

Diary 1957

vol III



Goodbye America

Diary

Vol. II

November 8 Saturday on board Giulio Cesare

We were up betimes had our last breakfast in the pretty dining-room. We were all packed & at nine put everything in the car. Goodbye to Josephine - ends the happy days at 21 Hudson's Wood.

It was a dullish, somewhat misty but fair day. Eleanor drove us expertly to the Nicovino Tunnel then to the Italian pier at 44th Street. Traffic was light on the highway but there was a congestion at the pier as the Christoforo Colombo was just in. We got on with the greatest ease - an ^{hand} baggage (and trunk) taken care of - so that when we reached our cabin everything was deposited at once.

Our cabin is 67 on the Pining Room level a most luxurious ~~cabin~~. Two beds, shower & lavatory - 2 cupboards for clothes - everything spotlessly clean. We were cheered by letters & parcels that kept arriving: letters from Mimi, Sarah, Mrs. Schiller & Mrs. Chase. Books from George Hiles, Elizabeth H.C., & the Shepards. Smiles from Katie Wright and note from Ethel Burbank. Later on Peggy came down to bid us farewell leave us a N.Y. Times. Then adieu to her and to our very dear Eleanor.

There were masses of people, mostly
Italians to see of relatives or friends -
but they were shoved off at last &
stayed, with Peggy by the rails, on the
deck to wave, as we pulled out at 12 N.

The ludicrous part of the thing is that
there are only 30 First class passengers.
No rattle around! At 12:30 we had
a very good lunch & found the Dining
Room only a fourth full! The purser
told Swotzy that coming over the ship
had a full load, but evidently few
are returning. There is a cabin and
tourist class, whom we do not see.

Such luxury! Such waiting upon.
We are not used to all this but it is
certainly most gratefully received.

Tea in the "saloon" for exactly
6 people! But a full band played
for us just the same. There is some-
thing rather amusing to have the
ship to ourselves, so to speak.

But it gives one a strange sensation.

As we got out into the ocean,
the ship was very steady. But as
usual, I feel "queazy", so had a
very light supper stroke to my head
at 8:30, sleeping like a log, nearly
all night. I didn't know when Swotzy
came to bed. I am the strangest
traveller!

November 17, Sunday

It gave me a dreadful pang to leave
New York. It is so familiar yet so far away.
As the ship pulls out, a band plays the
loud & cheerful music pulls at my heart
strings. When, if ever, will we see New York
again?

We were in a beautifully smooth sea,
much to my astonishment, as I expected
high waves, from the moment we left the
Hudson! Breakfast very good at 7:45.
Another man saw two seahorses the only
ones in the dining-room. All the waiters
& stewards speak English.

In the P.M. we sent a radiogram to Eleanor
"Smooth Seas, thinking of you with grateful
affection Sylvia Harold." (How ironic
this was a little later!) Lunch & dinner in
the dining-room with superlative food.
We went over the ship to find lounges,
card room, music room - endlers
luxuries - sea is reined in the music
room.

But by evening the ship began to dance,
as the Dutch say. And it began to be quite
rough. So I took to my bed early,
feeling queer.

We put our clocks forward an hour,
as instructed. This is a fortunate gesture
when we want to spend less time rather
than more on a rough sea.



Our ship Giulio Cesare



M/S Giulio Cesare - New York

November 18 Monday

There is little to record today because we ran into a gale which was pitilessly rough. I did get up for breakfast but decided on bed at once. A very bad day. The ship pitched & rolled & trembled from stern to stern. I had no appetite but lived on fruit. I am happy to say Scotty was in good fettle - went to a cinema at 3. & attended all meals.

A miserable night of very rough seas. He slept with difficulty & I felt absolutely "horry" -

November 19 Tuesday

I remembered Sarah's birthday but how wretched I was all day. It grew rougher & rougher. This is the worst I have ever experienced. I tried to sleep & ate practically nothing. Scotty didn't miss a meal. Fortunately I was very much good to me. I felt like cursing every hour - there was absolutely no change - Bang! rattle! Roll! Pitch every hour of the day.

