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Hearst Hall From the 1904 Blue and Gold, Gift of Phoebe A. Hearst

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Hearst Hall first saw the light of day in the autumn of 1900, when Mrs. Hearst came to spend the winter in Berkeley that she might be in touch with the great institution she has so generously befriended. No home proved adequate for her hospitality and the immediate erection of the spacious reception hall as an addition to her residence was the result. When completed the building, with its quaint Spanish architecture, its generous proportions, and rare tapestries, was witness to a stated round of entertainments—receptions, concerts and dinners, at which, with her rare charm, Mrs. Hearst welcomed her student guests.

When her Berkeley stay for that season was over, Mrs. Hearst gave the building she had erected for her hall of reception, to the women students of the University of California, bearing herself all the expenses of its removal to the Hillegas Tract, the slight alterations necessitated by its new site, and the entire refurnishing for its new purposes. Her generosity did not cease here. The upper floor was equipped as a Women's Gymnasium making it the handsomest of its kind in the United States. To the left was added a large wing containing nearly 300 baths, and to the right a splendid basket-ball court. Here the home team practice, and matches with visiting cohorts are held.

In one corner of the lower floor of Hearst Hall a little study room has

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been equipped with writing paper and tables, and here the girls write letters, wise or otherwise. It is supposedly a realm of silence—vain supposition where co-eds assemble! The silence is made still more audible by the thud of thundering rubber-soled feet above, and the unending tales the girls *tell a phone* in the corner.

By eleven o'clock, each morning, the big kitchen in the rear begins to fill with noise and co-eds. The clatter of spoons and tongues announces the preparation of the Tribes' lunches. Here Greeckess meets Greeckess over the saucepan and the virtues and vices of opposing candidates are "fricasseed" amid the interruptions of a "panoche" recipe on the part of some hair-brained Freshie who, as yet, is more interested in candy than in handsome class presidents.

In a corner of the large living room, a flower decked table announces a luncheon in honor of the birthday of some popular co-ed, or favored visitor to the Hall. Many are the pretexts for spreads, and if the *pretext* fails to materialize the spread does not.

Upstairs the spacious Gym has been witness to many a noted lecturer or musician, and welcomed many a Freshman Class. The history of its dances alone would prove voluminous. First and unchronicled are the programmeless, manless dances, two or three numbered, which occasionally fill in the few minutes between dish washing and a one o'clock recitation. Then there are the "Dove Dances" where co-eds are Eds and experience the joy of choosing partners and the later woes of searching for the same and steering them when found through the circling flock of Doves. It is a far cry from the stately minuet to the rollicking two-step of a class dance, but Hearst Hall has witnessed all of these, and has also filled the hiatus. It was here that President Wheeler entertained our Legislative Solons after he and the rooters had taught them things "For the Sake of California."

Thus Hearst Hall has been the setting for everything from the pulling of candy to the pulling of political wires. The chords of its great heart have vibrated to every sound from an "oski wow" to the softest strains of Henry Holmes' violin—its floors responded to rubber sole and satin slipper.

How infinite have been its uses none but the women students can know. Hearst Hall stands for so much in the life of the College girls of today that it is hard to imagine the tealess, hammockless life of our predecessors in bleak old North Hall. No lonely girl can long be homesick under the bright, cheery influence of its warm-hearted little guardian, Mrs. White, who presides over the life of the girls in this College home.

One cannot leave Hearst Hall, nay, one cannot enter, without leaving on its threshold upon departure a fragrant bouquet of grateful memories for its generous donor, our fairy godmother, Mrs. Hearst.