

March 25c

Queen Issue



Showme

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showme



Dear Editor,

How did a bunch of admitted dimwits like you and your staff ever get control of a legitimate college publication?

Disgustedly,  
Jim Everret  
Columbia, Missouri

*How did Harry get to be Pres.?  
—Ed.*

Dear Editor:

This is the second year I have subscribed to *Showme* since I left Stephens. Your magazine gets better and better. Keep up the good work and you will have a life-long subscriber.

It is a shame that more universities aren't as intelligent as Missouri.

Betty Shields  
2421 Arbor  
Houston 4, Texas

*It's a shame more subscribers aren't as intelligent as you, Betty. Bless you, my child.—Ed.*

Dear Editor:

I'm a 'Suzie' wishing that I had the chance to publish a magazine about what we think of Missouri men (?)

I really think it would be better than the "Stephens Issue" of *Showme*.

Also, here is a little joke that I think is very cute: "Did you hear about the poor bulldog who didn't know whether to go into the restroom marked "pointers" or "setters?"

Sally W.  
Box 2114  
Stephens College

*After reading that joke, we have our doubts.—Ed.*

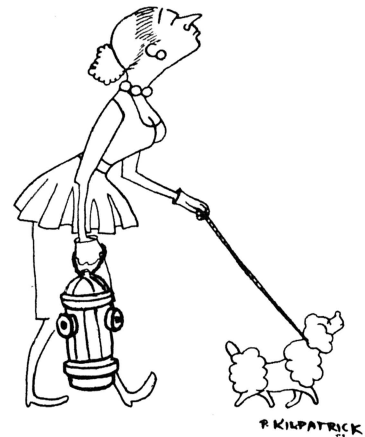
Dear Editor,

I enjoyed your last cover very much and would like to see more of its type. *Showme* has concerned itself with trivia for far too long. It is encouraging to see that on occasion your art staff can rise above the ordinary level of achievement they usually satiate themselves on.

Edward Brocklust  
Columbia, Missouri

*Oh, Eddy, we're all so pleased...  
How many issues did you buy?  
—Ed*

\* \* \*



Dear Sir:

*Showme* is a good enough magazine, O.K. But it would sure be better if you printed some of my stuff. Are you guys a closed lobby or somethin. Huh, tell me, huh?

Columbia, Missouri

*In the first place pal, you forgot to sign your name (or did you?) How can I tell your "stuff" hasn't been used if I don't know who you are. In the second place, some of your "stuff" may be in this issue, or it may be slated for the next one. SHOWME has published, on the average, of two new contributors every month. We need new writers, artists, gagmen and ad salesmen. There's always room. The SHOWME staff is, undoubtedly, the most "unclosed" organization on campus. Good luck, and don't forget to sign your name to your "stuff"—Ed.*



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



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I DON'T KNOW how you feel about it—old ladies that is—but I say abolish them. Quickly, dispassionately, and finally. This may seem a rather coldly inhuman way of looking at the thing. And after all little old ladies were at one time little young ladies, and that's always nice—but I'm just about up to here with little old ladies. They're really a hell of a nuisance, when you look at it objectively. I mean they're forever falling in the street under mounds of packages, and stuff, and looking for special privileges in wild haired young men in fast cars, or glomping up traffic in doorways, and getting lost, and . . . but the thing that really doe's it to me—They wear hats! Every little old lady you see; you look, and you'll see them under a hat . . . Every time.

Even the hats I think I could take if they (the little old ladies) kept them out in the open where a guy could defend himself. But do they? Never! They are forever sneaking into dark theatres, usually in pairs. And as soon as they get their wraps settled, and their lurch arranged on the adjacent seats they start peering through the gloom to see what other little old ladies they can shout at. "Why, hello, Martha! Don't you think Mr. Holden is getting old looking, dear?" "But the girl is lovely don't you think. And that gown—*devine!*" Abolish them, I say! Let us return to the matinees of pop-corn crunching teen-agers, who viciously plop their boney knees into the back of your neck and softly sob away the afternoon.

HEY, anybody want to be "Miss America of 1956?" A letter from the St. Louis county Jr. Chamber of Commerce came

across this desk the other day asking us to help publicise The Miss Missouri Contest: the winner to represent our fair state at Alantic City next September. Now, besides all the goodies the local merchants heap on the contestants, there is the possibility for the winer to gain the \$30,000.00 in scholarship offered. The Miss Missouri Pagent committee seeks young ladies with poise, intelligence, and talent . . . vital factors in choosing a truly representative candidate to Alantic City. Yeah, 38-24-36.

Anyone interested in competing in this contest contact Columbia Jr. Chamber of Commerce, or Mr. Bernil Grice, Chairman. 140 Tredora St., Columbia. Or your's truly at the SHOWME Office. This is another public service of your Missouri SHOWME. Puttin' Pulpt . . . Pultri . . . oh! hell you know, pretties, dollies, . . . stuff, before the public. We wholeheartedly pledge to endorse and aid any group or organization who desire to perpetuate girls. If there's one thing that needs perpetuating in this world they're it.

DOWN IN DALLAS last week, Rev. Billy Graham's pastor, Rev. W. A. Criswell, a jerk who has never known his employer, shot his sorgham drippin' tater mouth off all over newsweek's humor magazine, about desegregation. And how negros weren't capable of doing well in his Baptist church; the implication being they were mentally, and spiritually inferior. The University of Alabama has irrevocably proved that education begins in the home. And on some playground a little white scamp bashed a little black scamp in the nose; and the little black one bashed the little white one; and neither one thought much about it over their graham crackers and milk later on, the same day. The upshot of all this is that it brings to mind the time the fellow studying sociology came down from the big state university, and asked granddad what he thought about the negro problem. Granddad spat over the railing of the front porch, (He was a magnificent spitter.) and he said, "Sonny-boy, which p'ticular one of them folks you got a problem with?"

# the missouri

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# howme

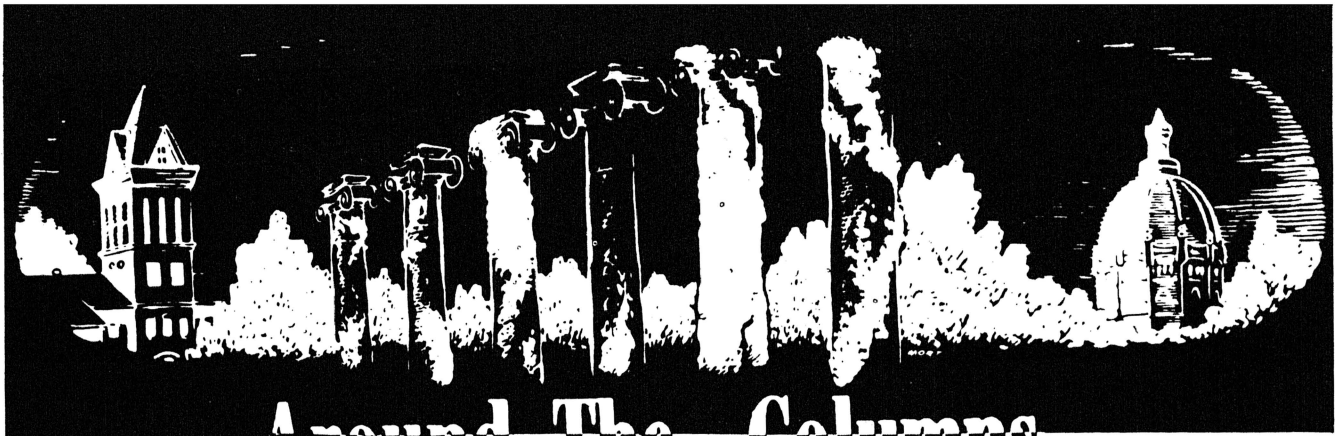
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*Wild crap-shooters with a whoop and a call  
Danced the juba in their gambling-hall,  
And laughed fit to kill, and shook the town,  
And guyed the policemen and laughed them down  
With a boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, Boom.*

—THE CONGO  
VACHEL LINDSAY





# Around The Columns

**OVERHEARD** in the Union: "Vote, damit, vote! There's more people *running* for things than there are voting!"

**AS YOU MAY KNOW**, this month is March. And, if you remember correctly, we told you last month that this month *would* be March, which just goes to show what kind of people *we* are. Oh it wasn't unanimous—don't get the idea. Some thought it would be June. And one boy said it would be 1942, but after 14 ballots and several slashed tendons, we reached a consensus of opinion. March. *S*uch foresightedness shouldn't go unnoticed. Also, after many hours of consideration, we believe that next month will be April, followed by May, June, and perhaps February. However, as one reliable source put it, "You can't ever tell when October will sneak in."

Remember—you read it here first.

Another thing. They all said March would come in like a lion and go out like a lamb, and it didn't. It came *in* like a lamb, then lioned it for a few days, and then just staggered around like a drunk elephant. And it will no doubt go out like a yellow-throated thrush-warbler, which is a bird, and *then* they'll sit up and take notice.

Plenty plenty plenty plenty plenty good MARCH!

Which is a month.

\* \* \*

**SPEAKING OF BUGS**, there is one outside my window in a tree and it is being eaten by a squirrel. You *were* speaking of bugs, weren't y . . .? Nevermind. The

squirrel has swallowed it and is working on it with his gastric juices.

Ah, faith, an' tis the law of the jungle.

Kill or be gastric juiced.

\* \* \*

**I FIGGER THAT** in the last three year I have donated \$52.50 to the Trimble Memorial Hospital without getting anything back in return. Not even an aspirin or one of Dr. Scholls Foot Pads. And \$52.50 is a lot of loot. It is 238 bottle of Stag (free plug, Wheeler) and 2 sacks of Beer Nuts, which is not to be sniffed at.



Just what do you have to be to get in that place? You have to be deceased, that's what. Plenty deceased. And maybe a light green color, too.

It is really remarkable how many students don't even know what the inside of the clinic (I use the term loosely) *looks* like, let alone have been treated there.

Oh well, think of all the blasts Trimble and his boys can have

with all that coin. It amounts to 550,000 bottles this year alone.

Mmm. Thinking back on the kind of service you get over there, it figures, friends. It figures.

\* \* \*

**RECENT REPORTS** have it that a troll has been living under the temporary bridge at ninth and Conley. His name is William Treetoad and he likes cottage cheese.

\* \* \*

**EVERY CITY HAS** a police force, and every city has people who make fun of the police force. Naturally, we here in Columbia can't understand why in the world people should want to do that, because we have such a good police force. Let me tell you what I mean.

A friend of ours was driving out Stewart Road when his rear tire blew out. Our friend got out and began the usual ministrations. While he was sweating and swearing, a police car pulled up. This conversation followed:

Cop: "What's the trouble?"

Our friend: "Got a flat tire."

Cop: "Got a flat tire, huh?"

Our friend: "Yep. Flat tire."

Cop (after a moments thought): "What's your name?"

This brilliant question leads us to two conclusions. Either flat tires are limited to people with certain names, or the cop expected our friend to say, "My name is Jack Steamroller and I have just bludgeoned my grandmother."

See there?

