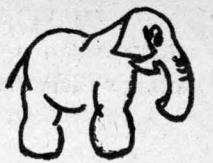




What's What



Official Publication of Hunter College High School

Vol. 49, No. 2

NEW YORK, N. Y., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1944

By Subscription

G.O. Committee Members Organize School Dance

Boys From A City High School Are To Be Guests At G.O. Affair

Inaugurating a new activity for the semester, the General organization, with faculty assistance, is completing plans for an afternoon dance to be held in December before the Christmas holidays.

Approximately seventy guests accompanied by faculty advisers will be invited from a boy's high school

in the city. Because of fire regulations, admission will be limited to sixty girls, with tickets available to fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth terms.

Dance Committee

A committee elected by the G.O. council will formulate the dance program, plan refreshments and decorations, and arrange for publicity and the sale of tickets. In addition, members of the group will act as hostesses and assist in serving.

Music will be furnished by a phonograph, with additional records supplied by the students, if no school band is available.

Prompt Dismissal

The dance will last from 3:30 to 5:30 on a Friday in one of the gymnasiums. All other school activities, according to the regulations, will be suspended, and students not attending the dance are required to leave the school building promptly at three o'clock.

Accommodations for the guests include use of the elevator coming and going. The Traffic squad will have special stations on the first floor to direct the boys to the elevator. Room 614, supplied with racks, will serve as cloak room for the visitors, while Room 512, which is equipped with tables and a full length mirror, will be reserved for the girls.

Faculty Aid

In order to participate, Hunter students must have written permission from a parent. Method of distribution and price of tickets will be announced later.

Two faculty advisers and eight additional teachers will help to organize the dance, the proceeds of which will be donated to the National War fund.

Critics Praise Pearl Primus

Pearl Primus, alumna of Hunter college high school, recently opened her own engagement at the Belasco Theatre. The program consisted of "primitive" dances, fashioned after the original African rites, and dances of protest against the persecution of Negroes, in addition to those based on modern jazz.

This was Miss Primus' first appearance with her own troupe of five male dancers, a five-piece jazz band and the singer, Josh White. Detailed accounts of her performance appeared in many New York city papers. John Martin of the *New York Times* said of some numbers on Miss Primus' program, "These are all fine and authentic in spirit, well-composed and danced with great technical skill as well as dramatic power."

Terms Choose New Officers

Meetings of the respective terms have culminated in the choosing of new officers who will serve for the present semester.

J.H.7A has elected Judy Krause president. Helen Silvovsky will assist her as vice-president. Barbara List and Judith Maslanko will serve as secretary and treasurer, respectively.

Frances Cummins is the newly-chosen president of the first term.

Second termers have elected Barbara Davidson treasurer. Flora De Benedetto and Joyce Furshpan were chosen A.A. and *Argus* representatives respectively.

Doris Miller will serve as president of the fourth term, and Marion Rostenstein will assist her in the capacity of vice-president. Edna Fontik and Cora Isaacson have been chosen secretary and treasurer, respectively. The term elected Helen Missires, Nancy Miller, and Sandra Abrahms as G.O. representatives. Mrs. Stevenson is the term's faculty adviser.

Sigma Chooses Eight Members

New members of Sigma Gamma Pi, Hunter's honor society, will include Irene Cobb and Ruth Hirschfeld, eighth term; Rose Friedman, Patricia Saunders and Mildred Singerman, seventh term; and Shirley Cyrus, Cynthia Ozick, and Clare Schecter, sixth term.

To Quiet Campaign-Minded Lassies, Elections Must Keep Out Of Classes

When Hunterites were tomboys in sunsuits, they traded marbles. Today—as very proper young ladies—they exclaim "No Trade!" The discussion concerns campaign buttons, for a determined Dewey or a distinguished Roosevelt is on every lapel.

"I'll give you three Roosevelts for one Dewey!" say some, while others plead, "Anything for a Roosevelt pin!" Election talk is everywhere, and the battling debate is ready to spring up at any moment. In the locker room, Frank Sinatra's portrait is replaced by one of Dewey, and Van Johnson has retired from his exalted post in favor of the Democratic candidate.

Even Jimmy, in his brief elevator lectures, admits partiality—but "won't tell." The only button he wears says "elevator operator."

Cicero suffers, too. "What special characteristics do you notice about the Fourth oration?" a teacher may ask, only to hear the caustic remark, "No Fireside."

