

Susie Miller

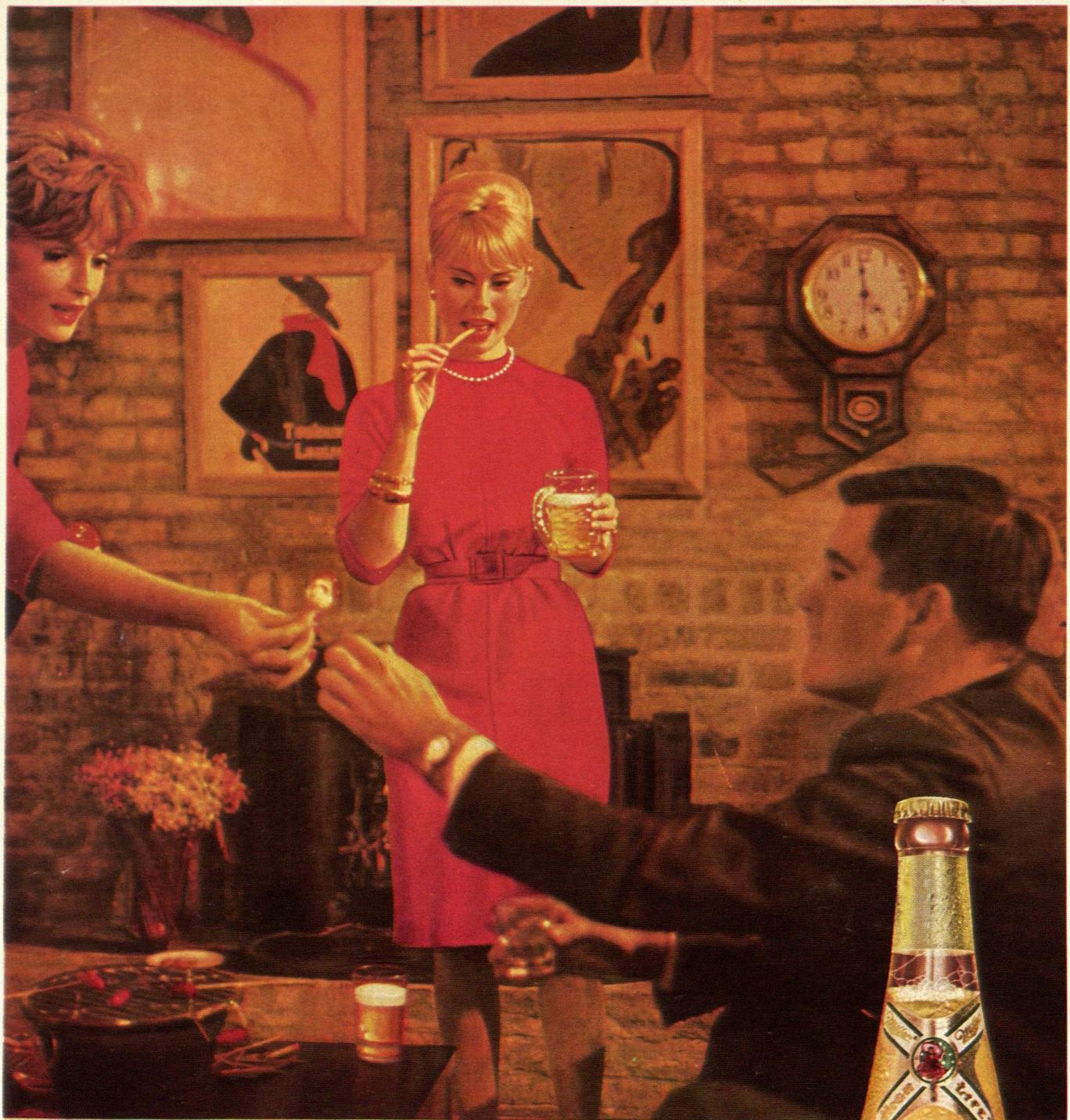
Shawnee



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Autumn, '63



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The Cover



This is the "approved" seal of the University. We think it's fruit.

For instance, who ever saw a bear at M.U.? How about even an Eagle holding four arrows in one claw and a fern in the other? Has anyone seen an open book? (If you have, we bet it didn't say *sapop lusuli*. Did it?)

SHOWME's cover is artist Colie Wheeler's proposition for a New Seal of the University (it's already been endorsed by Redbook). Notice the crossed bandages on the nose symbolizing friendship. The player wears a large frown symbolizing the University.

The new seal keeps only that which still symbolizes the Mizzou of today. For instance, the security police badge still fills the entire background, even crossing into the sacred gold border (which symbolizes the Missouri Store.) Also, the word Universitatis has been replaced with "Tigris," symbolizing 40,000 seats in Memorial Stadium (Mizzou's largest auditorium).

SHOWME is the University of Missouri's whippiest publication, appearing four times yearly unless it is banned. Our executive offices are maintained at 311 Read Hall and our bourgeois offices at the Agora House. All stories, cartoons, bills or foundling babies can be left at either address.

We refuse to be entered at the post office as second class mail. Most of our jokes were stolen from our printers, the happy group at Modern Litho-Print in Jefferson City. (Most of the punch lines are subliminal).

Ad rates and friendly salesmen on request. Excessive profit from the sale of SHOWME goes into a Dean's Retirement Fund.

Editor Emeritus ----- Ron Powers

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HOOTENANNY '64

- House Decorations
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- Homecoming Parade
- Queen Selection
- Half-time Ceremonies
- Homecoming Dance
- FOOTBALL!!

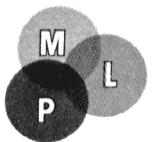


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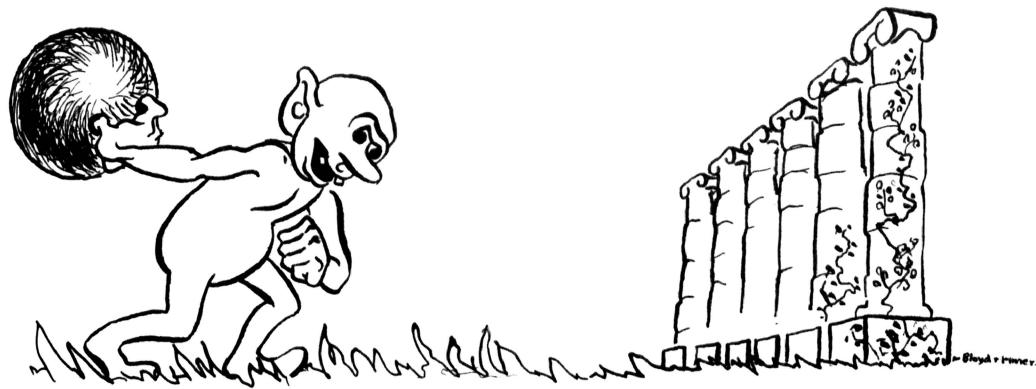
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Around The Columns

by Larry Roth

Editor's note: Any resemblance of the following story to "Chicken Little" is the fault of the Housing Office.

"S'blood!" muttered Bartholomew Erg (who was known as B. E. in the locker room), for his speech had taken on some medieval forms ever since he got used to his room in South Group.

"Verily, a piece of ceiling hath dropped upon my noggin." He contemplated the chunk of imitation synthetic veneer in his hand. "This smacks of the supernatural; I shall confide in my P. A. immediately."

"Zounds!" exclaimed P. A. Porter Rooob (known as P. R. to all the housemothers) when he heard B.E.'s tale of woe, for his speech also had been affected somewhat by life in the Good Group.

"I didn't know this was possible. Our ceilings are made of 25 per cent goodyplate and 75 per cent floorupstairs. Perhaps the sky is falling. Yes, let us inform the public that the sky is falling. Let us leave straightway."

"No, let us turn left and use the door," said B.E., a practical lad.



"He is, indeed, a member of the press, and we should hail him."

No sooner had the two good fellows left the building than they met a chap wearing a little button that said, "I am a Manner-eater reporter."

"Why must he wear that button?" asked B. E.

"Because no one would recognize him beneath his shades, false mustache, trenchcoat and culottes," replied P.R. He is, indeed, a member of the press, and we should hail him."

"Hark!" called out B. E. "SKY FALLS! BOY NEARLY INJURED IN DORM MISHAP! PAIR TELLS WORLD OF CALAMITY!"

continued on page 6

Why are elephants gray?
So you can tell them from blueberries.
What did Tarzan say when he saw the elephants coming?
"Here come the elephants."
What did Jane say?
"Here come the blueberries." (She's colorblind.)
What did Tarzan say when he saw the elephants coming wearing sunglasses?
Nothing. He didn't recognize them.
Why were the elephants wearing sunglasses?
With all this publicity, they didn't want to be recognized.
Why are elephants' ears flat?
From tying their sunbonnets too tight.
What do drunken elephants see?
Pink people.
Why did the elephant and the mouse get married?
Had to.
Why do ducks have webbed feet?
From stamping out forest fires.
Why do elephants have flat feet?
From stamping out flaming ducks.
Why do elephants have wrinkled knees?
From shooting marbles.
How do you get down off an elephant?
You don't. You get down off a goose.
What time is it when an elephant sits on your fence?
Time to build a new fence.

"Is there a story in it for me?" asked the reporter.

"I doubt it," P. R. said.

"Thanks anyway," quoth the reporter, and strode swiftly away.

"He seemed in a hurry," thought B. E. to himself. "Must be onto something big."

While our hero was occupied with these musings, a Greek hove into view. His name was Edgar Peestiside (or E.P., as Dairy Dan was wont to call him.)

"The sky is, in truth, falling!" chirped P.R.

"Phi on you, you're joshing," returned E.P. Then, perceiving the earnestness of the twosome, he cried "Eureka!", which is, traditionally, pretty strong language in Greek.

"Come, let us run and tell the good brothers."

B.E. and P.R. found the Greeks men of action all; three they particularly admired. They were Alfred Ratch (or A.R., as he was known to the Traffic Safety office); Egbert Dipstick (who called himself E.D. for obvious reasons); and Arnold Drippynose (whom all the medical science journals treated jocularly as "Run").

How do you know if an elephant's been in your ice box?
By the footprints in the jello.

How do you know if an elephant is in your ice box?
You probably can't get the door shut.

How do you know if there are two elephants in your ice box?
Count 'em.

How do you get six elephants in a Volkswagen?
Three in front, three in back.

How do you get six Volkswagens in an elephant?
Three in front, three in the trunk.

How do you make an elephant float?
Two scoops of ice cream, an elephant, and lots of root beer.

How do elephants get in trees?
Sit on acorns and wait.

How do you know if there's an elephant in the bathtub with you?
You can smell the peanuts on his breath.

Why do elephants bathe in rivers?
Most people don't like the smell of peanuts in the bathroom.