\* \* \*

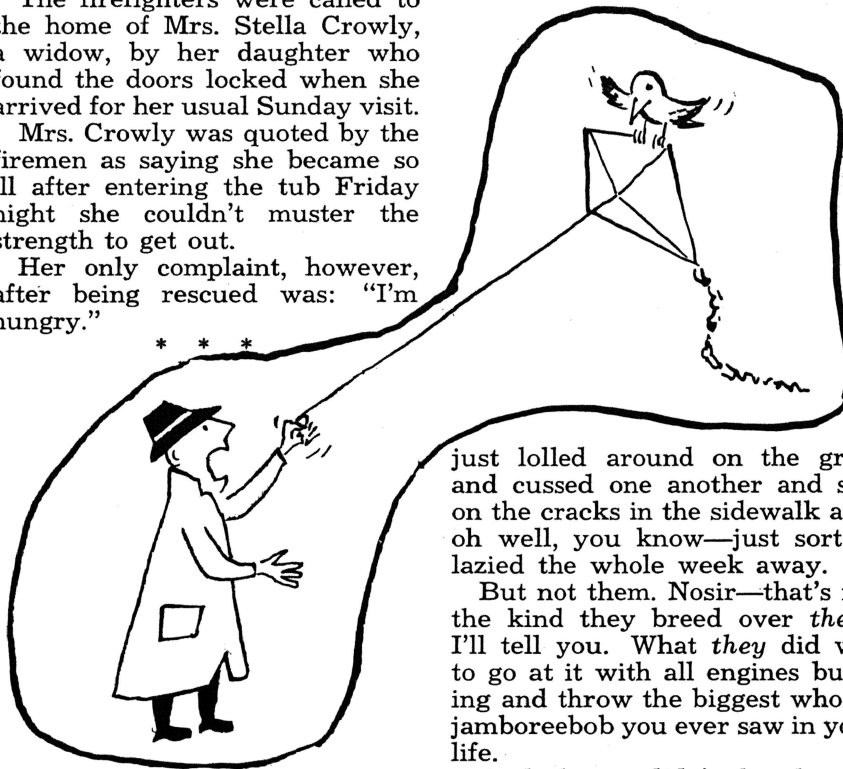
**PROBABLY THE** cleanest person in the western hemisphere was the 72-year-old Boston woman

who became ill while taking a bath and spent thirty-nine hours in the tub before being rescued by firemen.

The firefighters were called to the home of Mrs. Stella Crowley, a widow, by her daughter who found the doors locked when she arrived for her usual Sunday visit.

Mrs. Crowley was quoted by the firemen as saying she became so ill after entering the tub Friday night she couldn't muster the strength to get out.

Her only complaint, however, after being rescued was: "I'm hungry."



And since they *did* own it, they could have done just about anything they wanted with it. I mean they could have slacked off and

In fact, take it all around, it was just about the biggest whinging we'll get to witness around here this year—except for maybe when the agriculturals have *their* week. And let me tell you buster those *agriculturals* aren't nobody to be sniffed at. Nosir. I mean they're not to be sniffed at unless perhaps they've cleaned their boots off. But at least they don't grow beard nor carry around sticks on their belts. They just go Whoooooee all the time.

All the time.

\* \* \*



just lolled around on the grass and cussed one another and spit on the cracks in the sidewalk and, oh well, you know—just sort of lazied the whole week away.

But not them. Nosir—that's not the kind they breed over *there*, I'll tell you. What *they* did was to go at it with all engines burning and throw the biggest whoop-jamboreebob you ever saw in your life.

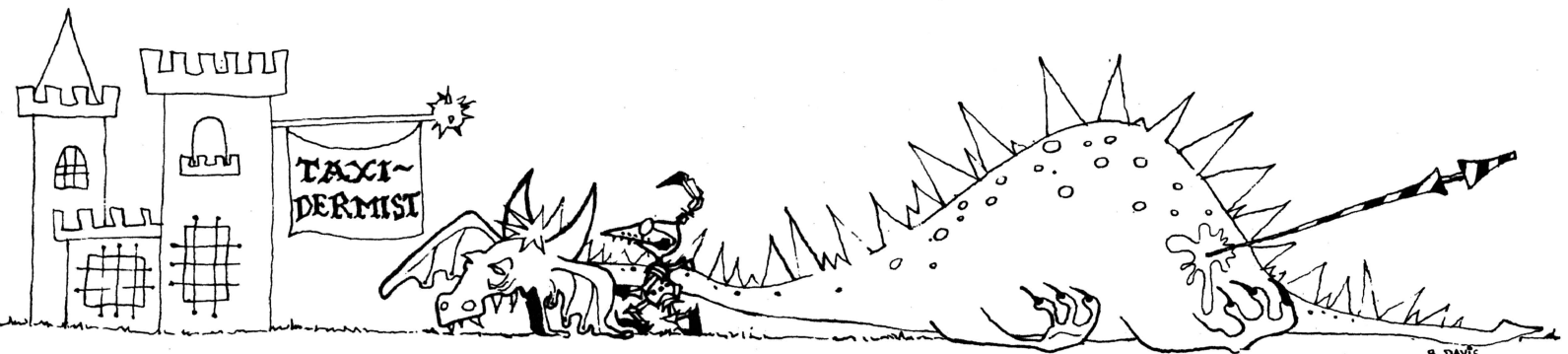
And oh my, *didn't* they have a time! Parades, and lab exhibits with gears and ball-pine hammers, and banquets, and a Ball, and this rock which was brought out and made much of and was sort of licked at, and this old scraggly bearded man who was brought out and hollered at, and a beer bust, and a beard measuring contest, and I just can't remember *what* all.

AND THEN THERE was the Roman who, upon being told that his wife was in bed with appendicitis, remarked heatedly, "Damn those Greeks."

\* \* \*

ABOUT FIVE OR SIX years ago, there used to be an infallible sign that Spring was approaching: Good old Gabby Street saying,

**YOU REALIZE NATURALLY** that last week was Engineers' Week. What I mean is, the week belonged to them. No one else. Mind you, I didn't notice any big rush of other outfits trying to take it *away* from them, but even if there were, they couldn't have had it. Because it belonged to the engineers: they owned it—lock, stock, and beerkeg.



B. DAVIS

"Chapareel"

"You bet youa bottom dollah that these good old redbirds ain't givin' up hope of winnin' that there good old pennent just because they went and done gone lost those good old first fourteen exhibition games in good old succession."

Now all we got is Augie Busch and them greasy clydesdale horses.

\* \* \*

**YOU REMEBER** that guy I told you about last month who had a standing bet that he could drink 10 bowls of Chicken Noodle soup in an hour? Well, he's got a new one this month. He's betting that he can eat 150 sacks of salted peanuts in an hour.

But don't bet. He's a ringer—got a plastic stomach.

\* \* \*

**IN A DARING** expose', **SHOWME** has discovered in the files of the University Library a ruling in small print that shows that 130 credit hours and 145 honor points are needed for graduation. This explains the large number of supposedly graduate seniors who are still wandering around Columbia with dazed expressions. To keep everything on the up and up, the ruling is printed in the Columbia Missourian every December under the stock market quotations.

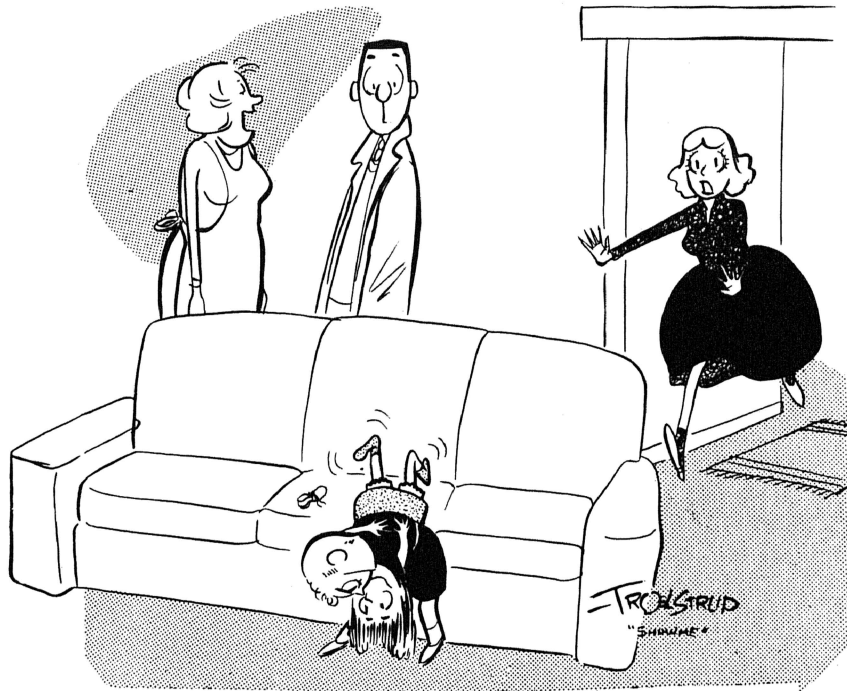
\* \* \*



*Little Mary drowned her brother,  
Then she went and bludgeoned  
mother;  
Since it seemed so little bother—  
She went ahead and strangled  
father.*

\* \* \*

**A FRIEND** of mine told me the the other day that on the income tax form he got, there was a clever question that read, "Are you blind?"



"The children have a way of imitating Sis and her friends."

**LAST MONTH** I saw a pitcher show and it was a good daddy. It was "Picnic" and it was funny as hell. They also had a Mr. Magoo cartoon and it was likewise quite humorous. Even the newsreel was funny; they had this guy who was trying to commit suicide by jumping off a building—but they had this big net, see, and they caught him in it and then he got disgusted as hell at hem and cussed and ranted went on like mad.

But the funniest thing in the whole movie was when the thearer darkened right before the second show, and what flashed on the screen but the candidates for our SGA election. Man, it was a scream. I practically went into convulsions—and two guys sitting in front of me had to be helped out to the lobby.

Speaking of elections, we on the **SHOWME** find it interesting to note that each year our **SHOWME** Queen polls about 2 or 3 times as many votes as the winning party. No doubt many factors contribute to this, but we feel that the main reason it that our queen has got prettier legs than Sam Rayburn. However, this is merely our opinion, and we are probably prejudiced.

**ONE GOOD THING** about the month of March is that there's always a bunch of drunk children running around with kites.

You can roll them.

\* \* \*

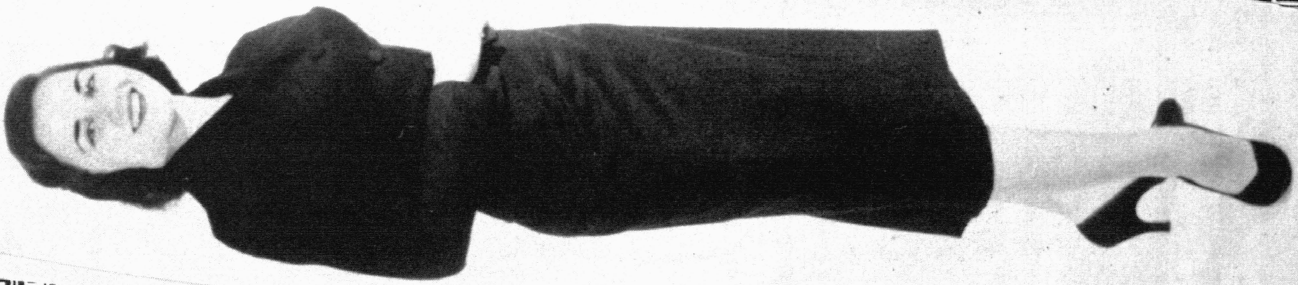
**YOU MAY HAVE** noticed that a few weeks ago when the comic strip "Little Orphan Annie" introduced the topic of narcotics into its plot, several newspapers discontinued it.

And, having read the strip for several years (those round eyeballs kill me), I feel that without it my life is empty. It gets me right here. No lower.

