

Showme

SPRING - 1963



JOE JAHRAUS
'63



Answer: University Book Store

**Question: Where does every sharp co-ed shop?
Opening June 10 in the Commons Building**

In This Issue

SHOWME AND ME by ron powers THE PERILS OF PERCIVAL by paul hirth and jerry goe A MODERN-DAY FOLK ANYTHING by tell neff JOHN BIRCH MAP OF A STATE UNIVERSITY by glenn d. harbison MIZZOU PRIMER by frank weltner and mike miner PINUPS! by gary zumwalt and bob wilson SHOWME TRAVEL GUIDE by linda boeser and larry roth FUN AND GAMES FOR CULTURE VULTURES plus ORIGINAL CARTOONS by joe jahraus, ron powers and murray unell

ABOUT THE COVER:

It's cool.

And, by Job, it's by Joe. Joe Jahraus that is.

We asked Joe to draw it — no strings attached. But Joe drew all but one of the characters with strings. (on their square hats). Actually, they're wearing stolen fall-out shelter signs glued to skull caps.

That distinguished looking gentleman is testing the political winds which blow toward

M.U. from Jeff City every two years. They're good winds we hope, and that's why all the students are smiling.

M.U. students have lots to smile about. We have a great football team, a mall, and even, handball courts! If you want to read more about the handball courts — glance inside.

Actually, Showme's are better than 'fall-out shelter' signs for graduation. They don't deteriorate.



This is the last Showme of the 1963 school year.

No, no.

I fear it is true, son. What few missives were received, arrived at room 302 of Read Hall.

Oh, father, father.

I do not know that anything was reprinted, but if it was let us hope the editors were informed beforehand, as state the rules.

Oh, no, father, no.

Advertising rates were furnished on request, though few applied, son.

Father, father, father.

And printing was discharged by the people of Modern Litho-Print Co. in Jefferson City.

Oh, oh, father.

It's all right son,. Place your head in my tunic and cry. It's all over now.

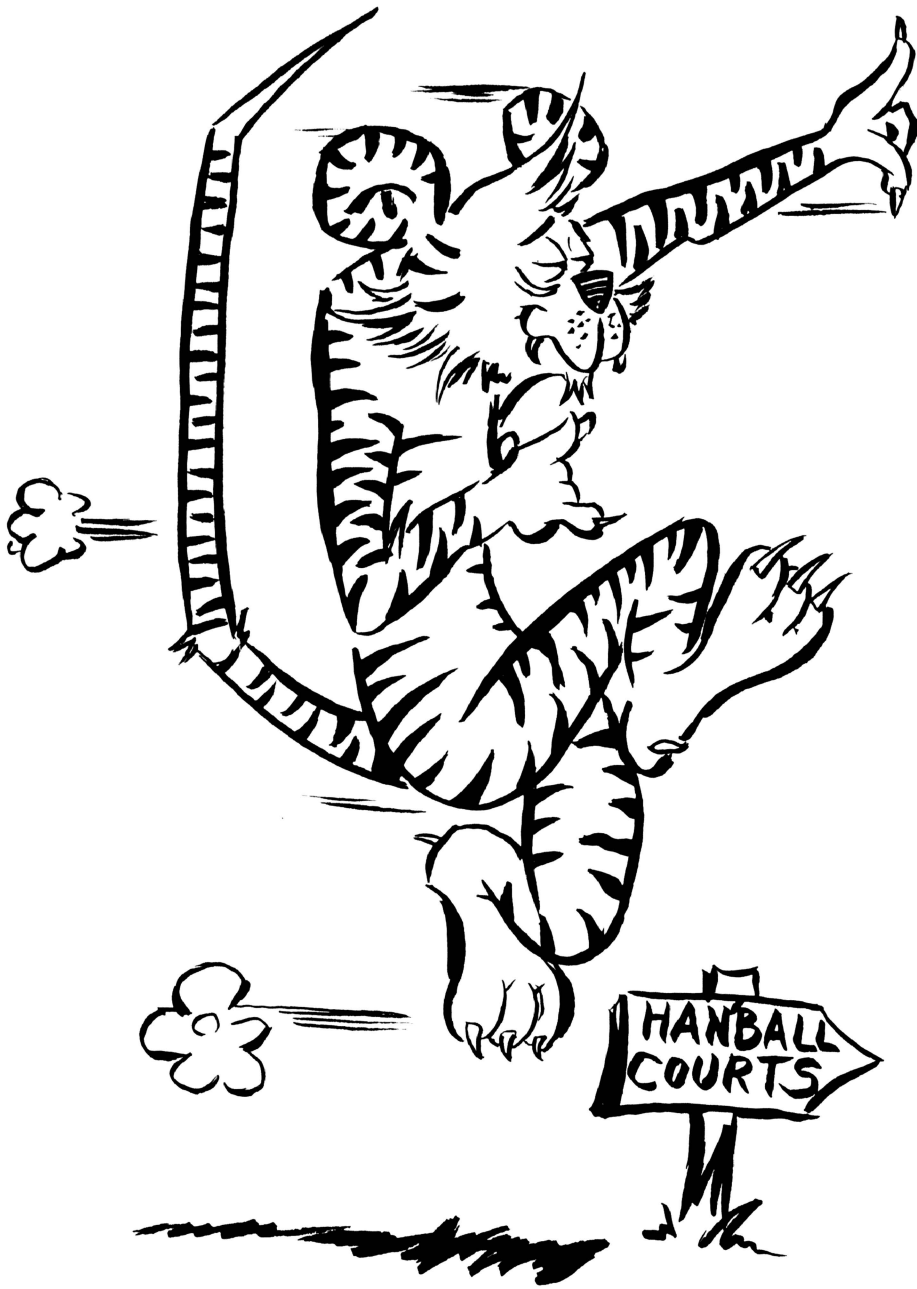
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Spence Dehart



Showme and Me

by Ron Powers

He was a little guy with lot of talk, who did a mean take-off on Shelly Ber- man, always with "I'm foine, **dank** you, **foine**," around the supper line at Graham Hall until the guys were ready to stuff all 98 pounds of him into the nearest silver- ware disposal, and his name was Phil Kranzberg (or was it — bUrg, Phil?) and one day I drew what I thought was a pretty good likeness of him and he stood on tiptoe and reached up as high as he could and tacked it to his table leg, and some guys with visions of Mo Mule twist- ing through their heads came in and saw it ('member, Fuller?) and that's how I got mixed up in this Showme deal.

Phil isn't around any more. Grades or something, I donno. But he would have been in his glory. **Showme** came back and went and came back since Phil called it a negative hour day, but the little guy was in the corner of any and everybody who even looked like they wanted to bring the mag back.

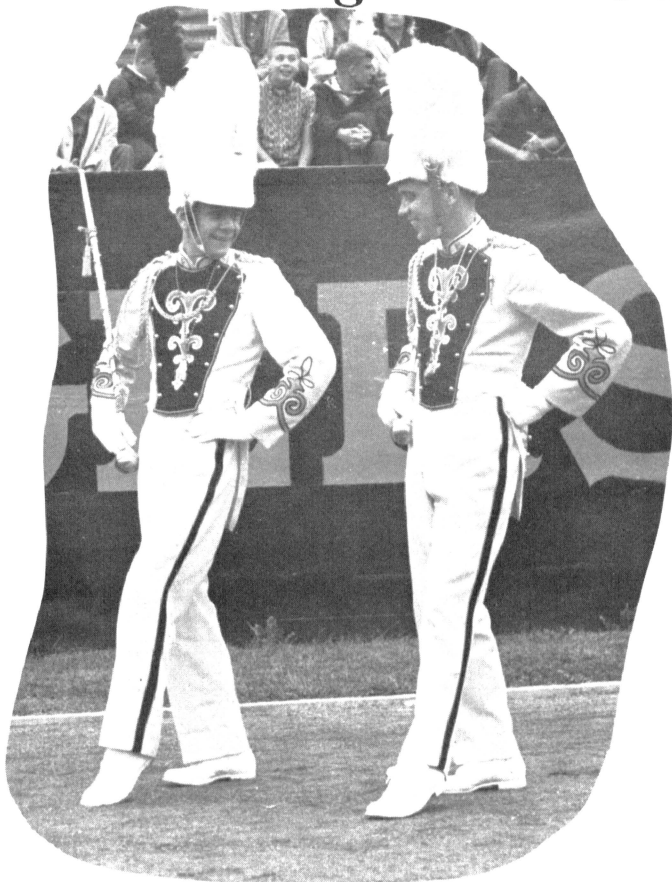
It's been four years since this guy par- layed that stray caricature into a spot on Marion Ellis' gang and later into riding shotgun for Larry Roth, who got up all the momentum for the mag's latest rein- carnation. Stops between — well, there was the pleasure of watching publicity manager Larry Fuller rise to be editor of the most professionally-published Man- eater up to that time, and there was be- ing a buddy to "Mo Mule's" creator, Joe Jahraus, and hearing Mike Miner's bad jokes during skull sessions, and — and — lots of stuff.

Lots of laughs, these four years.

This one's it. This one's the last time I get to splash an inky brush across a white piece of paper and come out with instant satire about a bunch of 100% unpredict- able, 90 proof, Tiger-touting, column- tramping, party-throwing, M-Bar hopping, test-cramming, generally unforgettable kids called M.U. students.

This one's for you, Phil.

What's Going on in the Handball Courts?



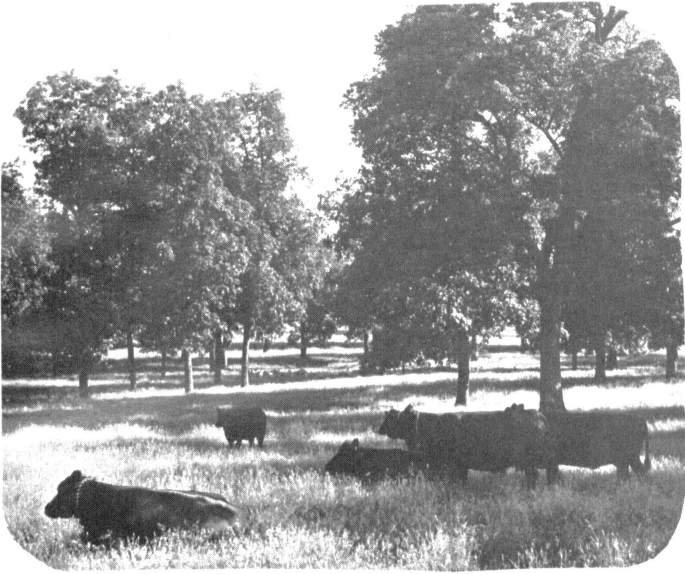
Tonight at the Handball Courts?



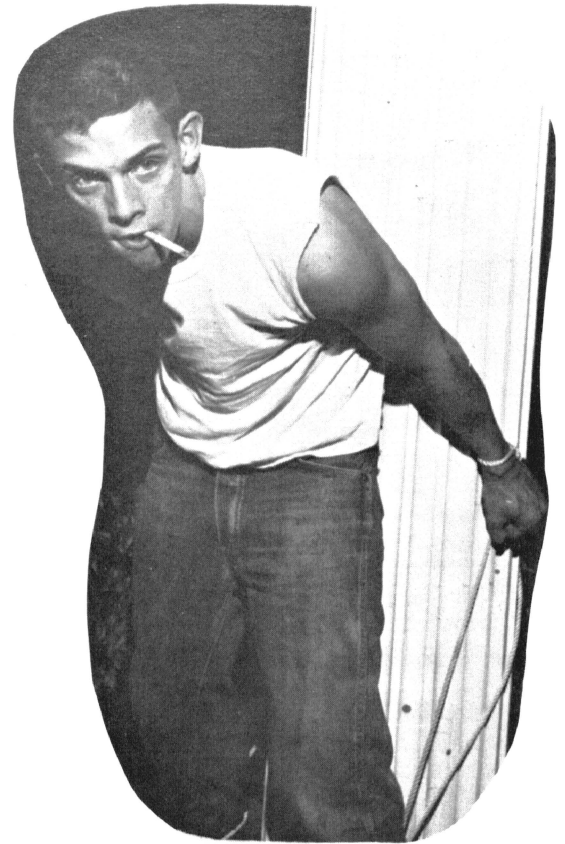
But I don't want to go to the handball courts!



