

The Font

Vol. XIX—No. 6

FONTBONNE COLLEGE—ST. LOUIS, MO.

Friday, March 17, 1944

Student Stars in Title Role of "Dulcy"

The Dramatic Club aspirants will once again tread the boards of the Little Theatre on April 17, to the lines of that modern comedy of errors, *Dulcy*. Wigs, bustles, hoop skirts, and elaborate period furniture have been stored away in the back halls this year to make way for a gaily scintillating modern piece of the blues-chasing variety.

Marilyn Steuterman, a dramatic major and a newly initiated member of the club, has been chosen to play the leading role, *Dulcy*. The other parts have not been cast as yet, although there have been many good tryouts to add to the judges' difficulty in selecting the right people.

Eight Men—Ah!

Untouched by war, its peculiar wit and wisdom, and the manpower situation, the story boasts eight male roles and only three women's parts—quite an amazing ratio in these times. And not a single uniform among them. Miss Mullins, who is in charge of the direction of the play, says that they have quite a few tall members who can take the part of men very well.

Back in 1921, *Dulcy* saw her first performance in the person of Lynn Fontaine, veteran of many a successful opening night. Written by George Kaufman and Marc Connelly, it enjoyed a great deal of popularity at the time and was revived a little over a year ago as a movie. Burns Mantle listed it as one of the "best plays of the Broadway season of '21-'22."

Members Assist

Since the club always takes care of the entire production, every phase of its management from the sale of tickets to the actual participation is handled by its members. At the last meeting the chairman for the various committees were assigned as follows: Business Manager and Ticket Committee, Mary Kay Mueller; Publicity Committee, June Wilkerson; Production and Stage Manager, Patricia Luce; and Property Committee, Mary Ellen Boggiano.

Miss Mullins reports that the play will go into rehearsal immediately on the selection of the cast.

Dear Click-Chicks,

Thanks a lot, gang, for cooperating with me! I REALLY appreciate it, no end!

Once upon a time, I had a little trust in human nature—foolish, wasn't it? I didn't mind spending hours on the posters. I didn't mind printing the reminder-bookmarks. I didn't mind spending the best years of my life in the darkness, printing the pictures that I alone took. No! But I do mind it when my friends let me down!

Weeplfully yours,

FLASH.

Fontbonne Organizes Second Red Cross College Unit Here



Officers of Red Cross Unit:

Louise LaBarge, Secretary; Kathleen Burke, Vice-Chairman; Rosejoan Kisting, Chairman; Gloria Pandjiris, Vice-Chairman.

Second only to one, Fontbonne leads the way in establishing a College unit of the American Red Cross. Washington U. was the first college in the city to take this step. The Fontbonne Unit and the Washington U. Unit are the only two college units in St. Louis.

No, it won't be splints and bandages and artificial respiration, but it will be Red Cross work just the same. Don't expect to see Fontbonne girls dashing around with stretchers, thermometers, or first aid kits. The work they'll be doing will include: being receptionists, file clerks, making appointments for donors at blood banks, rolling bandages, dietitians aides, nurses aides, and any office work they may be called upon to do.

The Fontbonne Unit has really gotten under way. The officers are: Rosejoan Kisting, Chairman; Gloria Pandjiris and Kathleen Burke, Vice-Chairmen; Louise LaBarge, Secretary.

Dr. Veeder Speaks

Dr. Borden Veeder, Chairman of the St. Louis Chapter of the Red Cross, spoke at the first meeting on February 25. He emphasized the importance of the work done by the Red Cross through collecting blood plasma for the armed forces and shipments of packages to prisoners of war. Dr. Veeder donated an illustrated copy of "The History of the International Red Cross" to the Library.

The speakers for the March 3

lecture were Miss Julia Alsberg and Miss Mary Virginia Ryan, an Alumna of Fontbonne. Miss Alsberg spoke about the Red Cross Vocational Counseling Board. This Board of Counselors, every member of which has his or her Master's Degree, helps people who have vocational difficulties to determine what they are best fitted for.

Service for All

This service is extended to those who have some physical handicap and to able-bodied persons who find that they are forced to make vocational adjustments. It is also extended to the underprivileged and anyone else in St. Louis or St. Louis County who has a serious vocational problem. Miss Alsberg mentioned the case of a mother who, because she had never done any kind of professional work, when her husband died thought she had to resort to menial labor. The counselors, operating in their usual way, interviewed this mother several times and after careful study of her problem were able to procure her a good position.

Miss Mary Virginia Ryan, who lectured after Miss Alsberg, gave the students an idea of the worthwhile work being done by the Junior Red Cross.

On March 10 the speakers were Mrs. Walsh and Mrs. LeRoy Miller. They lectured on other phases of Red Cross work.

Teacher Risks Life in Lab Fire

Groping through a smoke-filled laboratory in the Science Building, Sister Rose Agnes Keyes, C.S.J., Instructor in Biology and Physiology, was severely burned as she succeeded in extinguishing flames which threatened to spread to other labs on the first floor of the Science Building. The fire, which occurred last Friday, was caused by the inflammation of benzene which accidentally came in contact with an overturned Bunsen burner.

Midst shooting flames, eight students who were performing experiments at the time, were conducted from the room by Sisters Rose Genevieve and Rose Agnes. Recalling that a large pan of shellac was dangerously near the flaring tongues of fire, Sister Rose Agnes dashed back into the lab, seized an armful of linoleum mats, and smothered the flames. Rolling black clouds of smoke added to the confusion. Finally, Sister succeeded in extinguishing the blaze, although she received second degree burns of the hands and arms.

Tragedy can have its humorous moments, as witness Rosejoan Kisting's rational answer at the height of the fire. A passing motorist who ran across the lawn from Big Bend to help in extinguishing the blaze, called to "Pee-Wee" to ask her if she needed help. "Oh, no," said the intrepid junior, hanging out the window as smoke and flame billowed around her, "Everything's under control now!"

St. Joseph Is Patron of Show

At the suggestion of Mother Berenice, St. Joseph has been named a member of every committee for the Eleventh Annual Horse Show to be held at the Missouri Stables Arena, April 21 and 22.

