

Hunterites Defy Superstition, Attend Playday On Friday 13

Relays, Refreshments, Prizes Win Acclaim Of Participants

More than eighty Hunterites, happily defying superstition, spent the afternoon of Friday, December 13, at the A.A. Playday.

Under the direction of Helen Gillen in the South Gym and Evelyn Snell in the North Gym, eight teams competed in games planned around the theme of "Friday the Thirteenth." They broke mirrors, tried the "luck of the Irish,"

and, far from suffering any ill fortune, ended the day by consuming ice cream and cookies provided by the A.A.

The Athletic Association committee members, dressed in white, with black caps, top hats, and mustachios, explained that to ward off any possible evil, the first game would be based on the ancient superstition of throwing salt over the left shoulder. A burst of laughter was heard as the "grain of salt," a huge ball, was rolled between the long aisles of sitting girls, who were supposed to kick it over their shoulders.

The stunt that caused the most laughter was "The Ladder," in which the blindfolded contestants tried to walk the length of the gym between two chalk lines representing a ladder. As the girls put one foot before the other, their teammates cheered them on, or shouted frantic warnings, laughing all the while.

The "Silverware Race" required almost superhuman skills, for the girls had to walk the relay race with a fork and a spoon balanced on the index finger

of each hand, with no thumbs allowed! But the "Gym Suit Game" made up for all this by its simplicity—the winning team being the one on which the most girls were wearing green gym suits.

The teams were led by eight captains, dressed in white shorts and shirts: Elaine Weinberger headed the Four Leaf Clovers, Pauline Thomas the Broken Mirrors, Ethel Schmidt the Cats, Erica Schmidt the Aces of Spades, Bianca Margulies the Witches, Ann McCready the Dice, Irja Karr the Skulls and Crossbones, and Hertha Fischer the Horseshoes.

While the scores were being totaled, the contestants ate the refreshments and remarked on the unusual Playday. Dr. Brown, who had been watching the games with interest, said that the afternoon had been "just wonderful!"

First place in the games was won by the Four-Leaf Clovers; second place was taken by the Witches; and the Aces of Spades came in third. The happy winning teams were awarded extra helpings of food, a Hunterite's idea of a perfect prize.

Council Chooses Ten Big Sisters

The G.O. Council, at its December 20 meeting elected next term's Big Sisters. From the list of eighteen nominees, Mary Bardasis, Jacqueline Brookes, Helen Gillen, Ruth Herzberg, Lorraine Johns, Jean Lust, Bianca Neilson, Joan Richman, Angelina Scutero and Annette Strobl were chosen for the office, and Janet Neuberger, Lillian Golub, and Helga Rosenmann alternates.

Seniors Entertain Delegates' Children

The Senior class held a reception for the children of the delegates to the United Nations at Roosevelt House on December 19.

Among those who appeared were Grace and Matilde Bustos of Chile, Yvonne Greco of Poland, Gouri Lie, daughter of Trygve Lie, the Secretary-General; Elizabeth Symonds-Taylor of England, Jean Cotillon of France, and Antonio Lozado of Bolivia. Also present were Enrique Bustos, permanent secretary of the Chilean delegation, and Hugo Miranda, a Chilean delegate to the Assembly.

Dr. Brown, Miss Busch, and several members of the faculty also attended.

Sigma Holds Reunion, Welcomes Graduates

Sigma Gamma Pi, Hunter's honor society, held a reunion for graduate and undergraduate members on December 30 at Roosevelt House. About fifty girls came, discussed old times, and enjoyed the plentiful cake, candy, and punch provided.

Newspaper Elects Next Term's Staff

Elections of next term's *What's What* editorial and business staffs have been completed. Hellen Guggenheimer will serve as Editor-in-Chief, with Vera Lorch as Associate Editor. The Feature Editors will be Esther Gordon and Elaine Jackson, and Jeanne Dinsmore will be News Editor. The Business Staff comprises Ruth Kahn, Business Manager; Lillian Golub, Secretary; Joan Meyer, Advertising Manager; and Diane Taylor, Publicity Manager.

