

33#7
1956

Showme

APRIL
25c



Spring Is Sprung

GEORGE SHEARING



"A TOUCH OF GENIUS"

and his

SEXTET

CAPITOL RECORDING
ARTISTS

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Puckett's

the new

spring
footwear

• foot flairs

• troylings

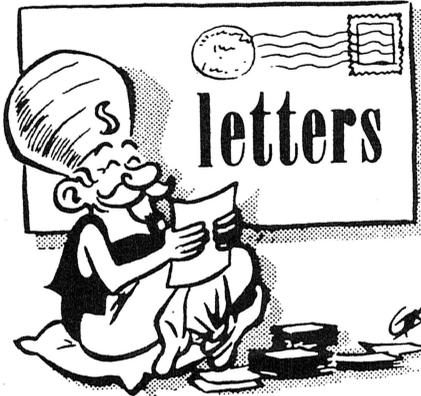


• delmanettes

• mademoiselles



the novus shop
ON THE STROLLWAY



My Dear Editor,

I am swimming in the overflow of my cup ingredients. I did not gaze upon the warning in your former issue until too late. But, as before, I did not regret the results.

Amuse me—
subtly (not dilutely)

Confuse me—
mutely

Advise me—
astutely

Moralize me—
resolutely

Revise me—
absolutely

Spark up my life

Give it some spice

It's Hell to be known

As a girl that's "just nice".

I leave you with this comment that comes straight from the old coeur. I speak for not only myself but for the many avid female audience. Vous avez une petite pois dans la tete—but we still all love you.

(Unsigned)

Whoever you are:

You've been exposed to Walter Benton and your French instructor too long, dear. Perhaps it'd be best if you'd brush up on your English grammar and stop smoking those nasty brown cigarettes.
Ed.

Dear Editor,

... Ever since Parity came to college, I've wanted to be one of his ... I went to all your football games. I didn't mind sitting alone, feeling rowdy when I burped since I could watch your ballet team pirioutte around the field gumming their false teeth.

Next month I hope not to stare into the navel of a MU playboy or a sorority girl's figure but to see a Stephen's Susie ...

A Sassy Susie

Dear Sassy Susie:

'Twas unco thoughtful of you to volunteer your sisters-in-arms for our magazine, and as soon as you get permission from your Dean and your mommy, come around and we'll snap a picture of you burping rowdily.

Ed.

U. S. 7th Army
Germany

Dear Editor:

Everybody eats their C-Rations, can and all, with no muss nor fuss when there's a Missouri SHOWME on hand. We heartily enjoy the magazine's lush layout on collegiate wit and "colorful" campus humor. If the Chaplain is unable to untangle low morales or high morales ... SM sure can ...

J. D. Nelson



MISSOURI
Showme

Invites

You To Come Up To
302 Read Hall

• WRITERS
• ARTISTS

• GAG MEN
• ADVERTISING

FOR THE MAN



WHO ALWAYS



DRESSES RIGHT



800 Broadway

RENT A TUX

*for that
formal dance*



Black and white
formal wear, in
perfect taste

... accessories rented too
if you want them

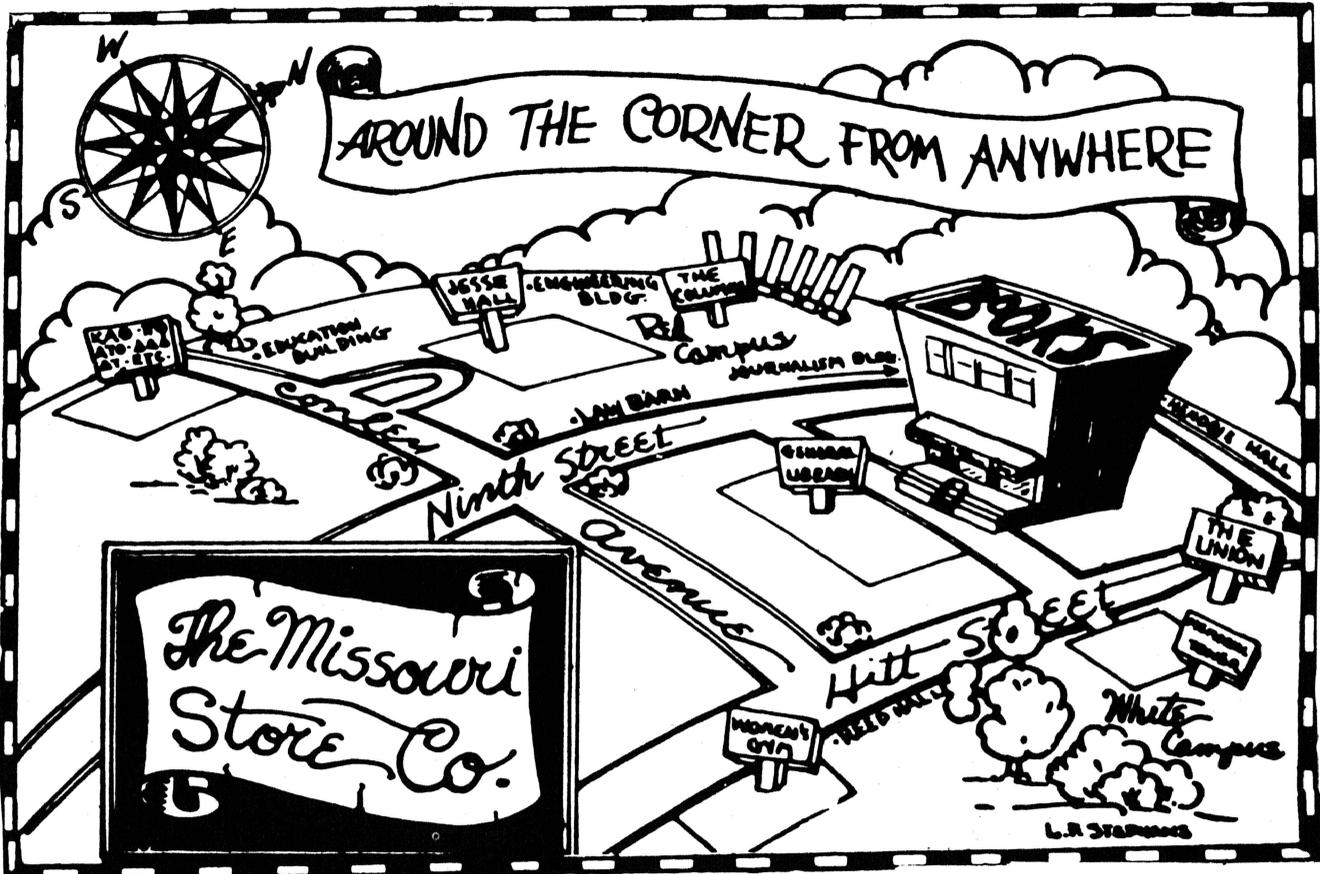


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HERE IT IS TIME to change all around and everything, since we have a new editor and all, but it really doesn't mean that. Bob Cates has moved up in the Feature Editor slot, replacing me, Pat Deatherage has taken over subscriptions, but beyond that, nothing else is much different. Les Gibbs, fresh out of the hospital and yellow jaundice the last semester, is back and will serve as Editorial Assistant and television producer. Les has been president of a Chamber of Commerce somewhere, and also won two or three medals in Korea, about which he'll tell you at the drop of steel helmet—but that's another story.

The pressure is on Jack Duncan down at the Bengal Shop Annex, and he won't be with us so much, but he's promised to give us all the time he can spare. At any rate, we still have his brother, Jaye, who's a writer.

Dick Noel and his monsters are still with us. Just look around the issue.

Hey, about this issue—you'll notice that nothing too much has changed here either. We've added some things, and dropped others, but there's a reason for that. Having worked under two good editors, I naturally absorbed a little from each of them—from the carefree absurdity of the first to the didactic leanings of the second. I feel that, as an editor, I fall between these two, and hope that it will be reflected in the magazine. The purpose of the magazine? Entertainment. Not my entertainment or my staff, but for the students of the University of Missouri. And I think you'll be entertained by this issue—the Spring is Sprung job.

Then, in a few weeks, we'll be out with the Ozark Issue, or a few easy lessons in boating, canoeing

and making love while curled around a little brown jug. It promises to be a good issue, and we've already got scouting teams down seeing what's going on in the land of forest fires and dams.

Pud Jones wanted a little free publicity for *Carousel* (she's handling the blurb for it) so don't forget it comes off May 8 through a couple of days later. Seriously though, last year it was pretty good, and we enjoyed ourself even if we were squiring around the wife of one of the performers of the evening. If you go, however, taste not the wine served in chilled bottles—it don't do a thing for ye.

The SHOWME Queen weekend in St. Louis was a real nice affair. She had a good time, saw a few sights and met a few people. We received the utmost cooperation from everyone concerned, and are thankful to all of them. Chuck McDoneld, our boy business manager, wants me to apologize to a St. Louisian for stealing his girl. But you can read and see all about the trip in this issue. Wish you could have been there, though.

Also, we think you'll enjoy the centerspread this month. We're trying something entirely new to SHOWME—that is, give the artist gags and a backbround, and let him go at it in his own style and manner. Earl Cramer, this month's brush manipulator, had his gag meeting with all funny minds present, and here we go . . . Incidentally, if you think you're one of those with plenty of spontaneous humor, come on up and see the gang—maybe we can make each other laugh.

One thing for sure: In the future, we're planning to have as many photo features and parodies as we can find room for. We think you like them, and want to see more of them. Particularly *Parity Goes to College*. We're still getting letters from the Susies over that one, as you'll note in *Letters*, and we think they're secretly pleased over the publicity. Between the five-thousand of us, it's rumored that Pamela is not wearing the multi-colored beanie anymore. Tch tch.

See you next month—hope you enjoy the book and come back for more.