The members of the executive committee in charge of general arrangements for the Horse Show are: Miss Gwynette Willis, Director of the Physical Education Department of Fontbonne College; Miss Mary E. Tracy, Director of the Physical Education Department of St. Joseph's Academy; Mr. George A. McCalpin, President of the Fontbonne Fathers' Club, and Mrs. Robert May, President of the Fontbonne Mothers' Club.

At the last meeting, Thursday, March 16, all committees were appointed. Tickets were given to the class presidents, who will distribute them to the students. Prizes will be given to the girl who sells the most tickets and to the class which sells the most tickets.

A suggestion was made at the last meeting that Friday night be made Alumnae Night as a means of arousing interest in the show among the Alumnae.

Thirty College girls are riding in the Horse Show and forty Academy girls will ride. These girls are required to attend at least ten riding sessions at the stables before the show.

CAST YOUR VOTE FOR ALL-AROUND CHAMP!

Who's the most popular girl on campus? Which Fontbonnette has the most pep, the most school spirit, the most personality, and best exemplifies Fontbonne's ideals?

That's the question of the week and you're going to supply the answer. How? Simple!

The Press Club is, at present, sponsoring a "Campus Queen Contest." You may place your "Ideal Fontbonne girl" in the race if you will get ten of your cronies to sign an entrance blank and to accompany their signing-on-the-dotted-line with 10 cents. A student may sponsor only one candidate. Executive members of the Yearbook staff are not eligible for candidacy.

When you have entered your candidate with hope in your heart, you may then begin a bombshell campaign for her. Voting will be 5 cents per. When the votes have been counted, the winner will have a special page devoted to her picture in the 1944 Fontbonne. She will be crowned mid tooting trumpets (beep! beep!) and swirling confetti (swish!).

The faculty and students wish to express their sympathy to Henrietta and Margarite Sabadell on the death of their grandfather Joseph Martinez.

When Is a "B" Too High?

Reverberations of last Friday's closed assembly still resound through the halls of Fontbonne. The issue was simple, the statements made by proponents and opponents somewhat involved. A group of interested students proposed that the eligibility article of the Constitution of the Student Association should be revised in order to make possible the nomination and election of girls having a "C" average or higher, to the various offices of the Association.

When the smoke of discussion's battle cleared, it became apparent that many students had not read the Constitution, for they were unaware that no statement as to the necessity of having a "B" average was contained in the articles of the Association. Clarification of the language of the eligibility article is desirable, however, from the viewpoint of the administration as well as the student body. It has been suggested that no mention of a required average should be stated in the revised amendment. This seems wise, for unless a student has maintained a certain ratio of honor points, she will not be eligible for entrance to the senior class, much less for election to the presidency of the Student Association.

However, although we endorse the spirit of this amendment, we believe that some provision should be included to the effect that only those students who are in good financial standing (in other words, only those who have paid their tuition and fees) shall be eligible for election to the offices of the Association.

Are You a Ten Per Center?

Fontbonne students are infected! Infected with the germs of apathy! . . . a three-syllable word that packs a wallop. Apathetic is a term applied to individuals who definitely lack what it takes to make the most out of their years in college.

You protest? You say, "Why, I'm no such animal—I tug home a stack of books that makes me look like a walking library—not only this, but I burn the midnight oil far into the wee hours . . ." Another student moans, "Not getting the most out of my college education? I make the honor list every three months; what more could you ask?"

As is quite obvious, students such as these know nothing about college life! They evidently do not know that a college education entails more than "jest book-larnin'." It's a combination of scholastic achievement *plus* leadership! Leadership in extracurricular activities!

What's the matter with 90 per cent of our students? As the situation now stands, the support and cooperation, in fact, the actual *work* connected with club activities, school publications, athletics,—every extracurricular activity falls to a few humans in this college. We repeat, what's the matter with the other 90 per cent?

Labor Looks to St. Joseph

Joseph was a just man. He was gentle; he was kind. He fulfilled his role in life with perfect obedience and condescension to the will of God. He is a model not only for the laboring classes, but for all classes—for women as well as for men. Labor leaders, too, and employers and employees would do well to model their actions on Joseph's. Did he toil so intently for himself alone? No, his aim in all things, even in following the trade of the carpenter, was to further honor and glorify God by his work. At all times Joseph was the loving, patient and benevolent spouse and foster-father. He was head of the home at Nazareth, the home which should be today the model upon which all homes are planned. Joseph was a holy man. Through his intercession countless miracles have been wrought and innumerable favors granted. Is it any wonder that Pius IX named St. Joseph Patron of the Universal Church? St. Joseph is our patron, too, and because he is such a powerful intercession for us in heaven, we should go to Joseph and ask him to intercede for us and for our college, that it may rise ever more gloriously as a dim but distinct reflection of the glory of the humble carpenter.

THE FONT

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FONTBONNE COLLEGE

THE STAFF

EDITOR	JEAN HOULEHIN
CITY EDITOR	MARY ELLEN BOGGIANO
FEATURE EDITOR	BEATRICE BURKE
BUSINESS MANAGERS	HENRIETTA SABADELL
	GENEVIEVE WOLF
ADVERTISING MANAGER	ROSEJOAN KISLING
CIRCULATION MANAGER	ALICE RYAN
PHOTO EDITOR	JUNE WILKERSON
ART EDITOR	GLORIA JOHNSTON

REPORTERS: Mary McCabe, Dorothy Sackbauer, Gloria Pandjiri, Anne Ryan, Patricia Duggan, Jeanne Cunningham, Marilyn M. Burke, Kathleen Burke, Evelyn O'Donnell, Catherine Small, Louise Child, Monica Liston, Rosaline Salome, Mary Jane Brandon, Lou Schatzman, Matilda Doolittle, Dorothy Carroll, Mary J. Edwina Wright.

Thy Will Be Done



An Open Letter

You did it again, staff members! This issue has been delayed because the deadline came and went in silence and sorrow. You came to the "pep" meetings; you signed your intention of turning in copy on time. Alas and alack! only six reporters turned in assignments on time.

We know that you have many things to do; we know that there's a war being waged; but we hoped and prayed that this issue would go to press on time. Frankly, we're up a tree. We don't know what to do. That means that the whole matter is up to you. Suggestions are welcomed; please give us yours. EDITORIAL STAFF.

