

Lindenwood Becomes Co-Ed!

WE WELCOME THE BOYS!

Men! Ah! Men, Swarm on the Campus

Big Boy Betz Crowned King of April Fool By 'Keyhole Clayton'



Lindenwood College students whoop it up in a celebration to 'Welcome the Boys'. The recent announcement that Lindenwood is to be consolidated with Westminster College resulted in a minor case of mob hysteria on the campus today.

The lipstick market crashed today. As a result of an announcement from Guy C. Motley, acting president, that Lindenwood College is to be coeducational, girls hysterically rushed into local drug stores and bought up every available tube of lipstick.

The board approved the act making Lindenwood coeducational simultaneously with the election of Dr. Franc L. McCluer as president of the college.

Since the retirement of Dr. Harry M. Gage, last Spring, Lindenwood has not had a president. Thousands of prospective candidates reportedly have been turned down because they did not have tall, handsome sons to date the students. The college was extremely fortunate in securing Dr. McCluer because, not only does he have a son, but with him will come the entire student body of Westminster College, Fulton, Mo., where he has been president for the past 14 years.

Mr. Motley reported this news leaked or was swiped out of his office at approximately 3:30 o'clock this morning. By 7 a. m., every Freshman, Sophomore, and Junior had rushed into register for next year, and were demanding first floor rooms. Four Seniors, Margaret Marshall, Freshie Platt, Deanna Bass, and Betty Oak, have spent the morning pleading with Dean Gipson to offer graduate courses so they might return next year. Jody Shroder has made a New Year's resolution to flunk "Foods," so there will be no doubt of her return.

Thirty-eight sheets of paper have been placed on the bulletin board outside Mr. Motley's office. Girls may sign their names and addresses of young men, other than those from Westminster, whom they wish to attend Lindenwood Coeducational College next year.

When asked where the men students would reside, Motley replied, "I believe we'll turn Roemer Hall into a men's dorm. Classes can meet out of doors the year round. It will do the boys good, and put roses in the girl's cheeks. Also," he continued, "roll call will no longer be answered with the conventional 'here' but from now on, it's 'YIPPEE!'"

Dr. Sigmund Betz will be housefather of a new dorm to be constructed behind Irwin Hall. "Sig," Mr. Motley said, "will abandon his duties as professor of English, since it is beginning to interfere with his meteorological observations."

The increase in enrollment will naturally necessitate increasing the size of the campus. The plot of land next to Old Trails has been purchased by the college, where a student union building will be constructed. Adjoining the union building will be a garage for the boys' jeeps and convertibles.

Lindenwood has been a girls' school since 1827... but all good and bad things alike must come to an end.

Ultra Modern Version of Shakespeare wows First Night Audience. by 'Happy Johnson'

Lindenwood's Radio Station Wows Air Ways Addicts.

Last night the curtains were raised at the Little Theater of Roemer Square for the initial performance of the well-known Shakespearean tragedy, "Romeo and Juliet." The director of this successful drama, Miss Alice Gibson, jumped in the air and clicked her heels shouting, "Ultragago" when she noticed how the attentive audience was enjoying her revision of the play. Everyone today is screaming for modernization in everything from soda pop bottles to pinball machines, so Miss Gibson touched-up Shakespeare to agree with the standards of dramatic critics of today.

