

LINDEN BARK

VOLUME 29

ST. CHARLES, MO., THURSDAY, APRIL 1, 1948

NUMBER

Front Office Revolts - - - To Release New Royal Romeo; Robert Becomes King

Poll Reveals Hume Backed By Faculty

Hail the new Romeo of Lindenwood College for 1948! Completely unhappy with Veronica Lake's decision, Dr. Schaper and Dean Gipson decided to take matters into their own hands, and as a result of a poll of our dear faculty, Robert "The Hair" Hume has been chosen as the Man of the Year.

Bobby, clad in purple tights and a flowing cloak, was crowned at a special ceremony of the reopening of OLD TRAILS, which is now under the management of Mary "Are you girls comfortable?" Terhune. To the strains of "I'm Breathless" the royal procession staggered slowly up the middle aisle. In the lead, as usual, was "Bullet" McCluer, followed by "Ahhh Say" Motley bearing a scarlet banner. Bobby brought up the rear and was greeted with a reverent hush as everyone crossed their eyes in devotion. As he reached the dais, Hankins Hepcats changed their tune and played "I Wonder" as Dr. Sig-Mund Betz placed a wreath of olive branches on his head.

Following the ceremony, Pearl (Poil, that is) Walker, dressed in a black slinky affair, gave out with "Oh, look at me Now," and due to a thunderous applause, she gave her rendition of "I Cover the Waterfront."

After this preliminary attraction, Dr. Flossie Schaper as toastmistress presented the welcome to the Romeo and orated in his honor, a soulful version of "O Captain, My Captain." (There was not a dry eye in the hole, I mean hall).

As the festivities resumed their former gaiety, Bobby led an intricate waltz with Mrs. "I have five sections" Long and when this couple retired, the orchestra struck up a lively square dance composed of Muscles Ross, DDT Talbot, "Sweater

Boy" Karel, and "Breathe Deeply" Rehg. This number attracted much attention until refreshments of cokes (mixed outside) and tamales took precedence.

In conclusion, Dizzy Dawson and Clev led a procession through the streets of St. Charles while the gay voices of the faculty grew hoarse from shrieking "Back To Civilization."

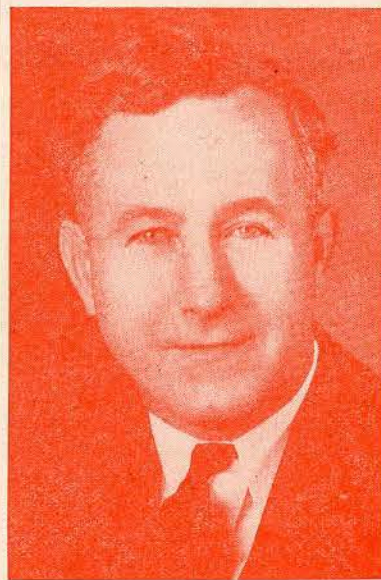
(The student body will be pleased to know that the entire faculty has been campused for the month of April for returning to the campus after 4:00 without late permission.)



Next Klasy Karel and his Kidettes beat out "I Hear Ya Knockin' But Ya Can't Come In." After this the group adjourned to the Gymnasium to spend that remainder of the evening dancing. Cocktails of homogenized milk with just a pinch of chocolate were served and the dance floor was charmingly decorated with three blue Christmas tree light bulbs. Music was provided by Johnny Thomas and his victrola. Johnny had been practicing for months and his performance was superb.

Obituary

In Memoriam—The Bark staff wishes to dedicate this space and their loving thoughts to those classes that were cut in attempting to get the paper out on time. "They are gone, but their memory will linger in our minds forever."



Clevenger And Hankins Run On Coalition Slate

Heartily Backed By L. C., GOP, Democrat S.L., P.O.H., Ets

A stampede of the national political conventions in Philadelphia is being planned by leaders of the Democratic and Republican parties to present their coalition slate. This startling discovery was made by a snooping Bark reporter when she entered a smoke-filled room that she thought was a milk-bar. In the bluish-gray atmosphere, plans were being made for the announcement that is certain to upset almost everyone in the U. S.