Honorable Editor
The Font
Fontbonne College
St. Louis, Missouri
Dear Editor:

Uncle Zeke and me jest come down from the hills a spell ago after spendin' the winter with the peaceful wild animals. Reason we come down wuz to visit with our cuzzin' Esmerelda whoze trigin' to get some of that thar book larnin' at your school. Well—I swan—yew coulda stepped right up an' called us Toothberry (that's our family name) when we heard Esme (that's what we call her to home) talkin' all the time about school spirit. Zeke thought she ment the Kaintucky kind, but Esme said no, it's a peekoiliar thing which people sez we ain't got but that we should have. Seems she ment what we uns calls pep or git-up-an'-go.

Wal, Zeke and me didn't say nothin'—just moseyed 'round and listened to what the gals and teachers wuz sayin' about the schi-achion. We uns heard a teacher tellin' one of these here gals in a little skirt and sweater that she should be ashyamed 'coz the ball und basket teem didn't whip t'other school they played. That seemed funny to we uns, 'cause a few meenites later we heard another teacher tellin' a bunch of gals that the main thing that counts is knowin' haow to play fair and to be a good looser. By the time we uns finished snoopin' around our heads wuz fair to spinnin' with all the words we listened to. As Zeke said to Esme, if that's the way we uns feel, you poor kids must be in a bad way.

'Cause Zeke caint spell worth nothin' I thought that I would write this here scribble to tell you

(Continued on Page 5)

A.O.S.M.F.T. Reports to You

So—you're wondering what the magic letters at the head of this column stand for? Leave us face it—you'll never know, for the writers belong to the organization named here, a group which operates under military discipline, for the protection of its members. We have no uniforms, but we have "The Order of the Purple Strip," which is awarded for gathering choice bits o' news under hazardous conditions. After an AOSMFT member annexes five purple strips, she becomes eligible for the badge of merit, "Order of the Golden Bar." If you are interested in joining, drop a card in Box 111.

* * * * *

Lament of the Week—and the Weak!

Leave her face it—she's in love,
Leave her no longer pretend
That he is merely a friend,
For it has been wrote up at
Medart's that it will soon go flat . . .
Face it, "PUMPKIN" BONA . . .
You're in love.

* * * * *

Your Guess Is as Good as Ours . . .

It's been in more places, seen more things, heard more tales; once you're in it, it's hard to get out. What is it? Don't beat your brains; it's ROSE McNAMEE's MAX, the oldest un-retired car.

* * * * *

"Pixie" is binding books in her days off from "Gypsy Dell."

* * * * *

Girlish Giggles Around the Campus . . .

Spring is a time when . . . etc., but RITA JOHANS and Ed are rushing the season.

The expression on PAT DONLEY's face spoke for itself when she lovingly caressed the beast (innocent frog) that Mr. Rose Agnes handed her to murder in cold blood.

MARY JAYNE MURPHY sports new and different ailments after each class in Stunts and Tumbling. We're thinking of organizing a new club, S.P.M. (Society for the Protection of Murphy).

D'ja see Miss Willis measuring the cafeteria floor 'tother lunch hour? One bright gal remarked that this is a new way of guaranteeing a winning team, playing each game in the cafeteria.

The Marines have landed and have the situation well in hand—how about that—ROSEMARY of the KENNEDY clan?

We have it on good authority that CATHERINE WEIDLE blazes into action if you say anything against the American Legion. Her dad's a post commander.

Have you seen ANNE BEASLEY's clippings about Major Cholly Beasley—her dashing Marine brother, who came from "the shores of Tripoli" to annex the first citation for individual bravery among members of the U.S.M.C. participating in this war?

* * * * *

Now You're Talking Our Language . . .

Food . . . how we eat it! But ROSEMARY WALSH is having trouble now that she's on her own and knows how to cook one dish and nothing more—PANCAKES!

Queer things happen at Town Hall—that's where MARIE O'KANE goes to eat ice cream garnished with scraped carrots, thanks to a bright idea concocted by COLLEEN RICHEY. Also seen at T.H. was DOT STEWART, practicing the first line of her thesis, "Oh, waitress!"

Sounds in the night point to MARY BETH TUEY's embarrassment at having to page a certain someone (male) over the loud-speaker at Union Station.

That demon of the darkroom—Flash—has her own variety of Basic English.

Mooning about the corridors these days we find JEANNE ALEXANDER (who's studying law at night), PAT WOLF (who can't get away from spring in March), JANE CROW (Wednesday is her day), NORRINE GIBBONS (known at Notre Dame for many reasons), JUNE CASSIDY (who worries all the time), MARY JOAN KLUTHO (she of the linoleum blocks), JEANNE BONACCI and MONICA FRITSCH (socialized medicine gets them down), SHIRLEY WEDLOCK (whose last name may be indicative of her state of mind), ANN MILLER (keeps the Dean's office in apple-pie order), ALICE TOLCAZ (whose children will NOT graduate from college at eighteen), KATHLEEN ROETTO (now planning to launch the Roetto PB-107 as soon as she works out a complicated formula), BEE-JAY HAEMERLE (she hopes that her health lasts through the Humanities), VIRGINIA AUBUCHON (loves to argue, with or without fallacies), DOROTHY CARROLL (who tried out for Phil Spitalny's program), DOT JACOBMEYER (loves to rest—and admits it!), ELAINE WERKMAN (who has an antipathy for radio mikes, a la "the lily maid of Astolat"), and FAITH FRICKE (who takes JANE CALLAHAN along on dates to chapel 'neath a waning moon).

(Continued on Page 5)

Wedding Breakin

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Margie and Liz Pose



Wedding Bells Are Breaking Up the Gang

Mary Alice Chandler has set April 10 as the date of her marriage to Edmond Morrison.

Wedding bells will ring for Margie Boeving (first graduate in the Family major) and Jim soon. Let's page Dr. Clemens!

Spar Jimmie Menges is stationed at the Spar Recruiting Office in St. Louis.

Ensign Dorothea Wells announced her engagement while home on leave recently.

Helen Stiers moved 'way down South following her recent marriage.

Lee Maguire is "tinkling the ivories" for the patrons of a well-known Chicago restaurant.

