

Diary 1957

Vol I

DIARY
of
A SOJOURN
in
ENGLAND
and
AMERICA.

vol. I.

1957.

Eneline T. Scott

Begin Aug. 7.
Ended Sept 30.

BOĞAZIÇI
ÜNİVERSİTESİ
KÜTÜPHANESİ



404109



Preface

When we arrived in London on Aug. 7th at 11:30 P.M. weary & bothered by our long flight from Istanbul, I was already dreaming of the note-books I would buy (Century unless) to say nothing of good ink, good note-paper, and good envelopes. On the morning of the next day, I presented myself at Bookstallers on Oxford St. Behold! Century note-books are no longer made without lines. I tried Howland's, I tried Sel-bridges - was told there was little sale for unlined books of this kind - so I have had to be satisfied with this. Never mind. It is so much better than anything on the Istiklal Caddesi that I am content.

Diary



August 7, Wednesday.

An long anticipated day, the beginning of a journey to England and America. More precious than we at first thought, because we nearly put off our journey, when himself was so ill in the hospital. "Tomorrow always comes." Our journey started out in a hurry fashion, on the evening before (Tuesday, the 6th) at 11:15 P.M. The telephone rang. It was the B. E. R. office, telling us our plane would be 2 hours late in starting. I had arrived late, because of minor cupric trouble. So, instead of leaving the house at 9:30 P.M. we didn't leave till 9:15 - Goodbye to the beautiful Agnif Andrea - last church all done. What a business! he had been down to Arslanli Konak, the morning before, to bid the good aunt Banuel - Donna I did hate to leave her behind - so anxious had she been to accompany us when our plans were first made.

He had a long wait at the B. E. R. office where our baggage was weighed. The smiling Caroline Behm came down to wish us "bon voyage" - Finally at 10:30 we climbed into the bus for the airport. Another interminable wait, while our plane was serviced. We didn't leave the ground till 12:30 P.M. (instead of 9:45 A.M.) As usual I had been sick with fear over the idea of flying. Ashamed Don of myself for this was our 12th or 13th flight & one would think

I had mastered some of my apprehensions. But no. I envisage all manner of catastrophes: a defective engine; too much baggage, so that the damn thing is overweight; a fall over the helter; a descent into the Aegean - a thousand ills, silly possibilities.

We arrived in Athens one hour + 20 mins. from Istanbul. It was not overpoweringly hot, but we had had our lunch en route + needed no refreshments. I am always impressed by the flip attitude of the young Greek girls, dressed in home-spun embroidered chemise, who preside at the counter of Greek trophies. They chatter, they giggle, they hardly notice their customers. I went up to the counter + bought for one American dollar 2 little Greek dolls - a man in fustella + a peasant girl - thinking they might amuse Ronald's little girls. To our consternation, it was announced that we must wait an hour or so in Athens, while something more was done to the engine. Here delay.

When we finally boarded the plane again, I said to the pretty stewardess, "Are all the screws now in place?" And she smiled + said, "I hope so!" Not too convincing to timid Echina. Between Athens + Rome, we were given coffee + sandwiches + at last we arrived at the familiar Roman airport. And there was Cornelia Roberts waving to us from an upstairs balcony. He signalled that

she would try to join us. I never thought she would, but she is a clever soul - she persuaded the guard to let her by, + she came, when we were waiting. Really, what a nice creature she is. She was in green, a saucy dress - she looked becoming - tanned + thinner. She said she had had a wonderful summer + only wished she had taken this course ten years ago. In characteristic Greekness she brought us Roman sweets - generous always. The time was very short - only half an hour, but we chattered hard + certainly it was rewarding.

Off we then were for the last long lap to London - though I don't recall it seemed. The Alps were veiled with clouds, so we saw nothing of them. Appoints me, across the aisle, sat a fat young Englishman from Nigeria (he said) who smoked incessantly + so carelessly that I feared he would set the upholstery on fire! Drinks were served at six (our time was all day-wire) + I noticed he had three whiskies + sodas, ^{a large liquor} + 20 cigarettes between Rome + London. It grew dark but there was no rain. At last, at last we drew over London + viewed all the myriad lights on the roads in the houses in the suburbs. A fairly nice scene. Flying still seems so great a miracle to me that I am astonished when the great plane finds its way in safety along the narrow airstrip at London airport. I never thought as it was so late, we might take a taxi, but when he found out that it

would create - we decided on the bus. That bus ride - I have complained about it many times. It kept to one's heart. But we were so exasperated by our many delays & so weary, that this time our station was calmer. We got out at Gloucester Road, & took a taxi to 34 Gloucester Place. We saw the bell (it was then 11:15 P.M.) & that kind Mrs. West came in her dressing gown & let us in. She did apologize for our delay, but she didn't seem to mind too much.

We were shown into the ground-floor room occupied by Mr. Mrs. Davies & the room we had in 1957, when we stayed here first. We don't like it as well as No. 3 upstairs, where we were last year - but it does have several advantages. It is near the telephone & I don't dreamt mind the few steps down & up to the breakfast room. We tumbled into our narrow beds & tried to sleep in the mild London air.

August 8 Thursday

We had found letters awaiting us & messages. Kenneth telephoned at 9 - a letter from Evelyn invited us to Tadworth on Sunday: lunch with the Selcars & the rest of the day at Gato House. We spoke to Peter over the phone. We saw Pat & Fountains & Martha Tucker at breakfast. There was a phone number from Mobil Stock - & so we speedily got into the new holiday atmosphere.

At 9:30 we started out - a bus straight to Gyn hills for money & to explain letters that had confused himself. An favorite young man had left but we were attended to by Mrs. Davy the head man! He straightened out. I got £30 in also a spend in England & H.S. some £28- cash. From the Bank we went to the Post Office, where Harold had to buy a beautiful new fountain pen. Then a bus to Lower Regent St. The Award Office, where we bought our tickets to Liverpool for the 17th, saw a chart of our steamer, the Media, & observed that our cabin 4 & B is very bar aft. We were advised to change it on arrival, if possible. Labels for our luggage. We were getting a bit weary that the good man had to see his tailor, Curry & Wheeler on Regent St. So there we repaired. I exchanged profound remarks concerning the weather, with a man upstairs, while H.S. had his fitting downstairs. By this time H.S. was feeling the strain, so we took a taxi to 34. I thought we were going out somewhere for lunch, but no, he wanted a snack lunch inside.

So - I went out again about 11:50 A.M. to Selfridges to get sandwiches, orangeade etc & when I returned, I found H.S. ensconced in bed & wired Roger in the easy chair. Great talk of this that. And we were able to share our snack lunch with wired, for there was enough for three. There was naturally much talk of wired & her problems. After W. left, we had long rests when we both slept. No tea. I write to Anslauki



This is London.

Wrote a letter at 9 we went out to Hayton's Wine Restau-
rant for dinner - H's favorite. It was very good. We
met Mr. Hayton on the steps, as we came out he
introduced us to a rather feeble looking man of about 17.
And so home through the soft London air & to
bed, where we slept like logs, nursing up from
the excitement of the last few days.

August 9 Friday

Again we were to have a full morning. At
9:30 we took off for Wigmore St. 1) Bell & Chryden to
ask for Winfred's medicines, though they had only
one of them. 2) To the Times Book Club, where we
enrolled for one week (!) special permission. (Heavenly
by spot. It twice cost Lord Halifax's life & 3)
Vera Brittain's Testament of Experience. 3) on to
an old optician, where H had his glasses adjusted.
Then we parted.

I went to D. H. Evans for a hair trim mani-
me both badly needed. My manicurist is H's
Italy, if you please, but her holiday in September.
On my way home I bought side-combs, a roll
of film, handkerchiefs for H. Then we had a
snack lunch again in our room.

He had finally reached Madras by telephone &
we agreed to meet in the Cumberland lounge at 4
Have tea together. There she was on the desk, look-
ing as always, very smart. She's a nice crea-
ture - very naive but nice. She had come up to
London from Lyme Regis to see Victor (Mary
& was leaving the following day. We returned
to Stewart across the way for tea - that is

always so good in England. Great talks for nearly an hour then we went back to the Cumberland to continue our gossip till it was time to headle to leave at 6.

he thought ^{as} it was nice & early, so we moved first places at the Chess & Bill so there we went for dinner. However, there was already a long line. We waited some 20 mins. then got a very good seat, with a charming waitress & a fine dinner - steak for H. mixed grill for Enclina. And so home.

We have been much distressed to learn that our dear Alice Morrison (this from Wilfred) is no longer competent & has been put into a home. A niece of hers told Wilfred about it. This does seem the very thing of fate. She was a wonderful woman, with such a well trained mind, the last person you would suppose who would become senile. These changes in people one has loved are very painful.

As we were reading - about 9 or so, it heard a crash outside. He went to investigate & lo! there had been a collision between a private car & a taxi, not 50 yards from our door. A man lay on the ground, injured - but not too seriously. The car is blocked the road. Soon police appeared & an ambulance. Onlookers were helpful & very British.

I am sorry to say it had a touch of disaster before bed-time which was very melancholy.

August 10 Saturday

H.H. not at all well. And even I upset a little. What can be the matter? It says he ate something on the plane that disagreed & he has been fighting it ever since. I wonder if we had too much cheese & grill? I got H.H.'s tea for breakfast. From downstairs I had myself only tea & two pieces of toast. He decided it would remain in bed all day. I had to telephone to Greta to say we couldn't come to dinner tonight - he was so disappointed. I also asked her to telephone Evelyn that we fear we cannot make Tadworth tomorrow. Another disappointment.

I went out to buy provisions for us both & made first for the fine new Super-market on Baker St. wonderful place. I got wafers, tea, lemons, rice & (but all was). Then I wanted a pan to make "lapa". First I tried Skelbriges but they had only very special wares, expensive, so I tried one all the way to Woodworth, where I found an aluminium pan for 3/6 - just the thing. When I got home, it said he only wanted tea himself, so I had the "lapa" alone. He rested till about 3:30.

Just as I put on the kettle for tea that dearling Greta arrived bearing gifts. There were ones from her garden, a tin of Worcester's, a lemon, yogurt & curries. Really too much. I made tea for the 3 of us & we had a good talk. She wanted to stay here & pretty. She showed us charming snaps. Photo of Jennifer who only told us about all the family. Such good talk. He had to tell her all about Aunt Winnie's illness - about which she was vague.

She has offered to drive us to Tadworth on Wednesday, all being well, & I desperately hope we may go. He suggested 2:30 from here - tea at Gate House, a glimpse of the Sallows & return here by 7. I do hope it can be managed.

Aug 11 Sunday

We both slept very well. Peter in the morning but still not quite normal. For breakfast, tea, with lemon, and toast. Then 2 fine papers to read - The Observer & The Sunday Times. Then morning flew. I went out for a short walk to look at the shops on upper Appold Street, much less crowded, because it was Sunday, & I decided on trying to get things tomorrow at walk's - at least to say nothing of C & D. For lunch I made nice "lappa" again. B's put yogurt on his - a thin meal but all he thinks he ought to have.

We were delighted to have Wilfred call for us at 3:30 heading to well - almost like his old self. We went to that dear Rock House in Pond Square - & were so pleased to see all the improvements. The kitchen is a gem. Now I do like their new living room. The bedroom upstairs, which was their living room is large & light & attractive. The whole place has been painted & re-papered, so that it looks very clean & fresh. We had such a good tea; bread & butter - toast of jam - & simple cookies. Afterwards Wilfred showed us some very fine colored pictures of Jennifer Peter &

of their own holiday tours. The two dears persuaded us to stay on for tea supper - a boiled egg, toast & butter & semolina pudding. All delicious. H's would not have brandy, but I recommended to a Sherry with Brita. Our talk was good. They are real conversationalists & we talked of many things. They seem to have read the same books that we know; Wilfred always talks well about politics & as for Brita, she is a Pat. She is much my family term out better children than the Romells - capable, intelligent, kind and thoroughly good. We had a wonderful afternoon.

Wilfred, himself, again drove us home we were in 34 by 8:30 P.M. Let's pray now that our physical conditions will really improve.

August 12 Monday

Unfortunately H's was still "unsettled." He had had to get up in the night. We resolved we must see a doctor - Opposite at 43 Gloucester Place is a Dr. A.P. Millard, recommended by our good hostess, so we telephoned & were able to see him at 9. His verdict was that H's must have had a touch of food poisoning & he prescribed two strong medicines, which we had made up at Curtis Pharmacy on Baker St. The doctor said H. was not to go to bed, but be very careful about diet. He said arrowroot pudding & much fluid. He seemed a very nice man & his office was certainly beautifully kept.

