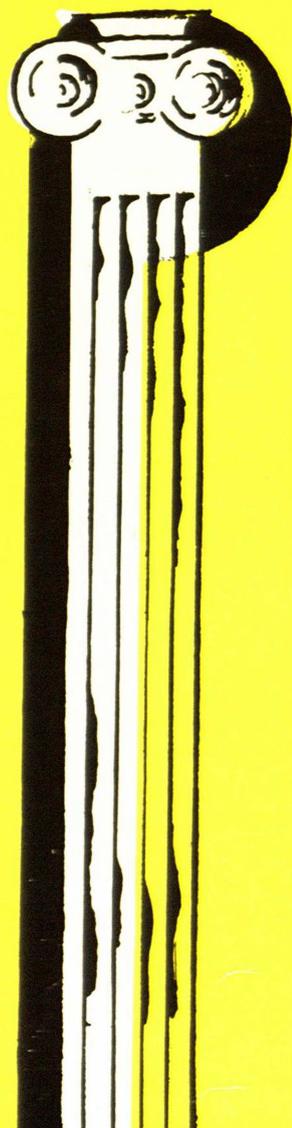


Greek Issue

25c



SHOWME

February

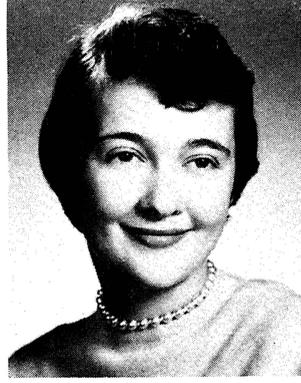
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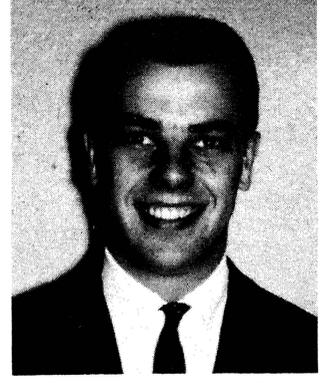
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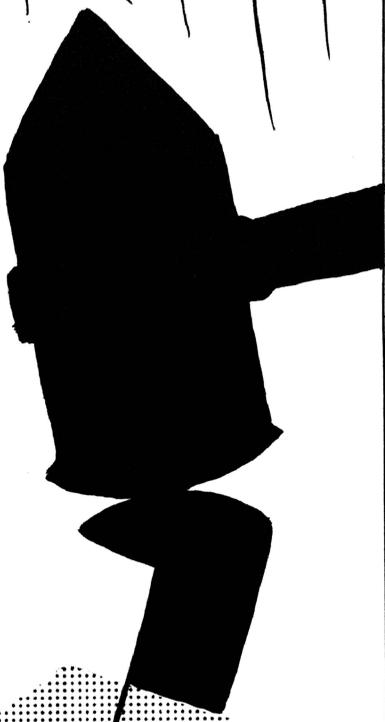


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Opening In March*



"OF COURSE"

the head
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knows where
to hit

and so do
YOU
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HIT
ERNIE'S
Steak House



January 12, 1956
Texas A & M College
College Station, Texas

Dear Editors:

We are experiencing difficulties with college officials at the present time concerning COMMENTATOR policy. We should like to solicit your opinion on the COMMENTATOR in general and the MAD issue in particular. We will appreciate any criticism, good or bad. Please reply at your earliest convenience, as our very existence will possibly be terminated in February.

Sincerely yours,
Don Powell
Managing Editor

Dear Mr. Powell

The members of the Colorado Flatiron have formed to TO HELL WITH CENSORS CLUB. Their pamphlet "Tweaking the Nose of the Nosey," can be obtained by writing to them in care of—Postmaster. Qolife, Siberia.

ECAT

Dear Editor,

Many thanks to you for opening mine eyes to the wonder of being a woman, and of knowing the true souls of men. Somehow, I seem to have missed the real esthetic beauty of it all. Now, thanks to your one educational guide issue, I shall begin a new. Believe me, I've got a Hell of a lot to make up for.

Wander Offitall

Dear Wander

Discovering the esthetic beauty of being a woman should fill your cup of life to the brim. However so as your cup shall not runnith over we recommend that you abstain from reading our forthcoming issue.

ECAT

Odessa, Texas
Office of the President
January 17, 1956

Dear Sir:

The Odessa College is planning to establish a magazine subscription agency. We plan to put out a catalogue and mail to prospective purchasers. We want to include your publications in our catalogue. . . .

Yours very truly
Murry H. Fly
President

Dear Pres. Fly

Any effort to enrichen the public's life by placing within their reach The Missouri SHOWME, is distinctley appreciated. Our Business Manager has opened another bank account to handle the deluge of subscriptions. So hurry with your catalogue and open the chutes. . . . I wonder could we print an overseas edition . . . hummmm.

ECAT

* * *

Sigma Chi: My girl has been yelling at me for a month. Complain, complain, complain!
Pledge: What is she complaining about?

Sigma Chi: How should I know. I never listen to her.

* * *

Then there was the one about the Phi Delt who was invited to potluck supper at Stephens. He was asked to bring something, so he brought his pledge son.

* * *

He who runs with the wolves will soon learn to howl.

* * *

1st Suzie: Jack makes me tired.
2nd Suzie: Then you should quit chasing him.



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And Also from 3 to 5 Saturday Afternoon

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the new

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the novus shop
ON THE STROLLWAY

showme



SURE it's all Greek to you! That's what we had in mind. It really isn't *all* Greek life and culture in this Issue but I thought that was a good way to lead into the thing. Infact it was more Greek when we started, but a certain amount of material must fall by the wayside via the censor, and a couple of take-offs on classics ended up in the waste basket after under going blood-letting to eliminate their impurities. In spite of this we have put together some of the most entertaining stories and parodies it has been our pleasure to offer all year. It isn't Greek but be sure and read Randy Gardner's "Al In Wonderland" page 15. A highly imaginative bit of fun.

SPEAKING OF GREEKS calls to mind the 1956 Olympiad, the winter portion of which has just been completed at Cortina Italy. We didn't win you know. Russian atheletes completely dominated the games and our on products of the healthest country in world finished sixth, with less than half the points accumulated by the USSR. This fact may be of little concern here, where winning an atheletic contest is beginning to be looked upon as something beneath the dignity of the *new esthete-athete*. But the fact remains that the good ole U. S. of A. has just had the sweat pants beaten of it in international compitition, and I for one would like to know why. Here's something for some of you potential PhD's to poke your scholarly beezzer into that could possibly have more lasting value to the world than a million word thesis on the *Mating Habits, Sex Life, and Consequent Predatory Nature of The Flat-Chested Flicker Wing*.

Could the answer to the problem, and it seems from here that it

is definately a problem, be that Mom's apple pie is making her boy soft? How is it that since the mass of American families have in the last ten years been able to readily afford the "Breakfast of Champions, we have been beaten with increasing soundness by those who breakfast on beans and cake? Is it possible that a competitive spirit cannot reside in a full belly? I don't know. But I think it would be worth investigation by someone who isn't so wrapped up in the scientific method that they can't see the people. I'll contribute the dollar I have ear-marked to send "our boys" to the 1956 Olympics to a fund to support this investigation if anyone is seriously interested.

THE MANEATER came out this week. Ordinarily it wouldn't be worth mentioning, but as it was such a surprise to everyone, including their own editorial staff, I thought I'd comment on it. I'm exaggerating a little—I mean just because a quarter-inch of dust accumulated on the door knob, and a swarm of mud-daubbers set up housekeeping in the mail slot was no reason to believe that the busy little people weren't out covering those all important AWS meetings, and Book Pool transactions. What I'm trying to say is that we are glad to see the Maneater back in publication, if not in circulation. We feel that its existence serves a *practical* purpose. You can wrap your lunch in it. Plug the holes in the bottoms of old sneakers. And it does keep the kids off the streets at night; which is after all what the ole university wants from all student publications, rather than open discussion of controversial problems that might necessitate a reexamination of their *practical* concepts. Fortunately I believe the good Dr. Craig who, when discussing Shakespere, shows inevitably how the *practical* man is doomed to destruction ultimately. Et tu Brute? Hell yes!

IN A MORE pleasurable vain I would like to remind you of the SHOWME Queen Contest. This is your chance to choose a Queen that truly represents the choice of the student body. This year the six finalists represent each class, Continued on page 32)

the missouri

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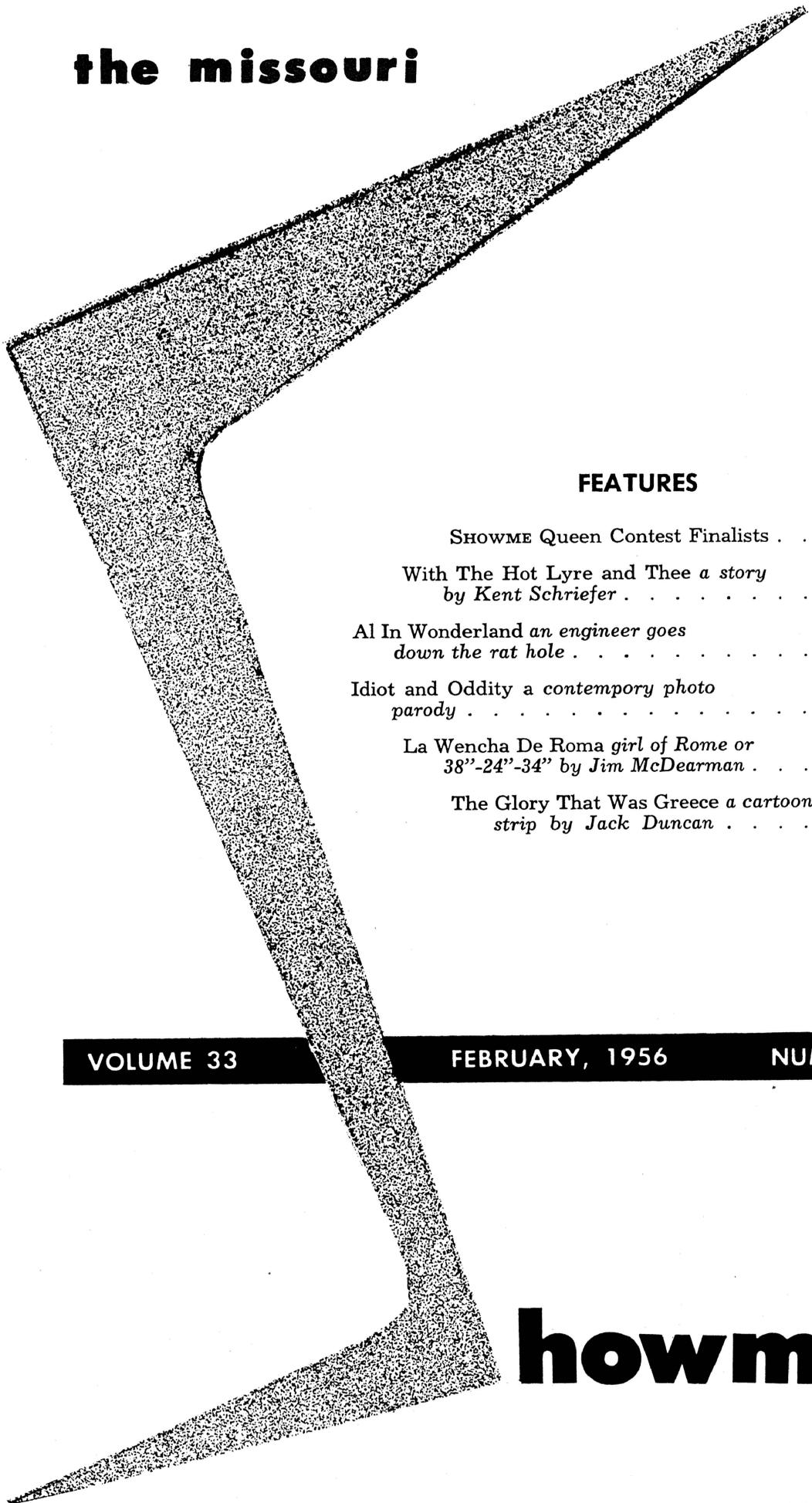
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FEATURES

SHOWME Queen Contest Finalists . . .	10
With The Hot Lyre and Thee a story by Kent Schriefer	12
Al In Wonderland an engineer goes down the rat hole	15
Idiot and Oddity a contemporary photo parody	16
La Wench De Roma girl of Rome or 38"-24"-34" by Jim McDearman	18
The Glory That Was Greece a cartoon strip by Jack Duncan	36

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NUMBER 5

howme

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Around The Columns

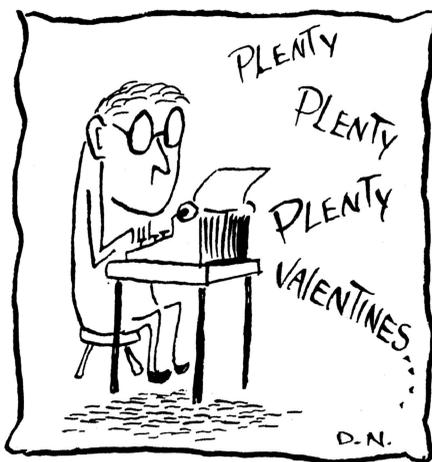
THOSE OF YOU who are more observant than most have doubtlessly noticed that in the past few issues of this publication I have begun this column by stating whichever month it was and then proceeding to just generally raise hell with it. The month, I mean. Usually this is a very simple procedure—most months have more or less specific characteristics of their own (October is crisp, January is cold, ect.) and there's not much sweat left up to the writer.

The month of February, however, is quite a different matter. What have you got, I ask you? You've got *nothing*, I'll tell the world—except groundhogs, Abe Lincoln, bad roads, a new semester, valentines, and elderly ladies falling down on slippery sidewalks and breaking their hips. You pay your money and you take your choice. But you call that material? Sure you don't? Groundhogs is out—that was a couple of weeks ago anyway. Abe Lincoln? Naw. He's been dead for practically a hundred years. Could have a big *wake* maybe . . . Nevermind, lets see about bad roads. Garbage. There's *been* bad roads around here since nineteen ought twelve. A new semester doesn't warrant anything except maybe a two-day drunk, and we're a little late now . . . leese, what have we got left—oh yeah, elderly ladies. But that's nothing new—they could be walking down a concrete runway wearing spiked shoes in July and they'd *still* manage to fall down and break their hips. Well. Kinda looks like we're stuck with valentines, doesn't it. Gee whiliker snapper popper horsers gang, will you be my valentine? Of course you won't. I probably won't be

yours, either, for that matter. This is getting ridiculous. But there you are, big as hell—valentines.

Well, lets give her the old col-litch try. (I've just put on my white shoes.)

The only thing that comes to my mind concerning valentines is that when I was in grade school we always had this big hatbox all decorated up brown with hearts and flowers and cupids and arrows and similar absurdities (a boy drew 7 turtles on it one year, I recall) and we would put it up on



the teacher's desk and put valentines in it. You know—addressed to each other. And then when the great day came the teacher would open it and read off the names of each card and we stagger up, casually counting the cracks in the floor, to claim them. Then, when she had read off the last name, the girls would giggle and twitch and count how many they each had and the boys would count cracks and twitch and count how many *they* each had. And when we got them all counted, the boy with the most cards was

elected unofficial giggilo of the year and the girl with the most cards was elected head giggler of the year, and take it all around, it was quite a ball.

Well, there it is—February. But you just wait till *next* month. March. There'll be winds blowing and lions roaring and lambs meeking and you can't tell what all. I'll go wild.

* * *

IT SEEMS VERY INTERESTING that so little enthusiasm could be stirred up among the students concerning our recent bond issue. This lack of interest among the students no doubt directly influenced the slow and lathargic voting around the state. However, looking a bit deeper into the question, the reason is quite apparent.

After studiously looking the other way for 50 years, the great high Big Brothers suddenly got ants in their pants and decided to pull the outraged citizen act. Big deal. After 50 year (rebuilding plans were being considered in the early 1900's. In 1932, during a quickly forgotten project to put some of the Hooverville boys to work, Lathrop was actually *condemned*. In 1932! Apparently, in an admirable effort to save razing costs, they decided to wait and just let the building fall down and of its own accord.) the Big Brothers began waving banners. After all, elections are this year.

Hence, it is not at all surprising that the students, realizing full well that they are treading the same stairways used by the Union soldiers in 1863, deem a rebuilding bond for the University of Mo. as having about as much credibility as one advocating the re-erection of the Sphinx.

