Season's Greetings

From
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Makers of Camel Cigarettes and
Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco
"ALL THE DIRT THAT'S FIT TO PRINT"
On the Cover

“Oh, Santy dear,” breathlessly exclaims the fair co-ed, as she gazes vaingloriously at the newly-acquired diamond bracelet. “How can I ever thank you!”

“Well,” stammers the jolly little fellow, ogling at the maiden’s thinly-clad charms, “well, it’s a bit chilly tonight and the north pole is a long ways away and the Mrs. is home, so……..”

Desiring to spend more time in the sorority houses this year, Santy arrived early, and it appears as though he’s doing all right by himself. But he might know sorority gals are a one-way proposition—take all and give nothing.

The last we heard as we stumbled out the door was Santy mumbling something about “getting pretty warm in here.”

Introduction

Someday a young fellow by the name of Paul Wright may be carving up mountains like his idol, Gutzon Borglum, or perhaps he’ll be modeling wild animals for the Museum of Natural History, as is his ambition.

Showme proudly introduces this talented 19-year-old sculptor, who molded our frontpiece, to you and to the world. Despite being a native Missourian, born and raised in the invigorating climate of Columbia, Paul should go far with his skillful fingers and clever designs. We wish him success.

A bouquet to Mr. Bud English of Estes Parks studio for his artful photography and a vote of thanks to Miss Gwendolyn Knight, sister of the Key, who so graciously posed for the model. The figure of Santa Claus might be a likeness of our business manager in one of his weaker moments. Your editor served as the model for the dog.

Rationale

Never change toboggans in the middle of the hill!

But centuries ago some guy switched horses in the middle of the stream and got away with it.

Anyway the Showme never has paid much heed to conventions.

We do hope, however, to continue the transformation of the magazine which our predecessor so valiantly undertook. Our goal is a bigger and still better Showme, a publication worthy of the University it represents and a magazine of which the students of Mizzou justly can be proud.

Next Month

With the coming of the new year, Showme will take another forward leap. Militant stands shall be taken on certain big issues (as yet we know not what). The publication will have a higher literary tone (whatever that is), and shall be, generally, an all around better magazine (we hope). Also we hope to be firmly rooted in a luxurious office in the new journalism building, if and when it ever opens, and that will be as welcome as the end of this column.

So without further ado, Showme wishes you a Merry Christmas and may all your hangovers be little ones.

THE EDITOR.
Hi, Chubbins—what’s Charles looking so glum about?

Oh, he’s kinda peevish because he lost his old pipe and had to buy a new one.

A fine briar all right, but you don’t seem to be making much headway breaking it in.

Can’t do it fast. I have a sensitive tongue, Judge—and a new pipe always stings and burns.

Listen Son, take a tip from an old-timer. Break in your pipe with Prince Albert and avoid tongue-biting unpleasantness.

You ought to know, Judge, I will.

It’s nice to see you smiling again.

Gosh, Chubbins, who wouldn’t smile if this P.A. is as smooth and tasty as can be, and it doesn’t bite my tongue.

Well, did Charles and R.A. agree with each other?

Did they? I’d call it a case of love at first puff!

Prince Albert speaks for itself—
Prince Albert is as tasty and mellow as Nature and man, both working together, can make it. The tobaccos in P. A. are among the choicest grown—expertly cured, carefully matured. As the crowning touch, every leaf is processed to take out “bite.” Then, cut the scientific way—“crimp cut.” It’s bound to be mellow, tasty, slow-burning tobacco that suits steady pipe smokers to a T. Prince Albert is great tobacco for roll-your-own cigarettes too.

Prince Albert must please you—
Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don’t find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.
("Learn by doing," a fine old slogan indeed but hardly usable in approaching the above subject. Therefore we are pleased to be able to present this helpful serial by that noted authority, Miss Post. Just call her Cedar.)

First, upon entering the home of the host or hostess never shake hands with the butler, I did this once and by getting a slick jiu jitsi hold on me he threw me clear out into the gutter. While waiting for dinner to be announced do not pace up and down the living room like a caged lion, and cast longing glances toward the dining room. If really so ravenous always bring a small sandwich along. A very clever way of eating it without causing a riot is to conceal it in your handkerchief and while pretending to suffer from a sudden attack of asthma, slyly snip off a bite, the size depending upon the width of the jaw (from here it looks like you could do away with the entire sandwich, and the piano).

