to it although we  
 have been forced to witness  
 many unholy activities.

For this reason, I, as repre-  
 sentative of the powers of  
 righteousness, have been deli-  
 gated to request thee to cease  
 printing thy profane magazine  
 forthwith and turn thy minds  
 to proper publications such as  
 hymn books and religious tracts.

Yours for righteousness,  
 Cotton Mather

Dear Cotton:

Here's the way we feel. Pass  
 over the brush and ink.

"Hell," said the devil, picking  
 up the phone.

**Peppermint Room**  
**- NOW OPEN -**

for your dating, dancing,  
 dining pleasure

**9-11 - weeknights**

**11-2**

**5-Close - weekends**

at the

*Clarington*



"I don't agree with  
 everything Mather  
 does either,  
 but at least  
 he's anti-devil."

Eds.

**Priced Right!**  
**Tastes Right!**  
**Conveniently**  
**Located!**  
*Pantry*



A complete meal with a  
 choice of 3 vegetables

**ONLY 70c**

*Fern's Pantry*

Corner Paquin & Hitt

**HAPPY  
 EASTER!**



FROM YOUR FRIENDLY  
 PROUD DOG AND

**ANDY'S CORNER**

He who laughs last has found  
 a meaning the censors missed.



AS WE LEAVE WALDO and Tripod sitting in the dust at the junction of Highway 40 and 63 East, we say *au revoir* to classes, labs and library dates for a glorious two weeks in civilization. Awaiting us is a paradise of frantic Christmas shopping and tree-trimming; visits to friends with new babies and to a dentist who can't wait to get his hands on our last wisdom tooth; and lest we forget, a library crammed with material for a term paper.

On the Joyeux Noel side, there's also a land of parties that don't even start till midnight, Christmas Eve martinis and egg-nog, mother-made meals, and

**MIXED DRINKS!**

But our young and boisterous enthusiasm is dimmed by the realization that it will only last for two weeks. On the second day of the new year, we'll be back looking at this same old typewriter again, putting together our January issue. (In case you've forgotten, that's our centerspread anniversary issue — also dedicated to the consumption of coffee and cigarettes in wholesale lots. We hate to prick a pretty bubble, but the end of January brings more than the first of February you know.)

THERE IS A CERTAIN matter which ought to be straightened out right now. It seems that the name of a SHOWME editor appears on the masthead of a rival publication. At various times, said editor has been accused of such heinous crimes as treason, heresy and just plain ole mortal sin.

For the sake of editorial peace, let it be pointed out that said SHOWME editor is nothing more than a Maneater mechanic. It just happens that we like to get inky, and Thursday nights in the pressroom relieve our frustrations.

It should be emphasized that we do not have, and do not wish to have, any influence or truck with the Kirchoffian vehicle. It's just that we have an affinity for printer's ink.

YOU MIGHT THINK that the editors are the most important people on a magazine staff. We used to think so too. Until our advertising manager quit and we were faced with the possibility of putting out a magazine devoid of advertising and consequently of course, going broke. (It would undoubtedly have been the first time a college humor magazine fold up for non-censorship reasons.)

We sweated it for a while until one day an ex-POW named Hollywood peered in the door of our office and said "Hey, man, wanna buy an ad manager?" We needn't have worried about him trying to get away. He's poor and we pay.

Anyway, now we have an ad manager again, and he has money for Bengal Shop coffee, so everyone's happy.

AWRIGHT, all you people. You gripe about the corny jokes we print but you don't do anything about them. Poor Virginia (coily known as Ginny) Turman gets buried in exchange magazines and old joke books every month, and you still complain. So why not do something about it? If you hear or read a good joke, come up and tell us. Even if it's not printable—we accept all contributions.

Well, it's time to close up 302 Read Hall and pack a suitcase or three for the ride home. Don't forget: Come Back Sober!

Nanci &

—SKIP



# Showme

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Dick Noel

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Ron Soble

**ADVERTISING**  
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**PHOTOS**  
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**SUBSCRIPTIONS**  
Joanne Petefish

**EXCHANGES**  
Nancy Bales

**JOKES**  
Ginny Turman

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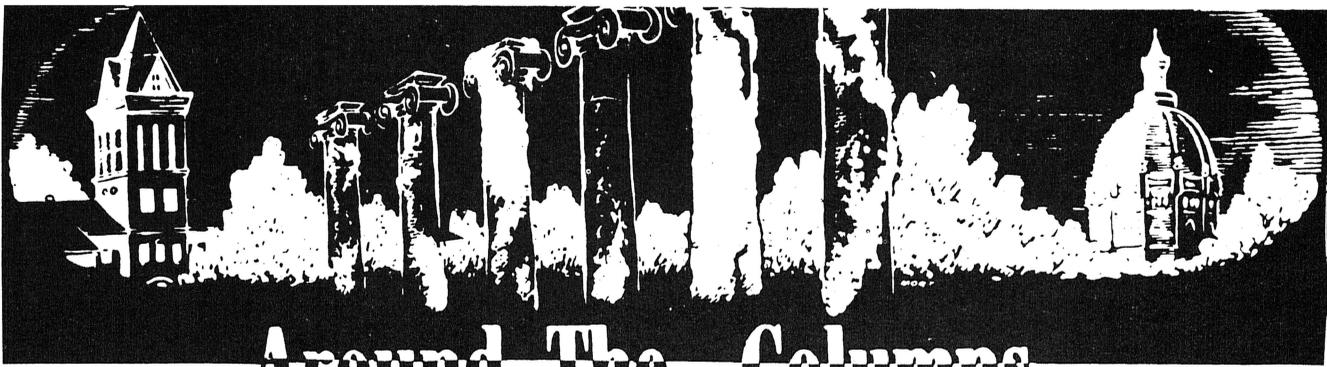


In Paris, it's frankness,  
In the New Yorker, it's life,  
In a professor, it's clever:  
But in Showme,  
It's censored.

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*"Santa Claus"*



# Around The Columns

*around the columnss . . . aaaAAround thee coll um nnnsss . . . that's what this is . . . AAAzround thgd colummmss . . . yess, give me another Stag . . . it is time for our monthly fireside chat . . . coman . . . Come an . . . get into the fireplace . . . today is fireplace day . . . hip hip hoorayyy . . . hip hip hip-flask . . . now you're talkin' . . .*

But yea, and it is time to wax serious for a while. (I have often thought what a difficult feat that would be if perhaps serious didn't *want* to be waxed — even with non-skid glo-coat).

December . . . hells' bells, ever *time* I've gotta go off on this *month jag* . . . well . . . December . . . the month of tinsel and cheer . . . and that *long* holiday . . . a month wrapped in red and green . . . and sometimes white . . . bright ribbon and bells . . . egg nog a la favorite brand . . . hot Tom and Jerry in a thick mug . . . Christmas seals and the Salvation Army band on the corner . . . a Santy Claws for every block . . . his beard hanging loosely over a fat-bellied pot . . . or a pot-bellied fat . . . or a fat potted belly . . . speaking of potted, let me *tell* you, friend, I am so . . . well . . . December . . . kaleidiascope displays in department store windows . . . evergreen prisms at the living room window . . . red ribbon and white tissue paper . . . caroler's voices carrying clear as bells through empty streets . . . Silent Night . . . White Christmas . . . I Found Grandmaw in MY Stocking . . . masses of people fighting masses of people . . . rush and wait . . . holiday smiles on weary faces . . . December . . . Christmas . . . isn't it wonderful? . . . but isn't it nice when it's over?

Especially since Santy Claws is dead, anyway.

THOSE OF YOU WHO happened to read this garbage last month may have noticed my brief mention of James Dean

and his present whereabouts. If you did throw bills, please — (they're quieter), you may have wondered just how in blazes I knew where he was. Well, to be honest about it, I'll have to admit that I didn't have the slightest idea where he was. Someone told me.



Awright, awright—Ardy Friedman, *he* told me. You know Ardy? Well, he's a pretty nice guy, even if he is one of these ivy league characters. Among his many other enthralling attributes, he is quite a handsome beer drinker, and it came about that one afternoon he and I were squatting in the Stein Club verbally solving some of the more pressing world problems, and he told me where James Dean was. Oh, he was very offhand about it. Casual as hell, you know. He just coolly mentioned it while I was pouring a beer. Well, I just

about flipped, I guess you realize *that*. Here he comes out with the answer to a riddle that has baffled scientists for years, and treats it as if it weren't no more than ordering a *beer*.

Well, I could hardly contain myself. All that day — before I talked to Ardy — I had practically been in a state of incoherence wondering where James Dean was. I mean I was really *sweating*, I'll tell *you*. And then ole Ardy comes out with the answer to all my problems. I found out where James was.

Anyway, as I said, I thought I'd be honest about the whole thing. So if you *ever* want to know where anybody is, just ask Ardy Friedman. He can get it for you wholesale.

\* \* \*

IN THE NINETEEN-fifty-five edition of the Information Please Almanac I see where us Americans spent 77,750 billion bucks on food, alcohol and tobacco in nineteen fifty-two, which must mean something or other.

MY FAITH IN THE average university student was certainly upheld one day last month. What happened was this. One night during the recent Thanksgiving vacation(?) I happened to be laying in my sack listening to the radio. I don't mean to imply that all I do during vacations is listen to the radio, but here in Columbia they pretty much roll up the sidewalks when the students leave, and there's not just a hell of lot one can do to have any excitement. So I was getting my kicks with the crazy voice-box.

The program that was going on was some sort of deal where they have this sort of roving reporter walking around the Moon Valley Villa dining room with a microphone interviewing people. It's pretty ridiculous.

It was a half-hour program, and after about 25 minutes of interviewing Stephen's Susies (they didn't go home over thanks day) and their parents, Joe Interviewer came to a couple of MU students.

This conversation followed:

Int. — "Well, har-har, yoo boys go to MP, huh. Well, thats' fine. Say, just what are your impressions of Moon Valley Villa?"

1st Student — "Liked to never have found it."

Int. — "Hh. Har-har. I see. Well, some people often have that trouble. Let's see, did you turn wrong when you came to the creek?"

2nd Student — "No, no sweat there. We swum the crick."

Int. — "Oh. Swum the — Har-har . . . uh, har . . . Yes. Well, ah, what are you two boys majoring in over at MU?"

