



Showme

Progressive BLUE BOOK

*to hell with
this glorp...
i'm goin'
home
issue*

Name.....
Subject.....
Instructor.....
Date.....
Examiner's grade.....



REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



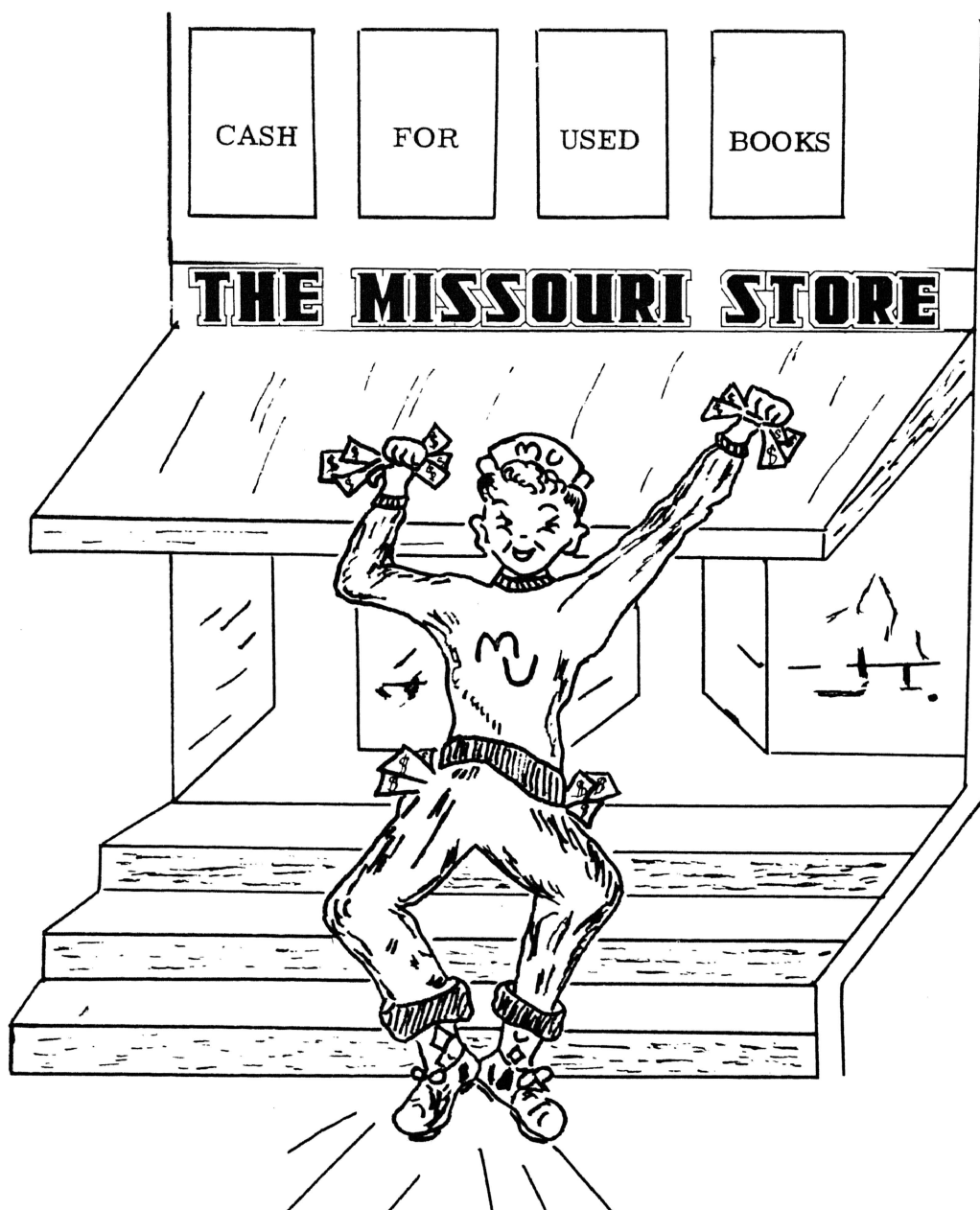
MAY

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-TRCESTRUP

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The logo for Puckett's, featuring the brand name in a white, cursive script font set against a solid black rectangular background.

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History prof: I'm dismissing you ten minutes early today. Please go out quietly so as to not wake the other classes.

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Seniors!**

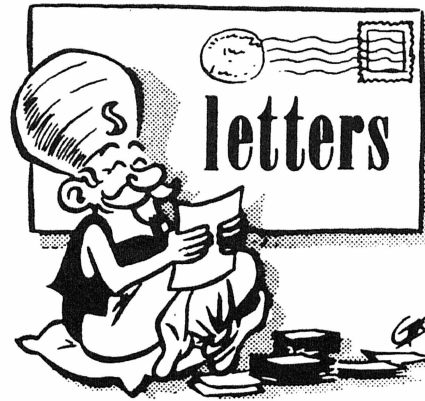
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thank you
for your
patronage.**

**And
wish you
the best
of luck
in the
years to
come.**

SUDDEN SERVICE

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Dear Sir:

Enclosed is fifty cents for a SHOWME Joke Decoder. Please rush. Fred.

Thanks Fred, for the beer—Ed.

* * *

Alumni Association Headquarters
The Missouri Alumnaus

Congratulations: you were so right. The magazine really has improved. The cover is as gay as the iris in my garden now. Very nice makeup on Gail, inspired background lower shot. Marty is delightful, and well placed on page. Middle spread really funny; we all knew you could do it with clothes on. But if you'll just shoot your printer for what he did to you on *Going to Pot*, you'll be cleared by any jury.

MPK

First we gots to clear the printer—he didn't do it—then we gots to thank you for writing; then we gots to say that you're the easiest on us of all our critics—and our favorite.

Dedicated to the males who participate with the everlasting beer drinking at the Stein Club.

Little Ole Beer Bottle

Oh, little beer bottle, where do you be—
Did you run away from little ole me?
Or do you think, I've had quite enough?
Well, let me tell you, I'm fond of the stuff!

So! Come out, you little beer bottle, wherever you be,
So, I can drink what's in you, and be little ole me!
Come out, come out, do as I say—
For we must have you little beer bottle, to complete the end of the day!

Not a privileged Mizzou student, just a innocent, amused, and ANONYMOUS bystander!

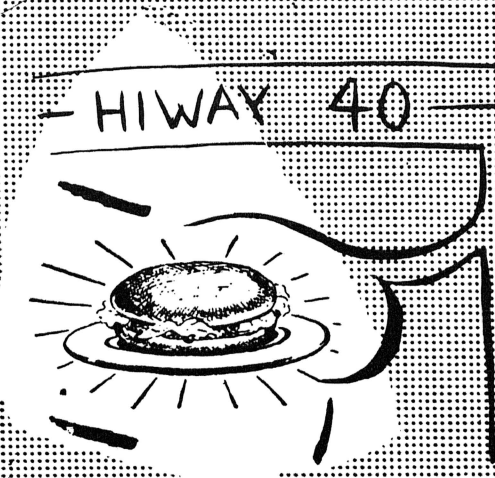
P.S. Your SHOWME is a excellent College magazine altogether, however, don't particularly care for that statement that seems to always be in SHOWME. This month it's on page 9. . . . I'm quite sure you know the statement I mean.

I truly believe you have gotten your point across to all. Sort of degrades the rest of the material in the magazine. Don't you agree?

(unsigned)

No.—ed.

BOONE BURGER DRIVEATERIA



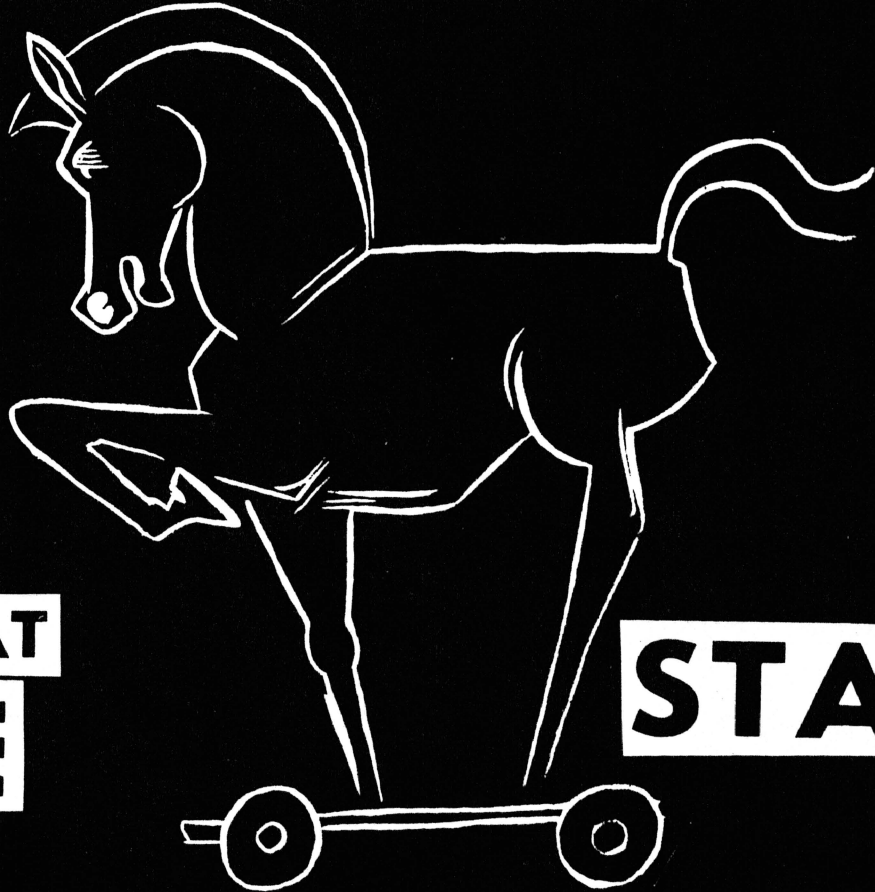
Thanks for your business in the past year.

FASTEST DRIVE-IN SERVICE IN TOWN

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YOUR HIGH HORSE AND

JOIN THE




GANG AT
THE

STABLE

Did you know about the woman who shot her husband with a bow and arrow because she didn't want to wake the children?

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Seniors**


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The lesson today, children, is don't slum. By slumming, we mean picking a day when you're feeling exceptionally overbearing and patronizing, and spending this day down at one of the dirtier bars in Columbia. While there, you absorb all manner of local color, and see how the other half lives; you get to breathe stale fumes of stale beer; you can see how lucky you are to be what you are, boy, you can really live it up. And then when you get back to your fraternity house you can tell all of your lodge brothers and sisters all about the *quaint* characters you saw.

Yes you can. And it makes you feel like taking a basket of groceries down there at Christmas time—but it never makes you feel like that in December.

Because in December you can't wear your Bermuda shorts down there and stop by someone's table and ask very intelligently if this person is making a "study" of the area; and you can't have this person tell you that he is not making a study but that he likes and enjoys the company of the people down there and much prefers them to you.

