

APRIL, 1959

25c

Flow gently, sweet Hinkson,  
Through springtime's soft din;  
Flow gently, sweet Hinkson:  
My girl just fell in.

# HARLEQUIN

VOLUME 1

NUMBER 2



**Pla-Boy**  
**DRIVE-IN**

delicious  
double deck  
**STEAKBURGER**

## HARLEQUIN

April 1959  
302 Read Hall  
University of Missouri

Editors:  
Dan Hays  
Tom Sieg

editorial — page 4

essays can be fun  
—page 5

the oddball—page 8  
i say missouri is better  
than minnesota  
—page 15

Mudlands—center of  
book

the happiness vendors  
—page 22

the plight of the mar-  
ried student—page 27

the ACNE report  
—page 31

**Business Manager**  
Dick Johnston  
**Advertising Manager**  
Glen St. Pierre  
**Assistant**  
Barbara Heiter  
**Circulation Manager**  
Brack Hinchey  
**Promotion Manager**  
Bob Wiser

**Art Director**  
Larry Postaer

**Staff:**  
Al Chapman  
Art Katz

**Editorial Assistant**  
Alice Roberts

**Jokes, Exchanges**  
Liz Huff



*Floral Gifts for  
the Perfect  
Expression*

Flowers for  
Mother by wire



*H.R. Mueller*  
FLORIST

on the Strollway

**CANDY IS DANDY**

—but liquor is quicker

get yours at

**TIGER DRUG**

— in the Hotel Tiger

- Wines
- Champagne
- Liquor
- Beer

prices at a new low!  
parking in the rear

## editorial

The April 10 issue of *Maneater* contained some interesting remarks about *Harlequin's* first issue.

It is difficult to argue, to defend oneself against so highly regard a person a sthe esteemed editor of our fine campus newspaper. Anything we say could be torn to shreds by the obviously valid assertion that *Maneater* is considerably funnier than *Harlequin*. But then, unconscious humor is always the funniest.

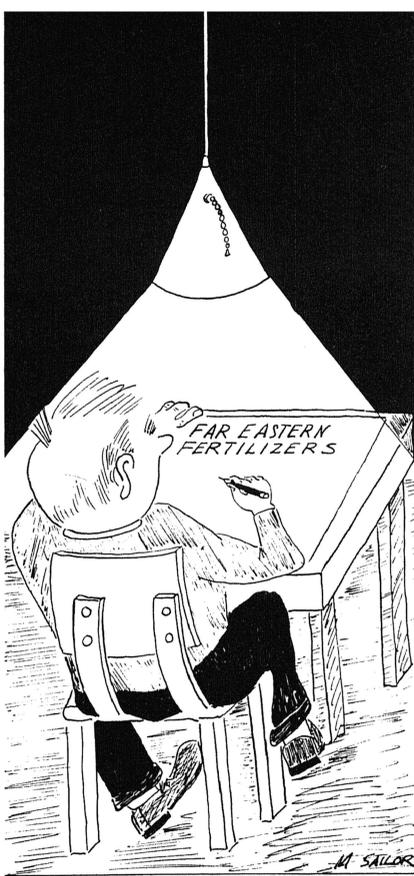
Miss E. N., who really can't be blamed for never signing her full name to her editorials, made a rather big issue of the fact that one story carried four words that were also in another story. She called this "stealing from your own magazine." Well, we admit our magazine is not completely original; in fact, we've had a difficult time finding writers who are consistent in turning out quality material. If things don't look up soon, we may have to take our lead from those helpful little hints that somehow crop up every now and then in *Maneater*. You know, the ones that say, "Try a Missouriian Want-Ad."

*THE PORTION* of the "critique" that amused us most was where E. N. referred to our material — indirectly — as garbage. She gives the distinct impression that she thinks little of our writers' abilities, yet in the Missouri College Newspaper Association contest recently, *Maneater* submitted a *Harlequin* reject as one of its "top six" special columns of the year. And four of its top six editorials were hurriedly written products of two *Harlequin* writers. This number is the most *Maneater* could submit by the two writers under MCNA rules. A *Harlequin* staff member wrote one feature story — only one — for *Maneater*, and it was submitted as one of the top six features. All this is not to say these *Harlequin* staffers are top-notch writers. It is, rather, to say that one publication's spoiled milk may be another's cream.

In her passing comment on the ANTEATER center spread, she commented sarcastically that "all that satire on a newspaper's alleged mistakes must have taken considerable effort . . . particularly the one line that was turned upside down." She would have you believe we did this accidentally, and that such an error never had appeared in *Maneater*. On page six of the same issue in which her editorial appeared, a line was turned upside down. Tsk, tsk, E. N., you don't have to illustrate your own misrepresentations.

*SHE REFERRED* to our article, "i say none of you are having illicit sex relations, are you?" as "i say none of you are having illicit sex affairs, are you?" She got eleven of twelve words right, though, which is hitting pretty close, considering that the rest of her criticism left us wondering whether she could read at all.

But we don't mind the type of criticism we get from *Maneater*. After all, we're aware that *Harlequin* has faults, and *intelligent* criticism could have made us look bad. ●



# essays can be fun

by bill zander

Sad though it seems, brilliant thinkers and philosophical geniuses at some time during their lives are wont to pick up pen and paper and put down their thoughts for posterity. I say "sad" because they rarely stop to note that someday their writings may be assigned in English class to some stupid, ignorant college student. These stupid, ignorant college students rarely know just what the hell the brilliant thinker is talking about.

This unfortunate circumstance causes the stupid, ignorant college students to hate the brilliant thinkers. The hate grows as these essays are assigned for themes and final exams. The stupid, ignorant college students burn midnight oil trying to figure out what the brilliant thinkers are talking about and softly curse them for ever writing these essays.

If brilliant thinkers would save their brilliant thoughts for all-night poker parties at the corner bar and between-races conversa-

tion at Santa Anita, everything would be fine. But these brilliant thinkers hardly give a damn what stupid, ignorant college students think of them, so they write these essays anyway. So let's all us stupid, ignorant college students face this fact.

Actually, according to the average English Prof, essays aren't hard once you figure out the central idea or thesis. However, brilliant thinkers enjoy using complex, abstract reasoning and huge words such as "humbug" which completely confuse the average stupid college student. Therefore, central ideas are often tough to find, and the college student, who is used to reading only Gene Autry comic books and Mickey Spillane novels, isn't generally aware of just exactly what's coming off.

As a public service, then, I should like to list several commonly read essays, each with the central idea clearly expressed. Read the list carefully, and then you won't have to reach each fif-

ty-page essay which says the same thing in 10,000 words.

1. West—*The Meaning of Treason*—"Stool-pigeons stink."
2. Emerson—*Self Reliance*—"Plagiarists stink."
3. Ayres—*Society in the Light of Reason*—"Reasoning stinks."
4. Arnold—*Culture and Anarchy*—"Machinery stinks."
5. Stevenson—*Pulvis et Umbra*—"People stink."
6. Thoreau—*Walden*—"Civilization stinks."
7. The writings of H. L. Mencken—"Everything stinks."

This brings us to the next vital problem. What should the average stupid college student do when told by his Prof to compose an essay of his own?

First, he should find something that stinks. A good essayist never writes about something he likes. Mainly because a good essayist hates everything. He must find something to bitch about in

anything. For instance, you could write on how you don't like women or anchovies or how they ought to have more bars on Canal street or make a loud outcry against segregation in restrooms.

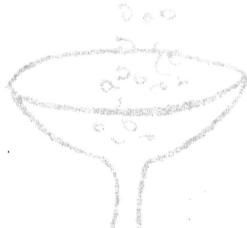
Then write. Use atrociously long words and monstrous 15-line sentences. The accomplished essayist takes as long as possible to say what he wants. Tell exactly what you don't like and why. If you don't actually have reasons for not liking whatever it is, make some up, because several reasons always confuse the Prof.

However, you must be careful, for there is one problem involved in writing an essay from this formula. Your Prof may himself be a brilliant thinker. Admittedly, this is not very likely, but if it should happen, your paper will probably come back marked, "F—this essay stinks!" ●

## LIQUORS

Liquor — Wine — Beer  
Mixes of All Types

**COLD BEVERAGES  
PACKAGED ICE**



**Hunting & Fishing  
Supplies**

AMPLE PARKING

**BEVERAGE  
HOUSE**

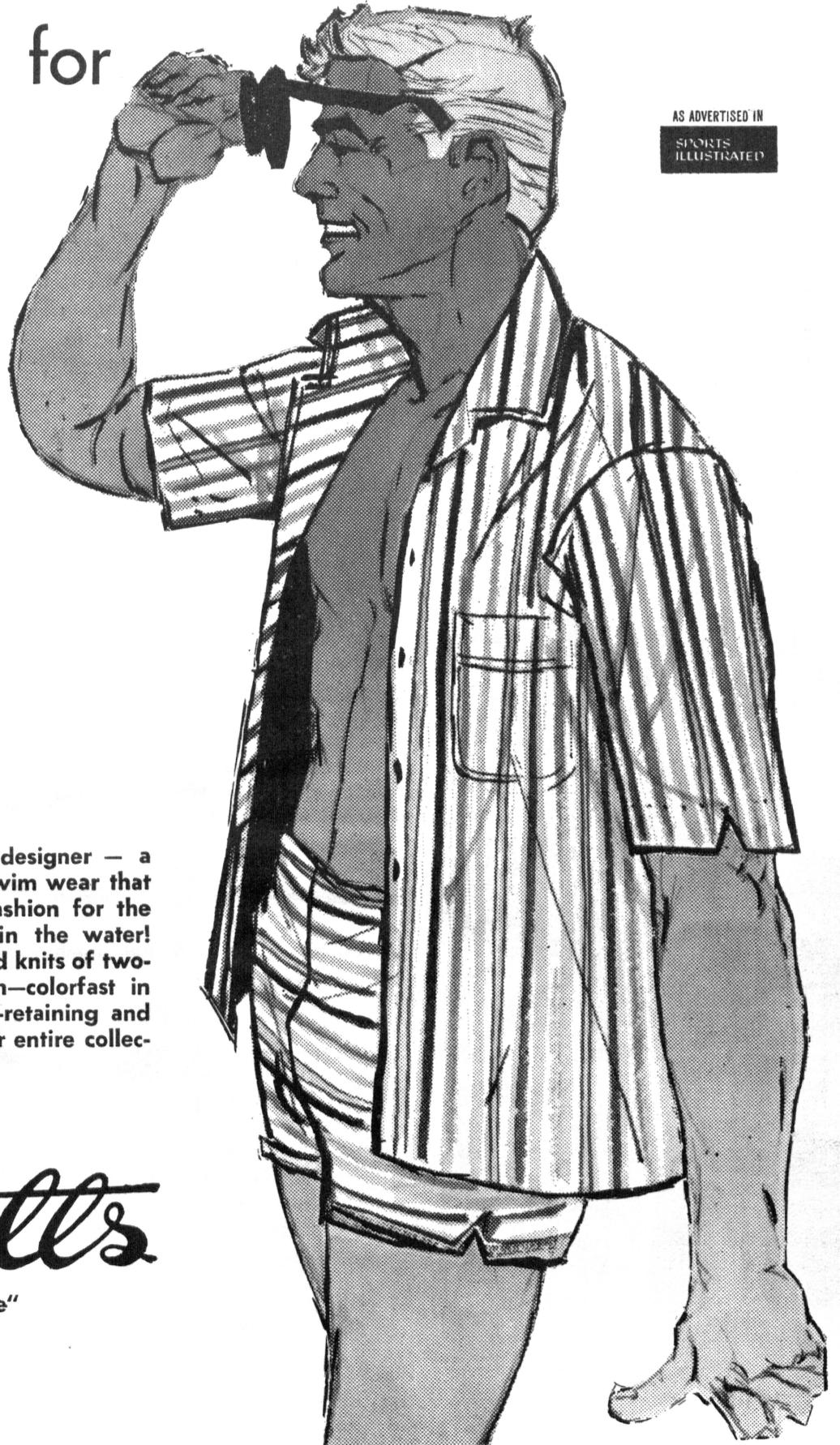
1107 Hwy 40 E. 3-3300



"I once saw a rhinoceros with horns like yours."