The coalition has picked a slate that they believe will be so outstanding that there will be no need for election formalities in November. For President of the United States, the coalition has chosen Dr. Homer Clevenger, the world renowned mayor of the City of St. Charles, Mo. Dr. Clevenger's running-mate on the coalition ticket will be Katy Hankins, the first woman ever to run for the office of vice president.

The Democrats and the Republicans feel that the team of Clevenger and Hankins will be so outstanding that their secret fear of Henry Wallace will be eliminated. The coalition candidates have the support of a great majority, the Democratic and Republican leaders say.

Dr. Clevenger has been endorsed by such organizations as the Lindenwood College History Department, the Society of Loyal Professors of History, the Weary Students of Female Seminaries, the League of Women Vipers, Local 463 of the United Federation of Bluebook Staplers of America, and the Most Honorable Friends of Old Trails. Dr. Clevenger is expected to capture the vote of the feminine admirers of blue eyes.

Katy, the dynamic and forceful vice-presidential candidate, is expected to receive the G.I. vote. She has also been endorsed by the Loyal Order of Hibernians of Lower Manhattan (they have chosen her their 1948 pin-up girl), the Steamfitters Union, the Loyal Order of Moose, and the Latin Club of Lindenwood College.

The coalition campaign will be opened formally April 1. The campaign speeches are being written by Dr. Gipson. She is also doing a series of campaign stories for True Confessions that is based on the past life of the candidates. The stories promise to be rare.

interest include:
1. Every Lindenwood girl will be guaranteed at least five dates a week.
2. Unless students actually want to attend classes, there will be no compulsory ones scheduled.
3. Lindenwood College will become co-educational if there is sufficient interest among the girls to warrant this change.

4. A club room will be opened at one of the St. Charles milk bars.

5. Under no circumstances will classes begin before 11 a. m. or extend after 2 p. m.

Campaign manager for the candidacy of Clevenger and Hankins is Robert Colson. Colson has arranged an extensive lecture tour for the candidates. Dr. Clevenger will address women's clubs throughout the United States, and Miss Hankins will make a tour of all of the veterans' organizations and military camps.

When interviewed about more details of the campaign, Colson said that he was planning a very unusual approach. The only phase he would comment on was the campaign photographs. He has made arrangements with a Hollywood photographer to make glamour pictures of the candidates. This, he maintains, will interest the persons who don't liketo read.



The coalition is enlisting the support of every citizen to promote the candidacy of Clevenger and Hankins. Clevenger and Hankins promise to settle all the international difficulties, domestic problems, and the problems of men for the Lindenwood girls. Since these candidates offer such an outstanding platform, it is the duty of every L. C. girl to pitch in and take an active part in this campaign.

Campaign headquarters are asking assistance in writing slogans for the campaign. Dr. Gipson had intended to write these, but has decided to devote her entire time to the True Confessions biographies of the candidates. This change was made because the life stories of the candidates are rather involved. Lindenwood should become the slogan factory of the U. S. Before the coalition was announced, such slogans as "We're screwy for Dewey," "We're daft for Taft," and "We dassen' leave Stassen," were originated by L.C. girls. Now is the time for slogans to support Clevenger and Katy.

Give L. C. A Say In Government Vote for CLEVINGER and HANKINS

Make it HOMER & KATE in '48

From The Editors

We regret that the much-heralded true story of the Seniors' Sneak Day—see page 3—does not appear as written. At the last minute, word reached two members of the class, and they rushed down to stop its publication. While not in time to do that, they did succeed in blotting out certain significant phrases. Thus even we, the faculty, are victims of Lindenwood's strict censorship.

Another First For Lindenwood! April Fool Coronation Is Televised To The Nation

Glamorous Boyer Is New Queen

By Amy Wagner

Convention was smashed! Tradition was drowned! For the first time in history the crowning of the April Fool Queen was televised, broadcast over 132 major networks, and covered by 300 prominent playing "It Couldn't Be True," were heard and all eyes turned toward the door as the Lindenwood April Fool Queen of Love and Beauty, Miss Martha May Boyer, sedately made her entrance. Mazie was charmingly attired in size 42 blue jeans with strategically placed yellow and orange patches. Her ensemble was fashioned after the New Look with the traditional longer hemline coming 8 inches below her feet.

