

THE ALUMNÆ NEWS

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THE REVEL

On the eighth of January, the Alumnae began the New Year and completed the Jubilee Year with a combined New Year's Revel and Jubilee Finale. All the classes, beginning with those fifty years young, joyously followed the Spirit of Youth into Chapel at the stroke of the gong, leaving all cares behind with their wraps and lunch-boxes, and changing fond memories into miraculous realization.

As in the olden days, all turned attentive faces toward the faculty places on the platform; and, lo and behold! these were not empty, for there to receive us were our two Presidents, Dr. Davis and Mrs. Popper, and Professors Hickinbottom, Whicher, Cone, and Requa. The two last-named afterwards joined their classes on the floor of the Chapel; but our first vice-president, Mrs. Moffett, in her airy-fairy costume of the Spirit of Youth, afterwards mounted the platform, and there, too, sat our second vice-president, Mrs. Content, like a personified Spirit of Learning in her flowing Greek garments.

Mrs. Popper and Dr. Davis gave us a hearty welcome home; and then the Spirit of Youth assumed her beneficent sway, and turned us into an enthusiastic menagerie which heartily roared, barked, mewed, hissed, and even crowed. It was suggested that this last function, owing to an accident of sex, might with more justice be performed by Professor Whicher; but he declined to be a rooster, with rare presence of mind selecting the role of a crocodile instead. Fortunately, the only tears of the day were of the variety which he proceeded to shed into his handkerchief.

There might have been a few tears when Mrs. Strauss insisted on stepping to the platform and putting us through an examination; but apparently there had been some successful cramming, for merry and satisfactory answers were promptly forthcoming. Nore the less, some rebellious soul proposed a strike against lessons on Saturday, and the quondam examiner went meekly back to her post as nurse-maid to her charming group of "Lolly-Poppers", a lusty set of infants who sold lollypops at the remarkable rate of one for a dime, two for a quarter.

These "Lolly-Poppers" were Lillian Bartel, Helen Deakin, Helen Fischhofer, E. Vera Loeb, May McCarthy, Margaret Meade, Helen Mehler, Charlotte Sternberg, May Trainor, Elva Wald.

Then came our New Year's Song—"Ring Out Wild Bells"—and our New

Year's Resolutions, one given by each class in response to roll-call. The answers were varied, some individual and some collective, including prose and verse, cheer and song. At the close of these were distributed prizes—perhaps to be regarded as "étrennes" or New Year's Gifts. Mrs. Popper received the reins of office, Dr. Davis a flóral crown, Dean Hickinbottom a corsage bouquet of chrysanthemums, Mrs. Lilly a bunch of lilies, and Professor Cone an ivy leaf. The call upon Professor Cone for a speech was so insistent that she was forced to anticipate her place on the program, and give us then and there her talk on "A Right Good Willie-waught for the Sake of Auld Lang Syne." A "good willie-waught," we learned, should really be a "good-willie waught," and assuredly the good will still remains, although some of the other ingredients are lacking now-a-days.

Next we heard from some of our other poets. Amelia Josephine Burr gave us a quaint small-boy poem with her usual grace and charm; and Jeannette Sewell Davis' spirited companion-piece to "The Good Ship Alma Mater"—"Alumnae Hall Our Houseboat"—was read by Elsie Hoertel. Finally, the apt lines which Gertrude C. Leerburger had written to the tune of "The Love Nest" were finely sung by Irene Weinstein, all joining in the chorus.

The audience then scattered to various "love nests" in both buildings, to enjoy a love feast of lunch and chatter for the space of the "Merry Lunch Hour."

The strains of the Hunter Orchestra, directed by Flora Rubin, recalled us to the Chapel, where we enjoyed a number which, though not printed on the program, was perhaps the most welcome of the day: namely, the presentation of a handsome silver bag containing a gold pocket-piece, to Emma D. Huebner, as a slight token of the grateful appreciation which all alumnae extend to the president who-guided us so peacefully and sun-shinily through a period of strife and storm, and through the subsequent joys of the Jubilee.

Next was displayed the Hunter College Exhibit of Our Own Screen Stars. Now there was an opportunity to see how various familiar characters looked in infancy or shortly thereafter. Pouts and smiles, chubby shoulders and quaint costumes, made the entertainment one of varied interest. In approved movie fashion, there were first thrown on the screen, portraits of the producer, Simony Friedberger Strauss, of the scenario-writer, E. Adelaide

ALUMNAE HALL—OUR HOUSEBOAT

The Good Ship Alma Mater has a string of
little boats

That swarm about her moorings or convoy her
when she floats.

They hoist their tiny pennants beneath her
colors gay.

(The scene is like the "Pathé News" before a
photoplay.)

The boats are numbered —'70—or '93—or '10—
And all are fully manned and yet there is no
sign of men.

They whistle and they tootey-toot—and some
have sirens too.

Their call means: Alma Mater, a good New
Year to you!

There's a Houseboat floating very near, the
hawser just too short

To hitch to Alma Mater who would pull her
into port,

But all the yarns the sailors make on all the
little boats

Will lengthen out that hawser, where the
pleasant Houseboat floats.

Then into Alma Mater's port! And what's the
Houseboat's name?

Alumnae Hall! More whistles and more sirens
for that same.

The call means: Alma Mater, a great New
Year to you

With the staunch Alumnae Houseboat as your
nearest, dearest view!

Jeannette Sewell Davis.
