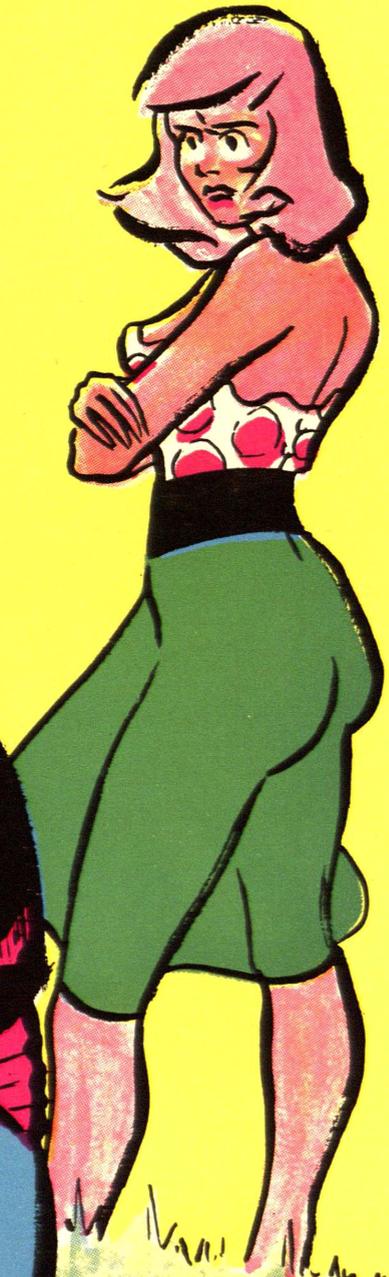
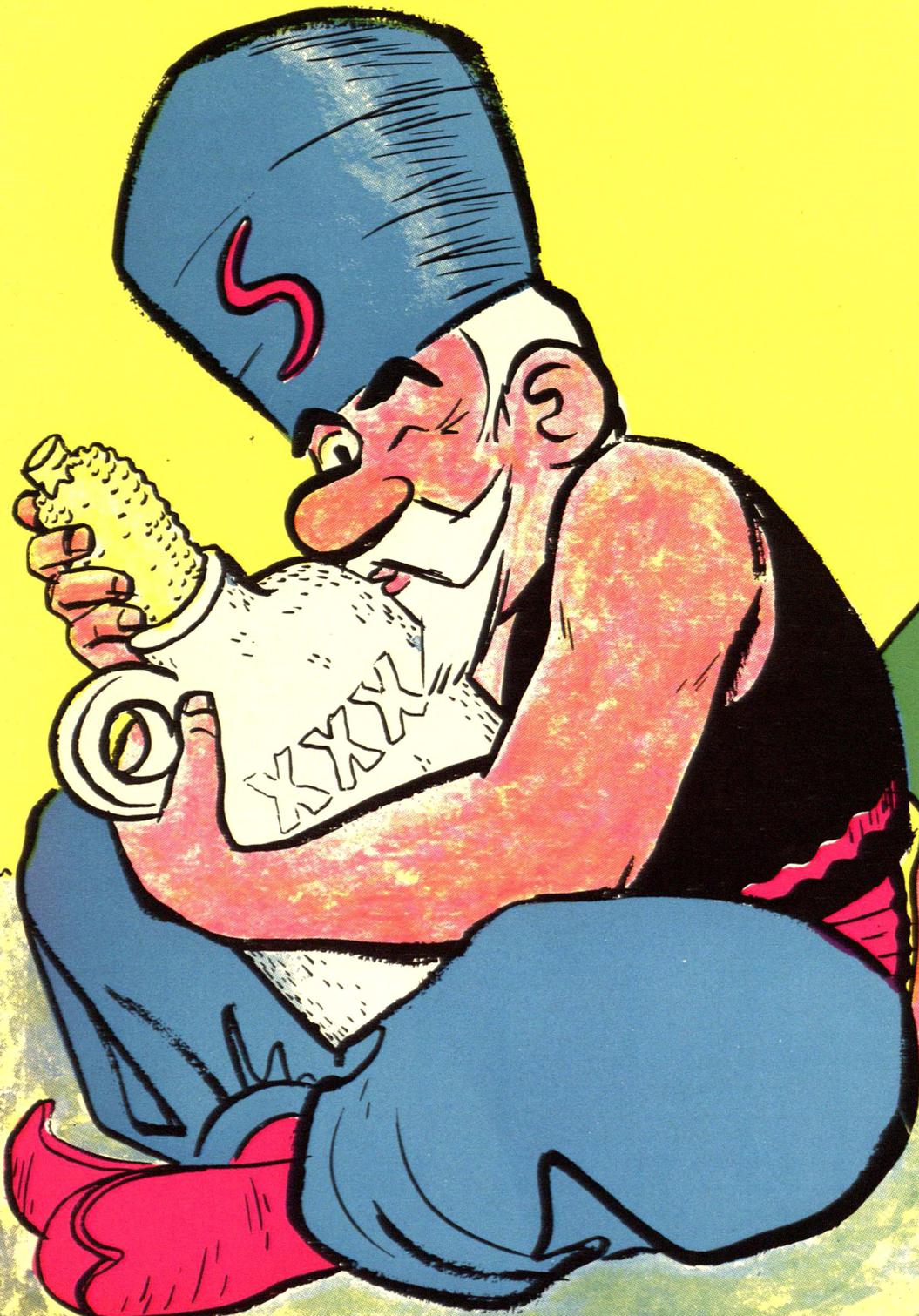


33 # 8  
1956



# Showme

25c



FREILSTRUP

ozark issue

J BAR H  
5TH ANNUAL

# RODEO

OF CHAMPIONS

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*On the Beautiful Lake of the Ozarks*

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THRILLS, CHILLS  
AND SPILLS  
9 CONTEST EVENTS**



**THE WORLD'S  
MOST COLORFUL  
AND THRILLING  
OUTDOOR RODEO**

**13,000 RESERVED SEATS AT  
\$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00**

**JULY**

**10**

8:00 P.M.

**11**

8:00 P.M.

**12**

8:00 P.M.

**13**

8:00 P.M.

**14**

8:00 P.M.

**15**

5:30 P.M.

**Tickets Now on Sale! Write J Bar H Rodeo, Camdenton, Missouri**

*Puckett's*

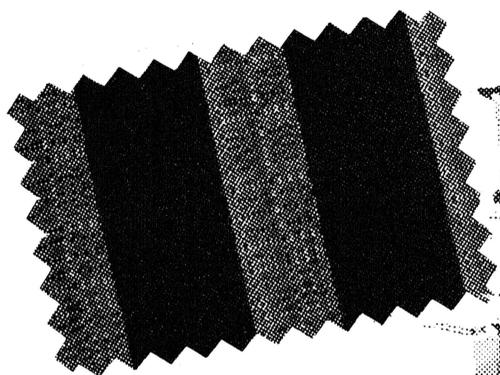
"OF COURSE"

*our bright*

# **BLAZER JACKET**

Hail the return of an old favorite--brought up to date in style, and lightened to feather weight! The bright blazer adds a world of color to your casual life, and keeps you comfortable while it's giving you your best look. We've a multitude of handsome stripings--as bold in color as you like--in the coolest of crush-resistant cotton, and in friendly wool and cotton blends. Try one for a refreshing change--in full color!

**\$30**



*Puckett's*

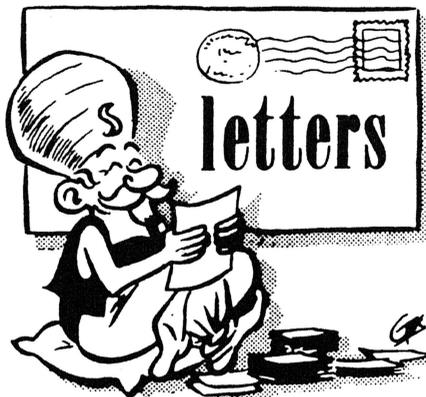
*W/son*



Invites You  
To Come Up  
To

302 Read Hall

- ARTISTS
- WRITERS
- GAG MEN
- ADVERTISING



Dear Editor

I am a *humble* subscriber to the wicked words of your little goody-book with cultural sidelines. The book, stupid.

Even have a joke for ya: Somebody to somebody else: "Say, since you're an impartial outsider, just tell me—what do you think of the human race?"

A reader,  
Betty Neison  
6101 Erie Ave.  
Cincinnati, Ohio  
University of C.

My Dear Betty,

We print your letter here only to show our local readers how thankful they should be for their intelligence—or lack of it if you're considered a prodigy. Your joke belongs in the yearbook of the Western Wyoming State Teacher's College for Men, not a college humor magazine. But gee, thanks for writing.

Ed.

Dear Editor,

Great day! You shook the troops in the FEC (Far East Command) with the "Girl of the Month" section in your February 1956 issue of SHOWME. Pollee was certainly an outstanding feature in your Greek issue, but please take it easy on us fellows way over here in Japan who only have our Josans. Believe me, there's none comparable to our stateside blonds, redheads and brunettes.

Here's hoping your imaginative creations of SHOWME continue.  
Sayonara,  
S/Sgt. W. G. Heid, Jr.  
Box 33 Hq. 43d Air Div.  
APO 929 San Francisco

Dear Sgt. Heid,

We certainly didn't mean to shake up OUR BOYS, Sarge, but glad you liked it anyway. Also glad you didn't decide to make Pollee MISS HYDRAULIC BOMB-BAY DOOR or something of that nature. One tip, however: Our stateside beauties dislike psuedo-cosmopolitan foreign words and phrases rolling off the tonque of professional world-travellers.

Revoir,  
Ed.

P.S. About your Josans—we've been there too—and think they're itchyban!

Editor:

... I think your story "Wedding of the Century" was the funniest thing I have ever seen in SHOWME. If you don't believe me when I say that your makeup stinks, ask any "Jay" school student . . .

MPK

Dear MPK,

Thank you for your comment, ma'am, it's probably the most intelligent criticism of the first issue to date. But we refuse to ask a "Jay" schooler mechanic his opinion, and prefer to stick to the opinions of people who refuse to use formulas and set patterns in everything they write. But we agree, it (the makeup) did stink. Better this time, we'll bet.

Ed.

Editor:

... Taking for granted that your men are as unsexed as your magazine. I think you aware of are not the value of pumpkins . . .

Paris, France

Dear Paris,

Thank you. We are aware that it has been recently proved that polar bear livers contain hormone-building vitamins in a quantity exceeding eggs and oysters. Now pumpkins have been shown to exceed polar bear livers in this quality, and more, are easier to procure, less expensive, and taste better.

Ed.

The mother lion opened her eyes lazily and saw her young son chasing a hunter around a tree. "Junior," she said, "don't play with your food."

## TIGER

Friday, May 11th  
Thru Thursday, May 17th

JENNIFER JONES  
in  
"SONG OF BERNADETTE"

Friday, May 18th  
Thru Thursday, May 20th

GENE TIERNEY  
in  
"LEAVE HER TO HEAVEN"

Friday, May 21st  
Thru Thursday, May 27th

GREGORY PECK  
in  
"KEYS TO THE KINGDOM"

the  
finest selection  
of LIQUORS  
in town

- Champagne
- Whisky
- Ice cold beer
- Wines
- Mixes



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"novus"  
...that's who  
has new JOYCES



the novus shop

18 ON THE STROLLWAY

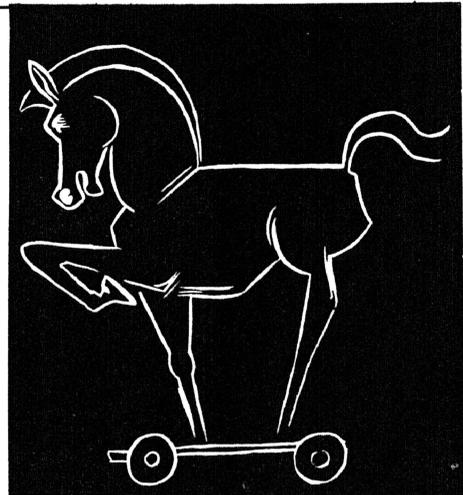
He: "Your husband is a brilliant looking man. I suppose he knows everything."  
She: "Don't be silly. He doesn't even suspect."

**Follow the New Fad-io  
Come out to the Patio**



*For Your Every  
Need*

**The Stable**



"located on the Hink  
for your convenience"

First Bride: "Does your husband snore in his sleep?"  
 Second Bride: "I don't know, we've only been married a week."



You can be a water sprite in a Catalina Brite Sprite swim suit. A swimming suit that will accent your golden brown suntan. This suit has horizontal and vertical candy stripes, a binding stripe at the leg, and can be worn with or without the straps. Turquoise and white, Black and white, Pink and white. **\$12.95.** Others to **\$29.95.**

*The Blue Shop*

912 BROADWAY



AS YOU MAY have guessed in the years gone by, and by the title of this issue, we of the SHOWME are kinda partial to that section of Missouri known as the Ozarks. The issue is an annual event, and marks the coming of swimming and water-skiing weather, for, when old Sol moves round and gets brighter, Swami's men and ladies tour south.

And we do have fun. We're catered to by a group of innkeepers and merchants who are free from the usual apprehensions concerning college students. These people recognize the student as a human being and treat him accordingly. So we'd like to pass on to you our feelings about the area, and hope that you'll take advantage of your proximity to this haven. You never know who you'll meet down there or what faculty member you can observe holding down his tent in the wind.

So give it a whirl, get out of town, relax. If you're not careful, you might even enjoy yourself . . .

Speaking of enjoyment (and we were), we went to a formal dance the other night. Everybody had been looking forward to the thing for some time, and saying what a good time they were going to have and all, so naturally we looked forward to it also, and thought, perhaps ignorantly, that we were going to have a ball. But the next morning when we ventured forth with head aflutter, the first thing we ran into was a not-too-good-natured criticism of us for *having* fun at said dance. "You're supposed," quoth the leader of the band of self-righteous vigilantes," to see to it that *others* enjoy them-

selves." And that, suh, is just what we'll do if we're ever invited again, We'll go out and eat worms, that's what we'll do.

Sometime between now and the time of the next and last issue, the staff is going all out and throwing a recognition banquet. This, like the Ozark Issue, is a traditional event around 302 Read, and everyone likes it. We eat steak. Last year Les Gibbs got recognized and was awarded a key, but went out after the feast and got beat up by several evil characters, and in the affray lost his key. Jack London Duncan lost his too, but in an oddly different manner.

Lots of fun is scheduled for our second annual pig roast, where we buy a young suckling and burn it over a raging fire, southern style. We invite people, and have a trichinosis expert on hand at all times. Dudley Martin comes around too. Last year it rained, and Katie Kelley got mad because she had to stand out in the rain and guard the pig, but this year it'll be different, we'll have sunny weather. By the way, anybody can come if he chips in on the food and drink.

One more issue. That one'll be the Going Home Issue, or something of the nature, and we'll expose all the happenings that have occurred throughout the school year, and more. The cover is already designed, and we're sure you'll love it so start anticipating now. We'll be out right around the start of finals, so save a quarter and maybe thirty minutes of your studying time for our little book of lore. One thing, though: Last year, on the last issue, we threw our beloved censor into the Hinkson, whereupon he reached up from his watery grave and damn near dragged the whole batch of us along with him. Repercussions sounded loudly for nigh on to nine months, and YOUR HUMOR MAGAZINE almost ceased to exist. So look not for Phallic Revivals, or stories about women in the family way, but do, and we repeat, DO, use your SHOWME Dirty Joke Decoder and your natural God-given ability to realize a double or triple entendre. See you then.

