



PRIVATE

Journal.

Ernie Scott

BOĞAZIÇI
ÜNİVERSİTESİ
KÜTÜPHANESİ



404113





Jan. 8. 1962.

I must write a journal to relieve my feelings. I intended to begin on January first but I have let a week slip by. My life has suddenly seemed to have narrowed and saddened - why, I can't think!

I can - though - I am terribly upset about the retirement of Sarah and Sam. They have been my sudden friends for years and years. They will leave an enormous gap in my days. I worry, too, lest misfortune overtakes them in New York. I have with me a weather vane, thinking of it as a perpetual source of concerts, music, drama, music, concerts. What it is to have such a ruling passion! Sarah thinks she will like housework - 3 meals a day, continual washing up, daily shopping - she has never done anything like that in her life. In New York, distances are great, & expenses

are formidable. They are neither of them jump - they will get older - No, no, I think they would have been much wiser to accept the offer of the college, & stay comfortable in their flat, with a parting tracer to love after them. The money they would squander on rent, tickets, transportation in New York, they could use for travel in Europe - visit their darling Operas in Vienna, hear their marvelous singers in Milan. However, it is their business & they think they are choosing well.

Then my dear husband is certainly braver & feebler than she was. What pains aches, physical & spiritual, attend us these old age. I go down every week and listen, those sympathetically, to the long

catalogue of pills, conditions, ailments, medicines. She has warts which bother her; she can't use her fingers to grasp things; she gets up in the middle of the night & patters about, because she can't sleep; she begins a string of projects the point has to be given a key word; she can't peel an apple, or cut her meat easily. But this, at the same time, she makes a brave effort to be natural & amuse. She is still vitally, passionately interested in the Service Center, in social service, in the domestic troubles of Araxi. She does well with her meals on the whole, though I am sure she spends too much money. Money - that is one of her obsessions - she talks of it endlessly - her dependence on Wilfred, her lack of him - then she lends Plymes 400 T.H. & is proud of the fact. I confess I am depressed by

all this. I want to be sentimentally
charming to her - I can't be. Some-
thing hard in my heart rebels against
old age & I am not as sweet or as
comforting as I should be. Bless,
Bless.

Jan. 9. Tuesday.

Little to record. I had good mail
5 letters. & I wrote back Eric van Z.
In the afternoon, I attended Union
women's league at Shear's - most
of the women there Irish. Count
Curlan talked on Irish poetry
- quite good but not outstanding.
A call from Mrs. Wiles, asking about
Minnie. A call from her asking
she would not try to go to the Board
meeting. She is Peter-hearted -
she clings to her better symptoms
lover dear; they bill her life. She
telephones to reassure herself.

5
Jan. 11 Thursday 1962

Yesterday, I went to a Board meeting at
the Service Center alone. The contrast in
greetings between the Staff & the
Evelina is striking compared with the
rush of affectionate "how are you"
given Mrs. Edwards. I expect she has
earned all this adulation over the years.
She loves the Center; she loves each in-
dividual staff member; she loves people.
I mean she was disappointed not to be
able to go - how trying for one of her
temperament to be house-bound for
her whole life has been a succession
of "90's"

I took a car in, a great restraint -
since 11 P.M. dropped for a diary for Linford.
Here again she shows her possessiveness. She
must have a nic diary just one for 3 P.M.
one for 9 P.M. I got it easily at the place
she got hers last year. Then I went to

the man, who mended my bag - a new strap. From there a long walk to the Center. And there all the dear ladies - why is it that dramatics & social service do not thrill me?

They amuse me. This meeting was very uproarious - every one laughing at once.

I came back with Elizabeth in a company car - Mrs. Sues, Maudie Scott, Mrs. Kagnas + I. And went in to see Kimbrell for a moment - no interested in every detail of the meeting.

Today began with fog - heavy fog. but it cleared & there was some bright sunshine.

Jan. 13 Saturday

Yesterday was a very full day. In the morning Eugene Dummer called on me to return a book I had lent his sister. It was quiet here, but I

suspect, a nutcase, without student. he talked - he wants to go on another wood-camp expedition this summer & hopes to get to h. s. - perhaps Florida. I wished him luck - I do hope he goes - it will be an experience.

I was bored to promise Ellen Hall to play bridge at 3. She had 3 tables no less, in her plain, rather ugly house. We had tea and coffee (how the American adore their coffee!) & then we had the most unsatisfactory afternoon. One person was missing so one table had only 3 players - too stupid. My luck was out & I played badly.

