

# LINDEN BARK **Extra!**

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Lindenwood Female Seminary, Wednesday, April 1, 1942

\$1,000 A Year

## AXIS LUFTWAFFE HITS LINDENWOOD

### THIS AXIS BOMBER BIT THE DUST AT LINDENWOOD



Exclusive photo by the Linden Bark's staff photographer showing the devastation caused by Axis air raiders before the attack on Lindenwood College was beaten off. Anti-aircraft guns manned by Mr. Motley and Miss Cook brought down this huge bomber which crashed in the middle of the campus, on all that is left of Dr. Gage's new home.

### Students Delighted to Hear Easter Vacation Has Been Postponed

The Easter vacation scheduled to begin tomorrow has been postponed until June 2, due to the air raid last night. At a meeting of the How-Great-Was-the-Damage committee, it was decided the vacation should be canceled. Of course, everyone agreed to the decision. What else could they do?

As a result of the meeting, the telegraph wires were hot and furious this morning. Everybody was so glad they'd be on the campus for Easter, they had to let the folks back home know.

Many grips were being unpacked, and several girls were seen putting dirty sheets back on their beds. There was a cheerful tone throughout all the dorms. Those raiders last night couldn't get L. C. girls down. No, sir! They were going to get to spend Easter at Lindenwood.

Mr. Motley's office announced that tickets that have been validated for April 2 may still be used. The only difference is they may be used only for taking notes, or writing letters. Happy Easter!

### Dr. Sigmund Betz To Open Night Club On Campus

Well gang, the big day has come! "Swing Music" Betz says his great new Casino and Night Club is at last ready to open. And he promises first-nighters a wild time—simply wild. 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 floorshow program with enthusiasm, and well he may! Dr. Alice Linneman, Prof. Emeritus, and dancer deluxe, is returning for the evening to give the boys and girls a thrill with her famous bubble dance wherein she demonstrates that the bubble is slower than the eye. Flossie Schaper will do her classic (and classy and sometimes done in class) strip-tease—the fascinating one with the zip-pers and the nervous jerk. Cutie Clevenger, the most talented actor of the faculty, will give a clever skit demonstrating the profitable things which may be done while cutting class. The head residents of the various residence halls (Hal, Mary, Annie, Minnie, and Mable) have whipped up a dance especial-

ly for the occasion. Hal Gardner, 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."

Student talent will also be revealed. Two of the most graceful little ladies of the school—Chap Chapman and Sofa Davenport—will be featured in a toe dance, "Butterfly with Hiccups". Mary Dillon's Dynamite Dance Dazzlers will furnish jazz for the floorshows and for dancing until three in the morn. (Swing insists that the girls get home by 3:30, as he feels that 3 or 3½ hours of sleep is not too much for them.)

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

As a word of caution, he warns that he will not be liable for any accidents such as may be due to broken glass in the hip pocket and similar mischances.

### Raiders Shot Down By Campus Guns; Wide Devastation

Nazi raiders launched a treacherous blitz on Lindenwood campus late last night. The bombardment lasted from a little after midnight to five o'clock in the morning. This is the first spot in the United States to be attacked by Germany. President Roosevelt said in an early-morning address the Nazis had undoubtedly picked Lindenwood as the most menacing stronghold of Americanism in the United States.

A few seconds after the stroke of midnight, the sky over campus was suddenly black with planes—about 103 of them. The warning was given by Miss Isidore. She was coming out of Sibley where (she confided to us) she had been practicing a bit of jive on the organ. She was wearing a yeollor plush formal when she walked outside—this must have attracted the attention of the swarm of planes flying overhead, because suddenly a whole volley of shots rained down on the pavement near her. She remained quite calm, if a bit indignant, strolled back into Sibley, and called Mr. Motley.

By this time the noise had become rather upsetting. Everywhere you could hear the low whine of bullets, the explosion of bombs, and the crash of glass from broken windows. Students were stirring uneasily in their sleep.

Mr. Motley jumped on his scooter and whizzed up to the campus. In a second, the alarm bells rang out, summoning everyone to the bomb shelters. Some of the faculty proved a bit troublesome. Miss Morris was deep in a chapter of "The G-String Murders," by her favorite writer, Gypsy Rose Lee. For awhile she refused to stir. Then too, it was almost impossible to pry Dr. Schaeper and Mrs. Ahrens loose from their monopoly game. They were down in the gym, huddled over a card table, with blood in their eyes. Dr. Schaper was muttering, "I will too! You can't stop me from putting four hotels on the Boardwalk."