# m<sup>c</sup>gregor and Italy's antonio di monza make NEWS with KNITS for beachwear

AS ADVERTISED IN  
SPORTS  
ILLUSTRATED



**F**rom Italy's famous designer — a brand new idea in swim wear that introduces new fashion for the beach, new freedom in the water! Colorful, sun-bright striped knits of twoply, cool Durene cotton—colorfast in salt water, shape-retaining and quick-drying. See our entire collection today.

# Puchett's

"of Course"

908 E. Broadway

# the odd ball

by william langerham

It was September, and for six months we had lived there together. We all wore the same sick-green uniforms that stank of all the filth and rottenness of Taegu; we had our hair cut the same way, ate together, worked together, and bunked so close to each other that we could as well have slept together; and in the evenings we drank together.

None of us was fond of Korea; we knew it was the lousiest assignment in the service, yet in a way we were lucky. We were nineteen good friends, and in the boring monotony and isolation of Korea, friendship was essential. Without it a man was alone; and being alone, he had too much time to think.

We all worried and wondered how long the setup would last. After all, we were in Korea and in the Air Force, and there never existed two better reasons that a bearable situation should be disrupted. We had waited half a year — some more, some less — for something or somebody to come along and change things.

His name was Gus, and he was a Master Sergeant. He was wait-

ing for us one evening when we returned from our usual before-supper drink at the Club.

“Hi, gang! My name’s Gus. I’m your new hut chief.”

None of us burst out laughing just then, but Bob Aldridge snickered pretty loud. Our new hut chief seemed embarrassed, and he should have been. We weren’t raw recruits who could be fooled that easily; we knew that any time six stripes stared you in the face and said “My name’s Gus,” and didn’t once mention the word “Sergeant,” something had to be phony.

“Welcome, Sergeant. I’m Sergeant Le Blanc.” They shook hands. “And these boys are . . . oh well, you’ll probably be calling roll soon anyway, and you’ll learn their names then.” “Papa-san” Le Blanc was a real joker — we all knew that nobody in the outfit ever called roll.

We sat around the hut for awhile, then decided to go to chow and from there to the Club. Naturally we didn’t invite Gus. When a guy’s been in the service a couple of years he can spot an odd ball the moment he sees



**(This, Harlequin's first straight-fiction entry, will probably not make you laugh. This is at least partly because it was not intended to be funny. Harlequin will continue to print simple, straightforward, entertaining fiction — the kind for which there is no other outlet at M.U.—when it receives a worthwhile story.)**

one, and we had Gus pegged right away.

Sure enough, the next morning Gus called roll, and our suspicions about him were confirmed. Soon he started raising hell, just the way we all knew he would.

"What time did you men get back from the Club last night?"

"Oh, I don't know; about midnight, I guess." Actually it was two o'clock, because the Club closed at midnight and we went into town after that, but if Gus knew Papa-san was lying, he didn't let on.

"And you drank here for quite a while after you got back. Isn't lights out at 10:30?"

"Oh yes, Sergeant, you're right." Le Blanc was getting sarcastic now, the way an old soldier can, saying something simple like "Yes, sir" and making it sound like "Go to Hell!" "You see, Sergeant, we've all been around here a long time, and we know the ropes. Nobodys going to say *anything*."

That really cut Gus down. He didn't say a word, just stood there looking confused and lost.

Everything went pretty smoothly for the next month or so, and we learned more about Gus. He was a gung-ho career man who didn't believe in drinking much or sleeping with the local josans, and he sent most of his money home to his wife every month, so naturally none of us had much use for him. But we treated him fairly; we didn't try to make things tough for him the way the men in most outfits would. We simply figured him for one of the "old maid" noncoms you're bound to run into now and then, and let it go at that. As long as he left us alone, we didn't bother him.

Gus didn't say much about the rest of us drinking in the hut and carrying on the way we all did, but he had the notion that all the bottles should be corked and the noise down by midnight. We were getting a little tired of putting up with his chicken ideas, so we more or less just forgot he was our hut chief. Anytime any of us had problems or suggestions, we took them to someone else or just kept quiet. Gus didn't appreciate that, but



HUNDERS-

there wasn't a hell of a lot he could do about it.

For awhile Gus tried pretty hard to get in with us. When we were going to the movies or to play Bingo, he'd let us know as subtly as he knew how that he wasn't doing anything in particular. But we never invited him, and he never came right out and asked if he could go along, so we didn't feel guilty about leaving him alone in the hut most nights.

By then we all knew the sort Gus was, and we knew there had to be trouble sometime, but we were trying so hard to give the guy a break that we had ourselves believing everything would be all right. There were ways a group as large as ours could hurt a person, even somebody who outranked them all, but that was the last thing any of us wanted to do. We hadn't figured him completely rotten and turning us in.

We were all surprised when the commander called us in. He was obviously excited, because he had that same fire in his eyes

that was there when he said, "You guys think you've got it rough! When I was on Corregidor . . . "

"I have a report here from your hut chief!" he shouted. "It says that *not one of you* slept in your quarters last night! What the hell is this, a conspiracy?" Le Blanc stumbled, sweating it out about ten seconds before he went on, "You see, sir, we were in town having a little party, and it got to be pretty late, and we didn't think there would be any harm if we just stayed out, sir."

"Oh, I see," the colonel said. "You expect me to believe that all nineteen of you just *happened* to be at the same party, and all of you just *happened* to decide to stay out, just like that. Hell, Le Blanc, I know you men have formed a tight little clique, and if only five or six of you were involved, I might believe you, but . . . what kind of fool do you take me for? Tell me what really happened!"

"I told you, sir." Le Blanc was firm, and he looked the Colonel

straight in the eye as if he were telling the truth, and the old man began to soften.

"All right. Aldridge, is he telling the truth?"

"Yes, sir."

"Eklor?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well," the commander laughed, "there isn't much use my asking the rest of you; you'd all swear on your mother's graves that Le Blanc here is virgin if he wanted you to. You're all restricted to base for a week. And remember, if you're going to stay out all night, do it three or four at a time, so it won't be so conspicuous. That's all."

"Yes, sir." Le Blanc saluted and executed a military about-face, and we left as fast as we dared. We were all mad as hell, and we decided to meet at the Club when we got off duty.

The meeting turned out to be just another drinking session, and when we left, the only thing that had been decided was that we all disliked Gus even more than

# Moon Valley Villa

*"We have a steak in your future"*

- Charcoal Broiled Steaks
- Shrimp & Lobster
- Chicken
- Broiled Trout

Open at 5:00 p.m. daily

South of Fulton Gravel

Banquet facilities

RFD 1 Gl. 3-7720

we had before. We couldn't decide what to do to get even, and after a couple of weeks we had just about forgotten the whole thing when Gus did something that brought us all to our senses.

The old bastard fired our hut-boy. This wasn't unusual, because hut-boys were always stealing from the men or pimping on government time, and Lee was no exception. Still, he was one of the best boys on the base, and he had been pretty good to us, so we were pretty worked up about it. We all went to the orderly room and asked the Commander to transfer Gus because it was obviously impossible for us to live with him anymore. All that trip got us was a group chewing-out that made the last one look like a promotion recommendation, and we decided we had to do something about Gus.

We were through playing games; Papa-san suggested the silent treatment, and we agreed. It worked perfectly.

At night, Gus would come in and sit around looking at everybody, knowing nobody would say anything to him. He'd write a letter, listen to the radio, or just sit, with his hands clasped in his lap and his eyes staring straight out at nothing; then he'd usually come over to me, since we were both from Cleveland, and say something like, "Well, Billy boy, what do you hear from home?" and I could see in his eyes that he thought I was his only hope. Usually I did something cute, like putting on a stack of records and turning the player's volume up high, or calling out to Papa-san, "Let's go have a drink; I'm hearing things."

Before long Gus began buttering up to everybody as if we were all Colonels, but we didn't call

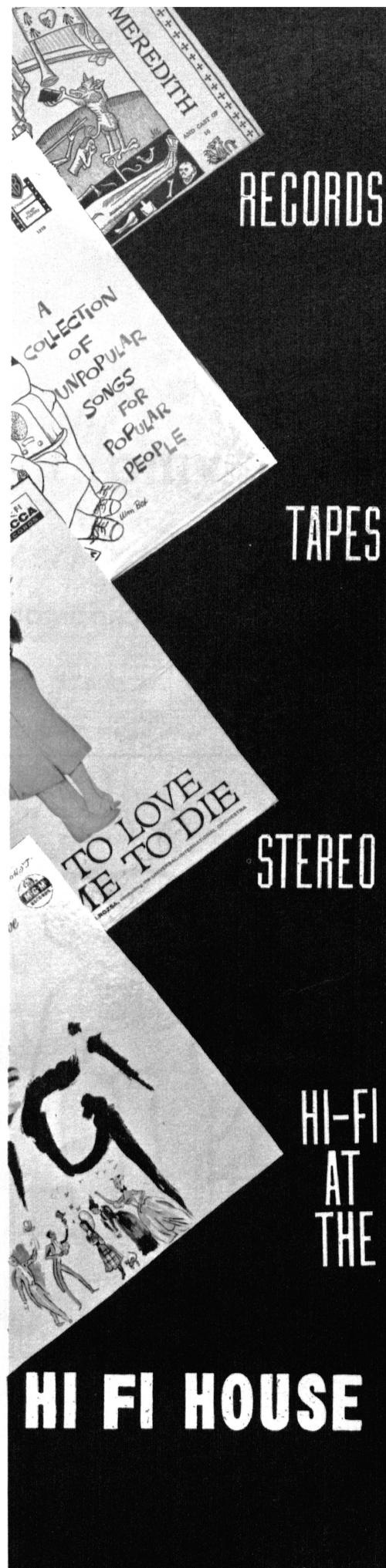
off the treatment. Sometimes, in the night, it bothered me to hear a thirty-six year old man crying, but all he would have had to do to end it was hire Lee back and act decent.

Sometimes he'd look like he couldn't stand it anymore, and he'd come up to us and ask, "What do you *want* from me?" We'd just smile and walk away.

Then one night at about twelve-thirty, some of us came back from a drinking party and found Aldridge alone in the hut with Gus. We had a rule against that, so we turned his bunk over on him. Well, Gus had a fit. He leaped out of bed and began raving something about how we could have hurt the man pretty badly and some of that other gung-ho stuff about accidents, but nobody answered him. When Gus finally went back to bed, the rest of us sat around quietly until we knew he was asleep, and then one of the boys turned the lights out, got a bucket of water, and threw it on Gus.