The *What's What* staff has accepted the following girls: Cecile Billig, Gertrude de la Osa, Joan Braunstein, Maxine Ehrenreich, Madeleine Flaming, Carol Forscher, Debby Furth, Eva Joseph, Judith Kramer, Rhoda Horowitz, Aimee Jaffee, Barbara Lechtman, Sarah Leff, Margo Lowenstein, Rosalyn Pelepsy, Claire Perone, Irma Robbins, Barbara Samson, Dorothy Walpole, and Frances Weinberg.

What's What wishes to express its thanks to everyone who tried out.

Semi-Annual Quiz Results In Third Hunterite Defeat

The third semi-annual Hunter-Stuyvesant Math Quiz, resulting in the third defeat for Hunter, 32-21, was held December 13. This time the subject of the quiz was extended to include physics as well as mathematics, since it was sponsored by the Math and Physics Clubs of the competing schools.

After welcoming the guests, Natalie Birnbaum, president of the Math Club, turned the program over to Gary Felsenfeld, the chairman of the quiz. Zindel Zucker, a proctor in miniature, then marched in and delivered an envelope reminiscent of Regents, finals, and midterms. This one, however, contained only such questions as "If you take two apples from three apples, what have you got?" Obviously, not one.

The questions failed to confuse Anatole Beck, Jerry Hulka, Donald Newman, and Richard Turyn, Stuyvesant's team. Representing Hunter were Lois Billig, Ruth Nathan, Marion Rottenstein, and June Sachar.

At the half-mark of the contest, the audience was entertained by a discussion of electronics by Hans Mark and Henry Rose, officers of the Physics Society of Stuyvesant. Meanwhile, Hunter students were preparing the food that was to be served after the quiz.

At the end of the question session, Robert Feldman, president of the Stuyvesant Math Society, amused the audience with a talk on "ontology." Among the demonstrations of its practical uses was the tying together of a boy and a girl chosen at random from the audience. Saying that they were not actually tied together, he left them to seek freedom by their own devices. If not more entertaining, at least more exciting, was his feat of removing his vest without first taking off his jacket. With the suggestion that this might be useful in an overheated restaurant (or at Hunter in June), he closed the program.

Hunterites Display Talents To Enthusiastic Audience

Students Play The Great Bard, Dance The Ballet And Kozotsky

To the obvious delight of the audience, Hunter High School talent was on display at the College Auditorium, on December 17. Aspiring Bernhardtts, Pavlovas, and Ponses acted, danced, and sang for more than an hour, and the time seemed to fly.

Debby Miller, G.O. President, introduced the performers, the first two of whom, Wilma Fagen and

Carla Schapiro, played a piano duet arrangement of "Three Blind Mice". Following this, the 7B class sang a German folk song, Constance Jenrich recited an original ballad, and Francine Marcus played the accordion.

Dances of various nationalities then gave Hunterites an opportunity to display their talents. June Weiner began with a French toe dance, and Sylvia Moskowitz, aided by two girls from Christopher Columbus and Music and Arts High Schools as pianist and dance partner, followed with a rhythmic portrayal of Palestinian peasants at such humble tasks as washing and hanging clothes. Joan Frank, in a costume of red, black, and yellow, gave a vivid performance of a modern dance, after which six seniors concluded with the vigorous Russian kozotsky.

Orchestral Interlude

Following an intermission, during which the orchestra played Ippolitov-Ivanov's "Procession of the Sardar," the seventh term dramatic class turned its attention to Shakespeare. Miriam

Sandberg played Juliet to Paula Nichols' Romeo, in the "Balcony Scene" from "Romeo and Juliet". In sharp contrast, the class also presented scenes from "Twelfth Night". Edna Fontek played the female lead, while "male" honors were shared by Rima Wolff, Gloria Lapin, and Frieda Jeffe. Those of the audience who had never read "Twelfth Night" were left in a state of confusion as to the ultimate outcome of the various love affairs, and were advised to read the play for the solution.

As a finale, Irma Robbins and Helen Joehnk sang "Suzy, Little Suzy," from "Hansel and Gretel"; then Mary Besse and Jean Sherry followed with "Brother, Come and Dance With Me," and "I Am the Little Sandman," was sung by Lila Weinstein. The last number, "The Children's Prayer," was sung by the entire Glee Club.

