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Estelle Angier Summer Vol. A-2 Travel Journal

M. Estelle Angier
Hollins University

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Vol. A-2
Summer 1991
Wheaton - Hollins
Ill. Va.

M. ESTELLE ANGIER
PHOTO ALBUMS
1910-47

Acc. #88-11-83

M. Estelle Angier

Miss M. Estelle Angier
P.O. Box 188
Youngtown, Ariz. 85363

MADE IN U.S.A.
PATENT APPLIED FOR
NO. 124



Acc # 88-11-83

Vol. A-2

Summer 1941

Hollins College
Class Agents' Houseparty
etc.
August 1941

(July 31-August 1)

(8/3-8/7)

This travel log is written by
M. Estelle Angier
1049 College Ave.
Wheaton, Ill.

Please return
if found.

Miss M. Estelle Angier
P.O. Box 188
Youngtown, Ariz. 85363

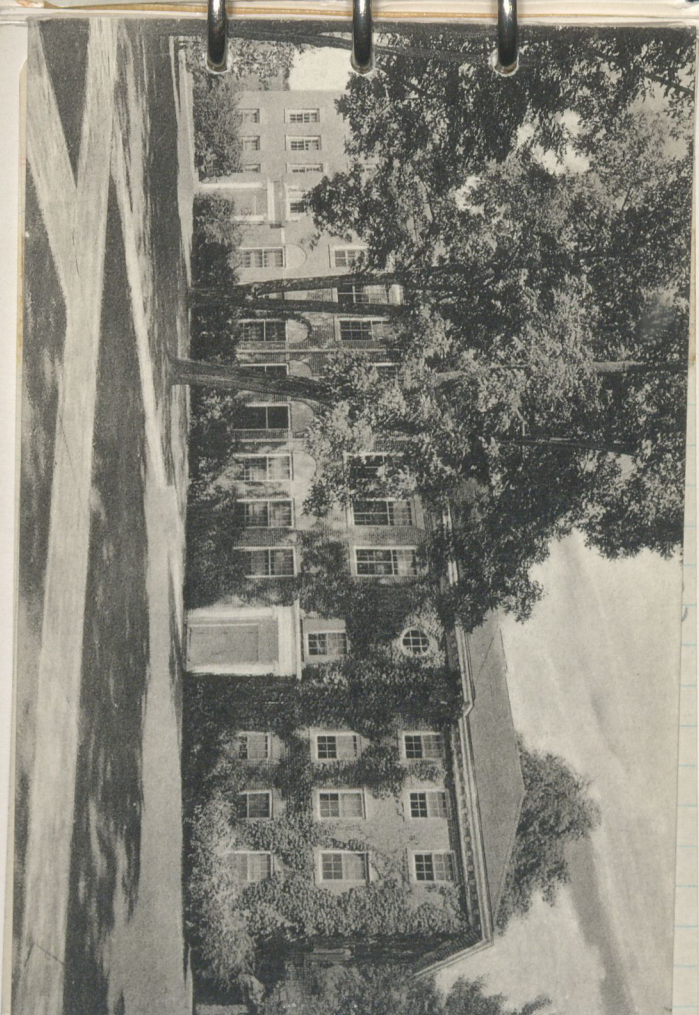
M. Estelle Angier
1016 College Ave.
Youngtown, Ariz. 85363

(1016-212) (1016-212)

1016 College Ave.
Youngtown, Ariz. 85363

1016 College Ave.

5-A-811



After supper, a group - Mrs.

Miss M. Estelle Angier
P.O. Box 188
Youngtown, Ariz. 85363

*Mingdon, III.
1044 College Ave.
The Estelle Angier*

HOLLINS COLLEGE, VIRGINIA
Founded 1842
Presser Music Hall. Built 1925. This building
was the gift of the late Theodore Presser,
professor of music at Hollins, 1880-1883.

THE FINEST AMERICAN MADE VIEW POST CARDS—THE ALBERTYPE CO., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

POST CARD

Hollins College, Virginia
Founded 1842
The Gymnasium. Built 1924. This building
and the Little Theatre were undertaken as a re-
sult of student initiative.

Post Cards of Quality.—The Albertype Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.

POST CARD

a little group - this.

Miss M. Estelle Angier
P.O. Box 188
Youngtown, Ariz. 85363

MUSGON, IV.
1946 COLLEGE YRS.
18 JUN 1941



Sunday, Aug. 3, 1941

I was up around 6:30 AM, though I had not dozed since the Russian clock at the Library struck 5:00. I could have dozed some more.

I fed Bud, then down to late breakfast myself, after doing a bit of writing. At 9:30 there was a brief divine service in the chapel, led by Mr. Estes Coker. Mr. Bolger played the organ. Saw Miss Mary Pleasants and "Miss J" Hayward for the first time. Service consisted of three hymns (favorites of Mr. Turner, Miss Mattie & "Aunt Bess" Barbee), scripture reading and prayer.

