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VOL. XX — No. 3

FONTBONNE COLLEGE — ST. LOUIS, MO.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 13, 1944

FONTBONNE LIBRARY

# The Font



## Twenty-Three Students Named on Honor Roll

### Salome Represents Juniors

Sister Joseph Aloysius, Dean, lists twenty-three students on the mid-semester honor roll of the first semester. A student is eligible for the honor roll if she is carrying a program of at least fifteen semester hours; a further re-

quirement is that each student named to the list must merit at least one "A" grade and no other grades below "B." An "S" in the Humanities is a Satisfactory grade for the honor roll and an "S+" is equivalent to an "A."

SENIORS		A	B
Casey, Rosemary	4	4	
Fisher, Ruth	6	1	
Hebberger, Anne	3	4	
Horenkamp, Sr. M. Salome,			
C.P.P.S.	5	1	
Quirk, Mary Jane	5	2	
Wintz, Mary Adele	5	1	

## JUNIORS

Salome, Rosaline	7	1	
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## SOPHOMORES

Chandler, Patricia	3	6	
Chapman, Dolores	2	4	
Clancy, Sr. Thomas Aquinas,			
O. S. F.	4	3	

## FRESHMEN

Clemens, Anne Marie	2	4	
Coghill, Mary Ann	4	4	
Lee, Donna Mae	2	5	
Rodegast, Virginia Mae	2	5	
Schneider, Elaine M.	2	5	
Todd, Ruth Dell	5	2	
Van Sant, Mary Annette	4	3	
Weber, Ann Kim	1	6	

## Sodality Union Plans Holy Hour

The annual Holy Hour sponsored by the College Sodality Union will be held in the Art's School Chapel, Administration Building of St. Louis University at 8:30 on New Year's Eve. Every member of the various college sodalities is invited and urged to attend.

The service will include an address by a nationally known speaker, with prayers led by a representative of each sodality, and solemn benediction. Its purpose is to offer glory and thanksgiving to God for the many graces the sodalists have received during the past year, and to ask His blessings on their future undertakings.

The Holy Hour was held for the first time last year, and is continuing as an annual affair. It is the Catholic student's opportunity to ask, in a very special way, for the peace he hopes to see realized in 1945.

## A NOTE OF APPRECIATION

The Font Staff would like to thank Sister Joseph Aloysius and the other members of the faculty for their kindness and co-operation in putting out this issue.

## Glee Club Recital Praised by Critics

The Glee Club presented a Sacred Recital, Sunday afternoon, December 10, in St. Joseph's Chapel, at 3:30 p. m. The theme of the recital was Advent and Christmas. The choral renditions were melodiously blended in a simple and beautiful arrangement. The soloists on the program was Marilyn Steuterman, who sang "The Hymn to the Madonna" and "The Ave Maria" by Georgia Vesel. Her rich voice reached down to the souls of everyone present and moved them to a feeling of piety.

Ann Kim Weber and Margaret Landwehr sang a duet "At the Crib" by Franck. As their voices filled the Chapel, those sitting in the audience were visibly enthralled in the spiritual world and in the significance of the Crib of Christ.

The program closed with Solemn Benediction. The Rev. J. S. Mix, C. R., was celebrant. The Deacon was the Rev. Fr. Brunner C.S.S.R., with the Rev. Clarence Corcoran, C. M., Sub-Deacon. The Rev. J. J. Teugher, C.M., Master of Ceremonies and Edward Kohl as server.

## Miss Tracy Reveals Plans for Grad Party

### Santa Claus to Greet Alumnae

The Alumnae Christmas party will be held again this year on the Sunday before Christmas, Dec. 17. The party is an annual event to which all members of the alumnae are invited to return to the Alma Mater with their children, and are greeted by Santa Claus with toys and refreshments.

In the past, the girls have brought canned goods and similar articles to fill baskets for the poor, and this will be done again this year. Miss Mary Tracy, President of the Alumnae, appointed Henrietta Sabadell and Dorothy Sackbaur as co-chairmen of the party, and Helen Dillon in charge of food.

## Christmas on the High Seas Made Merry by Red Cross Unit

The Fontbonne Red Cross Unit, Chapter of the Red Cross spoke on "Christmas on the High Seas" which inspired Rosejoan Kising, President, to adopt that project for this month. The response of the student body was enthusiastic, resulting in approximately 250 gifts.

## New Chairmen

Recently appointed chairmen are: Mary Jane Quirk, chairman of the Dietitian's Aide Corps; Mary Adele Wintz, chairman of the Blood Donors; Marilyn Blattner, chairman of the Staff Assistants; Mary Ellen Boggiano, chairman of the First Aid Corps.



Our Red Cross Unit in Action, wrapping Gifts for Service Men

## Chase is the Place Feb. 8 Juniors Reveal to College

On Dec. 5, Rose McNamee, President of the Junior Class, formally invited the Senior Class and the underclassmen to the annual prom to be held on the Starlight Roof of Hotel Chase, February 8, 1945. The plans are under way and committees have been appointed. The date committee promises a date for every girl.

In spite of war-time restrictions, the prom will again be formal. A popular orchestra will be engaged for the occasion.