Bob



## Staff

### EDITOR

Bob Williams

### ASSISTANTS

Skip Troelstrup

Les Gibbs

Dick Noel

### BUSINESS MANAGER

Carl Weseman

### FEATURE EDITOR

Bob Cates

### PUBLICITY

Kenny McWade

### EXCHANGES

Sue Slayton

### PHOTO FEATURES

Bob Garrett

### ADVERTISING

Ed Minning

### SUBSCRIPTIONS

Pat Deatherage

### OFFICE MANAGER

Bev Engle

### JOKES

Katie Kelley

Bob Garrett

### PHOTOGRAPHS

Dick Shoemaker

Bill Newman

### STAFF ARTISTS

Earl Cramer

Will Bittick

Austin Booth

Stonewall Jackson

Nancy Sweet

Matt Flynn

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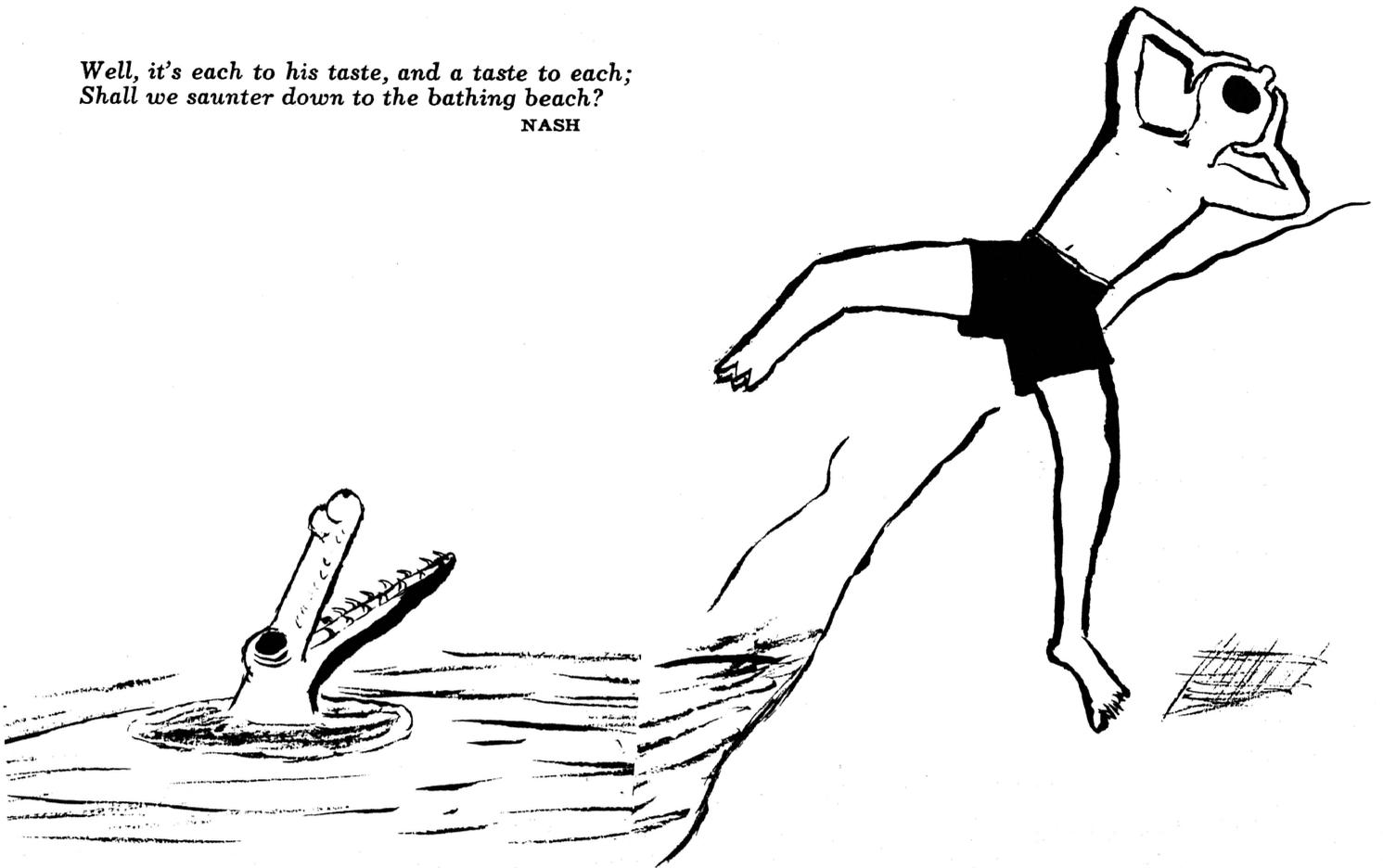
MAY, 1956

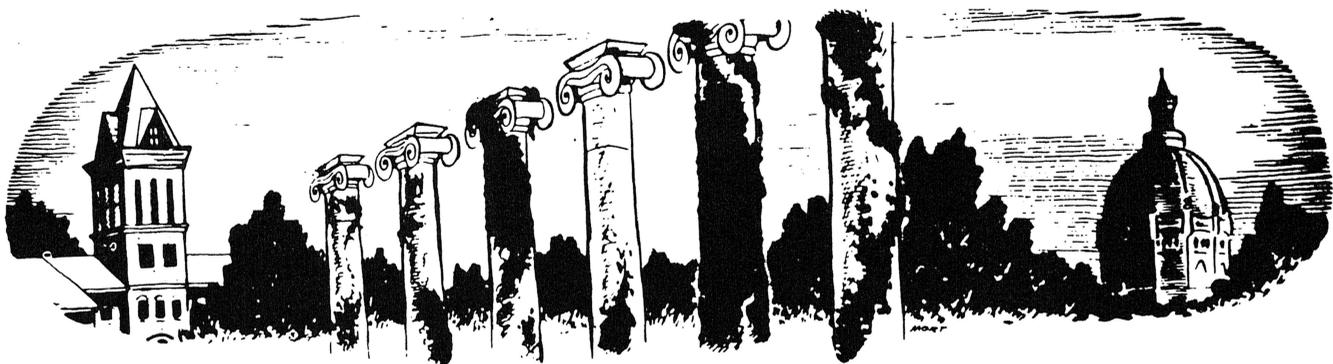
NUMBER 8

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.

*Well, it's each to his taste, and a taste to each;  
Shall we saunter down to the bathing beach?*

NASH





# Around The Columns

She: "I'm sitting on something."  
He: "I lost mine in the stock market."

**CLONK PING** zonk zonk which whirwhirwhir . . . "This is a recording, this is a recording, take me to your leader," ping zipzipzip. . . .

Ah, hell with it.

\* \* \*

**DID YOU** know that Cock Robin is dead? He is.

**THIS MONTH** is the merry marry merrie hairy month of May. . . . which . . . well . . . it . . . uh . . . did you ever try to write about a month for 200 words? . . . it's real whippy, I kid you not . . . lesee . . . May . . . ah . . . **flowers** . . . yeah, there's a good-ern . . . flowers . . . now then . . . bugs? . . . year . . . I guess . . . but what **kind** of bugs? . . . garbage . . . don't give me that old jazz . . . any kind of bugs . . . yeah . . . well . . . now . . . flowers . . . and bugs . . . and . . . aaannnnnd . . . dogs! there ya go . . . can't fool me . . . ha . . . May . . . ahhhh . . . grunt . . . hoo . . . well . . . lesee . . . maymaymay . . . the grass is green the sky is red and Freddy says the babies' dead and it is the plenty good month of May with flowers bugs and dogs and things and I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings and mother please may Jimmy and I go out to play in the mud and dirt and root around in it for it's the happy-happy May month and we will fly kites and look for birdy eggs and smash them hah bang rain rain come around for little Billy wants to drownd bite snarl growl rut rut? rut gb|x yled nolpeing. . . .

**MAY!** (Pant pant pant pant. . .)

**398 WOMAN OF THE WORLD**

Thirteen years old, 5'2", 40-34-41. Enjoys field hockey, and Hedda Hopper. Also grasshoppers.

**Wants sugar daddy, age doesn't matter, money does.**

**Twin Propellers**

\* \* \*

**HERE IS** some highly pertinent information on my favorite subject. It is about beer and I read it in a dirty book.

The United States is the beer-drinkingest country, and Milwaukee is the beer-drinkingest city in the beer-drinkingest country. Wisconsin residents, you see, put away 26 gallons of beer a year for every man, woman, and cheeild. And they call it the **Cheese State**.



Even the Germans, beer guzzlers from the word go, can only dispose of 15 gallons per capita annually.

There now. Don't you feel educated?

\* \* \*

**DO YOU** know who killed Cock Robin?

\* \* \*

**THERE IS** a radio station here in Columbia (by the way, I'm a town boy myself) which is called KBIA, which is as good a thing to call it as most anything else, I guess, and it is our soft music station for mid-Missouri. They play all this crazy music, see. But the

switch is that all this music is recorded. Hell, they admit it. Every ten or fifteen minutes they admit it. Music by recording. Now if they'd just shut **up** about it, and kind of keep quiet, no one would know the **difference**. Everybody'd think that they had all these bands and singers right out at the station. I would. **Everybody** would. But no, their not satisfied, they gotta be Charles Honest and **admit** it.

I wish Jesse James was still alive.

\* \* \*

**DO YOU READ** books much? I do. Every **once** in a while I do. In 1949 I read this book called **Walt Disney's Comics and Funnies**, which was pretty good. Not much plot, you understand, but still pretty good. And in 1952 I read **You Too Can Get a Comfortable Rupture-Easer**.

Well, the other day I finished another one. It is called **European History Since 1870**, and it was written by a man named Benns. It is sort of a historical novel and the setting is in Europe. It has plenty plenty pages, too. 1030 of them.

Well, what I'm getting at is you can have it. I don't want it any more. It is in good shape — it hasn't been used hard—and, if you will, it has a red cover, if you will, and yellow lettering, if you will.

And you can have it. Free.

If you will.

\* \* \*

**418 EXPERIENCED**

Coronet player who's had eight. Would like to correspond with number nine. Please be nice; he's getting tired.

**I. Ben Had.**

\* \* \*

**ALL RIGHT CHILDREN**, the time has come for our story hour, so pull your go-carts up close and I will tell you the tale my great, great, great grandfather used to tell his dog.

Once upon a time, long, long ago (about last Tuesday), there lived in a great forest two little children called Hansel and Myrtle. They lived with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Manbites Dogg. Mrs. Dogg was a Major in the d. eisz ther...yah

Third Artillery Corps and a former tackle for the Green Bay Packers. Mr. Dogg was an eighth grade pupil in a little red school house. The Dogg family was very poor and owed upwards of \$7000 to FC. Once, in a severe crisis, they nearly had to hock their TV set. But, even in its poverty, the family was always happy and gay. Often, in a cold winter night, the children would do folk dances and sing bright songs while gentle Mother Dogg played the bassoon. At this time Father Dogg would hear them while playing with his model railroad layout in the cellar and come bounding up the stairs to entertain the other Doggs with impersonations of Johnny Ray, Ivan the Terrible, and other notables.

Alas and alack, these peaceful things were to come to an end so suddenly. For, besides the Dogg family, there also lived in the great forest the horrible fairy witch, Snow Dwarf, and the Seven Grundles, who had a long and varied record of nasty deeds throughout the land.

One cold, snowy winter night a

few days before Christmas the two Dogg children were staggering through the forest trying to flush wild rabbits with long sticks when they came across the tracks of Snow Dwarf and the Grundles. They were greatly frightened and



went scampering through the brush and snow making noises like wild rabbits so as to fool Snow Dwarf. But since there hadn't been any wild rabbits in the forest for 60 years, this seemed rather peculiar; and Snow Dwarf knew something was afoot.

She and the Grundles set after the children and after a 192 mile chase (during which two Grundles collapsed from exhaustion) they caught them. The children were then taken to Snow Dwarf's cave, where she and the remaining five Grundles had a long panel discussion as to what nasty deed to perpetrate on them. Hansel, growing tired of waiting, took out his 40 mm recoilless service revolver and emptied the weapon on Snow Dwarf while Myrtles

blew the Grundles to smithereens with a nicely aimed hand grenade.

They then collected the state bounty for Snow Dwarfs and Grundles (which, luckily, were in season), and the Dogg family moved to Florida where they and 26 Cadillacs lived happily ever after.

Moral: Barking Doggs never bite, but watch out plenty sharp for small children with service revolvers.

\* \* \*

**FRANKLY**, I haven't any idea who killed Cock Robin.

\* \* \*

**719 TRAVELING SALESMAN**  
Sloppy, jovial fat man would like to hear from anyone who doesn't live on a farm.

Mr. Snow

\* \* \*

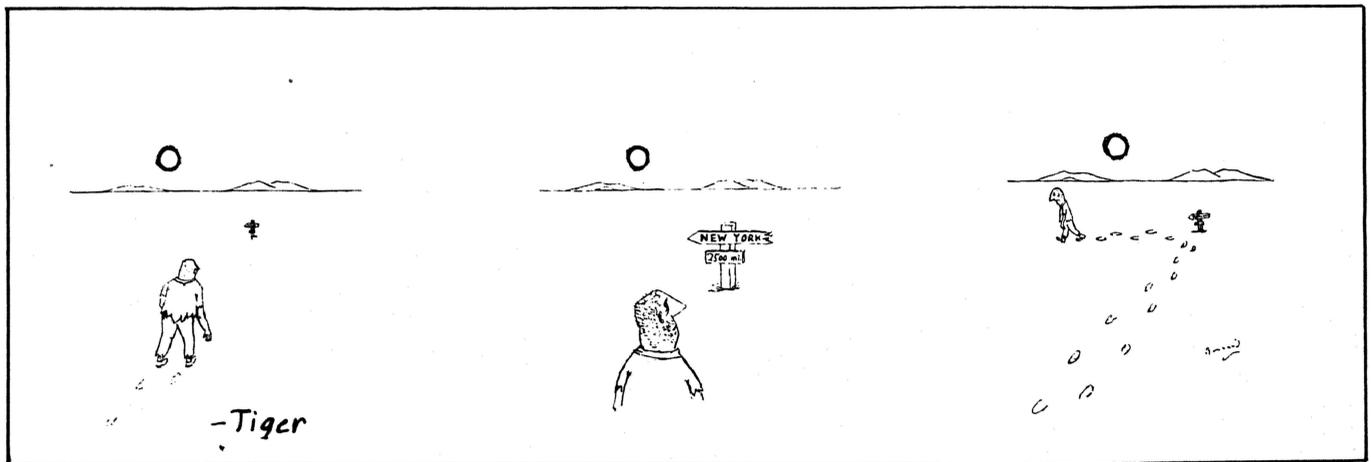
**THE MANEATER**, a sort of weekly newspaper published here at MU, which is made of good grade paper—non-irritating to the skin, usually has quite a few advertisements in it. And every week they advertise whichever movie is showing at the Stagnant Onion. A couple of weeks ago they advertised a movie called "Withering Heights". Now I know of a book by Emily Bronte which is called **Wuthering Heights**, but I guess I just missed "Withering Heights."

Withering Heights. Hmmmm. Must be about soil erosion.

\* \* \*

**THE END OF** the semester approaches . . . the grueling, fevered pitch reaches its highest point . . . the horrible sensation of falling into a deep void of examinations and term papers . . . the inexor-

A bird in the hand is worthless when you want to blow your nose.



able week of reckoning coming closer, closer . . . the basic, frightening urge to fall in love . . . sweaty palms in third rate Columbia movie houses . . . Life rolling along, gaining momentum until the flood stage, and the overflowing, uprooting everything in its path . . . the letter home from the dean . . . the resulting dilemma of the eagle or the tiger . . . the tiger loses . . . Salute! Damn you!

\* \* \*

**MANY OF** our young engineers spend a lot of time tinkering with the misses in their motors.

There once was a young man from Kent, who gave up breathing for Lent, He gasped and he strained with an expression quite pained—he's now in an oxygen tent.

\* \* \*

**785 STEVEDORE**

Young lady (under 53) likes dogs and old men. Would like to hear from either.

Magnolia

\* \* \*

**QEBH, WHICH** must mean something or other, puts out a directory every once in a while. In it are the names of all the members for a certain span of years and a short sketch of each's activities—through to the present.



On page 10 of the 1950-1955 directory there is some information on a certain T. A. Burgeson, Jr. It traces his life up to when he got married. Then it says, "Apparently he has been as busy out of college as he was in, as he has twin boys born August 6, 1954."

Yes, apparently.

**THERE ARE** trolls, fairys, elves, dwarfs, and gnomes. Gnomes are



"No mam, we seem to have run out of parakeets—how about a nice rat?"

the best.

\* \* \*

**HERE IS** a joke.

Little Boy: What do you repair shoes with?

Cobbler: Hide.

Little Boy: Why should I hide?

Cobbler: Hide! Hide! The cow's outside!

Little Boy: So what? Who the hell's afraid of an old cow?

\* \* \*

I'm glad Cock Robin is dead.

\* \* \*

**THE WORD'S OUT.** A new Stephens College rule requires any male desiring a date with a Susie to bring along a letter of recommendation from his housemother, and a statement of his financial situation.

When these conditions are met, the last step is the signing of a Loyalty Oath, in which the prospective dater swears that he "Never did, and never will date a university girl".

\* \* \*

**SAY THERE,** does Lloyd George know your father? You better find out.

\* \* \*

**THEN** there is the story of the dead dachshund. He met his end going around a tree.

\* \* \*

**UNO,** duo, trees, quatre, sink,

sees, set, huit, nuufe, dees, jacque, kingee, queeneth, kingeth, aceth . . . tramp tramp tramp tramp (that's the dead) tramp squash tramp tramp . . .

HOOOAHHHHHHH !!! I'm THROUGH! Didn't think I'D make it, didja?

Well . . .



I

am.

Adios, you mothamothamothamotha . . . mothfff . . .

Paul harvey, good day?

Yesterday? Green?

Tarawa maybe?

Ah well, see you all next month . . .

Dick Noel

Pi Phi: "I said some foolish things to Robert last night."  
Tri Delta: "Yes?"  
Pi Phi: "That was one of them."

