

Remembering Dr. Hubbard

Dr. L. H. Hubbard served as president of the University (CIA and TSCW) from 1926-1950. His leadership and his hospitable and gracious manner made Dr. Hubbard much beloved. Stories about Dr. Hubbard as remembered by former students are being collected by his son, George Hubbard and daughter in law, Billie Shewell Hubbard, Class of 1951. Submit your stories via e-mail to fsa@twu.edu or alumnirelations@twu.edu.

From Mary Helen Spears Castleberry and Dottie Mangum Kinsel -

Two friends were sitting on a bench on campus discussing their invitations to Round Up at Texas University when Dr. Hubbard greeted them. The girls, Dottie Mangum and Mary Helen Spears, told him of their plans and he asked how they were getting there. They told him they were going by bus and he said he was going to Austin to see Dr. Painter. He graciously suggested that they ride with him. Permission slips from parents were already in the office, but another was required to travel by car—even if the driver was the president of TSCW. Mrs. Denman, Stoddard Hall housemother, had a startled expression when the girls signed out to leave campus with Dr. Hubbard. She was convinced it was true when Dr. Hubbard drove up in his Packard automobile. The weekend of Round Up was memorable, but the ride there and back is a cherished memory to two Tessies in the Class of 1951.

From Betty Junkin Guest, Class of 1951

The Class of 1951 arrived on the Texas State College for Women campus in September, 1947. Most of us were away for the first time from our close-knit, traditional, middle class families. Soon our homesickness was allayed as we began to meet our new sisters of the freshman class, our surrogate father (the President of the College) and our surrogate mother (the Dean of Women). When we met for our first all-campus assembly in Old Main and our surrogate father called on us for the first of many times to sing “Moonlight and Roses,” we knew we were in a loving, protective, nurturing environment. From that moment on we began making our many wonderful memories of Dr. George Hubbard.

Choosing one from among those wonderful memories is daunting, but given this directive I remember especially the saga of our TSCW junior-year dance. We, as the class of '51 (“we work but also have our fun”) were on a roll: one of our members was the Cotton Ball Queen, another was Aggie Sweetheart, another was the president-elect of the Student Government Association, and To top it off we had won

Stunts! We were compelled to have the greatest junior-class dance in the history of TSCW. To do that, we had to have a noted Big Band, something never done before on campus. Our choice was the Gene Krupa Orchestra.

When the junior-class officers sought the consent of their surrogate mother (the Dean of Women), her door-keeper/assistant denied them a visit with her, saying that TSCW would in no way allow this band's presence on campus as "they wear dirty white shoes and take dope." The officers were not to be denied their audience, only to find that their surrogate mother agreed with her door-keeper/assistant; they must chose a local or at least regional band to play for the dance of the most outstanding class on campus.

Well, if their surrogate mother said "no," there was nothing else to do but ask their surrogate father. Dr. Hubbard graciously ushered the junior- class officers into his office. He knew them all well; after all they were his surrogate children who had been in his family for almost three years. He listened patiently to why it was so important that the Gene Krupa Orchestra play for the junior class dance and why the Dean of Women said that the orchestra should not be allowed on campus. Dr. Hubbard acknowledged that a local or regional band would be more appropriate. The officers argued on. Finally, Dr. Hubbard said, "How do you expect to pay for this orchestra, girls?" Paying for it had never seemed to be a problem. Everybody would want to attend the dance, and they would surely make enough money to pay for the orchestra. Dr. Hubbard questioned their defense: how much the orchestra would cost, how many would attend the dance, and how much the tickets would cost. Well, they didn't have exact numbers. Dr. Hubbard suggested they get the figures together.

The junior-class officers went to work and got a tentative contract with the Gene Krupa Orchestra. Taking that figure, they divided it by the number of students they projected would be buying tickets (the projection of ticket buyers was far greater than had ever attended a class dance before, but no one had ever had the Gene Krupa Orchestra play for their dance before). The division of tickets expected to be

bought divided into the cost of the band yielded a ticket cost only slightly higher than the usual cost of a ticket to a class dance.

The junior class officers hastened back with their figures to present to Dr. Hubbard, who was not as sure as they that Gene Krupa would draw the exceptionally large crowd they projected would attend.

Maybe, Dr. Hubbard suggested, they should sell tickets first to see if they would have enough money to pay for the orchestra. Exactly how all this played out is lost somewhere in the 59 years since this saga took place.

The final act of this junior-year saga, however, was that the Gene Krupa Orchestra came and the Class of '51 went into debt to TSCW. Class members attempted to pay off the debt by selling memorabilia, blood, and coat hangers. No one is sure whether the entire debt was ever paid off. In later years, the alumnae of that junior class suspect that it was their beloved Dr. George Hubbard who financially sponsored their night with Gene Krupa so they could make a wonderful memory.