At 9:30 we each went our way, I to the Times Book Club to change his book + to the Pharmacy to have his prescriptions ^{made up}. I had me a tralis first thought would. Also a very nice black bag to replace the plaid one I got last year. Then I determined to try the Evans Outsize shop, the windows of which I had examined on Sunday morning. And sure enough, I found 2 dresses which I liked thought. One a rayon, gray with yellow flowers for £3.5.0 + the other black with dotted trimmings for £3.15.0 - both coming to £7.0.0. which was cheap. After this I met H. at Selfridges where we each bought luggage - an air-travel brown bag for H. + a hat box suitcase for me. Mine cost £3.6 I am leaving my old hat box behind, having had it since 1944. I bought it in Lisbon on my way back from America.

As we were feeling mired + tired, we took a taxi home. Then I went out to get H's medicines, + the arrowroot, as suggested by the doctor. By this time it was 11:40, time to get ready to meet Wilfred for lunch.

H. insisted I take a taxi to Swallow St. which was quite unnecessary. However, I did. He met Wilfred, Bella + Janet at a Spanish Restaurant called Martinez - a perfectly charming place. There is a kind of patio with a stay light, where we had cherry - then we went upstairs to a grand restaurant. (I was glad Harold didn't have to climb

stairs, though sorry to have had to leave him behind) Bella is enormous then, as always, a huge appetite. I indulged (I hope not too rashly) in an entrée with plain boiled potatoes + crème caramel, whereas the other had exotic food - especially wilfred's hella. Janet is a cold + silent child. Hella, as usual, very emphatic, but kind + nice. I am sure she is fundamentally a good woman, but oh dear, how strong minded + how very, very positive. He had a very good talk on the whole + I greatly appreciated their generous gesture. The restaurant is large + billed up as we sat there. I should say it is distinctly expensive.

When we had bidden goodly - Hella to go home, Wilfred + Janet to respective jobs, I emerged on to Regent St to find it raining! oh - what a climate. Fortunately I had my raincoat + protector, so I was all right. I crossed to Robinson + cleaner and got my much-wanted linen, 2 dds. at 11/6 - 22/- not cheap. Then home on No 13 bus.

I found Hella reading in bed + I had a short rest, too. I put tea for ourselves at 4 - when we were just finished there was a knock at the door + there was that dear Eulyn. She had come to town to shop - thought she would run in. How glad we were to see her! She brought us delicious biscuits - we talked + talked, getting all the news. She stayed quite half an hour.

She told us about Max's other many adventures, about Wilfred Davis's serious illness, earlier in the summer, about their Copenhagen visit, about Christine's most interesting postscript in Germany, with two young American boys, whom the Frosts know well & can trust. We were greatly interested in all this.

For supper I made more arrowroot w/ lime with digestive biscuits. He both had found as well, which was good. There followed a quiet evening, as night descended on London streets, gradually drying after several sharp showers - a Thunderstorm!

August 13 Tuesday

We were upset because, although H. had had an excellent night & slept well, he was still 'hoarse' - so he had nothing but tea & toast. I had not slept very well & felt foggy. I had a poached egg on toast & tea with lemon. We were so disconsolate & the clouds were so grey, that we went again to see Dr. Hillard. He was reassuring. He said H. had probably had either a touch of food poisoning or a chill. He gave him a powerful powder - Fred him to continue the other medicines, agreed that I would feed him boiled rice & bouillabaisse, but suggested that it would do us both good to have a real meal today regardless! Whew! Altho' H. is half starved, he does not feel it! - I think that was why the doctor suggested a good steak.

Took on the safe side, we took a taxi to The Times Book Club & changed our brass. It got the Tieborne Claimant by Woodcraft & I got Chloe White by her husband. Then we parted. It was the most pouring, melancholy, leaden day you can imagine, but I determined to do important shopping, while the grip was good. I went first to the Woolworths where I had seen in the window, but they didn't have my size! I mean! I felt, however, got a very fine pair at 84/9 - very expensive - court shoes, very comfortable & good for walking. Then I hid me to Woolworths where I got address cards. To Welbeck St. No. 20 to get 3 English batteries for my instrument. Then I took the bus to Portman St. Mr. Wallis got a charming white hat for 17/11 - such as I had seen in the window when I got home. H. hadn't yet come, so I went out again to buy 1) milk 2) lemons 3) rice. Henry Hillier had telephoned to say he would come for tea.

H. came in after a pleasant morning, part of which he had spent in The Times Book Club, where he had run in to Steven Runciman. I gave him boiled rice & bouillabaisse for lunch, plus 1 hour bread - the crumb, not the crust. He was hungry.

He both lay down & I slept heavily for about half an hour. Then at 4 Henry appeared, bringing weekly carnations. We

gave him a rather thin tea - just tea biscuits
she stayed till 5:30. he did have a grand visit.
what a very nice man he is.

Taking the doctor's advice, we went to the
Cheers Grill for dinner + each had a delicious
fillet steak, madamed + a cup of black coffee,
with bread + butter. He did so - saying his usual -
A telephone from Aneta says we go to morrow
to Tadworth (Inshallah!) + a letter from Pugh
makes an appointment for Thurs. for lunch.

A letter from Phoebe was also very unwell.
And the historic nurse Alfred Parry picture
from Wilford, came by the post post.

August 14 Wednesday

Sally was better but not well. However he
went down to the Bank for more cash - & did not
get back till 11:30 or so, having bought a very
nice grey overcoat en route.

As for me I had a shopping "binge" at
Thomas Hollis on High St. Last things - my
kit is now complete. It was a miserable
morning with nasty rain + wet pavements.
Here is a list of what I bought, + I hope I
have been wise - 1) 2 half mouse nests @ 5/6 - a sale
2) a pair of white gloves 3/11 3) 2 yds of material
for washen covers (cotton) @ 3/11 = 7/10 4) a kitchen
towel 1/3 5) a white stole - present for Helen
@ 18/11 6) a pair of Topaz earrings 5/. all
very satisfactory. I also got a box of chocolates
for the people at Tadworth

I cooked lunch for ourselves again -

boiled rice, kumiss, kumiss bread & biscuits, then
we had a long rest, Harold sleeping heavily
for an hour.

At 2:45 in the pouring rain, Greta called
for us we were driven out to Tadworth. She
is a splendid driver & we rapped along in an hour.
We had tea at 4:30 in that charming Gate House,
where Evelyn, Christine & Barnaby warmly
welcomed us. Christine is perfectly adorable.
Barnaby general this time, & Evelyn a dan-
cing as always.

After tea, we were driven along to the
Health Darning to see the Cellars. We went
upstairs to their room had a very good visit.
Alfred is confused & deafish, but not too
bad. He won't use his instrument, of course!
Bella is very crippled. Her hands are out
of shape & she has little strength in her wrists
or her legs. Her good leg has now been over-
worked in meal. Really, what ills the
old must bear how heartily unfair it is.
They are so happy to see people - they said
if we hadn't gone, they would have come to
London to see us.

We went back to Gate House where we
had supper - omelet, macaroni cheese, beans
for me, marmite soup, bread & marmite & half
a banana for Harold - And so home along
the lighted streets so that we got to Gloucester
Place by 9:40 - went straight to bed.

A fair night.

August 15. Thursday

Very depressed by Harold's sagging he is not set
normal. He went again to Dr. Hillard, who gave
him a last powerful powder & another medicine.
Oh dear, oh dear, I get into the depths over this
obstinate trouble. Myself, am not too well. We
both feel like cursing.

It was so cold & damp that I felt quite
chilled - so at 11 or so I went out & bought
undies at Selfridges - half wool, half nylon -
19/10 - & put them on "toute suite" a great comfort.
What a climate! What a bore!

Harold had already been to the Chemist
with his prescription, so at 12 when it was to
be ready we called there first, & then took a
taxi to the Annex of the Union Club to meet
Phyllis & Kenneth ^{Wright}. It is just round the
corner from St. James' Palace, where we
saw a little red tin soldier's racing track and
forth! Kenneth arrived first. He darning her-
son one talked & drank tonic & lemon in the
very pretty lounge. Phyllis didn't get in
til nearly one but it didn't matter. We
all talked about Kingfred & the Seagles &
their girls, about Judith, Dannie, Amanda
& their own plans. It was really lovely.
H. & I each had a steak (trout court) & the 2
others had steak garni. H. then ate 2 apples -
but I had no dessert - 2 Enten uniforms
here my dessert! Coffee was in the lounge &
more talk. Very, very nice.

At a little before 3 we browse up. K. had business to do; Phyllis was to have her hair trimmed & shampooed - H. & I took a taxi & sped home for a rest of more than an hour.

First letter from him by the first post.

In the evening H. seemed depressed (and no wonder). I read Runes Grammar on Sparrows about London children. Practical & charming. Read very early, with prayers for better health.

I wrote 2 letters: Phuebe & Zorapinka.
August 16 Friday.

Am last day in London, dear. We must come here again next summer & really enjoy it. I don't see why not even if we have to rent our apartment!

H. had a very good night but I felt fuzzy in the a.m. He had trout steamed & boiled eggs for breakfast & as the morning progressed we both felt better. He stayed in till 11 - when I went out to The Times Book Club to return our last book & have our extra money credited to our Book Account with the Times. Many kind words from the polite ladies. Then met H. at the Crill & Chere, his hair salon, in the meanwhile to Selfridges, where he bought childproof underwear. The Crill & Chere opens at 11:45 a.m. Two were the first entrants. We each had a most delicious fillet steak, bread, butter & coffee. And felt better. PH was well so far.

I returned home but H. & I went to get his suit at Rigg & Wheeler, which was supposed to be ready by one, but to his disgust it wasn't & he returned early. He had a long read & rest.

Tea at 4, then a taxi to Rigg & Wheeler, whereupon it appeared in his beautiful new suit. Taxi back again (very extravagant, but we are saving ourselves for tomorrow) we are practically packed - 10 nice pieces of luggage - 2 large suit cases each, my new hat-box, suitcase - by 5:30 all well.

Clouds sprinkle the sides of the day. It has rained every day since we arrived. This was not our lucky month. Help called at 9 to say goodbye!

August 17 Saturday

The great day of our embarkation. Being forward-looking, we had packed last night. He went to bed early in preparation for a difficult day - Irish by sea have never not so nervous about time. I.e. said he slept well, but from 4:30 a.m. on he began to jolt on his pluck to home at the time - & by 6 he was wide awake. He got up at 6:30 (too early) & had a very meagre breakfast, tea, toast & marmalade at 7 a.m. (his most night home dinner included eggs but he didn't). Ready by 7:30 a.m. I had to go all the way to Baker St. to get a taxi but I managed after 5 mins to hail one waiting along the empty street.

Goodbye to 34 - straight to Euston Station, which we reached at 7:50 before our boat-train had arrived. He waited. Then we put on seats &



Cunard R.M.S. Media



PROMENADE DECK, ENTRANCE, R.M.S. "MEDIA" CUNARD WHITE STAR.

had such a long, long ride to Liverpool - 8:30 A.M. till 1:30 P.M. I looked out of the window most of the time, watching England's green pleasant land slip by. I was worried about H.S. He looked kind, was uncommunicative, kept his eyes closed. I felt dreadfully depressed. Why can't we enjoy our travel together.

Finally, we drew up to the Cunard pier. Long time for passports & embarkation cards. To my surprise, a beautiful basket of fresh fruit (just for our "squeaky" stomachs), was awaiting us. We thought it might be from Peggy (Furtum's house in a favorite shop of hers) as he was, but no, we found it came from Kerin & Elizabeth Key. How very kind & thoughtful of them. We embarked on our Media - a beautiful ship & found our 4813 cabin, the very last one on the even side of B deck. Very nice indeed. 2 closets, lavatory, armchair bureau - very comfortable. Having our luggage appear, we went in to lunch - Potatoes & ice cream, bread & butter. There had been no lunch served on the train, only coffee, & we were very hungry by 2.

We were disappointed to discover that one of my bags had not come into our cabin. All four others in place. Damn! I went on deck & found 2 deck chairs - a \$1. each - with rings & cushions. Then at 3 we sailed quickly down the wharf & were soon in the ocean. I was lying down on the lower bunk & tried to sleep, at least to rest.

The Kerin Keys have a friend on board, The Orientalist, Bernard Lewis, & he with H.

a note. & the latter replied, so I hope we may meet him tomorrow.

Antable is No 3. (post two) very nice indeed. he had a good dinner though I wish it's appetite were better. I thought he looked somewhat "man". He had pineapple juice, roast beef, Yorkshire pudding, green beans, plain boiled potatoes, then it had an apple & banana, & 9. Tritti Grutti ice-cream - very delicious. Half a cup of coffee afterwards. We were told there are 243 people on board - just the right number.

