

Summer Diary

1952

Vol. I

Diary
of
Summer in America.
1952.

vol. I.

Eveline Scott.

Summer Diary 1952.

May 30. Friday & May 31 Saturday

A day. It seemed to me, of suspended animation. There were last things to do in the a.m. Paresteri helped to make everything ship-shape. People dropped in to say goodbye - my dear Sarah among them - but it all seemed unreal. We had been told we were to be at the airport by 6 - but later word came that we must leave here at 7:30 - making our leave - taking further off than ever.

The Mac Callums arrived early - two early, really, 4:15. With portable mountains of luggage - including a box containing their rather large & ugly cat! We gave them tea - rather a thin one but they were very polite. Paresteri & Satira left at 5: - taking with them every speck of left-overs (good (I hope nothing I had not given them)).

Finally, finally, we were off. Sarah & I
had arrived panting at I.H. gate
just as we left - kind dear that they
are - & we were driven to the Pan-
American center by ^(Gram) Suleyman. Aunt
him coming in later with Suleyman.
A bus drove to the airport - then
dinner served us by the Co.

We discovered that Miss Scoville of
Sultani & Esther Boyer's famous hus-
band Culbertson were to be our fellow
travellers - After dinner - the usual
customs "do", we were marshaled into
the waiting room. Here we sat and
sat & sat - The minutes drifted by.
At one point we were called outside,
only to be told to go back. Trying
wasn't the word. Mr. C. groaned
audibly; Miss Scoville nearly fell
asleep - & all of us grew silent &
weary. The plane was there, but there
was an unaccountable delay. We
were supposed to take off at 9:30
but we didn't leave the ground till
11:30 P.M.

What shall I say of the first flight?
I had been actively dreading it for
weeks. Indeed the thought of flying
2-4 had made me feel quite sick.
But here we were - inevitably aboard -
with a smiling stewardess - comfortable
seats - pillows & blankets - an engine
waving into activity. Now that it
is well over, I confess the flight
was as smooth as could be expected
though I kept saying to myself, "I
do hate flying! I hate it."

We flew in the darkness for 5 hours.
Soviet was ahead of us - Soviet was
behind near the door; H & S & I near
the middle of the plane - We read &
dozed & even slept a little. As dawn
came on, we came down at Frankfurt -
Amazing to know we were near that
famous German city - the outposts
of Goethe. The ^{airport} plane was impressive -
It is in process of being built. We
were given sandwiches & good German
coffee - The $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hr. passed
swiftly & we took off again.

Am hour later we were in Brussels -
there in the rather busy airport, we
were given an American breakfast of
Orange juice, ham & eggs, coffee, toast
& marmalade. Then when we took
off again, heading for the Channel &
London, a mist descended & we feared
we might be fog-bound. Also it
was a bit bumpy - but not much.
(How great an improvement a
Contiellation is on the two engine
affairs of the B.E.A.) But we
soon could see through the mist that
we were over the dear English country
side of Kent & we came into the
London Airport between 6- & 7 A.M.
according to schedule. The formalities
seemed tiresome & long - but
we soon were heeded into a bus,
in the cool, damp, misty morning air,
& were driven into the air headquarters
near Victoria - All looked pleasantly
familiar - A taxi to Cadogan Hotel
75 Shawe St. where we were shown
into comfortable rooms - Arrived!

There were letters for us - and plans. We
went to Greta's for tea & supper
today. To Evelyn's at Tadworth to-
morrow. All very nice.

After we had unpacked Sully's I
started off by bus to Reading to see
what our fate was as to planes
across the Atlantic. We were over-
joyed to learn that an original
standard plane, leaving at 7:10 P.M.
on Monday had been restored and
had our places in it! Then we
wandered happily up Regent St.
visited H.S.'s favorite tobacco
shop - bought oddments at the de-
licious Boots - & on home to the
Cadogan Hotel to have lunch with
Auntie.

We were told that Evelyn would
call for us in her car take us to Greta's
for tea & supper. On the day of four,
she was there so we went to Highgate.
She is tired but looked well. She has
been bothered by recurring arthritis
& needs a rest from the fellows.

we grow very fond of that charming
Queen Anne house on Pond Square.
Greta & Rachel were there - also Alice
Munson & we did have such a good
tea talk. Wilfred had been to Seven-
oaks to see his mother so he came
in only for ~~tea~~ supper. They all look
well - Wilfred included - that
household is one of the nicest I
know we simply love to ~~be~~ there.
Alice doesn't look much older. Rachel is
adorable - we did have such a good
evening. We took a taxi home
after Meg had left. She had to
be back at Dadworth by eight.

