

Post-War Planning Conference Held On Campus

FERN STAGGS SPLASHES TO FAME AS L. C.'S. 1945 APRIL FOOL QUEEN

Annual Frolic Held In Aqua Marine Room

Fern "The way to a man's heart is to appeal to his digestive juices" Staggs was unanimously crowned April Fool Queen for 1945 last night at the annual April Fools' Ball. This pompous and dignified ceremony was held in the gorgeous, ultramodern Aqua Marine Room located just one floor below the first floor of the swank Hotel Butler. Yes, the April Fools went all out for overdoing it and held a deluxe swimming party in honor of their dainty queen.

As the crowds cheered and excitedly dabbled their feet into the water, Her Highness, dressed in a hula skirt, tripped out on the diving board and struck a pose. Pose struck back and a short skirmish ensued. Grass was flying everywhere. Fern regained her composure, and the crowds gasped, they sighed, "Cutie Pie" Garnett swallowed his chewing gum, for the queen was simply devastating in her purple and gold two-piece bathing suit. The spell gradually disintegrated as a cheer arose. "I Can Sing Louder Than You Can" Gieselman tossed the queen a brilliant garland of wet seaweed, and Fernie did a graceful swan-dive into the rippling water.

This was a signal for the festivities to begin. Partners grabbed partners and danced gayly around the edge of the pool, jumping in occasionally to cool off. "Ho! Papa" McMurry and his Water Babies, in a glass cage in the bottom of the pool, sent up the sweet gurgling strains of their own composition, "Let's Be Merry, Let's All Cheer; Fools' Day Comes But Once A Year." As a piano specialty, "Duke" Thomas played that old blues number, "Why Be Sad? Why Be Blue? I'm a Fool and So Are You." But the gay, vivacious "Bathing Beauty" Rasmussen, a knockout in a multicolored latex suit, evidently didn't go for "Duke's" blue melody and screeched, "Cut that out. It sounds like Hellington."

The queen just about lost all her glory when "Richard the Lion Hearted" Orr, his biceps bulging through his spotted leopard skin, stepped gracefully through the jellyfish covered entrance and emitted a Tarzan yodel. There was a short entrance intermission while artificial respiration was applied to "Swoon Girl" Sibley and "Available" Isaacs by the staunch, courageous, powerful Eva Sayre.

Entertainment was furnished by the Lindenwood Lockettes dressed in seagreen bathing suits and bright blue boots. Tripping the light fantastic were "Daffodil" Dawson, "Prosie" Parker, "Grammar" Gregg, "Bubbles" Arends, and Rosie O'Rear. As the lights flashed red, white and blue,

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Dream Boy Clayton Wins Romeo Contest—Tough Competition

Your ROMEO at Lindenwood for 1945 is your charming, athletic, little "desk boy" at the Globe-Democrat—our cute Charlie Clayton. The explanatory statement with the picture read as follows: "Charming 'Charlie is 5' 10" tall and his profile is divine. Don't look any further. His circle of hair and stubby cigar add the final touch to a perfect ROMEO. Charlie has to keep fit for his work consequently every spring he enters the track season with the St. Charles' High School boys—believe it or not he can really run. As for personality, it couldn't be beat so calm, understanding, and likeable."

The two judges namely Lana Turner and Lauren Bacall went so far as hair pulling trying to decide the most marriageable. Lana wanted Eickhorst and Lauren wanted Clevenger. The compromise ended by naming Mr. Orr as "most marriageable."

The judges sent the nicest and most alarming note back from Hollywood with the pictures.

Dear L. C. Lassie:

The Laddies at your school are dream men. We had a terrible time choosing the best from the better. All we can offer is an exciting flighty life in sunny California, if you Lassies should tire of them.

Picturesquely,

Lana Turner
Lauren Bacall

College Calendar

Calendar For First Week in April

Sunday, April 1—10 a.m. Breakfast served in bed by the house mothers. 4 p. m.—Easter Egg Hunt (golf course). 6 p. m.—Vespers. Andre Kostelanetz.

Monday, April 2—Skip day to recuperate.

Tuesday, April 3—Classes to be held on lawn. 4 p. m.—Fun Hour (Roemer). 7 p. m.—Tau Sigma recital, "Burlesque Show".

Wednesday, April 4—Classes (Old Trails). 8 p. m.—Dance, (Lambert Field).

Thursday, April 5—Regular classes (no preparation necessary because of last evening's activity). 6 p. m.—Birthday Party in honor of faculty (Park Plaza).

