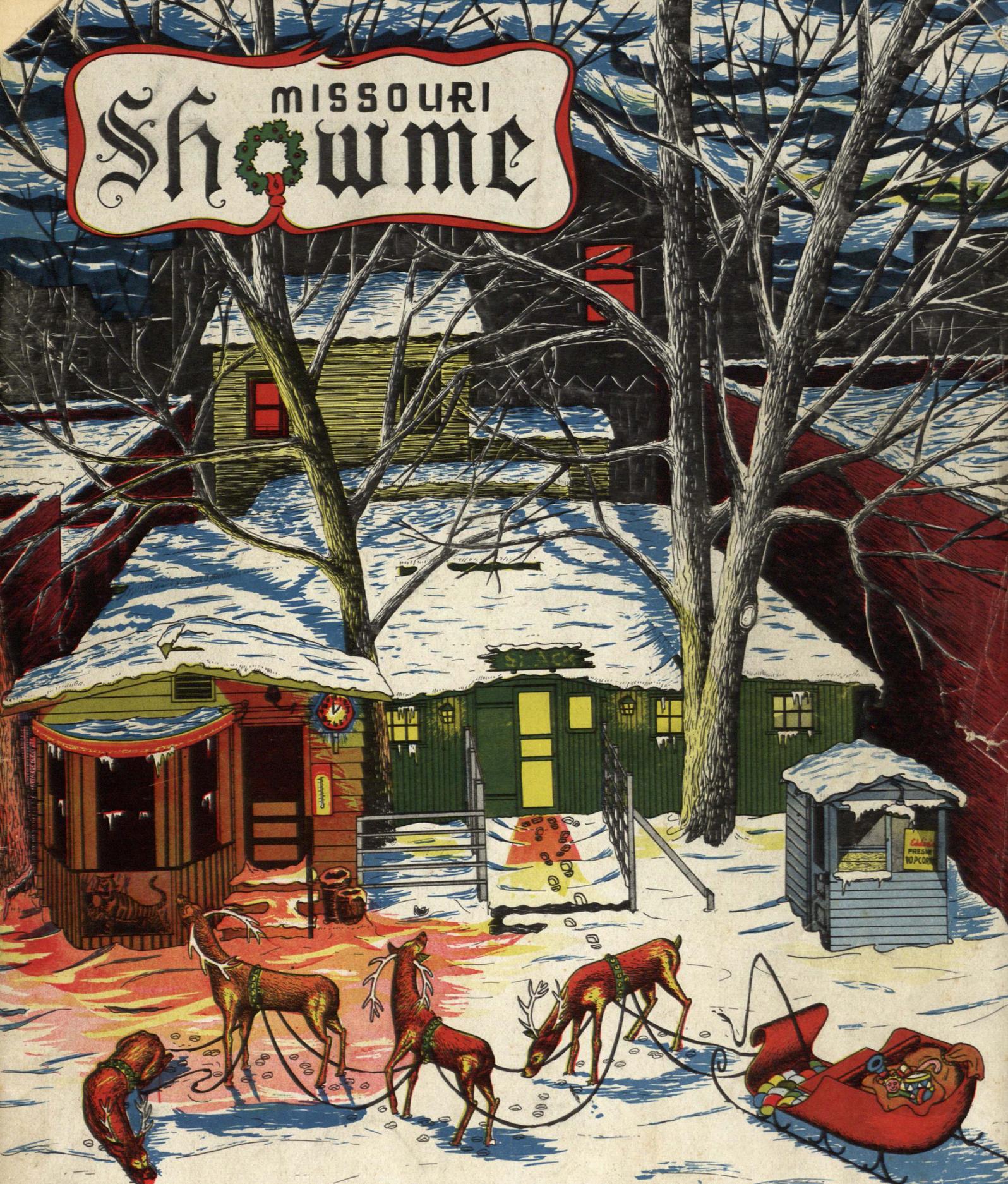


# MISSOURI Show me



Expose' Issue

25¢

FARLEY

# A Merry Christmas

**FOR EVERY  
SMOKER**

## CAMEL

CIGARETTES

A carton of Camels will bring a happy Yuletide smile to any cigarette smoker on your list. These cartons come all dressed up in a strikingly handsome Christmas design with a "gift card" right on top. Remember: More people are smoking Camels than ever before!



R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina



## PRINCE ALBERT

SMOKING TOBACCO

Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco — for pipes or roll-your-own cigarettes — is America's biggest-selling tobacco. Smokers know it as the National Joy Smoke because it's so rich tasting, so mild and easy on the tongue. You'll enjoy giving Prince Albert—in the colorful Christmas-wrapped one-pound tin.



Even Santa...



... can't resist  
the SHACK for a nice cool  
beer between missions

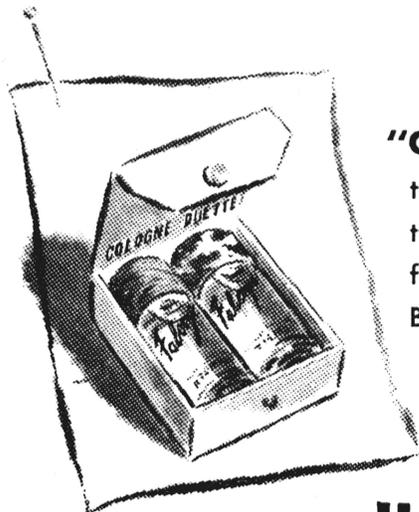
*Wishing all the students a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year*

the SHACK



with Fabergé's new  
**"Cologne Quartette"**

four fashion fragrances composed to  
 compliment every costume in your wardrobe . . .  
 Aphrodisia . . . Woodhue . . . Tigress . . . Straw Hat . . .  
 Beautifully boxed . . . **5.00 the set of four**



**"Cologne Duette"**

twin flacons of your  
 two favorite Fabergé  
 fashion fragrances . . .  
 Beautifully boxed . . .

**2.50 the set**

plus tax

**Harzfeld's**

*Letters to the Editor*

Dear Editor:

I liked that story in your last issue, *Who's A'Friend Of Sex*, but I couldn't find the author, Litner Mayfield, in the student directory. Are you having your stories written by someone off the campus or



is it a pen-name designed to pawn off literary monstrosities written by staff members?

Huh?

*Guess agin . . . you're warm. The name Litner Mayfield is a composite of Litner, Mayer, and Fairfield, three genii with but one thought in mind . . . and one type-writer (see cut) ED.*

Dear Showme:

I saw our pictures of the convertible wreck in Life Magazine, November 7th and I was impressed. However, I think it is going pretty far to smash up a good car just to get publicity. Couldn't you just shoot your Editor and get the same results?

A Friend,  
 George Forbes

*Lissen, don't give the staff any ideas . . . they would do anything for publicity and there are several people who would be willing to do the deed. Let's just stick to smashing up cars. ED.*

Dea Redtr:

I wi shtotak thisop portnty twi shoe a Murr Chismus nalso t the staf.

Yer strooly,  
 Mumbles

*Na Murr Chismus tyuto, Mumbles. ED.*

PD TIMBUCTOO  
EDITOR MISSOURI SHOWME  
COLUMBIA, MO.

CONGRATLATIONS ON A  
FINE SEX ISSUE STOP HEARD  
YOU SOLD OUT ON THE SEC-  
OND DAY STOP WONDER-  
FUL STOP WE TRIED THE  
SAME THING AT ILLINOIS  
UNIVERSITY STOP I AM  
NOW IN TIMBUCTOO.

CHARLES WILKES

*Move over.* ED.

---

Damn Editor:

On the page of photographs  
called the *Showme Bulletin Board*  
in your last issue, you had a notice  
from a girl named "Marge." That  
fictitious telephone number you  
used, however, happened to be  
*ours*. We thought the page was  
funny but we didn't quite appre-  
ciate the 27 times we had to an-  
swer the phone (one call was  
even 2:00 in the morning) and  
say, "Marge doesn't live here any  
more."

Clyde and Bob.

---

Dear Showme:

What are these stubs on the  
end of my subscription card for?

Stupid.

*Those stubs are your vote for  
the Showme King and Queen of  
the year. Every subscriber has a  
vote and may vote for anyone he  
desires on the campus. The bal-  
lots are due in by the 15th of De-  
cember and the winners will be  
announced in the January issue on  
the newstands the 12th of January  
Ed.*

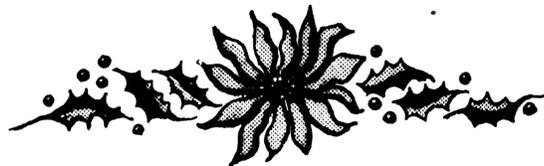


*Showme Girl of the Month says.*

**"YOU CAN ALWAYS  
DEPEND ON LAMB'S  
FOR SERVICE AND  
VALUE."**

## Christmas Gift Suggestions

ELGIN AMERICAN COMPACTS  
ELGIN WATCHES  
RINGS  
CIGARETTE LIGHTERS  
HAMILTON  
KREISLER WATCH BANDS



*A few of the many  
suggestions at . . .*

 **Lamb's**

12 S. 9th St.  
3

Are 'YOU' in the  
"LUCKY CIRCLE?"



