



Showme

"Homecoming was Greater In My Day" Issue



NEW!
INCLUDES STORY SUPPLEMENT

NOVEMBER, 1956
25c

Have you been studying too hard?

Are the books getting you down?

Is everyone picking on you?

Are you looking for a place to relax?

Then

Your

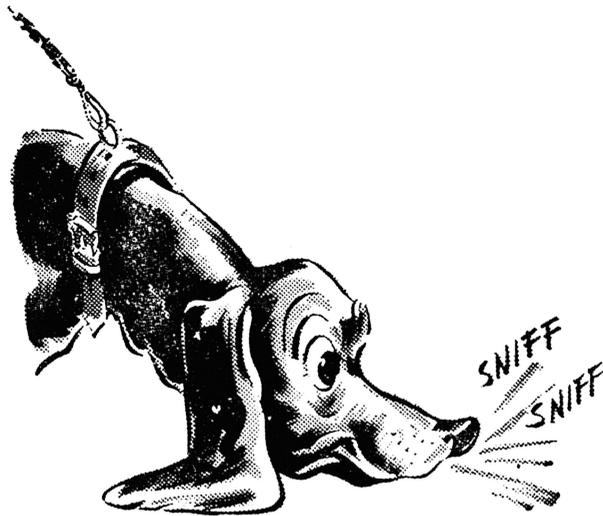
Hunt

Is

Over!

Combo before
Homecoming Game:

Ron serves
while
Al blows!



Go to

THE STABLES

Located on the Hink for Your Convenience

Puckett's

HERE'S THE AUTHENTIC

Ivy Suit



LAND'O
tweeds

imported from Britain

\$55.00

Britain's famed Huddersfield mills have outdone even their own magnificent standards, in these exclusive new Campus Togs imports. They have loomed the most classic patterns — herringbones, heather tones, Donegals, Shetlands — with an exciting new sparkle and elegance. And Campus Togs has tailored these luxurious fabrics into dashing, debonair suits. Try one on — you'll enjoy the experience.

Puckett's

"OF COURSE"



Dear Sir,

Enclosed is three genuine American greenbacks for a subscription to Showme. Your magazine will travel over Greenland icecaps to within 700 miles from the North Pole. I would say I am your northernmost subscriber. If your magazine is not printed in Eskimo, please send English copy. Thank you.

Sincerely yours,
Sp. 3 John K. Trainer
Battery "C", 549th A.A.
A. Battalion
A.P.O. 23, New York

John: Some people even question on our English and frown on our use of your name.

Oct. 25

Dear Dick Noel,

You mean that green stuff has already aged for *two weeks*? In wood?

Sincerely,
The Rev. Richard Ash
Assistant Minister
Calvary Episcopal Church
If anybody knows what in hell this means, please tell me.
Noel.

Dear Editors,

Just exactly what is this Thurlow bit! Definitely not Showme material.

Jimmy Newman
Columbia

Dear Skip,

I've been wondering what had happened to SHOWME, so you can be very certain that I was more than pleased when your current issue fell upon my desk today. And what an issue! Usually the first issue of a college humor sheet comes out something less humorous than the editors intended and improves with the issues that follow. But not so Showme! You guys opened up full bloom.

Got a terrific honk out of your cartoons and what makes them all the more prized is the low esteem with which they were held with Major Morgan. Three cheers for the fact that you were later able to spit in the Major's eye. If you think this thinking might be that of an ex-GI, you're probably right.

Sincerely,
Charley Jones, Editor
Laugh Book Magazine
Wichita, Kan.

P.S. For whatever it's worth, please pass this along to Bob Hughes. It is the version of "Dying Hobo" that I learned as a hobo while touring the country in side-door Pullmans:

It was out by a western water tank

**On a cold December day,
And beside an empty box car
A dying hobo lay.**

**Beside him sat his partner
With low and drooping head
Listening to the farewell words
The dying hobo said.**

**I'm going to better lands, Pal
Where everything is bright;
Where handouts grow on bushes
And you Sleep out every night.**

**Yes, where handouts grow on bushes
And you never wash your socks;
And little drops of whisky
Come trickling down the rocks.**

**Tell my girl back in Dixie,
Whose face I'll never view,
That I've caught the highball train
And I'm gonna ride 'er through.**

**So long, Pal, here she comes!
I'll grab 'er on the fly!
After all, Pal,
It's not so hard to die.**

**The dying hobo's head fell back,
He's sung his last refrain—
His partner swiped his hat, and shoes**

**And caught the highball train.
Charley, you're a 72 pt. jewel!
Elbow-bending sounds great.
You're welcome to any of the material, including Thurlow, (with credit).**

Skip.

Dear Editors,

Would like to compliment you on your fine magazine but I would also like to say that it hasn't been up to par for the past two or three years. Take a look at some of your 1953 issues and then compare them to the issues of last year. See what I mean? Hoping you will get back in the groove,

Harry V. McChesney III
Lexington, Ky.

Greetings from the good ship Princeton,

Got to thinking about ye olde University of Misery the other day and some of the fond — and then again not so fond — memories of the four years I spent there from 1952 to 1956.

That set me to compiling a mental list of some of the things I do and don't miss about life "around the columns". Included in the latter list are such things as: those frantic ten minute strolls from J-School to the drill field and back; midterms, finals and term papers; those maddening searches every morning at 7:39 for a slot to stuff my '41 Chevvie in; Spring parades; etc. etc.

Now you won't believe this, but heading the other list was none other than (spreading it on pretty thick, huh?) the good old Showme. (Heralding trumpets.)

Anyway, and I'm sure this means more to you than all the words of praise, you will find enclosed my check for \$3.00 for which please get my tail in gear and send me your filthy but funny rag.

Sincerely,
Ens. W. A. (Bill) Schlapper
Public Information Officer
USS Princeton

I paid an architect \$15,000 to build me a house, and he forgot to put in a bathroom.
How uncanny.

Oct. 23

Dear Editors,

Add me to the statistics that show your mag is one of the best. I can offer only one criticism: hang last year's censor from the tallest tree on the hink.

C. C. Corey
Rolla, Mo.

C. C.: *Got any rope?*

Dear Editors,

Hell yes, I want my Showme's. Would someone please buy Dick Noel a crowquill or No. 2 brush? The poor fellow has obviously been sketching with muddy matchsticks for years — but good.

Best wishes to your staff for a lecherous and laughable season.

Sincerely,
Lt. Bill Braznell
Box 77, 61st TCS
Sewart AFB, Tenn.

October, 1956

Dear Editors

And then there was:

- . . . the coed who found a fertile field by majoring in agriculture.
- . . . Elvis Presley's breakfast of rock 'n roll coffee.
- . . . the ill-reputed house that built its business on Green Stamps.
- . . . the schoolmaster's daughter who made a straight A student.
- . . . the policewoman who gave her boyfriend the green light.
- . . . the tobacco auctioneer who smoked sausage for diversion
- . . . the policeman's daughter who didn't know when to stop.
- . . . the fat woman who reduced on lighter fluid.
- . . . the maladjusted chicken who laid scrambled eggs.
- . . . the definition of a K. C. newspaper: A Star behind the Times.
- . . . the alcoholic marksman who called his shots.
- . . . the J-School professor who quit because he had trouble with English.

K. C. Barwriter

Dear K. C. Barwriter,

Got quite a charge out of the rest of your letter. Then someone swiped it, but we stole back what's above. How about sending letters . . . anything . . . we like your stuff.

Eds

ROMANO'S

where
Pizza is King

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

Steaks
Spaghetti
Sandwiches

1102 Broadway



dancing nightly

ROMANO'S BOWL

Open Bowling



Open bowling except on Tuesday night.
1100 East Broadway

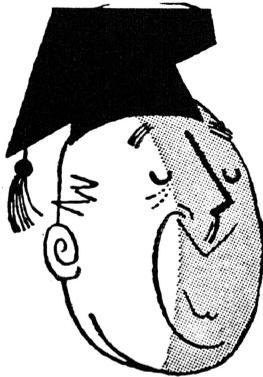


Dick
NOEL "SHOWME"

"Pssst. Feelthy James Dean life-masks?"



Oh, it's only you. You gave me quite a start at first.



You'll write better exams . . . just use these study aids

Here's a perfect refresher

Permanent all plastic data guide that fits your notebook. Outlines your course. Inexpensive. Only 79c. Get yours for that trig., chem., English, French, Spanish, philosophy or algebra course.

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Almost all courses are outlined. They are excellent aids to better your grade. If you don't completely understand some phase of a course, chances are that the College Outline Series explains it. Come in today and get your study aid before mid-term exams.

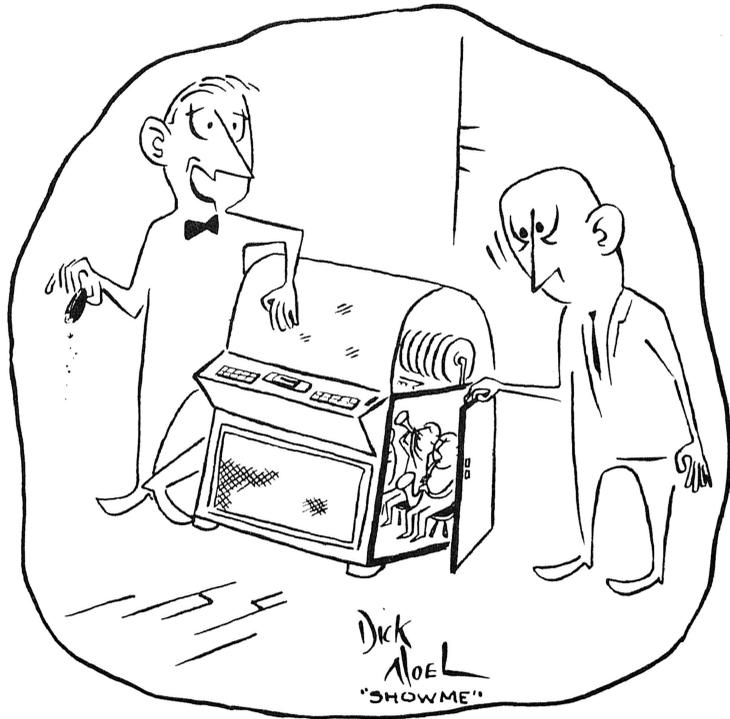
Missouri Store

Opposite the Library

What's your hurry?
Just bought a new textbook and
I'm trying to get to class before
the new edition comes out.

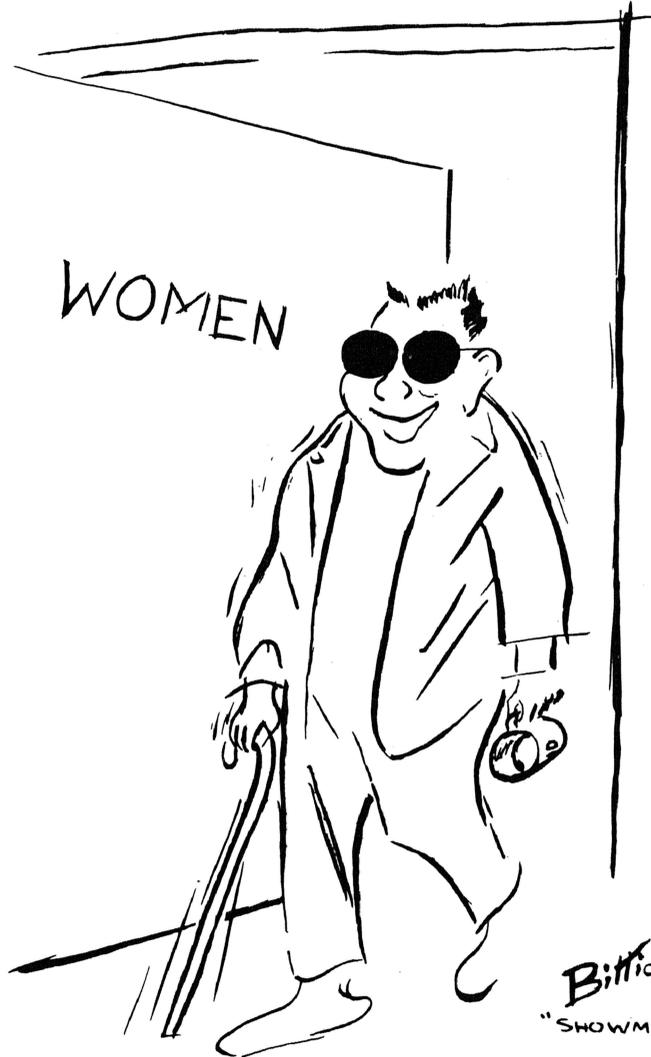
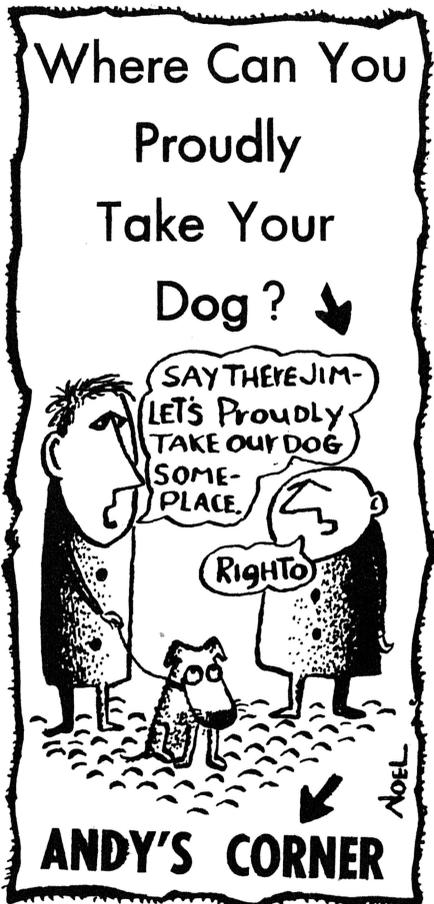


"Hey, bartender! My beer has a fly in it!"



"It's the most up-to-date juke box on the market, sir."

"Believe me, darling, you're the first girl I've ever made love to," he said as he shifted gears with his feet.



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.
Continuous Sat., Sun.