The students were a little easier to handle—except, of course, Ruth Dayton, who wouldn't budge a step without her cello. Lucy Graham was a lot of trouble, too. She kept dashing out on the sidewalk, trying to take pictures of the exploding bombs.

Finally everyone got into the shelters in safety. Mr. Ordelheide was wearing a stunning pair of green and yellow striped pajamas, while The Duchess was aluring in a filmy negligee. Dr. Clevenger got caught with his kid curlers on . . . and he claimed it was natural. Everyone was crowding around Mr.

(Continued on Page 3)



# LINDEN BARK

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## EDITOR OF THIS ISSUE

Dr. Alice E. Gipson

## EDITORIAL ASSISTANT

Mr. Phil Nagel

## ADVERTISING MANAGER

Dr. Harry Morehouse Gage

## EDITORIAL STAFF

Sports Editor—Miss Anna "All-American" Wurster  
Society Editor—Mr. John "Glamour Boy" Stine  
War Service Editor—Miss Elizabeth "Wide-Eyes" Dawson  
Raised Eyebrow Editor—Miss Gertrude "Marginal Utility" Esteros  
Advice to the Lovelorn Editor—Aunt Rachel Morris

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Campus Scandal—Dr. Sig E. Betz  
Crime Reporter—Miss "Okay" Frees  
Sob Stuff—Dr. "Dafodil" Dawson  
Foreign Correspondent—Miss Kitty Hankins

## PERSONNEL

Business Manager—Delphia "Speedy" Hirsh  
Photographer—Miss Peggy "Flashbulb" Stookey  
Printers Devil—Dr. Kate "Cutie Pie" Gregg

## CENSOR

Miss Mary Bebbie

## 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.)

## Students! Be Fair to Faculty

This business of going to every class day after day has got to stop. The Dean's office announced this morning there have been entirely too few cuts.

With spring in the offing and sun-bathing to do, there is absolutely no reason why the students persist in going to classes. Which is more important: to learn about manic depressive psychosis, and read about Shelley,—or to get a good tan? There's always the possibility that Shelley will cause you to have manic depressive psychosis, and you can't get anything more than a good old fashioned sunstroke from sun-bathing.

Sit down and think this over until your conscience begins to hurt. Then you'll realize you really haven't been fair in attending classes every day. You're not being at all considerate of your faculty. They don't like seeing your solemn expression in the same seat day after day any more than you like learning all the stuff they teach.

So, come on students, get in the groove,—and cut, cut, cut!

## 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.

Welcome Lindenwood Girls  
with Military Dates—To the

**GALA OPENING ON APRIL 1**

of the

**BETZ CASINO & NITE CLUB**

NEXT TO THE FINE ARTS BLDG.

Orchestra Until 3 A. M.

Two Floor Shows Nightly

"Swing Music" Betz, Prop.

## CLASSIFIED ADS

ONE CENT A WORD, fifteen cents minimum price. PAYABLE IN ADVANCE. This column is intended only for individuals seeking public notice.

ANTIQUES—Pencils, term papers, American Lit. notes, English Lit. final, miscellaneous. Nahigian & Quebbeman Galleries. Butler.

WEARING APPAREL—Easter outfits—almost new and unclaimed; spring bargains, exclusive models; \$4.75, \$6.75 up. Lorry's—2nd floor Irwin, turn right and stop at first door (you can't miss it 'cause I'll grab you when you get there).

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.

## WANTED

CHORUS GIRLS—At once; good pay, steady work; wire, 'phone, come on, personal instruction by Alice Gipson on the art of true burlesque. Roemer Hall, immediately; also musicians.

PERSONAL—I wish an [Censored] introduction to the tall, dark and handsome young man often seen on xxxxx street in a [Censored] convertible. If you can aid me, all helpful hints will be appreciated.

Call 1237  
B. Brittin M.

## LOST AND FOUND

TO FINDERS—If you have found a hairpin, pack of cigarettes, typewriter, or other article of value to the owner, but which, in your opinion do not justify an expense of advertising it as "FOUND", bring the article to us, and we'll put it to use.

