

Summer Diary

1952

Unit 3

Diary  
of  
Summer in America  
1952

U0211

Eveline Scott

BOĞAZIÇI  
ÜNİVERSİTESİ  
KÜTÜPHANESİ



404108





June 14 Saturday

The kids evidently pass a weekly visit to Newark to get weekend supplies - we went with them to the great Super-market B. & P. a shop "to write home about". Such an abundance of prepared, refined, wrapped up food stuffs - something phenomenal. We wandered about round-eyed. Would I like it always like this? Would I enjoy buying chops wrapped in cellophane lying in an ice-box? Or would I rather walk down the cobbled lane of Hison buy my chops from the Turkish butcher, by the edge of the Bosphorus? It's a question.

Ronald & Helen & the Tom, too lively Kathy, Sam came for a visit for a short while. And then at 4 appeared Sydney Fisher, Lynn Scipio, little Margaret Fisher in their car to escort us to Worthington for the weekend. Lynn Scipio doesn't look a day older than when I saw him last.



Agnes Scipio and H. H. S.  
The Scipio House  
Warrington, Ohio

Sydney is grayer father - but jovial  
& nice. Little Margaret sucked her  
thumb & looked out of eyes just  
like Elizabeth's.

He speeded along the 27 miles to  
Warrington in 40 minutes. Sydney  
is a fast, but good driver. He  
was deposited at the Scipios' door -  
where we were to spend our time.  
Such a charming house - the best  
type of compact, comfortable,  
pretty American house - Fresh  
wall paper, tiled bathroom, screened  
porch. That man must have saved  
a lot of money while he was at RC  
so of course he was paid a fabulous  
salary when he worked for the govern-  
ment, during the war. Wars kill the  
young, blight the lives of parents,  
but give excellent pickings to the  
old & the screwed!! I think the  
Scipios were glad to have Bosphorus  
guests - they asked a hundred  
questions. That evening we dined

with the Fishers, who live 2 blocks  
away. Their two boys, Alan,  $12\frac{1}{2}$  &  
Lynn,  $8\frac{1}{2}$  are very nice boys indeed,  
well behaved, & Alan, exceedingly  
intelligent. Elizabeth looked  
quite beautiful. She seemed a  
most excellent nurse for 9 - with  
ease. Their house is larger than the  
Sujis they have a big garden,  
at the side out the back. Evi-  
dently Sydney has done v. well.  
He talked & showed pictures &  
discussed the college. After we  
got home, we saw our first home  
television - Dwight Eisenhower  
making a campaign speech  
in Detroit. I don't know whether  
I like it or not - but I do see  
the fascination. The Sujis,  
of course, date on television -  
the Fishers likewise have a set.  
Daily life in h S.A. grows more  
different from life anywhere  
else, yearly!

Ohio State University Campus



Helena, Elizabeth, Margaret  
Lynn, Margaret S. Alan, Sidney  
and Lynn F.

we slept only so so - as it was very hot.

June 15. Sunday.

We were given a sumptuous breakfast at 8. But it was so HOT we didn't want to move - 96° in the shade before the end of the day.

It seems Lynn Scipio has employed his time lately in writing his memoirs - he gave them to us to read - a veritable Book - a huge stack of typewritten papers. My only instinct that Scipio came from the lumberjack of people was perfectly correct. His father was an Italian immigrant - who studied for the priesthood but left it to become an impecunious farmer in Indiana. The Scipios lived in the most primitive of houses - 2 rooms, built by the father. Rough  
I imagine Lynn was the only <sup>one of the</sup> family who received any education and

that only in spots! He knew all about  
horses & harness, oats & corn, crude  
machinery, clearing land - a good  
foundation for an engineering  
career. He sat about all the time!  
10:40 when we drove into Columbus  
I met the Fisher family.

First, we were shown about  
the immense campus - or Ohio State  
(Sydney says 16,000 students!) and  
over the new & perfectly overpowering  
union - built with student money  
& catering to every student need.  
Then we headed us to the Faculty  
Club - a charming furnished building  
where we had a delicious lunch,  
9 or so again - Margaret in a high  
chair - Fisher, the host. After  
that we met a new man recently  
appointed to R.E. His name is  
Charles Reasoner - He is 29 - a  
young widower, who has worked  
his way thru the university  
since his wife died. One crew most

favorable, impressed - He is a handsome, poised, experienced young man, with, I think, the makings of an administrator.

