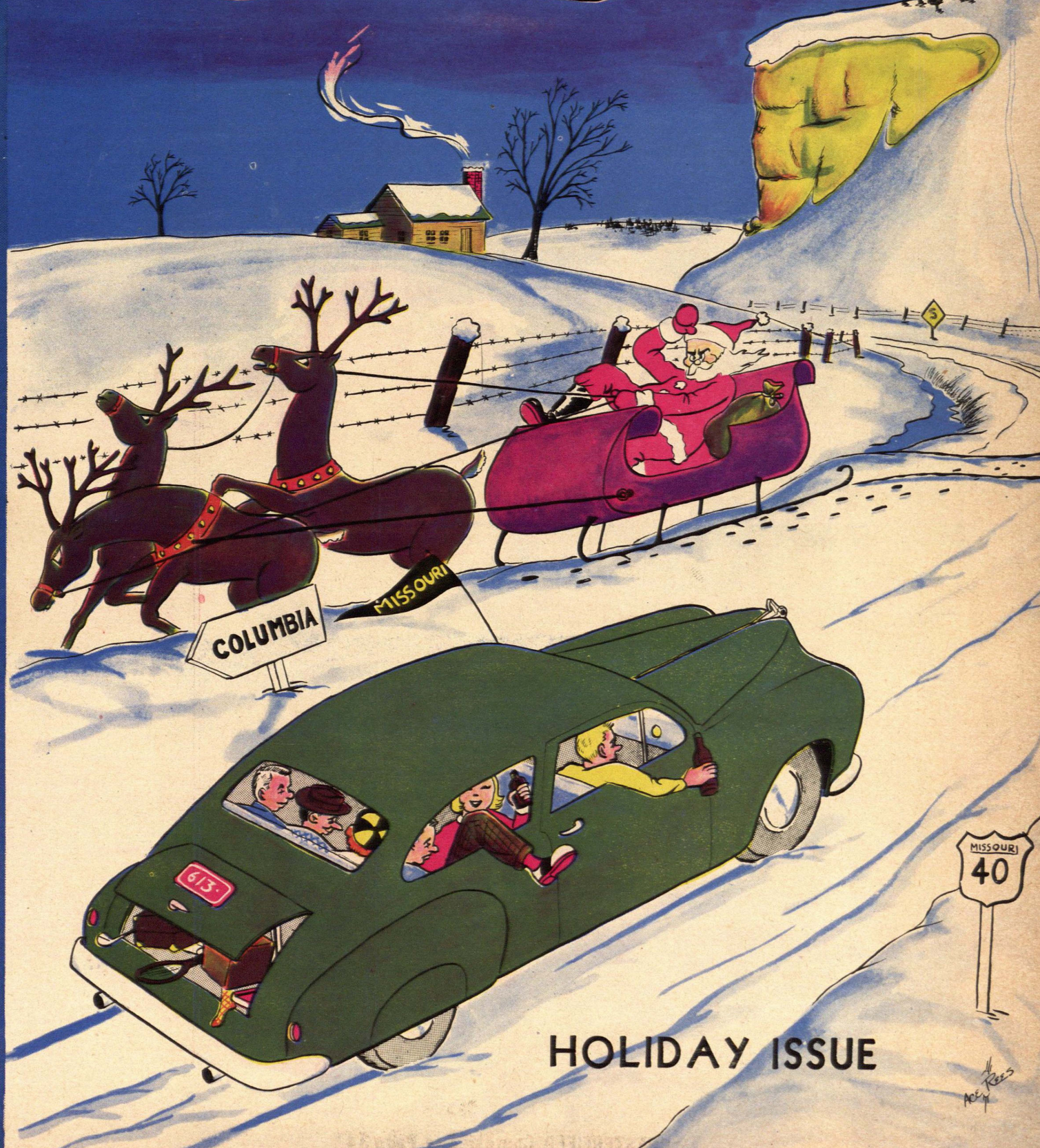




MISSOURI Showme



DECEMBER • 1948 • 25¢

HOLIDAY ISSUE

REES

Merry Christmas
for every Smoker



Camel Cigarettes

Camels are so mild . . . and so full-flavored . . . they'll give real smoking pleasure to every smoker on your Christmas list. The smart, gay Christmas carton has a gift card built right in — for your personal greeting.



Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco

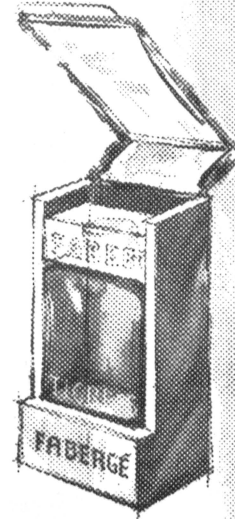
The colorful, Christmas-packaged one-pound tin of Prince Albert is just the gift for pipe smokers and those who roll their own cigarettes. Long known as the National Joy Smoke, P.A. is America's largest-selling smoking tobacco.

She will be starry-eyed

when she receives a

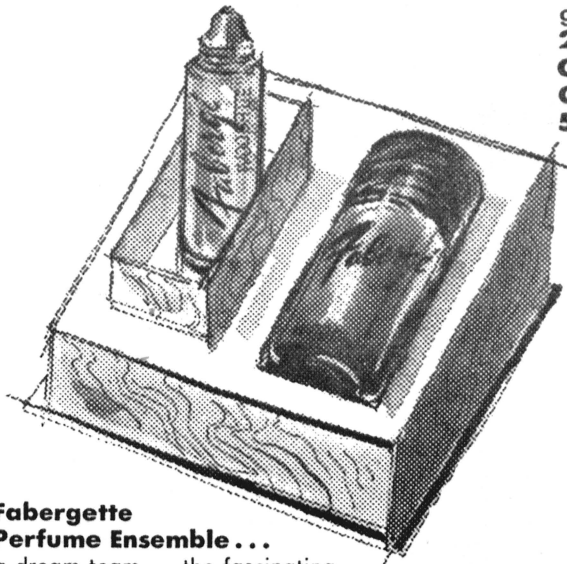
Fabergé

five star gift of
Aphrodisia,
Woodhue,
Tigress or
Straw Hat.



Precious Fabergé perfume
in a new jewel-size flacon... **5.**
(2½ drams) other sizes **8. 15. to 50.**

Cologne extraordinaire
in beautiful-to-behold
streamlined crystal flacons...
2. 3.50. 5. (Travel-wise size **1.25**)



Cologne Duette
her two favorite
Fabergé fragrances,
golden gift boxed
2.50 the set
Cologne
Quartette
5.00 the set



For the purse... and
nary a drop of perfume
to waste... our gay new
Fabergette . . . 2.50
Filled with 1¼ drams

Fabergette
Perfume Ensemble...
a dream team... the fascinating
Fabergette complemented by
matching cologne...
3.50 the set



*Plus Tax

Harzfeld's

Dine and Dance

11:30-1:30
5:30-7:30

8-11 p.m.
Friday and Saturday

Private dinner parties and dinner dances
by reservation

Phone 9304



the Teaberry

920A East Broadway



Dear Ed:

... As an old Williams College man, I would like to state that "C.W.M." whom you mention in (Around the Columns, last month) is none other than Charles W. Morton, the associate editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and a Williams man, class of 1919. He states in an ... article in *TIME* (Sept. 27, 1948) that he was integrally associated with Fraternity Row ...

While not wishing to take issue with Mr. Morton, I would like to point out that he is probably as competent to write on that subject (fraternities) as anyone else ...

... the Williams in me leaped to the fore to protect a similar unfortunate like myself.

Paul Richard
306 N. 8th St.
Columbia

Thanks, Paul, for the info. Apparently the Scorpion Clubs are everywhere. Ed.

... I was just sitting here reading Plato ... when who pops in but Looie who wants to know what happened to that story I wrote about him ... so I tells him that I sent it to *Showme* a college humor magazine, and he says maybe they will use it. I just smiled at him because he don't know about these things. He then tells me that I should keep sending stories in ... he says I should not be discouraged.

Sincerely
Jerry Smith
Columbia

Looie was right, friends don't get discouraged. In the meantime, keep at the Plato. Ed.

University of Missouri
Editor, *Showme*
Sir:

On a/c of How Much Brains They Is is why defectives is Police Custody. Is you got Brains you can go to The Crime College, Northwestern U., at, or in, Evanston, Ill. where Greek and Italian and Polack defectives learn to like to loaf about in Expensive Motor Cars.

A President cannot be arrested "on suspicion," but let him try to go out for a walk and some fresh air. Where would he get the fresh air?

In Chicago, Ill. where most of the defectives are Nigger owners of Pander Houses, Policy Wheels, and the Russian-Jew, Polack, Greek, Italian, Shanty Houses, called the Jap alliance with Nazi, Mechanics Science?

N. V. Rodd

The above letter (which is no joke) was sent to us along with a copy of our October cover which appeared in the Chicago Tribune. Now, Showme is considering offering a prize for anyone who can decipher it—author included. Ed.

This is the second year that I have marvelled at your clever and colorful covers . . . your Election issue (cover) is the most interesting I have yet seen on a college magazine. Congrats on really excellent work. I account your mag—along with *Scop* of UCLA and the *Texas Ranger*—as one of the big three in college humor publications.

John Rackham, Editor
U. of Utah *Unique*

You may have some good cartoonists, but you certainly are poor prophets. Enclosed is a copy of your Election cover which was reprinted in the local paper here.

Tommy Tribble
Bardwell, Texas

Showme joins the red-faced department, along with TIME, LIFE, NEWSWEEK, and American journalism in general. Swami's crystal ball was troubled with poor visibility. Ed.

Your proofreading still stinks . . . lovingly yours.

James Moran
Columbia

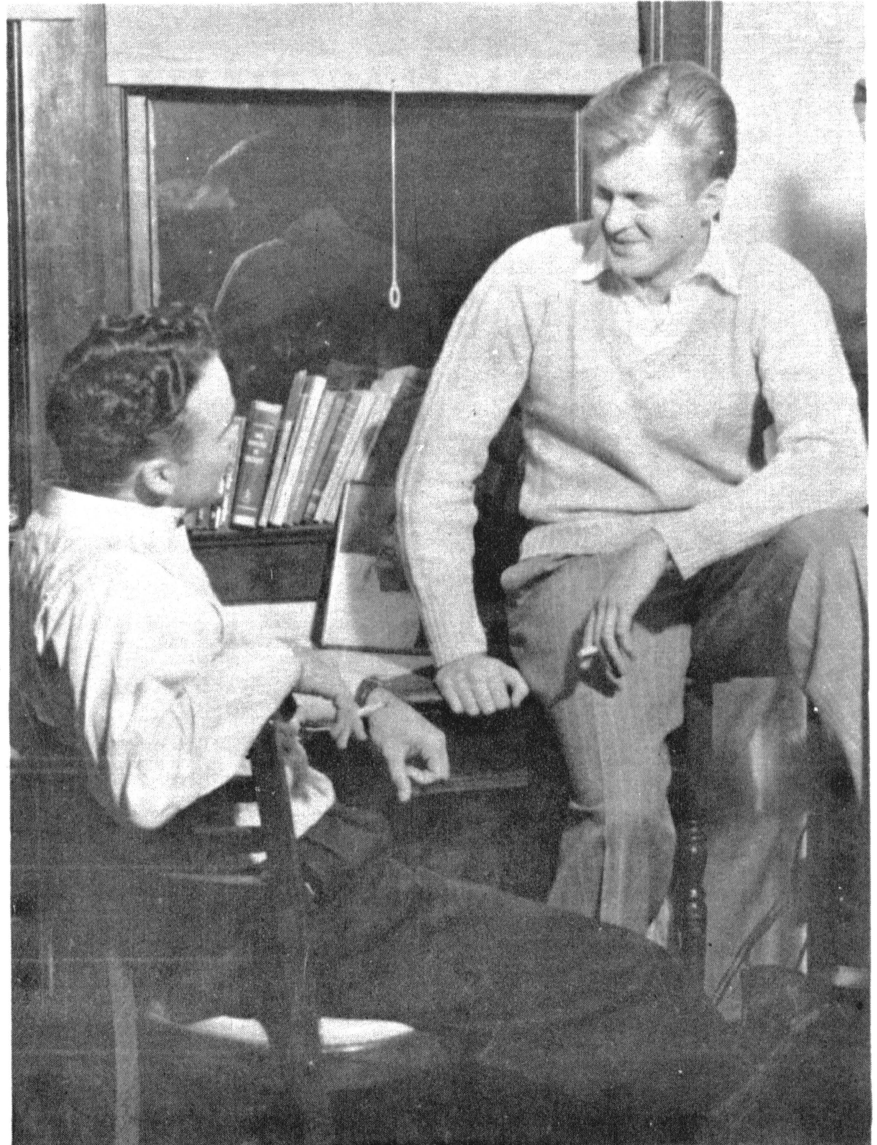
You old meanie, you! Ed.

