THE ALUMNÆ NEWS

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A VALENTINE TO THE ALMA MATER

Oh, bring me brushes fairy-fine, And bring me vellum smooth as cream, For I would fashion a valentine To fit the Lady of my dream!

Oh, bring the thin bright beaten gold To make the singing letters shine, And bring vermilion bright and bold For a gallant glorious valentine!

I'll twine the text with Arab arts, And all around my Lady's name

I'll make a ring of red, red hearts, And on each heart a golden flame.

And all about them and between, With leaves and tendrils many a score, I'll make a wreath of the ivy green,

To bind them fast forevermore.

Oh, I have loved my Lady long, With single faith, with simple truth, And I have sung to her many a song, For I began in the days of youth.

And I will love my Lady still And sing to her with all my might, The whole way down the slope of the hill, Till I shall journey out of sight.

We deemed she dwelt in one dear place, Because 'twas there it chanced to be We had the vision of her face

Whenas our eyes were young to see.

But she abides above, afar, Aloof from all the dust and din, Unsoiled as some white lovely star,

And never walls could hold her in.

When we have journeyed out of sight. Past the turn at the foot of the hill, Oh, many and many a new-made knight Shall serve our sweet liege Lady still.

- Out of the gates of the unknown years In brave procession I see them ride,
- With the ivy garlands about their spears, Loving and loyal, side by side.

Fresh from the accolade they start, Carolling loud their Lady's name; On every shield is a red, red heart, And on every heart a golden flame.

HELEN GRAY CONE

THE ALUMNAE BREAKFAST

On February 13—anticipating the good St. Valentine by a matter of hours only—the Associate Alumnae, over 600 strong, gathered in the Grand Ball Room of the Hotel Astor in honor of our Alma Mater's fifty-ninth birthday, and in honor, too, of the golden anniversary of the Class of 1878.

The tables were decorated in red-red flowers, red lamps, red hearts, which in themselves expressed the spirit of the gathering.

Mrs. Maxwell Hall Elliott, as President of the Associate Alumnae, fittingly and charmingly as ever, presided over the festivities. In her inspiring word of greeting, she urged us to have always "an impulse greater than ourselves" spurring us on. It was no doubt such a fine and eager impulse that impelled Mrs. Elliott to such great achievement in the project for a new building. Touching on the new Hunter College of the now immediate future, our President confided that in addition to "a little theater, bells, and an organ", an entire floor of the building which is designed with a Gothic tower, will be reserved for the exclusive use of the Alumnae. In closing, Mrs. Elliott expressed the belief that "It is in proportion to the true greatness of her children that Hunter College will be erected.'

We were very happy to have with us among other distinguished guests (who included Professor A. Broderick Cohen, Mrs. John B. Golden, Dean Annie E. Hickinbottom, Mrs. James M. Kieran, Miss Ruth Lewinson, and Mrs. Michael J. Mulqueen) Dr. Frederick B. Robinson, President of the College of the City of New York. Dr. Robinson was happy to bear greetings from our "older brother" College-older by twenty-three years, since it was founded in 1847. With a gallantry seldom met with in brothers, City College, we were assured, is deeply interested in "its charming, promising, vivacious younger sister." In addition, Dr. Robinson thought that it was superfluous to have the "bells" mentioned by Mrs. Elliott, since we had already so many "belles" among us; but he wished our Alma Mater "godspeed and good fortune in all that she may undertake.'

Dr. James M. Kieran then made what Mrs. Elliott referred to as "his first public appearance as Acting President of Hunter College." Dr. Kieran sketched briefly a history of the growth of the College, touching particularly on the stirring crisis in her existence during the years from 1901 to 1904, when she was