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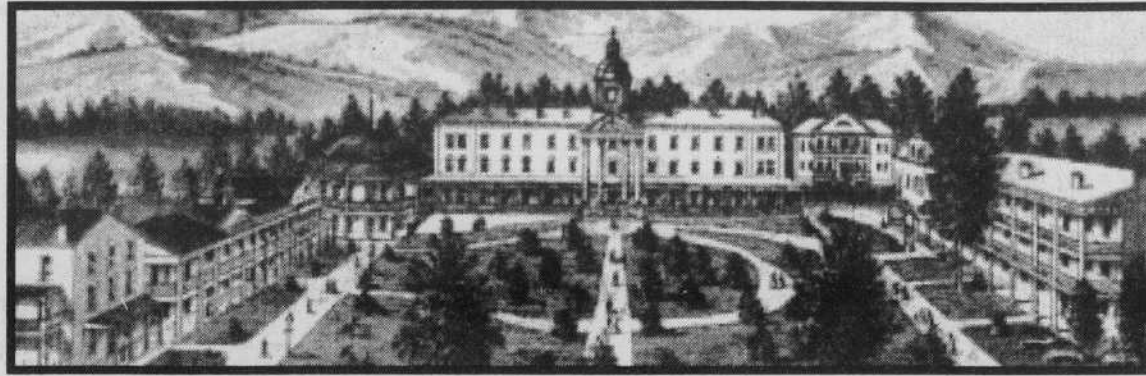
### Hollins Columns (1998 May 4)

Hollins College

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Special Edition

# Hollins Columns

May 4, 1998

Hollins College, Roanoke Va

Volume 70, Issue 10



**Tinker Day, 1898**

## From Hollins College to Hollins University

by President Janet E. Rasmussen

Everywhere we look at Hollins, we see reminders of those who went before us — the women and men who built and nurtured this very special community, for us to experience and steward in turn. Our 156-year heritage is comprised of pioneering efforts on behalf of academic excellence and humane values. In that spirit, we are still striving, still evolving.

As our founder, Charles Lewis Cocke, said in 1863, "An institution of learning never reaches perfection. Its life...is dependent upon constant progress, experience, and improvement."

We have grown and prospered as Hollins College, gaining accredited status in 1932, a Phi Beta Kappa chapter in 1962, and many national distinctions. Now a new era is upon us. On July 1, 1998, we officially change our name to Hollins University. Our core values, our wonderful spirit, our traditions, and our mission will continue.

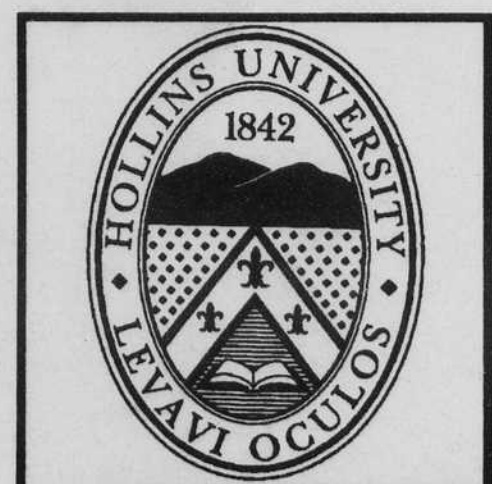
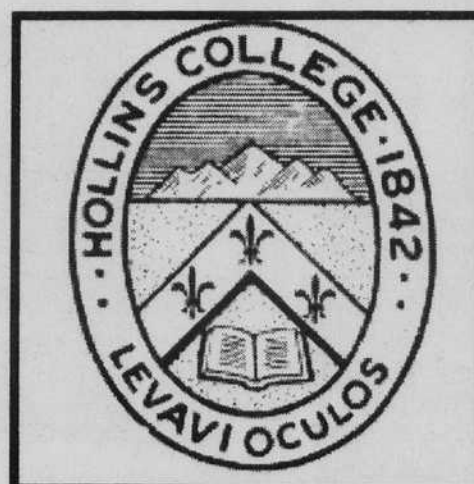
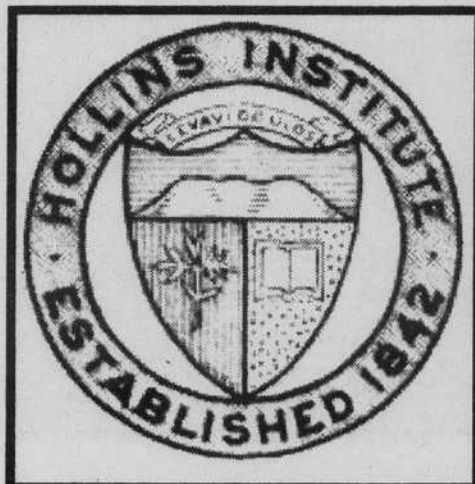
University designation signals our intention to expand community outreach, increase enrollment, and add academic programs, including offering new undergraduate majors in

business, computer science, and women's studies. It also brings broader recognition for our distinctive graduate programs, which date back to 1958.

In becoming Hollins University, we will set the standard for a small liberal arts university. Within this framework, we will also explicitly be setting the standard for what it means to be a university with an enduring commitment to advancing women. "Women who are going places start at Hollins." They always will.

