



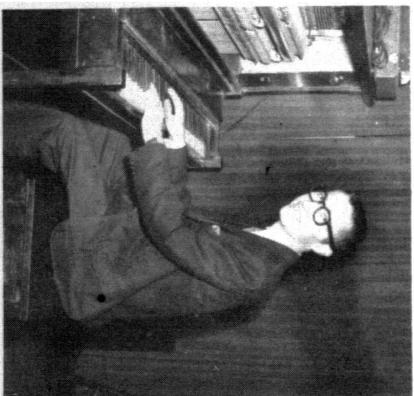
Showme



HERE WE ARE...SO WHAT ISSUE

25¢

Having a party or formal?



Call

FRANK SULLIVAN

you'll be glad you did

For Information
Call SHOWME

Phi Delt: (Looking at his date's low-cut gown) You could show a little more discretion.

Theta: You men are never satisfied.

HERE'S THE AUTHENTIC

Ivy Suit

by *Campus Togs*

Many a man has made a monkey of himself by reaching for the wrong limb.

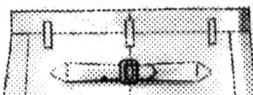
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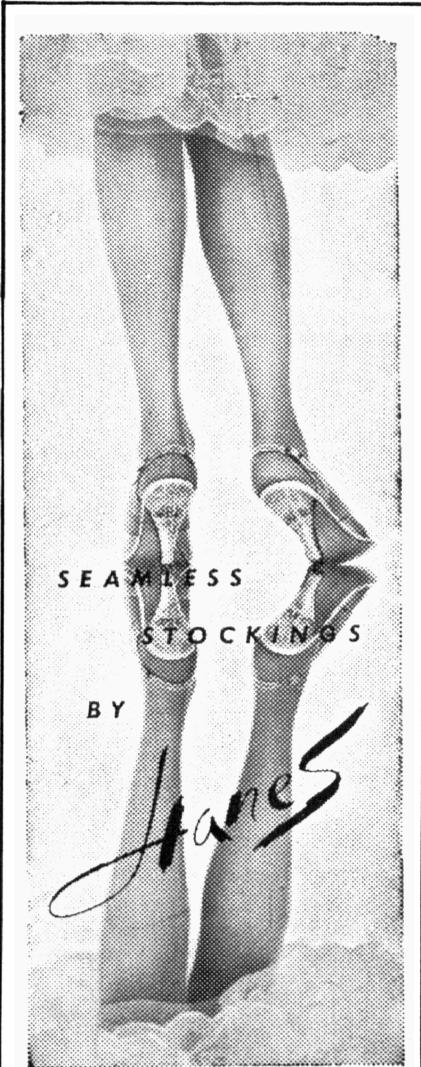
See these authentic Ivy suits, and you'll recognize their superiority over compromise versions. Tailored with exactness by Campus Togs . . . with 3-button coat, high midget notch on narrow lapel, bulk-free fit. See them here . . . now!

"OF COURSE"

\$55.00



BELT STRAP WITH BUCKLE
in back of pleatless trousers — one of many details that distinguish the pure Ivy style.



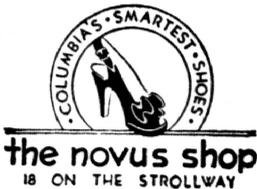
SEAMLESS
STOCKINGS

BY

Jane's

no seams
to worry about
day and dress sheers
short, medium, long

\$1.50 to \$1.95



the novus shop
18 ON THE STROLLWAY

First Susie: I said some foolish things to Robert last night.
Second Susie: Yes?
First Susie: That's one of them.



5 Oct. 1956

Editor, *Showme*

(By telegraph and telephone)

Esquire magazine is planning to run a college fashion section next March. We are polling the editors of what we consider the better college magazines.

Return the requested report to Fred Birmingham, fashion editor. I read *Showme* during my recent college days and think you put out a top-notch college magazine.

Harold Hayes
Esquire Magazine
New York 5, N.Y.

Dear K. C. Barwriter:

Next month.

Eds.

Dear Nanci:

Upon reading in the newspaper of your accepting the co-editorship of *Showme* I was overwhelmingly gratified. I can think of no one person who can more adequately fill the responsibilities and problems that go with the office.

Surely, you have the ability, the brains and the aggressiveness that must go with the job. On top of being gracious and beautiful, you will no doubt be one of the most outstanding editors in the history of the magazine. Good luck!

Nanci

Bob Williams, Editor

Showme

302 Read Hall

Dear Bob:

Hackneyed as it sounds, this is my first letter to an editor, so please excuse me if I fail to follow the prescribed form.

I can't help but express my pleasure and satisfaction with the May 1956 issue of *Showme*. I feel that you and your staff deserve a word of praise.

I don't usually buy the *Showme* and it was only by chance that I borrowed a copy here from a friend in the dorms. I was truly pleased and surprised with this month's product.

Especially, did your article, "Swami Throws a Mad," hit the spot. In the two years I've been here, I've notice how much alike everyone looked. It even reached the point where I had to take a good second look to see if it was a friend or just another product of the mass production mold called M.U.

Being a lowly freshman, I felt I had no right to criticize. This year, again, I've said nothing because I didn't know where or how to go about it.

All this is leading up to this: I want to thank you for saying so eloquently and well what I've wanted to for two years.

I realize you'll probably get a lot of — thrown your way, so I thought I'd add a wilted rose to stick on top of the pile.

I sincerely hope you can and will follow thru on your fresh slant on things here on campus.

Sincerely,
Jerry Clack

302 Cramer Hall
May 21, 1956

Jerry:

Praise for "Mad" should go to Skip Troelstrup, who labored so long and diligently to produce the work that you enjoyed so much. He has an eye for the out-of-the-ordinary, and you can expect to see more in the series by him. For the record, we didn't get a lot of — — thrown our way, but your wilted posie is welcome just the same. Matter of fact, everybody pretty much came through with praise on Skip's work.

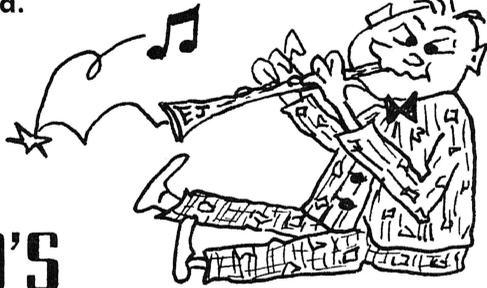
Ed.

Combo Every Wed.
'Til 1:30 A.M.

Pizza
Steak
Spaghetti

ROMANO'S

1102 Broadway



dancing nightly

**ROMANO'S
BOWL**

Open Bowling



Open bowling except on Tuesday night.
1100 East Broadway

ZOW
BANG!



I SURE

LOVE

THOSE

SCOTCHMERE

SWEATERS

from . . .

McCallister's

And then there was the
Scotchman who wouldn't rent his
girl a beach umbrella, but told
her shady stories instead.

Feel left out ?

every
Friday



only
10¢

Read **MANEATER** and get in

1957 MISS MIZZOU



ELECTED BY

OCTOBER 30

12 FINALISTS TO BE

FEATURED IN ALL

NEW PIN UP CAL-

ENDAR

How did you puncture that tire?
Ran over a beer bottle.
Didn't you see it?
Naw, the kid had it under his
coat.



This did start out to be a back-to-the-grind issue, as the noble MANEATER reported, but due to minor turnovers in personnel, publication was delayed and here we are with a month chewed out of a new semester. We intend to account for this delay by bunching up a few issues, so all you subscribers will get your nine months' worth.

The first issue of a magazine under new editorship is inevitably met with an over-critical eye. People over in J-School keep telling us they are expecting Great Things from two such fine journalists. (Just hope they don't think this is going to be the *Missourian* in magazine format!) However, we will try to follow deskbook rules for punctuation and abbreviation and we vow to *check all names with source and directory*.

We think you'll find a great variety of entertainment in this "Here We Are—So What Issue". There's a fine short story by old SHOWME staffer Ginny Turman, who's also our Joke Editor (she gets to read all the dirty magazines.) Of course Dick Noel is back Around the Columns again, drawing mad cartoons and drinking SHOWME beer with wild abandon and little concern for Carl Weseman's bookkeeping.

Ron Soble gets the credit for our two picture parodies. Watch future SHOWME's for a new slant on magazine photo coverage. And be sure to see next month's issue for a hilarious satire by Richard Manning, entitled *The Canterbury Tail*. (It's amazing that no one ever thought of that play on words before!)

Being a little prejudiced, we are probably overly proud of this month's cover by Skip Troelstrup (the male half of the Ego). We think it's good enough to be cast in bronze and erected as the symbol of the spirit of Mizzou. The administration could even use it on letterheads or as the official seal. Everybody's sick of the Columns anyway. And it would give Waldo something new to think about.

Before we forget, many thanx to Bob Williams for helping us put this magazine together. He also left us enough of his own stories to fill SHOWME for a year. In consideration of his great contribution to our publication, we confer upon him the honorary title of Editor-Emeritus. (Note: honorary means gratuitous, without recompense: no pay, Williams!)

ALRIGHT, what we really need is new talent. If you're interested in working for SHOWME, come up to 302 Read Hall anytime and don't let any of the lower-case bohemians hanging around the office scare you away. They're harmless. If you're interested in writing, illustration, selling ads or doing copy and layout, photography or secretarial work, come up and see us — or phone 3-7675. If you don't find anyone around the office (we sometimes get tied up in J-School), call Nanci at 2-9855 or Skip at 3-4053.

We haven't thrown out center-spreads. We were just caught in a time squeeze. They'll be back. As a matter of fact, the tenth anniversary issue of our first centerspread, originated by Mort Walker, is rolling around. We're planning a centerspread issue which will be loaded with the best ever run. Collector's item.

We welcome criticism as well as compliments, so mail or drop your letters by.

Nanci &
SKIP



Showme

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Skip Troelstrup Nanci Schelker

BUSINESS MANAGER
Carl Weseman

EDITORIAL ASSISTANT
Dick Noel

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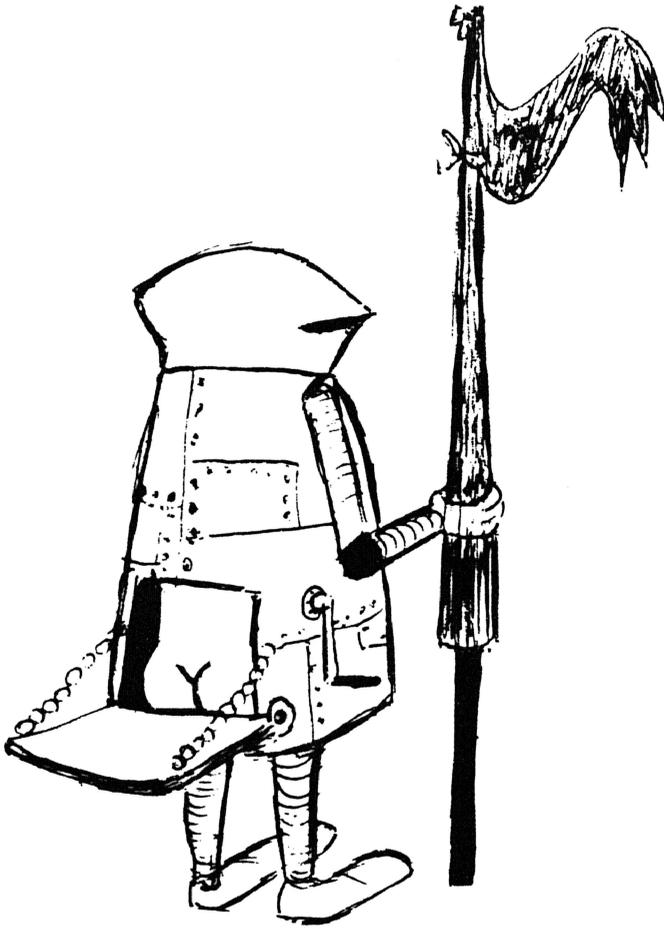
EXCHANGES
Nancy Bales

JOKES
Ginny Turman

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MOT
SHOWME NOSTALIA

*Says Swami, this bold knight
Symbolizes your plight
Schools here, we shout,
The bottom's dropped out.*



Around The Columns

September 18, 1956 . . .

. . . I am out at the Stables engaged in my favorite pastime of counting the belts in the back and Wheeler just said the Cards are ahead 4 to 2 in the eighth which isn't particularly significant except perhaps if you are confronted with a lull in a conversation and then you can come out with the fact that they are ahead 4 to 2 . . . Elvis is making rutting noises on the juke-box and just a minute ago a girl with a belt in back of her skirt came by and if she comes by again I will rise up and beat her about the head and shoulders if I can . . . there is a new song on the juke-box now and it is being sung by several individuals whom I would wager to be members of a youth choir . . . but no doubt Elvis will come on again and drown them out . . . he always does, . . . my cigaret went out and I am getting out my lighter which says Ronson on it but if you read it sideways it says Zonzod and that is the way I am reading it naturally . . . yep, I knew it . . . a guy came by just now and he had on one of them sweaters which looks like you got it on backwards and I told him the Cards were behind 4 to 2 in the eighth but he just sort of sneered at me so I attempted to thrash out and stomp on his white shoes . . . there are some guys out in back playing horseshoes and hollering and going on and I can hear somebody in the other booth telling a girl about the African version of Russian roulette . . . hoo ha . . . well . . . Garret just came in so I think I will go over and talk to him . . . so I'll see you around . . . yeah . . . I'm in school again . . . OK . . . see ya

THIS YEAR the Showme has a new editor — or editors, rather, since there are two of them — which may or may not be significant to you people. They are the sixth and seventh editors I have worked under and from what I can perceive thus far they are fairly normal, healthy, ridiculously red-blooded individuals, as were the other five. And, possessing the attributes I have named, they will no doubt do all the things editors are supposed to do; ergo: sell magazines and make coin. I mean they know which side their melba is buttered on. So they will try to please you. Shape up. Be pleased. I realize there are those among you who are addicted to the *Dairy Goat Journal*, *The Adventures of Edward Shotgun*, and other such literary accomplishments, but as I said, Be Pleased.

