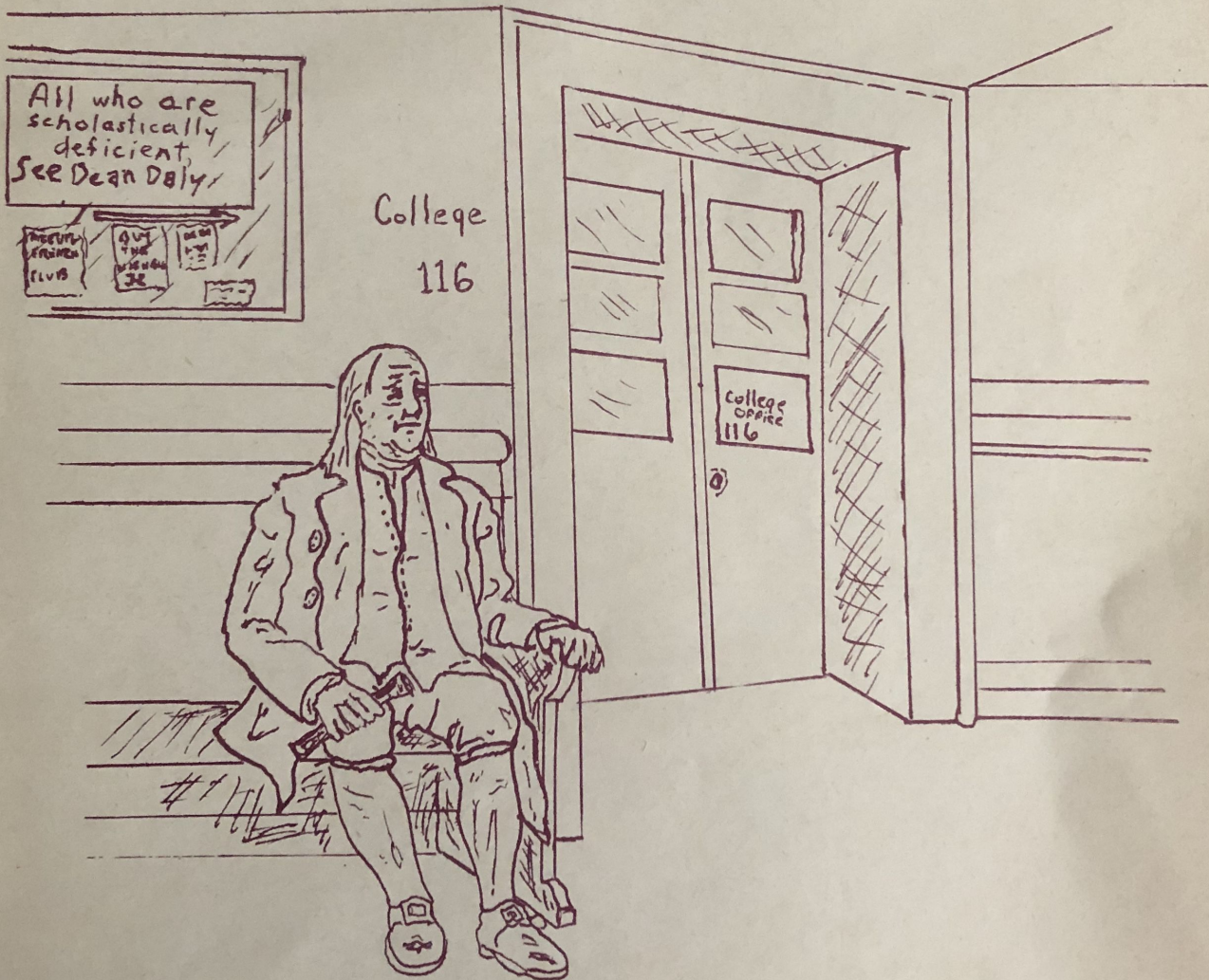


Volume IV, No. 3

Winter Humor Forum Issue

the Highball

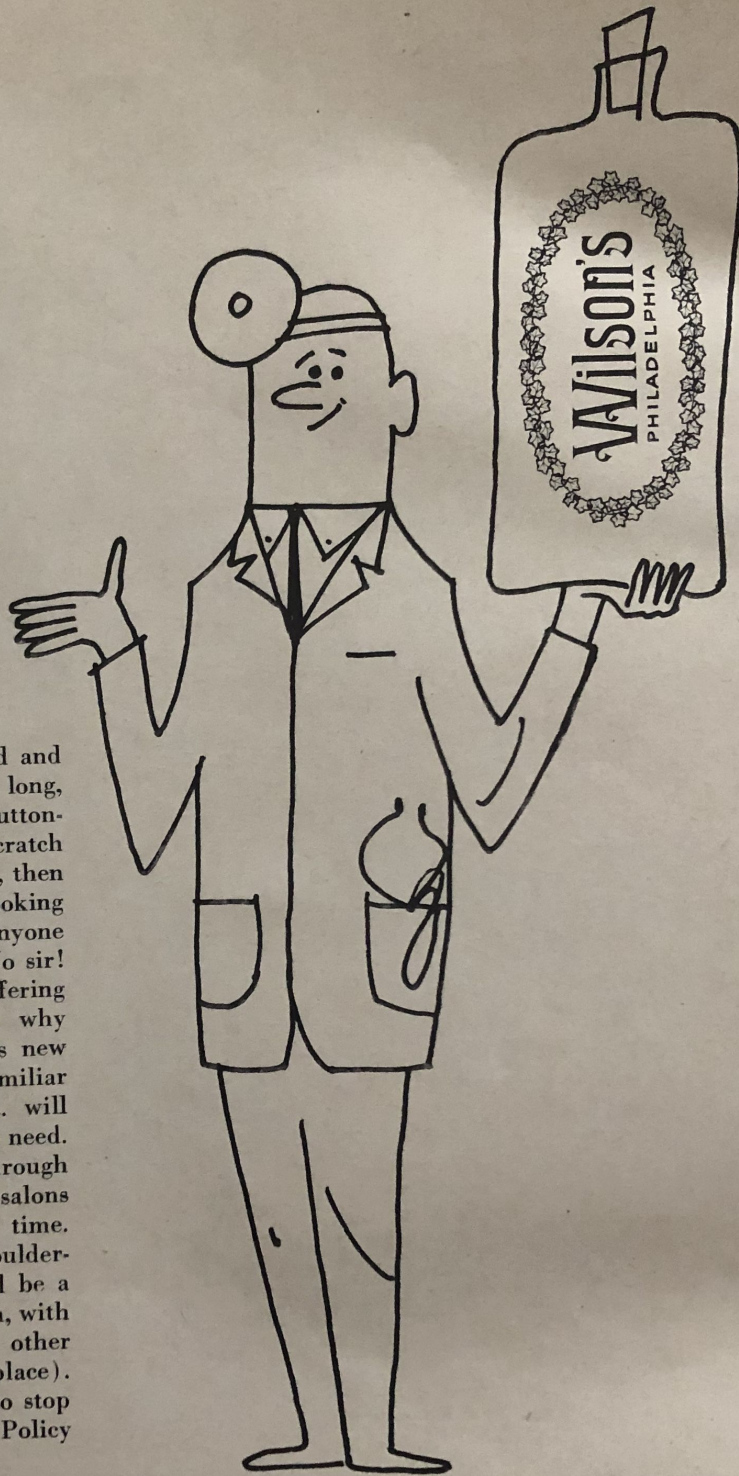
published by the students of the University of Pennsylvania



EXAM ISSUE

TIRED SUITS?

Are your shoulders padded and saggy, your trousers too long, loose and floppy, your buttonless collars rolling up to scratch your throat? If this is you, then chances are you're not looking very well. And don't let anyone tell you it's *tired blood*. No sir! What you're actually suffering from is *tired suits*. But why suffer. A visit to Wilson's new campus store or to his familiar shop at 705 Chestnut St. will provide just the tonic you need. A simple cook's tour through either of these welt seam salons will pep you up in no time. Just try on one of Hal's shoulder-huggin' blazers and you'll be a new man (or a new woman, with man-tailored shirts and other specialties all over the place). No prescription needed, so stop in. A fantastic Discount Policy hastens the cure.



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1 The Sour Apple Tree A few words of self-praise boost our ego which is suffering from mid-winter slump. The editors also ponder the mysterious appearance of several new vehicles on campus.

3 Ambition A new menace is displayed to the quivering public: the Gremlin. Michael Ginsberg does the revealing.

5 The 'Sound' Man A Philadelphia disc-jockey is visited by Robert Marritz.

7 To Look Sharp... Newcomer to THE HIGHBALL, Ronk Nevins, tells the hilarious story of a college student who grows a beard.

10 Candid Keats Various members of the Greater University Family try their hand at literary interpretation. William Hardesty, literary critic, reviews their failures and follies.

13 Miss Peach The guest at our Winter Humor Forum, Mel Lazarus, is profiled. Derek Davis examines the ideas of this popular cartoonist who comes to Penn on February 24th.

16 Congressman Parke's Proposal A look at one member of the United States Congress and his thoughts on some monetary matters. George Merlis shows the way.

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28 Credits

H

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The Sour Apple Tree



We don't like to pat ourselves on the back, but every now and then even the meekest come forth. Recently, THE HIGHBALL was named the best college humor magazine by the *New York Herald-Tribune*. Of course we might take this opportunity to mention that several Ivy League magazine editors have also noticed us, with some envy, too. Penn's other publications have seen fit to elect us to the Franklin Society. As for the Campus Chest booth or for the eleven hundred people who attended the Fall Humor Forum, we are making our niche here. The red ink that had plagued us in the past has been utilized to give THE HIGHBALL another first—a second color within the magazine, something that has not been used since *Life* first hit the market back before the War. The proof of this optimism? We've completely sold out our two issues before this, despite the efforts of our esteemed honorary sister.

Having noticed an inordinate number of motorcycles and motorscooters on campus this year, we wondered about their ownership. Could it be that the Ivy League was going "Beat" as Jack Kerouac predicted? We doubted the possibility of this because the "Beat Generation" was last year's fad, and had even begun to appear in paperback. We thought all motorcycles just sat in **Continental Motors'** showroom. However, the doorway of one fraternal institution just up the street from the magnificent Highball building looked like the cover of the *Evergreen Review*. Each time we passed by, we expected to see a band of howling, black-leather-jacketed, dungaree-clad raiders rush out of the house, leap into their saddles, and ride off down the grassy stretches of Woodland Avenue. However, our expectations were unrewarded and we failed to see a single motorcycle rider. We finally decided that the motorcycles were advertising stunts and that no one rode them, when, last week, we heard the roaring sound of an unmuffled motor.