Every Hunterite has an imaginary label attached to her. One may be called "a fourth termite," another a "Dewey or don't we?" On the slightest provocation, an innocent conversation may turn into a heated argument.

Confusing Plans

Campaign puns are increasing in quantity, and approaching the bewildering stage. For example, the expression "She's a card!" no longer marks a person as witty. It means, plainly enough, "She's a New Dealer."

In the quiet of a history period, a sudden cry of "Roosevelt forever!" can upset everyone's composure.

"Youth! That's what we want!" is likely to follow.

The campaign issue has its poetic phase as well. States one jingle, simply and directly:

"Dewey —
Phooey!"
And another, just as frank reads
"We'd love to have a crown of posy,
But not a crown for Delano Rosey."

Avoid Partiality

About the time of November 7, startling attempts at impartiality develop among the faculty members.

Dewey and Roosevelt must alike be "wise, far-seeing, and self-sacrificing", and the harried teacher, torn between two tides, may demonstrate no further political preference than a possible leaning towards Abraham Lincoln. This rule, of necessity, must be severely upheld, for any infraction is likely to bring chaos into the realm of the classroom.

Two Tostile Camps

When, after a period of patient endurance, the long-suffering teacher reprimands the pair of gum-chewing chatterboxes in the last row, partisan motives are attached to her innocent act, and she is subject to all sorts of charges. "Roosevelt favorite or "Dewey-supporter" is likely to cling to the instructor's formerly unmarred reputation, and divide her classes into two hostile camps, flinging political arguments at each other, and separated by an insurmountable wall of campaign buttons.

The greatest problem, however, is the order in which the candidates' names are to be spoken. If it is "Dewey and Roosevelt" who are competing for the presidency, one half of the class will disgustedly turn their backs and look out the window. On the other hand, if "Roosevelt and Dewey" are the candidates, a series of disapproving glances reward the teacher who is trying so hard to please.

Third Candidate

After having devised a system of alternating the order, one teacher was thoroughly frustrated upon being reminded, "You forgot Norman Thom- as."

Regardless of puns or poetry, the result—smiles for one band and gloom for the other—will be determined when the papa and mama of every Hunterite disappear into the voting booths on November 7.

Famous Wit Visits School, Entertains Student Body

Mr. Morley Corrects Grammar, Tells Tales, And Reads Poetry

Introduced by Dr. Iona R. Logie as the "poet, playwright, essayist, critic, novelist, and father of our Louise", Mr. Christopher Morley addressed the student body at the assembly of October 20.

Mr. Morley began by saying that "Hunter girls look delightfully

Clubs Choose Term Projects; Elect Officers

Dramatic Club Holds Tryouts; Admits Twenty

Hunter's clubs and organizations have commenced the semester's work by completing elections and planning their activities.

The Astronomy club was originated this term by Eileen Feldman, who is acting as temporary chairman. Mrs. Anne B. Sutton will serve as the club's faculty adviser.

Members of the German club are planning to adopt a wounded serviceman with no living relatives, to whom they will send letters and gifts. The club welcomed its new members with a party on September 27.

New members of the Dramatic club are Jacqueline Brooks, Carol [unclear], Deanie Clancy, Dorothea Detjens, Lenore Dorfman, Joan Dubrow, Beverly Gerstein, Doris Guola, Helen Hawkins, Margot Lowenthal, Suzanne Maryanon, Anita Muratori, Joan Robins, Miriam Sandberg, Esther Sarfatty, Marjorie Spencer, Natalie Stein, Marion Suess, Rosalind Van Houten, Sylvia Vincent.

Membership in the Cinema club has been extended to 7th and 8th grades. Inaugurating a complete change of all former policies, the Latin club re-organized into the *Venatrices*, meaning huntresses. To represent the club the members have chosen the symbol of Diana, the huntress.

Council Awards Two Gold H's

Constitutional amendments, election of student leaders, and the G.O. awarding of gold H's constituted the agenda at recent G.O. meetings.

The G.O. vice-president, as campaign manager, will preside over the campaign committee in place of the president, under a new amendment.

The Council also approved an amendment stating that the heads of all organizations shall hold a vote, unless the organization wishes otherwise. According to a third amendment, a separate alternate is no longer needed for each G.O. office.