* * *

THIS MONTH, friends, is the happy contented sparkling bright clear fresh crisp month of

October, so take advantage of it. When you wake up in the morning, look in the mirror and tell yourself that TODAY I WILL



BE CRISP. Go wild. Make crisp noises. Fall down. Break your hip. When an instructor asks you what Mr. Dryden's objective was in writing *The Hind and the Panther*, go Snap, Crackle, Pop! at him. He will be perplexed. He will be angry. He will cut them off. Be crisp.

* * *

YOU KNOW, every year about this time, I have a great tendency to go into the book business. The reason is apparent. I know of no other venture that would return more on the capital investment. The people who sell books make money. OUR money.

Frankly, it is a very amazing thing to me that in a school as large as this one there is no better arrangement for selling and buying books than there is. Now I realize the people who sell books got to make money. That's alright. But it seems to me that while the Great State U. is building hospitals, purchasing barren tracts of land, enforcing traffic regulations, and hiring ex-police-men, they could maybe find time to give the students a break. Now I know that some of the people who attend this enormous treadmill of learning are financially able to spend thirty-five or forty bucks on their books, but I'm not. And darn near everybody I know isn't.

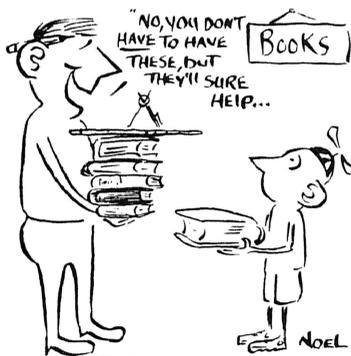
Seven dollars and fifty cents for a book.

Two dollars and fifty cents when you try to sell it back.

I don't know, friends, I just don't know. But if anybody's got any ideas, I'll help.

Even a lynching.
I'll help.

* * *

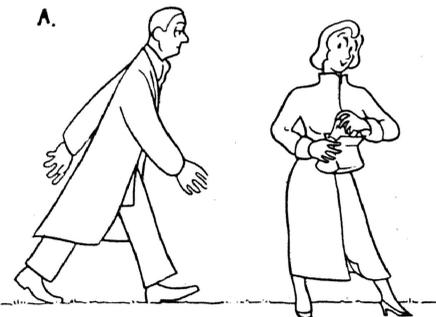


IN THE April 30, 1956 issue of *Sports Illustrated*, there is an article about Humphrey (snarl) Bogart, 54, and his 55-foot yawl *Santana*. Bogart, perhaps one of the meanest individuals ever to leer down the barrel of a loaded automatic, speaks of the peace and solitude of a boat, and advocates only the strictest businesslike seamanship on his yacht.

Says Bogie: "I figure you can stay around the bars five days a week, why fuss up a nice day on the sea."

Says wife Lauren Bacall: "I think sailing is an acquired taste."

Says Bogie: "A good wife (snarl) sails where her husband sails."



Says wife: "I know, and I throw up. I tried. I tried to love it, but I just don't. I get positively green and then Bogie leers at me and says, 'How would you like a nice warm cup of fish?'"

Says Bogie: "Snarl."

* * *

YOU KNOW, some days I feel I am nothing but a hound dog. (crocking all the time.)

* * *

AN ANTHROPOLOGIST-PRIEST who recently returned from New Guinea says he observed among pygmies the apparent workings of a "happiness vitamin."

The Rev. Martin Gusinde described the source of pygmy happiness as "vitamin T" — and he told reporters they get it from eating beetles.

There now. See? Now, to be happy, you don't have to go Lucky Strike. You can go beetles.

* * *

A FEW WEEKS ago, people in the Welsh town of Llanfairpwllgynyllgogerychwyrdrobwllantysiliogoch became very angry because railway authorities had taken down their famed 26-foot-long railroad station signs.

The signs were reduced to a mere 20 feet and the townspeople are still agitating for a return to the good old signs.

The town's name means "The Church of St. Mary in a Hollow of White Hazle Near to a Rapid Whirlpool and to St. Tysilio's Church near to a Red Cove". This is no doubt fraught with significance to certain parties.



Llanfairpwllgynyllgogerychwyrdrobwllantysiliogoch.

I'll bet five bucks I can chug three glasses of beer before you can pronounce it.

* * *

ONE BAD thing about writing this is that this year we are having Showme printed over at Jeff City — rather than here in Columbia, as it was last year. This presents problems. In order to get it to Jeff, have it printed, and get it back without complications, we've got to turn our copy in about two weeks in advance. A lot could happen in two weeks. The Bomb might drop. We might win two football games in a row. Some idiot might leap off Memorial Tower at high noon. And, if something of that nature *did* happen while we were in the process of printing, nothing would be said here about it. And you would think, "Why don't that Noel keep his eyes open."

So just remember: we've got a two week time lag.

Waitamminute. I can feel a question coming. Why did we move our printing over to Jeff City? It's cheaper, friend, cheaper.

* * *

THROW away that torturous truss. Get a wheelbarrow.

* * *

I SEE in the M Book, Your Hannde Booke of Information, where the good people here at our State U. can fine up for breaking certain traffic regulations. That's unfair. I mean, you sort of lounge around all summer, doing things both interesting and ridiculous, and then you come back here all unsuspecting and relaxed, you



It was not a slow lecture, nor a fast lecture, just a half-fast lecture.

know, and then whamsockdolager boom! They hand you a fine for merely driving your pink-and-black V-8 Spudmobile up onto Mr. Ellis' front yard.

There ain't no justice.

* * *

HAY, how are you guys getting along over at the dorms? Three to a room this year, isn't it? Nice and cozy? Getting to know your roomie pretty good? Want to strangle one of 'em? Well? Go ahead and do it. Go wild. Get your picture in the paper. Maybe the wire services will pick it up. Hell, you'll be famous. Won't have to go into the Army, either. Good deal.

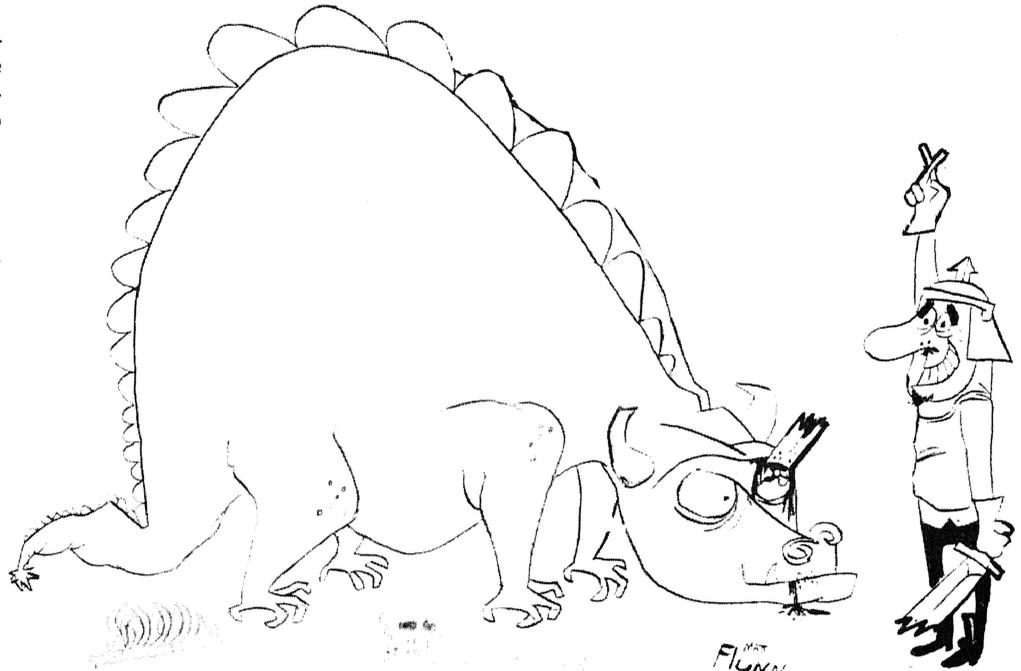
Use a scarf.

* * *

SPEAKING of killing one another, I got a good movie you oughta see. *The Bad Seed*. It was a book, then it was a play, and now it's a movie.

It's about this little girl, see, who's about twelve years old, and she's got this terrific mean streak in her. I mean she does, boy. She don't like hardly anything. She steps on bugs, and drowns her friends, and shoves her dog out of a five-story window, and sets fire to people's houses, and, oh hell, *everything*.

See, the catch is, you're supposed to think it's a big deal because she's only twelve years old, but personally, I think they've kind of missed the boat on that. I mean, I know of some twelve year olds who are sort of like that. I don't mean they've killed anybody, you know. They haven't done that. Not yet. But you can betcher bottom dollar if they had the chance they wouldn't slack off. Nosir. You



"King's X!"

wouldn't catch *them* in bed. They'd be right out there, givin' it all they had, which is all anybody could expect, you know. I mean they might make a messy deal out of the first couple of times, but *hell*, they're *only* twelve years old. Whatayou expect? A Saint Valentine's Massacre the first time out? But you just give 'em a couple of times, so as to get sort of warmed-up you know, and *then* you'd see fur fly. You *bet* you would. I'll stack *my* bunch of twelve-year-olds up against anybody in the country.

The Bad Seed. See it.

* * *

I GUESS I ought to say something here about the beer prices going up.

The price of beer has gone up. A nickel. No report yet on sody pop.

* * *

THIS IS from the September 12 issue of *Punch*.

Quote: Mr. Arthur Miller was referred to as "Mr. Marilyn" in front-page stories reporting his arrival in London "incognito under the name of 'Mr. Brown'." It is understood that in the future he intends to travel incognito under the name of Mr. Miller.

little freshman
don't look sad,
send those big bills
home to dad;
he will have the needed ration
for your four year
paid vacation.



"YA WANT CREAM IN DIS..?"

I won't have to sweat at all . . . So welcome back to school, happy negative hours, save your cuts till you need 'em, don't blow your nose on your sleeve, cheat constantly on pop-quizzes, sew a belt on the back of your dog, have a bettle sandwich at least once a day, and don't volunteer for a damn thing adios, you motha . . . nope! I promised I wouldn't do that. I mean they're *bound* to catch me sometime . . .

Be cheerful . . .

Dick Noel



The Man With the Golden Thumb



Wondering who should help thin girl who fell into beer bottle.

Believe It or Not
Missouri Touchdown



Out of Focus

Photos by Dick Shoemaker

Aw, c'mon . . . Put it back in the basket.



Broadway at night . . . after Romano's

Summer Session

Some studied and some . . .



No Humor for the Token



The girl sank despairingly to the park bench. He had gone and this sudden realization stunned her.

A pigeon eyed her inquisitively and cocked his head. But the girl was alone in thought.

This was not the first time she had waited here.

Each night for the past month he had met her at this bench. Most times she was the early one, for fear of missing him. But he had always waited for her to come when she was late before.

He had not been far up the path when the girl arrived. She had called out to him and thought she saw his head turn.

But he did not come to her.

A cricket began warming his strings for his nightly concert. Along the freeway running parallel to the park, cars carried the population toward the city's raucous nightlife.

And the girl was alone.

She shut her eyes from the flashing headlights and saw only his face.

It had been sunny the first time she saw him. She had come

to the park with a friend, and, while passing them, he had glanced her way.

She recalled the embarrassment his glance had made her feel. For she was not able to give him anything that night in return for the question in his eyes. Her heart had almost stopped beating as he continued up the path.

On the next day she was there waiting for him. He was late, but she did not mind. Her joy in knowing that he would always come had far outweighed her waiting . . .

That was the first night the girl exchanged the token of friendship with him. She remembered how he smiled when he took it.

But he had not smiled at her for a week now . . .

Each day after that she met him. She always came alone, for her friend would give nothing for what he offered. Throughout the long, hot, summer month the girl brought him her token. And he had taken it happily — until this week.

The girl thought perhaps he was angry with her. And, yet, she could see no reason for his not making an effort to be friendly. She had given so much of herself to him for so long . .

It was growing late and the pigeon had fallen asleep a long time ago. The girl had never stayed so late before, and she knew it was time to leave. There was no point in waiting; he had told her he never returned this way.

Quiet sobs woke the pigeon and sent him crankily to his mate. Then another sound echoed above the tears. The sobs ceased as suddenly as they had started.

It was he.

