



The Font

WATCH CLOCK
'TIL
SOPH PARTY

Vol. XIX — No. 2

FONTBONNE COLLEGE — ST. LOUIS, MO.

Wednesday, November 17, 1943

Fontbonne Plans Anniversary Mass

In honor of the 100th anniversary of Mother Sister John Fontbonne, after whom the college is named, a mass will be offered for faculty and students at 8:30 a.m., Monday, November 22nd, in the chapel. Mother Berenice announced at assembly that prayers of the students are requested for Mother Sister John Fontbonne.

And a Good Time Was Had by All

At the annual homecoming, November 6, your roving reporter attempted to discover precisely what homecoming meant to the majority present. She was met with many and sundry opinions, the most prevalent being, "Homecoming to me means a day of reunion—when and where I meet people I haven't seen for years; I have a chance to renew old acquaintances and possibly make a few new ones, but above all I have a wonderful time!" Naturally a few opinions were a bit varied, ranging from "I love crowds of people—Homecoming gives me that chance," to "Homecoming for me means a day of hard work—but it's worth it in every way!"—this from a lady behind the "assembly line." And a few didn't know exactly what homecoming meant to them,—as one serviceman stated, "I just came along for the ride!"—but we add, just so he came!

Judging from the length of the dinner line extending from the front of the cafeteria winding itself three times around the rear till it resembled a large-size pretzel, and out the caf door half way to the arcade, the main attraction of the evening was the tenderly baked ham. As one father said, smacking his lips—"This is ham what am!" This judgment was verified later in the evening when we came across a couple who hadn't heard of homecoming before, but who had, while wending their way to a restaurant, heard that ham was being served in Fontbonne's cafeteria—"Are we glad we came," they beamed, "we haven't eaten such good meat since rationing went into effect!"

From the appearance of the crowded gym, which was worse than Famous' Toyland on Xmas Eve, one would have thought a pair of nylons was being given away with each entrance stub. Every table was filled with homecomers, ranging from the serious-minded bridge players who were there to play bridge to those who were there merely to play. The entire scene was splattered with bright color lent by dame-fashion—popular hues ranging from lavender, fuchsia, tangerine, to deep purples. Hats were small and fluffy, while dutch-boy caps and culots were sported by the younger crowd.

Camera!-- Lights-- Action!--

Attention, camera enthusiasts! Do you twirl a wicked lens? Do your friends call you "Click" or "Candid"? Are you inclined to sigh "Oh, what a gorgeous sunset!" or "Hold that pose!" while you run for your Brownie? If so, the 1943 Fontbonne Staff has its eye, its good one, on you!

From November 13 to November 30, the staff will sponsor a snapshot contest open to all students or faculty members of the college. Prizes will be many and beautiful.

Your entries may be any of three classes:

1. Scenery of campus or views of college.
2. Informal groups of students.
3. Informal picture of an individual.

Prizes will be awarded for the best snaps in each category. Negatives must accompany each snapshot entered. Entries will be judged according to the following points: (1) Clearness. (2) Originality. (3) Depth of tone.

You are not required to be a professional to enter the contest; amateurs of the greenest variety are urged to participate. The most original snaps, regardless if they win a prize or not, will appear in the Fontbonne. How proud you'll be to say as you page through the 1943-44 annual, "Ah, yes and I took this shot,—notice the clarity! the style! depth of beauty!"

Dreams Come True! Ham, Steak, Nylons! Press Club Has Them All!

There will be a double feature at Fontbonne on December 7 in more ways than one: a four-star final featuring the presentation of two motion pictures, one in the afternoon at 2:30 and one in evening at 7:30, and the raffling of the prizes offered in the Press Club's annual raffle. According to Rosejoan Kising, president of the club, the journalists will exhibit their rationing consciousness without sponsoring a black market. The prizes, which were donated by several friends, include a steak, a ham, two pair of nylon hose, and a hand-embroidered Irish linen scarf with Italian cut-work valued at \$30.00. The Press Club hopes to clear enough money on this project to finance the unfunded part of the year book.

Matilda, the roving reporter, wants you to make a date with her for the movie "Knute Rockne" which will be shown in the afternoon. Featuring the life of the great Notre Dame football coach, this picture is one that is rated among the best pictures produced. "Holiday Inn" which will be shown that night is a swing musicale guaranteed to provide good entertainment. Matilda, being a connoisseur on "Cinemagic," highly recommends both movies as being a "must" on everybody's list.

When you see the members of the Press Club, who will be well-armed with their little chance books, you'd better take your chances while you can get them, and if you are determined to win, come to the press room and get your own books.

