

The Souland Restorationist

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Section Two

Fall House Tour 1986



The Lavender Lady

Glittering Daughter of the Gilded Age

The Lavender Lady

Opulent, willful, charming, she trailed legends

by May Alsop

In 1909, at the height of the notorious Lemp divorce trial, a *Post-Dispatch* reporter asked a spectator why she came to watch the proceedings every day. She replied happily, "They're millionaires, you know. It's the first time I ever had a chance to see a millionaire close at hand, and they look just like other folks."

Well — not exactly! The comment, however, explains in part just why Lillian Handlan Lemp became one of the most watched and talked-about women in St. Louis in the period between 1890 and 1914. It was a time of people watching people, especially to add vicarious excitement to life. She was born at exactly the right time.

From around 1885 to the outbreak in Europe of World War I, the very wealthy were having what would be their final fling at blatant flamboyance. They had too much money,

much too little taste; they lived with the euphoric feeling that it would last forever, so they indulged themselves in outrageously magnificent living. Boy, did they party!

St. Louis was no different. Yet its social structure, beginning with the Chouteaus and the Laclede, had always had a dual personality. Fur trappers came home smelling of bear grease, then changed into velvet coats and graciously entertained in homes that boasted the finest in taste from the wine cellar to the iron lace on the veranda. The French had brought to St. Louis a structured society with large dollops of "may do's" and "must not's" to whip everybody into shape. Society — real society, that is — was brought up by a raised eyebrow.

When Lillian entered the social scene, society still made heavy demands on acceptable behavior. Conduct was rigid; etiquette was studied, memorized, and abided by. Lillian knew all about "the proper thing to

do." She also knew all about how to bend the rules and stay just this side of decorum. No one ever openly accused her of social impropriety.

Highly intelligent and shrewd, she had all the knowledge an upper-class woman of that period could safely handle. Privately, she was a student for the better part of her adult life. Behind a conventionally feminine exterior, she managed to exercise far more independence and freedom than was common in women of her time. Modern-day gender role-playing, which is totally confusing both men and women with its uncertainty as to who should do what, would have amused and annoyed her. She loved the masculine role of superiority and protectiveness; she used her own mental abilities and didn't miss a single feminine beat. It was so simple, this handling of men: because they thought women were frail and inferior, she merely stamped her tiny slippered foot and yelled

until the men caved in and she got her way.

Born to Wealth and Love

Mollie DuPrez, a Belgian-born Frenchwoman, and Alexander Hamilton Handlan of Cincinnati, Ohio, married on September 11, 1866. They had six children: Eugene, born in 1869, Alex in 1875, Lily May — Lillian — born April 29, 1877, Edward in 1879, Ella, who would be called Vella, in 1880, and Kathryn in 1886.

By 1906, Handlan not only was president of the Handlan-Buck Manufacturing Company, which made railroad signal supplies, but he also owned shops, mills, foundries and mines and was a director of Calvary Cemetery and of Commonwealth Realty Company, the corporation that owned the Planters Hotel property and building. His offices were at the prestigious address of 212 North Third Street. He belonged to the "right" clubs. He was well known in both this country and abroad. In short, he was a thoroughly successful St. Louis industrialist and enjoyed a reputation of friendliness and warmth coupled with shrewd business acumen. He had connections which newspapers referred to as the "Handlan Machine."

Lily May was the Handlans' first daughter. Both parents showered her with adoration and gave her anything she desired. Her father succeeded in spoiling her. His love and care for her would last for as long as he lived. He treated all his daughters with such obvious approval and devotion that he managed to create three charming, beautiful, intelligent and thoroughly spoiled women. But Lily May came first. She always would.

She attended St. Vincent's school, graduated from Visitation Academy on Cabanne in 1894, made her debut and was a Veiled Prophet Maid of Honor. At this time, she changed her name from Lily May to Lillian. It would be perfectly proper to say that once she "came out," Lillian never quite made it back home. From then on, she would turn heads with her well-clad tiny body, a more than pretty face, and conversation given to impudence and the "fast comeback."

Lillian made the obligatory Grand Tour of Europe with her mother, and through her father's connections met



BOTTLE IN COLLECTION OF ANHEUSER-BUSCH VISITORS' CENTER

EDWARD R. FLISS

The foundation of the Lemp lifestyle: The magnificent brewery at Cherokee and Lemp. In its day, it was the largest in the world. Most of the complex is still standing.

behind her — and most of them are true

people in high places and was welcomed at embassy balls. Whenever she returned, she would be welcomed in all the Amercian embassies in France, England and Belgium.

"Hoydenish" debutante

Back home, Lillian Handlan began to be mentioned in the gossip columns. She was a favored guest at the balls and parties held among the cream of St. Louis society. Her personality was called "pert," "saucy," "full of fun" and "hoydenish" — apparently a desirable trait in those days. She was a graceful girl, with dark blonde hair, a full mouth and large dark eyes. (Some of her relatives say that they were blue; some insist that they were brown.) She was variously described as "beautiful," "striking," "handsome" and "pretty." DuPrez women were invariably beautiful, a trait that remains today in the descendents of Mollie DuPrez.

Lillian had small hands and an 18-inch waist. She was diminutive in height as well. One wag said, "Every man knows that when he dances with Lillian he's bound to get a mouthful of hair pins." They all towered over her.

All except one: William J. Lemp, Jr., the millionaire scion of the Lemp Brewery family. In June of 1899, they became engaged. Billy's father, William J. Lemp, Sr., was president of the Lemp Brewery — at the time, the largest brewery in the world. He was well respected in the community, and he and Alex Handlan belonged to the same clubs and had an extraordinary similarity of interests. There is a great deal of evidence that the marriage between Lillian and Billy was at least partially arranged by the fathers of the couple.

Billy was born in St. Louis on August 13, 1867. He graduated from Washington University and attended United Brewers Academy in New York. In 1892, at age 25, he was made vice-president of his father's company.

Lillian Handlan and William Lemp, Jr. were married in St. Xavier on November 29, 1899. The marriage was apparently satisfactory to the Handlan family, since the Lemps were wealthy enough to support Lillian's tastes and the Lemp men were as astute in business as was Lillian's father. Lillian would obviously con-

tinue to be petted and pampered. Billy was a big spender and liked his fun. He once complained to a reporter that it was hard to find places to spend money, and added that he used to spend \$5,000 a year for beer alone in entertaining — and he owned the company! Lillian would have a wonderful time with her Billy. Even though there were rumors of Billy's occasional erratic behavior, they were attributed to malicious gossip.

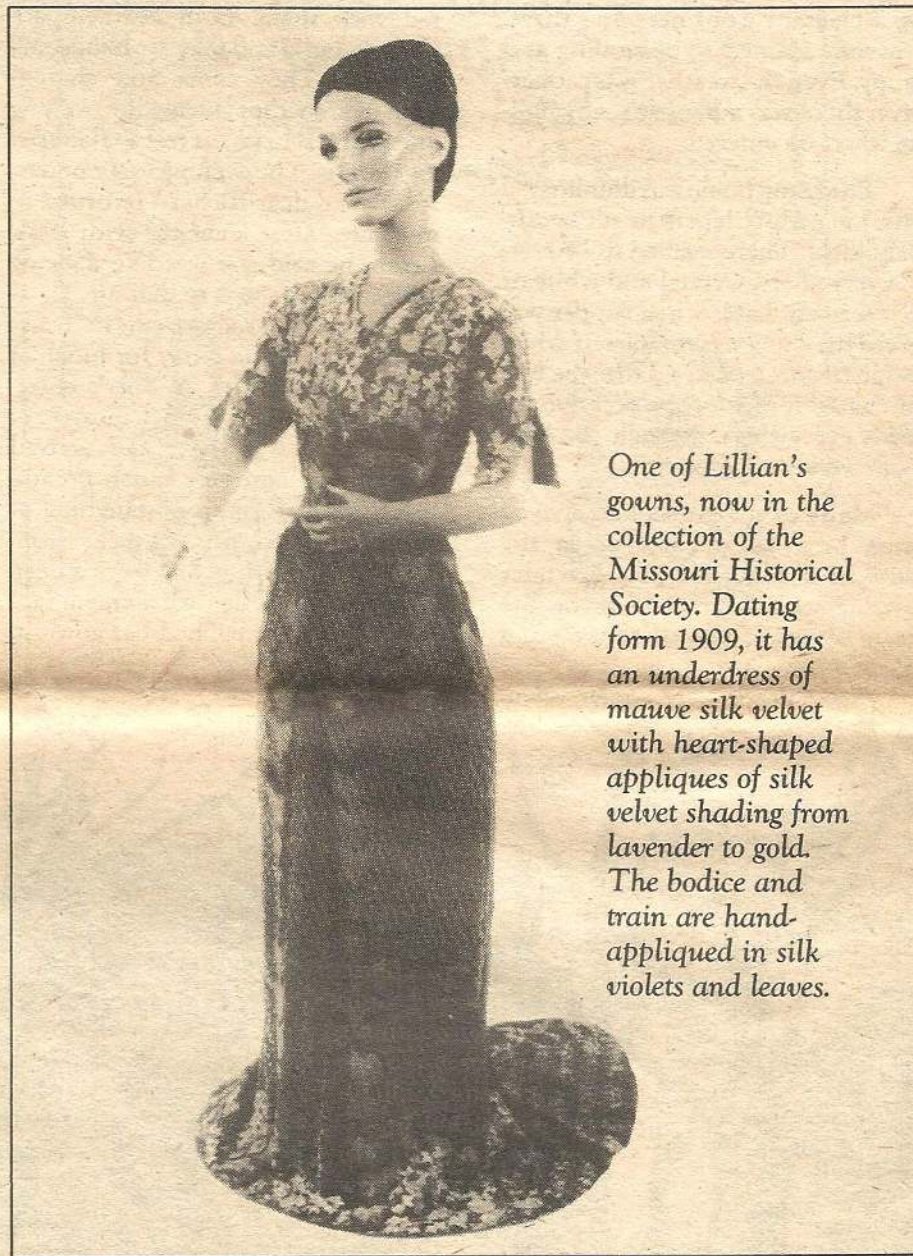
Lillian brought much to the Lemps that they wanted and couldn't have. In those days, the German brewers were wealthy enough to have all the accoutrements necessary to play "show and tell" with the best of St. Louis society. St. Louis would eventually have more than 25 breweries run by wealthy and intelligent people. Society, however, turned up its collective nose at this segment of business, and as a result the brewers entertained among themselves. They had a penchant for fine horses, enormous houses and lavish entertainments. Society missed many a good time by being huffy about brew. Because of this attitude, however, the Lemp family stood to gain socially with the marriage of Billy to Lillian Handlan, who was very much accepted into St. Louis society.

