

Dup.

MISSOURI Showme



Christmas, 1940

15 Cents

CAMELS

PRINCE ALBERT

Give Camels for Christmas—for Camel is the cigarette that's particularly welcome. Especially in this gay gift package below. Contains 4 boxes of the popular flat fifties. Easy to get—a right gift. Your dealer has it.

Season's Greetings

On Christmas morn—perfect for pipe-smokers—this handsome Christmas-wrapped pound tin of Prince Albert, the mild, rich-tasting, cool-burning tobacco. Be sure to get this holiday "special."

Here's another famous Camel Christmas gift—10 packs of "20's"—200 mild, flavorful Camels—colorfully wrapped, ready to give. A perfect gift. Ask for the Camels in the Christmas carton!

CAMELS

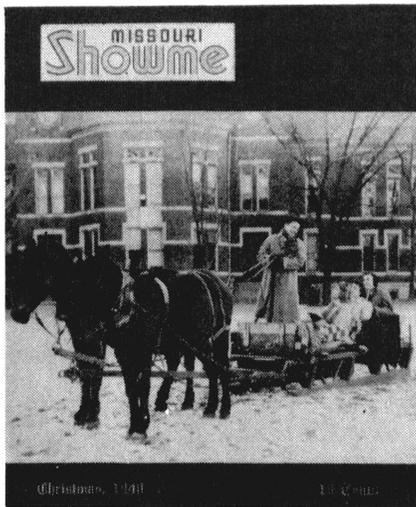
● For those who prefer cigarettes, give Camels and you can be sure your gift will be appreciated. For more smokers prefer slower-burning Camels than any other cigarette. They are the cigarette of costlier tobaccos that gives more pleasure in every puff. Your dealer is featuring Camels for Christmas in the two handsome packages shown above. Easy to get—perfect to receive. Yes, there's nothing like Camels to say: "Happy holidays and happy smoking."

PRINCE ALBERT

● No problem about those pipe-smokers on your gift list! You just can't miss when you give them a big, long-lasting one-pound tin of the world's most popular smoking tobacco—Prince Albert! (Or a one-pound real glass humidor.) Pipe-smokers call Prince Albert the National Joy Smoke. They say: "There's no other tobacco like it!" Your local dealer has Prince Albert's Christmas-wrapped "specials" on display now! Get your Prince Albert gifts today!

Copyright, 1940, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Gifts that are sure to please in beautiful Christmas wrappers.



It's Jingle Bells and away we go on the season's first snow. Kappa Sig Warbler Bill Ferguson drives Kate and Beck, Showme glammer gals and real Missouri queens. Ann Rose, Mary Green, Pi Phi and Kappa Sig Ted Cauger are the passengers.

OFF THE EDITORIAL CHEST

Christmas without New Year's might just as well be Christmas without turkey or Christmas without Santa Claus for all the good that the University's holiday schedule this year will do some hundreds of students who will no sooner get home than they must turn right around and come back again.

At noon, Friday 20, it's "school's out" for the University. And for some unintelligible reason 8:00 A. M. of Friday, Jan. 3 has been chosen to drag back by sheer force of a negative hour the entire student body for what few and sundry classes a small percentage might have on Friday or Saturday.

Because this is a state university, the majority of students are near enough home to stay a few hours when they get there, and get the rest and relaxation that any student needs in the middle of a long, grinding year. Just because a minority has the misfortune, in this case, to hail from the four corners of the nation's mighty big expanse, they surely need not be penalized for it. And that is what a holiday that is unnecessarily cut short a whole week-end amounts to. Students who swallow an out-of-state fee and still think enough of Missouri to come here shouldn't be made to suffer again just because they live more than a stone's throw away.

Sure, somebody's half asleep when they first get back after a holiday, but that doesn't mean an entire week-end is needed for recuperation. On the other hand, that week-end stuck here before any real activity can begin on Monday any-

way, can create the strangest disgruntled feeling of ill will. It just rubs the wrong way. Teachers who might have a good chance of holding the attention of their classes on Monday will get the brunt of it when they try it on Friday. That is no threat. It is just human nature—and human nature backed by the facts of mileage and travel-time that no board of curator's edict could do anything about if it wanted to.

This is Showme's plea for the cause of the minority. After all, who wants to rush away from home before New Year's day, which is an integral part of the Christmas holiday, is done. And as far as the majority is concerned, the extra week-end would be worth its weight in scholastic gold and good will. Most of us get home so seldom—it would be nice to round out a real vacation by the family fire-side instead of twiddling our thumbs during a superfluous Columbia week-end.

How about a voice to listen to the voice of reason?—and a holiday that won't end until an ordinary Monday—the 6th of January.

F.P.S.

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STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP

The **Missouri Showme** is published monthly except during July and August by the Missouri chapter of Sigma Delta Chi, national professional journalism fraternity, as the official humor and literary publication of the University of Missouri. Price: \$1.00 per year; 15c the single copy. Copyright 1940 by Missouri chapter of Sigma Delta Chi; original contents not to be reprinted without permission. Permission given all recognized exchanging college publications. Exchange reprint rights granted to **College Humor**, Editorial and Business offices, Room 13, Walter Williams Hall; office of publication, Star-Journal Publishing Co., Warrensburg, Mo. Not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts; postage must be enclosed for return.

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KUFFERMAN

The name Annabelle suited her. She was one of those typical society girls—blase and somewhat brittle with a long blond mane and his-bis-cus-red lips. She drank with the crowd and smoked too many of her red-tipped brand of cigarettes. Roy had been considered quite a catch for her: he was seen at all the right functions with all the right people. No fraternity affair was complete without him, or so he hoped.

One afternoon in early December Belle came into French class and put down her books. Once Roy had been merely "the boy in the next seat over"; now she looked down proudly at his fraternity pin gleaming on her pink sweater. The professor had not yet come in and Roy was doing a last-minute scanning of his assignment. He paused a moment to look curiously at the letter she was holding.

"Who're you writing to, Baby? Anyone I know?" he asked casually.

"Colette," she replied turning the page. "It doesn't make much sense though. So much of her last letter was censored I hardly know how to answer it."

"She's that French girl you started corresponding with in high school, isn't she?" Belle nodded assent, and he tipped back in his chair, his pleasant ugly face screwed up in a frown.

"It's funny how she and—what's his name?—Karl, met, isn't it? I mean—him being German and her French."

Annabelle put down the letter and began touching up her lipstick. "Oh, I don't know after all they only live twenty miles from each other. It seems funnier how nuts about each other they are."

"Didn't she write that he'd been made a first lieutenant? I suppose he's really in the thick of the battle now."

Belle slipped the gold and red lipstick back into her pocket and turned to Roy soberly. "I was over in the copy reading room yesterday, watching the news of the bombing of London coming in over the wires. It just doesn't seem possible to connect awful things like that with Karl, for instance, does it! I mean, he seems like such a nice kid . . ."

"It's all such a damn mess, Belle. Those headlines just don't fit the people we know."

Annabelle returned to her usual form and laughed lightly. "Moral: don't play with dynamite, or who was that blond I saw you jellying with yesterday?"

"Now listen here, that was strictly a put-up job. She's my roommate's cousin, and she was all by herself—"

"I know, Galahad. Skip it, and show me how to translate this paragraph here."

When the class was over, they walked out

Bonne Noel

By Joanne Boeshaar

together, but the atmosphere was chilly, and it had nothing to do with the icy wind that made them button their coats tightly and pull on their warm gloves.

It was silly, really, the way that subtle tension seemed to grow between them in the next few weeks. One night when they had a date, Roy wasn't able to borrow a car. His allowance hadn't come on time so he couldn't afford a taxi, and Annabelle insisted that it was too cold to walk, so Roy just went on home. After that, the roommate's cousin became more in evidence, and Belle got tired of being razzed by the girls at the house so she made other dates too, even breaking some with Roy to keep them. Roy began cutting classes, and Annabelle, who knew how much he needed the grades, got furious at him over that. With Christmas vacation starting the next week and their plans already made to go home together, the whole situation began to get rather embarrassing for everyone concerned.

When Annabelle came in from her three o'clock class on Thursday, Lucy, her roommate, called out as she passed the living room door, "There's a letter for you on the dresser, honey. I think it's from your French friend."

In spite of herself, Belle opened the letter with trembling fingers. Somehow the thin envelope seemed to be a vibrant connection between her and Colette; she felt that she held heartbreak—a tangible substance—in her hand. The note was pathetically short and simple: "It will be a sad Noel this year. I have no idea where **he** is, Annabelle. Miles may separate us, or moments,—or all eternity. My heart can not sing the carols; bombs destroy music too. My eyes are blinded by smoke—how could I see even the Star of Bethlehem?"

Belle could not think. Her brain whirled and spun, and the world grew suddenly dark. Suppose it were Roy? Suppose not pride but real barriers stood between them? She couldn't get to the phone quickly enough to call him, to hear his voice. The boy on the other end of the line said Roy was not in; he thought she might be able to meet him when he came out from his history class in half an hour. She could hardly contain herself until that time. The grey moments passed like weary columns of soldiers—marching, marching, end-

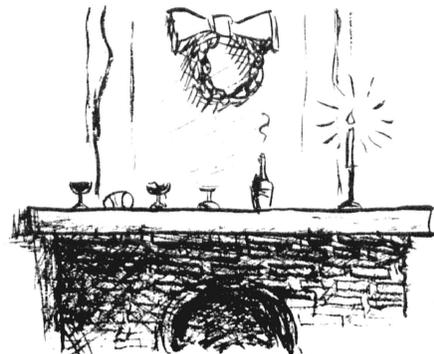
lessly, like a slow-motion film that would never end, never speed up.