Only a few days left!

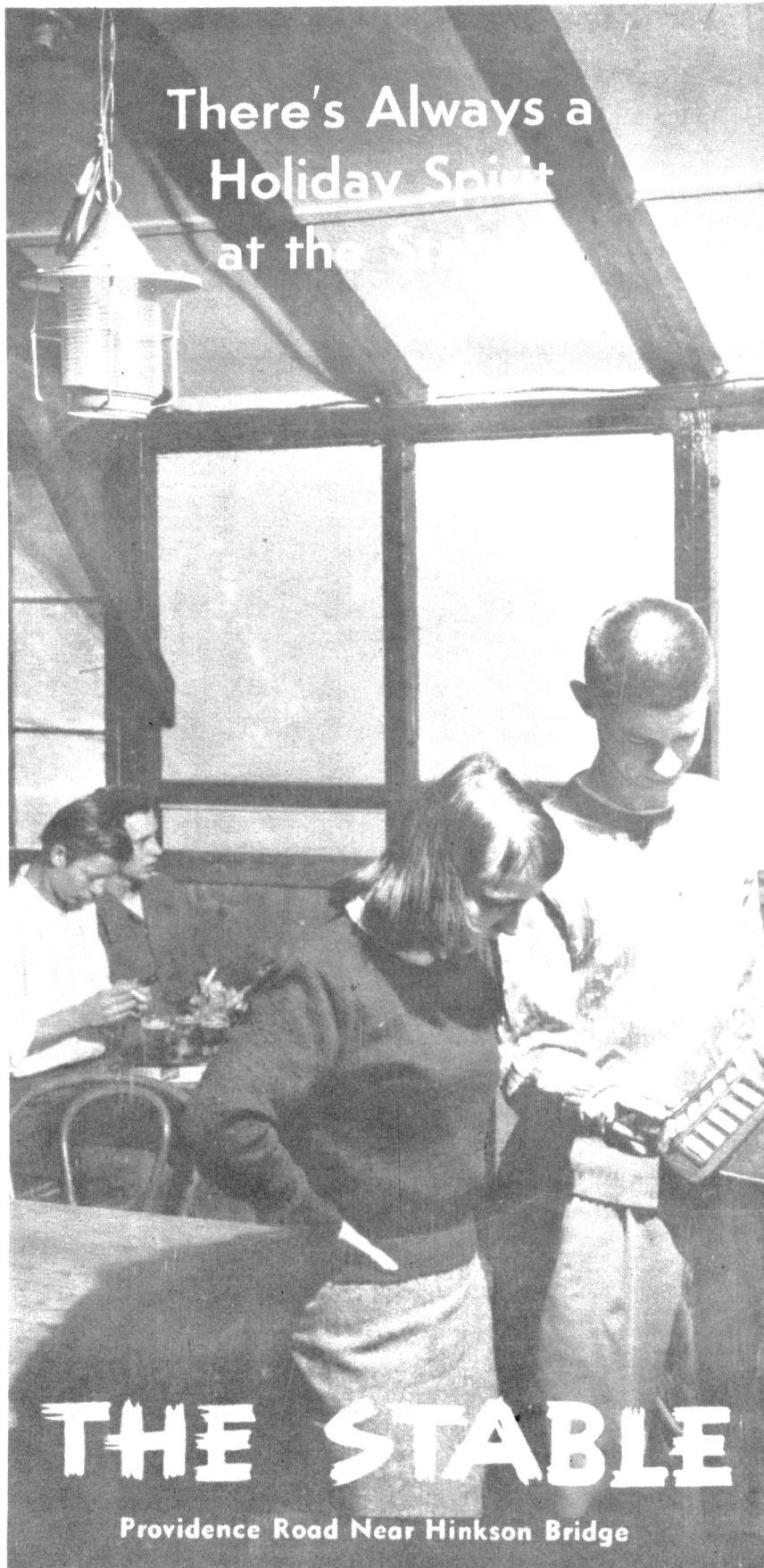
• Sign up for Your Class Picture



303 Read Hall
Phone 5434



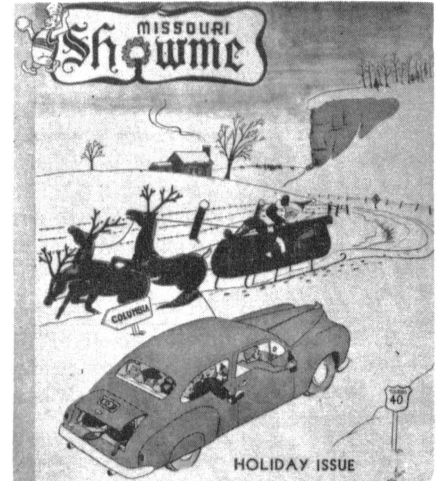
Christmas Shopping doesn't worry me— I'm buying my girl's gift from JULIE'S



There's Always a
Holiday Spirit
at the Stable

THE STABLE

Providence Road Near Hinkson Bridge



This month, *Showme* welcomes the work of Terry Ress to its Christmas cover. This is the first cover that Terry has done, although this is his second year as a staff artist.

A native of Columbia, Terry's home is at 613 Maryland Avenue—also the residence of staff members Gabriel, Sanders, Fairfield, Bova and Trimble. He complains that they all looked over his shoulder while the cover was being done. None had any complaints.

Technically, this cover is a return to the methods customarily employed by *Showme* artists (pre-separation of the color plates.)

The idea? Oh, says Terry, it just occurred to him that the old fellow in the red suit would have a difficult time bucking the holiday traffic exodus from Columbia. "He does have to get here, you know—for all those little guys and gals at Fairway Village, etc."

Showme Salesgirls

Phil Agee, Alpha Phi
 Freddy Parker, Kappa Alpha Theta
 Hilda Baskind, Alpha Epsilon Phi
 Dorothy Carl, Alpha Chi Omega
 Arlene Brattler, Chi Omega
 Dorothy Dubach, Delta Gamma
 Peggy Shrader, Gamma Phi Beta
 Corinne Sartorius, Zeta Tau Alpha

Sales and Promotion Staff

Dave Fairfield
 Keith Chader
 Al Abner
 Walter Cliffe
 Homer Ball
 Roger Bell
 Jim Hovey
 Bill Starke

Christian College Representative

Kit McCartney



MISSOURI SHOWME

YOUR CAMPUS HUMOR MAGAZINE

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Dear Reader:

This month Showme raises a glass of eggnog to all of you with its Holiday Issue. A sprig of mythical holly goes with each copy.

With this issue we mark the graduation of our old friend, Bob Rowe, for two seasons one of our most valued contributors. His Crowsnest column has always rated high with you readers. Bob is going to be hard to replace, but next month we'll inaugurate a new feature. Watch for it.

Next month also, Showme goes all out in defense of good old ham & eggs, blueberry pie capitalism. The staff has been looking forward to this opportunity for a long time. As usual, however, contributions from all of you will be most welcome.

Someone told us the other day that invasions of the staff into local bistros on Tuesday nights cause quite a commotion and are good promotion. Well, if you ever see us on such occasions of good humor, just draw up a chair and join the crowd. Everyone is welcome -- honest!

See ya in Jesse! Sincerely,

Charles Nelson Barnard

Editor-in-Chief

Volume XXVI

December, 1948

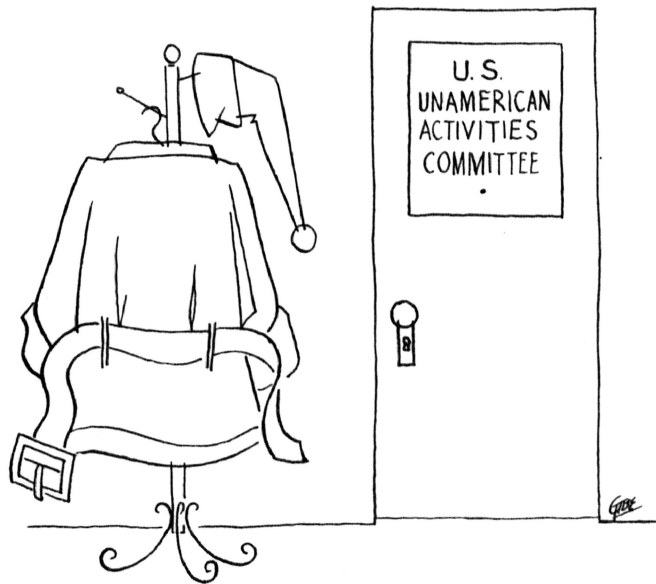
Number 4



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*S*AIN'T NICK is sorta peeved at this,
Which we anticipated:
We knew with his boots
And his little red suits
He'd get investigated!



Around the Columns

Overheard

On the Friday after Homecoming a friend of ours saying, "Don't you hate these weeks that have two 'Mondays'?"

December

The red and green and chimney month . . . minor packing of suitcases and temporary, ten-day goodbyes . . . Columbia suddenly seems an alien town, busy today; deserted tomorrow . . . cabs in front of the door . . . fur coats and Merry Christmases . . . "What are you doing New Year's?" . . . "Maybe we'll get together" . . . "Call me up when you get in town." . . . take the train, take the bus, drive the family car home . . . Christmas cards? I don't send 'em . . . cold in the air . . . Christmas in the air . . . music in the air . . . garlands over Broadway . . . what to get for "her" . . . what to get for "him" . . . no, he doesn't smoke a pipe . . . maybe he'd like it anyway . . . take some books home? Preposterous! . . . crunch of snow under foot . . . and frost in your nostrils . . . White Christmas? Maybe . . . eggnogs and unexpected guests . . . and then . . . "Should old acquaintance be forgot . . ." and the horns and the confetti and the horns and the paper hats and the horns and two hands on a clock that come together at the top and the horns . . . and the New Year . . . the resolutions and the parties and the headaches and the Bromo Seltzers . . . and the trip back to Columbia and the books right there where you left them . . . holiday season over . . . negative hour season in full swing . . . and the winter ahead . . . but we like December.

Forever Hucksters

Perhaps we are unduly critical of contemporary trends in advertising, but the current babblings of the hucksters continue to amuse us.

We like the friendly, big-brotherly approach of some of the large insurance companies. Good old Rock of Ages Mutual represents itself as a benevolent giant, gathering its policy holders under the protection of six trillion dollars. Perhaps a ridiculous extension of this is the picture of the policy holders' home going up in a merry blaze while the entire family—mother and daddy and the three heavily insured kids—stand on the lawn, each wearing a broad smile and safe in the knowledge that good old Rock of Ages Mutual will send a representative in the morning bearing a check to cover all losses plus a \$10,000 bonus for their trouble.