Mary Rita Wahlert is working in the laboratory at Barnes Hospital.

Eloise Laumann will be married next month to Frank Lane.

Mary Theresa Klecan is busy taking care of her baby daughter.

Think This Over

The interest displayed by students in the faculty-student discussion in honor of St. Thomas Aquinas leads us to make this suggestion. Would it be possible to stage a bi-weekly faculty-student panel discussion on some topic of interest? Members of the student council could cooperate with a committee of faculty members in choosing topics and speakers.

Time for such discussions might be obtained by setting aside assembly programs for such a purpose, or by using one of the two weekly periods now allotted to the Glee Club, a privilege which is enjoyed by no other club in the school. Think it over and let us hear from you!

SOMEBODY LOVES US!

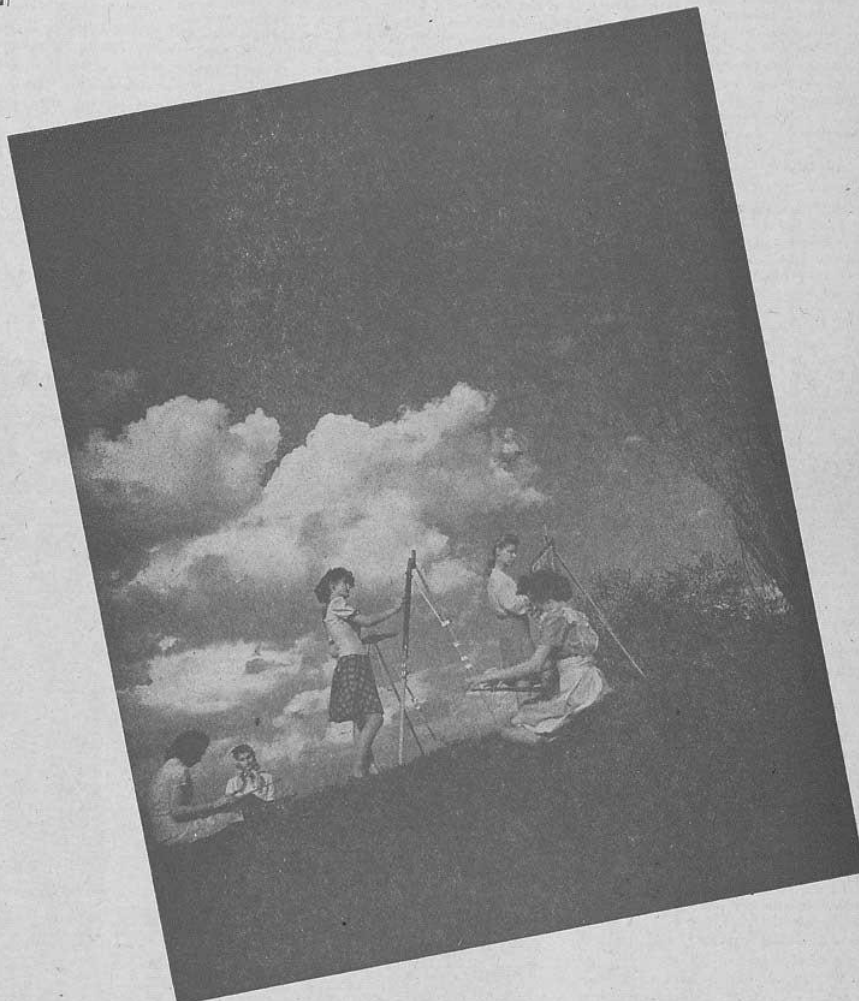
Dear Editor,
I read your article in The Font last issue and thought it most timely. You are right! Fontbonne students aren't what they should be. What we need around here are girls more conscious of how they act. The only criticism I have is that the article was too short.

Hats off to The Font and the staff. Thanks for reminding us that we are off the beam. Here's to more articles like that.

AN APPRECIATOR.

Spring - - Beautiful - - Spring!

The trumpets of earth sound the dawn of Spring,
All the world is a-surge with a glow so new;
Stretch your arms to embrace each bird on wing,
Awaken—and blossom—life calls to you!



"Sweet Music and You—"
Is Theme of N.C.M.E.A.

The National Catholic Music Educators Association met in St. Louis, March 26. Sister Mary Alberta and Sister Madeline Sophie attended the conference. This bi-annual meeting was held at the Jefferson Hotel and Municipal Auditorium.

The highlight of the conference was the conducting by Bob Shaw, assistant conductor of Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians and of the Collegiate Choir, of 1500 voices in addition to eighty volunteers from the audience of music teachers.

Keep Your Eyes Open!



READ IT AGAIN!

The bulletin board is a popular spot,
For notices new—and some that are not.
But—read it again,
Virginia Dare, and we do mean you—
You'll have no reason to feel blue,—
So—read it again!
No excuses that you didn't know . . .
That such a club would meet at so-and-so,
If you'll read it again.
The basketball game you didn't see,
No excuse for your misery
If you'll read it again.



The Voice Speaks

Dear Editor,

Socially ignorant! Well, I like that! I'd bet my best pair of rayons that 90 per cent of our students could make Emily Post feel as outmoded in etiquette as a pair of horned-rimmed specs.

I've never come across anyone here yet that acts exactly like a cannibal or even a barbarian. I admit we're not constantly bowing and scraping to the floor everytime a faculty member enters the room; neither do we courtsey when she goes out. But we'd look mighty peculiar, ed, in our saddles and skirts and sweaters doing a full-sweeping bow to the baseboards! I'd sooner do a Brody into the Mississippi!

You say this isn't exactly the point? All right, what is then? You say we murmur all through lectures—do you mean us, editor, the students at Fontbonne? I've been here quite a while and I've never heard any buzz-buzzing. Could be I'm deaf, I don't know. Once in a while we might remark about something the lecturer has said—but at least this shows we're interested enough and have brains enough to comment on a lecture. What a fine tomb of mummies we'd be if we sat there ad-infinitum without blinkin' an eyelash. I'd feel sorry for the profs—I'm sure they'd all be asleep.