She knew it was he. And as she ran up the path to meet him, her heart asked respite for a week of agony. She could see his face in the darkness . . she could not know until she reached him.

The boy paused to wait for her. But he did not smile at the breathless figure running toward him with outstretched arm.

"I'm sorry, honey" he said.

Slowly the girl withdrew her hand. The boy passed quickly.

He did not take her token.

The Good Humor man was out of chocolate-covered strawberry ice cream bars — AGAIN. *The End*

Guide: We are now passing the largest brewery in the state. Student: Why?

By Jane
Glenn



The Sad Saga

of

It seems that this fair institution has, for some reason not yet revealed, classes scheduled at the frightful hour of 7:40. Students are probably nearer their real personalities at this hour than at any other time of the day. At this ghastly hour you are liable to meet more campus characters with more idiosyncrasies than the artists that inhabit the Left Bank.

A man can't always look his best at this hour—usually what's hanging nearest the bed (if it isn't your roommate) will do the trick.

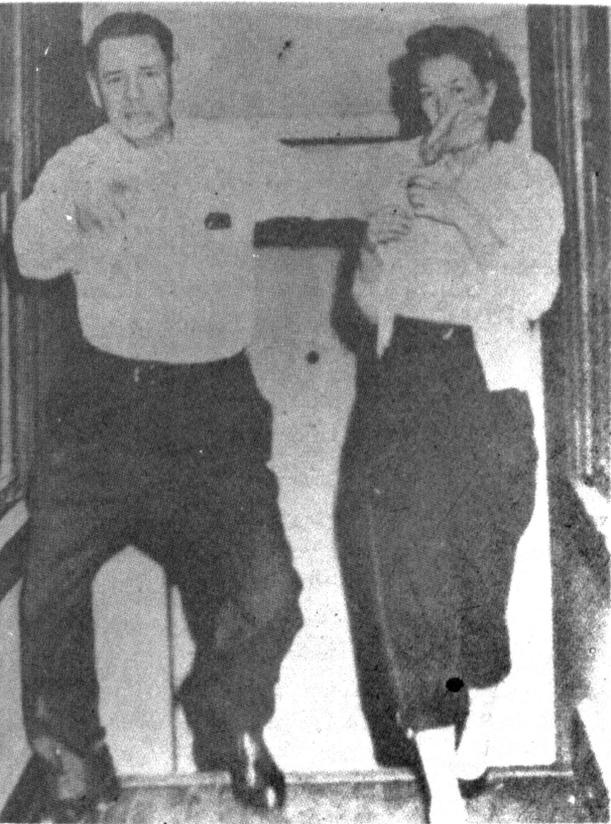


Cutting class is frowned upon — therefore, the situation may require a helping hand to start you off at this hour of oblivion.

the 7:40

By Ron Soble

For those who keep late hours, a more powerful stimulant than coffee may be needed to combat early morning fatigue.

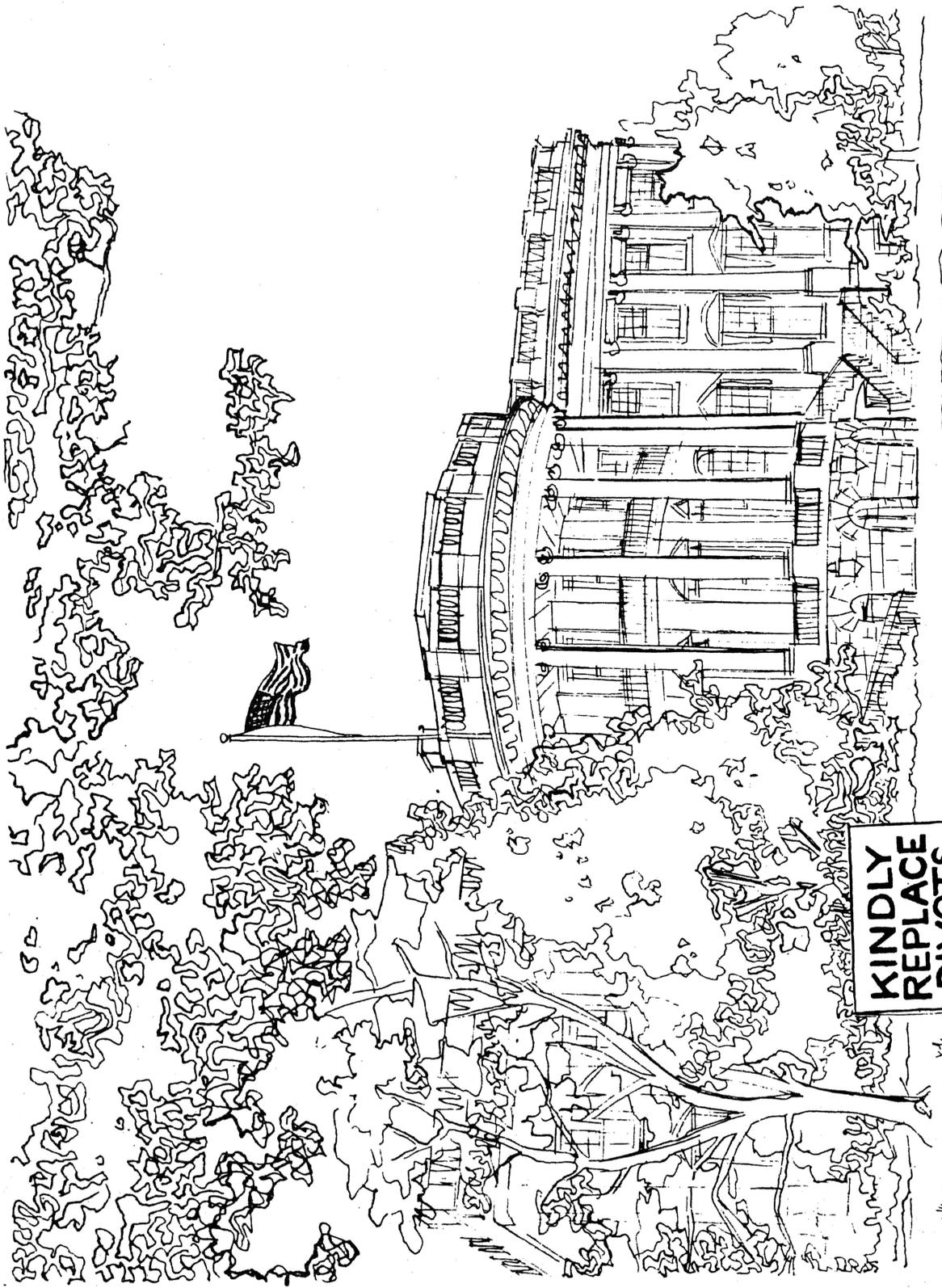


"Now wait a minute — have a little consideration for those who come in late. Who do you think you are anyway?"



The instructor is usually a suave, well-dressed character who always manages to look his best at the most ungodly hours.





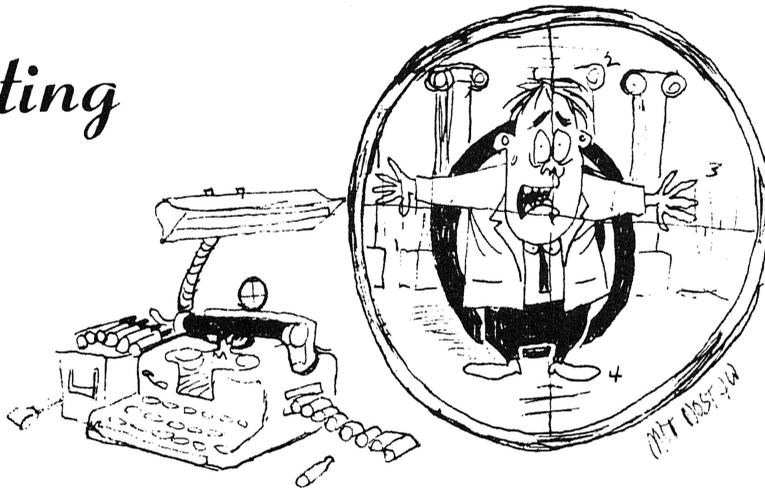
Handwritten note: American Museum of Natural History

FEELSTRIP
SHOWME

Handwritten note: 11/11/2011

Handwritten note: 11/11/2011

Shooting



Gallery

Whiskey may shorten your life, but you'll see twice as much in half the time.

University regulations state that no freshman under the age of 21 may operate a car. There are less than 9,000 students in this hole, and some 10,000 cars descend on the campus each September. **SOMEBODY'S LYIN'!**

The year seems to be starting out well for the dear old Alma Mater — our rugged, fearless, etc., etc., grid stars are losing steadily, the cost of living is rising, the University has managed to sock the students for a few more bucks (nobody objects to a little \$30,000-a-year slush fund), the freshman girl crop is no more exciting than last year and the city is going to put parking meters on Strollway and Conley. In other words, the season promises to be another smashing success. Cheers, dears.

Was anybody here during rush week? Well, I was. Lovely sight. From my post at Read Hall I had a 270 degree field of view to watch the slaughter. There were droves of freshmen, all struck with the wonder of it all, dew-eyed and eager to be led to the block. All around were sharp-eyed Greeks, pinching, prodding, poking, bidding, buying. What a sight! In their native costume (war paint, scalping knives, wampum and convertibles) they made a colorful pageant. UGH!!!

Some of these freshmen are on the ball thought — they read the Joe College clothing ads. They already have their sweaters, sneakers and the anchor in the right place. You've really got to hand it to them. Bully!

FLASH — Grace Kelly plans to stay out of moom' pitchers for a period. Says she wants to

get back in "shape" first. Plans to stay married until she does.

Speaking of pitchers, did somebody mention the Italian Village? If not, still on the subject, Luscious Liz is on the lose again; line forms on the right, men, right behind Mike. Ready-made family and all, that's still a good deal. Westward ho! California or bust! Bust? Speaking of Liz . . .

Somebody slipped me the word the other day on those bureaucrats in Jesse Hall — you know, the ones that always tell you, "Come back the second Tuesday in next week"? The ones YOU and YOU there are paying the salaries for (traffic tickets, you know). The word goes that there is one girl up there who was carefully watched for the last three months. Each morning she came to work, took her bubble gum out of the lower left-hand drawer of her desk, a copy of TRUE CONFESSIONS from the lower right-hand drawer, a cigarette from her purse, and buckled down to another hard day at the office. According to statistical evidence, she should have absorbed the contents of every issue since it hit the stands, even if she works by osmosis.

Missouri state law says that all motor-driven vehicles shall be preceded at a distance of one

hundred yards by a man with a lighted lantern.

If you **MUST** drink beer, please refrain from practicing your evil habits in the woods. A man engaged in the nefarious act was recently laid low by a bolt from the blue. In this case the bolt was .22 caliber and its origin is unknown, though some lowbrows have pointed out that the WCTU is known as a very determined organization.

All eligible freshmen males **MUST** enroll in ROTC.

I hate wah! Eleanor hates wah! Falla hates wah! Damn the Reds, and bully for dear old Winnie! Remember, all you Seminoles, the United States has never started a war and never lost one.

Speaking of Seminoles, and for the information of all you AFROTC cadets, the Air Force Survival School says Florida rattlesnake meat tastes like chicken.

I went to a movie once. Really. The picture was called New Faces, and the admission was 75 centavos. There were various people swimming around through this hodge-podge and the whole mess was a waste of money. Then Eartha Kitt came on and sang "Monotonous."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 32

One second it was there, the next it wasn't. Jane Ellen clutched — automatically at first, for her thoughts were buried in the pink cloud of cotton candy at her face. Then, frantically, she strained her hand upward through the maze of arms and legs and sky-faces. "Momma?" her heart caught. But her hand was empty.

Sawdust was oozing into her sandals. Jane Ellen twirled her toes . . . should she cry? The ever-shifting crowd was changing so fast now. A wide pair of cover-alls was standing where her mother had been lifted into a completely different scene, as though she were dreaming and the dream patterns had been only seconds before. It seemed as if she were jumbling too rapidly to fit into a definite location.

Sequence of a Summer Day

by Virginia Turman

At eye-level was a pair of twisted stocking seams, cheap nylon straining under muscles pulled tight by three-inch heels. No one seemed to notice the small girl with blue eyes staring under a tangle of blond bangs. Perhaps the cry of "Hurra, hurra, hurra, step right up ladies and gentlemen," spurred them on, forcing their attention to blatant billboards and meaningless promises of fantastic wonders. Perhaps thoughts of money burning to be squandered were confused by tinny ragtime.

But Jane Ellen was moving now, too, caught up in the frenetic hurry to get to . . . where? Momma? A tinsel star winked friendly like, breaking through her preoccupation. She laughed, forgetting, reaching for the pretty toy. A jostle from behind brought glitter scattering into her hand.

"You! What're you doing, trying to tear up my stand! Fool kids! Little vandals! Get outa here, young'un!" Jane Ellen flinched, immovable at first. Then, darting quickly through myriads of legs, she continued her safari.

The Alabama sun was so hot now. The remnant of cotton candy, her only luggage, was beginning to stick onto her pinafore, pink running into red pol-



Motherhood is the necessity for convention.

