

DR. JESSIE BERNARD IS CROWNED QUEEN OF THE APRIL FOOLS

L.L.B. Is Campus Romeo--Ain't It A Thrill, Kids

It's a secret no more! It is about to be told. Your Romeo for 1946 is none other than that debonair man about campus, lovely L. L. Bernard. The explanatory statement with the picture read as follows: "Lovely Luther Lee (L.L.B. to you) is 5 feet two with eyes of blue. What a hunk of man he is! He is one of the most athletic boys at Lindenwood. Often he can be seen walking his brain child across the campus. It is probably his hair that makes all the girls swoon. This beautiful mass of white silk is the crowning glory for his rosy cheeks. As for his personality, it rates tops on everybody's list." As you might expect, lovely L.L.'s picture was entered by his wife, Mrs. Jessie Bernard, who says that "after all of these years, it had better be true love."

The judges for this contest were Lizbeth Scott and that charming Marjorie Main. The two almost got into a fight over the "most kissable," but Lizbeth finally sacrificed her favorite, Henry "pretty boy" Turk for Marjorie's choice, none other than that sweet little Mr. Orr. She just couldn't resist Riekey's baby face.

The two judges finally decided to give the title of "most marriageable" to Henry, not only because of the quality of the pictures entered, but also because of the quantity. It seems as if there were seven different pictures of this popular lad entered.

The note which the judges sent back with the pictures read as follows:

Dear L. C. Lassies:
You girls certainly are lucky to have such handsome men. They are simply out of this world. We had a terrific time choosing the best-looking of the better-looking. If you should ever tire of them, let us know and we will arrange to make an even exchange of Van and Gregory for L.L.B.

Hubba, hubbaish yours,
Liz and Marge.



Gracie Gremlin

Hi Kids! I guess the faculty can be called kids. Have you been thinking the maximum of girls? Remember, you have to think only nine-tenths of the students. It's will do for the rest. Another thing, via the grapevine I hear that you all are letting up on your Lost Weekends. You mustn't do that. Remember you have the prestige of Lindenwood to uphold. And still another thing that has succeeded in is the fact that you all are making a lot of noise in the chapel. Hereafter names will be taken. So watch the noise!

WANTED:

An attractive woman to escort on Saturday nights throughout the spring. Must be a student in a women's college. I am tall, extremely nice looking, drive a Buick convertible, pipe smoker, wear tweeds, a marvelous dancer, am attending both Princeton and Yale, and I want to spend money.
Wire, phone, or telegraph Linden Bark if interested.

Faculty Reveals Rare Talent In Swing And Jive Recital

"by Happy" Johnson
Linden Bark Music Critic

Sibley Chapel was jammed to capacity with eager music students who were there to attend the annual faculty recital last Tuesday. Not only the music faculty performed, but the hidden talents of other faculty members were finally discovered.

To begin the program, Doris "I Can Sing Louder Than You Can" Gieselman sang "Dark Town Poker Club" accompanied by Janet Colson on the piccolo. Doris looked devastating in an afternoon dress of brocaded moire. Janet wore a strapless evening dress held up with hunks of adhesive tape.

The next number which was "sooo" romantic was Paul Friess's rendition of "O Promise Me." It featured a boogie bass on the pedals. Jean Lohr looked so sweet sitting there turning pages and cooing when she thought Mrs. Friess wasn't looking. Kit Neuman tried to push Jean out of the page-turner's position, but Helen Stahl intervened to prevent bloodshed. Paul seemed to be oblivious of all the commotion, because he was too busy keeping his feet from getting tangled up on the difficult boogie pedal passages.

During Pearl "The Voice" Walker's soulful singing of "You Won't Be Satisfied Until You Break My Heart," Johnny "88" Thomas chewed his nails because he was so scared he'd forget part of his selection. Mrs. Thomas patted his shoulder and tried to console him. Gertie "G-String" Isidor tucked her fiddle under her chin and swung out with "Buzz Me." However, the students must have gotten the words mixed up and thought it was "Boo Me" and took her up on it.