Sophs Promise A Man And Lunch Nov. 20

Kingsway Hotel Will Be Scene of Harvest Cotillion

The Sophomores, forty-two strong, have weathered the beginning storms of another windy and stormy Fontbonne career, torn themselves reluctantly from their constant perusal of the great literary masters and the lords of science, and gloriously and triumphantly come forth to present another fine episode in the life of a Fontbonne girl.

Dr. Clemens Goes to Washington

Dr. Alphonse H. Clemens, director of the department of Sociology and Economics, made a trip to Washington, D. C., from which place he brought back instructions for Catholic College Youth. He quoted Civil Service men as desiring Catholic College men and women to enter government work. Social Service courses are very much in need today in the schools in view of the fact that many government positions are being controlled by Socialistic Movements.

Dr. Clemens stated that Washington has been the subject of many jokes due to its close-quartered facilities. He found real estate and housing facilities quite congested, but the prices of food and clothing were on the par with those here in St. Louis.

Hope We See You Soon

Mother Berenice reports that in her letters from Sister Margaret John, who is at St. Joseph's Hospital in Kansas City, that she is doing very fine. She finds the personnel at St. Joseph's just wonderful, but still feels that there is no place quite like Fontbonne, and is therefore looking forward to coming back soon.

This episode will take the form of a party. Yes! yes indeed! a party! Now anybody knows that men are scarce but the Sophomores don't let a little item of that nature bother them, to any great extent anyway. There will be men and handsome men, dashing and romantic in uniform, all ready to have a wonderful time with the one hundred and seventy-five students from Fontbonne. There will be stags, there will be food, there will be fun, and there will be frolic.

It will be great! It will be stupendous! It will be the stuff! It is coming and coming soon. What? Why, the SOPHOMORE HARVEST COTILLION. The dance will be at the Kingsway Hotel Ballroom, Saturday evening, November 20, at 8:00 p.m. The tickets for the affair are \$2.25 a couple. Now, wait a minute, it isn't so much, after all, there is a mighty fine chance that you and you and you might meet your fate in the person of a Naval Cadet, or an Air Cadet, or a Med Cadet. That is really worth a try in the language of any young woman with her ear to the ground and her shoulder to the wheel, isn't it? Besides the big opportunity you get of meeting your future, you have food and fun, dancing and fun, stags and fun, men and girls and fun, fun, fun. What a glorious refrain, what an opportunity to prove to yourself that your charms haven't gone to waste, that maybe all the Pepsodent and Pond's you use is for some worthwhile enterprise after all.

The whole school is invited, the whole school will be there. It is a command, it is a promise that carries a gilt-edge guarantee that you will have the best time of your college career at the SOPHOMORE HARVEST COTILLION than at any other affair it has ever been your privilege to attend.

Lovely, sweet, winsome young things hanging demurely on the arm of a handsome young military man... ah, that is indeed a sight for eyes eager to see again the faces of young people in love and stuff. Well, you can get your tickets from any Sophomore and see the bulletin boards advertising the biggest dance of the year, the HARVEST COTILLION, that evening in your life when you in all likelihood will meet your fate and come at last to realize the romance that clings to the uniform of a man in the army and navy of Uncle Sam.

Presenting Her Majesty Queen Rhea



Maids and Queen of Penny Circus, clockwise, are: Evelyn O'Donnell, Mary Alice Guelker, Queen Rhea Metzger, Marilyn McAteer, and Pete Wolf.



We Give Thee Thanks --

What have I to be thankful for? This question is probably on the war-hardened lips of many as the time-honored day, on which our first settlers praised God for His benefits, approaches. But, in truth, what had they? They led no comfortable lack-a-daisical existence; they had many hardships and many trials. And yet, without any commercial fanfare, or "timely reminders," our forefathers thought to give thanks. We are living in chaotic times. Our peace-loving country finds itself in the throes of a mighty struggle; our loved ones are far removed from us; many, having given the full measure of devotion, are gone forever. Yet we are to celebrate Thanksgiving. Sounds ironical, doesn't it? But no. These are the very times in which we should give thanks. This is a proving ground, as it were. Let us make this a prayerful Thanksgiving. Let us petition Our Lord for peace, praise Him for His goodness, and thank Him for His benefits. And on November 25, let us think ahead to the peace that is to come, and say with heads high and hearts full, "We give Thee thanks, O Almighty God. . ."

Books Are Weapons

Every year about this time, it seems there is a sudden voice booming forth from all sides saying, "Read Catholic books." Posters say that there are many wonderful Catholic authors who write interesting as well as educational books. Yes, every year for the past six years this is how it has been. Maybe some were affected by the publicity these Catholic writers received, and being so moved, investigated the "dusty" corner where those books were kept; maybe still more heard and saw, but didn't explore.

The time has come again for that voice to boom. Catholic Book Week is here—November 7-13—and who, but Catholics, should be more interested?

