

# THE ALUMNÆ NEWS

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## PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S VISIT

On October 28 Hunter was honored by a visit from the President of the United States.

The President and his entourage arrived at about one, and were entertained at luncheon by members of the Board of Higher Education and representatives of the Faculty. At two the group mounted the platform of the Assembly Hall, before a mammoth audience of staff, students, and alumnae. Meanwhile an overflow of girls crowded into the Auditorium and the Lounge to listen to the exercises on loud-speakers. Classes were of course suspended to give all a chance to hear, and if possible see, their Chief Executive.

The general air of happy excitement was refreshing. At the President's arrival, throngs of girls filled every vantage-point in halls and on stairs, and even on the sidewalks outside—all well-behaved despite the great pressure and discomfort, all charming in their youthful enthusiasm.

President Roosevelt entered delightfully into the infectious spirit of the day. He must have sensed the eager expectancy that electrified the air during the brief introductory words of President Shuster and Dr. Tead, the latter of whom referred to the "hope deferred" at the time of our Dedication that had now become "hope realized"; and to his expression of pleasure at attending "the final Dedication of Hunter College", he added the assurance that this was not his final appearance there, since he had not seen enough of the students or of the building.

After a gay reference to the Mayor's skill in "wangling" millions for the City, he showed a sympathetic understanding of the overcrowding in the teaching profession in New York, but added encouragingly that in many parts of the country there is still need for more teachers and better-qualified teachers. As for our College, he declared that, as a neighbor, he knew Hunter well, and knew that "there is no question about its usefulness in the community".

Then he repeated his promise to come back and look over Hunter completely, "modern lighting" and all; for, though "an old man of 58", he was still "young enough to take an interest in this generation and advocate changes". He reiterated his belief, with a good-humored reference to the "razzing" occasioned by his original use of the phrase, that nation and state and city did not want to return to "the horse-and-buggy days"; and then, growing deeply and impressively serious, he declared that we do want to maintain one thing alive in the "horse-and-buggy days", patriotism. "For some things that are old *are* worth preserving—life, liberty, the pursuit of happiness; our form of government; and America!" E. ADELAIDE HAHN.

## DEDICATION WEEK

By E. ADELAIDE HAHN

Not since its Golden Jubilee, over a score of years ago, has the Alma Mater known such a week of celebration as came to its share last month. Classes were suspended on October 8, 9, 10, and 11; and Hunter gave herself up to ceremonies and festivities. The Grand Marshal, Associate Professor James M. Hendel of the Chemistry Department, together with his diligent and devoted band of co-workers, had planned the program with zeal and care; and the result was a succession of events to be recorded in red letters in the Annals of our College.

The dignified and impressive invitation sent to "the Colleges, Universities, and learned Societies of the Western Hemisphere" over the signatures of Professor Hendel and Dr. Tead announced that it was being issued "in recognition of the vision of Thomas Hunter, his associates, and the City Fathers who in the year 1870 founded the first free college for women in order that those who did not share in this world's goods might claim their birthright to the riches of the mind, and that this institution, known as Hunter College, might fruitfully symbolize that basic article in the creed of the American nation, to wit, equality of opportunity for all, regardless of race, position, color, or creed; the great work accomplished throughout seven decades in preparing thousands upon thousands of students to give of their best efficiently to insure the progress of an increasingly complex civilization, and in maintaining, while so doing, standards of discipline and culture transmitted from the great colleges of the past; the devoted series of graduates who have taken their places in many fields of public and private endeavor—in teaching and law, in government and social welfare work, in medicine and philanthropy, in the arts and letters, in business and journalism—and who have manifested unstintingly their abiding affection for the College which trained them; the coöperation of City, State, and Federal Governments in the erection of a new setting for Hunter College endeavor—a modern structure in the heart of New York, sixteen stories in height, equipped with lecture halls and auditoriums, gymnasiums and laboratories, roof terraces and gardens, all beautiful and useful alike; the hope for a bright future under the leadership of President George N. Shuster". This invitation was accepted by 164 institutions of higher learning (including five South American universities), 25 learned societies and educational associations, and several civic and professional organizations of various types.

# THE PALACE OF PARK AVENUE

By ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

The pioneer mother fed her homespun sons  
On hasty pudding, and she saw them mighty ones  
Shot up tall by candlelight, men grown grave and great,  
New Catos and new plowmen-kings to rule a plowman  
state,

An empire of industry whose seal would be the beaver,  
The beehive and the plow, the hammer and the cleaver,  
A palace high and radiant and handsome cities burned  
At the end of furrows the whistling plowboy turned,  
And Justice and Fraternity waited in the dusk  
Girls and boys who drove home cows and had the corn  
to husk.

Behind the mother was the world where men were  
slaves,

And all the beauty of the land was spent on graves,  
Where races kept behind their walls and whispered lies  
Of neighbor races, and men bred and died like flies.  
Around the New World mother were men the law said  
might

Never mingle, for they were as day and night:  
The Irish and the Scottish with old hate in between,  
The robust knickerbockered Dutch, and the French cut  
lean,

The German and the Englishman, the Welshman and  
the Swede—

And all were met at peace in this mother's seed!

Today we sit within a house of awe  
That mother of America once saw  
Shining down the future, a house of races  
Full of the new American faces:  
The Irish, half brown earth and half high cloud,  
The chiselled Jewish with the sharp and proud  
Lines of ancient comeliness, the Poles  
With faces rapt and eager as blown coals,  
The sober Germans, and the coin-like Greeks,  
The Italians with all summer for their cheeks.

Here at earth's greatest city's splendid heart  
Is gathered for tomorrow that land's art,  
This race's industry, and that race's zeal,  
The promise of a golden commonweal;  
And this new strength will swell our children's thighs,  
And that one put new fire in their eyes,  
That ancient pride will meet and blend with this,  
The hardy North and fiery South will kiss,  
Our race will show the deer and his sharp grace  
And the bull with morning for his face.

Here in a college for a sex set free  
Sits the hope of our humanity,  
The future history of the American state,  
Races united in a world where hate,  
Flames, and armored insects leave a path  
Of ruin where old nations were, and wrath  
Shakes the great foundations laid by Rome  
And the little Anglo-Saxon home,  
Shakes two thousand years' belief in man,  
Faith that all the different nations can  
Be equal in the law, that each man's light  
Is to say and do what he thinks right.

Now in the twilight of a riven world  
The seeds of dawn are waiting here upcurled  
In young unwearied minds, untouched by sorrow,  
Who will go forth to plow and sow tomorrow,  
Go forth and save the best the Old World knew:  
The Golden Rule, the lamb brought home when dew  
Is on the evening, the old love of friends,  
Peace and plenty where the corn ear bends,  
And make our history a fruitful one,  
A chapter in the history of the sun.