This won't happen in December. So don't slum.

We went to another formal the other night, speaking of slumming, and the strangest thing happened: We were thirsty, so of course we tried to quench it, and we thought that water would do the job real well—it usually does. Well, sir, do you know that the only thing that that lovely, well-decorated hovel didn't have was water? They had 7-up, Pepsi, Coke, Orange, Lemon, Lime (and all them Jello flavors)—but not one, mind you, not ONE DROP OF WATER! That was probably the reason we enjoyed ourselves so terribly much. That and the gang-plank.

Yes, and *didn't* it seem like the fastest-passing semester on record? The whole year fairly flew by, leaving bodies strewn about the campus, mowed down in one swell foop by two batteries of final exams, one on top of the other. And you know, the past year is unusual in another respect too—nothing happened.

Nothing took place all year long, no book burnings, panty raids, mass demonstrations, murders, nobody lost his dental plate in the Hink—nothing. Only one time was the tranquility of the scene disrupted: that was when some dullard flipped a tear gas bomb into Benjy Martin's house, only to find out later that Ben wasn't even home. You can't win all the time, it's said, but the intellectual pygmy who tossed his Genuine John Wayne Enemy Harasser Grenade probably couldn't win a basket of groceries at a fixed church picnic. That concludes the editorials, kids.

We hold our annual recognition banquet tonight, out at Moon Valley Villa, with dancing under the stars to the music of the Les Gibbs trio—Les, a coke, and his Singatina. We'll award little gold key doo-dads to the faithful, we'll eat steak, sing songs, and Brunson Hollingsworth will tell us that we'll go to hell for sure. But with all of this recognition being done, we don't overlook the help we've had from the English Department, help like scouting (or touting) for stories and judging contests and whatnot, so we'll say thanks right here. Thanks.

Bob



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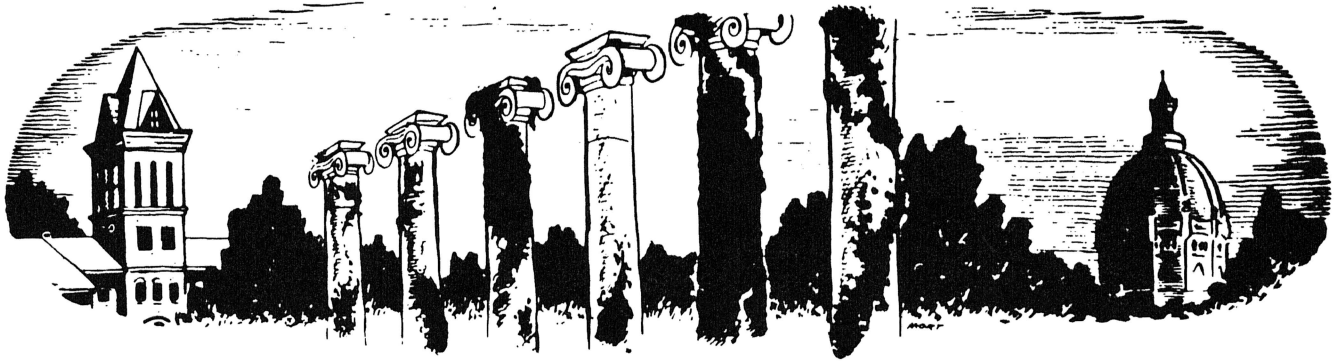
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"O those hallowed halls of ivy . . ."



Around The Columns

O.K. WILLIAMS here are the Columns. It is the usual garbage so theres no sweat with the censor and I hope you choke on it. There is a poem, a joke or two, and a few items I stole from other people but we won't tell them about it and that way we won't have to pay them anything and anyway we probably could'tnt. And I know dam well I misspelled could'tnt. Its supposed to be couldn't. And there isn't very much copy so you'll have plenty room to draw those lovely pictures you draw.

And youll prodly have to print this because as i said there isn't very much copy but i dont care i have 3 more quarts and my cat is assleep.

I am going to get loaded some more and kill the dirty germans.
noel

* * *

THIS IS THE TIME of year when anybody who's anybody graduates and the rest of us stay here.

And the people who graduate then step out onto the Great Highway of Life and march onward through the pink crazy wild clouds until they come to an intersection. Here the Great Highway separates into two highways and they have to pick one. One of them heads up to the right and you can see even more wild pink clouds which have silver linings and there are birds and squirrels and things. And the other one leads down to the left and there are black clouds there and not another living thing down there no sir there isn't and I guess you know where that is. It's the bad place.

And if you don't stop chewing your fingernails thats where you'll go buster.

See, the people who graduate have to pick whichever road they are going to take and it is an important decision so they'll probably spend half their life deciding and then it won't make any difference. I know which one I'd pick. You do too I betcha. But I won't say because Mr. Hern over at the Bible College would send dragons after me.

I'm just bitter. All us professional students are.

theres been
some complaint
about left-
handed
cartoonists,
so-o-o-o-

DO YOU KNOW what I'm doing right now? I'm sitting at my desk in front of a black typewriter which says Royal on it and I'm typing. I've got a big desk and there are a lot of things on it. There is the typewriter and a big ashtray with a lot of butts in it and a bottle of Higgins ink and a flashlight and a little booklet which is the 1956 official schedule for the American League and it's got an Elephant on it. And there are some books. There is a dictionary, a French grammar which

I used in 1953, a paperback edition of From Here To Eternity, an American History book, a copy of Desiree by Annemarie Selinko which I borrowed from Bill Vaughn two years ago, and last weeks edition of Sports Illustrated which has got a horse on it.

And there is a glass which says Stan Musial and Biggie's on it and six beer openers and a billfold and twenty cents and a watch and a pack of cigarettes and a book of matches and a calendar.

On the wall there is a University of Missouri students study program for the fall of 1954 and a purple sign that says we serve Stag beer on draught and another calendar which has got a picture of this little girl feeding two dogs and one of the dogs looks like he's got trenchmouth and the other one looks like he's dead.

The radio is turned on and awhile ago the man said it was 85 degrees Fahrenheit and I believe him because I'm sweating like an African and now he is saying Micky Mantle just hit his eleventh home run of the season and I'm looking out the window trying to think of something to write and I can't so I'm writing this.

* * *

I GUESS YOU KNOW by now that there never is any spring here in Columbia. There isn't. It goes from winter to summer—just like that. Around the first of April it gets warm and balmy for a couple of days and a bunch of old ladies come outside and start digging flower gardens and kids bring out their kites and roller skates and there is always some fool who

Some people have no respect
for age unless it's bottled.

puts the top down on his convertible. Then it gets cold and rains and rips around for about a month and then all of a sudden it's hot as hell like it is now and summer's here.

There oughta be a law or something.

* * *

SPEAKING OF SUMMER, there is always a bunch of rah rah ba . . . guys who come around about this time of year and stop you and ask you what you're gonna do this summer. They don't really give a damn. But they ask you, like its a password or something. They are the kind of people who, on other occasions, inform you that they're going to go watch the tube, chow, catch a flick, and then sack.

But now their vocabulary is expanded. They can ask you what you're gonna do this summer. Big deal.

What do they **think** you're gonna do this summer—sprout wings and return to Capistrano or something?

I don't know. Things like that drive me nuts.

* * *

YOU KNOW, while ago I got to thinking . . . but everythings all-right now.

* * *

A VISITOR recently came to America. Every effort was made to show him the wonders of this country. He was shown the Yellowstone River, a rainless day in Los Angeles, the mint in Philadelphia, and the Empire State Building in New York. At the end of his tour he seemed a bit dissatisfied. "Is there anything you have not seen yet that you'd like to?"

he was asked, "Yes," he replied. "It's a woman. I want to see with my own eyes that marvelous Mrs. Obitch, who had so many sons in Europe during the war."

* * *

ONE OF THE nicest things that can be said about the University Library is that they keep a lot of us in mail.

* * *

BEER



YOU KNOW, there's nothing I like better than a good beer tavern. In the afternoon. Not at night. At night the neon lights come on and the juke box plays Rock and Roll waltz and it's crowded and people spill beer on you and boys with white shoes come in and holler at one another.

But in the afternoon, it's nice. It's sort of dark and cool, like a cave, and the music from the juke box is good, mostly trumpet and trombone blues, and there's nobody there except the bartender and maybe a couple of old men sitting at a table, and it's nice.

You can sit there at the bar

smoking and enjoying your beer and read the peanut and potato chip ads and look into the mirror behind the bar and make faces at yourself. And nobody bothers you.

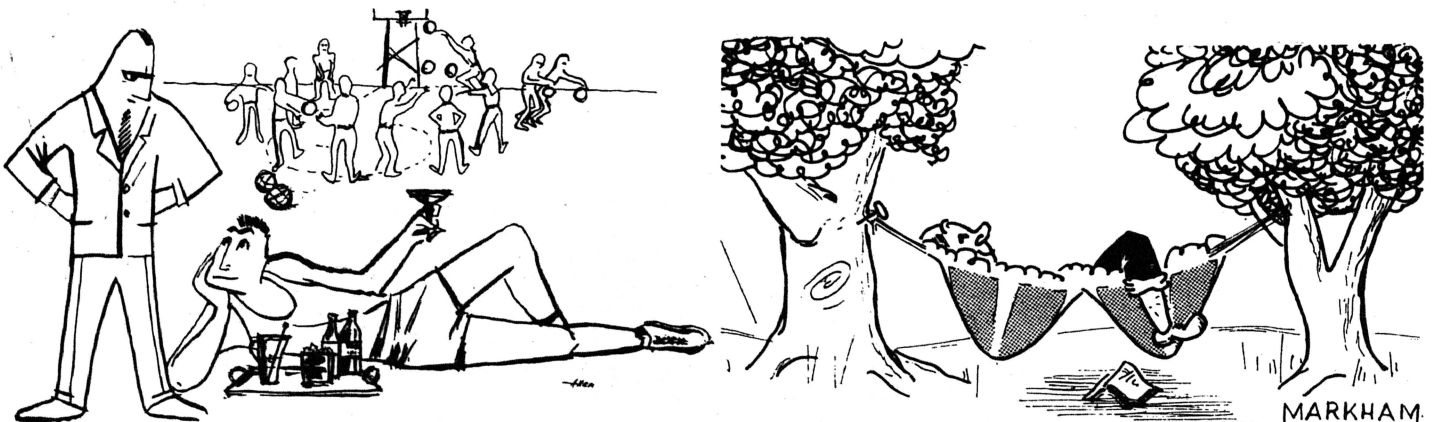
But if you want company, you can have it. You can talk to the bartender and he'll talk to you because he's not busy and he knows all the baseball scores. Or you can get a couple of extra beers and take them over to the old men and sit down with them. Their names are usually Charlie and Ralph and they'll talk about Hank who is sick and the crops and Harry Truman and then they'll get another round, and you sit there, enjoying it.

