

977.8411

On 2 5  
e. 1

+

Copyright, 1934.

St. Teresa's College  
Kansas City, Missouri.

5/8/40 In Lib.

All rights reserved.

5499

St. Teresa College Library



style of architecture, located on a campus of twenty acres, in Kansas City's Country Club district, was ready for occupancy, September 10, 1910. Engraved on its corner-stone is the motto, "Deo Adiuvente Non Timendum".

Sister Evelyn had a true conception of education. She rejected the too common utilitarian view of it as, "a pursuit of learning for material gain". Sister adopted as her ideal the real end of education, "the acquisition of knowledge, and the consequent physical, mental, and moral development of the individual, to the end that he may learn the truth about all things and thus be closer to, and more like to God".

Sister Evelyn's life of humble obedience to superiors as the representatives of God was crowned by one supreme act of obedience, when about three years before her death she, following the advise of superiors, who were seeking her physical good, tore herself away from her beloved St. Teresa's to go to Nazareth.

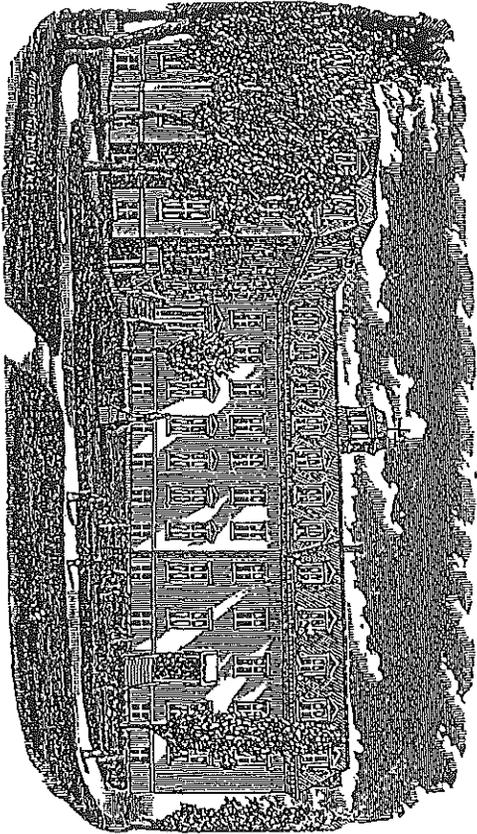
May St. Michael, whose battle cry, "Quis ut Deus?", "Who is like God?", was always found written on the blackboard in Sister Evelyn's classrooms, lead her humble and obedient soul to the realms of Eternal Peace.

ST. TERESA'S ACADEMY IN KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

A Sketch

By

Sister Evelyn O'Neill



The old St. Teresa's at 11th and Washington.  
Built in three sections.

Foreword

Quis ut Deus!

Having been on actual staff duty at the classic old St. Teresa's Academy for more than thirty years, I could write volumes that would make interesting and instructive reading. But in this brief sketch requested by our Bishop Thomas F. Lillis and intended more for the privacy of his or our archives than for the eyes of a publisher, I can only sample things.

Sister Evelyn O'Neill

Windmoor, Kansas City, Missouri

May 30, 1925

Quis ut Deus

## CONTENTS

### Chapter I

#### St. Teresa's Academy on Quality Hill

1. The Prefatory Period 1834-1867
2. The Working Period 1867-1910

### Chapter II

#### St. Teresa's Academy at Windmoor

1. The Period of Struggle 1908-1915
2. The Period of Comparative Rest 1915-25

### Chapter III

#### Clippings and other items from Father Donnelly

1. Trees of Windmoor
2. Birds of Windmoor

\*\*\*\*\*

ST. TERESA'S ACADEMY IN KANSAS CITY, MO.

Chapter I

St. Teresa's Academy on Quality Hill.

We find the Sisters of St. Joseph first mentioned in connection with education in Kansas City in a letter in the Roux a Rosati Collection in the archives of the St. Louis Archdiocese.

In several letters of the collection Rev. Benedict Roux had expressed hopes of securing in the near future some sisterhood to help him in his missionary work at the mouth of the Kaw. Bishop Joseph Rosati finally offered to send him some Sisters of St. Joseph.

In a letter dated November 10, 1834, Father Roux replied, "As to the Sisters of St. Joseph, Monseigneur, whom you announce to me, I know their order very well. I esteem it highly and should be flattered to

ST. TERESA'S ACADEMY IN KANSAS CITY, MO.

see four or five of the sisters here at the Kansas River, but not knowing a word of English, (the first sisters were French) how could they give an education to the children?--- and how could I even with the best of good will support them? Let them bring some Americans with them, as also some pecuniary means otherwise, Monseigneur, I would be crazy to tell you to send them."

And Father Roux was right; there was nothing in the Kansas City of that remote period to hold out any hope of success for a Catholic school. The harvest was yet unripe.

Father Roux had secured out of forty acres, a twenty acre tract for church purposes, and he had just contracted with one James H. McGee for the building, out of squared timber, of the Church of St. Francis Regis and an adjoining parsonage, both to be delivered the following August, when he was called upon to

leave for another field.<sup>1</sup>

It is not clearly stated whether this contract was carried out. Laura Coates Reed has in her INMEMORIAM a cut bearing the legend.

"Father Donnelly's Log Cabin, built in 1840 - torn down in 1882. South west corner of Eleventh and Pennsylvania Avenue."

Mrs. Reed was a good sized girl in those pioneer days, and with scarce a house near her home to scatter attention, she is probably authentic as to dates. But she speaks not of the church and she does say that Father Donnelly in her memory was using the log cabin for the dual purpose of church and dwelling.<sup>2</sup>

The mission was without a resident pastor from April 25th, 1835 until Reverend Bernard Donnelly's appointment in 1857.

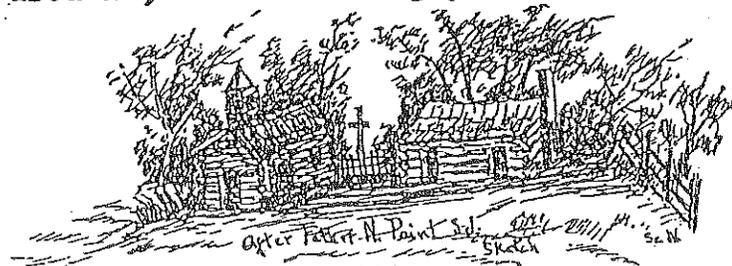
1. Carraghan, Gilbert J., Catholic Beginnings in Kansas City, Missouri
2. Reed, Laura Coates, Inmemoriam

Turn to page 8.

In the interim, the spiritual needs of the mission were administered by various holy Jesuits, among them Father Nicolas Point who sketched with no date the group of log buildings here shown.<sup>2</sup> The church, it is said, was in the middle of what is now Penn Street. It was torn down before the parsonage to make way for the cutting of the street.

I do not know whether Father Point claimed the sketch to be from the actual group of buildings or only from Mr. McGee's plans.