With Rose McNamee as general chairman, the following committees have been appointed: Chair-

man of the hotel committee is Mary Jayne Murphy, with Mary Ann Riordan as helper. Kay Temm is in charge of the souvenirs with Lee Gleeson, Louise Fairchild, Ann Beasley, Shirley Smith, and Joan Petrequin helping. For the decorations, Rita Johans is in charge, with Helen Abt, Margaret Deck, Marie A. O'Kane, and Jane Buri as assistants. Chairman of the menu arrangements is Mary Lee Rodegast. Also on the committee are Jane Buford, Colleen Richey, Betty Klinge, Margie Sabadell, and Catherine Weidle. In charge of flower arrangements is Monica Liston with Dorothy Longinotte, Jeanne Alexander, and Sally Williams. Norrine Gibbons is chairman of the orchestra committee with D. J. Robertson, and Marilyn Steuterman helping. Co-chairmen of the date committee are June Cassidy and June Wilkerson.



ROSE McNAMEE

## TODAY IS DEADLINE FOR REGISTRATION

Pre-registration for the second semester which will begin in February, closes today. All those who have not filled out their schedules and had them signed by their teachers and the Dean, are reminded to do so, and bring them to the Registrar's office before leaving for the holidays. It is necessary that these registrations be in now so that courses and periods may be re-arranged in case of conflicts or changes in additional courses which must be offered. Seniors especially should see about the completion of those necessary courses they must have in order to have the correct credits to graduate.

## Prizes Award to Best Fontbonne Photographers

The photo contest sponsored by the Fontbonne closed Monday; the judges then went into a two-day consultation and came up with the winners of the first three awards. Prize for the best novelty shot, or group one, goes to "Fantasy in heads and feet." Winner of second class, group or individual shot was taken by Gloria Johnston for a picture of the photographer in action. The best campus or scenery shot was taken by Jane Buford who gets prize for picture of chapel corner. Needless to say, these snaps will have a prominent place in the yearbook. The staff wishes to state that all about-campus shots will be considered for use in the yearbook.

## "CHRISTMAS GOLD" SPREAD AT PARTY

The all-school Christmas party was held Monday, Dec. 11, in the caf. It was great fun and the program was unique, not to add enjoyable. It began with community singing of Christmas hymns. Our voices rose to the rafters, swelling in the choruses of "Come, All Ye Faithful," and "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing."

Next the Acting Class stepped forth to give us an original version of the old Christmas legend, "Christmas Gold," by Josephine Van Dolzen Pease. Through the splendid acting on the part of all the players, the audience was left with what the real Christmas spirit should be.

**Santa Comes Too**  
"Jingle-bells" ushered in Santa Claus (Rose McNamee) who was preceded by six gaily decorated reindeer who tap danced in as Santa pulled on the reins and cracked the whip. In his jolly way Santa went about spreading the holiday spirit and giving gifts to all present. The gifts were bags of popcorn and peppermint sticks.

For the enjoyment of all faculty members present a parody of songs was sung. This concluded the entertainment. Refreshments consisting of sandwiches, doughnuts, and soda were served. Special thanks for a great time should be offered to: Jeanne Bona, general chariman; Ann Kramolowsky, entertainment, and Nancy Schatzman, decorations. Mary Virginia Kohl and Mary Ann Riordan were in charge of the Christmas baskets. It proved a splendid all-school party and to the sodality we add "It couldn't have been better."



## THE FONT

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## AND THE LIGHT SHINETH IN THE DARKNESS

Christmas is the time for all men to open their hearts, to bring cheer to those who have little to be cheerful about. Christmas is eternal because it is the birthday of Christ. War, famine, pestilence—nothing can take the eternal beauty of Christmas from the hearts of men. Somewhere on Leyte, on Guam, in France, and in England there will be Christmas. Wherever the heart prepares to receive Him, He will come.

And on Christmas Day in water-filled foxholes, in cold Jap and Nazi prison camps, in snow-covered Alaska, or on the high seas, and on blood-scarred battlefields all over the world our boys will be dreaming of the happy American Christmas they used to know. And with that dream a warm glow will spring up in their hearts bursting into a bright warm flame—a flame of determination to bring the peace back to the world that existed on that day long ago when God's Son was born.

## WHAT DOES '45 HOLD FOR YOU?

In a couple of weeks the bells will ring out again and the year 1944 will pass out of your life into the never-never land. So you want to do something big and inspiring to commemorate the beginning of a brand new year. Maybe you need advice. You might have even considered making New Year's resolutions! Well, don't. Don't, because you know good and well that you can't keep them. You aren't ready to conquer the world yet. Just try to conquer yourself. It's a man-sized job. You're no angel, you know. Even if you go to Mass every morning and walk up the aisle with the piety of Saint Theresa, you're no angel. You're impatient, and you're mean; you lose your temper; you're uncharitable; you don't study as you should; you complain about everything everywhere; you beg God to see that this war is soon over—once a week on Sundays.

So you'll give them all up and go to Mass and Holy Communion every day, rain, snow, or sleet, and be a model character—a little walking saint. Don't try. Don't even take two faults. Take one. Crush it out until you know it's gone and then start on another. As you take that long last swallow of your coke down in the cafe, forget to say you can't stand Sister Blank's classes, or Susie Smaltz's nervous mannerisms.

Try for one day to think only kind thoughts of everyone you meet. Just try: Include Sister Blank and Susie Smaltz particularly. Think about them until you discover something in them to like.

Then take that man of yours—uncle, brother, father, friend, or the boy you hope will give you a ring when he comes back. Don't let a day go by without doing something for him—either material or spiritual, and every day you don't write or send something even things up with one Hail Mary for him. But don't forget it.

See if 1945 can't prove there's a lot of fight in a woman too. If your character is already steel, it will become even stronger; if it's putty, why don't you try to make something out of it?