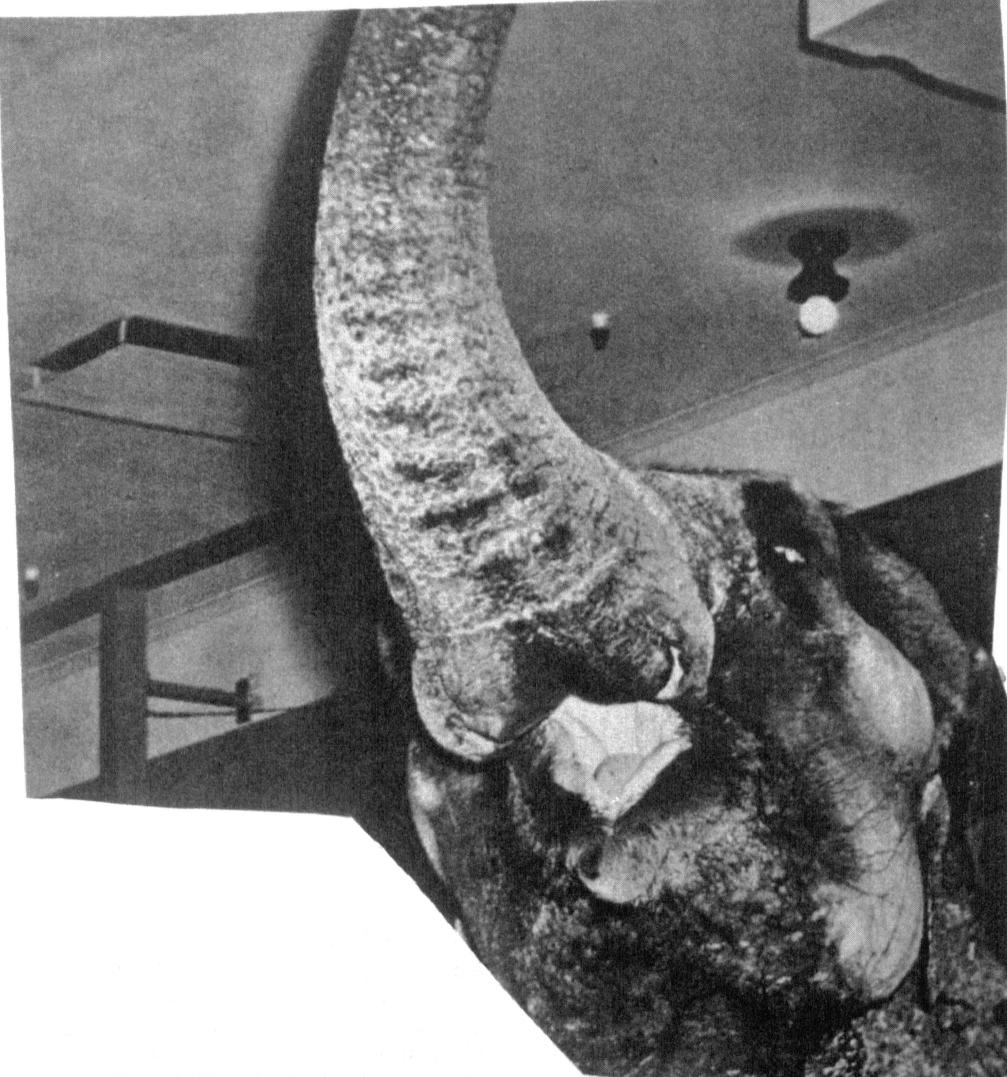
## American Cooks are

**T**HIS IS AN AGE of modernization with advice and detailed instructions on doing things for ones self in such effusion that one is almost ashamed to try to buy something ready made.

Yet, amid this wealth of instructional material on every known field of endeavor from cyclatron cleaning to gardenia grafting, one important field has been utterly overlooked. Cooking.

Strange isn't it that, with every human soul on the planet spending at least three hours a day at the job of eating what has been cooked, the art of cooking itself should be left to make out with its medieval methods.

Looking into this appalling abyss some time ago, I did some research upon the important phases of culinary that cannot be approached with current cook books. Here are but a few of the things that a modern cook must know.

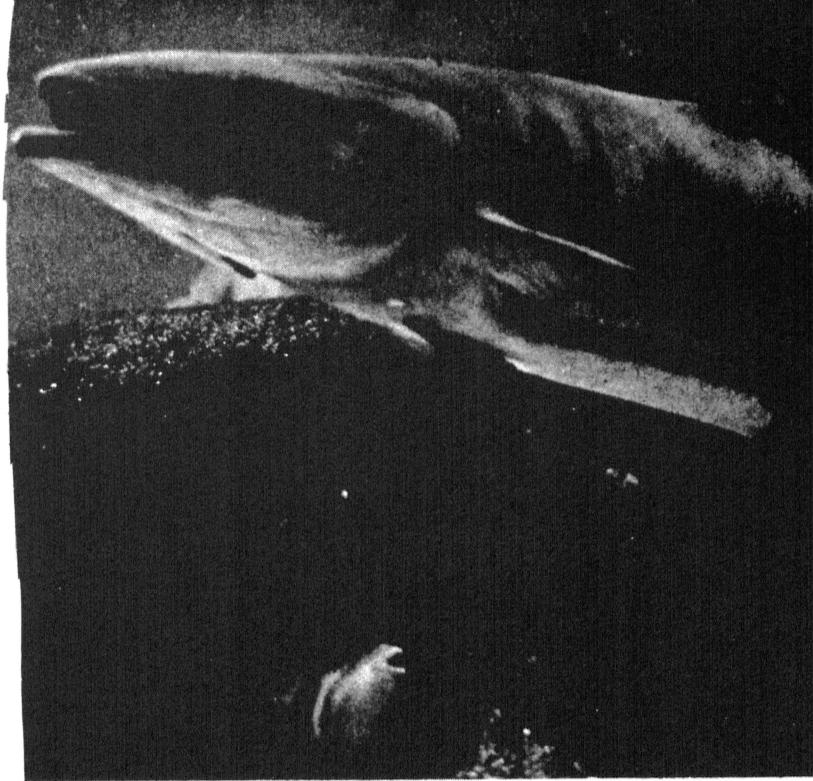
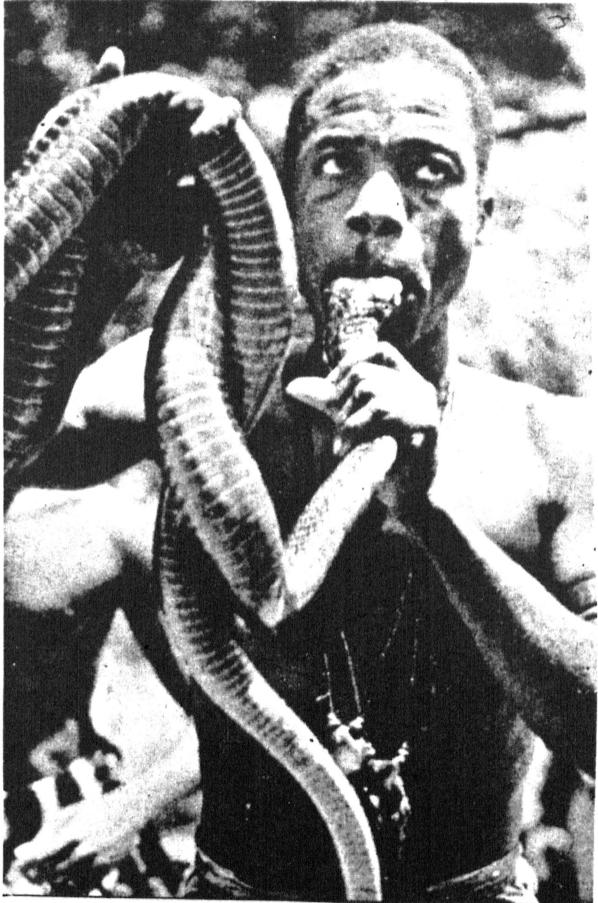


Probably the most delicious treat is roast rump of tree-dwelling elephant. Yet most housewives don't even know how to get the raw materials home from the store and into the kitchen.



The government is currently training millions of young men in the hunting of humans. Yet absolutely nothing has been done along this line in the field of culinary.

# GOING TO POT



Countless young brides-to-be haven't even an inkling of an idea about how to broil a shark. And what is even more disheartening neither did their grandmothers.

Many delicacies which are indigenous to foreign countries are completely ignored in American cook books. Is your family being cheated by this shady practice?

Where can one purchase adequate equipment for preparing fillet of gnats kidney—which, served under glass, can make a true connoisseur drop dead from sheer ecstasy? In America this dish is practically unknown



"What, me worry?"



# Where is YOU?

*When Charles V retired in weariness from the greatest throne in the world to the solitude of the monastery at Yuste, he occupied his leisure for some weeks in trying to regulate two clocks. It proved to be difficult. One day, it is recorded, he turned to his assistant and said: "To think that I attempted to force the reason and conscience of thousands of men into one mould, and I cannot make two clocks agree!"*

HAVELOCK ELLIS

OLD CHARLES THE FIFTH would have a ruddy good time of it at Missouri . . . because our feet of clay are growing upward. Of course, he'd have to change his title to Chuck AND HIS FIFTH and melt into the sea of middle-ness for even now Kings couldn't do what we ourselves have done. Today the ticker in Memorial Tower and the clock in KFRU rarely agree, but without any effort Chuck would find several thousand persons of one mould. And that's a good start.

They wear the same clothes, worship the same conspicuous consumption and say the same things. But they look to no leader because they ape each other. There are a few to lead . . . they're too busy following the followers.

It was only a few years ago that the intellectual journals wrung their hands over political conformity on campus and off. Hell, men, lets call 'em straight. Most students don't know enough about political problems to be even an outspoken conformist. The idea has gone beyond that. Or by-passed it.

It used to be a standing joke to watch residents of an organized house march out to class in similar dress. That was their uniform.

You could almost spot the organization affiliation of a stranger by his clothes. Ah, those were the days of individuality!

Some students spend a small fortune, of dad's, to dress up like everyone else . . . to be lost in the sea of sameness with carefully disarranged khaki pants with ivy league anchor hanging on the back plus open neck white shirt and toss in a dark blue sweater and suede jacket. There are one or two standard ensembles you can

add yourself. You wear 'em, y'know.

All this reflects the student mind . . . standard. They gather at the same places with the same words. They say "whatdyasay" and "howyadoin'" without waiting for an answer. They judge a local broad by her evening virtue, material value or affiliation. She is called "sharp" if visually agreeable. If she talks, that's bad. Horrors!

Incredible that she should think and revolt after a typically wonderful evening filled with sparkling MUman-talk like "What's on at the show? Do you know how much I can drink? I'm in the best house on campus. What's the latest record? You're cute, honey. I like you." And vice-versa.

When a quiz worries you, you say, "Man, I gotta improve my grades more." Who ever heard another say, "I gotta learn more?"

Many, many individuals come careening into school full of questions and confidence . . . and they go sailing out as a standard model student. A student who is more interested in the material gains of an immediate job and to the fringe benefits thrown in than anything else.

Lincoln once remarked that he was more interested in what a man IS, rather than what his father WAS. But you try to get close to the "wheels" (we don't know what that is but that's what you call them), meet ones who can do you good and vote in new members to something who are already able to take care of themselves socially rather than those who need help and can be developed into something. But then, maybe they're better off not being moulded into anything . . . as things are.

The standard student has a car too big for Columbia's streets and insists on driving it four blocks to class, jam packed with the friends he talks with, eats with, walks with, sleeps with in a sense, drinks with and doesn't know very well.

That's because he talks at them instead of with them.

There was a time when twins could add a touch of humor to dating by switching dates. A local remark was made not long ago by

Adam: "Eve! You've gone and put my dress suit in the salad again!"



Beta: "Our fraternity maintains four homes for the feeble minded."  
Rushes: "I heard you had more chapters than that."

a standard model coed that no matter who she dates, it's just like the same guy anyway. But let's face it. Does the guy notice any general difference? Why?

Maybe because you spell "I" with the natural capital letter . . . but live in that way too.

An athlete is so afraid he himself isn't impressive enough so he hangs his letter on his stomach (chest, during training). Why not wear it upside down? More would notice you. The driver screeches his tires and guns the exhaust every twenty yards in campus excursions. Why not play the radio up higher too? Or do you? The other drives a luxury car to appear more impressive. Why not a 1915 Mercer Runabout? More would look at you.

Why is everyone afraid to be himself and stand on that . . . instead of wearing a cloak of chrome and suede. Your front is as false as your sportcoat shoulders and sweaters . . . but everyone does it, don't they? So do you.

If Bermuda shorts are comfortable and you're not so blasted ugly in them, why don't you wear them? Maybe you would? Bet you won't until a majority of others do . . . because you haven't the guts to be yourself . . . until the magazines dictate it. However we do wonder why those who never should are the ones who do. Or is there no other way except the negative approach to attract attention?

When you play music you select the same numbers set up for you by the press agents and played by local disc jockeys copying the pros and hit list of billboard who select their own stuff thus missing a great reason why they are pros . . . and remain so. No matter where you sit down, you have the same selections of music in front of you because you are predictable.

And you'll shove those nickels and dimes in one after the other into the machine in which even the shop owner can't control the musical selection. If you'd rather hear Guy Lombardo you play Bill Haley's Comets because everyone would stare at you if you didn't. You'd be square. That's the worst thing in the world isn't it? Square often means you think for yourself.

Oh, you think for yourself, all right. The kind of individualism where you park between two spaces next to the curb and only motorcycles can use the rest.

When you sit in class you take every word as indisputable. You don't ask questions and if someone does you have a funny remark for your neighbor . . . because that's what everyone does. You read of brainwashing and indoctrination and say it's perfectly dreadful . . . if you can form an opinion on such things. But when the instructor begs for questions (yes, he IS in the majority) and dissenting opinions you sit there . . . often praying none else will ask something if the bell is about to blast. You wanta cuppa cawfee.

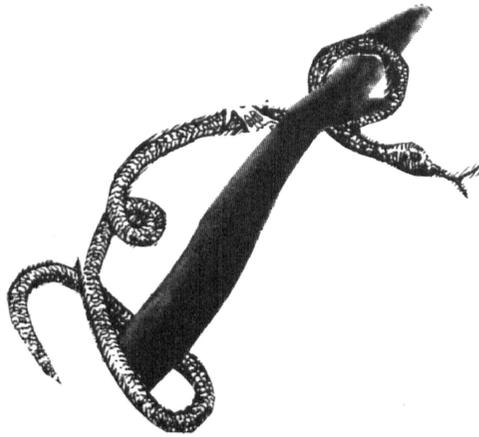
Why don't you ask what you think, say what you believe and listen to others who don't give you grades for listening? Read something besides the TV listings.

There are some wonderful TV offerings, but on the other hand you just might read something and form an idea you can use in conversation besides half-lies on last night's date.

But this doesn't mean much because the men you admire (because they have Mercurys, suburban homes, chrome-plated toothbrushes and high divorce rates) read Time, watch wrestling and hire gardeners. Why shouldn't you do the same . . . and make money too? So what if your house, clothes, car, speech, debts and thinking is as uniform as the housing development you buy into.

You may get hot after reading this. You say you can name several from your own acquaintances who don't come anywhere near this pattern. Especially you. You always think of yourself, don't you?





## The Mark of a Cobra



By Mohan S. Bawa

This story was written by a young man born in Ferozepore, India. Mr. Bawa, after attending St. Vincent's High School in Poona, received his intermediate degree in arts at the University of Punjab. Studying Journalism here at Missouri, Mr. Bawa has never published before in the United States, but is a contributor of SUNSHINE magazine in India. The editors of SHOWME feel that you'll enjoy this story. We did.

IT WAS one of those long, summer afternoons when all the grown-ups were taking their naps. Nanny, in the kitchen making curds, thought that we were in our beds. Everything else had gone to sleep. Everything but the parrots and minahs and seven sisters in the big banyan tree in our yard, the squirrel and mongoose in the underbrush and maybe a snake, hidden from view on the side of a tree. Marisa and I, both of us fourteen, played seven tiles on the lawn under the shade of the banyan tree until Marisa tired and then she poked around in the garden for worms. She lifted up a worm impaled on the end of a twig and scrutinized it in the light.

"What are you going to do with the worm?" I asked.

"I'm going to chop him in half. Do you see how he squirms? Isn't it funny? Both parts of him are moving."

"I think you are cruel," I said.

"I think you're a sissy," she said.

Bundi jumped over the wall and came towards us. He was ten years old and a neighbour's boy. He looked bored.

"I'm not supposed to play with you," he said throwing himself on the grass. "Mother says that your sister is an insolent little slut and I wasn't to play with you or her."

Marisa had thrown the worm away. She was looking at Bundi now and laughing.

"What did you do now, Marisa? You're always going and doing something," he said.

"It was so funny! I climbed on their roof and looked through the skylight. Bundi's father and mother were making love."

"Did they see you?" I asked.

"Yes," she said carelessly, "Bundi's mother took the gun out and shook it at me. She said that she would kill me next time I did that. But I'm not afraid of her."

"What did you say to her?"

"I said 'Yah! Yah! I saw you making love to your husband! That really made her mad.'"

"You shouldn't have done that," I said. "That wasn't the right thing to do."

"There is a snake charmer coming down the road," Bundi said. "Shall we call him in?"

Marisa's eyes sparkled.

"Let's do!" she said. "Have you

First Kappa: "Does he dress like a gentleman?"  
Second Kappa: "I don't know, I never saw him dress."