Man. This is going even further than locking the barn door after the horse has got away. In this case the horse is dead.

* * *

THE FOLLOWING is a direct quote taken from the Kansas City Star, January 29:

New Delhi, Jan. 27—A representative of the Naga tribe from India's Northeastern frontier promised President Rajendra Prasad today that they will renounce head-hunting.

My—what a sacrifice. Now they'll no doubt take up chop poker.



FOR THOSE WHO carry gitfiddles, wear spurs, and block their hats just like Hoppy's, and enthralling item:

Ever wonder who teaches the Hollywood cowboys how to beat Dirty Duke to the draw and ram 46 slugs into his intestines? They aren't *really* cowboys, friends. Honest. Some of them don't even know what cows are. But most of them do draw pretty good though, don't they? Even allowing for trick photography.

Well, rest on your saddles for a minute and I will give you the real slap-bang honest-to-gollies straight dope info.

It seems that all the major Hollywood picture studios have hired a genuine Chickasaw Indian, named Red Wing, for their tutoring. Red Wing, who was born and reared in the canyons of New York, first broke into the business



in Cecil B. DeMille's "Squaw Man" in 1930, and has appeared in every DeMille production ever since. However, his main job for the last 10 or 15 year has been teaching the glamor-boys of the industry how to draw and shoot without looking like Grandma Moses. In his time, he has tutored such luminaries as Burt Lancaster, Gary Cooper, Don Berry, Alan Ladd, Audie Murphy, Glenn Ford, John Derek, and Bill Elliot. He says the fastest of his pupils is Audie Murphy; the slowest, drawling ("I love you, Cindy Lou.") Gary Cooper.

But, under pressure, Red Wing admits that there is someone even faster than Murphy. Red Wing. He can draw and fire in one tenth of a second.

Class is over, men. Now rally 'round and give a strong Whooe! (Altogether boys, and slightly upwind.)

* * *

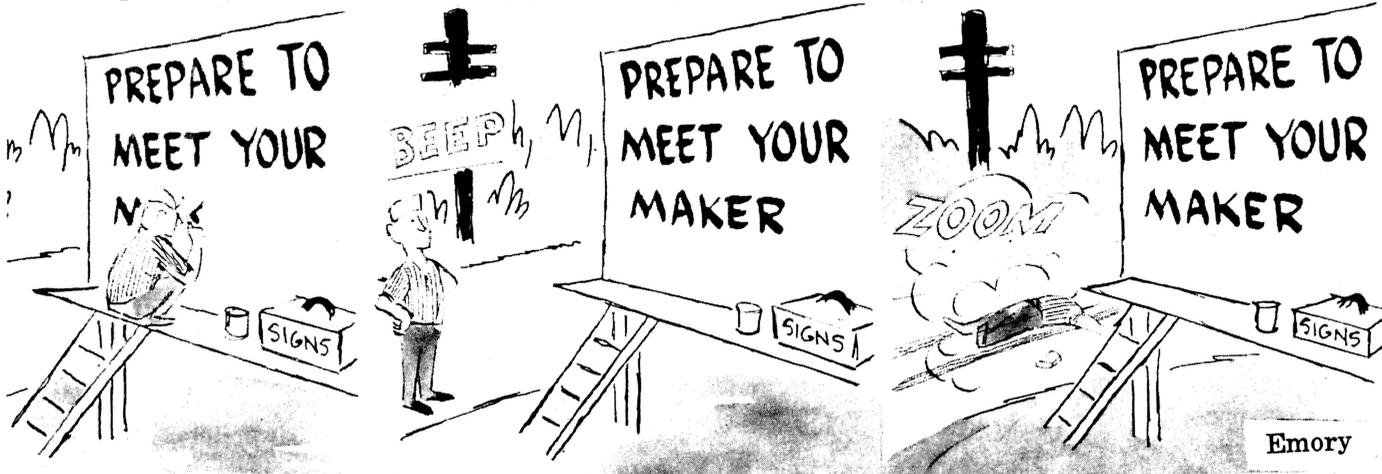
AFTER SOME due consideration, I am prepared to offer an insurance policy to all student which will protect you from dying from blood poisoning while in a submarine. This altogether remarkably generous offer on my part is the direct result of a conversa-



tion I had a few weeks ago with a local insurance man. (or boy.)

After much haggling, I have come to the firm conclusion that my deal is as good, if not better, than his.

It seems to me that nowadays, to collect any insurance, you have to either drown in a dry bathtub while reciting the Cub Scout pledge in Armenian, be pushed off a bridge by an overweight troll named John Edward, or walk in front of a freight train.



Hell, take me up on it—you might join the Navy. Or something.

* * *

ONE OF THE MORE alarming policies of the University of Missouri—brought about by a rapidly increasing enrollment and a rapidly decreasing number of sacks—is that of giving the boot to students, who under previous circumstances, would be shedding little sweat. I am perfectly aware that if a guy racks up say 17 hours F and accumulates maybe 80 or 90 cuts, he should be seriously considered for expulsion. I am also perfectly aware that if there aren't enough sacks, they got to draw the line somewhere. However, inasmuch as the much glorified bond issue won't be producing said sacks until most of us unhappily married and doing a thriving pencil-selling business, that line may soon be up to our necks. It's something to consider.



I quite frankly can't blame a guy for getting hacked upon discovering that he's being 'removed' in order to make room for some study-bug who's got about as much initiative as a turtle.

It usually turns out that it's not too good of a policy to borrow from Peter to pay Paul. Especially when Peter starts getting wise.

* * *

A SHORT, PAGE TEN headline which appeared a few weeks ago in the Columbia (drums roll, trumpets blare) Terbine caused a chuckle from this side of the typewriter—and I imagine a few others.

Quote (as near as I remember): "Bland Man Escapes From Burning Home"



Now, as some of you probably know, there is a small town in Missouri called "Bland". And, if the incident had occurred in Columbia, the headline would have been: Columbia Man Escapes etc. This is logical. However, to one who absently leafing through the paper, his first thought upon reading "Bland Man Escapes From Burning Home" would no doubt be that here a guy's house is burning down like wild and this same guy—very bland and casual about the whole thing—slowly walks out the front door.

That's how I read it—and it about killed me.



I AM CURRENTLY acting as publicity director for an individual who is offering a standing bet that he can consume 10 bowls of Chicken Noodle soup in an hour.

Hell yes he's crazy—but the bet's still on.

HAY GEE-WHIZ bang smash gang—I'm gonna let you get into the act! Yessereee-bob you betcher bottom dollar I am.

Seriously though, I'd like to make a suggestion. In as much as this column—and this entire magazine—is designed exclusively for your appreciation, you really *should* get into the act as much as possible. Therefore hence forth with ergo hoc spit I am suggesting that in that event that anything novel or humorous or interesting or morbid comes across your path—let us know about it. We'll print it. Or try like hell. (I may have to take out some of the dirty words).

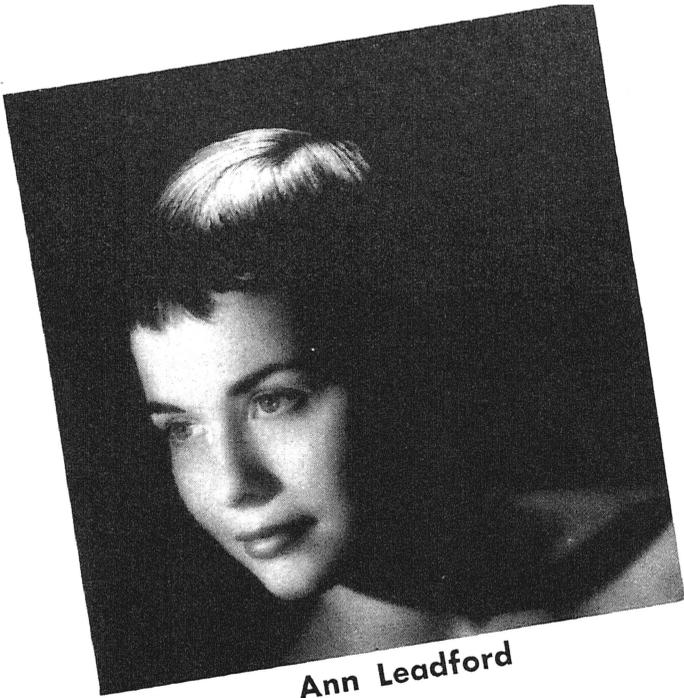
But this is good deal. In the first place, what ever you turn in would have to be of some significance—otherwise you wouldn't have bothered, and in the second place, it might make my job a little easier and I won't have to make up so many lies.

So go, men, go. And in the event you don't get a chance to drop by our office in Read Hall, give us a ring, 7675. No doubt one of our 4000 secretaries (some of them don't even go to school) will gladly take your message and do little busy things with it and put it in my box. (I've got a box. I do. . . . I got one.)

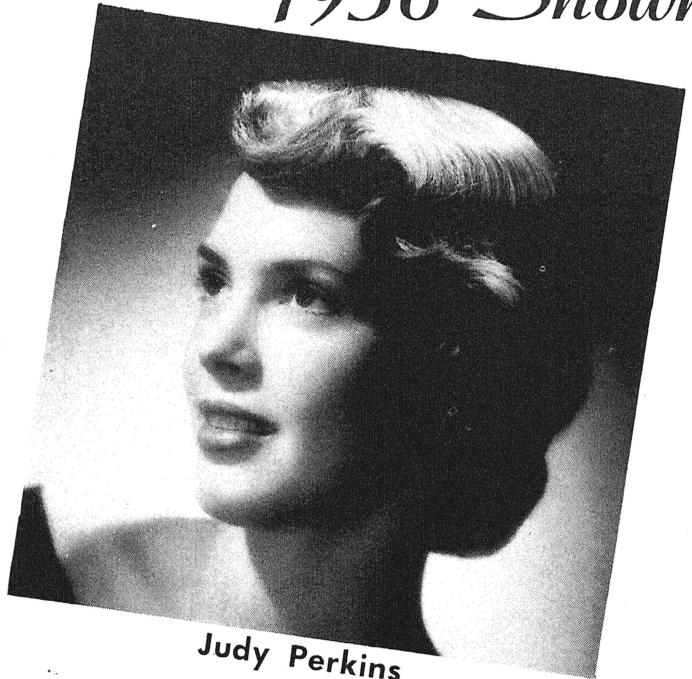
See ya next month. . . .

Richard Bollinger Noel

1956 Showme



Ann Leadford



Judy Perkins

The Queen's Gems

- ✓ Accommodations in presidential suite of the Melbourne Hotel
- ✓ Her escort, a celebrity from the entertainment, sports, or political field
- ✓ Radio, TV, and many other quest appearances in St. Louis
- ✓ Banquet and tour of exclusive nite spots
- ✓ State wide coverage of coronation by KOMU-TV



Carl Weseman, M.C.



Dr. Bugg



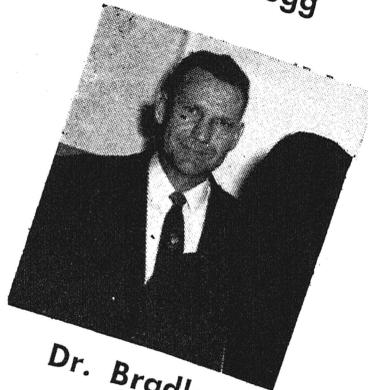
Jean Madden



Mr. Robins



ECAT

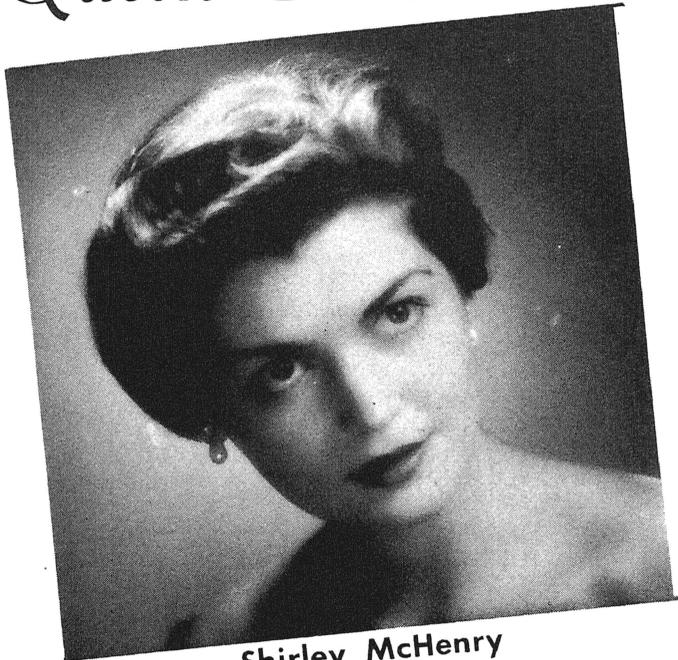


Dr. Bradley

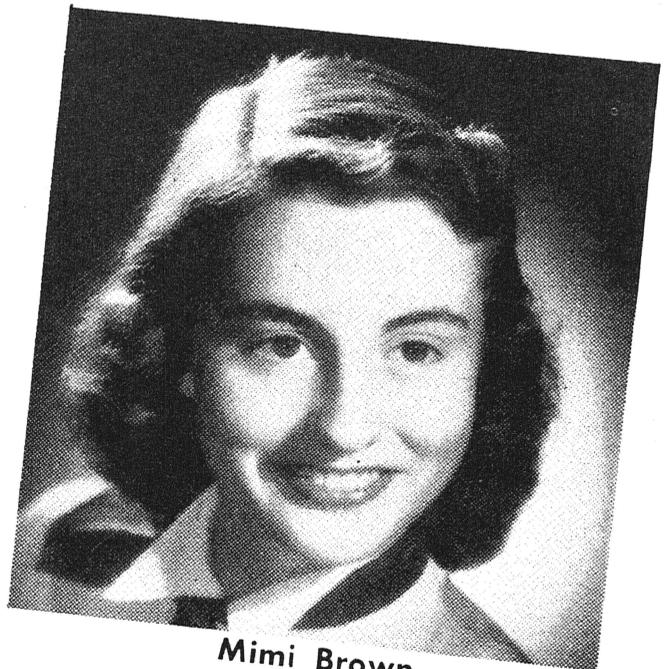


Charles McDaneled

Queen Finalists

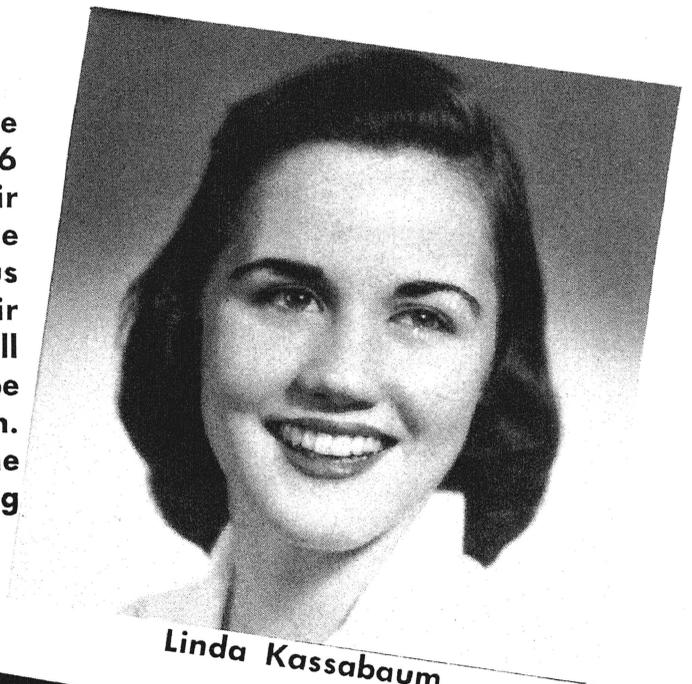


Shirley McHenry

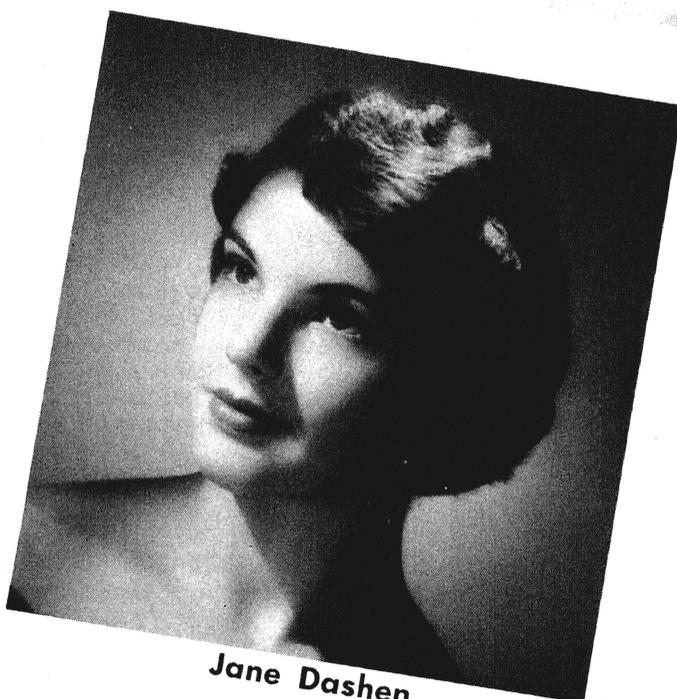


Mimi Brown

Swami proudly presents for your consideration the six finalists for the honor of reigning as the 1956 Showme Queen. The girls will commence their campaign to win your heart and vote within the next two weeks. They shall appear in the various organized houses and dorms and demonstrate their qualifications for the Queenly title. Ballots will appear in next months Showme, and voting will be conducted on the date of sale in the Student Union. The panel of judges whose pictures appear on the opposite page were able to choose these six young ladies. The rest is up to you.



