

Senior To Present Dramatic Thesis



MARILYN STEUTERMAN

Marilyn Steuterman will present her senior thesis in dramatic art on Monday, April 1, at 8:00 p. m., in Fontbonne's Little Theater. She will give an interpretation of Maxwell Anderson's *Elizabeth the Queen*, a dramatic tragedy in three acts. The theme is the story of Elizabeth and Essex.

Marilyn has been active in dramatic work at Fontbonne, having had prominent parts in many of the plays which the students present. She is president of the Footlights Club.

Shamrock Time At 11:20 Today

The wearin' of the green is the order of the day. Today at 11:20 in the auditorium, the sophomores present Shamrock Time, an Irish extravaganza with Bobby Holmberg and Marianne Uhri directing production. Mary Lou Riechman leads the singing and Georgia Vessel sings a solo. In charge of ceremonies is Mary Margaret Coff, and Mary Ann Coghill gives out souvenirs. Gloria Ganser and Jeanne Schatzman handled the publicity.

A \$10.00 gift certificate, redeemable at Boyd's, will be awarded by Doris Milton and Jeanne Davison and is one of the high spots of Shamrock Time.

Students Assist At Requiem For Cardinal

Fontbonne students in caps and gowns filed in solemn procession to chapel on Friday, March 15, to assist at a Requiem High Mass offered for the late John Cardinal Glennon.

Many remembered the Cardinal's last visit to Fontbonne when he spoke at the Sacred Concert given in December by members of the Glee Club. Many remembered that the Cardinal was to have visited Fontbonne on his return trip from Rome and give his blessings to the second praesidium of the Legion of Mary which recently was initiated. Cardinal Glennon had also planned to be a guest writer for the Font.

Rev. John J. Taugher, C.M., Chaplain of Fontbonne, celebrated the Mass and solemn Benediction. Students took their places in chapel for assigned holy hours throughout the day in honor of the memory of Cardinal Glennon who had given his blessings to Fontbonne many times.

In Memoriam

Fontbonne expresses deep sympathy to Rt. Rev. Msgr. Herman P. Cody on the death of his mother, Mrs. Mary Cody.

On The Side

● The results of the recent Font survey are indicative (see page 2 for graph). People do not read the Font—and we aren't being naive because we know of one reader who hasn't seen the last two issues of the Font. However, the staff is grateful for the criticisms the paper received. Some of the criticism was constructive, some destructive; nevertheless, we thank you.

It was of singular interest, we think, to discover that an even 33-1/3% of those who took part in the survey do not read the editorials; that a majority voted SPECKS their favorite feature; that school news rated but one vote as a favorite. We suppose that these reasons are behind the results:

1. Editorials are not read either because of the habit of not reading the editorial page in the daily papers or because "I don't like the word 'editorial'." 2. SPECKS is read with the breathless hope of "Maybe I'm in SPECKS this time!" 3. School news, when finally read, may sound flat after reading the chatter columns.

We idly wonder what the student reaction would be to an "ideal" Font—five columns of SPECKS on the first page, the same of fashions on the second page, two or three featured interviews, a SHAVING or two, and two-thirds of an editorial. Maybe a staff artist could whip up a comic strip. What do you think?

Here's one you can add to your collection of anecdotes about the unquenchable Irish. The father of one of the most Irish girls at Fontbonne is well known for his Irish leanings. As he was bartering blarney with some of his Irish cronies, someone—probably a south St. Louisan—asked him, "Remember that fellow we saw last night—the one with the crutches?" "Sure 'n I do," replied Pat. "Know how he got that way?" "Sure 'n I don't," replied Pat. "Bit by a snake in Ireland!" was the pithy retort.

16 Eligible For Honor Societies

Sister Joseph Aloysius, dean, has announced the following sixteen students to be eligible for membership in the Kappa Gamma Pi and Delta Epsilon Sigma honor societies: Jeanne Bona, Jane Buford, Jane Buri, Patricia Chandler, Margaret Deck, Patricia Donley, Rita Rose Johans, Marie Antoinette O'Kane, Joan Petrequin, Monica Roach, Mary Lee Rodegast, Marguerite Sabedell, Rosaline Salome, Marilyn Steuterman, Kathryn Temm, and Catherine Weidle.

Recommendations for election to Kappa Gamma Pi are made by the college faculty on the basis of character, scholarship, and leadership. Membership is restricted to ten per cent of each graduating class. Membership in Delta Epsilon Sigma is open to those who give definite promise of realizing the highest ideals of the Catholic philosophy of living.