BROADWAY DRIVE-IN
At Dusk



The perplexing thing about writing this column is that at the time we're writing it, it's just started to be November and by the time it's printed, it'll be almost December. So that eliminates completely any possibility of making weather comments. We'll have to leave them up to Noel, who doesn't care what time it is anyway.

THE SAD TALE OF THE
CANTERBURY . . .

Once upon a time there was a parody on *The Canterbury* . . . (See October Ego Column) written, bawdily, and wittily, by Richard Manning. (Who seems to have gotten lost or met with foul play — anyway we can't find him.)

The first time we read *The* . . . we were most enthusiastic, but we realized it probably wasn't quite *Reader's Digest* material. When the first draft came back marked with Friendly Fred's blue pencil, the job of getting it cleaned up fell on the already-stooped shoulders of Noble Ronald Soble.

Thus began his thrice-weekly trek from our office to the publications office, each time *The* . . . being a little cleaner and a little less funny. With each revision, we wept at the degradation of a masterpiece. We wish we could print the original version, but as it is, you get it watered-down. Ron did a fine job of keeping the humor in it, but believe us, it was funnier when we started.

Looking over some of the stories turned in to us, we see that most of them are not *SHOWME* material under our present poli-

cy of not going completely literary. Many of these contributions are quite suitable for a literary college magazine. Previous rejection has been based not on "Sorry, no good," but rather "Sorry, not our type."

So we've decided to put ourselves in hock and give you an addition at no extra cost and no loss of humor content in the magazine you ask for. We offer you a supplement of student fiction. Local work needs a publication break and if the supplement we've included in this issue doesn't make another break (our financial back), we intend to use more material of this type.

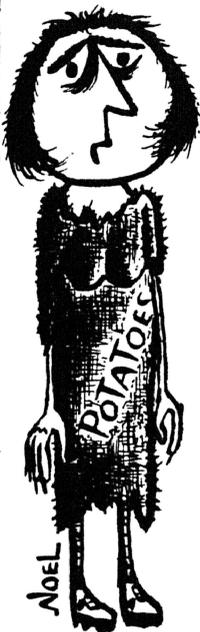
If encouragement by way of the printed word is given by us, it means nothing if writers do not respond. It's up to you to bring in the material. (Subject unrestricted, other than the completely vulgar.) We're sure the talent is here — and now here's the market. (Also notice the short story contest announcement in this issue. For money even!)

Notice to illiterates and cartoon-lovers: If you buy *SHOWME* each month just to look at the cartoons, our January issue will be a real whiz-bang. Since November is the tenth anniversary of our first centerspread, we decided to make themeless January the anniversary issue. It's going to be juicy with the best spreads from the past ten years. (Did you know *SHOWME* was the innovator of the centerspread idea?) Besides originator Mort Walker, there'll be such familiar signatures as Bill Gabriel, Flash Fairfield, Bill Braznell, Herb Green and Pat Kilpatrick. All this for only the fourth part of a dollar!!

We recommend the perfect Christmas gift for the man who has nothing: A subscription to *SHOWME*.

Nanci &
SKIP

You can't tell a lady by the way she dresses. If she were really a lady, she would have pulled down the blind.



I DON'T
HAVE A
THING
TO
WEAR!

But my
Scotchmere
Sweater
is so
Smoooooth ..
from—

Mc Allister's
23 on the Strollway



Showme

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BUSINESS MANAGER
Carl Weseman

EDITORIAL ASSISTANT
Dick Noel

FEATURES
Ron Soble

ADVERTISING
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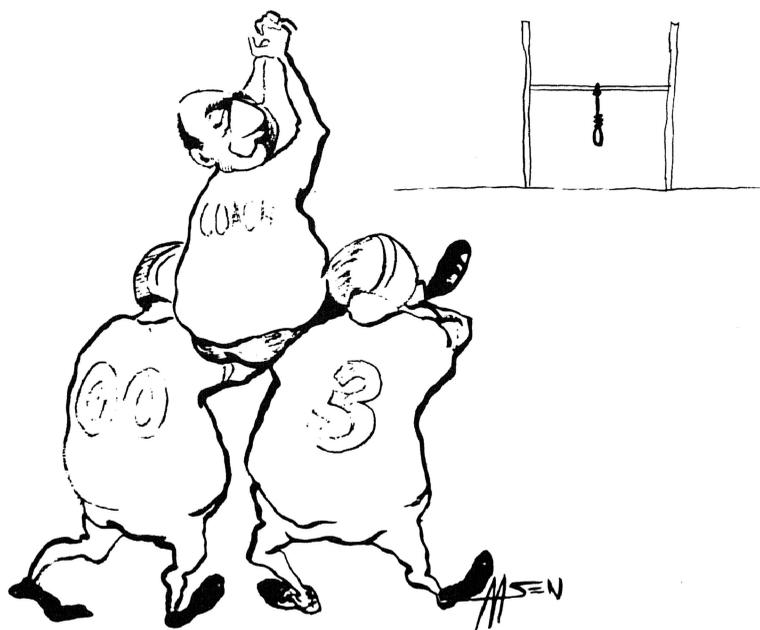
JOKES
Ginny Turman

FEATURES

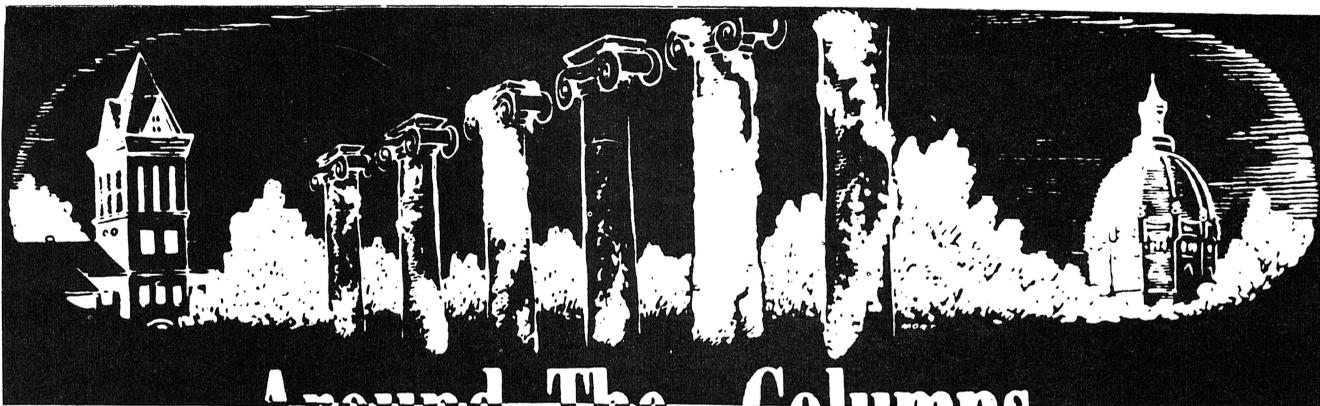
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In Paris, it's frankness,
In the New Yorker, it's life,
In a professor, it's clever:
But in Showme,
It's censored.

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*After the game is over,
And if a loss is found,
The only sporting thing to do
Is let the coach
Still hang around.*



Around The Columns

Yea I say unto you this here month is that of November . . . the name 'November' got its name from a group of obscure trench-mouth surgeons who in the year nineteen ought six BC fm HiFi, acting as honorary members of the Commanche Indians Witchdoctors Association, said, as they noticed that all the leaves had fallen (or been stole—it was never decided) off the trees, quote:

"It's getting colder'n hell."

Thus, November. (I just figger you people like to know little items like that with which to astound your friends and be popular.)

Yea, November . . . aye November . . . big crawling month with hungry maw (how's that 'maw' grabya?) and cold toenails . . . November . . . great next to last month with 30 days . . . November . . . plenty thanks month with dead turkeys and cold cranberry sauce down your spine . . . November . . . aye . . . yea . . . oui . . . yes . . . uh-huh . . . yep . . . how . . . how? . . . well, since you're interested, there's several ways . . . there is the American way, which is considered pretty fair, then there is the . . . well . . . yea . . . November . . . huge grubby month with dirty ears . . . November . . . ring out wild bells . . . it's November. The month.

OVERHEARD: Say, let's go to the library tonight.

Naw — can't make it. I got to study.

CLOPITY-CLOPITY-CLOPITY - Clopity . . . clopity . . .

YOU REALIZE naturally James Dean isn't dead. He isn't. He is living in an abandoned mine-shaft in Frazer, Colorado, along with Adolph Hitler, Amelia Earhart, Richard Halliburton, and Ambrose Bierce, engaged in the only floating Run-Sheep-Run game in captivity.

And none of them have been introduced.

clopity . . . clopity . . . clopity. SAY THERE, CLEM, jest who is that masked man, anyhow?

THOSE OF YOU who have attended any of our home football games this year probably recall that during the half, there is an announcement made concerning a 'football' dance to be held that evening in the Stagnant Onion.



Remember? Well, what it is is this. They make this announcement, see, saying that there will be a dance held that night with music by Don Roberts and dress is casual. Now you may not remember all the details, but I know darn well you remember music by donrobertsanddressiscasual. Everbody remembers that.

But here is something you might have missed.

What they do is invite the whole student body, all the student body's parents and friends and relations, and then the other team, and all their accomplices, and then the mascots, and the

janitors, and everybody who came by mistake on the way to the Michigan State game, and a group of MotherSingers who thought they were attending an oboe recital, and Doc Shaw, who for a few feverish moments thought they sold beer there and was swept in with the crowd, and, in short, everybody.

Well, I guess there are about 9 or 10 thousand people in this university alone, and no telling how many friends and relations there are. And then all the people from the other school, and to wind it up there is everybody who got there by mistake. That'd be a large group, friends.

And they're all invited.

What I'm getting at is what an interesting thing it would be if everbody showed up for the dance. (musicbydonrobertsanddressiscasual).

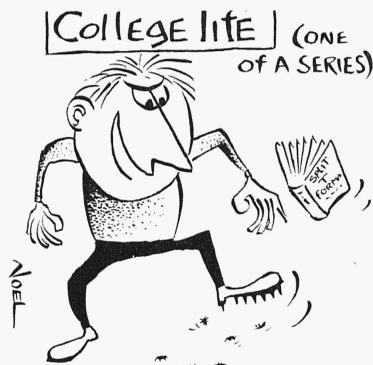
Thousands of them, streaming in the windows and coming down through the skylights, boring up through the floorboards, — millions of them, yelling like Apaches and piling on top of one another like a layer cake, screaming and biting and pulling and tearing one another's casual clothes off, stomping and cussing and sweating and carrying on all to music-bydonroberts, multitudes of them, swarming . . . well, you get the picture.

It would be sort of interesting, wouldn't it? And just think, the whole orgy would be accompanied by lilting strains of musicbydonroberts. Zow.

So they all go in to say hello to the new cook, but the cook must be having one of her bad days, because in the next panel we see her gnashing her teeth and snarling and saying: "Out o' my kitchen and *stay* out! Peel them spuds on th' back porch . . . catch y'in *here*, I'll break yer arm!"

Well now. I guess you get the picture *there*, boy. This old cook is just *itching* to break someone's arm. She can't hardly *wait*. So the little girls go scampering out of the kitchen just ahead of the cook, who slams the door. BAM! goes the door.

And in the next panel we see them going down the hall (still scampering) and Small Orphan Annie is looking back toward the kitchen and says: "Yep . . . things'll be *different* 'round here, all right!"



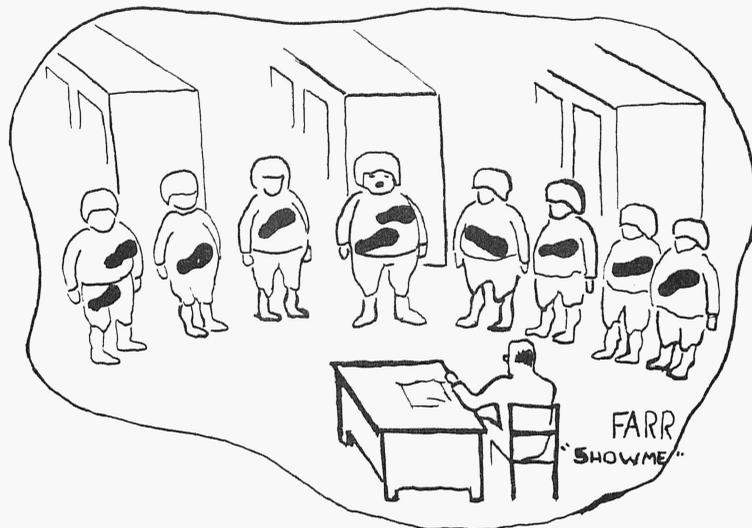
STOMPING BUGS

So there you have it. You know *danwell* things will be different around there. You can just *imagine* the things that Ma Licious and that nasty old cook will perpetrate on them pore orphans. But never fear. Small Orphan Annie and her harking dog, Sandy, will triumph in the end. Yea.

* * *

Him? Why, *he's* the . . . *He's* the . . . uh . . . he is uh . . . jest wait a minute . . . *he's* the . . . ahhh . . . the lone . . . the strange . . . the ahhhh . . . it's right on the tip o' m'tongue, here . . . he is the . . . what it is, *he's* the . . . range . . . the lonesome . . . the ahhhhh . . . the a . . . ahhh . . . ah . . . ah . . . ah . . .

I KNOW HOW MANY THERE



"One question, coach, who was that left halfback?"

ARE, now. I didn't before, but now I know. On page 11 of the Complete Works of Shakespeare (edited by Hardin Craig) it lists them:

There are bull-beggars, spirits, witches, urchins, elves, hags, fairies, satyrs, pans, fauns, sylens, kit with the canstick, tritons, centaurs, dwarfs, giants, imps. calcars, conjurors, nymphs, changelings, incubus, Robin Goodfellow, the spoorne, the mare, the man in the oak, the hell wain, the hiredrake, the puckle, Tom Thumb, hobgoblin, Tom Tumbler, boneless and many other such bugs.

* * *

clopity . . . clopity . . . clopity
clopity - clopity CLOPITY CLOPITY CLOPITY CLOP CLOP CLOP CLOP.

BAM! BAM! BAM-BAM-BAM!
 BAM!

* * *

A FEW WEEKS ago, on the television program "You Bet Your Life", Groucho had as a contestant for the quiz show a young lady from England. They were shooting the bull the way they do, you know, talking about this and that, and Groucho was leering at the audience and chewing his seegar and carrying on, and somehow the discussion got around to the respective attributes of English and American television.

