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Estelle Angier Summer Vol. I Travel Journal

M. Estelle Angier
Hollins University

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M. ESTELLE ANGIER
PHOTO ALBUMS
1910-47

Acc. #88-11-83

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

MADE BY
HOOBE WILSON-JONES LEAF
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310-58

Acc. # 88-11-83

Hollins Centennial
Trip

May 15 - 20, 1942

Vol. I.

Calendar for the Centennial

of

Hollins College

May 17, 18, 19, 1942

in my yard until dark. While
he was busy, I took my "family"
up to Evanston and left them in

Sunday, May Seventeenth

11:00 A. M. COMMEMORATION SERVICE

THE RIGHT REVEREND KARL MORGAN BLOCK
Bishop of California

Little Theatre

2:30 P. M. ALUMNÆ SYMPOSIUM

SUSANNA PLEASANTS TURNER, '35, presiding

Little Theatre

A CENTURY OF EDUCATION FOR WOMEN

Significant Milestones

Mrs. R. H. REEVES (RUTH CRUPPER, '13)

What the Liberal Arts College Has Done for Women
MARGUERITE HEARSEY, '14

Women in the World Today

Mrs. WILLIAM FREDERICK SIMPSON (SARAH MIDDLETON, '27)

Women in the Service

Mrs. GEORGE C. MARSHALL (KATHERINE TUPPER, ex-'03)

4:30 P. M. TEA

Lucy Preston Beale Memorial Garden

9:00 P. M. FIGURES IN A DREAM. A Fantasy

Presented by Freya

Forest of Arden

Monday, May Eighteenth

SYMPOSIUM, HORIZONS OF FREEDOM TODAY

Little Theatre

9:30 A. M. Liberty in America

PRESIDENT FRANK PORTER GRAHAM
University of North Carolina

11:00 A. M.

PRESIDENT THEODORE H. JACK,
Randolph-Macon Woman's College, presiding

11:00 A. M. Religion and Morality in a Free Society

JOHN DEWEY
Professor of Philosophy, Emeritus, Columbia University

DEAN FRANCES B. BLANSHARD, Swarthmore College, presiding

1:00 P. M. BUFFET LUNCHEON

Forest of Arden

2:30 P. M. The Arts in a Free Society

DEWITT H. PARKER
Professor of Aesthetics, University of Michigan

4:00 P. M. Freedom of Mind and Spirit

HARLOW SHAPLEY
Professor of Astronomy, Harvard University

5:30 P. M.

SAMUEL ALFRED MITCHELL, Professor of Astronomy,
University of Virginia, presiding

9:00 P. M. CONCERT

JOHN POWELL

Little Theatre

in my yard until dark. While

Tuesday, May Nineteenth

10:30 A. M. CENTENNIAL CONVOCATION

Little Theatre

PRESIDENT BESSIE C. RANDOLPH, presiding

Address by
PRESIDENT ADA L. COMSTOCK, Radcliffe College

Presentation of Delegates

1:00 P. M. LUNCHEON FOR OFFICIAL DELEGATES AND SPEAKERS

Library Steps

10:00 P. M. SENIOR SINGING

Admission to all events by card only

The Trustees and the Faculty

of
Wallops College

request the honor of your presence at the

Celebration

of the

One Hundredth Anniversary

of the Founding of the College.

May the seveneenth to the nineteenth

Nineteen hundred and forty-two

Wallops College, Virginia

to go Mr. Miller, who worked in my yard until dark. While he was busy, I took my "family" up to Evanston and left them in

HOLLINS COLLEGE, VIRGINIA
April 30, 1942

Name Miss Estelle Culpin

Your reservation for the Hollins College Centennial Celebration has been made as follows:

~~Hotel~~ Madouriens Inn Single Double

Tourist Lodge located at Lowendale At 11.

Private Home located at convenient to Hollins

Name of Hostess By Station - and by telephone

Rate per night \$ 1.50 this from Rodacker.

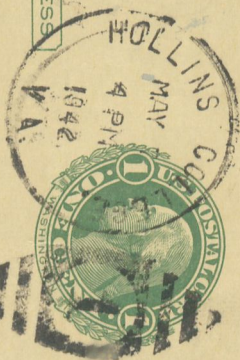
Please return the attached card by May 10. It is important that we have the requested information in order that we may notify your place of lodging of the time of your arrival.

Your cards of admission to all events will be presented to you at the Registration Desk on your arrival at Hollins College.

family. Then, over to Winfield to get Mr. Miller, who worked in my yard until dark. While he was busy, I took my "family" up to Evanston and left them in

Miss Estelle Angier
10419 College Ave.
Wheaton, Ill.

THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS



To Hollins, Va.
May 15, 1942

The usual -- now be-
coming habitual -- rush to get
off; but this time with the
prospect of being able to
sleep, perhaps, while the
other fellows did the driving.

Thursday. Did not get
away from Wilson until after
2:30 P. M. Over to Englewood
station of the Penna. R.R. to
pick up my ticket and Pull-
man reservation to Roanoke.
I stopped at Elliott's Kitchen,
Garfield Blvd. near Normal,
for a bite of lunch -- and plenty
of "doughnut holes".

Wheaton 4:30. A haircut
from my former barber, R. Thompson.
Shoes shined; a couple of errands;
then home at 5:30 to feed my
"family". Then, over to Winfield
to get Mr. Miller, who worked
in my yard until dark. While
he was busy, I took my "family"
up to Evanston and left them in

Mr. Tache's care. I was back at 8:00, had a bite to eat, then took Mr. Miller home to Winfield.

