

THE WAR IN THE BRONX

By MARIAN SCHOMER

PSYCHOLOGISTS say that in ordinary life we use only 25% of our mental capacities. The Waves and the Spars learn to use at least 50%." This is the way the Naval Training School of the Women's Reserve at the Bronx Buildings of Hunter College describes the improved mental activity which naval training brings to the American women who go through its indoctrination.

A tight-packed, concentrated, six weeks' course leaves recruits "amazed at their powers of retention and digestion of facts," in the words of the Public Relations Division. And this combined with a vigorous physical education program turns out women both physically fit and mentally receptive for specialized training to release a man for active duty. That the Hunter College campus in the Bronx should be the scene of this transformation is something for which we students of Hunter are both honored and proud.

Many Hunter girls, in considering joining the Navy or Coast Guard have laughingly remarked. "But we don't *want* to be sent to Hunter!" They probably would not be sent to Hunter, since the School in the Bronx trains only enlisted women, that is non-commissioned personnel, and not officer candidates. College graduates are usually considered for ensignships and are trained at Smith in Northampton, or Mt. Holyoke, Mass. In this instance the prospective ensign starts her four months' officer's training as an Apprentice Seaman, the equivalent of a buck private in the Army, and upon graduation receives her commission. Thus the training through which a Hunter girl accepted by the Navy or Coast Guard Women's Reserve would probably go differs from that offered at the Bronx in location and length. Never-

theless, much of the basic material taught to non-commissioned reserves in the Bronx is similar to that which a Hunter officer candidate at Smith College would learn.

For What Jobs Are They Training?

The Training School at the Bronx is what is known as a "boot school," that is one which offers preliminary indoctrination and classifies students according to the jobs for which they are most suited. Specific training for these classifications (called ratings) is acquired in a specialist's school after graduation from the "boot school." For example, if after completing her course at Hunter she wishes to become a Radio Man, the Apprentice Seaman Wave or Spar goes on to the Navy radio training school at Madison, Wisconsin, to work for the official rating of Radio Man. Other ratings possible are:

Yoeman
(stenographer)
Storekeeper
Baker
Ship's Cook
Parachute Rigger
Aviation Machinist's
Mate
Aviation Metalsmith
Pharmacist's Mate
Photographer's Mate
Aerlographer's Mate
Specialist

All girls at the Hunter campus receive the same training no matter what field they choose to enter. All enter and leave as Apprentice Seamen and work for their ratings at another school. The only two exceptions to this rule are Yoeman who have been stenographers in civilian life, and Bakers and Ship's Cooks who, after working especially well for six weeks in the galley (kitchen) of



Student Hall, may remain at the Station to work for ratings. As in the army, ratings consist of classes, such as Yeoman, 1st class or Storekeeper, 3rd class.

Above all, the primary thing to remember is that for every well trained, physically fit Wave or Spar a fighting man is released for active duty. The Waves and Spars are not an auxiliary to but actually a part of the Navy and Coast Guard. A Spar or Wave who serves her country in this way adds another man to our fighting sea forces, takes over a man-sized job, and receives pay equal to that of Navy and Coast Guard men of her rank.

What Are They Taught?

The Waves' and Spars' program consists of drilling, physical education, and three academic courses: Naval Organization and Administration, Naval Personnel, and Ships and Aircraft, which includes Naval History. Modelled after the indoctrination program given to navy men, it aims at acquainting the women with the mode of life and the customs and traditions of the Navy. As in our college curriculum each course has three classes a week with adequate provision for studying provided. Unlike a college schedule, however, the object of its approach is the

digestion of the most possible material in the least possible time, with little space left for extensive individual research. When a Wave or Spar completes her indoctrination course and looks back upon her studies, she herself is often amazed at the amount of material she has covered and remembered in so short a time. But this is war and speed is the key-word of efficiency.

A Typical Day

The first thing a Wave or Spar hears in the morning is the blast of the Mate of the Deck's whistle and the words, "Hit the deck! Rise and shine!" The deck is the floor, and rise and shine—well, we know what that means. This occurs at the cheerful hour of 6:00 A.M. or thereabouts. Hunter students probably remember grumbling through the dark on a cold blustering winter morning at nine o'clock, so that we can just imagine the delights of our Northern campus at 6:00. But, as the Navy says, being a Wave or a Spar is no picnic. Approximately thirty-five minutes later every recruit is lined up in formation outside her house. The unit of formation is the Company, which consists of from 250 to 300 women. Each girl fits into the military organization of the station by belonging to each of the following units, ar-

ranged according to the number of persons in each:

Brigade, about 6,000
Regiment
Battalion
Company
Platoon

Since all group movement is accomplished by marching in formations based upon these units, it is very important for every woman to know her address, so to speak. A whole company marches to class or mess together; there is never any aimless individual wandering about. Breakfast in Student Hall is staggered to accommodate the eventual 6,000 recruits who will have arrived at the School by the end of March.

