

WHAT'S? WHAT

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Hunter College High School G. O.

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We Bid Them God-Speed, Every One!

BIG SISTER PARTY

The Big Sisters of this term are leading the way to the ideal for which the association is striving. An example of the co-operation and friendship existing between the girls of the freshman term and their "Sisters" was the splendid Big Sister party, held in the North Meadow of Central Park, Friday, May 26. The entire term turned out in like costume: dark skirts, white middies and colored crepe paper decorations and hair-ribbons, and there were balloons for all, red, blue, lavender and green, to match the decorations. There were games of every imaginable description, and some of quite unimaginable kind; there were singing and shouting and talking and howling, and toward the end of the day, when voices were rather worn out from relentlessly harsh usage, there was whispering!

The refreshments served were: Nedick's Orange Drink (which is thrillingly delicious when one is hot and tired), ice-cream cones, and lolly-pops. At five o'clock the guards were called out to drag the reluctant Hunter babies from their picnic ground. They had had such a glorious time that force was required to convince them that their party was at an end, and that they must indeed say "Good-bye" to Miss Coan (who had shared their good time to the fullest extent) and return to their respective homes and, no doubt, worried parents. Boundless praise is due to Edna Metzger, chairman of the Big Sisters, who arranged this most glorious of parties.

FOURTH TERM

We have noticed that in the spring the young maids' fancies lightly turn to thoughts of excursions and boat rides. Perhaps that is why the Fourths planned a trip to West Point for June 3.

The upper Sophs are not only running the exchange for the benefit of the Students' Loan Fund, but they are planning to sell dates and figs to help swell the sum they are to donate to the Fund.

SECOND TERM

The Second Term's philanthropic tendencies are sprouting out in all directions! First they sent clothing to tubercular patients, and now, what is most splendid of all, they have become the proud parents of six little American orphans. We congratulate you, Second Term, on what seems to us an unprecedented bit of "getting at things."

IN FAREWELL

Four years is not so short a time, and to say "Good-bye" is no small task.

For you who have grown up, and are about to leave us, we wish that you may meet the least of disappointment, and the most of success. It is useless to repeat the worn descriptions of how, upon your graduation day, you pass a milestone in your life, closing one gate only to enter thru another. Let us hope, instead, that the new gate is one that never swings closed upon the past, and that as you go forward you will remember, only the more vividly, what has been.

What do you take with you, as a token of the four years? Bitter criticism, and scorn for the bonds you have broken? Or kind remembrance of the beautiful things you had not known before? Surely, you have discovered new paths! You have found new interests, and have learned to prefer the broad highway of wisdom to the narrow path of unlearned prejudice. You have come to respect the high ideal, and to see that the solemn and the serious things in life are not objects for scorn and cheap laughter, such as the ignorant would make them. Beauty has come to you thru a multitude of sources. You have grown up, mentally as well as physically. You have learned to think for yourselves and have felt the thrill of the creative power. Then life awaits you!

It is the true beginning for you. It is, at length, your moment! It is now that you may search for your wings, and learn to fly! Until now you have learned only how to find them. A long time, but not too long, and when you have discovered what your life was meant to be, you will not regret a moment of those many years.

You leave us—and we wonder as we watch you go. Every day for four years—and now perhaps, never again! We are proud of you as we say, "Good-bye." Will you remember us? We give you God-speed, every one!

EIGHT TERM

The Eighth Term has been so busy counting the receipts of the musical comedy that it hasn't had time to do very much else. Plans are already being made for the commencement exercises. The guard of honor will probably be composed of undergraduates, instead of alumnae, as had been proposed. Tommy Lubell, the A. A. President, will present the cup won by the Seventh Term at the graduation, and awards of merit will be distributed to those who have won them.

G. O. NOTES

It seems that we did well to warn you! Investigations made by the committee have proved to us how impractical and expensive were our plans for the establishment of a radio outfit in the high school. Although the Council has asked the committee to make still further investigations, it is probable that the matter will have to be dropped, unless some thoughtful person bequeathes a legacy to the Hunter G. O.

