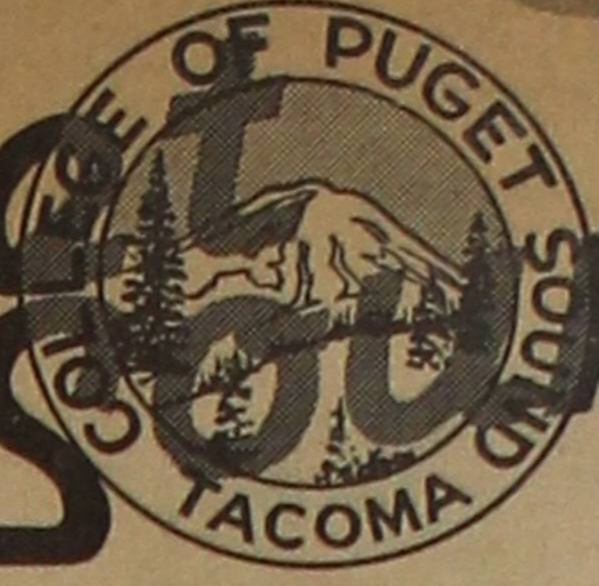


# THE Puget Sound TRAIL



1942-43. No. 10

THE COLLEGE OF PUGET SOUND, TACOMA, WASHINGTON

Friday, December 31, 1943

## Bells Chime As Pennies Jingle Into Bell Banks

Five Bells chime out for five little campus belles. Sitting all in a row, the bells each have a song to sing to penny-wise students telling them how to vote in the Tolo Queen contest. Already each bell is tingling with votes, but choosing among the five popular beauties for the Tolo Queen has proved to be a difficult task.

For those remaining undecided voters the Trail presents a clarification of the virtues of each two-belle candidate.

First in the line up, Beverly Hofstetter, a dark-eyed brunette, choice of Lambda Sigma Chi, and Spur and a member of the War Coordination Committee, she is a veritable go-getter in organizing and finds time to take an active interest in dramatics.

Marian Clendenen, a Sophomore, is a vivacious carrot-top who answers with a distinguishing wink when called her favorite nick name "Mernie." Winner of a music scholarship at CPS, she is a music major and member of the popular campus trio, and pledge mother of Kappa Phi. Mernie's favorite food is chocolate, and she comes to us from Bellingham. She is the independent candidate, and sports a huge "Rock" on third finger left hand.

Brown-eyed curly topped smiling brunette is Alpha Beta Upsilon's candidate, Joranne Midtsatre, known about the campus as Jerry, Spurs, Basketball, Choral reading, and the campus trio take up much of this busy gal's time. Her home town is Gig Harbor (that's the place across from Narrows bridge) and her favorite foods are Big Red Juicy Apples and Pop Corn.

Barbara Engberg, another sophomore and Kappa Sigma Theta candidate is another promising representative. This dark-eyed brunette loves sports of all kinds, is a member of Spurs, and was secretary for her freshman class. When asked what she liked to eat, she smiled and said, "Oh, anything, I'm not fussy."

The only Freshman running for the coveted title of "Queenie" is Marilyn Davis, who sports a Delta Alpha Gamma pledge pin, and likes to sing. This slim, brown-eyed brunette, likes to eat chocolate sundaes to get fat—but, gets the hives instead. Incidentally she'd like to go to Switzerland and ski for the duration—plus.

### Editor's Note

To be brought to the attention of all civilian students is the fact that the Coke machines located in the Barn and the Palace are strictly for the Army personnel on the CPS campus. Sugar is turned back to the Cocoa Cola Company from the Army supply and cakes are being distributed here on the understanding that it is for Army use. PLEASE REMEMBER!

Next is the item often mentioned, the fact that our Wednesday chapels are religious and it is one of the traditions of CPS that students should be quiet when entering the chapel on that day. Your cooperation is needed... PLEASE REMEMBER!

This last is directed toward the Soldier Students who have been so kindly contributing to The Trail. Would you sign your name to all copy? We want to give you credit for stories.

Due to illness there will be no fellowship at Anderson Hall Sunday afternoon.

### Chapel Box

Monday, Jan. 3—Dr. Tomlinson of the History Department—Virginia Lantz presiding.

Wednesday, Jan. 5—Mr. Walter O. Macosky, minister of the First Baptist Church. Duet by Marion Clendenen and Priscilla Newschwander.

Friday, Jan. 7—Stadium Girls' Glee Club, directed by Clayton Johnson—Barbara Engberg presiding.

## Campus Males Will Compete For Tolo King Honors

Handsome Humans Hustle as Tolo King Deadline Draws Near. Bells Are Filling Fast.

Praises of the tolo queen candidates may be raised loud and long, but let anyone take a look at the list of king candidates and the tune is soon changed. They were chosen on the basis of good looks, personality and effect on women. The four aspiring men are well-known as Bob Hamilton, Ernie Goodner, Art Whatley and Johnny Quigley.

Bob Hamilton, president of Alpha Kai Omega, is the fraternity's choice for top man. His name has gone down in the Logger Hall of Fame as a great track star, and he is one of the most enthusiastic members of the student governing body. As a junior, Bob was president of his class. This curly-

haired senior prefers fried chicken and potato salad, and is attempting to cultivate a southern accent in order to eliminate all competition.

Representing the Independents is the dramatics and science whiz of the campus, Ernie Goodner. Tacoma is his home now, although no one knows for how long, as he is one boy who has really gotten around. Ernie is noted for his art posters, readings and humor "and why not?" He is best described by his straight brown hair, twinkling eyes and ever-ready smile, and his willingness to eat anything except avocados.

THE man from Company A is 6' 4" Art "Mississippi" Whatley from way down south in Vicksburg, Miss. His brown eyes, black hair and southern drawl have already laid any number of people in the aisles. Back home Art was a high school athlete, who preferred fried chicken and watermelon.