And then this business of "draping ourselves over the seats"—oh come, come, editor, ain't you exaggerating? Of course we don't sit up straight like a bunch of stiff corpses, with lily white hands clasped beneath the chin, with our feet at the desired 22½° angle. Fan me, Matilda! Don't let it come to this. I dash in hot and peppy from a gym class where I have been airing the old corpus. I feel wonderful, see? I've been breathing deeply, my lungs have expanded, my very toes tingle with youth, life, and vim! I dash in, I say, and as you would have me believe, I must throw off my youthful air, my joy of living immediately; sit down, look prim, perk, in my stiff-back chair, with my feet (still tingling) planked firmly together, with a painful look on my pan that spells "Let's get this over with in a hurry!" I defy anyone to sit in the general type of classroom chair for 50 minutes without bouncing a muscle!

The point I'm trying to make, editor, is that the American girl of today is different, changed—thank her lucky stars! She's proud of her robust health, proud of her long, lanky steps. She enjoys life! She's getting the most out of it! And never—nay, never, let her zest for living be mistaken for lack of manners and etiquette!

She's no longer the tight-corsetted Victorian peaked child, afraid to speak above a whisper—she's got a pair of well developed lungs and thank heavens she knows how to use them!

ALL BURNED UP.

MEET OUR MODEST SKATING STAR!

Our Sonja on skates, Mary Kramolowsky, the girl of the big smile, will make her debut as a featured soloist at the Victory Ice Revue, sponsored by the St. Louis Skating Club. After a month of practice (not to mention the years she has spent at this sport), Mary will glide out on the ice the nights of March 31, April 1 and 2 at the Winter Garden to show what she can do in three production numbers and a solo.

All you would-be gym stars who have fallen by the way, note the ease with which Mary explains her technique. "It's not too difficult," she demurs. "All I do is demonstrate some spirals, three jumps, and some dance steps." See how easy it is?

General admission prices for the big show are \$1.10 and \$1.35. How about providing a Fontbonne rooting section for Sonja's successor?

Have You Heard?

The discussion now raging in the den and the corridors about the proposal to make it possible for students with "C" averages to become eligible for positions as officers of the Student Association? The idea behind the current conversation seems to be to make it possible for more student leaders to render active service in these offices, instead of confining the nominations to students who have "B" averages.

If you haven't participated in these discussions, remember that this is YOUR school, and that such discussions affect YOU vitally. Get the facts, then discuss the question.

WE SUGGEST:

That a round-robin letter should be distributed to the faculty each week, listing for their benefit all extracurricular activities to be held on campus during that week.

DR. VEEDER EXPLAINS RED CROSS EFFORT

A bit of home is brought to our boys overseas through the boxes and kits sent to them by the Red Cross. Dr. Borden S. Veeder, Chairman of the St. Louis Chapter of the Red Cross, explained at the assembly, February 25, what this organization is doing to aid the war prisoners and how anything from home does a great deal to bolster their morale.

The assembly of March 6 was taken over by the Mission Society. The Reverend George J. Gottwald, Assistant Director of the Propagation of the Faith in St. Louis, spoke on foreign missions and the work of the Propagation of the Faith.

Vocation week was opened March 13 by an address at the student assembly by Reverend A. J. Scheller, S.J.

All in Favor?

Korridor Kitty reminds us that closed student assemblies are supposed to be on the agenda of the Student Association. Last Friday's assembly was the first such event of the year.

Here's a suggestion for your consideration. Why not schedule a closed assembly twice a month to discuss such matters as school spirit, courtesy, punctuality, and other topics of vital interest?

If the holding of such closed assemblies would help to crystallize opinion, — and teach us how to think, we're in favor of marking a red-letter day on our calendar every other week—for BIGGER AND BETTER STUDENT PARTICIPATION IN CAMPUS AFFAIRS.

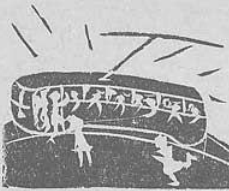
This Is Horse Show Trophy—Grasp It!



"Saint of Toonervilles" Gets There - - - But, Not Always on Schedule!

by Edwina Wright

Nothing fazes him. Nothing ruf-
fles him. If all the apartments on
Skinker were suddenly to catch
fire, if it started raining a plague
of locusts, and if an earthquake
were suddenly to swallow half of
the Clayton tracks in one gulp, he'd
smile good-naturedly, and go right
on piloting his car till it reached
its destination—that's John Joseph
Carroll, otherwise known as "Red"
to all daily commuters of that modern
menace, that social catastro-
phe, that bulging, leaping, gasping,
bunk of tin-on-wheels—the Clayton
94.



likes to put himself on an equal
with the children he totes back and
forth from school. Judging from
the patience with which he allows
them to climb all over him, an-
swers their many questions, and
banters playfully back and forth
with them, we rather think that he
treats each child like his own. And
indeed they consider him more
than a streetcar conductor — to
them he is their friend, their con-
fidant, and their adviser.

Red tells us that his first dollar
was earned herding the cattle of
neighboring farmers near Jerse-
ville, Illinois. And truly it is with
the care of a shepherd that he
herds these children into his refu-
ge, practically counting them off
as they file by with transfers in
hand, to be certain that they are
all safely inside and that none have
gone astray.

There's not a nerve in Red's en-
tire body—there couldn't be. He
maintains his rationality under un-
derstandable circumstances which un-
doubtedly drive other operators of less
sound mind and body completely
berserk. While we watch with won-
der as he piles 200 of other peo-
ples' offspring, all sizes, all ages,
and all shouting at their lungs' ca-
pacity, into his already badly beat-
en streetcar, we cannot help re-
flecting that Job himself had noth-
ing on this saint of the Tooner-
villes.

Operator 910, as he is known to
the Public Service Company, was
born on a farm in Illinois in 1886.
The lure of the big city called him
when he was but 23 and he started
his career in St. Louis as a con-
ductor at the rate of 20 cents an
hour.

During this past 38 years of
punching peoples' transfers, he has
encountered some very unusual,
but interesting, experiences. The
funniest, he believes, is the time
when the dinky had two whistles,
one on both ends. "Of course," he
fairly shouted, over the tinny clam-
or which is the 94 in action, "the
school boys used to like to toot it,
and this used to annoy the opera-
tor. One day I heard the whistle
tootin' like the dickens, but I
couldn't see anybody back there
who could possibly be tootin' it.
So, I stopped the car and went
back to investigate. I found one of
the boys had tied a rope to the
whistle and it ran down under the
seats back to the center of the car,
where he was sittin' tootin' the
whistle for all he was worth." And
he added, "I laugh every time I
think of it."

