

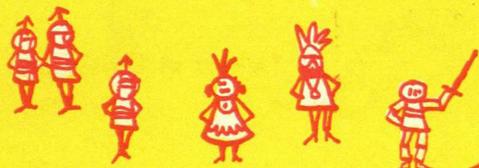
33 # 8

May, 1957

25c



Showme



Hot Damn-
OZARKS!

MATT
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T H E

DIAMONDS

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"Why Do Fools Fall In Love"

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"Ka Ding Dong"

"Love, Love, Love"

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T H E

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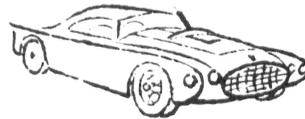
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*For the finest in footwear fashions
it's*

Puckett's . . . of course!



March 20, 1957

Dear Nanci (My Pet) and Skip:
Although my landlady dislikes SHOWME because "it's childish", I despise it because it refuses continually to publish my stuff.

As a member of the working press, I feel my literature is more acceptable to the discriminating than the third-class chit-chat you insist on printing.

Other comments at my office, (Springfield State Journal) follow:

Society Editor—"Pure drivel."
Managing Editor—Just curled his lip and snarled.

City Editor—"Rubbish."

Publisher—"A violation of the Freedom of the Press."

Janitor—"Pages are too stiff."
Ex-Stephens Reporter—"Those dirty S.O.B.s"

If you fail to print my letter, I'll see that you're all flunked in H&P and Copy II.

From one who made it,
Bob Colby
1516 Whittier Ave.,
Springfield, Ill.

Dear Bob:

You should be flunked in Copy II for saying "Ex-Stephens" instead of "Former Stephens".

Now that we've published your stuff you shouldn't despise us. If you met us again you'd find we're simply lovable folks. In fact, your Pet loves ANY man.

Pet and beloved Skip

March 16, 1957

Sirs:

Please begin a SHOWME subscription for Dr. C. V. Bailey, Jr., 27 University Trailer Park, Austin 3, Texas.

Tell us when the sub is up, so that I may renew it?

Dorothy Bailey

Dear Dorothy:

It's up this month. Please send \$500 for renewal care of . . .
Skip and Nanci

* * *

March 11, 1957

Dear Editors:

We are sending you TRUMP, the

SUSIE STEPHENS



SHOWME

"They've simply become
a part of me!"

new humor magazine. We would like to continue each new issue and in turn we would like to be included on your subscription list.

We are asking because we have more than a passing interest in college humor magazines. TRUMP is a young fast-growing publication and we are naturally on the alert for new talent. We hope to be able in the future to add new ability and skill to our staff from the staffs of college humor magazines.

Very truly yours,
Harry Chester
Managing Editor
TRUMP Magazine
232 E. Ohio St.,
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Mr. Chester:

We've had our bags packed ever since we heard you bought off the editors of MAD and put them into a new income bracket. Take us away from all this poverty and give us four-color covers again.

17 New Talents
(Loaded with Original
Tricks — Will Travel)

* * *

March 25, 1957

Dear Editor:

As a member of the Class of '56, I have always been intrigued by the "gems of wisdom" published in SHOWME. Now, that I am in Washington, D.C., I would delight in reading a copy.

Thank you,
Marilyn Mitchell
221 Gibbon St., Apt. 2
Alexandria, Va.

Dear Marilyn:

When you send us some money we'd be glad to go on intriguing you. Don't you people in Washington have any concern for Poor People?

Nanci, Skip and Aga Khan

* * *

March 25, 1957

Joe Van Trump, Photo Editor

Hi Joe:

SHOWME is a fine publication

and after reading it, I can see why it is such a popular item. Very good.

It must have been a tough decision in voting for the six queen finalists, but I'm inclined to go along with it. Tell both Ann and Katie that I said so. We heard you on Harry Fender's Show and you all sounded like natural radio personalities.

I'm sending a couple of our latest records. Our next release, due about May 1, is "Lonely Man" b/w "The Happy One".

The good "ole" Escorts are proud to appear in good "ole" SHOWME.

THE ESCORTS
RCA-VICTOR

Dear Good "Ole" Escorts:

We hope KFRU and KBIA take the tip and give the recordings a spin. We heard you and are sure you're heading up to the top. Send a couple samplers to the two above stations here in Columbia. They hardly ever dig out anything except what's presented to them on a platter!

If you ever get down to Stephens College, don't ever compliment us there. We'll lose circulation! Every time some official rakes us, but good, our sales jump.

Editors

* * *

April 1, 1957

Dear Editors:

I recently received an issue of SHOWME from a friend and it was sure good to see that "feelthy" magazine again. It sure shortened the distance between Mizzou and Mainz, Germany. Send me issues from February through June . . . and bill me.

Lt. Jasper D. Crane
04042115
78th AFA Bn., Btry C,
APO 185, N.Y., N.Y.

Dear Casper:

What sinful friends you have! But mercy man! Don't say SHOWME shortens the distance between a guy and M.U. A lotta seniors are around who wanta put a

much distance between as possible . . . but we still want their subscriptions next year.

Your Long-Distance Buddies

* * *

March 25, 1957

To: Editors

Subject: General Bull

Writing a letter to the editor (editors) of SHOWME has been something that I have meant to do for a long time. This all probably sounds pretty corny, but it's true just the same. I think you have a pretty fair publication. Every month I don't rush right down to purchase my copy, catch on? There's only one complaint, the fact that by the time the local bookstore receives their allotment, they are almost a month old.

held up at the customs office.

Man, there are so many queens around here we hear there's a hunt for a girl rumored not to have been one. And when they trace her down she's going to be crowned queen at the Unqueen Dance.

Queen Nanci and Plain Skip

* * *

March 25, 1957

Dear Sir:

Send all of this year's back copies and continue all through next year. I would appreciate it.

1st Lt. Joseph Kelso
Finance Officer
HQ. Sqdn., Sec. 20, FB Wg.
APO 120, NY, N.Y.

Dear Joe:

Some are hard to come by now. You're set up for next



"I'll never stop loving you, Clarice."

Was just wondering where the holdup was. We hard-studying sons of old St. Pat do enjoy reading some good stuff once in a while.

You mentioned something in the editors' column about an over-abundance of queens. Just in case you decide that you could spare a few for a good cause, just direct them to the address below.

Sincerely,
Joe R. Aid
411 E. 11th St.,
Rolla, Mo.

Dear Joe:

Month old! No wonder you don't rush right down. Probably

year's issues but as for this year wouldn't you rather take advantage of our special back issue gift package of 350 December issues for only \$3? It needn't cost YOU a cent . . . you're finance officer. For an even bigger bargain, contact MANEATER.

Editors

* * *

March 25, 1957

Sirs:

Please send to Mr. and Mrs. Ronnie Melton, Trailer 12, MCB, 29 Palms, California, as many SHOWME as this money (\$2) will buy. Enjoy your magazine so very much.

(Over)

Thank you
Unsigned
Kansas City, Mo.

Dear Unsigned:

Different issues? Plain pack-
age?

Editors

* * *

March 22, 1957

Dear Murlin,

How was the safari (February Shooting Gallery)? And how — Ummmm, and I was saying — a comment on your March column. (The word preceding the first bracket is loosely termed.)

Your verbal attack on the “Stephens Armor” sent me shaking in my tennies. First with rage and then with laughter. It was very pungent!

A Susie

P.S. And that friend who found the crack in the Stephens armor. He should check his own armor — he might find it warped.

Dear A Susie,

Safari. What safari? I've used a lot of words at one time or another, some socially and others less so, but safari? No. This word and the mention of having the shakes (a rare East African disease) leads me to believe that perhaps this was written by a Ubangi exchange student. This is born out by the signautre, but perhaps she is only operating on the old Stephens theory that there's safety in anonymity.

As to the friend with the crack in the Stephens armor, he believes as I do —that the best defense is a good offense. On the other, if our shaking Susie feels insecure looking after her personal armor, we'll be glad to help . . . Any night . . .

Murlin.

* * *

A small boy was hurrying to school, and as he hurried, he prayed, “Dear God, don't let me be late. Please don't let me be late.” Suddenly he stumbled and fell. Picking himself up he explained, “You don't have to shove!”

Definition of a marshmallow:
A pregnant aspirin.



KINKADE SHOWME

“I'm worried about John . . . Seems to be developing a fixation!”

It's Fine



and dandy

like a

stick of
candy

at

ROMANO'S

where

PIZZA is KING

and

Bowling is Best

Automatic Pinspotters

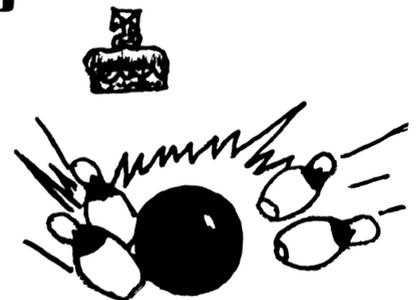
COMBO

Every Wednesday

9-11

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Give your MOTHER
the thrill of
Remembrance



with
Flowers

- Corsages to wear
- Plants for home
- Delivery or wire

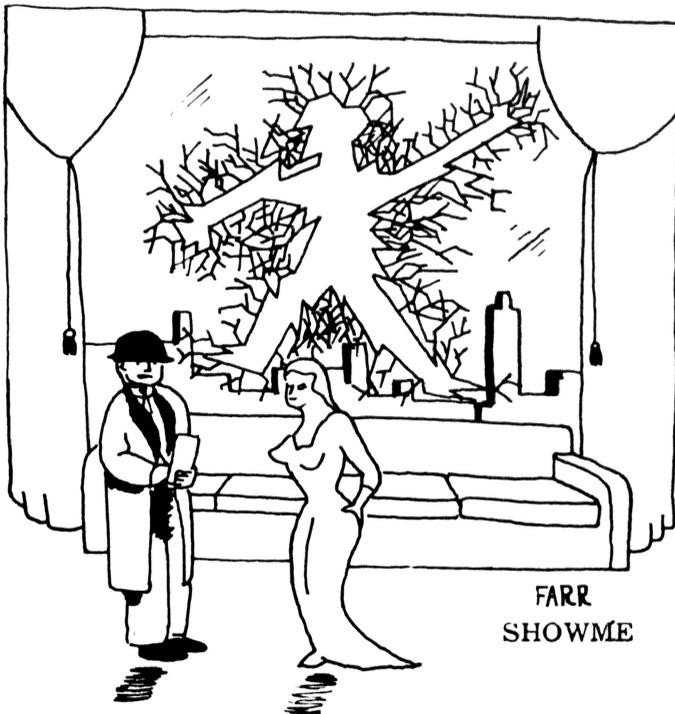
POWELL FLORIST

25 N. 9th

Mercy not Justice



Julie's Studio



"I'm afraid we'll have to hold you, Mrs. Lane!"

**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, well, well — the MAN-EATER is finally dumping Kirch-off! But unlike most SHOWME editors, he's picking up his degree before his editorial Waterloo.



THIS IS Journalism Week — the time when the seats in Neff Aud are harder than at any other time of year. Spending six hours a day in a room formerly occupied only for H&P and Ad Prin lectures, you memorize every crack in the ceiling and every scratch in the podium. Then bitch healthily when an old alum gets carried away with journalistic fervor and you miss your lunch hour.

And you never in your life watched so many plaques awarded, heard so many speeches or met so many members of "the working press." Fortunately a

WE'VE COVERED the Ozarks on other pages of the magazines, so all you have to do is pick your route on our map, choose your spot, and have a wicked go at it. Hot Damn! Head for the Ozarks!

Sign on Ku Klux Klan office:
Rack at one. Out to lynch.



SHE'S HURRYING
TO STORE
HER FURS AT

TIGER LAUNDRY & CLEANERS

1101 E. Broadway



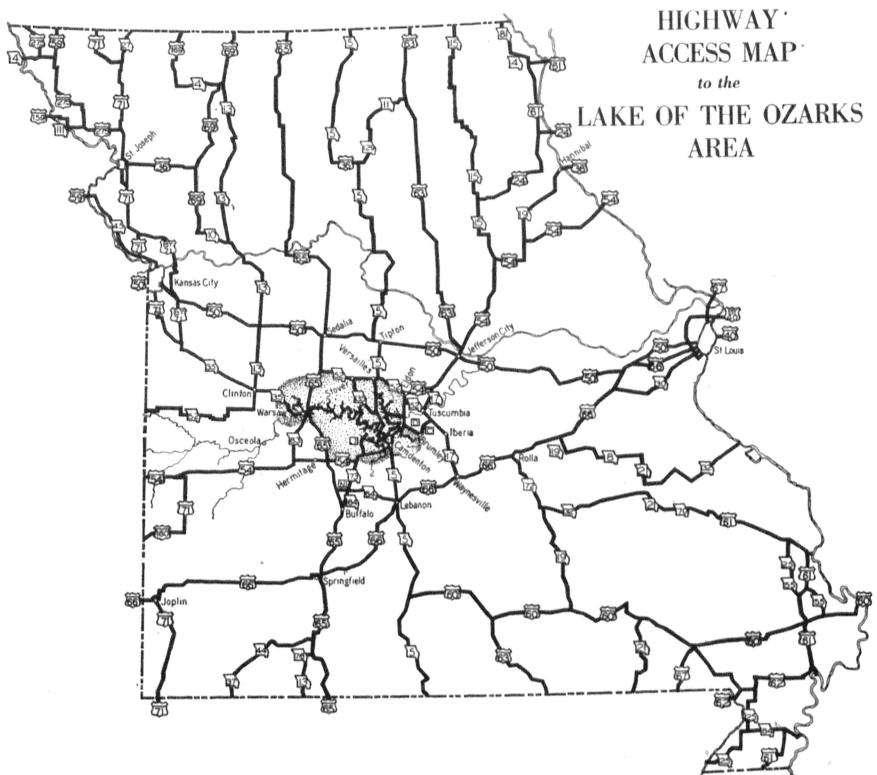
few of them do work and those are the people we love to hear more of. It's encouraging to think that someday you too will get paid for doing what you pay to do now.

And everyone threatens to bring pillows and no one ever does and the Tastee-Freeze never had so much business and spring blows in the window and it's such a nice day to go to the Ozarks. And here you are.

So it is to all suffering journalism students that we dedicate this Ozark issue of **SHOWME**.

... And when you read it during this morning's session, please be unobtrusive about it. The speaker for the day may not be as unobservant as Mr. Jones.

As long as we're on this journalistic kick, we might as well mention that **WALTER WILLIAMS WAS A MIDGET!** This theory, propounded by Swami's Spiritual Advisor and Ray of Sunshine, Margi Foster, can be proven empirically. Just try to get a drink at the water fountains in **W. W. Hall!**





Showme

VOLUME 33

MAY, 1957

NUMBER EIGHT

EDITORS

Skip Troelstrup

Nanci Schelker

BUSINESS MANAGER

Dick Johnston
Brack Hinchey

PHOTOS

Joe Van Trump
Charlotte Peaslee

OFFICE MANAGER

Pat Deatherage
Alex Seconk

EDITORIAL ASSISTANT

Dick Noel
Alex Seconk

PUBLICITY

Judy Miller
Margi Foster

SUBSCRIPTIONS

Joanne Petefish
Alex Seconk

FEATURES

Ron Soble
Alex Seconk

CIRCULATION

Bob Clatanoff
Ruth Muff

EXCHANGES

Carolyn Maas
Alex Seconk

ADVERTISING

Gene Scott
Bob Weinbach

ART

J. J. Aasen
Barney Kinkade

JOKES

Ginny Turman
Alex Seconk

FEATURES

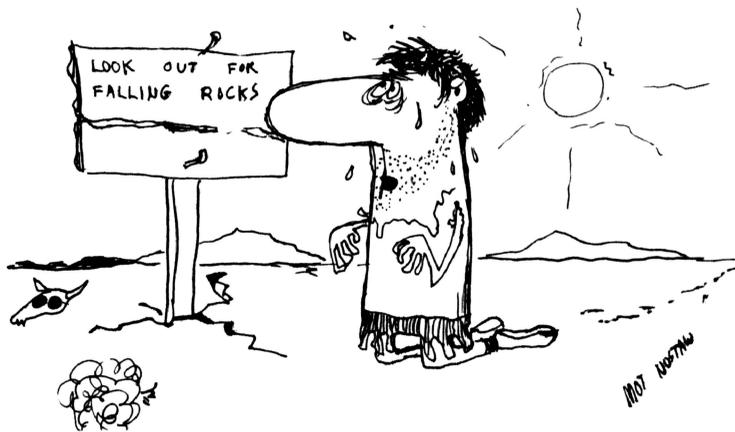
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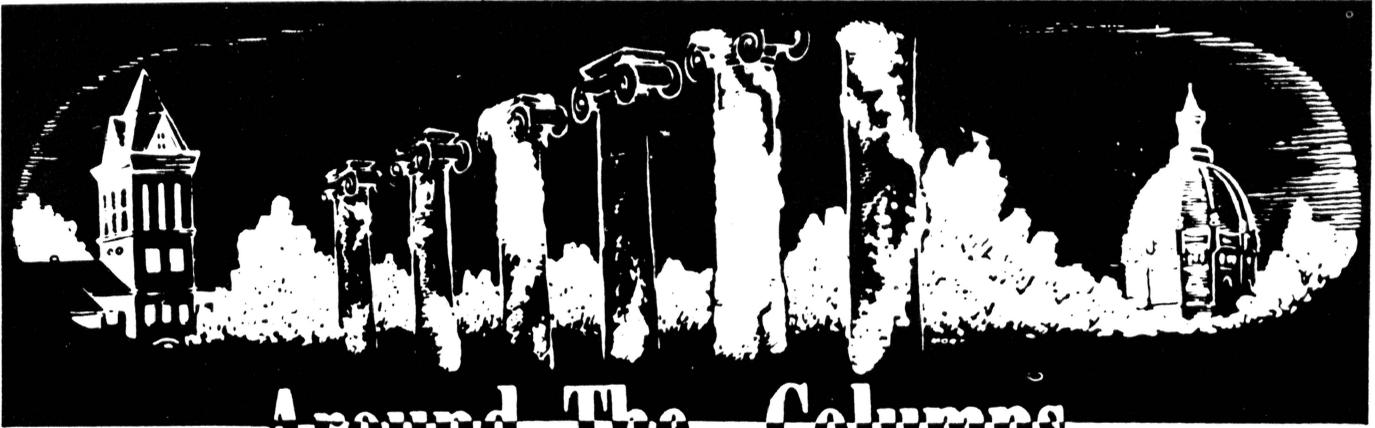
U.F.S.