The committee designated to regulate the point system has not found its task easy; quite the reverse, it has found itself involved in rather a complicated problem of major offices and minor offices, and who shall hold which. Final reports have not been made, but if they are filed in time they will be inserted in this issue.

Rosalind Levin was elected publicity manager for the school, with Misses Metzger and Sumpf as her assistants.

Miss Goodelman, as chairman of the constitution committee, presented to the G. O., for its approval, the constitution to be used as a model for all term governments. We must congratulate Miss Goodelman on the fine understanding and insight she displayed in her work. This constitution is to be referred to all the terms. It will go into effect as soon as two-thirds of all the terms have ratified it.

Since this is the last issue for the term of the "What's What," it is fitting that we express our appreciation to the executive committee of the General Organization for its fine work, and that we congratulate it on the unusual success of the term.

SEVENTH TERM

Helping the Students' Loan Fund seems to be a favorite method of combining business with pleasure. The profits of the "X. Y. Z. Affair" amounted to the wholly surprising sum of sixty dollars, a goodly portion for any one term to devote to the fund.

The Sevenths have decided to hold all their elections before next term, so that, as seniors, they will be able to go right ahead with their work, eliminating the usual two weeks' delay.

THIRD TERM

Nimble fingers never before produced such clever costumes as were worn at third term masquerade, on May 26. The third termers at college acted as hostesses, because those at 108th Street served in that capacity at their last party. The refreshments were novel and altogether delightful. It is by means of these parties that the girls at the main annex become acquainted with those who meet in the college.

WHAT'S? WHAT

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the Students of the
High School

DEVOTED TO

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EDITORIAL

It is so useless a pursuit—being miserable—and fruitful of nothing but frowns, and a sallow disposition.

If you will look about you, you will see how half of us spend half of our lives in being exquisitely unhappy, in lamenting the slightest, wee bit of a misfortune, and overlooking all but the most imposing good luck. And to what purpose, pray? None in the world, I warrant you, for it is all the overflow of selfishness, self-appreciation, self-adoration and self-over-estimation! How the mean little wails of self-pity drown the very happiest laughter! How the mouths that smile with joy are hidden from sight by the mouths that are all drawn with being sorry! Why, do you suppose? Purely because no one ever stops to consider for a moment how his or her little grief may be quite uninteresting, and oh, even boring—to the other fellow! Self-over-estimation! It is quite the ugliest thing!

I hate, more than you do, the never-ending essays that tell you it is far nicer to smile than to frown. More than anyone else in the world I detest the "worthwhile" fellow who can smile "when everything goes dead wrong." He certainly has no business sitting there smiling comfortably, and besides, I don't know what it means when everything goes "dead" wrong. I don't think it means anything. Indeed, I would gladly murder both that man and the person who invented him. They are both beasts.

But what is the use of being miserable? It makes people hate you. It is far prettier to overdo joy than sorrow, and yet people seem to think the reverse is true! We could TRY to change it, couldn't we?

Once upon a time, you know, there were two brothers whose father died and forgot to remember them in his will. One of them wept over it and died of a broken heart. The other was quite furious about it, and locked himself up in his room to write an essay on ingratitude. When he had finished the essay (and it was a very fine one, which he afterward published in a book), he went out for a walk. As he slammed the door of the house he suddenly remembered that there was no one at home, and he had no key with which to return; and he smiled at the thought. A gentleman who was crossing the street at the moment, noted the smile and signed him up for a million dollar movie contract. This is a perfect sample of what happens. It must have been Douglas Fairbanks.

It is the habit of happiness we need (which has nothing to do with smiles).

