

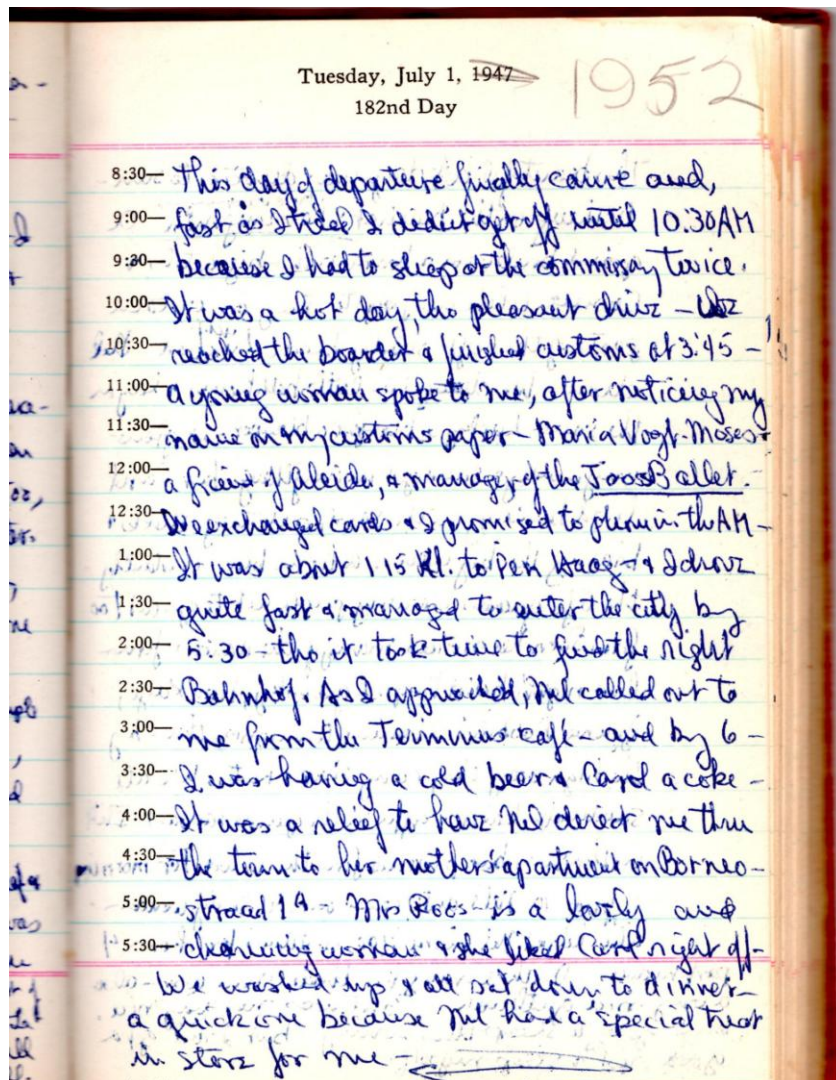
May- Dec 1952 Diary

by Virginia Fontaine

Transcribed by Claudia Fontaine Chidester

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2010



May 1952

January- April 1952 blank

Monday, May 5, 1952

After a hectic week of waiting with everything packed, we suddenly received notice to report to the Basslerhof at 3 PM. I was sitting in Hanna's office at the time when the call came through to Hanna, then me- from Paul. Friedel and Hanna saw us off at the Hotel. The plane took off from Rheine Main(sp?) around 6:40 PM. Flying on a Victor-Seaboard aircraft. That night we ate supper at Shannon at midnight and then across the Atlantic. It was uneventful and we flew very high. At noon the next day we landed for lunch at Stevensville(sp?), Newfoundland. Actually, it was now 8:30 in the morning. At 3:30 in the afternoon, after a 5 hour trip, we arrived, Idelwild(sp?) airport where we cleared customs without a hitch, though the Emigration officer picked up my passport to send on to Washington. Went directly to Fort Hamilton to report ourselves in and were told to mail Paul's passport to Washington with travel orders.

Tuesday, May 6, 1952

At Grand Central Station I phoned Jean Lackey Becwith(sp?), who invited us over for pot-luck supper. It was a marvelous evening with Jean and her husband Jim. They make bottle lamps and other gadgets together. Jim took us to the station where we boarded the midnight sleeper for Worcester—Carol and Paul had uppers- and Genie slept with me in a lower.

Wednesday, May 7, 1952

Took a taxi to 449 Mill St. at 8 in the morning and surprised Mimi for breakfast. Met young Peter for the first time-- who became Genie's special friend from then on. We were put in the green room, the kids in the bunks in the blue room with Mimi. Leo and Lorraine got home from work in the afternoon—it was a grand reunion. Phoned Siegfried's and Jean's mother said that Jean was doing a decorating job in Chicago—would be back soon. Paul phoned Leon Hovsepian who invited him to the Clark playhouse for Friday night. Phoned Azner Moore (sp?)—next thing we knew the Worcester Gazette phoned and came over for a story and pictures of us outside the studio—

Thursday, May 8, 1952

Quiet day at home—mailed Paul's passport to Washington. Uncle Arthur Giard came over to see us and brought me flowers. Took a walk to Tatruck(sp?) Sq. with Paul and noticed all the changes on the street. Mrs. Adams phoned to tell me she had talked with Jean in Chicago and wanted her assistant Mr. Hamond to show us the houses they are doing tomorrow AM

Friday, May 9, 1952

Mr. Hamlin picked us up at noon in the beachwagon and took up to the Jacobson house—beautifully decorated. Jean wants Paul to make an abstract painting for the hallway- right away- so Paul brought some supplies and started working on a design in the afternoon. Also saw another home and Jean's offices on Park Ave. Hamlin is a very nice and clever fellow—

May 1952

At the playhouse we sat with Leon and Mary. During intermission met Azner (sp?) Moore—also George Stoute—who had changed so, I hardly recognized him.

