

Linden Bark Presents Winning Slate For President

LINDENWOOD'S APRIL FOOL QUEEN IS CROWNED IN COLORFUL CEREMONY

Faculty Frolics At Annual April Fool Ball At Water Tower

Charles "Swoon-boy" Clayton was crowned April Fool Queen last night at the annual All Fools' Ball which was held on the lovely Windblown Terrace of the water reservoir. Because of the woman shortage (all galls have gone to war, ya know) Charlie was unanimously hailed as the person of the hour. The moment he stepped upon the Terrace he was mobbed by swoon-crazy fans, dragged to the top of the old stately water tower where the master-of-ceremonies, timid little Fern Staggs, was waiting. As the man of the hour came into view the crowd below went berserk. Above the clamor could be distinctly heard Anna "Alergic to Noise" Mottinger's proverbial "Shhh!" (A farmer three miles out excitedly called the St. Charles Police Department to ask if there was an air raid.)

As Ferny motioned for Charles to kneel, "Sleepy-time-Gal" Rasmussen more wide awake than her 8 o'clock associates had ever seen her, tripped gigglingly up to crown tall, suave, slightly bald (ahhh!) Charlie with the loveliest, the daintiest, the most exquisite crown of alternately strung popcorn and bottle tops. Someone yelled, "Speech!" Everyone took up the clamor. There was a death-like silence as "Glamour-Puss" Clayton swirled his mustache and started to speak. "Fellow fools and foolesses," he crooned. Then he stopped, everyone listened. Someone was weeping; the sound came from the Terrace. All eyes were turned toward the giant weeping willow. There, leaning against the tree, was "Clinging Vine" Arends, crying as though her heart would break. "Ohh, I've been planning on being crowned Queen of the April Fools ever since last year," she wailed.

"Please don't cry," soothed Charlie. "There's always next year. There, there now. That's a good girl." Someone give her a sucker and an appropriate cap.

Guy "Yippee" Motley and his Jive Jingers swung out with the latest arrangement of "Let Me Call You Sweetheart." "Come on chilens, let's dance," suggested Charles. As the orchestra went into a low-down rumba version of "Temptation," "Super Smoothie" Stine and his current leading lady, Agnes, stole the show. The men seemed to be enjoying it immensely, but it was quite noticeable that several of the ladies had that well-known "sweet lemon" look on their faces. When Motley and his men crashed into a hot Harry James arrangement of "Flash," Paul "Gesundheit" Eickhorst grabbed "Test Tube" Gray, "Come on cat, let's cut a rug." The competition between Eickhorst-Gray and Ordelheide-Hirsh was stiff. Dignified L. L.

(Continued on page 0)

Winner of Romeo Contest Is Announced

At last it can be told. Your ROMEO has been chosen. Get set, girls. It's that dashing, debonaire dream, DARRY DORDELHEIDE. The explanatory statement with the picture read as follows: "Dashing Darry is 6' 2" tall and he has the broadest shoulders. Oh, what a man! His hair, what is left of it, is a soft lovely mouse-brown. His dimples, when he smiles, are simply devastating. He's athletic, too. He rides beautifully (a kitty-car), he was Eastern Missouri State Bingo Champ, and runnerup in the Mid-Western Chinese Checkers tournament. Gee, that personality of his is somethin'. He's a card, no kiddin'. There's just one thing—his feet's too big."

The judges named as the best athlete, John Tine. The note, entered with his picture read: "The picture speaks for itself. He just swept me off my feet."

Two of the judges, namely Heddy Lamar and Joan Davis, had a knock-down, drag-out over who should be acclaimed "most marriageable"—obedient RAY or docile HOMER. They finally compromised and decided Cuthbert was the most eligible.

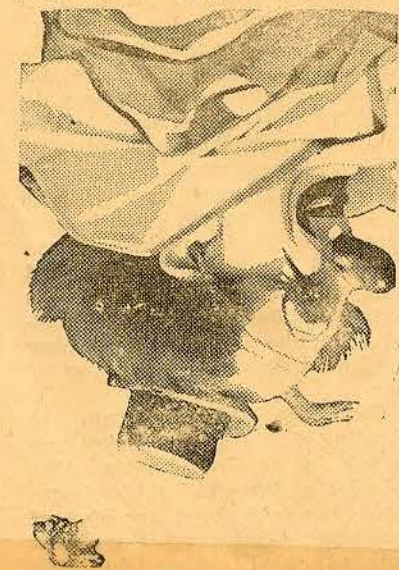
The judges sent a charming note back from Hollywood with the pictures:

Dear L. C. Lassies:

All your laddies are just too, too devine. Really, we had a terrific time choosing the most fittest of the fit, 'cause they are all so super cala fragilistic expa ala docious. Any time you grow up

(Continued on page 4)

Our latest addition to the Hall of Fame is Hudda. Everyone in Lindenwood knows Hudda. She always has her hand in the air with her fingers waving. Hudda is the one who leads you to your seat in the dining room. She deserves a bit of praise for her thankless task. Without her assistance many a beary-eyed girl would never reach the breakfast table. In the name of food, all of Lindenwood thanks you, Hudda!