If this method doesn't suit your gentle nature you might choose the Syrian entrance (successfully introduced by the Czar of Russia). This plan is very simple. Instead of using the front entrance, make a slight mistake and enter via el kitchen. While apologizing proceed on through the kitchen, all the time slipping appetizing goodies into the pockets which should help to stave off starvation.

When finally the dinner is announced don't hurry into the dining room at too great a speed. It is best to look very bored, all the time keeping your eye on the hostess. If she proceeds like a lady all is well, but if she even looks like she is going to run for it, dig in the old heels and show them how an old bread line rusher looks. Under such conditions get your food before the fight begins. This will happen very rarely but we want our readers to be capable of handling any difficult dinner party situation.

When seated at the table immediately count the number of implements you have, and then those of your neighbor. If you have fewer, stand up and order a redeal or demand that he give you part of his. Next, take a squint at your neighbors, and if there's a pretty girl sitting on your left you are probably going blind because you are sitting at the end of the table and that's a statue of Caesar you are gazing at. However, there might possibly be a honey on your right, and if so, an introduction is essential. This is sometimes done by slipping your hand over her knee in a very friendly fashion. Watch your step, though. Once I did this and when the girl kicked at me I dodged. She kicked over the table and also pulled out the light cord in doing so. I kept right on eating as if nothing had happened and when the lights came on I found I had eaten most of the Oriental rug and two pet goldfish. (I knew damn well those things were alive but I was too hungry to care.)

Where was I? Oh, yes. Always take your dinner as a matter of course. Try and not do this.

—Utah Humbug.

How To Behave At A Formal Dinner . . .

By Miss Saturday Evening Post
And He Learned about FRESHNESS from Her!

Dopey's delicious Delilah dished out fetching freshness with saucy sureness. Always start them off with Double-Mellow Old Golds. They will catch on so much quicker.

The two jackets of Cellophane is the first tip-off, and then with the first delightful puff of that mellow, sun-ripened, prize crop tobacco, the light of true freshness will dawn and he'll catch the spirit of things, Christmas included.

Yes indeedy, and you'll get a bigger kick out of that Kriss Kringle Kiss... it will be factory-fresh.

Prize Crop Tobaccos make them Double-Mellow

2 Jackets of "Cellophane" keep them Factory-Fresh
• "NO, I'M NOT THE FEMALE IMPERSONATOR"

• "HE WON'T TAKE THE ROOM; HE SAID HE SPECIFIED SEVEN GOLD-FISH"
"I TELL YOU I SAW IT DONE IN INDIA"

"DON'T GO AWAY MAD."

"I SAID TIGHTS, NOT LIGHTS!"
"To do, or not to do?" has been a question that the girl has had to answer since Adam established the ancient custom of courting back in the Garden of Eden, and of all the gals who have mulled the question over, Eve's answer was probably the easiest.

I am a co-ed in a large middle-western university, am a member of a sorority, have a reputation on the campus for getting around plenty—to use a colloquialism. In the process of getting around I have learned a few things that are not listed in the syllabus of the liberal arts course.

If the course were to be taught officially—it would probably be listed in the catalogue: "122f. and w. MEN AND MANNERS. A rapid survey of dating and related customs—what is expected of the girl, and what she is to do."

Yes, in reality the course is taught! Without a doubt it is taught more thoroughly and quickly than any course actually listed in the catalogue. Every girl learns in short order what is expected of her, what she is to do is quite another thing—a thing that each girl must decide for herself. Sadly enough, however, it is often very subtly decided for her by her sorority sisters.

And on this decision to a large degree hangs the girl's popularity on the campus!

**Popularity** as defined by the co-ed covers a multitude of things. It consists of: first, being escorted to all dances, fraternity parties and what have you by a presentable and eligible male of the first water, and being cut in on during the dance by a rapid succession of others of the same species; second, seeing all the shows, football and basketball games, having Sunday dinner, and various and sundry other little knick-knacks under financial motive power other than your own; third, "getting by" in courses on the minimum amount of work—i.e. use the boy friend's brain, which necessitates locating and cultivating a certain number of intelligent males; fourth, being seen at practically all times—between classes, etc.—in the company of at least one male, preferably a fullback, provided, of course, that they are in season.

To the lowly freshman pledge, her older sister's successful exploitation of mankind in general is at first a dazzling whirl, almost too rapid to comprehend, but it is soon smoothed out, and everything becomes perfectly clear—even method. The pledge also finds that it is a bit doubtful just who is doing the exploiting.

