



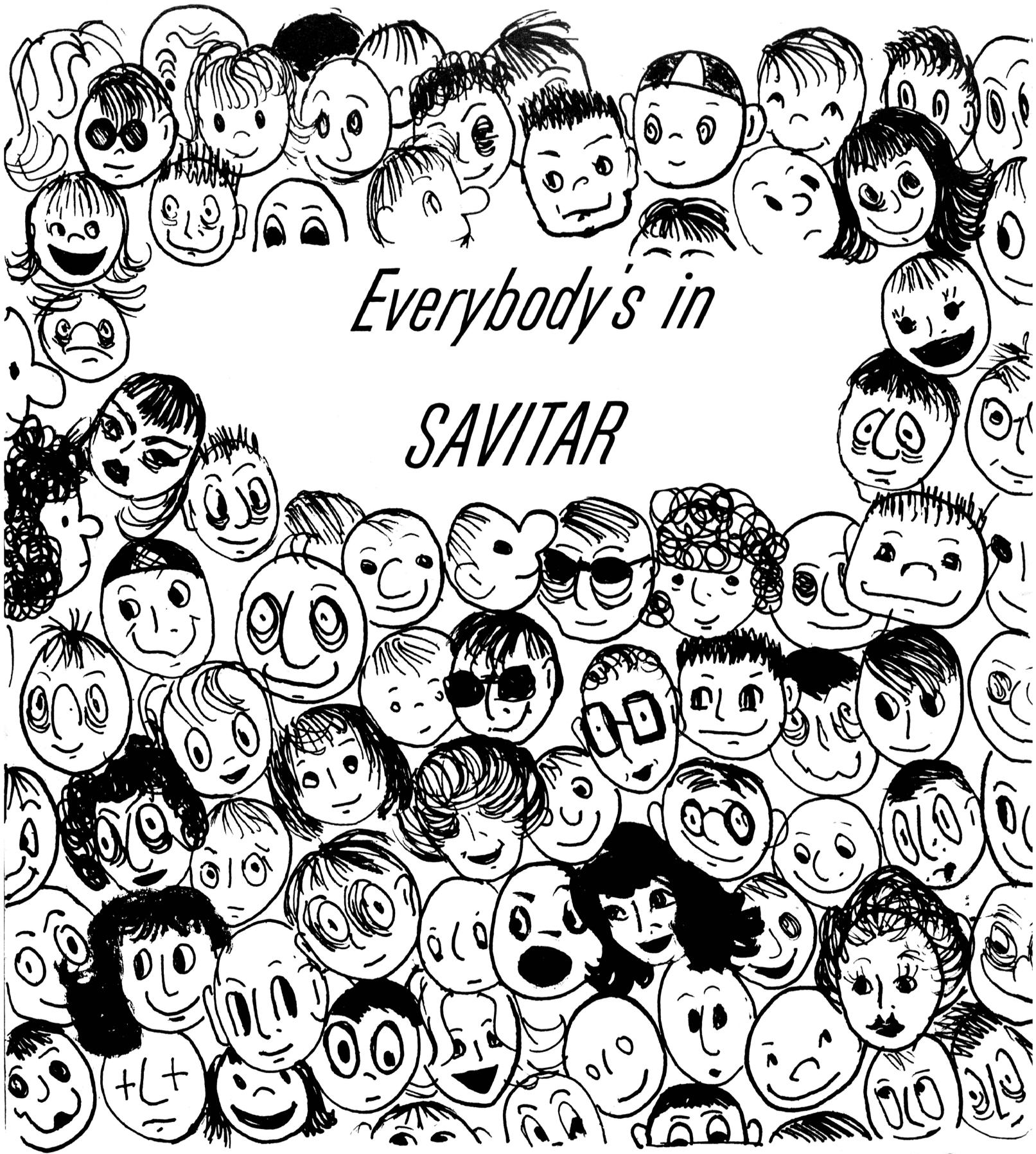
# SHOW ME



Autumn '62

TURRAY  
OLDERMAN

35¢



*Everybody's in  
SAVITAR*

*ORDER YOURS NOW! SAVE \$1.00*

## Published

### By Authority

of the Board of Publications, which makes us the official humor magazine of the University of Missouri.

All nice letters should be addressed to Showme, Read Hall, Columbia, Mo. All nasty letters should be thrown in the wastebasket.

Published quarterly or so. Any material may be reprinted in whole or in part with the written permission of our editors and your Publications Board.

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We owe gratitude of debt to Ralph (the bald guy down at the Agora House) for letting us use his after-hours office and his share of AT&T. (He pays monthly rent on our telephone.) Buy a piece of coffee from him sometime.

### ABOUT THE COVER-

*Showme* is proud to be issued back on campus with a special boost by nationally-syndicated cartoonist Murray Olderman, who drew our cover.

A 1941 graduate of the school of journalism, Murray now sends his sports cartoons into newspapers across the country via Newspaper Enterprise Assn.

The cover actually arrived a bit behind schedule — while puttering among his carrots and petunias this summer, gardner Olderman managed to place his talented right hand directly under a falling rock.

“Played hell with my typing, too,” growled our hero, who admitted he did the artwork for *Showme* gratis for “nostalgic reasons.”

Not much of a gardner, that Olderman. But pretty handy with a brush.

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## Our Staff

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*Clean and white and pure and staunch-  
ly resolute against all raunch;  
With Journalism creed in hand  
And mindful of a firm command  
To keep our humor fairly bland  
With jokes no one can understand,  
Or be, once more, ruled contraband,  
Another Showme year we launch.  
How grand!*

*This was the year. A rivalry that has festered for years lay open, throbbing like a split blister upon the Footsole of the Midwest — Memorial Stadium, Columbia.*

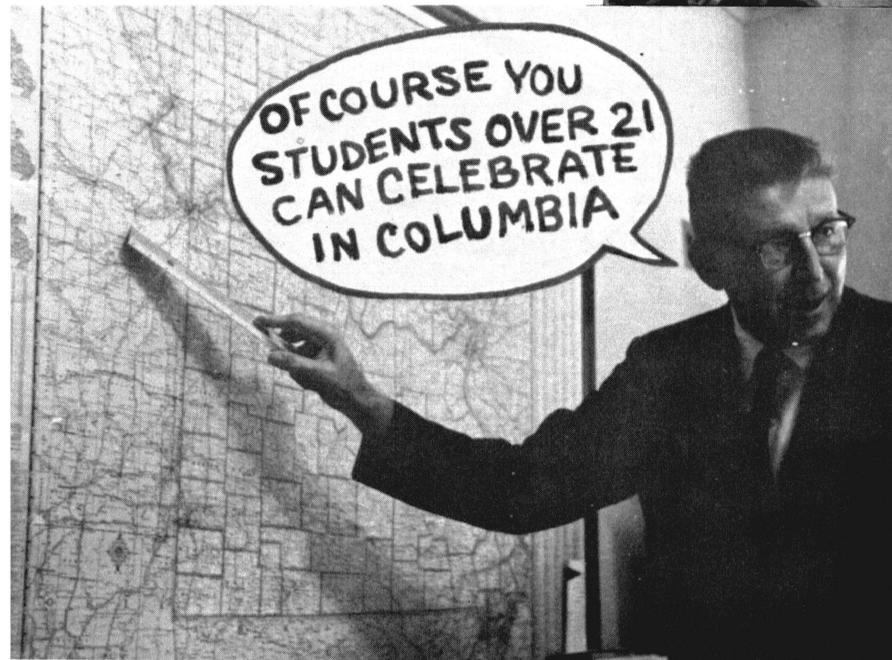
*The Missouri Tigers and the Kansas Jayhawks stood face to face, cheek to cheek, fur to feather, fang to beak, claw to talon, Tinker to Evers to Chance, ashes to ashes, dust to dust.*

*This was the year the faculty united with the students, the University united with Stephens and Christian, the dormitories united with the Pure Food and Drug Act, the Greeks united with the Independents — this was the year.*



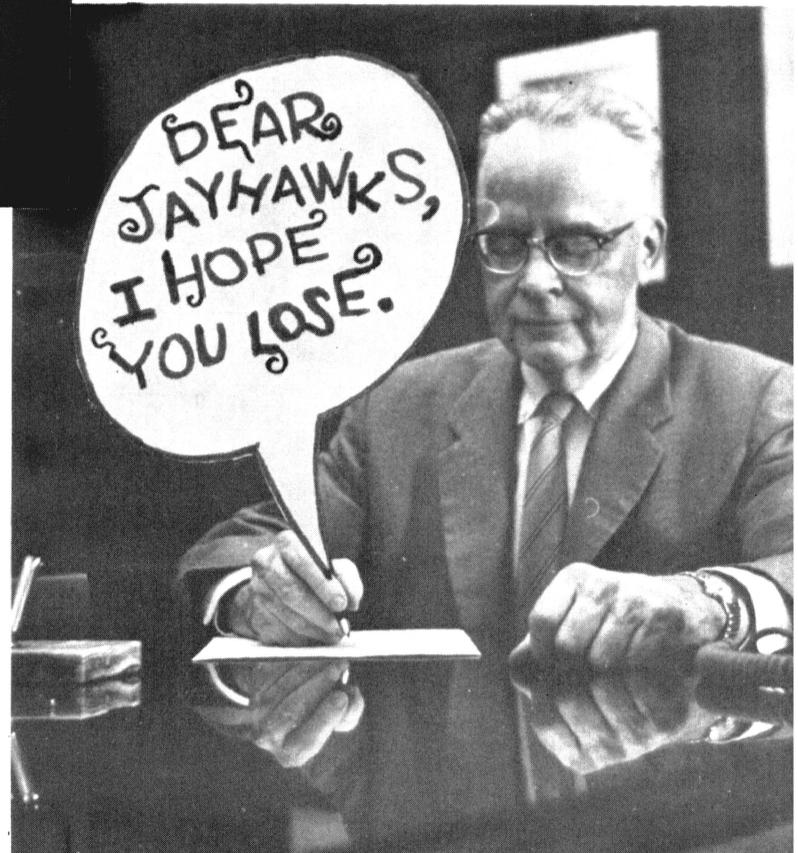
## MISSOURI PULLED OUT ALL THE STOPS TO BEAT KANSAS.

by  
Clyde Linsley  
and  
Steve Danker



*Pre-game festivities were planned by Dean Jack Matthews . . .*

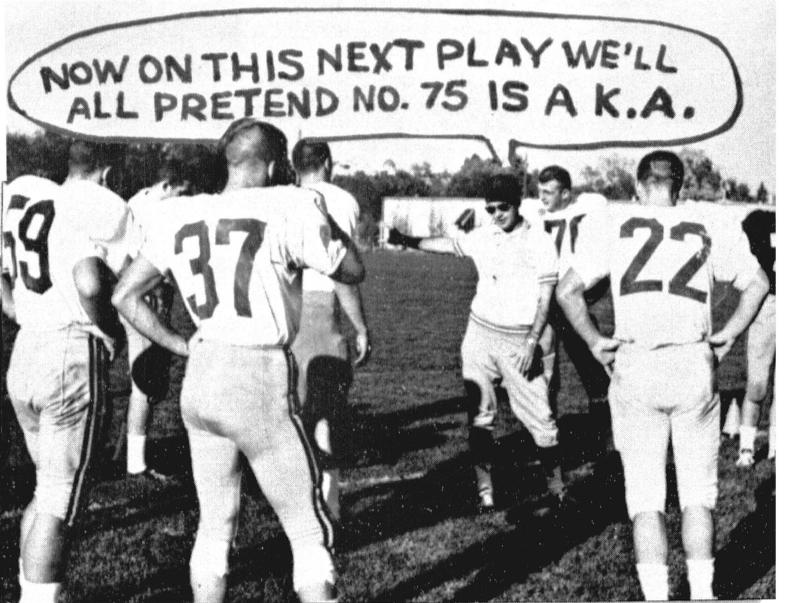
*. . . While moral support was added by Pres. Elmer Ellis.*





Even in Pinkney Walker's class, the game was the talk of the week . . .