"It's not the work I enjoy," said the taxi driver. "It's the people I run into."

four annas Bundi?"

Marisa and Bundi raced to the wall and climbed it. They waved the snake charmer to come in.

The snake charmer came in suspiciously. Once we had called him into perform and had not given him any bucksheesh. He sat down under the banyan tree cross legged and opened the brown basket in front of him. Marisa peered inside and he waved her aside. Slowly and with dignity he took his pipe and began to play. Suddenly he stopped and listened.

"Is there a snake in your garden?" he asked.

"Yes!" Marisa said excitedly. "We have a cobra that lives in that banyan tree!"

"If it comes, I will charm it," he said. Then he continued to play.

Slowly and majestically, with almost a sinister beauty, the cobra began to rise from the basket. As the music rose in pitch, the snake rose higher and higher, almost swaying to the music. Then suddenly and without warning the snake began to hiss and dart and the snake charmer hastily covered it with a gunny sack.

"She will not dance for me today," he said. "Now give me my bucksheesh."

Bundi took out a four anna bit and handed it to him.

Marisa sat on the grass and crossed her legs. Her black long hair fell uncombed to her shoulders. She tossed it out of her eyes.

"In my next life I want to be a snake," she said.

"In my next life I wish I was a snake charmer," Bundi said. "Then I would charm you and put you in my basket."

"No one will be able to charm me," Marisa said. "I shall be a cobra, cool, and green and beautiful and I shall have a diamond on my head."

"And how many people will you sting?" I asked scornfully.

"No one shall call me an insolent slut and no one shall call me 'that little devil' as Nanny does. There she comes; let's climb a tree."

Before Nanny could spot us we were up a pipul tree.

"Children!" she called in a nasal voice. "Where are you children?" She was a plump Anglo-Indian woman with fizzy black hair and

small eyes embedded in a fleshy face. A white dress fitted loosely over her.

"I know you're there!" she screamed shrilly when she heard Marisa giggle. "Come on down. It's time for tea."

\* \* \*

At teatime Nanny sat at the head of the table, her body heaving and squirming in the chair. Father was in Calcutta and mother was in the hospital having a baby and now Nanny sat with grim satisfaction in mother's chair. As Marisa's hand reached out for a piece of cake her voice, came sharp and clear.

"No cake for you, Marisa."

"Now what did I do?" Marisa wailed, her hand suspended in mid air.

"Mrs. Dutt called me up today and she told me what mischief you were up to yesterday. You were a bad, bad girl and you know what your mother has told me."

"Vulture," Marisa whispered under her breath to me.

Paul, our bearer, dressed in a white uniform and gray turban, served our tea. He winked at Marisa slyly when Nanny was not looking and dropped a piece of cake in her lap. Marisa nibbled at it bit by bit while Nanny watched

her suspiciously.

"You are going to have a history lesson after tea," Nanny said.

"Oh, no, Nanny! You said you would give us a holiday and we were going swimming in the river," Marisa said.

"You have been bad children and so there shall be no holiday today. It is dreadful what Mrs. Dutt told me. Whatever shall I tell your mother?"

In the schoolroom we waited for Nanny to come with the history books. It was a hot day and an electric fan droned monotonously in the room. Through the screen we could see the water of the river gleaming in the distance. Marisa was wearing a summer dress and her skin gleamed with perspiration. She had put her long, black hair on the top of her head in an effort to keep cool.

"Let's fool her and slip away," she said.

"She'll tell Mama," I said.

"Oh, it will be ages before she gets back. Let's go."

It wasn't long before we had slipped out of the house and were racing towards the river.

When we got to the edge of the river Marisa changed into her bathing suit and I got into my blue  
(Continued on page 28)



"And this is our home workshop where Freddy makes new firewood."

# A Day At Perch Paradise

By Bill Schlappen

She: "I nearly fainted when the fellow I was out with last night asked me for a kiss."

He: "You're gonna die when you hear what I have to say."



THE CONVERSATION in the dining-room at the Perch Paradise Lodge had drifted from complaint about the lumpy mattresses and weak coffee provided by the proprietor to criticism of Clem Kiddlehopper—a nickname bestowed upon the luckless fellow quite unbeknown to him.

It was Linda Warren who started it. "I just can't understand why the lodge owner allows that horrible old creep to park himself on that bench by the entrance," she said in a loud voice, full of condemnation. "Looks like he's made it his permanent address."

Several of us glanced apprehensively toward the doorway wondering if Clem might have overheard Linda's hostile comment, but the old codger was already in the midst of his mid-morning nap. He was sprawled out on the bench, which he had intelligently moved so that the large, rustic sign that heralded the lodge as "The Newest and Finest Resort in the Ozarks" would protect him from the broiling rays of the torrid June sun.

In the background the deep, blue waters of Lake Osage sparkled invitingly.

"It just ruins the atmosphere of the place, if you ask me," Linda continued. "Why in the world do they even let him sit there?"

A distinguished guest, who looked the lawyer type, chimed in authoritatively, "I hardly see how the lodge can do anything about it. You know, it's a public seat, after all."

"Now I don't think Clem—or whatever his name is—is as bad as some of us seem to think," I offered. "He's just had a tough go, that's all. Why, the other day we got to talking and he was telling me that . . ."

"Well, really!" Linda fumed. "How you can associate with a flea-bitten old hillybilly like that is really more than I can fathom. Really!"

She had effectively pulled the plug out of my tub, and I didn't pursue the subject any further. I had already annoyed her enough. After all, she was a sharp-looking broad with a chassis that did justice to a swimming suit and made Marilyn M. look like a struggling beginner. In addition, she was the most attractive eligible wench at Perch Paradise.

"Some people choose the most ridiculous friends," she hissed with a sarcastic glance, adding, "but then, birds of a feather."

She rose quickly from her seat at the table and maneuvered out of the room. As usual all the male eyes followed her exit, and I did not doubt for a moment that everyone's field of vision was zeroed in on the area occupied by her shamelessly undulating hips. They were inefficiently held in check this fine spring morning by some very snug and very brief white shorts. You know, the kind you'd need a shoe-horn to get in to and a potato peeler to get out of.

I wondered if this tall, well-equipped brunette had any tender emotions at all. I had hopes of finding out before my vacation was over. Deep down, though, I had the fiendish desire to take her down a notch or two just because she reminded me of the snob's snob.

I just couldn't understand why she got so worked up just because some old bird had made himself comfortable on a bench outside Perch Paradise.

Sure, maybe he did look a little grubby with his scroungy, drooping, dirty-grey moustache and his stubby chin. And he certainly didn't add anything to the scenery. But, he sure as hell wasn't doing anything to hurt Linda Warren.

On the day after my little skirmish with Linda on the subject of Clem Kiddlehopper's attributes—or the lack of them—we had gath-

## SUZIE STEPHENS —

by Skip Troelstrup



"A dollar's worth of sergeants, please."

ered in the dining-room for breakfast as usual.

The meal proceeded in silence, save for the "snap, crackle and pop" of Mrs. Van Chadwick's Rice Krispies and the slurping sound made by old Mr. Bowler gumming his Post Toasties. Finally, someone noticed the absence of Miss Warren and asked about her.

"I don't know," commented the proprietor as he filled a guest's cup with the murky yellow concoction he passed off as coffee. "She always goes swimming before breakfast. Probably got back late."

At this moment excited voices were heard on the porch and the proprietor, frowning, looked out of the screen door. "Gawd!" he exclaimed. "It's Miss Warren! Something's happened to her!"

We scrambled from our seats, murmuring anxiously, as Linda came through the doorway unsteadily. She was still in her robin-egg blue Bikini, with an old army blanket wrapped around her charming torso. Her long, dark hair straggled down over her face and her head drooped forward. She was panting heavily and swayed as she walked.

Clem was supporting her, with his arm around her slim waist.

"Now, you-all just come along

in and sit down and have yourself a nice hot cup of coffee, Missy," he drawled as he led her over to a large wicker rocking-chair, one of the few comfortable assets of the Perch Paradise Lodge.

It was obvious that Clem had been in the lake, too. His wild, thick hair and moustache were dripping wet, and his ill-fitting and tattered clothing clung tightly to his gaunt body.

Someone brought Linda a cup of "coffee" and we all gathered around her chair. After a short pause, she stared about the room and asked hoarsely, "Where is that dear, dear man?"

But Clem had disappeared. He had just crept quietly away while nobody was looking.

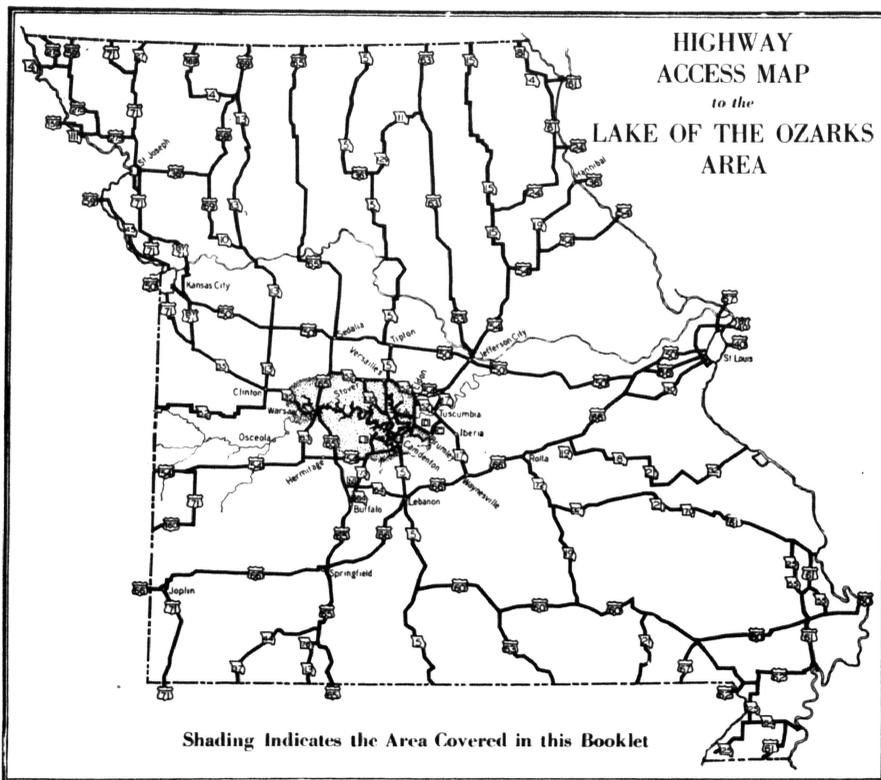
Then Linda saw him through the window. "Oh, it's all right," she remarked. "He's gone back out to sit on that bench."

"He saved my life," she continued, reverently. "I had swum quite some distance out and suddenly, I got a cramp. He could see I was in trouble. I was holding on to a rock, too scared to scream. He didn't hesitate a second. He ran down to the beach, jumped in, swam out and brought me back. He saved my life."

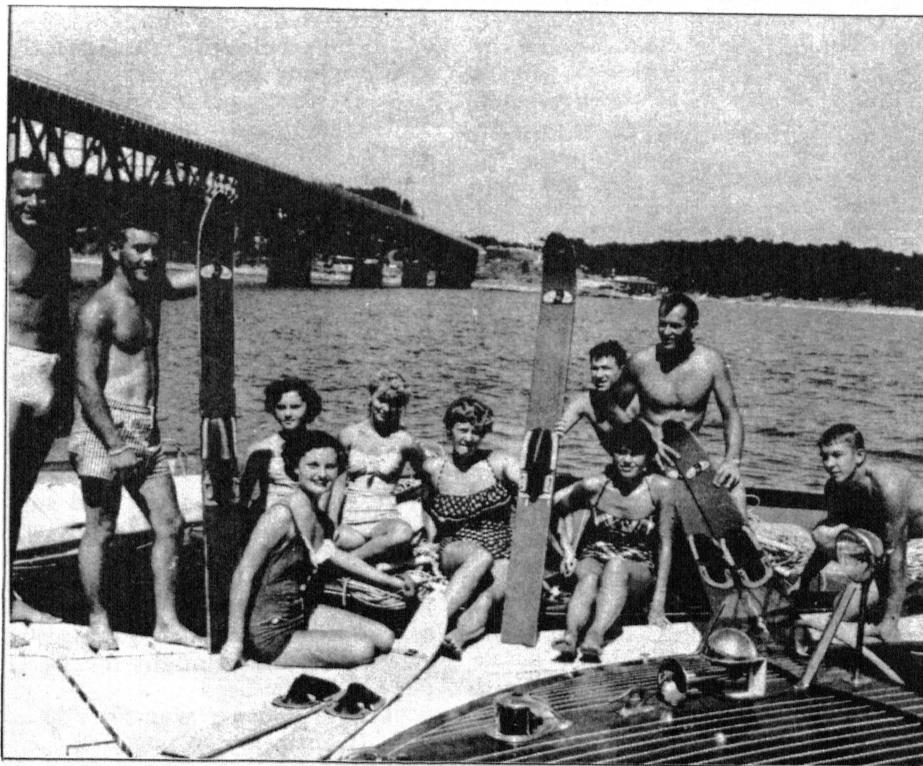
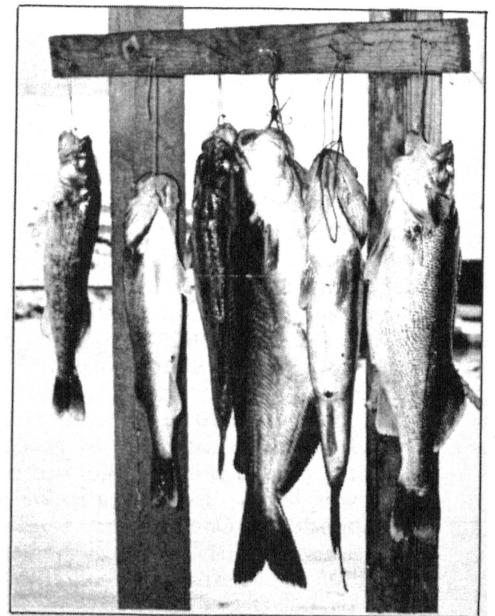
"I told you he was all right,"

(Continued on page 35)

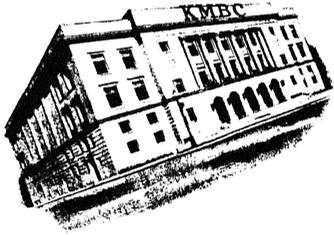
"Honey, I'd go through fire and water for you."  
"Okay, make it fire. I'd rather have you hot than wet."



# Land of the Sky Blue Water



*your  
ozark  
paradise*



# KMBC-TV

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B R O A D C A S T I N G   C O M P A N Y

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April 30, 1956

Mr. Robert Williams  
"Chiefie"  
Showme Magazine  
302 Read Hall  
Columbia, Missouri

Dear Bob:

Congratulations on your first issue. It was tops. It's good to see a group of fine young men who are willing to brave the curious looks of their classmates while publishing a humor sheet that is so far off-center, off-beat and yet, so edifying.

Here's to more issues like the first. May the wisdom of the ages and the influence of the twice-removed live forever.

Save a stool in the shack and a booth in the stables, I'll be visiting ye ever so often to quaff a few and to discuss the philosophies of virgin birth and pre-marital relations. (that is to say, having kin that ain't married)

I'm off to the land of Louisianne!

Showme-ingly yours,  
*Chip Martin*  
Chip Martin  
Promotion & Merchandise  
Manager

ps. I'm enclosing a \$100 check for you and the boys to have a few parties on me, now that I'm out of school and can afford it. I hope that crooked mail man who picks up the mail doesn't guess it's in here. He might take it!



# So you want to be a gag writer?

*He who laughs last has found a meaning the censors missed.*

Well, this is just the opportunity for you—just think up a good caption for this carton, print or type it on the coupon. Clip the coupon and mail it to

Missouri Showme  
Contest Editor  
302 Read Hall

In the event that your caption is accepted as the winning entry, you will receive \$5.00 in cash, plus a lifetime invitation to Swami's Gag Meetings.

The winning entry will be printed, along with the cartoon, in the Going Home Tomorrow Issue, with a credit line to the winner.

So think hard, and mail in your coupon today. Entries must be postmarked no later than midnight, May 14, 1956. All entries become the property of SHOWME, and none may be returned.

The Caption Contest is open to anyone—you don't have to be a student to enter.

Name _____
Address _____
To: MISSOURI SHOWME 302 Read Hall Contest Editor





Git im out?

Nope.

Well - Tote This batch to Town. Folks aroun here know Arnie warn't a Clean Chile.

Aphrodisiac? Ah thought hit wuz jus raw Punkin!

Okay. If hesh not up in five more minutes, one of ush will jump in after him.

Are you SURE we can't fix the Periscope, Comrad Captain?

GOBBLE!  
CHOMP!  
MUNCH!

Wow! that gal is BUILT!

Yes - she is somewhat hypermastogenetic.

CIANG!  
FLANG!  
BASH

Pierre, go help Jaques off ze MULE.

FRESH FROG LAIGZ.

OL' Jake cein't see very good, lately.