After I got back, there were dishes to do, a bit of "redding up", then final packing, - which latter I just couldn't finish: so I piled into bed at 11:30 P.M. No animals with me!!!

Even so, my sleep was restless.

Friday May 15, 1942

Up at 5:00, threw the last things together, had a bite of breakfast and cleaned up after myself, and was off to Chicago, - with heavy briefcase, overnight bag, and package of books, Halluin's souvenirs, etc., - on the C. A. & E. (Chicago, Aurora and Elgin.)

I had classes at 9⁰⁰ and 10⁰⁰ (First Aid and swimming): then a brief hour to catch up all loose ends. I had already seen Mr. Kripner the first of the week, and told him I was going away "for a little rest cure" and would give him a schedule of my class arrangements. Wondering how I was going to break the news to "Bubbles" (for Barchy had said it was not necessary to tell her, I would do so anyway, knowing the way of spying, rumors, "cat-scratching", etc. that goes on) fortunately I met her on the way to one of my classes

and said to her:

"Are you going to be away a few days -- at a "convention of my antediluvian ancestors": Mr. Tripper has a schedule of my classes. I have arranged for all of them."

"Fine!" Says she. "I presume it is all right with Mr. Parthy?"

"Yes!" And I was on my way, - that load off my mind.

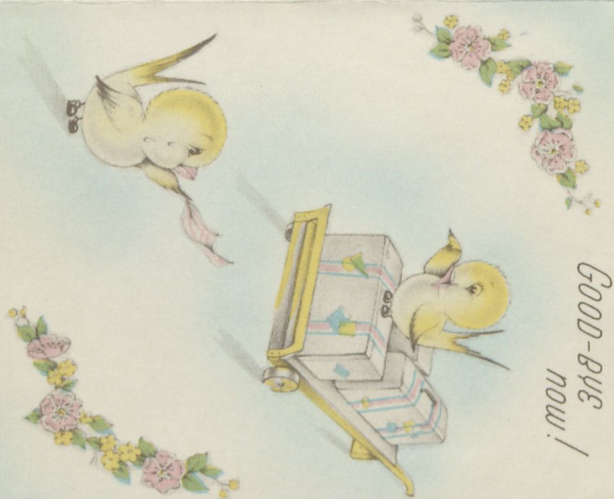
A heavy rain had set in shortly after 9:00 and continued intermittently all day. A sorry outlook! I had intended taking the 12:45 Rock Island to the Englewood station to catch the Penna. out at 1:05; but Kate Curtis insisted she would drive me over. I had my defense First Aid class at 12:00: so I gave them an intensive lecture until 12:30, then let Miss Hubbard, my assistant, give them a couple of tests while I shipped away.

Jean Evans was in the car with Mrs. Curtis, out in

by "bon voyage!"
from Kate Curtis.

The course lasted
for 3 days!

5 H 9933



n. r. quarry joins me. We visited back and forth during the afternoon between her reading and my grading papers -- tournament schedules

and said to her:
"Oh, going to be away a
short time" "Constitution"



Here's something
to take along--
and hurry back!

R.W.C.,

Corsage + nuts.

the parking lot, waiting for
their passenger to board; and
she got out for me a couple
of parting gifts, - a little
shoulder bag of white car-
nations (my! was I dressed up!)
and a box of salted nuts. Such
thoughtfulness almost overwhelmed
me. So unusual!!!! And
so good of Kate to taxi me over
to the station. I certainly went
off in style! (Even though it
was raining.)

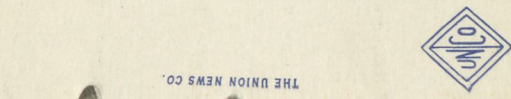
When the train finally
pulled up, and I had got myself
located, I was terrifically hungry,
so I went straight to the diner.
There I saw Mary Lou Freytag,
who was going to Hollis also.
A lady at the table with her offered
to give me her place; but since
Mary Lou was about finished
I went to the next table where
H. L. finally joined me! We
visited back and forth during
the afternoon between her
reading and my grading
papers - - tournament schedules

a mental old "pant" to the road. all
must get them done!!!!

We got with Cuesnawati
at 8:15 P.M. (7:15 "our time") for
we had changed to Eastern time
at Richmond, (and) and Mary
you and I got out and went
up with the new Union Terminal,
since we had time leave to lie
over.

The new depot -- one of
the best in the country -- in a
far cry from the several
days we spent at former
years. We walked through
its long concourse, where
beaten-up wheeled seats are
arranged in a series of
concentric semi-circles, through the
large rotunda, and out onto
the main platform. There looks
out over a wide boulevard
driveway extending down for
several blocks through the
old, congested part of the city.

We walked down past



THE UNION NEWS CO.