By Wednesday, as the Tigers were drilling in earnest . . .



. . . the cheerleaders tried a new tack.

Johnny Roland was given a special offensive assignment for the game.





*Saturday came. The Jayhawks arrived at Municipal Airport.*



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GI 2-0144**

**No Appointment      Open Late  
Needed                      Week Nites**

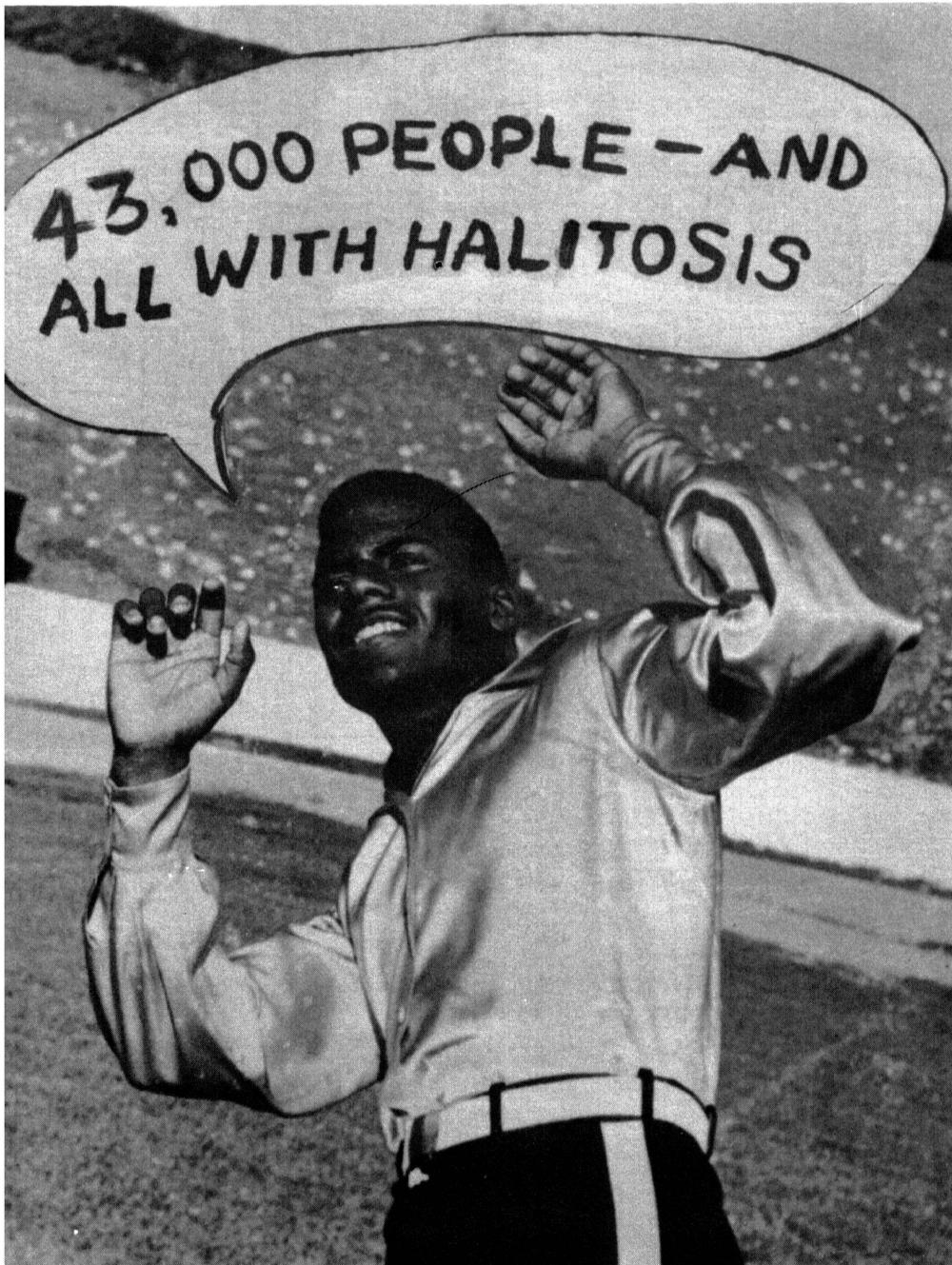
*Every True Son turned out to offer his all in the fray.*

**IT IS SAFER**  
TO USE  
*The* **UNDERPASS**



*In the dressing room, Dan Devine unveiled a new, safe pass play.*

*Meanwhile, out on the field, Warren Bass was having his problems.*



NEED A



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THE

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Shop**

GI 3-3441

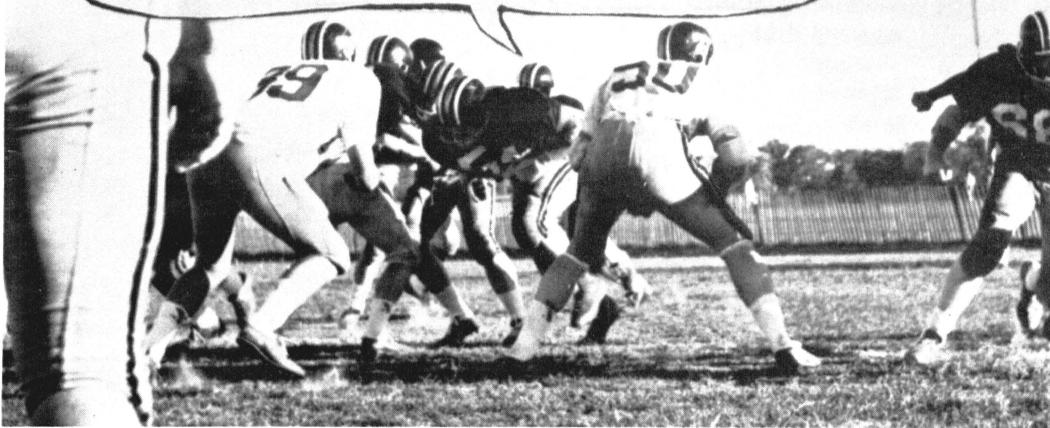
I Don't  
Like to  
Brag,  
But Us  
Chickens  
Taste Best  
at



**BRAG-OF-CHICKEN**

(and they deliver)  
Providence & Ash  
PHONE 3-3415

REMEMBER, TWO HANDS BELOW  
THE WAIST, EVERYBODY

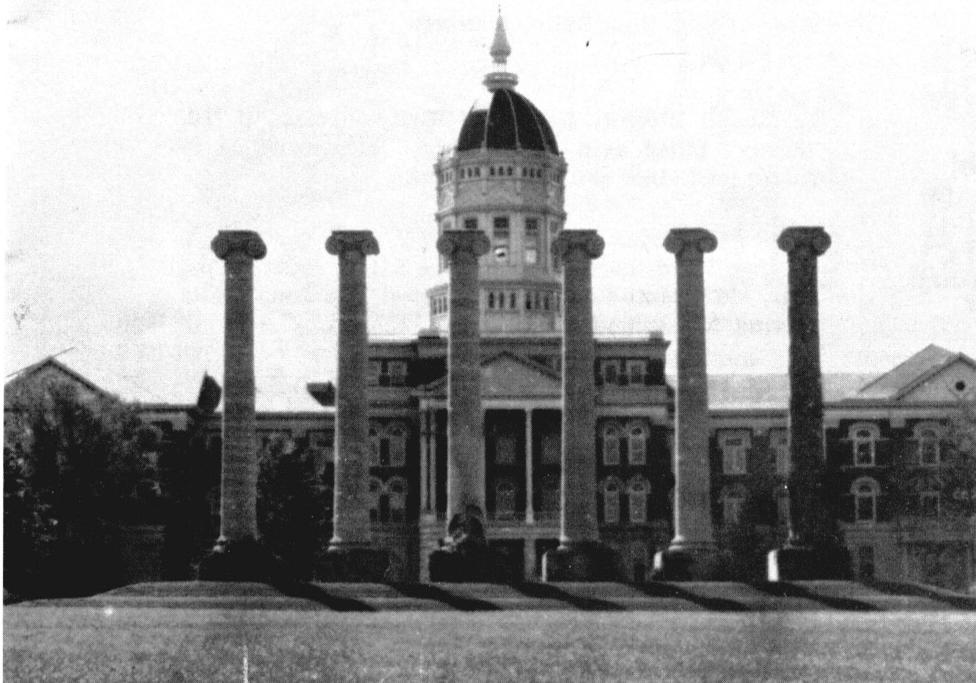


*The game itself was a two-  
fisted, pulse-throbbing affair . .*

*That left the capacity crowd  
gasping.*



(GASP)



*And Missouri won. So signifi-  
cant was the victory that a  
special pep assembly was de-  
clared for the following Mon-  
day at the columns. The usual  
crowd turned out.*

They heard the fans in the stands strumming weird rubber bands . . . and Larry Roth, Showme's custodian of things nostalgic, named that . . .

# The Birth of a Fight Song



*Long ago, in the time of the Great Depression (when everyone felt depressed because we had lost to Kansas for six consecutive years) a group of loyal foresighted alumni gathered on campus to boost spirit by writing a "fight song."*

*Each had such different ideas about what a spirit song should say, however, that the group was plunged into discord. With the big game only a week away, the alumni decided that each one should write two lines to be combined into an inspiring anthem. (This was known as the Missouri Compromise.)*

*The resulting stanzas made up in spirit what they lacked in coherence; they became the music which is now so near to our hearts, etc. Following are the credits which have been long overdue:*

**Every true son, so happy hearted,  
Skies above us are blue**

Orville Wiggins, class of '21, currently the weather forecaster in Blue Skies, Montana.