And then a guy comes in, younger, maybe a taxi driver, and he plays the bowling machine with the bartender. Every once in a while they argue about the score, but in good humor, and not loud. Then Hank, who is supposed to be sick, comes in, and Charlie and Ralph buy another round to celebrate it, and Hank says he's going to get sick everyday for the rest of his life so he can get free beer. You sit there enjoying it, and you can hear Nat Cole singing Red Sails in the Sunset and the sounds from the bowling machine and the old men talking about crops and Harry Truman.

I like beer taverns in the afternoon. It's nice.

* * *

AFTER MANY years of experimenting, I have discovered a tremendous hangover cure. It isn't infallible, but it's quite interesting, and it keeps your mind off your miserableness for a while.



"Okay, coach, you've got your idea of a pregame warmup and I've got mine."

"I dreamt I was caught napping in my maidenform bra."

MARKHAM

Here it is. You take this big glass, see, and pour about two inches of tomato juice in it. Then break an egg, and put that in it. Then measure out a table spoon of Worcestershire sauce in, and three or four shots of tabasco. Now fill the rest of the glass up with tomato juice, and salt and pepper it. O. K. Now get a big jug of some sort, and fill it about half full of ice cubes. Then pour the mixture in. Now get ahold of some vodka (steal it if necessary) and put two jiggers in with the rest. Cap the jug and shake like hell. Then strain off into the glass, take a deep breath, and drink. Wild.

As I said, it's not infallible, but at least it'll make you feel different than you did before.

* * *

HAY MR. ROBINS, I bet you don't like all this talk about beer and drinking I've got in this months columns. I don't blame you. It's horrible.

Anyway, I bet you don't like it. (See, Mr. Robins is our censor and he doesn't like me.)

If the above is censored I quit.

* * *

SCENE IN English pub.

"Ello Mary, you 'avin' one?"

"No, it's just the cut of the bloomin' coat."

* * *

TIME MAGAZINE is an awfully good magazine. In the May 14 issue, on page 116, there is a quotable quote. (how about that quotable quote business, huh?)

It says, under **Education**, quote: Since far more young men are reaching military age than the armed services have room for, said President Charles Cole of Amherst, "a great many are going to escape military service altogether. The manifest unfairness of a system that requires such service from only half or a third of the male youth will gradually make it intolerable."

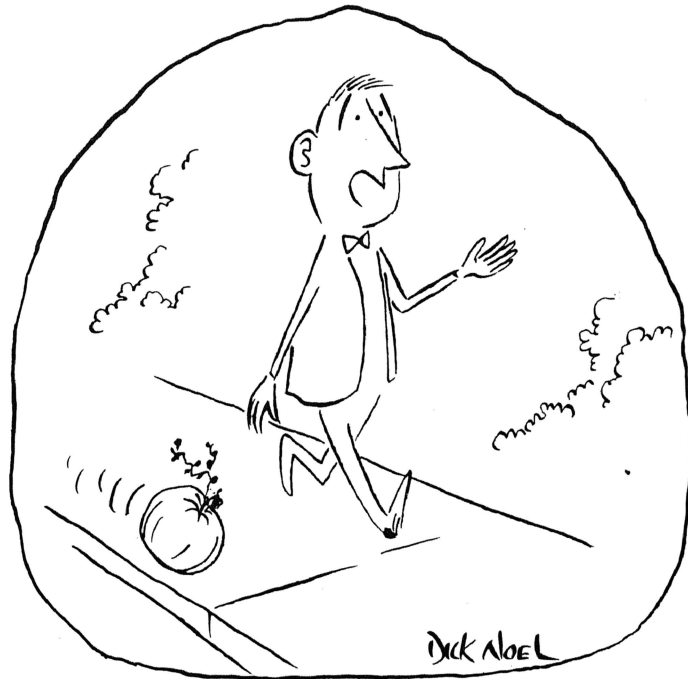
I like that escape from military service altogether bit, don't you?

* * *

SOMEDAY, all of you will be dead.

* * *

INTERESTED IN socialism? Here's a story we picked up concerning same. You might find it interesting.



"Awright, Emma, Awright . . . I know your mother told you to be in by midnight, but a few minutes . . ."

It is about the year 1975 and the United States had become completely socialized. A man, who had become ill, went to a government doctor and after standing in line for hours was examined and told that he had leukemia.

The doctor explained that he was not permitted to treat the man, but gave him a card with the diagnosis on it and sent him to the government dispensary, a building as large as the Pentagon.

to the one with L over it. He passed through it and found himself in a room with many doors having labels on them such as "Liver Trouble," "Lung Trouble," etc. He went through the door marked "Leukemia" into a smaller room with two doors marked "Alien" and "Citizen."

Going through the door marked "Citizen" he was again in a room with two doors marked "Male" and "Female." He passed through the door marked "Male" and again was in a room with two doors marked "Colored" and "White."

He went through the door marked "White" and once again was in a room with two doors, marked "Protestant" and "Catholic". He went through the door marked "Protestant" into a room having two doors marked "Republican" and "Democrat."

Having been a good Democrat all his life, he went through the door marked "Democrat", and found himself out in the alley at the back.

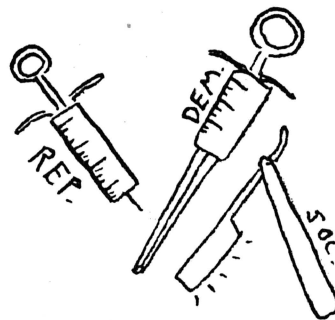
* * *

Oh I dreamed I stopped traffic

In my Laden-Charm garb
And emerged from the street a
Surviver.

But here this ain't true
Cause with cars at MU
You'd have to be a Lady Godiver.

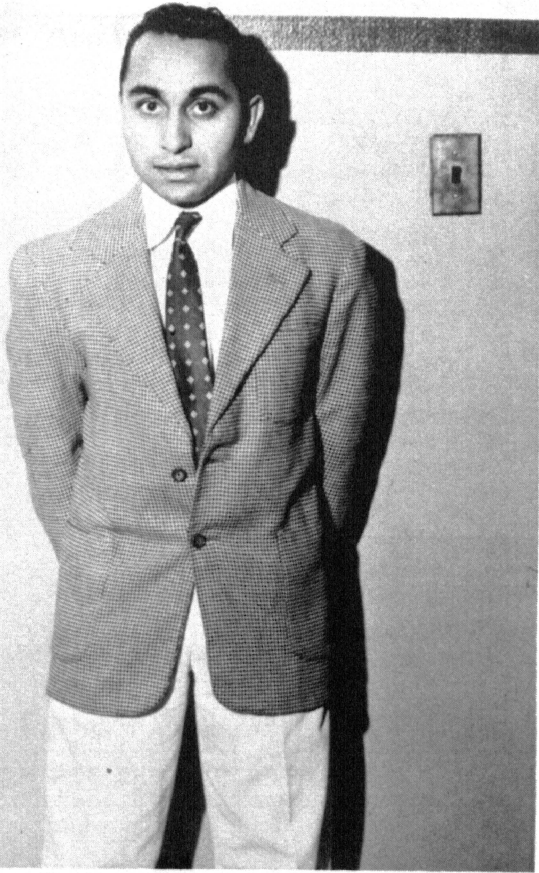
(Continued on page 29)



Here he was told to proceed down a long corridor having the successive letters of the alphabet over the doors leading from the corridor. He was to enter the door having the same letter as the first letter of the name of his disease.

The man walked down the corridor, past the doors until he came

Results of the Showme Short Story Contest



The winner—Mohan S. Bawa, for his prize-winning entry, *The Mark of the Cobra*, published in the May issue of SHOWME.

The judges of the contest, Mr. McAfee, Mr. Justice, and Mr. Bobbitt, all of the English Department at the University, reached a unanimous decision after reading the seven stories selected for final judging.

Mr. Bawa, a native of India, stated that he would use his prize money, twenty-five dollars, to purchase books for the coming semester.

Congratulations to you, Mr. Bawa, from the editors, and our thanks to all who entered the contest . . . don't forget to try again next year.



Troelstrups Handy Summer Travel Guide



Open invitation to 200 stately British homes

YOU'VE PICNICKED in the park and caught glimpses of the deer. You've strolled through the Orangery and the gardens. You're visiting Chatsworth, ancestral home of the Dukes of Devonshire—and now you're inside the house, about to go up the grand staircase.

Fantastic? Not at all. The lodge gates are open all over Britain now. The welcome mats are out. For 35¢ you can visit any one of 200 great houses; your

shillings help keep the ancient roofs in repair and the taxes paid.

Often the owner will meet you at the door and take you round himself. Unlike European nobility, the English aristocracy have always *lived* on their estates. That's why *their* houses are such fun to visit. They're *homes*, not musty museums.

You'll see the family's 16th century prayer books and Chippendale cabinets.

Or treasured portraits of the owner's ancestors. Or even an ancestor himself — many of these ancient houses are *haunted*. And no English country house is complete without its gardens and sweep of lawn. (Recipe for an English lawn: seed, and mow for 500 years.)

To find out just how to see these historic houses, write to British Travel Association, Box 164, 336 Madison Ave., N. Y. C. And see your Travel Agent.



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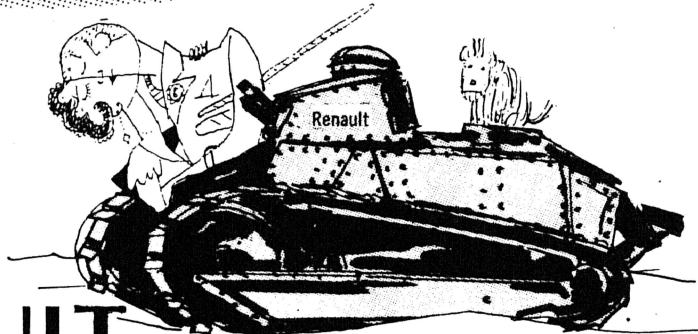
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the NEAR EAST

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Summer

Travel

Guide



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For complete information and illustrated booklets on travel to Germany see your Travel Agent or write to Dept. R-2, Box 259, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.