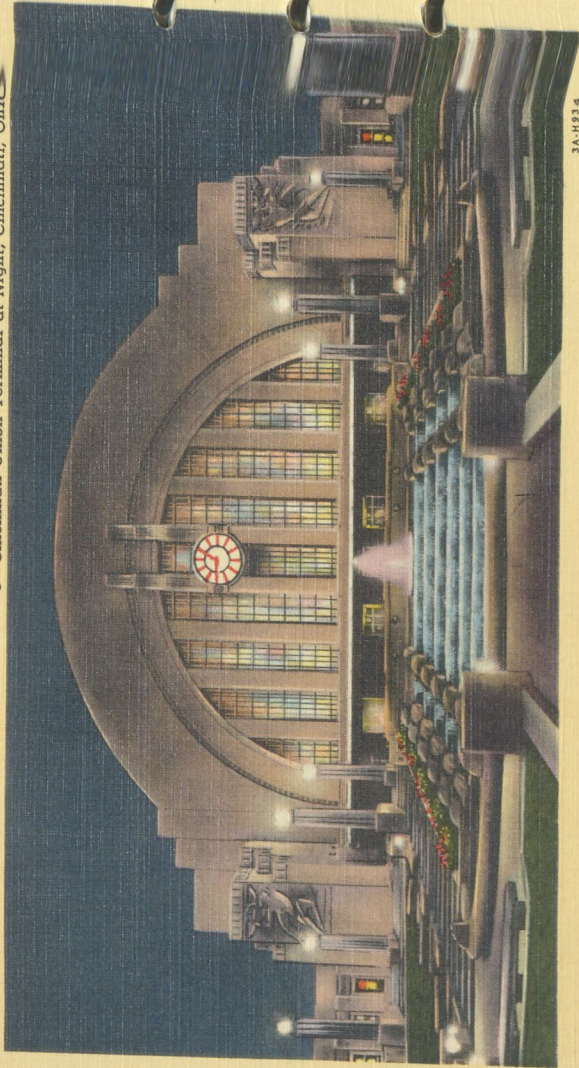
GENUINE CURTICH-CHICAGO "C.T. ART-COLORTONE" POST CARD (REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.)

POST CARD

PLACE
ONE CENT
STAMP
HERE

extra...
a "stock of
wheat", rye, millet, etc. On
another side, a pie, some
of milk, etc.: fruit and
vegetables; animals. On part,

8—Cincinnati Union Terminal at Night, Cincinnati, Ohio



3A-H934

13—Approach to Union Terminal, Cincinnati, Ohio



8A-H2418

extra arrangements a farmer's note a "state of
wheat, rye, corn, etc. On
another side, a pie, some
of milk, etc.: just and
vegetables; avian, du post,

a month old, handed in during
my last "jaunt" to the east. I
must get them done!!!!



THE UNION NEWS CO.

GENUINE CURTEICH-CHICAGO "C.T. ART-COLORTONE" POST CARD (REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.)

POST
CARD

PLACE
ONE CENT
STAMP
HERE

the cascading fountain, and
descended, by stairs, to take
a look-around at the street
level below. Then we returned,
under the neon-lighted clock,
to the rotunda, in search of
food. A small newsreel
"movie" theater to the left of
the doorway, was just closing.

The restaurant was
to the left as we entered, and
we sat at one of the bays of
the lunch counter, and had
a very nice supper. I tried to
interpret all of the mural deco-
rations which were up at the
top of the semicircular wall.
(The whole decorative motif
in the station is semi-circles,
it seems.) There was a
painting of three saucepans
over a fire; a red checked table
cloth supporting a loaf of bread
a horseshoe roll, a "stack of
wheats", syrup pitcher, etc. On
another side, a pile, bottle
of milk, etc.: fruit and
vegetables; animals. In fact,

the artist had run riot in realistic art.

Back into the grand foyer for a few postal cards and an inspection trip. Booklets telling of the history of the station etc. were fifty-cents, - which I did not feel like spending. However, I managed to glean a few facts. The guiding spirit in building the station was one George Bent Crabb, whose likeness appeared in one of the murals. The building and furnishing cost \$42,000,000 including the costly grading and re-routing of tracks to bring all railroads into the one station; the furnishings, ultra-modern in design; and the beautiful mosaic murals (or mural mosaics?) by

We stood a bit and studied the murals in the lobby, - truly masterpieces; the history of water and land travel, primitive living

THE UNION NEWS CO.



GENUINE CURTEICH-CHICAGO "C.T. ART-COLORTONE" POST CARD (REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.)

POST CARD

PLACE
ONE CENT
STAMP
HERE

wanted to retire. Our platform entrance was dark and chained off; but a guard at another door told us just to unclasp the chain, - which we

the artist had never met in realistic art.

Back into the grand foyer



18—Lobby, Union Terminal, Cincinnati, Ohio



14—Concourse, Union Terminal, Cincinnati, Ohio

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Back into the grand foyer



THE UNION NEWS CO.

GENUINE CURTEICH-CHICAGO "C.T. ART-COLORTONE" POST CARD (REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.)

POST CARD

PLACE
ONE CENT
STAMP
HERE

to modern technocracy depicted as a background, with heroic figures in the foreground representative of the times. These figures were so real they almost breathed, - each line of the features, each seam and wrinkle of the clothing are so perfectly delineated.

Then, a walk through the concourse, and a brief study of the mosaic murals there, depicting industries: - the radio studio, leather cutting, iron puddling, steel rolling, printing, aeroplane building, - to mention a few. Marvelous works of art! and thousands pass them by each day, unnoticed!

It was now nearly 9:30 P.M., E.S.T., and Harry Low wanted to retire. Our platform entrance was dark and chained off: but a guard at another door told us just to unclasp the chain, - which we

did. We walked down the long ramp which led to the train level. Our porter -- a slow poke if ever there was one -- had finally finished making down the berths. (A new wrinkle since "my day" were the individual ventilator fans opening through the curtains into each lower berth.) Mary Lou retired at once; but I went into the lounge section, which was at one end of our car, and availed myself of stationery and time to scribble a letter to Charlotte. This the conductor promised to mail out of Portsmouth, Ohio, for me.

Then to bed, in my upper berth. I just did feel the train sliding away from the station at "Cincy", then I knew no more. Dead to the world!