After dinner I hid me to the library - got out 2 books & did a little writing in the delectable writing-room, while H.H.S. retired to 48 B. There are too many steps in the ship for him - no lift - which I deplore.

On going down to 48 B. I found my foot and care had been reversed. All's well that ends well.

August 18 Sunday.

A perfectly miserable day for me though I missed no meals until 6 was not sea-sick, but I felt perfectly "bum". I lay down all P.M. & most of the P.M. though I did spend 2 hours in the deck chair under a rug. H.H.S. met Prof. Bernard Lewis, the animalist from London University, who is on his way to Wash. D.C. to give a lecture. He is due to go to Istanbul in Sept. I will stay at R.C.

It wasn't really badly enough, but the movement was very noticeable. Up & down, up & down. I can't begin to do justice to the wonderful food. Kwan! Puy clouds, whitecaps, pulling waves!

THE TRAVELLERS



August 19. Monday

Clocks were retarded one hour. So I went to bed at 6:30 P.M. (which was really 7:30 P.M.) + slept but 11 to the world till 3:30 A.M. H.H.S. said several people came in - stewards, stewardess - I heard & saw nothing. After that, I slept again. I ought to have felt much better, but alas I still was buggy. I had however, a more decent breakfast. Puffed me, toast, marmalade & coffee. But it was definitely enough, though H. would not say so. Roman! What a journey.

In the P.M. at 3:30 I went on deck & sat in my steamer chair, had tea & then H.H.S. went to the cinema & saw Moby Dick. I wrote a letter or 2 & read in the very comfortable library.

Dinner as usual - good. Bed earlyish with again retarded clocks one hour.

August 20. Tuesday

I was surprised & rather relieved to discover that our first two days were described as rough. So I wasn't such a "vinecomp" to feel queer after all. This morning our port-hole guard was released, the sea was calmer, the sun shone, I felt more energetic & altogether life looked more cheerful. I began to see my linen hat in London.

At 11:45 we met Prof. Lewis for drinks in the Smoke-Room. Harold's idea. Prof. Lewis is very dark, rather distant - not too responsive. I was not much drawn. Perhaps he is a little conceited. I had tonic lemon, H.H.S. had whiskey

and soda - Prop. Lewis, Sherry. We talked of this
stunt. He is to spend only a few days in U.S.
then fly back to London & go on to Istanbul
to this Cultural Conference, sponsored by P.C.
He may stay with the Ballantines

We both now enjoy large meals! Hope
they will do us no harm. In the P.M. I rented
K113 - sat on the deck till 4:15 & then while
H.S. went to a cinema, I came to the library to
write.

This is the first day that I have felt near-
normal. Long may it last.

August 21 Wednesday.

One's troubles never cease. Now I am eating
with relish but am as tight as a drum! Truly
what a pest. The night was very calm & we both
slept fairly well.

Sailing in the P.M. Calm at first. After 5 a
swell as we neared the Newfoundland Banks. My
afternoon was a medical one! Exp. lay - with
fearful results, leaving me feeling ravaged.
It's much better. I am reading Zola's A
Love Affair - wonderfully well done but very
painful.

August 22 Thursday

A good night. Both feeling very much
better. But it was distinctly rougher. Early
up on deck. Swims a little or two, read & penned.

As the day proceeded it got calmer. Prof.
Lewis asked us for dinner & we had sherry & whiskey
& interesting talk of Swiss - long rest after lunch.

I write in the library after tea. It was Zola night
with hats for everybody. Much enjoyed by all the
children! We didn't go up on deck after dinner
but to read & I played patience.

August 23 Friday

A lovely day, smooth sea - Sunshine. We
took each other's pictures. Had wine for breakfast
which was delicious.

There are plenty of hideous shorts on board
& very hideous "horse-tail" hair-dos. The styles of
U.S.A. are, for the young, perfectly awful. In the
evening, I confess they dress quite nicely. At the
wine one night twice during the day, that they
are in their underwear! I see a great many
very pretty clothes on red & white - will I be able
to get really adequate pretty clothes in U.S.A.?
Idea's hoping.

At lunch we had specific instructions
about disembarking. Terrible. Our luggage is
supposed to be packed & ready by 9 A.M. tomorrow
Aug. 24th. We are due in New York they say, at 2 P.M.
I hope all goes well & that we do not become too
fatigued.

After an ample lunch, I rested till 3 & then
packed somewhat in order to be forehanded.
Then on to the deck for a bit, with H.S. off to the
cinema. I am such a queer creature that I take no
part in these extra-entertainments, which is a
pity.

Supposedly am last day on board. The journey
has been good. I wish I felt really well & strong.
But I don't.



Cunard R.M.S. Media

Printed in England

ABSTRACT OF THE LOG OF THE
The Cunard Steam-Ship Co. Ltd. Cunard White Star

R. M. S. "MEDIA"

CAPTAIN J. TREASURE JONES, R.D., R.N.R.

LIVERPOOL TO NEW YORK

DATE 1957	MILES	LAT. N.	LONG. W.	WEATHER, ETC.
Aug. 17	—	—	—	At 15.06 BST (14.06 GMT) Left Prince's Landing Stage, L'pool
" 17	—	—	—	At 16.28 BST (15.28 GMT) Bar Light Vessel abeam—Departure
" 18	349	55.31	11.50	Mod. N'y breeze, backing W'y, mod. sea and swell, o'cast, clear
" 19	416	54.47	23.53	Fresh SW gale, rough sea, moderate W'y swell, overcast, drizzle
" 20	427	52.50	35.28	Fresh SW gale decreasing to gentle W br'ze. slight sea, low swell
" 21	450	49.30	46.12	Gentle S'y breezes, slight sea, low swell, cloudy, occasional rain
" 22	431	45.54	55.22	Gentle variable breeze, slight sea, mod. swell, cloudy, clear
" 23	452	42.33	64.43	Gentle N'y breezes, slight sea, low swell, cloudy, fine, clear
" 24	446	To Ambrose L.V.		At 11.25 EDST (15.25 GMT) A.C.L.V. abeam—Arrival
Total	2971	nautical miles		

Passage— 6 days, 23 hrs., 57 mins.

Average Speed—17.69 knots

August 24 Saturday.

The great day of an arrival. We were all packed by 9 A.M. the stewards piled all the mountains of baggage on decks. We waited away the A.M. in a state of excitement and anticipation. Lunch was early 11:45—our last delicious repast on board. We were to land at 2 P.M. & did!

At about one we were very near. And it gave me a thrill to catch sight of the Statue of Liberty & then the "topless towers" of Manhattan. Blessed country! Blessed city! Though I am such a small atom in New York, I feel I have a place in it. We moved our way slowly, slowly up the Hudson to the Cunard line Pier. (No 92) at the foot of 50th St. As we came alongside there we saw Bill Childs' shipmate! What a dear he was to come to see us. He looks very thin—but a very good color. And he tells us he, too, may be going to Sumatra for 2 years with Calley. How! Robert College in Indonesia! As we landed, we caught sight of Peggy—then that dear Eleanor.

Every thing went like clock work. We had a nice inspector who charged us \$4.39 for our migrant presents & so! we were the very first group off the pier. We hopped into Eleanor's beautiful car & whisked along the 2^d J. highway, reaching Hudson Road by 3:45, which I call good.

The home the same dear familiar place. Homeless to be here. I get it. Have a long



LAST DAY AT SEA.

rest while E. & I had tea on the screened porch.
Must talk about.

Dinner on the screened porch & talk in the
living room afterwards.

August 25 Sunday

It was rainy all day, much to E's delight as she
says the summer has been very dry. In the A.M. I
went with her to the village on errands & she
drove me around to see the way S. Arange has
expanded. Extraordinary. We didn't have
lunch until 2 P.M. - but then such a good one -
steak cooked to perfection.

The maid, Josephine, then left & we got our
own papers, but news that we saw on TV,
and interesting programs. General Grueter
interviewed by college students. And then
the last word when we saw & heard Aldous
Huxley, a Swedish-born actress & John
Hewson Brown discussing the teaching of
Latin in High Schools & the use of the word
"clean" to describe a bomb.

At 8 we were off to the Paper Mill Theatre
where we saw Ruth Chatterton and Arthur
Treacher in The Reluctant Debutante -
a very light & amusing comedy that had
a long run in London, with Celia Johnson in
the mother's role. We did enjoy it. But
when we came out it was pouring. A violent
and deluge. E. drove the car remarkably
well, while thunder crashed in the background
& vivid flashes of lightning illuminated the road.
And so home by 10:45 -

August 26 Monday.

Our first expedition to New York. I & D
caught the 9:16 from Mountain Station &
then took the Barclay St. Ferry to Manhattan.
I find that in the 5 years since we were here
the 23rd St. & Christopher St. ferries have
been discontinued. From Barclay St. we
took a taxi to 40 Worth St. The College office.
What a very nice office it is! We had a
wonderful welcome from Bob Handy, Mr.
Dodds, Mr. Baldwin & Elizabeth Palston.
There were 5 letters awaiting us. The most
welcome one from Miss Allen, saying
the elder Allens are real coming to occupy
an apartment after all. Relief. I & D
took a long time to talk, to get money, to
make plans.

From there we took the subway to
the Penn. Station. But there are too
many stairs everywhere! Man! Man!
Such a business getting tickets & reserva-
tions for 1) Granville via Newark, D. 2)
Chicago to see Helen! Our plan carefully
made out by I & D. is to leave here the
morning of Sept. 2nd, reach Newark the 3rd,
stay a night in Granville, go on to Chicago
on a night train the 10th, stay the night of
the 11th in a Chicago Hotel where Helen
come & see us there. It is really too bad
that she cannot be invited to Granville.
That would cause so much trouble, &

much expense. Why she needs to see us at all
is more than I can understand. But H. is de-
termined to do his duty, will go to Chicago.

We had lunch in the Savarin lunch room
at the Penn. Station then caught the H. & A.
tube the 20'clock train back to S. Orange.
Roth than ate tea.

After dinner, I showed us her colored
shells of Istanbul, Cyprus, & the journey to the
north Cape - the midnight sun. Some of
them were very beautiful indeed. And so
had.

But he says that Dr. Duige came in to see
if he would help Harold with his defecation.
Also we gave him the list of Humbert's
medicines he is keeping them up. They are
not easy to find. A nice doctor he is.

August 27 Tuesday.

This was my day for New York. I was
glad I & D could stay at home because he has a
nasty cough, a hang-over, he says (from a
slight cold he had on board ship).

Eleanor saw me to the station & I was re-
minded, as I took the train & tube, of the
scars of Times Blvd. & D. & Salome had taken
that route. I got out at 33rd St. when I
reached the surface, I was for the moment
confused. New York has changed - And
the crowds, confusion & general traffic jams
are worse than ever.

I made straight for Saks, to hear for a

deers + jacket I had seen in a Sunday adven-
turer. Fifth Floor. I got hold of a talca-
hite bottle Dr. F. Jones (No. 17) who waited on
me very well. And I decided on what I
think is a very pretty blue white ensemble
for \$17.98 - with tax \$18.26. (The N.Y. Taxes are a
hoax!) From there I took the 1RT to Sterns
& found a jewelry Repair shop underground.
The Rialto for my 2 lighters.

Sterns has always provided me with
Ringo corsets, I am enough I found my size
again & indulged in 2 as my corset situation
is dim. They have gone up in price like
everything else. Used to pay about \$4 - now
they were \$5.98 each (plus tax). A neighbor
my list was old Prudgulus at 516 Fifth Ave.
I know! There are new buildings on Fifth
Ave between 42nd & 50th, which gave the
street another look. By this time the sun
was well up it was hot. Mr. Prudgulus
was amusing as always. I got 2 batteries
but he tells me they are getting scarcer. He
also said that the new instruments made
now are not as good as the old ones.

I was now 12. I tried to find a
Straffer I think was on 45th & Fifth Ave.
but it has evidently gone. So further up
near Rockefeller Center. I went into a
Childs. Already crammed. But I got a
seat & a Club lunch for \$1.25. A Fifth
Avenue bus to Penn Station 15¢ - &

thence to Gimbel's where I bought a tiny sweater
+ suit for Richard with Allen. I came
downstairs via Gimbel's basement to the
H.M. Tubes. What a place that basement is.
Many conceivable objects - miles of shirts,
men's clothing, nighties - undersmen, hats -
everything. I am appalled at the plenty
of New York.