Hannefin, Kingston Edit April Font

The April issue of the Font will be edited by the freshmen class. The Font staff announces the appointment of Patricia Hannefin and Margaret Ann Kingston as co-editors, and they will select their staff from members of their class.

The Font

Vol. XXI St. Louis, Mo., March 18, 1946 No. 6

Dr. Clemens Elected Head Of Catholic Sociologists

Dr. A. H. Clemens, head of the departments of sociology and economics at Fontbonne, was elected president of the American Catholic Sociological Society at the annual convention of the society, held March 1 and 2 at Cleveland, Ohio. The post is among the highest honors in the field of sociology.

At the convention Dr. Clemens discussed "Educational Progress for Family Reconstruction" before a group of nationally recognized sociologists. Dr. Clemens' paper was one of many on various phases of sociology.

For two years, Dr. Clemens has been on the editorial staff of the "American Sociological Review," a periodical published by the society. He is also president of the Te Deum, a group of laymen whose aim is to spread



DR. A. H. CLEMENS

the Catholic viewpoint on social problems. Dr. Clemens was active on the War Labor Board in St. Louis from 1943-45.

Giddyap--Fontbonne Rides Again!

By MARY SPECKART

When the ringmaster sounds the call for the first time in the 1946 Fontbonne Horse Show, nine college riders in the advanced equitation class will take to the rail at a trot. Showing in this class, which should afford some of the keenest competition of the show are Anne Beasley, Bebe Kelly, Dorothy Kelly, Mary McCalpin, Mary Jeanne Reedy, Shirley Sappington, Mary Lou Streit, Mary Speckart and June Wilkerson.

This year will be the last time Anne Beasley and June Wilkerson will wear the yellow and white of college riders. Both are veterans of four Fontbonne shows and have fine records. Anne did her preliminary riding at Normandy High School where she won a blue ribbon for equitation and has also won a first and fourth in advanced equitation at Fontbonne as well as a fourth in the Championship class. June placed first in the Novice class in the 1944 show after taking a prize the year before in her beginner class.

In the past two years Dorothy and Bebe Kelly have developed into two of the finest equitation riders in St. Louis. They have quite a collection of trophies and ribbons which includes five firsts, five seconds, three thirds, and five fifths, and are looking forward to adding a few more to the ever growing pile. SHIRLEY'S SIXTH TIME

For the sixth time Shirley Sappington will appear in a show ring. After the beautiful showing Shirley made last year, much is expected of her. Her trophies include a first in the novice class for the 1945 show. With four in the class the

Sister Martha's Jubilee Tomorrow

The staff of the Font extends congratulations to Sister M. Martha Scott, who will celebrate her Silver Jubilee as a member of the Sister of St. Joseph of Carondelet, tomorrow, the feast of St. Joseph.

Sister Martha has been a member of the Fontbonne faculty for the past 11 years. Born in Kansas City, Mo., Sister was graduated from Fontbonne College and the State Agricultural College of Kansas at Manhattan. She also spent several summers at the University of Minnesota. Before coming to Fontbonne Sister Martha taught at Our Lady of Lourdes School and St. Joseph's Academy.

Miss Theresa Carmody served as hostess at an anniversary dinner given in honor of the silver jubilarian Thursday, March 14, in the Home Economics dining room. The meal was prepared and served by the meal planning class. The guests included Mother Erenice, Sister Joseph Aloysius, Sister Bertha Joseph, Sister Victor, Sister Rose Genevieve, and Sister Madeline.

An open house followed between three and six o'clock in the Science Building. At Miss Carmody's invitation, former students spent the afternoon with Sister Martha and talked 1 times.

Sister Alfred Will Attend Meeting

Sister Alfred, head of the psychology department at Fontbonne College, will represent the college at the Midwestern Psychological Association convention which will be held at Kiel Auditorium March 28, 30.

Sister will also attend a meeting of the Society for Research in Child Development on March 29, at Kiel Auditorium.

Thelma Munkres, Mary Catherine Schweers, Rosemary Seidmayr, Virginia Rose Skarha, Jane Sly, Jacqueline Smith, Mildred Strathman, and Mary Lou Turnquist.

For the first time in the history of Fontbonne horse shows, a beginner jumping class open only to college riders, is included in the program. Helen Abt, Marjorie O'Keefe, Nancy Ostermeier, Mary Speckart and June Wilkerson are the pioneers responsible for this class.

Once again a sister and brother class will be featured. The event brings the Kelly family out in full force. Bebe and Jane have formed one two-some and Dorothy is paired with ten-year-old Pat who is out to prove that the girls aren't the only ones in the family who can ride. Shirley Sappington and her sister Marilyn, June and Jackie Wilkerson, and Helen and Mary Speckart will be in there to see that the show goes on.



