Scottish, English Scenes, People Described In Letter By Mrs. Ives

Highlands, London, Oxford, Greenwich Visited By Party

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Ives of Southern Pines have been traveling in Europe and Britain, much of the time with Adlai E. Stevenson, 1952 Democratic Presidential candidate and brother of Mrs. Ives, and his party. In this final letter of a series written about the trip to The Pilot, Mrs. Ives tells of people and places in Scotland and England.

> Bowland* Selkirkshire Scotland

"O Caledonia! stern and wild! Meet nurse for a poetic child! Land of brown heath and shaggy wood. Land of the mountains and the

flood,

Land of my sires!" Indeed, here we are on ancient Ettrick forest's very door, land of the ruined abbeys, by Tweed and Yarrow and close by Cloverfords. If the stirring stories, ballads and songs of Sir Walter Scott meant much to me once, their meaning is doubly so now and I shall read with sheer delight the Borderland

We are in the "heart of the matter"-actually a 15th century house. Its original walls stand 18 driving to Greenwich where the feet thick in parts. This is Bowland, the hunting lodge of the Catholic Bishop David Beaton, one of the last Scottish Archbishops before the Reformation who Cats and dogs are restless in the traditional port, handed clockwise round the table!

and gay splash of magenta fire Maryland, etc.

"pub" in Edinburgh for lunch late war.

after our first sightseeing tour. London's Scars We sat on stools at the counter Oh, these wonderful island peo-

Highlands along Loch Lomond, the old heard the shriek of bombs exceptions were with us—name- American Ambassador and Mrs. with Bill in to tea and allowed that great country, than which dale from Stirling Castle, listen- less when I drive in London, braved the situation in their gray friends in too. ed to the tales of dark deeds, and when the talk turns to the war have seen, across the changing years. sky, the great trees, running streams and rolling hills. At evening, beside a welcome fire, Allan the continuity of the things of the reads Burns or Marmion aloud, mind and spirit. We were the which recalls to me Grandfather guests of Dr. Arthur Goodhart, Davis doing the same to us as children.

Where Scott Lived

Smith in the house where Scott lived for 10 years and wrote Marmion—"Breathes there a man with soul so dead. . .

Our cousins have been so good to us. Lady Bailey lives in Chelsea in an early 18th century house Floodlit, it was magic, as was the looking into the Thames-touching eaves with the house of Carthrough pitch-dark stone paslyle and Whistler and others of fame. Around the corner in an into the brilliance of the lighted even older little house is Patricia, beauty of All Souls church. Trenchard. Her two rosy, radiant tots were off in the "pram" in the tower was almost more than I rain as we rushed for shelter!

late Admiral Sir Sidney Bailey the soft chime of a tower bell had been President of the Royal ringing the hour. Pouring rain Naval College. The scene is a made our morning tour hard gomagnificent one: the Christopher ing but not one step of it would Wren buildings on the edge of the I have missed. The garden border was stabbed to death by conspirations at the Castle of St. Andrews.

With buildings of the site of under the ancient walls of Oxford tors at the Castle of St. Andrews.

earlier ones—in fact Henry VIII's where King Charles I defeated daughters, the Good Queen Bess Cromwell were as brilliantly drawing room here. What ghost, and Bloody Mary, were born in beautiful in rain as in sun. In what aura of mysterious deeds one replaced by Wren. The fact, the flower planting everyclings to these walls? Personally, Queen's House, where Sir Walter where in Europe enlivens the my only disturbance was the sad Raleigh threw down his coat for stone and makes me eager that hoot of an owl in the night. Or his Queen to step upon rather than we should do more planting at was it the result of the hot black into the mud in the roadway as home. Senator and Mrs. Fulbright currant pie followed by the mel- she returned from a garden walk, had just been staying with the low port? How delicious—that with its beautiful staircase, was Goodharts while on the Fulbright much copied by the builders in scholarship conference. Colonial America. In fact the From our windows we see the whole house was a model for our folds of hills, the fields and settlers with the wherewithal to woods, the turns of the stream build fine houses in Virginia,

