

# GET SET announces bounce-back hair!



Now, GET SET is enriched with protein to build in extra body as you set. Bouncy body for bounce-back hair. New Protein Formula GET SET



Hair Setting Lotion or Gel keeps curls curling, waves waving, flips flipping days longer. Set yourself up with some...for the bounce you can't crush out!

The East End is on Seventy-eighth Street and East River Drive, with a view of the water and an air of isolation. The rooms are a reasonable dormitory size, fitted out with vivid fabrics and closets you can live with. The residents are mixed: teachers, secretaries, Tobé-Coburn girls and golden-age ladies.

The Webster is far, far west on Thirty-fourth Street, but like the East End, it's near public transportation. The décor has great taste and flair. There's a garden downstairs for summer dining and one on the roof where green-thumbed guests may putter in their own patch of soil. The Webster is the only New York residence with facilities for fairly private entertaining: there's a string of small first-floor rooms known in the trade as "beau parlors" with an adjoining kitchenette from which you can serve drinks or coffee.

The most elegant residence in New York (and probably in the country) is St. Mary's, operated by the Catholic Daughters of Divine Charity. It is far from a convent: it has handsome Scandinavian furniture, bright colors and trimly built-in sink and storage space. The facilities are posh: there's a laundry room and lounge with stove, refrigerator and television on each floor. The girls are models, ballerinas, musicians and secretaries, all well-heeled, since St. Mary's is expensive.

If you plan to spend at least half your time auditioning, performing or studying for the theater, you'll be eligible to stay at the Rehearsal Club, a brownstone on Fifty-third Street near the Museum of Modern Art (best-known alumna: Carol Burnett). Theatrical posters in the lounge, a faithful retainer to answer the door, a crusty house-mother with a heart of gold, an ecstatic young hopeful shouting, "I just got a Pampers commercial!"—it's all there. "The vibrations are good," said one girl. "If you want to borrow a wig, you can always find one," said another. Neighborhood people feel an affection for the place: they cash checks for residents, and the local restaurants may even offer hat-check jobs to tide a girl over the lean periods.

For bargain-priced quarters, the Salvation Army's Evangeline Residence in Greenwich Village and the Studio Club YWCA are serviceable. "I don't usually tell my friends who runs this place," said an Evangeline girl, "because men all think you're either a wayward girl or on welfare." Nonetheless, the Evangeline is no soup kitchen, nor does the staff offer sermons before breakfast. Though short on chic, it's long on comfort, with good-sized rooms, gym and pool.

The Studio Club Y has a grim Gothic look; the dim halls and beat-up furniture don't help at all. It has two virtues, however; first, a desirable location on Seventy-seventh Street and Third Avenue, in the heart of New York's single belt; and second, a special interest in the arts, with festivals, concerts and exhibits that offer beginners a chance to be heard (opera star Zinka Milanov judged one music contest) and shown; there are cash prizes as well. Residents have free use of a two-hundred-seat auditorium, and for \$15 a month extra you can have a piano in your room.

The best bargain in New York, however, is Alma Matthews House, operated by the Methodist Board of Missions for working girls and

students of limited resources. The students work and the working girls study (subjects like physics and chemical engineering and foreign languages); the girls, thoroughly charming, are of all races and nationalities. There's a roomy kitchen where you cook your own meals, a rather elegant living room, and bedrooms of varying sizes equipped with maple furniture and bright fabrics. All this is housed in two Victorian brownstones in Greenwich Village. The tariff is \$13 to \$15 without meals, which is formidably low. There's one drawback: Alma Matthews does have a curfew (12:00 week nights, 2:00 weekends).

If you like privacy and an off-beat atmosphere, Simmons House may be for you. Unique among residences, Simmons has no lounge, and guests must entertain visitors of either sex in their own rooms. The kitchen on each floor has a refrigerator with a locked compartment for each resident: you cook your dinner there and take it back to your boudoir. The girls range from Juilliard music students to bank tellers. The neighborhood—Eighty-eighth Street and Riverside Drive—is pretty, but also pretty rugged.

Boston has fewer residences than New York, but the selection is just as varied. The Franklin Square Hotel is the classic, a vast barn of a place that accommodates seven hundred girls, with a good-sized gym, an immense infirmary, a laundry room and a cozy, collegiate-looking coffee shop. Built as a hotel in 1868 (Ulysses S. Grant stayed here) and turned into a nonprofit residence in 1902, the Franklin Square has a Victorian look. Although the furnishings are a bit drab, the rooms are generous, the ceilings high and the corridors broad; it's not uncheerful, and one could work up a fair amount of affection for the place. The Franklin Square has a busy program that includes Thursday-night discothèque parties and exercise classes. While the area is rough ("Go in by helicopter," says a Bostonian) there's convenient public transportation.

If you're in Boston to study, you might join the tweedy set at Student House, operated by a group of affluent women whose aim is to expose young people to "the finer things." Such finer things as Japanese prints, porcelain figurines, gilt mirrors and limited-edition lithographs are there in abundance, in an atmosphere that is pure old Boston. When the aforementioned affluent women aren't using their symphony tickets, residents are welcome to them; opera and concert notices are everywhere. To please Mother, there's a resident nurse and strictly enforced curfews, and girls are chosen, after an interview, for their "innate sense of refinement."

Boston has two rather spiffy YWCA's, a far cry from their dingy New York sisters. The Berkeley Street branch actually has a smattering of antiques among the contemporary furniture in its lounge and pleasant, dormlike rooms that look quite engaging when filled with personal memorabilia. The Cambridge Y looks even smarter and boasts a pool, a wide range of classes and the folksiest director I've encountered anywhere.

The first residence that people in Washington, D.C. think of is Harnett Hall (continued on page 160)