Illustrated by Will Bittick

We've read so much about the bad effects of drinking and smoking, that we've decided to give up reading.

ka dots. She toyed with the dress for a moment before being jerked back to reality with, "Hey, whose little girl are you?"

"Are you my mommy?" brought only a pitiful expression from the haggard face bent so close to hers. The sun glared on make-up intended for footlights, distorting the painted smile. Whiskey breath fought with Blue Waltz perfume for precedence.

Ellens' face, nostrils extended, pushed at the beads glinting into her eyes. The woman tottered drunkenly before rising on run-over heels. "I use to be a mommy," she repeated to herself, waddling through sawdust to a dusty tent, its flap held back by a large brown bottle.

Jane Ellen's thumb grew insufficient for her stomach. Sucking uselessly at particles of cotton candy picked from her skirt, she followed the crowd into a brick building. Food was everywhere here . . . shelves and shelves of it. Fat cornlined beribboned walls, rich pies beckoned from loaded tables. Her head barely grazed the pole erected to protect the exhibits from wishful hands. Tip-toeing to reach the largest pie, a hand caught her arm.

"Now, honey, you know you can't do that," a soft voice drawled. "This food ain't for us. The shame is that it ain't for nobody. This here's for show, not for eating."

"But I'm hungry," Jane Ellen spurted, hunger edging tears from sun-scorched eyes. "And I want my mommy."

"So that's it. Well, we'll find your mommy for you. First off, though, I'm Leah. Quit that bawlin' now. Your momma's good as found."

Jane Ellen's sobs stopped abruptly as Leah pressed a large piece of sugar cane into her hand. Leah was nice. Surprisingly white teeth sparkled as she took Jane Ellen's hand and said proudly, "I ain't but eight years old, but I know how to take care of young'uns. Lord knows I've

had enough experience at home." (Eight years old?) An older listener than Jane Ellen would have wondered at this, for long hair curled around a face that was not eight years old. This face never had and never would be a child. Suffering had taught dark eyes to see reality, taught them as cruelly, as harshly as only life in starkly real form can.

But Jane Ellen was not older, and she saw only that she had found perhaps not who, but what she was looking for.

So baby pink hand nestled happily in already strong one as the two turned away. While Leah led Jane Ellen out of the booth, she subtly questioned her, squeezing first her name, which she knew only as Jane Ellen, then her age, which was given by holding up five pink-smearred fingers.

Now they knew all they needed to know about each other. They were friends.

Leah had presumed that Jane Ellen had lost her mother in the thick crowd of the building, and now was walking her from booth to booth, pointing out first one and then another likely-looking lady.

At last Jane Ellen nodded. Leah touched the edge of a silk dress reverently. "Beg Pardon, but ain't this your little girl?"

Icy eyes looked at long legs hanging from a hand-me-down dress. Leah's hand whipped to her already developing chest as the voice throated dangerously, "Get your dirty hands off me, you . . ."

But Leah had grabbed the startled Jane Ellen and was running wildly past sweating Boy Scouts standing rigidly at attention, past fat aprons, past blurs of quilted walls and crocheted doilies. At last! A door. Leah swung it quickly, pushing at blond tangles. A hand just as rapidly pushed them out. "The little girl can come in, but you must wait outside," she said, pointing to an almost illegible "Ladies" on the door.

Leah remembered. The first time, she had come to her mother's lap crying bewildered tears. Feather pillow bosoms had soothed hurt and torment, then blossomed to their full strength as she heard her child's story. The story was old now. Leah, the oldest, had watched her brothers and sisters go through the same ritual, year after year. But it all seemed a long time ago . . .

It was only when Jane Ellen was again with Leah that the child remembered that she was hungry. Leah unpinned a small cloth sack from inside her dress and they approached a man whose shirttails bunched under the bottom of a too-short jacket.

Continued Page 33



SHOWME

"And mind you, be civil to the poor boys and exchange students . . . They could ruin us!"



THURLLOW

Part I

For the first time in collected form, SHOWME begins running in monthly installments the only cartoon series censored in book form during the Korean War.

Thurlow was created by SHOWME co-editor Skip Troelstrup at Keesler Air Force Base, Mississippi, in 1951 and by late the same year began appearing in the *Pacific Stars and Stripes* once a week. *Thurlow* was killed in January, 1954, together with the syndicated comic strip "Beetle Bailey" (drawn by former-SHOWME editor Mort' Walker).

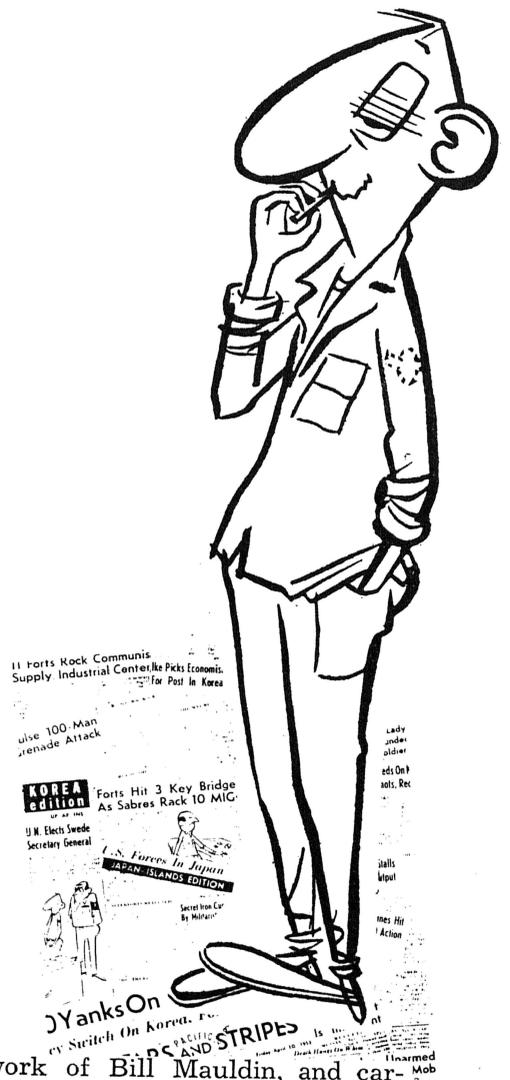
The cartoon panel was in proof form for publication in soft cover book form at that time and production was stopped.

Then the feature was accepted by the Charles Tuttle Publishing Company of Tokyo and Rutland, Vt. However, since the artist was still a Staff Sergeant in

the Air Force, *Stars and Stripes* held the rights to reprint publication. Major Joseph Morgan, commanding officer of the newspaper, refused to sign the papers giving Tuttle permission to publish the material originally compiled for publication by the book department of the paper itself.

Thurlow, like *Beetle Bailey*, fell under a secret 1953 censorship policy of *Stars and Stripes*, the "newspaper for the soldier" which said that cartoons must not include Officers, Non-commissioned Officers, Women, Asian People or "must not poke fun at the officer corps, or any arm or branch or unit of the service and must be liked by Maj. Morgan, Col. McGiffert, and the generals and colonels throughout the Far East."

A ban was issued on reprinting past cartoons, including the



11 Forts Rock Communist Supply Industrial Center, like Picks Economic For Post in Korea

also 100-Man Grenade Attack

KOREA edition Forts Hit 3 Key Bridge As Sabres Rack 10 MIG

U.S. Elects Sweden Secretary General

JAPAN ISLANDS EDITION Secret from Car By Military

Yanks On Switch On Korea, Ev

work of Bill Mauldin, and cartoon content fell to zero.

Thurlow has been reprinted in *Look*, *N.Y. Times Magazine*, *Cavalier*, *This Week*, *Armed Forces Press Service*, and the collections *Out of Line* and *New Out of Line*.

The editors feel that most of these cartoons contain universal humor appealing to all of young blood or mind.

They're also appearing because Skip Troelstrup is an editor . . . and he drew 'em. And this is his way to thumb his nose back.

AP MAN'S INSIDE REPORT:

Selfmade Army Censors Harass Orient Reporters

Following is a dispatch by Bob Eason, AP Bureau Chief in Tokyo, to the log of the Associated Press. The log is distributed periodically to member Press bureaus and members.

By BOB EASON
AP Chief of Bureau, Tokyo

Stars and Stripes Censorship Of Comic Strip Is Denied Here

An Army spokesman said yesterday he knew of "no new policy of censorship" in the Far East Command and said the

sources here. His book is scheduled to be published by the Charles Tuttle company in Tokyo as soon as complications are cleared away.

A favorite cartoon character of military personnel in the Far East, "Thurlow," will be out in book form as soon as the S Sgt. Glenn Troelstrup, gets out of the air force in December. The book may go to press sooner if the army in the Far East policy against spoofing the brass and military service in general.

Sgt. Troelstrup, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Troelstrup, Broadway says the book is ready to be printed by the Chai Publishing Company of Tokyo, but because some cartoon "fun" at officers, the Far East command will not give it.

Troelstrup is now home on leave after three years in the Pacific.

Remain a One-Stripper

"Thurlow" is destined to remain a one-striper, Troelstrup said. "I'm not going to leave his commanding officer in the lurch."

Thurlow's name just seemed to me."

Appeared in Far Eastern service in August of 1951.

1952, Troelstrup transferred to the Pacific Edition of *Stars and Stripes* in Tokyo as a staff artist. He later was appointed assistant art director and cartoon director for the paper. Here, he says, he ran into difficulties on what cartoon

Los Angeles Examiner Sec. I, Part B Sun., Jan. 17

ARMY CENSORS G. I. CARTOON

THUPLow



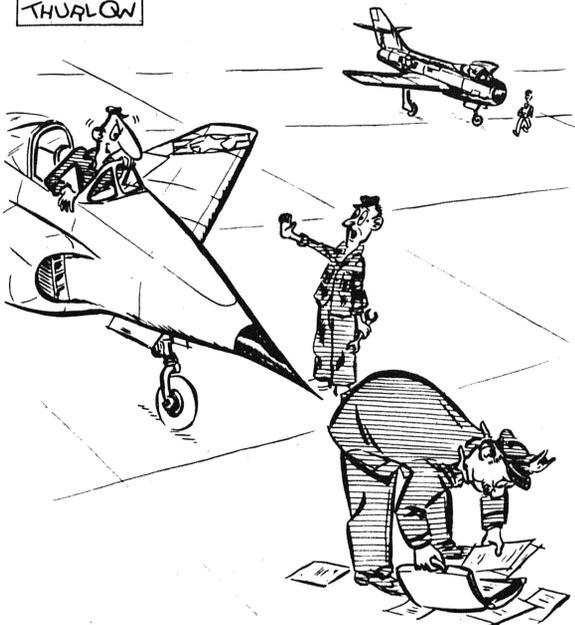
"Now tell me again that you had to write your own pass because your Sergeant was illiterate!"

THUPLow



"Hold your horses, Shorty . . . Be with you in a minute!"

THUPLow

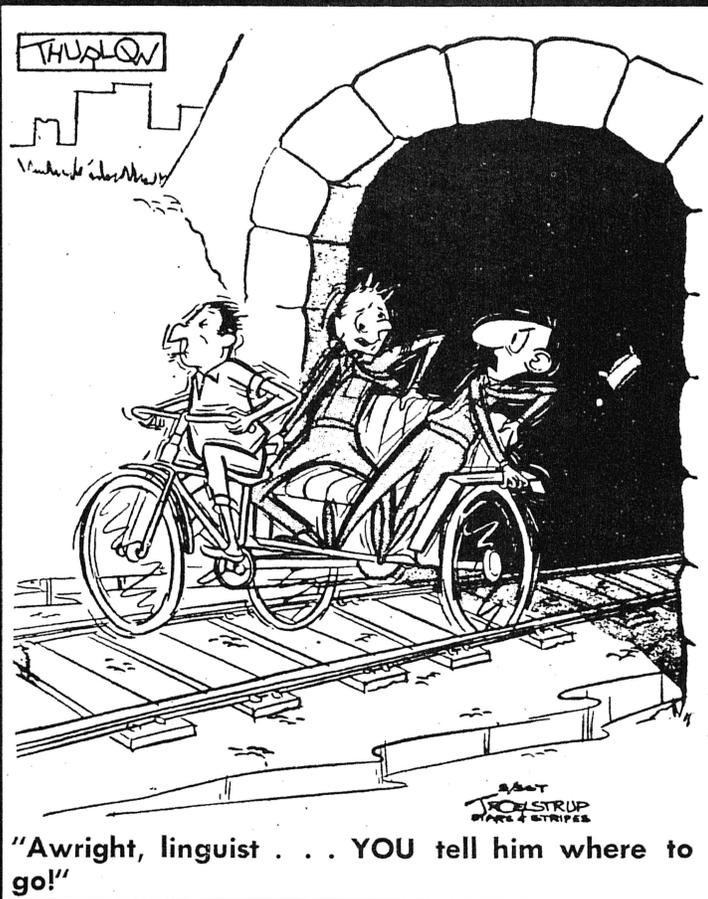


"Steady, boy . . . Steady"

THUPLow



"I suppose I should have mentioned that I oiled up the rusty ones!"



THURLOW



"Okay, I believe you . . . You WERE a sailor before!"

THURLOW



"Can't you think of ANY meaning for 'C.O.' besides conscientious objector?"