Eva "Angelheart" (?) Douglas accompanied Fletcher while he played "Beat Me Daddy Eight To the Bar" on the slush-pump. Mrs. Mae drooled and at the close of the number stood up and requested that he play "Through the Years." Surprised at this unexpected display of emotion, Fletcher flipped out right on the stage, but Keltah Long rushed up with the NH-4 from the chem. lab to revive him. "Boogie Woogie" Hoelscher stomped up to the stage. "Aw, heck," he said, "I don't wanna play today." But "Barrel-House" Burkitt gave him a shove and with a little persuasion he played "Bizet Had His Day," and "Barrel-house Blues" in honor of Lois Burkitt.

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Queen Crowned In Thrilling Ceremony By The First Maid Of Honor, Miss Lizzie Isaacs

LOST:



My mind - - - If found, contact Dr. Schaper.

CLASSIFIED ADS

Antiques—Relics for sale or trade. Terms papers. Critical Essays. Humanities tests. English Lit notes. Miscellaneous finals. Latherow and Moody Junk Shop, Butler Third.

Wearing apparel. Complete Easter outfits. Just worn once. Bargains that will enhance your charm. Exclusive mode's. Frew's Salon. (That's with one "o.")

Dance And Floor-Show Held After The Coronation

The lights were low. The crowd was silently expectant and then, and then, the queen entered. Slinking down the aisle in and out among the tombstones in the cemetery, came the ravishing Queen of the April Fools, Dr. Jessie Bernard. Peering out from behind the tombstones, the gaping faculty was surprised last night to see the queen clothed in a lovely strapless gown of fireman red chiffon with red, white, and blue sequins illuminating the designs of slum areas which were sprinkled over the gown. Around her neck on a brass chain she wore a tiny fish pin, symbol of her days as a college freshman. Her bouquet was of dandelions and poison-ivy. Atop her slick up-swept hair-do rested a copy of L. L.'s latest book "How to be Foolish in One Easy Lesson." As she came slinking down the aisle there were many excited whispers from the audience. Those who had been "also rans" were meowing but the others were gently lapping milk from saucers. When she reached the platform she kneeled to be crowned. Her first maid of honor, Miss Lizzie Isaacs, stooped to give her the floral crown inscribed with "There's no Fool Like a Young Fool."

As Miss Isaacs stepped back she tripped on her floor length dress of orange satin with purple horizontal stripes. Whereupon the sheik, Dick Orr, picked her up and replaced her

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Minna Takes Over For Molly And Lets Us In On Some Precious Secretets

Dear Diary,
And now while Molly is away I have a chance to tell you all my little secrets. Have been waiting for her to leave cause you are the only one that I will trust with my precious secretets. That Janet Coulson, always trying to board all the men. With her around I just don't stand a chance with Henry.

The annual Easter Egg Hunt for the faculty will be held on the golf course as usual this year. There will be eggs enough for everyone and they will be hidden so that even the dumbest of us can find at least one. Prizes will be given to the persons finding the largest number, the Golden Egg, and the chocolate egg. Hope to see you all there. If you can't find a basket, I'm sure that Daffodil will lend you one.

My girls have been so reckless lately. I'm just going to have to report some of them. Imagine—fifty-two of them slipped out the other night. They should know that all or none at all should go, I'll have

MINNA ARENDS
With my undying love,
of my little girlies.
admirers and try to get a date for one
me now and I must call up some of my
The Day of Fools is closing in on
est, it was stunning.
did something for her, really my dear-
dress that Lizzie Isaacs had on. It
did you see the white jersey dinner
on were quite the newest thing. And
those red and yellow socks Homer had
night. Was really sharp. Also
upswep hair-do at the dance last
Miss V. R.'s new strapless formal and
have already bought them. Checked
ing of our new spring clothes. Some
With Spring here all of us are think-
and I wouldn't have on anything else.
general principles if nothing else—
that I should have won. Just on
queen looked lovely, but I still think
The coronation was so nice. The
can't see what they want to study for,
I so earnestly provide for them, just
girls have been turning down the dates
to report the rest. And a few of my