Lillian and her father-in-law would always have an excellent friendship. On her honeymoon in Palm Beach, Florida, she was introduced to marlin fishing; when she caught on, she had a marlin stuffed and gave it to her father-in-law, who proudly displayed it in his office. She would serve him as hostess to his parties in his own home.

Julia Feichert Lemp, Lillian's mother-in-law, was a frail woman with a hold over her children and husband. She was given to taking to her bed for longer and longer periods of time and avoided the role of hostess. The house on 18th Street in which the Lemp family lived, however, was actually hers. It had been given to her as a wedding gift when she married William Lemp, Sr. and was referred to as the Feichert-Lemp home.

300 lavender gowns

Some of her relatives insist that even as a little girl Lillian loved all the



One of Lillian's gowns, now in the collection of the Missouri Historical Society. Dating from 1909, it has an underdress of mauve silk velvet with heart-shaped appliques of silk velvet shading from lavender to gold. The bodice and train are hand-appliqued in silk violets and leaves.

MISSOURI HISTORICAL SOCIETY

shades of purple, and that her family allowed her to wear her favorite colors from childhood. Just when she began wearing all lavender is not recorded. But begin it she did, and as in every other aspect of her life, Lillian put on a performance.

The gowns weren't just lavender; they were elaborate and costly. In her heyday, she is reputed to have had a storeroom filled with over 300 gowns, with wraps, hats and slippers — all handmade to match. The dresses ranged in color from deep grape to pure white, complemented by her favorite flower, violets. She wore ermine, velvets, brocades, fine Irish linen and lawn, satins and material not even made now. She designed many of her own gowns and selected all the material herself.

Frieda Jude, a girlhood school chum, acted as Lillian's wardrobe mistress, presiding over the five seamstresses who worked almost continually. (It is said that this woman worked for Lillian until the 1920s.) Several of Lillian's magnificent gowns are preserved by the Missouri Historical Society.

Lillian had a penchant for trains on her gowns. She wore them in public even in the daytime, which was not considered in fashionable taste. But for Lillian, it produced the effect she wanted.

I found a contemporary glimpse of Lillian's gowns and entertainments in a diary-like description of one of her balls, brought to me by a lady whose great-grandmother had attended it. It was called the "Crystal

Lavender Lady (from page 19)

Snow Ball," and all female guests were asked to use the color white as a motif for their dresses.

The yellowed pages tell us:

"For once Mrs. Lemp did not greet us as she was always wont to do in that sparkling, gracious way of hers. Instead a houseman in white satin breeches greeted us while a maid in white took our wraps. Mr. Lemp stood by, greeting everyone and having a pleasant word here and there. Everyone seemed to be smiling and happy. Even the weather was cooperative; there was a lite (sic) snow falling when we entered.

"The Lemp home was illuminated with long white tapers in silver candleholders. There seemed to be crystal everywhere. Crystal and white or so it seemed. Later when supper was served the china was completely white and so fragile. It was said that she had purchased it just for the occasion. In bowls everywhere through the ballroom were fresh violets.

"Many of the guests had arrived when Mrs. Lemp came down the stairs in a beautiful pale lavender gown. I wish I could describe the gown better. It was of shimmering

material and the entire bodice and train was covered with designs made with tiny white beads that looked afar like bugle beads. It is so hard to find someone to do this work, have wondering (sic) who does these things for her. She had white feathers in her lovely hair.

"Mr. Lemp greeted his wife at the foot of the steps and together they met everyone in the room and chatted with them. Both of them are slight in build and they are handsome together. They came and chatted with us sometime during the evening and as usual made us feel so flattered and happy. The evening was wonderful. When dear Richard returned to my side, after dancing with Mrs. Lemp, he said she was like dancing with nothing she is so delicate."

In one other short entry: "I met auntie and mama today for lunch at mama's friend Mrs. A. She is entertaining her niece from Chicago . . . Mrs. Lemp was there and arrived slightly late and very much breathless. She had everyone laughing at something I could not hear from where I was sitting. She wore a deep grape colored suit with a cream lace jabot. Her hat matched her gown in

color and was adorned with cream grosgrain ribbon tying down a very pretty bunch of velvet violets. It is very difficult not to be rude and stare, because she is so handsome a lady. The cakes, I thought, were not very good. But of course I did not say. Auntie was seat next to Mrs. Lemp. I wish I could have been closer for she seemed to have kept all laughing."

Toast of the town

Lillian always brought out the crowds wherever she went. Whenever she traveled by train, there would be a crowd who had somehow found out that Lillian would be arriving. On these occasions, Lillian smiled graciously, kept walking, and waved a small gloved hand before entering her carriage. The retinue of servants who followed the tiny lavender-clad figure must have been a major people-watching event.

Heads turned when she entered any public place. When she attended the theatre, like a true actress with good timing she waited until the audience had gathered and then made her appearance. She is described as having a lovely speaking voice and a tinkling feminine laugh. There were others, less complimentary, who said she could get that lovely voice several decibels higher than would have been acceptable in public. She was known privately to have a temper, and in any

battle, legal or private, Lillian fought to win. She usually did.

Lillian was an intelligent conversationalist when the situation called for intellect. Yet she could turn and be coy. She bantered with the men and was gracious with the women. There was envy and some gossip, and no doubt some could have "wrung her neck," but for the most part Lillian got along with women.

Like any wealthy family, the young Lemps had a number of carriages and buggies. There was no specific one for any specific day as rumored, but instead a variety of carriages for a variety of uses. Today's wealthy families may sport five or six cars; it was no different for Lillian and Billy, except that their carriages were all painted Lillian's lavender. They were ordered and made especially for Billy from the Ahlbrand Carriage Company of Seymour, Indiana.

Both Billy and Lillian loved horses. When interviewed a short time before his marriage, Billy said that his favorite was a coach and four. Lillian now had Billy buy dapple grey horses because that was the only color that would go with lavender tack. The body of the vehicle was usually painted lavender, but sometimes only the staves and wheels of the carriage were painted.

When Billy purchased his St. Louis-made Doris motor car, Lillian had a lavender duster especially made with goggles framed in velvet violets.

Lillian loved Florida, and since the Lemps had property in several locations there, she spent much time traveling back and forth — mostly to Palm Beach to visit the friends she had acquired. She took her servants with her and left Billy alone to fend for himself. There is one interesting story that is difficult to authenticate. Along the panhandle of Florida, near Pensacola, there is a small village with less than a hundred souls. There is also a "cottage" of 10 or 15 rooms that faces the Gulf. The house, once a charming frame structure, is in ruins. The Lemps were know to have property in that area, and the town's name is "Lillian."

Birth — and untimely death

On September 24, 1900, William J. Lemp, III was born. Both parents immediately fell in love with the child, whose pictures show a pretty baby and later a sweet-faced little boy.

After the birth of her son, Lillian became the doting mother. Although he had a fulltime nurse, Lillian insisted on doing much of his care herself.

All seemed rosy for the Lemps. The "Town Tattler," a cutesy gossip column, reported that Billy had apparently calmed the vivacious "Lilly" down. Arm in arm at balls, social affairs and the theatre, they made a "handsome and loving couple."



The Feichert-Lemp Mansion in the early 1920s. Lillian never lived there, but did frequently host parties for her father-in-law. Located at 3322 DeMenil Place, the house is now a restaurant.



A buggy used by the Lempes to travel to their country home, Alswell, in South County. Designed for rural roads, it required only one horse. The staves and wheels are lavender, the rest black.

But family tragedy and explosive scandal lay ahead.

In 1901, Billy's brother Frederick, only 28 years old, died suddenly of a heart attack. Bright, friendly, mentally alert and emotionally stable, Frederick had been his father's choice to take over the Lemp Brewery. William Lemp, Sr. was devastated.