1st Student — "I'm an English major. Um-ga-wa. Ugh. How."

Int. — "Ah yes . . . an English major. Har-har . . . uhh . . . turning to other student) Yes. And you — what are *you*?"

2nd Student — "I'm belligerent."

At this point they cut them off the air.

\* \* \*

HERE IS A story which with a wild stretch of the imagination you can perhaps connect with Christmas.

During the recent football season, there happened to be a story in one of the slick magazines about Bobby Dodd, coach of the Georgia Tech football team (which at the time was doing pretty well — I don't know how they finally came out).

It was one of the usual stories. You know — what Mr. Dodd ate

for breakfast, and how often he kicked his dog, and garbage like that. Well, it seems that one of his more remarkable attributes is his fantastic luck — so much that whenever things got to going rough for the team, they would put all their faith in Coach Dodd, in the hopes that his phenomenal luck would pull them out of it.

The story cited the following example: At half-time during a game with one of their tough traditional rivals, Georgia Tech found themselves behind by two or three touchdowns. They all

COLLEGE LIFE (ONE OF A SERIES)



JOE STUDY

trooped into the dressing room and exhaustedly flopped onto the floor, but instead of going over their plays and trying to figure out what they were doing wrong, they just lay there, staring at the walls. Didn't even drink their orange juice.

Well, about two minutes before the second half started, Coach Dodd came in, looked around sternly, and announced that he had decided they were going to win the game, after all. This stunned the players for a few seconds, but then they got sort of glassy-eyed, stood up and raised their arms, and chanted:

"In Dodd we trust, In Dodd we trust, In Dodd we trust!"

And then proceeded to go out and beat hell out of the other team.

Well, I told you it would take a wild stretch of imagination.

\* \* \*

IF YOU TURN back about two pages you will find that I am the Editorial Assistant, which is a pretty official-sounding title, buster. Yessir. However, I didn't know that that's what I was until a few weeks ago, when somebody pointed it out to me, and as soon as I find out just exactly what it means you better watch my smoke. It's probably got all kinds of real important duties and responsibilities, you know, and as soon as I am informed of their nature I will go like a madman.

\* \* \*

THE FOLLOWING eight questions were included in a little quiz a few weeks ago in *This Week Magazine*, and they sound so simple that I have discovered that you can win plenty beers off of them, so in the goodness of my heart (It's Easter, you know) I am going to let you all get in on the graft.

- (1.) Is the Panama Canal south and east, south and west, or due south of Florida?
- (2.) What's the long thing on the staircase that you used to slide down?
- (3.) What was the name of the ship that fought the *Monitor*?
- (4.) What was the name of Tom Sawyer's "bosom friend"?
- (5.) How long does it take a century plant to bloom?
- (6.) Who was the man who said: "God west, young man!"?
- (7.) What was General Grant's given name?
- (8.) Who was "The Merchant of Venice"?

Well, you may think that I'm sure getting hard-up for material, and perhaps you're right, but if you answered (1.) south and west, (2.) banister, (3.) The *Merrimac*, (4.) Huck Finn, (5.) 100 years, (6.) Horace Greeley, (7.) Ulysses S., or (8.) Shylock, you owe somebody a beer. Or several beers.

\* \* \*

POMES

*little children,  
go back to bed—  
catch plenty sack time  
'cause Santy's dead.*

A man need never be so old that he isn't in there pinching.



# The Bad Breed

or

## The Had Seed

*The gripping story of little Rhody Goluvabitch and how she slew. This is little Rhody She gives all appearances of being a sweet innocent sorority girl with simple pleasures and wants, like sealing people up in walls or . . .*



. . . or burning down fraternity houses.



. . . throttling delicate doggies,



. . . exhuming corpses of former friends



Most of all little Rhody wants the medal that her little pal Arnie won in a local bug stomping contest. By some freak accident of nature, Arnie dies and she gets it.



**MOVIE ENDING:**

Rhody receives just retribution for her sins when by another freak accident of nature she falls, fully clothed, into a nearby cement mixer.



**BOOK ENDING:**

Rhody makes friends with new little sorority sister who holds the national championship medal for bug stomping.

# Ahmed's Miracle

By Dick Porterfield

Ahmed walked painfully along the road to Bethlehem. His donkey was lame from having tripped in a hole on the long road from his home. He didn't want to leave Old Babba behind. Thieves would have taken him to sell in the market place for meat. He hoped that he could find a good alchemist to repair Babba's leg which he feared was broken. Old Babba had served Ahmed long and faithfully and a man didn't return long years of labor unjustly.

The afternoon sun barely lighted the way into Bethlehem as Ah-

med came into the city. The streets were crowded and noisy with people from many lands milling around in the market place. Babba was limping more than ever now, and it took almost two hours for Ahmed to lead him through the city to the small manger in back of an inn he had finally found. He put fresh hay in the feeding bin and a container of cool water nearby so that Babba would not want food or drink through the long night before an alchemist could be found.

The room was not large and

the bed was hard, but Ahmed was tired, and the other inns were filled, so it mattered little to him. He put on a clean robe and went down the narrow stairs to the crowded dining room. The landlord, a jovial, friendly fellow, placed good wine and bread before him, and Ahmed ate well. There were many Roman soldiers in the dining room, too. They were drinking wine and singing loud songs. The daughter of the landlord was sitting on the lap of a young captain, playing with his beard.



Ahmed slowly made his way up the stairs to his room. He wearily took off his robe and crawled into a narrow hard bed. Soon he was fast asleep, dreaming of his long walk to Bethlehem.

The sound of voices was heard in the courtyard below. Ahmed turned over in his bed and listened.

"A child has been born in the manger," a voice said. "The shepherds came from the fields to see him. They say a voice from above told them to come."

"Drunken Roman soldiers," Ahmed said, as he again fell asleep.

In the morning the sun seemed brighter than usual, and Ahmed was sure he heard a lark singing. He rose and quickly dressed. The landlord sat a good meal before Ahmed and told him of a wise old alchemist down the road who was very good in matters of cows and donkeys.

The alchemist was still in bed when Ahmed pounded on his door. His beard was long, and he was bent with age. But his eyes were still young and Ahmed told him of Babba and the accident.

Karufka, as the alchemist was called, took almost an hour dressing and eating. Ahmed drank two glasses of wine while the other ate his figs. Finally, he was ready to go.

He carried a long box containing many jars of oils and powders that he said would cure the animal. As they walked down the long lane to Ahmed's inn, the old man told him of many curings he had done, and of his world-wide fame. Ahmed had never heard of the man before the landlord had spoken well of him.

At last, panting with old age, the alchemist stepped into the manger. Ahmed led the way to Babba. A young man and woman were in the back of the manger talking quietly together. It looked to Ahmed as if the woman were holding a child, but he was too concerned with Babba to give it further thought.

(Continued on page 30)