It was A.R. who suggested converting last year's homecoming decoration, a huge wooden horse, into a fallout shelter for protection from any impending disaster.

E.D. had a further idea — Why not remodel the horse entirely, complete with refrigerator, juke box and dance floor, and throw a fallout party?

Run snowed the group completely by offering to send the whole bill to his parent or guardian.

All these suggestions were approved immediately by the good brothers, a group that will never be found lax in their obligations

regarding defense and survival for mankind.

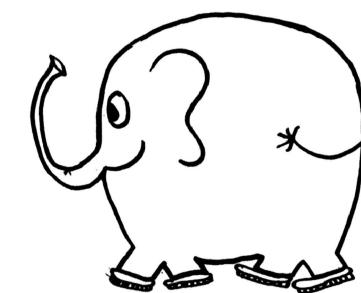
Studies were forgotten as the Greeks set about fortifying and remodeling the horse and, not least important, getting dates for everyone. The sky was amazingly stable during these preparations, and not one little chunk of atmosphere tumbled earthward to wreak havoc and do great harm.

Not so fortunate, however, was B.E.'s dormitory roommate, who was struck that very afternoon by a great hunk of something resembling goodyplate and floor-upstairs.

He was carried to the Clinic, where his temperature was taken, his ID validated, and his parents notified. Eventually he was put to bed and given a diet of tea and toast.

Meanwhile, back in the wooden horse, a very good time was being had by all —

B.E., P.R., E.P., A.R., E.D., and Run.



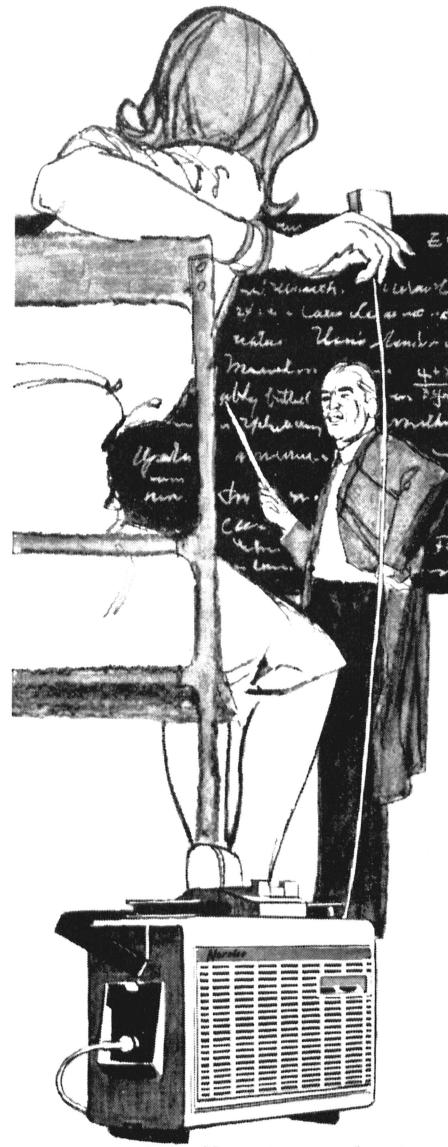
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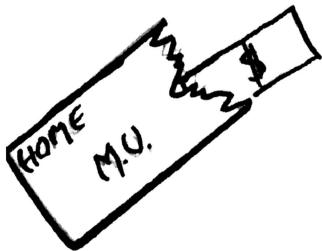
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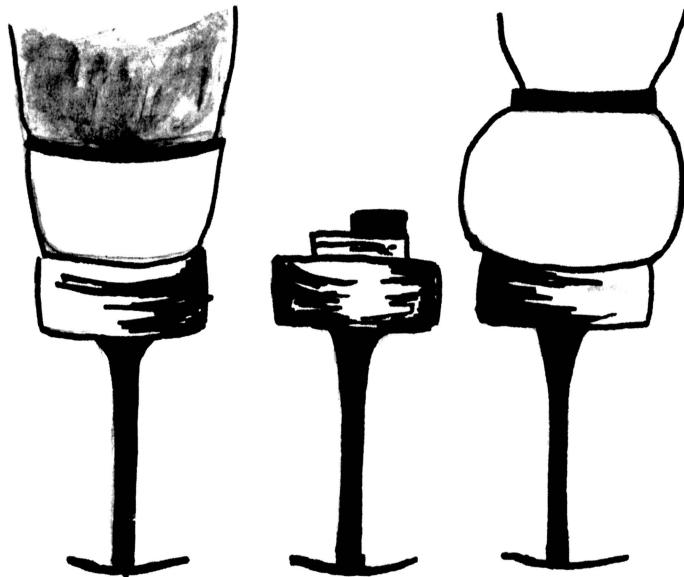
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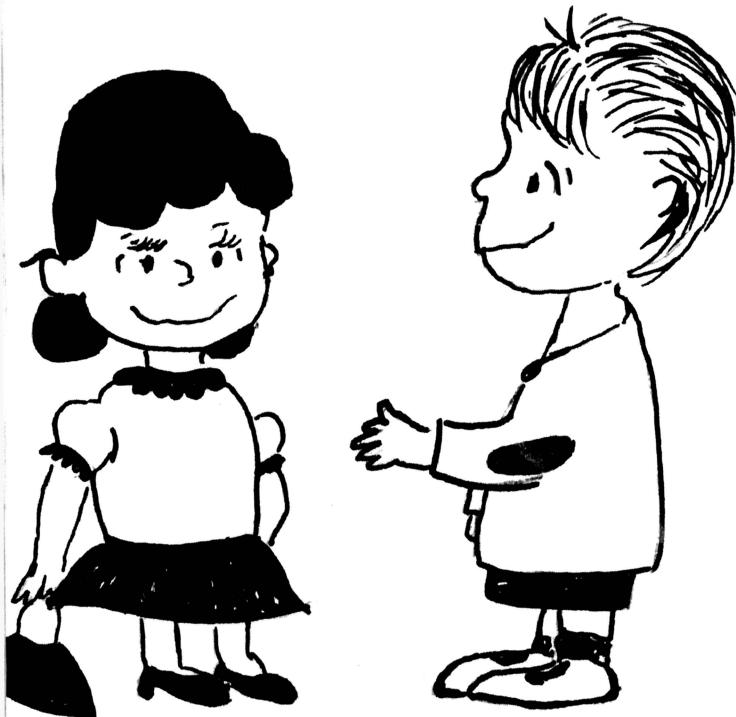
Unhappiness Is a Warm Coke



Happiness is a letter from home with money in it.



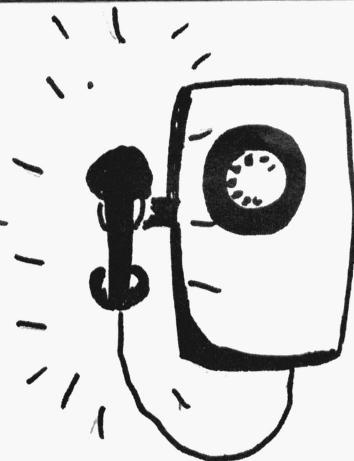
Happiness is finding a seat in the M Bar.



Happiness is a sharp blind date.



Unhappiness is washing your red and white sweatshirts together.



Happiness is a phone call from the person you thought it would be.



Unhappiness is having books in one hand and a cigarette in the other when you meet an ROTC officer on the street.



Happiness is sleeping through a 7:40 class when the instructor doesn't show up.



Unhappiness is a wrap-around skirt on a windy day. (Or happiness, depending on your point of view.)



By BEV
YUCHS

The Shack that House Built

by Tell Neff

In the beginning there was void.

And then there was Theodore House.

One day, Theodore was walking in all this void and he said to himself "Well, I've got to start somewhere."

What Theodore said was to have great bearing on the future course of the world and its activities in general, and the students of the University of Missouri in particular. (To give one the proper idea of the age of this fable, Theodore's student number was one.)

Well sir, Theodore slept on his statement that night (which was rather hard, because when one sleeps in a void, one keeps rolling out of bed) and when he awoke the next morning, he stumbled out of bed and fell over a green door.

Blinking his eyes twice, Theodore said, "Well, I've got to start somewhere." So he painted the door peuce.

Then Theo. said to himself, "What I have just done has deeply inspired me. I think that I shall write a song about my work. Let's see, what shall I call it? Let's see. I know. I'll call it — 'What's Behind the Peuce Door?' It's got a beat. Speaking of beat, I'm." So he slept on this thought that night.

The next morning, the door was green again, ruining his song and the color scheme of whatever he was going to build. But, as usual he thought, "Well, I've got to etc. etc."

. . . So Theodore placed his door in a likely position and started tacking up Budweiser signs. Two of them. One for light, and one for heat.

Well, sir, as anyone knows, two Budweiser signs won't hold up a green door for very long, so Theo. started looking around for something sturdy to support his whatever-the-heck he was building.

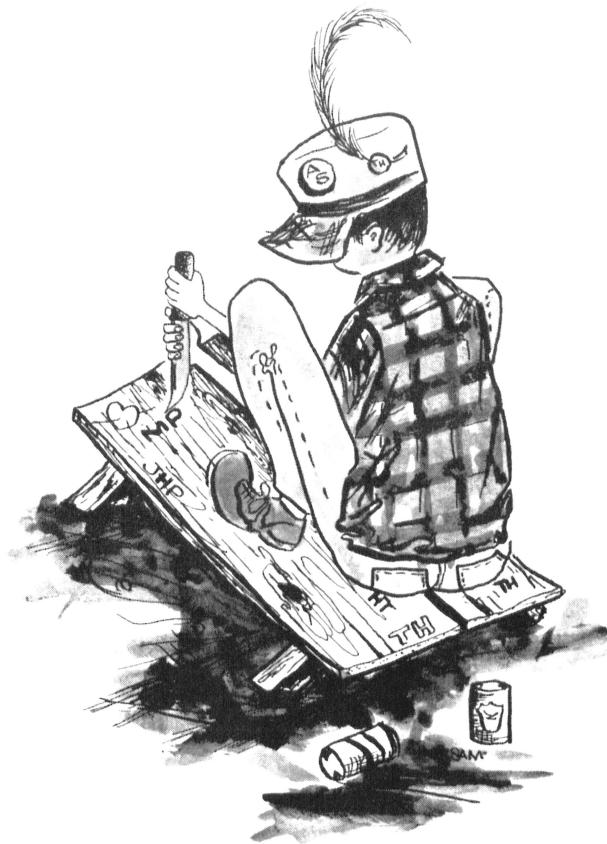
While he was contemplating this problem, a big piece of mung flew from the nether regions of the cosmos and hit him (WHOP!) flush across the face.

"Ah-HA!" cried Theo. "An idea has just struck me.

"It seems to me that this has about the right texture. Suppose I were to compress all this mung and shape it sort of — ugh-grunt . . . umph! . . . like this. Jimminy Christmas! That's sort of neat!"