At any rate, that the log group did exist and that Father Donnelly found it there and used it, is convincingly set forth in the



Sketch of Father Donnelly's Parish by Viator, published in the St. Louis News Letter of May 11, 1847. After a minute description of the church and its cupola, he says:

"A clear-toned bell summons the parishioners on occasions of religious services. Holy Mass at 10 A.M. with an instruction in French, and vespers at 3 P.M. with a lecture in the same language, constitutes the religious services of the present incumbent of St. Francis Regis Church on Sundays and holy days.<sup>3</sup>

Only the clear-toned bell it is that induces me to dwell at all upon this oft discussed group of first church buildings. Whence did the bell come? There is evidence<sup>4</sup> that Father Roux had asked Bishop Rosati for a bell. Did Mr. Choteau, through whom the Bishop sent Father Roux aid, install the

3. Ibid

4. Roux a Rosati Collection, St. Louis Archives.

bell in the cupola of St. Francis Regis Church? The bell in that cupola, which Viator heard ring was certainly the first church bell that rang in Kansas City. Father Donnelly could do nothing else but transfer it to the old belfrey of the Immaculate Conception Church when St. Francis Regis Church was demolished. There it did service until 1885 when the IMMACULATE CONCEPTION Church at Eleventh and Washington was torn down.<sup>5</sup> Then it was sent over to St. Teresa's by Father Donnelly, where, standing on the north porch, rain or shine for twenty five years, it faithfully roused the sisters from their morning slumbers and announced with clock-like decision the hour for holy Mass, for prayer, for study, and for meals, at the end of which it counted out with religious exactness just the rubrical number of Angelus strokes.

The oaken iron-bound beam from which it

5. Coates, Laura, Inmemoriam

swung was the only part of the belfrey that came to us with the bell. Tall oak posts were planned to support the bell and its beam. When we moved to Windmoor on August 16, 1910, the bell went with us in the very first load of special treasures. Unmarked and roughly cast, it still hangs from the original iron bound beam in a conspicuous corner of our Windmoor Library. A sign in the library reads, "SILENCE!" and so the old bell ever a stickler for order is silent, save when some distinguished guest claims the honor of hearing Viator's still "clear-toned bell."

But what a worker Father Donnelly was! We next find him going through the room of a well-conducted school, over the east door of which an inserted stone slab bore the inscription:

ERECTED BY THE PARISHIONERS

1859

Rev. Bernard Donnelly, Pastor.

The first teachers in this school were Mary Virginia Haverty, Mrs. S. Jarboe, who died recently, and Ellen Smith, Father Donnelly's niece. Thomas Brougham, another teacher, is still living with his daughter, Mary, who, educated at St. Teresa's Academy, is now Mrs. John Wayland of this city. Alyn David's name is mentioned as a fourth teacher.

Meanwhile trouble was brewing for the young Kansas City. Even as far back as 1859 there were rumbles of disunion and distrust in her ranks. The families of the southern sympathizers lived for the most part on the east side of town, and the union families on the west side. The name given about 1850 to the west side of town, Broadway to Jefferson,

and Ninth to Eleventh was Quality Hill.<sup>7</sup> And so when the Civil War broke out, Kansas City was having a Civil War of her own, and was soon to wade in human blood.

And now the city had been warned. It was deemed to be in great danger. Price and his Confederate column was nearing. The Bushwhackers under Quantrell had sacked and burned Lawrence Kansas. The irresponsible Kansas Red Stockings would possibly retaliate by demolishing Kansas City.

The militia was called out. Every citizen must serve! Here we will let Laura Coabes Reed tell one of her experiences just at this time!

"Tis the dead of night," she says, "cannon boomings have awakened all from deepest slumber. It is the signal for soldier and citizen alike to report for duty. I jumped from

my cot, a startled wailing child. Mother's cheek was pale. Her hand was cold and clammy. I climbed into her lap and hid my face."

Laura's father, Kersey Coates, is out on duty. Servants and guards have fled. They are alone! Alone in the old homestead built in 1859 and still standing at the south west corner of Eleventh and Penn Streets. Mr. Coates has just finished the foundation for Coates Opera House. It was boarded over and used for a cavalry barn, The Union Forest just beside it.

"Again she writes: "A motley crowd has collected over on the corner of Thirteenth and Wyandotte. A scaffold is outlined in the distance with a figure suspended from it. Some spy is paying the death "penalty".

Those were terrible days! Men were called

from their beds and shot. Southern sympathizers were fleeing from their homes for their lives. John Calvin McCoy, one of them, had to get out so quickly that he left land, horses, farming implements and personal belongings in the hands of Charles Murphy, the grandfather of Cornelius Murphy, Attorney of this city. Mr. Murphy paid rent for the farm till after the war, and smuggled from time to time Mr. McCoy's things to him. St. Joseph's Hospital now stands on a part of the McCoy farm.

When the smoke cleared off, the Confederates had retreated leaving in their wake hundreds of dead and dying. The Wornall home was used for a first-aid hospital. Every available place was similarly used. Laura Coates tells graphically of her waiting outside Rockridge Hall, near fifth and Main Street watching the wounded coming in, while her mother and such other noble Kansas City women and Mrs. Van Horn,

Mrs. Guinotte, mother of Judge Guinotte, and Mrs. Pierce, were within helping union and non-union surgeons alike.

After the Battle of Westport, the largest in point of number of any Civil War Battle west of the Mississippi, things quieted down in Kansas City, and an era of prosperity set in. Father Donnelly's school was closed only three days, tradition has it, during the war and those were Battle of Westport days.

Such was the gruesome historical setting of Kansas City as the advent of the sisters of St. Joseph neared. But our good Father Donnelly, how had it fared with him during all the strife? Molested by none, respected by all, he was busy getting the first convent ready for the Sisters, and Sister Ethelbert Ryan vouches for the fact that he had in her hearing used from the altar such speeches as the following:

"Come out (boys) with your teams and plows. I'll be with you tomorrow. We must fix the place up for the sisters," and the place was "fixed up". His addition to the 1859 wing was begun and finished during such troubled times. How? When?

But dates are cold things and matter not, unless they serve as the milestones of human endeavor. Tradition has it that Father Donnelly had a brickyard on the site of the now Cathedral parsonage, and further that at the Twelfth Street edge of the old cemetery between Penn and Jefferson Streets, a place called Rocky Point, he had a stone quarry. A nephew of his, who was named for him, Mr. Thomas Bernard Green, of this city, assured me not long since, that as I was suspecting, Father Donnelly and his 'boys' did make the brick and quarry the stone used in building the first convent. Plate I.

A letter of Father Donnelly's at this time addressed to Mother General St. John Facemas and bearing the date, December 5, 1865, is preserved in the archives of the community at the Mother House, St. Louis, Mo.

In it he requests that our sisters be sent to open a convent for girls. He expressed great hopes for the future growing city to which the Pacific Railway had extended its lines, and he wrote with enthusiasm of the prospects of his congregation, which had more than doubled itself in six months. "Protestants as well as Catholics" he said, were urging the erection of a convent school.<sup>8</sup>

Sister Francis Joseph Ivory and her band of five sisters reached Kansas City, August, 1866. They found the new wing finished, but unfurnished. The most needed equipment was soon acquired and St. Teresa's Academy opened

8. Savage, Sr. Lucida- THE CONGREGATION OF ST. JOSEPH OF CARONDELET.

its doors August 4, 1866.

"It ranks high among the best academies for women in the country,"<sup>9</sup>

Laura Coates was one of the first students. She and her mother were devout Quakers and were much chagrined over the building of the opera house by Mr. Coates. "I was there on the first day", she said, "in fact I was there the day before, Sunday, when I met Mother Francis Joseph. I introduced myself.

"Is this the little girl", she replied, "whose father is building the opera house?" "How I blushed! -- the very thing I was ashamed of!"

