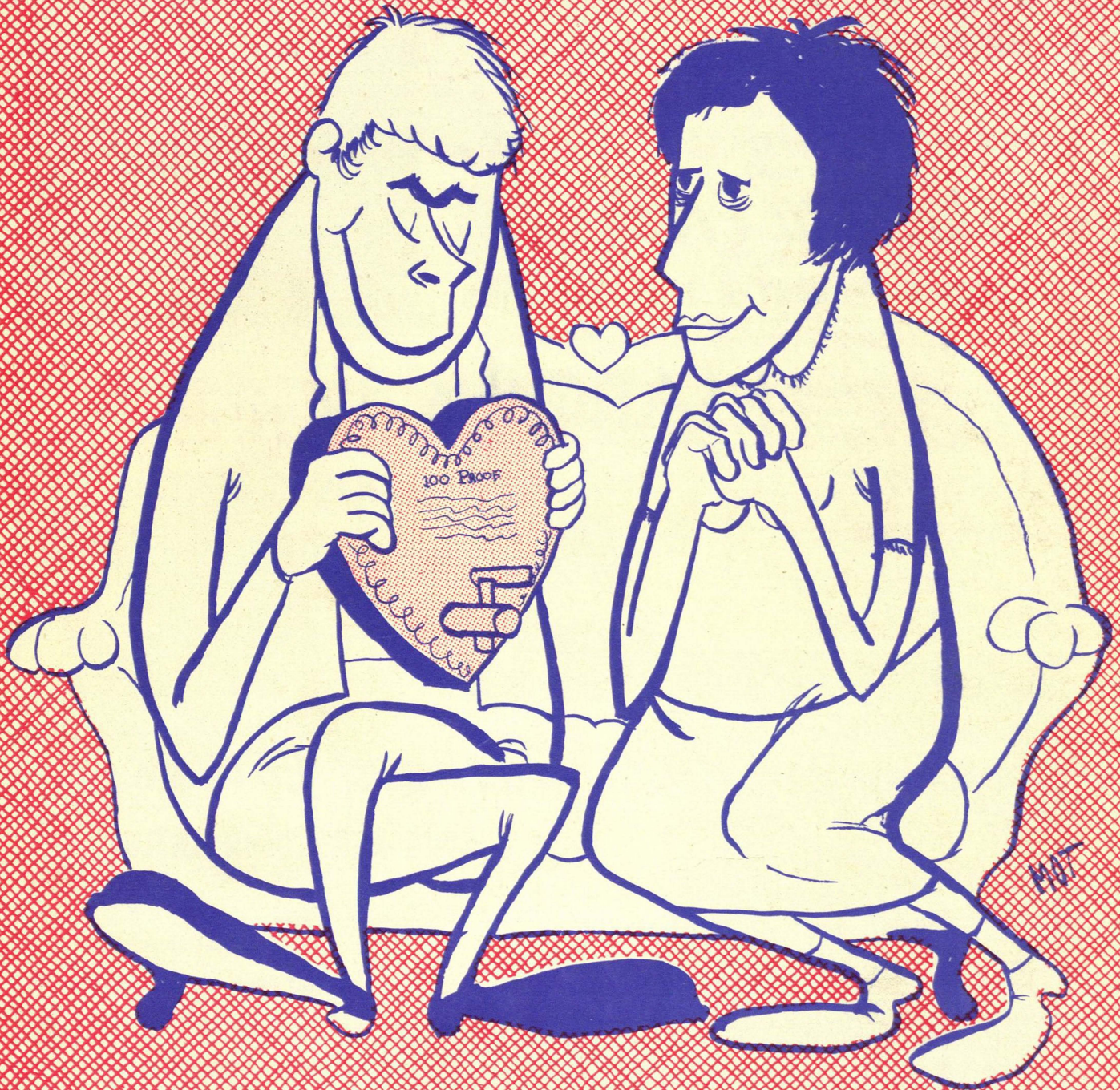




Showme

February, 1957



25¢

Plus Anything
Else You Can
Contribute

How Does Love Grab Ya ?

**GUESS
WHO'S
BACK!**



The Four Freshmen

TUESDAY FEBRUARY 9, Jesse Auditorium

MARCH 6-13

**IS CAMPUS CHEST
TIME-GIVE**

AND

Barbara Carroll

RCA VICTOR RECORDING ARTIST

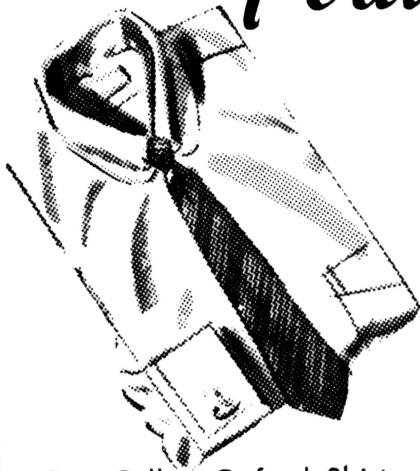


—THE GOAL IS \$5,000—
\$1.00 from each student will
put the drive over the top.
Plan to donate your dollar.

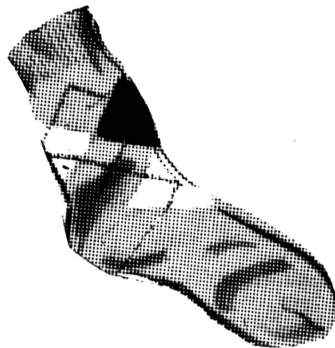
Puckett's

"OF COURSE"

It's Puckett's for the finest Valentine Gift Selections



Pin Collar Oxford Shirts
\$4.50 and \$5.95

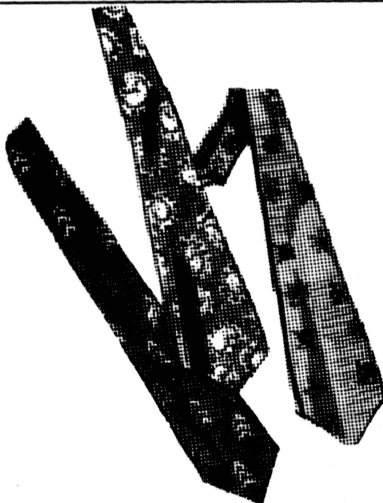


Forstman Argyles
\$3.50 Pair

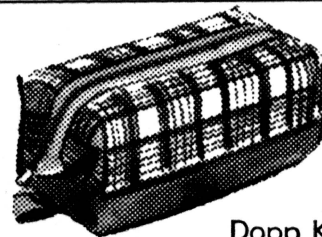
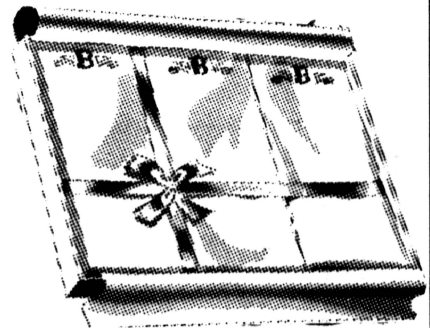
Whether it's a gift for dad, brother, or your favorite beau you can be sure Puckett's will have the appropriate and handsome gift . . . Select from the finest and most complete men's lines at Puckett's . . . of course.



Pleetway Pajamas
Notch and Middy Style
\$5.00



Superra Ties
\$1.50 and \$2.50



Dopp Kits
From \$5.95

Puckett's

909 E. Broadway

Hear about the top man in
ag school transferring to K. U.?
He raised the I. Q. of both Uni-
versities.

GOOD GOODIES
every day —
Try Our Great
Coffee & Hot Rolls

at the
Clarington



A footsore hobo was walking along a highway thumbing his nose at the cars speeding by. In time, another hitchhiker coming from the other direction, spotted him in amazement.

"Hey bud," he cried when they met, "What's the idea thumbing your nose like that? You'll never get a ride that way."

The member of the willingly unemployed made a cynical gesture. "Who cares?" he shrugged. "This is my lunch hour."

Sunday School teacher: Lot was warned to take his wife and flee out of the city, and she was turned to a pillar of salt.

Little boy: Please, teacher, what happened to the flea?



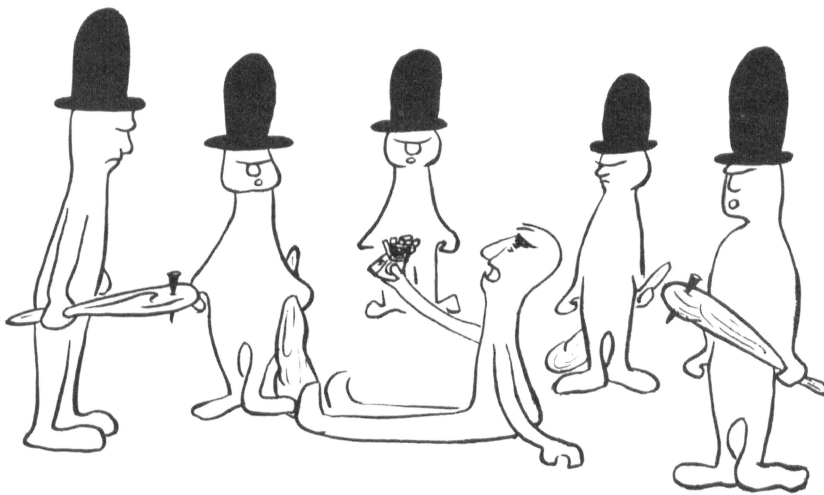
Make the STEIN CLUB
headquarters for your
T. G. I. F.'s and related
organizations



See, I told you there's a **wright** way to fix things.

WRIGHT'S
RADIO & T.V. REPAIR
Hiway 40 & 63

Honey, I love yo' bathin' suit.
Sho' nuff?
It sho' does.



KINKADEE
-SHOWME-

"Alright, you guys, now you've done it! You've crushed my Marlboros!"

Darling, will you love me when I'm old and feeble?
Of course I do.

* * *

I wonder if my girl loves me.
Of course; why should she make you an exception?

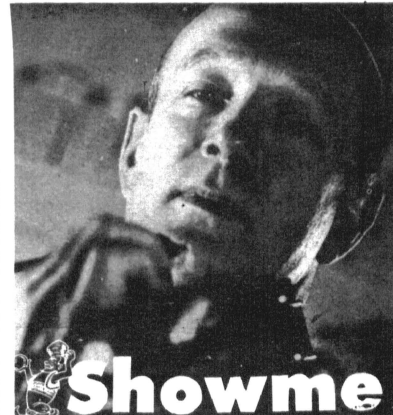
For years the two sexes have been racing for supremacy. Now they've settled down to neck and neck.

* * *

The meanest man in the world is the warden who put a tack in the electric chair.

Don't Tell Me Your Troubles

forget 'em—
read Showme



Anything that is something reads Showme—and some what isn't

Grace: You gotta hand it to Marvin when it comes to petting.
Stella: What's the matter with him — too lazy?

"PLEASE TAKE ME TO ERNIE'S"

Ernie's Steak House

1005 Walnut



Hi Brow or Low
You'll Enjoy The Music of Al Rose
At The A. W. S.
"Heartbeat
Dance"

Rothwell Gym 9-12 P.M.	Friday Feb. 15th	\$1 Per Couple
------------------------------	------------------------	-------------------



January 14, 1957

Dear Editors:

The article on jazz ("got anything by the dezsoe yorzyk quartet?" December, 1956) was one of the best on the subject I've read.

Not considering myself an expert on the subject, and yet not being completely lame, I for one would like to see more of this "Hollywood" guy. The article has received some good notices from some of the St. Louis disc jockeys.

More words from this guy might bring some good sounds to our local radio stations, which we badly need.

Another Californian

Dear Californian:

We were also tipped that a St. Louis DJ read the complete article on his program. Taking the cue from the faithfuls who can spot a guy who knows what he's writing we're planning a couple more on "Jazz to Seduce With" and a fling into the jazz dens around this area as soon as "Hollywood" digs up a cameraman sporting a smokescope lens. He's got the material.

You'll see him soon.

Editors

* * *

Dear Showme:

Having been stationed here at Ft. Wood for the past sixteen months, I have had numerous occasions to visit your helluva University, and read your heckuva magazine. When I was paying tuition to drink beer at good old Ohio State, I thought the Sun-

Blessed are the censors, for they shall inhibit the earth.

dial (our humor magazine), was the greatest, and while I won't cast loyalty completely aside, I have to admit that your Showme is right up there with it.

Journalism being my major at Good Old 'You Know Where,' I decided to use some of my vast leisure time in writing some stories that would lead to my discovery as the new writing phenom to come out of battle worn Ft. Leonard Wood. So far, I remain undiscovered.

Seriously though, I noticed the creative writing contest you are sponsoring, and I thought I wouldn't have anything to lose by submitting one of my stories. It's about 4500 words, and each one was painfully typed as you can tell by the typing of this letter!

Thank you very much for taking time to read it, and I hope you like it.

Sincerely Yours,
Pfc. Gerald Marsh
U.S. Army Hospital
Eye Clinic
Ft. Leonard Wood, Mo.

Dear Gerald:

You hit the nail on the head. You're in the Supplement in this issue. It's a tricky theme to handle and we've looked at a couple similar but had to reject them. We're putting you in the story contest stack and add that you're free to submit it back in the markets . . . Such as the Mademoiselle contest elsewhere in this section which points out that they want material even though it has appeared in campus magazines.

Any other campus talent that got trapped down there?

Editors

* * *

Editors:

January 7, 1957

A magazine is now being organized which will regularly incorporate material and writers appearing in college undergraduate publications. I wish to subscribe to your publication and to receive issues from September, 1956, onward. Thank you.

Yours, etc.

Rex H. Lampman, Editor
Bull . . . a magazine of
entertainment
Los Angeles, California

Dear Rex:

Thanks on the recognition. We think you might find enough material from us to justify the name of your magazine.

Editors.

* * *

January 9, 1957

Dear Sirs:

My husband, who is in service, asked that I write to you for a subscription to SHOWME. Would it be possible for you to send the past four issues also.

Thank you very much for your service.

Sincerely,
Mrs. Kathleen Fothergill
Savannah, Missouri

Dear Mrs. Fothergill:

We can still dig up some of the last few issues but we're low on several. As for two other issues . . . We don't talk about that. But we'd be glad to discuss bulk rates.

Editors

* * *

University of Massachusetts
Amherst, Massachusetts
January 7, 1957

Dear Editors:

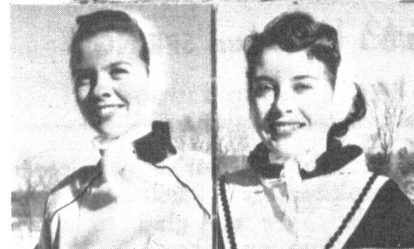
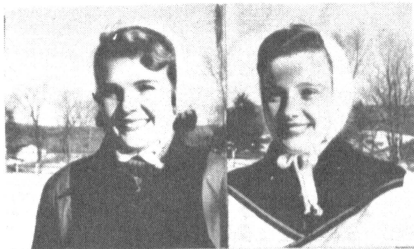
Undoubtedly at first glance you were a little baffled by this material; however, as this letter unfolds, our objective will be revealed.

After a careful survey of all of the colleges and universities in the United States, your school was chosen as one to aid us in the selection of our Winter Carnival Queen.

We have included in this portfolio, photographs of our five queen finalists and descriptive information regarding the University of Massachusetts annual Winter Carnival. Also included is a return postcard on which you will kindly designate your nomination for Queen. As these individual postcards are received, they will be posted on a tally board in the center of the campus.

On the back of each picture you will find a number. The reverse side of each postcard shows corresponding numbers and

names. You merely have to check the appropriate box on the post-card. Any staff member of your humor magazine is eligible to make the selection.



As this is the first time that any college organization has attempted this method of publicity, we would gratefully appreciate your cooperation in this venture.

Again thanking you for your interest, we remain,

Very Sincerely yours,
The Publicity Committee
Winter Carnival

Dear Committee:

Our choice is in the center spearheaded by the recommendation of our Girlwatcher Editor J. J. Aasen, who figured which one was most-likely a Swede. They're all right attractive and all that . . . but wait till you see the SHOWME Queen.

Editors

December 7, 1956

Dear Mr. Troelstrup:

We would like very much to

see the original art on several cartoons which have appeared in recent issues of SHOWME, with the thought of possibly reprinting them in our magazine, College Humor. We will pay \$10 for each cartoon used and will return both used and unused art when the magazine comes out. We will also credit SHOWME.

The ones in which we are interested in are (three by Noel, two by Kinkade, one by Taylor, six by Troelstrup, one by ECAT). We are also interested in seeing any other of your own past cartoons which you consider particularly good. We would appreciate your sending them as soon as possible since we must meet an early deadline.

Thank you for any help you may be able to give us.

Sincerely yours,
Corrine R. Katz, Editor
College Humor
Pines Publications, Inc.
10 E. 40th St., N.Y.C.

Dear Corrine:

Noel is already charging beers on those three cartoons.

Editors

Dear Sirs:

Would appreciate it very much if you would send the SHOWME in a large envelope similar to the one the Missouri Alumnus comes in in order to insure that the SHOWME arrives here. It appears that all the mail clerks in all the APOs read the magazine before I get my paws on it.

Thank you,
1st Lt. Wendell Gooch
66939 Btry B, 3rd AFA
Btn.
APO 28, N.Y., N.Y.

Dear Wendell:

We'll check into that and try to rehabilitate those expensive envelopes. And Nanci doesn't mind that "Dear Sirs." She always wanted to be a newspaperman.

Two Newspapermen Editors

December 5, 1956

Dear Editors:

We need your help to make this year's College Fiction Con-

test the most successful to date. We want to see more entries from more colleges so that we can find and encourage an even larger number of promising young writers.

Although we choose only two outstanding stories as winners of the contest (both authors receive \$500 each and publication in MADEMOISELLE), we sometimes buy the honorable-mentions at our regular rates. Finalists are always asked to submit revisions of their entries and other samples of their work. In our February 1956 issue we printed both honorable-mentions of 1955. This January we will publish a revised version of a story that ranked high in the 1956 contest and a story by a current senior who won in 1955. Many of our other winners have published subsequent stories in MLLLE. An outstanding example is Doris Betts, a three-time contributor since winning the 1953 contest.