THURLOW



"He used to be a Corporal in our outfit . . . I told you he'd never make Sergeant!"

THURLOW

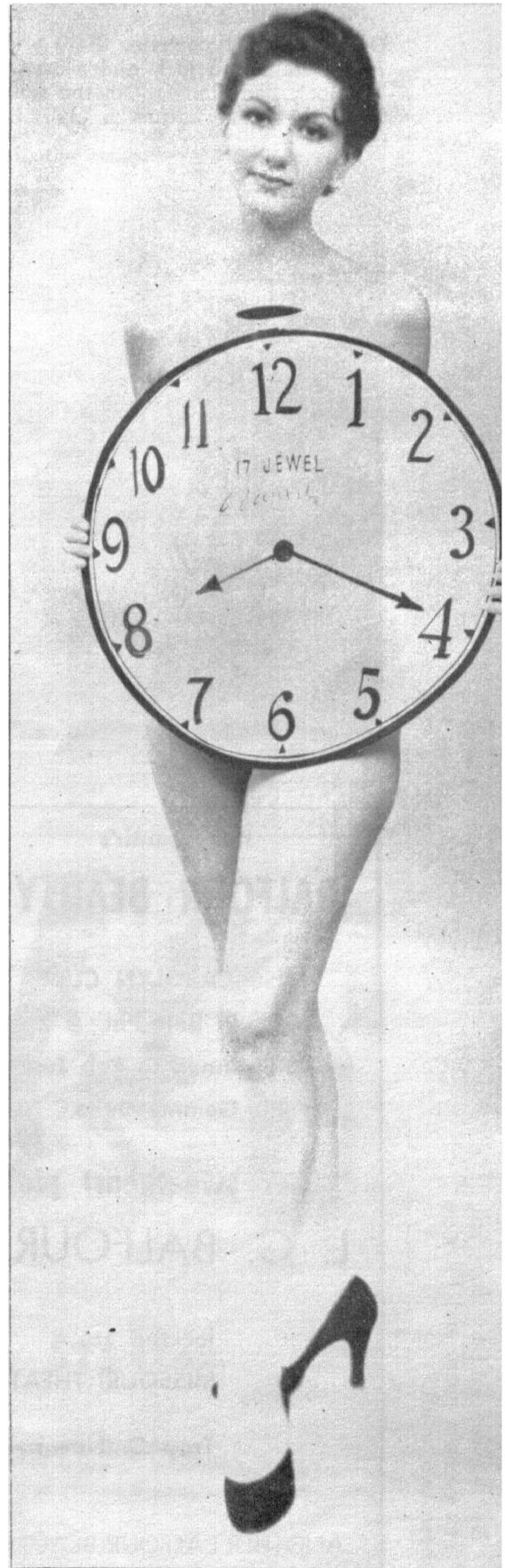






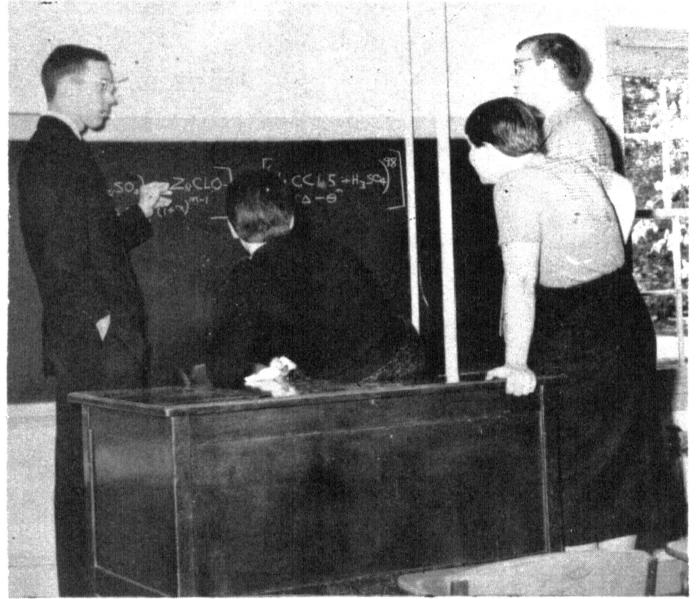
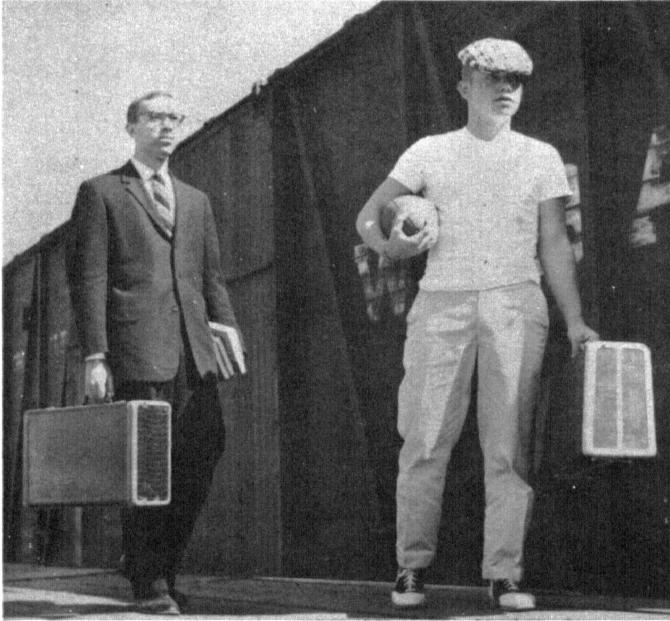
Nanci Cobb

*Like a Fine Timepiece. . .
The Parts Fit Together*



Once upon a typewriter there arrived at this school,
 A muscle-bound jock and a cat who dressed cool.
 The jock had plans to set the school on fire,
 This other cat was just a plain live wire.

Making the



It looks like our boy has personality to spare,
 The students and prof look impressed with his air.
 His future looks solid, he's BMOC,
 What more could happen? Just wait and see.

this month's

BALFOUR BEAUTY

MISS CAROLYN CUPP

Pi Beta Phi

recently pinned to Rob Jeske

Phi Gamma Delta



her sweetheart pin by

L. G. BALFOUR CO.

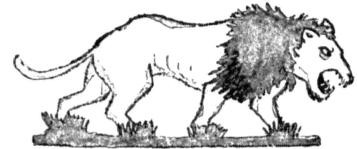
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GORDON'S

Restaurant

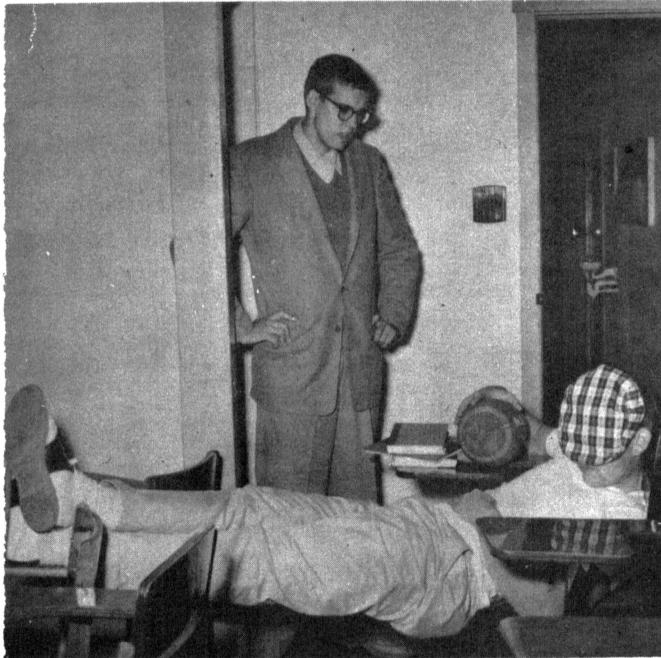
New Location:

Next to the
SHOW-ME MOTEL
 Highway 40 E.

Formerly Gordon's Pantry

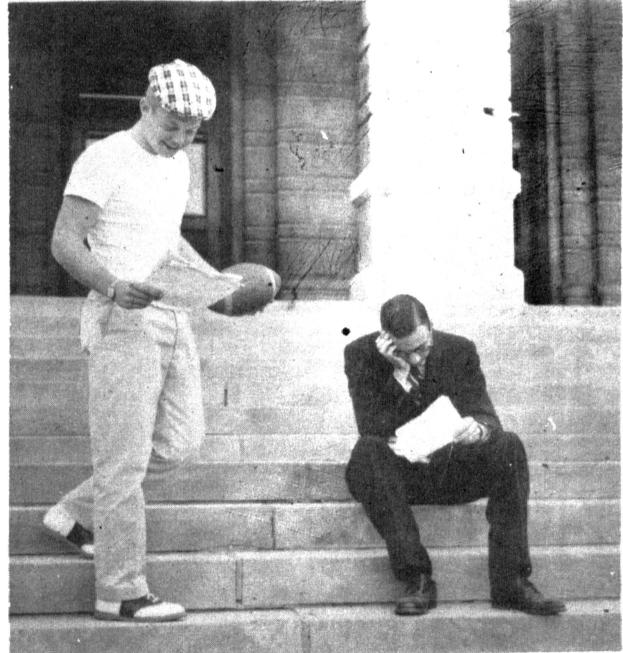
As the bra said to the hat,
 "You go on a head, and I'll give
 those two a lift."

American Grade



What's this? Our jock looks off the beam,
If his grades aren't better he's off the team.
The books give him nausea, the teacher's a ham,
The cotton-pickin' school ain't worth a damn.

What a kick — final grades show some ties,
Both of our characters have come up with I's.
The jock's made the team, he's riding high,
With the coach, prof and gals he's number one guy.



over

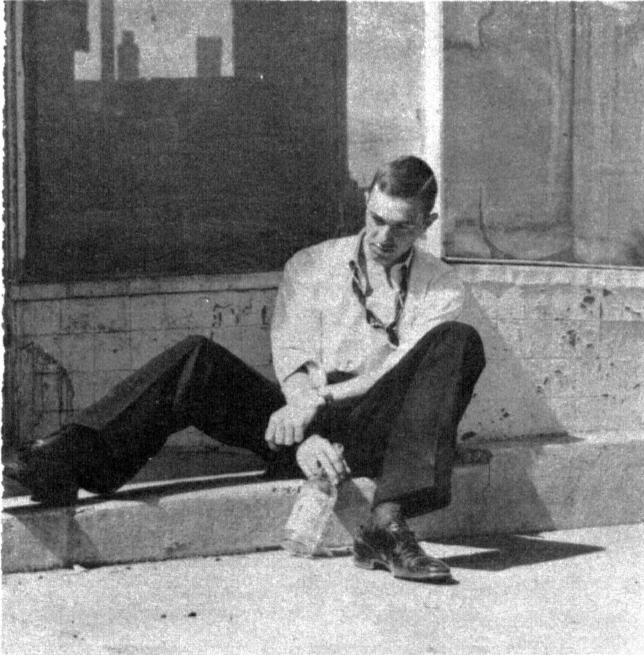
All the *CATS* go to

The Stables

"located on the Hink
for your convenience"

MAKING THE AMUURICAN GRADE (cont.)

Ye gods — our cool cat is tearing out his hair,
 With the broads and the campi he's really nowhere.
 The "I's" have slammed him down a notch or two,
 He's taken to the botile—he konws he's through.



Even though he may have the head of a rock,
 At graduation time he rates top jock.
 Straight "I"'s have put him on a scholarly cloud,
 "I've got my future whipped," he shouts out loud.

The younger generation still
 has respect for old age, provid-
 ing it's bottled.

Keepsake
 DIAMOND RINGS

the standard of
**BEAUTY
 QUALITY
 VALUE**

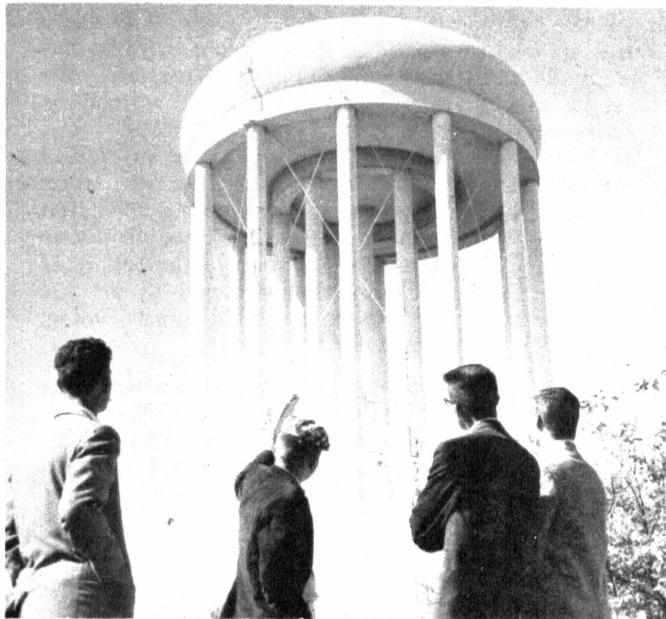
\$250.00
 ABBOTT
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 Good Housekeeping

Lamb's
 JEWELRY

THE STEIN CLUB

In Tulsa he's hired by a firm rich in oil,
 Our Jock's got enough money to make your blood boil.
 "Hit those books in college," to his friends he would tell.
 We leave him now with, "Oil's well that ends well."