PERSO-NILS

1. Do you know that Celia Adler, a popular Sixth Term, and president of the History Club, won one of the prizes offered by the "American" in a recent history contest?
2. Have you heard how often of late Miss Metzger has been speaking to the First Term? It seems to us that she ought to be quite an orator and reformer by now!
3. Have you all offered your sympathies to Miss B. Kutner, one of our "Argus" artists, who is slowly recovering from a very bad case of ivy-poisoning?
4. Do you know that the class of A2 was presented with a wonderful holiday in Riverside Park, two weeks ago, and that the girls had such a glorious time that they haven't gotten over it yet?
5. Have you heard that Helen Shea is practicing the part of Consuelo, in the play "He Who Gets Slapped," just so's she can outshine Margalo Gilmore when her chance arrives?
6. And that Edna Jacobus has developed a very serious crush on someone's brother without ever having met him?
7. That Helen Herzig expects to go up to Cornell next term?

CAN YOU IMAGINE THAT?

You cannot imagine anything half as lovely as Edna St. Vincent Millay's poetry. Frank Shay publishes a tiny green paper volume of her poems, under the wondrousome title of "Figs from This-tles." Here is one called:

THE PENITENT

I had a little sorrow,
Born of a little sin,
I found a room all damp with gloom
And shut us all within
And, "Little Sorrow, weep," said I,
And, "Little Sin, pray God to die,
And I upon the floor will lie
And think how bad I've been!"

Alas, for pious planning—

It mattered not a whit!
As far as gloom went in that room,
The lamp might have been lit!
My little Sorrow would not weep,
My little Sin would go to sleep!
To save my soul I could not keep
My graceless mind on it!

So up I got in anger,

And took a book I had,
And put a ribbon on my hair,
To please a passing lad.
And, "One thing there's no getting by,
I've been a wicked girl," said I;
But if I can't be sorry, why,
I might as well be glad!"

THE UNEXPLORER

There was a road ran past our house
Too lovely to explore.
I asked my mother once—she said
That if you followed where it led
It brought you to the milk-man's door.
(That's why I have not traveled more.)

TO THE NOT IMPOSSIBLE HIM

How shall I know, unless I go
To Cairo and Cathay,
Whether or not this blessed spot
Is blest in every way?

Now it may be, the flower for me
Is this beneath my nose;
How shall I tell, unless I smell
The Carthaginian rose?

The fabric of my faithful love
No power shall dim, nor ravel
Whilst I stay here,— but, oh, my dear,
If I should ever travel!

Words of ours are useless.

WHAT'S WHAT

THE HUMBLE INTERVIEW

ISABELLE POST

The Humble Interviewer is puzzled, indeed. Being a very wordly-wise young person, and having taken for granted from her early youth the cynic's tale—that realization is ever drab and monotonous after the roseate dreams of anticipation—she has been surprised to find, in her journey from one Famous Person to another, that realization has always outstripped her most hopeful anticipations. She is happy and proud to be puzzled at the round number of exceptionally capable leaders and exceptionally outstanding personalities in Hunter's graduating class.

Among the numerous celebrities of the present eighth term, Isabelle Post is conspicuous as editor of the "Argus," G. O. representative, Interhigh representative, former "What's What" interviewer, former secretary of the former Scribes, and one of the honor few who form the membership of the Sigma Gamma Pi.

Isabelle is certainly a prodigious "Senior Celeb"—first, 'cause she's the fine "Argus" editor that she is; secondly, 'cause she was also editor of her P. S. paper; and because at the astounding age of seven two poems of her own composing appeared in the "Brooklyn Eagle". Think of that! And we've heard that upon display of true and well-meant interest she'll show them to you.

Beside her literary ability and beautiful Titian hair to bring her fame and lasting glory, Isabelle has acquired a most astonishing mastery of Latin, her power over that defiantly unyielding language being such that she has actually been called upon to teach it in a high school class! Consider that! Nor is that all! For over at home Isabelle is guarding quite a collection of Hunter scholarship pins, the surest testimonials to unusual mentality and brain.

What is the use of trying to list her qualities? We are sure to leave out half a dozen beautiful ones. We have not yet told of Isabelle's spontaneous good humor, laughable humor, and humoring ability. She is full of jollity, good-fellowship and PEP. She is interesting and interested, quick and keen. No matter how you look at it, she is a mighty fine girl!