## THEY TELL OF OUR JOY ON THIS CHRISTMAS DAY

"Why are there wreaths in windows bright  
And red, gaudy lights within?"  
"They tell of our joy, our peace of mind,  
Secure in the world of sin."

"What does that tree with its shining gifts  
Do on Christmas Day?"  
"It brings quick smiles on the face of a child,  
And makes his father gay."

"But then is this all, these dressed-up things?  
What of tomorrow AND after?"  
"Why, there'll always be joy and cheerful things,  
And sounds of children's laughter."

"But what of Another, for want of Whom  
There'd be no Christmas Day?"  
"Another?" But here he stopped and turned.  
There was no more to say.



"And she brought forth her first born Son, and wrapped Him in swaddling clothes, and laid Him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn."—Luke II.

## THE TRUE SIGN TO ALL

The little French children in a world of peace sang their folk carols to welcome the Pere Noel; the boys and girls of Spain eagerly awaited the visit of the Three Kings who would bring with them gifts for all the family. Old Kris Kringle once visited Germany in freedom and love; even now, St. Nicholas finds it difficult to evade enemy bombers to arrive safely in England on Christmas Eve. Only in America is the jolly old gentleman who lives forever in the hearts of children able to drive his "eight tiny reindeer" in security to every home.

But Santa Claus, or St. Nicholas, or whatever name we wish to give him, is in reality a secondary symbol of Christmas. The Infant Jesus, the true sign of this joyous season, has been banished not only from the hearts of children but also from the minds of adults, by those who wish to set themselves up as gods of the earth.

Christmas, Christ's birthday, is regarded by a pagan world simply as another day on which to murder, steal, and torture; but as long as people either in a well-lighted cathedral or in a hidden chamber in a damp cave, kneel before the Holy Child to beg His mercy, the world will rise again, and His messenger of joy, Santa Claus, will return to the hearts of all little children where He will have eternal rest.

## shavings . . . . .

there is always the negative side . . . where attitudes of pessimism and cynicism are formed . . . it is always evident in conversations . . . in writings . . . it is more and more evident among the youth of the day . . . we who are to build the world of tomorrow . . . for us catholic youth there should be no such attitude . . . how could there be when we believe the truth which is the real truth and have faith in the realization of truth . . . we are hardly guilty of accepting the glib phrases of the pseudo-intellectuals of the day . . . but we are guilty in that we have allowed their attitudes of complacency and discouragement to affect and to prejudice our personal outlook on life . . . it is evident in the little things on the fontbonne campus, for instance . . . things like . . . school spirit . . . why follow the team to a game . . . they'll probably lose anyway . . . why love fontbonne . . . there are so many girls' colleges . . . why co-operate in class affairs . . . they don't use parliamentary procedure . . . why go out for any ex-

tracurricular activity . . . there is so much studying to do . . . why even study . . . we can't be expected to get our assignments done . . . gripe . . . gripe . . . gripe . . . gripe about the grind . . . gripe about students . . . gripe about this and gripe about that . . . it's a great american pastime . . . gripe without fight, it is a whole lot easier . . . now to criticize and to criticize constructively is another thing . . . it means that you care enough about something to want it to be as nearly perfect as it can be . . . it means that if you are right in your criticism you should voice it and to the right people or in the right places . . . not in little cliques where only ferment and unrest can result . . . but to the officers of your student council . . . they cannot know unless you tell them . . . to the student assembly when it meets in closed session . . . it means sometimes that if you are wrong in your criticism, no matter how constructive you thought yourself to be that you are big enough to take it on the chin . . . and re-

## "WE THE STUDENTS," THEME OF SEMINAR

On Tuesday, December 5th, the Seminar was conducted by Miss Mullins' Public Speaking Class which presented a round table discussion entitled, "We the Students."

Realizing the need of both new students and old for better understanding of school organizations and our rights and responsibilities as college students, members of the Public Speaking Class with Miss Mullins' help undertook the task of clarifying customs and traditions which lately have been misunderstood, forgotten, or ignored.

Parliamentary law, its application to the Fontbonne Student Association, Student Association Officers, their duties, the aims and purposes of organizations, respect, courtesy, traditions, the seminar, school spirit, and the like were discussed.

It is the sincere desire of those who worked on this program that it shall not have been given in vain, that a new and consuming spirit for the ideals of our school shall be brought forth, and that there shall be of necessity a closer bond between faculty and students now that the way has been shown to us.

## LIBRARY PURCHASES NEW SLIDE CABINET

Besides the 200 lantern slides that have been added to the already large collection of the same in our library here, a new cabinet which holds about twelve hundred slides has been purchased by the library. These slides which cover various phases of art, history, literature, and music are put to use with much success in the Humanities courses.

A Christmas feature was the display in Room 419, which was transformed into a miniature book store with suggestions for Christmas gift purchases in the latest fiction and non-fiction books.

solving that because you did not succeed the first time, you will try again . . . a college campus is more than a center of book learning . . . it is a place where you tie the loose fibers of your backbone together . . . a place where you learn to stand on your own feet . . . so that—one day—armed with your knowledge and strong and sure in your beliefs . . . you can face anybody and anything with strength . . . courage . . . and shining idealism . . . and never have cause to allow the discouragement and callowness of those many others around you to seep into your life . . . be big so that the people around you can be the better and the bigger for having known you . . . try it this christmas time as an experiment . . . give a true spirit to your christmas that will surmount the depression and the cynicism of those whom you know to possess these things . . . help to show them that bitterness can be made sweet . . . that the babe of Bethlehem came for all men of all times in all places . . .