I studied French and art under Sister Mary An<sup>ne</sup>, who did not speak English very well. This was the occasion of much fun on our part.

We would say some ridiculous thing in English, which she suspected to be nonsense, but did not quite know. She did know French, though, and art, I have some of those drawings of mine yet, and if I do say so<sup>10</sup> they are quite good. I took, too, the regular course."

Some names of those very early St. Teresa's Academy girls were sent to me by Laura Coates Reed. I include them as she had them listed.

Adèle Roberts of Independence, now Mrs. Caldwell Yeaman of Denver, Colorado, aunt of Mrs. Wallace G. Ferry of this city.

Josie Payne, daughter of Mr. J. Payne, several times mayor of Kansas City. She was Mrs. Ladeille, who died about four weeks ago.

Maggie Brown -- niece of Mrs. Chase, who was a Salisbury--an old family of Kansas City.

Rose Ingraham, Mrs. Reed did not know her very well, but Rose, now Mrs. Rose Rockwell,

10. Reed, Laura Coates,--In a lecture before the St. Teresa College Students.

has been writing us about those early school days. She is at present a resident of New Rochelle. Emma and Lydia Guinotte, sisters of Judge Guinotte. Emma, Mrs. Clark, taught for many years at Central High. Lydia became the wife of Judge Teasdale. Mame Shannon--afterward Mrs. Bernard Corrigan. Delia Choteau, a daughter of the well known French family.

Effie De Luce, married Judge White.

All of the Pratt girls--daughters of Attorney Walter Pratt, uncle of Wallace G. Ferry.

Anne Gilday, a well-known Manual H.S. teacher, a lecturer of note, who has filled an honored place in the progressive activities of our city in almost every field.

Mary Harmon--one of the first graduates afterward Mrs. Edwin A. Weeks, teacher of English in Central High.

Ada Boarman, and sisters Lulu and Mary.

Lulu Boarman, now Mrs. Lulu Webster, teacher of drawing, and printing.

Mary Boarman--Mrs. Richard Keith.

Laura Coates--daughter of Kersey Coates, held in memory by a grateful city, we have today KERSEY COATES DRIVE, Coates house, Coates Opera House.

But these names are numerous enough to sample the St. Teresa Academy student of the sixties. Later most of the best families in Kansas City had at some time or other been represented at St. Teresa's. Two of Bishop Lillis's sisters, Kate and Margaret, attended St. Teresa's at the old place, and numberless others. Girls of a still later date are smiling out upon us in our Hall of Fame or have prominent places in the long ROLL CALLS printed in St. Teresa's Quarterly.

Not long since, through the courtesy of our pastor, Reverend Ben McDonald, I had access to an old 1869 City Directory in which I found some interesting things about St. Teresa's.

Near the front of the book is a full page add from St. Teresa's Academy not unlike our adds of today, May 30, 1925. In part we read:

This Institution is located in the midst of a healthful and beautiful country. Its grounds are spacious affording pleasant walks for the children----

The course of instruction comprises orthography, reading, writing, grammar, composition, rhetoric, arithmetic, algebra, book-keeping, sacred and profane history, astronomy, use of the globes, elements of natural philosophy, chemistry, botany, French and German languages, vocal, instrumental music, including piano, guitar, and harp, plain and fancy needlework, and the making of artificial flowers.

The uniform for winter is a black alpaca dress and black hat trimmed in red. For summer

a buff chambray dress <sup>s</sup> worn and a white hat with blue trimmings.

Under schools in the same 1869 City Directory we find:

There are thirteen Sisters of St. Joseph at the convent known as St. Teresa's Academy situated on Ottawa Street between Washington Street and Penn Avenue, which for its location and health cannot be excelled in the state.

The Institution contains thirty boarders. The cost of recent building and improvements amounted to \$16,000 added to the cost of former building, \$15,000 making the total sum \$31,000.

The building reflects much credit on the architects--Messrs. Francisco, Switzer, and Jeffrs.

There Are eleven teachers exclusive of the superior, Sister Mary DePazzi and her assist-

tant, Sister Assumption.

Sister Adele	Sister Bridget,
Sister Mary,	Sister Ingatia,
Sister Louise,	Sister Lucena,
Sister Gertrude,	Sister Abhanasia,
Sister Cornelia,	Sister DeBritto,
Sister Boniface,	

The 1869 Directory says further of the foregoing staff of teachers:

"St. Teresa's Academy is conducted by the Sisters of St. Joseph, the ladies of which are highly educated."<sup>11</sup>

Mother De Pazzi O'Connor, as we saw, had succeeded Mother Francis Joseph Ivory, who in turn was succeeded by Mother Herman Joseph O'Gorman. When I visited Kansas City in 1881, Mother Antionette Ogg, was in charge having succeeded Mother Herman Hoseph.

The academy building went up in five sep-

11. Malone, Denis-City Directory, 1869, Rectory Archives, Visitation Church.

arate parts,--first the wing of 1859; second, an addition of this wing of 1859 resulting in the first convent, Plate I; third the addition in Mother Francis Joseph's time of an extra story with a mansard roof at a cost with other improvements of \$15,000; fourth, a three story Plate II and basement exgension of the central wing and bearing a cupola also. Plate II, at a cost of \$16,000; and fifth, Mother Fidelia's north to south wing. Plate III, the most pretentiou of all and costing approximately \$65,000. Gymnasium accomodations were found on the ground floor; on the first floor were the assembly room, office and two classrooms; on the second were the chapel, art studio, and Student's Infirmary with bath and toilet; on the thãrd a large airy dormitory, Student's wardrobes, toilet and bathing accomodations.

We say that the first Catholic school opened its doors in 1859. Now in the 1869 Directory

quoted before we read further: Not until the summer of 1867 had anything been done toward establishing a system of public schools ----- not a single building of any kind belonging to the Board of Education.

The convent school opened its doors August 4, 1867. That same year it was incorporated under the name, St. Teresa's Academy. At the dedication exercises, Archbishop Kenrick honored the academy with his presence and his blessing. It was the first convent school, and the Sisters of St. Joseph of Carondelet were the first religious teachers in Kansas City.

I visited Kansas City first in the vacation of 1881. Professor Fulton of the Kansas City School of Oratory had been engaged to give a thirty lesson course in oratory at St. Teresa's Academy. Rev. Mother Agatha Guthrie sent Sisters Gertrude Conway, Antionette Slattery, Dom-

inica Odlam and I to Kansas City for the course.

No streets were paved at that time around the academy block. Penn Street had been cut through, but none other. I hold the impression of sitting on the lawn of the convent under trees and of walking south under forest trees--no other Streets on to Cook's Pasture. Still, only a new comer with little historical interest, I may be in error, regarding the cutting in of Twelfth Street. I strolled about the old cemetery and prayed here and there at some lonely grave. There was no vestige of the log church but only the log parsonage in a state of dilapidation.

I returned to my mission at the old St. Lawrence O'Tools School, St. Louis, but the next September found me back at St. Teresa's Academy, Kansas City. Sister Teresa Joseph had charge of the Music department. I was to be her assistant, and teach besides Music, one

algebra class. Mother Fidelia was now superior. Sister Laurentine Ryan was there and Sister Baptistista Montgomery, and Sister Cassilda Merna. I taught the little ones music C.D.E.F.--C.D.E.F. all day long, but the bright little curly heads made things interesting. Kate Corrigan, Mollie Sheehy, Agnes Hacket, twenty-nine or thirty in all. I had one advanced student though, Kate Kirby, she was brilliant.

