



IT'S A BIRD
IT'S A PLANE

NO! IT'S A
SPEEDY MAIN-
TENANCE MAN

VOLUME XLII

THURSDAY, APRIL 1, 1965

SPECIAL APRIL FOOL'S ISSUE

Really Big Fun Planned for Jr. Prom

Decorations co-chairmen Mary Schakelberg and Davey Haley have announced plans for an incomplete transformation of the CUB "mess hall" for the second annual Junior Prom this Saturday evening from 8:00 to midnight.

The atmosphere will be distinctively CUBish. The juke machines will be running. From the dish-room will flow the clatter of changing cups and flying silverware.

Mrs. Douati, head dietitian, has offered special assistance to the refreshment committee. She and her girls will furnish such delicacies as three crates of asparagus and four crates of brussell sprouts.

Drinks for the evening will be served by Food Service employees dressed in dainty bunny suits. Prom goers will have a choice of grapefruit juice mixed with milk or hot choco-

late mixed with rhubarb sauce.

Spaghetti will be draped from the ceiling to provide an authentic baroque setting for the dancers.

If the "mess hall" doesn't suit your tastes you may retreat to the relaxed

cultural atmosphere of the PLU coffee shop . . . now completely equipped with a stereophonic juke-box. In keeping with the CUBish atmosphere, the juke-box will be cranked up to maximum volume to

insure the ultimate in distortion.

If this doesn't suit your tastes you may retire to the real outdoors where the CUB fountain has been transformed into a malaria-infested equatorial jungle. Here natives can be seen tromping through the left-overs from the evening's Boarding Club meal in search of missing meal card Nos. 1175 and 1823.

The CUB's leaky roof will provide added opportunity for girls to fall flat on their faces because the slippery floor has already been waxed, buffed and thinly iced.

Music will be provided by Ken Clod and his 47 1/2-piece rag-time band.

Leaks in the roof will contribute to the authentic outdoor atmosphere.

Prom programs are still available from Gordie Sewer, mastermind and head dictatorial consultant for the prom. He announces that the price still remains at the rock-bottom price of only \$5.50 per couple.

The preceding "news story" was actually just a paid advertisement by the Junior Prom Committee.

Ken Clod's band specializes in folksy numbers which other groups have made famous. Some of them, and the best-known recordings: "Can't You Hear My Heartbeat" (marrying chorus), "Red Roses for a Blue Lady" (Sells), "Come Home" (housemother quartet) and "The Diamond Ring" (sandle passers).



ROMANTIC PLU EMPLOYEES will have the one-in-a-lifetime opportunity to dance to the swelling melodious strains of Ken Clod's 47 1/2-piece marching ragtime band. The *New York Times* has named Clod's band as greatest unit for dancing.

Col. Oglethee Praises Pretty PLU Pin-ups

Da Nang, South Viet Nam, April 1—Sun-bathin PLU coeds were given credit here for boosting the morale of our troops in Viet Nam. Colonel I. Oglethee, the commander of the 513th Helicopter Squadron, testified, "We want to express our gratitude to the girls back on the sun decks of Pacific Lutheran for all they have done to please the eyes and gladden the hearts of us helicopter pilots, especially the gorgeous blonde in the teeny weeny bikini and the plump but cute brunette in the topless."

Colonel Oglethee explained that the men of the 513th discovered the PLU sun-worshippers last May when they were flying training missions out of McChord Air Force Base. The squadron is long gone from the Tacoma vicinity, but aerial reconnaissance photo pin-ups of the Lute lovelies grace the walls of every Air Force briefing room and barracks in Viet Nam.

Colonel Oglethee commented, "They raise the men's spirits tremendously and help remind them of what they're fighting for."



Art Barn Honored As World Wonder

At last PLU has achieved worldwide recognition! The art building, for years and years and years a landmark in the Tacoma area, has been selected by the World Historical Society to replace the Sphinx as one of the Seven Wonders of the Ancient World.

This high honor is the result of a rather odd set of circumstances. Several weeks ago at a meeting of the Tacoma Historical Society, there was a discussion centering around architectural landmarks in the state of Washington. Someone casually mentioned the PLU art building. After the laughter subsided, someone else asked how long the building really has been in existence.

