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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

"THE BOYS AND GIRLS OF U. S. A."

[The following song, written by one of the Alumnae for use at the Saturday evening meetings of the Social Club, and dedicated to the Committee on Patriotic Service, is printed below at the request of the Committee.]

THE BOYS AND GIRLS OF U. S. A.'

Tune—"There is a Tavern in the Town"

GIRLS.

Oh, we're the girls of Hunter C, Hunter C,
The place of merry jollity, jollity!
And now to add to all our joys,
We'll share them with our country's boys.

Chorus.

So we're very glad to meet you,
And we're very glad to greet you,
And we hope you'll like it here in Hunter
C, H. C!

Hurray, hurray, hurray, hurray, hurray!

We cheer the boys of U. S. A., U. S. A.!

Amongst us all the truest kinship runs,
For we're her daughters, you're her sons!

BOYS.

We soon are going 'cross the sea, 'cross the
sea,

To do our bit for liberty, liberty!

But ere we smite the savage Hun,

We like to have our bit of fun.

Chorus.

So we're very glad to meet you,
And we're very glad to greet you,
And we're sure we like it here in Hunter
C, H. C!

Hurray, hurray, hurray, hurray, hurray!

We cheer the girls of U. S. A., U. S. A.!

Amongst us all the truest kinship runs,
For you're her daughters, we're her sons.

ALL.

We all enjoy this happy night, happy night!
It brings us all much true delight, true delight,
For we'll have made before it ends
A host of true and hearty friends.

Chorus.

So we're very glad to meet you,
And we're very glad to greet you,
And to be together here in Hunter C,
H. C!

Hurray, hurray, hurray, hurray, hurray!

We cheer the good old U. S. A., U. S. A.!

Amongst us all the truest kinship runs,
For we're her daughters and her sons!

E. Adelaide Hahn, '15.