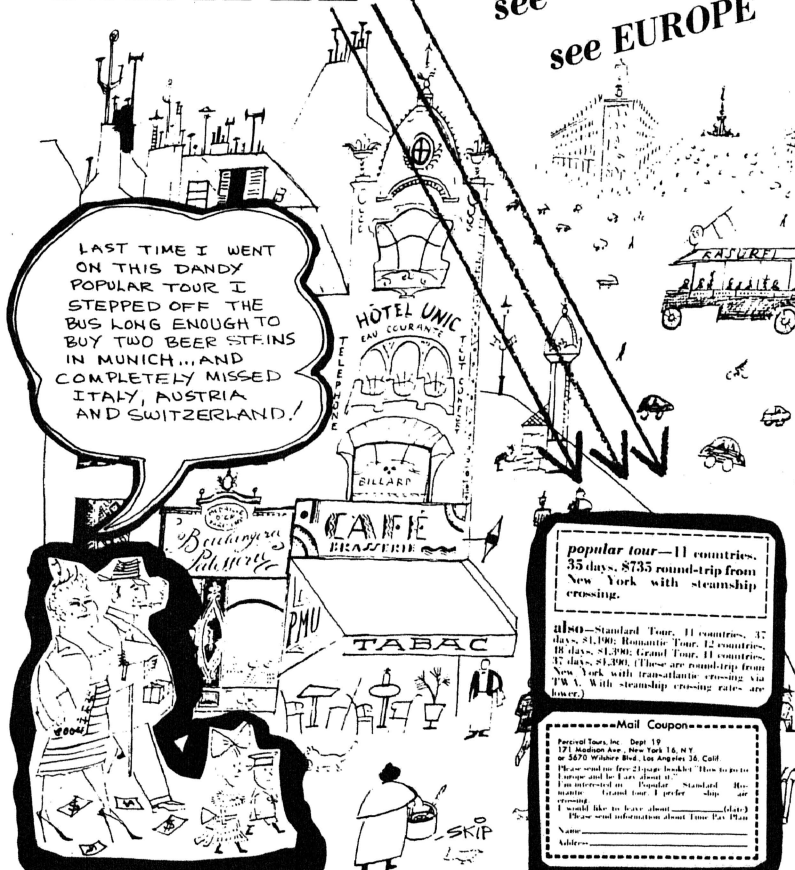
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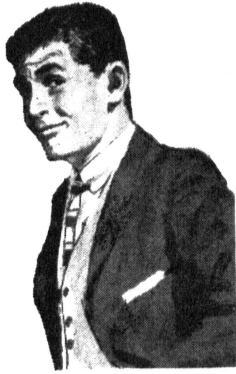
Name _____
Address _____

The Showme Cartoon Caption Contest

The Winner — Mary Paxton Keely



"But... Didn't you know?"



Jim McDearman

I REMEMBER THE NIGHT of the Mid-Missouri Hayseed Hayday as if it were yesterday. As a matter of fact, it *were* yesterday. The night *were*—*was*—warm and humid, and all the girls were wearing low dresses and oh, *man* . . . but I guess you got the picture.

I'd just rolled into town a few hours before to see my old college buddy George, whose old man owned a string of bookstores and was rich, rich, *rich*. George was really one of my favorite people. I used to be a football star in college, way back when we beat SMU, and George would kind of hero-worship me. You know how it is when you're handsome and have big, bulging, rippling, virile muscles all over and you play football and make out with all the girls. Like they say in all the books, he stood in awe of me. But I always treated him like an equal. I always say, "Treat everybody like an equal."

George introduced me to his rich old man and to all his friends up to and including his girl Prudence (*some* dish) and then asked me why don't I go with them to the Hayseed Hayday, because it's really some kicks. Okay, I said, I'll play along, and I flexed. George's girl got glassy-eyed when I flexed.

"Gee whiz, Buzz!" George said, (I'm Buzz) "Gee whiz! We'll have lots of fun. You can take Prudence's little sister, Gert." Gert was only 10, but she had wisdom beyond her years. When I flexed she made out like she was sick to her stomach.

Well, things went all right at the Hayseed Hayday for awhile. We all showed our ID cards and got our punch (Gert had her own bottle), we played Hayseed games, and Prudence won Hayseed Queen and came down the Hinkson on a fertilizer barge looking right at home and pretty as a picture too. And it was then I *knew*. She was waving and smiling at me as she floated closer, and there were tears in her eyes. I guess the smell on that barge was pretty strong. But, as I say, I *knew*. You know. So when she got back I grabbed her and we went over to the dancing platform and shoddished for a couple of hours. Everything was going just dandy until that old maid school teacher had to come along and spoil everything. Boy, she made me mad. She came up and grabbed me—she was *strong*, too—and started dancing *real* close.

"Please, Miss Primley (that was her name, Miss Primley), Please, Miss Primley, watch the blue suedes," I pleaded.

"Don't fight it doll," she panted, hanging on grimly, "it's simple biology and it's bigger than both of us." She started to drag me into the woods, and she tore my shirt. This was too much. Shocked and shamed, I ran sobbing into the darkness, Prudence close behind.

"Wait," she shouted, "please wait."

"Oh, *no* you don't," I shouted over my shoulder as I ran, "I know what *you're* after. You're just like all the rest."

"But I'll marry you, anything! Only please wait!" The poor thing really *was* desperate.

Oh, give her a break, Buzz, I said to myself. I stopped.

"C'mere, Baby," I said bashfully. She came there.

* * *

The stars were beautiful, and the trees were beautiful, and Prudence was a living doll. You know.

"I really must go back now," I breathed, "You know how people talk."

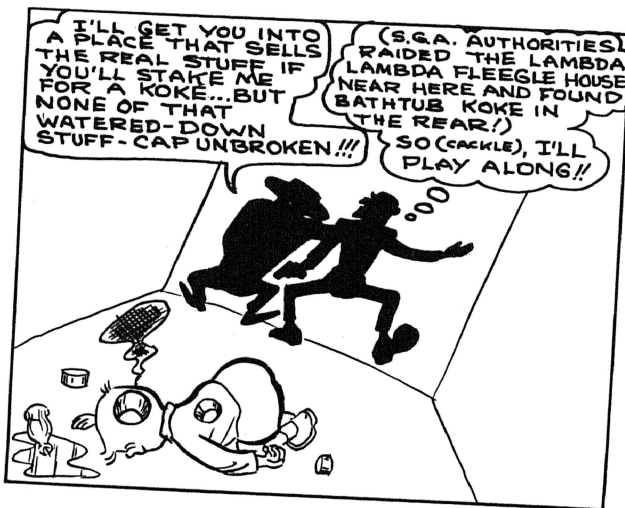
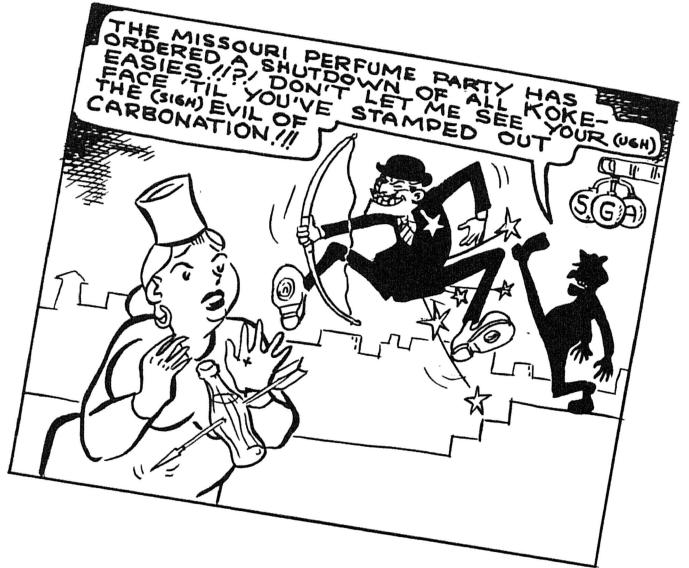
"I guess so," she answered, "C'mon, I'll give you a ride back in George's car." We were both silent as she drove the sleek Hutmobil down the road at a reckless pace. There was a cop car parked in front of George's house. They wanted me for stealing his Hutmobil. George had turned me in! I always knew George was a dirty lousy no-good rat. He was jealous of Prudence. Boy would *he* be surprised. I dragged Prudence inside.

"I caught her," I said. "Prudence was stealing your car, but I caught her."

"You ain't sendin' me to no cotton pickin' jail!" Prudence shouted. She punched a cop in the nose and jumped out the window. "Meet me in Moberly!" she called back over her shoulder.

Too bad about Prudence. I would've met her in Moberly, but I have to stay here and look after my bookstore. George's old man gave me one for saving the Hutmobil. Anyway, I guess she'll make out okay.

FEARFUL FALSTAFF



WRIT BY
L. BOBBY CATES
AND
E. RONALD SOBLE
DRAWN BY
SKIP TRICELSTRUP



The Trailing Clouds of Glory

by Margaret McKinney

I DON'T KNOW when it was, exactly, that I realized I was an angel, but it must have been in the summer of my fifth birthday. By then, I had been living at St. Cuthswitha's Convent for two years and the nuns' constant use of the word "angel" in talking to me or of me had evidently affected my self-concept. I know now that they called me "Angel," not because they thought I was one or because they chose, in charity, to ignore my quite human behavior, but because it was the only term of endearment that these cloistered women, who had rejected the things of this world would permit themselves. There may have been in the minds of those closest to me—Sister Catherine, who bathed and dressed me, and Mother Rosamunda, who spanked me—a hope that my being called an angel might eventually produce moderately angelic conduct. If so, my case may be cited as one of the failures of the power of suggestion in moulding the young.

It was easy for me to think of myself as an angel. I was, certainly, different from everyone else in my world. I trotted about the convent and its grounds in bright dresses which stood out stiffly above plump, bare legs in half-socks. Everyone else was tall and walked sedately in long, rustling black habits down the left side of which swung huge wooden rosary beads. My hair, over which Sister Catherine spent long hours of brushing and curling, was the only hair to be seen. No one else had any, as far as I knew. Bands and folds of white linen, arranged in a medieval coif and wimple, covered each head and neck, over all of which hung a long, black veil.

Moreover, I was the only person in the convent who was growing wings—an exclusive property, I knew, of angels. Sister Catherine discovered them one day after my bath. She had lifted me from the warm water in the tub and wrapped me in a big towel. As I sat on her lap, she patted me dry and discussed some markedly unangelic behavior of mine which had been reported to her by one of the other nuns. She was grieved to know her angel could behave so.

"But it isn't scribbling, Sister," I protested. "It's a real picture I drew."

"Sister Brigid says it's scribbling. And in her missal, at that." Sister Catherine was drying my toes and examining them closely. "Ah, child, how could you?" she said, pausing and turning her gentle, wrinkled face to look earnestly into mine. She

Kappa Sig: There are two men I
really admire.
Tri Delta: (sarcastically) Who's
the other.

sighed and resumed her work with the towel, rubbing my legs briskly. "Well, maybe I can explain that it's a picture you drew especially for her." She was finishing with my legs as she muttered, "That one. I do believe she was never a child herself."

While I pondered this new wonder, she began, in the silence, to dry my back. It was then that she said, sorrowfully, "And you with the wings beginning to grow on you."

Wings! Wings? On me? I gave her a startled look, then hopped down from her lap and rushed to the only mirror in the room, a tiny glass tacked to the wall over the hand-bowl. I was clambering up on the stepstool to try to see the new-found growth when she said,

"Well, now, you can't expect to see them. They're way in the back of you. Here. Feel."