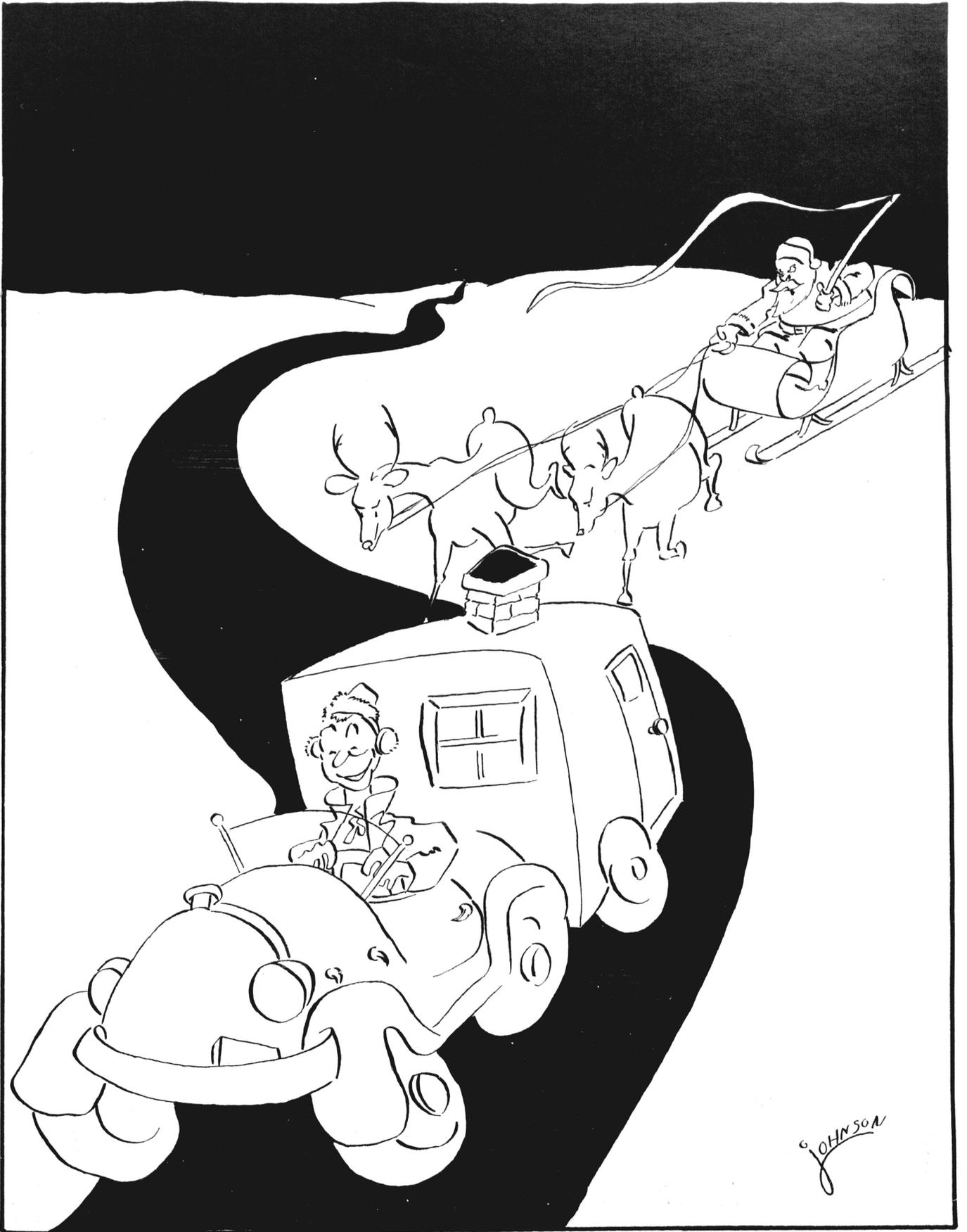
At last she could put on her coat and start over to meet him. The campus was already full of evening shadows that stole around her like uneasy ghosts—ghosts of dead boys like Karl who had loved to walk in the twilight. The lights had not yet been turned on, but the moon on the snow glistened and seemed to give an unearthly radiance to the silent quadrangle. Suddenly she saw Roy's familiar figure coming toward her, and she ran to meet him as though the foolish chains that had bound them both for the past few weeks had suddenly been broken. He took her hands quickly, and they stood there for a moment without saying a word. She had thought that she would blurt out the tragic story to him the moment they met, but now somehow it slipped back a little in her mind. Nothing they could say would help one least little bit; nothing could soften the horror of what had happened. But somehow they had other things to work out here and now. They were so rich—so boundlessly rich in all the things that mattered; and here in America it was still the season of "peace on earth".

The twinkling colored lights from the gay decorations in town winked through the bare tree branches. Just above a church spire, a radiant star shone like a beacon light in the velvet blue sky. Once long ago it had guided other seachers toward Truth and Happiness. Now it's gleam was reflected in the new wise depths of Annabelle's eyes.

"Roy", she whispered, "it's almost Christmas."

"Why, so it is", he murmured tenderly, "Merry Christmas, Belle, darling".





JOHNSON

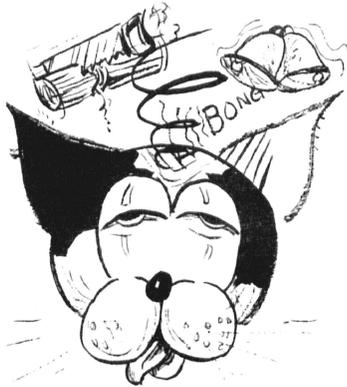
'Twas the night . . .

before Christmas
And all through the frat
Not a creature was sober
Not even the cat.

By ERNIE HUETER
ART McQUIDDY



The glasses well placed
On the mantle with care
With the hope that St. Nicholas
Would leave a quart there.



I in my ice pack
And Sam with his bromo
Bedded down for the night
In our "Home Sweet Homo."

When all of a sudden
I smelt' such a smell
I raised on one elbow
To see what the Hell—

Down on the porch
In the moonlight so hazy
Was Saint Nick and his bag
The boys call her Mazey.



The two of them brought
For the kiddies within
Three blondes and a red head
Some dice and some gin.



But I went back to bed
This hangover to douse
It can't happen here 'cause
It's the Beta house.

Apologies



*The wife of a Czech
Was Dolly MacFaye;
And I called on her one night
When her husband was away.
Then lo and behold,
Alas and alack;
I was a bit "overdrawn"
When the Czech bounced back.*

•

"Why don't you stop drinking? If you keep this up, you'll be seeing pink elephants, green-eyed tigers, zebras . . ."

"Thatsh all right. I always loved the circus."

•

By the way, did they ever finish "Begin the Beguine"?

•

Did you hear about the girl who went to a masquerade dressed as a telephone operator and before the evening was over had three close calls?

•

The hum of conversation when a party of women get together usually means that someone is going to get stung.

•

Fish is a brain food. Think of the knowledge required to open a can of sardines?

•

A beggar was walking down the street carrying a tin cup with a big hole in the center. He was on a vacation.

•

Conservative? He's the kind of a guy who bets on the rabbit in a dog race!

•

(Salesman in nudist camp): I wish to see the boss of this place.

Pretty Nudist: Just whom do you mean?

Salesman: I mean the fellow who wears the pants.

P. N.: Oh, there's nobody around here like that!



HIS SMELLY PIPE WAS OVER-RIPE—

but he's out of the dog house now!



"**OUT YOU GO, PETER!** I won't marry a human smoke-screen! Where'd you get that tobacco anyway—in a fire sale? Snap out of it! Switch to a mild and fragrant blend."



PIPE AT A WEDDING? Sure! Pete made such a hit with his mild, grand-smelling Sir Walter Raleigh burley blend that even his mother-in-law smiled her approval!

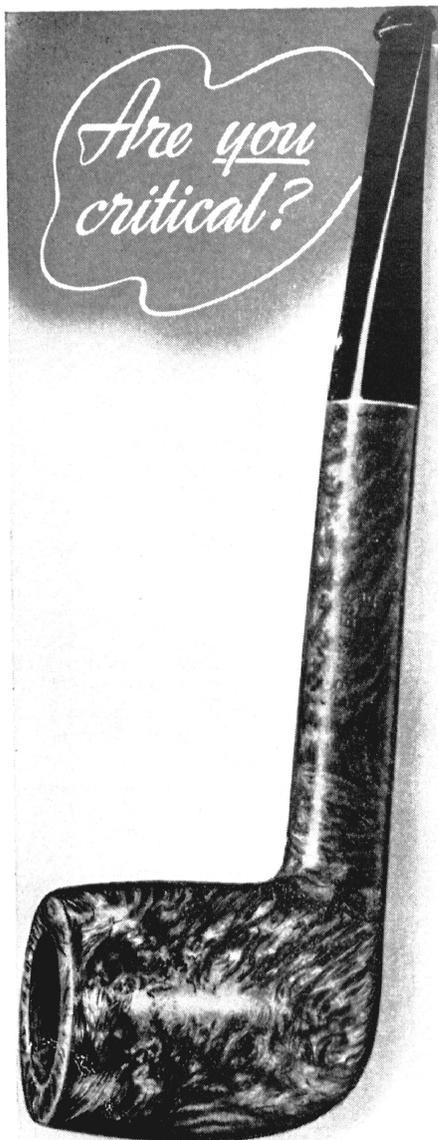
New!