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## Someone's in the Kitchen, I Know!

Says LIZ LUCAS

"It's a cryin' shame" . . . that is the theme song of those culinary cut-ups of the cafe (as they peel onions). In writing the feature I wanted the story behind the story. Back stage at the American? Why not back stage at the Fontbonne Kitchen? I walked briskly to the door of the cafe, skirted the candy counter, and went through the doorway of that sacred place. Before I had gotten very far I was confronted by Raymond of the Inner Sanctum who said with raised eyebrows: "You can't come in here." Not one of the chosen few, I thought bitterly to myself. After stating my purpose, and promising not to reveal all, I was admitted through those portals through which the most capable chefs in the world pass. (Please note Sister Martha). Blissfully unaware of what lay ahead I immediately went over to a long table around which stood three "women in white." As I approached, Taty looked up tearfully, muttering something about an onion. Before I could open my mouth she burst out with "Onions, onions, onions" as a mad violinist might do. "I can't cry any more; I haven't any tears left," she added more sanely. And back she went to pounding hamburgers into tiny, delicately shaped patties. Speaking of hamburgers . . . Ouch! Sorry, Rosemary, I know I promised not to, but you looked so funny. And after all there must be another way of making them flat. Stepping on them was . . .

### Miracle-machine

Next I was ushered over to the machine of the age! It really is. It makes cole slaw, slices heads of lettuce, bakes cakes, peels peaches, walks, talks, and comes in six delicious flavors. It's a bird, it's a plane . . . It's just a plain ole grinder! Elaine Workman was operating this miracle worker, shredding cabbage a mile a minute! When I ventured my cheery "hello," Elaine, eyes intent upon her work, greeted me with a tense

hello which sounded more like part of her job than a welcome. Then . . . silence, dead silence. To make polite conversation I inquired sweetly "What are you doing?" A blind person would have known! "Making cole slaw," she muttered grimly, above the roar of this wonder apparatus. "Can't you look up when you talk?" I asked. "What! and lose a finger?" she remarked. And she turned back to her job.

### Chocolate or Vanilla?

As I stood watching Elaine prostrate her limbs and her vital extremities from this man-eating monster I felt a tug at my arm and turning around I beheld that blissful, cherub-like face of Peter Wolf. She pulled me over to her little corner of the kitchen to another strange looking device. It was a huge iron affair which stood about four feet off the floor. It has iron whatnots sticking out at every angle (what Rosie the riveter couldn't do here), a maze of buttons, and near the bottom there is a large bowl-like affair with paddles revolving around in it! Slirk! Plop! Bang! What was it doing? (the \$64 question). "I am making a cake, of course," said Peter with a horrid air of superiority. "It's wonderful! Just toss eggs, sugar, and butter into it through a secret door, then . . . Slirk! Plop! Bang! and there you are. What would you prefer, chocolate or vanilla?"

And that's the way they work things back stage in the kitchen here. It really makes you sit up and take notice (so do Margie and Mary Jane, the "Pot and Pan Girls of '44") when you realize that so few girls cook for the entire college and academy.

### Culinary Cut-Ups

There is a moral to this little story; do not cultivate the friendship of the culinary cut-ups too much, because every Tuesday and Thursday as you meander down the line you're watched avidly by the chefs! Tuesday, for example, I walked blithely along when all of a sudden I heard my name called. I looked back and there stood Eileen Wiss with the most woe-begone look I have ever seen on her face! She asked, "No spinach?" with hurt oozing out of each word. I would have taken arsenic if she were selling it! So by the time I reached Sister John Marie (I couldn't pass up Pee Wee's potatoes—she said they were mashed) I had one of EVERYTHING! I paid the national debt to Sister and staggered to a nearby table. Collapsing in a chair I smiled—for gone was my diet, gone was my allowance, but those wizards of the kitchen were still my friends.

Holiday  
Greetings  
From the  
Font Staff

MAX ZUCKER  
FLOWERS



6500 Clayton Road  
STerling 4242

ATTEND  
THE  
SODALITY  
HOLY HOUR

## Home Ec. Club Makes Layettes

Approximately one dozen layettes, which will be given to the Catholic Rural Life Council for distribution among poor and needy families, have been completed by the members of the Home Economics Club and the faculty. Those who participated in the project are: Sister Matha, Sister Rose Genevieve, Miss Carmody, Miss Troemel, Margaret Deck, Estelle Hellman, Dorothy Jacobsmeier, Rita Johans, Ritarose Nagle, Marie Antoinette O'Kane, Margaret Shelton, Shirley Smith, and Catherine Temm.

Each layette consists of a complete outfit for a baby, and the articles of which they are composed were made by the members and faculty themselves. Material for the layettes was provided by the students.

## Doolittle Dood It Again With Buckets and Broom!



Press Room Mascot  
MATILDA DOOLITTLE

Didn't you all go to de big southern fried chicken (candle-light) dinner Thursday night? You all don't know what you missed if you didn't come 'long with me, honey chile. UM! UM! I can still smell that luscious chicken now.

Sounds good — delicious hot chicken fried to a crisp served in our own Press Room, with a group of friendly Press Clubbers sitting elbow to elbow with one thought in mind: to establish a system whereby anyone can find any paper or year book at any time in its rightful place.