He wanted me to ask a bit out + Alene Little called in her car, looking youthful as to dress. sad, lined & pathetic as to general appearance. She gasped at the heat! Her number is 93 - a care for the daughters. Margaret gave us all cold drinks we talked in the shaded living-room. (Too hot for out-of-doors)

That evening we had supper with the Scipios, sat on the porch in the glamping, then watched television, seeing the Sunday night <sup>insets</sup> batch turn line - a questionnaire on the order of Information Please. Amusing. Had to be bed in a warm, warm bed room, with the electric fan going.



June 16 Monday.

I remembered that this would have been my dear Aunt Frieda's 80<sup>th</sup> birthday! It is also Bob Allen's first wedding anniversary.

We were very glad the Sisters did not suggest any activity for the pm. so that we sat about & talked, I sewed & wrote. The evening went quickly. We had a short rest, packed & then Elizabeth, Sydney & Bill & Janet called for us in their car to drive us back to Greenville. A very nice weekend.

We found the Schods still here waiting for Gene who was due sub. pm. We also found good mail. We went to the Kato's home, which is now empty, saw our "ballinick" — fun. We bought breakfast provisions unparched & supped "en famille."

June 17 Tuesday

Dinah is playing. Here we are 2 weeks after arriving in U.S.A.

He had our first breakfast alone in the hosts house show me it was. Cereal with bananas, toast + orange juice coffee - very good. Dearly worship in the immaculate little kitchen, with its American air. At 11:30 we said goodbye to all the Schads, who were leaving for a motor trip to New York. They are a very nice family - affectionate, out-going - really nice.

As there was considerable bustle at the Wileys, we decided to get our own lunch - spam + fruit - quite adequate. The quietness of this house all to ourselves is very refreshing.

He went to the Wileys for supper, then the five of us, who were left,

were taken for a drive (or a Drive  
Queen ice-cream) along pretty  
country roads & home.

June 12 Wednesday

This was the day Parker had  
offered to drive us to the farm,  
near Brighton, Michigan. This  
was something of a plot, for the  
idea was that Helen should come  
with us as far as Ann Arbor &  
leave us there to pursue her way  
back to Waywood - Poor Helen.  
It has transpired that she would  
like to have stayed with the Wileys  
in Cranville or with the Mueches  
in Brighton for the rest of the days  
but alas, her relatives (or rather  
her step-relatives) were not  
anxious for either arrangement.  
Personally, I don't see why she  
hasn't arranged to room with  
Edna Valpey, her closest, most  
intimate friend. Perhaps she has  
tried there, too. Who knows?

Eric did not come with us - we therefore were four. I made a few sandwiches <sup>we</sup> ~~we~~ <sup>we</sup> of about 9:15 A.M. It was a most interesting trip. Tocher is an excellent driver, often going at 60 m.p.h. but he is careful. We went via Route 23, passing by a score of tiny Ohio towns - all much alike - tree-lined, lawns, surrounded by houses. I saw my first Motels & strange caravan series for travelling motorists. Then the Highway Depts. in both states have constructed Roadside Parks, places with benches under trees, drinking water, Rest rooms, (simple), where motorists can stop to rest and/or to eat picnic lunches. At one of these we stopped & had a very delicious lunch.

Immense traffic on the roads, especially huge vans, & Conversions



The farm at  
Brighton, Michigan

carrying four automobiles apiece  
who delivered to customers. The  
Ohio country is fertile, green,  
rolling with fine trees & ex-  
cellent roads. We drove 220  
miles altogether till we reached  
the farm. But before that, we  
stopped at Ann Arbor, found  
Helen's friend's house, where  
she proposed to spend the  
night & then drove on to the  
road to Brighton, but before  
reaching that town, turned off  
on a country road, H & S re-  
cognizing some of the land-  
marks, till we reached the farm.