Isabelle plans to enter the field of journalism in the future where, with her personality, her abilities, and—her Titian hair, she ought surely to gain a place of distinction.

IN ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Six weeks ago, at a meeting of the G. O., Jean Sumpf was elected to the position of assistant business manager of the "What's What," to work in conjunction with Miss Metzger, at the 108th Street Annex. Her name should have appeared with those of the other staff members, in the last two issues of the paper. We hereby apologize for the omission and thank Miss Sumpf for her kindness in overlooking the mistake.

THE TRULY GREAT

All the world's a stage, but all the people are not players. Most of them are audience. Who are the truly great but those who walk upon the stage? Among the audience there is a continual striving to get on the stage. Every one of us, no matter how humble, must give vent to his ideas, even if he has none. And the more that they are listened to, the better we like it and the greater we are. The audience tries by some means or other to get on the stage. Often one or two do get on the stage for a short time only to be pushed off again by those who are coming up. While they are on the platform, no matter for how brief the time, they are great. This figurative being on the stage is one if not the ambition of all humans. If it were not, they would not be human.

We of the senior class, now that the roll call is being taken, and we are departing from a familiar and loved place, realize how far and by how much we have fallen short of the mark. There comes, as at the end of all things, the final reckoning. We who have not been on the stage feel that we have been weighed in the balance and been found wanting. Some of us console ourselves that So-and-So, who is a truly remarkable girl, was not a so-called "Celebrity" or did not have her picture in the "Argus" X times, so it is all right if we didn't, too. This is some consolation, but it does not last long. There are always new fields to conquer, altho they are sometimes hard to find. But the truly great can find these fields. If there is not a want for what you can produce, create the want and then supply it. No matter how humble the line, if you are first in it you will be great. Do not try to do all things well. Tho versatility is to be admired, it does not make for true greatness. If you realize this now, as many of us seniors are now realizing it, find out the work you are suited for and pursue it till you reach the goal, or die in the attempt. True labor always has its reward. But if your goal is too high, remember that if it were not for you, the audience, there would be no one to listen to the rantings of the great, and then there would be no truly great.

A. P.

A TALE OF WOE

A hungry cat—
A foolish rat.
A lively run—
Exciting fun.

Ferocious jaws—
Remorseless claws.
A dying squeal—
A hearty meal.

Alas, poor rat!
O happy cat!

—E. Field's "Tribune Primer."

AN EYE FOR A TOOTH

"What are you blinking for, Elaine?"
"O George, you are so *demi-mondaine*. Blink is as vulgar a word as hash is. One doesn't blink, one gnashes one's lashes."
—Harvard Lampoon.

AND NOW—

Once upon a time, a great many years ago, we entered Hunter College High School, and discovered the "Argus." It was a modest little book, with a green blotting paper cover, that displayed a hand-made peacock, and the legend, "Centum Oculos Habeo"; this meant, "I have a hundred eyes," and we thought that that was very clever indeed, and the "Argus" was the peer of all magazines. It possessed thirty-two pages.

In our next term the "Argus" came rushing along with sixty-four pages, a blue blotting paper cover, and two peacocks. And following that, the peacocks disappeared altogether; there came term after term of blotting paper covers with sophisticated young ladies instead of peacocks. There was not so very much difference. There were three issues of sixty-four pages. Always the "Argus" was the peer of magazines.

The "Argus" was always splendid, and a publication to be proud of, but it was not until last term that its editors were divinely inspired to eliminate the birds and the girls and all the blotting paper, and to substitute a simple hard paper cover. This term it has grown in material proportion, and has chosen its contents most carefully, but in the final issue of the term you will see the consummation of all desirable qualities. There will be one hundred pages of stories, ads, cuts, and photographs, snapshots of the seniors, seniors knocks, and senior superlatives! Watch for it! It is the greatest of all "Arguses!"