Dunc

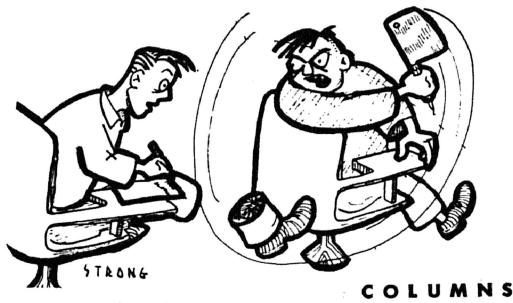


"Jack Frogan, you old son of a bitch."  
—Princeton Tiger



THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS  
WERNIA SMITH

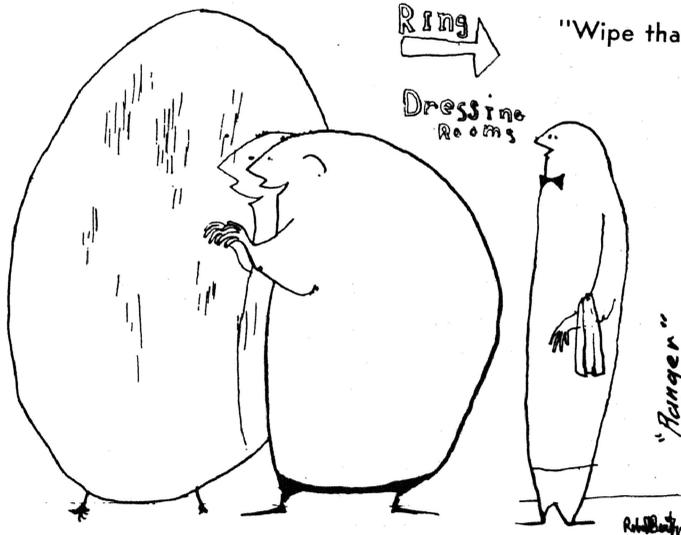
"I had 2 years of advanced ROTC. How about you?"



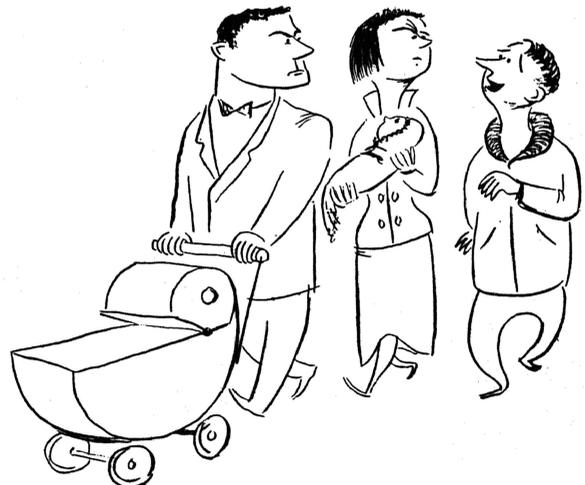
STRONG COLUMNS  
"Get yer goddam foot off my chair."



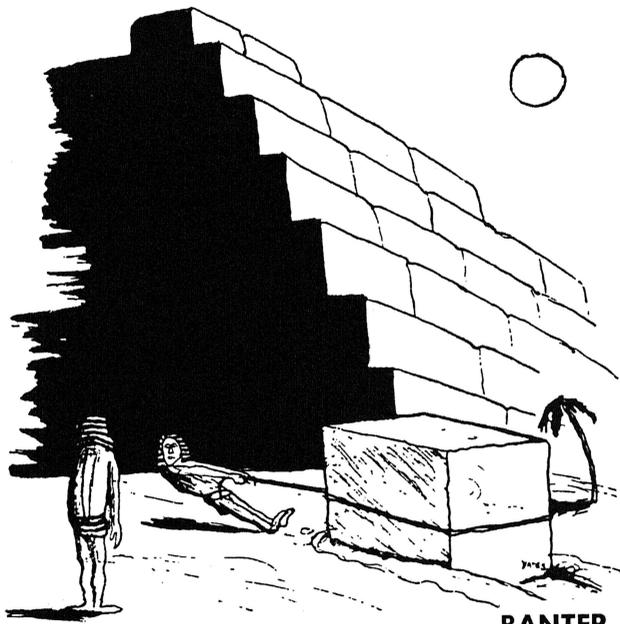
"Wipe that smile off your face."



"Abercrombie, you doll!"



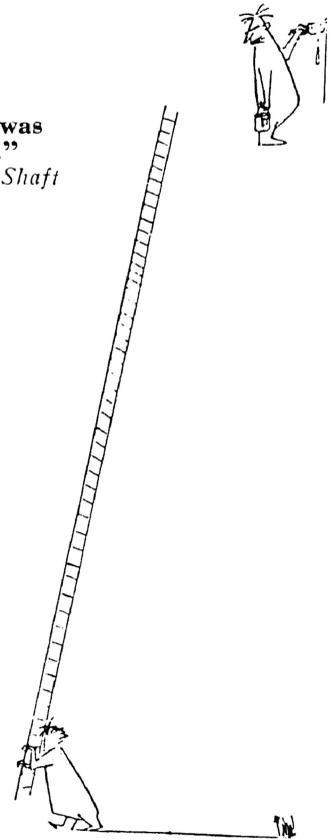
"You did this just to make me jealous, didn't you, Irene?"  
JACK-O-LANTERN



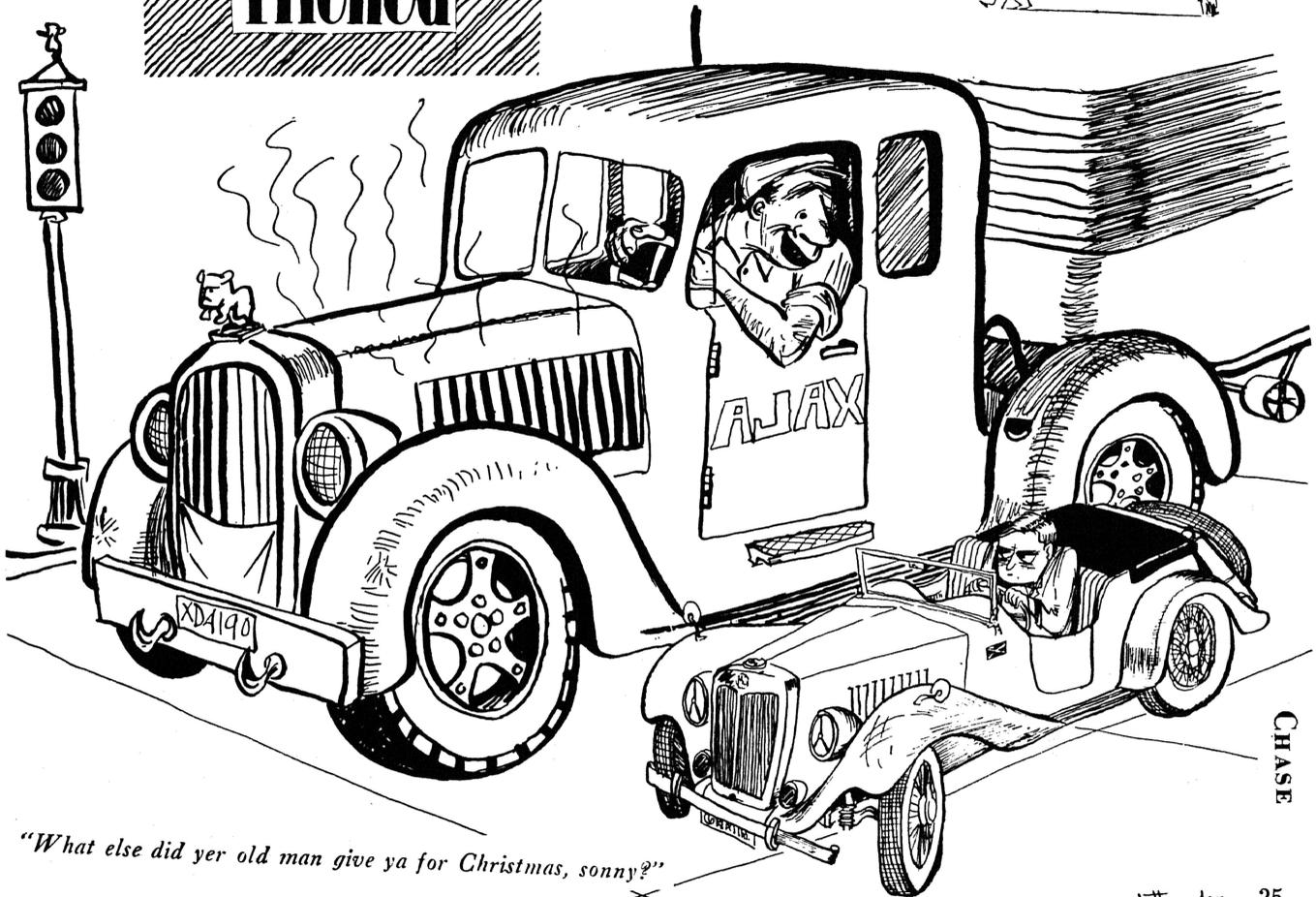
**BANTER**

*"Sometimes I get the urge to say the hell with the whole goddam business . . ."*

**"My good man, I was using that ladder."**  
*—Illinois Shaft*



**filched**



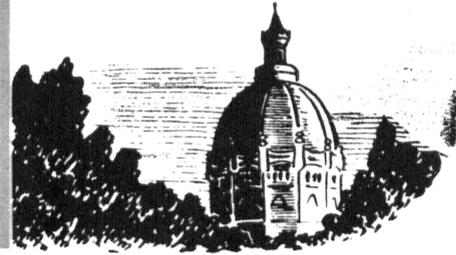
CHASE

*"What else did yer old man give ya for Christmas, sonny?"*

# Shooting



# Gallery



By Murlin Gene Smith

*Columbia is a city of moles. The city is never happy unless it is digging up at least half a dozen streets each week on one excuse or another. It has reached the point where students no longer must be denied the use of their cars by University officials, for so many streets are barricaded with trenches and foxholes that no student with anything less than a Patton tank could get through anyway. The worst of it is that when the moles move on, they just throw a little loose dirt into the canyon and go galloping happily off with their shovels upon their shoulders, leaving a good imitation of the Siegfried Line behind them. Ah, well, c'est la guerre!*

If there is one thing about that magnificent institution, the University of Missouri, that any new student immediately notices, it is the tight, bred-in-the-bone school spirit sticking out all over the students. Yeah, man! Joe turns to Jack over in the Student Union and says, "Hey, they're cuttin' classes short today for a ceremony over by the Columns," and Jack says, "Yeah, that's a good deal. Let's go down to the Stein Club for a cool one." School spirit is sure a wonderful thing.

WELL, spring has sprung and the robins are building nests and all that old corn, and maybe we can get rid of those Bermuda shorts and long stockings that so many of our knobby-kneed beauties seem to think so chic. Maybe now they'll go to real shorts so that a man will have something interesting to look at. If not, they can always go back to skirts. Any change would be an improvement.

Did anybody ever come up with the idea of organizing a school chess team or a Big Seven hopscotch tournament or something? Missouri could stand to win in something, and if we can't play anybody else's games, let's start

our own. Or maybe we should all go to OU. If you can't beat 'em, join 'em.

The average citizen and a few students look up to college professors as walking brain trusts, deep thinkers, and very valuable people to have around. Did you ever stop to think what a hell of a fix a lot of them would be in if they could not read? And think of it from your own viewpoint. Is there any-

thing that thrills you more than to have a vibrant, high-powered professor crawl onto the stage and read from a manuscript for fifty uninterrupted minutes without ever looking up? Try it sometime. It takes a lot of guts to do that before an audience of two hundred people who are paying your salary to clear the haze around the textbooks.

Well, the semester is damn' near gone, and one of these days somebody is liable to spot some enterprising freshman studying, or stealing an exam, or paying attention in class, and then the fat will be in the fire. After all, everybody knows that when a college student isn't dragged into a class at the end of a stout chain, he should be inhaling the stuff that gladdeneth the heart of man in a local pub. Or out on some lonely road exploring the broad field of man-woman relationships.

Did you ever hear the story of KU's Pioneer? He is a bronze gent with engineer boots and a spade. This hoary old settler had never been known to move a muscle, and campus legend had it that he never would until a virgin passed him, at which time he would fling

EXPOSE



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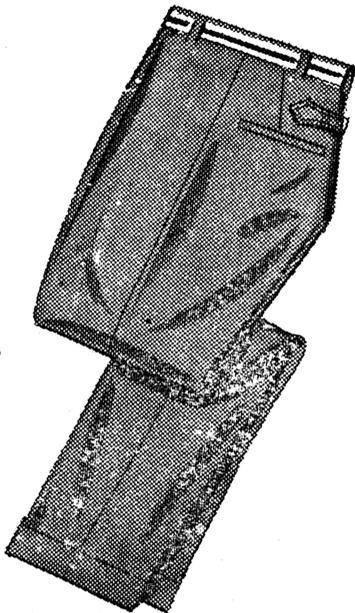
ELDON, MO.



*"Pardon me, but would you be interested in a subscription to the Ladies . . . Home . . . Journ . . ."*

Professor: "Who was the first man?"  
Coed, blushing: "I'd rather not tell."

## For Your New Summer Wardrobe



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Ladies' Play Shorts \$1.88

## SHEARS Department Store

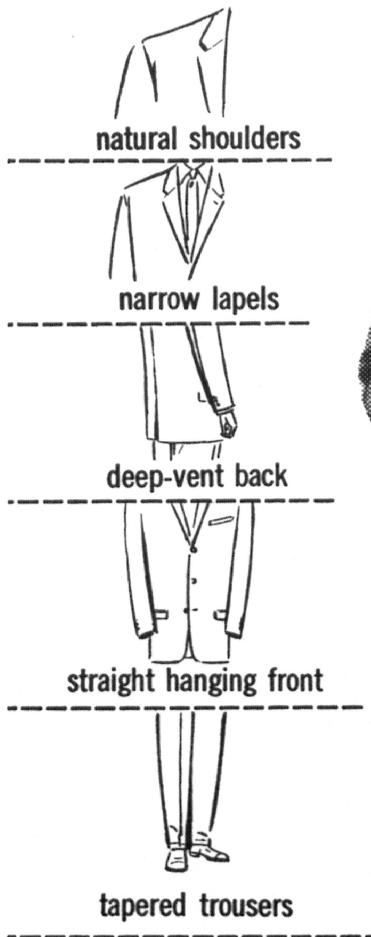
Men's Ivy League Slacks  
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"I have two down in front," said the usherette as her strap broke.

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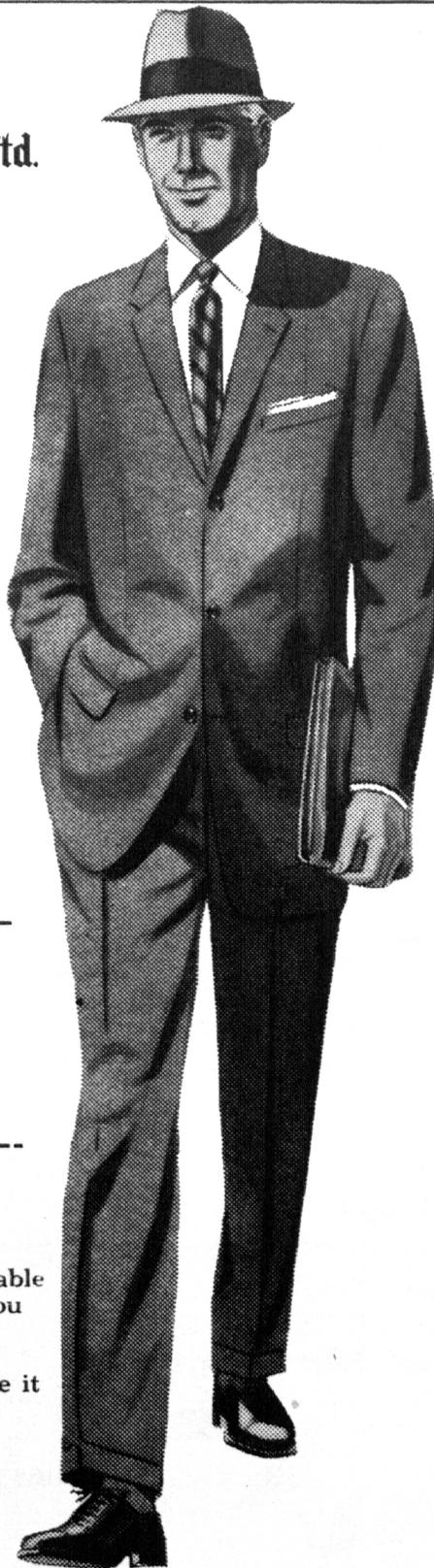


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**NEUKOMM'S**

22 ON THE STROLLWAY



**MARK OF COBRA**  
(Continued from page 15)

trunks. The water was just fine and we splashed and swam and threw water on each other. After the swim we stretched out on the sand under the trees and Marisa dried her hair. Marisa took the towel and wrapped it around her head. The sun was beginning to set.