We were there in 1938, so it  
wasn't new to me. The old Uncle  
Gottlieb (husband of Harold's  
father's sister-in-law - God!  
what a miser) has died - But  
living there are Harnes & Flora  
Musch, Jonathan Musch, their  
adopted son, & his wife, Evelyn.

This is another world - one I know nothing of. We met all these good people, talked a bit till after six, then had a delightful supper. The whole output of the farm is now M.L.K.

There are 22 cows, all milked by electricity - in fact nearly everything is done by machinery, & only these two men do all the work. It must be back-breaking. The young wife, Evelyn, teaches school in Brighton - the 4<sup>th</sup> grade but now school is over. She is plain - a simple soul - but seemingly with a industrious.

After supper Forbes wanted to drive into Brighton some five miles away to see his old home & a friend or two. So we spied into Haines' car & were off. I have known Brighton, too - & have seen Forbes' old home - a very modest affair on a quiet side street

we ended up with a visit to Miss  
Persis Cook - an old friend,  
retired school teacher, who has  
recently built herself a house -  
we had to go over every inch of it  
but the process was worthwhile,  
for we saw the most compact,  
closet-lined dwelling in the  
world - picture window, looking  
out on to a small creek & shipping  
hills - tiled bathroom - perfect  
kitchen, like a laboratory - in  
fact an American dream of a house.  
Went to home about 10 to bed, in  
a double bed, which bothered us,  
but I think, after an hour's tossing,  
we slept fairly well.

June 19 Thursday

The 2 men of the family had been  
up at six, milking the cows, but  
went back by 8 when we all had  
breakfast together. No morning  
prayers, I am glad to say - he had  
them in 1938 - all kneeling!

I took a snapshot or 2 & we were  
out about 9:30. We made for New  
Ark, where Forbes was to see a  
publisher - He was only away  
20 mins. or so - so we went  
No far as Perrysburg, Ohio, just  
beyond Toledo, we followed the  
same route as yesterday, but  
after that, we came back by different  
roads, via Mansfield and Ashland,  
the place where Forbes teaches in  
the winter. We circled Ashland  
College - a tour of a place - & then  
stopped at 1122 Grant St. Saw  
the house of Dr. Carpenter, where  
Gra & Forbes live for 9 months of  
the year. Quite little home - com-  
pact & easy to take care of.

Our lunch was again at a  
Roodside Park - but we hurried  
on to Granville, which we reached  
by 5:30 - making 240 miles on our  
return journey. Gra & Forbes were  
due to go to Newark to church



supper, so we said we would have  
our supper alone at home which  
we did. The end of a perfect trip  
as to weather as to spirits. There  
was none & we were pleased.

June 20. Friday

Smith Hope's 20<sup>th</sup> wedding  
anniversary. <sup>(No, tomorrow)</sup> Is it possible? I  
was domestic all the time, when  
I met Ora at The Beauties Bay,  
where we both had a wonderful  
shampoo & set - & looked very  
fine! Lunch at one at the Willys.  
A telephone call from Mrs. Russell  
Williams to say that Daisy and  
Maynard Williams would be in  
town & would we come & see  
them? So at about 5 or 6  
we called at Dr. Williams'  
house had a chat with  
the Maynard Williams on the  
porch. They are just the same.  
Daisy looks as good as ever,  
Maynard as bluff & talkative.

They want us to take a suit and  
to George, which is asking a lot  
— however George says, brought  
us things in 1949 & we should  
be glad to reciprocate.

In the evening we visited  
Forbes & Bra to dinner at the  
Granville Inn & it was festive.  
The food, good. Then Forbes took  
Bra home & we three went to  
see a play, Petruvot Seven by  
the Revison University players.  
They have an immense tent on  
the campus. The play was not  
amusing & very good for ama-  
teurs — foolish but funny &  
we enjoyed ourselves. It wasn't  
too late when we got home — only  
a little after 10:30.