**HAVE YOU ALL YOUR
SUPPLIES FOR THE
EXAMS?
Patronize
your own exchange!
SAVE BOTH TIME AND
MONEY!!!**

THE NOSE

Thru the nose we all learn by degrees
How to snuffle and snort and to sneeze,
And by mere inhalation
To sense the gradation
Twixt roses and Limberger cheese.
—A. Euwer's "Limerotomy."

FROM US TO YOU

"We" are the "What's What" staff. We have tried, in our five issues of your paper, to please you every second of the time you spent in reading it, every inch of the space we covered with things calculated to interest you. If we have succeeded we are perfectly content. The work has been its own reward. If, in reading your paper, your interest has been aroused to the point of comment, we beg that you will direct that comment to us. If, in reading your paper, you have discovered a want that might be filled, we beg that you, yourself, will help us to fill it. Without your co-operation, as you have so often heard, there can be no ideal. We send, with our thanks for the kind messages we have received, our best wishes to you, for the jolliest summer you have ever known.

TEN YEARS FROM NOW

- Anna Heller—
 "Over my head in work, and hubby's such a nuisance!"
- Nina Goodelman and Florence Korkus, over the 'phone from the editor's office—
 N.—"Hello, Korkie, let's go out to lunch together! I've spent the morning in serious work, preparing laughs for this dull city! How are you this morning?"
 K.—Oh! mine are like the flowers of a well-kept grave!"
- N.—As bad as all that? That's the aged joke that started the day for you at Hunter!"
- Elsie Orleans—
 She'll be traffic cop at Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue, wearing gray knickers and a stunning lavender blouse.
- Martha Tuchman—
 Teaching awed and adoring youngsters. Still wearing frat pins, but now only one.
- Jeannie Rein—
 And so they were married and lived happily ever after, but the glowing blush never faded from the shy bride's rosy cheeks.
- Pearl Greenberg—
 Addressing the elderly ladies of the Sigma Gamma Pi on one subject or another, but with equal authority on both.
- Tommy Lubell—
 Showing her worshipping young sons how she swims.
- Isabelle Post—
 Editing the "Atlantic Monthly."
- Beatrice Holzman—
 Sara Teasdale's recognized competitor.
- Harriet Solomon—
 Producing all of Broadway's musical comedies.
- Janet Cohn—
 Adored camp counsellor.
- Marion Zimmerman—
 Chinese heroine in one of Harriet Solomon's productions.
- Ines Ziniti—
 Charming wife of a proud naval officer.

SIXTH TERM

The Sixth Termers, ambitious young people, have formed two new clubs: the History Club, which meets every Tuesday during the seventh period, and the Physics Club. The former is presided over by Caroline Adler, and has Miss Johnston as its faculty adviser. The Physics Club has already held a few interesting meetings under the leadership of Edna Metzger. It is hoped that in future this club will be joined by all juniors and seniors who are interested in Physics. Under Miss Delaney's guidance the girls hope to make the club a real live organization.

FIRST TERM

At the last meeting of the First Term, the usual order of procedure was carried out. After the reading of the minutes and the G. O. report, Miss Coan addressed the

DOMINELLA F. HOPPER
 IN HOMINES ANTIQUOS
 ORATIO PRIMA IN
 GYMNASIO HABITA

To what end will you abuse our patience, O Anti-Modernists? How long will your caustic irony poison the people's mind against us? To what ends will your preaching lead us? Have not the glare in our scarves, the flapping of our goloshes (archaic), the jingling of our earrings, the meeting of all these "peppy" girls, and the expressions of their faces, moved you at all? Do you think we are ignorant of what you have been doing for the past few months, what gossip you have gloated over, what boring newspaper articles you have written?

Oh, the times! Oh, the customs! All wise people know this; the flapper sees it. Yet these people wrangle. Wrangle, did I say? Nay, more, they even dare to come into our circles, copy our styles, and note and designate each one of us, with their eyes, for lecturing.