Friday, April 6—Skip day to get ready for the week-end.

Saturday, April 7—3 p. m.—All school hay ride. 6:00, Scott Field Officers. 9 p. m.—Sadie Hawkins Dance, students and guests. Stan Kenton's orchestra.

WANTED—Volunteers to go on tour in the South Pacific with the U. S. O. Unit. Anyone interested see Ibbey Franke. An estimate must be had soon so she can order the necessary misquito and wolf repellent.

Faculty Ponders Many Problems At Weekly Session

The bi-weekly meeting of the faculty was held last Monday in the basement of the tea house. The meeting was called to order by Dr. Gage who then turned it over to the dean to kick around a bit.

Deanie was looking quite chic in a smart gown of green trimmed in dandelions and four-leafed clovers. Alice came before the board to appeal to the other faculty members to stop bringing cheese sandwiches to class—from now on it is to be only ham and cheese. She further resolved to have mustard on every floor, with dill pickles thrown in. Homer Clevenger was all for the new proposals and demonstrated his enthusiasm by swinging from the chandeliers, (and it wasn't New Year's Eve).

Dr. Teruhne, that caliente from old Castile, gave her annual report on how many students expect to go to Mexico for the bull-fighting season. "Them torreadores are torried, the picardores are pips, and the matadors, solid," said Cinchita Aiguello Maria Amalia Typhoon. She is promoting a new Pan-American policy with the motto "Mexicanos por los Americanos or "Americanos por los Mexicanos".

Janet Coulson introduced her most recent work. The new song is entitled "Opus 49 in f flat minor" or "Brew for Two." Lloyd Harmon has persuaded her to sing it at the next regular meeting of the Elks Club, of which he is the Big Horn.

A revolution was passed to have each and every student write at least one term paper every week. It was decided that all books will be pitched into the ashcan and new ones purchased. Twenty-seven new C-54's will be acquired for the use of those girls who want to dash off to Dartmouth

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DR. CLEVINGER AND WILHELMINA FEESTER IN CHARGE OF PROGRAM

HALL OF FAME



Hats off to our all-around athlete and new addition to the Hall of Fame—Anna Wurster.

Ann is president of Terrapin, secretary of Tau Sigma, and water-girl for the volleyball team.

We'll all remember her spectacular dive from the brightly lighted water tower into a discarded bath tub, won't we?

When she isn't in the gym, you'll find her dashing madly to swing band to work out some new boogie arrangement on her saxophone—and that's a mighty mean sax she plays.

When asked about her studies—Anna says she never bothers. It takes too much time.

Anna is our choice for an all around gal and we sure do love her too.

Many Innovations Are Promised For Future Students

Post-war planning takes over the Lindenwood campus. All classes have been suspended and meetings are being held. In a recent conference called by the co-sponsors Homer (Curley) Clevenger and Wilhelmina (Vote the man) Feemster, the foundations have been laid.

In a personal interview with the coauthors of the plan, your fearless reporter finds a very prospective school for the future college gal. Yes, indeed, a great future.

Much effort has been taken to secure the services of three outstanding spectators. Miss Rachel (Humane) Morris will speak on "The Psychology of Bwang". Dr. Ray Garnett will voice his opinion on the subject of "Educating These Gals? Impossible". Miss Pearl (G Flat) Walker will warble forth on "Does Music Have a Place?" This question will be answered in an attempt to discuss the problem. In a strictly shush, shush interview, it was revealed that she had no idea what the outcome would be.

Proposed measures of the plan are: (1) Dance Hall to be safely operated by Charlie (kick ma' heels) Orr. He plans to open this place of business directly off the campus across from the golf course. He is supposedly to take the place of O. T. that burned down last week.

(2) Mary (How I love competition) McCoy plans to open a night club—right on campus. For many war years now, L. C. gals have given donations to this fund. It will be built adjacent to Irwin Hall, as Miss Anna (up and at 'em) Mottinger craves the night life. The entertainment is strictly a secret, but the chorus practices every day at four in the faculty house. Come on, confess, Katie Gregg, Alice Parker, Maude Lee Dorsey, Lizzie Dawson, and Aggie Sibley. You, high steppers, you!