Saturday, May 10, 1952

Paul phoned Charlotte Scott who invited us over for supper. She picked us up. A lovely evening with her and her mother—talking about Germany. Charlotte will come over next summer—

Sunday, May 11, 1952

We all drove to Boston for supper at Bob Friedmann's—a nice new modern home—strange colors and taste—marvelous feast—met Ines' mother—a real family get together—though it was a wonder that the old car got us all there and back.

Tuesday, May 13, 1952

Charlotte Scott took us to Fitchburg to see the new library there—a pleasant afternoon—

Wednesday, May 14, 1952

Evening at Jean's—showed slides—Jimmy Wilensky(sp?) also there.

Thursday, May 15, 1952

Supper at Irene Giard's —nice family get together—beautiful supper. Irene looks wonderful—her tall young daughter, too.

Friday, May 16, 1952

Drove to Boston with Jean Siegfied, Paul and Edith Sewell. Paul stopped to see Bob and his office—I had lunch with Edith at the Veudouce(sp?)—Jean did business. All met at Margaret Browns later—dropped in at Bobby Bushongs(sp?)

Oh, it was a fine and merry day—took photos of the new shopping centers along the way—remarkable. Told Edith about ML Sohm's poetry.

Saturday, May 17, 1952

Supper at the Moores—Hovsepian also there—lovely evening—the kids were with us too.

Sunday, May 18, 1952

Took Carol with me to church—Jean and Edith also there—Victor took me home.

Dinner at Edith's—Jean and her mother also there—a beautiful evening which filled me with happiness—showed my slides again.

Monday, May 19, 1952

Giards all came over in the evening to see our slides and Irene took family photos of us all—

May 1952

Received port call to report at NY on June 2nd - much earlier than we had supposed. Paul phoned NY, but they could not change the sailing date.

Tuesday, May 20, 1952

Lobster supper at Hovsepian—Less and Azner Moore also there—a fine evening. Saw some of Leon's work and he hasn't changed much at all—

Wednesday, May 21, 1952

Jean and Hamond took us to the airport to see us off to Milwaukee. 4:40- Northeast airlines to NY. Left NY at 6:30—arrived Milwaukee at 9:20. Mother and Dad were there to greet us—it was so marvelous to be home with them again.

Saturday, May 24, 1952

Mother bought tickets for me, Carol and our 2 daughters to see Marion Yahr's Ballet performance—at the Pabst- 2PM. It was delightful and the children loved it. Mother Porth was also with us—

Sunday, May 25, 1952

Lovely family dinner—we all went to church.

Monday, May 26, 1952

Blanck(sp?) Wilson came in town to see us and have lunch with us—she's just as spry as ever-remarkable-

Spoke with Marion Yahr twice on the phone, and though we tried to fix a luncheon date, it couldn't work. She's leaving for Europe same time as us—perhaps we meet in Switzerland or Frankfurt.

Tuesday, May 27, 1952

A little shopping during the day—Lyn Möeller Van Steenberg(sp?) phoned me from Grand Rapids—she wanted to fly over in the morning to see us. “Come by all means,” I said.

The Downer Theatre now only shows culture films, so Paul and I saw this prize winning Japanese movie which was very unusual and interesting. After which I went out to Wally & Paula Clarkson's duplex to visit for the rest of the evening. They are a darling couple. [In the evening Paul and I saw the Japanese movie which won the International prize—very good. Afterwards I drove out to Wally and Paula Clarksons and had a good and pleasant chat with them.]

Wednesday, May 28, 1952

May 1952

Picked up Lyn at the Plyster(sp?) Hotel—she looked gorgeous—my family loved her immediately, and were quite impressed. In the afternoon, the Big Tea took place. Mother had invited all of her oldest and best friends, and those of mine whom she could remember. Many were greatly changed, and some not at all.

We went to church together in the evening.

When Ms. Stevans(sp?) arrived at the end of the day—she insisted on meeting Paul—so I made him dress and come down. Franny Lee came, Jenny Morton, Betty Pillsbury, Georgia Phillipson, Main Fry (sp?), it was all wonderful—

Thursday, May 29, 1952

Drove out to visit Elise Scott Swansen in River Hills in the afternoon. She looked just fine and we had a wonderful time talking over old times. She insisted that I do most of the talking. With Elise I can speak frankly and even brag a little bit which she seems to enjoy. I am always relaxed with her. Then back to town.

At 5:30 Paul and I picked up Wally Lee at his office, where he showed me photos and plans of the Veterans Memorial theatre and Museum and the Jewish Center he and Mike Meyer are building in Prospect Ave. He showed us the way out to his home near Hales Corners(sp?), which they are living in though not quite finished. Franny Newell Lee and her 2 kids were darling—the supper was wonderful and we had a lovely talk in the evening. I showed them our book of photos. It was fun to talk about our Yale days and what has happened to everyone—though I can't remember much. Franny is still painting—much the same style she's always had.

Friday, May 30, 1952

Decoration Day—when we tried to stay at home. We visited John and Hatty Riddle in the late morning—John Lewis lived next door and we started chatting about old times. He looked fine. So, Paul met an old beau of mine. When I was 16 John invited me to the Northwestern Military Academy dances—and did I ever think that was wonderful—He looked so wonderful in his light blue uniform. Later he served in the Pacific war. Has 2 children—is in the investment business.

Saturday, May 31, 1952

A rather memorable day, though I am not quite sure for what. Mainly because we had supper with Helen and Bill Lillydahl in their very expensive new home on Lake Drive. Bill had designed it himself and it is very large. His children go to Country Day School. He reminds me of a Marquand(sp?) character without the same brains. Gosh, I am glad I never married him. Paul behaved very well. My children were in heaven in this house because it was designed for kids—fantastic amount of toys and amusements all over the house. Both adults drive Cadillac's. If this was the moon Bill once offered to me, I'm glad, oh so glad, I didn't take it. Too many mental blocks in this house.