"What strikes me as strange,"

said the young lady, "Is that over here you watch old English movies, and in England we watch old American movies."

"Why there's nothing strange about that," said Groucho, "what did you expect, old Norwegian movies?"

"No," said the young lady, "just good movies."

* * *

WHY LOOKY there, Fred, there's some *more* of them silver bullets. There's one there in Clem's head, and one in his leg, and there's two or *three* in his stomach . . .

* * *

YEA, and I speaketh unto you, I am almost through, so you may tie your ass to a palmtree and rest . . . you ever wish you were in Bavaria or someplace? . . . I have too . . . let's see, November 28 . . . great scott! . . . the *Ant-eater* comes out in two days . . . good deal . . . then I can read up on whom is doing it to whom . . . and also learn who is chairman of the Poster Committee for the Friends of Subterranean European Countries . . . damn, I can hardly contain myself . . . well, mustn't get too excited . . . umm . . . midterm was last week, wasn't it . . . yeahhh . . . har . . . boola boola, boola boola . . . Annie . . . doesn't live here . . . anymore . . . Wheeler . . . doesn't have one . . . anymore . . . yea . . . November . . . well . . . be cheerful, friends . . .

see ya next month—

Dick Noel



Showme

\$25.00 1st Prize

\$15.00 2nd Prize

\$10.00 3rd Prize

In an effort to encourage Creative Writing and give aspirant writers an outlet for their work, The Missouri Showme wishes to announce that it will sponsor, each semester, a creative writing contest. The contest is open, not only to the students and faculty of The Missouri University, but to Showme readers everywhere, with the exception of those persons who are active members of the Missouri Showme staff.

We will publish the best stories and articles submitted each month in The Missouri Showme, with the notation that it is a contest entry. At the end of each semester a panel of judges will select the best of the material we have published and Showme will present to the three top writers a certificate of acknowledgement and a cash award as listed above.

We must insist that all material be typed and double spaced. Each manuscript should bear the authors name and address, and if sent through the mail it must be accompanied by a self addressed stamped envelope, or picked up at the Showme office. The author may submit as many entries as he wishes. But each manuscript must be marked as a contest entry.

Manuscripts should not be shorter than 800 words or longer than 5000 words. The editors of Showme must reserve the right to edit or abridge any story we accept for publication.

Address all material to The Missouri Showme, 302 Read Hall, The University of Missouri, Columbia, Mo.

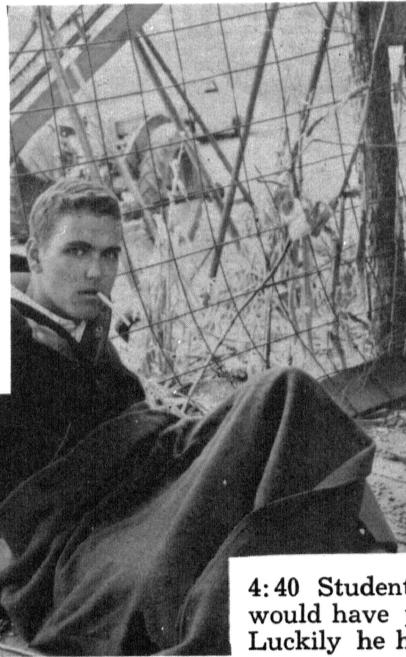
The Editors

She: "Do you know what they're saying about me?"
He: "Yeah, that's why I came over."

Hey Man, Wanna Buy a Parking Spot?

The parking situation in this burg is ridiculous. We hear the University is considering a course entitled, "Parking-106."

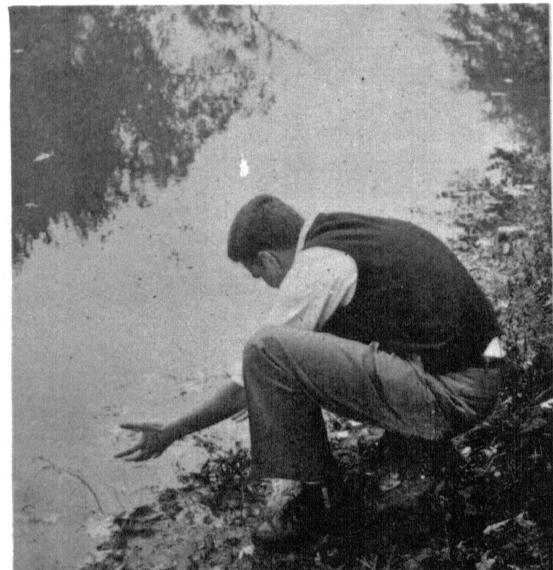
What happens when a student who has to drive every morning tries to find a place to park? Let's go through an average day and see. At 4:30 he's awakened when the rooster walks over his face.



4:40 Student housing was a little crowded this year. He would have preferred something in Boone County, however. Luckily he has a car.

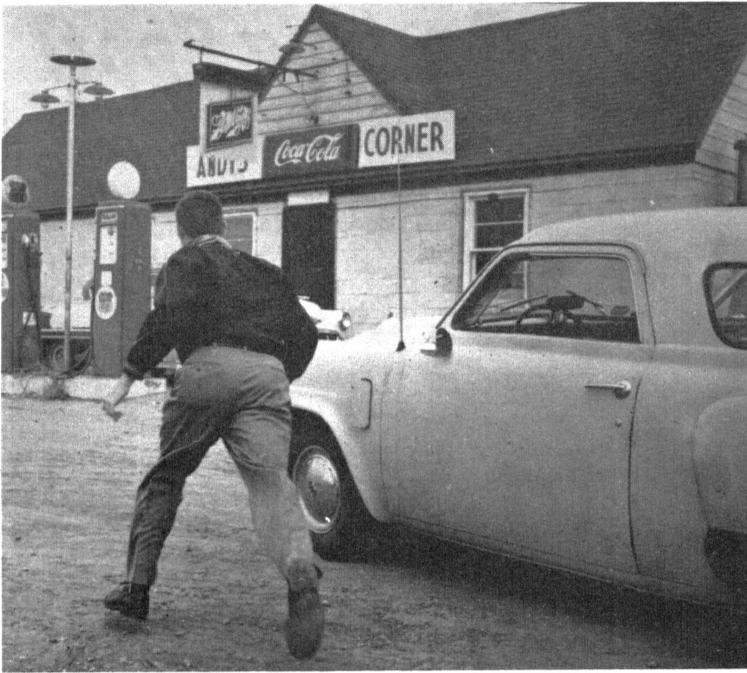
5:15

Half-way in.

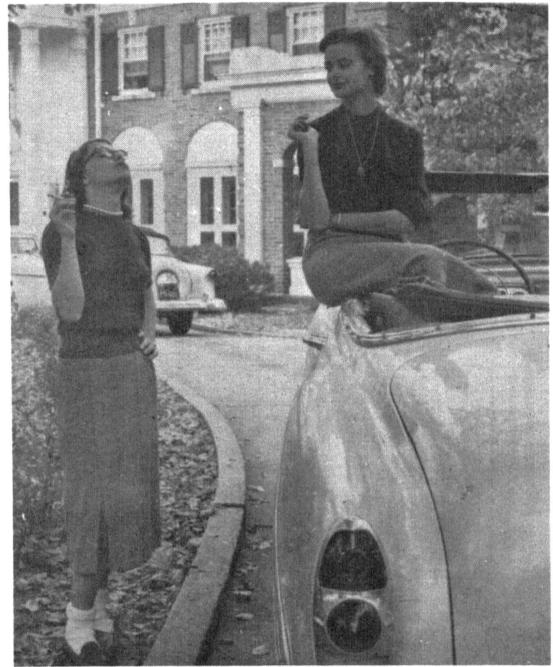


Photos by Nanci Schelker.

5:35 Washroom facilities are a little crude. This time he beat the cows upstream.



6:00 Stops off to have the casual java breakfast before beginning the search . . . Finds electric lights so stays awhile studying for the 7:40 quiz.



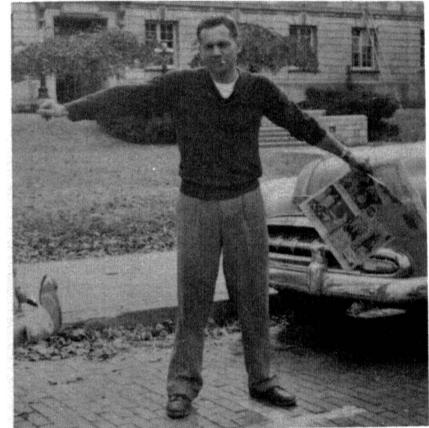
Meanwhile, other eager young students are rising. Two Kappa Kappa Fleggles make one of the day's bigger decisions. "Dahling, shall we drive over to class today . . . or walk the two blocks?"



7:15 "Beat it, Mac."



7:05 The Great Search. Stay outa there, buddy. It's saved for a Senior with a 9:40 by an ever-loving outdoorsman pledge.



7:28 Even the MG spots are premium.



7:31 Exhausts Air Force vocabulary and spots something up the street. Guns it and almost clips three pedestrians . . . WHAM! The friendly Fleegles came up the other lane.



7:35 The hell with the pigeons!

The Tabard Inn — 1394. The Canterbury pilgrims, have just returned. Old bard, clad in sneakers, sashays through bar whistling, "Sin." Everyone drunk. Glasses stacked high. Barmaids in similar condition. Sam the tavern-keeper, leader of the group, rises to speak:

"When we left for yon Canterbury hills 41 years ago (twas a long journey; mules broke down on the way up and asses on the way back), I suggested a small contest to occupy your time. Each pilgrim was to relate 175 tales. The teller of the best tale was to receive a baseball autographed by the Dodgers or a license signed by the King to have any woman in the realm. Such were the terms of the compact, were they not?"

It was a tense moment now because Sam the tavern-keeper was about to proclaim the winner of the 41-year contest.

"Before announcing my decision," he continued, "I would like to mention that here we have the 29 fastest minds in all Europe. I am proud of each and every one of you."

"However," the tavern-keeper went on, "just as one hen must rule the roost, one pig must rule the sty. And so, I must proclaim the Wife of Bath as the owner of the most obscene mind on the entire continent and the winner of this contest."

Uproarious applause.

"Your tale of 'A Dachshund's Honeymoon in a Dimly-lit Doghouse' was supremely enlightening and entertaining."

A fifth of Old Chaucer is passed around and the Wife of Bath is bathed and toasted.

"And now, Wife of Bath," said the Knight, "tell us if you will choose the autographed baseball or an affair with a King's subject as your reward."

The Wife weighed her reply carefully. She scanned the faces of the pilgrims. The monk was drunk. The merchant was drunk. "Mercy," thought the Wife when she saw what the Pardoner was doing.

"I've been a baseball fan for years," she answered the Knight. Campanella, Snider, Reese, Hodges and Furillo and all the rest are very dear to me. And I can think of a million things to do with an autographed baseball on those cold blustery nights when the chill wind whistles through the rafters and my thoughts soar to Mount Olympus."

"But," she continued, "though a baseball is versatile in many ways and a prize to always treasure, I'd still take the King's subject because that is a treasure, a pleasure and a prize."

"Do you have a specific subject in mind?" inquired the tavern-keeper, toying with his moustache.

"No," replied the Wife. "I'm not particular. But a telephone directory would help."

Just at this point, Lord Clancy Dubonnet, the Earl of the Nuthouse, sprang from his seat.

Clancy was a prominent man of affairs in London. In fact, he was a man of nothing but affairs. He kept a list of his conquests in a small black notebook which fit snugly in the trunk of his car.

Clancy leapt atop a table and addressed the Canterbury pilgrims in a loud booming voice. "Oh, piggy pilgrims, I pray thee, let me speak to you some jive."

"Go ahead," someone shouted, not particularly addressing Clancy.

"Forty-one years ago when you left for yon Canterbury hills I made plans to be among the party. At the last minute, however, my ass broke down, causing me untold woe. Since it was the only one I had, I was forced to remain behind."

(In the two week interim he had busied himself making 143 entries in his notebook.)

"I just returned last week, managing to beat you back by taking a short cut over route 40. Since I made the pilgrimage, I request the privilege of telling my tale before any final decision is reached as to the winner of this contest."

Sam the tavern-keeper called a hasty consultation of the pilgrims. It was justly decided that the Wife of Bath should have the right to grant or reject this request.

"Earl of the Nuthouse, I dig your sad story the most," said the Wife of Bath. "But I shall permit you to enter the contest on only one condition. If you win, you must grant me one wish no matter what it may be. And I shall tell you my wish after you finish your tale."

"I accept your terms unconditionally and give you my word."

"My story concerns some — that I met on the road to Canterbury, and is appropriately called, 'The Canterbury —'" began the Earl.

The most probing minds in all Europe listened attentively. All the drunks had woken up. The Franklin rubbed his hands gleefully. The Shipman frothed at the mouth. The Squire was so overcome that he kicked the Knight. This caused a chain reaction and everybody caught hell.

By Richard Manning



We Told



Clancy then launched into one of the raunchiest tales in the his-

tory of man. The first leg of his journey to Canterbury passed peacefully enough. About 35 miles from Canterbury, however, he spotted a comely maiden shooting craps in the corn field. This intrigued him so much that he invited her into the tall corn.

Hours later they arrived at the house. The tired Earl tripped into the house and there beheld the most beautiful sight of his long and lusty career.

Due to conditions beyond the control of the Earl and the censor, we are forced to delete the following nine paragraphs. All we can say is that the Earl had quite a time and probably didn't miss the paragraphs, anyway.

"These," said the maiden, "are the fabulous — of Canterbury, the 50 most gorgeous, desirable women in the kingdom."

(The Knight had now swallowed his sword, the Merchant was eating one of his rugs, the Shipman was eating his compass, and that damn tavern-keeper . . .)

"Well," resumed Clancy, "there I was in a harem with the 50 most luscious wenches in the kingdom. Do you think I turned and ran in the face of those insurmountable odds?"

"You'd be a damn fool if you did," someone yelled.

Well, the Earl continued his tale to the end, and the thunderous applause of the 29 probing minds left no doubt as to who was the winner of this tell-a-tale contest.

The Wife of Bath nearly broke both legs getting over to Clancy's table.