I rushed home at 5:45 - for I was expecting my dinner guests at 6:45. I had prepared everything ahead of time, but men so I had to rush! They all came in time. Bobbie & Don Webster, Dick Repp, James Keith Greenwood.

the dinner went off very well
 There was animated conversation.
 Keith was in the play Don't Look a Camera
 no had to leave at 8:30 which
 was a pity. The Webster, although
 coming all the way from Suetani,
 stayed till 10. Then Joanne & Bill
 stayed on till 11:15. I was mortified
 when Ruth refused part and asked
 for beer. There was none in the house!
 I must keep a supply for unexpected
 requests. He is such a nice guy. - of
 it tipped for his holidays.
 Everyone is off for holidays - The
 Smalls to Paris London; David to
 Vienna, Paris then don; the Dougen
 & Greenwoods to Italy; the Webster
 perhaps to Cyprus; Hilary to U.S.A.
 "just his hat," M. Gaudenzi to
 Rome. Terrific. A contrast to the
 old days of impecunious tutors.

Jan. 15 Monday. 1962

I received an animated message. Saturday
 morning was as usual - busy with domestic
 chores then a short lie-down. I must
 check on D.K. at 4-ish found him fixed
 up & dressed much better. Her vitality
 is amazing.

Foster Ruth Van Tetter came bearing
 flowers. The dear aunt is foully
 fond of Ruth - in her hand says
 when she leaves, "what a nice person!"
 his favorite remark. Ruth told us that
 Dr. Swanson, who was good enough
 to accompany two survivors of the
 Dakota B&B crash to New York, had
 had a rough time. The Pan Am plane
 they took, couldn't land in New York or
 Philadelphia or Boston or Washington,
 so had to turn round & land in Bermuda.
 What a nerve racking business it must
 have been. Dr. Swanson returns Sunday evening

Later on, Caroline Jerni arrived to speed the business of my control of her shares. She is really quite woodwidge. I am to go to the Bank with her one day & get them - I keep them in a safe place; cash any necessary in an emergency. Poor her is quite capable of understanding why this negotiation is taking place but she is very good about it, though I am sure she doesn't like it. Her do D.

We had dinner à deux - & talk afterwards. I confess there is a little visit of mine I find very melancholy. Her is as good as can be - but old age is depressing to endure & for it. Eighty-seven is too old - I hope I never make it.

To bed at eleven or so - a tranquillizer or troubled night

On Sunday, I went to Freetown to see the grave of my Dear Man - It was a beautiful day of sunshine. There was a fine which was held up for such a long time on the Bejikas road, as there was a football match at Cerigan & masses & masses of cars coming in every direction. Finally, I had to get out & take a taxi to Nigantaz. Then I shot flowers & walked to the cemetery.

As I entered I saw with Miss Elizabeth had called & had a word with her. She has taken a flat in Bejikas, where she moves shortly. A very nice person - wearing an instrument like me!

The grave looked cared for. A vase of flowers was already there. Here flowers? And I put mine at the foot, remembering my Darling - This is the fourth anniversary of

his death. He died two years ago, 68 -
The good lord, who had taken my
Dorid, my sisters, my parents
might have opened me my door.

It was now 10:15. I took an
other taxi to Church - for I wanted
to go alone for a change. not
hangrip to us, as usual fiddle to
the remarkable aunt. The church
was packed. The only vacant seat
was the last one by the door into it
I slipped. It was Communion
Sunday, so well conducted I even
heard the sermon on Friendship.
Sixteen new members were taken
into the church, among them Mr. &
Mrs. Hulster Mrs. Mrs. Peters.

That nice Arthur Whitman
drove me home. I came back to find
Betty Douglas Bousie visiting him.
Tom & the sad, decrepit pair.

A rest after lunch - then tea - when Ruby
Berge Pauline Woolworth came. Very
nice. To our astonishment, Judith
walked in. Two pieces of news she gave
us, when she stayed on for supper. 1)
She is off to Jerusalem in February
on a guided tour by an American
Dorid (Chaplain 2) She is breaking
her contract & wants to return to
England as soon as she can!! Tableam.
She will have been here 4 years in May.
Perhaps it is enough. She is a strange,
strange person - sometimes nervous,
sensitive, reticent, inarticulate.
I don't think she cares a pin about
me, though I am entirely responsible
for her coming here, though I tried to
make her comfortable for a year,
though I have given her a beautiful
invitation to visit me. She cares nothing
for me.

An evening was quiet & slow.
Judith left about 9.

Jan. 21 Sunday

A whole mess: nice I wrote.
And what did I do?