When the show was over, the consensus of opinion, audibly expressed by the girls as they awaited dismissal, was "Let's have another assembly like it—and soon."

Conference Delegates Discuss World Topics

The semi-annual Secondary School Conference, a forum of students, teachers, and public speakers on current world topics, was held December 6 at International House.

The representatives were first addressed by Hillel Black, of Friends' Seminary, who was student chairman for the day. He spoke about the issues to be discussed, and introduced Francis Russell, chief of the Division of Public Liaison of the State Department. Mr. Russell discussed various factors which are aiding or hindering the establishment of world peace.

Mr. Russell had time to answer only a few of the numerous questions addressed to him, but received a hearty response from both students and advisers.

Panel Discussions

The group then separated into different panels to debate four current topics: The Machinery of the Peace, National Policies and the Peace, Public Opinion Shapes the Peace, and Social and Economic Barriers to the Peace. Hunter's representatives, members of the I.R.C., Edith Aaronson, Rhoda Horowitz, Marcia Levenson, Ellen Oppenheimer, Sophie Ruderman, and Gloria Spiegel, discussed the topic Public Opinion Shapes the Peace. After about two hours of debating, the representatives went to lunch and then returned to their respective panels to formulate questions to be asked in the auditorium.

The three guests who answered the questions of the students were Chester Williams, of the Public Liaison Office

7th Term Wins Volleyball Game

The senior class answered the seventh term's challenge to a volleyball game, on December 11 in the South Gym. The challengers won the game by a score of 37 to 21, despite valiant efforts by the senior class team and cheering squad to defeat the unbeaten Seventh.

Senior Day Plaid

The seniors appeared in white blouses, Senior Day plaid bows, and blue shorts. Their team was captained by Carol Johnson and comprised Charlotte Champagne, Malamo Corniotes, Dorothea Detjen, Lois Hambro, Violet Hoss, Roberta Herrman, Elsie Jacobson, Violet Niesler, Doris Palmer, Joyce Ralph, Pearl Shanker, and Paula Weltz.

The seventh termers were clad in white shirts and shorts. The winners, captained by Barbara Richman, were Jacqueline Brookes, Helen Gillen, René Kirsch, Senia Licht, Doris Mager, Alice Newhouse, Carol Rose, Barbara Schron, and Evelyn Snell.

Impatience

The game was imbued with such spirit and excitement that both teams relinquished their "time out" period after the third quarter to continue playing to the finish.

of the American Delegation to the U.N., Grant McClellan, a researcher in British Empire Affairs, and Vernon McKay, a researcher in colonial affairs, the latter two from the Foreign Policy Association.

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Poicy's Back! Nefarious Plots
Hatching In Deserted Spots

by Margo Loewenstein

Poicival, commander-in-chief of the gremlins at Lexington Avenue and Sixty-Eighth Street, rubbed his eyes, sneezed, and then woke up completely from his long hibernation. He slid gaily down the steam pipe and landed with a splash in the nearest ink-well for his morning bath. Ever since the first colony of gremlins had migrated to Hunter back in '85, a member of the Poicival dynasty had always ruled the clan.

Each of the commanders-in-chief of the gremlins had had one specific destructive interest in which he particularly excelled: the first Poicival had dealt largely in disarranging examination papers, the second in jamming the candy machines, and so on. This at least had been the custom until the duties and privileges of ruling had fallen to Poicival VII, justly called the King of All Mischiefs.

"He's a fine boy," said one of his subjects. "There's no telling what he'll take it into his head to do next."

"I just can't wait till tomorrow, when the bells aren't going to ring." "And won't those teachers be mad!"

While these comments were being made by the sages of the community, the honorable Poicy was discussing the affairs of state with Malicious Malcolm, his left-hand man, and Dopey Dumkopf, his under-secretary. "What do you think our project for this term ought to be?" leered Malcolm.

"Let me concentrate" was the awe-inspiring reply of Poicival VII.