After chapel, I joined a little group - Mrs.

Miss M. Estelle Angier
P.O. Box 188
Youngtown, Ariz. 85363

We Shazo, of Washington, and superlatively garrulous Mrs. Bertha Knowles of S. C. (who has visited in Wheaton) - being escorted around by Mattie Coche Neill. We visited the Y.W.C.A. room in East Bldg., (so different from the severe room of "our day") West Building (torn up by decorators), the Keller, the sulphur spring (where we had a drink.) Coming back, by the "gym", Mrs. Knowles discovered some 4-leaf clovers. I found one. (Hope it brings me some luck!)



All too soon, dinner; - fried chicken, et al. I sat at B. C. Randolph's table. There, also, were: Margaret Battaille Davis, Catherine Creshaw, Miss Jessie Peters, Miss from "across the highway." "Dud" was outside, and very obstreperous, - going to all of the windows and barking at the door to come in. What a child. Finally, when about half of the diners had left, he "crashed" the door, and in he trotted, looking for me. I corralled him and made him lie down.

B. C. R., with her mannerisms, is far from the perfect, poised president. Some one should take her in hand. She waves her arms, she scratches her head, she even licks

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her knife at the table!!! Well,
well!

She excused herself early
to go up and preside at
coffee at Eastnor. I went up
to the cottage for a while. -
had a little visit with Sun-
shine, Josephine, and
Anderson Akers. (of Charlotte,
N.C.) I took my autograph
album to the Kaffe Klatch
and got the autograph of
everyone there, I believe. Mary
Pleasants didn't mind
putting down her year; but
Maria Parkinson shied off.

I was one of the privi-
leged three or four who
were asked to go through
Eastnor. The house is really
quite spacious; - kitchen,
dinning room, small
study (or library), hall, and
large living room on first

Opening the door
to the President's home,
Bessie Carter Randolph,
herself, Pres. of Hollins
College, Va.

(film to B.C.R.)
lost

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Miss M. Estelle Angier
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Madame President
sits a minute in
front of her home,
Easton, at Hollins
College, Va. (Bessie
Carter Randolph, 8/3/41)

(film to B.C.R.)

floor; and single guest room,
large office-study, double
master bedroom and double
guest room and two baths
on second floor. A lovely
place to have a home. B.A.C.
was clad in a floor-length,
light, patterned chiffon dress.
After coffee, I went
down to my room, undressed,
and had a snooze. (Had had
a brief one before dinner, also.)
I wanted to sleep through
all afternoon, but decided
I'd better get up and do
my duty. Kathleen Kelly
Coye, (21) of Roanoke, gave a
delightful piano recital in
the chapel at 4:30. She
was dressed in a dark
blue, knee length gown
(full skirt) embroidered
in large pattern of white;

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wore white beads. Hot hot!
She seemed greatly bothered
by the heat: but it did not
affect the programme:-

2 Bach chorales

Etude Op. 10, #3
Etude Op. 25, #1
Berceuse
Scherzo in C sharp minor

} Chopin

* Valse Arensky - Kreis
en Bretagne Chene - Baton
Clog Dance Grainger
Jardin sous la Pluie Debussy

* Encore: in Vienna

(* = most pleasing to me!)

After the recital "Crupp",
Helen Warriner, Julia Phillips
and I skipped down to the

Hollins College, Virginia
Founded 1842
The Chapel Built 1883

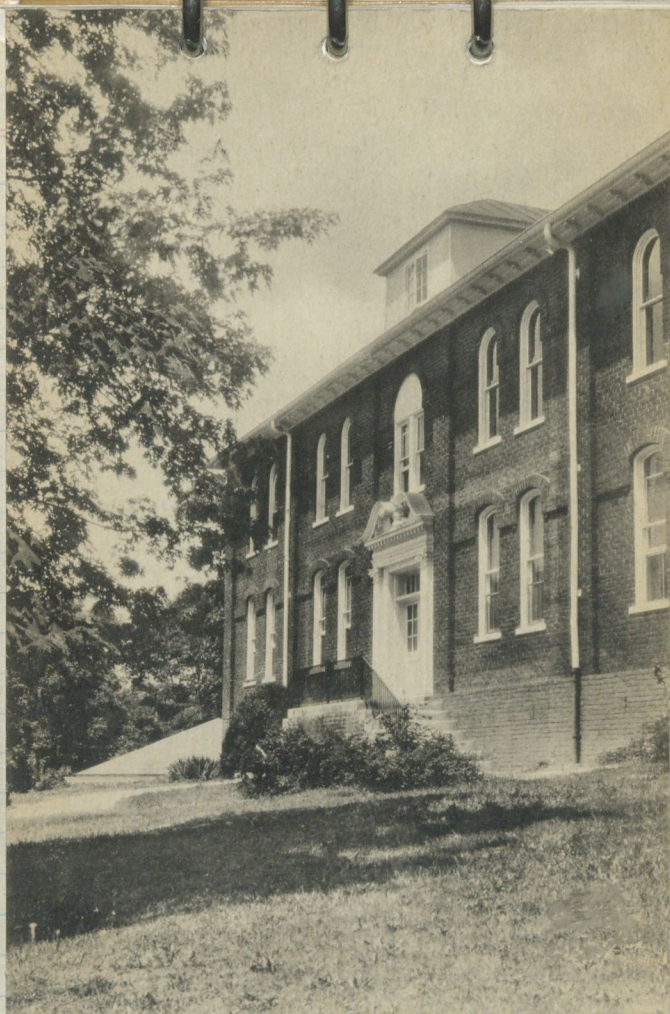
Post Cards of Quality.—The Albertype Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.