There is no written record of how the senior Lemp felt about Billy as his successor, but there is a lot of educated conjecture that he thought Billy couldn't do it. Chronologically, Frederick had not been the next in line—actually Billy was. But Frederick had been an open favorite with the old man, and now Frederick was gone.

William Lemp, Sr. continued his business activities, met with his clubs and involved himself in the work surrounding the Louisiana Purchase Exposition—the World's Fair. Billy's name was now added to the Fair committee, and it was obvious that he expected to succeed his father in time. But Billy did not enjoy the respect his father did in the St. Louis business circles. He was considered immature and unstable. Someone described him as "silly."

In March of 1904, a tired and lonely William Lemp Sr. went to his bedroom on the second floor of his 18th Street home and shot himself. He did not die immediately, but lingered in bloody silence for a doctor to arrive. Several hours later, he died.

Billy is quoted as saying, (a little too soon after his father's death to be proper), "Now I am the head. I have it all. No one can tell me what to do, for I am master of everyone in that brewery. I own them." Bad taste and crude, but probably as honest a statement as he would make in his life.

The facade shatters

With shocking abruptness in 1906, Billy Lemp walked out on Lillian. According to the gossip column called "Blue Jay's Chatter" in *Reedy's Mirror* on October 18, 1906, "Mr. and Mrs. Billy Lemp have separated. Billy's at the Washington, and Lil, the Lavender Lady, holds the fort at the Lemp House in South St. Louis, with the boy. Rather a surprise is this. Billy's been the most and best reformed rich young hubby I know, and devotion personified, in public, to his dashing wife . . . Bill just up and tells the public that he couldn't stand it with Lil and had to get out. But, of course, Bill was never noted for tact. I admire immensely the great bluff they both put up of lovingness in public."

It was the first bombshell in what was to become a courtroom sensation.

Lillian filed for divorce on March 19, 1908. The trial opened Monday morning, February 8, 1909. The courtroom and the street outside were packed with people, mostly women.

The trial hit the front pages of all the newspapers. It stayed on the front pages for its entire length.

For its time, the trial was so lurid and unsavory that the proceedings were printed, after it finally ended, in leatherbound book form. The copies sold out in a week.

One of the things St. Louis had at the turn of the century was a wonderful bunch of newspapers. Some were gossipy and inaccurate, some homey, some blood-and-guts, and of course, the aristocrats of journalism were the *Globe-Democrat* and the *Post-Dispatch*.

It's a shame we don't have true gossip columnists today. They had them in 1908, and the wordage would turn women into weeping wrecks for "what the poor girl had gone through at the hands of that man." It was not

recognized (publicly, at any rate) that the "poor girl" was an innate actress. All of her life she had known what to say, how to look, and how to please an audience, which in her case was all of St. Louis, most of Florida and a good many foreign embassies. Lillian may have hidden in the shelter of her father's arms from newspaper cameras, but she was also seen scribbling notes and consulting with her lawyers in the courtroom. At times, it seemed that Lillian would direct the questions and the lawyer would merely ask them. She was openly accused of influencing the way her lawyers handled the case.

The gossip columnists worked overtime and provided thumbnail insights and opinions into what they thought was happening. In those days the distant thunder of a possible lawsuit did not tie the columnists' hands. Today about all we hear is buttery cheerfulness, and reports of the fetes and fests and french-fried fourth's and the shiny glass stuff they've thrown up downtown. But now the lawyers have gotten pretty serious about defamation and all those other serious and dull things a reporter can report about.

I have selected only highlights of the trial and what it revealed about the "perfect married couple" William and Lillian Lemp. Between the trial briefs and the newspaper articles their personalities float to the top.

"... Attorneys Lehman and Thompson and William Lemp entered the courtroom together. About 10 minutes later Lillian, accompanied by her parents, came into the courtroom. The noise of buzzing voices and shuffling feet could be heard as all turned to see HER, and had to be silenced by a sharp rap of the gavel. The audience was to be disappointed in Lillian's appearance. Instead of one of her glorious \$1,000 gowns, she wore a closely fitted coat of black cloth, trimmed with black silk applique and a white hat with a white veil. She carefully draped the veil so that it framed her face, with a white lace collar under her chin. As her black gloved hands gripped the arms of the chair she faced her lawyer, Mr. Leahy, and calmly waited for the first question in the trial."

Brawls in the night

According to trial evidence, Billy kept a handgun under his pillow, pointed at Lillian. He had brought one to bed on his wedding night. In defense of carrying a handgun, he said, under oath, that he took over the handling of brewery workers at an early age, he weighed only 120 pounds, and had to have something to make the men realize that he was boss. It apparently worked for just about everybody he disagreed with. They included servants, people who got in his way in traffic, Lillian, and cats that yowled in the night.

He continually threatened suicide.

Widespread Myths About Lillian Handlan Lemp

- Lillian did not have a carriage for every day in the week.
- She did not have thousands of dresses and gowns. At her peak she owned approximately 300 gowns, each with a matching pair of slippers.
- She was never forced to spend \$1,000 a day. Think about it — Billy's salary was only \$200,000 a year. She had an unlimited amount of money to spend, that much is true. But though she showed a remarkable ability to spend money, she showed an equally remarkable ability to acquire it and keep it. Lillian was never an empty-headed woman. Today she would probably be running the brewery, and she would probably have found a way to save it. Lillian's nature prevented her from selling out on anything.
- She never lived in the Feichert-Lemp mansion. She loathed the place and said so publicly. She did condescend to act as hostess and oversee the parties given by her father-in-law, William Lemp Sr. They were held in October and the spring, and sometimes at Christmas. The Lempes were not religious people but they did like to throw parties. The older Lemp admired Lillian and she respected him. For that reason, she took charge of his parties there.
- Lillian did not die penniless. On the contrary, she never knew what it was to go without plenty of funds.
- To the author's knowledge, Lillian never posed for a portrait. The painting now in the Lemp Mansion is a modern work by the author.
- Lillian never referred to herself as "Lil," though gossip columnists of her time used to do so. "Lillian" was her name, one she had created herself. The only people permitted to call her "Lil" were her little nieces and nephews until they were able to pronounce her full name.

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MONDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 8, 1909.

LEMPs, THEIR HOME AND ATTORNEYS IN SUIT



WILLIAM J. LEMP III.



DANIEL DILLON.



MRS. WILLIAM J. LEMP

Lillian and her son appeared on the front pages of the St. Louis newspapers the day the divorce trial opened.

Lavender Lady (from page 21)

Once, he locked his door, and while Lillian stood outside pleading with him, fired the gun. When a hysterical Lillian and a servant finally got the door open, they found a hole in the floor and Billy laughing.

He was charged with consorting with women of ill repute. He was apparently never able to wean himself away from the "sportin'" houses. He was seen, for instance, at Lulu Morrison's Chestnut Street "resort." He paid for the funeral and burial of one of his old friends, who had been particularly "nice" to him. Billy swore however, that he hadn't frequented the houses since marriage; before was a different matter and part of a bachelor's life.

He never allowed Lillian out of the house and would leave her for long periods of time with no explanation. Once when she had gone to a reception for her mother at the Jefferson Hotel, he had locked the door, and when she returned she had to get the servants to let her in the back.

One of the stories involved a feud with her mother-in-law over rubber plants. There was apparently no love lost between Lillian and Julia, and Julia had an amazing amount of influence over her sons. Julia had a conservatory complete with palms, ferns and rubber plants, the three favorite indoor plants of the Victor-

ian era and a must for any conservatory. It seems that Julia was afraid that because of her increasing bed-ridden condition the plants would not be properly cared for, so one sunny morning she lined up her male servants and gave them orders to pick up the heavy potted plants and take them over to her daughter-in-law's house. The servants obeyed and placed all the plants in Lillian's hallway, whereupon Lillian had her own servants pick up the plants and return them to Julia. The play for female supremacy took three trips before Julia gave up and left the plants in her conservatory.

Lillian hated the gloomy Feichert-Lemp mansion, and upon the death of her father-in-law refused to enter it. Her mother-in-law complained that Lillian would not bring little William III to visit her. Under protest, Lillian went with her son, but she avoided the place whenever she could. She enraged Billy by accusing him of being a weakling and a tool of his mother and brothers.

Billy supposedly once decked Lillian in the bathroom of their home and then sent her sailing down the steps with another punch. When Lillian fled to the phone to call daddy, Billy ripped it out of her hands. Lillian got as far as her room and locked the door. The servants heard Billy,

far into the night, pleading, "Oh come on now, girly, be reasonable, open the door." Billy, at the height of the fight, used epithets and called Lillian names that *The Souland Restorationist* won't let me use. Altogether, it was a very earthy brawl.

According to newspaper reports, Billy is credited with planting a story with a female reporter to call Lillian "The Lavender Lady." She did and the name stuck. He would later deny that he had anything to do with the story, but then admitted he had hoped to make Lillian realize she was causing too much of a sensation and embarrassing him by her regular appearances in lavender. Lillian claimed in court that her favorite colors were tan, black, white and lavender and that she did not continuously wear one color.

Baptism and adultery

Two major issues in the divorce trial centered around the Lemp's 7-year-old son and a note that would be known forever as "the Dear Little Pal letter."

Shortly before Lillian and he were married, Billy Lemp met with the Bishop and signed a statement agreeing to allow any children he and Lillian had to be raised as Roman Catholics (in the manner of all Catholic/non-Catholic marriages at that time). The document was a legal and moral agreement.