On Tuesday P.M. I went to town
to meet Caroline at the Ottoman Bank
Bank in order to draw out Bank
Winn's shares & keep them in my
home, so that in an emergency I
can cash them. I was there on the div
Kawline's B.E. N. man. Mustafa, came
shortly afterwards. A long process
which we couldn't have done our-
selves. It took at least 50 minutes
At last a huge carton of heavy
papers was put into my hands -
& I felt I had to go home at
once, as I was handicapped
headacheing because of losing
the damn things.

I always make too much when I go to
town. I walked from the Ottoman Bank
to the Parc Hotel. I did so want to go
into the British Council library, but it
wasn't possible - so I took a taxi (I
hate this so hang on) home - 11 T.L. with
tip. Aziz was surprised to see me.
He refreshed me & I lay down for an hour,
after depositing the precious shares in my
file.

Wednesday evening I had Mary &
George Dan Parrish for desert & drink.
It was nice. The last dinner Dan has
planned only till eleven - as it is a
working day tomorrow.

Thursday I began to feel a cold
coming on! Bman! Bman! I went
out to see Mr. Berts to clean up a
strange-looking bill - then to the
library & for stamps & then home to
nurse my cold.

I had invited Justice Betty Thomas
 her mother from Princeton, Ann Couch
 of The Greenwoods, but felt so full of
 ones that I asked the two to stay. Really,
 too bad. I was up for breakfast &
 lunch but went properly to bed after-
 wards in an effort to get rid of my
 cold. It wasn't really bad. A Rose.
 R. Z. was an angel & waited on me
 well.

By Saturday Am. I felt much
 better than was sunshine. I wrote
 letters in the pm. Two were condolences
 also. My dear friend, Bessie, died
 on Jan. 9th. I had such a nice
 letter from her husband, heart.
 Her mind failed evidently! Is this
 a necessary result of old age?
 She was 75. I remember her vividly
 in her lovely youth at Cambridge
 when she was 23.

The other letter was to Helen Chavakis
 in sympathy for the death of her husband,
 Michael, with whom we had to
 me last time & invited Eleanor & me to
 the Baltimore Club for a delicious meal
 one summer evening. Poor dear.
 Poor dear or no.

For tea at Arslanli's house, Betty Camp
 happened in. Also the Hansons. Weibred
 perks up like a drooping flower,
 when people come in - especially if she
 can talk, & hold up the floor. This is
 what she enjoys most - Talking - I
 know she realized this lately. She
 measures her pleasure in people's
 company according to the amount
 of "interesting" information she can
 give them.

I feel so vulgar sometimes at
 Arslanli's house. Old age is so hateful.
 The symptoms are the same in
 everyone - garrulity, talk or health

and medicines; tendency to go to sleep
as soon as one is not talking; slight
+ increasing deafness. And every
faculty - slow, slower, slowest

Jan. 24 Wednesday.

I failed to write under this
heading - so continue later.

January 27 Saturday.

Yesterday I went to town,
although it was very foggy - I
dreaded the crowds, the walk. The
fatigue - But I got on very well.
I ran into a "homing" taxi on the
Cemetery hill - + was taken to the
bus stop in Belok village. A
rent to Galata - Karabaz, then
+ a winding walk thru streams of
can to Meyer's where I resumed
my class + got Sarah's watch
for her.

Wps in the tunnel - not too
crowded - + straight to the Consulate.

I must confer the Cemento Room,
where I go for my S.S. check is really
very untidy, unattractive. His husband
is always friendly + warm - but I
see faded flowers on rather green +
puts, a kettle on a radiator, + a
general air of shabbiness which is not
really necessary.

From there to "Hage" is a park.
No animal edition (this is why I
didn't get my Times today) so I got a
Guardian of the 26th - How it got there
I can't think! Then along the old
Ditahat Cadessi to get 1) change at
the Osmani Bank; 2) Shues to Aziz
in the Passage d'Europe from a
one-eyed man in a tiny booth. Then
to IPA for a small bit of "more". Then
to Puzia thru a long, long walk to
my dear Brit. Com. library, where I
found a host of new books.

January 31. Wednesday.

I was startled by a telephone call from Judith. She said, "I am leaving for home tomorrow!" I asked, "Do your mother not miss?"

She replied, "No, a personal problem wh. I can solve better at home than here"

What? I have absolutely no idea what her problem is but one's mind tends to jump in here. I have heard a little gossip about a H.H. surveillance but that was long ago. Judith arranged to come to Anlandi Koval postea to say good-bye to us both.