Gold H's were awarded to Jean Baker and Ellen Moers.

The Council also approved the charter of the newly-organized Astronomy club.

the same" as when his daughter was president of the G.O. "They are still wearing those white street-cleaners' hats." Declaring that he was very touched by the singing of the national anthem, he professed admiration particularly of the fourth stanza. "My generation," he said jestingly, "did not have the brain capacity to go beyond the first." Remarking that "Francis Scott Key knew his English grammar," Mr. Morley offered, as proof, the fact that our national anthem reads "the Star Spangled banner in triumph shall wave" rather than "will wave."

When Louise was having trouble with grammar, her father composed the following verse to facilitate the proper use of "lie" and "lay." and—
Lie and lay offer slips to the pen
That may bother most excellent men,
You may say you lay
In bed yesterday;
If you do it today
You're a hen."

Scotch Husband

The speaker added that his daughter "married a Scotsman, an officer in the Cameronian Highlanders—who wears kilts." Louise Morley's husband, Captain Peter Cochran, severely wounded in his leg, was captured in the Abyssinian campaign by the Italians. Amputation was considered for the lower part of the limb.

"I am extremely glad it wasn't done," jokingly remarked Mr. Morley, "because a one-legged man in kilts does not offer so distinguished a profile." While in the hospital, an Italian military doctor took a liking to the young Scot. Since neither could speak the other's tongue, and both were well-educated, the two communicated in Latin. On the day of the Allied invasion of Abyssinia, there was a great hubbub in the hospital. Curious to learn the news, the captain inquired of the doctor, "Quid it?" ("What goes?") and, when his question was not understood, "Quid passum est?" ("What has happened?")

Replying in Latin, the doctor informed—
(CONT'D. ON PAGE 3, COL. 3)

Hunterites Win French Contest

Participating in competitive tryouts open to boys and girls from secondary schools in all of the boroughs, Katharine Chlopinski, Jean Ellis and Doris Milena Guala won scholarships for special training in diction and dramatics, awarded by Centre d'Art Dramatique de L'Ecole Libre des Hautes Etudes.

This group will present a play before a distinguished French audience in the spring. Charles Boyer, the honorary president of the organization, has attended past performances.

WHAT'S WHAT
Published five times a term by the students of
HUNTER COLLEGE HIGH SCHOOL
930 LEXINGTON AVENUE NEW YORK, N. Y.

To Reflect
Student Opinion



To Give
Exact Information

Vol. 49 Friday, November 3, 1944 No. 2

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Brighten Up!

Like trumpeters at the gates of a castle, attractive posters are the heralds of Hunter. They may be the vehicles of a new campaign, or merely the means of announcing a weekly meeting. But whatever their purpose, they should bear the symmetry, harmonious coloring, and clever designing that an appealing poster requires.

Each club and term of Hunter is provided with a conveniently situated bulletin board. The spark of enthusiasm which one of these arouses is enough to ignite interest in the club's activities, or the term's occupations.

With all the advantages they offer, however, bulletin boards are too often bare. Notices hang in grim solitude, pictures are lacking charm, and announcements are timid or rude.

There is a portion of Greenwich village concealed in a Parisian beret, and the well dipped brush are the sources of her delight. She may display them in bold, upright printing, or in humorous caricature. Her poster is a bridge of expression, transforming a trifling Biology club session into a world-shaking affair, or a freshman conference into a matter of magnitude.

A wise Hunterite is one with a paint-streaked forefinger. For not only is an attractive poster the spur of activity, the messenger of vital information, or the mold of school interest—it is an invitation to Hunter.

Grandma's Girlhood

Even in the days when "fashion" meant high-buttoned shoes and starched middie blouses, Hunter was a modern school. Active girls played basketball or romped in long gym bloomers, and scholarly young ladies conjugated Latin verbs as efficiently as present-day Hunterites.

Our predecessors, although their skirt hems touched their ankles, were perhaps more modern than girls of today. When grandmother went to Hunter, as ancient Argus files reveal, she and her schoolmates would have stood in line to purchase activity cards, even though they might provide nothing more than admission to the young ladies' forensic society.

Fifty years ago, in grandmother's youth, the budget book would certainly have offered less than it does today. Movies and roller-skating rinks were not included. Dress shop reductions would hardly be offered in times when mother dressed the family. Today's Hunterite is indeed fortunate.