We'd better check out the handball courts tonight.



At the handball courts. Pass it on.



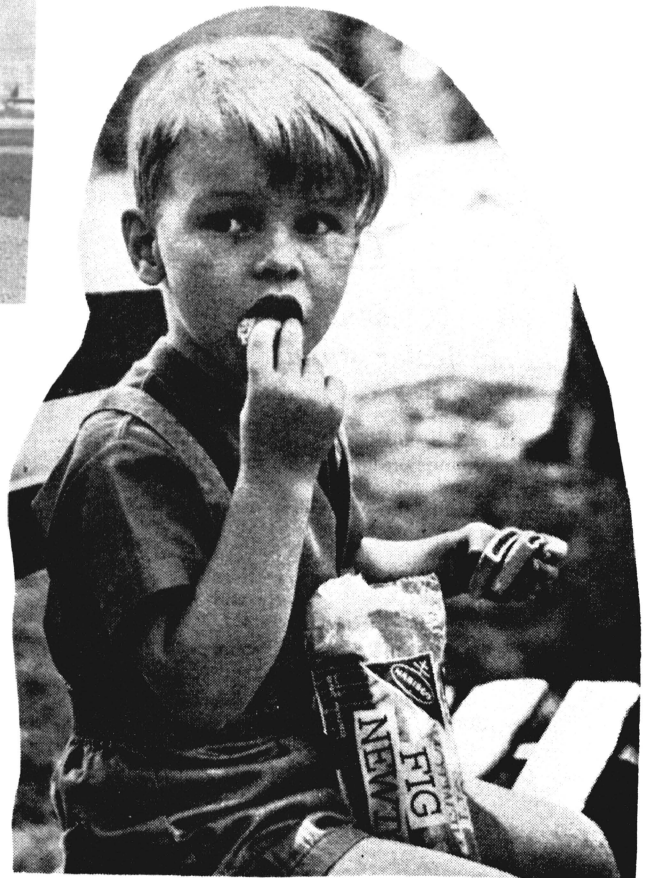
I've got to get to the handball courts!

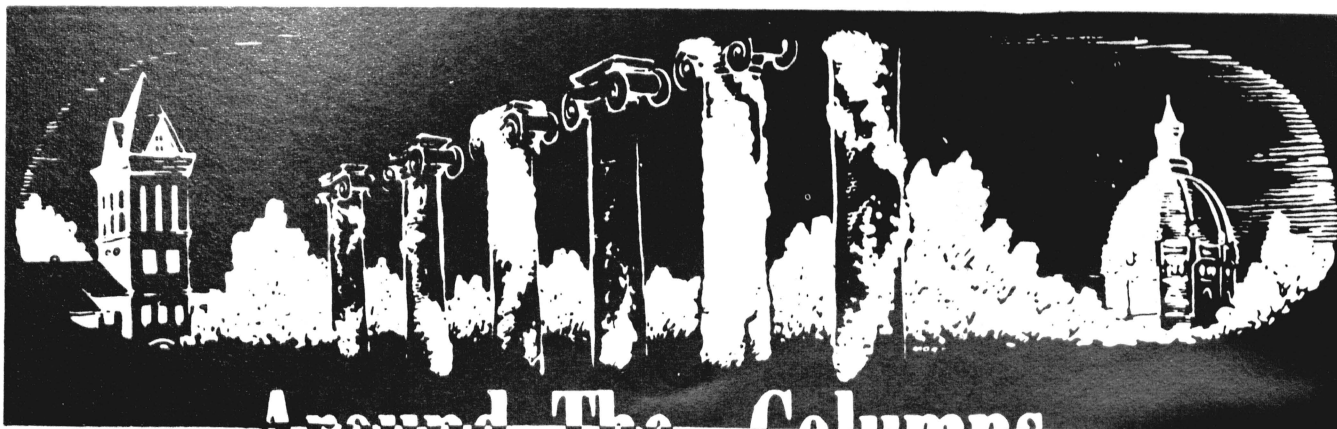


Gad! Look what they're doing over in the handball courts!

photos courtesy of Savitar

FREE FIG NEWTONS AT THE HANDBALL COURTS!





Around The Columns

Every year at graduation time I think of Simon Twilly, the greatest of us all.

Simon was, to begin with, a straight-A student. Each semester he carried 28 hours with a double major in pre-med and thermohis-trionics. In his spare time, he liked to write sonnets in Russian.

Nonetheless, this imposing intel-lect was also a student leader of the first rank. He was president of MSA, IFC and CORE, captain of the football team, soloist with University Singers and a behind-the-scenes Big Mover of the Man-eater staff.

Each year he received an invita-tion to accompany the Yale Rus-sian Chorus on his zither. The most amazing feat of his extra-curricu-lar career, however, was winning the Union ping-pong tournament, chess tournament and quiz bowl finals, playing them all simultane-ously.

Because of his intrinsic excel-lence, Simon was so loaded down with honorary gold chains that he was somewhat hampered in the pursuit of his hobbies of building model railroads and cross-breed-ing goldfish. His wall was one sol-id plaque.

All these honors would turn the head of a lesser man, but Simon maintained the same convivial re-lationship with ordinary students as his roomie, an education major with a 1.98 accum. They used to love to engage in harmless pleas-antries at the expense of an un-wary library guard, or lure Dairy Dan into stopping beside the hot air register in front of the Stu-

dent Union. As you can see, Si-mon Twilly was a Good Fellow and a Right Guy.

He was also in love. Since the first grade he had carried on an honorable but profound affair with Clarissa Tandy, who was president of Pan-Hel, vice-presi-dent of MSA, Phi Beta Kappa, Kappa Epsilon Alpha, Hi Upper Strata, etc. ad nauseam. She, like Simon, was about to graduate.

The administration was in a panic. The president knew that when this team graduated, the scholastic standing of the Univer-sity would fall at least three notches. The dean knew that stu-dent leadership would cease to ex-ist. The football coach knew that Simon had 59 minutes of game eligibility left for the next season — 59 minutes that he had man-aged to keep his star on the bench during the precarious moments of last season's games when the team

was only ahead by scores like 45 to 4 and 23 to minus 7.

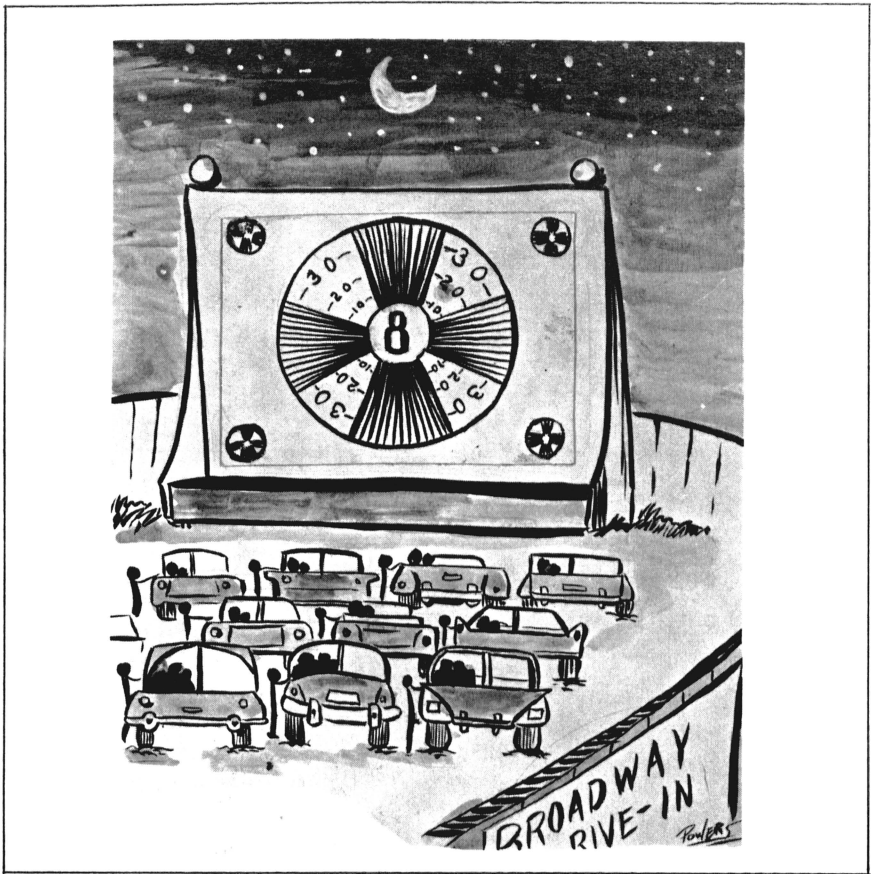
Obviously, the graduation pro-ceedings had to be stopped. The Student-Faculty Committee on Stu-dent-Faculty Committees set up a Special Committee on Unreal Stu-dents. The committee spent long nights scrutinizing Simon's tran-script, Clinic records, car registra-tion and other data, looking for something that would prevent the loss of this valuable student who made so many Missouri taxpayers feel that the University was useful after all.

Whilst they scrutinized, new rules were passed lest Simon should get wind of what the com-mittee was doing and leave the University prematurely. Negative hours were established to make sure he came back from spring va-cation, and girls' closing hours and room-checks were set up to stop any eloping action on the part of Simon and Clarissa. Spies were everywhere — the shuttle bus driver, the fountain cleaners, the free-cigarette-passers-outers and the University cashiers were all in-structed to keep an eye on Simon.

By May 8, the committee had found Simon's English I instruc-tor, Rocky Balewulf, a hapless, starving soul with eight children and a three-room apartment in University Village. Ah, what pres-sures were brought to bear! What promises of tenure and ideal sched-uling! We do not wish to imply hanky-panky on the part of the ad-ministration, but three days later the instructor announced that in reviewing the records he had found a grading mistake and Si-mon had flunked the course! Some-how his grade had been mixed up



(Cont'd on page 10)



"Got a match?"



"Good grief! We've got the same thing as the Student Union film classic!"

(Cont'd from Page 8)