Cellophane tape around lid seals flavor in, brings you tobacco 100% factory-fresh!



UNION MADE

Tune in UNCLE WALTER'S DOGHOUSE
Every Tuesday night—NBC Red network
Prizes for your "Dog House" experience



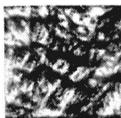
KAYWOODIE \$3⁵⁰

When a man is past the fickleness of adolescence, he "settles" on those things from which he derives uncommon satisfaction. It is quite natural therefore, that the majority (overwhelming) of critical men, both young and old, who have done their "experimenting," have settled on Kaywoodie as the pipe for them. If you haven't already done so, why not carefully compare Kaywoodie's characteristics with the others... your "pipe-experimenting" will be over, once you own one of these beauties, which so many experienced smokers regard as the world's best. Above, No. 76B.



Only the "prime cut" of the costliest old briar burls yields briar with the uncommonly beautiful graining found in Kaywoodie pipes.

On the bowl of a Kaywoodie pipe you will find graining of unusual fineness and symmetry. Cutting the bowl of a pipe to take full advantage of the markings is part of the pipe-maker's art.



KAYWOODIE COMPANY

Rockefeller Center, Fifth Avenue, New York

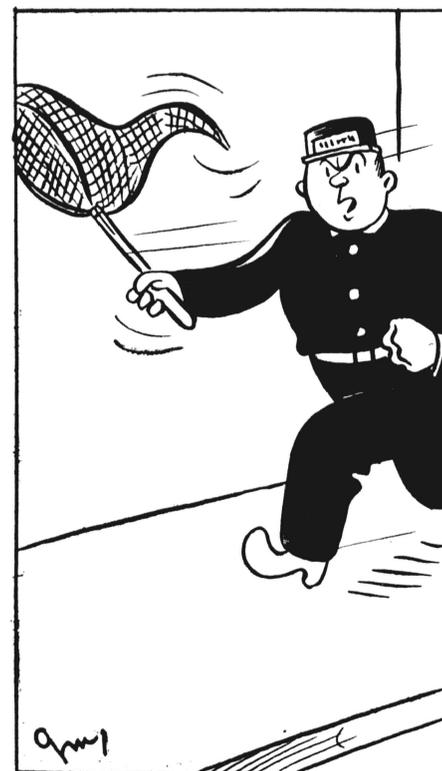
MESS EDUCATION

We took a field trip.
 We are studying geology.
 I looked for rocks.
 A rock bit me.
 I swear it did.
 Maybe it was a snake.
 People put antiseptics on me.
 I laughed. It was fun.
 I dated a girl.
 We discovered sedimentary rock.
 I got sedimentary over her.
 I'm a sedimentary fool.
 The Prof. said so, too.
 We found something metallic.
 It glinted.
 It was an old bean can.
 Beans make me think of Boston.
 Boston is a nice town. So is Sacramento.
 We dug granite out.
 Jake slipped in a hole.
 We dug Jake out.
 Our field trip was a success.
 Our Prof. is full of poison ivy.
 He itches.
 College is fun.

Pastor: Don't get flip with me, young man. I may preach at your funeral some day.

Joe: If you do, it will be over my dead body.

Then there's the Scotchman who became an orchestra leader because when he was a boy his father gave him a lollypop and he didn't want to waste the stick.



INFORMATION PULEEZE...

—Leonard North Cohen—Herb Quincy Gross

Questions:

1. What's the last thing you do before you go to bed?
2. What do you do when you get nervous?
3. What do you want for Christmas?

Answers:

Tony Rizzo—Pi Kappa Alpha

1. Push one of the actives out of bed and make faces at him.
2. I generally jangle my . . . upper plate.
3. A green eyed red head with a million bucks and a cream colored Packard convertible.

Betty Bales—Gamma Phi Beta

1. Put up my teeth for the night and pour water into my room-mate's bed.
2. I listen to rainbows—I eat the holes in doughnuts—I dance in the street if there's music around.
3. To become a Holy-Roller.

Earl Shouse—Law Student

1. I treat nature's call.
2. Perhaps, forget to count to ten.
3. A good teacher for 'torts!

Patsy Miller—Christian

1. I've been putting my cat clear out for the last nine years and I still do it.
2. Nerves, I ain't got none of.
3. Some false eye lashes and an eye lash curler.

Elizabeth Kemp—Alpha Delta Pi

1. I take my exercises so I can sleep later in the morning.
2. I go out and drive as fast as I can on the highway—alone.
3. A blond with blue eyes.

Cecele Corbett—Chi Omega

1. I look in the mirror—lights out.
2. My mind goes blank so how do I know.
3. I'll settle for a good "Tarheel" (North Carolinian to you) date.

Kay Meister—Stephens

1. I have a lot of dolls on my bed and I put them to sleep.
2. Take it out on my room-mate.
3. A five gaited hourse—and any ride home.

Lee Edward Slaybaugh—719 Gentry

1. I knock the hell out of the only freshman in the house.
2. I'm a track man so I always take a few deep breaths.
3. A new right leg.

Pearl Sterneck—Phi Sigma Sigma

1. I say my prayers and ask the good Lord to forgive me for all I have done.
2. I swing a leg or curl a curl or bite a nail.
3. My first husband.

Warren Schilb—Ag Student

1. I guess—I look at the clock.
2. I just start thinkin' about somethin' else, that's all—if I can.
3. A present from my girl—shoot, I don't know, what the heck.



Tony Rizzo



Earl Shouse



Elizabeth Kemp



Kay Meister



Pearl Sterneck



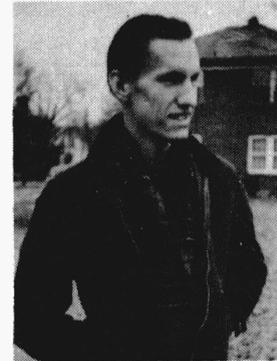
Betty Bales



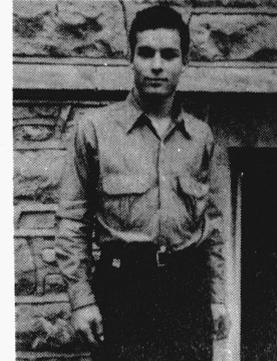
Patsy Miller



Cecele Corbett



Lee Edward Slaybaugh

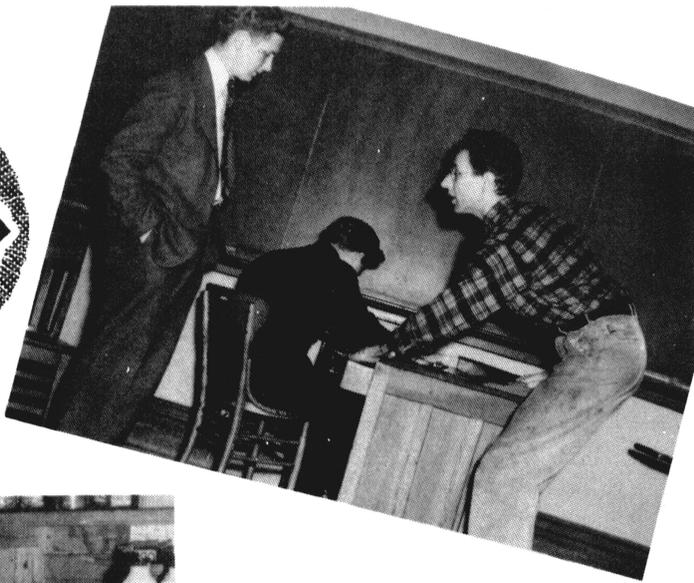
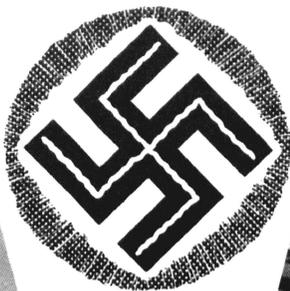


Warren Schilb

Workshop Presents . . .
MARGIN FOR ERROR



BUD WINTROUB as Moe Finkelstein tries to do the good with Peggy Hickey, as Frieda, the consul's maid.