THESE ARE FONTBONNE'S GALLOPING GIRLS.

SPECKS

THE FROM came and went. It was a big success and we don't want to forget the prom of '46 so we hope that the Japs haven't taken the souvenirs in order to commit mass "hara-kiri." We think the award for good sportsmanship ought to go to Fatsy Wolf, for being such a good magician's stooge. The prom proved fruitful to a lot of girls, didn't it, Stormy? We have seen that you and Bauer are "storming" along the avenue to —? well, anyway, you seem to be going places.

It appears that spring has really come to Fontbonne. Out on the campus, we find the Jolly Eight roasting hotdogs and eating olives. The Jolly Eight seems to be getting quite a "rep" around school for their frolic times, eh, M. C. Kelly?

Spring has invaded the field of music, too. From Fine Arts, we hear, "Spring, sweet spring, listen to the birds sing." And listen to Anne Clemens sing about handsome Hansett.

Speaking of the Fine Arts, Delta Phi, under the able direction of Maggie Shelton, is producing maniacs who go on raving about surrealism, surrealism. Any time you may see young artists in the halls with their hands and arms covered with a horrid red paint. And it is not blood.

This writer would like to introduce the entire school to one of the most striking personalities, namely, Hoche-Macary Ryan. If you haven't already met her by this appellation, speak up and introduce yourself.

Sophomore 8:30 humanities has been wondering about the sounds coming from German D, next door. Well, the mystery has been solved. It seems that the Metropolitan Opera has offered the entire class positions in the singing chorus during the next performance of a German opera. Ach ya, yet!

NEW YORK and California seem awfully far away. Doris MacWilliams. Is Joe running a cross-country marathon?

Confidentially, girls, don't you think that the Anna-Banana Dreifke circle is expanding? I guess that's what cute brothers do for their sisters.

Say, Willie Williamson, don't tell us your bridge is slipping. The old den wouldn't be the same without that freshman bridge club, including Stella's over-the-shoulder advice.

WILL YOU EVER FORGET HOW STEU BLEW OUT THE ELECTRIC LIGHT IN THE PLAY... OR LOUISE POPE'S REMARK IN ART CLASS, "I NEED MORE DIRECTION THAN SHAPE."

Seen on opening night of our Little Theater was Red, our dinky driver—that's real school spirit, Red.

UNSUNG HEROES of the play—Mari Kingston for her realistic sound effects... "Sap" for the expert lighting... Louise Pope helping out wherever she could... Harriet Koutsoumpas for the props.

Anyone notice that far-away look in Mary McChaplin's eyes lately? It couldn't be the calculus, must be the gentlemen from Notre Dame.

Business law class, talking about warranties: Professor: If I sell you a typewriter for \$13.00 and tell you that in three months time the typewriter will pay for itself—would that be a warranty? Terry Chandler: No, because figuratively speaking, a type-

Music Festival Begins April 4

Fontbonne will hold its seventh annual Music Festival on April 4, 5, and 6. On April 4, the elementary school pianists will be judged; April 5, high school pianists; April 6 vocal and instrumental soloists.

Winners in certain fields will participate in a final performance to be given for the public during National Music Week in May.

The purpose of the festival is to promote good music. Both quality and performance of the composition will be considered by the judges in making the decisions of those who will perform in the final concert.

The judges will be: Mary Ruth Jesse, piano judge; Mrs. D. E. Hussong, vocal soloist judge; Alfred Hicks, English horn soloist with the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra, instrumental judge; Birdie Hilt, choral judge.

Solo winners will broadcast over station WEW in an hour's broadcast.

On an average of twice a month the students of the music department play over KMOX from 8:30 to 8:45 on Sunday morning.

writer can't pay for itself.

Mary Tuschmidt had her feelings hurt. After all, she takes exercises at the St. Louis University gym every Monday night too, and no one put her picture in the paper.

SAMMY KAYES "I'm a Big Girl Now" is taking the town by storm—at least the "big girls" like it; right, Maisie?

Specks extends best wishes to Gloria Pfeiffer and Jim Wortman, Mary Ann Monahan and Jack Dann who recently announced the glad tidings. Mary Ann and Gloria have joined Scottie in her "getting ready" shopping tips.

NOT TO BE OUTDONE BY THE UPPER CLASSES, HELEN MAENDER IS ALSO WEARING A DIAMOND ON THE LEFT HAND, FELICITATIONS, HELEN.