The contest is an exciting opportunity for us to print good young writers and to further their careers. By now the College Fiction Contest has built up a reputation that means top contestants usually receive calls and offers from book publishers who've read their stories in MLLLE. Two of our recent winners have had books published, one a Literary Guild selection. Almost 85 per cent have had stories reprinted or mentioned in the annual anthologies.

Since such well-established authors as Carson McCullers, Tennessee Williams, Joyce Cary and Frank O'Connor appear in MLLLE, we realize that the contest may inspire more timidity than hope in many college students. We should like to emphasize, however, that contestants are competing only with girls of similar age and experience, and that we have always been interested in young, unknown writers. MLLLE was the first national-circulation magazine to publish Truman Capote, William Goyen, Robert Lowry, et al.

We should like to call the 1957 College Fiction Contest to the attention of writers on your cam-

The four types of sweater girls: small, medium, large and hoo-ha!

pus. Please urge your outstanding contributors to enter. *Remind them that stories printed in undergraduate publications are eligible if they haven't appeared elsewhere.* If your magazine has published any stories by undergraduate women that you consider especially good, please send them on to us.

Although the contest is not open to men, we hope you will encourage your staff and other students, men as well as women, to submit their stories throughout the year to be considered at our regular rates.

A copy of the contest rules is enclosed. *Please note that our deadline is March 15, 1957.*

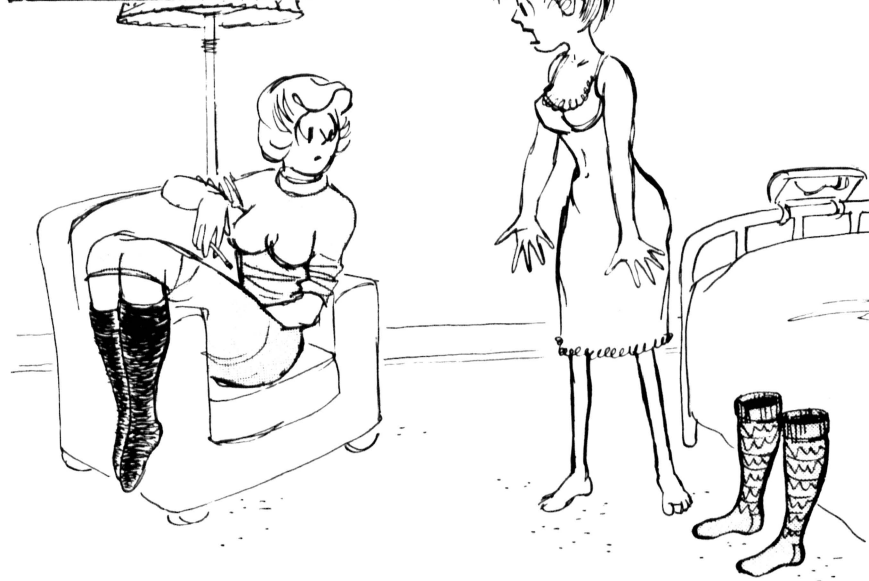
We hope we can look forward to receiving manuscripts from you and your friends this year. \$1,000 in prizes:

The two winners will receive \$500 each for serial rights to their stories and publication in *MADemoiselle*. The runners-up will receive honorable mention and we reserve the right to buy their work at our regular rates. The winners and honorable-mentions will be announced in the August 1957 *College* issue.

RULES:

Eligibility — Any woman un-

SUZIE STEPHENS



TRUELSTRUP
SHOWME

"But JAN . . . what'll I DO` when SPRING Comes?"

dergraduate under twenty-six who is regularly enrolled in an accredited college or junior college is eligible.

Stories that have appeared in undergraduate publications are acceptable if they have not been published elsewhere.

Stories must be original and

characters fictitious.

Length — Stories should run approximately 2,500 to 5,000 words. We are glad to accept more than one story from each contestant.

Format — Use regulation-size typing paper. Entries must be typewritten, double-spaced, on one side of the page only. Mark work clearly with name, age, home address, school address and school year. Enclose a 9" by 12" Manila envelope, self-addressed and stamped, or stories received will not be returned. *MADemoiselle* assumes no responsibility for manuscripts.

Judges — *MADemoiselle* editors, whose decisions will be final.

Deadline — Entries must be postmarked by *midnight March 15, 1957.*

Submit to: College Fiction Contest, *MADemoiselle*, 527 Madison Avenue, New York 22, New York.

Sincerely,
Margarita G. Smith
Fiction Editor

She: Stop!
He: I won't!
She: Well, at least I resisted.



MATT FLYNN
SHOWME

"Can't you ever lose gracefully?"

Look Your Finest

—your wardrobe will look
bright and new each time
it's cleaned at . . .

Sudden Service



Sudden Service Cleaners
and Shirt Laundry

114 South Eighth

Phone GI 2-6107

YES!

A cartoon illustration of a dog's face looking out of a window. The dog has large, wide eyes and its paws are visible on the window sill. The word 'NOEL' is written vertically on the left side of the window frame.

**YOU CAN BRING
YOUR FRIENDS TO..
ANDY'S CORNER**

A controversial figure is when
you're not sure how much of a
girl's shape came from a store.

A Modern Fairy Tale

Once upon a time there was a little girl who wanted more than anything else in the world to be a beauty queen. Other little girls wanted to be movie stars or nurses, but all our little girl wanted was to be Miss Pickle Week or Miss Let's-Eat-More-Peanut-Butter-in '57.

So from the time she was six years old, she practiced applying makeup, bathing suit posture and walking mincingly in high heels. She watched other beauty queens and imitated them and even developed a talent (playing tunes on stringless banjos) in case she ever went to Atlantic City.



And she could hardly wait for the day when she'd be a real, honest-to-goodness beauty queen. Luckily she wasn't fat or ugly, but very slender and lovely as all good beauty queens should be (except the ones who pay for their titles.)

One day Our Little Girl went away to college (at the University of Missouri, by a strange coincidence) and there her dream came true. She became the best beauty queen of all — for she was chosen swami's SHOWME Queen.

Do you know what Our Little Girl's name is? It might be you!

SEE THE MARCH SHOWME FOR BALLOTS AND FINALISTS' PICTURES.



We firmly believe we've got the best student buying public in the states. Last month's centerspread anniversary issue was a sellout at 3,500 copies. That's exactly 1,000 over the printing run of SHOWME in the final months of the last school year.

We hope it means we're getting close to what you want to SHOWME. We're bound to make mistakes but we realize we're not competing with The Nation, New Yorker or Playboy. We're competing with ourselves and that means we still like to hear what you have to say . . . especially in the mail . . . whether it's by way of contributions or just comments.

We've been getting some letters from publishers of the pros lately. Publishers of the light humor mags springing up around the nation. see them in our letters columns . . . BULL in Los Angeles, FANFARE in Chicago, ESQUIRE, COLLEGE HUMOR, MADEMOISELLE and JESTER in New York City, LAUGH BOOK in Wichita and a few more.

It means that the pros are keeping any eye on college talent. And the way they spot men is through the material we use. They'll pay . . . and we'll release.

Right there you can toss in the innumerable anthologies and pocket books of collected college stories and cartoons.

AND THAT'S WHY WE BEGAN CREDITING CARTOON WORK TO SHOWME MEN WHEN IT WAS DRAWN BY OUR OWN ART STAFF.

Too often in the past, other magazines have lifted our cartoons WITHOUT CREDIT. And when another pro or college editor liked that material writes where he saw it reprinted and mistakenly took it for their work and the result is under this sentence in the cartoon Jack Duncan drew

for us last spring . . . now credited in a national magazine (COMPACT) to the Alabama Rammer-Jammer. And another one credited to the Illinois Shaft.



"He fought dirty, Man. Did ya see him hit me with his crutch?"



"He fought dirty, man. Did ya see him hit me with his crutch?"
Alabama Rammer Jammer

The opposite examples are SHOWME cartoons reprinted in the Michigan State SPARTAN. There has been a tremendous mix-up of late as to where work should be credited when it bears no credit of origin. WE WILL CONTINUE TO PUT A SHOWME CREDIT ON OUR HOME DRAWN WORK AND RECOMMEND TO ALL EDITORS WHO READ THIS TO DO LIKEWISE WITH THEIR WORK. That way, cartoons such as we run under the filched title will be credited to the correct artist and magazine and not to another magazine which filched the stuff and gave their campus the impression that it was their own work. That means that if a national magazine wants a particular cartoon they will know who to contact and we can pass the check (yes, they pay good) on to the artist.



"Too bad, Digsby, but you don't have a chance—she and I are pinned."

Again to clarify what we mean. The cartoon on Digsby was drawn by one of the editors back in 1949. It received a large reprint and then it was copied by artists too lazy to think up their own ideas. Result: It appeared in redrawn form in college anthologies. What is unusual about this particular example is that one of the Pennsylvania FROTH editors dug up the original and took an extra few seconds to draw in a correct credit which was not on it originally. The FROTH used it in October 1956. Besides thanking them, and the other editors who do not cut off the credits, we suggest that they take up our method 100 per cent . . . so that we do not make the same mistake and give credit to a swiper-magazine instead of the original.

It's our purpose to see that the best campus work here is seen not only at Missouri but on all campuses we send exchanges to and the national magazines who ask to be put on our complimentary or subscription lists.

And judging from our mail column we hope you'll agree that we have been successful in attracting eyes to us. And if you work with us and let us see your stuff, writer or artist, we'll continue to push your work to where it evidently is being seen.

SHOWME contributors have hopped directly from us to the Saturday Evening Post and other major publications BECAUSE THEY SAW THE STUFF HERE, OR CONTRIBUTORS HAVE IRONED OUT THEIR FLAWS IN COLLEGE WORK BEFORE THEY HIT THE COMMERCIAL MARKETS.

What about the ideas and material YOU have?

We honestly think we have enough established work to give you a good magazine. But we're not satisfied. Who will be editor in 1958? YOU? Drop by. We'd be glad to knock your ideas around the office.

But remember, if you think you're too damn talented for us, we don't want to see you. If you, on the other hand, just like to write or draw and enjoy the hell out of doing it, we DO want to see YOU!

A party girl is one who believes that children should be seen and not had.



Showme

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FEATURES

ADVENTURES IN THE LOCAL PRESS	16
THREE NO TRUMP	14
BOMB PLOT STRIKES SORORITY	18
EDEN REVISITED	22
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, "RELIGIOUS EMPHASIS WEEK"?	26
FLYNN'S FLINGS	40
GENTLEMEN SONGSTERS OFF ON A SPREE	41



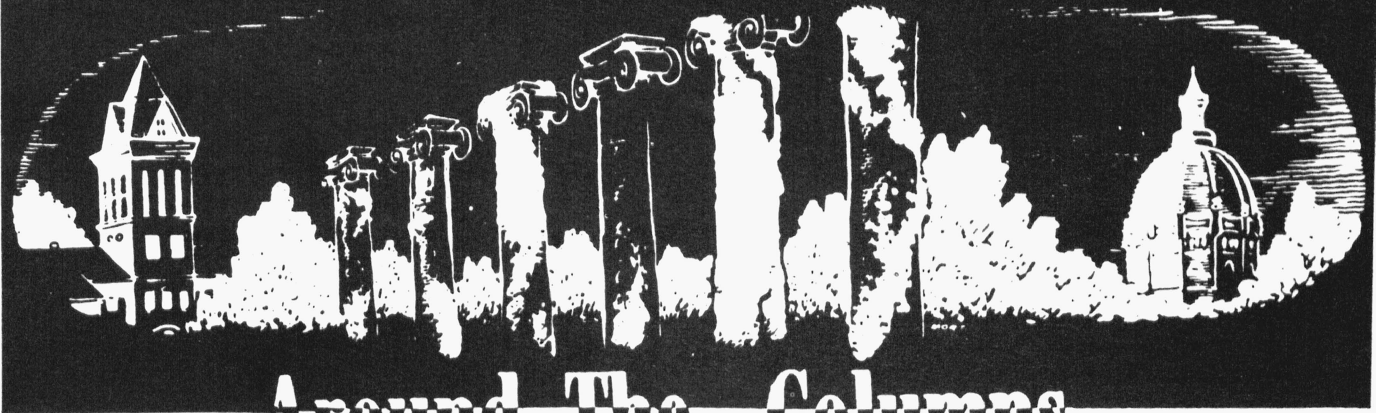
In Paris, it's frankness,
In the New Yorker, it's life,
In a professor, it's clever:
But in Showme,
It's censored.

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King Arthur: I heard you have
been misbehaving.
Knight of the Round Table: In
what manor, sir?



*Duh, John — you're so handsome,
You're the only one for me;
Duh, Marsha — you're kidding—
I'm ugly as can be;
Duh, John, you're right,
But only in the light;
As the saying goes:
"It's all the same at night."*



Around The Columns

February . . . a new year, then a new month, now a new semester . . . a chance to start over . . . the clean, fresh smell of \$10 books . . . new classes, new faces, and new worries . . . the beer hall conversation goes like this . . .

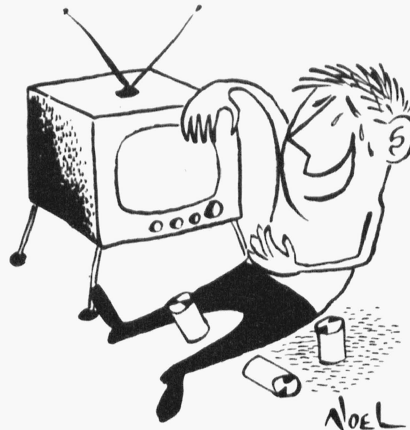
. . . Hey Bill, good to see ya . . . yeah, Frank joined in January . . . now, listen man, I got to *study* this semester . . . she really got married, huh — why that little . . . what in hell are you doin' back . . . this's your 6th year, ain't it . . . I always come back . . . just like the swallows . . . you still pinned? . . . get another pitcher . . . yeah, he's gettin' out in May . . . Germany, I think . . . you tellin' me . . . she didn't come back . . . there's other fish . . . yeah . . . hey, you remember Margi dontcha . . . yeah . . . no . . . tried though . . . one more time . . . that's right, two Stags . . . I got an apartment this semester . . . a convertible . . . no bull . . . bring a couple more beers . . . four more . . . a six-pack . . . gimme a case, friend, this's gonna take a long time . . . yeah, a long time. Till June or August, or next winter . . . maybe two, three, four years. A long time. But sometimes it seems like it goes mighty fast, doesn't it?

Better make that *two* cases.
* * *

RECENT REPORTS from agitated Marlboro smokers have it that filter, flavor, and flip-top boxes aren't all you get from that brand of cigarets.

The butts themselves aren't bad — the complaints lie in the fact that after consuming four or five packs, curious tattoos begin appearing on the backs of their right hands.

YOU KNOW, television has come quite a long way in recent years. Nowadays you can see dramatic shows like *Robert Montgomery Presents*, *Climax* (grunt) and *Playhouse 90*, comedy like *Phil Silvers*, *George Gobel* and *Sid Seizure*, documentaries like *Air Power* and *See It Now*, variety shows like *Perry Como* and *Steve Allen* (Hi ho, Steverino), and other undescribables such as Groucho



Marx, Gerald McBoing-Boing, Alfred Hitchcock and Genial Jean Madman.

However, with all these fine productions, the TV people still persist in nauseating us viewers with ridiculously horrible spectacles like *Oral Roberts*, *Queen for a Day*, *Lawrence Welk*, *Grand Ole Opry*, *Modern Romances*, *Liberace*, and *Stella Dallas*, *Backstage Human*. I realize that the reasoning behind these productions is to appeal to the

Masses, but this even perplexes me more. The Masses. Just who in hell *are* the Masses? I've never seen *one* Mass — not even around the Eighth Street Beer Halls — let alone plenty of them. The only thing I can figger out is that the TV people have got all these Masses huddled out in Death Valley or maybe submerged somewhere in the Mindanao Deeps, and their only function is to rise up every day like Phoenixes and tune in their TV sets (Lord knows where they keep them — perhaps strapped on their backs) to the aforementioned programs.

Well. Some days even the birds have to walk, so I guess we'll just have to live with it. Anyway, often some of these programs are unintentionally hilarious as hell. No kidding — get beered up some afternoon and watch *Queen for a Day*. It's a kill. Umm. Maybe laughter is the best medicine.

* * *

I HAVE HEARD that a man never stands so tall as when he stoops to help a boy, which is a lie.

* * *

HEY BOY, have I got a hot bit of information for you this month. Yessir. I always like to come out with these sorts of things so if you listen close you can be the first one on your block to have it and therefore will be popular as all get-out and hated tremendously by every-

body. Wild. And if you happen *not* to be the first one on your block then you can naturally bludgeon or otherwise lay up the offender in order to be top dog, which you naturally want to be. There is nothing so completely AMERICAN as being the first one on your block to have one. One *anything*. Hell, be the first one to have Leprosy, that'll show 'em who's boss.

Yes. Well, here is what I got for you this month.

You know that wild-looking dog that you always see starting down into this nineteen-ought-twelve phonograph listening to his master's voice? (I personally have always held that the dog was listening to a dirty joke or perhaps catching up on information as to hogs being up two and steady, but no matter.)

Well, having always been interested in dogs and armadillos and great horned owls and things (Oh I am a regular gawdam *outdoorsman*) an article on this dog which appeared a few weeks ago in the *Kansas City Star* caught my attention.

Now this may be of more than just casual interest to certain parties, because, just like Hitler and Ivan the Terrible and James Dean (cymbals please . . . CLANG-POWSMASHBOOM CLANG-BOWBANG!!! thank you) this dog has been dead for 62 years, and his name is Nipper. Sixty-two *years*, mind you. Hell, he's got James Dean beat all to smithereens. I understand that in a month or two there's going to be a great Nipper revival and the newstands will be cascaded with thousands of fan magazines containing thought-provoking articles such as Nipper; Dog or god? and Why Nipper was Contemptuous of Conformity and The Life and Loves of Nipper Dog. There is also a movie in the making. (Tommy "Hurricane" Jackson will take the starring role.)

Therefore you will naturally want to be all caught up on contemporary Nipper information so that when the great revival takes place and everybody is agog you can be casual and off-hand about

the whole thing and people will think you were, in truth, an intimate friend of his.

Nipper was the pet of an English artist, Francis Barraud, who noticed the dog's quizzical interest in his (Francis') talking machine and put the scene on canvas. A few years later a representative of the Gramophone Company of London saw the painting and became intrigued with it (partly, no doubt, because in the original the dog had five toes, one of which was later erased.) In 1901 the Victor Talking Machine Company acquired rights to the painting and in 1929, when the Radio Corporation of America purchased the Victor Company, Nipper went with it and has been a widely publicized trademark ever since.