June 21. Saturday

The boys go every Sat. - 12th  
to work for weekend shopping  
so we accompanied them to the  
large Super-market & were again



Family Portrait

W. S.  
 F. S., Euelia, Hissette, Susie, Cera, Harold  
 Lyma, Helen, Ronald & Kathy Sue  
 taken by F. S. Wiley

much impressed. Except for the  
 cleaning, + planning + dish  
 washing - being a housekeeper  
 in America is simplicity itself.  
 All goods are prepared + if one  
 gets a package of a "mix" or  
 mix or whatever, on the box there  
 will be minute instructions as  
 to what to do with it.

At 11:30 I actually got a  
 cotton dress in Greenville - \$7.16  
 with top. I had needed one  
 badly. This is a very nice house-  
 dress - blue, one color, buttoned  
 front - quite O.K.

Supper was quiet - only the  
 fun of us - long talk afterwards.

June 22 Sunday

Of course we had to go to  
 Church in this poor town. The  
 First Baptist Church. It was only  
 half full, it being vacation. The  
 minister is a Mr. Kramer -  
 (pronounced an Americana Crooner!)



It is + Evelyn with Susie + Lynne

His subject was the Glory of God. To me, it seemed only words. The hymns make me feel absolutely desolate - indeed the whole service has the most devastating effect on me. My only reaction is, "Poor mankind, lacking resources for comfort in a world full of sin + disaster + unjust calamity."

In the P.M. Harold Wiley's family from Alta Vista arrived. They are charming! We saw them just before supper in the evening - Hester is beautiful. Susie + Lynne - well brought up. Harold is the most interesting of his whole family - + this branch of the Wileys has a more cosmopolitan air and understanding than any of the others. Ronald + Helen are provincial; Dorothy + Gene are domestic, middle western. but Harold + Hester



Sister Rhonda Wiley

are sophisticated.

June 23 Monday.

On 32nd wedding anniversary. Blessings on my Dear Man! At breakfast time a lovely bouquet of white carnations appeared at the door. Really, he is too good to me.

Hosted the late afternoon in the Public Library & I was able to take out Cronin's Autobiography Adventures in Two Worlds parts which were interesting reading. Also Steve Young's Pavilion reminiscences of life in the deep South - well written.

We had a telephone call from Dorothy in the early P.M. from Scarsdale, saying they were returning to Waukegan next Sat. even though we come out on Sun. to spend the night. We think we can.

It was suggested by the Wileys that we stay over one more day



Family Portrait  
Taken by E.T.S.

then instead of leaving for Chicago on Thurs. The 28<sup>th</sup> - I was only too glad to comply. Forke has said he would drive us to Marion, Ohio, where we can go by the Erie R.R. to Chicago in 4 hrs. instead of going all the way from Newark, wh. would take us E. But very satisfactory. We wrote to Helen to this effect. The plan now is 2 nights at Maywood, one night at Waukegan, then the Penn. R.R. on the P.M. of Monday, the 30<sup>th</sup>, to reach Newark, N.J. on the morning of Tuesday, the 1<sup>st</sup> of July.

On the evening there was a family gathering - Ronald, Helen, Heather, Sue - and all the Harold Wiley youngsters. We provided the ice-cream for the feast & Helen built a lovely, mint-flavored birthday cake, as Susie was eleven on June 20<sup>th</sup> (born 1941) We showed our Turkey pictures

had a very nice evening. Celebration for a birthday and a wedding anniversary. Of this sort a festive Seasm!

June 24 Tuesday

My dear mother died seven years ago today. I miss her constantly. She would have been 86 if she had lived.

This was a quiet day - & desperately hot. We really suffer from the weather. Harold Wiley left early by plane for Columbus ~~by~~ for New York on business, planning to be back by Thursday evening.

The event of the day for us was a letter from Jo Pochman, saying she would like to return with us to Turkey for the month of Sept. Hwan! Hwan! Hwan! It seems to me a good deal to ask of people she hardly knows. I hope she doesn't come. Would have been on the journey rather at home when Sam

heating in a new coat, trying to  
put my house in order after 3 mos.  
absence, Hunt will come to stay,  
for a while in mid-Sept. He will  
be up to his eyes in work all the  
month. Jo will want to sightsee!  
Dman! Dman! Dman! H.S.  
wrote back a cordial letter - two  
words, that. Putatively, the  
expense will date be. She calmly  
asks us to "arrange" for a place  
on the Independence → a plane  
journey back Sept. 30<sup>th</sup> with no  
apologies or suggestions that it might  
be difficult or inconvenient. But  
how can we find a place on the  
Bubara at this distance. When!  
Poor old Jo is a dull dog & I  
for one am not enthusiastic, that  
I may sound "catty" to say so!  
June 25 Wednesday.

