

New Playday Campus Style

To the intense jealousy (we hope) of our older sister and neighbor, Hunter College, the A.A. presented its own Campus Rumpus, a variation of the familiar Play Day. Michigan, Columbia, Army, and Notre Dame had feminine representatives (not quite official) battling for the supremacy of their athletic honors. December 5 was the time for decision, and also for fun.

The afternoon got off to a lively start with that perennial favorite on any campus, dodge-ball. College entrance exams were taken next, by means of a relay that combined such diverse matters as running and the alphabet. All participants kept their "Heads in the Clouds" while hitting balloons with their heads and walking, an admirable feat, (pun!) if you can do it. A swift transition from sky to earth was made when team members raced in inch-worm fashion. For the well-balanced student a course of Physics was prescribed—a course, that is, in balancing Physics texts upon slightly overworked heads. And to think they complain about Regents!

Losers All Wet!

A triumphant Army team came through to win, despite the conspicuous absence of such notables as Glenn Davis and Doc Blanchard, and was awarded football pennants. Columbia's last-place members were given consolation prizes, buckets that cheerfully advised, "Go Soak Your Head." But we predict that even the losers will emerge from their buckets next year to participate in another successful Play Day.

Credit for all the fun goes to Madeline Smith and Elaine Jackson, and the Play Day Committee: Yolanda Asterita, Barbara Brotman, Vivian Burke, Betty Fox, Sandra Gaines, Phyllis Girolamo, Leila Hasse, Pat Jackson, Phyllis Lambert, Alice Mulhall, Eleanor Perry, Judy Ross, and Estelle Stern.

"Control Of Radio" Symposium Subject

The central feature of the Hunter High School assembly of December 16, 1947, was a discussion, the topic, "How Far Should Government Control Radio?" The speakers were Ruth Herzberg, Carol Rosenfield, Jeanne Silver, Pearl Sobel, and Joan Geensberg. Ruth discussed various types of radio control: private, government, or private with government supervision. Carol, the second speaker, treated government control of radio, as represented by the British Broadcasting Corporation. Jeanne Silver dealt with free radio as exemplified in the United States, and Pearl Sobel, commenting on radio's public appeal, decried its lack of social responsibility. Joan Geensberg closed the discussion with a suggestion for government research to improve radio standards without usurping the power of private control.

Hellen Guggenheimer, G.O. president, told of the \$432.80 which had been raised at the G.O. project.

Dancing selections from the G.O. Show, "With Pink Frosting" were presented after the school sang, "Funiculi, Funicula".

Mrs. Ralph Dubin, president of the P.T.A., spoke of the next meeting of that organization.

Clubs, Terms Achieve Aims

This term has proved, conclusively, that it is possible to conduct term and club organizations effectively despite the new lunch system.

The fifth term has elected the following girls to serve as their sixth term officers: Evangeline Hooper, president; Rhoda Altman, vice-president; Joyce Lee, secretary; and Diana Taylor, treasurer. Next term's G.O. reps will be Vicki Blass, Eleanor Keith, Yvonne Naum, Charlotte Shalita, and Elaine Wollan.

Lower Senior Leaders

Next term's seventh term officers will be Hertha Striker, president; Erika Schmid, vice-president; and Rhoda Horowitz, secretary.

Recent bulletins from the Biology Club gave evidence of many interesting meetings. Mrs. Sharaga, faculty advisor, gave an interesting talk on the need for sex education on December 3; Dr. Tyler of the Polyclinic spoke, about venereal diseases on December 10; and the whole club took part in a discussion on ethics or behavior.

During the winter vacation the Literary Club went to a performance of *Medea*. The Journalism Club held a party in the Council Room on January 15 at which the girls discussed reviews they had written on *Gentleman's Agreement*.

The Physics Club informed us of the term's doings which included a visit to the Hayden Planetarium, an excursion to the Bulova School of Watchmaking, a student lecture on magic, and an illustrated lecture on astronomy.