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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*If school life is making you feel like
A mouldy, run-down desert rat
And you'd rather be snappin' 'n jumpin'
Then the Ozark's the place for you, Cat*



Around The Columns

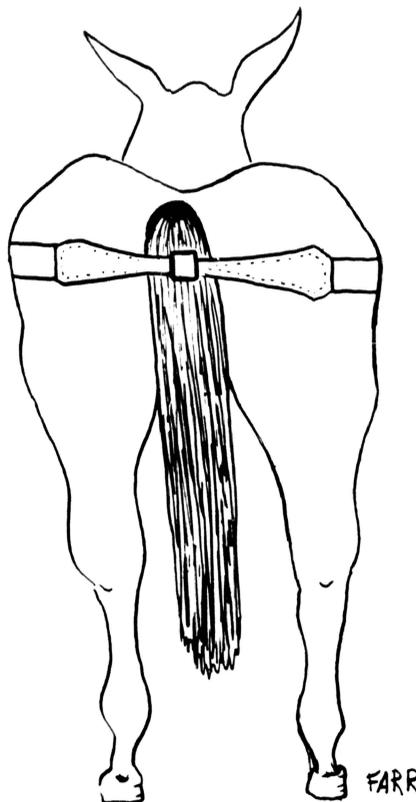
May . . . the beer-drinking month . . . everybody who has saved up their cuts has a field day . . . everybody who hasn't saved up their cuts has a field day . . . warm weather (finally) . . . blasts at the drive-in movies . . . Bermuda shorts . . . Gawd! . . . Spring Formals . . . more dogs than usual on the campus . . . some with four legs for a change . . . edging into summer . . . hot days, warm nights . . . kill the dirty bums . . . go go go go crazy where IS MY BUG YOU SNEAKS!! ho ho ho . . . &% 5/8ffi oho ohohohho . . . how . . . how, white man. ugh grunt. how. like this. once upon a time there was a little girl named hester boxcar and she had bad breath and a wart on her left hand she was nice and had a red tricykal and one day she upped and smashed her grandmother's head with it (the tricykal) what brass. and stuck her in the furnace. all this for extra-curricular school work she got 12 points and a gold star for it. the little sneak. SHE HAD HER NERVE. spring has come to the small animals and fish. May. the month.

NOT TOO LONG AGO the city slapped a fine on a student for running a stop light that wasn't working. Evidently, according to the city's interpretation, you must obey a stop light even though the stop light doesn't give you anything to obey.

See, when a driver sails up to the non-working light, he stops and trys to figure out whether the colorless sign is red or green. Of course it isn't either one, but the driver is anxious to obey the traffic laws.

Therefore, the driver just sits there and waits, hoping that the sign will do something. Naturally, traffic is piling up behind him. Horns are tooting, drivers are screaming, tempers are boiling, children are laughing, dogs are barking and elderly women are breaking their hips at a rapid pace. Warishell.

The driver can do one of two things. He can pray that the light is supposed to be green and drive off — in which case the gendarmes around the corner will track him down for running a major stop street, careless and

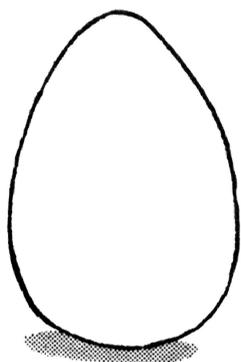


SHOWME

reckless driving, attempted murder, grand larceny, carrying a concealed weapon, mental illness, breathing and Being Alive. Or, he can just sit there and be arrested for all the above charges plus obstructing traffic, speeding, inciting a riot, arseny and Being a Youth. (Them Youths got two strikes against 'em to begin with. Never admit you're a Youth.)

However, there is a third alternative. The driver can take out his silver-plated Magnum 400 and blow his brains out. But that would probably come under the heading of defacing the streets.

SPEAKING of traffic and stop signs and gendrames and like that, here is another item. You been noticing these "Yield" signs they got now? I'm sure you have. They're distracting as hell. You're driving along very contented and allofasudden you're shocked out of your wits by this big yellor jobber that says YIELD. Wild. First time I saw one I didn't know whether to climb under the floorboard and



quote scripture or boil water. YIELD. Hell, I don't know. I mean what if two cars are coming at once. Which one yields first? Or do they both yield. This could start a whole new etiquette. Casual wear for daytime yielding and tails for evening. Never yield with your mouth full. He yielded with his boots on. This could go on forever.

But here's a helpful hint. I looked it up and "yield" is an old Latin word the root of which originally meant "accelerate."

To take it from there. Yield schmielid.

ANDY'S CORNER, where amazing things happen with remarkable frequency, has been a longtime champion of the common dog. They feed two or three regularly, and several dozen more go about the varied business of being a dog with the Corner as their base of operations.

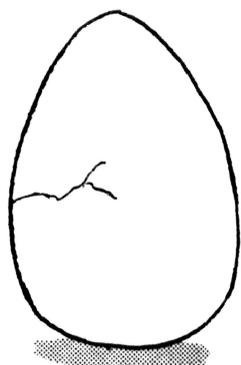
However, in order to display their lack of prejudice — or to get rid of some rats — the good people recently adopted another member of the animal world. A Cat. A female cat. At first, no one really gave a damn whether it was gentleman cat or a lady cat, but soon the suspicion began to grow that if it wasn't a lady cat then it must be having some of the most amazing gastric disorders on record.

A few weeks ago all doubts vanished. Mrs. Cat — with one of the bartenders acting as midwife — deposited five (5 count 'em 5) small cats in an empty Falstaff case. Mother and children are doing fine, thank you, and the Tri-Delts have got dibs on the yellow one.

HAVE YOU ever considered the advantages of indistinguishable twins marrying indistinguishable twins?

WELL NOW. We haven't looked in on Ol' Small Orphant Annie in a long time, have we? You may remember that in the last adventure of hers that I interpreted for you she was about to have one of her arms broken by Ma Licious' nasty old cook.

I don't rightly recall just which arm this cook was interested in breaking, but I'll just wager that she missed out on the fun alto-



—The Harvard Lampoon

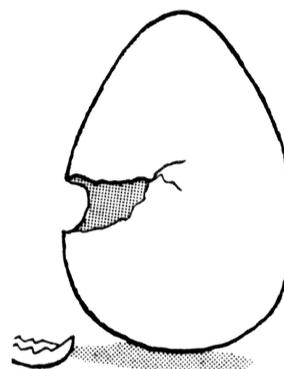
gether. Nobody breaks Orphant Annie's arms. Her legs, maybe, but not her arms. See, if . . . well, anyway, this last adventure was several months ago, and no telling what's been going on since then. What with all this bone breakage Ol' Orphant may be a quadruple amputee by this time. But no matter. We'll give it a whirl and see what we can make of it.

Here we are. Page 3. Now. In the first picture Small Orphant is standing in the doorway, looking down at some ripped-up wires coming out of the wall. Behind her a couch is turned over, and on the wall above the ripped-up wires a picture is hanging crooked. Looks like dirty work's afoot. Or perhaps they're just spring cleaning. Anyway, this big balloon affair is coming out of Small Orphants' head and it says: "Phone in here is ripped out . . . Gotta call th' police . . . There's a phone in the kitchen . . ."

There you are. I was right — dirty work is afoot. Still, that's not much to go on, so we better continue and see if we can figure out who the culprits are. You'll notice I call them culprits. Dr. Craig calls them protagon-

ists, so you can do what you want. I mean I just sort of go for culprits, myself, but, . . . crooks might do. Or thugs. Well, take your choice.

In the next picture Ol' Orphant is going down this dark hallway, on the way to the kitchen, I'd imagine, but all of a sudden she sees these men with guns in their hands and she ducks back in a doorway just in the nick of time. She's pretty scared, because she's got her eyes wide open and her hair is sort of sticking up . . . but come to think of it, her eyes are always wide open, so . . . well, she's scared, anyhow. We'll leave it at that. Another big balloon is coming up and it says: "E-e-e . . . those guys! Th' gang "Daddy" died tryin' to get away from



. . . Th' ones who tried t' kill me!"

Well now. I guess the picture is pretty clear now, buster. I'd think. This "Daddy" person she's talking about is ol' Daddy Warmonger, who is the richest man in the world and looks like President Eisenhower (These last two facts are not necessarily connected) and who is evidently deceased.

In the next picture, it appears that these men with guns (there are 3 of 'em) have heard some noise made by Small Orphant, because they are peering down the dark hallway and brandishing their weapons. There are three balloons coming up now — one for each man — they say, respectfully: "What was that? It scurried!"; "Bah! Mice . . . Rats Who cares?"; "He was hit . . . He bled . . . He could not go far."

Awright. The 'scurried' bit refers to Small O, who is just naturally the scurrying type, you

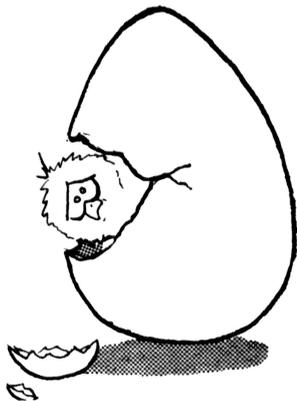
know, but this other fellow don't think so. He thinks it's rodents. The *third* guy isn't even paying attention. He seems very determined to finish off this 'He', who was hit, is bleeding, and who could not go far. This 'He' could be a rodent, but I don't think so. Hummmmm. I don't know.

Anyhow, I'll say one thing right here. Those three guys are the *Culprits*, that's what, and I'll dare anybody to disprove it.

IN THE APRIL issue of *Pag-eant*, there are a collection of children's essays put together by H. Allen Smith. Here is one of the more ridiculous ones.

I WORSHIP YOU
Chapter One

The weeds moved slightly. An Indian crept along cruching closer and closer to the recked plane. All of a sudden he turned around and beconed to someone. A whole groope of Indians then appered waving their spears wildily. What this Golden bird that come out of sky? him say. The leader said to cut of metel. make plenty good spear heads. Just then a tribes man gave a scream. look in the rocks he cried pointing



to a hollow place near the plane. Their in it was a small girl. Mabe she a god and is to curse our tribe for taking her great golden bird he exclaimed."

Mabe. We'll never know.

THE BIRDS START singing at 5 a.m. Every morning — 5 a. m.

I know a guy who eats raisin sandwiches. That's right — *raisin sandwiches*. Let me tell you about it. Last month this friend of mine who's in the Air Force got a two-week leave, and since I usually get out of class at about 1 or 2 in the afternoon,

on this particular day I decided to drive over and see this guy and find out how Uncle Sam was treating him and all that garbage. After he let me in the door we exchanged pleasantries and he informed me that he was eating lunch and watching TV, but that he would be finished soon, and that at that time we would adjourn to further fields and see how the beer was holding out.

This rather enjoyable decision having been reached, we sat down in front of the TV set, he to watch Tennessee Ernie and finish his lunch, and me to watch Tennessee Ernie and smoke a cigarette.

I noticed he had these four enormous sandwiches which he was washing down with milk, and as the prospect of a little mid-afternoon something-or-other didn't seem entirely unlikely, I began wondering just what them sandwiches had been built out of. I figgered that even though this friend of mine isn't particularly known for unreasonable displays of generosity, there was at least a 8 to 5 chance that I might be offered to help devour a sandwich or two, and I wanted to know what I was getting into before hand. So I wouldn't have to backtrack, you know.

Well, I studied them sandwiches from all angles, but I couldn't make heads or tails out of them. They looked like sardines one second and dried beef



the next, but that's all I could figger, and the more I studied, the more them sandwiches were disappearing. By this time I was getting all into a sweat for a sandwich, and had decided not to leave without one, and as my chances of *getting* one were

dropping fast, I decided to plunge on in.

"Hay Leonard," says I, "what's in them sambitches?"

"Huh?" He was concentrating on one of Tennessee's soap commercials.

"Them sambitches. What they made out of?"

"Hummmmm . . . oh. Raisins."

"No-no, dammit — them *sambitches*. What's in 'em?"

"*Raisins*. Whatsa matter. You deaf?"

"Oh hell, Leonard, cut it out. I just want to know whats—"

"Here — look for yourself." He shoved one at me.

And by Gosh, them sandwiches *were* made out of raisins.

Raisins yet. At first I was just stunned, then I started laughing like a madman. I rolled around on the floor holding my gut and beating on the furniture. *Raisins*. I like to died. And every time I started to run down, I'd take a look at this hurt expression on ol' Leonard's face, and off I'd go again. I must have laughed for ten minutes.

After I finally got quieted down, I got to thinking that in my time I had heard of and eaten some amazing sandwiches, but never in my life had I run across anybody who made them out of raisins.

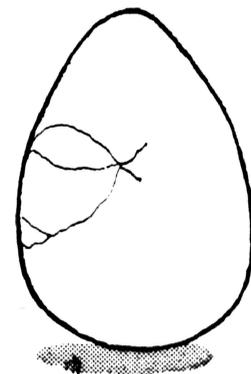
Leonard explained in a very dignified tone that raisin sandwiches were very time-saving and nutritious, and that he ate them all the time. At his urging, I finally tried one, and you know, it didn't taste too bad. Sort of different, but not bad at all.

I'll tell you one thing though. The damn beer sure tasted strange that afternoon.

That does it. Adios you mothaff

...

—Dick Noel



TELEVISION'S FABULOUS

"Ozark Jubilee"

The Ozark Jubilee network television program didn't begin in the Ozarks at all. Instead, it took to the air for the first time over ABC-TV from right here in Columbia.

In December, 1954, when the show's producers, Crossroads TV Productions of Springfield, got the green light from New York network officials to ready their Country Music program for the national viewing audience, it was discovered that nearly four months would be required for the construction of microwave linkage between the Ozark city and existing network lines, and ABC had specified that the show should have its first telecast just four weeks later.

So, with a convoy of cars, trucks and chartered buses, the cast and crew of Ozark Jubilee journeyed out of the hills each Saturday and all the way to the studios of KOMU-TV for the first 15 weeks of the program's history. The Springfieldians would leave their homes at five o'clock Saturday morning and usually not return until the wee small hours of Sunday: a rough way to spend a weekend, it's true, figuring that they did nearly 12 hours of traveling and eight hours of rehearsal — but their efforts gave birth to what is today one of television's most popular programs.

Ozark Jubilee's audience is currently estimated at 20 million, and the show is seen on 118 sta-

tions. The Armed Forces uses films of the program to entertain servicemen overseas.

In the past 12 months alone, 80,000 persons came from outside Missouri to see the Jubilee in person at Springfield's Jewell theatre, making the program one of the Show-Me state's greatest tourist attractions. Fan mail averages 5,000 letters a week, with Pennsylvania ranking first, Ohio second, California third and Missouri fourth.

In show business circles, Ozark Jubilee has become widely accepted as the proving ground for tomorrow's stars. Sonny James, who emceed his own monthly half-hour portion of the show for nearly a year, recently became

DENTYNE
Chewing Gum

BEEMAN'S
Pepsin Gum

All Across the Nation
The Favorite Sunday Night Show

OZARK JUBILEE

ABC Television Network
Originating in Springfield, Mo.

CLORETS
Gum and Mints

DICKIE'S
work and leisure clothes

ROLAIDS
for acid indigestion



SHOWME

"Anyone else what don't cotton ta my dawg?"

the entertainment world's newest sensation, selling over two million records of "Young Love." And Brenda Lee, the 12-year-old Georgia peach who was discovered by the Jubilee's Red Foley, is the most talked about new

child performer since Judy Garland. Brenda, who makes her home in Springfield and appears regularly on Ozark Jubilee, travels thousands of miles each month on personal appearances and frequently guests on the Perry Como

and Steve Allen programs. Jim Lowe, the Springfield physician's son and MU alumnus who gained great popularity in recent months, premiered his song, "The Green Door," on the Jubilee, and both Betty Johnson and Patsy Cline introduced their soon-to-be hits, "I Dreamed" and "Walking After Midnight," in front of the ABC-TV cameras in Springfield.