I plunged thru heavy rain & reached Anlandi Koval at 5 pm. Aunt Winnie was upset. Her eyes had tears always are. Her lips trembled & she said her favorite phrase, "I am so sorry for her."

She is always sorry for everybody. Perhaps I am naturally hard-hearted, but it seems to me I am sorry for 1) Carmel & Phyllis 2) the college & Judith's breaking her contract.

She didn't turn up till 5. and seemed more natural than I expected but when asked why she was going home she said, "I'd rather not say - I'll tell you when it's all over." What?

From Herbert Lane I discovered that the name of the H.H. surveillance is Semih Camdi - half Arab & half Turkish - that he & Judith saw a great deal of, & each other for some time, but less lately. Is he in love with her? Is she in love with him? Was he coerced or? Or she escaping? She hasn't told her people of her journey, but via telephone from London. I hope it doesn't give Phyllis another heart attack.

Judith came home with me. I brought her up in Seelyman's car - she came into the house at 6:30. I would get nothing out of her but this, when have I ever? I had her arrive at 7 when she went to supper at 11:30. I shall - wish her, even though I felt I got nowhere with her, nor can I read her at all.

Smith came to see me after dinner to ask about Judith. She has said she was so sure for her! Her inarticulate nature, which Smith, is an affliction. Perhaps it is. I, too, was shy when I was young but by 27 I was over it. My mother used to say, "Think of others when you talk. Your own troubles, socially, will vanish." Perhaps Judith will always be the recreative, reticent, inarticulate, shut-in soul she is now.

July 21 Tuesday. 1962

It is a month since I have written in this journal. Not that I have not wanted to - the spirit was willing but the flesh was weak. I have been thinking of a thousand things.

1) About Judith. She has now been gone four weeks & never a word home. I or Ruthie have heard why she went to England, so suddenly & abruptly. I wrote to Greta, expecting a ready answer but none has come. Strange.

2) I have wanted so badly to write. Things pile up in my mind - autobiographical material & I never get down to it. On Sunday, Mr. Kent was at Ansani's for tea & he kept asking, "Why don't you write about the old days?" Why, indeed.

3) I think about the summer. Can I go again to England? Can I face another journey & moments of

depression, when I am alone in London? I fear physical upsets at 72. And yet I do want to go - perhaps a return to sunshine & spring will give me more courage. March 2 April are the mementos months. Dr. Thus. Malin arrives on March 12. Phoebe is coming on March 13th for 17 days. She will be at an luncheon with him & she will be shocked at the change in that dear lady since she saw her in 1959. On April 18 comes Olivia for friends' meals. This fills me with trepidation. How can I entertain her properly? She is a funny little thing - odd & amusing - & I don't know her well at all, at all. She doesn't leave till May 24th.

This will be only a month before the departure of my dear Sarah & her. It makes my heart

ache. Everything comes together - Winifred's increasing frailty, the machos' departure; the exodus of so many from the college - the Wilkenses & Halls go to S.A. for the summer - Judith is no longer here. The serpentine is a Gussen need. These thoughts attack me at 2 P.M. when I lie awake & feel like an abandoned Cinderella.

If Eileen or Greta asks me to visit them for a definite period, I need make no plans - or perhaps none. We shall see.

The cold, cloudy February days have something to do, I doubt not, with my feeling of melancholy. If only the sun would shine.

A quilt was away for 9 days with intestinal flu - & I realised how inadequate I am about caring for my house without her. She is a treasure & I hope I never lose her. She is now better

back at her old routine - but she does have these sick bouts which worry me.

I am making some money with my tutoring. This month P. b. 225 are due - me a cheerful thought. It means news. Lessons, and study, but certainly gives a pattern to my days.

March 7 Wednesday.

Since nothing last I have heard from Greta - but she knows no more about Judith's sudden departure than we do. Dan Parrish on Sunday at Aslanli Konak seems to think the Sennik Candi friendship had come to a halt. That was when she left, Greta said there was no mention of a home-attain. I have always held this view though worried myself into that Judith would

marry, either a Turk or an Arab!! Will she ever marry? I doubt it. I think she gets very friendly with a man, perhaps falls in love & begins with, everything looks easy. Then suddenly she builds up a wall towards her friend - & halts the friend short. Perhaps I am mistaken. I hope so. But she has so peculiar a temperament that it would take a very unusual man to cope with it. She is pretty & very conscious of her looks - She has no gracious phrases, can say no "sweet nothing" - Her sense of humor is very medi- mentary.