Faculty Appeased Now That Dr. Gage Okays Airplane Taxi Service

Of course you realize that the harassed faculty has been waiting for all these long months. Plane taxi transportation. I was informed confidentially that it is to be painted a striking yellow with "Lindenwood Taxi Service" emblazoned upon each wing. This delay is also affording the students much opportunity for study and entertainment. I wouldn't mention any names but our little Advanced Trainer seems to be a favored haunt for many a gal and her man.

I am divulging this rare bit of information because I think it's only fair for everyone to know why the professors seem so jovial and lax in their assignments. Yes, now it can be told. Everyone is happy at dear old L. C. President Gage isn't going to lose his faculty, his student body, or his sleep. The air age has saved the day at Lindenwood!

The poor man was in such a state of delirium that he paced the floors night after night trying to solve his burdensome problem. Suddenly during one of his violent walks he saw the light. He knew that schools were being offered government planes at very reasonable rates. Why couldn't he order one for the faculty on the pretense that the future physicists of Lindenwood College would gain invaluable knowledge from the study of an actual plane?

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LINDEN BARK

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
Kitty "I am Fearless" Hankins

OFFICE BOY
Dr. Ray "Ha Ha" Garnett

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Society Gossip	Mrs. "I Miss Nothing" Arends
Crime Reporter	Dr. Silas "Uplift" Evans
Advice to Lovelorn Editor	Miss Agnes "Cupid" Sibley
Beauty Hints Editor	Mr. Richard "Cutie" Orr
Keyhole Reporter	Dr. Flossie "Don't Tell Me, But I Know" Schaper
Woman's Page Editor	Dr. L. L. "Look Ya' Loveliest" Bernard
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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 on the first day of every April by the Faculty of Lindenwood Female Seminary.

The Off-Kid club held its final meeting of the year last night just before the big ordeal. Jokes of the past and present were told. Attending the meeting were "Kiddo" Clevenger, "Cute Kid" Garnett, "Maestro" Thomas, "Kiddie" Turk, and "23 Skiddo" Motley.

We-Chug-a-Lug, newly organized club, held its second meeting of the year at "Handsome Harry's Speak-easy" last night. Subject of the evening was the art of guzzling. Officers of the club are "Little Harry" Gage, president; "Kugger" Colson, vice-president; "Burp" Mottinger, secretary; and "He" Sibley, chairman of the booze committee.

THE CLUB CORNER

Daring Expose Of The Blood Market At L. C.

by Fearless

Your Linden Bark reporter has caught a red hot scoop. It was 10:30 p. m. when I went crawling up the back steps of the Petty Politics Building. There was an extra special, extra secret meeting being held of the Slap-Ya-On-The-Back and Push-Ya-In-The-Face Society. To obtain entrance to this meeting one must belong to either of these organizations... and swear your all to the pushing of your woman despite the amount of mud must be slung.

The story is out that the members of the Slap-Ya-On-The-Back and Push-Ya-In-The-Face ordered all the excess anti-mud suits they could purchase from the Army. Tonight's meeting was to select a candidate for the Susie-Q Court. The campus as a whole was in favor of a cute little gal named Cutesie. This fair damsel, however, was not a member of the above named and esteemed group. There was a rumble of voices but the Bark-reporter did not know the password.

Slowly yours truly slipped behind the guard and threw a pair of nylons near enough to be seen. The guard jumped for the stockings and your reporter jumped for the door. The guard didn't try to stop me, as long years of experience showed the desired woman always got in... one way or another.

