

# What Every Girl Graduate Needs

A golden bonnet



With a tassel on it,  
An owl in disguise



To show she's wise,  
A buddha to press



Her luck and success,  
And a circle of cheers



To last through the years.

What more fitting gift for a graduate than Charms done in the Golden Manner of Monet: Mortarboard \$3, Educated Owl \$3, Lucky Buddha with Jade-toned tummy \$5, A Day to Remember (stone set) \$7.50. All with easy attach-it-yourself snap rings. Shown actual size. At knowledgeable stores everywhere.

Charms by  
**Monet**

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## ...RESIDENCES

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curlers. It does please the parents—"When they didn't let my father upstairs, he knew the place was safe," said a secretarial student—and it provides an easy out when a date is getting difficult.

As for the rules, which are instituted simply to make group living comfortable and to comply with the fire laws, they are moderately confining but reasonable. Quiet in the halls after eleven; no slamming doors; no pants at dinner and no curlers at breakfast; no hot plates or doing laundry in the room; telephone conversations limited to twenty minutes (all of these, of course, vary with each residence).

Many residences are under religious auspices, but all are non-sectarian and none compel you to worship. The nearest thing to forced religion I discovered in this survey was the Sunday closing of laundry, sewing room, gym and pool at the Salvation Army's Evangeline Residence in New York, despite the pleas of some guests. ("I'm Jewish, can I use the washing machine?")

How much group spirit do you find in a residence? About as much as you're looking for. Some girls regard it merely as a place to eat and sleep. "It was heavenly to be able to come home without the responsibilities of an apartment," said a New York actress of the Evangeline, "but there was nobody there I'd want to talk to." Lasting friendships, though, have been formed at many residences. "If I were stuck in a little apartment, I wouldn't have met half the people I know now," observes a nineteen-year-old Ohioan who lives at St. Mary's in New York.

Residences often conduct social programs. But when you have a mix of working girls and students, and the age span encompasses twenty or more years, residents tend to seek their own lives. Twice a year, for example, New York's East End Hotel has a dance, inviting men students from Columbia's law and business schools and doctors and interns from nearby hospitals. "The band and the food were good, and the staff really went all out," said a Tobé-Coburn Fashion School girl. "But any guy who would go to a mixer at a residence is going to be a loser anyway. If you meet somebody attractive, it's just a fluke."

Most residences provide two meals a day with the room; others, with meals not included, have a restaurant concession on the premises; a few offer facilities for guests to do their own cooking. In general, residence food will remind you of a school dormitory. "It's hard to keep thin," says a Ford Agency model, putting Sweeta into her coffee. "They serve plain meat only twice a week; otherwise, it's breaded, sauced or hashed."

Residence living is generally economical when you compare it with the cost of equal services and facilities in an apartment, i.e. cleaning, a telephone-answering service, a twenty-four-hour doorman and a good neighborhood, not to mention the original investment in linens, furniture, pots and pans. And fringe benefits often exist: gyms and pools; lessons in

**Bold new  
Brut for men.  
By Fabergé.**

**If he has  
any doubts  
about himself,  
give him  
something else.**



For after shave, after shower,  
after anything! **Brut.**

everything from bridge to karate; front desks that cash checks, receive packages, take messages.

What, then, are the disadvantages? First, the lack of facilities for serious entertaining. You can have dinner guests at the house cafeteria (though only true love would impel a man to submit voluntarily to most residence cuisine). But sooner or later you will yearn for *coq au vin* and candlelight for two; then it will be time to move out.

By far the greatest disadvantages are the depressing public lounges and cafeterias, the mass-issued cheap furniture, the communal bathrooms. Your room is the only place that's really yours, and usually it's small. "Sometimes I felt like jumping out the window," said an alumna of the Barbizon. "Not to kill myself—just to break out."

Many residences have a contingent of old lady tenants, simply because old ladies tend to stay put. They are often a spooky lot, leaving their false teeth in the bathroom and looking your dates up and down. One elderly lady "walks around with an orange triangle on her forehead, like something out of *Rosemary's Baby*"; another, chillingly described by our correspondent, "was knitting something that seemed to have no end, a long, long rectangle of green. She smiled at me, spoke softly..."

Another debit is the slight but unmistakable social stigma attached to communal living. The general feeling around big cities is that most girls worth their salt find apartments fairly quickly, and anyone who persistently clings to residence life is either timid or just odd. But girls who have to stay in residences for financial or parental reasons find that their friends are understanding. A free-lance artist living at the Cambridge Y hardly looked spinsterish with her waist-length hair and thigh-high boots. "Most girls get an apartment for status," she said. "I don't care to give half my earnings to building an image. This place makes life as easy as possible. The rules are liberal, the girls are interesting, I have my own friends outside, and the rest is unimportant."

In almost every large city there's a gamut of residences. In New York, for example, the status residence is the Barbizon, whose air of solidity and prestige has been acquired over generations. The mirrored lobby with pink sofas and creamy rugs has a certain thirties elegance (if you don't look too closely—the pink is fading) and a distinctly lively atmosphere. The Barbizon has played host to Grace Kelly and Liza Minelli, Amanda Burden and Lucy Angle, a model often seen in *SEVENTEEN*. The present complement includes models, actresses and students at schools like Katharine Gibbs and Tobé-Coburn.

The Barbizon is a large hotel with all the trimmings: room service, pool, solarium, paneled library, practice rooms with rentable pianos. So far, so good—but for all this gloss, you will be in a cell so small that it's hard to stand up when all the bureau drawers are open, and the closet will just accommodate a weekend's gear.

Some residences with less prestige have more real charm: the East End Hotel and the Webster Apartments are prettier than the Barbizon. (continued on page 158)

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No need to these great fun... and of a heavy (Simplicity for guys he rulers, coin like Roman and zodiac pencil, the felt-tipped