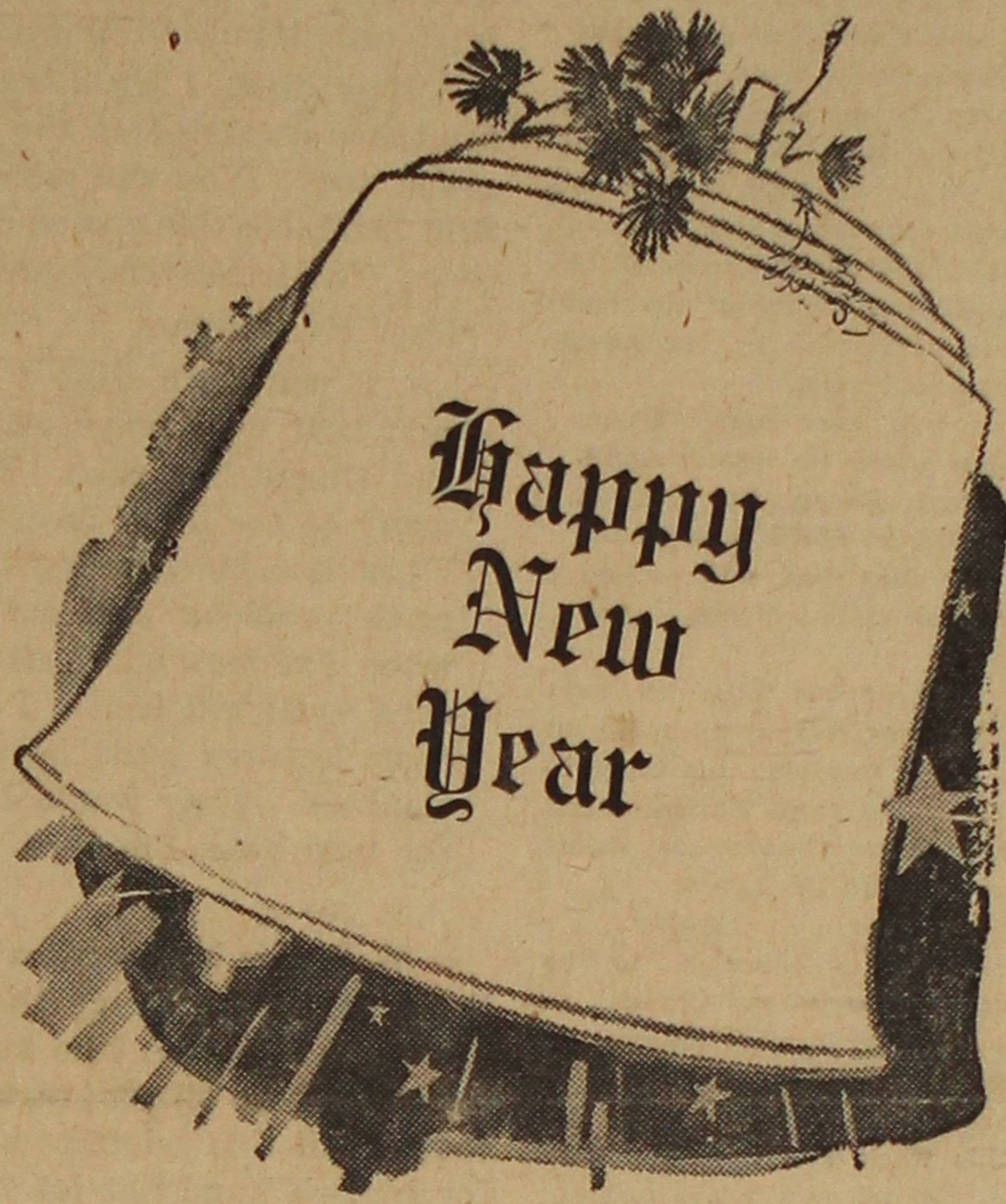
Johnny Quigley, another six-footer, is the pride and joy of Company B. Johnny is one of those people who likes to sing, and he has personality enough for six people. In New York he was an outstanding athlete in high school, as anyone can see by watching him in action on the basketball court.

Here you have thumbnail sketches of them all, girls, and so save your pennies and drop them into the preferred bell in the basement of Jones Hall.

### Bells Filling As Pennies Flow

Yingle . . . Yangle . . . Yingle. Bells, and Belles. Where will all the money go that is now rattling merrily in the little bells as the votes for the Tolo King and Queen are beginning to roll in? It's like this . . . Some years ago, about twelve to be almost exact, CPS borrowed from the U. of W. the idea for this event, and Women's Federation sponsored it.

And that money? It is divided at the end of the year and distributed equally among these women's organizations.



## Captain's New Year Resolution To Omit Bristle Sprout Project

Unfamiliar as a new year, was the face of Captain Harold Smith this week. Lack of recognition was caused by the timely disappearance of a mustache—a mustache which had heretofore swept the campus with ifs individuality. In view of circumstantial evidence, the removal was judged the outcome of a new year's resolution.

Captain Smith, a former desert rat, first sprouted the be-whiskered object while hibernating in the sands of California. Not only did the little apparatus help to strain his G. I. coffee, but it also ensnared the sand fleas and spiders which were voluntarily formulating a black market on meat.

On orders from Uncle Sam, the captain headed for the far north-land to a country which has its points . . . most of them few degrees above zero. Frozen bristles seem to be disadvantageous, especially when they intermittently be-

come stiff outdoors and dewey indoors.

Disliking cold drafts under his nose and fog dripping from his whiskers, Captain Smith took the only remaining alternative—a razor blade.

### Kappa Phi Girls Set Bond Goal

Under the chairmanship of Jean Thurber, Kappa Phi, the Methodist women's sorority, was in charge of the Stamp Booth for the last two weeks. From the first of their two-week campaign they have set their goal for over \$250. This money will be used to purchase four M-1 rifles, including ammunition.