"Books Are Weapons." This, its slogan, states a simple truth. Yes, books are weapons, and they can be used to light our way out of darkness. Information, inspiration, and recreation (all necessities for a stable world), all can be found in Catholic books. So, now—Today—use books as weapons, and prepare for tomorrow.

Fontbonne's own library (follow either flight of stairs in Ryan Hall all the way to the top) has an interesting exhibit on Catholic books and their authors. Explore, and find there real treasure!

Must They Die in Vain?

On November 11 of this year we once again paid homage to the men who fought and died to preserve our American way of life in the First Great War. Then, as now, we were engaged essentially in a war of principles. Gallantly and doggedly our men fought, and when the last flame of opposition was snuffed, they emerged victorious. Yes, they had won the war, but what of the peace?

We realize now that it was not our brave soldiers of 1918 who lost the peace, but we of the succeeding generations who are to blame. Through our intolerance, our hyper-nationalism, and our contempt for the Christian way of life, we have again plunged our nation into total war. Daily we pray for another Armistice, and may it come soon, but shall it be only a temporary truce as was the last? Shall it be a truce founded on the flimsy philosophies of materialism and race supremacy? Or shall it be the lasting peace founded on the dignity of the human person, and on the unalienable rights of man?

If there is to be a permanent peace in the world, stemming from a brotherly love in men's hearts, there can be only one answer. Our soldiers must not again die in vain!

Vox Studenti

Dear Fannie Fontbonne:

It has come to my attention that some of the faculty members are firm believers in the old adage, "You are what you read." Well, that started me to thinking. Does it flatter your ego to have someone say that to you? If it does, then frankly, I am sorry. I consider you complacent, listless, and to put it bluntly, in a rut! If, on the other hand, you stop to think about that little axiom,—I consider you more or less alive and alert to the world in general; in other words, on the beam.

As I see it, the girl strictly on the beam is one who can differentiate between the mediocre and the real, especially in her choice of reading matter. Remember, when you read, it is for yourself alone. What do you want when you read? Is it some mental compensation for an unrealized experience? Is it fuel for your fire of wishful thinking? Experience is less often enjoyment, and the ashes from the fire of wishful thinking can be acrid and dead. Justice would have you admit to yourself that from your reading you want something which is solid, satisfying—something for which you can build a solid foundation for the thoughts, dreams, and hopes that ultimately shape your character, even your personality.

"You are what you read" . . . what will it be—through going mediocrity or real satisfaction in daring to be yourself, in challenging your mind and your heart to the achievement of sound thinking and high ideals through a careful choice of your reading matter.

Did You Save A Soul Today?

A common sight around school lately is a very earnest mission worker being given the "cold shoulder" by Fannie Fontbonne.

It has been definitely agreed upon by everyone that the Missions are a wonderful thing. Our heads are constantly nodding in agreement for further progress in the Missions, but they are inclined to nod the other way when it comes to actual financial support. The Catholic Mission Crusade is striving to supply our boys with some religious needs or to put it more specifically, actually striving to save more souls.

Here at Fontbonne we have a chapel very near and religious articles are always available. That's at Fontbonne. Fontbonne is in America but let's shift the setting to a battlefield over in Africa or some other foreign land and where perhaps our own beloved ones are up there in planes blasting those Rising Sun demons from the sky or trying to stem a tidal wave of Nazis on the land and sea. Can these men be assured that they will come out alive? Is there a chapel waiting for them to enter? The answer unfortunately is No. These boys actually depend upon charitable organizations, such as the Mission Crusade, to supply them with religious articles and prayers.

Perhaps if leaving off that second dip of ice cream would save a soul, wouldn't it be well worth while? If taking the money you spend on luxuries and giving it to the Mission would bring you merit—wouldn't that too be worth while? Let us step up the pace and keep it a steady, endless means of serving our God, our Country, and our loved ones.

Font Surveys Students' Opinions on Coal Strike

How much does this coal strike mean to you? Does it merely make you think of a long cold winter or does it make you stop and consider the rights, privileges and duties of an American citizen?

The papers and radio tell us that surrender last week to the demands of the United Mine Workers has been approved by the War Labor Board with, however, some reservation. They have gained their point on the portal-to-portal pay and a \$1.50 a day wage increase for which they went on this strike. It is generally agreed by most commentators that the miners are back at work after six months of irregular operations, that the important consideration is that nothing should stand in the way of getting the mines back into full production at once. On the other hand opposers to this settlement have agreed that this is bound to influence the conduct of other labor leaders who will seek wage boosts through the powerful weapon of striking. Therefore, the question in general hasn't really been settled.

The public, in general, has taken an interested part in this dispute since it touches them more than ever before. Much has been said concerning the merits of the miners' wage proposals and their long deserved right to get a better pact. Others argue that no labor group has the right to strike during war time and cripple the nation's basic production.