So there you have it. Incidentally, I am operating as an advance field salesman for Black Leather Jackets with a Nipper on the back, and upon request will gladly send information-packed pamphlets to interested citizens. (The jackets are made of oil-treated cockroach skin and are available in four solid and twenty-six two-tone colors — monogrammed initials, purple backup lights and chrome mudflaps optional at extra cost.)

BY THE WAY, if you've already noticed that we've got Advertising in *our* magazine this month, don't be alarmed. I realize it's a pretty radical innovation, but several members of our staff are what you might call Men of Vision, and every once in a while we like to give them a chance to show their stuff. Sort of give 'em a free rein, if you know what I mean.

And if it's done right — who knows? — it might catch on all over the country.

I SEE WHERE Jintaro Ishii, Masaji Izumida, Juhei Nakano, and Shigeichi Yamamoto, members of the Japanese Imperial Marines, recently surrendered to the United States, which was white of them.

In December, 1944, Lt. Yamamoto led a platoon of Japanese marines in an abortive attack on an American airfield on Mindoro Island in the Philippines. The Japanese force was decimated and nine survivors, after a year of fearful hide-and-seek with U. S. troops in the fever-ridden Mindoro jungles, settled down to a stone-age existence as neighbors of a remote aboriginal tribe, to await "the victory of Japan". For 12 years they evaded capture and ignored leaflets telling them the war had ended. Last November the four survivors — weakened by disease and fantastically hungry — gave up and returned to civilization.

They were very surprised that Japan had lost the war. After hearing about them, I was too.

I WONDER WHERE EVELYN got her magic violin? Stole it, I'll wager.

YOU KNOW, *mucus* is a good word. Mucus. It sure is. There's nothing better than to be squatting in front of your TV set, sipping a cup of coffee and munching on a sandwich, you know, and have this announcer come out and say, "Hey there you boy! You all stopped up with mucus? Hmmm? Well, all you got to do is get a Super-Duper Non-Alcoholic Anti-Biotic Nasal Spray and you'll just melt that old mucus away."

Yessir. Mucus.

I DON'T KNOW whether or not you've noticed — but just stop and think a minute. Heard any Christmas carols lately? Hah — I thought not. Haven't heard any for 6 or 8 weeks, have you?

She: Yes, I'm a Delta Delta Delta.
He: I heard you the first time.

Nosir. Hell, for a couple of weeks back in December, that's all you *did* hear. Christmas carols. *Thousands* of them. But that's the way with them fads — here today and gone tomorrow. In a year or two they'll probably try to bring them back like they're a big new deal or something, but don't you be fooled for a minute. Be cool. Them record hucksters are just out to make money by preying on us poor souls who listen to the radio, anyhow.

But they won't fool us, will they? Probably.

* * *

I SEE WHERE the Kansas City Athletics are trying to sell their 1957 baseball tickets with a new angel. A straight-faced pamphlet says that those persons who buy four '57 season tickets will have an opportunity to buy four World Series tickets.

For Municipal Stadium.
In Kansas City.

* * *

I'VE GOT A subscripition to *Punch*, the British humor magazine, and I enjoy it very much. It is set up sort of like the *New Yorker* (only much better) and the best thing about it — from an American's point of view — is its movie section, because 80% of the films they review are Hollywood products. A couple of weeks ago they had a particularly good one — the staid Britisher's critique of *Love Me Tender*.

The whole treatment it was funnier than hell, but the best part of it — I thought — was the last sentence. Here it is.

"You may notice that I do not treat this work very seriously; but whoever put Mr. Presley into it didn't, either."

That just about sums it up, don't it?

* * *

HERE IS AN interesting item for all you professional or amateur practical-jokers. I discovered it myself — quite by accident — and it has definite possibilities.

You know what Alka-Seltzer is, don't you? It cures sour stomach, gas in stomach, heartburn, overeating, simple headache, neuralgia, muscular aches and pains,

minor throat irritations, discomforts of colds, muscular fatigue, overindulgence in food and drink, and extended beer busts. It cures damn near everything (supposedly) but that's not the point.

Next time you plan to play Social-whirling College Boy on The Town, pick up a jar of it and stick it in your pocket. When you reach your point of destination — it doesn't matter where; beer tavern, set-up joint, or fraternity rec-room — you will no doubt

COLLEGE LIFE



be situated at a table or in a booth with several other guys and their dates. Good enough.

Now. As soon as the guy next to you gets up or turns his head or bends down to retrieve his church-key or something, you very coolly reach into your pocket, extract your jar of Alka-



"Paw me."

SHOWME

Seltzer, open it, take out a couple of tablets, and pop them in his drink.

And the next time he goes to take a swig, just watch the expression on his face.

* * *

I KNOW THIS guy — Ardy Friedberg — who is director of the Savitar Frolics and he wants me to say something about it (the Frolics) in here because evidently he is planning on pocketing all the receipts and naturally he wants to sell as many tickets as he can so there will be more loot for him and I guess he thinks that as soon as you read this you will immediately vault out of your classroom and roar out and buy some of the aforementioned tickets and I guess this is the most screwed-up sentence I have ever built.

Seriously though, (ohmygracious I am in dead earnest) The Frolics are perennially one of the best things around here so . . . especially if you get a seat on the front row — see, there are all these luscious dolls with out no clothes on hardly and . . .

Ah yes. Well, you just as well go. It damn near beats drinking beer in some hole.

* * *

I GUESS that takes care of it this month. Be cheerful, friends.

Dick Noel

A Sigma Nu who goes in for Gardening is saving bottle-tops. Someday he'll plant them and raise a beer garden.



For instance, there's the bridge set. Now I don't say that these girls are overly occupied with Culbertson's sport. However, when they are introduced to a man, instead of noting with pleasure his manly characteristics, they immediately demand to know if he plays bridge. I have seen many a romance grow out of these card-instructions. The happy couple spend their declining years raising two children (so they will always have four for bridge).

But when I am trapped with three of these bridge fiends (and they seem to run rife in a sorority house) I become restive. But not as restive as they become. After talking about past grand slams wistfully, then hollering hopefully down the hall, "Fourth for bridge?" many many times and getting no response, they converge upon me and trap me into learning (again) how to play the hateful game.

My only deliverance from the interminable bridge game is the chime. I am, of course, starved. But . . . I must stand in a bunchy group outside the dining room and wait for the housemother to enter. The housemother is taking a bath. You do not hurry your housemother. This is not polite, and sorority girls are always polite — to their housemothers.

Finally the housemother enters the dining room. All the good sisters troop in. Now at long last, you may sit down. The food is cold. But you don't eat yet. Oh no, first you sing. Then you pass things. Round and round go the

Three No Trump

By Four "Sisters"

Life in a - - - - - house. Catchy start, isn't it? I bet you stopped to count the dashes. Perhaps you'd better read no farther. This is an expose, all right, but not the kind you think. This little piece deals with some of the problems of a girl, who for little-understood reasons, has joined a sorority, and lives in a large, brick, becolumned house with some forty-odd other girls — and believe me, some of them are plenty odd.

salt, pepper, ketchup, meat sauce, mustard, butter, salad dressing, and rolls. Finally all forty girls have everything necessary.

But you have to wait till the housemother starts eating. And the housemother is deep in conversation. Then she is summoned to the phone. At long last, you have at the congealed food. There is too little of what is still good and not much else of the rest.

Enough of this "you" stuff. It's me I'm talking about. I have a date, for Wednesday, oh joy! I am freed from study hall. I am mentally shaking the dust of the carpets off my heels when the bridge players converge upon me. I explain regretfully that I have a date and can't play bridge.

"Oh, who are you going out with?"

"John Brown".

Someone *has* to make some crack about *John Brown's Body*. I think it's a national law, governing people of certain I.Q. ranges. But then comes the question.

"John Brown? What is he?"

He is a man — all man, a good dancer, excellent conversationalist, and plenty fun in a parked car. But that's not what they want.

"He's an independent," I admit.

"Oh." The bridge players drift away. "Fourth for bridge," fades away down the second floor hallway. I can't exactly call it snob-

bery. It's not a forthright contempt I see in their eyes, just a slowly descending indifference.

Indifference — that about sums it up. Except, that is, when you step over a carefully drawn line, perhaps by wearing clean saddle shoes or coming in once too often of a Friday afternoon with beer on your breath. Then the indifference to you vanishes, and your forty-odd sisters, loving sisters all, trample each other in the rush to push you back into line so that the sorority won't get a "bad" name.

And to keep the sorority's good name, we must pick "wonderful" girls each year during Rush week. Detailed little cards with all the pertinent facts about the rushees are studied by the rushers and memorized.

"She was a homecoming queen, election day queen, cheerleader, and garbage collector's union queen. Definitely she is queen material." So we want her. She also happens to be snobbish, spiteful, and incredibly stupid. However, stupidity *can* be overlooked — when the girl in question is definitely queen material. But not all the girls are picked for their lovely faces and Monroe figures. Ask any fraternity pledge after blind date weekend. There's the house grade average to think of.

"Well, I know she's not pretty, you all, but remember, she made straight E's in high school, and heaven knows, we can use . . ." So we pledge her. And as long as there are any actives who

Ladies Are Made Here?

remember those long rush week discussions, she is the one of whom it was said, "But what in the world will we do with her at exchange dinners?"

Speaking of exchange dinners, the chief problem is what to speak of. Especially if your dinner partner turns out to have about as much in common with you as a Lower Slobbovian reindeer. Too, there is the problem of eating. Since sorority house meals are rather scant, you go wild when you see the fairly impressive festal board spread before you. Your stomach rumbles. Your salivary glands salivate. Quivering with anticipation, you lift a forkful to your mouth. Suddenly you notice Partner has his eyes riveted on you. He begins to speak. You find it impossible to heartlessly chew and swallow while he has his baby blues focused on you, and is also focusing on you the flood of his eloquence (about his girl back home) so you sadly lower your fork and listen. Finally, Partner begins to eat. Now is your chance. Frantically, you stuff a large bite of food in your mouth. Just then, Partner focuses his eyes again, and loudly asks, "What do you

think of Mizzou?"

Faced with the alternatives of sitting dumbly and conveying your true impression—you think nothing of Mizzou — or swallowing the bite and replying, you choose the latter. Gulping hastily, you prepare your answer, incidentally spraying Partner with bits of unswallowed food. As he wipes his face with his napkin, you have a sneaking hunch that he too agrees with you on the subject of exchange dinners.

But exchange dinners are part of the sorority's business — that of making ladies. See, now, here's where I work in that catchy subtitle that caught your eye.

We've made great people too. We must be sure to point out our famous alums to the queens. Carefully we brag about girls that grew up and married famous men. Lord knows how they hooked the man. But anyway that makes them famous alums because they married a famous man. And are we proud! Maybe someday they'll proudly publicize a woman who married a guy with no name, raised six beautiful kids who swear by her instead of at her and solicits for

the March of Dimes. But that's a long way off. Right now we have to push those who marry well. Marry well. That means married into money.

A Lady Minds Her Manners. Always rise when an older person enters the room — then bowl her over in the rush to answer the phone. Watch the clothes you wear. A sex rating of 2.4 is allowed — low subdued whistles, but no passes. But at formals, and the little get-togethers which precede formals, the idea is to dress as if inviting attack by every man in the room. And act this way too — to every man in the room but your date. At him you snarl, "Don't crush my cor-sage!"

The poor slob bought it, didn't he, lady? I guess he can crush it if he wants to? No. Not lady-like.

Part of the lady-making is done by the sorority professional. She is one of the many women of indeterminate middle years, who has failed to find satisfaction in her life and has turned to vicariously living the lives of "Her Girls". She studies their records, their faces, their ac-
Over



complishments. She feels she "really knows" each and every one of them. Does she know that the reason that I am "kind of slow to stand up when an older person enters the room, aren't you, dear?" is that my fiancée has just eloped with a girl he met three days ago? And does she know that Jane ("I adore Jane, she's so gay and bubbling.") is half-way drunk on vodka collins? No, of course not. All she knows is that she knows "Her Girls."

With all the many girls in the house, it is inevitable that some of them should have cars. In this cold weather, it's nice to be able to count on one of your loyal sisters to take you downtown to buy some clean socks. One of the sisters happens to be going downtown to shop for a mink coat or something.

"Just give me the money, I'll get the socks for you," she says. At dinner, you bend a ques-

tioning glance her way. She avoids you. Finally! "Oh, my goodness, I completely forget. I'd run you downtown after dinner, but I've got to study tonight." (So do you) "But do come upstairs and look at my new coat." Stifling the impulse to stifle her in the shining fur you inquire timidly about your sixty-nine cents.

"Oh, dear. I haven't any change just now. I'll give it to you later." Kiss that money goodbye.

In fact, there's quite a bit of money you can kiss goodbye, as well as your housebill. There's the inevitable kickback for a wedding, shower, or birthday present, the money for sorority sponsored charities (they seem to be legion in number, and I don't mean American), the money to send the delegate to the sorority convention in Europe . . . Ad infinitum. In case you don't know Latin, that means

foreverandeverandeverandever-amen.

Pity the poor girl who wants to leave the house after the house bill is upped again. She can't leave because she owes everybody a fortune to pay her past bills and no one will let her leave until she's paid off her debts.

And so it goes.

Well, perhaps some of the many advantages of a sorority make some sacrifices necessary. In this case, individuality, freewill, money, and time to attend the inevitably constant meetings, song-practices, skit-practices, and practice-practices.

But they'll never get me. I guess it's about time to put on my class-going, bridge-playing uniform — tight wool skirt — not too tight — and matching orlon sweater. (No, not cashmere — this is State U). Bridge, anyone?

Adventures in the Local Press

Or It's Been a Rough Month

The Columbia Tribune, Jan. 3, 1957

Jimmy Dorsey Into Hospital for Surgery

NEW YORK, Jan. 3 (INS)—Bandleader Jimmy Dorsey was in Doctors hospital today preparatory to an operation for "a very irritating wart on his left lung."

His brother, Tommy, choked to death on food particles November 26 at his home in Greenwich, Conn.

Jimmy, who is 52, entered the hospital on Tuesday and expects to be there for about 12 days.

"It is nothing serious," said Tino Barzi, band manager. "Most people couldn't be bothered about it, but it is irritating for musicians who perform on woodwinds and bras. It's fairly common among them."

The Dorsey band ends its engagement tonight at the Hotel Statler. It begins a national tour, starting in Florida, January 25.

The Columbia Missourian, Jan. 9, 1957

Gov. Meyner Weds Stevenson's Cousin

▲ OBERLIN, O., (AP) — Miss Helen (Dani) Stevenson, a 228-year-old statuesque brunett and distant cousin to Adlai Stevenson, becomes the first lady of New Jersey today.

Robert B. Meyner, New Jersey's 48-year-old Democratic governor, and the blue-eyed daughter of Oberlin College President William E. Stevenson, will exchange wedding vows today.

DISTANT cousin is hardly the word for it!

The Columbia Tribune, Jan. 17, 1957

3 Are Honored By Horse Assn. Prog Relig Catholic

Three Columbians were honored today at the annual convention of the Missouri Horse Show Assn. About 150 members attended.

The awards were presented in the afternoon after a reception and luncheon at the Tiger Hotel. First place winners received a silver plate and second and third place winners received ribbons.

Columbians who received awards are: Tony Palmer, third place, Geldings; Robert E. Lee Hill, first place, junior class; and Betty Palmer, first place, 13 to 17 years of age class.

We trust there's a Protestant Association also.

WE KNOW . . . But you're not supposed to SAY it!

Alex Seconk: I see in the paper that nine professors and a student were killed in that train wreck yesterday.
Xela Knocek: Poor guy!



The Columbia Missourian, Jan. 24, 1957

Bed 'Very Important,' Says Birth Controller

LONDON, (AP) — Dr. Marie Stopes, a birth control pioneer, told the National Federation of Bedding and Allied Trades last night that "the mattress is the very kernel of the home."

There is not another place in the world where people spend so much time, she said.

"That makes a bed very important," she added.

NOW you tell us . . . AFTER we traded the Nash!

The Columbia Tribune, Jan. 29, 1957

Humane Society Answered 1,005 Calls in 1596, Found Homes for 447 Dogs, Cats

The Columbia Humane society answered 1,005 calls last year in response to general complaints, bite cases, and notification of dead animals found on city streets and in other public places, according to the society's annual report today to the mayor and city council. This compares with 954 calls answered the previous year.

That was the year Explorer DoSoto discovered automobiles

The Columbia Missourian, Jan. 26, 1957

Professors List Most Important Dates in History

FRESNO, Calif. (AP) — History may become a more popular subject in schools of the future if recommendations of two Fresno State college history professors are given wide acceptance.

Only 13 dates are important enough to be remembered by the average American citizen — and 40 are sufficient for college students—Dr. Francis A. Wiley and Dr. Clair E. Nelson maintain.

The 13 dates they believe should stay with a person for life are:

1. Discovery of America in 1492.
2. The Protestant Reformation of 1519.
3. Settlement of Jamestown in 1607.
4. Introduction of slavery and the first legislative assembly of 1619.
5. Coming of British sovereignty over much of North America in 1763.
6. Declaration of Independence in 1776.

And HE KNOWS . . . He's a HISTORY professor!

in the Fourth Estate



Bomb Plot Str

Now It Can

SHOWME underground cameraman records the plot that failed. Staffer overhears phone tipper and records this exclusive.



1) Mysterious caller tips off campus bomb disposal squad (Three hours credit, Mon-Wed-Fri with Lab) that sorority is about to blow its top.

2) Shocked disposal squad unit laughs it off as gay student stunt. Dean overhears and says survivors need not take bomb disposal final . . . nor do volunteers write down the address.