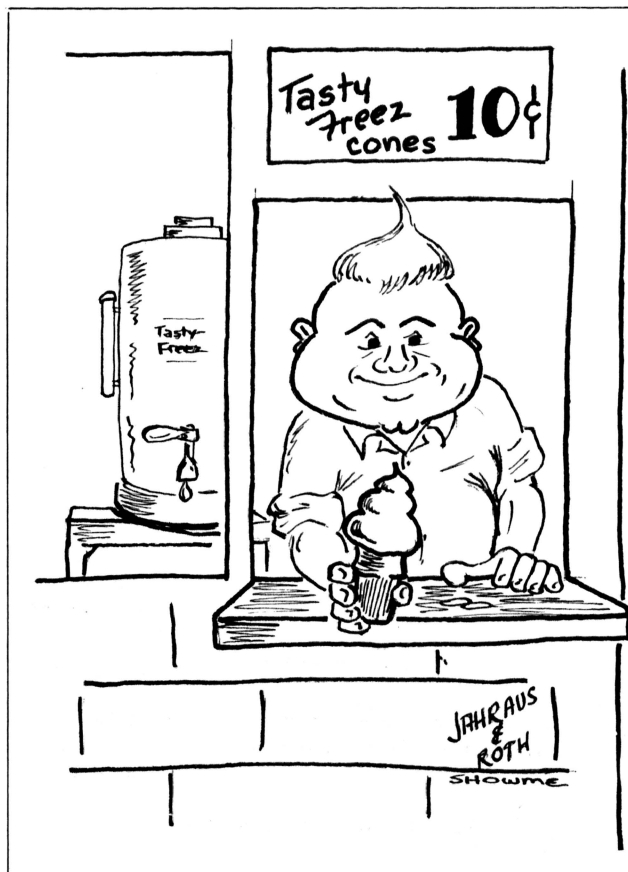
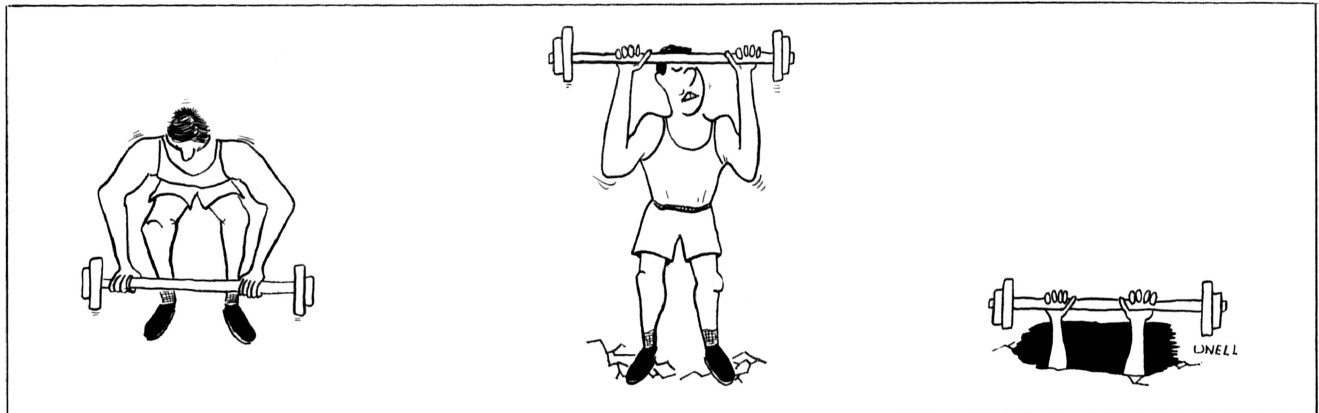
with that of another student, Eugene Phfrunmft, who is now a hod carrier in Centralia. Simon should have had an F, and Eugene an A.

In a well-pondered decision, the Committee on Reconsidered Accreditation decided that afternoon that Simon should be given credit in neither English I nor in any of the courses for which it was a prerequisite. Thus, in one fell swoop, Simon lost 148 credit hours and 2,034 honor points.

The president applauded such efficient administration. The dean told Simon it was truly an unfortunate experience, but he hoped Simon wouldn't be discouraged by small setbacks. The football coach drooled. Full Professor Balewulf muttered something about Sartre was undoubtedly right. Simon flung himself from the Union tower into Hinkson Creek, where he died from food poisoning. Clarissa, heartbroken, joined Angel Flight.

When the smoke had cleared, the Committee on Unreal Students

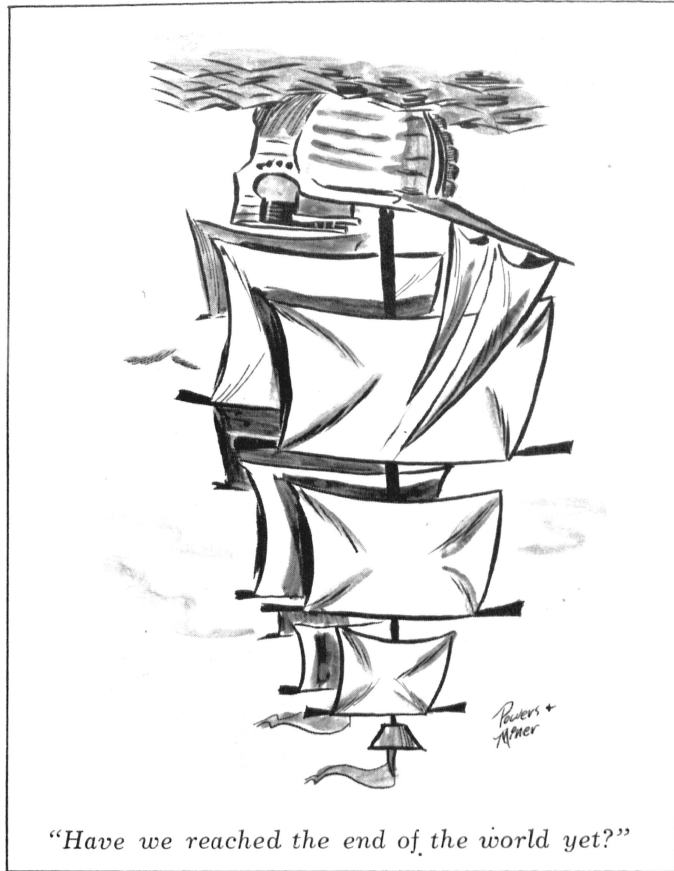
feared that perhaps it had defeated its own purpose. But not so; the following semester Simon's brother, Nelson Twilly, fought his way through registration and showed enough ability to run intellectual, athletic and social circles around his deceased kin. With the position of the University thus assured for at least four years, the Columbia City Council laid claim to the title "Educational Center of the Midwest" and hung a placard in the local bus station to commemorate the event.—L.R.



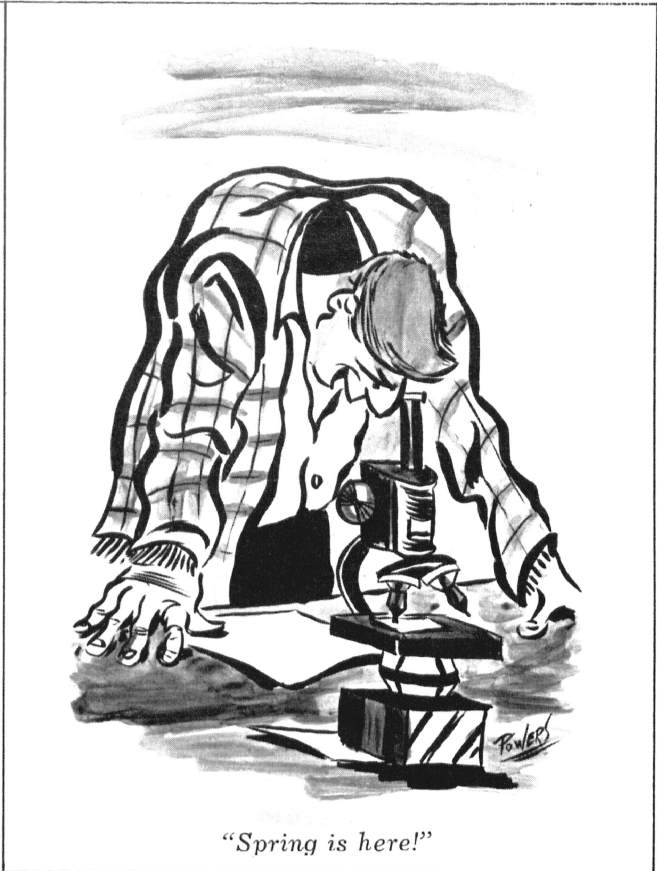
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you feel drowsy while driving, working or studying, do as millions do . . . perk up with safe, effective NoDoz tablets. Another fine product of Grove Laboratories.



"Have we reached the end of the world yet?"



"Spring is here!"

GANT

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HUGGER**

Cool, crisp batiste oxford in a short sleeved button-down with trim tapered-body. It makes a handsome shirt for summer wearing.

Wool Brothers
COLUMBIA, MISSOURI

Educational
Television

"Homework?"

THE PERILS OF PERCIVAL

An Educational Feature
by Paul Hirth and Jerry Goe

Even a humor magazine must have its serious moments. We felt ourselves obligated to include an example of the education of a typical freshman at the University, and with unbelievable luck (and no little skill) we were able to find a typical freshman — Percival Huxley. We found a "theme" from his first English course, and another from his second. Surprisingly enough, he improved; not very surprisingly, he didn't improve enough. Let his words speak from themselves.

Percival Huxley
English 1
November, 1962

"THE KEYS TO THE FUTURE or THE CHALLENGE OF HOPE FOR WORLD PEACE!"

In this theme I'm going to attempt to show the only road left open for twentieth century man to tread.

As my Junior English Instructor in High School so aptly put, "Disarmament is the only answer, unless of course we're forced into a war." This is precisely why I came to college to study Political Science so I could carry this message to the leaders of the world and tell them how foolish it is to pollute the atmosphere and the universe for that matter with aimless and frugal testing.

I've quite a lot of cognizance of the fact that this is not going to be any easy row to hoe.

All right thinking public spirited citizens who love their country. And I agree! However this imparts no really great change in the complexion of things. Unless, however, the situation is blemished by the appearance of a, heretofore unaccounted, for circumstance, as hereinafter contained--Nicht wahr? This simply to say that if you can't find your field don't plow it or in layman's terms to abort a syllogism if the sock fits its probably yourselves's.

All the however, proceeding is of very little if not no immediate essence to the current problem of making an a priori value judgement; unless, of, course one broadens one's horizons by often taking from one's otherwise dusty shelf one's beloved Odes of Aeschylus and theirfrom abstaining for mediation the inspiring couplet:

Awake! for Morning in the Bowl of Night
Moves on; nor all thy piety nor wit
Lift not thy Hands to It for help--for it
Better than the Temple lost outright
For it was hours before the land
Was bought for twenty-four dollars.

In conclusion I can only repeat the vey famous words of the immortal philosopher in his play by the same name Julius Caesar, "Here I Stand!"

Percival Huxley
English 2
April, 1963

"NOBEL AND SOUR GRAPES; A Critical Evaluation Of Grapes Of Wrath"

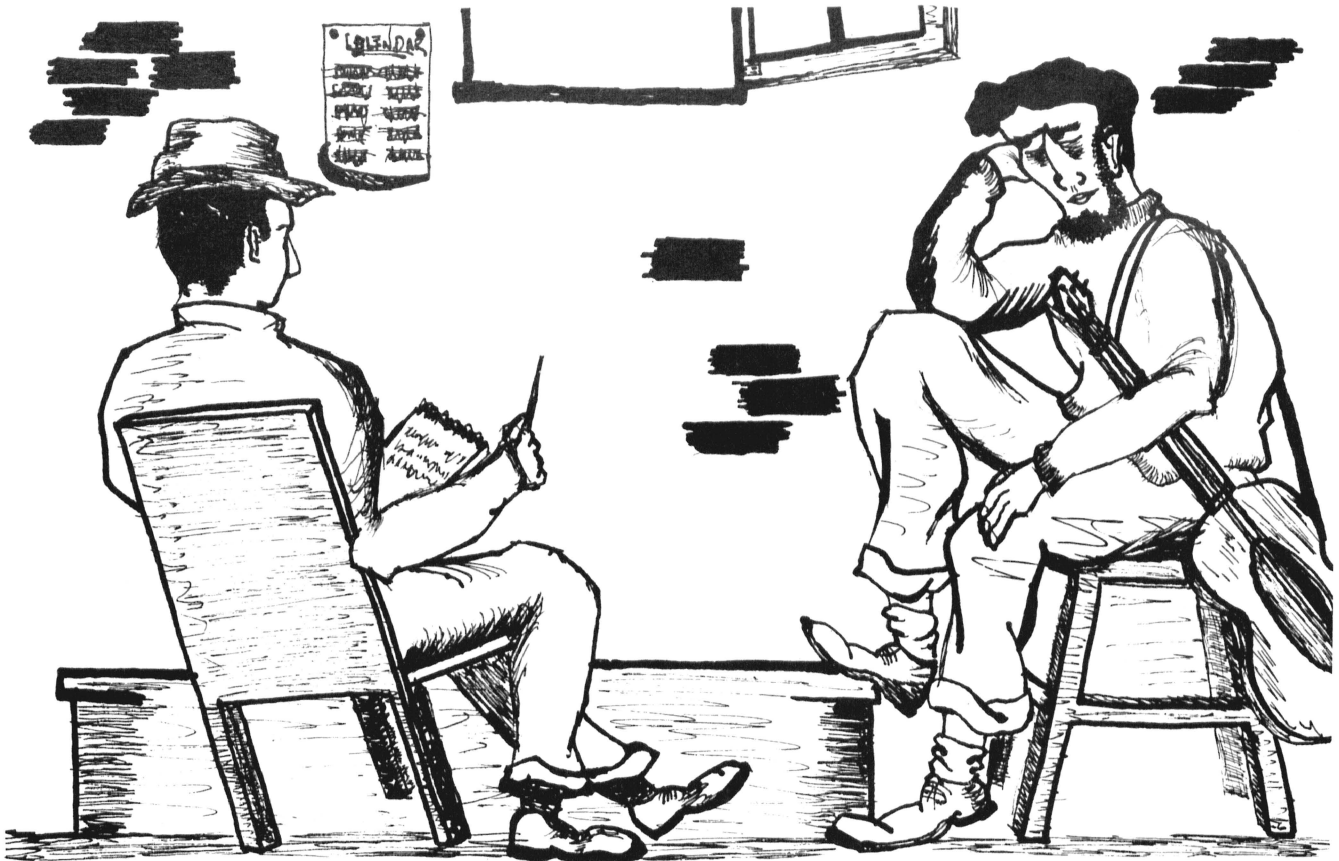
America's beloved and still living novelist having finally duly received a noble (no pun intended) token of his true worth, it becomes both fitting and proper that said author's most beloved and ubiquitous work be herein critically evaluated altruistically, and distinctly non-sycophanously, no?