A short time later, Lillian was asked to sign a pre-nuptial agreement in William Sr.'s home. She professed not to have read the document, because she was assured it was merely a formality and in no way would "bother her." A paper had been placed over the contents of the document "to keep it from smudging," and without reading it, Lillian signed. The document refuted the agreement Billy had made with the Catholic Church and placed himself in charge of the child's upbringing. Billy professed to be a Lutheran and was listed as such in some of the old personality sketches so popular at the time. He also admitted that he did not believe in a God and did not practice religion.

William III at an early age was introduced to brewery yard language. His father had refused to allow the child to be baptized and taught him to curse the Catholic Church. In all probability, this is what determined Lillian's performance toward her husband. Lillian had the child secretly baptized and did her best to take away the earthy language. The tug of war between the parents began. In order to understand the seriousness of this in our time, it is necessary to remember that everybody at least outwardly professed to a religion. (How else can one display an Easter outfit?) St. Louis was and is predominantly a Catholic town. Feelings against Billy ran high for a few days after this broke.

The "Dear Little Pal letter" was the basis for counter-charges of adultery against Lillian. Lillian had deliberately, or so she said, placed it where Billy would find it. The charge of adultery didn't stick, and Lillian was never known to have had an affair with any man for the remainder of her life.

But the note did the trick. Billy had a detective follow Lillian to ball games, and after paying her way to Palm Beach had a detective follow her there. Friendly hotel desk clerks kept Lillian abreast of the situation.

While in Chicago, Lillian was surprised one evening when Billy along with a detective burst into the room and demanded to know what she was doing. The scene would have been described as comical had it not been for Billy's unreasoning rage and jealousy. When the door gave way and Billy entered the room, Lillian was grooming herself to go to dinner with friends. The only other person in the room was her maid.

This is the infamous letter:

My dear Little Pal:

I wish you could see what I am going through to make "HIM" take me to the show tonight. Of course, the day is not over and I may still succeed. If I fail, then I shall go away, with Ham and Ella [her brother and sister]. However, "he" doesn't know that. Tomorrow I will again take Vella to the matinee. Although I cannot be with you, to watch you at a distance or to feel your presence, thinking of you is my only happiness and my greatest recreation. Do telephone me when you can as I usually answer the phone now. In case I do not you can always put up the phone again or else say my brother wishes to speak to me. "He" is going hunting next week and I wish to heaven he would never return. I am completely worn out and God alone knows how much longer I can stand this loathsome bondage.

Only Lillian would cook up something that imaginative to keep Billy riled. It worked. Billy found the letter, became angry and put it back after copying it. Most everybody felt Lillian was telling the truth. (Some did not.)

The trial wore on for 10 days. The weather was gloomy and cold. Yet crowds made it difficult to get out of the building for lunch. Mr. Handlan and Lillian usually went across the street to the Planter's Hotel. One day Handlan knocked a cameraman down and broke his camera in trying to shield Lillian.

Lillian's lawyers demanded that Billy reveal his worth. Billy placed it at approximately \$2,500,000 with

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Lavender Lady

(from page 23)



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a personal income of \$100,000 a year. In checking with my friendly CPA, I find that translated from 1908 to 1986 means roughly over \$500,000,000.

At the trial's conclusion, Lillian was awarded custody of the child and allowed to raise him as she pleased. Billy had visitation rights, plus two weeks in the summer with the child. He was also to pay a certain amount per month.

An appeal was filed in the superior court of Missouri. Three years later Lillian was awarded a flat sum of \$250,000. By today's standards this is \$25,000,000.

Lillian was free. She had a child she adored and enough money to allow herself personal indulgences. She resumed her color scheme and her rounds of opera, restaurants and private affairs with relish. The flashiness was gone, however, and she became more subdued in her choice of apparel. She was still considered a fabulously dressed woman. When it became available, she got an apartment for her son William and herself at the St. Regis, where she would live for the rest of her life.

Scandal was not quite through with Lillian yet. Her lawyer had to sue her for the amount she owed him for his services as her attorney in the appeal, and Billy brought her back into the court after the divorce proceedings. She had, after the divorce, returned to their old home on 13th Street. Billy had the brewery purchase the house and brought suit to have Lillian evicted. It made the newspapers and, of course, made Billy look bad.

Slow, sad twilight

But as the years went on, Lillian was mentioned less and less. She turned most of her attention to her son, who became her constant companion. He would have been old enough for service during World War I, but there is no available record of his service.

William III worked in the brewery, which by now was faltering. Internal struggles were becoming more apparent, and it was brother against brother in some of the issues. Neither Charles nor Louis had ever cared much for their brother Billy's habits or lifestyle.

Lillian had been right. Billy had been a tool, and when he tried to demand his way with the brewery everything began to go wrong. Prohibition was the final blow. In 1922, he walked into the small front parlor of the Feichert-Lemp home and shot himself.

The house had long since been gutted of its Germanic art and turned into an office. It had not been a home



EDWARD R. FLISS

Lillian resided for most of her life after the divorce at the elegant St. Regis apartments on Lindell just off Kingshighway

since the gaunt Julia died in 1906. The house on 13th Street where Lillian had lived, with its great bowls of violets, had been torn down.

None of the Lemp men wanted the Feichert-Lemp mansion. Charles finally lived there after the brewery had been sold. He also died there by suicide. He was in great pain with several debilitating diseases and ended his life when the pain became unbearable. Friends who know Charles will laugh openly when asked if they believe that Charles haunts the mansion. It seems that he was a wonderfully warm and friendly person, intelligent, and had little use for Billy and his treatment of Lillian. He was Lillian's friend and remained so long after the divorce. He was fond of his nephew.

In 1921, Lillian's father died, leaving a large estate. His will gave the money to his daughters and the business to the sons. When Mollie Handlan died in 1924, her will left the better part of the inheritance to the girls. The brothers sued to break the will. Once more Lillian went to court. This time she and sisters were together in the battle. Lillian pushed the case and demanded a trial. She won, but the family was never quite the same. The brothers who had loved her now left her alone. Her sisters drifted away. The family would never have the same closeness again.

In 1942, William Lemp III was engaged to marry Elaine Tischer. Lillian glowed with happiness. She was extremely fond of Elaine and was

happy for her son. Two weeks before the marriage was to take place, William died on a street in Clayton of a massive brain hemorrhage. He had been on his way to pick up ration cards for his mother and himself.

Miss Tischer had an apartment near Lillian's and took care of her for the rest of her life, even after she herself married. It was to the lovely Elaine that Lillian's estate was given.

From the time of William's death, Lillian put away the lavender and wore only the deepest mourning, including a heavy silk veil. During the late forties she was seen occasionally downtown shrouded in black, with a bunch of silk violets at her waist or on her lapel. She was, by then, just a strange lady in black, and people looked and shrugged. No one knew who she was. She sometimes used Elaine's name instead of her own to avoid recognition.

She became eccentric. She had a habit of coming down to breakfast fully dressed with hat, gloves and purse and would eat in this paraphernalia. She used to visit older members of her family. One cousin was in St. Agnes, and Lillian spent occasional long afternoons with her, laughing at old family jokes and making witty conversation. "Lillian was such fun to be around," recalls the cousin's daughter. "She could always drive away the gloom. I remember her conversations with my mother. Mother was not well, but Lillian always managed to cheer her up."