HALL OF FAME

Campaign Hits Full Stride As Headquarters Hum

The Johnson-Parker campaign is sweeping the country. Thousands are joining the throng who wear "Happy Days are Here Again" buttons. Even children are begging their mother to tell them stories of "Happy" and Alice.

Behind this public acclaim and admiration lies weeks of hard work and careful planning. Campaign manager Guy Motley gave up his Ozark fishing trip this spring in order that he might devote every hour of his time to planning for this glittering two-some.

Behind closed doors the campaign progresses. In one corner of the room Hurrell is taking glamour shots of Alice. The candidates say a little tough of the tiger skin would make the people realize they were down to earth. "Happy" supervises these glamour shots personally, and his right knee secretary acts as a second technical advisor.

Dr. Gregg has offered to write all the campaign literature. The propaganda she is putting out is really right. She did a series of campaign stories for True Confession that was based on the past life of the candidates. It was rare.

Miss Maude Lee Dorsey is in charge of the speaking tours. "Happy" will speak at every Ladies' Club in the country, and Alice will tour the army camps. Of course, both candidates have recordings of "get on the bandwagon" speeches that will be sent to the armed forces abroad.

"The 'Happy' for President" club is under the auspices of "Kitty" Hankins. All Lindenwood girls and alumnae are members of this group. Their chief duty is in the rumor department.

Leap Year Hints on How To Get A Man

thority on men's hats and she To the ladies of Lindenwood College, now is the time when all hearts turn to thoughts of grabbing off your man. It's that year, you know, when it's legal to cop them when they aren't looking.

We have, as our expert on the subject, Dr. "Daffodil" Dawson. She has consented to give us her ideas and suggestions on how to successfully beard your man in his lair. With the able assistance of some of her cohorts, she has compiled this list of good advices.

First, she advises, the subtle approach. This is good when the man in the case is rather timid and retiring. Of course, the female has to be very tactful, or the whole thing may blow up right in her face. The best way to explain the subtle approach is by an example. She advises using X and Y for the characters in this little drama. X is the poor, unsuspecting man, and Y is the wolfess on the loose. Y goes up to X and comments on how ugly his hat is and that he should have someone to select the correct chapeau and why doesn't he let her do it as she is an au-

WHIRLWIND CAMPAIGN TO MAKE HISTORY ON LINDENWOOD CAMPUS

MANAGER



Uncle Guy C. (Vote 'em like a machine) Motley who will direct the campaign of Lindenwood's Presidential slate.

APRIL FOOL
By Dr. Lloyd B. Harmon
I was once an April Fool
I belonged to the dumbbell school.
The Meann said T-Bones rare.
(We had fish).
I was once an April Fool
I belonged to the dumbbell school.
The Bulletin said "No classes today."
I gathered my books and shouted hooray.
I went until six.
I was once an April Fool
But I am wiser now and never fall.
What a man said he'd call.
Well Dad's a man.

Guy Motley To Serve As Campaign Manager

The Bark staff may now release the name of the next president of the United States. From extremely reliable sources which cannot be revealed, the staff has learned who will be the next president. This information is absolutely reliable; it's so dead sure that even Dean Gipson has \$5 bet on it. The president of the United States will be no other than that man of letters (he empties them from waste baskets) "Happy" Johnson.

When Mr. Johnson announced his candidacy he told the press that Dr. Alice Parker would be his running mate on the Republican ticket. This is the first time "Happy" has ever sought public office but he feels his years of experience at Lindenwood have prepared him for any problem he may meet as chief executive. Mr. Johnson was hesitant about entering the political world; but when he was confronted by a petition signed by 1,300,000 Americans asking that he sling his hat in the ring, he could hold out no longer.

In his statement "Happy" said the demonstration of the Lindenwood students impressed him most. For three weeks the girls, carrying banners reading "Happy Days are Here Again," picketed his house. At intervals of five minutes the buglers from the school orchestra blew taps and Beverly Wescott climbed to her soap box and screamed loudly, "We want 'Happy'". Mr. Johnson said, "I feel it is my duty to guide the nation for the next twelve years. If Lindenwood feels so strongly about a thing it must be right."