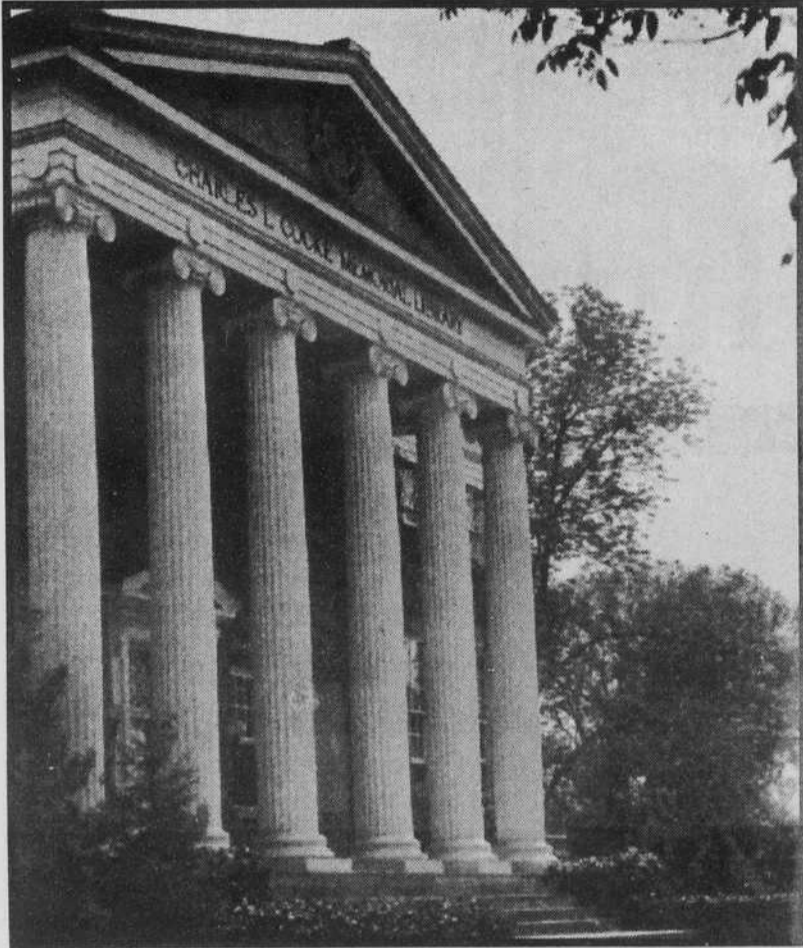
On May 17, 275 of you will leave Hollins as graduates. When you return for a visit or your reunion two or five or ten years down the road, you will recognize your Hollins — a rigorous academic community where individual talents find mentoring and articulation, where learning is unquestionably a lifelong pursuit, and where vibrant connections beyond the campus give concrete shape to personal ambitions and avenues for service.

Going forward, Hollins will be known, proudly, as the pacesetter university for women, as a distinguished national liberal arts university with creativity as its hallmark, and as Roanoke's own university.



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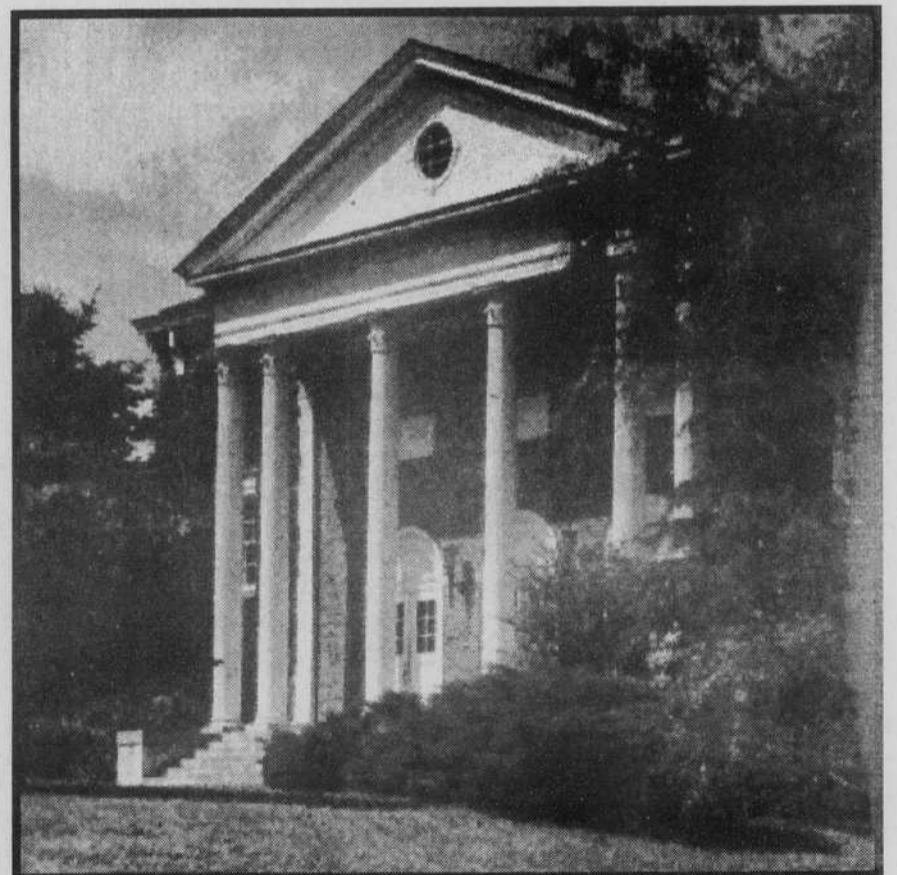
## **Charles L. Cocke Memorial Building**

The administration building first served as the library, and opened in December 1908. Below, students study in a reading room in 1937.