"I wish time would stop right this minute and it wouldn't become night," she said. I was watching the little boats pass by and I noticed the sweating torsos of the men who were poling. They were singing a song I didn't understand.

"I like the night," I said. "When all the lights go out and we sit on the lawn on hot summer nights and see the glow worms and hear each other talk but see nothing in the darkness."

"I like the times we sleep out under the stars and there is a gentle breeze blowing and we can put up our mosquito nets. We lie there on our beds and say the first thing that comes into our minds," Marisa said.

Marisa sat up now, uncovered the towel, and began to braid her hair.

"Bundi's brother is coming home from the war," I said. "Bundi says that he is a lieutenant in the army."

"What's his name?" she asked.

"Dev," I said.

She picked up her towel and squeezed it.

"Come on, let's go. We've got to face Nanny sometime or other." And we walked home slowly.

\* \* \*

The next morning Marisa stood in front of the window and combed her hair. She was humming under her breath. The sun was hot already, casting long shadows across the room.

"Why are you standing in front of the window?" I said. I was halfway through Jane Ayre and did not like to be disturbed.

"He is sitting on the roof and staring at me," she said.

"Who?" I asked startled.

"Bundi's brother. He has come back from the war. He is rather handsome, don't you think? Of course, he isn't in uniform."

"Nanny would have fifty fits if she saw you standing there expos-

ing yourself."

"He is smiling at me. Oh, come on, leave Jane Ayre alone. Let's play cricket."

She clattered down the stairs shouting, "Do you know where the wickets are?" I knew where the wickets were. I knew where the bats and balls were. I had picked them up and hidden them after Marisa was through with them.

Bundi, Marisa, and I began to play cricket. Marisa took Bundi's cap and put it on her head. Half-way through the game, Dev jumped over the wall in one leap, and sat on the sidelines and watched our game. When Marisa tried to bowl, he laughed and laughed. Marisa became angrier and angrier.

"Why don't you try it, Mr. Know-it-all?" she said.

"Sure," he said. He played the rest of the game, flexing his muscles, and showing his brown arms to us.

After the game was over Marisa and Dev sat under the tree and began to talk. Dev talked most of all. He told her his war experiences. When he joked Marisa laughed loudly.

After that Marisa slipped out of the house several times to meet

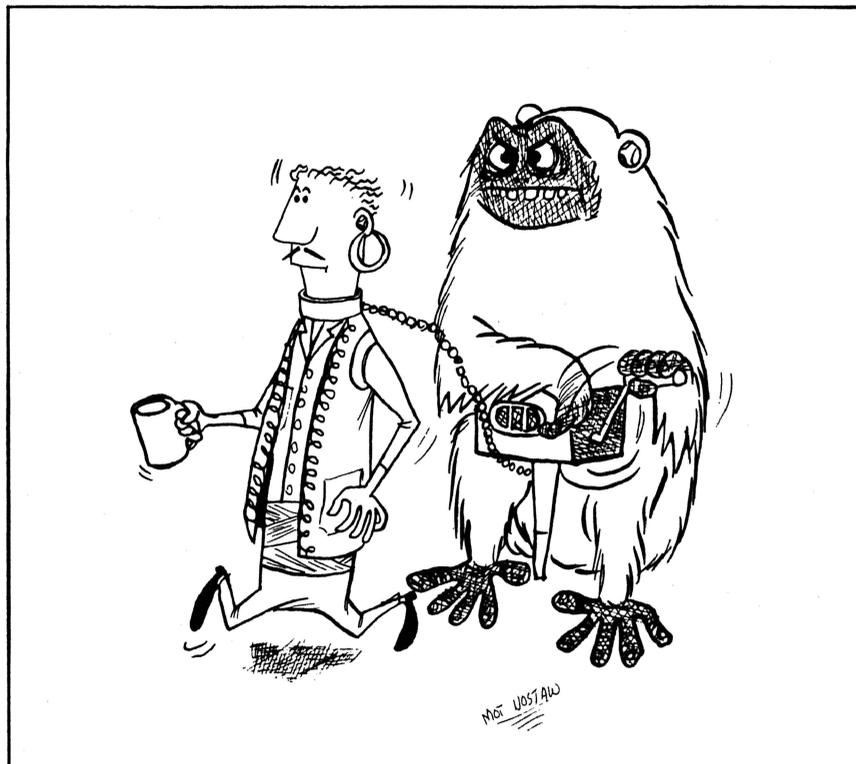
Dev in the garden. They would take a hammock to the mango grove and read poetry to each other. Nanny said Dev was a good for nothing, that he should be in college instead of loafing with girls.

It was nearly two weeks before Dev's father and mother found out what happened. When they did, they decided to send Dev to a college in another town. Before he left I saw Dev kissing Marisa goodbye. It was in the mango grove. They stood very close to each other and Marisa was standing on tiptoe. Her feet were bare and she was wearing a blue summer dress. As he kissed her he ran his fingers through her hair.

"Will you write to me?" he said.  
"No," she said. "I won't write to you, Dev. But I will be here when you come back."

After Dev had left Marisa and I drifted together again. But it was a different Marisa. Even Nanny had learned to leave her alone. She'd had her fingers burned once or twice when Marisa's temper had flared up. Mother and the new baby had arrived and mother was too wrapped up in the baby girl to be bothered about

(Continued on page 34)



"How do you teach a girl to swim?"

"Well, you stand directly behind her with the small of her back against your chest. You grasp her right hand and move it toward her breast."

"Say—this is my sister."

"Oh, hell—shove her off the dock."

\* \* \*

The melancholy days have come.  
The saddest in our annals.  
It's far too cold for B.V.D.'s  
And far too hot for flannels.

\* \* \*

Willie split the baby's head,  
To see if brains were gray or red.  
Mother, troubled, said to father,  
"Children are an awful bother!"

\* \* \*

He: Would it be improper for me  
to kiss your hand?

She: It would be terribly out of  
place.

\* \* \*

Math teacher: In the Mitchell  
family there are Mother, Daddy  
and the baby. How many does  
that make?

Freshman: Two and one to carry.

\* \* \*

Active: Lend me fifty.

Pledge: I only have forty.

Active: Well, then let me have  
the forty and you can owe me  
ten.

\* \* \*

"If I should attempt to kiss you,  
what would you do?"

"I never meet an emergency until  
it arises."

"But if it should arise?"

"I'd meet it face to face."

\* \* \*

Overheard in the UNION: "Shall  
we have a friendly game of  
cards?"

"No, let's play bridge."

\* \* \*

The bored senior turned to his  
partner at the President's re-  
ception.

"Who is that strange looking man  
over there who stares at me so  
much?"

"Oh, that's Professor Jenkins,"  
she replied brightly. "You know,  
the famous expert on insanity."

\* \* \*

A.T.O.: Would you say yes if I  
asked you to marry me?

Pi Phi: Would you ask me to  
marry you if I said I would say  
Yes, If you ask me to marry  
you.



Suzieland

*Gail Wolfard*



Tyler

"... AND OUR HOUSE BILLS ARE THE LOWEST ON CAMPUS"

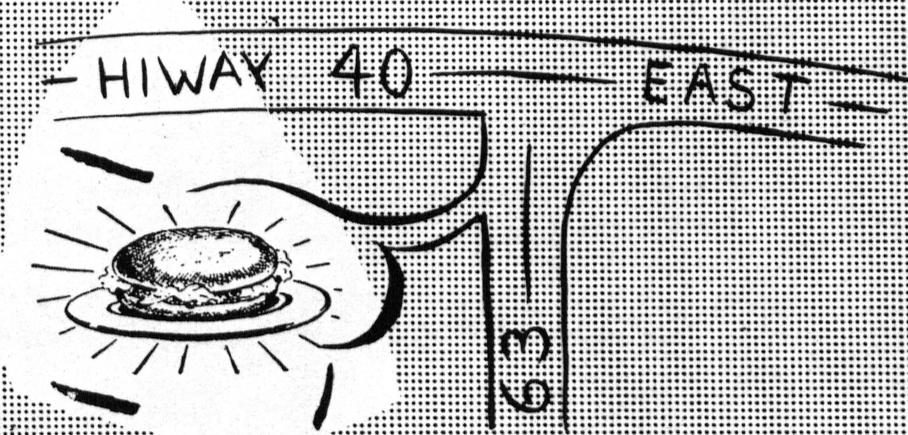


You don't have to go to college to know that after eating, drinking and smoking, the best breath fresheners of all are



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ANYWHERE

*H.R. Mueller*  
**FLORIST**

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25 on the Strollway

"Three cheers for home rule!"  
roared an Irishman after a rous-  
ing political rally.

"Three cheers for hell!" cynically  
replied a Scotchman.

The Irishman looked him up and  
down. "That's right; every man  
should stick up for his own  
country."

\* \* \*

"He drove straight to his goal,"  
said the orator. "He looked  
neither to the right nor to the  
left, but pressed forward, moved  
by a definite purpose. Neither  
friend nor foe could delay him  
nor turn him from his course.  
All who crossed his path did  
so at their own peril. What  
would you call such a man?"

"A damn taxi driver," shouted  
some one from the audience.

\* \* \*

"I shore wish I had my wife back,"  
sighed the man from the Ozarks.

"Where is she?" asked a friend.

"Sold her for a jug of mountain  
dew."

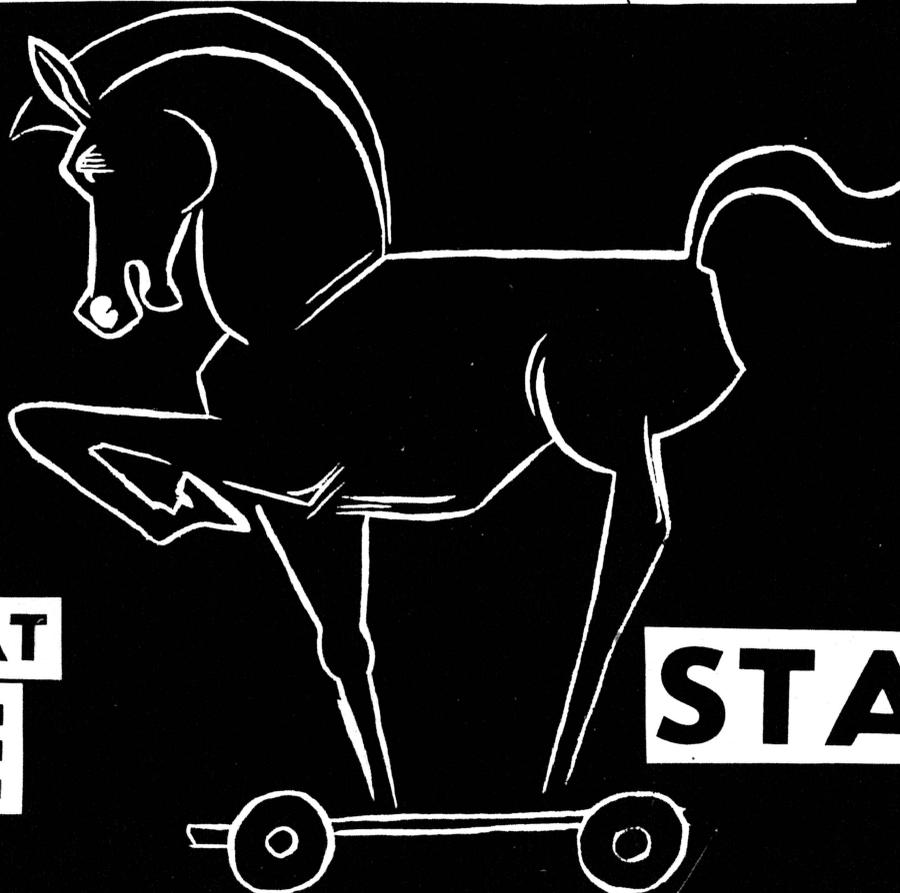
"I reckon you're beginning to miss  
her."

"Nope. I'm thirsty again."

# YOUR HIGH HORSE AND

**GET OFF**

**JOIN THE**



**GANG AT**

**THE**

**STABLE**

dirt to beat hell. One fine spring morning not too long ago, bleary-eyed students along his sidewalk were greeted with a huge pile of fresh dirt and a sign declaring in large black letters, "Well, it finally happened!" ?????

Our fair city has an efficient, modern police force. If you don't believe it, park on a meter today without feeding a coin to the monkey. 8 to 1 you'll find your heap decorated with a lovely red envelope within five minutes. The evil genius behind this is named Patrolman X, the most efficient cop in six states. Any six states. He was once seen to ticket a car while the flag was still going up. Ain't we all proud of him? Hell, yes.

Last winter the rest of the police force made a big noise about their radar unit, but the noise soon petered out, and old-timers said they probably busted the thing. They must have got it fixed, because that old green panel truck is parked on a lot of steets these days.

Probably the most educated critter on campus is a St. Bernard that marches in and out of classes like he was Phil Donnelly. He generally comes in within ten minutes after class takes up, selects a soft spot in the aisle, and soaks up the lecture. By this time he should be sharper than Solomon. Maybe we can draft him as our representative on the \$64,000 Question and make enough jack to buy our own distillery.

There is a little gnome here on my desk with a good Chinese name of Danny O'Shay who says he used to know Bridey Murphy when he was still in the "Emerald Isle", and he says you can't believe a word she says. He says she always did lie like hell. Of course, he's prejudiced, because he tells me she used to steal the milk her neighbors the Sullivans left on their front step for him.

There was an old lady who lived in a shoe; then the zoning board caught her and she had to move. She moved her shoe fourteen miles out Route K and rented it to a married student. Now she lives in one of the Mizzou Motel's apartments and drives a Lincoln Continental.

Speaking of cars, did you know that you can go out on West

Broadway and take your pick from a dazzling selection of the latest model one-owner used cars equipped with a new wax job, re-grooved tires, Army blanket seat covers, a steam-cleaned engine, and the odometer run back 30,000 miles with a drill? Fact. And this little jewel can be yours for the teeny-weeny price of all the money in your pocket, and the mortgage on your parents' house. This offer is good this week only. It is made possible through the huge demand for our good, clean used cars. Come see us now. We can save you money because we sell at auction prices and give you more for your old car than it is worth. Yeah, man! Liberal financing, too, at only 8% compounded semi-annually. We just loooooove all you nice people.

Everybody complains about overcrowding in classrooms. Now, at last, my ouja board has supplied the answer! Merely petition the government to cut off all VA educational money—the GI Bill, the Veterans Rehabilitation Act, etc. Whoosh, like that, college enrollment will be chopped by at least a quarter, and it'll even get rid of a sizable section of the parking problem. Or you could start a war and draft everybody.

The farmers need price supports. Boy, do they need price sup-

ports! They also need somebody to pay them to keep land out of production and cut down food surpluses. They also need lots of rain so they can raise more crops to make more money and keep you and me from starving. In other words, they are the only people in the country who need money. Why don't we all just pay all our money to the government and then have them (the government that is) pay us. Then we can tax taxes. Free enterprise, it's wonderful.

Well, after thirty years of striving, the Irish have finally achieved their goal. It took a lot of effort, but if you can't make it by buying Philadelphia, it looks like you can always reach the social ne plus ultra by simply marrying off your daughter to some pocket-size prince. Oh, you horrid man! You are SO uncouth.

Civilization is getting more and more complicated. A fellow even told me the other day that these days you have to go to college to learn how to plant corn and raise hogs, but don't you believe it. It's all a dirty Communist plot to sabotage our capitalist economy. Pretty ridiculous, though. Next thing you know, they'll be trying to tell us you need a sheepskin to prove you can play volleyball and turn handsprings.

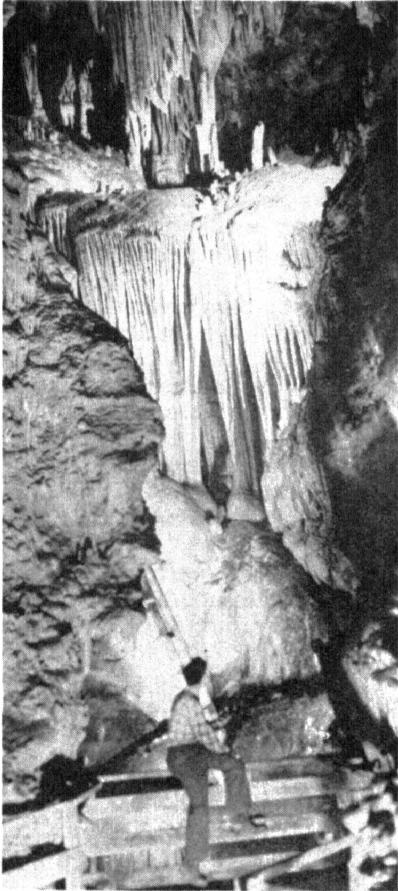
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**the birds and the bees**  
Color by  
**TECHNICOLOR**  
co starring **REGINALD GARDINER**  
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Camdenton, Missouri  
Lake Road 32

"I'm losing my punch," exclaimed the coed as she hastily left the cocktail party.