We continue to have appalling  
weather. Forbes drove Harold & me  
to Newark to check on two big



suitcase - we took the opportunity  
to go to the Super-market to a  
woodworth's to buy this & that. It  
was nearly 11:30 before we got back  
again.

Amaret after lunch was rather  
short, as Alene little so friend,  
Mrs McCloy came at a little  
after time (Heaven! what an hour  
for a call - where but in America!)  
This it was boiling hot, (She & I  
had tea, while the others took  
cold drinks all American). I  
showed Alene some of my pictures  
& she was nicely interested. He  
is obsessed by politics - a staunch  
conservative Republican - dead  
against any signs of Socialism  
or "the welfare state". Being a  
person, with an independent in-  
come, he resents taxation with  
venom. He summons me bitterly  
when I say America seems to  
be wonderfully free & wonderfully

persons. "We are not as free as we were," she says, "and prosperity is so levelled off - not to be what it was!" Mrs. McClary was a nice person - a second wife of a man who knew Esther Beyer's Gift Shop - whose husband is now an invalid.

The day was marked by visitors. In the evening at the hills first the Richards came to call and then the Tituses. The former stayed only a short time - the latter in a pretty nice dress - he is one of these ugly new American slack shirts & grey trousers. He is tall - has a horse face - is Dean of the College. I do remember that he was born in New Zealand - His father was a Baptist minister from Lancashire! Can you imagine the type? He came with his family W. T. S. D. when he was 10 - went to Linfield College, Oregon (who ever heard of it) from which

he got an honorary degree in 1947.  
(Probably one from Deinson is of more  
value??) His father never became  
naturalized, but he did in the first  
World War.

The other visitors  
were the Titus. None of these people  
have any conversation. They simply  
make pleasant social noise. Mrs.  
Titus quite innocuous until you  
ask about her Daughter, upon which  
her face lights up & she speaks with  
animation. That's really it. Each  
person in this somewhat snug  
community is interested in their  
own children & darling, darling  
grandchildren. Gossip, too, about  
alumni from Deinson — That's  
what they want to talk about.  
This doesn't include Fisher — he is  
much better, with a really alert  
mind.

June 26 Thursday

A day of terrific heat. We spent  
it indoors all day. Lunch with

the Wiley's, then a rest station supper  
with the Wiley's.

Harold Wiley returned from N.Y.  
by plane from Columbus. Susie,  
Susie, & Forbes went to meet him  
in the car, while W.H., Ora & I sat  
on the lawn under the tree, enjoying  
the fire this waiting for their return.  
Harold got in about 8:45 saying  
the heat in N.Y. had been unbearable.  
It was pleasant in the plane,  
but as soon as they came down,  
the heat wave enveloped them.  
As we left there was thunder &  
lightning - but very little rain.  
Harold W. drove us home. As W.H.  
got out of the car, he tore a large  
rent in his beautiful new brown  
trousers - Ouch! I mended  
them as well as I could.

June 27 Friday.

Our last day in Granville. Happily  
it was slightly cooler. We have  
been so really, so kindly treated

here - that we leave with regret  
Having the use of the 1coto house  
has been a God-send. we were in-  
dependent for hours together; we had  
two beds. (the middlemost seems to go  
in heavily for double-beds!!) a  
radio of our own, an really charming  
kitchen, where we could prepare  
our own breakfasts - (we had 2  
other meals there - one lunch and  
one supper)

Forbes & Bea called for us in their  
car at 9.30 & we went first to Maple  
Street to say goodbye to the nice  
affectionate Harold Wileys. Then we  
were off for Marion, O. where we  
were to get our train for Chicago -  
The line. It was an easy, very  
pleasant drive. But how tame &  
monotonous is the Ohio landscape.  
Forbes, being Michigan born thinks  
that state very superior. Perhaps  
it is - He thinks it may have more  
character.