Escorting her was the First Maid of Honor, Hugo Bauer. Mr. Bauer, clad in a fuchsia costume with the new dipping waistline and pink pantaloons took his

place beside the Queen as they reached the throne composed of left-over programs from Tuesday afternoon recitals. The crown of discarded radio tubes was then placed on the head of the Queen by the crown bearer, little Milton Rehg, who wore a Lord Fauntleroy suit and patent leather slippers.

Following the coronation, a program was offered for the enjoyment of the regal party. A short skit was presented in which Dr. Grundhauser, as Superman, with the aid of Batman (Dr. Betz), and Tarzan (Mr. Hume), succeeded in foiling the wily and crafty Mr. Slyppee (Mr. Motley) to rescue the poor young damsel in distress, Lola Little (Dr. Schaper). Miss Katherine Hankins then gave a lecture on the architecture of corner milk bars during the 20th century. She emphasized the fact that the bars are getting longer this year due to the effect of the New Look and brass rails are now being discarded with chiffon covered padded foot rests taking their place. Miss Anna Wurster broadcast her fifteen minute program which is heard daily over Station STUPE. The program features latest styles in the world of fashion. As special guest on the program, Dr. Clevenger gave his three hour formula for getting curly hair. It's a permanent, girls!

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LINDEN BARK

Published on the first day of every April by the faculty of Lindenwood Female Seminary

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Business Manager..... Alice Gypyou
Advertising Manager..... Carolyn "Oh-Horrors" Gray
Printer's Devil..... Homer "I'll-Be-Good" Clevenger

MEMBER OF THE GRAPEVINE PRESS ASSOCIATION

"The truth—even though it hurts—you. Lindenwood libel at last let out."

Students! We, the staff of the Linden Bark, are ashamed of you. By getting your assignments every day you are causing confusion and embarrassment for the faculty. Since you never cut classes any more, Dean Chipson has had time to read the last ten mystery books received in the library. Dr. Betz has missed Veronica Lake's last three movies, and Dr. Dawson still hasn't got her seeds planted. This condition is deplorable. It is up to you, the students, to bring an end to it and provide more time for the faculty's hobbies. After all, they are attending classes simply because that is their job, and you should not take advantage of this fact. So, students, please take it just a little easier on the faculty. Cut classes more often, don't prepare your assignments, and above all don't embarrass your teacher by asking questions.

Students-Take Better Care Of Your Faculty

Bark Barometer By Dr. Parker

Dr. Parker Airs Faculty Opinion

Urges Students to be more Considerate

fore intirly to long we the Fakulty of lindenWood Colege have had to hide our feellings concerning this instituton. The time haz now cum whin wee kan reveal our tru apinuns an as representative of the fakulty i wil now revelate to youse our ideas.

mi porsunal apinun iz that youse all dimand too many tests. Mi inglish literchur klases hav bicum quiet a problem az they now insist on a test every day an curecting there papers haz made me tin rows bhind in my nitting.

mizz potorf confidud to mee the othur day that she thinks the personul occi shuld git an autimatic kleenex dispenser. That poor womans arm haz bin worn down to skin an bones pulling klenexs out of boxis.

doctur betzuz main pain iz that rumur haz bin going aroun the campus that several gurls refuzed a date with him last weecek this iz without basis an hee wuld like me two state that they did axcept the dates. Pulezze gurls, lets stop such nasty roomers.

"Stuff the balot box or flunk" clevenger is cumpaining over the fac that studunts are demanding 1.50 fer there votes instead of the usual 1.00 letus keep inflachun off the campus gurls.

charlie clayton iz sulking these dates becuze veronica lake didn't cum to linden Wood to judg the romeo pictures. cum on charlie, we no yu hav one of those porsonalle audografed picturz of hur in yer brief case.

now that i have broadcast to the wurd our porsunal gripes i hope u students will try to be mor tolerant of our little idiosincridizes. next april fools day i will agin tel you what we fin wrong with the scul. untill then—that's that—the latest—dope.

At all bis jokes, for many a joke had he? Goldsmith said it in "The Deserted Village." He was really quite a gay young lad when I got to know him. Well, I must dash. . . See you round Roemer!

