

## HUNTER COLLEGE ALUMNI NEWS

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## Some Personal Reminiscences

My memories of Marie Gallagher are so intimate that I cannot write of her save in the most informal way—even to beginning with the forbidden personal pronoun, first person singular.

They start with my one year (1906-7) in elementary school, which I spent in what is now called the Hunter College Elementary School—old T.D.N.C. as it was to us. I heard from my classmates about the remarkable class that had graduated the year before—which included Marie Gallagher. There were two little curly-haired girls in lower classes who were the McCues, Lillie and Queenie. During that year, and again later, when I was in Hunter College High School, I sometimes met on Lexington Avenue another curly-haired girl slightly older but still little (as small as I). There was a sort of family resemblance among them, and for a while they were all in mourning, I think for Marie's younger brother—children wore mourning in those days, and the Gallaghers and McCues were a very closely-knit family. (I remember the handsome academic outfit that her uncle, Dr. McCue, gave Marie when Fordham awarded her her Ph.D.) At all events, I intuitively knew that this older girl was the famous Marie Gallagher, cousin of the McCues—the girl that every one spoke of with affection and respect. But what I did not know was that some day we were to be close friends.

The Hunter High School student body was distributed among various annexes, and I don't think I got personally acquainted with Marie until we were both in Hunter College, she as a Sophomore and I as a Freshman. She still had her curls, and she still was small (I was a bit taller than she by this time). She, like me, was taking a major in Latin and a minor in Greek, but she carried an extra specialization in Chemistry even as I did in French. We both had time for extras, for we both elected to stay in College for four years—rather an unusual thing in those days. I don't think we were in any classes together, but we were both, of course, active in the Classical Club. A picture of the Club officers for 1913-14 hangs on the wall of my office today—half-a-dozen dignified "young ladies" in cap and gown clustered on the College steps around our faculty adviser, Professor Carter; and I love to test out students of

today to see if they can recognize the two who, as the smallest, were put into the front row, Marie the Treasurer and Adelaide the Reporter.

It was in that same year, when Marie was a Senior and I a Junior, that we started the weekly, the *Normal College Bulletin*. There were just five of us on the original staff, of whom three are still at College today, the third being the Business Manager, Isabel C. McLaughlin, '15, now Assistant Professor of Mathematics. (Florence Stewart, '14, the Circulation Manager, works at Rockefeller Institute; has any one news of Edythe Seligmann, '14, the Advertising Manager?) Marie was the Managing Editor, and in this post showed her remarkable executive ability. The *Bulletin*, which was not subsidized by the College as the *Arrow* now is, at first had hard sledding financially; I can remember our little Editor dancing in the hall with joy because she had just figured out that if we increased the number of pages from four to six, and the price from three cents to five, we could make ends meet. Which we did, thanks to her skill.

Every Saturday afternoon, Marie the Managing Editor and Adelaide the Literary Editor traveled up to the Bronx together to read proof and make the "dummy", and it was in these joint activities that we grew really intimate. A great thing happened to the *Normal College Bulletin* that year; it had to change its name to *Hunter College Bulletin*. The news of the College's change of name came on a Tuesday afternoon, when the *Bulletin*, which was issued on Wednesday, was already in press; but we hastily arranged for the preparation of gummed slips with the "brave new name" printed on them, and these were pasted over the old mast-head by hurriedly impressed students Wednesday morning, and were all ready in time for distribution. There was a great public celebration of the change of name, attended among others by the Mayor, John Purroy Mitchel; of the undergraduate body only Seniors were supposed to be present, but I though a Junior was specially privileged because I had to write up the occasion for the *Bulletin*, so I was there, and I well remember Marie leading the Seniors in a rendition of a song of joy which I had written for the occasion.

At the end of the year, Marie recommended me to the Student Council as the next Managing Editor (a title which was later changed to Editor-in-Chief), so I had the honor of succeeding her in this post, and also in that of Student Council Vice-President. But she was President of her Class, and I was only Vice-President of mine, though later, in alumnae days, I became President.