When we reached Marion W. H. went into a clothing store & was able to get a very inexpensive pair of brown slacks which matched his coat. He went at a quarter to 12 to the coffee room of the Hotel Howard for a hurried lunch -

It wasn't very good & we had to swallow it against time only to find out, at the station, that our damn train was 25 minutes late.

If we had only known, the faithful Torkers & Bra waited till they were able to wave goodbye. Our car was air conditioned & we sped over the flat land to Chicago - 4 hrs.

Wells was at Dearborn Sta. to meet us to our astonishment. It was much easier in Chicago than it had been in Ohio. He went first to Union Sta. to buy our Monday night tickets which took a little time - then a taxi to the Bluebird bus to take us to

Maywood. It is a long way  
Our impression of Chicago, at first,  
was of a very ugly industrial city  
- & noisy by reason of the elevated  
RR - the old loop. But later we  
did see the fine boulevards -  
later still the Lake Shore Drive,  
which is an ornament to the whole  
city.

We reached the Maywood Baptist  
Home Hospital, 315 Prairie Street,  
at 7 - very late, as the old people  
have their supper at the ungodly  
hour of 5:30. Helen had wangled  
a room for us, with a single bed  
to couch, ~~for~~ - including a  
private bathroom - on the corridor.  
First Helen to get special privileges  
he went out almost at once to  
a neighboring restaurant called  
Dudman's where he had a very good  
meal - so home in the gloaming  
with the air growing heavier &  
warmer. To bed early.

June 28 Saturday.

Breakfast in the Dining Room with all the old ladies - who sat at Helen's table too - but the only other person was a Mrs. Weislein (German of course) pleasant but neutral. It began by being very hot but we decided the best thing to do was to take a sight seeing bus to get a proper view of Chicago.

Helen hurried us out to catch an 8:25 bus which was really too early - however we made it. Then to a Bus Depot where we got a Gray Line which took us on a circle round & round the city. We take Shore Drive, & the many parks & beaches made quite a contrasting impression to the squalor & shabbiness of the inside of the city. We were shown the Ellis Memorial of all things - very dull - Our conductor told us this about large hotels, stupendous buildings, costly



It is that but how thin everything  
seems after sightseeing in Europe.

Helen was crazy for us to see the  
Art Institute, so we left our bus  
at 11:30 went into the huge museum.  
He concentrated on pictures for half  
an hour - they are beautifully  
arranged - & some of them are very  
fine indeed. At a little after 12  
we went to the 'Museum Cafeteria'  
had a pleasant inexpensive meal.  
Helen eats "gravy" for the most part  
- & slowly, slowly.

He took the bus back to Waywood  
had a short rest in the boat. At 4  
Helen wanted a fine iced tea - &  
we had to see her treasures - bits  
of Chinese embroidery, old photo-  
graphs - Poor thing, how pathetic  
is old age! Helen's room is very  
small & stuffed to the gunwales  
with papers, pictures & envelopes  
& books & everything imaginable.  
Dust lay thick in some places.

Supper again downstairs with  
the old ladies - at 5:30. We met  
Mr. & Mrs. Poorman, the head & his  
wife - they seem sympathetic &  
kind. They have just returned from  
a three weeks' vacation.

After 9 - He & I took a walk in  
the twilight - but it was so  
breathless. I smoked a cigarette  
on a park bench & at 9 we  
went into a drug store for a  
battered milk or sundae -

June 29 Sunday.

Doberty had telephoned to say  
they would not come for us to Waywood  
but could we come by train? to  
Waukegan. We ordered a taxi for 3.  
Helen was kind enough to ensure  
us for church. She herself went  
to the Chapel to hear a certain  
Mr. Taylor, an ex-Baptist minister,  
from England originally.  
His wife (from Stratford or - Devon)  
called on us at about 10:30 - a

This sort of person - evidently a friend of Helen's. I expect she was a farmer's daughter in England - but because she came from Stratford she is adorned with glasses in Helen's eyes.