June 1 Sunday

• Am just breakfast in England -
kippers & real manual made good tea.
We breakfasted together - and at 11
took Auntie to the Cumberland
Hotel to install her in her room.
She thinks, poor dear, that every
Cumberland employee is a family
friend - that they must remember
the distinguished Mr & Mrs Edwardes.



Bella Sellar at the window
Gate House - Tadworth

he saw two rooms - she thought she
didn't like the first - but she liked
the second - less - & finally decided
on the first worst room, which seemed
to us very adequate. We left her to
unpack & tried as to how long it will take
to call on Nettie & Bob dinner.

We found them living in an inter-
esting old-fashioned London house
on a quiet Kensington Street. Four
floors & many stairs - drawing room
on the second floor. We saw their big
bags - Bobbie II - kit 10 John 5 -
the baby 5 mos - asleep upstairs. They
like London & Bob is having a ter-
mendous experience at the Staff
College. Nettie had been ill - & looked
thin but she said she was better.
She has to work hard, like everyone
who lives in England. She does
all the cooking & he did enjoy
seeing that nice family.

Back at 1 to The Cumberland,
here Don't win game as a wonderful
eat in The Cerill Down downstairs.



Alks & Wimpied in front of
Gate House - Tadworth

Shortly after lunch we left for
Charing Cross Station to get our
train for Tadworth - which we reached
shortly after 4. Again a gathering
of the clan - Alfred, Bella, Barnaby,
Eugene, Wm, Hks & J. Bella looked
better than I expected. She moves
with difficulty & is obviously very
much afraid of falling again. She
takes her crutches better than I can
but the doctor's orders are that she
must walk about as much as poss-
ible. She did consent to take a
very slow, very sedate walk around
the garden, gay with lovely flowers.
I took a snapshot of her. We had
high tea - terrific spread (no wonder
Eugene gets tired - he is such a
plentiful provider) Barnaby is
queer - & depressing. He is full of
prejudices - one of them against
flying! He thinks us foolish to fly -
how get there in time otherwise?
We took the 8.50 train back to London
in comfortable hotel.



HKS & Alfred Selous in the
Garden at Gate House
Tadworth

June 2 Monday Whit Monday

The English have no luck. It was raining when we waked. There were intermittent showers all day. Glass made. I, however, had a very good walk along Swan Street, Knightsbridge Brompton Road - staring wide-eyed at lovely, lovely shops - Harrods among them. HKS in the meantime wanted to interview a certain Oliver Shoemaker who has been studying English at Jesus College, Oxford & who has applied for a job at R.C. He was late - as I saw him too. Not handsome but shy & polite - a little lacking in force - from Philadelphia. Sutor was not too impressed, for fear he would have troubles with discipline. He has never taught.

We did not get out till nearly 11.30 but Sutor wanted to go to his dear old Coze Tavern for lunch. We took a bus & got off at Aldwych - walking



The Temple - London



The Temple - London

along the farm was Strand, depicting the sad condition of the 2 churches Mary the Strand - St. Clement Danes - both gutted by bombs. he had to drop in at the Temple. The city was deserted except for sightseers like ourselves - The Temple grounds almost empty, lonely spot. he wandered into Brick Court, Fountain Court, Garden Court, saw the slow restoration of the Temple church. & took snapshots of each other.

The Cock Tavern was only partially open. Downstairs a cold buffet was in operation. There we went, having a bit & smoked salmon, wine & pungent cheese, feeling very British & satisfied! Back again to Swan St. by bus - our baggage all packed & in the front hall, awaiting our departure.

A little after 3 it began to rain in earnest. Twenty minutes later all the Rowells from Bedford

arrived, wet but gay. It was gladly
to see them. To fill their car to the
brim, a friend of Swanda's came too!
We gathered them in a circle & gave
them tea - chattering the while.
Ken called up to bid farewells
by telephone. At 4:45 the family
had dispersed. Kenneth & Phyllis
drove us to the BONA Headquarters
at Victoria - this time it was
farewell to England, in earnest.

