

DALTONIAN

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DALTONIAN RANKS WITH BETTER NEW YORK NEWSPAPERS

In our recent forum on "Newspapers and Public Opinion" it was suggested by our chairman, Dr. Bogoslavsky (Dr. Bogo) that a comparison of the well-known newspapers of to-day would prove an interesting topic to study; what would be more fitting than to compare our own periodical with its contemporaries?

I feel sure that those of you who have read "Chatter" will agree that Walter Winchell has nothing on our Mary (no harm meant) and except for the fact that we use the same set-up and print pictures—though you could hardly call our last picture risqué—we are not a tabloid! Then our athletic column—well did neglect to tell you about the time Mr. Skipper played basket-ball in his stocking feet—yes in our gym too, but after all that is only a foot-note.

John S. Cohen is being closely rivaled by "La Buchbinder," who was originally booked to review the books, but booked out at the last moment. Our poetry column would make F. P. A. wince with envy (envy?) and the column about Dr. Hullfish must surely be ranked equal with the works of Alexander Woolcott.

The political section which dealt with our recent presidential elections was, I think, you'll all admit, reasonably unbiased and if we did give ourselves a light pat on the back with the headlines "Dalton's Art Work Praised" that is only natural, for, what is art work for but to be praised what is praise for but to be bragged about. Then too, we have our lighter moments the sections for the young. No, not the "Adventures of Peter Rabbit," the "Adventures of John Simon."

We think that we are pretty good.



ANNUAL FETES TAKE PLACE BEFORE CHRISTMAS

The end of the year is almost here again, and with it vacation, of course, and among other things the beautiful Dalton Christmas Pageant. This year marks the seventeenth annual presentation of the pageant and though it certainly always done justice to the Christmas spirit, this year we expect it to be more wonderful than ever—the loveliest performance in the city. Several of Mr. Hutchin's pupils have designed and executed some arresting new costumes, and there has been a great deal of hard work on the acting, the lighting and the choir.

Along with the pageant comes the Christmas card contest, from which is chosen the official school card. This year the judges were Miss Dorothy Brett and Mr. Alfred Steigitz. The two cards chosen, one to be used for the cover of the Pageant program, were two exceptionally beautiful ones by Mariam Rous.

On the twenty-second will be held the annual reunion of Dalton Alumni, and the senior class will entertain them at a luncheon given at school in their honor.

DALTONIAN*Published Twice Monthly***EDITOR-IN-CHIEF**

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FACULTY ADVISOR—Mr. H. G. Hullfish**EDITORIAL**

THE DALTONIAN has been launched! And the staff credits the success to the evident interest of everyone. We might even call this a birthday issue and as we would then be the guests of honor anything we say would be in-offensive. For instance, we do not like the way very lively people become quiet and reserved at the mention of "perhaps writing a little article for the newspaper." Especially when this is really their paper and just meant for them to use as another method of expression.

As for the faculty, we had really hoped for and expected subtle hints about things we know they know and we would like to know. Because this is their paper too, and although we could publish the facts about the astonishing progress of the Latin class, or the fine French play that was almost given, we would rather have a personal opinion about circles, or every anonymous letter that would lend a note of mystery to the editorial page.

These are not revelations, but very forceful reminders. If you co-operate with us and send in stray thoughts, the next edition will be really yours. And Christmas is certainly a good time to be inspired.

While we think about Christmas, we all wish you a very merry one, and if Santa Claus doesn't bring you everything you expect, let us know and we will give you special notice in our want ads, and you will probably receive the mislaid gift with an apologetic note from Santa. But we hope he doesn't forget anything.

VOICE OF THE GOVERNMENT

The Student Council wishes to take this space to thank the Faculty and Students for the co-operation that they have given us in the past month and hope that the good spirit will continue throughout the New Year. The Council in the year 1934 will endeavor to further improve conditions of the Senior High School to make it a more pleasant environment to work in.

PROS AND CONS

The latest play that I have had the pin money to see was "Growing Pains." As the title intimates the play busies itself by revealing the lives of two adolescents who go rebelliously about the job of growing up. It shows their tremendous tribulations in a very humorous way which provoked much uproarious laughter from the just-past adolescence part of the audience. Your critic merely chuckled. My principle objection to the play was the way the author under-rated the intelligence of average sixteen and fourteen-year-olds. The children had ridiculously limited vocabularies even if their father was a professor.

The cast led by the capable Junior Durkin, who loses no time in capturing your affection, plays admirably.

It is on the whole a very entertaining play which nothing is lost by seeing.