She took one of my hands and guided it around in back to where I could feel my shoulderblade protruding. Sure enough! The beginning of a wing! And, yes, there was one on the other side, too! My excitement swept me through the usually dull business of dressing and I ran off as quickly as possible to spread the good news to the rest of the convent. Everyone I met was delighted to hear of this new development. All of them felt, at my invitation, the incipient wings, and assured me that these were indeed to be a fine pair. A few, like Sister Brigid, seized on the occasion to wax moralistic, but I was in too exalted a state to be affected by what they had to say, too confident of my identity as an angel.

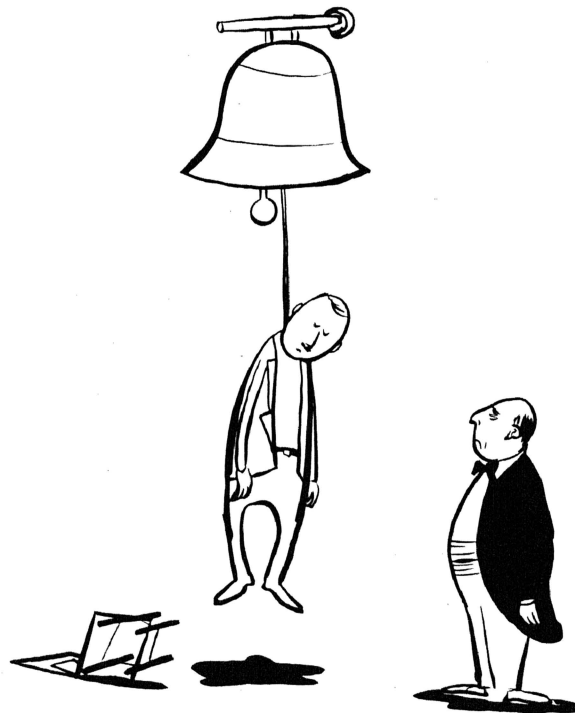
I knew a great deal about angels. Indeed, my closest companions were two of them. Soon after I came to St. Cuthswitha's to live, Sister Catherine told me of the thoughtful provision which has been made for each of us, especially children. Two angels, a good one and a bad one, attend us constantly, waking or sleeping. The good angel, as is suitable, is at our right shoulder, the bad one at our left. They are exerting their considerable powers at all times, influencing our thoughts and actions so that we finally wind up either in heaven or in hell. I don't know how sound this

teaching is, as theology, but in my case it was a matchless provision for companionship.

I may have seemed lonely, wandering, a solitary child, about the convent and its grounds, playing alone in my sandpile under the back porch, or swinging on my swing by myself, but I was never really alone, for there were my two angels, sharing my play and my thoughts. They were most satisfactory company too—dependable. I don't mean because they were always there. That can, of course, be a nuisance and a bore. They were dependable in that I could always and unerringly predict their reactions to my behavior. Should I consider, for instance, going for a few slides down the front banisters (a major crime), I knew without looking that my good angel was sitting with pursed lips and a frown on his face and that the other one was hopping up and down in great glee. My decision depended somewhat on which angel I wished to please that day. I knew, too, what behavior to expect of them. My good angel was always calm, reasonable, and for the most part agreeable. My bad angel, in ordi-

nary play very good fun, tended, when crossed, to become cantankerous and difficult and was known to throw himself on his back and kick and scream—behavior which, Sister Catherine told me, was altogether disgraceful.

Our favorite sitting place, within the convent, was at the top of the long, dark chute which was the stairway from the main floor down to the refectory and kitchen. This was a delightful spot at all hours. Up its shadowy length, as the forenoon ripened, rose the odors of the kitchen, announcing the menu for dinner; in the long, quiet hours of the afternoon, there would come the indescribable fragrance of baking bread. We would sit there, inhaling delightedly, and identifying our favorite foods. Then, when the pressure became unbearable, we would go downstairs, through the empty refectory to the kitchen, and there sit quietly on the step leading into the pantry. Sister Julia was certain so see me there, as but bustled from stove to table to sink. She raised no questions about my reasons for appearing in the kitchen. A woman of few words herself.
(Continued on page 21)



"you RANG, SiR?"

Mahan Contest Winner

KENDALL

Kendall lived for thirty years
among these furrows,
Beside this water,
But when Death burrows in,
Death gives no quarter.

An old man's claws
Get too blunt to bite.
His neck grows diamonds with
flaws
For dirt.

An old man's profane grace
Or wit
Death snaps back into his face
Like spit.

An old man's tense throat
Sputters animal pants.
Death pries his soul out
Without resistance.

His body was only a corruptible
accident
That housed in drouth
A soul that dangled and skittered
like a weird lost Pierrot,
Clutching for the warmth of a
grotesque and lacquered mouth.

Old men have furtive funerals;
Nephews shift their feet;
For frequenters of funerals
I will now repeat:
His soul's reflection
Was a sort of moral action
Motivated by whim.
I loved him.

ROBERT HOGAN

CLOUDS OF GLORY

(Continued from page 19)

self, she appreciated my directness. If a meal were in preparation, she would pause, wipe her hands on her big blue apron, reach into a cupboard for a small dish, spoon out a tidbit from one of the kettles and give it to me to "test the dish." If a baking were just out of the oven, she would cut a great slab from a fresh loaf, spread it with molasses, and bid me to run along outside with it.

It was at the head of the stairs that I knew my greatest pleasure with my companions, for it was here that I underwent my sorest temptations, thereby becoming the concentrated center of their concern. To be the sole interest of two individuals at the same time was heady stuff for me, and I played them off against each other, holding their attention as long as possible. There were times when even Sister Julia was in chapel and at such times the large, pale cookies she stored in an empty lard pail in the pantry became a focus for my yearnings. Too often for the good of my soul, I would hearken to the counsel of the evil one and would tiptoe down the stairs, through the refectory, to the pantry. My companions, for some reason, always stopped at the pantry door. Having done what they could to sway my judgment, they took no part in the actual crime. That was my doing, alone and unsupported.

After reconnoitering quietly to make certain that no one could see or hear me, I would extract three of the big, floury cookies from the pail and return to my companions, loitering in the doorway. With the cookies clutched to my chest, we would go to the sandpile and settle down for our feast. Characteristically, the bad angel ate his cookie first, greedily; next, I ate mine, with waning zest; then, last, the good angel ate his way through his share, doggedly, just to be agreeable.

The conversation during the party was keyed to our appetites. At first, during the bad angel's happy munching, we discussed the delights of Sister Julia's cuisine. Then, as I started on mine, we noticed how much flour was on the bottoms of her cookies. By the time the good angel began on

his, the flavor had gone out of the treat and out of the talk entirely, and I had begun to feel faint discomforts in my middle which I recognized, from Sister Catherine's instructions, as the stirrings of a troubled conscience. I could hardly wait for the last cookie to be finished so that I could turn my attention to other matters.

The "other matters" might well be a short pilgrimage to view my favorite of all the pictures in the convent. Practically every wall in the house was hung with a picture of some sacred subject. These ranged from excellent copies of masterpieces to the dreadful chromos distributed by the merchants of piety. Undertakers, religious supply houses (Candles, Vestments, Altar Fittings), and such kept the convent supplied with calendars which were respectfully hung, since they concerned sacred persons and events. Almost all of them involved angels doing one thing or another—guiding, guarding, announcing, or just standing around—so that I had a great deal of information about the duties of an angel. Now that I was growing wings, I was especially interested in the modes of flight. I admired the relaxed

insouciance which was common to all angels, but I yearned to be one of those finished performers who flew in a kneeling position while playing a harp or trumpet. My favorite picture showed all nine choirs of angels—Cherubim, Seraphim, Thrones; Dominations, Principalities, Powers, Virtues, Archangels, and Angels—arranged rather stiffly, in ranks, descending from the Cherubim at the top to the Angels at the bottom. It was, in a way, a celestial family portrait.

There were two compelling reasons for my preference for this picture: it provided me, an apprentice angel, with much necessary information; too, it was strategically placed for my own, unsanctioned purposes. The picture hung at the head of the long front stairs, the only carpeted ones in the convent, which were guarded by a beautifully smooth banister, comfortably wide for its whole, sweeping length, and ending in a broad, flat newel. The front hall and the banisters were forbidden territory for me, but the presence of the picture there gave me an excuse to be found in the neighborhood. Who, indeed, would deny a devout child her pious
(Continued on page 24)



1st ROTC cadet: Why did you enlist in the 34th regiment?
2nd ROTC cadet: To be near my brother who's in the 33rd.



THE UNION IS A PLACE of recorded insanity and cheap perfume mixed with billowing clouds of cigarette smoke. Students lean over the table watching the flying cards with concentrated frenzy. They toss nickels and pennies into the pot backing impossible hands. This is necessary in order to avoid thinking of classes, tests, and how to pay next semester's tuition, but most of all to avoid the effort of thinking. Might stunt their growth, you know.

* * *

And then the rains came—the geology department should have been happy as hell, for this gave them an unparalleled opportunity to study the process of erosion. Erosion could be seen on any University sidewalk where Missouri topsoil washing down from the surrounding hills was busily engaged in creating miniature alluvial fans. Goody, goody!

* * *

Across the trench from Jesse Hall there is a hideous green structure of old packing boxes enveloped in a gaseous cloud of stale beer fumes. Occasionally it is unlocked and then they sell liquid entertainment to students. The students like it because it is so dark and hazy you can't see what you're drinking, and because you can dig out your rusty pocket-knife and carve up the plank tables just like all the rest of the

grade school kids. It's expensive, but it's a nice place to make crib notes. Cheers, dears, and bottoms up!

* * *

The week before the beetles and boll weevils took over belonged to the journalists—or rather to the J-School faculty. This gay, mad week was rigged from the starter's gun. The gimmick was, they pass out these little door prize cards at the start of each session. These were beautifully done in quiet pastel shades and had a place for a name on them. Any J-student who couldn't write his name was a had lad, because the cunning rascals kept a record of attendance by these cards and assessed negative hours to anybody who didn't turn in a signed card. Never did get those door prizes, either.

* * *

Quote from a letter to the editor in the *Missourian*: "On the negative side, I might ask; 'who's holding an ax over your presses? The University's Board of Trustees? State and local businessmen? A group of obscure rustics calling themselves legislators?'" This was written by a Mr. Shaffer. Now really, Mr. Shaffer, you don't think that the journalism instructors who run the *Missourian* would choose to keep their jobs rather than run a free and independent newspaper when faced with the threat of losing the former if they do the latter, do you? Or do you? Do I? Hmmm, now there's a question . . .

* * *

Across the bricks from Walter Williams Hall there is a little hole in the wall run by three genial pirates who have made friends with the ghost of Horace Greeley, which fact is making them a lot of loot. This place is known as the J-School annex and is very highly thought of by students because the owner, being a man with a shrewd eye for a buck, lets them decorate the walls of his establishment with cute little signs, like: "How long did the *Rhode Island Gazette* last? Answer: 8 months." This not only brings in a lot of business but costs nothing to boot. One of these days, though, some Brazilian coffee grower is going to raise the price on his beans and then Laughing Leroy won't be

E
X
P
O
S
E

able to make 6 cents a cup profit on his coffee.