"Full well they laughed with counter-facted glee."

and Thur came an extra time, it meant that all the girls, who liked to sleep late, had to get up early and go to classes and listen to their teachers. It was sad.

It was even sadder the next morning when Sun arrived. Everyone had hoped to see Satur, but they were very disappointed. Even though they were fond of Sun she upset them because she expected them to be very ladylike and dignified. And they were, after all, very young and it was hard for them not to have Satur to play with.

But just as Sun was about to leave she received a message from Fry. Said Fry: We've just found Satur—he hid in the luggage when our boss McCluer left town the other day. And McCluer says he will watch him carefully and not let him run away. He'll be back to work soon.

And all the girls at the school clapped their hands and were happy once more. They all promised to be very, very good so that they'd get to see Satur again soon.

I know you all are familiar with Irwin Hall and its charming proprietor, Miss Mottinger. Well, the other day as I was skinning Pope's "The Rape of the Lock," this fine caught my eye: "Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms look, and three eyes gaze on!"

After considerable thought, I managed to figure out a way to overcome the difficulties involved and write on both. I'll talk a little about more current affairs.

I would like to unbind just this once and things. But at the same time, I feel that thing pertaining to the extra-more classical column, of which I am guest editor, some stand—I feel compelled to write in this named Day. The daddy's name was Fry and the mommy's name was Sun and they had a little child who was called Satur.

By Bigman Betz

A Bedtime Story---

Once upon a time there was a family named Day. The daddy's name was Fry and the mommy's name was Sun and they had a little child who was called Satur. They lived in a country called Calendar, on the edge of a city called Week. So sometimes people spoke of their part of town as Weekend.

Fry Day and his family had lived in a little school in the city of St. Charles, Mo. Fry Day worked there too, and even little Satur helped. He was the favorite of all the Days at the girls at the school knew, for although he seemed shorter than his parents or his cousins, he was much the jolliest. Fry was inclined to be gruff and unhappy in the morning. And Sun and Fry would go out to the school to work, and on his way home would check to see that little Satur had gotten started all right. After Satur was safely home in the evening, it was Sun's turn to go on duty.

But on this particular time that I am telling you about, things were different. Fry was very, very cross in the morning and very, very weary by evening. He forgot to watch for little Satur on his way home, and so missed him completely. And little Satur never did get to work.

The group people at the school were very cross because Satur was missing. They called Fry and told him there was nothing to do but come back, and bring his relatives Mon and Thur and make up Satur's time.

This made the girls who lived at the school very unhappy. Mon and Thur weren't at all like Fry. They were tall and thin, and frowned most of the time, and had a PURPOSE. All they meant to the girls was work. So when Mon know they'll be fascinating.

by Aunt Lizzie Dawson

Night Seen at Lindenwood - - Wishful Thinking!

By Bouncing Bet

Well, children, your usual columnist was carted off to the infirmary with a bad case of columnist's nose—it got bitten off the last time she poked it into someone else's business; so I, Bouncing Bet Isaacs, cigarette in hand, will do the dirty work this week. I've been ransacking the files down in the front office, and can tell you anything you want to know—from the name and address of that boy you dated three years ago, to the number of times a day you wash your face. Ah yes, the espionage system round here is a source of unceasing amazement to me—how they can know so much they shouldn't and apply so little of what they should—ah well, that's what life in a female cemetery is like.

I've just returned from a meeting of Borus To Tears, the honorary for all those of high intelligence and low common sense. Dr. "I-Know-Everything" Petz gave a talk on "How to Get Your Class Into an Interesting Discussion"—using his American Sit. class as an illustration—they do have the most fascinating intellectual debates!

After this wonderful speech, our president—Mary "I-Love-ants" Talbot turned the meeting over to Dr. "I-believe-in-the-good-old-homespun-way-of-life" Garnett, who led us in a discussion of tests. He suggested that we ask only the really important things; for instance in a Education tests one should ask—"Six ways to arrange the chairs in a room, eighteen ways to collect papers, ten ways to avoid answering a question directly," and various other items of indispensable information. The other teachers joined in the discussion, but none of their remarks were worth printing.

