



01 Apr 1965

## The Missouri Miner, April 01, 1965

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BLUE JAY'S OVER BEAR TRACKS'

## Faculty Decides on Night Classes at Blue's

At the weekly meeting of the MSM faculty and administration on Monday night, it was decided that evening classes would be held starting immediately if not sooner. A place to have these classes was the immediate concern of the Group. Various factions in the Group became so unruly that Merl Baby decided to call in Col. Taylop who in turn called for the Pershing Rifles. They really marched in there, proudly and put on a show that has yet to be equaled by any cub scout pack. The Group was struck with such awe that while they stood there applauding and cheering, they were slowly cut to ribbons by swirling and twirling bayonets. After order was restored, suggestions were then accepted.

The Tater Patch was suggested along with the Top Hat Lounge; however, the popularity of Lou Short's Blue Jay swayed the vote to that locality. The Tater Patch was a strong contender, but was voted down because of the distance from the present campus. Captain C. G. Christ was in favor of this suggestion because he said that a good brisk walk would do everyone a world of good. The Top Hat was voted down because someone had mentioned that they had heard that Bear Tracks had been nicked and dimed to death. You have our sympathy Daisy. Now, instead of your regular duties of waiting tables, drawing beer, replacing empty barrels, filling up the coolers, tending bar, sweeping the floor, mopping the floor, etc., you will also have to count the money. Rudy's was suggested by O. K. Manual and S. B. Hanna. In fact Rudy put in new booths in anticipation of the classes, but was unanimously voted down because no one thought that they could be done by eleven-thirty every night.

The discussion ended in an uproar, because Professor Woolf started crying and stamping his feet. It seemed that he was disturbed about the decision to eliminate Bear Tracks. Prof. K. Mouldy also appeared a little disturbed; in fact he offered his slightly used handkerchief to Woolf to wipe the tears out of his eyes.

Miner editor  
accused of  
being drunk

Greg Junge, editor of the Miner, violently denied charges last night that he was a confirmed alcoholic, and that he has threatened to fire any subordinate who would not contribute to his weekly liquor fund.

"Sure, I take a little nip every now and then and now and then! How in the hell do you think I'd get the paper out if I didn't. Man shall not live by bread alone, ya know."

The classes will be conducted similarly to nothing else on campus. It is a pre-requisite that you are 21 or else have a fake ID card (The Student Council will make available a fake ID to anyone wishing one that is under the age of 21 and unable to get one by the usual means.) It is also required that you stay until classes are dismissed, which will be approximately 1:30 A.M. The only homework that will be assigned is that you must go to one of the Greek Houses on campus and sponge (or steal) as many eggs as possible. You must then fry these eggs in bacon grease that is extracted from the bacon that is also sponged. After completing your assignment you must promise to go straight home and go to bed so that you will be all rested up for your 7:30 class the next morning. The classes will begin promptly at 9:00 every night except Sunday; however, it is strongly recommended that gun sessions be held before every class.

(Continued on Page 8)

## Increased Power To Spread KRAP Over Wide Area

By ROTT SKOFF

KRAP, the Residence Halls Radio Station, has received a donation of new equipment from KILL, the St. Louis Globe-Republican Station. The new device, known as a transmitter, will enable KRAP to broadcast to cars in the M. E. Department's parking lot.

Pox Bowers, General Manager of KRAP, expressed his appreciation to KILL, and described the changes a transmitter will bring to KRAP. "Of primary importance," he said, "is the fact that students driving in the South Campus area will be able to receive KRAP on their car radios. Our transmitter will enable them to hear KRAP in the S. U. as well as along State St. from 12th to 13th St.

Bowers told the Miner that the station will expand its program schedule in order to better serve the student body with its new transmitter. "On Friday and Saturday nights," Bowers said, KRAP will broadcast until 2 a. m., the hour when the coeds turn into pumpkins." The station normally broadcasts until midnight.

Programming for the additional two hours will consist of two types: from midnight to 1 a. m. KRAP will broadcast "Music for the Resistance," and from 1 a. m. to 2 a. m. the station will air a program of lullabies.

Bowers stated that "the acquisition of our new transmitter brings our student station one step closer to its goal of bringing KRAP to the entire Rolla Community."

# The Missouri MINOR

UNIVERSITY OF MISSOURI AT ROLLA

VOLUME 51

FRIDAY, APRIL 1, 1965, ROLLA, MISSOURI

NUMBER 24

## Playboy Club Comes to Rolla; To Occupy Lovely Rolla Bldg.

ROLLA (Special) — Hugh M. Hefner, President of Playboy Clubs International, has announced the mid-April opening of the Rolla Playboy Club. This is the third Playboy Club in Missouri. (The St. Louis Club was opened in 1962 and the Kansas City Club in 1964.)

Atop the Rolla Building, the Club gives you a breathtaking view of the MSM scene from the third floor. A staff of 10 lovely Bunnies from the city of Rolla and the University itself are on hand to serve you as you move through four distinctive Clubrooms — Playmate Bar, Living Room, Penthouse and Party Room — all combining to give you a night on the town under one roof.

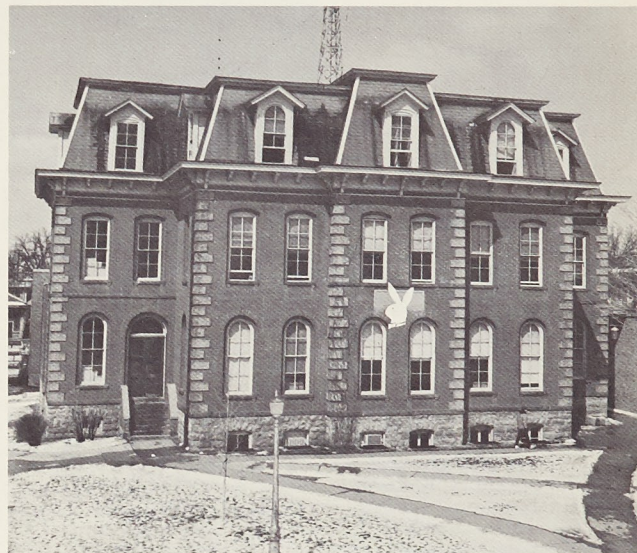
Located in the Rolla Building of MSM, the Club is centrally located and is easily accessible by all Miners and various V.I.P.'s. From the airy, distinctly colorful walls, the eye arresting modern paintings stretching from wall to wall, the illuminated Playmate transparencies and Playboy cartoons pinned precariously throughout the rooms, the warm paneling and high gloss from the latest hardwood flooring, the visitor feels as if he has entered an urbane version of a Dante's Inferno palace. What brings the fantasy into focus are the indigenous Bunnies, who smile, beguile, serve drinks, supposedly dance, check coats, take pictures of and with patrons backdropped by the unsurpassing beauty of the surrounding scenery — in short, make the Playboy Club keyholder feel like a sultan with the sword of Damocles hanging above his head. Our man, Carl Christy, blending vivid qualities of this multitiered structure with the lively esprit of the Bunnies, reports: "Entering the Club on any level, flashes of delightful flesh pop in the semi-darkness as the Bunnies move about. Their throats and bosoms gleam, their Bunny costumes pointing up their natural gifts. As

the eye accustoms itself to the romantic glow, more exciting visual rewards ensue. Then, focusing our attention further, we notice that there are girls here too."

As we tour the Club, we find the second floor converted into

Room. Our Photographer, R. R. Bloesener, finds many interesting and phenomenal poses for his camera here. The Miners can be seen looking at these pictures for hours on end.

