

# HUNTER SPECIAL

## THE ALUMNÆ NEWS

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No. 4

### HELP TO BUILD ALUMNAE HALL

#### RING UP THE CURTAIN.

At last the hour had come—the hour for which we had planned, had worked, had hoped.

February 11—8:00 P. M.!

The old assembly hall, decorated with plants, great branches of green leaves, college banners, and our own Stars and Stripes, made a splendid background for the Jubilee celebration about to commence. What if the lighting was dim, it permitted that vast number of graduates to dream while they waited for the academic procession—to dream of the days when assembly, in that hall, was a part of the daily college life—of their lives. In the shadows, it was easy to conjure up a vision of those who were wont to occupy those platform chairs in the early days: President Hunter; William Wood; Professor Dundon; Professor Gillet; Professor Schlegel; Professor Day; Professor Aubert; Professor Mangold; Miss Wadleigh; Miss Woods; Miss Willard; Miss Phelps; Mrs. Compton; Miss \_\_\_\_\_

The brilliant College Orchestra so ably conducted by Miss Rubin, playing the march from "The Prophet," awakened the alumna from her dream of Yesterday and called upon her now to concern herself with To-day.

Led by President Davis came the stately procession of college dignitaries—from our own and other colleges—taking their places on the platform—standing, while the Rev. Dr. Mottet invoked God's blessing upon the Jubilee Celebration, upon the College and its work.

President Davis reviewed briefly the progress of the past fifty years of collegiate endeavor and accomplishment.

Dr. Voorhees presented the Phi Beta Kappa charter, which Professor Whicher accepted. This was the great, solemn moment of the evening. After all, recognition spurs one on to further effort. When eight of our graduates—February, 1920—were granted membership, and our chapter was an accomplished fact, we had a right to feel that we could hold our heads up high indeed, for we had arrived.

Hunter conferred the degree of doctor of literature upon Professor Helen Gray Cone, and, directly afterward, she was ad-

mitted into the Phi Beta Kappa chapter. The College and the Chapter honored themselves in honoring her.

Dr. Talcott Williams, formerly head of the School of Journalism at Columbia University, made a stirring address, and the Rev. Dr. Fagnani, of the Union Theological Seminary, pronounced the benediction.

Once more, the procession marched through the hall, and the program for that evening was ended—as far as anything that will live always in the memory of those who were present can be ended.

Laura Popper.

#### THE LAST LAP.

Come now and let us reason together!

If you have been able to give only a fraction of what you would have wished to give for Alumnae Hall, give the rest in this way.

Say you will be willing to go out to try to get more, and write a list of ten names of those you think might be influenced to give toward the object in view.

Alumnae Hall—center of all graduate activities!

FOR AULD LANG SYNE, MY DEARS,  
FOR AULD LANG SYNE

#### The Hunter Jubilee Players

will produce

the magnificent old Melodrama

#### "The Two Orphans"

Friday Evening, May 14th,  
Saturday Evening, May 15th,

AT HUNTER COLLEGE  
of the City of New York

Cast to be announced later

Tickets will be ready shortly

Clara Byrnes  
May Freud Dickenson } Managers

Proceeds will

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## OLD HOME DAY.

"Thursday was an occasion never to be forgotten. On that day the spirit of Hunter College became something visible—tangible. It was wonderful!" So writes Betsey B. Davis; and as I look back on Alumnae Day, as in memory I stand before you again and look into that sea of upturned, pleasant faces that crowded our dear old chapel to the doors, it is that very thing that I feel more than anything else—the Spirit of Hunter, made visible. All the planning in the world, all the work on the part of the Committee couldn't have brought that into being. It was you who came with your dear smiling faces and your willingness to join in the spirit of the day that made that glorious Thursday possible. And so I thank you from the bottom of a full heart!

For the benefit of those who couldn't be with us, let me say that the fun began early and lasted all day. When I went through the halls at ten o'clock to prepare for the Snake March, I found a group "in line" at every class room door, ready in costume, and holding aloft their class banners, waiting for the bell to march. The older classes, in Senior Hall, were led directly into chapel, while the younger ones, according to plan, followed Folly all over the building, upstairs and down. Will you ever forget it, girls, as you passed and repassed on the stairways? It was a long snake and a lively one, but it finally wriggled into chapel, every scrap of it, and the doors were closed while Miss Betsey B. Davis bade us pause for a moment of silence in loving memory of our beloved Dr. Hunter who made this celebration possible. "Long May She Live, Our College Fair" we all sang straight from our hearts, and sounded the key-note upon which the all-day program was built. "I want to hear that clock tick," said Miss Huebner, as she rose to call the roll. She wore a becoming wreath of ivy leaves, typifying both the Associate Alumnae and her class costume of '85. What a monster roll call it was, with every class of the fifty years represented and ready with a response! It was here especially that your cooperation was so apparent. All this business of "dressing up," that had hung fire so long—realized beyond our wildest hopes!

There were flowers and warriors, Red Cross Nurses and Rough Riders, Fairies and Farmerettes, with soft white scarfs and wistaria for the "six in one" group—1870-1875—and chilly looking blizzard costumes for the class of '88. The fifty-five members of the class of '78 were in full regalia, as was Miss Grace Beach's group in costume she had herself provid-

ed. 1876 wore Red, White, and Blue, as became Centennial year. 1915 came loyally clad as hunters, while 1903 gave the Indian War Whoop which Folly, who belongs to that group, used all day to lead the frolic. The old building was alive with cheer!

After lunch came the program of "stunts."

From Exhibit A, Mrs. Casey, who stepped out of a gold frame to tell us that, although she was the first girl to receive a diploma from old Normal, "*you'd scarce expect one of her age to speak in public on the stage.*" we came down through '76 with "Nellie" Cone and "Kittie" Blake describing the first Christmas play. Then followed the Skittish Pageant prepared by Mrs. Hartman '88, using people from a period of ten years, up to 1893. Mrs. Hartman worked early and late on this, and many voted it the best thing on the program. In the Sing Song everybody had a chance to join in singing the old College Songs, while Professor Hill played a little trick on the Chairman by running in a slide with her picture as Folly, quite without her knowledge or permission! Then came the famous '93's—Jeannette Sewell Davis, looking just sixteen, Clara Byrnes, Clara Goldwater, etc., etc. Then a pantomime, by the class of '09—The High Cost of Education—so good that they are talking of making a movie of it to use in the campaign for higher pay for teachers. Three dances arranged by Augusta Neidhardt 1912, were followed by contributions from the younger classes, 1917, 1918, and 1919. And the huge audience remained until we closed with the Ivy Song at five o'clock!

Although the Chairman was dressed as Folly to represent the spirit of the occasion, she is not so foolish as to imagine that she was more than a humble factor in the result. Miss Huebner, our gracious president, was a continual inspiration. May Morris Holderer was a right-hand-man, sharing the hard work and responsibility faithfully and cheerfully. Mrs. George B. Crawford brought all her experience as Chairman of Reception of the New York City Federation of Women's Clubs to a like office for our Jubilee Celebration. To Miss Clara Hawkes we owe the music. The Chairman thanks every one of the Committee of Hostesses. And last, but not least, she thanks you, the wonderful audience, who by your cooperation brought into being that *something* we all felt, that Miss Davis has called the "Spirit of Hunter College made visible—tangible." Indeed, indeed, "*Long May She Live, Our College Fair!*"

Harriet Webb Moffett.