Harlan and Hooper

Harlan Stone, alias Jughead, of the *Archie Andrews Show*, visited Hunter's recently formed Radio Club. To an audience of 100 girls he explained his various activities on the air. Carol Nussbaum, one of the club member's, wrote a skit in which he appeared. The club also conducted a Hunter Hooper rating. Henry Morgan was voted the best comedian and Bing Crosby, the best crooner; *Suspense* was selected as the favorite mystery show, and *Lux Theater* and *Break the Bank* topped in the dramatic and quiz fields.

Hunter's Neighborhood Teems With Activity To Interest All

Several blocks down Lexington Avenue in the Lighthouse at 111 East 59 Street, the New York Association for the Blind welcomes visitors. There one may see a Braille Printing Press, the Nursery and Music Schools for the Blind, and the Craft Shop.

Moments Musicale

On the next block, at 121 E. 58 St., the New York Public Library, offers a unique collection for public use. More than 5000 records have been amassed at The Music Library. Special sound-proof rooms are available, at advance reservation, and earphones may be used at any time. Tell the librarian your selections, and wait your turn. While waiting, take advantage of the great number of books specializing in music and dance. Incidentally, in the lobby of this and other libraries, are posted calendars of current special events in the city.

Schachter, Commins, New G.O. Leaders Jackson Reelected As A.A. President

Hunter's G.O. members have elected their leaders for the coming term: Ruth Schachter, President; Frances Commins, Vice-President; Margaret Adlersberg, Treasurer; and Debby Furth, Secretary. A.A. officers have also been chosen; they are: Elaine Jackson, President; Irja Karr, Vice-President; and Alice Mulhall, Secretary-Treasurer. The elections were held on Tuesday, January 13, immediately after the Stump Speaking Assembly, at which the various candidates gave their qualifications and platforms.

Young Reviewers' Broadcast Analyzes Nile-Queen Tragedy

WMCA, "first on your dial," sponsors an especially interesting and lively program on Saturday mornings. Its "Young Book Reviewers" is dedicated to today's teen-agers' varied literary interests and demands. The performers, a changing group of avid high-school-age readers, do not rehearse their discussion or questions beforehand.

but, on the contrary, even save "punch lines" and debateable comments for "on the air" time. The listening audience and the associate reviewers, relishing a "fresh" argument, enjoy the spontaneous banter all the more. The teen-agers themselves prepare the program material; they suggest books which they consider valuable-reading material for their age; then they gather to censure and commend. Invited each week is a special (adult) guest, who has a singular interest and knowledge of the particular book up for discussion. Guthrie McClintic, the producer of the Broadway production of the most recently revived Shakespearean play, *Antony and Cleopatra*, and, incidentally, the husband of Katharine Cornell, its star performer, was the invited guest on Saturday, January 3.

The Reviewers met several minutes earlier than actual air time with Miss Margaret Scoggin, permanent chairman, for the purpose of acquainting themselves with the program's aims and format. These were the only directions: "Marion, you may call the meeting to order, and then, Howard, I shall ask you for a brief outline of the play. Marlene, how would you like to sum up the pro's and cons?" Almost immediately one brave reviewer ventured that *Antony and Cleopatra*, with its tale of tragic love and tragic death, was a counter-part of the modern soap-opera. The anticipated debate began. There was not much consideration given to Antony, poor heroic soldier, a target for a

beautiful woman's charms. Rather, it was Cleopatra who held the attention of the young people. That she was cunning, treacherous, jealous, they all agree. But because she was a woman these faults were understandable; because she was a ruler they had to be tolerated. Some thought that Shakespeare did not emphasize enough this latter role of hers, but everyone, in his spirited contestations proved that Shakespeare had created a living character, one whose failures and triumphs were certainly recognized as human. They argued about the queen's decision to die rather than forfeit her rule to Rome and lose her nobility and honor. At any rate, they all agreed that the manner in which she died was commendable. In her using of a poisonous asp there was "no muss, no fuss."

Katherine the Queen

All of the debaters had heard much to say about the play as performed by Miss Cornell and company, and they were interested in what the director, Guthrie McClintic, had to say. He, however, showed more interest in the questions they asked and staunchly defended his *Antony and Cleopatra* against most criticism. He mildly condemned some newspaper critics who had said that Miss Cornell was too dignified for her role. Even the young book reviewers tasted his temper when one of the girls suggested Cleopatra's costumes did not seem too suitable. Mr. McClintic then explained the difference between the product of the romantic imagination of the reading public and the authentic costume of the historical period.