weed. The heather, more soft in Up on the hill stands the Ob- latter he flies home at once. hue, is to be seen and lofty tow- servatory and Museum. The laters framed between tall beech ter houses treasures from the stirtrees. The drive up to this ancient ring naval history of this gallant ting, indestructible and irresisthouse of stone and turret is vivid with giant rhododendrons, beech, holly, box and even azalea. Down with a fine view of London town, be a walled good on the big to the formed Greenwich time. in the walled garden the big is the famed Greenwich time ted, a true Virginian. Back in the ripening raspberries are covered piece. John Fell stood on the Mer-17th and 18th centuries, Virginwith a net to keep the wood-dove idian and had his picture taken! ians must have talked the way out; under glass cloches figs and The Admiral and his wife asked she does now and the men in pubgrapes are ripening. The flowers Millie to bring us to tea and there lic affairs had no inhibitions of grow to great size here as in Engthe usual leisurely and bountiful self expression—our Nancy is the land. It's been a wet and cold sea- "meal" was eaten, looking into Patrick Henry of today! Long live son and much grain is down. Our the boats as they passed by and Nancy! host, Allan Ramsay, a young man we didn't fail to recall that the Historic Markers of 26, is farming this 5,000-acre Admiral lived in this particular estate recently left him by his house because his usual quarters are still unrepaired since having He took us to a famous old been demolished by bombs in the

Down in Oxford I think I found the greatest peace and sense of President of University College. He is an American citizen, a K. B. C., and the only foreigner to be We called on Lady Mary Abelmith in the house where Scott on Logic Lane, our diamond-paned windows looking into a courtyard of green velvet grass, gay with flowers, and an ancient mulberry tree known by Shelley under the walls of the chapel. nocturnal walk with Dr. Goodhart sages into arched doorways and her daughter, who is Mrs. Tom Queen's College quad, another could bear. Oh, the masters of One fine afternoon we spent stone of the 14th century!

Our sleep was gently broken by

We go back to London to part company with Adlai who will go to rest in the sun of France unless he can see Adlai Junior before he leaves for Korea. In event of the

As we leave this land, as we end our journey I want to say again that with all the startling examples of war's brutal seemingly useless destruction, there is alongside these scars the sign: Historic Property, National Mon-ument, National Trust Property, Ancient Monument, Ministry of Works, etc. I am so glad to see this sense of preservation, continuity and respect making itself more and more evident. We have a serious lesson to learn here! Over in Glasgow, we saw great blocks of well spaced housing units going up in the traditional stone and never will they mar the scene, as they will be the new part of the whole.

This will be my last "letter" on this wonderful trip. We have visited places we have never seen before, revisited ones we know, seen Europe coming well along toward final recovery from the devastations of World War II. Our hearts were warmed by the welcome of old frienls and best of all we saw the love and admiration in which Adlai is held, wherever we went, by those of "low and high degree." The taxi driver at Stratford-on-Avon, where John Fell Stevenson and I journeyed to see a magnificent performance of King Lear at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre jumped from his seat and pulled off his cap and said: "It's an honor indeed to be driving you, sir,' upon hearing whose son John Fell was! And as I sat between Lord Salisbury and Mr. Atlee, Leader of the Opposition, at Lancaster House where a brilliant official luncheon was given for Adlai, my heart and eyes told me here was nonest esteem, when he responded to a request to speak. And I felt the same thing the day we went to tea at the House of Commons to hear his "informal remarks" to a group of about two hundred members. If anyone believes the British aren't given to show enthusiasm, he should have been with us on that occasion! The crowd was so great at the English Speaking Union reception

