

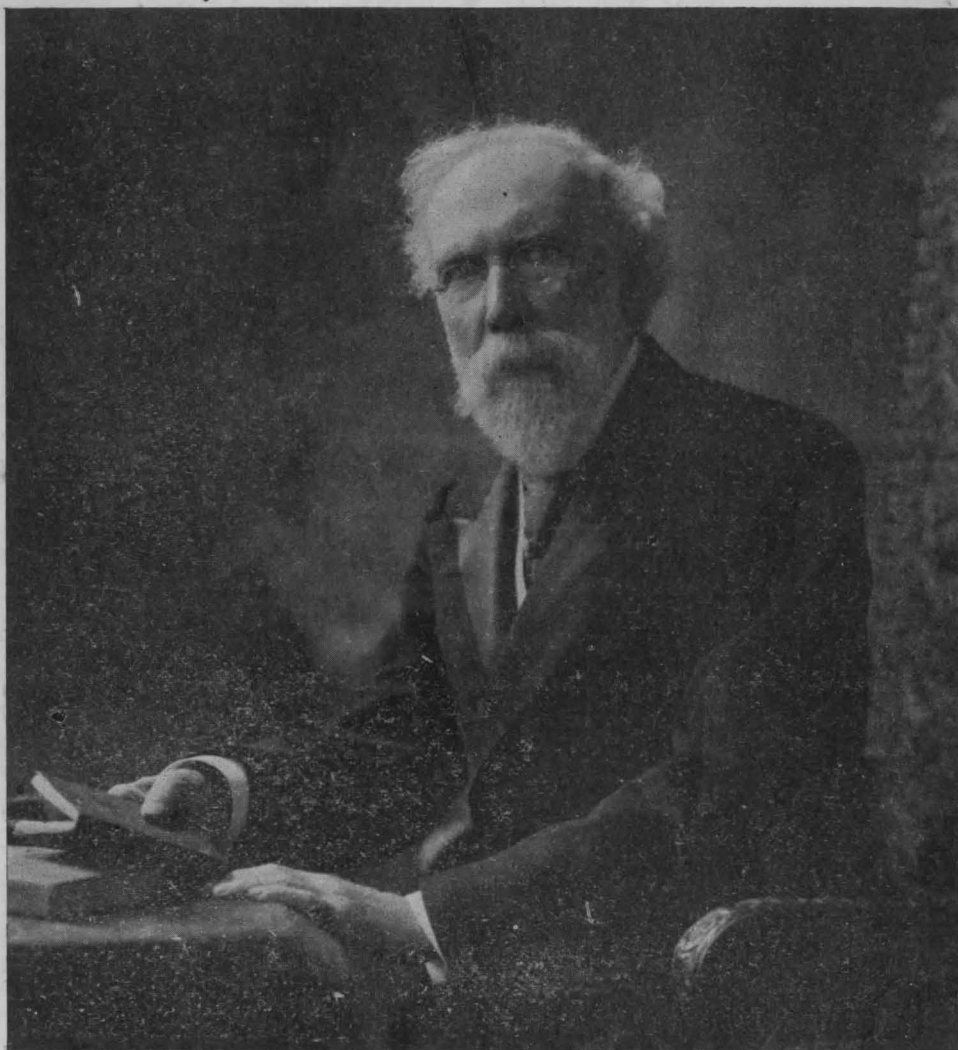
THE ALUMNÆ NEWS

Published Monthly by the Associate Alumnae of Hunter College of the City of New York.
(Entered at the New Rochelle Post Office at the pound rate of postage)

VOL XX

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y., NOVEMBER, 1915.

No. 7



In Memoriam Thomas Hunter, LL.D., President Emeritus of Hunter College

One of the lyrics in "Pippa Passes" is a song of an ancient king who, in his long and wise rule, had quite outgrown the infirmities of age, and the very necessity of death itself.

"The gods so loved him while he dreamed,
That, having lived so long, there seemed
No need the king should ever die."