**WATCH**  
**For YOUR Picture**  
**In the CIRCLE**

**NOTICE—Bulletin Board Posted Weekly in  
Central Dairy—Watch for Your Picture**

**WIN**

A "Carry-Out Snack"  
For a Party of 4 or 5



**ICE CREAM**

- Choice of Cake or
- Cookies
- Chocolate Syrup

**CENTRAL DAIRY**



THE COVER this month was drawn by Dave "Flash" Fairfield. Before he could draw it, he had to exhibit the combined talents of Tarzan and Photographer as he dangled from a telephone pole on Conley to take a shot of his scene. Of course, his conception of Santa Claus is a grown-up version which will allow the jolly old gent to loft a few beers with the boys while his reindeer wait faithfully in the snow outside.

*Showme Sales Girls*

- Dorothy Valle—Alpha Chi Omega
- Marilyn Hill—Delta Gamma
- Sue Harris—Gamma Phi Beta
- Marilyn Scott—Kappa Alpha Theta
- Corinne Sartorius—Zeta Tau Alpha
- Pat Hughes—Delta Delta Delta
- Joy Scrinopski—Alpha Epsilon Phi
- Dorothy Hirst—Kappa Kappa Gamma

*Stephens College Representatives*

- Jane Tigrett
- Joy Kuyper
- Donna Kenball
- Billie King
- Susie Stevens
- Carole Beaumont
- Margret Irvin

*Christian College Representatives*

- Kit McKartney
- Sue Henley

*Special Salesmen*

- Bill McCarter
- Bill Herr



# MISSOURI Showme

"LIFE AT MIZZOU AS SEEN THROUGH  
SWAMI'S CRYSTAL BALL."

SHOWME, OCT. 1920

## THE STAFF

*Editor in Chief*  
Mort Walker

*Business Manager*  
Phil Sparano

*Advertising Director*  
Frank Mangan

*Art Editor*  
Bill Gabriel

*Story Editors*  
Charles Barnard  
Ted Sperling

*Modeling Director*  
Mel Mitchell

*Photo Editors*  
Clyde Hostetter  
Bob Tonn

*Make-up Editor*  
Dick Sanders

*Collections*  
Jim Higgins

*Features*  
Bob Rowe  
Saul Gellerman  
Bob Wells  
Coleman Younger  
John Lunsford  
Pat Ryan  
Diana Pattison  
Jerry Litner  
Don Dunn  
Peter Mayer  
John Trimble

*Art Staff*  
Flash Fairfield  
Bob Abbett  
Tom Ware  
Bill Juhre  
Bill Davey  
Frank Feindel

*Advertising Staff*  
Jean Suffill  
Bob Summers  
Harvey Dunn  
Bill Streeter

*Circulation Director*  
Dick Hall

*Publicity Director*  
Keith Chader

*Business Staff*  
Tom Laco  
Mary Guinotte  
Gladys Marsh

## CONTENTS

DECEMBER, 1947

### CANDIDLY MIZZOU

A photographic expose of some of our fondest campus traditions and personalities.

### SHOWME EXPOSES THE STUDENT

A daring photographic revelation of the impotent campus press showing the staff in its vain groping to put out a newspaper.

### THE ECHO

A Christmas story telling of two two-faced lovers at Missouri and their vacation affairs away from each other.

### MEMO ON WOMEN

In the September issue we gave you the opinions of Woman about Man. Now the Man gets back at Woman in a bitter analysis of the battle of the sexes.

### SHOWME EXPOSES THE FACULTY CLUB

The satirical pen of the Showme cartoonist caricatures the quaint antics of the faculty in their moments of liesure.

### MISSOURI UNIVERSITY EXPOSED

A feature article revealing the truth about the university, its government, and its activities.

### ROWE'S CROW'S NEST

Bob Rowe dips the bitter pen into the well of satire and writes the humorus truth about college.

---

*Published monthly during the school year by the students of the University of Missouri sponsored by Sigma Delta Chi, national journalism fraternity.*

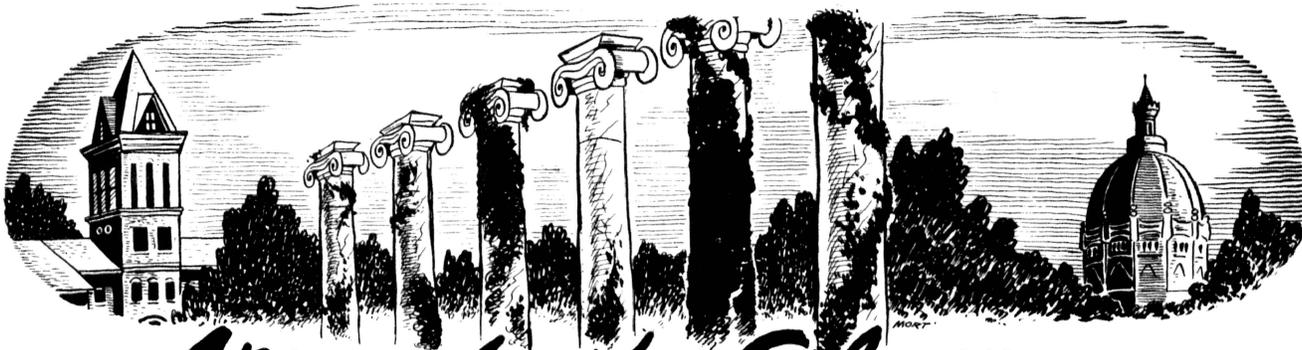
*Printed by Modern Litho-Printing Co., Jefferson City, Mo., Anton Hiesberger, owner.*

*Contributions from the students of the university welcomed but the editors cannot assume responsibility for unsolicited material. Address contributions to THE SHOWME, Neff Hall, Missouri University, Columbia, Mo.*

*Subscription rates: \$2.00 in Columbia for nine issues during school year. \$2.50 by mail outside Columbia. Single issues 25 cents.*



*B*egone with fantasy, desist,  
In fooling man with stuff like this,  
Expose the truth, let all men know  
The goal of footsteps in the snow.



# Around the Columns

## Overheard

"I'm afraid I'm going to be forced to go steady."

## December

Black nights behind cold bare limbs of trees . . . crisp bleak seven-o'clock skies . . . the thrill of the first snow . . . the temptation to stay in bed-warm luxury. . .

The yule log spirit . . . impatient holiday planning . . . Christmas gift list . . . penny counting . . . Christmas carol serenades. . .

School work apathy . . . dances . . . parties . . . bridge playing in front of the fire . . . indoor sports . . . sky hand-holding in incompatible, decorous, weather-forced, surroundings . . . the longing for green spring weather and private love-making.

## Casualties

He was six foot four and he was listening to the broadcast of the Missouri-Duke football game. Missouri made a touchdown. He jumped up to yell. He hit the ceiling, and had ten stitches taken in his scalp.

He was busy with a hammer and nails making necessary repairs to the outside of the fraternity house. Two co-eds walked by followed by a gust of wind. The

hospital says his hand will be all right in two weeks.

## Last Laugh

The flying saucer scare this summer was ridiculed by psychiatrists and scientists as only heat hysteria. "People get excited in the summertime and believe they see all sorts of things," the men of knowledge stated.

After that, when any of us saw an object in the sky, we laughed at ourselves for being so stupid as to think we were seeing anything more than illusions created by our imaginations.

In November, however, it was discovered that the flying discs were real substance, military inventions of Spain with a range of 9,000 miles. THE CENTRAL MISSOURI OBSERVANCE OF HEAVENLY PHENOMENA AND ASCERTAINING OF CERTAIN DEFINITE CONCLUSIONS IN REGARD THERE-



TO ASSOCIATION had the last laugh.

## Baby Contest

The rules for Read Hall's Baby Contest were stringent but not difficult to comply with for most parents. The first rule was: "One of the parents must be a student. Preferably the mother or the father."

Another rule was: "The babies must not be more than four or less than one year old because of the lack of facilities for handling younger children during their various movements."

There was no limit to the number of entries two parents could bring: "If you have a lot of them bring a lot of them," the rules invited but "The contest is limited to the first 100 children."

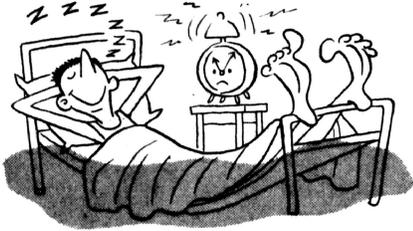
## Ration Identification

The menu at the general mess in Crowder Hall serves a good purpose. After eating, the men read it to see what they have consumed. They say it is the only way they can tell.

Complying with Truman's appeal for a "meatless Tuesday," the mess has co-operated to the fullest extent by giving the boys an "eat-less week."

*Measure of Man*

Nothing could be a more convincing testimonial for the axiom "clothes make the man," than the ROTC uniforms seen around the campus. Take a man, any man, and put him in the grey blue soldier suit and he looks like a piece of liver wrapped in butcher's paper. No form, no shoulders, no



drape, no man. It's like seeing a girl without make-up.

We hear that the tailor who issues the uniforms was once booted out of the back door of Kuppenheimers and has nursed a grudge against man ever since. He also spent a few years in the Army supply corps issuing khakiis.

*It Takes a Woman*

The subject for debate in the latest Femme Forum was the question "Why get up at all?" This, we think, puts into words an interesting frame of mind experienced by many of us. "Why

get up at all? How many times has that thought run through your mind right before you roll over, close your eyes, and miss your 7:30?

So you do finally get up. The prof in your 10:30 pulls a pop quiz . . . you come home with an "F" in your pocket to a lunch of noodle soup and stale crackers . . . you go to sleep in your 1:30 . . . you get to your 2:30 and you find you have forgotten your notebook.