Sigmund Betz played a breathtaking portrayal of Romeo which held the hearts of all the women present. His graceful ascent to the balcony after the cooing lines of the coy and demure Juliet played by Miss Martha Boyer, "Rooooooomooooo, where are you, you old hat?" caused a sudden stir behind stage as someone remembered that the ladder was missing. Mr. Betz remembering, the show must go on, regardless of any handicaps, ably crouched for the spring and after fourteen tries managed to jump up onto the balcony into the arms of the eagerly waiting Juliet. (After the show the hot-tempered Mr. Betz created quite a stir when he discovered that it was none other than Mr. Henry Turk who had taken the ladder away for spite because he was jealous of Mr. Betz's talent in holding high C over high A in their latest composition, "Rag-time Lindenwood Blues.") Because of a little accident which occurred during dress rehearsals the night before, Capulet, played by Mr. Homer Clevenger, actually was using a crutch because he and Mr. Guy Motley, who was Montague, took their parts too much to heart, causing quite a struggle which needed the assistance of every available man including four of the St. Charles police force to break it up. The police hated to interfere with Mr. Clevenger's plans as it was not until Mr. Motley had his chain hold, which he had been practicing in a book on jitsu, recently published by Miss Marguerite Ver Krusen, also causing Capulet to limp. Mr. Robert Colson and Mr. Milton Rehng, who played the parts of Mercutio and Benvolio respectively, realistically entered into their fight with shouts of "Hi Ho Silver, away," "Supperman to the rescue," and "Come on out from under that bush, ya mug." We were all sorry when both of these fine characters ended up in the city of Verona's morgue. Mr. William Parkinson as the nobleman, Paris, for he put up a good fight, for the lily-white hand of Juliet. The tragic ending of the play caused the audience to weep mournfully and also flooded Roemer Hall, necessitating a complete remodeling of the first two floors. Dr. Gibson was of the first two floors.

(Continued on Page 16)

One, two, three, FORE... and Kitty Hankins and her Hepcats struck up the opening chords of "You Must Have Been a Beautiful Baby." The pop of bubble gum ceased as the faculty breathlessly awaited the arrival of the 1947 King of April Fools.

"Sugar-Foot" Betz, clad in Lord Fauntleroy's, sedately led the procession to the green. Close behind, followed the regal maid of honor, Dr. Gipson, bedecked in a pink polka-dot jumper.

The band suddenly switched to the sweeping strains of "Onesie, Twosie, I Love Yousie," as the royal train ascended to the ninth hole.

Reverently the faculty raised their scarlet lollipops in solemn salute, as Dr. Gipson placed the tantalizing crown upon His Highness's head.

"All Hail King of Fools! All Hail He Who Rules!"

Following the coronation, the fool's festivities began. First on the program was "Vigero" Walker. Dressed in a gay calico print and patent slippers, she warbled "I'm a Big Girl Now."

As she completed her selection, Ray "Laugh or Flunk," Garnett and Homer, "Stuff the Ballot Box," Clevenger appeared in their suspense-packed performance, juggling jelly beans!

There was a flurry of pink organdy as Anna, "The Last Time I Saw Paris," Wurster and her Imperial Ballet whirled across the green.

Lois, "Binominal Theorem," Karr and Flossie, "You Tell Me," Schaper twirled to the spotlight, performing an intricate soft-shoe number as "Burl Ives" Motley strummed "I'll be Glad When You're Dead, You Rascal You" lazily in the background.

A clash of castanets, a swirl of glittering sequins, and Seniorita "Tango" Terhume and her dashing troubador, Turk, led a capricious conga line around the sandtraps.

Kitty Hankins' Hepcats increased their volume as the conga line advanced before the majestic throne. King Betz arose and waved his candy cane.

The music softened and "Burl Ives" Motley joined the orchestra in "Dinner Bell Round-Up."

Hulda and her regulars marched forward bearing steaming trays of roasted peanuts and chocolate-covered lemon drops. Chaparones, "Mighty" McGraw and "Flunk-y" Platt followed, carrying a golf bag filled with alk-seltzer.

And thus ended the seventh, annual, All Fools Ball, held last night upon "Pro's Pavilion" in the very heart of gophers, gnats and ghouls!

"Dean Gipson" announced at an exclusive press conference yesterday that Easter vacation would be extended until April 28. Thus students will have three weeks to recuperate from nine weeks tests.

BULLETIN!

April Fool Mean-April Fool!

AN APRIL FOOL'S LAMENT!

by
DOC. "Byron" BETZ

'Twas Sunday after Vespers,
and Dr. Parkinson gave three lectures
on how to study, work, and study
night and day. We could take our
choice of one while he played upon a
drum, for we didn't have the nerve to
run away.