Let's do as grandma would have done if she'd only had the chance. Let's buy budget books!



**Roots Of Hallowe'en
Lie In Mystic Past**



**Customs Date From
Ancient Pagan Rites**

The old stories of witch burning at Salem, the ancient accounts of yellow pumpkins in candlelight, the legends of ghosts whispering in the night have, like most myths, a gruesome foundation in the long buried history of a flourishing people.

Hallowe'en is an old celebration and ante-dates Christianity. Principally a fire-festival, it was observed by the ancient Celtic peoples, and has survived to modern times. Although the thirty-first of October does not coincide with the principal agricultural seasons such as sowing in spring or harvesting in fall, it marks a turning point of the European year. It dates from a time when the Celts were a pastoral people dependent on their herds. At the approach of warm weather, they drove their cattle with them to graze on the open pastures, but with the heralds of winter at the end of October they led them back to the shelter of the stall.

New Year

The homecoming before winter snows represented for the ancient Celtic shepherds the beginning of the new year. To hail it a new fire was kindled from which all the flames of the home were lit. Through this annual ceremony they hoped to make sure that the blessings of light and

warmth should last throughout the twelve months.

As the men gathered around the glowing fireside, families imagined that the spirits of their ancestors, shivering in their graves, would also leave the desolate fields and the bare wood trees to seek shelter of the cottage and the good cheer of their kinsfolk. Such benign visitors were welcome, but the evil spirits which could afflict the cattle with disease or the crops with blight by their sorcery had to be warded off. Celts thought to break such powers of black magic by burning men and beasts in the fire.

Skeletons And Cats

The skeletons associated with Hallowe'en, are a memory of the victims doomed to the fire, and the black cat is the animal into which the witches were most usually supposed to disguise themselves.

With the advent of Christianity the cruel superstitions were transformed into "All Hallows Eve," the vigil of the feast of "All Saints". The old fire festival is reinterpreted and the souls of the dead are believed to be released from purgatorial flames at this time to revisit the living.

Fun and Frolic

In the gayety and mummery of the present festival the pagan past still survives, and much of the frolic and fun associated with it retains the original character of a New Year holiday. Coal black cats prowling in the night, ghosts haunting their former domains, old witches mounted on broomsticks casting eerie shadows as they sweep past the full moon symbolize the modern Hallowe'en. Mirth and merriment fill the air as young and old alike enjoy the gay masquerades and weird superstitions that now accompany this ancient festival.

Above The Crowd

Roberta Lazoff is a successful senior who is a specialist in everything. Music to mystery books, French vocabulary to Latin verbs—all comprise her kaleidoscope of interests.

Roberta is fair-headed, blue-eyed, and freckle-nosed. She flaunts a clean white senior hat, a senior key hangs on a golden chain around her neck, and a Sigma pin sparkles on her lapel. Secretary-treasurer of Sigma, associate editor of *Annals*, she might well be voted the "smilingest" senior.

Sherlock Roberta

"I like mystery books," Roberta confides, with the gleam of the amateur detective in her eye, "and frankfurters—with sauerkraut and creamy brown mustard!"

Oh, No?

Alert, charming, Roberta is vibrant as her own personality. When upon her hobby horse, she collects picture postcards.

"Alas!" she sighs melodramatically, "I have no leisure time."

Roberta's plans for the future include attending Hunter college.

"But there's nothing to write about me," this amazing senior murmurs deprecatingly.

On The Air

In order to keep up with the radio broadcasts which have recently made their first appearance on the air, *What's What* is featuring commentaries on the more noteworthy new programs.

The World's Greatest Novels (Saturday, WEAF, 7:30)

A recent addition to Radio Row is this thirty-minute broadcast, which brings to the air dramatizations of the best-loved novels of all time. Two of the initial programs have featured Dickens' *Oliver Twist* and Cervantes' *Don Quixote*. To date, these dramatizations have retained the charm of the original novels. By skillful condensation and by no attempts to dramatize every detail in thirty minutes of radio time, this program achieves what few other sketches can boast, a coherent and entertaining finished product.

Words at War (Tuesday, WEAF, 11:30)

However good may be our intentions, it is extremely unlikely that we shall find either the time or the desire to read all of the noteworthy modern books. This program, conducted by Clifton Fadiman, is bringing to the radio listener condensations of the currently popular fiction and non-fiction in dramatic form. These weekly sketches, aside from their educational value, form diverting and entertaining broadcasts, well worth the listening.