"Clancy," she cooed, "you were magnificent. So far superior to me and easily the winner of the contest. Now I will claim the one wish which you promised me. Since you may have nay subject in the realm, I wish to be the subject."

The Earl of the Nuthouse roared with laughter. He roared some more. Two hours later he calmed down and addressed the Wife of Bath:

"Dear Lady, I truly hate to disappoint you, but after that session at Canterbury, I was never the same. In fact, I have been reduced to the role of an observer in such activities and must choose the autographed baseball as my reward."

After the Wife of Bath had slashed her wrists, taken arsenic, fifty sleeping pills and hung herself, the drinking resumed.

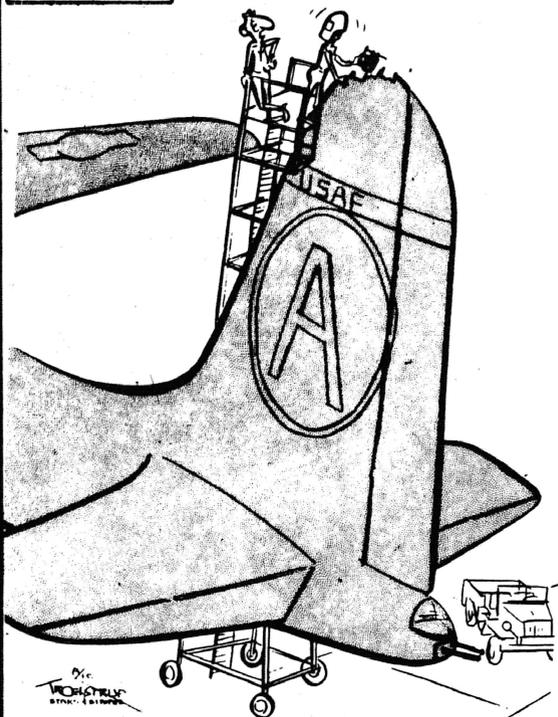
The Earl, meanwhile was busy drawing a map of the Canterbury countryside to direct some of the pilgrims, including Sam, the tavern-keeper, who had decided on another trip to Canterbury in hope of finding the crap-shooting maiden and her 50 chums.

As the last bottle of Old Chaucer rolled out the door of the Tabard Inn, all that remained was Mickey Spillane rewriting the novel, "Cheaper by the Dozen" for presentation on "I Remember Mama".

END

Canterbury

THUPLow



"Be careful . . . It's a long way down . . . But if you happen to fall, look to the right . . . The view is extraordinary!"

Mc
ROBERTS
A THUPLow

THUPLow



Mc
ROBERTS
A THUPLow

"Just how long have you been renting your upper bunk?"

THUPLow



Mc
ROBERTS
A THUPLow

"Of course it's our room . . . But we're never bothered by inspections!"

THUPLow



"You heard me . . . I'm gonna PROMOTE him once . . . I'm tired of NOT being able to BREAK him!"

THUPLow



"Great Scott, Man . . . This means an opening for Staff!"

THUPLow



Mc
ROBERTS
A THUPLow

"Pleasure to see you here this morning . . . Town off limits?"

THUPLow

Part II



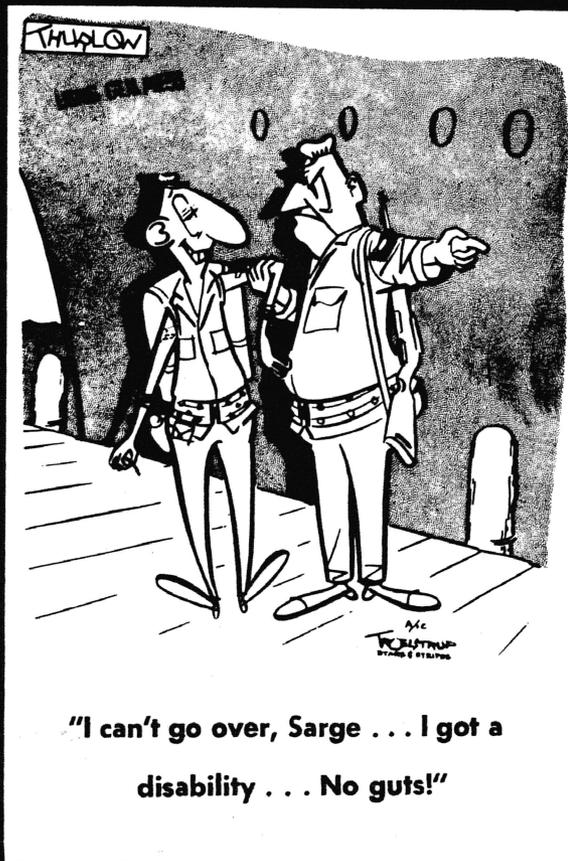
"Give me all the ribbons I can get for doing nothing in particular!"



"I couldn't think of a signal for changin' my mind!"



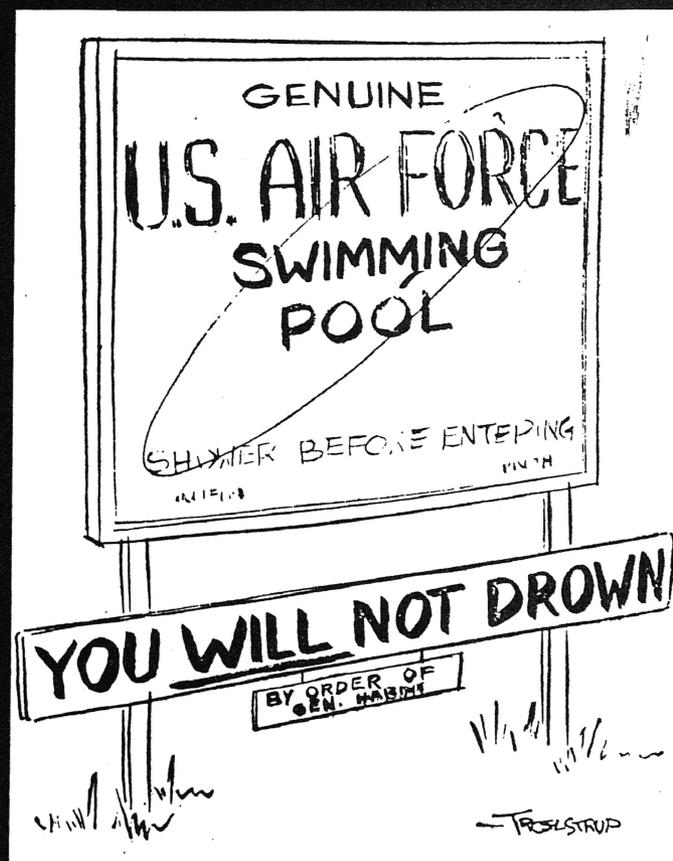
"Surprise, surprise . . . You're early today . . . Only a half hour late!"



"I can't go over, Sarge . . . I got a disability . . . No guts!"



"Wish you'd look at him, Doc . . . He's got insomnia . . . Keeps waking up every few days!"





I HATE MEN



I really do. I hate men. Not only men in general, but everything pertaining to the masculine sex and fraternity stickers. I hate grandfather clocks, the French article "le", shaving lotion, five o'clock shadow, snooker, Playboy magazine, and carburetors.

This is not a flash-in-the-campus hatred; this distaste has been nurtured in my bosom from the moment some hairy-handed male swatted my tender rear and said laconically, "Another girl" to just yesterday on the bus when an old gent performed the same act with a great deal more enthusiasm. This loathing I feel has been fostered by the puerile antics of my first date, (he spread the rumor I was frigid merely because I refused to kiss him while he was sporting a mile-high fever blister on his pulsating upper lip) to the more recent neat bird whose manners were down to such a science that he could hold my coat, open the door, shake hands with my father and whisper a stirring parody of "Rape of the Lock" in my ear all in one master stroke.

Now I would like to clarify this, in that the fact that I hate men doesn't necessarily mean that I consider the Kinsey Report dull reading material. Perish the thought! I mean I think sex is just the nicest thing that's been devised for women since new pink Dreft; it's just a rotten break that men have to enter into the picture, that's all.

I am not particularly happy with the situation per se. While others around me are able to devote all their energy to hating one object such as Truman, tests, or Busch Bavarian, I find it boringly consistent to hate all men

in general with no exceptions. But I do. The appalling distaste I feel for the gauche inarticulate "mother me" guy is only equalled by the bottomless contempt I experience when confronted by



the smooth, Brill Creamed "oh, you mother" type. From the breezy answer to Ubangi maidens' prayer, the Great Lover, to the "Let's discuss Shelley's theories on free love beneath the

bushes" advocate, I can only curl my lip bitterly.

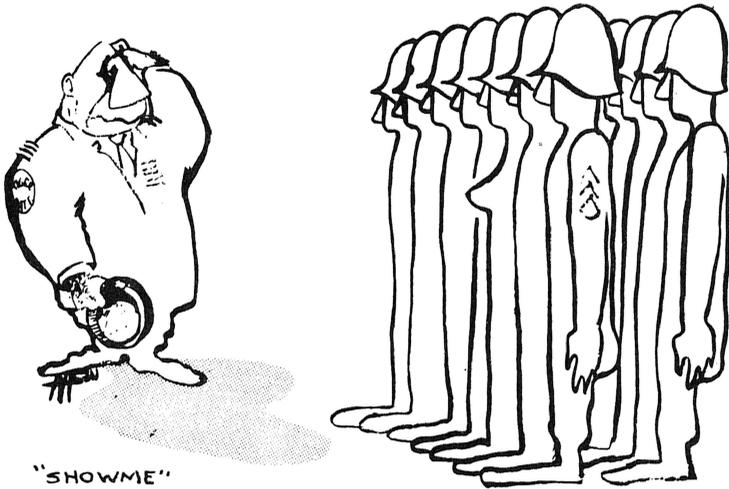
Heretofore I have kept this unnatural dislike to myself. I have patted my uncle affectionately on his grizzled cheek, and have faithfully signed my name to the Elvis Presley for President petition. I have sat uncomplainingly in a stuffy car while some panting Lothario played hell with my hair-do and have gazed up in wide-eyed adoration at numerous he-men while they outperformed Lassie with their tricks.

But no more. My detestation has climaxed itself. I am satiated, surfeited and inundated with this overpowering hatred.

Therefore, beginning tomorrow, I intend to begin on a plan which I have devised to cure myself of this unfemininely consistent habit of hating men. My object is to find one ideal male student who typifies all the things I despise in his sex and then to lavish all my hatred solely on him! The possibilities are limitless. I may even marry him and then I can burn his toast, put starch in his shorts, splurge his money and use his razor. I think it's a solution to everything and can scarcely wait to begin.

'It'd be awfully ironic if he was reading this article right now, wouldn't it?

By M. F.



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Largest & Smartest
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"SHOWME" NOEL

"But Henderson! You've got to wear clothes!"

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and Hot Breads

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- Wines
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**Brown
Derby**

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Mother is singing,
She's been happy all day—
For the warden has made her a
trustee today.

THE BIG GAME



I GO TO THE SUPER

A FOREIGN STUDENT SPEAKS UP

BY MOHAN BAWA

One of the qualities of the American student is insatiable curiosity. Sometimes, however, it is accompanied by a lamentable lack of information. At a dinner party, once, I was seated next to a freshman.

"Where are you from?" he asked me.

"India," I said.

"Oh, that's near Jerusalem isn't it?"

Even before I entered the United States I was apprehensive at what I would see. When I was in London, waiting for a ship to New York, I bought a book called "Going to America" and learned its list of "do's and don'ts on an American campus" by heart. Do study. Don't date. Attend camps, conferences and youth meetings. Stay away from fraternity houses. See your foreign student advisor for all your problems. Stay away from bars, strip tease shows and various and sundry places. The author went on rather apprehensively, to explain the complexities that went to make up an American female. Apparently the sign "Danger" hung around the neck of most of them. The advice was, to put it in a nut shell, "Don't get fresh!" Make friends but keep your distance.

To add to my fund of knowledge I asked my cousin (I was staying with her in London) endless questions on the life of an American campus. My cousin, who had studied in Virginia, was not at all enthusiastic. She started first with the dank smell of the library she had to work in. I tut-tutted in sympathy and



waited for her to go on. The bathrooms in the United States, apparently, were all wrong. In India we bathe by the pouring method and consequently we don't need tubs and showers but just a simple bucket and lots and lots of hot water and of course a mug to pour with. My cousin hated tubs (she claimed they were unhygienic) and she had to endure this contraption during the entire length of her stay in this country. I tut-tutted again. However she went back to the

unpleasant smell of the library and I had to remind her that we had already discussed that topic. After coming to the States I have found libraries completely wholesome and I still wonder at her distaste for them.

"Did you make any friends?" I asked.

"Well, I tried!" she said gallantly. "Let me give you an example of what happened. There was one particular girl whom I knew; and one day, while meet-

MARKET ON AN ELEPHANT

ing in the library, I asked her what she did over the Easter holidays and do you know what she did?" She waited for a moment of silence to give the following words more impact.

"She slaughtered a pig!" Then she shuddered.

"My first reaction," she said, "was to say EEEK!" To my cousin, who is sensitive and whose only physical exertion was perhaps to reach out for the knob of the radio or to tell the servant to put out hot water for a bath, this was rather a shock.

Coming to the States, I have had many of the questions that filled my mind answered. I have come to learn about the American student and have come to regard him with less suspicion than that displayed by the author of "Going to America."

American tourists with dark glasses, sport shirts and cameras penetrate every corner of this globe. They watch the African tribal dance, they look at the Taj Mahal and even climb Fuji Yama in Japan. When students from India come here they take in "The Dance of the Jukebox" in the Student Union, they watch a football game at the stadium, and if they are overly anxious they live in a fraternity house. I lived in one over the summer vacations. When I wrote home and said that there was something called a "Grass Skirt Party" eyebrows were raised very heavily in certain quarters. Intimate details of the affair were strictly left out of the letter.

Each time an American meets a foreign student the first thing that pops into the American's head, I imagine, is: "How shall I react?" It is amusing to ponder on these reactions and classify them into different "types".

First of all we have the Intellectual. He has read widely and has a background knowledge about your country and its problems. He carries on an intelligent and for the foreign student an almost exciting conversation. The foreign student will talk profusely and sometimes too long. He revels in this!