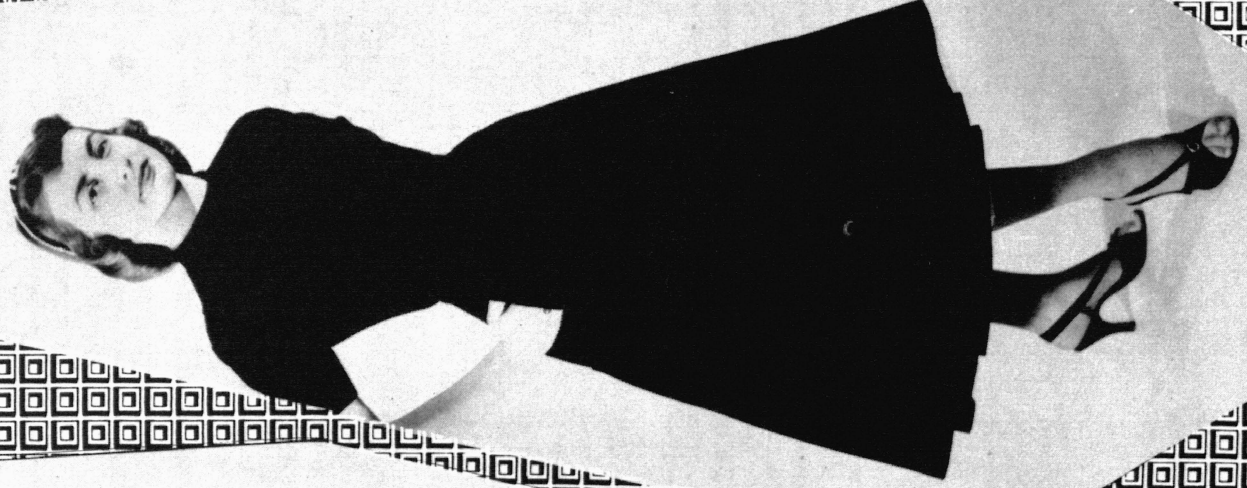
Well, anyway, the newspaper in question—the *St. Louis Globe*—later printed some letters to the editor which supposedly backed up their action. Some of them did—from old ladies and blind dogs and the like, but a few slipped in—apparently accidentally—that took quite the other point of view. They quietly suggested that maybe the editor had lost his marbles.

Well, what all this is working up to (oh, I'm a sly one) is that in nearly every phase of the entertainment world and literature, censorship is growing more len-

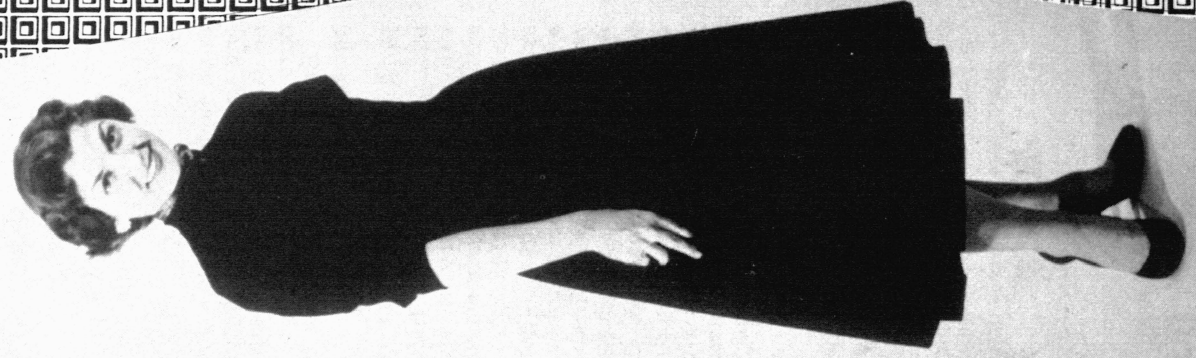
# Showme Queen Candidates



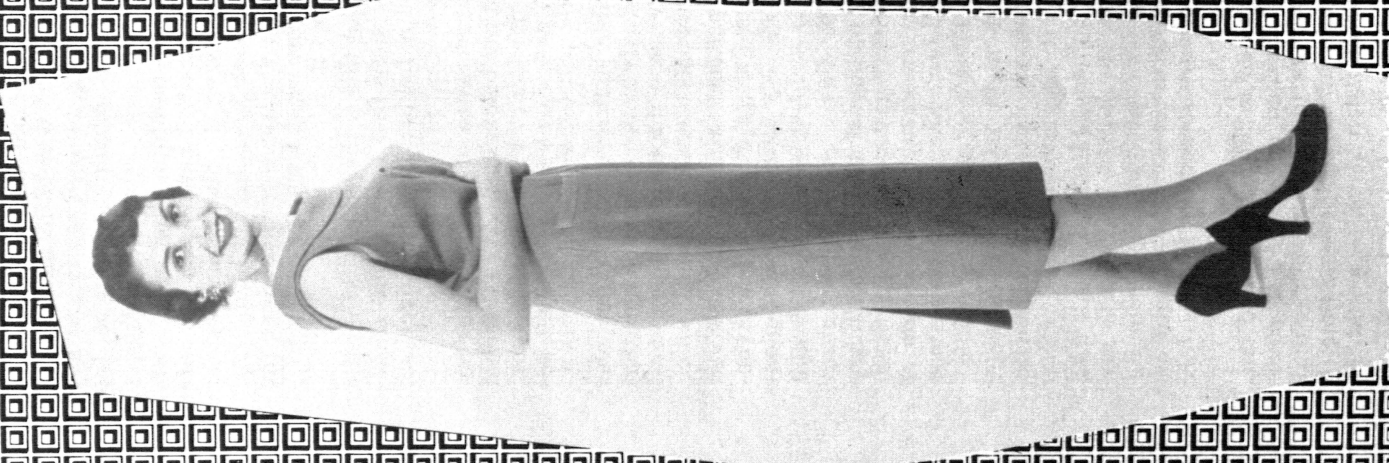
Linda Kassabaum



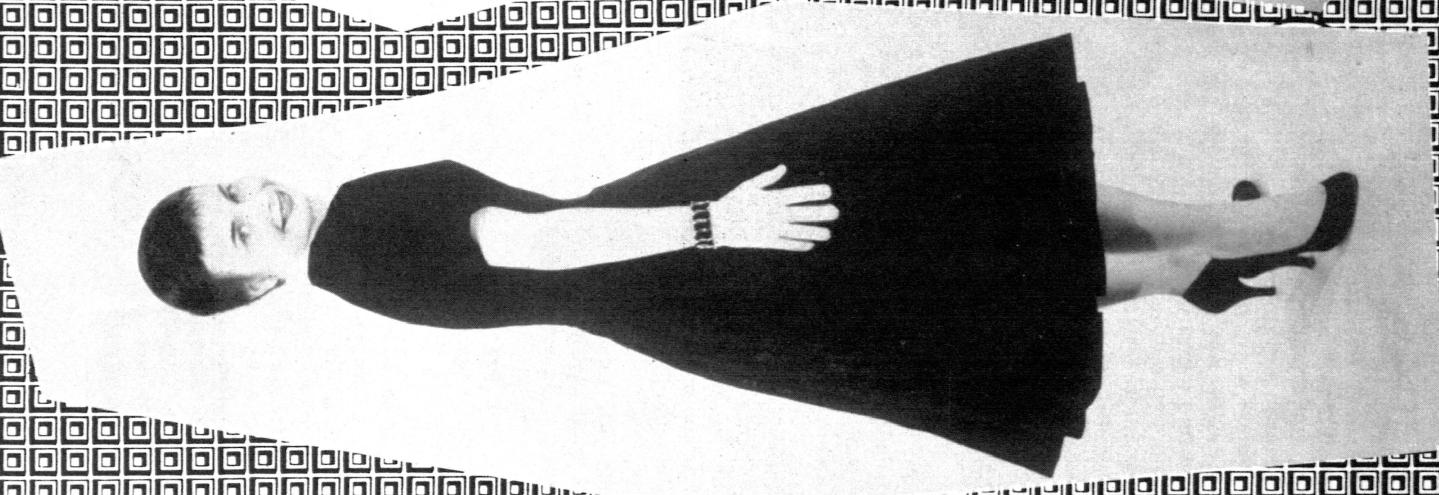
Mimi Brown



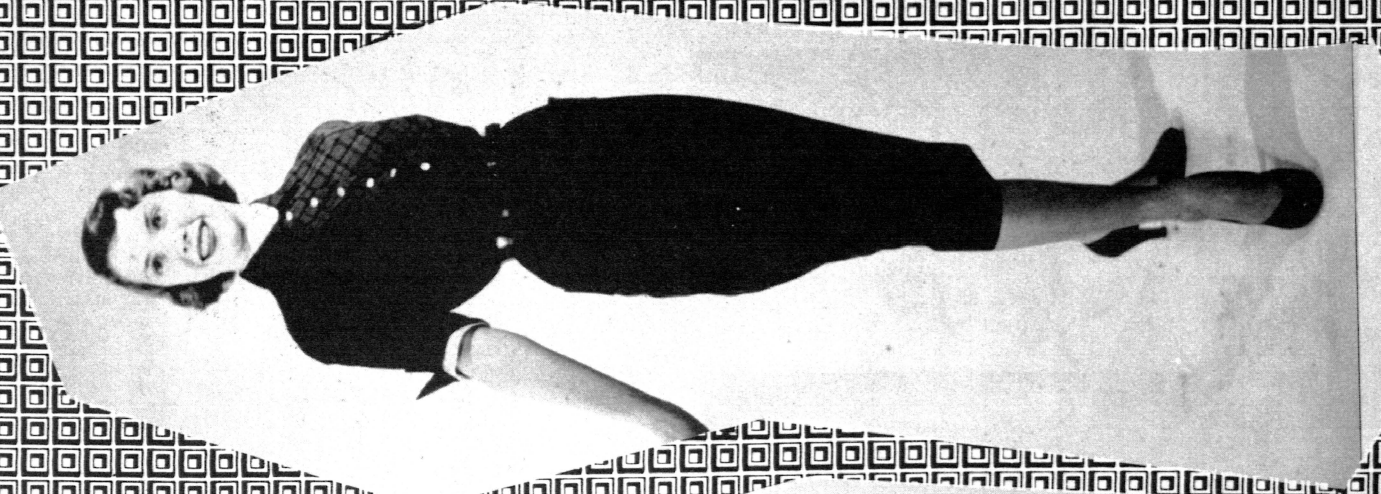
Shirley McHenry



Jane Dashaen



Ann Leadford



Judy Perkins

# BALLOT

Name -----

I.D. No. -----

## CHECK ONE

- Shirley McHenry
- Judy Perkins
- Jane Dashaen
- Linda Kassabaum
- Ann Leadford
- Mimi Brown

# The Disappearance

by

Ronald Soble

THERE'S NOTHING UNUSUAL about my town. The people, the stores, the industries—they fit well together, each complementing the other. It was an existence as vital to our mode of living as your existence and environment are to you.

Take as an example an average day in my life.

I get up at eight, shave and gulp down a quick breakfast consisting of toast, coffee and eggs, quickly kiss my wife and two kids goodbye and dash off to catch the 8:52 for the plant. I work an eight hour day—am a faithful husband—come home every night to a good dinner—read the paper—watch T. V., and so on. I had a happy family, a good job and a secure position in life.

Yes, you heard me right—I said “had”. something happened of so unusual and uncommon a nature as to change my entire way of life and to drive me to the point of doubting my own sanity. At any rate, let me start at the beginning—you be the judge.