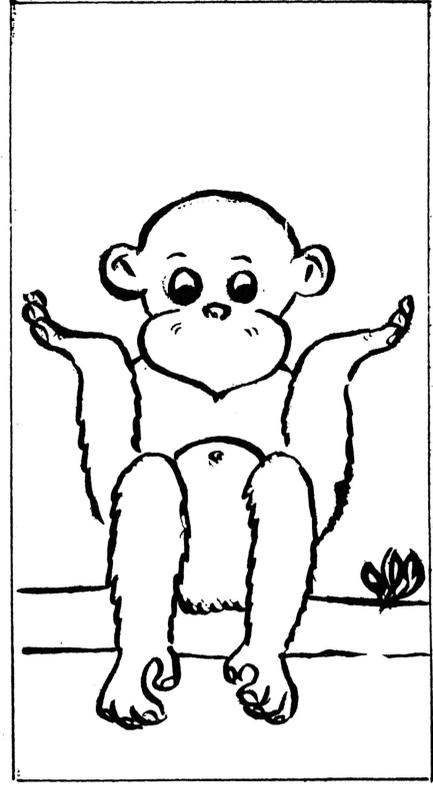
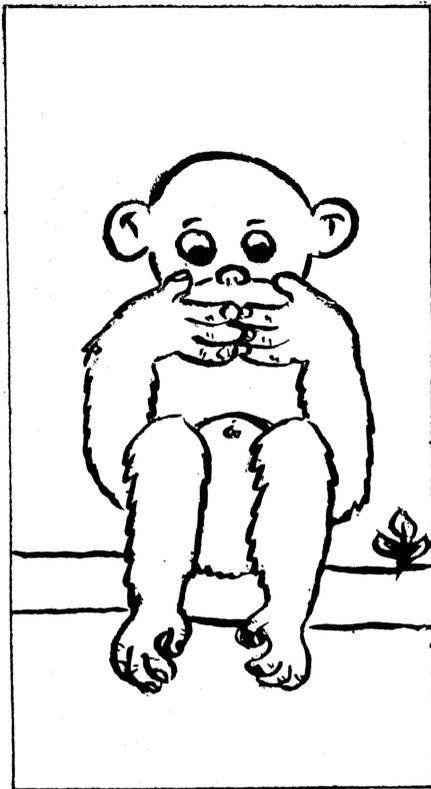
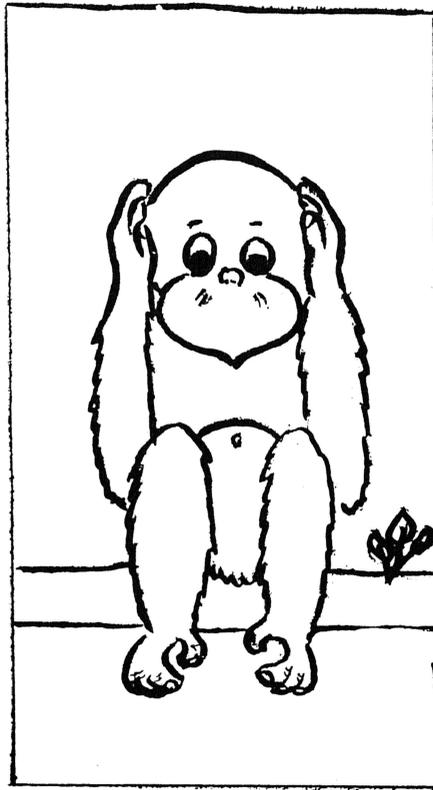
They went ahead and transferred Gus, even though he wouldn't tell them why he wanted the transfer. He just told them he couldn't stand to stay in the outfit, and wouldn't say anything else. But it would have been his word against all of ours, so we wouldn't have cared one way or the other what he said.

After Gus left, we had a normal hut. We could stay up all night drinking and throwing bottles at each other, or sleep with one of the local josans—or out in a ditch somewhere, for that matter — and nobody would put us down for missing bed check. It's funny how one odd ball can mess up nineteen other guys, and we were glad to be able to act human again after he left. ●



# the joys of living

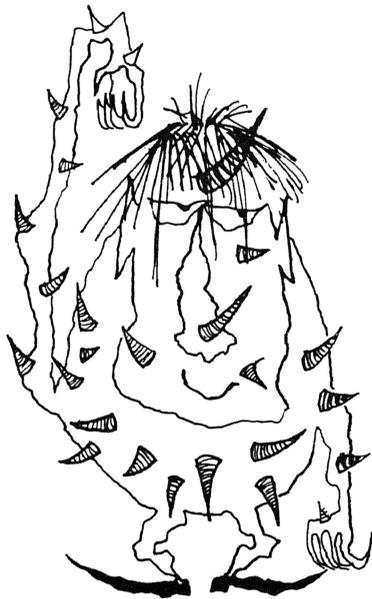
by alan chapman





“  
To the best dressed gal  
on the campus”  
She buys her clothes from

**Harzfeld's**



"It must be a disease or something. I get this way every spring."



"Well, it's spring. I guess that damn George will be coming over any day now!"

## "lets all sing"

אומרת מאחדות אנו

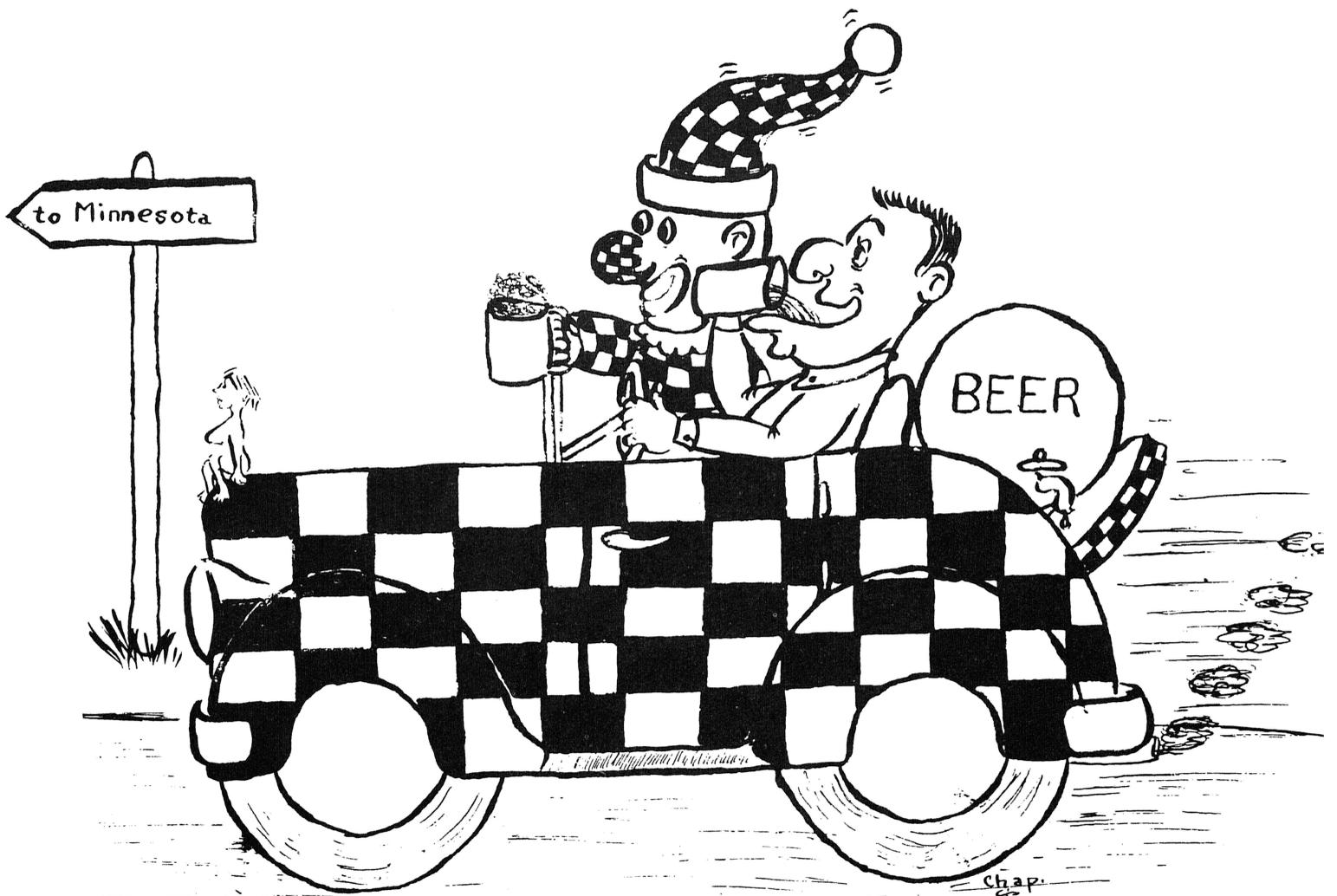
1. אות-ז-ל-ל גד-ל-ל-ג פני אנו מאחדות אומרת.

ברחשיתה עבודתנו לעתיד צופה עין כל

ידם-א-ל-ל-ל דרור-ו, נה-ש-ל-ל-ל את-מט-תר-ו.

וגלום אחוה עולם שם הוא באשר לאדם קיצור

We realize that some of our readers will have trouble reading the lyrics to this song. Therefore, we have printed a translation at the top of page 30.



# i say missouri is better than minnesota

by charles allen

A friend and I took a quick trip recently to the frozen wasteland of Minnesota. We Missourians should feel sort of sorry for the frigid folk in that backward state. After all, they have a larger land area, fewer people, and a lower per capita income than Missouri — and no state sales tax to fall back on.

Anyway, my friend and I had a good laugh looking around the university campus and talking to the clods in Minneapolis. They've really got some tremendous problems up there. Inefficient as hell. But then it's a poor state, and efficiency costs money.

The most inefficient thing up there is the way they squander so much money for trivial things. They pay instructors and professors about half again as much as we do here, and they do

the same for graduate assistants. It's really no wonder everything else is in such lousy shape. But they'll probably wake up some day and realize that they could do a lot by paying less and spending the money elsewhere.

We looked at the old hospital, and let me tell you, those people don't know the first thing about architecture! It's sort of a reddish-brown building, all funny-looking, really pretty ridiculous. But the stupidest thing is they didn't learn from their mistake — the *other* three hospitals they've built on campus in the last ten years don't look much better.

About as ridiculous as anything on the whole campus, though, is a building damn near a block long and six stories high that they use for their chemical engineering department. Nothing else in the whole building but chemical engineering,

**this month's**

## **BALFOUR BEAUTY**



**Miss Dorcas Sue Jeans, Kappa  
Alpha Theta . . . . Recently  
pinned to Edward Patton Spei-  
ser, Sigma Nu  
Her pin by Balfour**

Troy C. Newman, Agent

---

**Another Balfour Beauty is the official  
M.U. class ring, the only die-struck ring  
offered. And in the heavy weight ring,  
the price is only \$31.50 plus tax. Com-  
pare before you buy, and you . . .**

**BUY BALFOUR**

**Official Fraternity and Sorority Pins  
Crested and engraved gifts**

# **L. G. BALFOUR**

Missouri Theater Building

with a bunch of labs and rooms with all sorts of shiny, confusing equipment. That's one thing about good old Mizzou — you'll never catch us wasting space like that.

The athletic facilities up there are pretty bad, but you've got to give them credit for trying. They're talking about tearing down their old 63,000-seat football stadium and building a new one; guess that's in case they ever got a winning team, they might attract a good crowd. Their fieldhouse seats 18,000 for basketball and 8,500 for hockey at the same time — a pretty stupid arrangement, if you ask me. It's all right, I guess, but it's an awfully plain-looking building.

Probably about as dumb a thing as I've ever seen is that although the university is adequate they're still expanding. In fact, when they ran out of space on the east side of the river, they went and decided to move all the way across the Mississippi and build on the west side. They're tearing down houses like mad there right now. Hell, if it was us, we'd realize we didn't need all those buildings, especially if we'd just about rebuilt the entire campus since World War II, the way they have up there.

While we were at the University of Minnesota my friend and I stopped by the student union, too. It isn't so bad, but it's about five or six stories high and covers God-knows-how-much ground. They don't have hardly any signs up to tell you how to get from place to place, and we got lost. What really bothered us, though, was that they don't serve beer in their bowling alley, and what's a bowling alley without beer, anyway. Besides, they only have six or seven really good lanes.

Another thing we got a kick out of is the tremendous parking problem they have. Sometimes there's a line ten or twelve cars long waiting to get into the three-deck parking ramp they built a couple of years ago. But then, I guess every university has parking problems of one sort or another.

Of course, there are some minor areas where Minnesota has it over Missouri, like scholastic ratings and such, but the overall picture up there is pretty dismal. Why, I heard that they don't even have a mall, and aren't planning one.

Oh well, it's a poor state. ●

# WIN A FIN

from

# LIMERICK LAUGHTER

A New Monthly Contest Sponsored and Judged by the  
Harlequin Staff on Behalf of our Back Cover Advertiser

Put a little sunshine in your life. Put some cash in your pocket. Enter the monthly Harlequin "Limerick Laughter" contest. It's easy. It's fun. You have three chances to win every month you enter. Here's how the contest works:

Each month, the Harlequin will award \$5 for the best limerick submitted with an empty L&M cigarette pack. Another \$5 will be paid for the best limerick submitted with an empty Chesterfield pack, and a third \$5 for the best limerick submitted with an empty Oasis pack. Ten (10) honorary mention limerick winners each month will receive Happy Talk games, the new hilarious word game. Write your limerick on any subject you choose. Enter as often as you wish, but be sure to accompany each limerick with an empty pack of L&M, Chesterfield or Oasis cigarettes.

This contest is open to all Mizzou, Stephens and Christian students and faculty members. Entries must be mailed or delivered to the Harlequin Office, and limericks for the April contest must be received by May 7, 1959. Names of the winners will be published soon.

So enter now and keep entering each month. The samples below show you how easy it is to write a winning limerick.