We had dinner at one with the old ladies - but before that we had to see all Helen's pictures & the other treasures - Some of her pictures I do like - others not so well. She wants to give us one which now hangs in Hasseltine House (we have to go & get the darn thing) - I don't know how much we are going to like it. We had only a short rest & then took our taxi in to town with a farewell to Helen & a not unhappy goodbye to the Old Ladies Home. Our taxi-man turned out to be from Rumania originally - he talked to us all the way into Chicago &

was so amazed to learn that we  
came from Dursey, he had some  
difficulty in finding the entrance  
to the Electric R.R. at Inhab +  
Adams St. but finally made it.  
Coming back from weekend  
leave was a whole group of  
naval cadets - bound for the  
Naval Station at Great Lakes.

It was hot, as usual. Gene  
met us in his open car, we  
were driven to the Schach home  
at 420 Hickory St. It is larger  
than attractive than I imagined.  
The garden is quite spacious -  
a lawn, a place to play but  
no flowers or at least, few.  
How anyone in U.S.A. has time  
or energy to cultivate gardens,  
I don't know. The guest room  
was really Nancy's room - a  
double bed (!) + a closet  
stuffed with her clothes + treasures.  
Before dinner, we had real

Drinks - Tom Collins - highballs -  
something we have not seen or  
tasted since we left New York.

Our dinner was excellent - all  
done by Dowling. What a pretty  
yellow kitchen she has! - and  
all the fixings - deep freeze,  
dish washing machine, washing  
machine, frigidaire, vacuum  
cleaner. The children are nice  
but Harry would do well with  
a little more discipline.

After supper we had a drive  
round Waukegan to see all  
the pretty houses (many built  
by Gene - that is, designed)  
+ the water front. The latter is  
ugly as Waukegan is industrial  
& allowed factories to be built  
on the lake early on, whereas  
other lakeside towns were able  
to beautify their advantages.  
Television again before we re-  
turned.

Powder, Gen. Sutter, & Co. We went a bit early in order to have a short glimpse of the wonderful Washburn fields. It is an astonishing achievement, but I wish we hadn't lingered so, tho' we started for the nearby Union Sta. at 5 our train left at 5:30 we got into a late traffic jam that had only 5 min. lee-way. Helen, the ever Fortunate, was at the train to bid goodbye. Our foreman was rapid & off we were on the det.

We had what is known as a "bedroom" - more like a wagon-fit compartment than anything I have known in America. All necessities at hand - but our "drawing room" on the way to Ohio was better. We had an excellent meal at 6:45 - with all the fixings. And so to bid adieu to our Penn R.R. and across the country.

July 1 - Tuesday

Bft on the train at 8 then a swift run into New Jersey - everything looking very familiar - a pang when I saw Prince Condemnation rushing by. We were at Newark by 11:30 Daylight Savings Time & got a taxi to 21 Hooker Rd in no time.