The Living Room consists of a



Pictured above is the home of the new Rolla P. B. Club viewed from an office in the Chemistry Building.

the Bar and Living Room. Avoid in the cracks and holes placed throughout the building which enhances its beauty, we step into the Bar. The unusual sense of losing one's stomach as the floor drops several feet adds to the feeling of omnipotence and splendor which the keyholder finds throughout the building. Bobbing disdainfully as we cross the floor to the Bar, we immediately notice the breathtaking picture of our recent Playmate, who happens to be from Rolla. Seeing the picture, we undoubtedly see why the hog market has arisen quite markedly. Leaving the Bar and its sulphurous tinge wafted with a satanic aura, we proceed into the Living

multitude of chairs, sofas, and other such bits of furniture found quite comforting to the member and his Bunny. Crossing the room with its predominant ability to remove any sort of ganglion nerves resulting primarily from the sudden removal of the member's stomach from the ties of his inner body, we step up to the base floor and approach the steps leading to the Penthouse and Party Room.

Approaching the staircase, we find the manager, John Oldrain, blinding in with the building itself unusually well. Attired in his tribal best, we see the importance of his position as he sands there,

(Continued on Page 4)

## Tailgate Starts Commie Chapter Here

Last Monday at 12:00 p. m., Col. R(usski) Tailgate spoke at the founding meeting of the MSM chapter of the U.S.S.S.R. (Union of Students Seeking Sexy Russians). Col. Tailgate gave a speech entitled "From Russia with Love" and commented on Political Corruption in Peking.

The meeting was held last Monday to observe the anniversary of the birth of Karl Marx, who taught Math at MSM from 1907 until 1917 when he decided he was too nice to be a Math teacher. He then incited the Bolshevik Revolution.

Under New Business, plans to fake a bomb scare at the Student Council General Lecture were discussed. However, these were abandoned because it was thought that MINERS couldn't be scared

by a bomb after being exposed to some of the shotguns on this campus.

The meeting was closed with several verses of "How are things in Stalingrad tonight?"





# TS-US Cites Minor for Having More Garbage Than Any Other Paper

The Testing Service of the United States (TS-US) announced at a press conference held in the kitchen of the Stud Union that the MINER holds more garbage than any other college newspaper. The TS-US conducted the tests with five grades which ranged from extra fine, fine, average, unsanitary and rotten, in which the MINER held more than 25 times its weight in garbage.

This same test was made on last year's newspapers and the editions produced since September of 1963 holds 34% more than any issue produced in the previous year.

In the laboratories of TS-US garbage collected from the fraternity houses, Rhyl Cafeteria, the Student Union and the local restaurants was weighed and graded. The testing report had this to say about the campus garbage. "... and the best specimens came from the Student Union." It should be noted that this honor was held by Rhyl Cafeteria last year. Holding this honor disqualifies the recipient in the next year's competition.

When the level of humidity in the garbage was changed, some new and quite unexpected results were obtained. As the humidity approached 100 per cent, the amount of garbage increased with the square of the percent. The TS-US has formulated an equation for this phenomena:  $Weight\ of\ Garbage = \% \ of\ H^2 \times NMM$ . This means that the amount of garbage that any issue of the MISSOURI MINER can hold is equal to the percent of the humidity squared times the number of pages in the particular issue of the MINER being tested.

The weight is expressed in Now's per page. Dr. Now, the director of TS-US, worked on this project this year. His text EE171 is considered a masterpiece in the numbers of Now's per page.

During an interview Dr. Now

stated, "We have never before had anything to test that was as interesting as the MISSOURI MINER. I am considering modeling my next text on the MINER."



Pictured above is a girl who we do not know at all, but we are supporting her for next year's Student Council president.



## What Kind of A Man Reads the Miner

What sort of a man reads the Miner? Miner readers know where to find good clean amusements. They frequent some of the classiest lounges in town, and are well known and respected in them. Notice the Miner reader pictured

above. He has a strong, intelligent look on his smiling face. His well-built frame is clothed in only the best in men's wear. And notice the sweet young lovely in the background looking admiringly at him. She travels in the highest

societies and knows that a Miner reader is the most distinguished Bon Vivant to be found. When you next choose your reading material, choose a Miner. Be distinguished, be well-informed. Read the Missouri Miner.

## Dr. Banana Mystifies Students With Weekly Quizzes

The Chemistry Department of MSM is indeed lucky to have on its staff that internationally renowned man of intrigue and mystery, S. B. Banana. Dr. Banana has become so engrossed by the recent rise in the interest in stories of international espionage that he has transformed his Chem 3 classroom into a den of mystery and bewilderment.

Secret instructions are given to his agents every Friday when S. B. gives his weekly hour quiz.

The quiz is written in code and it's a complete mystery to anyone who's not one of Dr. Banana's Special Commandoes. However, using a special deciphering code, the undercover agents can get their instructions and relay their information back to Dr. Banana by answering certain questions on the quiz.

Dr. Banana realizes the importance of keeping the morale of his commandoes high. However, a serious handicap has arisen by the

lack of beautiful, international female associate spies. Dr. Banana tries to make up for this loss by doing a striptease at the beginning of each class period, but response was so poor that he usually stops half way through his performance.

Dr. Banana's latest episode occurred last Friday when an enemy agent attempted to break into his office and steal some of the confidential material which he received on the quiz that Friday.

Dr. Banana surprised the culprit before he was able to decipher any of the quizzes. The agent escaped, however, because S. B. did not have a large enough audience present for him to give chase.

Besides these various activities, Dr. S. B. Banana has also received the title of "Man From A-U-N-T." (Anonymous Union of Neurotic Teachers). So fellow commandoes, keep up the good work. Maybe someday you too can become an S. B.

### MINOR INTERVIEW

## Married Student Reveals Life of Love

For all who are contemplating either matrimony or suicide while still attending college, the following interview of a typical married MSM student was arranged to give the Miner's faithful readers an idea of what they might be getting themselves into.

Miner Reporter: Here we are on a typical Midwestern campus in a typical American college town, and I have before me a typical married MSM student, who for ethical reasons and his own safety I will call simply Mr. Kudenwait. How long have you been married Mr. Kudenwait?

Typical Married Student: Well, let me see, we were married in August so I'd say roughly about seven months, two weeks, three days, five hours and forty three minutes. . . . I don't have a second hand on my watch.

Reporter: Do you still feel that you made the right decision by getting married before graduation?

Student: Definitely! Definitely! Being married has really taught me how to cope with responsibilities, especially in maintaining a high grade point here at MSM. You know what they say, "Behind every successful man there stands a woman. . . and his wife."

Reporter: I see. You look a

little nervous. Here, have a cigarette. What other advantages have you found in being married, Mr. Kudenwait?

Student: Probably the most obvious one is in my social life. I never have to worry about getting shot down with a party weekend



Typical MSM married student returning home after a hard day at school.

coming up, and unlike most guys around here I don't have to live from one party weekend to another or run into St. Louis every week or two to have my horns trimmed.

Reporter: Don't you miss the freedom you enjoyed before you were married? Going to general lectures and heckling the performers when you wanted to, meeting the guys downtown to take part in a little impromptu riot, or drinking beer with the other Min-

ers any night of the school year?

Student: Frankly, I don't miss that at all. So what if I only go to the tavern on nights when the University Dames have their meetings? Strictly off the

record you understand, I could go drink a few every night of the week if I really wanted to.

Reporter: How does your wife like living in such a typical college town?

Student: She loves it now, but she had a rather difficult adjustment period to get through first. Working in a typical campus office, she naturally chose the Student Union as a likely place to take her coffee break. My wife used to be self conscious about people staring at her. . . .

Reporter: Mr. Kudenwait, what do you think. . . .

Student: Could we cut this interview a little short? I don't mean to be rude, but I only have about seven minutes and thirty eight seconds to get home in. My wife worries when I'm late.

Reporter: Certainly. I understand perfectly. One last thing, though. Have you found it much more expensive to be married while in school than it was when you were single?

Student: I really couldn't say. I never get to see my wife's paycheck. Sorry I have to run. Goodbye.

Reporter: Thank you and goodbye Mr. Typical MSM Student.

## No Future; Can't Find A Job ?

To Whom it may concern:

You wanta know why things are so tough nowadays?