One morning I awoke and found that my electric razor was missing. Naturally I bawled out my wife who I blamed for mislaying it. She replied rather abruptly, and looking back I can hardly blame her, that I never owned an electric razor and that the safety razor—if that was what I was referring to—was where I always kept it.

All day at the plant this bothered me. What the hell had happened? I knew that I owned one—however, being a rational individual I tried to overlook the incident.

Then, in a rapid succession of event articles began to disappear from my belongings. At first trivial items—such as that new shirt I bought last week, jewelry, my fountain pen, items that I couldn't account for.

And the impossible nature of the matter was that in each case my wife swore up and down that not only had she never seen the items in question—but that I had never owned them!

My capacity for patience was being over-taxed and in a comparatively short duration I was becoming a nervous wreck. My efficiency at the plant fell about fifty per cent and the boys at work began looking at me questioningly.

Not only was my emotional state one of frenzy—but my kids constantly were getting in my hair, and when my wife suggested that I see a doctor, I honestly wanted to kill her. She was for an instant a dreaded and hateful thing.

I would lie awake night trying to figure out what item would be missing next—almost afraid to see the dawn come.

Frantically every morning, I would break into a cold sweat and dash around the house with my check-list, a device I had contrived to keep a running count of the disappearing articles. And without an exception there was always something to cross off of the list every day.

Clearly, a solution had to be found. I had one close friend in town. We had been together since high school, played football together in college and had remained close right up to the present time. I knew that if anyone would listen to me, he would.



It was rather bleak and drizzling the night I decided to walk over to his house. I was feeling terribly depressed and looked forward with happy anticipation to a few drinks, a talk about old times and maybe a little advice on how to combat this strange "sickness" of mine.

I knocked on the door only to find a complete stranger opening it for me. No—the stranger had never heard of my friend and said that he had lived there for the past ten years.

I fired question after question at him until he insisted that I leave since it was past his bedtime.

Mixed up and bewildered I wandered aimlessly down the damp streets. Suddenly I found myself in front of my brother's real estate office and was struck with a rather novel idea.

Since the office was open that night I decided to check the record of ownership on my friend's home. I quickly stepped inside—not even stopping to bother my brother who I could hear typing in the back room.

Hastily, I thumbed through the massive filing cabinet and stopped short when I came upon the actual record that proved beyond a doubt that the stranger, not I, was right.

Before I could get up, a voice shouted behind me, "Raise your hands or I'll shoot—I'm not kidding."

I whirled around and found myself staring into the barrel of a big black pistol. I told the clerk behind it, for I supposed him to be one of the clerks my brother had recently hired, to call my brother, the owner of the agency, and everything would be cleared up. I said that I was sorry and that I should have asked to use the file first.

I must have fainted—for when I awoke I found myself in the city police station surrounded by three officers, the "owner", and my wife.

"It's okay honey," she said. "I've cleared up everything for you. I told these men how much of a strain you've been under lately and they've decided to release you under my responsibility. But why in the world did you say your brother owned the real estate agency—you know you're an orphan!"

Her last words cut me to the quick. Yet, I managed to control myself to a degree and didn't say anything for the rest of the night. I had decided to go along with my wife and not do or say anything that would be detrimental to either of us.

Me an orphan! Why I had come from the happiest homes a boy could have. I can still remember my father at the suppertable saying . . .

It was getting impossible to concentrate on the job. The next morning I guessed that I would either have to quit or be fired. I knew this was building up—but this was the first time I faced the fact that soon I would be without a mealticket to support my family. I also knew exactly what I would have to say and do. Possibly a vacation—a long one—would put me in a better state of mind.

I got off the 8:32 a few blocks early so that I could clear my head in the fresh morning air. Rounding the corner I was greeted by the most extraordinary sight of my life. The site of the plant where I had formerly worked for 15 years was now occupied by an empty lot, one half a block wide.

Frantically I searched among the weeds for some clue to the plant's whereabouts. Practically on my hands and knees, I heard a voice say, "You lose something mister?"

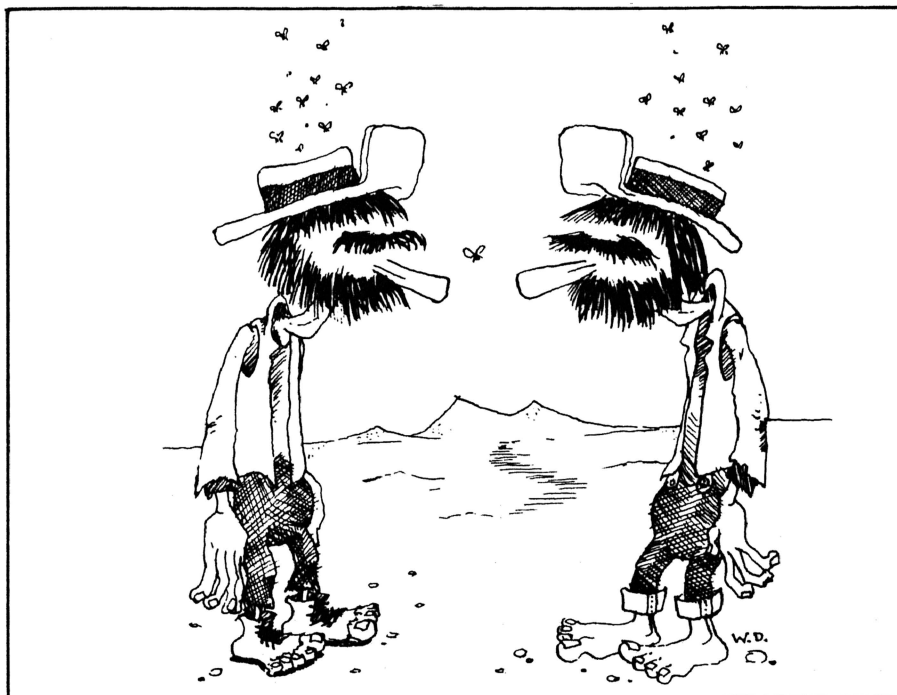
How could I say I was looking for a massive engineering plant which had suddenly taken wings. Casually I replied, "How long has this lot been empty?"

"Bout twenty—twenty-five years, I reckon. Why?"

\* \* \*

I'm not insane, I mean I knew I wasn't. When I arrived home, I immediately called for Dora, my wife, but no one answered. I desperately called the children's school thinking there must be something wrong, only to find out that they had no record of their registration for that or any other year.

A befuddled operator at the city hall told me that I had never had any children in the first place. It was obvious that I wouldn't have to ask about my wife. (Continued on page 22)



"Tain't mine either . . . must be a stray."

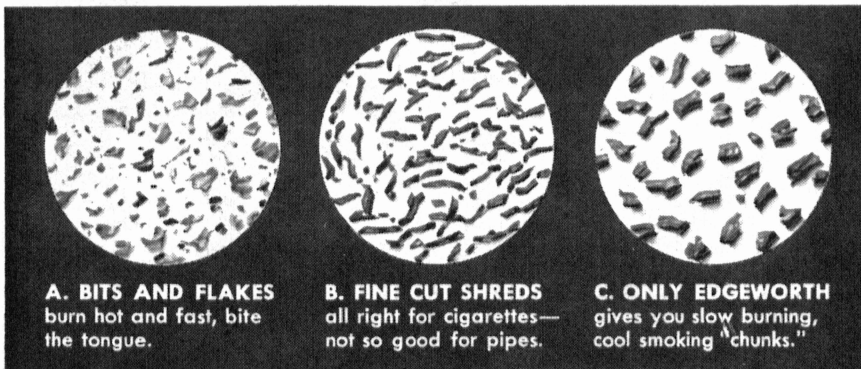
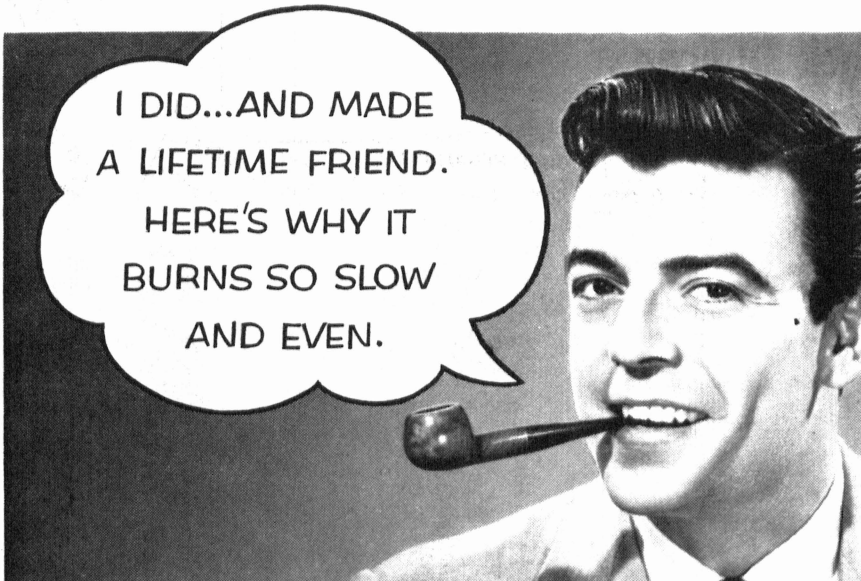