Part (3) deals with the "Open Arms" policy that we hope to achieve on campus. The co-authors of the plan realize how hard it will be to convince the lovely L. C. lassies that men on campus are a good thing. Many of these lovelies will shun the male participation on campus. It is hoped that through concentrated study on various aspects of the situation, happy medium will be reached and the gals will greet the boys with open arms. Although Homer (I can do no better) Clevenger resented the appointment of Fletcher (Just ask me!) McMurry, who was pushed forward by Wilhelmina (Still voting the man) Feemster, she was elected to hold the position of "Telling the Gals a Thing or Two".

Finally, (4) intends to place an open air restaurant on top of the Ayres Dining Hall. This measure

(Continued on page 1½)

Latest Styles Seen on Campus as Faculty Steps Out In Glad Rags

The faculty, tired at last of giving tests, grading papers, and giving lectures, declared a skip day last week. What they did has been censored, so all I can reveal is what they were seen wearing on this big day.

"Dr. Gipson was seen dashing madly across campus in her jeans and a plaid shirt which hung way below her knees evidently out for a bit of her usual two hour hike before breakfast and trip to the city.

"Sweater Girl" Sheahon donned her tightest sweater and was seen with "Glamour Girl" Ver Kruzen and "Sunny" Albrecht cycling toward the Snack Bar in St. Louis.

"Ride 'em Cowboy" Young looked ravishing in her new black satin gown which had a low V-shaped neckline. In her hair she wore a dazzling silver sequin bow to match the trim on her dress. Evidently a heavy Date.

Eickhorst, forgetting to sew the

rip in his sleeves leaped into his car with "Cacillus" Werndle and was off to the races. She was dressed in a white chiffon ensemble with tiers of ruffles on the full skirt and a white straw picture hat. Double dating with this couple were "Cutie" Isaacs and "Baby Face" Orr. Cutie was dressed in her apple green satin princess style dress with daffodils tied to her long pigtailed to give her that youthful carefree look.

"Proxy" Ruggard looked very happy to be wearing something besides her starched white uniform. She spent the whole day at the tea room in her new short sleeved cotton talking about how nice it was not to have to dash to Roemer to start class on time.

Jessie Bernard insists upon wearing her pin of bananas at her throat even while playing tennis. Her opponent in this fast evenly tied match was sophisticated Seavey in her purple gabardine shorts and bright red chiffon frilly blouse.

Taint Right

Did you ever stop to think just how many hours a week your teachers work? Teaching requires eight hours; grading papers, six hours; preparing tests, three hours; thinking of mean things to do, three hours; and holding conferences with F students, six hours. You can plainly see how busy we are. Therefore, we are pleading with you, please, please give us a little time off.

What have we ever done to deserve such ruthless treatment? We, the members of the faculty, request shorter hours, shorter days, shorter years, and shorter students. (These tall girls can always see the lollipops we have in our pockets.)

More holidays for faculty members. We resolve to take off at least four days a week, leaving the little demons under the strictest supervision of course.

We propose a twelve hour week, no papers to be graded, no tests to be given, and if best comes to best, no pupils.

Post War Planning

BY SPECIAL REQUEST THIS IS BEING WRITTEN. Yes, gals, this is it! "IT" has finally hit L. C. campus. Our future is at stake. Will we be able to face the delinema that faces us? (Ugh, gruesome thought!) The far seeing eyes of your faculty and the experienced hands of your professors have brought about a very interesting program for the future. We are now in a crisis. The lovely, old, stately Linden trees will no longer rest in solitude. With the plans for our post-war policy, men and young ladies will frequent the lowly boughs of the trees. Yes, college women, this is it.

It is almost unbelievable, but night clubs with entertainment, dance halls with college approved operators, and roof top restaurants, serving steak at all hours, will be opened. Studies will no longer be the main element of college. Men, music, and mirth will ring throughout the deserted streets. Will you be able to stand this sudden change? Can you take a change of events? Yes, my intellectuals, this is it.

We hope you'll be able to take this change at Lindenwood. The faculty is giving its full support, so come on, gals, give in, and agree with them. Please, for us? Remember, this is it.

Advice From The Faculty

Since we, the faculty and administration, are not always pleased with the students and rules, we would like to make a few suggestions. Call it advice, if you wish.

"Pop Quiz" Clevenger advises all his American History students to cut as often a possible so he won't have so many papers to grade after a pop quiz.

"The Skin You Love To Touch" Orr suggests looking in the office across the hall when you don't find him in his office.

"Dewey Eyed" Morris suggests that the students use Murine for that wide awake look that she has.

"88 Keyes" Thomas believes that the girls are "tickling the ivories" to much these days so he advises all his students to take a stop week.