that Mrs. Aldrich, wife of our Am- suits! And to be honest we sight- Talking With Queen bassador, couldn't get through the ed a few other isolated business The next time we saw the in the first race and I noticed that crush (she came a bit late) into suits! After having worried mythe room where Adlai was speak- self into a jitter as to which dress suddenly my host gave me his We saw the Queen at the Gar-skies, I settled on navy blue. Once ting with Her Majesty having a a great racing fan while the Duke den Party at Buckingham Palace at the party, I studied the other lovely time. I was a bit worried much prefers polo. only at a distance: there were women and I knew anything as he had on a wrinkled brown about 7,000 guests on that beau- goes! Big hats, tiny hats, long suit and a frayed brown and was an excellent photo of Adlai tiful lawn, two bands playing, and skirts, full skirts or short ones white striped shirt I had hoped and a wonderful "piece," of which us were a lot of R. O. T. C. American Navy lads on a summer them a steadfast, solid loyal ing an excellent tea and strawican Navy lads on a summer them a steadfast, solid loyal ing an excellent tea and strawican Navy lads on a summer them a steadfast, solid loyal ing an excellent tea and strawican Navy lads on a summer them a steadfast, solid loyal ing an excellent tea and strawican Navy lads on a summer them a steadfast, solid loyal ing an excellent tea and strawican Navy lads on a summer them a steadfast, solid loyal ing an excellent tea and strawican Navy lads on a summer them a steadfast, solid loyal ing an excellent tea and strawican Navy lads on a summer them a steadfast, solid loyal ing an excellent tea and strawican Navy lads on a summer them a steadfast, solid loyal ing an excellent tea and strawican Navy lads on a summer them a steadfast, solid loyal ing an excellent tea and strawican Navy lads on a summer them a steadfast, solid loyal ing an excellent tea and strawican Navy lads on a summer them a steadfast, solid loyal ing an excellent tea and strawican Navy lads on a summer them a steadfast, solid loyal ing an excellent tea and strawican Navy lads on a summer them a steadfast, solid loyal ing an excellent tea and strawican Navy lads on a summer them a steadfast, solid loyal ing an excellent tea and strawican Navy lads on a summer them a steadfast, solid loyal ing an excellent tea and strawican Navy lads on a summer them a steadfast, solid loyal ing an excellent tea and strawican Navy lads on a summer them a steadfast, solid loyal ing an excellent tea and strawican Navy lads on a summer them a steadfast, solid loyal ing an excellent tea and strawican Navy lads on a summer them a steadfast tea and strawican Navy lads on a summer them a steadfast tea and strawican Navy lads on a summer them a steadfast tea and strawican Navy lads on a summer them a steadfast tea and strawican Navy lads on a summer them a steadfast tea and strawican Navy lads on a summer cruise. Every one of them had breed. The scars that hurt you to berries and cream! Every man shoulder, off the shoulder, young went over to try and get a pic-says, to educate himself. But most behold on the face of London re- not in uniform was in topper or old it didn't matter! In the ture but found them gone. An of us who have seen him on his We have visited the great abwe have visited the great abbeys, driven along the Clyde from drive around that long night after and cut-away unless he wore the beys, driven along the Clyde from drive around that long night after and cut-away unless he wore the were presented and then Adlai Stevenson's son?" And when John ment has been to educate the rich farming land to great centers night for years the skies were the dress of his country such as Mos- had a talk with the Queen, the Fell said yes and that he hoped world about the United States, an of industry and smoke, into the scene of battle—the babies and lems and Indians. However, two Duke, Princess Margaret etc. The to get a picture, he was invited unconscious mirror of the best in

would suit the ever-changing binoculars. I looked at Adlai sit-

Queen had a horse, the favourite,

In the "Sunday Times" there



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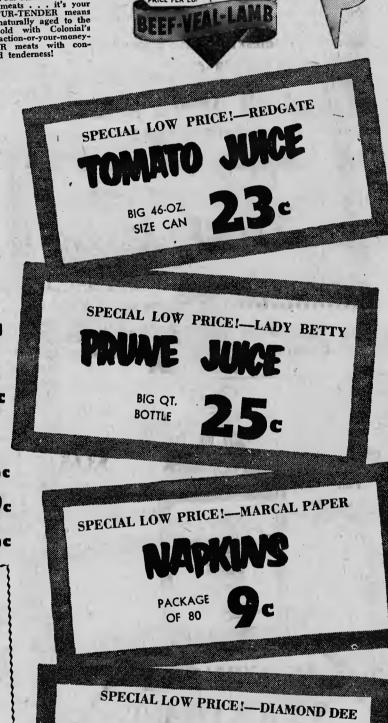
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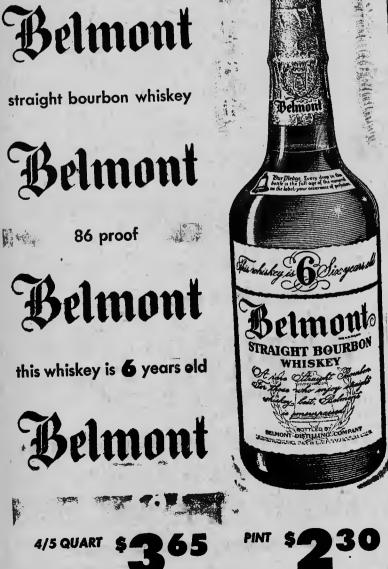
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