*"Ah, morning beautiful bright,—"*



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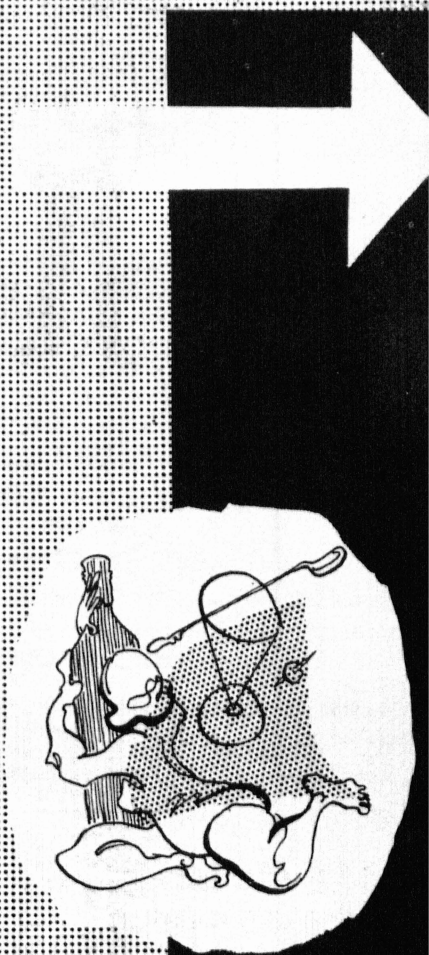
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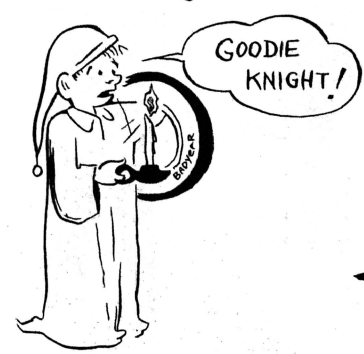
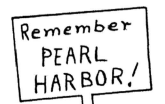
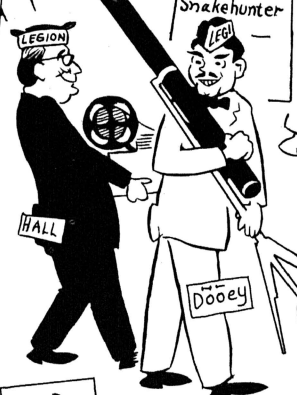
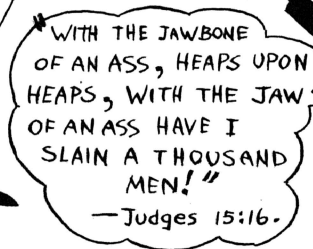
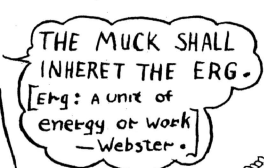
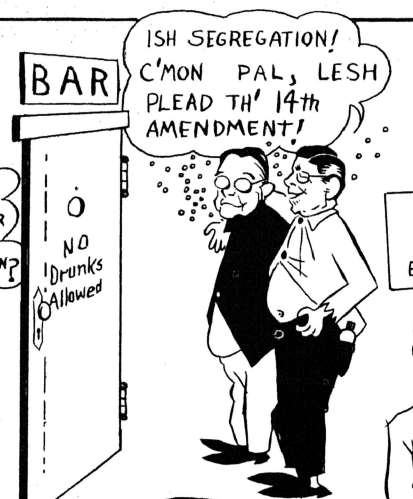
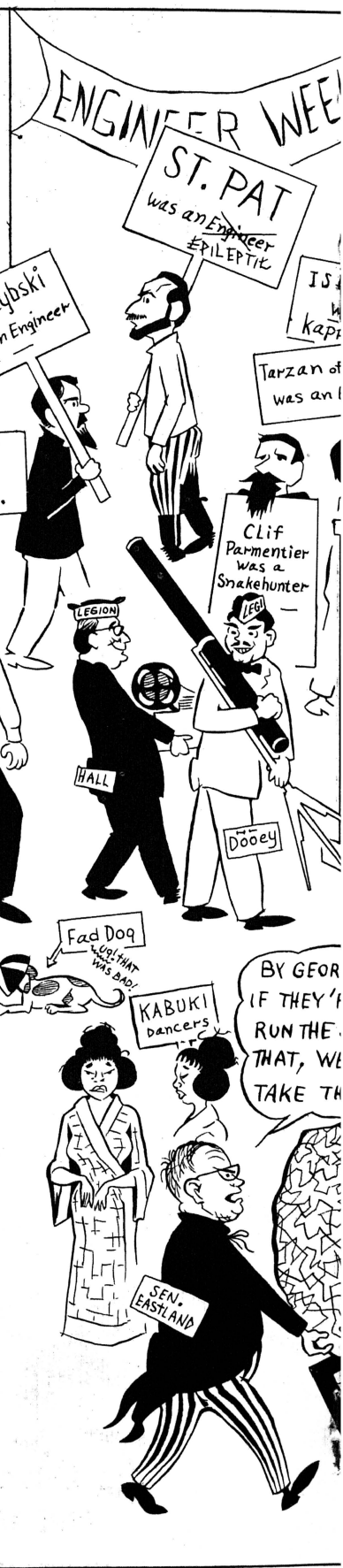
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THAT'S O.K. PAL — I'LL COUNT 'EM FROM HERE.

Polio Shots Here

Bad Dog

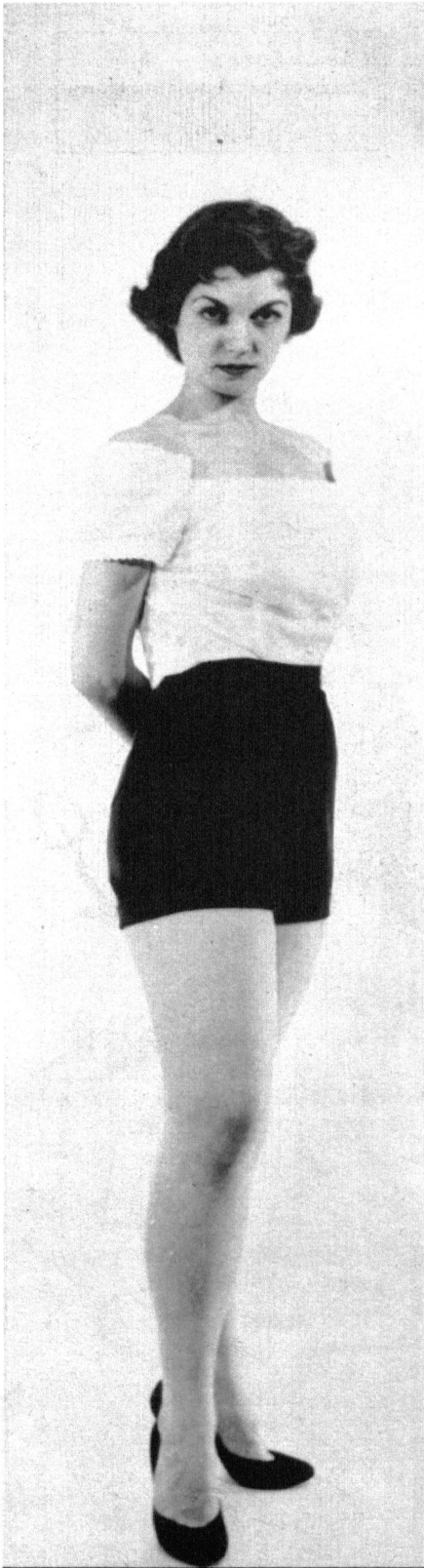
Sad Dog

John Foster Dulles

WHAT'S ALL THIS TALK ABOUT BRINKS?

Mad Dog

DUNC



Shirley McHenry

**THE DISAPPEARANCE**

(Continued from page 13)

I tried to take everything calmly. It was some wild dream—for who could ever exist under such an impossible set of circumstances? Why common sense dictated that things like this just could not happen.

I went out for a walk to figure out a logical solution. I knew I was as sane as anyone. Anyone. I tried to use reason, and to remain calm. I couldn't lose my head, or everything would be lost.

As I began to walk to my house a calm acceptance of life took hold of me—for if not acceptance—what else?

As I passed the spot formerly occupied by my house ten minutes before—where a restaurant now stood—I felt as if I was walking a maze that was collapsing around me and over which I had no control.

I'm setting this down as carefully as I remember the sequence of event—for if I do not try to reiterate the disappearance and attempt to find their causations I shall soon begin to doubt my own existence.

But that is silly; I know that I exist. I have but to clasp my hands and feel the warmth that is life. And if I didn't exist then how could I transcribe this record of my misfortune? I can see the blue ink flow onto the paper as I sit here in the public library. I know, I do exist! I did when I came in. The pretty little woman at the desk smiled at me. The old man at the other end of this long table hasn't looked up since I sat down, but he looks like a professor, and is undoubtedly lost in that huge book he is reading. I know I exist. I have but to clasp my hands, or touch my face to feel the warm flesh of my body. He's just engrossed in his book. Maybe that beautiful girl in the plum suit will come by. She's browsing through the whole length of the drama section. She could be an actress; she certainly is pretty enough. Or maybe a dancer. Her legs and hips move so lithely under her plum colored skirt. When she draws near I'll ask her for a match—I'll prove it. She is com-

(Continued next page)



Jane Dashen



Linda Kassabaum

**THE DISAPPEARANCE**

ing this way. Gad she is beautiful. She must be a dancer; those hips—classic. So solidly round; other women would say they are too large probably, but I always maintain that women should look like women, not hippy boys.

She's not going to come by. . . . She's stopping . . . Please . . . Yes! She's turning again. She's going to sit here at this table! I know that I exist. I'll speak to her. I'll look up now and smile. . . .

"Excuse me . . . I. " There, she sees me.

"Excuse me, Miss . . ."  
 "GOD NO! NO! MISS this chair is taken! I mean. YOU CAN'T SIT HERE! You can't . . . sit . . . Oh! my dear God! Ohhh . . . So solidly round.

THE END



\* \* \*

"I'd like to buy a brassiere."

"What bust?"

"Nuthin', it just wore out."

\* \* \*

*I love the girl who does;  
 I like the girl who don't,  
 I hate the girl who says she will  
 And then decides she won't.*

*But the girl I like the best of all,  
 And I know you'll say I'm right,  
 Is the girl who says she shouldn't,  
 "But just for you I might.*

\* \* \*

Here's to the girl with the turned up nose,  
 The turned in eyes and the turned down hose,  
 With the turned on heat and the turned down light,  
 The hunch I had turned out all right.

\* \* \*

Epitaph on an old maid's tombstone: "Who says you can't take it with you?"

\* \* \*



Judy Perkins

# Success Story

by Nancy Hollingsworth



PROFESSOR OWEN LANGSTROM turned to the intricate multi-color chart on the blackboard. He gestured vaguely with the pointer as he continued in his high, scratchy voice: "Thus, we now have (s—1.4), or the probability of independent stability as equivalent to the rate of progression of go, the amount of percussion." Dr. Langstrom knew the hour was almost up. He could hear the murmur of next hour's students waiting outside in the hall. He hurried on, conscious of the despairing glances from his class. "By substituting this value, it is now possible to calculate, with only 12% error, the constitutional ability of intergroup assimilation. Of course, this has had the most obvious implications on our society today." The anticipatory rustle of notebooks impatiently fingered shut was now too evident for even Dr. Langstrom to ignore. "For next time, read chapters 42 and 43 in the main text. It may help some of you," and here he fixed his frigid stare on the seats near the door, occupied by those who obviously were in the greatest hurry to escape, "to outline the material carefully." Affectionately, he patted the book lying on the lectern. It was a good book, and cost \$7.50. He knew. He had written it. It was also a thick book, and a heavy one. Those had been the orders from Downstairs.

The class pushed irritably out the door, and was replaced by 60 new, though identical faces. Since Dr. Langstrom's course in Statistics of Civil Interdependence had been made a prerequisite for entrance into the Upper College, the department had been forced to offer four sections to accommodate the expanded enrollment. Dr. Langstrom had been very generous about the increased teach-

ing load; in fact, he had refused the suggestion of the department that he divide the work with one of the younger assistants, and had insisted on teaching all four sections himself. The department head had pointed out that Dr. Langstrom was no longer a young man, that he had worked hard for the University, especially on the Dean's Re-organization Committee, and would not be considered negligent if he were to—well, take it easy, work on his series of textbooks (he revised them every two years) and concentrate on research. "You know better than we do, Owen, that the field has hardly been explored. If you could find the time, you could add much to our understanding of the subject." But Dr. Langstrom had demurred, saying that he would rather train today's searchers than try to rob tomorrow's secrets. Dr. Langstrom had a sad, rather poetic way about him when he was tired and conscious of his age. "After all, my really productive years are over. By exchanging my knowledge with the young, perhaps some of their bright aliveness may diffuse through to me. By Slatterian Effect, as it were," he added with a rare smile.

Now, as he waited for silence before beginning his lecture, he made plans. It was true. He was getting old, too old to be effective. He considered for a moment his next reincarnation. He had noticed, this last time around, that his lack of foreign background, or at least an accent, had been a slight hindrance. It had been difficult in the earlier days to sell his field as an area of serious study. He had once spent some time in Germany, and still had a nostalgic fondness for the scholastic temperament (and for that handsome young widow—was she named Margie—no, Martha). He

decided to check German as his preference on the next application Below.