With Christmas shopping and Tolo week serving as interference, the stamp sales have fallen slightly below normal. However, with the New Year beginning, the Kappa Phi pledges, who are conducting the sales, hope that many resolutions will include the buying of more stamps.

### LISTENING POST

Chapels have been excellent this past month, but with the coming of the Army boys more active participation for all seems to be the thing to strive for. Last Monday's assembly was a swell preview of better chapels to come, when "Mac" McClure of Company A got up and led the whole audience in the singing of the Infantry Song. The general opinion was that the A. S. T. U. will be hard to beat when it comes to songs they know, too.

If the old students really want to include the new fellows in the spirit of the school, and want them to know they really belong, there's no better place to start than in chapel. I'd like to see the men get together and put on an all-army program, produced entirely without the appearance of any civilian on the stage. We all know they have plenty of talent, because this was proven to us at the first dance, and so there should be no hesitation from that angle.

Until we all become better acquainted with each other, I think there should be at least one student chapel every week, along with the religious service on Wednesday and possibly a guest speaker for the third day. Past experiences have proven that a well planned student chapel usually receives more attention than an outside speaker, anyway.

A FRESHMAN STUDENT.

## QUIET!!

QUIET! What's the matter with YOU? Aren't YOU old enough to behave yourselves? For some time the NOISE around CPS has been exceedingly obnoxious. In fact the NOISE in the halls and the library have been so bad that the neighbors living in this vicinity have begun to complain.

Seriously, though, the noise in the library and halls surely must be noticeable to YOU STUDENTS. If only YOU can realize that there are students attending school who have come here for an education, and want to study in peace and QUIET. The ASTP's are here taking an extremely stepped-up schooling and they MUST HAVE the library for study purposes.

There is always the remedy of a proctor system, but it would seem rather juvenile to have to enforce QUIET in a college. Truthfully now, don't YOU think that it would be possible to calm down a bit? If YOU must Talk go outside, or into one of the vacant classrooms. And if you wish to discuss studies, problems in math, etc., why not use that little room in the back of the library, the one on the left side as you come in! In this way the undercurrent of that now too familiar Buz z z, will be somewhat eliminated.

HOW ABOUT IT KIDS? WON'T YOU COOPERATE TO MAKE OUR SCHOOL EASIER TO STUDY IN?

Lil' Algy sez . . .



HAPPY NEW YEAR! Don't Let Those "Spirits" Get You!



# THE PUGET SOUND TRAIL

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September 25, 1922

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During School Year

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FACULTY ADVISER ..... PROF. JULIUS P. JAEGER

## New Year's Resolutions Tax Brain Of Staff as 1944 Draws Near

The time has come again for us to drag out those long  
pieces of paper and in laborious hand, write down the New  
Year's resolutions for the coming year. Ah, me! Such a  
task it is, to make a resolution is one thing, but to keep one  
is a horse of a different color.

Let's see, first: We do resolve that we shall get Trail  
copy in earlier . . . We shall study, ah . . . We shall pass all  
finals (now who are we trying to kid?) . . . We shall . . . er  
. . . We will . . .

Well none can say that we didn't try. However that  
may be, no matter what we shall resolve we will keep it.  
Anyway we'll try. How about you?

But aside from the worry of trying to make and keep  
resolutions, here's to you for a VERY HAPPY NEW YEAR!  
TRAIL STAFF.

## Old Year Suffered Many Headaches New Year May Have Better Time

To get down to the more serious side of things, let's take  
a look at the headaches of old 1943! What a list of things  
he leaves behind to plunk onto the wee shoulders of 1944!  
But here's to a brighter future led by the little fellow. At  
least we can try to help him a bit.

Turning back the pages of this last year we see such  
names as Hitler, Hirohito, and for awhile that of Mussolini.  
But to stack against these we read such names as Eisen-  
hower, MacArthur, Nimitz, Clark, Roosevelt, Churchill,  
Chiang Kai-shek, Stalin, Montgomery, Mountbatten and so  
many other Allies that it would take reams of paper to name  
them all.

Then, turning to the picture section, we see the Eighth  
Army flying over the English Channel to blast Berlin; seal-  
ing her doom in many thousand tons of bombs. Glancing  
again we see the Allies moving up from the heel of the  
Italian boot. We see, painted in blood, Guadalcanal, Tarawa  
and Bougainville.

Turning another page, we see the white steppes of Rus-  
sia where fight her defenders, and the plains of North Africa,  
scroched and dry, where fought the Allies in their push to  
smother the Axis.

We have seen our brothers and fellow students toiling  
through the tangled tropical forests, tramping across desert  
sands and freezing in northern blasts.

We have seen all this, while here at home we STRIKE  
for 90 cents an hour as our boys are working for less than  
10 cents an hour. We sit at home complaining about no  
bobby pins, not enough gas, while men the world over are  
giving their lives for us.

Yes! 1943 has had many, many headaches, and many  
heartaches, too. But here's to the New Year, may it bring  
again the hopes of youth and throw aside the Old Year's  
ways. Yes! here's to a Happy New Year!

Bobbe Jean Ryan, a member of  
Alpha Beta Upsilon, is now train-  
ing Navy recruits at Hunter Col-  
lege, New York. She joined the  
Waves last May.

Harriet Green and Robert Nich-  
ols were married Saturday evening,  
December 18th.

Alice Grimes, an alum of CPS,  
is now teaching here at the college  
in the new ASTU program.

## Selective Service



Good old newsmongers! Timed  
for the journalistic deadline were  
the salutations for a VICTORIOUS  
NEW YEAR from former editors  
of the Trail, Roy Lokken and Ed  
Hungerford. Thanks, fellows . . .  
and ditto . . .

Latest word from Clayton Ander-  
son confirms the report that he is  
still guarding war prisoners at  
Camp Hale, Colo.