Research done on the question

In keeping with the fresh, vibrant involvement which characterizes the mentality of the modern college student, Miss Margaret Wickerbasket, the dean of women, announced today the appointment of a fresh, vibrant, involved housemother for the new women's dorm which is slated to phase out Bergum and Rasmussen next year.

Said Miss Wickerbasket, "This does not imply a revolution in the selection of housemothers. The applicant, Miss S. X. Kitten, has been thoroughly checked out by character references. According to one of her letters of recommendation, sub-

mitted by a Mr. Juan Casanova, she is already an experienced housemother, having run several other houses on other college campuses."

Continued Wickerbasket, "We feel sure that Miss Kitten will fit in well with the Christian atmosphere of PLU. While at Berkeley she was named by a student-wide election the "Most Inspirational Housemother." Furthermore our own man of influence have unanimously declared themselves inspired just thinking about her.



THE NEW housemother for Gester Hall, the new girls' dorm, is Miss S. X. Kitten, center. She is shown with the other new housemothers, those of Foss and Pillsbury Halls, at their summer job with the Salvation Army. The group was awarded the prize for winning the most converts in July.

showed that it was already standing when the first settlers came to Washington. The Tacoma group enlisted the help of the American Historical Society, which in turn handed the problem over to the World Historical Society.

In their archives, the Society found a reference to the art building in the writings of Cyrus, ruler of ancient Persia. The matter was put to a vote, and it was unanimously decided to include the building in the "Top Seven."

Tours of the art building, truly a wonder in its own right long before this new acclaim, are now being scheduled. Visitors are warned that they enter at their own risk.

--Dan Jaech

New Housemother S. X. Kitty Accepted

Such eagerness for inspiration is almost unprecedented at PLU, we feel that we can best encourage such a refreshing attitude by bringing Miss Kitten to the campus. Most of the top administrative officials have enthusiastically agreed.

Two other members of the trio will take position at the new Foss hall for men and Pillsbury hall. Reportedly the men in these dorms are anxiously awaiting their arrival.

The two girls expressed enthusiasm when asked about their attitude towards their new jobs. "This is the sort of thing we like to do; it makes us feel wanted."

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M/M Receives Top Press Honors

The *Mooring Mast* has been declared the nation's best college newspaper. Utter jubilation and joy reigned at the *Mooring Mast* office when the announcement was made.

Over 800 of the nation's 4,736 colleges applied. The *Mooring Mast* actually was the only paper to qualify; all other schools had a readership of over 40 percent non-Lutherans. The award was given by Dr. Frederick Shota, president of the American Lutheran Church.

The highly articulate editor of the *Mooring Mast*, Godefr Pillman, made this typically thought-provoking statement after the award was presented: "I can hardly wait to tell my mommie! And pappie too! Gosherd! If this just ain't the most biggest thing that's ever happened to this great newspaper! Wheel!"

The *Mooring Mast*, affectionately known around campus as the "Boiling Fan" and "the student gripe sheet," had several departments singled out. The copy department, which corrects all spellings and grammatical errors, was praised for being the first totally faultless persching xzyambksoind5 %\$.

Entertainment editor Paul (Party) Pardi was praised for keeping staff morale at an all-time high. The party Tuesday was the best of the thirteen that had taken place in the last week.

The makeup department was commended for its exacting line and article placement.

The photography department was complimented for increasing the importance of the newspaper. At every suspenseful moment of every exciting event on campus, sports or otherwise, all live photographers managed to stand up and block the views of as many of the other spectators as possible. This way, the only way that most people could determine what happened would be by seeing the picture in the *Mooring Mast*.

Editorial Page

There We Stood

The time has come for the thirty-second installment of Mooring Mast philosophy, according to its angry young editor, Codger Pillman. Several recent incidents have forced the Mooring Mast to take another stand.

The most prominent of these recent incidents is the leaky ceiling outside the Mooring Mast office. It positively bugs the editor as he stares out the window tugging at his beard in deep philosophical contemplation to have his reverie interrupted by a drip. The Mooring Mast here and now declares itself against drippy ceilings. Down with drips!