A few beers before supper helps pass the time before you sit down to a meal consisting mainly of cold mashed potatoes and egg plant . . . with hunger pains still wracking your emaciated body you get up from the table and start to dress for the evening . . . your roommate has borrowed your only clean white shirt . . . you walk over for your date and it starts to rain . . . you wait a half an hour for your date to finish her assembly . . . then she walks down the stairs . . . the world is a wonderful place . . . it's good to be alive . . . it was almost worth getting up in the morning.

It takes a woman to supply the question and the answer, damn their lovely hides.

*Closing Shop*

At the end of the year we always like to look at the world situation in general, make a few conclusive statements, and be able to start out in January with a clean slate. Our bird's-eye view of civilization shows that Nellie Lucher holds up the juke-box receipts with "He's a Real Gone Guy," Mumbles is cornered by Dick Tracy, and the Outlaw is still being banned in New York. The favorite drinking song at Collins is "Roll Me Over in the Clover," men think that women's skirts are being run into the ground, and Superman has been grounded for violating commercial air lanes. Other trivia that we need not



mention are Dewey, the atom bomb, the Russians, and the revision of the GI Bill.

*Allies*

The night after the Oxford Debate, the Showme staff was having its regular meeting in the back



room of the Shack. Two guests appeared at the table dressed in tuxedos and introduced themselves as Sir Edward Boyle and Sir Kenneth Harris. They were out after some local atmosphere and looking for some free beer. We gave them both.

Naturally we had to show them the three issues of the Showme and ask their opinions. First off, they said, "WOW!" We could never get away with anything like this at Oxford!" We told them we couldn't at Missouri, either.

"British and American humor differs," they admitted. "Your humor is unconscious." We hope they meant that it was *knocked-out*. Their magazine at Oxford is called the *Isis* and their humor depends on mimicking well-known magazines. Their satire of *TIME* was called *MIME* and the one on the *TATTLER* was called the *PRATTLER*. "A new high in humor," they asserted.

The evening wore on to the mutual amusement of both parties. For every "R" they dropped we dopped a "G" and it was "Jolly," "All reet," "Capital," "Swell," "Rawther," and "You aint kiddin," until Sir Edward kicked over a glass of beer in his demonstration of rugby.

### Business Is Popping

It will be interesting to see who wins out in the Campus Town Popcorn War. So far business has been good for both the competing popcorn stands but sooner or later, one of the sides will start putting more butter in their product and win the skirmish.

### Studes vs. Education

Since the time Universities were frist founded, students have been



"No, Junior, he's not a Communist."

arguing the relative merits of curricular and extra-curricular activities. There are many sides to the question, but most of us seem to fall within the three main groups: the ones who put the emphasis on grades, the ones who mix grades and social life half and half, and



the ones who have fun and slip by with the minimum amount of work.

When the question "Why did you come to college?" was put to an average group, we received the following predominant answers: "To learn something," "To have fun," "To find a husband," and "To keep from going to work."

Dean Hindman, who has done

a great deal of research on the subject, said statistics show that the people who make the best grades in college, make the highest incomes in later life.

An old axiomatic premise put to the logical test goes as follows: "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." "All work and no play makes jack," and therefore, "A dull boy makes jack!"

So go on and enjoy college the way you have been. No matter which side you're on, you have plenty of support.

### Local Golwynism

Two fraternity candidates for "Bookie of the Year" were discussing the parley cards several week ends ago.

One mentioned an enterprising rival.

The other commented: "Yeah, he knows all the odds and ends."

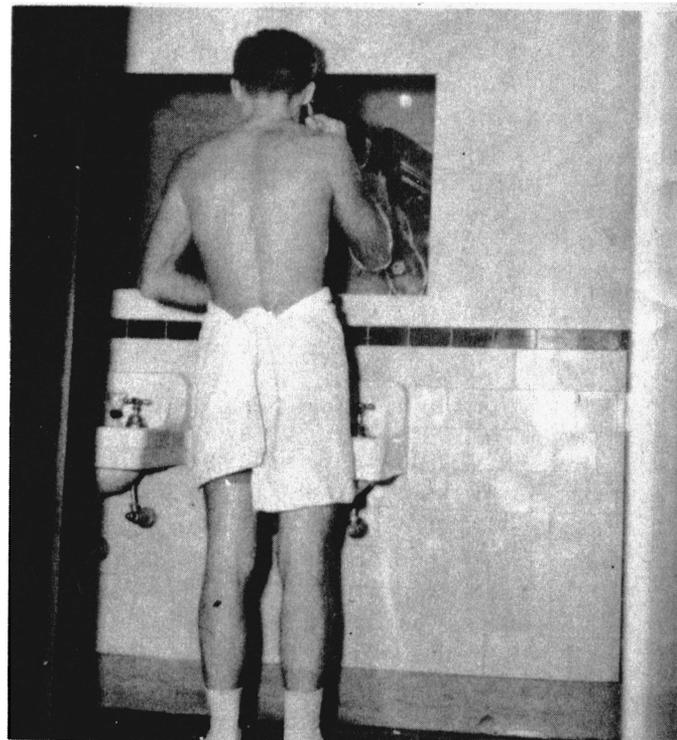
C  
A  
N  
D  
I  
D  
L  
Y  
•  
M  
I  
N  
N  
O  
U  
•



*THE SHOWME EXPOSES THE SHOWME. Many people have asked who puts out the Showme and how does it get the way it is? Maybe this photograph will elucidate a little. It is picture of an actual staff meeting in the Shack. The editor in the left drinking coke is busily taking down notes on the beer-stimulated ideas of Frank Feindel, Dick Sanders, Gladys Marsh, Flash Fairfield, Bill Gabriel, Jean Suffill, Jerry Litner, and Pete Mayer.*



*SHOWME EXPOSES GIRLS' KNEES. With the discouraging prospective of only girls' ankles showing beneath the long skirts, we print a refreshing photo of a girl's knees for the men.*



*SHOWME EXPOSES MEN'S LEGS. And for the girls who have had to use imagination all their lives, we print this informative photo of a guy's gams. Now you know why men wear pants.*



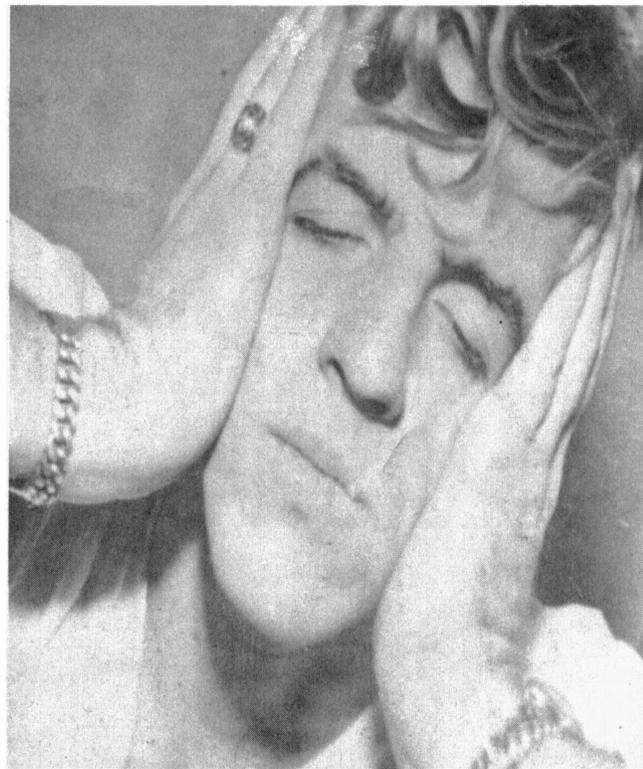
**SHOWME EXPOSES A WOMAN'S POCKET-BOOK.** *There are a few places that man is never allowed. One of them is inside a woman's purse. In this daringly revealing peek into the clandestine recesses of the bag, many things about women are now understandable.*



**SHOWME EXPOSES A MAN'S BILLFOLD.** *If you think a woman is a junk collector, you should see what a man can get into the restricted area of a billfold . . . there is everything but bills in it. Incidentally, a new fashion bulletin authorizes men to carry shoulder purses.*



**SHOWME EXPOSES SANTA CLAUS.** *For many of you this might be the first glance into the private life of the mythical old gent. We print this not to disillusion you but to reveal the truth.*



**SHOWME EXPOSES A HANGOVER.** *We always considered it rather mean to discourse on man's discomforts but if you will clip this photo out and look at it from time to time during the holiday season, you might not be so inclined to overindulge in the Christmas Spirit.*

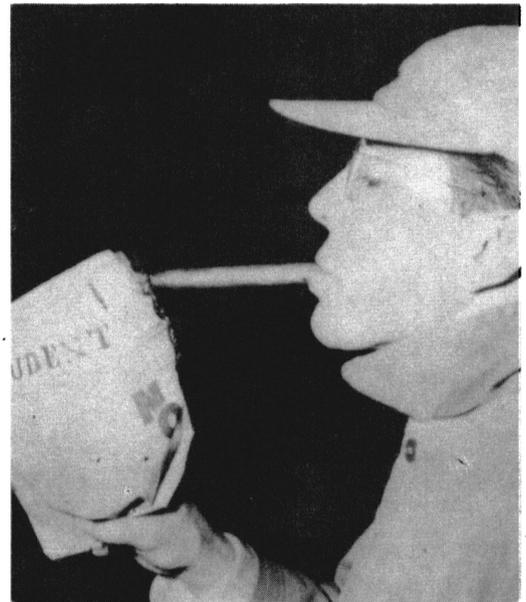


Inside SHOWME information reveals that most of the newswriting is done by this four-year-old ghost-writer. This pocket sized William Randolph Hearst may grow up to write for the SHOWME someday.