"Oh, Poicy," chimed in the indispensable secretary, "I have a list of suggestions from the Central Project Committee. Tee hee, take a look at this one."

He handed his superior a large scroll, on which were enumerated all the possible and legal bad deeds the gremlins could think of which "would further the common interests of that part of the student body of Hunter College High School not desirous of

getting an education." (The above is a quotation from the constitution of the "United Order of Gremlins of Greater New York," Article V, Section 34 1/2.)

After five minutes of heated debate, the "Triple Entente" came to an agreement. That evening all the gremlins gathered in the basement and listened attentively to what Poicy had planned for them.

The first thing on the agenda was to elect a committee to find the key to the "ice-cream trust". Then the little devils not only emptied the automats of their contents, "so that the girls can diet with more ease and be kept out of harm's way", but also shared the spoils with a few mice who had come stag to the party from room 220.

"They caroused around on the tables, switched locks on the lockers, and tied knots in the laces of gym sneakers," remarked one What's What reporter, who is an honorary member of the society.

After they had dutifully thanked Poicy for the wonderful time they had all had, the gremlins returned to their little houses to whisper about the fun and giggle at the thought of what the students would do when they found no candy or ice cream at the lunch counter the next day. When all had left the basement, the Gremlin House Committee cleaned up the candy wrappers and ice cream sticks.

We hope the gremlins' example will be followed in only one respect—keeping Hunter clean, so that in the future the gremlins will have nothing to serve the mice at their parties.

Firemen Study Fundamentals
Of Combatting Flame Hazards

Many a Hunterite, wearied with the subject at hand, has gazed despairingly through the window during class, only to have her curiosity aroused at the sight of a mass of onlookers gathered in front of a large courtyard on Sixty-Eighth Street. If Miss Hunterite had had a chance to investigate further, she would have found that the object of their curiosity was a number of agile student firemen climbing ladders and practicing fire-fighting techniques at the Fireman's Training School.

We, students of academic subjects, have for terms and terms been wondering just what one could learn in Fireman's School, and so at last we ventured onto the grounds, strictly man's territory, and spoke to Captain McGinty. He is the director of the school, which is a part of the Fire College.

We learned that uniformed firemen who have attained that status by passing civil service written exams as well as strict physicals, attend the school for a rigorous sixty-day course. Now one hundred forty-four men attend, half during the morning session, and the rest in the afternoon. School starts with roll call and inspection, and close-order military drill follows. For the remainder of the four-hour school day, the students go to classes in such subjects as Calisthenics, First Aid, Fundamentals of Fire Fighting, Use of Tools and Appliances, and Laying of Hose Lines. Then the men are dismissed to their respective fire houses, where they are on call for regular duty.

Captain McGinty continued, telling us what he considers essential qualities for a good fireman. "It's not

a college degree," he said, "nor bravery, but the ability to withstand fatigue and difficulty and to take the hard knocks." He said, "The public thinks of a fireman as he appears in his glittering bright uniform, but should be aware of the hazardous side of the job as well. The deadly Mr. Carbon Monoxide himself and all his little cousins are the greatest dangers in fire fighting. Smoke poisoning and explosions are other deadly traps," continued Captain McGinty earnestly.

One graphic illustration of modern change in the fire department was pointed out to us. On top of the Sixty-Seventh Street fire house is an odd-shaped structure, formerly an observation tower for discovering fires in the district. Now, however, an efficient system of alarms and receiving stations transmits distress signals so quickly that aid is on the scene within a matter of minutes.

When Captain McGinty discovered that neither of us had ever turned in an alarm, he took us to the box which the students use for practice, and let us lift up the guard and pull down the lever. Then, with the sound of the alarm bell ringing in our ears, and with our curiosity at least partially satisfied, we returned the goodbye salute of Captain McGinty.

That's What

Devotion

A Hunterite's early attempts at the art of the epigram resulted in the following effusion: "My love for you is like prickly heat; rubbing it the wrong way only inflames it more."

Guilty Conscience

A history lesson had reached the rare but pleasant stage of "conversation" about the topic of the day. The teacher called upon a student who wrung her hands in nervousness. Finally, when she was asked for her intended vocation and the reason for her choice, she blurted out, "I'm sorry, I don't know. I didn't do my lesson last night!"