Sunday, June 1, 1952

May 1952

Finished packing and then mother gave us an early Sunday turkey dinner. Bud and Mother saw us off at the Milwaukee Road—the children enjoyed the streamliner Hiawatha. As we approached Chicago a loud speaker told us about train and bus connections and wished us luck. Just like on the plane—all quite new to me. Paul picked up our train reservations to NY and at 3:15 we departed on the General. I tried to call Carol's attention to the landscape, lakes, farms and towns so that she might notice the difference between what she has seen in Europe and Germany in particular.

June 1952

Monday, June 2, 1952

Carol insisted that we have breakfast in the dining car—which we did—in Penn Sta. Paul phoned Ft. Hamilton and was told to go to the Henry Hudson hotel on 57th which we did. Double-room for \$10. Then on the subway out to Brooklyn for processing. Paul's passport was there but not mine. I left under the impression that the personnel there would phone and locate it in Washington. That evening I phoned the Courtneys and we took the subway out to Flushing where Denise met us with his car. They have a pleasant apartment—both are working. Winifred teaching and Denise in the electrical repairs dept. at Geiubels. Quite different from his labor expert job in Germany.

Tuesday, June 3, 1952

Paul took Carol to the Museum of Modern Art. At 5 Paul and I visited J.B. Neumann at his 2nd floor gallery in the Fuller(sp?) Bldg. 41 E. 57th. His Klee show was fine. He told me that he had traded the Jawlensky head he had purchased from me. He also explained Zadok's buying methods—that he buys a flock of paintings at a time and offers a low ____ sum. He believes Zadok will open a gallery one day in NY. J.B. was most friendly and cordial and we talked for sometime—though hardly the same hospitality we had shown him in Frankfurt. He told me that Ilsa would surely phone me soon. Stopped at Kootz Galerie, 600 Madison at 57th. Baziotos, Leger, Miro, Soulage, Hoffman. Paul said he'd like to show him his work one day--in a year or two and told of his success in Europe. I think Kootz was surprised at Paul's casual unaggressive way of speaking of a show at his own convenience.

Wednesday, June 4, 1952

At Ft. Hamilton I learned that my passport was still in Washington. I was told to see Col. Alan at the Army transportation base. He put a call through to the state Dept. which promised to send the passport- by diplomatic pouch- if the Col. would send them my travel orders. Apparently they had not been sent to Wash. from Idelenild(sp?). In the morning we all went to the Museum of Non-Objective Art. Fine Kandinskys and rooms full of Bauer-awful- Stopped at the Metropolitan—showed Carol the Egyptian tombs and mummies and old masters. Late afternoon—took in the Modern Museum—good to see it all again. Ilse-Margret Vogel phoned and invited us over for the evening at 10 PM. It began to pour buckets of rain, so I went alone. She has a nice apt. on 1160 Fifth Ave. which she cannot afford and after some wine, she showed me the numerous styled French paintings she is making and selling through a cheap galerie for \$30.00. Got back to the hotel at 2:30 AM—fine send off.

Thursday, June 5, 1952

Departed at Penn station 9:15 where an Army bus took us to the Army Base at Staten Island and we boarded the Gen. Rose. My passport was delivered to me and also my new AGO card. We sailed at 3:30 PM. When the Army Band played us off at the dock—tears came to eyes—I was sorry to leave once again—my country which I love so dearly. What a pity we could not have stayed a little longer at Mothers.

Friday, June 6, 1952

June 1952

The meals on the ship are marvelous although we must start our day early—Breakfast at 7:30—lunch 11:30, supper at 5 pm. The kids are getting adjusted to the ship. Movies every morning 9-11 & in the afternoon & evening for the rest of us. Our port hole is kept closed which is not pleasant. Talked with the captain on deck—in the evening for about an hour.

Saturday, June 7, 1952

Today is our first warm sunny day at sea & I can sit on deck and write a little. The washing & ironing are done and I intend to enjoy this day—even if the children won't eat for beans—especially GeeGee (*formerly Genie*). Port hole was opened today.

In the laundry room this morning one of the women, whose husband is being sent to the Norwegian Embassy as an attaché, asked me why we had to set our watches ahead an hour. I told her not only one but 5 or 6 would be lost by the time we landed. She didn't know why and asked me to tell her. Then another woman in the room asked me when we would cross the equator? I told her—only if the boat took us to S.A. or Africa—she was surprised. At lunch Paul asked me if I had made any new friends. I answered him with these little anecdotes.

Paul met the Capt. & asked me later if I couldn't do better than that.

Sunday, June 8, 1952

Now that we have left the Gulf Stream, the ship rolls a little. However it is remarkably steady and quiet. The salt air keeps me in a half-slumber most of the time, and I have no inclination for activity or movement and just like to sit on the sun deck. Carol is giving us a fairly hard time—rude & sassy. A come-uppence is due any time. Took some photos of the kids this morning.

After breakfast while walking thru the lounge, I was astonished to see one of the mothers at the pepsi-cola stand, handing out cokes to her 3 young children. This was at 8:00 in the morning. Later, in the laundry room, I saw her again and asked the ages of her children. 14 months, 3 yrs and 6. Before long she gave her views regarding the Germans. That 700 of their young Italian boys had been torched then murdered in her native city, Rome, that her father did not let her leave their house to work, because the Germans sent the office girls & others up north and to Germany. Her GI husband had given her a \$500 diamond ring, and later when they had “hard luck” in California, he had to be operated on and was very sick: she sold the ring for \$1500. Her husband has promised to get her a new ring when things get better. She is a pretty plump brown haired girl.

The next day, in the laundry, the beautiful Auburn haired French wife of a colonel, sounded off on the Germans. She was so happy she was not being sent to Germany to live—she hates them so. “You don't know what it was like to starve for 5 years.”—she repeated several times. A razzzy voice broke in, “Oh, yeah, did you ever live through our depression?” “I never got enough to eat. Spaghetti & tomatoes 3 times a day—and maybe not at all.” This from a young Italian-American girl from Brooklyn, I guessed. “Did you know the Depression?” she demanded of me. “Sure,” I replied. Thinking wildly—what it was

June 1952

(*was it*) like 20 years ago. We ate brown sugar, and Grandpa helped father by paying for my tuition to a private girls school. I did not elaborate on my “Sure”.