Say, friends and fellow-humbugs, I have a problem to discuss with you; so lend me your ears for a moment. We faculty have been falling down on our job—we have not been sufficiently dignified in the last two weeks. I've seen several of you in pleasant conversation with the students form for masters and is out of the question for Ph. Ds. Let's keep up the old spit—let's can't weaken now—Hurrah for our unassailable dignity.

Just stopped in at the Tea Hole—the usual gang was there gathered around the front table singing "We're from Roemer than anyone else." Cody mumbled the bass. Most enjoyable. But those annoying students in the back room kept shushing us, they said they came to the Tea Hole to study, and they thought if not inconspicuous of us to make noise.

Say, that last faculty play day was really something, wasn't it? But let's have more of you out to support our square dancers. This business of sitting around and complaining about nothing to do when you don't have the energy to come down to the Gym has to stop. Come on now—let's have Roemer and Fine Arts out 100 per cent next Monday night. Well, I have to run. There's a stack of term papers a mile high up in my office and I can hardly wait to read them—I know they'll be fascinating.

Nuff's Nuff.

ALL WOOF AND NO NIP

The Dogwood Trees Are Barking

By Estee "We-Hear-It-All" Linhoff

Have you heard the latest? I haven't either—but read on down and I'll let you in on some gossip that's only a few weeks old—if that paper ever came out on time! Heard Betty "My-love-life-is-more-complicated-than-yours" Herziger discussing affairs with Alice (blond) "I-know-how-to-handle-men" Smith—getting some good advice, no doubt.

Noticed Dot Steiner carrying around an adorable picture of a Vice-Admiral. Wonder where she got it? It probably has some hidden significance.

Hear the faculty is having troubles organizing their political parties—some agitation from the soc. dept. for a third one. We're expecting some really good campaign speeches—after all, most of our beloved faculty have had some experience with public offices.

Seen in the Heated Bath—opera glasses in the balcony of Roemer Auditorium—we are getting up in the world . . . Homer Clevenger flirting with a certain Mrs. Clevenger . . . little Jimmy Garnett learning how to say pheasant . . . Katie "Latin-Ain't-Dead" Hankins lost among the statuary . . . Jackie Fish waiting and waiting . . . Susie "I'm-so-embarrassed-I-could-cry" Martin planning to wash her hair in Butler's new Bendix . . . Glad to hear that Alice "Just-call-me-Alley" Parker had been found—under a stack of 1935 term papers . . . Miss "If-you-can-get-in-to-see-me-without-waiting-an-hour-you're-good; if-you-can-get-out-within-an-hour-you're-better" Cook still busy trying to "attend to this pile on my desk first" . . .

Can you imagine . . . the Democrats of L. C. having a meeting without straining their vocal chords . . . or the cardrums and good tarte of the rest of the campus . . . the Republicans having any fun . . . or either party using logic instead of lung power in persuading you to get on the bandwagon . . . Bullet being unreasonable . . . or other well-known people being reasonable . . . a certain curly-haired Irwinite not campaigning . . . Miss Williams going down on any bid . . . me knowing it's time to stop talking . . .

Bark Reporter Scoops World With Inside Story Of College Founding



By Pop Ordelleide

Lindenwood Female Seminary was founded on Foundation Day, in the year 1827 when Major and Mrs. Sibley stopped by, on their way west, at Flossie Shaper's milk shake bar, "The Last Chance." Finding it was Foundation Day and a holiday, they decided to celebrate and found a college. Where they found it no one knows.

Life on the frontier, in the early days, was rugged and several of the first student were scalped by Indians. (This quaint custom has come down to us today via Dean Gipson.)

From its meager beginnings Lindenwood has now grown to the point where it has seven main buildings. The first of these is Roemer Hall where the Post Office is located. (To get mail is the one reason students ever enter this building.) Next to Roemer is the Library, where books are kept when they're not out on faculty home use. Just beyond the Library is the Music Building where the Art Department is located. Irwin, Niccolls Sibley, Ayres, and Butler are all dormitories. These halls are rarely in use however, as most of the girls spend their time at fraternity parties at Mizzou, Westminster, Rolla, and Washington U. leaving no time to spend on the Linden-

wood campus. Many traditions have come down to us today. One of these is called "Convocation." Every Thursday morning at 11 several students hesitate between going into the Auditorium or heading for the Tea Hole. (This shows a weakness on the part of the student. There should be no doubt that the Tea Hole is the correct place to go.) At this attraction known as Convocation, a speaker usually speaks on some subject of interest to himself (and Miss Morris, who can always find a psychological explanation for everything). Occasionally students as far back as the third row can hear him distinctly.