*At Missouri the coming of spring  
Is not marked by the bird on the wing  
But by each Lochinvar  
Setting forth in his car  
Intent on an ol' Hinkson fling.*

*An astronomy student named Lars  
Discovered while studying Mars  
With an L & M smoke  
He could always evoke  
A great deal more taste and less tars.*

*O pity the plight of Farouk  
Once a king now not even a duke  
But he still gets big pleasure  
In true kingly measure  
With a Chesterfield in his Chibouk.*

*A maiden who'd never been kissed  
Kept wondering what she had missed  
'Til she smoked an Oasis  
And just on that basis  
She settled for its Menthol Mist.*

# Make laffs and money



**L & M is Low in tar  
with More taste to it.  
Don't settle for one without the other.**



**CHESTERFIELD KING  
Nothing Satisfies Like the  
Big Clean Taste of Top Tobacco**



**MENTHOL-MILD OASIS  
Delightfully Different  
— a Refreshing Change**

Contemporary C 3560

# SHELLY MANNE & HIS MEN PLAY PETER GUNN

Music by  
Henry Mancini from  
the TV program starring  
Craig Stevens



## Manne, it's the greatest!

Wonderful jazz originals by Hank Mancini from the score of the TV show PETER GUNN find an ideal interpreter in SHELLY MANNE & HIS MEN. Shelly, who also plays for the TV program sound track, invited guest star Victor Feldman (also a PETER GUNN regular) to join his men for

this swinging jazz session. Shelly's Men — stars, all — are: Victor Feldman, vibes and marimba; Conte Condoli, trumpet; Herb Geller, alto sax; Russ Freeman, piano; and Monty Budwig, bass.

Recorded in Contemporary's superb high fidelity sound.

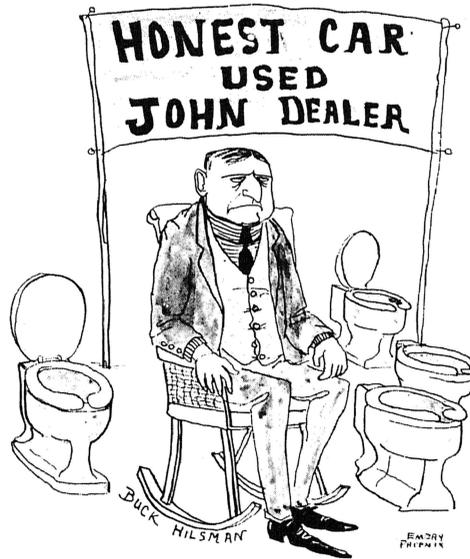
12" Hi-Fi Long Playing C3560, \$4.98; also available on **STEREO RECORDS** S7025, \$5.95 at dealers everywhere.

**CONTEMPORARY RECORDS** 8481 Melrose Place, Los Angeles 46, California

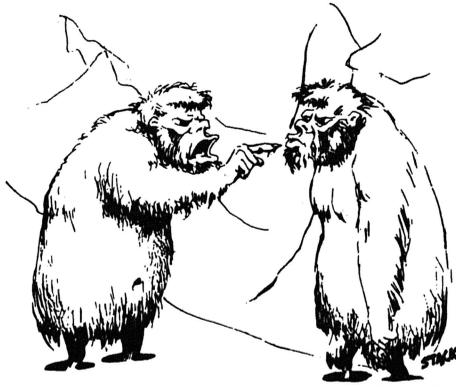
# on other campuses



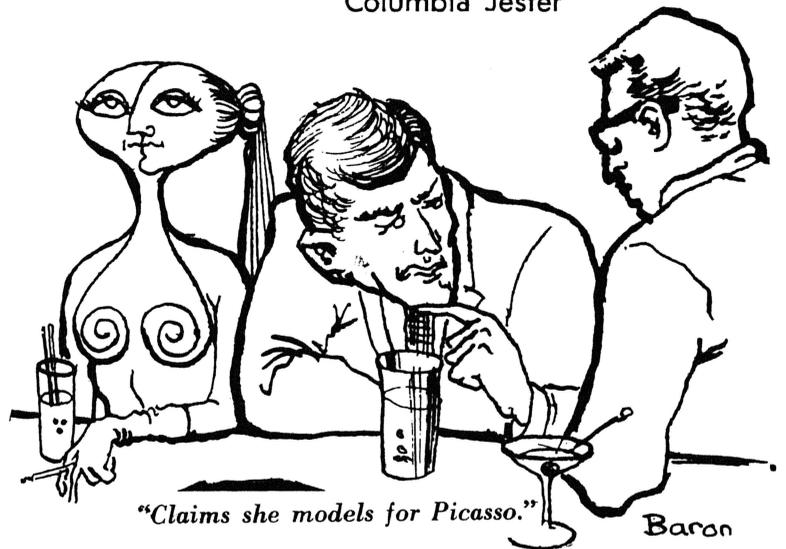
"Did you finish that Kafka story, dear?" —PROFILE-



Columbia Jester

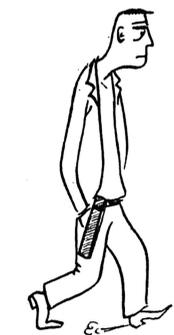


"Who's abominable?"  
—Ranger



"Claims she models for Picasso."

Baron



1



2

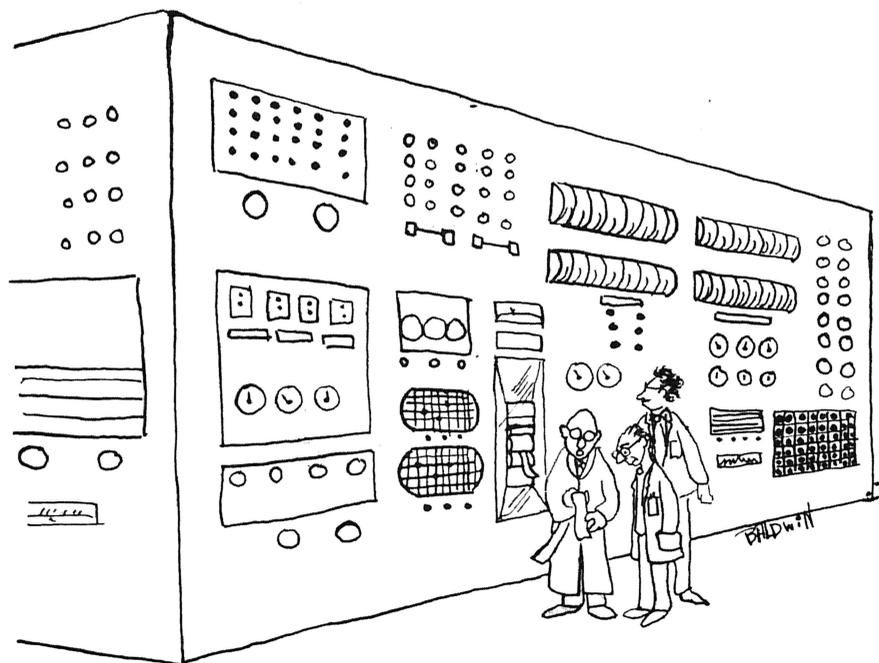


3



4

CCNY Mercury



"It thinks it's pregnant."

Proctor & Gamble's

**G L E E M**

Reg. 54c tube

Now ----- 49c

at the

**Kampustowne  
Grocery**

...also assorted  
**GOODIES** for  
Sunday Snacks

Mon.-Thurs.

7:30 a.m.-10:00 p.m.

Fri. 7:30 a.m.-6:00 p.m.

Sun. 10:00 a.m.-1:00 p.m.  
& 5:00 p.m.-7:00 p.m.

Do you sometimes stop in a local restaurant just because you're tired and want to rest? At times like this, are you bothered by waitresses who won't even let you finish, but come running up to you before you've drunk half a cup of coffee and ask, "Would you like something else?"

Well, you can't just say something like, "Hell no, I'm just tired — leave me alone." So naturally you're forced to buy something you really don't want.

This is a distressing problem, but one that can easily be solved. How? Simple:

Go to the **BENGAL** . . . you'll **never** get waited on there!