As for Red Foley, he ranks in fame and prestige with Crosby and Como; his record sales have now exceeded 27,000,000 copies. And Foley has found the same kind of warm friendliness in the people of the Ozarks that he knew as a boy in his home state of Kentucky.

Undoubtedly, the Ozarks can well be proud of the television program that carries its name to the world. Its colorful dancing, light-and-lively music and homespun comedy are an All-American favorite.

IN ST. LOUIS

FOR A DELIGHTFUL EVENING



3622 Olive

● MIXED DRINKS of your choice

● MODERN JAZZ combo

● PIANO BAR

● NO COVER

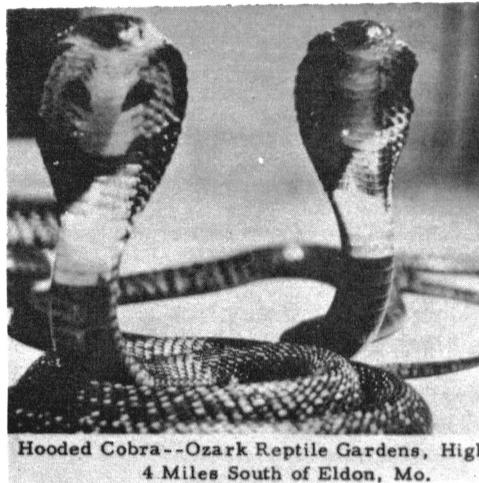
● NO MINIMUM

NO MINORS SERVED



SEE SLINKY SNAKES

- Most interesting collection in the upper half of the hemisphere
- Nature's original friends here to entertain you and your friends



- Don't Bite
- No Teasing
- Bring Your Enemies
- Don't miss feeding time

Ozark Reptile Gardens

4 Miles South of Eldon, Mo.



Experienced guides to protect your girl friend—

It'll Be Sweet When You Come In

- Largest Manufacturer of pecan candies
- Southern Recipes
- Eastern, Western, Southwestern, Southeastern and any other ern you want, we've got it here—



ELDON. MO.

- Smoked ham and bacon
- Southern jellies and jams too!
- Goodies to suit your desires

(for candy, that is)



The beautiful "Dragon of Missouri"

Plan That Ozark Wingding!

The "Dragon of the Ozarks", the natives' pet name for the giant Lake of the Ozarks, is only one of hundreds of vacation-student-weekend attractions.

The surrounding country is a part of the vast territory known as the foothills of the Ozark Mountains and has a very rugged and rolling topography.

The Lake area is versatile and comparatively low-priced (suitable for student pocketbooks) and offers everything from boating and fishing to scenery and historic spots of interest.

This vast man-made playground area was brought about by the construction of a private power dam on the Osage River in 1930. This great

lake, one hundred twenty-nine miles long with 1300 miles of shoreline and a surface area of 64,000 acres, has developed into a major vacation center. The valley now covered by the Lake of the Ozarks was once the home and hunting ground of the mighty Osage Indians. Even today along the many feeder streams one can still see traces of their burial mounds and rock cairns. Prior to the inundation of the valley several of the bluffs bore colored pictographs depicting events of tribal significance. Even as late as 1928 some of the descendants of these tribes made annual pilgrimages to the land of their forefathers to hold ceremonial pow-wows beneath the towering limestone bluffs.

Blessed with a long vacation season which begins with the opening of the fishing season on

March 15 and ends with the closing of the quail season on January 1, the Lake of the Ozarks is enjoyed by many who find it impossible to take their vacation during June, July and August.

Even before the leaves appear on the trees and the first spring flowers have just made their appearance, a steady flow of transcontinental travelers drop in for a day or two stopover. Because of its location, people returning to the northeastern states from a winter vacation in the great southwest find a few days of rest enroute enjoyable.

Then, in late March and through April, the highways are clogged on weekends with nature lovers making their annual pilgrimage through the Ozarks during the redbud and dogwood season. Again in the Fall, the nature lovers return for a drive through the wooded hills during the "Flaming Fall Review" of color which occurs during mid-October.

The tortuous shoreline and innumerable coves make it possible for thousands of visitors to be on the lake and still enjoy a high degree of privacy. The valleys which heretofore confined the meandering Osage River now curb the lapping waves of the lake, and offer sheltering solace to

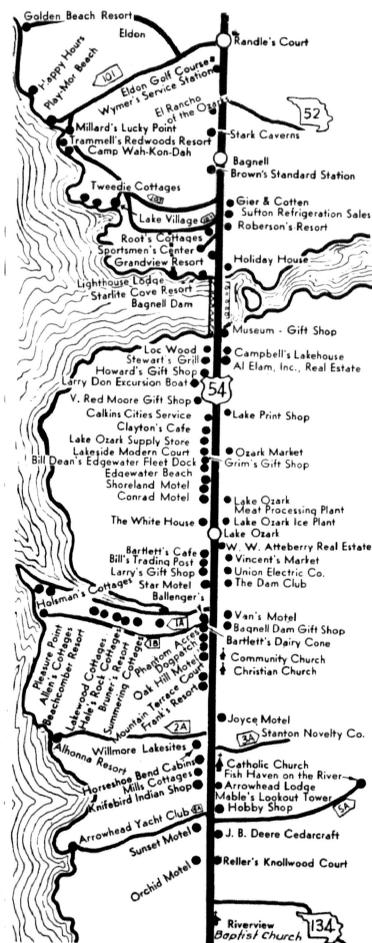
the timid or uncertain water enthusiast. In contrast to its narrow width, which offers a high measure of safety and makes it suitable for youth group camps, the more adventurous can find all that their hearts desire in the one hundred twenty-nine mile length, with a different vista and new point of scenic beauty around each of the many bends.

Although the country surrounding the Lake of the Ozarks is sparsely populated, this territory is readily accessible from all parts of the state by means of the State Highway system as shown on the map.

Important to all travelers is the subject of food. In the Lake region the favorite Missouri dishes of country-cured ham, cornbread, fried chicken, frog legs and catfish predominate. For the traveler who wishes, "city vittals" are available.

To keep pace with the times, landing strips have been developed around the lake for the flying sportsmen.

"Students and tourists, your accommodations are available and waiting . . . so, pack your 'gear' . . . and join us here . . . in Missouri, where the 'latch-string' is always out."



BAGNELL DAM AREA

Bagnell Dam is located on U.S. Highway 54, 42 miles southwest of Jefferson City, capital of Missouri. This is the starting point of the great Lake of the Ozarks, where the dam was constructed to hold back the Osage river and its tributaries, and is also the location of one of the many great vacation areas around the lake.

This area is readily accessible to all, over good highways, in privately owned automobiles, by private airplanes or via bus lines with regular schedules from Columbia.

No matter what type of accommodations may be desired they can be found in this area. Modest fishing cottages, beautifully, scenically located, modern housekeeping cottage resorts, excellent motels or motor courts or American plan hotel accommodations are available at moderate rates. A choice of location on the lake, on the highway or both on the highway and lake is a matter of your choosing.

Excellent restaurants, offering full menus, serve delicious foods and fine stores of all types, groceries, markets, sporting good stores, service stations, gift shops and others are here to serve your needs.

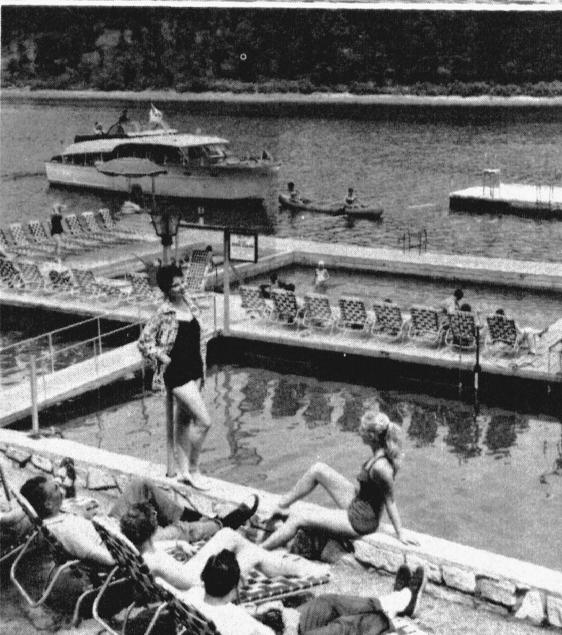
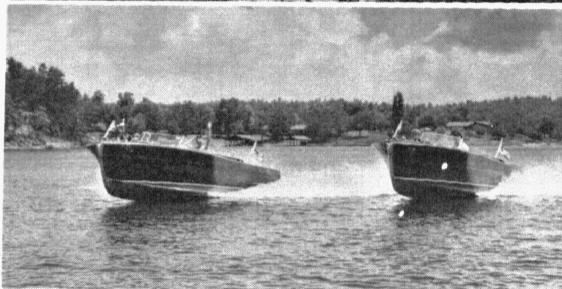
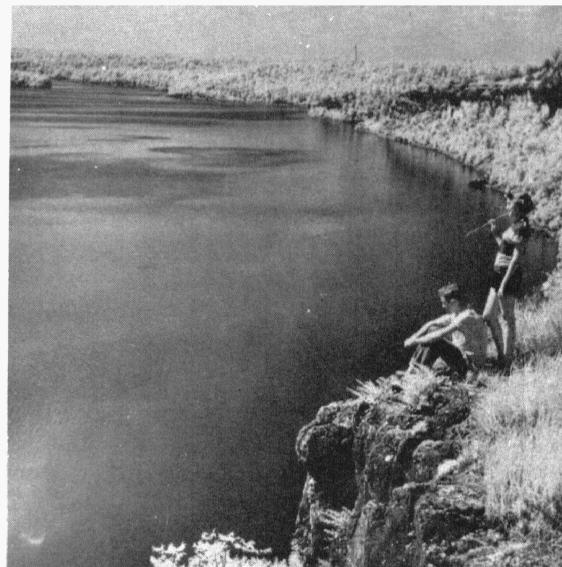
Vacation activities in this area are many and varied. Both main lake and river fishing, below the dam are offered. Scenic airplane rides, speed boat trips, cruiser trips and lake excursion trips are scheduled daily. Row boats and outboard motor boats may be rented. Horseback riding, tennis, golf, swimming, surf boarding, water skiing and all types of land and aquatic sports may be enjoyed.



Famed Lake of the Ozarks



ALL PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE OZARK AREAS WITHIN THIS ISSUE WERE TAKEN BY GERALD MASSIE AND ALL TEXT MATERIAL HAS BEEN FURNISHED BY LESLIE KENNON, MISSOURI DIVISION OF RESOURCES AND DEVELOPMENT, JEFFERSON CITY, MO. SHOWME IS INDEBTED TO THEM FOR THEIR SINCERE COOPERATION IN PRODUCING THIS ISSUE.



OSAGE BEACH-GRAND GLAIZE AREA

The Osage Beach-Grand Glaize Area is located on U.S. Highway 54, six miles southwest of Bagnell Dam. Within this district the Grand Glaize Arm of the Lake joins with the main Osage body creating a picturesque, scenic part of the great Lake of the Ozarks country.

This community, referred to by its residents as the Heart of the Vacation Area, offers a wide range of facilities for the vacationist. Many modern cottage resorts are located on the lake, a short distance from the highway and easily reached on good all weather lake roads.

Fine restaurants are located throughout the district and in addition there are grocery stores, markets, gift shops and other stores for your convenience. A drive-in theater, for your evening pleasure, is located within this district. This area is also the home of Radio Station KRMS "your Lake of the Ozark Station".

Vacation activities are many and varied. Restful vacations amid nature's scenic splendor to vacations for the most active sports enthusiasts are offered. Speed boat trips, cruiser trips, scenic airplane rides and excursions are scheduled daily. Many of the resorts have docks with boats and motors available. All types of land and aquatic sports are available. Surf boarding, water skiing, boating, horseback riding and others plus two excellent golf courses within a few miles drive. There are fishing services with guide service available. Fishing in this area varies from stream fishing in the upper Glaize, to fishing in the many coves and inlets in the main Glaize and in the main lake. The Chamber of Commerce provides marked crappie beds for public use of all guests in the section. Cokley Cave, a beautiful new underground wonderland, was opened in this district during the past year. Resort locations on coves and inlets offer peaceful relaxation at its peak.

BOB'S CHICKEN KITCHEN

- Breakfast
- Lunch
- Dinners
- Sandwiches

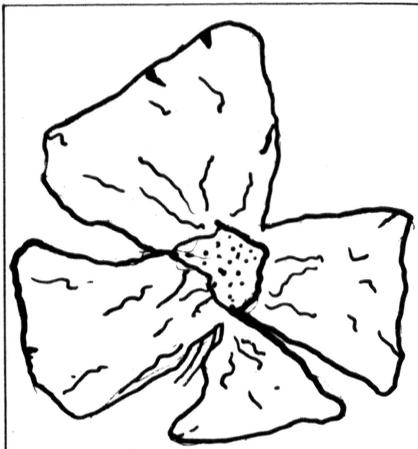
— Specialties —

FRIED CHICKEN
ITALIAN SPAGHETTI
Bagnell Dam, Mo.

6:30-10:00 p.m.

Phone EN 5-2378

COME IN AND YOU'LL
NEVER FORGET THE
CRAZY SERVICE



DON'T MISS
THE DOGWOOD CAFE

(for a real
dogwood
blossom)

A Goodie Place to
EAT

SUNRISE BEACH, MO.
Hiway 5, Lake Rd. 5



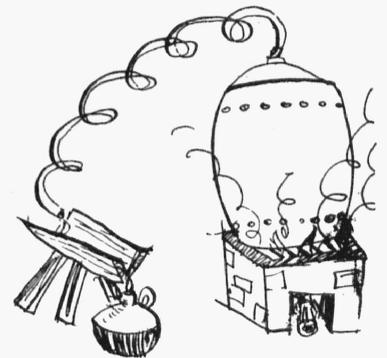
**CAVEMEN,
ATTENTION**



A maze of nature's beauties
and wonders

JACOB'S CAVE

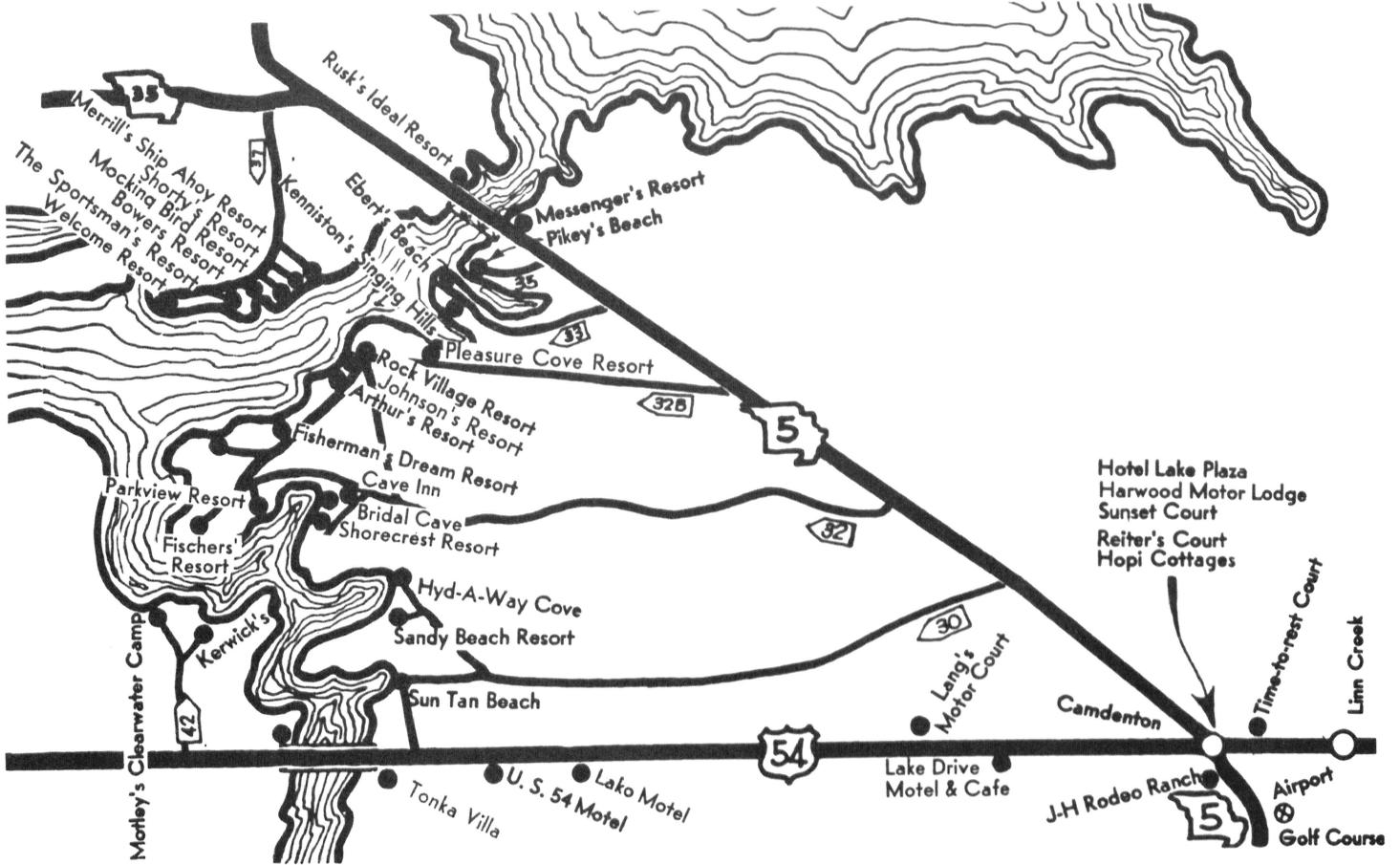
Hiway 5 So. of Versailles



If you don't Make
your own,
Buy it at

WATTS'

liquors — wine — beer
fishing tackle
lake information
VERSAILLES, MO.