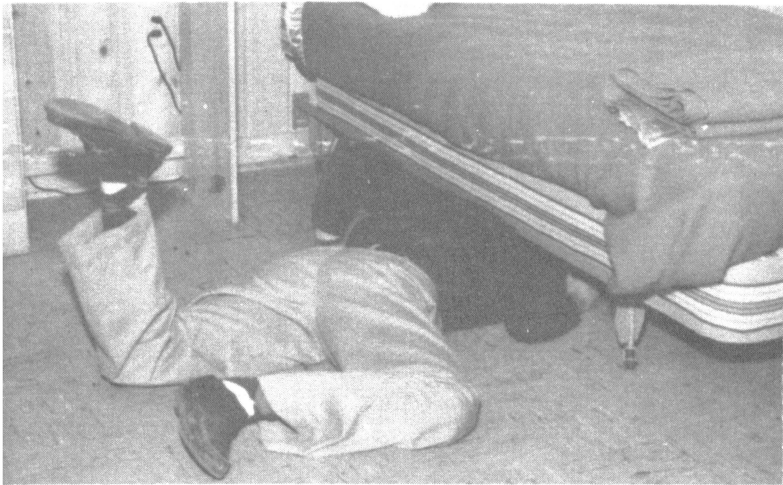
3) Girls rush out in calm order. Other sisters remain in second floor poker game as squad rips into the sorority.



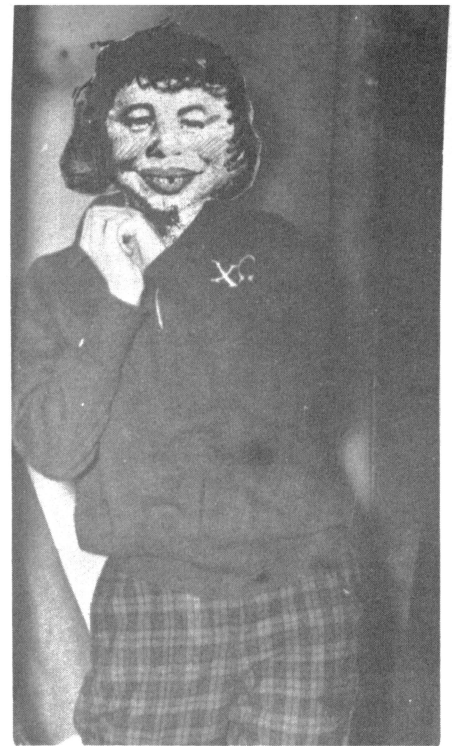
4) "Look behind that junk . . . The bomb might be hidden behind it."

ikes Sorority

Be Told



5) "Search that room. It might be . . . Oops, Alex Seconk."



6) "Check the closet case, Alfreda E. Newman."



7) "C'mon, Baby . . . Think hard. We can't find it. What about a cake. They always sneak in things inside a cake. Did anyone receive a cake?"



8) Eeeek! My uncle sent me one from New York. I ate it this morning!



9) "Quick . . . Out to the Hinkson disposal ground. Take it easy, Guys. Don't even let her stomach rumble."



10) The sad sisters watch as squad carries Sister who is sacrificing all without dishonor (And you can't hardly find THAT no more).

11) Sister sobs heroically as her friends start drawing back to a safe distance and weep their farewell. The little martyr gulps softly so as not to detonate herself and smiles, "I guess this is the biggest blast I've been on . . . and I've been on a lot by the good ole Hink."





12) Weeping at the loss of their best pledge (Her father is general manager of U.S. Steel) the little group pulls back over the hill to await the worst. Then the creek bed erupts in fire and smoke.



13) "Poor Sister . . . that was the most noble act I'll ever . . . HEY LOOK! THERE'S SISTER COMING OVER THE HILL! WHAT HAPPENED! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE.

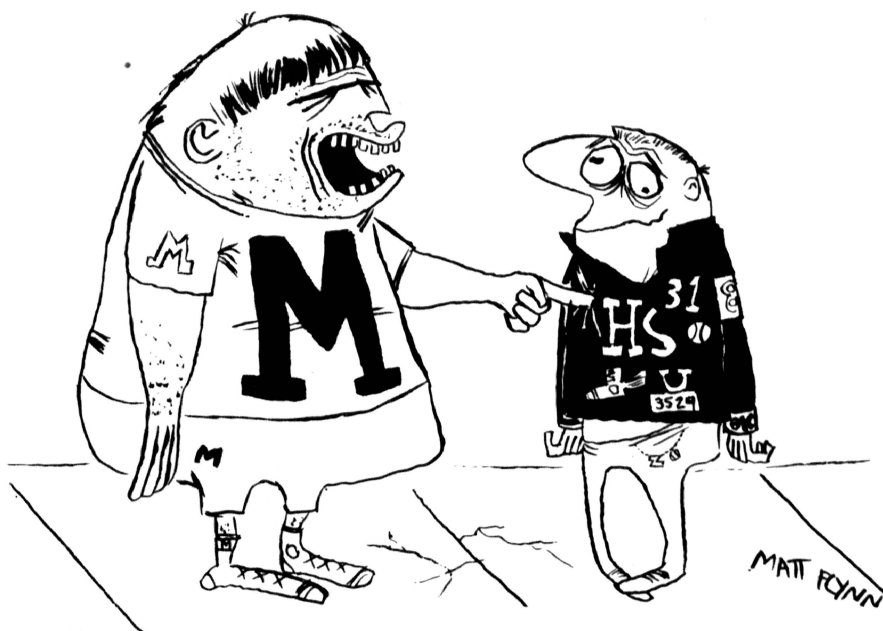


14) I BARFED.

Photos by Charlotte Peaslee and Murlin Smith.

EDEN REVISITED

By Benti



"Hey! . . . You can't wear dat . . ."

The M-Men's Club voted last night to enforce the common law against the wearing by students of any letter or numeral not won at the University.

Meeting in Rothwell Gymnasium, the club decided that for the spirit of the University, anyone seen wearing a non-University emblem will be asked to remove it. Item in *The Columbia Missourian*

The guy in the diver's suit? That's me. No, it doesn't really get that deep here, it's just that . . . why? . . . well, it went like this.

I study cracks in the pavement when I walk. It's kind of a game, like the Ink Blot Test. I was reading a particularly interesting set of fissures the other day when a large pair of Oxfords blocked my thoughts.

"Hey, you can't wear dat . . ." a large muscled index finger

jabbed into my chest and indicated my high school letter jacket. Wincing slightly, I studied my behemoth, M-adorned inquisitor. I took a calculated risk,

"Why?"

"All letters 'n numerals won off da campus can't be worn. It's a tra . . . tra . . . trad . . ."

"Tradition?" I suggested .

"Yeah, dats it. Now get if off." He had advanced until his mastodon physique blocked out the sun and my runny nose was buried deep in the chenille of his M-tra . . . tra . . . tradition.

"O.K." and I took it off — I'm no fool.

Now I'm rather fond of my letter jacket. It represents a lot of sweat, comradeship and achievement; besides, it's warm. Other people may say 'Pucketts, of course'; I'm too poor to even mutter 'Pucketts, perhaps' and a

new jacket is out of the question. But what's a shiver an a snuffle in the name of tra . . . trad . . . tradition.

But it didn't end with the jacket. Every group on campus got in the act. My pavement study was blocked by B-school cordovans . . .

"All right, get that coat and tie off . . . tradition, you know."

By Ag school boots . . .

"Off with those Levis . . . tradition, you know."

By veterans . . .

"O.K. recruit, take off those khakis and field jacket, tradition you know."

I even met one clown who was studying to be a shoe manufacturer and I bent shivering to remove the last vestige of my difference from a page of Sunshine and Health.

By now, the campus was littered with piles of clothing; the population looked like fugitives from a fire-ridden tenement. The M-Men wore only their M's — like fig leaves. The B-School people wore only coats and ties — long. The Ag School farmers wore only Levis — high. The vets wore assorted cartridge belts, ponchos and helmet liners. Everyone else, as a southern novelist has said, was as naked as a jay bird.

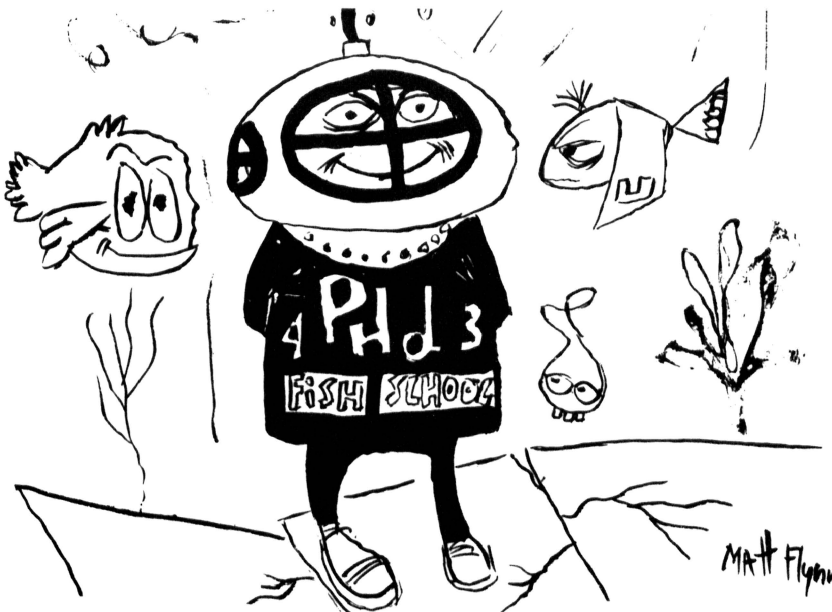
I kept looking at the pavement. It was nippy sometimes, but tra . . . tra . . . trad . . . tradition is a warming thing.

It wasn't too bad on campus, but downtown people frowned a bit and over at Stephens rioting ensued when . . . but that's another story.

I revolted the day I was stopped by a thin, seedy looking citizen dressed in white with a stethoscope around his neck. Well, you're too late my medical friend, I mused, go find some milkman to strip.

"Hey, you can't wear . . ." he sputtered, "it's forbidden by campus tradition and . . ."

Shifting my weight slightly, I



"I wear a diver's suit now."

wedged him cleanly between the running lights. Carefully avoiding his sprawled stethoscope, I stepped over his form and began on my cracks again.

I wear a diver's suit now. The lead boots are heavy and professors have to unbuckle my face plate if they want any discussion from me, but there's no guff

from anyone in the 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea School. Quite confidentially, I wear all my forbidden clothes in the suit, especially my letter jacket — two of them.

The others? Still naked, I guess. Tra . . . tra . . . trad . . . tradition is a many splendored thing.

End

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my wife.

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I WISH I HAD COME BEFORE THE PLACE BURNED-MUST'UV BEEN A HELLUVA PARTY.

UNUSUAL MANTEL-PIECE.

HOO BOY ... AM I BUILT!

I'M PRETTY WELL MADE MY SELF...

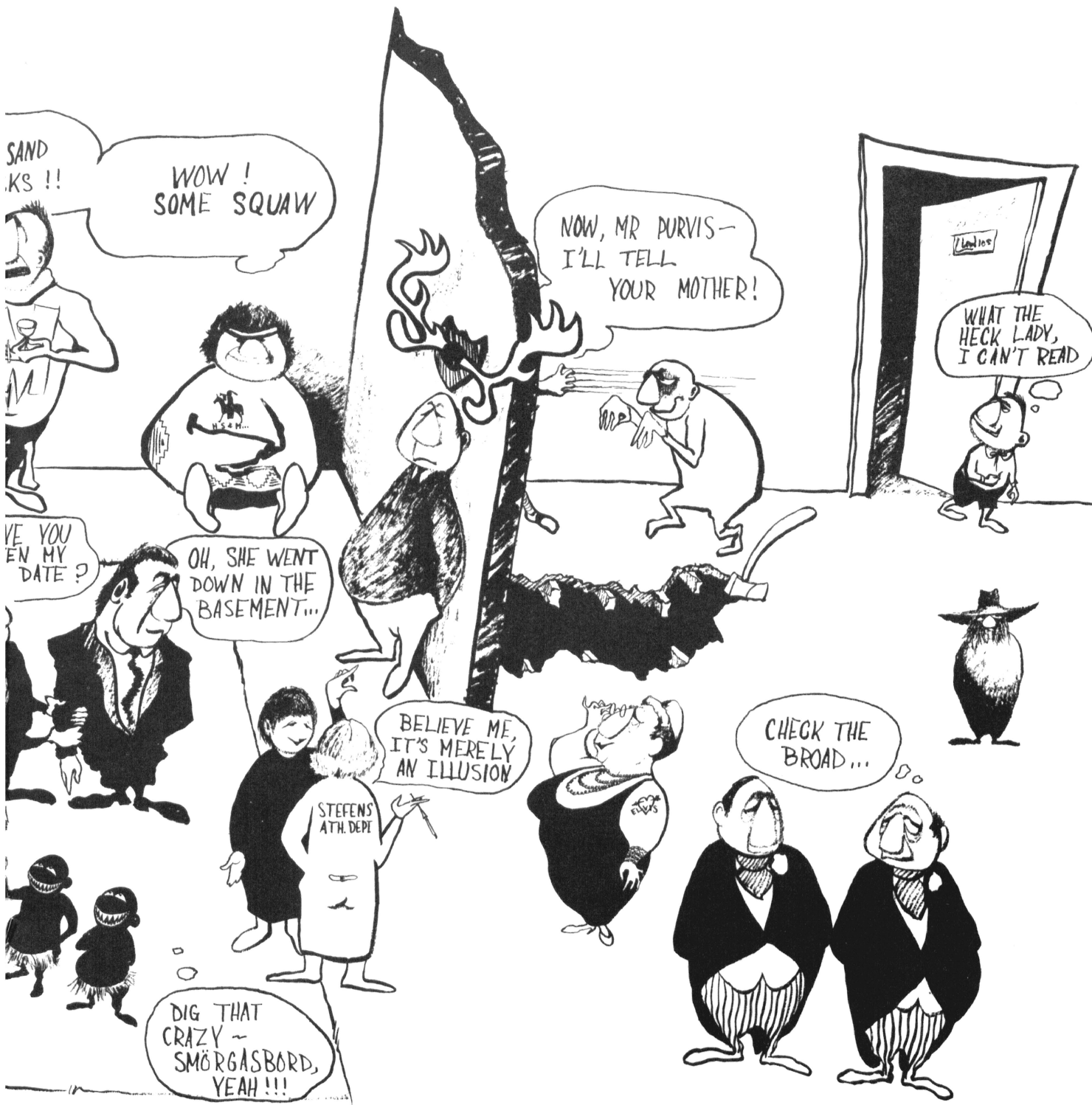
HELL NO LADY - I'M HIDING A BODY.

YOUNG MAN, DO YOU WANT TO DANCE?

IT WEREN'T ME LADY - AY YOOST COME DOWN FROM SOUT DAKOTA

THERE'S A LITTLE SWEDE IN ME TOO, SVEN...

HAVE SEEN T...



Showme TRIES (BUT NOT VERY HARD)

A REALLY CLEAN SPREAD



MSEN

BY LELAND MILES

Come winter, the annual crop of "Religious Emphasis Weeks" will once again sprout across the nation's college campuses. Trembling clergymen will receive blithe invitations to face the awesome ordeal of student assemblies. These peculiar gatherings, at which attendance is usually compelled, will feature mysteriously disappearing hymnbooks, zooming paper airplanes, stifled yawns, and hidden alarm clocks skillfully rigged to go off in the middle of sermons. At the end of the hectic week, harassed student-faculty committees will hold "evaluation sessions" to figure out "what went wrong." Probably nobody will suggest the real answer, which is that few people in the administration, faculty, or student body of the average college really want a genuine Religious Emphasis Week or even know what a week of genuine religious emphasis would imply.

To begin with any fair definition of "religious" must necessarily take account of many noble religions in addition to Christianity. Yet how many church-related colleges will feature this winter, as part of Religious Emphasis Week, a symposium on the world's major religions? How many denominational institutions are planning to invite a Moslem, a Hindu, a Buddhist, and a Jew to their campuses on this occasion? Indeed, how many such colleges are even planning to invite a Roman Catholic, a Unitarian, or a Humanist? Parenthetically, it may be objected — and I will agree, in my personal definition — that Humanism is not a religion. Nevertheless, modern Humanists claim to constitute a new global faith which will in our century supplant the older creeds of mankind. This is an exciting claim, and ought to have a hearing. Indeed, what more exhilarating way to spend a real Religious Emphasis Week than to have representatives of the world's major religions, including Humanism, state their cases before a student body jury? There would be no tinkling alarm clocks then! No paper airplanes, either.

But alas! it would be difficult to arrange such a program. For one thing, there are not too many Christian clergymen who are eager to debate with the "Enemy". On a recent transatlantic crossing, the forum director of a Greek Line ship spent five days trying unsuccessfully to line up one of a dozen shipboard clergymen for a debate with repre-

Leland Miles of Hanover College is no stranger on this campus. He is a former student of Hardin Craig, visiting professor of English, and a friend of Elsa Nagel, assistant professor of Germanic Languages. This article has been released to SHOWME by special permission of Twayne Publishers, Inc., 31 Union Square West, New York City. It is based on a chapter in Professor Miles' newly published book, **Americans Are People and other assertions**, which may be ordered from local bookstores.

The situation described in this article does not apply exactly to the campus but so much of it does generally apply that it's well worth our attention. We hope its points connect where they should.

sentatives of other viewpoints, including agnosticism. At mention of the agnostic, each of the ministers remembered that he had another obligation at the time of the proposed symposium.

The intellectual timidity of many clergymen is not, however, the only reason that true Religious Emphasis Weeks are difficult to organize. Another factor is the attitude of college administrations and religion departments, especially in some of the church-related colleges. This attitude seems to be that the best way of producing young Christians is to have a faculty which is 100 per cent orthodox Christian in viewpoint, and a Religious Emphasis Week which dogmatically presents Christianity as the only true way. Now, Christianity may indeed be the true way. But if it is, surely it can stand on its own feet against all competition, without the fearful protection given it on most denominational campuses.

Where did we acquire the mischievous notion that young people can be molded into zealous believers only if all others on the campus, students and faculty alike, are also believers? Actually, the very reverse may be true. Two of the shrewdest modern defenders of Christianity — T. S. Eliot and C. S. Lewis — were bred in an atmosphere of pagan pessimism. Conversely, some of the least effective defenders of the faith will be found among students — some of them pre-ministerial students — who have been gently saturated for four years with a saccharine, provincial type of teaching which sticks its head in the sand and pretends that only one religion exists.