Since the Press Room was a bit untidy (we stretch the point), Thursday, Dec. 7, was made official "Press Room Clean-Up Day." After the chicken dinner, which was served around five o'clock, there was general "mess-up" and "clean-up" of the Press Room. The "mess-up" consisted of taking all the year books, papers, old shoes, mouse traps, confederate money, and catalogues, along with the spider webs, out of their century-old resting places; and the "clean-up" consisted of putting these in proper order, so we could once again be proud of our Press Room. In short: the Press Room is neat, after the elite met to eat.

EXAMS  
ARE  
COMING!

## Christmas Bells Bring Bonnie Holliday Belles!

By JEANNE CUNNINGHAM

What do you want for Christmas—besides having him home, that is? What would you like to be wearing during this, the most exciting season of the year? Surely you want to be one of those whose Christmas outfit reflects the inward joy that everyone feels at this time. If you do, why not scan the list below—one of the suggestions might strike your fancy.

Would you want one of those ultra-dressy, feminine blouses that do so much for a suit, or a plain skirt?

### Suit Yourself

Or how about the suit itself? If this idea appeals to you, and the Christmas budget, why not get a Lanz suit? The gay print lining of the jacket definitely will make you feel gay each time you wear it.

But if you're really in good standing with Santa, you might ask for a dress with a new version of the drape. These dresses feature the drape effect down the center of the skirt, or large pockets falling into a drape on either side of the skirt. One of these in a dainty, bright, holiday print will cheer you as well as give you that comfortable, well-dressed feeling.

So far, all the suggestions have been of the after-school type. Something very practical as well as very collegiate are the knee-length socks. If you think these are stale in the fashion world, why not brighten up one of your old pair with embroidered initials or names? This is so new, that as yet we haven't seen it on the campus, or anywhere else, for that matter.

## McCall's Reports:

Christmas is just around the corner. And it's a close corner at the most. So you'll want to start post haste on Christmas gifting.

And what could be better than gifts that you whip up yourself. You'll feel that you've really put a bit of yourself into each gift. And your friends and family will appreciate the personal interest you put in the selection and making of their gifts.

Your roommate at school or your sister at home will love a stuffed, fat pig made in chintz, printed in roses. Fatty pig graces a bed or props up books on a shelf, with equal nonchalance, the love of a school girl's life.

### Best by Test

Your best friend will ring merry Christmas bells in your honor if you make for her ballet shoes, a new rage for the school crowd. She'll wear 'em for an evening by the fire or a dorm jam session. And thank her lucky stars to claim you as her bosom pal.

The list increases — a big, pouchy drawstring bag; a Dutch cap, crocheted in chenille yarn; blouses; lounging p. j.'s—your school friends will think you a Christmas angel.

For Mummy there are quilted bed jackets, kitchen towels, appliqued with cheery gingham fruits 'n flowers, cut-work table mats. Dad will love a tie that you make yourself, or a flannel robe . . . just give him his pipe and slippers



and the evening paper and he's as happy as a lark.

### Be a Fairy God-mother

For a new baby you'll play fairy God-mother and make comfy covers for baby buggies in quilted satin. And tiny tots will adore a stuffed horsey, or Dutch twin dolls.

Y'know, Santa has a man-power shortage, too. So get out your needle 'n thimble and dig in. All these gifts you'll find in your McCall Pattern Catalogues in your department store.

Soon the time draws nigh when the last gift's finished, the last package wrapped. Then you'll spend your time trimming the tree and getting ready for parties.

You'll be a Merry Christmas belle if you wear pretty party dresses. Our smart model wears a dress full of party punch. It's soft, yet sophisticated—the way a school gal wants her dress-up dresses. Notice the petite sleeves, the demure neckline, the fullness caught into the side seams and smoothing o'er the flat tummy. And best of all, note that jaunty pleum. It's McCall 5872, a wow!

This dress is a symbol of short date dresses for they're feminine and sweet with enough life and stiffness . . . via gay plaid taffetas or stiff brocades . . . to make conversation pieces, enough 'umph to make you a dateable fantasy.

So . . . Merry Christmas belles, to you all, and Happy Holidays!

By MARY SUE MOORE,  
McCall School Service.

## TOWN HALL

for lunch

at any

time

6736 Clayton Road



# A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

## "Suffer the Little Children..."

A CHRISTMAS SKETCH  
By MARY ELLEN BOGGIANO

Melinda counted the little sparkly red faces that clustered around her for the fourth time.

"Ten—eleven—twelve—Please stand still, boys!"

They jumped and scooted about on the slick side walk, blowing little white puffs of breath in the frosty air. As the people came down the church steps, several weak snowballs found their mark.

"Who could be missing?" said Melinda to no one in particular and everyone in general. "One—two—three—"

"Miss Melinda!" A little thin boy with large brown eyes behind a pair of thick-lensed glasses tugged at her coat.

"What is it, Louie?"

"Davy isn't here!"

"Davy!" How could she have missed angel! He was her best soprano. He was the only one who could give them the right key for each carol! He surely didn't forget. Why, Sister Mary Agnes said he'd been on pins and needles all week waiting for his first Christmas carolling.

"Boys! Boys! We have to go and get Davy." Gathering a bunch of hands and arms, she pushed them all toward the street car stop. With more than a little difficulty she got them all on the car. Plunk... She put in her dime. "Well, Mr. Conductor... They're all way under age, as you can plainly see," said her look.

"Children! Children, we'll start our songs at Davy's house. Now, Peter, you try to give us a good key for 'Silent Night'."