LAVENDER LADY, page 34

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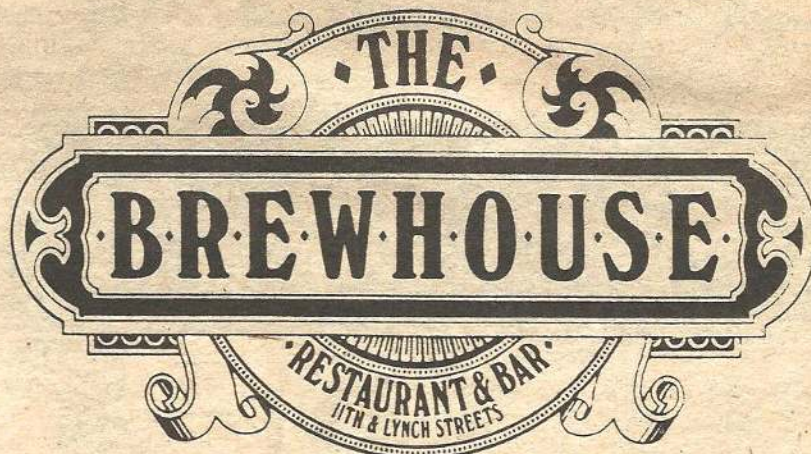
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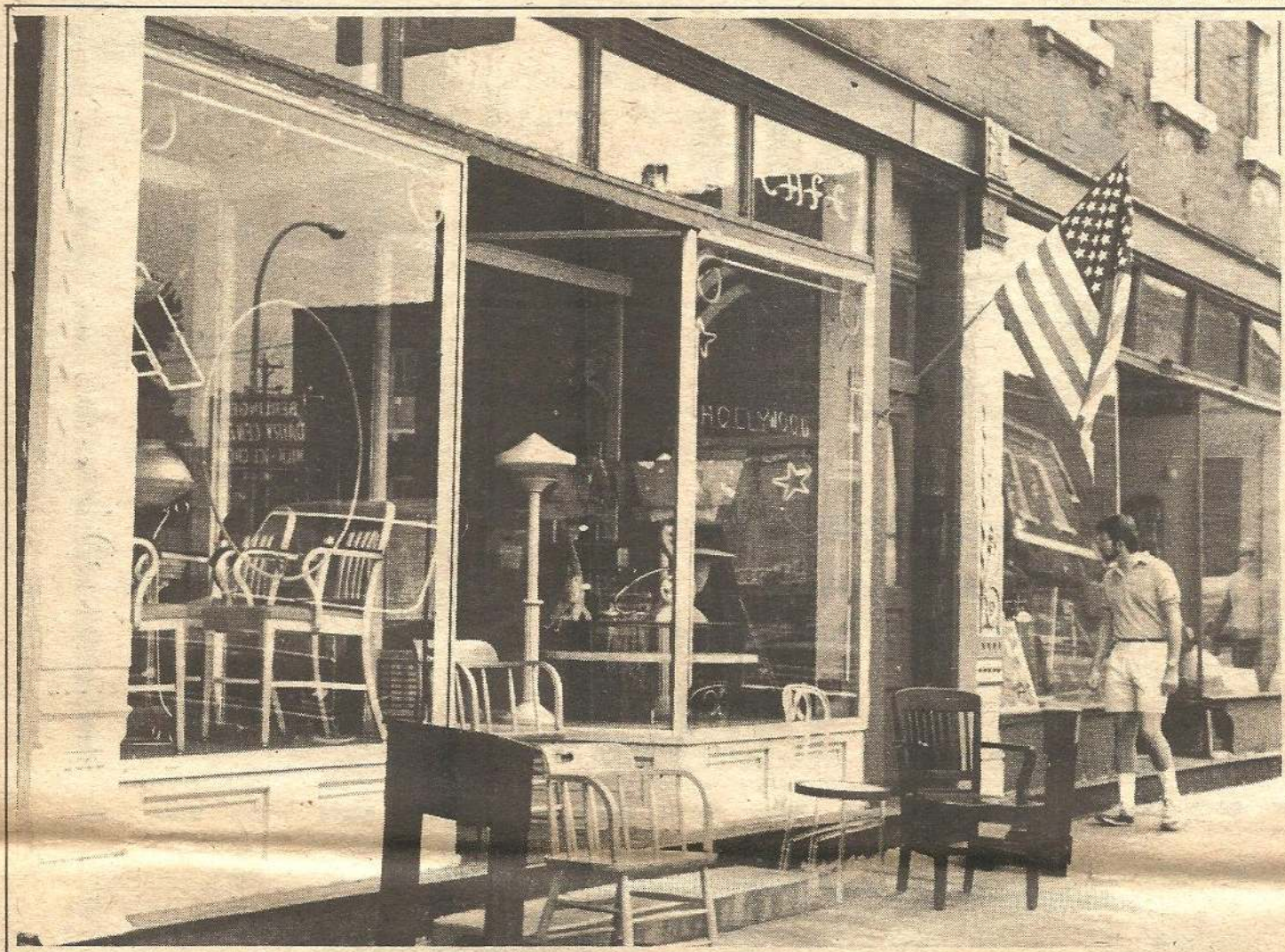
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Cherokee/Lemp: Skinniest Historic

PHOTOGRAPHY BY EDWARD R. FLISS



Small Area Pac

by Paul Faulkenberry, president
Cherokee/Lemp Historic District

It's just one block wide, running from alley to alley along Cherokee Street from Indiana Avenue to DeMenil Place. That makes it the smallest historic district in St. Louis. But there aren't too many places, deemed historic or not, packed tighter with interest than every square inch of the Cherokee/Lemp Historic District.

The district started out as a grazing area known as the Cherokee Commons. People living near south of downtown drove their stock here where the grass was plentiful and water abundant, for the area was pocked with sinkholes. Some of the "sinks" were caused by the collapsing of caverns that honeycomb the region.

These same caves later brought plenty to Cherokee, for they were a great factor in the Lemp family's decision to build a brewery here. The family's fine house was built on a knoll overlooking the Mississippi. What was then the largest brewery in America was nearby.

Cherokee Street flourished along with the Lemp family. Small businesses sprang up around the giant brewery, as did small homes and apartment houses. Several fine large homes were dotted between Cherokee and Benton Park. St. Agatha's Church stands on Utah, now across the highway, as a graceful reminder of the devotion of those early workers who settled the area.

Prohibition, that great effort to legislate America's morality, brought devastation to the Lemp family and to Cherokee Street. The brewery closed, never to reopen. The Lemp



Dozens of antique shops along the stretch of Cherokee from Lemp to Jefferson make the street the most extensive and varied antiques district in the St. Louis area.

Soulard's N

District

ks a Wallop

committed suicide. Workers moved to new jobs, businesses closed, and buildings were sold to absentee landlords who rented to an ever-growing transient population. The landlords came only to collect rent, if then, and the area's scars grew deeper.

Still, the neighborhood survived to prosper again. Upper Cherokee between Indiana and Jefferson became a community shopping area and has remained a viable and vibrant part of the near south side. On Lower Cherokee, the first antique shop was opened over 40 years ago. At Missouri and Cherokee, it remains in the same family's hands today. Since then over 40 more shops have opened. As in the former days of plenty, many owners live over their stores and work every day to bring the area back to its look of yesteryear.

Cherokee Street is now on the National Registry of Historic Places. In April 1986, it became the ninth historic district in the City of St. Louis, setting the official seal on a rebirth accomplished through love and hard work.

Birthday Celebration

There's no better day than Saturday, September 27 to check out the charms of St. Louis' newest and smallest historic district. From 11 a.m. to 5 p.m., the entire street is having a first birthday celebration (a little early, but who cares?).

Antique dealers will be giving special discounts. Area businesses and services will have information booths. Jack Maier from the South Side Journal will be on hand with his unique instruments, and antique and classic cars will be on display. Much more will be happening, so come down and join us!

eighbors



The Indian greets shoppers at the northwest corner of Cherokee and Jefferson, the entrance to a bustling neighborhood shopping district.



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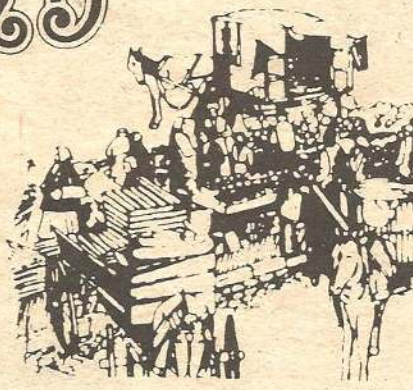
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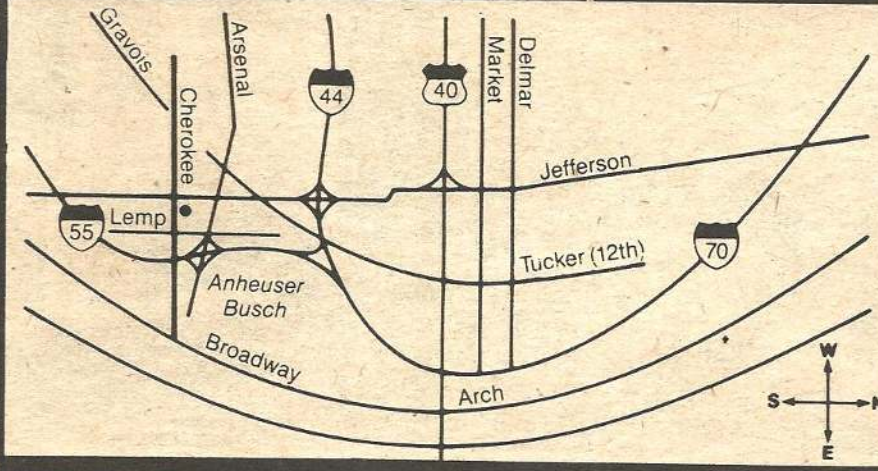
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LEOPOLD'S AT CARNEGIE'S

Superb Italian Desserts

by Jay Gibbs

On a recent Saturday eve, our restaurant-reviewing gang of five reconvened for the purpose of sampling the wares of a fine Souland eatery. Unfortunately, that place happened to be closed. The second restaurant we approached was undergoing renovation and could offer us no solid food. Undaunted, we found satisfaction at *Leopold's at Carnegie's* at 7th and Lafayette Streets. By the time we had reached the superlative finish to our meal, we felt it should have been our first choice. Read on — I'll get to those stupendous desserts in due course.