U. S. Population	.....160,000,000
People over 60	.....62,000,000
People left to work	.....98,000,000
People under 21	.....54,000,000
People left to work	.....44,000,000
People work for U. S.	.....21,000,000
People left to work	.....23,000,000
People in services	.....10,000,000
People left to work	.....13,000,000
People in state jobs	.....12,800,000
People left to work	.....200,000
People in hospitals	.....126,000
People left to work	.....74,000
Bums, etc.	.....62,000
People left to work	.....12,000
People in jail	.....11,998
People left to work	.....2





### The New Christy Minstrels To Perform at Student Union

The New Christy Minstrels will appear on the MSM campus on March 20 instead of the previously announced date of March 28. Performance will be held at 7:00 p. m. and 9:00 p. m. in the Student Union Ballroom.

The New Christy Minstrels have backgrounds as varied as their talents. However, when you put them together they combine their great talent for music into a streamlined group which is unsurpassed for folk harmonizing. Let's examine these varied backgrounds to see how each one makes the art of music.

Karen Gunderson began singing while in junior high school, and shortly after completing her college education, she joined the Sherwood Singers folk trio. Her love of folk music led her to the Back Porch Majority, a group formed by Randy Sparks to act as a "farm team" for the New Christy Minstrels. From there it was but a short step to the Christys.

Ann White began her formal voice training at the age of five and continued throughout her educational career. Her first professional experience came when she joined the Back Porch Majority in Los Angeles; there she learned the New Christy Minstrels' material and soon found herself an active member of the group.

Barry McGuire was discovered by Percy Lee while singing in a club in Santa Monica. Soon after his discovery, Barry was booked into the Little Club in Beverly Hills. His becoming a Christy was inevitable since Sparks had auditioned him.

Light attracted the four: Lyle Ray, Robbie Jr., 18; Ronald Mullberg, 18; Jody Rill, 18; and Lander Harvey, 19. Wednesday, March 17, in connection with the theft of a postage stamp vending machine from the Tucker Price Sundries.

Light said the youths have admitted stealing the machine from the firm, forcing it open, taking the money and throwing away the machine.

As part of the movement of the M-Club to become a highly reputable organization on campus, the M-Club will

### Circle K to Give Award to Outstanding Teacher

In an attempt to provide suitable recognition, the Circle K Club is setting up an "Outstanding Teacher" award to be given annually starting this spring.



Miss Virginia Barfly says "I always read the Miner because it covers the whole story."

# Returning Civil Describes Conditions

Last September, when I returned to school from a long needed vacation at a mental institution, I walked into the wonderful C. E. building. Upon entering from the west door, I walked past the second door on my right, where I heard seven people arguing. I couldn't help looking in, and when I did, I thought I'd better go back to the rest home. There were only two people in the room. They were both only about five feet tall. One of the instructors was twirling a Volkswagen key and the other was talking so fast that all I could see was a mustache vibrating up and down which seemed to be saying, "I don't give a hoot; I don't give a hoot."

As I walked into the office to see where my first class met, there were two men standing there talking, and I couldn't understand either of them. Mr. Spoon was standing there whispering to someone who was spouting off Greek phrases. Finally they both took a pencil and paper and wrote each other notes.

I turned and asked a man with a beard, where I could find out where classes met. He replied with a swamp-East Missouri accent, "My name is Normal Brown, and there is a poster in the hall, on this LEVEL, PLUMB straight down the hall 7,6843 feet." "Thanks, Normal?" I replied, and got the hell out of there.

When I finally found the classroom, there weren't any desks left and about forty people standing around. Everyone was singing "For he's a jolly good fellow." All of a sudden, the door opened and the cutest little fellow I have ever seen came walking in followed by a middle aged man in a Santa Claus suit ringing a bell. Everyone gave a hard look to the fellow who appeared to be a graduate student. I thought they were all crazy because he looked like he wouldn't hurt a fly, or should I say he couldn't hurt a fly.

He walked to the front of the room, stood on the desk so everyone could see him, asked the fellow in the Santa Claus suit to stop laughing and ringing that damn bell. Then he turned and looked at the class. Everyone was silent except for santa who was still chuckling a little. "My name is Sonny Job," he said, "and the following students will go to

the nest room for my section of this class." As he read off the list of names, people were fainting, cursing, and going over to the registrar's office to pick up drop slips. When he finished he said, "Before you go, I have a shotgun for you and an assignment of 45 problems to be done for next time. By the time he dragged all of his students out of the room, the other fellow had taken off his Santa Claus suit and was lighting his pipe. As soon as the door closed, everyone commenced to sing "For he's a jolly good fellow."

Before he said anything, he picked up all the little pieces of chalk from the rail and threw them out the window. Then he turned and said to the class, "Never throw the little ones in the wastebasket because the janitor always puts them back on the ledge."

Just as he was about to get on the serious side, he accidentally knocked the Santa Claus bell off his desk and the class immediately started singing "For he's a jolly

good fellow" again.

Next, he laid down a few set rules to be followed throughout the semester: No one may bring any magazines to class unless they bring Playboy or the C. E. magazine from that month; no one is to turn homework in, because it takes too long to grade; everyone has to smoke and put the butts out on the floor, to get even with the janitors for putting the little pieces of chalk back on the ledge; you can bring anything into a quiz with you except a grad student (they don't know anything anyway); and anyone caught snoring or bringing a pillow and blanket to class automatically gets dropped to a "B" for the semester.

When he dismissed class, half of the students went directly back to the bookstore to get back half their money for the books. They said they didn't even need a book now. The bookstore only gives half the money back because the students need something to moan about and the bookstores graciously (Continued on Page 7)

## Doctor Neehof Lectures on "Basic Drive of the Male"

During the last week, a very informative lecture has been presented by Doctor John Neehoff to the group who have been in Rolla for a period covering one weekend. The topic of the speech was "The Basic Drive of the Male" or "How to Cure Your Horniness in Ten Easy Lessons."

In this discourse, "Doctor Jack," as he is affectionately called by his "students," began by explaining the art and methods of kissing. However, as he continued, it was fairly evident that the Miners had no idea what he was talking about. This group had yet to reach the intersexual interdigitation stage.

Completely surprised by their lack of "knowledge," he reverted to his reliable demonstration methods. Two members of his research group, Young Americans for Sexual Freedom, came out on the stage to demonstrate the many facets of making love. Many Miners began to get a real rise out of the demonstration as it be-

came more involved and the performers were forced to leave the stage.

His talk, having been completely disrupted, Doctor Neehoff ended with this piece of advice:

Sex is like show business; When its good, its good, When its bad, its still good.



Dr. Neehof shown keeping abreast of the situation.

## The Pathway To Success Is Before You!!

Now You, Too, Can Train To Be A Campus Cop!

### In Two Easy Lessons:

- 1) How to ticket a car
- 2) How to act busy while robberies are taking place

ENROLL NOW!

At the JOHN TRYON School

FOR YOUNG CAMPUS COPS  
(Scholarships Available)





★ A DREAM COME TRUE ★

# M.E. Department Develops Impossible Quiz

The latest news around campus is that the M. E. Department has finally done what they have been attempting for many years, ever since its conception on this campus. They have developed a quiz that is impossible to work. Actually in the last 20 or so years, the department has been making great strides toward this accomplishment, and has come nearer and nearer to their goal, but in the last 8 years the objective has been closed in on with increased fervor.

According to Dr. A. Ron Dials, the head of the whole shooting match at the Student Union annex, better known as the M. E. Department, the quiz is not yet quite ready to be sprung on the students, for it must be run through an exhaustive test program to determine if the quiz is as hard as it seems to be. After all, just because the quiz seemed impossible to the gang in the M.E. Department who do all the "teaching" is no sign that the quiz would be at all difficult. It is common knowledge that the students in the M.E. Department have a higher degree of intelligence than the profs.

The outline of the testing program to determine the usability of the quiz was outlined to this reporter by Dr. Dials himself. I was to meet him in his office (which overlooks the Student Union — probably so Doc can keep an eye on his boys) so that I could be filled in on all the details.