Tuesday, June 10, 1952

Another amusing morning in the ship’s laundry room. Paul thinks we must be gossiping like mad or else telling dirty jokes. Wish it was that good—but it is far more sociable than above deck. One pleasant girl I speak to is named Marie Pasker. She is going to Norway. Paul explained to me at breakfast why artists are so hard to live with—not that I had noticed any difference. The artist feels that he should be thinking of new ideas all the time and working hard at it. He feels both guilty and angry when no ideas come. Or that his time is wasted with non-essentials. Naturally, he takes his frustration out on his wife. I have noticed and experienced such times with Paul and usually knew in my heart the cause. It never disturbed me much.

Wednesday, June 11, 1952

I have been seeing movies every day—none of which are memorable. Read one book—“The Age of Longing” by Arthur Koestler, and have breezed through a few others such as Marquand’s “Point of No Return.” Wrote a letter to Hanna in South America, one to Nel, and to the Museum of Modern Art for a membership. Today there was a nice children’s party in the afternoon. And I got my first sun tan, although it was a bit chilly on deck. We are supposed to land on Friday morning. The weather is so good -we probably shall. GeeGee did not eat any supper and was put to bed right after. In fact no meals have been pleasant. She has been such a poor eater.

Thursday, June 12, 1952

Lovely sunny day although cold with wind. Got a little sun tan—an uneventful day—

G.I. floorshow in the evening after a marvelous turkey dinner. Picked up the pilot this afternoon who took us through the channel—White cliffs of Dover look just the same.

Friday, June 13, 1952

In the laundry this morning, spoke to some Air Force girls going to Wiesbaden—told them to look me up in Frankfurt and I’d show them the sights. One of the girls names is Grace Donnelly—quite attractive. Passed Hellogoland and are now passing through shallow water. Expect to dock around noon—though our train to Frankfurt leaves at 5 of 11 tonight which means we stay in the boat until 10 PM.

Saturday, June 14, 1952

June 1952

Arrived at Frankfurt around 9:30 and found an Army Band playing _____ to the Bremerhaven train—had to hold back the tears again—Saw Friedel in the crowd holding a bunch of flowers—we all embraced her—with happiness—Richard had brought the car down early in the AM so we could drive home in style. The appt. looked so large when we entered. Shopped at commissary. Coffee ration has been reduced from 7 to 5 lbs a month. Visited Alma DeLuce—met her parents—

Sunday, June 15, 1952

Paul and I washed and polished our cars all day—also played a little tennis at the hospital.

Monday, June 16, 1952

Phoned N(el). in the morning. She was surprised and pleased to hear that I was back—the rest of the day went like a breeze. Went to the Galerie in the PM—nice show of Norwegian graphic—price is very high. Nesch wants 500—Gauguin 300. Max and Kurt Kraft were there and I invited them home for supper. Nice evening with them.

Tuesday, June 17, 1952

Read an Italian novel—best seller called “Woman of Rome”—shopped with Carol here and there.

Wednesday, June 18, 1952

N. phoned me this morning and a letter arrived later. Her mother is expecting Carol and I around the first of July at the Hague.

Paul brought home a letter from mother which included letters from Hanna and ML Sohms. Hanna is having a marvelous time in Brazil and is terribly impressed with the big city and country. The press was fine to her and spoke of her as the great European authority on modern art—She has been asked to assemble the German art for the next Sao Paulo Biennale. Dr. Grote is not going to like losing that job much.

ML is thrilled to send some of her poetry to Edith Sewall—but bashful because Edith is translating Carossa’s work which is so perfect.

Thursday, June 19, 1952

Took Carol with me this morning in search of the paint shop which I could not find, so continued on out to Griesheim where we surprised Paul in his shop. Carol had always wanted to see where daddy worked and Paul took us through the Depot and introduced us to all the German help. We had lunch in the snack bar there and then we went on to the Nied Garage. There I was surprised to be told my left front spring was broken and I must bring the car back the next morning. With Paul’s map I found the paint shop and was told that it would cost 280 DM—for fixing the lower half of the car—all around.

Stopped in at the Galerie and made sketches of the four Picasso graphics to send to Jean S.

Friday, June 20, 1952

June 1952

Spent the whole day in the Nied Garage. New springs were put in—then the brake linings were found bad and also replaced—Meanwhile I wrote letters to mother asking for car paint. Had lunch with Paul again. The car did not look right and the weak spring was not broken. Paul raised cane and the upshot was to replace the old springs and the car would be ready and tuned up by 12 the next day. Total cost finally came to \$20.

Saturday, June 21, 1952- Paul's Birthday

The children and I did shopping while Paul played tennis in the AM. At the PX, we bought peanuts for Genie to give to daddy, a box of candy for Carol to give, and I found a nice pair of Danish silver cuff links for Paul.

Aleida Montaja phoned to say she was going to Essen with the Frankfurt Ballet this weekend and would phone on her return next week.

Started washing and waxing my car again—it drives so well again—I'm very pleased.

Sunday, June 22, 1952

Paul was horrified to find that Friedel had washed his two army sweaters and his beautiful white Canadian tennis sweater in the wash-machine—they all shrank to nothing almost. He was plenty mad—the kids were dressed so cute for Sunday-school today. Later they helped me polish the car. The day is what Sylvia calls an “Open and Shut” day. Rain and Sun off and on. We ate supper at the snack bar and afterwards saw a movie—“My Six Convicts” or prisoners—quite good and amusing too. A new neighbor spoke to us, Capt. Jack Brown from Oregon. He is waiting for his wife and three children to join him here. Am now reading Kennan's “American Diplomacy 1900-1950” and for a change poetry by A.E. “Vale and other Poems.”

Monday, June 23, 1952

Washday again—Friedel is doing it because Frau Weber has broken her arm—and we cannot afford her any more anyway. Carol is helping, too. N. phoned this morning. I told her we would arrive next Tuesday evening around 9 PM. Mailing today my business letter to Jean S. This is my first serious effort to sell something to the states.