'Twasn't so long ago Douglas  
Hicks was learning about "geo-  
graphical proprinquity" in Dr.  
Schafer's course, Marriage in  
the Home. Then what does  
this rebel of sociology do but  
go South for a bride.

Not to be outdone in this air-  
minded age, Big John Sharp trans-  
ferred to the air corps and is now  
stationed round and about Kansas.

Hats off to Jack Vandenberg! His  
recent department from the camp-  
us was instigated by Northwest-  
ern medical school.

Can you ever recall Byron  
Larsen when he wasn't band-  
aged up? Seems that "Bi," of  
the ASTP in Idaho, has broken  
his leg this time and is now  
recuperating in a Spokane hos-  
pital.

Speaking of Mu Chis (or were  
we?), Warren Harvey is home on  
leave, after receiving his commis-  
sion as ensign from Northwestern.  
He will leave Tuesday to report  
for duty at San Francisco.

Anyday now . . . anyway . . .  
Jack Spencer is expected to be  
graduated from Corpus Christi . . .  
another Logger on to victory . . .  
and we can say that again!

Sporting stripes around the cam-  
pus this week was Bob Hamilton,  
former Chi Nu and active member  
of the student body.

DRAFT TEE.

## Speeches Vary, Dogology to Cats

Would you like to have the intri-  
cacies of handcuffs explained? Or  
understand the whys and where-  
fores of cosmetics? You mind?  
Well, we're sorry, but it's too late  
now. You should have sat in on  
Martha Pearl Jones Speech 1  
classes this past week. Everything  
from nail polish to mountain climb-  
ing, including both, was thoroughly  
discussed.

Bud Langseth had the right idea  
—you civilian guys can hang onto  
your gals with handcuffs.

Jean Lymburn was on the right  
track, wooing the engineers with  
every type of cosmetic you could  
imagine. Then there was petite  
Olyvia Watt, with her exposition,  
complete with equipment, on how  
to scale even the worst kind of  
a peak. Elaine Pulliam was right  
there too, telling all about that as-  
set to modern femininity, nail  
polish.

"How to Trim a Christmas Tree,"  
(in one easy lesson) was ably dem-  
onstrated by Bev Hoffstetter, but  
it was Lois Lynch who really took  
the prize. She appeared in class  
with her pet pooch, "Duke," and  
proceeded to tell all the ins and  
outs of "dogology." Music wasn't  
lacking, either, for Bob Creso and  
Florence Schaller brought an ac-  
cordion and flute respectively, and,  
after expounding on their relative  
merits, gave a brief recital.

Virginia Gale made mouths  
water with her talk on fancy  
cookies. The trouble was that she  
didn't pass any samples around to  
the class. The trials and tribula-  
tions of badminton were ably dis-  
cussed by Janice Lindeman, while  
Mary Ruth "Cupid" Ershinger dis-  
scribed the use of the bow and ar-



Students (and I use the term loosely), as you may  
ascertain by taking off your shoes and totaling up fingers  
and toes, the men in the Army program have been here for  
in round numbers, 20 days. From their quick indoctrination  
course on things CPS, and from other not-so-far-outside  
sources of information, they have acquired much of the color-  
ful, romantic, picturesque, homespun, financial atmosphere  
that we of the college are steeped in.

But there are many things that they wish to know.  
From a huge and crushing avalanche of two letters and a  
postcard, I am going to pick one, or maybe a couple of let-  
ters, and a postcard, too, if space permits, and give them  
brief attention, and answer any questions there may be.

Now, first, I dig down into the pile and from it extrac-  
t a missive scribbled on the back of an old math paper (good  
grade, too). You will please notice the heading. This is the  
first printable thing your columnist has been called for some  
time. The letter reads as follows:

Dear Mr. Axman:

I just wish that I could meet the man who ever  
said that we always wanted to go dancing or on dates  
and things like that. I know I speak for myself and  
many of the other boys when I say he is wrong! Now,  
I just love to come back from dinner and then do a few  
math problems and some physics and geography, and  
when I'm through I sit and talk about post-war prob-  
lems until bed time. I would certainly appreciate it if  
some lectures could be arranged, by some of the better  
thinkers. They would be heartily endorsed by most of  
the men here, I'm sure.

Sincerely, CADET I. Q.

Well, this boy needs a lecture, all right, but I don't think  
Dr. Schafer is offering that course this semester. We have  
quite a few people who sound like this fellow out here, but  
we have them all congregated at a little place we call Steile-  
coom. All that's left to say is that he'd better just "speak  
for himself" and not let "the other boys" find out, or I. Q.  
will be, for a few days at least, rather low.

Now this second letter contains a suggestion that may  
be acted upon, and I believe—but, here is the letter. Notice  
the signature, Four-bits. Probably a buck private who was  
dered into a crap game. His letter runs something like this:

Dear Son:

We've been around here for about a month now,  
and things have been going pretty good, except that  
there are some people making things hard for us by  
handing us problems to do and stuff to write out.  
Otherwise, everything's all right. But some of us fel-  
lows were wondering if maybe we couldn't help a little  
on the support and get the dorm girls to bake us a  
cake or some cookies, or whip us up a nifty dish of  
something. Man, our stomachs would appreciate it to  
pieces.

(signed) FOUR-BITS.

I don't exactly think your stomachs would apprecia-  
te to pieces—they'd probably fall to pieces. But, really, the  
boy is taking his life in his hands. Of course, some of the  
girls in the dorm can cook, but a steady diet of hard-boiled  
eggs is tiresome. Me, I'd rather watch a nifty dish than  
whip one up. And another thing. This is extremely confi-  
dential info, so listen carefully. It is known positively that  
a certain dorm girl was the person, who, back in the spring  
of 1942, baked and inscribed the cornerstone for the SU.  
It was intended to be an anniversary cake for ABY, but  
something (I think it was the baking powder) went wrong  
and the school got it for an outrageously low price, for such  
good granite. About their cookies. Well, for a complete  
analysis, Mr. McMillin in the Geology Dept. can help out.