## MARK OF COBRA

(Continued from page 29)

Marisa. Father had returned from his business trip in Calcutta, and now vaguely looked at us through his horn-rimmed glasses, a little surprised that we weren't the children we used to be.

"I hate that child," Marisa said as we sat on the steps and talked. "It woke me up again at two o'clock this morning. I think I shall move into the guest room."

"Mother adores her," I said.

"And have you ever seen mother look so silly before? Why, she feeds the child with her own breast. Modern mothers don't do that."

"I think that babies have the smallest little fingers I have ever seen. Did you see her toes? And she has pink ears," I said.

"I wonder what Daddy thinks of her?" Marisa asked.

"Nanny took her to the den one day and daddy backed out of the room. He doesn't know what to do when babies are around."

"Well, he should," Marisa dismissed. "He brought the wretched thing into the world."

"Don't talk like that, Marisa. You read too many books."

We sat there in the sun thinking our own thoughts. It was a hot day.

"Let's go for a swim, Marisa," I said. "The way we used to, remember?"

"Oh, let's not," Marisa said.

"What's the matter with you?" I asked, "You've been acting funny lately. We used to have so much fun together."

She looked at me in the new way, as if she knew something and I didn't.

"Have you ever been kissed?" she asked foolishly. "Have you ever kissed someone in the dark? So long that you feel you must do something or die?" As the late afternoon sun outlined her figure I suddenly realized I didn't know her.

"No," I said. "I have never felt that way."

THE END

\* \* \*

I'll never ask another woman to marry me as long as I live.

Refused again?

No—accepted.

**PERCH PARADISE**

(Continued from page 17)

I quickly reminded her. And then I was a little sorry I had let the words slip out.

She looked at me with honest emotion in her face, as if she were ready to cry.

"And I-I called him a 'flea-bit-ten old hillbilly,'" she said, sobbing a little. "I could bite my tongue out." She hesitated and then added, "I want to do something for him. Maybe take up a little collection or something like that."

"A damn good idea!" one of the guests exclaimed heartily, and he immediately took charge. He grabbed a fruit-bowl from the nearby table, dumped out its contents, and promptly dropped in a bill. "I'm good for a five."

"Well, I'd already taken a liking to Clem," I announced, tossing a ten-spot in the bowl.

"I-I never thought I could repay him like-like this," Linda commented, her eyes shining as she added a five herself. "I guess I really should give more," she said softly, "but that's all I can afford—and I give it gladly."

Even the proprietor kicked in to the kitty.

Clem was sitting on his bench outside, drying in the sun and gazing wistfully at a small Chris-Craft speeding over the lake. He had no idea that he was soon to possess a small fortune.

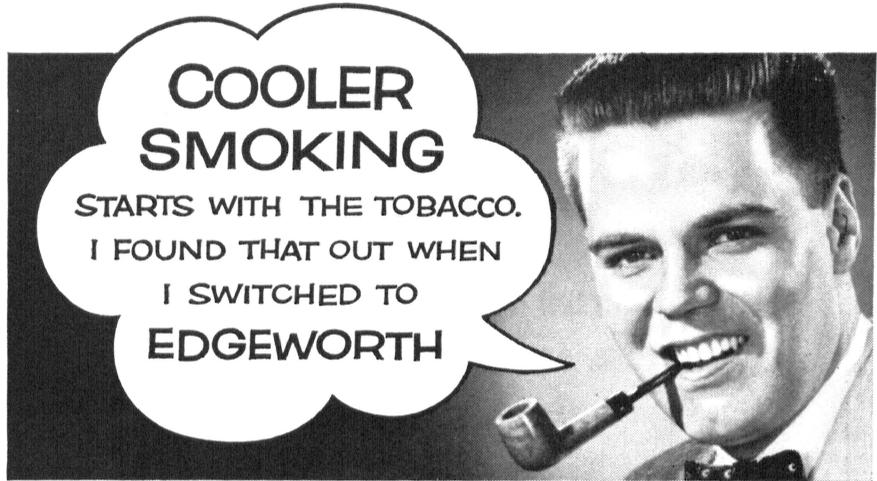
I judged the pot must have totaled more than \$100 and we all watched eagerly as Linda stepped outside and presented the money to Clem. At first he refused to accept it, but after much persuading, he finally took it, though reluctantly.

Later that afternoon, as I was strolling back to the lodge from my favorite fishing spot—a little cove some distance away—I spied Linda and Clem sitting on the bench, sharing a six-pack. They were half-hidden by a large rock.

Immediately my curiosity was aroused, and I sneaked closer so as to catch their conversation.

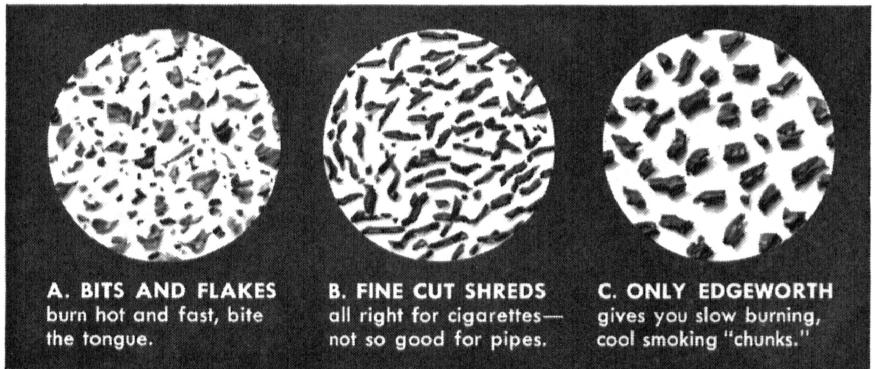
Linda, who had squeezed her curves into a delightfully skimpy play-suit, was laughing. Clem, sporting a fresh haircut and shave, was decked out in a snappy Ha-

(Continued on page 36)



The Arabians are supposed to be very intense lovers, but then they do practically everything in tents.

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burn hot and fast, bite the tongue.

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### PERCH PARADISE

(Continued from page 35)  
waiian-design shirt and tan slacks.  
"Where next?" asked Clem,  
tossing an empty out onto the  
lake.

"Let's head over around Bag-  
nell," said Linda. "We really  
cleaned up over there last season.  
Remember?"

I knew I was doing the right  
thing when I phoned the sheriff  
at Osage Beach, but I couldn't  
help feeling disappointed. Now  
all the plans I'd been fabricating  
to make out with Linda were shot  
to hell. I bet we could have had  
much, much fun.

THE END

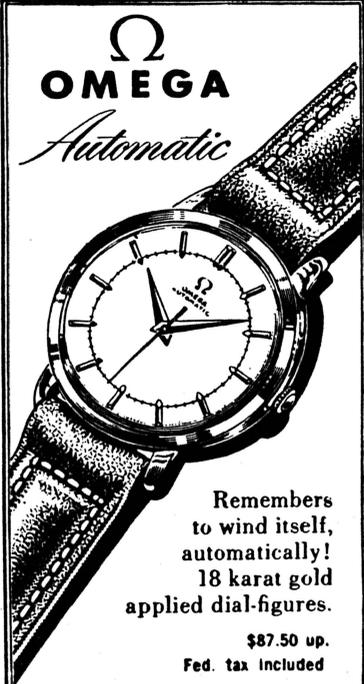
\* \* \*

Those long-wed usually like  
nice summers, while newly-weds  
like nice springs.

\* \* \*

"Keep on fighting, boys," said  
the general in R.O.T.C. "Never  
say die. Never give up till your  
last shot is fired. When it is  
fired, then run.

I'm a little lame so I'm starting  
now."



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\* \* \*  
 Ivy Leaguer: "What I like best outside of clothes is women."  
 \* \* \*

Frosh: "Say, you've got an accent. I didn't know you were a foreigner."

Senior: "I'm not. My English teacher was though."  
 \* \* \*

Prof: "When doesn't a woman have the last word?"

Student: "When she's talking to another woman!"  
 \* \* \*

"What's that teacher's name?"  
 "Gosh, I knew it once! It rhymes with stomach . . . I know—Kelly!"  
 \* \* \*

Sigma Nu: "I don't think I'll be able to go to the formal, my date has a stiff neck."

Second Sigma Nu: "Try a little flattery. That usually turns a girl's head."  
 \* \* \*

"I thought I saw you taking a gentleman up to your room last night, Miss Smith."

"Yeah, that's what I thought, too!"  
 \* \* \*

An English farmer was out in the field one day, sprinkling purple dust over the ground, when a stranger passed by.

"Why are you springling purple dust over the ground?" he asked.

"To keep lions away."

"My dear fellow, don't you know there hasn't been a lion in England for over two thousand years?"

"Well, confidentially," said the farmer, "It's a lucky thing . . . this stuff isn't very good."  
 \* \* \*

Did you hear about the plastic surgeon that hung himself.  
 \* \* \*

A woman approached the Pearly Gates and spoke to Saint Peter. "Do you know if my husband is here? His name is Smith."

"Lady, we have lots of them here, you'll have to be more specific."

"Joe Smith."

"Lotsa those too, you'll have to have more identification."

"Well, when he died he said that if I were untrue to him, he'd turn over in his grave."

"Oh, you mean 'Pinwheel Smith'."



**PLA-BOY  
 BURGER**

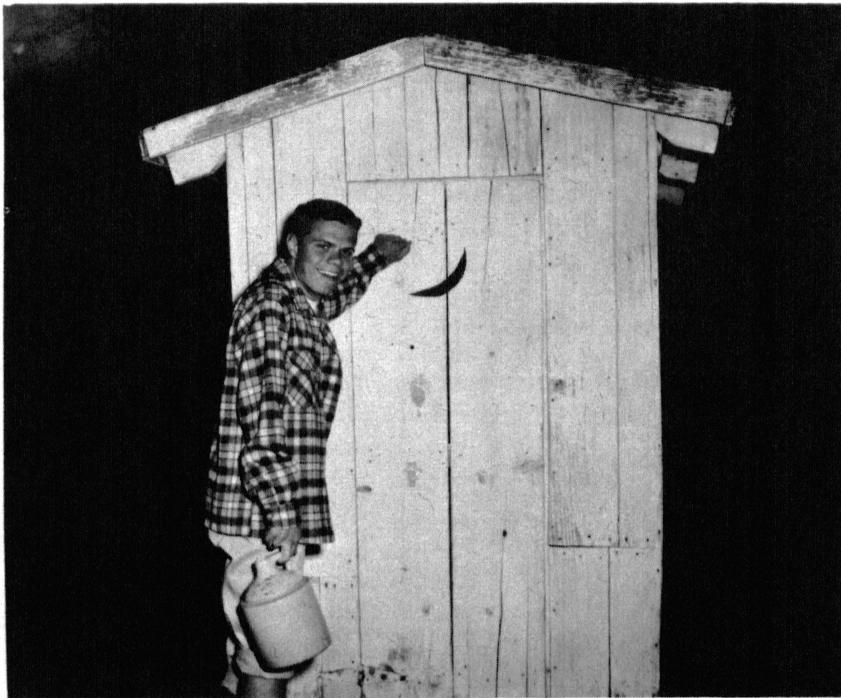
**45c**

**We're Not Lion! . . .**

FOR THE BEST  
 IN TOWN

ITS  
**TASTEE FREEZ**

Across from J-School

Hurry, or you'll miss Daisy in her swim suit from Julies.

Mama Mosquito: "If you children are real good, I'll take you to a nudist camp tonight."

**CYCLE**

*in my long role  
midnight blue  
suit i  
face the semester on top of  
orange threadneedles  
suave i am  
in my winsor knotted  
diagonal striped tie  
with spread collar  
(fill me full  
jam my cranium with  
intellectual junk)  
i pound the pavement  
on orange threadneedles  
my intellect profound  
a tool honed on  
shake spear, fruenand general  
moters  
corporation  
tired feet encased in orange  
cages of fashion and style  
no more  
orange symbols sold  
to pay my  
union fee  
i live unfettered by  
education  
a graduate of college  
laying bricks  
have to  
so junior can go  
ho for the walls of ivy*

Coleman Wilson

\* \* \*

A musician and a bunch of his buddies were whooping it up late one night when the landlord came in. "Do you know there's a little ole lady sich upstairs?"

"No, man," answered the musician, "Hum us a bit of it."

\* \* \*

Mrs. Dante: "What are you writing now, dear?"

Dante: "Hell, you wouldn't understand."

\* \* \*

"There's a woman peddler at the door, Jim."

"Show the man in and tell him to bring his samples!"

\* \* \*

A corpulent maiden named Croll  
Had an idea exceedingly droll;  
At a masquerade ball  
Dressed in nothing at all  
She backed in as a Parker House  
Roll.

\* \* \*

She: Oh, Henry, I've got a bug down my back!

He: Ah, cut it out. Those jokes were all right before we were married.

\* \* \*

If all the coeds who don't neck gathered in one room, what would we do with her?

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**R**

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**THE MAN  
FROM MIZZOU**



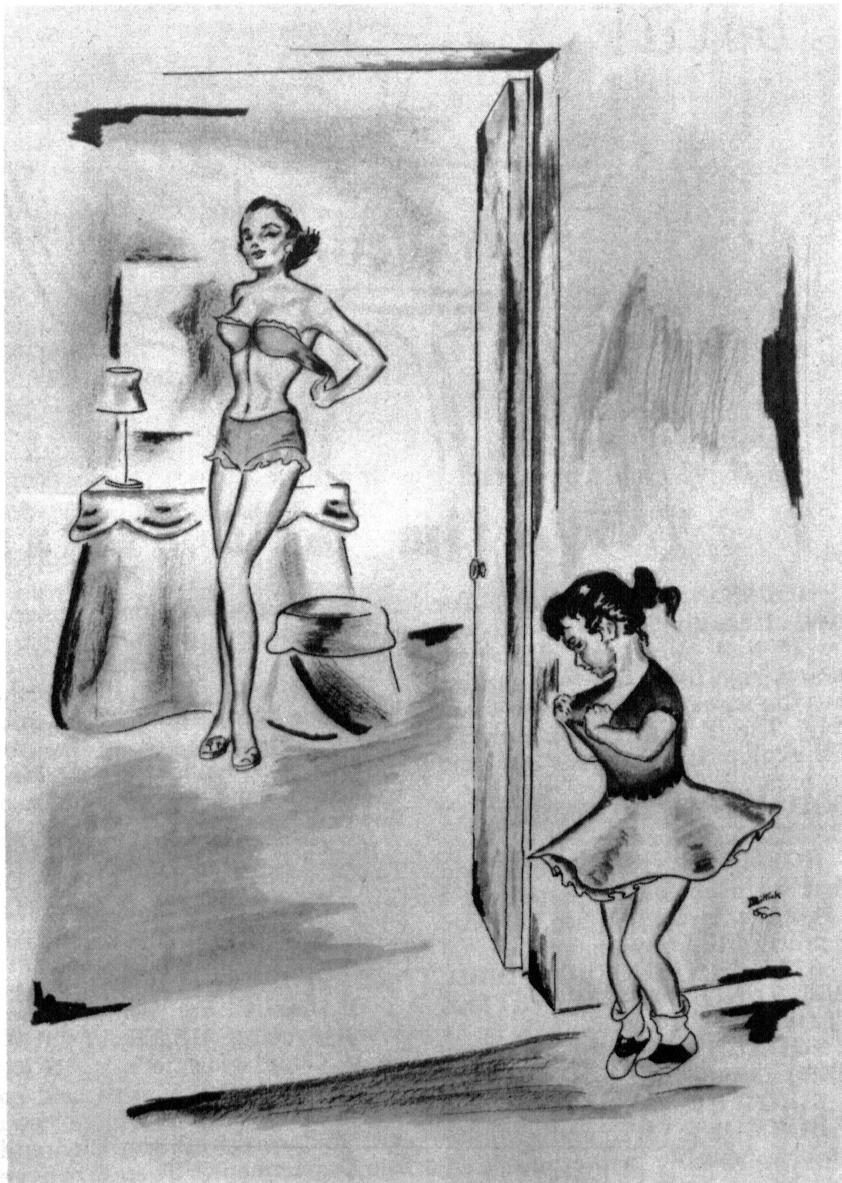
is buying his diamond  
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convenient jeweler.

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guaranteed  
against  
loss for  
one year*

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Carpet!
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Marine finishes

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**Home Supply**

Said the cannibal to the witch doctor: "Something's wrong with my kid, Doc. He won't eat anybody."