The only names that I can conjure up out of the mist of years from that algebra class are Mame McSweeny, sister of James McSweeny, now President of the Chamber of Commerce, and Millie Boudene.

But how happy those days were! Young, devout, frolicsome, nothing seemed hard.

The Cathedral priests were Rev. J.J. Curan, pastor; and Rev. James O'Reilly, Asst. Pastor.

Just before leaving, August, 1884, I glanced over at the old cemetery. The lonely graves were no longer there. The log parsonage was gone and the Cathedral spire was pointing Heavenward from there where Father Donnelly's brickyard had been.

Soon duties at St. Joseph's Academy, St. Louis  
Y claimed my attention. Sister William McDonnell was directress. How wonderful she was!

Fixing her penetrating eyes on me, she said, "you are to have the Seniors. Do try to be a woman. Some of those girls are two or threes years older than you." But no sidetracking!

Six years had passed, and I was back replacing Sister Columbine Ryan at St. Teresa's. From then on my stays there were periodical alternating with Sister Baptista Montgomery, the period being always some five years. Why did our beloved General, Mother Agatha Guthrie, put in the hands of

us two for so long the destiny of this classic old school? But so it was. Sister Baptista, brilliant, beautiful as the chiselled statue, and poor plain me had nothing in common that held us to such periodic service. But dear sister is ill at this writing, May 25, 1925, very ill. May the good God have her in His keeping.

Things had changed somewhat in Kansas City. John Glennon was now pastor at the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception. We encountered him near the Coates House one day shortly after my arrival.

Mother Fidelia, my companion, said, "our new Sister, Father, Sister Evelyn."

"I think I met Sister before," he responded, and he bade me welcome.

Reverend Thomas F. Lillis was Pastor at St. Patrick's. He must have been a Southern sympath-

izer in those days; we saw very little of him on the West Side, though he and Reverend John J. Glennon were close friends. The latter, too, in the interim had been at St. Patrick's as assistant to Very Rev. James Dunne. One of his experiences there, showing as it does the metal of many of our saintly elders, is worth recording:

Father Dunne and Mother Winifred, superior then at St. Patrick's were a bit alike. Father Glennon and Sister Amy had charge of preparing respectively, the boys and the girls Communion classes. The children were ready and well drilled. The last rehearsal was on. Mother Winifred and Father Dunne were interested spectators. When it was over, Mother Winifred sent Sister Amy home. "You are tired," she said, "I will relieve you now from any further work with the class." Sister Amy went home! Father Glennon was similarly relieved by Father Dunne. How amused the sisters all were. Father and Mother held forth next morn-

ing at the First Communion ceremony. It isn't likely that there was any understanding between them, that either of them knew the other's intent, but no doubt the intents of both were good. They were thinking probably:

"Those young people have conceit enough, they must not be spoiled.

And dear Mother <sup>F</sup>idelia was still there at St. Teresa's, may she rest in peace! What a good Mother she was to us. I hear her yet as she entered upon some melee or other, "Children behave yourselves." While with the same breath she was in the fray as bad as any of us, much to the discomfiture of her Assistant, Sister Victor, a woman of rigid saintliness.

And the Bishop Hegan of those days, propped up by a youthful son, he was at his best. Astronomy was a fad of his. I got much of my practical knowledge of that subject from him. I was at Washington

D.C. in utter ignorance of the wrecking of the old place in 1916, else one window sill would have been preserved. The shadow of the frame passed over it, sun-dial fashion. Bishop, his watch adjusted to true time, had cut into it with his pen-knife a deep oblique line, just where the shadow fell at true noon. Our clock of course was keeping standard time. Now at leisure, we could set one to keep "True time."

He seemed to have no worries, then, and to love the companionship of his children. He gave to them his store of classic English on many an evening at their recreation hour. They learned Dickens by heart, his characters all, especially Little Nell.

But Bishop Hogan was not the only educator. We had got out a new course of studies. Latin had not been so far apart of our curriculum. We had set four years as the high school requirement

and decided to ask Father Glennon to teach it.

We went over to see him--Mother Fidelia and I, with the first copy. "Who is going to teach Latin?" he asked.

"We came to offer you the chair, Father," Mother said, and he looked thoughtful.

Glancing in my direction he ventured, "Don't you know Latin, Sister?"

"I had just a little work in Latin," I replied.

"Then", he decided, "we'll let Sister take the chair, and we'll be the support."

And what a support he was. <sup>Caesar</sup> Caesar, Cicere, Virgil, I can handle any of them today. How privileged I was to have had such a teacher!

There came a day when Mother Fidelia went

West for her health. Mother Rose Vincent Rhein-  
hardt replaced her. Sister Baptista traced the  
periodic curve back to St. Teresa's and I went  
to Peoria. I returned after five years. Our  
John Glennon of the Picnic Day had been consecrated  
Bishop. All his well-merited laurels happened to  
come to him during my periods away from Kansas  
City.

But Reader, you in search of facts, perchance,  
in 1901 I refer you for information concerning St.  
Teresa's Academy during the years 1901-1904 inclu-  
sive, to St. Teresa's Quarterly, 1901-1904. There  
are copies of this volume in the historical collect-  
ion at the Catholic University of America. One  
may be seen in the archepiscopal archives, St.  
Louis; another in that of Kansas City, and one  
at the University of Missouri as the following  
quoted from a letter from the history department  
there shows:

"We consider ST.-TERESA'S QUARTERLY a very

creditable publication. The numbers so far received have been bound into one volume, and are preserved in our Historical Collection. Kindly send us the ensuing numbers."

But there were no ensuing numbers. Our great Mother Agatha Guthrie, whose death is chronicled in the Quarterly highly favored it. Mother Agnes Ganzage, her successor, had always held the opinion that such a publication should come from the Academy at the Mother House. It was discontinued.

However a glance at the topics--At the Microscope--At the Telescope--Sylvan Notes--Doctor Hall's lectures etc., will convince one of the high standing of the school at that time.

The St. Teresa Academy of Quality Hill was the first Catholic school on the affiliated list of the University of Missouri, the honor dating back to 1908. It was the first, too, to send Sisters to the State University for study. Whether the pre-

cedent then started was a good one, remains to be seen. The Catholic University of America had not yet opened its doors.

That we were equally satisfactory during the first struggling years at the new site, Windmoor, is evidenced by the following quoted from a letter of December 23, 1913.

"Our School Visitor reports that St. Teresa's Academy is in excellent form. He says that the teachers are progressive, earnest, and are doing good work; that the buildings are large and well-equipped, that they are scrupulously clean and that the girls appear healthy and happy."

Congratulating you on this favorable report,

I am very truly yours,

J. H. Goursault,

Secretary of Accredited Schools,

University of Missouri.

Another period away and another return found

that Mother Concordia Horan had come and gone, and that Mother Adele Hennessy in whose place I found myself had gone to her eternal reward. I was glad to be free to push the disposing of the dear old home and the going out farther from city traffic. But how new an aspect things assumed! Bishop Glennon had succeeded to the archbishopric of St. Louis. Bishop Hogan seemed changed, so changed. At length our General, Mother Agnes Conzaga Ryan was induced to consult him about selling the St. Teresa block and building farther south. He was irate at the bare mention of such procedure. My one desire was to see the school that had known my presence all of thirty years, where it should be in Kansas City, and my heart sank to zero when Reverend Mother said to me:

"There is no use! You might just as well give up the idea of a new building and a new site. I'll never go near him again."