### Davy Comes Along

They scampered up the street toward Davy's house. It was a very comfy looking house, with rosy lights shining out against the night and a sparkling Christmas tree glittering in the one big window. There was a candle to guide the carollers to a welcome home. The boys pranced up the steps singing their songs in many different keys. The door opened widely and a very pretty young woman stood smiling out at them. Melinda came forward.

"We were wondering what happened to Davy, Mrs. Kelly. We kind of thought he was coming carolling with us."

"Oh, Melinda! Well, Davy should go to bed early tonight. I'm sorry he can't be with..."

"Mommmy, couldn't I go? Please?" Davy was there too, looking up at his mother pleadingly. "I have to give them the key!"

Being a very understanding mother, she let him go along.

It was the very last house in the very last block so they gave out with what was left of their hoarse little voices. Melinda even joined in with them. She was so happy everything had turned out all right. It was a very special day!

### And Home to Bed!

People had been very generous. They had smiled at the little boys and their sweet young voices. Melinda noticed that some shed a tear or two, probably for their own little boys who were now in uniform. Her charges skipped ahead of her, jingling their heavy cans of money, still singing bits of carols. As they came in sight of the church, they began to run to parents who were waiting for them. There now, thought Melinda, they're all back on time. And the church bell just tolled eight. And home they would go and dream about the magic old man who brought them all sorts of wonderful things while they slept.

When she had seen that every one of them had a way home, she went inside the church. Some of the parents had offered to take her home, but she wanted to walk the short block to her tiny apartment where there was a small artificial tree in the window.

### A Make-Believe Christmas

There was only candlelight in the church except for one small light over the center door at the back. She walked to a front pew and knelt down. There was quiet everywhere, except inside her heart where little boys' voices were still singing. She put her head down on her arms. Christmas was over for her again, and it was such a special day.

"Melinda... Melinda!"

"Oh, I must have been asleep." Sister Mary Agnes pretended that she couldn't see the tears glistening on her face in the semi-darkness.

"You come over to the Sisters' house with me and we'll make some nice hot chocolate." Sister put her arm about Melinda and led her through the sacristy to the house where the Sisters lived.

"It felt just as if they were my own children for a little while. Christmas just isn't Christmas without the little folks."

"I know," said Sister softly.

"And every year when I take them carolling on Christmas Eve, I pretend that it's never going to end. But it does. And Christmas is a very special day to me."

### Someone Remembered

They went inside the house and Sister took Melinda's coat. She brought her to a small bright parlor where the other Sisters waited beside a gay little Christmas tree. And then Melinda saw the cake with many candles on it.

"Oh! said Melinda.

"We remembered, Melinda," said Sister Mary Agnes.

"Many happy returns on your seventy-first birthday, Melinda," said the Sisters.

And much to her embarrassment, Melinda felt tears slip down her wrinkled cheeks.

## DEAR SANTA:

There comes a time in every year When Christmas season's drawing near.

Everyone should make a list And be sure there's nothing missed.

We want the clothes and other things That Christmas season usually brings;

But this year it is different far, We're in the act of winning war.

So we'll buy a bond and hope and pray

This thing will end 'most any day.

We also want the "Golden Rule" For use both at our home and school.

And, dear Santa, if you please, Make easy our Humanities, And homework too, is such a bore, We'd gladly do some other chore.

Another thing that's close to us, Is the off-schedule "Nickel Bus." It almost always seems to pass In time to make us late for class.

So as a close to this small plea, Give greetings to the faculty. Give to them the best of cheer, Not only now but through the year.

ELISE SEARS

## Trim the Tree Today

By MARY SPECKART

'Twas three weeks before Christmas—a war-time Christmas—this year of taxes. Christmas even taxes our resourcefulness! The problems at hand are these:

1. Where to get what size tree.
2. Where to finagle bulbs to light what size tree.
3. How to fix broken tree stand in order to use it again this year.
4. How to find time to fix the broken tree stand.
5. How to have time to have Christmas in the first place.

Everyone is hurrying. No one knows just why everyone is hurrying, but everyone is hurrying.

### Pocket Size or Else

However, we have some suggestions for the other three weighty questions. About the size of the tree: this writer advises you to get one at least two sizes smaller than that of last year, thereby eliminating most of the lights and practically solving the perplexing problem two. (Since the reader already applied that self-same solution last Christmas, the 1944 version will therefore be small enough to put in one's purse.) As to where to get it, various methods have been employed. However, we condemn chopping down the family evergreens, and we have been told that the Faculty at Fontbonne is also adverse to having the shrubbery knived.

If the broken tree stand needs fixing, it has been written in poetic form that Mother fixes everything with a hair pin. Hence this is Mother's department, and we need not bother our youthful heads about it.

In conclusion, perhaps, if we leave the whole matter in the able hands of Santa Claus, we will have a happy and enjoyable Christmas holiday. We surely hope you do too!



## WHAT FONTBONNE GIRLS PLAN FOR CHRISTMAS VACATION

As the Christmas season rolls ever nearer

We hear those vacation bells clearer and clearer.

Plans for gay times and good cheer are stewin'—

Here's what Fontbonne gals will be doin':

Marilyn Steuterman is going to spend her holidays going to see "Meet Me in St. Louis" over and over again. Those old songs in it just enthrall Marilyn.

### Christmas in the Country

Marion Uhri is planning to spend a lively old-fashioned Christmas on the farm. She's even been learning the Virginia Reel just to get in the atmosphere of it.