**THE  
DRIVEATERIA**

**Hi-way &  
63 South  
Gl. 2-7667**

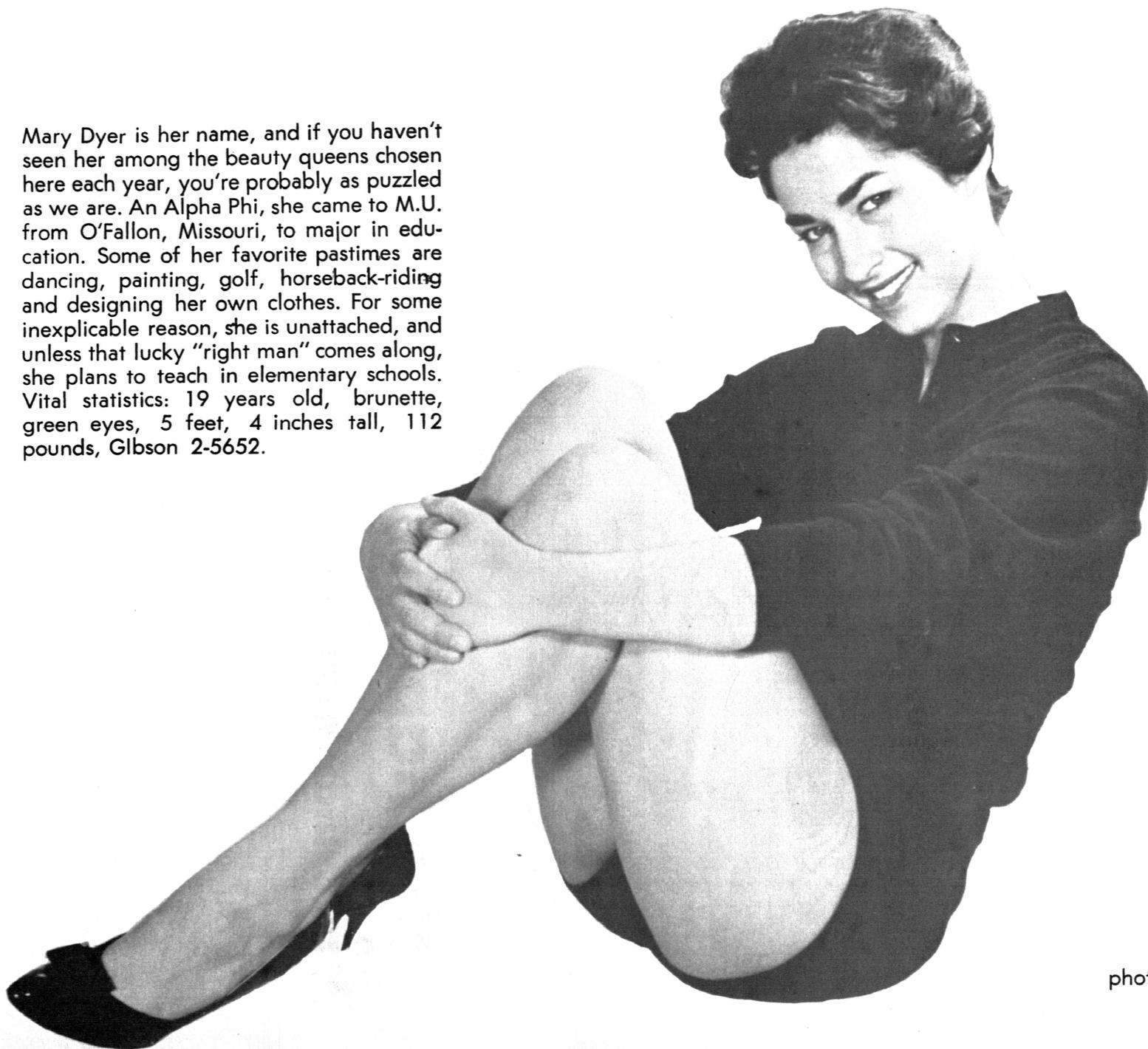
**Car-a-minute service**

**Guaranteed food**

**Large parking area**

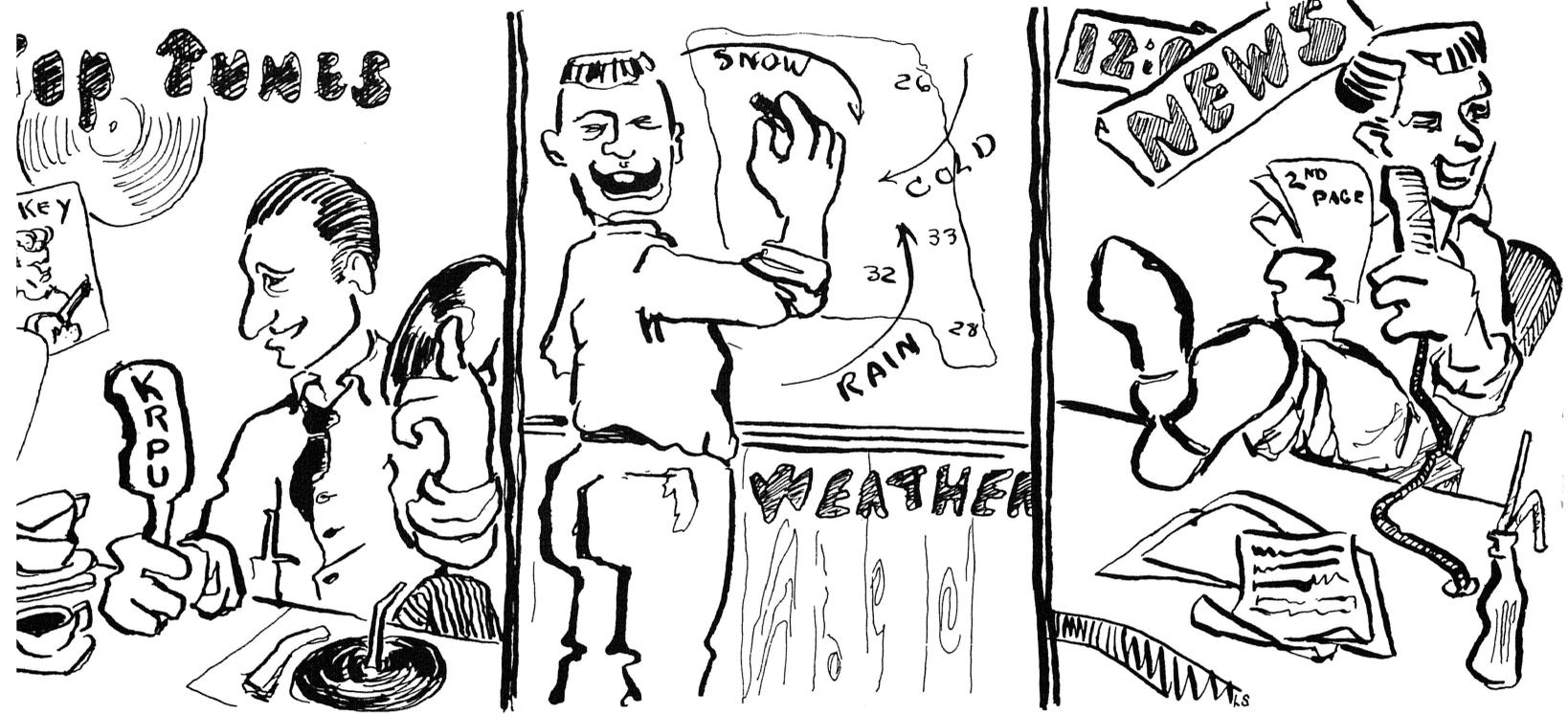
**Featuring our NEW Hot-  
dog, the BEST Dog in town**

Mary Dyer is her name, and if you haven't seen her among the beauty queens chosen here each year, you're probably as puzzled as we are. An Alpha Phi, she came to M.U. from O'Fallon, Missouri, to major in education. Some of her favorite pastimes are dancing, painting, golf, horseback-riding and designing her own clothes. For some inexplicable reason, she is unattached, and unless that lucky "right man" comes along, she plans to teach in elementary schools. Vital statistics: 19 years old, brunette, green eyes, 5 feet, 4 inches tall, 112 pounds, Glbson 2-5652.



the  
a  
r  
leers  
e  
q  
u  
i  
n

photos by art terry



# the happiness vendors

by randy gardner

What a wonderful age. Click, and music fills your room or your car. Happy music sung by happy people. And happy announcers to announce. Two wonderful, nearby stations to entertain us.

And, there's variety, too. There are sad songs to contrast with the happy ones. And there's variety in context. You'll hear a song about a boy in Love with a girl, and the next thing you know, there's a song about a girl in Love with a boy. Or maybe it'll be about a girl who isn't in Love with a boy:

*Bye bye baby bye bye,  
Bye bye baby bye bye,  
Bye bye baby bye bye,  
Bye bye baby bye bye,*

This is from a song called *Bye Bye Baby Bye Bye*.

Good entertainment doesn't come by accident; pure, cold logic is responsible. (1) The object of a station is to get people to listen. (2) People will listen if they can hear what they like. (3) What people like is accurately indicated by the numbers on the Hit Parade list. (4) Therefore, the Hit Parade is The Infallible Guide to Disk Jockeying.

People with a poorer sense of logic claim that the Hit Parade is determined by adolescent girls who buy records to learn the words to be able to sing the words as they walk to grade and high school to impress adolescent boys. However, this obviously can't be true, for adolescent girls aren't the section of the audience to which

the stations are slated, for these girls don't decide brand X or brand Z is the better coffee, car, or cigar.

We hear informative, varied, and entertaining commercials. For example, the Nervous Shop's song has been playing only about seven years, seven times a day. Here's real, meaty poetry:

*The Nervous Shop, the Nervous Shop  
The finest ladies' shoe ware.  
The Nervous Shop has Ca-pinchy-toe shoes  
And many other new there.*

Notice that *shoe ware* and *new there* rhyme. And there's a real catchy tune to boot.

Fortunately, AM radio in this area hasn't been degraded to the level of the FM stations of the larger cities. If you are forced to listen to FM you can't hear some of the more modern classics as *My Bucket's Got a Hole in It*, by Ricky Nelson. You must listen to long-and semi-long-hair muck. Commercials come only once every half hour or hour and last only half a minute; and it's hard to get their message because they use the annoying soft sell.

A great service to the village is the extensive weather report in the early morning. An honest-to-Fred weather technician calls the stations and gives a five-or ten-minute dissertation on cold and warm fronts approaching Slippery Rock, Fudd, and East Bush.

How lucky to live in Columbia: Missouri's, nay, the nation's, most progressive city. ●

# the unwilling model

by  
bob  
curtis



1. "Oh, oh, it's that damned photographer. I'll try to ignore him."



2. "Well, what do you want, idiot?"



3. "Oh, a picture?"



4. "Of little ol' me?"



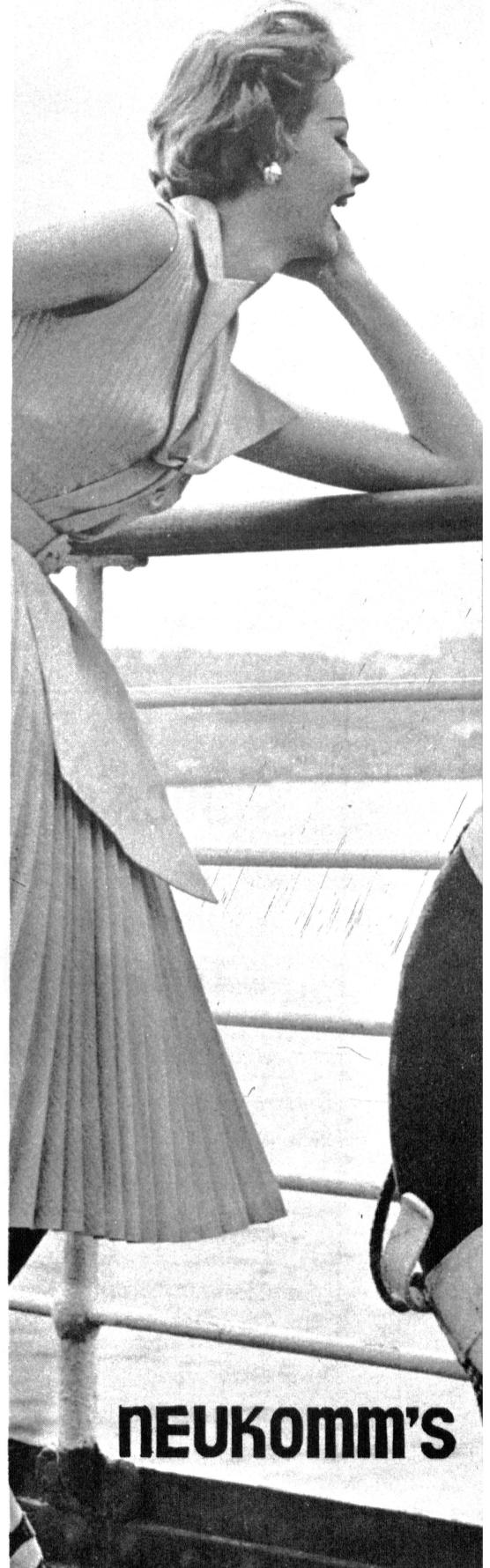
5. "Go to hell."



"Is this where I sign up for labor problems?"



Poor George fell in  
without his wash'n  
wear Suit from---





"... with Nannek in Washington as chairman of the salmon lobby and you as state highway commissioner, we're in!"

# Ruggles Cafe

Hgwy 40 & 63 N.

steaks  
chops  
seafoods

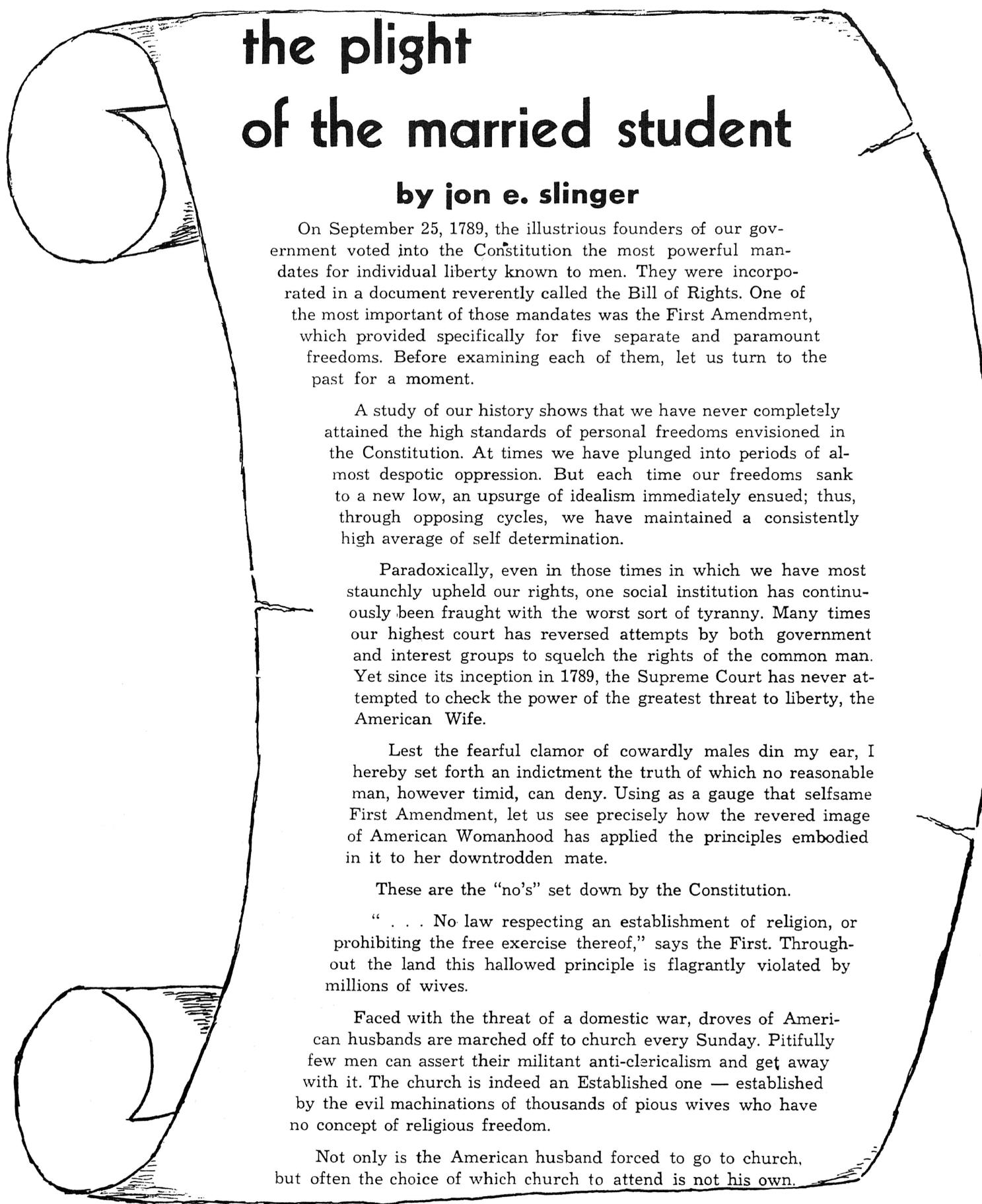
## John's

Drive - In  
Liquor Store

4th & Locust

- Popular prices
- Drive up windows
- Close to campus for your convenience
- Glassware
- Hors d'oeuvres



A hand-drawn scroll with a title and text. The scroll is unrolled, showing the text on the right side and the rolled-up ends on the left and bottom. The title is written in a large, bold, sans-serif font. The author's name is in a smaller, bold, sans-serif font. The text is in a standard serif font, with some paragraphs indented. The scroll is drawn with simple black lines and some shading to indicate its three-dimensional form.