Alas! Things are worse for our once popular friend,
 It looks like grades have forced his end.
 The "I"'s have made him a sorry lout,
 This poor cat's really gone far out.

Moral: Studying is like quicksand — the more you get into it, the more you're sunk.

*ours exclusively and,
 for YOU, exclusively...*

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 SUITINGS and SPORT COATS**

No doubt about it . . . there's no fit, no
 free 'n easy comfort like a suit that's tailored to your
 exact measurements. Add to that, the
 luxury of sky's-the-limit pattern and fabric selection.
 Luxury? Not at all! The cost is surprisingly
 little more. No long waiting, either. Delivery
 approximately a couple of weeks. The
 sooner you come in, of course, the sooner you'll
 have your suit . . . why not today!

NEUKOMM'S

**COMMONWEALTH
 COLUMBIA
 THEATRES**

MISSOURI
 2:30 — 7 — 9 P.M.
 Continuous Sun.

HALL
 7 — 9 P.M.
 Continuous Sun.

UPTOWN
 2 — 7 — 9 P.M.
 Continuous Sun.

VARSITY
 7 — 9 P.M.
 Continuos Sat., Sun.

BROADWAY DRIVE-IN
 At Dusk

Balladeer's

By Jerry Shnay

There are songs that mother always teaches us, and then there are the kind found in *Bawdy Songs and Backroom Ballads* sung by Oscar Brand on 10-inch Audio Fidelity (AFLP 906). Doubtless to say, if the good old lady ever heard this she would wash the phonograph needle with soap.

Many of the songs in the album have recently been redone into popular hits, but somehow they lose their flavor. The tenderness and sincerity in such songs as "Roll Your Leg Over" or "Blow the Candle Out" is hard to duplicate now.

If you have a good appetite and strong stomach this is your dish . . . rollicking songs and ballads of tough, hard-living and hard-drinking men and their wholesome winsome wenches. Not recommended for Stephens Home Ec. majors. It should be, though. \$4.25.

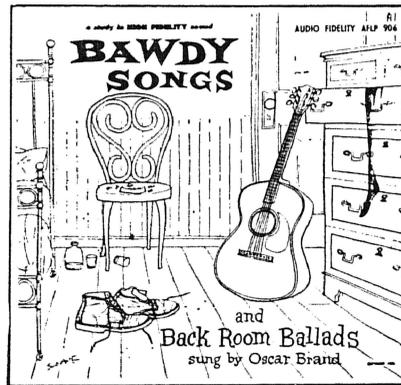
While following this train of thought, we cannot help being reminded of Richard Dyer-Bennet's "Phyllis and Her Mother" which is on the first album made by his own company. (Dyer-Bennet 1)

Mr. Dyer-Bennet, who is one of the, if not *the* finest folk singer in the world today, is venturing into a new field that may soon be a boon to all people in the trade. "Lonesome Valley," which in his own words, ". . . is the most powerful and moving folk song I have yet encountered," is a joy to listen to.

If you want to get an education in how to sing songs like this, get the album. It is an unforgettable experience. Query on price.

Pete Seeger, an experience in himself, has recorded many albums. Among his finest is 10 inch *Pete Seeger Concert* (Stinson SLP 57). Two ten inch records comprise the album, which includes songs from all parts of the world. To name one outstanding one would be bad; to name more than one, impossible. \$3.00.

Elektra has recently issued an album of songs, sung by Theodore Bikel, a well-known stage and TV star. The title — *An Actor's Holiday* (Elektra-105), is an apt description of the contents. Bikel sings songs in eight languages, ranging from English to Zulu. For a kicker, he mocks the all too-serious attempts of some folk singers. If you hate folk music, then the last two bands in the album are for you. \$3.00.



BAWDY SONGS and BACKROOM BALLADS

For the novices, who don't know what folk music is like, or don't care, listen to Elektra's folk music sampler (Elektra SMP-2). You can tentatively retitile it "Folk Music for People Who Don't Like Folk Music," or has that been used? It offers selections from many of the company's finest releases. Some of the highlights in the album are: Josh Whites' "John Henry", Los Gitanillos De Cadiz; and an original version of "Capriccio Italiano." \$3.00.

Hope you didn't miss the balladeering of Mrs. Beverly Dick on KOMU-TV a few weeks ago. "Showcase" featured American ballads and folksongs with comments by Dr. Ed Weatherly of the English department, and Dr. Loren Reid. Tom Putney was good but we think Mrs. Dick superb. Hope they're scheduled again. Both are students.

The intermediates in the field have their place here too. And for those who think they like the stuff, give John Jacob Miles' Camden recordings a hearing. (Camden 219 or 245). The main point in these recordings is not the songs but the singer. We cannot find the exact adjectives to describe his voice, but "strange" is as good as any. You are either for him or agin' him. It is not an easy thing to listen to, but it will be worth your time to see how Niles changes and shapes the songs to fit his own peculiar style and voice. \$1.98.

Other recordings that we want to mention are: the *Folksay* series on Stinson, featuring Leadbelly, White, Seeger, Ernie Leiber, Woody Guthrie and "Blind Sonny Terry".

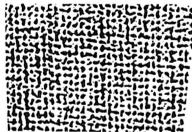
Speaking of Leadbelly, whom most people remember as the composer of "Gocanight Irene", try to get any one of his albums (Capitol, Stinson, or Folkways). A series which any folk song collector must have in a basic library. We will try to give you, from time to time, more selections for such a library.

Had enough of listening to folk music? Try reading about it! Richard Chase's *American Folk Tales and Songs*. A bright, sparkling book full of stories, songs and customs of the Kentucky and Ozark hill people. If you haven't got a tin ear, try Burl Ives' *American Folk Songs* or his *Sea Songs*. All three books mentioned are in pocket size in most local racks.

The writer of the column would like to know who it is that plays folk songs in a house on the gravel road between Allen Place and Maryland, south of Strollway. Very good taste, too.

All recordings are available at the 30 per-cent-off prices above from Sam Goody, 235 W. 49th St., New York 19, N.Y. Add 41 cents postage for each.

Barstool



THE DYING HOBO

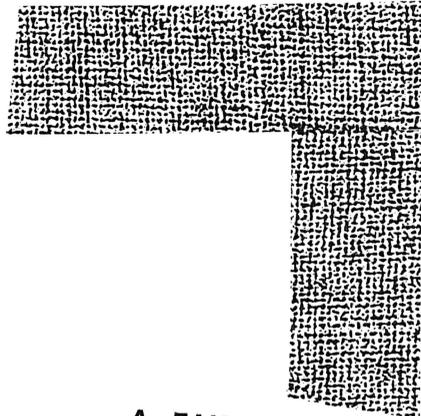
By Bob Hughes

All in an empty box car
one cold and weary day,
Beside a railroad water tank,
a dying hobo lay,
His chum he sat beside him
with low and bended head,
And listened to the last sad
words the dying hobo said.

"I'm headed now for far away
where prospects are all bright,
Where cops don't hound a hobo,
or pinch a man on sight,
Tell Brooklyn Jack and Murph
and Jo just what I tell to you,
I've caught a fast train on the
fly
and now I'm going through.

"I'm going to a better land
where brakies ain't so mean,
Where weiners grow on bushes
and where dogs is never seen,
Where no one knows rockpiles
and when you wants a ride,
The Boss Con says asmilin',
"Partner, won't you get inside?"

"Oh, pard, I hear the whistle,
I must catch her on the fly,
Its' my last ride—
gimmie a drink of whiskey
for I die."
The hobo smiled.
His head fell back,
he'd sung his last refrain,
His pardner swiped his shirt
and coat
and hopped the eastbound train.



A TAKING GIRL

Unknown

She took my hand
in sheltered nooks,
She took my candy
and my books,
She took that lustrous
wrap of fur,
She took those gloves
I bought for her.
She took my words
of love and care,
She took my flowers,
rich and fair,
She took my time
for quite awhile,
She took my kisses,
maid so shy—
She took, I must
confess, my eye,
She took whatever
I would buy.
And
then she took another guy.

MARY ANNE LOWDER

Unknown

Here lies the body
Of Mary Anne Lowder,
She burst while drinking
A Seidlitz powder.

Called from this world
To her heavenly rest,
She should have waited
Till it effervesced.

SISTERS OF THE CROSS OF SHAME

By Dana Burnet

The Sisters of the Cross of
Shame,
They smile along the night;
Their houses stand with shut-
tered souls
And painted eyes of light.

Their houses look with scarlet
eyes
Upon a world of sin;
And every man cries, "Woe,
alas!"
And every man goes in.

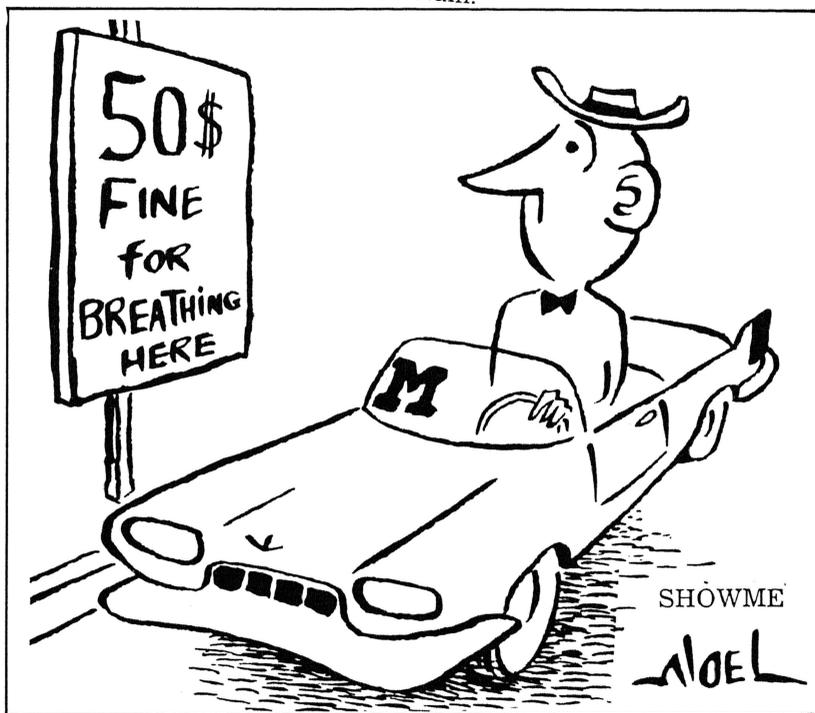
The sober Senate meets at noon,
To pass the Women's Law,
The churchmen vote to stem
The torrent with a straw.

The Sister of the Cross of Shame,
She smiles beneath her cloud,
(She does not laugh till ten o'-
clock
And then she laughs too loud).

And still she hears the throb of
feet
Upon the scarlet stair,
And still she dons the cloak of
shame
That is not hers to wear.

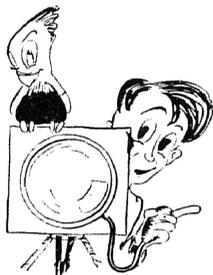
The sons of saintly women come
To kiss the Cross of Shame;
Before them in another time,
Their worthy fathers came.

And no man tells his son the
truth,
Lest he should speak of sin;
And every man cries, "Woe,
alas!"
And every man goes in.



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SUDDEN SERVICE DRIVE IN

CLEANER & SHIRT LAUNDRY

114 So. 8th St.

GI 2-6107



"You the guy with the upset stomach?"

Continued From Page 17

Man, it was worth the price of the ticket just to SEE her warble through that ditty.

On the subject of singing, strange sounds were heard the other day issuing from an upper window in a pile of brick over at Stephens College. Opinion is still divided, but it was either two cats tied across a clothesline by their tails, an initiation party, or another Helen Traubel in the making. Gad!

Have YOU seen the Pelvis? Much more fascinating than hearing him. Or it used to be before the censorship committee got him.

For anybody enrolled in this educational institute get out now before you get brain-washed. The faculty is composed of experts. Lock yourself in your room. you'll get a better education and a lot more fun. If you can't afford that, try the Foreign Legion.

It is obvious to any veteran student that the school year has started in earnest. The workmen are back on the job digging bunkers and tank traps in the streets again, and they've even got some new air compressors and jack hammers. By spring, Columbia should bear a close resemblance to Seoul after the third time through. It did last spring.

All students are urged to take good care of their textbooks. If you do, you can resell them to either book store at the end of the semester and get a return of 9½c on the dollar. Or you can burn them slowly during the winter and enjoy a little heat in your attic. If you'd rather, you can save the things to show your grandkids that you are an erudite specimen of homo sap. It'll also prove to them that their ancestors didn't always speak Russian.

A bill collector just drove into sight on the horizon. I know he's a bill collector because he has an envelope in his left hand, so I must be off and running. Good night, old bacteria. Remember, get in there and GRIND!

The End

Did you hear about the one-fingered pickpocket who only stole life-savers?

Continued From Page 19
 before, remembering, she held it toward Jane Ellen. Blue eyes smiled acceptance and, slowly, she stretched her hand to take it. It was a ceremony, the way she did it . . . almost as if she knew that, for the first time, she was meeting human kindness. And, somehow, that this stranger being introduced was a very great and honorable one. And someone she might never meet again.