He kept calling, calling, calling,
for remarks we dared not give,
so he left us with this evening
thought instead—"to all of you in
doubt—the goblins will get you
if you don't watch out!"

'Twas Monday on the campus,
and Fine Arts was in a whirl,
I wandered into the choir room,
and there among the bells,
sat Dr. Karel, Miss Winham and Swingen,
but they weren't singing any Bach Chorales!
They were singing, "There ain't Nobody Here but
us Chickens. There ain't nobody here at all.
There ain't nobody here but us chickens."
Tra la, tra la, tra la!

'Twas Tuesday in the gym lounge,
and Miss Ross was leading the Greyhounds—
one two three faint! one two three faint!
Guaranteed to make you just what you ain't.

That evening I walked into Roemer,
to see who was pulling a boner,
and there in her room was Dr. Terhune,
hunting some words to rhyme with Moon; funny,
she couldn't think of Goon!

'Twas Wednesday morn in the greenhouse,
and Mr. Grundhauser was chasing a field
mouse. But Miss Marker peeped in with her
hair raising grin, and Mr. Grundhauser followed
the field mouse.

Later that day in the evening,
to Miss Colee's dismay she was sneezing.
So to the infirmary she went, and
has been ever since because of Dr. (let me see—Canty's lament
"I took one look at you
that's all I meant to do,
and then my heart stood still."
Diagnosis—suffering from shock. Too bad.

APRIL FOOL!

Space Reserved For

Editorial

That Alice "Jet Propulsion" Parker

Forgot to Write!

Editor in Chief: Miss Marguerite "Book worm" Ver Krutzen
Office Boy: Mr. Charles "Joy Boy" Clayton
Editorial Staff:
Sports Editor: Miss Mary "Test Tube" Lear
Society Editor: Mr. Walter "Man-of-distinction" Grundhauser
Advice to Lovelorn Editor: Miss Kathryn "Sob Sister" Hankins
Reporters:
Campus Scandal: Dr. Florence "What's your story" Schaper
Crime Reporter: Dr. William "Watson" Parkinson
Foreign Correspondent: Madame Helene "Lamour" Lyolene
Personnel:
Business Manager: Mr. Guy "Yippee" Motley
Photographer: Miss Mary "Look at da birdie" Terhune
Printer's Devil: Miss Pearl "Rare Gem" Walker
MEMBER OF THE GRAPEVINE PRESS ASSOCIATION
"Anything that ain't fit to print, we print." (Editor's note. All members of the staff are libel and judgment proof—it's no use to sue us.)
Published every first day of April by the faculty of the Lindenwood Female Seminary.

LINDEN BARK

From The Head Warden

At the beginning of this fool, I mean school year, you were given a piece of propaganda, namely the old L. C. handbook. We announced then that they were just some copies left over from last year, and you were advised of the new regulations set up. The entire student body has taken a stubborn attitude toward this new set of rules. This is positively the final warning! Future violators of these worthy principles will be penalized by solitary confinement.

No student is to be caught with a book under arm, much less studying. When asked for a late date by Beautiful Betz, the answer is to be automatically "yes." The office has been receiving some complaints from Sigmund. Test days are to be considered as Stop Days and are never to be attended. Students are required always to wait for a teacher, preferably a doctor, to open doors for them. And what's more, no male is to walk by a dorm window unwhistled at—the result of which invariably ends in a chronic case of inferiority complex.

Happy dating, girls.

Signed,
Alice

THE CLUBS CORNERED.

by
"Pop Ordelheide"

Tobacco Tri held its weekly meeting behind the woodshed, last Tuesday evening. Liz Dawson spoke upon "Smoke Rings in Your Soup" or "Nicotine Anonymous Not for Me." "Seegar" Clayton and Coulson sang a rollicking ballad, "Roi Tan for Every Man." Cornsilks and "Luckies" were served.