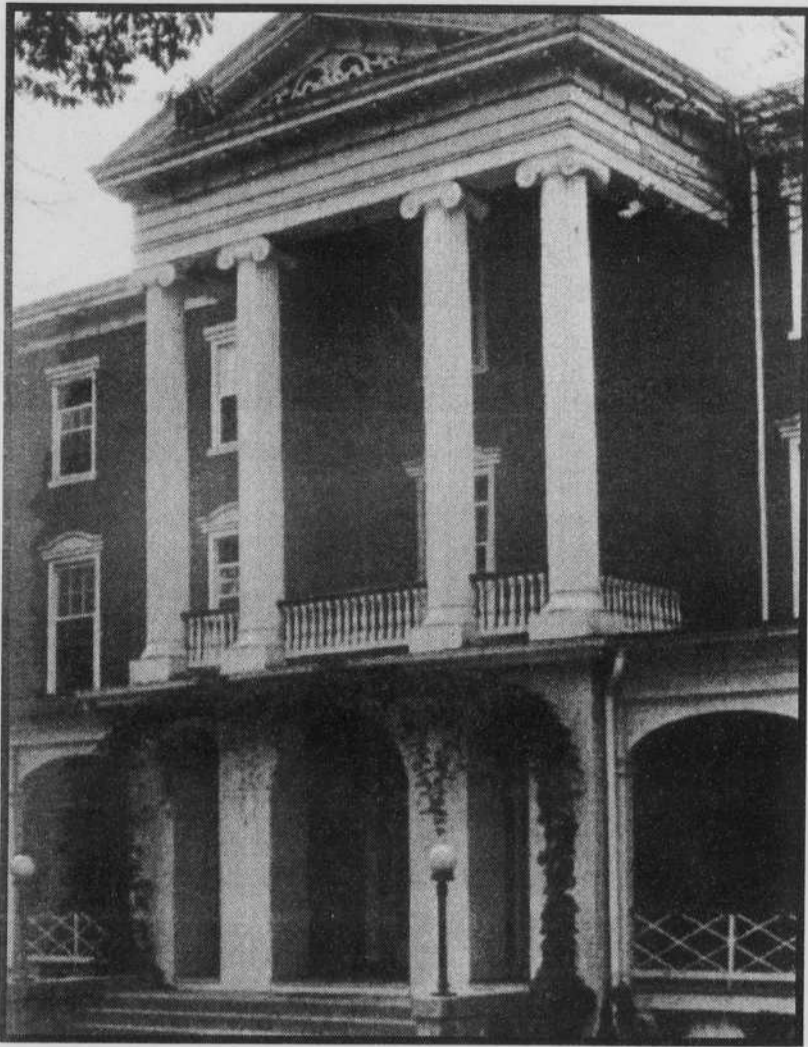


## **The Little Theatre**

Hollins students raised \$45,000 in 1924 to build The Little Theater. Below, students perform in the annual Christmas pageant in 1932. A student was always chosen as Madonna based on her looks and character.