She began to eat, in a moment. In her haste the balloon dragged at her side, dust subduing the saudy color. She was gulping the food so fast that she was not chewing it, just letting the lumps slide down her throat. Leah watched.

They were outside now. The sun was fading behind brown tents, silhouetting a mechanical skyline moving in shadowy symmetry. Below, the people seemed different, quieter, tired. They only glanced at the barkers enumerating the merits of those wonders inside the tents, intent on making their way toward the rickety shacks where hot dogs and the familiar aroma of coffee lured.

In these few moments the glaring hilarity of the day and the colorful magic of the night, the world seemed to pause on its axis. Gradually eveningsong changed from major to minor. As if a levr had been thrown, screams of the hucksters became soft cajolings. The blare of ragtime a soothing melody, and the stars a huge tent that made them all a part of the same show. Only the shuffling parade of people remained unchanged.

Jane Ellen seemed to shrink in the darkness. Her eyelids widened to accustom dilating pupils to the change in the light. Leah, seeing, clutched her hand a little tighter. Unconsciously, Leah's back straightened.

It had been a long time since they had looked for Jane Ellen's mother, Leah realized. Nonetheless, she did not mention this fact to Jane Ellen. Her first experience in the search was too vivid.

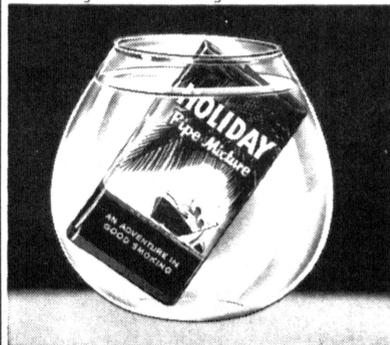
over

Pay 4 Times the Price YOU STILL CAN'T MATCH HOLIDAY PIPE MIXTURE



Custom Blended for MILDNESS

More men every year switch to Holiday, because it contains these five famous tobaccos from all over the world skillfully blended into a mixture of unequalled flavor, aroma and mildness. Each tobacco adds its own distinctive flavor and aroma, to make Holiday America's finest pipe mixture. Try a pipeful—enjoy its coolness, flavor and aroma—and see for yourself why more and more men who smoke mixtures are switching to Holiday as a steady smoke.



***PROOF**
 from an EXPERT

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

GOLDFISH BOWL TEST PROVES HOLIDAY'S FRESHNESS

If moisture can't get in, naturally freshness can't get out. Holiday's heat-sealed wrap-around pouch is flavor-tight—for a fresher, cooler smoke. Easy to carry, too—no bulky corners.

LARUS & BROTHER CO., INC.
 RICHMOND, VIRGINIA



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

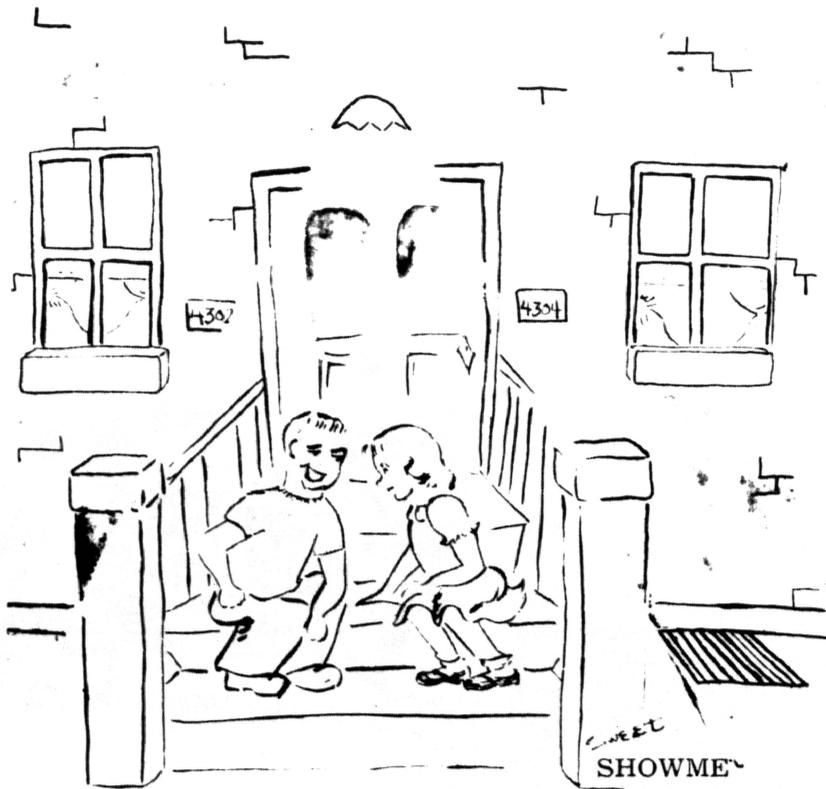
Mother: Don't use such bad words, son.
 Son: But Chaucer used them.
 Mother: Well, don't play with him then.

NEWLY DECORATED



Ernie's Steak House

1005 Walnut



"Wanna come up and see my scribblings?"

Many a wife acts like a young colt, when she looks more like an old .45.

Pretty soon, though, it would be time to meet her own family in front of the grandstand, and she knew that Jane Ellen could not go with her. Although her mother had a heart as wide as her body, some things upset her easily. This would be one of them. Jane Ellen would not be welcome.

What could she do? Suddenly black sky where neon was not bubbling answered that it was late. She must be going. In her reverie, she had not noticed that the hand in hers had become limp. Now, it slid from her grip and, looking down, she saw a wilted flower of red polka dots peacefully in the bed of sawdust. Leah smiled. She gently roused her sleepy companion . . . for they had no place to go . . . simply to have her friend with her again

They stood quietly for a moment, before Leah sighed and said, "Honey, we're gonna have to get us some help here. I can't find your momma by myself."

"Um," said Jane Ellen, sleep crowding out Leah's question.

Dimly Leah realized that the disheveled young man sauntering past them now had passed that way several times before. Now he stopped. Beady eyes gleamed from a dirty triangle of face as he took a sideways position directly in front of the two and whispered "You kids need some help?" Leah instinctively said no, but Jane Ellen had begun to cry. "I want my mommy! Mommy, mommy, mommy" rushed in an almost undecipherable crescendo.

The stubble of beard twitched in excitement. "Shhh, honey, you don't want your mommy. How would you kids like to go for a ride on the ferris wheel and eat a nice candy apple?" He paused to weigh the reaction before continuing.

Little eyes saw Leah's face grow wary, then shifted quickly to her companion's more receptive one. A glow of interest was holding open heavy lids while facial muscles changed under tear-lashed dust. The little blond was interested!

Mrs. Dante: What are you writing now, dear?
 Dante: Hell, you wouldn't understand.

Rapidly tabulating the odds, he struggled for a friendly expression and focused his attention on Jane Ellen. Approaching slowly, he murmured, "Say, you're pretty. Are you married?" Jane Ellen giggled appreciatively . . . Casually, he slid a hand into his pocket and extended the other ratsnest of curling black hairs toward hers.

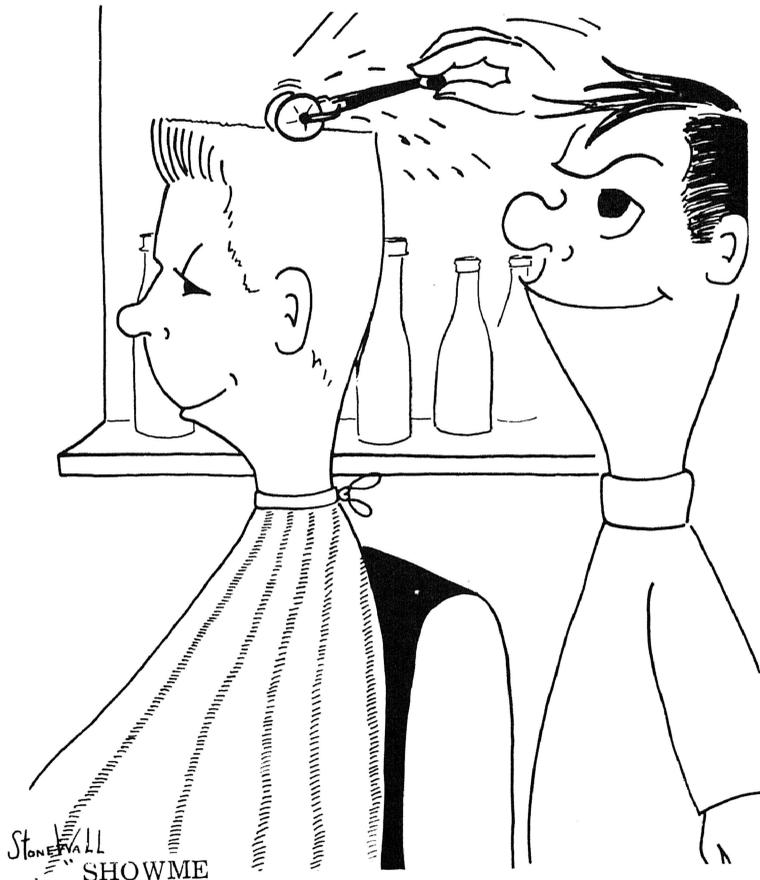
Both pairs of child eyes had followed the ascent of the hand, watched it rise smoothly and hang suspended in the space before them. It waited expectantly for a while. Then, eagerness seeped nervously down his reflexes until, gradually, the hairs jerked with pleasing. Leah's head turned away. A glance from the man's hand to his face had sent repulsion screaming through every sense cell in her fresh body. Already distorted features were twisted into a caricature of humanity by open passion begging for relief. Below eyes hypnotized with a longing that reached out of reality, drool dripped down an open corner of abnormally bloated lips.

"Come on," he breathed as the hand grasped the tiny arm. Jane Ellen cringed automatically into Leah's wildly clutching embrace. "Come on, dearie," he was whining now, "Let's me and you . . . damn! You little!" Leah had used the only weapon of defense handy — the balloon stick.

Holding his bleeding eye, he whirled blindly in a circle. Leah's eyes jumped in their sockets as she futilely tried to push Jane Ellen back into the lights of the building. The child just clung stubbornly to her legs, preventing either of them escaping.

He struck furiously with his free hand, finally meeting the object of his search. Leah and Jane Ellen fell together into the sawdust.

"I'll show you I'll fix you where the hell are you, I'll kill you when I find you. Stop screaming, stop screaming, do you hear me, stop that . . ."



The New

Clarington

FOOD — FOUNTAIN



(Two floors of beautiful surroundings located in front of Central Dairy)

Better quality and service for everyone

Is the first consideration at the Clarington

Where food and fountain service fare,

Will challenge the best offered anywhere.

For a char broiled steak or a sandwich and malt

We'll give you the best or it won't be our fault.

Our seating capacity is the largest downtown.

From ten in the morning til traffic slows down.

The new Clarington is open and anxious to display,

The best hospitality in Columbia today.

Leah couldn't have stopped if she had wanted to. The recurring screams were not calls for help, just fear finding expression in sound. The screams went on and on, her throat feeling with each automatic burst that it was falling apart from the effort. A wasted, futile effort, for screams were commonplace here. Everywhere, shrieks of patrons thrilling from the mad flight of the roller coaster or feigning fright at the iridescent skulls of the fun house filled a night already crowded to distraction by the monotonous "B 11, I 24, G 58, N 49, O 80" and prattling "Honey, show me whata big man you are by ringing the bell and winning little ole me a dreat big kewpie doll" and "Mommy, buy me one of those" and the chant handed down through generations of barkers, "He walks, he talks, he crawls on his belly like a reptile — all this for only ten cents, one tenth of a dollah." A real emotion had no place here. There wasn't room for it.

Still Leah screamed on. Jane Ellen lay beneath her, shielded from the blows that crushed with increasing violence at Leah's heaving back. God, thought Leah, if anything happens to her, if he hurts her. Fury gave her needed strength and she rolled over to fight him with fingernails broken into effective weapons by long hours of plucking cotton.

Perhaps God, the only really fair referee, had watched it all and decided that the man had fouled out. At any rate, Leah felt the hand of God lift her foe out of reach of her clawing hands. Dimly, she realized that somehow, someone in the teeming mass of preoccupied humanity had come to help her.

A huge form battled briefly in the shadows with her enemy, and meeting little resistance from the now-cowering offender, quickly knocked him to the ground.

"Are you hurt, honey?" a voice asked as strong arms lifted her to a sitting position. And seeing that she wasn't, he took her hand, picked up the whimpering Jane Ellen and took them to a roomy ticket booth. "Sam,

take care of these little ladies while I escort somebody to the cops. I found something else beside rope over there by that building."

Leah watched her savior, a heavy-set man with shockingly red hair in need of a haircut, leave through streaming eyes. As Sam wrapped a rough blanket around them both, he said, "Barry'll be back, kids. I don't know what's happened, but I know he'll take care of it. Meanwhile, let's turn off the waterworks. You're O.K. now. Ain't nobody gonna hurt you here." He said this mostly for Jane Ellen's benefit, for the child was weeping uncontrollably on Leah's shoulder. Leah stroked the blond strands lovingly, comforting through her own tears. "Shhhh. Leah's here. It's alright now."