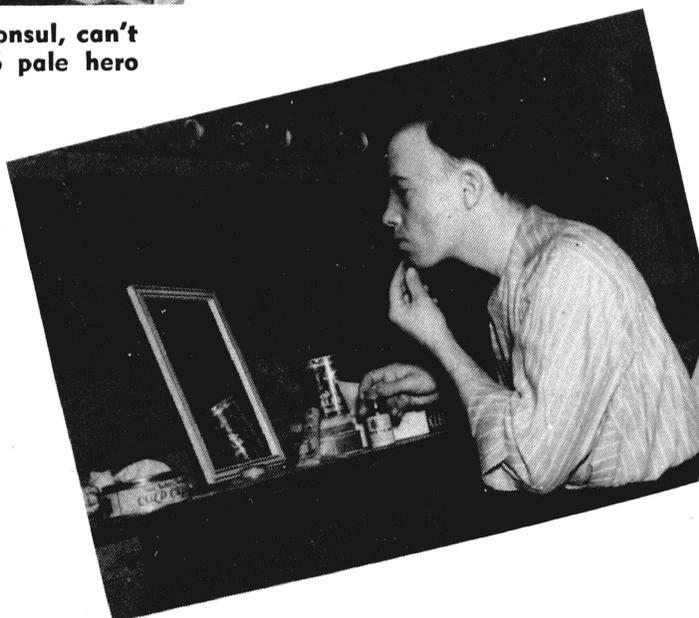
PROFESSOR DON RHY-SNBUGER shows Tuck Stadler how its done.



PRYOR HESSE, the Nazi consul, can't decide between Number 6 pale hero flesh or Number 7.

PRYOR HESSE and Tuck Stadler grapple in mortal strife and strain for possession of "that" letter. Max Scnell.

MAX FORDYCE is putting on the face of Dr. Jennings, an American who is trying to get a colleague out of a Nazi "rest" camp.



L'AMOUR LAMOUR

Or What's Sarong With This Picture????

Dorothy Lamour, Paramount star, after cutting her hair for a recent picture, found herself besieged with requests for souvenirs of her tresses. Miss Lamour was able to send out locks to approximately 300 fans.

Oh, Miss Lamour, my own true love,

My jungle princess, my cooing dove,

You parceled out your lovely tresses

To some 300 fortunate addresses.

Didn't you get my letter so bold and strong

My compliments so sweet and true

My request for just a sable lock
And a word or three to me
from you?

Oh, Dorothy, shapeliest queen of all the screen,

Don't be naughty, don't be mean.

Be brave, be generous, and above all, be strong:

Dottie, love, please send me your sarong!

—Russell Burg





Having become convinced that most people who read social items either know about them ahead of time or don't give a darn about them in the first place, this column has chucked the gadabout chatter this month in favor of a few items with the homecoming flavor . . . in the hustle and bustle of Thanksgiving weekend all kinds of happenings popped up, and the nostalgic, sentimental atmosphere got in anybody's veins . . . did you notice the item in the Kansas City Star about ye illustrious Pitchin' Paul and his lady of the photos, Inie Potter? . . . old Dan Partner, the sportsman who keeps up with Big Six football and the inside goings-on around the conference, marked out Paul and Inie as a betrothed couple of the very near future . . . Miss Potter claimed no knowledge of the report . . . Inie has had a sort of monopoly on queenships around the University, bagging the Savitar tiara last year and scoring a bulls-eye with the K. U. ball club for the recent Homecoming queen honors . . . with no aspersions cast on the comely Miss Potter, we wonder if the Kansans weren't honoring Paul in this poll, since they knew that the passing wizard has courted Inie lo these many months . . . pipe the lengthy and brawlsh negotiations over this year's Turkey Day fracas, when Kansas sends a notoriously small delegation down here for these traditional games . . . the attendance is always greater when the game is played at Lawrence, the conclusion being that the Tiger followers are rabid enough to follow the squad in large numbers . . . student athletic tickets went at much lower prices this year over Thanksgiving, because there simply wasn't as much at stake this time as last year, when Missouri's first Big Six championship was chalked up as the gun sounded ending that memorable game . . . seen around town during the Homecoming holidays: couples making a brave try at Gaebler's, bur succumbing to the convivial spirit floating around town and moving over to the resounding Shack . . . and then moving back again for a few late dances before turning in . . . the row of staunch journalists imbibing black coffee at the Ever-Eat on the mornings after those legendary Homecoming sessions at night . . . trying to look like men of the business world, but in reality waiting

(Continued on page 27)

SLIDE

A Towncraft shirt into all the male socks on your gift list and slide through your shopping with the greatest of ease.

Towncraft White Broadcloth is the stand-by of every man's hope chest.

PENNEY'S
J. C. PENNEY COMPANY, Incorporated

GIRL OF THE MONTH



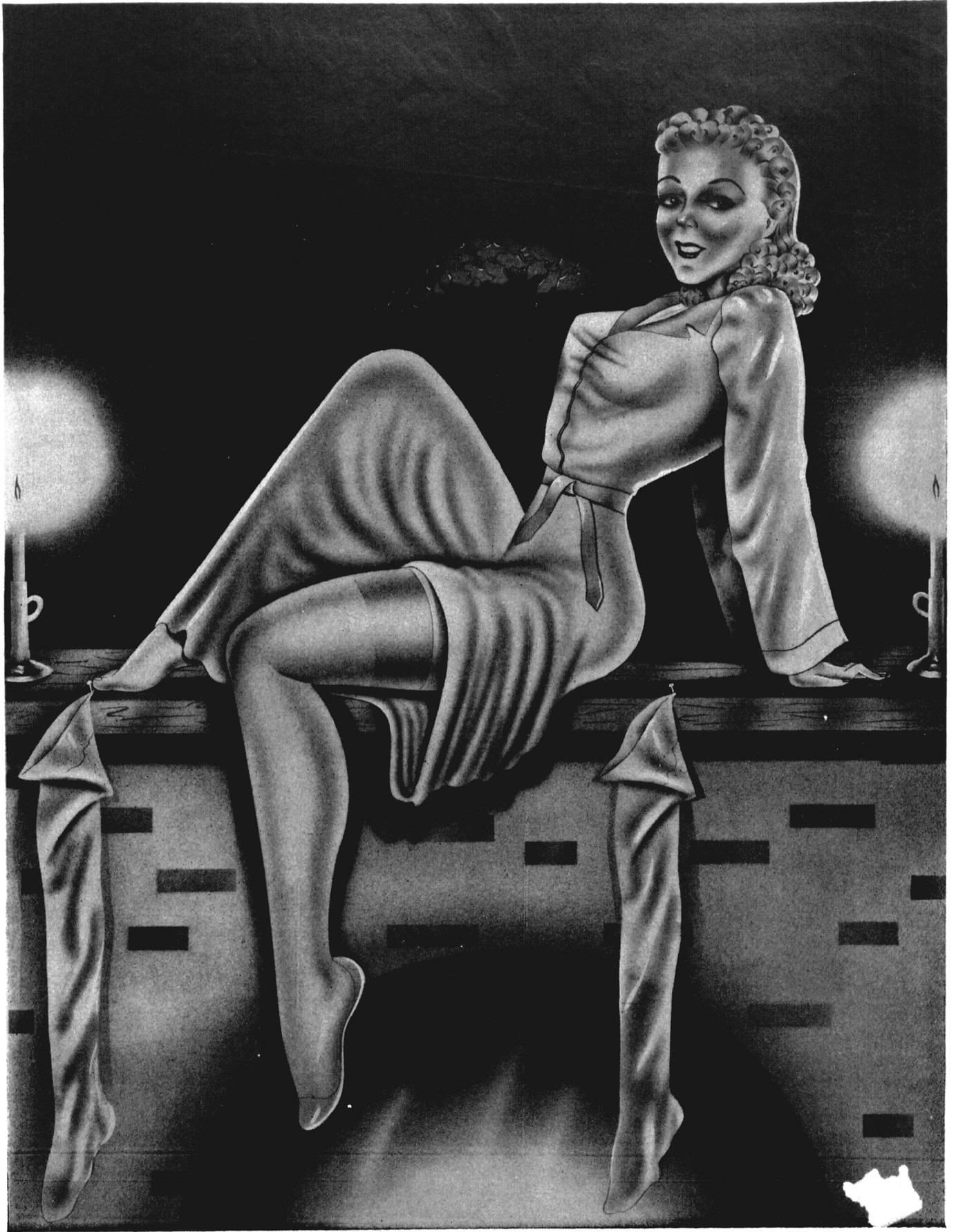
Miss Mildred Fenner, Gamma Phi Beta pledge, displaying an "Americana" hair style fashioned by Miss Dorothy Niccum.

at

COLUMBIA
School of Beauty Culture

Mo. Theatre Bldg.

Dial—5332



She put her foot into it

Scene on Campus...



BETWEEN classes is a good time to check on what the well-dressed college man is wearing. Looking from right to left, just to be different, we find the overcoated young man, who just entered, trying to decide which bull session to join. He's wearing a three-buttoned, double-breasted coat of dark blue diagonal tweed. The pipe smoker believes in combining both comfort and practicability in his strictly campus togs. He's wearing a cotton bush jacket with patch-pockets and leather buttons. The pants are very heavy, but soft tweed with natural blue and tan checks. An open collar dark checked cotton shirt completes the "get-up." One outfit like this has kept many a fraternity going through a hard, cold winter. And now we have left on our left a fellow with a date just about due and not much money left in his pocket which, by the way, is attached to a stylish gray herring-bone suit.

(The Editor will gladly supply additional information regarding these outfits)



for Christmas
...give the
cigarette that satisfies

A carton of Chesterfields
with their **MILDER BETTER TASTE**
will give your friends more
pleasure than anything else
you can buy for the money.

The attractive Gift
Carton that says

Merry Christmas

DOUBLE DICTION

Clench—It's a sound made by eating breakfast food.

