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THE ALUMNÆ NEWS

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IF YOU WENT TO THE REUNION.

You were shown to your seat by a pretty girl in Red Cross costume, and you chatted with old college friends whom you always see at college festivities. Then some more girls, a combination of members of the Hunter College Orchestra and the Hunter High School Orchestra, played a stirring march, and down the aisle swept the impressive procession of officers and guests. You joined in singing the Star Spangled Banner, and somehow it seems that only at College among old class-mates is the anthem sung with the right fervor.

Miss Huebner spoke the words of greeting. She reminded you that as graduates of a great democratic college you were especially prepared to play your part worthily in these stirring times, and she alluded to your achievements Over Here and Over There, individually and collectively.

You felt that you had a right to be proud, and President Davis thrilled you still more when he pointed out the service flags—the college flag with its stars for those members of the teaching staff who are in the service of their country, and the flag of the Class of '78 with stars for sons and brothers and other dear ones. There was a touch of sadness, too, in your pride, for on each banner was a star for one who had fallen on the field of battle.

President Davis spoke of the noble response of the students to all appeals—Red Cross, Liberty Loan, War Savings Stamps, draft, census work, and many others. Nor are the members of the teaching staff less enthusiastic in their service. Applause greeted the statement that many of them have voluntarily dedicated to the College war service an equivalent of the income tax which, as city employees, they are not called upon to pay. And the Associate Alumnae joins the ranks with its \$800 for the X-Ray Class in the Summer Session and its other generous contributions. Self-sacrifice and personal responsibility are the distinguishing traits of all those associated with Hunter College, and in the young women who are going out in June the Associate Alumnae will gain valuable recruits.

The Four Minute Song Men made your heart beat to martial rhythm with their stirring rendering of spirited songs. You could have listened to them all afternoon.

Then the Honorable George Gordon Battle, in his turn, made you feel what a privilege it is to be associated with Hunter when he told you what the College means to all New Yorkers. No assembly is more

important than one of teachers, for on them rests the responsibility of preparing the generation which shall take the place of those who are sacrificing themselves on the altar of their country. War itself is a great educator—terrible but efficient. It has brought all to a realization of the vital importance of the work of women. Food conservation, the administration of the household affairs of the nation, nursing—these are as important as actual fighting. And most important is the duty of supporting the courage of the nation through the terrible days that are before us. This realization that man and woman must work together is bringing with it a greater sense of unity, of social justice, a broader view of life. It is influencing education, leading to a closer relationship between teacher and pupil and a greater emphasis on the generous impulses of youth, the finer ideals. Upon this spiritual note Mr. Battle closed his address.

In this high and elevated mood Miss Grace Parker, National Commandant of the National League for Women's Service, found you and kept you. She, too, made you glad that the women of the world are looking to college women. Shoulder to shoulder with men you must fight. She made your eyes fill with tears when she told you of the simple, uncomplaining heroism of the women of England, in munitions factories, on the farm, in the shipyard, in the hospital, and in canteen work. In their war-darkened streets, in the absence of their men-folk, in the peril of Zeppelin raids, they are "keeping the home fires burning," their watchword "Think what our men are doing!"

Compared with their self-sacrifice all your striving seemed only a beginning. You had not begun to conserve—you with your substitutes for wheat flour in pie crust.—Miss Parker was very scornful of your pie crust.—English women are giving up more than pie. They are running a hospital.—all women from orderly to head surgeon. They are giving the boys, as they pass through, the wholesome companionship of good women in club and canteen, where a duchess and a cockney second lieutenant may equally discover that the war has levelled all social distinctions. They are volunteering as motorists,—but you are not behind them there, as the presence upon the platform, in uniform, of Captain Baylis proved.