If there are any more letters next week we may take  
them up. If any of you students have questions, drop them  
into the Trail Office, or, better yet, into the waste basket.  
I guess that's all for—oh, yes, that postcard. Well, it wasn't  
for me, but if Tommy Jones wants to know, his Jack Army  
strong Decoder Badge will be here as soon as possible.

row—in archery, we mean. Three  
great minds ran down the same  
channel, when Helen Sale, Claudia  
Van Fossen and Almira Marchesini  
all told about puppets. The day  
was saved, though, because each  
told of a different phase in the art

of maneuvering marionettes.  
All these and many more were  
the subjects discussed during the  
seige of "Demonstration Speech"  
given by Teach's little "rats." A  
was learned, and a good time was  
by all.

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Johnson, Joan  
Seward, Jackie  
Harber, Luella  
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Hillis, Frank  
Bob Sloat, G  
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# Anderson Hall Girls Will Have First Affair Of The New Year

Starting off the new year with a bang, the dorm dance, Saturday night, January 1, will open the social calendar for 1944. "The New Year Bawl," a semi-formal affair, will be held at the dorm from 8:30 to 11:30.

Decorations for the occasion will be a typical representation of the old and the new year. The programs will be in the shape of miniature operas, in honor of the new 1944. In charge of the dance will be Annie Amundsen, social chairman. Dorm functions this semester. Chairmen for her committee are: Decorations, Mary Anna Schenck; Patrons and patronesses, Lu Jean Han; programs, Dorothy Backlund; entertainment, Maryan Baird; refreshments, Ida Mae Henricks, and clean-up, Donna Cannon.

The patrons and patronesses will be Mrs. Lyle Ford Drushel, Dr. Warren E. Tomlinson and Mrs. E. Delmar Gibbs. An incomplete list of dorm girls attending the affair includes: Joy Amer, Hilda Feuz, Thelma Harmer, Mary Anna Schenck, Carol Schcock, Cay Cooney, Myrtle Binson, Joan Christensen, Chick McAid, Jackie Burgess, Jean Furber, Luella Jackson, Lu Jean Han, Juanita Robinson, Jeanne Dongall, Barbara Engberg, Helene Pat Beem, Mary Ann Bailey, Ebbie Moore, Ellen Swayne and Lily Packard.

The girls have invited as their guests: Hy Kalus, Bob Cohan, Ernest Goodner, Merle Legg, Grant Parker, Jim Loranger, John Christensen, Bob Causin, Harvey Langan, Lt. Russell Howard, Arnold Browitz, Bob Hamilton, Sherman My, Ken Mienken, Art Whatley, Hillis, Frank Stout, John Quigley, Bob Sloat, Gordon Benzley and Dick Mythias.

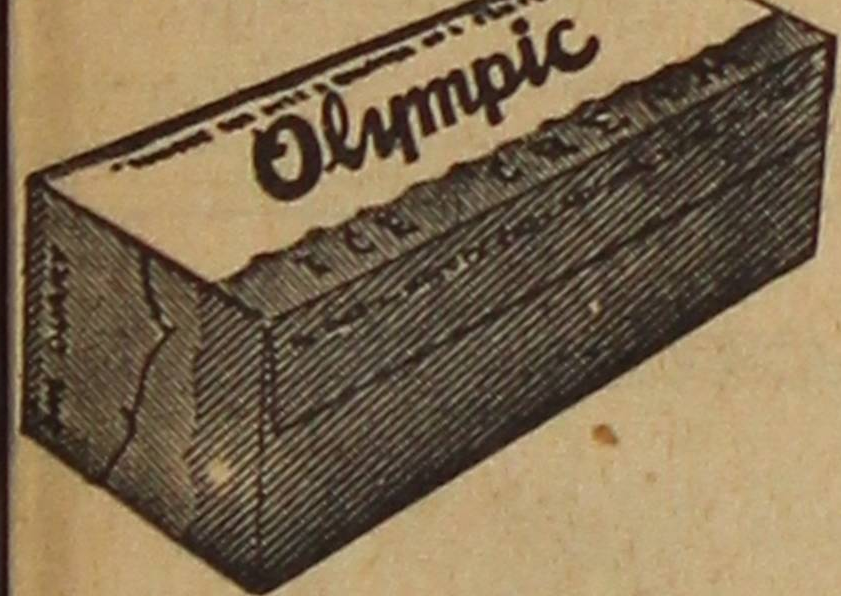
## Alums Announce Birth

Announcing the birth of a baby girl, is Arlene Farrier Williams. The baby, born in the Tacoma General hospital Dec. 14, has been named Orvie Dan. Arlene was affiliated with Lambda Sigma Chi sorority. O. D. was a Mu Chi and now in the U. S. C. G.

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## College Life

By MARY LOUISE ROGERS

First men's organization to be featured in this column is Inter-collegiate Knights of the Log, national sophomore honorary.

Until last year, Knights were only a part of our college program, then under the capable guidance of Ralph MacLaughlin, Knight president, our group became a chapter of the national organization. The Knights correspond to Spurs, women's sophomore honorary, and like Spurs they are an organization of purpose and service not only to the school but to the community.

Meeting every Tuesday during chapel period, the Knights plan their activities. Among the programs of this group are planning freshman week in co-operation with Spurs, ushering, sponsoring scrap drives, the next one which is to take place the beginning of next semester; all odd jobs about the campus, co-ordinating a friendly spirit, and this year the group is also working at the Communication Center.

Like Spurs, Knights are selected upon scholarship, morals, school activity and all around popularity. It is an organization that every freshman man should work towards during the first year of college. Fifteen freshmen are selected for this honor at the close of their first year. Most of the original fifteen chosen last spring are now scattered far and wide, but old Knights and new members are upholding the fine spirit of the organization capably.