Not so much enthusiasm does the foreign student have for the American who exudes the Aren't you - lucky-to-be-in-this-wonderful-country attitude. He slaps your back and shakes your hand heartily and takes it for granted that you plan to settle down and raise kids. It rather disconcerts him when you say that you plan to return to your own country and that you prefer to raise your kids there.



And then we have, what I like to call the Deadpan. As soon as a foreign student hoves in sight this character clams up. His manner is excessively polite and the atmosphere is frigid. You can almost feel the temperature drop. The deadpan conducts his business with dispatch and is gone

with a look of relief on his face.

And finally we have the Gusher. Once a Chinese girl and I had the misfortune to be seated next to one at an International dinner. This person asked my friend to say something in Chinese and after my friend had muttered a few words (nothing very pleasant, I suspect) the lady cooed "Oh, darling. How pretty it sounds!"

Then she turned to me, "Where are you from?" "India" I said.

"How exotic!" gasped. "How mysterious! Tell us about it?"

"Well," I said. "First of all I go every morning to the super market on an elephant."

"How thrilling!"

"Sometimes on the way home I bag a few tigers and then I have to ask Ramu, my servant, to get off his bed of spikes, and make me some breakfast — scrambled eggs and tea you know, we take after the British. In the evenings I clap my hands and the dancing girls arrive and they dance the most exotic and most sinuous dance you have ever seen on a Hollywood screen. The evening's entertainment is topped off with an Indian Rope Trick . . ." By this time she has become hypnotic and I have run out of imagination.

But the life of a foreign student has its compensations. We usually go home with the degree we came for, we get to know America and its people, and more often than not we get to meet Americans who treat us with a friendliness and casualness.

And this is the treatment we like best of all.

END.

Here's Howe!

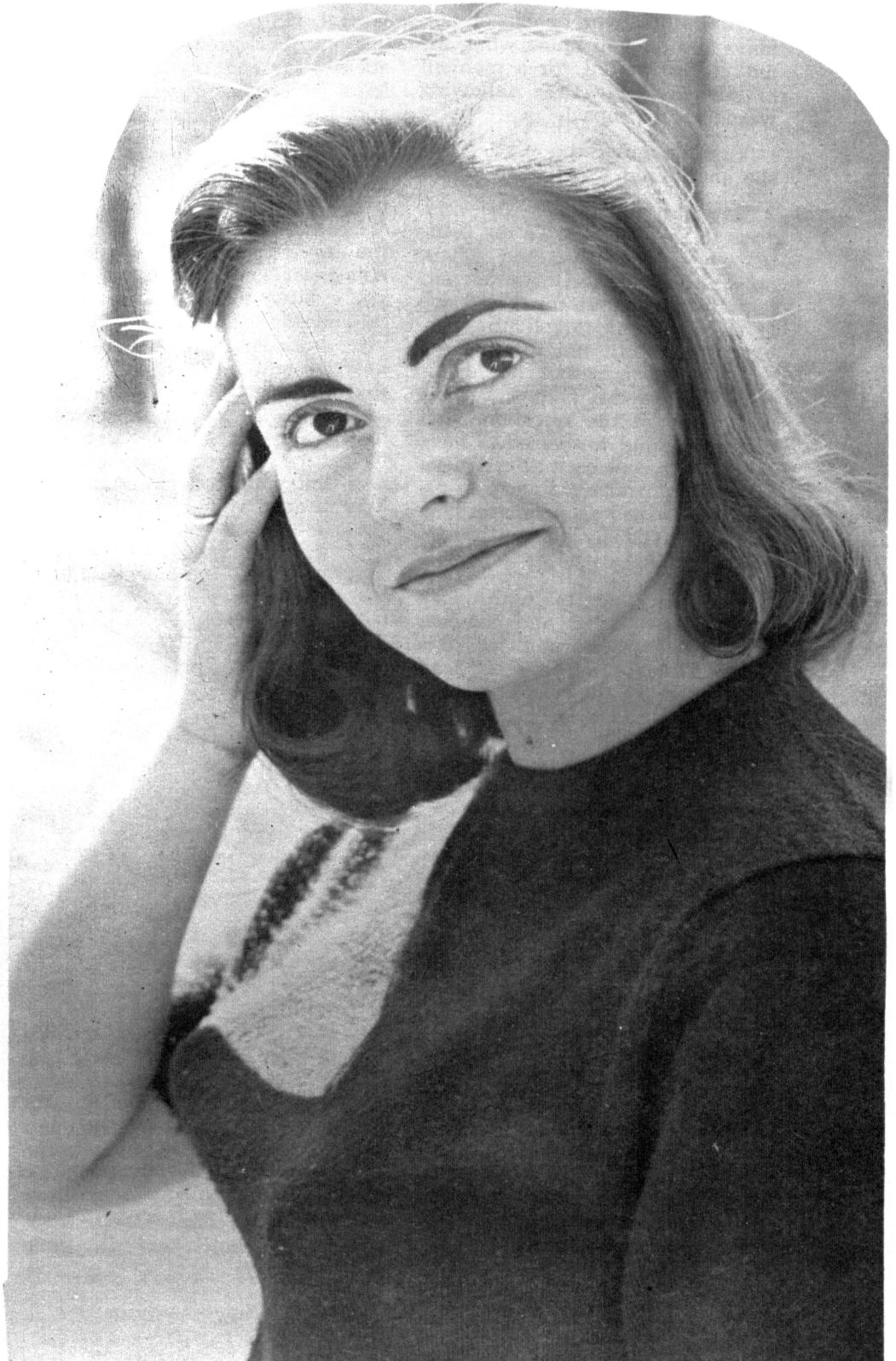


Rita Howe

The old look....
with the latest
twist

She's past 16
and can be kissed.

Photos by
Dick Shoemaker





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SWAMI'S SHORTS

"So Ivan Ivanovitch died gallantly in the midst of battle," sobbed Katerina Mikailovitch. "Do you say he uttered my name at his last breach?"

"Part of it," replied the returned Russian. "Part of it."

An Englishman was conversing with the clerk in the Ambassador Hotel.

"Here's a riddle," said the clerk. "My mother gave birth to a child. It was neither my brother nor my sister. Who was it?" Englishman: "I can't guess."

Clerk: "It was I."

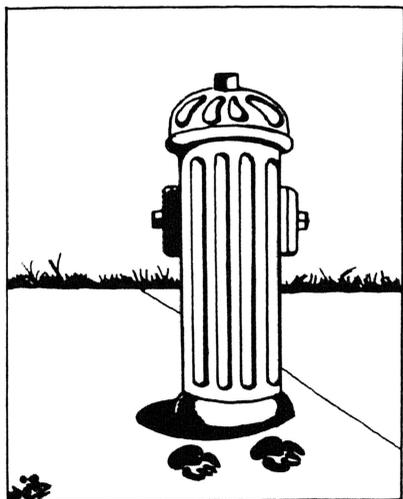
Englishman: "Ha! ha! Very clever. I must remember that."

The Englishman then told the story at his club.

Said he: "Here's a riddle, old top. My mother gave birth to a child, and it was neither my brother nor my sister. Who was it? What? You can't guess? Do you give up?"

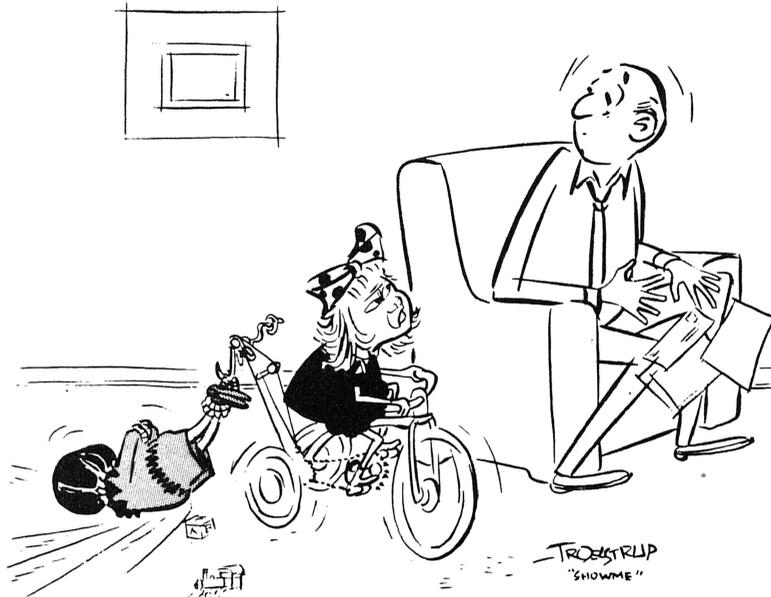
"Yes."

"Ha! ha! It was the clerk at the Ambassador Hotel."



Tripod Was Here!

Stone Age lovers' slogan: I came, I saw, I conked her.



"Aw, it ain't hurtin' Jimmy none . . . he's dead".

First Boy: Dad bought me in a department store.

Second boy: My folks got me from a doctor.

Little girl: (shyly) My folks were too poor. I was home-made.

* * *

He: "Please."

She: "No!"

He: "Just this once?"

She: "I said no!"

He: "Aw, gee, ma, all the rest of the kids are going barefoot."

* * *

"So you want to be lifeguard here, eh? How tall are you?"

"Six feet, eight inches, sir."

"Can you swim?"

"No, but I can wade to beat hell."

* * *

"Oh, my poor man," exclaimed the kind old lady. "It must be terrible to be lame. But it would be much worse if you were blind."

"You're absolutely right, lady," said the beggar. "When I was blind people kept giving me foreign coins."

* * *

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

"Yeah, that's what I thought, too."

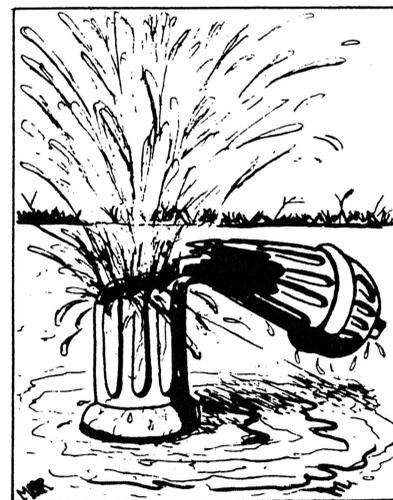
Hollywood story: The actress rushed into her house screaming to her husband: "Darling, come quickly! Your children and my children are beating up our children!"

* * *

There was a young fellow from Wheeling,
Endowed with such delicate feeling

When he read on the door,
Please don't spit on the floor,
He jumped and spat on the ceiling.

* * *



Waldo Was Here!

You can lead a Sigma Nu to water, but why disappoint him?

* * *

Drunk: (stopping city bus):
Say, this car go to fourth St.?

Driver: Yes.

Drunk: Well, g'bye and God bless you.

* * *

Why should you look here?
There is nothing here to actually warrant a glance to this spot. Please look elsewhere. This type is too small - you will ruin your eyes if you continue reading this anyway.

A pretty little wench
Sat upon a bench
Looking very coy
At every passing boy.
Rosy red lips,
Beautiful hips,
Darn shame she was bald.

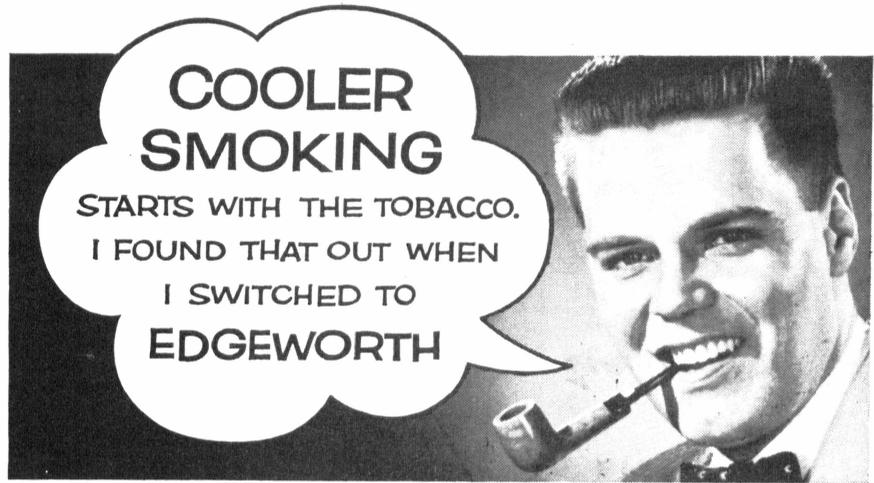
* * *

He is not drunk who from the floor,
Can rise again and drink some more;
But he is drunk who prostrate lies,
And cannot drink or cannot rise
—Thomas Love Peacock

* * *

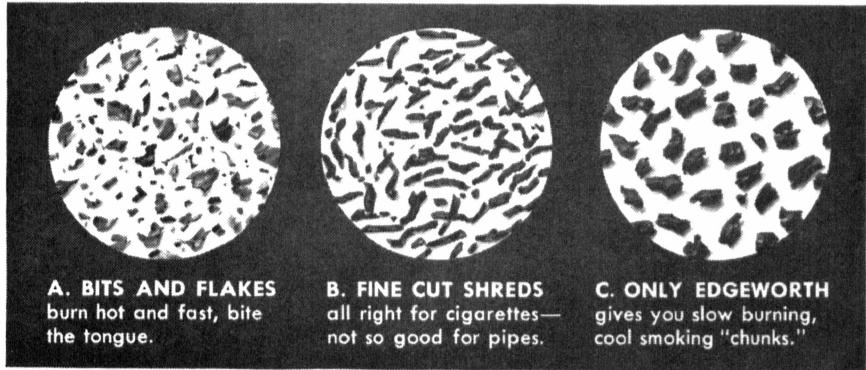
Circus actress: "This is my first job. You better tell me how to keep from making any mistakes."

Manager: "Well, girlie, just don't undress in front of the bearded lady."



Coach: You're out of condition, Klandowski. Whatta you been doing, studying?

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burn hot and fast, bite the tongue.

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all right for cigarettes—
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C. ONLY EDGEWORTH
gives you slow burning,
cool smoking "chunks."