"Murphy" created quite a sensation when she walked into the den with 10-month-old little Vince. The baby either didn't like the company or just decided that his lungs needed exercising.

Meet Mr. Kelly - - -

The Man Behind Those Shining Knights Of Columbus Ads Has Brought 1200 Converts Into The Church

By FRANCES HOFFMAN

Some two years ago a new and different type of advertising appeared in the St. Louis Sunday papers. It was new and different because it "advertised" God, and the man behind it all was Charles F. Kelly, Jr.

Mr. Kelly is one of the executives of Kelly, Zahndt and Kelly, Inc., a St. Louis advertising agency, and being essentially a Catholic and an advertising man, he was just the man for the job. He had joined the Knights of Columbus three years before he devised his advertising scheme.

"There's an interesting story behind my 'baby,'" Mr. Kelly said in speaking about his ads. "It all started when I began to notice the radio programs broadcast by other religious denominations and wondered why Catholics couldn't have something like that. Of course we had our Catholic Hour, but that was only once a week and we wanted something on a larger scale.

"After looking into this," he continued, "we found that radio was more than we could afford, so we turned to advertising in the newspapers. We found that we could reach more people that way, because few persons other than Catholics would tune in on a Catholic radio program, whereas the newspaper is a better means of reaching a varied group."

23,270 INQUIRIES "Reaching a varied group" is exactly what Mr. Kelly did. The ads appeared in 16 Missouri papers and in Indiana, Tennessee and Illinois newspapers. Since June 18, 1944 when the first ad was published, the Religious Information Bureau has received 23,270 inquiries for pamphlets. Mr. Kelly, incidentally, reads through literally hundreds of pamphlets and selects those which are mailed in reply to inquiries.

"We've received mail from every state except Delaware, Nevada and West Virginia," said Mr. Kelly, "and more than 90% of the inquiries come from non-Catholics. As far as the results go, 400 non-Catholics have taken instructions to become Catholics."



CHARLES F. KELLY, JR.

At 2 a. m., left his office and went to first Friday Mass the same morning.

Mr. Kelly's interest in Catholic journalism stems from his childhood. About 30 years ago, his father, Charles F. Kelly, Sr., edited and published "The Catholic Home Journal" and printed it in his own shop. It was in his father's shop that he got his boot-training and his thorough knowledge of printing.

PERSONALLY RESPONSIBLE

Mr. Kelly, who is personally responsible for the conversion of 1,200 non-Catholics to the Catholic faith, is modest about his accomplishments. In fact, he probably hasn't thought that he was personally responsible for what amounts to missionary work in the field of conversion. He is a short, wiry man, quick of movement, and he talks at a terrific rate of speed. Behind his desk, he sits and looks relaxed for hours on end, but this relaxed appearance does not mean lack of activity. Rather it is the absence of tenseness which enables him to work for long periods without slowing down. Working 12 or 14 hours per day is nothing out of the ordinary to him. He finished writing copy on the Spanish ad

at 2 a. m., left his office and went to first Friday Mass the same morning.

Mr. Kelly's psychology behind advertising Catholicism is theoretically simple and practically sound. "The Catholic position is widely misunderstood. So all we do is take a single point—baptism, faith, etc.—and develop it. If you've got a story to tell, the best way to tell it is in an advertisement."

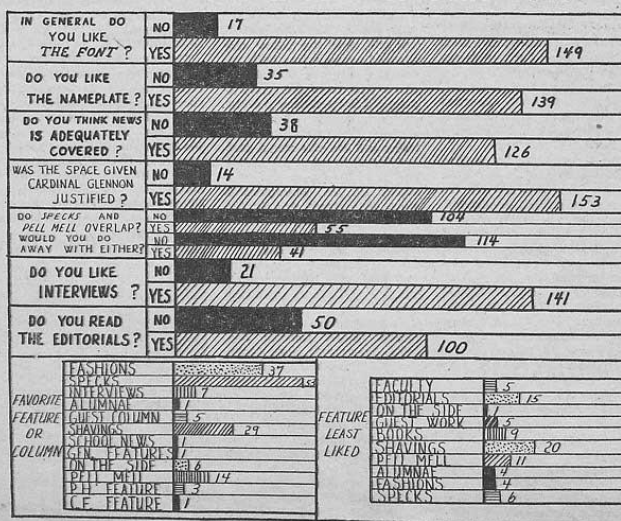
LUTHERAN OPPOSITION

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Two of Mr. Kelly's daughters, Dorothy and Bebe, are here at Fontbonne.