I got the 2 Train home to S. Avenue. We all
had tea in the screened porch. At 6:15 the
Kathwells appeared for dinner - Mary, Ralph
& own daughter of 24. They are dear, kind people
but conversation with them is weird. Ralph
gives me for "bummy" stories; Mary is nervous &
emphatic - uses the declamation, "See?" for
often. We had a scrumptious meal. roast
turkey, cranberry sauce, sweet potatoes
beans & then crumble apple pie with whipped
cream. I think I made a very good meal but
I think was fatigued by the chit-chat
afterwards. It is enough trouble's time. Half
way thru dinner George Barton arrived.
He is the younger son of Bishop Barton,
tall as a flag-pole, married, a doctor,
now in uniform & will be doing his national
service in Germany. He spent the night
here in the second guest room. He has a
sea vom.

August 28 Wednesday.

12:15 up at 6 with diarrhea again. Too
too dismal - I remember it is humid & hot



H. L. S. seen himself



Elmer taken in manures!

eighty-third birthday (we sent her a cable yesterday) & the seventh anniversary of her death. It is too pathetic that the day should coincide.

All the A.M. was taken up with George Barton's affairs - I got H.L.S. to stay in bed, brought him his breakfast & his lunch, which consisted of yogurt, bread & bananas. Lunch was a piece-meal under pressure in the kitchen to get things off.

Scalded for my photos at The Village Drug store. Really very good. A letter from Ana saying she had broken her wrist arrived by the morning post. Of all things. Perhaps this is "the hand of God" & we may not have to go to Greenville at once.

In the evening, as the maid was out, Eleanor took me & 2 friends, Dr. Mrs. Royce Paddock, to a delicious dinner at the S. Orange Lawn Tennis Club to which she belongs. We had to leave poor Sooty behind. Dr. Paddock is a most interesting man - Columbia 1910. In 1917 he went to England - interned at The London Hospital - Whitechapel. He & his wife, I think, are very conservative - they have no car nor any T.V. They are literary & intelligent & I greatly enjoyed their conversation. My only regret was that H.L.S. missed them. They left late 10:45.

He had a disturbed night. He coughed a great deal & at 2 A.M. was not well. I worried.

August 29. Thursday

Dr. Duize was to have come to see HHS at 7:30 but the forgetful man went to another patient in Maplewood. However, Eleanor & Mrs. Duize located him & he came in about 8:30. He examined H. again, said he should stay in bed today, perhaps tomorrow, - his vs tea meal, however, take medicine for cough & internal - He said his condition was not really bad - bronchial cough - nothing further down.

The good Eleanor dashed down to get the prescriptions first then at 9:30 took me to the S. Orange Station for I was to go to the College Hill to see Keith Greenwood & place of HHS. It was the rarest thing in the world. I took the Barclay St. ferry, & walked to 40 West St. where I was nicely welcomed, as always. K. Greenwood soon came in, looking heavier than before but with a very nice smile. He talked for half an hour in a separate room & I got all the necessary information.

Strangely enough Ethel Thomas appeared in the evening & saluted each other on both cheeks.

I got back the way I came walking again to the Barclay St. ferry & I just caught the 12:30 train for S. O. & was home by then by 1:10. Had lunch with Eleanor. I was tired, so had a good lie-down then tea. By that time, Mrs. H. had appeared - a slim, white haired lady of 78, who had driven all the

way from Connecticut. These Americans! Her nose grows old!

Eleanor wanted bridge in the evening. Her first two candidates couldn't come but she finally got Mrs. Hartwell. We had good games till 10:40 when Jack called for his mother. Post 2. & I, who played together, lost horribly. And so I bed - with HHS already snoring.

August 30. Friday.

The best night yet for HHS. Very little coughing & practically no disturbance. For breakfast for him - tea, bread & butter & jam - to which he did justice. He was up & downstairs by 10:30.

Chiers! a letter from Helen with the morning mail says she is coming east to Boston then York in September. So we don't need to go to Chicago. I am so relieved. This will mean changes in elaborate plans but never mind. It will also mean we can't see the Schods nor Cornebia, but the saving in energy & expense will be great.

I wrote hurriedly all pm. Sarah. Zarahpinka. Then p. es. to Mrs. Helen saying we would be in Greenville from Sept. 3-12. After lunch that kind 2. took me to the Penn. Station in Newark where we bought our tickets, confirmed a reservation for the night of Sept 2nd. The price for everything \$126.52. We will have to get away for a "bedroom" coming back Sat. 4. the night of Sept 11th. That will be lary.

It was a long business getting the tickets but we had such a nice man. Mrs. Healey - she did the complicated business really very rapidly, considering. What a depressing place Newark, N. J. is. Full of negroes - littered streets, hideous ad signs & ugly stores, & glaring cinemas.

We were back by 3:15 - I had a rest then we all had tea on the screened porch. A telephone came from George Barton, who said could he come again for the night as he doesn't leave for Germany till Tuesday. He turned up after dinner.

Dinner - then dinner which was so good filled with apple, pear, & crumblie pie. H & S had cold roast beef, a large baked potato in banana.

After dinner H & S read aloud his Directory chapter to his book to E. Said she loved it. It read for a little more than an hour, when George turned up. Nice bag. We had, after that, a record called "You Can Hear It" - which was an anthology of past years, beginning with Woodrow Wilson & giving the high lights of events - Coolidge, Joe Pat Boone, The Depression, Harding's poor administration & death & so on. Very interesting.

We came to bed a little after 10. A bath & then I simply fell asleep & was up again at 11 in two minutes.

August 31 Saturday

This is Labor Day weekend & we keep hearing airplanes zooming over the house every few minutes!

I was domestic in the a.m. At about 11 I went with Eleanor to the WONDERFUL Super market, which I simply can't get over! Everything human kind can want. I got a few supplies for Butter Hall.

Scotty was up for breakfast & seemed much better. Cough practically gone & appetite returning.

Eleanor suggested we go & play bridge with the Hartwells, while H & S & George watched a Baseball match on television. She telephoned they were willing - so H & I went to Cranford. The Hartwell home is awfully nice - a great improvement on their old one. She is evidently house proud. We had excellent bridge (they are sharks at it!) & got home by a little before 5.

Dinner, a wonderful meal of chicken sweet potatoes, spinach & then Harold read the rest of his Chap. I Introduction which Eleanor seemed greatly to enjoy. Had to to bed - for our last night of our first stay in this beautiful hospitable house.

September 1. Sunday.

The day was very clear & hot & summery. I rained in the a.m. Scotty read the huge New York Times. George slept till nearly 11 AM!



AUG 57

The Three Allens



AUG 57

Richard Scott Allen

he started off for Bob's home (Butler Hall) at 11:30 in Ed's car, with all our luggage piled in it - George having acted as kamal. It took us just an hour to reach Butler Hall - dashing along as we did with myriads of other cars & doing a superb job of it. All so ramblin' as we gained the Hudson Highway & then Riverside Drive. We were given our keys at B.H. & went up in the elevator to the 14th floor & into "our" apt. 14P. It is nice - an eastern exposure - living-room, bedroom, kitchenette, bathroom & two large cupboards. Eleanor even was impressed.

At one we went to the Allens' new apt. 70 to 81 - called "Morningside Gardens" - a renovated & completely changed 124th St. 3 or 4 in new apt. houses. Bud was there to meet us, show us where to park our car & went to the 13th floor. Virginia greeted us with the darling, fat, laughing baby in her arms. They have 5 1/2 rooms & a very nice balcony on which we sat for dinner lunch. My poor Scooter could only have a baked potato, wart heap, & a banana - but we had a sumptuous repast, with the baby leaning in his high chair, almost talking, & screeching & smiling he is. It was lovely. The new development, according to Bud was sponsored by Harry Emerson Fosdick. The only other changes we noticed on the hill was an annex to Riverside Church.

he had very late lunch - about 1:40 P.M.
much talk of Indonesia & so on. Scully was
able to have a short rest, but at about
3:30 we had a dinner, Eleanor driving us
back to B.H. Virginia, like a good angel,
gave us a basket of food - bread, margarine,
canned goods - and a little cutlery, as our
kitchenette was rather bare.

he rested & slept a little after we
got back. Then at 7 had tea, bread butter
& marmalade. No books or papers to read,
so we felt lost. What a nice place B.H.
is though surely we are to be here. Now if
John's gets completely better, everything
will be perfect.

September 2 Monday Labor Day.

he had a fair night in our "own" apt.
though it was appreciably hot & smoggy. Scully
said it was alright but he isn't quite.
Before breakfast I went out & got reading
material - Harper's Atlantic, The Reporter
& The New York Times - so we have something
for the train as well. For breakfast we
had cereal, H. a banana & tea - bread
butter (rather margarine, which we prefer)
& marmalade. Wishing up the making
took some of my time, but I was able to
take a short walk along Morningside
& to a Rehearsal, which was open.

John should run into me but he
Podeman! Tablan! While Peggy is

away on Tuesday, her sister here come
to her apt. in Butler Hall & see us. She
travels like tourists. He came along to say
hello to Scully & stayed a bit for a chat. She
tells us house is still in Montreal in a separate
apt; Eleanor, Helen are nearly sharing an
apt; Teddy Rockman lives at the Roger
Williams on East 31st St; Phredge is at the
Hotel Schuyler & will work for The New
Yorker.

he had lunch at one. I made rice for us
both & we had cold wash & soap - Sabonano
& I ate for dessert! Lots of bread butter &
some jam.

he packed things & we were more or less
ready for our journey, to which I do not
look forward. At 5:30 again we had rice
& an egg each - the dear Virginia having
sent us a present of more bread, 2 photos
(on previous page) & a very pretty shopping
bag. He came in again for a chat & made
farewell at the elevator at 6:50. A taxi
to the Penn Station then we boarded an
train. There was almost no one in the Com-
partment after compartment empty! We
turned in early. It was raining when we
passed thru Newark, N.J. Then our long
train sped along in the darkness towards
Ohio.

September 3 Tuesday.

I slept very well wondering. It's less



The Campus of Denison University



The Ohio landscape

meal. The negro porter pounded on our door in time for us to get up. And before we knew it we were at Newark, Ohio. By our watches 8 - by Newark time 7 P.M. Ronald, the nice creature, was there to meet us. - Carried our 2 bags, + brought us along the familiar road to Granville.

Ara met us on the doorstep of her new home. Looking remarkably young & well, in a pretty blue dress. The Suetis had tears in their eyes, but they are a controlled clan & do not give way. The house is charming - very small, but full of forests & gadgets. 2 bedrooms, living room, ^{dining room} & kitchen off it bathroom, beautifully tiled, nice little garden back of front. And all on a tree-lined street in this pretty country town. Ronald stayed for breakfast. Later on Beth & Alie Richards looked in - welcoming sounds all round. A walk in the A.M. to the Public Library to see the outline on P.C. in the National Geographic (good) & a walk in the pretty streets. I borrowed 2 books from the library. Lunch was earlyish & then long rests in the very neat twin-headed guest room.

For dinner we were invited by Ruth Stanton who lives in an old-fashioned but new lined white frame house near the High School. The other visitors were Ara, Alie Richards, & we were six. Old Mr. Stanton is a hot and simple soul, most downhearted ever by Beth!



Brother and Sister in
Granville.



H.L.S. reads the paper in
front of the Wiley Home

he didn't stay very long. Home by 8:45. Then
Marion Wentzel down next door (math
teacher at Dawson) called & we chatted
till 9:30 & so to bed.

(Notice that every other name in this
region of Ohio is German - Schod, Geil,
Wentzel, Rupp, & so on - I suppose this is
true or most of the middle West)

Sept. 4. Wednesday.

A fine sunny day - with breakfast a little
after 9. At 9:30 after I had washed the dishes &
made three beds. Beth called for me in her car
we went to Harvard to shop, furnipiper wants
I wanted to buy a warmish dress, preferably
w/ton, but at Seargent's where we went, the
only thing available for me was a "troller"
in lavender. It was a "deep-dry" which
took my fancy - But I paid too much \$3.26.
However it is nice & was approved by my Aunt
A.H.5.

We then went shopping for things that I can
open & cook screw, a kitchen towel, & dish
clothes, lonely Wilson would make bed socks.
Beth talked all the time - (How nervous she
is) & we drove back to Granville. She visited
on taking me all over the campus which
I know well & had seen often! Then back
to their front porch, where we had to have
a cup of coffee. Mr. S. joined us complaining
of a headache, poor man. And then I must
be driven home tho' I begged to walk.

Lunch at this + then rests.

Al + Ronald, Helen + the 2 little girls, Kathy Sue + Maureen, appeared. I do like Helen - warm-hearted + genuine. The little girls are smart as marmess but that is a characteristic of America! I gave them each a small Greek doll + Helen a pair of biligree earrings. They stayed + chatted quite a while.