The Air Terminal was impressive.
Again my fears for the flight surged
in my mind & I had to keep pressing
down my apprehensions. We took
a bus to London airport there a
fine drizzle (so characteristic) &
reached the air port wholly un-
lown before the take off. There
lay our giant plane - a Strato-
Cruiser Boeing Pan-American
with a double deck - immense
wings & powerful engines. The
movement came when we had to
climb in & settle down. We

were 35 passengers, instead of
the 50 the plane could hold.

Three stewardesses + a steward
were there to minister to us. I
kept saying to myself, "If only
I could enjoy it all."

We reached Shannon in 4 hrs.
+ 40 mins. but not before we
had heard a little speech from the
loud speaker from the captain,
with his sharp Pinenacian twang.
At Shannon we were given our
evening meal - a disabling
Irish feast, really, very good.
Then off we started straight
across the Atlantic.

Now that it is all safely over,
I can say it was a wonderfully
smooth + comfortable crossing.
I saw berths made up for the first
time - the weather was perfect
he read + dozed + I think, slept
a little though the night cer-
tainly was long. By dawn, we
could see land -

June 3. Tuesday

Early on, the capt. talked to us again - said we had had no need of going to Gander, as the weather had been so good. We took on 7000 gallons of gasoline at Shannon & had 1000 still left. We were ahead of time.

A delicious breakfast was served as we approached Idlewild. The approach to Idlewild was over the low marshy eastern ground of Long Island - And we touched the airport apron at 6:20 AM. New York time & stepped out, after a brief customs' inspection, into the clear, bright air of the New World. It was a moment. Peggy Rockman had hinted she might meet us - so we looked for her - but no one turned up. Therefore we took the bus the long side to Manhattan 42 street Terminal. There we hopped into a taxi & drove straight to the Prairie Forge Hotel, 14 East 28th St. NYC

The only depressing note was the fact that our bedroom had not been made up; but soon a black maiden came in & whisked sheets & towels around & we settled in. He found it was hot, damp - exhausting - in other words, we were in for a cruel N.Y. heat wave.

The first person to telephone was Dick Childs & he asked us to lunch at his place 150 W. 75 - The next was Bob & Helen. He had the sad news that he & Virginia had gone all the way to the airport, had been misdirected & had missed us - Mack! But they were on the way to our hotel.

Clothed in our night minds, we met Bob in the lobby & were taken to meet Virginia who was in their car. She is a truly lovely creature - so pretty - so much prettier than her pictures - arched eyebrows, good teeth,

+ so pleasant & cultivated a
manner. They drove us to 46
Cedar St. after inviting us to
dinner with them on Friday. At
the White Office we saw Miss
Ralston, Mrs. Shea, Miss Annis, &
Miss Gould. But Bob Hardy
was out, having flown to Idaho
to see his mother who was ill -
So Swifty couldn't do much work.

He went by subway to 72nd &
found Dick ^{child's} in a downstairs
apt. on 75th St. He had prepared
a dinner for himself, if you
please - at a little table. The
place was bare but roomy. He
was in the best of spirits &
we talked 19 to the dozen. As we
gossiped I began to wonder
how successful he was going
to be at D.C. How true blue is he?
Does he really like us? He
sounds silly when he talks of
the "Fast Set", which is the name
his cronies have taken.

Back at the hotel, we called up Harry, Dwight & Eleanor Upson. The latter said we were to come to the Waldorf with her that evening & Harry wants us to arrive at 7. The plot begins to thicken.

We had baths & rest & a sleep then went off to the Waldorf to meet Eleanor. There we had a lovely evening. She looks well-rested, more like her old self. It must be a relief to have the strain of Lucy's illness lifted, and as it is that her sister has gone. It would that life should be like that. We had dinner after delicious cocktails (very just daquiri) in a lower dining room - fabulous fare. I was touched, when ~~Harry~~ Eleanor gave me a beautiful diamond ring that had belonged to Lucy. It is too small, but I shall have it altered to fit me. We talked & talked, then E. drove us back

June 4 Wednesday

Left in the coffee shop of the Hotel -
the simplest possible meal & the
cheapest but it cost us 55¢ each.
(I can remember when I had coffee
& rolls for 10¢ & a real breakfast
first in the Bank for money \$100.00 me
for 25¢), then we parted. The all
important shopping moment had
come. Suetty went to the office
had lunch with Johnny Kins,
bought several shirts & such -
considered a suit from Roger Kent.