Taking it for granted that the co-ed is fair so far as looks are concerned, to be popular she must be a good dancer—the boy friend likes to be cut in on, whatever he may say. She must be intelligent and be able to find something to talk about in absolutely nothing, in other words, have a good "line"—because no man likes to sit and flounder like a fish out of water trying to find something to say, and that is what he will do if left to his own resources.

If properly guided, he will talk continuously about himself and be perfectly content. On the other hand, it is fatal to be visibly more intelligent than your escort. One must be "beautiful but dumb," but the co-ed finds that she must be dumber with some men than with others.

The average man in an university dates girls in part for a pur-
And I wish you many of them...

They Satisfy


JINGLE BELLS

By PAT SMITH

It was the week before Christmas, and Susan Raleigh was unhappy. She stood at the top of the stairs, absorbed by the gay party in progress below her, absent-mindedly smoothing with her hands the sleek white gown, poinsettia-trimmed, that enhanced her trim figure so romantically. It was one thing to be the week before Christmas, and quite another to have your only parent and relative in Zanzibar, South Africa, in search of his precious constellations. She reflected that it would have been fun to accept one of the many invitations that her sorority sisters had offered, but Christmas was no time to go barging in on strangers, and besides she could get her term papers done, or dash over to Kansas City to take in a few plays during those two weeks. A member of the stag line discovered her then and she tripped down stairs in response to the many cries for "Black-eyed Susan" forgetting for the moment her self-pity and depressed mood.

The Gamma Sig parties were always elaborate, and this time the girls had truly splurged. An enormous tree, making a merry splash of color, filled one corner of the big room to the ceiling.

Larry Wilson, Susan's date, cut back three times in succession before he had a chance to dance with her long enough to say hello. Then he jerked her through the kitchen door just as the next stag was tapping his shoulder.

"Hey, and how are you, old dear. Remember me? I'm the guy you asked tonight. I just thought I'd make it an even number; this will be the two hundred and twenty-second time I've asked you to wear my pin, coming up." Away from the crowd and laughter and music, Susan's melancholy mood returned upon her with frightening intensity.

"And for the two hundred and twenty-second time, no! I won't wear your pin!" she snapped, impatiently. Larry sensed her feeling, and his smile faded sympathetically.

"Why the stormy weather, pretty one? Can I help?"

"Sorry, Larry. I didn't mean to be stormy. I'm just tired. Tired of girls packing to go home, tired of parties, tired of everything." Larry laughed.

"That's great! Then you're just in the mood to go for a buzz with me during intermission, and, cross my heart, there won't be another word said about the pin."

The idea of a moonlight drive appealed to Susan, and thirty minutes later found them speeding over a sleek highway with Susan bundled in an evening wrap and big, woolly blankets. The night was radiant and crystalline, with a strange, suggestive brittleness in the wind. Susan caught herself wondering again what she would do for entertainment during the vacation. "Darn vacations, and darn astronomers!" she thought. Then something poignant in the icy blast that was sweeping into the big roadster, made Susan gasp.

"Larry, there's something in the air. It—it scares me."

"Nothing in the air except you and me, lovely," . . Larry was saying, when it hit.

Smashing into their faces, smashing the seat of the car, shrieking through the cylinders, laughing with lusty, breath-taking merriment, the blizzard came upon them mightily. Larry braved it for nearly five minutes more; finally, there was a choking sound from the exhaust, and then silence but for the howling snowstorm. Now Susan was scared in earnest. She heard Larry yell, "We're at least ten miles from town, but I think there are houses near by. Come on!"

But Susan sat stiffly in the car, unmoving. Only the savage cold kept her from crying. At last, Larry picked her up and began carrying her through the swirling panorama. She managed, "In the middle ages they called this chivalry!" and then dissolved in tears into his neck . . . an eternity later there was light and warmth and a sweet woman's face above her, saying, "Won't you have a little coffee, please? It would do you so much good!" Susan took the coffee and gulped it noisily. She made a cautious survey of damages. Her hands and eyes still ached from the cold, but she could wiggle her toes, and hear—and see things. It was when she discovered that she could see things that she saw Larry at an old-fashioned telephone, giving directions. Dear Larry, so competent, so protective! She looked about her. It was an old farm-house, barren but clean. There were three small children in the middle of the floor, very curious about these two strangers who had been thrust upon them by the blizzard. They were telling her about Santa Claus, excitedly. But behind them, the woman shook her head sadly. Her lips formed the words, "not this year."