CAMDENTON AREA



Casey Tibbs rides "Snip" bareback at Camdenton's J-Bar-H Rodeo.

REAL HORSEPITALITY AWAITS YOU! RODEO STARS CHAMPION COWBOYS

Rex Allen and his horse Koko, of movie and TV fame, will star in the Sixth Annual J-Bar-H Championship Rodeo to be held at Camdenton, Mo., in July.

Among those competing for the \$12,100 in prize money will be champion cowboy Casey Tibbs. The contest events will include the wild horse race, bronc riding, calf roping, steer wrestling and many other things equally exciting.

Also on hand for the feature attractions will be The Frontiersmen western singers, the Rodeo Clowns and bullfighters, J. W. tSoker (world's top trick roper) and a host of others.

Last year, the rodeo's attendance of 72,000 persons was equalled by only two other outdoor rodeos in North America. And here's an interesting sidelight: the only sport in America to exceed rodeos in attendance last year was professional baseball.

The rodeo arena is right smack in the beautiful Lake of the Ozarks area. So true Ozark hospitality can be expected.



Camdenton, the hub city of the Lake of the Ozarks, is located on U.S. Highway 54 at the intersection of Highway 5, sixty miles southwest of Jefferson City and seventy-five miles northeast of Springfield.

Camdenton may be reached on excellent highways by privately own cars, via bus lines or by privately owned airplanes. The city has a very good community airport located on Highway 5 just three miles from town.

Located within this area is scenic Bridal Cave. Situated on the Niangua Arm of the Lake, easily accessible by either water or road, in a picturesque setting, the cave is acknowledged to be one of the most beautiful in America.



'Try and take him alive, Charlie honey!'

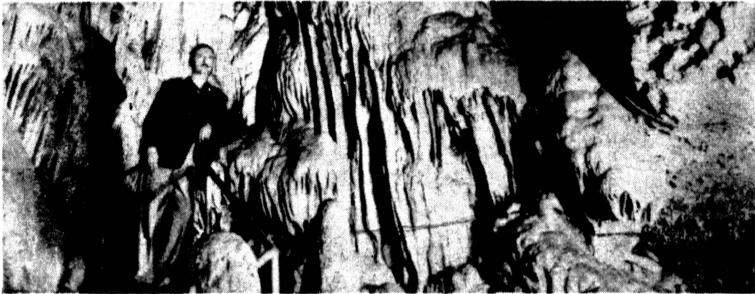
Visit . . .

World Famous Bridal Cave

Acclaimed by thousands . . .

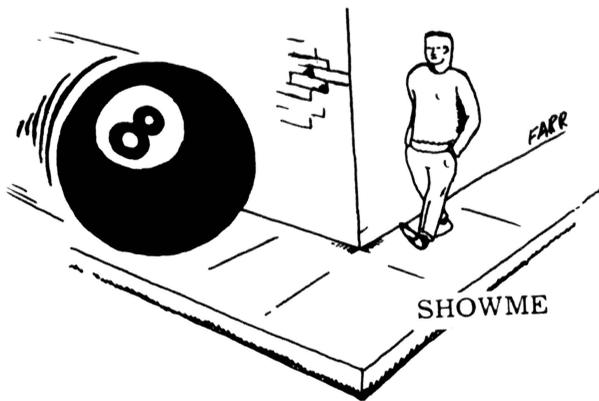
The most beautiful cave in America . . .

Scenic Drive over B T Road to Cave — 60⁰ Year Round



Bridal Cave

Camdenton, Missouri



COME OUT

FROM



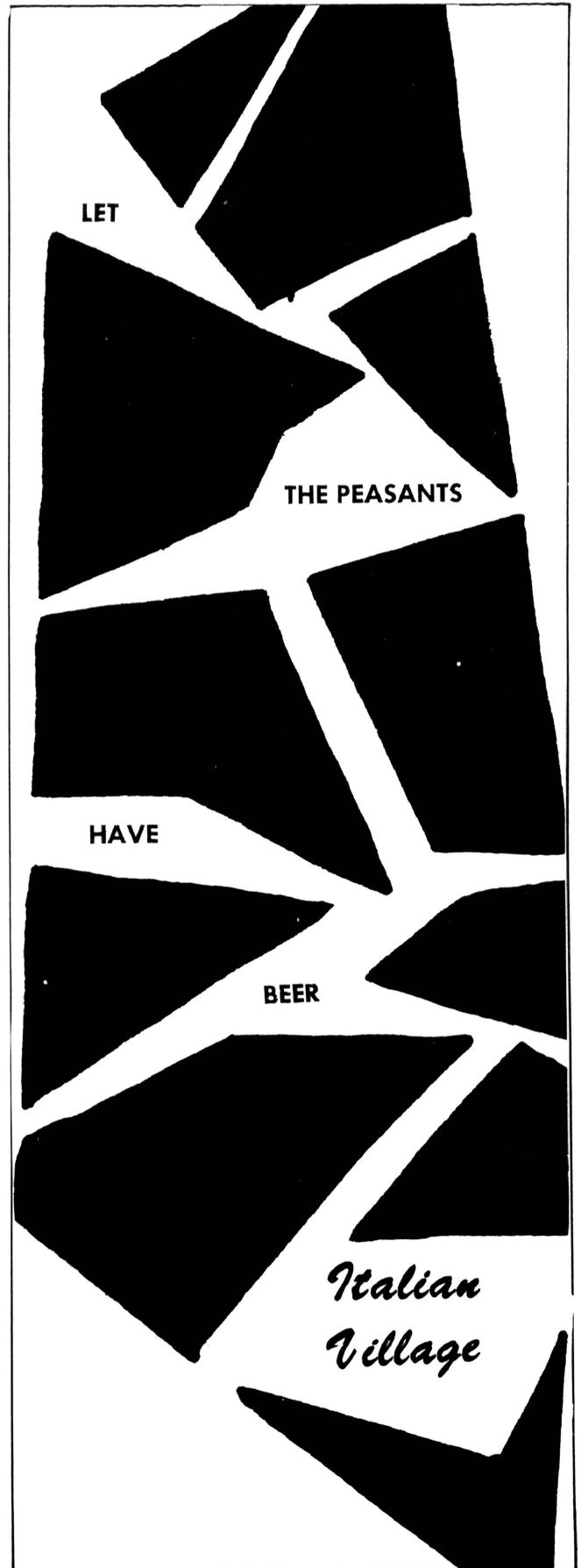
BEHIND

THE EIGHTBALL

at

PARAMOUNT RECREATION

815 Cherry



LET

THE PEASANTS

HAVE

BEER

*Italian
Village*

By Herb Segelhorst

Ol' John Ain't

WHY PUT OFF UNTIL TOMORROW WHAT YOU CAN PUT OFF UNTIL THE DAY AFTER TOMORROW?

Old Ozark Saying Just Thought Up

Have you ever wondered what our forefathers would say if they could come back and see how everyone is striving to save enough money to buy their wife a fur coat as good as Mrs. Jones has . . . when all they had to wear way back when was their skin?

Everyone dreams of some day saving enough money to have a little place in the country with maybe a few chickens and a cow plus lots of time to go fishing and hunting . . . with no financial worries.

There are some people who achieve most of the goals that we hold dear without ever going through the difficult process of saving money to do it. Of course, along with these goals there are some, shall we say, minor difficulties along the way.

But perhaps I should give you a little background.

My home community is on the edge of the Ozarks with the hillbilly influence running along the ridges like the fingers of a gigantic hand.

Each hill is sort of a micro-culture in itself.

On this particular hill about three miles from our house lives one of the more unusual families. They are still living in the late 19th Century and apparently enjoying it very much. They might well be called the Paw Kettles of Pen Ridge.

Their home is very modest with chickens walking in and out at will . . . generally thought to be the neighbors' chickens. Which brings me to my first meeting with John Lampke, the head of the house.

This happened when I was about 14.

One night about 11 o'clock our German Shepherd dog started barking like he had something treed up in the woods behind the house. My dad and I went out to check. Sure enough he did.

It was a badly shaken John Lampke.

At the foot of the tree was a bag of chickens.

Upon questioning, John explained how he was trading cockerals for new breeding stock with a neighbor.



Got Ulcers

Time passed and little was heard from the John Lampke family.

One day, several years later, John came charging up the road in his 1923 Model T. Ford. All out of breath, he asked for a ladder and assistance. He explained that his wife had fallen into the cistern.

We loaded up the ladder and drove over. Sure enough, here was John's gentle little wife standing neck deep in water and cussing a blue streak.

Now John's not much a one for maintenance of property. His wife was lowering the butter into the cistern to cool. The board across the cistern broke, thus affording the good woman her first contact with fresh water since she had last been caught in the rain.

John's not too tidy himself. Customarily, his uniform is overalls no longer blue but rather a shiny gray from at least six months previous wear. He tops that off with an old Army hat and shoes that look like medium sized gunboats.

He rediscovers his razor and its purpose about every two months.

After the cistern episode. I didn't have any direct contact with John until one day last spring.

We met as he was going to town and I was coming home.

We stopped and chatted for a few minutes. And after giving me a brief synopsis on his latest fishing trip and how the spring wheat was looking, we somehow got on the subject of his car.

Now John is very proud of the mechanical perfection of his conveyance and of his son's ability

to keep it in this condition of excellence.

It was the aforementioned Ford, without top or windshield and one front wheel that is no longer round but sorta elliptical, in fact approaching square. The fender over this wheel . . . well, it is no more.

John explained that during the course of the winter his son had overhauled the engine. Says it took most of the month of February but he sure did a fine job.

He told me to come on and hop in for a ride.

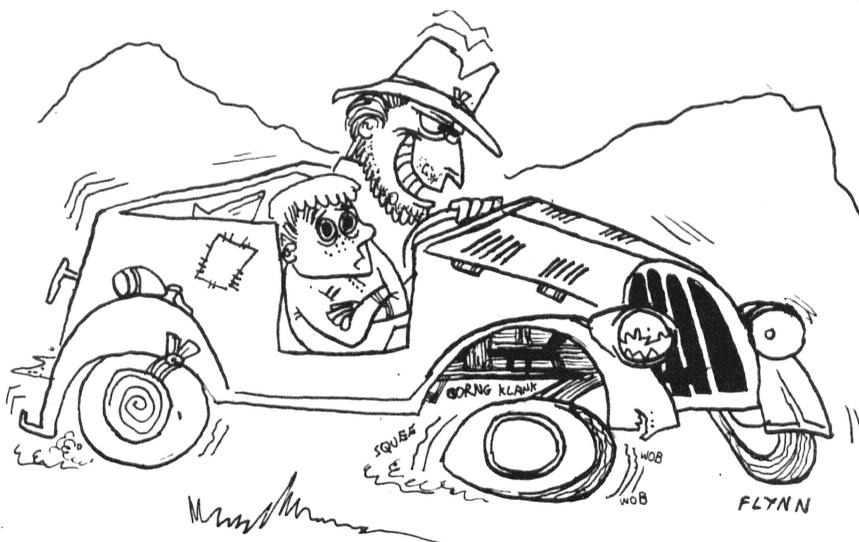
After many turns of the Armstrong starter, by me, the fine machine finally blasted out and we took off in a lurch.

With the mild knock of loose piston rods we bounced down the road on the elliptical wheel.

It immediately seemed necessary to grab that which seemed secure . . . namely, the door handle. It came off.

I was convinced that John's car was in great shape.

Now John and his family are certainly not to be pitied. They



By this time John had assumed the position of nose-through-spoke, flicked on the key and stomped the starter which merely went "kommmp".

"Hey Herb, would you mind giving her tail a little pull, seems like the battery is low, maybe it's old, let me see, nope, bought it in the summer of '35. Sure make stuff pitifully poor nowadays."

seemed to enjoy their way of life.

In fact, I have never ever seen John when he was in a bad mood or, for that matter, I never heard of any of the family having a sick day.

As far as financial worries are concerned, there simply aren't any. Seeing as how the neighbors always have some chickens.

How about you?

End

INDIAN "HEAD" LODGE

FORD IT'S HOT!

YOU'VE GOT A REAL IVY LEAGUE BUCKLE ON YOUR BOTTOM!

GOT A NEW CAR YESTERDAY!

PLEASE, GLENN LET'S SEE SOME OF THE OUTSIDE SCENERY TOO!

GEORGE, GEORGE, OPEN THIS DOOR!

OPEN CONVERTIBLES ARE THE BEST.

AND I GOT THIS ONE FOR MAKING CAMP...

GOT THE BLANKETS CHARLIE?

I'M TIRED OF MOUNTAIN WOMEN!

AND I GOT THIS ONE FOR PRE-PARING FOOD...

GOT THE BEER CHARLIE?

HOW WOULD YOU GIRLS LIKE TO TAKE A HIKE?

GOT THE ROPE CHARLIE?

EVIL

DIG DIG DIG

THAY, THITH ITHNT THE BASEMENTS OF THE WOMAN'S DORM EITHER.

NOW I KNOW WHY YOU BROUGHT ME HERE

SIX

GEORGE, I WANT YOU TO MEET OUR NEW DEN MOTHER.

IMPORTED BOONE COUNTY PIZZA

MORE BEER

'EATER QUEEN AND HER CONVERTIBLE CARAVAN TO THE OZARKS. ESCORTED BY THE CAMPUS SLOB

D.U. 5

...the voice of the ozark turtle...

You could at least have gotten a cabin!

RENT A FEELTHY CAVE?

TREE HOUSE OF THE AUGUST MOON
YOU MAY WEAR YOUR SHOES BUT REMOVE YOUR CLOTHES.

VIRGIN WOODS

WHAT? VIRGIN WOULD?

WELL, THAT TAKES CARE OF THE CHAPERONS.

RELAX

BUT SIGN SAYUM INDIAN HEAD

WHAT? MARY LOU DROWN IN THE LAKE?

YEAH. SOMEONE SAID SHE JUST WENT DOWN FOR THE THIRD TIME

...AND DON'T COME BACK TILL YOU'RE DE-WORMED

LIVE LIVE LIVE
SEE THEM LIVE!
DR. PINKUM WALKER'S WIDGETS

ONLY ASKED IF SHE KNEW WHERE I COULD GET ANOTHER ONE AND THE RUDDY WENCH 'IT ME.

DOWN WITH SLOBS, VETS, OLDER PEOPLE INDEPENDENTS, SORORITIES FRATERNITIES, PSEUDOS AND SHOWME

WHAT WE NEED IS A NEW WORLD

PITY

CHIP CHOP

PSEUDO TURTLE

OLD UNSOLD 'EATERS

MORE OF THEM

I HATE MY SELF



PLAY-A-DAY BEACH

The Beach at Osage Beach!

The One - The Only
REAL SAND

Real "Ocean-Type" Beach in the
Entire Lake of the Ozarks Area

It was developed and is operated by Alvin 'n Helen Huber for the safe and fun-filled enjoyment of you and every member of your family.



*It's SAFE,
Gentle Slope
Is a real joy to
Adults & Children alike*

**NO HOLES --
NO DROP-OFFS!**



Fraternites and Sororities Welcome

NO MUD--NO ROCKS!

It's "YOURS FOR FUN"

It's Your COMPLETE DAYTIME RECREATION CENTER!

(No Cottages)



Beach -- Play Grounds -- Picnic Grounds

All in one fun-filled place - and
All in ONE ADMISSION: 50¢

(Children under 12, 25¢ -- Babies, Free)
OPEN DAILY: 8:00 A.M. till Dark

Play-A-Day Entrance: Hiway 54, opposite the Osage Beach Post Office
Just 7 Miles South of Bagnell Dam
At the Beautiful Lake of the Ozarks



The Fountain Motel

Located On US No. 54 In Eldon, Mo.

FREE TELEVISION IN EVERY ROOM

24 AIR-CONDITIONED UNITS

TILED SHOWERS — SIMMONS MATTRESSES

PHONE 8051

ELDON, MO.

The teacher in a little backwoods school was at the blackboard explaining arithmetic problems, and was delighted to see that the gangling lad, her dullest pupil, was giving slackjawed attention. She was thrilled that at last he was beginning to understand, so when she had finished she said to him, "You were so interested, Emmett, that I'm certain you want to ask some questions."

"Yes'm," drooled Emmett. "I got one to ask — where do them figures go when you rub 'em out?"