I went just to Arnold Win-
stable but with no success, ex-
cept for a rather pretty green print
for summer. Then tried Ford &
Taylor but was put off by the high
& mighty salesladies. Suddenly I
saw Lane Bryant at 41st & Fifth Av.
There I found a really charming
black dress, which I got on the spot
\$17.95 - a good price but ^{it} was a
good dress. Then led me all
the way to my favorite Bloomingdale
to look for a hat - My June, I

found in the basement, a white
one that went perfectly with my
new dress. So I got that. Had it
was now o'clock before I knew it.
I had a salad at Malverds Capellina
& came back to the hotel, where
I rested in the atmosphere of a
Turkish bath!

I started out at 6:15 to walk to
Harry's apt - 31 East 12th Street -
All those lower Fifth Avenue
places look so familiar, tho'
more and more the red houses are
being superseded by enormous
apartment houses. Harry opened
the door of his apartment look-
ing very nice - snow white hair,
ready, welcoming smile. I gave
him the large photograph of
Yem Cami I illustrated in Ramazan
he seemed pleased. He has nice
books, several good pictures
(2 lovely old Turkish tiles) but
the rooms have the air of a
bachelor.

We took us to Longchamp at 12th
St. St-J. Dune - French dinner
as he gave us - Cocktails, Vichy-
soise, Chicheu, cafe' parfait -
& coffee - much talk of Surber & of
friends old & new.

As we were leaving, at about
9:30 there was a tremendous thunder
storm. A real cloudburst. I have
never seen anything like it. The
streets splashed with water. We
tried for some long time to get a
taxi - finally, at long last,
we were successful. It splashed
its way to the Pine Grove then
carried Harry home again. But
it had been a wonderful evening.
I was able to wear my new dress
& that felt "an fait".

June 5 Thursday.

This was another day of shopping.
I went down to my old Wanamakers
which I do like - & was most success-
ful in my purchases. Wanamakers
is now as full as other stores & the

Salespeople are really courteous. I was able to get a pretty black hat in the basement for \$3.95 - a pair of shoes (black) for \$11.45, and a remarkably cheap green dotted dress for only \$5.00. Grand. This was off on his own resume sandals. We had lunch together at a cafe/restaurant then a short rest.

In the P.M. we went to the movie Five Fingers made from the book Operation Cicero, about the spy in the British Embassy in Buchara during the war. It was only 10-20 though we were amused by the glimpses of Stambul & Buchara. The second feature was Room for One More with Cary Grant - quite good, if a little too sentimental. The program was very long, we were amazed to learn we had been in the theatre from 3:30 till 6:50!! Home via the subway with a poor & very expensive dinner at the hotel. Dad tobed in the Heat!

June 6 Friday.

Saturday was busy with various errands but I took the poor man to Arnold Constable, where I had been promised a coat my size by one of the women there on Friday. (I had tried on the wrong color & size two days before.) The trip was fruitless as the woman wasn't there & no cast had come from stock.

So on I went alone. I saw one Bryant & tried to find one there in the coat dept. but the very intelligent salesgirl said I might find what I wanted in the basement. Down I went & lo! behold I found just what I needed - a fitted silk faille (called a duster) at the incredibly low price of \$6.98 - I couldn't believe my eyes. It looked really nice - & at that price I couldn't go wrong. So I bought it.

Then I went to visit my old Prizgub at 516 Fifth Avenue

Mutual welcoming hoisee! He's
now alone. Those 3 instruments
she is to fix one & send it to me
in Ohio. He tried to see me a new
type of instrument of course - Cost
\$180 or so - with some of his old
hearing aids. However - we shall see!
It then occurred to me that I might
take Eleanor Rockman out to lunch.
I went to the Public library, found
her obscure hang-out & she had the
surprise of her life! She looked,
as she always does, very neat & chic
for a middle-aged woman. We
went to Stouffer's on Fifth Ave. &
45th St. for lunch & really we
had a delicious meal. Eleanor's
conversation is dull & she is a
simple soul, but kind & good.
She actually suggested she
might let us have her 31st St.
apt. in her absence during vaca-
tion & this does sound quite
feasible. She is to be away
from July 12th - Aug. 13th which

would sink us down to the ground.
Rachum.

