

The Mooring Mast

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Mairzy Doates

The Mooring Mast would never intentionally stand in the way of progress. So this editorial is not meant as a "Woodman, Spare that Tree" affair, but as a eulogy for PLC's ivy, which has been given one month to live.

A lot of things have happened on the PLC campus since the ivy started to grow. The one-time academy and business college have become a full-fledged liberal arts college.

The park-like pasture of the early 1900's has given way to half a dozen big brick buildings. The student body has mushroomed from one hundred to nearly one thousand. Wars, booms, panics, and depressions have come and gone, but through them all Old Main's ivy has lived a peaceful, prosperous existence.

But this is the "modern" age: Old Main must be "streamlined." Goodbye, English Ivy—we and hundreds of alumni are glad you could have been around. And we'll be waiting for one of your relatives, Boston Ivy, to take over the job of beautifying Old Main's expanses of hard brick walls.

Freshman Fictionary UNABRIDGED LUTE EDITION

By Glenn "Red" Clark
PLCatastrophe—What wud happen tu Old Main if she lost face by having her tradishional ivy removed.
PLCliche-user — Dat Jerk what always bores you wid dead woids and never speaks unless he can wax poetic and point with pride, view with alarm, and yield to no one.
PLCampus Day — The day when books is left behind and da kids give their alma mammy a haircut.
PLColor—Da dashes of yellow provided by the dandy-lions.

Pacific Parade

Prof. Gunnar Malmn, strolling across the campus, already back from Minneapolis, where he attended hymn book conference . . . Dick Flannigan still bragging about A he got in business law . . . Donald J. Eastvold bulldozing basement for his new home immediately north of his folks' manse . . . Del Zier and Helen Hedin finding out everything about engraving during Seattle visit . . . Eleanor Hellbaun plastering make-up on "Drunkard" characters . . . Vern Fink giving up in despair after trying to make mimeographing machine work . . . Peggy Ramberget getting ready for cruise . . . Carl Campbell listening to Chapel "shop talk" . . . Alpha Sigma Lambda members being entertained by four-piece jazz band from Jason Lee Junior High.

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Life Can Be Beautiful, But Not Infirmary

By Carl Campbell

(The story so far: Read last week's issue.)

That first long afternoon in the infirmary proved to be one of the most fruitful and creative of my entire career. Laying in my half-lighted corner with nothing on my mind but an icebag, I fell into a state of nostalgic reverie. It was one of those rare occasions when the soul of man's mind creeps out from its deep hiding place and presents its profoundest impressions.

Most of you will remember how Coleridge one time, under the influence of opium, wrote a poem the essence of which is sheer magic—"Kubla Khan." I had a similar vision that day, and grabbed quickly for my pencil to copy down the twelve lines of enchanting verse which bloomed in my mind. The poem, entitled "Sometimes Kubla Khan't," will be here published for the first time by the Mooring Mast. All rights are reserved.

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A lovely damsel court,
While frogs inhaled quite breathlessly
Nearby the merry sport.

Upon a cavern's edge they sat,
Beneath the putrid rose,
And mighty was the mountain stream
Which trickled by their toes.

The girl's dark hair hung in her eyes;
The scene was quite aesthetic;
But one word, "nay," came from her lips—
She'd rather be ascetic.

My strenuous mental efforts of the day were rewarded at supper time only by a bowl of thin soup, and crackers. Not long after eating I became aware of a number of small animals in my bed which bit and scratched and kicked and caused no end of suffering. It is said that politics make strange bedfellows, but certainly not as strange as the ticks that were bothering me. After calling for a DDT spraygun, I picked up one of the pestiferous demons, out of purely biological interests, and examined it carefully. I have decided to never again eat crackers in bed.

Early in the evening I was pleasantly surprised by the arrival of "Doc" Reed, who handles night duty quite regularly. Doc's duty is to hasten for the basin when necessary and beat off the crowds of visitors who are always popping in. But I had no real need for him, and probably could have handled myself without much trouble.

He had to laugh at me the first night when I slung a lamp over my shoulder to read, but the next evening I got the laugh on him. It seems that his cat had been quite sleepless the night before, and I immediately attributed that fact to the absence of its master. Perhaps I had been mistaken in thinking he was not indispensable as a nursemaid.

The second day in bed was not as bad as the first, except for my sore back, and I was even kept company a good part of the day by the mice which run around between the ceiling and the floor above.