Early American Music (Saturday, WJZ, 8:00)

A prevalent opinion seems to be that European folk music is very entertaining; the airs of Bohemia, Slovakia, and Scandinavia are considered quaint and pretty, but our own folk music has been sadly neglected. There is much to be enjoyed in the charming airs to which our forefathers danced the gay square dances of America's early day. This program is featuring a revival of the traditional American folk-tunes, and it forms a very refreshing and welcome addition to the week's radio schedule.

That's What

Mislaid

The class trembled as the French teacher scanned the room for a possible victim. Her eyes rested on a small girl cowering behind her notebook. "Hurry, hurry," said the teacher, in French. "Stand up and speak loudly so the whole class can hear." "Oh," moaned the little girl, squirming in her seat. "I took off my shoes, and now I can't find them."

* * *

Similar Concern

The following poem was taken from a scrapbook from the Fairfield Secondary school of Bristol, England. It was written by Enid Selway whose problems closely resemble those of every Hunterite.

Seven-thirty in the morning! I'm awakened by a shake,
I get up very grudgingly and only half awake.
Then hastily I wash and dress; and when I've done my hair,
I fly along the landing and tumble down the stair.

I have my breakfast hurriedly, then scramble for the train—

A twenty-minute journey and I'm in school again.
There's German, Maths., and English—and Latin and P.T.
There's Science, French, and Scripture—Art and History.

Three lessons having come and gone, we cease work for a break

During which we drink our milk—and if we're lucky—buy a cake.

Two lessons more—then dinner, most welcome meal of all!

We have to queue outside for this, but once we're in the Hall,

A Grace is said, the meal begun and everyone "tucks in";
Three hundred lively children contribute to the din.

Each table has to take its turn to serve the company;
We like it when it is our turn—more dinner then, you see!

When everyone is finished and plates are piled high,
We file out from the dining room, and if the weather's dry,

We go into the playground until lessons recommence.

I'm weary by that last hour—What IS that perfect tense?
Monuimus, monuistis, monu—oh, there's the bell!

We've French and Maths for homework, and there's History as well.

I pack my case and grab my hat and then for home—hurray!

Now for a little leisure at the end of my school day.

* * *

Here, Fido!

A second term Latin class was painfully engaged with the third declension.

"Decline the noun *gens*," the teacher ordered a little girl in the first row.

"Uh—" The unfortunate Latin scholar was confused. "Gaines?" she questioned, bewildered. "Do you mean the dog food?"

Exchanges

Natural Pose

A man and his son went to have their photograph taken together, and the photographer said to the young man, "It will make a better picture if you put your hand on your father's shoulder."

"Hmm," said the father, "it would be more natural if he put it in my pocket."

THE TORCH, *Buckley High School*
Hartford, Connecticut

* * *

Nothing, We Bet

How busy is the little fly
Who doth improve each minute.
He sits upon the student's head,
And wonders what is in it.

—Wendhom High School

'Argus' Tells Of World War I

Old Customs Provide Entertainment For Present-Day Hunter Students

(ED. NOTE: A wave of reminiscence has enveloped Hunter. In response to this, "What's What" complies in this column with excerpts and comments from the yellowed "Argus" pages of many years ago.)

In April, 1917, *Argus* appeared in the colors of Old Glory. Printed across the front were the words: *E Pluribus Unum-Patriotic Number*. As today, the war in poems, stories, and articles was the chief topic. A headline, "Glimpses Of Our President's Stirring Address", preceded portions of a speech by Woodrow Wilson, accompanied by his photograph.

Latin was viewed with "tolerance."
"You can lead a horse to water,
But you cannot make him drink.
You can trot your little pony,
But you cannot make him think."

A special section is marked *Athletics*, which then included not only basketball and volleyball, but baseball, tennis, hockey—and swimming!

"The 108th Street Swimming Club," states *Argus*, "meets every Tuesday and then leaves for the 60th Street Pool.

"Come on in,
The water's fine.
Put on your suit,
And fall in line."

"Sherwood," an elaborate fairy play, was Hunter's outstanding dramatic accomplishment of the year. "All this has been done, that you, who see the play, may on the night of the performance forget your cares and troubles and enter the beautiful realms of fairyland."