After the summation, the half-hour program ended. Girls and boys crowded around for Mr. McClintic's autograph, and then left for their homes to begin the task of reading the book selected for the next week's review. Indeed, it was a task, for Dickens's *Nicholas Nickleby* is a matter of nine-hundred pages.

Erravimus — Pax Nobiscum

Dear *What's What*,

In your statement, several issues ago, of this term's additions to the *Argus* staffs, you left out Carla Schapiro, who was admitted to the Literary Staff. We made the same mistake later in our list of *Argus* members in the last issue of *Argus*.

Will you be so kind as to say all this with general apologies, in the next issue of *What's What*?

Thank you. RENEE NEU

In their campaign speeches the G.O. Officers-elect presented programs that should make next term very enjoyable. Ruth wishes to invite students from other schools to speak at our G.O. meetings to make us better acquainted with other extra-curricular systems, to continue the "postmaster" distribution of notices, and above all, to inaugurate a program of World Friendship. Frances would like to have Square Dances as "ice-breakers" at G.O. social affairs, a monthly sheet stating G.O. activities, and lunch period committee meetings. Margaret favors an "exchange" for old review books, and polls taken on Budget Book bargains. Debby would like a committee of class G.O. reps and the use of the G.O. bulletin board for term and club news.

A.A. Platforms

The A.A. President, Elaine, favors the continuation of such successful new activities as Field Day, volleyball tournaments, and college dances. Irja wants to have well organized committee meetings, that will attract all. Alice favors wider distribution of A.A. news and minutes.

Novel G.O. Show Financial Success

With a flash of colorful costumes, with an unusual display of artistry, the G.O. presented its project, *With Pink Frosting*, on December 12. Besides being highly entertaining, the project was a financial success, for the G.O. succeeded in adding the sum of \$432.80 to its treasury.

The story relates the adventures of Alice, played by Joan Hohenstein, who is celebrating her sixteenth birthday. She is escorted by two beaux to an International Restaurant, where, despite the babble of dialects, the headwaiter, Bianca Neilson, manages to satisfy Alice's appetite with a variety of foreign dishes.

Manhattan Merry-Go-Round

From there, Alice is escorted to Radio City where Tarkington's *The Trysting Place* was presented by the Dramatic Club. The stage show was an ice ballet directed by Marlene Panzer and Sylvia Moskowitz.

Alice moves from the sublime to the ridiculous, when her cousin Reginald, aptly portrayed by Marjorie Mahoney, escorts her to the Museum of Modern Art. The scene is a satire on the pseudo-cultural and a special note of praise is due Martha Fontek for her excellent characterization of the haughty Mrs. Van Gluty.

The climax of the show and of Alice's evening takes place at a Greenwich Village Night Club where many Broadway stars entertain.

The G.O., its officers, and the cast are to be commended for the afternoon's performance.

WHAT'S WHAT

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O Tempora, O Mores!

Rudeness, like the measles, is one of those things which seem to descend on us in epidemics. And, like the measles, it is usually very easy to detect: just a spot of it has to show and it can be identified.

Now that we have beat around the bush sufficiently, we can get down to a specific case, that of behavior in the assemblies. Oddly enough, an assembly is not merely a social gathering or a period of relaxation thrown into an already crowded school schedule.

Lack of courtesy is not a vicious or underhanded attempt of any one person to upset friends and teachers, but it is an annoying trait that we would be well rid of.

Counter-March!

In our last issue we printed an editorial that ended, "Let's get behind our team, girls—and push!" We thought we were whimsically referring to an imaginary football team.

In days of yore we regarded the elevator as a convenient mechanism for getting from the first floor to the fifth. Now, getting into it, we have mingled apprehensions of a German Blitzkrieg and of field day in a Chem Lab.

While on the subject, we'd like to mention our fellow human being, the traffic officer. Hers is a job that poses as many problems as the weirdest history report.

Let's get behind our traffic squad — and walk in a civilized manner!