Another recent pain in the neck has been the annoyingly loud ticking of the clock in the Mooring Mast office. Though the maintenance department has been notified repeatedly, NOTHING HAS BEEN DONE! Students, arise! When will the administration realize that students are concerned and interested in what doesn't concern them? The Mooring Mast here and now declares itself unalterably opposed to noisy clocks. Down with noisy clocks!

Editor emeritus Richard Fink declared in an editorial that he has had no major problems with the administration. As you have guessed by now the present editor cannot make the same statement. Only last week an administrative official DIS-AGREED with a statement made in a previous editorial. The Mooring Mast here and now declares itself unequivocally opposed to the administration. Down with the administration!

The Mooring Mast conceives of its role as an obligation to offer constructive criticism such as appears here. We are responsible only to the staff, as interpreted by the editor. The Mooring Mast feels obligated to please its editor: nuts to subscribers —Codger Pillman

MM Makes Audacious Move

Surprise! Mooring Mast favors something!!

After long thought and careful analysis, the Mooring Mast has audaciously decided what it can legitimately and rationally support: motherhood.

Motherhood is sweet and kind and touching. We like motherhood! We support motherhood! Anyone against motherhood is communist. Down with communism!

However, naively praising everything to the skies will not accomplish anything. Constructive criticism is a must. Therefore, the Mooring Mast feels morally obligated not to view the world through rose-colored glasses in all cases.

With this in mind, the Mooring Mast officially denounces the counterpart of motherhood, fatherhood. The advantages of the complete extermination of all forms of fatherhood are unbelievable!

1. Within five years after this proposal is adopted, all theological bickering over infant baptism would be ended.

2. Illegitimate children would become a concern only of the past.

3. It would prevent any problems of a population explosion.

4. Within 120 years after this proposal is adopted, all human sickness and suffering would be eliminated.

We don't like fatherhood! We don't support fatherhood! Anyone for fatherhood is a communist.

Down with communism!

—Rabid Boredom

Letters to the Editor . . .

Dear Editor: PLU students arise! Do you want the campus to be ruled in meetings of the powers that be in the Minneapolis Lutheran Vatican? Shall we be called in skunkous times dearies, liberals, oddballs? Alas, it seems imminent. For next week, the great tradition of Teodoro-aria Lutheran ministers speakers for chapel (Vintage 1920-1915) is about to be broken—a Presbyterian is the scheduled speaker!

Furthermore, informed sources say that there still remains one retired ALG pastor who has yet to speak in chapel this year. Fortunately, a last minute deprecation call to Dr. Robert Mortarboard from pre-sein student Augie Hansen yielded some consolation for The Faithful. Fun-dugs will be available at the door. —Martin Luther Melancthon Augsburg III.

Guest Editorial:

A Stumblin' and A Grumblin'

by Jacques Braun

I am extremely happy to see how our old home town has progressed under the leadership of responsible men of the community such as myself. Not only have we maintained the integrity of the individual against the forces of evil, but we have kept our people master of their own destiny—to do otherwise would be community sewer-side—even though our "terrac" Local University has managed to miss a lit sink.

Summer has it that the new swimming pool that the students are building is going to be turned over to the disposal plant by the Student Legislature to become the "world's first and finest" indoor lagoon. This is the type of sacrifice that makes America great. It is a case where scenic makes cents, and it happens to be the commitment of the students.

Turning to the Justice Dept. of our town, two cases are noteworthy. The first concerns the town electrician, I. C. Sparks. He was brought before the circuit court last week and charged with battery. After consider-

ing his case, the judge said, "Put this man in a dry cell!" And that's where he is currently.

The second case concerns a divorce proceeding. Husband and wife stood before the judge, pleading their cases. The husband was being quite belligerent about the matter. He kept this up until the judge finally declared, "Sir, you have been very inconsiderate of your wife and therefore I am going to give her \$100.00 a month! What do you think of that?"

The man immediately brightened up and replied, "I think that's great, judge! And just to show I think so, I'll even give her a dollar or two myself!"