We jumped from our plush seats in THE HIGHBALL Suite and ran up the street. But to our surprise we only found a single nubbily-clad individual racing the motor of a fantastically oversized red scooter. He looked communicative, so we asked some questions.

"Name's Eddie Dryden. Ya know you don't have to be a hood to drive a motorcycle. Get on, I'll drive you over to the Physical Science Building." We weren't going there, but we thought we might be able to get some more information, so we climbed on the back seat.

"I guess you might consider this the furthest wing of the small car craze." Eddie said, "People still have to find parking places for small cars, but motorcycles and scooters are no sweat at all. Also, there are more things

the sour apple tree

to go wrong with a car—even a small one—while cycles and scooters are very simple and you can usually fix them yourself. Besides, you get better mileage than even a Volkswagon."

"You get used to the cold," Eddie said, "Now this scooter, for instance, is the biggest. It's a Zundapp—and it gets 110 miles per gallon. That's more than twice the mileage any car can get." We decided that with such fantastic mileage, the cyclist could save enough money to pay the doctor bills incurred by the colds he was bound to catch.

"The Vespas and Lambrettas are like Chevies and Fords—smaller reliable transportation. They have 150 c.c. motors, you know." We didn't know. We didn't even know what a c.c. was, but the wind prevented us from replying. Eddie went on. "This is a modified job; it's been re-bored. It has about a 200 c.c. engine. It's comparable to the Pontiacs—you know, not much luxury, but fast as hell." We once had a 1936 Pontiac, which was neither luxurious nor fast, but we decided that it wasn't worth fighting the wind to enlighten Eddie.

"Then," Eddie continued, "there are the bigger 'cycles. The Harley-Davidson is the biggest. I think it's got an 800 c.c. motor. They only get about 50 or 60 miles per gallon, but they really fly. They're the Cadillacs of motorcycles." We tried to imagine a long, black, sleek motorcycle with a wrap-around windshield, a headlight dimmer, power steering, and fins. We couldn't. Eddie stopped for the light at the corner of 37th and Spruce.

"You know how these shift, don't you?" Eddie asked. We confessed our ignorance. "Well, you pull out the handlebar extension—that's the clutch. On the left side of course."

"Of course," we mumbled.

"Your right hand—the one on the accelerator has a hand brake, and there's a footbrake for the left foot. It's all very simple: left hand is clutch, right hand is brake and accelerator, left foot is brake, and the right foot is shift. Of course, it's different on different machines." We were thoroughly confused, and we tried to remember which was our left and which our right.

"Ya know, almost any scooter can outdrag a car," Eddie told us. "Watch." We watched. The light changed, and Eddie raced out from beside a Thunderbird.

"You can really maneuver on these

too," Eddie said, "Watch the way we turn into Hamilton Walk." Without slowing down, Eddie started into a ninety-degree turn. We held our breath. Eddie dropped his foot and ran it along the ground to keep the scooter upright, then he straightened up. He had made it. "It's really rough on loafers," Eddie told us. We said that we could see why. Eddie stopped the Zundapp, our ride was over.

"You really ought to get one," Eddie advised us. "There's nothing like a 'cycle or a scooter. Fast too. I can do 65 on this, and you can get those big Harleys up to 100—but you gotta be nuts to go 100 on one of them. If you hit anything at that speed it'd be like falling off the Empire State Building. Squish!" We winced.

"Some of these are two-cycle engines, and others are four—you know what I mean? The bigger ones have four-cycle engines with overhead valves. Wanna try driving it?" We told Eddie that we'd love to but we had an appointment in the Chaplain's office and thanks anyway. We wandered off down Hamilton Walk, realizing how easy it was to become addicted to 'cycles. Then we remembered the Empire State Building. We shook our head regretfully and turned into the Big Quad.

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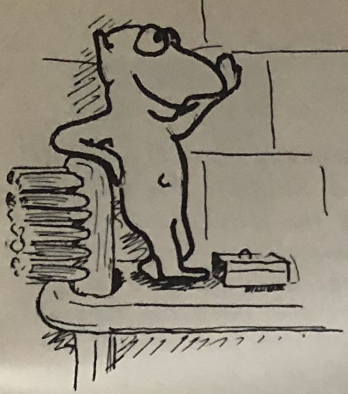
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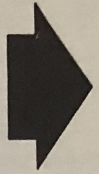


Late snacks 'til 1 A.M. OPEN SUNDAYS



Ambition

by Michael Ginsberg



The morning-after-the-night-before comes vividly to life as a strange visitation descends upon a sufferer. The world of gremlins and annoyances is explained.

I'm really not an alcoholic or anything like that. I'm one of those guys, though, that has a few during the night—and I always have a great time—but it always gets me the next morning.

This morning was no exception. In fact, it was even worse than it usually is. I winced as the sun intruded into my room through the half-open window, and quietly swore at the stupid birds that sang outside like there was nobody in the whole world with a hangover. Birds have no compassion. Neither does morning. It always arrives at the worst time.

It was hell, but I finally managed to get out of bed and float into the bathroom. I tried not to look into the mirror because it always hurts my ego. I have to, sooner or later though, so I did. It made me feel worse. It always does. I reached for my toothbrush and was sort of shocked when I saw a little green thing sitting on a small box next to the soap-dish. I don't usually see little green things. Not even on Monday mornings. I was sort of shocked.

"Go 'way little green thing," I mumbled.

It didn't. It didn't leave, that is. And I'd swear that it had some sort of smug, complacent look on what was its face, I guess. What anybody or anything could feel so good about *now* was beyond me.

I extended a finger toward the apparition sitting there. It didn't move. I was even more shocked when I found that there was something solid to my touch when I made contact with it. It felt sort of . . . froggy? I shuddered.

"You couldn't be," I said.

"I am so," it answered. It had a voice like fingernails on a blackboard. By now I grudgingly admitted that there was *something* there. It might be a joke, but there *was* something.

"What in hell are you?" I stammered. I still felt rather silly talking to it.

"I'm a Hangover Gremlin. Third Class. The name's Greep."

"A Hangover Gremlin? . . . Third Class yet?"

"Yup. Just made it last week. Used to be an assistant in the Smoker's Cough Department. The boss sort of took a liking to my work, so my promotion came through last week like I said. Skipped right through Stubbed Toes. Stubbed Toe work is pretty menial anyways. It's just as well."

"This is ridiculous," I said, "You still can't be. Who ever heard of a Hangover Gremlin? A Hangover Gremlin, *Third Class*, besides!"

"Aha! That's just my point," he said (I guess it was a "he"). "You say that nobody has even heard of a Hangover Gremlin. That's the whole trouble. Nobody appreciates my work. Did you ever do anything that you were really proud of and never get to admire it?"

"Well . . . I guess not," I admitted.

"I got to thinking one day," he continued. "that if nobody ever sees my work, I'll never make it to the top. I don't want to wind up like my uncle. That's why I'm here now."

Things were really getting interesting. "What happened to your uncle?" I inquired.

He assumed a look of pity which, offhand, I would say was pretty difficult for someone or something as unappetizingly ugly as he was.

"My uncle?" he said. "My uncle worked hard for years and never got past Gas Pains. It was tragic. My aunt nearly died of shame. All the neighbors and the rest of my uncles had at least passed Hay Fever and Chocolate Allergy. Actually, a lot of us get stuck in Gas Pains. Crooked union. If it happens to me when I hit Gas Pains, I'll switch my whole career to Demonship. I sort of have a knack for it anyhow."

"What kind of demonship?" I asked.

"You know," he answered, "love potions, mild evil, temptations, that sort of jazz. If I really tried, I think I could even pull a scholarship to Demoniacal Arts and Magical Ne-

cromancy University. You know . . . good 'ol DAMN U."

He cackled uncontrollably. I felt sick. Puns are bad enough when I'm feeling O.K., but this was too much. He liked it though. He was hysterical.

After he calmed down a bit, he continued. "Gremlinism is all right," he said, "not too much money until you're in Cavities or Dandruff, but it's fun. Especially now, when I can admire my handiwork. You *do* feel lousy, don't you?"

"Miserable," I agreed.

"Good, makes me feel proud of myself."

I fought down an urge to squash him with my hairbrush. It was then I again noticed the little box he was sitting on.

"What's in the box?" I asked casually. At least I thought I was being casual.

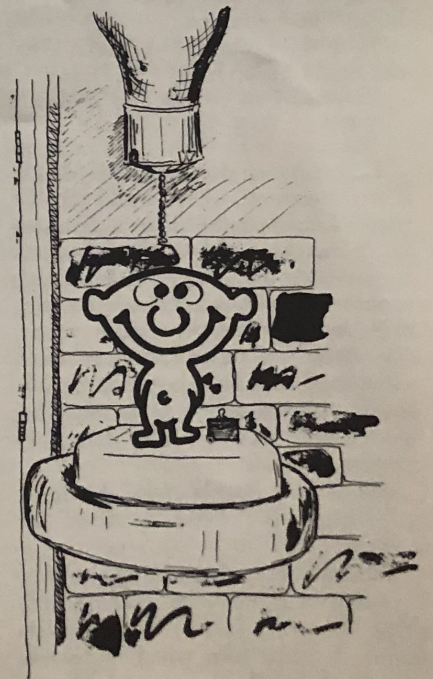
"Tools." He said simply.

"What kind?"

"The tools of my trade. What else? Want to see them?"

I had gone this far. Couldn't back out now. "Okay." I said.

He bent over, unclasped the catch on the box, opened the lid and took out a small cylindrical object which



ambition



looked strangely malicious. He held it up for me to see.

"What's that?" I asked.

"My head-pump. I can give you such a big head with this gadget that you'd swear you'd never be able to fit through a door with out turning sideways. And this," he added, "is my pride and joy."

He removed a small envelope from the box and opened it. A lot of dusty-looking powder came out.

"Okay," I said, "what's that stuff?"

"Tongue-lint. With a built-in adhesive. This guarantees a flannel tongue for hours. Really great!"

I ran my own tongue over my teeth. It felt like a rug. "Clever," I admitted, "anything else?"

"Just the usual things. Ear-bells, eye-bags and a keyhole-mover. You know."

"My condition is all *your* fault then," I said.

"All in a day's work," he answered, sort of apologetically. He didn't look too sad though. He still looked smug. He had reason to. I felt miserable.