Another favorite angle used by the hawkers is the product made by Such-and-Such Company, "by appointment

to His Majesty . . . etc." We saw one the other day which boasted that the company in question was, by appointment (we still don't know who makes these "appointments") "Silversmiths to His Majesty, the King of Egypt." There is really nothing that we'd rather know than that our knives and forks are made by the same company that supplies the King of Egypt!

Good old King Faurouk! He really knows quality!

Styles in Suspension

We've always been able to go along with the style-conscious elements of the population, sympathetically perhaps, because it always seemed that they were being dragged onward to new elegance by the garment industry and not their own taste.

Now, however, we raise a cry of protest! It has gone too far! For a long time we have generously listened to the raves about the New Look and the Bold Look. If the aforementioned garment industry, in collusion with the advertising hucksters, could persuade Mister and Missus American that they looked better in spread collars and long skirts, that was O. K. with us.

But, lo! Now the Bold Look has invaded the field of the male garter and the male suspender. These heretofore unseen and unsung necessities of the male wardrobe are now offered for sale in Bold Look styles. The ultimate has been reached.

That is, of course, unless contemporary hangmen decide to restyle the traditional black hood. They might call it the Guilty Look.



One Less Bowl Game

Last month, *Showme* proposed to sponsor a touch football game between two girls' teams—Kappas and Gamma Phis. The whole affair led to a ludicrous series of events, culminating in the cancellation of the game. Here



is what happened, for the benefit of those concerned, and for those people who turned up for the game at the appointed place and hour only to be disappointed.

Chronology: on 16 November, one of the participating sororities received a call from the Dean of Women. As a result of this call, the game was postponed. On 18 November we had a chat with Miss Mills. Publicity for the game, she said, was in poor taste. Asked if she thought some of the girls might get hurt, she said No.

A meeting was arranged with Vice President of the University Brady. Said VP Brady on 19 November, "It's up to Miss Mills." Asked if he thought

publicity for the game was in bad taste, he said No; but added he thought some of the girls might get hurt.

On 19 November, we saw Miss Mills again. Asked for a final decision on whether the game might be played or not, Miss Mills said No.

Now. *Showme* still holds a nice cup which was to have been presented to the winning team. We will welcome readers' suggestions as to what to do with it. All suggestions become the property of the Missouri *Showme* and the decision of the judges will be final.

Flushing Meadow Pls Note

We have every admiration for the History Departments professor Harvey DeWeerd. We've had several classes under his tutelage; we've enjoyed his wit, his pedagogy, his re-enactments of great moments in history, and have even become used to his irritation at coughing, snoring, and other interruptions of his lectures (which he occasionally dubs "justifiably celebrated.") We think him an excellent teacher and a brilliant man. But, despite this, "Hard Harve,"—as he likes to call himself—has undertaken the impossible.

A few days ago the tall Dutchman opened his lecture with this remark: "I'd like to get rid of the subject of Russia today."

All This And Judith Too

We were among the three thousand-odd people who had the pleasure of seeing Judith Anderson in *Medea* a few weeks ago at the new Stephens College Auditorium. By way of review, we thought the play wonderful, but were fully as interested in the spectacle of the new auditorium itself. It is a magnificent structure, not yet completely finished, but with promise of becoming quite a lush emporium.

We saw Professor Rhynsburger in the audience and speculated as to the shade of green he must be turing at the sight of the new Stephens accomplishment. With such equipment at the University, we imagine that many events—including the professor's Workshop productions—would be better attended.



There seems to be one basic fault in the new auditorium, however. The lobby—or foyer, if you insist—is far from adequate in providing smoking and chatting space for the between-the-actors. When three thou-

POP
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sand of the faithful flock into that lobby, the results are far from comfortable.

And, oh yes! For the information of those fringe elements of varying hue, a mixed audience of colored and white *Medea*. For the horn-rims this may be important intelligence.

Just Browsing

....We have a particular fondness for poking through the dim and dusty past at certain times of the year to see what our predecessors at Mizzou thought about this and that in their day.

Such a browser's delight was a little item in the *University Missourian* of December, 1871, dedicated to the Christmas Spirit. In the effusive style of the times it said: "Once more the happy period of Christmas vacation has rolled around, bringing joy and gladness to many a heavy heart and over-taxed mind. Once more we enjoy the blessed privilege of throwing aside books and papers . . . free from all the restraints of the class and lecture room we can now laugh, shout and sing to our heart's content . . . We also hear our young men speak of 'fair-haired, rosy-cheeked maidens,' 'dark-eyed beauties,' and 'girls that are altogether lovely,' and we suppose that *that* has something to do with their hasty departure from the classic shades of Columbia . . . The female colleges will adjourn Thursday . . . While Santa Claus is on his annual rounds, filling all the little stockings and causing so many bright eyes to sparkle with delight; while Christmas fires are roaring and the nuts are popping, and long tables are loaded with roast turkey and Christmas fare; while there is music and dancing, revelry and song, don't forget that the *Missourian* is in your midst . . ."

It's been a long road since 1871. Times have changed, the *Missourian* (*that* one) is no longer with us, but the spirit of Christmas is essentially unchanged. For future browsers in future years, *Showme* of 1948 says simply, "G'wan home and have a good time."



"\$10 for making a left turn on Broadway!"

The Tie Is The Thing

We had the interesting, if not slightly awkward experience at the Homecoming game of sitting next to a lady and her husband—the parents of a young man at M.U. who chanced to have been rejected by the fraternity, the local chapter of which we once chanced to belong.

"He's our only boy, you know," she said, and we said Yes and tried to be polite and to remember the rejected lad.

"We hoped he might join a fraternity," she went on, making us feel



very uncomfortable and as if this mother were directing her scorn of the "rejectors" at us.

"Just how are young men selected for these fraternities?" she asked.

"Ma'am," we said "that is often asked and never quite answered. What color tie was your son wearing?"

Postscript

'Twas the Night before Homecoming and all through one of the local pubs there was loud talk of what the Hongry Tigers were going to do to the hapless Jayhawk next day on the sward of Memorial Stadium. Serious and eager faces leaned forward over the tables so that heads formed an arch over the empty bottles. Statistics flew; people on the "in" quoted the gods of the hour: Faurot, Smith, Simpson, et al. The names of the Golden Boys echoed through the room: Entsminger, Braznell, Brinkman, Glorioso, Fuchs, Fritz, Sheehan, Bronco, and Co.

Next to us at the bar sat a chap, slightly joyous over the prospect of the morrow and not unhappy either about the prospect of another beer.

"Here's what I gotta do in the morning," he said. "I gotta put out the uniforms, put out the towels, wet down the towels, give soap and towels to the K.U. guys, and wipe off the helmets."

Behind the giant panoply of Homecoming there were the little people. We noticed how nice and clean the helmets looked, bud.

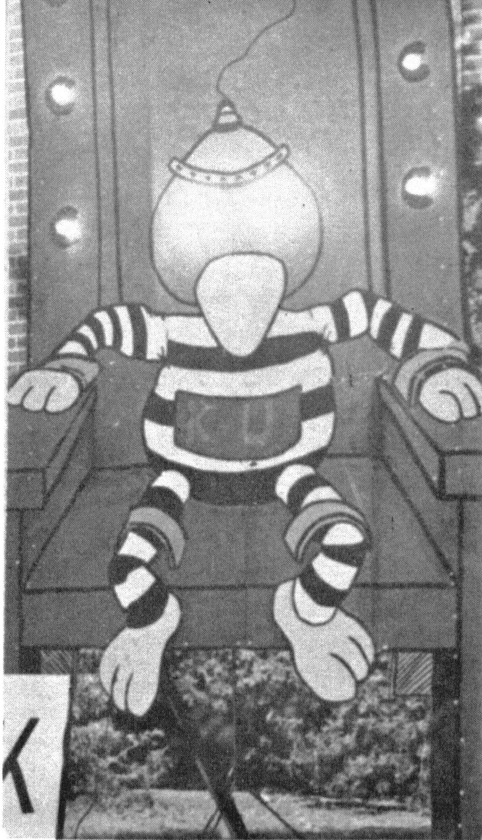
CANDIDLY MIZZOU

Hot or Cold...



JOHN TRIMBLE—SHOWME

THE QUEEN of Homecoming, 18-year-old Katherine Lois Gray, from University City, smiles triumphantly. That's the Tiger's bid to the Gator Bowl in her left hand. Missouri will play Clemson at Jacksonville, Fla., on New Year's Day. Kay, a bubbling brunette, is an art major who likes sports. She says her future (after marriage) will include fashion illustration. What does she think she's doing now?



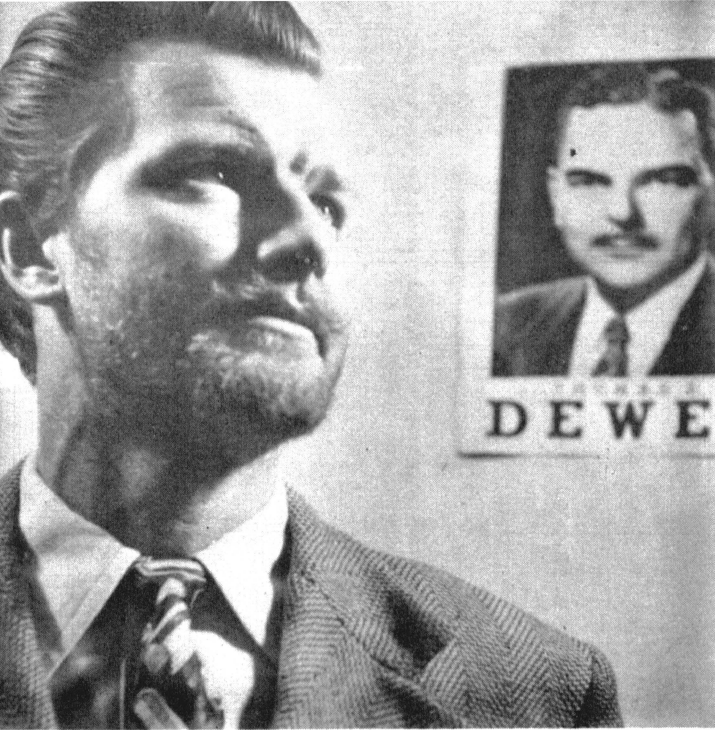
SINCLAIR ROGERS-SHOWME

A HOT TIME was given the Jayhawks at Homecoming, so hot that the national kettle boiled and spilled a Gator Bowl bid in Columbia. First place decorations by Pi Beta Phi, Alpha Gamma Delta, and Phi Delta Theta predicted K. U.'s defeat, but not a Florida "vacation." Missouri rosters with cronic colds are urged to visit Jacksonville. They may come back hoarse, but the colds and Clemson should be gone.



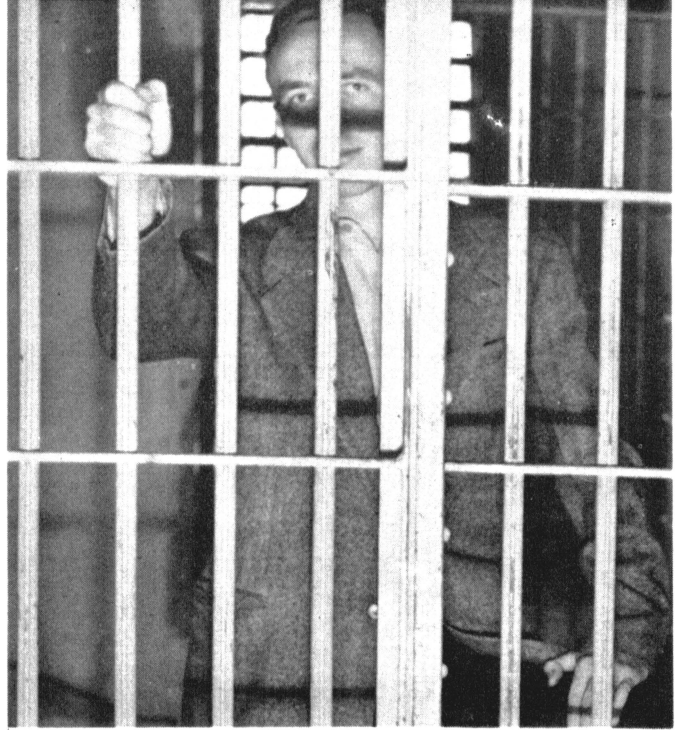
SINCLAIR ROGERS-SHOWME

COLD ISSUE of the month is this loving cup. Showme put it up as a prize for the winner of the "Board Bowl" (touch football) game scheduled between Gamma Phi and Kappa. After some delay, Thelma Mills, above, put her foot down on Editor Barnard's attempt to get the ban on the game lifted. (See "Around the Columns".) A possible use for the cup is up to you. Address suggestions to Showme, Read Hall.