I have recently been informed that a statue commemorating "The Speedy Maintenance Man" will be erected atop the clock at the University. It will replace the previously obtained revolving coffee cup.

It has also been reported that the Little Lutes Bowling League has won the 1966 national tournament of the American Bowling Congress, set for next Spring. Because the session lasts 40 days the problem of housing must

be faced. Those living in Pilueger, Foss, Ivy and South will have to move off-campus for that period. All students will eat in the coffee shop while the gummy howlers will use the CLUB and the Colonial Center Dining Halls.

In speaking of the matter, Dean in Charge of Housing Johnson said that this was a tremendous opportunity for the University and that the students would surely understand. There of course will be no change in boarding fees.

And now I must tell you of a gentleman I know who attended the funeral of a very dear friend's wife. He talked to the man afterwards, who said that his wife was in heaven now. My friend replied, "I'm glad to hear that!"

He thought for a moment and realized that this couldn't be the right thing to say, so he said, "I mean—I'm sorry to hear that." He realized that this was even worse, so he quickly said, "What I mean is—I'm surprised!"

That's it for this week all you fine folks! I've got to be stumblin' off.



MOORING MISSED!

by Ab Normal Staff Psychiatrist

Do you stutter so badly that you feel like your tongue is all thumbs and left feet? Do you have muscular aches and pains? Do bloody nose run in your family? Walk? Do you feed a cold or starve it? Or flood it? Did a guided muscle give you a black eye? Do you have athlete's foot or missile toe?

Are you thick and tired of it? Do you diet, or keep putting it off while you keep putting it on? Your shape won't come in... face it, Fat. Slenderella would go sunnysack with you.

Do you watch Wagon Pain on the radio? Surfside Sicks? Hawaiian Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat? Have your eyes ever been checked? Or always all blue?

Do you keep thinking of songs like "Be Kind to Your Club-Footed Friends," "Cast Your Face to the Wind," and "I've Grown Allergic to Your Face"?

What's your nasograph reading?

JUKE BOX TOP 12

- Eight Days a Week—by The Wishful Student Songsters. Can't You Hear My Heartbeat—by Nursing Choral. The Birds and the Bees—Dr. Burton Ostenson. Ferry Across the Mersey—Jim Vermillion. Red Roses for A Blue Lady—Stella I'm Telling You Now—The Housemothers Quartet. This Diamond Ring—The Candle Passers. Do the Clam—Puget Sound Diggers Come Home—The Housemothers Quartet. Long Lonely Nights—PLU Coeds People Get Ready—Senior World Reformers. The Race Is On—Finals Week Grade Raisers.

Do you put frozen band-aids on your cold cuts? Nobody has more troubles than you have. You're sort of a psychopathic smorgasbord. Speaking of prizes, Alec Allen got the boob-prize at the last (wishful thinking) hootnanny: Gail Winds, the producer, director, writer, director, props girl, choreographer, stage

manager, light technician and director of the affair, walked him home. First prize was a beautiful set of polka-dot bow ties and a candy-apple-red cummerbund. To all of you now engaged, married, going-steady, single, or playing the field couples, let me wish you my best wishes for the rewarding future which lies ahead of you.



(Peanuts appears daily in the Tacoma News Tribune)

I SMELL GREAT!! AND BREAK DOESN'T MAKE MY ARMPITS SOGGY! So say Jeremiah Hatfield, varsity rail splitter and No. 1 Hog Caller from the U. by the Zoo in Smokey Corners, W. Virginia. Says Jeremiah, "When you're splitting rails, well-lubricated armpits are absolutely essential!" If YOU want to be a famous athlete like Mr. Hatfield, have a MAN'S deodorant; try Break! Girls too! Break is available in bush league, minor league, major league and super-star sizes. (Paid Adv.) OUR HERO

FIGHT CHRISTMAS SEALS WITH T.B. AND OTHER RESPIRATORY DISEASES



This Week's

CAMPUS CUTIE

JAMES HOFF
A SOPHOMORE
PHYSICAL SCIENCE MAJOR
WOM 514 712

Communal Living Widely Practiced

(Editor's Note: Former Journalist Richard Zelenka has recently returned to his homeland after a short tour of the Northwestern United States. The following item has been reprinted in its original form as it appeared in TIME, the country's official community newspaper.)