Grapes of Wrath begins, unostentatiously enough, with Henry Fonda walking down a dusty road. From this to the final efficacious moment, a feverish pitch is kept up, largely through the use of such rabidly descriptive adjectives as "awestruck", "putty-like", "double", "panoramically", "slavishness", etc. This, however, for Steinbeck, is only a beginning, for he continues with dramatic nouns, such as "bucket", "implements", "breast", "tractors", "oranges", etc. His magnanimous use of verbs expresses his meaning succinctly, exempli gratia, "goaded", "scratched", "fathered", "scairt", "hated", "roiled", "mashed", etc. Indeed, his entire syntactical structure cannot be excelled in modern literature. His longer forms are even more sanguinely effective, for example his phrase embodying the essence of the form of structure correlation, "Got no husband, got no milk, just got the sun in the mornin' and the moon at night." Having such an egregious command of the verbal form of expression, how can such an author such as Steinbeck escape such a widely held honor such as the Nobel?

Regurgitating the preceding, certainly it would seem that Steinbeck shall be eternally ranked in the pavilion of the greats along with Sophocles, Goethe, James, Joyce, Spillane, and Joel Chandler Harris. Indeed, to quote the immortal and beloved Plato (Republic, III, 397), "Whereas the other requires all sorts of harmonies and all sorts of rhythms, if the music and style are to correspond, because the style has all sorts of changes."

As far as my own opinion is concerned, I liked the book.

A Modern-Day Folk Anything



by Tell Neff

“Gosh, blast!” I said (to myself of course) throwing my record player into the corner. “I’m awful tired of just reading about folk singers on the back of album covers and stuff. I’m gonna find me a real folk singer and see if what they say is really true — about the motivation an’ all, I mean.”

It was with great anticipation, then, that I cornered Sol Weetahba in the back room of a quiet hang-out on the Strollway. Sol was tuning his guitar. The atmosphere was perfect. The afternoon sun accentuated the sips of pipe smoke curling to the ceiling

and turned Sol’s majestic beard a deep auburn.

“Well, uh . . . Sol . . . where to begin, huh?”

Plunk.

“That’s beautiful, Sol. Whadaya call it?”

“That’s an Ab min 7 b5. I always find that it ‘sets the pace’ so to speak, *ne croyez-vous pas?*”

“What?”

“I said ‘*Ne croyez-vous pas.*’”

I found out later that the “in” folk singers usually have knowledge of at least one foreign language. Enough, anyway, to throw

in a few phrases and an occasional ballade.

“Well, uh, Sol, I’ve been, uh . . . wondering about a lot of things (cough) er, ah . . . misconceptions that is . . . er, I wonder about this motivation angle and all, uh . . . do you have to be in a certain mood and all to . . . er . . . function best-er-better, and all? Er.”

Plunk.

“And maybe you could . . . ah fill me in a little on this history angle. I’ve been wondering about it, sort of.”

Twang.

"Sol?"

"Huh? Oh, yeah, sure. Be glad to. Yes, motivation and history are essential. Yes, *definitely*."

"Well, ah, how about the monetary side. Do you . . . er . . . aspire, so to speak, for pecuniary advantages, to coin an old phrase, or . . . uh, are you in it, for (cough) personal satisfaction or what?"

"Yes, it has that, too." Plunk-plunk-plunk-plunk-plunk.

"That's beautiful, Sol."

"Yes, it is rather, isn't it?"

"Well, uh (cough) could you maybe-er, that is to say, are you in the, ah, mood for a tune? (cough)"

"Yes, definitely. What did you have in mind? Whatever it be, however, prepare to be inspired to go out and do many worthwhile and fruitful things for only therein do we as folksingers find reimbursement."

"Well, uh, I sort of (cough) thought I'd—er—let you have

free range, to quote a trite and somewhat-uh-idiomatic expression. But first-ah-could we . . . er . . . open a window or two? The atmosphere in here is . . . too, uh . . ."

"Very well. This is something I composed for the installation of the new water softener in Crowder Hall. It has its stems deep in the annals of Scottish history. It is a direct result of David McGavin's attempts to find a laxative effect in Scotch blends. I call it 'The White Horse Run.' Prepare!"

Sol's beard quivered with excitement, and glistened with saliva. I was tense, and prepared for anything.

(Plunk-plunk-plunk-plunk — strummm!)

"Well, now, Old Dav McGavin was a lookin',

Yessirie, he was a lookin'

(Plunky-plunk)

Hmm, mmm-mm-mmm. Hm.

Well, what was he a lookin'

fer, Billy?

Hmm? mmm-mm-mmm?

Hmm?

(Strum)

Well he was a lookin' fer a laxative Scotch blend,

Yes, a laxative Scotch blend.

Yes, he was a lookin' fer a laxative Scotch blend,

Yes, a laxative Scotch blend.

(plunkplunkplunkplunkyplunkplunky)

Well, did he ever find it,

Billy

Hmm-mm-mmm-mm?

Did he ever find it, Billy?

No."

Sol sat back, content. It was that kind of mood. No one moved. No one spoke. What was more, no one had to. Sol wiped a little trickle of perspiration from his brow and drummed on his guitar.

(tap-tap-tap-tap-tap)

The pipe smoke curled upward, and I said good-bye to Sol. As I was leaving, Sol whispered "Je t'aime."



Tomorrow

Witness the grandest spectacle on the Missouri campus. See the color and pageantry of the Student World's Fair, tomorrow on Rollins Field.

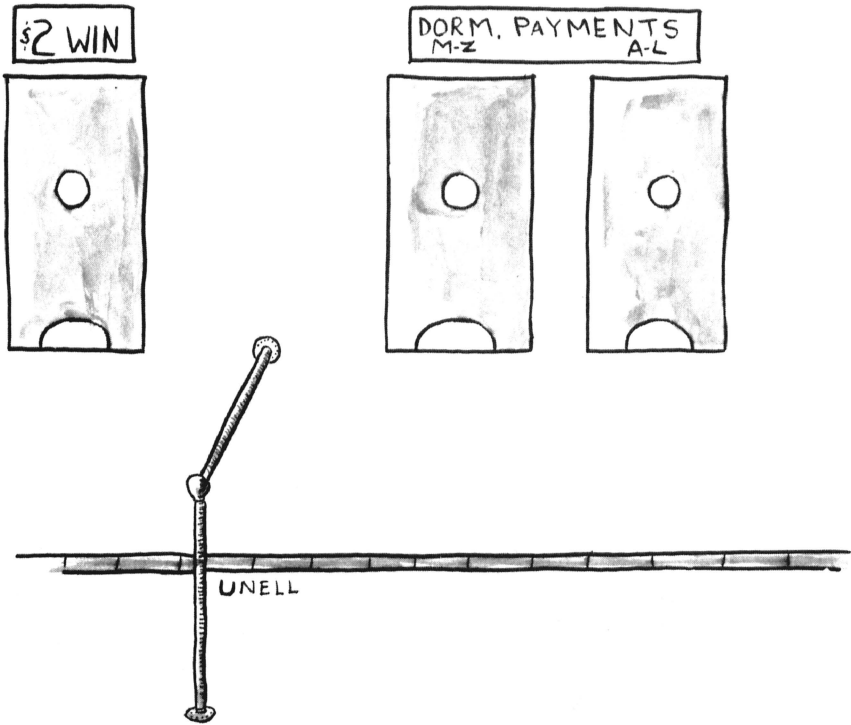
- Exciting Rides
- Carnival Booths
- International Pavilions
- Colorful Displays
- Special Entertainment

This and much more awaits you. Join the crowds for a fun-filled afternoon at the Student World's Fair.

Tomorrow - Rollins Field - noon 'til 7:00



"Opener? I thought YOU brought the opener!"



*"My feet are killin' me, man,
let's stop for a sit-in."*

PETITION NOW

FOR SHOWME

COPY EDITOR

BUSINESS MGR.

ART EDITOR

PROMOTION MGR.

SECRETARIAL STAFF

We are collecting our wits for next year, so to speak. If you write funny or draw funny or think funny or can just put in a few hours in our soon-to-be-gotten office, pick up a petition now in room 302 Read Hall.

Compliments of

PERRY CHEVROLET

Columbia, Missouri



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but they are the general rule



Weejuns are the accepted casuals on any school campus in the country. Their traditional styling makes them acceptable for every occasion except formals.*