The girls are enthusiastic riders and their father smiled indulgently when he told of how he is being talked into buying a horse for each daughter.

CHART SHOWS RESULT OF 'FONT' POLL



Font Proves 'Best By Test'

The Font held an intercollegiate press exhibit March 4, 5 and 6, in the press room. The student body was asked to compare the layout, makeup, pictures and typography of the Font with 25 different college papers throughout the country.

Among the colleges whose papers were exhibited were: Maryville College, St. Louis University, Webster College, Marymount College (Kansas), McMurry College, St. Mary's College, Villanova College, Carroll College, St. Catherine's College, University of Wisconsin, Georgetown Visitation College, Notre Dame College, St. Mary-of-the-Woods, Clark College, Our Lady of Cincinnati College, Incarnate Word College, Mount St. Joseph College, Roosevelt College, Missouri University, Mount St. Scholastica, Canisius College, Marymount College (New York), Lindenwood College, Georgetown University, and Stevens College.

The Font meets the requirements of a modern school paper as defined by the Scholastic Editor.

By **SIDONIA MICHELSON**
Font Fashion Editor

A treasured pure silk, a white background printed with all the colors of the season . . . primrose yellow, light delphinium blue, leaf green, the brilliant pink of petunias. The dress is made with small puffed sleeves, and a rolled collar tied with petunia pink velvet . . . A clear print in lime green and peppermint pink . . . other square. The dress is high necked and short-sleeved, and there's a three-cornered kerchief to toss round your shoulders or wear on your head . . . A garden print, soft with lush colors. The top is smooth and simple; the skirt is decked with big bows on either hip . . . A black and white print, with wide black taffeta set in to form a vestee, tied on to form a bow . . . A soft little print with a patent leather belt . . . in yellow, black, and white with a pen-and-ink look . . . An Indian print, the sand paintings of the Navajo Indians . . . up on a sea dragon print with a solid top in silk crepe . . . Print of prints, the blue and white with the red, white, and blue cocarde, fresh and growing, and exactly what to wear . . .

ribbons of black velvet—one at your waist, one at your neck, one tied in your hair. And fresh prints look still fresher with spick-and-span white gloves. Buy lots of them and keep them laundered. One wearing at a time is all you can get, even if you keep them in your purse.

The blacks of spring . . .

Black faille: a trim little suit of jet black faille and rhinestone buttons. Black moire: a dinner suit with a long full tunic on the fitted jacket and a world of elegance. Black taffeta: the spring's best basic dress . . . the clean crisp black that makes spring what you make it. Black shantung: a new dress with a wide shawl collar set in from the shoulder to hem and held in at the waist by a patent leather belt. Yoked black: a short dress of black net with a black lace yoke around the shoulders, and a black satin shoestring tied at the neck.

Aside from the devastating effect of prints and blacks, muted tones are sheer dynamite. Beiges and gold have a radiance all their own. They are the best combination of color. The dress to end all dresses is a pale blue crepe with cannelé sleeves.

full skirt pulled in at the waist with a tie belt of the same material. Embroidered on the blouse and skirt in electric blue silk thread are two huge flowers.

The blouse department is a better than ever before. Blouses are so terrific that you simply won't have the heart to bury them under a suit. Or if you do, you'll be taking the jacket off constantly. Tina Leser's tribute to spring—a hand-painted affair on white crepe is lush . . . A short-sleeved black silk shirt ties at the neck and is aglow with burning cigarettes embroidered on the front . . . A history of hats is the motif for another blouse. Chapeaux worn in the '90's, '20's and so on are in print . . . There's a horse racing blouse that'll make anyone sit up and take notice. Tickets are in the color of the main track, and the colors of the minor tracks are shocking, but beautiful.

In a nutshell: what the spring clothes are striving for is

clothes are striving for is a more feminine you. You went through the war looking fit and well put together. Not that you won't look that way this spring. But there is something more present. That little extra something. The dresses are definitely romantic. The outlook is pretty.



NANCY BYRNE anticipates spring in a blue and white checkerboard square jacket. The skirt is slim and straight with an inverted pleat in front. Buy it at Boyd's.

Three down and five to go—and as we all know we lost those games with pretty bad scores . . . 24-13, Maryville, 23-7, Webster, 23-15, Lindenwood, and Maryville again, 29-13 . . . but are we discouraged never!

We really have the material on our team, as was seen by some of the amazing shots sunk by O'Malley, Reedy, and that left handed long shot by Newman in the Lindenwood game—as well as some very effective passing by Speck. We're not asking for much, but I will admit we were at a disadvantage in not playing on our home court, in not having all our players available at every game, and a very meager crowd to give some much needed encouragement to our Big Six—when they're out there giving their all for the school. If you won't let us—at the big Webster game, then we'll have to make an enrollment of almost 300 people, a not too good ratio out of . . . 300 that is. What's wrong with all of you, too many dates?