"Really satisfied with yourself, aren't you?"

"It's better than working night shift in Chapped Lips or Writer's Cramp," he replied.

"How long are you going to stick around?" I inquired.

"I'll probably be gone by this evening."

"Thank Heaven," I thought to myself.

"I'll be staying here in your apartment, so I'll just make myself at home," he continued.

"Go right ahead." I said. What else could I say?

He picked up his box and vanished.

II

I came home after work wondering if my morning visitor would still be there. I opened the door a bit hesitantly, maybe, and walked in. I wasn't in the dark for long. On the dining room table there was a saucer sitting next to a half-empty bottle of my best Scotch. The saucer was filled with what must have been the Scotch, and Greep was sitting in it, splashing around and looking like a nymph in a water fountain.

"That's my best Scotch," I said.

"One doesn't bathe in Rye," he answered.

This left me at a loss for words. I couldn't argue very well. I only drink the stuff. Just to make conversation, I asked him whether he was enjoying himself.

"Yup," he said, "nothing like a good bath." He gurgled. I guess he was enjoying himself.

"Leaving soon?" I asked.

"In a few minutes."

"Be here again?"

"All depends on you. I guess so."

I watched him climb out of the saucer and pick up his box. "See you next weekend," he said, and he was gone. I was sort of sorry to see him go. He was pretty disgusting to look at, but likeable in a way.

Everything went normally until the next weekend arrived. As usual, Saturday night I went to a party, and also as usual I drank a bit too much. This time I *really* did it though, I was really loaded.

Sunday morning I got up and felt *great*. No hangover, no nothing. Something was wrong somewhere. I was glad to be alive. This never happens to me. I walked into the bathroom and turned on the water. It was then that I noticed a note stuck to the corner of the mirror. I picked it up and read it. It said: "Sorry, but I couldn't make it this morning. Couldn't find a substitute in time either. You'll have to do without me today. I was promoted again, thanks to you." It was signed:

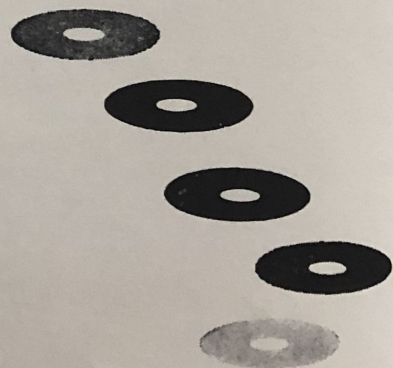
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H

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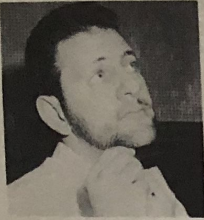


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THE 'SOUND' MAN

by Robert Marris

The disc jockey is a curiosity. Forty years ago an impossible specie, he is today a commonplace. No one gives very much thought to this man, sealed off from the world in his soundproof, immaculate cubicle, dispensing large doses of modern culture to disembodied ears. For were one to conjure up the image, he would find it ludicrous—a Wizard of Oz come true, communing with his innumerable subjects. The disc jockey is a pilot-fish, swept along by the shark of technology.

While some, indeed, ride atop their discs, dispensing musical garbage and capitalizing on the temporal state of the medium, others have a degree of integrity. Sid Mark, a jazz spinner for WHAT-FM, is one of the latter breed, staunch of heart, steadfast of spirit. Upon graduation from Camden's Woodrow Wilson High School some seven years ago, Mark was taken in hand by late jazz impresario Harvey Husten and peppered liberally with droplets of the modern music. Assisting with Husten's managerial chores at the Red Hill Inn, Mark took to "the sounds" like the proverbial duck and has had a working infatuation with jazz ever since. Emerging from adolescence with a tuba-like voice that rattles about in his telephone booth frame, Mark was "a real hip boy" who "knew his way around."

Upon Husten's untimely death, Mark took over most of the chores at the Hill, meanwhile looking around for a job in radio, long an aim in the Mark scheme of things. By this time last year he had caught on, on a very tenuous basis, with WHAT, a faint AM, stentorian FM voice near City Line Avenue. But things do not always go smoothly for tuba-voiced telephone booths: there were no interested advertisers for his two-to-six A.M. stint; his air time was scarcely his own (Miles Davis records taboo for the greater part of the time); he had explicit instructions to "stick to the commercial things."

Mark persevered, however, commuting on an unusual treadmill between the Hill, WHAT, and the Mark (né Fliegelman) home in East Camden. Commenting on his demanding schedule Mark had this to say: "Pheew!" There were rewards, meager financially, but rich in the realm of experience. Telephone calls blew in sporadically from firemen, harassed college students, "chicks," and a full regalia of insomniacs. It was, all considered, a trying winter, with frequent appeals for postcards and record giveaways.

When this fall came around, Mark was apparently able to muster sufficient strength. WHAT's brass decided

to go on a twelve-hour daily jazz policy. This on FM, while the cacophony of rock and roll blared on AM until one. For the old early hours slot there was an angular Templar, Chuck Sherman, while Mark did the bulk of the programing, still maintaining his own six-to-one slot. Advertisers did not flock to "Jazz at 96.5" immediately. But after a surprisingly brief campaign, they were not long in coming. Now riding on a moderate cushion of advertisers, "Jazz at 96.5" has Mark, Sherman, and Harvey Miller, late of rock and rurbia, supplying between-record continuity, their various themes purring at regular intervals. Meanwhile Mark, emulating Horatio Alger, has become one of the most influential jazz dispensers in the East.

Looking in on Mark we found him tee-shirt and desert boot clad, growing a beard for muscular dystrophy, and muttering about the heat in the control room. "Don't mind me," he said, "I've been putting everyone down lately." We entered the control room, which glistens quietly with all sorts of equipment, sports two turntables, and, of course, is big enough for a telephone booth.

"We've been getting our share of cranks lately. This woman called, wanted to know what right John Lewis had to go and make a record with the Stuttgart Orchestra. 'That's white man's music,' she said, 'and Lewis has no right to go outside of jazz to play. He's a Negro. And he brought Connie Kay and Heath to play with him. They're Negroes and have no right to play white man's music.' Hortense her name was. She said I could call her Horthy for short. It was all right with me. Then she called next night, wanted to know how come we were playing Thelonious Monk. Said it was bad enough last night, but when we started playing phonies it was too much to take.

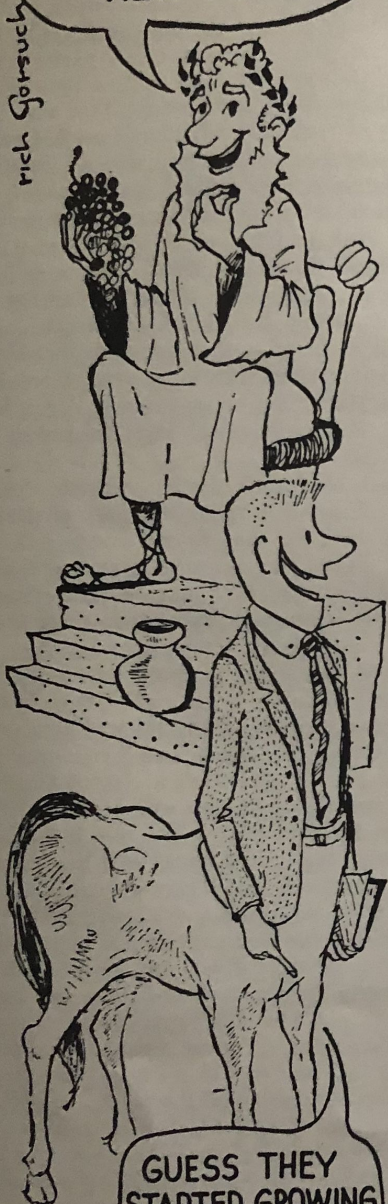
"But a thing that really bugs me—and believe me, I've seen a lot of it—is people who don't give a damn how jazz is presented. There are so many people who are making a living from jazz and they don't know and they don't care. Some deejays: people think they're big authorities. 'There goes so-and-so.' 'I had lunch with so-and-so, the big jazz deejay, the other day.' And these guys don't know the first thing about jazz. But they fool plenty of people."

The fact that a jazz deejay should be able to fool people, however, points up an unfavorable situation: that there is effectually no jazz analysis or criticism on the air. The jazz shows that are on the air content themselves with playing records, entertaining, as it were, and generally ignoring the qualitative aspects of jazz dispensation. The result is one of having what is essentially an esoteric art form presented under the cloak of the mass media. On some stations any and all jazz is played, with a total disregard for whether it is worthwhile or not. In certain cases, it is policy to play the most bland, insipid jazz which can be mustered, so as to appease the listening public. This, of course, overlooks the possibility that the listener might want to learn about jazz, to develop his tastes, to be able to discriminate between the good and the bad.



H

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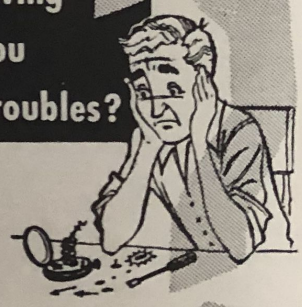
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To Look Sharp . . .

The amazing trials and tribulations of Robert Collier, rugged individualist. Nobility and honor score a questionable victory over the forces of hypocrisy.

by Ronk Nevins

One day during the summer Robert Collier was leafing through a two-week-old copy of *The New Yorker*. He was silently wondering whether there was any man alive who could afford to buy everything advertised in the slick, sophisticated magazine.

"Bet just buying everything in the color ads would break most rich men," Collier thought. He flipped another page.

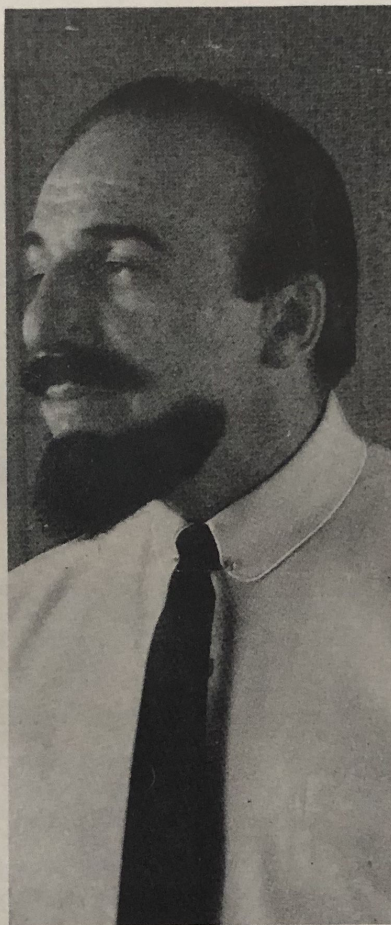
"These guys are dignified. Look at the bearing of that man in the Hathaway. He looks like a man—a real man. I guess it's the patch." Collier was impressed by the urbane copy and photographs. He turned the page again.