Raising on the Tables, & reports & ropes on the lounge to hang on to.

November 20 Wednesday

A little better in the P.M. that is, a huge swell, but no longer a boiling angry ocean. I had tea with breakfast but kept busy with him about 4 P.M. By a new report, I dined at the time

and went to the music lounge for tea. After that we went together a movie Love in the Afternoon with Gary Cooper + Audrey Hepburn. This had been mentioned to us by Eleanor as an amusing film - but we found it rather silly & left before the end. I think Eleanor liked it because it was set in her beloved Paris.

I did manage to come to the dining-room for dinner. It was still roughish but not quite so bad. However, I went to bed at once after dinner. Air service is excellent. While we are at breakfast, the beds are made; while we are at dinner, everything is prepared for the night. Very nice steward and stewardess. As there are so few passengers, we get a great deal of attention.

Wonders! Thursday

We were supposed to pass the Azores last night & they tried to comfort me by saying the weather would be better. However, I discovered that between the Azores and Gibraltar, it is nearly always choppy. And this occasion was no exception. I did manage breakfast but lay down all to. m. had only an orange for lunch. I read quite a bit. Miss Briggs' boat sent us by George; Emily Dickinson by which, sent us

by the Shepards - a wadsworth, not so exciting to find out of the library called Major Thompson about the characteristics of trenchmen versus Englishmen.

I made a great effort to get to the lounge for tea, when I had 2 small sandwiches, but the damn ship kept heaving with a large swell & later white-capped waves, so I couldn't face another "Gala" dinner tho' Scotty went. An orange for supper & tucked. I slept well, I am glad to say.

Nov. 22, Friday

A swell to begin with. We near Gibraltar which we are due to reach tomorrow, the 23rd at 6 P.M. We are late, having been delayed by the gale. An officer told S. that we had had to reduce speed from 20 knots to 17.

Breakfast together at 8:30 after a very good night. But all food tastes to me like straw yet.

I wrote 5 letters, no less, morning & afternoon in the writing room. There are heaps more due! Will I ever write them all? We had tea in the lounge & heard the cheerful band. Scotty went to the cinema but I spent that time letter writing. I went to all meals. In the evening after dinner, we watched a Bingo game in the Music Room,



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H. B. S. at the Captain's Cocktail Party.

— were much entertained.

In the Writing Room I got into conversation with an American woman, Mrs. Jack Spitz (of all names!) from Glenview, Ill. on her way with her husband to India. Not very exciting.

We were late getting to bed — put our clocks on an hour but couldn't sleep and wouldn't sleep! Scatty read from 12 to 1 — finally about 2 we both dozed off.

November 23 Saturday.

To meet mine we left New York about a week! The day started out by being quite choppy & rough, but improved as time passed. I continued to try to get through the many letters I am supposed to write & did fairly well; posting them in a box by the Purser's office w/ Gibraltar.

We had our usual rest in the P.M. Then tea with music. Scatty again went to the Cinema, while I continued in the Writing-Room. As I was feeling much more chipper I had a drink in the Bar before dinner.

Before that, however, we touched at Gibraltar. For several hours, we had seen the African coast — sea-gulls hovering about — signs of approaching land. At about 6 o'clock a huge thunderstorm came on with dark lightning



The rock of Gibraltar

just as we got to Gibraltar. I had never seen a blacher sky in broad, with a sinking sun in the west. I suppose several people got off, & some on, but it was too dark to see properly. We had the meered glimpse of the Rock - a few lights - & the huge pile that was all.

We had a good dinner & I slept in much better. Coffee in the Nurse's Room, with the band - & then we watched some of the passengers engaged in Horse Racing - a pure gambling game with dice. And so passed a little after 10.

November 24 Sunday.

A good night for us both, but in the early a.m. I felt decidedly queer. Though we are in the Mediterranean at long last, our ship moves on a choppy sea. I had no appetite for breakfast. What a tiresome traveler I am! Heavens! how glad I shall be to get home & get those nice people who enjoy every moment of a sea voyage.