# A Blast Before Christmas

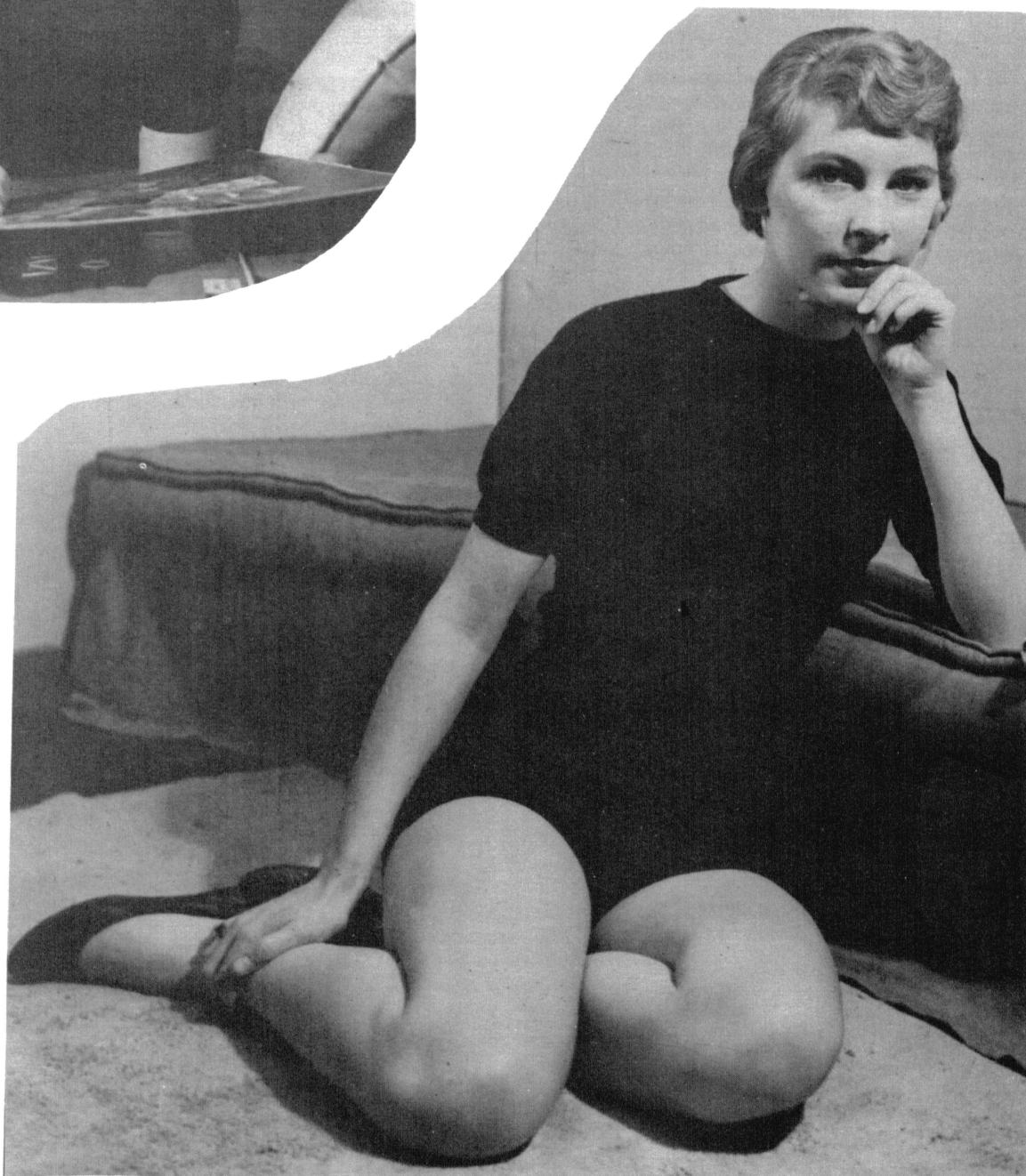


'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the house  
Little Freddy was staggering — Gad! what a souse!  
The stockings were hung by the chimney there  
But Freddy was drunk and he didn't care.  
(What if he was only seven years old;  
His one sterling virtue was the booze he could hold.)  
With precision and care he mixed up a nightcap  
And let the room settle before he took a nap,  
When he heard a big ruckus out on the roof  
He knew in an instant that Santa had goofed.  
"Drunk again," he muttered to himself with a curse,  
"Wonder what he's driving this time — a hearse?  
Last year it was reindeer, what a crazy kick  
He gets on when he's stewed; better hide the scotch quick."  
So away to the liquor cabinet he flew like a flash,  
Threw up on the window, threw up on the sash.  
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen slush  
Gave a vivid picture of St. Nick, the old lush.  
He chugged a fifth — then his laprobe unfurled,  
And something emerged — My Gad. — it's a girl!  
Santa whistled and burped and shouted a curse,  
"These damn reindeer, every year they get worse!"  
So saying, he drew from his little red suit  
A double-barreled shotgun, and his reindeer did shoot.  
He pinched his girlfriend and said, "You little vixen,  
We'll have no more trouble with that nosy Blitzen!"  
To the top of the porch she flew with alarm,  
Pushed Santa down the chimney and broke his arm.  
When Freddy drew in his head, it was whirling around  
But he dashed to Santa with a leap and a bound.  
For Santa's foot was caught in a solid steel snare  
That Freddy had set in the fireplace there.  
Santa's eyes were bloodshot, and he had a beer belly  
That shook when he screamed like a bowl full of jelly.  
So little of his composure was left  
That Freddy laughed in spite of himself.  
Without a word Freddy went straight to his task;  
Stole all Santa's toys, then drained his flask.  
Then sticking a firecracker in the side of his shoe,  
Freddy lit a match, and up the chimney Santa flew.  
He heard him exclaim as he drove out of sight:  
"I can't take this stuff for another night.  
I'm through, it's over, never again, I quit.  
Where's the nearest bar — I'm gonna get lit!"

- Ginny Turman

*A "Priddy" Girl Is Like A*

*Marcia, the coed Swami would like most  
ta get stoned with New Year's Eve...*



*...looks good*

*in any*

*position...*

Melody



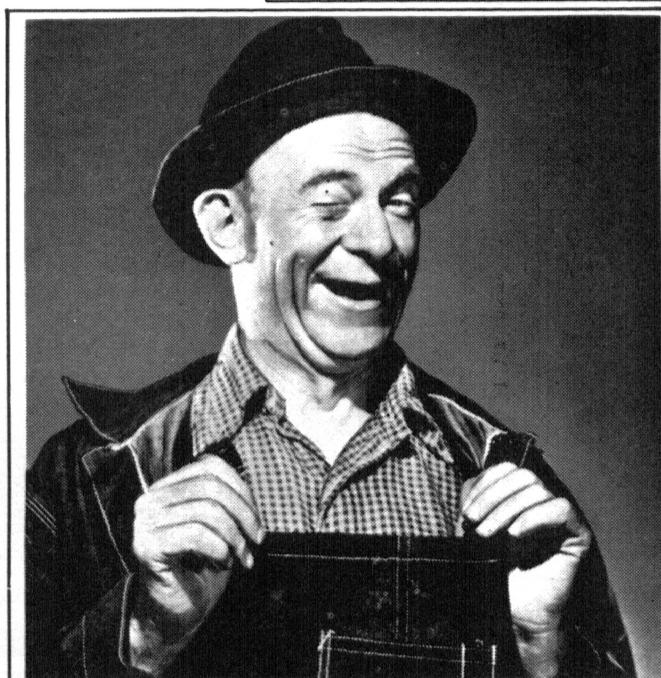
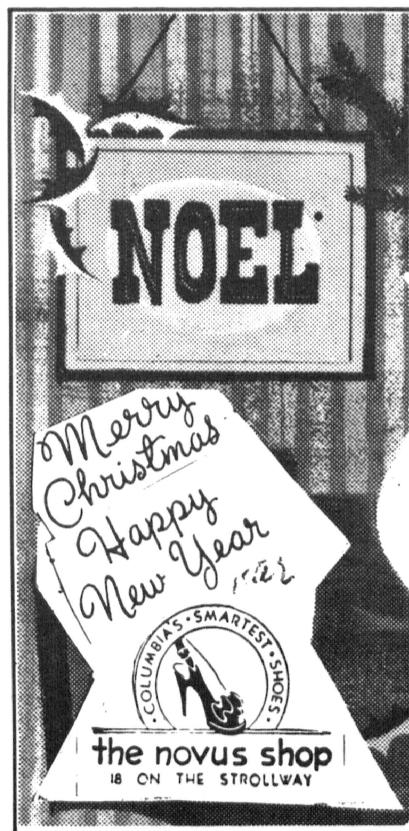
Photos by  
DICK SHOEMAKER

...even

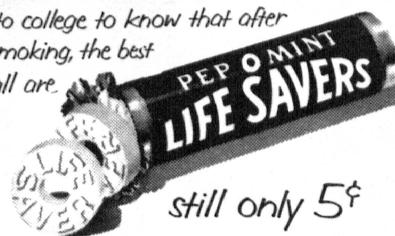
in a

New Year's Eve

Bottle.



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



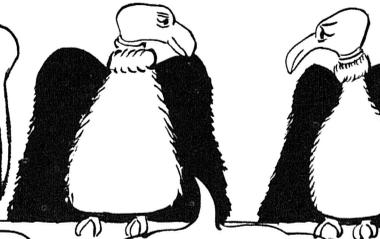
BOTTOMS UP!

DOWN THE HATCH

HEY JOE. LET'S GET ONE FOR THE ROAD.

HERE'S HOW!

JOHN!



EVERY TIME I GO OUT WITH JOHN HE WANTS ME TO HELP HIM WITH HIS FRENCH CONJUGATION

CALL ME JAN 2

NO SALVATION ARMY GAG

SHACK

POPCORN

SHOWME OUT WED

I JUST LOOKED. THERE'S NO PIANO IN THERE.

CHRISTMAS ALREADY?

I LOVE ELVIS PRESLEY WITH ALL MY HEART AND SOUL AND I THINK YOU ARE DUMB, DUMB, DUMB, DUMB

YOU WON'T FIND HAPPINESS IN THAT KIND OF LOVE

I TOLD YOU SO!

CANT SAY NO?

HEY MAN. WANT TO HEAR THE ONE THE CENSOR CUT OUT?

THE 'MISS'LL GO

ITS MISTLETOE

I THINK WE TOOK A WRONG TURN AT ASHLAND

THREE ON A HUMP IS TOO MANY

CHEERS BARNEY KINKAOE

... NO



NOT A SINGLE ONE. CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT.

TAKE ME TO YOUR LEADER!

I JUST GOTTA SELL THAT MG

CAN YOU IMAGINE THAT. THEY DON'T SERVE KAVKASKI SHASHLIK

TRAVELING LIGHT?

SOME DAYS YOU JUST DON'T GIVE A DAMN

DIDN'T GET THIS BAG PACKED SO WELL

TOPIC CAFE

BOONE COUNTY PIZZA

MY Z FOR OWL

JACK OF HEARTS

KAME

HOL

JOLLY LOT, THESE STUDENTS

WHAT HO! ITS BRITIAN'S BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE AT PLAY!

BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE, EH? THE QUEEN SHALL HEAR OF THIS!

THE MERRIEST

HAVE A BALL

CHEERS!

AND A DOLL...

Wheels,  
a Road Map  
and Thou





# In the Mail Box With Santa

It's a yellow-bellied nut-hatch!  
It's a new turbo-jet!

Wha? Santa . . . Who? . . . Hell,  
I thought it was a new turbo-  
jet.

Whoa-oa-oa there dasherdancer  
prancervixencometcupiddonder-  
blitzen! Whoa there, you mothaf  
. . . uh, heh-heh . . . my stalwart  
steeds. Whoooo-eee, is it ever  
hecky-durn cold up here at the  
North Pole, boys and girls. Hoho  
hohoho. Whoooo-eee! Let's jump  
right in ole Santa's mailbox and  
see what we find today. Say,  
what's this? Ahem-ha . . . (one  
of you fellas take this fifth and  
put it in the back room where it  
belongs.) Hohohoho, that was a  
funny surprise, wasn't it, boys  
and girls?

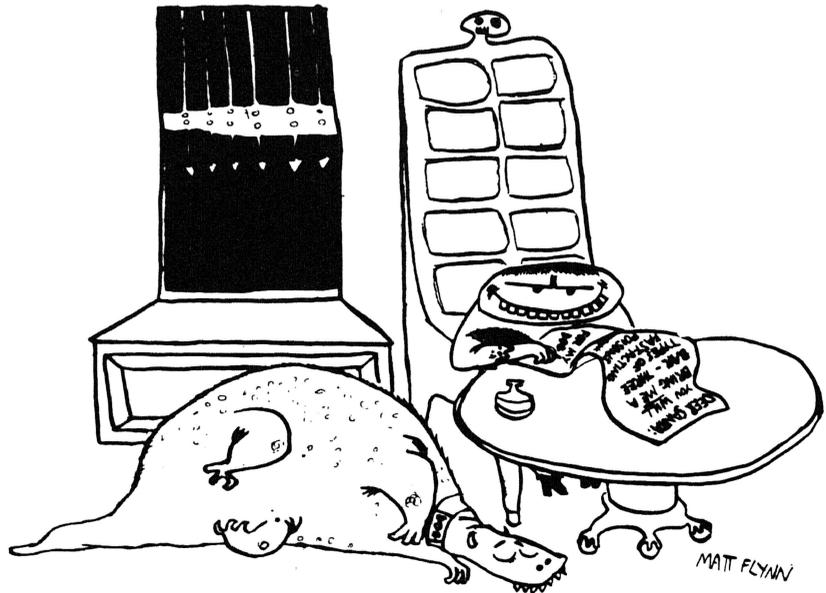
O-kay, kiddies, let's try again.  
I'm reaching way, wayyyy down  
to the very bottom of the mail-  
box and I've got a letter and it  
may be from you! And here it is!  
It's a jimdandy letter from little  
Johnny Hoopnagle. Let's see what  
little Johnny wants from dear  
ole Santa this Christmas.