Before my interview with Dr. Dials I had a class in the Mining building, where most of the M. E. courses are taught. On the way over to Doc's office I walked through the M.E. parking lot, which probably has more new cars parked in it than a car dealer's lot.

Dr. Dials came walking out of the M. E. building — he said that he was going to discuss the quiz with one of the Younger members of the department. He walked over to an old station wagon and said to the driver "Say Grandpappy, what do you think of our little masterpiece?" The driver of the car stepped out, thought for a moment, and pulled a funny looking pair of glasses out of a pocket (or was it a moth hole?) in the brown sweater. It looked

as if he had worn the sweater once or twice before. Finally he said to Doc "They probably will appreciate our efforts here at the School of Mines when they get out into industry."

When we walked back into the M. E. building, we ran into Kenny Suspender. "Just the man I wanted to talk to" said Doc "but don't you have a class this hour?" "Sure" said Kenny, "but I left one of the students in charge of it and I'm on my way to the Student Union." Doc then asked him his opinion of the quiz. "Frankly I don't know, but I'll find out by tomorrow."

In walked Edward Charleys,

who was mumbling something about a four bar cotton chopper. "Hi Ed," said Doc "what is your opinion of the quiz?" "I wouldn't have any idea of how to work it . . . it's too easy."

I went with Doc over the Chancellor Baker's office. Doc said that he had to get a permission slip to use the drinking fountain in Mr. Anderson's machine shop.

Doc said that he would treat me to a cup of coffee, so we then trudged over to the Union. Amazingly enough, a few of the ME Profs were there. "Hi boys, what are y'all doing here?" questioned Doc. Prof. Snowfield answered. "We are waiting for Hap-

py John Sour — He's always ten minutes late."

Profs. Jonesey and Rymington were discussing whether a student should get  $\frac{1}{2}$  cut or  $\frac{3}{4}$  cut for being more than 55 seconds late. Neither of them was too interested in the M. E. Department developing an impossible quiz. It seems that they do a pretty good job on their own.

I had a class coming up, so I told Doc that I would have to leave. I thought I would ask Doc what good the quiz would do. He pointed out the new facilities of the Physics Department. "Impossible quizzes have worked wonders for them, haven't they?"

## Physics Department Converts Nuclear Reactor Into Campus Swimming Pool

With the rapid (?) approach of the warm weather of spring and summer, all Miners will be happy to learn that the new swimming pool at MSM has now been opened for the use of the Miners and the co-eds. That's right!! Finally the Physics Department got wise and converted the nuclear reactor into our new campus swimming pool.

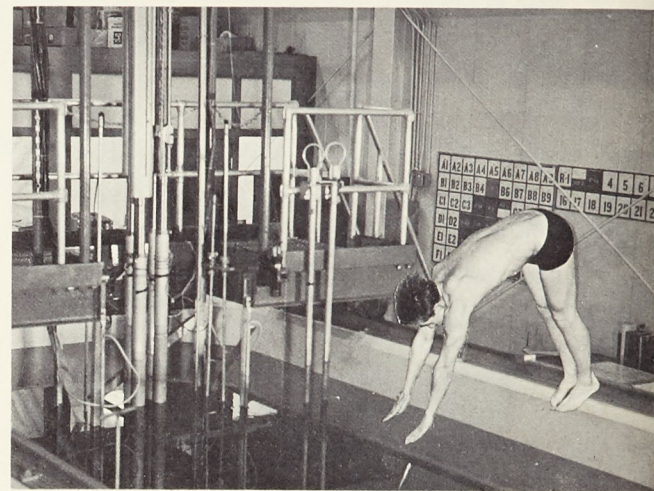
For a while, it was OK to use it as a nuclear reactor, because it was the only one in the state, but now Mizzou has a nuclear reactor, so our campus lost the distinction of having the only reactor. What else was there to do but convert the reactor area into something useful, a swimming pool. And secondly, Mizzou has a new swimming pool, so we Miners also have the right to a new one.

When asked how he liked the new pool, Joe Miner replied, "It's great, I really like the purified air and water in and around the pool." Due to the approaching summer, Joe also suggested that the ex-reactor building be remodeled and equipped with a convertible roof.

Another added feature is the distinction of being served by

Bunnies while you are relaxing around the pool. In fact, the chancellor is considering having the name of the pool changed to

the weaker sex have been dropped. Now the co-eds are allowed to use the pool at any time they please, not just when the Miners



Pictured above are the new swimming facilities at MSM.

Playboy in Gymaccia.

This pool is certainly superior to the old one in many ways. Perhaps the most important of these is the fact that all bans against

are not using it. Of course the co-eds are encouraged to go swimming nearly every day now so that they may enjoy the pool to the greatest possible extent.

## Women's Aid Trying To Close All Bars

The editor has been approached by numerous representatives of the Women's Aid society recently trying to get this crusading paper to do a crusade about the wicked conditions in the town's vice ridden honky-tonks. We would like to report that we have just completed extensive research into this sinful condition, and can truthfully report that no such condition exists in our fair city.

We did observe, however, the usual wild times that are had in these establishments, but they are nothing for our kind ladies to be concerned over. All barkeepers interviewed reported a standing policy to bounce any varmint that shoots another during a poker game, and they always call the sheriff the morning after some

cayuse attacks one of the almost-nude dancing girls.

We faithfully tasted each of the different kinds of drinks served in every tavern in town, and the rumor that they are watering the drinks more than 50 percent is completely wrong.

As a witness to the high-standing of the town's saloon-keepers, we point out that Slippery Sam Studface was last month elected vice-president of the North Central Indian Territory Association of Card Sharks.

The saloons of this town are fit places for your menfolk to hang out in. And we can promise you we'd feel the same way even if we didn't have a press pass for all the local saloons.

## Rolla Playboy Club

(Continued From Page 1)  
following the Bunnies with his eyes as they scurry up and down the stairs, only to make sure they do not stumble and deglorify their beauty. Passing the oral quiz an coordinating conjunctions, we journey up the stairs, pausing occasionally to secure our handhold and footage. Here we notice the surpassing beauty and colorful array of the many color combinations displayed upon the stairway — regurgous gray, paltry green mixed with bright red, and a few droplets of excretory brown. Hurrying to the top, we enter into a world of fantastical imagery and originality. Inching our way on the two by four placed at our convenience to separate the second floor from the third, we see, looking down, the many members occupying the Bar and Living Room, and endeavor to reach the terrace. Reaching this pinnacle of creativity and safety, we notice the unusual display of greatly enlarged pictures of Herbert Hoover and his glorious era. The Bartender, J. W. Carr, decked in an outfit to supplement the scenery,

prepares us a special creation conceived by the Chemistry Department of the University, there being nothing better for them to do than think up concoctions to dismantle the minds of people.

Leaving this obelisk of beauteous sublimity, we chance to step into the Party Room. The creaks and groans emitting from the up-heaving floor as it vibrates up-and-down (in correlation with the in-and-out movements of the walls) adds magnanimously to the overall rigidity and convulsion of the room itself. We find the Room packed to its utmost capacity of strength, as it is every night. Sliding to the center of the floor, we notice the ample space and open airiness available to us and the third floor of the building. The band, employed directly from Bill's Barf Basket where they were recently discovered, resounds expertly. During their performance, Playboy Bunny "Legs" Rogue astrides the piano and illustrates to us the new and modern dances, accompanied by the facial expressions ever so necessary to become a good dancer, with the crowd in-

variably attempting to imitate her antics. Leaving the couple behind, we proceed back through the Club and, passing our reporter Carl Chrispy as he swings to us "I Want to Be Loved by You," we kiss the Tiki God feverishly in the Lobby, placed at our disposal, and depart from the building, noticing the swaying of the structure as the night and activity wear on.

Thus, one may see that the complete range of Play-boy styled entertainment makes it possible for you to spend an evening on the town without leaving the Club. The showrooms offer an entirely new show, as some people would call them, every two weeks. The specialties of the Playboy Club are at your pleasure. For your key privileges to this Club and others like it, see H. F. Frueger, who may usually be found at the University Student Union eating lunch anywhere from 8 a.m. to 2:00 p.m. Apply for your key now — the Key Fee is still in effect. Our roving reporter, Carl Chrispy, will enlighten you as to the Fee.