Jokes in 1917 were "corny", too.
"The dime novel treats of why girls leave home. Our fifteen cent *Argus* will endeavor to tell you in one line why girls leave school:
Dismissal Bell Rings."

On the last page, just above the slogan "Say you saw it in *Argus*," a picture of a prim young lady is found. Her French heeled boots are laced high, her hair is an elaborate affair of buns and curls, her belt is loose, and yards of material flow from the collar, forming a long tunic. The article is headed "The Square Dress."
" . . . it is intended for afternoon wear," writes the author, "and does not require much imagination to realize how appropriate it will be for such use. It is developed in peacock-blue faille and trimmed fleur-de-soie silk

Board Approves G.O. Amendments

At the second meeting of the Board of Governors, it was decided to contribute all profits from school salvage campaigns into a special fund for projects concerning the war. In this manner, the Victory corps will receive aid from the school. With this purpose in mind it was voted to advance money for the purchase of scrapbooks, thereby building up the Victory corps' plan for greater participation in its activities.

Also approved were amendments to the constitution passed at the G.O. meeting of September 29. It was decided that the G.O. would insert a \$13 ad in *Annals*, the Senior yearbook.

Just the thing for club, matinee,



reception, or musicale; will be up to the moment as far as color and style are concerned, and at the same time will be becoming to most types . . ."

Playbill

The old adage, "A good recipe is always successful," has been again proved by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with its perfect team—Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon. Often called a "ham and eggs" combination because they go so well together, they are now starred in the romantic story, *Mrs. Parkington*.

Adapted from Louis Bromfield's novel of the same name, the story was dressed up in Sunday clothes by Hollywood. Although the film is basically that of the rise and decline of a socially prominent family, the other elements in the picture outweigh the plot by far. "The sets in *Mrs. Parkington* deserve mention for the elaborate atmosphere of wealth they create. Those of New York in the Gay Nineties are especially interesting with the ornate Victorian furniture decorating the interiors of the homes. The costumes, too, are superb. The heavy bustles and close-cut waistcoats of the period lend color and authenticity to the picture.

The best part of all, however, is the magnificent cast, with Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon surpassing their former characterizations. First as a young girl working in a boarding house, and then as Mrs. Parkington, lofty mother of a famous family, Miss Garson achieves reality. Major Parkington, the devil-may-care gambler who finally settles down, is portrayed by Walter Pidgeon, who sports a dashing moustache. The remainder of the cast, which includes Edward Arnold, Gladys Cooper, and Agnes Moorhead, is first-rate.

Seniors' Choice Known At Last

The secret's out! Now we know the seniors' choice of outstanding personalities. They are as follows: Jean Baker, senior superlative; Ellen Moers, most talented; Helen Green, most popular; Irene Cobb, prettiest; Shirley Fishman, class musician; Kathleen Craig, class athlete; Arlene Barkan, most loquacious; Claire Bierman, most in dutch; Barbara Brenner, class orator; Mabel Hanson, most likely to succeed; Martha Weig, most intelligent; Dorothy Ehrler, wittiest.

If you pass any of these seniors in the hall, don't be surprised if you see their heads in the clouds: they're just plain proud and we don't blame them.

Students Hear Morley Speak

(CONT'D. FROM PAGE 1, COL. 5) ed him that he was no longer captive, but captor.

Mr. Morley expressed the opinion that it was an excellent idea of the assembly committee to invite "Bohemian outsiders" as guest speakers. He quoted Clemenceau as saying "War is too important to be conducted only by the general," and then added his own interpretation: "Education is too important to be conducted only by the teachers."

"Passion For Poetry"

The speaker commented that, generation after generation, text-books include his same two essays, "Ingo" and "On Unanswering Letters." He declared that they never were among his best, and that written twenty-five years ago in a busy newspaper office, they have not improved with age.

Mr. Morley admitted, however, that his real passion is for poetry. "I began, and hope to end, as a poet". He has just published his first book of verse in fifteen years. "You can imagine how excited I am," he confessed, "but the great world rushes on and pays no attention." After autographing a copy, he gave the book to Ellen Moers, who accepted it in the name of the school.

In conclusion, Mr. Morley read several of his own poems among them, "The Orphan Poem", one dedicated to Louise on her first Christmas, and another to Dorothy Wordsworth.