Archer—Used interrogatively as, "Archer been lately?"

Series—A group of bad burns.

Is—Noise you make when you see a villain.

Fish—A pledge brother.

Golf—A word of love used by a seal.

Brewer—Everyone says this when they're cold.

Support—It comes after brunch in a sorority.

Gin—Something that tastes bad with cotton in it.

Crisis—Used when a girl wants something, i.e., She crisis all over my shoulder.

Kiss—Shucks, you know.

Rally—Surprise an Englishman and he'll say it.

Troop—Past tense of trip.

Dangle—Word showing disgust, i.e., Dangle mid-terms!

Coerce—To swear violently.

Glow—Part of a traffic signal, i.e., Stop and glow.

Tweed—Term of endearment.

Bull—A toreador can find it in any frat session.

Missed—Past tense of Miss.

Hedge—Word showing end of something, i.e., They dropped him off the hedge of the cliff.

Coon—Sound a pigeon makes, i.e., The little pigeon was coon.

Christmas—a widely observed holiday on which the past and future are not of as much interest as the present.



"You'll find that Dr. Jones has changed since his trip to Africa!"

WISHING

Someone is waiting with faith in his breast,
 Patiently all through the day.
 Manfully waiting, he hopes for the best,
 Peerless and fearless, though great.
 Virtue must triumph with courage and truth;
 Mankind must not be appalled,
 And so let us hope that this man in the booth
 Gets the phone number that he called.

PHOTOSKETCH . . .



In action—Thomas Benton Hollyman, Showme's photog who made the Potter-Christman duo look so beautiful on last month's cover—The man's not on anybody's string, but he's not a woman hater on account of he thinks women are here to stay—Not strangely, his favorite subject is beautiful women—And he explains that good bone structure, not necessarily prettiness, make the best pictures—He began not too many years ago on college yearbooks at Warrensburg, but has his A. B. and B. S. from M. U.—He likes popcorn and waffles, and has found that his business is worse than the drink habit when it comes to losing friends and not influencing people—when he must always be retiring into a darkroom—Has got some pix of All-American Christman in Life a few weeks ago—And if he weren't a photog he could be a one-man band for he plays the saxophone, the flute, and the clarinet—See you in the movies or the magazines if Hollyman takes your picture—

Announcing---

All artists take heed! Missouri Showme will sponsor a cover contest for the next issue—January, 1941. The artist whose cover design is accepted will have the pleasure of seeing his object d'art reproduced on the cover of the January issue. So come on all ye guys and gels, come all ye faithful—. Get those cover designs in to the Showme office, basement of Walter Williams Hall not later than December 15th. And oh-yes a word of warning—please use ink or wash—no pencil please—or a wood cut will do.

Yours,

Charles Kufferman,
Art Editor

Puzzle:

Where will the worried young lady buy her gift for "him"?

Answer:

There's really only one answer . . . BARTH'S . . . the men's favorite store. Here she will find the gifts of comfort, the gifts of luxury, and the gifts that he really wants—at prices that she will like. Remember, he'll like it better if it bears the Barth label.

BARTH
Clothing Co., Inc.

"Are you the girl who took my order?", asked the impatient gentleman in the cafe.

"Yes, sir," replied the waitress politely.

"Well I'll be damned", he remarked, "you don't look a day older."

A patent medicine company received the following letter from a satisfied customer:

"I am very much pleased with your remedy. I had a wart on my chest and after using six bottles of your medicine, it moved to my neck and now I use it for a collar button."



Elizabeth Arden

Blue Grass Bath Set

A charming and fragrant pair . . . Blue Grass Flower Mist, Blue Grass Dusting Powder, in a gift box that's sweet and gay . . . \$3.00

Harzfeld's

Sandy was not one for many words but his desperation had grown each night as he sat, unable to tell the bonny lass of his strictly honorable intentions.

"Ye will recall I wa' sitting here last Sabbath? And do you mind me being in this same spot Monday night? Aye, and Tuesday night?, and Friday night?"

"Aye, that is so, Sandy."

"Well, lass, this is Saturday night and here I am again. Now come, Maggie, tell me, don't ye begin to smell a rat?"

I'm a self made man.

You're lucky. I'm the revised work of a wife and three daughters.

"So your son had to leave M. U. on account of poor eyesight?"

"Yes. He mistook the dean of women for a coed."

We've heard that the ten best years of a woman's life are between 29 and 30.

"May I kiss your hand?"

"Whattsa matter, is my mouth sticky?"

It doesn't breathe
It doesn't smell
It doesn't feel
So very well

I am disgusted with my nose
The only thing
It does is blows.

—Pup Tent

Newspaper article: Mrs. Lottie Prim was granted a divorce when she testified that since she and her husband were married, he had spoken to her but three times. She was awarded the custody of their three children.

—Pup Tent

J. College: But officer, you can't arrest me. I come from one of the best families in Tennessee.

Cop: That's all right, buddy. I'm not arresting you for breeding purposes.

Salesman: Sir, I have something here that will make you popular, make your life happier, and bring you a host of new friends.

Student: I'll take a quart.

I asked her if she rolled them
She said she never tried
Just then a mouse ran by her
And now I know she lied.

—Purple Parrot



Jewelry...

Why not give the most appreciated of all gifts—a lasting gift of jewelry from this store.

We are showing a very complete line of watches, diamonds, rings, compacts, cigarette cases, leather goods, jewelry and Lucian LeLong perfumes, Colognes — lip sticks and powders.

"Gifts That Last"

LINDSEY'S

We Crest Fraternity and Sorority Jewelry

SPECIAL
Cleaning and
Pressing
50c



Men's and Ladies' Suits
 Lightweight Overcoats
 and Plain Coats.

25c

Trousers
 Jackets
 Short-Sleeve Sweaters
 Plain Skirts

DIAL 3114

DORN-CLONEY
 Laundry and
 Dry Cleaning Co.

Cop: "No parking. You can't loaf here."

Voice from within car: "Who's loafing?"

Gently he pushed her quivering shoulders back against the chair. She raised beseeching eyes in which faint hope and fear were struggling. From her parted lips, the breath came in short wrenching gasps. Reassuringly he smiled at her.

Bzzzz . . . went the dentist's drill.

Does this lipstick come off easily?

Not if you put up a fight.

Would you like an inside or outside room?

Inside. It looks like rain.

The demure little bride, a trifle pale, her lips set in a tremendous smile, slowly walked down the aisle, clinging to the arm of her father. As she reached the lower platform before the altar her dainty slippered foot brushed a potted flower, upsetting it.

She looked at the spilled dirt aravelly, and then raised her child-like eyes to the face of the sedate old minister.

"That's a hell of a place to put a lily," she said.

—Old Line

Fashion Note: Women are wearing the same things in brassiers this year.

—Pup Tent

He: I am feeling a little frail tonight.

She: Will you stop calling me that!

Gift Suggestions
To Send Home

- LUGGAGE
- LAMPS
- SEWING BASKETS
- LAMP TABLES

Merchandise bought for out-of-town delivery will be packed and shipped pre-paid.

PARKER
Furniture Company

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Since 1857

Banking Service for more than
three quarters of a century

Boone County National Bank

Bdwy. and 8th Sts. R. B. PRICE, President

FOX
THEATRE

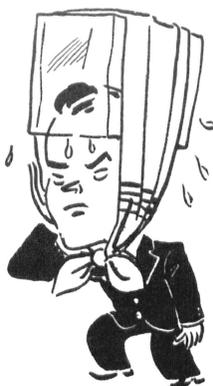
●
STARTING
FRIDAY
December 20

●
"Joe Mizzou's
Jelly-Joint"

A
50 MINUTE
STAGE REVUE

Starring

Count Solomon and ork and
Herbie Herblin
Haymer Flieg
Bill Culbreath
Bill Ferguson
Jean and Jane McNab
Paul Bieleck



Ice, it's wonderful!

●
If all the Thetas in the world who didn't neck were put in one room what would we do with her?

—swiped

14 Varieties
Plate Lunches
25c

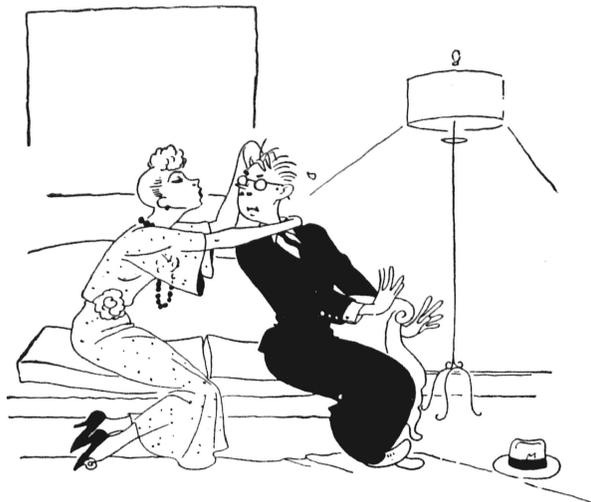
10% OFF ON
MEAL TICKETS

5c Hamburgers **5c**
5c Brain Sandwiches **5c**

Sunday
Chicken Dinner
— 35c —

THE DROP INN
CAFE

Mo. Theatre Bldg.



TRUE or FALSE?

QUESTION. The young lady adores the young man because of his brilliant personality.