Do you want cooler smoking too? Then do as smart smokers everywhere have done—switch to Edgeworth and prove the difference with your first wonderful pipeful. No other tobacco can duplicate the Edgeworth cut, because it's actually "ready-rubbed" by an exclusive process. See in the picture what a difference this makes. Edgeworth's even-sized chunks (Picture C) burn slow and cool, with never a touch of tongue bite.

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No one in over 50 years has ever equalled Edgeworth's way with tobaccos. Tobacco

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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 eleven in the morning til traffic slows down.

The new Clarington is open and anxious to display.

The best hospitality in Columbia today.



Drunk: "I lost my key."

Cop: "Then ring the bell."

Drunk: "I rang it an hour ago."

Cop: "Ring it again."

Drunk: "To hell with them. Let 'em wait."

* * *

A patient about to be dismissed from an institution was being questioned by the director.

"And what are you going to do when you go out into the world?"

"Well," replied the ex-inmate, "I've passed my bar exam, so I may try to work up a law practice. Again I had quite a bit of acting experience in college, so I might try my hand at dramatics."

He paused and thought for a moment.

"Then on the other hand," he continued, "I may be a teakettle."

* * *

He tried me on the sofa,
He tried me on the chair,
He tried me on the window sill,
But he couldn't get it there.
He tried me lying on the couch,
I stood against the wall,
I even sat upon the floor,
It wouldn't work at all.
He tried it this and that way
Oh, golly how I laugh
To think how many ways he tried
To take my photograph.

* * *

Beneath this stone a virgin lies,
For her life held no terrors
Born a virgin, died a virgin—
No hits, no runs, no errors.

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Victim: Hey, that wasn't the tooth I wanted pulled.
Dentist: Calm yourself, I'm coming to it.

John H. Furbay, Ph.D., Director, TWA Air World Tours
Dept. CM, 380 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Dear Sir:
Please send me information on

- Summer Tours Time-Pay Plan
 Independent travel to

_____ (countries)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Tel. _____

FLY THE FINEST
FLY TWA



A little lady field mouse was going out through the field when she was picked up by a big combine. She was bumped around and shaken up quite a bit before she was finally thrown back into the field.

Painfully the bewildered little mouse dragged herself home. When asked by her mother what had happened to her she said: "Oh, Mother, I think I've been reaped!"

* * *

Dr. Lugg asked Sam who signed the Declaration of Independence.

"I don't know and I don't care" came the reply.

Dr. Lugg called the student's father to his office and told him what had happened.

The father frowned and turned to Sam, "Damn it, if you signed it, admit it."

* * *

Mama, Mama! The puppies are here!

Have you seen them?

No, but the dog is empty!

* * *

A little boy was sitting on the street corner with a cigarette in his mouth and a flask in his hand when an elderly lady came by.

"Sonny, why aren't you in school?"

"Hell, lady, I'm only three!"

* * *

"You should be more careful to pull your shades at night. I saw you kiss your wife last night."

"Ha, ha. The joke's on you. I wasn't home last night."

* * *

As Lloyd was twisting his radio dial, he felt a sharp pain in his back.

"Oh," he cried, "I think I'm getting lumbago."

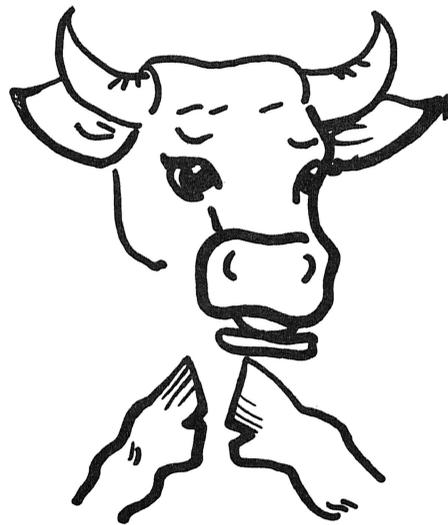
"Why bother to listen?" asked his roommate. "You won't be able to understand a word of it."

* * *

Male: Are you afraid of the big bad wolf?

Female, warming: No why?

Male: That's funny, the other two pigs were.



"One last request...
let me be
an Ernie's
Steak...
please?"

Ernie's Steak House

1005 Walnut

Tramp: "Have you got a dime for a cup of coffee?"
Frosh: "No, but I'll get by somehow."

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The quarterback has traditionally figured as a key player in all past homecoming games. Therefore, it is essential that he be in top physical shape. (Medals represent honoraries, except for the one in the middle which is protecting his navel from lint.)

The alumni usually gather at their old haunts to reminisce about the good old days. "Remember Jim who was dating that Theta — married the housemother!"



HOME

By Ron Soble

It's that time of year again when the jocks begin to trip the light fantastic on the gridiron. Homecoming is quite unique with its colorful floats, pregame excitement, and of course, if you're still sober by Saturday afternoon — the game itself. Here are some of the traditions connected with this historic event.



Hawkers are a common sight at homecoming affairs. This one is promoting stone toupees for bald statue of liberty plays.

COMING 1956



"The fools! Who gives a damn about the game — this is the only time of the year I get a crack at this stuff."



"What, me worry? Of course my boy will play."



Occasionally a darkhorse will get his big chance before game-time. "What, me worry? I knew I'd play."



Burned in effigy and ostracized by alums and students alike, it's usually hell for the losing coaches.

An 80-year-old man went to his doctor for a blood test and medical examination before getting married.

The doctor checked him over doubtfully and then asked: "At your age you don't really want to get married, do you?"

"Don't want to exactly, but I got to."

* * *

Two drunks were sitting in a bar, thinking of things to do to pass the time.

"Let's play television," said one.

"Okay," said the other. "How?"

"I make believe I'm a great big TeeVee shtar and you guess who I am."

"Shoot."

"Awright," said the first, "I'm fi' foot four, got blon' hair, blue eyes, I'm 38-24-36, and I'm beautiful."

The second drunk stared at him for a moment. "Never min' who you are," he said, "kish me."

this month's

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Town & Country

ON THE STROLLWAY
Clothes for the Young in heart

Phi Psi: Are you the barber who cut my hair the last time?
Barber: I don't think so. I've only been here six months.

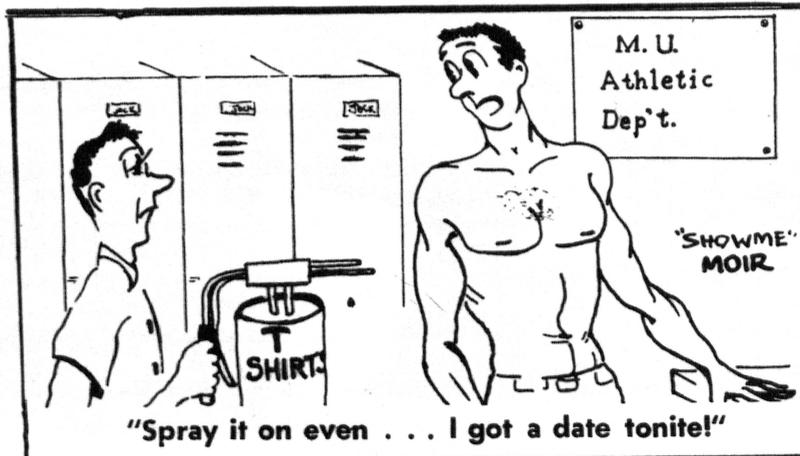
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By Jerry Shnay

Balladeer's Barstool

Give a listen sometime to the "God Damn Your Eyes" song. Some call it "Sam Hall", but many more know it by the eyes title.

"Oh, my name it is Sam Hall,
it is Sam Hall;
Yes, my name it is Sam Hall,
it is Sam Hall;
Yes, my name it is Sam Hall,
and I hate you one and all,
You're a bunch of muckers
all,
Goddamn your eyes!"

The greatest of all the great records on this is the one sung by Josh White on Elektra EKL-701. This is part of a two-album set in tribute to Josh's 25th anniversary as a folk singer.

The "Sam Hall" song is part of a big friendly war that White and Carl Sandburg have. Carl, who is a pretty fair folk singer in his own right, has an album on Lyricord LL-4 (\$7.00) where he also renders "Sam Hall". Only this time it's a very serious, sad type of thing. White links it with a glass of beer and a lot of fun and laughs.

"Now up the rope I go, up I go;
Yes, up the rope I go, up I go;
And those b.....s down below,
they'll say,
'Sam, we told you so,'
They'll say, 'Sam, we told you so,
Goddamn their eyes."

And let's not overlook that one of the two records is devoted to a real go around to finish off all versions of "John Henry". Everyone putting out folk stuff throws in a version of the renowned roustabout steel driver of the C & O Railroad. But here's about 25 minutes of White's muscal narrative in song and talk which will make all other versions fade into nothing.

Other classics on the "Sam Hall" half are "Black Girl", "Free and Equal Blues", "Life the Life", "Where Are You, Baby," "Della's Gone", "Run, Mona, Run" and "You Don't Know My Mind."

Did someone mention Pete Seeger? Well, if no one did I think I should. We talked about Pete before, but I don't think I mentioned his versatility on many instruments.

About two years ago Peter recorded an album for Folkways Records called "Goofing-Off Suite," FP-43-2. In it he fools around with not only his five-string bango, but also a guitar, chalil (a musical instrument used in Israel), and a recorder.

The songs or selections range from "Blue Skies" to the second movement of Beethoven's seventh symphony. It's something to play for a lazy afternoon when all the tests are over and you don't especially feel like doing much of anything. (\$4.25)

Seeger has another great album on Folkways. This one has a little story behind it.



THE "GOD DAMN YOUR EYES" SONG'S IN THIS BABY

Three years ago, on an FM station in Chicago, Peter and a blues singer "Big Bill" Broonzy sat down before a microphone and sang and talked and played for an hour. The program was taped and was later sold to Folkways, who made it into an album. It's FP 86-4. Just another one of those things you play for the sheer enjoyment of playing. Twelve inches so price is \$5.95.

* * *

The column has to thank Hi-Fi House for using it as a part of an ad for some of the records we mentioned. It was

really very nice. But one thing, boys. I had to lead a date three blocks out of the way to accidentally discover the article in the window. Couldn't you have an annex near the Stein Club?

Incidentally, this Hi-Fi House is one of the few record shops in central Missouri whose stock doesn't insult us half-literate disc lovers. They carry more than a couple hit parade labels and a Beethoven or two to spruce up the place.

We're a little prejudiced cause they took ads with us even before this column was thought up. But they think enough of you to put a few plugs in the mag.

They believe in you as a student. Drop in. Their lineup is delightful.

* * *

And now we come to the horror of the month. Not all folk songs and folk song albums are good. There are some that fall below even an ordinary level of mediocrity.

So it is the case with Burl Ives in his latest album for Decca. "Burl Ives Sings for Fun" DL-4280 (\$3.95).

Ol' Burl once upon a time was a damn good singer but someone decided that he should be commercial and now must have the Andrew Sisters backing him up or else they don't think the album will sell.

When you listen to some folk songs in this album you get the idea that he wasn't quite happy in the selection he had to sing. Four of the 11 are re-releases from other albums while the others have, for the most part, incongruous backgrounds. Andrew Sisters, Bah!

* * *

So if Burl is something less than what he used to be, John Greenway is something what is gonna be. Greenway, a real grind in college, getting all sorts of Phi Beta Kappa's thought he could make money by writing books on folk songs.

over

But his slant was different. He first thought he would like to collect all the dirty songs he could, but then realized that almost any college sophomore would know more than he did, so he ventured into the field of industrial songs.

These are the things that the miners and the weavers in the mills sang. Most of them are definitely anti-boss. They were composed during the great battle that labor had to go through to win their rights.

Later, Greenway sang these songs for Riverside Records 12-607 (\$4.98). A twelve-incher, with 16 of the finest songs in the field. Whether you agree with the songs or philosophy behind them or not, it is a very fine piece of singing of the troubles of the people.

But if you want to get rid of your troubles, we suggest you try Theodore. We quote some Theodoreiana.

"The best thing is not to be born. But who can be as lucky as that."

"With the calmness of her sex, my mother stuck her hatpin into the eye of my father. He laughed. It was his glass eye."

"I do not mind necking. Sme of my best friends are neckers. But . . . amateurish fumbling makes me seasick."

"In Europe, we keep women pregnant and barefoot, and let them eat under the table."

Enough.

If you're interested. It's Proscenium Arch PRLP-1 (\$3.95). If you don't like something macabre, especially if it's humor, then you really don't have to hear it. Some people like it, including the writer.