Goal—\$920

The recital of the twenty-third Psalm by the Senior verse-speaking choir, followed by the hymn, "Oh Worship the King," sung by the student body, opened the assembly.

Dr. Jean F. Brown urged the students to participate in the Sixth Victory Loan campaign which ends December 31. The goal of Hunter college is the cost of equipping one hundred paratroopers, \$92,000, of which the high school is asked to raise \$920.

After requesting further cooperation with the Victory corps during Thursday lunch period, Ellen Moers, president of the General organization, made an appeal for membership on behalf of the P.T.A.

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RHinelander 4-0461

THE East Village Flower Shop

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Formerly with Wadley & Smythe

"Venatrices" Is Latin Club's New Name; Inductees Timidly Become "Huntresses"

Initiations Arouse Shudders And Laughs; Prospective Members Face Grim "Romans"

"You are hereby advised to appear before the High command of the *VENATRICES* on the seventeenth day of the tenth month in the Year of Our Lord, nineteen-hundred and forty-four, in room 205 after the 7th Period. Purpose: Initiation."

Perhaps you too, saw them, the timid recipients of that cheerful message, going about that day with their hair parted in the middle, hanging down in front and up in back. They wore one red sock and one white one. Big bows were adorning the backs of their necks, while matching ones were pinned to the lower right-hand corner of their skirts. To complete the picture, large numbers were hung from their neck bows.

The appointed time came, and they quietly slunk into Room 205, wondering why Hunter's desks aren't big enough to hide in, while officious "members-in-good-standing" glared at them in a superior manner. Something looked vaguely familiar to the prospective victims—sufficiently familiar to have stepped from their Latin textbooks. Were there Romans in the room or were their eyes deceiving them? The "Romans" turned out to be the officers of the club draped in flowing garments.

Toga'd Tyrants

After rolling up their toga sleeves, they tacked a sign up on the outside of the door. The sign said:

"Stay out! Initiation going on."

Then they "went to town." Poor future *Venatrices* were carefully blindfolded in rapid succession. Unfortunates were picked for various "activities". One giggling candidate was twisted around several times and curtly ordered to "follow the voice." Little did she know what would befall her. She groped her way and spun about in bewilderment—voices were calling from every direction!

A blindfolded aspirant was approached and was required to perform a difficult stunt. For she was bidden

to tap her head with one hand and rub her tummy with the other in a continuous motion. (P.S. Try it if you think it's so easy.)

In the midst of these goings-on, a big sister in a feverish state outside the door heard a high-pitched shriek issuing from her little sister. Rushing in she cried, "What on earth are you doing? Oh, oh my poor little sister." The most majestic of the torturers sweetly said, "Vanish." She went—with some candy.

Suspense!

Another girl was besieged. With the ominous threat of branding the club letter on her cheek, the leaders looked for a match. Finally obtaining one, they came nearer and nearer. Would they dare? A sizzling match provides much suspense especially when its flames are almost upon you, and you are powerless. The seated contestant screamed as she felt something touch her cheek. To her infinite relief, it was only a portion of ice-cream! She was forced, by way of another "punishment", to eat the ice-cream—a task which she readily undertook.

What's this! A girl without a blindfold? She stood, a melodramatic pose, and according to instructions, took a sentimental verse, one word in a high-pitch, the next in a low tone, one line sadly, the following joyously, the next with poetic fervor.

Food At Last

Refreshments were served to bolster the waning morale of the candidates. They must have worked, because one regained sufficient courage to ask humbly:

"What does it mean?"
"What does what mean?"
"Ven-atrices."
"Huntresses!"
"Happy hunting to the newly-initiated *Venatrices*!"

Suzanne Infield Wins In Contest

"There's Something About the English", an original story by Suzanne Infield, seventh term has tied for second place in a nation-wide contest sponsored by the Austro-American Youth organization. The story was judged more promising than any of the other entries, and is to be published in the *Austro-American Youth*.

Marianne Literary Staff Chooses New Members

Marianne's literary staff has accepted Marjorie Burger, Jean Ellis, Joyce Hines, Eva Rosenbaum, and Aileen Waas as new members.

the sub-grad says . . .

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Class Displays Reproductions

Landscapes from the Metropolitan Museum of Art Lending library now adorn JB4's official classroom, one of the first to be decorated. Oil paintings by the English painter, John Constable, and bright water colors by modern American artists are now hung for display. The girls borrowed a set of flower prints by Van Gogh, Monet, Blanch, Stewart and others for their first decorations.