# the plight of the married student

by jon e. slinger

On September 25, 1789, the illustrious founders of our government voted into the Constitution the most powerful mandates for individual liberty known to men. They were incorporated in a document reverently called the Bill of Rights. One of the most important of those mandates was the First Amendment, which provided specifically for five separate and paramount freedoms. Before examining each of them, let us turn to the past for a moment.

A study of our history shows that we have never completely attained the high standards of personal freedoms envisioned in the Constitution. At times we have plunged into periods of almost despotic oppression. But each time our freedoms sank to a new low, an upsurge of idealism immediately ensued; thus, through opposing cycles, we have maintained a consistently high average of self determination.

Paradoxically, even in those times in which we have most staunchly upheld our rights, one social institution has continuously been fraught with the worst sort of tyranny. Many times our highest court has reversed attempts by both government and interest groups to squelch the rights of the common man. Yet since its inception in 1789, the Supreme Court has never attempted to check the power of the greatest threat to liberty, the American Wife.

Lest the fearful clamor of cowardly males din my ear, I hereby set forth an indictment the truth of which no reasonable man, however timid, can deny. Using as a gauge that selfsame First Amendment, let us see precisely how the revered image of American Womanhood has applied the principles embodied in it to her downtrodden mate.

These are the "no's" set down by the Constitution.

" . . . No law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof," says the First. Throughout the land this hallowed principle is flagrantly violated by millions of wives.

Faced with the threat of a domestic war, droves of American husbands are marched off to church every Sunday. Pitifully few men can assert their militant anti-clericalism and get away with it. The church is indeed an Established one — established by the evil machinations of thousands of pious wives who have no concept of religious freedom.

Not only is the American husband forced to go to church, but often the choice of which church to attend is not his own.

An experience of the author is a case in point. Becoming interested in the doctrine of a certain church, I proposed to my wife that we investigate it. She immediately began to revile me and charge that I didn't really love her or I would not insist on going to a church that practices polygamy. I suggested meekly that the polygamy aspect had been dead for years, and timidly offered the proposal that having a single wife was a social, rather than a religious, concept. I have not yet completely recovered from the effects of uttering such heresy.

"... Congress shall make no law abridging the freedom of speech or of the press," says the First Amendment in no uncertain terms. But imagine, if you can, what would happen to a husband who candidly told his wife on awakening in the morning that she looked like the wrath of God. The bold patriot who did this would surely eat his breakfast in the Bengal Shop. But he would also be the victim of a silent war of nerves designed to break him into crawling, meek apology. And once he had succumbed, he would find his statement flaunted in his face years after the event.

Freedom of the press might seem irrelevant in marriage, but what about the married student who tells his wife proudly that he has been asked to write something for Harlequin? He writes under a pseudonym if he writes at all, for his virtuous mate flatly forbids him to work for a magazine whose name "sounds like a bad woman."

"... No law abridging the right of the people peaceably to assemble," says the First Amendment. Right here in Columbia great numbers of married students are allowed to assemble peaceably only in the movie theaters. The Prohibition Amendment was tossed aside by the country more than twenty years ago, but it is still rigidly enforced by a whole host of Carrie Nations in modern dress.

Finally, there is the portion of the Amendment which reads, "... No law abridging the right of the people to petition the government for redress of grievances." This right the American husband has. The government is, in this instance, the wife. And the husband can petition her for redress of grievances until he's blue in the face. But the fact is, wives simply do not commit grievances against their husbands. This is so axiomatic that it is more or less taken for granted by all embattled husbands. Indeed, the shoe is on the other foot. Many husbands spend the major portion of their married lives and a good deal of their economic resources in redressing their wives' grievances, often by rdressing their wives with peace offerings to end hostilities they did not initiate.

We urgently recommend, then, that student husbands climb back up on the First and take a valiant stand. We urge them to marshal these facts together, combine them with their own reasoned assertions, and confront their wives with them.

But if they ask where you got the argument, please, for our sake, take the Fifth. ●



Sandwiches  
Sundaes  
Shakes  
Floats  
Sodas  
Malts  
Cones

**Zesto**  
Highway 40 E.

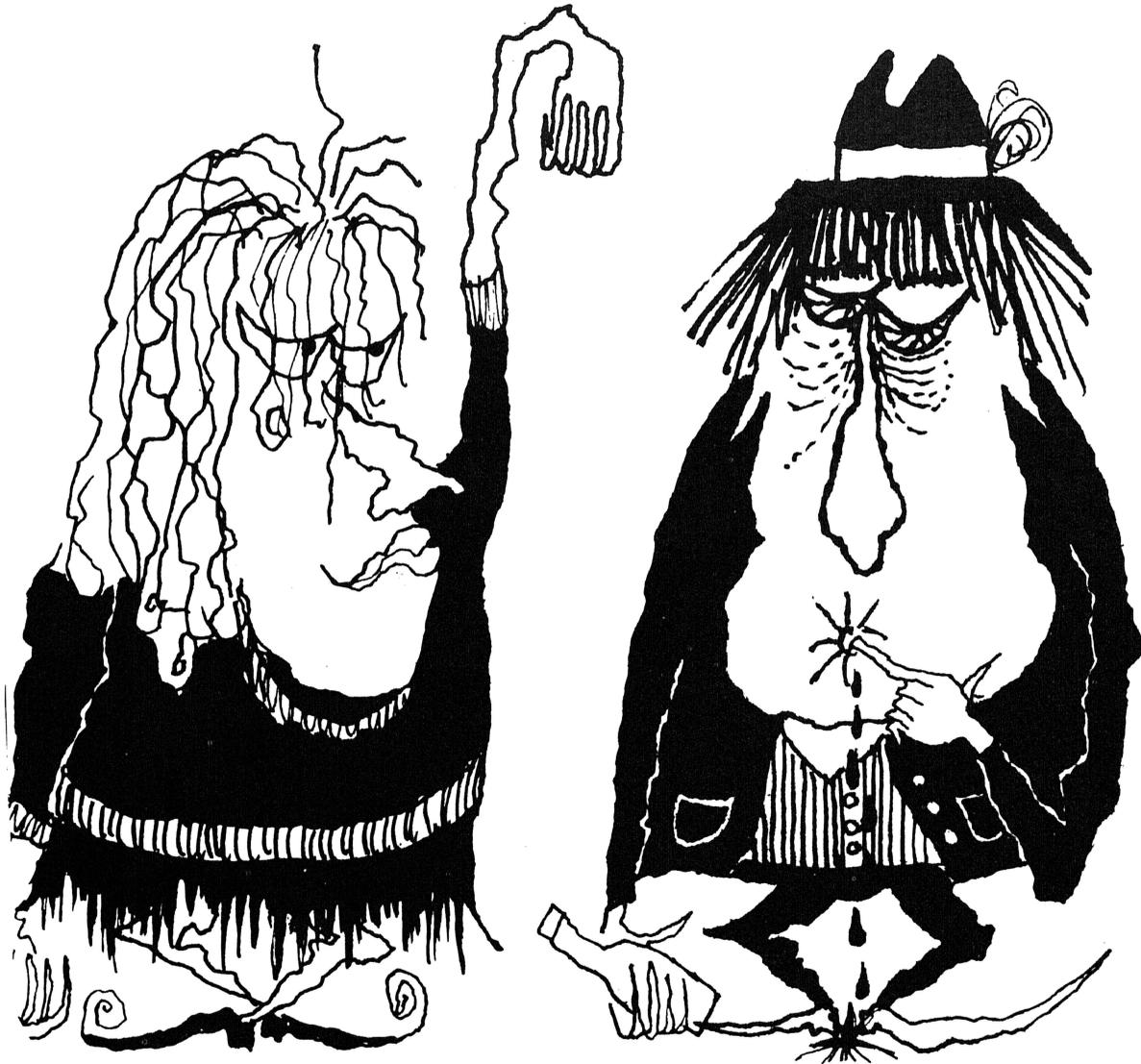
**Social  
Pro ?**

then call for  
reservations  
at the ...

**NEW**

**C**oronado  
lub

GI 2-9851  
Hiway 40 E.



"Look dear, I've switched to Banned, the new slop-on deodorant."

by tom saunders

Little Jack Horner  
Sat in a corner  
B. O.

\*\*\*\*

A bird in the hand isn't worth  
the risk

\*\*\*\*

"Is George in?"

"Sorry, he's out."

"Will he be out long?"

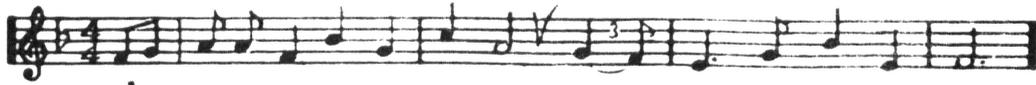
"I don't think he will. They're  
just putting him under a cold  
shower now."



GI 3-9719

Ninth & Locust  
Columbia, Mo.

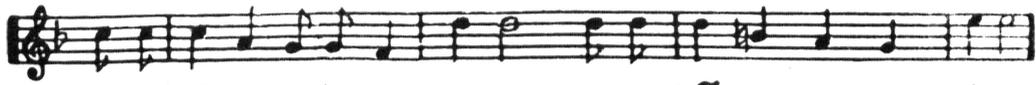
ایم شده مل ما



1. است بسیار ما کارهای ایم شده مل ما



است شده آغاز ما کار است آینه بر همه چشم



را همه دهیم آزادی است صوم تصور ما کار



→ برادری یک جهانیان برای بسازیم

24 HOUR SERVICE

- Breakfast
- Luncheon
- Dinners
- Carry-outs

Accommodations  
for small  
parties

the

Wigwam

Hiway 40 & 63



"One of America's Outstanding College Shops."

**the  
ACNE  
report**

# mizzou lauded

by primo herrington

(This fall the Academy of Academic Achievement is honoring one-hundred schools which have furthered American education. Our university, along with such distinguished lyciums as The Normal State Teachers College, Normal, Illinois, and Hickman High School, has been selected by the reviewing Committee as a worthy school. The Harlequin has received permission to quote from the forthcoming official publication of the organization.)

## THE UNIVERSITY OF MISSOURI . . .

The University of Missouri is nationally recognized as the educational center of Boone County. This status of academic excellence can be attributed to the world's oldest school of journalism, with a faculty representative of that age. The University also boasts a law school which has been graduating solicitors of several varieties for more than eight decades. It is also the only school in the nation to award Green Stamps.

The University was formed in 1839, and its first president was the renowned psychologist, James Jukes, who pioneered the concept that the armpit was the emotional center of the body. This revered educator's broad con-

cepts spearheaded the University's growth, and set the intellectual aroma which is still evident today.