**There's a spirit, so deep within us,  
Old Missouri, here's to you! Rah! Rah!**

Ferdinand Blesser, School of Religion class of '18. "Ferdy" failed as a faith healer, later switched to patent medicines and made a mint.

**When the band plays the Tiger war-song  
And when the fray is through,**

Matilda Schin, outstanding Army ROTC cadet of the year, 1923. Matilda died in action at Iwo Jima while serving her second hitch in the Marines.

**We will tramp, tramp, tramp around the  
Columns  
With a cheer — for Old — Mizzou!**

Harley Forkelmeyer, expelled in 1911 for organizing picket lines around the Columns as a protest against administrative red tape.

Hurray! Hurrah!<sup>1</sup> Mizzou! Mizzou!  
 Hurray! Hurrah!<sup>1</sup> Mizzou! Mizzou!  
 Hurray! Hurrah! A Bully<sup>2</sup> for Old Mizzou!  
 Rah! Rah. Rah, Rah . . .  
 Mizzooooora!  
 Mizzooooora!  
 Mizzooooora!  
**TIGERS!!!**

**Fight, Tigers, fight for Old Mizzou,  
 Everyone is with you, right behind you**

**Break the line and follow down the field  
 And you'll be on the top, upon the top**

**Fight, Tigers, you will always win,  
 Proudly keep the colors flying skyward**

**In the end you'll win the victory  
 So Tigers fight for Old Mizzou!**

*The effort of those devoted alumni was not entirely successful, as the Jayhawks went on to defeat the Tigers again by a score never recorded east of Boonville. According to tradition, however, the alums gave a wonderful account of themselves after the game, and somehow the songs stuck — so that we're stuck with them today.*

<sup>1</sup>Changed from Huzza! Huzza! during World War II.

<sup>2</sup>Believed to be a subtle reference to Oliver Muggbuster, first Missouri football player to be recruited from out of state. Unhappily, Oliver flunked freshman English and was never eligible.

We owe this entire stanza to the *Missourian* editorial writers of 1927, who felt that, after graduating, they could afford to take a definite stand on something. Nonetheless they were very careful in their phrasing so as not to offend anyone.

Herman Bellycose, who was the last radio-TV journalism major to graduate before TV was invented. He now does "Bellycose Hour" for Radio Free Europe.

These are the immortal words of John Krumm, a dormitory cafeteria checker who never did graduate. John's original first line was, "Break into this line and I'll confiscate your meal ticket," but this was later revised by one of the dorm public relations men. John now owns the Top Manufacturing Co., Fulton.

James (Happy) Smurck, who later became national president of the Optimists' Club. He was in charge of raising and lowering the flag before and after games, 1916-1919.

Actually, the alumni were stumped on the last two lines. Feeling it might be awkward for the band to play eight bars after everyone had stopped singing, and not wishing to steal a whole new melody, they managed, in a stroke of genius, to condense the whole sweeping thought of the momentous passages in one grand summation.

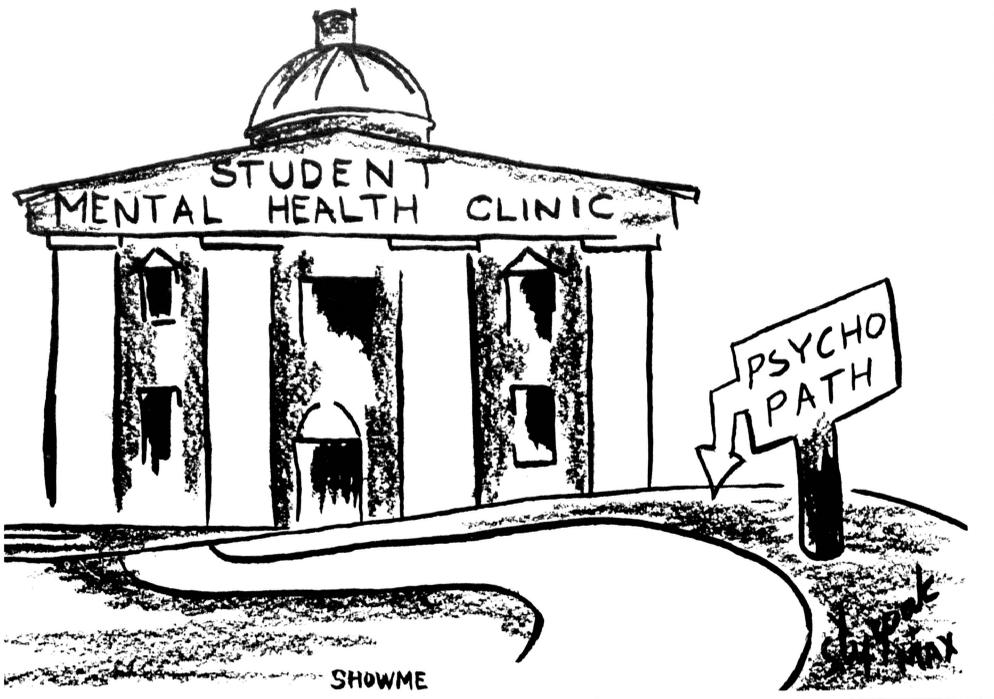


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at

# The Agora House

We have real atmosphere — No lights, fresh help, exotic magazines, and a funny cook who wears a straw hat and talks to himself. Right across from J-school.  
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Stephens College

and

Christian College  
Students

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*"It was ghastly! A girl showed up at rush wearing a tag with her name, home town and major. I couldn't think of a thing to talk about."*



... just around the corner from  
The Stein Club

Boone County  
National  
Bank

# SHELLEY



on Life Savers:

“So sweet, the sense faints picturing them!”

from *Ode to the West Wind*, line 35

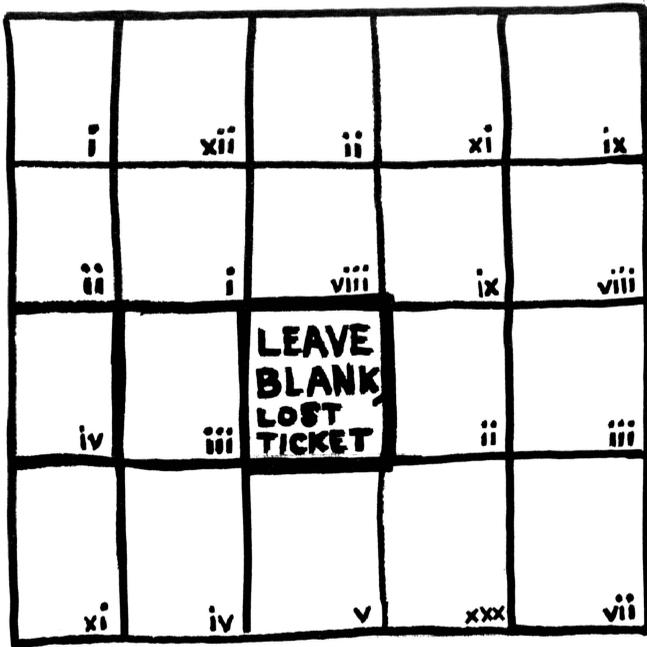


Still only 5¢



“We can’t break up now —  
we’re going to be in Maneater  
this week.”

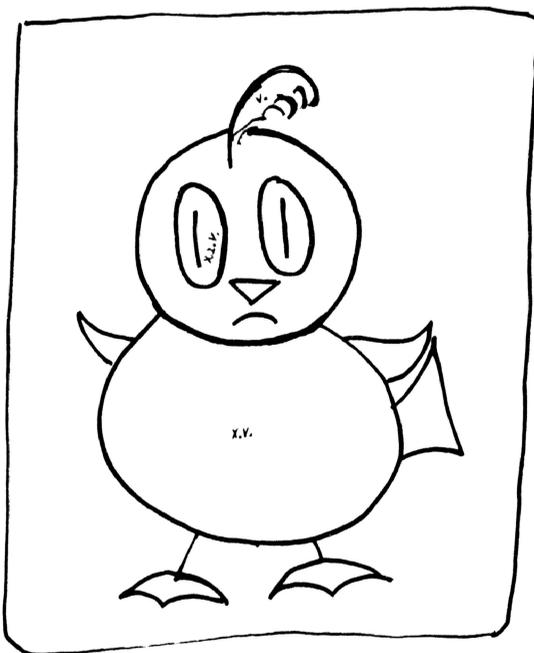
# COLOR BY



THIS WAS A CARD SECTION.  
 THIS WAS YOUR CARD SECTION.  
 COLOR THEM BRIGHT NEW TRADITION!  
 STAY IN THE LINES.  
 THEY DIDN'T.  
 COLOR THEM NOSTALGIA.



THIS IS OUR WINNING COACH.  
 COLOR HIM DIVINE.  
 HE IS A FRIENDLY COACH.  
 COLOR HIM BIG BROTHER IMAGE.  
 HE DOESN'T LIKE "DIXIE".  
 COLOR THIS DOODLE YANKEE.



THIS IS A STUPID BIRD.  
 HE IS FOR THANKSGIVING.  
 COLOR HIM WITH CRANBERRIES.  
 HE IS A JAYHAWK.  
 TIGERS BASH AND SMASH JAYHAWKS.  
 COLOR HIM SORE AFRAID.

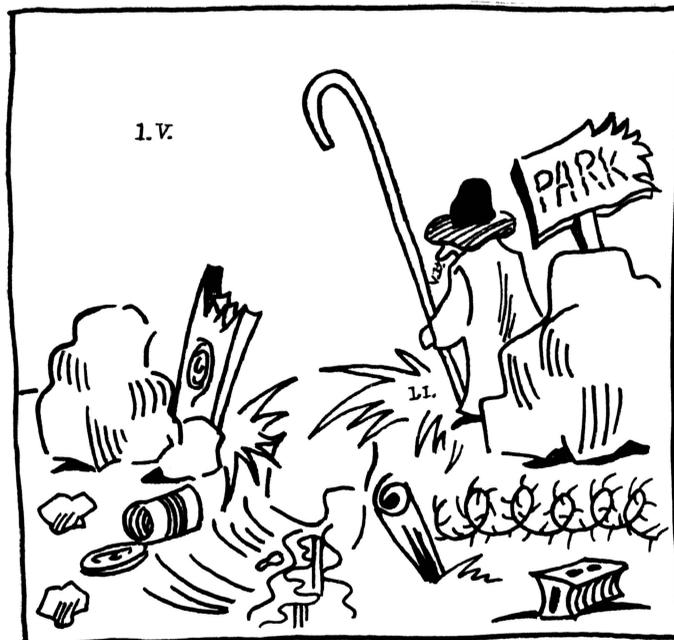


SEE THE PRETTY GOALPOST?  
 COLOR IT EMBEDDED IN CONCRETE.  
 SEE THE LITTLE DOG?  
 COLOR IT NICE.  
 SEE THE MEAN 10-YEAR-OLD?  
 COLOR HIM BITTEN.