SAN FRANCISCO, (AP) (March 30)—As a visitor to the United States last month, I was very much surprised to find that there were as many alternative cultures as there are in this country. In this spirit, in a series of articles about America in 1968, I will describe the scene of young people's commune.

American young people at the age of 18 are separated from their families and go to a commune for the next four to six or more years. They often come thousands of miles to the commune.

Although living in a commune is not mandatory, it is very difficult to find a job if you have not participated. These communes vary greatly in size from about 2,000 to 20,000 inhabitants. The cost of living is one of the smaller ones but in many ways represents all such institutions.

The inhabitants live in great halls, the young women in the upper section of the commune and the men in an area separated by a hill.

At this commune there are two great eating rooms for the morning and the noon meals during the week, the residents are segregated according to sex, but the evening meals they are allowed to eat together in either one as long as they go continuously to the one to which they have promised to go. At the meal hall the young people stand in line up to a half hour to receive their food. Before they eat the food they must show their pass cards to the inspection order desk.

The commune will stand up while the inhabitants must uphold. Each

morning at 9:30, they must attend a mass meeting of Christian indoctrination and propaganda. Women have dress standards and are not allowed to smoke. The code is more liberal for men. They may wear anything they please and may also smoke in public.

Intermingling between men and women is not a general practice during the week. On weekends, however, special social activities take place. There are movies every Friday and Saturday nights and dances are held six times a year. The commune also has recreational facilities: a golf course, tennis courts and swimming pool. These facilities make it unnecessary for the inhabitants to leave the commune.

Women must return to their mothers at a specified hour. They are severely punished with solitary confinement if they accumulate 15 "bad minutes" in a half year.

In the next section of this series of articles on American culture, I will describe the plight of the working mother.

Spring Sports Splitter Splatter

By L. Q. Zick

Spring sports have Dabbs' spirit. Baseball is a water sport because it is played in the spring. Dabbs' coach told us that we will step up for instruments and pretty soon we'll have them grown.

Dabbs' Over was a track meet last Saturday or Sunday, one of the two. We play football and basketball. Jacques was saying, "We need more athletes, a few points by sports, tennis and jumping. Dabbs' the whole team runs faster and jumps higher because they have kids. Each kid's even will be that way, Dabbs' is made to be that way."

I hope there's a good sport party soon this week, Dabbs'.

Dabbs' baseball is big. The team is gonna play a four run game on the diamond (Dabbs' when we say call it is in our locker room—little athletic rock call, there).

Dabbs' one of the tennis guys was telling me about two backhanded hitting cuts what were coming his way (dabbs' tennis) do what they the wild one take him by the neck and other and other, "My pop's in the racquet." Dabbs' 1971 states will be one to watch.

The tennis bicycling is on weekend will probably be on Saturday, unless it rains, in the case of which it will be on Friday. Dabbs' come on over and see the future. We'll play tennis.

game of yesterday. Maybe you can pick up a few more water jackets.

Come riding to town, Dabbs', did you see a pass on the way over on Lake Avenue? Dabbs' is a love. Coach was telling me he says just on cars and he probably will do that. Dabbs' is even in 3 and then guys probably will see, I love coach but he's a little one, I'll have to tell that one to somebody.

Well, if any of you has questions on sports, or even on other "heat" (dabbs', little rock rolls, there) in 4th or 5th (U.S.) spiritual and culture stuff, dabbs' welcome. My name and phone number are in the telephone book.

Off Campus



By Christina Durston

P. W. Lopez and his father are engaged now. It was a happy moment in Phoenix. He had the word was passed and P. W. picked off the ring. As all make a candle choir sang "Ode de Leon" in 1958 ceremony and then beat everyone else to the punch. Love luck, folks.

And happiness came to the West Wing. Wang Diction and Y. Wang, Esq. Fan. They are foreign sociology students commuting from lower middle inner Outer Mongolia. Their marriage wasn't working out, so the Y. Wang was given a candle and put her ring back on. Everyone was flabbergasted a bit. Our congratulations to you both.