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# Uphaval Accompanies Name Change

Our recent change in name from Missouri School of Mines and Metallurgy to University of Missouri at Rolla has brought about significant changes in our administration.

To start at the top—succeeding absolutely no one — is Dr. Pearl Taker, who, to all outward appearances, is our chancellor on the road. A home chancellor does not appear to have been appointed as yet. There seems to be no rush for this appointment since Dr. Stogey Tomson is filling the job as Dr. Taker's proxy.

However, while the two doctors bask in the lime light, we ponder who is actually doing the work.

Mr. Robert B. Dewis has accepted the job of roving rush chairman for the University. But much to the advantage of the Miners, in his absence is still under control of First Sgt. Tucker.

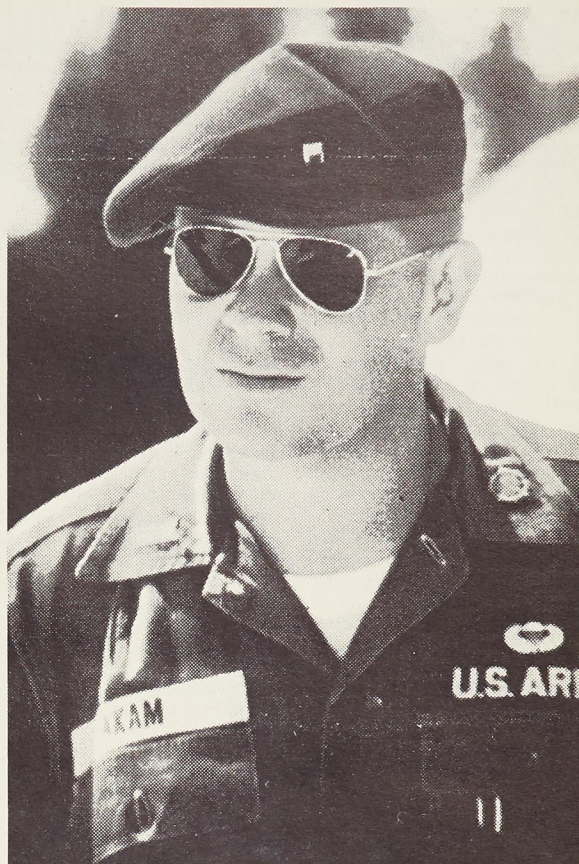
Another new addition to the staff is Mr. Sam Hurtin (Kissing cousin of Beer Tracks and Blue Jey) who is our Director of Student Personnel. Unwilling to follow school tradition, he has not yet planned our annual spring riots.

Retired General Cockroach has replaced Mr. Elmly as Publicity Director for the school. This was done to allow Mr. Elmly to devote all his time to raise enough money

to take his wash board and comb group to the World's Fair and embarrass the school real well! If Mr. Elmly is looking for some talent, we'd like to suggest he contact Col. Now — we understand he's pretty good at blowing his own horn!

Dean Leon Hersey Switch may seem to be in exile, but actually he has moved to the Buehler Building where he amiably directs our placement program. One might say he has been displaced to placement.

Last (and least) in the administration is John Trying — Director of Traffic Safety. He and his henchmen may be seen slipping around campus stealing students' stickers from their cars. This is understandable, since we found out he receives no salary, except for what he bilks from the students.



If I Had to Do It All Over Again  
Would I Take Army R. O. T. C. ?

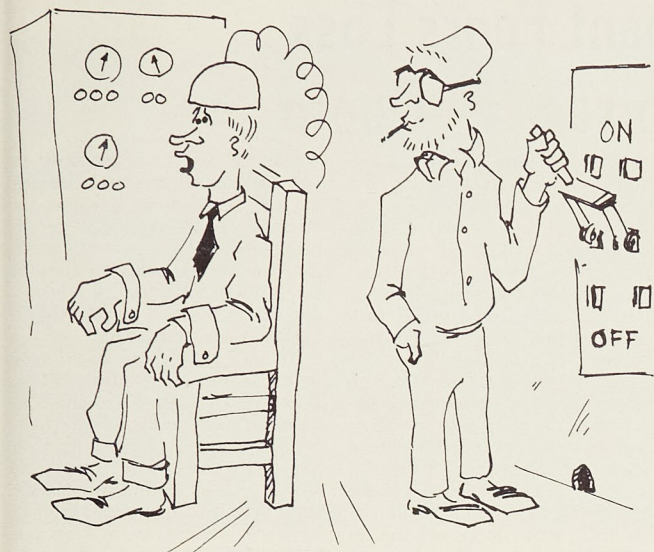
HELL NO!!

Look at it this way. I like the idea of doing challenging work. That's why I volunteered for Special Forces. So you can see why I felt pretty good when the Army assigned me to Viet Nam. Here I really feel I'm doing something for the cause of my country in these important times. How many jobs can you think of that start you off with this kind of responsibility? My wife's not here, and she loves it. But I get by anyway. I get a chance to travel, to meet the people, to learn new languages and customs. And there's a pretty active social life off limits, too. But above all, I'm a second lieutenant with a job to do and responsibilities to shoulder. I like it that way, and I have a hunch that my leadership training and guerilla experience will help me out whatever I do when I get out into the business world. Take it from me, if you're already half-way towards your commission, see it through rosy glasses. It's a Big Deal. I know."

to them) Well, when the Traffic office discovered the problem, they immediately assembled all their resources and . . . closed for the weekend.

Now we are back to the present. The new parking lot is part of the campus program for expansion and the Traffic Safety Office's idea for efficiency. The plan calls for contractors to tear down the Rolla Building, Student Union, M. E. C. E., E. E., Met., and Mining Buildings and replace them

by a large asphalt parking lot. Yet, you may cry in the depths of painful despair, "What is left of our beloved campus?" Well, that's the idea. One of the administrators, looking deep into his keen and intuitive mind, came up with this explanation: "Miss Jones, you can't get away this . . ." Oopse, wrong quotation. Well, look at it this way, at least there won't be a waiting line for parking permits.



"It's all over with Nau."

## Parking Poses Peculiar Problems

"Notice: Parking permits will be issued to all students of MSM." No, you're not imagining things. By proclamation of the Traffic Safety Office, that noble institute of student protection, all students at MSM will be allowed to park their cars on the new campus parking lot. Yet, you may ask, where is the new campus parking lot? The answer to this question will take a little explaining.

You see, at the beginning of the school year, the Traffic Safety Office found themselves with twice as many applications for parking permits as space allowed. This presented a problem, and everyone knows how boring it is to think out the solution to a problem. But, by self-sacrifice and a keen insight into the national parking problem, the Traffic Safety office did it again (Not all at once of course, that would be gang tactics). As a solution our fine administrators came up with this idea — issue a parking permit to everyone who applied. In this manner, they felt that some students would become discouraged with the lack of space and walk to school. Well, it didn't quite work that way. The M. E.'s not finding space in their lot, parked on the Math lot; the Math Majors, now not having enough space, parked on the Civil lot; the Civils parked on the Physics lot; the Physics Majors on the Mining lot; the Mining students in the experimental mine; the E. E.'s parked in their usual spot, in left field; and the profs, in the only place left for them, parked in a peach orchard. (Peaches bearing the greatest resemblance

## Registrar's Girls Riot; Protest too Much Work

Now that the great Registrar Riot is over, let us review the causes and results. Susie and Sandy (they are the two good-looking ones) wanted a covered walkway between the Student Union and Parker Hall. This would protect them from the elements when they go to and from their 15 half-hour coffee breaks in their rough eight hour working day. They threatened to wear long skirts in the Union if they did not get the walkway.

Mrs. Pucker's Shock Corps (that's all the rest of them) wanted a new broomport built on the Student Union roof because the existing one is too small for the heavy traffic of girls (?) flying in and out for coffee breaks.