Meanwhile, his second class was waiting his words with poised pencils. Dr. Langstrom was known on the campus as a rapidfire lecturer, and he made conscious effort to live up to this reputation. He had early rejected the characterization of the kindly old professor, considering the role of the grimly devoted scientist to be more helpful in his work. Evidently he had chosen the right personality; the administration had never questioned him, not even that year when he had failed everyone in the class. Statistics of Civil Interdependence was openly considered to be the toughest course at the University. Dr. Langstrom wanted it that way, and so did the people Downstairs.

"Today we consider the stationary trend in elementary mechanization." He sped through his lecture with a single pause. The students concerned themselves with committing as much of the lecture to their notes as was humanly possible. Of course, it made no sense to them. It was nonsense, for Dr. Langstrom prided himself on the quality of his work, but nonsense none the less. He repeated his earlier performance skillfully altering phrases here and there so as to make impossible any cross-comparison of notes. At the end, he repeated his instruction concerning the text, gathered his sheaf of notes, and managed to slip out the door ahead of the class. For an old man, Dr. Langstrom could move surprisingly fast.

Dr. Langstrom always ate dinner at the faculty dining hall with several of his select associates. Although he had been at the University for forty years, his intense seriousness had never won

him many friends. But this, too, was in accord with the plan; he was thus able to select his associates more carefully, to choose only those who would be most valuable to the Movement. Once, many years ago, Dr. Langstrom had made a wrong choice, and the prospective member had gotten away. That had been many years ago, in fact, several centuries. Since then, Dr. Langstrom had never lost a member.

His tablemates were already seated as he walked up to his customary table. They rose briefly, in greeting and in polite tribute, as he seated himself. He looked about him: Carleton of Industrial Technology, Schitts of Methodology, that new assistant in Structural Morphology, and his most promising protege, Dawson of Social Theory. They made polite murmurs of indifferent conversation until the student waiter finished serving them. Then, Dawson leaned forward and, keeping his voice low, announced: "The president had decided to create the new department after all. No one knows why he changed his mind. He was so dead set against it at the last board meeting, but this this morning he told the Dean in conference that by next semester, he expected the Department of Geometrics to be in full operation." Dawson alone of all the group had progressed to the point where he could have received and interpreted those radiations. But even he had no way of knowing of the nightly ritual in Dr. Langstrom's basement, a ritual that had been going on since the orders from below had been received a month ago. "EXPEDITE GEODEP SOONEST REPEAT SOONEST. URGENT. BY NEXT SEMESTER LATEST." Dr. Langstrom had used every power at his disposal to fill the order, even resorting to some so ancient he hardly remembered them. And once again he had been successful. Perhaps now the people downstairs would reconsider his request for transfer. He was getting tired of all the conniving that went with this job. Although spiritually he was ageless, he had spent all his sensible existence as an intellectual saboteur, and he longed for a change. Perhaps a desk job, or possibly something

with a little more meat to it—say, a tuberculosis carrier, or a manufacturer of munitions. Several thousand years in undercover work had left him with a desire to be openly evil.

He smiled approvingly at Dawson. The boy was coming fast. He would be able to take over soon. Already he handled the detail work, such as seeing that any prospectively rebellious students were kept busy by girl or money or family troubles, confounding student experiments, and occasionally causing slips in the IBM machine so that a D or F was recorded instead of B or C. Dr. Langstrom wondered how Dawson would manage the bigger chores—his own course in Civil Interdependence, the new Geometrics department. Perhaps it would be better to prolong the apprenticeship. He could work him in next fall as a guest lecturer, then subtly but persistently recommend him as department head for Geometrics. But that would delay the schedule for at least two semesters. Not that the people downstairs were sticklers for punctuality—one might almost say they were infinitely patient—but Dr. Langstrom was tired of the whole business. Besides, his application for transfer was pending, and a piece of good expeditious work could help his request. Dawson was ready.

There was no longer any reason to stay.

\* \* \*

The housekeeper found the body crumpled at the foot of the stairs the next morning. Evidently he had missed a step in the dark. It was an old man's death.

The student paper printed a full page eulogy. It was suggested that classes be canceled for one day, but several of Dr. Langstrom's closest friends were able to convince the Dean that this was not what the Grand Old Man would have wanted. The chapel was crowded for the memorial services. The president broke down twice in delivering the oration. Dawson did not attend the chapel service. His eyes grew watery as he explained unashamedly that he could not have been able to control his grief. Instead, he spent the day locked in Dr. Langstrom's old office. Within a week, a leading publisher of textbooks had arranged for Dawson to edit a posthumous collection of Dr. Langstrom's papers. At the end of the semester, Dawson was appointed first Langstrom Professor of Geometrics.

Many miles away, in an ordinary grocery store, an ordinary young grocery clerk smiled, gave a great consumptive cough, and carefully spat on the floor.

THE END

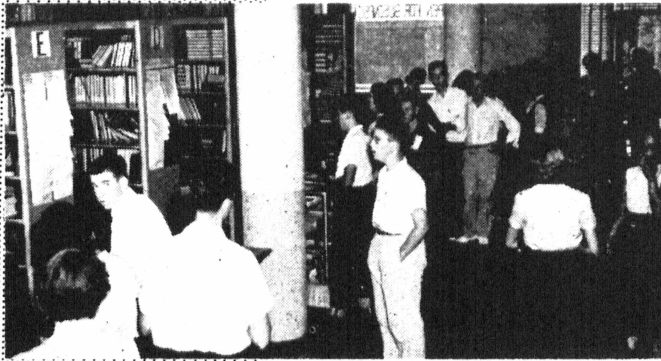


"Awright, George awright—I PROMISE I'll introduce you tonight."



*"I'm sorry Harold, but I don't kiss on the first date. But I'm not doing anything tomorrow night."*





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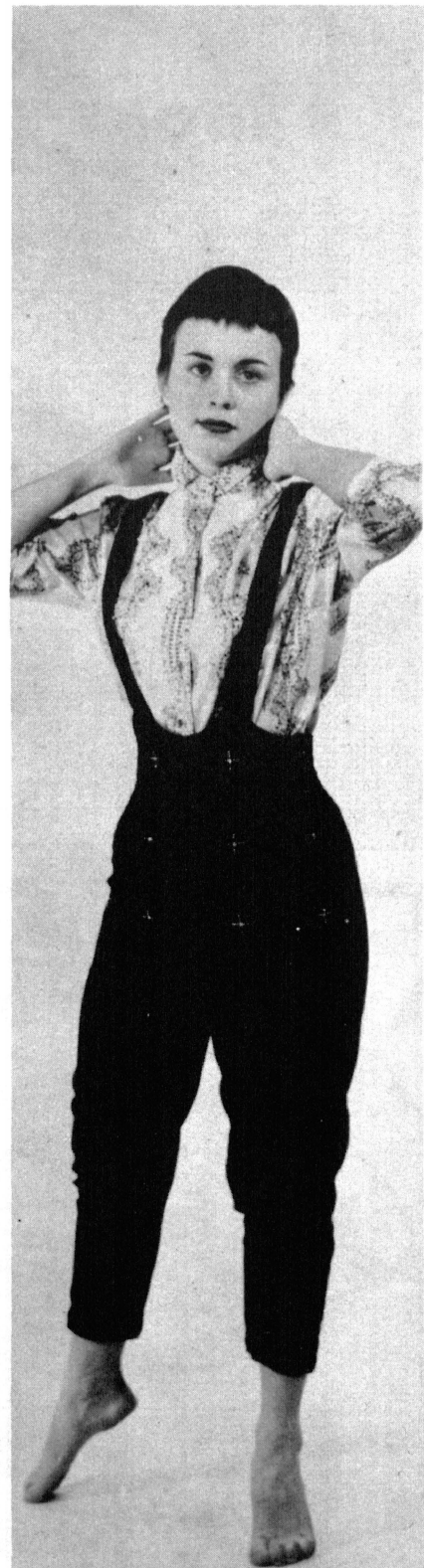
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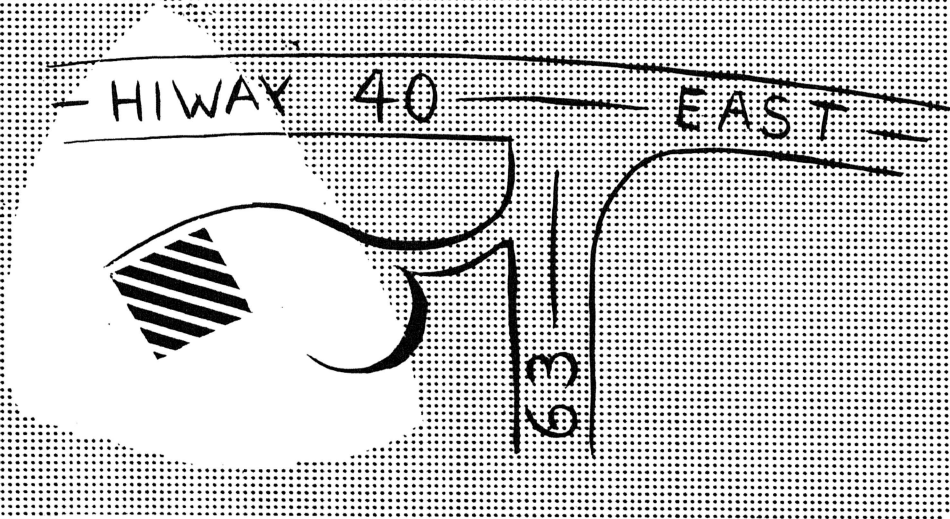


Ann Leadford

**BOONE BURGER**

**DRIVATERIA**

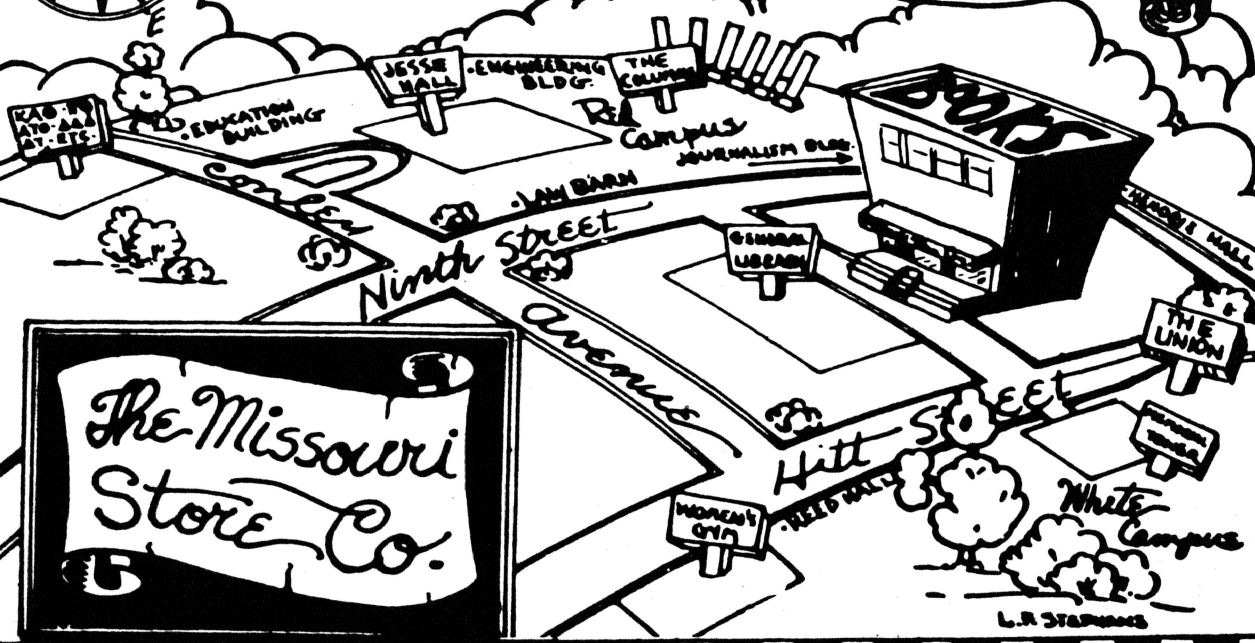
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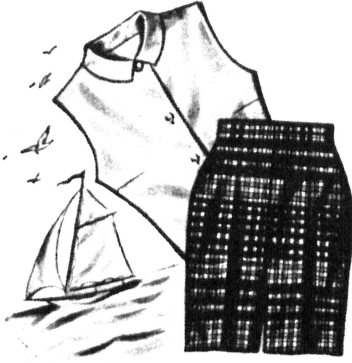


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\*\*\*

Joe: "What was the explosion on McGregor's farm?"  
 Smoe: "He fed his checkens some lay-or-bust feed, and one of 'em was a rooster."