Dear Ole Santa, nothing —

Listen, buddy, don't come  
around this year with the idea  
you can fake me out. Remember  
that cherry bomb I slipped in  
your bag last year? Awright, get  
this straight, buddy. When I say  
I want a fifth of bourbon, I want  
a fifth of bourbon and none of  
that watered-down stuff. And  
another thing. Last year you  
neglected to leave the poison to  
go with my dart game. Just re-  
member, I saw you filch that can-  
dy cane off my Christmas tree  
last year, you ole bird.

Threateningly,  
Little Johnny Hoopnagle.

Cherry-bomb me will you.  
Just you wait'll you open your  
stocking, you little . . .



Hohohoho, boys and girls. Lit-  
tle Johnny has a gosh-awful  
sense of humor, doesn't he?  
There are lots and lots of super-  
duper letters here from all you  
kiddies and I want to move right  
on to the next. Here we go!

My Dear Mr. Claus:

If you think you're going to  
thump around my rooftop this  
Christmas Eve like you did at  
three a.m. last year you have  
another think coming.

I want to get my full  
eight hours sleep that night as I  
will have a busy day at the of-  
fice the next day.

Not only did you awaken me  
last year, but my wife had to  
spend two hours the next day  
cleaning up after your damn  
reindeer. I warn you, I'll have  
the law on your neck if you pull  
another stunt like that.

Emphatically,  
J. B. Scrooge.

Well, I don't think that Mr.  
Scrooge has that holiday spirit,

does he, gang? Where's that  
next letter — where is it —  
whereisit—HERE IT IS!

Dear Shanta;

Thanksh, pal, for the tip lasht  
year.

When I dishcovered that swish  
in my stocking I caught the hint.  
Have swished to Calvert and  
have been happy every since.

Merry Chrishmash, you sly  
old . . . !

Sham.

I tell you, my little friends, it  
brings tears to your ole Santa's  
eyes to read a peachy-keen ap-  
preciative letter like that.

Dear Santa,

Please for this Christmas I  
would like a dolly that laughs  
and cries and closes its eyes  
when you put it to bed and a  
tea set and Porfirio Rubirosa.

Love and kisses,  
Linda Sue.

And if little Linda Sue is

goody-good-good and helps Mommy and Daddy by picking up all the beer cans and leaving her cigarette butts in the ashtrays where they belong, I'm sure ole Santa can make this Christmas

Hey Man,

I want you to know that down here at MU we think you're the coolest, Man. All us cats are gonna have the biggest blast in history and we want you personally to lend your presence. Gate, this is gonna be the greatest shindig you ever saw — the party to end all. Just come boppin' in any time on the big Eve and be prepared to get fired up.

Cordially,  
Black Jack.

Sounds like a rowdy-dow time, Jack, ole boy. Heh-heh. Oh-hoho ho — that was nice and friendly-like, eh, gang?

Dear Nick,

Last year I asked you for only one present — a man. But instead you sent me a mere six foot six, 250 pound weakling. After a couple of days I had to send him back to the lumber mill. This year, by Gawd, I want a MAN! Desperately,  
Suzie.

Next time, kiddo, hang up something bigger than a Bermuda sock and I'll see what I can do for you.

Dear Boss,

I've talked it over with the others, and we've decided to strike for higher wages. We're sick of this chasing all over the globe in one night for a couple of pounds of moss.

Donner came down with pneumonia last year and poor old Blitzen had an unfortunate encounter with a TV aerial on the roof of the Waldorf-Astoria. No telling what may happen this year.

And how about making this team co-ed? After all, the same old reindeer ain't gonna last forever. Whaddaya think we are, imomrtal?

Four pounds of moss, a lump

of sugar, and a rubdown for each of us after the trip or else we ain't showing up.

Definitely,  
Prancer.

We'll see what the union says about this. But don't you worry, kiddies, old Santa will be there right on time. If you trot off to beddy-bye nice and early like Mommy says.

Dear Santa Claus,

In answer to your recent letter, that was my sheer size 9½ stocking you saw hanging over the fireplace at Ooo La La sorority house last Christmas Eve.

Yes, I'm single. No, I'm not engaged or pinned. But I happen to know you're married, you old wolf! You stick to your business and I'll stick to mine.

Mabel.

P.S. Midnight, third room, second floor. Knock three times.

Mmmm-mmm-Mabel. Harumph! It's downright amazing how nice and neighborly people can be, isn't it gang?

Hey you old . . . !

I've seen you on about twenty street corners this week and I

Sir;

"Mr. Claus," you're an impostor!

How could any one many travel all over the world in one night? Ha! You can't fool me. I've studied maps and done some calculating. It simply isn't possible.

In fact, I doubt if you could even visit all the homes in the United States in one night. Not with reindeer certainly.

And another thing. Who pays for all those toys you make up there at the North Pole? And why the North Pole? Looks like working conditions would be mighty rough in that sub-zero weather.

So you see, you can't squirm out of it, "Mr. Claus." And I'm not going to let the world wallow in ignorance any longer. In other words, I'M GOING TO EXPOSE YOU!

You'd better start sweating, because you'll be hearing more from me. Guess you hadn't figured on the crafty investigation of college-trained

E. Gerbeaver  
(B.J. '52)

I'm sorry I have to cut our lit-



never saw a more money-mad crew any place, not even down here. I hate you muckers all.

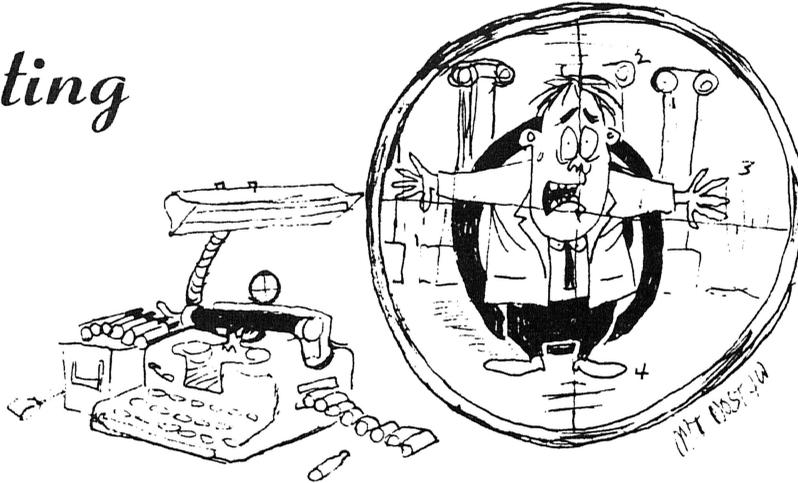
Damn your eyes,  
Sam Hall.

My, my. Mymymymy, my Friends. (This better be damn near the last letter in this fruit mailbox.) Aren't we having funny-fun-fun? Here it is, here it is, the very last letter of the day and it looks like a longy!

tle visit short here, boys and girls. But I just remembered an important appointment. (Bring that sleigh around to the side entrance, fellas.) We sure did have a whoop-de-doo time though, didnt' we gang? Remember, be goody-good — oops, time to go. Over the housetop, over the . . . Come on you idiots, over the housetop, dammit!

By SUE WILSON

# Shooting



# Gallery

The American college student is (self-considered) one of the shrewder animals on this globe. But wait! Compare him — or her — with a turtle, for instance. Did you ever hear of a turtle drinking himself into a coma? Or a hermit crab paying \$75 a month rent? Or of a cat eating anchovies? Or a camel drinking beer? THAT proves it! You're all screwy!

This is the story of a class. The class is called International Law and must be gut-grippingly vital because the textbook has 1,108 pages — which is plenty, Plenty PLENTY textbook in any man's lingo. During the first class session 20 minutes were spent sorting through cards and counting noses, and then the instructor looks up with a sort of smug expression on his face and says, "What is international law?" Now the semester is damn near over and everybody is still trying to figure out what this international law gas is. A few tried reading the book, which should be easy, since it is written in English, French, Spanish, German, Latin and Italian and has beaucoup *Whereases* and *Hereinafter named Parties of the First Part*, but nobody has answered the first question yet.

Hey, man, wanna buy a suede farm?

Let's send Elvis Presley to the Russians for a Christmas present. After a few weeks of the Pelvis, they'd even give back Hungary.

Well, the powers that be have finally went and gone and done it! Used to be there was a dusty little place just south of Conley

known to only a few thousand car-driving students where you sometimes could hide your heap early enough to get to class. It is

no more. One morning they roped it off and stuck a cop out there and now it stands forlorn. They say they are going to make a Type 3 lot out of it (for the multitude of you who don't know what this means, it is theoretically a place where only students may park free of persecution). Maybe so. By the time everybody has his own back-pack helicopter they'll probably finish the damn thing, but don't believe it until you see it. It sounds like a belated campaign promise.

What's a suede farm?

I hate Christmas! It seems like every year I have my own belated Christmas, when the bill collectors start coming around with their greasy smiles and their gift-wrapped duns. Let's disown the folks, drown the kids, forget the women, and keep all that loot this year. Who knows, maybe it's a good feeling to have a little loose change in the pocket.

One good thing about versatile SHOWME is its multitudinous uses. You can wrap garbage in it, you can corrupt the morals (?) of the Stephens girls, you can paper your walls with it, or burn it slowly to heat your attic.



"Lookie girls,  
I've been pinned."

END

Adam: Dammit, Eve, you went and put my dress suit in the salad again.