"Drafty" Terhune advises all her Spanish students to bring an assortment of bells to class. She loves tinkling noises.

"I Couldn't Sleep a Wink Last Night" O'Rear wishes that her girls wouldn't keep their rooms so clean. It makes her feel self-conscious because her dorm differs from the others in its cleanliness.

"High Note" Walker is making some changes in her teaching. From now on her students are to sing the blues and nothing but the blues. And instead of those dingy practice rooms in Niccolls and Irwin, "Old Trails" will be used.

If you need some extra money, "Cash on Hand" Waye and "Mad Money" Cook advise you to indulge in a game of lotto. They say that it proves profitable to most of the faculty, however to a few it is almost fatal.

LINDEN BARK

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Grace is positively incensed. She is so mad at all you Linden-wood girls that she's practically speechless. She has heard from a dependable source that you all are being quite unpatrolic. Old Trails is suffering like the rest of the high class places from this mid-night curfew, and his business is going down. It's the very least you could do, says Grace, to give the gracious proprietors a helping hand. After all, it's your patriotic duty.



GRACIE GREMLIN

FOR SALE:—Guaranteed cigarette butts. All popular brands; you name it, I've got it. Special cut rate prices. Only 1c an inch. See Katie Gregg on 2nd Roemer.

WANTED—One large can of three-in-one oil for swivel chair in Journalism office. Contact "Chuck" Clayton.

FOR RENT—One well worn copy of "Elsie Dinawood". Anyone desiring to read same, kindly get in touch with Miss Isaacs. A meeting can be arranged in the teahouse anytime.

BUY WAR BONDS !

Bark Staff Asks What Is Wrong With Bark---Its Ears Are Burning

We, the editors of the Bark, in striving to improve our periodical (?), have interviewed several members of the faculty for their suggestions. The first faculty member interviewed was, of course, Dean Gipson. As we entered her office, The Dean amiably popped her bubble gum and invited us to join her in a game of jacks. In this friendly atmosphere we felt free to ask our timely question, "What is your criticism of the "Bark?"

Dean—Well kiddies, it's this way—
Editors—(Quite eagerly) Yes.
Dean—Your paper's good, see, but there's one thing I don't like.
Editors—(Quite sourly) Yes.
Dean—It just isn't spicy enough. No true confessions, not enough s—

Just then Mr. Orr stepped into the room. We snatched this opportunity to get his opinion of the "Bark".

Editors—What is your opinion of the "Bark", Mr. Orr.
Mr. Orr—Hump! No advise to the lovelorn.

Dean—Dickie, you mean it's true what they say—
Mr. Orr—Oh be quiet. Here comes Alice Parker and you know what a big gossip she is.

The office was getting crowded, but we couldn't bring ourselves to leave without getting Dr. Parker's comment on our paper.

Editors—Dr. Parker, what is your criticism of the "Bark?"
Dr. Parker—Your spelling is abominable, your sentence struc-

ALL WOOF AND NO NIP

by BARREL-HOUSE BURKETT

You all ought to be in Music Lit class. It's just a wonderful place to be. I have the most interesting students. The little devil of the whole thing is "Scooter" Harmon. If he dosen't stop poking poor "Bookworm" Kohlstedt's uigtails into the ink, I'll just have to send him home.

I'll have to stop talking about my class, though, or everyone will be quite bored. This week sometime, I don't know just when, Aggie Sibley is going to give her speech certificate recital in the tunnel beetween Irwin and Niccolls. The reading is entitled "Aspirin in CocaCola" taken from the song o fthe same name. Her little friends, Cutie Isaacs and Kind Lady McCrory will be the ushers. They are planning to be dressed alike in charming little vermilion skirts with purple and orange blouses with bare mid-ribs.

Also on the calendar this week we see a meeting of the Bum-a-Cig Club, the exclusive campus organization which was organized for a few special members by "Grinny" Garnett and "Curly" Clevenger. They're going to have their initiation in the swimming pool. It has been drained of water for the occasion and the diving board has been oiled up so the its spring will be terrific.

Have you heard the news about "S-h-h-h, S-h-h-h Mottinger. The old gal is really doing all right for herself. Seems like the other night she got in late—the cab was late—and when she came in, who should be waiting on the steps for her, but Oscar. He let her in the door, because it was locked. That's all, but someone who was peeking out of the window reported that Oscar said, quote, Goodnight, S-h-h-h, S-h-h-h, unquote, and she replied, quote, Goodnight Oscar, unquote. That's getting a little rare; better be careful, Mott, or you'll be over-stepping.