II

Unfortunately, it is precisely this type of religious isolationism which dominates many of our

What Do Religious We

church-related colleges. For this reason, I feel compelled to predict that there will be few weeks of genuine, challenging religious emphasis this winter. But let me hasten to proclaim my personal readiness to settle for the next best thing — a Christian Emphasis Week, confined to those colleges which describe themselves as Christian. That such a settlement will be offered is, I believe, unlikely. For what would such a week mean? Quite frankly, it would mean a revolution that would make the October Revolution seem petty. It would mean a violent overthrow of the existing order of things. And what college administration, or faculty, or even student body, really desires such a chaotic state of affairs?

For example, suppose, this winter, that American college students were suddenly to put genuine Christian Emphasis into effect in the classroom. The result would necessarily be a new and revolutionary demonstration of earnestness in the performance of classwork — a new and startling display of that industry, energy, and thoroughness characteristic of Christ, and therefore characteristic of all those who, loving Him, seek to imitate His personality. It is not incongruous that Christian students—even leaders in student Christian organizations—are guilty of careless work in the classroom? In China I once saw a man cut in half by a machine gun. At the time I thought it the most melancholy sight I would ever see. But as a professor I have seen a sight even more melancholy: the spectacle of Christian students, including pre-ministerial students, coming to class day after day and performing indifferent, nonchalant work. What can we say but that they betray a total ignorance of Christ's personality and their obligation to imitate it?

As for faculty members, what would a genuine Christian Emphasis in the classroom mean for them? Surely it would mean that every professor would henceforth ponder deeply the relation of his secular field to Christian thought. Indeed, the development of such relationship would seem to be the principal reason for the existence of the small church-related college as a distinctive educational institution. The biologist at a secular university has no obligation except to teach biology, including organic evolution; but the biologist of a church-related college, if he is doing his job fully, cannot escape his responsibility for taking account not only of Darwin, but also of Genesis. The Mosaic account of creation, somehow rejected or somehow interpreted, must permit the acceptance of an account of

You Mean Emphasis ek?

mans' rise out of a finny, furry past.

Many professors, unfortunately, have perverted the concept of Christian (or, as they call it, "Religious") Emphasis almost beyond repair. They assume that it means trapping students in a classroom and lambasting the helpless victims with thinly disguised sermons. Other instructors have decided that Christian Emphasis means diligently searching for all poems which contain Biblical morals, then proclaiming such poems "great literature." On that basis, Eddie Guest would be the world's greatest poet. Yet how adventurous a real Christian teaching of literature can be! For a comparative study of literature and Christianity is all



the more exciting when a Jonathan Edwards refuses to extend the gospel of mercy to little children born in sin, or a pessimistic Thomas Hardy repudiates the Nazarene position, and makes of God a malicious old fuddy-duddy.

But for most professors, this type of Christian teaching would require an intensive study of philosophy and religion, in order to possess the necessary background against which to examine the ideas of their secular fields. Overburdened as college instructors admittedly are, is not likely that they will feel, this winter or any other winter, a compulsive urge to embark on such a program of extra-curricular study.

III

But all is not lost! If we cannot have a Christian Emphasis Week in the classroom, maybe we can still have one outside the class. Suppose, this winter, that college students were to decide to put real Christian Emphasis into effect in the social activity: dormitory and fraternities. What would happen then?

By way of beginning an answer to this question, let me tell about a dream I had a short time ago. I dreamed I was in the hallway of a large building. In the building, people were acting most peculiarly: some were pulling doorknobs off doors; others were running shrieking down the hall, setting off firecrackers; still others were stealing food from the kitchen pantry. One bug-eyed little group was putting matches to long streamers of toilet paper and dropping these miniature comets down the stairwell. I was positive I must be in an insane asylum, and I fled for my life. But when I got outside and turned around, I saw that the sign on the building read: "Men's Residence Hall."

Over

Whose Men's Residence Hall, you say? Why, almost any Men's Residence Hall, on almost any campus. Each summer the average college spends hundreds and sometimes thousands of dollars repairing the destruction wrought by its students during the previous academic year. If Christian Emphasis were really put into effect this winter in the college dormitories of the nation, there would be no more of that feeble-minded vandalism which has become the giggling pride of the average male student. Please do not misunderstand me. I do not oppose student attempts to lug a cow into the auditorium bell tower: on the contrary, this requires a perseverance and ingenuity betokening a promising future for the participants. Moreover, this enterprise normally involves no serious destruction of property or violation of other people's rights—assuming always, of course, that the cow is merely "borrowed," and is well tied with a sturdy rope. Such pranks are to be carefully distinguished from smashing doors, ripping off knobs, and setting fire to bulletin boards.

Quite apart from dormitory life, what would happen this winter if college students suddenly put Christian Emphasis into effect in their fraternities and sororities? The first results would surely be a new and revolutionary emphasis on brotherhoods of the spirit, and wholesale abolition of those entrance requirements which in many fraternities still hold at arm's length anyone whose skin-chemicals exist in different proportions than in the white race. Equally important, Christian Emphasis in Greek Letter organizations would mean the immediate overthrow of the present Greek Letter scale of values. This scale has traditionally placed that Jewelled Idol, the fraternity pin, higher than either the College or the Cross. To state the matter badly, most college students are pagan. I even include under that adjective the average number of student religious organizations. In their deepest

heart of hearts, most students worship a God of rubies and diamonds worth approximately twenty dollars. This statement is proved even in denominational colleges by the fact that, when the chips are really down, and there is a conflict between fraternities on the one hand and the College or Christ on the other, Alma Mater and the Nazarene usually come off second best. Thus, Interfraternity Council drinking rules are jokingly flouted, despite the fact that such flouting severely damages the college's relation with its community. In the same spirit is the testimony of a fraternity chapter president, a steady church-goer of a very strict denomination. When caught writing freshman themes for his pledges, his excuse was that this service would be an attraction to lure freshmen into membership! "Competition for new men is so stiff," he said, "that without such special services we wouldn't get anybody."

In the light of such standards, the objective onlooker must naturally ask, Do the Greek Letter Christians perhaps join fraternities in order to reform them? If so, their course of action is clearly defined. On the first evenings of their approach—"Religious" Emphasis Weeks, let them demand meetings of their chapters and present resolutions to the following effect: first, that all term paper and theme files will be burned forthwith; second, that Greek Letter organizations will henceforth sponsor Christ's brotherhood of the spirit, and will recommend to national headquarters the abolition of the unbrotherly entrance requirements that still persist in many fraternities; third, that in the scale of values, Christ is first, the College second, and the Jewelled Idol strictly a poor third; and last, that any fraternity member guilty of dishonor will be severely punished, rather than sneakily protected by his brothers.

IV

To these suggestions the reaction of both staff and students will, I suspect, be one of despair and alarm. "Oh, good heavens, we couldn't do that," they will cry. "Why, it would mean a complete overthrow of the existing order of things. It would mean—well, revolution!"

Well, *whats' wrong with revolution, anyway?* They're quite in style these days. The last few years have seen the Communist coup d'etat in Czechoslovakia, the revolt in Algeria, and the overthrow of Argentina's Peron. A campus revolution will certainly be appropriate to the revolutionary atmosphere of the times. In fact, it would even be appropriate to Christianity! The Nazarene's teachings have always been dynamite.

But America's church-related colleges are leery of explosives. By and large, faculty, students, and administrations want no part of a truly Religious Emphasis Week which would give a respectfully intellectual hearing to all the world's religions. Moreover, they will refuse to sponsor even a genuine Christian Emphasis in any one segment of their college life. This is why, when winter rolls around, most of the so-called "Religious Emphasis Weeks" will be paradoxical farces, and caricatures of what they might be.

END



"George, is that strange man still following us?"



"Peanut-butter sandwich?"

CONSTIPATED?
 ... TRY
"THE KEG"
 (Formerly Collins)
 for
5% BEER

The most observant person was the historian who noticed that Lady Godiva had a horse with her.



Have a Ball at Savitar Frolics

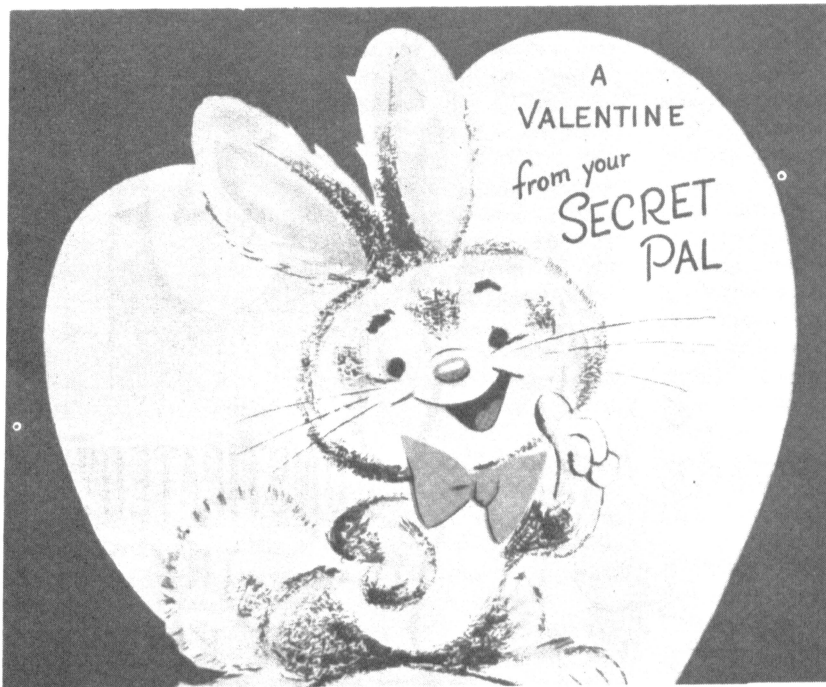
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 Student Union — Newman's
 Jesse Hall
SHOW TIME FEB. 28-MAR. 2
8:15 JESSE HALL

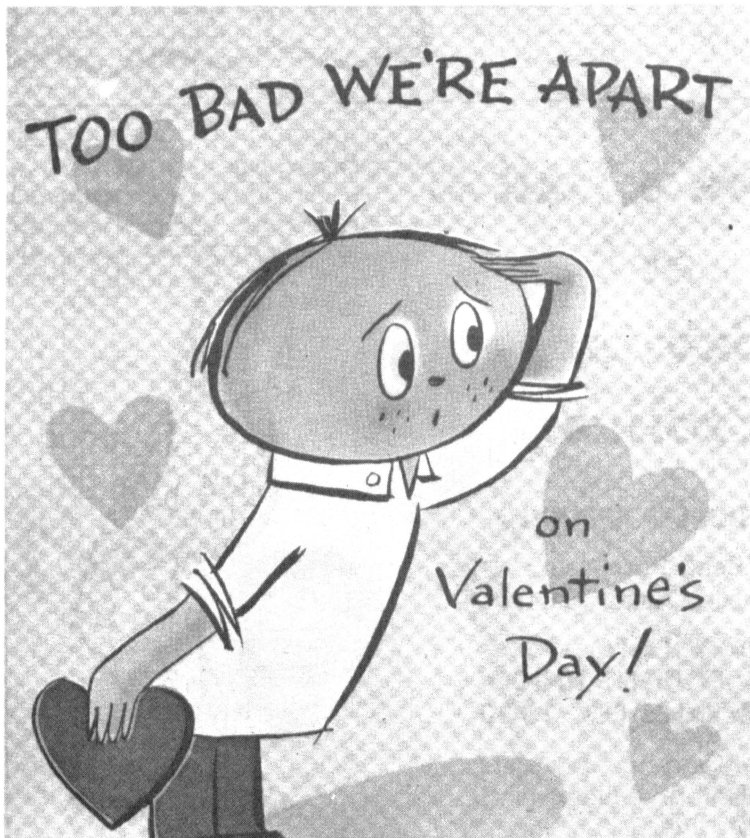




"My men have been following you for two months — and now we've got the goods on you, Philbrick."

Hearts Flowers

Now is the ecstatic time of the year for little girls . . . uh . . . valentines. Ever behind the written garbage is . . . interpretations.



"But after all — my wife began to notice the third pair of feet at the foot of the bed."



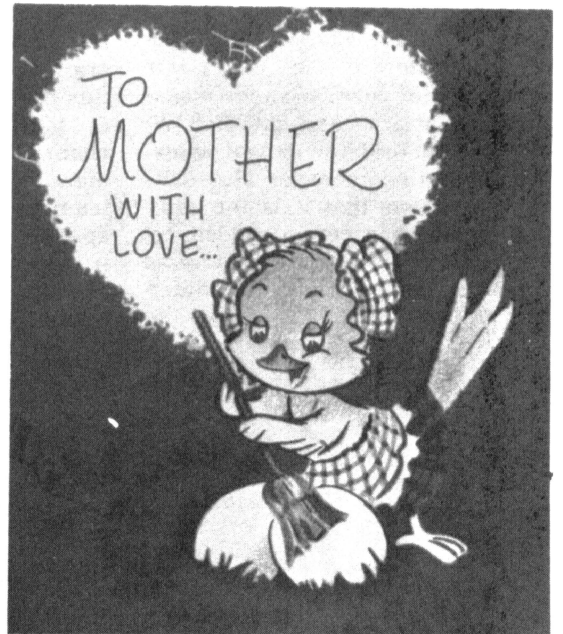
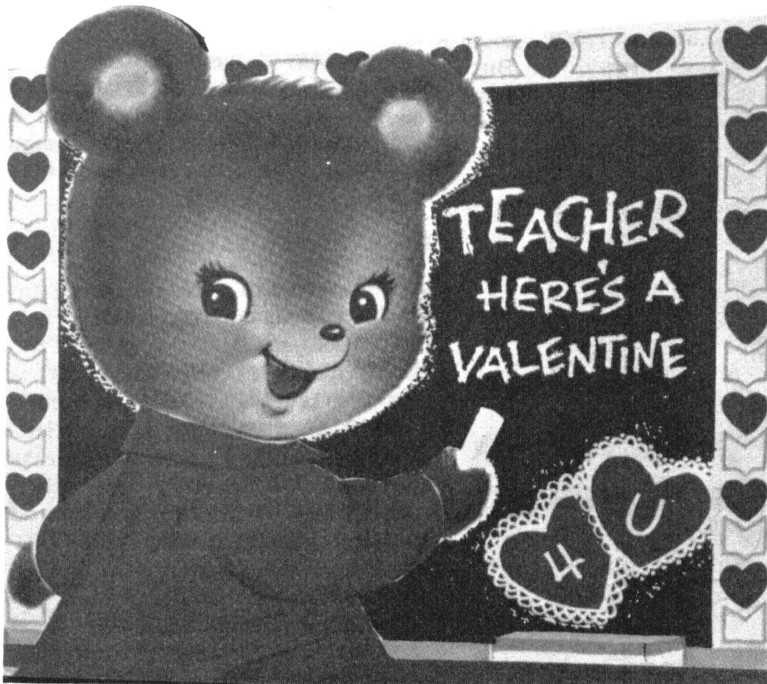
"Where's the \$50 you stole from our 'Teens Against Elvis Presley' fund? You old shyster!"

and Day

r when good little boys give good
fer wonder what the true meaning
well, catch a glance of Swami's in-



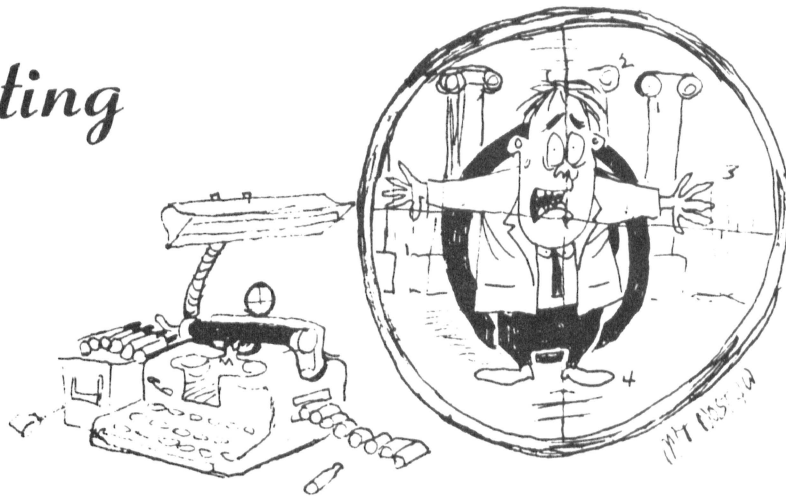
But what I'd really like to give you, Beautiful, wouldn't go through the post office.



"This berg of Miami really jumps
— hope business is good — keep
our customers happy — glad you're
not here."

Father

Shooting



Gallery

After deep cogitation and several job interviews, I have reached the conclusion that if you go into law and lie to a jury, you make money. If you go into medicine and lie to a patient, you make money. If you go into advertising and lie to the public, you make money. But if you go into news writing and tell 'em the truth, you get shafted!

It took me 4 hours, 23 and $\frac{7}{8}$ minutes. I damn near got killed nine times, and it took me two days to recover from the oxygen starvation caused by complimenting other drivers on their good manners, driving habits and general road sense. I was lucky!

Well here, now, it is spring semester and it's time to go around counting noses again. You could count in other ways but the censor won't allow it. Remember our motto: "Other college humor magazines stay at school — but SHOWME is virginal as the driven snow. The circulation manager also asks me to mention that it is the only such publication recommended by the American Blue Nose Society as fit reading matter for your maiden aunt. AaaaanyHOW it's a new se-

mester and there has been considerable turnover in the study body (body???? — yeaahhh!!) A fortunate few have graduated, some even more fortunate have been booted out, and heap many more have been informed that they were probably better suited to bricklaying anyway. Hence the nose-counting.

In the past I have vented much spleen in snide comments about the parking situation. All this energy was misplaced, because, while the parking problem is irritating, at least you have a fairly good chance of living through it. But, man, you just **try** to drive across town in the usual Highway Patrol-approved manner! To travel safely across Columbia, you need to be Irish, carry seventeen shamrocks, a lucky penny and a shil-

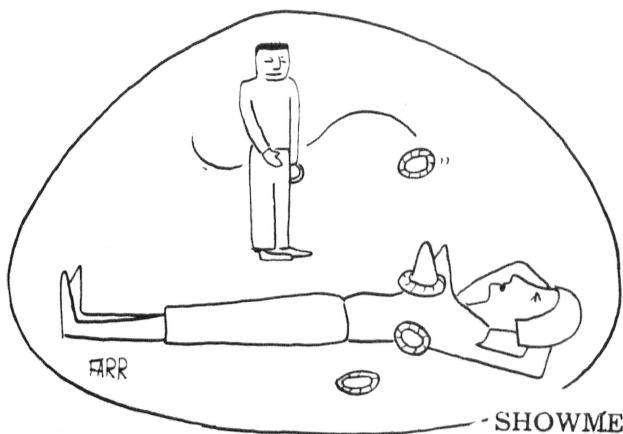
lalah and be pie-eyed enoughnot to notice your narrow escapes. I tried going from Jesse Hall to N. Sixth at 5 p.m. the other evening.