Pretty soon my eyes became accustomed to the fog of smoke. In one corner of the room, there were a group of girls forging ballots, another group was racking its brain on "How to Down our Opponent," and another group was dishing out money to Batty Catty so she could invite all the naive little Freshmen to the Tea Room for a coke,

THE DOGWOOD TREES ARE BARKING

by Johnny Cab Rifkinson

Flash! Seen coming in via the fire escape this morning was "Forever Alice" Gipson. Said she'd just been for a walk. Likely story.

When "Cookie" Foster, "Sweet-bits" Kaufman, and "Curly" Howe got together the other night something was really cooking. And we do mean with gas. Midnight suppers in the dining room for "The Lost Chord" Freiss, Pop Ordelheide, and "Hot Papa" MacMurray.

All Wool & No Nip

by Daffodillus Salicaceae

Upon looking back—way, way back into the dim and dark past that I spent at L.C., I have often speculated as to just exactly what has happened to some of my old cronies with whom I tried to pound knowledge into the heads of some stupid children who really didn't want any anyhow. Well, the other day, who should I run into but my old friend and constant companion, Senorita Whillfillerupp. We got to talking, as all people will, and I found out that she, too, had often wondered what had happened to most of the old—oops, pardon me—to most of the illustrious professors of Lindenwood of 1946.

In our guesses, we started with Lionel B. Clevenger. He, we decided, wasn't mayor any more but we couldn't figure out just exactly what had happened to him; except that maybe that fellow in the White House that everyone calls Homer could by some slight chance be the same guy. If it is, it's a darn shame—the Democrats have had the country long enough. It's time to give the Repubs a chance to show what they can do—and they could do plenty, believe me. But we mustn't get off into politics.

Our next problem was what had happened to Maria Terhune. She finally, probably, got her brother to go to Spain with her and take her to one of the Spanish cafes where they dance, and there was a big fight, and for all we could figure out, maybe Maria is now another Argentina.

And too, there was Doctor Sibley. Naturally you all will remember her. We don't have the slightest idea where she could be—maybe still at Lindenwood, but we didn't think so. We thought maybe she was still trying to dig up the 1000 dollars necessary for the publication of her thesis—or were we misinformed?

Do you remember Jenny Howe? Well, we ran into one of her ex-nutrition-students, and healthy—

you've never seen anything like it for pure, unqualified health. She just simply glowed and glistened she was so pink, and she said she owed it all to Jenny. Isn't that a nice compliment, now really.

And I must tell you. Sarah and Sue are no longer Garnetts. No, their papa has not lost them, that is true. He has gained two sons. And do those Garnetts etal have fun getting together around Joe Miller's joke book and checking up on all the old jokes so they can spring them at appropriate times.

And will you ever forget good ole "Seven-no-trump - double-redoubled" Albrecht. One time when she was playing, she took the bid up to seven clubs. Her opponent bid seven spades, so game Gracie just said eight clubs. Everybody told her that she couldn't do that, but she said that she would rather bid eight clubs and go down one, than to have her opponent get a slam score. She only went down one, too, by the way. (Courtesy Leonard Lyons.)

We thought a lot about dear Henry-pecked Turk, but we couldn't decide what he possibly could be doing. He probably is still sending cards to Keltah, even though she and Bill are very happy, we hear.

Katie Cornell Gordon was in town the other day doing a one-night stand with her new show, Antigone and the Big Bad Wolf. She was awfully good in the part. Of course, it was rather difficult to hear her because one of the dear woman's greatest faults is that she simply cannot project.

Oh, dear, I hadn't realized that the time was going as fast as it seems to have gone. I must go out and see if that poor little petunia I planted some years ago has finally taken it upon itself to bloom. I doubt it though; I doubt it seriously.

Till the next time, I remain—
Daffy Sally.
NUFF SAID

Lost and Found

My mind—If found, contact Judy Shroder.