Reminded of the old saying that goes, "When a man builds a better mousetrap, the world will beat a path to his door," I hopefully set my mind to work to invent a new, absolutely infallible mousetrap. My idea was to place a bit of cheese as bait on an extremely sensitive trigger, which, when touched, would cause a heavy wire to snap back on the mouse's neck. Unfortunately, I discovered later by chance that some thief had already copied my stupendous idea, and that such a trap had been put to good use for years. Another mouse scampered overhead, and I was led to wonder if perhaps some

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Pollen Tells the Story of How Golf Made America

(Not long ago a manuscript was found in a bomb crater in France which conclusively proves that golf had its beginning in that country. With no regard for expense the Mooring Mast dispatched correspondent Burp McMeatBall on a world tour in an effort to trace the history of golf to its very roots. The following literary effort is the result of Mr. McMeatBall's findings on "Pedestrian Polo.")

During the time of the French Revolution there was a great deal of blood and gore shed. Out of this blood and gore came the sport commonly known as "golf." The father of the game was a French aristocrat

Eastvold to Leave For California; To Keynote UCEA

"California, Here I Come" is Pres. S. C. Eastvold's theme song today as he packs his bags in preparation for another jaunt to start tomorrow evening. This time his destination is San Francisco.

First stop enroute will be at Vancouver, Wash., where he will keynote the United Christian Education Appeal at the Sunday morning services in Trinity Lutheran, Rev. Clyde Grimstedt, pastor. May 1 is the date set for similar meetings throughout the whole Evangelical Lutheran synod, at which the gigantic \$2,000,000 drive will be launched. Approximately 25,000 lay people will be consecrated and sent out on a house-to-house canvass to collect funds for expansion of the 12 ELC institutions.

Five major addresses are in store for the Parkland executive when he reaches the Golden Gate city. Five Lutheran church bodies are holding district conventions simultaneously, May 3 to 5.

Dr. Eastvold will lead a discussion on Christian education before the annual convention of the California district of the Augustana synod. He will also address the Women's Missionary Society of the same synod. Third speech will be to the Women's Missionary Federation of the ELC.

Naturally he will be on hand to speak when the Pacific Lutheran College Association convenes during the conclave. Lastly, he will speak on the education appeal before the Pacific district of the ELC at its Sunday afternoon convention program.

The globe-girdling chief will hop aboard a United Airlines plane to get back to Parkland in time to introduce Dr. Franklin Fry, president of the United Lutheran Church, who will speak at PLC chapel exercises, May 9.

On Wednesday evening, Dr. Eastvold spoke at a UNESCO community dinner at Puyallup high school. His theme was "World Understanding."

of the rumors we hear aren't true, that PLC is isolated from civilization.

That afternoon Roy Virak brought in a radio, and I spent the rest of the day listening to intellectual radio programs so I could tell Mr. Franck about them and show him what a keen observer of world affairs I am. You know, stuff like, "Uncle Joe's Companion."

On Wednesday morning, after living for two uneventful days in the girls' dorm I was quite unceremoniously booted out in the cruel world of classes, quakes, and riding in Bill Hampton's car. (I don't know which of the latter two is worse.)

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named Count Divot de Golf, whose head became the first golf ball. This all came about when a giant mortician, grave digger, and all around man about corpses named Pierre de Planter became annoyed at carrying the two sections of the corpse up the hill to the graveyard. Usually the heads were bloody (dull blade) and were difficult to carry up the incline. Quick-thinking Pierre decided it would be easier to bat the domes up the hill with the corpses and there the game of golf began.

Many of our present day golfing terms date back to Pierre's time. The expression "fore" is short for forehead. "Putt" comes from the sound that emanated from the contact between the body and the head. Eighteen holes were used because the daily guillotine total was 18 and Pierre dug one hole for each man. The term "slice" came directly from the guillotine and "hook" sometimes referred to the victim's nose which sometimes made the ball swerve off the fairway.

Pierre's gruesome game soon caught the fancy of the French populace and unfortunately more than one Frenchman lost his head over the silly pastime. Not all Frenchmen had the strength of Pierre de Planter so the human body became quite a cumbersome club. There became a great demand for a small golf club and this is probably the cause for a shortage of midgets in France.