Right here in our own school

there is a diversity of opinion which shows that Fontbonne is taking an interest in this nation-wide crisis. In a survey made among the students to discover whether or not they approved of the strike many opinions came to light.

Faith Fricke, a senior, speaking on the side of the cons, says: "It is very unpatriotic. They should be drafted to work in the mines. Why can't this be settled without fighting?"

Gloria Pfeiffer, a freshman: "I think they are taking unfair advantage of the present conditions of labor shortage during war time."

Pat Duggan, a senior, who keeps up with the newspapers and Walter Winchell: "Men should be drafted to work in the mines. They show no respect for government authority by striking."

Mary Speckart, a freshman: "They should be paid a fair wage, and have a right to their differences but settle their grievances without strikes so they are not a bottleneck to industry."

Rose Dofing, a freshman, has been in the mines and has seen the danger undergone by the workers: "I believe that the miners have worked for too many years at low wages, and if the defense workers can be paid outlandish wages so can the miners."

Louise La Barge, a senior, has both a father and a brother in the armed service: "They should be put in the army and be made to work in the mines for fifty dollars a month."

Matilda Doolittle's Column

Syndicated — 1943



Matilda Doolittle

Are your nails, girls, filed to a point?

Is your perfume all set to anoint? If not, lass, better take care. And, lad, postpone it if you dare. Shine your shoes and don't be tardy. The time has come for the Sophomore Party!

We're off again to the jolly races, old dears, and as we gaze around us in the vast stadium that is our campus, we see much—much. We peer with envy upon our happy little friends who are fortunate enough to have their men home on leaves—all the kind we ever get are those that are so much underfoot nowadays. First, we have Gloria Pandjiris entertaining Larry in the lovely sunshine that fills the west arcade; we catch a glimpse of Flash Wilkerson whizzing off with Tom (Aha! and we thought she spent most of her time in the dark room. Repeat. Aha!). We thought talons were scarce until we saw the extra zip in Hank Sabadell, who

was taken by surprise—but pleasantly—by the army last week.

"Ladies in Waiting," however, include Pete Wolf, Jean Houlehin, and Ginny Kohl, who are still expecting that furlough to come through; while Louise La Barge says, quite, "I'll believe it when I see him—"

In Memoriam:

Gus, beloved friend of Catherine Small, who passed away at his residence on second floor Fine Arts, October 18, 1943. Faithfully gullible, swallowing anything one handed him, representing the last of the long, noted line of Hook, Line, and Sinker, his beautiful and private life has been a source of inspiration for many. His shining virtue was manifested in his refraining from talking behind one's back, excepting an occasional "boop-boop-dittum-dattum-whatem-chew!"

Editor Announces Staff Appointments

The appointment of several new staff members has been announced by Editor Edwina Wright.

Rosejoan Kising, junior has been made Advertising Manager for both "The Font" and "The Fontbonne" for the coming year. Rosejoan is President of the Press Club this year and has worked for both publications during her two years at Fontbonne.

Alice Ryan, senior, is the new Circulation Manager for "The Font." She too has worked for both publications.

INFORMATION



All Aboard

By Beatrice Burke

There is one place where soft, peaceful light sifts down on the busiest, most bustling kind of confusion in the world.

The tramp of marching feet, chattered, hasty conversations, puzzled and bewildered faces, high-pitched, anxious voices—you'll find them all at Union Station.

Light mingles with laughter; dust and smoke with tears. The ever-changing panorama of life is a kaleidoscope of activity.

At the ticket office there are lines and lines of tight-lipped, restless people shifting from one foot to another.

"I only want a reservation. I won't be a minute," a plump, fur-collared dowager rushes to a Caspar Milquetoast-like little man. He stutters, smiles, and moves back to let her in front of him, but from all directions comes the angry cry, "Get at the end of the line!" The dowager throws up her chin and gives all those in the rear a very cold look, but notwithstanding, she walks back.

At the window a tired, kind-faced ticket agent talks to a handsome young colored soldier.

"The ticket will be \$44.00," he says without looking up.

The boy rubs one hand across his forehead, bites his lower lip vexedly and murmurs, "I . . . I haven't got that much. I didn't know it would be so high."

Looking up sympathetically, the ticket agent comes back with, "Well, we'll see what we can do. How much have you got?"

A short, red-headed woman wearing very wrinkled blue slacks, a fox (?) fur chubby and a bright red bandana from under which peep metal curlers, bursts through the line about this time, tripping over jangling feet and stepping on sore heels.

"I've got to catch a train," she shouts wildly, only pausing long enough to glare with disgust at a fat man who yelps when she steps on his toe. "The people who travel nowadays . . ." she mutters with a shudder as she dashes away.