All cannot do spectacular work, but each can do her bit, if only as a private in the ranks. All can stand squarely against

everything anti-American, against such insidious whisperings of peace, for example, as destroyed the morale of the Italian army. All can help in the work of Americanization. Miss Parker read appalling statistics of the men of military age not naturalized citizens, not even able to speak the English language. And, like Mr. Battle, she ended on the spiritual note. People can bear what they are being called upon to bear only with the help of the spirit, with the vision of a Power greater than human power. In the ever-renewed applause Miss Parker must have heard the pledge of Hunter women to make her words live in acts.

The Honorable Abram Elkus brought you a message of the wonderful work of noble American educators in the distant Orient, healing the sick, caring for the poor, spreading American ideals among down-trodden people. So devoted are they to their task that when relations between Turkey and the United States were severed, and they had the opportunity to leave in safety and in comfort, they chose to stay amid peril and privation to carry on their work.

Mr. Elkus spoke of the supreme sacrifice of France, of dynamited cities in the track of the invader, and, near the ruins, re-opened schoolhouses where teachers were imparting the indomitable spirit of France to a new generation. And he reminded you of the pride you may take in the fact that it is an educator who is the most commanding figure in the whole world to-day, the President of the United States. He emphasized the primary duty of every educator—the duty of teaching citizenship, of bringing home to every man, woman, and child in America the love of country.

Professor Cone found her text in the beautiful word *Mother*. To the Alma Mater, her daughters turn in this great emergency, with the words, "O Mother, come and help." You have all done much—very much—but whatever you do, you will do something in association with your Alma Mater. She has thrown open her house to the boys in service. She has given them the music and dancing that every boy likes, the goodies that he likes—even the forbidden pie shall not be forbidden him—and the warm words of welcome that he likes best of all. French lads have come to her doors, as well as American, and in her visitors' book are the names of some who went down in a recent disaster off our coast. In their name the Associate Alumnae is sending help to the fatherless children of France.

The Alma Mater is helping that other mother, characterized in a beautiful poster as the "Greatest Mother in the World," by making surgical dressings and doing other Red Cross work in an auxiliary which Professor Emilie Long heads. And through all that she does she is helping support the

flag which Walt Whitman lovingly called the "mother of us all"; the flag which will mother the whole world.

In answer to Professor Cone's appeal, pledges came in goodly numbers. You have promised about one thousand dollars a year to the war work conducted in the name of your College. It is much, but it must be more if Hunter is to do her bit worthily.

If you were at the Reunion—you know all this; yet perhaps you will not resent this reminder of all the inspiring words of that inspiring afternoon.

And if you were not at the Reunion—no words can make up to you for what you missed. But you may share in that elevation of the spirit which the rest of us gained—by pledging, whatever else you are doing and however much you are giving elsewhere, as generous a sum as you can afford to the war work of your Alma Mater.

In conclusion, two words of thanks and appreciation are due, one to those French sailors who, through the interest of Miss Raoux, lent a picturesque background to our afternoon and sang for us their national anthem; the second to all who spoke, or sang, or played, and to those through whose efforts the afternoon became, as many said, the most successful reunion the Associate Alumnae ever held. In addition to those whose names appear on the program and in addition to the chairmen of the Reunion Committee and the War Service Committee, there should be mentioned Miss Eva C. Wood and Professor Fleck, who were instrumental in obtaining the greater number of those who spoke to us—and sang for us.

One little incident and the history of our great day is concluded. The Honorable George Gordon Battle, touched by Miss Huebner's pathetic plea for pie for our boys, gave ten dollars to start a pie fund, to be devoted solely to the purchase of the great American delicacy.

Adele Bildersee.

PATRIOTIC SERVICE COMMITTEE
ASSOCIATE ALUMNAE
of Hunter College, Inc.

I pledge for the duration of the War
A monthly payment of.....
A quarterly payment of.....
A semi annual payment of.....
An annual payment of.....

To be used for Red Cross and other
War Relief Work.

Name

Address

Year of Graduation.....

MRS. JOHN FISKE LITTLE, TREAS.
1618 Beverly Road
Brooklyn