War times!

back to the dressing room, "Curly head" was throwing a tantrum. Too many strange



MISSING

-ONE PASSENGER

THE STORY OF THE *Empty Berth*
OR THE PASSENGER WHO WASN'T THERE!

This is an old story, but now that we are at war, it has a new significance.

Someone reserved the empty berth above and that someone was missing when the train pulled out.

Someone else, with an important job to do, wanted that berth but could not get it **BECAUSE THE MISSING PASSENGER DID NOT CANCEL HIS RESERVATION.**

The man with the important job had an unnecessary wait. And the job was delayed, too.

That's all there is to the story!

★ ★ ★ ★

In order to prevent such delays, the Pennsylvania Railroad asks you not to be a "missing" passenger.

If you find you can't make the trip you had planned, please cancel your reservations *at once*. Just pick up your telephone and call your ticket agent.

Someone on the waiting list may have urgent need of your reservation.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

back to the dressing room,
"1.00 for 5"

did. We walked down the

Saturday, May 16

Awakened to feel the gentle swaying of the train, then a long, slow stop. A peek of daylight coming in from somewhere, and a feeling I ought to get up. But how delicious to stay abed!

Must be Bluefield, - to stop so long. I must get up: should be about 8:00.

The curly head across the way was insistent he wanted a piece of candy. Mother was just as insistent that he didn't.

Finally I rang for the porter and his ladder: would go to the ladies' room then come back to bed! Nearly 8⁰⁰ o'clock? Correct! A sketchy toilet, then back into my upper to stretch a bit and dress. When I went back to the dressing room, "Curly head" was throwing a tantrum. Too many strange

women, I guess!

Mary Lou was waiting for me in the lounge. We had to wait a bit for breakfast, - the diner was full; but finally got places in a near corner. The storm seemed to be over: the sun tried to peek out occasionally; but the New River, along which we were traveling, and all of the creeks were running red mud.

With the coming of highways, the valley seems to have had its face lifted and cleaned up. No more paintless, shanty-looking houses, and down-at-the-heel railroad stations. There were several new stations along the line: and houses and yards - for the most part - seemed neat and tidy.

There were several children on the train. One, - a serious-looking lass of about

four years - - a beautiful child - sat down with her daddy, across from us, - and wasn't particularly interested in her food. Mother came later, - an attractive slip of a girl.

Back to the Pullman, a bit of conversation, and zip! we were in Roanoke, right on time at 10:15. Many people got off, - including the Rotund clergyman whose ample front I had had to sub-duck in the aisle of the diner. I bet he was the bishop to speak at Hollins on the morrow. (Later events proved me correct.)

Mary Lou went to the Hotel Roanoke. After I had checked my chattels in a locker, I turned to find "Liz" (Hazel Lyall) - with one of "neph" Hollins' plumants - at the Traveler's Aid desk. After a brief visit I started up town. It was getting hot: but I still wore my top coat. I went up to the

Roanoke Cycle Co. "Uncle
Linny" wasn't in; so I called
him at home. He was sick--
had not been down for two
days, but asked me up to
dinner. (Suggested I take
a taxi -- and with gas
rationing on!!)

Over to the Patrick
Henry and Eshelund's beauty
parlor for a shampoo, a set
and a manicure. Out just
before 1:00. By the 'bus depot
to get information about
"valley" schedules, then to
Fellou's and got some lovely
iris to take up to Uncle Linny.
Then I took up a 'bus up to
1015 Franklin Rd.

Hattie was still there;
and Uncle Linny came down
in a few minutes. He feels
rather sorry for himself and
impressed with his age -- as
we all do at times. (He is 74 in
June, says he!) I could not
persuade him to come out

of the rather dank, funereal
air of his home into the bright
sunshine. (E.L. Hippo)

Hattie served a lovely
dinner. Such delicious fried
chicken I have not had in
many a moon! Buttered potatoes,
cauliflower, spinach, hors d'oeuvres,
hot rolls and coffee, were topped
off with "yumny" ice cream
and cakes. I hated to leave:
Uncle L. seemed so "down"! But
I left at 3:00 and walked back
to town, down through the
busy market, then over to
the station to get my bags.
There I took -- with much
expenditure of energy -- over
to the 'bus depot (on Church St.)
and put them into another
locker: -- and "chucked" my
coat in after them.

Then I went over to
Dr. Ben Moonaw's office: --
would not tell his secretary
who I was. Finally I got
in a word with him. At first

he didn't know me, - then he recognized my voice. He has grown quite old; - white haired, and with the country doctor's absent-minded kindness. He offered to take me to Cloverdale, so I went out to wait for him.

His "secretary" proved to be his sister, - quite talkative like all the Moonaw ladies, - and in the next half hour I -- and all the patients in the waiting room -- got all of the family history. (Twice married, her present name is Mrs.?)

She finally left at 5:00, and I managed to nod a little. At 6:00, Dr. closed up and went to get his car, while I went over to the depot to get my bags. Then he took me out to his "castle" - the old Moonaw homestead, where I met all of his delightful family who had "sliced up" to meet me: - Ben, jr. in his Sunday - go - to - meeting suit;

Jeanne, in a blue taffeta suit; Daniel -- the rolly polly baby, with a smile a mile wide -- in "nothing more than the law requires". Then, finally, Mrs. Moonaw -- "Kolly" -- who is evidently a "go getter". She and the children had been working powerfully all day, "cleaning house".