Chuckles and titters run the length of the line and only the fat man looks uncomfortable.

Through the doors into the inner part of the station march a detachment of soldiers, all looking worn, droopy-eyed, and disheveled. Those over 18 all need a shave, and those under 18 need their faces washed.

A little boy on the other side watches them closely, and after they go by he looks up at an elderly lady standing beside him and asks, "Now are they gonna get something to eat, Gramma, huh?"

"I hope so," replies the grandmother, following them with a far-away look in her eyes.

Waxes and Waves surround the numerous shoe-shine stands, laughing and jabbering among themselves while each awaits his turn.

A train whistle which adds greatly to the confusion is heard, and a mad rush and scramble ensues in which a tall, lanky sailor loses his ship. After much ado it is finally relieved by a triumphant, curly-haired little girl about 10 years old.

The sailor smiles, pats her on the head, and squeezes her hand before he hurries through the milling crowd around the track gate.

A middle-aged soldier who has just gotten in at the last gate begins to run when he catches sight of a plain-faced, plump old woman and a younger matron who obviously is his wife. The two women, who are standing almost at the opposite last track, have tears in their eyes when they at last see him and begin hurrying too. All three wear heart-breaking smiles as the tears fall heedlessly down their cheeks and when they finally meet they ardently embrace each other, both women kissing the soldier on a different cheek.

"To think of being away from you for two whole years," he murmurs as he holds them both out a little to look at them. "May God never let it be that long again."

And so on into the night. Twenty-four hours a day there is always the same huge crowd, the same multitude of different faces picturing every virtue and every vice. The light and the laughter are always there, but so are the dust and the tears.

A Poet in Our Midst



REQUIEM . . . by C. Small

The ivy climbs upon the granite wall;
The morning rays still glisten on the stone.
The wind blows softly here, and fall in beauty bright walks gayly all alone.

Where have they gone, the ones I used to meet
Along the walks where leaves in slumber lay?
Where does the summer stay when snow is deep
In drifting hills . . . Where is the night today . . .
The summer wind will come again to bring
Forth fragile life where sunlit snow has lain;
New leaves will hail the coming of the spring,
And night, unheralded, will come with rain.
All these return again as waves to shore . . .
It's only they who will come back no more.

Compliments
of a
FRIEND

The Corn Is Green and So Were We

By June Wilkerson

It was a cold damp night as Eddie and I bumped along on the bus headed toward that great American Theater. Between bumps Eddie turned to me and asked in an innocent tone, "And do you think Miss Barrymore will really see us?"

"Naturally," I replied with an air of self-assurance, "how could she afford to ignore such an important part of the great American public? Listen, Eddie," I said in a confidential bellow over the din of the bus, "it's folks like us that make, absolutely make people like her. Do you think she doesn't recognize that fact?"

"Sure," said Eddie, "I guess it'll be a cinch."

Arriving accompanied by flashbulbs, a large camera and equipment, we first purchased our tickets and then went to meet Margaret, the other third of the press. It was 7:30 sharp, and we were pretty flat, as we approached the box-office.

"Er, ah, what have you left?" I inquired, in the mousiest of voices. "Standing room only for \$1.68," replied the lady behind the bars, "and of course, second balcony seats for 56c." she added with a look that generally follows the downing of a quick bromo fliz.

"Fine!" I fairly shouted, "give us three."

At this point, a brilliant idea (?) flashed across Eddie's mind—"Why don't we go out, sneak around the back and try to find the stage door while we're waiting for Margaret to make her appearance?"

"Good idea," I agreed, "then when we find it, I can sneak in, overtake Ethel in the art of applying her last bit of mascara, click the camera, and depart."

When one is on the cold outside, crawling up and down alleys tapping on the walls and trying all doors, one realizes the structure of the building that is the American is a particularly complicated one to decipher. It is difficult for one to describe the odd sensations that shoot up and down one's spine when one's hands are contacting unknown objects in the darkness of the night. Finally Eddie spied what she thought to be the coveted door, and was just about to order me to open it, when out of the depths boomed a voice, "It's around da front."

We turned, shaking, "Oh, ha, ha, what is? Ha, ha," we asked, trying to sound naive about the whole thing.

"Da stage door, dat's what you're lookin' for, ain't it?"

"Oh, ha, ha, yes of course, the stage door, ha, ha." Quickly we made our way to the front of the building and here in a broad stage light stood the source of all our misery. Unfortunately we hadn't included the small item of a stage door watchman in our reckoning.

Keeper of the Keys

"Good evening, sir," Eddie began pompously as she approached the keeper of the keys. "We represent St. Louis University's Corporate College, the largest university west of the Mississippi. We are the press. We desire an interview, just a few moments of time, with Miss Barrymore—we wouldn't detain her."