JOHN TRIMBLE-SHOWME

BEARD BOY Nelson Van Pelt thought Dewey was going to win. He backed his opinion with a bet. After going to classes incognito for a month, his after-shave club received him back into membership on Dec. 2.



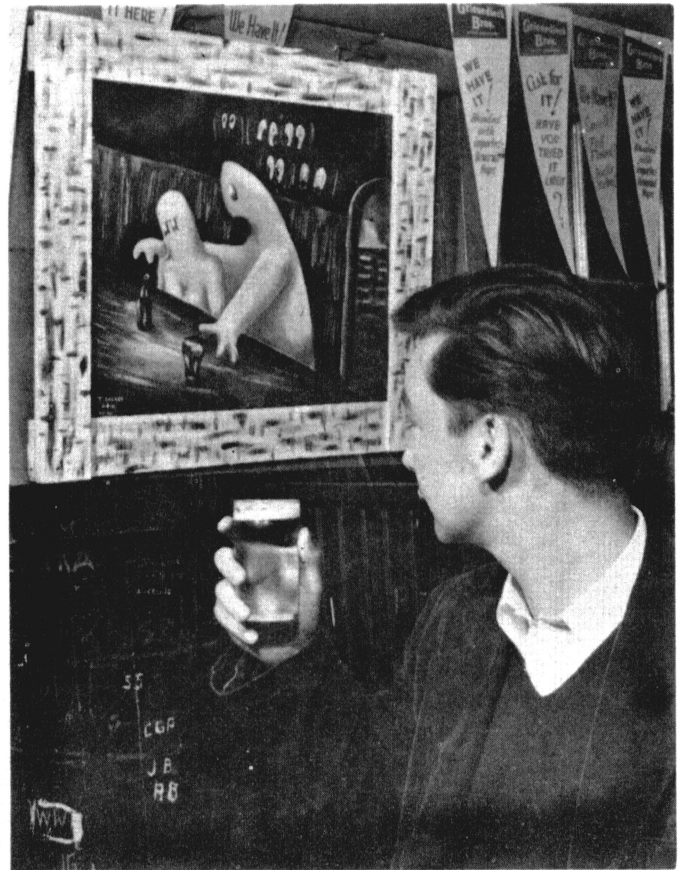
JOHN TRIMBLE-SHOWME

JAILBIRD JOURNALIST was eager Missourian reporter Frank Lambie who spent Saturday night in jail just to get that "inside story." Said he: "It wasn't just loneliness, but the 187 hours of S I need to graduate."



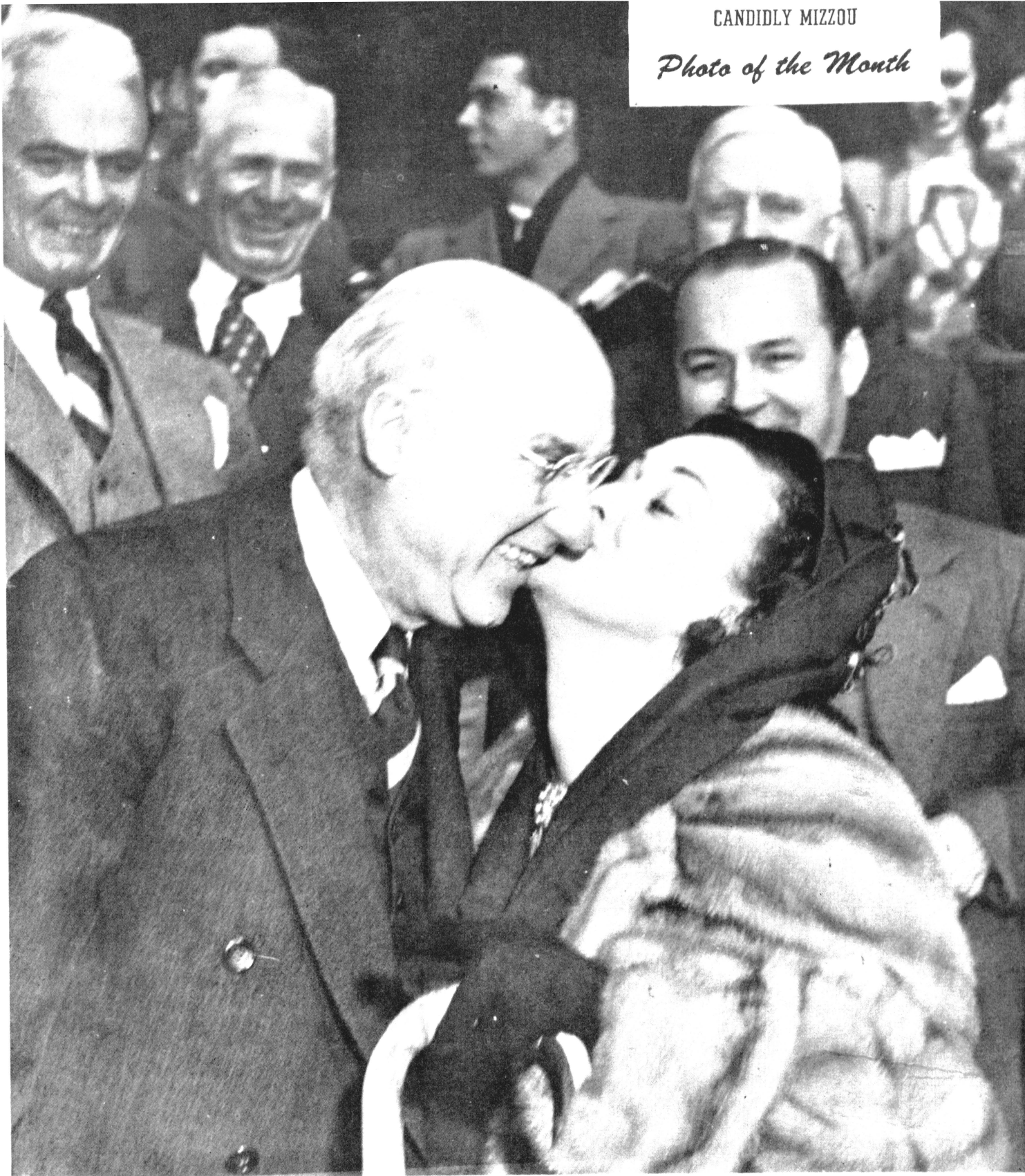
SINCLAIR ROGERS-SHOWME

HOMeward BOUND will be the word on Dec. 22. Once there, a wee cup of egg nog will clear any mind of the shackles of "book larnin." If the heap can't quit make it, there is always alcohol in the radiator.



SINCLAIR ROGERS-SHOWME

THE SHACK SHOW included abstracts and not-so-abstracts. Original paintings were put there three weeks ago by Delta Phi Delta art honorary. "Art" or not, it will never replace the traditional initial-carving.



NELSON VAN FELT

KISSIN' FRED Middlebush, president of the University, enjoys the versatility of singing star and Coming-Home Queen Jane Froman—if the twinkle in his eye means anything. Jane's singing at the Homecoming pep rally showed the local boys why she's famous. It was really refreshing after listening to Columbia's amateur flame-breathers. Jane, by the way, is a town girl and a University grad, and the first to hold the Coming-Home title.

Best in Town

★ by Jon Lyle



Pat Bauman -

David Parker was ten, and although Christmas Day was probably more wonderful for him than it was for many other kids, he didn't realize it. Of course he didn't. How was he to know that the others hadn't eaten as much turkey as he, or that all ten year olds didn't have a wonderland of new toys to play with? These things didn't occur to David at all. There was too much to do: so much that it had been all Daddy and Mother could do to keep him from running from the dining room before he finished his Christmas dinner. You see, there so many toys and presents; from relatives everywhere the gifts had come in mysterious packages, large and small, to rest smugly under the giant Christmas tree until this morning.

This morning! The 25th! The day that had looked so far away when Daddy tore last month's calendar off and revealed the wonderful word: December! But this morning had come as surely and relentlessly as other days do and David's slightly fat fingers had ripped at gayly colored wrappings and bright ribbons until the mysterious packages had yielded their secrets and their treasures.

Now, dinner was over. Daddy, looking a little tired, was sitting in his chair with the as yet unopened newspaper in his lap, and in the kitchen Mother was making noises with the dishes. She was putting them away in the pantry when the thought struck her.

"George! I'd clean forgotten! The little Clark boy is coming over this afternoon."

From the living room came Daddy's non-committal, "Is he?"

"Of course he will " said Mother, coming to the living room door. "I asked him. Don't you remember?"

"No, I don't remember, Clare, but it's all right with me if he does. After all, the Clarks are neighbors . . ."

"I asked him because of David. They're in the same class at school, but Mrs. Clark said the other day that her Ralph didn't seem to know David. Don't you think that's strange?"

"Well," said Daddy, taking the paper from his lap and viewing the front page critically, "I don't know as it means anything. I suppose it's a big class . . ."

"Well, I do," said Mother. "Some people get a complex. Maybe she thought because they're poor . . ."

"Oh now Clare, stop it! They probably think nothing of the kind. Your imagination is working overtime, that's all."

Mother was irritated. As she was taking off her apron, the second thought struck.

"George!"

"Yes," said Daddy, completely dead-pan, so Mother would know that she had interrupted his reading again.

"George, we've got to have a present on the tree for him." What would they think if we asked him over here and then didn't send him home with something? On Christmas Day!"

"It seems rather late to think of it, Clare. Why didn't you say something yesterday when . . ."

Mother was standing over Daddy now. His reading was completely ignored in the crisis. David sat in the center of the floor. He heard it all. He remembered the day Mother invited Ralph Clark but he hadn't said anything. He hoped Ralph Clark wouldn't come. Ralph

was no fun. He was dull. Besides, this was Christmas Day and there were so many so very many—presents to play with.

David enjoyed being an only child.

"What about some of David's old things, George?"

"There's no such animal," Daddy said and laughed. "You know yourself, anything that youngster has is either brand new or broken."

"David, dear," said Mother, "isn't there something of yours that you'd like to give to little Ralph Clark?"

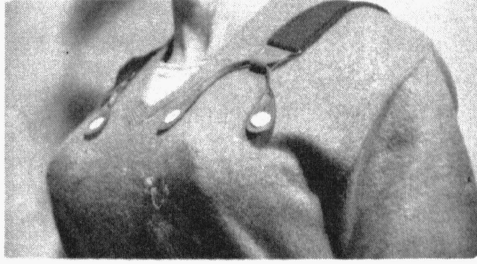
David pouted No. This year's things—the 1948 models—were spread around him in a shambles of crumpled wrapping paper and cards that said *Merry Christmas from Aunt Martha* or something. Aunt Martha! David had an idea. The chemistry set she'd sent last year! Daddy had taken it way and hidden it somewhere. He had said that David wasn't old enough then. David thought maybe Ralph Clark could have that. He decided he wouldn't remind them of it, though. Maybe Daddy would think him old enough soon. So only-child David pouted No to his mother's question.