Another characteristic that makes
Red a remarkable man is his sim-
ply insurpassable lack of punctu-
ality. He admits that in his 38 years
of operating, his trolley has never
once been on time. His degree of
(Continued on Page 6)

Click Chicks Buy for Easter

by Rosejoan Kislung

Jeemey, de holds is on de wing
And come March 21 we'll have
spring.

Soj after thinking it over I de-
cided to shop,
But found that everything had
been sold to Fontbonne
tots!

Congrats to all those early shop-
pers! You know, the earlier one
shops in these days of shortages
and slow deliveries, the safer one
is in getting exactly the clothes
she wants. Therefore, ATTEN-
TION, all you Campus Cuties who
are planning on sporting a new out-
fit come April 9—PLAN NOW AND
SHOP EARLY! Yours truly does
not want you to buy at random.

The new spring HATS are the
gay note in wartime clothes. Bow
blouses are tops this spring, and a
splashy printed blouse can lift a
suit way up. Back upon the scene
comes an old favorite: the printed
dress ensemble with a plain-color
coat. Boleros are in for the slim;
cap sleeves everywhere; and a
sashes a sweet revival. Navy blue
again is a leading spring color, and
rose pink is stunning in trimmings.

Now hold tight, everyone, for the
following is confidential informa-
tion disclosed to your editor only
on the promise that I would ask all
of The Font's readers please not
to duplicate. Thanks, everyone!

O.K., here goes! First on the list
of Fashion Headliners is



GLORIA PANDJIRIS, former
fashion editor, who is planning a
gray flannel suit and matching hat
with white pique trim. She will
wear black calf shoes. Incidental-
ly, don't you think that a white
pique vest would look smart with
this?

ETHEL HENNERICH has a new
lilac dressy suit, and with this she
plans to wear a white frilly blouse
with a bow at the neck.

Sweeter than the Sweetest is
GLORIA PFEIFFER in her new
black print dress with its V neck
and cap sleeves. She has a very
tiny black straw hat to match.

Still looking is MARY JANE
BRANDAU. She has her eye on a
lime green gabardine suit, though,
so watch out!

BETTY JANE HAEMMERLE
will really score a hole-in-one when
she steps out in her new light
green boxy coat with matching hat
and brown print dress showing un-
derneath.

I think you'll all agree that TATI
TOLKACZ will be more sparkling
than ever in her new cherry-red
boxy coat.

But the choicest bit (and natu-
rally I have saved it 'til last) is
RHEA METZGER's new dash of
fashion for spring. She has a pair
of Purple garters with Yellow ruf-
fles. Our school colors, you know!
Three Cheers!!!

Town Hall for Lunch
At Any Time
6736 Clayton Road

Lots of Blarney In Halls of O'Fontbonne

by Beatrice Burke



Sure'n ye have all heard o' the
great day that is about to be comin'
up. All true lovers o' the shamrock
and believers in the leprechauns
will be heraldin' the arrival o' the
17th with great feasting and revel-
ry. There'll be soda bread a-plenty,
an' porridge with eggs, an' turnips
an' tea with goat's milk. 'Twill be
the feast o' the great St. Patrick,
no less, him that drove the snakes
from Ireland, him we honor by the
wearing o' the green. And sure'n
he'll be well represented here on
the great day.

We have Rose Brigid McNamee
straight from County Monaghan in
the northern part of the Free State,
and Mary Carroll, Rosemary Walsh,
Noreen Gibbons, Rosemary Casey,
Kathleen Burke, and doubtless oth-
ers representing the second gener-
ation, right out of County Clair and
County Mayo. Then there are Cath-
erine Pendergast, Alice Ryan, Glo-
ria Galvin, Evelyn O'Donnell, and
probably a good score or more
whose connection is obvious even
if they weren't nailed down for
statements.

Nine out of ten cornered agreed
sadly that 'tis true that the good
St. Patrick is now honored more
through custom than because of his
powerful intercession, and they all
seemed intensely interested in see-
ing that he gets better treatment in
the future. In this regard, Norrine
Gibbons praises to the skies a
Father Richard Felix, O.S.B., Con-
ception College, Conception, Mis-
souri. Father Felix is the first man
ever to compile all the available in-
formation on St. Patrick and to or-
ganize it into a novena in his hon-
or. Father can count on loyal sup-
port from this quarter at least.

One of the greatest attributes that
we can pay to the Irish people any-
where is to admit their great humil-
ity which is made manifest by
their answer to the following direct
question: Do you consider the
Irish to be a superior people? Al-
most all and sundry hesitated not
a second before answering "Natu-
rally."

There was one exception, how-
ever. Miss Brigid McNamee fidget-
ed a bit nervously and said, "Don't
put any of this into print, please.
Some of my very best friends are
Germans."

Mary Kane Lane added in a
slightly warmer tone: "The Ger-
mans are such a complacent peo-
ple."

"Complacent?" half-shouted D. J.
Robertson (who really wasn't in-
vited to come to this clambake at
all) . . . "The Irish are all slackers."

Norrine G. began to get rather
frantic. "Slackers?" she yelled at
D. J. "Just go down the lists of
heroes of this war—Colin Kelley,
Butch O'Hara—you see what I
mean?"

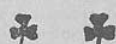
D. J. looked a little hurt. "Well,
anyway, the Irish all think that Ire-
land is heaven above."

Gibby was not to be outdone.
"They most certainly do not," she
said, "but I can tell you one thing.
If it weren't for Ireland, there
wouldn't be an America."

I was beginning to wonder what
would become of it all.

Rosemary Ryan dropped in just
as things were cooling off. When
asked her nationality, she looked a
little worriedly from one face to
another. She must have heard part
of the discussion. "I'm only one-
fourth Irish, but I regret it very
much," she murmured hurriedly,
"and I'm awfully sorry but I'm
afraid I'll have to leave right
away." She left.

Rosemary Casey, Dorothy Car-
roll, Rosemary Walsh, and Pat
Donley all mentioned the fact that



the fiery tempers of the Irish usual-
ly get them into trouble.