Theo. had a floor. And because Theo. was so used to traipsing about in a void, it felt good to place his feet on solid mung for a change. (An interesting sidelight: The original mung is still there.)





This was the beginning of art and language and spelling.

Now Theo. had a floor, a door, and two Budweiser signs (one for light and one for heat) and he thought, "Now what more could I possibly need?" He slept on it that night.

When he awoke the next morning, lo' & behold, a trolley car had smashed into his green door during the night. Theo. thought "Boy, for a void, this place is getting mighty cluttered — and me with claustrophobia!"

Now Theo. had a pretty valid reason for his actions. He wanted a neat void, being a precise individual, so because the roof was the only part of the trolley he could lift, he stacked it on top of the green door.

Then he made an amazing discovery:

When he stood under the trolley car roof, he was free from the mung which was falling even more profusely.

Now, Theo. had a door, a floor, a roof, and two Budweiser signs (one for light and one for heat) and he thought, "What more could I want?" He slept on it that night.

About ten the next morning, a defunct carnival caravan floated by and threw off some old wooden booths to lighten the load so they could get to wherever they were going faster.

Theo. had run out of ideas and material for his project to estab-



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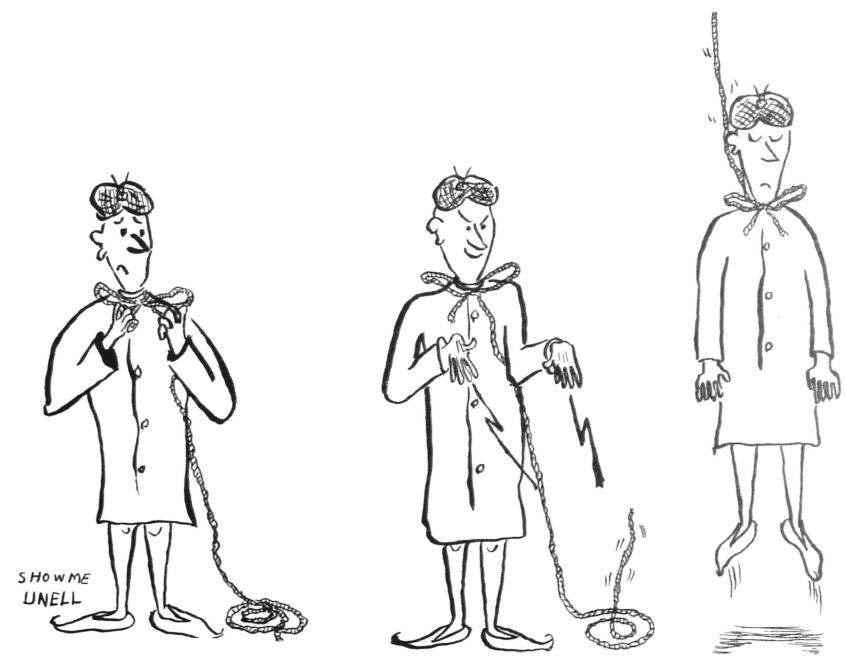
Why don't elephants ride tricycles?
 They don't have little fingers to ring the bell.
 How do you make an elephant stew?
 Give him something to worry about.
 Why do elephants have short toenails?
 From picking their trunks.
 What happens when you mix an elephant with peanut butter?
 The elephant sticks to the roof of your mouth.

lish something, so he flopped absent-mindedly into one of these old booths and began carving his initials — T.H., T.H., T.H.

His fingers worked with a mind of their own, and he was amazed to find that they had carved such things as T.H., H.T., M.P.; John loves Mary; fie on goodness, fie; Ron, ~~etc.~~, etc. (Look hard enough, you'll find them.)

Well, sir, this was the beginning of art and language and spelling, and Theo. saw that it was good. And he rested.

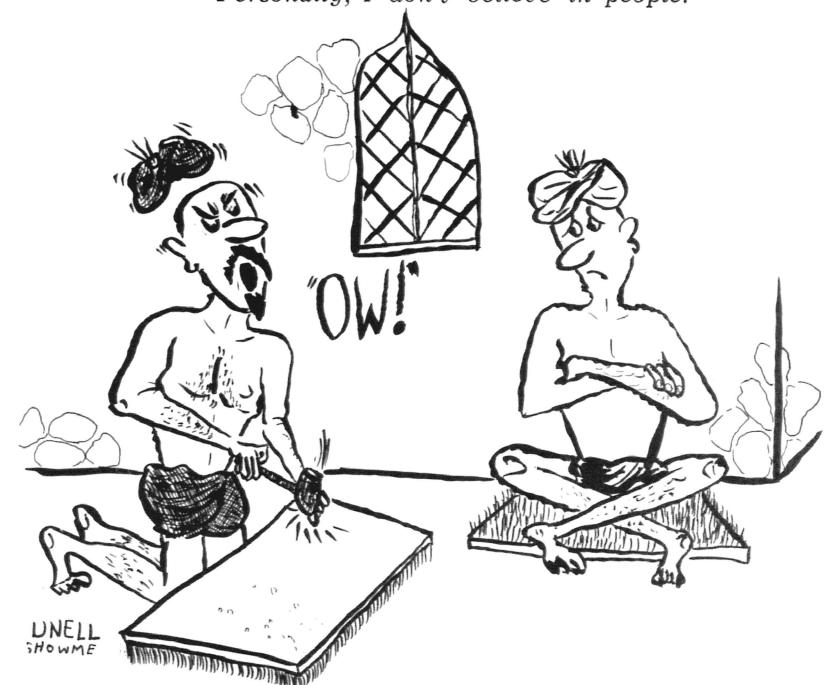
The next day, he moved all the booths onto the floor, behind the door, under the roof, by the Budweiser signs (one for light and continued on page 21



"By Jove, Livingstone, this will ruin you in London."

the ORIGINAL

Etchings of MURRY UNELL



English 20

by Kay J. Sonns

"I would like to welcome you all to 'Socio-Economic and Psychological Aspects of Selected Nursery Rhymes'.

"My name is Dr. Glicht . . . uh . . . and this semester we shall attempt a critical interpretation of . . . of the socio-economic aspects of selected nursery rhymes. (cough)

"You may ask 'Why study nursery rhymes in college?' Well, we look at it this way . . . there is a great need today for a deeper understanding of this subject as an important factor and indeed the very basis of our children's outlooks, personalities, prejudices and ideals.

These of course determine the characteristics of the next generation and their attitude toward the problems that will face them. We will come to see how these early propagandist materials serve to influence the child's thoughts.

"I would like to say at this point that we shall view the facts objectively and any conclusion that we reach will be the result of a highly personalized acceptance of my views.

"Next meeting we shall start with 'Mary Had a Little Lamb,' which you will find on page 124 of *An Anthology of Nursery Rhymes from 1730* by Dr. J. D. Glicht, (\$8.50).



We shall attempt a critical reading of the first two lines of this rhyme, namely: 'Mary had a little lamb, Whose fleece was white as snow,' and interpret them on the basis of the study of articles which you will find in *The Pros and Cons of Mary and Her Lamb*, by Dr. J. D. Glicht, (\$7.25).

"The article that you will be responsible for is: 'Mary Had the Right Idea' by Governor Wallace.

"We will follow this with 'Little Boy Blue' (page 3) and base our interpretation on the article 'Boy Blue, or Why Capitalism Is Doomed' by Karl Marx.

"Next, 'Hey Diddle Diddle' (page 51) along with the article 'The Cat and the Cow Were Hooked, or Narcotic Effects on the Vertebrate.'

"The next rhyme will be 'Old Mother Hubbard' (page 158) and its analysis, 'The Boss Got the Bone' by James Hoffa.

"Followed by 'Jack Horner' (page 236) plus 'People Are Starving in Europe.'

~~~~~  
Why do elephants wear green tennies?  
So they can hide in the grass.  
Why do they wear blue ones on Thursday?  
Their green ones are in the wash.  
Why do they wear red tennies?  
Because the hippopotami wear white ones and play  
on the opposite volleyball team.  
Why do elephants travel in herds?  
So they can buy their tennies bulk rate.

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(where your  
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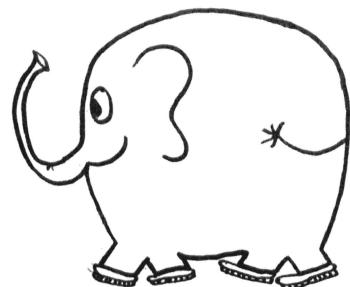
"Finally 'Little Miss Muffet' (page 299) and the article entitled 'The Spider Didn't Get Her but DDT Will' by Rachel Carson.

"In this course, we will have 18 hourlies and three 10-minute quizzes plus a midterm and, of course, a final. Hourlies count for 33½ per cent of your grade, midterm counts 20 per cent, and the final counts for the remaining 46¼ per cent of your grade. The quizzes will come into play only to aid me in a decision if you are teetering between, say, a D and a B.

"The first quiz will be tomorrow at the beginning of the hour. Class dismissed."