My reputation. Finders keepers. Marie Szilagyi. (Ed. note. Never was much good, confidentially.)

recuperate from the week end.
Monday, April 8—Skip day to Vespers: Andre Kosteletz and blue-jeans tea, 6:30 p. m.—Sunday, April 7—4 p. m.—Stacks guests. Stan Kenton's orchestra 2 a. m.—formal dance, students and Field Officers' Club, 8 p. m. to school picnic (600 guests from Scott Saturday, April 6—4 p. m.—All ready for week end.
Friday, April 5—Skip day to get Wiener Roast.
Risque, 9 p. m.—Hay Ride and 7 p. m.—Tau Sigma recital "Bullet" "Hints on How to Hook a Man." Convocation: Tommy Manville. last evening's activity. 11 a. m.—(no preparation necessary because of Thursday, April 4—Regular classes Universities fraternities).
(Guests from Washington and St. Louis Street supper, 8 p. m.—Barn Dance held on the golf course, 6 p. m.—Wednesday, April 3—Classes to be held by a concert by Frank Sinatra. 7 p. m.—Dinner at the Chase followed unless you want to go into St. Louis. Tuesday, April 2—(Classes as usual) m.—Preview of "Forever Amber" in bed whenever you ring for it. 2 p. m. to 4 p. m.—Classes as usual, 8 p. m.—Monday, April 1—Breakfast service

CALENDAR: APRIL 1-8

Office in Sibley Hall
SEE MINNA
ahead of you
Don't let other's get

SEE DATES
BLIND DATES
POOR DATES
RICH DATES
THIN DATES
FAT DATES
SHORT DATES
TALL DATES

DATE BUREAU
MINNA'S

Visit

Do It For The Faculty

We, the faculty, feel that the time has come for us to set you students straight on this problem of studying. DON'T DO IT!

We have several reasons for asking you to give up your favorite pastime. The first one is selfish. The more you learn the more we have to learn to keep ahead of you. We have to spend our free time making out tests, when we could be out on the golf course—sun bathing. For our sake give up this pleasure.

Then, too, you must think of the men that are clamoring at the gates of L. C. How do you expect them to have fun if you do nothing but sit in your room night after night and study? Besides that they don't like women who are more intelligent than they. They would like you much better if you learned to play bridge, instead of learning Dalton's Theory of Evolution. For their sake give up studying.

And finally, don't forget your parents. They have made sacrifices to send you to college. They want you to be here. Do you think they will be happy when their daughter graduates from school? No, they sent you here so that they could tell their friends that their girl is at Lindenwood. For their sake don't pass your courses and graduate.

For your parents, for your men, for your faculty—don't study any more.

FLOWERS
for
APRIL FOOL'S DAY
We pick them...
You give them
DAWSON'S GREENHOUSE

PERSONALS: I shall not be held responsible for any acts or deeds committed after midnight by my girls.
 Mary Portorf.
 LOST: One weekend. If found please return to Personnel Office. Substantial reward.
 My interest in school work—Would someone look for it, please. I might have lost it at the Chase.
 Rita Mae Allen
 FOUND: One unlighted fire escape. For further information call at the Journalism Office.
 WANTED: More work. Will gladly serve on committees or take more jobs to fill up my leisure hours. Apply Box XVZ or see Peggy King.
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 The climax of the afternoon, however, was Rachel "The Psychologist" Morris's debut on the tympaan. This was the fulfilling of a life-time ambition. She was accompanied by Liz Isaac on the organ. A minor calamity occurred when Liz's formal pet tangled up with the pedals and her feet and she nearly fell off the organ bench, "Baby-Face" Orr rushed to her rescue, however, and saved the day.
 The students, filled with admiration for their illustrious faculty members, filed silently out of Sibley Chapel, vowing always to practice a full five minutes a day so that some day their performance would equal that of the faculty. (Silly girls!)

L. C. Receives Once Over From Educator

Thomas Van Snoop, Ph. D., LL. D., M. A. D., B. V. D., also known as one of the world's outstanding educators, stopped at Lindenwood last week after completing a national tour of the greatest colleges and universities in America. The Bark reporter was given the distinguished honor of interviewing Dr. Van Snoop.