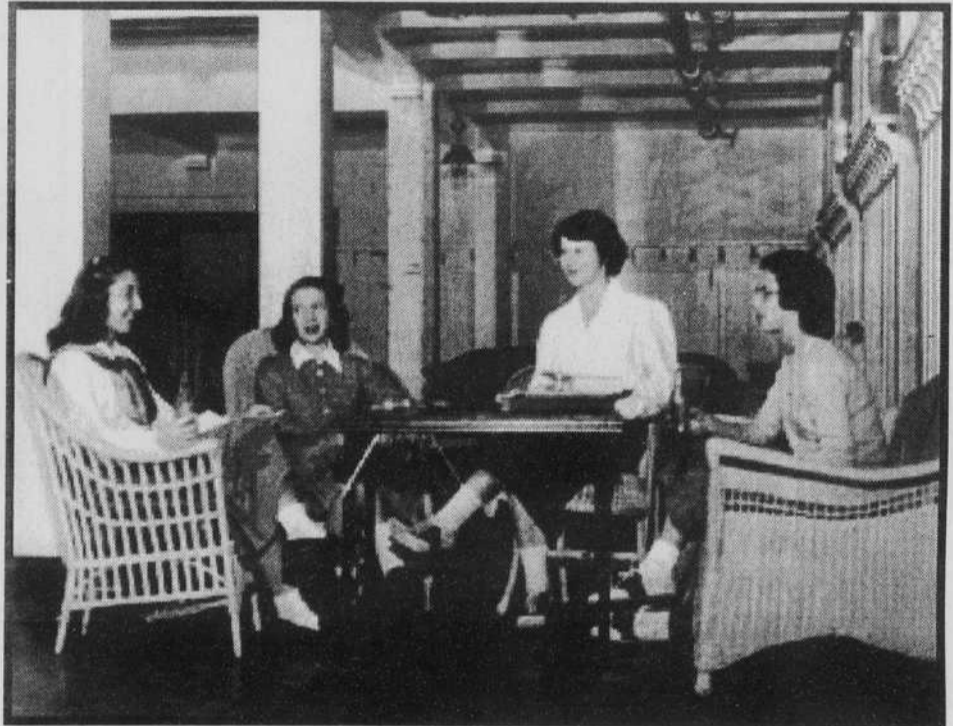


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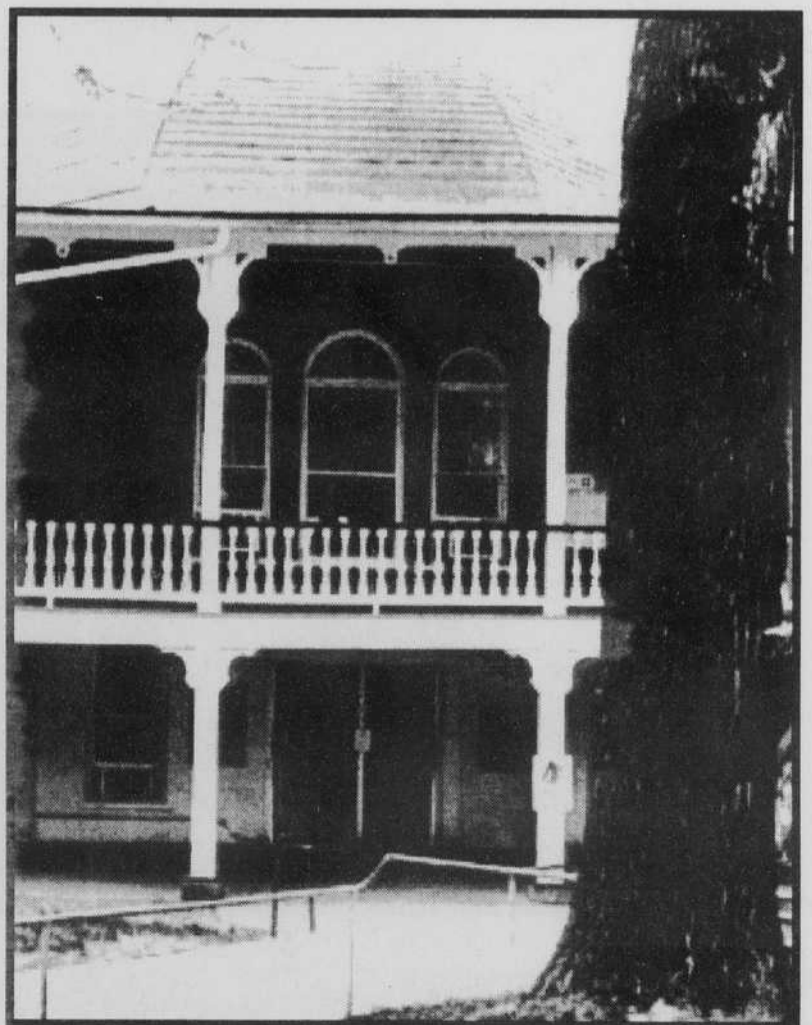
## **Main Building**

The Main Building opened in 1882. The Kellar, below, was opened in 1909 in the basement of Main as a recreation room, with a kitchen.

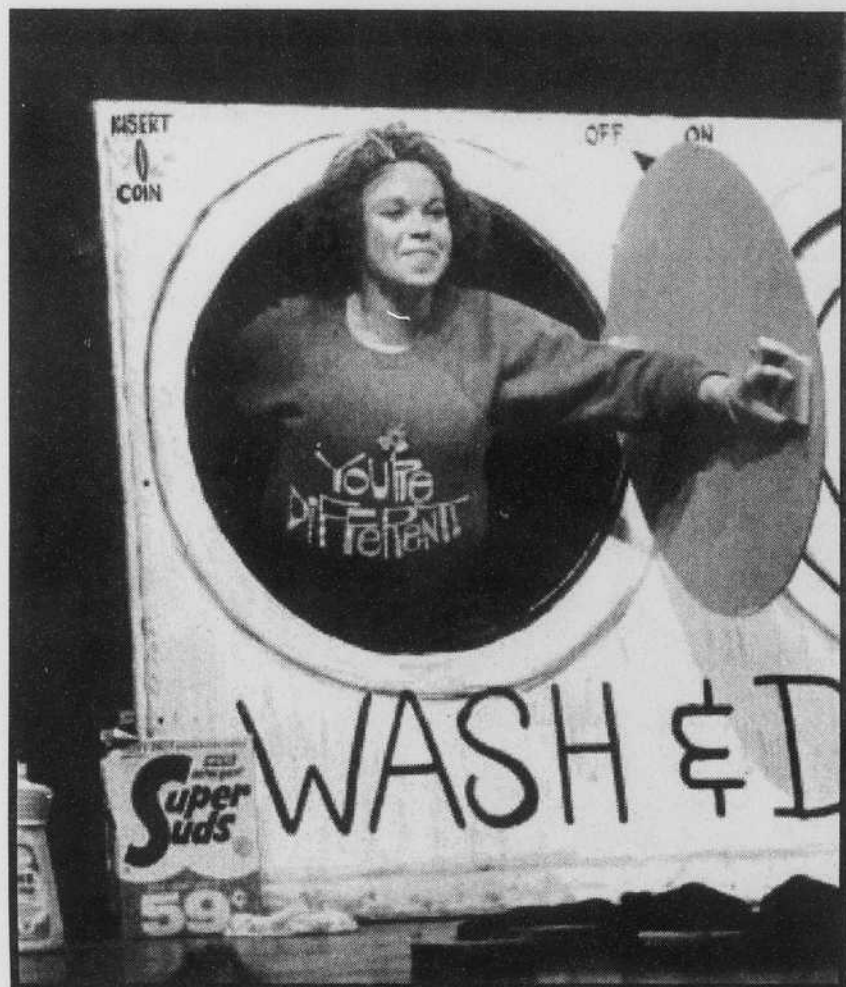


## **Botetourt Hall**

Botetourt Hall was completed in 1890. Below, the building was used as the dining hall until Moody Center was built.