TO LOSERS—Advertise! It is not lost until you fail to recover it through one of our ads! Just give us the dope and we'll find your property.

## CARD OF THANKS

Dr. Gregg wishes to take this opportunity to tender her most sincere and heartfelt thanks to Herby Mart for the long hours she spent in collecting material for her latest book, "How to Put Personality in a Re-Written Term Paper".

campus Monday for classes.  
campus with dates, returning to  
H. James Orchs. Girls may leave  
Casino—G. Miller, T. Dorsey, and  
9 p. m.—Late Dance, Morehouse  
who so desire.  
10 a. m.—Breakfast in bed for all  
Friday, April 3  
p. m.  
all dates getting on campus by 9  
9 p. m.—3 o'clock permissions for  
Morehouse Casino.  
8 a. m.—12 p. m.—Free drinks at the  
Thursday, April 2  
Lear vs. Dr. Ward.  
9 p. m.—Jitterbug Contest—Miss  
Be Alluring at 75.  
Margaret Mantle Stookey, "How to  
11 a. m.—Chapel program: Miss  
Wednesday, April 1

## College Calendar

## 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. Schaper had late permission.

## All Woof and No Nip

BY  
"POP" ORDELHEID

I've been waiting my chance for years to get my two cents worth in this column. Today it came. I caught Cotton Cannon peeking in one of those dark doors in the basement of Roemer, snooping for news. All I did was give her a little shove, and presto! She was locked in the boiler room. Now's my chance to prove I can write this stuff up even worse than she can.

—back—

COMING SOCIETY EVENTS OF THE WEEK: Miss Margaret Chapman will present her diploma speech recital Thursday night at seven in the auditorium. Chappie will give, "Gene Autrey in the Wastelands." Dodo Nahigian, Posy Edminster, Pat Giese, Sue Beck, and other jealous performers will ush. Kitty, Tilly, and Barry will be hostesses to a root beer reception in the Library Billiard Rooms, following the recital. . . There will be a meeting of the "Cheerup Girls for Lonely Taxi Drivers" on Tuesday. . . . Alpha Slingma Toe will hold their annual scooter race the first warm day. . . . Dean Gipson will be the judge, and faculty members will be allowed a twenty-minute start on student competitors. . . . Alpha Moo Moo and Beta Atea will join forces to give an Easter egg hunt on Friday to celebrate the fourth birthday of Dr. Gage's dog. The big search will take place in the swimming pool. . . All students are expected to attend.

—our—

The Junior Class cordially invites Dr. and Mrs. Gage, the faculty, the administration, and the entire student body to the roof-raising on the tennis court. . . R. P. D. Q. . . . At the last meeting of the class, the head of the department of cutting-ology forgot to give out the assignments for next week's classes. We are glad to perform this little service. The class will meet every day at six and seven-eighths minutes after on the second floor of the mirage. Assignments: Monday, eat; Tuesday, sleep; Wednesday, write (trans) parents for money; Thursday, take bath; Friday, date; Saturday, recover; Sunday, sleep so as to have enough energy to cut Monday's class.

—football—

Last year's April fool queen, Miss Margaret Chapman, has ruled foolishly for one year. The time has come for her to hand over her reins to a new queen of the campus dopes. The committee met at seven a. m. today to choose a new ruler. The vote was unanimous, as there is only one fool left to take the job. The new queen, for one thing, is the silly, sappy type we all love. On the other hand (she wore a glove), the poor lil thing is so unknown, we felt the publicity might help to develop her personality and give her self-confidence. Therefore, it is our most happy privilege to announce the April Fool Queen of Oakgravel College for 1942—Miss Ruth Dayton. (She'll be an "H" of a Queen.) Since we couldn't secure a picture of Queen Dayton on such short notice, we got one of the Easter Bunny who crowned her. Here he is.



—team—

I love roses and the dew  
I love Missouri Mules  
I love you each and every one  
Tho you all are April Fools.







As you know I always endeavor to make this column a place for humor and fun, but an important item has come to my attention that I must discuss with you seriously. Girls, the Cupboard is going out of business. It is all your fault because you stay in the library and your rooms so much. Why not let up on the lessons a bit? Honestly, it doesn't take long to flip over for a coke between classes—and what if you are a few minutes late to class!!