"Would you mind giving your impression of Lindenwood?" ran the first question.

"I really hate to be ignorant, but are your libel laws the same in Missouri as in other states?"

The reporter explained the Missouri laws

"If you don't mind, my good woman, I'd rather not give you my impression."

The next question was more of a constructive and positive one: "What improvements could Lindenwood use?"

The great educator settled back in his hard straight back chair (for good posture), sipped a glass of milk (for good teeth), and munched on a raw carrot (for good eyes).

"Considering the school from a hierarchical view . . . let us start our discourse with the students. They are the most important factor in an educational system. After all, it is their keen thirst for knowledge that drives the faculty to study. I have a theory that professors would stagnate if it were not for the challenge that the undergraduate makes. Why, I was amazed at a number of your college library. There was a professor and his student competing for the same book. In order to resume anything near peace in the library, the librarian was forced to place the book on reserve. I was amazed at the title of the book **How To Bluff Thru A Course.**"

"Oh dear, how I have rambled What improvements"

1. There should be a shorter number of class days during the week.
2. Each class should have an electrical contraption to keep cokes cold; and a hot plate for hamburgers, donuts, etc.
3. Each classroom to be equipped with chaise lounges for student relaxation.
4. Ashtrays should be built into desks with an automatic emptier. Cigarettes (all brands) may be secured in the Personnel Office . . . to be smoked in class only. Oh yes, students in the chemistry laboratories may secure double rations as their work is more exacting and nerve-racking.
5. The Dean's Office should keep a file of all tests and examinations so that the students can make E's.

"6. All instructors to keep typed copies of their notes so that students may cut classes when necessary.

"7. Students should ask questions, not the faculty.

"8. Courses in drama should not be studied in literary form, but free seats to all performances should be made possible by the college.

"9. Nationally known musicians should be used as substitutes when students cannot appear at their private lessons.

"10. Special postmistresses should deliver mail to the students in class so that they do not have to take the exhausting trip to the post office.

"11. All language teachers should supply their students with literal and modern language translations of the works being studied.

"12. All work books should be filled in by the instructor so that uniform answers may be assured.

"Goodness, must catch my train. Charmed with your company and brilliant conversation. Bye now!"

**IF YOU WANT IT . . .
I'VE GOT IT**

Gordon

Junk
Shoppes

OLD FLATS
PAINT
GLUE
etc.

*Build your own of
whatever you want*

Basement

ROEMER

Hall

NO FOOTING



Announcing the
OPENING
of the
DATE BUREAU
Mr. Morley's Office
State Size, Shape, and Kind you desire
References required
No refunds or exchanges.

ARROGANT ARISTOCRAT

copy of that new famous
best-seller
Autographed

FREE
to get YOUR own

PERSONNEL OFFICE
Come to the

NOTICE

Love Letter

Service

Written in
SPANISH or GERMAN

*Henry C.
Turk*

RESULTS GUARANTEED

APRIL

<p>STRAND</p> <p>SPECIAL PREVUE SHOWING</p> <p>MIDNIGHT, APRIL 1, 1946</p> <p>"ALWAYS JAMBER"</p> <p>starring "Kitty" Lang and Senor Julio</p>
<p>SUNDAY—MONDAY</p> <p>"ADVENTURE"</p> <p>starring Janet Coulson and Hank Turk TEE HEE</p>
<p>TUESDAY—WEDNESDAY</p> <p>"THE DOLLY SISTERS"</p> <p>starring Pearl Walker and Doris Gieselman HA HA HA also "THE HARVEY GIRLS"</p> <p>starring Arabelle Foster and Hulda YUK YUK</p>
<p>THURSDAY</p> <p>"THIS LOVE OF OURS"</p> <p>starring Liz Isaacs and Dickie Orr HUBBA HUBBA</p>
<p>FRIDAY—SATURDAY</p> <p>"LEAVE HER TO HEAVEN"</p> <p>starring Mrs. Arends YATATA YATATA</p>

HALL OF FAME



I DO EVERYTHING

Announcement!!!!!!!