# EXPOSED! THE STUDENT



On these pages, SHOWME prints an unvarnished expose of one of the most despicable frauds that ever festered on the Missouri campus. The Missouri STUDENT, the yellow sheet which has had the effrontery to call itself the organ of the student body, to accept money for reprints of articles stolen from honest campus magazines and placed under its signature, and to use 213 in Read Hall for a den of hate and sordid revelry, has finally come under the crusading beel of SHOWME. The STUDENT'S days are numbered.



The Editor of the SHOWME finds a good use for the STUDENT. Even better uses have been reported.



*This revealing shot shows the STUDENT editor, Marvin Brown, at one of his "special evening meetings." At these meetings the STUDENT is planned out cheerfully until the bottle is finished. Right after this picture was taken, Brown whirled and threw a jar of paste at the SHOWME photographer. (Right)*



*Mike Norris, STUDENT news editor, fills in the space between stolen SHOWME stories with stuff clipped from the MISSOURIAN.*



*Stan Epstein, STOOGENT sports editor, tries to look like Clark Kent of the Daily Planet, but looks more like the editor of the Hobo News.*



*Jan Jeans caught in the act of compiling gossip for her weekly travesty on social life. She has to stoop to this method since most people hate to see their name in her column.*



# THE ECHO

by

*Charles Nelson Barnard*

**T**HE train had stopped. Snow was falling quietly on Terre Haute. John watched it swirl from the dark sky, turn red in the glare of a neon sign, and melt wetly into the pavement. The window through which he looked was streaked and steamy. The dining car was nearly empty. He looked at the timetable.

St. Louis, Mattoon, Paris, Terre Haute. And on into the night: Indianapolis, Cleveland, Buffalo, Albany, New York—New York in the morning! The long climb

up the ramps, the coffee, the Christmas crowds in Grand Central, and the phone call he'd promised to make from the station. She'd be waiting for it.

The train jerked into motion. John stirred his coffee idly, stared out the window. She'd be waiting for the call. Sitting in the apartment, timetable in her lap, waiting. But he wouldn't call. He'd made up his mind. That was all over. The four months between September and Christmas belonged to someone else.

He lighted a cigarette, ordered more coffee, watched the driving

snow race past the window. He remembered his last night in Columbia: remembered Kathy, remembered how she looked, how proud he was to be with her, to be seen with her, to have people know that she was Queen of the Winter Carnival. And later she'd asked him if he loved her and he'd said yes. Yes. Yes. Of course he did. He'd never thought of it, but he knew that he must. He loved Kathy. Whether she loved him didn't matter. Oh, she was selfish sometimes. She had broken dates. She had gone out with many others. But he loved her.

And Mary? Mary, who had come with him to the train in September, who had written so faithfully, who was waiting now with the timetable in her lap? He had only thought he loved her, thought John now.

So, the phone call would not be made.

It was still snowing the next morning. The train crept into Grand Central like a cautious monster and gently stopped. John stood among the eddying people on the platform for a moment. He breathed deeply of the damp, station air. He thought of the phone call. And then the eddy of people opened for an instant and she appeared. She smiled like a mischievous child when she saw him, then ran to kiss him.

"I couldn't wait for your call, darling. I had to meet you."

For a moment the old feeling welled back, until he remembered Kathy, remembered Columbia, remembered the phone call he hadn't intended to make. Now the plan was changed.

Outside, they took a cab.

The Christmas parties were gay, warm, friendly. All the customs and habits and traditions of Christmas at home took over John's mind. Columbia was a place a long way off—the people there remembered as characters in a play. All but one. Kathy stood out in memory as a living, vivacious thing among statuary. Of course he loved her. He had said so. Could Mary tell the difference? Could she know? Or guess? To John she seemed one of the habits of home. As much a part of the scene as the huge Christmas tree or Uncle Ulysses' reading of *A Christmas Carol*. It was going to be hard to tell her.

The vacation sped on after Christmas day. Time seemed to race toward the end of the old year—toward the cheering crowds at the New Year's Eve finish line. The finish line. He liked that thought. But he still hadn't told her. *Auld Lang Syne* didn't seem appropriate accompaniment to what he had to say. The image of Kathy burned bright, however, and it had to be said. Her beautiful face swirled in the tangle of colored streamers and tumbling confetti. It had to be said before midnight. The new year must be Kathy's—every minute of it.

"Mary . . ." he began.

She looked across the small table at him, the silly little paper cap perched jauntily on her up-swept hair. "What it is, John?"

"There's something I've got to tell you . . . now . . . before . . ."

A cigarette girl interrupted him. "Cigarettes, sir?" She arched her sharply plucked eyebrows as she spoke, raised one bare shoulder slightly, and smiled. She was a little like Kathy, John thought.

She moved on, stopped at another table, leaned low to listen to a whispered remark from a man in a tuxedo, then laughed.

It was a cultivated, well rehearsed laugh. It rippled from her carmine lips like a scale of notes. It was turned on for the benefit of the man in the tuxedo. There was no mirth or any of the joy of laughter in it. The man took a package of cigarettes and dropped a dollar bill in the tray. John looked again at Mary. The cigarette girl's laugh echoed in his mind. It seemed to come from a great distance. It seemed to mock him.

"What did you start to tell me, darling?" She had not noticed the laugh.

"I just wanted to say that it's wonderful to be with you again, Mary."

It was midnight.

It was eleven o'clock in St. Louis. Two men in tuxedos and

(Continued on page 24)

Showme exposes

# MISSOURI UNIVERSITY



THE great thing about the democratic system is the privilege of the common man to expose graft and corruption wherever he finds it and publish his findings for the good of the public at large.

Since the beginning of school, the SHOWME's staff crusader has

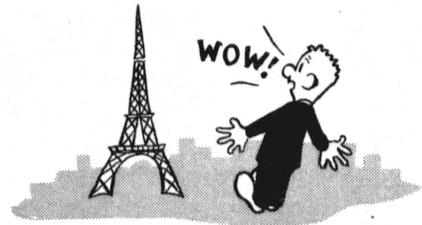


been working undercover to bring to light the truth concerning this university and the city of Columbia. He goes on record with the following startling revelations:

the fire in the administration building in 1892 was a plot by the curators to create a landmark for the university. The later expansion of the campus was under the supervision of a St. Louis alumni who owned a shoe factory. He authorized the many circular and devious walks which violate Euclid's Law, thereby wearing out vast quantities of soles and heels.

Following this innovation, a parking lot was built in front of Jesse to provide a job for one of the curator's nephews. He has been with us ever since, faithfully keeping students from parking there. The cars parked there are for sale, since the space is actually the location of a thriving black market outfit. The nephew gets a 10% cut on each vehicle sold.

A not-so-startling discovery by our investigator was the fact that the university has no president. The exact date he disappeared is not known, but it is believed that the last person to see him was the stationmaster at Rocheport. The name Middlebush, currently asso-



ciated with the prefect, is merely a figment of the imagination, made by compounding the simple words, "middle" and "bush."

H  
fi  
a  
g  
i  
s  
u  
n  
i  
n  
t  
l  
a  
s  
s  
c  
e  
r  
i  
t  
h  
a  
g  
1



...rt up 'Silent Night'."

At the library, our reporter found in a large, mouldy volume of the Historical Society that Columbus didn't discover America. The real culprit was a chap named Santos Domingos. Domingos was sitting in the crow's nest of the Santa Maria when he sighted a continent on the horizon. "Strike me dead if that isn't America!" he cried. And Columbus struck him dead and claimed the discovery as his own. This was history's first Lucky Strike. However, Columbus *did* discover the city of Columbia, as any fool can plainly see.

Finding himself frustrated numerous times while trying to decide whether to go through the Tunnel or across Ninth Street, our representative made a thorough inquiry into the situation. He learned that the contractor was a psychiatrist who devised this plot in order to frustrate and confuse students and, thereby, increase his business twofold.

Our agent also divulged that we have been hoaxed again by tradition. The J-School lions, which are supposed to roar when an innocent co-ed passes, couldn't roar if they wanted to. The bridge behind Neff Hall has long been used as a springboard to hari-kari for dazed and crazed H & P students. Each morning before dawn the bodies are carried off secretly by an employee of Dean Mott.

Dean Mott, by the way, has been bluffing his way through the sartorial world long enough. His bow-ties are not the real McCoy. They are clip-ons!