Right Angle will meet April 2 in Cyanide Hall. Slide rules and measuring worms will be presented to the members selling the largest numbers of subscriptions to the "Sinus Weekly."

Chicken a La met in the Ayres Dining Hall, last Monday. A panel discussion was led by "Vitamin" Foster, upon "The Stomach Pump and Its Uses." Refreshments were served at the Tea Room.

The National Who's You elected its candidates March 37. The candidates are: "Seeing Eye" Betz, "Daring Daisey" Dawson and "Pretty Boy" Parkinson. The above were chosen upon the basis of their class attendance and chapel cuts.

The monthly meeting of Bumma Cigga was held at Old Trails last night. After a delightful dinner Miss Ver Krutzen led a discussion on new and improved methods of bumming cigarets.

When asked the reason for all of this honest endeavor on the part of the students, Rachel, "I have longer eyelashes than you do," Morris sighed, "They must be neutrotics, or else dopes." Rachel says, "If you think you have troubles, I suggest you talk to Alice, you read Willy or else." Gipsion, I met Alice groping about the hall yesterday and asked her what was bothering her. Tears trickled down her cheeks as she wailed her mournful story.

"Willy, Willy just ain't what he used to be! Why I can remember the day when my class could easily spend a whole year on the works of Shakespeare; but this class I have now has exploited all of Shakespeare's writings and all of the material that I can dig up, in less than a week. Oh, my, if Willy could have just lived 100 years more."

Frank, "I love you truly," Turk, on overhearing the complaint, reminded Alice, "Don't let a bunch of industrious kids upset you. They're not going to influence me; no sir, not with Spring vacation just around the corner. Just think, in two more days I'll be with Janet. Ah-h-h, in spring a young man's fancy doesn't turn to thoughts of Shakespeare."

Li, "monotone," Dawson asks, "What is This Thing Called Love? From what I gather in my reading it must be a social problem; if so I suggest I'll abort as an absolute authority on all such matters."

Charlie, "meet the deadline," Clayton says, "Speaking of matter, copy is matter and copy is very important stuff. So, how about turning a little of it in once in a while."

"Just a minute, Charlie!! Egad!! He ranked it right out of my typewriter. My, what energy. He must have been eating Grape Nuts."

All Woof and no Nip

by MARY "I have ants" TALBOT

Mattie Evelyn and Florella Sue had to attend a meeting of the Associated Female Hunters, so my own ghost is bringing you comments on the campus. You've met Paul before, I think he had a date with Mattie Evelyn once. Paul was thoroughly upset today—one of my freshman biology students absolutely refused to touch a worm—even after I explained the beauty of its digestive system. In my opinion girls like that are a bad influence on the other students and ought to be removed immediately. I personally shall accompany her home. She chews gum in class, too.

Paul and I ambled over to the tea toom for a spot of formaldehyde. We met Bonnie Belding there, getting Mui Gotley's afternoon coffee. Poor Bonnie was all worn out; she's been storing the letters of application from the thousands of females who want to come here. She had a piece of news for us—Miss Gray's new book, "How to Outwit a Traffic Cop," is off the press—take note, St. Charles cab drivers.

Dr. Garnett was sitting back by the window smoking three cigars and mumbling about his old pal "Andy" Jackson. Poor Ray! He had two bad blows today—his bowling team lost, and his class didn't catch on to one of his favorite jokes. In fact, none of the three classes did, not even after the fourth time they had heard it. Sad case!

Mrs. O'Rear has the most adorable new hair style—heavy iron curlers riding the waves. She tried it out in the dining room the other night, and it really was a hit. "Sylph" Colee said there was probably some special significance in wearing iron curlers, it meant something about the character of that person. Poor Paul didn't quite understand, but then he's so naive—just doesn't approach life realistically.