Mr. Johnson said that Dr. Parker was the only plausible candidate for vice president. He is going to conduct his campaign in the "homespun" manner which was so successfully used by "Pass the Biscuits Pappy" O'Daniel and Jimmy Davis. Mr. Johnson said Dr. Parker would be the featured soloist in all campaign rallies. "I admire her more than any woman I've ever known; she will be invaluable in this contest. Why she knows 29 verses to 'She'll Be Comin' Round the Mountain'. Yes, Dr. Parker is the one for vice president," said Mr. Johnson.

Guy Motley has resigned his position as grandstand coach for the Republican party to become campaign manager for this new political campaign. In Mr. Motley's own words, "Even Lindenwood women—the finest on God's green earth—will be second to this political campaign."

"Happy" and Alice remained in conference from March 1, when they announced their intention to see these offices, until today. In this conference plans were formulated for the platform. "Happy" borrowed hammer and nails from "Pop" Ordelheide, and Alice

POEM:
To miss a kiss is simply awful;
To kiss a miss is awful simple.
Kisses spread disease it's stated,
But kiss me, boy, I'm vaccinated.

LINDEN BARK

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GUY C. MOTLEY

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Society.....	Dr. L. L. Bernard
War Service.....	Barbara Skinner
Beauty Hints.....	Margo VerKruzen
Scandal Reporter.....	Anna Wurster
Advice to the Love Lorn.....	Mary E. Lear
Woman's Page.....	John Stine
Crime Reporter.....	Lloyd B. Harmon
Foreign Correspondent.....	Dr. Florence W. Schaper
Key Hole Reporter.....	Anna Mottinger

BUSINESS STAFF

Business Manager.....	Bill Eickhorst
Photographer.....	Dr. Finger
Printer's Devil.....	Fern Staggs
Advertising Manager.....	Dr. Gage

"If it's 'scuttle-butt' you want, we've got it."

SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1944

A CLARION CALL TO ARMS

Women of Lindenwood! Rally 'round. Your time to serve has arrived. The greatest fight of all history is beginning. Every woman is needed to campaign for "Happy" and Alice as our next President and Vice-President. No sacrifice is too great; no task too small. All though one self must give way to this struggle that is bigger than any of us. (Even though we have gained fifteen pounds by eating at the tea room). From now until victory is ours every girl must serve eight hours a day. There are many ways in which you may serve.

You may be a member of the Motor Corps and travel the country making speeches in behalf of these worthy candidates. The tour will begin in Florida and ample time for sunbathing will be allowed. Any classes missed because of campaign work are ignored. Grades will be given according to your interest in the campaign.

You may also be a staff assistant. From "Nephew" Guy Motley you will learn all the tricks of successful campaigning. The office opens at 11:30. There are two hours allowed for lunch, and everyone is off at 3:00.

The election of "Happy" and Alice will assure a future of crazy college go'. They have guaranteed allowances of \$100 a month, T-bone steaks three times a day, nylon hose to be given away if you patronize the school laundry, and a date every night. It is good business to see that these candidates are elected.

A PLEA FROM THE FACULTY

We think the time has come to say something to the students about their health, both mental and physical. Students! Lay down your books and forget about that term paper. We, the faculty realize that you hate to leave your books for a minute, but we are so concerned with your health that we think it is our duty to interfere.

Please, students, we are begging you—don't study so hard. You keep us busy trying to keep up with you. And because of your love of study you have been ignoring the boys who clamor for entrance at the gates of Lindenwood. We realize that you don't like boys, but they are slowly dying out there, from unrequited love and broken hearts because of your cruelty and devotion to books.

So we are begging acutally pleading with you, students—please put your books and papers down and give the boys a break. We know that there won't be enough girls to go around, but you all can work out a system for that difficulty. But the main point is, you are ruining your health by studying so much, and you are also making the hundreds of boys you know, suffer unbearable pain. So come on, students, down with the books and up with the boys.

JUKES FOR FACULTY JIVE

There's at least one thing that Lindenwood sadly lacks—a juke for the faculty lounge in the library. In the first place, the tunes in the gym simply aren't hot enough for we profs. We want our jive to blaze!

In the second place, many of the worthy teachers insist it is so quiet in the library it gives them the creeps and they can't enjoy their funny books properly.

Another advantage to this addition to the library is that students will not be able to sleep in the stacks in their accustomed manner. It is not good for them (nor for the books) for them to be snoozing back there—they would be far better off back romping around in the dorms in a young and healthy manner.

What say we get up a petition among the boys and girls of the instructional staff and put the pressure on for this much-needed equipment?