**Kathy Shannon,**  
1956 Missouri University  
Homecoming queen, agrees  
that shoes at gene glenn's  
are fit for a queen.  
*Gene Glenn*

You Get  
*atmosphere*

at  
**The DEN**

**"You look lonely"**

MAT ROYAN  
"SHOWME"



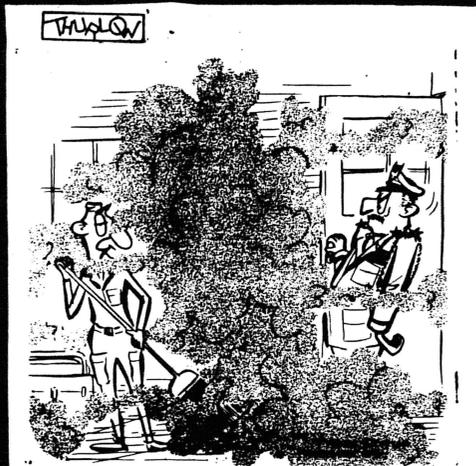
"Am I to assume your Officer Candidate School application came through?"



"The Old Man wants to see you!"



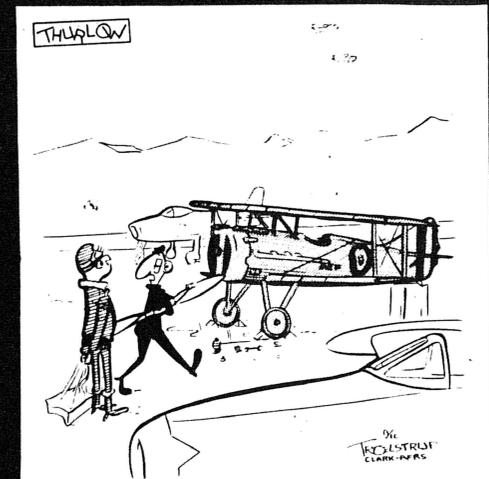
"Wise up will ya! Keep your lousy paws offa me. The Captain's on pass and I'm sacking in."



"OK, Jocko . . . clear the road!"

# THURLOW

Part III



"We're backing this economy drive to the hilt!"

THUSLOW



CPL  
TROELSTRUP  
CLARK-AFRS

"And don't make me  
look so blasted broad!"

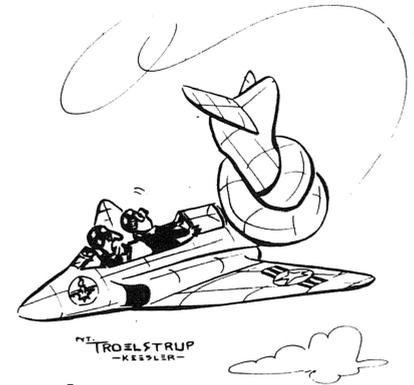
THUSLOW



CPL  
TROELSTRUP  
CLARK-AFRS

"Ya mean there are actually people  
in the Air Force who fly planes?"

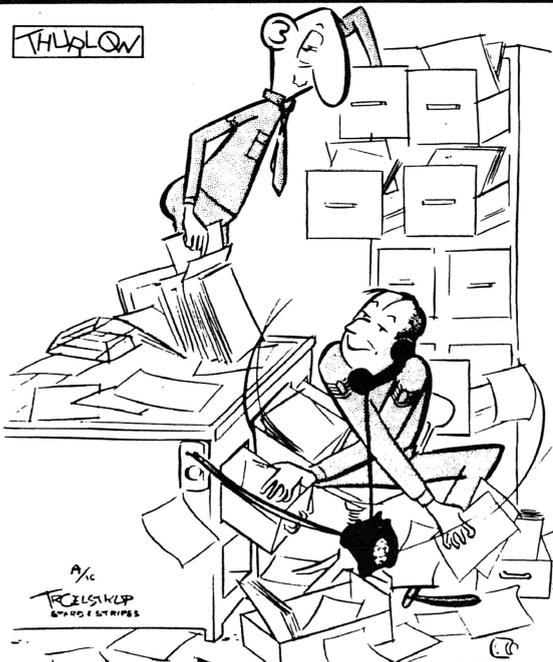
THUSLOW



CPL  
TROELSTRUP  
-KESSLER-

"I must say she's rather amazing  
in a sharp loop!"

THUSLOW



A/C  
TROELSTRUP  
WARD-STRIPES

"Yes, Colonel . . . We have it right here!"  
"Heh, heh, we were just checking my  
records!"

THUSLOW



TROELSTRUP  
WARD-STRIPES

"Good afternoon, Colonel  
Johnson . . . We weren't expect-  
ing you until Thursday!"

THUSLOW



A/C  
TROELSTRUP  
WARD-STRIPES

"Due to unfavorable weather conditions,  
we'll be unable to bring you our recorded  
shortwave newscast!"

# got anything by the dezsoe yorzyk quartet?



By "Hollywood"

Only two years ago there was a quiet little contest in progress to see who could do the cleanest job of starving to death, the journalist (not the Madison Avenue variety) or the progressive jazz musician. It seemed evident the jazz man would do it.

That's when some cat wearing a pair of bop rims did a session on tape at a little school in Ann Arbor. It seems an up-and-coming record company happened to be in the neighborhood with

about \$50,000 in equipment to test. Well they heard sounds coming from a place up the street and strolled over to pick up. One of the cats saw a couple in a nearby bush getting some face and inquired,

"Say, like what's happening inside, man?"

"Brubeck's having a little jam."

"Let's make it," the first cat said to the others.

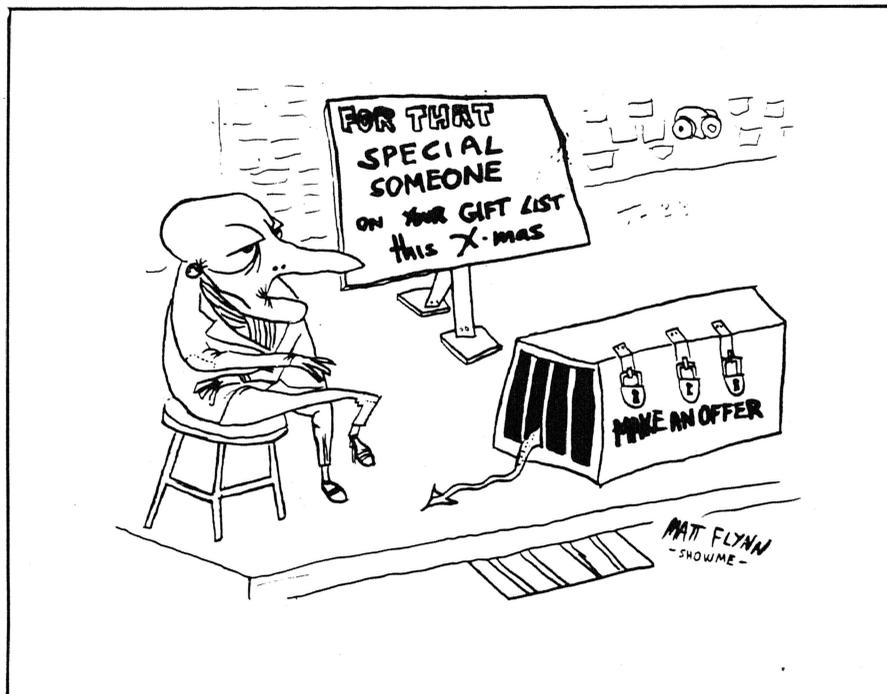
So began the work in Columbia album number B-436, *Jazz Goes to College* (they used that serial number to make Brubeck think he was going to cut the other 435). This was a swinging album and it really scored the bread for Dave and those cats.

And that's not all. It started an era that thinned the musician's soup line. Everyone and his mother started in progressive jazz.

To the old head this was too much. Cats that blew for Welk and his crazy, crazy Dodgers (who are really out of it) were cutting sides. What a wig. Then these records hit and man, what a noise. Everyone trying to cut more sides than the next cat. The usual kick was to move each man's name up front for one side then drop him and put the next man on top. More shops were built, more labels invented, 69 versions of every pop tune, old standard, party record or just any sound some cat could goof with for three or four minutes.

The result is, now it takes an hour longer at the Hi-Fi House to find cool sides. It's not too painful though, the covers are really a gas. They are as valuable as the music. And the liner notes are the complete end. One cat cut a "homophonic piece of music making use of thirds and its relative interval, the tenth." That means a phony queer torn between a triangle and scotch. Even when you can dig the notes the record is skunky.

But there's still only 25 ways and real progressive jazz is still around. It may take a while to score it but like "All good things must come to an end . . . er that is . . . take time"\* There are some cats who do anything right. If you dig the progressive kick, you know. Shorty Rogers, THE Stan the Man, The Lighthouse All Stars, Brubeck, Chet Baker, Mulligan and so. Of course that



is all West Coast. The East Coast cats like J. J. and Kai, Al Cohen, Getz, Shearing make the bit as well.

*\*Courtesy Bob Conkin's "Famous Sayings For All Occasions"*

The coolest is to pin some of the newer groups like the Australian Jazz Quartet who have THE perfect sound; Jack Millman, a cat that gets a ball out of playing; the more familiar Modern Jazz Quartet, whose music can go a long way away. Then there are millions of combinations, usually with cats like Larry Bunker, Shelley Manne, Cooper, Bud Shank, Condoli and Tanya's old buddy, Frank Rosolino. Anything these cats blow is cherry.

Some of the latest albums that sound good are:

**JAZZ CITY WORKSHOP** on Bethlehem — Larry Bunker on vibes; Herbie Harper on the bone; Marty Paitch, piano; Jack Costanzo, bongos; Frankie Capp, drums; Curtis Counce, bass.

—*Serenade in Blue, Them There Eyes, Blues in the Closet* are the whailing tracks. You must read the liner notes by Symphony Sid.

**CUBAN FIRE** on Capitol — Stan Kenton

—*Quien Sabe and La Guera Baila* feature Bob Fitzgerald and swinging Bill Perkins on the smoothest solo you will ever hear. This is the most powerful album to hear on a good HiFi.

**SHADES OF THINGS TO COME** — **Liberty** — Jack Millman. Jack Millman, flugelhorn; Buddy Collette (!), flute, alto, tenor; Jimmy Giuffre, baritone and clarinet; Bob Harrington, piano; Harry Babsin, bass; Larry Bunker and Frank Capp, drums. Dig those names! Never do is never done and these cats do it. After you hear this album you have to decide for yourself who is the craziest. It is Shorty Rogers type jazz since most of these cats were with the Giants or Rumsey's group. When you hear it you'll find that you have to

(Continued on page 28)

## No pipe mixture at any price can match **HOLIDAY**



**We proved it and so can you**

A sample of Holiday Pipe Mixture in a plain wrapper was shown to the custom blender in a nationally famous tobacco shop. "Can you duplicate this tobacco?" he was asked. After careful examination, he said, frankly, that he couldn't. Although he could identify the types of tobacco used and could supply them in a \$6 a pound mixture, he couldn't guess the secret of the blend! You can verify Holiday's matchless flavor in a much easier way — smoke a pipeful. Money back for the pouch flap if you don't agree.