I am reading Wither's study of Emily Dickinson, a truly scholarly piece of work, examining every aspect of her life and poetry to the minutest detail. How he must have admired her genius. I confess for myself there are too many

details - some could easily have been left out or reserved for learned monographs.

I went up to the 3rd Suite went to the Cinema. Mrs. Spitz (!) was very friendly - she came out early from the Cinema. She said it was awful - all about a dope fiend & gangster dope peddlars. I began reading Hugh Walpole's The Inquisitor. Another Cathedral story - quite good & entertaining. We have both done a lot of reading on board.

We had appetizers in the Bar at 7:15. Then, if you please, there was a Farewell Dinner at 8. Too much, too much. I could eat hardly anything. Carras for all & sundry! which we passed by. Sutter had a good meal but I could not get thru my steak, & I didn't have any dessert. However, I crawled up to the music room & listened to the band & then read till 10. The main lounge was converted into an Italian Garden (very cleverly done - what work!) for a party after 9. But we didn't look in except to say how pretty the setting was.

And so to bed - only 2 nights more & then Terra Firma once more. The word be Praise.

November 25 Monday.

A heavenly Mediterranean day with real sunshine, a blue sea - hardly any motion except for the ship's engines. We both had had a very good night. We are told that we reach Palermo tonight around 6. (Too had it out by daylight) & hopes around 7 A.M. tomorrow morning, which is too early. So, Sutter packed one bag early, we then took a redote walk on deck. And then I went to the cabin to do nearly all my packing.

A good lunch & then a lie-down - It's to a cinema as usual & Lucia in the music room, listening to the last Band concert. Towards 5:30 we began to see Sicily & as it grew dark we edged our way into Palermo harbor. We were so disappointed that we didn't see it by daylight. A large group of people were waiting on the quay in raincoats, as it had been raining. There was a group of Sicilians had been invited on board, by way of advertisement they were given cocktails in the lounge. Much activity.

We indulged in appetizers in the music room & then had our last very good dinner. We sat about talking to the fat man, Robert Melle, a marble merchant (Italian - American) who told us something of his experiences.



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To prove that it was Really rough in the Atlantic.

He has lived in Mississippi - father & mother
of N. S. D. served in the World War in
the American Army, & is now on his way
to Turin, his real home tho' he is listed in
the Paragon list as Mamma de Carrara.
He is travelling with his sister, who speaks
no English.

He finally turned in at 10:30 - for our
last night on this comfortable ship.
November 26 Tuesday.

Up betimes - I dressed by a little after
seven. We were decked in Naples by 7:30.
We looked out on a perfectly beautiful
day - blue & sunny, a little chilly but
not really. Sunny Italy indeed! The
faithful Joe Turco arrived at our cabin -
by 8 or so. He took care of us like a father.
put 2 small parcels in band for us, will
beak after our trunk, will put us on
the San Gergio on Saturday.

He got a taxi for us, drove with us to the
Hotel Continental, where we were delighted
with our room No. 74 on the third floor.
It has a balcony overlooking out on the blue
harbour. I imagine this room, with a
private bath is expensive, but never
mind - It's says we have come out
well with our buances & it is no mis
to be able to know about in luxury at
an age.

He spent a bit of time getting up unpacked.



Foreworth Dinner on the Giulio Cesare

(Maltara couple in the background)

and at about 10:30 went out for a stroll on
Via St. Lucia. Such picturesque scenes, such
children, such funny old houses. The capitalists
will hang out their washing from their
windows -

We had lunch at a sort of luncheonette place
called California or all quaint names -
Spaghetti with tomato sauce, wine, coffee &
bread & butter. We found only a Herald
Pottery Store.

To rest till 4 or so, when out we went
again. A taxi to Via Roma to find the
Restaurants recommended by Sarah - Ciri's
on Via San Bridge - near the Galleria
Umberto, & the English Tea Place on Via Roma.
We were lucky enough to find a newsstand
which sold The Times, which we bought
hence a copy of The Sunday Times. We
also indulged in 2 paper-bound books.
Then we were able to walk all the way
back to our hotel. A long pause for
reading before 7-15 when we felt we
could go to dinner.