Upon a Freshman's arrival at Lindenwood, she is given an eat and comprehensive little booklet of some 150 pages giving a few of the school's rules and customs. What the students can't do is contained on pages 1-148. What the student can do is contained on pages 148-150. Things not mentioned in the handbook the student doesn't get an opportunity to do.

The new student should always wait to see who her faculty advisor is, before deciding on her major subject. She will soon find it impossible to jamor in chemistry with an English teacher as faculty adviser and vice versa.

"Individual attention" is another advantage at Lindenwood. By means of this the student, instead of being called on once a month, is asked to recite the lesson for the day, write a short summary of it answer approximately 150 questions concerning it, and explain in detail the reason for each answer. Naturally all students are thankful for having an opportunity such as this "individual attention."

After four years at Lindenwood some students graduate. These students are always welcomed back in later years . . . as a matter of fact some of their teachers might dare them to come back.

Kutta Klass Klub is now open to anyone wishing to join. The only requirement is that you cut at least one class daily. Dean Gipson is in charge of the Klub and will gladly hold conferences with anyone wishing to join.

The Y B Chapter of Y B Sorority held its daily meeting in Butler wreck room. No one came to the meeting, no speeches were made, no dues were collected, nothing was served to eat, and no plans for future meetings were made. A good time was had by all. Members of the club advocate more organizations of this type on the campus.

CLUB CORNERED

COLLEGE CALENDAR

- Calendar for week April 4 to April 10:
- Sunday, April 4—
 - 10 a. m. Breakfast served in bed by the housemothers.
 - 6.30 p. m. Vesper Concert. Andre Kostelanetz and Lily Pons.
 - Monday, April 5—
 - 11 a. m. Picnic on golf course. Guests include the Phi Deltis, Betas, Sigma Chi, and K. A.s from Washington U. Girls are all requested to make sure they entertain at least three boys as the ratio will be 3 to 1.
 - 9 p. m. Dancing in Butler Gym. Music of Vaughn Monroe's orchestra. Girls are requested not to come in until after 3 a. m.
 - Monday, April 6—Skip day to recuperate.
 - Monday, April 7—
 - 10 a. m. Romeo Contest. Contestants to be Hollywood movie stars, and will appear here. Students to do balloting.
 - 11 a. m. Each student to conduct one movie star on tour of campus.
 - 8 p. m. Dance in Butler Gym. Music by Charlie Spivak and Tex Beneke.
 - Monday, April 8—

Bumma Cig Sorority will meet tomorrow night in the Library Pub Room. Jackie Fish will demonstrate the art of smoking cigars, and Shorty O'Flynn will speak on "Pipe Smoking."

Alpha and Omega held its weekly meeting last Tuesday evening. The club, consisting of better known farm girls, will not finish studying Phylum Annelida until Friday, therefore the macaroni will be served Sat. aft.

Row Delta Row, boating sorority, held a meeting last evening underneath the water tower. Plans were discussed for the annual excursion down the Mississippi. This excursion is a tradition at Lindenwood and all Freshmen anxiously await its arrival.

- Regular classes. Students are requested to have no preparation as the faculty wishes to take this opportunity to tell all the jokes they have heard.
- Monday, April 9—
 - 4 p. m. Tau Sigma Recital, "Burlesque Babes."
 - 7 p. m. Lecture, "The Art of Making Students Write Term Papers That Are Usable When You Wish to Make a Speech," by Dr. Parkinson.
 - 9 p. m. Hen Party at Old Trails. Students are requested to keep the tables dry on top.
- Monday, April 10—
 - National Convention on Marriage. Representatives from every men's college in the U. S.

2 Features 2

UNCLE GUY
IN
"Here We Go Again"

FLOSSIE SCHAPER
IN
"Over My Dead Body"

"Follow That Woman"
WITH
Walt Grundhauser

"Persued"
A Magnificent Episode
BY
ALICE GIPSON

REPUBLICANS

MR. MOTLEY

WILL NOW

ACCEPT YOUR VOTE

ALL IN FAVOR SAY YIPPEE!