During the Civil War the University was seized by the Federal Government and used as a penal institution. Several buildings from this era still stand in open defiance of Newton's laws. Known as Andersonville, the school thrived during this period and is currently believed to have more ex-convicts among its alumni than any other American institution. The effects of this period also have been lasting.

Ever conscious of social progress, the school admitted women for the first time in 1869. During this seminal period many infant projects were conceived, including the school of engineering, the school of journalism, the school of mines and metallurgy, the plumbers and steamfitters academy and the school of business and public administration.

In 1932 the Board of Curators, viewing these achievements, again defined the purposes of the University in these words: "A true state university strives to be intellectual . . . cultural . . . a community of scholars and learners."

## PAST PRESIDENTS . . .

While members of the Jukes family have assumed the execu-

tive position off and on during the last century, past officials of note have been personages such as Henry David Thoreau, Daniel Defoe, Bat Masterson, Fatty Arbuckle, Dr. Zhivago, Emmett Kelly and Mary Hartline.

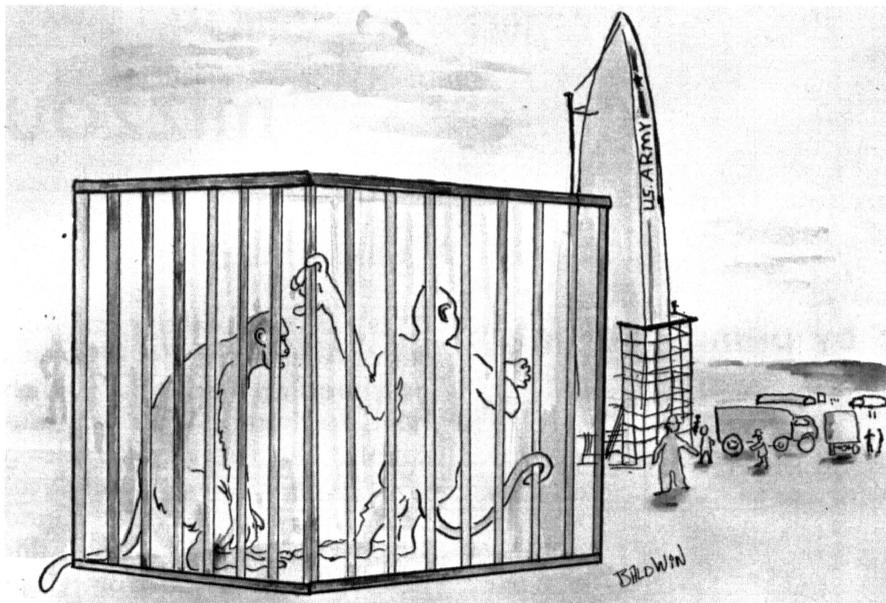
### THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

The University library provides facilities for course preparation, scholarly and creative work and coffee breaks, and possesses 870,000 volumes, of which 850,000 are on reserve. Some books are stored in the library proper, but because of crowded conditions, others can be found in the power and light building, the Stephens Stables and in Sturgeon. The University has as its prized collection a complete set of Zane Grey, and is now working on an Ellery Queen collection. It also holds the only collection of Columbia Missourians and assorted moldy issues of the Lynn, Mo., Unterrified Democrat, and the Centralia, Mo., Fireside Guard, for reference work.

### ADMISSION, STUDENT STATUS AND TRANSFER OF CREDIT . . .

Any man, woman or hermaphrodite between the ages of five and ninety is acceptable for admission to the University. However, a request for admission can be rejected if the father of the applying child (during the four years in Columbia all those not possessing faculty credentials are regarded as mentally deficient cherubs or potential sex deviates) is in arrears on his income tax, or failed to vote for the governor in office. Those who enjoy the virgin state will be given preference over those who have shown signs of moral negligence.

All students enjoy the same



"I guess it beats cancer."

status, a level of human existence somewhat less than respectability, but something more than the lot of a dotard or a peasant. How much more has only been vaguely defined.

Generally speaking, the student is persona non grata with the school and local society.

Credits from the University can be transferred to other schools or colleges in Howard, Boone and Callaway counties. The University can guarantee no acceptance outside these areas. Transfer ratios from the University of Missouri rank among the lowest of any school in this country.

### STUDENTS FROM FOREIGN COUNTRIES . . .

Any student not born in Boone, Howard or Callaway counties is regarded as an alien

and retains this status until he has purchased more than \$1000 worth of goods in these areas. This usually requires one shopping trip downtown.

### AIDS AND AWARDS . . .

The University boasts numerous areas of financial assistance for deserving students. Included in this program is the Polly Adler Allowance for home management studies, the Albert Capone Fund for studies in the American tax structure, the Hank Williams Award for the study of classical music, and the Ingrid Bergman Fund for use by any qualified student specializing in family relationships.

### GRADING AND GRADUATION . . .

Grades at the University are awarded not by scholastic achievement or by knowledge of

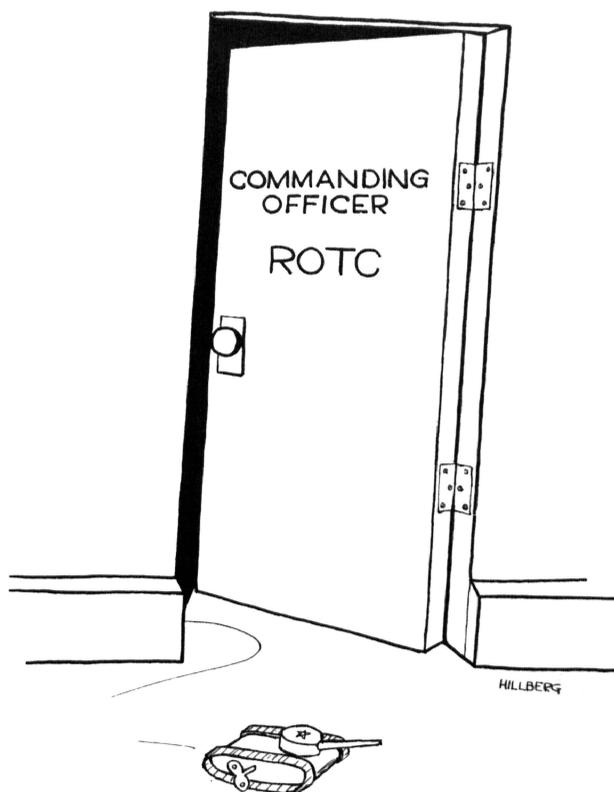
the subject matter. They are awarded on the basis of class attendance. Obviously, an individual who fails to attend stimulating lectures must have some inherent deficiencies in his mental development pattern. The professor assumes no responsibility for a high absence ratio, for after all, if the professor is in the classroom, there is no excuse for the student's nonattendance.

It is interesting to note that in the history of American schools and colleges, not one employer has ever requested to see a potential employee's diploma.

#### STUDENT LIFE AND ACTIVITIES . . .

The city of Columbia was originally called Figaro, in view of the alarmingly high marriage rate among students. However, there is much activity in the community: a student union that caters to loafers and barbarians who foster savage music, "bars" that serve colored water which in other states is considered a strong form of kool-aid, greek organizations that feature social saturnalia unequaled since the days of the bacchanalian revelry, several women's schools which offer work in such modern intellectual areas as advanced grooming and long division, and other groups specializing in moral rehabilitation and spiritual salvation.

(the editors of this publication appreciate the kindness of the American Council for Nation Education (ACNE) and the authors of this piece. The University of Missouri plays an important role in contemporary education, and we, the students, appreciate the opportunity to study here, and look forward to graduation.)



# Special:

## Jazz on Columbia

Buy one Columbia Jazz LP at	
regular price	----- \$3.98—Monaural 5.98—Stereo
Buy Sampler	----- \$. 98—Monaural 1.49—Stereo

#### Sampler features:

Brubeck, Miles Davis, J. J. Johnson, Ellington, Goodman with Shelley Manne, Gerry Mulligan, Kessel & Previn, Don Small's

## THE RECORD SHOP

Just off Broadway ,19 N. 10th

# Mugs Up

Hiway 40, West



Root Beer & Hot  
Sandwiches . . .

4 Bar B-Q	-----	\$1.00
5 Chili Dogs	-----	1.00
3 Hot Dogs	-----	.50
4 Zip Burgers	-----	1.00



All 'Board for  
a sea-goin  
good time

Call for reservations  
or private parties  
GI 3-5463

- For Service — you bring the spirits we do the rest  
**Mixing Charge 25c**
- Serving the finest of Steaks & Italian foods
- Open Wednesday & Sunday night too.
- Dancing too, so c'm out to the . . .

## S.S. Yacht Club

East on Broadway  
across Hiway 63 & Hinkson,  
then take 1st & 2nd left  
turns.



The firing squad was escorting a Russian comrade to his place of execution. It was a dismal march in a pouring rain.

"What a terrible morning to die," muttered the prisoner.

"What are you kicking about?" asked a guard. "We gotta march back in it."

\* \* \* \*

Platonic love is like being invited down in the cellar for a bottle of ginger ale.

\* \* \* \*

Never take a spoon without wiping it off. That is, if you want to keep your pocket clean.

"What's all the hurry?"

"I just bought a new textbook and I'm trying to get to class before the new edition comes out."

\* \* \*

"I understand you buried your wife last week."

"Yes, dead you know."

\* \* \*

It isn't the ice that makes people slip, it's what they mix with it.

\* \* \* \*

One man in a thousand is a leader of men; the others follow women.

# MILTON



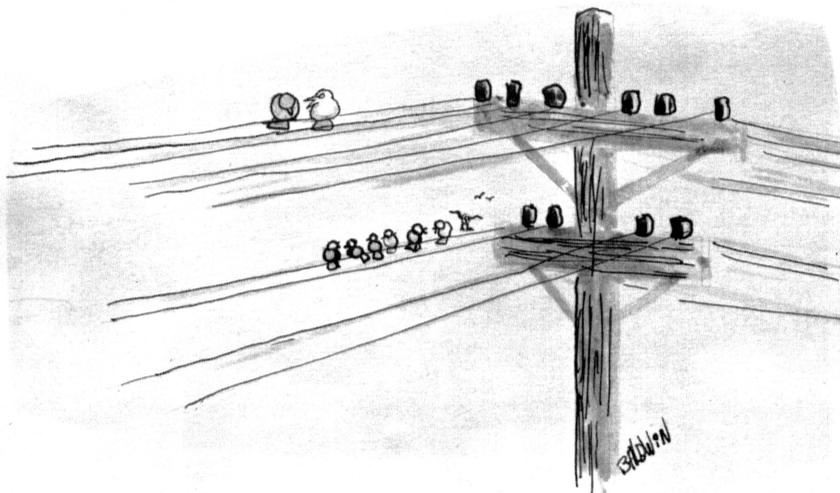
on Life Savers:

“Sweet is  
the breath”

from *Paradise Lost*, The Beautiful World, line 1



Still only 5¢



“Party lines burn my . . . ”

## COMING ATTRACTIONS

milkmaid

Geisha

the most dangerous sin  
crime and punishment

mitsou

the naked eye

the truth about women

my uncle

(mr. hulot)

he who must die



the  
*Princess Pan  
Art Theatre*

109½ N. 5th

During sorority rushing at a midwestern university, prospects are asked to fill out a questionnaire. Opposite "List any personal attributes which would be beneficial to the sorority," one hopeful rushee simply wrote: "35-23-34."

\* \* \* \*

A wierd looking man came in and sat down at the bar.

"What will it be?" the bartender asked.

"A Martini."

The bartender mixed it up and set the drink in front of him. The man proceeded to drink the Martini, eat the olive, the pit, and chew around the edge of the cocktail glass and throw the stem away. He ordered another and continued the same procedure. Finally he looked over at the bartender who had been watching him all of this time.

"I bet you think I'm crazy," he leered.

"You sure are," answered the bartender, "you're throwing away the best part."

\* \* \* \*

Landlady: How do you like this room as a whole?

Student: As a hole it's fine, as a room not so good.

\* \* \* \*

It was Joe College's first day on the farm. At 3:30 his uncle Zeke rudely aroused him from his slumber.

"What's the matter?" queried Joe. "What's doing?"