The numerous queen contests on the campus, it has been discovered, are being promoted by one Hilda Hydrasnoot, a two-nosed co-ed with a shape like a

(Continued on page 20)

**FOR 30 YEARS**

*Columbia's Leading Printer of  
Personal Stationery*

**McQUITTY QUICK PRINTERS**

9 NORTH 10th ST.



**Merry Christmas**

*With*

- McCurrach Ties
- Van Heusen Shirts
- Lee and Dobbs Hats
- Paris Belts and Suspenders
- Esquire Socks
- Swank Accessories
- Akom Knitwear
- Sea-Forth Toiletries

**PUCKETT'S**

... OF COURSE

COLUMBIA'S SMART MEN'S SHOP

908 S. B'way

Phone 5273

# SHOWMIE EXPOSES



# FACULTY CLUB



MORT WALKER  
MERRY XMAS  
TO THE FACULTY  
FROM THE STUDENTS



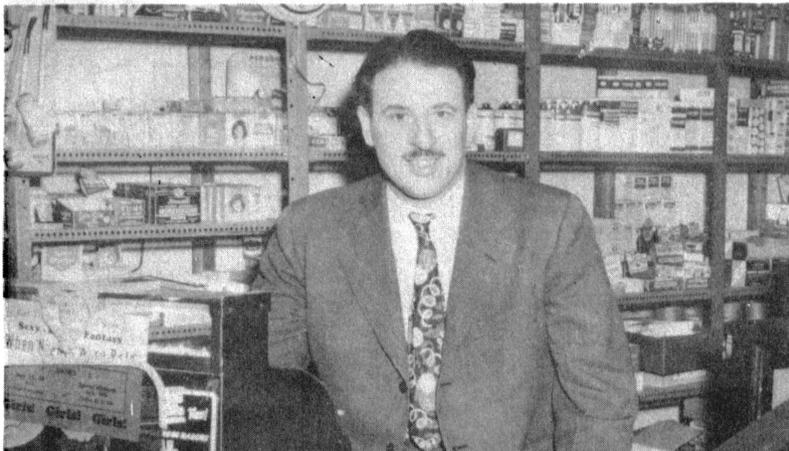
**It's Not Jet Propelled . . .  
It's SAMPSON'S Quick Delivery**

Hot food delivered to your door 6 p.m. to 10 p.m.  
. . . specializing in our steakburgers and curly Q's.

**Paquin at Hitt**

**Phone 9773**

**Mr. Harris Invites You . . . . .**



To Visit the Bengal Fountain  
For a Bowl of Delicious Chili

**BENGAL SHOP**

Across From B. & P. A. School

**SHOWME EXPOSES .**

(Continued from page 17)

laundry bag ready to go to the laundry. She figures that sooner or later all the good-looking coeds will have been chosen, and they will be forced to pick her.

The watchmen who keep the campus orderly at night revealed that they are not paid for their services. "We do it just for fun," one of them stated.

Our emisary stumbled upon an interesting item concerning the Shack. It is the headquarters of the W. C. T. N. and most of the recruiting is done there. The leaders like to be close at the hand of sin so that they might yank back from the fiery pits of Hell, the thousands of lost souls which 3.2 has poisoned.

Speaking of poison, one of the most interesting experiences of our crusader was his trip through Gaebler's kitchen. "It is spotless," he reports. "The food is prepared in a most excellent manner in the most sanitary condition. Then, as the tray passes through the hands of the food inspector, he pours grease over everything and discolors it with a mold compound to give it a casual appearance."



Their explanation for this phenomena is that if their food were any better, they wouldn't be able to serve all the customers. "We have to keep a certain percentage of them in the hospital or we

would be over-crowded," the proprietor told him.

Looking for a five-leaf clover in front of the Engine School, our reporter overheard the following explanation by one of the professors. "In Paris, there is a huge structure several hundred feet high. When it was first built, the French could think of no suitable name for this masterpiece of engineering. It took an American to name it for them. John Smythe of Boston, Massachusetts, took one look at the towering structure. 'Gad,' he said, 'What an eyeful!' And they called it, in their native tongue, the Eiffel Tower!"

Our intrepid investigator even tried to expose the obscure chin of Jesse Wrench. However, the good professor always ran at the sight of his poised machete.

One of the slickest plots of the year was the SGA clean-up campaign. Four SGA committeemen got free meals for two weeks while they were supposedly checking food quality in all the restaurants.

After reading this expose, written by our undercover man, and being in an exposing mood, we expose our undercover man. He is Yasha Rowdymansky, the brother of Vladimir Rowdymansky, who died unfortunatly at the age of three. He is the son of Emil Rowdymansky, a demented Bohemian butcher, who was assassinated when he tried to spread his doctrine of a lamb chop in every garage.

The Southern farmer was introducing his family of boys to a visiting governor.

"Yes, sir, seventeen boys," exclaimed the father, "and all Democrats but John, the little rascal. He got to readin'."



### A Modern Christmas Tale

by Don Dunn

**O**KAY, kids, gather 'round your poor, tired, daddy an' he'll tell you all about Santy Claus and his reindeer and all the toys up at the North Pole. Just wait until daddy finishes his glass of egg-nog, will you. Tommy! Put that bottle down! That's daddy's. Your egg-nog is in that cute little red bottle there. That's right, and will you pour daddy another glass out of his bottle? Fine. Now we're all shet—er—set, yes, that's it. Daddy must be catching a cold. You listenin'? Okay, here we go.

'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the house, Not a creature was shtirring, not even one little bitty mousy. The shtockings were all hangin' in real nite neace—er—nice neat rows. (That's the right way. heh, heh), in the hope that St. Nicholas soon would be there—(there—rose)—with his big red nose. (See, it rhymes that way. Daddy's cold makes him forget the words, doesn't it?) Uhh—ah, Billy and Johnny were shlee—ee-pin) in their little shoft bed, (You kids want some more egg-nog, too?) Where wash?—Oh, yes—While visions of sugar-plum danced round and round and round and round in their wee bitty little heads.

Clippety-clop, somehin' came "Blop" on the roof real hard, and Mary jumped up to shее who it was. Who d'ya think it was? Yes, it was Santy Clawsh—an' you know what he had—y, know what he brought for ev-re-y-body?

He brought lots and lots and lots of real neace nite white—Egg-nog! An' thatsh the end of the story. Now go 'way an' let your poor, tired daddy shleep—heeck—'scuse me. G' night, kids.

*Two front page headlines cut from the Missouran as they appeared side by side the same day.*

WORKS OF EDWIN WALTER EXHIBITED AT READ HALL  
Edwin Walters Have Daughter Born Today in Noyes Hospital

### CHRISTMAS DINNER PRAYER

We owe a debt of gratitude  
To the one who invented fude.  
Ogdunn Chevrclet  
(I hate a Nash)

### THE SHOWME KING AND QUEEN CONTEST

Ballots due Dec. 15th

Your vote is on the stub of your subscription card. Ballot boxes in Jesse Hall and the Showme office.

WINNERS ANNOUNCED IN  
THE JANUARY ISSUE  
JANUARY 12th

### Oversight:

I'll not say that Anacreon  
And Omar Khayam both were wrong—  
But they filled nights with Bacchus' laughter,  
Never mentioned mornings after.  
—By Coleman Younger.

# "IT'S BLENDED



# IT'S SPLENDID"

*Send a  
Corsage*

*from*

**H.R. Mueller**  
**FLORIST**

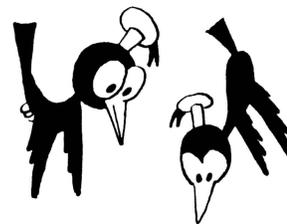
Superior Quality  
Dependable Service



*because*

Mueller's flowers are grown in Columbia Greenhouses.

West Blvd. 6 Ash St., Store 16 South 9th



*T*HIS is to be an expose issue. Everyone has been cooperating beautifully except the long-skirt designers.

The reason for the term paper has come to light. It has been found that the reason professors are utilizing the term paper is to comply with an inter-school directive telling them to keep the books in the library dusted.

Flash: Last year a photograph was snapped of Jesse Hall without the Columns in the foreground.

Cold weather is really here. The other day I saw a convertible with the top up.

That really wasn't Dean Middlebush at the Oklahoma game. It was a stand-in. We'll get to see him, though. Television is just around the corner.

The crowd that stands in the halls at the library are being furnished microphones. You can't hear a word they're saying up in Centralia.

A club at Stephens College heard about the MU football team showing movies of the football games. Now they're trying to get permission to show movies of a glass of beer.

# ROWE'S CROW'S NEST



The truth at last. That isn't a train that goes to McBaine every night. It's a hand-car with a whistle. Gives everybody the impression that Columbia has a railroad.

Statistics prove that of the 79,567 queens the university has had since 1941, only four have been whistled at as they passed Reuben Robinson.

This is not an expose. I just can't figure whether those lions are a myth or just roared-out.

A local popcorn dealer is putting no-doze in the popcorn so people will stay awake and eat more popcorn.

Now they're giving keys to everyone who takes a flu shot.

These classrooms won't be half as crowded when the students find someplace else to sleep.