Einsteinianous

When asked to explain why summer days are longer than those in winter, an extremely brilliant student figured out this remarkable deduction based on fifth term physics: "In summer the heat of the sun heats the earth by radiation, and the days expand. In winter it gets cold and they get smaller."

Economic Progress

A sixth term history class, weary of endless assignments in Feier's "Elements of Economics", has changed the interpretation of the Atlantic Charter: the famous document now provides for "freedom from want and freedom from Feier".

As She Sees It

A Hunter Senior delights in speaking about a former junior high school English teacher, who, so constitutionally delicate as to shrink from a certain famous line from "As You Like It," compelled her class to recite "... the infant, mewling and feeling ill in the nurse's arms!"

... Glad New Year

Beware the month of January,
Beware the "glad New Year,"
For a dreadful word,
Can now be heard:
"Finals! They're drawing near!"

Oh! Would I were in Public School —
No cares, no woes, no fears.
My nerves are torn,
My brain is worn,
And I've got four more years!

—MADELINE FLAMING

Biology vs. Mythology

A third term Latin class, criticizing the mythological background of the day's translation, stumped the teacher by asking why Hercules didn't notice the blood Deianera had placed on his white praying robes to test his love. A pupil came to the rescue by suggesting that perhaps Deianera had used only the white corpuscles.

Winter Wonderland

The temperature is twenty-two,
The air smells clean and sweet —
The wind is blowing rather fast
And hats fly in the street.

Oh, I just love these winter days!
So sharp, so brisk, so dry —
And yet I'd trade one anytime
For a hot day in July.

Editor's Mailbox

To the Editor of What's What:

Assemblies are a welcome relaxation from regular school work, and as such are thoroughly enjoyed by students and faculty alike. I do believe, however, that the dignity of the assembly procedure would be increased if the audience knew when the color guard would advance and if in this way a more instantaneous silence were to be substituted for the sweeping hush that now spreads layer-like over the audience.

It seems too much to ask the students to maintain strict silence between the end of the orchestra's processional music and the formal commencement of the assembly. It seems equally unfair, however, to force the leader of the color guard to give fruitless signs to a color guard unwilling to break through the veritable roar filling the hall. Why can't someone on the platform or backstage ring a small, pleasant-sounding bell as a signal for the audience to arise for the flag salute? I am sure this simple method that works so well in theatres and concert halls would prove equally effective here at Hunter.

RHODA RATNER

In Parting...

When we proudly step up to receive our diplomas on February 4, an important chapter in our lives will be closing. We will be leaving behind the fun, the friends, the teachers, the clubs, the politics, and the experiences that combined to make these four years memorable. We know that there will be other fun, other friends, other teachers, other clubs, other politics, and other experiences, but it will never be the same.

From now on we shall have to face ever-increasing competition and responsibility as we go forth from the world of boys and girls into the world of men and women. Instinctively, we fear facing the inevitable ordeal of a strange and demanding future, and long to remain in our comfortable and familiar niche.

But this fear is coupled with confidence, a confidence born of all the things Hunter has given us in our four fleeting years here. We have confidence because we have worked and played together without thinking or inquiring of another's race or religion. We have confidence because we have worked under a democratic student organization that has brought home the value of our entire way of life. We have confidence that the knowledge we have gained has adequately prepared us to meet the world and the future, whatever they may necessitate or involve.

For all these things, we are indebted to the privilege we have had of attending a school we shall always refer to with pride and affection. For every ounce of confidence we have received, we would like to express in return an equal measure of thanks.

U.N., 1947

It is a rather sober New York that is putting out its best welcome mat for the United Nations. The host to travellers, refugees, and soldiers now turns host to the world's diplomats, and is taking the matter seriously.

The U.N. will not be privileged with the concessions hospitality usually allots the guest; the world organization will not find life in New York very easy. Because it is undoubtedly impossible to please all the 7,000,000 New Yorkers all the time, criticism will often be frequent and sharp. In a way, however, such criticism will be constructive, in that by using the reactions of New York's "tempest-tossed" as a gauge, it will be possible to divine what people are thinking all over the world.