Bob



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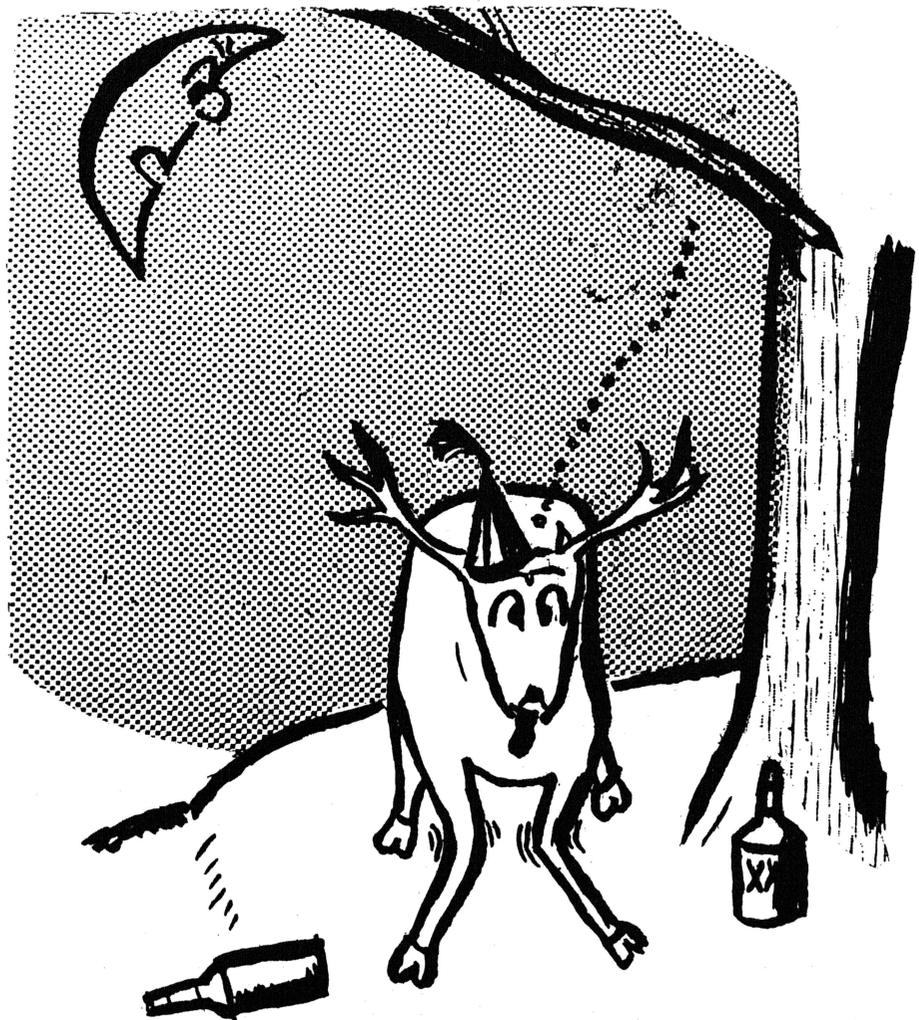
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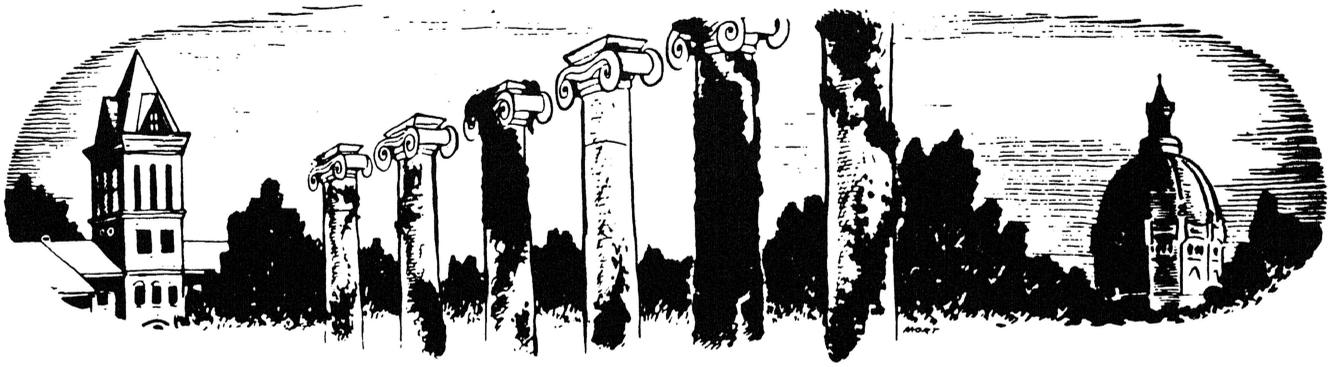
NUMBER 7

SHOWME is published nine times, October through June, during the college year by the Students of the University of Missouri. Office: 302 Read Hall, Columbia, Mo. All rights reserved. Unsolicited manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Advertising rates furnished on request. National Advertising Representative: W. B. Bradbury Co., 122 E. 42nd St., New York City. Printer: Kelly Press, Inc., Columbia, Mo. Price: 25c a single copy; subscriptions by mail \$3.00. Office hours: 3:00 to 5:00 p.m., Monday through Friday, 302 Read Hall.

*The stag at eve had drunk his fill—
Where danced the moon on Monan's Rill . . .*

SIR WALTER SCOTT





Around The Columns

SPRING HAS sprung sprang sprong sprunged . . . blue skies . . . balmy weather . . . Spring . . . blanket parties on the Hink . . . beer busts . . . and busts . . . little greasy buds on the trees . . . spring . . . freshly spaded flower beds to roll around in . . . coke dates—"But honey, this doesn't *taste* like coke" . . . Spring . . . Convertibles . . . (damned capitalists) . . . drive-in movies . . . in somebodys Nash . . . *anybodys* Nash . . . Spring . . . Tom Collins' at the Brass Rail . . . Gin and Tonic at the Coronado . . . great quantities of beer at the Stable . . . and Andy's . . . and the Shack . . . and the Stein Club . . . and Collins . . . and The Den . . . and the Gablers-Black and Gold-Italian Village . . . and the Red Ox . . . and the roof of the Daniel Boone Hotel (hell, why not?—plenty good view) . . . Spring . . . cute dollies tripping around the campus without them damn heavy winter coats . . . and . . . well . . . it don't leave *quite* as much to the imagination . . . Spring . . . birds . . . and bees . . . and grasshoppers . . . and cats . . . those cats really go in the Spring, I'll tell the world . . . almost as good as rabbits . . . but they had *their* turn a couple weeks ago . . . you know, Easter . . . but do rabbits *really* lay eggs? . . . and how about Giraffs? . . . now *there's* a problem . . . well . . . lesee . . . oh yeah . . . Spring . . . Spring . . .

Which is a season.
Better give me a quart.
It's Spring.
Mush.

* * *

SEE, what it is—I'm a town boy.

HAY YOU VIRILE males there! Stop! Have you ever been inflamed with the overpowering urge to join the Army? I haven't.

But there are advantages. On my gracious yes there are. (1) First, of course, the Army offers every Young Man the chance to Defend His Country, preserve our American Ideals, acquire Horrible Irritating War Wounds, and gobble up plenty free food at the Tax-payers Expense.



(2) The Army offers you a chance to learn a trade. You will receive expert instruction in such highly technical skills as the Operation of the Flame Thrower, How to Detect Land Mines, When to Run, How to bury Forward Observers, and When to Bet Against the Dice. This information will be invaluable to you when your period of service expires. Especially if you re-enlist.

(3) The Army offers you companionship. No more eating supper all alone. No more lonely bathing. Or toothbrushing. Or anything.

(4) The Army relieves you of worry. You will find many non-commissioned officers who will be happy to assume your responsibilities. The most helpful will be Sergeants. They are very helpful.

So much for advantages. The main thing is to get in. And you will most certainly want to get in. *Some* unthinking Young Men, before appearing at the Induction Center, complain about obscure backaches, stick ice picks in their ears, jump from bureaus and flatten their feet, or take pills that increase their pulse, and in so doing these Young Men unwittingly render themselves ineligible for service. Avoid these pitfalls.

* * *

ALWAYS.

* * *

THE LAST TWO covers of this magazine have pleased a small minority and displeased a vast majority of its readers. I urge you not to give up. Each time they were different minorities. Sooner or later, since everyone belongs to some minority or another, we'll get around to your cell.

* * *

NO—YOU don't understand. I live here.

* * *

YOU PEOPLE have no doubt read at one time or another one of these "advice columns" in the newspaper, haven't you? Haven't you? Well *look* next time! Anyway, they're very interesting. And quite often they're very hilarious.

So, as a public service feature, we will at this time present our version—hell with it, I'll take the blame—*my* version of one of them.

: : : (those are columns—that

means I'm gonna start now)

L. C. writes: Lately looking in the mirror I've noticed the skin on my face is turning green and has a mottled look. What gives?

Answer: Obviously your head is turning into a piece of cheese. Try to stay in a cool, dry place.

Mrs. S. G. writes: My pet tabby cat, Fluffy, has stopped speaking to me. What do you suggest?

Answer: My advise is to broil Fluffy over a slow fire for 45 minutes. Then get a new cat. Or better yet, an alligator.

R. B. writes: A friend of mine says that in ordinary cases in botulism the bacillus is an obligate anaerobe of the combustion chamber which can live only in inanimate matter which is kept under strict spasmodic conditions. Can you explain this?

Answer. No.

Mrs. P. writes: Since early spring I have noticed an excessive amount of lint in my navel. It does not give me any trouble but lately I've discovered it's the source of a peculiar squeaking noise. Is this rare?

Answer: Very. What you have there may be the dread jungle Lint Sickness, in which case you have my sympathy. On the other hand, it may just be a bird's nest. Write me again in about four weeks.

* * *

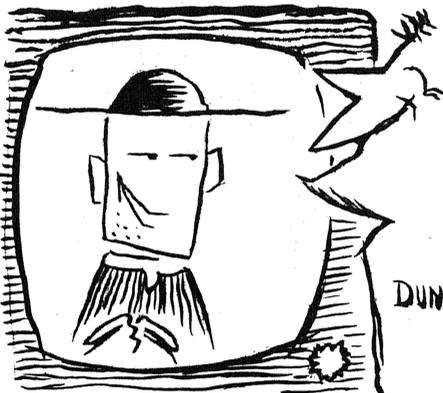
ME. HERE.

* * *

WAITAMINUTE. Lets put it differently.

* * *

DO YOU WATCH television much? I do. I squat in front of that magic lantern for days on end. It's wild. Pinky Lee and Queen for a Day and Sid Ceasar and Phil Silvers and Geniel Gene and



Charlie Chan and everybody. Crazy.

But the big fad nowadays is quiz programs. Millions of them. And speaking of them (quiz programs—I spoke of them just a minute ago) there was a very humorous incident on one of them recently. (Man, if that wasn't a garbled up sentence.)

What it was, was this. There is a quiz program on tv which is called "Do You Trust Your Wife?", and is MC'ed by Edgar Bergan and them puppets. See, big Ed tells this man and his wife that he's gonna ask a question about, say, animals, and then he asks the man if he will trust himself to answer it or will he trust his wife. Now usually the man sort of giggles and moves out of kicking distance of his wife and says he will trust himself. Big deal. All the old ladies in the audience go wild. But at the time I'm telling you about, after big Ed had given

the catagory and the usual rigamorole about who does the man trust, the man looked at him wonderingly a minute, then said, "Will you repeat that?". Well, big Ed says sure, "I'm going to ask you a question about history, do you trust yourself to answer it, or do you trust your wife?" This man looked at big Ed again for a minute, sort of studying him, and then says, "Are you serious?"

Love that man. Incidentally, he won something like 500 bucks a week for life.

* * *

YOU KNOW WHERE Columbia is, don't you?

* * *

YOU HAVE probably noticed that in the past few months I have given a lot of ribbing to the people who dig all these ditches around here. So, after giving out some razzberries I will show you that I'm not prejudiced (Keep Missouri Orange) and will give out a rose.

The ditch-diggers have done something intelligent. Now wait a minute, don't laugh. They have. They have gone and built sort of a driveway on the west side of the Lab. School. This is so all the mothers that come to pick up their children at 4 o'clock can do so without blocking Conley and Sixth street for a couple of hours. And they have been blocking traffic. You bet . . . sure they have. When a bunch of women block traffic it's practically impossible to navigate past them. You just can't do it. I can't do it, and I can't hardly even drive, which at least puts me on equal basis with them.

But the ditch-diggers have built 'em a driveway, and so I humbly offer them a rose. It's a nice rose



and I hope they will transplant it and keep it alive. But that should be no trouble—no trouble at all. After all, there are so many holes around here they could prob . . .

Nevermind. Take your cotton pickin' rose.

* * *

WELL, I live there.

* * *

HERE IS a poem. Of sorts.
*Little children squashing kittens,
 Hiding other childrens mittens.
 Breaking birdies' little neck,
 Learning dirty words—not "heck"
 Hitting doggie with the cleaver,
 Chewing woodwork like a beaver,
 Bludgeoning the helpless squirrel,
 Making every wall a mural,
 Always causing much confusion—
 Granny's got a bad contusion;
 Freddie hit her with a lamp,
 Then upon her feet did stamp
 with ballbat, brick, and heavy
 skillet—*

*Granny says she's gonna kill it
 (Freddie) and no doubt she might.
 (Granny's feet are quite a sight)
 Children, children—I don't like
 them,
 Given chance I'll gladly spike
 them;
 Soon I'll stop being so mild
 and do some things quite drastic.
 Children always drive me wild—
 children—God! They're spastic!*

* * *

IN Columbia.