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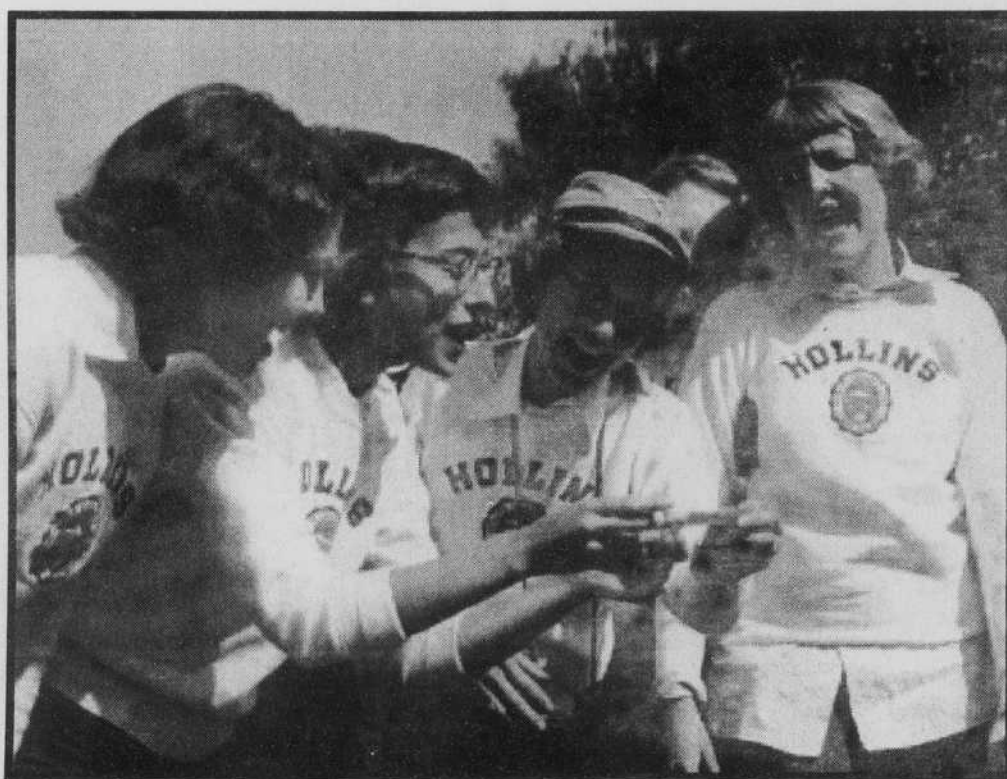