LARUS & BROTHER COMPANY, INC., RICHMOND, VIRGINIA



### Custom blended for mildness



More men every year switch to Holiday, because it contains these five famous tobaccos skillfully blended into a mixture of unequalled flavor, aroma and mildness. Each tobacco adds its own distinctive flavor and aroma, to make Holiday America's finest pipe mixture. Try a pipeful—enjoy its coolness, flavor and aroma—and see for yourself why more and more men are switching to Holiday as a steady smoke.

*the nation's NEW pleasure smoke*

**AMERICA'S FINEST PIPE MIXTURE...Canada's Finest Too!**

If all the students who sleep in classes were laid end on end they would be more comfortable.



## Holiday Greetings

## Holiday Wardrobe

—To look your very best  
during the gay holiday  
season or any day of the  
year bring your cleaning  
to . . .

**Sudden Service Cleaners  
and Shirt Laundry**

114 South Eighth

Phone GI 2-6107



'Sonny sure has filled out since he joined that fraternity, hasn't he?'

Said one bra to the other:  
"Let's take off and leave her  
flat."

listen deep into the music to get the full impact. That makes it the most. These cats dig blowing and the music is really tied up tight.

**CANDIDO:** ABC-Paramount—Candido bongos

Featuring Al Cohen, tenor; Joe Puma, guitar; Dick Katz, piano; Ted Sommer, drums, and Whitey Mitchell, bass.

If you dig bongo sessions here is a swinging one. Cohen makes music while Candido goes. Fine sides are: *Mambo Inn* (at least), *Candido's Camera*, *Poinciana*.

Fresh Faces:

**TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI TRIO**  
Storyville—

Toshiko, piano; Edmund Thigpen, drums; Paul Chambers, bass.

Here is jazz with a fresh approach. The soft, kind melody Toshiko creates is something to hear. She's a real live Japanese girl with fingers that tickle the keys to laughter. The slight oriental touch is NEW and crazy. If you want to dig sounds you've never heard, pick up on this one. This chick is not just a new face, she is a new sound.

So, well, like, you know, later man. I've got to split. I think I'll make it down to the Hi Fi House and fight honker and Presley flips and Paul's knocked-out classics screaming my ears numb. And dig, that Frank Sullivan group really blows some sounds. He has some crazy side men too.

—hollywood

The gravedigger was completing his last grave for the day, his mind on other things. Suddenly he found he'd dug so deep he couldn't get out. It was night-fall before his cries for help attracted the attention of a drunken passerby.

"Get me out of here," pleaded the digger. "I'm cold."

The drunk pondered for a moment, then began shivering frantically.

"No wonder you're cold," he muttered, "you haven't got any dirt on you."

G. S.

# A Quiet New Year's Eve

Swami was planning on spending an introverted new year's eve when he received an invitation to one of the more bawdy parties in town. He almost declined, figuring that it would take him a month to recover from the aftereffects. However, as you can see on these pages, he found the hassle to be a quiet, intimate affair, and he was glad that he went after all. Here are some of the highlights.



*"Darn grownups been keeping me up half the night. Can't even get in my own bedroom."*



*"What a bore. I'll be damned if I'll ever get fixed up again."*



*"What do you mean we're out of beer!"*

(Continued from page 15)

"Here is Babba, old man. As you can see, he has hurt his forefoot, and can hardly put any weight on it."

The old man looked at the fine animal. Babba's coat shone as if it had just been curried. His eyes flashed, and his normally droopy ears stood up straight. He was standing steadily on his four legs.

"There is no injury here," the alchemist declared. "This is as sound an animal as I have ever seen. Are you sure this is the animal you meant me to see?"

"Why, yes . . ." Ahmed said. He didn't seem to recognize old Babba. "He looks ten years younger, though."

"You have raised an old man from his bed to repair a well animal my friend. Why do you play games with me?"

"Good Karufka, I am not one to play games. Yesterday, this donkey was lame."

"He is well now, and that will be one Roman silver piece for my trouble."

"Gladly, yes, gladly will I pay; here indeed are three silver pieces. Thank you for your trouble, and I am sorry to have disturbed you.

The old man took the money and stuffed it in one of the many folds of his robe. He lifted the long box and slowly shuffled from the manger, mumbling to himself. Ahmed rubbed Babba's nose, scratched his own head and then left the manger to the animals and the young couple in the back who were cradling between them a newborn child.

END

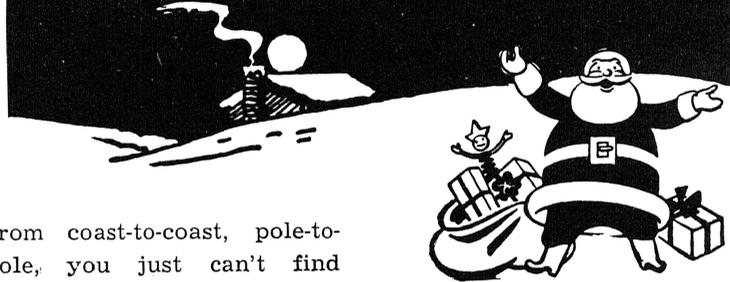
Sim: "Been sleeping well?"

Jim: "Well, I sleep good nights, and I sleep pretty good mornings. But afternoons I just seem to twist and turn."

\* \* \*

The Scotchman married the half-witted girl because she was 50% off.

## Take a tip from AN OLD REINDEER DRIVER



From coast-to-coast, pole-to-pole, you just can't find gifts that are better for HIM than wearing apparel. I just dropped off a new bag full of this season's latest styles at

## NEUKOMM'S 22 on the Strollway

P.S. Better start looking today while the assortment is complete.

## The Stein Club

Wholesale Keg Beer - We Deliver



# SWAMI'S shorts

The other day we met a man who had reached the depths of disillusionment. He had spent two hundred dollars on a permanent cure for halitosis. Then he found out that no one had liked him anyway.

\*\*\*

A man in an insane asylum sat fishing over a flower bed.

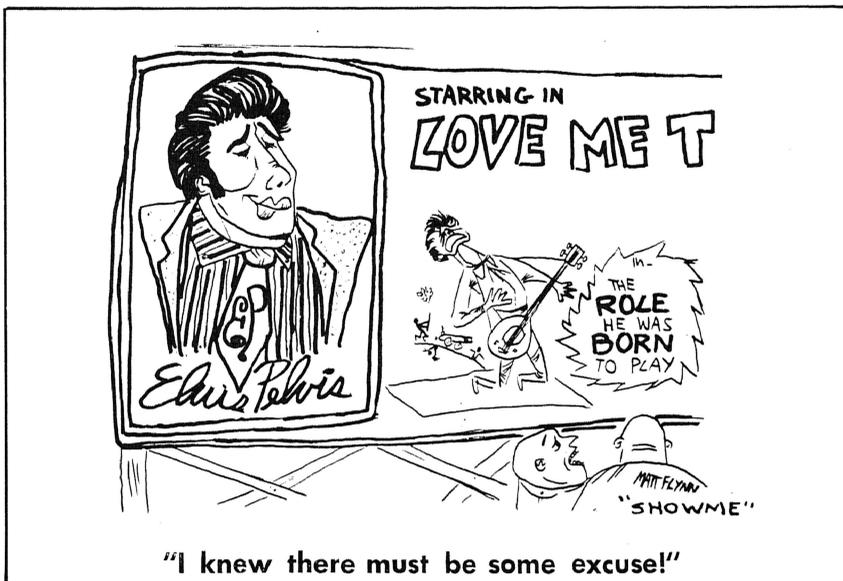
A visitor approached, and wishing to be friendly, asked, "How many have you caught today?"

"You're the ninth," was the reply.

\*\*\*

"Did you follow my advice about kissing women when they least expect it?"

"Oh, hell," said the fellow with the swollen eye. I thought you said where."



STARRING IN  
**LOVE ME T**

Edu Pelvis

THE ROLE HE WAS BORN TO PLAY

MIT FLANN "SHOWME"

"I knew there must be some excuse!"

Active: What's your greatest ambition?

Pledge: To die a year sooner than you.

Active: What's the reason for that?

Pledge: So I'll be an active in Hell when you get there.

\*\*\*

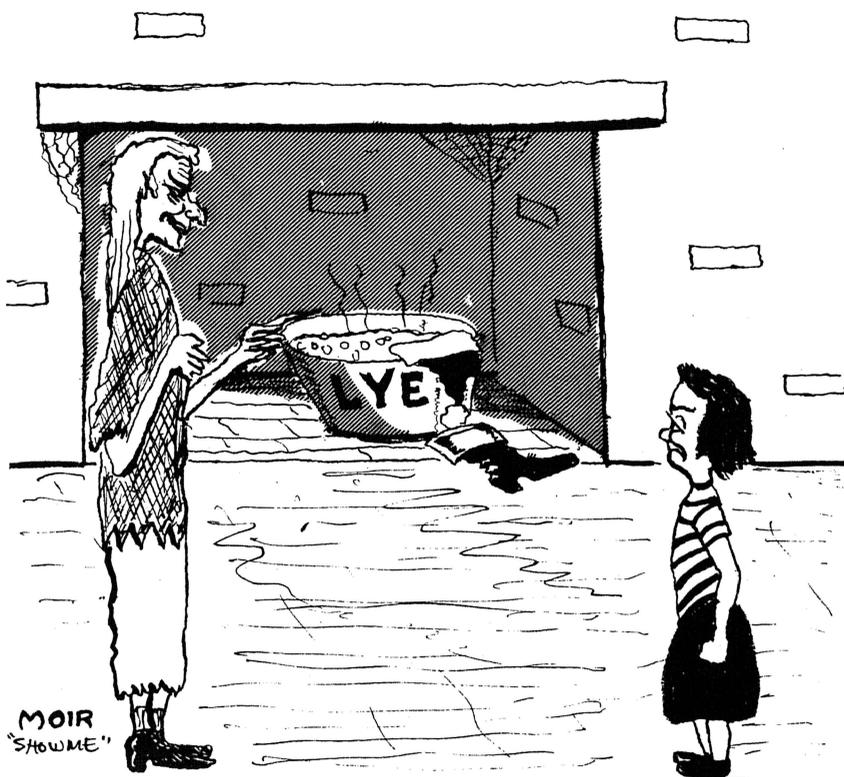
Doctor: (after examining patient) "I don't like the looks of your husband, Mrs. Brown."