In accordance with our agreement we hereby announce the beginning of 30-day cooling off period before calling a strike.

We demand nightly attendance in the Library.

Roll will be checked
O!!!
We Strike!!!!
THE FACULTY

MEMEN WANTED:
Apply Personnel Office

Mac Murray Has Super-Duper New Club - Let's Go!

Well, gals, the big day has come! "Swing Music" Mac Murray says his great new Casino and Night Club is at last ready to open. And he promises first-nighters a wild time. The dance floor will be well-lighted with three blue Christmas tree bulbs, and there will be pink tea free for all—with sugar, too.

He describes his floor show program with enthusiasm, and well he may! Miss Genevieve "Wow" Howe has been engaged for the evening to give the boys and girls a thrill with her famous bubble dance (she uses Super Suds) wherein she demonstrates that the bubble is slower than the eye. Flossie Schaper will do her classic striptease with all the trimmings—zippers and the nervous jerk. Cutie Clevenger will give a clever skit on the latest jitterbug steps, assisted by Mary Lee Nathan and Ann Rode. The head residents, (Minnie, Mable, Annie, Mary, and Mary Elizabeth) have whipped up a dance especially for the occasion. Mable, the charming and alluring leader of the group, will sing and shake her hips to the tune of "I Hear You Knocking, but You Can't Come In." Two of the most graceful ladies on the faculty, Liz Isaacs and Pearl Walker, will be featured in a toe dance, "Butterfly with Hiccups." Mac's Merry Old Maids will furnish music for the floor shows and for dancing until three in the morning.

Special features of the joint include cozy "dark" rooms in the basement and numerous other wreck rooms for all who enjoy a good brawl. Upstairs there are game rooms for roulette fiends, strip poker players, and those plebeians, the crap shooters.

APRIL FIRST

ROEMER AUDITORIUM

12:30 a. m.

By Cook and Motley

YOU, TOO, CAN MAKE A DOLLAR

FREE LECTURE

little boy cap which had been knocked off when she fell. Then they made way for the newly crowned queen, who was ready to issue a few hundred thousand words of thanks to all those who had so earnestly worked for her in the contest.

After the crowning ceremony the queen, her court, and the spectators danced to the five of Mac's Merry Old Maids which included Grace Albrecht on the sax, Margo Ver Krutzen on the gob, Marie Isidor on the bass fiddle, Anna Wurster on the drums, and Janet Coulson ticking the 88s. As the band swung into the theme song—"I'll be Glad When You've Flunked You Dummy-You," the curvaceous Pearl Walker stepped to the mike to render the vocals.

During the intermission the crowd was entertained by the Ballet Risque made up of "Buggy Eyes" Morris, "22" Kart, "Petunia" Dawson, "Alley" Parker, and "Cutie Pie" McCoy. They presented Lazy Bones and Shu Fly Pie.

Then came the high light of the evening when the campus crooner Henry Turk gave out with "I'm Always Chasing Coeds, Teachers, Old Maids, Anything That Comes Along." After this number there was a slight pause to carry out all those who were sent.

The last number of the evening was a duet by the Bernards—Queenie and Pop. They sang "Give me the Simple Life" and "I Can't Give You Anything But Love Baby."

During the evening a jitterbug contest was held with the prizes being carried away by His Honor "Hep Cat" Clevenger and Liz Dawson. They really do a neat double flip.

Following the dancing refreshments of Zombies and Side Cars were served along with some perfectly delightful little sweets, wheatless and almost catless cookies from the Queen's kitchen.

As the dawn poked its tousled head above the horizon the party broke up with a hope for a bigger and better day of fools for '47.

Dr. Bernard Crowned Fool

(continued from page 1)