ANSWER: FALSE . . . She likes him because he always brings a copy of SHOWME printed by the

Star-Journal Publishing Co.

Warrensburg,

Missouri



“I hope my boy-friend doesn’t find out about this; there’d be hell to pay if he caught me not wearing his fraternity pin—”

Ten horses are smarter than fifty thousand men. If you put ten horses in a race, fifty thousand people will crowd in to see them run; but if you put fifty thousand men in a stadium, how many horses would come to see them?

“My feet hurt.”
 “What’s the matter?”
 “I’ve been biting my nails again.”

CLICKLESS CLICHÉS

All I can say is I’m glad I’ve got a sense of humor.
 And I’ll tell you something, feller.
 And a round on the house.
 Sign here.
 For once and for all.
 Don’t be unreasonable, darling; you get the divorce.
 I’m busy on a picture.
 Say it isn’t so.
 Don’t lay your good for nothing hands on me, you cad.
 No peddlers allowed.
 Open nights.
 Excuse my glove.
 I won’t say it is and I won’t say it isn’t.
 You never seem to concentrate on what I’m saying.

THINGS I NEVER KNEW ABOUT COLLEGE TILL NOW

- (1) That it’s a place to study.
- (2) That to take a woman on the second floor of most frat house involves a “board” meeting—if you are a pledge.
- (3) That there are more courses in anatomy taken in this locality than the profs ever imagined.
- (4) That new sorority pledges are just as scared when they go on the first date as the frat pledges. It works both ways.
- (5) That you shouldn’t buy books. You’re a sucker if you do . . . especially if you live in a frat house.
- (6) That turning up your trousers isn’t necessary in rainy weather. Not a requirement but a fad.
- (7) That ten alarm clocks in a dorm can sound like the mutterings of a cannon—if you can’t sleep.
- (8) That necking isn’t a luxury or an act—it’s required.
- (9) That a blind date is a silhouette in the nite which distracts from one’s studies.
- (10) That having five dollars makes you a marked man.
- (11) That if you have three coats and two pair of trousers you can make five swell combinations. We’re going to buy another suit now to try that out.

A is for the apples in my pie;
 B is for the bats in my eye;
 L is for the lovely little things
 O is for all the other things I can think of;
 M is for the million things we think of;
 S is for some other something
 Put them all together and they spell Abloms
 Which doesn’t mean a thing to me.

“Fifty dollars for a bottle of perfume?”
 “Now, don’t get excited, I get a nickel back on the bottle.”



“Pardon my back.”

DIARY OF A GUY WITH THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

Nov. 30 This Christmas spirit sure is the stuff. Think I will make my girl a present instead of buying her one. Sort of a personal touch.

Dec. 1 Can't decide what to make for my girl. Went around to ask society editor of the paper. She suggests I make her either a scooter or a rag doll. Maybe she thinks my girl is still in high school.

Dec. 3 Thought maybe the Betas might have some suggestions so I inquired there. They think it would be nice if I knit her a pair of rubber boots. Wise guys. It's things like this that dampen a guy's spirits.

Dec. 5 I must be getting insomnia: stayed awake for five minutes in zoology class today. The prof was discussing ants and quick as a flash I got an inspiration. I will make my girl a formicarium, which is something to keep ants in to study them.

Dec. 6 Am having trouble finding

out how to build my formicarium. Finally found instructions in Boy Scout handbook. Had to give the Scout sign, handshake, motto, oath, fee card and fifty cents before I could get one.

Dec. 7 Handbook says to get five pieces of glass. Took my Boy Scout hatchet and tried to chip five pieces out of window in the Library. The officer claims I am violating Rule 17 of the Traffic Regulations. He wants to give me a ticket. The officer is no Zoologist.

Dec. 11 Took my girl to show. Noticed hole in glass in ticket window is just right size for my formicarium. Inquired as to what

was done with piece of glass that was cut out.

Dec. 13 Theatre called up to say that piece of glass was being used to plug up hole in roof of manager's car. My girl also found out what I was making her for Christmas. My girl is mad.

Dec. 15 My girl is still mad.

Dec. 16 I am now a guy without a girl. Am not daunted however and am continuing my formicarium construction. Decided to make it out of half an empty bottle.

Dec. 17 Went around to Beta house to borrow an empty bottle.

Betas were interested. They claim it is a good way to get rid of all their empty bottles.

Dec. 19 Whole Beta chapter is now making formicariums.

Dec. 20 Finished formicarium and put ants in. Ants were not happy and escaped during the night. Can't understand what makes my back itch.

Dec. 21 Have thrown away my formicarium. Have decided it would be much simpler to get a new girl.



"I'm just curious to see how he's gonna get in."

•
*They wear no hats;
 Their arms are bare;
 Their dresses show their knees;
 They must be red-hot mamas
 Or else they'd surely freeze.*

•
 "What did Joe do when the doctor told him he would have to give up tobacco?"

"He started smoking the cigars he received for Christmas."

•
"Absence makes the heart grow fonder,"

*One day Jack said to Jill,
 And she answered, "It is presents
 Makes the heart grow fonder still."*



Oop-la it's La Conga! Snapped at the Gamma Phi party it's (left to right) the curves of Frances McCarthy; Wesley Caseman, Sig Ep; Mildred Dell; Millard Fries of St. Louis; Marylou Langdon; and Fred Hankala, Pi K. A.



DUNDEE AUTENRIETH screws up her pretty face and grimaces menacingly at our scooper-snooper photo man while lovely Emilie Gildehaus smiles sweetly at Walt Myer of the Sig Chi lodge. The distinguished gent with the tails is Bob Klick of St. Louis. Oh yes—it's the Theta party.

He: Darling come back to me or I will take poison.

She: Oh my dearest, I am so happy you called. If I hadn't heard from you I would have taken poison."

Telephone Operator: "Extra charge for a poison to poison call."

—Log

He: Only a mother could love a face like that.

She: I am about to inherit a fortune.

He: I am about to become a mother.



Gordon Silk Hosiery

in her own "Complexion Tone"

SPONSORED BY HELENA RUBINSTEIN

This is a 'magic-making' gift — whatever type she is, limpid blonde or lass with raven-dark hair, we have the Gordon 'Complexion Tone' as right for her as her own skin.

And no wonder! These shades were selected by Mme. Helena Rubinstein, topflight beauty expert — they're as carefully blended as her own face powder. In best quality Gordon stockings, lovely and long-wearing, they're the season's cleverest gift.



\$1.00 and \$1.15 per pair

\$.85 and \$3.25 gift box price

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SUPERIOR SHOES

Are you shopping with your Eagle Stamp book? We give Eagle Stamps.

Columbia Laundry

• MODERN

• SERVICE

DIAL **3409**

• SAVINGS



Where to Go!



... News of the Movies ... Entertainment ... and ... Dancing In and Around Columbia. ...

What's Coming & Worth Going to-in Movies

At the formal premier of the THIEF OF BAGDAD in Hollywood, Alex Korda threw ten grand (that's \$) to the crowds that gathered along Bagdad Park ... Sabu and June Duprez went the other way to give a special showing of the same pic at Warm Springs, Ga. ... Hay's bans nudity in TIN PAN ALLEY, says that there is too much exposure (sexposure) ...

... Para's little warbler Susanna Foster was almost let out of the cage, but was held for the movie THERE'S MAGIC IN MUSIC ... Miriam Hopkins is in again with the interpretation of that red-headed Mrs. Leslie Carter in the pic LADY WITH RED HAIR ...

FIGHTING SONS will be released as the GALLANT SONS according to word from MGM, producers of this grownup Jackie Cooper picture. Another former child player, Bonita Granville, will be his lady fair, as she really is ... Freddie March will appear in VICTORY as a sour misanthrope cast away on a deserted island. But when he finds a femme companion in the person of charming Betty Field, he quickly sheds his complexes and blossoms out—this is a Paramount picture due to be released the first of January ... Paul Muni sings for the first time in HUDSON BAY, the Fox early American pic. Pretty Gene Tierney, New York socialite "gone Hollywood," is Muni's inspiration ... Don't be too surprised when you see Judy Garland, as "the little woman" in LITTLE NELLY KELLY. That's all, and more film fun to ya.

• • •

"Vic Licks" pen jams for you on the latest records

Opening in our little visual vic session is Larry Clinton's "Semper Fidelis", on Bluebird, holding down the number one spot on the Campus Drug juke ... the metamorphosed march contains some interesting sax work with a flute-like clarinet interpolation. Gracing the other side is "Dance of the Flowers" ... Charlie Barnet's rendition of "I Hear a Rhapsody" ushers in a good tune

that I am waiting to hear T. Dorsey play. Still keeping the fair name of Barnet at eye-level is the reverse cutting, "The Moon is Crying for Me", his ever-increasing negroid sax tendency clearly brought out here.

Dinah Shore, who Banta's Greek Exchange names as this month's outstanding AEPH is worth hearing ... and watching. She copped the Bluebird "Best-Record-of-the-month Plaque" last month with her "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes". "How Come You Do Me Like You Do?", completes this melodic cutting with a "Stormy Weather" sequel ... Artie Shaw looms on the melodic horizon with a real comeback, entitled "Love of My Life" ... The Shaw moany sax section returns with a smash hit that doubles with this month's sweet selection "Handful of Stars" ... Miller's latest release "Eberle-d" under the title "A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square" ... on the B-side is "Goodbye Little Darlin', Goodbye". Eberle warbled also ...