POST CARD

we changed to
sport clothes -- I wore my

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P.O. Box 188
Youngtown, Ariz. 85363

wore white beads. ~~Hot hot!~~
She seemed greatly bothered



campers were changed to
sport clothes -- I wore my

Miss M. Estelle Angier
P.O. Box 188
Youngtown, Ariz. 85363

wore white beads. Hot hot!
She seemed greatly bothered

Hollins College, Virginia. 1842.
Carvin House is on the site of William
Carvin's Fort. On July 25, 1746, William
Carvin obtained a grant of 150 acres. On it
was a small Sulphur Spring.

The old mine
and old building

THIS SPACE FOR MESSAGE

Post Cards of Quality. — The Albertype Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.

POST CARD

THIS SPACE FOR ADDRESS

Tinker Tea House for a drink.
(I had orange juice) and I
took a swift tour of the
place:— the red leather up-
holstered soft drink bar room;
the ivory enameled and
immaculate kitchen (all steel
cupboards); the two attract-
ive dining rooms; the
comfortable and cozy hall
way, with a case of souvenirs
for sale; and the guest
rooms upstairs. These
latter are quite small but
well appointed. Miss Parkin-
son has the apartment at the
west end; the manager,
, is to furnish up
the 2 room apartment at
the east end for herself.

Hurrying back to the
campus, we changed to
sport clothes — I wore my

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blue slack suit -- preparatory
to a picnic supper up at
the W.A.A. cabin, under the
ridge. As I came out of
my door, lo and behold!
here was B.C.P. tripping
out of her door, dressed in
the same chiffon dress, ^{worn to} and
wearing her same broad
black hat with blue flower
crown. As she disappeared
down the hill to her car, I
asked sotto voce of the Estes
Coches, sitting on their lawn:
"Here I am in slacks
and Meme Pres. in chiffon!
Now just which is correct?"
(They just laughed.) As little
Lucian Coche said later, at
the picnic, he would have
loved having a picture of
me and B.C.P. together. It
would have been the picture.

The Class Expects Home party
guests have Sunday night supper
by the W.A.A. cabin, 8/3/41.
There they "live up for shows."

(given to "Buffy")
8/23/41
X

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"Little Lucian" Coche
with two of his children,
"Wicky" and Mary Stuart

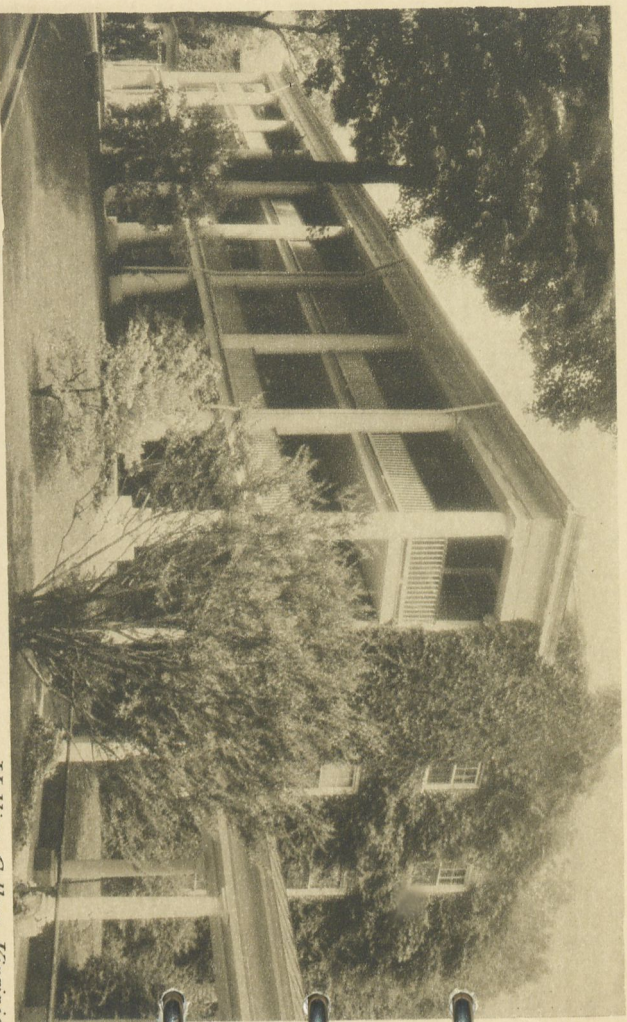
HOLLINS COLLEGE, VIRGINIA. FOUNDED 1842. EAST BUILDING, BUILT
IN 1856. IN 1959 MR. AND MRS. JOHN HOLLINS OF LYNCHBURG, VIR-
GINIA, MADE A DONATION TO THE VALLEY UNION EDUCATION SOCIETY.
THE NAME OF THE SEMINARY WAS CHANGED TO HOLLINS INSTITUTE.
THE MONEY GIVEN WENT INTO THE EAST BUILDING.