We saw a bit of television - too stupid Dinnerland - + the NBC news. After a good dinner of steak, potato, kabal, ice cream + jelly, we sat + talked (I am writing my new arlon sock) till 10 PM. + so to bed. Dorothy telephoned to say she is leaving for France to Franville on Friday. Sept 5. Thursday.

I remember this is Miedred's 74th birthday. Poor dear, what a miserable end she had - + how low, I feel, avoid. also.

We went to Sydney Fisher who turned up at 10:30 to take us to Columbus. His hair is white but he looked blooming. We sped along the highway in his beautiful new station wagon. Lynn Supis came too + is exactly the same as ever. He talked a blue streak to me in the back seat all the way! We got to Worthington by 11:45 AM. Having been shown the mighty airport en route. How Americans do love to show you their gigantic achievements.

Little Margaret Supis is as thin as a tooth-pick - but just the same. We were given lunch at one. The poor man - had chicken, potato (baked) + bananas - his permanent food. He had long rests in the pretty quiet room + then tea at 4 PM. Much talk until 6:30 when Sydney called again for us to take us to dinner at his home.

The Fisher house is really most delightful - one floor study on top of the garage. Paganism in the basement. The boys, Alan + Lynn, are awfully nice tall lads - Alan 17½ Lynn 13¾ + Margaret 8. We had a delicious meal. Elizabeth is both beautiful + capable. There was much talk of R.C. + old friends. We were back by 9:30 at the Supis. A Jewish night (no reading lamp.)! Sept 6. Friday.

I am really worried about Scotty. His intestinal trouble continues - I think he is thinner. It is all too melancholy. He must go to Dr. Rasmussen as soon as he gets to New York.

We had a sumptuous breakfast at 8 + looked out at a beautiful day. I took pictures. One bath had to endure endless talk from Lynn Supis. He has become terribly garrulous - listens hardly at all - tells endless stories in a complete BORE. I felt really bored by 11 - when Sydney called to drive us back to Franville. They



H.S. and H.A.S.



Sapio House
Worthington, Ohio



Hosts and Guest



Hosts + Guest

have all been soiced that State scientists.
But Dan indeed glad we only stayed 24 hours.
He wouldn't have stood any more of it.

Elizabeth accompanied us to Granville
she was just in time for lunch which was
not adequate and good for later. I was so
depressed. I washed up, "comme toujours"
she bath rested till 4 when we were driven
to Mrs. Chaugh's where we met old Granville
acquaintances: Mr. Mrs. Fadden, Mr. Mrs. Titus
Dr. Mrs. Crocker, Mr. Chamberlain, Mrs. Richards,
Mr. Mrs. Eschmann. — The old crowd.

After going to have my films developed, I
came back to the house. Dorothy Nancy
appeared from Waverly at 6. They were
tired. P. is nice; Nancy very plain, in shorts.
Such funny talk about college: dorms,
nursing + boy-friend! Another world;
another language.

There was mail: Wimbled, Morris etc. here.

The old habit of giving you a cold mixture
called "punch" is still prevalent in Granville.
Ice-cream floating in fruit juice - a libel.
Sweet cakes + cookies. No sandwiches, notes,
no spirts. Two, two depressing.

Sept. 7. Saturday.

H.S., Aia + I plus Dorothy later had break-
fast as usual. Nancy slept the sleep of the young
the nearly, then got her own breakfast. We
went out about 10:30 to buy 1) cigarettes 2) shaving
cream 3) rice 4) bananas. Before we knew it,

It was time for me to get lunch for Mr. S. as he was not invited to Beth's. So I boiled rice for the poor man, gave him bread, butter, jam & bananas -

We were taken to Nancy's nice car to Beth's for lunch - a gathering of women. Mrs. Lewis the very nice daughter of Mrs. Lewis, who teaches English at Denison; Mr. Crocker the Mason-daughter, Beth, her charming daughter in law; a Miss Campbell (Art Dept.) who was 10. Beth is not a good hostess really, or rather should I say a nervous & chattering social jitters! She will make what she considers witty remarks & war with laughter. Poor thing. And Mr. S. was away, so 3 of us smoked! Mrs. Lewis the daughter & young Mrs. Crocker were the nicest & most intelligent. A menu was tuna-fish salad, hot rolls, coffee, pickles, & peaches sliced for dessert. Beth showed her Jewish things afterwards. We got home by 3 in time for a rest.

At 4:30 we started out for Newark Ave, Newark, Nancy & me 2 in Dorothy's lovely black & red Cadillac that runs like a ^{dream} ~~gun~~. We stopped for an errand in Newark & then went to Ronald & Helen's home for dinner at the early hour of 5:45 P.M. The 2 little girls, Kathy Sue & Maureen, are not well behaved - silly & show-offish. We had a very good dinner (Turkey)

The nice creature, Helen, made a birthday cake for Eulima & all people, because she has a birthday in September. Afterwards we were shown pictures on the projector by Ronald - California & Hawaii. Very beautiful some of them were. The children finally went to bed & I went to sleep at home by 9:45. And so to bed.

September 8 Sunday

It was a lovely sunny day, not too warm. Church, of course, we had to attend - all dressed in our best! What church means in this small town! A social gathering, a matrimonial bureau, a comfort, a fraternal activity. And simply advise it has such a good time. The place was full - as freshmen, boys & girls, with parents had arrived. There is a new young minister, James Ashbaker - he preached quite well, though I missed a good deal, as he was too far back. But I did enjoy the title of his talk All Shook Up. This ring a bell in the middle west mind & sounds, I suppose, so folksy! Well, well. The whole business of church bills me with melancholy. The hymns especially & I want to weep - to weep for poor mankind, for all the ills & blows of life, for the hardships in my own life & yet they sing, they sing God is love.

We came home to a life-size dinner with beef, squash, ice cream. The most

Granville

Former Dean, Wife Honored With Sunday Reception Here



GRANVILLE—A reception honoring Dr. and Mrs. Harold L. Scott was held in the Phi Delta Theta House Sunday afternoon from 4 to 6. Dr. Scott (center) is a retired dean and vice-president of Robert College in Istanbul, Turkey. He and his wife (left) arrived in Granville Tuesday to spend a week with his sister, Mrs. Forbes B. Wiley, (right) of 112 W. Elm St.

Dr. Scott is a graduate of Denison University, class of 1911, and a member of Phi Delta Theta. He has been in Turkey for the past 46 years, 20 of which he occupied the position of dean and vice president. He and Mrs. Scott will remain in the village until Wednesday, when they will leave for New York City. They plan to stay in the New York area for two months, returning to Turkey in November.

The doctor, who last visited the U. S. five years ago, said Turkey is "proceeding rapidly in modernization." He said there is friendly co-operation between the Turks and Americans and that the Turks are strongly committed to the west, though they are on the doorstep of the Iron Curtain.

Reception arrangements were made by John Rosensteel of Springfield, also a Denison graduate, class of 1919, and a friend of the Scott family. (Advocate photo by Dennis Sharp).

8

The Newark Advocate Thurs., Sept. 5, 1957

Open Reception Is Planned For Dr.-Mrs. Scott

MRS. FORBES B. WILEY, Granville, will honor Dr. and Mrs. Harold L. Scott at an open reception for their friends and classmates from 4 to 6 p. m. Sunday in the Phi Delta Theta Fraternity house on the Denison campus.

Dr. Scott has served as dean of Robert College in Istanbul, Turkey, for many years and returns each five years and he will be the guest of his sister Mrs. Forbes B. Wiley in Granville for one week. He was graduated from Denison University in 1911.

had been in the oven, while we were at church.

A note from Irene Little said she couldn't arrange to come to Granville, as she was looking after her mother, who must be nearly 100 by now.

At a quarter to four we drove to the Phi Delta Theta house for a reception, engineered by an enthusiastic alumna by the name of Rosensteel! It was so funny. All the boys of the fraternity were putting the house in order, scrubbing the floors, painting the andirons, mowing the lawn. There was, however, one room for the guests. People began to arrive - perhaps 40 in all - mostly Granville folk we already knew. Some were so kind and cordial. There was nothing to eat for a long time. Then it transpired that Ara had ordered the inevitable "punch" (fruit juice with ice floating in it) & it had not been delivered! However at about 5:15 or so, it appeared in the parlor of the insipid stuff. Nothing to eat at all, paper napkins, fruit juice. He finally got away. Ara just loves these affairs; receptions are important to her she runs them. I was thoroughly bored & fatigued.

When we got back, we found Mrs. Ford, a classmate of Dorothy's at the house with her daughter, Barbara - Nancy. It seems Barbara & Nancy are to room together this year in Junior. They consider it a most

momentous & charming coincidence. The daughter had stored quantities of stuff in Gra's attic & the great business was to transfer all this to the DORM. They came back from taking it in the car & then there was supper for Mrs. Ford, Barbara, Nancy, Dorothy, Ann, Eubonia Howard!! cold wash beef, tomatoes with cheese, bread butter, tea & ice cream & peaches. Tea is served at every meal but never separately.

When the two guests Nancy left, Dorothy & I washed & dried the everlasting dishes. Then we watched What's Your Line on Television & laughed particularly at the commercials, which are "a pain in the neck."

And so to bed, after an exhausting day.

September 9 Monday

warm & rather muggy all day. We went out in the P.M. to the very nice Public library - read The Manchester Guardian I had bananas, cigs & stamps - And we went to the Cranville Inn to ask about dinner for tomorrow night. No need to reserve places & the menu à la carte. Let's hope there will be something for Sinter to eat. I made nice for him for noon. He seems better, but I don't like to ask him. Mrs. Ford was with us for lunch again. A very nice person. She & Dorothy spent the afternoon making

curtains for their daughters' rooms.

Cent again after a rest - with a change of books at the library. Very nice dinner at 6 - & Television afterwards of the events - one quiz - most interesting. Nancy pops in every now & then her sophisticated greeting is Hi! Every last student at Denison wears shorts. Blue jeans are evidently out. I think that shorts are perfectly hideous. Such silly, silly talk about "Rushing." much more important than learning at college. If you don't make a sorority, you are not popular & haven't a "bag-friend" (fateful phrase) you are in a bad way. You change your college in the hope of having a more social time somewhere else. Ye gods!

September 10 Tuesday

It was pouring when we woke. Straight hard rain. Everyone is glad of it because the season has been so dry. This is that early on - what with dish-washing & bed making. Then at 10:30 Beth S. called & chattered away in her usual animated manner. She is an inveterate gossip.

Rue with this again. I am fighting a war with Dr. Hinton (since Sunday) & terrified lest he be incapacitated when we reach New York. For I have to put our burden in order & see a "Thousand" people. We rested after lunch. Then at 3 all went to the Cemetery to plant a chrysanthemum on Father's grave. Sinter had bought gladioli for the two graves -



Dorothy, Ora, Nancy, Harold



Dorothy, Ora, Nancy, Eveline

lewis' forks - & there were arranged in white baskets. A melancholy business. The gear was well & a shower came on as we drove home. Mrs. Richards invited us to tea & we went up to her house a little after noon. She lives at the top of the hill, with a very nice view through a large picture window. Beth Stanton (her father's Ora, I think), & I were the guests. Mrs. R.'s house is attractive - a large living room. We were given a very good tea. But how hard these housewives have to work. Scrambling, painting, window washing - all done by the women of the house. Truly living in 'h.S.D.' is a problem.

After that Beth drove home I had Vera & then I went for my photographs but they weren't done much to my disgust. They were mangled for me. The 10th & I was pleased.

I had a steak Nancy, Ora, & Dorothy & the Granville Inn for dinner. Terribly expensive \$20 for the juice of us but much appreciated.

When we returned, we had to see Harold's color slides on the projector. Very pretty pictures. Then knitting & chatting till time for bed.

September 11 Wednesday.

This was our last day in Granville. How kind & good everyone has been. The little town has charm. It is the real America. Charming small flower & brick houses; good church-going folk; earnest professors; happy-go-lucky stragglers. We packed early; then Beth Stanton



THE WILEY HOUSE, DOROTHY'S CAR AND
H. L. S.

Came in the early afternoon to say goodbye. The more I see of her in her proper setting, the more I feel she was unfitted for her job at C.S. Intelligent, nervous, slightly back-tiring - with emphasis on small matters. But I am bound by her cannot resist her friendliness.

Dorothy & Ana saw us off at Newark on the 5:05 P.M. Penn Train for N.Y. It was hot. We were the only Pullman passengers - & there was one other traveller - a foreign student who was going "back". I wonder when if ever we shall see those two people again.