Cigaretts are in great demand. A student asked a coed for a cigaret the other day. She gave him one, and then expressed surprise that he would smoke that particular brand (composed of floor sweepings with attached filter), to which he replied, "I smoke anything that doesn't move when lit" — so watch it!

Speaking of news (and I was— you speak about what you want to and I'll speak about what I want to), not too long ago I saw a headline in the **Miserian** that said:

It's A Bluddy Shame

and underneath this withering indictment was an interesting collection of samples to prove the claim. The sad part about it is that it's **true!** For years we have made heap gas about DEMOCRATIC citizens being such a literate collection of nitwits and then comes Mark Twain and movies and Rudolph Valentino and Frank Sinatra and the Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street and TV and The Pelvis and pretty soon the nation's banking system will break down because the X on your check looks like the X's on everybody else's checks and then won't the bad check artists have fun—



"Sometimes I get the feeling you don't love me, Ed."

and then the next generation won't be able to read their draft notices and the country will really go to hell. Why can't Johnny read? Because he never gets his nose away from a TV screen or his girl friend's sweater or a glass of cheap whiskey (depending on his age), that's why! If you don't believe it, whiffle 'round to any English instructor with Webster in your hot little mitt and ask to riffle through his collection of themes.

As this is written the land lies quiescent under a shivering cold wave and some inch and a half of mixed snow and glaze ice, and the latest poop has it that the farmers have finally been declared drought-stricken. This combination gives native Columbians and a few Ag students a warm glow in the general vicinity of the heart. Because everybody knows "there's nothin' like a good, deep, slow-meltin' snow to help out the crops." And now with the Guv-mint paying through the nose to boot, Silas can work only half the land next summer, work only half as hard, and make twice as much money while surplus food rots in the storage bins. It's a great life!

I don't know you. I never met you. But I don't want to know you. You are an infinitesimal segment of that amorphous, twitching, vaguely sentient collection of ambulant protoplasm known as The American Mass, than which nothing lower in the scheme of things ever has or ever will exist, and as such I detest you. If I knew you I would probably find myself interested in you (if you're built right) and that would complicate matters no end. So get lost! There, by George, NOW I'll find out if I have any readers — because if there is one that's bright enough to read anything more complicated than d-o-g he (she, it, you) will undoubtedly be mad enough to write in and tell me off, thus assuring me that I HAVE A READER!! Editor please note. Speaking of readers, if there are any you'd better mach' schnell and get your fill of this, because month I'm running behind the contributor's page, next month on the back cover . . . and then where can you go? Tune in next month and find out . . .

this month's BALFOUR BEAUTY



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Then there's the bashful girl who worked all the crossword puzzles vertically so she wouldn't come across.

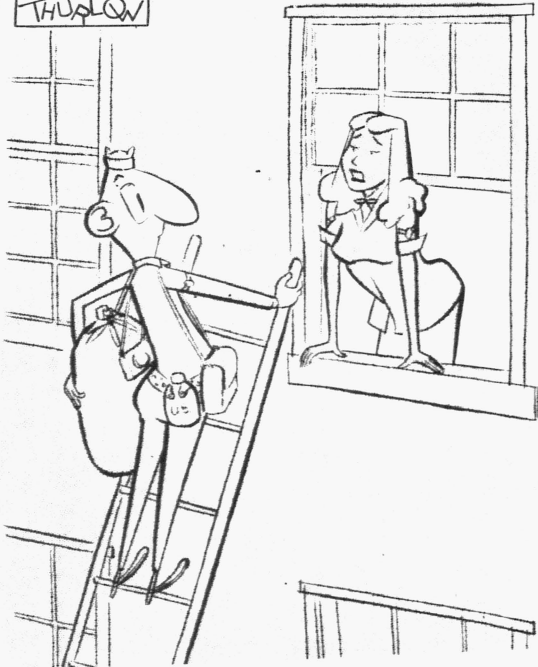


You don't have to go to college to know that after eating, drinking and smoking, the best breath fresheners of all are



still only 5¢

THUPLQW



"But Darling . . . We CAN'T elope . . . I go in for CORPORAL tomorrow!"

THUPLQW



"Speak up, Son . . . I want to hear YOUR side of this before I CAN you!"

BY
ERIC
KROELSTRUP
STARS & STRIPES

THUPLQW



"Morning, BUTTERFINGERS."

BY
ERIC
KROELSTRUP
STARS & STRIPES

THUPLQW



"Frankly, Mac, this 'Police Action' business is goin' too damn far!"

BY
ERIC
KROELSTRUP
CLARK-AFRS

THUPLQW



"We're even settin' better'n Eisenhower . . . HE can't get promoted!"

BY
ERIC
KROELSTRUP
STARS & STRIPES

THUPLQW



"Of course it's our room . . . But we're never bothered by inspections!"

BY
ERIC
KROELSTRUP
STARS & STRIPES

THURLLOW

PART V

THURLLOW



PFC
TROELSTRUP
CLARK-AERS

"How the hell do I know when to come in? All I can hear is KFRU!"

THURLLOW



CPL
TROELSTRUP
CLARK-AERS

"Look, Mac, save yer remarks till y'get a coupla stripes on yer sleeve!"

THURLLOW



PFC
TROELSTRUP

"It's refreshing to have one who has the courage to stand up and disagree about how I run my section . . . Here are your orders and good luck!"

THURLLOW



PVT
TROELSTRUP
CLARK-AERS

"By George, now I remember what we were going to do in Seoul . . . Fix the brakes!"

THURLLOW



PVT
TROELSTRUP
-KEESLER-

"I told you you were sharp . . . Look at 'em stare!"

By Jerry Shnay

Balladeer's Barstool

Beginning with the first number, "Seven Old Ladies Locked In a (you should excuse the expression) Lavatory," down through "The Bastard King of England", Oscar Brand emotes triumphantly.

We tipped you a few months ago when Dirty Oscar put out his "Bawdy Songs and Backroom Ballads" record as a ten inch disc.

Now, bless his lovable soul, he's pushed out record NUMBER TWO and it's bigger, bigger (12 inch LP — \$5.95) and bawdier. So they'll probably have another run down at the Hi Fi House which handles the Audio Fidelity label (which dared to do).

But the regular college-level mind, that likes his s-e-x sunny side up, it may come as a pleasant, enjoyable, and delightful surprise. Mr. Brand has spent several years collecting these tidbits of the walls in men's rooms, and taping fraternity smokers.

He now puts them on record and should make a tidy little sum to take care of himself, when his inclinations are only what he thinks they might have been.

Of special interest should be "We Go to College" as it may be sung by some of the girls in Johnston Hall. It explores the aspects of college life not found in the brochures and the M-Book.

"The Jolly Tinker" is next on the list, and is based on the famous novel "Around the World in 80 Days". All one can say is that "they don't make 'em like that any more."

The women have their turn when they comment on the vagaries and vituperativeness (whoops) of the menfolk in "Bella", the story of a jilted girl, who was finally led to her grave by the person she trusted.

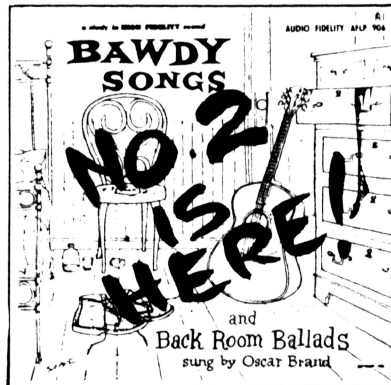
If anyone does not as yet know "Ring Dang Doo", then it is too late for explanations. The song first came to our attention from a sophomore in Gentry, and Mr. Brand does wonders with it.

Just to name some of the other selections, there is a takeoff on Dvorak's "Humoresque", dealing with the discomfort of passengers

in a moving vehicle, somewhat like the Cannonball; some more verses to "Roll Your Leg Over", a poem set to music by Ogden Nash called "Three Prominent B —"; and the list goes on and on.

Rudyard Kipling wrote "Bastard King of England" way back when during the good old days of secretive smut, nominally called Victorian England, and this might explain why he was never made Poet Laureate.

The management would like to print verses to many of the songs included in the album, but realizes that time, space, and postal laws will not permit. However, Brand



BAWDY SONGS and BACKROOM BALLADS

has written an article in a magazine (Modern Man) explaining his stand on the damn things, and includes some fine examples of his collecting.

Otherwise, it's a dull month for folk music.

Richard Dyer-Bennet, the singing rage of E. 55th St. in Chicago, came up with Volume II of his own recordings, and although they are good in themselves, they just don't move. They seem to lack some of the pep the first volume had. Maybe it's because most of them are unheard of in this country.

Some of the afficianados have asked why some smart record company won't get out some old masters and put out a couple of 12-inchers on the songs of Leadbelly.

He was a real neat guy. Just liked to sing, drink, murder and well, you know the rest. Many years ago, a collector named Alan Lomax spotted him and jotted down many of his numbers, as well as presenting him to the public.

One of the numbers was "Good-night Irene", and another was "Rock Island Line". Both are in different albums by him, but a big album with his big songs in it would be better.

A weekly editor complained that he didn't particularly care for the songs we had been running. Especially the one about Rex, the . . . pooch.

However, Mr. Kirchoff, people who live in glass typewriters shouldn't write poison pen leteters.

Do you know, kiddies, that in one of the drawers in a desk inside the office of that sheet that comes out every Friday, that there is a girdle. Not really you say! Yes, kiddies, it is so. A real-live g-i-r-d-l-e. Well G. K., what say you?

At the latest count, only two albums of folk music are in the library here. They are the Dyer-Bennet 10-incher on Decca, and a similar sized one by Burl Ives on Columbia.

There is also almost no selection to speak of at any of the city's record shop. A survey found the following number of albums at the towns shops. 4-2-1-4. That's eleven in the whole city. There must be more than that someplace here. Only we can't find them. Especially the good ones. Honest, fellas, a lot of us are of age. Let's see 'em!

Oh yes, the Victor people just let go of one with Robert Shaw Chorale singing folk songs, all love, of different countries. Its' pretty good, except that the reviewer need a new record player, because 33 1/3 speed is now closer to 31. They sound like they're recording in the Holland Tunnel. Real good, though. Nice picture on the cover, too.

YOU OLD FOOL, BLIND FOOL, STUPID FOOL

Unknown

Oh, I came home one Saturday night, as drunk as I could be,
And I saw a strange horse in the stall, where my horse ought to be.
My dear wife, my darling wife, my loving wife, says he,
Whose horse is this within the stall, where my horse ought to be.

Ya old fool, ya blind fool, ya stupid fool says she,
Tis nothing but a milk cow, my mother sent to me.
Many miles have I traveled, a thousand miles or more.
But a milk-cow with a saddle on I never did see before.

Oh I came home on Saturday night, a buzzing like a bee,
And saw a strange coat in the rack, where my coat ought to be.
My dear wife, my darling wife, my loving wife says he,
Whose coat is this upon the rack where my coat ought to be.

You old fool, you blind fool, you stupid fool says she:
It's nothing but a bed-quilt my mother sent to me.
A thousand miles have I traveled, a thousand miles or more,
But — buttons on a bed quilt I never did see before.

Oh I came home one Saturday night, as drunk as I could be;
And saw a strange hat on the hook, where my hat ought to be.
My dear wife, my darling wife, my loving wife, said he,
Whose hat is this upon the hook where my hat ought to be?

You old fool, you blind fool, you stupid fool said she,
It's nothing but a chamber pot, my mother sent to me.
Many miles have I traveled, a thousand miles or more,
But — A chamber pot, size 6 $\frac{7}{8}$ I never saw before.

Oh I came home one Saturday night, a buzzing like a bee;
And saw a strange head on the pillow where my head ought to be.
My dear wife, my darling wife, my loving wife, said he,
Whose head is this upon the pillow where my head ought to be.

You old fool, you blind fool, you stupid fool, said she;
It's nothing but a cabbage-head my mother sent to me.
A thousand miles have I travelled, a thousand miles or more,
But a mustache on a cabbage head, I never did see before.

A RICH OLD LADY

Unknown

A rich old lady in our town,
in our town did dwell,
she loved her husband dearly
But another man twice as well.

Sing Too de um! Sing Too de
um!

Whack! Fal lal a day!

She was listening in the door
one day
when she heard the old man say
if you'd snuffed a few old mar-
row bones
it 'uld take your sight away.

So she went down to the butcher
shop
to see what he could find,
intent upon buying a thing or
two
to make her old man blind.

She bought twelve dozen old
marrow bones
she made him snuff 'em all:
says he, Old Lady, I now am
blind

I cannot see at all.

She bundled him up in his old
grey coat,
she led him to the brim.
Says he — I cannot drown my-
self
Unless you push me in.



THE HIFI HOUSE
WHERE YOU HEAR
THE NEWEST
"SENSATIONS
IN
SOUND"
120 on the Strollway

Alex Seconk: Do you know
what 999 clop is?

Football player: No what?

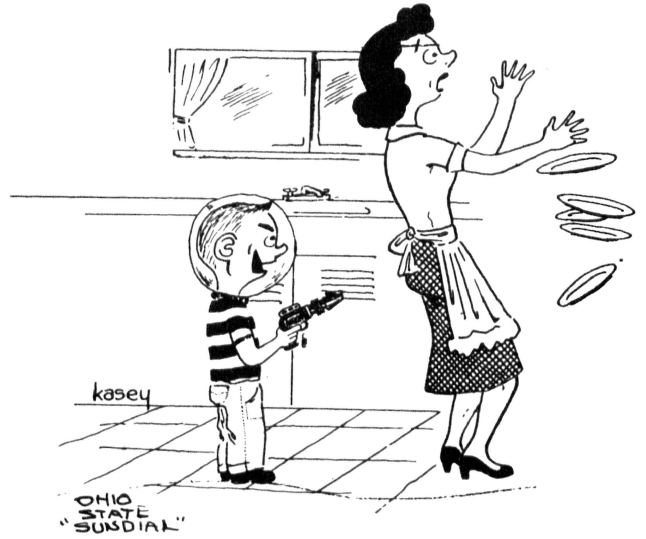
Alex: A centipede with a
wooden leg.

As I would like to drown myself
if only I could see—
Just take my hand, dear husband
and come along with me.

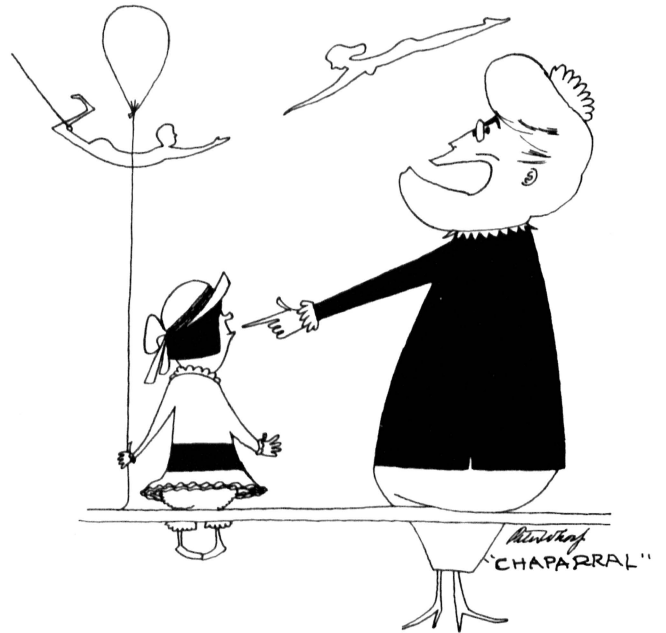
The old lady went up on the
bank aways
to get a running go,
the old man stepped a little to
the side
and she went off below.

She bubbled and gurgled and
bawled out
as loud as only she could squall.
Says he, Old Lady, I'm so blind
I can't see you at all.

The old man being kind hearted
and knowing she could not swim
he went and cut a very long pole
and — pushed her further in.

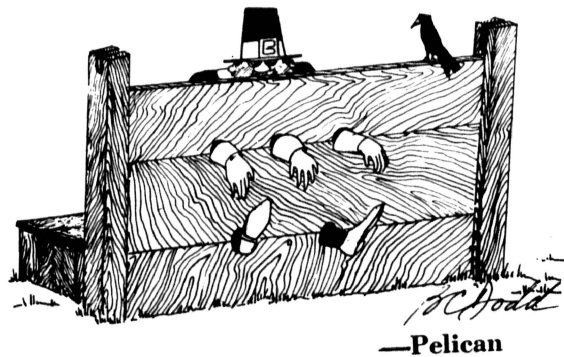
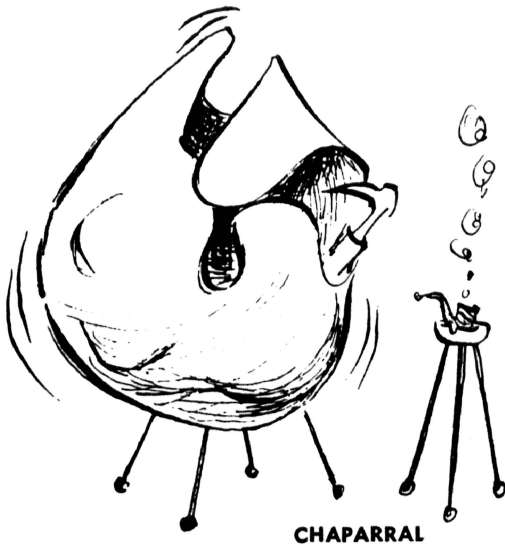


Zap, zap, you're sterile.



"... one more 'Christ' out of you, and home we go!"

Burglar: Please let me go, lady,
I ain't never done nothing wrong.
Old Maid: Well, it's never too
late to learn.



filched



"Damn spider died!"
—Voo Doo

Overheard

A well supported rumor that a member of a Missouri student weekly said if SHOWME would give him \$10, he could enter his weekly for rating from a well-known press association.