* * *



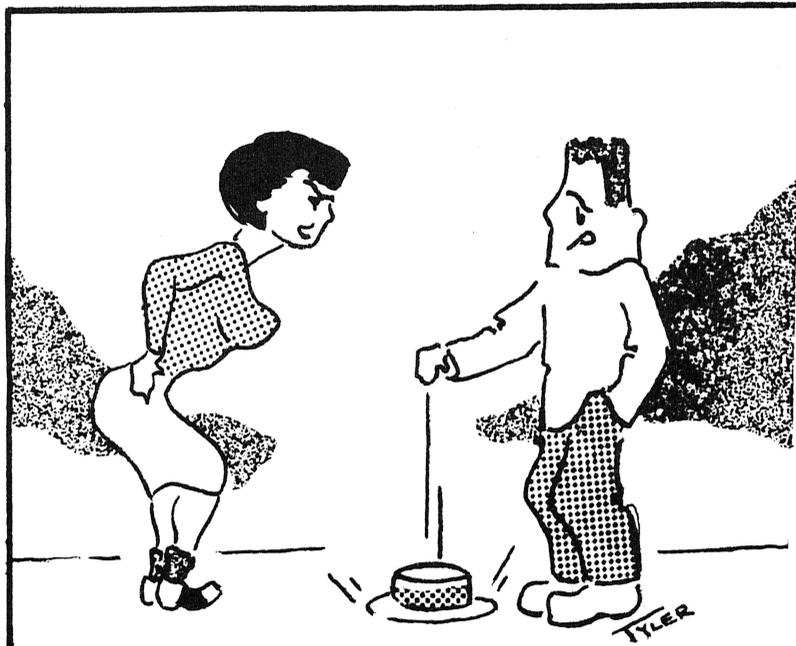
THIS ONE adorned the bulletin board in Johnson Hall: "Someone has picked up my clip board containing all my notes by mistake." English notes, no doubt.

* * *

THAT'S in Missouri.

* * *

IT HAS COME to our attention that one of the more rustic beer taverns in the locale is planning



"I don't know who told you that—but it's not true!"

to open a "Beer Garden" late this spring. However, inasmuch as the spot picked for the Beer Garden is directly behind the said tavern, and somewhat resembles a better section of the city dump, the good people have built a sort of lattice affair with boards and whatall and planted these scraggly bushes and vines and things in order to cover up the more disgusting part of the view.

This lattice thing is about six feet tall and the vines are planted so that they will climb up the boards and make a nice green wall. So far, so good. But since the various bartenders of the said tavern are not adverse to playing a few games of chance, they have been making book on which bush (Or vine) gets to the top of the lattice first. Still so far, so good. Now—enter the villian. One of the bartenders, who has a fantastic hungar for winning all the bets he makes, has been pouring beer and other diverse liquids on the other guys bushes—so as to stunt their growth.

But the other guys found out about it, and have started pouring beer on *his* bush. Then they got suspicious of each other and began pouring beer on *everybodys* bush, and later sort of divided up into *teams*, and since then have just been going absolutely *wild*—

thrashing around in the dark, holding secret meetings, making pacts, sneaking up to the lattice with glasses of beer under their coats, and I just don't know *what* all.

Anyway, with all this beer pouring and goings on, you can just imagine what shape the *bushes* are in. Frankly, I have never in my *life* seen scragglier set of bushes. *Never*. Why those



bushes aren't gonna reach the top of that lattice in 600 years. Not even if they used a rope.

Hell, it's in back of the Stables—go on out and laugh for yourself.

* * *

Columbia. That's where I live.

* * *

(Continued on page 33)



It all begins with the skits. Here the girls representing Ann Ledford interpret the perennial chorus line before 500 students at the Union. The skits of the six finalists were seen by over 3000 students.



The Swami's Lady



The big night—before the eyes of all central Missouri, via KOMU-TV, Miss Ledford and the princess, Jane Dashen, were crowned. Here Jean Madden interviews the royalty immediately after the ceremony.



Upon arrival at St. Louis, the girls were greeted by Ray Karr, Melbourne Hotel manager, who shows the girls a nationally circulated magazine which carried pictures of previous Showme queens.

The first radio appearance was with "Spider" Burks. The "Spider", while interviewing the girls, remarked that, "I think your girls are the swinginest."



Goes to St. Louis

Photos by Dick Shoemaker



Our royalty appeared on both radio and television with Chuck Norman. Chuck is managing a beauty contest on television, and asked the girls to enter the contest.



Ann and Jane during a lighter moment of the trip. Dr. Neihardt, second from right, played Swami on TV, and was the chaperone for the trip to St. Louis.



Bruce Barrington, WEW president, interviewed the girls on the "First Fifteen Show".

Kurt Ray and Dottie Bennett talked to Ann and Jane on the KMOX Matinee Show. Kurt was at a loss for words when trying to describe the beauty of the girls to the nationwide audience.



So you see, if someone in St. Louis didn't know that the Swami was, in town with his entourage, it was because that person didn't have a radio or a television set.



After many interviews, the fun began. The queens were escorted around St. Louis, and met several prominent people.



The banquet at the Melbourne lasted two hours, gave all concerned a delicious meal, and bankrupted Swami.

Saturday afternoon, the Melbourne Hotel treated the Queen and Showme staff to an afternoon tea. Miss Ledford napped while the staff cavorted and told stories of the great war to each other.



The royal excursion ended at the Chase Club. Dossie Hollingsworth and Richard Allen, stars of the Trinidad Review, met the Queen and princess and explained some of the intricacies of show business.



Harry Fender talked to the Queen and Princess over the KMOX-CBS hookup. The girls were excellent public relations representatives, and sent Mizzou activity news across the nation.



SHOWME wishes to thank, at this time, everyone who made it possible for the Swami to fate his lady. Thanks especially to the students, without whom it would have been impossible to choose a Queen.



the queen

The End of the Vacation

PERSONAL DATA

Name (PRINT)	<u>BOOKER</u>	<u>GEORGE</u>	<u>EL</u>
	LAST	FIRST	MIDDLE
Permanent Address	<u>1239 W. 50th St., Chic</u>		
Date of Birth	Mo. <u>Nov.</u>	Day <u>27</u>	Year <u>1935</u>
	Birthplace		
Marital Status	1. Single <input checked="" type="checkbox"/>		2. Married <input type="checkbox"/>
Are you an American Citizen?	<u>yes</u>		
Are you			
Sex	<u>M</u>	Veteran	<u>No</u>
	Date of Disch.		
Race	<u>CAUC.</u>	Married or Single	<u>S</u>
Have you any chronic ailment or physical handicap			
If so, indicate the nature	<u>None</u>		
Church preference	<u>None</u>		
	1. Male <input checked="" type="checkbox"/>		2. Female <input type="checkbox"/>
If Married, How Many Children - What Ages?	<u>None</u>		
If Not, What Nationality?	<u>N/A</u>		

by Bob Williams

"DOCTOR WILL BE in in a moment. Just lie there and relax, and I'll be right back. We'll have to fill out an emergency report then, but it's just routine." The nurse left the room, and George watched her wiggle out the door.

He felt all right by now, there wasn't any pain, just the bleeding. Actually it wasn't a bad cut, but it was in the soft part of his hand, and it was a glass cut—one of the kind that really stings. It was open and looked like a fish's mouth, gapping and white, except for where the blood ran out and across the palm. He was drunk and he knew it, and the nurse knew it but she didn't seem to care. He coughed, then gagged. It wasn't the thought of the blood that did it, it was just the bourbon bubbling around in the top of his stomach.

She was back now. "Doctor'll be down in just a few minutes. He's-in maternity just now, but he'll be done shortly and then he'll patch you up. Let's see, maybe we'd better wash that out again, don't you think?" She brought over a kidney shaped dish and a sponge, and began to swab out the cut. "Feel like talking?"

"Uh huh. I always feel like talking, especially when I've been drinking."

She finished washing the wound, replaced the pan and sponge on the sink, and sat down on the chair next to the emergency table with a pad and pencil. "Well now, what's your name?"

"Booker. George E. Booker."

"All right, George. Let's see, yes, where are you . . . are you from Santa Monica?"

"No, I'm sort of from El Paso." George closed his eyes, and thought of the desert town. He could see the rows and rows of beat-up wooden huts on the mountainside, each housing five men, and each incapable of holding either warmth in the winter of coolness in the summer. Five men, black, white or red, in each hut. In George's hut there were three people named Boswell and two named Booker. The other Booker was a Negro, and his first name was George too. That was nothing, though—in one hut there were five Wilsons. Each day at mail call, when the men were grouped and milling about like cattle, the corporal would have a little joke to make about the lack of originality of names.

"What do you mean, 'Sort of?'"

"Huh?"

"I said, what do you mean, you're sort of from El Paso?"

"Oh. Well, you see, my home is originally in Chicago, but I'm in the army and stationed in El Paso. That's where I came from when I came out on this vacation."

"I see. Well, what's your address there?"

"Just put down Battery D, -th Battalion, Triple-A RTC at Fort Bliss." It didn't make any difference what she put down anyway, they were all the same. The only difference was in the faces of the men, and those looked alike if you didn't know them. You couldn't tell anything by the names. Booker, Booker, Boswell, Boswell and Boswell—like a law firm, he thought, a shyster law firm, full of nothing but names that meant less than numbers.

"How old are you, George?"

"Twenty."

"Don't you know it's against California law to drink until you're twenty-one? You might get into trouble, you know."

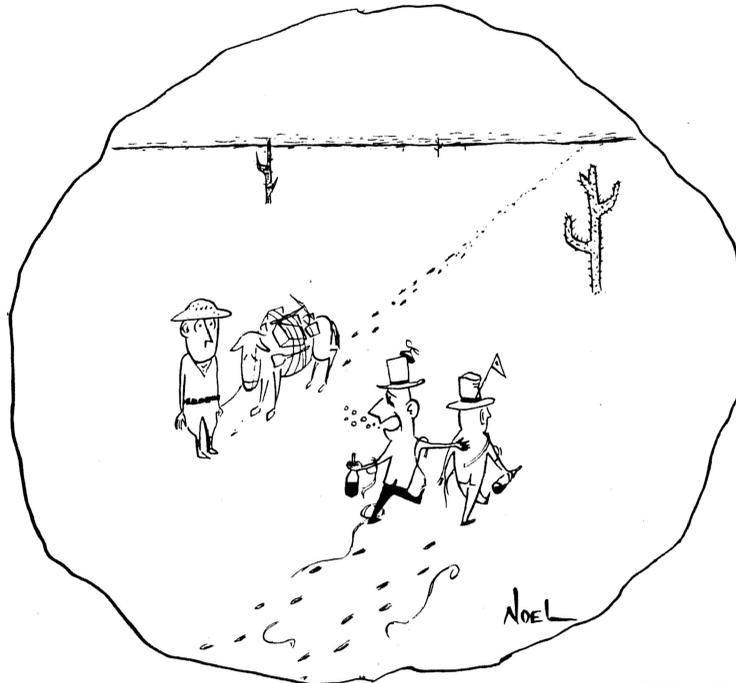
"I've got a fake I.D. Had to have it to gamble in Las Vegas." Boy, that was a real place. It was the first time George had felt good since he went into the army, and he'd felt good ever since. That first night at Lake Mead, when the boys decided to sleep out by the lake, was fine, and they'd built a fire and roasted hot dogs and had swum nude. They had doubts about this last part, because there was another party further up the beach, but their fears had been dispelled by Donato, who'd said, "Aw, c'mon, look at those cubes—just like everybody else, just part of the system, bathing suits and all. So they'd taken off their trunks and gone in without anything on. It had been worth it, and George could feel now the coolness of the water as it had enveloped him completely. He wished he was back there and swimming nude again.

"I see. Well, that's none of our business, we're not the law." She winked at him. "All we do around here is patch you up." She laughed. "What's your home address, George?"