POST CARDS OF QUALITY—EVERETT WADDEY COMPANY, RICHMOND, VA.

COPPER PLATE ETCHING
POST CARD

ONE
CENT
STAMP

Miss M. Estelle Angier
P.O. Box 188
Youngstown, Ariz. 85262



East Building

Hollins College, Virginia

Some old desks in a repurposed
class room. (Hazel, Rella Wilson,
M.E. Angier covered on record from
front, to right. (On East Bldg.)

(Helen & "Coope")
8/25/91

Miss M. Estelle Angier
P.O. Box 188
Vermont, A. S. 05260



"Cripp" and "Vicky" rode over with me, - practically the last car. Supper was served at 6:30, soon after we arrived, - Lewis and the waiters presiding behind a long table of good things out in the yard: but "Vicky", "my", myself and a few others waited to hear world news over my radio: and it was 7:00 when we ate.

I sat on the steps with little Richard Coker, (son of "little Lucian and Dorothy Latchaw) though we were warned to stay away on account of bees and hornets. "Little Lucian" came and joined us, and he and I had quite a visit and discussed "ye older days." When "Vicky" began to circulate around, an angry bee,

who had attached "Bud" and "Bud" had snapped at, became too familiar and finally nipped the lad on the ankle. We had nothing to put on it, so his suffering was quite acute for a while. I finally put a little piece of gauze over it so that his stocking would not rub.

Blush had come. Before they left, "Cruff" persuaded the waiters to sing several hymns for us. They were very simple, but with great feeling. They finally ended up with "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot": then surging off down the hill in the college truck. Meanwhile the moon had risen quite high above the haze of the mountains. Two

cars of us staid until 9:30 to hear through a good radio program that was on.

Arriving home, "Cruff" came in and visited with me a bit before retiring; and "Bud" and I were in for the night before 10:30.

On the way, we stopped at Davidson's garage and I had the "flat" fixed. No apparent cause for a leak in the side of the tube. No gas after 7:00 P.M. any more. The seaboard shortage order is in effect. I'll have to remember that!

Monday, Aug. 4, 1941

Must be getting back into my stride! Wide awake at 4:00 A.M.: so I got up, closed doors and windows, got out the faithful corona, and just "went at it!" I managed to get four letters done before breakfast -- the Aides business, and actually got them off on the morning mail. (7:30 A.M.)

After breakfast "Crupp" had a session with the Richmond girls and myself concerning plans for the forthcoming centennial celebration, -- personal visitation; nationwide Founders' Day dinner; broadcast, etc.

On my way up to the cottage I went through East

Building, and stopped into what was, evidently, "Rechi" Wilson's class room -- the same old room in which we studied French with Mr. Tussian. (The Tussian "home quarters" is now the Senior parlor; and East Bldg. is the Senior hall.) Not only the same old room, but the same old class room seats; and on the second desk to the right I discovered, neatly carved (some thirty years ago) "M.E. Angier." (I went down later and took a picture of the class room.)

One of the striking things about the present-day Hallius is the wall-papered walls, where we used to have plain white plaster!

I spent the rest of the morning trying to reconcile my August accounts and my bank statement, - with little success: so I shoved them aside, to be tackled at a more lucid moment.

After dinner I succumbed to Morpheus' lure and had a nap, not getting up until 4:00 P.M. "Crupp" came in to tell me that, owing to circumstances, an overnight trip to the cabin, planned for that night, had been postponed 24 hours, - which suited me very well. I finally got up, bathed and dressed, and tried tackling those accounts again: but 5:00 P.M. arrived, and I had a date with "Uncle Lenny" Flippa in Roanoke:

so off I went. In the meantime, we had had quite a little thunderstorm, - which ended up in a sun shower. (It cooled things off a bit.)