Went to Nied garage again with the children—changed oil and filter—had car greased and rood(sp?) tested—top gear is not holding. Walked along river with the kids, and then to Auto Union garage. Herr Keuz(sp?) told me the diaphragm was broken, and possibly a gear too.

Tuesday, June 24, 1952

Took car to Auto Union garage. New diaphragm was put on which was needed, but gear was still slipping—took streetcar home and asked Paul to check at garage on way home. Hemmed my blue skirt and fixed Carol's pink coat. Paul said a gear was bad and must come out. Went to bed early. Gustav Bauer and Gottlieb came over. He has found a new apartment.

Phoned Alma DeLuce—she leaves for London tomorrow—will be back on the 15th—same as I plan—

June 1952

Wednesday, June 25, 1952

Again at the garage—went to work with Paul so as to have his car—wrote letter to Dad asking for spare gear parts—the transmission was put together this morning and now it goes back into the car—Letter came from N. this AM—But now I have only the 2nd and 4th gear—the other 2 are out. Picked Paul up with my car—total cost for repair was 90 DM, but Paul says it goes alright now.

After supper we went to the German theatre –film Palash(sp?) to see a French film with German dialogue dubbed in. It was the story of a whore house in a seaport town—possible Autwerp or Rotterdam or Toulon—the whore’s pimp shoots the Italian sea-captain, so she and the maitre ‘de hous(sp?) run over the pimp with a car—good photography and atmosphere—and amazing bed-room scenes. “The Big Moon”

Thursday, June 26, 1952

Phoned Aleida Montajin(sp?) this morning and we will go to Hofheim on Sunday if the weather is good. N. phoned this morning.

ML Sohms phoned from Braunfels yesterday and left a message with Friedel asking me to meet her at Ricardo’s today at 5:45. We always meet at this uniostube(sp?) with its old fashioned marble top tables – and conservative atmosphere. ML’s family are well known here—and the service is excellent-for us-. Today is a beautiful sunny day and kids are taking their first sun-bath.

Friday, June 27, 1952

Worked on car—wash, cleaned, and polished with plastic—super hard finish—good for six months—

Saturday, June 28, 1952

Finished polishing my car and _____ the seat covers—all in tip top shape now. Filled the old wash tub with water for the kids to play in—very very hot. In the evening after supper at the snack bar with the kids—Paul and I saw the Swedish-Venice prize winning film for 1950—called “Ria Ria- only a mother” taken from a Swedish novel. A sad story of a peasant girl married to a dope who gives her life to her 4 children and the men were always after her. Paul and I are having many happy days before I leave with Carol for my vacation.

Sunday, June 29, 1952

Today I promised Paul to polish his car and give him a good hair cut, which he said he’s made a good painting just for me. He finished his work before I did—so we all packed our swimsuits and picked up Aleida Montijm(sp?) and drove out to Carlasee—which was packed with people and not to pleasant—but it was good to jump into the water and cool off. A. wrote to Veny for reservations July 28-Aug 10 though I do not know if I can use then-and leave then.

Monday, June 30, 1952

Did some packing—N phoned—I said I would be at the Hague Bahnhof at 5 PM tomorrow—assuming I leave at 9 AM.

July 1952

Tuesday, July 1, 1952

This day of departure finally came, and fast as I didn't get off until 10:30 AM because I had to ship(sp?) at the commissary twice. It was a hot day, though pleasant drive. We reached the boader and finished customs at 3:45—a young woman spoke to me, after noticing my name on my customs paper—Maria Vogh-Moses, a friend of Aleida, and manager of the Jooss Ballet. We exchanged cards and I promised to phone in the AM. It was about 115 km to Pen Haag—and I drove quite fast and managed to enter the city by 5:30—though it took time to find the right Bahnhof. As I approached, Nel called out to me from the Terminus Café—and by 6, I was having a cold beer and Carol a coke. It was a relief to have Nel drive me through the town to her mother's apartment on Bornes straat 18—Mrs. Roosis a lovely and charming woman and she liked Carol right off. We washed up and all sat down to dinner—a quick one because Nel had a special treat in store for me. This turned out to be the Holland Music Festival Week and programs have been excellent in all media. Monica Haas played—also Szigits(sp?) and others—

(Tuesday Night—July 1, 1952)

Nel had received tickets from Yvonne Georgi to the Gala night(very formal) of the “NY City Ballet” performance—I quickly dressed in my best new Nylon brown dress and we reached the theatre just in time. We sat in the same box with Yvonne and other ballet people—and witnessed the most exciting and magnificent performance. Which later I compared to the night at the “Met” when I heard Flagstadt and Melcior in Tristan. This time, too, we stood through much of the performance in order to see better. We saw: “Four Temperaments”, with Hindemith music, modern abstract in black and white—Tanagirl Le Clerg—shone like a star. “Age of Anxiety”, modern interpretive with Bernstein music and Oliver Smith décor—so beautifully simply and subdued—the ballet theme was carried by Moncion, Nora Kaye, Bolender and Robbins. A monster on stilts entered and the scene and then fell away, the chorus was marvelous. “Sylvia: Pas de Deux”, Delibes music with Maria Tallchief and Eglevsky—lovely, at their almost best—the audience was with them. Conclusion, classic ballet with true American precision and breathtaking beauty and grace with entire cast of about 50, Bizet's “Symphonic in C.” Janet Reed and Le Clerk, Melissa Hayden, Patricia Wilde—no stars but all stars. And so to bed and a restless night for us all.