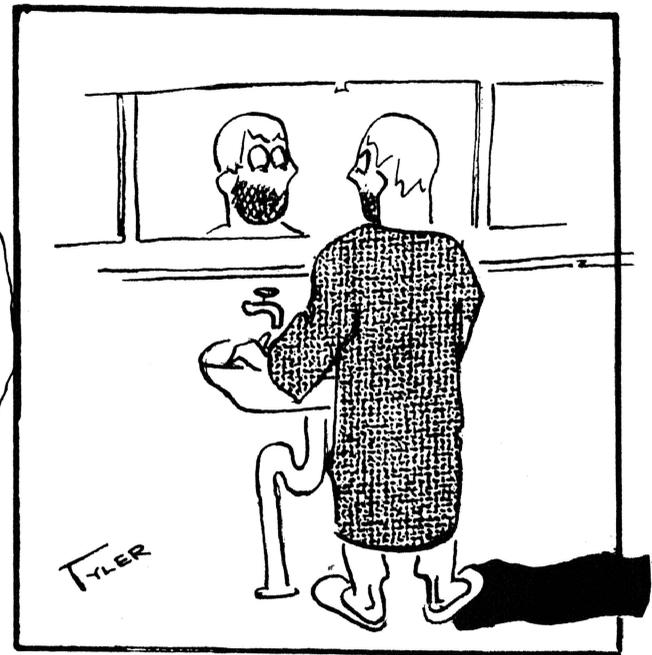
"Uh, twelve-thirty-nine West Fiftieth Street, Chicago. That's Illinois, not Texas." He chuckled, thinking about the little burg just outside of Las Cruces that bore the mighty name of Chicago. The people there were caught up in the system just like everybody else. The same general store, corner tavern, buffalo head over the bar, "Warning, Radar Patrolled" signs all over town, the whole works. Just like every other little town in the whole country.

"Fiftieth Street? O.K. Are you married or single, George?"

(Continued on page 28)



"We're bar-hopping!"



"My alarm didn't ring until 7:50—no—I thought it was Tuesday?
—no—I lost my pencil on the way to class? . . ."

Wedding of the Century

This month, the entire United States is looking forward to the marriage of cinema star Mace Kelley to the world renowned international playboy Prince Everest IIIII. On these pages are exclusive photographs that depict the situation as it truly exists. **SHOWME** at this time wishes the best of luck to the happy couple as the Wedding of the Century begins.

The Prince, a noble character, whose lineage dates back to 1843—the dark ages. Here he models for **SHOWME** his wedding garb, traditional in his family.

Miss Kelley will sail from France to Monato, her husbands home, and is shown here as she leaves New York harbor for Paris. Bon Voyage, Mace!

Mr. Kelley, the father of the happy bride, is quoted as saying "Of course I'm happy about my daughter's wedding to the foreigner—I'm overjoyed!"



All manner of delicacies will be served at the wedding feast, an extravagant affair costing thousands of kopeks.



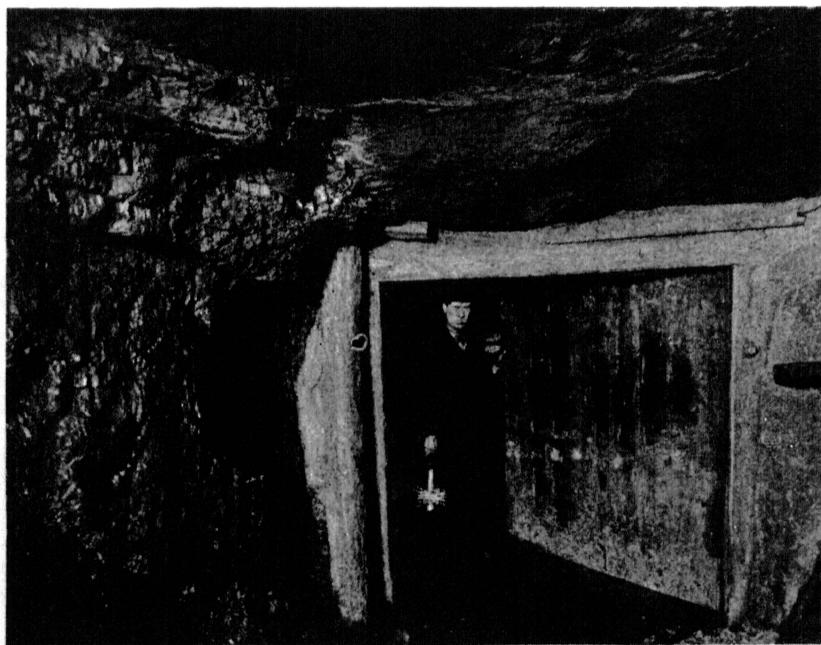
"My gawd! I've lost my invitation!"



Of course, Prince Everest IIIII will have to be approved for marriage to an American girl. . . .



"Hee hee hee I found it, I found it!"



The bridal suite at Monato—a lovely seven room apartment just made for the Lovers of the Century.



"I don't even want to go. I don't give a dam."

How to Influence Friends & Make People

or The Great American Dale



By Jim Albright

TO THE UNINITIATED, Dale Carnegie is a god. His was the power to influence friends and make people. He had so much fun at it that when he finished influencing friends and making people, he decided to let the general public in on his secrets. (There is a nasty rumor circulating that he devulged his precious information only because he lost his virility. There is no proof to back up this malicious gossip). As heretofore mentioned, D. C. is a god. It is more correct to say that the LATE D. C. is a god, although the present state of his being has little to do with his powers, which transcend all earthly or celestial matter. It simply remains to say that he spreads an omnipotent influence into all corners of the globe. All over the world, at any given minute, someone is being "Daled".

DALE—v.t. . . . the act of exercising inhuman powers to 1.—change people without giving offense or arousing resentment 2.—win people to your way of thinking 3.—make people like you 4.—make your home life easier.

DALING—adj. . . . the act of the Dale.

DALED—past tense. . . . too late, you've been had!

There are a hundred ways to dale a person. Take the campus politician (please!)—He listens to you tell of your last lousy test

grade or equally lousy golf score. He interrupts your lengthy narrative with a few well placed, " " mm-mmm," or effective "Well, I should say!s." He is bored. Any expert of the dale can tell that. He is pleasing YOU, closely related to YOURSELF, YOUR'S and THEE. YOU are interesting. YOU have something to say and he is listening to YOU. (Watch out. You are being daled!)

Take the following narrative, for instance, and see if you can tell who is being daled.

"Baby, I really go for you. You are a real doll."

"Why, thank you Joe."

"Yeah, I really go for you. You got such pretty hands. And arms too. And you look so pretty sprawled out like that."

"You say such nice things, Joe."

"And your lips—ah there's a pair for you. Lips I mean. Soft and sensuous. I bet the taste of your lips is like the first draught of 10 year old wine. Why, I'd go crazy over one kiss from you on your lips."

"Why don't you find out?" and on, and on, and on.

It is very easy to see that she was daling him. Notice how she let him talk. Notice the complimentary retorts. Notice the 'thank you.' Notice how she got her kiss. He was just daled all to hell.

And the rules. There are many, many, rules to follow if one is to

be a successful daler. For example—

How to win people to your way of thinking—

1. *The only way to get the best of an argument is to avoid it.* Run, don't walk.
2. *Show respect for the other man's opinions. Never tell a man he is wrong.* Imply it. Write it out.
3. *If you are wrong admit it quickly and emphatically.* Okay, Dammit, YOU are right.
4. *Begin in a Friendly way.* Hey cutie (make sure this is the opposite sex).
5. *Get the other person saying "yes, yes," immediately.* This poses a problem. Usually the best dalers of rule number 5 are real dalers.
6. *Let the other man do a great deal of the talking.* Flesh colored cotton seems to help.
7. *Let the other man feel that the idea is his.*

pass

1 heart

1 spade

2 diamonds

pass "There is still one suit left."

2 hearts

2 spades

3 diamonds

Pass "Have you heard of the Mickey Mouse CLUB?"

3 hearts

4 clubs

pass

pass—"Good thinking boy. I LIKE the way YOU figured that out."

8. *Try Honestly to see things from the other person's point of view.* "Well, I don't blame YOU for not loaning me the money. After all, YOU don't know me very well, YOU probably think I'd waste it; YOU probably think YOU'D never see me again; You probably think . . ." "YOU'R" damned right!" (He doesn't dale easily.)
9. *Appeal to the nobler motives.* "Koscinkiwitz, YOU must do it for YOUR school. We NEED YOU, Koscinkiwitz, to tackle hard for us like only YOU can do. You are a good tackle, and the school needs YOU . . ." etc., etc., etc.
10. *Throw down a challenge.* I dare you. (be careful never to transpose the word dale for dare. If your 'opponent' is an advocate for The Cause, he may not appreciate your call to action and take YOU up on it.

Those are a small part of the rules to the great American game of daling. Of course I know that YOU could never be caught in this web of supercillary. I realize that YOU are a COLLEGE STUDENT, and that YOU are too smart to be caught by any stray daler. But just in case YOU happen to run across any smiling stranger who agrees with every word YOU say, keep these rules with YOU. YOU just may need them.

EDITOR'S NOTE—you have just been daled!

THE END

* * *

Who comforts me in moments of despair?
Who runs fingers lightly through my hair?
Who cooks my meals and darns my hose?
Squeezes nose drops in my nose?
Who always has a word of praise?
Sets out my rubbers on rainy days?
Who scrubs my back when in a shower?
And wakes me up at the proper hour?
Who helps keep me on the beam?
And figures in my every dream?
I do.

ROMANOS

dancing nightly

**Pizza
Spaghetti**



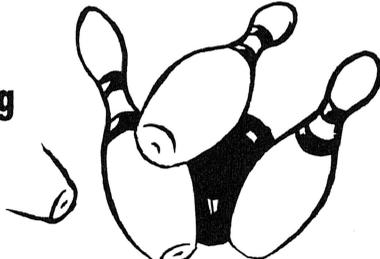
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SPRING HATH



COME ON, HON, I'LL
HAVE TO HAVE SOME
HELP...

ANY FOOL CAN
TELL IT'S A
BEECH

I THINK IT'S
AN ELM

LOOKS LIKE A
MAPLE TO ME

CUTEST LI'L
ASH TREE I
EVER SAW!

WELL, THEN THERE
NOW, BY THE LAW OF
AVERAGES, THIS
MUST BE A
SON OF A
BEECH!

PETE!

PIG!

OH BOY, A WHOLE
BATCH OF
SHO-U-ME DIRTY
HIDDEN JOKE
DECODERS.

VIOLATE
ME IN THE
VIOLET
TIME...

WHY DIDN'T
YOU GET
DRAFTED?

I COULDN'T
COUGH!

ISN'T SPRING
GREAT?

MEEP!

I'M A
READY
TEDDY!

MY OLD
OWNS
RACCOON
FI

THE MAN IN
THE RED
FLANNEL
SUIT

THAT JOKE WOULD
GAG A MAGGOT!

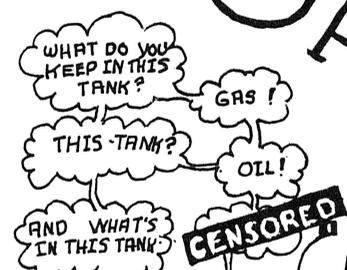
I'M A
RUVED
BRAVI

SPRUNG

"YEAH AND VERILY..."



DREAMED I WAS KING OF THE BALL IN MY MAIDENFORM SNEAKERS



WHAT DO YOU KEEP IN THIS TANK?

GAS!

THIS TANK?

OIL!

AND WHAT'S IN THIS TANK?

CENSORED

AS IL DON



DAVE THE HIERANT

O-O-KAY, T-T-TURN ER L-L-L-LOOSE!

TELL ME DAVE, JUST HOW MUCH MONEY DO YOU SAVE?



SAY SON, ARE YOU 21?

SHE LOVES ME, SHE LOVES ME NOT SHE.....



YES, SHALL I WRAP IT?

DO YOU HAVE ANY DEAD BABIES?

NO THANKS, I'LL EAT IT HERE



ALL I WANT IS A MUNCHY WENCH



MAN ON ARM

SPRING IS SPRUNG DA GRASS IS RIZ, I WONDER WHERE DA BORDIES IS?

THAT DAMN SKY'S FALLING AGAIN



I'D BUY SOME POPS, BUT I'M AFRAID I MIGHT GET SOME TOAD STOOLS!