"High Politics" Clevenger has called together a little meeting of the boys tonight. They will meet in the Irwin Rec

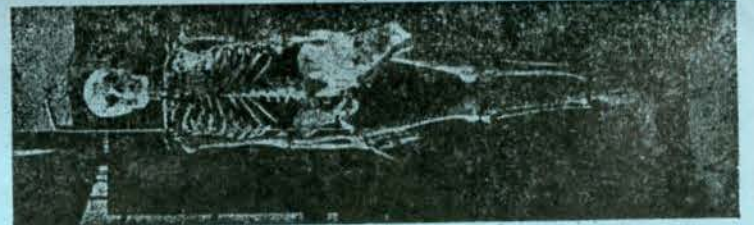
Room—it's so much nicer than the ones on the "hill." There's an election coming up soon, and Homer wants to be sure they're all back of him. The idea is to have L. C. girls marry St. Charles boys, establish a residence in St. Charles, and become eligible to vote—for him! Somehow L. C. lassies won't cooperate, they just don't seem to care for his most adorable pin-striped characters.

Mabel and Mary have been getting quite chummy recently—did you see them at the game, giggling over the tangled feet of one student? That's the kind of spirit Lindenwood tries to foster in its house-mothers—make fun of your "children," girls, embarrass them every time you can—it's good for them. Heard another of Mrs. Arends' girls got a date—chalk one for Minnie—she really pulls them in.

Poor Paul has a rival for the girls' attention this year—that new biology teacher is really a Q. T. He's so quiet and bashful though—never says a word in class, just sits there all period, letting the students gaze at him. Paul's kind of worried about Dr. "Owl" Betz. Do you think if he got a pair of horn-rimmed glasses the pop queen would date him too?

"Woo Woo" Wooster, beloved of all French students, has been seen attending Gabby Garnett's Ed. Psych. class—she wants to learn the psychology of the college woman. Other members of the class are "Lizzie" Dawson—also taking speech to improve her monotone, "Mumbler" Kelly, and Miss Davis, none of whom need to improve their teaching powers. Miss "Colonel" Werndle is giving courses in how to terrorize Freshmen. She has been ably assisted by "Terry" Terhune.

Esteen is hanging the little bell and encouraging us to leave—guess we'll have to waste the next hour somewhere else. Any students wishing for more inside dope on the faculty may interview Paul in his glass box on third Roemer.



PAUL NAMED Lindenwood's 1947 Romeo.

Paul, that popular man-about-campus, was chosen "Romeo of 1947" by a students committee consisting of Mac McGraw, Deana Bass, Janet Brown and Jody Shroder. After considering all males on Lindenwood campus, the committee decided that, except Paul, they were either too bald or too gray, too fat or too lean. Paul, who everyone agrees is the most complete man about campus, was entered by Katie Hankins. He is active in campus affairs, belonging to the Amalgamated Association of College Skeletons, Athletic Association, and the Poetry Society. It is rumored that he has a lot of pull with the Attendance Committee.

After catching both Betty Isaacs and Topsy Garvin trying to steal his picture from the bulletin board outside Mr. Motley's office, the student committee decided to give everyone a picture and Paul has kindly consented to autograph them.

FEVER CHART OF FACULTY OPINION

Fearless Poll of Ivory Towers Immates reveals that this generation of College Women has.. Gone to the Bow Wows!

We the faculty of Lindenwood College feel that this year we really have something to gripe about. "This younger generation is going to the hamsters," says Mary, "don't step on that ant," Talbot. She agrees with Walter, "I see Roger do you see Roger," Grundhauser that this business of going to class day after day has got to stop.

Alice, "Krit two—purl two," Parker says, "There have been entirely too few cuts lately. I'll never get my knitting finished if these foolish kids keep showing up for class. Just imagine being conscientious at 18."

When asked the reason for all of this honest endeavor on the part of the students, Rachel, "I have longer eyelashes than you do," Morris sighed, "They must be neutrotics, or else dopes." Rachel says, "If you think you have troubles, I suggest you talk to Alice, you read Willy or else." Gipsion, I met Alice groping about the hall yesterday and asked her what was bothering her. Tears trickled down her cheeks as she wailed her mournful story.