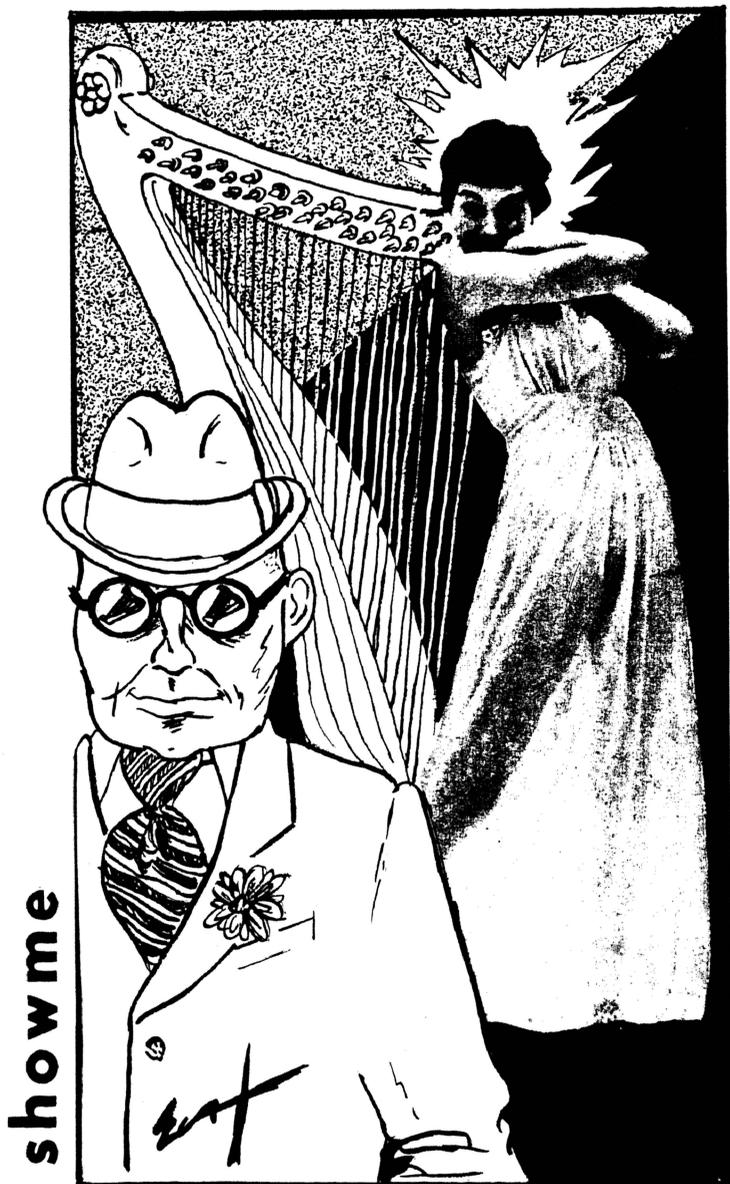
Linda Kassabaum



Jane Dashen

With the Hot Lyre and Thee

by
Kent Schreifer



showme

“OF COURSE,” continued Mr. Dupfin, “like so many of the treasures so fine and rare as this, there is of necessity quite a legend connected with it. Somehow it seems to follow that if an *objet d’art* has withstood several centuries it will have accumulated some weird and fantastic tales.”

“I’m sure, Mr. Dupfin, that there are none that I haven’t already heard.”

“But, of course, such romantic foolishness is, after all, just foolishness.”

He took his handkerchief from his pocket and dabbed at his forehead and the nape of his neck.

“Mr. Dupfin, you’ve been very kind and patient in the handling of this, and now that the harp is finally in my possession, it would be of little consequence what anyone has to say about it. I’ve waited for this day for almost thirty years now and you can imagine how I feel.”

“I feel though, Mr. Diedrich,” persisted Mr. Dupfin, “that as a conscientious art collector and handler, I should inform you fully of these—”

“I assure you,” interrupted Diedrich, “that in my search for this harp, I’ve encountered enough, and, as you said a moment ago, it is really nothing more than romantic foolishness. So I shall expect delivery this afternoon? Fine. Good-day, Mr. Dupfin.”

As Diedrich was riding home in his cab, he thought of Mr. Dupfin. Why, he actually believed those stories. Just like a little old woman. Just like his father. Afraid! Diedrich had to laugh. As if a stupid collection of inane and unbelievable legends could frighten him. Probably some of them wagged up by art dealers themselves to make the harp more alluring. And anyway, even if some of them were true, how could that apply to him, Gerhard, Diedrich. He alone was the harpist—the harpist whose love for music made his position special, and because he thought himself unique, he was able to disregard any such impediments.

But now—or rather, this afternoon—he would have it for his own. His long, supple fingers began to quiver in anticipation. Too long. Far too long now. All those years—the gruelling hours of practice, practice, practice at the conservatory in Vienna, the Herr Kappellmeister in Berlin who had thrown his Takstock on the floor and bellowed ‘Glissando! Glissando! Dummkopf, do you call yourself a musician? Gott im Himmel! You play like a pig. Music! Music is why we’re here. Now—glissando. Glissando!’ The mortification came back all too clearly. And then Prague, Munich, Budapest. But he was learning. Rome, Paris, London—all of them. He had finally won them. Now he could go nowhere without being recognized. It was rather reassuring in a way to have become a famous virtuoso. There had come wealth and a certain amount of freedom, but always there had been the harp. It had always been lurking at the back of his brain and was really the impetus for all his achievements. Diedrich acknowledged that himself. Always the harp.

He was only a child when he first heard of the Golden Harp of Harimund. He and his parents were living in a fifth-floor walk-up in the Bronz at the time. Old Hermann Diedrich would sit in the big

shabby leather chair and listen to the boy practice, nodding his head wistfully with the rhythm. When he quit playing, the father would say 'Gerhardt, someday you will be famous. Someday you will have crowned heads bowing to your fingers—and someday, Knabe, you will play on the Golden Harp of Harimund.'

Diedrich would say 'Yes, Papa. The Golden Harp of Harimund.'

And then the old man would tell about the harp. He would sink deeper into the chair, moisten his sagging lower lip and take a deep, preparatory breath.

"Gerhardt, my boy. Never in my life have I seen anything like that harp. It is something made for an angel in heaven."

The old man spoke thickly and ponderously, savoring each word, almost hating to allow it to escape from his mouth. He would pause and appear to be caught up in a deep thought or a dream.

"Yes, Papa. Go on. The golden harp."

And then the old man would continue, waxing warmer and warmer and the words would begin to flow like a familiar melody.

This had become a ritual between the two Diedrichs. First, young Gerhardt would play while the old man listened, and then the old man would tell about the wonderful harp. How he had even seen it once—only once, but that had been enough. It was made of *solid* gold and was elaborately carved—little angels and cupids and festoons of laurel leaves. Wunderbar! And then suddenly, as if he had just thought of something, the old man's voice would lower and begin to quiver. He'd roll his eyes and his lower lip would sink farther. But there was something evil about that harp. Something evil that no one could explain. It was something like a curse, because no one had ever played on it more than once. And always something dreadful had happened afterwards. The Bavarian summer palace had burned down. The Baron of Herzberg was murdered. And that French count and the Italian maestro just disappeared. Then Lady Fitzgerald over in England played on it one night and the next day she and her whole household were lost in a terrible fire.

The old man would go on, citing disastrous instances to the boy—instances perhaps real or imaginary, for by then the old man could no longer discern. He had thought about it for such a long time now, and had actually conceived and directed young Gerhardt's future because of it, that through the years the truth and the imagined fused into a host of both appealing and terrible qualities which the old man catalogued, blending the two elements into a bouquet called Someday.

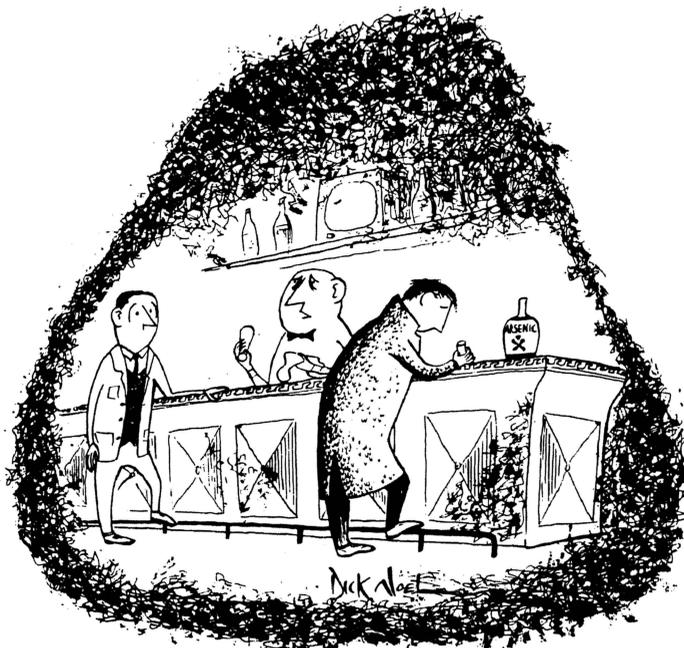
Gerhardt Diedrich mused about his father's roaming narrations. Even as a boy he had known the old man was benefited more by the stories than he was. But they had been exciting and somehow they had temporarily erased all the ugliness of that place. That all seemed so—

"Well, Mack, this is th' place, ain't it? That'll be three-fitty-five, Mack."

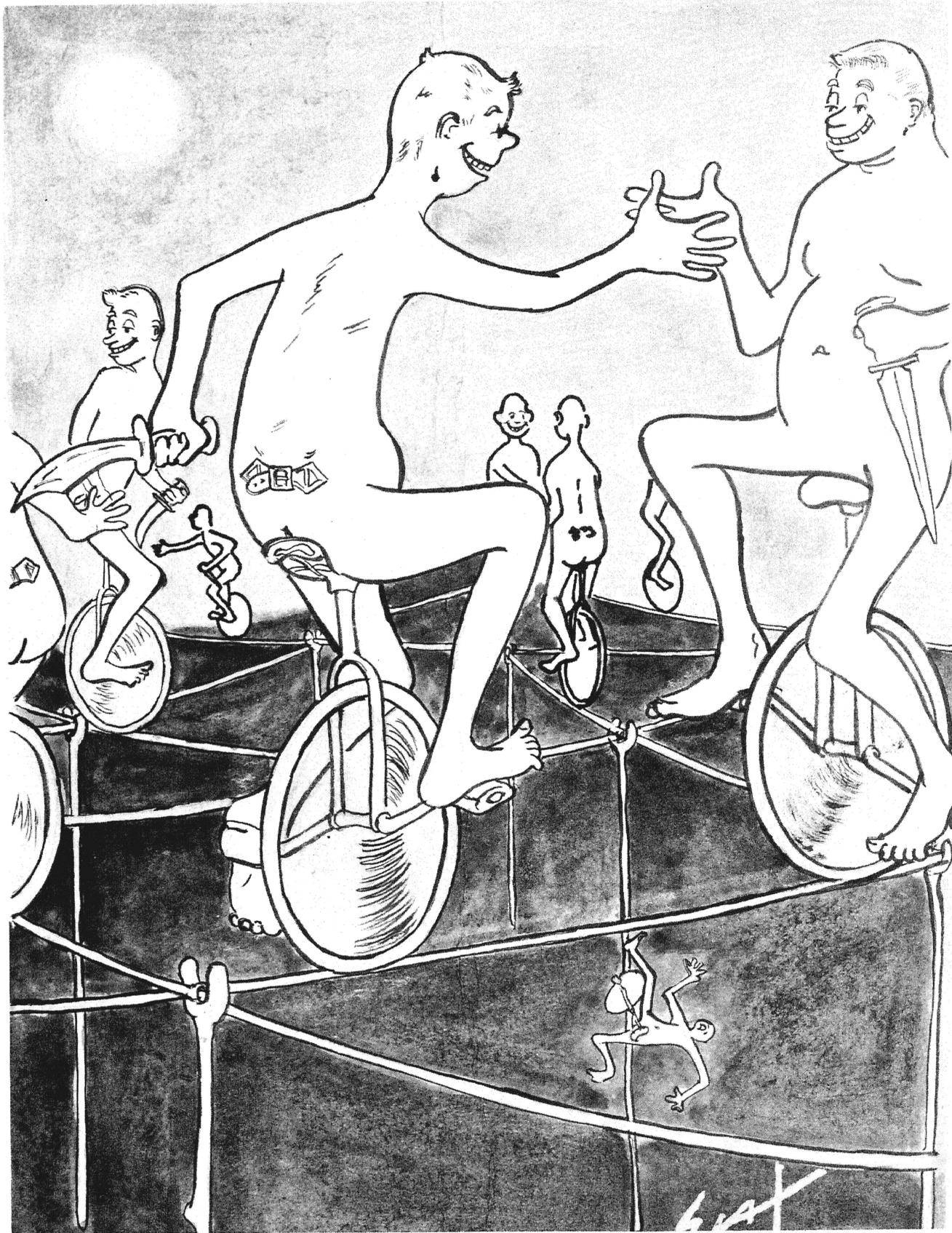
Diedrich was jarred back by the cab driver. He paid the money and walked up to the door. Once inside, he started preparing for the arrival of the harp. There were so many things to do. So many little details to be arranged. Everything—everything had to be perfect. At this stage, one little flaw could ruin a whole lifetime of preparation. With the back of his hand he felt the sweat on his forehead. His fingers were trembling again. Better take the pills. Today was to be the day. *The* day. The one complete and full day in his life. The one day for which he had practice, performed,—yes, and even prayed since his childhood. It had been so close too many times. Too often the disappointment. And then the war intervened when he had been sure of it. That had stolen six years.

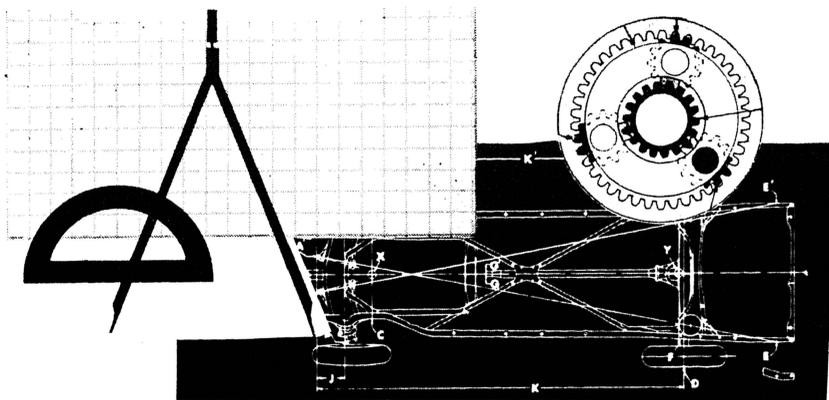
But through the years the harp had changed in Diedrich's mind. It had altered so slowly that perhaps Diedrich hadn't noticed. When he heard about it as a child from his father, he said 'Yes, Papa. Someday I'll play on the wonderful gold harp.' Then it had been perhaps only a pretty thought to a child harpist—still the Someday. A child who yearned to be famous and never have to walk up five flights of stairs to a dingy flat. Perhaps then the harp meant a bright, new house with a front and back yard. And lots of toys and sweets. Perhaps later it meant a chance to study in Europe.