THE POETRY CORNER

As bells were chiming 1 A. M.,
There came a furious sound;
The shout that came from Butler
Hall
Was heard for miles around!
—Dr. Finger had late permission.

APRIL FOOL

By Dr. Lloyd B. Harmon
I was once an April Fool
I belonged to the dumbbell
school.

The Menu said T-Bones rare.
(We had fish).
I was once an April Fool
I belonged to the dumbbell
school.

The Bulletin said "No classes
today.
I gathered my books and shout-
ed Hooray.
I went until six.

I was once an April Fool
But I am wiser now and never
fall.
"What a man said he'd call"
Well Dads a man.

FROM THE OFFICE OF THE DEAN

The student body has petitioned me to start Saturday classes again. Due to the avalanche of dates they must have some excuse to keep the boys away. They pleaded ten hours for Sunday classes but I told them "Don't you think the faculty needs a rest too. My the "Big Apple" is exhausting.

I finally relented and Saturday classes will start April 7: Mr. Motley sent free tickets for a Frank Sinatra stage appearance, but I am sure the girls would gladly give it up for their classes.

Easter vacation has been canceled, the dinner menu will be liver and sauerkraut.

DR. ALICE E. GIPSON

Calendar For First Week In April

Saturday, April 1, 4 a. m.—All school picnic. 600 R.A.F. cadet guests. 9:30 p. m.—Masquerade Ball, students and guests. Glen Miller's Orchestra.

Sunday, Apr. 2, 10:30 a. m.—Breakfast served in bed. 4 p. m.—Slacks and blue-jeans tea. (Library Club Room.) 6:45 p. m.—Vespers. General Bugs Bunny, "How I'm Winning This War, Single Handed."

Monday, Apr. 3—Skip day to recuperate from the week-end.

Tuesday, Apr. 4 — Regular Classes. 7 p. m.—Tau Sigma recital, "Black Salome." 9:30 p. m.—Hot dog and coke party (Library Club Room).

Wednesday, Apr. 5—Regular classes. (No outside preparation because of last evening's activities), 8 p. m.—Senior Class Opera Party. 8 p. m.—Junior Class Dinner Party at Park Plaza. 8 p. m.—Sophomore Class Theatre Party at Strand. 8 p. m.—Freshman Class "Kid Party" in Gym.

Thursday, Apr. 6, 8-11 a. m.—Skip Classes. 11 a. m.—Convocation: Capt. Clark Gable, "Keep up the boys' morale—Write them—Date more often." 6:43 p. m.—Sigma Tau Delta—Discussion on the latest Comic Magazines. 8:45 p. m.—Come-as-you-are Party (Gym).

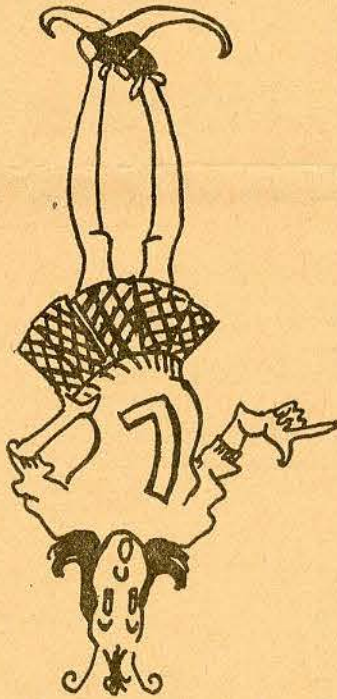
Friday, Apr. 7—Good Friday. School's out until Monday morning at 1 o'clock, kids!

Bark Poll Reveals Favorite Sports of Lindenwood Faculty

While the April Fool was bounding around looking for exclusive features that would tickle the fancies of the dear readers, he was way-laid. He was streaking from the stables where he had just gotten an exclusive interview with Scarlett when he noticed that a million people were having a mob fight on Ayres sun deck. He got on his magic carpet and taxied up. Yep, it was the faculty again. They were arguing about pastimes. Dr. Harmon insisted that throwing rotten eggs from the windows of speeding cars with careful aim for a well-dressed woman was the best amusement of all. And Miss Coulson contended that playing "cops and robber" with the police was much more exciting. They argued peacefully until Dr. Harmon called Janet a "sissy" and then she started kicking him on the shins. After the first blow, the entire faculty joined in, and when the April Fool got there, stomped bodies were lying all over every where.