I found that stores in Roanoke close at 5:00: so things were quite deserted when I arrived. However, I went to the Rke. Photo Finishing Co. and met Uncle Lenny, then drove out to his house on Franklin Rd. This is the same old place, - immaculately kept, and we had a lovely chicken dinner served by his jewel of a maid, Hattie. After dinner, "Bud" went through his tricks for some roll and butter.

I suggested a trip to Mill Mt.: so we hopped into

"Chev" and I drove up. The mountains and valley below were very hazy: but we staid on top long enough to see the lights below twinkle out in the night, and to hear a stump speech by Moss Plunkett, who was running for Lt. Gov. of Va., via radio. (Tues., Aug. 5, is primary election day.)

Then down the mountain again, and driving around town until Uncle Jimmy could get some fresh candy for me. We overtook Martha Wortham (Mrs. Beverly) and "Bug" Wortham's son on the street, and Uncle Jimmy gave them a box of candy also. On the way down the mountain, in intermediate (the curves are bad), "Chevy" jumped out



Davis Photo Co.

Practically all of the houseparty guests are gone, - have been leaving all day. I am staying over. Before

"Chew" and I drove up. The mountains and valley below were very hazy: but we staid on top long enough to see the lights below twinkle

Roanoke, Va., does more than point with pride to Mill Mountain, 2183-foot peak wholly within the city limits, which recently has been made a public park. To a man, its citizens find pleasure in looping up and down its steep sides whenever a sharp, clear day holds out hope of a wide-spreading panorama, or the sunset is especially promising.

Actually, one need not have such valid excuses to zip over the mile-long paved road to the top of this isolated peak rising more than 1,200 feet above the city's streets.

Seven Ranges in Sight

In fair weather or foul, in daylight or dark, the spectacle of seven mountain ranges and three valleys has something to offer, if only a change of view. During dry, gusty weather, when white clouds pile high in the heavens, the distant Blue Ridge and Alleghenies are silhouetted against the horizon, and the Roanoke River, snaking its way across the foreground, glitters brilliantly blue.

On stormy days, great thunderheads hang menacingly low. And when night drops over the city, hundreds of lights wink back from the streets directly at one's feet and plumes of steam and smoke, red from the glare of the locomotive firebox, mark the course of the railroad encircling Roanoke.

The Mill Mountain highway, formerly a toll road but free since the city took it over, leaves Route 116 in the southeastern section of the city. *Happy Motoring!*

Mill Mountain keeps an eye on Roanoke and at night Roanoke winks back to motorists who go there for the view.

of gear twice.

Returning to Uncle Leiny's, we visited for a while. Uncle L. has improved himself vastly. He has had a glass eye in the empty socket, and is wearing clear glasses instead of the dark ones he wore for so long. He is complaining, as usual, of ill health: but does not look his 71 years.

I got a little mixed up finding my way out of town: but finally got out Williamson Rd: and by the time the clock struck 10:00 P.M., "Bud" and I were comfortably in bed.

Practically all of the houseparty guests are gone, - have been leaving all day. I am staying over. Before

we scattered, I tried to get a photograph of the guests at Turner cottage: but hunt the campus as I might, I could not locate Justine and Josephine: so had to be content without them, hence the picture is incomplete. ("Vichy" took it for us.)

The Turner Cottage, Spelvin
College, Va. 8/7/41 Our "private
entrance", the one at the side.

Miss M. Estelle Angier
P.O. Box 188

Yonkers, N.Y. 10588



Sunshine (Pope) Trumbo
"Aegier"
Julia (Quahundo) Phillips
Helen (Starks) Warriner
"Buddy"
in front of Turner Cottage
Hollins College, Va.,
8/4/41

(film to "Cripp")
8/28/41

Tuesday, August 5, 1941

Got up until nearly 6:00.
Entering up my diary I all
of a sudden remembered it
was "old Toot's" birthday; so
I sat down and quickly ran
off a letter to him before
breakfast.

Right after breakfast
(9:00) I left for Roanoke, -
"Johnnie" Scott in with me.
I tried to do a bit of shopping
and marketing, with mediocre
success. On the way home,
I stopped, first at the
"Nick or Mack" store out on
Wilkinson Road to get meat
for "Bud" and Harry
Williamson's cat whom
Bessie K. Peyton is guardian
for. "Nick or Mack's" are
keep-yourself places, but
rather inferior in service

to the large chain groceries.
Next I stopped at the
English Village, tourist
cabin camp at the junction
of Va. 116 and U.S. 11 (Lee High-
way) with a view to a possible
stopping place if I get to the
centennial exercises in 1942.