~~~~~  
Why do elephants wear cowboy boots?
So they can ride horses.
What do they do with their tennies when they wear cowboy boots?
Put them in their trunks.
Why do elephants have trunks?
Because they don't have pockets.
~~~~~

Is today Thursday?  
So am I. Let's stop somewhere and get a drink.  
But I don't have to think. I'm a senior.  
Seen your what?  
No, it's at the jeweler being repaired.  
I'm not prepared either, and I hear it's a really hard test.  
Of course I'll do my best. What do yo uthink I am, stupid ?  
If you keep calling me names I'm going to take my Showme and go home.



BOOTS  
THE "KICK"  
THIS FALL

COLUMBIA'S SMARTEST SHOE STORES  
The NOVUS Shop  
406 Ninth Street

- Why do elephants jump out of trees?  
To go to the Agora House.
- Why do elephants want to go to the Agora House?  
To put their footprints in Ralph's pizzas.
- Why do elephants want to do a nasty thing like that?  
To get attention.
- Why do elephants want to get attention?  
Because it's neat to be seen in the Agora House.
- Why is it neat to be seen at the Agora House?  
Because at the Agora House there are top albums,  
romantic atmosphere, friendly elephants,  
and — lest we forget — good food.
- How do elephants get to the Agora House?  
They fly to 406 Ninth Street, right across from J-school.
- Why do they fly?  
So they won't get flat feet from jumping out of trees.



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FREE SHOESHINE

**Pizza de Resistance  
at  
The Agora House**

Take your favorite elephant there soon!

# A Cynic in the Clinic

by Max Okenfuss, Spence DeHart and Jim McLeish

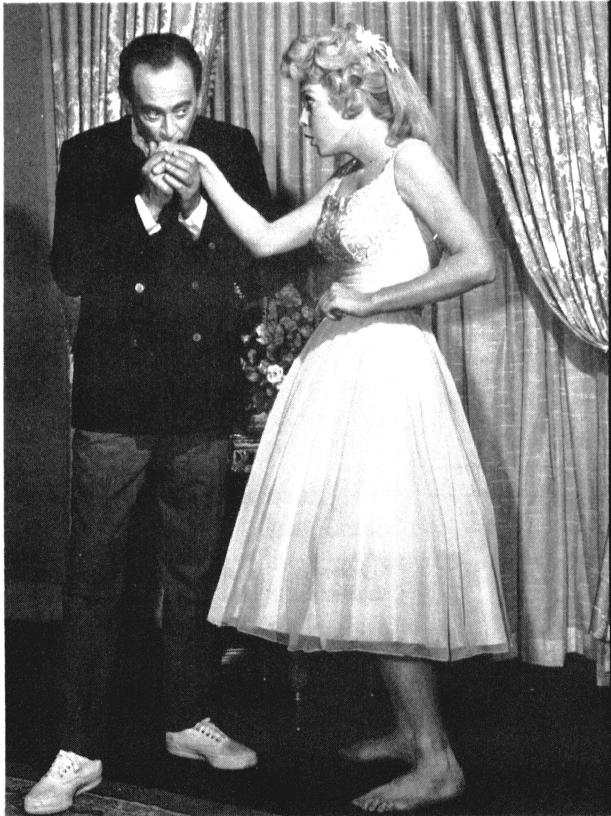
photos courtesy the Pontiac (Michigan) Press



*Introducing your modern Student Health Clinic*



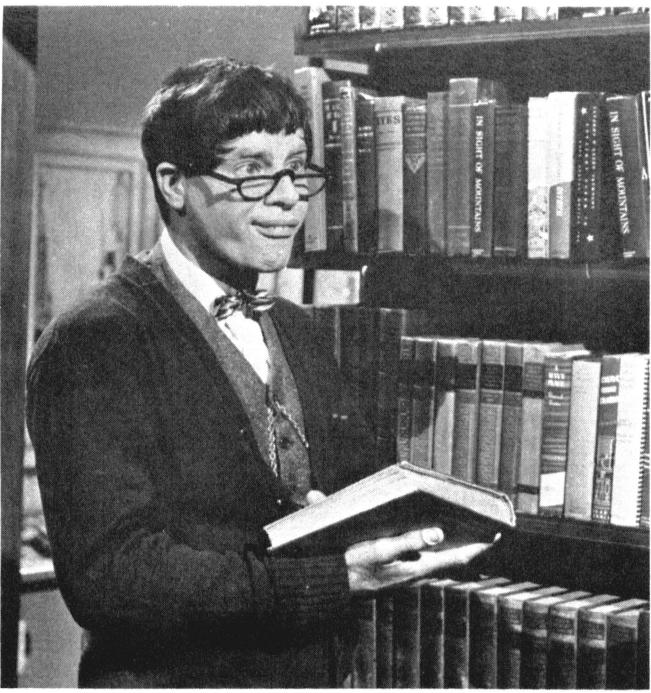
*Prompt service!! No waiting!!*



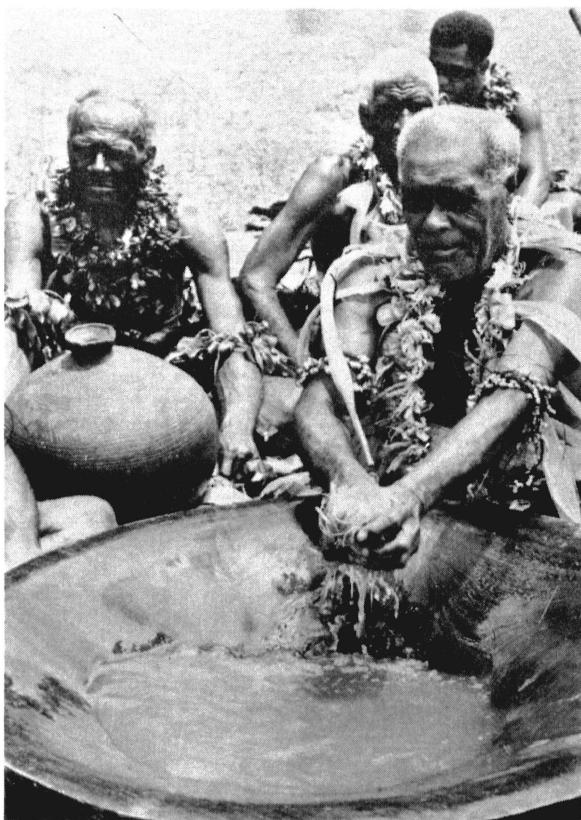
*"But Doctor, I thought you'd take it out with  
a tweezers!"*



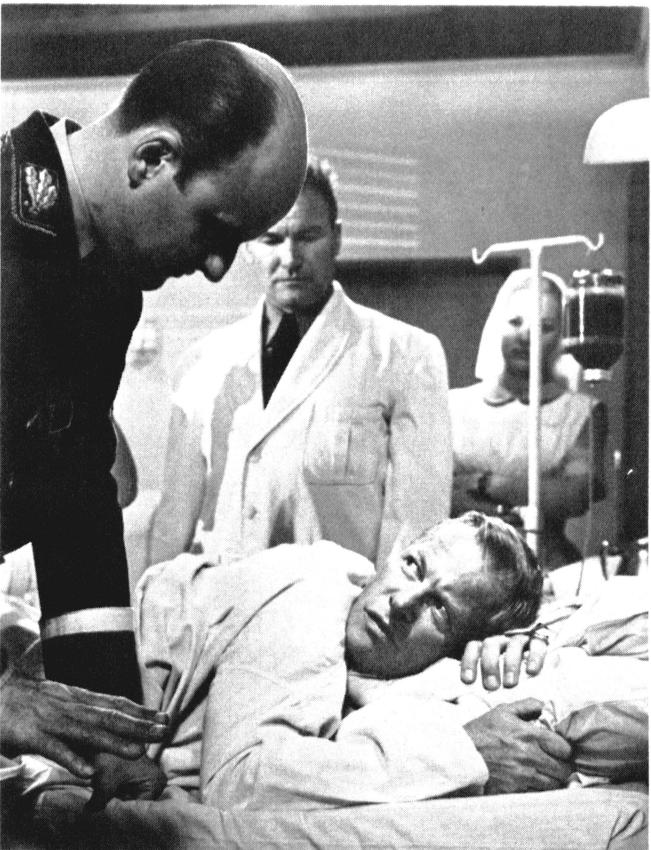
*"Bleed him!!"*



*"Lessee, now . . . da headbone's connected to da neck bone . . . Nurse! Show that patient in!"*



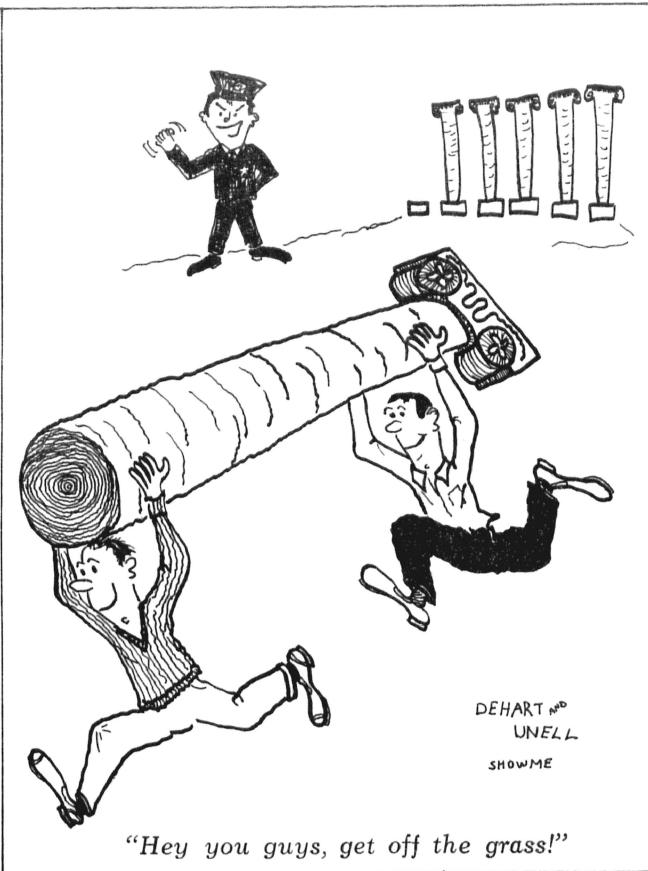
*Your pharmacy*



*"We're sorry about that, sir. They've almost got all the glass out now, but that mercury is giving us a bit of trouble."*



*"No, it's good practice treating you students."*



### UN-FAMOUS, SECOND-TO-LAST WORDS

Adam, are you criticizing my apple salad?

Aw, don't get sore, Newt — eat the apple and forget it.

Be reasonable, George. If you cross the Delaware at night, how can I see to paint your picture?

Now let's see. Did Paul say "one if by land and two if by sea," or was it the other way around? He always insists on such confusing signals!

Listen, Abe, if you get us in the middle of a civil war we won't stand a chance in the next election . . .

We ain't a goin' to show 'em any mercy, are we, General? I mean, the only good Injun's a dead Injun, hain't so, Mr. Custer?

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Then it's settled we're going to see...

the Fantasticks .. dear!

Nov. 7-8-9-10 Fine Arts Bldg.



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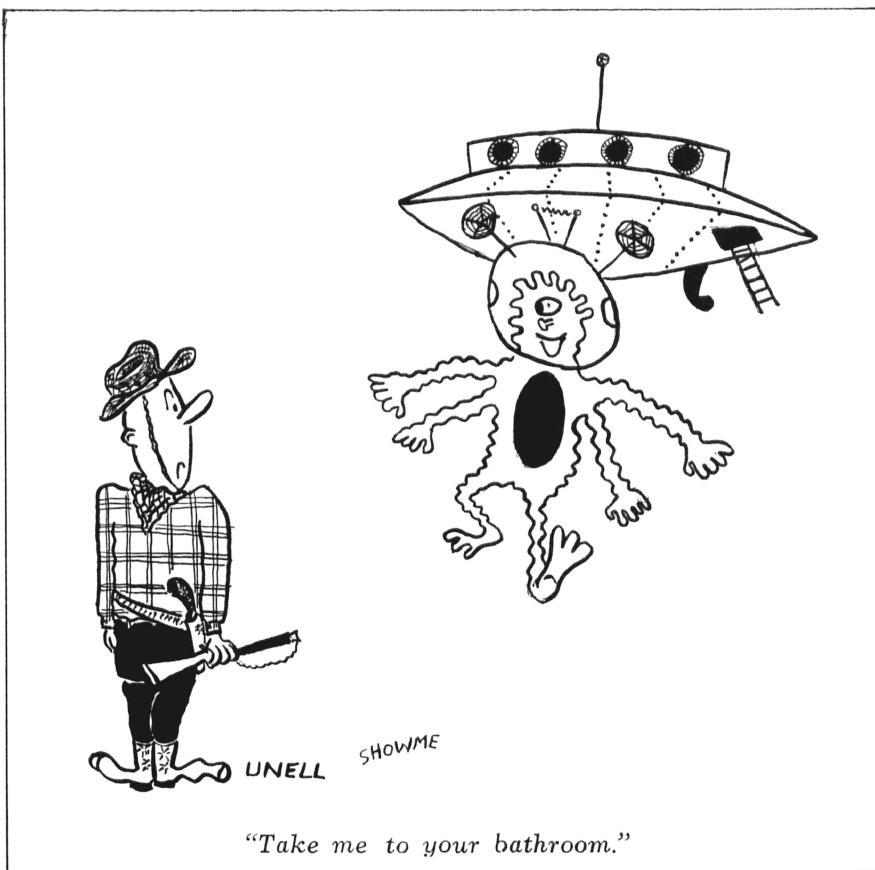
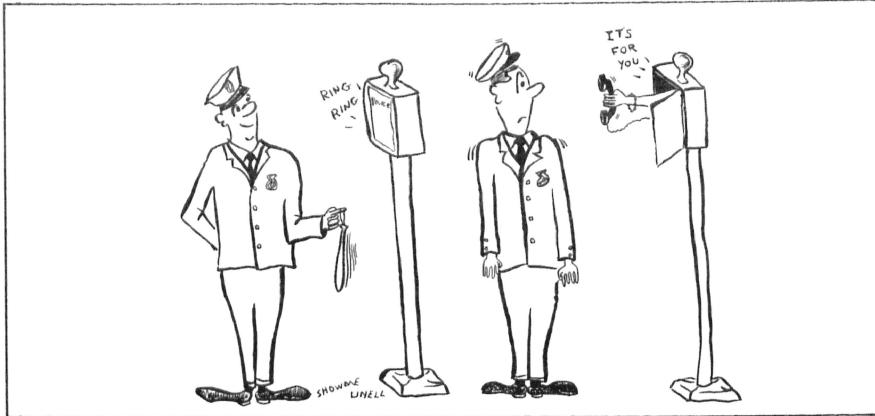


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on the Strollway



by Frank Weltner

I was standing under the Tower. The great Gothic edifice shot upward into the sky as pigeons circled endlessly, hoping to land in a spot free from aluminum antipigeon spikes.

An old man without legs sat on the sidewalk feeding the pigeons. He was a pencil salesman. I walked up to him and bought a pencil. It wasn't that I needed a pencil; I just wanted to talk to him.

"*Why do you feed the pigeons?*" I asked.

"Because they are defenseless," he said. "Because everyone else takes advantage of them; because even pigeons must have a place to land, a place which they can call 'home'."

"But pigeons don't care what other people do to them," I said.

"They care. They do care," he said as he reached down into his huge pocket and withdrew two large mason's tools with which he propelled himself down the street.

Looking back over his shoulder, he called back to me: "The pigeons have as much right to protest their plight as anyone else. But, they are afraid. But, there will come a time," he said. "There will come a time."

*I hadn't been feeling well that day anyhow, and the old man had made me sick to my stomach. I felt so sorry for the pigeons that I wanted to go back to my room and pout.*

So, I went to my next class. It was a political science class. You know, the type of class where you sit in the back of the room and turn the pages of the textbook,

hoping that the hour will soon end.

But this day there was a speaker. He was a townsman. In fact, he was the man who ran the City and who, indeed, was very fat.