(Continued on page 25)



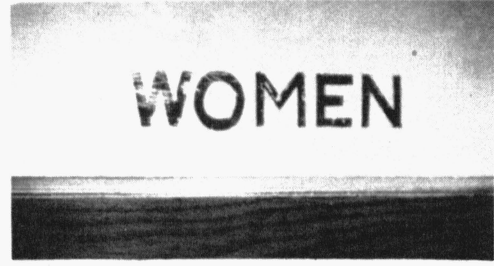
Gifts for Girls

Campus Leaders



Lee Suspender Company, of Clayton, offers a new model this year—for girls. Called "Racy Braces," they come in pastels of blush, peach, and natural.

Engineers



A fine group gift for engineering co-eds is this lavatory designed by Waldo Smith, of K. C. Done is stucco, it is nevertheless built like a brick lavatory.

Journalism Majors



Wembley-Vickers is again producing its famous .404 ("just as good, either hand"—Mitty). With one fatal cartridge, in shoulder or garter holster.

W. R. H.



M. U. monogrammed bust-boosters appeared on the market when obsolete freshmen beanies were bought up by enterprising Magee Products Corp., of Carrollton, Mo.

Party Girls



Party gift of the season is the Showme Garter. Its mutton says "Showme," suggesting the sex issue, and you take it from there. By Ruth, of McBaine.

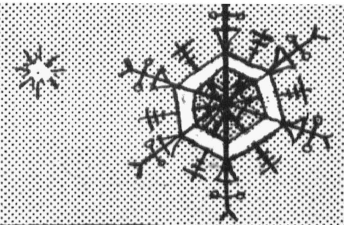
Stephens



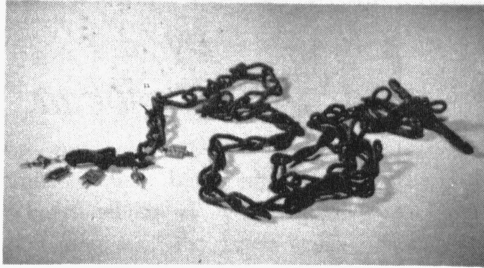
Fine for a holiday binge is the Young Ladies Drinking Kit, by Prunty Products. With gin, mix, and stirrer is a small overnite bag for campus concealment.

CHRISTMAS

Gifts for Boys

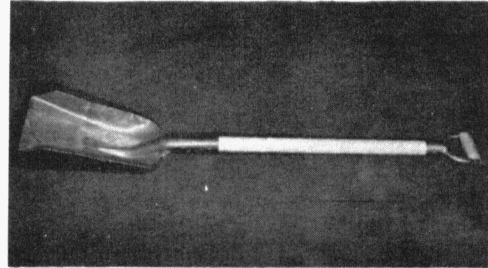


Campus Leaders



The key collector will appreciate a "professional weight" keychain by Forbes' Chain and Anchor Co., of East Chicago. In 14K. gold, or red lead.

Ag Students



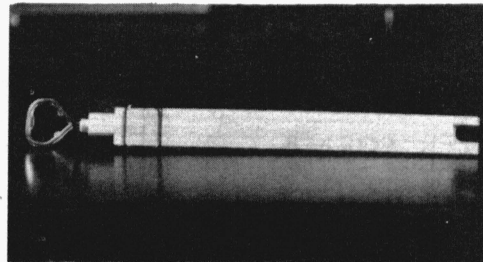
Any Ag will like this shovel. An MFA Co-op product, it has a heavy duty broad blade, capable of taking a big fat scoop. It can also be used for coal.

Journalism Majors



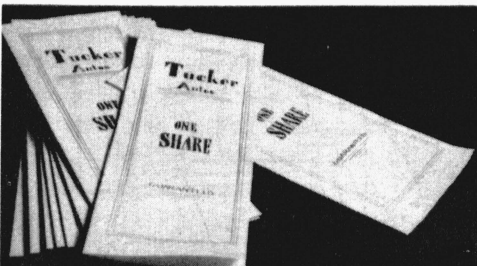
Wembley-Vickers is again producing its famous .404 ("just as good, either hand"—Mitty). With one fatal cartridge, in shoulder or garter holster.

Engineers



A slide-rule bottle-opener helps engineers who forget openers, but wouldn't be caught dead without their slide-rule. Scabbard. By Sapp Novelties Columbia.

Business Majors



An inexpensive gift for BPA boys in this stock, by Tucker Autos, Chicago. It comes in 10 gross cartons, or wholesale by the bale. With maker's guarantee.

Which Comes From St. Louis



A kit for the advanced polisher is offered by Delt Enterprises. Included are 12 cans of oxblood polish. Approved by Threadneedle St. Association of St. Louis.

HOLIDAY
GLITTER

- Jewelry
- Handbags
- Sweaters
- Scarfs
- Tuckers
- Blouses

at

Gibson's
APPAREL
810 BROADWAY

WINTER FORMALS

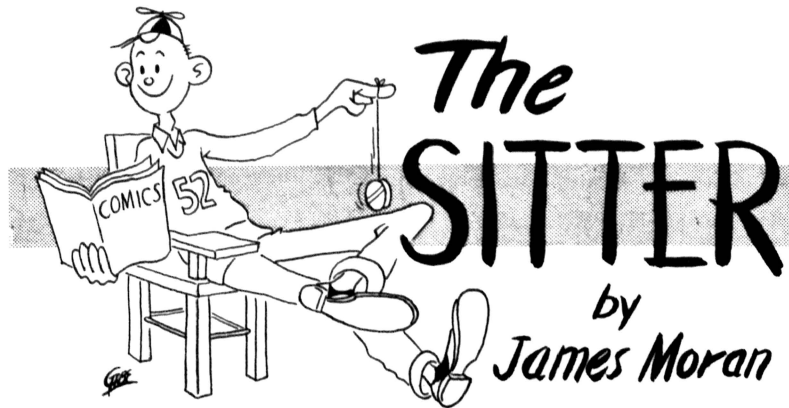


require beautiful
corsages from

Superior Quality
Dependable Service

H.R. Mueller
FLORIST

16 South 9th



If you just have to get that early start for a holiday week end or Christmas vacation, don't waste your time trying to soften up your Dean with a hard luck story which he won't believe anyway. Instead, follow the example of the shrewder operators: get yourself a sitter.

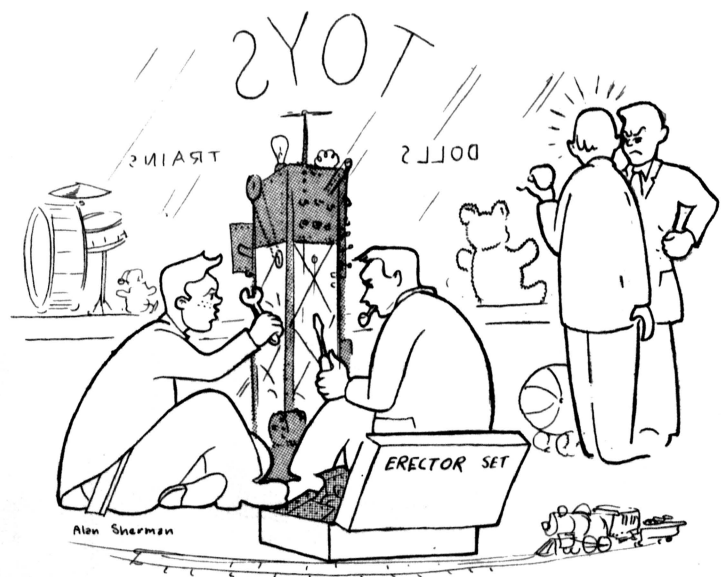
The sitter, the greatest boon to the downtrodden student since flogging was outlawed, is an outgrowth of one of man's inhumanities to man: MU's negative hour rule. In a way, use of the sitter gives one a sort of split personality; one may be counted as being in the regular seat, while actually one is speeding over the highways toward home and/or the fleshpots.

This device for thwarting the no-early-start rule is only useful in the

larger classes, of course. If one is so unfortunate as to be enrolled in a class where the teacher knows the students personally, nothing can be done, unless the sitter is a master of disguise.

The sitter's chief asset is the happy but sometimes erroneous assumption held by instructors of the larger classes that no one would sit through one of their lectures unless he were enrolled in the class. So these teachers' only concern is that the seat is occupied, and in a class of three or four hundred it is an almost impossible task to see that no outsiders creep in.

Some sitters are merely helping friends; others, more crassly commercial, do their sitting for a fee. But regardless of their motives, they have



"It's those damned engineers again!"

a code: it is considered the very worst of form to betray a friend or client by non-attendance.

Also, many sitters will take notes for the sittee, while others merely occupy the seat. Some female sitters have even been known to bring their knitting to class.

The question of just what the sitter is to do in case of such emergencies as pop quizzes has not been worked out fully as yet, but at present his chief responsibility is to be neither so dull nor so brilliant in his writings that the teacher will suspect the truth.

Even a quiz may be turned by an astute sitter into an advantage. One shrewd lad who was helping a friend once took an hour quiz in a tough



math course. The sitter himself was taking the same quiz under the same instructor at a later hour in the day. Our hero had a suspicion that, professors being what they are, the exams would have a great resemblance to each other, and he spent the intervening time in a rapid review of the points about which he had been most hazy. When his hour came, he found that he had judged correctly, and on "his" quiz he gave a truly solid performance.

So, if you must get an early start on that long (and possibly lost.. week end, take this advice: don't see your Dean, see your sitter.

THE END





- John C. Roberts Shoes
- Tie and Handkerchief Sets
- Glove and Scarf Sets

Come in and Look at
Our Holiday Selection
of

**Everything HE
Wants for Christmas**

Eddie's Mens Toggery

225 S. Ninth

Open 9-5:30

Phone 9574

Senior: Are you sure this is Christmas morning?

Frosh: If it ain't, 'I washed my socks for nothing.

* *

"I want to buy my girl a present. What do you think she'd like?"

"Does she like you?"

"Oh yes, I'm positive about that."

"If she likes you, she'll like anything."

* *

When you get through with that cigarette please wipe the ashes off your teeth.

* *

Gal: "Everything I've done today has been wrong."

Guy: "Hmm. Can you keep up that batting average until after our date tonight?"

* *

Telephone operator to a new girl she is breaking in: "No, honey, you say, 'Just a moment please,' not 'Hang on to your pants, mister!'"

* *

Showgirl: "I want you to vaccinate me where it won't show."

Doctor: "O. K., but my fee is ten dollars in advance."

Showgirl: "Why in advance?"

Doctor: "Because I often weaken in such cases and don't charge anything."

* *

The old lady bent over the infant in the cradle. "Ohhh!" she cooed, "isoo a 'ittle boy baby or a 'ittle dirl baby?"

The baby turned its head and spat a stream of tobacco juice. "Sure," he growled, "what the hell else could I be?"

* *

Woman winding up fervent W.C. T.U. speech: "And furthermore, I would rather commit adultery than couch a drop of liquor."

Senior in back row: "Who in the hell wouldn't?"



MISSOURI Showme

REPORTS:

On Santa Claus

After noting that this is December, we did the obvious: we went out and had a chat with Santa Claus. And we found him just like the rest of us, except that once a year he wears a red suit and a flowing set of whiskers.

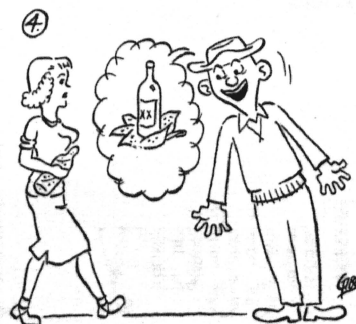
We had to look for Santa of course, but a few inquiries and a phone call or two placed him about fifteen miles from town. Lacking snow and a sleigh, we took the car and cruised ten or eleven miles east on Highway 40, turned right at the big coal mine, and proceeded 3.9 miles further—to Millersberg, the North Pole "in the heart of little Dixie."