**Psst!* BLACK Weejuns can even go there!



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LEGEND

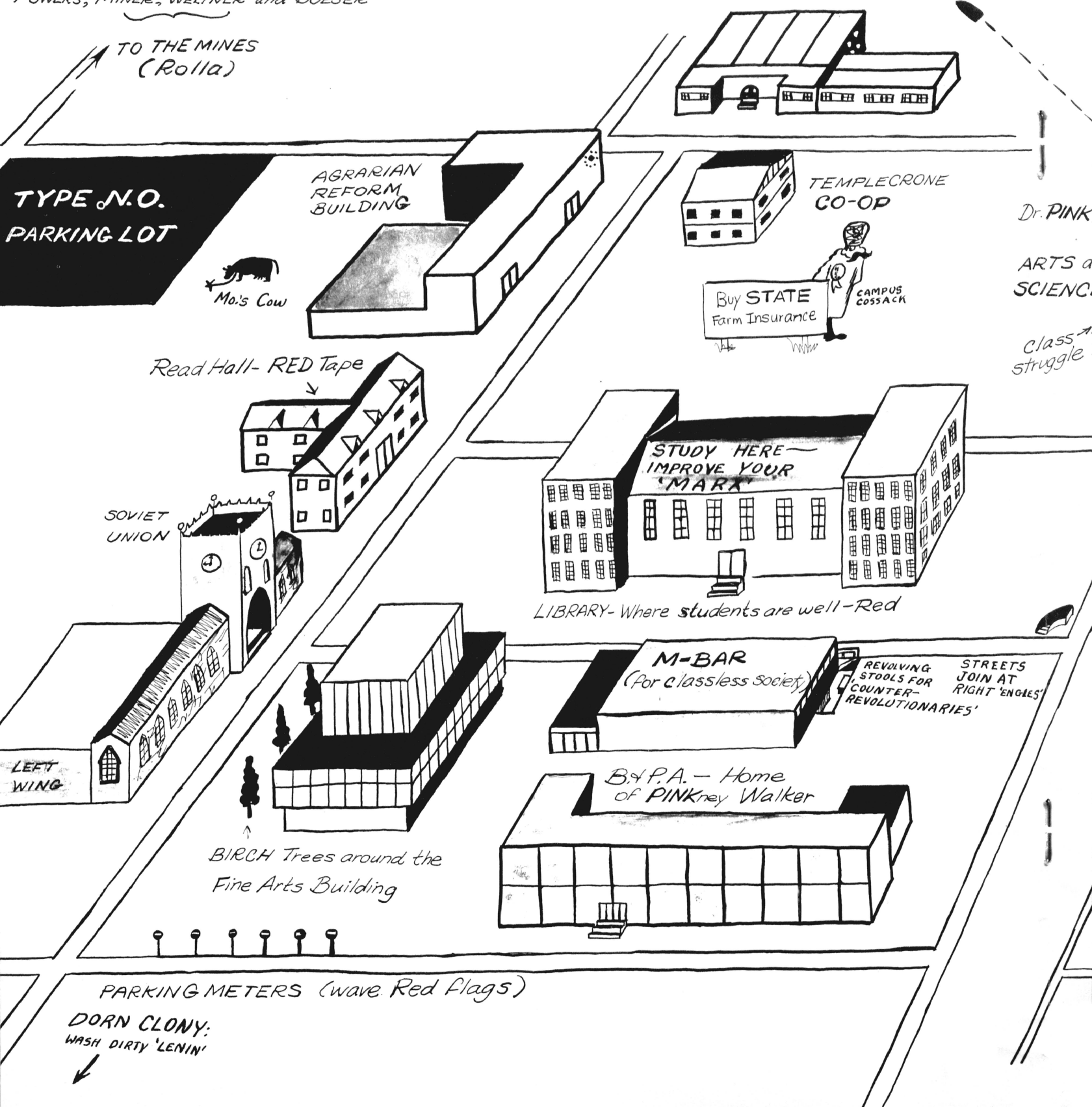
1" = 50-Mile Hike ±12 Hours

By Glenn D. Harbison

ASSISTED BY OKENFUSS, McLEISH, ROTH,
POWERS, MINER, WELTNER and BOESER

John Birch Map of a

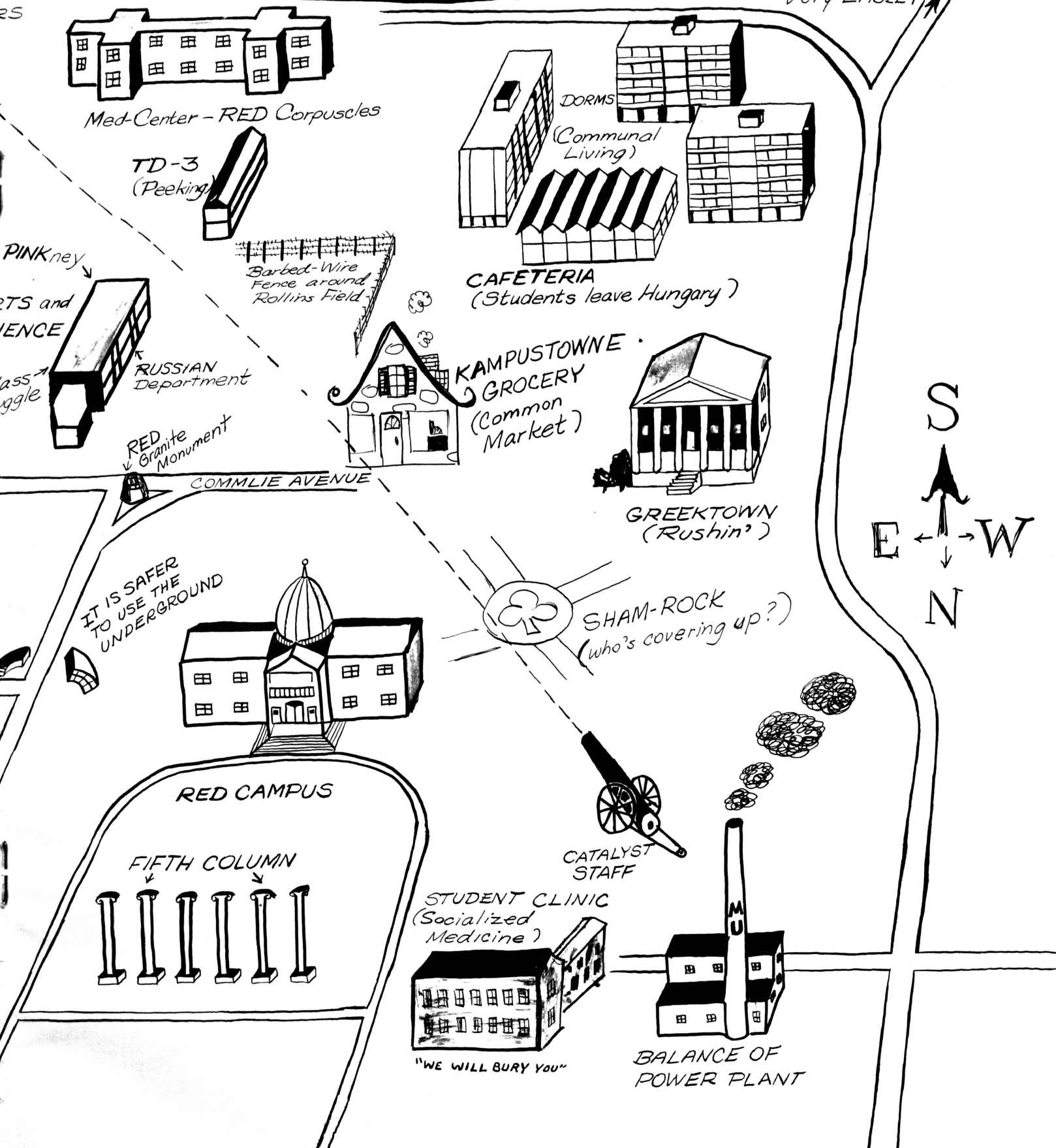
SOUTHERN GROUP SYMPATHIZERS



a State University

Board of Commissars' Four-Year Plan

This road won't take you anywhere very EASLEY





A Mizzou Primer

- A** ADVANCES Bold
Leave Co-eds Cold.

- B** In BLACKJACK'S Room
We Meet Our Doom.

- C** The Pop Is Swell
At CAROUSEL.

- D** DEVINE'S Great Fame
Lures Notre Dame.

- E** Free ENTERPRISE
'Round M.U. Dies.

- F** In College See
The Rise of FEE.

- G** The Dorm Cuisine
Could Cause GANGRENE.

- H** The HINKSON'S Got
A Parking Lot.

- I** Your I.D. Pic
Will Make You Sick.

- J** JESSE T.V.
Rates No Emmy.

- K** KAMPUSTOWNE Slowed
By Rollins Road.

- L** Speech Majors Wean
On LISTERENE.



M MANEATER Strays
To Expos.

N NEGATIVE Hours
School Spirit Sours

O OTHER Schools
Have Swimming Pools.

P This Town's the Spot
PROGRESS Forgot.

Q Where QUEUES Occur
You Register.

R ROTC Friends Play
War On Wednesday

S The Women Fair
Must No SHORTS Wear.

T TD'S Will See
Out World War III.

U UNION Just Free
For Citizenry.

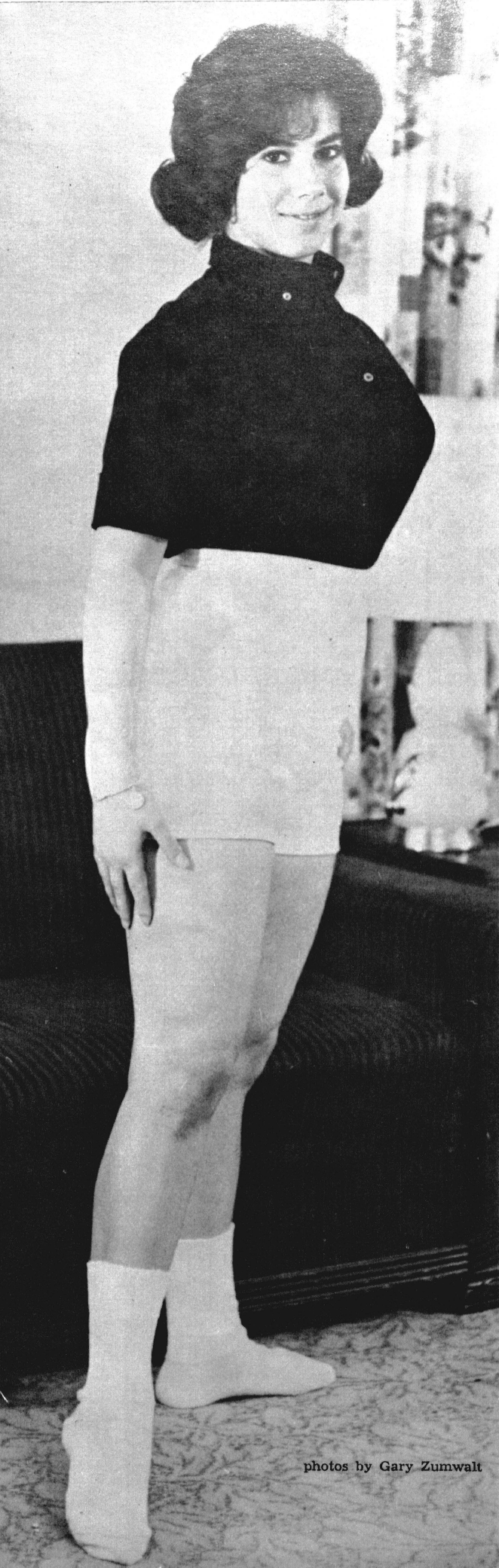
V A VALID Card
Buys More Than Lard.

W Your Books Won't Blend
With This WEEKEND.

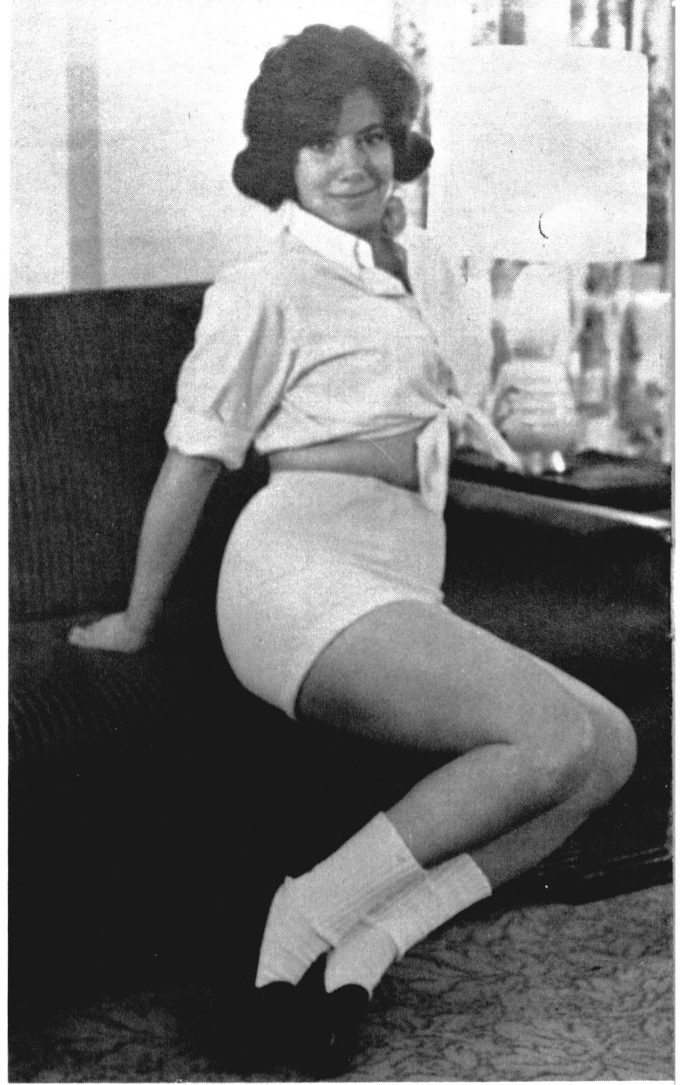
X For Primers, "X"
Has Its Defects.

Y Our YELLOW Brick
Is Not Tres Chic.

Z The Grade-Points Go
In General ZO.



photos by Gary Zumwalt



Showme's main reason for braving the trenches, dirt mountains, mud and machinery now surrounding Johnston Hall is brunette, black-eye Sue Schwartz.