# NUMERALS



SEE THIS OLD MAN?  
HE IS AN OLD UNDERGRAD.  
COLOR HIM AT WILL.  
HE IS FROM ALL OVER.  
HE HAS A COLD.  
DO NOT COLOR HIS NOSE. IT IS SORE.

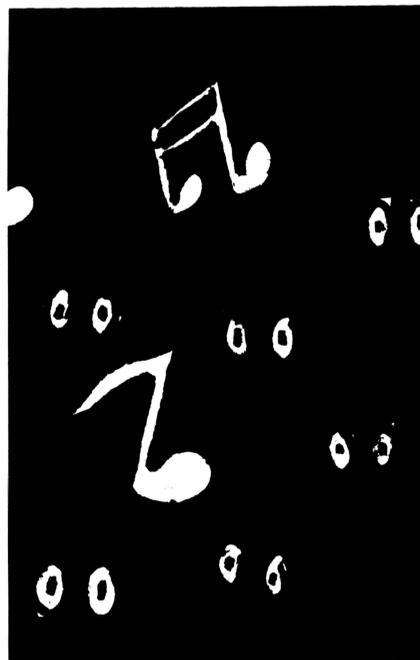


SEE THE HILLS, DALES AND FJORDS?  
COLOR IT UNPAVED.  
THIS IS YOUR STADIUM PARKING LOT.  
THERE IS AMPLE PARKING.  
PARK YOUR AMPLE.  
COLOR IT THEORETICAL.

## COLOUR GUIDE

- i. A. P. Green
  - ii. John Birch Green
  - iii. Hinkson Breen.
  - iv. Old *Showme* blue
  - v. Bowl orange
  - vi. New Fabian Vermillion
  - vii. Kewpie Mauve
  - viii. Ultramarine D'JessAud
  - ix. Lover's box rose
  - x. Mean red
  - xi. Aggie brown
  - xii. Oxford white
  - xiii. Colume grey
  - xiv. True love's heart black
  - xv. Wave amber
- Permanent amber (optional)

Note: Borders and backgrounds to be done in gild-ings & Browns



THIS IS BUSTLES AND BOWES.  
IT IS FOR GIRLS WITH BOYS.  
COLOR IT JAZZY.  
COLOR IT DATE NIGHTS.  
THIS IS AN ADVERTISEMENT.  
COLOR IT PAID.

# Diary of a Medical Student



By Ron Powers

**Sept. 16:** Med school at last! Looks like a great year. Hope I can get through first few difficult months; cheated my way through pre-med and may have to feel way around neuro-surgery for a while. What is it they say about practice making perfect?

**Sept. 18:** Checked out uniforms and equipment today. Not too sure about neuro-surgery; keep tying nerve ends together in granny knots. May play the field. Checked out Dr. Casey tunic and Dr. Kildare stethoscope to be on safe side.

**Sept. 22:** First lab assignment. Saw "The Interns". Will probably have pop quiz Monday on how to make small talk while delivering baby. Found "Ben Casey" will be offered by the "University of the Air" as three-hour credit course.

**Sept. 28:** First letter from home. Mom complained of headache. Wrote back prescription; will collect \$240 at end of month. Should pay petitioning fee for lobotomy course.

**Sept. 29:** Petitioned out of lobotomy. Found it was honors section. May take social dance to fill credit hours.

**Oct. 2:** Glorious rah! First lab project. Wealthy Suzie requests surgery. Is six feet, five inches tall and claims she can't get any dates except during basketball season. Dr. Alberts awarded case to me.

**Oct. 4:** Consulted with Dr. Alberts about Suzie case. Agreed on course of action. Will remove five inches of bone from each leg below the knee. Was rush decision, but may be only thing that can save her for Homecoming.

**Oct. 10:** Operation starts tomorrow. Feel tense but learned of one interesting development. Journalism television class is interested in televising operation on closed circuit, with return match guarantee if Suzie lives. Worked all afternoon on cues and spontaneous sweating for close-ups. May have to perform operation left-handed; it's my best profile side.

**Oct. 11:** Operation began today. Gave local anesthetic, started work immediately. Thought scalpel was dull; later found I had forgotten to remove nylons from Suzie. Must remember to write expense receipt for nylons.

Had removed both legs when bell rang. Had to dash for chem lab on white campus. Gave Suzie copy of "Mademoiselle" and took off. Should finish up tomorrow.

**Oct. 12:** What is they say about "C'est la Vie?" The joke was sure on me today. Will probably take a good ribbing from the fellows.

Got back to operating room this morning. Finished removing five inches of bone from each leg. Was thinking about who to ask to scalpel-sharpener's ball and didn't pay enough attention to what I was doing. (Note — read Dr. Zimmer's monograph about concentrating on operation before mid-terms!)

Sewed right feet on wrong legs. Holy cow, was my face red! Didn't notice it until was lacing up left tennis shoe. Well, maybe she won't notice for a while.

**Oct. 13** Talked with Dean of Med School today. Had received word of my faux pas. Seems Suzie had crossed her legs at dorm and kicked her left shin in. Low knees were probably a factor there but Dean was in rather surly mood so I didn't bring it up. Inferred that I may receive D for semester. May transfer to Law School.



World's longest two-line poem:  
1, 2, 3,



\*\*\*

A fumble on a pitchout is a shell-out falter.

\*\*\*

Why does a baby duck walk softly?

Because he can't walk hardly.

An asylum patient who had been certified cured was saying goodbye to the director of the institution. "And what are you going to do out in the world?" asked the director.

"Well", said the patient, "I have passed my bar examination, so I may practice law. I also have had quite a bit of experience in college dramatics so I might try acting."

He paused for a moment, deep in thought. "Then, on the other hand," he continued, "I may be a teakettle."

\*\*\*

She: And I suppose this is one of those hideous creations you call modern art.

Museum Guide: No, ma'am, that's just a mirror.

\*\*\*

Prosecutor: Now tell the jury the truth, please! Why did you shoot your husband with a bow and arrow?

Defendant: I didn't want to wake the children.



"Is not the unusual warhead that bothers me, Comrade — is the small launching pad!"

# Socrates Rides Again



by Tell Neff

*Socrates:* Why have you come at this hour, reporter? Is it not still early?

*Reporter:* Yes, it is still very early.

*Socrates:* For what reason then have you come?

*Reporter:* Indeed, Socrates, it was that I might scoop the other periodicals in obtaining an interview.

*Socrates:* Ah, and what information do you wish to receive by my voluminous questions?

*Reporter:* I wish, Socrates, that you might clear up an age-old controversy here on campus. That being: which two columns are the further apart?

*Socrates:* Well, then, my excellent reporter, we shall start with the premise, be it true or no, that there are certain columns equidistant from others. Are we not justified in using that premise?

*Reporter:* We are.

*Socrates:* And we may say that certain of the columns are not equidistant from one as another is unjustified in being the same distance?

*Reporter:* Certainly.

*Socrates:* It then follows, my dear friend, that there are certain combinations which are of unequal distance to be taken into consideration, with respect to comparison and analysis of the situation, and that these combinations may be equal with some and not with others. Can we safely say that, honey?

*Reporter:* Oh, yes indeed. We may certainly say that, Socrates. Yes sir. You bet.

*Socrates:* Now, if, by listening to the opinions of those who do not understand, my humble, sweet, innocent reporter, we might be tempted to set our argument aside. Those of us who think at all seriously esteem some of the opinions which men form highly, and not others. After listening to these arguments, Sweetie, I am tempted to evade the question, but, as you know, I can't. After all, what would the Greeks think of me? What, too, would they say of me back in Athens? What manner of blasphemies would be uttered against me? Oh, I could cry, my darling. Do you understand my feelings?

*Reporter:* Oh, yes indeedy. I certainly do see your feelings. You are 100% kee-rect. You hit it on the head, Soc., babe.

*Socrates:* Therefore, a justification for my continuance along these lines having been established, we shall proceed with the original premise . . . er . . . what *was* the original premise? I seem to have wandered somewhat astray. Do you remember, light of my life?

**Reporter:** Certainly, that may be said, Socrates. Most assuredly we shall proceed. Oh yes, I agree wholeheartedly and without question that that is true. Oh, boy, do I believe! Jiminy crickets, nobody ever believed like—

**Socrates:** Shaddup.

**Reporter:** Oh, yes, I agree. You couldn't be more . . . (A stern, philosophical look from Socr. quiets the reporter.)

**Socrates:** We have viewed various positions and we seem to have agreed that, indeed, some two of the columns must be more distant than either one of the same two is with any other column. Philosophical contradictions to this *could* be advanced using the bases of position in time and space, but, for our purposes, it can be said that external appearances indicate a relative distance between any two columns. Is that not true?

**Reporter:** Well, I guess . . .

**Socrates:** And does not our theory of what is good and what is contrary to goodness amplify this?

**Reporter:** Well, if you say so.

**Socrates:** I do. Then if these assertions be true, does not that *prove* that some of them are far apart?

**Reporter:** Socrates, I am afraid that I do not understand.

**Socrates:** Let me then illuminate my point with an example. Say that you are a stone mason. Now, since you are a stone mason, you must have, pardon the pun, something to concrete work with. This requires water and sand and other tangible objects. There, doll, it is any clearer?

**Reporter:** What, oh great one, has a stone mason to do with good and bad? In fact, Soc sweetie, what has good, etc., got to do with the columns? Answer me that.

**Socrates:** Look, you. If you don't get off my philosophical back, I'll blackball you so fast you won't even be able to get a job on an *off-campus* publication! How you like *them* apples, huh?

**Reporter:** And what, exactly, *is* an apple?

**Socrates:** That did it! First you throw a sneaky question like "Which two columns are farthest apart?" at me. *Then* you alla time agree with me. *Then* you upstage me with fancy answers like "Certainly, Socrates," and "That's very true, Socrates." And if *that* isn't enough, you don't even give me a chance to be humble and prove that I don't know nothing as much as the next guy like Plato did. O.K., if that's the way you're gonna play, you can just work out that old problem by yourself! Look, *IF* it's not too much trouble, could you hail me a chariot? I got a date with a Susie. She's got a *different* view of the columns . . .

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RED  
BLUE

A flattering square throat sets this pump apart from all others. Wide range of sizes!