*"I was asked to talk to you students about the new City Regulations," he said. "As you know, the City has passed a new ordinance that requires all students to have auto stickers on their cars.*

"The reason being, of course, that the City is the most wonderful place in the State to live, and that our good streets need to be paid for."

"I object to the law," I stammered out, slobbering on my tie tack.

"Why?" he asked.

"It was passed while the students were out of town. It is oppressive. It is taxation without representation," I stammered again.

*He looked at me with big, kind eyes. He gazed at me thoughtfully for a moment. The way he stared at me, I thought he loved me. It made me feel ashamed.*

"You don't like the law?" he asked.

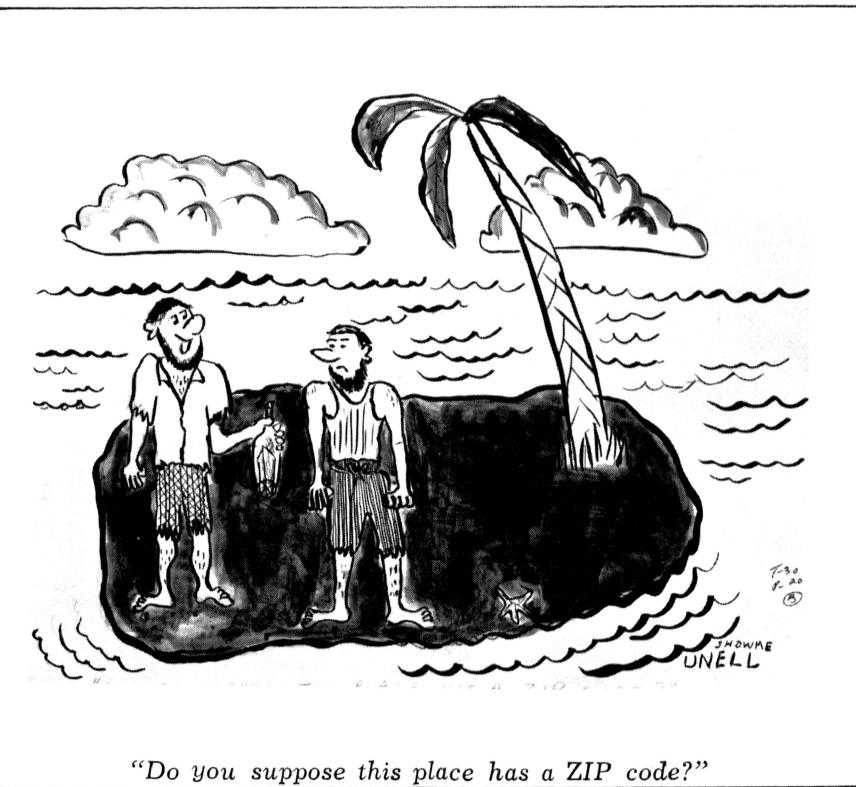
"No. It was passed while I was gone. If you insist on keeping the law then I will insist on voting rights in the City," I said.

"Are you going to obey the law?" he asked.

"Yes. It is a law," I said.

"Good," he said. "Give me the money now."

I gave it to him. He gave me a decal. He smiled. I cowered back into my chair.



I thought he was going to leave. But before he did, his hand reached into his pocket, and he withdrew a large, brown envelope. He gave it to me.

"What is it?" I asked.

"An out-of-town ballot," he said. "You see, the elections are held during the summer. We wanted to give all students who owned a car the chance to vote, so we made arrangements for the ballot to be given to them when they paid their sticker tax. We didn't want no hard feelings, don't you know."

"Oh," I said, looking at the envelope.

He continued, "The process of voting is simple. Ownership of an automobile — rather than age, residency, or employment — is the only requirement for students to vote in a City election. Those who do not have a car, unfortunately, are not residents and, therefore, cannot vote.

"I have a car," I said.

"Yes. And now you are a full-fledged resident of the City," he said with a fat, little smile.

"But, how do I vote by mail?" I asked.

"It's very simple," he said. "All you do is fill out the ballot, take it to the post office, register it, insure it, send it Air Mail Special Delivery, and then wait."

"Wait for what?" I asked.

"I don't know," he said.

"Why?" I asked.

"We haven't yet made any provisions for counting student ballots," he said. "And the Council is so busy it may not get around to making provisions for a long while."

"Are they THAT busy?" I asked.

"Yes, I'm afraid so," he said and laughed heartily as he left through the door.

Class was over. I went back to the Student Union. I was enraged. I climbed up to the first series of windows on the Tower and began ripping down anti-pigeon stakes as fast as I could.

"The nerve," I thought. "Not caring about the feelings of the pigeons. They've got rights, too."

"Ha. Ha." It came from below. I turned around and looked down upon the figure of the little man without legs.

"What's so funny?" I asked.

He did not answer. I climbed down. Walking up to him I again asked, "What's so funny?"

"Hold out your hand," he said. I obeyed.

He reached into his pocket for something and withdrew it in a closed fist. He opened his fist and dropped something into my hand. I looked down at it.

"What's the piece of popcorn for?" I asked.

## The Shack

(continued from page 11)  
one for heat) and flopped down on a pile of mung outside (he was scared to go in, because it was crowded in there and Theo. had claustrophobia.)

Theo was busy for another week or two inventing the jukebox, beer, Shackbaskets, and Slim Jims, but eventually his work was finished and he rested.

One morning he awoke and found, built around his magnificent labor (the whatever-it-was) a great university.

Theo. went out of his mind and vanished, never to be heard from since.

Now there were people—people with and without claustrophobia. Those with went their own way. Those without settled and ran the whatever-it-was.

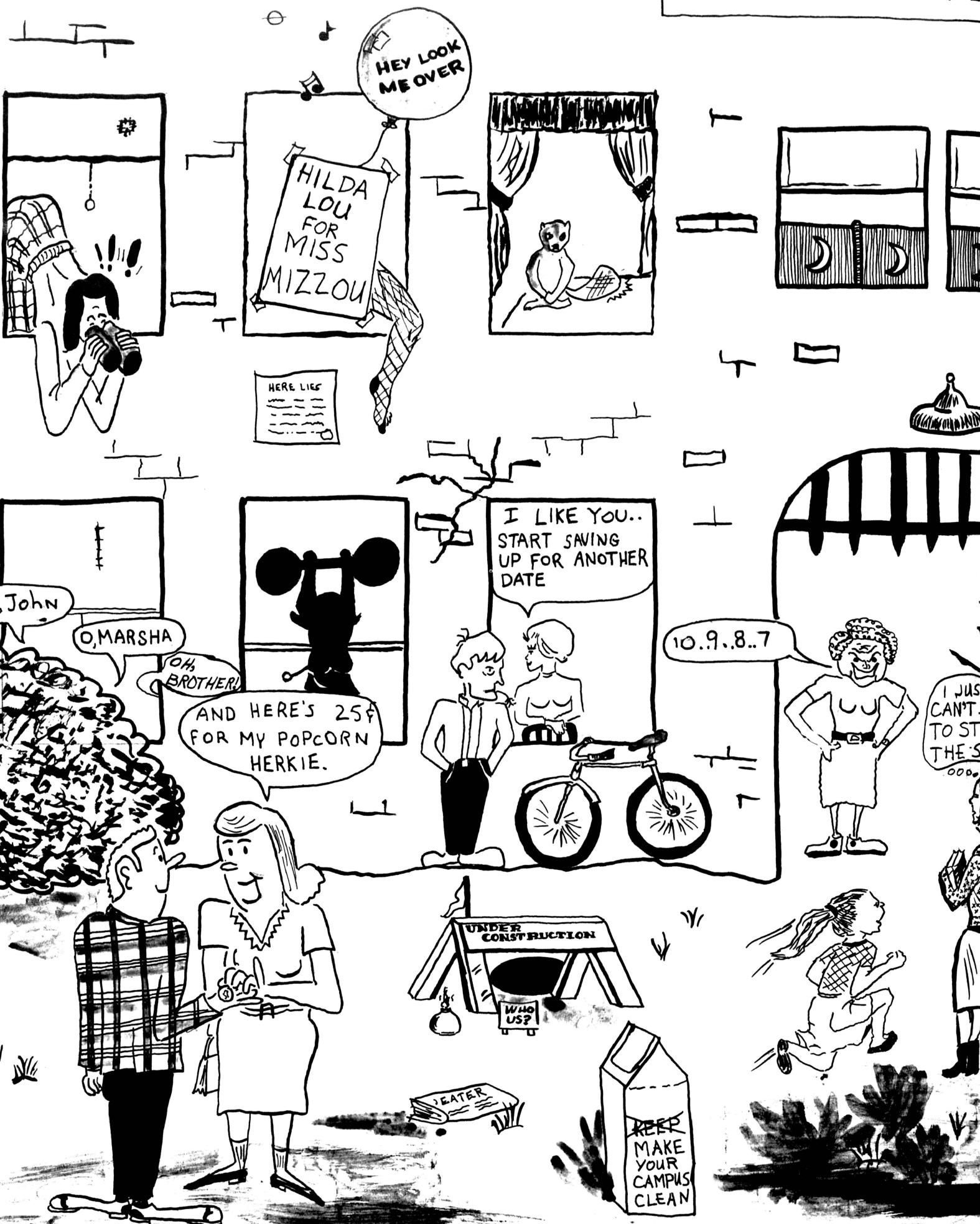
But whatever-the-heck was the whatever-it-was? One inspired person said "Boy, what a dump! Boy, wouldn't Mom & Dad like to see me in a shack like this!" Hence, the name. Another said "you know, you're right, Plato, it looks like it wasn't built—it just accumulated!"

Hence, the story.

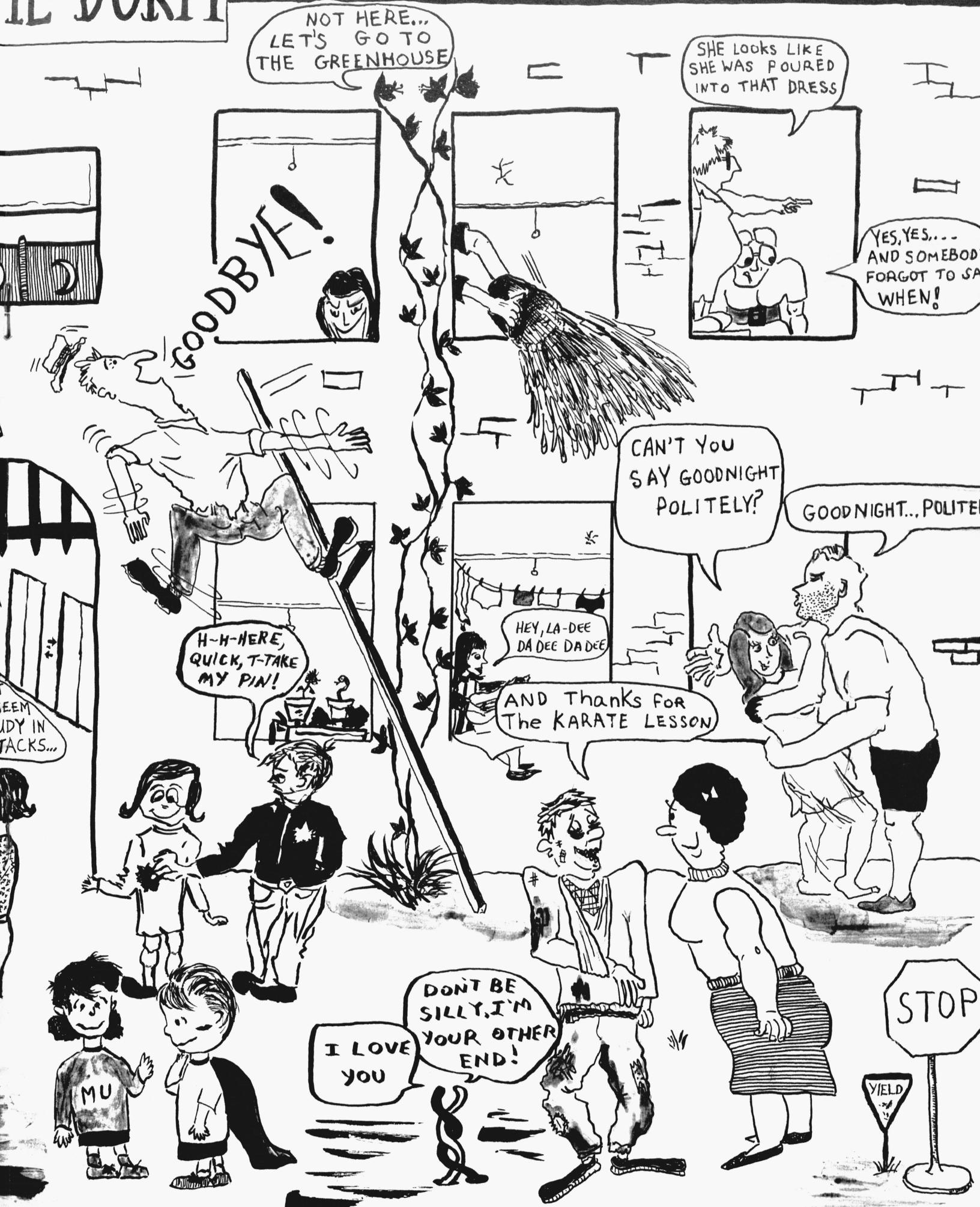
Well, it had to start somewhere . . .



12:29 AT THE



# THE DORM



# In Memory of E. J.

(by E. J.)

Memento to be engraved upon sidewalk 12, pavement 13, for the lately lamented E. J., who passed away September 11, 1963, at the age of 17, while fighting for the college of his choice at the Battle of Registration:

"Those Also Serve Who Only Stand And Wait."

\* \* \* \*

Poor, dear, great big fella,  
Why do you look so yella?

Oh, it's registration time, I see!  
How I wish I were in front of thee!

I knew him only briefly, you must understand. He was merely one of thousands of those anxiety-ridden, young freshmen who know they can make it to register, if only they hold out a few more minutes.