Students Devote Thursday Lunch To Victory Corps

During the Thursday lunch periods, which are devoted to the work of the Victory corps, students desiring knitting instructions may receive aid from the following girls: Lenore Baumritter, 519; Ruth Cohen, 505; Lois Billig, 507; Phyllis Giushburgh, 519; Beatrice Haidt, 303; Marcia Levenson, 507; Florence Singer, 301; Lucie Wachter, 320; and Helen Weber, 403. Elsa Gilis, 401, Arlene Goldstein, 114, Sonia Sayer, 320, and Lucie Wachter, 320, have volunteered to teach simple and advanced sewing. Students must supply all materials for the contents of scrapbooks.

Fashions for Girls
DATE DRESSES
and
FORMALS
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Hunter College High School Parent-Teachers Association
INVITES THE PARENTS TO HAVE LUNCHEON ON OPEN SCHOOL — WEDNESDAY, NOV. 22

Reporters Visits Brown-Eyed Ariel; Seeing Eye Dog Grants Interview

Imagine yourself blind for over ten years, and then one day you have eyes with which to see. Your eyes are dark brown and very intelligent, with a mischievous spark lurking in the corners. When necessary, however, they can be very intense and serious.

There is a cold, damp nose under them and a pair of pointed ears above them, for your eyes belong to a three year old German Shepherd dog named Ariel.

Ariel by no means accepted you from the beginning. In fact, after her "basic training" of three months you both trained together for an additional month, at the end of which, however, you became inseparable friends and companions. She carefully leads you and humours you to the extent of obeying your commands.

Your eyes are very efficient, but they refuse to function when anyone is with you. They take the attitude "why work when I can loaf?" and let someone else guide you.

Of course Ariel has her moods too. There are days when she won't stand

or be still and very insistently lets you know that she is bored and wants to go somewhere else. While you are talking to a friend—say a *What's What* reporter—however, she behaves beautifully, refraining from stealing coy glances at any male dogs passing by and resuming her place decorously at your side when you are ready to go on.

Comes mealtime she'll devour a goodly portion of horsemeat and some dogfood, although she's by no means adverse to a juicy bone. Then, should you neglect to do so immediately, she'll remind you to take her downstairs for her after-dinner stroll. This done, she'll lie at your feet until you go to bed and then take her place at the foot of it, continuing her never ending vigil.

Counselor's Corner

(EDITOR'S NOTE: In response to many student requests for information concerning scholarships open to high school graduates, "What's What" will answer any queries on educational and vocational problems addressed to this column.)

Q. What are the scholastic requirements for the \$200 per annum awards which are given on a competitive basis to Cornell students by the state of New York?

A. Students desiring to compete for these awards are required, in June of the year preceding entrance into college, to take the Regents' examinations in English four years, American history, Intermediate Algebra, and in one of the following optional subjects: Latin, French, German, Spanish, or Italian three years, Physics, or Chemistry.

Q. Will tests taken earlier in high school be credited for this test?

A. Tests must be taken immediately before the student plans to enter college.

Q. Are there any age requirements for this scholarship?

A. Yes. Applicants must be at least sixteen years of age at the time of their entrance to Cornell.

Q. What is the application procedure for this scholarship?

A. Candidates will be furnished with a form to be filled out and endorsed by the principal of the secondary school, and filed before June 19, 1945.

Library Sponsors Reviewers' Group

As part of its book program for high school students, the Nathan Straus branch of the public library is sponsoring monthly talks by professional writers on different aspects of writing and reviewing. Students are invited to join the group and submit reviews on current books for discussion and criticism.

Dates of future meetings at the library, which is located at 348 East 32nd street, will be posted on the fifth floor English bulletin board.

Miss Margaret Scoggin, member of the library staff, will discuss the reading of modern books for pleasure in the high school auditorium on Tuesday, November 15, at 2:45. The meeting is open to members of the fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth terms.

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Would drive the boys away,
For she was shy and couldn't talk
Not knowing what to say.



Not so was gay Patricia Pert
Who scared each boy she passed
She coyly smiled as if to flirt
The boys would run, but fast.



But Selma Smith would act with poise
And was her high school's queen,
She learned to mix with girls and boys
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