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for  
Taking Lecture  
Notes!**

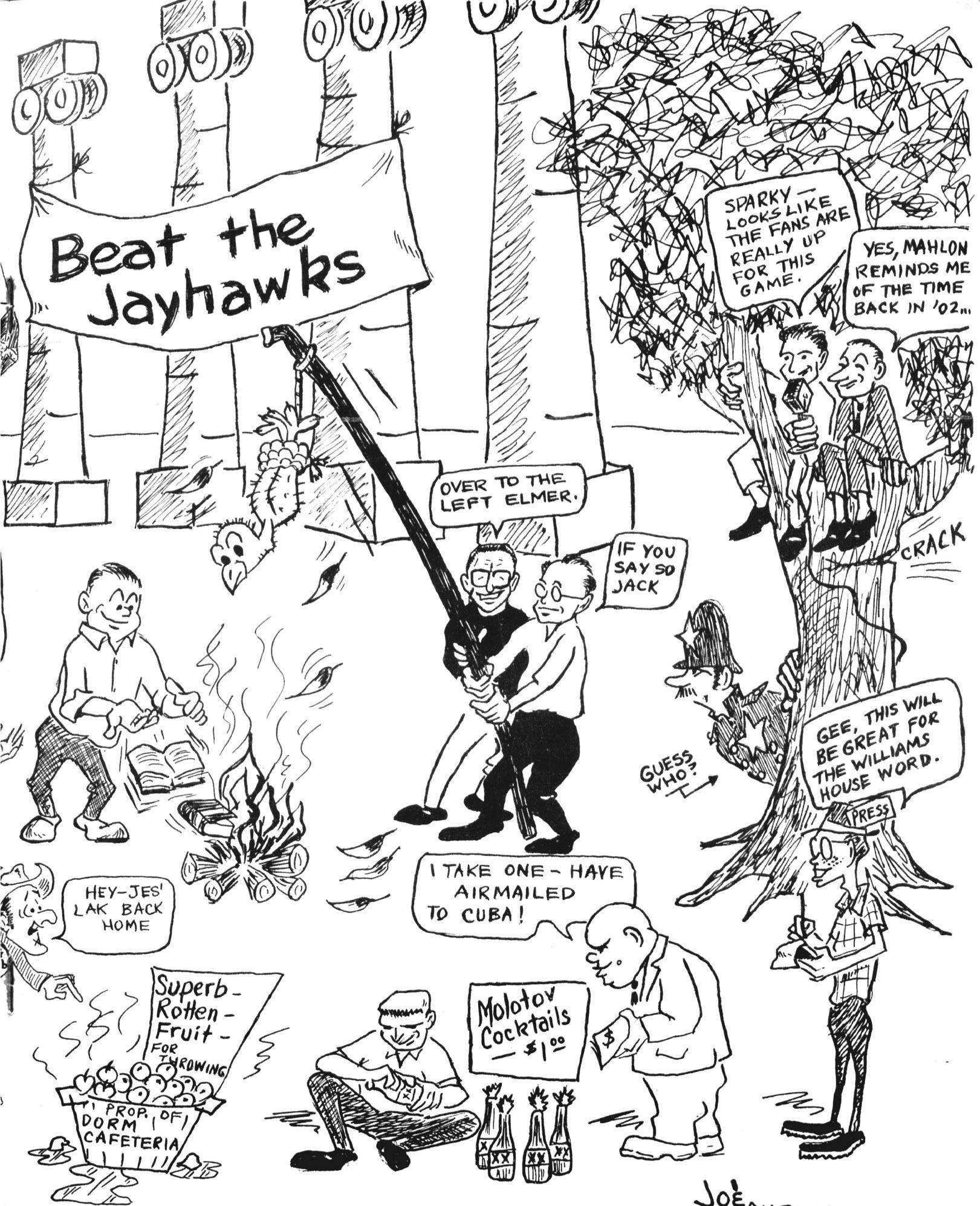


**I. F. C. Says:  
"Pledge Now-  
Avoid the Rush!"**

**Inter-Fraternity Council**

# Pre-Game Activities





Beat the Jayhawks

OVER TO THE LEFT ELMER.

IF YOU SAY SO JACK

SPARKY - LOOKS LIKE THE FANS ARE REALLY UP FOR THIS GAME.

YES, MAHLON REMINDS ME OF THE TIME BACK IN '02...

GEE, THIS WILL BE GREAT FOR THE WILLIAMS HOUSE WORD.

GUESS WHO?

HEY-JES' LAK BACK HOME

I TAKE ONE - HAVE AIRMAILED TO CUBA!

Molotov Cocktails - \$1.00

Superb-Rotten-Fruit - FOR THROWING

PROP. OF DORM CAFETERIA

JOE AHRAUS  
NOV... 1962

# Over the Campi and into the Bushes

by  
Heming Ernestway  
and  
Jerry Goe

He went. But that does not matter. What matters that he went like a man, strong and honest and true. That is what matters. He went straight past them all, past the shiftless eyes and the gaping mouths. He went straight into the sun, into the camaraderie of the others who were men and who were like him. He went straight up to the window.

"I am here," he said.

"What is your name," she said.

"That does not matter," he said. "What matters is that I am here and that I am a man and I am honest and strong and good and true and sick."

"What is your name," she said.

Only then did he notice the tiny pin in her lapel.

"Giuseppe!" he said. "Paizon! It is good to see you again, Giuseppe. Remember the old days, Giuseppe? Eh, paizon? Remember how we were men together in the old days, Giuseppe? Remember how we fought side by side in the old days, Giuseppe? Remember that hill, Giuseppe? Remember that hill on seventeenth street, Giuseppe? That was a real hill, eh, paizon? Remember how we charged up that hill, Giuseppe? Remember the broken glass and the rocks, Giuseppe? Remember how the boche threw the rocks and the bottles instead of using switchblades like real men do, eh Giuseppe? Remember how they hit you in the temple with that bottle, Giuseppe? Remember that I carried you all the way up the hill because you were out cold, Giuseppe? Remember that I laid you gently among the broken bottles at the top of the hill because I knew that you would want it that way,

to be there on the top of that hill, with the boche running the other way and all the real men there on the top of the hill? Remember that, Giuseppe? Eh, paizon?"

"You are sick," she said. She placed him in a chair and gave him a thermometer. He was glad she did that. It made him feel good.

The girl came in and sat down. "Have you been waiting long?" she said.

"No," he said, "not long."

"Are you hurt?" she said.

"Not much," he said. "It is a man-thing."

"May I call you grandfather?" she said.

"Yes," he said. "I shall call you Rabbit."

"That is good," she said. "I am glad that you will call me Rabbit."

"I am glad that you are glad," he said.

"Why are we here?" she said. "It is not a good place."

"No," he said. "It is not a good place. I shall have Giuseppe get us a well-chilled cask of Amontillerregundillado. It is not a good wine, but it is an honest wine. It is the only wine for good men."

"I am not a man, grandfather," she said.

"No," he said. "You are not a man. I can tell."

"I am glad that you can tell," she said.

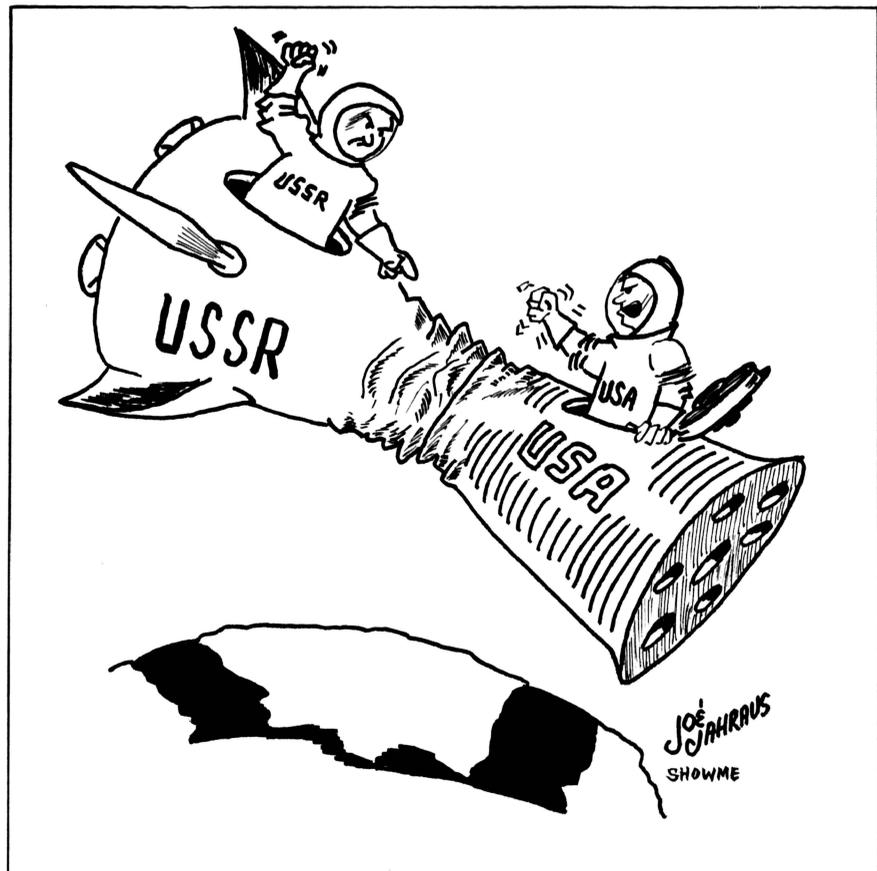
"I am glad that you are glad," he said.

"What shall we do with the wine?" she said.

"We shall drink it," he said

"We shall drink it with honor and truth. We shall find a quiet

(Continued on page 37)



# Showme Sweethearts



Kansas Jayhawks, if you're gonna lose, what better way to go than in a stadium filled with color, pageantry and the radiance of cheerleader Margie Farmer. Margie's pert, bouncy, a Theta from Jefferson City — and has the sweetest smile in the College of Education.

The Tigers' victory over the California Bears held a special meaning for our exploring pinup, Carrie Steuben. Carrie's a 5-8 luring lovely from Montebello, California. Brown-eyed Carrie is a junior pre-journalism major who planned to attend Ol' Mizzou since the eighth grade.





If anybody can steal the show from a Devine power sweep, it's the divine Miss frolicking through her paces on this page. "M" is for Margie — and Mizzou — and Magnificent — and Mega-phones, which can be used to cheer football teams, and also to say, "Three cheers for Margie!"





Since the Mizzou decision, Carrie kept busy by editing her junior college's newspaper, warding off male fencing foils, earning top grades and generally making the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce happy.

**Showme** suggests Lathrop Hall is the new home of the nation's Decoration of Independents.



# THE NEW SHOWME

by Mike Miner

BUT DARLING, I HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH IT! I DIDN'T EVEN BUY AN ISSUE! SOMEONE GAVE THIS COPY TO ME!



GEORGE, IT DOESN'T MATTER. IT WAS PUT OUT BY YOUR UNIVERSITY, SO YOU'LL HAVE TO SHARE THE BLAME!

①

OH AGNES, YOU'RE MAKING ME FEEL SO WRETCHED. CAN'T YOU SEE I HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH IT!



AND CAN'T YOU SEE HOW YOU'VE HUMILIATED ME. ALL THE GIRLS WERE SHOWING OFF THE MAGAZINES THEIR BOYS BROUGHT BACK FROM SCHOOL AND WHEN I SHOWED THAT THING I, I THINK THEY ACTUALLY PITIED ME.

②

THEY WHAT!