April 18 Wednesday

I don't write and I don't - when I really want to. Since my last notes Beatrice Plagne has been my house-guest. Such a nice person. I want to meet her at Sirtzei on Thursday

April 5 - She was here till the 14th.
She is handsome - tall, (6 ft) - we
talked of everything under heaven.
I hope she didn't find too many
inadequacies in my apartment.
She is very English - up at 8:15 for
breakfast (9 on Sunday) which I
am sure she commences early;
a bath every evening; a hair wash
twice in 9 days.

May 14

First day of Kurban Bagram.

Quotation from Kuttan, "Thousands
of minds anxious for faith, yet
unable to receive anything that
could be said to be more than a
tremulous hope" yes E.T.S.

So many days since I wrote. Life
has been very full - with house
guests, plans, sadness, worry
but her Sam again.

Olivia arrived on April 18th I was with me
for 5 days, then went to the Park Hotel
to get her bearings about the city. Douglas
& Betty, having left their house were
also there & she shared many of her ex-
periences with them: She calls them aunt
& uncle! (Why?) She is such a nice
person, the easiest possible guest & Sam
settling very fond of her. Daney with I
had more energy so that I could rush
around with her sight seeing. But I
found I set very high - the 'Shanbaen
with her 1) to Sultani, 2) to the upper
Rasphorus 3) to the Hagdas Pasa
cemetery 4) to see Miss Playne &
that drives with her at the Park.
But too had a reward.

So much is needed & so done in my
house - rugs mended, storm windows
taken out, windows & curtains washed -
shades set out - too much, too much.
Kurban Bagram with its four days

of holiday interminables. Dunder's chief industry is holidays. There are ^a scarce during the year. Tiresome.

I had done some entertaining for Olivia - 2 dinner parties: The Harrows Whimpered, the Whitmeans one night; the parties of Douglas Betty Whimpered 2) Dan, Miss Ross and friend 3) David Jennings for tea but I suppose I might have done much more.

My one criticism is that Olivia will shout at me. That I have told her twice to speak lower. Her voice goes thru my head like a dog's. It is all with the best of intentions, I know, but very trying when we are out together. Everyone within a radius of 20 yards can hear all that she says. Sarah & Mac likewise consider me deader than Dan; & raise their voices for

too high.

A letter from Mrs. Davis tells me I can have my little room from July 10 or 11 till first week in September. But there are several snags. Magna is coming again to England - she will be on my neck. Gita can't have me, as Jennifer is staying on to produce a baby in England in August. Aunt Annie is so useless & more & more helpless. What to do? Then my own health is not good. Last year at this time I felt equally "sepsis" but was all right once I got away. Will history repeat itself? Christine is understudy in a play at the Globe Theatre in London: The Private Ear and the Public Eye - 2 plays in fact. Here's wishing it will have a long run. That she will be able to appear at least once to establish herself on the London stage.

June 14. 1962

I am in a vile mood these days - hate myself! I haven't been kind to Aunt Winnie. I have had accused feelings of jealousy or "being neglected" - all very stupid. I suspect what is at the bottom of my mind is the departure of Sarah & Joe, which makes me feel desolate. They are immensely popular & have had scores of farewell parties & gifts & kudos. What it is to have an "invalid" husband. One gets all kinds of sympathy.

I can't bear old age - I mean to see it constantly as well as to experience it. Poor dear Aunt Winnie - she is not the person she was - old age has robbed her body of any words she had, & her mind of clarity & thought. It is pitiful. There are remnants of her masterful ways now & then, when she

wants to boss - "don't do this" "you must do this" & so on. Actually she is kindness itself & has been to me for more than 50 years - so I have no excuse to complain.

I dread the journey to England - I am so reluctant to travel at all. I wonder how I will manage, when I get there. I want to go to Cambridge & Oxford, to visit Evelyn at Radworth, & Olivia at Bucklebury. I need wraps - & good health.

Charles & Susan (Clapham) are to be my neighbors next year. Dear God - I hope we shall be happy & congenial.

(N.B. I went to England from July 8 - Sept 5 1962 & had a marvellous holiday. See voluminous Diary)

Feb. 5. 1963

I have just read a letter ordered
from my dear Mother in Cambridge.

(Christmas money, & has been taken) It
is Margie Released by J. B. Priestley.

I have been struck by a passage in
it, which speaks to me. Here it is:

"Perhaps, I have already suggested, it
would be better not to be a writer, but
if you must be one - then I say, write.
You feel dull, you have a headache,
whatever else you - write. At all seems
hopeless, that famous 'inspiration' will
not come - write. If you are a great
genius, you will make your own rules;
but if you are not - and the odds are
heavily against it - go to your desk,
no matter how high or low your wood
face the icy challenge of the paper -
write. Sooner or later the readers
will recognize ⁱⁿ this, a devotional act,

worthy of genius & grace. But if ^{what} I am saying
seems nonsense, do not attempt to write
for a living. Try elsewhere, making sure
the position carries a pension."