Suddenly, Susan knew how she was going to spend her vacation and her money. Why, these poor people were heaven-sent to a bored college girl who had no place to go for Christmas! What a Christmas they would have! A big tree in that corner, the biggest turkey in town, a train and tracks, and dolls, and books, and drums . . . .

"I'm awfully sorry this happened, dear. The lady has kindly offered to put us up until they can come after us in the morning. I—" Larry began, but was stopped by Susan's brilliant smile.

"Larry, a word with you, please," she begged, leading him into a shabby living-room.

"Yes, darling," said the perplexed Larry.

She put her arms around his neck. "Please, Larry," she whispered, "may I wear your pin?"
Sue—the belle of Theta Gamma Delta house poised gracefully from the living room chandelier thinking melancholy thoughts. Mom was in Vladivostok looking for Sue’s father who had been missing for twenty years.

Sue was sad. Mom had been so kind to her—and now she had gone to fulfill that long-cherished ambition. It was awful being alone only a week before Christmas—something within her told her so. So Sue looked down at the party. It was a gay thing—everybody was cheery. That’s what made Sue feel so different.

Suddenly one of the boys from Bruce’s place spotted her and yelled—“C’mon down and do the bumps with me.” She did and was cut fifteen times in twenty minutes—which was an all time Theta Gamma Delta record. The last fellow to dance with her was Larry who cooed in her sylph-like ear, “Please—oh please—for the 1,986,456,000,342 $1.95 time—will you wear my pin?”

“Scram, bum,” she stormed, and the band played “Stormy Weather.” She apologized for the band and Larry came back from the crap game and danced with her some more. “How about a ride out to Hinkson,” Larry pleaded.

The idea of a brisk ride in his open 1919 Ford with the temperature at two below appealed to her. It was so stuffy inside. So they got out and within a half hour they were in a corn field all bundled up in blankets. It was heavenly there — she thought her ears would drop off, and her teeth chattered — biting big open wounds in his lips.

Suddenly it bashed her in the face—they were picked up and swirled about by the atmosphere. The blizzard had come.

They could hear the wind shrieking merrily through the cylinders of the car making a noise like—“Whee, glump biff—the car but it was exhausted. So Larry, with a gleam in his good eye started looking for a small but clean farm house with three kids and no Santa Claus. They found it after a three month search and Larry jangled the old fashioned telephone which gives this story the name, “Jingle Bells.” He couldn’t get the operator at Stephens and so Sue played with the kids.

She saw the brats waiting for Santa Claus but behind them the old gal was operating a neon sign which said—“Not Tonight, Josephine.’

Sue made up her mind when Larry said—“we’ll have to put up here for the winter in the spare room. It isn’t much, but it’s home.”

And Sue, sensing his disappointment, said, “Sure, babe, if you must have an excuse—I’ll wear your pin.” And she set about carving turkeys and dressing Christmas trees for the three brats. She knew how she’d spend the winter!!
COMMUNISTS' ALPHABET

By Alyce Hamilton and Caraway Seed
Poet's License No. 68543

A for Assassin; he's A-Number-One,
Artist, Indeed, with a knife or a gun.
B stands for bomb, a means of persuasion
Found most effective on any occasion.
C's for Comrade, who advocates sharing
Whatever you own and whatever you're wearing.
D is for Dictator, man of affairs,
Who'd kick his own grandmother down the stairs.
E for Entrepreneur, a career he will carve;
And those working under him?—Hell, let them starve!
F is for Fascist, by pillage and plunder
He's getting away with the Communist's thunder.
G is for Government (Down with) and Gas—
The easiest way out for the Upper Class.
H is for Hammer, which, swung by the fist,
Deeply impresses the Capitalist.
I for Industrialist, piling up jack;
On the Great Day he'll be holding the sack.
J is for Jail, better known as the Jug,
Just home, sweet home for Comrade or Thug.
K is for Kremlin where Lenin lies stuffed;
He tried a bold plan but it seems that he muffed.
L for Laborer wielding his sickle,
In love with Hard Work but decidedly fickle.
M for the Masses, Militia, and day
When many are crowned with the Queen of the May.
N is for Nihilist, Nazi, and Nertz
To plutocrat owners of white-collared shirts.
O for the much-widowed little Olga
Who dunks her mates in the bloody Volga.
P stands for Plutocrat, master at shirking;
His motive in life is to live without working.
Q for Quintuplets; do the same if you can;
It's safer to favor the Five-Year Plan.
R is for Riot Squad, Cossacks supreme;
They kill little babies to hear the kids scream.
S is for Striker with stick and with rock;
He punched the employer instead of the clock.
T for Tovarich with dagger and gat;
He'd slit a man's throat at the drop of a hat.
U for United (Front, not the States)
When the populace (Common) consolidates.
V is for Vodka for comrades to quaff;
If you drink Bourbon whiskey your head'll roll off.
W for Worker, with hammer and tool;
Commisar is at leisure, he's nobody's fool.
X marks the spot which they dug with a pick
For the magnate whose mail had an ominous tick.
Y is the end of Reactionary
A corpse that nobody bothers to bury.
Z for the Zebra that wears a striped coat,
Like the one furnished Browder at Terre Haute.