Rose Brigid and Miss Norrine
said nary a word, however—until
they thought of something else.

"Did you know that the late Holy
Father had an Irish physician . . .
didn't trust the Italians. Why, the
greatest medical university in the
whole world is in Dublin," some-
body said. "And the Irish mission-
aries established monasteries in
northern England in the fifth cen-
tury," somebody else thought up . . .
(Courtesy of Eng. Lit. 81, no
doubt, and the Humanities!)

June Cassidy's face lighted up
like a Christmas tree all of a sud-
den. She had been completely
quiet during the entire brawl. "I
have some Irish records at home,"
she announced rather briefly.

About this time I figured I'd bet-
ter get out of the fray if this arti-
cle was to be written.

On the way upstairs, though, I
met the crowning statement of
them all. R. S. (of the 9 A's)
flashed me a great big smile when
I inquired if she had anything to
say about the Irish.

"If we'd get a holiday for St. Pat-
rick's Day, I'd even be glad to
change the spelling of my name to
Rosaleen O'Salome," she said.

Nothing would surprise me now.



Down the Alley -- Hiyo, Silver!

With
June "Flash" Wilkerson



Catherine Small

Strike three! And Katie Small is out—out in front as high bowler with 257 for two games. Taking the course in bowling offered by Miss Willis at Esquire bowling alley, Katie, Dolores Chapman, and Catherine Weidle are leading the league. Recently Catherine Weidle and Dolores vied for top honors in the singleton with the latter coming out 135, and Catherine 132. Jeanne Alexander is still in there tossing the balls, but Jeanne thinks bowling is like golf and keeps her score nice and low.

An Old Racket

Taking to the courts soon will be Pat Donley and Mary Jane Quirk, representing Fontbonne in the coming tennis tournament. Their serves are swift and well placed, they are quick on the up-take, and on the whole it looks like a good racket. (I am not related to Dawn Musick!)

Needed for the camp leadership course—a vivid imagination for those who have never been to camp in order to picture the summer activities during these cold March days.

There are two sophomores who always like to see where they are headed—even in water. They swim with their eyes (as well as their mouths) open. Result: "the chlorine kids." And don't think they aren't colorful.

Fontbonne's "Swift Six" gave the hypodermic to Washington University Nurses, defeating them 28-21. LaBarge and Wiss did swell, as did the whole team. The cheerleaders were exuberant, the crowd large. Fourteen sophomores turned out—how about your class? Orchids to all.

Can you walk? Then you can ride (no guarantee with this statement). Dusting our trophy cases,

HOW 'BOUT IT?

Having a special bulletin-board on which will be posted each week the major events for that week. In this way, we will all know "what's cookin'."

MAX ZUCKER FLOWERS

6500 Clayton Road
Sterling 4242

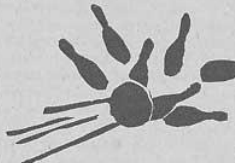
stocking our shelves with Minute-Rub, and putting on a good sense of humor to cover the sour spots, we take to the saddle for the '44 Horse Show. From the rail the riders look promising—promising themselves they will practice more.

On the whole, everybody seems to be staying "in the saddle." Riders planning to participate in this I-can-hit-the-turf-before-you-contest should start practicing now (practicing riding, not hitting the turf).

Comments from the rail: Does Hookie need a new brake lining job, Beas? or possibly it was his off day. Lee Gleason found Clipper in a not-too-good mood also. When Les said canter, Lee managed, but she looked kind of funny carrying the horse, Monica "Frankie" Fritsch has taken the equestrian art to heart. (Note: Frankie refers to name of horse.) Colleen "Rex" Richey, as she is known by the stable boys, can honestly say "everything's under control." Liz, champ of '43, is in there helping champs of '53—and I'll make it yet!

Pete, in a spirit of fair play, has decided to wait a little while before practicing—wants to give the others a chance to catch up. Houlie and Joan are getting in shape right now. They are studying the methods of the Cisco Kid. Zareepa and Lone Star are hitting it off fine—she hits and Lone Star is off! Mary Speckart and Bernice Podjesk are helping to keep the hoofs flying. Bonnie, a wee bit stubborn, succumbs to the tugs of June Doback. Yours truly, Flash!—prefer roller-skates—Wilkerson, stays on. Enough said.

The show is scheduled for the 21st and 22nd of April. If you can't ride back those who do! Remember our motto: "Fh df su—hj mo—su gi df—rt zb ce ce km df." (Sister Alfred will be glad to translate.)



DINKY OPERATOR

(Continued from Page 5)

tardiness ranges from five minutes to twenty hours, when he and his streetcar were caught in a snow-drift in the backwoods of St. Louis County.

Red hasn't as yet found his job monotonous. He claims that he has so many things to think about as he bounces along that he just can't find time to grow bored. Some of these "things" are his victory garden, his wife ("the best cook in the world"), and their 28-year-old daughter, a journalist on the Louisville Courier Journal.

Red doesn't envy the big business executive, the oil czar, or even the President—not in the least. He considers himself much better off. In the springtime when the windows of the trolley are open, and the soft breezes caress his cheek as he bumps along, he's master of this mechanical animal, director of its destiny—in a sense, he's king—without the troubles and headaches of the "big-time operators."

Vox Studenti

(Continued from Page 2)

that you'd all better get together down there and pull like a team of horses in one direction. Efn the teachers can't make up their minds why you uns play these here little games and a mite of other things, how kin you poor I'll things get together? From what Zeke and me sawed at one of those little games, we'd say you wuz better off to make I'll practice games with yourselves first, and then go out and whup t'others if you can. If you can't whup 'em, that's all right too, 'cause you aint supposed to be buildin' muscle gals. Leave that to we uns up here in the hills.

Efn youz wants to prent this letter, we uns is willin'. Maybe them there college gals will see they aint the only ones got book larnin'. With respectfull greatin',
IPHIGENIA TOOTHBERRY.
(X—her mark)

Dear Editor:

The Membership Committee of the Fontbonne Fathers Club feel that if the activities and purposes of the club were known by those Fontbonne fathers who have not yet become members, a great many of them would be happy to have their names on the membership list and to attend our monthly meetings which are really enjoyable. The Fathers Club has a definite and genuine interest in the college and the students and their activities, and an increase in the club's membership is much desired for the benefit of the club and its purposes.