By 2:30 I was back in the hotel
& was pretty. We tried to rest in
the oppressive heat. Our room
is unusually hot, as it is on a
corner & the opposite wall throws
back the warm air. At 6:30
we took the subway - no the No. 5
line - to Columbia & how familiar
it was to step off at 120th &
Riverside. But, dear me, how
prosaic is the University milieu
of Columbia, after the mellow
quads & rich trappings of Cam-
bridge.

We found Bob & Virginia in
their apt. No. 906 in Whitney
Hall - the dear things - we do
like them both so much - They
have three rooms - a hall, with
kitchenette in the corner, used as
living & dining room & ~~two~~ two bed-
rooms - one Bob uses as a
study. Things are crowded but

where are they eat in New York?
We had a delicious meal & much
good talk. They are off in their
Car for 3 weeks before summer
school - to the South - The Smokies.
Bob insisted on driving us home ^{to}
an hotel - we all went together.
It was a most delightful, most
friendly evening.

June 7. Saturday.

The day before we must pack &
prepare for Granville. He could
have our room till late afternoon,
which was nice. He took a walk
up Fifth & mailed a box
of Fanny Farmer's Candies to
Cornelia on her ship - but we
felt lumpy from the heat.

We were all packed by 2:30 -
had a short rest, then took a
walk down to Washington Square
for old sake's sake. Memories
crowded my mind - 70 Fifth
Avenue, where I worked in 1915-
1919 - for old Sammie; Schrafft's

on the corner of 13th St. + Fifth Ave
where David + I had lunch one
day in 1944; the Presbyterian
church on 12th St. + Fifth Ave,
where I used to pray for the end of
the war, alas, alas - in vain.
We were rather horrified to see
that the Brevort was being aban-
doned. That an immense
modern apt house (built of
course by a Jewish foreigner) was
being erected right on the
southwest corner of Washington
Square. That odd bit of N.Y.
is being rapidly ruined. Have
New Yorkers no civic pride -
or just MONEY rule all? A-
round the square were exhibits
of Greenwich Village Artists -
Whew! such poor stuff & such
poor artists sitting on stools
in front of their wares, with not
much to sustain their faint hope.
We sat on a bench in the
square, entirely surrounded by

Jews. Finally, a bus back to the hotel
At 7 Dick arrived & we had
dinner together in the tap room.
And v. good it was. He is charm-
ing as a guest - chattered away
& was at his best. He insisted
on coming with us to the Penn.
Sta. to catch our train at 9:25.
We had a drawing room (perfect
comfort - incl. private lavatory)
& could not have had a better
night. We hoisted & rode thru
the darkness to Ohio.

June 8. Sunday

Our train was a little late so we
decided we would have breakfast
in the diner which we did. At
about 8:50 ^{PM} we reached Newark
& there was Forbes on the platform
to meet us - looking great, as
usual, but well & so kind. He
took us out to his beautiful blue
De Soto car & we drove rapidly
the seven miles from Newark to
Granville in the clear, cool air.



The Kato House in Cranville
our headquarters

The house on Maple Street was the one to which they moved in 1947. There was the clan, awaiting us. Bea + Helen Scott, Dorothy + Gene + their 3 children, Nancy, Patty + Kirby + a great welcome. After a little talk + a little more coffee, we drove to Thrasher St. to the home of Mr. Mrs. Kato, Japanese friends, at whose home we were to stay. We were so pleased to be alone in this neat, pretty, quiet place - we unpacked, got out our presents, went back to the Wileys + there later had lunch + talks. Everyone is kindness itself - the children rather wide-eyed about distant relatives from Durhams - Helen looked tired + white faced. It is hard to be old - + alone - we may all come to it - + Heaven help us.

He returned dressed for Baccalaureate at 2:30 - we were driven to the Chapel for the service at 3.