YES, THEY PITIED ME. THEY SAID "HOW COULD HE," AND "YOU MUST FEEL AWFUL,"

AND I DID, I FELT SMALL AND ASHAMED, AND WHEN I WENT HOME I CRIED.

③

I DIDN'T REALIZE IT WAS SO IMPORTANT!



IT'S EVERYTHING, GEORGE. I MEAN, IF THERE WASN'T ONE AT ALL, THAT WOULDN'T BE TOO BAD BECAUSE I COULD SAY IT HAD BEEN BANNED AND THEN I'D SEEM TERRIBLY IMPORTANT, BUT IT'S THERE, YOU CAN'T HIDE IT, AND IT'S CLEAN!

④

THAT'S TRUE, AGNES, BUT AT LEAST IT'S FUNNY, TOO.

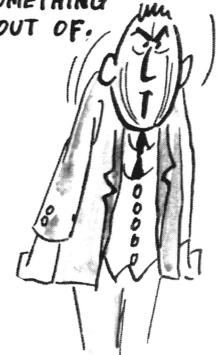


YOU'RE BEING IRRELEVANT, GEORGE.

SOMETHING OUT OF:

⑤

AND IF IT MEANS THAT MUCH TO YOU, THERE'S A DOUBLE MEANING HERE AND THERE THAT YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO MAKE



GEORGE, UNDERSTAND ME! WHEN I SHOWED IT TO THE OTHER GIRLS NOT ONE OF THEM SAID IT WAS SHOCKING AND DIRTY, NO ONE GOT EMBARRASSED, NO ONE GIGGLED,

THERE WERE NO OFF-COLOR REFERENCES FOR ME TO EXPLAIN, ALL THE OTHER GIRLS WERE ACTING SO GROWN-UP AND I JUST FELT CHEAP AND IMMATURE.

⑥

OH, AGNES, I'VE TRIED TO MAKE YOU PROUD OF ME. I SMOKE A PIPE NOW, AND I WEAR A VEST, AND I'M A FABIAN. ISN'T THAT ENOUGH?



IT MIGHT WORK FOR A WHILE, GEORGE. BUT THEN SOMEBODY, PROBABLY THE BOYFRIEND OF SOME GIRL I HATE, IS GOING TO SAY, RIGHT IN FRONT OF EVERYBODY, "HEH, GEORGE, I UNDERSTAND YOUR SCHOOL HAS A CLEAN HUMOR MAGAZINE." AND EVERYONE'S GOING TO THINK, "POOR AGNES. HER BOYFRIEND'S A FINK." JUST THINK WHAT IT WILL DO TO MY IMAGE, GEORGE.

7

WELL, IT MAY BE CLEAN, BUT IT'S FUNNY, IMAGINATIVE AND CLEVER. DOESN'T THAT MATTER?



AGNES!

8

NO! GEORGE, I'LL BE FRANK WITH YOU. WHEN YOU COME AGAIN AT CHRISTMAS, I WANT YOU TO BRING BACK AN ISSUE THAT'S SO SHOCKING IT MADE THE MAGAZINE BE THROWN OFF CAMPUS FOREVER AND ALL THE EDITORS BE EXPELLED, AND I WANT THE STORY IN ALL THE NEWSPAPERS AND IF YOU COULD GET ON SOCIAL PRO I WOULD SURELY APPRECIATE IT.

I WANT TO BE A BIG GIRL, GEORGE. I WANT TO BE SENIOR CLASS SWEETHEART AND I CAN'T DO IT UNLESS I GO WITH A REALLY COOL COLLEGE MAN.



BUT...



9

I MEAN IT, GEORGE. IF YOU EMBARRASS ME LIKE THIS AGAIN I'LL RETURN YOUR PLEDGE PIN AND GO STEADY WITH BOSLEY!

BUT HAVE YOU SEEN HIS SCHOOL'S HUMOR MAGAZINE, GEORGE? IT'S THE MOST WONDERFUL TRASH I'VE EVER READ. I'D BE PROUD TO BE HIS STEADY!

OH, GEORGE, YOU JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND ABOUT SMUT, DO YOU?

BOSLEY! THAT NURD!

O AGNES! I'D DIE BEFORE I'D EVER LOSE YOU TO BOSLEY. I PROMISE, I'LL TRY TO GIVE YOU WHAT YOU NEED, IT STILL SEEMS WRONG THAT SO MUCH WIT, AND CLEVERNESS AND SATIRE SHOULD BE SACRIFICED FOR SMUT. SMUT!

WHAT, AGNES?



10



11



IT SEEMS SO MUCH MORE SOPHISTICATED.

12

Illustrations by Powell

# FAVORITE

By Frank Weltner

ACTUAL FACTS	COLUMBIA MISSOURIAN	COLUMBIA TRIBUNE	MANEATER
Fifty thousand alumni return for KU-MU Homecoming. MU wins.	Throngs Fill Memorial Stadium; MU Roms Over KU! A-OK!	MU Upsets the University of Kansas: KU Defense Shines	Tough, Terrific Tigers Trounce Touted Out-of-Towners!
A small sink hole is discovered at the NW corners of Jones Hall.	Slight Landslide Disrupts Housemothers; A-OK!	Univesity Faces Danger! Good Chances of Large-Scale Cave-in!! Hurry!	Boxload of Morton's Cherry Fies Found in Old Kentucky Hole.
Three hundred students contract food poisoning at Pershing Cafeteria.	Twelve Students Reported to Health Clinic Last Month With Stomach Virus; A-OK!	Five Thousand University Students Die!	Three Hundred Ill at Pershing Cafeteria. University Shirks Responsibility.
The annual Savitar Frolic Skits are cancelled when several Greek houses decide not to enter.	Skits Cancelled at University; A-OK!	University Fails Miserably in Skit Fiasco!	TRADITION DOOMED! (see juicy editorial & cute Ron Powers Cartoon somewhere inside)

"Where sharp girls shop for sharp clothes"



*Suzanne's* **MIZZOU SHOP**

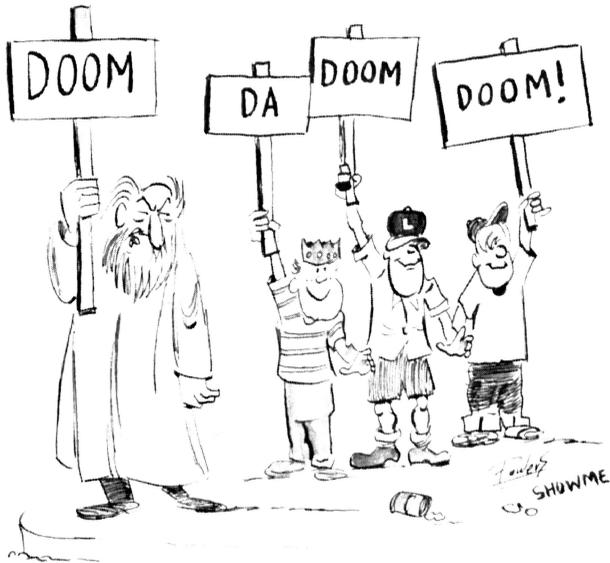
909 Lowry

# HEADLINES

WILLIAMS HOUSE WORD	SAVITAR YEARBOOK	COLUMBIA CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BULLETIN
Aren't We Glad We're Independents?	Columbia Welcomes Beta Alums	50,000 Consumers Enter Columbia Area!
Aren't We Glad We're Independents?	Beta House Not Threatened by Cave-In	Developers Summoned to Discuss New Limestone Deposits at University!
Aren't We Glad We're Loeb Group Independents?	Betas Volunteer Aid To Stricken G.D.I.'s	Much Money for Cooks. Pharmaceuticals Up.
Aren't We Glad We Didn't Can- cel Until the Show Was Can- celled? Aren't We Gung-Ho Independents?	Smith, Hull Unable To Repeat as M.C.'s (with 2 pages of living color shots of the empty stage)	No Influx of Parents Of Skitters

## DARK SIDE WEST





"Why don't you kids beat it?"



"Hottest little number in the whole dorm."



SHOWME

## Columbia's Smartest Shoes



The Prettiest Legs In Town Wear Shoes  
from the



People who buy MANEATER and skim it every Wednesday get 58% of the jokes in Showme.

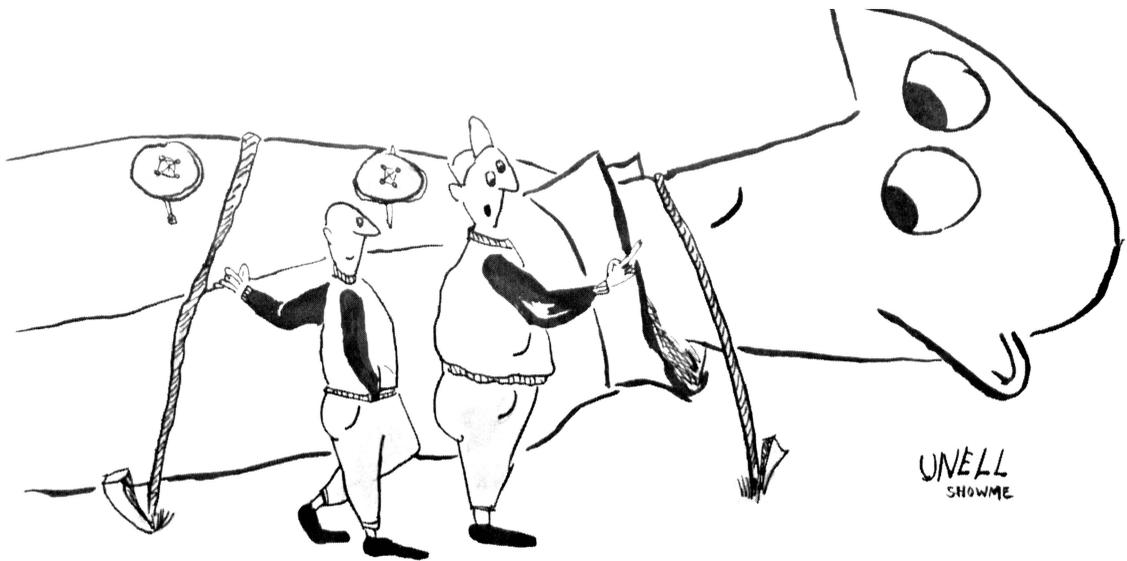
People who buy MANEATER and read it in their lectures every Wednesday get 82% of the jokes in Showme.

People who buy MANEATER and scour it from front to back get 100% of the jokes in Showme.