"Reaping."

"Reaping what?"

"Oats."

"Are they wild?"

"Sure aren't."

"Well if they aren't wild, what's the use of sneaking up on them in the dark?"

## greeks, trojans, morals and movies

by m. t.

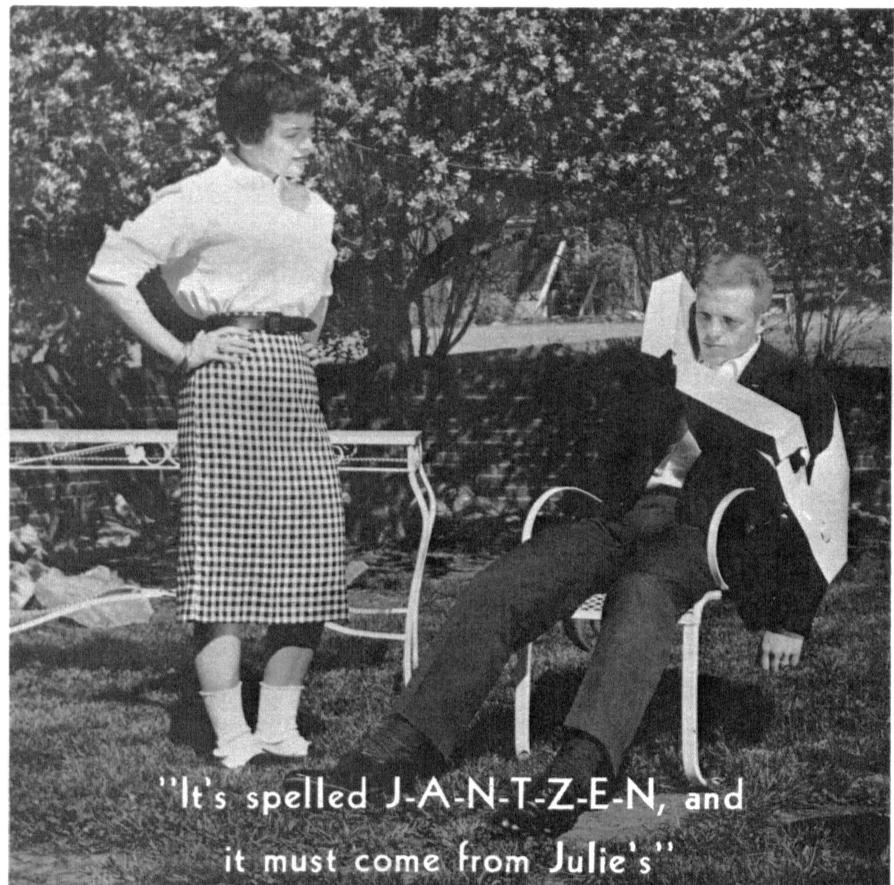
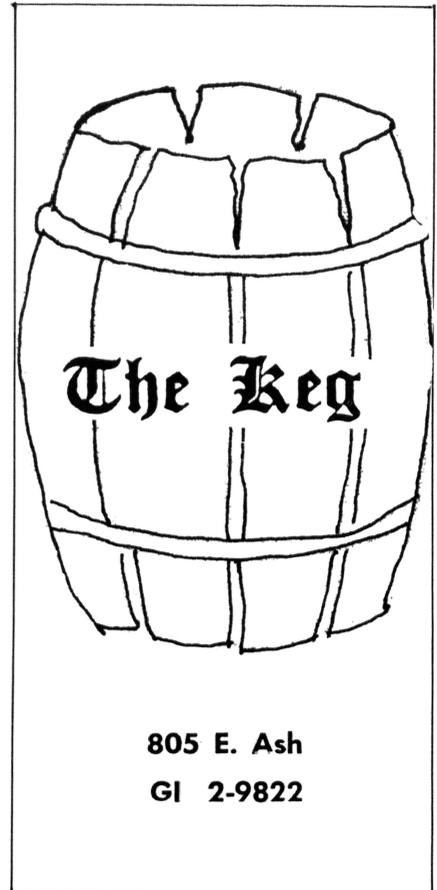
Helen is lovely,  
Menelaus bad,  
Paris handsome,  
Achilles mad.

The lovely are good,  
The ugly are mean,  
Morality's simple  
On the colored screen.

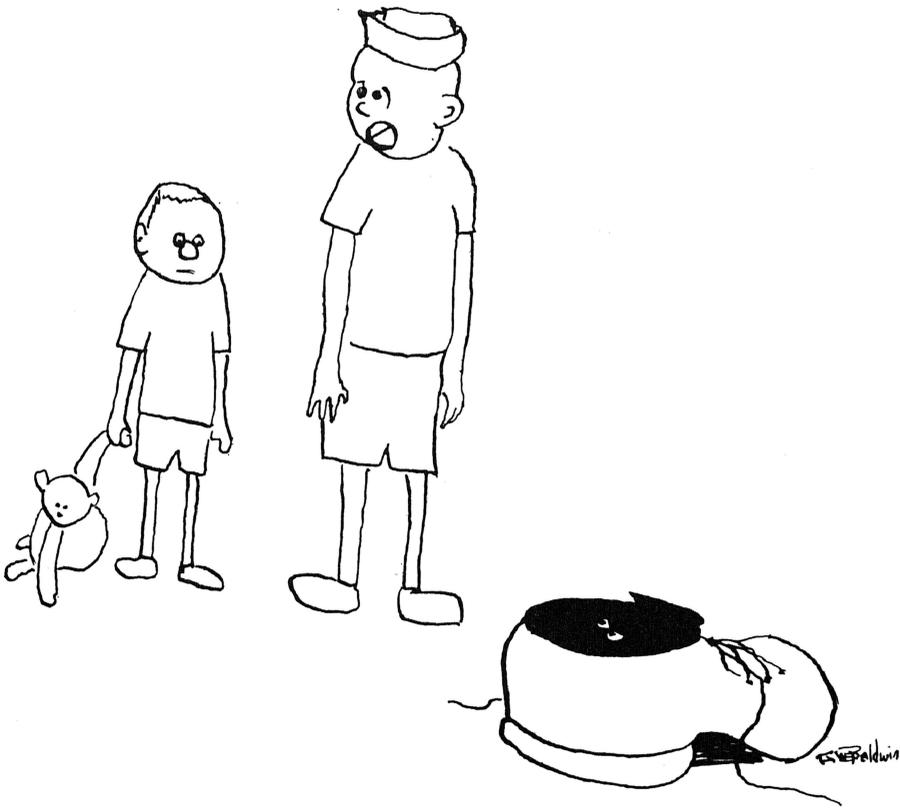
He: "I don't know who I am. I was left on a doorstep."

She: "Maybe you're a milk bottle."

Notice on the bulletin board of the zoology department: "We don't begrudge your taking a little alcohol but please return our specimens."



you ALWAYS  
 get real  
 Pit Barbecue  
 at the...  
 KING COLE  
 DRIVE INN  
*also*  
 King - Sized  
 King Cole Burgers



"That's my dog Tige."

# Out of Season Storage

Woolens fully protected against moth damage,  
 fire and theft, dust and heat.

Stored ready for you when you  
 return in the fall

Processed with

# DORN-CLONEY



107 S. Eighth

Phone 3-3114

Pledge: Who's that girl with the  
 ugly face?

Active: That's my sister.

Pledge: Beautiful figure.

The mother of triplets was be-  
 ing congratulated by a friend.  
 "Isn't it wonderful," said the mo-  
 ther. It only happens one out of  
 15,184 times!"

"Well isn't that remarkable,"  
 replied her friend, "but I don't  
 see how you find time to do your  
 housework."

"My roommate fell downstairs  
 last night with a fifth of whiskey."

"Did he spill any?"

"No, he kept his mouth closed."

\* \* \* \*

The curse of drink is being  
 stuck with the check.

\* \* \* \*

Tight clothing does not stop  
 circulation. The tighter her cloth-  
 ing, the more a girl circulates.

the

# Bathman House

Hiway 40, East

Hours:

5 p.m.-9 p.m. Daily

Noon - 9 p.m. Sunday

Special parties and  
banquets by reservation.

"Home of Fine Foods"

"When I go to bed at night I always see yellow and green lights in front of my eyes."

"Did you ever see a psychiatrist?"

"No, just yellow and green lights."

Expectant mother: "Would you like a baby sister or a baby brother?"

Son: "If it's not too much trouble, I'd like a pony."

It was on a sleighride. The cuddly sweet thing heaved a deep sigh for the benefit of the eligible young man at her side.

"What's the matter, Miss Smith?"

"Nobody loves me; and my hands are cold."

"Oh, that's all right," he comforted. "God loves you and you can sit on your hands."

President Ellis: I never saw the campus littered so with paper as it was this morning. How do you account for it?

Dean Matthews: The Grounds Maintenance Commissioner had leaflets distributed yesterday asking students not to throw paper about.

Absent-minded prof: Lady, what are you doing in my bed?

Lady: Well, I like this bed; I like this neighborhood; I like this house and I like this room. Besides . . . I'm your wife.

They were having one more at the bar when an old friend, previously quite normal, came through the door, walked up the wall, across the ceiling, down the other wall and disappeared out the door. There was a moment of silence, then:

"What in the world's the matter with that guy?"

"Yeah, he didn't even speak to us."

I got a dog, his name is Rover, He's fluffy and soft and brown all over.

He's as cute and cuddly as sugar babies.

It's sure too bad that he's got rabies.

Co-ed: I finally went to Dr. Gim-mel about the craving I get for kissing every time I have a couple of drinks.

2nd Co-ed: What did he give you?

Co-ed: A couple of drinks.

# Dog n' Suds

Hiway No. 40 & Providence  
We're boasting 'cuz we're BROASTING

1/4 Chicken ----- 59c  
3 Pieces ----- 79c  
1/2 Chicken ----- 99c

Available **ONLY**  
at Dog n' Suds

"Add a pair for outdoor wear"  
Prescription Sunlasses

Glasses that tame the sun by American Optical

True-Color      Cosmetan      Calobar

## COLUMBIA OPTICIANS

11 South 9th      Columbia

*LISTEN  
LISTEN  
LISTEN  
To  
Columbia's  
"Most Happy"  
Station*

**1580**

**on your  
Dial**

**KBIA**

**1580**

**on your  
Dial**

CHESTERFIELD SALUTES THE  
**AIR FORCE**  
 MEN OF AMERICA

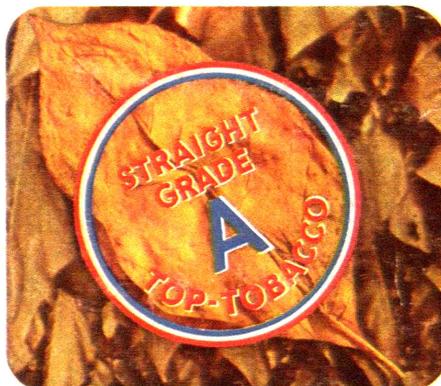
**MEET STEVE CANYON ON TV** MILTON CANIFF'S  
 LEGENDARY HERO COMES TO LIFE IN AUTHENTIC EPISODES  
 FILMED ROUND THE WORLD...WITH THE COOPERATION OF THE  
 U. S. AIR FORCE . . . NBC-TV,



*Jets go flashing through the mile-high air! Move in fast and hit the target square!  
 Mission accomplished . . . you'll find a man takes big pleasure when and where he can . . . Chesterfield King!*



*Sun-drenched top-tobacco's  
 gonna mean . . .*



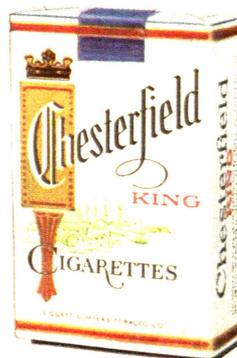
*That you're smokin' smoother and  
 you're smokin' clean!*



*Only top-tobacco, full king-size,  
 For big clean taste that satisfies!*

*Join the men who know—* **NOTHING SATISFIES  
 LIKE THE BIG CLEAN TASTE OF TOP-TOBACCO**

**CHESTERFIELD**



**EXTRA LENGTH**  
 top-tobacco  
 filter action . . .  
 tops in friendly  
 satisfaction!

**KING**