But somehow, it was different with E. J. I recognized E. J. right away as one of those rare, extremely extraordinary persons who are picked to head our fighting Tigers. Only a few signs revealed his identity — a broken leg, a broken arm, a busted lip . . .

"But how did he ever get pulled into this?", I asked myself. "Why didn't someone warn this man above men about the quagmire of registration?" No one brooked reply, and the question was left unanswered.

You see, poor E. J. died waiting in that registration line. He never even got a chance to shake hands with the doorman.

I saw a standing student smiling ear to ear as they rolled poor E. J. out. I asked him, "Say there, why are you so happy with poor E. J. dead and gone?"

He answered, "Me? Why so happy? Why I've got one less ahead of me, Dad!"

DO NOT FOLD  
A  
MUTILATE OR





Showme's Sweetheart

Jo Ann Mange





*Architect's drawing of the proposed Hollow Hall, which incorporates every architectural style now on campus. It will be used for faculty teas, chemistry labs, intersectional quoits matches and Friday night square dances.*





# After the Lecture . . .

by Frank Weltner

Have you ever had a particularly poor lecture? If you have, it is better to boost your professor's spirits rather than dash them into tiny, painful pieces.

To do this correctly one must not say what one really thinks. Always remember: Be tactful.

Below are a series of statements, followed by the actual feelings and thoughts of the students making the statements.

Memorize them. Make them a part of your own ego-centric psyche. And then, pull them on your professor.

1. "That's my favorite lecture." (I enjoy it every time I hear it).

2. "You made a very profound statement at one point." (But for the life of me I can't remember what it was).

3. "It was a good lecture." (You were so enthusiastic I couldn't sleep).

4. "I like your style." (I hope you haven't gone too far to change your major).

5. "I like a man with ideas." (But do you think it is ethical to give so many unfounded opinions?)

6. "I like the way you talk so softly," (I suggest you talk softly and carry a big shoe.)

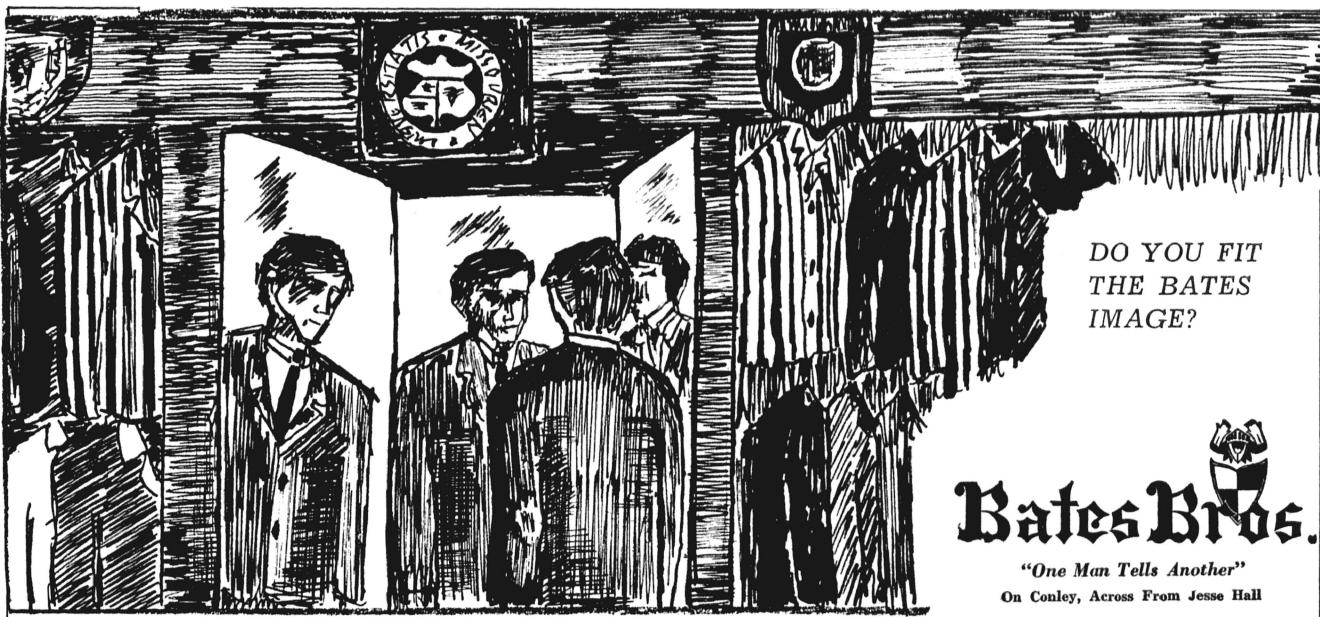
7. "My friends prompted me to take this course." (I guess you can't trust anybody anymore).

8. "You were very emphatic." (You pound a heavy fist for a man standing on eggs).

9. "Glad to have you on the faculty." (I was told this was a liberal institution, but I didn't think they'd accredit anyone so inept).

10. "I would never question your integrity." (Does he really believe that muck?).

11. "I like subtle jokes." (I decided your jokes were private so I joined the Key Club).





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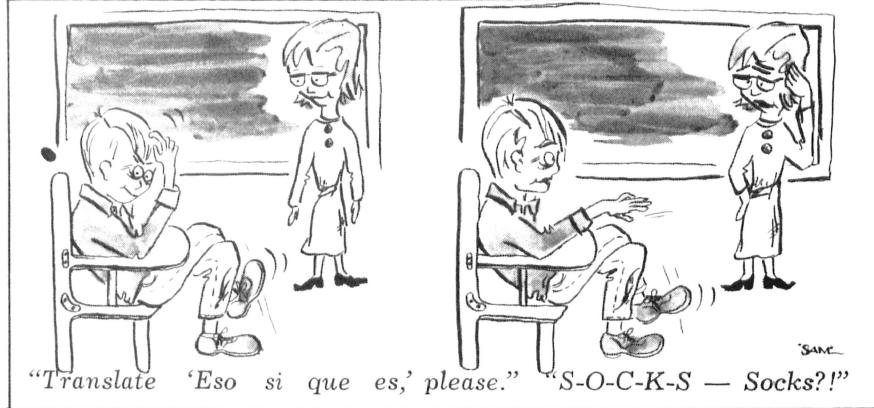
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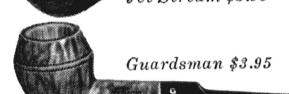
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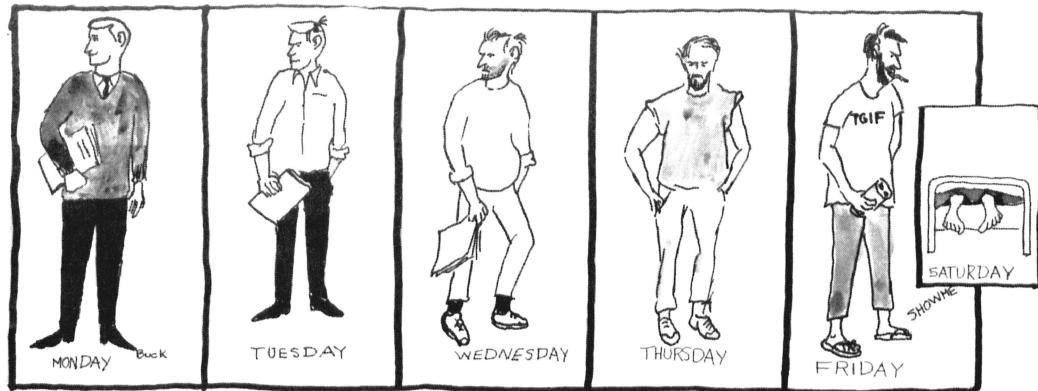


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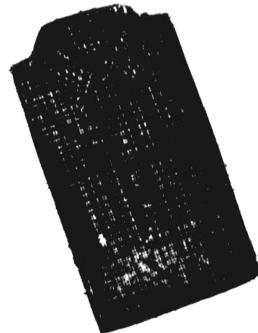
## FILTER PIPES



*"Who, me? I wasn't rioting Friday night! I was in  
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They eat all the time, trying to forget.  
What do elephants try to forget?  
Food.  
Why do elephants have scrapbooks?  
To save all their clippings.  
Why don't elephants have trench coats?  
They aren't allowed in department stores to buy them.  
Why don't elephants like to type?  
Their toes get stuck in the keys.  
Why do elephants eat so many peanuts?  
Once they start, they can't stop.

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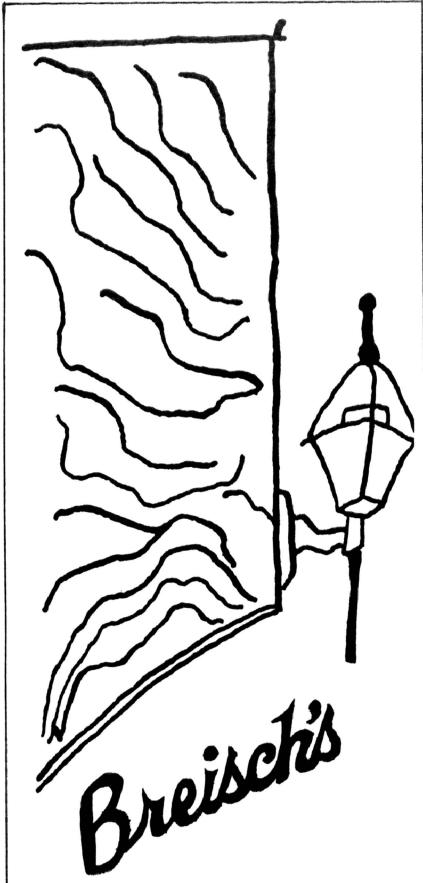
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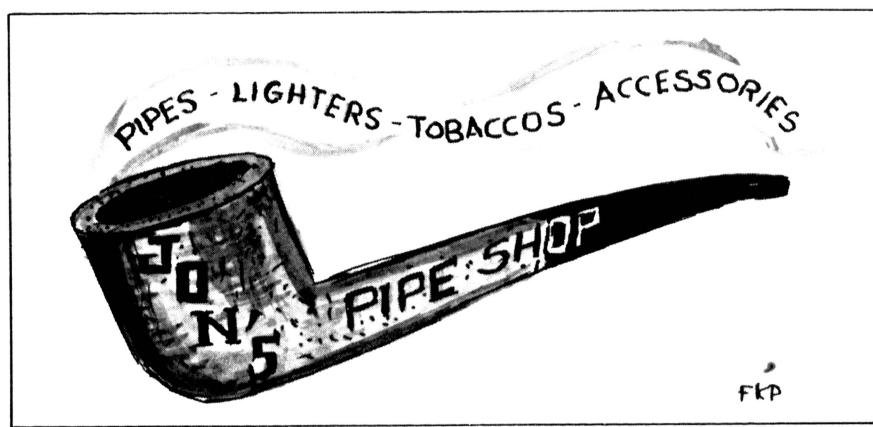
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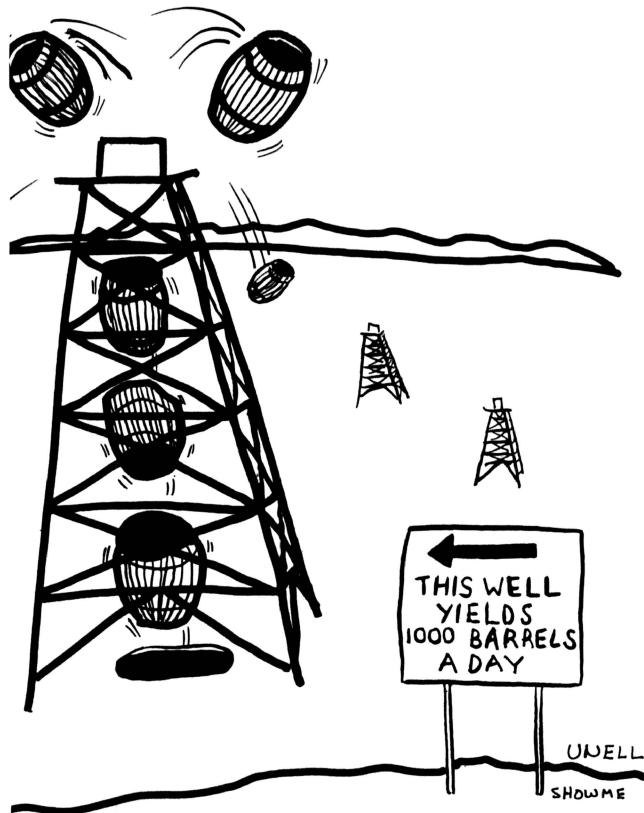
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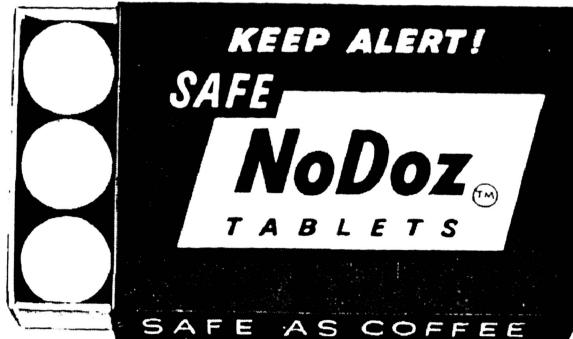
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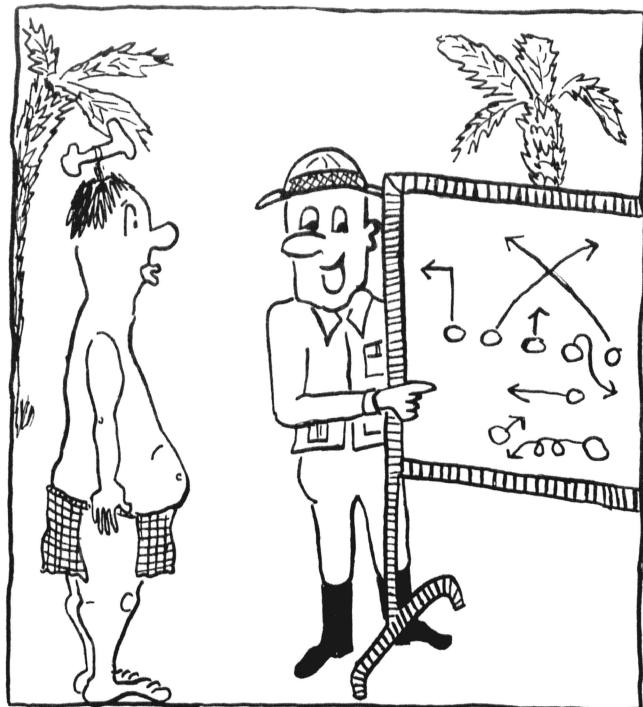


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JOIN  
THE



PIECE

CORPSE

# VOLUNTEER QUESTIONNAIRE

Dear Applicant:

So you got the bug to join the Piece Corpse!? Well, that's not surprising. It's contagious, so to speak.

I bet you're a natural-born adventurer--maybe you have a yen to buy coconut juice by the gallon, or maybe your inquiring mind wants to know just how long it is possible to exist on rice alone.

No matter the reason--I sincerely hope you pass all our little tests and become a member of our jolly band. The first test is getting through this personal information questionnaire.

After that you will face a physical checkup, mental checkup, emotional and psychological checkup, spiritual checkup and social acceptability test. You will complete 3,000 multiple-choice questions to determine your oral, aural, choral and moral fitness and ability. You will send us the names of 60 references.