(Continued on page 24)



"O.K. stranger—name your poison."





AL IN WONDERLAND

by Randy Gardner

“AL WAS BEGINNING to feel very tired of sitting on the chair and having nothing to do; once or twice he had peeped into the book his classmate was reading, but it had no pictures or conversations in it. “And what is the use of a book,” thought Al, “without pictures or conversations?”

So he was considering, in his own mind, (as well as he could, for the hot classroom made him feel very sleepy and stupid), whether the action of taking some notes would be worth the trouble of lifting his pen, when suddenly a white slide rule with pink eyes ran by close to him.

There was nothing so *very* remarkable in that; nor did Al think it so *very* much out of the way to hear the slide-rule say to itself, “Oh dear! Oh dear! I shall be too late!” (When he thought it over afterwards it occurred to him that he ought to have wondered at this, but at the time it seemed quite natural); but, when the slide rule, instead of sliding in its proper case, jumped with all its nakedness into a nearby rat hole, he forgot all about the lecture and followed the rule down the hole.

The rule was running as fast as it could over little balls of plaster and kicking up little puffs of white dust, when it dropped its brief case and commence to curse.

Al came upon the slide rule bending over the spilled articles from the brief case, when from under the pile of papers and books a little man only nine or ten inches tall squirmed out and ran toward Al. The rule shot out a long white arm and plucked the little man up

by his hair and stuffed him in the brief case. Only then did the slide rule notice Al: it exclaimed, “Why, you’re the biggest man I ever saw! You must be at least twenty places!”

Al replied, “I’m only five-six and—”

“A sixty-six inch: wait till I tell—,” the rule broke in.

“—and I couldn’t be at but one place at but one time,” continued Al.

“Come on,” the rule ordered, “I must show you to them.”

At this, the rule spun on his square heel and went clacking off down the passageway.

Although this was an extremely hot building and it had been a very full week-end (for Al was never one to decline weekend liquids), and although he logically assumed this must be a result of a typical lecture, the slide rule seemed harmless enough and Al doubted that he could find his way back through the tangle of wires, pipes and plaster chunks. So he followed the rule around a corner and down a long hall.

At the end of the hall there was a big door, and beside the door a pair of quite thin dividers sat perched on a tall stool. The dividers were bent awkwardly at the knees and the points that seemed to serve as feet were just touching each other as if in prayer. But somehow the pose resembled that of a praying mantis, rather than that of a priest.

The slide rule forced a smile and asked if he might go through the door.

The dividers said (with a smile

almost twice as big as the rule’s—but not at all forced), “Of course you may go in; but naturally you can’t take that great big man in with you: he’s nearly as big as you. Think how, heh, heh, unfair it would be to the other slide rules if you used a man nearly as big as you are.”

After the dividers words died, a few more chuckles came; more rapid chuckles, until the dividers were rocking back and forth on the stool and storms of laughter filled the hallway. The long shiny arms banged down on the metal legs and made quite a loud sound. The concussion of the long hands on the long legs and the rocking motion caused the dividers to slip off the tall stool and the sharp pointed feet to stick in the floor. The long arms flailed around wildly and tried to free the pointed feet from their trap.

The slide rule paused for a moment to look at the dividers, then grabbed Al by the hair and ran to the door and unlatched it.

The dividers screamed. “Come back! What’s your serial number? You’ll never get through any of my doors again—I’ll *never* forget the part in your hair line.”

The slide rule went flying through the door dragging Al after. As Al went half running, half sliding, down the hall, he could hear the divider’s screams in the background saying something about the slide rule thinking it was so damned accurate because it had slipped its way through freshman multiplication and how it still had division to

(Continued on page 23)

Idiot and Oddity Jones Are Twins.

Oddity is no idiot, and that's why they called him Oddity. Their father's name is Homer, and their mother is called Helen, and the Jones family lives in her home town of Troy. When the time came for the two boys to go to college, their parents wanted to send them to Harvard and become classics, and naturally superior Ivy League men, but couldn't because the tuition was too high, so they sent them to Mizzou.



The day Idiot and Oddity enrolled, Oddity said to Idiot, "It's all Greek to me," and that's when they realized they were natural born frat men. They really were.



Wherever they went, they were loved. Idiot's friends didn't understand Oddity, and Oddity attracted people with whom Idiot had absolutely nothing in common.

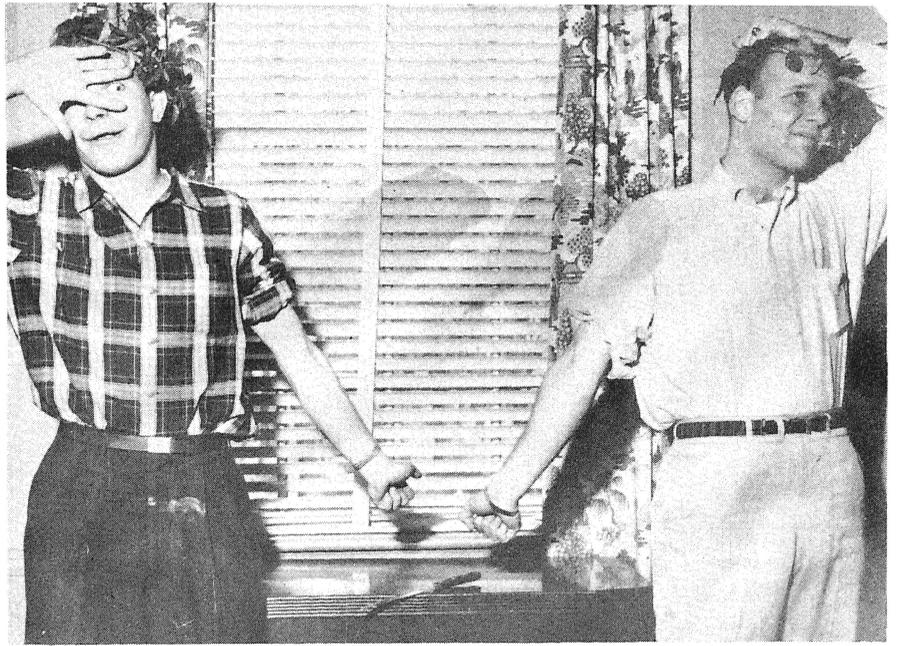


Idiot





Oddity



They were trying to decide who should shed the first crimson drops (they couldn't agree on anything anymore) when a knock came at the door. It was a messenger, bearing an invitation to the Alpha Guppa Sluppa rush smoker. Anything, they decided was worth a try.

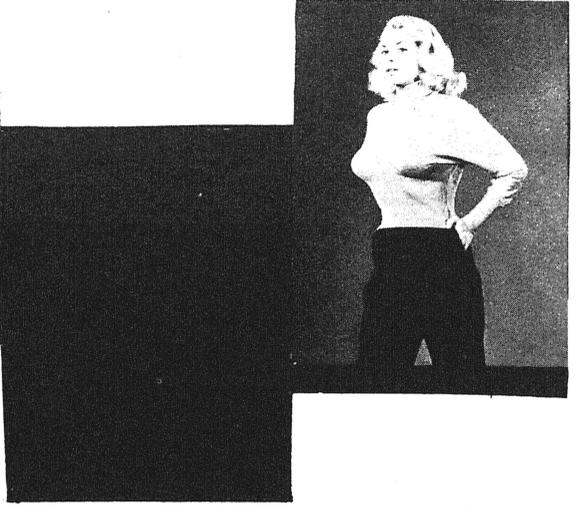
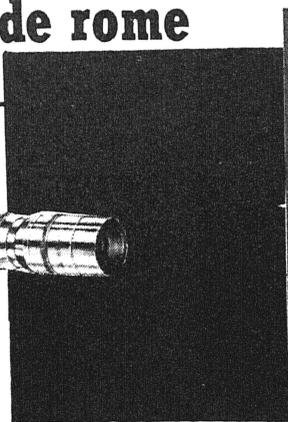
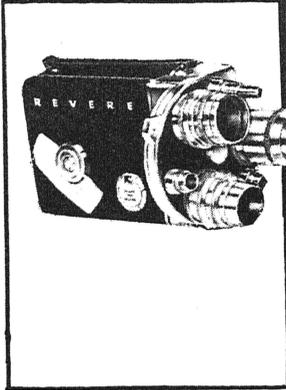


And there, at the AGS frat house, they found the answer to their wildest dreams . . . a group that included all kinds of boys, and they all liked each other.



So Idiot and Oddity Jones pledged the one fraternity that was right for them, and became true Greeks . . . brothers in the LARGER sense. And Homer and Helen were proud of their boys, and they all lived happily ever after.

la wencha de rome



by jim mcdearman

Screen Play by . . . Gaspio Pizza
 Technical Director . . . Umberto Vaselini
 Costumes . . . Berlioz Bikini
 Art Director . . . Leonardo Lushiano
 Musical Director . . . Luigi Vowt-o-rini
 Director . . . Mario Spumoni
 Special Effects . . . Courtesy Maidenform, Inc.

A
BELLA BODINI PRODUCTION
 (ACT I, SCENE I)

(The action take place in a typical simple Italian village, devoted to simple living, with its simple people busily doing the usual simple things for their livelihood—fishing and acting in motion pictures. In short, a town of simple people, just like you and me—or is it you and I—Anyway, as the picture opens, Sylvana, a simple fisherman's daughter, is walking up a hill with a huge crock on her head. As she nears their simple cardboard dwelling her simple father approaches, laden with simple fish.)

Sylvana: (PUTTING CROCK ON GROUND) Whew! These posture lessons are gonna be the death o' me! Hi, Pops. Gee, fish again tonight?

S.F. (Simple Fisherman): I should catch maybe mutton in my fish nets? You alla time gripin 'bout sumpn'. Wassamatta you, anyway? Feesh mebbe not good enough for you no more, eh? Well, lemme talla you sumpn', keed. . . .

Sylvana: Oh, can it, Pops, and as far as I'm concerned you can take your fish and. . . can them too. All the other girls at the

cigar factory are livin' on steak, and we eat fish, day in, day out, fish, Fish, FISH! I'm sick of it, do you hear, sick! sick SICK! How about salmon croquets to-night, okay?

S.F.: Yeh, Yeh, okay. Fix you dress, you alla time comin' out.

SCENE II

(The scene opens at the docks, as a plush ocean liner unloads; prominent among the disembarking passengers is a company of American motion picture personnel. In fact, heading the group is none other than the brilliant young American producer, Orson Demills!)

Orson: You know, I'm so dam' brilliant sometimes I scare myself. Right, Bromo?

Bromo: Yessir, yessir, you betcha, you dam' well betcha, boss!

Orson: And because I'm so brilliant I'm sick of Hollywood. Sick of its tinsel, its beautiful broads, its booze, sick of the wild parties, sick of swimming pools, champagne. . . . To summarize, I'm sick! sick! SICK!

Bromo: Yessir, yessir, you betcha, you cotton pickin' betcha, boss!

Orson: Ah, shaddap. Anyway, I love it over here in old Eytalia. The people over here are so . . . so . . . realistic, know what I mean? And I'm gonna find me a new star, a good looking simple Eytalian broad, one with lots of . . . mmmmyou know . . . simplicity . . . and stuff.

Bromo: Yeh, and stuff.

Orson: Well, get the camera equipment, the technical crew, the scotch, the writers, the director, the bourbon, the set carpenters, the artist, the vodka, the income tax expert, the

canned heat and the English-Eytalian dictionary. And don't forget the film.

Bromo: But where we goin'?

Orson: To the Simple Fisherman's shack, where else?

(ACT II, SCENE I)

(Back at the simple cardboard dwelling again; Sylvana, s tidying up the place after dinner, scotch taping the walls, picking up the scraps off the floor . . . in short, straightening up her little abode just like you and me . . . or is it you and . . . oh, well . . . Anyway, the door opens slowly behind her as she tidies. It is Ezio. He sneaks up and quickly puts his hands over her eyes, giggling exciting.)

Ezio: Guess who!

Sylvania: Aw, knock it off, will yuh Ezio? Your hands smell like herring. Gawd, how I hate FISH!

Ezio: But I'm proud to be a simple Eytalian fisherman. Already I have starred in 14 American motion pictures. In fact I'm becoming so prominent I expect to be nominated president of Local 307, Organized Simple Fishermen. Oh, how proud I am to be a simple, simple, Eytal. . . .

Sylvania: Can it, you oaf!

Ezio: (TAKING HER IN HIS ARMS) Ah, my little sardine, don't talk to your simple Ezio like that. You know we gonna get hitched soon as I. . . .

Sylvania: I'd just as leave marry a mackerel!

S.F.: (SNEAKED IN DURING ARGUMENT) Fix you dress, you comin' out again.

Ezio: You keep out o' this, S. F.

Sylvania: (PULLS HER DRESS EVEN LOWER) I can't take this crud no more. I'm goin' out and find me an American flick

show me

producer.

ACT III, SCENE I

(The busy streets of the simple little village, simply crawling with simple fisherman and simple motion picture people. Sylvana ambles slowly and provocatively down a side street, signing autographs, kicking drooling men away from her feet, and generally frolicking about. Orson Demills, his troupe, and his pizza-colored caddy happen by at this point, and meet Sylvana point blank.)

Orson: Eureka!

Bromo: (ASIDE) That means he found somethin', I think. Discover another Sophia Loren, boss?

Orson: No, dammit, somethin' bit me. (SEES SYLVANA) Hey! She's just what we're lookin' for. Simple, . . . and stuff. . . .

Bromo: Yeh, and stuff.

Sylvana: Well it's about time; I've been standing up to my thighs in this rice paddy for twenty minutes. Hope he's got the contrast with him.

Orson: (BECKONING TO SYLVANA) You there! Simple pheasant girl! Venga Mam-selle! Habla Usted, Fraulein, Si?

Bromo: Pss! Boss. That don't check with the dictionary.

Orson: Ah, hell, she's got the idea. C'mere, my little macaroni vout.

Sylvana: Okay, Mac, but don't try nothin' fancy. I gotta good agent.

Orson: Just take us to S.F.'s simple shack, and no lip. Okay?

(SCENE II)

(Back at the simple shack. S.F. and Ezio watch the pizza-colored caddy approach, and as it gets closer they see simple Sylvana, making mad love to Orson among the scotch and vodka bottles and the camera equipment. She is plastered.)

Ezio: One o' these days she gonna go too far. Sometime I really gonna get upset with her.

S.F.: Ah, my poor simple little Sylvana, so sweet, so innocent. She's probably doin' all that for no charge. Oh, what's to become of us. Woe, woe.

Sylvana: (Disembarks from caddy, singin "Anna," and carrying a bottle.) Well, Pops, Ezio, I finally made it. I'm goin' to the new country. Hollywood! Land

of booze, tinsel, wickedness and swimmin' pools. Yippee! (Swings bottle.)

Ezio: No! No! I not gonna let them do this to you. Stand back, S.F.! (Draws Harpoon) Now, you American beast! You spoiler of fair, simple Eyetalian womanhood! I gonna skewer you like the shish-kabob!

Orson: C'mon now, Pietro, let's talk this over. I've worked with a lotta agents, but I gotta admit you drive a hard barg. . . .

Ezio: Okay, you aska for it AHH! (STAND OPEN-MOUTHED AS SYLVANA SMACKS HIM IN FACE WITH WET CARP.) One o' these days, Sylvana, you gonna go too far.

Sylvana: (BRANDISHING CARP) Whatta ball!

Orson: Eureka!

Bromo: Yeh, I know. Sumpn's been bitin' me too.

Orson: Didja see that guy take the wet fish in the face? Why he's the greatest thing since Lou Costello. Yesser, we can use great talent like that.

Sylvana: Hey, what about me? I got talent, see? (PULLING DOWN HER DRESS)

S.F.: Pleasa, Sylvana, you gonna come alla way 'out. Tch! Tch!

Sylvana: Ah, shaddap! (HITS S.F. IN FACE WITH MACKEREL)

Orson: Okay, Ezio, meet me at the docks in two hours, and I'll have the contract ready. Fifty thousand fish okay for a starter?

Ezio: Okay! Why, atsa more feesh than Ezio's had in his whole life. You know, I'm just a simple Eyetal. . . .

Orson: Yeh, yeh, we know. Bromo! Load up the wagon. Well, I guess I've made another brilliant move for the industry. Right Bromo?