There have been many complaints about the lack of good fiction on the library magazine rack. In order to determine just what should be added to the shelves, Miss Kohlstedt and Miss Eggman have conducted a poll of the faculty members. If they take the results to heart (and they promise to do so) seems that the library will be pepped up considerably.

Here are the faculty choices:

Dr. Parker, after thinking the matter over a few minutes, decided the "Ladies Home Journal" would be most interesting and useful.

Dr. Betz wanted "Superman Comics", confessing that Superman is his ideal.

Dr. Harmon said he would like to see the "Police Gazette" in the library as it is very enlightening.

"Esquire is my choice!" Dr. Schaper shouted when asked. "The cartoons in there are really rare!" she added pounding the desk with her fist.

"If I may say so," Dr. Gregg sug-

gested, "I think my dear little girlies would enjoy "Playmate". Why don't you get several dozen each month, so there will be paper dolls for everyone?"

Miss Morris rolled her eyes coyly and whispered she personally preferred "True Confessions" above all others.

Miss Dawson voted for a liberal supply of comic magazines: "Batman", "Green Hornet", and "Captain Midnight" especially and asked if she could have the back numbers to send to an orphanage which she keeps supplied with good kid literature.

"Well—er—uh—er—let me see," said the Dean with some hesitation. "I—uh—believe "Peek" would be a puissant and pleasurable addition to the library. Since it is all pictures, no mental strain is involved."

Miss Mason said she thought "Rip-Roaring Western" would give the library some pep. "Pep, that's what we need!" she droned in her sleepest lecture manner.

Beta Alpha Gamma, the largest sorority of Lindenwood, initiated a couple more hundred members at their last meeting. The B A G's are planning to take over the date bureau, and eventually will be controlling the school.

What's Cookin Club will be entertained in the kitchen by Miss Staggs. Burnt toast and boiled water prepared by the members, will be served at the close of the meeting.

Cutta Class is open to anyone wishing to join. It meets daily, and the only requirement is that you must cut at least one class daily. Dean Gipson is in charge of the club, and will be glad to speak to all students who wish to join.

Alfalfa and Omega, the club of the better known farm girls, will meet to discuss crops and stock—the effect of the war on the price of hay.

Damma Phi Datum initiated a group of girls at a meeting last night in the Y. W. C. A. parlor. The number of members has been greatly increased due to the war shortage of men.

From the Office of the Dean

1. As soon as the bombs start dropping, run like everything. It doesn't matter where, as long as you run.
2. If you find an unexploded bomb, always pick it up and shake it. Maybe the firing pin is stuck. If that doesn't work, throw it in the furnace. The fire department will come along later and take care of things.
3. If an incendiary bomb is found burning in a building, throw gasoline on it. You can't put the damn thing out anyway and you might have a little fun. If no gasoline is available, throw a bucket of water on it and lie down; you're dead.
4. Always get excited and holler bloody murder. It will add to the fun and confusion and scare the wits out of the kiddies.
5. Eat onions, limberger cheese and garlic, etc., before entering a crowded air raid shelter. It makes you very unpopular with people in your immediate vicinity, eliminating any unnecessary discomfort more prevalent if people crowd too closely.
6. If you should be the victim of a direct bomb hit, don't go to pieces. lie still and you won't be noticed.

Faculty Reveals Catholic Taste In Bark Literary Poll

1. The following air raid regulations were issued from Dr. Gage's office this morning. Since everyone took the raid by Nazi planes so calmly last night our President felt that something must be done. These rules should be memorized and adhered to.
2. Take advantage of all opportunities when the air raid warning sounds. For example, if in a bakery shop, grab some pies and cake; if in a tavern, grab some bottles; if in a theatre, grab a handsome man—that's your choice.
3. Wear track shoes if possible. If people in front of you are slow, you won't have any trouble getting over them.
4. If you find an unexploded bomb, always pick it up and shake it. Maybe the firing pin is stuck. If that doesn't work, throw it in the furnace. The fire department will come along later and take care of things.
5. If an incendiary bomb is found burning in a building, throw gasoline on it. You can't put the damn thing out anyway and you might have a little fun. If no gasoline is available, throw a bucket of water on it and lie down; you're dead.
6. Always get excited and holler bloody murder. It will add to the fun and confusion and scare the wits out of the kiddies.