"TURN ME OVER"



*This Spring
Look Your Finest*

TUX RENTAL

Latest in Styles
with all accessories

We also launder and finish
all wash trousers

**Sudden Service Cleaners
and Shirt Laundry**

Use Our Drive-in Facilities

114 So. 8th St.

Phone 2-6107



Shirley Palmer --

The perfect accessory

For that Ozark vacation.

The Showme state, this proves.

Has the cutest in the nation.

Photos by Joe Van Trump



WALTER WILLIAMS
MAY 1
ENGLISH 60
THEME #4

APPROX. 300 WORDS

M-

THE JOURNALIST'S Creed

I believe

USE "LOVE"
IF YOU DIDN'T
LOVE IT, YOU
SHOULD HAVE
LEFT IT.

IN THE PROFESSION OF WORDY!

Too MANY 1 & 2 SENTENCE
PARAGRAPHS

JOURNALISM.

~~JOURNALIST IS A PUBLIC SERVANT,
I BELIEVE THAT THE PUBLIC JOURNAL IS A PUBLIC TRUST, THAT
ALL CONNECTED WITH IT ARE, TO THE FULL MEASURE OF THEIR
RESPONSIBILITY, TRUSTEES FOR THE PUBLIC, THAT ACCEPTANCE
OF A LESSER SERVICE THAN THE PUBLIC SERVICE IS BETRAYAL OF
THIS TRUST.~~

MORE
VARIETY.
USE SYNONYMS

BELIEVE THAT CLEAR THINKING AND CLEAR STATEMENT, ACCURACY, AND FAIRNESS, ARE FUNDAMENTAL TO GOOD JOURNALISM.

"BE CLEAN"
IS BETTER.

I BELIEVE THAT A JOURNALIST SHOULD WRITE ONLY WHAT HE HOLDS IN HIS HEART TO BE TRUE.

INCOHERENT
(SUGGEST "I THINK
KILLING NEWS
IS BAD")

I BELIEVE THAT SUPPRESSION OF THE NEWS, FOR ANY CONSIDERATION OTHER THAN THE WELFARE OF SOCIETY, IS ~~INDEFENSIBLE~~ ^{BAD}

IN OTHER WORDS
"A NEWSMAN
SHOULD NOT CUSS,
TAKE BRIBES
OR PASS THE
BUCK."

I BELIEVE THAT NO ONE SHOULD WRITE AS A JOURNALIST WHAT HE WOULD NOT SAY AS A GENTLEMAN; THAT ~~BRIBERY BY ONE'S OWN POCKETBOOK IS AS MUCH TO BE AVOIDED AS BRIBERY BY THE POCKETBOOK OF ANOTHER,~~ ^{AD MANAGERS} THAT INDIVIDUAL RESPONSIBILITY MAY NOT BE ESCAPED BY PLEADING ANOTHER'S INSTRUCTIONS OR ANOTHER'S DIVIDENDS.

REMEMBER AVERAGE
READER HAS
VOCAUBUARY OF
A 12-YEAR OLD!

EXPAND
THIS
POINT

I BELIEVE THAT ADVERTISING, NEWS AND EDITORIAL COLUMNS SHOULD ~~ALIKE~~ ^{GETS ALONG} SERVE THE BEST INTERESTS OF READERS; THAT ~~A SINGLE STANDARD OF HELPFUL TRUTH AND CLEANNESS SHOULD PREVAIL FOR ALL;~~ ^{PRE JUDICE} THAT THE SUPREME TEST OF GOOD JOURNALISM IS ~~THE MEASURE OF ITS PUBLIC SERVICE.~~ ^{LUST}

YOU HAVE A GOOD
IDEA BUT OF
COURSE, IT'S
QUITE UNREALISTIC,

ABSTRACT
GOBBLEDY GOOK
BE SPECIFIC

I BELIEVE THAT THE JOURNALISM WHICH ~~SUCCEEDS BEST AND BEST DESERVES SUCCESS~~ ^{MAD} FEARS GOD AND HONORS MAN; IS STOUTLY INDEPENDENT, UNMOVED BY ~~PRIDE OF OPINION OR GREED OF POWER,~~ ^{RICH PEOPLE} CONSTRUCTIVE, TOLERANT BUT NEVER CARELESS, SELF-CONTROLLED, PATIENT, ALWAYS RESPECTFUL OF ITS READERS BUT ALWAYS UNAFRAID, IS ~~QUICKLY INDIGNANT AT INJUSTICE;~~ ^{POOR PEOPLE} IS UNSWAYED BY THE APPEAL OF PRIVILEGE OR THE CLAMOR OF THE MOB; SEEKS TO GIVE EVERY MAN A CHANCE, AND, AS FAR AS LAW AND HONEST WAGE AND RECOGNITION OR HUMAN BROTHERHOOD CAN MAKE IT SO, AN EQUAL CHANCE; IS PROFOLINDLY PATRIOTIC WHILE SINCERELY PROMOTING INTERNATIONAL GOOD WILL AND CEMENTING ~~WORLD-COMRADESHIP;~~ ^{WORLD} IS A JOURNALISM OF HUMANITY, OF AND FOR TODAY'S WORLD.

DO I TAKE IT,
MR. WILLIAMS,
THAT YOU ADVOCATE
LOVE OF MOTHER,
GOD AND COUNTRY
OR INTERNATIONALISM?

TOO
SUBJECTIVE

CAREFUL—
MANY READERS
AND ADVERTISERS
VOTE CONSERVATIVE

USE CONCRETE
EXAMPLES TO
EXPLAIN THESE
GLITTERING
GENERALITIES!

SUGGEST ANOTHER
SYNONYM FOR
"COMRADE"

YOUR MAIN PROBLEM, WALTER, SEEMS TO BE THAT YOU ARE MUCH TOO VERBOSE. YOUR IDEAS, THOUGH FINE AND IDEALISTIC, ARE HARDLY PRACTICABLE. REWRITE AND USE SIMPLE, CONCISE WORDS. YOUR WORK SHOWS IMPROVEMENT, HOWEVER. — B.S.

THURLLOW

PART VIII



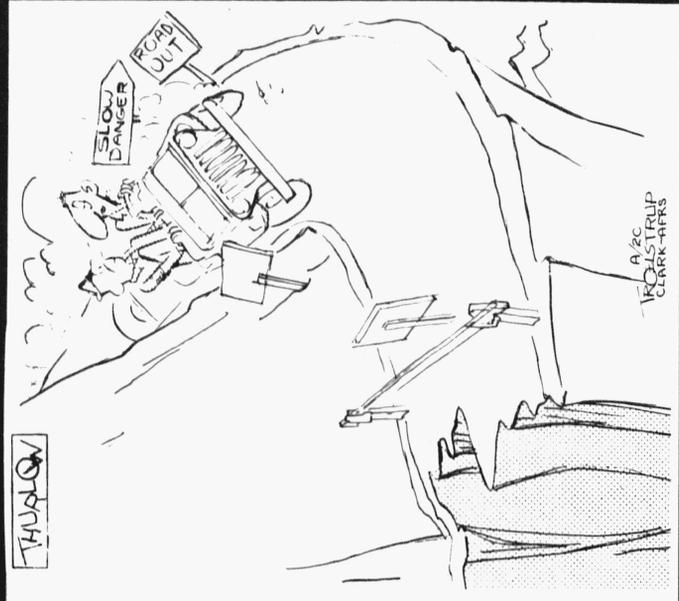
"YOU AND YOUR DAMN STOPS ON A DIME!"



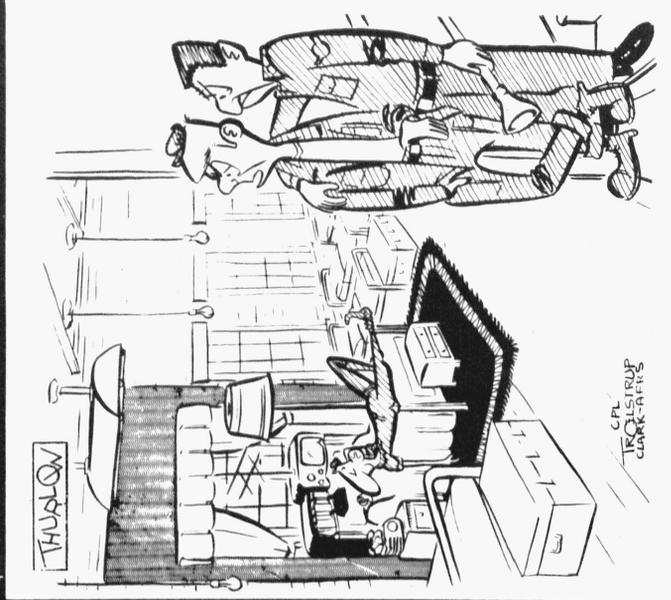
"Thanks for coming out anyway. I found the trouble . . . No gas!"



"Look, Pal, I wouldn't do this if I wasn't broke . . . But I have here this genuine rare black pearl that I picked up in Japan. . . . It hurts me but I'll let you have it for \$50!"



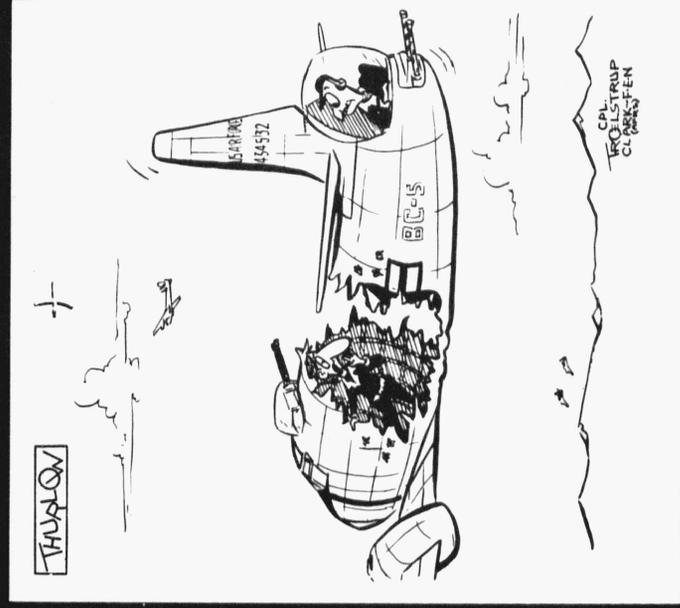
"No sweat, Sarge . . . These engineers are strictly on the stick!"



"I coulda been in Supply too!"



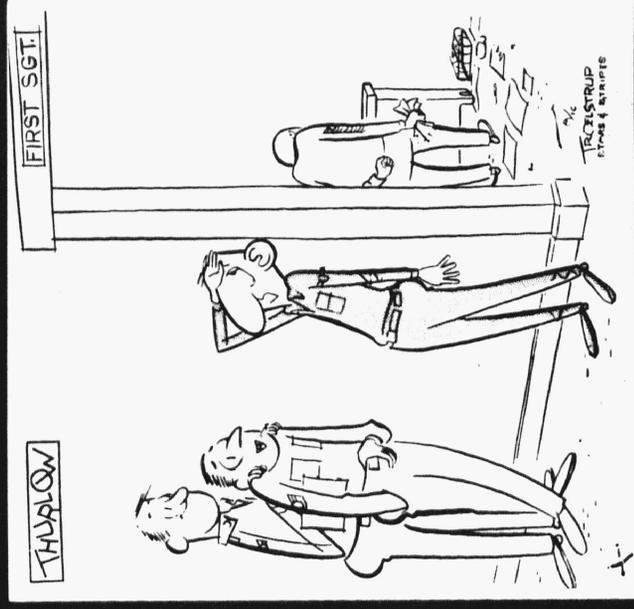
"Heh, heh . . . We were just checking over my records!"



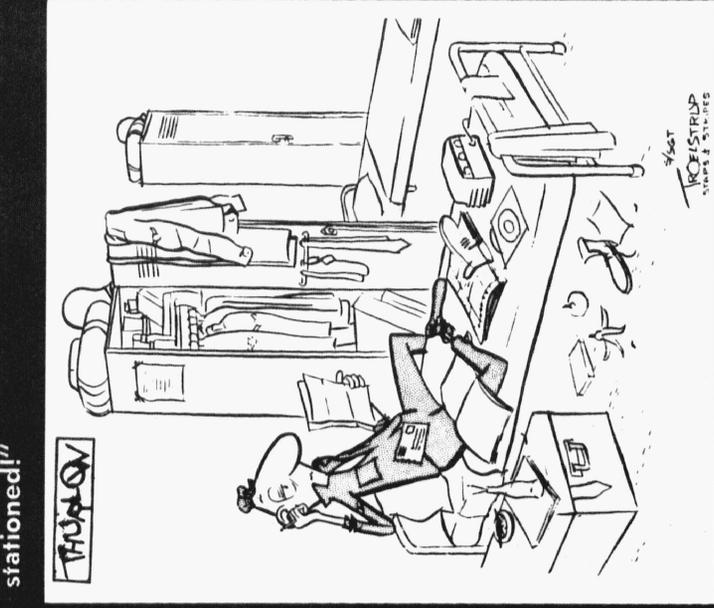
"Be sure to write and tell us where you're stationed!"



"And how in hell am I supposed to make this announcement to quit calling in about our being off the air?"



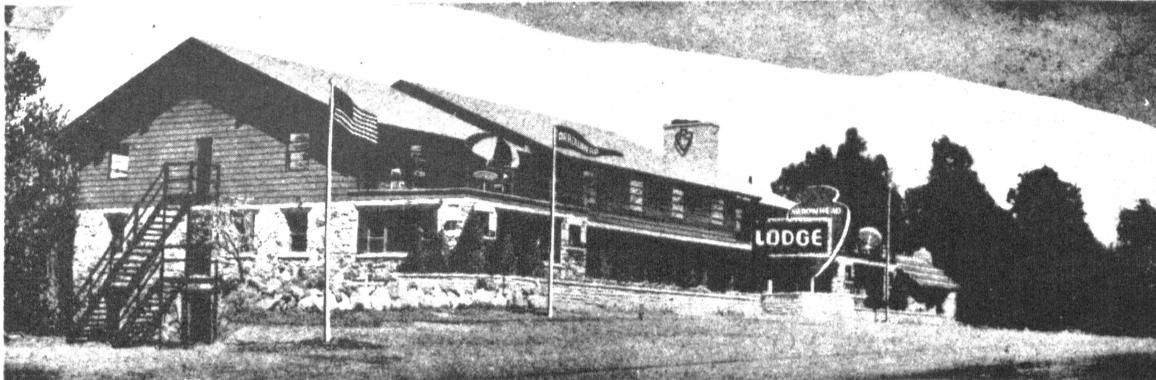
" . . . Then he said I was a lousy influence in the barracks, a lazy, brainless, stockade-headed, about to get busted and my tail racked . . . and he could forget it if I had \$20 to loan him till pay day!"



"Dear Son . . . TWO letters from you this month . . . Worried . . . Are you in the hospital?"



"Don't worry . . . THIS is the only spot that changes!"



Enjoy **Arrowhead Lodge**

Lake Ozark, Missouri

The newest and finest resort hotel in the Ozarks

- 40 ROOMS AND 40 TILE BATHS, TUB AND SHOWER COMBINATION
- COMPLETE DINING ROOM OPEN TO PUBLIC
FULL MENU – FINE FOODS
- PRIVATE SWIMMING POOL AND PLAYGROUND
- POW-WOW ROOM FOR YOUR EVENING PLEASURE
- ALL LAKE ACTIVITIES AVAILABLE
COMPLETE CONVENTION FACILITIES AND CONFERENCE ROOMS
- CONVENTION and GROUP INQUIRY INVITED
- HOME OF THE "CLOTHES HORSE"
COMPLETE SPORTSWEAR — GIFTS
- RESERVATIONS ADVISABLE -WRITE FOR FREE FOLDER



Arrowhead Lodge lobby, where modern comforts make for a pleasant evening. Special student rates for dances, swim skips, fraternity and sorority parties, etc. Have the folks headquarter at Arrowhead when visiting the University.