The April Fool jumped in the middle of the brawl and began screaming, "There must be a compromise." Finally he got the raving characters all silenced, and while they nursed their wounds and applied T-bone steaks to their black eyes, April Fool suggested

no fools like old fools," as it's been said before. There he acted like a 2-year-old, but then might. Oh, what a riot. They certainly made things lively last night. The fact that this is leap year about the dance, Grace replied, "The fact that this is leap year fortable tree seat. When asked she almost fell out of her corn-interest in the scene below, the April Fool Ball. She got so pleased, last night so that she reservoir, a strictly forbidden trees and shrubs on the water porter, sneaked up among the Grace, as your keyhole re-



GRACIE GREMLIN

LOST: One Sophomore on the Sibley fire escape one night. If found, please return her to wherever she belongs at once. The sophomores have lost enough girls the hard way this year. Let's see if there can be one left without the Student Council hanging over her head.

WANTED: Some sort of hickory limb to make my classes behave, and a pair of ear plugs. I can't STAND group singing.
—Signed Grace Albrecht

Wanted to Buy—An old copy of an original Rembrant. Will go as high as 50 cents. Miss Lil Rasmusson.

Wanted — One slightly used crystal ball. Dr. Cleavenger.

All Woof & No Nip

by

"HOMER "I MISS NOTHING" CLEVENGER

Hello again, you dear, dear readers. My, I've just been so busy this week flitting from one rally to another. Elections are SOOOO exciting, don't you think?

Went to a great huge meeting last night at our neighboring Oakbark's campus and just had a whee! All of the gang was there . . . Ray, John, Guy, Paul, Lloyd, and our snoop scooper, or scoop snooper, or cub reporter, "Deadline" Charlie. Quite a meeting, it was. The boys just looked grand, too.

I couldn't take my eyes off of Ray's new spring outfit. He looked good enough to eat, all curled up in a lawn chair, daintily smoking a big Havana, wearing that delicious new patriotic suit of his . . . blue serge with luscious white pin stripes and mammoth red "V" for Victory buttons. His natural straw was trimmed with a red and white grosgrain ribbon. Not to be out done was John S. in a daring new egg-shell garbardin, with a low V neck line and a belt in the back. Guy was his usual conservative self in maroon and orange, with a perky little Kelly Green feather in his hat.

Paul and Lloyd looked simply ravishing as they sipped sassafras, tea and discussed the coming election, spring styles, best place to get a manicure, and favorite movie actresses. Paul was wearing those ducky socks he knitted last month with tiny yellow violins and red piccolos, on a dainty baby-pink background. Lloyd had a pair of those interesting new non-ratoned shoes . . . heel-less and toeless oxfords with three inch paper soles. They are very becoming, making one's foot look just inches shorter.

Charlie dashed around so much I really didn't get to note his outfit in detail, but I did stop him long enough to ask him where he got that lovely new permanent in his mustache, but he wouldn't tell. Stingy thing. He just wants to be the prettiest one there, that's all.

Some of the girls were there, too. Anna "Shoo Shoo Baby" Mottinger opened the rally with a very interesting speech entitled "Here's To You Hap" or "That's the Way It's Done In MY Hall". Entertainment was offered by the Stanley-Holt-Arends Trio accompanied by Mary "Swing and Sway" O'Rear and her steel guitar. Miller presented a native Soobagloobabooba Indian dance on seven inch stilts, reciting Hamlet's soliloquy backwards at the same time.

Kate "Old Trails" Gregg gave a brief summary of her new paper on "Various Four and Six lane Highways of Missouri and their Predecessors" and then amidst great shouting and uproar the Presidential candidate arrived and the meeting began.

It was all very interesting, but I can't tell you about it here because that is Charlie's job, and I wouldn't want it said that I am trying to steal his stuff . . . as if I couldn't write better than he does any old day.

Anyway, just one more thought. Do you suffer from shock? Do you yawn in the mornings, feel sleepy at night, and have a funny empty feeling around twelve-fifteen every day? You do? That's funny, so do I.

Good night, kiddies. 'nuff said.

ing on them, give them to little children, and then roar with laughter when they got the stomach ache. With that she snatched her gum and wheeled away.

The April Fool, being the intellectual he is, screamed, "Enough of this dribble," and away he went.

THE CLUB CORNER

Gotta Koppa Guy, sister sorority of Gotta Koppa Girl fraternity...

Row Delta Row, boating society, met under the water tower in back of Sibley Hall last week.

Friday, March 24th was the regular monthly meeting of Cow Moo Moo. This successful gathering was held in the pasture back of the college.

The Y B Here chapter of Y. B. sorority held its first campus meeting and naturally no one came.

"Strong drink, Men, and Sinatra" club met in the attic of the stables last Sunday morning at 5:30 o'clock.