"Daffodil" Dawson threw a party over in the greenhouse the other day. Don't remember just the exact day because I wasn't in-

vited. Anyway, the refreshments she served must have terrific—fried crocus leaves served on a beautiful helping of cyclamen root. The salad was made up of baby's tears covered with mesembryanthemum. Dessert caused quite a commotion—tulip bulbs stuffed with ice cream and over it all, a delicious mixture of Rootone.

Nw let's get on with just a little general campus alk. The younger members of the faculty were all excited teh other day when they heard a rumor that Jacquie Schwab was going to call a skip day, but when the day went by, and nothing happened, they all got very, very, very angry and just decided to call one themselves. So all the young faculty members walked out and spent the day in Schappie's listening to that beautiful intellectual music that they have there. The rest of them, those who didn't go along, people like Blondie Rugnard, Ride-Em-Or-Flop Young, Legs VerKruzen, The Voice Orr, and some of those other old fogies, sat around all day griping about the audacity of some of their fellow faculty members.

Heard a rumor the other day that Brains Belding had a big argument with Curly Dorsay after the later rode to school with Guy. Now, now, girls, there's lots of room for all. Share and share alike.

I've forgotten to mention the most important event of the whole year. The campus has a swing trio, made up of three of the most ravishing girls you could ever hope to see—Lizziebet Dawson (with her hair piled high upon her haid), Croony Karr (with toeless stockings), and Who-Blew-It-Up Gray (with a net over the forehead of her face). They sang a very catchy tune—"Tattered but Correct" and then finished off with "Trousers with a Bell-Bottom." I still haven't figured out the occassion of the singing. tI must have been the day the airplane flew too low over Butler.

Post-War Planning Conference

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has been thought of for many years now, but due to the war-time shortages, no canvas could be secured for the outdoor umbrellas. However, as soon as striped canvas appears on the market, outdoor facilities will be installed for meals on the roof. Pop (I'm boss, understand) Ord-elheide will be in charge of the final arrangements, Dr. Mary (I love the outdoor) Talbot will take care of the entertainment, and Fern (Queenie) Staggs will be chief cook and bottle washer.

It is realized that this is a terrible blow to present all at once to the students of dear old Lindy school. We hope that they will try and cooperate and adjust themselves to the future and to the calling of the faculty.

Faculty Ponders Many Problems

(Continued from page 1)

for the week-end. The out-moded C-53½'s will be scraped and re-converted into Piper Cubs.

With the joyous singing of "The Stein Song", the meeting was adjourned. Each faculty member trudged upstairs to the outer world, and once more vanished into oblivion.

MEN

WANTED!

Apply

Journalism Office

BUY
WAR BONDS
TO-DAY !

THE CLUB CORNER

El Squaro Espanol met south of the border of campus last Thursday at 5:30 o'clock. President Mary Terhune spoke to the club on "The Art of Placing Roses behind even the most Difficult Ear" or "How to Get a Free Serenade." William Eickharst, member of the entertainment committee, concluded the program with a few selections on his guitar. When William strummed the gay folk song, "I Left my Tuba in Cuba", the members, led by their president, rose and charged down Kingshighway. When last seen El Squaro Espanol was last seen stealing around the bend toward Old Trails.

The "Male Call" club will band together this week for the most important convention of the year. Much care has been taken to secure the assistance of Katie (Lonely Heart) Hankins—direct from Hollywood. During her stay here she will direct the club members in their obstacle course work, also lecturing the gals on the various aspects of the subject: "Once you Getta Man—Keep Him." Chairman of arrangements for this unusual field event will be Margo (Gung Ho) Ver Kruzen. Lil (I'm from Missouri—Show Me) Rasmusson has consented to assist. In case of a bear trap shortage, chains and hockey sticks will be used. It is essential that all active members of this organization attend. There will be refreshments ('nuff said).

Nic Fit, the honorary roll-your-own fraternity, met in the tea room Wednesday night to discuss plans for their new project. It was proposed by Alice Parker that ole cigarette butts found in Roemer Hall and the Fine Arts Building be turned in to the President, Charlie Clayton. A prize will be given to the member that collects the most butts. By taking three butts and rolling them together—you have the same effect as a sharp new Camel. Instead of walking a mile—make an appointment with Charlie and get your cigarette for the month from the Nic Fit fraternity.