We Cater to Fraternity and Sorority Groups

(SPECIAL RATES AVAILABLE)

ARROWHEAD LODGE

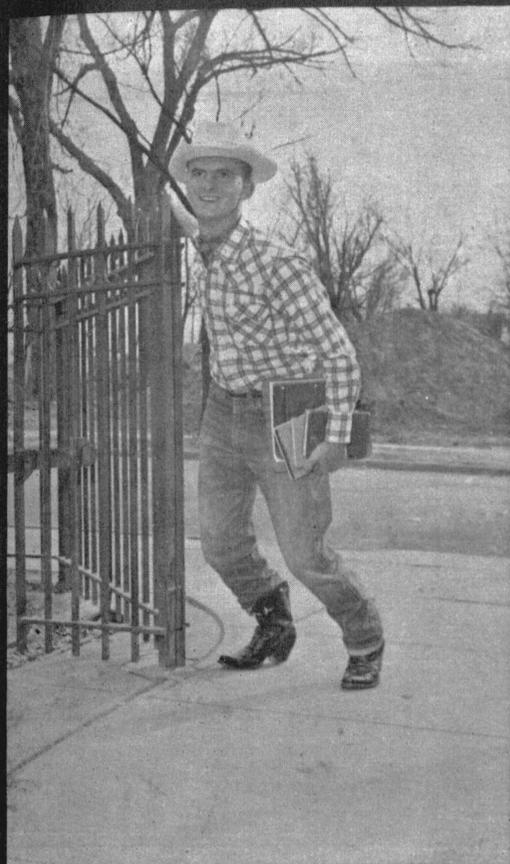
U. S. Route 54, 2 miles South of Bagnell Dam

Phone 3111 - 3121

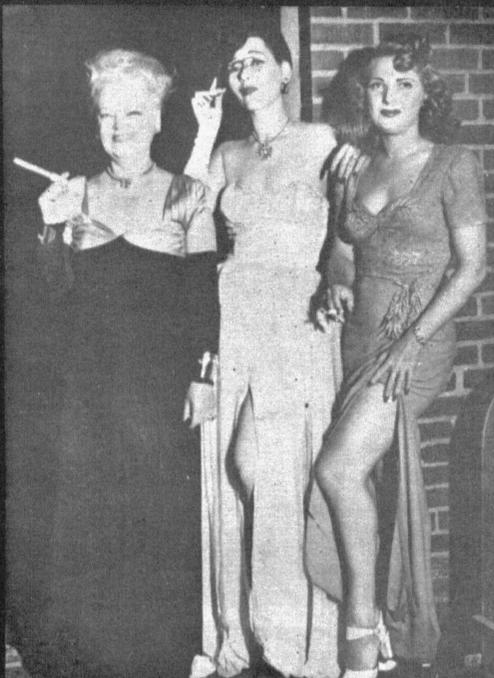
Lake Ozark, Missouri

Were I Law,

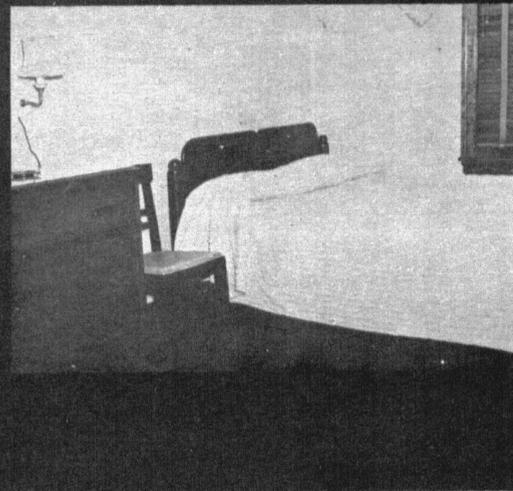
Thought it was time I told you and the gang at Zeke's about M.U....



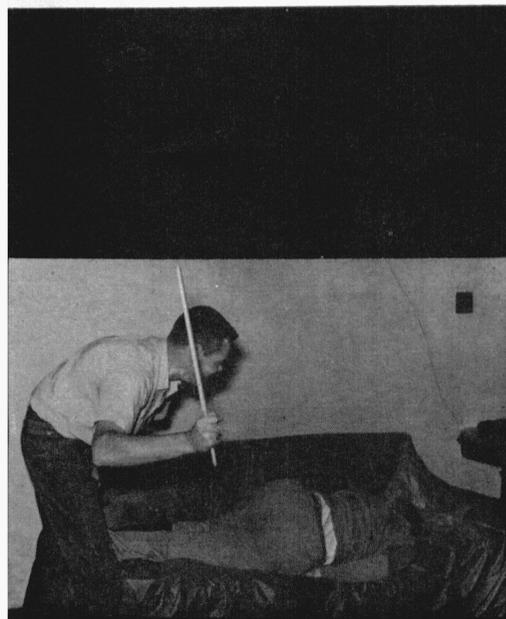
1. Gawsh! This school barn 'ud sure hold a lotta hay!



2. Met some uh the home folks at Stephen's (but you wouldn't recognize Orabelle Sue Sontag. She don't speak ta me now.) . . .



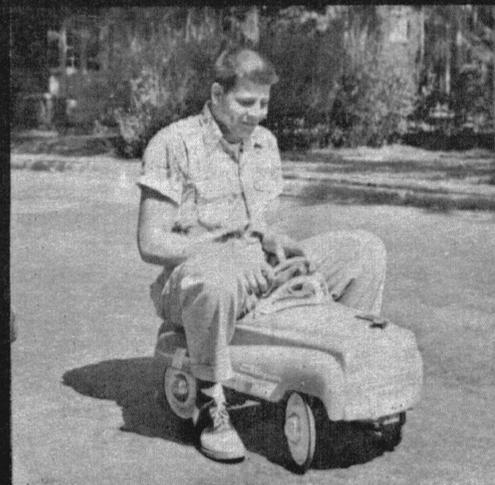
3. They gave me a room but some-thin' made me suspicious,



4. The University was right understandin' about a change and now I'm comfortably settled . . .



5. Some of them citified folks took my old room . . .



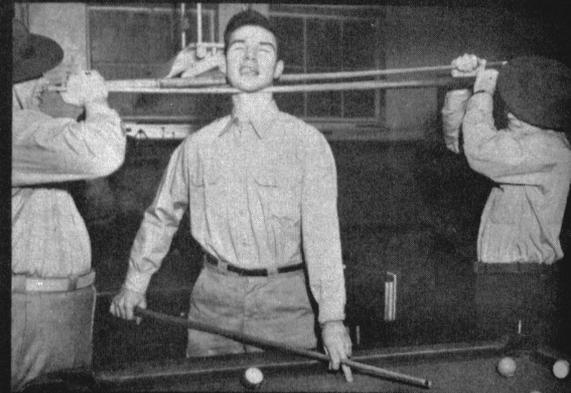
6. Ya gotta have wheels to make out . . .



7. (Any kind of wheels) . . .



8. My teacher likes me . . .



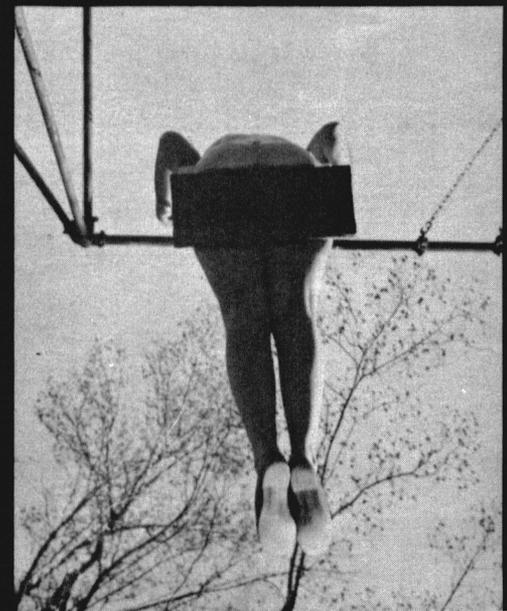
9. But I ain't overstudyin', 'cause bein' a curve-raiser is as dangerous as livin' between the Martins and the Coys . . .



10. But I'm sure glad other kinds of curves was raised — **HOT DAMN!**



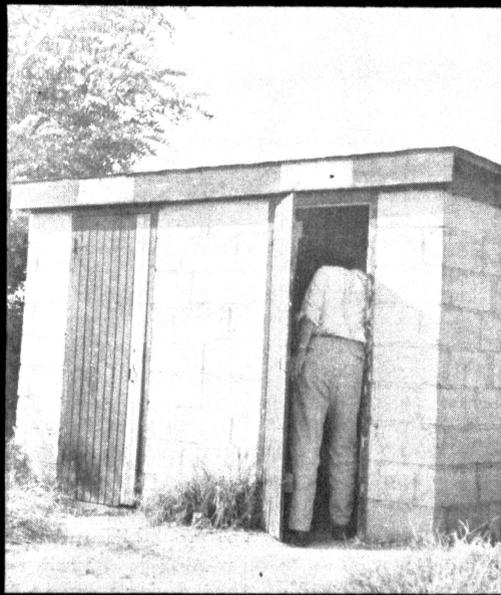
11. These jumpin' snappin' college girls got all sorts of equality . . .



12. But *basically* they'se the same as home.



13. They got a big barn where'n you c'n check out catalogues . . .



14. To read in your dorm . . .



15. Girls ignore you on Monday . . .



16. But their right friendly late Saturday . . .

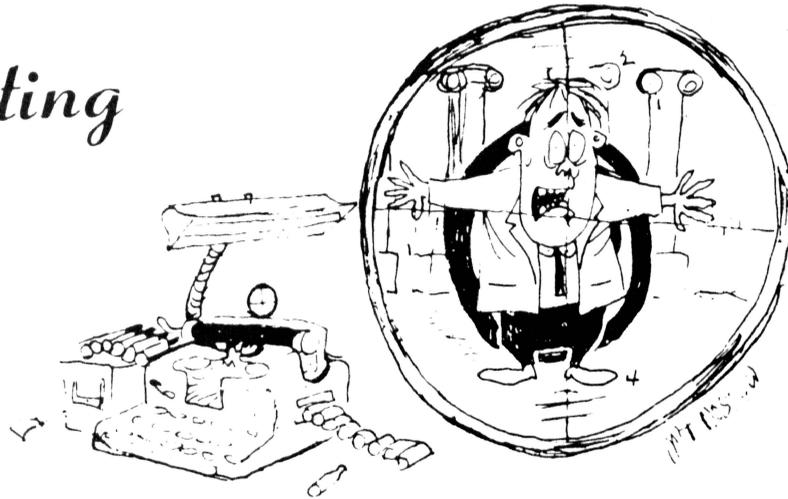


17. Now and then we have a party with city corn, but it don't get too much out of hand. You can see the effects next mornin' sometimes.



18. But don't worry about me none ma, I've made lots of friends and I'm gettin' into the swing of college life.

Shooting



Gallery

Well, they tell me another column's due, so that's my cue to waste a little space (a viewpoint with which many will concur) and time. Well. Now. What's to talk about? What makes this particular ripple on the surface of eternity important enough to justify comment? Same tired old students, same tired old dog-eared and well-thumbed University, same tired old bills, same tired old state, and, thus, same tired old subject — the weather! I ask you, now honestly, hasn't this last month been the !!' & @ @ & -est weather you've ever seen? If that doesn't cover the subject, you can supply your own set of adjectives. Suffice it to say that this was an unjustified indignity of such magnitude as to legitimately require the professional services of a Senate subcommittee.

This year the J-students have really go... it made during Journalism Week! Last year there were ten sessions, and students were required to attend nine of them. This year there are 13 sessions, and students are required to attend 11. The Powers That Be happily inform us that we're coming out to the good percentagewise. Everybody seems thrilled.

I see in the campus spoof sheet that slobbers are restricted to a class on campus. At the present time, this class consists of some 450,000 individuals across the nation. That's a lot of slobbers in any language, even in glennish. This would seem to indicate that some heroic research work had been done, but personally I have more of a feeling that the author of that little piece lost the forest in the trees, or the veterans in the slobbers. Maybe slobbiness is rampant on the campus though, since almost anything seems possible here.

And then there was the woman on Jack Bailey's Queen for a Day program who wanted a red light for her front porch . . .

I have a great deal of respect for MU girls, for they have a virtue which no similar group of coeds can boast — they can travel through Iran in absolute safety. No bandit would think of kidnaping them. They wouldn't bring enough on the slave block to pay

for their food while in transit. There are a few notable exceptions, of course, but in general the Glamorous American female seems to come through Columbia, and keep right on going.

So now Panama wants the ca-

nal. The more I think about it, the more I'm inclined to think old Ben Franklin had the right idea when he suggested the turkey be made the U.S. national bird. The eagle won out, but the turkey would have been more in character —



SHOWME:

"A course we don't sell much from this vat anny mo'"

a big, fat target, ripe for the plucking! And if Gamal can do it, why not Pedro or Juan or Ivan Ivanovitch? To quote a statement made by Nikita Krushchev, we are suffering from inflammation of the canal.

Well, at latest count the city has created 67 new holes for us to ruin our tires on. Columbia tire stores and garages will no doubt create an Order of the Silver Spade for the street department employees who can dig the most car-shattering holes in the shortest time. They can easily afford it from the increased profits. This, of course, is just in the downtown area and does not include residential areas with road surfaces cleverly designed to pit anew every two months. For this, there is a special award for highway engineers.

I am taking a history class. This class is called History of Imperial and Soviet Russia, and is taught by Dr. Roderick McGrew. I understand that McGrew also teaches such courses as European Diplomatic History and History of the Far East and other such jewels. Actually, it is not a bad course, but the required reading list runs to some 500 titles, plus three outside book reports and the title should be Marathon Reading 302. I figure that with the co-operation of library workers, I can finish reading all that stuff by about May of 1968. It would be a breeze if you read English, German, French and Russian and subscribe to the Des-toevsky-Lao Tzu Historical Review.

All you lovers take warning! Find your own place to park. I have been informed by a juvenile acquaintance that the Hickman boys have a gay pastime. It seems they all pile into the fastest car they have and go 'coon hunting in the evenings. He defined this as meaning that they visit all the favorite moon viewing spots, jump out of the car, yank open the door, make some bright comment, and leave — rapidly! This sort of thing could ruin your evening.

I understand (through I.N.S.) that one of the Moslem high church muckety-mucks has come out against modern women's clothing. He says it is too seductive, too tempting and leads men to sinful

thoughts. It is against religion. He shouldn't worry too much about it. After all, most of the poor girls need all the help they can get to hook a husband, and that's the most successful thing they've tried so far.

And what did you think of Jefferson Day? Great! People meeting people, "Hi, Jane, did you go to the speech?" "Hi, Bill, no, I went to the Union. Did you go?" "No, I went over to the M-Bar." All thanks to old Tom.

One of the funniest things I've seen lately happened in the Union one night. I was sitting there with Briggie the Wiggle and the illustrious editor of the Maneater and we were watching these arrested juveniles rub against one another as Elvis wailed to his Houn' Dawg buddy. This finally got to the Maneater. He went over and picked a number on the box, came back and sat down. It started out nice and smooth and they all flocked onto the floor. Suddenly the music faded down and was replaced by the hot beat of a jungle drum. All the wigglers just sort of ran down in jerks, looked at each other, and had to give up! Great.

George the Bartender is greeting customers these days with the phrase, "The wind blows for nothing—how much do you charge?"

Have you been tapped? Will you be tapped? Hake sure you are. It's an experience you won't want to miss. Anyplace else you can be pinched, poked, prodded, shafted, touched, tickled . . . but only here can you be tapped. Aren't you glad you came?

I have learned that there is some feeling over at Stephens that I am undermining their underpinning with comments such as those about the Four-Fold Girl. Tsk, tsk. They fail to realize that the trouble with the United States now is that the underpinning isn't loose enough as it is. This would be a boon to everybody. Think of the shot in the arm it would give the revival meeting!

Well, the deadline is now, and I am saved for another month. So long, and remember . . . watch out for that poison ivy!

SHAKY BILE?



TRY THE KEG
(formerly Collins)
for
5% BEER

A man never knows whether he likes bathing beauties until he's bathed one.



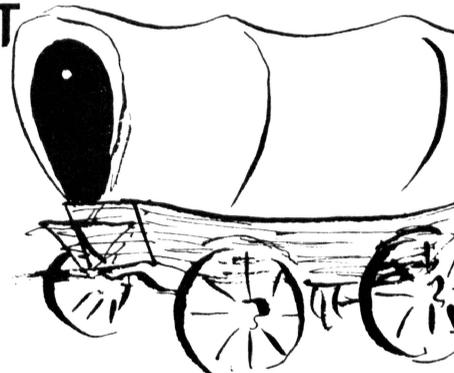
NATCH SATCH
and everyone at
THE HI FI HOUSE
120 on the Strollway

CHUCK WAGON

RESTAURANT

Highway 54

ELDON, MO.



FAVORITE OF M.U. STUDENTS

FOR CENTURIES!



An Ozark mother stuck her head out the door. "Zeke, Maybelle, what are you doin'?"

"We're petting, Ma."

"That's nice children. Don't fight."

* * *

Rockabye baby
In the tree top
Better not fall,
It's a helluva drop.

* * *

For years Zeke slept under bridges and in ditches. Then one day he switched to culverts and became a man of distinction.

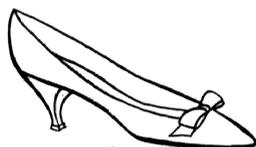
* * *

Jack be nimble, Jack be quick,
Jack jump over the candlestick,
Somebody show Jack to the men's room.

* * *

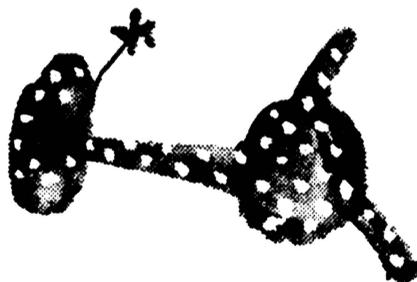
The girl who wears Capezios
is the girl who's mad enough—

Some people can't
Capezio people can



\$8.95 up

Purses to match



Fashion points to the toe,
adds a bow to the basic
white pump



the novus shop
18 ON THE STROLLWAY

Columbia's
Smartest
Shoes

The backwoodsman passed away and the preacher came to his wife to get some information about the poor man to use in his eulogy at the funeral. "Is he a Mason or an Elk? Did he belong to the Chamber of Commerce or the Ku Klux Klan?"