Bromo: Yeh, sure, yessir. You betcha sweet pizza, boss! (ORSON, BROMO, AND EZIO SAIL OFF INTO THE SUNSET IN THE PIZZA-COLORED CADDY AS S.F. GOES FISHING, SYLVANA RESUMES POSTURE LESSONS, AND SCENE FADES.) (MUSIC UP AND OUT).

Jim McDearman
END

* * *

Sigma Chi: "I want to do something big, something clean.

She: "Why don't you wash an elephant?"



I THOUGHT A COLLEGE EDUCATION WAS IMPORTANT TOO UNTIL I WENT TO THE STUDENT HEALTH CLINIC AND GOT A PRESCRIPTION IN THE USUAL LEGIBLE FASHION. INSTEAD OF HAVING IT FILLED, I USED THE PAPER FOR 2 YEARS AS A BUS PASS; PRESENTED IT TO 14 PROFESSORS WHO THOUGHT IT WAS FROM THE ATHLETIC DEPT AND GAVE ME STRAIGHT 'E's; GOT \$37 IN REBATE SLIP CREDIT; JOINED 3 FRATERNITIES USING IT AS A RECOMMENDATION; AND FINALLY SENT IT TO THE VETERANS ADMINISTRATION AND WAS AWARDED 75% DISABILITY PAY FOR LIFE!

SO YOU'RE THE ONE! I'D RECOGNIZE THAT LUMINOUS WATCH DIAL ANYWHERE!

THAT'S THE THIRD TIME JACK'S PINCHED ME... I FEEL LIKE TELLING HIM OFF AGAIN.

WHOSE GAME?

MY FATHER MADE \$40,000 ON THE COTTON MARKET LAST WEEK.

THE OLD MAN PICKED UP \$50,000 ON ZENITH WAR HEADS

WHAT DO YOU MEAN 'AGAIN'?

I FELT LIKE IT YESTERDAY TOO!

WE DON'T MIND YOU SCIENCE GUYS FINDIN' THEM MIRACLE DRUGS, BUT YOU'RE GOIN' TOO DANG FAR IN FINDING A NEW ONE FOR SNAKE-BITE!

IT TAKES ME FOUR MINUTES TO DRIVE TO CLASS AND 30 MINUTES TO PARK... THINK I'LL START WALKING THAT FIVE BLOCKS...

SURE, BUT AT LEAST I'M STRAIGHT-FORWARD ABOUT IT!

I WARN YOU, I'M A RADICAL WHO HAS DEFINITELY NOT BEEN RECONSTRUCTED.

MADAME, RECONSTRUCTION IN YOUR CASE... EVEN IN THE SLIGHTEST DEGREE... WOULD BE NOTHING SHORT OF SACRILEGE!

YOU BOYS FRIGHTEN ME SO... I HAVE A HARD TIME HOLDING UP MY END IN A CONVERSATION.

WHY DON'T YOU SIT DOWN?

I FINALLY TOOK UP THE PIANO 'CAUSE MY GLASS OF BEER KEPT SLIDING OFF THE VIOLIN.

I WISH I LOVED THE HUMAN FACE; I WISH I LOVED ITS SILLY FACE; I WISH I LIKED THE WAY IT WALKS; I WISH I LIKED THE WAY IT TALKS; AND WHEN I'M INTRODUCED TO ONE TO ONE I WISH I THOUGHT WHAT JOLLY FUN!

JANET LOOKS TERRIBLE IN A LOW-CUT DRESS DOESN'T SHE?

C'MON BABY, LET'S SNEAK OUT FOR A SHORT FLING.

BUT THE HOUSEMOTHER WILL FIND OUT!

AW, SHE WON'T EVEN NOTICE YOU'RE GONE.

YES, SHE WILL.

HOW?

I'M THE HOUSE MOTHER.

MAN, WHAT A MESS! WE GOT 6 GUYS IN MY ROOM AND THEY ALL GOT PETS... ONE HAS 12 MONKEYS AND ANOTHER HAS 2 DOGS... THERE'S NO AIR IN THE ROOM AND IT'S TERRIBLE.

HAVE YOU GOT WINDOWS?

YEAH

WHY DON'T YOU OPEN THEM?

WHAT! AND LOSE ALL MY PIGEONS!

YOU KEPT STEPPING ON MY SHOE, YOU INCONSIDERATE HOG!

I SAID I'M SORRY, DOLL.

WHY CAN'T YOU PUT YOUR FOOT WHERE IT BELONGS?

DON'T TEMPT ME, MAAM!

YOU KNOW I WOULDN'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT DOLLY, UNLESS I COULD SAY SOMETHING GOOD... AND, OH BROTHER, IS THIS GOOD...

PET

SKIP TRAILSTRIP

"LIKE DIRTY ROOMMATES... SOME THINGS NEVER CHANGE"

THAT PACKET OF



DAD'S YELLOWS WERE OFF HALF A MILLION LAST WEEK BUT REDS SOARED TO TWO MILLION AND BLACKS WERE UP FOUR MILLION MORE.

THAT'S ALL RIGHT, PAL... JUST POINT HER OUT AND I'LL INTRODUCE YOU!

WHEN I CAME IN I FELT A COMPLETE STRANGER.

YES, YES, WHAT IS IT?
WELL, DON'T JUST STAND THERE... SLIDE HIM UNDER THE DOOR!

THIS IS PATROLMAN MEYER... IT'S ABOUT YOUR FIANCE... HE'S BEEN RUN OVER BY A STEAM ROLLER NEAR THE SHACK!

HOLD IT, JOHN... WAIT TILL NOONE LISTENS TO HIS WAR STORIES... THEN HIT 'EM!

GEISHAS WA DOKO DESU KA, BOSS?

BAG OF BANNED REMARKABLE WAR STORIES FOR OTHER LIES

I'M HERE ON A SORT OF G.I. BILL TOO. THE BUGS GOT THE CORN... HAIL RUINED THE TRUCK GARDEN... DROUGHT SPOILED OUR WHEAT... BUT WE DID MIGHTY GOOD ON THE CROPS THE GOV'T PAID POP NOT TO PLANT!

HE CAN'T TELL ME NOTHIN' NEW, HONEY. DID I EVER TELL YOU ABOUT WHEN WE WAS TORPEDGED AND I HAD TO LIVE FOR 16 DAYS ON A CAN OF SARDINES?

GOODNESS, WEREN'T YOU SCARED OF FALLING OFF?

IS THAT BOTTLE PURE AND CLEAN?

IT'S AS PURE AND CLEAN AS THE GIRL OF YOUR DREAMS.

UM... GOTTA PACK OF CIGARETTES INSTEAD?

SHE'S A STEPHENS TRANSFER. BEFORE, WHEN A FELLOW TOLD A SHADY STORY, SHE BLUSHED... NOW SHE MEMORIZES IT!

ONLY A MOTHER COULD LOVE A FACE LIKE YOURS.

I HAVE A CONTINENTAL MARK-IV CONVERTIBLE.

I'M ABOUT TO BECOME A MOTHER!

I KISSED AND TOLD, BUT THAT'S ALL RIGHT. THE GUY I TOLD, CALLED UP LAST NIGHT.

I'D LOVE TO GO TO THE POULTRY SHOW WITH YOU, EUSTICE, BUT...

OH, I WANT A PET!

WHY DON'T YOU TRY THE BALCONY AT THE VARSITY?

I FINALLY HAD TO JOIN A FRATERNITY WHEN I DROPPED MY SHOES TWICE AND THE LANDLADY KICKED ME OUT!

OF ASSORTED MISERIES WHICH WE CALL A HOUSE



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Two drunks were looking up at the sky. Finally they stopped a third drunk.

First: "Hey, pal, do me a favor. Is that the sun going down or the moon coming up?"

Third-drunk (after deep concentration): "Sorry, buddy, can't tell you. I'm a stranger in town myself."

* * *

A young lady was on a sight-seeing tour of Detroit. Going out Jefferson Avenue the driver of the bus called out places of interest.

"On the right," he answered, "We have the Dodge home."

"John Dodge?" the lady asked.

"No Horace Dodge."

Continuing out Jefferson: "On the right we have the Ford home."

"Henry Ford."

"No Edsel Ford."

Still farther out Jefferson. "On the left we have the Christ Church." A fellow passenger, hearing no response from the young woman, tapped her on the shoulder and said, "Go ahead, lady, you can't be wrong all the time."

* * *

First Drunk: "We're getting closer to town."

Second Drunk: "How do you know?"

First Drunk: "We're hitting more people."

* * *

He: "I feel as if we were engaged."

She: "Yes, and you've got to stop it."

* * *

Judge: "Officer, what makes you think this gentleman is intoxicated?"

Officer: "Well, Judge, I didn't bother him when he staggered down the street, or when he fell flat on his face, but when he put a nickel in the mailbox, looked up at the clock on the Presbyterian Church, and said, 'My, I've lost fourteen pounds!' I brought him in."



PLA-BOY BURGER

45c

show me

AL IN WONDERLAND
(Continued from page 15)

pass and after that, logs; then trig—and even if it somehow wiggled through hyperbolic functions, there were going to be some unaccountable negative pitch angles put on its transcript and just because the one stuck in the floor didn't happen to be a slide rule instead of a nice shiny set of dividers—but then the talking stopped and the laughter started again; but this time it was much higher pitched and more rapid and louder than any Al had ever heard.

the pool of triangles

The laughter died out in the back ground as the rule and Al ran down the passage. Presently the two came to a large glass door which lead to a larger hallway. rows and rows of slide rules—Marching down the hall were each in step and each swinging a brief case by its side.

The slide rule released Al's hair and muttered, "Oh dear! I do hope I'm not going to be late. The doctor will be furious. You wait here while I watch." He opened the glass door and slid his head and long neck out in the passageway. When the door opened, Al could hear them marching and noticed that they were chanting:

* * *

*You square sixteen pi, and what do you prove?
Another mil worn in the slip stick groove.
Saint Peter don't you call me 'cause I can't come:
I just can't get my homework done.*

* * *

The rule closed the glass door behind him to look for his place in line, so Al began to catch his breath and check his surroundings. Just as he thought he had his bearings, he heard a sound much like running water. The sound came from what appeared to be a pool of some kind far to his right. As he neared the pool, the content did not appear to be water at all: it was a mass of triangles squirming and sliding over each other.

"Well, you are gaping at what?" came a voice from the pool.

Al said, "Its just that I never saw so many triangles before—"

"I suppose you never say tri-

angles in a pool either?" said the voice.

"No," replied Al, "I never have."

"Well, we like it down here. And its good we do too; because if we didn't, we'd never—or probably never—actually it would be more correct to say; but then one couldn't be *more* correct, now, could one. You see, *More* is a description of quality, and quality is not applicable to a finite absolute such as *correct*. Do I make myself plain?" asked the triangle.

"Perhaps you'd better start—"

"But I couldn't make myself more plane, because, by-definition-of-triangle, as you have so chosen to define us, we are already planes; and even if we were not, we, of course, couldn't be more plane than we *are* plane if we are plane—but then we must be—by definition. I do make myself clear?" asked the triangle.

Al suggested, "Perhaps you'd better st—"

The triangle began, "But I couldn't make myself more clear, because by definition—"

"Yes, I know," said Al, "you have made yourself understood All except one point; why is it that you are all crowded together in a pool?"

"I presume you mean, 'You are crowded in a pool for what reason?' I hate absurd questions. If everyone would *please* phrase their—oh well, what's the—or rather, the use is what."

"Go on," continues Al.

"I can't leave."

Al thought, "Now I'm getting someplace."

"Why not?"

"Because we would *probably* never find our other parts," replied the triangle.

"Please make yourself—or rather, please explain."

"It was those abominable slide rules. Everything they accomplish is directly related to us. Why they wouldn't even exist, if it weren't for we triangles. Do you—or, you do know a few triangles: like Equalatèrais Triangulus et caetera; or, Pascalianus Triangulus."

"Yes, the first I believe I've met; but I'm not sure I've met the second," said Al.

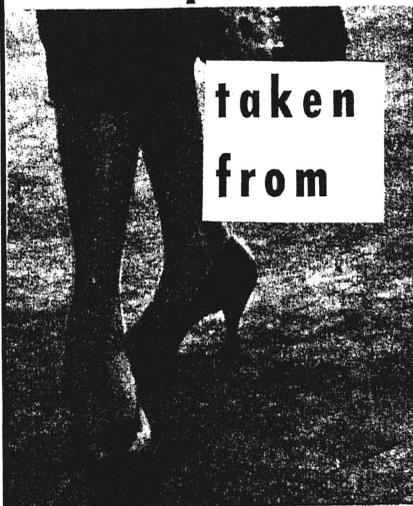
"Dear old Pascalianus. Of

(Continued on page 27)



PENNY'S
Broadway

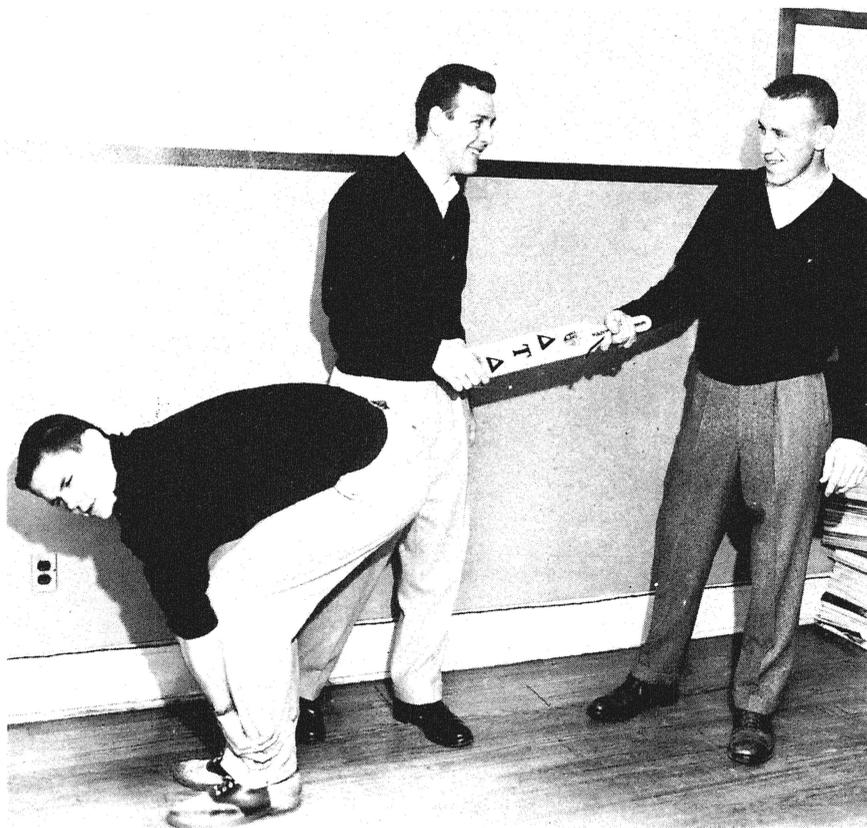
fancy steps



taken from



800 Bfoadway



You take it! I've got to meet my gal at Julies.

THE HOT LYRE

(Continued from page 13)

Now it would have been impossible to say precisely what it was. It was his life; it was the promise of bread and wine, an extension and the completion of himself—his soul—that had never until now been realized.

This metal id had integrated itself into Diehrich's thoughts until it had accomplished complete sovereignty, and his actions—even performing in the concert halls—had become so mechanical and meaningless. Gerhardt probably wasn't aware of the Someday any more, or, if he was, it was a different Someday from the childhood dream of plucking the strings of the golden harp and creating music. For now, the idea of playing on the instrument had been transcended by an almost physical lust for the harp. He sometimes imagined himself kissing and caressing it, sliding his fingers over the warm gold, letting them linger to explore. But he had never allowed himself to think beyond that; that would have been presuming too much. It was almost more than his being could contain to plan even such ecstasies as these. After he had allowed himself one of the vicarious love plunges, he always had to take Barbitol tablets to calm down.

In the afternoon the Dupfin truck, with Mr. Dupfin himself conciliatorily directing the installation of the harp arrived. Diedrich showed them where he wanted it placed and then left. He couldn't bear to see, now that the moment was almost here, anyone else—an outsider—even touch the harp. He took some Barbitol to still the tremors in his chest and went upstairs to wait out perhaps the last hour of anguishing anticipation he would ever know. Even that thought couldn't calm him down; his heart was beating so he thought it might spill out of his breast. First a cold shower and then a nap—then maybe they would be gone.