Big news in the world. It was announced that R.R. Conley got R.D.F. as a gift to the Junior Prom. The towel was hand made and shipped up by Betty Chalmers, and the "Congrats" window sign by Dabbs'.

Meanwhile, the C-Wing Tychologists composed a song for B. The title is "I Found A Lesson to the Garden of Love." There will be no flip side when they record it. Much love to you, boys.

The happiest incident ever on the campus last week was the "East Hall Told and Senior Page." It was held at the Dabbs' of Theater, "Where the Boys Are" and "I Do, I Do, I Do" with the crowd.

The AWS meeting from Committee met for six hours planning the weekend event. The guest prize was to Edie H. and Ralph G., who was asked for his reaction as he was handed the door: "My this is exciting."

Dear Flabby Solves Your Problems



JOAN VAN BUREN

Dear Flabby: I am a good N.I.E. Embroidered with a 17 year perfect attitude. One Sunday school year, there was a conversion leaders and 343 old gold men for the King. Dabbs' came to see me and was very nice. I brought a picture for a list, and ended up going steady with him. Last week my picture discovered that he is not N.I.E., but LCA.

Furthermore they discovered that he is Swedish while I, of course, am Norwegian. So really they were partners, and considering the almost unbelievable difference in our racial and ethnic backgrounds, it is a really blown item. Dabbs' I just don't want to break up with him. What should I do?

Frustrated and Unhinged. Dear U: There is only one thing to do. Convert him. Dear Flabby.

I have a terrible problem. My face is so lumpy that it takes a pathologist to distinguish my nose from my other pimples. I was mistakenly mistaken for a pineapple, someone took a bite out of my car just last week, but I didn't prove to be a very tasty fruit.

The only girl who will look at me is Edna Herbin, a particularly repulsive P.K. major who does me at arm wrestling. I've given up chocolates, cakes, fried foods, sweets, starches, less proteins and liquids. I have 17 daily showers or have used almost every over remedy ever quacked, but to no avail. Any suggestions on how to become more attractive?

Mostly Unloved. Dear Bernard: Get rid of your nose.

Dear Flabby: Would you mind leaving me alone in my home again, I don't appreciate sleeping on park benches. Besides, your number 35 is old high.

Mr. Tom Dore. Dear Mr. V. E. Sam in 25 cents for my latest booklet, "How to Lead

A Happily Married Life." She is NOT an old maid.

Dear Flabby: I have a terrible problem. My boy friend and I have been getting serious, but every time the mood gets romantic, I get an uncontrollable fit of laughing. My boy friend looks at it as not right to take me out unless I do something about this. He demands that I take heavy steroid pills, but it is against my religion. What shall I do?

The Blind Barber. Dear S. E. Head 35: Get a hot cup of sugar frosted Flabbs for my new brother, "Barb's Ownest without Medication."

Dear Flabby: Strip City, my friend, he is because of schizophrenia. Every time I pick up my pants on his legs and scratch 35 minutes fighting up. When I expect him to whip me with a whip into my car, he says "that is a way" or "it is reasonable," or "lacked." When I look into his eyes by with his hand in his eyes and dermeters on the theology of James I. Should I dump him? I'm desperate for an answer.

No Foolin' READERS' BONUS TO VACATIONERS April 5-10, this ad and 25c gets you any BUNNY EGGED item for half price or less. Break open your Bunny Bank NOW! BOOKS, SWEATSHIRTS, JACKETS, MUGS, ETC. You'll Find Eggs All Over PLU BOOKSTORE

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New Library Phased Out Soon

Studies by the firm Michel and Cole of Seattle indicate that the new library will be out of harmony with the architectural mystique of upper campus. According to the Revised Master Plan, 1964 edition, which projects the physical campus to the year 2101, (projected enrollment

102,371) the new library will be phased out in 1968.

Until then, according to the TMT, the new library will serve a "special interim function." The Board of Regents announced that the library's cost is now \$2,173,456.91, including demolition.



Students will pay 4.00 per semester for the 1968 library of its new-to-be-phased library.