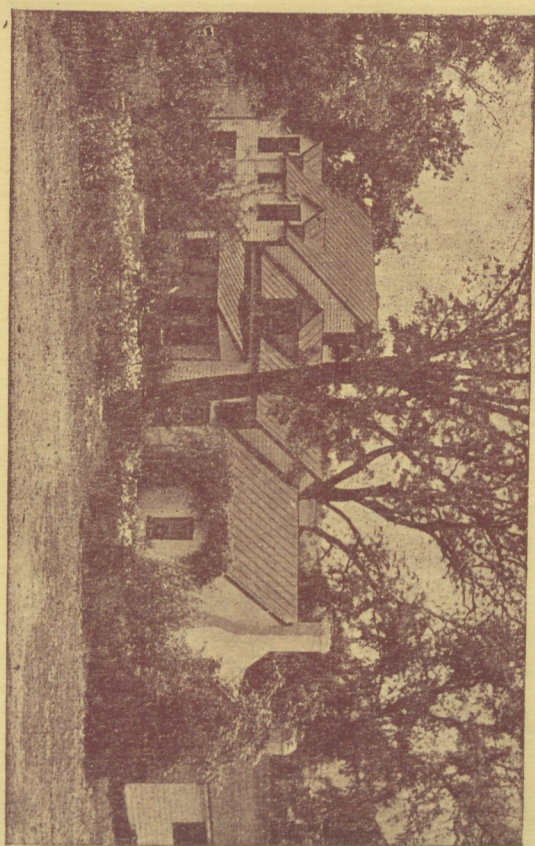
The home -- a gorgeous old mansion, with every wall of solid brick, is being re-juvenated and recovered after 25 years of neglect. A long row of box leads from gate to door; and in the rear, a long slope of red clay, - now sprouting tender green grass, leads away to a beautiful vista which includes Deadman, Fisher, and a circle of other mountains. I'm afraid I was not very encouraging: - I told them in 10 years maybe they would have the place as they wanted it. However, by dint of community labor, they

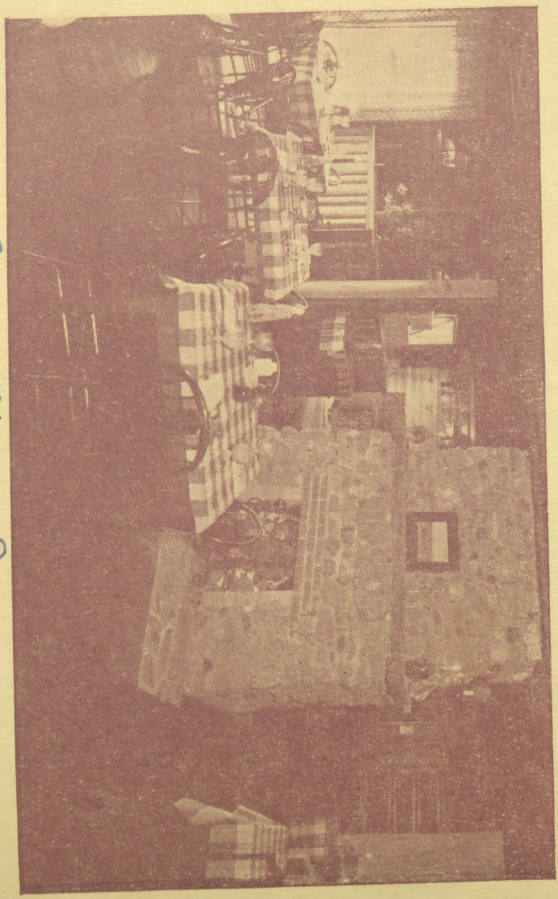
have accomplished a lot. They took me all through and around the place.

At 9:00 P.M. we sat down to a "pick up" supper that Molly managed to get together from somewhere. Daniel sort o' "threw a monkey wrench" into the works: so we did not have mother with us for supper. They most hospitably pressed me to stay over night: but I had to get to my lodgings and get settled: so after hearing the older children perform their "recital pieces" on piano and violin, (they go to the Catholic school in Roanoke, but to the Baptist church) we set out about 10:00, - Dr. Ben, James & Ben, - and drove to Cloverdale to Meadowview Inn.

The keepers here, - a Dr. and Mrs. Semones, - are friends of Mr. Ben; so we had a visit together, - including Mrs. Semones' "stepfather of 40 years," a Mr. ?

Meadow View Inn on Route 11, 8 Miles North of Roanoke





Large Dining Room.