Downstairs, because the harp was so heavy, and because of its value, the progress was slow and exactly calculated. But in spite of Mr. Dupfin's presence, the two

got to be well dressed this year



for
classes
dates

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show me

workers moved the golden harp into the room and onto the little platform which Diedrich had prescribed, and, as if they sensed that they—even Dr. Dupfin—were interlopers in such strange surroundings, they hastily left the harp, the room, and Diedrich.

A throne-like dais had been specially constructed to support the ponderous instrument. Now it reigned on the white velvet-swathed elevation like a monarch purveying a limited, but sufficient kingdom. Its diadem was a crystal chandelier, dribbling prisms, suspended from the ceiling. In fact, the small room itself was a prism. It had only the three walls which were panelled with long, narrow mirrors extending from the ceiling to the floor.

When Diedrich was positive that he heard no more noise downstairs, he rose from the bed where he'd tried unsuccessfully to sleep, and started getting ready. But his hands trembled so—his entire body was throbbing. He felt inside like a violin string that the pegs had drawn too tautly over the bridge: a fraction more—snap.

He made his way down the stairs, walked through the house, and stood before the door without an awareness that he'd even moved. He hesitated before the door, his hand scarcely capable of holding onto the knob. He finally turned the handle and slowly opened the door.

Diedrich stood in the doorway and looked at his stringed denouement, and then with little moans and gasps, he started towards it, no longer able to see, holding out trembling, embracing arms like a happy robot who had no will—no other choice than blissfully to succumb to the magnetism of the golden harp. His legs were no longer his own; they moved not as he directed, but rather in jerks and lurches. He fell down, and then he had to crawl, slowly, pleading for breath. His fingers felt the velvet and he struggled to pull himself up. There. At last.

He touched it, pressed his face to it, felt the cold metal turn warm, then hot. The crescendoing

(Continued on page 30)

the man from Mizzou

**is on
his way
to . . .**



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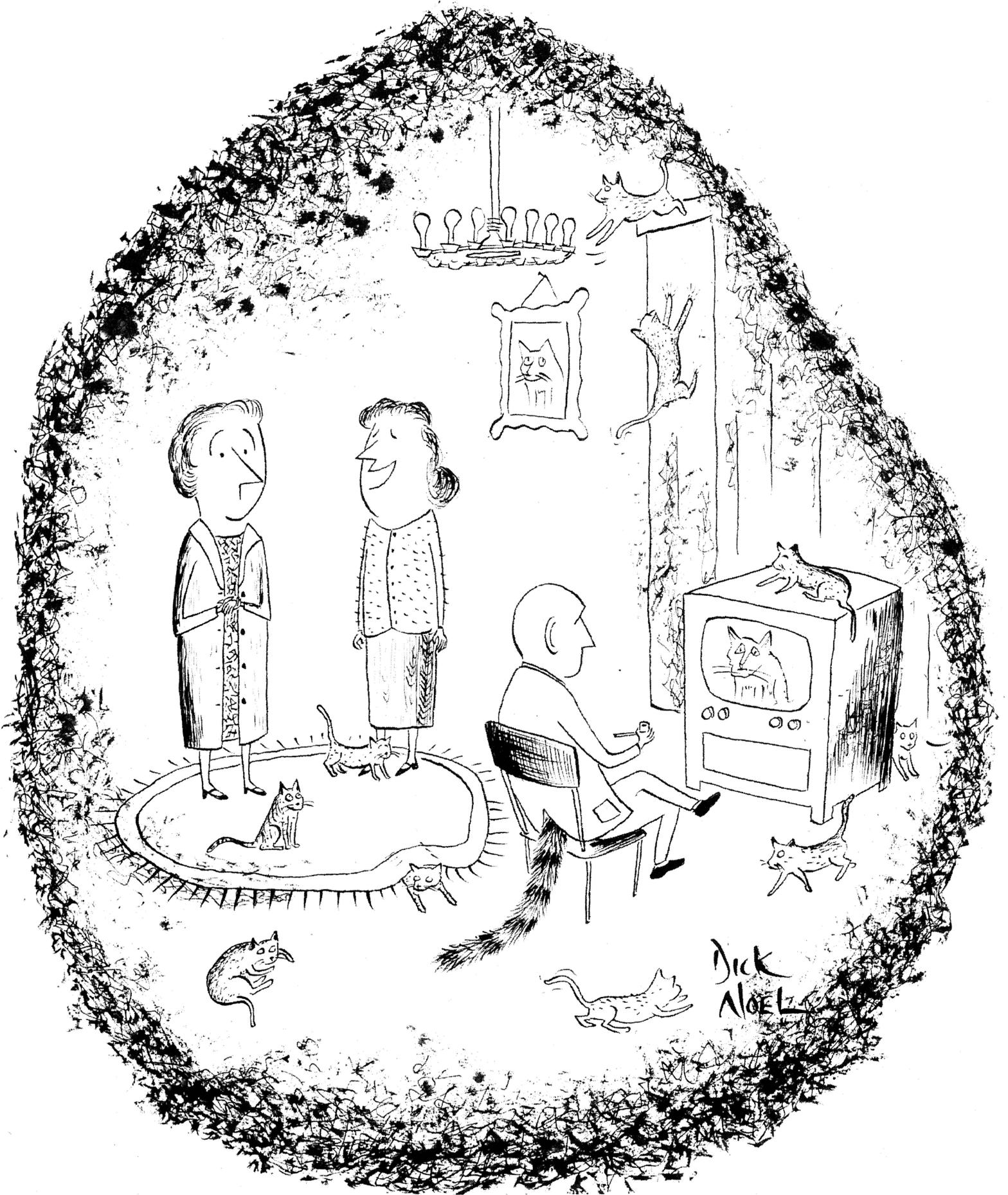
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Spaghetti**



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Dick
NOEL

“—well frankly, I DON'T like them. But they're such a comfort to George.”

AL IN WONDERLAND

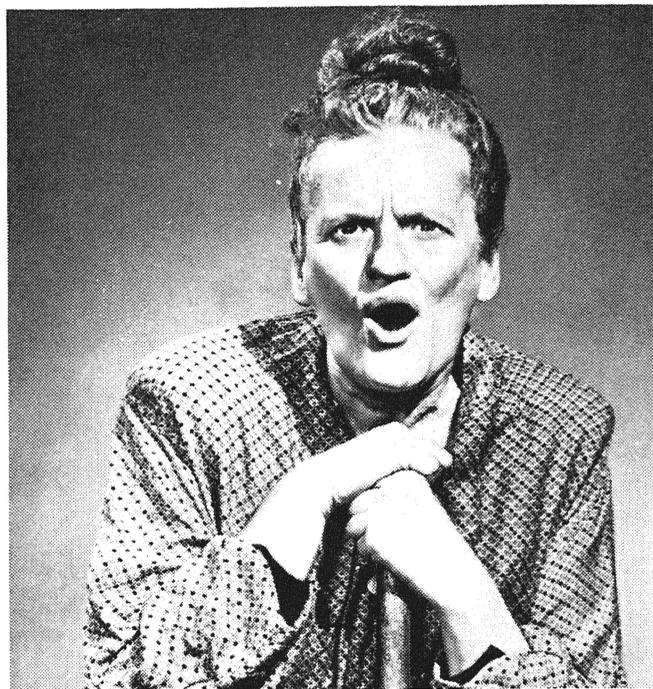
(Continued from page 23)

course, he had his faults, but then I suppose all of we triangles have. Have our faults, that is of course, however, I might add. But his biggest fault, perhaps of course, was that he just wouldn't stay with triangulation: he had a brilliantly promising start. When he was just knee high to a point, geometric of course, he deduced that he added up to nothing more than a straight line. Some say that this mortified him so that he took up alcohol, religion and other such diversions from triangulation. After this he accomplished only a few triangulation feats, because he then began wasting his time. Came up with some sort of device, similar to a slide rule, but naturally considered it a mere curiosity, and gave it away. Now where—now I was where. Oh yes! Our other parts. After the evaluation of the slide rule, it took a quite arrogant attitude to the triangle. Kept bragging, bragging about how valuable it was, how much time it saved: just made itself a general bother. Do I—I do make myself pla—”

“Yes, quite, proceed.”

“The triangles became more and more annoyed; discussions were held to attempt to find a solution. The only logical one, solution of course, appeared to be some sort of challenge. So, the Great Challenge was held. Each side picked its best contestants for a mathematical bee. It was the rule's turn first. The question was, 'Find the pith root of pi to the pi-th power.' The contestants pulled out their men from their brief cases and started to crank out the answer. The man, no doubt, tried their best, but could get the answer to any more than three correct places. When the triangles told the rules the answer was incorrect, the rules screamed that it was correct to man accuracy and that if a more accurate answer was required, all they needed were longer men. But the triangles insisted that the requirement was an answer, not an approximation. Then came the triangles' turn. The rules cried in unison, 'Trisect one of your angles.' The triangles protested

(Continued on page 31)



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Waldo refills

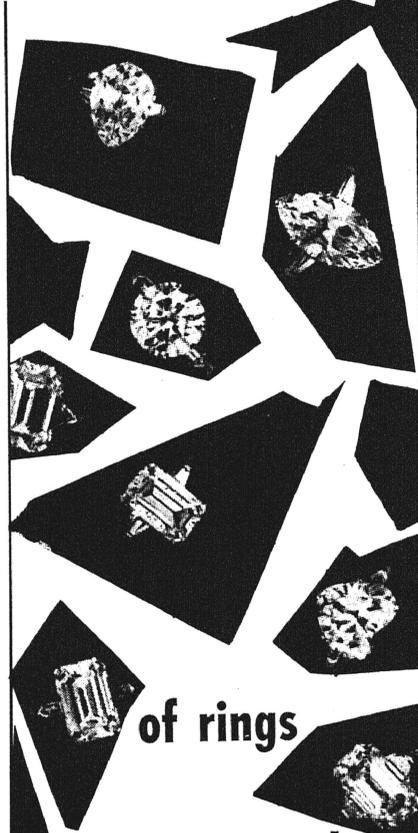
at the Plaza

**Highway 40 East – Across from
The Gasworks**



follow your nose

a round
robbin



of rings

Feature Lock
DIAMONDS

Campus Jewelry
706 Conley

show me



"Awright buster! You say ONE more word about that
creamed asparagus and out you go!"



—Leer

FRED
EVINSON

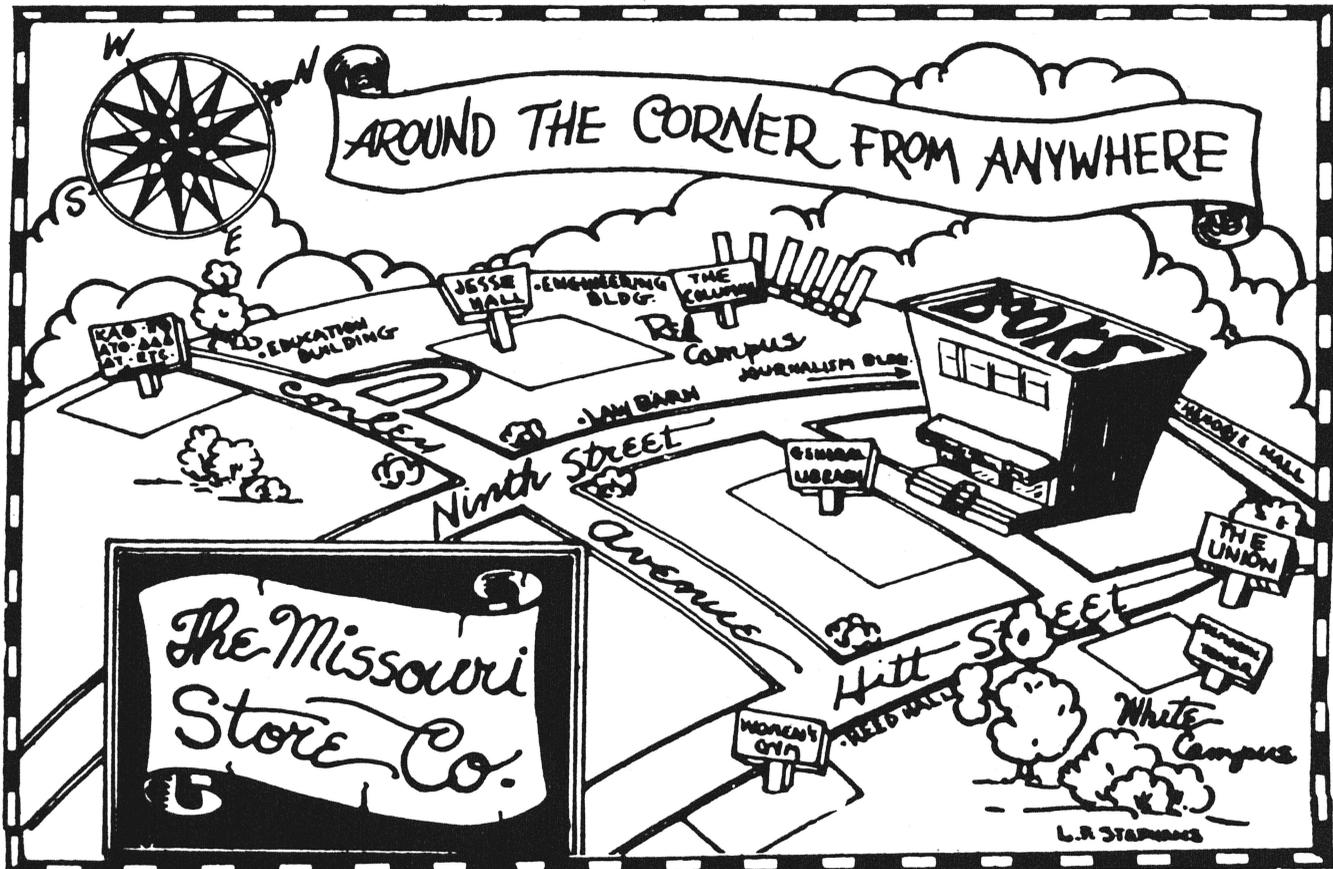
"Don't you ever get tired of just
hanging around?"

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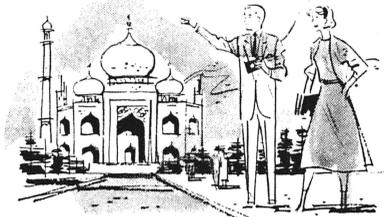
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THE HOT LYRE

(Continued from page 25)

cadenza inside his head climaxed into a single, sustained pitch like a needle. The room was spinning around then like a diamond carousel—as if they were inside a thundering, burning star that had lost its mind.

He kissed and caressed the harp tenderly at first, humming and murmuring, and then in a frenzy he grabbed at it and hammered himself frantically against it and clung to its golden arm with his arms, moaning, wanting his entire body to feel its warmth all at the same time. Fast, fast. Faster and faster. Then, for just a moment there was no movement; he seemed to be caught in some kind of delirious suspension. But with a sudden lunge and a gasping, sucking noise, he pressed his body closer to the harp, to alloy with it.

Diedrich's arms loosened. And as he limply fell back, his foot caught in the strings and both he and the golden harp toppled off the dais onto the floor.

* * *

"This is the place, ain't it, Joe?"

"You was here the same as me. Don't you remember?"

"Yeah, yeah. What's that number say? 808? Yeah, this is the right place. They all look alike out here."

Al turned off the ignition key in the Dupfin delivery truck.

"I kinda hate to go in there again."

"Yeah, I know what you mean," said Joe. "Naked as a jaybird. Him and that damned crazy harp."

"What'd the papers say it was? A heart attack?"

"I don't know. One doctor says the harp fell on top of him and killed him, and some other one says he had a heart attack before the harp hit him. I don't know."

"Those musicians—crazy!"