Wednesday, July 2, 1952

This beautiful hot day was devoted to sunbathing on the beach at Shrevringinen(sp?) a grand boulevard and board-walk—big hotels and Casino where one pays to stay on certain parts of the soft sandy beach. Luchtebad—Nel chose. We changed in little bathhouses and lay on the sand—Lucky I brought a blanket—it grew very windy and sand got in everything—but Carol loved building in the sand, collecting shells and braving the big waves. A horn blew constantly, the life guards warning people not to go out too far. Soon Nel noticed many of the dancers from last night's ballet troupe. Eglevsky, Nora Kaye, Jerome Robbins. I learned to recognize them by the high way they carry their chests. We ate sandwiches later and after in the open restaurant—still in the sun, but protected by the wind. For morning coffee at 10

July 1952

Nel's aunt(sp?) came over—a lovely woman who helped Nel make 700 costumes for her 4 performances. In the evening her Uncle came over—also a very nice gentleman. Carol was not very nice about going to sleep this evening, but I did get a good rest and sleep myself.

Thursday, July 3, 1952

At this moment of writing I am listening to a beautiful concert of the radio, Fauré fantastic in G concerto played by Alex Van Amerongen(sp?). Here one can turn a switch on the wall to any number and immediately receive a program which is provided in advance in a booklet—one pays later for this on the electric bill. It is another thing to have a separate private radio with which to tune in to any part of the world. This particular is of young Netherland artists. Now Rick Waas is sing Bizet-carmen(sp?).

This day was spent at the zoo where we took sandwiches again and had a happy time—But first we stopped at the Hotel du Passage,(passage 31 tel:111848) --to see Marie Vogl-Moses and Nautica Waterburg. Marie said that tickets would be waiting for us at the Rotterdam theatre tomorrow night for the Joass Ballet and we will meet there again. Joass was invited here for the festival and then(sp?) it seems it was not official. Nel went to the NYC Ballet again tonight with special people from Amsterdam. She will see Nora Kaye in the "The Cage." Carol went visiting Nel's mother—and I catch up on my writing. It was a gray day and then it rained buckets for a while.

Friday, July 4, 1952

This morning I bought Carol a book of English Fairy Tales and postcards to send to everyone. Nel told us that Nora Kaye was fantastic in "The Cage"--about 15 curtain calls. Though I was told the NYC Ballet was not much liked in Switzerland or in Paris. As Yvonne Georgi expressed it later, "the French want more sentimental and romantic dancing- as though the age we are living in was romantic and beautiful"—she said indignantly. Georgi had invited us to lunch with her at a very fine restaurant Lentsveld and, as usual, brought friends with her: her new stage designer with unnecessarily long hair, and her young blonde lady friend Fran Becker—who never spoke a word. The designer started making street scene sketches right off the bat. Yvonne invited us to her home in Amsterdam for lunch on Monday. Later we picked up Carol and all went shopping for presents to bring home-- _____ lamps and the like. Another nice supper with Mrs. Roos and then we picked up Nel's aunt(sp?) and all drove to Rotterdam. Marie Moses was waiting for us with 3rd row tickets--as her guest—the program was the same I had seen in Frankfurt—"The Green Table" again which is still quite good—But after the NYC it was quite a let down—The attendance was very poor—and so again to bed. Marie had a flat tire and so we did not meet.

Saturday, July 5, 1952

Today we are at the beach again in Scheveningen(sp?)—at the Luchte bad(sp?)—getting a marvelous suntan. Since we seem to be either in the theatre, on the beach or just on the move, I have made very few photos. After 4 hours we returned home. Carol has a difficult puzzle to put together which Nel gave her. We are experiencing beautiful hospitality and kindness here with these lovely people. Mrs. Roos just went to the door to buy fresh Schevzningen haring from a vender calling in the street. It was heavenly to eat this specialty—so tender. In June, the Schevzningen fishing fleet goes out to sea in a big festival—the first boat back brings a bucket of its fish to the Queen. The fishermen prepare and salt the haring at sea.

July 1952

The sunburn made us all very tired, but, nevertheless I wanted to see more of Den Haag and so we went on a lovely evening ride. Found an attractive modern church and saw that it was the Frist CS church—so Carol and I can go there tomorrow—then next we found the beautiful big modern museum and can go there in the afternoon—then down to the sea where the fishing boats are and a ride along the Boulevard (Straud) (sp?) by the Schevzningen. It was gaily lighted and crowded with people and packed open air restaurants like at Canne, Nice, Atlantic City—quite a sight—

Sunday, July 6, 1952

Off the church in the AM with Carol—fine service—though no one spoke to us really. Hexagonal in shape—like F.M. Wright would make. I wonder who influenced whom? After dinner we went to the Museum which is near to the church. Very good architecture on the outside. The collection as dull, to say the least. I believe much is away on leave. We saw a very early Picasso, Kandinsky—Praul (sp?), Dufy, Van Gogh. Took a little ride to the dunes around Schevzningen and watched the crowds of people and _____. After supper we all went to a British movie- “The Card”—which was good for laughs.

The Museum has a wonderful collection of musical instruments from all lands and ages—East Indian instruments were the most interesting.

Monday, July 7, 1952

We drove to Amsterdam to have lunch at Yvonne Georgi. She has a lovely apartment with beautiful African and East Indian figures—Yvonne’s designer was there, though he did not stay for lunch—and this time he rushed out of the room and combed his hair—thank heavens. He showed us that stage-set model he had made for the “Four Temperaments” which Yvonne will put on soon. Sat. Sept. 27th to be exact—I hope to see it in Dusseldorf then. Carol behaved quite well since we prompted her ahead of time. I have photos of Yvonne. Nel discussed business with Y. who has given her a much bigger salary for running the school in Amsterdam. We left in time to see the museum and the “Devil in Art” show—very nicely displayed to make it more interesting than it really was. Got the postcards Sditls? Sewall wanted—stopped at Nel’s school to get some shoes and say ‘hello’ to Eva, the opera singer who also lives there. She must sing one more week and then will take her vacation in France. Hanna’s Chinese Devil was not in the exhibition—much to my surprise. On our way back to Den Haag we stopped for supper at the famous Bird Park called AVIFAUNA. All kinds of birds in and out of water and very beautiful. We played on the playground swings, too. Carol loved it here. _____ (sp?)