***Freshmen Follies, 1969***



***ADA, 1949***

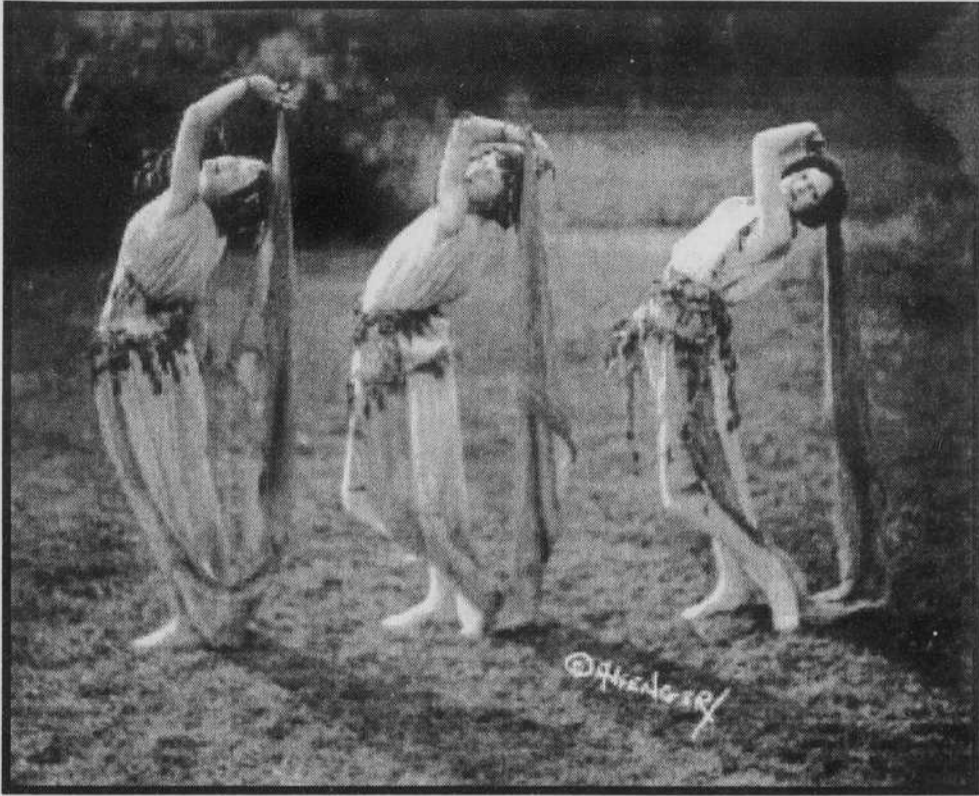
***Hollins  
Traditions***



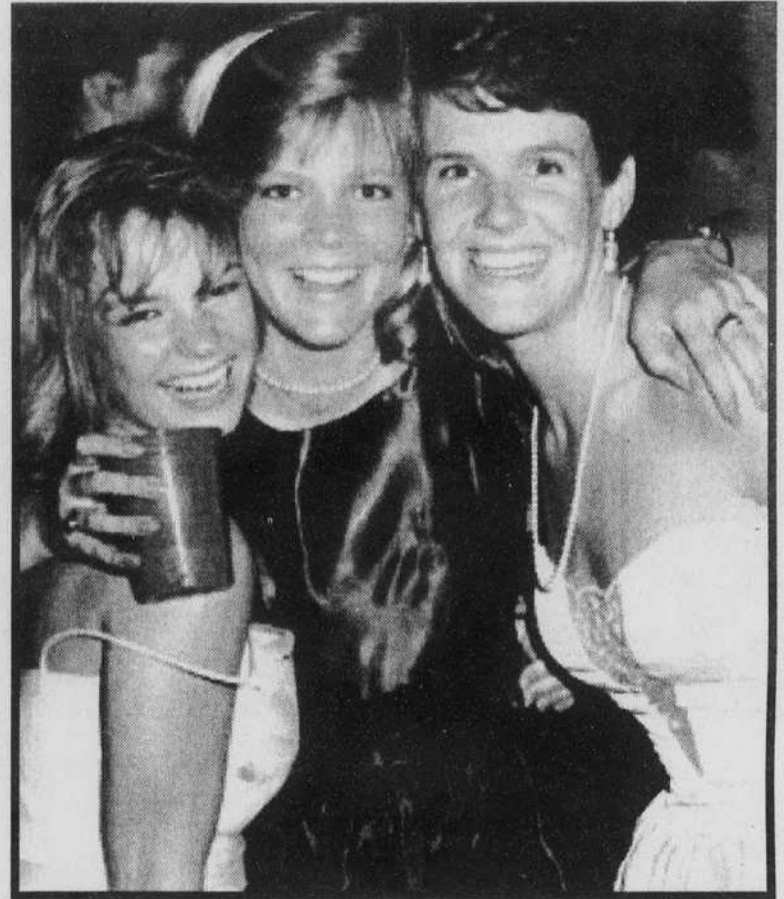
***Tinker Day, 1951***

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***May Day, 1922***



***Cotillion, 1985***



***One Hundredth Night, 1971***

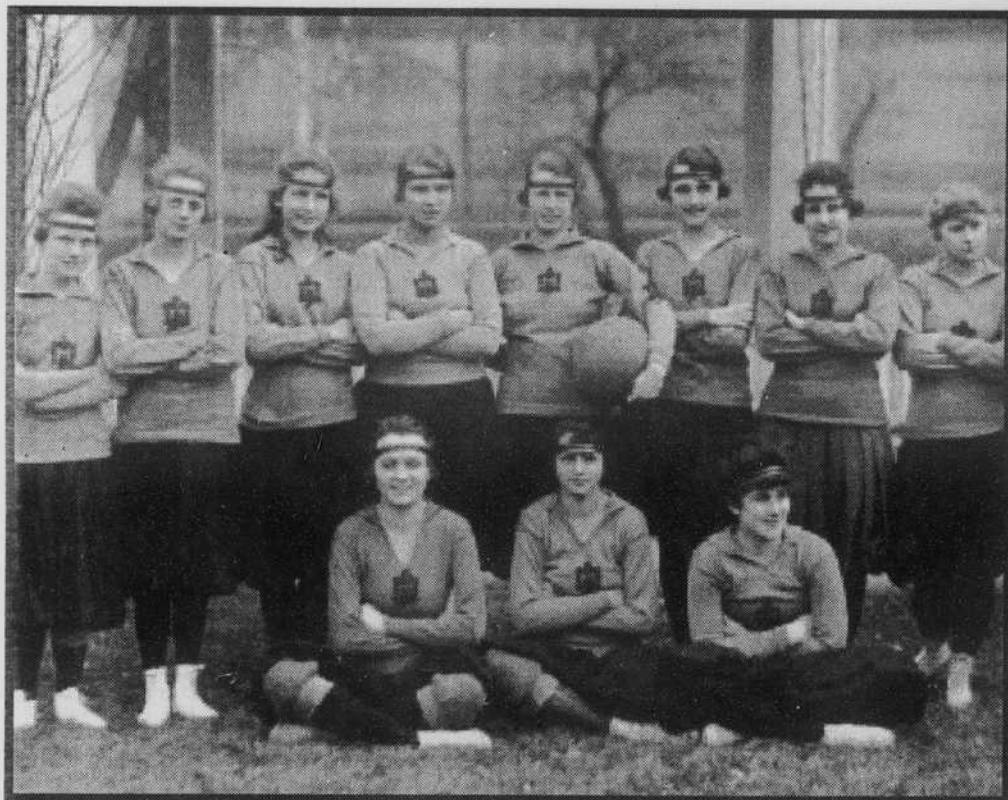


***May Day, 1937***

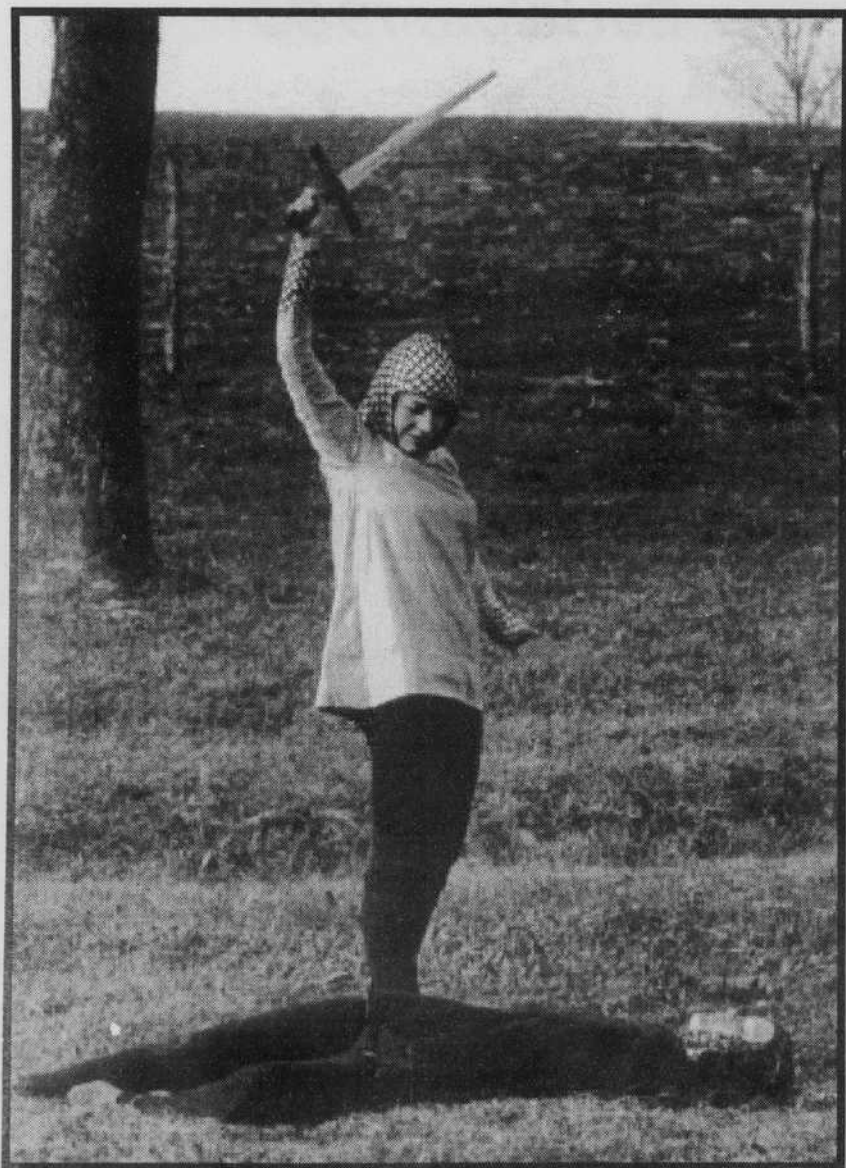
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***Women At Play***