Wanted—Term papers to write. It's my most favorite hobby. Any of you girls that would let me write your term paper will be paid well.

Fair Warning Jimmie came into the school-room one morning, plainly excited. "Yes, Jimmie, what is it?" exclaimed the teacher.

Lindenwood Faculty Sets Pace In Style By Cynthia Styles In the middle of a room full of harassed reporters and photographers, noise and confusion...

THINK OF NEXT! HORIZONTALS: WHAT THIS ADVANCED GENERATION WOULD HORRORS! WHAT THIS ADVANCED GENERATION WOULD HORRORS!

Everybody on the faculty has been dying to know who is the handsome Don Juan who has been writing those torrid letters in Spanish to Mary Terhune.

Dr. Finger was finally called before the Student Council last Monday night. Too many cuts—and Sally Dearmont declares the example of her. As we go to press your keyhole reporter just learned that she is to be campused for a month.

Well of all things, guess where I saw Pearl Walker and Billy Eickhorst—jitterbugging at Red's Tavern the other night. She wore a tupp and he wore a big red rose, and they were on a spree—

Scoop! At last the news is out. "Hot live" Parker is revealed as the masked trumpet player in Harry Miller's internationally famous band now playing at the Old Trails. Our virtuoso specializes in playing those low-down blues. Truck over to Old Trails any night in the week, girls, and you can hear that gal playing eight to the bar with a razzle-dazzle and a dingdingding.

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!

Lost: A beautiful red and purple bandanna that is really needed, especially at dinner time. I just can't let my hair be seen this way. If found, please return to Sally Dearmont in Senior.

(Continued—You Found It) genius. Alice laid the planks and "Happy" hammered them firmly in place. Mr. Johnson said that such cooperative effort would be the keynote of their combined political career.

Both Mr. Johnson and Dr. Parker feel strongly about women in office. They are convinced that only women cabinet members should be employed. When they go into office, they will choose the following cabinet to help with affairs of state: Secretary of War, Dr. Finger; Secretary of Navy, Margo Ver-Kruzen; Post Master General, Amy Wagner; Attorney General, Miss Miller; Secretary of Agriculture, Dr. Dawson; Secretary of Labor, Dean Gipson; Secretary of State, Mrs. Belding; Secretary of the Treasury, Miss Waye; Secretary of Commerce, Miss Sheahan. They both felt that nine cabinet members were enough.

Their stand in important questions was ignored by the other candidates. Although Alice is an authority on Russia and "Happy" is a diplomat of renown they feel that important decisions of state should be decided by drawing numbers out of a bowl. "The future of many men was decided in such a manner, and what's good enough for the soldier, is good enough for us," Alice contended. If there should be some controversies that can't be settled by drawing numbers, the cabinet members, the president, and vice-president will have an elimination marble contest. The winner takes all agates, and decides how the question shall be answered.

There are two things that the candidates will add to the American way of life. Alice insists that an amendment to the Constitution require that every American to take a course in English literature. The logic in this being after they have passed that course, no affairs of life or state will seem complex. "Happy" has but one plea—a law which forbids college women to put coke bottles in the hall closets and wastebaskets.

From this time until "Happy" and Alice are inaugurated, the Bark will carry campaign material exclusively. These two worthy candidates must be elected at all costs. "Happy" for prexy; Alice for Sub."

Wanted—A relief from this social whirl. I've been to at least four dances a week, and the other three nights I've had to have dates. I'm so tired of such mad doings, I could scream. Will someone please suggest how I might get rid of these men who keep calling me? There's nothing I'd like better than a quiet evening at school. Stay at Home.

For Sale—A new supply of nylon hose. Must be sold at a sacrifice because women don't seem to like them since rayon hose came into being. These hose are really too sheer and the colors are disgustingly lovely. If you feel kind today, please come in and buy a pair. They're only 89c. Box 1050.

Personal—I will not be responsible for anyone giving out my name on a date card. Miss Mary Lear.

Quackemberybush. PFC Cuthbert T. M. Yours forever and a day and you Anna Mottinger.

To one of my many unseen admirers, Anna: I got so many nice letters last week. Gertie must be spreading it around school that I am a sure bet for the Romeo contest. One from a humdinger named Dots with those names, they simply can't be very vital and athletic. Then there was one from a Couson. She said she played the piano. I'd like to meet her and hear her beat it out with some hot boogie jive. Anything but waiting with bated breath to hear from my newest dream girl, you Anna Mottinger.

Cuthbert Gets Lowdown on Lindenwood Pin Up Girls

Students To Honor Faculty For Distinguished Service

The student body of Lindenwood will present metals to outstanding faculty members for their outstanding work at a convocation today.