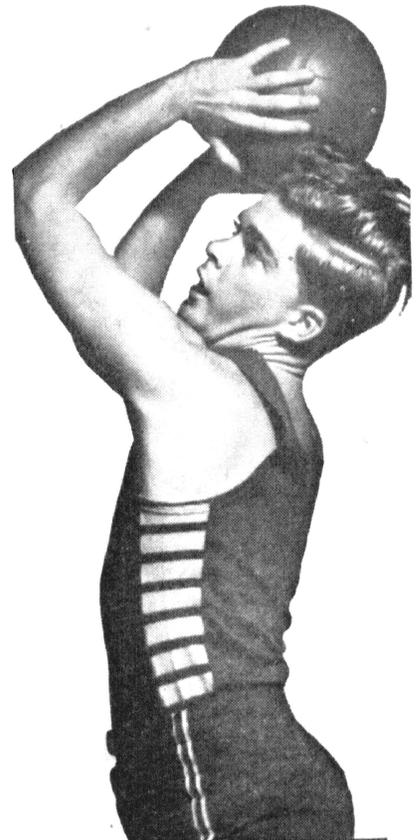
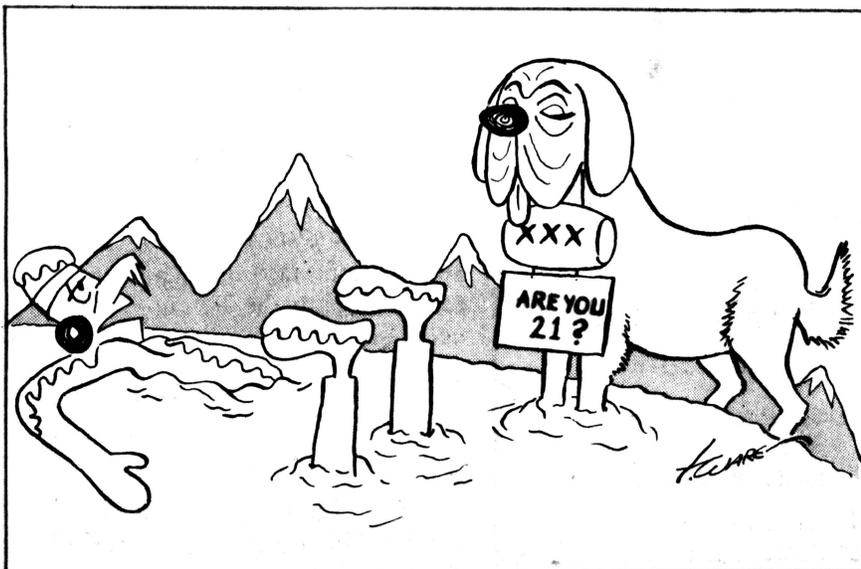
The photo section of SHOW-ME is busy exposing film.

If these beer spots don't open, some students will be forced to taste water.

One out of every one telephone in Columbia is out of order.

... But they're repairing them again. Last night I only heard four conversations at once.

Work on the new student union is under way. . . They set the clock.



WHETHER you play basketball or are one of its host of enthusiastic fans, you will enjoy the refreshing flavor of . . .

## Beech-Nut Gum

Everywhere it goes, the assurance of Beech-Nut for fine flavor goes with it.



The yellow package with the red oval





## ANDERSON'S HARDWARE

9th and Walnut

Phone 5120

### "I used to eat Goldfish"



says Wilbur Skourup

"but now when I get hungry, I call

*Johnston's Delicatessen*

Delivery Until 10:30 Every Night

Dial 7714

## ECHO . . .

(Continued from page 15)

a girl in a black, strapless formal stood apart from the crowd.

"Rex, I'd like you to meet Kathy Porter. Kathy, this is Rex Paul."

She wore her scarlet-tipped hands like two ivory buckles at her lips. Her auburn hair cascaded down her naked back. A Rhinestone choker glinted blue and cold at her throat. She was Kathy, Queen of the Winter Carnival at the University of Missouri. Queen Kathy, poised, sure of herself, smiling slightly at the fawns.

"Kathy goes to the University, Rex. She's quite a vamp of the campus this year."

She picked up her drink and pouted. The party was a gay one. Just everybody who was anybody in St. Louis was there. It was so good to be back—to be out of Columbia, to be away from the sordid parties that people there considered a good time. This was the only way to live thought Queen Kathy: lavishly, richly, expensively.

"It's so good to have you back with us, Kathy. St. Louis hasn't been the same since you decided to leave us for an education. I do hope you haven't forgotten all your friends or fallen in love with some college boy."

When she spoke her lips moved slowly as if tasting each word—as if enjoying the languor of her expression.

"Oh, Rex! Don't be a bore! You know I haven't forgotten one of you dears."

"We know you wouldn't, Kathy, but frankly, some of us

were a little troubled by something we heard."

"I can't imagine what it could be."

"It was about a John somebody—a student. . ."

Kathy spun around a full turn so that her full, black skirt billowed in a huge circle around her. And she laughed.

It was a cultivated, well-rehearsed laugh. It rippled from her carmine lips like a scale of notes. It was turned on for the benefit of the man in the tuxedo. There was no mirth or any of the joy of laughter in it.

"Oh, him" She sipped from her glass and pouted again. "A girl has to have someone to go out with, you know."

Then the fawns all laughed with her.



**Upon Asking an M. U. Girl for a Date On the Fifteenth of November:**

Maiden fair, with hollow leg,  
Hast thou evening free, I beg?  
You and I will split a keg  
And chat a ballad merry.

Oh, good sir, how kind of thee  
To request a date with *me*—  
Yes, I have an evening free  
Late in February.

—By Coleman Younger.

# Everything

## FOR WINTER WEAR

- 100% Wool Army Blankets
  - Fleece Lined Flight Boots
    - Socks (Dress or Work)
    - G. I. Bunk Beds
    - "Hanes" Underwear
    - Plaid Shirts
    - Raincoats

## Jackets! Jackets! Jackets!

- Jacks! Jacekts! Jacekts!
  - 100% Wool Sweaters
  - Dress Oxfords Work Shoes
  - Leather Sheeplined Caps
  - Top-Grain Belts
  - Corduroy Pants
  - Air Corps Gloves

See The Many Items of Army and Navy Surplus  
At

**BOB HULETT  
ARMY & NAVY  
STORE**

911 CHERRY ST.

COLUMBIA, MO.



## *Boy of the Month . . .*

### **GENE HOFFMAN—**

Junior in Journalism . . . President, Men's Panhellenic Association . . .  
S. G. A., coordination, dance and sanitation committees . . . National Inter-  
fraternity Conference Delegate . . . Alpha Tau Omega . . . 20 . . . St. Louis.



(Advertising Sorority)  
Advertising Associa-  
Gamma . . . 20 . . .

Smart Rainwear for Men



Want to look your best rain or shine? Step out in the double-breasted Plymouth *Regatta* which doubles as topcoat or raincoat. The popular *Regatta*, a Plymouth Weatherproof, is available with or without warm zip-out lining, at better stores everywhere.

**Plymouth**  
OF BOSTON  
WEATHERPROOFS

PLYMOUTH MANUFACTURING CO  
495 Albany St., Boston 18, Mass.

Showme exposes the frailties

# MEMO ON WOMEN

IN the beginning, man was a complete and satisfied animal. He hunted, slept, ate, and flipped grape-vine ashes on the floor of his cave with all the serenity of a soul at ease in the universe.

Then God swiped one of his ribs. Since then man has been confused, confined, and frustrated. He has had indigestion and neurosis, pains in his back, and, at rare times, happiness.

Now, in this modern age he is even threatened with the loss of his supremacy in the world to that "rib" which he so unwittingly relinquished. Woman, the root of something or other—who knows? Not man. He has never found out what hit him.

Generally speaking, women may be divided into three classi-

fications: wives, old-maids, and "will-o'-the-wisps."

An old-maid is a mass of obstinacy surrounded by ideals and suspicion. If she hadn't been so obstinant she might have a house-full of kids right now. If she hadn't had so many ideals, she wouldn't have been so obstinant. And if she hadn't had so many suspicions, she wouldn't have been relegated to a life of cats and high laced neck-lines.

A "will-o'-the-wisp," as the name implies, is just that. Men love them and sometimes marry them—but not for long.

A wife is one of the most singular animals ever created. Being a wife is the supreme ambition of every living woman. (We should say "every living, breathing"

woman.) But to be a wife a girl must first be *asked*. This seemingly minor obstacle to woman's goal is nonetheless the most difficult and involves a great deal of cagey strategy similar to a general's maneuver on the battlefield—but much more deadly.



The game is played like this: The girl selects her victim (yes, men—she does the selecting) and goes to work on him. The rules do not permit talking over the table but require that the surrendent. The surrender, however, is der come directly from the oppon-stimulated by such techniques which are still secrets of Woman. Tripping, cudgeling, and other forms of violence are taboo but wrassling is an accepted device for stimulating the surrendent.

When a girl has once been asked, she suddenly releases a whole box-full of tricks and puts on a show which would put the coronation to shame. This show of hers is called a "wedding" by Women and a "slaughter" by Man. After the man has said his two

(Continued on page 32)



"Ask for Janet"  
Dial 9767

*Lane's*



111 S. Ninth

Phone 6327

**Central Office Equipment Co.,**  
*Office Machines and Equipment*

**SALES . . . RENTALS . . . REPAIRS**



**John Connell, star of Workshop's "The Glass Menagerie," says, "Nothing but the best is good enough for my girl. That's why I got her gifts at Julie's."**

**Exodus Missouriensis**

**T**HE gladiators had cast their spears aside, and departed from the Colosseum (no bowl bids were in sight). The existence of the multitudes that dwelt near the temple called Jesse, was becoming unbearable—three hours a day the brethren did slave under the teachings of the prophets; four they did partake of the nectar of the vine; three the opposite sexes did mingle, many casting their morals aside; and the remainder they did sleep within their tents.

Behold these doctrines, brethren, they really had it tough.

Lo, it was the season of the Yuletide, and the masses were fulfilling their early Christmas shoplifting, henceforth, the money-changer's at the market place were in lust for silver and gold.

The Inn called "Shack" was urging upon the host the beer that made Milwaukee jealous; the hostelry named "Ernie's," in keeping with the Yuletide spirit, made offering of a third cup of yaksmilk; the amphitheatre Uptown portrayed "The Bride Wore Red" with shorts; and Caesar's tax collectors were wont to count the mills in red and green. Ex-warriors were patiently awaiting tidings from Samuel with their delinquent GI checks.