"Willy, Willy just ain't what he used to be! Why I can remember the day when my class could easily spend a whole year on the works of Shakespeare; but this class I have now has exploited all of Shakespeare's writings and all of the material that I can dig up, in less than a week. Oh, my, if Willy could have just lived 100 years more."

Frank, "I love you truly," Turk, on overhearing the complaint, reminded Alice, "Don't let a bunch of industrious kids upset you. They're not going to influence me; no sir, not with Spring vacation just around the corner. Just think, in two more days I'll be with Janet. Ah-h-h, in spring a young man's fancy doesn't turn to thoughts of Shakespeare."

Li, "monotone," Dawson asks, "What is This Thing Called Love? From what I gather in my reading it must be a social problem; if so I suggest I'll abort as an absolute authority on all such matters."

Charlie, "meet the deadline," Clayton says, "Speaking of matter, copy is matter and copy is very important stuff. So, how about turning a little of it in once in a while."

"Just a minute, Charlie!! Egad!! He ranked it right out of my typewriter. My, what energy. He must have been eating Grape Nuts."

Faculty Predicts Probable Status of Seniors in 1960

In twenty-five years the members of the Senior Class will be far away from the uplifting influence of their alma mommy—Lindenwood Female Seminary. Forgotten will be the hard-learned lessons of ladyhood, forgotten the red tape of life at L. C. perhaps, yes maybe, they will have forgotten those oft-heard words, "but we don't do that at Lindenwood!" We, the faculty, knowing full well that our efforts to pound knowledge into these frivolous creatures has been in vain, wish to make our predictions on the probable status of the Senior Class in 13 years.

Erle Dean Bass—She and Jack in a cozy cottage for two, are still trying to build a fence larger than the one in "Suds in Your Eye."

Jackie Foreman—Teaching biology in the St. Charles High School—she finally learned about mitosis.

Lois Hachtmeyer—Nominated as St. Charles' candidate to attend the peace conference of World War III.

Betty Hardy—One of the stable girls at Vassar.

Marg McKinney—Marg and her husband will have settled down in a large apartment to raise a family of geniuses.

Mary Ruth Platt—managing her husband's campaign for president—he'll win.

Marilyn Mangum—Marilyn is still wondering whether she ought to marry Sonny or stay home with mother or have her fling.

Maggie Marshall—Maggie and the Spanish duke have settled down to a cozy little castle on the Gulf.

Betty Oak—has attended three med schools.

Ruth Wayne—snowbound in her winter camp in Maine, Ruth is still directing basketball games while she plays.

Helen Horvath—has started a special summer school for future editors of annuals to acquaint them with the problems of business.

Jody Liebermann—has set up a dance studio in Joliet. She features the Charleston, which she is trying to revive.

Rosemary Dron—has won world fame as an actress after her part in her own smash hit, "King Guy I."

Coleen Johnson—has recently bought another piano, so she can practice fourteen hours a day without wearing out the piano.

Betty Hunter—has opened a school for models, specializing in instruction in the now world-famous Hunter walk.

Joan Brown—has abandoned her apartment in St. Louis at the insistence of the PO.

Betty Lou Hawkins—is traveling around Michigan attempting to interest women in social problems.

Eleanor Hedrick—Eleanor and Arman are still going to school.

M. Little—is teaching education at L. C.

Bonnie Lumpkins—Bonnie and Bob have a little shop known as the B.B. napkinery and are putting out hand-stenciled napkins for genteel people.

Marian Pendarvis—reports that she is having trouble sticking to her schedule.

Shirley Riedel—has opened up a school for low-grade morons who cannot pass the sixth grade.

Jody Shroder—after ten years Jody managed to lose those two pounds she was worried about and has hooked her man.

Burnice Ross—finally accepted Elgin and settled down to domesticity.