Arrived back at
campus, I picked up "Ug" ^{at}
at Barber house and we
went on a hot jaunt. First,
to Cloverdale to see the cabins
at Travel Town. On the way
back I stopped to take a
photograph of the old mill,
whose wheel still turns
around under power from
Tinker creek. Then I set
out to find the old Gravatt
place under the ridge after
first taking a trip to the
dam and the beach above

The old Cloverdale mill. The
turning mill wheel does not show
up so very well.

Miss M. Estelle Angier
P.O. Box 188



Wreck is left of the old
Gravatt place under the
Ridge. Holstein, Va.
(1941)

where Carwin Falls used to be. Luckily I started out on the correct road, but took the wrong turn, and had to be directed back through a very narrow, bumpy lane to reach the place. An auburn haired girl, of about 12 yrs. was calling "Paw" in for lunch; and she asked us to come in, when I explained that I had been a friend of the Gravatt's. However, we did not care to go further into the sad-looking wreck, where the chickens seemed to be equally at home as the human occupants.

We arrived back at the campus again just in time for dinner. After that meal, I took my siesta.

and was not up until 4:00.
A day shot! - one that was
to have been a period of
productivity! I did some
much needed laundry (before
the nap.) Jupiter Plewies "spit again."
Well, I bathed,
dressed, made a brief call
at Peyton's apartment for
coffee, and then set off with
"Crupp", "Liz" and "Vicky" for
Rodsake again. At coffee,
also, were Miss Mohr
and Mrs. Cahey, of the
housekeeping staff. Mrs.
Cahey, I understand, was
responsible for the beauti-
ful flower arrangements
during the house party. These
latter contributed greatly
to the beauty of the place:
bouquets of gorgeous gladioli,
marigolds, field flowers

and grasses.

To go on instead of back!

The "Chev taxi" left
by Miss Hoover, librarian, and
driven by "Liz" took us out
to Raleigh Court, where, at the
Gladwin Theatre, we saw
Jack Bennett, Kay Francis, et al,
in "Charlie's Aunt". It was
uproariously funny! Dark
when we got out. We went
by Cloverdale creamery,
got ice, milk, cream etc.,
then out to Hollins, stopping
at Davidson's for a ham-and-
egg sandwich. Arrived at
the campus, we changed into
outing clothes, gathered up
bedding, etc., and set off
for the cabin, arriving about
9:30.

A glorious full moon
glided overhead. The mount-

airs were hazy; the locusts were raucous with their buzzing. After opening up the windows of the cabin, stowing away ice and food, and fixing beds for the night (Crupp and I on the porch) we lay out on blankets on the ground for a while, gossiping, munching on Uncle Linn's chocolates, the other girls smoking, etc. It must have been after 11:00 before we climbed into bed: and it wasn't long before I was asleep.

Tuesday, Aug. 6, 1941

I awakened shortly before six. The red sun was just coming up behind the tail end of Fisher. "Bud" had been restless for quite a while, and I discovered why. A flea, or something had bit his right haunch and he had licked the place raw.

I got up to find some ammonia "Crupp" had said she had; finally applied some iodine. Later the place got so bad I clipped the hair around it and patted on some ammonia.

While "Crupp" cooked the breakfast of oranges, bacon & eggs, toast and coffee (on a dirty range) I scrubbed off the tables

and benches for eating, and did other chores. We finally got "Vick" and "Liz" up, and they drove down to Waldron's place for butter and more water. Breakfast tasted swelllegant.

The girls were back to the campus about 9:30, and I settled down to do some writing in my travel log, - having to stop every other minute to swat pestiferous flies. Shortly after 11:00 my eyes gave out. I could write, but could not see what I had written: so I had to quit. I lay down and slept until 1:00. Awoke sweltering.

Originally this was a lovely cabin: but the girls have not cared for it and it is a mess, and the

A true exposure inside of
the W. A. A. cabin, with a
2-headed "Rudley" in front of the
fireplace. Hocking, Va., 8/16/41

John East

Miss M. Estelle Angier
P.O. Box 188



The cows come visiting the
cabin - 8/15/41 (Taken from the
kitchen door.)

furniture is about wrecked. A lovely stone fireplace and mantle has for its main ornament the pelvic girdle of a horse (or cow?). A narrow stairway leads up to a small balcony with railing of irregularly-sawed boards.

I went back to the kitchen and wrote on the travel log until 3:30; then I was disturbed by a visiting herd of cows. I stopped for a bite to eat - "Uzi's" hamburger, cup of milk and a few cookies. Dudi's sore was getting worse, and I intended leaving in time to take him to a vet: but when next I stopped it was after 5:00 so I had to pack up quickly and leave for Hollis again. When I was ready to go, I couldn't

find my "specs". I had to turn everything upside down and finally found them on the back deck of the car, where they had been caught in a blanket thrown back there.