Mrs. Brown: "Neither do I, doctor, but he's good to our children."

\*\*\*

Wife: Darling, tell me, how did you ever get Junior to eat olives?

Husband: Simple, I started him out with Martinis.



"Yes Virginia... There WAS a Santa Claus"

You're Invited!

to  
**Texaco Town**

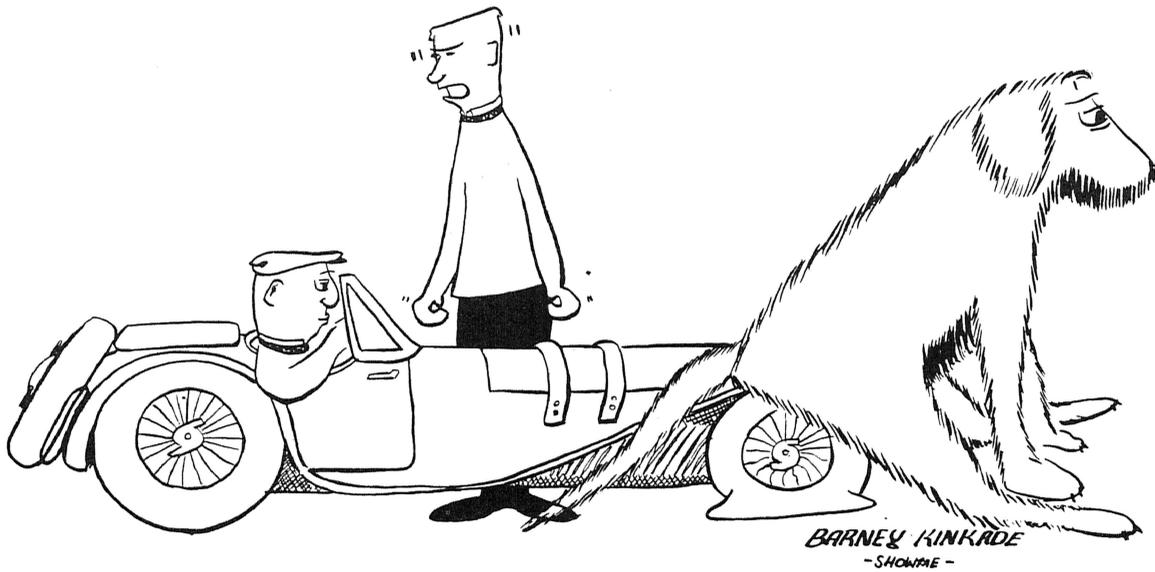
Home Cooked Meals  
Short Orders  
Sandwiches  
Home Made Pies  
and Hot Breads

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



**Lewis' Texaco Town**  
Highway 40 At Sexton

Men seldom make passes in eight o'clock classes.



"You trying to run over my dog, Buddy?"

the finest selection  
of BEVERAGES  
in town

- Champagne
- Ice cold beer
- Wines
- Mixes



**Brown  
Derby**

116 S. 9th GI 3-5409



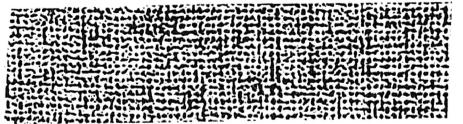
"By George  
A Steak  
from Ernie's  
is Just  
What I  
Needed."

**Ernie's Steak House**

1005 Walnut

O frantic fortnight spent to cram  
At times I wonder who I am.  
So twinkle, twinkle sweet exam  
Frankly I don't give a damn.

# Balladeer's Barstool



## WHEN I WAS SINGLE

### WHERE IS YOUR BOY TONIGHT?

Unknown

Life is teeming with evil snares,  
The gates of sin are wide,  
The rosy fingers of pleasure  
wave,  
And beckon the young inside.  
Man of the world with open  
purse,  
Seeking your own delight,  
Pause ere reason is wholly gone  
Where is your boy tonight?

Sirens are singing on every  
hand,  
Luring the ear of youth,  
Gilded falsehood with silver  
notes  
Drowneth the voice of truth  
Dainty ladies in costly robes,  
Your parlours gleam with light,  
Fate and beauty your senses  
steep—  
Where is your boy tonight?

Tempting whispers of royal  
spoil  
Flatter the youthful soul  
Eagerly entering into life,  
Restive of all control.  
Needs are many, and duties  
stern  
Crowd on the weary sight;  
Father, buried in business cares,  
Where is your boy tonight?

Pitfalls lurk in the flowery way,  
Vice has a golden gate:  
Who shall guide the unwary feet  
Into the highway straight?  
Patient worker with willing  
hand,  
Keep the home hearth bright,  
Tired mother, with tender eyes  
Where is your boy tonight?

Turn his feet from the evil paths  
Ere they have entered in:  
Keep him unspotted while yet  
he may,  
Earth is so stained with sin;  
Ere he has learned to follow  
wrong,  
Teach him to love the right;  
Watch ere watching is wholly  
vain—  
Where is your boy tonight?

Unknown

When I was single, oh then,  
When I was single  
my pockets did jingle,  
And I wish I was single again

I married a wife, oh then,  
I married a wife,  
she's the plague of my life,  
And I wish I was single again.

My wife she died, oh then,  
My wife she died,  
and I laughed till I cried  
To think I was single again.

I went for the coffin, oh then,  
I went for the coffin,  
and like to died laughing  
To think I was single again.

I went to the funeral, oh then;  
The band did play,  
and I danced all the way  
To think I was single again.

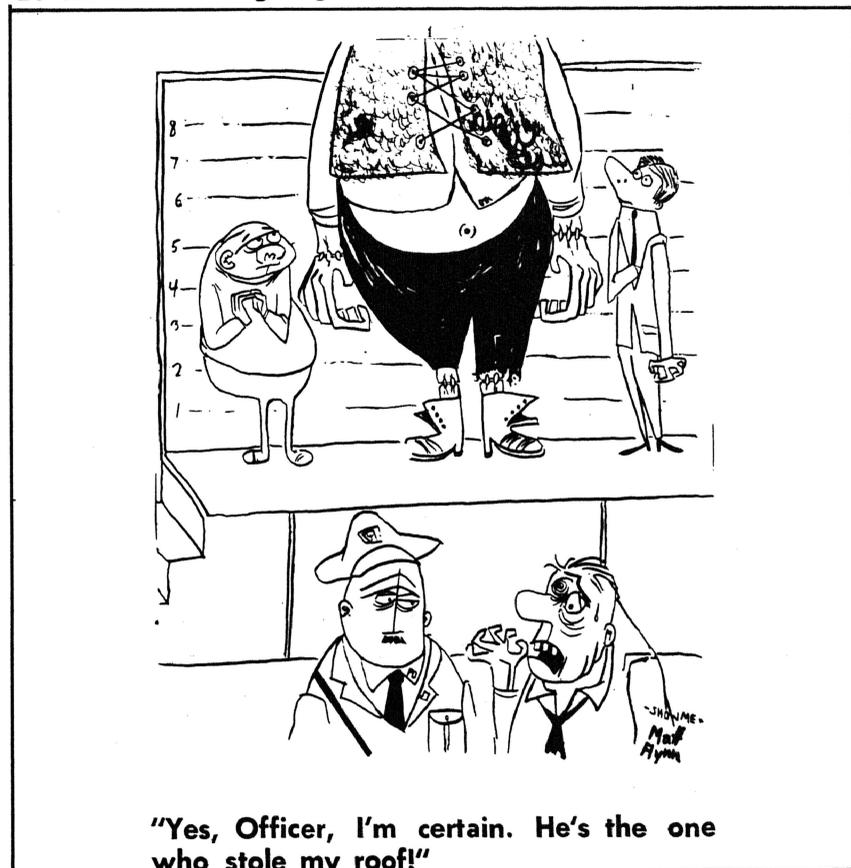
I married another, oh then,  
I married another,  
she's the devil's grandmo-  
ther;  
And I wish I was single again.

So now, young men,  
take warning from me:  
Be kind to the first,  
for the next may be worse,  
And you'll wish you were single  
again.

### LITTLE SALLY

Unknown

Little Sally based her hopes  
On a book by Marie Stopes;  
But to judge from her condition  
She must have bought the wrong  
edition.



Rowdy, Classic or Bawdy

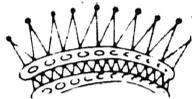
# ROMANO'S BOWL

Open Bowling



Open bowling except on Tuesday night.  
1100 East Broadway

# ROMANO'S



where Pizza is King

Steaks  
Spaghetti  
Sandwiches

1102 Broadway

Combo Every Wed.  
'Til 1:30 A.M.

dancing nightly



A bishop was sitting at a box in an opera house where collegiate commencement exercises were being held. The dresses of the ladies were very décolleté. After looking around with an opera glass, one of the ladies exclaimed: "Honestly, bishop, did you ever see anything like it in your life?"

"Never," gravely replied the bishop. "Never, madam, since I was weaned.

\* \* \*

Her lips quivered as they approached mine. My whole frame trembled as I looked into her eyes. Her body shook with intensity as our lips met, and my chin vibrated and my body shuddered as I held her, pulsating, close to me.

Moral: Never kiss them in a car with the engine running.



"What, me worry?"



# NOPE-I READ Showme

I learn all the jokes and all the new jokes and stories and all; and everyone likes me when I bring one of class and they think I'm funny because I don't have any pockets; I always have a quarter for a Showme—

Everyone who is anyone reads SHOWME — and some who ain't



ZOW!  
BANG!  
SANTY  
CLAWS!

I SURE

LOVE

THOSE

SCOTCHMERE

SWEATERS

from . . .