Somewhat in this way have we of the Associate Alumnae regarded our dear President Emeritus. It hardly appeared in the nature of things that he should pass away from us; and his death, even at so advanced an age, has not only most deeply grieved but startled and shaken us all. In the confusion resulting from this shock, it

is hard to marshal our ideas. The writer does not presume to think that she can in this brief article touch upon all sides of President Hunter's character or career. Each of us will doubtless feel that she has an individual word to say. Here it will only be possible to indicate those few qualities and principles which have appeared to one of the Alumnae essential and central in his life and work.

First, Thomas Hunter was a true American. He was born, indeed, in Ireland; one was often reminded of that by his humor, elaborate courtesy, and charm; but when he came to this country in 1849, a youth of eighteen, he adopted American ideals and

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by

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No more shall we see at the head of our procession the gracious form, the silvery locks, the sunny blue eyes of our beloved chief.

"Out of the day and night
A joy has taken flight."

All around us in our Chapel are presentments of our honored benefactor. Just at first we older ones see them "through a glass darkly," for our vision is tear-dimmed, and we can discern only the "pictures on memory's wall." But we have many of these pictures, and they seem alive owing to the vivid personality, the inspiring instruction, the stimulating influence of his onward and upward leadership.

His memory will live in the hearts of numberless men and women, who are indebted to him for benefits of every kind. He has assisted many a poor person to success. His old "boys" owe him a debt for his teachings, which they glory in acknowledging;—but it is his old "girls" and his girls of later generations who proudly claim the greatest debt, the gift of the higher education for women. How shall we endeavor to repay this debt in smallest fashion? Not by grief and gloom and gravity, which will benefit no one, but by adherence to his teachings who has made history. He often said, "History is philosophy teaching by example". We can live to help others to live, and this was his philosophy.

Let us give thanks that he lived to see his pioneer work crowned with greatest success, that this great educator was made to realize not only the esteem but also the love in which he was held, and that he knew, thank God he *knew*, that the great institution of our land, which he founded, would bear his name forever, and that myriads of young voices would hail the name and myriads of young lives would be attuned now and evermore to the ideals of Hunter.

October 17, 1915.

"It is not a funeral: it is a triumph"—thus did the Rev. Henry Mottet characterize the last rites in honor of our beloved President Emeritus on Sunday, October 17, at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. The immense place of worship could not contain the crowds who had come to honor the memory of our "dear Captain." In truth the "groves, God's first temples" all through the land would scarcely have held the throngs who owe him gratitude.

Among the delegations at the church were great numbers of the Associate Alumnae led by our President, Mrs. Kramer, followed by ex-Presidents and officers of the Association: a large representation of the "boys" of P. S. 35, the Jenny Hunter Kindergarten Association, and more than two hundred of the faculty, trustees, and officers of Hunter College, High and Model Schools. Many of the members of the Board of Education were present. Dr. George S. Davis was one of the honorary pall-bearers. In the auditorium were many great educators who were present in honor of our greatest educator.

"I am the resurrection and the life," rang out solemnly in the great edifice, where masses of wondrously beautiful flowers, sweetest music from the choir and the organ, intensely loving devotion of myriad hearts beating unitedly in submission to the divine will, and God's golden sunlight over all made the solemnization what it was, not a "funeral but a triumph."

In Memoriam: Isabella Sullivan.

The members of the Class of 1876 announce with sorrow the passing away of their dear friend and comrade, Isabella Sullivan, for forty years President of the class.

Miss Sullivan was President of the Associate Alumnae from 1904 to 1906, an office which she filled with efficiency and grace.

Most of the alumnae knew her as the principal of P. S. 170, a most important school in a very crowded district, where her enthusiasm and high ideals, during the fifteen years of her service, affected the lives of thousands of children and inspired a large corps of teachers.

Her teaching career began immediately upon graduation, in West Farms. Some years later she was appointed principal in Rivington Street School and then served in the same capacity in P. S. 68 in West 128th Street, before being transferred to P. S. 170.

We feel that our dear friend has
"Joined the Choir Invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence: live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self."