Fifth Avenue's Old Shangrila Dazzles Recent Masquerader

Cartier's Wares Stun Reporter Who Enters Portals Sans Mink

by Rose Marie Brown

The film had been long and juicy. For two hours, Joan Crawford, dressed in jewels and Adrian tragedy, had paced about her luxurious home until her final doom.

"Isn't it beautiful?" she murmured. "Yes." "I wonder how much it costs..." "Yes."

"It couldn't be very expensive. After all, it's in the side-street window. They throw any old thing in there. See how much it costs."

And so I walked blithely into the shop. Almost before the door had slammed after me, a bustling saleswoman rushed up with a ready grin.

At the clerk's answer, my eyes glazed, my face blanched, and my throat filled with convulsing laughter. I nodded curtly and rushed out of the store.

I continued down Fifth Avenue alone, past an army of mink coats and opera pumps. Suddenly a name caught my eye: Cartier's—a jewelry shop.

A consultant came toward me: "May I assist you, Modom?" "Ah...um...I...er...was

supposed to meet someone here about twenty minutes ago." What a delicious fib! "I don't see her here now."

"Maybe she is in the Diamond Room?" What? There was more to this Shangrila? One of the gilt walls parted and I stumbled up several steps to a room that made the first look like a Coney Island change-box.

"She isn't here? Well then, we'll look in the Trifle Room."

The Trifle Room was a spot where little nick-nacks like solid-silver sets, jeweled wristwatches, and Florentine leather purses could be purchased.

"Not here? What does she look like?"

"Ah...er...she-is-tall-with-blonde-hair-and-is-wearing-a-dark-mink-coat-and-a-little-brown-cloche."

The clerk scurried away, quickly returned, beaming: "There was someone here who fits that description exactly. What was the name?"

My heart sank: "Mrs...Forsyte." And I stared at a picture of Danish majesty and waited a while...left a message for my Forsyte "aunt", tiptoed through sparkling rooms, and tore past Rockefeller Center, past the provocative scent of perfume that clings to Lord and Taylor's, and into Macy's, where, mid the loud, fresh, cheap din of toy presses, Lionel trains, and Bee-bee guns, I bought my little cousin a Donald Duck for one dollar and twenty-nine cents.

Blind-Date Boredom - Will Gives It Voice

While Waiting

"... he is a coward... he does not show his face." Merry Wives of Windsor III, i

"Be plain, good son, and homely." Romeo and Juliet II, iii

At First Sight

"What tempest... threw this... ashore?" Merry Wives of Windsor II, i

"All lost! To prayers, to prayer!" Tempest I, i

"Fetch him off, I pray you!" Twelfth Night I, ii

During the Evening

"His little speaking shows his love but small." Two Gentlemen From Verona I, ii

"And he wants wit... sweet lady, entertain him." Two Gentlemen From Verona I, vii

"My charms crack not." Tempest V, i

"Thinkest thou I am so shallow to be deceived by thy flattery?" Two Gentlemen From Verona IV, ii

The End of the Evening

"This business is well ended." Hamlet II, ii

"Thou tellst me there is murder in mine eye? 'Tis pretty sure, and very probable." As You Like It III, v

Pell-Mell

We'd like to take this opportunity to congratulate the new G.O. officers, and to wish them, and all our newly-elected leaders, the best of luck.

Tongue-in-cheek-department: A harassed vice-president gave a final admonition to her prom committee: "We're going to look for hotels come what may—rain, hail, snow, or sleet." Of course, the meeting was scheduled for December 26. It snowed.

An Algebright, last seen lurking on the third floor, had to use the formula for an arithmetic progression to figure out that at twelve o'clock the clock strikes twelve times.

One of the editors, despite printed outbursts condemning the sagging hemline, traipsed to school in a skirt that cleared her ankles by a scant two inches. She survived stairs and subway admirably; the only really terrible blow she received came when a House Committee friend suggested that she equip her skirt hem with brushes—to do an effective clean-up job.

Random thought on raging snowstorm: Just one crooner too many!

A Hunterite received a lovely compact, on which a colt was engraved, for Christmas. An admiring friend asked if she were fond of horses. "Not especially," was the reply, "but I've had laryngitis for the past two weeks."