The morning program may consist of lectures or drill or both, according to the individual company's schedule. By the end of the day, however, each company will have had three hours of lecture and two hours of drill or gym.

After noon mess, the afternoon may include more classes or drill and some time for study and recreation. Evening mess takes place at from 5:30 to 6:00, depending upon the practicability of the present schedule. As in any institution, the administration is always on the lookout for more efficient arrangements and therefore considers its plans only tentative until put to the test of actual experience.

Especially capable is the staff of instructors, which has been recruited from specialized fields in civilian life. In charge of physical education is Lt. (j.g.) Violet Boynton, formerly associate professor of physical education at Ohio State University. The drill masters, who send the girls through the paces of regular military drill for men, are ten Chief Petty Officers of the Navy.

Exact regulations concerning evening ac-

tivity have not as yet been arranged, but evening programs will probably consist of lectures, movies, or some other forms of entertainment, with curfew at an early hour to facilitate early rising. There will undoubtedly be some provisions made for free time, especially from Saturday afternoon when classes will probably end until Monday morning when they begin again. But from a glance at the typical day of a Wave or Spar it is evident that there is more work than play.

Same Campus, New Uses

Among the landmarks of the College that will remain intact are the names of the buildings (for the present, at least), the tunnels, the classrooms, the gyms, and last but not least, the sunken garden. Even the Navy has not as yet thought of a use for that!

Our infirmary will witness complete physical checkup and the infliction of the famous "shots" our Navy and Army men talk about. In the basement of Davis Hall the lockers will be put to use, as have been the corridors, in which six of New York's leading department stores have set up counters for the fitting and sale of uniforms, which process, by the way, occupies first place upon a new recruit's list of activities. It is in the basement of Davis Hall, therefore, that the entering Spar or Wave sees her uniform for the first time. Although the uniforms of the two reserves are almost identical, both being dark blue and extremely smart looking, the way to tell them apart is by the insignia. The Wave wears a light blue anchor on the lapel and the Spar a shield on the lower part of her sleeve. But whatever the differences, there can be no denying that a woman in the Navy or Coast Guard Reserve is a pretty, trim, and efficient sight. Ask any soldier or sailor, for these men, usually so critical of women's clothes and uniforms in particular,

seem to have given their unanimous approval to the attire of their women team-mates.

Student Hall, once the site of relaxation and meal taking for Hunter students is now the recreation center for our "armed women" and its cafeteria the galley and mess hall which train bakers and cooks and may soon feed some 10,000 mouths, or 30,000 meals a day. As for the living quarters of the Waves and Spars, the apartments in the houses surrounding the college will be occupied by two or three girls to a room and furnished largely from the tables, chairs, and some double-decker beds from the liners "Manhattan" and "America", now used by the Army as troop ships.

On the whole, however, the campus looks pretty much the same: low Gothic buildings, flat open spaces, and slim young trees shivering in time to the Bronx Winter wind. But by Spring, when the green turf of the hockey field vibrates to the marching feet of smartly uniformed young women, and the trees bloom in a brisk military atmosphere, the Hunter College Campus will have finally yielded to the Naval Training School of the Women's Reserve. To Captain William F. Amsden, commander of the new school, and to the thousands of women to train there we students of Hunter College extend our hearty welcome and our hope that you will enjoy your stay at the Bronx as much as we did.

THE AGE OF YOUTH

By CYNTHIA SHARFIN

He sat there in a large, overstuffed chair, his bald head catching the lights, his round face beaming. There was something about that face, a look of contentment, perhaps, that brought such pleasure to the heart of the observer.

I remembered how I had seen him at a dinner I had given. He had come in late, after the meal, but in time for the chatting and smoking session that is an after-dinner tradition.

He entered the living room and hesitated in the doorway for a minute as his small, beady eyes took in the smoke-filled room and the scattered groups. I noticed him standing thus, seemingly debating with himself, and then I observed a sudden look of determination come over his face. When I saw him start slowly and painstakingly toward the large chair in the corner, I immediately hurried over to offer my assistance. He looked up at me, smiled a slow, toothless smile, and accepted my help gratefully, it seemed, as

he leaned heavily upon me. When he finally got settled in the depths of the chair, he looked up at me and grinned appreciatively. But I had to leave then and I did not see him again for a while.

When I returned, I could not see him for a moment since he was surrounded by a group of young women. I stood there, watching him exercise his charms, for he had that simplicity of spirit and joyousness of heart that bring refreshment to those he came in contact with. It was strange to see that, though there was such a vast difference in age, he managed to capture the heart of every young girl in the room.

Just then, I noticed something about his face that made me push my way towards him through the crowd, glancing at my watch as I did so. By the time I got there, his eyes were closed and his head was resting heavily on his chest. So I scooped him up in my arms, made apologies for him, and carried him off to his crib.