

THE FIRST CO-EDUCATION CLASS ON CAMPUS

MORTON Z. HOFFMAN '55, *Assistant Professor of Chemistry, Boston University*

It was inevitable, I suppose, and so I really shouldn't have been upset. After all, how many people can you remember from ten years back and how many would you think could remember you? I didn't expect *everyone* to jump up and rush to me, shouting, "Here's good old Morty Hoffman," when I entered the room at the Americana that Saturday morning. Perhaps *some* of my old classmates might not have recognized me. True, the hairline is receding a bit, I wear glasses now, and my beard even fools my mother at times, but really, someone should have recognized me.

As though that weren't bad enough, even when they did feign remembrance of me, they didn't remember the same things about our days at Hunter that I did. Perhaps after ten years, one husband, and three babies, the girls had other things to think about. I can't speak for the forty other males in the Class of June 1955 who were tenacious enough to make it to graduation, but I seemed to remember the walk through the tunnel between Davis and Gillet much better than anyone else. We all agreed that the cafeteria food was awful, but I did point out that their grilled cheese sandwiches weren't *that* bad. When we recalled that the whale steak specials *were* that bad, we let the subject drop.

We could remember those dark days during the McCarthy investigations when student apathy was masking student fear. We could remember graduation day on sun-drenched North Lawn when the City Commissioner of Sanitation offered us jobs in his department if we couldn't manage on our own.

But strange that they couldn't remember my solitary

walks through the rock garden, my cramming for a poli sci exam, or those other daily fragments which added up to four years at Hunter.

What, then, did Hunter give me? Was it the academic information about atoms and molecules that led me to my further education and my professional career? In part, yes, but if that were all, Hunter would be remembered only as a thought and not as an emotion. I must honestly say that I could have received a similar chemical education at any one of several hundred colleges and universities throughout the country. Hunter could not be unique in that.

Was it then the student activities? Surely all colleges have newspapers, theater groups, student governments, and the unbelievable number of other things students can find to avoid doing school work. (It's amazing what being a teacher does for one's perspective.) It could not be those things in themselves.

Rather it is the fact that I was at Hunter when I was, and did the things I did, and knew the people I knew. That was unique because that can never be relived, by me or anyone else. It was Campus Theater with Professor Hicks, it was *Arrow* with Bob and Phil and Sam and Cindy, it was Dean Levy admonishing the first group of men to bathe: it was all these thousands of things that are now part of me and no one else. Hunter gave to me for four years, not a way of life, but a reality in living; it was not a direction in life, but rather a partner in mine.

And how may Hunter think of me? An alumnus forever grateful for the opportunity to share some years with her. My classmates may forget each other, but we'll never forget Hunter.

Jessie Rosenfeld with Sheila Kaplan, President of Park Avenue Student Council, and Arthur Weiner, President of Bronx Student Council



Morton Hoffman with Lydia Jewell, President of June '55 and Lydia Rosner, President of January '55