They also sought an end to all paperwork. (Just last week, they processed two drop slips, sent out three transcripts, and opened seven "Junk-mail" envelopes.) This was the main reason for the riot, that lasted 30 minutes after the initial paper clip and rubber band attack on Paw Flounder's office.

This reporter was on the scene to interview the rioters within minutes after the initial outburst of violence. I asked an ugly blonde why she was shooting paperclips into the Assistant Dean's office. She said, "They just give us more work than we can handle — imagine changing 3,000 schedules so that each one has five 7:30's and at least three late labs." I then was so bold as to ask for her name so I could use it in the Miner. She consulted with another dog before she

barked, "If you want that kind of information you will have to fill out form GO-2-L and wait until it is processed through the proper channels."

"I don't get it," I replied. "Exactly," she cried, amazed at my brilliance. She then threatened to give me a higher student number if I bothered her again. I screamed out in horror, "Oh no, anything but that." Since I did not care much for her sinister "Anything?," I retracted my previous statement. Then she bellowed, "That's all for you fella, your new student number is — 6,023 X 10 to the twenty third." When I innocently queried, "Isn't that Avagadro's Number?," she spit out a vile "I should say not, there are no Avagadro's registered here — even among the foreign students."

The riot came to an abrupt end when one of the "girls" noticed it was time for another coffee break. As they rode skyward, Paw Flounder was heard to remark, "Well, I guess we'll just have to take the girls' paper clips away for a little while."

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# Physics Department Adopts New Grading System

Because of recent vitriolic attacks directed toward the Physics department by the students of UMR, the faculty of that department met last week to improve their grading system. Dr. Fuller, department chairman, requested that all teachers in the department attend the meeting. The graduate students, however, were noticeably absent. Most of them gave the excuse that they "had too many lab papers to grade". Two of them, however, evidently were working on a thesis which related physics to agriculture for one was heard to mention something about a "tater patch" and another mentioned a "moo tray."

Many solutions were offered which showed the extreme insight of the physics profs into the problems of the students.

Dr. Anderson had recently noticed that Washington University is in the process of adopting a grading system whereby the student would not be given a grade,

but instead told whether he passed or failed the course. Dr. Anderson unsuccessfully suggested the department use three standards: just barely pass, fail, and fail miserably.

Dr. Cole cozily proposed that "the solution to this problem is very simple. We simply give the same type of quizzes that we now give, but instead of grading them on the curve, we grade by school standards. All OK? It is simple to see that we could then flunk 80 percent of the students rather than the 30 percent which we now give the shaft. All alright?"

At this point Dr. Fuller reminded everyone that the purpose of this meeting was to help more students pass the course, not hinder them in doing so. Four more illustrious instructors then asked to be excused from the meeting, nothing that since that is the case their proposals would not be accepted.

Dr. Jensen then mumbled something, and Dr. Pauls observed

that many students complained that "A-bamb" quizzes are too long. He saw the obvious solution to this: Make the test periods 3 hours long so that all students could get finished. He then said something about no one getting finished even in that time.

Dr. Jensen then mumbled something, and Mr. Phillips said that a course in confidence should be a prerequisite to the physics courses because possessing confidence was half of passing physics atrocities . . . er . . . tests.

Dr. Jensen then mumbled

something, and Doc Warren hilariously suggested that the students be allowed to take the quizzes home to work on them. When this proposal was rejected, he puffily recommended something about "going down to beartracks." He evidently hunts to relieve his tensions.

Dr. Jensen then mumbled something, and Dr. Fuller said that as head of the department he felt that he had a very good suggestion and he was sure that everyone would concur. He suggested a simple equation: take the integral of  $(10003692 dx -$

$.2642) / 230$  zero where  $x =$  the individual student's grade and  $z =$  the highest grade in class and a score of between 8 and 10 is equal to an A; between 7 and 8 a B; between 5 and 7 a C; between 4 and 5 a D; and below 4 is failing.

All the other profs saw great promise in this revolutionary new system. Prof. Jensen mumbled something, and the meeting adjourned with one of the profs mentioning something about "blues." Evidently he was working on a project concerning the spectrum.

## New Liberal Arts dean will strip all requirements

Chancellor Merl Baby announced last night the appointment of Miss Jingle Belle as the new head of the Liberal Arts Department. Miss Belle will be working under J. C. Pogue, the new Dean of the Arts and Sciences. Said Pogue, "I'm delighted to think that Miss Belle will be working under me."



Miss Belle

In her first official statement to the press, Miss Belle told this reporter that she definitely intended to play up to the Liberal Arts. "Matter of fact, honeychile, I intend to play up to the liberal

Bill's, liberal Tom's, liberal John's, and just about everybody else who's liberal."

Miss Belle also announced her intention to change her office hours from the conventional 9 to 5 routine to a 10 p. m. to 2 a. m.

routine. "That's when I get my best work done," she noted.

Commenting on the appointment, Chancellor Baker said that it was a very difficult decision to make. "After close contact—er, that is, after carefully interviewing all the candidates, I came to feel that Miss Belle had the most on the — well, anyway, she was the best applicant."

Miss Belle comes to MSM after a distinguished career with many national advertising agencies, for whom she wrote such famous slogans as "I dreamed I went on stage without my Maiden-form bra." She also professes great admiration for Karl Marx and his famous plea of 1848: "Workers and the World, unite."

## Math Department Fears Loss Of "Image"; Raises "F" Quota

Rejoice; Rejoice, I say, for the improbable has finally come to pass. The all seeing, all knowing, and omnipotent hierarchy of this great University have realized the dire need of a "reincarnation" of the Math department and have bestowed upon a number of new department policies and Math instructors.

I find that the major policy change in the department is the raising of the quota of F's to be given out per semester. The percentage will be increased from the usual 60% to 75%. (Any instructor flunking less than 75% of his students will be required to submit a written report to Robert "S." Kermann explaining why so many students passed.) The reasoning accompanying this excellent change is that the Math Department will become more exclusive thereby raising its "image" on campus.

I am happy to report that each of the new instructors possesses a fervent, burning desire to instill in each student an insatiable appetite for mathematics. Of course, our present instructors possess the same desire. It is evident by the way they come to class with prepared lessons, answer all student's questions directly and constructively, and put their *job* of teach-

ing ahead of their own selfish ambitions — such devotion.

I hope that the new instructors can measure up to, and surpass, the present ones in all respects. After all, following the illustrious examples of such famous men as Frank "Humble" Waltmann, Jack "Blackboard" Offmann, Red Smythmann, and James "Explicit" Joimann is no mean task. A resume of some of the more endearing characteristics of these men and the effective teaching methods employed by them will probably be appreciated by the new instructors as they will undoubtedly strive to exceed the remarkable records set by the present instructors.

Mr. Waltmann is highly respected for his personal humility and an excellent ability coupled with firm desire to answer all the questions asked by his students.

Another instructor with this unusual willingness to answer student's questions is Mr. Offmann. Abounding with an inherent nature of helpfulness, he frequently compliments students on their work at the blackboard, instilling in them the spirit of learning. Much can be said for Jack's teaching methods.

Last but not least is the marvelous ability exhibited by Mr.

Joimann (and a number of others not mentioned here) in answering the questions of his students. His answers are explicit — to the point — giving the student a readability understandable solution to the problem. Yes, many students owe their success in the Math Dept. to Mr. Joimann.

Though I have mentioned only a few of our present instructors, I believe that these are the outstanding men in the Math Dept. By patterning their teaching after the above mentioned men, and adding a few new ideas of their own, the new instructors should have no trouble in making our Math Dept. one of the finest in the country. Of course, I realize that a good solid foundation in mathematics is not important in an engineering education but it is comforting to know that the intelligent, willing, and courteous instructors of the Math Dept. are always around, eager to help the student with any problem.

## Reporter Interviews Typical Miner

This is Willy Lye, your behind the scenes Miner Reporter, and today we are going to interview a typical MSM Miner. We would like to find out the true feelings which students hold for this school through our interview. Let us begin.