\*\*\*

Moe: "What's the difference between a lion and a panther?"

Joe: "A lion roars . . . Panther what I got on!"

\*\*\*



\*\*\*

He: You look like a million dollars.

She: Yes, and I'm just as hard to make.

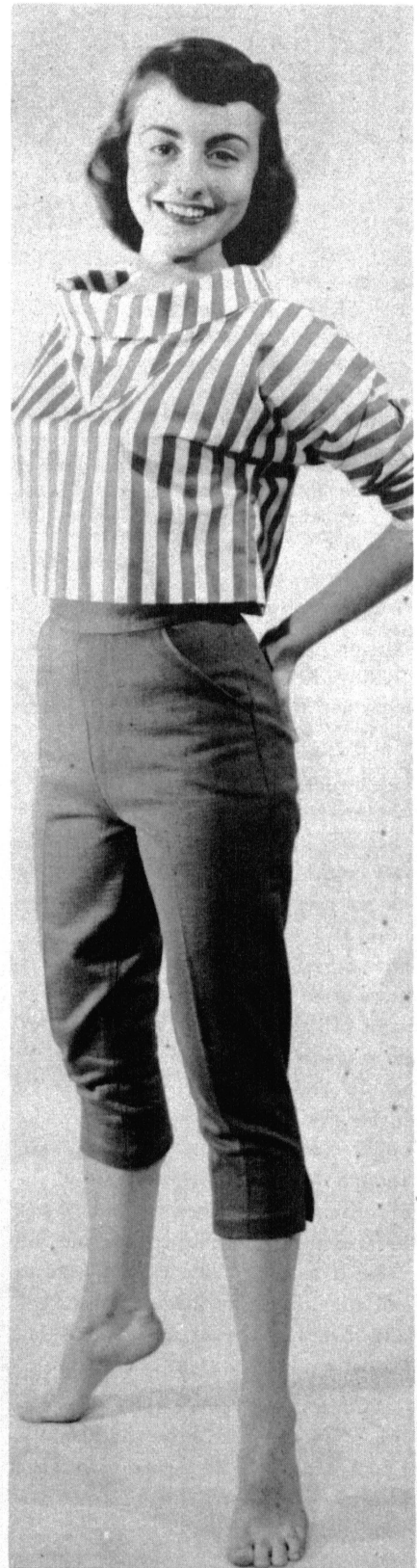
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Lines By One of *Showme's* Patron Saints

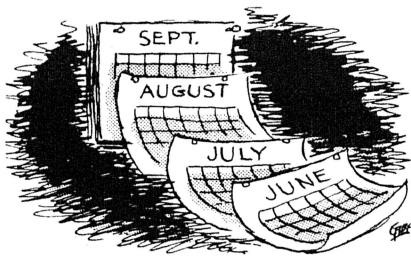
"Nothing yet conceived by the mind of man has given more real pleasure than a well conducted tavern."

"Young man, no one ever died of drinking, though some have perished while learning the art."

—Dr. Samuel Johnson



**Mimi Brown**



# FLASH FLOOD

Evan Jarvis

*There is love that is beat, like the working of yeast and the flameless combustion of hay at the bottom of the stack. It is primal, it is glandular, it is 98.6 degrees. It comes in the spring with the urges of the earth; it sweats and throbs and blinds and torments and fights for its life like a wild weed in a pasture.*

JOHNNY, Johnny, I want you to tell me something. Tell me true, Johnny. Tell me that no matter what's happened this spring that it isn't just sex."

Oh God, she knew it was though. She knew it was because she felt it that way and no other way and if this had been love, there were a lot of people getting cheated out of what the poets said was love in those poems they wrote. And she knew what he'd say anyway because he'd said it before like some others had said it and kept right on rubbing his hot hands over her body in the thin dress and telling her he loved her because what the hell else could he say? And anyway, even though she knew he didn't mean it, she was always glad when he said it, not because she ever believed him, but because if he didn't say it she'd have to tell him to take his hands off her flesh and that wasn't what she wanted—oh, Christ no, but she wasn't sure why.

"Of course it hasn't been sex, darling. We love each other really truly. Oh, I know, but it meant more than that to me. Honest it did. You knew that, didn't you?"

As he kept right on looking at where she plucked her eyebrows where he'd been looking while she asked him and while he spoke the words and he

hoped for a minute he'd said the right ones, but he knew he had because he'd said them before so often and they had been enough. He hadn't always said them to her, but this spring it had been her and they had been enough and now spring was almost over and college was almost over for this year and there would be exams and trunk packing and trains and goodbyes and memories of words that had been enough; words that had been a master key; words that he really hoped he wasn't dirtying for future use but words he wasn't sorry he'd used except if she really believed them which he was afraid she might. Funny, he thought, how he'd gone into this so wide awake and had come out the same way with no dizziness of regret and only the satisfaction that the words had again been enough and she had been good and worth them.

"And Johnny, we'll write this summer, won't we? We'll write often and that way we can talk to each other and tell each other things like always, won't we Johnny?"

"Yeah. Yeah, sure we'll write."

And in June, about the tenth, she wrote, my darling, my sweet Johnny: I miss you so terribly . . . sometimes I feel that I can not go on without your love . . . that I must run to you, take you in my arms and never, ever let you go . . . and those wonderful, wonderful afternoons in the country with you! We'll do that again, won't we Johnny? In September we'll go there again . . . right to the same spot again . . . all my love forever . . . your girl—all of me. . .

And to all of her he answered one day, my dearest: I know how you feel because I do too . . . but we must

somewhat wait 'till September . . . of course, I miss you! Why do you ask such a foolish . . . and so it's a pretty good job for the summer anyway . . . all my love to my babyface . . . Johnny.

With the bunting and the bands and the firecrackers of the Fourth she wrote, my dear: I have the strangest thing to tell you, hon . . . you remember Randy? The big tall one from Texas that sat next to me in English lit? He called me up yesterday and we went out . . . oh, it was just crazy fun and he's a gentleman, Johnny, you've got to believe me, really he is . . . we rode the roller coaster and everything . . . won't be long now until September, will it Johnny? . . . Randy made me think of school again. . .

And he wrote in an August letter, written in a hurry, that August made him think of school too and September wasn't far off, which it wasn't, and then he had to be careful to get the right letter in the right envelope because what the hell, you had to be careful with dames.

. . . and when he saw her, he looked again at where she plucked her eyebrows and she looked all around and they said the words and tried so damn hard to do the thing they'd promised in June and it all went as it was supposed to, like turning on your headlights in the sunlight. Everything worked fine, but the heat was gone.

*The heat, like the working of yeast, gone with the urges of the earth; gone to seed like a wild, September weed in a pasture.*



"Oh yes, I KNEW there was something I meant to tell you—your house is on fire."



# swami's shorts

\*\*\*

**Prosecuting Attorney:** "It's my duty to tell you that everything you say will be held against you."

**Defendant:** "Jane Russel, Jane Russell, Jane Russell, Jane Russell..."

**Justice of the Peace:** Wal, Clem, what's this here boy charged with?

**Constable:** He's charged with arson, Sam.

**Justice of the Peace:** Arson, hhu? Gol darn it, there's been altogether too much arson around here lately. Now, son, you marry that girl.



# swami's shorts

\*\*\*

The Department of Taxation received a typed income return from a bachelor who listed one dependent son. The examiner returned the blank with a notation—"This must be a stenographic error." Presently the blank came back with the added pencil notation, "You're telling me."

\*\*\*

Women are like baseball umpires; they make the decisions and they think you're safe when you're out.

\*\*\*

Who was that woman I saw you outwit last night?

\*\*\*

**Auctioneer:** What am I offered for this beautiful bust of Robert Burns?

**Man in Crowd:** That isn't Burns, that's Shakespeare.

**Auctioneer:** Well, folks, the joke's on me. That sure shows what I know about the Bible.

\*\*\*

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\* \* \*

"Listen to those chimes! Aren't they beautiful? Such tone!"

"Talk louder! Can't hear you for these damned bells!"

\* \* \*

Little Johnny came home from school crying, "Hey, Ma, all the boys are picking on me. They say I have a big head."

"You don't have a big head, Johnny. Now run along and play."

The same thing happened the next day, and the next, and each day Johnny's mother comforted him. The fourth day Johnny came home with the same story.

"For once and for all, Johnny, you don't have a big head. Now, please go down town and get me ten pounds of potatoes."

"O.K., Ma, give me a sack."

"Sack? What do you need a sack for? Use your cap."

\* \* \*

The little village was all agog over its annual spelling bee. One by one the contestants dropped out until only two remained . . . the town lawyer and the stableman.

Everyone waited breathlessly for the word that would decide the match. It came:

"How do you spell 'auspice'?"

The stableman lost.

\* \* \*

Visitor (gazing at campus buildings): "I think your porticoes are very well shaped."

Coed: "Yes, that's what all the fellows tell me, but that's a new name for them."

\* \* \*

The chorine was examining one of her old gowns. The dress was torn and in a most dilapidated condition.

"Gee," she said, "I wonder what I'll have to do for this dress."

"My Lord," returned her girl friend, "ain't you done it yet?"

\* \* \*

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NEVER SAY GOODBYE  
REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE and MR. ROBERTS  
THE GAME OF LOVE - PICNIC  
MAN IN THE GRAY FLANNEL SUIT  
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MIRACLE IN THE RAIN  
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by Cyn.



## Rainbows End

IT WAS RAINING when morning came so there was little change from the black night to the lighter, muggy greyness of dawn. All over the carnival grounds was spongy sawdust and sagging tents. Even the big top drooped with pockets of water weighting down the canvas. Carlos shifted over and raised up on his elbow. The day disgusted him. Scratching his leg thoughtfully, he smiled a little to himself, and slapped Riva brutally across her thigh. She swore, stumbled off the bed pulling the cover with her and spit on him. Then holding the tattered blanket as a shield around her she ran out into the gale, her unbound hair spilling down over her shoulders and becoming plastered to her back by the downpour. He jeered as her wet glistening body swung from side to side and struggled with the wilted coverlet. Then he slammed the door and fell back on the bed.

Suddenly he realized Joyce would be coming back soon and soon he'd be sorry but then, wasn't he always sorry? Always so pathetically sorry but then hardly repentant enough to change. He didn't drink so it quite naturally followed that he had a taste for women—all women. And yet as he lay on the bed he couldn't help thinking that this free love wasn't all it was cracked up to be.