cheese Omelet

1 Vegetable

Salad

Dessert

Milk

3 Vegetables in Season

—

Salad

—

Ice Cream and Cake

Tea

—

Coffee

—

Milk

Breakfast A La Carte

25c to 65c

Sandwiches

Seafood in season

Salads

85c

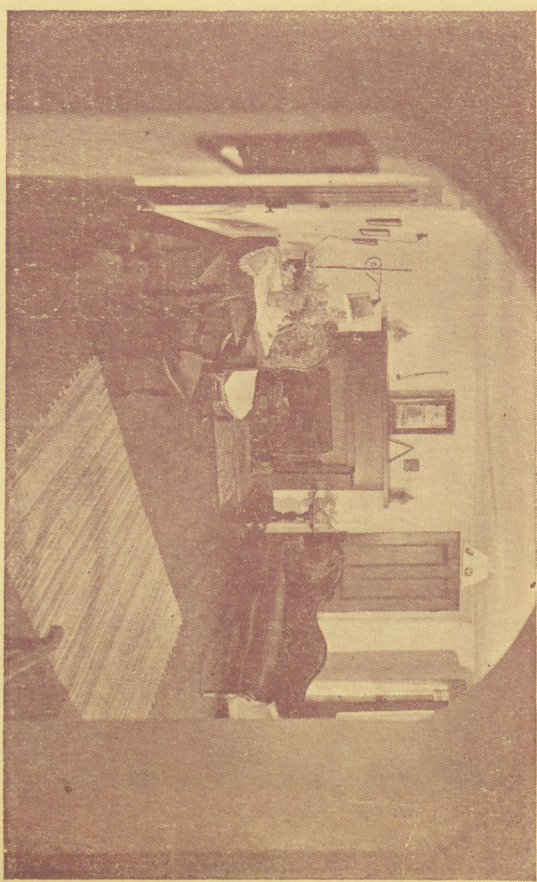
Tender

Potatoes

Tea, Coffee

Later Betty Reynolds-Boogher and her shadow, Helen Joder - Jones greeted me. They had been over to the dance at Hollins.

Sitting Room at Meadows View - June, Cloverdale, Va.



The chūn is 187 years old: has been added on to, Geo. Washington once spent the night there -- so the story goes -- and Mrs. S. showed us the dining room where he ate and the chamber where he slept. The dining room is decorated with old iron tools and implements which have been dug up out of the yard, the biggest piece being an old molten-iron juddler.

After Mr. Ben and the children left, I got myself settled in the downstairs corner room to which I had been assigned. My clothes (sent by mail) had arrived O.K. During the unpacking, Miriam Patrick - Hart, a K.S., stopped by and introduced herself. Later Betty Reynolds - Boogher and her shadow, Helen Jaker - Jones greeted me. They had been over to the dance at Hollins.

A bath, a bit of laundry,
and I crawled into bed, very
weary, about midnight. I
think I fell asleep as soon
as I hit the bed, - a beautiful,
antique walnut, low four-
poster.

Theater's View Club,
Cleveland, Va.
from Lee Highway

314H

rosaceae, ros. mag. - 10/11
Wilson, Willie, Xuse, Kathleen
Sparrow, Gladys, Roman,
Douglas Hill, Elsie, Lenit, Bessie
Levin,

A bath, a bit of laundry,
and I crawled into bed, very
weary, about midnight. I
think I fell asleep as soon
as I hit the bed, - a beautiful,
artistic walnut box top.



(Home mate) Mrs. Erving, Rachel
Wilson, Willie, Miss Kathleen
Sparrow, Gladys, Norman,
Douglas Hill, Elsie, Benit, Bessie
Levin,

A bath, a bit of laundry,
and I crawled into bed, very
weary, about midnight. I
think I fell asleep as soon
as I hit the bed, - a beautiful,
restful sleep.

The approach
at Meadows View Lane, Cloverdale, Va.

The foot bridge from the
carriage bridge, and
Fisher Creek.

2/4H

Sunday, May 17, 1942

Bright sunlight streaming
into the window roused me
up. Chill mountain air!
I resisted the impulse to roll
over and sleep some more.
Without a time piece of any
kind, my "conscience" is
my only guide!

I upset the regime a bit
by trying to get photographs of
the old dining room.

After breakfast, I was
driven down to Hollins, and
landed in the midst of re-
turning alumnae. How jolly!
So many of "my day". Among
those I greeted were: "Peg" Harshey,
Agnes Hansen, "Bee" Ford (former
roommate), Mrs. Erving Rachel
Wilson, Willie Huse Kathleen
Sparrow, Gladys Roman,
Douglas Hill, Elsie Demit, Bessie
Levin,

(And don't expect me to remember married names!!!)

I took the things I had brought with me down to Presser Hall, where Mr. Mary Parmenter, of the English department, had assembled a most interesting historical display. The posters and pennants I had already sent helped fill up the spaces on the walls.

Back onto the quadrangle, and everywhere, greetings! Did the chapel bell ring? It must have: for the crowd was making its way toward the Little Theatre and I went with it, - temporarily alone. At the steps of the theatre I met the lady who had been on our train down from Chicago the previous day, - whom I had first seen in the diner. She proved to be Gertrude Smith, head of the Classics Dept. at the Univ. of Chgo., sister of Marian Smith, who is teaching classics

Centennial Celebration

MISS M. ESTELLE ANGIER 1914

HOLLINS

1842



COLLEGE

1942

514H

in clad in black robes with white surplice, little black "beanies" perched at the back of their various heads: up to the platform, and into two semicircles of chairs. Bringing up the rear were the choir

(And don't expect me to remember
married names!!!)

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had brought with me down to
Presser Hall, where Mr. Mary
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ment, had assembled a most
interesting historical display.
The posters and pennants I
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up the spaces on the walls.

Back onto the quadrangle,

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Here Geo. Washington
once ate, while
stopping overnight
at the Inn:

H 4 / C

in, clad in black robes with
white surplice, little black
"beanies" perched at the back
of their various heads: up to
the platform, and into two
semicircles of chairs. Bringing
up the rear were the choir

(And don't expect me to remember married names!!!)

I took the things I had brought with me down to Presser Hall, where Mr. Mary



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And here "Angier"
ate in 1942!

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at Hollins. As we were both delegates, we were shown to seats in the center section, set off by green ribbons. I finally sat by Kate Brosius - Hull, who was nursing a broken left arm, and.

The congregation gathered slowly, and with much chatter, quite drowning out the preliminary organ programme. In vain the "younger generation" tried to "Sh!" the oldsters. The only thing which finally quieted everyone was the opening hymn, - fresh young voices singing the first stanza in the foyer behind us.