FRESH MUSROOMS

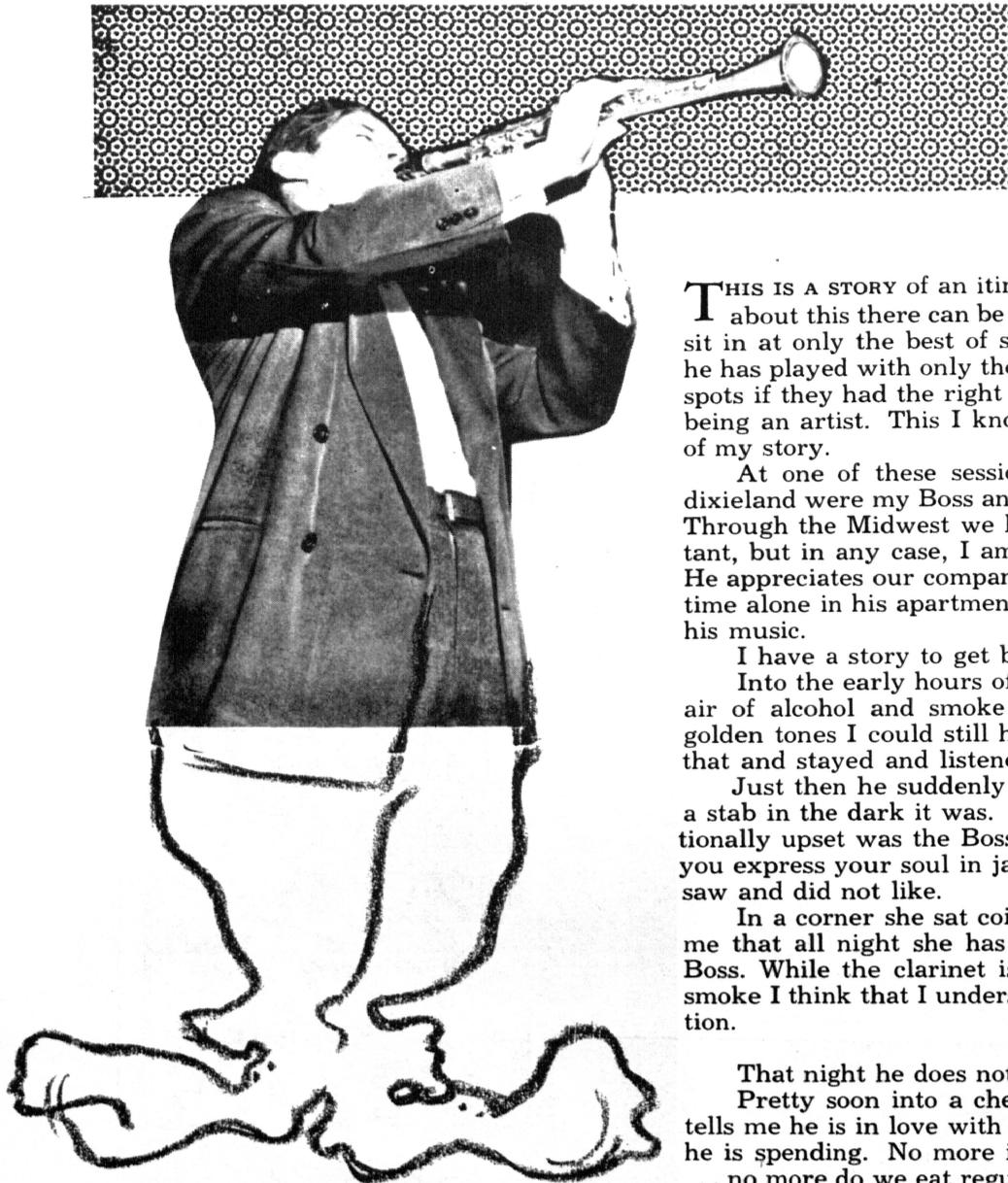


YEH-YEH-YEH YEH-YEH...

-CRAMER

The Itinerant

By R. L. Soble



THIS IS A STORY of an itinerant musician. He is an artist and about this there can be no doubt. Everywhere he is asked to sit in at only the best of sessions. At all the bistros and pubs he has played with only those who would be found at swankier spots if they had the right agents. That is one of the crimes of being an artist. This I know and accept. But that is not part of my story.

At one of these sessions my story must begin. Jammin' dixieland were my Boss and the boys at about three in the a.m. Through the Midwest we had been on a tour. It is not important, but in any case, I am the boss's dog. Also he has a cat. He appreciates our company, for he plays to us at night all the time alone in his apartment. He says that only we understandt his music.

I have a story to get back to.

Into the early hours of the morning it was getting and the air of alcohol and smoke stunk. Yet, the Boss's lively and golden tones I could still hear. He was good. Everyone knew that and stayed and listened.

Just then he suddenly changed pace to the blues and like a stab in the dark it was. He sobbed big metallic tears. Emotionally upset was the Boss. I could tell. It is that way when you express your soul in jazz. What was the matter, I quickly saw and did not like.

In a corner she sat coiled around a martini. The Cat tells me that all night she has been making with big eyes at the Boss. While the clarinet is wailing through the mist and the smoke I think that I understand, but still do not like the situation.

* * *

That night he does not play to us. What is wrong I know.

Pretty soon into a cheaper apartment we move. The Cat tells me he is in love with this broad and on her all his money he is spending. No more is he playing in the best of sessions . . . no more do we eat regularly. All the time he is playing the blues like a coyote crying at the moon. There can be no doubt that the Boss is in love. This I know and accept.

By and by things start to get worse and worse. The Cat tells me she is milking him like a leech. It is reflecting on the Cat and I also. While he is getting worse and worse in love we are getting thinner and thinner in hunger.

One day she comes up to the apartment. The Boss, he puts

us in another room, but we can still see through the door. What we see is not good.

They are drinking much and playing with needles and pills. Sometimes they laugh. Sometimes they cry. But always they they are in each other's arms. The Cat informs me that this has been going on a long time. She says that when an artist goes for a broad this is what happens. The Cat has been around and is usually right about such matters and I think to myself that it is a sad mess for our itinerant friend to be in.

Just then into another room he carries her. We know that they are not going in there to play checkers and from the laughing we can guess what they are doing and it is not good. I tell the Cat that no longer in the inner circles of his art will he be honored. No more will we inhabit a swanky bistro. It is like an infection in the soul.

From one flophouse to another we went. A bad dream it has now become. Our existence, like my boss's disposition was becoming miserable. Sometimes a strain of his former brilliance it would show. But now listen—no one would. They were too busy looking at this broad of his who on the stage was taking off too much clothes to suit either the Cat or I.

Then one day the girl she is gone. The Cat says that with the drummer she eloped. The Cat is usually right about matters like this.

To say the least this didn't agree with the Boss and again he take to drinks and needles. Pretty soon we no longer hear his golden sounds—for the horn he has sold. He swears that again he will never play and one night he murders in

bed the broad and the drummer. Who did it the police know and no more can the Boss even leave the room. Nonexistent is our food supply, and things are getting decrepit—the dump we are living in is not exactly providing atmosphere.

One night I find that the Cat is missing. I hunt and cannot to my dismay find her. She is too old to get any crazy ideas in her head—so I know something is up. This I confirm when through a crack in the wall I can see my boss eating her for dinner. Frozen, I stand my ground and shed a tear. She was a good cat and deserving of a better fate. The Boss looked old and drawn. He was a different man—not the itinerant musician I once knew and never would things be the same. Consumed had been his soul.

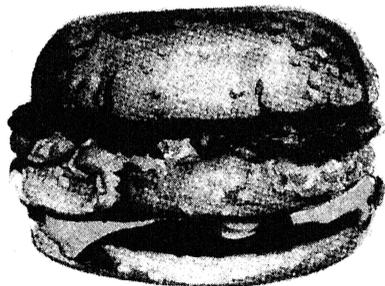
Too old was I to stake myself out in life again. Also the Boss and I still were held together by the memories of the past.

Pretty sick were both of us getting by now from lack of anything to eat. More bottles and needles were cluttering up the place. Sometimes an artist's despair will drive him to do things that he wouldn't do ordinarily. The Boss, I knew, would come to this sooner or later because he was hungry and it was important that a man like him should live.

* * *

It is night and it is raining. Across the street a blue screaming sound is coming from a saxophone. The Boss, he is calling me into the kitchen. I know what he wants and soon I will join the Cat. But this I must do for someday the world will know what an artist he really was, and for this I cannot blame him. This, I know and accept.

THE END



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takes you
to the



OZARKS

Kiddie's Page

by Little Bobby Cates

Bill is a little boy. Bill can run fast. Bill has a dog named Rex. Rex can run fast too. Color Bill blue. Color Rex brown. Color the house white. Mary is Bill's sister. Mary likes to play with paper dolls. Sometimes Mother goes to the grocery and leaves Bill and Mary to mind baby sister. Color Mary's dress red. Color Mary's hair yellow. Color baby's dress pink. One day Mother said, "Children I must leave for a short while. I will be gone about two hours. You must be very careful and mind baby sister."

Mary: "Oh, we will be very careful, Mother."

Bill: "Yes, Mother, and we will not cross the street."

Mother: "Very well play nicely."

Mary: "Yes, Mother."

Bill: "We will, Mother."

Mary: "What shall we play, Bill?"

Bill: "Let us play blind man's bluff."

Mary: "Oh, that sounds like a lot of fun, Bill, what shall we do first."

Bill: "Well, I think the best thing is to shake this nutty dialogue. There ain't no grownups around so I don't see any percentage in persuing this kiddo bit."

Mary: "Yeah, I suppose so, kiddo."

Bill: "Does this blind man's bluff kick get to you?"

Mary: "Hell no, but that damn censor wouldn't let us play leap frog."

Bill: "I'm hip. How's about some reenactment of the hostalgic old west?"

Mary: "Capital, old sock. And we could lynch the brat (baby sister) as a cattle rustler."

Bill: "Or burn it to the stake as a hostage. John Law would never hang a couple of little kids like us. Ha, ha, ha (sinister chuckle.)"



B.S.: "Wahhhhhh, slobber,"
(Beans Rex with rattle.)

Rex: "Ggrrrrrr, rroupfh."

Bill and Mary hurry into the house and put on their cowboy and indian suits.

Bill: "This Jesse James bit is the nuts ain't it kiddo?"



Mary: "I kid you not it is, handsome, but ain't I about a sexy Pochahontas in this rig?"

Bill: "Eah, (he shrugs) I've seen better shape on a piece of salami."

Mary: "What has Marilyn Monroe got that I won't have in

20 years?"

Bill: "Sex appeal."

Mary: (shreaking like injured Apache—name of Cochise) "Billy boy, you just bought yourself a peck of trouble." (She sinks her tomahawk into his skull.)

Bill: (Bill falls to ground with sickening thud.) "I'm cashing in my chips."

B.S.: "Gloop, slobber." (She throws a shoe at Rex.)

Rex: (Chews Baby Sister's left ear off) "Grouph, gggrrrr."

Mary: "Gracious, it just dawned on me Bill. I don't know how to scalp you."

Bill: "Never mind that now. Get my boots off. Can't die with my boots on."

Mary: "I believe I'll have to have a knife. Wait here Bill."

Bill: (Struggling to crawl for help) "Gotta get my boots off. Can't cash in with my . . ."

Mary: (Kicks him in head) "Bill, you're not playing fair. You stay right there until I get back with a knife."

Mother: "Children, I have returned from the store with some nice candy for all of you."

B.S.: "Gleep, slobber."

Mother: "Oh, my goodness, that dog has chewed baby sister's other ear off."

Mary: "Yes, Mother dear, he has but she was beginning to look lop sided anyway."

Mother: "True Mary dear. My what a realistic game of cowboy and Indian you and Bill are playing. Is Bill a dead cowboy?"

Mary: (Sniggering) "Nearly, Mother dear, nearly."

Mother: "Well, come into the house and I'll give you each a cookie. And see if you can find baby sister's ear."

Mary: "Yes, Mother."

Mother goes into the house. Color Mother's dress green. Color the market basket yellow. Color Bill red—blood red.

THE BITTER END

How to Succeed In College . . .

Without Hardly Trying

EVERY COLLEGE STUDENT wears a perplexed frown as he first enters the halls of ivy . . . or ivy halls . . . or pigeon roost halls . . . or just plain old brick halls. This is caused by a deep-rooted feeling of anxiety as to whether or not he'll be a success at this business of learning.