Reporter: Joe, what did you hear about MSM before you came here?

Joe Miner: I heard that the student must learn to proportion his time — half sleeping and half at the tavern.

Reporter: Do you feel this has come true?

Joe: No, more time is spent at the tavern than sleeping.

Reporter: How do you find time to study?

Joe: To do what?

Reporter: Study.

Joe: Oh, study — I tried that once.

Reporter: What happened?

Joe: I fell asleep.

Reporter: How do you ever expect to graduate?

Joe: Quick eyes and a good pony.

Reporter: In other words you are going to cheat your way

through school.

Joe: Oh, I wouldn't call it cheating.

Reporter: What would you call it?

Joe: Common sense.

Reporter: I see; Tell me, how do the girls stack up around here?

Joe: Artificially.

Reporter: Do you feel that they have anything to offer to the Miners?

Joe: Yea, but it usually costs you.

Reporter: Yes-well let's leave the social aspect for a while and talk about school.

Joe: O. K.

Reporter: What is your favorite Dept. on campus?

Joe: Definitely the Math Dept.

Reporter: For what reasons?

Joe: The head of the Dept. is such a friendly chap and another reason is because they grade so easy.

Reporter: Go on.

Joe: Everyone likes it there so much that they usually stay six or seven semesters.

Reporter: Just because they like it so much?

Joe: Oh yes.

Reporter: Would you recommend MSM to anyone who ask you about it.

Joe: That depends.

Reporter: On what?

Joe: Well, if they want girls — forget it; if they want a quick, easy education — forget it; if they want to learn how to drink — then here is the place for them.

Reporter: If you had it to do

over again, would you come to MSM?

Joe: Yes, definitely.

Reporter: Would you list a few reasons?

Joe: Oh, let's see — Bear Tracks, Blue Jays, Rameys, etc.

Reporter: Thank you very much for your time, Joe.

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# MINER

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The combined circulation of the Missouri Miner and Life Magazine is no less than 37,153,715. This is the greatest weekly circulation in the history of both publications and we are happy and proud of it. The popularity of the Miner seems to be exceeded only by that of Typhoid and Charming bathroom tissue.



"After working like a dog all day, I like to relax with a Stag and a Miner," says Mr. Wolf of the Metallurgy Dept.

## ROTC Dept. Seeks Recruits

The military department here at MSM is currently in a state of terrified turmoil. Colonel Grumbling, under the direction of Major Flack, has been working to his utmost in order to bring about enough revisions in the current ROTCIE program in order to seduce and induce the innocent freshmen to proceed on the road to an army career. There are many frosh, however, that are adverse, to say the least, to being pressured by the "Riviera set" into herASSment in the RA.

We have attempted to collect some of the more serious and more worthy comments by the first year guinea pigs, with this result: "Me? Sophomore rotcie? Huh, who are you trying to kid. I've almost lost one thumb!!" There are a few Frosh who are declining due to financial problems: "Gee, I sure would like to, but . . . uh . . . I JUST CAN'T AFFORD ALL OF THE BRASSO AND BLACK POLISH!!" When asked why he was going into sophomore rotcie, one level-headed young man answered, "I just want the socks and tie; then I'll drop."

We have just received some of the straight poop on the new changes in the department. Col. Park-it has informed us that the flight boys will, due to their recent disappropriation of one plane, have to start using helicopters next year . . . they should be a lot easier to land. Flight instruction will have to be improved; after all, it couldn't be screwed up any more, so the only way to go is up !!! So far the only training the boys have received is Screwtson's third law of gravity: Whatever goes up, must come down . . . preferably on a strip!! Stuff like radio technique, solo

instructions, and compass pyramidal regulation have been put off so that courses such as advanced water-tower recognition, "follow the highway," etc. may be substituted. Well fellows, good luck with the choppers.

We have it from Col. Winkey-dink that the map-reading course will be rerouted so that there will be more class participation in the course. Each cadet will be given a 3" x 3" portion of a map of Outer Mongolia and will be asked to describe the terrain as well as plot out the only possible location for a headquarters base . . . now one guy is going to have a Heck of a time trying to put HQ in the middle of a river, but this is only a trivial matter. Each cadet will also be required to draft a half scale map of Missouri — relief may that is. Ain't that gonna be a mound of dirt!

Sgt. McGuffey will be in charge of the weapons course next semester. He has said that besides bolting the demo weapons to the table, there will also be a revision in the approach to the entire discussion. Practical application will be highly stressed: The feasibility of substituting M-60's for zip guns for the average thug; the grave-digging capability of the 105 Howitzer; target practice with anti-aircraft weapons on civilian aircraft; the cost-fun relation of using Hawk missiles on the fourth of July . . . all sorts of goodies.

All in all, the military department is on the upswing which actually is no real improvement due to the fact that the Good Colonel Grumbling and his team have two strikes on them already: 100% decrease in enrollment and an overstock of 1300 slightly (very slightly) used books!

## Financial Aid Given to Jocks

This year marked a new milestone in athletic history on the MSM campus. In keeping with the increasing emphasis placed on winning teams, by the loyal school spirited student body, our esteemed faculty and the Board of Curators have seen fit to allow the athletic department to instigate a thorough revamping and restaffing program, highlighted by "recruiting with financial aid."

In the past financial aid has been a very nasty word which just didn't exist in connection with Miner athletes. But due to decreasing numbers of bribes offered the Miner jocks by the underworld, it was decided that our boys weren't meeting the UWBA (Underworld Bribers Association) standards. This meant that our squads reached an all time low in cash received and would soon be below the salary range of the MSM coaches and faculty. Therefore some means of subsidizing stars had to be devised.

One of the newer members of our present administration devised the idea of giving athletic scholarships which he heard was sometimes done at other schools. Thus began the all out recruiting

of nationally recognized high school athletes, using \$ \$ \$ as an incentive for joining forces with MSM's world renowned athletes.

Since the inducements given to all Miner stars is surpassed by very few schools, extremely high standards have to be met by any aspiring varsity jock. A few of the requirements to be met by the boys were related to this writer

a week during the season, (4) not smoke more than three packs of cigarettes a day, unless he rolls his own, (5) be a member in good standing of the NCAA (National Collegiate Alcoholics Anonymous), (6) be conceited, (7) promise to wear varsity letter jacket twelve months out of the year, (8) be able to add a "dis-tink" air to the campus, (9) have



Typical M-Club member.

## Humanities to Be Banished at MSM

A wail, a moan, a few frantic arguments, then silence. With this, the Humanities Dept. faded into oblivion. The administration had finally decided to do away with that source of grade point and literary confusion — the Humanities Dept. Says Chancellor Bicker: "All their long, hairy reading assignments take away from the students valuable study time. It is much more important for an engineer to know that the function of u to the n power, f(u)n, equals the integral of e to the x, S(e)x, than that Emerson was the key figure in the transcendental movement. It's really hard to build a bridge that is based on the fact that Washington called the Mt. Vernon Conference to discuss navigation of the Potomac.

The Humanities Dept. had a few things to say in answer to Chancellor Bicker, most of which cannot be printed in this article. Prof. Babbitt, however, made a good point when he said that if you take away the Humanities Dept. none of the slide rule manipulators would know the real meaning of dilly-dally. Prof. Rogue, Head of the Grade Point Dept., said that he will make available a few humanities courses to those desiring students, even if he had to teach them in a room over one of the local drug stores. After all, this would not be too much different from classes held in the Rolla Building. Prof. Kroogier was the only one in the Humanities Dept. who was in favor of the change. He said: "Now I don't have to come to any classes."

by the head of the athletic department, whose name can't be recalled at the present time but he should know what he is talking about as he seems to have been here quite a number of years. The following are some of the requirements set forth in all athletic contracts signed by all recipients of aid.