Pages tapped last spring to be Knights this semester, but who are absent serving in the armed forces include, Jack Anderson, Joe Gagliardi, Gerald Hartman, Art Hansen, Frank Boscovitch, Douglas Heath, Ted Christenson, Norm Willard and Homer Howe. Of the original 11 Bob Creso and Ernest Goodner are left. Honorary pledges tapped last spring included Marshall Raconovito, Dick Jacobsen, Richard Cromwell, Hubert Combs, Bert Wadsworth and Joseph Sims.

Knights may be identified by their white sweaters with the maroon shield on the front. In the shield is a white helmet and log with CPS written upon the log in maroon.

### KENNEL—ELLIS

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Tacoma

### FISHER'S

"Tacoma's Own Store"  
New Spring Joan Miller's  
Your favorite Junior Dress  
Wash Frocks—Second Floor

New Year's Greetings from

### Anders Florist

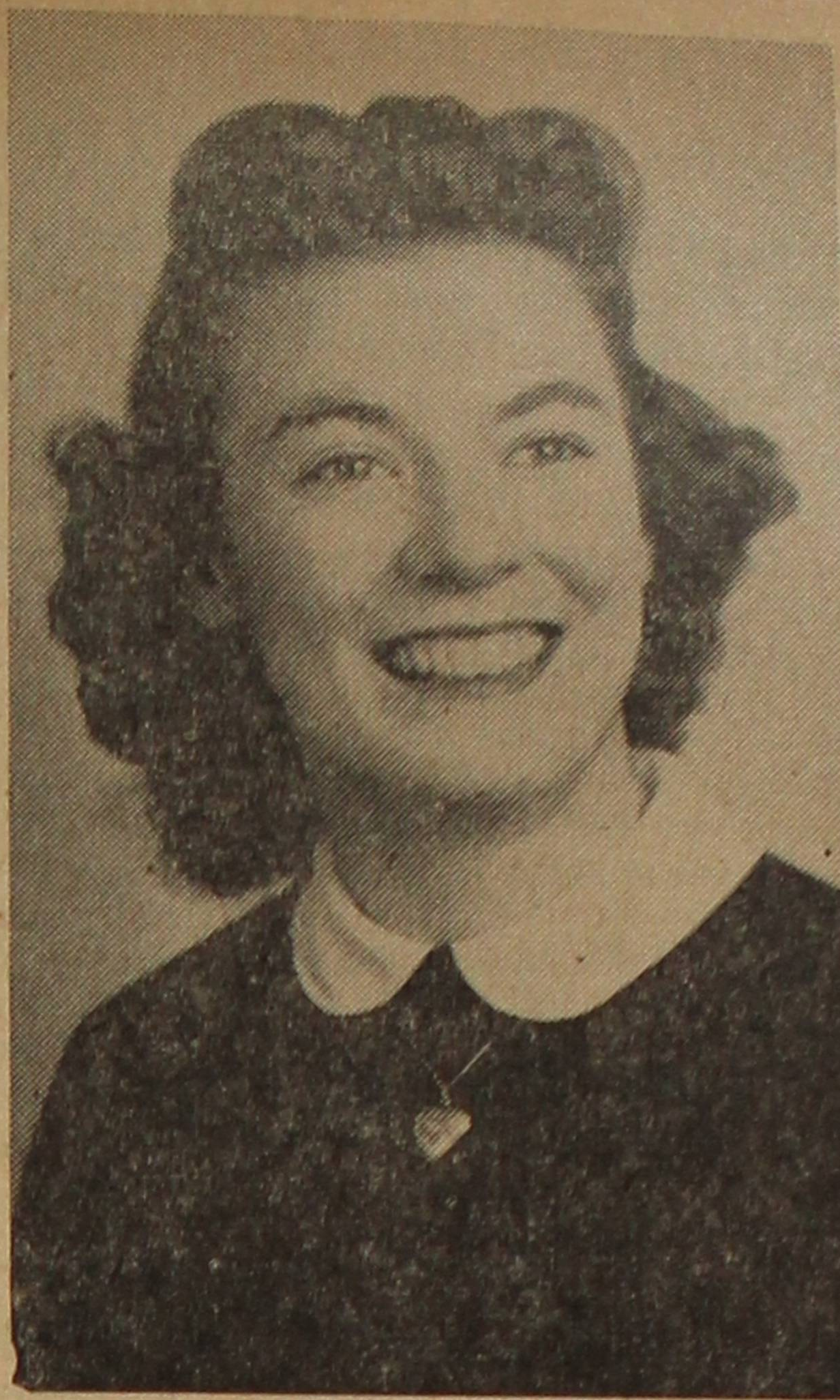
255 So. 11th St., Fidelity Bldg.  
Tacoma, Wash.

## ASCPS President Announces News Of Engagement

Tiny scrolls tied with orchid and gold ribbons were found at each plate by Alpha Beta Upsilon members and pledges Wednesday evening at the sorority's annual Christmas party. When unrolled the parchment scrolls revealed the engagement of Jane Thompson to Ens. Sam D. Smith, U. S. N. R. The names of the couple were printed on a miniature musical score of "I Love You, Truly."

A Christmas dinner party given the bride-to-be by her parents in Olympia formally announced the news to relatives during the holidays. The couple met while Jane was a student at Lewis and Clark high school at Spokane and Clark college. They were both active in music circles throughout the city.

Jane is a senior at CPS, president of the associated students and a member of Alpha Beta Upsilon sorority. Ens. Smith, who recently appeared on a chapel program at the college, is a graduate of Whitworth college last June, and has just received his commission from Columbia University Midshipman's school. While in school he was president of the student body and active in music. He is now stationed at San Diego. No date has been set for the wedding.



MISS JANE THOMPSON

Announcing the news of her engagement to Alpha Beta Upsilon sorority sisters at the annual Christmas party of the group was Jane Thompson, popular senior and president of associated students. No date has been set for the wedding.