Society decided on a meal at the
Hotel to begin with - expensive but v. good.
And then back to our hotel room, where
we had plenty to read. It is still mild,
tho' grows chillier as the sun goes down.
P.B. we had a rather nice guide to Naples
& environs.

Had to bed in a steady room,
though I still feel it heaves!



Location of our Hotel

November 27 Wednesday.

We slept beautifully tho' I still feel a beating sea under me now & then. After breakfast in the Restaurant of the Hotel, we went out to buy a Tunic of 200.00⁰⁰ & cake in at the American Express for a moment.

At 10:30 or so we started off for the Aquarium which is some 10-15 minutes away along the Quay. We passed several impressive hotels on the way - the Metropole, the Royal & the Vittoria - always open air cafe' places, which we naturally took note of for a future lunch. On approaching the Aquarium, one passes thru a rather spacious park with palm trees & statues - Boys playing football on one side; nurses wheeling small babies to take the air. I now do remember the Aquarium tho' I haven't been there since 1923. What a fascinating spectacle. We were, as usual, greatly impressed - spotted creatures, sea anemones, eels, lobsters, cuttlefish, a sea turtle - the most amusing phenomena - I wonder if Hanser Peckers took Sarah & made them this labyrinth, which he must know so well. We came out to have in the sun walk in a round-about way home. I got $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of apples & 4 bananas for 350 lire (about 55¢) & then back to the Hotel.

We went out again at 12:30 had a



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very sketchy lunch at a cafe called Russo
e novo - wanted sandwiches of ham & cheese
& vermouth. Back to the hotel, after watching
the animated Italians at other tables,
where we supplemented our lunch with
apples, candies & nuts, these last ones left
over from our Bonn baggage parcels.

Then a good rest of more than 2 hours.

We started out a 4 to inspect the Restaur
ants under the Castel dell'ovo in vicinity of
our hotel & decided the Transatlantica
was the best. Then we walked up the via
Santa Lucia, where Scatley found a battery
for his flashlight. Earlier in the day we
had bought papers were distressed to
read that Pres. Eisenhower had had a
slight stroke. Poor man, he is hampered by
his health. He has been forbidden to go
to the Paris meeting on Dec. 15th which will
be a blow not only to him but to many others.

We had a long period before dinner
when I read & scanned Scatley read. Then
at 7.15 we went to dinner to the Trans-
atlantica, but were disappointed. My
meal wasn't very good & Scatley was
helpless. The point of this restaurant,
recommended by Sarah was that you
could sit on the terrace & see the ship
its water in the summer. But not in
November. Back again to the Hotel.
Letter writing for me - & so to bed.



November 28 Thursday Thanksgiving Day.

Another very beautiful day. Rpt in the Hotel with no escape. Then at about 10 we went out to take the Funicolare Centrale to the St. Elmo hill. Buying a Tinco on the way. We walked as far as the via Roma + we wrote that some very nice wood. white + pink for another very beautiful piece of 60 lire about \$1.60.

The funicular takes one thru a tunnel to a very fine quarter of the town, with huge apt. houses + others. Spectacular views over the water. But we didn't get to St. Elmo castle itself as the hills were too steep for Scotty. It is now used as a prison. Down again by the same route to the via Roma. On the Santa Lucia 145 was greatly intrigued by a picture shop + couldn't resist buying a small painting for our living room - part of Naples.

By this time it was after 12 so we went to the California for lunch. Not too exciting. Spaghetti for us + a round beef sandwiches, wine + cheese for 600. On our way home that a beautiful pair of beige gloves for 1500 lire - \$2.30 very nice indeed.