Golf was again revolutionized when a king-sized dwarf named Napoleon Bonaparte took up the game. Even

Linne Elections Due; Excursion Planned

Elections for next year's officers and formulation of final plans for the club's excursion next month will take top priority when President Hal Braafadt bangs the gavel at 7:15 Tuesday evening in S-108 for the regular meeting of the Linne society.

The outing which members are planning is to be an overnight affair on May 14 and 15, possibly to Hood Canal. Non-members as well as members are invited to join the expedition, an annual feature of the Linne calendar.

Tuesday evening's session will also feature a movie, "Ducks Unlimited," produced by the organization of that name. Ducks Unlimited is a Canadian sportsmen's group with branches in the United States. Its aim is to protect and improve breeding grounds of waterfowl in Canada.

LAYMAN, THE RING MAN, TO TAKE ORDERS

PLCites will have an opportunity to order school rings Monday when J. Denver Layman, representative of the Balfour Company, visits the college.

Mr. Layman will be in the student body office during elections Monday. The deposit on rings is \$3.

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a midget was too heavy for Nap to swing so he used his rifle butt for a club. A livelier ball was put into play when France imported shrunken skulls from the equatorial colonies.

upon seeing their leader get better scores than they, Napoleon's soldiers switched to the new style. Marching became more fun for these "doggies" as they batted the skulls along the ground when they marched. When Napoleon invaded Russia he regretted his practice because his men were slowed up by the snows and finding the white skulls in the snow was no easy task and Nap had to retreat to defeat.

When Napoleon returned to France, Josephine, tired of being a "golf widow," made the great man leave his rifle home when he went out. The soldiers' wives followed suit and Napoleon was a sorry boy when he met the Duke of Wellington. It was at Waterloo when golf received its first real cursing and it's been the same ever since.

America got the golf craze in the pre-Civil War days. The game was extremely popular among the Northern men and when the war broke out they were forced to give up the sport. The fracas dragged on with the Northern offense looking like the U. of Chicago's last football squad.

One day, however, a Northern general made a speech that altered the course of the war. This man, General Lucius J. McLisp (Commander of the Southern Pennsylvania Volunteers), spoke with a decided twitch in his voice and was sometimes difficult to understand.

During an off hour pep talk McLisp mumbled that if they conquered Alabama they would play in the Gulf. Unfortunately for the South, McLisp's twitch was in action when he said "Gulf" and instead it sounded like "g-g-golf." Those golf-crazed Yankees didn't wait for McLisp's tongue to untie itself but instead grabbed their guns and mopped up Alabama in two weeks. Had it not been for golf there might never have been another great English speaking nation in the Western Hemisphere beside Canada.

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Horrors! Old Main To Be Denuded; Ivy Is Too Heavy

One of PLC's most prized landmarks, the ivy on Old Main must come down.

That's the verdict of the college hierarchy after investigating the damage being caused by the tons of vines clinging to the front of the 55-year old structure. However, their decision has caused considerable consternation among most PLCites.

Almost unanimously, they dread seeing what the old red schoolhouse will look like when all its verdant covering has been chopped off. Some of the ivy is as much as 30 or 35 years old, and nearly all of it was planted by classes during graduation programs. Today Old Main has one of the most luxuriant growths of ivy of any building in the Northwest.

But, according to Plant Manager Kenneth Jacobs, it's the wrong kind of ivy. He maintains that the English ivy is injuring the building because of its aggressiveness. Every single leaf and twig of this type will be hacked down.

All the ivy that will remain will be the small patch of Boston ivy, the light brand now crawling up Old Main in the vicinity of the president's office. When new ivy is planted, it will be of the Boston variety, because it is less obnoxious.

Fortunately the old ivy will be spared until after graduation, so students can go ahead with their plans of showing off the campus to their relatives. The re-roofing project begins May 16, but the workmen will attack the back of the building first.

The eaves will be sawed off, and the roof will be covered with the same kind of asbestos shingles as are on the Student Union building. The re-roofing job will eat up approximately \$20,000.

Included in the same project will be the abolition of the top 30 feet of the Old Main chimney, which the engineers claim was left in a precarious position after the recent earthquake.

At the same time that the ivy-vanquishers pull down the vines, they will fill in all cracks and crevices between bricks, so that the building will not look so bony. But there is little doubt but that all PLCites will be wishing that the new ivy would be able to cover the building overnight.