YOUR DOG

Rain or shine, any sort of weather,
On January ninth we're all together,
In the gym that's where we'll be,
With any kind of dog you'd want to see,
All of them can win a prize,
Large or small or any old size.

Is your dog very long-haired?
And has he feet that can't be compared?
Has he a tail that's very long?
Even though his head is wrong.
Remember every dog can win a prize,
Large or small or any old size.

*Ellen Steinhardt***SENIORS PLAN DOG DAY**

The Seniors are having a very different class day this year. They are planning a dog show to be held in the gym on January 9. Every and any dog is eligible on the filing of an entry blank. For further information inquire from the judges who are: Shirley Ecker, Elly Landau and Babs Mitchell.

SATISFIED

When I am on high mountains,
With cold winds blowing at sun-down,
And grey shadows in the distance,
All below seem meaningless;
Clouds are close above;
Sharp strong rocks about;
A penetrating orange light is in the distance;
And brisk cold winds are whipping past me;
I am in awe of all but Satisfied.

E. Osterweil

CHATTER

Twinkle, twinkle, little column,
Never let your words be solemn.
Sayings that are now the rage,
Quickly print upon this page.

Thanksgiving came of course this year,
And with it brought it's usual cheer.
Cans and cans upon our stage,
Many too many to fill this page.
To bring turkeys we did not repent
To families poor the food was sent.

In the English room one day,
A reading class was holding sway.
English stories were being read,
Miss Keefe to Edna said:
"Read it to us out loud please,"
Said Edna: "time out, I have to sneeze."

The end of Hockey came at last,
To Basketball they are flocking fast
If we don't win we are not to blame,
To make the points go up we aim.

In singing now you hear us moan,
In high, or low base monotone.
Now don't say sssh, or make a fuss,
A Glee Club they have given us.

The Lunchroom plan is quite all right,
You go to tables and then sit tight,
But Rida does not quite enjoy,
The method that we now employ.
"For my lunch, I cannot wait,
My stomach says that it's too late."

In locker rooms and laboratories,
While locking up in categories,
You can hear the pupils say,
Almost any time of day.
"What dress are you going to wear,
Work till Christmas can I bear?"

Twenty eight Seniors if I'm not mistaken,
Went to have their pictures taken,
Did I hear someone say "A bore?"
The magazine is what they are for.

Twinkle, twinkle, little column,
Things you've said have not been solemn.
Your work is done now, throw away,
Your pencil for another day.

BASKETBALL HAS TRYOUTS—SWIMMING TEAM ENTHUSIASTIC—ARTISTS TO HAVE CHANCE TO MEDDLE WITH ATHLETICS

The basketball season has started with a bang. Hockey was bid adieu to rather sadly, but basketball entered into joyously. The attendance on Tuesdays and Thursdays for tryouts is amazingly large. It seems that there are going to be two teams. Varsity and second teams. The second team playing second teams from other schools. However the members of the teams will not be announced before Christmas.

The swimming team is practicing in earnest. Despite the coldness of the weather, and by the way the pool, the team has not lost its courage and its enthusiasm. Lucille Litwin is the captain. Letters have been sent out to other schools arranging meets.

At last art and athletics have been connected. There is a competition for the yearly awards going on and the winner is to receive points towards winning the award.

DISILLUSION

All my life I have looked up to seniors and sighed,
At the pleasures that I had been cruelly denied,
And I dreamed of the day that I'd come down the aisle,
With the conqueror's air and the conqueror's smile.
A pitying look I would cast on the ones,
Who still had some years to face faculty guns.
As I'd pass by the teachers I'd stick out my tongue,
As revenge for the times when they'd said I was young.
In a dazed sort of way I'd receive my diploma,
And then be revived by the perfect aroma;
Of a regal bouquet I'd have clamped in my fist,
Which instead of a hanky I'd pull on and twist;
And I'd laugh and be gay with the realization
That I'd finally finished my whole education.
But alas my grand dreams have not worked out that way,
I feel neither happy nor carefree nor gay;
For I realize at last that I've been a young fool
After four loathsome years I have come to love school!

Ruth Buchbinder.

