

Ethel Huggard '12

*A former Associate Superintendent of Schools
recalls school and college days*

When I arrived at the 68th Street building in September [1905], I was placed in a classroom on the top floor under the eaves. We were called Ducks (for Introduc-tories). We were restricted from entering the second floor which was known as Senior Hall and sacred to the seniors. Occasionally, at lunch time, we stole downstairs to watch the seniors walking arm-in-arm down one side of the hall and up the other in the traditional noontime stroll. If a Duck happened to have a friend among the seniors, she might be invited to stroll one day. I never knew what the source of this tradition was, and by the time I became a senior, seven years later, it had dis-appeared into antiquity.

I do not believe that we clearly understood that we were, in reality, students in a strictly classical four-year high school. We accepted our programs which included four years of Latin, three years of a modern language, mathematics, English, science, history, ancient, medie-val and modern, and physical training. We were ex-pected to study hard. I recall no electives, no free time, no study hall.

Suddenly all this came to an end, and we were ushered out of high school and into the College proper without any fanfare whatsoever; no graduation exercises, no conferring of diplomas. These we received quietly some months later. But at last we were in college. And we were launched as the class of June, 1912.

During this period some changes were going on in the organization of the college, and one day we learned that an additional year had been added to make the course a three-year one. Later, still, in our college years, we learned of the proposed addition of still another year to bring the college to the full academic standing of a degree-conferring institution. The miracle was that some of us were permitted to complete a full college require-ment (for me, 124 hours) in the three years, and make full preparation for teaching besides.

Our chef d'oeuvre came during class week at gradua-tion. Although called Normal College and soon to be known as Hunter College, it was still strictly an All-Woman college. Indeed, so "All-Woman" was it, that even during class week no males dared to cross the threshold. So, we made our own fun. We had a minstrel show. I was the Man-at-the-Piano. I even wore male clothing. Do I need to tell you the entire faculty came to the show? And our Senior Dance—we had a small orchestra; we had lovely new dresses and all the acces-sories. We had dance cards. We danced in the Gym. We danced with one another!

Jessie Rosenfeld '88

A note about our oldest active alumna

Born in August, 1870, Jessie Rosenfeld '88 is just one half year younger than Hunter College. And true to the tradition of Alma Mater, she has always loved learning and serving.

Jessie began her busy career in 1884 as a teacher in the Louis Downtown Sabbath School; this she contin-ued until 1902. She was nineteen when, as a volunteer worker, she helped organize the Temple Emanu-El Sis-terhood for Personal Service. During the "depression year of 1893," she traveled regularly to Delancey Street; there, under the auspices of the Ethical Culture Society, she distributed clothing to the needy.

In October 1906, her article, "Special Classes in the Public School of New York," was printed in the maga-zine *Education*, published in Boston. As the only non-teacher member of the Child Study Committee of Alum-nae of Normal College, she had visited and observed the classes for backward and handicapped children in sixteen of our public schools and the notes she had accumulated formed the basis for her article.

During both World Wars Jessie gave unstintingly of her time by serving: on Draft Boards; with the Red Cross; in Red Cross Disaster Canteens; on the Inventory Unit of the Office of Price Administration; and as Coun-selor at the Dormitory for Soldiers and Sailors.

For twenty-one years she ran classes in her home, conducting courses in Americanization and current events, for immigrants and refugees preparing for citi-zenship.

What she likes especially to think back to are Dr. Thomas Hunter's regular daily visits to the classrooms, his questions, and his phenomenal memory. She speaks of him with the warmth of love and gratitude, and even now with deep and affectionate respect.

As part of a gala "This Is Your Life" program pre-pared by the Congregation of Temple Emanu-El two years ago, an engraved plaque was presented to "Jessie Rosenfeld in grateful recognition of her seventy-three years of dedicated service."

In 1964, another certificate was awarded her, this time by the Council of Jewish Women. Reports of this and other signal honors spread from coast to coast. Let-ters by the score came to commend and congratulate her.

No worthy effort is to this day too taxing for Jessie Rosenfeld. She "eateth not the bread of idleness."

R.E.K.N.