The uninitiated may well leave those halls with the same question still foremost in his mind. But not the fellow who has mastered a few simple techniques of organized professor control. For him college is a snap. He can succeed without hardly trying.*

The first phase of professor control, or "prof jading", that must be learned as soon as possible, is "Browning in!" Although the original meaning of this device has been lost to antiquity—my personal opinion, however, is that it was started by a fellow named Brown—it is undoubtedly the oldest means of obtaining an unwarranted grade. Its basic fundamentals are:

1. Appear conspicuously busy and appreciative in class. This may be accomplished by writing several letters home . . . to convey the idea that you are taking voluminous quantities of notes . . . and laughing or sniggering prominently whenever the prof makes a joke that just doesn't quite come off.
2. Take an interest in class work. This is done by asking pertinent questions, impertinent questions, silly questions, assinine questions and just questions for the jolly old hell of it.
3. Become problem conscious. Search your surroundings for problems that won't tax the old boy's mental capacity too much and make appointments with him for guidance. Don't get off the deep end, however, as questions on sex are likely to throw him . . . you must remember that most professors are nearly a century older than yourself.

Another phase—which we will call "Casting the Cow"—requires more subtlety and just a trace of the old gray. However, with adequate practice even the thickest can attain some proficiency. This pertains to "glittering exams"—and/or generalities. Consequently literacy is unfortunately a prerequisite. All you have to do for this is:

1. Become vocabularily conscious. Don't panic. You don't have to know what they mean. Just learn to spell them—large, multisyllable words. Then when writing an essay type test just tuck one or two in here and another there and soon you'll have the most impressively syllabic paper



in class. Again let me caution you not to worry about the fact that it is incoherent, the professor won't expect it to be readable . . . he just wants to appreciate it like a work of modern art. Don't ask me why. They're just like that. So get yourself a slice of the gravy.

2. Be a clock watcher. Be sure that you are the first to finish the examination. Stroll non-challantly to the desk, drop your paper on the desk just as he reaches for it, grin at him smugly, casually flip a butt in your mouth and ask him if he has a light. Grin at him again—with just a trace of a smirk—say, "I was kinda worried this one might be rough," and stroll out. He'll undoubtedly be so awed by your display of confidence that he won't even take the time to grade your paper.

Perhaps the most important method of obtaining a college education without giving it much thought is that of "Answer collection." In the early days of education this was rather crassly known as "cheating". And was, surprisingly, regarded by some with something akin to disfavor. Fortunately all that is past and now the art of making sure you have the right answer available is just as much a part of college life as Rogets. The basic forms of this field of education are:

1. Reproduction. Vulgarly known as copying. This has been complicated in recent years by professors who—probably just for the sake of fun—have arranged classes with vacant chairs flanking each student. So for the near sighted student this has almost become a lost art. But to those with unusually sharp vision—and that fortunate few with crossed eyes—it is still a boon.
2. Partnership. This is the composite effort of two ambitious students who are so anxious to try out our great American heritage of free enterprise that they pool their limited knowledge toward a common higher grade. The tools needed here are a set of simple signals with which to communicate answers. Then one partner learns

half the test and the other the other half and they apply their knowledge upon the whole. The obvious objection to this is that if one doesn't have a pipeline to the right answers he might be expected to actually study for half of the test.

3. Making ponies. Sordid as this sounds, it is not nearly awkward as it would seem. The term—which originated in medieval riding academies where cribs were painted on the flanks of steeds—implies the writing of answers on small pieces of paper and concealing them on one's person. Throughout the test they may be used to augment the stilted vocabulary technique. Care must be taken however—especially with subsidized athletes—to avoid such mistakes as listing one's jacket size and its inspector's number as, say, the binomial theorem.

These abilities mastered, the student is ready to tackle some of the vital phases of college life—the extracurricular activities. Upon his success in this field is hinged his acceptance in the cold, harsh, cruel, frightening, nasty, doggoned world of reality.

To take your place among the greats in this field you must become a joiner. This may also be called a mixer, blender or yellow-throated suckfinger, depending upon your school. Regardless of what it's called the results are the same. You have to meet, grin at, and glad hand people if you are to get along with them. This realized, the only problem left is what to join and how to join. Here's the answer:

1. What to join. Look around for the best influential group on campus . . . then avoid it. You don't want to be their lackey. You want to be an influential figure in a group of your own. Next look for a local branch of the National Eraser Recapping club or the Oriental, Spanish and Romance Languages club or the Beer Can Bending club. Select the best of these and make your move.
2. How to join—or "the move". Let's say you've chosen the N.E.R.C. (listed above) and pressed your attentions and/or a cold beer on one of its members—let's say. Now comes the strategy. Casually withdraw a pencil and fondle the eraser. If he doesn't notice, dip it in

(Continued on page 34)



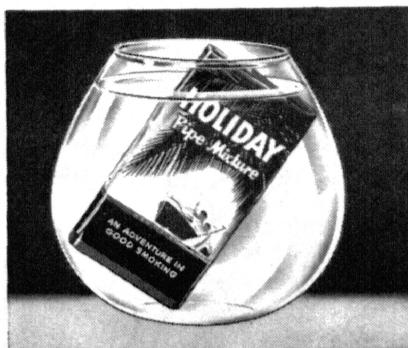
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AMERICA'S FINEST PIPE MIXTURE...Canada's Finest Too!

VACATION

(Continued from page 15)

"Single and happy." Boy, what a sucker a man is to get married. All you got to look forward to is a life full of debt and kids and then more debt. He remembered then the little chick in Las Vegas who was out looking for a divorce and a good time all in one. She was one of those numbers who try to put on an air of to-hell-with-it sophistication, but she couldn't pull it off. She'd be casual all evening, and have something sharp to say about everything usual and pedestrian, but as soon as she reached her capacity of sloe gin, she'd break down and start crying and moaning and wishing she were married again, and George would wish she were too. Poor kid just couldn't beat the system, that's all. He'd tried to teach her to do it, and thought of what he'd told her. "All you got to do is quit thinking about those rows of little people standing around. Just stop thinking about them, and about all the petty things in your life. Take me, for instance, you know how I beat it?" She'd asked how, and he'd answered, "Simplest thing in the world. Now I'm on leave, you see, and what I did the first day out was to forget that I ever was in the army. Why, I even made it a point to forget my serial number, and they teach you to remember that thing the first day!"

"Really?"

"Sure. Why, I couldn't tell you it now, even if I wanted to." But it hadn't helped her. The night he left, she was drunk as usual, and was just starting to get on her crying jag when he went back to the hotel to get a little sleep before starting out the next morning.

"What's your father's name, George?" said the nurse, jabbing at her teeth with the eraser of the pencil.

"Alwyn T. Booker. That's spelly A-l-w-y-n."

"What's his adress?"

"Same as mine."

"And your mother?"

"She's dead."

"Oh, I'm sorry."

Yeah, she's dead, another one who couldn't figure out why she was nobody. She was a perfect wife and mother, I guess, maybe

too perfect. She became just another number around town, a receipt saver from supermarkets and a theater-goer and a music listener. She loved music, but it was the kind that was prepared for the public. The system even specified that if you were going to listen to music it had to be the kind that everybody listened to, nothing else or you were nuts or long-hair of something. "Maybe she's better off that way, though."

"Well . . . ah, where are you staying in Santa Monica?"

"The Sea-Side Hotel, down by Muscle Beach. We'll only be there for a couple more days, though, so you don't have to bother writing it down."

"It's just for the record."

"Oh."

"I guess that's about all now on your personal history."

"It is?" It damn sure is! That's all the personal history you have on anybody, just the names and numbers, and none of them mean a thing.

The nurse folded the book over, and reached for a pad of some other forms. "Now we have to fill out a report on the accident, just so Doctor can brief himself without your telling your story again."

"I see." Write it down, babe, you might want to publish it some time. You don't hear many stories like this one.

"Now where and when did you cut your hand, George?"

"I guess it must have been about thirty minutes ago, maybe forty-five, but no more than that. It happened back at the hotel." George had to pick his way carefully now, because it was kind of embarrassing to tell the whole story. There had been eight of them, four men and four women. The girls were hostesses on the Super Chief, and were just doing a little vacationing themselves. They'd all met on the beach, and had gone in when it cooled off, and started doing a little social drinking. Husted had set the social tone of the party, and George had approved.

"Look, peoples, here we are, men and women—in the common way of living, the party could only be one of two types—either a staid, intellectual discussion, or a rampant orgy. We don't want this

one to be either way, but just to hit a happy medium." The party got drunk, but never to the point of vulgarity, and the conversation never approached religion or politics. Then Donato went in to take a shower and wash the salt from the ocean off himself.

"Hey, you know what would be a good idea?" George said, glancing at an ice-cube tray half full of lukewarm water and ash-tray debris, "I think it would be real neat, NEAT, to dump this stuff on Donato." So he did, and it went over big. Donato came charging out of the stall with a towel around his middle and got a glass of water from the tap.

Damn you, Booker, I'm going to wet you down 'til you think you're a submarine!" And he leapt at George, and threw the glass of water on him.

"Battle stations, battle stations!" cried George, heading for the bathroom with a glass of his own, "To arms!"

"Then what happened, George?"

"Well, I jumped at Donato, this buddy of mine, and we were across from each other over a bed. He was on one side and I was on the other. We threw the water at each other, but must've misjudged distances because the glasses crashed together and both of them broke. Donato got a few scratches on his knuckles, and I, lucky dog that I am, got this." He raised his hand to display his injury. "I got a towel to put on it and stop the bleeding as much as possible, and didn't think it was too bad until I took a look about five minutes later. I didn't want to come here, even then." Sure did not. Everyone goes to a doctor or a hospital when they're hurt a little. That's why they can't get out of the rut. There's something in the book for every occasion, from Easter to the Fourth of July. All you got to do is drop a cup or something and there's a standard way to sweep it up.

"Where is your friend Donato?" the nurse asked, "Do you think he needs treatment?"

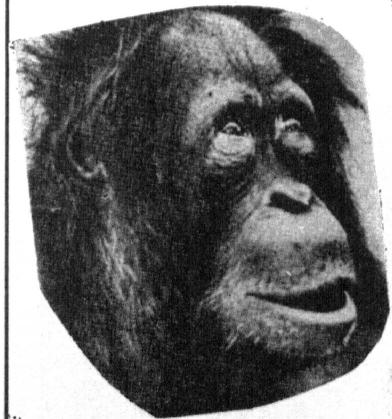
"Naw, just a couple of small scratches, nothing bad."