"Let me try, Rev. Mother," I pleaded.

"Well, you may try," she said, "and tell him

we will buy a house and fix it up for a school for the girls of the parish."

Sister Athanasia Dunnebeck and I went over to see the dear Bishop. He was most gracious, until I said: "Bishop, Rev. Mother wished me to tell you that we would buy a place for the parish school"-- "Never!" he said, Never! "I have a conscience; that place belongs to the diocese. If you have nothing else to mention you may go! And don't come back!"

We were backing out remonstrating, with an astonished "Bishop! Bishop!" at the door we knelt for his blessing.

"God bless you!" he said, somewhat disarmed, "but never mention that to me again."

"Belongs to the diocese?" I could not see it that way. Not easily discouraged, we planned just what to do. Bishop was thoroughly imbued with the idea that the St. Teresa's block and the first con-

vent (Plate I) were deeded to us by the diocese in 1867. Worried over his many responsibilities, it never occurred to him that it was now 1907--that the things which had cost him no worry had occurred during that interval of forty years.

The fact that the Bishop had been good and kind during those early days emboldened me to risk placing before him frankly the facts as I saw them. A letter was written setting forth such statements as follows: (I have no copy of this letter, but I am sure our methodic Bishop Hogan placed it on record.)

1. According to land prices in 1866, the entire St. Teresa's block at Eleventh and Washington was worth \$50 when given to us.
2. The first convent put up crudely by willing but unskilled hands, could not have cost \$30,000.
3. The Sisters of St. Joseph met all the expense of grading and paving the streets around the block.
4. The Sisters of St. Joseph paid all the general

- and special taxes on the place for forty years.
5. The Sisters of St. Joseph supported with not and help from the Cathedral parish, its Girls' School for forty years.
  6. A scrutiny of the expense item for the Boy's School during half that time might be a revelation.
  7. The Sisters of St. Joseph had always held St. Teresa's Academy to a high standard and had given ungrudgingly the untiring efforts of their best teachers.
  8. The Sisters had added extensively to the building of 1867, had put a stone coping about the grounds, and had met all the repairs and upkeep of the place for forty years.
  9. It was only when faced with the now keen injustice, that any expression of a mercenary nature had ever escaped them in all those years.

The letter was placed upon St. Joseph's altar. The entire St. Teresa's community at that time assembled in the chapel to pray for the success of the

message it bore. It was not long until we received a letter from Bishop, stating the approximate location which he wanted for the promised building, and agreeing to release St. Teresa property in return for a deed to select property.

In face of the foregoing letter to Bishop, I did not expect him to hold us to the promise of procuring a school building. Even now it seems unfair. We had saved the Cathedral Parish during those forty years far more than anything that had been given us. However, putting St. Joseph, our man of the house, in my pocket, we started to find a salable place. The old Buckley home, a good looking brick house, faced us as we went down Jefferson Street. We rang and learned that it was a rental of \$75 per month, and that the owner, Mr. J.C. Nichols, would probably be glad to sell it.

Mr. Job Hellinger took Bishop over to see it. "If Sister had hunted for a month she could not have found a more desirable place," was his comment

to Mr. Hollinger. We bought the property for \$4,500. Judge William Johnson on May 1, 1897, brought over two unsigned deeds. I signed one deed, the Buckley place to Bishop John J. Hogan. Bishop signed the other one, deeding the place bounded by Eleventh and Twelfth, and Washington and Penn Streets to St. Teresa's Academy. Then Mr. William Johnson took both away for filing. St. Joseph had won, and best of all, he had won throughout the transaction, the good will of our Bishop.

This Warranty Deed of Bishop Hogan's, signed May 1, 1907, giving us a clear title to the property was the third deed received, pertaining to the property of old St. Teresa's. The first deed signed Marcy 15, 1867 and filed November 20, 1867, after a description of the block reads:

To the Sisters of St. Joseph. Consideration \$5.

For use for the school or academy for girls now existing or for any school or academy that may after-

be erected on said lot and for no other purpose.

Signed: Peter Richard Kenrick, Abp.

The second deed signed February 15, 1886 and filed February 20, 1886 reads: By this deed, I authorize and empower the Academy of the Sisters of St. Joseph to sell or convey or mortgage--the property aforesaid, or any part of it, provided the right person, John J. Hogan, the present Roman Catholic Bishop of Kansas City or his successors gives his consent to such conveyance sale or mortgage--the consent to be in writing and to be put on record. The present purpose being to enable the good Sisters of St. Joseph to establish another school that may be more advantageously situated within the corporate limits of Kansas City.

Signed: Peter Richard Kenrick, Abp.

It was, I've been told, a suggestion of Father Donnelly's that inspired Archbishop Kenrick to make the first deed. What brought about his signing the second, I do not know, unless it was keen foresight in view of the rapid growth of Kansas.

City. No question of moving had been mooted at that time, as far as I know. The good Archbishop thought he had fixed things for our future well-being in Kansas City. He did not know what a tethered gift he was conveying, nor did we, until we tried to "locate and establish a school more advantageously situated within the corporate limits of Kansas City." "Provided John J. Hogan gives consent", promised to be an unbreakable tether indeed, but in St. Joseph's hands it snapped as naught.

The Kansas City Title and Trust Company referred to us the Court House at Independence for information concerning land values in the sixties. Kansas City had, as yet, no Court House.

I was astonished to find in the old records 39 and 81 which were laid out before me in the column marked "Grantee". "Donnelly, Bernard" at least ten times. The name of the "Granter" in one of the ten transactions appealed to me; I turned to book 41, p-82 and found a deed signed May 20, 1863, and

filed January 5, 1864.

Know all men by these present that Joseph Guinotte and Aimee Guinotte, his wife, of the County Jackson, and the State of Missouri, have this day in consideration of the sum of \$490, to the same Joseph Guinotte, paid Bernard Donnelly or his heirs and assigns forever the following twenty acres:

$S\frac{1}{2}$  of S.E.  $\frac{1}{4}$ , Sec. 27, Township 50 Range 33.

The date of deed and location of this property are close enough to those of the 20 A of which ours was a block to have similar values. The price here was \$20 per acre.

From the office of the McGonigle, Stintson Realty Company, Mr. Stintson speaking, I learned a few days ago that the St. Teresa block at Eleventh and Washington had contained at first  $2\frac{1}{2}$  acres, and that after the streets were cut off, there remained a little over  $1\frac{1}{2}$  acres.

I wish to draw attention especially to the fact

as shown in the following clipped from the Chancellor's Review of 1822 that our dear Bishop Hogan broke ground for the new school, and that he could not be prevailed upon to stay at home from the Corner Stone Laying, though rain was coming down in torrents.

The last commencement in the old brick building took place in June, 1909. Bishop Lillis presided, with twenty-four other clergymen in attendance.

Honors in music were awarded on that day to Miss Agnes Rieke and to Miss Rose Miller. The graduation for the twelve years' classic scientific courses were merited by the Misses Salome Shaw, Margaret Scanlon, Dora Florian, Lucy Reed, Mary Mullins, Florence King, Aileen Michaels, and Ruth Harrison.

The Senior class of 1910 completed the prescribed course in the old St. Teresa's, but postponed their commencement program to November of that year, so that their's might be the privilege of receiving the first

graduation honors conferred at the new St. Teresa's.