Tuesday, July 8, 1952

This day we went to the free beach—as written on the opposite page. Since I am writing this a day or two later, my memory is not so good. In the evening we drove into town with Nel’s mother and just enjoyed ourselves walking around looking in the windows, the lovely antique shops and pottery. In the government buildings _____ --where the queen was crowned—Nel told of the pageant Georgi had put on there in ’48 and the part she played in it. I remembered being told about that pageant with I walked around the same place two years ago with Sylvia Dayton and Eleanor Boerner (sp?). We closed the evening with ice cream in an Italian ice cream parlor.

July 1952

This day we went to a free part of the beach and walked through the dunes(sp?) to get there—It was very nice—in fact, I liked it better than at Schevancogen(sp?) when you pay for everything and there are too many people. The sea was quiet and we got a good swim for the first time—though after Carol saw jelly fish, she wouldn't go in again. It was _____(sp?) before we knew it—

Wednesday, July 9, 1952

This day we took a drive to Gouda with Nel's lovely Aunt Marie. And we visited the 16th century Reform Church which is famous for its stained glass windows. They were very beautiful. Nel also bought us a famous Gouda cookie called Syrup Waiffers(sp?). They were wonderful. From there we drove to a swimming place on an island in one of the lakes for coffee. And then down near Rotterdam to see the windmills. 27 of them all close together—but none working. In the evening we went to Redley's USA Ice Show—both ice and swimming. Nel recognized some of the swimmers that sat next to us at the beach last Saturday. She has a knack of remembering people and recognizing them anywhere.

Thursday, July 10, 1952

Got an early start around 10—said our goodbyes to Mrs. Roos—stopped in Amsterdam. There I phoned home to learn that all was alright—But Friedl spoiled it all by telling me that Paul wished I was with someone else all this time. We drove north, after saying 'hello' to Nel's friend "Duc"—over the new causeway, built after the war. Much of the land we passed had been flooded by the Germans, I believe, the Marshall Plan helped rebuild afterwards. We took the 2:15 ferry—no room for my car, which we left in a garage on the dock. 4:15 we landed in Terschelling—Took the bus to Midsland. VVV is the tourist office which got us rooms in a pension. This is very new for us all. It is a small house and we sat our meals at one table with the other guests. I like it, tho I have not spoken one word as yet. In the morning we took a bus to the beach.

Carol and I have a pleasant room to ourselves. The walls are paper thin however.

Friday July 11, 1952

A glorious day, big blue sky—warm sun & a fresh sea breeze. Nel tried to rent bicycles. They were all out. We must get there early in the morning. We had a big breakfast & then took the little bus which stopped right in front of our Pension--& off the beach—on the north side of the island. We rented a red & white striped tent (cabana) & set up house for ourselves. The pension had given us sandwiches for lunch. All day on the beach—getting browner & browner. The North sea is deep dark blue today. Carol built castles in the sand & I started a letter to Edith Snow Sewall—The wind got so high that we took down our tent & moved up into the shelter of the dunes. We caught the 5 o'clock bus back to town & then worked hard getting sand out of everything & off of us. At supper—a man on a bicycle rode past the house ringing a bell & announcing folk dance at the beach in the evening. So off we went on the bus again & found good seats, sheltered. The townspeople arrived in costume & danced to an accordion on a wooden platform. The crowd was large. As is the custom; after a few dances, the girls in the audience ask the men dancers to dance & the last step is repeated. I danced twice. Once with a fisherman and the second time

July 1952

with the owner of our Pension. Nel took Carol on the floor towards the end of that she, too, would have the fun of dancing a Dutch folkdance. Bused home & to bed.

Saturday, July 12, 1952

Last night it rained hard & today was windy & cool—"open & shut" sky. We wandered around town, had coffee & wrote post cards & then walked down to the dunes for our sun bath again. It was a lovely lazy day. Took the 5 o'clock bus back to town. New people have arrived, including 2 girls to play with Carol. Their mother speaks English. While Carol is playing ball outside, Nel & I are having coffee in my room with the Nescafe I brought along. One of the other ladies here arranged for us to have bicycles tomorrow to ride around the island. In the evening we sat in a café in town where another couple joined us and we had a pleasant time talking until about 11 o'clock when the street lights are timed out for the night. The man makes very sensitive weighing instruments which are under glass & weigh 1/500th of a milligram.

Sunday, July 13, 1952

Today is windy & cold & we all put several blouses on besides sweaters & slacks --& picked up our bikes, put our blanket on the back rack of one & off we peddled to West Terschelling, Carol sitting behind me 7.3 kilometers—it took us an hour against the wind—over the dunes on a lovely white shell bicycle path & through the scrub pine woods—to the town. The harbor is filled with colorful fishing boats & we enjoyed coffee with whipped cream & cookies on the terrace of the old fishermen's café—then a nice lunch upstairs inside with a gay view of the harbor. The tide is high & almost goes over the land. The same couple we were with last night joined us in the café. We were tired of eating the dry sandwiches from the Pension & are trying a warm lunch for a change. The Dutchman told us of the terrible life for him during the war when he had to live underground & not work during the German occupation because he was German born & had changed his nationality to Dutch after the first war. His father was a sea captain from Kid—a man who never talked.

A quick return trip with the wind pushing us—very tired & early to bed—colder tomorrow.

Monday, July 14, 1952

Carol & I rode to the nearby windmill this morning to watch it grind meal. We were surprised to see the sails moving and the mill door open—so in we went & found a whole camp of kids being shown the works by the miller. The leaders were American girls from Wellesley—the 24 campers 9-13 years were from France, Sweden, Holland & Austria. We were invited to visit them in the afternoon. Nel was not feeling well & stayed in bed until noon. Carol & I continued on for 5 kilometers to the village of Horne & then back for lunch. New guests have arrived. Gosh they all are a funny crew and give us plenty of private laughs. I shopped for more souvenirs & at the camp later, I was entertained with tea by the counselors. Miss Peterson is the leader. Carol stayed on for folk dancing until 6. It is chilly now & time

July 1952

to leave the island. It has been heavenly here for us all. I paid the bill for 5 days for us 3—100 guilders (\$26.50).