We found Mrs. Claus tending to the wash which was hung in the side yard. She directed us to Santa who was chopping wood in 'the back 40' with two young grandchildren. Watching him stepping spryly toward us with a log on one shoulder and his ax at his side, we decided that he must be of a newer vintage of St. Nicks. But, he isn't. This Santa has been in these parts for more than eighty

years, and—knocking off the time taken to learn the route properly—he's been sliding down chimneys for more than sixty. He made his first professional appearance at a small school house just up the road from his present home.

When he first came to the Millerberg area, he decided that he could make a better check on who was being good and bad if he lived among the people as one of them. So, he took the name of E. W. McCray and to help contact as many of his neighbors as possible and still have a job, he took up auctioneering. He's been doing that as long as he's been scampering over snow-covered roof tops. Of course, while he's auctioneering in the off season, he changes his voice so folks won't know he's Santa. That makes it a little amusing when some of the more worldly little ones tease him and try to learn who he 'really' is.

(Continued on next page)



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Dealers

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SERVICE-RENTALS**

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The NEW Inglenook Features . . .

Candlelight Room for special parties
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Snack Bar for speedy service
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Jessie Alice Cline, Owner-Manager
call 5848

A Nice Evening . . .



The STEIN CLUB

135 S. Eighth

Besides his auctioneering, Santa also took up farming just to push his roots more deeply into Calloway County. He's no slouch as a farmer, either. Even at 80, he's doing all the work on his farm. Last summer, he told us, he personally baled 3000 bales of hay, husked we don't remember how many bushels of corn, and helped a neighbor make the same number of gallons of sorghum. Santa's eyes really lit up when he told us about his sorghum, so if you need to appease the jolly gent, we suggest a jug of real, old-fashioned sorghum by your fireplace in just about ten days.

Santa doesn't think much of some of the second-rate imitations who show up and charge for trying to act like the real St. Nick. He says he's always glad to make some appearances before the mystic night. He loves to have kids climbing all over him, telling him what they want and how good they've been. And he enjoys showing the children around the toylands and listening to their exclamations. One of his greatest difficulties, he told us, is being able to act feeble enough to satisfy the conception of Santa that most little ones have. He says he goes to great pains to shake just enough while making notes on their Christmas lists.

All this time we had been standing in the Claus back yard and getting cold. Naturally, Santa didn't notice this, so we brought our chat to a close with a reminder that we'd been as good as could be expected of a normal college student.

Driving back to Columbia, we were happy to the thought that there is a Santa Claus if you'll just take the trouble to look for him.

R. R. S.



BEST IN TOWN . . .

(Continued from page 15)

"What about that chemistry set that Aunt Martha sent to David from Syracuse last year? Remember, George?"

"Oh yeah. I remember," said Daddy.

He would, thought David.

"Dave'll probably never use it, will you Dave?" coaxed Daddy, dreading the expected reply.

David wanted that set. It was his, even though he didn't know where it was. It was still his. Like the two sleds that were his. He used to tie them together when he pulled them along the sidewalk. Nobody else had two sleds.

Daddy didn't wait for David's wail of disapproval. He went upstairs to the closet where the set had been put on the top shelf and reached it down. On the way downstairs he noted the brightly illustrated box cover: a picture of a lad in his 'teens, building the foundations of tomorrow's great chemical engineer. That's the way these things are advertised, thought Daddy: Start Him Right With A No. 7½ Chem-Set! The BIG Set With The Alco-Bunsen Burner!

"Give it to me," said Mother. "I'll wrap it now before he comes."

So that's where it was, thought David. Upstairs. He was very unhappy. None of this year's things were nearly so wonderful now as that No. 7½ Chem-Set with the Giant Alco-Bunsen Burner. The 1948 models lost some of their lustre. Something from last year was being lost—thrown away, and he'd hardly seen it since it came.

"That's him at the door now," said Daddy. "Dave, you let him in. He's your guest, you know."

David let him in. A cold gust came in the front door with little Ralph. Carefully, he stooped and removed his snowy overshoes. Politely, he said Hello to Mister and Missus Parker. He'd never been in their house before, even though they did live next door. It was warmer in here than it was at home, thought little Ralph. Lots warmer.

"Well, Ralph, you're getting to be a big boy, aren't you?" said Daddy

(Continued on next page)



Pen Pointers . . .

DID YOU KNOW—

- That there's still time to do some Christmas Shopping at the PEN POINT.
- That we still have a complete stock of Pens that make perfect gifts for everyone on your list.
- That we will gift-wrap your package.

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109 SOUTH NINTH

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COTTAGE RECORD SHOP



Complete Assortment

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Christmas Records

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Hopper-Pollard Drug Store

ARE YOU
IN THE DOG HOUSE?



BRING SWEETIE PIE

to the

PEPPERMINT

ROOM

at



"MOTHER MAY WE HAVE MORE?"

in the big, cherry voice that he used with little boys. "How old are you now?"

"I'm ten, sir," said little Ralph.

"That's right, George. He's ten. I remember when he was born. About a month before David."

Little Ralph wondered why they had to confirm his age, but he was glad that it came out right. He knew he was ten, but he didn't want to make any mistakes in the Parkers' big house. His mother had told him to mind his manners, not to argue, and to say nice, complimentary things.

"That's a mighty nice Christmas tree, Missus Parker," said little Ralph.

It was hard to make a beginning. It was one of those things you wish you hadn't promised, thought Mother. The poor little tyke looked to sad compared to David. David was so fat and healthy looking. His eyes sparkled. Little Ralph's eyes kept wondering to the window, as if checking to see if it had stopped snowing.

"Show Ralph your new things, David dear," said Mother. Daddy made a new beginning on the still folded newspaper. David's busy tongue didn't faze him, and little Ralph was very quiet.

The 1948 models were on display. David couldn't quite understand why they didn't seem as wonderful to Ralph Clark as they did to him. Ralph just kept looking out the window. The dope, thought David. He doesn't know anything. Little Ralph was still silent when the last of the collection had been displayed and demonstrated.

"What did you get?" asked David effeciently.

Little Ralph turned his attention from the window. "My mom knitted me these," he said, pulling a pair of blue wool mittens from his pockets, "and my daddy made me that." He was pointing out the window at something.

David went to the window to see. Outside, covered with a light dusting of new snow, was a brightly painted sled. It was homemade—David could see that. Little Ralph's eyes couldn't leave it. "He got the metal for the runners at the mill where he works,"

(Continued on page 28)



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DRUG SHOP**

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Good!



French Fries

CHARLIE'S

209 S. Ninth

Open 6:30 a.m. to 11:30 p.m.

Daily; all night Friday and
Saturday

*I've often thought these frigid morns
It doesn't seem quite right,
That I must drink my beer by day,
And go to class at night.
In murky hours before the dawn
'Tis too much aggravation
To struggle from a comfy sack
Just for an education.*

*The night was made for beer and song,
For tux and evening gown,
The night was made for pillowed rest,
And not for H. G. Brown!
What mockery at that sickly hour
O'er notebooks to be poring,
When cuddled low in blankets deep
We should be tucked and snoring!*

*I often wish while to my seat
Each morning I go groggin',
That I'd devise a way to sleep
Yet keep my eyes wide open;
A horrifying, bloodshot gaze
Upon the prof I'd keep:
And if he chanced to look at me,
I'd scare him off to sleep!!*

—Gellerman

*A smile that over cocktails
Seemed so sweet
Doesn't look so lovely
Over Shredded Wheat*



"That's the trouble with you, Jenson—no originality."

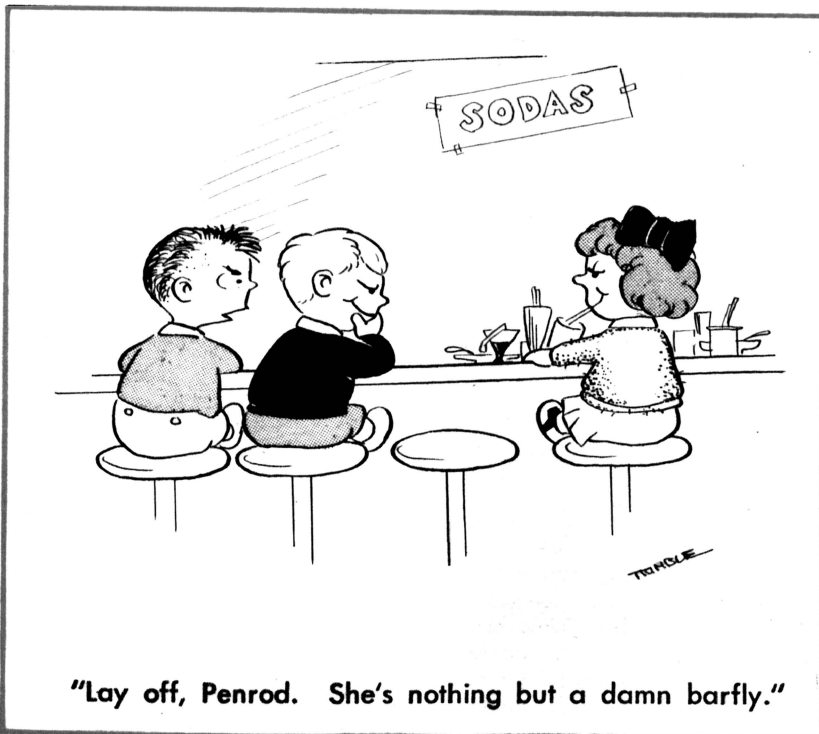
LAFTEr THOUGHTS

*Money is wasted on debutantes,
Oysters is wasted on pearls,
Water is wasted on sponges,
And sex is wasted on girls.
The money should go to the brewers,
The water should go to the sea,
The oysters should go to the women,
And sex should be wasted on me.
The sponges should go to the
debutantes,
The brewers should drink what they
sell,
The pearls should all go to the pawn-
shop
And you women can all go to J-school.*

—Gellerman

*If I were twins, with each embrace
I'd spank your bottom and kiss your
face;
I'd gin you up and bawl you out
For being such a drunken lout;
Your chair with Army Ants I'd fill,
And wonder why you can't sit still;
Before each quiz I'd get you drunk,
And then complain because you flunk;
I'd write you dirty little couplets,
(Aren't you glad I'm not quin-
tuplets?)*

—Gellerman



"Lay off, Penrod. She's nothing but a damn barfly."

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ADDRESS _____

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PRICES: \$2.50 A YEAR
\$1.75 THE REST OF THE YEAR

For Holiday CHEER



THE *New* **DIXIE**
803 Walnut Phone 9446

BEST IN TOWN . . .

(Continued from page 26)

said little Ralph, still looking at the sled.

"I've got two sleds."

"The paint was some we had."

"One of them is brand new."

"And the boards were some that we had in the basement for the longest time."

"Will yours steer around corners?"

"No, it won't," said little Ralph honestly. "But it's the best sled in town, I betcha."

Mother's voice called. It was time to give little Ralph his present. She came in with it, brightly wrapped and with a big red bow on top. She gave it to David with half whispered instructions.

"Now you give this to Ralph, dear."

The fat hands took the box from Mother and in the same motion poked it in little Ralph's direction.

"This is for you, I guess."

Little Ralph took the big box carefully, holding it at each end and reading the card which said *To Ralph Clark From David Parker*. It was in Mother's handwriting.

"Thank you, Missus Parker," said



little Ralph. David paid no attention.

"Go ahead and open it, Ralph," said Mother, sitting on the edge of a chair to watch.