The members of the class were the Misses Christianne

Zinn, Anna Quinn, Catherine Scanlon, Lucy Hamilton,

Etha Farley, and Cassa Rammel. *Katherine Quinn,*

*Katherine Mullins, Florence Holiday, Esther Mac Howan,*

*S.S.L. ?*

Owing to the untiring efforts of Mother Evelyn, then Superior at the Academy, plans for the new school rapidly materialized. Ground was broken by the venerable Bishop Hogan on the Feast of St. Teresa, October 15, 1908. On account of unavoidable delays the corner-stone of the new building was not laid until November 12, 1909. That day, in spite of drizzling rain and occasional downpours, Archbishop Glennon of St. Louis, assisted by Bishop Hogan and Bishop Lillis, dedicated the new St. Teresa Academy.

The Archbishop in a short address touched upon the great possibilities of the institution just founded and called attention to the courage-inspiring motto engraven on the corner-stone, "Deo adiuuante non timendum." No, he smilingly added, "we need not fear even a rainy day", he predicted to the young

people huddled under dripping umbrellas: "forsan et haec olim meminisse iuvabit." 12

One building of the fine architectural plan submitted by the firm of Wilder and Wight was ready for occupancy in the fall of 1910. The old school was therefore abandoned, and on September 12th, students, old and new, enrolled at the new St. Teresa's. It was with deep regret the Sisters bade farewell to the old home that held for them so many cherished memories.

12. Dunnebeck, Sister Athanasie-Report. Chancellor Review.

ST. TERESA'S ACADEMY IN KANSAS CITY, MO.

Chapter II

ST. TERESA'S ACADEMY AT WINDMOOR

Now free to act in the matter of a new school, we did some earnest praying and careful considering of many a site, and at length decided upon our present location at Windmoor. It was a moor indeed, windy and bleak and broken up by an elevating ridge running obliquely across its south half, while the north half had through it a low swampy ravine—nothing encouraging about it, nothing attractive in any way, but we had visualized it as we see it at this writing—the most beautiful school grounds in the country, a little bit of Paradise.

Through Mr. J. C. Nichols it was secured, this twenty acres, bound by 56<sup>th</sup> and 57<sup>th</sup> and Main and Wyandotte Streets. There are two Terrace Streets between 55th and 57th, the property then, is four blocks long and two blocks wide.

A deed was promptly drawn up, Kate S. and Edward

Yeomans were the grantors and St. Teresa's Academy the grantee. The consideration was \$40,000. It was signed and filed April 24, 1908. In February of that year in view of the college work planned, we took out a new charter which empowered us, "to confer any degree conferred by any institution in these United States." The name St. Teresa's Academy was retained because our deeds and other documents were drawn up under that title. Mr. Johnson wished to avoid complications.

"It is of college grade, call it what you will," he said. Our corporation still exists under the title St. Teresa's Academy.

Meanwhile, the efficient services of Kansas City's most classic architects, Messrs. Wilder and Wight, were secured. A fine Graeco-Roman group of three buildings was planned. It is unfortunate that we were not permitted then to put up all three of them. Now the cost will have doubled itself.

But think of it! We were facing this great ven-

ture without a cent. There were rumblings of criticism--"Poor financing",--"poor site," "such a mud-hole," the facts speak for themselves: \$300,000 spent in 1908-1910 have resulted in a two million dollar property--"The finest school building in the State--and the most beautiful school campus."<sup>1</sup>

But that \$300,000 loan, how did we penniless nuns ever get it? I have in grateful memory on this score after the good God and my Father St. Joseph, my almost life-long friend and brother, Archbishop John J. Glennon; and too, Mr. Festus J. Wade, President of the Mercantile Trust Company of St. Louis whom we knew acted solely upon the formers advice.

I was there before the assembled directors of the concern who had refused the \$300.000 loan because they asserted three buildings could not be built for \$300,000, and with no complete plant, there could be no financial return.

We were not permitted to make a bigger loan and

and so it was my concern to show that the Music and Arts Building alone could be utilized for a complete plant.

At length Mr. Wade stood and addressing his confreres said, "Gentlemen, I believe I have \$300,000 in this concern, haven't I?"

"More than that!" was the reply.

"Then I go security for this loan." "Sister," he went on, "you may have your loan. Come over tomorrow and we will fix it up."

The loan was issued in \$500 5 per cent bonds. Sister Athanasia and I went over and as secretary and President of our corporation, we put our names on 600 bonds. The loan was made. From this loan the grounds were paid for--\$40,000 and the grading of the grounds \$12,000 and a first payment was made on the loan of \$10,000 leaving for the buildings \$238,000. The power and heat plant equipped, cost

\$20,000 so that we got our classic Music and Arts Building a little above \$200,000. In selecting this building rather than either of the others we had two ends in view. We would always need an auditorium and a gymnasium. It contained both. Then if the Main central building went up, we should be less likely to get any other.

But the two buildings though far from finished, were up and Mr. Job Hollinger, the builder, who had made unusual efforts to have it so, sent word that the Sisters might occupy their fifth floor quarters in the new building at any time.

Our last day together at the old school was Lady's Day, 1910. It was arranged that Sister Angeline and her faithful assistant for years, Elizabeth Williams, Sister Natalie, and Salome Shaw, one of the year's graduates, now our Sister Mary George, should remain a day or two to look after left-overs, and to see that such furniture as was not in keeping with Windmoor be sent over to our Sisters who were about to locate in

the Cathedral School, and were arriving from St. Louis.

Soon each sister had hung her shawl and set her suitcase in the large closet of her own room, and had noted with pleasure, the inviting bed and chair and table. Then up the iron stair she gleefully scampered and out on the great platform roof with only God and the sky overhead and the stretch of horizon beyond. The sun fast setting in billows of red and gold touched the levelness of the landscape all around. There was awe and thanksgiving in the now quiet faces. Not a sound reached us save the clear sweet notes of the meadow lark and the occasional distant coo of the turtle dove going to roost.

"At last!" we were thinking, "At last!" "How good in God to His tired children!" But with the beauty and the quiet came, too, a sense of loneliness. Tears glistened, and only the timely arrival on the roof of our supper sandwiches, and coffee--kept them from falling. Out there we

knelt in thanksgiving and prayer, and soon, feeling safe with no doors below, owing to the measured tread of the watchman, we sought our beds and slept.

But on the morrow, down we came to earth again. The grading off of the elevated ridge through the south campus and the filling in of the north campus, left in its wake only yellow clay not a blade of grass. Thus far the loan had covered the buildings and the grading. It was now used up, and there faced us the paving of streets around a stretch of 20 acres, the installing of sewers, and the redemption of the yellow clay campus, the planting of trees and shrubs, the using of left-over brick for gateways, etc. There were no other houses in the neighborhood to share the expense of electric light conveyance, and use it or not, we paid a flat rate of \$75 per month. We too, paid the lion's share of the cost of laying Country Club car rails from 51st St. to 56th St., and of building the shelter house at the foot of 56th St. The heating of the building was also an expensive proposition. It cost us as much for our 27 boarders

as it would have cost for a hundred. "Nerve wrecking!" Yes, nerve wrecking, it must be admitted, but not when one has a lively faith in Him Who ruleth yesterday, today, and forever.

Rev. Thomas B. McDonald was a source of great consolation during these trying days.