Andrews fans take note!! ... Patty Andrews sings a number written by Patty herself, entitled

Featuring



Count Solomon's
12 piece band

Tues., Wed., Thurs.—
8:15 to 10:15 p. m.
Sat. Afternoon—8 to 5 p. m.
Sunday Evening—6 to 8 p. m.

HARRIS
CAFE

FOR ENJOYABLE

Entertainment

ATTEND

the

U
P
T
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W
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THEATRE

on

BROADWAY

CONTINUOUS

1-11 P. M.

DAILY



What to Do!

—By Round Towner



"Sweet Molly Malone", sounding strangely like Judy Garland. The companion cutting is "Mean to Me" with THE THREE together again in one of the smoothest, danceable pieces yet . . .

S. G. A. sponsors a super-SMOOTH outfit in Dick Jurgens on the occasion of its first big-name dance this year. Jurgens played at Stephens College last year and enjoyed the dance as much as the dancers . . . The men in his outfit are younger than average with the exception of the bass player who is adequately named "Pop" because of his shining pate. This is remedied by the application of a wig during the novelty numbers. "Joe", the second trumpet is a short creature with a podium to stand on all his own . . . it says "soap" on its side . . . Who was that guy who said Kyser put on all the show? . . . Ronnie Kemper, of "Cecelia" fame, is one of the feature attractions. He sings "Knit One, Purl Two", and "A Hundred to One", both of which he wrote . . . Harry Cool, St. Louis importation, is another sweet-singing attraction that causes feminine heart flutters . . . Count Solomon had records placed at vantage points in campus jukes. It all was to do with a certain Homecoming publicity tieup . . . Count Sork appears at the Fox Theater during Christmas vacation with an all-Missouri talent show, starting December 20th and running for five days . . . The show will feature Bill Culbreath, one-legged cheerleader in a jitterbug number and U. City's own Haymer Flieg. Also featured are Christian's McNab twins, Bill Ferguson, Herbie Herblin, and Paul Bielick. Other talent is in the offing so don't be surprised if the guy that sits next to you in the biffy is the M. C. . . . so be there on the ●

My Last Good-bye
Our Love Affair
ONLY FOREVER
When You Said Good-bye

DICK JURGENS

Radio Electric Shop

1005 Broadway

GROUCHO · CHICO · HARPO
MARX BROS
in **"GO WEST"**
with JOHN CARROLL · DIANA LEWIS
AN M-G-M PICTURE

HALL THEATRE DECEMBER 15 to 21

Dancing and Jellying

Don't forget our New Year's Eve Party

Deen's
GOLDEN CAMPUS

Alice FAYE · Betty GRABLE
in **Tin Pan Alley**
with JACK OAKIE · JOHN PAYNE

MISSOURI THEATRE DECEMBER 15 to 21



Ooops! There goes a strap.

Say . . .

Merry Christmas

with a new

PHOTOGRAPH
OF YOURSELF

Make your appointment
now at

J. Francis Westhoff
Studio

Ph. 7436J 910A Bdway.

Let's go to the dance."

"Naw. Let's go to the movies."

"You guys forget. We have an exam tomorrow."

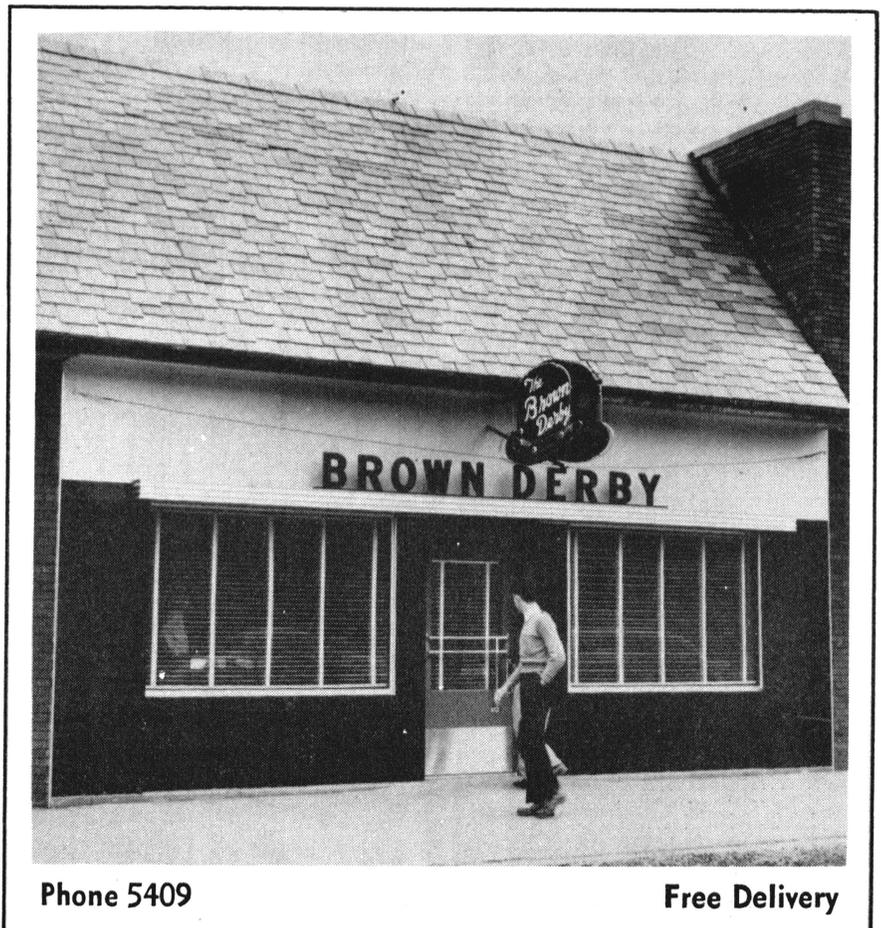
"We'll toss a coin. Heads we go to the movies. Tails we go to the dance, and if it stands on edge we'll study."

Mis-a-sip

He: What's all this bustle about?

She: Don't get personal.

Scotland Yard was hunting for a criminal, but the only picture they had of him was a strip of six photographs. This strip was sent to a provincial town, and shortly afterwards the following telegram reached the Yard: "Have found four of the wanted men. Hope to get the other two soon."



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Try OLD BEN Stoker Coal
to get more quality heating
for less money this winter.



**SMARR COAL
COMPANY**

Dial 3417

SHOWME SHOW . . .

(Continued from page 12)

for another night to roll around . . . the restless air of the library-goers during the three nights before the celebration, shifting around as if they regretted the scholarly impulse which dragged them to the hallowed center of learning . . . the futuristic broadcast of the football game from the Lambda Chi house two nights before the game, with a p. a. system sending a play-by-play sportscast up and down Rollins Avenue . . . these prophets had the Tigers romping across for a touchdown in the first few moments of the game, exactly what happened . . . the momentary lull in the high tide of good spirit Wednesday noon, after classes had finished, when the students remaining in Columbia to cash in on the freedom saw their buddies pull out in carloads for a crack at some home-cooked turkey . . . and then, bango!! the big up-

swing ate in the afternoon when alumni started crowding the town streets yelling for the team, the occasion, and another flask . . . the mass of fraternity men who pour into the Green Lantern Cafe after every sorority dance, in order to let down their hair, but really . . . the catch in the throat that came to thousands of loyal Missourians and Kansans alike when they realized that the very cool, very blonde young man out on the wind-swept turf was getting ready to toss his last pass for Old Mizzou . . . and the yelling crowd that stood as one man when the Pitcher trotted over to the sidelines to his father . . . after three unforgettable years of headlines and throngs and All-American ratings . . . and the great finesse Faurot showed in pulling each senior out of the game individually, while the sophs finished the job . . . a great bunch, those seniors, and how we'll miss 'em! . . . the windy, desolate streets of Columbia Thursday night, after the game had become a memory . . . so this is college!!