New York will remain the address of the U.N., but the world is its home. We pray for wisdom for our legislators, strength of mind for ourselves, and peace in the House of Earth.

Top-Notchers

LOIS BILLIG



Has anyone seen a small blue angora kitten? *Annals* willed him to Lois Billig, Sigma President, so that she could have a perpetual supply of wool for the knitting that she, like Madame Defarge, is never without.

The six Billigs, especially Lois, are very proud of their most recent acquisition, the telephone which arrived two weeks ago. Whenever it rings, the entire family still jumps up to answer it. The doorbell of their home also rings constantly, which, says Lois, makes for a very jingling home life.

Lois has always wanted to travel, and sometime, in the not-too-distant future, she hopes to visit all parts of the United States. However, her immediate plans are to attend a New York City college.

Over-sentimental people and people who are late for appointments are the things she dislikes most; she likes nothing better than to putter around the house in a favorite pair of antiquated slacks. Bike riding (on her younger brother's bicycle), studying Hebrew, reading, ice-skating, and swimming are her favorite pastimes.

Lois believes that Sigma is a necessary organization in a school like Hunter, and that it should be able to spread its work over a larger area and thus receive more prestige and recognition.

Lois' aim is to become a statistician, and you can be sure that, whether Lois is counting stitches or counting numbers, she will always be successful.

EDNA FONTEK



To watch the sun set over the city and see the lights twinkle on, one by one, as night envelops Manhattan is one of the experiences Edna Fontek enjoys most. This piece of information fits in very nicely with the rest

of her "likes", which include the theater, poetry, and Anatole France, candlelight, roses, lace, and Emily Dickinson, foreign restaurants rich with atmosphere, and antiques, particularly silver ones.

People Main Interest

"After four years as a Hunterite, loyal and true"—to quote from the Senior Day Sing—Edna finds that she loves Hunter for its "hecticness", for the friends it has given her, for Sigma, and for French and English classes.

Edna's main interest is in people; perhaps this is why she has so many friends, both in and out of school. An eighteen-year-old poet-artist-composer is among the most valued of them.

Behind The Times

In vain attempts to be methodical, Edna makes schedules of routines to account for every minute of each day. According to her own estimate, Edna is now between six and a half and twelve years behind.

Edna's natural flair for dramatics and her vivid personality are bound to bring about the fulfillment of her ambition, to work in the field of radio.

Skis And Snowballs Woo City Slickers

To the average city dweller, snow sports represent nothing more exciting than a half-hearted snowball battle with the neighborhood "brats" or (if you're lucky enough to live in a hilly neighborhood) a few furtive attempts to belly-whop with the younger set. In fact, to most of us, snow is synonymous with slush. However, if we are to believe novelists, poets, and essayists who sing the praises of soft white snow, it must be true that there are places where more than one inch of it exists, making skiing and sleighing possible.

A white mountain slope with hard-packed trails winding in and out of snow-laden fir trees is particularly inviting to the city dweller. He climbs into one of the bright red cars that make up the ski-mobile and is slowly towed to the top. He gets out, eager to become part of the colorful stream of skiers, so swiftly and gracefully gliding downhill. But wait! There's more to this outdoor business than meets the eye! Our city slicker has no inkling of the spills and bruises which lie in wait for such as he, at every curve and ski-jump. The ski-trail is two miles long; our novice can barely manage to cover two feet of it before his skis run into each other and he wildly waves his poles above his head, as a signal, of course, to the experts behind him that there will soon be a human obstacle in their path. At length, discouragement overcoming his pride, he climbs into a ski-mobile car once more and becomes the only athlete of the hour to be towed slowly downhill.

Toboggan Trouble

Fortunately, however, our hero still has enough sporting blood to try sleigh-riding. He quietly observes activities on another hill for a while, and is astounded at the speed of the toboggans and the number of shrieking riders deposited at every bump and curve in the course. Lamely excusing himself, he wanders at last to a group of youngsters belly-whopping on a gentler slope. Here he joins in the fun, feeling perfectly at ease, for, although he may be the most cosmopolitan of New Yorkers, he too belly-whopped in his younger days.