Baccalaureate Sunday - Granville



Helen, Forbes, Evelyn & Leo



Helen, H. C. Forbes and Leo

Swasey Chapel was rapidly filling
with all the Granville folk in their
best bib & tucker. H. C. walked in the
procession - long faculty first,
then students, just as at R. C. O. C.
The service was good - excellent
music by the choir. The minister was
Gene Bartlett of the Baptist Church
of Evanston, Illinois. There was a
microphone on the platform, so that
I could hear every word. His
subject was Strawpe, American
Students: Always Trust the Distinct

After the service, a reception
was held on the lawn of the Presi-
dent's house - refreshments, very
unsatisfactory - a sort of ice cream
dish with non-descript cookies.
I met the President, his wife &
daughter, the Richards, letters, Starks,
Dorothy Brooks, Beth's friend,
Mrs. Thompson - the Tituses - In fact
we stood in a receiving line &
shook hands with all & sundry.
An aunt of Max Kortepeter had

to salute us! etc.

Finally, we all got home - slaver
had supper - 10 round the table.
Dorothy is sweet, George really
charming. (She is 43 in July, which
seems incredible) - Gene is a very
nice man - straight brown eyes -
a good father - ~~a~~ very much of a
le-man. Nancy has pretty reddish
brown hair & blue eyes, but her
mouth is ugly, ^{but} she has a very
sweet smile; Patsy (11) is just a
serious-minded brown eyed child
like her father; Harry 6½ is a
dynamic youngster, very affection-
ate, very lively. He immediately
took a tremendous shine to his
uncle Harold & followed him about
like a puppy!!

We parted at 9:30, after a big
day.

June 9 Monday. The great Day.
Commencement at Denison for
which we have travelled 6000
miles! It was warm but not hot.

We thought we would be going to the
Wileys for breakfast, but the kind
Katos expected us here, & we
stayed. They are an interesting
little couple & told us of their
early experiences in U.S.A. They
have been married many years.

We had to be ready by 9:30 - 10th
was to walk in the procession
again. Forbes came with Helen & Ora
to the Field House, where the
ceremony was to be held. We had
good seats in the huge building.
Again a procession - a moving
picture man - & every seat being
rapidly filled.

Dr. Knapp, the president, is
an engaging personality, his
wife buxom, well groomed &
warm. On the platform were
the four people to receive honorary
degrees, plus those to sponsor
them, & the Dean - Cyrie Richards.
The four honored were, in this
order 1) Gene Bartlett, the Baptist

minister from Swanton 2) Walter
Livingston retiring head of the
Physical Education Dept. evidently
a popular figure 3) Charles Malite,
minister from Lebanon 5 h. N.
representative 4) my dear H. H. S.
The principal speaker was Charles
Malite, whose topic was Grounds
for Peace. What with his rather
heavy accent, & the distance from
the stage, I didn't hear him well.
But sorry that he gave a
splendid speech.

It was really thrilling to see
the hood of L.L.D. descend on
my Dear's shoulders. Dad rejoiced
that his devoted service
has thus been rewarded. The cere-
mony was long - almost 2 hrs
afterward there was a great
meeting about of people. I had
difficulty in finding Dr. Smith!
He had had a glimpse of Beth
Stanton's parents - & I was
disappointed not to see them.

W.S. said they seemed too awake.
Their comment on their daughter's
visit to W.S. was, "he won't let
her go back!" Imagine. All her
forebodings will be realized. (I
forgot to say that on Sunday, 13th
while I was still at the Wileys
a box arrived from a friend,
containing a beautiful shoulder
bouquet of pink carnations
with a billet doux from Beth.
She is a sentimental creature.)
Immediately following the
Commencement exercises, there
was a huge luncheon given in
Granville Den, by Deunion fellows
& some faculty. Again Charles
made spots - was interestingly.
Also Dr. Kaestp again he sat
near his son Titus & his son
Livingston - A good dinner,
with much animated talk. There
must have been a hundred
guests at least. A Deunion fellow
is one who has contributed \$100

or more to Denison. We were away by
2:30 or 3.

The rest of the day was quiet. We
had good rests in our little (cave
house. (How fortunate we are to have
this haven) Then a dinner en famille
(10 around the table) & later Gene left
for Waukegan, where he has business
to settle. Dorothy & the children
stayed on in Gravelle.

So - the great day was over &
my dear man can now be called
Dr. Scott legitimately!

June 10. Tuesday.

