

THE PARTY FOR MRS. GRAFF

A delightful party in honor of a delightful lady — this would be a brief summary of the dinner given for Irene Brandon Graff for her eightieth birthday.

B. Elizabeth Kallman was chairman of the evening, May fifth, at which about fifty friends paid tribute to this dedicated worker. Sybilla Mellor and Edna Lewinson made the table decorations which added a colorful note. Ruth Lewinson, an excellent and witty toastmistress, called on several guests who answered charmingly and briefly. These included Babette Levy, member of the Hunter Alumni Association Committee for Lenox Hill Settlement; Mrs. Henry L. Moses of the Lenox Hill Settlement Board; and Miss Lillian D. Robbins, Director of Lenox Hill Settlement. President Shuster and Frances Roth Abrams spoke their admiration of Mrs. Graff, and E. Adelaide Hahn wrote her praise to the tune of "Marching through Georgia", which all present sang vigorously while Peg Rendt, in a nearby room, pounded out the music.

There was a birthday cake aglitter with a full complement of candles and the presentation of a handsome handbag (into which every guest placed a good luck penny), but the highlight of the evening was the response of "Our Irene". The emotions she felt were heard in her voice as she thanked everyone not just for the party but for the friendships she has garnered over the years. The emotions her audience felt were visible in the moist eyes and wet handkerchiefs.

It was a delightful party in honor of a delightful lady — Irene Graff.

AUGUSTA TRUELL WOLLHEIM

Mrs. Graff's Speech

My dear, generous, wonderful friends, I am so overwhelmed, and emotionally so shaken with surprise, happiness, and pride that I can find no words to tell you what is in my heart.

What have I done to deserve this tribute?

I cannot believe that the *number* of my years has brought you here, for we know that the number of years do not make a life, but, rather, *how* those years are spent. And you have now made me vain enough to assume that you approve of the way I have spent those years.

And to-night you bring me that assurance — with your loyalty, your devotion, your friendship, and your love. These are precious gifts. They must be treasured and cherished, and there are no words of thanks for them. They must live, and be my most beautiful memories.

As I look back on my life I ask myself what did I gain from the things I have done — and I have done many: — in education, in civic work, in government work, in war work, in my Alumnae Association, in Lenox Hill Settlement. What did I gain from these various activities that gave me the greatest satisfaction and happiness? Was it the work itself, was it a job well done, was it the plaudits of

the crowd, or the little glory that may have accrued to me? And the answer is *No*.

What then gave me my satisfaction and my happiness? And the answer is — the friends I made. If this be a power or a gift, I thank God that I have it. Success passes, glory fades, riches disappear, but friends last forever.

Mr. Polonius was very wise when he said: "The friends thou hast and their adoption tried, Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel." And as I look around tonight I realize that I have grappled better than I knew.

But I am eighty years old, and I can think of no better way to end this most inadequate response to a most wonderful tribute than by quoting my beloved poet: —

"Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made:
Our times are in His hand
Who saith "A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God: see all, nor be afraid!"

IRENE BRANDON GRAFF

POEM FOR MRS. GRAFF

Youth is the finest time of life
With all of its laughter and fun;
Young love comes along,
You are happy and strong,
You're enjoying your place in the sun.
Romance makes the finest time of life,
With all of its new-found glow;
A home life to start
With the love of your heart,
And learning to share as you go.
Middle age is the finest time of life;
You are older and calmer and wise;
Life seems so secure,
It is bound to endure;
You see only the brightest of skies.
Late years are the finest time of life;
With leisure to ponder and rest;
Your task has been done,
And the friends you have won
Make the last of a lifetime the best.

RUTH LEWINSON

Song for Mrs. Graff

Tune: "Marching through Georgia"

I.

Let us join together, girls, and sing a little song!
Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along!
Sing it in her honor as we gather in a throng!
Sing to our Lady of Hunter!

Chorus.

Irene! Irene! our hearts with love you fill!
Irene! Irene! we hail you with a will!
Ever loyal leader at the top of Lenox Hill,
Likewise our Lady of Hunter!

II.

Once you ran the Breakfast, as we called it in those days.
Once you were our President, and justly won our praise.
So for all you were and are, our voices now we raise:
Hail to our Lady of Hunter!

III.

Oh, since the Brandon baby's birth, eight decades swift did pass.
Six decades too have vanished since her graduating class.
So now the years join wisdom to the spirit of a lass,
Both in our Lady of Hunter!

E. A. H.