If all this points you up as a healthy, kempt, alert, intelligent, successful, popular, clean-cut American, you will receive a second questionnaire as to why you want to enter the Piece Corpse.

Here's hoping you IQ is 20/20!

Your buddy in Washington,

*Sarge Shriver*

- 1. Your name** \_\_\_\_\_  
Aliases by which you are known to other Washington offices \_\_\_\_\_
  - 2. Sex**
    - a. Male \_\_\_\_\_
    - b. Female
    - c. Other \_\_\_\_\_
  - 3. Physical Description**
    - a. height \_\_\_\_\_  
(meters) (centimeters)
    - b. weight \_\_\_\_\_ Really?
    - c. eyes \_\_\_\_\_  
(How Many?) (color)  
Are they bloodshot? From what?
    - d. hair \_\_\_\_\_  
(yes) (no)
  - 4. Are you single?** Do you plan to stay single until you die? \_\_\_\_\_ How long do you think that will be? \_\_\_\_\_ When you die, who should know about it? \_\_\_\_\_  
Are you married? \_\_\_\_\_ Happily? \_\_\_\_\_ Does your spouse want to join? \_\_\_\_\_ How many dependents have you? \_\_\_\_\_ On how many people are you dependent? \_\_\_\_\_
  - 5. Have you ever held a job? \_\_\_\_\_ Do you ever plan to? \_\_\_\_\_**
  - 6. In which of the following areas would you prefer to work as a Piece Corpse Volunteer?**  
Somaliland  
Viet Nam  
Grand Fenwick  
Tahiti  
Guam  
Antarctica  
East St. Louis  
Cuber  
TD-3  
Lawrence, Kansas
  - 7. Have you ever had any of the following diseases?**  
Ricketts  
Iron Deficiency Anemia  
Ulcers  
Headache — Neuritis — Neuralgia  
Sleeping Sickness (any variety)  
Indigency  
Snakebite  
Which of the above appeals to you most? Least? How many can you cure with such native facilities as herbs, roots, death masks, band aids?
  - 8. Have you ever visited the Mental Health Clinic? \_\_\_\_\_ Why? \_\_\_\_\_**  
You don't expect us to believe that, do you? \_\_\_\_\_ You're insecure, aren't you? \_\_\_\_\_ Want to get away from home, don't you? \_\_\_\_\_ Well, you're sick. Sick. SICK! (Please continue filling out form.)
  - 9. Have you ever been arrested? If yes, check the charge:**  
Inciting a Riot \_\_\_\_\_ Drunk \_\_\_\_\_ Disorderly \_\_\_\_\_  
Public Nuisance \_\_\_\_\_ Vagrant \_\_\_\_\_ Disturbing the Peace \_\_\_\_\_ Frightening little children \_\_\_\_\_  
Please attach an extra page describing your specialty and explain how it can be useful in the area in which you wish to serve.
  - 10. Have you ever lived in a foreign country?**  
In squalor? On \$12 a week? With real natives? Could you understand their gibberish? What is your personal opinion of cannibalism? Against what minority group are you most prejudiced?
  - 11. Have you ever belonged to any Communist organization?** The Mickey Mouse Club?  
The Republican Party? Do they know any good secrets? Any we haven't heard already? Any they didn't get from us? Do they have any sneaky tactics we could employ successfully?



**12. What is your proficiency in the following languages:**

Sanskrit? Urdu? Tagalog? Northwestern Creole French? How about English?

If you have any ability in the above languages, please use the following space to discuss it relative to a. smoke signals, b. jungle drums, c. sign language.

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**13. Education**

a. Nursery School: How many years? \_\_\_\_ Did you pass? \_\_\_\_ Would you say you were well adjusted? \_\_\_\_ b. Kindergarten: How did you rate in your graduating class? \_\_\_\_ Were you a fighter? \_\_\_\_ Did you make trouble at nap time? \_\_\_\_ c. Grades 1-8: At what age did you begin to disrespect the Safety Patrol? \_\_\_\_ Were you a Boy Scout? \_\_\_\_ Did you join any other secret organizations? \_\_\_\_ At what age did you begin to chase girls? \_\_\_\_ Can you substantiate this?

(Note: Education beyond the 8th grade is unnecessary for work in the Piece Corpse, and in many cases highly undesirable.)

**14. Work Skills**

Which of the following positions could you fill with the Piece Corpse?

Adobe Brick Maker

Basket Weaver

Tree Fort Builder

Card Dealer

Primitive Fisherman

Witch Doctor

Entertainer

Sharecropper

4-H Club Leader

Nuclear Bomb Builder

Guerrilla

Ape Trainer

General Bushman

**15. Are you a jock? \_\_\_\_ Can you play cricket?**

\_\_\_\_ How else can you play? \_\_\_\_ Can you swing on vines? \_\_\_\_ Wrestle alligators? \_\_\_\_ Run for your life? \_\_\_\_

**16. I want to join the Piece Corpse because**

- a. I'm working for a Boy Scout merit badge
- b. The Young Democrats persuaded me
- c. I think it's a draft dodge
- d. I have relatives in Tanganyika
- e. I'll never graduate anyway
- f. I don't know what I'm doing

(Note: If you have any reason we haven't heard yet, write us a separate 25,000-word essay. We probably won't believe you.)