A long rest then, reading. At 4 we went for a stroll along the sea front, sat for a bit to watch the parrup chimna, then led us to Alinari's to see what we would buy. We came away with an

imitation de la Rabbia - 5 Xmas cards.
On our way home I stumbled over a
worn stone & fell smack on the pave-
ment, much to Sully's disgust! and
my shame. I felt shaken but otherwise
all right.

Dinner in the hotel this time. The
California advertised a Turkey dinner
for Thanksgiving Day but we hadn't the
courage to try it.

November 29 Friday.

Another fine day with no rain & no
wind. We thought we should see the Cather-
dral of St. Genaro, & wanted to take a
trolley-bus there, but so many buses were
jam-packed that we finally took a taxi.

The cathedral was a real disappoint-
ment. It is squashed in on the Via Duomo
- the facade is not bad but the interior
white lavishly decorated, is not imposing.
Tombs of popes on all hands, & whom
one gets very tired! There was the
Chapel of the Treasure de Genaro, where
mass was being held for a handful
of people. How much warmer and
mellower English cathedrals are.
Sully was chilled by the atmosphere,
so we didn't stay long.

We walked back to a square next
to a No. 130 bus to the Piazza
Plebiscito - but it was too full &
we had to stand, clinging to a rail.

"The last time I travel by bus in Naples," says
Scotty. There was this time to burn, so we
came back to the hotel for an hour.

At 12:30 we went again to the California
had a meal. Spaghetti with meat balls
for me; egg sandwich & cheese & tuna for H.S.
Drove to bank for long rent & reads in the
P.M.

At 4:15 or so we took our customary
stroll along the sea front. Rather dull,
except for a beautiful sunset behind
gamy clouds in the west. Back
again till 7:15 when we had a full bleated
meal in the hotel. We sat in the
lounge after that for an hour or so.

Then to our room. Bath & then bed.

It is a relief to know that our
Napoleonic days are coming to an end.
Because of limited energy, we can't do
anything very much in the way of sight-
seeing. Besides, I feel now to be home
again, & enter into our customary
routine & peaceful life on the hill. I
hope no bad news will await us, there
is always the possibility.

November 30. Saturday.

Churchill's 83rd birthday. A grand
old lion! For the first time since we got to
Naples, it was cold, cloudy, & bleak wind was
blowing. We packed early as we had to be
out of our room by 3 P.M. Then out, in the

could wind to the California for our last meal
in Naples. By this time, I realized I had a
cure, or all heartily misadventures. How I
got it I don't know. Wind blowing on me at
night? I can't think.

We sat in the lounge for an hour 3-4
waiting for our kind Dr. Turco, who came in
on the dot. He was a host in himself - had a
Toni all ready, drove to the dock, got out
an bonded trunk & 3 pieces - called the
mistress, accompanied us to the cabin 154
& said goodbye.

The Sau Giorgio is a stout little vessel,
but accommodations have different from
our luxurious Giulio Cesare. The corridors
are very narrow; we had no private chambers
& toilet tho' 2 beds, which are better than
bunks - but it is all narrow & cramped.
We found very few people in the pretty
lounge - I was greatly cheered by a very
dear letter from Sarah dated Nov. 22. She is
a darling.

As we were off - after dark. We blew
anchovies & cornstarch - very good & very cheap.
Then the ship began to move in the high
wind. Dinner wasn't until 8 o'clock that time
I was no longer about my cold, plus the
raining sea that I don't have eaten nails.
I had a very meagre supper - a bit of
wheat chicken - bread - & had me to bed
at once. I slept fairly well as we
had smooth weather thru the straits of Messina.

December 1. Sunday.

No breakfast. This was the worst day
of storms in my memory. We sailed, pitched
banged all day long in the Roman Sea. I felt
absolutely burn. couldn't sleep. I was
frightened too. The suitcase slid across
the floor - & I was strapped down but the
others continued to slide.

Society said he was able to sit at a table
for lunch, but no tables were set up at all
for dinner - one ate what one could.

This was a real tempest. It was, in a way,
worse than our Atlantic Storm, because the
boat was smaller - but the banging, growling,
pitching, trembling were the very same.