The door opened and the interne walked in. He came in briskly, rubber heels clapping,

everybody

goes

ape...



over

cleaning

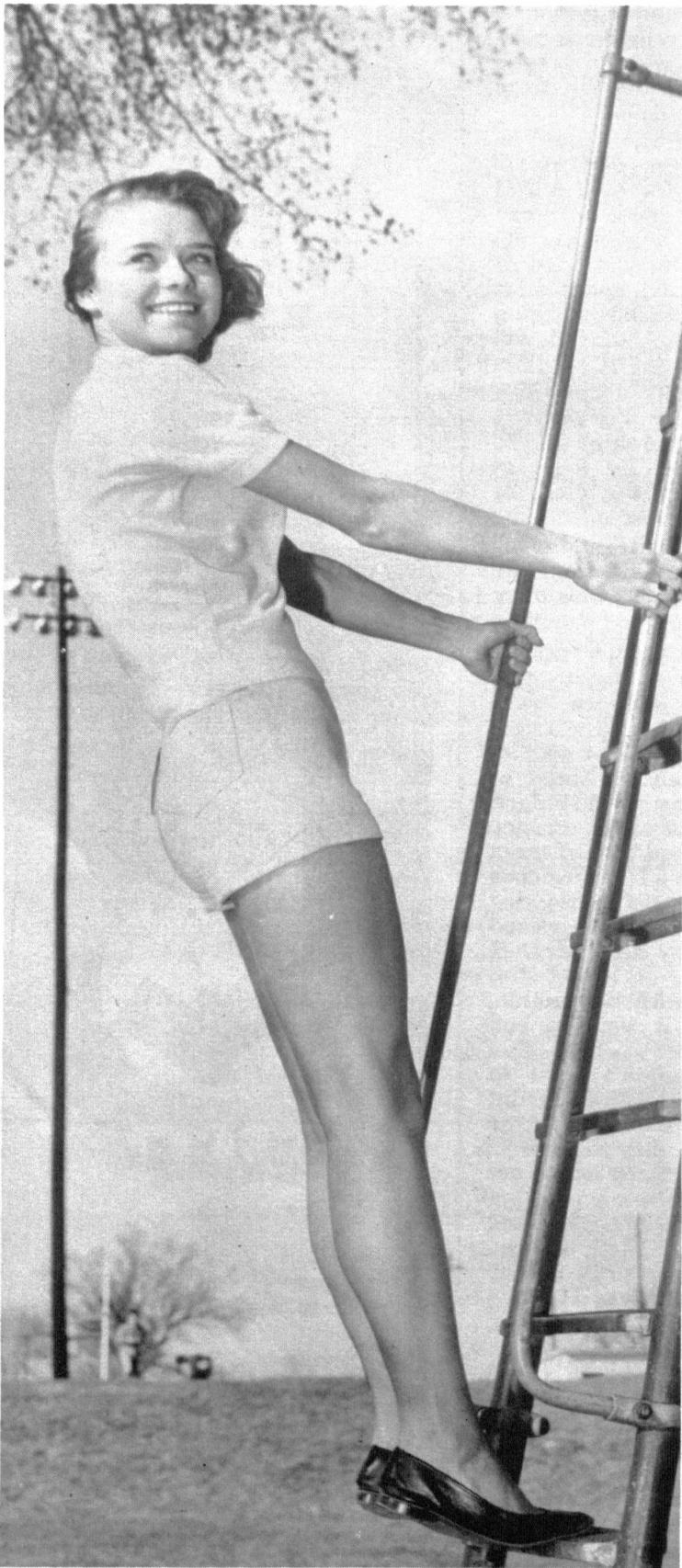
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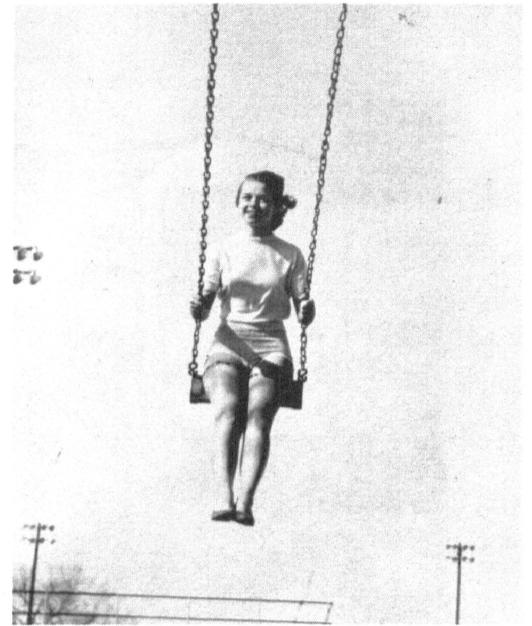
by

DAVIS

(Continued on page 32)

TIDINGS OF SPRING





Bev Jorgensen

DELTA GAMMA

VACATION

(Continued from page 29)

just like doctors come into emergency rooms everywhere. He was thin, and had hair on his arms all the way down to his knuckles, just like all doctors do. He was smiling.

"Well, what have we here?" he beamed, then sniffed the air. "Been doing a little imbibing, eh?"

"Just a little, Doctor. He has a laceration on the palm of his hand. Here's the report."

"I won't need it, honey." The interne bent over George's hand, and inspected it for dirt. He asked for a suture, and began to work. It was beginning to hurt now.

He'll put about four neat stitches in there now, and then in a week or so I can go to another doctor and have them taken out. That's the recipe. Nothing new under the sun. The whole world's run by numbers and names, mostly numbers. After all, names are just numbers made sayable. George laughed to himself about the way the chicks had cleared out after the water fight. They had been such rugged individualists while nothing was happening, but when something happened to disturb the mediocrity of the scene, they faded quick. Like rats leaving a sinking ship. He laughed aloud then, "Pseudo intellectuals!"

The doctor raised his head as his fingers stopped for an instant while closing the wound. "What's that, Mr. Booker?"

"Nothing, Doc., just talking to myself. They say you're not really crazy until you begin to answer yourself, that right?"

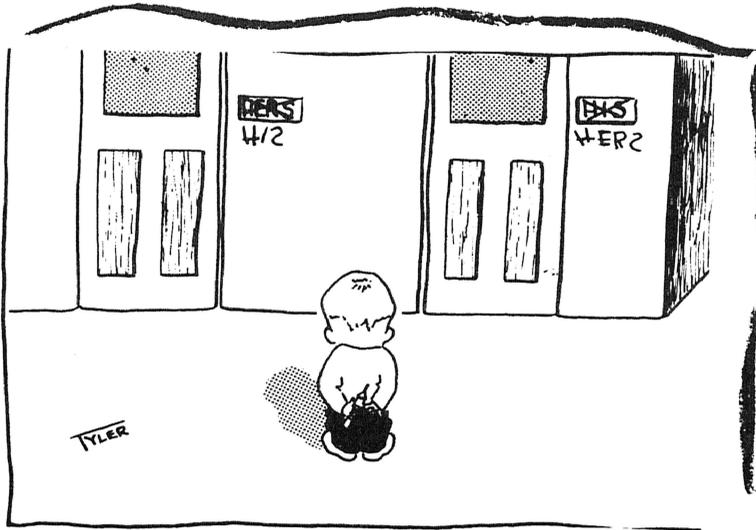
"I guess so. There." He put a compress on the hand and taped it down with adhesive tape. "Now you'd better have those taken out in a week or so. No longer than ten days though, or they'll grow in and have to be cut out. If you come back here, I'll take them out."

"I won't be here."

"Well, then, any doctor will do it for you."

George sat up. His head hurt a little, but was clear enough. "Thanks."

"That's all right. I have to go back upstairs now. You take it easy, and you'd better go get some black coffee." He washed his hands, dried, and bounced out,



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no doubt back to the maternity ward.

George turned to the nurse. "How much do I owe you people?" he asked, "I guess I'll have to write a check."

"No charge. This is a city hospital, and we don't charge for emergency treatment."

"Gee, swell. I was about to run out of money." He stood up, and put his jacket on. "Well, thanks a lot, guess I'll be running along. We have a room or two to clean up."

"Don't mention it, just take care of that hand for a couple of days."

George started for the door, and was reaching for a cigarette.

"Oh, by the way, for this report—I have to know your army serial number. Can you think of it off-hand?"

"Yeah. Yeah, it's U. S. fifty-five, three-sixty-four, seven-fifty six."

"Four-seven-five-six, right?"

"Yeah. That all?"

"Yes. Good-night."

"Good-night." He went out the door, and Donato was waiting for him in the reception room. They walked out the big front door, and when they got to the street the fog was coming in off the ocean, and it smelled and tasted salty.

"How's the hand, George?"

"It'll be all right. Just a couple of stitches."

They walked to the car at the curb. "You can't beat the system, Donato," said George, "You just cannot beat it."

THE END

COLUMNS

(Continued from page 9)

OUR SYMPATHY for this month goes to Mrs. Guadalupe Chavero of Mexico City. The poor woman—her husband deserted her. The only thing she did was to have five children in fifteen months. Some guys will use any excuse to abandon the spouse. Yeah.

* * *

Well, I'm through. Adios, you mothaf . . . ah . . . see you all next month.

Dick Noel

By the way, I guess you didn't know it, but I live here in Columbia.



"Our gals are gone, buying bermudas at Julies."



"Nothing for me, thanks."

(Continued from page 27)

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the beer and lick it off. Examine it. Then ask, "I think beer mellows a good eraser, don't you?" He'll become immediately excited about your interest in erasers and question you on your hobbies—which, for your information, are eraser collection and eraser preservation—and if you play your cards right he'll go back to his club the next day saying, "Boy, I met this swell fellow last night and he's just ape over erasers." You're in.

Now that you've been initiated into the N.E.R.C. and have passed your recapping exam, you are ready for the important phase. Upon your move here rests your entire future. You must now make your move toward the job of "Omnipotent Eradicator." Here's what you must do:

1. Promote club interests. Start a drive for a "Be Kind to Erasers" day. This will impress club members with your zeal. Don't worry if your former friends regard you as something of an ass. You are out to make a place for yourself in the world and if you can rub out the competition with erasers more power to you. Get in there and pull for them poor underprivileged erasers.
2. Be a politician. Take any little office at first, just to get into the top secret executive board meetings. It is here that high level decisions are made and the fate of erasers in general is decided. Nothing is too lowly to start with, even Captain of the Eraser Crumb Salvage Team will give you the much needed foot in the door. From there in it's just campaigning.

There is one part of a person's college life that is as urgently necessary as breathing. This, of course, is sex. You must have a well-balanced sex life or you're likely to have a warped outlook in general—and frankly it's damned hard to see with a warped outlook. So, here's how not to get shut out:

1. The approach. To assure yourself of feminine companionship—if you're a man . . . and I think you're just awful if you're not—you must approach the lady of your choice.

There are several ways to accomplish this, by car, on foot, by roller skate, on a stretcher, on a pogo stick, on stilts, on hands and knees or in a rolling barrel. Whatever method seems most natural for you is the best method.

2. The pick-up. Once the approach has been accomplished you are ready for the pick-up. This is the tricky part. You must analyze the woman you are approaching. There are three basic types and for each the pickup is different.

A. The shy type. For this kind of girl—and you can always spot her because she'll be wearing the collar for her dress pulled up over her ears—you must fight fire with fire. Act shy yourself. Walk up to her backward, blush if possible, mumble incoherently. She'll become enchanted by your retiring nature and say, "Say, you ain't such a dog as you think."

B. The average type. Walk up in average way, make average remark about the average weather, eye the top of her blouse in average manner, accept average slap in face and walk away at average gait. Unless you want to maintain a low average of sexual successes stay away from this type . . . on the average.

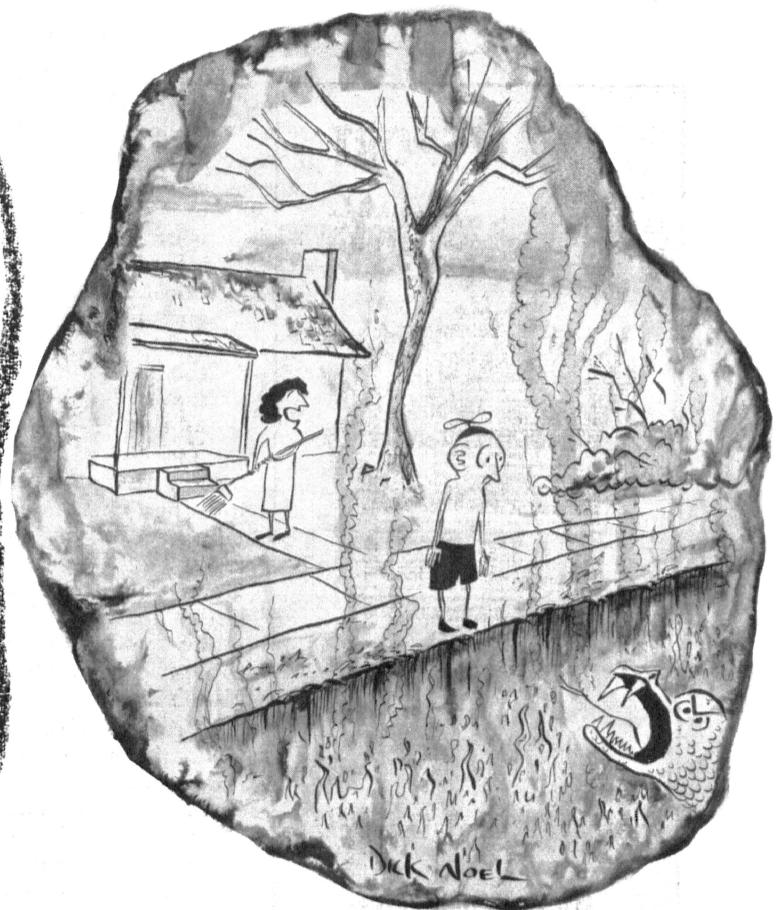
C. The hussy. This is the most wholesome type of girl because with her the normal fabrications and subterfuges of life are unnecessary. Approach her boldly with assurance. State your intentions dishonorably. She'll counter with what she'd like to do during the evening—and most likely give you a general rundown on what she has planned for the entire night.