* * *

Well, the time draws near for those of us who don't have spare Cadillacs stuffed with checkbooks to sally forth into the cold, cruel world and live off our unemployment checks for three months. This is laughingly known as a "vacation." Some students play it cool and attend the summer sessions, the intersessions, and any other sessions they can enroll in. The rest of us can sell pencils on street-corners, or we can try to get a summer job in our field of study. This last is about as easy to do as shaving a balloon with a straight razor. Therefore, you find students living off unemployment, putting their wives to work, or marrying Stephens girls.

* * *

The trouble with Spring this Spring (there's a good line) is that it's getting too hot even to chase women. It is getting so bad the

only reason a healthy young male student looks at a Marilyn Monroe calendar is to check the date for a final exam. This is indeed a sad state of affairs. Maybe we should petition the government for cooler weather, or go swimming and say to hell with it all, or maybe we should just wait until dark and pick up a girl who does not have to be in by closing hours and go out someplace and watch the moon set from a blanket and fight mosquitos and rassle.

* * *

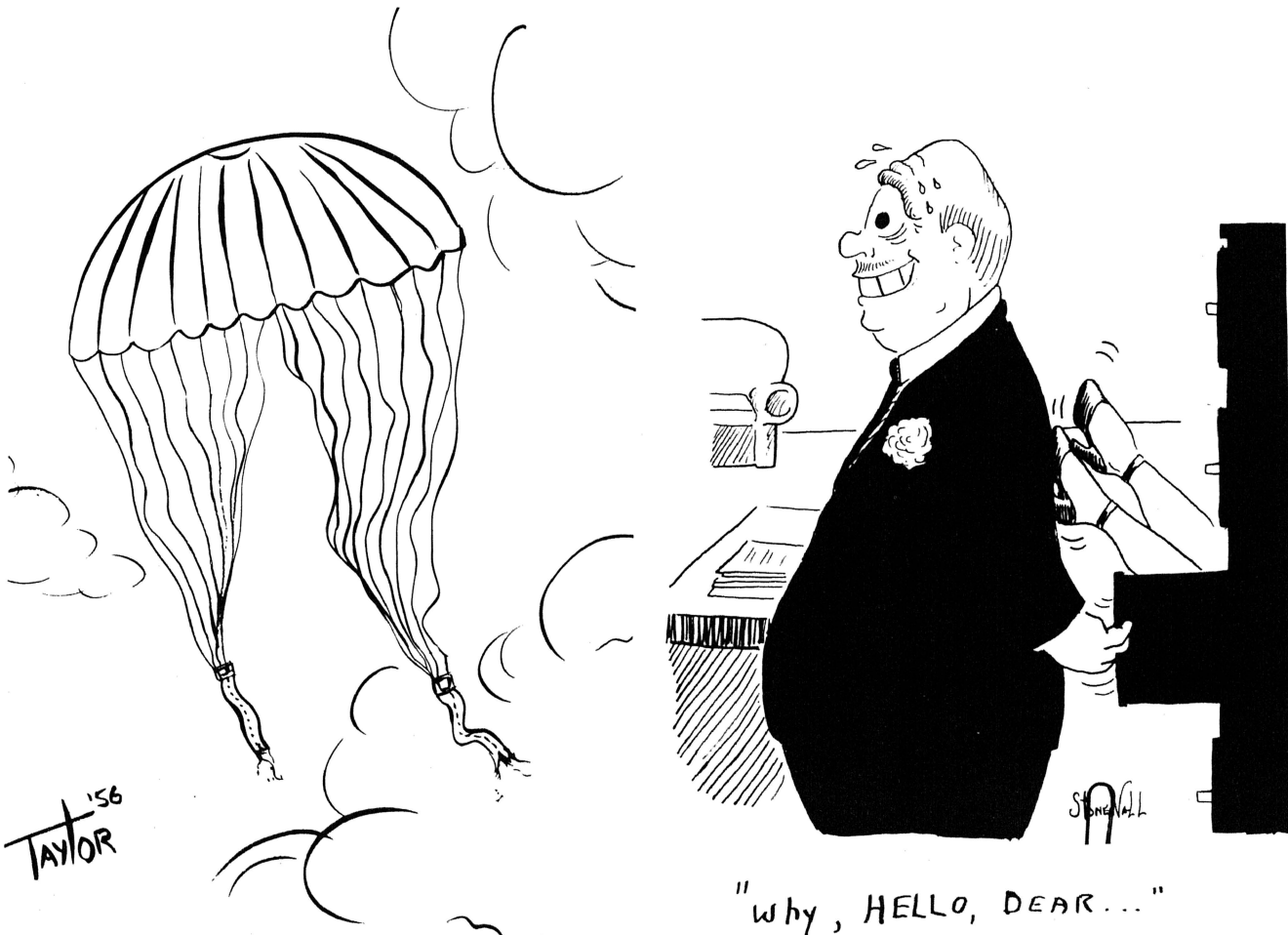
This is Boy Scout weather, too. The eager young things are much in evidence sprawled beside the "KEEP OFF THE GRASS" signs. They make a charming picture there in their OD and blue ceremonial harness as they chew on the tender young grass and moan about their lot. Since this is the time of year all the sweet things come out from behind the facade of wool and long skirts and heavy padded coats and blossom forth in

shorts of polychromous hues, showing those long, luscious, sun-lamp-tanned legs, I wish the boy scouts would go down to Ft. Wood to do their lounging in the grass. The briefly-clad dollies decorate the lawn so much better. Hooooo, boy!

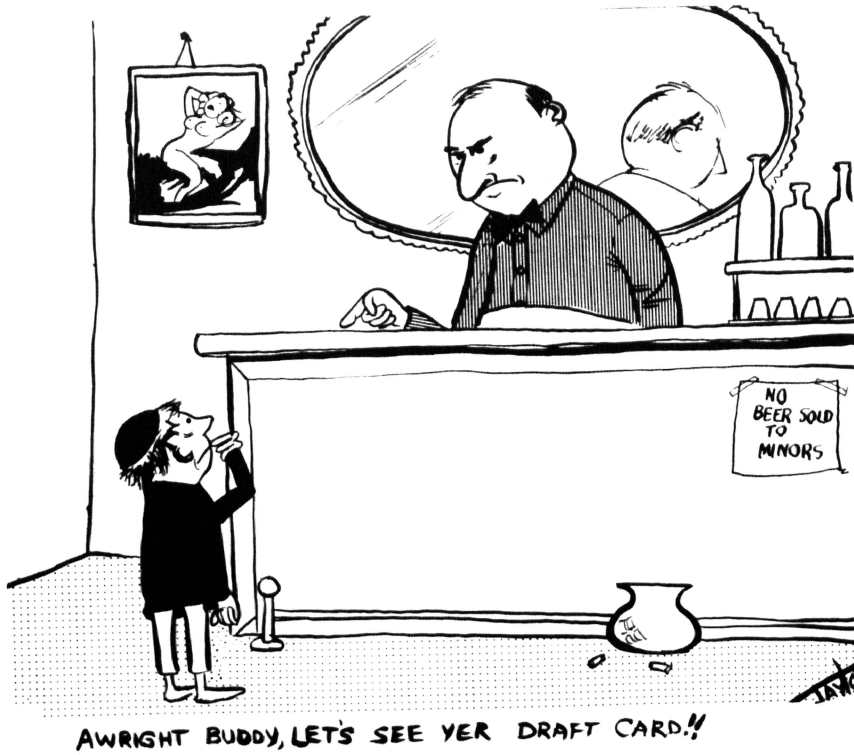
* * *

Well, here, now, seeing as how finals are going full blast and a few people are supposed to be studying while the rest are figuring out ways to swipe copies of the exams, there are a lot of blood-shot eyes perambulating around the campus. Time is at a premium (or should be) and most of you dear readers probably don't want to read this stinking mag anyway, so grab that textbook and the black coffee and get back into slavery. Stop! this is no time to think about that fifth in the car and that willing wench down the street. Work!!!! This is your old Uncle Humus saying, "So long and happy nightmares, old bacteria."

To germinate is becoming a naturalized German.



Prof: "When doesn't a woman have the last word?"
 Student: "When she's talking to another woman!"



AWRIGHT BUDDY, LET'S SEE YER DRAFT CARD!!



But first, a stop at Julie's

CLOUDS OF GLORY

(Continued from page 21)

pleasures? While examining the picture I could scout the presence of anyone in the front part of the convent, and, under favorable conditions, I could then sail down to the front door in a fine semblance of flight.

I needed these occasional boosts to my morale. My wings would seem to grow well for a time, then for long periods I could feel no improvement at all and I would despair of ever being able to fly. It was in such a period of dormancy and doubt that some benefactor of the convent, probably after cleaning out a garret, presented the nuns with a large picture of St. Lawrence's martyrdom. The only unadorned wall of sufficient size in the convent was the long wall in the refectory, so it was placed there. Since Lawrence earned his martyr's palm by being roasted over a slow but efficient fire, this picture might seem to the queazy to be wholly unsuited to a diningroom. However, if it quelled anyone's appetite, I wouldn't know. My own remained undaunted. As a matter of fact, I found the picture very absorbing.

The artist chose to depict the moment when Lawrence had just been placed on the grill. A brisk fire was burning under it, stoked by two muscular brutes. Lawrence was shown reclining in a tentative, gingerly fashion, casting his eyes upward toward heaven. One might expect the dedicated victim of such barbarity to bear an aspect of heroic resolve, entreaty, or endurance. Lawrence's glance, however, was freighted with no more than annoyance—annoyance in the degree one would see on the face of a picnicker who feels the first splat of rain. His eyes were directed toward a break in the clouds, from which a bright light was issuing, and in which three angels were standing, waiting to escort Lawrence to his heavenly reward. These three angels were certainly no source of comfort. They embodied, in their bored detachment, the perfunctory attitude of all the escort details of all time. The one on the left was bending over, tuning his stringed instrument, which was resting on one slightly raised

knee; the middle angel, negligently holding a golden trumpet, was gazing off toward the far horizon, where evidently nothing of interest was happening either—probably just another martyr-ing; the third, who was holding an official-looking scroll, evidently their orders, in one hand, and a martyr's palm in the other, was looking coolly down at the considerable crowd that had gathered, and was, obviously, counting the house.

These angels aroused considerable excitement in me. They were standing on a substance which resembled the large flagstones in the walk leading to the Lourdes grotto down near the orchard. I was too well versed in matters celestial to view this substance as anything other than an exceptionally solid-appearing cloud. The angels standing upon this cloud, however, had no wings; they were buoyed up although lacking what I had heretofore considered the essentials for flying. Wings, it seemed, were not necessary for flight, provided you were an authentic angel. When I reached this conclusion, I knew that I, an angel of some repute, could fly without waiting for wings to develop.