Along the mermaidish line, we had the swimming meet at Washington University on March 7... and three of our Fontbonners took prominent placing in the meet. In the back

stroke, Jane Nolan placed second; in the breast stroke Sis Schweers placed fourth; in the crawl Jane Tracy placed fourth, and in the medley, our three stars, Nolan, Tracy, and Schweers, placed second . . . plenty good averages, don't you agree?

P.S.—Congrats to the Juniors, for the turnouts at the game, and onions to the Freshmen, for no attendance at the games . . .

The biology department has announced the arrival of additional equipment and books. A blood typing kit for determining blood type, and two new Spenser microscopes with triple nosepieces and oil immersion objectives have been added to the physiology and bacteriology equipment.

The physiology classes will continue experiments with an electric kymograph that replaces the clock-wound type for making picture records of heart-beat muscle contraction and breathing. This machine, timing the action automatically, requires no tuning fork or other timing apparatus.

The Missouri Academy of Science, college section, meets this year on April 13, at Lindenwood College. The schools participating are Fontbonne, Maryville, Webster, Rolla School of Mines, Harris Teachers' College, and Lindenwood. Chairman of the group is Shirley Simpson, of Maryville; vice-chairman, Don Albaugh, and secretary is Mary Speckart of Fontbonne.

The biology and chemistry departments are taking an active part in the program. Jeanne Bona, under the direction of Sister Rose Agnes, is preparing a paper on the Rh factor in blood, for which she is drawing both from classroom knowledge and her own experience as a hospital technician. The chemistry department is being represented by Rose McNamee. Her work, which is being supervised by Sister Catherine de Ricci, consists of an extensive piece of research with the vitamins, chiefly C and A.

All the members of the science department, as well as anyone else who is interested, are invited to attend the meeting.

The next meeting of the inter-collegiate classical club will be held at Fontbonne March 24. Members of the classical departments of Maryville, Webster, and St. Louis University will be present.

Talks at the meeting by the students will revolve about Seneca's life and family. Jane Nolan, speaker representing Fontbonne, will talk on "Seneca's Philosopher Son, L. Annaeus the Younger."

Father Peyton, stricken with tuberculosis while studying for the priesthood, promised the Blessed Virgin that if he would live to be ordained, he would spread devotion to her through the rosary. In recent years he has had a weekly broadcast with the students of St. Rose's College, in Albany, N. Y. He is now on tour, lecturing at Catholic colleges throughout the country.

Increase in the membership in the Legion of Mary necessitated the opening of a second praeidium, placed under the title of Mother of Good Counsel. The weekly meetings, according to Sister Rose Genevieve, the new spiritual directress, are scheduled for 4:15, on Tuesdays.

The following officers have been appointed: Mary Lee Rodegast, president; Margaret Springman, vice-president; Lorraine Camper, secretary; Mary Elizabeth Schneider, treasurer.

Miss Gwynette C. Willis, director of physical education at Fontbonne, will serve on the entertainment and hospitality committee at the national convention of physical education directors, April 10, 11, 12 and 13, at Hotel Jefferson.

March 19—St. Joseph's Day—
Holiday.
March 21 — Father Peyton,
C. S. C.

March 22 — Fontbonne at Washington; Mid - Semester grades due in Dean's Office.

March 29—Webster at Fontbonne

April 1 — Marilyn Steuter-
man's Dramatic Art Recital.

April 2—Father Cronin.
April 5 & 6—Musical Festival.

Piano Entries.

April 5 & 6. Home Show.

April 13—Missouri Academy

April 15—Monday—Compre-

hensive exams from 8:30 to 11:30.

April 17—Easter recess begins after last class April 17. Return

Going over the jumps April 5-6, will be Mary Speckart, Nancy Ostermeier, Margie O'Keefe, Helen Abt, June Wilkerson.

HE'S JUST AWAY

The whole world is grieved by the sudden death of John Cardinal Glennon. Statesmen and religious throughout the world have thought it fitting that they should comment on the passing of so great a man. St. Louisans especially feel their loss very keenly. Among us he was more than what the world acclaims him—he was ours.

For more than 50 years Archbishop Glennon labored in God's vineyard. The St. Louis Cathedral stands as a monument of his work. He has given our city high schools, nursing homes, hospitals, and orphanages.