TIME-PROVEN
CAMPAIGN
SPEECHES

Guy C. Motley

FOR-SALE

COLLECT TELEGRAMS
FOR SKIP DAY

THE SENIORS

Dorothy Fix Gives Advice For Leap Year

Hey, all you love-loin gals, we now have a solution to your love-life problems. Miss Ethel—I Tell 'Em—Cook, under the pen name of Dorothy Fix and the most prominent authority on love at Lindenwood, has graciously offered her services. Just mail your problems to her and she will answer via the Linden Bark. We have to show in this issue a serious situation and Miss Fix's solution. You can see from these letters the valuable information gained from Miss Fix's letter. Dear Dorothy Fix,

I am very much in need of advice about my love affairs. Garkle used to be so attentive and take me out all the time. He was always on time for our dates, at exactly 5:15 minutes past six. Not that he didn't want to take me out to dinner, but he realized that Lindenwood food was much better than any food to be found in St. Louis. After all, Garkle was right, because what could be better than all the steaks, fried chickens and roast turkeys that we get in Ayres Dining Hall. But now something dreadful has happened. He only calls me once in a while, to go out, and then he always wants to take me to dinner at the Chase, so I know something is wrong. He seems to be plotting something so that I will have to eat that horrible food at the Chase instead of the delicious food at L. C.

What scares me the most, though, is a bit of gossip that my best friend told me. It seems as though Garkle has bought a goat farm several miles away and is so wrapped up in them that he thinks of nothing else. Now can you see why I am worried? To think that a goat could tear my Garkle away from me. What am I going to do to get him back? What tactics can I use? I appeal to you to help me, Miss Fix.

Lovelornly yours,
Mable

Dear Mable,
Your letter touches my heart. I have checked my advice files in the Leap Year section and have decided that your situation is so critical that perhaps only the most drastic and daring of the Leap Year suggestions must be used if you want your lover boy back. You must be thankful that this is Leap Year and that you have the advantage over the goats.

You must find out exactly where this goat farm is and make time to go out when Garkle is there. But as a first scheme, try the wily, subtle, womanly way to win him back. Be as beautiful as you can and give him actual proof that your looks far surpass that of a goat. Be sure and take out to the farm with you the doctor's report of what your last dinner at the Chase did to you. Now if his heart doesn't soften toward the more violent of the Leap Year attacks must be used. Try jujitsu on him or poison his goats. And last but not least and most effective, bring him in at the point of a gun. After all, this is that grand year (for females) of Leap Year and anything goes.

Let me know if he succumbs to your tactics.

Advisingly yours,
Dorothy Fix

At last I am going to advise you on something that for once isn't known to the eyes and ears of every lassie two weeks before the Bark rolls off the press. The Terrace Room now has a special floor show for Lindenwood gals and their dates. I know some of you have been requesting this popular night spot but prepared, why don't more of you go and more regularly? At least three times a week and even that isn't enough to show full appreciation. Here's a toast (milk, that is) to the management of the Terrace Room for being so kind to L. C.

Hi kids,
GRACIE GREMLIN

Dear Dr. Talbot,
Biologically yours,
Dr. Talbot

I am dreadfully worried. For the last two mornings when I have come up to third floor Roemer, I have noticed that my hamsters have been very quiet in their cage and appear rather stiff. Usually they are so bright and shining and ready for play that time of morning. What is wrong with them?

Dear Miss Fix,
Advisingly yours,
Miss Fix

You are in a dire situation, but not impossible. It is not impossible because this is Leap Year. You can try a number of things which will be legitimate. When you see Gus the next time, feel free to use your womanly charms. If this fails, tell him that you love him and ask him to go out. If this doesn't work, use the vicious but sure way of threatening and applying if need be the knife or gun. I guarantee that he will come to you then and on knees. When you get him you probably can count on losing your admirer but watch out for Gus's girl, she knows it is Leap Year too.