Sue is a freshman from University City. She could be described as impetuous, bouncy, possessed of a huge appetite with a weakness for South African Rock Lobster, whimsical and really tough.

But why describe her? Great Ceasar's Ghost, man, we have here an abundance of photographs to do the talking. One parting observation. With our second pinup, Karen Cory, and Sue both freshmen, Dan Devine should have such a starting unit for the next three years.





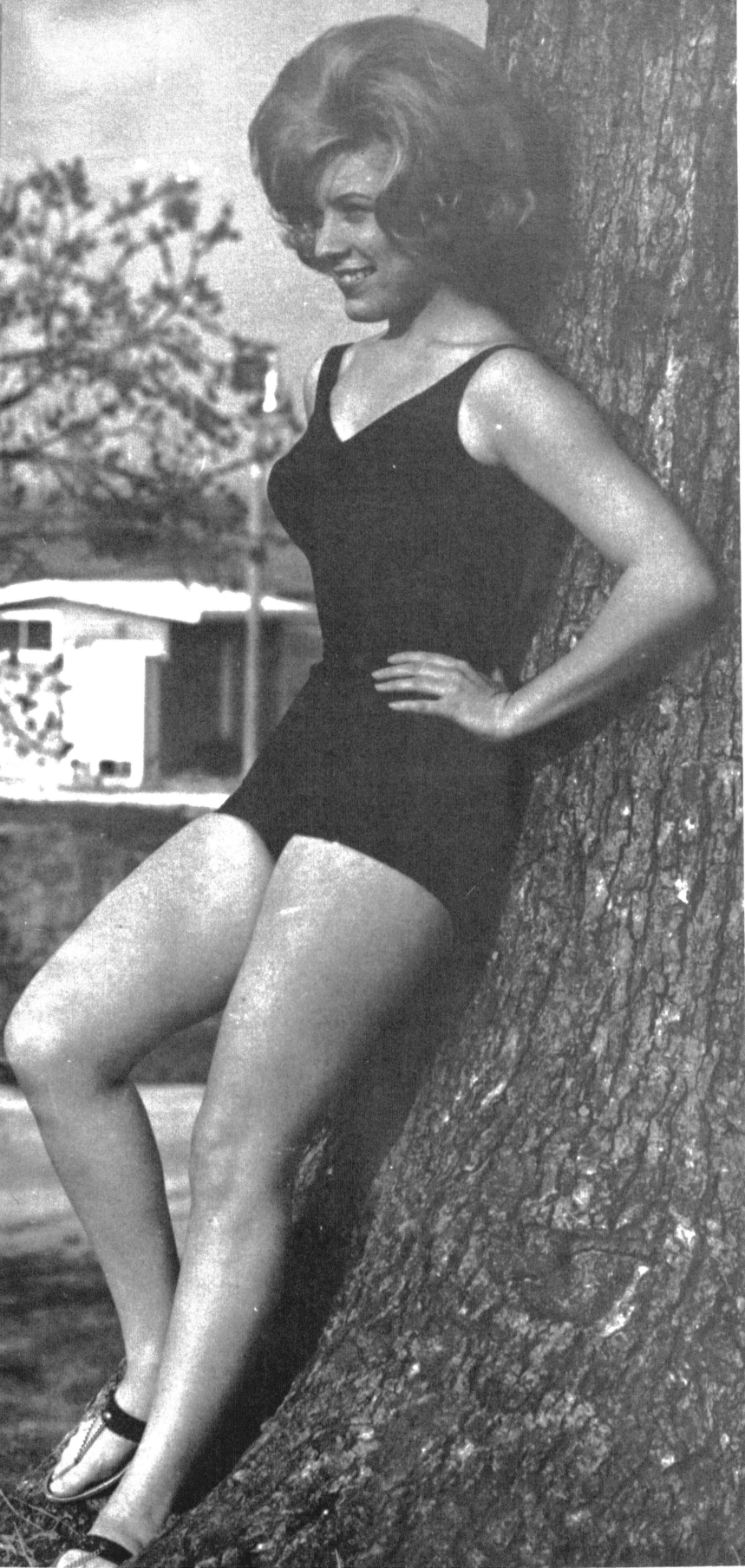
The guitar-and-stripped-shirt set certainly couldn't have the 5-4 blond illuminating these pages in mind when they belt out the lyrics, "Wake up, wake up Darlin' Cory!"

The folksingers refer to a groggy moonshiner's daughter, but her pixy-faced Tiger namesake, Karen, is one of the most wide-awake 18-year-old captivating co-eds currently cavorting on this campus.

Karen is from Quincy (to continue the alliteration), where she developed an interest in mathematics. (Statistical analysis, anyone?) She also aspired to the theater, which proved handy during last fall's Miss Mizzou skits.

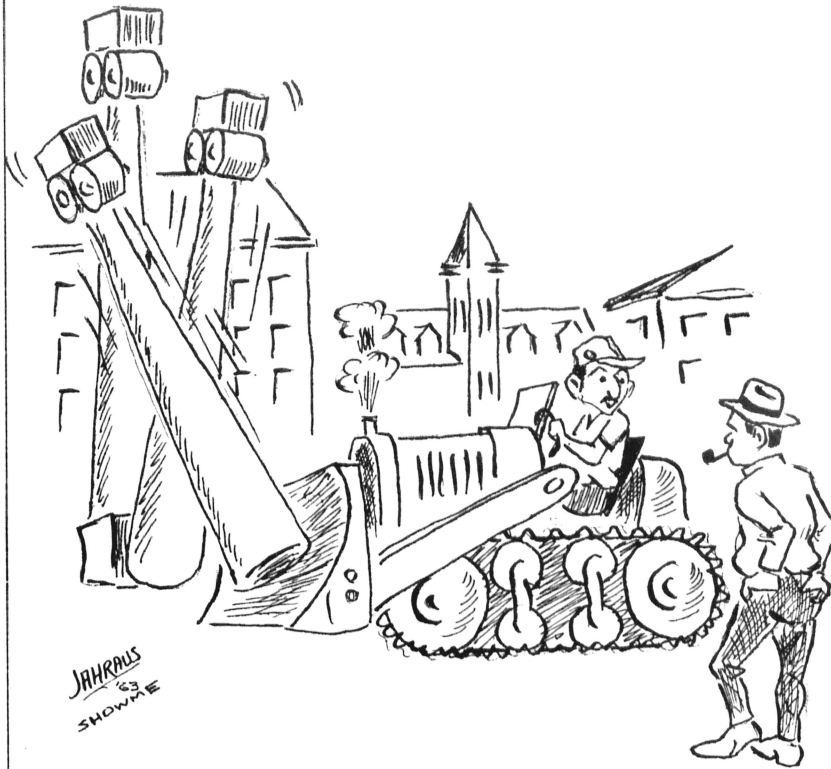
Charming a Jesse Auditorium full of appreciative M.U. men in the fall, and a campus full of Showme readers in the spring—not bad for an 18-year-old math major. (Statistical analysis, anyone?)



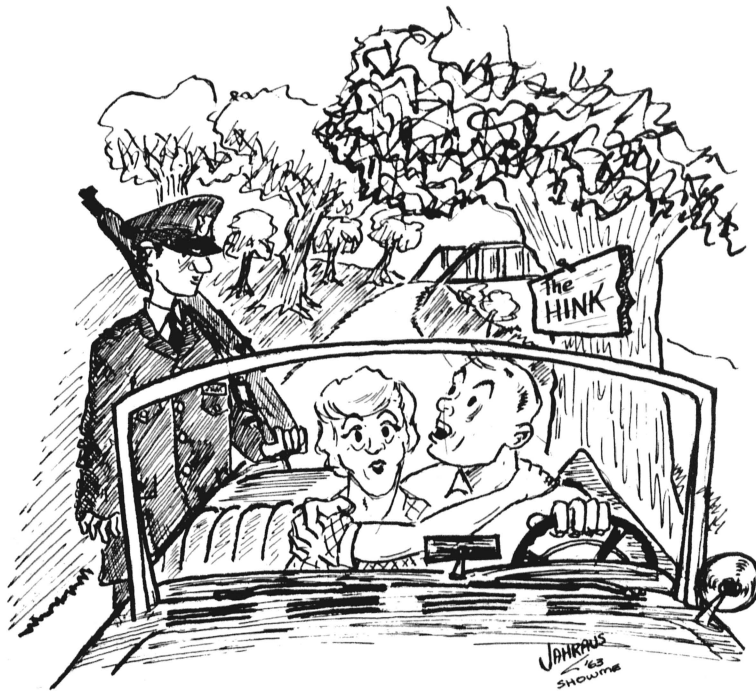


photos by Bob Wilson

Is
there
a
Jahraus
in
the
House?



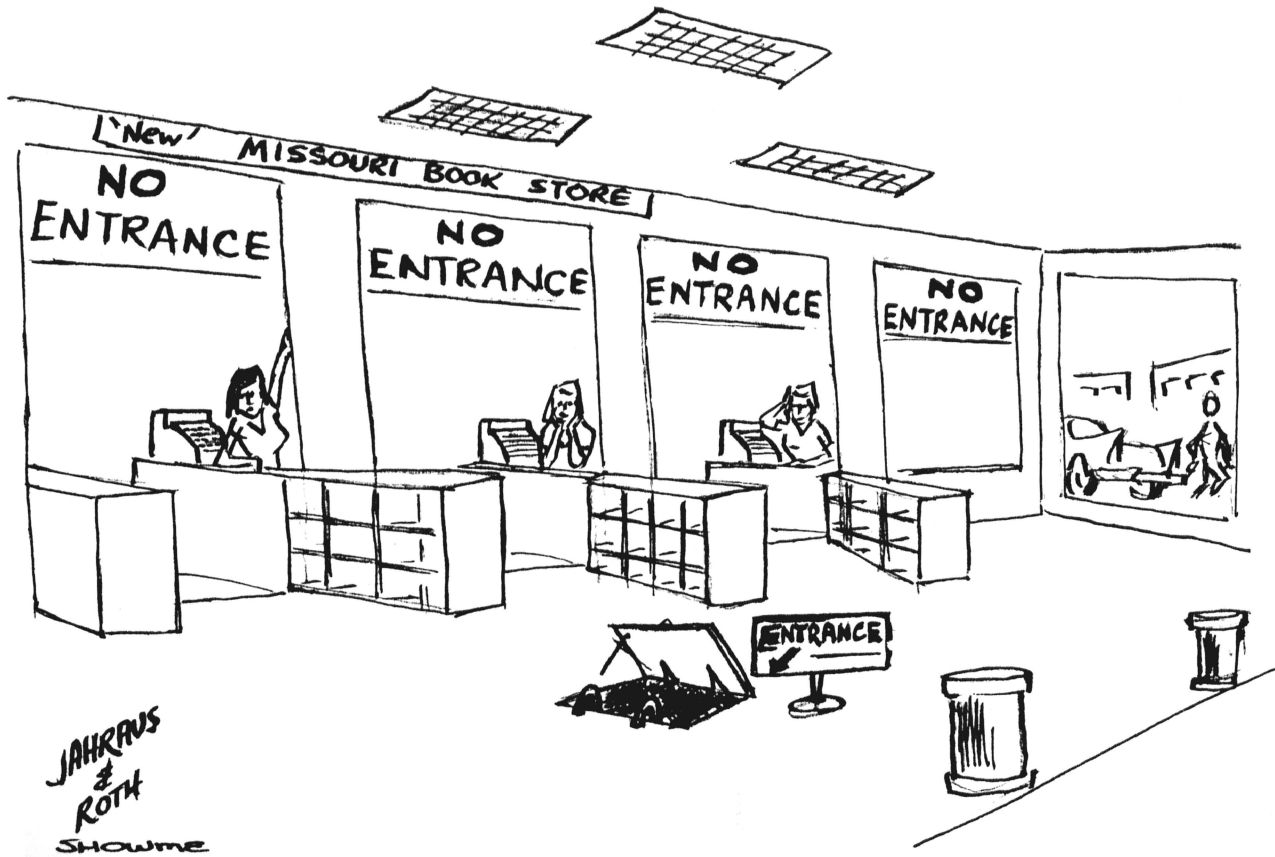
"Gonna build a new dorm hereabouts."



