PLAYBOY CLUB NEXT STOP?

Nightowls Watch As Star Is Born

By PALMER BEARD

A great new talent was discovered late one night last week by Houston’s sleepless viewers of the Vast Wasteland.

Ostensibly a discussion of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, KPRC-TV’s somnambulist “Midnite with Marietta” (presided over by Mr. Marietta who had given his wife the night off) rooted from his second floor office in Anderson Hall the man who promises to be the most successful stand-up (or sit-down) comedian since Will Rogers or Calvin Coolidge—Dr. Francis L. Loewenheim.

THOUGH ASSISTED by two of his colleagues—civil war vet Dr. Frank Vandiver and suave Dr. William H. Nelson—Loewenheim carried the show practically alone. From the opening segment (naturally devoted to plugging the latest books from the Rice History Department) to the last flicker of the kinescope tube, he was the focus of the program.

The opening introductions began with Professor Vandiver. Next came Associate Professor Nelson, and last came Assistant Professor Loewenheim, who efficiently proceeded to take over the show, using everyone else present as foils off whom he bounced his many quips and comments.

THIS EMPLOYMENT of Dr. Nelson as straight-man is nothing really new. The two have been teamed for the past six months in one of the longest-running comedy shows in this part of the country—the catalogue calls it History 100. (The skeptic objecting to the term “comedy show” would do good to ask a typical freshman on probation one of the chief reasons for his predicament. The odds are the answer won’t always be science, math, or Masterson.)

The rapid-fire onslaught of Dr. Loewenheim demolished everyone. He didn’t even stop for the commercials. When new Blue Cheer had cleaned the clothes and Ban had taken the worry out of being close, the cameras swung to the studio to find sharp-shooting Loewenheim quipping away.

Unfortunately, his famous delivery that leaves students two pages behind had a tendency to outtrace the transmission signal. Dr. Nelson’s Frequency Modulated tones had to be occasionally interpolated to keep the technicians happy.

A rumor has been floating around the South Main Shangri-la this past week that enterprising promoters are already trying to spirit away the new star for a series of stand-up engagements at the Playboy Clubs. When cornered in his cubicle, Professor Loewenheim simply said, “W-e-e-e-l-l, you’ve got to ask yourself—What does this r-e-e-e-l-l-l-y mean?”