It happens that, at a certain point,
where books to read are at a minimum,
I fell again on Angel Pavement which
I hadn't read since it came out in 1931.
I was perfectly amazed to find it a
most excellent novel, worthy of much
more recognition than it gets today.
It has all the best qualities of a Story.
I couldn't put it down.

March 12, 1963

A jingle from Ned Estes

my 80th Birthday

Eighty years! a decrepit old bag

Bad in one eye muscles that sag

Weak in one leg depressed by the notion

That I'll take a fall close to completion.

Can't eat what I like because of my arteries.

Can't drink what I like when I go out to parties

Wake up in the night when I should be sleeping

Go to sleep without warning when I'm in

a meeting.

April 1, 1963

I take J.P. Priestley's words to heart. I am
picking over my life myself, worried about
history, of my "feed" & generally low.
So I write.

I don't see how I shall achieve the
courage to go to America in October - even

this. I have asked Anita to book me a
(later doubts on the Queen Elizabeth)
cabin (single) on the Queen Mary. There are

moments (when the sun is shining) that
make me feel I might be able to go. But
in bed at night I am here with a
thousand fears & uncertainties.

April 22, 1963

Princess Evlina. My only justification
for existence is to be spokesman for the
health of the venerable aunt. To punch
tea - arrange her dates, read aloud to her.
But when there is now she always but
always know it first!!!

I opened my Times (April 19th) &

There on the Court Page I found the announcement of Amanda's engagement - daughter of Mrs. K. Russell, 33 Shakespeare Rd., Bedford So -

I had the happy thought that I would be able to tell Aunt Fannie. But no!

As soon as I called she said, "I've just had a letter from who'd you call 'em" saying Amanda is engaged! Why this writes to her first - the venerable, the remarkable, the charming, the important Aunt. Why do I mind? Because all the time I am relegated to the back ground.

I go to church + am greeted with, "How is Mrs. Edwards?"

I go to the Girls College & the first question is, "How is Mrs. Edwards?"

I pass Kenick on the road at Pullen - May each say, "How is

Mrs. Edwards?" Never know if Mrs. Sedgwick I mind? I suppose not. I am a warm - but so long, so long I have had to play second fiddle. It is getting on my nerves.

June 25, 1963

I waste my time. I have a thousand years - I am really unwell - had a wretched night last night.

This past weekend was a little more animated than usual. I couldn't face two solid days at Arsenal/Koval, so, tho' it took courage I decided to go to Scutari Commencement. I went down early (3 P.M.) to Basilevitch to tell him I'm going. How much she wanted to go, poor thing, but she can't contemplate so long a journey. But she is unwell & resigned, however charge me with messages. "Please tell the dear

perhaps true that I am so near
I can't come. Please give them my
hinnest wishes. Please let them
know I think of them but I can't
come."

The journey was easy as far as
adulms, to Basildon, a crowded
train to Buntingford, a train to the hill-
where I was - early as usual. It
was a pleasant, well-ordered
ceremony. - heads heads of people.
I met next to Mrs. Somersan, whose
niece, Emma Somersan, was in the
graduating class. I saw Miss
Hogopian of ancient Sautari
day; I greeted Miss Dunlop
who conducted a chorus very well;
I spoke to Ruby, who is expecting
her fourth grand child in Sweden;
I send my respects to Helen
Morgan, who looked awfully

mis in white, with a pretty dark blue
halero - there was Alice Finkley & others.
Coming last was quite as easy - again
adulms, from Basildon, to
Dorshuld Keat to report on my
experiences. On the returning ferry,
I ran into Adyemian (ancient
Sautari colleague) & Mr. Ziner, son
of Dr. Ziner. They had been holding
examinations in the Armenian
Seminary. much talk for 15 minutes.

Sunday was ruined first by
chines with hemifred, then the lanes
& Betty's car at tea time. Poor hemifred
can't get the sermon, tho'. I heard
nearly word, can't see the words of
the hymns - really her deterioration
is alarming. She will live a long time
yet. Her appetite is excellent - with
the help of aspirin, she sleeps fairly
well - is up at 8:15 A. M. when I

am there. My only fear is loss of
mind - She gets terribly muddled -
Just before church she began to
weep & trembled all over & said,
"I get so muddled! I can't go!"
But I persuaded her to come &
as usual she enjoyed it. And at
the time she perked up, laughed
talked & pruned her social self.