There on page 73, rising out of a Schweppes ad, was Commander Whitehead.

"By God," Collier thought, "just look at him." Whitehead, adorned in a red fox-hunt jacket, black boots, and a black top-hat, was casually sipping a Gin-and-Tonic. He was the personification of English aristocracy. Class could be seen in every line in his face, in every inch of his bearing. Collier saw in this photograph the image of success, charm, wit, courage, sophistication, and wealth. Mostly sophistication and wealth.

"But what," Collier mused, "was the root of all this?" Why did Commander Whitehead evoke such impressions? It wasn't his clothing—on a lesser man such a habit would look ludicrous. No, it was the Commander's bearing and beaver. That was the secret! Commander Whitehead was a living symbol of British gentry because he stood as straight as a redwood, while still appearing comfortable, and because his chin was adorned with a noble and healthy growth of light-brown hair. "Hum," Collier mused rubbing his chin, "I wonder if. . ."

"Robert dear, why don't you shave that ridiculous thing off? You keep getting toothpaste and spaghetti sauce



in it. And it looks so dirty." Robert's mother lacked an appreciation of British nobility. She thought her son's skin would become infected, she thought the incipient beard made her son look as if he had forgotten to wash his face.

"John," she said to her husband, "tell Robert to shave that horrible thing off."

"Yes dear," John Collier said.

"Aw for crying out loud, why can't I do something I want to do for a change?" Collier said.

"Yes, son," John Collier said.

"You're not even listening, John," Mrs. Collier said. She poked her husband with her elbow.

"I've heard everything, and I think you're both right in a way, so settle it among yourselves," John Collier said. He looked up.

"Say, Son, when did you begin growing that?" He noticed Robert's beard for the first time.

"About three weeks ago, Dad. Like it?"

"No."

"See," Mrs. Collier said triumphantly, "your father wants you to shave it off."

"Now I didn't say that, dear. If the boy wants to look like a hobo, it's his own business," John Collier said.

"Oh for crying out loud," Robert said, "I don't look like a hobo, and I'm going to grow whatever I want to grow, and I don't think you ought to try to stop me. After all, it's about time you let me have my own way in some things; I am going into my senior year, and I'm old enough to vote."

"What has this ridiculous beard got to do with voting?" Mrs. Collier asked.

"Oh Ma, will you leave me alone for a change," Robert Collier snapped.

"You shouldn't talk to your mother like that, Son," John Collier said coming up from his newspaper.

"Oh for crying out loud," Robert said. He got up and walked out of the living room, slamming the door.

"Don't slam the door, Robert," his mother called after him.

Three weeks later, a handsomely bearded Robert Collier, the very image of *noblesse oblige*, registered for his senior year. He wore a dark-blue, three-piece suit, a bowler, and he carried a cane. Throughout the harrowing registration procedure, he never lost his look of placid serenity;

to look sharp . . .

his back was always straight, his head high. He appeared to have full command of the situation. Several acquaintances passed by without recognizing Collier, and one of his fraternity brothers stood talking to him on the history line for five minutes, completely unaware that it was frater Bob Collier. To complete the illusion, Collier had refined his speech somewhat, giving heavy indications of a British accent while retaining American idioms. His entire appearance gave the impression of a polished and cultured individual with impeccable taste and high standards. He was very much a gentleman.

There was no great commotion over Collier's new look in his fraternity because he had become inactive the year before, following a fist-fight with the pledgemaster. Collier lived in an apartment alone, and he avoided his fraternity brothers as much as possible. Few people saw him until the first day of classes.

Collier attracted a great many stares in his classes. Some of the little Philadelphia girls giggled and pointed, but he had expected such a reaction from the untutored. Certain other coeds, however, those Collier classified as *women* seemed intrigued by the British-looking gentleman sitting in the last row. Collier always choose seats in the back, separating himself from all the other students by several chairs in order to retain an aloof and supercilious air. The teachers, most of whom did not keep their classes for the full hour, hardly seemed to take any notice of him. The several instructors who did recognize his presence smiled understandingly. To these overtures, Collier replied with disdainful sneers. A true gentleman, he reasoned, never allows any familiarity in public—especially not in front of the giggling girl commuters.

At one, after having sat bolt-upright through four shortened classes, Collier strode across the campus to a meeting of *The Daily Disappointment* staff. As he entered the meeting-room, everyone turned toward him.

"Can I help you?" asked the City Editor.

"May you help me?" Collier corrected, "No thank you, I'm here for the meeting." He took a seat and lit a black Russian cigarette. The meeting began. It was the usual juvenile business. Collier smoked his cigarette and paid only the slightest attention to the goings-on. These matters were beneath his dignity. When the meeting ended, everyone began to leave.

"Collier," the Managing Editor said, "Bob Forster wants to see you in the editorial office right away."

"Right away," said the City Editor. Forster was the Editor-in-Chief; he was generally considered one of the biggest men on campus. Collier walked into the editorial office, inclined his head toward Forster, and sat down. The City Editor and the Managing Editor followed him.

"Collier," the Editor-in-Chief said in his stentorian voice, "what's this ridiculous stuff you're pulling?"

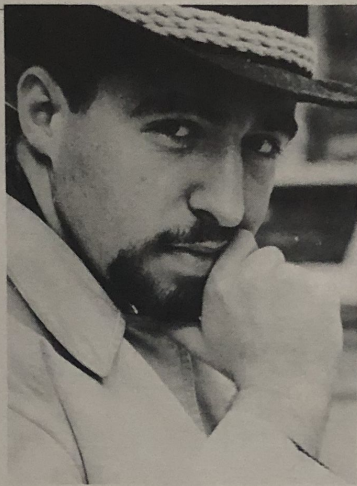
"I beg your pardon?" Collier sneered.

"You know perfectly well what I'm talking about," Forster said.

"Come off it, Collier," the Managing Editor said.

"Yeah," said the City Editor.

"If you gentlemen have something to tell me, I wish you would do so.



I haven't the slightest idea what you are talking about. Now if you will just tell me what is on your minds, I shall be happy to help you if I am able," Collier said.

"That ridiculous beard," Forster said.

"Yeah," echoed the City Editor, "that beard."

"I still don't quite understand," Collier said.

"You can't wear a beard around here," the Managing Editor said. "It isn't right."

"Why isn't it right?" Collier asked.

"Because it isn't done," Forster said. "No one around here has a beard."

"Yeah," the City Editor said, "not a single man on our staff has a beard."

"Well, one does now," Collier said calmly.

"But you can't be different," the Managing Editor said, "You can't be the only one around here with a beard."

"I guess you'll just have to grow one then, because I shall never shave this off. No gentleman would part with his beaver," Collier explained.

"What kind of nonsense is this?" the Editor-in-Chief demanded. "Are you trying to be a non-conformist? Look, fella, we're running a serious paper here, and as a representative of the paper, you have to look presentable."

"I feel that I am more presentable now than I have ever been before," Collier said.

"He feels presentable," the City Editor said, "Presentable, he says."

"If you refuse to shave that off, I'll have to ask you to resign," Forster said.

"I shall have to resign, then," Collier said. "You cannot tell me how I should dress and act. I am an individual and a gentleman; you are all boors. You have no power over me. I'm afraid I don't care for your intolerant attitude in the least. Good day, children. You will receive my resignation in the mail tomorrow." Collier walked out of the office.

"He's resigning tomorrow," the City Editor said, "He's gonna quit the paper tomorrow."

"Oh shut up, you idiot," Forster said, "Now who the hell can we get to write our editorials for us?"

"I can try, Forster," the City Editor said, "Why not give me a chance—I've never written anything for the paper yet, and I'd sure like to try my hand at it to see if I'm any good."

"Oh shut up," said the Managing Editor. The three pondered the fate of their publication for a long time.

Collier watched the attractive blond climb the stairs directly in front of him. Last year, he would have pinched her; but now he was a gentleman and he resisted the temptation. Collier had learned to enjoy these commonplace experiences for their aesthetic value alone. Collier followed the girl down the hall. She sat down on a bench beside a classroom.

"Allow me to introduce myself. I am Robert Luce Collier, Jr. of Montclair and West Palm Beach. I . . ."

"Oh yes, I've seen you around before with your beard and all. I think a beard is so masculine. I mean only a man would grow one and I think yours is really cute," the blond spouted.

"Cute?" Collier was stunned. "Cute? My beard cute? Pardon me, but I shall have to differ with you on that account. I consider the beard a necessary part of a gentleman's make-up. An essential piece of equipment."

"Oh. Well, I still think it's neat. And cute too," she said.

"Then I shall have to change your opinion. Would you like to go out with me this Saturday night? I have tickets for . . ."

"Oh. are you shaving off your adorable beard?" She broke in.

"Why no, of course not." Collier said.

"Then why did you ask me out?" the blond asked.

"What has my shaving my beard off got to do with going out with you?" Collier asked.

"Well, I think it's really neat and cute and all, but I *really* couldn't go out with a boy who had a beard. I mean, I just *couldn't*," she said. She wrinkled up her nose and smiled. Collier bowed his head and walked off down the hall.

"Obviously, she has had no breeding," Collier told himself, "I shall have to find a girl who has visited England. It's quite a sacrifice being a true gentleman." Collier strode into his class five minutes late, collecting hostile stares from the male students and giggles from the little Philadelphia girls.

Collier removed his bowler and entered the Dean's office. The Dean looked up. His eyes widened in surprise, then a vicious smile flickered across his mouth.

"Come in, come in," the Dean said. Collier stood, head held high before the Dean's desk.

"Sit down, son," the Dean said.

"Thank you, sir, I shall stand if you don't mind," Collier said. He wanted to let the Dean know from the beginning that he wouldn't submit to the authority of this spokesman for unimaginative conformity.

"You were caught in a Rowbottom. Have you anything to say for yourself?" the Dean asked.

"Yes sir, I was coming from the theater. I stepped out of the bus at the corner of 37th and Spruce and I was arrested. I had nothing to do with the disturbance."