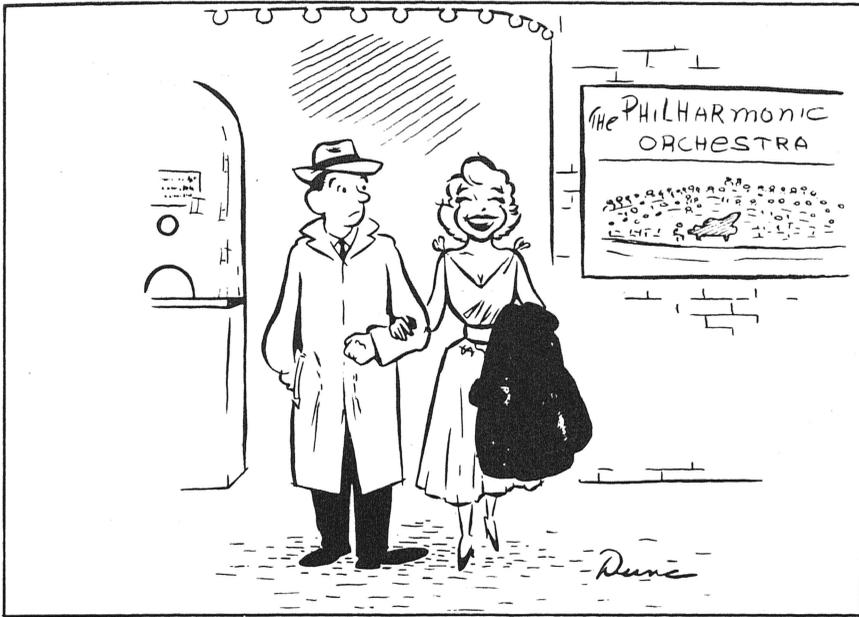
"Well, it don't make any difference now."

"No," sighed Joe. "We gotta haul it back anyway."

"Well, come on. Let's get goin.,"

THE END

show me



Golly, just like Cinemascope!

AL IN WONDEDLAND

(Continued from page 27)

and asked for another question. But the slide rules laughed merrily and demanded the trisection. All the triangles pulled and thought and strained until finally one small triangle, thru the calculus, succeeded. He told the proof to the others and in a little while all the trisected pieces were walking around and gloating. The rules accepted their defeat and were once more submissive to the triangles. But when the parts tried to find their other two parts, it was found that there had been a bad mix-up: every part seemed to look like every other part. The rules were hysterical with laughter. Before the right parts could be found, the rules shoved us all into this pool and here we've been ever since trying to become whole; for the whole is made of the parts, and therefore, the sum of the parts must be equal to the whole. I do make m—"

"Yes, quite understandable—you see, I'm rather used to this," said Al.

"You are rather used to this, if and ONLY if, you are used to me; but I've never met you before: ergo, I venture to say, or rather to guess, that it is well that you are not a triangle, for—"

"I also venture to say it is well," replied Al.

"Well, Well, Well, Well, nth."

END

Sam: "The laundry made a mistake and sent me the wrong shirt. The collar is so tight I can hardly breathe."

Hy: "No, that's your shirt all right, but you've got your head through a button hole."

"Hello?"

"Hello, is this Dr. Wasserman?"

"Yes it is."

"Are you positive?"

"Wanna sell that horse?"

"Sure, I wanna sell the horse," the farmer replied.

"Can he run?"

"Are you serious? Watch," The farmer reached over and slapped the horse on his posterior, and the animal went galloping away.

As the horse reached full speed, he ran smack into a tree.

"Is he blind?" the buyer gulped.

"Hell no", the farmer said easily, "He just don't give a damn."

* * *

"Who's that?"

"A girl I used to sleep with."

"Yes, where?"

"Econ 51"

* * *

English prof: What was the occasion for the quotation, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

Sophomore: "John Alden was trying to fix up a blind date for his roommate, Miles Standish."

* * *

Wined and fêted,
Dined and sated,
Died and crated.

* * *

Drunk: Watch yer looking for?

Cop: We're looking for a drowned man.

Drunk: Watch ya want one for?

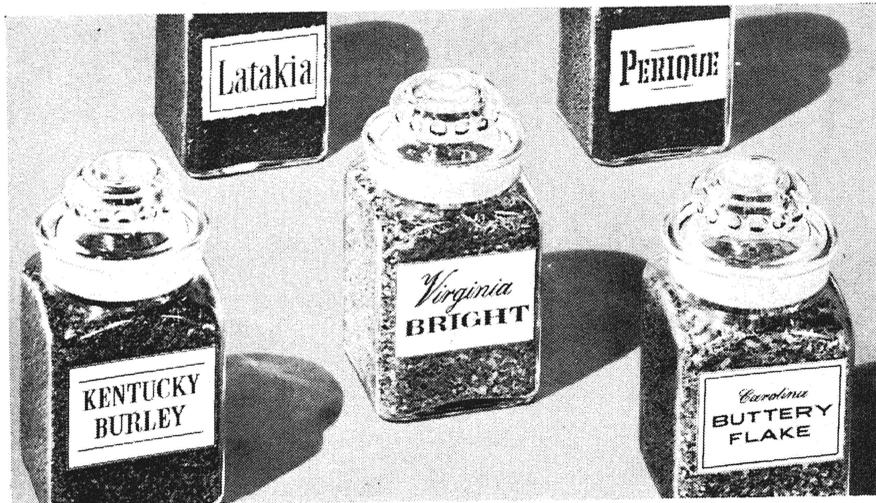


"Oh, dahling! how frightfully droll of you!"

AMAZING PROOF*

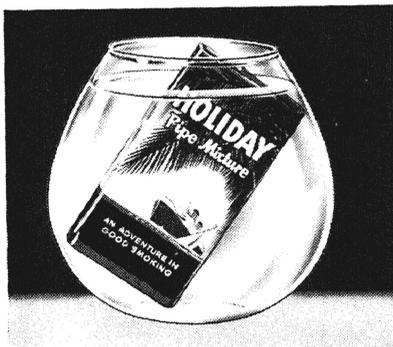
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*PROOF from an EXPERT

show me

A sample of Holiday Pipe Mixture in a plain wrapper was shown to the custom blender in a nationally famous tobacco shop. "Can you duplicate this tobacco?" he was asked. After careful examination, he said, frankly, that he couldn't. Although he could identify the types of tobacco used and could supply them in a \$6 a pound mixture, he couldn't guess the secret of the blend!



AMERICA'S FINEST PIPE MIXTURE



Kink: "I'm knee deep in love with you."

Chris: "I'll put you on my wading list."

* * *

A customer sat down at a table in a smart restaurant and tied a napkin around his neck. The manager called the waiter and said, "Try to make that man understand as tactfully as possible that that's not done around here."

The waiter approached the customer and said, "Shave or a haircut, sir?"

* * *

A wolf lounging in a hotel lobby perked up when an attractive young lady passed by. When his standard "how-de do?" brought nothing more than a frigid glance, he sarcasmed, "Pardon me, I thought you were my mother."

"I couldn't be," she iced, "I'm married."

* * *

Old lady to child in the streets: I wouldn't cry like that young man.

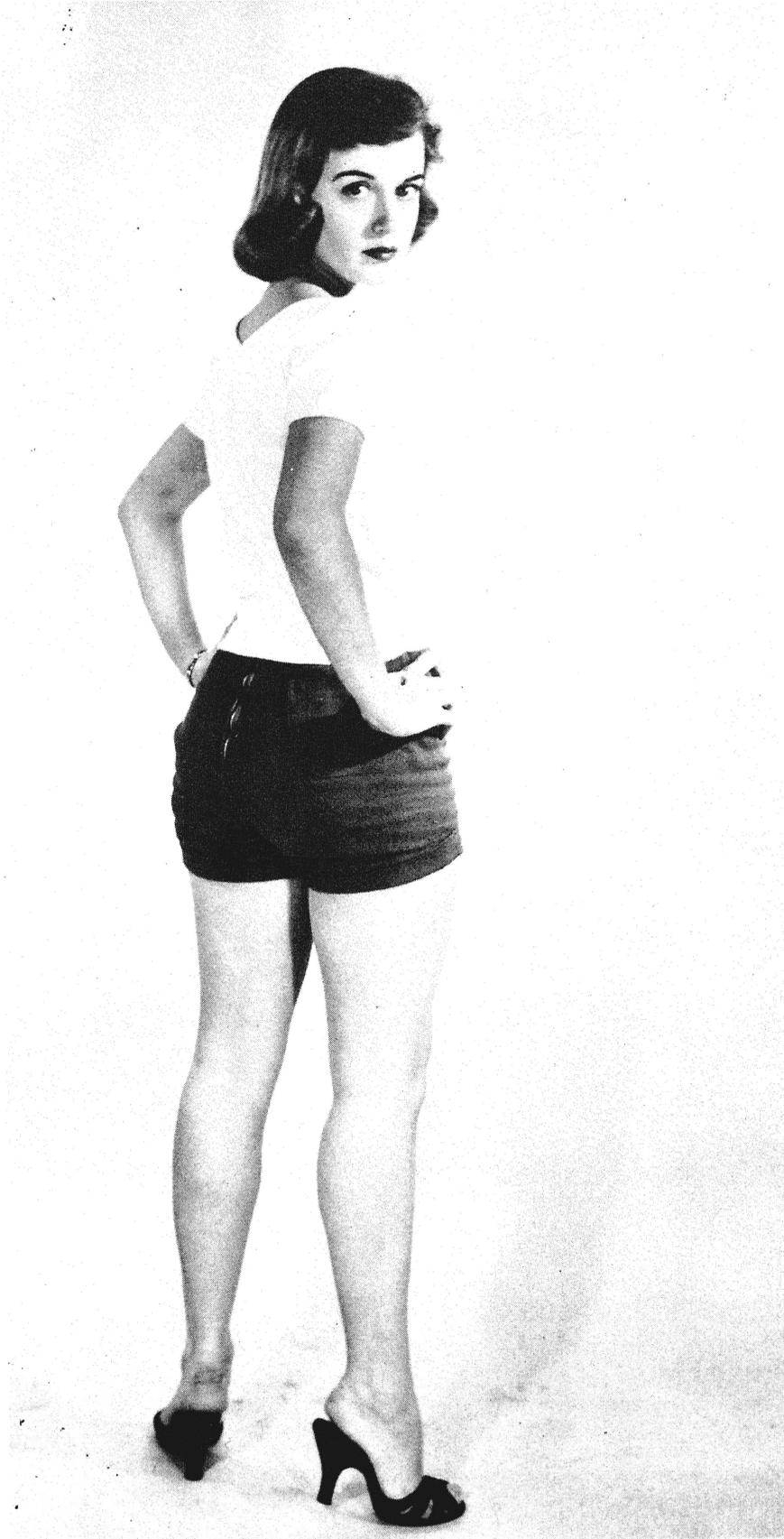
Child: You cry as you damn please, this is my way.

EDITOR'S EGO

(Continued from page 4)

four sorority houses and an independent dorm. All of the girls are so outstanding that we personally hope the contest ends in a six way tie. The announcement of the winners, and the coronation ceremony will be done live over KOMU-TV. Watch for the time. Dr. Niehardt will again this year officiate in the role of Swami. The following morning will find the Queen and her Court on the way to a whirl of activities in St. Louis as guests of the SHOWME staff. Ballots and instructions for their use will be in next month's Queen Issue. Be sure to vote, she's your girl.

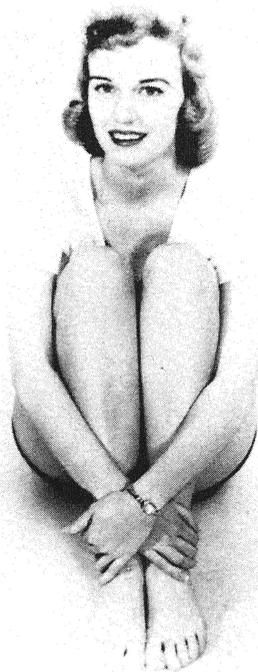
ECAT

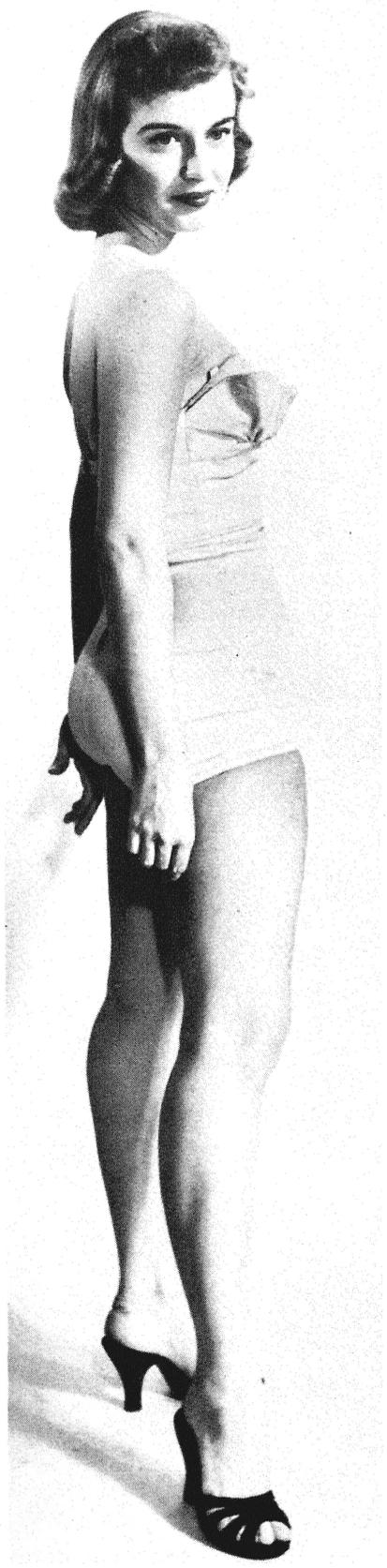


POLLEE

KILLINGSWORTH

*Girl
of the
Month*





SAVITAR FROLICS

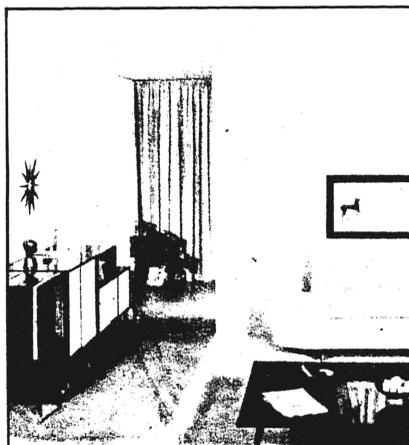
march 1, 2, & 3

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from wall
to wall
with
PITTSBURGH Paints

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The Glory That Was Greece

THE FALL of the great empire that was ancient Greece was due, it may be conjectured, not so much to outside invasion, as to internal dissension. For the two powerful cities of the empire were devoted to the attainment of opposing, or at least divergent, goals. These cities were Athens and Sparta. The people of Athens, being slight of build and inclined to-

by Jack Duncan

ward peace and brotherhood, strove to develop their minds rather than their muscles.

The Spartans, on the other hand, were a warlike people, who allowed no thought to toleration,

or even peaceful co-existence. Their sons were taken from home and mother at an early age, and put into military training, with a minor in physical education.

The more the Spartans taunted and aggravated the Athenians, the less reaction they got, and the madder they got, until full-scale war broke out. The house divided against itself must fall.



1. The Spartans to watch the athletic contests and learn to develop their skills. . . .



2. While the Athenians seek a cultural channel.



3. And the invaders wait watchfully, bewildered by the uncommon purposes of the Greek factions;



4. and wonder the eternal "Why?"



5. Meanwhile, back at the Acropolis, the Athenians exercise control toward the Spartans,



6. and the latter do not control exercise on the Athenians.



7. The peace-lovers can defend themselves only in one way . . . by raising the curve.

8. Spiritual damage results, in both cases.

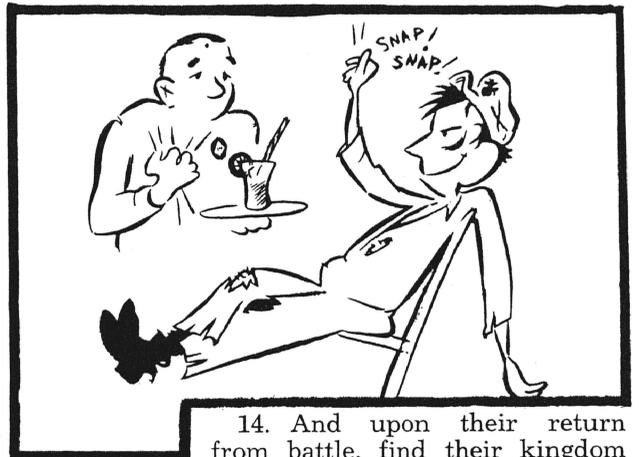
9. Minor skirmishes lead. . . .



11. The interloper stands apart, and in the light of a great torch of insight, sees his chance for freedom.

12. And laughs.

10. To total war.



14. And upon their return from battle, find their kingdom being ruled by these men of sallow complexion and foreign tongue. Those that are left, the victorious few, are subjected to slavery.