This is Helen's 76th birthday. She is
the same age as Mrs. Garwood & as
Mrs. Tuggel. Getting on. We went
along after breakfast, bearing
gifts. I gave her a blue Auburn
wool head shawl & Scott pre-
sented her with a Denison flash
light & magnetic pencil. She was
childishly pleased. She has been re-
ceiving birthday cards from all &
sundry. A birthday is an event in



Duquesne University Campus
Indis, 11th St. Helen + Ann

American life, whether you are 6 or 60 -
or 76! He wanted to see the library
exhibit on at 4, Forbes drove us
up there. On a table near the entrance
was a collection of photographs +
articles, giving information about the
4 men, who had received honorary
degrees. Imagine my astonishment
to see an old photograph of us two
in Theodor's cottage; also two articles
by Evelyn in Asia + the near East
Bulletin. Certainly they have made
the most of simple contributions.

We were entertained by Ronald
+ Helen in Newark, for supper, in
honor of Helen Scott's birthday, he
had our supper outside on a
spacious lawn. The house is better
than their first residence, but
still not very attractive. But what
a good dinner, Helen had provided!
As one could wish more. The
dynamic Kathy Sue aged 18 mos
raved up + down, turned somersaults
in her father's arms + feverally



Newark, Ohio, June 10, 1952
Helen Scott's Birthday Party
Helen Wiley, Forbes, Dorothy, Nancy, Ann
HKS & Ronald Wiley

showed an appalling amount of surplus energy. I should think she would wear the family out. Afterwards Walter (aged 18 - due to go next autumn to De Pauw Univ) played w-us - a fine boy with an open, very intelligent face - He has taken honors all along the line. And so home by car to Franklin about 10.

June 11 Wednesday

This was a fairly pleasant day. The morning we spent at the university library & pleasant it was. We read in the Periodicals room & I wrote upstairs in one of the very comfortable Reading Rooms. We all lunched together at the Wiley - then we came home to rest.

After supper, Forbes suggested a ride. This is the chief American inspiration for entertaining guests & we are usually reluctant to do. But this time we had a pleasant



Donald & Kately Sue.

sumel drive to what is known as
The Welsh Hills - Hillee Court, Hts
& 3 school children. Back again
with long talks in the evening.
June 12 Thursday (Com. at R.C.)

A little rain fell in the P.M.
for which all were grateful. I
spent practically the whole P.M.
working at the wiles - 4 shirts of
Howard's & plus other washing that
had been done in the wiles' wash-
ing machine.

I called for my photographs
in the morning. They were really
quite good.

At 2:30 Mrs. Kato had the Garden
Club at her house - a great
gathering of fair dames, who
had brot their contributions -
vases of home-grown roses -
Mrs. Kato read a paper called
"The Romance of Roses" - I think
it would be foolish - but it
was quite interesting in how
a Rose had been a symbol

them the eyes - Royal cushions
so forth. The meeting was over
by 5 - Mrs. Russell Williams
was chairman of the garden club.
Talked to Mrs. Richards & Mrs.
Stark, as well as Betty's daughter,
Brooks.

In the evening, we took Mrs. &
Mrs. Lento for dinner at the
Granville Inn - had a quite
sumptuous meal. Very good.
A jovial group of men behind
us had had too much to drink
beforehand - but they weren't
too objectionable.

June 13 Friday (Com. at R. C.)

We remember Russell Hiram. I
was am delighted to be spared
the Commencement reception
for once in a way. The morning
was more or less consumed by the
family. It had escaped to the
College library, but I sat about
rained so as to be available
for talk. Poor dear Helen boxes

all sundry. Is it because she is
old? Or an egoist? or what?

She must be an egoist - for she tells
stories about herself - tho' much
less than she did - she will call
H & L her son & me, her daughter,
to which we both object. If one is
a step-mother one must watch
more warily than most. A