The brother of a Hunterite, a budding violinist, was granted an interview with Mischa Ellman, who is quite a fiddler himself. At the close of the session, the boy turned to Mr. Ellman and announced, "When I grow up, my ambition is to play just like Jascha Heifitz."

Mother's description of her daughter's Christmas vacation: "She dashed in and out of the house—just like a yo-yo."

In the midst of a lively New Year's Eve celebration, a rather grave young lady quietly asked if it were twelve yet—she wanted to set her watch.

An upper-termer finally broke down and confessed that she was glad that she had studied Physics. "I was in a rickety old elevator," she explained, "and the most comforting thing I could think of was that, if the cables, broke, we'd only fall thirty-two feet per second, per second."

A giddy young reporter decided to "change What's What" and write her assignment in Spanish. When a more scholarly friend corrected her grammar, she announced, "Well, I'm changing Spanish, too."

A Latin student, when asked on a Regents to explain the derivation of the word "faculty", said, "Faculty is derived from the word 'facilis' meaning easy and the suffix 'ty' meaning body of. So faculty means a body of people who take things easy."

A Hunterite's kid sister influenced, no doubt, by furious Bio cramming recently announced, "The other day I spoke at assembly and they let me speak into the microscope!"

W.W. Takes Pot Luck, Courts Senior Muses

With the aid of the nine Greek Muses, this term's *Annals* presents an attractive and well-drawn portrait of the class of January '48.

The Class History, as introduced by Clio, Muse of History, and related by her eight sisters, is magnificent. Even the linking of muse to term is appropriate; thus, Urania, Muse of Astronomy, tells of the star-gazing First Term, tragic Melpomene laments over six majors and three regents "when sleep they learned to live without," and Muse of Epic Poetry, Calliope, alone is fit to recount the epic happenings of the Epic Senior term. Memories such as those of "Hic, haec, hoc and huius Mendel, of "tses and dzes and glottal stops", of "how girls become familiar with the insides of friend frog," right up through "Senior Day" are recorded in free, rhythmic verse.

One new (to our knowledge) feature is a lively section entitled "In the Balance." For each Senior there is an "Up" and a "Down" and each brings out some well known characteristics of the girl. Of course the meaning of the tags is enhanced a thousand-fold when the "ups" and "downs" are fitted to the individuals, but we can't resist quoting a few out of context:

- Up: "99 44/100% pure,"
- Down: "the other 56/100%,"
- Up: "Life,"
- Down: "Post Saturday Evening"
- Up: "two Scotch boyfriends,"
- Down: "Both in Scotland."

Outstanding, too, are the illustrations in the Senior Yearbook. We refer not only to the classic scratchboard depicting the Senior Superlatives and to the charming pen and ink sketches that accompany the Class History, but also to the photography in the book. There are several pages of informal pictures that have been expertly posed with a dash of humor.

The *Annals* of January '48 is one to bring fond memories to even a non-Senior, and we are sure that, in future years, it will evoke nostalgic sighs from this term's graduates. The four "muses" responsible, Joan Geensberg,

Bianca Nielson, Alice Samson, and Anna DiMartino, may stand up and take a well deserved bow.

* * *

For weeks we had been urged to take "pot-luck with *Argus*". When at last, this term's literary effort appeared, our word-hungry appetites were whetted, and so we eagerly accepted the invitation. From the moving poetry of Joan Geensberg to the good-natured humor of Martha Fontek's dirge on the Dodgers, we sampled the varied menu of the new *Argus*.

New Horizons

The tone of the magazine was generally cheerful, a point we were happy to note, since people of our tender years are always anxious to talk of the more morbid phases of life instead of things with which they are really acquainted. *Argus* has turned over a new leaf, we think, and has decided not to emphasize the grim side of life, and so has published a series of well-written and highly entertaining stories concerning themselves with familiar subjects and sentiments close to our hearts. Two pieces by Miriam Schapiro, "The Mop Wagon" and "Lost Delight," though not necessarily light in tone, were touching and believable. "Cherokee", by Irene Greenberg, too, similarly hit home as did the telephone conversation described by Barbara Davidson.