Dr. Alice Parker will receive a medal for being the outstanding member of Tau Sigma. Dr. John Thomas will be honored for his rendition of "Carry me Out on a Lone Prairie." Other honors will go to Miss Rachel Morris for her work in the field of Designing. She is trying to get her classes to wear evening dress.

Miss Lois Karr will be awarded a prize for her still life portrait of a caterpillar. Miss Karen Rugaard will be honored for concocting that new treat "Brains and Pineapple saute."

Dr. Talbot will be the next president of Mu Phi Epsilon due to her writing of the "Tweed Suite". The meeting will close with the singing of the faculty song, "They'll Never Know How Much We Don't Know."

MEN WANTED Apply at JOURNALISM OFFICE

His Highness, still decked in his royal robes, bid all his admirers a fond adieu with "So long, evabody. I'll see y'all in the funny papers."

APRIL FOOL QUEEN SIBLEY SALON Lindenwood Campus BIG OPERATIONS FIRST FLOOR SECOND FLOOR THIRD FLOOR WRESTLING and JISITSU Instruction ANY HOLD LEGAL

MAKE MONEY! Bogus Letter Mfg. Co. GREENBACK, NEBR. COOK-WAYE, Agents

Baby Ear of Corn: Where did I come from, mother? Mother Ear of Corn: Why, dear, the stalk brought you. —Paola High School Reporter

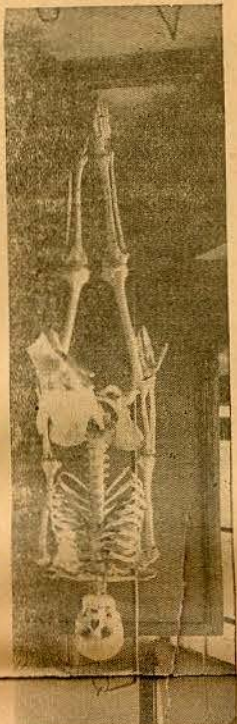
Tillies Win Basketball Championship

Monday, March 27, was a day that will go down in the annals of Lindenwood history, the faculty members had a swift-moving basketball game. In an interview Miss Gray, captain of the Baby Bouncers, said, "We are not going to let the Freshmen get ahead of us. We'll beat those Dilly Tillies to a pulp." Their captain Mary Terhune said quote, "Oh Yeah."

The day of the big event saw a capacity audience fill Butler Gym. The Baby Bouncers pranced onto the field after the Dilly Tillies. The referee blew the whistle and the battle was on. Pearl Walker of the Tillies threw the ball to her opponent Anna Wurster who dropped it in foul territory, Talbot of the Bouncers recovered and passed it to her guard Parker who made a perfect basket. Two points for the Bouncers.

The end of the first quarter the score was nine to eight in favor of the Bouncers. Two of the baskets were made by Jan Coulson and the rest by Ally Parker.

The second quarter started. It was a tough fight. The Tillies held the Bouncers to the same score. It was only one minute to play, Isador of the Tillies got the ball she turned and threw it to Geiselman who in turn passed it to Skinner who dropped the ball, Hankins recovered, pivoted and threw to Rasmussen who tossed it in the basket. The score was tied nine to nine. Sixty seconds to go Isador got the ball again and passed it across the Gym to Hankins, to Rasmussen who made the basket just as the whistle blew ending the game. The Tillies win the championship. After the game the Captain Mary Terhune said between pants, "Bring on the Freshmen now. We're ready for them."



Love Letter Service!
Written In
Prose or Poetry
Agnes Sibley
RESULTS
GUARANTEED!

L. C. BLACK MARKET

NYLONS MEAT POINTS
SHOE STAMPS KLEENEX
GAS STAMPS FILMS

WOMEN!

Your Black Market is operating day and night on first, second and third floor Roemer. Just come in any time. A price list will be posted on the bulletin board outside the Dean's office.

MEN WANTED!

Apply
Journalism Office

FRESH KISSES
CHEWY!
DEWEY!
GLUEY!
PHOOEY!

NUTS!

WANTED TO BUY—I'll pay 3c for unused special stamps, 2c for an old defense stamp, and 1c for any fairly new, or any other kind of stamps (red ones especially preferred). Call IR 1237.

I was once an April Fool
But I am wiser now and never fall.
"What a man said he'd call"
Well Dads a man.
I gathered my books and shout-ed Hooray.
I went until six.
The Bulletin said "No classes today."
I belonged to the dumbbell school.
I was once an April Fool
I belonged to the dumbbell school.
The Menu said "Bones rare."
(We had fish).
I was once an April Fool
By Dr. Lloyd B. Harmon

APRIL FOOL

I GUTEGGLASS Prop.