—Texas Ranger

FRATERNITY MANAGEMENT
A Personal Service for College Fraternities and Sororities
CO-ED DILEMMA

pose as old as man himself. Yes, of course, he likes feminine companionship—a pretty girl who is a good dancer, and who has a sparkling line of talk. Yes, he wants to be seen at all the various collegiate haunts with as many of the campus queens as he can manage.

But it's the man who pays—financially, at least. It costs the man to take a date to the show, it costs him to do everything he and she does, and he really gets very little for his money.

Consequently, dates inevitably end up on a lonely lane, a dark corner of the campus; a secluded spot on the sorority lawn, or in any other place where a couple may pet—mug, in the latest slang—with a minimum of interruptions. Here is where the girl makes her decision—here she decides what degree, and what sort of publicity will surround her.

When you have a date with Bill Jones you may well know that Bill's fraternity will get Bill's estimation of just what sort of a gal you are. One of Bill's brothers will tell somebody in another house, and soon the grapevine telegraph has taken it the rounds. Yes, given long enough, it is quite probable that one of your sisters will tell you how you and Bill got along. In fact, they'll ask you what you see in the mug.

It sounds like an organization, and it is. However, I don't think it is a deliberate or malicious organization, but for the most part merely casual. Some one starts talking about women, and they're off. The same thing happens in the sorority house, only there the man is the goat.

Organization, or whatever it is, if when a man takes you to the movies you lean away from him to look around the off-side of the person sitting in front of you, if you persist in taking your hand away from his, if you order an expensive sandwich and drink at the snack after the show, sit in the extreme corner of the car on the way home, and cap it all by gently pecking him on the cheek at the door and gushing: "Oh, Fred, I've had a lovely evening," you can jolly well bet your last dime that you won't have another date with Fred, and probably not with any of his fraternity brothers.

How a girl may become popular and stay popular on any campus can be explained in five short words: by fooling the male sex! She must let the boy friend neck her and paw her a little bit, but always stop him. He will go home highly disgusted, but when he wakes up the next morning he is ready to try again. In short, keep him chasing after something he will never get, without letting him know that he will never get it. But beware. The girl with a perverted sense of how to become popular, gets nowhere. Her dates are few and far between, and usually "blind to boot, and her reputation will spread around the campus with incredible rapidity.

But how to solve the dilemma? So far I have not answered the question, and I very seriously doubt that it will ever be answered to the complete and absolute satisfaction of all concerned. I have merely aired a few personal observations on the subject. They are observations that every girl has probably made.
FOUND SCRAWLED ON A TABLE TOP

Four beers at Charley's Dixie
Will may you rather pixie,
But when you come to number five
You'll really begin to feel alive.
And if your constitution
Can stand a revolution,
You'll order number six and seven,
And then you'll think you are in heaven.
But if your constitution's pore
You'd better order seven more;
'Cause even though you feel quite stewed
You'll find yourself in a better mood.
And if your date says, "Nix, enough!"
Don't put up with that old stuff.
Tell her that you're just beginning
And that it really isn't sinning.
Still if she wants no more brew,
Then this is what you ought to do:
Just say, "My dear, there is the door!"
While you order seven more.
And then a taxi she will take
Before she sees her great mistake.
But on the way she'll get to thinkin'
Of you back there in the Dixie drinkin'
"Back to Charley's," she will bellow,
"'I've decided he's a damn fine fellow!"
Back she'll come, her heart a-flutter;
Her apologies to you she'll mutter.
Quite disdainfully you will leer,
"Come, let's have no tears, my dear,
For salt contaminates my beer.
I know your love is, O, so true,
But the rest of the drinks are all on you."