Giggles Galore

Comedy, too, had its say in "The Miracle of The Bells", by Nina Raginsky, and again in Martha Fontek's story mentioned above. (We couldn't resist calling it to your attention twice!) Eleanor Julius reminded us of an experience we have all undergone at least once during our school career—that of falling asleep in class!

Note of Triumph

In our opinion, an extremely good feature of the new magazine was the scope of the poetry presented. From the classic form of the sonnet on the subject of ancient Troy, to the free, subjective style of Pearl Sobel's "Question", with Barbara Burk's puppy-doggerel in-between, we were happy indeed to take "Pot Luck" with *Argus*.

Novice Sitter Bemoans And Bemoans Tribulations Of "Bringing Up Baby"

Although baby sitting has been a popular practice for many years now, it has never been as widely discussed as recently. Nationwide papers and magazines have listed its pros and cons, comic strips have been based on it, and baby sitting has even inspired a Norman Rockwell *Saturday Evening Post* cover. Now, *What's What* joins the ranks and crusades for "better rights for the baby sitter."

The sufferette, setting forth upon her mission, is easily recognized by the assorted paraphernalia she totes. Nevertheless, it takes only one night with Junior to make her realize that a physics book, knitting, a newspaper, and the latest "best seller" have all been carted in vain. The parents have planned other things for her to do. Besides bathing, feeding, and inducing the child to sleep, she is expected to pay the butcher's boy, wash out a few of baby's duds, and write down the telephone messages that come in.

Along about nine o'clock, Junior's grandmother calls, "just to make sure everything is all right". Her tone

clearly implies that she considers the sitter incapable of minding her grandchild. The wise sitter hastens to assure her that Junior is sleeping soundly, hasn't been coughing, and is still covered with all of his blankets. If the sitter has not been fibbing to console Grandma, and Junior is still sleeping at the time, the chances are he doesn't remain that way. The ringing telephone has changed him from a sleeping to a screaming "cherub".

Through trials and tribulations the sitter sits. One thought lightens her heavy heart and induces her to come back for more punishment. After all, the Easter parade is coming up and every penny counts.

by Debby Furth

Headliners



Spotlight Dramatics Club president, Lorraine Johns — actress, swimmer, rider, Poli-Sci student, and maker of good friends. At birth she was blest with a Brain, a Tongue, and a Pencil. With many interests to choose from, she is still debating the question of her college major. It could so easily be English or Political Science.

The writing urge seized a young Lorraine, and with the aid of her trusty hectograph machine she printed and published her two-penny newspaper, the *Paraphrase*, and even started to write a book, dedicated to "my dear mother and Abraham Lincoln".

A Sigma member, she is immersed in after-school activities. She thanks Hunter especially for her fine friends. "Petite, blond Lorraine, in her craves and raves reflects the dreamy, idealistic, and yet practically down to earth Hunterite."

We never thought that we literary people would ever be enticed into a basketball game. However, we are certain we at least batted the ball around in the process of interviewing Ann McCready. Tennis is really Ann's favorite sport, but Hunter has only basketball courts, so, who is she to complain?



Besides being an active athlete, and A.A. member, Mac is a political philosopher. "That is," she hastens to add, "as much of a philosopher as one can be at seventeen." She intends to major in international relations and languages. The old, familiar grin appears on her face as she adds, "I don't want to marry a Congressman, but just be one."

We certainly hope that Mac does follow a political career, for her friendliness and sincerity will certainly leave the world in a better state than it now is in.

By the time you read this Mary Ann Thomas will have discarded her pre-prom worries (she had a lovely time, thank you) in favor of a new anxiety, the History Regents. Silent testimony to diligent study is



the "hand rolled" review book that peeks out of the Senior Secretary's crowded loose-leaf.

To talk to Mary Ann, and to glimpse some of her quiet charm is to love her. Friendly and efficient, the Senior Superlative easily assumes responsibility. Her artistic potentialities were discovered some years ago by an enthusiastic piano teacher, who told her that if she gave herself eighteen years she might become a musical prodigy. Eight lessons sufficed impatient Mary, though she still nurses a secret ambition of conducting a symphony orchestra.