Isn't Marilyn Fogg lucky? Paul's coming home.

But of course the luckiest and happiest of all is Mary Ellen Scott. Johnny came marching home straight from the South Pacific. Won't she have a wonderful Christmas?

The Mulherins can't wait to get home. There's something especially festive in the South at Christmas time—particularly if it's home.

### Auntie or Allen

Robin Kendall is going to Omaha, Nebraska, to visit her aunt. Isn't it a coincidence that Allen will be there too?

Quite a few eager beaver lasses are planning on doing some Red Cross work making use of their Staff Assistants course.

Those who aren't working at the Post Office will probably be doing

Humanities reports. New slogan: eat, drink, and do Humanities reports, for tomorrow they are due.

### Waiting and Watching

Looks like Mary Adele will have to sit at home and like it this Christmas. Jack is restricted to the base over the holidays.

Vivian Gettinger is thinking of raising little chickens after the war.

Navy or Army was the question after Mary Ann Monahan's recent trip to Chicago. Note: Army won, so Mon says, and we believe her. Janie B. offers a solution to all "in-law" problems: Reverse the usual procedure and move in with them.

Since when do "tonsils" take the place of Ensigns, Nancy Q.?

You can usually find Mary Kay Mueller at the end of a trail of V-Mail scraps. Can it be that she doesn't know what to say to a certain corporal?

### That's No Man

Ginny Burns said that if it snows she's going to make a snowman. Well, that's one way of getting a man.

Wenon and Kiely are going to redecorate Hebbberger's car. It's going to be a super, super job with windows and everything.

B. J. won't have much time to wave that golf stick. She'll be too busy writing letters to Florida.

And so the story goes: It all started at a little party Thanksgiving night. Characters (and they are characters): Hugh Kerwin and Helen Carol. It is still

HOLIDAY

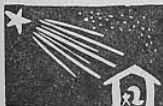
GREETINGS

TO OUR

ADVERTISERS



BUY A  
STAMP  
TODAY



## FRESHMAN UPSET SENIORS; BECOME CHAMPIONS OF '44

### Harris Baffled at Hockey Game Play by Play by Pixie

The freshmen climbed from "unknowns" to volleyball champs of '44, Dec. 7, defeating the seniors 38-42. It was volleyball at its finest.

Basketball is coming up now, with a team raring to go. Watch those freshmen!

The Fontbonne Flashes dashed up and down the hockey field recently to the tune of 3-0. Our opponents, Harris Teachers' College, were baffled by our defensive mechanism. The team really made those three points with superb co-operation, firm determination, and playing excellence. But the hit that sent the ball into Harris goal was made by Liz Lucas every time. She is going to be missed but much come next year. This was Fontbonne's first victory over Harris in several years and the last game of the '44 season.

In this game Harris showed a good team, a little wild but plenty fast. The first half of this game was terrific, neat, fast, and fatiguing to both spectator and player. As Liz says: "It was nip and tuck from one end of the field to the other." (N. B. the field was slightly larger than our own, giving Harris an advantage which only running like everything could overcome.)

#### Credit Goes to Them

Now just who was superb? They all were. But to give credit where credit is due (and have a longer column) let me mention some names. (In the following paragraphs the names of the players will be designated by initials, so Harris can't buy off any of our stars, and so any professional hockey scouts, present at the game, can't entice them into professional hockey as a career.)

A. M. H., captain, did a first class job of "goalieing." Though she didn't make any of our points (how could she as goalie?), she certainly un-made many of Harris'. Our backfield too caused Harris players several headaches. Headache No. 1 was M. E. S. who swung that stick with precision plus. (Best we don't tell her future husband). Also in the backfield was G. R., a freshman who is headed for great things in the sports line. (Mayhap the captain of '47.)

#### L. L. Returns to Win

In the second half of this memorable game, L. L. was injured when attempting a goal. Her right hand was struck with a stick and she was carried off the field. S. S. was put in and did a fine job. Here is another great player to be—if a bent elbow isn't a handicap. L. L. was put back in the game shortly in spite of her injury and then our points began to keep the score-

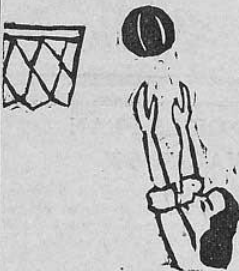
keeper busy. J. C. played the entire game—but good. It was her last game, too. And in the ranks of stars-to-be there doesn't seem to be any quite like J.—we will miss you.

#### Front Line Fighter

G. B. was in on most every play—and doing a great job on that front line. N. Q. is another girl you should watch for excitement in your game. M. E. B. was unique in her methods—where she couldn't get through a huddle of players she went under—her size enabled her to do this. She is known as the "pocket-size" player. M. J. Q. also played the entire game with a hockey stick—and a spirit that spurred the other players on—on—on—to victory.

M. J. B. (not of the radio show) gave her all in this game—toward the last of the first half the ball was sent her way, she looked at it, dropped her stick and said "I can't." We handed her a bottle of Carter's Little Liver Pills—she went back in fighting. Other owners of those running feet on the field of battle were C. P., who made her shots count, and V. G.

A chocolate sundae and a victorious team were Miss Willis' reward.