Air Raid Regulations Issued After Last Night's Attack

**GALA RE-OPENING!**  
**HART'S MARRIAGE EMPORIUM**  
 (across the bridge)  
**FRIDAY NIGHT, APRIL 3**  
 Special Rates for Lindenwood Brides!

<b>Ring</b>	<b>no extra charge.</b>
<b>Wedding Breakfast</b>	
<b>Old Shoes</b>	
<b>Rice</b>	

10 couples . . . . \$5.00  
 20 couples . . . . \$8.00  
 50 couples or over . . . . \$12.78

**BLUMEYER FOUND GUILTY; JURY OUT 8936 HOURS!**

Last April 1, Miss Mamie Traylor brought suit against Miss Tillie Giesel Blumeyer for man-snatching. The jury did not reach a verdict until 10 o'clock this morning.

The jury returned a verdict of "GUILTY" today in the case of Traylor vs. Blumeyer. After deliberating for 8936 hours, or twelve months, the jury made up of Judy Moore, "H", Dayton, "Chappie", Chapman, "Coo" Dillman, and "Sofa" Davenport crawled back into the courtroom and took their respective stools in the jury box, located in the left wing of the tearoom.

Their appearance brought sympathetic sighs from the spectators. Judy's hair was hanging forlornly on her shoulders. There wasn't a sign of a curl anywhere. "H's" pale blue sweater had been moth eaten and looked so wholely. Chap's beloved raincoat had mildewed and oh, the odor! Coo and Sofa looked exhaustedly at each other, and showed a puzzled expression as if in doubt over their decision.

"Your Honor," Judy began as spokesman, "we find the defendant terribly guilty of man-snatching!"

At this point Miss Blumeyer swooned and Mamie Traylor went into hysterics. The spectators gasped.

Judge Shorty Shartel picked up her coke bottle and wrapped for silence.

"Quiet, you mugs," she blurted. "I have to think!" Clearing her throat in a very obnoxious manner, Judge Shorty rose to her feet. Her blue military uniform was literally hanging on her withered limbs.

"Tillie Blumeyer, come to!" she shouted.

Immediately, the defendant rose to her feet. "Somebody calling me?" she asked in her sweetest voice.

"Quiet," Judge Shorty shouted. "Miss Blumeyer, have you anything to say for yourself before this court pronounces sentence?"

Tillie dove into her pocket and came up with a cigarette. Her whole body was quivering. She couldn't find her lighter.

"Got a light, Judge?" she asked.

At this point, Mamie Traylor dashed to Tillie's side. "Allow me," she said in a very hypocritical tone.

Judge Shorty was terribly hurt.

She could have given Tillie a light. Why had Mamie interfered? She picked up her coke bottle again.

"Biss Blumeyer, I'm waiting. Speak now or forever hold your peace." Her voice covered up her crushed feelings.

By this time, Tillie had calmed down and was quite composed. "Well," she began, "all I can say is I'm sorry I ever took her old picture. And as for you, Mamie Traylor, —(her eyes fairly bulged in their sockets as she stood nose to nose with Mamie)—you've got a \* — of a lot of nerve."

Miss Blumeyer was referring to the accusation Miss Traylor had brought against her last year. She had accused her of snatching the life-sized portrait of Vince and entering it into the "Cutie and the Beast" contest. By some horrible mistake on the part of the judges, Vince didn't win! But what Miss Traylor was objecting to was the fact that Miss Blumeyer had never returned the picture, and she was simply lost without it. And now the jury had returned a verdict of "GUILTY". Miss Blumeyer was awaiting her doom. Judge Shorty was ready to give it to her.

"Miss Estelle Blumeyer" — the Judge's voice was stern,—"the jury having found you guilty of man-snatching, it is my duty to pronounce sentence. Will you please stand still, Miss Blumeyer, and face me!"

"I'll try," Tillie interrupted.

The Judge continued: "Miss Blumeyer, I sentence you to remain on campus over the week-ends from now until June 2. No bail will be accepted, so you might just as well resign yourself to the fact that you have to stay."

Tillie dropped her cigarette on the floor. Then she stooped down to pick it up. That gave Mamie an opportunity. She winked at the Judge. Shorty smiled understandingly.

"O.K.," Tillie admitted, "you've got me. But just wait and see if I ever take you kids to Edmond's again!"

Court was adjourned.