And so this city dweller enjoys his taste of snow and winter sports, even as you, dear reader, would, if you had the same glorious opportunity.

A Word To The Wise

ABOUT A BOOK

Some authors put a quality of elusive wisdom into their novels. Some have a rare and gentle story telling power. Some have a mastery of sensitive language. Others can create and understand unique characters. Rumer Godden seems to possess and to have blended all of these gifts in her deeply moving book *The River*, the story of four children, their nurse, and a family friend.

The river flowed through Bengal. It was alive. Crocodiles and porpoises swam in it. Hyacinth floated and flowered on it. Ships sailed over it, and on its banks, near a jute-pressing plant, stood the Big House. The house was large, old, and comfortable. The garden was beautiful and exciting. There lived Bogey's insects; there grew Bea's bridal-creeper, the cobra's peepul tree and Harriet's cork tree. And there Harriet composed the poems she later wrote down in the "secret hole" under the staircase.

Harriet was about thirteen. Half of her wanted to grow up; half wanted to remain child. Harriet was often lonely; she was unhappy in waves, or "cracks", as she said. She was growing up "willy-nilly", and found it very difficult. Harriet wanted to know, to fathom, to feel, all with a fierce urgency. She wanted to understand her early resentment and later admiration for Captain John, the crippled war veteran, who could bear unbearable pain, who had strange, wise thoughts, but who sometimes couldn't explain what she wanted to know.

And after it happened all at once, death and grief, birth and happiness, Harriet wondered how the world could go on, with so much war and misery and hurt, so many starved people, and yet so much love in it too.

This is not a long story, but it is more than Harriet's story. It includes timeless and eternal truths; it is simple and believable. It is warm and wise, and of exquisite beauty and delicacy.

—Vera Lorch

ABOUT A MOVIE

Truly beautiful as far as settings and music are concerned is "Till The Clouds Roll By", based on Jerome Kern's life.

Though the story of the movie is supposedly Kern's biography, it overflows with improbable situations and amazing coincidences.

In the picture, Kern acts as narrator, relating the story of his life to his fascinated chauffeur. After the tremendous success of "Showboat", Kern returns to the street where his colleague and associate, James Kessler, lived, and here he tells of his former struggles as an ambitious songwriter.

The technicolor and photographic effects are exquisite, and the costumes and sets exemplify the best of the Hollywood designers' art.

Robert Walker successfully plays the energetic Kern, and Van Heflin turns in a fine performance as his lifelong friend. Lucille Bremer, a newcomer to Hollywood, shows talent in an excellent performance as Kessler's headstrong daughter.

Some of the best performers in Hollywood sing Kern's memorable music. Judy Garland portrays Marilyn Miller singing "Who?" and "Look For The Silver Lining," in beautifully staged numbers.

As a grand finale, seven of these superb songs are presented against an effectively simple backdrop. "The Land Where Songs Go" and "Yesterday" are excellently done by a chorus, while Lena Horne sings "Why Was I Born?"; "Long Ago And Far Away" is enhanced by the bewitching soprano voice of Katherine Grayson; poker-faced Virginia O'Brien mournfully sings "A Fine Romance"; handsome Tony Martin croons "All The Things You Are"; and as a climax Frank Sinatra offers "Old Man River".

Bleak Despair, Total Indifference Mark Bowery's Thanksgiving Day

by Edna Fontek

Because I am susceptible to "interesting" short-cuts, I invariably get lost. This sometimes has its advantages, for it is through accidental trysts that I learn more about the city that I love. New York is more than just a city to me. I have learned to like its unlovable elements, and claim, by right of special exploration and affection, certain parts of it all to myself. Some sections I do not know at all, and I try, on my holidays, to atone for my faithlessness. This Thanksgiving, I determined to find out what the Bowery was like.