(1) must be in the top 90% of his high school graduating class, (2) be able to accept being on a team that loses all conference games, (3) realize that he is expected to practice at least once

athletes foot, (10) be able to practice at least two rules of etiquette, (11) be able to say three sentences without stuttering more than twice, (12) promise not to accept any bribes less than \$50.00 per game, (13) promise to divide all outside bribes received with coaching staff, (14) must belong to at least one Beaver Patrol Association, (15) be able to give three Bars as character references.

With all the Miner jocks meeting the above requirements it can be said that MSM will have some unusually outstanding teams unmatched by any of their opponents.

### CIVIL DEPT.

(Continued From Page 3)

iously volunteered to be the scape goat.

I was standing in the hallway when I noticed how quiet all the students in the next room were. I looked in, and here was Sonny Job, that cute little giving out another shotgun because everyone did so poorly on the first one.

Just as the bell rang, two men came running out of the class across the hall, took off their coats, and started one helluva fight. I asked the fellow next to me what was happening, and he easily replied, "Oh nothing, it's just Mr. Hunger and Mr. Robber arguing over which bank gives the best interest rate."

"Cheez," I said to myself, "I need a beer. The next thing you know, they'll probably close down Ramey's."

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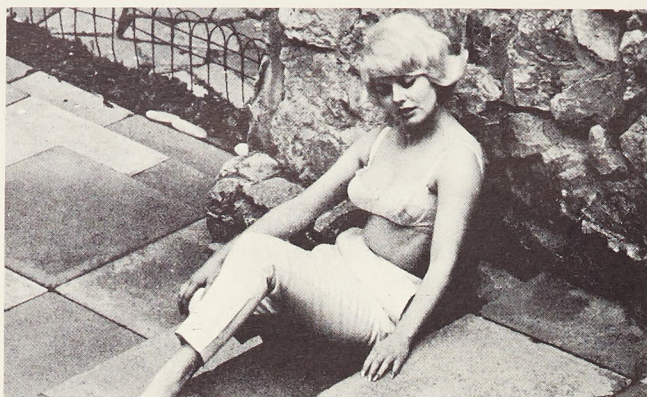
Stewart Granger & Dorian Grey



## Jucy Lucy Challenges Wrestlers

Fie fi foe fum I smell smoke in the girl's dormitory. From among those numerous lovely young felines has emerged a champion of all persecuted womankind. Following the example of Joan of Arc and Betsy Ross, Juicy Lucy Kleitebocker, one of our own coeds has challenged all intramural wrestling champions to hand combat. Juicy Lucy wants to prove once and for all the female is the equal of the male in any situation. (We won't dispute this fact).

Juicy Lucy has quite a record to back up her challenge to all intramural wrestling champions. She was amateur Sumo wrestling champion 5 years running at her local YMCA in her hometown. She beat out all contestants in a weight lifting contest at last year's



State fair. She has a bleached belt in washing and a speckled belt in egg-hatching. She was chosen Miss Elephant of 1964

by the school Indian Association. When a senior in high school she was chosen most likely to make Zoo Parade.

Now which worthy champion will meet this ridiculous challenge thrown out so brazenly. Perhaps we should all have a good laugh and pass it on as a joke. Maybe we should refer her to the infirmary and let them give her a few pills. Yes that's the answer.

## School Officials Decide To Keep Jackling

It has recently been heard that the rumor concerning the need for new athletic facilities is grossly unfounded and uncalled for. Armed with pad, pencil, and six-pack, members of the Miner Sports Staff have ventured into the inner corridors of Parker Hall in the search of the real truth to the matter. In an exclusive interview with the highest of campus authorities, it was learned that plans for the proposed athletic complex have been dropped after reconsideration of the present facilities.

Forming the basis of the decision is the nucleus of the MSM athletic program, Jackling Feld House. A special committee has reviewed the assets of this fine old structure and proposed several possible changes to improve its feasibility.

According to the committee, Jackling Gym has not outlived its usefulness to the University. This is obvious when it is compared to the fine old Rilla Building, which is of course several decades older. In their opinion, not many changes would be necessary to restore the field house to original condition.

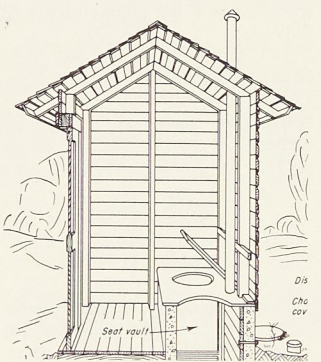
In plans now being drawn-up, the gymnasium itself will be reduced in size to allow construction of concession facilities to be operated by the department. Not only will this additional income help pay for the expenses to Building and Grounds, but it will allow the installation of electricity in the offices. Concession stands will be made necessary by the increased attendance at varsity events, a direct result of enlarged enrollment.

Dressing rooms and showers on the first floor will be eliminated to permit construction of a second and larger swimming pool to be used solely for the extensive physical education program instituted several years back. Elevators will be installed for the convenience of students renting rooms on the fourth floor. Student Housing is taking care of the details on conversion of the handball courts to apartments.

Also under consideration is the possibility of adding another floor to the present building. Besides

containing a branch of the student Union Cafeteria (so that the officials of the athletic department do not have to walk the distance to the Union for their hourly coffee breaks), this floor would house an indoor track and an PE classes will be combined into one hour of instruction in this auditorium.

This vast revision of plans does not leave out the library expansion program which formerly included ideas of building a



Pictured above are the architect's drawings for the proposed field house.

new library. These ideas have been abandoned in favor of relocating the library in the Rolla Building. At this time it is undecided as to what is to be done with the Department of Humanities.

### NIGHT CLASSES

(Continued From Page 1)

The Types of classes have not been decided yet, but Prof. J. M. Brewery vigorously volunteered for the job — he was refused the position because group singing is not allowed.

There will be no enrollment fee as such. It will be desired, though, that each student should be capable of absorbing any fees that may come up. However, a student of meager means should not feel that he is not eligible for the class. Our student servant Paul E. Pindupe has made available to any student with 14 hours minimum of 1,001 accumulative grade point or less, the B. I. G., D. U. M. B. A., S. S. H. O., L. E. loan funds. They are to be used solely for the purpose of these special evening classes. Anyone who wishes one of these loans merely has to fight, bicker or bitch with the two lovely secretaries in his office.

The number of credits that will be received from these classes is in the vicinity of zero, though it is noted that this is subject to change. As is the concern of many students, this will be a grade point course. It will be set up so that it will seriously affect grade points, similarly to the math and physics departments. It will be a progressive course starting with the small essential items and ending up with the real "hard stuff."

## Fullabullman Chosen For Top Olympic Job

It has been announced by the AAU (Alcoholic's Athletic Union) that MSM Athletic Director Gail Fullabullman has been picked to coach the American football squad in the 1967 Olympic Games. The news release coincided with the announcement of the change in the date for the Games, originally to be held in 1968. The change was brought about when it was learned that Coach Fullabullman would not be able to attend in '68 because of the re-establishment of the MSM Athletic Program in that year.

that the MSM coach could apply his knowledge and abilities in a manner only fitting to the World Olympics.

The University's Letterman organization, the N-Club has recognized the honor bestowed upon Fullabullman by presenting its highest award, the famed Bronzed Jock Strap.

When asked for comment on his good fortune, Coach Fullabullman had only this to say, "I will strive to do my best in a way which is only fitting of an Olympic coach, who is of course ex-



Mr. Fullabullman chats with one of his star football players, Tiny Murphy (in foreground).

The naming of the veteran Miner mentor to the coveted position was unanimous at a recent meeting of the AAU officials. In citing reasons for the appointment, one official commented, "Fullabullman's record while at the University of Missouri at Rolla is indeed an outstanding one. Under his able direction, the football and track teams reached for unattainable heights and continuously amazed the opposition with uncanny feats." It was the general opinion of the officials

pected to do a job fitting of the position of the importance of which the position is supposed to be. It is an honor of which I am truly grateful to be a member of the MSM coaching staff for the number of years that have passed by since we have been on the way up. This is to say that I will make a name for the school which will be recorded in history as one of the best Olympic seasons since the very beginning, which is in my estimation a very conservative statement."

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