We didn't reach the Gulf of Genoa before
3 P.M. or so, when it was calmer. So that we
didn't have too bad a night.

December 2 Monday.

We were at the Pireas by 9 P.M. I slept to
my bed because of my cold. Society said it
was very cold outside, everyone was shivering.
As the ship was still until we sailed at 3 P.M.
It was a slight interlude of peace. I read
the book Eleanor Pooleman gave me, May Sutton's
Birth of a Grandfather, but it is so painful,
tho' well written, that I am leaving it behind
too much frustration, too much, too much.

I had a fair lunch - wilton. fruit, a cake
& a little macaroni. I began Paul Bush's
latest letter from Peking - very much like her

others - landing the Chinese -

he went out again at 3 - knowing, from remarks of a captain that between the Dream the Pordanelles it is always rough. And it was! This time pitching - hardly any rolling, which was one thing to be thankful for. I couldn't eat a thing - merely tried to sleep. Scotty and 2 others were the only passengers who appeared for dinner. They were congratulated by the Captain!

I did enjoy a little, even in the heavy heave - at about 1 P.M. we entered the Pordanelles, it was calmer so that when I woke at 4:30 A.M. the sea seemed normal. Hence both of us slept quite well -

What a journey this has been. Never again, never again. I have had enough of the sea. If I ever travel it will be either 1) by air 2) by train 3) in the summer months. I have never in my life seen or felt the sea as I have this time - I feel absolutely turned inside out. To have a cold on top of it all is too sickening.

Remember 3 Tuesday.

he woke to find ourselves entering the harbours. We shall be late, for the bad weather all day has delayed us. We were amazed to see snow on the surrounding lands. Snow thus early. I was up for breakfast feeling still unlike myself.

I had a nice breakfast in the best time. Coffee, rolls, jam, butter & boiled egg. If only we could have enjoyed our journey but it has been a nightmare from beginning to end.

The harbours always seem larger than it showed. We had lunch at 12:30, after all our bags were packed & then watched the approaching city - first the islands, then the Asiatic shore (snow sprinkled), then the city itself with 15 minutes pushing the ship - as we have done so many times before. The pilot took us in to the Tami'hai harbor by 2:30 we were moved along the quay. It seemed ages before we could get our passports & get off. But finally, finally we tumbled down the shallow stairs on to the quay.

What was our surprise & joy to find Hanson Bey, as well as a man from the Consulate to meet us. He had ordered Suleyman who was there - But besides, Bob Turner had sent the station wagon & a man to as well & show us where our luggage station was there too! Three to meet us. Our trunk had been dumped in the Custom House, the Consul man tipped the work to the official, our passports were stamped - being one of an eight piece was untouched & checked - & heaved! we walked into freedom. Pure magic from beginning to end.

Sneyman took some bags, the College
Station wagon took our trunks and
we ourselves rode in style up towards
Robert College.