"Yeh?"—this from the unreckoned item.

"Yes," I spoke up. "We'll give her plenty of time to make her curtain call."

"Sorry," he said, "I got orders not to let anybody in. This Barrymore's a tough one to see—she

hates reporters and college kids especially."

Undaunted, we overtook the manager of the theater in the lobby and giving him our best smile by Pepsi-sodent, we again began to elaborate on what was west of the Mississippi.

"Oh, I'm really frightfully sorry, old dears, but Miss Barrymore is frightfully tired, you know. She couldn't possibly see you. Oh, unheard of—"

"Tsk, tsk," we thought, "we'll be frightfully put out of our 8:30 class in the morning when we don't have our assignments."

Gathering together the other members of our party we climbed the fifteen flights of steps to what we learned to be the second balcony, in reality the "gallery." Not having our life belts along, nor our parachutes, we were a bit hesitant in descending to the wooden benches that were to be our seats for the evening performance of "The Corn Is Green."

While descending, Eddie caught her heel, which came off (elusive little things aren't they?) and at the same time she sent the eight flashbulbs rolling down the four flights of balcony steps. We salvaged three bulbs out of the eight.

During the entire first act we made ourselves generally obnoxious by vocalizing each scheme that flashed through our minds. "We'll grab a taxi and say 'Follow that cab!'" "I've got it! I'll bring her flowers and I'll hide the camera in the buds and then snap her when entering La Salle De Barrymore."

Act One Ends

The houselights went up and so did our hopes. One act was over; two to go. While Margaret and Eddie journeyed down the fifteen flights to again contact Mr. Powers, I was left with the coats. They were gone for a long time. As the second act began, and I sat there, with my head on my knees, gazing down on that part of the stage the managers deemed sufficient for the 56-cent seats, I wondered what fate had befallen my companions. The second act ended, I loosened my safety-belt, climbed back up in my seat and beheld the sad expression of my partners in crime. No soap! They had again talked with Mr. Powers. In fact Margaret had talked him right back against a wall—which unfortunately was a door, and Mr. Powers took advantage of it for his exit. "But we didn't give up," came Eddie's now-tear-racked voice, "we have a bell-boy on our side." For a small nominal fee (Margaret's carfare home) he had revealed to them the exit through which Miss Barrymore would depart from the theater at 11:20. I still favored my original idea of following her in a taxi, but I was dissuaded—that was too dramatic! During the third act, Eddie was heard to murmur at odd intervals, "real newspaper women . . . crash the door! . . . follow that cab!" . . . The third act was progressing when we left. We were the first to leave our seats—the last to leave the theater. Crowds are interesting, I thought, as we watched them stream out. But none of us was thinking of crowds at

Johnny Doughboy Sez: by a Rose in Fontbonne

What do the men behind the lines have to say about the girls back home (that's us!) and the way they dress? Yours truly has obtained the opinions of various servicemen as to their likes and dislikes in girl's apparel. Would you like to know them? You bet your life you would!

Well, first of all, now don't be surprised, — before a boy notices any of the details "he looks for simplicity, conventionality, freshness, and femininity," said one cadet stationed at Camp Lee. In fact, they were all in accordance on that point! Their second big preference was color—RED is their favorite, with powder blue and wild grape close in line. In fact, many of these fashion experts made it very emphatic that when they came home on leave they didn't want their dates in mourning but all smiles and color.

As for the suit—they like it fine at the proper time and place, as



also the sweater and skirt; however in their minds the dress is the fashion headlines! Every letter included this statement: "Nothing can compare to a dress." Here's where you are really given the chance to show your ingenuity by adding interest to your dresses with details. Bows are not exactly newcomers, but they are long stayers. There is something very quaint about a bow (BEAU)—big, little or any kind. The little ruffles, as you have probably noted, are not the plicated kind as of former years—they are merely gathered. Glitter, glamour and what have you for the afternoon into evening dress comes in the form of sequins—But—don't overdo it.

Fur trim is particularly effective for the tailored dress. Fur bows, buttons, or small round fur collars give added interest to simple lines.

As for their favorite material, it's a toss up between velvet, faille and soft, luscious woolsens.

Special Likes: High heels—the higher the better (course if you're over 5'6" disregard this). Earrings—glittery ones, and jittery ones (the kind that jump up and down) and what is most surprising (considering the general ribbing that a woman's hat takes) they love 'em! —Crazy little "pomp" with feathers, flowers, or even a bold on de wing. — And they love what they call "fish nets" (veils to you).

As for a closing remark, one Lieutenant remarked, "When are girls going to stop worrying about what's on their outside and start thinking about what's on their inside?" (especially under the hat.)