Then the choir marched in clad in black robes with white surplices, little black "beanies" perched at the back of their various heads: up to the platform, and into two semicircles of chairs. Bringing up the rear were the choir

director, Mr. Talmadge; and
the speaker of the morning,
Rev. Karl Bloch, Bishop of
California, (formerly of Peanoke)
his ample figure made more
expansive by a stiffly starched



MAY 1942



MAY 1942

person to another. 'You think
you are speaking to one person:
you turn to look at her, but she
has vanished; then someone else
appears.

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MAY 1945

"The Bishop" and
Evelyn Fishburn -
(his sister-in-law)

HOOC

the chaos in the world today,
and at the end linked up with
the inspiration of Dr. Chas. Lewis
Cock and "Miss Matty" to Hollis.
Then followed a commemorative
prayer.

The choir performed
excellently, all of its anthems
being sung à capella. I
was amused by the studied
dignity of the girls, - their feet
placed "just so" on the floor, -
except for the one incorrigible
on the end, who never did get the
soles of both feet on the floor at
the same time.

Out onto the sunlit campus
again, and more greetings.
The progress of the whole affair
seems to be to drift from one
person to another. You think
you are speaking to one person:
you turn to look at her, but she
has vanished; then someone else
appears.

I finally "teamed up" for

dinner at the Tinker Tea House with Gladys Gorman - Speed, Douglas Hill - Moorehead (both KΔ's) and Mary Belle Culross (who has become quite good-looking, with white hair.) More familiar faces as we waited in line at the Tea House: - "Tinsley", gorgeous in a halo of white hair; Elsie Evans - Perry, who, unfortunately has developed an old and dissatisfied countenance; Gladys Scaling - Ewing, who had arrived from Chicago just in time for the service; Ollie Butts - Kelly, a KΔ before my day; and several others I cannot recall individually.

By the time we were received for service in the front hall of the tea house, the fried chicken was all gone! However, we paid our dollar, got our little yellow meal tag from the hostess, Mrs. Charles Thompson (Mary Turner's sister) and picked up a dinner with "cold cuts". Service was very

KΔ { Gladys Gorman - Speed
Douglas Hill - Moorehead
M. Estelle Auger

5/17/42

Near the Infirmary,
Hollins College

back, revealing an empty stage flanked by two huge bouquets of dogwood bloom. A voice started speaking through a radio amplifier, - a beautiful prologue, so it seemed, artistically spoken.

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with Gladys Gorvan - Speed,
Douglas Hill - Moorehead (both
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looking, with white hair.)

Mary Belle Culross
Gladys Goruan - Speed
Kathleen Sparrow -

Class of 1916
Hollins College

(film to Gladys 7/13/42)

H 4 / C

slow; and we, at our table, had
the unique experience of being
waited on by Willie Muse - Street,
who was impatient of delay.
Said Douglas; "I'll have to write
this down in my book, - being
waited on by Willie!!" This
led to reminiscences of former
Freya rushing days. We
finally topped off our dinner
with a delicious lemon
meringue tart, and started
back to the campus.

A leisurely stroll in the
warm sunlight brought us
back to the Little Theatre just
in time for the Alumnae Sympo-
sium arranged by Sully
Hayward, - who was never seen.

The chatter was hushed
as the ~~stage~~ curtains were drawn
back, revealing an empty stage
flanked by two huge bouquets of
dogwood bloom. A voice started
speaking through a radio ampli-
fier, - a beautiful prologue, so
it seemed, artistically spoken.

The program announced Ruth
 Crupper Reeves as being "the
 first number on the program".
 No one appeared: the Voice went
 on with its historical allegory.
 Finally my feeble intellect
 clicked: - this was "Crupp"! I
 would never have believed it.
 Then I settled down to listen
 more intently as the Voice traced
 the history by Hollins, and the
 rear curtains parted on four
 occasions to reveal, in turn,
 the young Dr. Charles Lewis
 Coche, at Botetourt springs (por-
 trayed by his great-grandson,
 Charles Lewis.); "Miss Matty"
 as Queen Elizabeth at the
 Shakespeare pageant (portrayed
 by Mary Stuart Coche-Woodwin);
 Mr. Turner (represented by the
 entrance to the envisioned
 Turner Hall); and the Hollins
 of today and the future repre-
 sented by the president of the
 class of 1942, Ruth Bennett,
 her hand resting on the globe.

The Centennial Poem, by

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF HOLLINS COLLEGE

ALUMNAE SYMPOSIUM



LITTLE THEATRE

SUNDAY, MAY 17, 1942

2:30 P. M.

PREFERENTIAL ADMISSION TICKET
 When seats in the Little Theatre are filled, this ticket will admit to the
 Chapel which will be equipped with loud-speakers.

all
 H 985

a little anti-climactical
 after Mrs. Simpson's talk, but
 it was sincere.

After this session was
 over, I managed to get a snap-
 shot of the "first lady" and

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Katherine Zupper-Marshall
 Gen'l. George C. Marshall
 (chief of staff, U.S.A.)

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on with its historical allegory.
Finally my feeble intellect
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Raytheon

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after Mrs. Simpson's talk, but
it was sincere.

After this session was
over, I managed to get a snap-
shot of the "first lady" and

The programs announced Ruth
Crupper Reeves as being "the
first number on the program."
No one appeared: the Voice went
on with its historical allegory.
Fine, but feeble intellect.



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after Mrs. Simpson's talk, but
it was sincere.