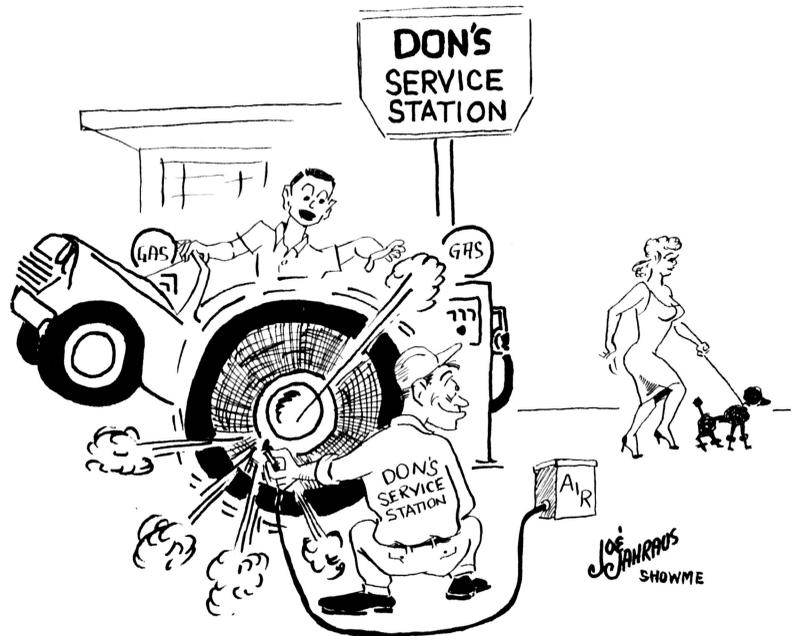
People who scour MANEATER from front to back over somebody's shoulder also get 100% of the jokes in Showme. But they lose friends.

**BE INFORMED! BE LIKED! BUY MANEATER! 10c!!**





*"Boy, you played much basketball?"*



*"Here's some pictures of my family."*

IN DOWNTOWN  
COLUMBIA . . . IT'S

**Gene Glenn Shoes**

● SHOES ● SPORTSWEAR

YOU CAN  
SAY  
THAT AGAIN!

ALL RIGHT . . .  
WE  
WILL!

IN DOWNTOWN  
COLUMBIA . . . IT'S

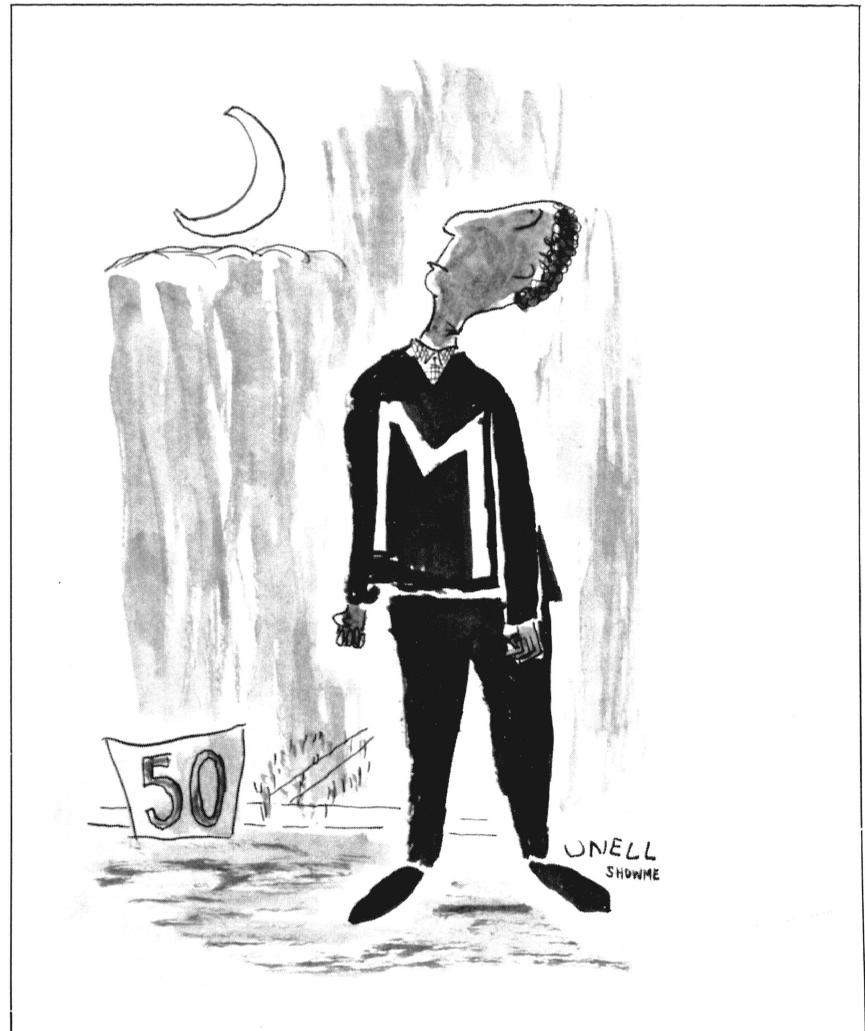
**Gene Glenn Shoes**

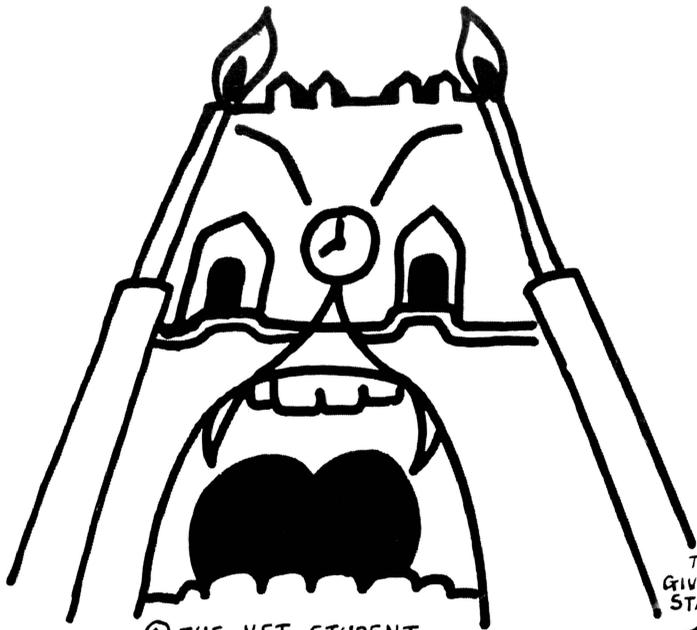
● SHOES ● SPORTSWEAR



SHOWME is written by and  
for Missouri University Stu-  
dents. Manuscripts, Cartoons  
and Donations may be sub-  
mitted in Room 302, Read  
Hall.

Thanx!





① THE VET STUDENT...



② THE PSYCH STUDENT...

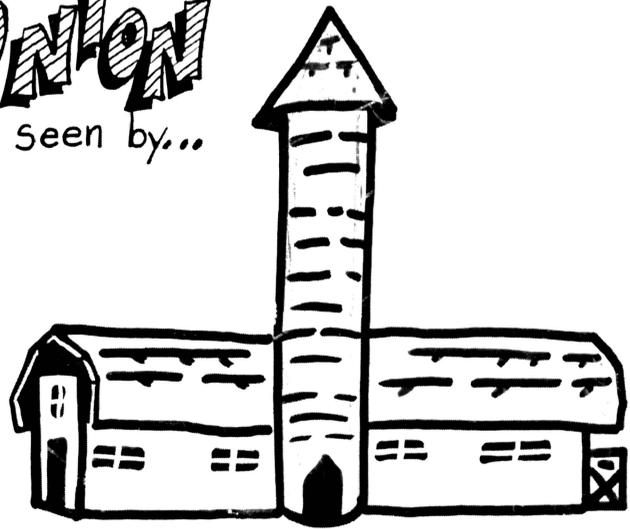
TELL NEFF  
GIVES THE  
STATE OF

# THE **Union**

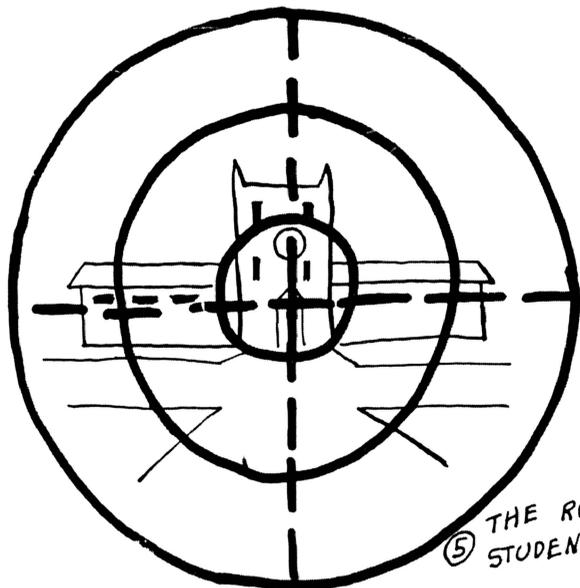
As seen by...



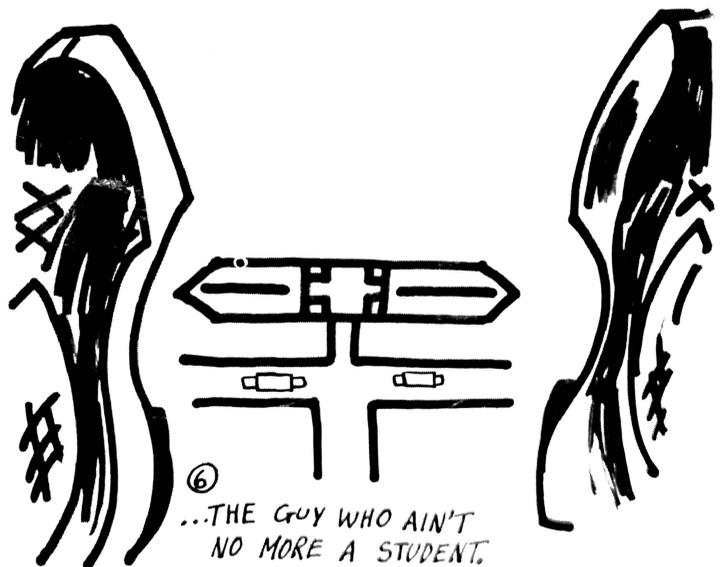
③ THE HUNGRY STUDENT...



④ THE AG STUDENT...



⑤ THE ROTC STUDENT...

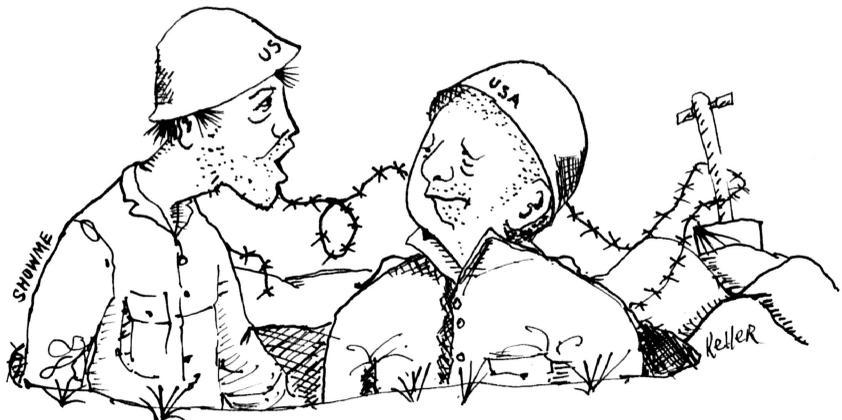


⑥ ...THE GUY WHO AIN'T  
NO MORE A STUDENT.