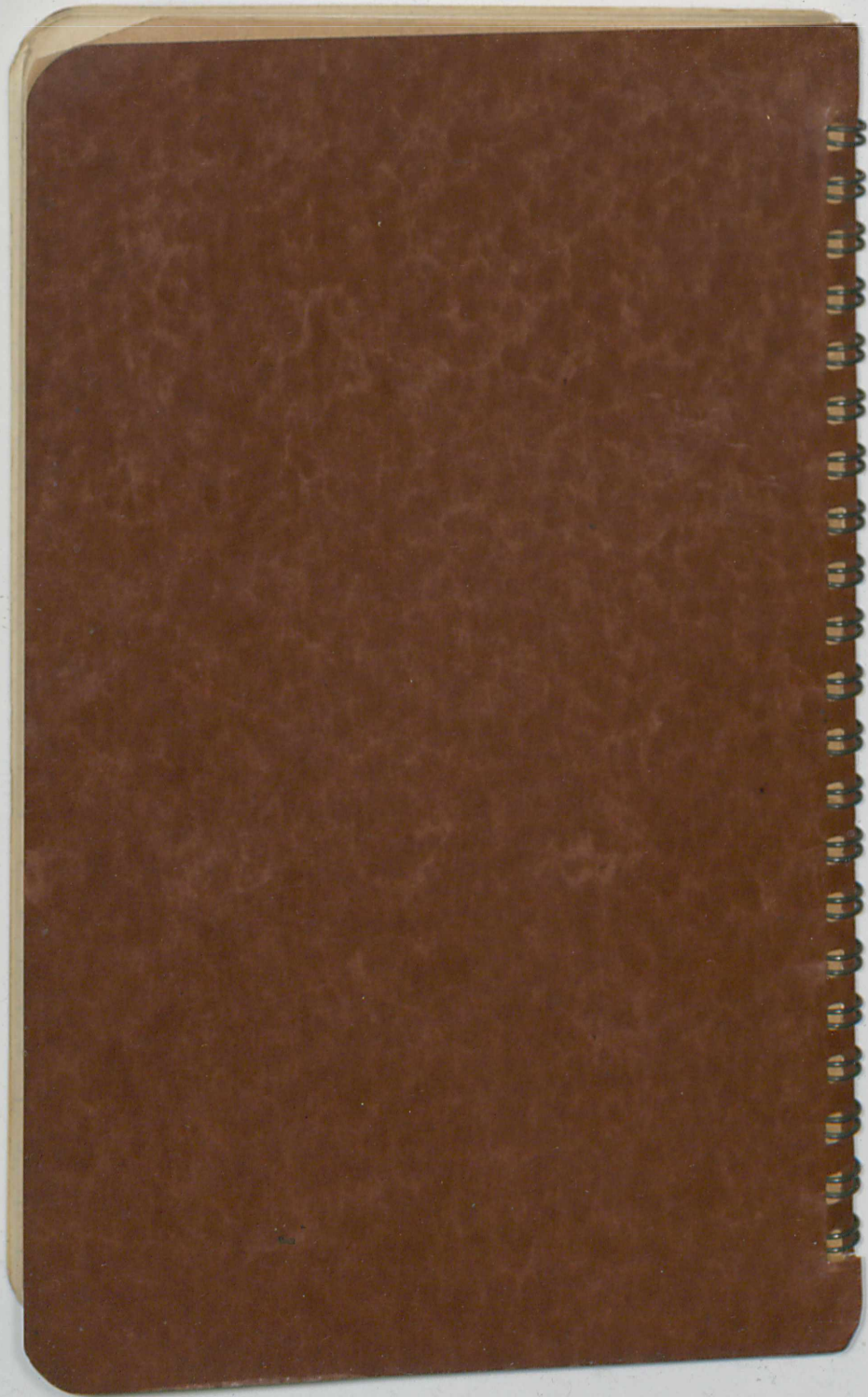
becoming modesty is the only
means of winning people's regard.
None but a mother - one is not
a mother - Sad but true, like
many other hard laws of nature.

At 7 we were invited to
dinner with Dorothy Brooks
(Mrs.) Beth's dear friend. She
lives in a perfectly charming
little house, which she used
to share with Beth. Now her
companion is a certain Mrs.
Thomson. The Willys don't like Mrs.
Brooks. They say she is loud & cruel.
But this evening she was awfully
nice - tho' I can see that she is

fall of herself. (The same night he
said of Geo). Mrs. B. is to go to
Camell, leave Denison & she
says she had a hard time decid-
ing, but Forbes tells me the
President of Denison wants a
change. How what is the real
situation? Very interesting.

He had a perfect meal - &
the prettiest kind of table. He
talked a great deal about
Beth, tho' it was strange that
so few questions about her
were asked. Mrs. Brooks com-
mented the tales of Beth's
parents implacable & very
selfish attitude. Even when
B. was at Denison, they wrote
her critical letters, blaming
her for not being all they ex-
pected. Personally I think
them both ready for a mental
home.

We left at 10 - to the hotel.



Boğaziçi Üniversitesi

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