So how 'bout it? Let's give our personality a bit of sequins, make our friendliness, genuineness and vitality match that warmth that our red dress reflects!

this point; our feet were killing us. For one half-hour Margaret, Eddie, and myself were self-appointed sentries—guarding Market Street and all that passed out the stage door. It was Eddie's idea to snap a pic-
(Continued on page 4)



"Black and Blue Stars Over You"

By Evelyn O'Donnell

Did anyone ever notice that section of the campus surrounded by two goal posts? That, my dears, is the Hockey Field of Fontbonne; the place where white clad (in the beginning) figures gather with sticks in their hands on Tuesday and Thursday at 3:30 p.m. to chase a little wooden ball up and down the field.

There are two essential requirements necessary for trying out for the team. One is that you must be a girl, the other is that you must have two legs (any shape or size, we aren't particular) and if you have two good sized feet attached to them, why! so much better.

From a distance it may appear that these figures are beating each other up around the ankles. 'Tisn't so! 'Cause if you take a closer squint you can see a little wooden ball in the situation. Now this ball causes more trouble than anyone can imagine. Many a time some nice smooth shin gets a nick in it by a stick that sort of missed the ball. Some of the players are keeping track of the misses by counting the little grooves in their legs.

Now, Hockey is a very polite game, unquote Miss Willis. By being polite we mean (not quoting Miss Willis of course) that in case you knock someone out you should (if you're not too tired) help carry her off the field.

Contrary to common beliefs, Hockey is not a dangerous game. Why, out of about twenty players (am I kidding) only 19% have bruised shins.

Another thing — Hockey (as a rule) does wonders for your figure.

CORN IS GREEN

(Continued from page 3)

ture as she stepped out of the backstage door. However, Margaret had a terrible fear of being locked up by Mr. Powers. To please this member of our trio, we stationed ourselves on the sidewalk, within several feet of Miss Barrymore's cab. This gave Eddie a fendish idea—Margaret would distract the cab driver while Eddie would hide me and the camera on the floor of the cab. Everybody liked this idea but me; I refused to oblige. Finally Miss Barrymore appeared on the scene. I gazed upon the woman who was the source of all my trouble that evening. She was a rather small, elderly woman, with manish gestures. A brown tam was planked on the side of her head, her face was stern, bored, and tired looking. My camera was set. It took her but a few seconds to walk from the door to the cab. I stepped up boldly facing our celebrity.

"Hold it, Miss Barrymore!" I cried. Click! The flashbulb did not go off.

At this point Eddie ran to the cab and began pounding on the windows with her fist while she sobbed, "Wait, Miss Barrymore! We'll have another flashbulb in an instant!"

The cab sped away, leaving only a cloud of dust and Eddie standing in the gutter, and two other crestfallen individuals whose only thought was of the beautiful story and picture they were so near to getting but had failed to obtain.

We make this request though, please do not apply this to the Hockey players here. There are exceptions to every rule and (gulp) we are the finest exceptions to this rule that could ever be. If you stand way out on Big Bend Road, however, and glance very quickly at us out of the corner of your eye, we look almost human.

In all fairness to you and with regard to long life here on earth for you, we have given you both the advantages and disadvantages of this little game. We sincerely hope that upon weighing these points over carefully (not too carefully though) that you decide to trip out to our little field some Tuesday or Thursday. We can really use some good, fair, or deplorable hockey players. Just grab yourself a little club, get that gleam in your eye and above all that guard on your shin, and be prepared to participate in one grand, scrappy sport. We assure you that if you do, your school spirit will raise to unbelievable heights. To show you a little example of this let me tell you about one of our present hockey players. Her shins were so beat up that there was hardly any of the lily white texture of her shin there at all and when we went to talk to her, lying out there on that barren waste, she glanced up at us and through closed eyelids and an open mouth she murmured these stirring words, "I — am sorry that I only have two shins to give to my team."



We hear: Dodie Daniels and Audrey Murphy are doing their post-graduate work at St. L. U.

Putting their teachers' certificates to use are Mary Alice Schneblin, '43, and Jane Marie Simon, '42.

Rosemary Ward, '42 is spending most of her time making furloughs brighter!

At Barnes Hospital in the "lab" is Mary Rita Wahlert, '42.

Helen Dillon, '41, just loves her telephone-wire-repairing job.

Helen Guyol, '41, is rationing fuel oil these days.

Margaret Miller, '41, is keeping out of mischief in the Medical Department of St. Louis Ordnance.

And of course Mary Tracy, '41, is a familiar sight 'bout campus — naturally.

'41 Newlyweds: Mary Bass, Anne-Hesse Bauer, Pat Burke, Mary Meyer, Lucille O'Connell (Pardon, please, we don't know your "Mrs." names).

Glad to see you looking good: Mary Pat Hallinan, '42, who recently visited her alma mater—up from the deep state of Georgia!