Knitting is one of the domestic arts Mary is determined to conquer, and we are assured that a gorgeous" yellow sweater will be finished by next Christmas. When Granny's away, Mary cooks too, for her mother shares our confidence that success will come pleasantly to this modest, happy seeker.

Kaleidoscope

In the days when ladies were ladies (and thus displayed an appalling lack of creative imagination) every young girl, we read, was painstakingly instructed in the arts of cookery, embroidery, horsemanship, and the uses of herbs. We of today cannot (but bemoan the disuse into which have fallen these maidenly achievements:

gone alas! is the young wife who could whipstitch into shape a pudding (deftly basting down the loose ends, and glueing them in place with a savory brandy sauce)—the maiden, who, mounted on a galloping steed could pick up such a pudding from the turf, without losing for a moment either her *sangfroid* or her *salvolatile*.

Lost to our contemporary civilization is the girl who could, with a chopped leaf of rosemary, the root of a dandelion, and a dash of ground garlic compound—well we don't recall precisely what it was she could compound, but at any rate it sounds more interesting than aspirin. Gone is that complete mastery of the household arts, which enabled the mistress of the house not only to cook a roast, but to embroider it with her family blazon, to nurse it with herbs, and, in emergencies, to break it to the saddle.

* * *

Having some spare time on our

hands recently, we did some long postponed reading on the *blimp*. People tend to ignore blimps probably because they are seldom seen in zoos, although their friendly disposition makes them ideal pets. In fact, no one, to our knowledge, has ever been bitten by one. They require plenty of room, however—at least a good sized landing field—in which to romp. It is heart-breaking to see a growing young blimp, its tail lights blinking disconsolately, its rudders drooping, confined in a city apartment. We cannot urge too strongly against this practice. Aside from room, they demand little—their food can be purchased tinned (or copper plated, depending on their age)—and they give much pleasure. In the almost immortal words of an old friend of ours:

"What more can the man who has toiled desire

Than a friendly blimp and a waiting fire . . ."

Celebrated Gourmet Divulges Secrets Of Culinary Artistry

by Gloria Gross

Ed. Note: Recently, a national magazine printed an interview with the world-famous chef of one of the country's finest restaurants. What's What, in keeping with its policy of giving the reader what he wants, commissioned a reporter to write the behind-the-scene story of a chef whose culinary achievements correspond in importance with What's What's literary achievements.

As I entered the noted restaurant, at which all visiting members of European nobility have supped or dined, I felt a gentle tap on my left shoulder. I turned and looked expectantly into the face of a tall gentleman, who extended his hand. He smiled ubanely, and said, "Hey, lady, ya got five nickels for a two-bit piece?"

Select Clientele

I glanced about me unbelievably as I fumbled for the required coins in the dark recesses of my hand bag. It was indeed difficult to believe that your humble reporter had gained access to that most select eatery, the dining-place of the most cosmopolitan and erudite people in New York City, the Automat.

Having obliged the tall, urbane, shoulder-tapping gentleman, I proceeded to the office of the head chef of this formidable establishment, the internationally celebrated gourmet, Herman Smith.

Mr. Smith is a short, thin man. He explained his apparent anemia by stating that he was suffering from a vitamin deficiency as a result of malnutrition. When asked to name his outstanding culinary triumph, he modestly offered, "They ain't none of them so hot. We ain't had no complaints

about the salami on rye, four nickels, so far this week." As for his favorite beverage, Mr. Smith divulged, "I could be commoicial and say 'black coffee, one nickel', but the artist in me would be offended. Pepsi Cola, vintage 1939, is really much more better."

Among his duties as chief chef, this connoisseur listed those of window-washer, olive-stuffer, and general manager in charge of opening jammed glass cases. I recorded his selections of the two most outstanding chefs in the country with a great deal of surprise, for neither Joe Fish of Woolworth's fountain, nor Archie Mac Dougal, who makes "the best onion soup in the city of Hoboken," has been cited by the National Convention of Food-Lovers.

Tete-A-Tete

After twenty minutes more of this delightful conversation, the great man drew the interview to a close, explaining that he had to visit the bank to get some nickels. As I clutched at the strap above my head, going home on the subway, I realized solemnly that I had spent half an hour in the company of one of the truly great gourmets of our time, Mr. Herman Smith of the Forty-Second Street Automat.