Sir:

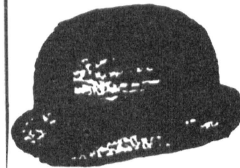
If you sold unsold copies to a well-known pulp reclamation dealer you could make your own \$10.



Dammit, Fenwick, catch up!"

the finest selection
of BEVERAGES
in town

- Champagne
- Ice cold beer
- Wines
- Mixes



Brown Derby

116 S. 9th GI 3-5409

And then there was the illegitimate
Rice Krispie — snap, crackle, but no pop.



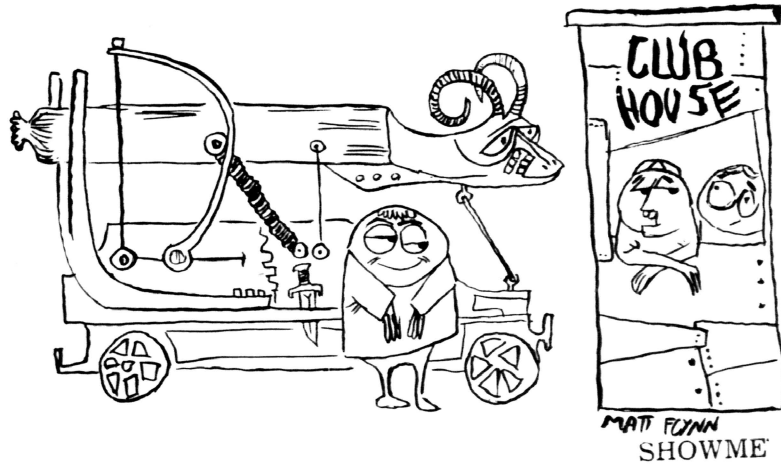
Mademoiselle
Delmanettes
Troylings

Spring Shoes
in all the
newest styles
including the
new pointed toe.
For a complete
selection shop
at the only
exclusive
women's shoe
store in
Columbia



the novus shop
18 ON THE STROLLWAY

Flynn's Flings



"I think we'd better extend him a bid."



"Sonofagun! Jack Blurch! We never expected to see YOU again."



"Oh come now, Grisdon, don't go Hollywood on me."



"You'll never get away with this."

To Encourage Student Writing



Showme

Supplement

"What's the matter with you tonight?" Karen asked me.

"Nothing," I mumbled. If you don't have a stupid smile on your face all the time, everybody thinks that you're ready for the gas pipe. "I just don't feel like talking tonight, that's all." That Karen's a killer. Miss 'Stupid Freshman of 1957.' Oh, she's not really that bad. I just mean she's like all the other 'Stupid Freshmen of 1957'. They're all the same. If she'd been through what I had, she wouldn't be a chatter-box either. I could tell her what happened tonight when I went backstage to see Bill, but I'd just be wasting my breath. She wouldn't understand. I'd have to tell her the whole story from the very beginning, and it probably wouldn't mean anything to her anyway. From now on, I'm going to smile all the time, even if my manic-depressive personality is at its lowest ebb so people like Karen won't ask me what's the matter. It's funny, but if it wasn't for her dragging me to the recital tonight, I'd never have spoken to Bill again after all these years. I wish I hadn't. Why did it have to be me? That's what I get for being one of the 'older' boys in the fraternity. Everyone else who was here when it happened has either graduated or flunked out. I still can't believe it about Sherman Grafton. It just proves that wonders never cease, or something like that. I wonder what the guys would think of old Sherman now. I wonder what they'd think of themselves.

It hardly seems like four years since I first walked into that large white fraternity house, carrying a leather suitcase in each hand and wearing a 'you know what kind of smile' on my face. (I was as green as grass and as innocent as a new-born babe.) That was the first time I'd ever been away from home, and it took quite a bit of effort for me to



Gentlemen Songsters

By Gerald Marsh

Off on a Spree

keep from catching the next train back home. But the guys in the fraternity smiled like hell at me and handed me an A-1 snow job that first week, so I felt a little better after a few days. It seemed that I shook hands with a thousand guys, and everyone of them asking me the same questions. Where was I from? What was I majoring in? Did I have a date for the 'rush' dance that weekend? The usual crud. I remember that I lied and told them that I did have a date. I didn't want a date. I was scared stiff of girls then. In fact, to tell you the truth, I'd never had a date in my life. I'm not kidding. Oh, I've made up for it since

then, but at the time, I was what you would call a clean-living American youth. Sometimes I think I'd be better off if I'd stayed that way. That Karen's a killer, no kidding. They were wasting their time on me with that friendly crud, though. My cousin Artie was a Sig Delt in 1947, and he told me to go straight to the Sig Delt house and unpack my bags. Artie always was a stupid jackass. I must have been even dumber, I guess, but one thing for sure, I wouldn't send anybody to some frat and tell him to join right away. I'd tell him to look around at all the other frats first.

I first noticed Bill Francis at

the initiation ceremony of our pledge class. I guess why I noticed him then was that I hadn't noticed him at all the previous week. He was that quiet. There was something about him a few of us guys didn't like, only we couldn't put our finger on it. He was tall and skinny, but you'd never peg him for a basketball player in a million years. When he walked, he kind of bounced on the balls of his feet, and he never said a word unless you talked to him first. He was from a small town in Michigan and nobody knew him before, so you had to take the guy at face value, which wasn't worth very much. I don't know why they voted him in the frat, but I guess being so quiet, nobody could really say anything bad about him. I didn't exactly feel like celebrating, when I found out that Bill Francis was to be my roommate.

It didn't take us long to discover that a pledge is the lowest form of human existence. Those Dr. Jekylls who were so friendly to us the week before turned into sinister Mr. Hydes and made that fact cruelly apparent to us the very first night after initiation. They woke us up and made us run around the block about a hundred times. Well, it wasn't a hundred maybe, but I was plenty damn tired anyhow. Now if Bill had gotten up like the rest of us, instead of griping like he did, maybe Grafton never would have started on him in the first place.

* * *

"Wake up, you deejy cruds!" The shout seemed to enter my brain and explode like an H-bomb, and then the shock wave hit me, cold and wet, right square in the face, and I woke up coughing and sputtering. Sherman Grafton, with an empty water pitcher in each hand, was standing in the center of the room laughing like hell. There were some other guys there too, but I don't remember who they were now. Across the room, Bill Francis sounded like he was drowning in his bunk. "Get out of those sacks, you low-lives! You're going out for some exer-

cise tonight!" My pajamas, blankets, and sheets were soaking wet, and I began to shiver. I was so scared, I wanted to cry. I got up and began to dress automatically. My teeth were chattering so loud you could hear them.

"Isn't this rather juvenile? I thought you were supposed to be adults by the time you entered college." Bill was sitting on the edge of his bed. He looked like a piece of wet paper.

"Isn't this rather juvenile?" Grafton mimicked Bill's high-pitched voice. He wasn't laughing anymore. "Well, listen to Daddy Francis, will you! He thinks we're acting like juveniles. Well, by all means, Mr. Francis, we're terribly sorry it we aroused you from your slumber." Grafton was purring like a kitten now, and he patted Bill's head with his huge hand as he spoke. "You go right back to sleep, and we'll just take the others out tonight."

"Well, if the others are. . ."

"No, no, Mr. Francis," Grafton interrupted. "You've set yourself as more mature than the rest of the pledges so we'll have to treat you accordingly." He emphasized 'accordingly' and smiled to the other guys, who exchanged knowing glances.

"What's taking you so long?" Grafton suddenly snarled at me. I was strangely happy that he was sneering at me like a movie villain and his eyes were full of contempt.

"I'm almost d-d-dressed," I chattered. One thing for sure, I didn't want to be treated 'accordingly'.

Come to think of it, maybe that's what Grafton had in mind. I mean, the other pledges getting bitter at Bill because he was the only one who wasn't with us that night. I tried to tell them that it really wasn't Bill's fault, but they thought I was only sticking up for him because he was my roommate, so I gave up finally. You know how a bunch of guys are when they make their minds up about something. It doesn't pay to wear yourself out arguing.

Those first few weeks were so hectic and confusing trying to get settled in this big zoo of ours, that I didn't have much time to find out anything about my roommate. There's one thing I've learned at college. The only way you really ever get to know anybody is when you live with him.

* * *

"I'm a modern dance major," he answered in the darkness from his bunk across the room.

"What are you taking this semester, Jitterbugging 401, and Mambo 504?" I asked sarcastically. I thought he was pulling my leg. I heard him laugh.

"No, I mean modern interpretative dancing and ballet."

"Look, Bill!" I was getting aggravated now. "I asked you a very simple question and if you can't give me a decent answer, then you can go to hell."

"I'm not kidding you, Joe, honest. That really is my major. Ever since I was a young kid, I've wanted to be a dancer. What's wrong with that? Some guys want to be dentists, or accountants, or teachers. Well, I want to be a dancer."

"There's nothing wrong with it," I conceded. "I just thought you were kidding around, that's all. I even took oboe lessons myself for a couple of months, but I heard you can go nuts from blowing that thing too long."

"Maybe you missed your call, Joe," he said. "Well, good night."

"Bill?" I couldn't go to sleep until I asked him. "Do you wear that uniform that those ballet dancers wear all the time? When they dance, I mean."

"You mean leotards?"

"I don't know what you call 'em, but they're like tight sweat pants and . . . uh . . . everything sorta shows."

"Ha, ha, those are leotards all right. My mother just sent me two pair. I'll show them to you tomorrow."

"Okay, swell. Good night, Bill." Well, you can imagine how I felt when I found out I was room-

ing with one of those 'Light-footed Larrys.' Everytime I'd see one of those dainty little percys on T.V. flying around all over the place, I'd just about have a fit laughing. And here I was rooming with one. I couldn't wait to tell the guys the next day. Of course, if I had known what was going to happen, I'd never have started anything in the first place. All I did was tell some of the other pledges and we got Bill to put on his - er . . . costume, and do one of his dances for us. We almost choked trying not to bust out laughing.

* * *

"And he doesn't even have red shoes on," chimed a voice from behind us. Bill froze in the middle of a fancy spin, and we all turned to face the intruder. Who else but Sherman Grafton was leaning against the wooden door frame, practically drooling at the perfection of the situation. "I see our Mr. Francis has hidden talent. Hey, everybody," he shouted through the house. "Come quick and see what we have in our pledge class. Don't stop now, Willy-love. I was enjoying your performance tremendously. You looked so . . . so . . . graceful, I don't think I've seen many GIRLS as graceful as you are."

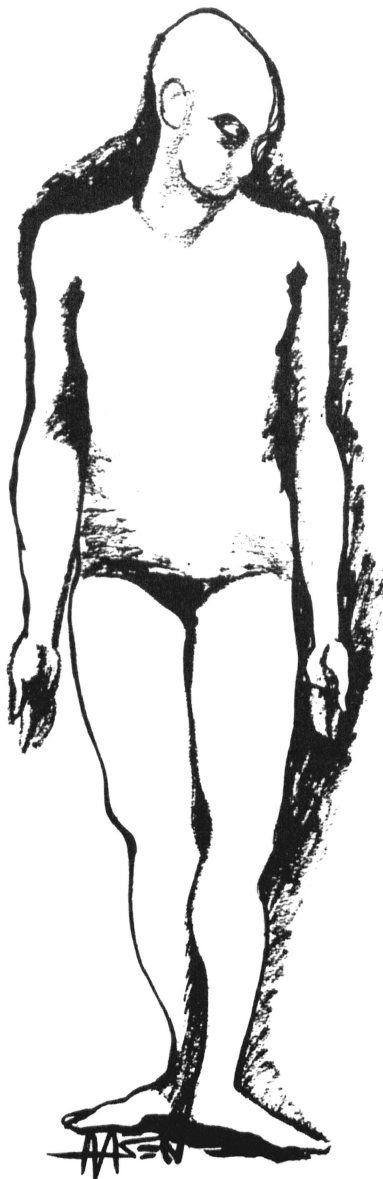
In a few minutes, the room was full of guys, all laughing and wisecracking, and going crazy when they saw Bill in those fancy sweat pants. They were chartreuse. I couldn't help feeling sorry for him. He didn't seem to understand what was happening at first, and he just stood there bewildered and red-faced with those crazy chartreuse things on his legs. But do you think he learned his lesson from the last time? Not that jerk, no sir! Instead of just keeping still and letting everyone get it out of their systems once and for all, he opens up his big mouth.

"I'm glad my dancing amuses you, Grafton. Maybe you'll pick up some badly needed culture in the meantime. Now I'd appreciate it if you'd all get out of my room!"

Sherman's jaw dropped all the way down to the shiny Sig Delt

pin on his sweater, and he just stood there like a stature for a few seconds. You just don't tell active brothers to get out of your room. That is, not unless you want to get kicked out of the fraternity, or something.

"No need to be touchy, Mr. Francis," Sherman said too politely. "If you can't take a little



ribbing, maybe you don't belong here. You don't HAVE to stay here, you know.'

Bill shoved his skinny face right up to Grafton's. "I wouldn't give you the satisfaction!" Sherman's eyebrows seemed to lift slightly in tribute to the suicidal challenge, and winking to one of the guys, he walked out of the

room without bothering to answer. That night I lay awake for at least fifteen minutes wondering how long it would take Grafton to make Bill quit.

Well, I guess you don't need a tutor to know that Bill wasn't the most popular guy in the fraternity with actives or pledges. Not that anyone really disliked him, except Sherman maybe, but he just didn't fit in, if you know what I mean. You could see he couldn't have been much of an athlete, and he was always so serious and studious all the time, never horsing around, or anything. I mean, the guys just didn't feel at ease when he was around. No one ever told a dirty joke in front of him. I remember how we used to gather in Sherman's room, and Mickey Jacobs used to imitate Bill's dancing. He was a riot, that Mickey. I wonder what ever happened to him. That clown flunked out after his first year and no one has heard a word from him since. He was a real character, that guy. There's nobody around like him anymore. He should have been with me tonight. I wonder how HE'D feel. But don't think that Sherman forgot about Bill. Sherman was really a nice guy when you got to know him and he liked you, and he was one guy who wasn't afraid of anybody. I remember when two of the guys got in an argument with some drunks at the beer joint and they came back to the house and got Sherman, and he went back with them and beat the hell out of the rummies. Well, anyway, Sherman made life miserable for poor Bill, and he did go a little too far sometimes. He'd made Bill do pushups until the kid couldn't raise his arms above his head to comb his hair, and he'd send him out for snacks in the middle of the night when the weather was rottenest, and he'd make Bill entertain at chows in his dancing outfit. I swear I don't know how Bill took it. I have to give him credit. He took everything Grafton gave him and he never so much as gave Sherman a dirty look. Everyone knew it was between Sherman and Bill, so no one else bothered Bill very much,

but if anyone ever came up with a fresh idea, they'd tell Sherman and he'd put it into effect, so to speak. Now I hope you don't think that I didn't try to help the kid. Being his roommate, I felt it was up to me to wise him up.

* * *

"Look, Bill, why don't you try a little harder to be one of the boys? You never go anyplace with anybody, and all you do is study and practice, and more study."

"What do you want me to do?" he said flatly.

"Well, you can . . . uh . . . well . . . get a date for the formal this weekend."

"I already have a date." he said in the same tone.

I was really surprised. I didn't think he ever went out with girls. "Well, that's better, buddy-boy. You'll have a great time at this affair."

"Would you like to double with me?" he asked with a peculiar smile on his lips.

"Well, I . . . I don't think so, Billy-boy. I sort of promised Mickey that I'd go with him. He'd get mad if I didn't. Why don't you ask one of the other guys?"

"Yeah, maybe I will," he said.

The formal that Saturday night was our biggest affair of the year, and they had us pledges hopping like demons getting the house in shape for the alumni and guests that were coming in. We even had to give up our beds to the guests, so we looked forward to sleeping

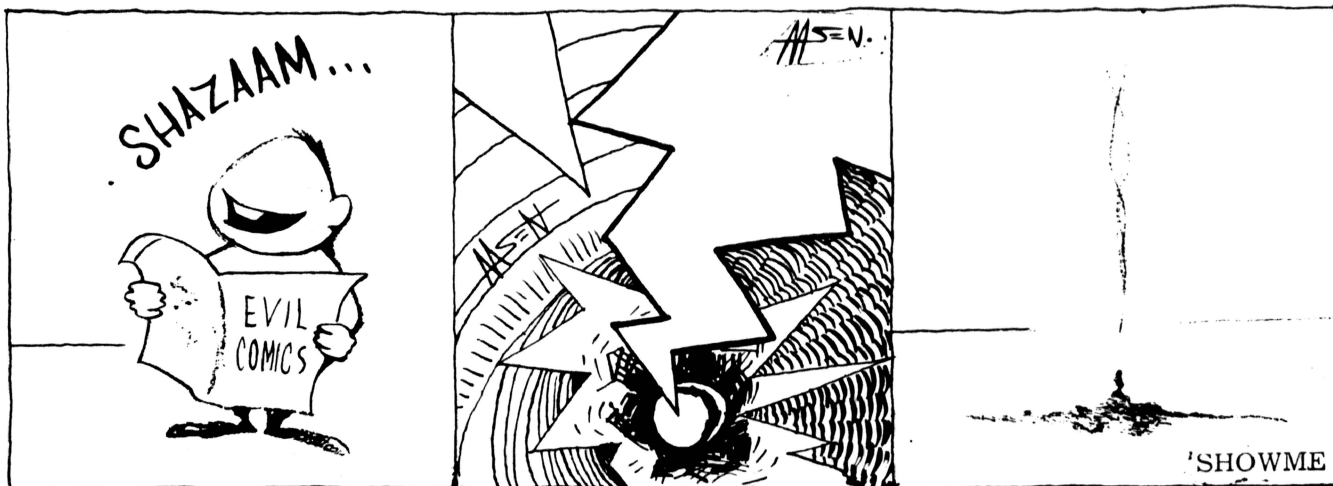
on the living room floor the night of the dance. None of us cared much, though, cause we knew we'd have an all-night bull-session anyway. I remember that I felt like THE man about town with my neatly-pressed rented tuxedo. That was the first time I'd worn one, and it was a big deal to me then. I've been to so many formals since that I have a tux of my own now. I wonder who I can sell it to before I graduate. Maybe that Michaels kid. He's about my size and he's dumb enough to buy a tux that's out of style. Well, anyway, I was having a riot that night. I got fixed up with a cute southern chick who was as dumb as they come. Honest, you'd think they'd be a little more selective about who they let go to college. Even Karen has that one beat. I was so busy trying to drown the 'you-alls' in scotch and sodas that I never saw Bill and his date come in. In fact, I didn't realize Bill was there until I heard Sherman's voice over the loud speaking system.