July 2, 1963 Tuesday.

I waste my time. I do nothing
worth while.

July 11, 1963

I am not well. I have miserable
nights, even with half a tranquilizer.
My appetite has deserted me - &
I am afraid to eat things I think
will disagree with me. I am tired
half the time. When I am up

and, I feel better - Is my mind affected? Dr.
Erat has given me pills which I am
afraid to use - (man! How can I
possibly contemplate penance?)

Yesterday, Alice, Mildred & her niece
& nephew (sister's child) ^{Madon Duncan} came for
lunch. I asked them for 12:30 but
they appeared at 12! I quite enjoyed
them, particularly the man - very nice
he was, intelligent with straight gray eyes.
They left at 2:15 to call on Miss Stapleton
or all visiting people! Then I did have
a rest of an hour.

At 4:30 I met on the campus Mrs.
Betty Schenk, about whom Sarah
had written me. She never did come here
in June but now - only for 3 days.
She lives in Harriet Wheeler's apt.
house in New York - has a daughter
married to an architect. She is
Jerusalem, is on her way back from

there, in order to see her husband's
grave in Fereby. He died here
very suddenly in 1959 - being
then only fifty. Mrs. Schenk
(Phoebe was what a name!) was
a nice, rather exuberant person,
very friendly & easy to talk to. She
is at the Park Hotel, when she
leaves tomorrow to go to Germany
to see a son, who is studying
music in Berlin.

As if this wasn't enough activity
Melba called up & asked me for
bridge at 8. Shirley (her name
rather forgettable) was the 4th &
he played till 11:30 & I didn't
get to bed till after midnight. I
played badly - & came out with
the lowest score. Melba plays
an excellent game. Her husband
is not nearly so good.

July - no August 1, 1963

I am following J. B. Priestley's advice
I'll stay low, hence take to my room.
My last weekend at R. K. was miserable.
I disgraced myself by weeping with rage -
Reply ashamed. The poor aunt talks
to me endlessly, but endlessly about
her money problems. Finally she said,
"If you were in my place, you would
understand how I feel." That mis-
mused me & nothing to comfort her.
I told her I'd be glad to help - will
always come to the rescue - is looking
after her money well - but she didn't
want to be comforted like that. What
did she want? What responses
was I supposed to make? Then I
fell into a rage - with solo - C. I
haven't so forgotten myself for years
& asked her just these questions.

What am I to do? How to have?

The conversation at D. 12. is
heavily all gloomy, though I do,
I do sympathize with the "natural
melancholy of declining years"
(Dullope). This is the sort of
thing:

"The noise of the horns of the taxis
is awful. It's against the law but
nobody heeds."

"I hear Sanya's voice at 11 P.M.

That child should be as bad as I.

It's awful."

"Aya's terrible husband is away,
but he is coming back & we

should have a moment's peace

It's awful."

"I've had only one unsatisfactory

letter from her for several

months. It's awful."

(This is not true but she wants it
to be corrected.)

Monday Feb. 24, 1964.

Seven months since I scribbled in this
book. Such months! Sept. 17th to England
where I spent a lonely month with
Aya, in spite of a disgusting cold,
which forbade my visiting 1) my dear
Cambridge 2) my kennel 3) Aivia
gathered. Oct 17-22 to H. S. D. &
5 and a half weeks with Eleanor in
Santa Arange - recorded in my
voluminous diary. Back by air P1818
on Dec 1-2. to my own roof-tree.
Christmas new ones, as well as new
Year's - Ramazan & Pacer Bayram.
And here we are on the timid verge
of spring, though it is still cold &
there are patches of snow on the hill
above the collapse.

I have just returned from one of
the excursions of my Belbek weekends.
Wimber is steadily going downhill.

She can hardly walk. She spent most of the weekend in bed as on the sofa. doing nothing. Her conversation, when it isn't a repetition of things I have heard a score of times, is incoherent. She looks vacant sometimes, poor, poor dear. She asks my advice about everything, she is afraid of her servants, she thinks, poor dear, that her health can improve - She can't understand why she has all these afflictions. In evening, getting up from a sitting position one transient operation and she groans.

There is nothing to read in her house but the listenes which I give her. She hardly reads at all - for her eye sight is poor. She keeps complaining about

small print, poor handwriting - but it is her own eyes that are at fault. What the future holds I cannot think! It is a nightmare.

April 24, 1964. Kumbha Mela.

As both Winifred's servants are Hindus I am doing to have a holiday of four or five days. I invited her to my house from Wednesday (Bagram Eve) April 22 till Monday April 27th. Such days!

