

ANN ANTHONY

Kathryn L. Hopwood
Dean of Students

It was evident, on that November morning when I first visited Hunter, that the retiring Dean of Students was not only competent, but beloved, and that her successor would have to work hard to keep up with her. I met her in the room I now inhabit. She was warm, generous, but at the same time, a bit reserved. I recognized the skill and the professional poise. She was saddened, too, because a long time colleague, Professor Marjorie Anderson, had died that morning. I remember wondering what such a loss could mean in a large urban college. Were people really missed, or did the ranks just close in? A small-town girl myself, I made a quick appraisal as to the degree of anonymity that might prevail in a big city college. What was the nature of immortality on Park Avenue?

Any such questions were banished, however, by the immediate business at hand. I found an office conducted with great efficiency and a staff who loved the administrator. Our private earnest conversations revealed to me a woman who had an unswerving vision of professional excellence and who had functioned equably in the face of many and continuing problems. Even before I went back to Ohio I knew that if I should be invited to be her successor, I would accept the invitation to come to Hunter.

The busy days after my arrival offered almost no face to face contact with my predecessor. We had agreed it was to be this way. With characteristic sensitivity and generosity she had told me that she had no intention of haunting my footsteps with the ghosts of her administration. Anyway, she said briskly, she had a new life to lead, and forthwith, off she went to the seven seas. We received a series of vignettes: a ride on a camel in Egypt; a safari in Africa; a visit to Lourdes; a cheery convalescence in London. She was always out-reaching, always vigorous, always enchanted with the wonders of life. The pleasant New Hampshire summers in the company of a beloved companion provided brief intervals between trips to far-away places.

Last summer, even as she tried to carry on with her usual energy, it became increasingly evident that she was growing frail. Though we knew this, her death, on one of those October days when the New Hampshire hills are touched with the color of autumn, came to us



Ann Anthony, 1886-1962

Dean Ann Anthony, a native of Sioux City, Iowa, was graduated from Hunter, when it was called Normal College, in 1904. In 1907, she received her A.B. from Barnard. At New York University, she got her Master's degree in pedagogy, in 1916; her Ph.D., in 1929. For a while, she taught in elementary school. Her career as teacher at the College began in 1911, when she became an assistant in pedagogy and logic. Her progress was steady: 1917, instructor; 1925, assistant professor; 1928, associate professor; and in 1933, Acting Dean of Students, in charge of the Bronx Buildings. A full professorship followed, in 1937. In 1943, Miss Anthony was appointed Dean of Freshmen and Sophomores at 695 Park Avenue; Dean of Students, in 1946.

Among Dean Anthony's many professional affiliations were included the State and City, as well as the National Associations of Deans of Women, the American Association of University Professors, the National Education Association, and the Association of Administrative Women in Education.

Dean Anthony was a member of the Board of Directors of the Hunter College Alumni Association, of the Scholarship and Welfare Fund, and of the Association of Neighbors and Friends of Hunter College.

as a shock. We took some comfort in the fact that her concern and interest were with us to the last, for death came to her as she listened to the reading of a letter from a member of our office, one she had known as a student, colleague, and devoted friend.

In those hours my mind went back to that first day I spent at Hunter and the same question came back to me: what is it to them, those 30,000 students to whom this vital woman gave almost forty years? Do they have any idea of how different their lives might have been had she not been unceasingly vigilant in their behalf? I still do not know the answer, but I have stopped asking the question, because it is irrelevant in the face of her selflessness. The ultimate outcome does not depend upon personal recognition. She knew this, and the rest of us, less disciplined perhaps, may in time learn. The final testimony is neither adulation nor eulogy. It is the mute continuing day by day service of thousands of women, graduates of Hunter, who in their classrooms with their own students, in their homes with their own children, in countless situations with young people unnumbered, carry on with dedication the tasks to which she gave a lifetime.

To Dean Anthony, with Love

Rubie Saunders '50

Dean Ann Anthony was a teacher first, and those who had the opportunity to take her courses in logic, in history of education, in psychology, can never cease to be grateful.

For the thousands of younger graduates who came to know and to love her while she was Dean of Students, she expressed the warmth of feeling and sincerity of interest too often missing at an urban college.

Whatever the reason, whatever the hour, Dean Anthony was always there to help the bewildered student. I can recall occasions when she kept the President of the College waiting because Jane Price had a *desperate* problem—how to secure a room for an Elections Committee meeting.

Dean Anthony's sense of what was necessary never allowed her to dictate a course of action to students. In her quiet way, she helped them to find their own solutions to their problems. When one realizes how

often she must have had exactly the same problem, one must think that it is to her credit that she never showed the least trace of boredom or a feeling of "Here we go again!"

Dean Anthony endeared herself to us because she could share our joys. On the annual boat trips the Student Council would sponsor each spring, I can remember her learning to Hora on the deck of the *Peter Stuyvesant* when the evening turned chilly, or trying to make a herder's pipe with a blade of grass and her thumbs.

Her interest in the students of Hunter College did not stop when they were graduated. Alumni were always welcomed, when they dropped in to say "hello" or to ask for advice. Her amazing memory, not just for names and faces, but for individuals, was a source of never-ending astonishment to all who worked with her. To be greeted, many years after one had been graduated, with a cheery, "Hello there, Rubie. How are you doing at the magazine?" was invariable testimony to Dean Anthony's genuine interest. How many people that one met just last week remember one's name and occupation?

Always attractive and gracious, she set a model for us in manner, in dress. She could tactfully suggest to a student that slacks were not quite suited to her figure, but she could also appreciate the fact that blue jeans and a tattered shirt are in order when one is working on the set for the Christmas Assembly.

Many educators must find the repetition of problems and crises, and the routine of the academic year a dreadful grind. But Dean Anthony thrived on it. Because she was dealing, not with groups of students, but with individuals, she approached each problem with a freshness, a sincerity, and a sense of calm that immediately made one feel that soon all would be well.

It is not easy to believe that she is gone; no easier than it was to believe that she was no longer in Room 101. Dean Anthony will be sorely missed, not only by the administration and the faculty of the College with whom she worked so well, but by the thousands of students whom she taught, often against their will, the invaluable lessons of living. Her spontaneous smile, her helpfulness, her tenderness, made her the perfect part-time mother of Student Council officers, Pan-Hellenic representatives and all the other students who beat a path to her door.

Dear Dean Anthony, thank you for all you have done for us; for being there whenever we needed you; for helping us over the final rough periods of growing up; for being the kind of person you were.