It will be much appreciated if you will print this letter or mention the matter in the next issue of The Font in order to bring it to the attention of the students to the end that they may further show their interest in the school and the club by helping us in our effort to increase the club's membership.

Very sincerely yours,
The Fontbonne Fathers Club
R. V. Sullivan, Chairman
Membership Committee.

Dear Editor,

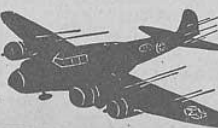
What's wrong with The Font? It sure must be hard up for things to write about—it's always pointing out our faults. Suppose we compare ourselves with some of the students from some of these other colleges. Then we'll find we aren't so bad at all—in fact for this day of twentieth century impoliteness, we're good!

It's not so encouraging to be continually criticized. Why not give us a little praise sometime? Don't you think we deserve it?

And while I'm at it—why isn't The Font more a part of school? Why doesn't it reflect the student's angle more—and less the individual's? I'm not very active—I get my lessons—but still I do more than just come to school, but my name has never appeared in The Font. I'm not asking for personal publicity, just recognition.

ANNA ACTION.

KEEP 'EM FLYING



Buy * War * Stamps

Cast and Critics Applaud Thesis, "School Daze"

The five hundred people who crowded the Little Theatre on March 7 for Marilyn McAteer's thesis, "School Daze," accepted the producer's invitation to relax and return in retrospect to the days when they were pupils in "The Little Red Schoolhouse." In a setting so typical of the schoolroom of former days that members of the audience were inclined to feel a trace of nostalgia, forty students presented a well-conceived and realistically executed sketch of what may happen when the teacher turns her pupils loose in a rehearsal of the annual school production.

Highlights of Performance

Highlights of the performance were the by-play of Elizabeth Lucas and Pat Duggan as two typical (2) school boys; the unmerciful ribbing of Patty (Percy) Luce, the angel-child; superlative dancing by Louise LaBarge, Evelyn O'Donnell, and the chorus; the easy-to-look-at but hard-to-do stunts and tumbling with the inevitable Elizabeth Ann, Louise LaBarge, Mary Ellen Bogdano, Hank Sabadell, Estelle Hellman, Jeanne Cunningham; Kathleen Burke's unsuspected talent in the role of I'll Snowball; the G.I. girls before and after, with Gerry Francis as a kindly top-sergeant; and the finale with a novel display of the American flag revealed to the tune of "Grand Old Flag," with Dorothy Carroll as soloist.

Things We Never Knew

Under the heading of "things we never knew till then" might be classified Rosie Daniels' "out of this world" cutting of the well-known rug with Mary Lou Magarahan; more of the same with Pat Chandler, Betty Raupp, Eileen Wiss, and Marjorie Walker; Louise Fairchild's wine-colored slacks and Adolphe Menjou hirsute adornment; Gloria Pandjiris' Apollo-like profile in the prom number; Grace Noonan's ability to "put over" that plaint of all students, "Is I Gotta Go to School, Ma?"; the "Johnny Got a Zero" number by Eleanor Schmitt; and—need we mention the star attraction, Elizabeth Ann and Mary Ellen bringing down the house with that eye-opening rendition of "I'm a Little Tin Soldier, I'm a Doll from France."

Forgotten were the weeks of practice and the many worries which attend the rehearsals for such a production when the show has ended and the crowds in the lobby joined in acclaiming the vim and vigor with which the presentation was staged. An added note which elicited popular approval was Marilyn's tribute to her mother and father who have made her college education possible.

A.O.S.M.F.T. REPORTS

(Continued from Page 2)

Nominees of the Month—We Give You . . .

GLORIA PFEIFFER and MARY JANE BRANDAU, the inseparable twosome, Fontbonne boosters from the moment they entered these portals. You'll see them at every school function, an excellent example for the tired mortals who can't stagger out of an evening to attend activities. (No charge for this item, friends!)

Department for Pseudo-Poet Laureates:

There once was a girl named Mable
Who loved ermine, mink and sable,
Then she signed up for Dietetics,
Learned about posture and Enna Jetticks,
Now you can't get her away from the table!

The Folly of It All

by Monica Liston

It has been called to my attention that in the last issue of The Font, my statement defending Franco in which I stated that " . . . Fascism was the government of Italy . . ." was incomplete. The criticism was completely justified; Fascism as a body of political beliefs cannot be limited to Italy because many of the principles underlying this form of government are embodied in the governments of Germany and in the National Socialist or Nazi party, as well as in the Fascist party of Italy.

It is impossible to give the distinctive features of Fascism because the tenets are not clearly defined, but, Fascism itself is a revival of the idea of nationalism developed during the French Revolution. A striking characteristic of this type of government, however, is the belief in a totalitarian state which has jurisdiction over all social life with, in the case of Italy, some restrictions dictated by the Catholic Church. In other words, the keynote is control of the government in the hands of one.

In Germany, this godless dictatorship has been carried to extremes, but the adaptation of the principles of Fascism is more logical, consistent, and thorough.

Now let us turn to Franco to discover if he is really a Fascist in the true sense of the word. It is true that the Spanish leader has control of his Falangist government gained when he defeated the Loyalists, the Communist party in control of the Spanish government before the conflict; but, here is the difference between his rule and that of the leader of Germany and the former dictator of Italy.

In the first two cases, Germany and Italy, countries which have adopted and modified Fascist principles, the people are subjugated by the all-powerful state; in Spain this is not the case. There the people have a definite voice in the government through the medium of their assembly of representatives elected by the people to assist Franco, and are obtaining more and more liberties every day. Besides this, Franco's government has done nothing to persecute the Church; in reality he supports Her in every way.

When the facts are logically considered, the question, though serious, has a comical aspect; when Franco defeated the arch enemy of Spain, of the Church, and of civilization, the Western world, frightened because of the onrush of godless Bolshevism, lauded Franco to the skies; now, because he is saving Western Europe from Communism personified by Russia, our so-called democratic ally, he is derided as a "Fascist" as if he be a Fascist were to be a devil.



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