My only problem now was to find a suitable time and place to try my skill. It was important, I felt, that my first few flights be undertaken in private. Grown-ups had a way of introducing cautions and obstacles into my inspirations so as to quench or hinder them. This was not going to happen to my flying. The time when I could be surest of everyone being occupied was during Nones—the time, also, for my mid-afternoon nap. The entire community was certain to be in the chapel at that time, and I should be free of surveillance, since it was assumed I was napping.

I went to my nap full of anticipation. I was so blithe and agreeable about getting into bed that Sister Catherine looked at me narrowly for a moment, then insisted on a short, unscheduled prayer to my guardian angel before she bent over and kissed me. I nuzzled the dry softness of her cheek, thinking happily of the pleasure she would feel when she

(Continued on next page).



"Hey Buddy - kin I have the olive?"

SHORT STORY: Two old maids
went for a tramp.

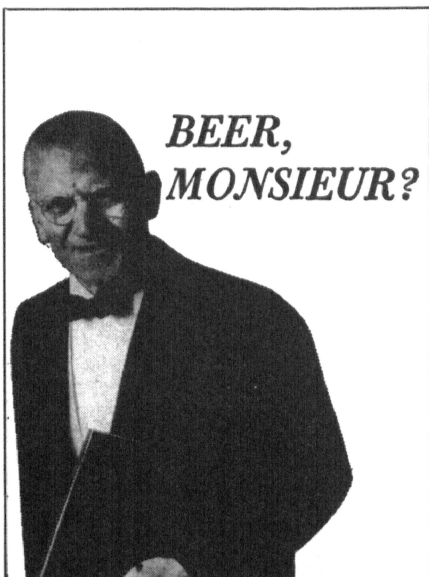
A STEAK FOR YOU; IT'S THE END OF THE YEAR.

Try one of our fine steaks during exams and before leaving school. They're tasty.

Ernie's Steak House

1005 Walnut

The KA said: "I had a terrible dream the other night. I dreamed that my girl and Marilyn Monroe fought over me and my girl won!"



**BEER,
MONSIEUR?**

**Beer —
Sandwiches —
Goodies**

**there
is
only
one**

ANDY'S CORNER

CLOUDS OF GLORY

(Continued from page 25)

saw her angel flying around the convent, and wrestling briefly with an impulse to tell her of my great gift. However, I decided to wait and add the element of surprise to my first public performance.

With a final pat, she left me, closing the door quietly behind her. I heard her go down the hall to the chapel, all unwitting of the great wonder in store for her. I waited until the last late-comer had hurried past my door toward the chapel, until the rise and fall of the chant and response had settled into its accustomed rhythm, then I got out of bed, put on my socks but not my slippers, and padded to the door. Opening it a crack, I listened, then slipped through and along the hall to the green baize door which led into the front, forbidden hall. Once there, I ran to the head of the stairs and looked over the banister to the bottom, so far below. The banister gleamed invitingly and I considered taking a final, farewell slide, but I discarded the notion as being beneath my powers. I took a second look into the lower hall, weighing the problem of where I should fly, once I got there. My glance lighted on the elaborate gas chandelier in the middle of the ceiling and I thought with peasure of soaring around and around it, looking down into the pretty little glass bowls and fingering the beautiful brass scrollwork. These would, I felt sure, be plenty of places to go and plenty of things to do once I got the knack of the thing.

Well, now. I drew back a little way from the top of the three steps which led to the landing. I got a good start, and negotiated this short flight easily. Although this was by no means a test flight—I was too sure of my ability to test it—I was pleased to discover that there was no need to flap my arms. Now I stood on the landing at the head of the long stairway which ended in the lower hall. This was my real starting point. I backed to the wall, took a deep breath, ran three short, quick steps to the top of the stairs and soared. . . .

I landed with a thump on the fifth step down, and rolled the

rest of the way to the bottom, where I lay flat on my back, for a moment silent, in utter astonishment. Then I filled my lungs with all they could hold and began to scream with rage and disappointment. I wasn't hurt, which isn't odd, considering the amount of padding both the stairs and I were provided with, but I was conscious immediately of an unformed, unnamed distress. My screams brought everyone rushing from the chapel to where I lay, all of them asking questions of each other and of me, so that I was shortly the center of a black flutter of veils and rustling skirts. Mother Rosamunda arrived among the first, gathered me in her arms and carried me to a chair where she could sit with me in her lap. She attempted to comfort me, but I resisted her strenuously, straining against her with all my strength. Something terrible had happened to me, which I could not define—something which was filling me with a sick unease verging on nausea. I continued to scream and strain in my struggle to define my sickness. Slowly, my distress became a feeling of loss—but what I had lost I could not name.

Just then, Sister Julia, delayed by the distance from the kitchen and the long stairs, came panting into the hall. Her flushed anxious face joined the circle pressing around me. She was wiping floury hands on the blue apron as she pushed through the other nuns to bend over me, and as her face came close to mine she said, "Ah, now, and what has happened to our angel?"

At the word "angel", I stopped screaming and stared at her. The unformed distress had at last achieved identity; my loss I could at last name. All at once, the full realization of my earth-bound humanity swept over me and through me, penetrating to my innermost being. I sat still for a moment, facing the terrible knowledge I had just acquired. Then, suddenly, I relaxed my rebellious body, submitting it completely to Mother Rosamunda's fostering embrace, buried my hot, wet face in the folds of her wimple, and began to sob weakly, forlornly.

THE END

"Lilian, did that young man smoke in the parlor last night? I found burned matches there."
"Oh, no, father; he just lit one or two to see what time it was."
* * *

Freshman: "Professor what effect does the moon have on the tide?"
Professor: "Not any, son. Only on the untied."
* * *

The professor rapped on his desk and shouted: "Gentlemen — order!"
The entire class yelled: "Beer!"
* * *

Junior: I'll bet you come from a burg where all the hicks congregate at the post office for their mail.
Frosh: What's a postoffice?
* * *

"I think all this talk about college being all wine, women, and song is exaggerated."
"Yeah---you never hear singing in the dorm."
* * *

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!




**PLA-BOY
BURGER**

45c

B.M.O.C.: Hello cutie. Want a ride?
She: No thanks, I'm walking back from one now.



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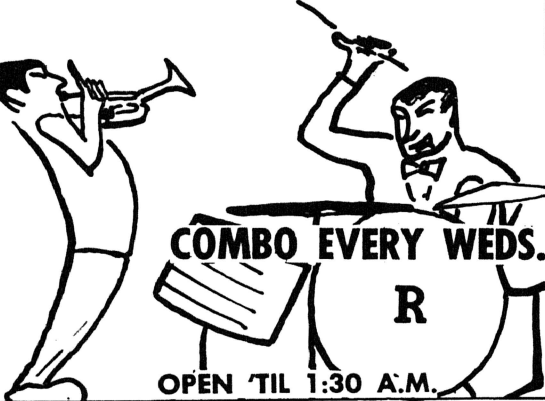
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ROMANOS

dancing nightly

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Spaghetti
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Cold Beer

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COMBO EVERY WEDS.

R

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Congratulations

Graduating Seniors!

**We still have some class
rings left.**

**Thanks for your business in
the past year.**

Your friendly convenient jeweler

Campus Jewelry

706 Conley **Across from Jesse**

First Zeta: And after he kissed you three times?
Second Zeta: He started getting sentimental.

* * *

A beauty, by name, Henrietta,
Just loved to wear a tight sweat-
ah,
Three reasons she had:
To keep warm wasn't bad
But the other two reasons were
bettah.

* * *

A backward mountaineer one day found a mirror which a tourist had lost.

"Well, if it ain't my old dad," he said, as he looked in the mirror. "I never knowed he had his pitcher took.

He took the mirror home and stole into the attic to hide it. But his actions didn't escape his suspicious wife. That night while he was asleep she slipped up to the attic and found the mirror.

"Hum-um," she said, looking into it, "so that's the old hag he's been chasin."

* * *

Virginia had a little quart
Of cider, hard as steel.
And everywhere she went 'twas sport
To watch Virginia reel.

* * *

The moon was yellow
The lane was bright
She turned to me
In the autumn night
And with every glance
She gave a hint
That what she craved
Was real romance.
I stammered, stuttered
And time went by
The moon was yellow
. . . and so was I.

* * *

Phi Gam: Darndest thing happened to me at the race track this afternoon. I was bending over to tie my shoelace and some nearsighted guy strapped a saddle on me.

Sigma Nu: What did you do?
Phi Gam: I came in third!

* * *

Breathes there man with soul so dead
Who never to himself has said,
"The hell with my classes
I'm staying in bed."

COLUMNS

(Continued from page 9)

EXCUSE ME. I'm gonna go set my cat on fire.

* * *

she passed
i saw
and smiled
she turned
and smiled
to answer
to my smile
i wonder
if she too
could know
her underware
hung down
a mile

* * *

IF YOU WANT to get ahead step on all the bugs you can find. You are better than they are.

Hay Williams I have run out of things to say. In fact, if you look closely, you can see I didn't have anything to say anyway. I never do. But I think I have filled up three pages of garbage and so now I shall bid adoo and go get some beer.

Happy happy hippy hoppy bed-bugs to everyone who graduated and even happier phiper bedbugs to everyone who didn't because there are more of them and I allus vote with the majority even in cat fights and birdfights and bull-fights . . .

and bugfights . . . annnnd cow-fights . . . annnnd great emotional struggles waged in the subhuman braincells . . .

and if you get a chance cheat on your finals.

I always do.

Adios you mothaff . . .

Be kind to your friends and wait till Tuesday to kill your grandmother. That's when everybods doing it . . .

See you all next year—

Dick Noel

Jane: "Why doesn't John ever take you out to the movies anymore?"

Joan: "One evening it rained and we stayed at home."

* * *

1st Sigma Nu: Did her father come between you?

2nd Sigma Nu: No, merely behind me.

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.

You know, I've never realized that Sue had such pretty legs. Oh, I've felt that right along.

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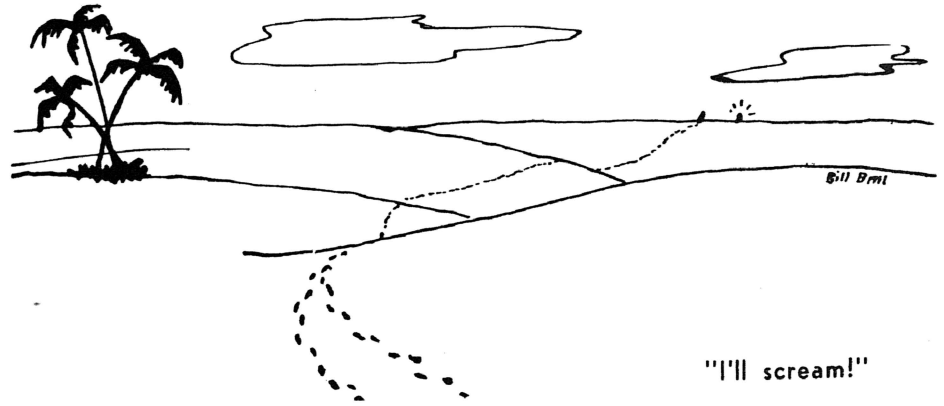
AMERICA'S FINEST PIPE MIXTURE...Canada's Finest Too!