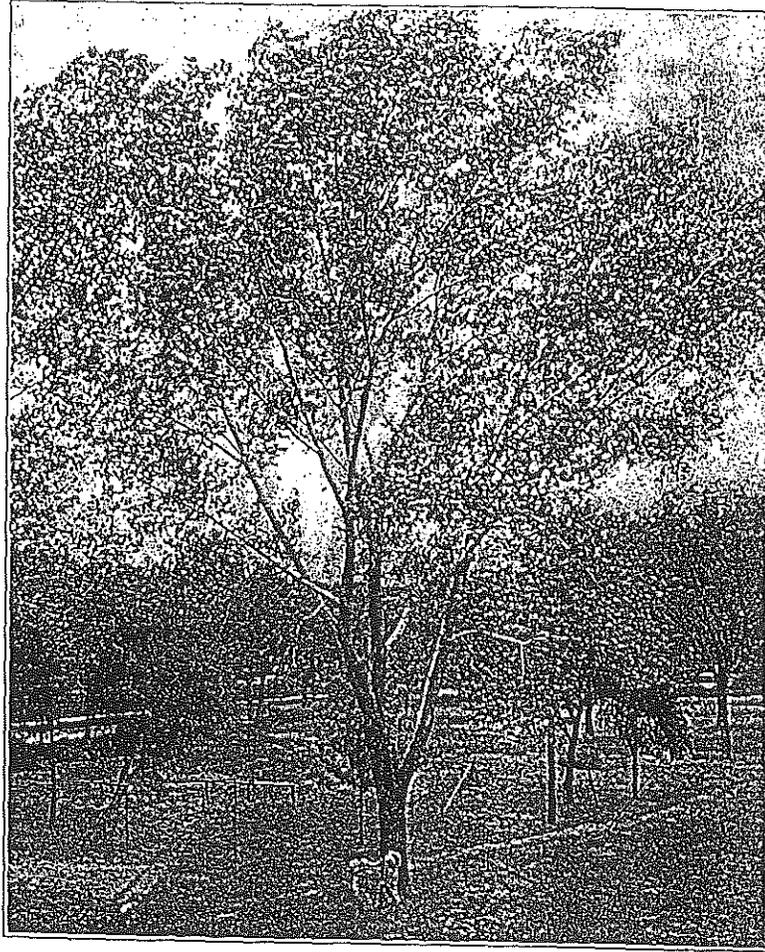
"It will come out all right," he would say, and, "Mushrooms growths never amount to much."

The graders gone, we planted red clover over the whole tract. It did not come up till the following spring. That first 1910 fall was a yellow clay fall. Armed with a general permission to equip and do what we thought fit, and looking to the future, we put in thousands of shrubs and hundreds of trees that first fall.

"New or never", we thought, "we will pay for these things someday." The Mother House will take care of the loan until we get on our feet.

Things went on smoothly that first winter; we were very poor, but we were happy. One little incident comes to mind here in connection with our first Christmas, 1910.

Always buoyant and mischievous, Sister Hortense McLaughlin was determined to have a Christmas tree. She went out to the yet ungraded Wyandotte street where in a low spot some young cottonwoods stood. She pulled up one of them by the roots and supporting it in a box of sand on the sisters room table away upon the fifth floor, she put papers decoration on the leafless branches and hung upon them the gifts for each sister. There were holy pictures and medals and some little joke gift for each. One sister in a daintily done-up package would find her own thimble; another, a spiritual book stolen from her table drawer. A jumping jack would spring out of another, etc. It was a very happy Christmas night. The next day things were tidied up, and the poor cottonwood was thrown out on the terrace. Early in March I discovered it with red streamers still dangling. I picked it up.



Once a Christmas Tree  
This Cottonwood Tree is now a Tradition

"This may grow, Mr. Morgan", I said to our engineer, "will you dig a hole for it?" The hole was dug and the stripling bereft of its red finery was planted. Its large clean white branches have been reaching upward these fifteen years, still it now, if we sighted it correctly, is 100 feet high. It is one of the most beautiful of our beautiful trees. Some day it shall be labelled:

#### OUR FIRST CHRISTMAS TREE

Soon our clover was a mass of red swaying over the whole campus. How beautiful a sight it was! It protected the blue grass coming up underneath and it gave the yellow clay just what it needed--nitrogen. But the red faded and it worried us to have the campus look so ill-kept and faded that second summer. The shrubs and trees, however, did well.

Our records for that year, 1911, show that the grounds were benefitted by a gift of \$13,00 from Mr. Peter Soden, and by the returns from Archbishop Glennon's lecture, \$1020. The gift of \$500 from

Miss Agnes Corrigan, at this time, was used to equip the gymnasium.

Fortunately expense did not come all at once; now it was one street, now another. Our good kind Bishop, Thomas F. Lillis sent for me one day. "No more worry," he said, "I have been instrumental in converting Sister St. Alban McGowan's part of the estate into cash, (\$40,000). It goes to St. Louis, and coming from Kansas City, it will be applied to St. Teresa's. It was such a consolation to know, that for the next two years, payments were assured on the loan without worrying too much.

I approached Mr. J.C. Nichols with a proposition to make Wyandotte Street curve west just at our entrance which was very close to the street. The city agreeing to have this done, deeded to us in May, 1911 a curved strip of land, having for its greatest width 10 feet, and curving off gradually to the old street lines. This deed was filed in July, 1911. But this pushing of Wyandotte Street west was an infringement.

upon the Yeoman's estate, and for this infringement we paid him in two payments \$1025. Edwin and Kate Yeomans in turn deeded the strip taken of their land to the city.

Then Mr. Nichols presented for approval a plan to insert a triangular road shrub bed at the crossing of Wyandotte Street and Westover Road. This would push traffic still farther away, and so we approved the plan and agreed in return to set aside a similar road bed at the north west corner of our campus. Nothing was deeded. The triangular plot at our west entrance technically belongs to Yeomans' estate; that at the north west corner of our campus belongs to us.

However, the situation at our west entrance was delightfully improved by these transactions, and the beauty of the outlay it was, that attracted to our street truly fine homes.

But now we were resting on our ears a bit. "All things pass, God alone endureth." Soon the yellow clay

was changed to good grass sod and the shrubs were blooming and the trees growing. The school had been growing too. Each year had furnished its lovely graduates and its exhibitions of its years work in art, and its rare music and song, and its Shakespearian Play. Sister Natalie, our new efficient head of the art department was here in those early days, and Sister Clotilda still at the head of the music department was here in those early days, and Sister Clotilda still has been here all these years.

But nothing we do here at Windmoor will ever excel the doings of the old school on Q uality Hill. Who that was present could ever forget the music number that formed St. Teresa's part of the Columbus Centennial Program at the Grand Theatre, October, 1892? Or the Julius Caesar that the expression class gave in honor of Archbishop Glennon's first return visit to Kansas City.

Out on the elevated center of the south campus I see at this moment four men and a group of sisters, a pedestal has been laid and they are putting upon it

an heroic statue of our St. Joseph with the infant in his arms, the same statue that stood upon the old St. Teresa's lawn for a number of years. It was donated to St. Teresa's by John Lindley Coates, son of Kersey Coates, and brother of Laura Coates now Mrs. Homer Reed of this city. I have in memory a spring day. High mass at the Cathedral was just over, Father Glennon had announced to the congregation at that time that the unveiling ceremony would occur immediately after the mass, and extended to them an invitation to be present over on the convent grounds. Scattered about the erected statue all took part in singing the Spirit Creator and after the ceremony in singing, too, a hymn to St. Joseph and Holy God. But now the dear saint has a new stone colored robe to match his new pedestal. He has been resting in a quiet nook during the last fourteen years and must thus get out on the grounds to attend to the putting up of the two buildings that didn't go up. It is a beautiful statue, and it looks well on the campus.