Socialists Will Sponsor Dr. Clemens in Post-War Talks

The meetings of the Social Peace Club are held every first Tuesday of the month at 4:30. The officers elected for this year are: Laura Slaughter, President; Catherine Pendergast, Vice-President; Louise Fairchild, Secretary; Jane Buford, Treasurer. The club has as its motto—The Reign of Christ, and the Peace of Christ. It has as its protector—Christ, the King. This club is of great value to its members, for it helps to educate them, and those with whom they come in contact in the ideas of peace, reconstruction, and social endeavor. The club's first project is to sponsor Dr. Clemens in a series of talks on post-war reconstruction.

At the next meeting a quiz program on Nazism, Fascism, Communism, and Socialism will be conducted. Socials are being planned for the members for later on in the year.

Every member offered her mass on the feast of Christ, the King, for the intention of a just and lasting peace.

Home Ec Designs Xmas Layettes

The November meeting of the Home Ec Club was held on November 9. Instead of the usual business meeting, the girls worked on their layettes, one of the club's annual projects. These layettes will be sent to the poor at Christmas time.

Plans are being made to have an eminent speaker in Dietetics speak at the December meeting. All students are urged to participate in the projects of the club.

Legionnaires Organize Social Hour at St. Mary's

The legionnaires have taken up their very special work to organize a social hour for girls of about thirteen and fourteen years of age at St. Mary's Home in North Saint Louis. Through this social it is hoped to establish outside contacts for the girls who are about to leave the home. Legionnaires are also caring for young children at St. Ann's Foundling Home three times a week.

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Self-Portraits Highlight Delta Phi Portrait Party

Once again Delta Phi has introduced an innovation. It entertained its prospective members, November 8, with a Portrait Party. On arrival, the pledges had to draw a self-portrait or caricature. After everyone had laughed at herself on paper, refreshments were served, making the afternoon a complete success.

For its Christmas project, the club is going to make scrapbooks for the children in hospitals to help live their Christmas a little.

Poets-to-Be Will Discuss Noted Theodore Maynard

The meeting of the Fontbonne Poetry Club was held Tuesday, November 16.

Sister Sylvia Marie, the club's moderator, will read the Constitution for the benefit of the new members, after which a paper entitled, "The Aspects and Character of Poetry in General," will be given by Mary Lou Reid.

The Catholic chosen to be discussed at this meeting is the noted poet Theodore Maynard. His life will be presented by Mary Kay Mueller. Mary Ellen Boggiano will review one of the poet's prose works.

Jacqueline Meyer, President of the Poetry Club, makes the request that the dues for membership in the Catholic Poetry Society be submitted to her as soon as possible so that they may be sent to the headquarters in New York.

Modern Language Club Meets 'Mid Si's, Oui's, Ja's

The first meeting of the Modern Language Club took place October 27. Officers were elected: Patricia Luce, President; Betty Knetzer, Vice-President; Rose McNamee, Secretary-Treasurer. Sister Berchmans of the French department, Sister Frederic of the Spanish department, and Sister St. Paul of the German department will be moderators.

The club was formed for those interested in the modern languages. Each meeting will be conducted differently.

If you've always wanted to speak a foreign language and know more about Latin countries, here is your chance to do something about that inner desire!

"Say a Rosary" Is Slogan of Socialists

The Sodality held its regular monthly meeting on Monday, October 18. At this meeting talks were given by Eleanor Schmitt, Rosemary Casey, and Anne Marie Hebbinger. There was a report from Our Lady's Committee on the October Rosary devotions.

Pat Donley, Chairman of the Family Rosary Pledge Committee, has asked the girls to pledge themselves and one member of their families to say the rosary every day for the duration of the war.

Preparations are also under way for the Sodality's Christmas activities. It has not as yet been decided whether baskets of food or clothes and toys will be given to needy families. A committee has been appointed to investigate the situation and report to the Sodality at the next meeting.

Two members from each college have been asked to serve as members on a College Sodality Union Board. The two representatives from Fontbonne will be Kathleen Burke and Marilyn MacAteer. The purpose of this board is to plan activities for the College Sodality Union.

Six New Footlights Will Burn on Stage at Fontbonne

The talent displayed the night of initiation by the six new pledges of the Footlights Club included everything from a poetic moron to the soothing refrains of Sinatra's "Night and Day," with Betty Hutton's version of "Pistol Packing Mama" as a side line.

After the fun was over and each girl had her turn at entertaining the active members, the initiation ceremony was held. Six new footlights were added to the stage and left burning until the ceremony was completed. The girls were given the corsages of white and yellow chrysanthemums which were arranged on the table in the form of a V.

A short business meeting was held and discussions on the play and the opening of the Bond Drive took place.

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