Such days!

September 21, 1964.

Many months have passed since I last wrote. Winifred's mind is steadily deteriorating. Her general health is good. She eats well & enjoys her food. She sleeps fairly well. I have spent every weekend with her all summer long - before that - ever since I returned from America on Dec. 1st. 1963.

Conversation at Anlauli Kanaki:
Wimble's remarks:

"Look at my hands - aren't they
awful? It's used to be so pretty."

"I can't play the piano any more
for I have no control over my
fingers." (20 times)

"You see this handkerchief? There
are holes in it. Rygo uses such
strong soap that all my hand-
kerchiefs have holes". (10 times)

"Smelly a doctor can do some-
thing about my bad left knee -
it is so painful & shaky"

"Suhaheta is a lazy man. He
won't polish the silver though
I tell him to." (5 times)

"You don't know how awful it
is to be confined in the house as
much as I am. No one knows
how difficult it is for me"

"Why doesn't Mrs. Hubbard, a fine
musician, come & play to me? She said
she would, but she has only been once"
(10 times) n. B. I have written Mrs. Hubbard
a letter imploring her to play to Wimbled
but as yet, with no result.

"Rygo is so heavy handed. She breaks
things - her hands are made made of
wood".

"I won't try to write any more. My
letters are too awful. I wrote 3 letters
yesterday & tore them up" (20 times)

What is much more disconcerting
is that Wimbled now "sees things"
She imagines there are people sitting
on the sofa in the living-room - he
all tell her there is no one there - but
she says - "I see them" She describes
two women, a boy with his head on
a pillow - It is really too awful.

Today Sphahettin told me this
occurs daily - sometimes her
house is quite blank. She wants
to "do something" for me on my
birthday & I can't bear it. She
returned once more to this project
Friday. I said I wanted to with
her & the letter for tea. I shall
hate it. She can hardly hobble
along to get into a taxi - she is
deaf than ever. All we will
accomplish will be an outing
for her. I have heard it said
that all invalids grow religious -
& it is true. The pain she is so
plagued by her many afflictions
that they fill her mind & soon
as I get to her house, she begins
with her many woes. It is too
much. I am no longer young
& this is too great a burden to bear.

March 12, 1965

Priestley says when you feel really low
write. So here I am. Since my last entry
a great deal has happened. My poor old
Aunt Kempster died on Nov. 13, 1964 -
at the age of 90. It was sad, painful,
dewasting, in a way, to have her go,
even though her personality had
changed so much that she was hardly
recognizable, as the vigorous, strong-
minded, kindly, generous, naive lady
she had been before.

The nightmare I had been dreading
in years was upon me, as I was made
executor of her daughter's will. Without
Harman Kramer, I could not have faced it
but that good man stood by me,
I helped unwillingly. Since that time
during November, December, January
he called for me in his car, helped me
with various articles, took care of

the telephone numbers, stand
up to bargaining purchasers
was generally in vain. He
saw a very great deal — I wouldn't
help thinking how much more
he might have ruined
(if she had been in her right
mind, which she wasn't) to see
her beloved possessions being
carried off by all & sundry. The
Turkish people who bought things
were wiser than some of the Ameri-
cans. I will say, By Jan. 31.
The flat was empty. He greedily
Subahedin was not pleased
with his legacy, or at John's
& Carlino's advice I more than
doubled it. But I don't want
to see him again!

Though my last month at
Austlandi Kanak (my last year)



were definite ordeals, more that it is
no longer parts of my life, there is an
and gap. I had more alone than I
have ever experienced. I must make
^{new} ~~new~~ efforts to plan my weekends,
to sort out my life — to adjust my days.
People have been very kind but I
don't belong anywhere; and nobody
belongs home.

Shall I go to England? I have plenty
of money, but less courage. My
English would suggest my staying
with her — for 3 weeks say — that
might be a beginning the rest of
the time I could be on my own,
which I like. My only the weather
will be good! My only I don't get
a cold in damp, chilly London!
Perhaps, perhaps I'll go. When the
spring really comes, my courage
may come back with it.

Notes from the writer's biggest

Fiction markets:

Christian Herald

27 E. 39th St. NYC 10016

Good Housekeeping (Naome Lewis)

57th St & 8th Ave. NYC 10019

Harper's Magazine

49 E. 33rd St. NYC (John Fischer)

Harper's Bazaar

572 Madison Ave NYC 22 (Alice S. Morris)

Parents' Magazine

52 Vanderbilt Ave NYC 10017

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