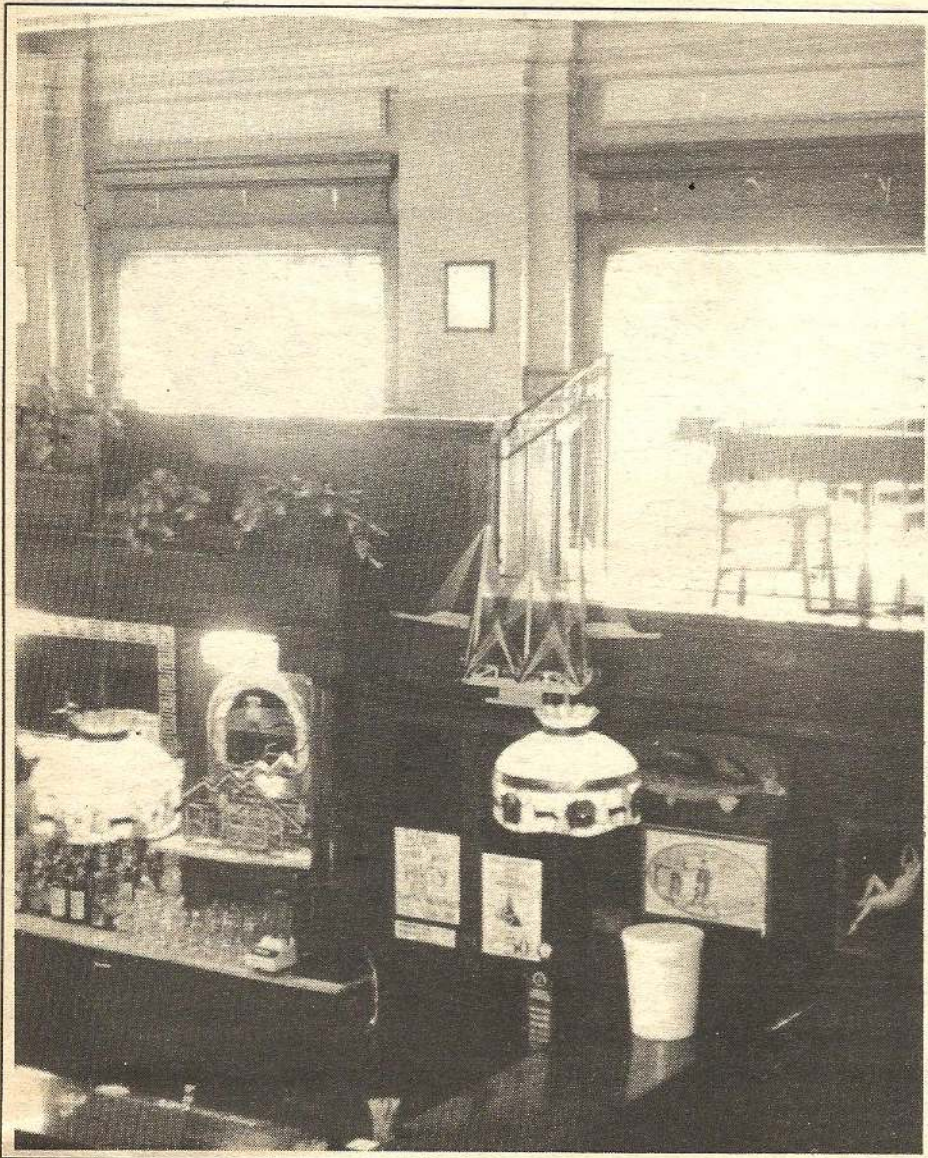
The restaurant, housed in a cavernous former branch of the St. Louis Public Library, was not busy, so we were immediately seated and soon were poring over menus even as the beer was pouring into frosty mugs. A large selection of foods awaited, including appetizers, salads, sandwiches, pizza, pasta, and various meat and fish entrees (although a few too many proved to be unavailable during our visit).

BUSINESS REVIEWS

We first ordered the fried eggplant appetizer: substantial and delicious disks of that vegetable, breaded, fried, and smothered in thick red sauce. Light and crispy, they were much superior to the little wedges lying in a pool of grease that far too many places serve. The salads, which came just before the entrees, were light, fresh, and well seasoned.

By coincidence, we all ordered Italian dishes, mostly pasta, reflecting the main bent of the menu. The spaghetti special was at once inexpensive and hearty; the thick, rich meat sauce provided good company to the noodles. The same hearty sauce covered the ravioli, but unfortunately the pasta was both overcooked and under-reheated.

The winners of the entrees were pasta primavera and spaghetti pietro. The primavera was made with linguini and fresh broccoli, cauliflower, and zucchini, laced with a creamy white butter sauce, its delicate flavor without the slightest hint of "wall-



EDWARD R. FLISS

Leopold's features upper-level dining and a large, elaborate bar built in the 1890s.

paper paste" taste. Even better was spaghetti pietto — pasta with sauteed fresh garlic, romano cheese, and olive oil. If you love garlic but the idea of eating whole cloves sounds terrifying, you owe it to yourself to try this special dish at Leopold's. All harshness is gone, leaving a sweet, subtle taste you probably never knew garlic possessed.

Pizza was a mixed bag. The Leopold's Special included nearly all the available goodies — sausage, pepperoni, mushrooms, onions, and green peppers — in generous helpings and a fine spicy sauce. But the bottom half bore a strong resemblance to cardboard. Needs work — put a good crust under that topping and you'd have a great pizza.

After all this, we considered skipping dessert. Thank goodness we didn't! We ordered four desserts for the five of us and soon were passing them in a circle around the table. One of us had a whistle on a keyring, and the person who didn't have a dessert at the moment was authorized to blow it whenever he/she felt it was time to move the sweets along. As we began to realize the quality of what we were eating, the noise at our table became a serious threat to other diners.

The cassata was a light, spongecake-like Sicilian torte with ricotta cheese

"icing." Granita could be very addictive — tart lemon ice, cold and sweet. Spumoni — well, you may have eaten this multi-flavored Italian ice cream before, but few times as good as this. (All these desserts are made for Leopold's from scratch by P. Rosciglione and Sons, a bakery at 9841 W. Florissant.) A French cream cheese cake was served hot, and had a heavenly melt-in-the-mouth flavor. Words could go on, but you had to be there!

My esteemed colleagues and I agreed that the best desserts we had had in Souard were to be found at Leopold's. And there's stiff competition, so you know that's an accolade!

The service was courteous, and the ornate decor was complimented by the music of a "piano recorder." This is a player piano driven by a computer rather than a metal cylinder or paper roll. The crystalline sound was pleasant accompaniment. And the food prices were pleasantly moderate. A full bar was available.

Despite a couple of weak entrees, we recommend Leopold's at Carnegie's, and we were mystified by the lack of a crowd. Just look for the large blue canopy at 7th and Lafayette Streets, across from Souard Market. Give this one a go, folks — it's worth it. •



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ALLEN AVENUE RESTAURANT

Jamaican Wizardry

by Jann Briesacher

Although our usual "Restaurant Reviewing Society" was unable to gather to check out the new Jamaican cook at *Allen Avenue Restaurant*, I have been there twice with friends and was so impressed on both occasions that I just had to share this delightful experience right away in hopes that I could convince you to put it at the top of your list.

The restaurant is located at 825 Allen Avenue, on the corner of 9th and Allen Streets in Soulard. The bar includes a wide selection of liquors and all Anheuser-Busch beers, as well as Jamaican Red Stripe (of course), Grolsch, Heineken, Guinness, and Buck's, to name a few of the imports.

The Jamaican cook, this wonder in the kitchen, goes by the name of "Mother" and comes from Negril. She has been cooking here in St. Louis for about a year, and at *Allen Avenue Restaurant* since June.

BUSINESS REVIEWS

Allen Avenue has been reviewed for *The Soulard Restorationist* before, and if you want to read about the wonderful wood interior assembled by owner Gary Hibdon, I suggest you find a copy of the February 1985 edition which describes it in excellent detail (or better yet, see it in person!). Now I'm not going to mention the surroundings much, because I am here to get you excited about the food!!

The combination dining room and bar is spacious enough that the tables aren't jammed together, yet small enough to feel cozy. When we sat down, the day manager, Loraine, brought a menu board to us immediately, and patiently explained how each item was cooked to order with Jamaican spices.

The selections ranged from the fish fritter for \$1.50, which she described as salt fish and scallions wrapped in a batter and deepfried (I think I'll have that next time!); fresh soup of the day for \$4; and the house salad for \$3.50. The soup and salad were served with Johnny Cakes, which turned out to be small, slightly sweet

and thoroughly yummy little fried breads.

Plate lunches are priced from \$4 to \$7.50 and feature a vegetable platter, brown stewed chicken, pork chops, Jamaican steak, curried goat, red snapper, and amberjack, a white fish from the tuna family. Plate lunches are served with a small salad, sauteed crisp vegetables, rice and "peas" (which on both occasions were what I call red beans), a fried plantain, and the yummy Johnny Cakes.

We debated and hemmed and hawed as usual, everyone picking a different entree. (People who frown at tasting other people's dinners seem to me to be missing an awful lot.) While we debated, our drinks were served: the scotch neat, the beer cold, and the iced tea pale, refreshing, and endlessly refilled.

On the table were salt, pepper, "Pick-A-Pepper" sauce, and a red liquid in a clear bottle with a generic magic marker label "Hot Sauce." All four were to prove unnecessary.

The time passed in pleasant conversation, discussion of posters from past Soulard Mardi Gras celebrations which adorn the walls, and growls from our tummies as smells drifted out of "Mother's" domain. The wait was reasonable; no fast food joint this — each plate lunch was prepared with fresh vegetables and love.

When the lunches arrived, the plates were piled high with delicious-smelling stuff, and we set into them with little talk.