The north campus has been somewhat neglected in the matter of planting trees. We had come to a place

where expenditure must be cut down, but Mother General and her assistand Mother Agnes, on their way to the western province proposed our putting some trees at that end. As always I commissioned St. Joseph to do the work. Scarcely had the visitors gone, when the door bell rang and a tall strong, well-dressed man stood there who said, "I have this-tree-digging wagon on the Market. May I plant the tree upon it in your grounds? It will be a good ad for me."

"I shall be glad to have it indeed, I answered, taking in at a glance that it was a strong 50 foot elm. He and his men, four of them, drove down the treeles end of the campus and planted it easily with a trully wonderful machine.

It never occured to me to say, "Where did it come from?" instead I said, "Could you get me some more big trees like this?"

"I think so", he answered, "how many would you want?"

"I want a forest down here," I replied, "twenty or more, but what will your charge be per tree?"

A contract was signed for twenty trees at \$25 per tree, \$12.50 to be paid at the end of the first year, if the trees lived, and the other \$12.50 at the end of the second year. How good it seemed. I had thought such trees worth \$100.

The trees were brought in regularly, sometimes two a day, sometimes more, and five Cedars of Lebanon besides were brought from the cottage of an old couple who were glad to get cash for a few of their many trees. The old people would only deal with us directly and were paid for their trees \$25 each, minus the cost of moving them. In all we had got twenty-five trees when the inventor came to tell us that his mother-in-law had a serious accident and that his wife wanted him home at once.

"If you pay the \$12.50 cash per tree," he said, "I will cancel the balance." He handed me the contract I had signed and I handed him a check for 20 trees at \$12.50

He was gone! A week or two later I noticed two distinguished looking men wandering about the campus.

I went out and asked, "would you care to go through the building?"

"Not today, Sister," one replied. "We were only looking at your trees." I launched forth on an enthusiastic story of the splendid trees got for so little money.

Smiling they listened, when the other asked, "do you know where your trees came from?"

"No, that never occurred to me", I said.

"They were stolen from Swope Park in the broad day-light," he answered.

"Stolen," I said, "Stolen!"

"Now don't be alarmed", he continued, "every man on the park board is glad to have you have them, and sorry you did not get a few more. The fact that your tree man brought them here saved him from the pen. We confiscated his wagon and ordered him out of town."

Now what do you think of St. Joseph's doing such a thing as that? As a punishment we have commissioned him to take care of the souls of the Park Board of the

tree planters.

Now we had completed our first five years at Windmoor. Desirous of holding degrees just to further the interest of the St. Teresa College Department, I expressed to Mother General a wish to go to the Catholic University of America for the required residence. My wish was granted, a new superior was appointed, and many of the first sisters were changed that summer. How good it felt to know that their successors could now tread their hard-earned halls restfully! That they found the building so equipped in every way that nothing new was added during the next six years except the radio outfit donated by the Juniors of 1923; that the building was so well built that not a repair was made; that the "hundreds of trees" and thousands of shrubs were busy beautifying themselves and the campus with no thought on the part of anyone; that though some little floating debts had accrued during the summer's vacation, they were nothing compared to what had been done and paid for during the years 1910-1915-- such were our consoling thoughts about the matter.

Some good things, however, were done during the period 1915. A flag pole was erected and the cement walk was laid from gate to gate. Then, too, earnest work had been doing in the school, which in 1916 was accredited by the Missouri University and Association of American Colleges for Junior College Work.

Of course the Mother House met the loan payments except the first one during the period of struggle 1910-1915. But it met too the loan obligations just the same during the comparative rest period, 1915-1919, until when the tenth year of the loan arrived at which point the community had the privilege of taking up at will any or all of the loan, the Mother House bought up \$100,000 worth of bonds and a new loan was made for the balance still owing on the place.

Now the bonded obligation cut down to  $1/3$  its former amount was henceforth easily carried by the St. Teresa corporation.

Then another happening called for gladness. The old St. Teresa's which even when the struggle was not

ours, found a buyer and was sold bringing almost enough to remunerate the Mother House for its generous help.

Now we have reached Plate IV in the evolution of St. Teresa's Academy, which even the statement "hundreds of trees and thousands of shrubs" was no exaggeration. We started an exact count of our trees yesterday. I had reached one thousand, and there must be five hundred more on the parts of the ground not considered, and we have truly ten times as many shrubs. Each year finds us adding some valuable specimen of tree so that we are gradually reaching the desired goal of a veritable botanical garden, a wild flower reserve, and a bird refuge.

St. Joseph's elm in the extreme north campus from which his statue hung in a glass-doored niche for two years during the heave-to period, holds place as the second most perfect elm in the United States, one in Worcester, Massachusetts holding first place. The agricultural experts from Missouri University

who made this pronouncement fixed the age of our elm at two hundred years. Mother M. Pious Neenan had some careful work done upon it in the fall of 1921. The great branches are trees in themselves and needed supporting.

Among our trees are represented the following families:

- |                   |                         |                          |
|-------------------|-------------------------|--------------------------|
| I. Magnoliceae    | II. Anona ceae          | III. Liliaceae           |
| 10 Tulip trees    | 4 Papaww                | 1 Linden                 |
|                   |                         | 2 Downy Linden           |
| IV. Simaroubaceae | V. Aquifoliaceae        | VI. Hippocastanaceae     |
| 1 Ailanthus       | 1 American Holly        | 2 Horse Chestnut         |
| VII. Aceraceae    | VIII. Anacardiaceae     |                          |
| 1 Silver Maple    | 1 Staghorn Sumac        |                          |
| 2 Norway Maple    | 2 Mountain Sumac        |                          |
| 3 Sugar Maple     | 3 Velvet Sumac          |                          |
| 4 Red Maple       |                         | IX. Leguminosae          |
| 5 Sycamore Maple  |                         | 1 Honey Locust           |
| 6 Cut-leaf Maple  |                         | 2 Kentucky Cof.          |
| 7 Box Elder       |                         | 3 <sup>d</sup> Red Tree. |
| X. Rosaceae       |                         |                          |
| 1 Canada Plum     | 5 European Mountain Ash |                          |
| 2 Wild Plum       | 6 American Mt. Ash      |                          |
| 3 Wild Red Cherry | 7 Scarlet Haw           |                          |
| 4 Choke Cherry    | 8 Fruit Trees           |                          |

XI. Oleaceae

1 Ash

3 Black Ash

2 Red Ash

4 Green Ash

XII. Trees not included in the classification:

Bladderwort, Maiden-hair, Beech, Hackberry

BIRDS OF WINDMOOR

Birds of Windmoor:

Woodpeckers

Red-head

Golden-flicker

Downy Woodpecker

Jay

Bluebird

Bob White

Cardinal

Oriole

Crackle

Blackbird

Kingsbird

Baltimore *oriole*

Barn Swallow

Robin

Canary

Gold finch

Yellow warbler

Mocking bird

Thrasher

Cat-bird

Sparrow

Song

English

Bunco

Wren

Blackbirds

Crow

Night hawk

Starling

Orchard *oriole*