* * *

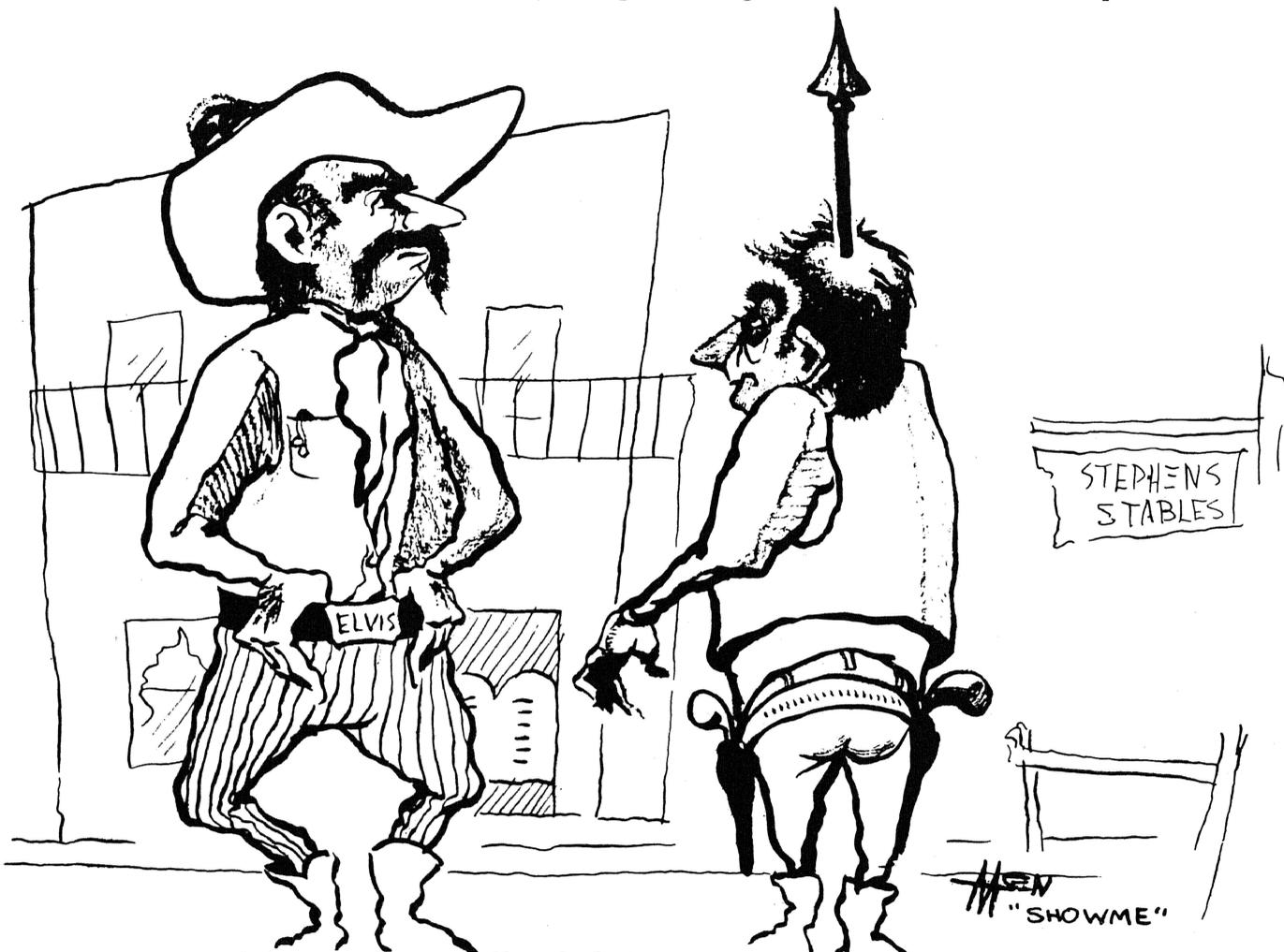
Columbia Records did something pretty wonderful. They sent Alan Lomax, the top folk song collector

in the country, over to Europe to record songs of the various nations at work and at play. So far they have put out 14 albums all fully annotated by Lomax and each containing songs of a different country.

Very hard to pick a best album in here. But some people especially lean toward the Irish folk songs. The subject matter of these songs, recorded in the Western countries of Eire, where Gaelic is still spoken, is chiefly love and legendary tales of the countryside and history.

Among the performers are an innkeeper's daughter, a lady tinker (Margaret Barry) who earns her living by singing and selling baskets, and a Kilarney fiddler. Miss Barry takes most of the honors in the album. KL-204. (\$5.98)

"Lord, they were a bloody crew,
Goddam their eyes."



"I didn't mind getting the shaft, but the feathers are driving me nuts".

WRECK OF THE 97

By David Graves George

Well he gave him his orders at
Monroe, Virginia
Saying, "Steve you are way be-
hind time,
This is not 38 but it's old 97
You must put her into Danville
on time."

He turned and said to his black
greasy fireman,
"Just shovel on a little more
coal,
And when we cross that White
Oak Mountain
You can watch old 97 roll."

It's a mighty rough road from
Lynchburg to Danville
On a line on a three mile grade,
It was on this grade that he lost
his average,
You can see what a jump he
made.

He was going down the grade
makin' 90 miles an hour,
When his whistle broke into a
scream . . .
They found him in the wreck
With his hand on the throttle, he
was scalded to death by the
steam.

Now ladies, you must take warn-
ing,
From this time now on learn,
Never speak harsh words to your
true loving husband,
He may leave you and never re-
turn.

MAN AND WOMAN

Unknown

God made the world—and rested.
God made man—and rested.
Then God made woman.
Since then, neither God nor man
has rested.

MY LOVE IS FOR A BOLD MARINE

Unknown

A miner coming home one night
Found his house without a light,
And as he went upstairs to bed
A strange thought came into his
head.

He went into his daughter's room
And found her hanging from a
beam.
He took his knife and cut her
down
And on her breast this note he
found.

"My love is for a bold marine,
I always, always think of him.
And though he's far across the
sea,
He never, never thinks of me!"

"So all you maidens bear in mind,
A good man's love is hard to
find.

Dig my grave both wide and deep,
And rest my weary bones in
sleep."

They dug her grave both wide
and deep
And laid white lilies at her feet,
On her breast a turtle dove
To signify she died of love.

OUT OF THE TAVERN

Unknown

Out of the tavern I've just step-
ped tonight,
Street, you are caught in a very
bad plight;
Right hand and left hand are
both out of place,
Street, you are drunk, it's a
very clear case.

Moon, 'tis a very queer figure
you cut,
One eye is staring while the
other is shut,
Topsy, I see, and you're greatly
to blame,
Old as you are, 'tis a terrible
shame.

And now the street lamp—what
a scandalous sight,
None of them soberly standing
upright,
Rocking and swaggering — why
on my word,
Each of the lamps is as drunk
as a lord.

All is confusion — now isn't it
odd,
I am the only thing sober abroad;
It would be rash with the crew
to remain,
Better go back to the tavern
again!

*I've sat and pondered all day long
On how to fill this space,
The weather's hot, the words come slow,
My sloth is a disgrace.
The sweat is pouring from my brow
I don't know what to do
And so the fourth line of THE POEM
I'm leaving up to you.*

(a poem)

*In Good King Charles' golden days
When maidens lost their heads,
Our Lusty Ed McCurdy*

*

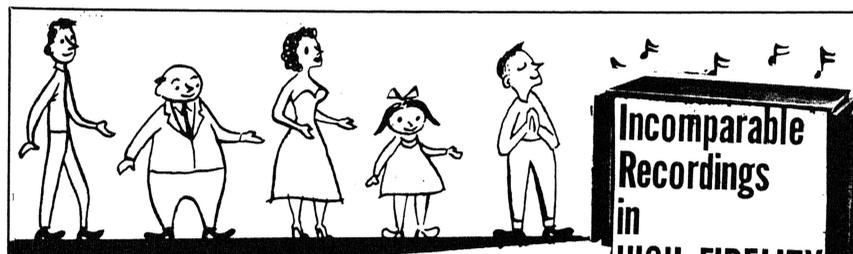
*His task it was not simple
For he researched by the hour,
So you could hear him wail about
"When Dalliance Was in Flower."*

* A free copy of "Dalliance" to the best, yet printable
fourth line. Send your entry to

Electra

RECORDS

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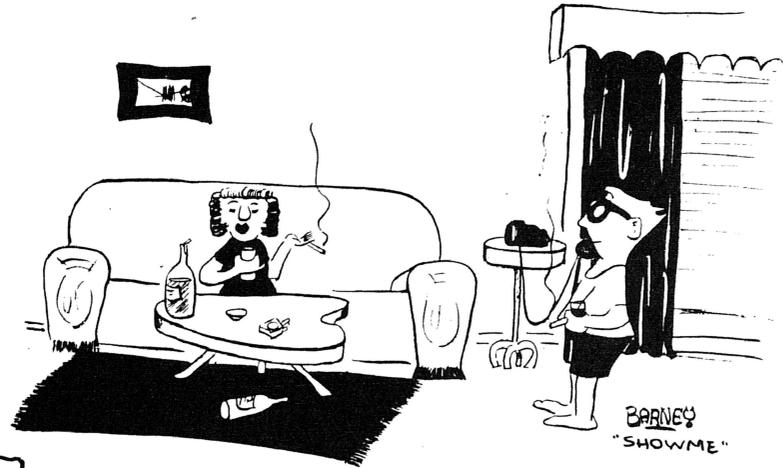
HI FI HOUSE **120 on the Strollway**

Webcor V-M Admiral

Barney's Back



"Here kid. Go out and brush the dog!"



BARNEY
"SHOWME"



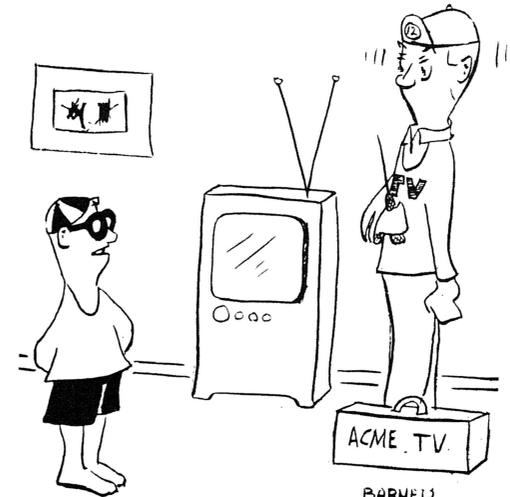
"Now Junior, you just try to amuse yourself and mother will be home in half an hour."

BARNEY
"SHOWME"



BARNEY
"SHOWME"

"Beggin' your pardon, Gov'nor, but the father of your housegirl is here. Insistent Devil!"

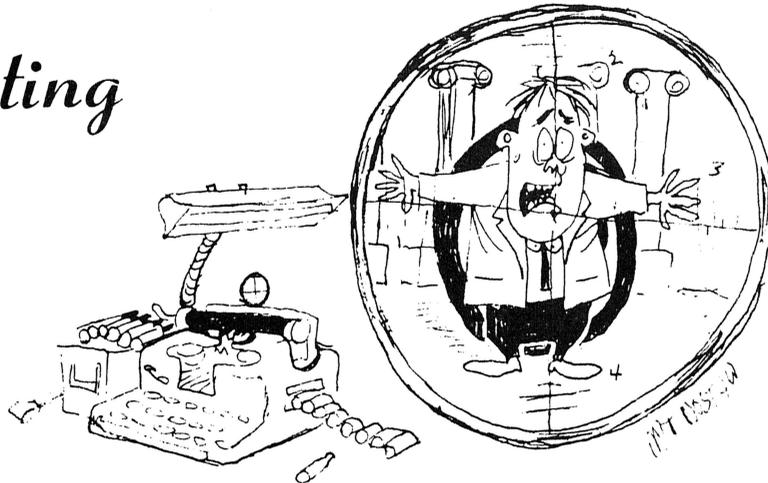


BARNEY
"SHOWME"

"Parker Funeral Home?"

"I think quite possibly the third cathode resistor relay is burned out."

Shooting



Gallery

Prof: (rapping on desk) Order!
 Order!
 Class: (in union) Budweiser!
 Order!

Did you hear about the student who took his girl out one evening to admire the starry heavens through the back window of the car? He pulled into a little grove on a secondary road three miles from Ashland . . . and there was a sign reading "This lot reserved for Type I permits only".

The Columbia Police Department requests the student body to please refrain from building bonfires in the public streets during the homecoming celebration. It is not good for the macadam. Bonfire-building is also verboten on the grounds that only city employees have the right to play war games in the streets. They use tons of modern equipment and do a much more thorough job.

I always claimed this joint was a half-baked excuse for a university, but this proves it! Did you know there is no course in the curriculum where you can learn to say "I surrender" in either Arabic or Hungarian? This sad situation would make a fine topic for the next SGA gripe session. It's about their speed.

About this time every semester some smart-alec instructor comes up with a brilliant idea for plaguing the students. He usually calls it a Mid-Semester Test and the idea is to see how great a percentage you can lop off the enrollment figures in a week. A few of the gung-ho boys study for this. Man, they really get in there and dig with both hind feet! It's ridiculous . . . why knock yourself out for a degree the hard way? Go bump off Khrushchev or Mao tse-Tung and collect degrees by the dozen.

Another type of instructor is largely a creature of habit, given to taking roll frequently, holding shotgun quizzes, flunking G. D.I.'s and reading from dusty tomes in fifty-minute bursts. He grades on the curve — if you sit in the front row and you've got enough curves, you get a grade.

Look for a sharp rise in Columbia's beer consumption rate. I have deduced this with the help of two decks of cards and one displaced geni who was boot-ed out of Palestine in 1948. All the jokers (including a certain Troestrup) who were "Madly for Adlai" are now just MAD (including a certain Troestrup — who has been that way since birth). All this means many long harangues in the local bistros about the cruel fate that gave Ike the winner's flag and Adlai the shaft. Everybody knows that in order to give a good rousing harangue the larynx must be oiled. Beer consumption will rise.

Still on the subject of politics, I always knew graft paid off. At least, that's what I read in the local scandal sheets. Twelve thousand dollars per year to a high school girl for four years should just about put her through college and buy her a fair husband. Onward to Stephens!

Here it is winter (for the enlightenment of the old Southern

aristocracy among you, the word is pronounced "oo-in-ter" or sometimes "brrr" and means that the weather turns damn cold and all the frat boys buy car robes and have their heater overhauled — for a proper date you've gotta be warm, dammit!). Pay no attention to calendars, weathermen, etc. I say it's winter. Anybody who doesn't believe me can come over some evening and enjoy the refreshing breeze howling through the cracks in the windows. Gives you that old snap.

Columbia vendors have just figured out a way to coax a few extra nickels out of your jeans. You want a pack of Pall Malls (example only) so you walk up to the old familiar machine, drop in your last quarter and pull the lever — nothing happens! Don't kick the machine, friend, it's working. Check the new price above your favorite brand. I believe the B. and P. A. boys call it capitalism.

My confidence in American motherhood is shattered. Here a man comes right out in public and says he wants to abolish the draft and keep "our boys" down on the farm and all you mothers vote for the opposition. Shame on you! On second thought, maybe you did vote right and it was the

Don Faurot is the inventive genius of college football. He taught ^{over} Bud Wilkinson how to coach. Bud Wilkinson wins games. Don Faurot is a topnotch coaching teacher.