While I was packing I let "Bud" run loose; and what did he do but go and roll himself in loose cow dung! What a sight, what a smell. I got back in time to get a bath and clean up, after getting settled "at home" and then rush to dinner with "Ug" and "Vicky".

Letters from Aunt Hargett & Helen Punnett make my mind no clearer as to what I am going to do when I leave here: but I have to be moving soon! (No diving paper written yet!!!)



Lincoln, from the W A A cabin
Spalding, Va.
8/5/41

After supper (with Misses
Keyton, Myrtle Vichery and
Mrs. Oakley) I visited briefly
on the hill; showed her pictures
to Miss Randolph, then took
"Bud" home to Turner cottage
and gave him a bath -
and how!!! It was a job!
Hope it takes!

A few more turns at
the log, then to bed, very
weary, at 10:00 P.M. or
thereabouts.

Thursday, Aug. 7, '41

Up around 4:00, temperature around 67° really felt cold. I wrote in the "log" until after 6:30, then went back to bed for a snooze. A persistent frontal headache has been nagging me, as well as my "tired neck".

Up again shortly after the rising bell, took "Bud" up to Barbic House for his breakfast. He had dried nicely, and fur was real soft after his bath. I met "Liz" on the road down to quadrangle: so we got "Bud" and took a walk down back campus. You should see that dog lap up the sulphur water. He drinks it even from a paper cup! A true "Hollins girl." During

Miss M. Estelle Angier
P.O. Box 188

breakfast time he amused himself alternately by barking at the colored keep and licking off the ichthyol ointment I had smeared on his wound. The latter looked so angry that I finally bundled him into the car and took him to Mr. Weaver, just this side of Roanoke, for treatment. The Mr. clipped a big area on his flank and rubbed in a phenol compound. It bothered him frightfully! On the way back I stopped at Nick - or - Mack's for meat for him and Kitty - Bunny Peyton - Williamson (which I forgot, and left in the sun-heated car until after dinner time.)

Arrived "home," I started



The "Twinnies" 8/8/41

Miss M. Estelle Angier
P.O. Box 188

Fanona Knox, Registrar
Reed Crupper Reeves,
Alum. Secy.
Hollins College, Va.

147

(film to "Crupe")
8/28/41



Lee Highway is well built up with homes; and Euon Church looms up in dignified, white proportions.

The little brick-walled cemetery was as peaceful as ever, in the bright light of a warming mid morning sun. I read all of the tombstones. "Mumnie" Rath has but a frail white headstone, already leaning, quite in contrast to the enclosing vault-like tombs over the other recent dead, - Joe Turner, Miss Matty, Mr. Lucian, "Aunt" Bess, Mr. Charles Lewis, the Founder, etc. A sprawling rose bush sprawled its darkening arms quite over the sarcophagus of Jamie Coche Finkhouse; and a

For dinner. Lewis' niece the Δ
8/7/41

(from to "Cuppa")
8/25/41



large bush almost hid
from view the modest
headstone at the grave of
Mary Coker-Dayward.
Quite a bit of Hollis history
is written on the stones of
that secluded graveyard.

Arrived back at our
rooms, I got to work on the
log again: but my headache
got the better of me, so I lay
down, pulled the wool
blanket over me, and slept.
The first Δ for dinner
roused me: I was in such
a pleasing lethargy I did
not want to get up. However,
failure to appear at dinner
would cause questions: so,
sleepily I went down -- and
ate a good, starved meal.
(I know the "twins" will
be "triplets" before I leave
here!)

On her way down to her office, "Crupp" brought me a copy of "Vane" Rath's memoirs, which I spent the rest of the afternoon reading. Most interesting! He now lives with "Daisy" at Swarthmore.

"Ug" dropped in about 4:00, having just arrived from town, with the news that Mrs. M^c Vetty, member of the Board of Trustees and great benefactress of Hollins, had just died. What a blow!

I finished up my "log"; then came the realization that I must be leaving. This soothing, soporific suspension of the activities of my life must not be continued, even though so very pleasing. There is much I must accomplish to rid myself of an onerous

(film ~~12~~ X.P.)
5/2/51

down to the dining room I hiked, - buttoning up the dress as I went. Late, but still in

932 H

On her way down to her office, "Crupp" brought me a copy of "Vanel" Rath's memoirs, which I spent the rest of the

B.K. Peyton + "Kitzibunny" 8/7/41



AUG 7 1941

incubus; and letters from Punnett, Hargett and Falley still do not make my way clear.