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WILL PRESENT handkerchief for weeping to new G.O. Officers. Hope they enjoy jobs as much as we did. H.G. & R.R.

FREE!!! At least twenty sisters, assorted sizes, to all new Big Sisters. Apply this term's Big Sisters.

PETITION the Board of Education to eliminate Regents. Waste your stamps; see if we care.

NOW IS THE TIME for all good Hunterites to think about joining clubs next term. Shop around!

LOST: Five Dollar Bill—sentimental value.

REWARD OFFERED to anyone who can decipher weird Xmas gift.

NEEDED — Prom date — Desperate JH7A.

FACULTY SURPLUS: Long range spy-glass sale immediately after Regents. Excellent values.

HELP WANTED: History final.

Skits Entertain Delighted Parents

At the December open meeting of Hunter's Parent-Teachers' Association, on Wednesday, Dec. 17, parents learned how their daughters may develop personality and self-confidence through the medium of speech and dramatics classes. The program, introduced by Mrs. Ralph Dubin, president of the P.T.A., was under the direction of Mrs. Olive Davis, who was mistress of ceremonies.

The first presentation consisted of a number of poems read and recited by Junior High students. A series of skits followed which demonstrated the right and wrong ways to act at home or in a public place. The "at-home scene," for example, pointed out a few ways in which a rather rude teenager could have been more cordial, more courteous to her guests, while the restaurant interlude underscored the difference between loud, rude people and polite, quiet young customers who know how to address a waitress and how to order refreshments.

Point of Order

Another group of students, from A3, showed how parliamentary procedure is put to use in carrying on a meeting of a Junior Audubon Society. The club engaged in discussion and in voting on the agenda, heard reports of various committee chairmen, and made suggestions for projects.

A radio presentation of the Tea Party scene of *Alice in Wonderland* by girls from D4 and B4 followed. With professional touches such as musical interludes and interesting sound effects, this part of the program was very entertaining.

The final attraction of the program was a play in five scenes, *Sophro the Wise*, in which members of the seventh term Dramatics Elective were starred. The production was enhanced by complete costuming, make-up, and stage sets made by the Dramatics class. Parents, as well as a number of students who attended the meeting, expressed their appreciation of the Speech Department and its valuable aid to Hunterites.

Cook's Tour

The well-dressed Hunterite, whether clad in long skirts or short, knows that bulging hips and a waistline that doesn't taper are strictly taboo. How does she fight the "Battle of the Bulge"? The answer's simple. She cuts the too-rich foods from her daily diet and substitutes, among other things, a delightful Waldorf salad.

- 2 cups cut celery
- 2 cups sliced apples
- lettuce
- 1 cup mixed, fresh fruit
- Mayonnaise dressing—1 tablespoon

Clean the celery and lettuce, making sure to keep them crisp. Cut the celery in thin, crescent-shaped pieces, dice the apple, and prepare the fruit. Take equal parts celery and apple and mix with mayonnaise. Arrange the salad on a platter in a mound with lettuce around the edge. If the lettuce gets up and walks away, just grab it and put it back on the plate, saying firmly "You are going to be a Waldorf salad, bless you, or else!"

No need for the Hunterite to cut out those scrumptious desserts, either. Instead she serves and even eats herself, which is saying a lot (Ed. Note: No little and quite some!)—a delicious Pear Compote.

- 1 dozen pears
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup water
- 4 small pieces stick cinnamon

Boil sugar and water to a syrup, add the cinnamon; drop in the fruit which has been peeled and sliced and boil slowly until tender. Serve cold.

And if she really wants to be streamlined, this Hunterite will munch on carrots instead of on candy between meals. Here's to the new look!

Future Pyles Join Newspaper Ranks

As a result of the try-outs held by *What's What* on December 8 and 9, the following girls are now cub reporters: Lenore Pariser, Eva Kanner, Yvonne Naum, Barbara Faske, Sophie Winter, Elaine Sherman, Libby Goldstein, Rhoda Silver, Sheila Weiss, Joanna Stein, Yolanda Asterita, Sheila Pollock, Claire Malouf, and Pearl Bernstein. Congratulations!

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