An exercise for the idle male

The Neatest Trick of the Weekend

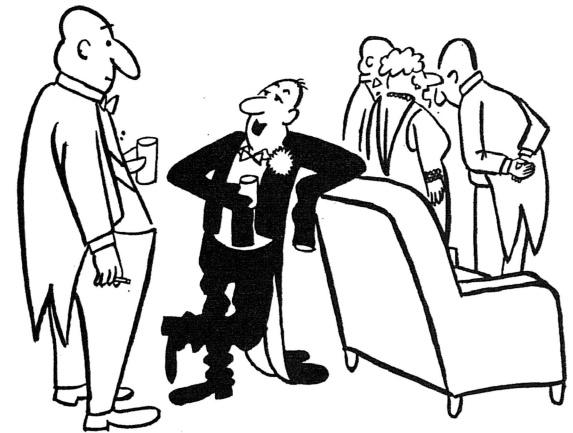


"The Record"

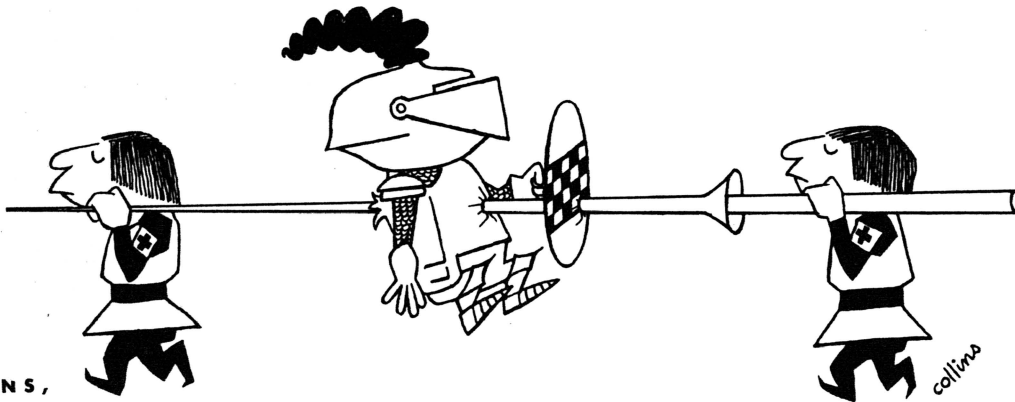


"I'll scream!"

filched

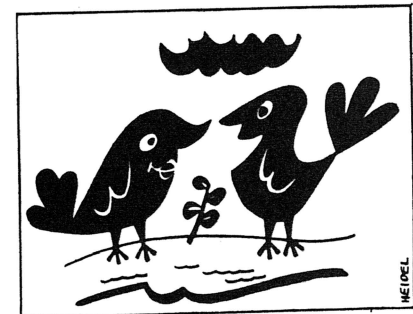


"Naturally when you rent one you can't expect it to fit perfectly."



COLUMNS,

collins



"Don't worry about transportation, Dear, I just put a deposit on a new Ford."

Smoke Signals

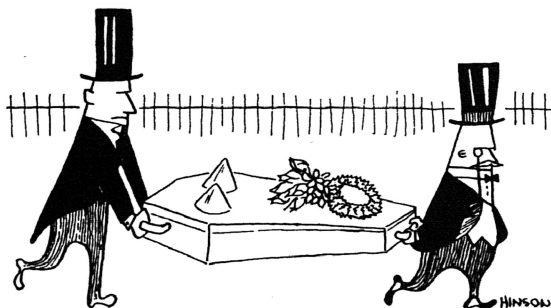


Webster
- Pelican

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



G.

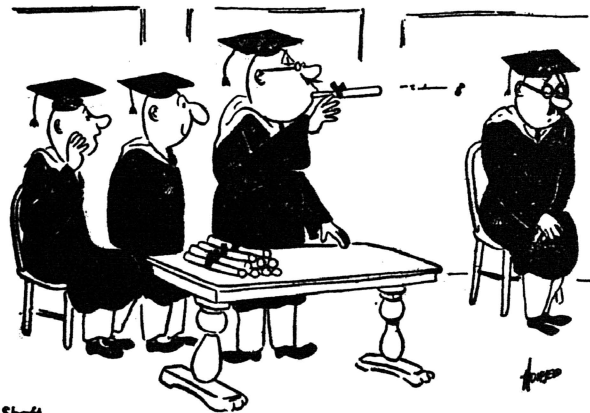


HINGSOL
Tomahawk



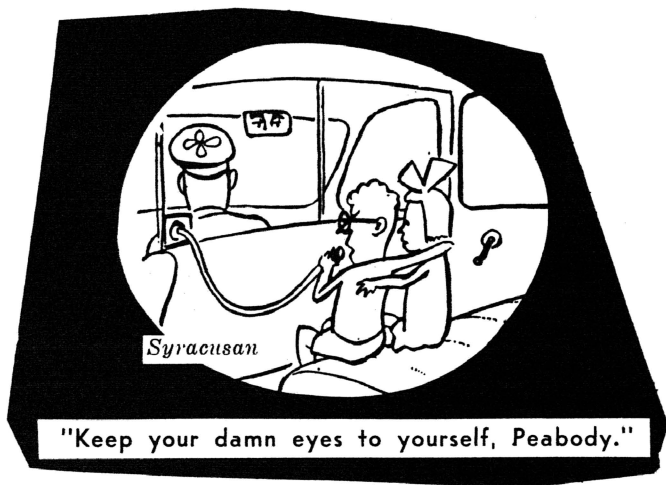
"Cut."

- Pelican



Shoff

"Pottingham is the next speaker."



Syracusan

"Keep your damn eyes to yourself, Peabody."



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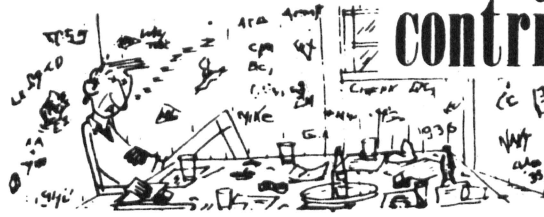


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contributors' page

Dick Shoemaker is an earnest young man who doesn't feel dressed unless he has a camera slung over his shoulder. He takes pictures on all occasions: Hink parties (he uses a glareless flash bulb), fraternity parties (a Sig Ep wants *proof* to go with his stories), and swim parties (his greatest shot is of Colonel Fin, the 20 pound mackerel, grinning up through the clear water of Hulen's Lake and chomping his freshly-honed teeth menacingly).

The Flash Gordon of photography made startling progress in the field of developing soon after being born in Webster Groves, Missouri (a sort of Bengal Shop Annex to St. Louis). He was always interested in the way things developed: snapshots, movie film, girls. . . . Anyway, he bought a Brownie and started developing his own technique.

Dick was extremely helpful on the SHOWME excursion to St. Louis. Why, nobody knows. But when the trip was over, everybody said, "That Dick Shoemaker, he was some help"



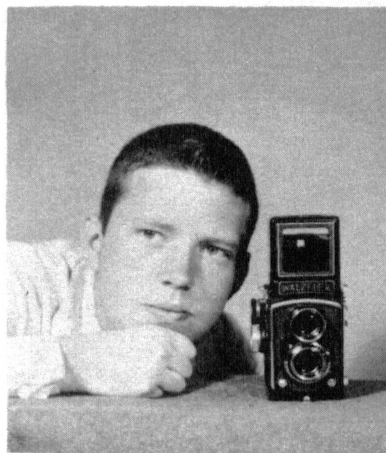
Nanci Schelker is one of those professional college-hoppers. After attending Drake University in Iowa, she spent some time at the University of Illinois in Chicago. Chicago, let us hasten to say, is her home town. If we didn't hasten to say it, she would have all her buddies in the Syndicate come down and cabbage in on our racket. So we hasten.

She spends all her spare time peeling polish from her nails, extolling the merits of J-School, making coffee, and lighting the wrong end of filter-tipped cigarettes. And beer! Oh, she doesn't drink beer much. Oh no. She just *swills* the stuff down. It's a *treat* to watch her!

She also dabbled in proofreading on the Homo Sapiens Masticator until they discovered her selling SHOWME under the counter on Friday.

Living in the North Woods with a keg of beer, a typewriter, and hot and cold running men is Nanci's conception of Utopia. A friend once commented, "Nanci has a beautiful soul". She also has her own coffeepot, steam iron and copper-bottomed still. And that's what it takes to get ahead nowadays.

M. F.



Alpha Chi Omega

Phi Kappa Psi

Sigma Nu

Lambda Chi Alpha

Phi Gamma Delta

Kappa Alpha

Alpha Phi

Phi Kappa

Gamma Phi Beta

Delta Chi

Alpha Gamma Sigma

Phi Delta Theta

Sigma Chi

CONGRATULATIONS TO OUR SENIORS

Sigma Alpha Epsilon

Kappa Sigma

Pi Kappa Phi

FarmHouse

Pi Beta Phi

Delta Tau Delta

Beta Theta Pi

Alpha Epsilon Pi

Pi Kappa Alpha

Sigma Phi Epsilon

Delta Upsilon

Zeta Beta Tau

Acacia

Alpha Tau Omega

Sigma Alpha Mu

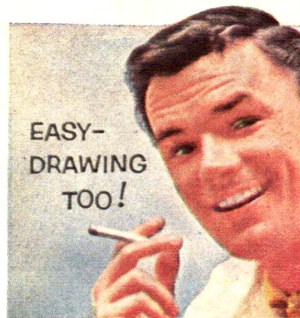
WINSTON lets you enjoy filter smoking!



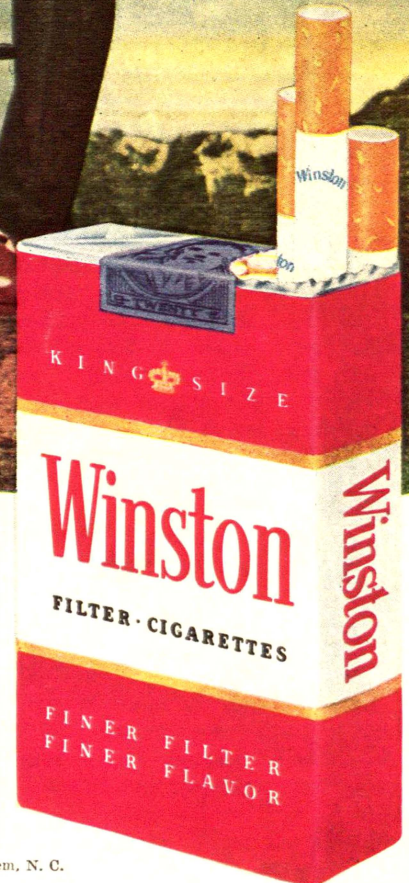
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