## Christmas Eve Gala Affair For Co-eds And Soldiers At Palace

By A Soldier Student

Club 17, night spot for the elite, had its gala opening on Christmas eve. The main ballroom was dimly lit (why men go blind). Large oaken tables were arranged in geometrical patterns about the dance floor. Soft, double-decker love seats were scattered throughout the hall, each covered with soft, drab-colored blankets.

A twenty girl chorus, consisting of (Doc Seegal) danced to the smooth, sparkling, scintillating, symphonic tunes of Jack "Ziggy" Vaughn, his bugle, and his love.

Miss "Light-Fingered" Teply handled the coat checking concession and managed to scrap 23 tokens out of pockets to make a smooth fortune for the evening. Rollo "Take Me Back to New England" Stickney was in charge of the corset department (that's where all that flowery speech comes from). "Slapsie Maxie" Neynell took the job of bouncer. Cigarette Girl Rogette Stephenson plied her trade with her hour-glass figure draped in a beat-up barracks bag. Joe "Take My Picture" Savick and Leon "Suds" Scheveitzer kept the customers well supplied with Christmas spirits (referring to the seance kind of course).

Among the notables present were: Lord Reighton of Higgins on the Sound, accompanied by charming Miss "Junior" Gerard; Queen of

Whatley, escorted by Prince Charming Paul Gentile, and Johnny (of O'Johnny fame) Modlin with some old married women.

As the first streaks of fog (bless it) drifted in, a raid, in charge of Inspector McKean, broke up the gay party. No arrests were made, so everyone returned to their respective homes, feeling very satisfied with the evening. And no matter how this reads, it was concluded that all present at the Palace on Christmas Eve properly celebrated by downing plate after plate of luscious cake, cookies, candy and fruit.

Fire watching duty for women between the ages of 20 and 45 is compulsory in Britain for those working less than 55 hours a week.

## Fraternity Has Informal Dance

Ushering in the New Year with gaiety, Alpha Kai Omega will sponsor its first affair New Year's Eve. The informal dance will be held in the Roof Garden of the Masonic temple, with dancing from 9 to 12 o'clock.

Co-chairmen for the occasion will be Bob Causin and George Williams. Committee heads include Otho Halligan, refreshments; Bob Causin and George Williams, programs, and Harry Meixner, decorations.

Representatives from the four sororities have been invited as special guests and old fraternity men invited by a member of the present organization. Patrons and patronesses are Dr. and Mrs. Warren E. Tomlinson, Mr. and Mrs. E. Delmar Gibbs and Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McMillin.

In keeping with the occasion, the hall will be decorated in red and white streamers and the room will be gay with colorful paper hats and noisy horns. Programs will be in the shape of miniature sophisticated top hats. At the stroke of 12, the scene will be showered with confetti.

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**TACOMA CITY LIGHT**

26, and 27 will be required to take a test on the ASCPS consti-

tuated to it, the prohibition has been lifted since the war

That clean towels are not furnished in the boy's gym was reported by General Walter No an-

will be banked and later divided into equal parts and spread over March, April and May

atives I talked to were interested mainly in getting back to pre-war standards while our fac-

Dr. Thompson trip, although su purpose, was no



# W. A. A.

By JANE SHAFFER

Hoopsters, hollerin, happy gals— That's the girls who are now well into the basketball season. Interclass games have started, and with two of the eight games already played off, things are in fine shape. Two of the frosh teams have been faced with the stronger Senior and Junior teams both of them ending with the upperclassmen far out in the lead.

How will the Interclass round robin come out? We have it from good authority that the Senior class thinks they have big chances of coming out in the lead, but that prophecy is being questioned by the up and coming Junior team.

ASTU boys want to know who the hoopster is that wears white shorts and a stripped sweater shirt—Shall we tell 'em? It's the hardy halled PE assistant "Mira" Marchessini. Two of these boys gathered up enough courage Wednesday to drop into the gym to catch a glimpse of these noisy babes . . . seemed like the 'ole days when the **LOGGER MEN** used to gather over

## Flashy Fems Hail 'Hooping' Interclass Spirit Thrives

At last the KING has been crowned! Each noon, games have been played as we see our "muscle maggies" really in there tuning up their loose joints.

In Monday's game the seniors scuttled the "just call me big stuff" sophomores by a score of 31-13. Fontelle "Dead-eye" Gaddis, along with "Left-Handed-Pusher-In" Peterson and Virginia Lantz chalked up the exuberant margin.

Mary Ann "Whiz" Truitt was high scorer for the soph forwards as they tried to break through the strong defense of Janis "Jumpy" Eisenhower, Esther "Right in the Key" Mann and Vesta "Springy" Smith. Murden Woods played center forward, with Bev Hofstetter as the other forward, while Ruby Smith, Teddy Robinson and Barbara Engberg filled the guard positions for the sophs.

The juniors waxed the "Blue Beattles" freshmen Wednesday,

there during noons to root for their favorites.

The corsage of the week goes to Jean Button, basket ball manager. She is doing a fine job of keeping the books straight.

chalking up a score of 30-13, led by Sue "Chukker-In" Hendrickson and Almira "Just Call Her Cap" Marchessini, closely trailed by Jane Shaffer held down forwards position along with H. P. Beem and Sal Newschwander. Playing forward for the 'freshies were Joy "High Scorer" Moberg, Connie Allen and Eunice Moberg, with Rae Johnson as sub.

Today the "Wall Flowers" meet the Powerful Seniors.

### Mutterings From ASTU

Now, if we only had to go to classes, attend committee meetings and all those parties and services the War Activity Committee has planned for us, school would be wonderful . . . but it's those study hours and those assignments, and those quizzes that get me.

'Twas a good party the town girls gave to us Christmas Eve . . . and did we ever appreciate all the FOOD.