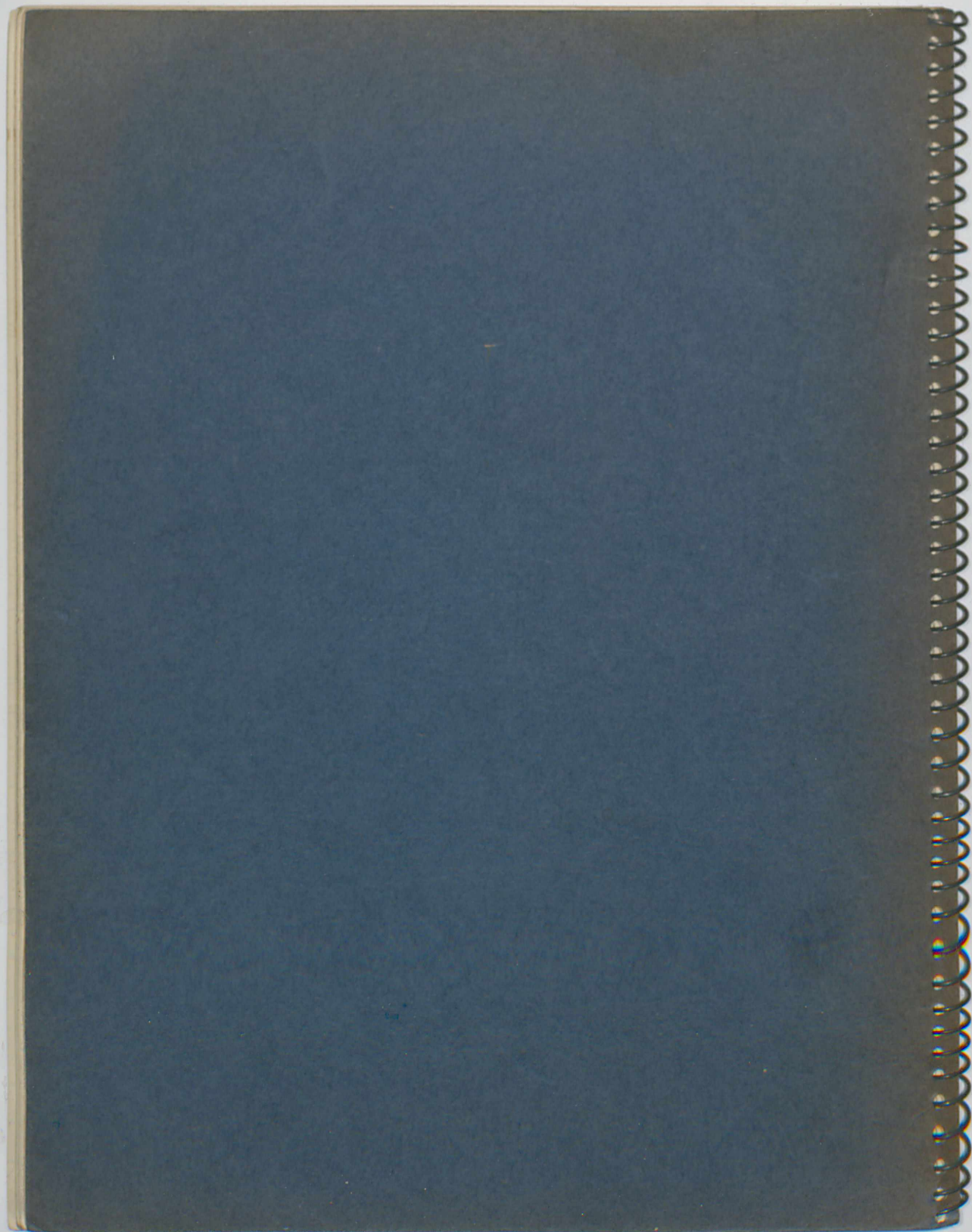
At Annamethay sat Beheh we
were amazed at the amount of
change - the old Baghasici gone &
moved in its place - the apt. houses
bordering Beheh garden disappeared!
I wonder where my Gaveroğlu girl has
gone!

We stopped at Beheh, saw him
red for a moment. He looked well,
better than I thought he would.
Then on to the Huntington house.
An darling Sarah rushed out to
greet us - Andrea, Nico - a girl
gave us a haggelding & we walked
into our own abode. Everything
was ship-shape. A girl & Andrea
had put down all rugs - had windows
washed. Chrysanthemums everywhere.
Wonderful.

We unpacked a little then went
up to beach for a perfect chateaup
tea. Such good times as we always
have there. We stayed till 6. Then back
for a little more unpacking then dinner
again with A girl & Cecilia. The
happiness of Home. (But my
dear man has caught my cold & I am
afraid will have to stay in bed tomorrow.)

This ends, on a minor key, our perfect
Dorican interlude. It has been wonderful
& I am grateful for every moment. Too
bad the last bit of the journey was so trying;
too bad Suetty got my cold. But on
the whole we have been more than just-
made, we thank God for all our blessings.





Boğaziçi Üniversitesi

Arşiv ve Dokümantasyon Merkezi

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Scott Ailesi Koleksiyonu



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