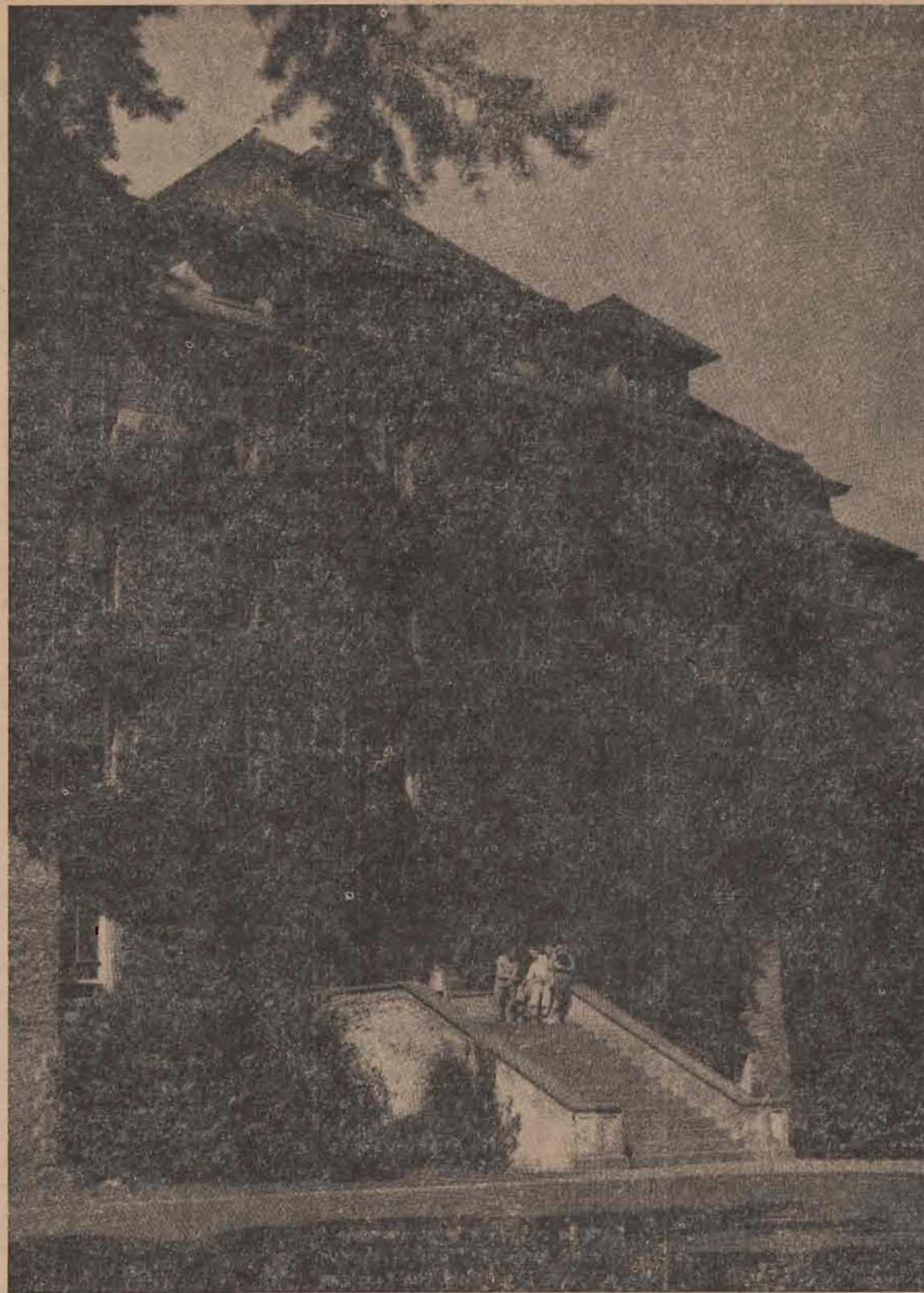
PICK UP YOUR PICS

All those who have pictures ordered, please pick them up this afternoon as is possible.—Roland Yturide, college photographer.

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Save This Picture of Old Main

because it will probably be one of the last ever to be published showing the building's beautiful 30-year-old coat of English ivy. Maintaining that the ivy is detrimental to the front of the structure, the powers-that-be have ordered it to be removed this summer at the same time as the \$20,000 re-roofing project. When the greenery is pulled down, many fear that the front of Old Main will probably look even worse than the back, if that is possible. Fortunately, it is planned to plant new ivy of a different type. So maybe by 1970, Old Main will be in clothes again.