OFF-CAMPUS MELODRAMA

"You'd be safe—perfectly safe," he pleaded.
"But people—people always know those things.
I'd be that kind of a girl. No—I don't dare. I can't.
But, oh—I do want to!" She buried her face in her
hands.
"There, there," he soothed. "Just leave everything
to me. You're making mountains out of molehills.
Not another soul shall even suspect—just you and I.
You trust me, don't you? Please decide this thing
the right way—you know it's what you really want."
Her shoulders shook. "But I—I can't!" she
sobbed. "If my mother ever found out—it would
kill her! And the girls at the house—no, no! Some­
one would guess—someone always does."
He stood gravely, quietly, watching her.
Suddenly, she straightened. Courage, the light of
decision, shone in her eyes. "Walter," she said, de­
liberately, distinctly—"I am ready."
And the hairdresser began to apply the peroxide.
—Margaret Reeves.
Your SAVITAR PICTURE made into a portrait will be an appropriate Christmas Gift.

Estes-Parks Studio
Phone 6949

Are Better Grades Worth a Half a Dollar?

If they are, you want a copy of our new illustrated book—"The Psychology of Getting Grades"—Price 50c. 90 pages of help for harassed students, written by a graduate with M.A. in Psychology, who treats the following subjects, among others: Selection of courses; Choosing professors; Impressing the "profs."; Selective reciting; Hitting exams; Grade getting ability. Learn how to get grades with half work and half salesmanship, instead of all work. Buy your copy from your college book store, or address us as follows:

LUCAS BROS.
Publishers
Columbia, Missouri

Gentlemen: Here is my ½ dollar. It hasn’t done me much good, so I am willing to trade it for a better grade. Send me your book, prepaid.

Name
Address

On Sale at The Missouri Store

AN APPLICATION FOR AN ATHLETIC SCHOLARSHIP TO A UNIVERSITY

Name?
Name used in the last school attended?
Age? (Application from anyone over fifty will not be considered seriously.)
Can you read and write? (If candidate is unable to read and write English, this application blank should be filled out by a Notary Public.)
What remuneration shall you expect each month?
What was your salary at the last school attended?
What have you been offered from other universities?
Shall you expect more than you received last year?
Less?
How often will you expect news pictures and feature stories of yourself?
Do you have your own press agent?
Do you photograph well? Are you camera shy?
Can you write your own autograph?
If not, can you secure the services of someone who can?
What is your favorite fraternity?
Will you accept pledgeship from this fraternity?
If you do not choose a fraternity, would you prefer the president’s house?
Will you mention the name of the school in advertisements for soap, cigarettes, cereals, etc. that you may endorse from time to time?
What time will it be convenient for you to go to school?
Shall we send a taxi for you every morning, or would you prefer your own car?
Will you be in school after the football season? If not, where shall we send your weekly check?

Lucas Bros.

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Do you have your own press agent?
Do you photograph well? Are you camera shy?
Can you write your own autograph?
If not, can you secure the services of someone who can?
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WABASH CAVERNMAN

"It won’t be wrong now," said the modern girl as she was led to the altar. —MOUNTAIN GOAT.

Once there was the Scotchman who was so close—that he got his face slapped.

—Owl.

A Lasting Christmas Gift
THIS YEAR ASK SANTA (Poppa) FOR
A
R A D I O
From
PHILIPS & CO.
Tiger Hotel Bldg.
Phone 5886

page fifteen
The Tragedy of Humor

The day was cold, the hour was late,
But the editor's work all had to wait,
With nervous steps he paced the floor
And looked askance at the card he bore...
Then suddenly, quickly... a timorous rap!
With puzzled expression he answered the tap,
It was a frosh, with face scared and wet;
"I—sent you a joke—did you get it yet?"
The editor groaned as he looked at the card...
"Not yet," he shrieked... "but I'm trying hard!"

—N. Y. U. Varieties.
Connie dipped into the past for this mischievous young "buttonie... made it with square toes and heels and buttoned the "upper" smooth and high. Wear it with puff sleeves...and full skirts. It's saucy...and new... and provocative...and you'll want it!

**The Jacqueline Shop**

910 Broadway
"Always First With The Newest"
A GIFT OF PLEASURE

My spirit—the spirit of Christmas-giving—is abroad in the land. A gift that expresses that spirit, and brings pleasure to every home, both great and small, is rare indeed. Such a gift, my friends, is LUCKY STRIKE.

Santa Claus

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Luckies—a light smoke
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