Dorothy has greatly matured. Nancy is a quaint product of present-day America. Ana is the same chipmunk vine - quiet, simple, - a typical product of Greenville, Ohio & the Baptist clan.

He was rather astonished to discover there was no diner on the train. We had sandwiches & orange juice, & banana biscuits for supper. Our "bedroom" seemed microscopic but we managed to sleep fairly well. Our train went via Pittsburgh (had a long wait much jostling) & Philadelphia.

September 12 Thursday.

It was lucky that we brought food with us for breakfast, as we had no diner. The black attendant roused us up at 7 A.M. tho' we were already awake - she dressed with difficulty in our very narrow quarters. We reached the Penn Station

at 8 PM. A red cap took our luggage straight
to a taxi, one came up to Butler Hall in no
time.

How wonderful it was to be in one very
own place - independent - on our own. I put
myself on - then sped out to the Belvidere for
bread, (I put some already had) for bread ^{and} ^{fruit}
& margarine we had a belated meal. 1 PM. 1 PM.
we spent putting our room in order. There
were boxes - a lovely lounge from Sarah, -
other I felt I must go out to buy essentials.
At 10:30 I went down Broadway (how
familiar) across the new 116th St. College walk
& bought bags of things 1) mats for untable,
2) cutlery 3) wine glasses 4) 2 bowls, 5)
living wrap 6) a dustier & food. And to
back to B.H. where I got lunch. He rested
afterwards but I was too excited to sleep.
Laa at 4 - then we started out to our
reading library, at Columbia. Blessed gift!
It was still there, tho' in a different place
since as alumni we were allowed to draw
out books. Such a marvellous assortment
of the latest publications. Then as
we wandered back we ran into Bob Allen
on the corner of Amsterdam & 120th, &
had a chat.

He had invited Peggy to have ^{supper} ^{lunch}
with us in B.H. She told us Ted was
coming, too, so we four had a very nice
four some together. And we saw Peggy's
one room apt. Small but adequate.

September 13 Friday

I couldn't sleep - Too many thoughts; too much excitement. I didn't get off till after one.

We were up + had breakfast at P. H. H. S. took himself off at 9:30 to consult the Italian time at State Street ^{rough} back by 12 to say as it was an off-season ^{& cheaper} he thought we could indulge in first-class on the Paulis Casare - very nice. All settled. In the meanwhile I went to the neighborhood for this and that. He had an early breakfast: cold roast beef, rice, jelly + bananas.

It was appallingly HOT + muggy. It had an appointment with Dr. Rasmussen was off at 2. I decided to go to Gimbel's to get the sun-suit for the allens + tho I really suffered from the heat, I had a satisfactory time. I got a small blue sweater for Matthew Childs + a very nice sun-suit for Dickie Allen. I walked miles in Gimbel's - tried to find a plain small teapot on the 8th floor. No gun there? No thing but large ugly ones few or three. This is not a tea-drinking land. I almost gave up in despair when I spied an Evernux woodworth's on 33rd Street. But there, after much searching, I found a small aluminum teapot for 61¢!

I thought H.K.C. would be here before me, but no, at 4:30 I was there first + made some tea. He came in at 4:45 in a

disappointed mood. Dr. Rasmussen kept
him waiting more than an hour - was very
mechanical in his approach. Shouldn't
tell what the trouble was - changed his
medicine + said he should see a prostate
man! Man! Man! he was both
very depressed. I remember Dr. R. being
like that. He wants HHS to go down for a
blood test on Tuesday at 9 A.M. I ad-
vised him not to go. He was feeling so
much better today before he went to the
doctor. But he won't listen to my advice.

He pointed with the heat after the
nests a bit, then waited for the glasses.
They didn't turn up till nearly seven.
(Bob is always late) Looking warm out.
The baby is perfectly fascinating. He was
as good as gold. We took the three of them
to Butter Hall Restaurant had a very
good meal. The baby drummed on the
table, dropped his playthings + spoons
several times, but didn't really disturb
us. He came for a short time to our
apt. but left at 9. (They leave their
apt. on Monday + take up residence in
the Excelsior Hotel till they leave via
Sarnath)

We sat about + I read a chapter from
The Armenian Story, A Hymn of Love by
Margaret Houseman she had a good
laugh. And so to bed at 10:15.

September 14 Saturday.

Sweetly hardly slept at all, so upset was
he by Dr. Rasmussen. If only he would let
well alone - but no, he must try the new
medicine, carry out the new design. There is
no question about it - he is tremendously
interested in every detail of medical practice.

He overslept, for the first time in years, so
breakfast was pathetic. A note from Peggy
suggested we have lunch with her. It was
still very hot but not quite as bad as yes-
terday. I went out first to the Balington
Supermarket where I was able to get every
thing. Then S. went out to get his con-
founded new Rasmussen medicine. Peggy
said she would call for us at 12:45 but
she didn't ring our bell till 11 o'clock. We went
with her to a Restaurant in St. Luke's
Hospital called the Hospitality Shop. Not
very exciting. We weren't served till 1:20.
too late for us.

I gave Peggy a choice of three Turkish
presents: bracelet, Kutapel plate + turah.
She chose the turah. Then she gave me
the key to her apt. + the use of her type-
writer + her radio, which was sweet of her.
She was out at 4 to Rockville Center.

By 2 we were home again. HHS had
a long long sleep to make up for last
night. I slept a little + finished the book
about the Armenians. Very amusing.

At 4:20 we went to have tea with the Reelys at 50 Morningside Drive. We found them working rather hard, as they are in the process of moving in. Their apt. is nice - a large living & dining room facing east, a study (small), a guest room & their bedroom, kitchen & bathroom. The place has been recently painted. The kitchen is very nice - modern frig. & stove, but the bathroom is shabby. We had a grand talk of two solid hours. They still talk of going back to the farm at Plainfield, Mass. not coming back to 11 perhaps tomorrow - except incidentally. H.S. talked long & freely. They hadn't had much news - knew nothing of Philip Helyar's labors. Kate told me about Robert Chambers' death & poor Elvira. We finally got

home at 7. I manufactured a supper of eggs on rice, jello bananas, cheese & bread & butter. Snipled but sufficient.

I was able to get good letters written. I was very pleased to receive my picture from Francis, & a fine letter from Nettie.

He has been in America three weeks today. Incredible.

September 15 Sunday.

Cooler but not really very cool. We had the universal Sunday paper at our door by 8:30 - a time-consuming affair.

We had the happy thought of asking the Reelys to come have dinner with us at B.H. At first H.S. went out to try & call them up from below at 50 Morningside, but there was no answer. We then had the bright idea of calling up the Blandell's apt. & sure enough Kate answered. They are evidently sleeping in Dorothy's apt. as their own is only half ready. They agreed to come.

At 12:15 the Reelys were here we did have such an animated time. Derry first in our apt. then a delicious Sunday dinner upstairs. They returned to 11 2:30 & we spent some all talked nineteen to the dozen. Such amusing commentaries on both colleges & many personalities. Eye-openers, not only on significant news but on the characters of Kate & Elvira.

Then we had long snozes after our disabling meal! At 5 we went out for a walk down to 113th then along Broadway as far as 120th jacking out the familiar landmarks. It was fairly pleasant outside but our apt. is very warm still.

We didn't have supper till 9:30 when the snipledest possible: cereal, yogurt, bread & butter, o-x-o. Cake just this & that.

I accomplished a good deal as to letter-writing: Dick Gnade, Ethel Boger, Eleanor Portman, Lewis Curtis - wrote to them all.

Freshmen, Columbia, class of 1961 appeared in blue & white caps. Crowds on the streets.

September 16 Monday.

It was still very hot & humid. After breakfast IHS set off for his first official visit to the College archives at 40 Worth Street.

I started out about 9:15 on various complicated errands: 1) I took my suit to the cleaner on 119th St 2) photos, the printed 51 stamps at the P.O. 4) then to the handup library. As I crossed the path to the library, I ran in to Bob Hunter of all people. Retouchment on both sides. He looked very well-maintained & a little heavier. Much exchange of data! I got out Marginal's latest - a notice on a golf club. Life at Happy Knoll

Then I took the Penn. Sta. bus to the Bank of Rockefeller Center & got out \$200 - a hundred for us each. From there I walked down to Vondrahn to collect my re-wired instruments, but that naughty man hadn't finished with them, after 3 weeks! Damn! He promises them for Wednesday. From there I went to a small shop for 2 bras, then Sterns, where I bought nothing. I took the IRT to Macy's & looked at their cotton dresses on the 2nd floor. By this time, the hours were slipping by, & I had to come home. I again took the Subway. On Amsterdam I ran into Charles Reardon. Great exclamations! He didn't know we were in this country. Lunch was: tomato soup, beef, & ice cream, & good.

I was worn out with tramping in the heat & lunch was late (It came in about 1:10 PM) so both lay down in an exhausted condition & rested for a couple hours. Notes.

At 4:30 we took the subway to Christopher St. to find our way to 70 Perry Street, to visit the Childers. They live in the very heart of the Village in a brownstone ground house converted; two long narrow flights of stairs to their second floor apt. They greeted us as we saw The Babe. He is 4½ mos. old, has black hair like Dick (lots of it) & very black eyes. He seems in the best of condition, but r-r-r-r-r. Much adored by his two parents, who, until now had had nothing to do with babies. Dick didn't turn up his heels. Great chatterbox & long drinks. Almost two much of both!

We didn't have dinner (buffet style) till after 7:30 - Roast beef (nearly raw) lima beans, tomatoes, pickles, bread followed by ice cream. It was a nice visit. I am not sure how much I like them. In a way, I am glad they are not connected with V.C. They are very critical - especially the much talk of their forthcoming journey & stay in Sumatra. Excerpts from Shirley's letters were read & we saw a few pictures. While we sat talking there was a down-pour of rain. It had stopped by the time we came out but at 115th St. - home, it rained quite hard again. Bed so hot at 10.

September 17 Tuesday.

It was much colder, thank the lord. H.H.S. was off early without breakfast to have a blood test at Dr. Rasmussen's so I had a solitary meal.

I went out for food in the a.m. and my return found 3 letters in the Post Box - viz. H.C. viz P. giving a clipping about the marriage of Robert Wyke Brown!! & a note from I + G.D. inviting us to dinner tomorrow night. The plot thickens on all hands! And at 10:30 or so a phone call came from Winifred Seager Gutz of all people! inviting us to dinner this evening. Kapallah! I wrote to DIP & prepared lunch. Swaty came in at 12 having bought himself a beautiful pair of leisure slippers and a pair of shoes.

Rest was short this time, as I went for a hair do & manicure to a little shop round the corner from Amsterdam. They are either Puerto Ricans or Spaniards. Funny. A cost \$3.50 was a thorough job.

On coming back to make a cup of tea - further developments: A call from Dr. Fisher. H.H.S. invited him to dinner on Thursday. Beautiful roses from Harry for Evelyn. Really a quite regal gesture. And a package from Betty, including domestic appliances - an apron, hand towel, pot holder, kitchen towel - plus a birthday present or a

Wool handkerchief & decorated writing paper. She is too kind & generous.

He started out at 6:15 for The Barbizon Plaza, where Winifred awaited us. Such a conversation on West 58th Street. Room 2225 on the 22nd floor! She is the same very stylish child in black. I waited awfully well. We had cocktails in the room & much talk of Wera & Hilfred et al - & then headed on to the Restaurant, where we had an absolutely disabling meal. Before that her fellow-walker came in - with a behind - he suspected they had both had too many cocktails - they were so gay. But they soon left. We went back to the Room after dinner but were away by 8:15 - Winifred is dead & food & bus greatly matured. She is here only till Friday, when she flies back.

September 18 Wednesday.

I never have enough time to sleep! I get the breakfast, wash up, make the beds, do a little stitching & it is 9:30 already. I.H.S. went off to the office "trout onite" - & I started out as soon after 9:30 as possible. I called to my prints (they were good) then changed my book at the Hendrix library (Diana Barrymore's Too Much, Too Soon). Then I took the Riverside bus to 115th Avenue to get by re-wired instruments & 2 batteries. I was pleased to discover Pindzuber out with a notice on his door to wait for five minutes. But I made myself off in a huff.

I had been delayed as the bus got into a perfect jam at 66th Street, where reconstruction is going on. It was already after 11 - I had time to walk down Fifth Avenue, gaze at many windows - go into Woolworth's for a frame & knife (!) & then on to 34th St to the subway. I am appalled at the lack of clothes - particularly suits. Why didn't I get one in London? I can see nothing made in '55 - suits, are more than that. I would like a black suit very pretty winter dinner dress - but I don't want to pay more than \$25 for the latter. We shall soon find our money melting away.