Janice Lowe—housemother of Nicolls Hall.

has no definite closing date. on Broadway and also a road show which ing train for a seven year run of the play denwood faculty are leaving on the morn- crew which is made up of the entire Lin- cisco critics therefore the cast and stage production received approval from St. We are proud to hear that this special rally, rally, that is all there was to it. derful plot for us to work with. Rall- because Mr. Shakespeare had such a won- dahn, the success of this play was only her flower bedecked boudoir. "Rally, my heard to say after the show from within

APPRIET

THE HALL OF BLAME

The Hall of Blame lays its finger on none other than our postmistress, Amy. And if you students are wondering why the faculty should be so concerned with the delivery of mail on campus, well just gather 'round and you shall hear the whole story.

The faculty's chief aim in life is to make you, our students, happy; and we realize that you can't be happy unless you hear from your one and only "Dream-Boy" every hour—on the hour. In order to see that every girl has a letter to bring to class, we the faculty have been awfully busy writing those friend-boys of yours inspiring them to write real often. We've done our part and we feel now that if those letters don't come through the blame belongs to Amy.

Tall, dark and handsome young man with money, maroon convertible and a Yale degree would like to meet an attractive young woman who attends a woman's college. Must be available for dates on Friday and Saturday nights for particulars all Linden Bark

PERSONALS

WANTED

CLASSIFIED ADS

Learn to knit! The Dean has announced that a class has been added to the other school curriculum. Five hours credit will be given. The class is to be held in the Tea Room at 3 p. m. daily. Assisting the Dean are Alice Smith, Margy Crawford, Martha Jo Crable, Melly Walsmith, Julie Faul, Janie Merrill and Georgia Wanderer. Enroll now! Knit anything from booties to argyles.

Are you frustrated, thwarted and blocked? Try the quick and easy cure. Morris Pycopathic Clinic. Consultation free, treatment priced low. Gather your troubles and bring them in, now.

Wanted: One copy of George Ade's *Hambone* by new teacher. Recommended by the eminent jokester, Dr. Ray Garnett.

WANTED: Sophistication and a confident air suitable to carry me through to my Sophomore year.

Molly Freshman

WANTED: Experienced cook wants permanent position. I prefer tavern. Good on dinners and short orders. Call Janet Brown.

Warning: Stay out of my way; I am dangerous. Don't say I didn't warn you! And please girls, quit laughing at my driving.

Dr. Schaper



Gracie demands we L. C. lassies be, come style conscious. The men are lure-gals, and its chick, glamour and sophistication from now on. Down with jeans, the clothes-horse is on the trail!

STRAND

SUNDAY and MONDAY

Three Little Girls

in Blue

Starring

Betty Isaacs,

Liz Dawson

and Zippy Colee

TUESDAY

Its a Wonderful Life

with Dr. Bill Parkinson

WEDNESDAY & THURSDAY

No Leave, No Love

Starring

HENRY TURK

FRIDAY and SATURDAY

Two Years Before

the Mast

with Flossie Shaper

L. C. Lassies in

The Best Years

of Our Lives

—A Glo Rose Production—

NUTS!

The Linden "Bark"

is out

ON TIME

Signed,

Faculty

Staff

and Printer.

**THE DOGWOOD
TREES ARE
BARKING**

by
**HORTENSE
"P'ma listenin!"
EGGMANN**

Whodah ever think it? Men every-where on the campus, coke dates in the Tea Room, snacks prepared by the house-mothers in the Rec Rooms for the girls and their dates, sitting next to that "dream boy" in the dining room every day at meals, and losing weight because you just forget to eat. Tch! Tch!

Dr. Schaper was finally called before the Student Council last Monday night. Too many cuts—and Louise McGraw declares the Council has decided to make an example of her. As we go to press your reporter just learned that Dr. Schaper is to be campused for a month.

Our own "Daffodil" Dawson is revealed as the masked trumpet player in Joe Blow's internationally famous band now playing at Mammy's. Our virtuoso specializes in playing those low-down blues. Truck over to Mammy's any night in the week, girls.

C. C. Clayton, newboy for the Post-Dispatch, and instructor of journalism at Lindenwood, is planning to offer a new course next year, Styles and Designing of Women's Hats.