***Mohicans Basketball  
Team, 1917***



***May Day, 1925***



***Sledding on Tinker Beach, 1900***

# Special Edition

## Helping Hands

### Hollins War Effort, 1944

Left, over 140 students and thirty faculty members gathered 3,897 bushels of apples. They contributed their pay and bonuses to the war effort. Students also purchased an equipped ambulance for the armed services.



#### A note from the editor:

### 'Parting is Such Sweet Sorrow'

by Marissa L. Jimenez

When looking at the women in this issue, what become obvious to me that we are all part of something bigger than ourselves. The Class of 1998 is part of a legacy, an elite group of women known as Hollins College alumnae. We will be the last to enter this historic group, and the most aware of our place in history.

Goodbyes have never been my strong suit, but I always kick myself if I don't say something. I always want to sound profound or dramatic. But sometimes simplicity is the best way to say goodbye.

Goodbye to my *Columns* staff, who never cease to amaze or amuse me.

Goodbye to Dana, where I spent most of my waking hours this year.

Goodbye to Security and Chief Wills, who kept me safe and parked in the right lot.

Goodbye to Floyd and the Building Department, who

always helped me when I lost my keys more time than I could count.

Goodbye to the loop, the gates, and the rock.

Goodbye to all my professors, especially Peter Coogan, Joe Leedom and Jong Ra: "If I have seen further, it is by standing on the shoulders of giants."

Goodbye to Sandusky 15, where the lights are always on and the phone is never silent.

Goodbye to the class of '01, '00, '99. Enjoy your time here because it is over much too soon.

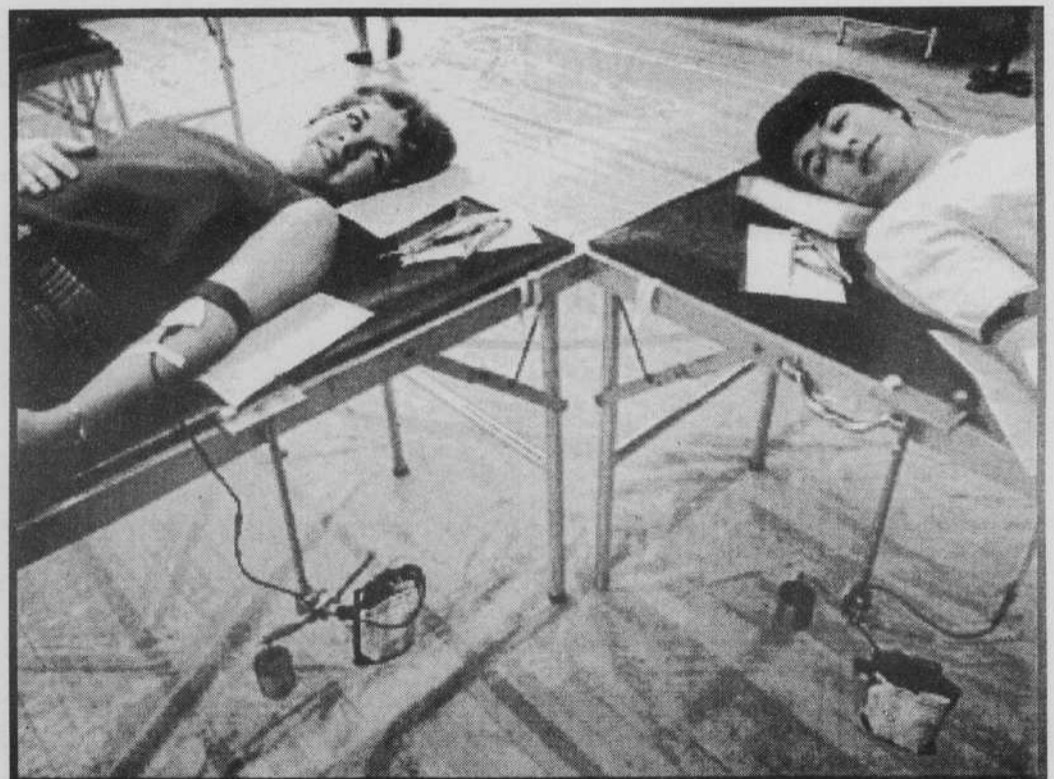
Goodbye to the rockers on the front porch of Main, who never failed to console me.

Goodbye to all my best friends, who know when to work, know when to play, and have the good sense to combine them whenever possible.

Goodbye Hollins. You forced me to find something I never knew I lost. Somewhere in the midst of these four years, I found myself.

### **Blood Drive, 1968**

Hollins women have always made time to help others. Below, two students donate time and blood to the annual blood drive.