**17. The following questions are little tests to see whether you are resourceful, clever and sneaky:**

- A. You are just returning from a delightful romp in a clear jungle pool in blackest Africa, when an odd sort of Englishman confronts you on the path and says, "Dr. Livingston, I presume?" Would you:
  - a. Tell him he had the wrong address?
  - b. Tell him yes, your name was Livingston, and ask if he had heard any good elephant jokes lately?
  - c. Turn him over to the Mau Maus as a peace offering from the Kennedy administration?
- B. You are making adobe bricks in Xopticlatl, Peru, and having a bad time of it. While drying, your bricks always sink in the middle. Would you:
  - a. Try yeast?
  - b. Write to Washington for technical assistance?
  - c. Cement the bricks in place before they dried?
  - d. Give up and settle for a bamboo prefab job?

**18. What aspect of American life do you expect to miss most while overseas?**

- a. Your blanket.
- b. Student Union film classics.
- c. The prestige of your ROTC uniform.
- d. Other (We hope!)

**GOOD FOR YOU!** You have just finished the first step toward becoming a bronzed, bearded, experienced leader of men, tamer of animals and battler for imperialistic freedom. Now roll your application up, bind it with a thong, and send it along to Piece Corpse, Washington 25, D.C.

We'll call you as soon as we establish a beachhead somewhere. Hang Loose!

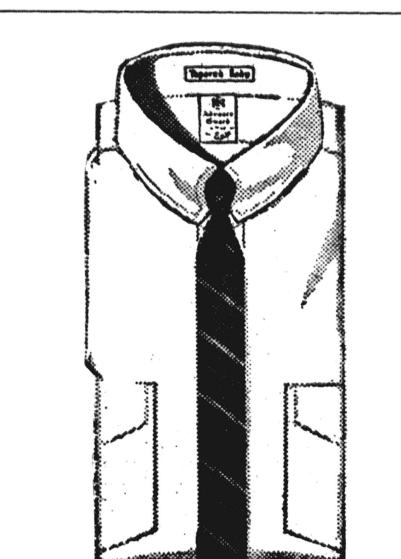


*"Let's quit fighting between ourselves — If we work this thing right, we both can be deans."*

*Mo Mule Sez -  
Only 56 days'til  
the next issue of  
**SHOWME***



*So -  
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# Contributor's Page



*Steve Dansker*

Steve Dansker came to Mizzou after a two-year hitch at Ohio State, where he was a staff member of "Sundial," the campus humor magazine.

He walked into the Showme office with a broom, and he's been cleaning up ever since, and he's been selling our ads ever since, and he's been managing our circulation and our business ever since, and he was circulation director for the *Maneater* for awhile, and he was house manager for last year's student musical "Bye Bye Birdie," and he ran a lot of errands and had a whole lot of fun, and he was in the cast of "Androcles and the Lion," and after graduation (hopefully scheduled for some time this year) he's going to take advantage of his NROTC scholarship and go to flight school at Pensacola, Florida, and he's going to fly a lot probably, and he knows Robert Stack and the Governor of Ohio and some other pretty important people, and someday he'll be an important people probably and give us the What-for and we'll say "I knew 'Skats' (that's what the janitorial staff around Read Hall calls him) Dansker when . . ." probably, and he's funny.



*Murry Unell*

It's hard to tell where Murry is most of the time. It's not because he's hard to see or anything — no — he's *great big* — but what's he doing?

Well, right now he's a junior advertising major in journalism. But before this, he was a freshman and a sophomore history, English, Latin, pre-law, and pre-seminary major in Arts and Sciences. (Something that only a native of Vinita Park, Missouri, could do!)

Murry wanted to give up school entirely so he could devote all his time to drawing up funny little cartoons and things for Showme, but we wouldn't let him quit. (We stress extra-curricular activities here on the Showme staff, and school was the extra-ist thing Murry could think of.)

He's been contributing regularly to Showme ever since it's revival (except for the time he slept through an issue last year.)

Last year, Murry was governor of Polk House. He says "I was real proud of that and I got to see how campus politics really work. Now I hate campus politics."



*Bev Yuchs*

This is Bev Yuchs. She is our Girl Friday. She does everything. The SHOWME staff voted her "Girl We'd Most Like to be Cast Away With".

Our Girl Friday drifted into Missouri and was washed upon the J-school shore (where most people are lost at sea anyway). But she's not lost at sea — in fact, if she ever figures out where she lives or what she does or what her major is, she'll wind up somewhere . . .

Since she's been at Mizzou, she's already wound up in a lot of places. She wound up in the chorus of "Bye Bye Birdie" last year. She wound up dancing in Carousal Nightclub last year. She wound upon the Savitar Photography staff. She wound up as social chairman for the current Gamma Phi Beta pledge class. She is very class-conscious (She writes poems in class. She also talks in riddles). And she can type without looking at the keyboard.

Someday, if you are ever washed upon a desert island and if you see a girl dancing, pen and ink in hand, over to a typewriter, and if her words rhyme, it's our Girl Friday . . .



Happiness is finding Miss Mizzou at  
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(in the Commons)



SHOES BY JARMAN

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