

THE ALUMNÆ NEWS

SPECIAL

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The Associate Alumnae of Hunter College extend a most hearty invitation to ALL our graduates to attend the Harvest Home Festival in the College building on November twelfth.

Alice I. Popper,
President.

NOVEMBER 12TH

Our Harvest Home Festival this year will be the substitute for our usual Fall Reunion: an afternoon in which classes may come together for entertainment of various kinds followed by supper and dancing. It is a call to all the Hunter Daughters to return home, bringing with them to the Harvest Supper their families that the old Hunter Homestead may ring with laughter and merriment.

Our Jubilee Day of 1920 and our Revel of last year proved so successful that many of us think it perhaps a good plan to have, instead of our usual two staid Reunions a year, one of the nature of a jollification and yet at the same time an opportunity to bring back to Hunter a harvest of the brain-work of her daughters—an annual meet where original plays, poems, pageants, dances, would all prove the intellectual development of her graduates.

In the spring we return to the traditional Reunion, offering our platform to any speaker who has some message to bring.

Alice I. Popper.

THE REUNION

At the May Reunion it was duly voted to amend our Constitution and By-Laws to the effect that the Fall Reunion should be held in either October or November.

No more do the faithful ones have to give up a glorious week-end in the country in order that they may attend a reunion in October. No longer does the Reunion Committee tear its hair over the difficulty of getting celebrities to entertain us in October. In bleak November we are to give you a bright Saturday, a happy homecoming to the Alma Mater. Call it a Harvest Home if you will. 'Tis one and the same thing this year and will be held on November 12th.

Be sure to come and come early.

Grace B. Beach.

A happy holiday horde for Hunter Homestead's Harvest Home! Here's hoping hit happens! Heave ahoy!

Betsy B. Davis.

THE HARVEST HOME

"Seize what you can; the times are hard; one needs To snatch enjoyment nimbly while it passes."

So, dear Hunterites,—all along the line from 1870 to 1921,—Come one, Come ALL, for a jolly good time in our dear old HOMESTEAD, Saturday, November twelfth.

First of all, meet the members of your own Hunter Branch, for a warm hand-clasp and a happy chat,—1:30 to 2:30 P. M.—in the ne'er to-be-forgotten rooms of the old Home.—Older Daughters, give a right good welcome to the Youngsters.—And Younger Hunterites, come and get acquainted with your older sisters. We're a GREAT FAMILY!

At 2:30 we will merrily trip into the big, old HALL of the Homestead, where some right smart kin-folk will do their utmost to entertain you with jokes and songs, plays and dances, and all sorts of lively doings.

At 6:30—oh, my!!!—there will be a fine HARVEST SUPPER. Be sure to tell the men-folks all about it and warn them not to be late for the supper-bell!

Then, from 8 to 10:30, you may trip the light-fantastic with your best squire, in the new wing of the old home.

ALL kin-folk are invited to the evening's fun,—mothers, fathers, cousins, brothers, friends.—All for fun and fun for ALL.

Now for all this jollification, there will be some slight fees necessary. (Any surplus will go towards the Graduate Gift Fund.) For the afternoon, you will be taxed ten cents for a program, and the cloak-room charge will be a dime also.

The supper will cost \$1.50 per cover, which includes the dance fee. But any late-comer, not partaking of the supper, will be asked to contribute 25 cents for a dance-tag.

The committee regrets that there must be any charges whatever, at this merry reunion and festival.—BUT there are many expenses to be met.

Now—dear HUNTERITES—WELCOME to our

HARVEST HOME FESTIVAL!

Viola Yoerg Hartman, Chairman,
43 Caryl Ave., Yonkers.

No matter where'er you may roam,
Through the country or 'cross ocean-foam,

Be sure to remember
The twelfth of November!

Come back for the dear Harvest Home!
Eleonore F. Hahn.

THE OLD GOTHIC HOMESTEAD

How dear to our hearts are the scenes of our school-days,
When fond recollection presents them to view,
Those gay days, those play days, those blithe April-fool
days,

E'en cram-days, exam-days, report-card days too.
The work was so earnest, the play was so merry,
The joys were so many, the sorrows so few,
That when we recall it, we grow happy—very—
That old Gothic homestead on Park Avenue.

*The old Gothic homestead, the ivy-grown homestead,
The vine-covered homestead on Park Avenue.*

From east end to west end, from tower to basement,
Lab, library, lunch-room, great chapel, and gym,
Each wide Gothic door and each tall Gothic casement—
Alas, that those scenes should with distance grow dim!—
What myths and traditions still haunt those old places,
What legends that during our fifty years grew!
And dearest of all are the well-loved old faces
Once seen in the homestead on Park Avenue!

*The old Gothic homestead, the ivy-grown homestead,
The vine-covered homestead on Park Avenue.*

Now all Hunter's daughters, in turn grown to mothers,
Who these scenes recall, can behold them as well,
Come back with their husbands, their sons, and their
brothers,

And point out each nook of which often they tell.
Once more work is eager, once more play is hearty,
Once more all are girls, as the old home we view.
Yes, we'll all be on hand for the Harvest Home party
In the old Gothic homestead on Park Avenue!

*The old Gothic homestead, the ivy-grown homestead,
The vine-covered homestead on Park Avenue.*