The bereaved wife asked, "What's the Ku Klux Klan?"

The preacher explained, "Well, I guess you might say that's the devil under a sheet."

With a timid smile, she said, "THAT he was!"

* * *

Luke: I know a man who has been married for thirty years and he spends every evening at home.

Ruby Pearl: That's what I call love.

"The doctor calls it paralysis."

* * *

Dad: Son, I'm going to tell you a story.

Four-year-old: Okay, but keep it clean. The old lady may be listening.

Jed: "What's a stoic?"
Zeb: "They bring babies, stupid."

Is that our true position, Navigator?

Yes sir.

You're sure?

Yessir.

Then take off your hat. We're in Westminster Abbey.

* * *

The lumber camp foreman put a newly hired farm boy to work stacking wood beside the shizing circular saw. As he started to walk away, he heard an "Ouch!" and turned to see the country boy looking puzzledly at a stump of a finger. Rushing back, he asked what happened. "I dunno," said the boy, "I stuck my hand out like this and — well, I'll be damned, there goes another one."

* * *

A man waiting to order his dinner in a restaurant spotted this sign on the wall, "If we cannot serve what you order, we will pay you \$1000." When the waiter came he ordered a fried elephant's ear on a bun.

"African or Indian elephant," said the waiter.

"Well, African I suppose."

About five minutes later, the waiter returned, laughing.

"You win, sir," he said, "we're out of buns."

* * *

Two little German boys were walking through the mountains with their mother.

As one of them suddenly pushed her off a cliff, he chortled to the other, "Look Hans, no ma!"

* * *

One, two
Have a brew
Three, four
Have some more
Five, six
Have a fix
Seven, eight
It's too late
Nine, ten
In the pen.

* * *

Jim Willie: Drink broke up my home.

Tom Jack: Couldn't stop it?

Jim Willie: No, the damn still exploded.

Motel Meldon

in

ELDON

Highway 54 South — West Side

COMMERCIAL — TRANSIT

FREE TV — AIR CONDITIONED

SWEP KRAUSS — ELDON, MO. PHONE EX 2-4746

SEE OLD-TIME MOONSHINE STILL

Visit

The Ozarks Famous **STARK CAVERNS**

Do It Yourself Fans . . .

**A NEW WAY TO SEE A CAVE
SELF-SERVICE**



Unique Souvenir Shop
& Mineral Display

**NEAR BAGNELL DAM
4 MILES SOUTH OF ELDON
On Highway 54
ELDON, MISSOURI**

FREE PICNIC GROUNDS

Year Round Temperature 56 in Caverns



KINKADE
SHOWME

"Tattle."



You Should See

THE ONE AND ONLY OZARK

DEER FARM

A DELIGHTFUL TREAT FOR YOUNG AND OLD

Children 1/2 Price

YOU CAN FEED & PET REAL, LIVE DEER!

LET THE KIDDIES SEE AND TALK TO FRIENDLY RUDOLPH IN PERSON, NIMBLE PRANCER, BASHFUL DANCER AND ALL THE OTHERS

ADMITTANCE ANYTIME • STAY AS LONG AS YOU WANT • BRING YOUR CAMERA

OZARK DEER FARM ON HIGHWAY 54 - 3 MILES S. OF ELDON

In the Spring a proud dog's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of . . .



ANDY'S CORNER

A traveling salesman was relating an adventure to a friend.

"I opened my door and saw the farmer's beautiful daughter lying on my bed."

"What did you do?"

"The only thing I could do — called her father and had him take her out. What would you have done?"

"The same thing you did, but I wouldn't lie about it."

* * *

A young fellow once took his dainty grandmaw to see the roadshow "Tobacco Road." After the first two profane acts, the little old lady was groping under her seat.

"What's the matter, Grandma?" asked the boy.

"Oh," she said, "I've lost my goddamn program."

* * *

"How about going out with me Saturday?"

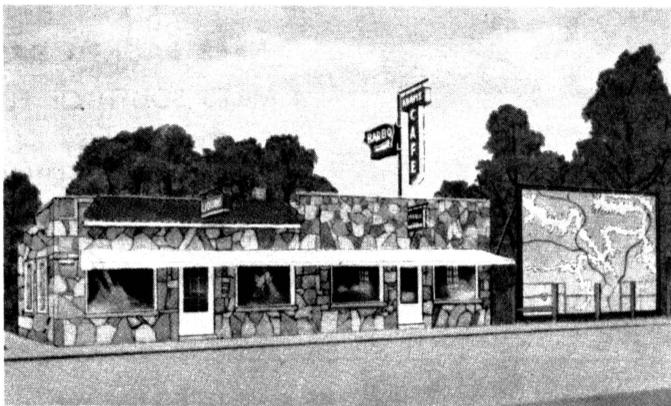
"I have a date Saturday."

"Then let's make it Sunday."

"I'm going out Sunday, too."

"How about Monday?"

"All right, dammit, I'll go Saturday."



ADAM'S CAFE

— in —

Camdenton, Missouri

IS A GREAT PLACE TO EAT

Friendly Service

Open 24 Hours

Lives there a fellow so abnormal
Who's not aroused by a low-
backed formal?



Variation On A Mood

BY LAUREL EASTLAND

She was very drunk.

I sat half on, half off the plastic stool, my back to the bar watching her. She was huddled in the corner of a large semi-circular booth, thoughtfully making rings on the table with her glass. Periodically, she paused to push strands of hair from her face. My eyes from habit focused carefully on a spot just to the left of her so I wouldn't be directly staring. And then I started the game.

You see, from nine to three every night I blow my brains out with a trumpet in a hole in the wall on Bourbon St. . . . the kind of place tourists hit by accident. I stand and look in the darkness where light beams rays into quiet irises of cosmopolitanism and I am sorry. I try to shutter my

eyes by tilting my head, but it isn't that easy. My music is just reaching the edge of their foreheads. And, by the time I get through, as much as I'd like to throw myself down the equally damning rathole of sleep, I'm so nervous I have to stop by Terrier's Bar on Ponchartrain on my way home to deaden the pain. I sit here, drinking a last one and watching the people. I let my mind fasten itself on the sandy-eyed present and the show goes on.

Once it was a couple trying to dance. The man was obviously against the whole thing, but the girl kept moving around on the floor, forcing him to move, too. Even when the jukebox was feeling for records, she kept it up — shuffling, swaying, sprad-

ding. And with each changing tempo, they danced in the same way, she just moving, he jogging to a beat something like a square dance. There was no synchronization, like they had just passed each other by accident and happened to clasp hands as a different melody swung through individual minds.

Last night it was a habitual alcoholic, his head rolling to the rhythm he made in cupping his outstretched hands around his drink and moving it in patterns on the bar. He was making the only drink he could afford last as long as possible by playing with it. He would keep his eyes on it constantly, tipping it one way, then the other. He would stop, then, and stare at it. Finally he would take a drink. In a way, he was making love . . . first the byplay, then the climax . . . rushing in a torrent of sweetness and sorrow that groped until the fingers spread and closed into the flower of a fist.

But now it was the girl. I wondered if she was waiting for someone. At 4 a.m.? I guess not. I'd seen a lot like her . . . I'd be lost in a variation on a mood song and suddenly I'd see someone in the audience who felt it, too. Usually a woman, usually drunk. She'd be completely apart from her group, slipped through the sound into a silver stare, just listening. I'd play to her for awhile, then forget myself again.

This one was typical — hair swept sveltely back on one side, hugging her face on the other. Her green cocktail dress fitted closely all the way down to just above her knees, then flared to reveal crossed legs almost invisibly stockinged. If she had been standing her shoes would have made her three inches taller.

I guess I'd been watching her about twenty minutes when she noticed me. She had raised the glass and, tipping it to drink, had unveiled her eyes. God! They were green, green. No, it wasn't just the dress. They really were green.

I half-way smiled. Automatic-
(Over)

ally she turned away, then just as automatically looked back. She didn't smile, she only looked.

I sat there for a minute. Then, deliberately, I turned to the bar. I wanted her to work at it. I could see her face in the mirror, still expressionless, resuming her ritual with the glass. Okay, okay, I said to myself, angry for believing I was desirable enough to make her do something ob-

vious to attract me. I whirled from the stool.

"Hi," I said. She didn't look up. I slid in on the opposite side of the semi-circle. Then her eyes (green green green) lifted and I could feel even in the seeming apathy something rising.

"Well," I whispered.

"Oh, what the hell," she said in a tired voice, "Let's go."

End

Still Not Too Late...

TIGER BEAUTIES WILL TRY FOR "MISS MISSOURI"

It is still not too late for you to join these four beauties who plan to enter the "Miss Missouri" contest!

Entry blanks are available at the main desk of the Student Union. You need not have attended the SHOWME contest entrance program.

Under Junior Chamber of Commerce auspices, the St. Louis area preliminaries will be held in late May, when six poised, talented young ladies will be chosen to represent this area in the June 22nd "Miss Missouri Pageant,"

competing with finalists from every major town in Missouri!!

The Webster Groves Junior Chamber of Commerce, responsible for the Miss America Preliminary in Missouri, has announced over \$2,000.00 in scholarships, awards, and all-expense travel to be awarded at the pageant.

competing for the title of "Miss Convertible for Miss Missouri's personal use during her reign, a wardrobe, luggage, a resort-tour of Missouri, over \$2,000.00 in scholarships and awards . . . and an all-expense week in Atlantic City

LARRY'S OZARK TRADING POST

BY THE POST OFFICE



Indian Moccasins

Souvenirs

LAKE OF THE OZARKS

Awards will include a new Dodge America" (\$100,000.00) and the \$30,000.00 in scholarships awarded annually at the national finals.



Elizabeth Norton
Nurse's Residence



Simone Greene
Johnston Hall



Phyllis Ellenbracht
Gamma Phi Beta

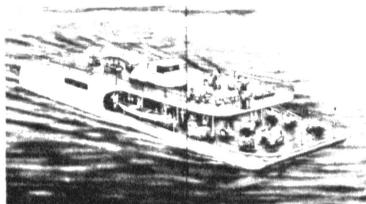
Two cats viewing a statue of Venus de Milo: "Man, did that crazy manicure!"



CASINO DOCK at Bagnell Dam

Offers You & Your Family . . . THE LAKES FINEST BOATING FACILITIES

LARRY DON . . . Three 1½-Hour Scenic Trips Daily
10:30 — 2:00 — 7:00
Moonlight Cruises - 9:30 Nightly Till Midnight
Dancing with popular orchestra. For a cool, re-
freshing and entertaining evening.
Available For Charter To Groups At Special Rates.



LARRY-DON - The Lake's Largest Excursion Boat
Double Deck - 200-Passenger - Diesel Powered

To truly enjoy your vacation you should see the Lake from the water and the air and we offer the largest and newest selection of facilities on the lake. You are cordially invited to enjoy the hospitality of our dock.



OSAGE CHIEF - 30-mile, one-hour, scenic cruiser trips highlighting most important points of interest and scenic beauty of the lake. 9:30, 11:00, 3:00 and 4:30.



30-Mile Seaplane
Flights Anytime.
1957 Cessna
5-place.



THRILLING MILE-A-MINUTE SPEED BOAT RIDES in a new 1957 Debonnaire, powered by 300 h. p. Cadillac motor. Available anytime.

FOR YOUR COMPLETE VACATION

Ride in Safety with our Courteous, Licensed Pilots ● All Facilities U. S. Coast Guard Inspected and Approved

TEX ^ond MAE BEMIS

PHONE ENDICOTT 5-9986

AT BAGNELL DAM



Lynn Hargus
Gamma Phi Beta



Roseann Teri, reigning "Miss Missouri," left, and Jackie Eichelberger, contestant in new 1957 "Miss Missouri Scholarship Pageant" . . . try out flashy new convertible which will be presented to "Miss Missouri 1957" for her personal use during her reign.

Under Junior Chamber of Commerce auspices, the St. Louis area preliminaries will be held in late May.

Girls interested in entering should contact Mrs. Rosemary Patrick, registrar, Miss Missouri Scholarship Pageant, 5855 Robert Ave., St. Louis 9, Missouri, or pick up a SHOWME direct entry blank at the main desk of the Student Union by the coffee shop.

That There City Girl



by
Noel Tomas

You'd think that there'd be a law against them and that's what I tell'd ma, only she up and laughed at me and says I've got a lotta things ta learn about girls. And then I asked pa fer advice on the subject and he comes out and tell'd me that he ain't been able ta figger them out and he's been married ta one since I wasn't even thought of.

Well, bein' sixteen and havin' been in contacts with two of them there critters, as pa always calls them, and them livin' on the next farm 'bout three miles from ours, I figgers I'm becomin' an expert on them. I'm talkin' 'bout girls case ya didn't know. I figgers pa ain't so smart if he's never been able to figger ma out and them bein' together fer so long now. And I don't think ma's so hard ta figger out,

not fer me anyways. I'm the only other man around the house, so one of us better be able ta figger her out. I don't have no sisters either. Pa says I'm lucky 'cause I don't know what I'm missin'. He's had three.

* * *

It all started when Eileen, who lives at the farm I told ya was near ours, well, she invites her city cousin, Jeanne, ta stay with her fer the summer. Now that's the whole start of the trouble, that there city girl!

Ya see, I used ta always go fishin' and ridin' and huntin' with Bart who's Eileen's brother. That was before Eileen and me started goin' steady. Bart's got more horse sense than she has, he bein' fourteen and her bein' only thirteen. Now that's my

A STORY CONTEST ENTRY

opinion so don't go spreadin' it all around. Personally, I think all boys has more sense than girls and I even told Eileen that once and she says I'm partial 'cause I'm a boy and she didn't speak ta me fer a week. That never bothered me much anyway 'cause then I didn't spend any of my allowance on her fer the movies in Ayrshire which is the nearby town ta our farm, 'bout six miles away.

I don't know why I take her out all the time, but goin' steady usually requires havin' only two people, one girl and one guy. Anyways, her folks and mine figger it's all right and Eileen and me get along pretty good most of the time. I kinda like her a lot at times and always do my ridin' with her. And I get a kick out of the way she handles her horse, a chestnut bay. She rides him bare back and guides him by pullin' his mane from side ta side. Now I use my saddle horse, and I use a saddle and reins, not that I'm a sissy ta ride bare back, but I've got sense 'cause someday Eileen's gonna get hurt. I keep tellin' her that, but like a girl, she don't listen none and will race on ahead a me with the bay's tail straight out and her own yella pony-tail just as straight.

That's the ONLY thing I can't figger out in a girl, why she won't take advice when a guy's tryin' ta be helpful.

Well, it seems that when Jeanne came in from Des Moines, which is a city only a couple a hundred miles southeast of our farm, I had ta figger that there city girl out 'cause she was buildin' trouble between Eileen and me.

I had ridden over ta Eileen's farm and got off my horse to go ta the house ta see if she wanted ta go ridin' when that there city girl comes out pattin' back her brown hair and grinnin' like a toothpaste ad on Highway 30. She comes up ta me, within inches mind ya, closer than I care ta let any girl 'cept Eileen come, and she says, in a city

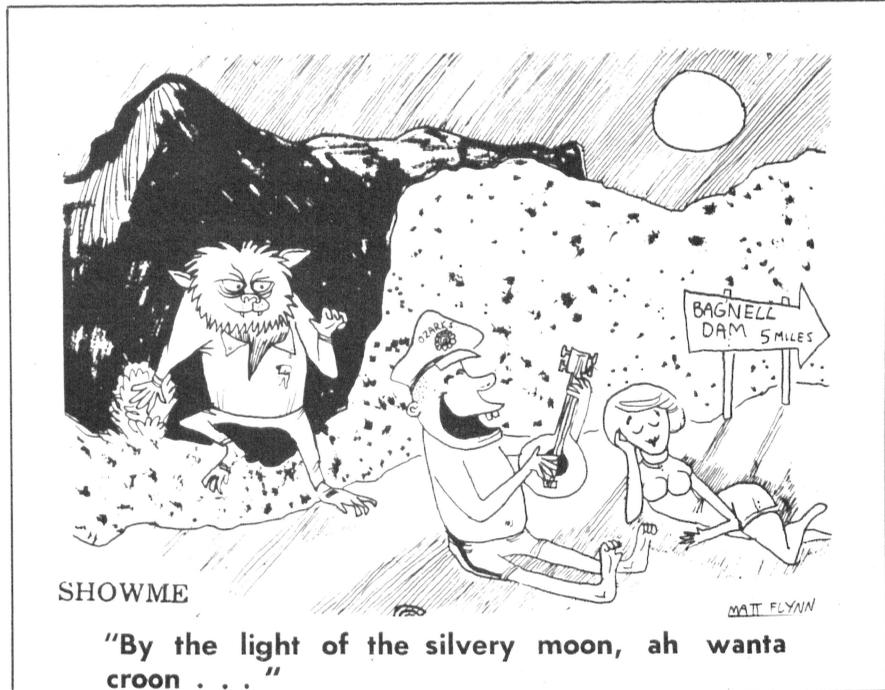
drawl that those city people seem ta always have, "You're Hankie, Eileen's one and only. I'm Jeanne, and you're going to be my one and only too."