Our paths crossed in many other ways too. For one thing we both took part in the Greek dramatization of Xenophon's *Symposium* that I induced the Classics Department to present. I was Philip the jester, and I wrote an explanation of the action in English verse to serve as a prologue in the

form of a dialogue between Eros (who as the god of love could speak a universal language) and an inquiring college girl who wanted to attend the Greek performance but was afraid she wouldn't understand it. Marie was the college girl, looking very charming in a modern flowered dress that contrasted with the Greek costumes worn by the rest of us. Her perfectly natural manner was most effective. It was then that she discovered, much to her surprise, that she could act, but I don't think she acted again until the faculty show of three years ago, "Horizon", that we were both in, I in a small part and she in a leading one, which showed that the old talent was still there.

The 1914 *Wistarion* printed a "ballot" of thirty names in which we both figured. Marie's accolade was well deserved; she was voted the one who had "Done Most for Normal" (the name hadn't been changed when that part of the year-book went to press). Her "knock" in the same volume gives a vivid picture of what she was and what she would be. Here it is. "She's little, but oh, my! with a confident toss of her brown head (with a suspicious tinge of red), Marie will some day help Archimedes move the world. She's running Normal now, because the Class of 1914 couldn't find any one else with sufficient pep to do it. First she manages the Christmas play, and then she prints the Bulletin to tell us all about it, and in betwixt she gathers in A's. Marie, me ole frien', how do you do it?"

And then came her Commencement, when she was Salutatorian; and we wondered what Hunter would do without her. How happy I was when I learned from her that we wouldn't have to do without her—that she would be back in September as a member of the Education Department. I was delighted but not surprised, for she had distinguished herself in her practice teaching (I remember vividly her joy over the written criticism she received from a teacher in the Model School, our old T.D.N.C., after her first hour of teaching there). She also had done Latin practice teaching in the High School, and was invited to remain there too. Again my experience paralleled hers; but we both chose the College.

On the College staff, where I had the honor of joining her a year later, again our courses ran side by side. She received her definitive "regular" appointment in 1920, I mine in 1922. We both were promoted to the Assistant Professorship in 1925. She be-

came an Associate Professor in 1928, a year before I did, and a Professor in 1938, a year and a half after I did. But our paths diverged somewhat when she went into the higher echelons of administration. She was Director of the Guidance Bureau from its start, twenty-five years ago; and her remarkable achievements in this post led to her being named Associate Dean in 1944 and Dean in 1947. We were always happy to learn of each other's advances; I shall never forget the beautiful flowers she sent me when I was made Head of the Classics Department in 1936. We served together on the Faculty Council, on the Curriculum Research Committee, on the Course of Study Committee. It has always been interesting to work with Marie, and particularly to be in a battle with her, whether on the same side or the opposite side; she fights hard, she fights well, and she fights fairly.

We were associated too in other activities. After the establishment of the Hunter Chapter of Phi Beta Kappa in 1920, we were both elected Alumnae Members; and we both later acted as President of the Hunter Chapter. In the Alumni Association, too, we served together repeatedly on the Executive Council and on the Board of Directors. In addition, Marie has been on the Board of Directors of the Scholarship and Welfare Fund.

She has done effectively and excellently everything that she has undertaken, but it is her work in the Guidance Bureau that has been superlative. She is completely mistress of every detail involved in this stupendous undertaking, but her knowledge of the trees never obscures her vision of the woods. She listens attentively and intelligently, and responds courteously and cooperatively, to every word concerning the Bureau, from every student and every teacher. Often I have consulted her about one or another phase of the work; sometimes I have come to praise and sometimes to object; in the latter instance, either she has convinced me that I was wrong, and I have gone away contented; or I have convinced her that I was right, and she has amended the situation that was troubling me. Always she has been frank and fair.

And now she is—prematurely, we think—retiring. She wants leisure, and a chance to learn and to do new things. She has, we know, rich years of continued growth and activity before her. But once more I ask, as I did in 1914 when she was about to graduate: What will Hunter do without her?

E. ADELAIDE HAHN