The Cardinal had always said that when he died his soul would pass through Ireland on its way to heaven. He wished it so. His wish was granted in a more splendid way than he could have imagined.

Death can separate the soul from the body but it cannot separate the spirit of the man from the world. To us, especially those of us who knew him personally, he will never be dead. He's just away. His humble manner, his dignity, wit, and statesmanship will not soon be forgotten. For his was an ideal life. Ideals do not perish.

Assembly Cards?

This is not an editorial. This is merely a digression from our daily run of thought, but it is a subject upon which we could easily editorialize. It is also a subject which stands out like a sore thumb, and almost as trite as that last phrase we just used.

We were thinking that the presence—absence is the word we really want—of Fontbonne students and backers at basketball games is appalling. We were wishing that there were some other way to say it, but "lack of school spirit" is the only way. And lack of school spirit it is. What other words express the fact that out of an enrollment of 300, a consistent handful of 40 or 50 cheerers give our team the needed encouragement. It takes more than six girls to win a basketball game! It takes more than daily practice; it takes more than plans of shooting, passing and guarding. And certainly, a few lukewarm Yipes' aren't going to soar the score.

What it really takes is spirit—a spirit of determination from the rail-warriors to see the team through to a smashing victory or even a smashing defeat. It takes a pride in Fontbonne and standing by whatever Fontbonne does.

Every Tuesday, 300 Fontbonne voices chime in together, "Oh Fontbonne, we love you." And every Tuesday, 300 students turn in assembly cards. We were wondering how those 300 voices would sound at half time singing "Oh Fontbonne, etc.," and how 300 students would agree in turning in assembly cards after each game. Maybe an assembly card is the answer. Maybe it's the only solution.

THE FONT

Student Publication of Fontbonne College Published Monthly During the Scholastic Year

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Feature Editor.....Mary Speckart
Fashion Editor.....Sidonia Michelson
Sports Editor.....Mary Lou Long
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Business Manager.....Gloria Pfeiffer
Circulation Manager.....D. J. Robertson
M. J. Murphy
Faculty Adviser.....Marlin L. Duggan

We Didn't Shake Hands, But We Saw Them Smile



CHURCHILL AND TRUMAN IN FULTON

By FRANCES HOFFMAN

It is C-T Day in Fulton, Missouri; it is March 5, 1946, and Winston Churchill and President Harry S. Truman are going to visit this small town of "8,927 friendly people."

There are a few clouds, but the day is generally fair and a balmy breeze fans the bunting which proudly proclaim, "Welcome Churchill," "Welcome Truman," "Welcome Visitors."

Fulton is a small town, but this morning it is fairly bursting out of its seams. Its natives are walking with an unconscious swagger on this brief day of triumph, and regard the visitors with a justifiable air of smugness and "We told you so." It's a great day for street hawkers and souvenir vendors; visitors through their stalls for buttons, pennants and those nightmarish contrivances—the plates, kewpie dolls, asbestos pads, etc. etc.—which go under the name of "historic souvenirs."

TYPICAL TOWN

From where we are standing, on the corner of Court street and Seventh in the heart of the city, we see a typical American town and typical American people. We also see the Kings Row of Henry Bellamann's novel; the quaint old houses—they must have seen at least three generations—with their white latticework on spacious verandas; an occasional hitching-post near the curb of the old brick sidewalks—a hang-over from the horse-and-buggy days; the strikingly modern city hall which seems somewhat out of place in Bellamann's home town; the train station, rather buried behind William Woods College.

Press photographers adjust and readjust their cameras, mothers try in vain to quiet crying babies, teachers run back

and forth to keep their young charges in check (this is a mammoth task as each youngster has a flag and is either jabbing his friends in a neighborly fashion or pugnaciously challenging them to a duel); all in all, nothing is under control and confusion reigns supreme.

MOUNTING TENSION

The tension mounts as the parade turns the corner into Court Street. Missouri State Guardsmen keep the crowds back as a blue clad State highway patrolman on motorcycle leads the parade. M. M. A.'s band swings into the solemn presidential march when the President's car turns the corner of Tenth. We hear a wave of applause as the car passes—the president wearing a dark blue suit is waving and smiling and having a fine time. Churchill, with the inevitable cigar, waves his derby and looks more serious. Behind us somebody mutters, "Doggoned if he don't look just like his pictures!" And he does—in our brief glimpse we see him wearing a black suit with a small black bow tie. He is looking just a bit quizzically at Fulton as if to size up a typical American town. Armored tanks follow Truman and Churchill and then a long line of sleek black limousines.