Chairs and Tables.

The faculty wishes to take this opportunity to publicly denounce the journalism class for the mess of scrambled type they publish every other week and have the nerve to call a newspaper. Although they have the audacity to maintain that they cover the campus, all we have to say is, "That's what you think, Babes!" There is certainly plenty that goes on that they don't even have the vocabulary to express. The whole dumb staff should be eradicated—(wiped out to you). This includes Teetotaler Trimble, Man Chaser McLean, Noser News Nesbett, Yodel-Baby Yoder, Wicked Walsh, Frivolous Triedman, Cadaverous Clayton. It is our fervent wish that they get their thumbs caught in their rickety old typewriters and bother us no more forever.

WINNER OF ROMEO CONTEST

(Continued from page 1)

weary of them, please send them right out here to sunny California. We'll take good care of them for you, honest.

Most, most, most glamorously yours,

Jean Davis,
Lana Turner,
Heddy Lamar,
Patsy Kelly.



An attractive young woman to escort on Saturday nights throughout the spring. Must be a student in a woman's college. I am tall, dark, and doggoned handsome, drive a maroon convertible, smoke a pipe, wear tweeds, like to dance, and am a college graduate (attended both Princeton and Yale) and want to spend money. Wire, phone, or telegraph the Linden Bark if interested.

STRAND

Sunday - Monday

"MADAME SPY"
starring
Mott.

Tuesday

'ABOVE SUSPICION'
starring
Jackie Schwab

Wednesday

"COVER GIRL"
starring
Maude Lee Dorsey

Thursday

"THE LIGHTED WINDOW"
starring
Ed and Oscar

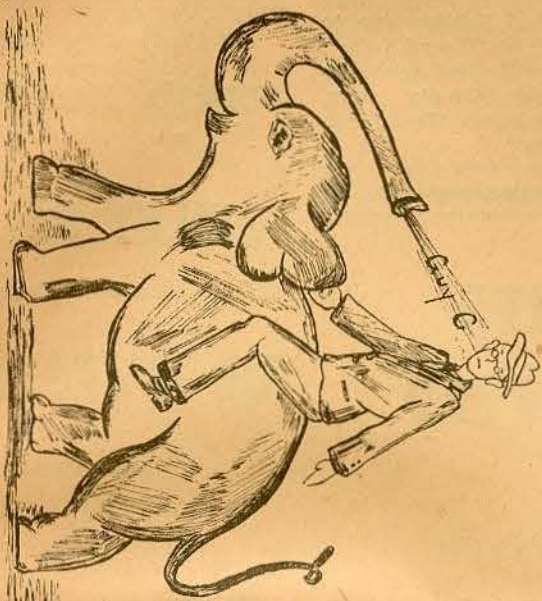
Friday

"HOW GREEN WAS MY CLASS"
starring
Mr. Charles Clayton

Saturday

"HOME ON THE RANGE"
starring
Fern Staggs
with
John Stine
— also —
Chapter 5
"THE PHANTOM"
with
Lloyd Harmon

What's Wrong With This Picture?



APRIL FOOL

Privacy At Last; Sibley Chapel Turned Over To Students

No more sitting on the college's cold benches . . . no more going to the Strand for seclusion . . . no more interruptions from the night watchmen or from the house mothers . . . at last you can neck in private!

Yes, believe it or not, the administration has seen the need for a private place for kissing your dates goodnight. The chapel in Sibley has been reserved every night for those who wish to be alone. The temperature is moderate, the lights are low, and there are plenty of seats. In case your date gets too dull you can turn on the radio that has been installed and listen to music or if you are having trouble getting your date in the right kind of mood, you may reserve a couple of seats for "Lights Out." That is a sure kill or cure for his trouble. The time, age and date, are not questionable.

We wish to commend the college for realizing the necessity for such arrangements as there are fewer dates with cars these days and the girls can always be in on time with this arrangement. Please don't feel that the students wish to monopolize all the room. All the faculty, administration and house mothers are welcome too.

Joint To Hold A Joint Conference

Lindenwood is planning a joint conference on Family Strife and the League of Women Boaters to be held on campus in 1949. Delegates from the surrounding colleges will be asked to bring their bedding, two sheets, a pillow case, and a towel, and will be housed in tents on the campus in front of Sibley.

Speakers will be Iwana Hitten of the Institute of Family Disruptions and Mrs. Port-Your-Helm of the Committee on Marine Excursions. In the spirit of the conference the students will have as their slogans Your Own Canoe.

WAR BONDS . . . for your security—buy to-day.