Dear Miss Shimmer,
Lovelornly yours,
Suzy Shimmer

I have heard about your excellent solutions to problems, so I want to unload my worries on you. Not that I haven't ever had a man before, in fact I have an ardent lover now, but between you and me, I am the secret admirer of another man by the name of Gus. It's all very involved. Gus has a girl, and I have a man and what I want is for Gus to at least give me an inkling of an indication that he likes me. Well—that isn't exactly the truth either, because what I really want is for Gus to fall madly in love with me. How am I going to win him? How will I get rid of this girl? And how will I shake off my admirer?

Dear Miss Fix,
distress.

Here is another letter from a lady in
By Dorothy Fix

Advice To The
Heart-Torn Hopfuls
Of Our Fair Campus

APRIL FOOL

HALL of BLAME

The Linden Bark points its accusing finger at—Dr. Franc McCluer—it's his fault that things are the way they are. We list his crimes, that you the students may know of the dastardly deeds of this evildoer in President's robes.

Item: He has insisted upon holding to the old traditional ways of running a campus. "No changes" is his motto, and he has made no plans for improvement. Item: He maintains that chapels and convos are intended for sleeping and refuses to procure well-known or interesting speakers. Item: Dr. McCluer, although by nature a shy introverted man, has carried this to extremes and boasts that he knows no one on campus. Item: He locks his office door when he enters and never receives students. Item: Dr. and Mrs. McCluer believe that a president's home is inviolate and refuse to entertain students. Item: If lightning doesn't strike us soon it should.

For sale—One beaten-up book, "My Experiences in the Front Office," by second floor.
For sale—Ten easy lessons on "How to Make It to Class in Five Minutes," by Jean Richter.
For sale—One red dress, worn at eight o'clock only every Tuesday and Thursday, by "Sam" Mount.
For sale—One riding team, slightly argumentative, apply to any non-member. For sale—Education books, unused; class notes, slightly used, includes several cartoons and charming poetry, apply to any future teacher.
For sale—One nervous system, slightly worn out, apply to members of Design class.

CLASSIFIED ADS

EARNIE'S SNACK . . . BAR

CATERS TO L. C. STUDENTS



Delicious French Pastry
by Mademoiselle Wooster



Featuring that famous crooning 2-some

DAWSON and TALBOT



Bouncer -- DR. BETZ

Reporter Reveals Inside Info On Senior Skippers

Attention Miss Lindenwood and all the housemothers that be: Let's go to press!

Our backward (we were going to say delinquent, but decided against it) cub reporter, Walt Grundhauser, has recently completed an exhaustive (or is it exhausting?) survey of a problem of great national import: Not, "Where will Truman go next year?" but "Where did Lindenwood's Seniors go this year?"

His most accurate information, Walt said today, was obtained from a detailed diary which an unknown Senior kept of the occasion. At any rate, here is the never-before published account of the happenings on the 1948 Lindenwood Senior Sneak Day:

Up, and made myself as fine as I could, but it was a little difficult finding my clothes in the dark—you'll never believe how dark it is at 5:30 a. m., especially when your eyes are still shut.

Onto a bus—if there'd been two, I couldn't have made the decision—and off to the city. On way in, studied map of St. Louis diligently—am not so familiar with certain parts of town, particularly in region of xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

Into the hotel, where we all had metal tags printed with our room numbers in cas xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx. Then to breakfast where the following conversation ensued: Waitress—Jersey or java? We—Neither. We'll have xxxxxxxx straight.

Then shopping . . . (Following data not pertinent to subject—JWG)

Next we took cabs to xxxxxxxxxxxx. What a show! Headed back to the hotel and the comfort of xxxxxxxxxxxx.

Gee, what a wonderful day this has been, is being, was, oh well, oh hxxxx I must remember how comfort'ble floors can be, wonder why the girls out at school dont use them more often—awfully solid and substantial, you know, xxxxxxxx just came in again looking for a stamp . . . some people . . .

(Editor's note: At this point the girl's handwriting became quite difficult to decipher. It was necessary to call in experts from Washington, but even they failed to find much meaning in it. However, it has been placed on file in the Library of Congress, where undoubtedly sometime someone will find the key that will finish solving the entire mystery.)

ATTENTION WRITERS

Clayton's Handy Dandy little

Issue Grater is now available.

YOU NEED IT?
WE'VE GOT IT!

Slightly Used Rice for Your Wedding
SEE MISS FOSTER