I was home by 12:30 having board on the way. And Sater got in by a little before one. We had a cup of tea later.

Then at 6:15 we started off to see Harry via the 125. I would so much rather go by bus because of the stairs. Besides, I know it is a long walk from 14th St. Sta. to 31 East 12th Avenue S. hates the long bus ride. We made the mistake of going first to Harry's apt. but he was waiting for us as a longchamp on Fifth Avenue & 12th. He does look somewhat older but is the same fascinating creature. The only really ancient thing about him - is the condition of his teeth. He probably is obstinate & won't have them out. We had such a good talk & an excellent meal - then went back to his apartment for a short time. It is true that, as N.Y.

apartments go, very noisy. And Gull or Woods. He talked of a thousand things - books, people, Iran, Turkey. And so home again via a short taxi ride and the 125 Express from 14th St.
September 19 Thursday.

The day has - alas, alas. Rick Goad called in the P.M. only to say he has a very bad cold his group straight on to Oil City, but stay - ing in N.Y. much to our despair.

We decided that each of us would be independent today as to lunch for I wanted more time to explore in town. I took the ~~subway~~ subway to 34th Street & went first to Gimbel's to look for a middie dress - cotton or rayon - but there were masses of dresses, none seemed right. I crossed the road & that I would go to Macy's but I passed Saks en route & decided to try that. And I found just what I wanted. A neat quiet model - mentioned down the front for \$7.19. I popped into a Woolworth's to look around - by that time it was 12. So I went to Schaff's to lunch. not cheap 1.10 + 34 tax plus 15¢ tip = \$1.28 And Dean remembers a Schaff's meal for 75¢ in the old days.

And then what is a hat! Was Fred's still going? Sure enough, on 34th Street. So taking my courage in both hands, I went in, was waited on by an ubiquitous Jewess & finally came out with a pretty black helmet with a bow & veil for \$3.08 with tax! Time to go home. Water on

I must get a real party dress at Arnold
Countesses or have Bryants. Batakum.
I came back by Riverside bus, went out of
my way to buy a chocolate cake & reached
home by 2:15. Very tired.

The cake I got for Sister's tea and dear he
would eat nothing. One cup of tea. Period.

I wrote three letters between tea & seven-
to-wimfred, Beth and Ara. At 7:15, Mr.
Fisher arrived to have dinner with us in
B. H. Restaurant. You know, I have al-
ways thought him a bore. It was only con-
firmed tonight. He is kindly, he bears no
malice, but is hard-working, but he has it
a spark of wit, humor, or fire. I have
always thought his lectures proper & dull.
But he has acquired a reputation some-
how or other. It is his never-wailing
energy & capacity to work & for facts.
He talked of this and that - college matters
for the most part. He came to the apt.
afterwards & continued -

September 20. Friday.

S. was off early again to the office, but I
decided to be domestic & stayed in. I shortened
a dress, mended a dress shield, dusted &
wrote a long letter - He was back a little
before 1 P.M. & I gave him a stupid lunch
(but what he asked for) rice & jelly, banana
cake - I had a bit of tomato & cottage cheese
very dull.

he called out at 2:45 I went down to Prodigium to
get my revised instruments. I was horrified
at the price - \$25 for the two. I put one
together, so the whole bill was \$26.35. Really
really. I protested but in vain. He cleaned
my purse out & I hurried home by Riverside
bus, which takes forever. A cup of tea on
my return was refreshing.

Peggy & I had the same hair wave.
We thought we'd have supper (Puteh) at R. H.
which we did. Very nice, if a bit too much.
Then Peggy came to our apt. We talked &
laughed till 10:15. A warm night, but
I slept fairly well.

September 21 Saturday

Rain in the night but very warm &
muggy just the same.

This was our weekend for S. Orange. He
packed after breakfast then I dashed out to
the lending library to change my books. I
got Huxley's Tomorrow and Tomorrow
for the weekend. Scotty went out to deposit
bondage to my 4 yachts for his medi-
cinal treatment!

Eleanor was there on the day of 11 N.H.
with her car & we went speeding along,
this time via Riverside Drive & the George
Washington Bridge to the Dr. J. Turnpike &
to Hwy 12 at 21 Horkler Rd. Fantastic &
blessed spot!

There was doubtless before lunch then

An meal on the screened porch. Soup, salad + toasted muffins. Not very good for HHS but he had a banana yogurt which helped.

We had breakfast. Then tea at 5:20 we drove to Harrison Street to see the apt. of Helen Francis + Eleanor Pooleman. It is on the ground floor (110) of a very nice apt. building + is really charming. Both women welcomed us warmly. We had to go all over their place: 2 bedrooms, living room, dining room, hall, bathroom + kitchen. Really roomy + very adequate.

Eleanor drove all of us back to dinner at 21. Horner Rd. Drinks on the porch then a delicious dinner, ending in her famous rum cake with whipped cream. After words there was immense talk - Mrs. Francisco is a great chatter + Eleanor's questions made us smile. She has an idea that Sooty has the answers to everything. He asked him his opinion of Eisenhower + Dulles - And went on to the Royal Family in England. "Don't you think Margaret should be allowed to marry Peter Townsend?" "Don't the Dukes + Duchesses get a divorce?" And so on + so on! Two amusing.

At 9:15 we drove them home again - all of us were in + ready for a last chat + bid by 10:15. I confess the two energetic Poolemans left me limp. Too, too devoted!

September 22 Sunday.

More rain in the night, but still very nice 71° in our bedroom at 8 AM. No green muggies + better as the day progressed. A huge Sunday paper to read. At 11 Eleanor suggested taking us for a ride, to show us all the different homes in which the hostess had lived. Then we drove further to Creech fields + over the mountain. Really charming leaves. Thousands (thousands) of houses - many lovely ones, with beautiful lawns. flowers - fine domestic architecture.

We had an excellent meal at 1:30. Then at 2:30 sermons + reading. Later T.V. "The last word" with John Mason Brown. Later again Ed Sullivan's Show, which was BWFV. Semi-naked dancers, dead-end cowboys.

Supper was on the screened porch - roast beef, baked potatoes, tapioca pudding with strawberries + sauce. We had a late meal then sat talking as it grew cooler. The dear Eleanor suggests our coming again to Japan but we have so much to do, so many other people to see so many purchases to make, to say nothing of Sooty's work at the office.

September 23 Monday.

Eleanor announced at 10:15 that she had been invited by a Canadian friend to lunch in town, so she would drive us in. All very nice for us. If we had stayed on till Tuesday,

as she wished not to, she could not have had her
ready-ours with her friend. We started a
little before 11 & it took us just over an hour
to make Butler Hall - coming this time via Geo.
Washington Bridge. Then we had her a good
adieu & she went downtown to the Hotel to
meet her Canadian.

We found many letters: from Helen Scott,
Beth Stanton, Dorothy Schod, card from E.
Clarke for Oct 11th, Sarah, Thom Hammond.
And a parcel for me from Dorothy. It was a
present for my birthday - a heavy, leavon
rather ugly necklace. Oh dear! I wish I had
put one in Garaville as I wanted to. It was
sweet of D. to remember me But. . .

H.S. wanted lunch in, so we ate what
we found - very stuffy & uninteresting. I
wrote a letter to Anna & one to Helen & one to
Elizabeth Clarke - all important arrange-
ments. Then we went out together to the
Lending Library & got out Gorer's book
on The English Character. That provisions
& we were in time for tea. After that more
letters & at 6:30 I began getting supper
ready - sweet potatoes, beef, frankfurters
& ice-cream. Quite good.

A very quiet evening. A phone call
from Selma saying she wants well &
could not come to dinner tomorrow evening
as she is on a diet - feels unequal to
going out, poor thing.

September 24 Tuesday.

My 68th birthday. Incredible. That dear man
& mine had a bunch of presents on the table
for me. Too much. 12 nice a Day. 4ardles, lavender
water, Whitman candies, & Log Cabin boot By
Love Possessed, which I think very appropriate
for husband to wife!

The morning sped. I went out to the Five
& Ten, while H.S. went to the office, to get
domestic things for bathroom Hitcher &
pair of bra from Woolmans. I gave H.S.
sweet potatoes & rice for lunch - with
bonanas. & I had cottage cheese tomatoes
I had to hurry, for I had been asked to
come to the Y.W.C.A. Foreign Division meeting
at 2:15.

I found they took the transfer down bus
down to 50th Street but it crawled. I
took a whole hour to reach 50th & then
I had a transfer in my hand. I got into
a taxi - for Lexington & 52nd. But then
again it crawled. Really. The only
way to travel in N.Y. is by subway,
unless you have hours to spend. Con-
sequently I was 25 minutes late with
meeting. As soon as I entered, Mr. H.C.
came forward, kissed me on both
cheeks, & escorted me to a chair near
his. Mrs. Moore presided next to Margaret
Fryth (very fat) - a vice pres. at his
side & the secretary. Then, embarrassed

To have Mrs. Moore ask me to say a few words about the Liaison Committee. Mrs. Rockefeller spoke & Elizabeth on Greece & Turkey. I saw Miss Julius (who once had tea with us) also Fay Allen was there. A Korean woman spoke very well about the Y.M.C.A. in her country.

The meeting was long - till 4:30 but that I could Elizabeth send her sister-in-law, Mrs. Cleveland Dodge, was calling for her - would they take me home? So I got in 10 a lovely car, with licensed chauffeurs - one came up thru Central Park to Butler Hall. Very nice indeed.

I was furnished for a cup of tea. Then changed. Heloise I was doing so who should telephone but Owen Peuce! He is a tutor of the courtage of 1913-14 & has been, since then, a Y.M.C.A. man. He is a stuffed shirt & always has been. He tells us he is about to go round the world - will be in Istanbul on Dec. 2nd (Oman! Allah - as Selma says) & wanted to know if there is anyone left, whom he knew. They Gil, Hussein Bey, & Ith S! He left after $\frac{1}{2}$ hour.

He invited Peggy for dinner up-stairs. Very nice. She gave me a King crown pin.

I was delighted to receive from that generous Eleanor a check for \$25. Now I will buy some pretty things.

September 25 Wednesday.

This was rather a quiet day. I had so many notes & letters to write that I decided to stay at home & do domestic & scribble. I used Cami-Flush in the bathroom, scrubbed that floor, mopped. Swept the carpets & dusted heavily. Then I wrote to: Nettie, Dorothy Schod, Eleanor G. Mrs. Lee. A.P. & Esther Buzes, Aunt Winifred & Sarah. I almost had writer's cramp.

At eleven out to get bread to change my book. I got out Desmond was Carter's Portraits, which I think I have read before but it intrigued me. Sister got home at one & I had lunch ready for him.

He had good rest, & at 7 the 2 kids arrived for dinner. We gave them whiskey & subonnet in our apt. They went up-stairs for a disability meal. They came back & stayed till after 10. They are so nice & friendly that I hate to say I don't completely like them. I think there is a "contrary" sort of person, they won't criticize people too easily. They have enthusiasms for people I don't care for: Miss Felts, Bob & Shirley, Bella Allen, the Haddons - Oman! such a crew. I wonder how they will like Sumatra. It is a fearful adventure, really. They think now they won't go till January, he, just, then they the babe. And so it had.

September 26 Thursday.

A lovely cool new fresh day with an increasing breeze.

He decided this was a day for them - I wanted to cash Deavor's check, get more money, try to find a party dress. So was at the College office at 9:15. Brown followed. I went first to the Bank, then took a bus to Arnold Constable. There I couldn't find just what I wanted - tho' I tried on several. I didn't want black as I already have several black dresses that are still good.

I then went to have Bryant descended to the Basement, where I was lucky before. And I did find a very pretty blue dress that looks party-ish - & I got it after trying on several. I was rather taken with a black lace - but there again, I wanted a color. It was \$18.52 with the Tax. (These taxes are a pain in the neck.)

I wandered down towards 34th St. where I was to meet I.H.S. & went with a heavy - worth to get face clothes & a bangle or 2. I met Switzer on the corner of 34th & Seventh Avenue. Together we went with heavy's to order food for ourselves with the A.P.O. number of the dear nurses. We were told to go to the 2nd floor & apply to a desk marked Service. There a nice woman said she would send around with us a special person to guide our steps in choosing.

The things we want. A certain Mrs. had come to our rescue more than helpful. As far as I can remember these are what we chose: 6 jars of instant coffee, 1 regular ground, 2 tins of Dutch coffee (!). 3 tins of cranberry sauce, 2 Knox gelatine sheets, 2 cocoa pods, Baker's chocolate, allspice, a lb of Exp. Bft. Tea (Indian tea) - he had still to get (separately) spices, greased paper, ice-cream mixes.