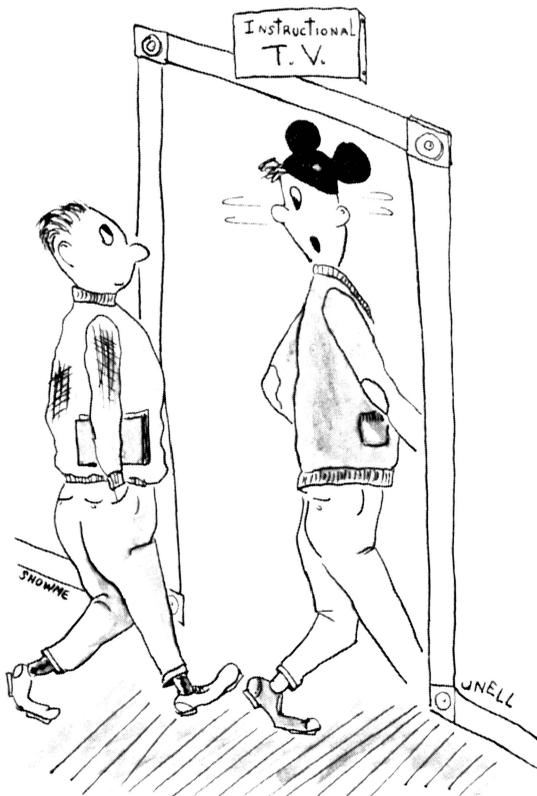
Our Famous . . .  
**CROYDON  
 POPOVER  
 SPORT SHIRTS**  
 S-M-L  
**\$6.95**



**Woolf Brothers**  
 COLUMBIA, MISSOURI



*"They told me I was 4-F back at Mizzou — but they said grades weren't everything."*



*"It beats Mystical Seven."*

**Lay-Away**  
 a Merry Christmas with a  
**BULOVA**  
 the gift-quality watch



**\$1** HOLDS YOUR  
 BULOVA 'TIL  
 CHRISTMAS



**LEADING LADY** All 10 kt. rolled gold plate. Adjustable expansion bracelet. 21 jewels, unbreakable mainspring. Yellow or white.

**JET GLIPPER** A modern blend of case, dial and expansion band. 17 jewels, self-winding. Certified waterproof. Shock-resistant. Also with charcoal dial.

**Lamb's**  
 JEWELRY



**That's all right — the University Book Store can order it for you.**

## CAMPI

bus and ride and drink the wine and look at the stars."

"We cannot look at the stars," she said. "It is day."

"That makes no difference," he said.

"I am glad that makes no difference," she said. "But let us not go through that bit again."

"I shall go," he said. "I shall obtain the cask of Amontierregundillado."

He walked to the window, straight and unweaving from his course. "Giuseppe," he said, "paizon, fetch us a well-chilled cask of Amontierregundillado."

She ran screaming from behind the window and fled.

"I obscenity in the milk of thy cowardice," he said. "Mauvais mot."

He returned to the girl. Giuseppe has gone chicken," he said. He will not give us the cask of Amontierregundillado." We shall have to do it without the wine."

"That is good," she said.

"Come, Rabbit," he said. "Let us go."

"Yes," she said. "This is not a good place."

They left together. They walked straight and honestly into the sun. They did not get far before they were captured.

The lion walked up to the leopard.

"Why aren't you big and strong and fearless like me?"

The leopard replied, "Because you are the king of the jungle."

The lion walked up to the tiger.

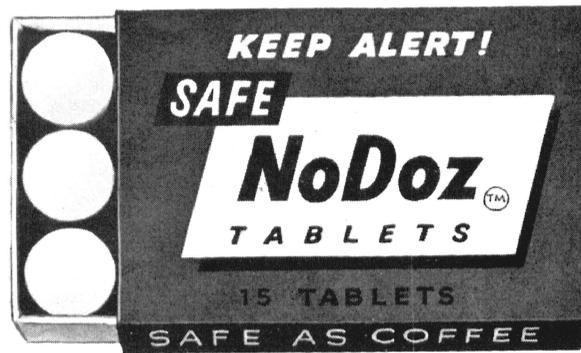
"Why aren't you big and strong and fearless like me?"

The Tiger replied, "Because you are the king of the jungle."

Then the lion walked up to the mouse.

"Why aren't you big and strong and fearless like me?"

And the mouse replied, "Because I've been sick."



## THE SAFE WAY to stay alert without harmful stimulants

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you feel drowsy while driving, working or studying, do as millions do . . . perk up with safe, effective NoDoz tablets. Another fine product of Grove Laboratories.

What is black and gold, six inches long, and weighs 3 ounces?

A sick Tiger.

I don't get it.

Well, any Tiger 6 inches long and weighing 3 ounces is going to be sick.

\* \* \*

1984 HIT PARADE

Five feet, two  
Heads of blue.

Gee what those two heads can do.  
Has anybody psi'd<sup>1</sup> my wrunx?<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup>All children born after the nuclear explosion of March 3, 1973, were deaf, mute and telepathic.

<sup>2</sup>After the explosion of August 12, 1979, there were no more men and women; there were 3 genders: wrunx, flurgoflook and unrphze.

One Of America's  
Outstanding College Shops  
*Town & Country*

ON THE STROLLWAY

# Contributor's Page

A flash of wit, a streak of ink, and a hearty "Who took my copy pencil?" — Showme's child prodigy writes again.

Return with us now to those thrilling days of yesteryear, as we pick up on Mike Miner, our feature editor, in the second grade. This is kind of hard to do, you understand, because Mike skipped the second grade, and the sixth, in Canadian schools. That's why, even though he's a J-school senior, he'll have to wait two more years before he's old enough to . . . vote.

Mike spent long enough in high school to turn out a script for a senior class show, which he classifies as his "No. 1 proud memory." "Unfortunately," sobs Mike, "I took all the bows away from Becky Graham (Chi-O Homecoming Queen candidate) who did all the dirty work . . . I wish I could do it all over again . . ."

Mike served his freshman term at Rolla (he comes from a long line of Miners) but came to Columbia as the "Prodigal Prodigy of 1960." Hiding behind a pair of foggy glasses, he wrote *Best Side Story*, first of the Independent Savitar Frolics skits. In the wake of this smashing success, he wrote a skit for this year (last of the Independent Savitar Frolics skits) which, he says, is his No. 1 heartbreak.

Now Mike spends his time hanging around the Missourian sports desk and looking for the Showme offices, which are hidden in strategic places all over the campus. In his spare time he attends Mr. Beeching's Playwriting class, where he hopes to be discovered. "It was here that I found out how bad I am," he grimaces, "but I'm undaunted."

All we can say is, "Don't feel like the Lone Ranger."



Mike Miner



Tell Neff

Tell Neff was writing captions for senior photographs to appear in his high school yearbook one day. Beneath the photo of one of his classmates, he penciled "He's found what he wants in life. Here's hoping he'll be happy with himself."

Beneath another photo, Tell wrote "Hard work and a little mouth never hurt anybody."

Another — "I'm a joker who likes to eat. Got any spare ribs you wanna trade?"

Escaping with his life from that senior class in Jefferson City, Showme's most madcap writer with the campus's most unlikely name descended upon the University this fall, where he immediately became the Milton Berle of the classroom.

"Why can't you give me the answer to this problem?" his math teacher asked him recently.

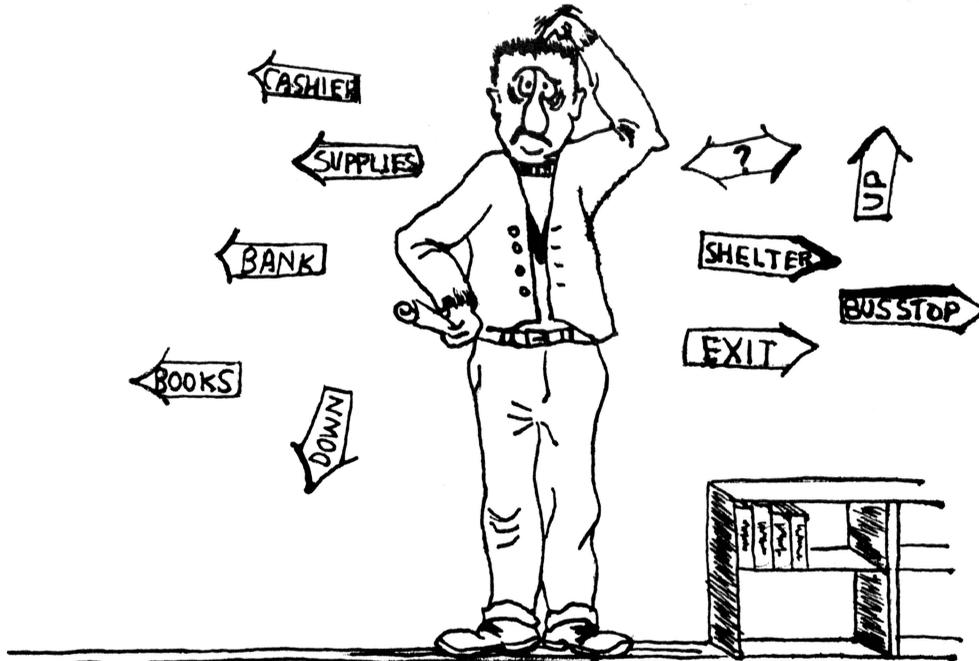
"I think it's still in my pencil," mumbled Neff.

But Tell has his serious moments. "Sunrises are bad news," he was heard to say once, "because you have to get up to watch them."

Tell wants to be a journalist and a drum major and a jazz pianist and a folk singer and a stage manager when he grows up. Don't laugh — he's done them all already. With a complete jazz style already developed, he has won national awards, including the John Phillip Sousa award, for his jazz, band and orchestra performances.

Asked for a philosophical observation to sum up his theory of existence and thus end this blurb on a snappy note, Tell thought a moment.

# A Students Guide To The M-Store



When you get inside the door you will find a series of pigeon-holes. They are for pigeons. Seriously, they are to put your books and packages in.



Walk past the cashiers. Watch it. They like to trip.

You will be confronted with Merchandise. Browse around. If you aren't going to buy anything keep your hands to yourself. Better yet, leave. Your books will not be returned to you.



After you have purchased as much as your fat little arms will hold, go directly to the cashier. Don't forget to ask for your 5% purchase receipt. Pick up your pigeons as you leave.

## The New Missouri Book Store



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