"Crupp" came by after 5:00 and I went with her up to Barber House for coffee with B.K. Peyton, "Vicky" and "Ug". I took a picture of B.K.P. and the spoiled and indifferent "Kitzibunny". After coffee I decided, "No supper": but as I sat chit-chatting to "Crupp" in her apartment, I suddenly decided I was a little faint: so I rushed down, dabbed some water on my face and hands, ran a comb through my hair, grabbed my dirty white dress around me, and down to the dining room I hiked, - buttoning up the dress as I went. Late, but still in

time for blessing. I sat at Margaret Scott's table - with Miss Willie, "Parky", Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Anderson and daughter, Dolores.

After supper I went to the spring and fetched "Bud" a glass of sulphur water -- after I had raided the kitchen and got some tuna fish salad to feed a starving little kitten that was crying around, big-eyed, lean-legged, and flat-bellied. Then "Crupp" and I drove over to Salem, taking "Bud" along. This latter had licked himself raw again!

We finally found "Connie" Stearns Austin and her mother at home -- after having gone to a wrong place, where no one was at home, and left a scrawled

note on the porch. "Connie" and her mother are living in the old Stearns home, which is approached by a walk bordered with a heavy, old box hedge. Mrs. Stearns, with a hat on and wrapped in a cotton bedspread against the mosquito, appeared a fragile, spent old lady. She has been quite ill with a heart affection. "Connie" looks faded and worn -- shows the effects of strain, worry and sorrow. She showed us the house, - a lovely old place, - high ceilings, and with the original floors.

It was nearly 10:00 when we got back to the campus. We picked up "Visky" and went down to Davidson's for sandwich and buttermilk. It was nearly

Miss M. Estelle Angier
P.O. Box 188

11:00 P.M. when I tumbled
sleepily in to bed.

Forgot to mention that,
at supper time, I met Mary
Phlegar Smith, popular Dean
of Women, who had stopped by.
She seems very intelligent and
charming.

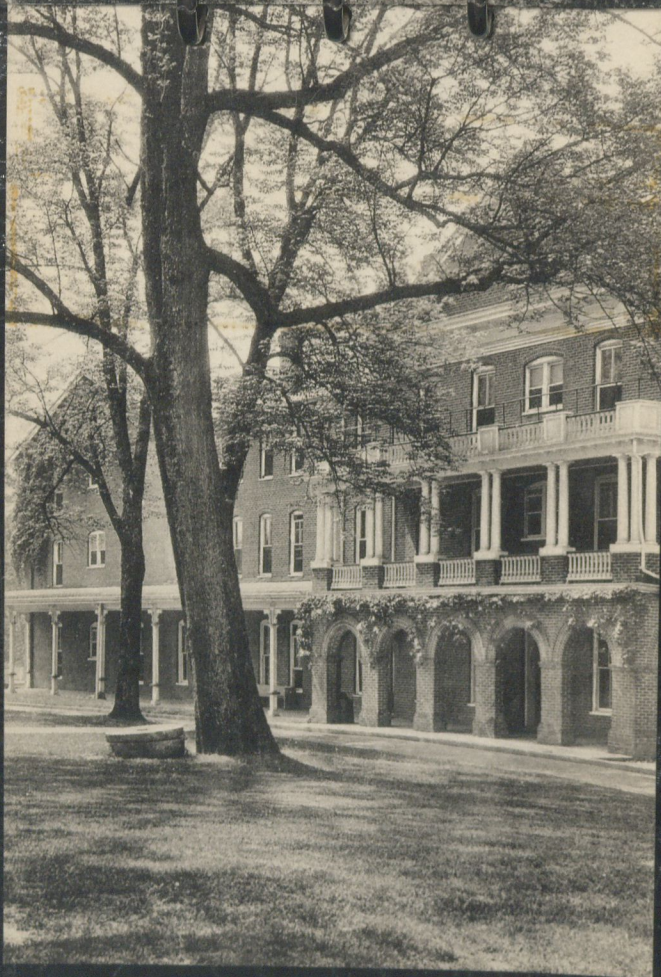
Hollins College, Virginia
Founded 1842
Little Theatre, Built 1924. This building
and the Gymnasium, were undertaken as a
result of student initiative. The Little
Theatre has a stage of ample size to ac-
commodate professional companies.

—Post Cards of Quality.—The Albertype Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.—

POST CARD

Miss M. Estelle Angier
P.O. Box 188

11:00 P.M. when I tumbled
sleepily into bed



Miss M. Estelle Angier
P. O. Box 188

11:00 P.M. when I tumbled
sleepily into bed

Cheaply built and
weakened by the building,
but houses the largest
number of students -
freshman hall.

Hollins College, Virginia
Founded 1842
West. Built 1900. This building occupies
the exact site of the Botetourt Springs Hotel,
1820-1839.

—Post Cards of Quality.—The Albertype Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.—

POST CARD