McAllister's  
23 on the Strollway



“OUCH”

An officer of ancient Rome, called away to war, locked his beautiful wife in armor, gave the key to his best friend with the admonition, “If I don’t return in six months, use this key. To you, my dear friend, I entrust it.”

He then galloped off to the wars. About ten miles from home, he turned to see a cloud of dust approaching. His trusted friend, on horseback, galloped up and panted, “You gave me the wrong key.”

Once upon a time there was a boy penguin and a girl penguin who met at the Equator. After a brief charming interlude the boy penguin went North, to the North Pole, and the girl went south to the South Pole. Later on, a telegram arrived at the North Pole stating simply, “Come quickly - - am with Byrd.”

Webster says that “taut” means tight. I guess that the guys at college are taut a lot after all.

Old Lady: “You don’t chew tobacco, do you, little boy?”

Little boy: “No ma’am, but I could let you have a cigarette.”

The one time a man finds it easy to keep his eyes off women is when he’s sitting on a crowded bus.

You should be kind to your friends. If it were not for them, you would be a total stranger.

It was raining pitchforks as a motorist stepped into a small restaurant and sat down. As the waitress came for the order, he glanced out the window and remarked, “Gee, this certainly looks like the flood.”

“The what?” asked the waitress.

“The big flood. Haven’t you read about the flood and the ark and Noah and all?”

“Gee, mister,” replied the waitress, “I ain’t had time to look at a paper all week.”

A shipwrecked sailor was captured by cannibals. Each day the natives would cut his arm with a dagger and drink his blood.

Finally he called the king: “You can kill me and eat me if you want,” he said, “but I’m sick and tired of getting stuck for the drinks.”

A hillbilly discovered a mirror which had been left behind by a tourist.

“Well, if it ain’t my old pappy. I never knowed he had his picture took!”

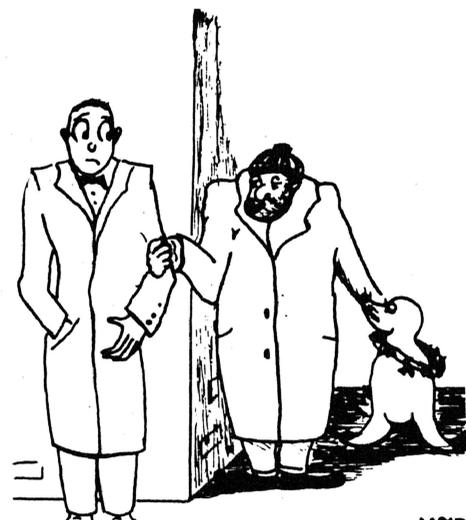
He sneaked it home and went up to the attic to hide it. But his wife spied him and that night, while he slept, she slipped up to the attic and found the mirror.

“Aha!” she exclaimed, looking into the glass. “So that’s the old biddy he’s been running around with.”

Cannibal to son: “Don’t you know it’s rude to talk with someone in your mouth?”

He: What would you say if I stole a kiss?

She: What would you say to a guy who had a chance to steal an automobile but only took the windshield wiper?

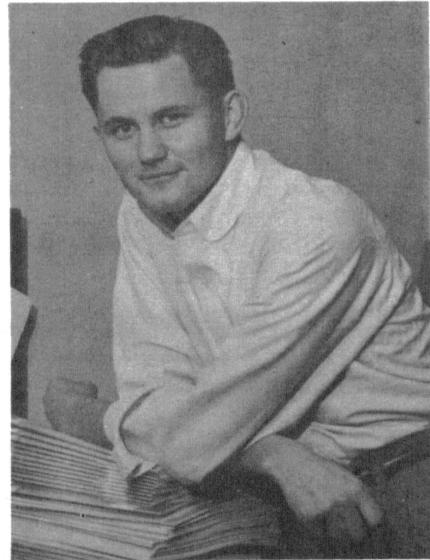


“Hey, Man, wanna buy a Christmas Seal?”

MOIR

# contributors' page

J. J. Aasen is his name. He says. His one claim to fame is that his name is always the first one in the student-faculty directory. Like aardvark. It's a good thing we don't have many aardvarks around here — the only one we can think of is an "S", so J. J.'s fame is assured.



Julius Junior (he swears it's the truth) draws SHOWME covers of drunken alums and cartoons of ticklish people. He's good at it — and we like him. Only there's something funny which we J-School people find incomprehensible — J. J. is probably the first person in Mizzou's long illustrious history who ever took H & P for an elective. And that really requires an explanation. Or a psychoanalysis.

J. J. is from Dell Rapids, S. D., which he claims is not a small town. The other inhabitant agrees with him.

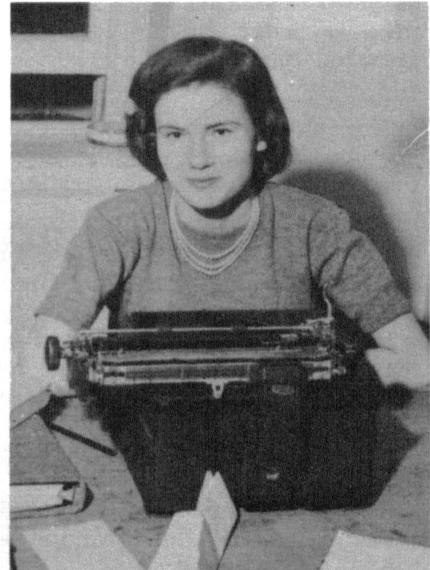
One other interesting thing about J. J. is that he has ennui. (Little Alice Roberts assures us it's not fatal.) But just the same, people with nasty stuff like that shouldn't be left running around loose. Not on our campus. He

might give it to Waldo. Or maybe he got it from Waldo.

All in all, this guy is pretty much of an enigma. Right off, he gives you a phony name. Then he's got this ennui thing that nobody ever heard of. And he doesn't *have* to take H & P! Say, maybe he's just covering up or something. Say, maybe he's really Adolph Hitler and he really isn't dead and . . .

Ann Fullenwider is one of those unsung pixies or gremlins who tirelessly trudge the streets of Columbia peddling SHOWME ad space to cold-hearted merchants. So being unsung, we here will sing her.

"I", says Ann, "am a good clean American girl." Anybody who isn't sure of the meaning of this phrase, we refer to a fellow name of Kinsey (which leaves Ann in the clear, since ole Al ain't with us any more . . . Dick Wheeler doesn't have . . . oops!)



Ann is from Springfield, Ill. That's the state capital. Abe Lincoln used to hang out around there. And Adlai Stevenson, an

obscure twentieth century lawyer-politician. Ann used to work with Volunteers for Stevenson. Which proves absolutely nothing.

These above-mentioned things are not among her proudest achievements however. The first thing that comes to mind when adding up her string of blue ribbons is the fact that she's engaged to Carl Weseman. (Him? — oh he's just another one of those hangers-on around the SHOWME office.)

Anyway, it is rumored that they have English forbears — or ulcers. Every afternoon Carl and Ann go out for a pitcher of tea. This is definitely not the proper attitude for SHOWME staffers. Swami is investigating. If anyone is interested, write for free brochure—cost \$1.25. (You will note that this is just the cost of a pitcher for Ann and Carl — and not tea!)

"What a splendid fit," said the tailor as he carried another epileptic out of his shop.  
\* \* \*

One thing about badness . . . it's neat.

**COMMONWEALTH  
COLUMBIA  
THEATRES**

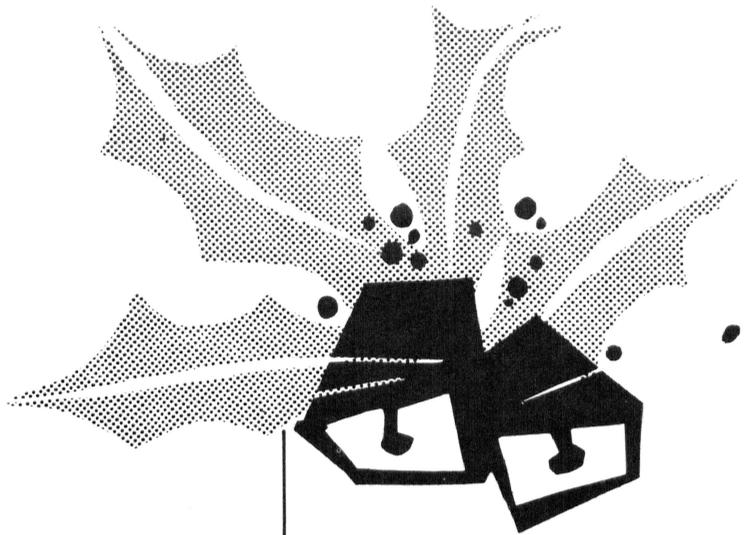
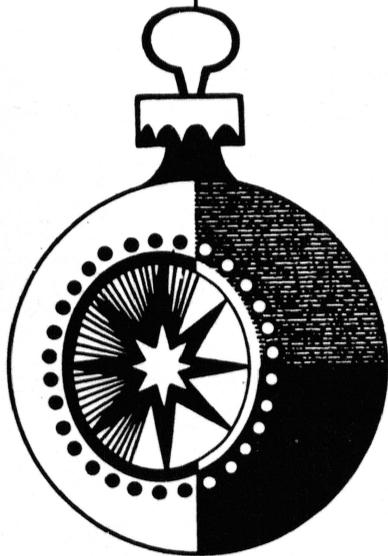
**MISSOURI**  
2:30 — 7 — 9 P.M.  
Continuous Sun.

**HALL**  
7 — 9 P.M.  
Continuous Sun.

**UPTOWN**  
2 — 7 — 9 P.M.  
Continuous Sun.

**VARSITY**  
7 — 9 P.M.  
Continuos Sat., Sun.

**BROADWAY DRIVE-IN**  
At Dusk



*a gift*

*you can*

*treasure*

**'57** *savitar*

A NEW IDEA IN SMOKING!

Switch to **Salem**  
...smoke refreshed



- menthol fresh
- rich tobacco taste
- most modern filter

**Take a Puff—It's Springtime!**

This inviting spring scene tells you how refreshing SALEM tastes. Pure menthol-fresh comfort... full rich tobacco flavor with a new *surprise* softness... modern filter, too. You smoke *refreshed!* New experience for any smoker. Try SALEM!



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R. J. Reynolds  
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It's delightful to smoke **Salem**...you'll love 'em!