In a little while, Barry was back. With him was a brisk policeman who took a swift appraisal of Jane Ellen and said, "Yep, this is the Ronsin kid." Then, frowning, he asked to hear Leah's story. When she had wandered through an incoherent tale of horror, he said, "Just wandered around before you met this man, eh. Why didn't you come to the police. That's what we're for, you know."

"Do you realize that her mother has done everything but call the FBI on this case? She thinks somebody's kidnapped her daughter. She's hysterical." He shook his head. "Frankly, kids, I don't see how we could have missed you. We've covered every square inch of this fair-ground, including the rest rooms. I just don't see how we missed you."

He was still shaking his head in wonder when a delicately boned woman flew through the door, a large straw purse streaming behind her. She paused only long enough to locate her child.

"Oh my baby, my baby!" smiling tears mingled with dirty tangles. "Mother thought she'd never see you again."

Although her arm had brushed Leah's bruised body as she rushed to hold her child, she had

never noticed the girl. Now she saw her. "Is this the little Negro who was with her?" to the officer. He nodded. "Here," she fumbled in her purse for a bill, "thank you". Then she cradled her child in her arms for a moment before picking her up. "I don't even want to hear the story," she said, half to herself, half to the hiccupping Jane Ellen. "I just want my baby home with me." The officer nodded again and she carried Jane Ellen from the room.

Leah felt the bill in her hand. It was crisp, new. She fingered it thoughtfully, eyes staring. Then, crumbling it slowly, she let it fall to the floor.

— The End —

Do you smoke?
No.
Do you drink?
No.
Do you neck?
No.
Well what do you do for fun?
I tell lies.

**the
finest selection
of LIQUORS
in town**

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



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Derby**

116 S. 9th

Phone 5409

Some people sow their wild
oats on Saturday nights and
then go to church on Sunday
and pray for crop failure.



SWAMI'S SHORTS

Seems George was playing his usual eighteen holes one Saturday afternoon. Teeing off from the seventeenth hole, he sliced into the rough over near the edge of the fairway. Just as he was about to chip out, he noticed a long funeral procession going by on the nearby street. Reverently, he removed his cap and stood at attention until the procession had passed. Then he continued his game, finishing with a birdie on the eighteenth.

Later, in the clubhouse, a fellow golfer greeted George. "Say, that was a nice gesture you made today, George," he said.

"What do you mean?" asked George.

"I mean it was nice of you to take off your cap and stand at attention when the funeral went by."

"Oh yes," said George. "We would have been married 33 years next month."

There had been an accident. It was the usual thing — a college student's convertible had collided head-on with the farmer's Model A. The two drivers got out and surveyed the damage.

"Well," said the farmer, "we may as well have a drink."

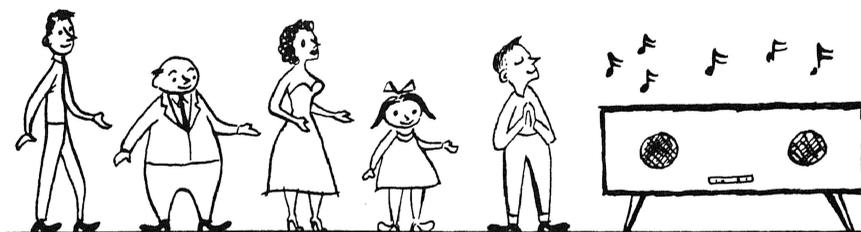
He hauled out a bottle and passed it to the student who gulped down a stiff one. The farmer calmly returned the bottle to his pocket.

"Aren't you going to have one?" asked the student.

"Don't believe I will until the police have checked up."

The Tri-Delt had just received an engagement ring and wore it to breakfast next morning. To her exasperation, no one noticed it. Finally, after fuming and squirming through the meal, a lull came in the conversation, and she exclaimed loudly: "My goodness, it's hot in here. I think I'll take my ring off."

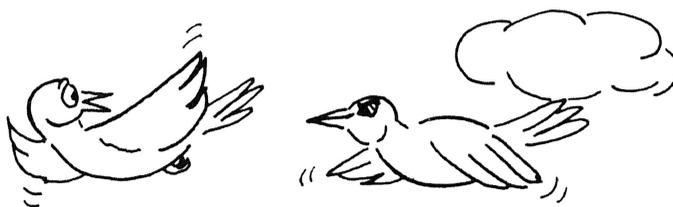
HIGH FIDELITY UNLIMITED.



everyone enjoys the highest type of music

HI FI HOUSE

120 S. 9th



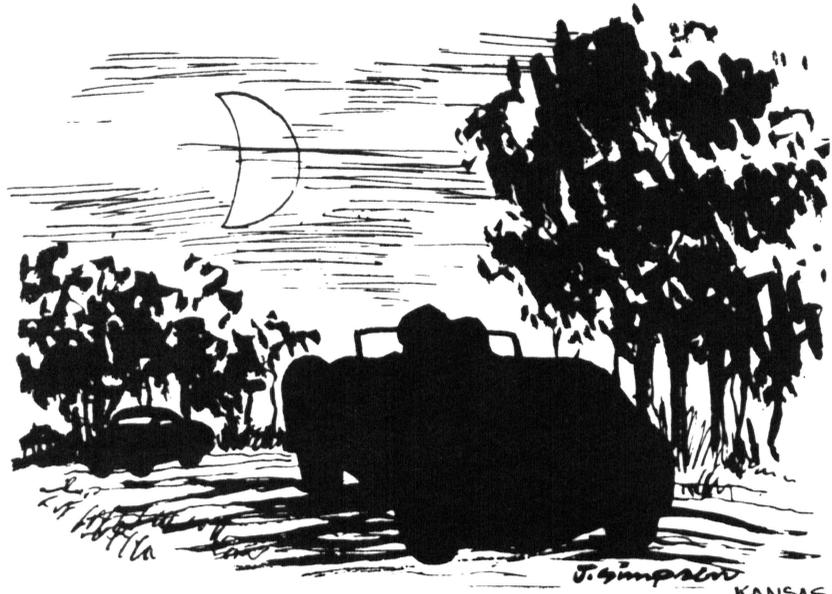
"But Archie . . . That's treason!"

Ed: Joe has a false tooth.
Ned: Did he tell you?
Ed: No, it just came out during the conversation.

filched

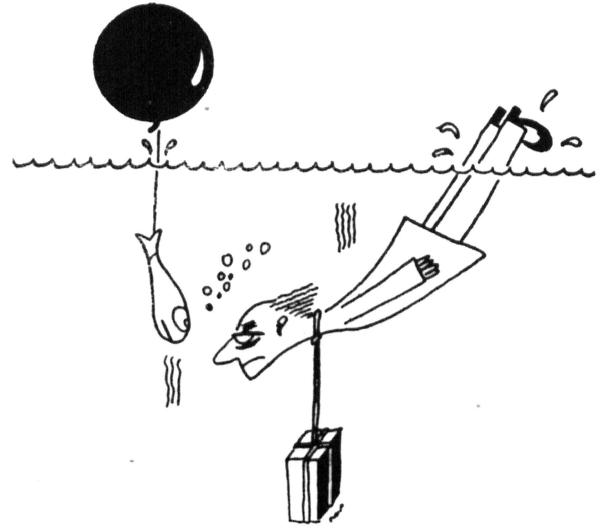


"Here, Here, We'll Have None of That!"
—TOUCHE



Of course I didn't forget all about you . . . What kind of a heel do you think I am Judy? . . . Ruth? . . . Gloria? . . .

KANSAS SQUAT



—RIVET



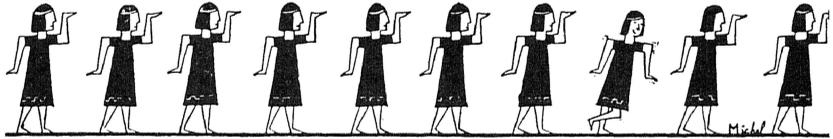
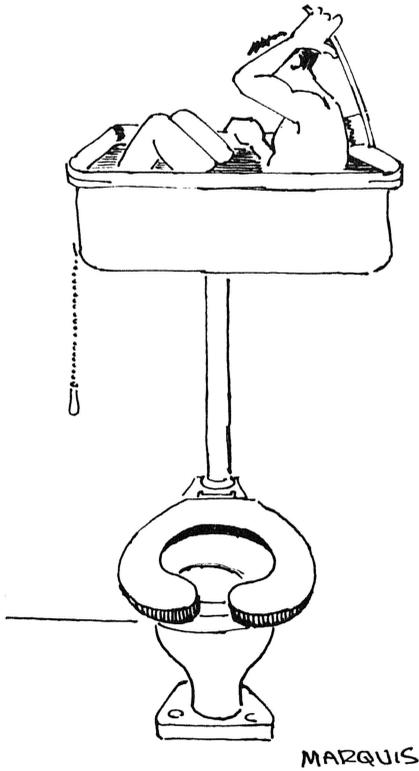
You don't have to go to college to know that after eating, drinking and smoking, the best breath fresheners of all are.



U. OF SOUTH SUWANEE

I was sitting there first!

What do you know about Italian syntax?
I didn't know they had to pay for their fun.



— PELICAN

DALTON

dean s
Town & Country
ON THE STROLLWAY
Clothes for the Young in heart

BERNHARD ALTMAN

TEXACO TOWN

WELCOMES YOU

We Specialize
in

- Chops
- Chicken
- Steaks
- Pit-cooked Barbecue
- Home-baked Pies

Open 7 days weekly
7 a.m. to 1 a.m.
(later on week-ends)

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Largest & Smartest
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Expert Hair Styling



For tasty drinks and
food with good flavor . . .

Drive in to **DRAKE'S** —
It's the perfect time saver!

DRAKE'S DRIVE-IN

Highway 40 and Garth Open 4-12 P.M.

No, Orphan Annie isn't writing for SHOWME this year. Everybody knows Orphan Annie can't write. Hell, she can't even read! Actually, a picture of GINNY TURMAN, complete with eyeballs, is supposed to be there. But she's the reticent type. She says she doesn't have any pictures (guess that calendar pose doesn't count). She wanted us to run a picture of Brenda Starr, Girl Reporter, but we fooled her. (Because no one on the staff knows how to draw eyeballs.)



You may have noticed that so far we haven't said anything concrete about Ginny Turman. Mainly because we don't know anything about her. 'Cuz she's the reticent type. (See paragraph 1, line 8.)

But she does exist. And she's Joke Editor of SHOWME. However, at the time of the interview, she was engaged in a beery argument with Dick Noel and not receptive to probings by Your Reporter.

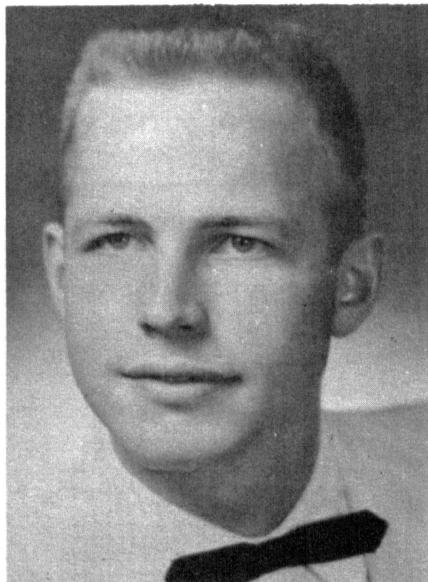


contributors' page

Therefore and hence, we are just a'rockin' and scratchin' and chattin' about anything that happens to come to our mind. And so far, nothing about Ginny Turman has come to mind. Except — oh, yes — she's from Mississippi, a Chi O and she's in J-School. How's that for informative reporting?

ED MINNING is a frustrated journalist. He came all the way from Cincinnati hot for J-School . . . then he didn't make it. So like the rest of the thwarted Horace Greeleys, he became an English major and sublimated his *Missourian* yearnings by scavenging up ads for SHOWME.

(Right here we would like to interject that contrary to rumor, Ed is not a turtle.)



Ed resides at 100 Stewart Road with a group of stalwart young SAE's. (Who also deny the rumors . . . in fact they'll deny most any rumor that comes along. You name it, they'll deny it.)

All advertising men are viced-up but Ed is just a hot-bed of vices. Granted everybody drinks beer, but just how many refuse to drink it unless it's in a dirty glass? Or can belch at will? However, the main one is his disgusting normality. Surrounded by SHOWME neurasthenics, he remains a flawless example of clean-cut American youth. Suitable for framing.

Ma, can I go out to play?
What, with those holes in your pocket?
No, with the kids across the street.

Let's
Finish
the Job!

Join THE MARCH OF DIMES

IN JANUARY

ITS

TOPS!



**“Wonderful
Town”**

NOV. 15, 16 & 17

JESSE AUDITORIUM

*Missouri's second
all student
Broadway musical*

Refreshing new idea in smoking

Salem



menthol fresh
rich tobacco taste
most modern filter

Created by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

Take a puff, it's springtime! Refreshing as this spring scene *looks*—that's how new Salem *tastes*. Full rich tobacco flavor with a new *surprise* softness. Try all-new Salem...first cigarette of its kind. A wonderful new experience!

Salem refreshes your taste...you'll love 'em!