"You shouldn't have tried to do that, son," the Dean said. "You should have told the truth. Lying won't get you anywhere. If you had told the truth, we might have gone easier on you, but I can't allow you to compound your wrongs. . . ."

"Sir, I resent that. I *never* lie. No gentleman ever lies. Unless you apologize for that accusation, I shall feel forced to resign as a student of this University. I felt sure you'd take my word, but since you're calling me a liar, here are my ticket stubs from the theater—if you'll kindly notice the dates, you'll see I couldn't possibly have been in the Rowbottom."

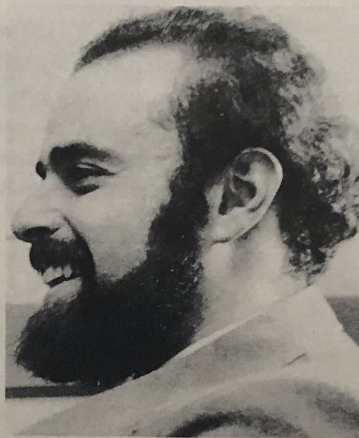
The Dean was amazed. He studded impotently for a moment. Then his eyes narrowed.

"Look here, son, I know your kind. You think you don't have to obey society's rules. You think you're different because you dress differently and because you never shave. Well, let me tell you that I'm sick of you non-conforming fakes. You're not worth a thing, and you'll never amount to anything. Not a single one of you. And look at the low stunts

you pull to keep out of trouble. Why weren't you in the Rowbottom with the rest of your fellow students? Aren't they good enough for you?" The Dean was very agitated.

"That's a very unusual outlook you have, sir," Collier said. "I should like to know what is wrong with the way I dress?" He was wearing a dark-brown, three-piece suit. The Dean had to admit that Collier was not a non-conformist in dress.

"And as to my beard. Every cultured and refined gentleman has a beard, sir. I resent your branding me a non-conformist. It is rather you who fail to conform," Collier continued. The Dean looked very shamefaced. Collier turned and walked out of the Dean's office. He turned in the doorway.



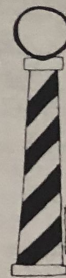
PENNSYLVANIA NEWS

"I feel that this university is not ready to have gentlemen as students," Collier said, "You are catering to fat little boys and giggling little girls. When this institution realizes that it is not a high school but a university, I shall return to it. Until that time comes, I feel that there is no place for me here. When you decide that it is your job to educate men and women instead of boys and girls, please contact me. I shall leave now. Good luck, sir."

The Dean watched the straight, noble figure disappear down the hall. He rubbed his chin reflectively.

"Men and women?" he mused, "Men and women—he may really have pin-pointed something there. That man knows what he's talking about. Trouble is, where are we going to find real men—like that Collier fellow? I can't ever remember seeing any around here—except for. . . ."

H

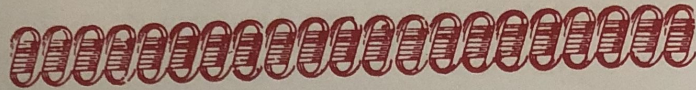


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John Keats, "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer" (1816)

Much have I traveled in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne:
Yet never did I breathe its pure serene
'Til I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

INTER-DEPARTMENTAL MEMORANDUM

From: Bennett O. Yorke, Instructor,
English 140, Section 13

To: Dr. M. A. Shaaber, Chairman

Several weeks ago I mentioned during a conversation my belief that the appreciation of good poetry is instinctive. To demonstrate this idea, I gave my students mimeographed copies of Keats' "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer" and asked them to write analyses relating the work to their own tastes and experiences. The poem was distributed without any accompanying information as to author, title, period, etc., in the expectation that its admitted excellence would be affirmed once more in the papers submitted. In response to your request, I am enclosing a group of typical responses, with the authors identified by initials, school, and class. In view of these compositions, I must admit that my position was, if not foolish, overly optimistic. The results, however, speak for themselves.

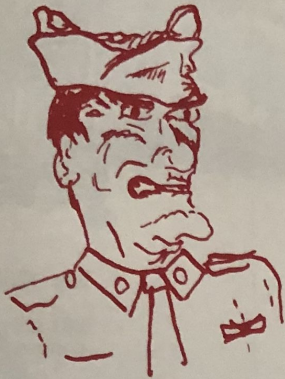
B.O.Y.



This particular poet displays what I feel could only be a knowledge of electronics. His thesis, generated in the first few lines, flows like an unobstructed current to the positive terminal at the conclusion. His vocabulary is nothing more than poetic allusion to common phenomena: a spark gap (l. 5); radar (ll. 11-12); and finally and hilariously, a shock (ll. 12-13). But using technical language is not his major purpose. He is, after all, primarily telling an anecdote about one of his experiences during his many wanderings. Evidently this particular electrical engineer was called upon to investigate a short circuit in a radar set he had designed. The set was at a coastal radar station in Hawaii, run by Homer Chapman. While examining the transmitter, the writer received a slight shock, causing all of Chapman's assistants, whose foreman was Cortez, to wonder if he really knew what he was doing.

Keats

by William Hardesty



The guy what wrote this must of been quite an old soldier. He has went everywhere with his buddies like Homer who was ugly and with a big forehead, and the fat guy Cortez, and Chapman who must of been somewhat of a loudmouth. Only a genuine thirty year man in the U.S. Army could of done this and I am proud to say that there isn't too many of us left who can say we have been in the old Army neither. For most of my life I have been batting around the world with the field artillery which is the best way to get to travel. They say that travel is broadening and I guess it's true because I have gained weight all the time; despite the chow, ha ha!!! Of course I haven't never been mountain climbing because we in the Army don't never get much chance to go attack beaches in the mountains. But most of the rest of this poem I have done and I am happy to say that it will always be one of my favorites, of which I have quite a few of.



Critics of poetry have often expostulated at great lengths on the merits of this sonnet, composed in Petrarchan form (with the lines riming abba abba cd cd cd). John Keats, its author, poured into it all his own feelings upon first approaching Homer—these feelings being, of course, akin to those felt by all of us upon initial contact with the great Greek. No short appreciation by an undergraduate writing for a grade can fully explain the merits of the work. Perhaps after graduation I shall be able to convey, to whatever group of students to whom I may happen to have been assigned, some measure of the greatness of Keats and the other romantics. The historical background, Keats' own experiences, and various other forces must be taken into account in order to put the poem into its proper context. After proper study of the incidents which molded Keats, as well as of his talent—and only after such study—we can really approach the poem, still reverently, but now with a glimpse of the minute factors of its make-up. Actual relation of the work to our own experience requires extreme depth of thought and will vary from second to second.



The clerk who tabulated this balance sheet is a retired government accountant telling of his experiences and assignments while acting as a civil servant. His career ledger can be summed up thus:

I have often been to Fort Knox,
Besides all over the U.S. and abroad.
I've been to Hawaii on many vacations,
Where Brigitte Apollo dances the hula.
The Pentagon auditing office, I had been told,
Was ruled autocratically by Homer Levenson, C.P.A.
But I never got a chance there
Until my old Wharton friend Chapman was hired.
Then I felt like a College student
Lying on the lawn watching the stars come out.
Or like Ramon Cortez, the fat guy in my Fin class,
When he audited the books of the Southern Pacific—
And found, to his staff's great shock, a mistake
In gross revenue at the mountain town of Darien.



This is a beautiful poem. It leaves the reader with a beautiful feeling of beauty even if they don't know what it's about, like me. There is much beautiful expression in this poem which is in the form called a Shakespearean ode. I cannot relate it to my own experiences because I have not traveled around the world like many students at Ivy universities but it tells beautifully what it is like to travel around the world and be in the South Seas islands and climb mountains and like that. Maybe one day when I get married to the boy I'm pinned to who plays football and when he has all kinds of money from playing professional football and he is out of the army we can travel around the world like in Mike Todd's beautiful movie and we will go to all sorts of beautiful places and then I could write a swell poem or explain better what this beautiful ode means. But right now I am unable to properly discuss it.

H

Growing with the University

The

Daily

Pennsylvanian



The Gilded Cage

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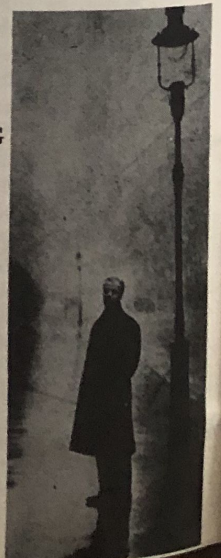
Folk Singing on Sundays

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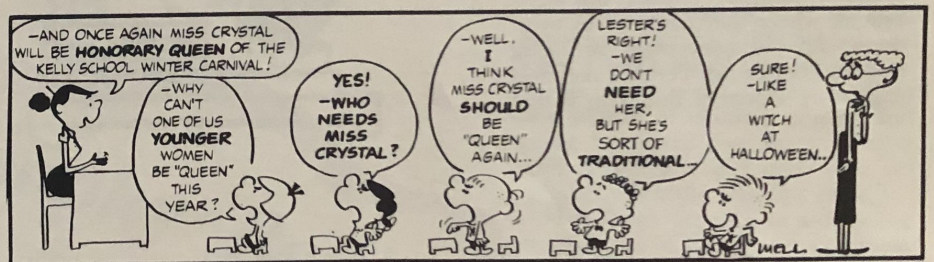


Miss Peach

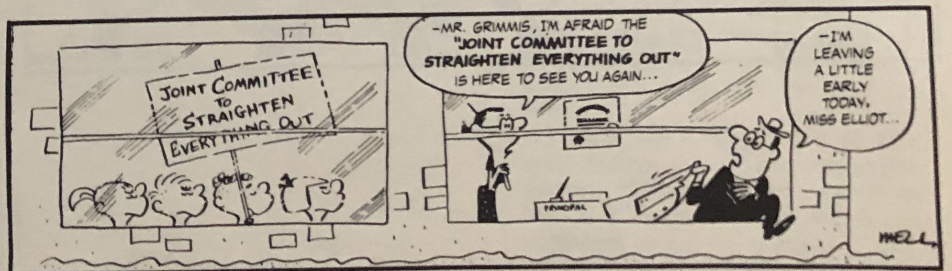


created

by



Mel Lazarus



A visit to the creator of the popular Miss Peach comic strip yields a rewarding look at his techniques and humor. Mel Lazarus, the guest at THE HIGBALL Winter Humor Forum (February 24th) discusses his views.

How would you feel to be overruled by figments of your imagination?

Ask Mel Lazarus, creator of the comic strip, Miss Peach. He now has several riding herd on him, telling him what to draw and forcing him to earn close to \$30,000 a year. In other words, he's fairly happy about it.