Havt Ahav Abir, the newly organized club for appreciation of Persian poetry, met last Saturday afternoon in Alf Wilke's teashop. Dr. Gregg gave a very interesting review of the life and works of that renowned poet Abdul Dabull-bull Blurp. Katie knew A. D. B. well during an extended stay in Persia. "Bull", as he was known intimately by his friends, was shot during the revolution, but his poetry shall live forever.

Eta Beta Pi, the "What To Do About the Food Shortage Society", met March 28 in the Ayres Hall Kitchen. Mr. I. M. Sick, eminent authority on foods, spoke to the hungry group on "Why be Blue? Use Glue in Your Goo!" In the present emergency, Eta Beta Pi wishes to alleviate the strain on the dietician; consequently, the society has invited various speakers to offer suggestions. At the next meeting, Dr. O. Nuts will use as his topic "Soup and Me." All who wish to never be hungry again are cordially invited to attend.

I Cutta Class met yesterday in the Tower Rooms to plan its weekly campaign to encourage the healthful program of sunbathing.

Phew Pi Phew, largest sorority in the world, is holding its national convention in Wellston next week. All members will be asked to entertain nat'l officers: Van Johnson, Bob Hutton, Lon McAllister, and Peter Lorre.

Row Gammya Row, the boating society has raised enough money to treat all L. C. girls to a trip around the pond.

Hollywood Finds Lots Of Talent Here Without Half Trying

Dean Gipson was calmly sitting in her office soaking her feet in cold water, sniffing a sprig of honeysuckle and pouring intent glances over a late edition of **Dead Men Don't Flunk** when the door of her office opened. A little man strode in and lifting himself daintily from the floor perched on the edge of her desk. The little man wore a red shirt, a purple tie, and a green coat. A battered cigarette drooped from his lower lip, his bald pate and his yellow shoes gleamed in the sunlight. He glanced momentarily at the Dean. "Chee" he said, "is that a face? Say babe, would youse be willing to take a long term contract as the mother of National Velvet?"

Dean Gipson put her uppers back in. "I beg your pardon, young man. May I ask exactly what you're doing in my office sitting on my desk???" The little man calmly flicked ashes in her potted plant. "Don't get impatient, babe. I'm looking over your bucolic acres for some new talent for PICTURES WITH POISON-ALITY. Now, if you wouldn't mind I'd like to be introduced to some of the slick chicks on campus."

Before the dean got her feet dried and forced back into her shoes Dr. Gregg waltzed in. The little man looked at her, he bounded gracefully to his feet and grasped her hand. Dr. Gregg was flustered. She blushed like a Methodist minister at a book review of **Forever Amber**. "This is so seldom", she giggled. "Youse is it, chick. Youse is it." The dean felt left out. "What is she? What is she?" she muttered. The little man scowled at the dean. "Don't be a dope, babe," he said "That chick is a natural to play Sadie Thompson in our new production of **Rain**". Dr. Gregg giggled. The little man looked at her. "Walk," he commanded.

Dr regg walked in. The little man stamped his foot angrily. "I meant for youse to slink," he said. Dr. Gregg looked puzzled. The little man demonstrated. Dr. Gregg tried again. "Give those hips more room," screamed the little man. Dr. Gregg swung too high, lost her equilibrium, and fell on her past.

Dr. Finger, disturbed by the noise, barged into the room. "Dear, dear," she said, "what is going on here?" The little man surveyed her coolly. "Would you mind barking?" he said. Dr. Finger was so flustered that she forgot her accustomed guffaw. "What ever do you mean?" She said. The little man's eyes sparkled. "Dis place is jumping with talent. Do you know what I'm going to do to you?" He pointed a threatening finger at Dr. Finger. She backed away and clenched her fists. "I'm goina give youse a long term contract, I'm goina make youse a star. Youse is going to play the feature roll in **Lassie Comes Home**. Now would youse mind barking?"

The little man, bored with the whole procedure, gazed out into the hall. Mr. Orr was rolling by the door. The little man ran out and grabbed him. "I've got just the part for you. I'm goina star you in **The Male Animal**. You'll make passionate love to a beautiful woman." Mr. Orr uncrossed his eyes and took his thumb out of his mouth. "Do you mean me?" "Yeah, dats right." "No," said Mr. Orr, "I absolutely refuse." He stamped his plump little foot and scurried out of sight. The little man dug out a cavity with a bent toothpick and shook his head. "Dat guy is screwy. Dem dames is screwy. Dis whole place is screwy. I'm going screwy." The little man screamed, bolted out the door and ran all the way back to Hollywood and Vine where he stands and howls at passerbyers, but it's all perfectly legitimate because he thinks he is a police car siren.