Thanksgiving this year was a particularly November-ish day, dull to the eye and sharp to the face. At home the emphasis had been on Thanksgiving, but, as I emerged from the Beekman Street station and walked toward First Street, I felt November more. The street was a place you hear about, accept nonchalantly, and then are amazed to see. Scores of men sat huddled in doorways, men grey with dust and attrition. While some were no more than forty, they all had the lack-lustre eyes that speak of age and inadequacy. With a greed that, somehow, seemed apathetic, they held the fire of their existence to their lips, gulped, wiped their mouths with their sleeves, and drank again. Their cigarettes did not dangle; they rather "peeped out," strong and white, from weak and browned lips.

The men sat. Sometimes someone made a remark, and their laughter, rude and dry, traveled the distance of three doorways and stopped dead. When they sat that way, were they thinking? I would have liked to feel, romantically, that they were thinking of their youth, their mothers, their ambitions, the fresh air; but I could not believe that they were. I felt they weren't thinking at all, just huddling, smoking, hungry for food and thought.

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Dear Diary...

I made a great discovery Saturday: cousins can be helpful even if they're not quite human. This dazzling truth was unwittingly demonstrated to me by Cousin Oscar. Oscar is not on visiting terms with any of his other relatives (mostly because of the oozy, albeit artistic, finger paints he sent his cousins last Christmas), so he spent the day with us, instead of attending a lecture on hydroponics, or semantics, or some such thing.

To tell the truth, I was neither complimented by his choice, nor generally happy, dear Diary. I was having troubles of my own with the general trinomials that were "sure to be on the Regents". With monotonous consistency I kept getting the answer $(x-3y)$ $(y-3x)$, even when there were only r's and s's in the problem, and I realized something was wrong.

When Cousin Oscar arrived, proffering a bottle of guppies with one hand and clasping a heavy leather notebook in the other, dear Diary I almost died. But I made myself horribly pleasant, and tried to keep the conversation alive while my mother un-

stuffed the olives—Oscar doesn't agree with pimentos.

Then, oh diary dearest, I just happened to mention my struggles with the trinomials—the influence of my subconscious, no doubt. Oscar looked up from the bowl of guppies for the first time; the light of battle was in his eye. He sat down on the floor and waved me to a place beside him. Oscar spent the rest of the afternoon explaining all the kinks and knots out of Algebra VII.

To make a long story short, dear Diary, (I'm going out with Ralph tonight...) by six o'clock everything was as clear as the chicken consommé we had for supper. The Regents will be a cinch; Oscar has departed, reluctantly taking the guppies home again; our salads once more look civilized, and—there's the door bell now!

—Carol Rosenfield

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Clubs And Terms

SEVENTH TERM: Senior officers for next term: Vice-President, Senia Licht; Secretary, Renee Kirsch; Treasurer, Beatrice Marchini.

FIFTH TERM: Next term's officers: President, GERALYN HURLEY; Vice-President, Liana de Bona; Secretary, Miriam Kostiner.

FOURTH TERM: G.O. Reps for next term: Marilyn Johnson, Erica Lenz, and Ellen Schleicher.

FRENCH CLUB: Officers for the coming term: President, Rose Reicher-son; Vice-President, Leatrice Auerbach; Secretary-Treasurer, Martha Fontek.

GERMAN CLUB: The German Clubs of Hunter College and Hunter High School participated in a joint party in the College Lounge on Dec. 20.

SOICAL SERVICE CLUB: The members of the club held a Sewing and Knitting Bee on December 11. The club is now working for the Society of Friends and the American Aid to France.

HISTORY DEPARTMENT: Alpha Phi Alpha, honorary social science society of Hunter College, presented to Harriet Krantz the award that is made each term to a student in Hunter High School who is outstanding in social studies.

LATIN DEPARTMENT: A recent addition to the Latin Department is Miss Lauretta Guiltinan, who is taking the place of Miss Florence Kirschner.

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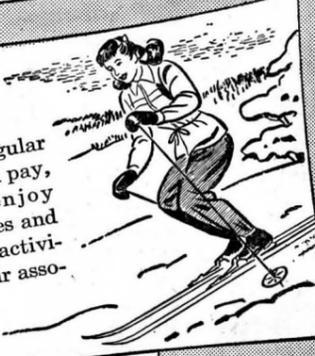
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