Ramifications Involved Here

Most of us do not realize some of the ramifications involved in the proposed expansion program here at Pacific Lutheran. For in the library above, (above, books and even books of departments will have to move, and some will be forgotten.

The Head for actually three departments is the Department of the Library will no longer be of such too. This "white-headed old American Standard" (as referred to by the history, political science and even some of language professors), will be known for many to the distressed and calm to the distraught.

Great minds and small have combined their burdens and released their spirit for the disposal of this first friend of all. For there is always open for locality and certain able to cover its, it does not let go of their day to day problem, with no thought at all to the

group and person received during the day.

The winter may find this round old wine a bit cold, but after a few minutes a thing warms up, and after you feel the old offered, some of the old "fishy" are and your burdens have been washed away.

As we enjoy the new edition to be out, do not forget our common friends: the white-headed, pot-bellied, old Standard which although never the recipient of a high school diploma, the reader of one psychology book has achieved the unique position of "head of school" for a little while.

Food Strikers Die; Cause: No Food

One week ago a group of 150 students and diabolic freshmen who could not get used to the whine here served by the doughy crew of Douglas' administration decided to do something about it. Under the militant leadership of the Eastern Corridor Star they organized a hunger strike in the line of Gandhian tradition. Marching dramatically into the PUL, the determined strikers, clothed in white robes, announced their intention to give up the usual political demonstration to eat off campus.

Trudging majestically out to the accompaniment of the catcalls and boos of Benny Spaghetti and Sally the Brunch Queen the whole group went up their long vigil in Everett Chapel basement. There, with occasional excursions to the W.C., the brave little group waited . . . and waited. Letters were sent to the Mooring Mast to arouse public sympathy, but three front page news stories about the music department crowded the letter into "To the Point" and nobody noticed it.

A representative took a report of the event to student legislature but a heated debate over appropriating funds for student body officers' name tags kept the issue off the floor. An appeal was made to the judicial board, but they were too busy rehabilitating naughty Pflueger men to consider anything else.

Not until yesterday did an itiner-

ant maintenance man, curious about where these robes led, had the canonical hoodies of the frustrated strikers, Kaitlin Lullius, brought up and turned into a cabin of identical treatment.

—Karel, Waters




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Excuse Us
The Mooring Mast apologizes for its non-malicious criticism to:
Dr. Frederick Schulte
Senator Barry Goldwater
Linda Bird Johnson
President Lyndon B. Johnson
Abigail Van Buren, and
John F. Kennedy
Dr. Robert Marjorie
Mrs. Marjorie Wilkerson
Mrs. James O'Connell
Dr. Walter Schaeferberg
Gordon Stewart
Mary Schenckelberg
David Maloy
Richard Finch
Roger Salmons
Neil Winters
David Berglund
Administration
Food Service
Junior Prom Committee
ASPLU Legislators
Kap Chaud's Orchestra
It also remorsefully extends its sympathies to those who felt left out by not being criticized. But its greatest sympathies go to its unfortunate students.
Most of all, the Mooring Mast apologizes for its merciless attack on the Mooring Mast.
Sincere thanks to the PLU students who contributed in this laudable effort:
Don Jacob
Paul Hartman
Bob Anderson
Neil Winters
Linda Johnson
Steve Corns
Frank Johnson
David Berglund
Karel Waters
David Sundberg
John Boyer
Roger Salmons

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This Week's News in BRIEFS



Monday, March 29: An explosion at the University Library has caused the entire structure to be closed. Governor Evans and his cabinet predicted to the capital today by some means of handling the expected flooding of tourists.

Tuesday, March 30: An undisclosed number of airplanes flew a mission of aerial land survey from a secret base and a secret top somewhere in Asia. Sources of the mission, according to a spokesman of unknown identity and nationality cannot be disclosed at this time.

Wednesday, March 31: A group of jet airplane airplane with wings crashed on the ground today.

Thursday, April 1: Lynda Bird clipped with Barry Goldwater last night. Apparently Senator Goldwater had divorced his wife the previous night. President Johnson called a special meeting of Congress to discuss amendment procedures. The joint chiefs of staff offered to draft the senator.

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