**BE A GOOD  
SPORT  
IF YOU CAN'T  
JOIN THE TEAM,  
WATCH IT!**

**BUY A  
BOND TODAY**

## Joe Garavelli's Restaurant

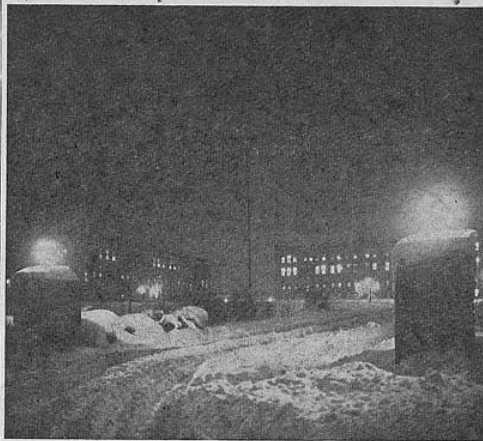
AUGUST SABADELL, Prop.

"The Rendezvous of Fontbonne Girls"

DeBaliviere and DeGiverville

FOrest 1166

## Deck the Halls With Bells and Holly!



Lights, Like Fireflies in the Night,  
Dot the Snow-Bound Campus

## FONTBONNE'S JANE ARDEN GETS ASSIGNMENT DONE

JUNE WILKERSON

There it was in black and white—"Font Staff working Tonight." So June Cassidy stepped inside the Press Room to get her typing assignment. Now June isn't a flashie reporter; she doesn't want to be. She is a humble typist willing to type up the masterpieces of other writers. With this thought in mind she approached the editor.

The editor was baffled at first, then handed June some copy to type. "But where is the typewriter?" question Cass. "That's your first assignment, find one!" barked the editor while she busied herself with copy.

Cass was proud of her assignment (she would find a typewriter; she thought) though she wasn't sure just where. Inspiration descended upon her and she raced for the Registrar's office. She walked in with a beaming smile. She walked out without the smile—no typewriter. But how stupid! Of course she knew where to go—the typing room in Science. Time was racing by—so little June ran down the two flights of stairs in Ryan and up the three in Science. There was the typing room just down the hall. She peeked around the corner of the door into a class filled with beginning typists. This was discouraging.

Now June recalled how Jane Arden always gets things done. With firm determination she, too, would get things done. The library of course! Miss Baer was a friend of the press. So down the three flights in the Science building and up the four flights in Ryan raced Little Cass, determined she would not fail the paper. Miss Baer was

very understanding. She realized that articles for the paper must be typed and she said, "I hope you find a typewriter." But work piled high on her desk revealed how impossible it would be to use her typewriter.

Dejected, June Cassidy sat on the stairs looking for a solution. What would Jane Arden do now? Everywhere she had gone they had referred her back to the Press Room typewriter but she knew better. Typists were waiting in line to use that one and her article must be typed now!

#### Seven Flights To Go

Catherine Weidle walked by and then it hit her! The boarders, of course. Again Little Cass raced down the four flights of Ryan Hall and up the two flights of Arts on her errand of mercy. She began at one end of the hall and knocked on each door. When the girl would answer "Yes?" June would hurriedly inquire if this girl owned a typewriter. Did the boarders think her queer? she thought. But what matter—the presses must roll!

Having been to every room on the second floor, Cass tried the third. She was now beginning to show fatigue taking the steps only one at a time. Finally she found a typewriter not in use—an answer to a prayer. She sat down and then jumped up! Now June Cassidy has a mild sort of disposition—she seldom loses her head. But there before her eyes was a typewriter with a blacked-out keyboard, and she did not know the touch system! 1-2-3-4...

Calm, Cool Cass

Now how was she to solve this

**RIDE  
YELLOW CABS**

FOrest 1-2-3-4

## From Mars to S. Campus

-By DR. XLRDBS

As a spectator from another planet, I had the occasion to witness a rather strange happening recently on a college campus in the United States. It was called a "Wiener Roast." I dropped in just as a group of girls were huddling around a strange structure. They were yelling "Put more paper in it, put more wood in." Perhaps it was some strange dance—as they hopped around with their hands clad in large woolen masses. Soon from the top of the structure came a gray cloud which was met with by several reactions. Some kept pouring black pieces into the structure, known as a stove, while others jumped up and down. Then long pieces of matter were placed on the stove and there was much talk about "mustard." I thought "mustard" must be a rather popular person—everyone wanted her. Several girls busied themselves with cutting pieces of bread and tossing them in a box while others stood about the stove with long forks occasionally poking the "wieners" placed on the stove.

#### Mustard Turns Up

After eating the pieces of "wieners" with the bread and mustard (which was a yellow bottled substance) everyone began chanting in loud voices. Then everyone dashed away from the stove. I too moved, suspecting danger as their motive. In a short time they returned yelling again and dancing about. This "Wiener Roast" was evidently a religious service of some kind. I questioned a participant who handed me a poster. It read: "Wiener Roast sponsored by the Fontbonne Athletic Association on November 30 at the barbecue pit on the south campus. Time, 4:30. Treasure Hunt will follow the food." I kept it as a souvenir.

problem? It was quite evident that there was not another available typewriter on campus. This must do. But how? Why, oh why, did the government need the typewriters from Fontbonne College's Press Room? Didn't they realize we must put out a paper? "But I mustn't complain, that's not patriotic," she remarked.

From the room across the way a boarder dropped in on Little Cass as she sat staring at the blank keyboard. When her tale of woe was told, her friend decided to help her. Though she was packing to leave (it was a Friday) she sat down and drew up a diagram of what the keyboard looked like. This was perfect. With the diagram set before her June Cassidy typed the material she had been assigned—a small act but it's the effort that counts.

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-BUY BONDS