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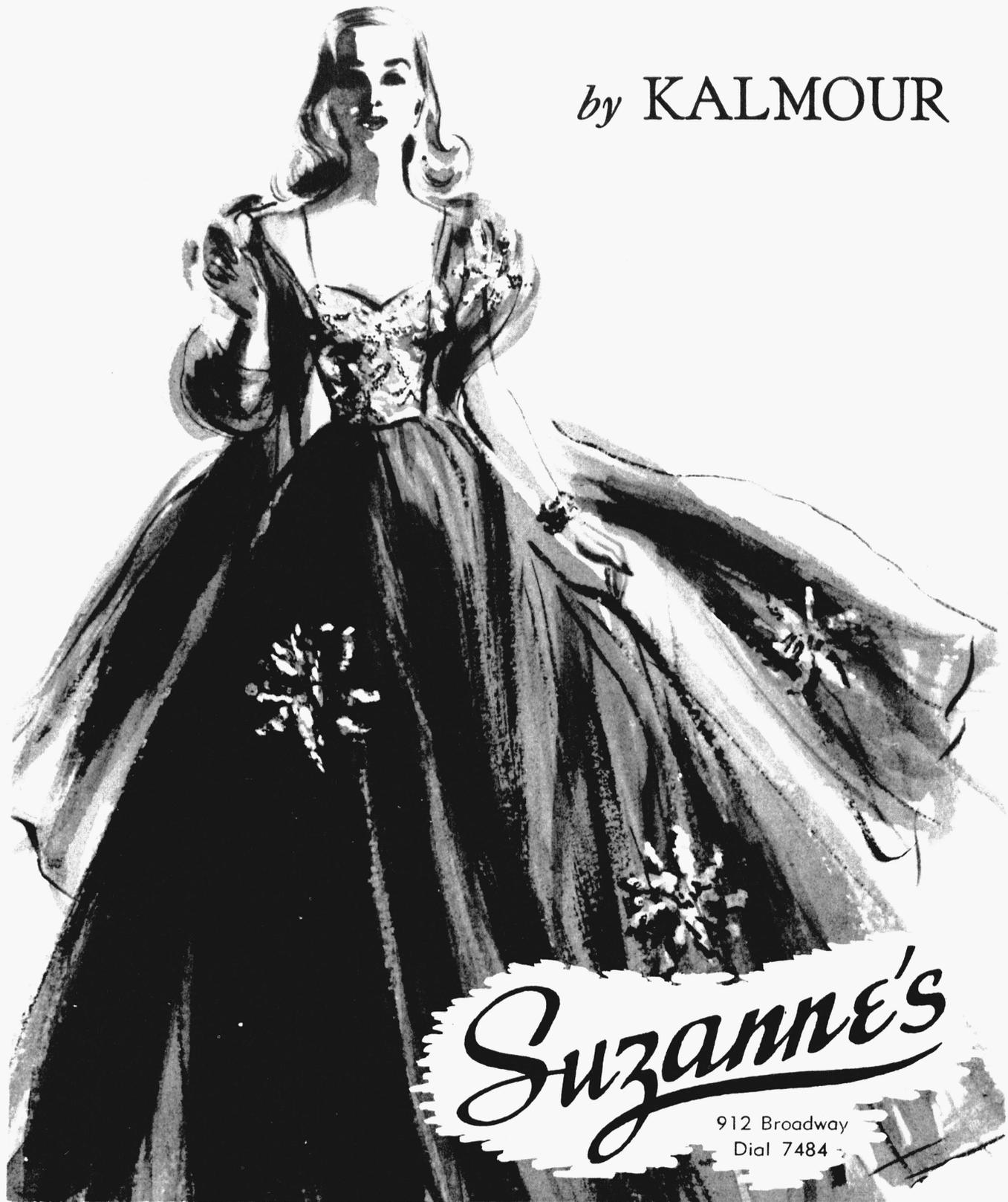
UNIVERSITY BOOKSTORE

THE CO-OP

Jesse Hall Basement

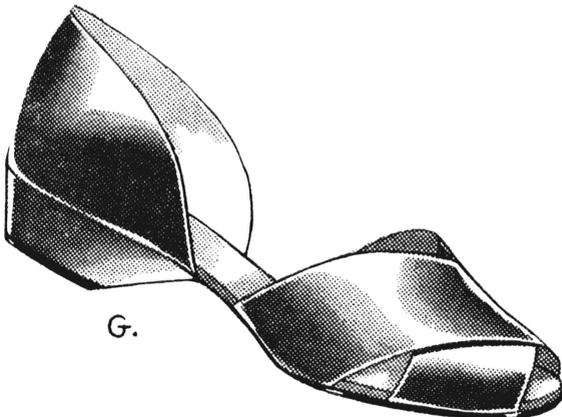
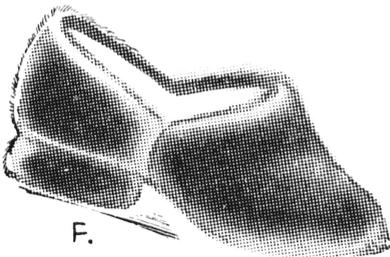
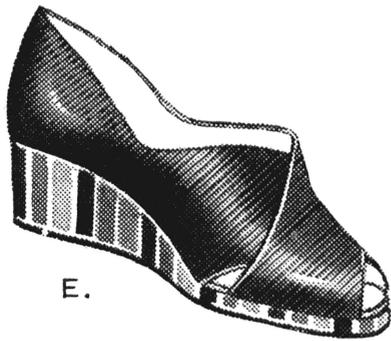
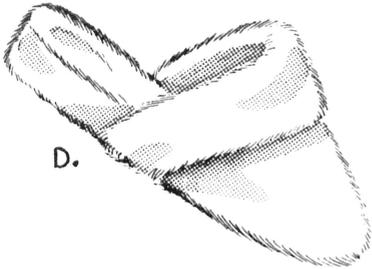
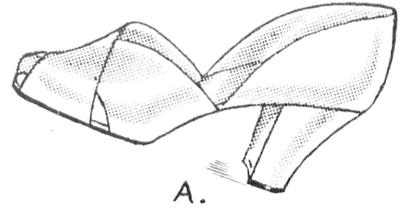
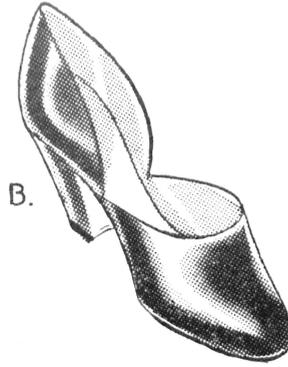
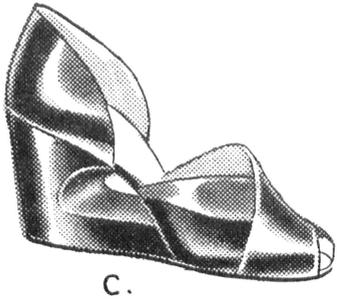
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by KALMOUR



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Gift Slippers

\$1
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Stop "racking your brain" about what to give . . . Leave that for your lessons! Give mother, sister, sweetheart these lovely, luxurious slippers! Every new type . . . rich materials and trims . . . glorious colors! Come see them NOW!



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White or Black.
\$1.95

B. **Kid D'Orsay**
Black, Wine or Blue.
\$1.00

C. **Satin Wedgie**
Black with Red, Blue with Wine.
\$1.95

D. **Shearling Scuff**
White, Red, Blue, Wine, Black.
\$1.95

E. **Faille Wedgie**
Black with Multi-Color, Wine with Multi-Color.
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F. **"Panda" Snuggler**
Beige, Wine, Blue, Red, Black, White.
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G. **"Spring Heel" Sandal**
Of Black, Wine or Blue Satin.
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Ringless **VAN DE HOSIERY**
2 Pairs **54c \$1**
Sheer! Reinforced at points of wear! Newest colors!



Beautiful **BAGS**
Every new type, material, color! . . . So inexpensive!

\$1



THE **Jacqueline**
SHOP

COLUMBIA

*Luckies' finer tobaccos
mean less nicotine!*



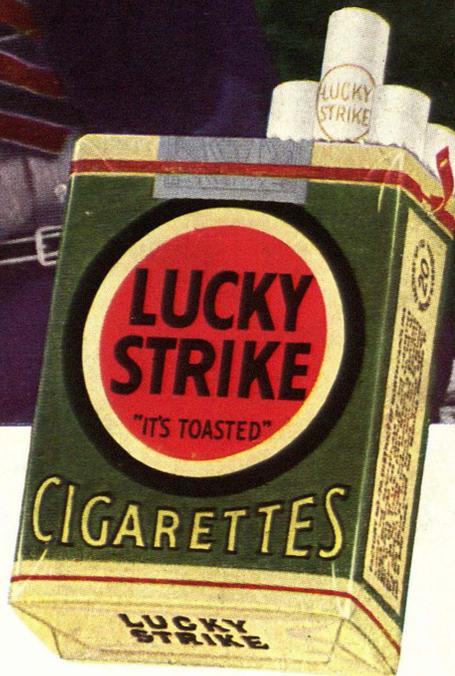
● Actual color photograph—Frank Brown, tobacco warehouseman, shows a visitor some fine golden leaf

GIRL: Mr. Brown, what counts most in a cigarette?

MR. BROWN: Why—it's the tobacco, of course.

GIRL: So that's why you smoke Luckies?

MR. BROWN: Right! And most other independent tobacco experts do, too!



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MEN like Frank Brown... who spend their lives buying, selling and handling tobacco... know that Luckies get the finer leaf—and Luckies' finer tobaccos mean less nicotine!

The more you smoke, the more you want a cigarette of proven mildness. So remember: authoritative tests reveal that for more than 2 years, the nicotine content of Luckies has been 12% less

than the average of the 4 other leading brands—less than any one of them.*

You see, Luckies scientifically analyze tobacco samples before buying. So our buyers can select leaf that is ripe and mellow yet milder—low in nicotine content.

For genuine mildness, why not smoke the smoke tobacco experts smoke? Ask for Lucky Strike today!

★ NICOTINE CONTENT OF LEADING BRANDS

From January 1938 through June 1940
Lucky Strike has averaged

- 9.46% less nicotine than Brand A
- 20.55% less nicotine than Brand B
- 15.55% less nicotine than Brand C
- 4.74% less nicotine than Brand D

For this period Lucky Strike has had an average nicotine content of 2.01 parts per hundred.

With men who know tobacco best... it's LUCKIES 2 to 1