On the first visit, Vinay had the Jamaican steak, which proved to be

tender and exquisitely spiced. My own choice, amberjack, was a firm white fish steak, again a dream of spices. The rice and red beans were seasoned just right; the salad, fresh and colorful; and the mixed vegetables turned out to be a combination of yams, potatoes, celery, carrots, and onions, sauteed until crisp and delightful.

We cleaned our plates slowly, not wanting to miss a drop of the wonderful seasoning and fresh ingredients, but there was no room for dessert.

I was so impressed that I returned about a week later with my parents in tow, praying that the quality of the first time was not a fluke. They demand excellence in their food, and cannot be fooled. Accompanying us on this trek was Charles, a lifetime friend of my mother, an engineer for a major corporation whose executive lifestyle had taken him to fine restaurants all over the U.S. and as skilled a cook as my mother, my father and I.

Did *Allen Avenue Restaurant* pass this test of excellence???? Read on.

My mother Jeane chose the amberjack, which was as firm and flaky as I had promised her it would be. My father Irv was served the red snapper, and it passed all the requirements with flying colors, too. Both were freshest of fish, and the amberjack had only the center bone. Toward the end of the platter, my father tried the "Pick-A-Pepper" sauce, which he proclaimed tasty and not too hot.

Charles chose the Jamaican steak, which was again fork-tender and mouth-watering. Three days later I

was to learn that he returned to California raving about the uniqueness of the Soulard area and the wonderful food "in that little restaurant Jann took us to," and wondering if perhaps he should investigate Los Angeles city, rather than just driving over it on the freeway.

My choice on this visit was the brown-stewed chicken, which was tender, juicy white meat that I can't even describe. Everything was just heavenly. But what impressed me the most about the food was how well it all came together. As much as I cook and as good as I usually am at analyzing restaurant food to determine the ingredients, I didn't even, *couldn't* even try. Whatever the spices were, they blended together into one taste — mouth-watering, teasing, satisfying. Not "hot," not boring, just wonderful. And since there wasn't room for the plantain fritters or any other desserts, the wonderful combination of spices lingered so well on the tongue that we didn't eat anything while we explored Union Station for the rest of the afternoon!

One last thing. On Saturday, "Mother" makes another specialty of hers, called Jerk Chicken. According to Loraine, this dish is marinated and then grilled outside. And on Saturday, all plate lunches come with complimentary Jamaican Rum punch.

I suppose I could rave on and on about how I impressed I was with the quality of the experience *Allen Avenue Restaurant* has become. But why don't just drop in and check it out for yourself?



"Mother" of Negril, Jamaica, puts the finishing touches on Jerk Chicken at *Allen Avenue Restaurant*.

EDWARD R. FLISS

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SRG to Fund Major Community Projects

A Souland-inspired mural to be visible from I-55 and the planting of over 1,000 trees are the two major projects on which Souland Restoration Group members have voted to spend the group's accumulated funds.

The vote was taken at the general membership meeting held on September 3 at Trinity Lutheran Church. Before the vote, most of the meeting was spent on discussion of proposals previously submitted to the SRG board of directors. Motions were also taken from the floor.

The most important community project is the "reforestation" of the neighborhood. Under the current city-wide program, a certain number of curbside trees are planted by the City of St. Louis every year. Souland receives approximately 60 trees annually. According to research done by the SRG beautification committee, at that rate it would take 18 years to plant enough trees to thoroughly reforest the area. A survey of Souland trees prepared by the committee indicated that an additional 1,006 trees were needed.

If SRG spends money of its own, however, the city is willing to triple or even quadruple in trees and labor costs every dollar the group contributes. The 18-year project shrinks down to three to five years.

The tree project was unanimously accepted by the membership.

"I'm thrilled with the vote," said John Soderberg, beautification committee chairperson. "The greening of Souland has been our top priority for several years. Now we will be able to make huge progress in a short time." He estimated the total combined dollar value of SRG and city contributions to the neighborhood at \$100,000.

Mural facing I-55

In a surprise motion from the floor, Cecelia and Doug Everly offered to donate the west wall of their three-story home at 18th and Sidney Streets as a giant canvas for a Souland-inspired mural to help promote the neighborhood. The Everlys had researched the feasibility and costs of the project, and the idea generated such immediate enthusiasm that the motion carried with little difficulty.

"We felt that Souland needed more of a visual identity as a specific place," said Doug Everly. "Most people from outside the neighborhood know about the market, but have a hard time figuring out where Souland actually is." The Everlys' home is the last house on Sidney Street before

I-55, and the west wall is clearly visible from the highway.

The mural will depict a typical present-day or historical Souland scene. Plans are under way for a contest to select the subject and artist.

The members also voted to fund the purchase of a personal computer system. The computer will be used primarily by The Souland Restorationist staff to keep the newspaper's financial and advertising records, maintain its mailing list, and aid in its production. Electronic editing and design capabilities will not only save considerable time for the volunteer staff but will lead to production cost savings in the future. The computer will also be used to update the SRG membership list and ensure up-to-the-minute changes in the House Sales listing.

Barbara MacRobie, Restorationist editor, and Jann Briesacher, advertising manager, are researching the costs and capabilities of available personal computer systems and will make their recommendations to the SRG membership at either the October or November general meeting.

Adopt a Tree

Oaks, maples, green ash, and Austrian pine trees to grace your yard are yours for the asking if you contact the Souland Restoration Group beautification committee.

The committee has saplings, several feet tall, ready and waiting in plastic buckets filled with peat moss. The trees are suitable for planting in yards where they can be carefully tended (these are not good curb trees). Some autumn olive shrubs are also in inventory. The trees are from seedlings obtained from the Missouri Department of Conservation last spring.

If you prefer white pines, they are available from the Friends of Souland seedling lot. These trees are smaller, still just seedlings.

For more information, call John Soderberg at 664-5411.

Help ReWrite the Historic Code

Is a striped awning out of place on a Victorian house? Can historically correct windows co-exist with modern screens that keep the bugs out?

The look of Souland is the issue for the neighborhood historic code. And you can make sure your concerns are part of it by helping to revise this city ordinance in a project now under way by the Souland Restoration Group.

Any and all persons, especially residents and developers of Souland,

are invited to participate in the process of drawing up the new code. According to Clark Rowley of the SRG code committee, now is the time to make your opinions known. "These are the formative stages," he says. "The final code must reflect the needs of the entire neighborhood."

For information about meetings or how you can participate, contact committee chairperson Phil Willman at 773-6573 or Fred Andres at 773-8188.

Yes! I want to join the Souland Restoration Group.

Here's the information and my check. Let me hear from you as soon as possible.

NAME(S) _____

TYPE OF MEMBERSHIP: ☐ Individual (\$15) ☐ Family (\$25) Two voting members
☐ Senior Citizen (\$1) Name of sponsoring SRG member: _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

ZIP CODE _____

Cut along dotted line and mail with your check to:

Souland Restoration Group
PO Box 13312
Souland Station
St. Louis, MO 63157

Make checks payable to The Souland Restoration Group. Remember, your dues are tax deductible.

Pay Up or Lose Your Vote

All Souland Restoration Group members must pay their dues by Monday, October 6 in order to vote in the election of officers and board of directors at the annual meeting on November 5.

If you have any questions about your membership status, call Thelma Hemmen at 771-5563.

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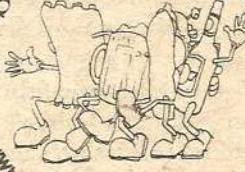
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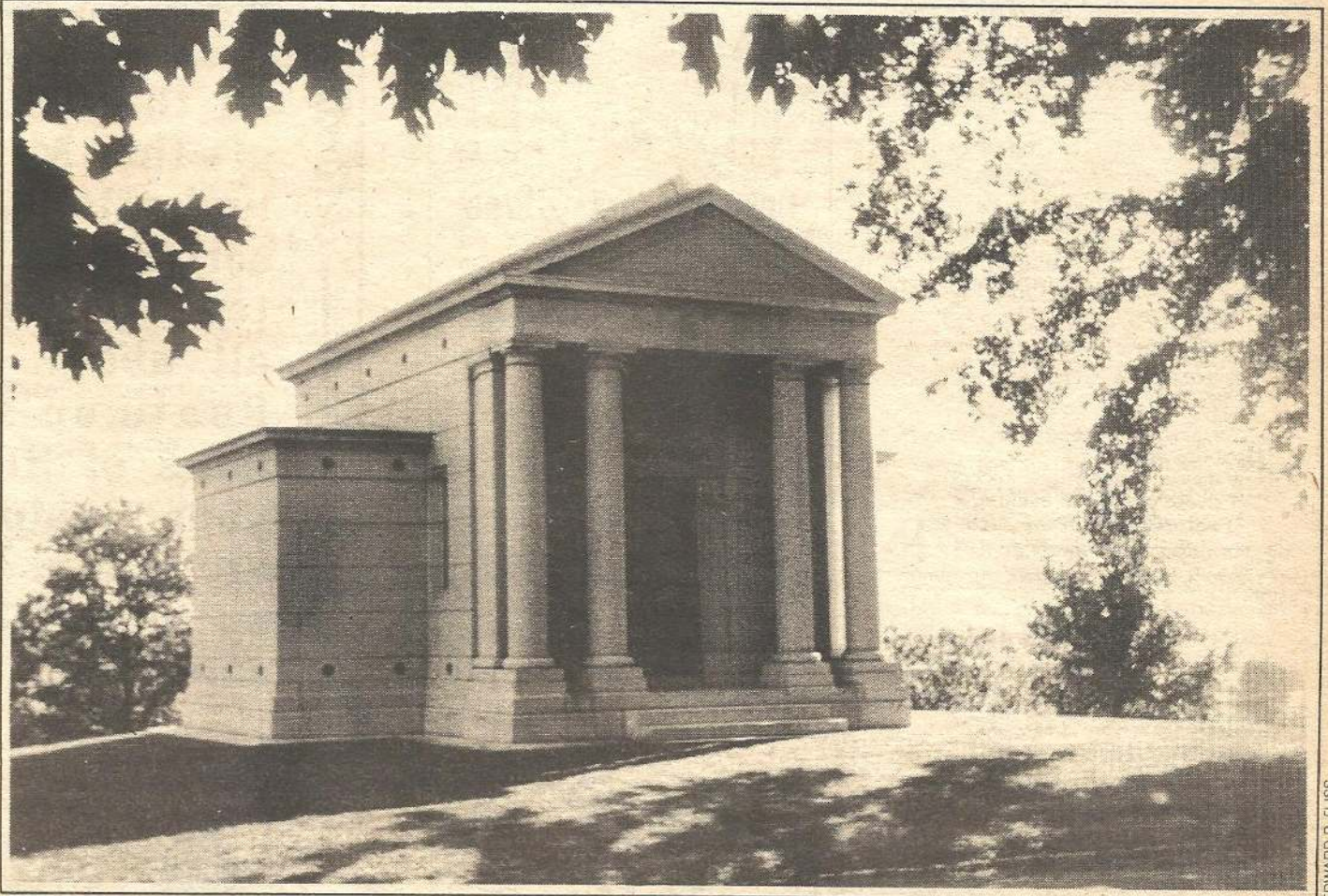
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In Historic Soulard