Mrs. Gudrun Ness Ronning's voice students will present their recital on Monday night.

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Fireside Invites Public to Movie

"Reaching from Heaven," a 90-minute movie produced by the Lutheran Church, Missouri Synod, will be shown Sunday evening at 7 o'clock in the Student Union under the sponsorship of Fireside Society.

The picture is described as being Christian, romantic, dramatic and exciting, and presenting a challenging message for all. Everyone is invited, with the admission set at 25 cents.

The following Sunday, May 8, Fireside is sponsoring a forum at which six seniors will speak about the various fields which they plan on entering and how PLC has helped prepare them for these vocations. Prof. Magnus Nodtvedt will be the moderator.

All high school juniors and seniors from Lutheran churches in Tacoma have been invited to the May 8 event, which is being presented for the twofold purpose of helping college students who are undecided about their own careers and to give prospective college students an opportunity to visit the college and meet some of the students. The program will be followed by refreshments and a social hour.



Mrs. Mabel Metz Dilts' voice students will present two recitals—Wednesday and the following Tuesday.

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"Stop the Presses," Shouts CPS Tutor; Copies of Paper Snatched From Readers

Once in a while, the Mooring Mast has minor scrapes with campus big-wigs, but consider the plight of the CPS Trail.

Following the April 12 earthquake, reporters had been dispatched to brief accounts of what they had seen during the temblor which would be compiled in one round-up story.

One reporter turned in a very peculiar and entirely facetious tale aimed at humor. But because of a miscarriage of editorial attention, this little gem rolled straight across the news desk, editor's desk, the proof-reader's desk and into the paper.

When the Trail came up from the printshop the following Friday at 1 p.m., circulation people placed copies in Jones, Howarth and Todd halls on the campus. But then the journalism instructor started to go over the issue with the staff. When he saw the joke, he blew his shaggy top. He immediately insisted that all copies of the

offending issue be withdrawn from circulation.

Students were startled when the papers were suddenly snatched from their hands. Practically all of the copies were rounded up and burned immediately, and a new edition, with the questionable joke deleted, was run off and circulated by 3 p.m.

Many PLC students who read the exchange papers in the MM office were captured by a banner headline of the Gonzaga Bulletin which screamed "QUAKE STRIKES CITY; RAGING FIRE FOLLOWS." This headline was fortified by a four column picture showing Gonzaga University in ruins.

However, a small item that appeared just below the masthead of the Bulletin evoked a smile from the reader that reflected more amazement than humor when the two items were correlated. The small insignificant item which was dwarfed by the banner headline stated simply "Spokane, Washington, April 1, 1949."

It was just an April Fool's issue but it seems that the editors of the Bulletin scooped the nation's newspapers by 12 days. The same thing that made students laugh a few weeks ago called forth an entirely different response when read in the light of recent happenings—just another pebble brought to the surface by the frost of disaster.

Incidentally, the picture of Gonzaga University in ruins was accomplished by trick photography.

Three Cruises Dominate Early May Calendar

By Dolores Langset

"Cruising down the sound" seems to be the song sung by PLC students as three cruises are scheduled for the coming week.

Saturday evening the Delta Rho Gamma girls are hiring the Gallant Lady for a tolo cruise with 25 couples going. Food is being furnished by the girls, while tickets cost \$1.40 per couple. Yvonne Tisch is general chairman of the cruise, assisted by Marjorie Kindem and Marie Haglund as the food committee. Chaperones for the evening will be the Misses Elise Berge and Regina Hermann.

"On a Sunday afternoon" are the plans being made for the Inter-Club Council cruise. Tickets are still available so hurry and pay your dollar to cover transportation, refreshments, the cruise, and an afternoon of fun. The buses will leave school at 2 p.m. and the cruise begins at 3 p.m. Karl Bachner, Swain Arnason and Ed Dorothy are in charge of securing the food, and Ed Dorothy and Peggy Ramberger are the ticket salesmen.

All W.A.A. members and their friends are planning on an evening of cruising and fun when they set sail Wednesday, May 4. Buses will leave the school around 4 p.m., while the Gallant Lady will leave at 5 p.m. General chairman of the cruise is Norma Johnson, with Shirley Wall and Marjorie Kindem in the food committee; Marianne Stacy, in charge of tickets; and Marjorie Anderson, publicity. Tickets are \$1.

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