Ralph opened the present, untying the bow and being careful not to tear the pretty paper too much. At last the No. 7½ Chem-Set with the Giant

Alco-Bunsen Burner and the Engineer of Tomorrow on the cover was revealed. Inside, Ralph saw the rows of shining bottles and tubes containing colored chemicals. He inspected it all



deliberately but politely and didn't say anything when Mother snatched away the small card that said *To David From Aunt Martha, 1947*

"Thank you," said little Ralph again. "It's very nice." And then Mother stood up and little Ralph laid the gift in the chair where she had been. It was time for refreshments.

The fruit cake was sliced thin and the ginger ale was good. Daddy said he didn't want any, and even though the embroidered napkin and silver cake fork confused little Ralph, he managed to consume his portion without enjoying it. The Parkers' clock said five.

"I'll have to be going now," said little Ralph when Missus Parker took the plate and empty glass from him. David was just finishing his second piece of cake. Daddy dropped his newspaper to the floor and rubbed his eyes. Then they all stood up to see little Ralph to the front door.

The Goodbyes and Merry Christmases were said again and little Ralph tested the new snow fall with his foot on the doorstep. "Oh boy!" he said. "This is just right for coasting."

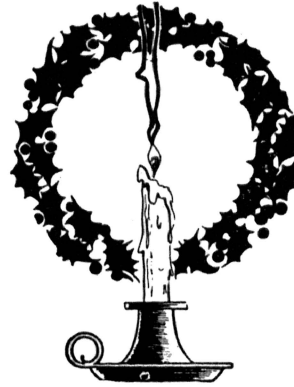
Mother watched him for a minute through the window as he carefully brushed the snow from his sled with his mittened hands.

On a chair in the Parkers' living room was the No. 7½ Chem-Set—the set with the Giant Alco-Bunsen Burner.

Yes sir, the best sled in town!

The End

Seasons Greetings



MISSOURI TELEPHONE COMPANY

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*by the
Cozy Fireside*

at
**HARWELL
MANOR**

FRIED CHICKEN • STEAKS • HOME MADE ROLLS

Two Miles South of the Stadium on Providence Road—Call 6809



Boy of the Month...

GEORGE BOHN

JOHN TRIMBLE-SHOWME

Senior in Electrical Engineering . . . University Board of Publications . . . Omicron Delta Kappa, vice-president . . . Tau Beta Pi (engineering honorary), vice-president . . . Eta Kappa Nu (electrical engineering honorary) . . . American Institute of Electrical Engineers . . . Engineers Club . . . Interfraternity council and Fraternity Presidents Council, 1947-48 . . . Campus Publications Association, former member . . . Pi Kappa Alpha, 1947-48 president . . . 24 . . . St. Louis.

Girl of the Month . . .



JEAN BRANNUM

JOHN TRIMBLE-SHOWME

Senior in Journalism . . . Secretary of Student Government Association . . . Associated Women Students Council . . . Chairman, House Council . . . Mortar Board . . . Theta Sigma Phi (journalism honorary) . . . Faculty Committee on Student Affairs . . . Alpha Phi, Vice President . . . 24 . . . Chicago, Ill.



A Christmas Carol

(with apologies to Messrs. Dickens and Scrooge.)

Angus MacFlyzer
Was a nasty ole miser:
The worst pennysqueezer
Since Scrooge, Ebenezer.
He was cranky and pranky,
Atrocious and lonely,
Morbid and mean and
Atrociously homely.
He hated his mammy
And hated his pappy;
He never could stand
To see anyone happy.
He threw stones at his grandma,
And stole baby's lollipops,
He bulb-snatched and dog-catched,
And crushed little hollibocks.
Saint Nick
Made him sick.
There hatched a plot
In his evil mind
To spoil the Yule
For all mankind:
Then in his chimney
Fixed he slats
Of wire and wax
And this and that,
Of caps and flaps
And snaps and straps
He built his fiendish
SANTA-TRAP!
He rubbed his hands
With hellish glee,
And vicious little thoughts
Thought he:
He'd drown the bearded
Little elf—
And keep the bag
Of giftes himself!
Then came the sound
Of reindeer hoof
Alighting on
The miser's roof!
And waiting by
The chimney-side,
He heard St. Nick

Begin his slide!
Now, it caused the miser
Special ire
To waste good wood
By building fires,
So the chimney chilled
As the house grew old,
And through the years
It filled with cold.
Thus through the miser's
Oversight
The Santa-Trap
Was frozen tight!
Old Santa, in his
Crimson suit,
Plunged downward through
The frosty shute;
But the steely jaws
And springs had froze:
The Santa-Trap
Refused to close!
The elf emerged
Out from the hearth,
(The jolly old
Buffoon),
The miser stared
With great surprise,
And fell into
A swoon.
Then Santa drew
The miser's gift
Out from his bag
Of many:
A little tweezer
Just the size
To use for pinching
Pennies.
Then back up to
The roof he sprang,
And into the wind
He casted:
"MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL!"
He cried out loud,
"Merry Chrstmas, MacFlyzer,
You B.....!"

—Gellerman

The results of the exam were exceedingly poor. Making inquiry, the professor asked:

"Mr. Higgins, why didn't you study for the examination?"

"I was out drinking beer, sir."

"Very well, you are suspended for 2 days! And you, Mr. Hovey, why weren't you prepared for the exam?"

"I took my girl to the movies, sir!"

"You are suspended for a week! And . . . you there! Where are you going?"

"I'll see you next semester, prof."

* *

"I didn't raise my daughter to be fiddled with," said the mother cat as she rescued her offspring from the violin factory.

* *

"In this bottle I have peroxide which makes blondes, and in the other bottle I have dye which makes brunettes."

"Yeah, and what's in the third bottle?"

"Gin!"

* *

The professor who comes in ten minutes late to class is rare; in fact, he's in a class all by himself.

* *

"Curse it, curse it," hissed the villain, snatching the fair maiden by the waist.

"No it ain't, either," she retorted. "It's a girdle."

* *

Ike: "Yes sir! I used to be seen at more first nights than any other man in town."

Mike: "Oh, a dramatic critic, eh?"

Ike: "Nope, I was a bell-boy at a Niagara Falls hotel."

* *

A tall Texan entered a saloon with his wife and three-year-old son. He ordered two straight whiskies.

"Hey, Paw," yelled the kid, "ain't maw a'drinkin'?"

Christmas Suggestions from

HAY'S HARDWARE CO.

- Electric Shavers
- Flashlights
- Pocket Knives
- Clocks
- Carving Sets
- Toasters

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Dial 4710

BIG RED . . .



. . . selects ideal Christmas gifts of popular records, small Philco radios, radio-phonographs, and other electrical appliances on sale at

MISSOURI HOME APPLIANCE

Tenth and Cherry

Be Prepared for those Cold Columbia Nights

Have Your
Food Handy
Stock Up Today

From

KAMPUSTOWNE GROCER

Open 9 a. m. to 6 p. m. and 8 p. m. to 10 p. m. daily
5 p. m. to 7 p. m. Sundays



QUESTIONS

- A** My clues: a white mitten, two cartons of cheer;
I'm held while I hold, and I warm you all year.
- B** Socked in the green and partly concealed,
My last five of twelve is a meadow revealed.
- C** At Christmas time a famous slogan with
central word revised,
I emphasize the pleasure of giving a gift
that satisfies.

ANSWERS WILL APPEAR IN THE
NEXT ISSUE OF YOUR MAGAZINE

RULES FOR CHESTERFIELD HUMOR MAGAZINE CONTEST

1. Identify the 3 subjects in back cover ad. All clues are in ad.
2. Submit answers on Chesterfield wrapper or reasonable facsimile to this publication office.
3. First ten correct answers win one carton of Chesterfield Cigarettes each.
4. Enter as many as you like, but one Chesterfield wrapper or facsimile must accompany each entry.
5. Contest closes midnight, one week after this issue's publication date. New contest next issue.
6. Answers and names of winners will appear in the next issue.
7. All answers become the property of Chesterfield.
8. Decision of judges will be final.

LAST MONTH'S ANSWERS & WINNERS

A The field of red is the red scarf which Tyrone Power is wearing. On it one can recognize the mask of tragedy, the classic mask of Thespis. So the answer is **TYRONE POWER'S SCARF**.

B The shamrock and the blarney stone are symbols of "**THE LUCK OF THE IRISH**."

C Ten to the sixth (power) equals 1,000,000 (one million). Ten to the zero equals 1 (one). **ANSWER: Chesterfields satisfy millions, they'll satisfy you. WINNERS...**

First wife: "I suppose you and your husband worry a lot because you haven't had any children."

Second wife: "Oh, yes; we've spent many a sleepless night over it."

* *

She: "And if I refuse will you commit suicide?"

He: "That's been my usual custom."

* *

Who was that lady I saw you outwit last night?

* *

A couple blessed with their first child didn't get to the hospital quickly enough, and the baby was born on the hospital lawn. The itemized bill was finally received and the careful husband objected strenuously to the item, "Delivery Room—\$25." He returned the bill for revision. In due time it was returned with the item revised to read: "Green Fees—\$25."

* *

"Allow me to present my wife."

"No, thanks. I already have one."

* *

There was a Scotchman who took his wife, who was about to have a baby, to the country because he had heard of Rural Free Delivery.

CHESTERFIELD CONTEST WINNERS

Please *mail* entries to facilitate judging:

Missouri Showme
Chesterfield Contest
304, Read Hall
Columbia, Mo.

winners:

Raymond Allen
Richard Mackey
Shirley Guilliams
Louise Wolpert
Willa Hodge
Don Henderson
Art Berliner
Julianne Aaron
Wayne Whitmier
Ralph Toler



That's all she wrote!

That's right. This is my last column. In just a few days I'll be leaving Old Mizzou and heading for the four directions, W O R K. Work, work, work, we'd rather be busy than shirk, you know.

I've had fun at old Missouri. I've liked Columbia a lot, too. Of course, Columbia could be better, but where can you get an atomic bomb?

There are so many pleasant things which flow through my mind at this point. Take the bars for instance. The city fathers should be proud. They're doing a grand job. Imagine them not allowing any bars in Columbia. It's so much more hearty and healthy to lie on the grass in front of the columns and drink whiskey out of a bottle.

And then there's the theatres in Columbia. What a magnificent tribute to man's ingenuity. What else but ingenuity could keep buildings that old from collapsing? Those buildings have a history. During the Civil War the Southern forces used the front part of one of them as a Yankee prison.

How about the beer in Columbia? I finally found out what 3.2 means. It means 3.2% water. That may not be what it means but it's sure as hell what it contains.

I guess you thought I had forgotten the train line into Columbia. Don't condemn that train line. It serves as a fine screen for new pupils. The admissions director of the University just has to go to depot and wait for the train to come into the station. If, after getting off, the new student still says, "Yes, I want to enter the University," you know darned well he wants an education.

But there's big railroad improvements coming up. There's supposed to

be a connecting line being constructed between Columbia and Rocheport.

Add Jesse Auditorium to your list of smart sports, also. I understand the Army Air forces just bought it as a wind tunnel to test jets.

Then there's Stephens College. Sex didn't take a holiday when it came to Stephens, it just couldn't get out. Here is a little playlet I have written just for Stephens:

GANG BUSTERS PRESENTS:

"I Was A Stephens Girl"

The scene opens in the jute mill at Stephens College. Two girls, Rickey

and Dodo, are feeding jute into the machine.

Dodo: (In a husky voice speaking from the side of her mouth) The big break is at ten tonight. Pass it along.

Rickey: Is it safe?

Dodo: Sure, we told the watchman someone was up on a rooftop with a 12 million-watt power telescope.