The Lemp Mausoleum in Bellefontaine Cemetery, where Lillian is interred with her son, her husband, her father-and mother-in-law and many other Lemp relatives.

Lavender Lady (from page 24)



BACK TO WORK!

Summer's over and fall is almost here. Housecleaning might have been low on your list of summer priorities, and now it shows. We can help you get your home back in shape for fall with a thorough cleaning — and set up a regular maintenance schedule with you.

While you go back to work, we'll do your housework.

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She always would have male admirers, though there is no evidence that anyone ever got beyond a handshake. One of her old admirers told me, "Lillian was the best company in the world for a dinner or the theatre. She was not like a lot of women, she could carry her own in any conversation. She was well-versed in just about any topic. Nobody I know ever got close to her, though. She was totally wrapped up in her son."

In 1960, Lillian was taken to Jewish Hospital where she died two weeks later. It had been her only serious illness.

Her obituary stated only that she was the mother of the late William

Lemp III. It was probably Louis who gave in to her request that her only desire was to be buried near her beloved son. The Handlans are in Calvary. Lillian rests beside her son in the Lemp Mausoleum in Bellefontaine Cemetery in North St. Louis.

St. Louis has always had interesting women. Lillian was one of them. She was a delight. No one ever openly accused her of a social faux pas; no one ever faulted her for lack of manners. She was just intriguingly different.

Perhaps the character of the Lavender Lady may be best summed up by a story from another very elegant

lady, the late Mrs. Desloge:

"She had the pew across from ours at College Church. In those days it was almost a rule, or at least a strict understanding, that prior to the service, if you arrived early, you had to remain quiet and maintain strict silence, out of courtesy to those who were there meditating or praying. You got into your pew as quietly as possible. Everybody observed this, naturally.

"You always knew when Lillian came into the church. She was quiet, of course. But you could hear her nevertheless. You see, she wore taf-feta and she rustled." ●

Thank-You to My Sources

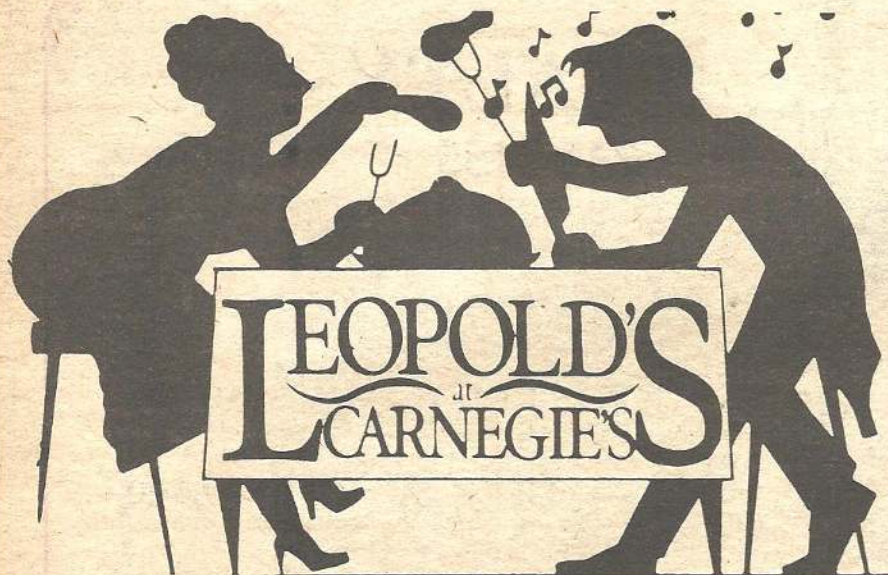
In presenting this story, only the tip of Lillian's tale, I am indebted to the St. Louis Historical Society and to Steve Walker, whose book *The Lemp: A Haunted Story* will soon be available for good reading providing wonderful background. Mr. Walker allowed me to use his notes, which he had so patiently gathered.

I am also grateful to the

members of the Handlan family who did speak with me. To the Duprez descendants, who are still beautiful women and the many people who came from what seemed like nowhere to give stories and add to some of the mysteries surrounding the Lavender Lady, I extend my heartfelt thanks.

To those who did not wish to speak of their relatives, I humbly

respect their reluctance to do so. Certainly there were other members of Lillian's family who achieved success on their own. There were others who were just as beautiful and a lot more quiet about it. And it is understandable that they wish to let Lillian rest in peaceful anonymity. To them I also wish to show my appreciation and understanding for not wanting the intrusion of an interview.



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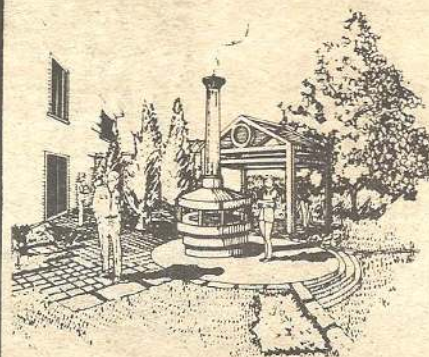
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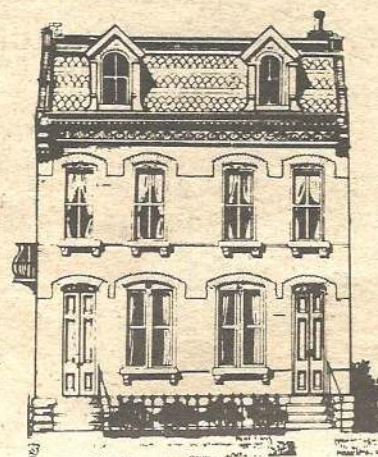
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2352 S. 10th St. **\$65,000**
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1523 S. 10th St. **\$59,900**
Striking two bedroom condominium with large windows overlooking courtyard

2632 Park Ave. **\$56,500**
Two bedroom luxury condominium with underground parking

2019 S. Grand **\$47,000**
Two bedroom rehabbed condominium in Water Tower Place

1405 Missouri **\$39,500**
Large shell in prime location overlooking Lafayette Park

1200-02 Mackay **\$38,000**
Multi-unit shell in Lafayette Square National Historic District

1716 Waverly **\$32,000**
Large two bedroom condominium, ½ block from Lafayette Park

1204 Mackay **\$24,500**
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2323 S. 11th St. **\$145,000**
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2350-52 S. 10th St. **\$130,000**
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3635 Lafayette **\$90,000**
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1314 Mississippi **\$85,000**
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Three bedroom — 1½ bath with attached garage

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Luxury two bedroom condo with fireplace, deck, private entrance and underground parking

1542 St. Vincent **\$69,250**
Three bedroom new home with garage in Lafayette Town

2350 S. 10th St. **\$65,000**
Rehabbed townhouse in **Soulard** with 3 bedrooms and 2½ baths

1313 Missouri **\$61,000**
Attractive two bedroom condo in Lafayette Square

2347 Hickory **\$58,000**
Charming two bedroom house on large landscaped lot in Lafayette Park area

2606 Park Ave. **\$51,900**
One bedroom condominium with underground parking

2045 Geyer **\$45,000**
Attractive two story mansard townhouse partially rehabbed

2624 Minnesota **\$39,500**
Two family income property in good neighborhood

2920 Indiana **\$32,000**
Two family in Benton Park area

2344 Hickory **\$27,000**
Two-½ story shell in Lafayette Square

1717 Lafayette **\$18,000**
Shell in Lafayette Square area

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