MEMORY CORNER

The twenty fourth of November is a day that should go down in Daton's Almanac as a memorable one. Not only was the first copy of the Daltonian issued but a new idea was started by the Sophomore Class Day. The Carnival was a success. The toy dog show was enjoyed by all and Madame Knowitallsky did a thrilling business. \$15.00 was made in all . . . November twenty fifth was a sad day as the Hockey team was defeated by Fieldston 4-0, but it was a good game and we're proud of our athletes . . . The Thanksgiving Festival is something we can be really thankful for. This year more food was sent to the poor through us than ever before . . . Flores del Campos is the euphonious of the Chilean Singer whose voice was admired in one of our assemblies. (He sings Fridays at five-fifteen on Station WABC) . . . Andrea Duncan's and Margot Geiger's dancing assembly was thoroughly enjoyed by all . . . Christmas is almost here again, snow and carols are in the air. With the Glee Club practising so dutifully one can't help hearing joyous members whistling Christmas songs under their wreaths. . . .

THE EDUCATED WASTEBASKET

Spriggs was certainly a most unfortunate creature. He was a waste basket, and what is romantic about being a waste basket, I ask you? He was really rather homely, for he was painted a dark brown, and he had slats all around his sides. What was worse, he was very literary minded, and he was situated in the English laboratory of the Dalton School. But he could not read, so he was, (for a waste basket) deprived of the main pleasures of life.

One day, not long ago, Spriggs looked up at the book case for the new fourteenth edition of the encyclopaedia Britannica, which was standing beside him. He saw a volume, which was at the end of the shelf, eyeing him. Her name was GUNN to HYDR Volume II, a very handsome name, Spriggs thought.

"How do you do, Spriggs," said GUNN to HYDR Volume II, "I just got an idea, I think I ought to undertake your education! I'll teach you to read, first, and then you can practice and perhaps gather more knowledge by reading the scraps of paper which are thrown into you. We'll begin tonight, after Miss Stone has gone, because what would she say, if she knew she had an educated waste basket!"

The monologue ended here as Miss Stone crammed a copy of the new Dalton School song down into Spriggs. Spriggs gazed at the funny letters on the paper and meditated on the time when he could read everything that was thrust into him.

That evening, and for many evenings to come, Spriggs studied with GUNN to HYDR Volume II, and before long he could actually read a page of her, about the gunpowder plot. He thought it extremely exciting, although there were rather long words now and then. When at last he could read, Spriggs read everything in sight. Here was a note which read, "Please have lunch with me. Today we have ice cream, Connie." Another paper began, "Once upon a time there was an old woman, who lived in her cobweb house, etc., etc."

One day, part of an English assignment was thrown into him. He stared at the letters and although they were upside down, he made out, "Write a story beginning with the words, 'Spriggs was surely a most unfortunate creature!'"

Now this was certainly a great surprise to Spriggs. Those were just the words that he had been thinking before he had learned to read. He decided to look up Mental Telepathy in the Encyclopaedia.

Spriggs learned a great deal from reading the papers within him, the papers on the wall and, most especially, GUNN to HYDR Volume II. Now he is indeed an educated waste basket.

*Sylvia Maynard
Junior High*

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editors:—

After seeing how much everyone enjoyed the forum the other day I gave birth to a very good idea, compared to what I usually get. It's simply this: wouldn't it be fun if we could have two debating teams within the high school. One a faculty debating team and the other composed of students. There are so many things to-day which individuals discuss with pugnacious ardor that it seems silly not to match opinions, take sides and have some exciting arguments. If we launched the idea perhaps the Junior High School would follow suit and challenge our faculty or student debating team to a debate on a question of mutual interest. I should be interested to hear what your readers think of this. Maybe some think that a discussion group would be more fun. If anyone is interested in supporting the idea I hope that they will write and say so in the next issue of this paper. Supplementary to the above I thought it would also be interesting to have current events one morning a week. They could be discussed in a forum. I have heard so many people remark that they don't really know what is going on as they have so little time to thoroughly read the papers and the bits of news that they do pick up in headlines they don't understand anyway. History is being created so rapidly and breathlessly that it would seem necessary to understand just what this world is doing.

Hopefully yours,
D. Bater

ALUMNI RETURNS FOR THE HOLIDAYS

Visitors to the school during the week served, along with much other evidence to emphasize the approaching holidays.

Wednesday Suzanne Klauber returned from Ohio State University, where she is this year enrolled in the College of Arts. So too, did Jane Abbott and Adele Ware drop in, bringing the atmosphere of Smith and Goucher. Miss Jane Amberg, who is in charge of the luncheon for Alumni on Friday has word that many of the Alumni will be here to greet students and faculty and will try to recall their own experiences at Dalton.

DALTON CRASHES NEW YORKER

One of our readers (a parent) had her plans for Repeal Night rudely shattered by the receipt of the following note from the Dalton Schools: "Owing to the fact that many parents have other engagements for the evening of December 5, we have postponed the Special Meeting of the Third Grade to which you were invited."

It's a wise school that knows its own parents!