After this session was
over, I managed to get a snap-
shot of the "first lady" and

The program announced Ruth
Crupper Reeves as being "the
first number on the program".
No one appeared: the Voice went
on with its historical allegory.
7:00 pm. Seeble intellect...

Library
At Reception, - Rebins

3204

Frances Stobley-Langford, '30,
may have been good: but it
could not be heard.

The last part of the
symposium, - A Century of
Education for Women - was
presided over by Susanna Turner,
President of the Alumnae Asso-
ciation. Sarah Middleton -
Simpson, '27, gave an excellent
survey of women in the world
today: Katherine Tupper-Mar-
shall, ex-'03, "first lady of the
Army", told briefly and delight-
fully what Army, Navy and
Marine wives are doing in
Washington, through the Red
Cross, etc; and Marguerite
Hearsey, "our Peg", gave a
talk on what women have
done for the liberal arts college,
a little anti-climactical
after Mrs. Simpson's talk, but
it was sincere.

After this session was
over, I managed to get a snap-
shot of the "first lady" and

her famous husband, General George C. Marshall, Chief of Staff of the U.S. Army. (Alas! the General looked down -- sun was strong -- just as I "shot".)

After this, more greetings "Sachu", "Kinney", "Mary Van", "Miss Willie", etc. Tea in the Memorial garden, and a chat with "Bee" Ford.

At Mabel Lyzell's invitation I had left my top coat, et al, up in her room at Carwin House: and now, being by this time quite weary, I availed myself of her kind hospitality and went up there to lie down and relax a bit, -- take off the "heels", etc. I do not think I slept: but perhaps I did. I decided to eat no supper, -- better for my inwards. So I lay until 7:00 P.M. (by the striking of the Russian clock), then got up and wrote a bit on my memoirs of the trip. No ink in "Lyz's" room, and my pen had gone dry: so I went down to "Crupp's" Alumnae office



ficient prologue. It was done "in the modern manner", accompanied by a chorus, in a little shelter built to the rear of the stage, "la-la-ing" ultra-modern versions of familiar tunes, -- Jingle bells, Nobody Knows

her famous husband, General
George C. Marshall, Chief of Staff
of the U.S. Army. (Alas! the
General looked down -- sun was
strong -- just as I "shot".)

~~Also this was a meeting.~~

"Uzz" and "Augier"

5/17/42

H D / C

under the chapel, where the
late afternoon sun came flooding
in, and "mooched" some of
her' ink.

Soon, twilight; and again
a gathering, - this time in the
Forest of Arden for the annual
Freya celebration, Figures in a
Dream. "Peg" Harsey, sitting
with some of her former Hollins
students, invited me to share
one of the old chapel benches
with them: but when the per-
formance started, I could not
see the action, so I went and
stood in the dewy grass at
the rear.

This was not a play, but
a pantomime-drama, intro-
duced by a very brief and insuffi-
cient prologue. It was done
"in the modern manner",
accompanied by a chorus, in a
little shelter built to the rear
of the stage, "la-la-ing" ultra-
modern versions of familiar
tunes, - Jingle bells, Nobody Knows

the Troubles I See "etc .

The stage setting was lovely, - soft green and amber lights on the screening shrubbery, the solid trunks and lacy leaves of the big oak trees. Like dear "Vanie" Rath (who greeted me most affectionately later on) I had a hard time finding out what it was all about: but I guess I did better than most people at that: because it finally dawned upon me before the performance was entirely over.

The appearance of the Queen (clad in scarlet) was very brief; and her entrance was accompanied by "She Comes! She Comes!" galloped off at a good New York subway gait, most distressing to us of the older generation. (Some of us congregated afterward and sang it to our own tempo and feeling.)

Then some of us wandered back to Presser Hall to look at the historical exhibits; - the



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I noticed particularly one other visitor, - a very "obese" lady, - who was going the rounds with Mary Stuart. She later proved to be Eleanor Keil - Hauble !!!

Then I strolled past the Keller, where students were entertaining "gentleman callers" (with one very romantic couple pressed together in a window

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be the

Nov. "Pop" Thompson } of 1914
"August" }
taken by "Be" Ford at
Hosmer, May 19, 1942.

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riding cups; (where was the good old basketball cup???) the photographs of sports, dancing, personalities, - then and now; letters of the Founder and others; publications; memory books; the golden wedding anniversary album of Charles and Susanna Coche (which, among others, contained a card from Margaret Dilworth - Witting, Maria's cousin from Gonzales); the Freya, Y.W.C.A. and play posters, and the Hollins and Hebrician banners I had sent; the plans for the "greater Hollins"; diplomas, degrees, etc.

I noticed particularly one other visitor, - a very "obese" lady, - who was going the rounds with Mary Stuart. She later proved to be Eleanor Kent - Hauble !!!

Then I strolled past the Keller, where students were entertaining "gentleman callers" (with one very romantic couple pressed together in a window

casement, looking out --- at nothing! and solely engrossed in their own little worlds! - so different from the Hollins of our day!! Around to the front of Main, to look for a ride back to the Inn. Weary? I'll say!!

Luckily, my housemates, Yoder and Reynolds, drove up, and I got a ride with them. In the rear seat, stacked high with bags and suitcases, ~~rode~~ rode the Camps, - May & Willie, - (Mrs. Walker and Mrs. Younts) who were also to stay at the Inn.

Arrived in Cloverdale, we visited a bit with the Semones and another guest who had just arrived, - a Mrs. Long. Finally, it was mutually agreed we could be agreeable no longer: so we retired. It must have been near midnight when I finally climbed into my antique bed. Asleep at once!