The characters of Miss Peach, now syndicated in over 120 newspapers throughout the United States (also Sweden, France, and Australia), sometimes give Mel a rough time, but usually they do a good job of keeping him in line. "I don't even have to think about what I'm doing. The characters have taken over, they're writing their own gags now. I feel like the producer of a show—an impresario—rather than an entertainer. I just get the kids together and give them the scenery and then let them go to town."

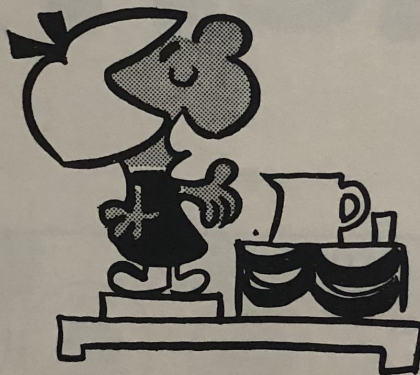
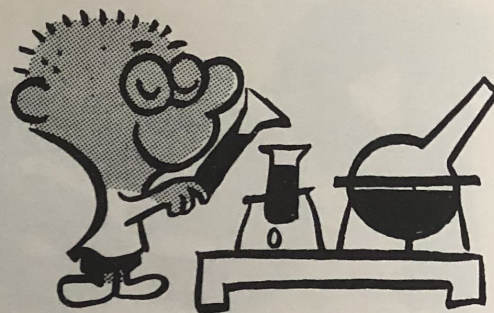
Miss Peach, like Peanuts, has the child, the precocious kid, as a basic unit of humor. Unlike Charles Schulz, Mel has given his young society a common stamping ground, the Kelly School, where they conspire to overthrow the old convention of being seen and not heard. Perhaps the most engrossing aspect of this strip is that

New Type Of Humor
Creator Of
Art Class.

'Miss Peach' Flunks
Skyrockets To Fame

the classroom in which m-
nes on is m-

overt, slapstick



they are not merely heard but overheard. In their own way they live, govern, and control their destinies with an easy confidence that could inspire envy in any adult.

"I tried to take a group of kids and let them represent a grown-up society. The classroom in which much of the action goes on is merely a place to allow the characters to express themselves."

Departing from the carefree, world-traveler-humorist image of Shel Silverstein, the last HIGBALL Humor Forum speaker, Mel works and lives on an average Brooklyn street with wife Hortense and daughters Marjorie, seven, and Susan, four. Marjorie even attends the Kelly School, namesake of Miss Peach's happy institution. She also is following her father as a professional artist, supplying any scribblings or children's drawings needed for the strip. "All I have to do is paste them up. It's kind of fun and she gets a big charge out of it. I guess it makes her the most widely syndicated seven-year-old in the country."

MELL (as he signs his strip) has been an artist since he was four, though not always appreciated. In high school he flunked his major art course even though he won a city-wide art contest. He soon quit school to further his cartoon career and did not receive his "equivalency diploma" until seven years later.



At 16 he took a job as office boy to Superman (or at least his creators), followed by a year or two of free lance cartooning and two months in the Navy in 1945. His real start in the comics came as Art Director and Editor of Toby Press, Inc., a subdivision of the huge Al Capp Enterprises who make, among other things, Li'l Abner dolls, Daisy Mae dolls, Li'l Abner watches, and money. He left Capp in 1954 to operate an Advertising Art studio, meanwhile selling cartoons to *The Saturday Evening Post*, *Collier's*, the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and other leading magazines.

In 1956 two syndicates turned down Miss Peach. "They didn't think the public would accept it." On February 4, 1957, the New York Herald-Tribune Syndicate began its publication and it has been spreading ever since. Prentice-Hall put out a Miss Peach book last October, RCA has it as a record, and Broadway Music Corporation even adds sheet music to the list.

According to Mel, Miss Peach did not begin as a sudden, glorious surge of inspiration. Rather it grew quietly for several years until the embryonic characters began to tread his convolutions and kick the sides of his cranium looking for a way out. He has only the vaguest notion of its true beginning.



Fun, Philosophy Behind Miss Peach Comic Strip

By HARVEY HOFFMAN

the teacher and as a result he on Oct. 15 It will



"I live on this school street in Brooklyn, near the Kelly School, and when I work I look out the window on the street and I'd been watching this tableau of children coming and going for about five years. After a while it got to me. I don't even remember when the idea first came."

Miss Peach presents an astonishing cross-section of life. In one classroom we find almost any type of person we would ever want to meet, and even a few that we wouldn't. As drawn by Mel, all are very large heads attached to several insignificant appendages such as hands and body. Thus he emphasizes the strip's major assumption—kids *think* just as well as adults and better when the adults have their backs turned. He also can make better use of facial expressions this way, often doing away with the need for words.

Despite the Little Truths of Life and Society which his messengers present, Mel does not try actively to bombard his readers with morals and pint-sized soap-box orations. "Anybody who finds a lesson in a Peach strip finds it himself. I don't put it there."

H

by Derek Davis

Houston Hall Store

Books

Gifts

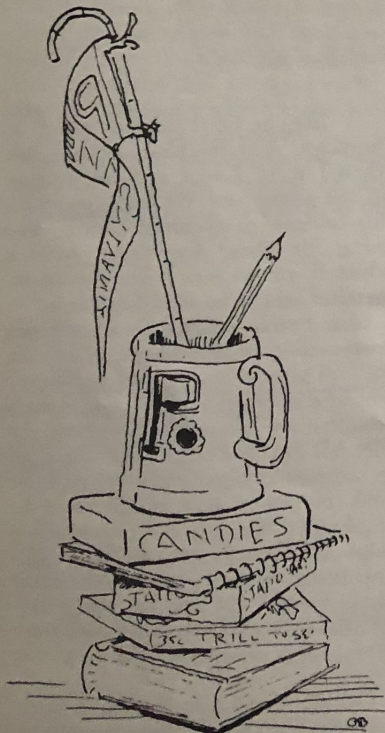
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Fine Arts Store

Congressman

Parke's Proposal

by George Merlis

The Representative from Ardsley-Park-on-Hudson make some startling facts known to Congress. A frantic meleé follows Parke's prescription for budgetary ills.



It was hot in the Congressional lounge, and Congressman Parke had a great deal of trouble remaining awake. He had left the session in hopes of doing some research on the Defense Budget Proposal, but the heat and the darkness of the room made any effort almost impossible. He had been indignant before, but now he was merely sleepy.

"Someone's got to do something," Parke told himself. He stood up and walked back into the session. There was a minor debate going on about the wording of the defense budget. "Someone's got to do something," Parke told himself again. He regained his seat and raised his hand.

The entire House of Representatives was surprised to see Parke given the floor. In his fifteen years in Congress, Parke had only made one speech—and that was in support of a proposed commendation to the crew of the Atomic Submarine, the *Nautilus*, after the trip under the pole.

There was a great deal of mumbling, and several members left their seats and made their way out of the room. They were too busy to be bothered with Parke's platitudes and epigrams. Most of the Congressmen looked on with amusement. Congress' only Whig was about to speak. Several Congressional reporters also left,

but the majority stayed—they would be able to spice up their stories with a little comedy.

"The Honorable Member from Ardsley-Park-on-Hudson has the floor," the Speaker said. Then he sat down, buried his head on his chest and fell asleep.

"Gentlemen," Parke began, "when I was a student in the Wharton School, I learned that . . . that . . . Well, what I want to say is that I don't, in all due fairness to those concerned, and talking as bi-partisan—or rather tri-partisan because I *am* a Whig—as I was saying, taking such a position, gentlemen, doesn't it seem strange to you that . . . that . . ." Smiles spread across the House. Democrats and Republicans alike smirked. Parke began again.

"This is simply undemocratic—not that I want to do any name-calling, you understand—but this is undemocratic . . . but then that really isn't the term: that isn't strong enough. I feel this situation, and all situations like it, require the strongest possible language—with all due respect, of course, to the gentlemen of the press and to our constituents. I feel that we all understand each other here, and that we are all working together, shoulders to the wheel, noses to the grindstone, trying to do what is best

CONTINUED ON PAGE 18

A really "great" Christmas present ... particularly if you're collecting a trousseau ... would be some of those absolutely super Supercalé sheets and pillow cases. There's a new turquoise shade that couldn't be dreamier ... and have you seen the new gift set with applied scallops for the hems called "Petit Feston" ... they're heavenly! I'm giving practically every girl I know a pair of those Supercalé cases that are ruffled all around and printed too ... trousseau or not ... don't you think they are really the living end?



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congressman parke's proposal

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

for our great and glorious and beautiful America.

"But, gentlemen, when one considers the proposal we now have before us, one is hard-put to . . . to . . . What I mean to say is that one is hard-put, when one considers the proposal now before us. Look at Washington. Remember how he prayed at Valley Forge. And remember Lincoln! He was shot. Shot doing his job, like a good soldier. And then there were Garfield and Harding—yes *there* was a President! But to get to my main point: the defense budget." Several members stirred. They wondered how Parke had managed to remember what the proposal was after his miniature tirade.

"Yes, gentlemen, the defense budget. We are being asked, this year, to give forty billion dollars for the defense of our nation. Do you realize how many Revolutionary Wars Wash-

ington could have won with that much money? He wouldn't have had to fight—why for forty billion dollars, King George—or was it Edward?—would probably have sold England. And do you realize where we'd be today if we had bought England back in 1776? My God, what a magnificent investment! Why the dividends alone—even if given in deflated English pounds—the dividends alone would surely serve to crucify mankind on a cross of gold. I quote, of course—that was originally said, as you all know, by Horatio Alger. Now there was a senator! But to return to this forty-billion-dollar budget; do any of you realize the buying power of that much money?" Parke reached into an attaché case and withdrew a ream of papers.

"I have some irrelevant figures here," he said. "The defense budget of forty billion dollars would buy twenty bottles of beer for every man, woman, and child on the earth. Now my friends in the Beer Lobby would probably go along with a proposal to the effect that the government . . . that the government. . . Well, they'd

go along with it; and such a proposal seems a lot more reasonable to me than spending the entire wad on rockets, bombs, tanks, submarines, olive-drab uniforms, and the Naval Academy football team—which really is . . . it's . . . I mean, just think of the goodwill we would spread by buying twenty rounds of beer for everyone—all on the U.S.!