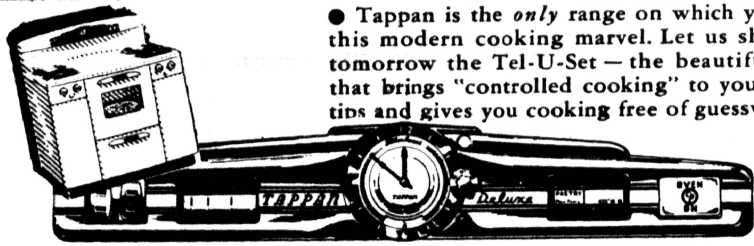
Rickey: Swell. (Passes the word along to the girl at the next machine). (Meanwhile, at Washington headquarters of the Stephens Counterspy Bureau, David Hardstrong, chief of

(Continued on next page)



"If one more wise guy asks me what it is they don't do, I'm quitting!"

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Stephens Counterspies is speaking on a telephone).

Hardstrong: What's that? A break? Who is this? Oh, one of our faithful agents masquerading as a senior sister. Fine. I'll see that you get your Bronze Stool and the Silver Pigeon for this. (*Hangs up*). Harry!

Harry: Yes, boss.

Hardstrong: Hop one of those flying wings and get down to Columbia immediately. There's going to be a break at Stephens tonight.

Harry: Roger.

(*Time elapses and the girls have made their break. They are out on an open field called Broadway when the sound of searchlights cutting the dark and the shaft of light from the sirens pierces the dark. This may sound strange to you but you can't put anything past the Columbia police.*)



Rickey: What'll we do.

Dodo: I'm scared. I hear Central Dairy is loaded with senior sisters and they've got a roadblock around the Silver Dollar.

(*Just then one of the girls rips off her dress. Ha, ha. Don't get panicky. It's not a girl. It's Harry of the Counterspies.*)

Harry: You're under arrest. Crime doesn't pay. The primrose path is strewn with good hopes. A stitch in time will save nine.

(*Takes the girls back to Stephens. The next scene is the girls in front of the Board of Directors.*)

Chairman of the Board: What have you to say?

Rickey: I want Gregory Peck to represent me.

Chairman: But he's no lawyer.

Rickey: But I don't want to defend myself.

Chairman of the Board: But why do you want Gregory Peck if you don't want to defend yourself?

Rickey: Now what shall we play.

Chairman: Anyway, no men are allowed in here on Tuesday.

Rickey: I'm ruined.

Chairman: For your intolerable conduct of wanting to break out and talk to your boy friends, I sentence you to fifteen weeks of listening to the Stephens Radio Workshop.

Rickey: They'll never get me alive. *(She drinks a vial of concentrated Serutan and drops.)*

Announcer: So ends another thrilling episode in the life of crime. These girls weren't bad, they were just impatient. They could have waited for seven more months and they'd have gotten a pass without breaking out. Tune in again next week for a drama of frustration, wrist-slashing, and whiskey bottle hiding entitled "Don't Send My Girl To Christian."

And how about all the terrific activities they have around here. School dances they call them. Maybe they're school dances in the 20th Century but the ancient Greeks called them Olympic games. I went to one the other night. I was lucky. I got in a few dance steps by going off tackle. The only way to get to dance at one of those functions in the gym is to develop a "T" formation.

Don't forget Read Hall, "your home away from home." The reason they collect so many mills down at the soda bar is that they're going to build a new student union out of them. Down in that soda bar it costs you five mills if you even look like you're going to order.

Then there's the Columbia taxi companies. Those drivers are real suckers. They only get 30 cents for one of those trips when they can be making a thousand dollars for the same kind of trip at the Indianapolis Speedway.

I don't know what the hell their hurry is. They never leave Columbia.

That's about all for now. All kidding aside, I've been sitting up here in my ivory tower for three years taking pot-shots at everything in Columbia and the University, but it's all in fun. I've loved old Missouri. This may not be the greatest school in the country, but it's the greatest one in my books.

I want to thank you all for reading this junk and also for making my stay at the University of Missouri, truly, the best years of my life.

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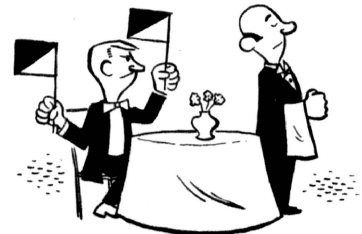
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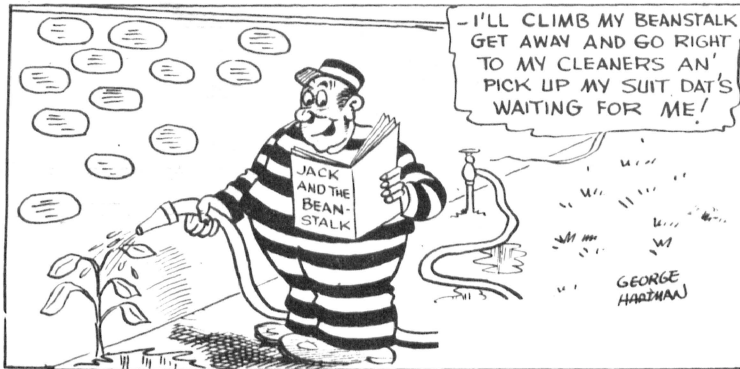
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The trouble with most guys when they try to figure out what to give the gal for Christmas is that they aren't original. They give 'em stockings, or jewelry, or other routine nick-nacks and the gal opens the package and says, "Oooh, darling, you shouldn't have," or some such rot and then begins to speculate what No. 2 man will have in store.

But me, I'm different. Every year I figure out something unusual and original to give my gal. She appreciates this. Now take this year, for instance. This year I'm giving my gal a formicarium. Don't know what that is, eh? Well, I'll tell you.

A formicarium is a dry-run aquarium filled with sand in which one puts ants so that the activities and private lives of the little rascals can be observed. A formicarium makes an ideal Christmas gift. The only trouble is that, so far as I know you can't buy one of the damn things: you have to make 'em yourself. This is quite simple.

First, it is necessary to get the glass and a frame and other incidentals, then the sand, and finally, the ants themselves. Once established in their new home, the family life of the ants begins and any red-blooded American girl will thrill to the ever changing panorama of primitive hymenopterous life that the glass walls of this gadget disclose.

I found it exceedingly simple to find everything except the ants. This being December, most ants with any sense at all have made themselves secure in some rotten log and are quite unavailable. However, a few strays can be found here and there, so for several weeks I collected these strays and carefully placed them in their new home. They made the adjustment quite rapidly and seemed happy

RECIPE

for a

GOOD TIME



TAKE—One Boy
ADD—One Girl

TOSS IN—One Car That Moves
MIX IN—Two or Six Friends

SURROUND IT WITH THE

B & B BAR B-Q

Guarenteed to Turn Out a

GOOD TIME!

in the formicarium. I was happy too, and looked forward to the happiness of my girl when she saw what I was going to bring her.

One night, shortly before Christmas, tragedy struck however. There I was, sound asleep in my bed and what were those damned ungrateful ants doing but sneaking from their new, modern home and heading for the nearest rotten log. This is typical ant behavior: no gratitude. I decided to get a new variety of ants. What I wanted were real home-bodies, not vagrants.

This required the assistance and advice of an emmetologist which I enlisted immediately. This learned man told me that the reason my ants had deserted their apparently palatial surroundings was that they were not happy. At this stage neither was I, but the ants had to be made happy or they would continue to run away, so I followed the emmetologists advice and procured the proper food for my ants.

This involved a six day forage for what he called "aphids." I didn't know an aphid from Aphrodite, but I found some damn bugs that fitted the description pretty closely and seemed to fool my new colony of ants quite effectively.

It was not long before I noted what appeared to be a strange bond growing between my ants and my aphids. The latter would recline, stomach up—if such is the proper name for the middle bulge of these creatures—and allow the ants to stroke their abdomen with their antennae. This form of stimulation caused the aphids to yield a honey-like fluid which the ants devoured with great joy.

It was not long before my formicarium was the scene of complete contentment. There were the aphids getting their abdomens stroked, and there were the ants, glugged with honey.

That is the situation today.

Now, don't you think my formicarium will make the ideal gift? Wouldn't you like to make one too, now that you've profited from my mistakes and triumphs? Wouldn't your girl thrill at the sight of you coming at her on Christmas morning with a real formicarium full of contented ants and equally contented aphids? Of course she would.

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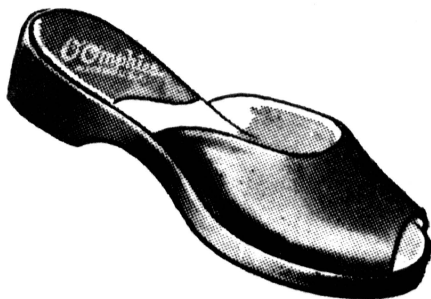
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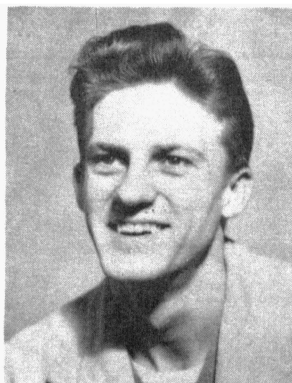


the novus shop



Contributors' Page

Bill McCarter



Sometimes we think Bill McCarter lies awake at night thinking up new ways to promote *Showme*. His efforts have now been rewarded, however. A two-year member of the circulation and promotion staff, Bill recently acquired the job of promotion director.

"Mac" is an effervescent character from Kansas City. He is a junior in Arts and Science, majoring in psychology. Looking into Swami's crystal ball, we can see this budding psychologist advising a comely client to "lie down; you can concentrate better that way."

Bill takes his job on the magazine so seriously that when he recently served a trick at Noyes Hospital, he almost talked Doc Trimble into buying a subscription. How good can the guy get?

He is a member of Phi Kappa Psi, social fraternity, and is 21.

Don Dunn

We're continually amazed at the antics of our joke editor, Don Dunn. This past summer we thought he'd be safe in Arkansas with a little theater group, but he surprised us all by ending up in Brooklyn working in a bank.

Besides his work for *Showme* and his job as sound effect producer for Workshop, Don is a magi-comedian. He is a member of the Society of Ama-

teur Magicians, and other organizations dealing with black magic. We almost didn't believe that he was a magician, but he convinced us all one day when he made a silver dollar come out of his ear.

Nancy Shatz

For months *Showme* sought in vain for a secretary combining virtues ranging from the purely aesthetic standpoint of office-decoration to that of the purely practical—expert typesetting. At last we found Nancy.

A new member of the staff, Nancy has endeared herself not only by being capable but also by laughing at our jokes. Her job includes the letters-to-the-editor column, correspondence, and setting type for ads.


Nancy is a senior in the School of Journalism, majoring in news. She is treasurer of Theta Sigma Phi, journalism sorority; a member of Kappa Tau Alpha, journalism honorary; and a member of Delta Tau Kappa, English honorary. With all this, she still finds time to type more than 30,000 words a week for the Messrs. Jones and Edom in the School of Journalism. She is currently working on the J-school's Sixth annual 100-print show.

She is a member of Chi Omega, social sorority, and is from Kearney, Nebraska, where she attended Nebraska State Teachers College before coming to the University.



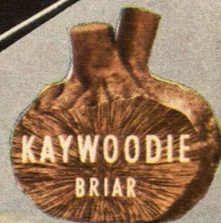
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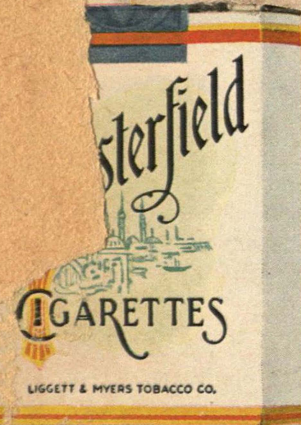
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Give 'em by the Carton!

Give 'em to everyone who smokes—the family, the neighbors, your friends—everyone who's been good to you all year. Chesterfields are the best tip I can give you at Christmas time or any time. When you give Chesterfields you sock 'em with a load of good cheer.

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Arthur Godfrey*



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