Joyce was his wife but this never hampered his bohemian outlook in the least. Joyce, Joyce how he hated to think about her. She had class and a figure even education, but why must she be so undecently conventional. He knew, of course, she wasn't really prim or stuffy of even unduly learned but her unfortunate habit of encouraging morals was unbearable. Oh God, why must she come back today! He scratched his head and drummed his foot against the floor. He thought fleetingly of Riva and her unsuc-

cessful wrestle with the blanket. He also thought of Karen, and Claudia, and Jeannine and the others which he recalled with apparent disgust while savoring each sinful memory. Then there was Joyce. Then there was always Joyce.

She wasn't meant to be a carnival girl but her figure had too much swing for a model of any standard. And then some people never grow up but this certainly wasn't true in this case. Or at least she developed to some extent. Carlos had watched her for days yet his fatal charm did not lead her to his door or any further into his trailer. So, he had married her. He hadn't wanted too, but a human can only endure so much. He was sorry late that same night, and, as he had ignored the vows at the time, he felt no call to rely on their validity in the morning. So life was much the same for him. There was always a Riva somewhere and whether she was a carnival girl or a local wench made very little difference. No, far be it from the first time he regretted to have Joyce return.

He rolled off onto the floor and pulled his shoes on. Then he proceeded to fully clothe himself. It was all ready too late for breakfast he decided but he walked out into the storm anyway. He had to leave for a while. The place was stifling him and besides she'd be back soon.

His feet squished as he waded about the grounds and it was late morning when he returned. Strange, on the door was the blanket drooping, swaying, and alone. He ripped it thoughtfully to the ground, swearing and wondering how to get Riva out before Joyce came back. He cursed as the door stuck. But when he walked inside Riva wasn't there—Joyce was. She was retching in the sink. He tossed his coat on a chair and pulled out a damp cig-

arette. He was nervous. Save us, she can't be pregnant. Oh why must she be sick now. There was no need to put off the little scene. Of course the fool would be sick. She had that damn way about her.

She tottered unsteadily against the chair as she turned on the water to rinse out the sink. He half arose to help her but then sank back in the chair. She pointed shakily to the door. He nodded. She said that a friend of his had asked her to return the cover. Then uncertainly she turned and walked in the other room.

Carlos shifted positions and rubbed the muscles of his lower legs. For some reason they had tightened on him and his nerves seemed taught. He started into the other room but regaining his pride began to ready himself for the afternoon show. There would not be much of a crowd he reasoned but then his pay was the same and people had such little sense anyway. Undoubtedly a few fools would attend. There were always a few.

His suit was red and tight and smelly with perspiration streaks and the unsanitary sawdust stains. For a few minutes he gloried in his own reflection then pushing his hair back smartly he pulled a cloak about him and again went out into the downpour.

All ready the big top was bustling with the activity of the showmen. Carlos loved this cheap, gaudy atmosphere and reveled in the applause he received for his insane antics on the trapeze. He was neither educated or wise nor did he mind. The world he ruled in the big top was no more real to him than the one he lorded over on the ground. He was an uncanny success for one who indulged in his own pleasures alone and had no interest in the effect on others. He was absurdly foolhardy.

(Continued on page 34)



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## RAINBOWS END

(Continued from page 33)

Riva passed him and tossed her head. He glanced purposefully at her blouse and rolled his tongue over his lips with an audible smacking sound. With no further motion he was certain he had not lost a conquest. He never did. But he did, of course, eventually drop them all. However the same action on their part would hardly suit at all. But then, they never did.

He smiled as another girl approached him leading a horse. One of his favorite pastimes was lifting the girl's onto the back of their horses. And though nothing was said or even hinted at there was no doubt that he had appeal or his services would not have been in such great demand. Slowly he took the bridle from her hand and looked down at her. She could have been a child as far as the look in her eyes went but the resemblance passed down on her body no further.

He steadied the stirrup and hoisted her up with an arm around her waist. As she situated herself, she winked at him and he pinched her intimately then rubbed his hand teasingly over her hip. Her baby blue eyes blazed and she jabbed the horse in ribs with feigned anger. He grinned and crossed the arena looping his arm casually around a leggy blonde who did more than juggling grapefruit and then patted a concession stand girl. But he wasn't playing around. Tonight it would be the haughty horsewoman or he'd miss his bet.

The band began suddenly and it was indeed a paulty crowd. Rain pounding on the sagging, swaying canvas dripped over a sniffly group of spectators. Carlos had a short act and today cut it even shorter. Always though he was a spectacular. It wasn't courage but cowardice for he was more at ease risking his neck than trying to conquer his small realm. An unnecessary addition is that he greatly lacked the appeal he had for the opposite sex in his dealings with others who were not so easily taken in by flashing smiles or rippling muscles. And sex ap-

(Continued on page 35)



## RAINBOWS END

(Continued from page 34)  
peal is poor consolation in a poker game. Anyway the show was soon over.

It was much later though when he came back to the trailer that night and his conquest was with him. Odd, he should think to take her right in too but still he figured it was Joyce's fault and a bit of pleasure under a dry roof would be a sufficient reward for the hell he'd have to pay. She swerved against him and gighed stupidly. She was perhaps a child all around he reasoned. The trailer was dark. The room still smelled slightly of vomit, but the air which came in with them quickly cleared the odor. He glanced into the adjoining room then strood over to make sure. Joyce was gone. There was no doubt of it. She was gone. A note on the table. It said, but then, why relate, she was gone for good. and looked dumbly at the girl on the sofa. He walked to the door and looked out. Lightning splashed over the sky. Thunder followed. He saw the edge of the blanket covered by water and sawdust. He saw the big top. Suddenly it grew even darker. The rain spilled harder and harder. He turned, closed his eyes, and turned out the light. God, he thought to himself, would it never stop!

## AROUND THE COLUMNS

Concluded

ient. For example, the recent movie "The Man With The Golden Arm"—and even in "Picnic" they got through a few four letter words. And several men's magazines are managing to print things hitherto untouchable subjects.

Bringing it around to our own little section of the world, it is an unquestionable fact that in the last 8 years the censoring of SHOWME has been getting stricter. And, in view of the progress which has been made in that line in about the same number of years, this is amazing.

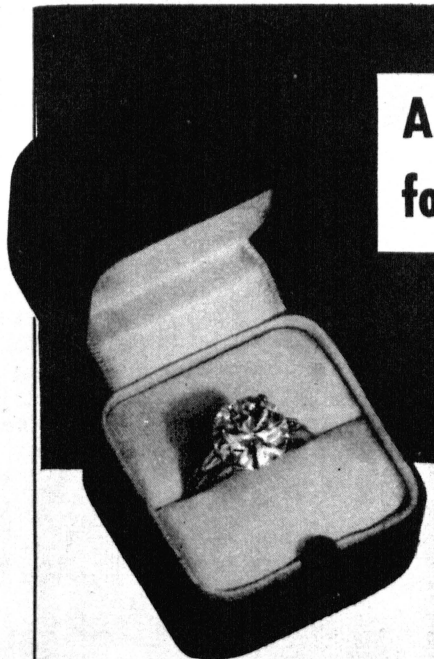
But maybe not so amazing. See, that's the way progress works around here. It goes backwards.

Adios, you mothaf . . . er . . . —  
See you all next month.

Dick Noel



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



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**the Dorn-Cloney**

**way**



**DORN CLONEY  
CLEANERS**

**Who's the Square**

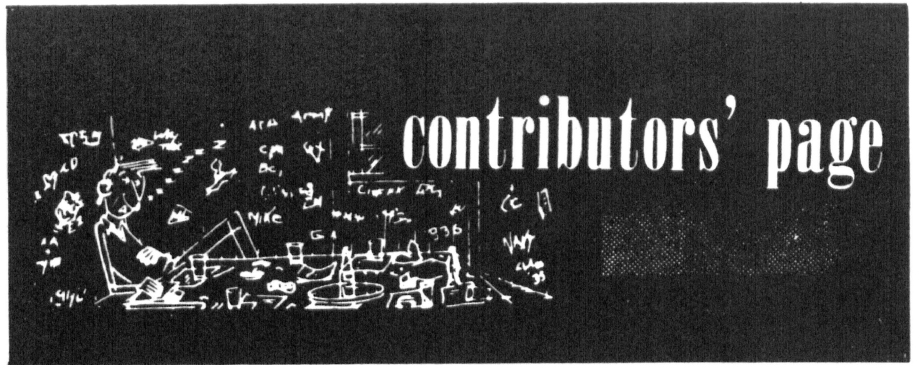


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**H**AILING DOWN from St. Louis and Joplin and now helling around in Columbia and Hinkson, Pat Deatherage, Secretary supreme, woman sublime, and student surreptitious, came to M.U. to (crazy ascending assonance) discover the ineluctable modality of the visible, but since the refutable cannot be escaped, she has went into Education School instead.

Pat wants to teach mentally retarded children and claims that her association with SHOWME has nothing to do with gaining pre-vocation experience. However, when around the office, she is often seen jotting a notebook entitled: "Underdeveloped Minds I Have Known".



*Pat Deatherage*

When not working with the S.G.A. dance committee or the Sudent Union Committee, the 20 year old Junior can be found over at the Kappa Kappa Gamma house (ph. 7301). She is also Honorary President of the Interplanetary Identification Association. Being an avid flying saucer fan she is now enrolled in astronomy and has a telescope on top of the Kappa house.

**J**ACK DUNCAN, as the name implies, is of Scotch descent. In fact, the story has been told that Dunc is so verra verra Scotch that he won't even rent his girl a beach umbrella, but tells her shady stories instead. There are other even better stories to bandy around about Jack and Scotch, and Jack and beer, and Jack and Jill, and Jack without jack. However, aside from the fact that he's in J-School, it really isn't pertinent. Actually, the pertinent part is that his middle name is London. Jack London Duncan. *That's pertinent. Sure it is.*



*Jack Duncan*

One of Jack's numerous activities is his civic-minded participation in the Purple Passion Party. Known in policital circles as Tri-P and in other circles by other choice epithets, this group is a real contender.

And Jack and the boys have great plans for the Tri-P next year—they're not going to take some measly ole napkins and print Tri-P on them—they're going to paint every roll of paper in the University PURPLE! How's that for a smear campaign?



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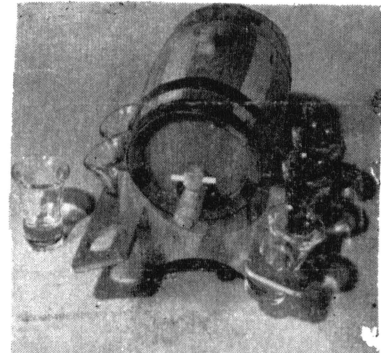
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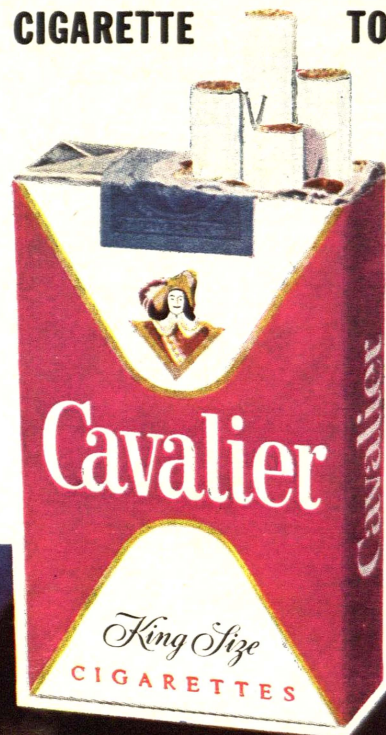
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