"Another possible use for the forty billion is recreation. Why, we could spend the money on some form of recreation which allows people to relieve their aggressions. Pinball would be a likely sport—anyone can play. The proposed amount of forty billion dollars would buy a lot of pinball games. In fact, if every pinball game were to cost, let us say, a nickel, then forty billion dollars would buy eight hundred billion games. And that, gentlemen, is a lot of pinball in anybody's book. This would enable each person on earth to play four hundred games of pinball. If each pinball game took three minutes, the forty billion yearly defense budget would supply everyone with almost a full day of pinball. This number, it seems to me, would be sufficient to work off all the tensions that cause wars. Excessively aggressive persons, like Dulles, could be given the free games won by all the rest of the world. That would keep them too busy to do anything but play pinball games." Up in the Press Gallery a reporter was busy drawing a rough sketch of the Secretary of State jumping up and down in anger after having tilted Gottlieb's "Ace's High" on the fifth ball with only one hundred thousand points needed for a free game.

"Why, gentlemen, forty billion dollars would buy 666,666,666 $\frac{1}{2}$ three-piece suits—enough for every Wharton man until the end of time. Or it would buy 5,714,285 $\frac{3}{4}$ Cadillac convertibles—enough for every college student in America. And that, gentlemen, would mean a lot—especially to our wonderful, glorious youth. Remember it is our youth that . . . that . . . Why, speaking of youth—and I'm glad that this came up—speaking of youth . . . of yes, the defense budget. Why, speaking of youth, as I was saying, the forty billion dollars in our defense budget would pay one person's average fraternity bill for over a billion months—that's 83,333,333 $\frac{1}{4}$ years—which is far in excess of the life-expectancy of any frater. Why, I remember when I was in the Wharton School of the University . . . University of Pennsylvania. . . Well, I remember it well, and I wish you all had such wonderful memories as these.

"And when it comes to education,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 20



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

gentlemen, may I say with all due sincerity that . . . that . . . When you consider that it costs my *alma mater*, the University of Pennsylvania something like fifty-two million dollars a year to operate; why gentlemen, that's . . . that's . . . Why, our forty-billion-dollar defense budget could run the University of Pennsylvania for seven hundred sixty-nine tuition-free years, and you all know what that would mean to the students. Therefore, gentlemen, I respectfully submit . . . I respectfully. . . I've lost the train of my thoughts, but you get the idea, gentlemen, we're spending an awful lot of money." Parke sat down, trying to remember the proposal he had planned to make.

There was a commotion on the floor, and Congressman Twirp stood up. Twirp was the head of the House Committee on Un-American Watch-dog Committees for the Control of Subversive Activity Within the House.

"Mister Speaker," Twirp whined, "it seems to me, and doubtless it seems to all other patriotic, loyal American citizens who love their mothers, that the Honorable Representative from Ardsley-Park-on-Hudson is a Red. I don't want to accuse anyone, but this man is dangerous and he should be investigated immediately. He is like a malignant growth within the midst of our flower-like perfection. He is also a non-conformist, and besides he's a Whig. I have, as everyone here knows introduced several bills to outlaw the subversive Whig party, but in the past everyone has been complacent. But now you can see the danger these men represent to our American way-of-life. This horrendous threat must be stamped out and destroyed before it spreads." There was thundering applause, and someone in the Gallery threw a tomato at Parke.

Suddenly, the entire House turned on him. Yelling like Indians, Democrats and Republicans alike charged the lone Whig.

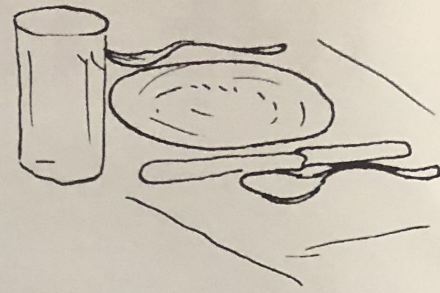
"Blood, blood," they screamed.

"But . . . but . . . I didn't," Parke began, then he felt himself fall. He called out for help. He was on the floor, his eyes tightly closed. Slowly, Congressman Parke opened his eyes. He was lying on the floor of the warm, dark Congressional Lounge.

"Hmm, must have fallen asleep," Parke mused. He stood up, and started back to the session. On the way, he dropped a thick sheaf of papers into a wastebasket.

"Probably never pass anyway," Parke said to himself. He re-entered the session and took his seat.

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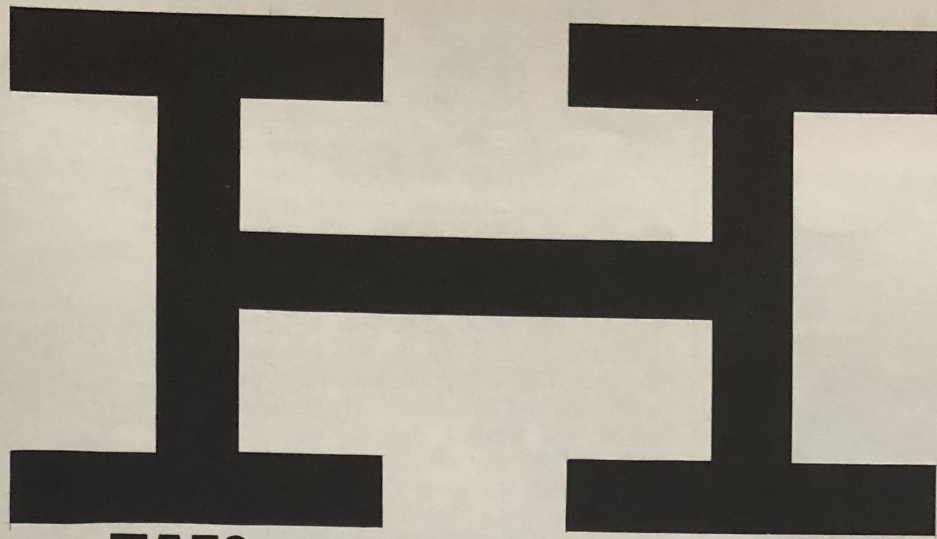


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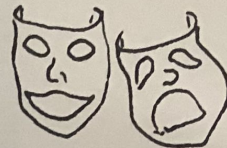
There was a boy. He was pure, simple, and naive. He was a prep school student. Then the boy entered the great University. He learned of its traditions and its customs. He learned much. He learned that he was no longer a boy, he was now a man. He learned that the great University was not really great. He learned to appreciate music he really didn't like. He learned that the true mark of intelligence was in never discussing intellectual things. He learned that bad marks are good. He learned that joining is bad, but fraternities are good. He learned that drinking is bad, but it is fun. He learned that Professors are always wrong. He learned to take gut courses. He was now a true University student.

One day as he strode down the hallowed, dirty paths of his great University which wasn't great, he saw a sign. "JOIN THE ANTI-TOGETHERNESS CLUB TO FIGHT TOGETHERNESS. Don't be apathetic, be a living member of your community. Join Now! Put an end to Joining!"

Long shadows crossed his path as he turned his footsteps toward home, his fraternity house. He passed the crowded student union building which nobody frequented, through the filthy city, and came to the house where he and his brothers, who weren't brothers, lived. He sat down on his sofa underneath the modern painting which he didn't understand. He put on his hi-fi set and played some music which annoyed him. He looked at the rows upon rows of books lining his bookcases, which he really hadn't read, and he thought and he thought and he thought. . . .

Once upon a time, there lived a very old man. He lived many years from now. Early, before the machines in the factories started to hum, before the lights in the offices went on, before the electric typewriters started to pound out their incessant rhythms, before the jet busses started their daily runs, before the electronic garbage disposals started working and before the milk was ready to flow from its proper faucet, he arose and cooked his breakfast over a wood fire.

The Stage



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He walked to his work over a time-worn path and did the job which he had been doing since it had been assigned to him, fifty years before. He did a job, he didn't do it well because it couldn't be done well, but he did it regularly. He wasn't recognized and he wasn't advanced, because everyone had forgotten that his job existed. He was truly the forgotten man. Still, every month he received his check from the electronic check writers, who ignorantly went about their task of paying him for a job which the electronic brains said he did.

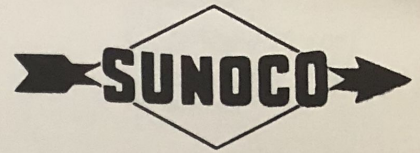
One day the old man did not get up early. He did not get up at all. The machines in the factories did not start to hum; the lights in the offices did not go on; the electric typewriters did not pound out their incessant rhythms; the jet busses did not start their daily runs; the electronic garbage disposals did not start to work; the milk never flowed from its proper faucet and the electronic checkwriters ceased writing checks to people for jobs of which it was ignorant but which an electronic brain (which was also not running) told them to pay. The whole world stopped running.

Confusion reigned everywhere. Society was lost. The old man was dead. There was no one left to push the button.

Some people are born winners and some people are born losers. No, I know you don't want to admit it. Losers never like to admit it, but it's true. The winners? Why these are the people who are really with it, these are the "in" people. These are the people that are really on the ball. Now what of the rest of us. We're the people who never quite made the grade. We're the second-bests. We're the also-rans. We're the fellows who never quite made the football team, but we cheered . . . boy did we cheer. We're the ones who never made the student government, but we're the ones who gave them trouble. We made their job. We're the clods who teach the ideas which others have thought up. We get sick so that the doctors can take care of us, and get in trouble so lawyers can get us out of it. We don't create the masterpieces. In fact we don't even buy them, but we look at them. Yes, we're the losers. Now don't feel so bad. We number in our ranks some of the greats of history. Look at Caesar who got it in the back from Brutus, and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 27