All these months we've listened to "The Mystery House" those spine tingling mysteries. Well, girls, our man Paul Friess has been discovered as the eerie organist. An emotional outlet, no doubt.

Glo Rose Mitchell has taken Margo V. K's place in the follies every Saturday afternoon. Third girl to the left.

The Old Lindenwood Antique Shoppe



NOTICE: We are now located on first floor Roemer right outside the Dean's office.

TERM Papers --guaranteed used only once

LAST YEAR'S HUMANITIES TEST --cheap

Copies of "THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE" --in excellent condition?????

Slightly Burned Letters (tied with pink or blue ribbon only)

CIGARETTE STUBS (between one and one-eighth inches in length)

We still have a few wilted corsages left from the St. Pat's dance

**FACULTY FLUNKS
QUIZ KIDS PRO-
GRAM and Students
Take Over.**

Scores today reveal that after the appearance of the Lindenwood Faculty on the "Quiz Kids" program last night that they are incapable of instructing in this institution of fine learning, and that for the rest of the semester the students will be the pro's and the faculty, the poor humble little students.

This plan of action will of course call for several different and new adoptions in the curriculum. There will be hereafter be a 5:30 a. m. rising bell so these students will have time to rise, get up, wash their sleepy eyes, make their beds, clean their rooms and be ready to meet the rigid inspection that is due at 6:15 o'clock. Then to breakfast of bread and milk till 7:30, when they are to be ready for their first class. You see it will be necessary for classes to begin a half hour earlier so they will be able to catch up on the things they've been missing out on for the past fifty years. The day will then proceed as usually except for the omission of lunch, and an extra two hours of Chapel or convocation each day.

Faculty members for the present time will be as follows: President . . . "Rusty" Rushford, Dean . . . Freshie Platt, Personnel Guidance . . . Nora Strength, secretary . . . Ruth Wienkauf. Other assignments are to be given soon.

MAKE MONEY!

Stop worrying where that next dollar is coming from. Pay your bills, have money to burn, Make all you want with one of our little Demon Tender Sets!

Bogus Letter Mfg. Co.
GREENBACK, NEBR.
COOKE-WAYE, Agents

**DAWSON & WERNDL
CIRCUS**

Greatest Little Show on Third Floor

... **FEATURING** ...

- ☛ **KING KONG KARR**
- ☛ **RED RIDING HOOD ISAACS--World famed tight rope walker.**
- ☛ **BO BO BOYER--Queen of The Clowns**

Admission Fee: Four Roses.

College!



MOTTINGER'S MORGUE

SHHH!!!!

**SILENCE and ANNA
REIGN WITHIN**

SHHH!!!!

**MUSCLE BOUND
By KATIE HASKINS**

I say, I say, I say freunds, now that real brawn has arrived on campus there has been extremely too much competition in Gym.

Yesterday as I went into the Gym for a feature story on the arrival of the Men into the sport world of L.C. Miss V. K. was eating mashed potatoes seasoned highly with salt, pepper and garlic. Weight is necessary when one is arguing with a "six footer" who is a good tackle. This male is set on taking Miss V. K's gym hours. "No dice," says V. K., "these hours are mine and I'm keeping them."

The other day some of the football equipment arrived and the girls decided to try on a few shoulder pads, etc. Egad! What foundations for new Easter suits.

Jeanne Sebasapan put up a tough fight for her new campaign. No Men For Lifeguards. Girls. . . If you like them six feet or so, black hair, and a neat crawl stroke, come to the next open pool. Of course there will probably be a standing line but it's worth it. Towels are handed out by Miss Sebasapan.

Miss Markerman has been pushing the drive for Better Dancers on the Dance Floor. Of course this will be a class only for men except, of course, for the instructor. No age limit has been set.

On the whole, though, I don't think that the girls mind the men so terribly much on campus. After all, look how much the hockey roll has expanded since the men were allowed to play with us. But why not? It's not every girl who gets carried to the infirmary when a ball hits her in the shin. Yep! I guess the men are good to have around in an emergency.