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in Ivy Olive Tones

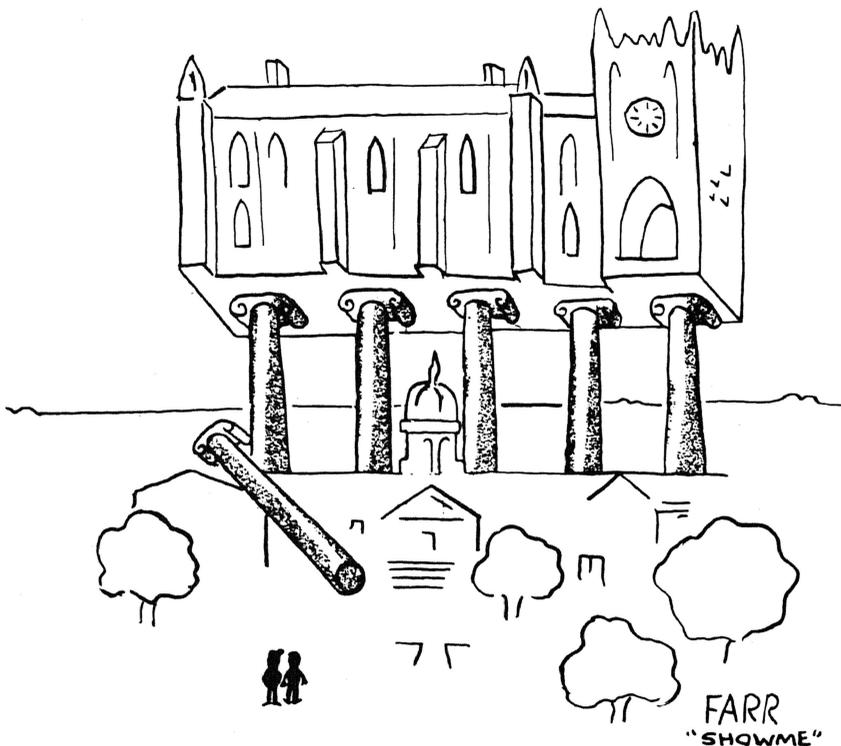
The new Ivy, Olive Tone Gabardine is a suit you can wear now and right on through the Spring season. It is an authentic style with lap seams, step vent and back-straps on the pants. Come in and try on this advance Spring model.

\$59.50

NEUKOMM'S

22 on the Strollway

If all the cars on campus were placed end to end, 90 per cent of all the drivers would immediately pull out to pass the car ahead.



"What time did the victory party break up, anyway?"

ex-G.I.'s that didn't. Everybody'd like to serve another hitch.

Has anybody ever noticed a little gnome that lives on a bench by the drive at Jesse? He wears a grey outfit and a little badge. Get to know him. Ask him to do something for you. He's very obliging and always polite to boot. "Hey, you, get the hell out of that drive! What do you mean stopping in here? You've held up traffic for two seconds already! Move it!" Like I say, he's a swell guy. Loves students and dogs, too.

Does anybody plan on going to the Orange Bowl? If you do, better start a petition to replace our Civil War warriors with Douglas High. We must all hang together or we shall all hang separately, you know. Besides, those boys play football, not croquet.

Hey, man, wanta buy an ad?

If they don't make me a Corporal I won't go back!

Heard somebody complaining about having to study for a quiz the other night, and his girl said, "What happened, did you lose your copy of the test?" They were Greeks.

Speaking of Greeks, a few of them look unhappy these days. So do the Stephens girls. One of them told me it was because Daddy said she couldn't trade in her '56 Cad on a new '57 because she had lost her job as a Senate secretary. My heart bleeds.

Let's all have more snow. The farmers need moisture. Why? Because without water they can't raise crops and we'll all go hungry. Besides, they're going broke. For some reason I just can't stir up much sympathy for their plight. A farmer will bend your ear about his imminent bankruptcy, then say, "Well, I've gotta go down to Woodward's and take delivery on two new tractors," so he hops in his new Buick and creeps off, crying bitter tears every foot of the way. He couldn't afford power vent windows this year.

Saw War and Peace recently. God, is that Anita Ekberg built! Her superstructure is just like that old brick backhouse. Go see it. Go to Hollywood and try to prove it. Be famous. Don't wait to flunk out, go now. Well, good day, old bacteria. I'll see you around when I get back from Hollywood.

The End

Mother: Well, son, what have you been doing all day?

Son: Shooting craps, Mother.

Mother: That must stop. Those little things have as much right to live as you do.

* * *

Little Mary Smith, while walking dutifully to church, which she attended religiously every week, saw a poor little robin with one of its wings broken, lying in the grass. So she picked it up and took it into her house and fixed its wing. When it became well and strong again, she let it fly away into the big blue sky. (If this is censored, I quit.)

The American tourist was gazing down into the crater of a famous Greek volcano. Finally he commented, "It sure looks like Hell!"

"Oh you Americans," said his guide, "you've been everywhere."



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She: "I'm perfect."
He: "I'm practice."

The scene was the interior of a saloon and around the table were gathered as tough a gang as could be found in Nevada. The game was fast and the stakes were high.

Suddenly, the dealer flung the cards on the table and pulled out his six-gun.

"Boys," he shouted, "the game ain't straight. Cactus Fred ain't playing the hand I dealt him!"

Prof: Will you gentlemen in the back of the room kindly stop passing notes?

Student: We're not passing notes, sir. We're playing bridge.

Prof: Oh, I beg your pardon.

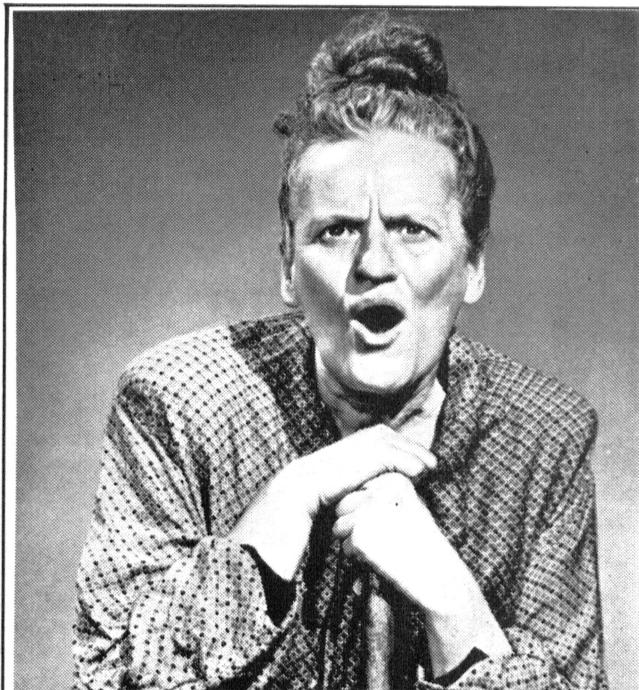
* * *

"Melvin, Melvin!"

"What, ma?"

"Are you spitting in the fish-bowl?"

"No, ma, but I'm coming pretty close."



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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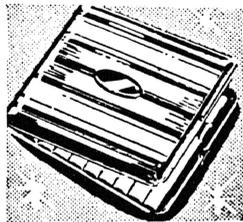
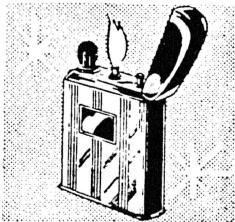
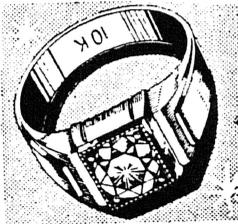
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box cards

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Free Gift Wrapping
 and Mailing
CHARGE ACCOUNTS
 at
**CAMPUS
 JEWELRY**
 706 Conley
 Across From Jesse

Did you hear about the woman who shot her husband with a bow and arrow because she didn't want to wake the children?



A student put a bottle of Scotch in his pocket. On his way across the street, he was knocked down by an automobile. Picking himself up, he started to walk away when he felt something warm trickling down his leg.

"Heavens," he thought, "I hope that's blood."

* * *

Bell hop (making a lady and gentleman comfortable): "Anything else, sir?"

Guest: "No, thank you."

Bell hop: "Anything for your wife?"

Guest: "Why yes, bring me a post card."

Two souses sat resting on a step in the wee hours of the night.

"Wash your wife shay when you stay out like thish?" asked the first night owl.

"Haven't got a wife," said number two.

"Then wash the idea of shtaying out so late?"

* * *

She's something like an ostrich, The dumbest of the lot. She carefully hides the things she knows,

And not the things she's got.

* * *

Pretty Girls Are The Kind
 This Like At Look Men
 All



"But darling, I couldn't elope tomorrow — I have three cuts already."

First boy: I say, what is your name?
Second Boy: Thenabord.
First Boy: What a strange name. What is your name?
Second Boy: Wagle.
F. B.: Haha ha ha, hehe, ha he, ho ho ha ha.
S. B.: What's so funny?
F. B.: No—ha ha ha noth—na ha ha — noth — ha ha ha nothing.
S. B.: Then what makes you laugh?
F. B.: I'm a maniac. Ha ha ha.
S. B.: What a strange disposition. Ha ha ha eh ha ha.
F. B.: Ha ha ha (snort) ha ha ha ha ha.
Second Boy: Ha ha ah ha ha ahahaha.
World: Ha ha ha ha ha eh.

* * *

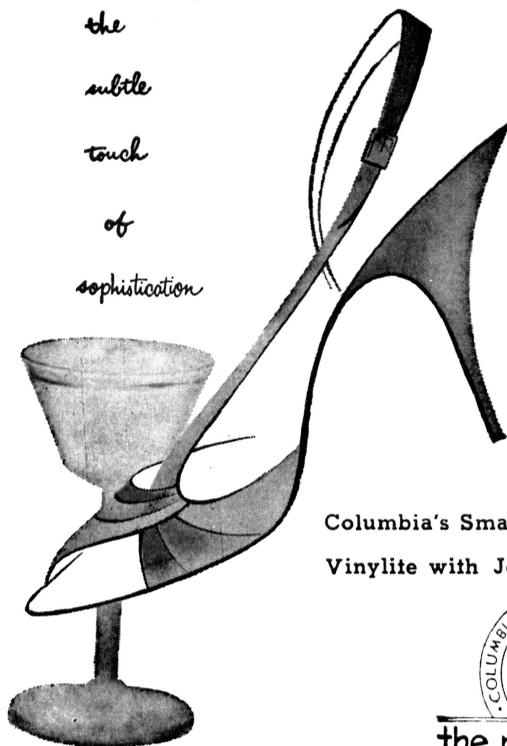
Who was that lady I saw you with last night?

That was no lady. That was my roommate. He just walks that way.



THE STEIN CLUB

the
subtle
touch
of
sophistication



Columbia's Smartest Shoes
Vinylite with Jewels



the novus shop
18 ON THE STROLLWAY

The Lone Ranger and Tonto were riding on the plains when they saw a band of 10,000 Indians riding toward them. Turning to flee, they saw another band of 10,000 Indians riding toward them from the opposite direction. Looking to the left, another band. To the right, still another. The Lone Ranger clutched Tonto's arm: "What will we do now, Tonto?"

Tonto shrugged: "What do you mean 'we', white man?"

* * *

The army psychiatrist wanted to be sure that the newly enlisted rookie was perfectly normal. Suspiciously, he said: "What do you do for your social life?"

"Oh," the man blushed, "I just sit around, mostly."

"HMMMMM — never go out with girls?"

"Nope."

"Don't you ever want to?"

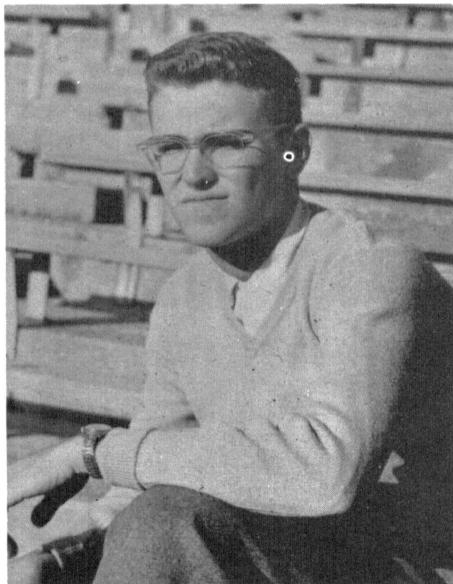
"Well, sorta."

"Then why don't you?"

"My wife won't let me."



contributors' page



Ron Soble is the boy without a buckle on his canterbury. Nevertheless, he is plodding ahead as SHOWME's feature editor and will someday no doubt have a closet full of gray flannel suits. All without the stylish buckle warming his posterior.

Needless to say, he is not an Ivy Leaguer -- not even the I. V. League interests him. What really interests Ron is that which is tender and priceless, crisp at one time and limpid at another, a rare item in a men's dorm--MONEY. Well, actually, it's the same way with girls too. Let's put it this way: If he were tethered between money and women, he would probably drool himself into a state of quasi-dehydration.

In keeping with his interest in campus politics, Ron recently engineered a successful coup d' AWS in managing his roommate's campaign for Hoot Owl. (A vote for Fred means early to bed.)

With all his peccadillos, Ron is an enigma — a solid khaki, wrought-iron enigma — with a beret tilted over one eye.

Margi Foster's SHOWME capacity is a novel one. While dispensing purity and innocence to the public she grinds out lascivious material guaranteed to make Fred Robins turn over in his grave. (We know, we know, but we can dream.) As for her beer capacity, at last measurement it was half a Pilsener glass.

That alice-in-wonderland look leads friends to wonder if she isn't a case of suspended animation but looking like a fourteen year-old comes in handy some-



times. However, she has yet to get into an adults-only movie. For further elucidation of Margi's character complexities see her warped essay on men (no relation to Pope's) which she declares is strictly fiction.

It is with considerable regret that we used J. J. Aasen's cover without letting him finish with his own process.

We're proud of this cover . . . but it would have been closer to the finest basic job we've run in a long time were he not called away from the drawing board on November 11th by the accidental death of his older brother in Dell Rapids, So. Dakota.

J. J. finished off the cover in fine air brush full-color plates only to find that reproduction from full-color plates was doubtful. So he began again to make black and white color plates when he was called home near deadline.

In finishing off his work, we don't think we did justice. But we hope you'll get a kick out of his work inside the covers. It's all his.

He's back now but we want to extend our sympathy for the tragedy and thank him for everything he could get done.

Anyone who can smile through a full-color plate rejection is SHOWME all the way.

Skip

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

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

SHOWME staffers are diligently guiding Margie in her effort to increase her meager supply of vices. As it now stands, however, they consist of a rather illegal mania for smuggling portable contraband from the dining room "for later," chattering precociously, bleaching floozy blonde streaks in her hair, wearing ear plugs to bed, and composing off-color signs for off-limit places. And that's a start. By next year she may not even need a SHOWME joke decoder.

Child: Mommy, sing me a lullaby.
Mother: Hold my beer for me and I'll try to get one on the radio.

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