And it came to pass, that Frederick, sensing the plight of the masses, did call a council with Jesse, and his sons—the wise men—to beckon his craftsmen and loosen their bonds for a fortnight.

And, lo, it came to pass that on the twentieth day of the month, the multitudes folded up their tents, and stole silently away to the land of their fathers.

Johnny Welsh.

SUICIDE NOTE OF THE  
REJECTED LOVER

(Brazenly submitted—No apologies)

Oh, wretched day!  
Oh, darkest hour!  
Upon my head, the Fates do glower!  
For she is wed.  
Thought naught of me.  
A double-cross from Destiny!

I worshipped her,  
Though out of sight,  
I longed for her from morn 'til night.  
Though minus rank,  
I kept on caring,  
Since no one's frat pin was she wearing.

Far out of reach,  
Her lineage high,  
I dreamt of her with saddened sigh.  
Alas my dreams  
Meant nothing to her—  
She spurned me for another wooer.

Good-by, cruel World!  
I cease my living!  
I leave this world with no misgiving.  
I say, "Farewell"  
With dying breath,  
'cause Phillip got Elizabeth.

---

**King and Queen of the Year**

All ballots for the Showme King and Queen of the year are due the 15th of December. The stub on the end of your subscription card is your ballot. Winners will be announced in the January issue to be sold on the 12th of January.

---

**A Gentle Warning to the Rest of You:**

I asked a co-ed for a date—  
When she refused, quite sweetly,  
I kicked her down three flights of stairs

And broke her neck, completely. . .

—Coleman Younger.

# Seasons Greetings



## MISSOURI TELEPHONE COMPANY



Wish  
I Could Give  
Mother One of  
**Charlie's**  
DINNERS  
for Christmas

209 S. Ninth

Open from 6:30 a. m. 'til 11:30 p. m. Daily

Open All Night Friday and Saturday

## MEMO ON WOMEN

(Continued from page 29)

words, "Will you?" he is not allowed to talk any more until the show is over, but is instructed to stand by the side and watch the circus "and keep your mouth shut." The show is mainly an announcement to the world that she has caught her victim and the rest of the men can come out of their hiding places.

After the show, the real rat-race begins. The woman becomes a parasite who spends her time figuring ways to spend the money that man is trading sweat for. Her life is a series of beds, bridge, and brocade. All Man gets for his efforts is a pat on the head.

Women, in general, are a myriad of fascinating incongruities.

If you show that you like her, she drops you like a bloody mouse. If you treat her like dirt, she thinks you're a gift from God. If you tell her the truth she swears you are lying and if you lie she picks out what she wants to believe and ignores the rest. If you remain silent she says you're hiding something from her and if you talk she tells you to shut up.

She wears a low cut dress to make you notice her and when you stare, she says you're not a gentleman. If you whistle at her, she calls you a wolf but admits that she loves it.

Getting a date with Woman is worse than any of the rest. The rush that Woman has gotten on campus because of the overabundance of Man has turned Woman's head somewhat. Even the most knock-kneed specimen among them imagines that she is next in line for "Miss America."

*Who*  
WILL BE "SHOWME'S"  
KING & QUEEN



- Votes due before Dec. 15, 1947
- Ballot on Subscription Card
- Boxes in Jesse & SHOWME office
- Winners announced in January issue

### CAMPUS REPRESENTATIVE WANTED

Earn Extra  
**MONEY**

showing

**HOLLYWOOD  
STUDIO CLOTHES**

Your fellow students and others in your community will welcome seeing...and BUYING...famous tailored-to-measure clothes by Burton's of Hollywood. Each garment is individually hand-tailored and styled to please particular people. You will be proud to be associated with this famous company and your earnings will be substantial. Write today for particulars to Mr. E. P. McEvoy, Sales Manager.

**BURTON'S**  
*of Hollywood*

SAN FERNANDO BUILDING - LOS ANGELES 13, CALIFORNIA

For factual reference we print a recorded tapped telephone conversation:

"May I speak to Miss Jacqueline Jasmine, please?"

Will you state your business, please?

A date.

Just a minute. I'll connect you with her room-mate.

Thank you very much.

Miss Jasmine's room-mate speaking. May I help you?

I hope you can. Is there any chance of getting a date with Miss Jasmine for April 25th? Next year, that is.

Just a moment, please. I'll have to check her date book. That time's just about filled by now, but that one day may be open.

Yes, I'm happy to say that Miss Jasmine does have the 25th of April, 1948 open. Now, may I have your name, please?

Robinson B. Johnson.

I'll have to check you with our files, Mr. Johnson. You have to meet certain specifications, you know.

Yes, ma'm, I know. I'm fully registered with the Fair Sex Date Protection Bureau in Miss Mill's office.

Will you hold the phone, then, for just a few minutes, please?

Certainly, I'd be glad to.

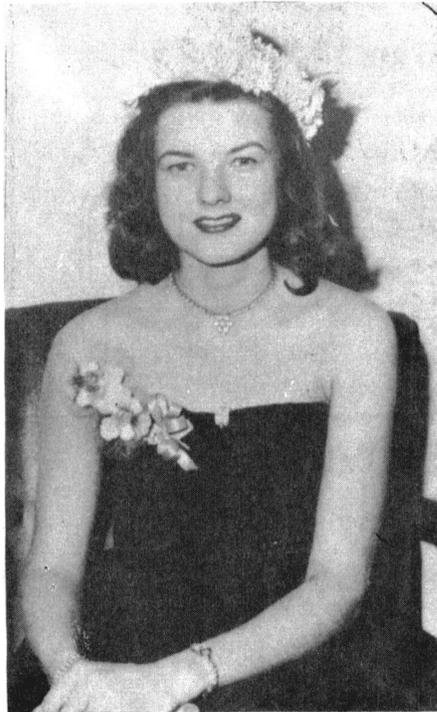
Mr. Johnson, I find that you have dated no one but authorized campus queens for the last three and one-half years; that you have had on the average at least four evening dates per week, on each of which you have spent no less than twenty-five dollars; that you have taken your dates to all the major campus functions and the best of the social dances; that you have been considered the best dressed man on campus for the past two years; that you have a cash balance in your account here in Columbia that is never under \$350,000; that

# Gifts Galore

**THE BLUE SHOP**

1108 E. Broadway

Dial 9365



## *Amvet Queen of The Year*

*Miss Joanne Parrish  
107 Edgewood, Columbia  
Member of Delta Gamma  
sorority*

## **Veteran Students**

*Visit Your*

## **AMVET CLUB**

**7A North 7th St.**

**•Opposite Daniel Boone Hotel**

Makes This a

# Merry Christmas

With Gifts From Our Latest Selection of Men's wear. Shop early and enjoy your full vacation.

- Shirts \$2.95-\$9.95
- Shoes \$6.00-\$12.50
- Sweaters \$2.95-\$9.75

A Complete Selection of Pjamas—Ties—Men's Jewelry

## Eddie's men's TOGGERY

225 S. Ninth

Phone 9574

Open Thursday 'till 8:30 P. M.

you have a 1947 Mercury club coupe, and a 1947 Buick Roadmaster convertible for dates, with 1948 models ordered and delivery promised; that your grades are on slightly under an E average—well, I won't go on. You meet all of the requirements but one. Your great, great, greatgrandfather's uncle had only third deck passage coming over on the Mayflower. Due to the great demand for dates we can't possibly consider any one whose ancestors had less than second deck passage. I'm very sorry."

Outside of the biological and social analyses of the creature, "Woman," can also be formulated chemically, as follows:

"Symbol: WOE

Accepted Atomic Weight: 120 (Constant).

Physical Properties: Boils at nothing and freezes at any minute. Melts when properly treated. Very bitter if not well used.

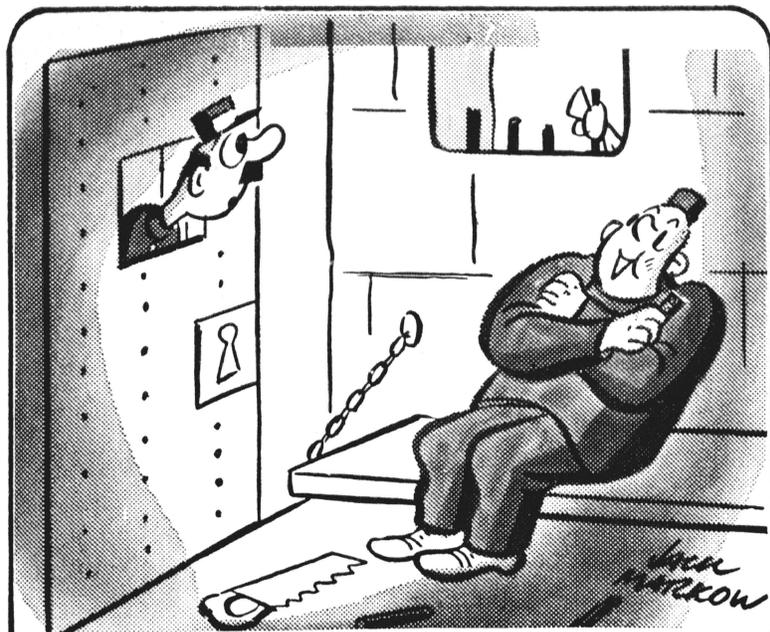
Occurrence: Found wherever man exists.

