

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 tales.

We are in the "heart of the matter"—actually a 15th century house. Its original walls stand 18 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 was stabbed to death by conspirators at the Castle of St. Andrews. Cats and dogs are restless in the drawing room here. What ghost, what aura of mysterious deeds clings to these walls? Personally, my only disturbance was the sad hoot of an owl in the night. Or was it the result of the hot black currant pie followed by the melon port? How delicious—that traditional port, handed clockwise round the table!

From our windows we see the folds of hills, the fields and woods, the turns of the stream and gay splash of magenta fire weed. The heather, more soft in hue, is to be seen and lofty towers framed between tall beech trees. The drive up to this ancient house of stone and turret is vivid with giant rhododendrons, beech, holly, box and even azalea. Down in the walled garden the big ripening raspberries are covered with a net to keep the wood-dove out; under glass cloches figs and grapes are ripening. The flowers grow to great size here as in England. It's been a wet and cold season and much grain is down. Our host, Allan Ramsay, a young man of 26, is farming this 5,000-acre estate recently left him by his father.

He took us to a famous old "pub" in Edinburgh for lunch

after our first sightseeing tour. We sat on stools at the counter feeding on smoked Scotch salmon, lentil soup, beer and cheese. Next us were a lot of R. O. T. C. American Navy lads on a summer cruise. Every one of them had ice cream for dessert.

We have visited the great abbeys, driven along the Clyde from rich farming land to great centers of industry and smoke, into the Highlands along Loch Lomond, seen the vast view of hill and dale from Stirling Castle, listened to the tales of dark deeds, and have seen, across the changing sky, the great trees, running streams and rolling hills. At evening, beside a welcome fire, Allan reads Burns or Marjorie, which recalls to me Grandfather Davis doing the same to us as children.

Where Scott Lived

We called on Lady Mary Abel-Smith in the house where Scott lived for 10 years and wrote Marjorie—"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 looking into the Thames—touching eaves with the house of Carlyle and Whistler and others of fame. Around the corner in an even older little house is Patricia, her daughter, who is Mrs. Tom Trenchard. Her two rosy, radiant tots were off in the "pram" in the rain as we rushed for shelter!

One fine afternoon we spent driving to Greenwich where the late Admiral Sir Sidney Bailey had been President of the Royal Naval College. The scene is a magnificent one: the Christopher Wren buildings on the edge of the Thames were built on the site of earlier ones—in fact Henry VIII's daughters, the Good Queen Bess and Bloody Mary, were born in one replaced by Wren. The Queen's House, where Sir Walter Raleigh threw down his coat for his Queen to step upon rather than into the mud in the roadway as she returned from a garden walk, with its beautiful staircase, was much copied by the builders in Colonial America. In fact the whole house was a model for our settlers with the wherewithal to build fine houses in Virginia, Maryland, etc.

Up on the hill stands the Observatory and Museum. The latter houses treasures from the stirring naval history of this gallant people. At the Observatory, an exquisite little octagonal building with a fine view of London town, is the famed Greenwich time piece. John Fell stood on the Meridian and had his picture taken! The Admiral and his wife asked Millie to bring us to tea and there the usual leisurely and bountiful "meal" was eaten, looking into the boats as they passed by and we didn't fail to recall that the Admiral lived in this particular house because his usual quarters are still unrepaired since having been demolished by bombs in the late war.

London's Scars

Oh, these wonderful island people! I've the deepest admiration for them. The rigors of climate, invader, inquisition have made of them a steadfast, solid loyal breed. The scars that hurt you to behold on the face of London recall every few minutes as you drive around that long night after night for years the skies were the scene of battle—the babies and the old heard the shriek of bombs and I for one can only feel speechless when I drive in London, when the talk turns to the war years.

Down in Oxford I think I found the greatest peace and sense of the continuity of the things of the mind and spirit. We were the guests of Dr. Arthur Goodhart, President of University College. He is an American citizen, a K. B. C., and the only foreigner to be president of a college at Oxford. We slept in the Master's lodging 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. Floodlit, it was magic, as was the nocturnal walk with Dr. Goodhart through pitch-dark stone passages into arched doorways and into the brilliance of the lighted beauty of All Souls church. Queen's College quad, another Wren masterpiece, or Magdalen tower was almost more than I could bear. Oh, the masters of stone of the 14th century!

Our sleep was gently broken by the soft chime of a tower bell ringing the hour. Pouring rain made our morning tour hard going but not one step of it would I have missed. The garden border under the ancient walls of Oxford where King Charles I defeated Cromwell were as brilliantly beautiful in rain as in sun. In fact, the flower planting everywhere in Europe enlivens the stone and makes me eager that we should do more planting at home. Senator and Mrs. Fulbright had just been staying with the Goodharts while on the Fulbright scholarship conference.

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 latter he flies home at once.

Ernest and I are going to have two days with that vivid, fascinating, indestructible and irresistible Lady Nancy Astor. How I enjoyed meeting her last week. She is beautiful, vital and animated, a true Virginian. Back in the 17th and 18th centuries, Virginians must have talked the way she does now and the men in public affairs had no inhibitions of self expression—our Nancy is the Patrick Henry of today! Long live Nancy!

Historic Markers

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 Monument, 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 friends 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 or 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 honest 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 Ambassador, couldn't get through the crush (she came a bit late) into the room where Adlai was speaking!

We saw the Queen at the Garden Party at Buckingham Palace only at a distance: there were about 7,000 guests on that beautiful lawn, two bands playing, and tents, a good city block long, serving an excellent tea and strawberries and cream! Every man not in uniform was in topper (grey ones seem most popular) and cut-away unless he wore the dress of his country such as Moslems and Indians. However, two exceptions were with us—namely—John Fell and Bill Blair who braved the situation in their gray

suits! And to be honest we sighted a few other isolated business suits! After having worried myself into a jitter as to which dress would suit the ever-changing skies, I settled on navy blue. Once at the party, I studied the other women and I knew anything goes! Big hats, tiny hats, long skirts, full skirts or short ones and tight, furs and no furs, tailored dress or lacey ones, on the shoulder, off the shoulder, young or old it didn't matter! In the Royal Enclosure some people were presented and then Adlai had a talk with the Queen, the Duke, Princess Margaret etc. The American Ambassador and Mrs. Aldrich took other American friends in too.

Talking With Queen

The next time we saw the Queen was at Goodwood races and suddenly my host gave me his binoculars. I looked at Adlai sitting with Her Majesty having a lovely time. I was a bit worried as he had on a wrinkled brown suit and a frayed brown and white striped shirt I had hoped and expected him to stop wearing! John Fell and Bill Atwood went over to try and get a picture but found them gone. An equerry asked "Are you Governor Stevenson's son?" And when John Fell said yes and that he hoped to get a picture, he was invited with Bill in to tea and allowed later to get his photos! I thought it was wonderfully kind. The

Queen had a horse, the favourite, in the first race and I noticed that there was no enthusiasm voiced when another horse won. She is a great racing fan while the Duke much prefers polo.

In the "Sunday Times" there was an excellent photo of Adlai and a wonderful "piece," of which I shall give the final paragraph: "He has been travelling as he says, to educate himself. But most of us who have seen him on his tour feel that his real accomplishment has been to educate the world about the United States, an unconscious mirror of the best in that great country, than which there is nothing better to be found."

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