3. The make out. Feed her your best line. Tell her how pretty she is, how pretty the moon is, how pretty her dress is, how pretty the stars are, how pretty the dash board is—get her to thinking pretty thoughts. Then,

(Continued on page 37)



"And you say you're a physical education major?"



"Now remember what I told you Jimmy—
don't play in the street."

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Some girls are like cigarettes: they come in packs, get lit, make you puff, leave a bad taste in your mouth . . . and still they satisfy!

* * *

1st prof: "I don't know what's happening to me but I forget everything. My memory is gone."

2nd prof: "Well, just forget about it!"

* * *

Serving girl at Crowder: "These eggs just came from the country."

Student: "Which country?"

* * *

Lawyer: "My client shot her husband at close range."

Judge: "Were there powder marks on the body?"

Lawyer: "Yes, that's why she shot him!"

* * *

"Women are fools to marry."

"Yeah, but what else can a guy marry?"

* * *

She: "Stop! Stop!"

He: "What do you think you are, a telegram?"

* * *

A passing car stopped and asked the man on the street how you got to St. Louis.

"Oh," was the reply, "we have a station wagon and just drove over."

* * *

Suzie: "Who said you could kiss me?"

Sigma Chi: "Everybody."

* * *

A girl doesn't mind losing her heart to a man, but she hates to have him start searching for it.

* * *

Doctors keep telling us that drinking is bad for us . . . but we notice a lot more old drunks around than old doctors.

* * *

Jane: "Does your boy friend have ambitions?"

Jean: "Yes, ever since he's been knee-high."

* * *

They were sitting in his car, and he was pouring her a drink.

"Say when."

"After the next drink."

* * *

SUCCEED

(Continued from page 34)

when she is in this relaxed, unguarded mood, slip in your coup d'etat. Recite some love poems—the real artist will have a few selected poems secreted behind his sun visors. Give her Keats, Shelley, Rossetti, Byron and polish the job off with a lethal dose of Browning. From here on in nature will take the helm and your job is done.

4. The deposit. When the date is concluded your attentions will turn to getting rid of the board. This must be done with neat dispatch. If you've given it your all you've used all your live ammunition during the date. You don't want to prolong it. You want to deposit her on her doorstep and go tell the guys down at the pool room all about her. Drive up to her house. Stop the car but leave the motor running. Fumble around in your pockets. Look worried. Say, "Geeze, I think I've left my wallet at the Shack." Look at her apologetically. Kiss her hard on the mouth—you'll know by the taste and quantity of blood when it's hard enough. Say, "I'd come to the door with you but you understand they'll be closing in a few minutes." Cut out.

These basic fields of endeavor are the ones in which success is absolutely necessary if you are to have a well-rounded college education without hardly trying. Carry this information around in your pocket—or if you are the type who loses things have it tattooed on your chest instead of a rose—and refer to it when the problems of education seem to be getting out of hand. With these principles to guide you, you can't go wrong—or if you do you don't have to take the blame yourself . . . ergo.

(*Footnote 1) See Title.

THE END

* * *

Suitor: "Sir, may I have your daughter for my wife?"

Father: "Bring your wife around and I'll take a look at her."

* * *

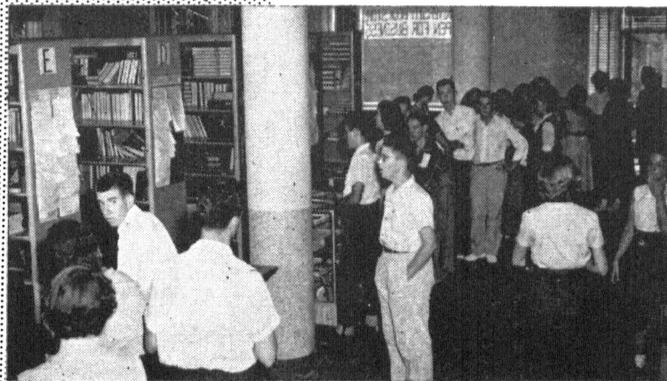


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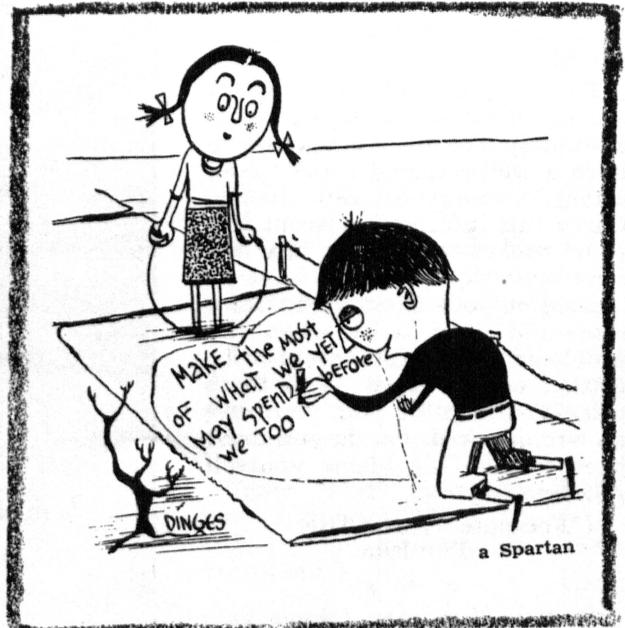
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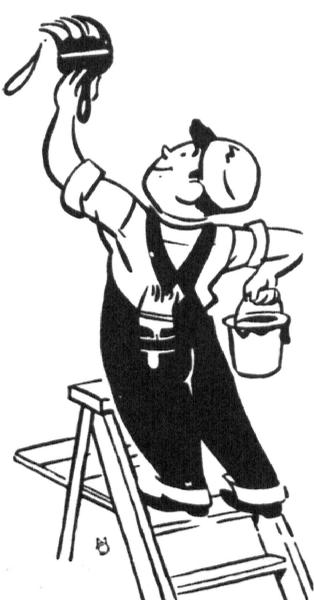
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TRY

YOUR

LUCK



AT

The Stables



contributors' page

SHOWME's answer to Roy Rogers and/or Trigger is a boisterous buckaroo who goes under the name of Buffalo Bob Garrett. One of the erstwhile joke editors of the staff, Bob's prowess with a cayuse is quite a joke itself, for shucks, podnuh, this frustrated wrangler can't even ride a hoss. His western attire is merely to remind everyone that he is a steady sasparrilla drinker at the Stables and the Saddle Club.

A native of Columbia, Bob is best known for his lead role in a magazine picture story entitled "Parity Goes to College," which appeared in a nationally-known publication. As a student in Engine School, Bob plans on majoring in Principles and Methods of Hobby Horse Construction. (He's gonna ride that hoss someday.)

When not searching old Man-eater feature stories for jokes, Bob can be found leading the light brigade at ROTC drill sessions. After being asked what his formula was for digging up good jokes, or good funny jokes, or bad jokes, or jokes, Bob replied in that charming High Noon drawl of his: "Plagiarize."



Katie Kelly, an Irish Indian who lives in a Hogan makes up the other side of SHOWME's dynamic and colorful "Wild West" joke staff. Since her home town, Albion, Nebraska, is near an Indian reservation, Katie, (or Pocahontas) is employed part-time as a field representative for the Society of Cigar Store Indians, with her headquarters located at the Wigwam.

When not handing out cigars Katie is usually found, and quite distinctly seen, writing continuity for Station KFRU while dressed in the most un-Indianish pink Bermudas ever seen by weak-eyed palefaces. If this job doesn't occupy most of her time, Katie devotes her remaining hours to counseling distraught squaws at TD-3 and beating off the braves from TD-4. (With the pink Bermudas on, of course.)

Miss Kelly, when asked to describe her idea of a perfect man, (or brave), declared that he must carry a blanket on Hink parties solely for the purpose of sending smoke signals, and must say "how" only when extending a greeting, not when asking a question.

—H.D.O.

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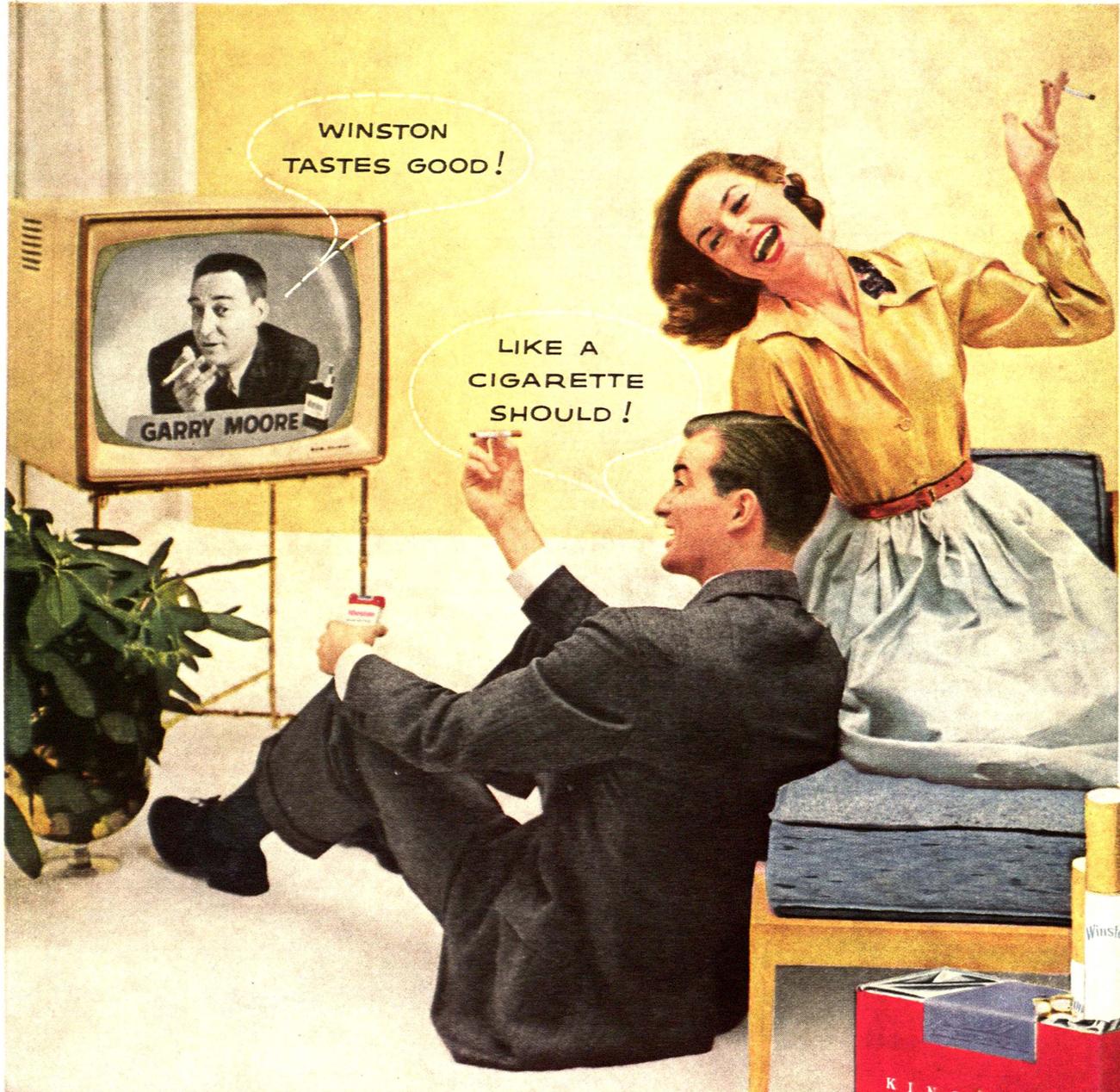
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