

How Coeds Barbie And Elf Speak Intimately Or Art Of Modern Letter Writing

By Erma Fiste

Dear Elf: January 7, 1948
Pack away your condolences . . .
Barbara Gordon still lives!

I know, you'd never know it by the way she answers her correspondence, would you? Truly, I have been thinking of you and working like mad to get time to write you of all the excitement that has been going on here on the campus of old USC.

Brace yourself, Erm . . . guess who hit the University by storm last week-end. No, not Truman . . . Lana Turner? No, but you're getting warm. (Miss the third time and I'll be forced to give you a consolation prize of a carton of "Snickers".) Ginny Schultz, our third cronie to the room at Northwestern! I could have dropped dead.

You know the way Ginny does things. I was sitting in the dorm contemplating mass murder for the faculty members that I am exposed to when a voice boomed outside in the hallway. "I'll sink an axe into this door just one more time, and if someone doesn't answer then, I'll go home and never again darken this educational playground!"

Need I say more? Golly, we talked until the house mother threatened to plant a time bomb in my top bureau drawer. Do you wish you could have been here? (You see my originality hasn't mellowed with age) . . . likewise my typing.

Schultz dropped journalism . . . said it got so they even gave you homework in the stuff and if they thought she was going to college to work they were stark, staring mad. When she told me she was a Home Ec major, I nearly lost my upper plate. Ginny and the leavening agents, can't you see it?

How is the University of Dayton faring by you? Are you passing anything this semester or are you doing the same as you always did? Is your job at that infamour department store still a thing of beauty and a joy forever in your poor eyesight? What you get out of work . . . I'll never, really Elf, sometimes you act like a peasant.

And what of Bill? It's been a coon's age since I've heard anything of him. Is he rehabilltated yet, or does he still order you around like you were a Buck P-V-T? I guess I haven't told you I met this perfectly dreamy hunk of masculinity at a Quill meeting the other night. His poetry has a bit of a rank odor, but I still think I could go for him. By the by, I'm sending you a copy of our campus classics under separate cover. (Pipe that secretarial term, would you?)

My parents came up to see me from Carmel about three weeks ago. Mother must have thought we were on a bread and water diet. She looked like the southern branch of Krogers Incorporated driving up. She sure gave me a surprise. Well, you know she went into a three-hour coma when she saw my room . . . yeah, just like I used to keep it when you and I lived together . . . a wet bathing suit in the middle of the floor . . . intimate apparel hanging from the blind string . . . a hat box in the middle of the desk . . . a smoking hot plate . . . need I go on?

Well, Dolly, you are now brought up to date on the Lives and Loves of Barbie Gordon. If you take as long in answering as I did, I'll

strangle you on sight at our next meeting . . . love you madly. are you still taking Spanish?

buenos noches, Senorita,
me escribe pronto!

Send 5 boxtops for the code book
barbie

Dearest Barb: January 15, 1948

Gad, the Gods have at last smiled upon me. It's been so long since you last coughed up a letter I thought you must have run away with a textbook salesman. I can tell by your two-page dissertation that things are muy*gay at dear old USC. (*Muy is a term used by native Spaniards or those Americans speaking the language "fluently" meaning very).

As for your mother's visit . . . it's a good thing she has a sense of humor, an understanding heart, and a strong stomach. Really, Barb . . . watch that cluttered room. There are health laws in California too, you know.

I am still going steady with a Royal Portable and dream of being a humor writer. Who knows in 10 or 20 years I may be able to eat rejection slips. (I'll have to!) Bill is fine. I'm the top kick now. Seriously, he is a second semester freshman at the YMCA college. (If you ask him if he's majoring in handball, he gets furious.) I imagine he'll transfer to Wittenberg college at Springfield, Ohio.)

What do I see in my job at Rike's . . . well more or less about \$38 per week. Of course, it embarrasses me to tears to take it, but the management is so sensitive about having people work without remuneration. It really is interesting, you capitalist you. We are now publishing in addition to the Arkay News, the Soda Set Clicker. It's a four-page monthly thing for Dayton's teenagers. I write a column called "Moss 'N Mold" under the byline of Fungus. Pure gossip, but 'tis really fun. Make an appointment with my secretary if you ever come east; she may be able to work you in. (Yawn).

Good old Schultzy! Sometimes I get so homesick for you two idiots. I re-live those weeks at Northwestern a million times. They didn't make a Dorothy Thompson out of me, but I sure had a lot of fun. Remember the night we broke rules and went swimming in Michigan at 10 p.m.? And when you met "Holly" in the hall you told her we'd been down to the drugstore for hamburgers? You talked just like you always went to the drugstore with a wet bathing suit under a pair of shorts and salt water dripping from you to the floor. I nearly went into hysterics.

I purchased for my parents for Christmas a bedside radio . . . of course, I had to mortgage the house to do it, but what price thoughtfulness. They love it, I know. One night I plugged it in. I thought they sort of suspected what their present was when music started coming out from under my door. I don't own a radio . . . and I don't sound like Amos and Andy. (Well, maybe a little bit like Andy).

This is enough of this madness. Enclosed are the 5 boxtops for the code book . . . the noches sounds familiar, but the rest reads like Spanish.

love,

elf