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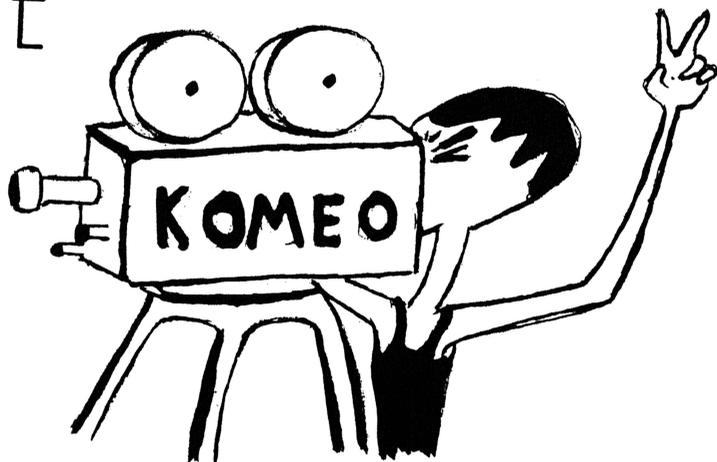
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# SNO - CASE



by jim mc dearman

**KEY:** ANNCR means announcer.

**SQUAAK** means your moderator, Bobby Squaakingsome.

**ANNCR:** The University of Missouri Adult Agricultural Division of the Physi-Chemical and Engineering Department of Education, in cooperation with the Schools of Journalism and Veterinary Medicine, their law and Medical Divisions Extension Service **Presents** . . . let me see . . . oh, yes . . . presents the University of Missouri TV SNOCASE!

(MUSIC UP, SHOW STATE SEAL. ANNCR THROWS FISH TO STATE SEAL.)

**ANNCR:** Today the SNOCASE brings you a discussion of one of the more interesting and meaningful aspects of this joyous spring season . . . **THE BIRDS AND THE BEES!** Now here is your SNOCASE moderator, Bobby Squaakingsome.

(CAMERA ON SQUAAK.)

**SQUAAK:** (SMILES AT CAMERA) Oh. Well then . . . today we're fortunate to have with us one of the nation's foremost experts on Bird-and-Bee-ology . . . and chairman of the University's own Bird and Bee Department . . . Dr. Horace Hormone.

CAMERA TAKES SHOT OF HORMONE, WITH SQUAAK.)

**SQUAAK:** Dr. Hormone, just what is the significance of the Birds and Bees we hear so much about?

**HORMONE:** (BLUSHES) Tee hee! I hardly know how to answer that question! But you know, my little boy was asking me the same thing just the other day. The little dickens is only 18. I'll explain it to you just as I did to him.

**SQUAAK:** (NODS, SMILES AT CAMERA) Good!

**HORMONE:** First I must add that we need for our experiment not only a bird and a bee, but also a pretty little flower.

(CAMERA SHOT OF BIRD, BEE, AND PRETTY LITTLE FLOWER.)

**SQUAAK:** (SMILES AT CAMERA) Good!

(SHOT OF HORMONE)

**HORMONE:** It's really quite simple. Observe in the middle of the flower. You see, the bee lands **here**.

**SQUAAK:** (SMILES AT CAMERA) Good! Now let's sum up what you've said so far. I believe, Dr. Hormone, you giggled and said you hardly knew how to answer that question, but that your son was asking the same thing the other day . . . and that the little dickens is only 18 years old. . . . and that you'd explain it to us just as you did to him.

**HORMONE:** That's right. Then I said . . .

**SQUAAK:** (SMILES AT CAMERA) Good! Then you said we needed not only a Bird and a Bee, but a Pretty Little Flower

. . . and you advised us to observe the . . . ahh . . . the middle\_ then you said . . .

**HORMONE:** Then I said the bee lands **here**. I have here a special bee, trained for us by the Psychology Department. He's trained to land in the middle of flowers.

(CLOSE-UP OF UNIVERSITY-OF-MISSOURI-PSYCHOLOGY DEPARTMENT TRAINED-BEE.)

**HORMONE:** Observe . . . as I hold the flower close to the bee . . . it flies . . . and lands. . . .

**SQUAAK:** (SMILES AT CAMERA) Good! Now let's see if we can sum up what you've said so far. I believe, Dr. Hormone, you said you were from the Bird and Bee Department. Then I believe you giggled and said you hardly knew how to answer, but that your son—the little dickens who's only 18—was asking you just the other day . . .

(CAMERA TAKES ANOTHER SHOT OF HORMONE)

**HORMONE:** That's right, that's right . . . then I said . . . Observe! As I hold the flower close to the bee, it flies . . . and lands right . . . Now where'n hell's the bee?

(CAMERA LOOKS FOR BEE)

**HORMONE:** Ah, yes . . . there he is . . . flying just over the pretty little flower.

(UNIVERSITY OF MISSOURI PSYCHOLOGY DEPARTMENT- TRAINED - BEE LANDS ON

The way taxes are today, you might as well marry for love.

Ann: "I walked 13 miles yesterday."  
 Nan: "For goodness sake!"  
 Ann: "Yes."

# O'Boy! We Caught You!

HORMONE'S NOSE.)

**SQUAAK:** (SMILES AT CAMERA) Good! Now Dr. Hormone, let's see if we can sum up what you've said so far. I believe you said your son—the little dickens is just 18 years old—was asking you the same question just the other day, then I believe you said . . .

**HORMONE:** (HOLDING HIS NOSE) Dab! The dab thing stug me! Od the dose!

**SQUAAK:** (SMILES AT CAMERA) Good!

**HORMONE:** Oh well . . . anyway, I'll demonstrate with birds. They're more fun anyway. Observe. I have here . . . Oh my goodness!

**SQUAAK:** (SMILES AT CAMERA) Good! Now let's see if we can. . . .

**HORMONE:** Good Hell! We got just one bird! How can I demonstrate . . .

**SQUAAK:** (SMILES AT CAMERA) Good! Sorry to interrupt, Dr. Hormone, but I see our time's running short. Now let's just sum up what you said. First I believe you said you work at the University . . . and then . . . Ouch! Dam that bee!

**HORMONE:** Wait a minute! Wait a minute! Here's the other bird! Just wait'll you see **this** bit!

(CAMERA GOES BLACK, OPENS ON STATE SEAL. ANNCR THROWS STATE SEAL ANOTHER FISH.)

**SQUAAK:** (SMILES AT CAMERA) Next week on SNO-CASE . . .

**ANNCR:** I'll tell 'em!

**SQUAAK:** (SMILES AT CAMERA) Good!

**ANNCR:** Next week on SNO-CASE: The story of Columbia's crack-down on Juvenile Delinquency. Don't miss Dr. Freud McKidney and "NOT IN OUR BARS."

(MUSIC UP STRONG AS CAMERA FADES.)

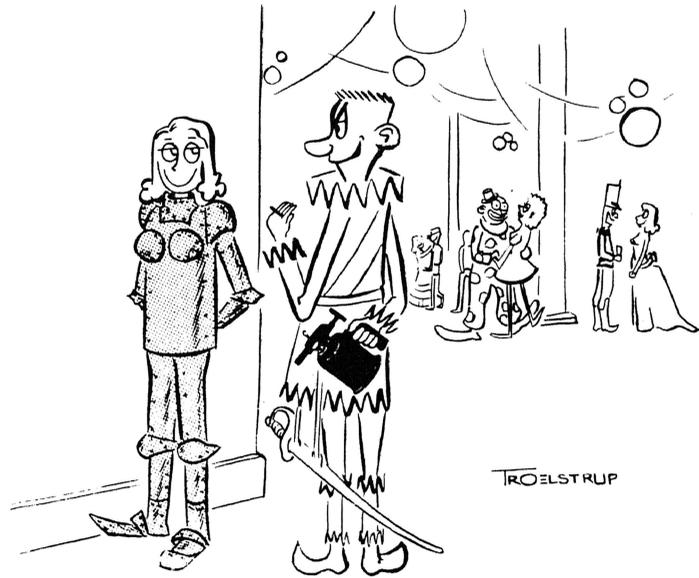
THE END

\* \* \*

"Why didn't you deliver that message as instructed?" an active asked a pledge.

"I did th' best I could, sir."

"The best you could! Why, if I had known I was going to be sending an ass, I would have gone myself."



"Let's go out for a breath of air."

April, 1950  
 Showme

Frankly, Nancy sweet, we crave new contributions but we've been swiped or redrawn without credit so many times in other campus mags, we just had to relieve our frustrations and nail you in our own office! Let's see some more . . . new ones. At least you're sporting.



"What does m'lady wish to do tonight?"

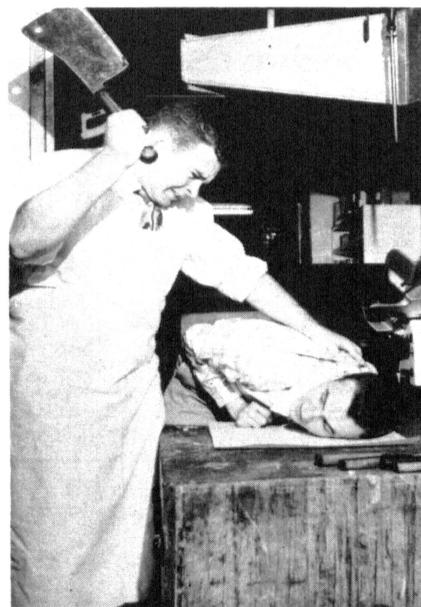
# Marty-

## The story

### oops...



**Marty has been cutting all day, and after work drops in to see Angie.** "What do you want to do tonight, Angie?" Whatever you want to do Angie is OK by me. Let's go eat first.



**The ballroom proves unexciting till Marty sees Clara.** She is bashful and is watching the activities from under a corner table. "You're my type", Marty says, and as she comes from under the table she gives Marty a look that says "You're my type too, Fatso."



**They go to Marty's home and Clara tells him "You're nice—I got a feeling for you."** Marty has a feeling too, and neither of them have felt quite attracted to the other sex like this before.

*If all horses say neigh, where do little horses come from?*

# of a good ... butcher



The next day Marty is tired of cutting and doesn't go down to the butcher shop. He is all mixed up about Clara. He knows Angie won't like her and besides Angie has been his best friend for years. Angie is cute.



He meets Angie and Whalebelly down at the hall. Angie is saying, "That Spillane is some writer, 'I knew she was a real blonde,' boy that guy can really write yes he can.



"Clara, Clara," he says. "Listen Honey I been thinking—I could cut more, make more money, get a house, you know, kids later, would you, would you? Clara answers yes and Marty leaves Angie and Whalebelly forever as his ship sinks slowly in the west.

The average girl needs more beauty than brains because the average man can see better than he can think.

That reminds me...



there  
is  
only  
one

### ANDY'S CORNER

Beer —

Sandwiches —

Goodies



Will Bittick draws girls. He also draws beer. He also draws flies but he's taking pills to prevent that. The Spring Has Sprung issue of SHOWME featured Will's work on the cover and his pin-ups are prominently displayed wherever a red-blooded Mizzou boy hangs his razor strap.

Will explains this artistic ability as an outgrowth of the repression engendered when one is a B&PA marketing major. But don't you believe it, he took a psych course once and explains his every aberration the same way.

He refuses to admit that he is the gourmand who consumes ten bowls of chicken noodle soup in one hour, but we say anyone who glugs down a six-pak in half that time is a good bet for the title.

Will spends his non-toxic moments working for the Let's-Bring-Orphan-Annie-Back-To-The-Globe Cause. He also dreams of the fame which will be his when he finds the girl to out-pulchritude Marilyn and pose for a calendar which will jolt King Farouk right out of his adipose tissue.



One vital cog in the SHOWME machine is Jo Smith, General Flunky. She types, she answers the phone, she drinks our beer, she tells dirty stories. Too dirty. We can't even print 'em. But they give our oppressed Ids an escape while we're thumbing through old Reader's Digests for printable humor.

Jo's a sophomore in Arts and Science, and when she isn't telling dirty stories, she's drawling tall tales about Texas, her home state. During the dog days, she earns the long green modeling pretties for a Houston department store.

Jo has several passions . . . One of them is a mania for unionizing. (But she'd rather stable-ize.) However her mad Russian passion is MG's. There's nothing like helling around a curve at 95 per. In fact, there's nothing like helling around a curve. In fact . . .

The Terror of Mexico Gravel Road claims her paramount achievement in life, outside of out-Marilyning Marlyn, would be "a black leather casket with an eagle on the back."



Webster says that "taut" means tight. I guess the guys in college are taut a lot after all.

*Attend the 51st Annual*  
**FARMERS' FAIR AND HORSE SHOW**



**MAY 11 and 12**

**Intersection of College and Rollins**

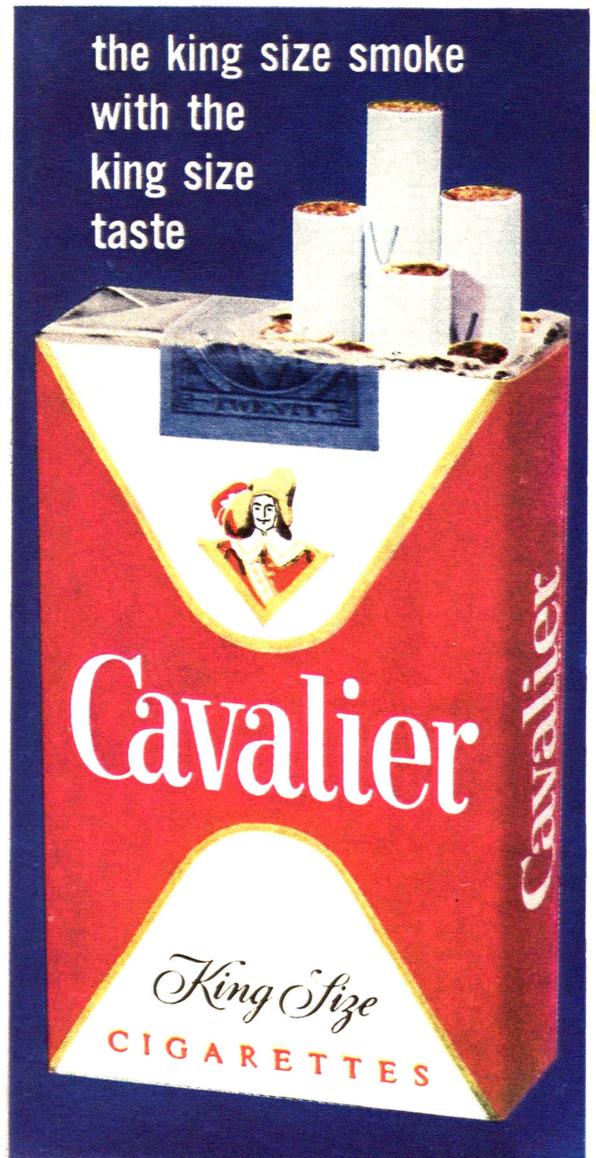
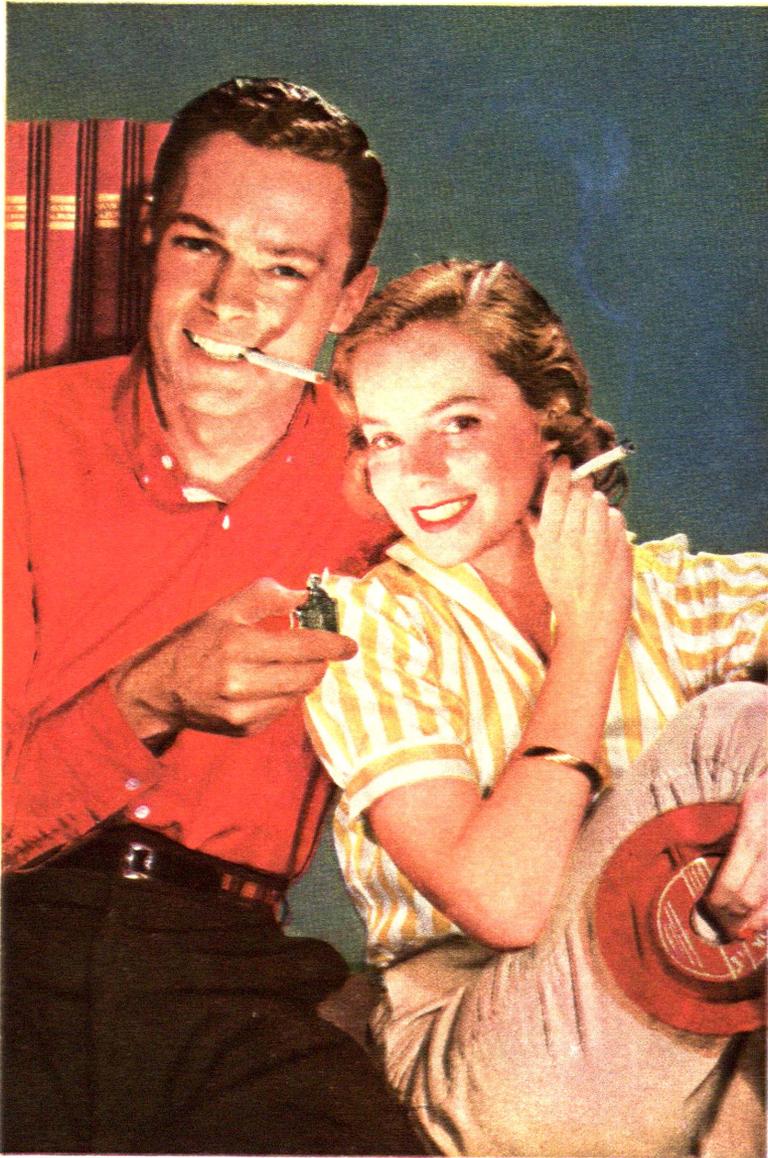
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