# Special Edition

## Last of a Dying Breed: The Class of 1998

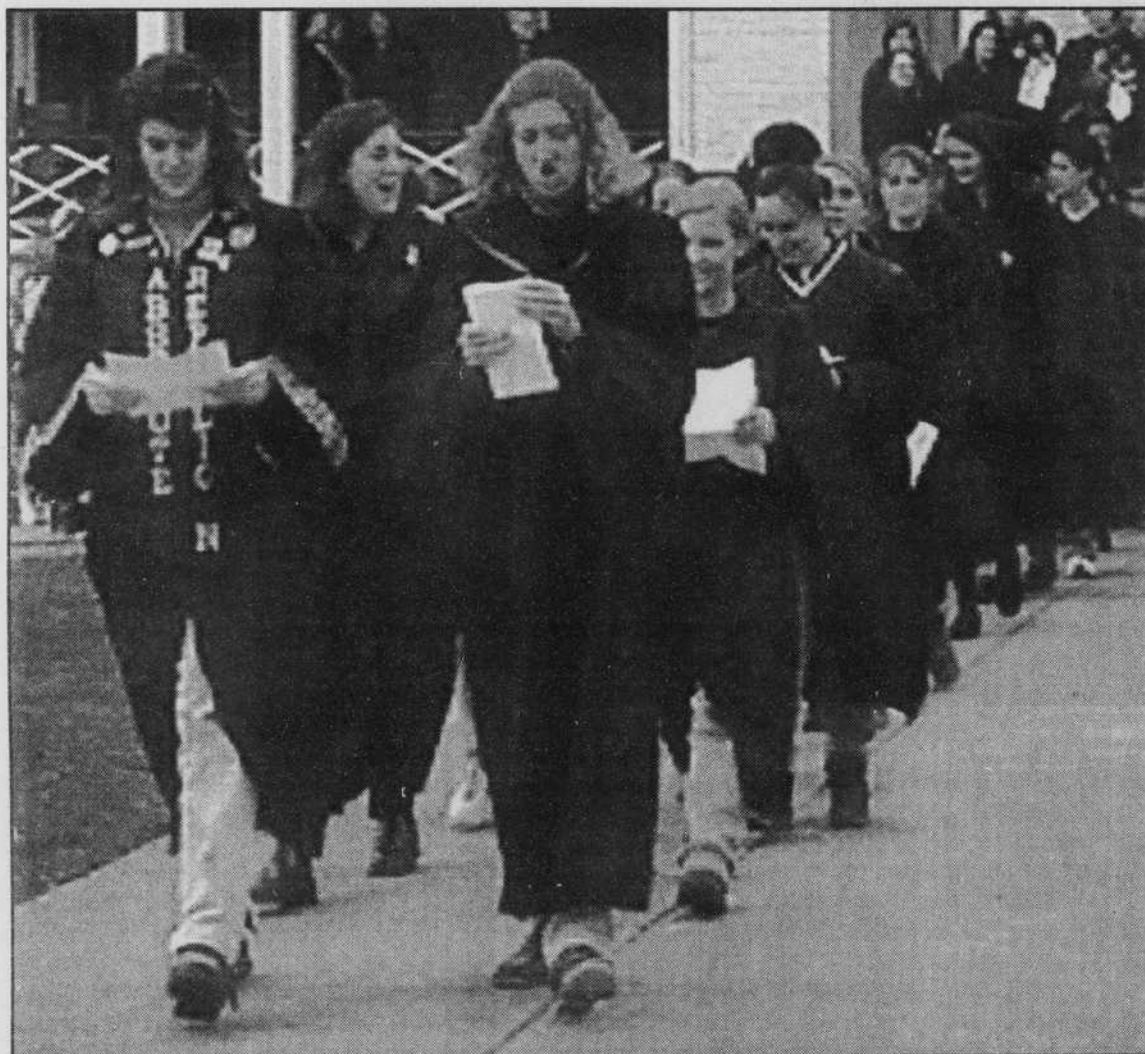


Photo by Nikki Oakley

The Class of 1998 has the distinction of being the last class to graduate from Hollins College before the university transition. Above, Class President Maurie Dugger and Chaplain Jan Fuller Carruthers lead the Seniors to the graveyard on Founder's Day.

By Maurie Dugger

Remember when you arrived on campus and the first person you met was the 'Mover and Shaker' that bounded up to your parents and said, "Welcome to Hollins!"? Do you remember her name? Do you remember the first time you took a shower in Tinker and you got burned because the person got to yell flushing? Remember when you moved into West and the same thing happened? How long did it take for your professor to stop calling you by your first name and started calling you by your nickname? (For me, it was Dr.Ra, and it took almost the whole first semester to stop calling me Deborah.) Do you remember the first time you went to the Rat and realized you could charge it home? How long did it take your parents to realize that they were paying for two meals instead of just one?

Do you remember the day your realized that Hollins was a special place and that we were special women? Do you remember the day that you realized that Front Quad was beautiful and that the rockers were your favorite place on campus. Do you remember the day that you

realized how incredibly lucky you were to be here? that you made some of the best friends in the world? Do you remember the day you realized that you were leaving all of this behind?

By now, you may be wondering why I have chosen these things to remember. It hit me, not too long ago, that we are graduating soon, and that we will be leaving behind four years of memories and experiences. We have seen so many things and done things that only a few short years ago, we would have never imagined. We have done things we would never tell our parents about and accomplished things we couldn't wait to share with others. We have become a part of each other, growing and changing, living and learning.

We have become a class that I am proud to be apart of. Each of you have given the honor and distinction of being your class president, this our senior year. This has been one of the most humbling and gratifying experiences of my life and one that I will treasure in the years to come. To the Class of 1998- the last of Hollins College, I say thank you from the bottom of my heart. "I've had the time of my life..."

### Acknowledgements

The staff of the *Hollins Columns* would like to express our thanks to Beth Harris, Archivist at Fishburn Library. Without her help, we would not have been able to put this issue together, and we are most grateful.

Some historical information and pictures from this issue came from Hollins College: An Illustrated History by Francis Niederer. A copy of this book can be purchased in the campus bookstore.

And, most of all, thanks to Tim Van Riper, who has been our advisor for several years. On this issue, and all the others, you have put your hard work and effort. Thanks so much!