13. Too busy with their own petty differences, the Greeks ignore "the little people who can't do any harm."

But history will repeat itself, because when in Greece, what is there for the new ruling class to do, but what the Greeks did? And the glory that was Greece will be again. But it may be called Rome.



*as personal as
your Signature*

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The new Spring fabrics are here, so come in and see how little a "Personal" suit will cost.



*It's always a PLEASURE to get FULL*MEASURE*



FOR FRIDAY AFTERNOON

and

MICHELOB

it's

THE STEIN CLUB



Boners from Freshman placement Exams:

A papal bull was a fourious bull kept by the Popes to trample on Protestants.

* * *

The epistles were wives of apostles.

* * *

To keep in good health, inhale and exhale once a day, and do gymnastics.

* * *

An optimist is a doctor who looks after your eyes. A pessimist is one who attends to your feet.

* * *

Imports are inland ports.

* * *

A polygon is a heathen who has many wives.

* * *

The laws of the United States do not allow a man but one wife. This is called Monotony.

* * *

A litre is a lot of newborn puppies.

* * *

The Thirteenth Amendment of the Constitution abolished the Negroes.

* * *

Gender is how you tell that a man is masculine, feminine or neuter.

* * *

Hors de combat means a warhorse.

* * *

Mon Dieu et mon droit means My God, you're right.

* * *

The atom is composed of electricians and proteins.

* * *

A calf is a young cow until it has a calf and then it's called a cow.

* * *

Osmosis was one of the early pharaohs of Egypt.

* * *

Reproduction is the process by which an organism is able to produce others of its kind.

* * *

French poetry uses rhyme, while Anglo-Saxon poetry was mainly illiterate.

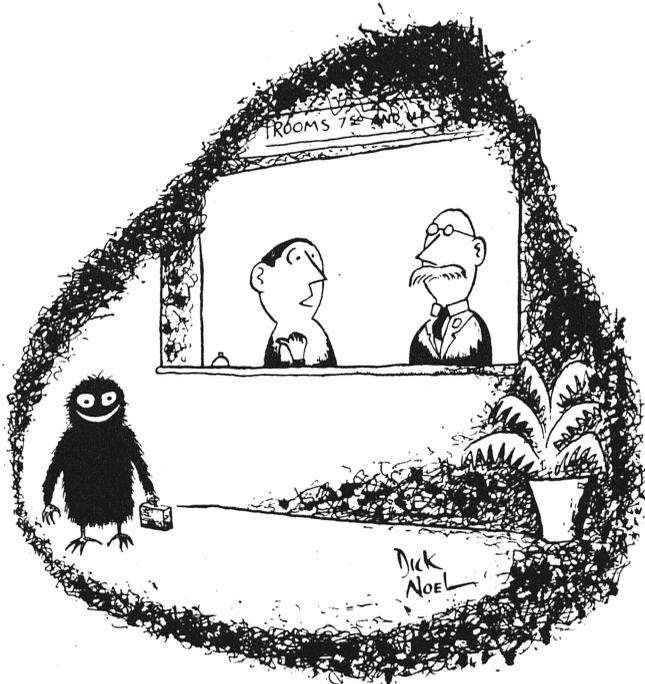
* * *

Edison was the investor of the pornagraph and the indecent lamp.

show me



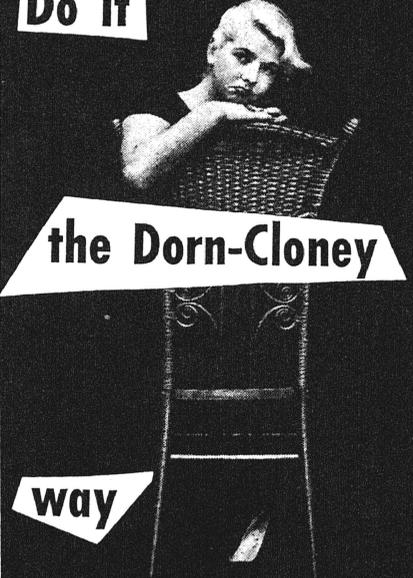
"Now that you mention it, I do see a resemblance."



"HE WANTS A ROOM WITH HOT AND COLD RUNNING BLOOD."

Piqued

Do it

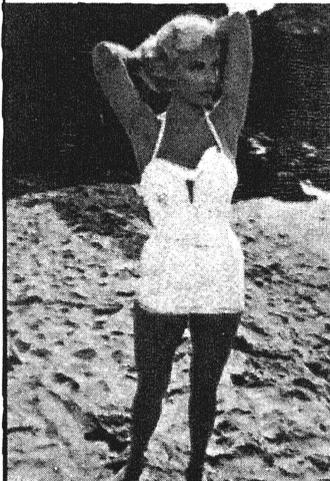


the Dorn-Cloney

way

DORN CLONEY
CLEANERS

Beautiful News



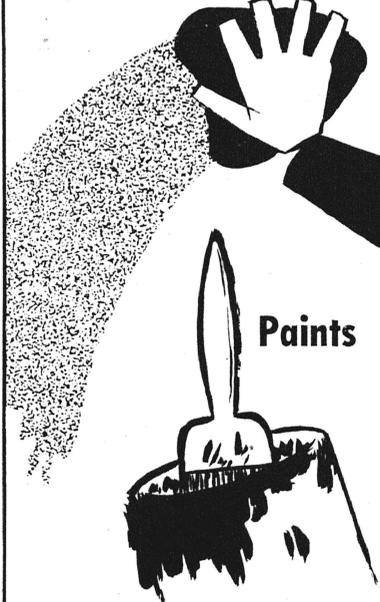
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CATALINA
found
at
The Blue Shop
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of
NEEDS**



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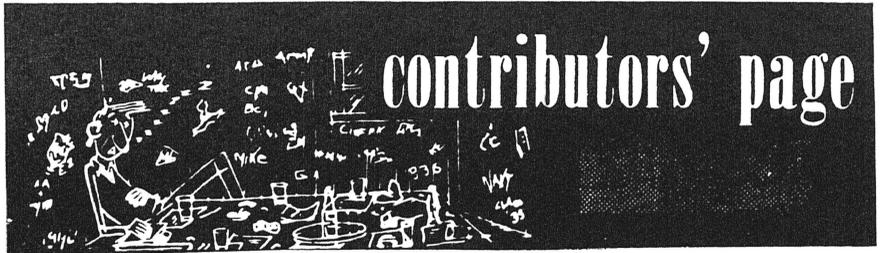
Waxes



Paints

**JOHNSON'S
Paints**

Broadway



SUE SLAYTON is a black-haired damsel with hazel eyes who manages the circulation department of the Missouri **SHOWME**. We won't praise her beauty here—that was adequately done last fall when the Aggies showed exceptional good sense and voted Sue Queen of their 1955 Barnwarmin'.

Sue is nearly twenty, and a Delta Delta etc. pledge. She carries no (count them—none) frat pins on her sweater. Her home is Lexington, Missouri.



Sue Slayton

She's active too. Besides clerking for **SHOWME**, Sue assists in the AWS publicity department, and currently she's helping to publicize Religion In Life Week. Thus, any spiritual matter you find in this issue of **SHOWME**, you may attribute to Miss Slayton. As for other activities, Sue is a dancing fanatic—belongs to an unpronounceable organization which investigates many and various methods of oscillating to rythm. Dance club.

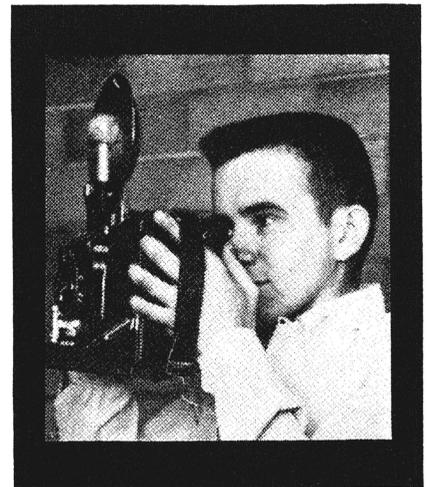
If all goes well, Sue will enter Journalism School next fall. Her post-graduatary ambition is to write, illustrate or edit for one of the national women's magazines.

BILL NEWMAN is a top-notch photographer who occasionally lends his talent and his speed graphic into the service of the Missouri **SHOWME**. Bill photogs for the Missouriian too and, heaven help us, the Man-eater. His photos are the worthy aspect of this rag, we think. Bill is a G.D.I. and works for nothing so ludicrous as honor points, but for hard, cool money. He makes much more geld than does a struggling art editor, and this ain't said in a spirit of envy; It's sheer old malicious jealousy.

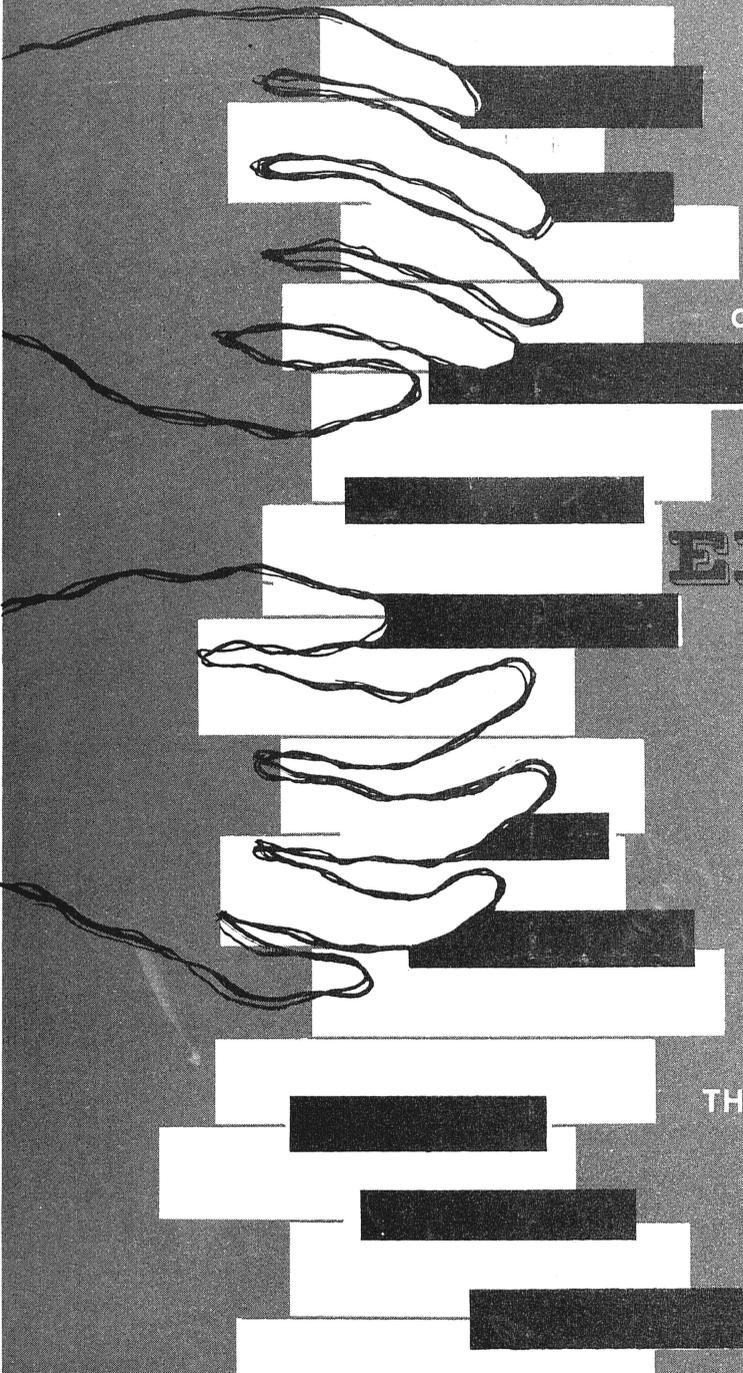
Bill is a sophomore. He intends to concentrate on photo-journalism, and he has few interests outside that field. He does like girls, of course, and he can well afford them—damn him. But there are noble qualities in his makeup . . . he is dependable and reliable—yea, even unto arising in the middle of the night to process photos.

For the benefit of any fatale who desires to link her future to this rising star; we offer the following information: 5' 10", brown hair and eyes.

However, (Senator Mc and Mr. Long please note) it has been observed that Bill Newman, 36775, takes modern Russia under R. E. McGrew.



Bill Newman



Student Government Association
presents

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Featuring

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and his famous orchestra,

featuring,

Johnny Hodges,
Ray Nance,
Jimmy Grissom

Jesse Auditorium

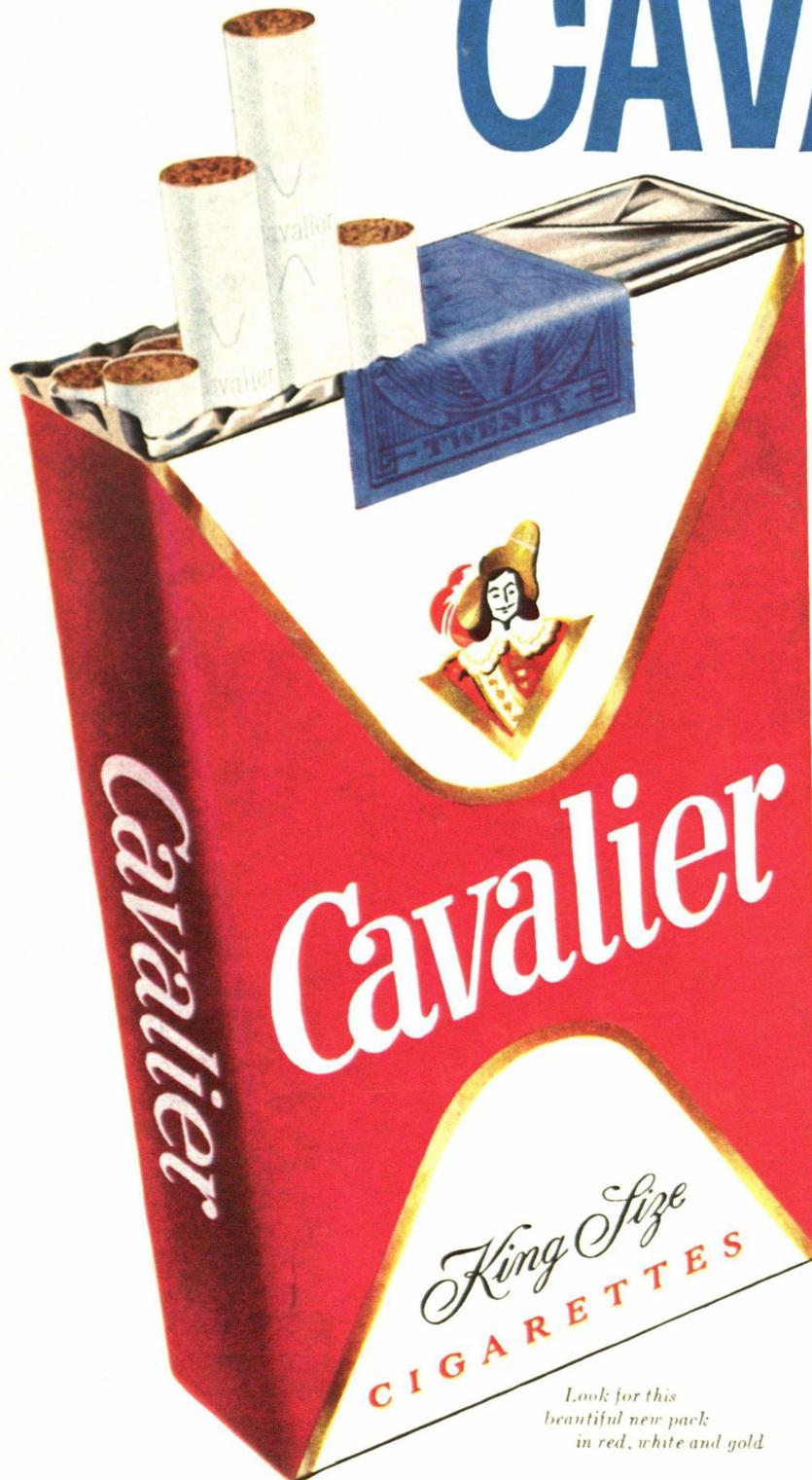
THURSDAY, MARCH 15, 8:00 P.M.

ONE PERFORMANCE ONLY
All seats reserved: \$1.50

From Feb. 20th through March 7th
tickets are available at Puckett's Men's Wear.

General boxoffice sale opens March 8th at Student Union Ticket Office.

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