

# Semaphore

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As Headmistress of The Buffalo Seminary it is my unhappy task to bring you word of Miss Angell's death on July 17th in Gold Hill, Colorado. We all feel a deep sense of loss. We must be thankful, however, for the years of untiring and devoted service Miss Angell gave to the school she loved so well. We must be thankful, too, that she was spared a long and sad illness. On Monday, September 16th, a memorial service was held in Westminster Church.\* In addition to Miss Angell's countless friends, the students presently enrolled, the faculty and staff attended the service.

The following is a tribute to Miss Angell

written by a devoted friend and a graduate of the Seminary.

"Miss Angell liked to say that she was an accident as a pedagogue. She had, indeed, few of the qualifications usually considered pedagogical, but the qualification most needful for an effective pedagogue she had - - - a profound love of young people.

"As one thinks over the qualities which made Miss Angell a highly effectual person who won an unusual measure of loyalty and devotion from students, colleagues, and friends - - - courage, humor, zest for living, a matchless way with words, a judicial turn of mind, adherence to standards which made no allowance for anything slovenly or half-hearted - - - the quality which comes to seem the most characteristic is simply this one of love.

"She never expressed dislike for anyone; she discerned signs of promise where others could only mark deficiencies; she spent her energies recklessly on problems which seemed of no great consequence to anyone but their owners and Miss Angell; she gave courage by a word, a note, a flower, or her own presence when she might have pleaded the pressure of larger issues as excuse. The bond of common humanity constituted for her an imperative claim upon her time, her strength, and her sympathy.

"Miss Angell's career was not unique - - - she was one of a company of pioneers who have become legendary. But to the role the Lord assigned her she brought an air of spaciousness and a special grace. She made the most of the gifts He gave her; she met with steady faith the sorrows He sent her; she was joyously at home in His world."

Marian W. Smith  
Headmistress

\* At the Memorial Service four devoted friends officiated, the Rev. Albert G. Butzer, Rabbi Joseph L. Fink, The Rev. Wm. Thomas Heath and the Rev. Dr. Ralph B. Hindman. Miss Angell is buried in the family lot in Forest Lawn Cemetery, Buffalo.

# L. Gertrude Angell

*principal 1903-52*



The oldest and youngest climbers of Arapaho glacier hike party. Taken August 1954 by the Denver Post.

FOR L. G. A..

*Illness came to her, and death,  
But old age never came,  
Old age never came near  
To shrivel her heart.*

*Dark were her hair and eyes,  
Her voice was the same.  
Pain did not teach her caution,  
Age could not teach her fear.*

*The humor was still in her voice,  
The spark in her eye.  
Just as so often before  
It was of herself she gave.*

*Ill she might be, and the body  
Ready to die,  
But the spirit passed unharmed  
Out through the broken door.*

Elizabeth Coatsworth Beston, '11

Miss Angell's last summer in Colorado was an especially lovely season. Because of the heavy snows of late spring, everything was behind schedule, and when she arrived in Gold Hill, June third, the mountains which she could see from her porch or her bedroom window were still a dazzling expanse of white. The wild flowers were just bursting into color, first the golden banner, and then her favorite, the penstemon which covered the hillside slopes with blue.

Miss Angell often lay on the chaise longue on her front porch in the afternoon and looked across at the verdant green of the pasture where her horse, Champ, used to graze, and almost daily she would exclaim, "Isn't that beautiful!" After years of drought, the green everywhere delighted her more than anything else.

A good many hours each day were filled with reading aloud. Almost every sunny morning Miss Angell had a sunbath, and she was amused when visitors admired her tan. Her animals provided entertainment, particularly Crumb, the cat. Once a week Miss Angell went down the twelve winding miles to Boulder to see her doctor. Occasionally she had dinner or tea with friends. The highlight of the summer, she felt, was the visit of the president of a mid-western university who brought his family for a day and a half with her. After they had gone on farther west, he wrote Miss Angell a tribute which was her last letter. It was read to her the Sunday before her death, and she heard it twice with a smile of pleasure. By the next morning she had slipped into semi-consciousness, and Wednesday morning, July 17th, she slipped from unconsciousness into what she had sometimes spoken of as the great adventure.

Gold Hill friends planned a memorial vesper service the following Sunday. They put in order the schoolhouse where she used to conduct the Sunday services, and went to gather flowers along the Angell Trail which she made many years ago. The school building was crowded with friends, some of them mountain folk who had known Miss Angell for thirty-five summers. The service was simple, as it had been when she planned it. After a piano prelude, the congregation sang "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God"; there were short passages from the New Testament, and the Lord's Prayer, led by an old Gold Hill friend, a geographer and writer. Then a dean emeritus of a mid-western college spoke briefly about Miss Angell and read a favorite poem, October Birthday. One sentence of what she said was especially memorable: "She was one of the rare persons who can take the parts of life and make of them a whole greater than their sum."

In the course of nearly nine decades, working and playing almost constantly with others, and usually the center of a group, Miss Angell touched far more than the usual number of other lives, and most of them were enriched by the contact. Friends of her school and college days still recall her vivid leadership, the joy she found in being alive, the range of her interest, even then, from driving a horse to reading poetry aloud---sometimes both at once, as on one memorable summer jaunt in the White Mountains. During her middle years, Seminary graduates remember best the sympathy and insight she brought to their problems, along, often, with the illuminating humor which set those problems in perspective. They found her a rare and rollicking companion, whose dignity was balanced by simplicity and enlivened by a vein of mischief. They knew that Miss Angell cared deeply about the use they made of their gifts and opportunities, and that the goal she set them was the hard but not impossible one which she called their "reasonable best". In her later years at the Seminary, a greater proportion of Miss Angell's time went into the various organizations with which she was associated, and into an increasing number of special projects. But she always had time for the girls, to talk with them, to play with them, to know them.

After her retirement in 1952, Miss Angell continued to find twenty-four hours a day too few for her purposes, with books and letters, clubs and committees, theatre-going, a new sport--bowling--and occasional trips to Boston or Philadelphia. Summers in Gold Hill were strenuous, perhaps, but less complex. In 1954 she rode to the top of the Arapaho Glacier---her first ride of that season--and walked most of the way down to relieve the sore leg muscles. The next day she scarcely felt weary. That summer and the next she had a delightful mount for a month of daily rides over trails old and new. And still a book, usually of verse, went along in her jacket pocket to be read while the horses grazed before turning home.

A volume would hardly hold the barest record of the people for whom Miss Angell cherished an unchanging affection, the causes for which she felt a particular responsibility, the places with which she had some reminiscent tie. Her days were full of the things that make life rich--rewarding work, loving friends, secure faith, and the capacity to see the world as offering endless unexplored opportunities for service, for knowledge, and for delight. Hers was a triumphantly affirmative life, and her memory will continue to be a living affirmation to those who loved her.