THE DOGWOOD TREES ARE BARKING

What's this we hear about Dr. L. L. Bernard's new book, "The Secret Diary of a Sociologist", being banned from the libraries in Boston. Tch, tch!

Miss Hankins' Easter Egg Hunt, held on the hockey field yesterday, was a great success. Original Latin verses written by the hostess were printed on each egg. Dr. Talbot discovered the greatest number of eggs and says that she intends to preserve each one in formaldehyde. "They are such pretty things," says Dr. Talbot, "that I intend to decorate my mantle with them."

Dr. Terhune is planning to offer a new course next year. The course will be listed in the catalogue as "How to Put Tang in Your Tango."

Our own "Daffodils" Dawson has been chosen "Miss Dandelion of 1945" by the Alpha chapter of the International Flower Lovers of America Club.

Miss Staggs has been holding out on us. Can it be true that she has discovered a new and improved recipe for rolling cigarettes?

Flash! Dr. Finger was caught by Miss O'Rear trying to climb down Butler's fire escape. Dr. Finger's case will come up before the Student Council at its next meeting.

Miss Anna Wurster has been offered a Hollywood contract. The Pooramont Studio is eager to have her play the part of Josephine in their new production, "Mr. and Mrs. Napoleon.

Lloyd Harmon has been called into the Dean's office again for over-cutting his classes. It is rumored that Bad-Boy Harmon skips classes to sneak out for a corn silk orgy behind the buildings. There's no getting around it, the fag shortage is getting desperate.

**WE ARE NOT
FOOLING
BUY
WAR BONDS!**

Molly Freshman Reveals Faculty Frolic On Easter Morning

Dear Diary,

Since I've been over in the infirmary with "Curly" Miller, I have really gotten the low down on the Faculty. "Curly" and I have been carrying on some interesting conversations.

An event of the Easter weekend was the Easter Egg Hunt held Easter morning. As the sun came up over the hill shouts could be heard from the searching faculty members. Prizes were given to some for their outstanding work during the hunt. Mr. Eickhorst received a bottle of hair restorer for finding an egg that most resembled his head; Anna "This is Irwin" Mottinger got a miniature statue of Irwin Hall for service beyond call of duty (she prevented an

egg from crashing into the walls of Irwin); "Daffadil" Dawson was presented with a basket that may be carried on your head for putting all her eggs into one basket and for having the greatest number of them, last but certainly not least came the prize for finding the golden egg (or was it the goose that laid the golden egg?). This prize went to none other than "War and Peace (I Have Both at Home)" Bernard.

Nursie just came in and told Curly and I that we would have to quit smoking in the infirmary so its time for me to leave now. Bye now. Will be seeing you soon.

Yours till Lindenwood becomes co-ed,

Molly Freshman.

Library Converted To Fag House As War Time Necessity

Flash! The building formerly familiar to us as the library has now been turned into a three story building for the purpose of teaching students and faculty to roll their own cigarettes. It was felt this move was necessary to aid the war effort and make it possible to send more fags to our service men overseas. Plans for this have been under way for three months and at midnight last night all the books were discarded from the shelves except the ones of use for this new enterprise. In their places have been put the newest modernistic "roll your own" machines. There are those for beginners and experts as well.

Dr. Garnett is a professional in this business and gives all instructions. Dr. Garnett has appointed "Clever" Clevenger chairman of a research committee for getting necessary books on instructions for rolling, raising tobacco, selecting good quality fag papers, and all etiquette on holding the rolled weeds, lighting them, and getting rid of any evidences showing them to be handmade. Where the dictionaries formerly stood are presses where you can stamp your fag with L. S. M. F. T.

The flower beds in front of the tea room have been replaced with victory gardens for raising tobacco and Protoza Dawson has full care of them.

The club rooms in the basement will now be used for smoking only and there are beds on third floor for recuperation if your first smoke should happen cause "weed dropsy".

The fag house will be open at all hours to accomodate the throngs and this coming week no classes will be held except those which will benefit this cause.

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THE MUSIC BOX

A faculty recital was held in Sibley Chapel last Tuesday. All faculty members in the music department were required to attend. Little did they dream that they would be called upon to perform in front of the music students. The impromptu program proved just what the students wanted too—they found out that the faculty could do anything—well, almost.