After the parade turns down Tenth to Westminster College, a huge crowd follows and clusters of townsfolk gather to talk and compare opinions. The excitement has subsided, but we agree with one small boy who could do nothing but just look awed and repeat, "Gee!"

Realm Of Fantasy

By PAT HANNEFIN

I've never seen a fairy,
But I've heard there are such things.
They're sweet, bewitching little sprites
With golden hair and wings.

I've heard they live in Ireland
By the ripples of the Lee,
A blithe and merry playground
In the realm of fantasy.

They say at night the fairies dance
Beneath the sparkling stars,
Where straying strands of moonlight
Spin golden webs of gorse,

And where they dance by daylight
Above the ocean's green,
And the sun preserves their footprints
In sprays of Shamrock sheen.

I want to see the castles
Where the leprechauns abide,
And wander through the ivied walls
With history inside.

I want to see Killarney's lakes
And Cuskenny's green shore,
Where crumbling towers tell their tale
Of days that come no more.

Shavings...

things we have noticed about the campus ... the seniors wearing their keys ... finally ... the song of spring in the air ... the spirit rallied behind the basketball team ... the mid-semester jag ... early snappers for the picture pages of the fontbonne ... that lean-lenten look ... things we would like to see ... a rosary a day in the chapel during lent ... a victorious team ... a bigger font ... a semi-annual publication of the best of jawny fontbonne ... a shrine to st. Joseph on the southwest campus ... things we think about ... it is only a small world when it comes to people ... and color ... and race ... and love ... that makes the world a barren desert like the poets say ... there is in europe still hunger ... still cold ... still displaced people ... there is in america still complacency ... still size and bulk ... still utter individual disregard for the welfare of the people of the world ... there is in the world still the threat of communism ... how much longer for us until it will be a reality and no longer a threat ... but life goes on nevertheless ... college is important now ... in all its aspects ... the boys are home ... everybody is happy again ... the easter bunny is coming ... and what a nice long vacation he is giving us ... the results of the recent poll conducted by the font gave remarkable insight into current college mentality ... now the staff knows what the people want is precisely what does not go into making a newspaper a newspaper in the eyes of other newspapers ... or something like that ... maybe it is because we are only shavings ... which is very close to audacious ... but we find ourselves ranked half-and-half ... in good advertising parlance ... it is the blend of the bitter with the sweet ... like the gentle aroma of the strong blends of ... tobacco ... coffee ... and ... well ... other things ... all in all ... it is satisfactory dear readers ... it seems that after a due course of time ... and infinite pain and prayer ... we can at last sit back and relax ... life it seems is no longer a problem for us ... we have aimed for ... and attained ... that middle way ... the half-and-half way ... which is after all the best way.

—Louise Fairchild.

Guest Work

(An introduction to a column by Ed Wilson is really a waste of space. Everyone knows of Ed Wilson—everyone listens to him in his favorite role, master of ceremonies for the M.J.B. show over radio station KWK.)

By ED WILSON

Writing a column for the edification of Fontbonne beauties is definitely a pleasure, but it presents quite a problem too—what to write about. I assume that the classics, the poets, the philosophers, the arts and all else that is uplifting has been discussed ad infinitum, so I've decided to take the column by the horns and write about the subject that is dearest to my heart, namely, the TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS OF A FAT MAN.

First of all, I'm fat ... probably the fattest radio personality in the business with the possible exception of Kate Smith ... Yes, I'm fat, and confidentially it gets a little tiresome. Oh, people try to be nice about it. They think up new phrases to describe my sad state of affairs. Phrases like, "pleasingly plump," "cute," or "just a big overgrown boy." Frankly, in spite of it all, the phrases don't even fool my three young daughters. They know that I'm just plain fat. One of the greatest fallacies surrounding the fat man is that everybody loves him. That is an outright falsehood; to be more specific, a lie. Actually, there are only two or three people who love a fat man, his mother and possibly his wife. All others only tolerate him because you just can't ignore him. If all the world loves a fat man, why does the tall, slim looking guy get all the cuties?

Everyone goes out of their way to make a fat man even more conspicuous. I drop a pencil, somebody else makes a wild dash to pick it up for me. Why? Not because knighthood is still in flower. They want everybody to think that I can't stoop. I eat lunch with friends and immediately the subject of conversation is my appetite. Actually fat people are fairly moderate eaters. It only looks like they eat more than other people. (If you believe that, you'll believe anything).

Well, thanks for the invitation to write in your column and I hope you'll carry the torch for the fat men of America wherever your various paths in life will lead you. Now, pardon me while I dash over to Congress Drug for a triple malted milk.