"Beg your pardon . . . is this Francis Quadrangle?"



"He teaches one of my educational television courses."

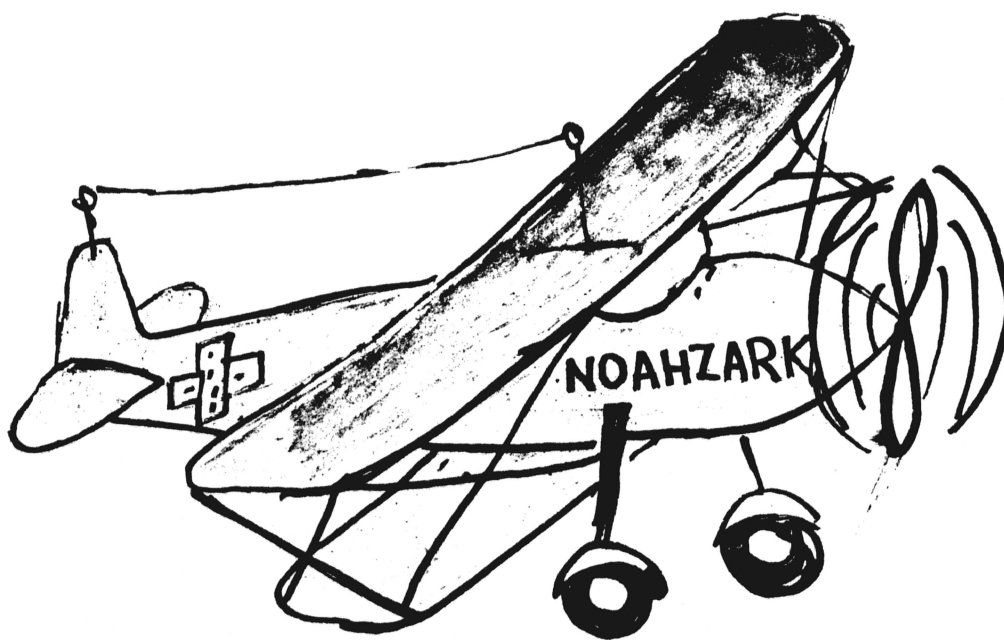


Showme

Travel

Guide

Summertime . . . so pack your yo-yo, rebel flag and stewardess, hop aboard a Noahzark Flapperjet and get set to take off for the great behind. In Noahzark you can go to any number of out-of-this-world places . . . So see your travel agent, your insurance man, your doctor, your clergyman, your family, and get set to travel!



KINGDOM CITY



City in the Clouds

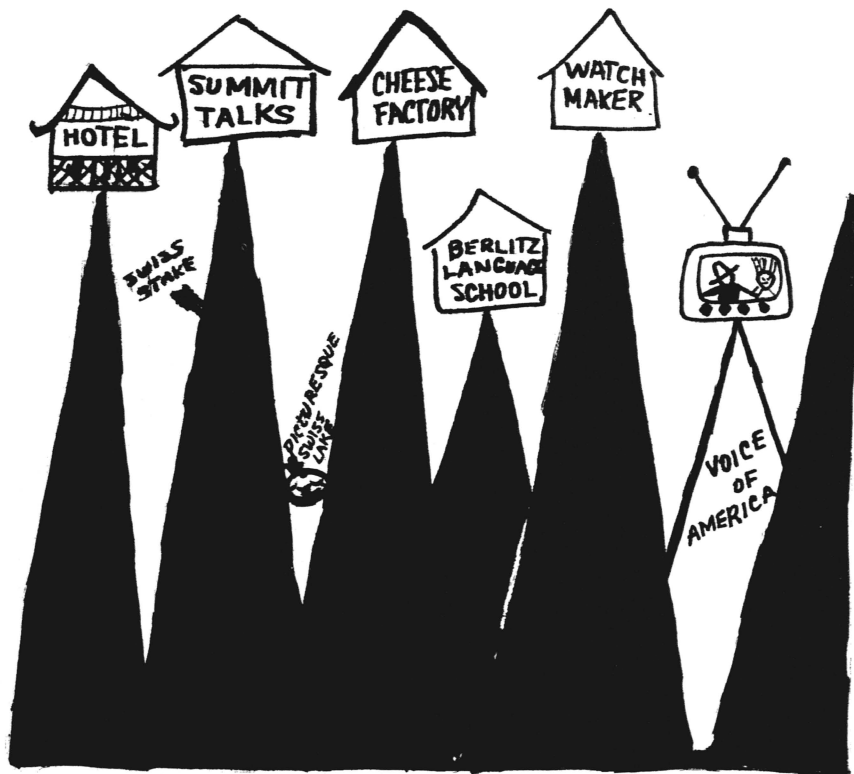
No matter where you go this summer, you'll be sure to pass through Kingdom City. This pleasant little village of home-made candy factories and policemen on bicycles will stick in your memory for a long time. The mayor, fire chief and chamber of commerce has his office in the local bus station. As you leave, you will only gasp, "Ah, what atmosphere."

"I Spent 8 Unforgettable Weeks at . . .



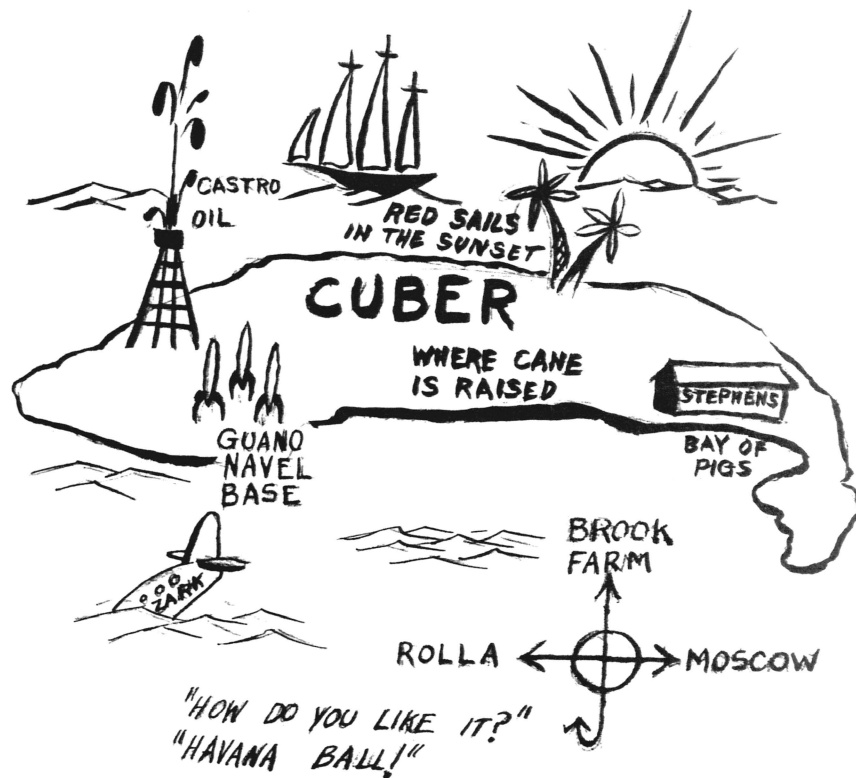
Vacation with pay. Real travel possibilities in the U. S. A. (Private, First Class, and A.W.O.L.). See a W. A. C. Bivouac. See a colorful (khaki) changing of the guard (SNAFU). Special Government tours. Real fraternity (K. I.).

*For a Treaty
instead of a Treatment*




See Geneva

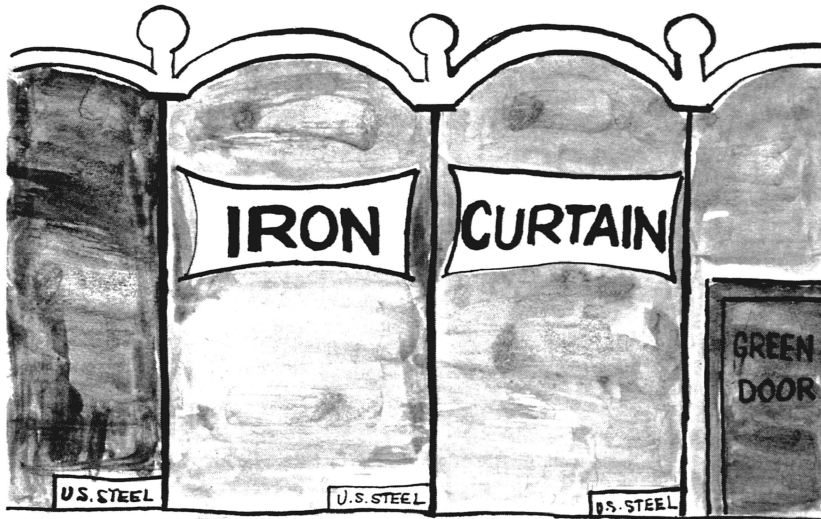
Don't like Geneva? Try



HAVANA

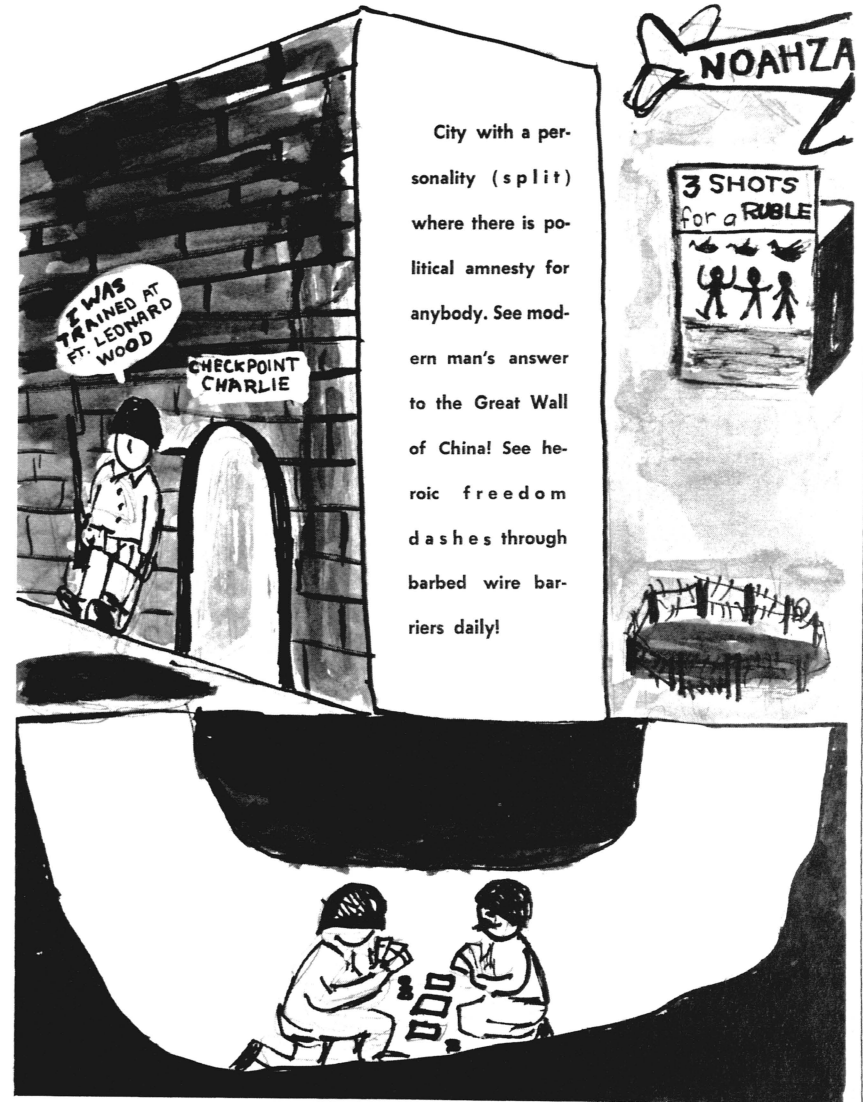
You'll have an exciting time in
RED CHINA