To begin the program, Gertie Isidore played a violin solo, "Clair de Lune" by DeBussey. She was accompanied at the piano by Johnny.

The next thing which was soooo romantic was Paul Friess playing "I Love You Truly". It featured a boogie basso ostenato played on the pedals. Mrs. Freiss looked so sweet sitting there turning Paul's pages for him, and cooing when she thought no one was looking.

The feature of the program was no doubt the arrangement of Fletcher's solo "Rachmaninoff's Prelude in C sharp minor."

Pearlie Walker, better known as "THE VOICE" on campus, layed the students in the aisle as she swung out on "Beat Me Daddy Eighth to the Bar". Smelling salts were passed out between numbers because it was felt the students would not be able to stand the emotional strain on their hearts. For an encore, "THE VOICE" sang "Lime Coca-Cola".

Doris Gieselmann sang a vocal concerto for the next number. She was accompanied on the tympany by Janet Coulson.

John Thomas and Eva Englehart Douglas left their positions at the keyboard to perform a delightful ballet number to the tune of Bach's "Accentuate the Positive and Eliminate the Counterpoint."

Eliminate and grand finale was held. Lois Burkett was at the piano beating out a hot boogie on the ivories. You should have seen the faculty jitterbugging to Lois' own arrangement of "Jam Session."

The stage was decorated with a beautiful Gothic carved organ console topped with Mr. Friess's ashtray displaying an array of Raleigh, Marvel, Wings, and an occasional Lucky Strike stubs. (Signed)

Respectfully submitted,
JOHN THOMAS.

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April Fool Queen

(Continued from page 1)

in dashed Guy (Yippee) Motley on a seahorse singing, "Accentuate Your Pocketbook, Eliminate the Tea Room." He was followed by Homer (I'm translated) Clevenger and "Cutie Pie" Garnett who passed out cigars.

The only mishap of the evening occurred when Paul Elckhorst got a trifle too playful with "Carmen" Terhune and ducked that fine senorita in the acqua verde. She went down gurgling, "Santa Maria y toodos los satos blub."

Fernie led the crowds in singing "Fools Rush In," and all rushed in the pool for refreshments served at the bottom. Amid tears and sorrow, the Bathing Suit Brigade led by Fernie paraded out of the ultramodern Acqua Marine Room located just one floor below the first floor of the swank Hotel Butler, singing, "Goodbye Dear, I'll Be Back In A Year."



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"Meet Me In St. Louis"

starring
Fern Staggs and Dickie Orr

TUESDAY

"Return of the Native"

starring
Elizabeth Dawson

WEDNESDAY

"Lost In A Harem"

starring
"Billie-Boy" Sickhorst

THURSDAY

"Valley of Decision"

starring
Dr. Finger

FRIDAY and SATURDAY

"Since You Went Away"

starring
Dr. Gage
also

"I'll Be Seeing You"

starring
Dr. Gipson

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Lindenwood Girls Urged To Vote For Homer For Mayor

On April 3, an election will be held in St. Charles. At that time they will be voting for a new Mayor. Since Dr. Homer Clevenger is a man who has the betterment of Lindenwood girls at heart, we all feel that it would be a good thing for our school and for the great town of St. Charles to elect him as the honorable mayor.

In an interview recently, Dr. Clevenger outlined the ten points which he thought would be necessary to make Lindenwood the school it should be. So girls, if you know what is good for you, you'll vote for Dr. Clevenger whether you're old enough or not. The ten points he lists are as follows:

1. There will be no restrictions against entering any of St. Charles out of bound resorts.
2. All L. C. girls will be issued free passes to the Strand Theatre, and the Yellow Cab will be at their service free of charge, any time day or night.
3. Since the Honorable Mayor to-be feels that Lindenwood is within the jurisdiction of St. Charles, he has extended the curfew hour until 3 a. m.
4. He also promises to have an air base located in the vicinity of St. Charles, or even better still, a V12 unit on Lindenwood campus.
5. The faculty shall stand at attention at all times when addressed by members of the student body.
6. Ankiets and saddle shoes are to be worn at all times, especially on Sunday.
7. After May 3, no girls can enter the dining room without a scarf on her head.
8. Hereafter, all tables will be reserved for the students and the faculty will scurry to find a place to sit.
9. Ash trays will be provided in Roemer for the exclusive use of students.
10. As a general principle, he promises the end of dictatorship and the rise of democracy . . . all over the world.