He took one stuff to ascertain desk, where it was computed, weighed for shipping, addressed to go on, wonderful. The whole thing came to a little more than \$25.00. What buy it will be getting it when we get home. It will probably not arrive till we are a little before. Slaty stopped to buy a blue velvet shirt at the men's shop. And by that time I was very weary, very hungry.

He went in to Schrafft's on 34th St. had a fair lunch - not too good. Then he went home again, & I dropped out to my bed for a rest. But not before I had shown out my dress to I.H.S. & got his approval.

In preparation for an X-ray given I.H.S. had to take castor oil at 6. It worked within an hour or half. I wish he wouldn't go so thoroughly into this medical business. He is peeling fine, he says, so why

not let nature take care of the rest?

On my way to the subway at 9:30 I ran into Tom Kendall on the campus. He invited me, to my great surprise. He is living at International House, studying Byzantine Art. Working in a cafeteria from 5:30-8 for his meals + wants to find tutoring lessons. He says Alice Moore will be here by the end of the month.

September 27 Friday.

Distinctly colder - but with brilliant sunshine in New York. Poor 1065 had to go off at 10:30 for an X-Ray at some new Gaugled doctor's or Dr. Rossmann's choosing! Till then I wrote necessary notes. Then I stented out. To o. I wanted cake for tea but my favorite bakery was closed. It is Jewish New York every other shop in every direction is closed! This is a Jewish city.

Finally, I went down to two worth's. There I bought a plastic table cloth price 83¢. And I bought me of Schraffts on 107th. Some though they have lovely cakes + I got one, as well as half a coffee cake. It was such beautiful weather that I thoroughly enjoyed the walk there back.

Susy got back by 12:30 + I evaded the regulation lunch: rice, wad beef, jelly + bananas.

At 4:15 Tom Kendall appeared + we all had tea together. He is earning his keep by

working from 5:30-8 P.M. as a busboy in the cafeteria of International House. He gave us news of old friends his own family. His friends New York very expensive.

After he left, we read that about 6:45 when we returned upstairs to dinner.

I am reading Cozzens book Bygone Paradise. Very clever indeed. A bit raw in bits + will shock many people but very true to life. It holds our attention.

A quiet evening. For the second time I called Miss Jean Palmer's apt. only to be told there was no answer.

H.K.S. called up George Hiles that a very pleasant conversation. We may meet. I am not keen to go to Ardsey, but hope we can see George alone in New York.

September 28 Saturday

A clear cold N.Y. autumn day with brilliant sunshine. Chores, first, then I went out to town. Susy stayed at home to work on his documents, tho he did go out to the lending library to change his book. I had several items in mind, but to Macy's when I had birthday presents for H.K.S. (I refrain from enumerating them yet). Then to Chinelo to get shirts for Nic - I got three, paid for them by check + had them sent. I tried at Barn different places to fit needles for my new to mend nylon stockings - with no success. The notions counter at Macy's, which has everything under heaven, could not help me.

Everyone says nylon stockings are now so cheap that it is not worth while to mend them.

Then I tried to get a windbreaker for Sabaheddin! Really the things wanted by all + mummy! No luck. In Gumbel's basement, the windbreakers are padded - very thick \$9.95 - \$12.98. I went to the mens store at mumps but things there were much more expensive \$17.95 to \$25. So I gave up for the time being. I will buy a pair of rubbers - \$2.83 which wasn't bad.

I took the Exp. subway got out at 110th St. where I had a good cup over \$1.40 with card. And on towards home getting ice-cream en route for lunch (I had already stopped for bread before starting for town). I got in by 12:20 + at once began preparing lunch. but I was dead bogged. I tried shopping very thing. A rest on can had helped matters somewhat other a cup of tea at 4.

he went out together to try to get a windbreaker at a Columbia Shop. And we found a black one - light but warm for \$9.22. H.S. made the decision + I hope Sabaheddin likes our choice but I wonder!

When I got home I tried my new dress which I had shortened. It was a little warmer. The building work was

very well.

Dinner upstairs again a quiet evening. Many letters: Helen arrives in N.Y. on Oct 3rd; the Blacks ask us to stay a week; we may stay 5 days. Dora writes plainly finally because I didn't tell her I was coming to U.S.A. K. Knight invites us for lunch on Oct. 26th. I hurried after me to get 2 things down Sears, Roebuck - go on!!

September 29 Sunday

A hazier day ~~was~~ than yesterday. Bpt. Then the huge paper. The D.M. was taken up almost entirely by letter-writing. Such a chore. I wrote to Helen, Dora C, K. Knight later in the day to Gura-finka.

At 11:30 we started out to meet the Pochman like at Strapperson Fifth 57th St. he was too early, as I knew we would be, because there is so much less traffic on Sunday. Madge arrived just one went upstairs to a table reserved for seven. Ted came next, then Helen + Eleanor so we were seven. Hanna couldn't come as one of her boys, his family were visiting her. he had a very jolly, very delicious meal. A long line of people were waiting for seats. But we were fortunate.

After lunch Madge would have us walk down to West 45th Street to see her room in the Schayler Hotel. Much to my astonishment, Evelyn was willing to comply - so we proceeded - the four of us, Peggy + Ted having

departed on their own. Madge has a tiny room - no outflow - no light except artificial. She has a tiny kitchenette but shares a bathroom with one other. She has made her place look very attractive (what a ^{what} normal hotel!). He works in the Subscription Dept. of The New Yorker, which is on the same block. We finally left about 3:15 after a short visit.

Sueety would come back by subway, which somehow put me into a hurry. I meant instead of going by bus on Fifth Ave (only a block away), we had to walk to Times Square - 2 blocks west + three south when we were in a nasty crowd, a heated subway - nothing to look at. I did mind - why does he hate buses so much? There are the stairs, too, at the end of the journey, but he will always go by subway if he can, stairs or no stairs. I was depressed.

I noted when we got to B.H. - but Sueety only sat in an easy chair. It was 4 P.M. Later I wrote a letter to Zoraida then Peggy invited us for Sherry in her room before supper. He went at 6:45 had a very nice visit. She looked so attractive in a new black dress. He lent me a book I have been wanting to read, The Second Tree From The Corner by E.B. White. Our supper was gay + calm only as we had been so surprised.

September 30 Monday.

Sueety was off to the office commune tonight + I, after household chores, went down in the subway to Macy's to try to get off some of the list of purchases still on my list. I had fairly good luck.

I went first for a warm dressing gown to the very same place at Macy's where I got my other one 10 years ago. Found 2 found, almost at once just what I wanted, a dark blue gown piped with red \$14.46. More than I paid for the other, but not bad. Then I went to get this confounded related skirt for Murray. I had such a helpful saleswoman, who measured everything carefully. It was difficult choosing but I finally got a black nylon skirt, which is washable (permanent pleats) for \$8.95 with tax + net cheap. These silly people in Turkey think everything is dirt cheap in U.S.A. I went into the adverse Woolworth's on 34th Street + got washing, a veil hat for the theatre, + writing paper. I forgot to say I got a wonder here tonight at Macy's for \$4.10 - So my morning's work was not bad. I tried on hard to find a cardigan for Agnes, but had no luck. I shall try deans.

The subway home - very tired - then I got the lunch for us + bath + when I lay down I slept heavily for more than an hour! Time's Revenge!

At 4:50 we started out for Miss Felts' apt. 132 E. 19 - 125 to 14th then a taxi to a charming place, just off Gramercy Park. She lives with a Mrs. Jarwood. She appeared in a gold lame dress to the ground - very grand! Mr. Mrs. Baltzly, who were our guests once, in Hrisan, were the other 2. The children Gill and Susan couldn't come - he were given bourbon water + snacks. Much talk. Miss Felts is affectionately affectionate! Why, I can't think. She is read about her dismission from the Near East College office. Has no other permanent job as yet. I enjoyed the Baltzlys - he is or was professor of history at New York University. Just retired. They are very intelligent people, stacked well.

He left at seven + went to the Gramercy Park Hotel for dinner. What a nice place. I was reminded of 1) a dinner there with Fred + Martha Parry, Ellis Parry and his Haunce's (how long ago - 14 or 15 years) also of little Eleanor Burns, who lived in this hotel the last year and a half of her life.

He came back on the 5th Ave. Bus - got out at 116th Street, glancing up at the windows of my old apt - no bars or sad happy memories 1940 - 1944.

Notes on handwritten order from Sears
Roebuck Co.

(original sent to the firm)

Sears Roebuck Co
4640 Roosevelt Blvd.
Philadelphia, Penna.

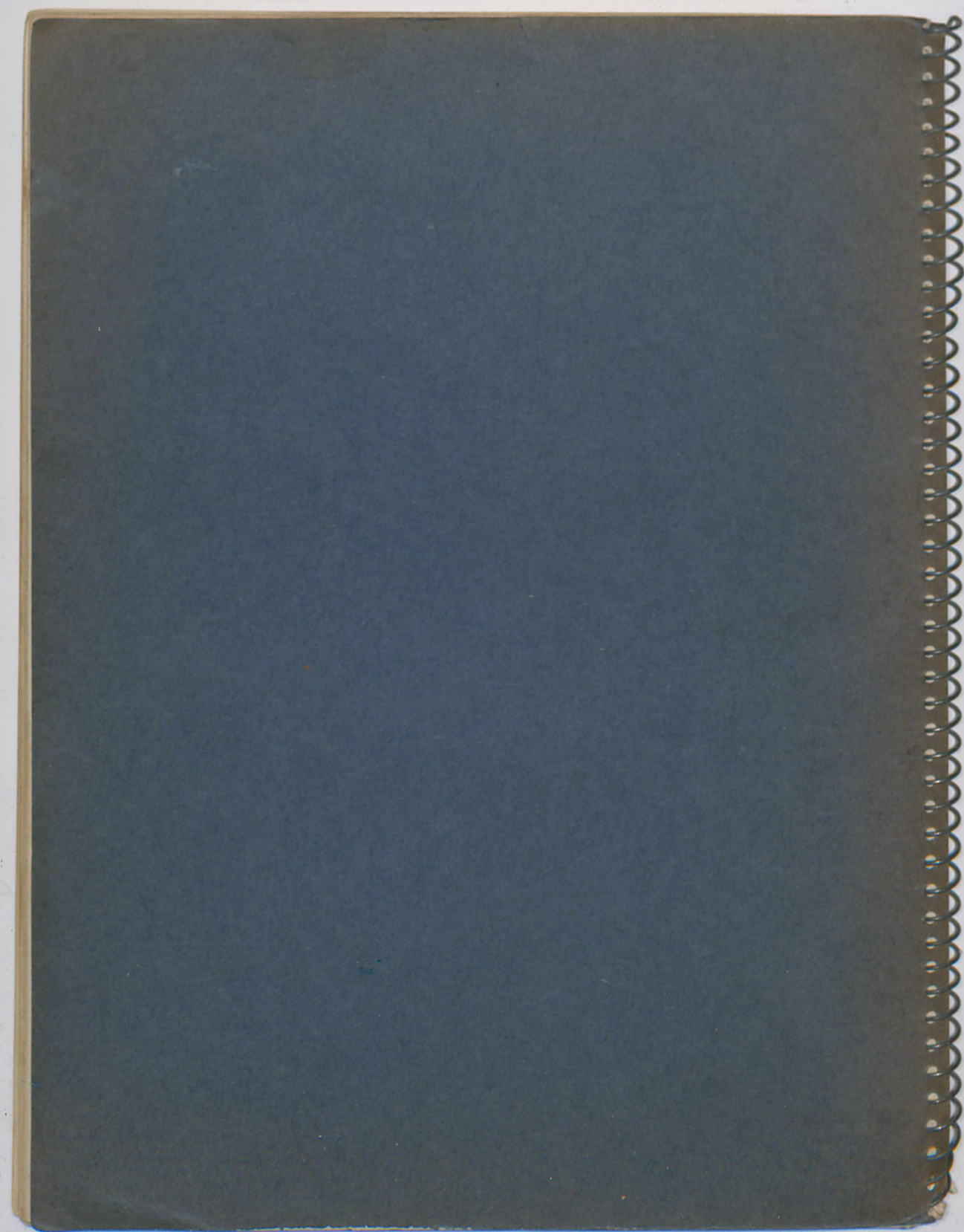
(Full + winter 1951 Catalog)

①
07 D 5049 1 woman's 8 gore skirt
size 38
(page #124) medium gray \$7.77
(1 lb 12 03)

②
38 D 262 1 flannellette gown
size 40
Pink \$4.77
(page #259)

(1 lb 203)





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