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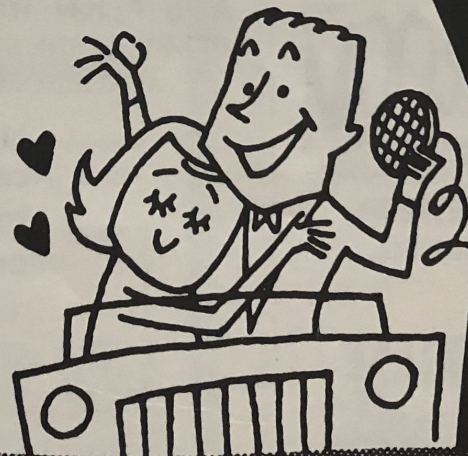
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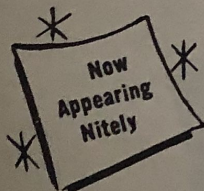
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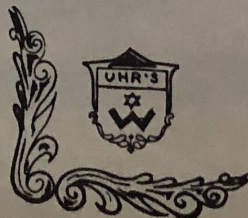
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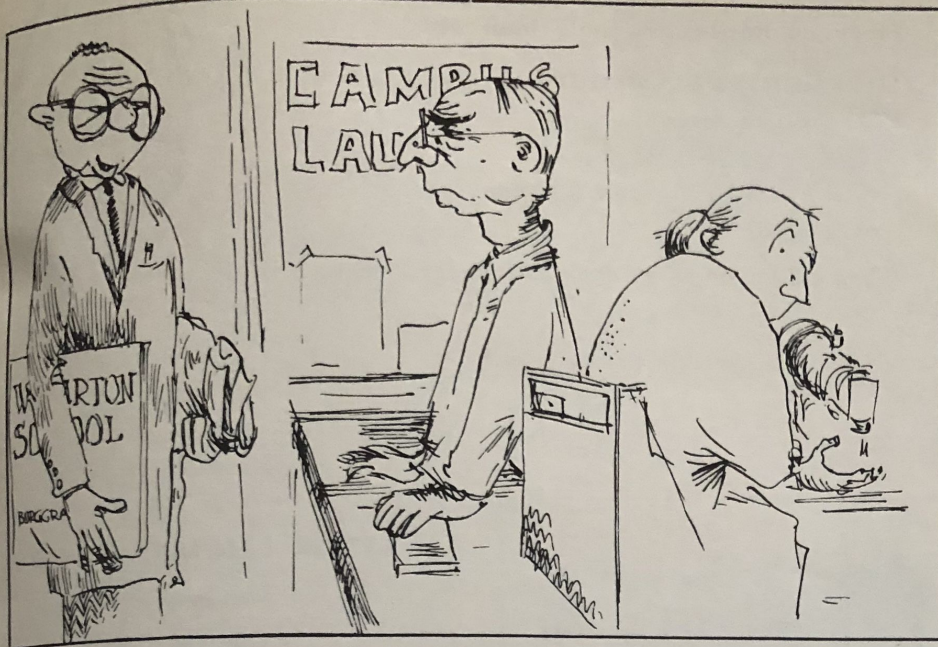
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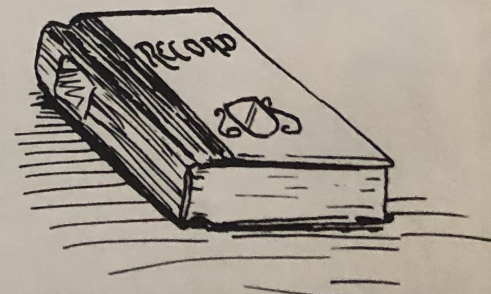
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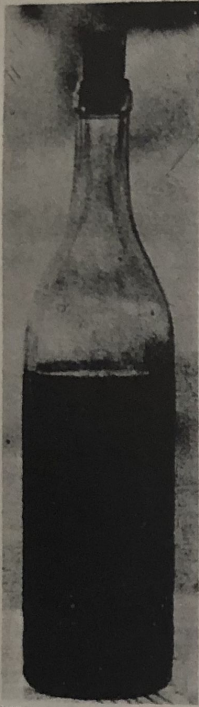
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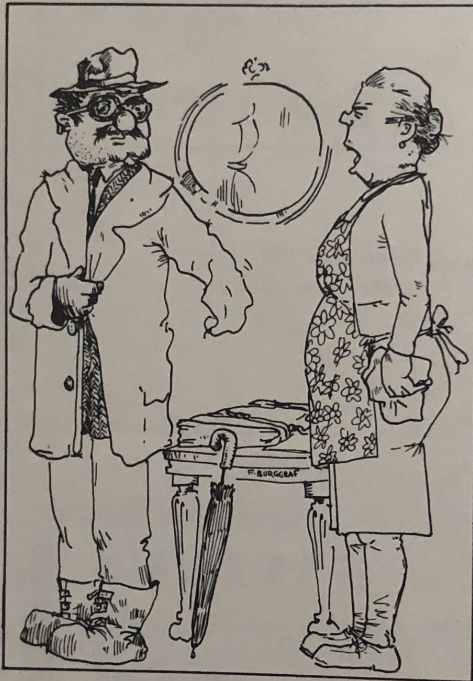


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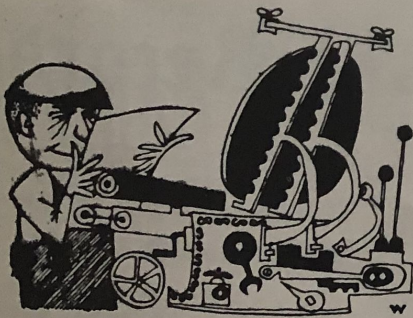
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Socrates who talked himself into drinking poison. There's Samson who let a woman con him out of his hair and Louis XVI who completely lost his head. All the people who lost elections and all the people who died in battle for a cause of which they weren't even sure. There's even Clyde Clod, the head bricklayer when they built the Empire State Building. Remember him? What has history given him? Yes, he's a loser; they're all losers. Losers of the world unite, we have nothing to lose but our individuality.

by Martin Neff

Sarah Fonzo, charming hostess of **Da Vinci's Italian Restaurant**, and Bob Frank, currently directing *Miranda* which opened at the Academy of Music on January 3rd, announce the recent opening of **The Stage**. This distinctive, *membership-only CAFE* has so far proved to be highly successful, and presently several top artists are scheduled to visit the club.

THE COMPLEAT REPAIRMAN

I had the misfortune once of living in a house where not one single lock worked correctly. I succeeded in fixing about half of them (the mechanisms averaged three parts each). Since then, whenever there is the least sign of faltering in an object around the house, I quickly step to the fore with a screwdriver, a pair of pliers and a knowing smile, brushing aside all onlookers lest some *amateur* chance to make a blunder.

My first act is to look over the item carefully to find the cause of its misbehavior. Having decided that I can't possibly tell from the outside I loosen the first nut or screw that presents itself. This has no visible effect so I continue piling up a collection of nuts and bolts until some important-looking section falls off. It is not at all unusual at this point to find that the removal of the other bolts has loosened several smaller parts which now fall into the main works and disappear.

Still being unable to locate the center of trouble, it becomes necessary to take off a few more gears and wires which are carefully placed in order on the table until I brush them on the floor with my sleeve. By now there is nothing left but an empty shell and a pile of scrap metal. After looking at the whole thing disgustedly for a few moments I throw it in the waste basket while muttering about inferior workmanship and how we needed a new one long ago.

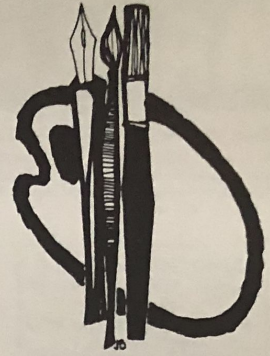
If anyone knows a cure for this mania, please write me at once since our radio just went on the blink and I am sure that I will burn out all the wiring in the house if I am not stopped.

by Derek Davis

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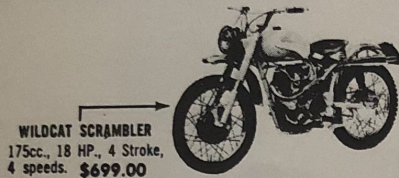
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Credits

Derek Davis, a sophomore in the College, majoring in journalism, devotes full time to his intended profession.

Bill Hardesty, who considers his position as president of the newly formed English Honorary Society second only to his honored position as a member of THE HIGHBALL Associate Board, is a senior transfer student from the University of Maryland in Munich. The "University of Maryland in Munich" confused us too—but that's what Bill says.

Bob Marritz, a junior studying both in the College and the Moore School, proves quite an interesting guy if you can understand him. Bob seems to have only one interest, jazz, but every time he swears that this is his last jazz article.

George Merlis is a junior in the College, majoring in creative writing. George is known as quite an unpredictable guy, in fact we're never quite sure what he is going to pull next. We hear that he has offered the University a large sum of money to erect a triangular football field, providing more goalposts for freshman to knock down after we win games.

Marty Neff, we're sure, is a member or contributor to most of the organizations on campus. With all that extra work we're not sure how he manages to pass. Maybe he doesn't. Principally, Marty is a senior chemistry major, Managing Editor of *The 1959 Record* and Dean of The Franklin Society Photographers.

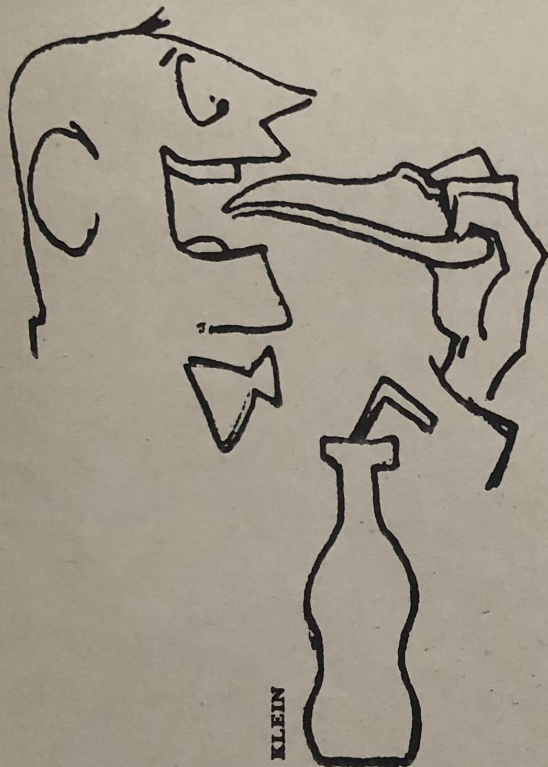
Jim Parish, a College sophomore, has contributed much toward the greater glory of the magazine. He has been a member of the Marching Band and the Pennsylvania Players.

George Pins is Promotion Manager of the magazine. George Merlis' roommate, a junior in the College, he is majoring in promotions, we believe. The Georges are always promoting one thing or another.

Dave Port, HIGHBALL Advertising Director, is responsible in many respects for this issue. We haven't read the reviews yet so we don't know whether to blame him or praise him.

He is a junior in the College, majoring in zoology. A member of Kappa Nu, he was recently admitted to Alpha Epsilon Delta, the premedical honorary society.

Carol Ann Trimble, Editor of *The Pennsylvania News*, is a junior in C.W. The CAT sharpened her literary claws, and lent a hand in the revamping of this issue.



THE

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