* * *

"Lad-e-e-z an' gennleman!" He was clinging desperately to the microphone to steady himself as he spoke. "It is my pleasure to pre-ezent to you someone who will entertain you as you have never been entertained before. Someone who is the toast of the campus and the darling of the Sig Delt house." He was laughing like a hyena now, and some of the other guys were practically rolling on the floor. I couldn't figure out what was coming off.

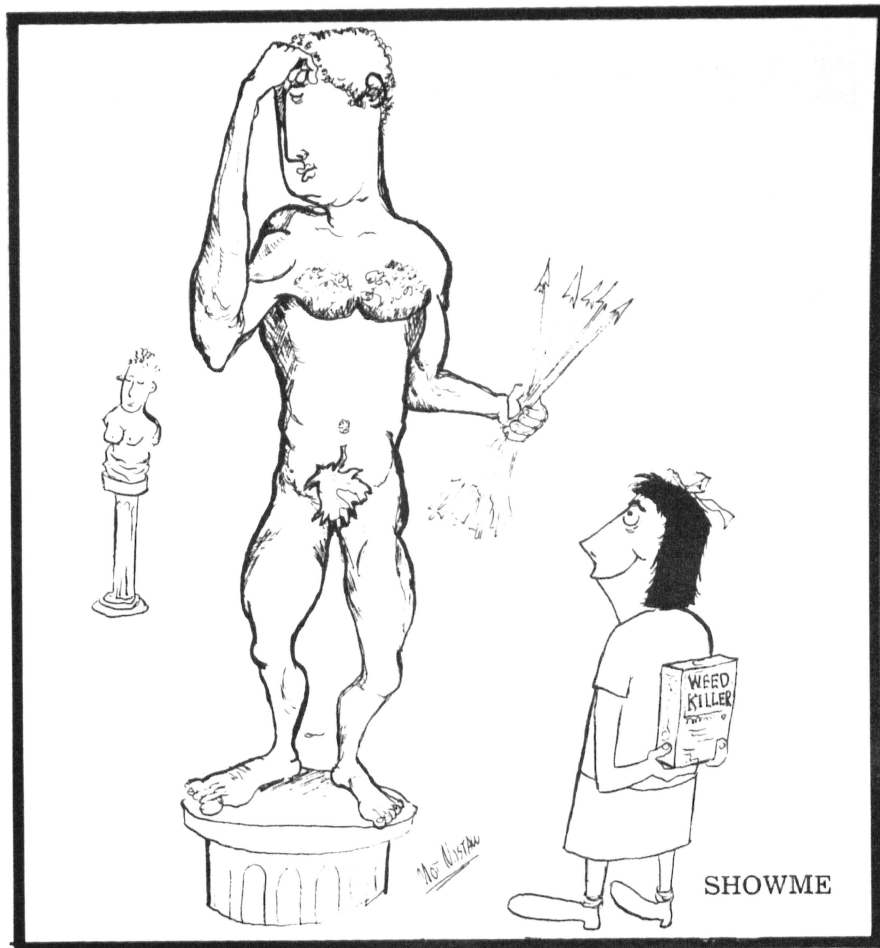
"We knew he would be too modest to perform so we brought along his costume for him." He held up Bill's chartreuse tights so everybody could see them. The ballroom became bedlam. Sherman had to wait a few minutes before he could go on. "If you'll just applaud a little, I'm sure we can get him up here. Here he is, our own Wilhemina . . . I mean William Francis!"

I was a little mad. I thought Sherman had gone a little too far this time. He shouldn't have pulled that stuff with all the alumni and other guests here. It just didn't look right. Then I saw Bill for the first time that night. The crowd had cleared a path from his table to the bandstand and I saw him and his date sitting alone, and he looked pale as a ghost with just one candle on the table pointing him out. The girl he was with thought Bill was really going to entertain and she was clapping with everybody else. Bill didn't move. Everyone was laughing and clapping, and some of the drunker guys shouted some pretty nasty remarks. But he just sat there. He didn't look up, or down, or at anybody there. He just stared at his clasped hands resting on the table. I could see him biting his lip, and his cheekbones looked like they were going to bust out of his face, but his eyes kept staring down at his hands, as if they were the only things left that wouldn't hurt him. All of a sudden, the laughing, and the clapping, and the wisecracks seemed to fall dead on the dance floor, and it



got awful quiet in the ballroom that night. Of all the parties, and games, and rallies, and everything that I've ever been to at college, I think I'll remember that silence the longest. I could have kissed the bandleader when he finally started up the next fox-trot, and believe me when I tell you, there wasn't one person who sat that one out. After a few turns, I glanced quickly toward Bill's table, but the candlelight was dancing on two empty chairs. The next day I helped Bill Francis move out of the house.

Yeah, all that seems like it just happened a little while ago, and it's really been over three years. Bill moved into a boarding house on the other side of campus, and I don't think I saw him more than three times in all that time. When I did see him, it'd just be 'hello' or 'how are you' or something like that. I didn't snub him, you understand. It's just that I felt funny when I saw him. Maybe I felt sorry for him, I don't know, but I can see that I was wasting my sympathy if I did. It was the same with the other guys whenever they saw him, only of course they never had gotten as friendly with him as I had. No one ever talked about it much after it happened, and we made sure Sherman wasn't around when we did. He'd get madder than hell if he heard you. Now I can see why. Well, like I said, I hardly saw Bill after he quit. There was a couple of semesters there when I didn't see anybody. If I hadn't knocked myself out studying the way I did, I would have flunked out a long time ago. What kills me is that I have to get a 'B' in accounting 507 this semester or I won't graduate in June. Pressure, pressure, pressure. In fact, I really should have been studying tonight, only Karen dragged me to this dance recital with her. And that's how I got to talk to Bill again after all these years. I almost fell through the floor when I saw his name on the program. You see, the dance majors give a recital for their final exam, and that's what Bill was doing. I had almost forgotten that he was graduating in June, too. What do



SHOWME

I mean, 'too'. The way I'm screwing off, I'll never graduate. I had to smother a laugh when I first saw Bill in those tights again. Force of habit, I guess. Karen poked me with her elbow to keep quiet because there were a lot of professors and instructors in the audience. You know how they go for that stuff. After a few minutes, Bill didn't look funny anymore, though. It didn't look anything at all like when he used to twirl around the room at the frat house. Maybe it was that big orchestra, or those girls that floated around like feathers and carried themselves like queens, or maybe it was all those people sitting so quiet and absorbed and really enjoying it. I don't know. All I know is that Bill seemed to let the music carry him around in its arms, and he looked so goddamn happy that somehow I felt strangely relieved. Not that I worried about him during all these years, but it . . . well, we might . . . I don't know. I can't explain it. I clapped harder than anybody else when it

was over.

It would have been better if I hadn't, but I wanted to congratulate him on his performance. You know, show him that his old roommate hadn't forgotten him. Everyone was filing out of the auditorium, and Karen was pulling me toward the exit because she has a 10:30 curfew on Wednesday night.

* * * *

"I'll be back in a minute, doll," I told her as I headed backstage. She started complaining but I didn't pay any attention to her. You have to show these women who's boss once in a while.

Bill was standing in the center of a group of people who were shaking his hand and patting him on the back and wishing him luck. His face was covered with perspiration and he was still breathing fast. I waited until everyone else had left and then I called to him as he started toward a dressing room. "Hi-

Over

ya, Bill," I said to the back of his head.

I could tell he was surprised when he turned and saw me, because he didn't answer for a few seconds. "Well, hello, Joe. What are you doing here?"

"I heard you were giving a big recital so I thought I'd come and see it. You were terrific, Bill. Honest. You ought to pass that course easy."

"Well, thanks, Joe," he laughed. "Yes, I think I might pass that COURSE with a little luck."

"Sherman Grafton should have been here tonight, huh, Bill? You really could have shown the ape up." I forced a laugh just in case I hit a sore spot.

He gave me a puzzled look. "Why should I want to show Sherman up?" he asked.

Now what the hell was he doing, I thought. Playing games? "Well you know . . . I mean the way he . . ."

"He never told anyone then," Bill said half to himself. "I guess the poor guy was ashamed to tell anyone."

Now I was puzzled. I didn't know what to think anymore. "Told anyone what?" I asked as casually as I could.

"Sherman came to my room the week after I left and asked me to come back to the fraternity," he said simply.

Well, I'd heard everything right there and then. From then on nothing would ever surprise me. "Sherman? Asked YOU to come back?" So many questions were forming in my mind that all I could do was stand there and stammer like an idiot.

"Yes. He said that he didn't mean to humiliate me that night, only he was drunk and the other, . . ." he suddenly paused and looked down at the floor for a minute before he went on. "He said he never thought I would quit and he said he knew it was his fault that I had. He didn't want it on his conscience," he said.

"Well, why the hell didn't you come back, you big goof? As long as Sherman had . . ."

"It wasn't only Sherman," Bill interrupted, looking squarely at me.

You can imagine how I felt then. My face got hot, and I couldn't return Bill's look to save my life. I didn't even try to say anything. What could I have said anyway? There was an awkward moment of silence.



"And gentlemen, if there is one thing I won't tolerate, it's a yes-man. Isn't that right, Figby?"

COMMONWEALTH COLUMBIA THEATRES

MISSOURI

2:30 — 7 — 9 P.M.
Continuous Sun.

HALL

7 — 9 P.M.
Continuous Sun.

UPTOWN

2 — 7 — 9 P.M.
Continuous Sun.

VARSITY

7 — 9 P.M.
Continuous Sat., Sun.

BROADWAY DRIVE-IN
At Dusk

"Well, so long Joe," Bill finally said. "Thank you for coming tonight. I've got to go now. Good luck."

You can understand now why I wasn't feeling very talkative while Karen and I walked back to her dormitory. That's why Karen asked me 'what's the matter,' and I told her what I did. I didn't want her to think I was mad at her though, so after a while I forced myself to say something.

"That kid who was dancing tonight used to be my roommate," I informed her.

"I didn't know he was in your fraternity," she said.

"Hell, he's really not in the fraternity now, but he used to be. He had to quit because he had to devote so much time to his dancing."

"How did you like rooming with him?" she asked. "Aren't those dancers sort of 'funny'?"

"That shows how much you know!" I snapped, closing the conversation. You can't talk to these freshmen. That Karen's a killer, isn't she?

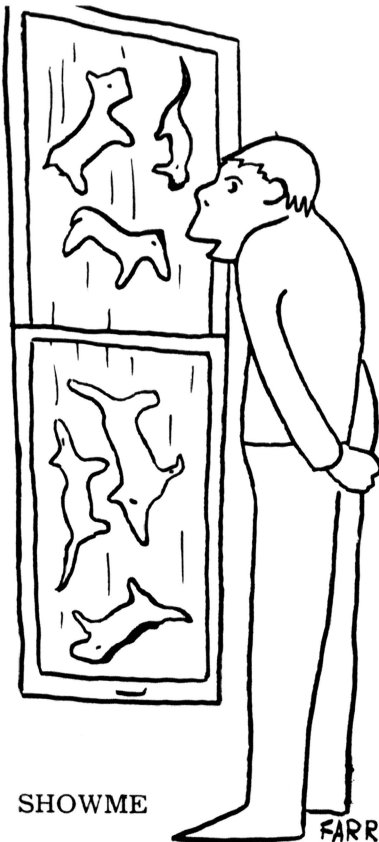
The end.

Hear about the termite who walked into a saloon and asked, "Where is the bar tender?"

MEET NEW
PEOPLE
AT...
THE
ITALIAN VILLAGE



NOEL



SHOWME

FARR

"Oh, nothing . . . I just said it was rainin' cats and dogs outside."



● Jazz is like any pleasant pastime, it must be heard to be enjoyed. Regardless what school of music you prefer there are unlimited amounts at your fingertips. In a modern record shop you can sit and listen, choosing from any style of music that conforms with your taste. At *Don Small's Record Shop* music is our business. You can hear it and enjoy it. We also have many varieties of machines to make your sounds better. Come in for a session, 19 North Tenth.

BARNEY KINKADE is married. (That kind of knocks our theory that all artists starve in garrets with mistresses all to hell.)

His main hobby is being married. And his other interests are cooking, sewing, cleaning the house and related activities.



His major is economics. He thinks he's a senior, but good old Dean English (W. Francis, that is) might have other ideas.

Barney served two years as one of Uncle Sugar's nephews. And the amazing thing about Barney, which shocks friends and neighbors, is that he just didn't like the army one little bit.

He is currently engaged in drawing cartoons to replace Thurlow as soon as Part MCVXI is published. These will run for the next seventeen years and shall be called "Son of Thurlow," "Thurlow Rides Again" and "The Portable Thurlow."

There will always be a Thurlow. Amen.

JOHN MCSKIMMING is a virile ad man. All good ad men are virile. Actually we have no conclusive evidence of this phenomenon — it's just one of those spur-of-the-moment observations that you make.

By the way, if you are virile and or an ad man, come up to the SHOWME office, 302 Read Hall, and we'll put you to work in some capacity. (Yeaahhh, man!)

John is a St. Louisan and a senior in J-School. "J" stands for Journalism. (That's just for the personal edification of any stray engineers.)

In case you've been worrying about all those Marines who participated in the Inchon landing in Korea, John is the boy to clue you in. He was there . . . but he doesn't like to talk about it.

John's hobbies are cooking and cats. We know he didn't pick them up in the Marines. You just don't pick things like that up in the Marines. But, Man, the things you find at the SAE house!



Lately Swami has been over-ridden with all sorts of pure innocent creatures who don't drink beer and who blush engagingly at the slightest provocation, creating a completely unwholesome atmosphere for SHOWME staffers to work in. NANCY BALES is the latest addition to the crew.



(Julie's Photo)

One of her main claims to fame is that she's one of Swami's few Nancys who isn't a Nanci. Which makes her unique, also different.

One reason she's such a boon to the staff is her vast fund of knowledge, gleaned from her nurses' training, of abortions, hangover remedies and trench-mouth cures. Therefore, her personal attention is much in demand.

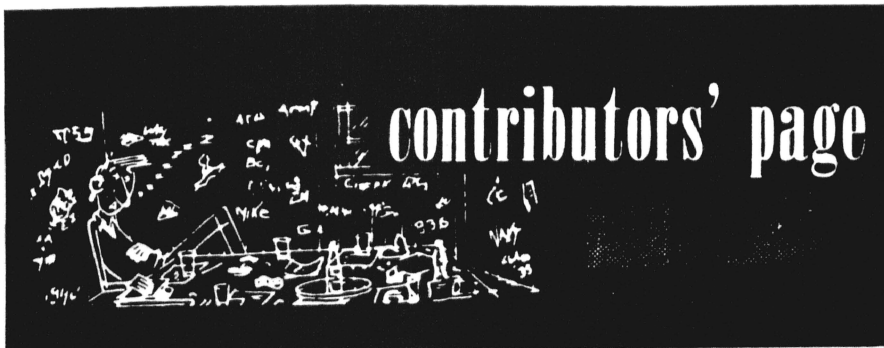
Nancy handles our exchanges with other college magazines. Each month she voraciously licks 125 gummy little stamps and types 125 gummy little lables.

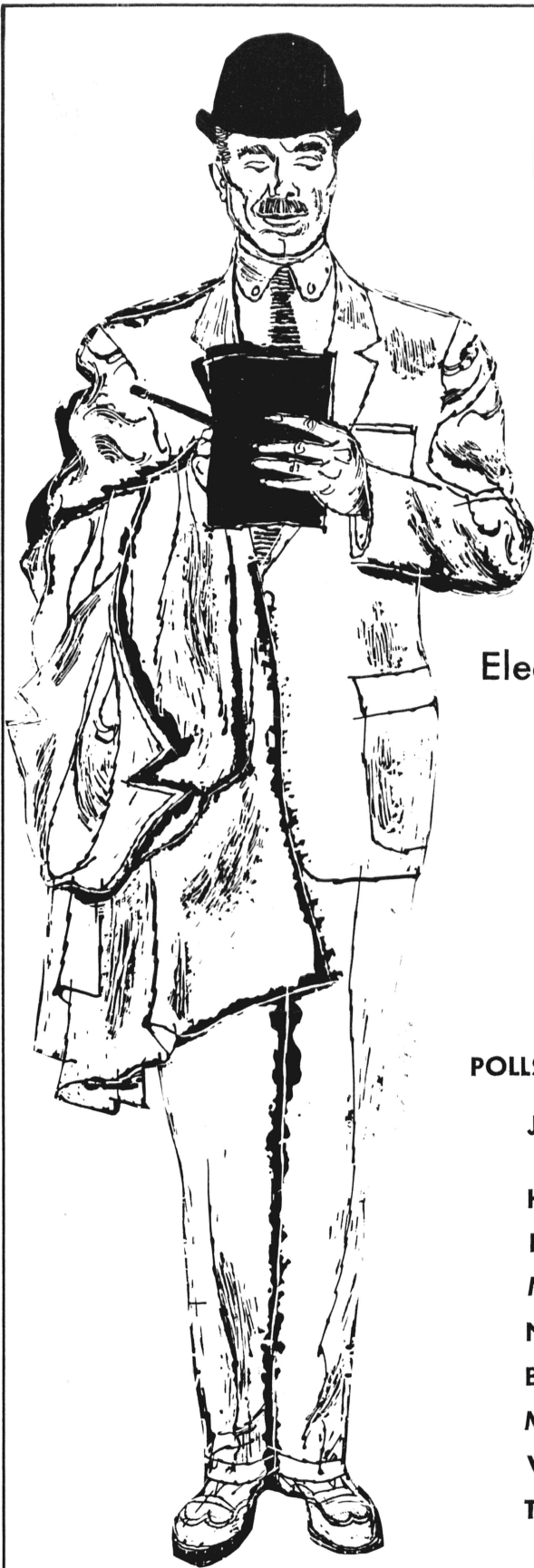
And she doesn't even drink beer.

D. B.

A drunken farmer stumbled home through the pasture after his regular Saturday night festivities in town. As he climbed into bed, his wife snorted, "Whoo-boy, what's that stink?"

To which the farmer replied easily, "I lost my hat out there in the pasture, maw, and tried on seven before I finally found it again."





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