....if you don't turn yellow
 *when you get the yen.*



FREE TRIAL (your own)
...No passport worries

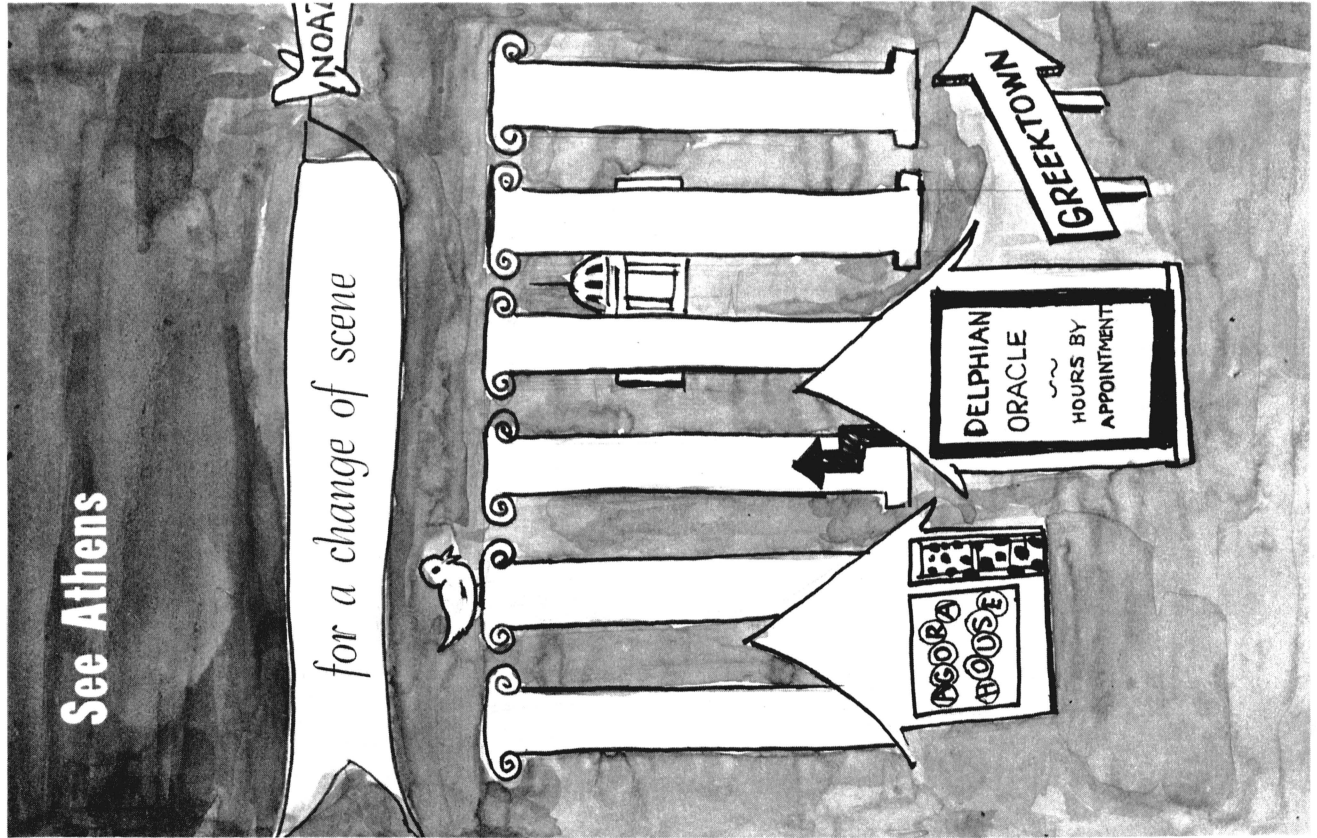
BERLIN



City with a personality (split) where there is political amnesty for anybody. See modern man's answer to the Great Wall of China! See heroic freedom dashes through barbed wire barriers daily!

See Athens

for a change of scene



Get into a Salem ad at
Lake of the Ozarks



Don't Miss Bagnell Darn!

FUN AND GAMES

FOR CULTURE VULTURES

BRIDGE FOR THE MASSES

North
 ♠ A K Q J 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2
 ♥ void
 ♦ void
 ♣ void

West
 ♠ void
 ♥ A Q 10 9 8 2
 ♦ A 4
 ♣ J 8 6 5 2

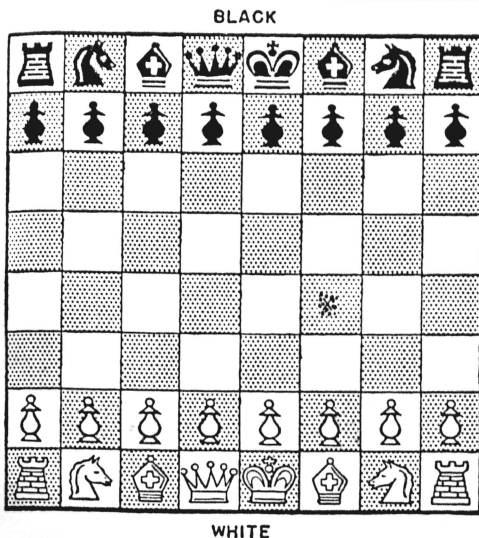
East
 ♠ void
 ♥ A J 10 7 5 4 2
 ♦ K J 2
 ♣ A 5 3

South
 ♠ void
 ♥ K Q 8 7 3 2
 ♦ A 4 2
 ♣ 7 6 5 2

North has dealt (can't you tell?) Bidding:

North	East	South	West
7 Spades	Pass	Pass Out	Pass

Since South is dummy, play continues. East leads Ace of Hearts, which falls as North judiciously decides to trump. When North's following Spade lead shows East, South, and West all void, East gives West a worried nod and wink. West, however, had been talking to a kibitzer and wasn't paying attention. East, realizing that his signal had been missed after two more trump tricks had fallen to North's uncanny leads, tried a hard kick under the table. Kicking South by mistake (South was still unconscious) East saw two more tricks fall. West continues to slough. East's next kick again misses West, but upsets table. "Great defensive play!" says kibitzer. "You did that with real finesse!" South, now revived, complains bitterly to North: "I told you you'd never make seven Spades!"



CHESS PUZZLE

White to move and mate in 58 moves. Send all possible solutions to Showme on the back of a post card. First prize is a cure for writer's cramp.

Contributor's Page

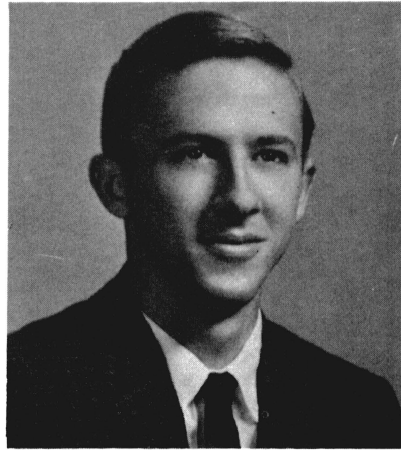


Linda

Linda Boeser lives three or four lives with relative ease, turning from Columbia Tribune reporter in the morning to graduate student at the University in the afternoon to Showme housemother at night — aye, into the wee hours of the morning — and cramming between these preoccupations side talents in magazine production, art, and an omnifull cookie jar, all of which the Showme staff makes great use when we put together our magazine in her secluded, unapproved apartment where she lives peacefully with a toucan, a frog and a pet telephone which she uses occasionally to call up some of her non-conformist friends when she wants to stir up a little trouble, doing this so habitually that the last time she appeared in Magistrate Court the judge told her she deserved the longest sentence possible, which is why this is so ungrammatical.

Betrayed by the malevolent exterior and brutal satiric brilliance which mark Frank Weltner, Showme's Jonathan Swift, is a warm, emotionally-simple heart which pounds with love for all who understand his little whims.

These whims include an animal craving for publicity, power, and money. Trifling traits indeed, but in his incessant pursuit of the aforementioned, Frank has more



Winston

than once sent the whole campus reverberating.

It was Frank Weltner who founded MIU, that noble political movement whose creed, "This is the year for the Independents," was on all lips when the party suddenly merged with U.C.

It was Frank Weltner who, burdened by a growing cynicism for the campus political game, moved to awaken the students by originating the Apathy button, that yellow badge which prompted waves of accusations and denials, if few actual sales.

It was Frank Weltner who, last spring, founded the Major Crisis, that provocative triumph of responsible journalism, and KMAJ, the Major House radio station, which set a precedent by covering, live, the significant Huber trial.

(The significance of the Huber trial was that it demonstrated conclusively the housing office had, and would not hesitate to use, the power of the purge on Major House. Since then that power has been used frequently. One of the many evicted from the house was Weltner, himself.)

For the time, Frank is living quietly in his modest apartment in the cheerful shadow of Jesse Hall. His leisure is filled with the tribulations of being triply enrolled in Education, Journalism and Latin. Truly a remarkable feat for one taking only eight hours!

The next time you see Frank, swallow your fear and say, "I sure do enjoy your stories in Showme. It's just too bad the editors keep scratching out all the really good stuff."

He'll glow.



Frank

Yes, going in the navy is the best thing he can do.

And we mean Officers Candidate School because it's a darn sight better than being drafted, so that's why Winston Gifford, J-School advertising ace and Showme's eager young man on the go, is going to wear blue for three years before he slips into his grey-flannel super-adman suit and thumbs his nose at Vance Packard.

It's hard to pin down exactly what "Winnie's" position is with Showme. Indeed, it's hard to pin down Winny at all as he's always cruising around in his blue bomb, lining up pin-ups or selling three-page, fold-out, full color ads to pencil pushers.

Our hero performed another Showme service earlier in the year when he and cohort Weltner shot a Saturday morning trying to pump up publicity for an insane, 31.8 mile hike a few of the gang were taking.

"Winnie" (either spelling is preferred) is also a head mover in dorm ranks (secretary of MRHA) and was recently a big gun with the campus's brand "X" political party. This latter prompted the intrepid JJ Pierce to label him, "Winnie-the-Pooh," a designation which presently graces the front of the Black Knight.

An alumnus of Major House, that spawning ground of Showme genius, "Win" (as intimates are wont to call him) now bunks on the top floor of Francis House. There, in his few free moments, he reclines on his foxy down and whispers his name in its entirety.

Winston Charles Gifford!

Gad, what rhapsody.

The Agora House

is a great place to

Kibitz

Eat sandwiches

Solve world problems

Brood

Have a pizza

Make a pass

Brood

Drink lemonade

Build your image

Brood

Get imported candies

Read rare magazines

Have a T-bone dinner

for \$1.40

Hear top folk albums

Take a coffee date

Watch people

Brood



Pizza de Resistance

The Agora House

So bring your brood

*transistor
tape recorder
simplifies
school work...*



no cord, no 'lectric, no plug in

Works on ordinary flashlight batteries... goes wherever you go—right into class, to tape lectures in full. Records/plays back anything, anytime, anywhere—up to 2 hours on a single 4" reel. Compact, good-looking, only 7 pounds. Completely self-contained with dynamic microphone for distant pickup and wide-range speaker for big, clear playback. Simple to use? Two buttons to record, one to play. This Norelco Continental '100' adds to the fun of parties, outings. Records from radio, TV or phono in addition to microphone. See it, hear it at your college book store or at camera shops and hi-fi dealers. You'll be surprised at its low price. Write for free brochure. North American Philips Company, Inc., High Fidelity Products Division, Hicksville, Long Island, N.Y.

Norelco

In Canada and throughout the free world NORELCO is known as 'the Philips'



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and

**Christian College
Students**

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at PLA-BOY
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**FOR DELIVERY
CALL GI 3-3463**



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Salem

refreshes your taste
—air-softens— every puff

Always, with a Salem cigarette, the soft refreshment of springtime is yours...for only Salem brings you a taste so fresh and so flavorful. Smoke refreshed...smoke Salem!

● menthol fresh ● rich tobacco taste ● modern filter, too

Created by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company