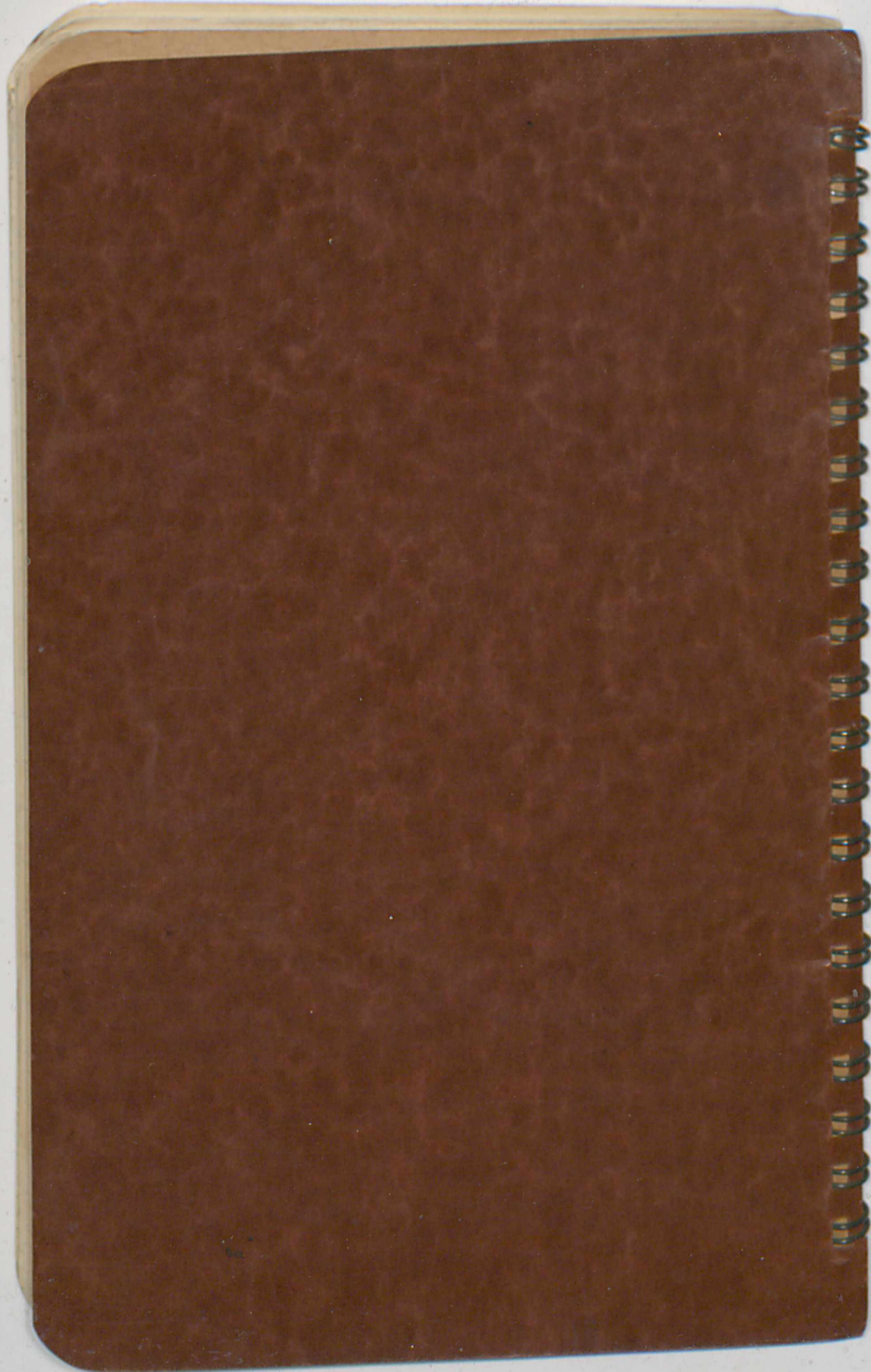
As always a welcome awaited us. Eleanor is the same dear. I missed Lucy's exuberant ways & thought sadly of life's topic changes & her long suffering & her gallant fight - Margorie Thomas, who lives with Eleanor, does the cooking & is sort of paid companion, & a very nice person in her early 50s. She is divorced - born in Walden - capable kind. Eleanor is very clever to have found her - she has been here since May, 1957 - a little over a year. We were shown into our perfect & familiar guest room & felt at

home on the instant, lovely house.  
And how lucky we are to be made  
welcome here.

Mrs. Hartwell was having an after-  
noon party for her daughter, Bobbie,  
who is about to go abroad for a  
holiday - the son's fiancée - we  
were asked to go but it was an  
awful treatise. All four of us drove  
over. There were hundreds of women  
jabbering. Mrs. H. gave us a warm  
welcome & Bobbie was nice if pre-  
occupied. The fiancée & her mother  
seem young and genteel. We  
talked to next door neighbor -  
a woman - "My son's in Labrador -  
see?" out of things. "And I'm so  
worried" - without the flicker  
of an eyebrow. We hastened  
away as soon as decent. No  
tea - merely one of these non-  
descript cold drinks in America  
which go by the name of tea.

Pleasant dinner on the porch &  
television afterwards.





**Boğaziçi Üniversitesi**

**Arşiv ve Dokümantasyon Merkezi**

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**Scott Ailesi Koleksiyonu**



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