Chemical Properties: Possesses great affinity for gold, silver, platinum, and precious stones. Violent reaction if left alone. Able to absorb great amounts of food. Turns green when placed beside a better specimen.

Uses: Highly ornamental. Useful as a tonic in acceleration of low spirits and an equalizer of the distribution of wealth. Is probably the most effective income reducing agent known.

CAUTION: Highly explosive in inexperienced hands."

But with all Man's berating, complaining, analyzing, and bewilderment, Woman has emerged with her head high and her dress low. For all our ravings, we can't do without them, we can't do with them, and we are eternally buffeted between the two resolutions. But, damn them, we love them.



"I merely stepped out for some Dentyne Chewing Gum!"

"It wasn't the confinement that was getting me down, Guard—it was doing without Dentyne Chewing Gum. Boy, how I missed Dentyne's keen, long-lasting flavor. Helped keep my teeth nice and white, too!"

Dentyne Gum—Made Only by Adams



He: Did you hear about the girl that won a baby in a raffle?

He: No, how come?

He: She took a chance on a couch.

### WHY?

Not that you are fair, dear,  
(Your temper's short and hot)  
Not that you are true,  
(I know damn well you're not)  
Not your golden hair, dear,  
(That's peroxide that you've got)  
Not your eyes of blue . . .  
When we ask the reason,  
Words (ÿÿÿ¼œ%Ææ) are all  
too few,  
So I know I love you, dear,  
Because you're you (bless your  
pointed li'l head).

Bonnie Jean Logan

He: "That's a flimsy dress  
you're wearing."

She: "That's a flimsy excuse  
for staring."

\*

"Was it crowded at the Shack  
last night?"

"Not under my table."

\*

"What kind of a guy is your  
room-mate?"

"Well, last night he stubbed his  
toe on a chair and said, 'Oh, the  
perversity of inanimate objects.'"

\*

"Do you have a faculty for mak-  
ing love?"

"No, we have a student body."

\*

What's a college humor maga-  
zine censor?

That's a guy who sees three  
meanings to a joke that only has  
two meanings.

\*

"I hear your husband dresses  
nattily."

"I know it."

## Drop in at the NEW



Hamburgers  
French Fries  
Steaks—Cokes  
Shakes—Ice Cream

Open 6 A. M.-11 P. M.



## HAVE THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT(S)?

The holiday season is here. Time for Christ-  
mas trees, mistletoe, carols . . . and good liquor.  
Esser's large stock of fine liquors makes it a sim-  
ple matter to choose your holiday supply.

And do your Christmas shopping in Esser's  
beautiful upstairs Gift Shop. You'll find some-  
thing for every member of the family.

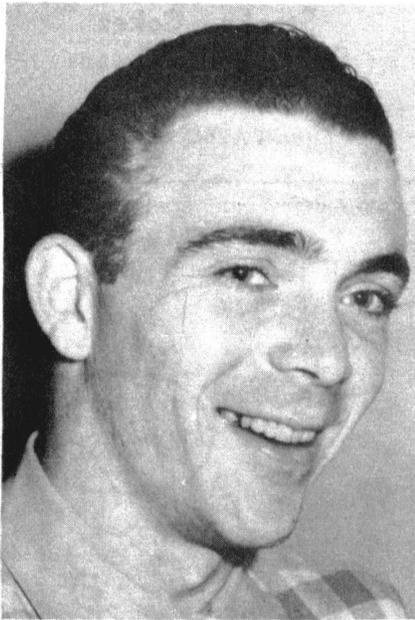
**YESSER IT'S ESSER—FOR FINE LIQUORS**

**ESSER DRUG STORE**

715 Broadway

Phone 3400

# THIS MONTH'S CONTRIBUTIONS...



## CHARLES NELSON BARNARD

Shrewd feature writer Charlie has been puzzling friends of late by dazedly ambling along muttering, "reject, reject, reject." We explain his odd actions as an occupational disease contracted by all Showme story editors. Corduroy-coated Charlie moved his limp body from his place of honor in the office—the wastebasket—and fought his way to the typewriter where he wrote this month's feature, "The Echo."

Charlie is well known for his contributions to Showme. He is now a junior in the Journalism School, majoring in Special Writing. He likes to tell members of the staff that he journeyed here from Massachusetts because he was banned in Boston.

## DICK SANDERS

Shrewd makeup editor Dick is the busy lad who puts the copy in

place on deadline day and reverently tucks the publication to bed. A quiet person, Dick occasionally startles people by giving loud heehaws while going over exchanges in the office. Dick is tall, dark, and witty. He can be distinguished by the bright red gloves he has donned with the advent of cold weather. He is a cosmopolite from Chicago, a Kappa Sigma, and plans to major in advertising.

## BOB ABBETT

Shrewd art student Bob is the one responsible for the illustrations of the feature stories each month. His ambition at the moment is having a three- and four-color plate illustration in the Showme. This month we have partly appeased him by using two colors.

Bob is 21, a senior majoring in art, and spends most of his time in the Read Hall Art Center where he is student supervisor. Hammond, Indiana, will someday boast about their hometown boy who has made good, illustrating Red Book, American, and Cosmopolitan magazines.

## DOWN WITH THE BOSS

(just apologies)

Readers, you've been deprecated,  
Grossly underestimated:

SHOWME's churlish boss suspects

That you have no intellects!

Don't you think it inconsiderate  
That he deems you all illiterate?

His choice is childish, since he  
dreads

The staff may write above your  
heads!

To arms, my friends, and oust the  
villian!

I'll swear the *rest* of SHOWME's  
willin'!

Repudiate the young buffoon,  
And send him home to scratch  
cartoons.

—Saul Gellerman.

## PHIL SPARANO

Shrewd business woman Phil has the laudable task of keeping SHOWME out of the red. One of her main diversions (she has others) is chuckling over the many letters she received addressed to Mr. Phil Sparano, Bus. Mgr., Showme."

Besides frantically juggling the books so as to account for beer money, she is a member of Campus Publications Association, a Theta Sigma Phi (women's news fraternity) pledge, on the Read Hall publicity committee, and she spends her spare time working as switchboard operator at the Daniel Boone.

Philomena is a "J"-school junior and rises some five feet above sea level.





Are you dough-shy? Get us! We give the stuff away. Folding money, too. Yes sir, Pepsi-Cola Co. pays from \$1 to \$15 for gags you send in and we print. Why worry about an honest living? This is easier. Just send your stuff, along with your name, address, school and class, to Easy Money Department, Box A, Pepsi-Cola Co., Long Island City, N. Y. All contributions become the property of Pepsi-Cola Co. We pay only for those we print.

There's nothing to it—as you can see from the samples below. If, by coincidence, the words "Pepsi-Cola" turn up somewhere in your gag, don't worry about it. We don't mind. (Matter of fact, we kind of like it.) So start your stuff in now—for Easy Money.

### GOOD DEAL ANNEX

Sharpen up those gags, gagsters! At the end of the year (if we haven't laughed ourselves to death) we're going to pick the one best item we've bought and award it a fat extra

**\$100.00**

### LITTLE MORON CORNER

Our well-known moron-about-campus, Murgatroyd—now a student in the school of agriculture—has developed a new theory on sheep-feeding. He makes a daily ration of Pepsi-Cola an important part of their diet. "Duuuuuuuh, of course," said Murgatroyd recently, when questioned as to his reasoning, "everybody knows that Pepsi-Cola is the drink for ewe!"

*\$2 apiece, believe it or not, for any of these we buy!*

## Get Funny . . . Win Money . . . Write a Title



This is easy as falling off a log. A small log, that is. Just send us a caption for this cartoon. The best line gets \$5. Or you can send in cartoon ideas of your own. For cartoon ideas we buy, we pay \$10 apiece . . . \$15 if you draw them.



## HE-SHE GAGS



If you're a He, and know a She—or vice versa—this should be your meat. Here's your chance to strike a blow for the home team in the battle between the sexes—and maybe win three bucks besides!

★

He Ubangi: I hear that Mbongo has left his wife.

She Ubangi: Really? Why?

He Ubangi: He says that every time she drinks a Pepsi, she smacks her lips, and he can't stand the clatter.

He: Why do you call my date "Pepsi," when her name is Betty?

She: Oh, we all call her "Pepsi" because she goes with anything!

★

He: I never knew what real happiness was until I married you.

She: Darling!

He: Yes, and by then it was too late.

★

*Three bucks apiece for each of these we print. Let your conscience be your guide.*

## Daffy Definitions

Here's a column that must have some deep underlying significance. Darned if we know what, though. All we know is that these rate a buck each—and the daffier, the better.

Frustration—having a Pepsi-Cola and no bottle-opener.

Stork—bird with a big bill.

Professor—textbook wired for sound.

Thirst—obsolete term; dates back to pre-Pepsi-Cola era.

Cooperation—one bottle of Pepsi with two straws.

\* \* \*

*Paying \$1 apiece for these is like giving you a license to commit burglary. But—\$1 apiece for those we buy.*

CHESTERFIELDS OF COURSE—  
THERE'S LOTS MORE SMOKING PLEASURE TO THEM

—SAYS *Alan Hale*

FEATURED IN WARNER  
BROS. TECHNICOLOR  
PRODUCTION  
"MY WILD IRISH ROSE"

*A Hale and Hearty  
Good wish—  
More ABC's to You*

**A** ALWAYS Milder  
**B** BETTER TASTING  
**C** COOLER SMOKING

— THAT MEANS *They Satisfy*

Always Buy **C** CHESTERFIELD