Wish they would put a three minute limit on the phone, then maybe I could get near enough to see if that automatic light switch really works . . . besides I might even call up that five foot two . . . eyes of blue . . . "deal."

We surely enjoyed the Dorm girls' fine spirit when they sang Christmas carols to us the night before their vacation started.

Where's the sun rise, and where's the sunset, in our own words . . . "Where's the SUN?"

Drop your extra change in the bank for one of our uniformed candidates, a civilian, or any belle—

Hey "Shifty," how's about a Hershey bar? Am I kiddin'? No, just being optimistic?

Fellas! Wednesday night's free time! But then the library is open, no need to use McClure's Date Bureau!

## FROM WHERE WE SIT

If you are one of those uniformed members of our student body, you have without a doubt met Al Hodges, college instructor in Physical Education and playground director for the city Park Board. Mr. Hodges is the pert little man with a smile who puts the trainees through there daily workouts in calisthenics. After one hour of this the fellas also find time for boxing, wrestling, tumbling, rope-climbing, and horizontal bar workouts. Each squad does two activities in one day aside from the regular routine.

When ASTU's arrived on our campus, came with them several athletes who know what it means to take part in big events. Among them are Art Whatey, a basketball jumping center and speedy forward who hales from Mississippi, and John Quigley, a really smooth football player who knows his way around New York and the goal line, no doubt. We hear also that Bob Stewart did his part for a sportsmanship record in the past. From these and the rest of your fellas who are definitely the athletic type, we'll be expecting some future Loggers . . . if time permits a'course.

That Logger who decks our campus wearing the three-stripped letter sweater, and who, by the way teaches men's physical education, is Bob Hutchinson, former Logger and, and who was last year's chief organizer of the letterman's club, and Vice Prexy.

Can you imagine Jack Beers and Bob Moles, Logger football men, who really had the sports parade down pat, losing weight because of their stiff, but very welcome, physical education program at Paris Island? What's a matter men? Where's that ZZIPP you used to run the commando course with?

## Bob Creso Learns All About Psyc.

Bob Creso limped out of Howarth hall recently after a thorough workout with Dr. Sinclair, professor of psychology. Bob was the willing victim of a strenuous demonstration for the psychology class on "how to relax." The relaxation resulted somewhat in the manner of exhaustion after the twisting of muscles and limbs in every contortion known to Dr. Sinclair.

At one point of the demonstration, the victim was forced to remove the various and sundry articles from his pockets because the hard metal was puncturing him unmercifully as he lay stretched on his back.

However, from the reports of the spectators, Dr. Sinclair's pointers on the art of relaxation have been nearly too successful. The members of the psychology class have been secretly known to drop off to sleep unexpectedly in most any class.

Don't talk about war production, troop movements or ship movements. Careless talk costs lives.

## Splash Party For Students At "Y"

Splash! Mermaids and mermen of CPS will get a chance to sport their best dog-paddle this Saturday at the splash party to be held at the YMCA. Swimming will be from 8 to 9:30, but dancing from 8:30 to 11:00 will also be part of the evening's fun, with refreshments being served later in the evening, according to Bev Hofstetter, chairman of the affair.

Under the sponsorship of the War Coordination Board, the party is being arranged by a committee of the tolo candidates. It will be strictly a sport affair, stag or couple, and 15 cents will be charged per person.

Cooperation of the student body with the ASTU is urged for this all college party.

Three tin cans will provide the steel for one hand grenade.

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## The Soldier's Side

Just to let you know what kind of fellows "bored" in the barn, I shall take you on a little tour of Who's Who, What's What, and Why. On the first floor in the hole behind the showers, we have the "Lofty Lads." Featuring "first issue" is Wally "Brooklyn Kid" Kine who thinks that dancing beats marching and, even tho he liked the infantry, he likes Tacoma scenery better. To top that off, we have the "Intellectual" type John "Brains" Abbott who keeps his group waiting while rendezvousing with other intellectual members of the student body. In the far corner, we have the social minded "Moose boys" Bob Fisher, Eddy Buch, and Jack Brickell who think this is a wonderful state!

As we follow on, we find the phone booth jammed by Marvin "Spencer Tracy" Krudoltz phoning the same number as Maurice Walsh, Harry Sonkin, Paul Gentilli and Jack "Our Man" Quigley who says that Taffy is his favorite food.

## C of C Secretary Returns To Speak

Rushing off last month after one of the shortest chapel speeches in CPS history, Thad Stevenson of the Tacoma Chamber of Commerce returned to speak to the student body today. Mr. Robbins, bursar, presided.

Harold B. Long, pastor of the Immanuel Presbyterian Church, delivered his message about signatures in Wednesday's religious chapel. Elizabeth Cussell sang a Christmas piece, accompanied by Carol Abernathy. Both are from Immanuel Prebyterian. Jean Button was in charge.

During Monday chapel, which was conducted by Helen Pat Beem and Esther Mann, the winning freshman song was sung by the entire student body for the first time. The rest of the period was taken up by the singing of other college songs and the infantry song.

As the dinner gong rang, and we "HUP, 2, 3, 4'd over to the Princes' Palace for dinner, we see fellas smashing their brains against their books because of Dr. "Just-Call-Me Quizzy" Slater's history tests. The Glamour boys, namely Quigley, Whately and "EARS" Wetzel serving coffee, second and third helpings, and even giving all kinds of attention to a certain magnetic Button, we wonder . . . yes, it even happens here according to the Great "Mac" McClure, the fellas stayed up until—"even eleven-thirty" one night discussing which was the best sorority. (No politics, Please). Going on we met the three cheerful lads who got Varga Esquire Calendars at a recent Christmas party, and the current ping pong champ of Co. A, namely Walter "Ravioli" Maccloll who thinks that Christmas eve is nicely spent in the upper story of the Blue Mouse theater.

The Whistle blew, Lights out, and so from Trainee Station, it's choo choo!

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