And truly, did they not have fun when they were young? I will pass over the fact that they annoyed their teachers, and threw lunch papers over the floors of classrooms, to a much greater degree than we have ever done. I will also omit the fact that they worried their parents beyond belief by their unnatural desire to be "grown up," for which reason they used extra material for skirts and injured their spinal columns with high heels.

But yet, if we should silence you, if we should cause you to be "squelched," as it were, I suppose all sensible people would say this had been done too late rather than too forcefully by us.

What do you expect, if neither your newspaper articles with all their flourishes can conceal your stupidity and unfounded prejudice, nor a sweet-sounding nom de plume blind us to the utter lack of truth, discrimination and art which they display? Change your minds; forget petty intolerance. Do you not remember that you were once young and thought of bigger things than the propriety of girls' wearing earrings or fixing a limitation on the tilting of hats? I was not deceived, was I, not only in the fact, so astounding, so incredible, but even in the date, which I dare not mention?

Truly, what have your lives become? All peaceful, law-abiding citizens avoid you; the flapper (male and female) consider you the bane of their existence. Even those who usually delight in getting an "earful" of gossip find the mediocrity of your conversation extremely boring.

Since this is so, refrain from speaking of us, confine yourselves to a circle of prigs. In what joy you will revel, in what ecstasies (if you are capable of such) you will delight when there is not among any of your acquaintance, or mentioned in any of your conversations, one human girl.

students; following this was the entertainment, consisting of recitations, piano selections and a play, arranged under the direction of Miss Zwinge.

If you should continue to write articles against us, the people would like us more (or shall I say dislike us less?) realizing the exaggeration of your statements. Yet, we do not care what a storm of unpopularity threatens us, if less in the present, while the memory of your literary blunders is fresh, certainly in the future, as long as there is no danger of aspiring authors copying your style, impressionable children, such as the flapper, adopting your standards of veracity.

If after your death, your articles should remain, what a conglomeration of mixed metaphors, and superabundance of hyperbole, the future generations will have to read! If any danger exists, it is necessary to remove it radically; and this danger is embedded in the very vitals of society. When a man is sick, and resorts to quack medicines, his illness returns with increased pain. Likewise, when sensible, sound-minded people are persuaded as to the merits of a certain type of medicines—"pills"—they immediately regain their former opinions, strengthened and confirmed. Therefore, it remains for us to destroy the root of all this evil, your articles. I need not add that this will be done to the no small relief of the literary connoisseur and to those themselves possessed of the "divine fire."

Furthermore, I wish to add that our parents, our teachers, and also the immortal gods, say "Ditto!"

—ROSALIND LEVIN, 'CS

STRAYS AND WAIFS

1. In the newest "Theatre Magazine" Mary E. Watkins writes a thrilling article on "Stage Interviewing as it Actually Is," showing the dire influence of the temper-made temperament, and the precarious career of the professional interviewer. There is another article, by Archie Bell, to cheer the world up with the information that the stage beauties are not always beautiful, and there are a few very lovely photographs, notably one by J. W. Pondelicek, entitled "Carnival."

2. "Shadowland" is out, with another of its furiously colorful covers. Benjamin de Casseres has written an interview with Helen Hayes, entitled "Satire, Ibsen, and Ice Cream Sodas." The month's most beautiful photograph is a study by Ichiro Hori, called "The End of the Serenade."

3. "More Limehouse Nights," by Thomas Burke, is a curious book, and one you will not regret reading.

4. Max Beerbohm's "Zuleika Dobson" is not a new book, but it is none the less peerlessly funny. Fourteen Oxford students killed themselves for love of Zuleika, just as a charming tribute to her unutterable loveliness. And yet, because it is a satire, and should be done quietly, we are disturbed at odd moments by Mr. Beerbohm laughing at himself!

5. The "Saturday Evening Post" has added to its pages a new department, called "The Horizon," which, in its own private little pun, it begs you to "scan." We wonder at the people who scorn the "Saturday Evening Post:" as the quality of "Scribner's, and The Atlantic Monthly" and the "Century" goes steadily downward, we notice the reverse process in the "Post."