Well, I was flabbergasted (that's one of ma's big words)! My face must a turned red 'cause I could feel it burnin' and then Jeanne goes and takes my arm and starts walkin' me ta the house. And she had the darndest nerve ta say I shouldn't be afraid of her 'cause she wouldn't bite. All I could choke up was I wasn't afraid of no girl and I tried ta get her ta let go when I seen Eileen at the door.

Eileen seemed ta be frowning some when she came out and she looked mean like fer just a second at Jeanne. And then she glanced down at Jeanne's red red shorts, which I was afraid ta mention before because they looked awful tight, like they was gonna split. And then Eileen says fer Jeanne ta put on dungarees like Eileen's if she wanted ta go ridin' with us. So Jeanne runs her hands over her shorts and on her bare legs and looks up at me and says they're cooler and wondered if she'd really have ta change. She suggested ridin' double with me since she wasn't sure how ta ride, but Eileen says "nothing doing" 'cause she knows Jeanne can ride. Jeanne gives her a quick look and turns back ta me and says not fer me ta do anything she wouldn't do until she gets back. I went over ta Eileen, shruggin' my shoulders, and I asked her what Jeanne meant. Eileen said not ta pay her any mind.

I could see that this was gonna be some humdinger of a ride when Bart comes walkin' his horse our way. I looked at Eileen, but she didn't say nothing except that three's a crowd and four's company and she preferred company.

We finally got goin' and everythin' went along with a kinda chill hangin' in the air. Jeanne



"This pen leaks," said the convict, as the rain came through the roof.

had been ridin' close ta my side when Eileen wanted to race and I said nothin' doin', she looked hurt and called me a scaredy cat. Bart was willin' ta race and took out after his sister at a fast gallop. This left Jeanne and me alone which I didn't care for.

She suggested we ride back toward the artificial lake near our place and I said okay since I seen Eileen and Bart headin' back. I took a quick glance at Jeanne and noticed she was as pretty as Eileen only I was stuck on Eileen 'cause I am partial 'bout girls from the farm. As I looked back at Jeanne, I noticed she looked older than Eileen. Ya can tell they're older by the way they put on their lipstick, careful like, as though they've been doin' it a while. Well, I asked Jeanne how old she was and she says she's as old as Eileen which was hard fer me ta believe since she looked as old as some of the senior girls in my high school.

And when we reached the lake, Jeanne looks back ta see how far off Eileen and Bart are and she tells me ta follow her. She rides into the trees which surround the lake and gets off

her horse. I do the same, hopin' that Eileen and Bart hurry up and get here. Then Jeanne walks over ta me and takes my hand and kinda guides me ta the lake side. We sits ourselves down in the foot high grass and Jeanne looks at me and smiles and brings her head close ta mine.

"Don'tcha want to kiss me," she says, closin' her eyes and puckerin'.

"Look. I think we better get goin'," I say, shakily, and I try ta put down that lump in my throat and a voice that seems ta say, "Hank, yer a fool not ta!"

"Come on, Hankie. You're not afraid of girls, are you?" she coaxes, which burns me up.

"Quit callin' me Hankie! The name's Hank and I'm not afraid of girls!" With that, I take her in my arms and kiss her hard. Jeanne wraps her arms around me tight and kisses back real hard too. The lipstick tasted sweet and Jeanne smelled real good, not like the hogs Eileen's pa raises.

Well, we must've kissed fer a good five minutes and we broke up when I heard a noise behind

(Over)



us, away from where our horses was tied. Then I heard hoof beats ridin' off or ridin' past, I didn't know which and I didn't care right then since I was feelin' weak.

We sat smilin' at each other and then Jeanne takes off her ridin' boots and socks and sticks her feet in the water. With a little of her pleadin', I do the same and Jeanne snuggles up close to me, closer than I let — I guess I told ya that before. Well, what Jeanne comes out with next knocked the ground out from under me. She'd suggested goin' in swimmin' and I told her I didn't have a suit. Well, she says "Who needs a suit?"

Ya see how easy it is ta figger out girls? All us guys know they lead ya into things. Well, I told her I wasn't about ta go in swimmin' in the raw. And then she says, I won't be the only one, and I about died of embarrassment. She tells me they call it "skinny dippin'" way out East and she figgers if boys go swimmin' in the raw, girls can too.

Well, I was fit ta be tied and I was burnin' out light bulbs tryin' ta think a way out 'cause if I listened ta Jeanne any longer, I know'd I'd be goin' swimmin' out of curiosity and if pa ever found out, he wouldn't spare that two inch wide cowhide belt a his.

Jeanne was 'bout ready ta unbutton her blouse while she was callin' me girl-scared and burnin' me up so's I was ready ta pull my shirt off, when Bart comes ridin' in and says we'd better get home. Jeanne looked scared fer a minute and I 'bout flipped.

Jeanne rode on ahead while Bart rode beside me and kept lookin' at me real odd like. He told me Eileen had seen what I and Jeanne was doin' by the lake and Eileen was cryin' ta beat all get out when he left her. And I thought he meant she had seen us startin' ta get undressed when Bart says I shouldn't a kissed Jeanne. Was I relieved! I told Bart Jeanne was kissin' me 'cause I figger a little lyin' won't hurt nothin' here and Jeanne

won't say anythin'. I was a bit scared of facin' Eileen, but I figgered I could handle her. Then Bart told me ta get rid a the lipstick on my mouth, which I did.

At the farm, we met Eileen by the stables. She was a little red around the eyes, but she seemed real cheerful. Bart was standin' by her by now and askin' her what made her change her mind. I couldn't figger out what he was drivin' at and I was more concerned in what Jeanne was tellin' Eileen.

"We were going swimming in the raw," she said, real sassy like, but Eileen didn't say anythin' except that it sounded like it would have been fun, which 'bout knocked me fer a loop hearin' it come from Eileen.

I had ta figger fast ta keep up ta my girl, so I figgered she was being real polite like ta her city cousin since I know all along that Eileen was more intelligent than that there city girl.

Eileen comes walkin' slowly up ta me where I'm sittin' on the fence and then I notice her dungaree shorts, which I didn't know she owned, and I almost fell off the fence! They was just like Jeanne's shorts, in fit that is. Well, Eileen rests her head on her arm, which is restin' on my knee, and she smiles at me and asks me when I'm takin' her ta the movies again. She says it real loud too and she looks so cute ta me that I hafta lift her chin. That's when I feel a desire ta kiss her 'cause now I figger I know why I like her over Jeanne and that's Eileen's kisses which are soft and yet electric like. I didn't kiss her though 'cause I save that fer when we're alone. So I say that we'd better go tomorrow night, which is Friday. And then Eileen asks me, real loud again, what are we gonna do on Saturday night since these are the only two nights we can go out together. I told her I'd think up somethin'.

All this talk between Eileen and me kinda bothers Jeanne and she takes Bart by the hand and almost drags him away while he

An Ideal



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Bon Voyage! Have a good trip!
Whew, some ship that Titanic!

That kind of people live in the Po Valley? Po' people.

keeps lookin' back my way fer help. I figger he just doesn't figger out girls like I do, so I let him be dragged off fer a lesson since I figger Jeanne's the girl that can give it ta him. It turns out that Jeanne wanted ta get him ta tell his ma that she wanted ta leave that week end.

* * *

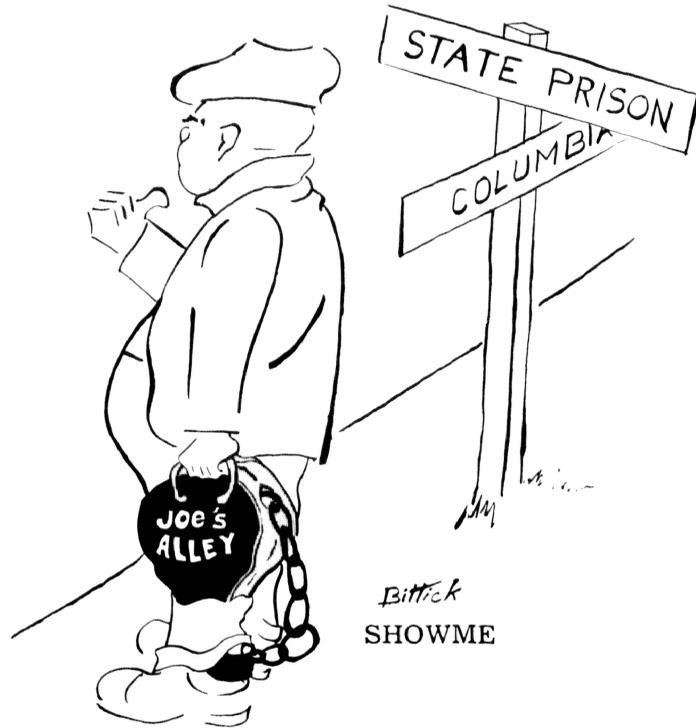
Ya see now it's not hard ta figger out girls. Eileen had asked me, after Jeanne had left that weekend, if I do go in swimmin' in the raw and I told her the truth which was yes and I added somethin' I remembered a man on TV sayin' and it sounded real heroish ta me. I added it real quick like, sayin', "that's only when I'm out with the boys!" And she added, "I'm glad that's the ONLY time." And I could tell she was embarrassed by the subject so I dropped it.

So this is how I figgers out Eileen since she wasn't jealous. I figgers she knew she could trust me and she knew I was her guy so she didn't have a thing ta worry about what with my kissin' Jeanne.

And I figgers that there city girl this way. She left 'cause she knew I was true ta Eileen and

mainly because Bart just wouldn't give her a tumble bein' she was too young fer him.

Come ta think of it, even if she looked older than thirteen, she was really younger and innocent than the whole bunch of us which goes to show ya what we farmers have over them there city people.



SHOWME



SHOWME

"Reckoned that would happen someday Ma."

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Grandpappy McCoy, a hillbilly of the Ozarks, had wandered off into the woods and failed to return for supper. So young Rasputin was sent to look for him. He found him standing in the bushes.

"Gettin' dark, Grandpap," the tot ventured.

"Yep."

"Supper time, Pap."

"Yep."

"Comin' home?"

"Nope."

"Why?"

"Standing in a b'ar trap."

* * *

Testimonial received by a drug concern: For nine years I was totally deaf, and after using your ear drops for only ten days, I heard from my brother in South Dakota."



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was crazy!

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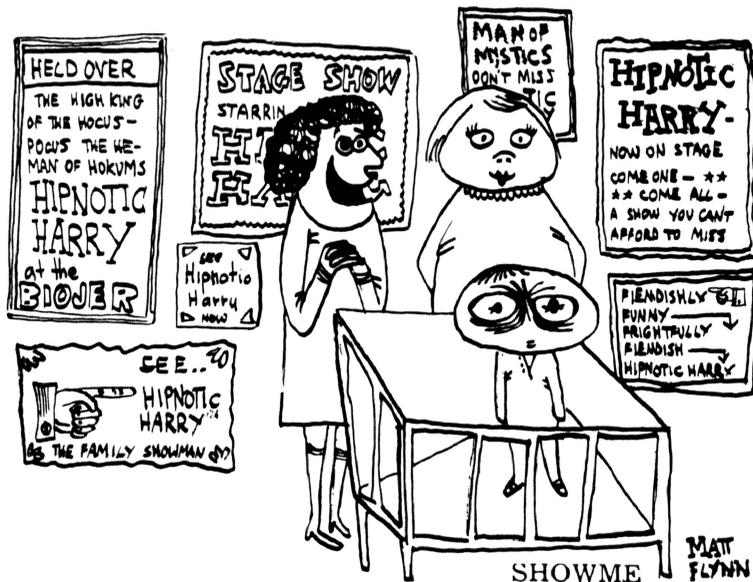
¼ mile from Bagnell Dam
MAC'S TAVERN
LAKE OZARK, MO.

Alex: Do you smoke cigarettes?
Seconk: Yes, what do you do
with them?

Once a British game hunter, whose hobby was collecting rare animals, came upon an animal so rare that he decided to call it a rary. It had a human brain, the head of an elephant, the body of a tiger, the legs of an ostrich, feet like a gorilla, ears like Rocky Marciano and a tail like a possum.

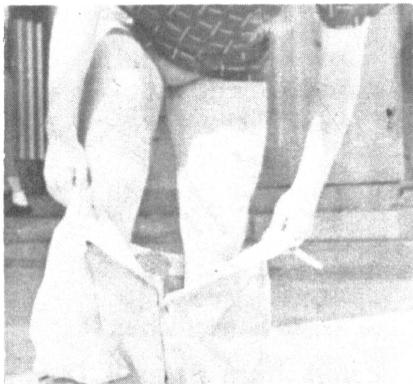
So he took it to London and put it in the zoo for all the children to see. Well, within six months, the rary had grown so fast and eaten so much that the zoo keeper had to call the hunter and tell him he would have to get rid of it.

So he led the rary down a lonely British lane and came to a high cliff. He was about to push the rary over, when he looked at it, the rary looked at him, and a large tear rolled down its face. "No, I can't do it," said the hunter, "It's a long way to tip a rary".



"He's got your mouth, but he's got his daddy's eyes."

contributors' page



Clat's Kneecaps

Noelgossiper, Ltd, Ptd, Ddt, esq., 'ere. I say there, governor, 'ave you met this fellow, BOB CLATANOFF? I say, 'e's a corrupt one and from right 'ere in our 'ome away from 'ome, Columbia. A rake around the women, Gamma Phi included, and properly labeled our circulation manager.

Now old chaps, Bob, a D.U., is a bully, mid-Victorian (speaks to you if 'e wants to) and 'as a 'abit? of loosing our rare copies to residents of 615 Turner. I'm told 'e doesn't get up before ten and this may be the cause. You'll recognize 'im, in the summer, by 'is cord suit and sneaks. really tip tip . . . and 'e saves (to put it mildly) brandy iiggers. Oh yes, I dare say, the old chap's a 'istory major, whatever you Colonists call that. We learn a bit of a different type of 'istory in dear old G. B. (Great Britain) dont-chaknow.

Now my bloomin' readers there's this new staff addition, and by jove, 'e's a jovial cartoonist at that. They call 'im RON FARR, freshman and a possible advertising major (blimey now, the world *really?* needs ad men). And this blighter's a real one

when it comes to a mug of brew. He gets pink, delightfully pink, and laugh . . . laugh, laugh, laugh when 'igh. My petite informant suggests that he's cute but he doesn't give the fairer sex a chance. I say, 'e's really a bloody bloke, but I'm sure this Kansas City fellow will shape up or my name isn't Noelgossiper, Ltd, Ptd, Ddt. esq. Blimey now, Ron's the fellow, Edwards House and all that poppy rot and Tiger Squadron too and phone 2-9751, girls. I say, that's a topper now, righto?



Farr's Flask

Now ladies and you rowdier blighters, there's a certain Holsum young lady by the title of RUTH MUFF (say that twenty times fast) who has frequented many a windy corner. (Pushing sales of our magazine of course.)

I say, she even drives 'er own station wagon, been to G. B.'s royal colony of Bermuda (a bit of a mishap trying to get back bloody American planes and poor engines and all that rot) and 'as just returned from the more alcoholic southern state of Florida (I say, the old girl is really a pip . . . the name's Noelgossiper, Ltd, Ptd, Ddt, esf.). She's a charming Holsum Pi Phi. been to the local bobbies' 'ide-away a few times to pay a few



Muff's Hoofs

tickets, but she has learned quite a few jolly tricks like 'ow to get out of a University parking ticket.

"Just said I was unloading my harp," she innocently told the phlegmatic bobbie.

She's a music education major from Trenton, Mo., 'ome of her daddy's Holsum Bread office. I say, clever, eh wot?



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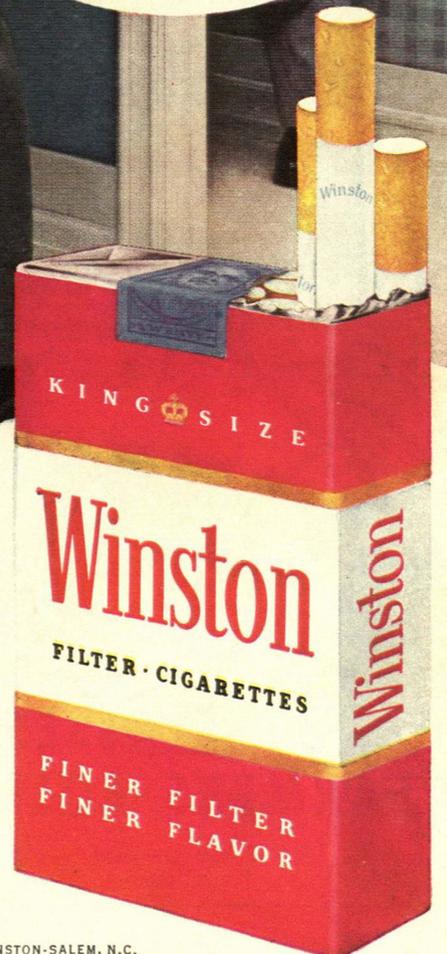
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