Carol has been playing cards every evening with the 2 Dutch girls. Tomorrow we take the bus to West-Terschelling & take the 1:15 boat to Harlingen & our car. We figure it will be a 2 day drive to Frankfurt.

Tuesday, July 15, 1952

A beautiful sunny day – a shame to leave—but we managed to pack & say goodbye to the other guests. Carol hopes to return again, she loved it so here. We took our last walk through the village & even looked at the gravestones in the church yard. After 10 years the remains are removed to make room for new burials. Roos & Cupido seem to be the main families here. A fish wagon passed by & Nel bought us fresh salted herring which we ate with relish in a nearby field by the local school & then sat in the front yard of the Pension “T Syltje” having a last little sip of “Citrone Genevre”—a very Dutch product, made from potatoes. Our luggage sits in the road so the bus will be sure to stop for us & take us down to the ship. Our pension host, Mrs Bos, returned in time to tell us goodbye. A lovely boat trip to the mainland—a drive down through the rich farmlands, passing peasants in their colorful native costume—to Arnheim—where we found nice rooms in the Hotel Regina. Nel treated us to a grand dinner in the Hotel—then a short walk around town & to bed.

Wednesday, July 16, 1952

Visited the park in the morning to see the big open air International Sculpture exhibition—took several photos—did a little shopping in town –had our last coffee & then headed for the border—which we crossed without a hitch. From there we reached the main autobahn in one hour—ate sandwiches in the car which we had made from our big Dutch breakfast. Reached Hofheim around 6—where Max greeted us & welcomed Nel to her 2 reserved rooms on the 2nd floor. When I got home, finally, Paul remarked-“So you decided to come home at last.” Found a lot of mail from home & friends. Dad sent me another check \$72.50.. Mom told me that the bill for all the clothes we got in the states came to over \$200. It was kind of hard to come down to earth again & begin life in Frankfurt—after 2 weeks of pure joy in Holland.

Thursday, July 17, 1952

Spent the day in the garden with the children—getting more sun tan.

Washed my car in the evening.

Friday, July 18, 1952

Lunched on Hanna’s private porch –a lovely day.

July 1952

Saturday, July 19, 1952

Paul was anxious for me to take the children swimming so that he could paint—but first I had him visit Dr. Weidler who wanted him to sign some papers. After lunch—took the kids with me—picked up Nel and drove over towards Königstein to Rettershof where everyone enjoyed seeing the place & then stuffed ourselves with cakes, cream & ice cream on the terrace of the coffee house. At home Paul said people had called & were coming over. Proved to be 3 American kids around 21 from Paris. One was from Yale Art School, one from Illinois & an actress from Pittsburg. Charming evening, being asked about Germany—they were friends of Callado's in Paris & he told them to look us up. (*Guestbook gives the names Peggy Maurer?, Bob Boden and Peter Milton*)

Sunday, July 20, 1952

Went to the Viena Stadt ballet at the film palest at 11 AM. Met Nel at the bahnhof & got a parking ticket. Professor Rosalie Gladcheck & very well known teacher & teacher, directs the troop—only 6. It was poorly attended. The dancers were all good—but nothing sensational. They did “Rhapsody in Blue” with foreign originality. So one missed the precision dancing which is needed with American music. Also the American poems & music of American scenes—were European copies—not original & indigenous. Nel wondered how they could ask (for) money. Saw Montaijn and invited her to Darmstadt Music Festivl on Thursday after unch at hine. Took the kids for sun at Brentano Swim Bad—then to Hofheim for coffee with Madelein & Marta Hoepffner & talk of the dances. When I returned- Cali (sp?) called—talked quite a while on the phone.

Monday, July 21, 1952

Brought Paul's paper for the Carnegie to Charlotte Weidler & stayed for a pleasant chat. She said she would translate my dance story & help me sell it with photos in Germany—better chance than with American publications, she said. Paid my parking ticket at HICOG court #1. Got air in an inner tube—picked up the kids & lunch & off to Bad Soden swimming pook for the afternoon in the sun. A lovely pool. After supper I washed my car.

A letter came from Gordon Copp, our broker. We have already earned over \$300 in our investments & he suggested we invest more in Incorporated Investors—so Paul gave me \$500 to send him tomorrow. Late at night Alma DeLuce, phoned to invite me to go with her on Wednesday to the Bayreuth festival opening opera of Tristan—hotel room & all prepaid. Had to refuse. Paul wanted me to stay home. Listened to the Democratic convention opening. Good speech by Stevenson.

Tuesday, July 22, 1952

July 1952

Visited Dr. Weidler & invited her to go to Heidelberg & the Noonans with us but she was already engaged. At American Express got a certified check for DuPont, Homsayle Co. \$520. Also travel checks & a little Swiss money—then off to Heidelberg—Met Nel at the bahnhof at 10:05. Drove off the autobahn so arrived at 12:20. Tom came home with his boss. Lovely lunch—kids very happy playing. Drove to top of mountain above the castle—lovely view—beer in Schloss restaurant—fine warm day. Vicky is fine, their home is lovely. Home finally at 9:30 & so to bed.

Wednesday, July 23, 1952

Took Nel & the children to Bad Soden Swim Bad

Thursday, July 24, 1952

Spent the day in Hofheim and the evening at Hoepffners. Also visited the gymnastics class given by the wife of Reich ander Stolpe in the Atelier.

Friday, July 25, 1952

Morning in Hofheim, then afternoon at swimming pool at Bad Soden with the children.

Dr. Weidler for supper—a very nice evening

Saturday, July 26, 1952

Nice visit with Alma DeLuce--then later to Hofheim where I picked up Nel and brought her to Frankfurt where she stayed in the pension where Aleida Montaijn lives. On the way home I bumped & bent the bumper of a Volkswagen & genie got a bad bump on the head—rushed her home to bed & wrote a report of the incident to the Zurich Insurance company. Peter Hagen showed up & later brought over a strawberry blond girlfriend for a while in the evening. Packed my bags & to bed. Paul is angry about Genie's bump & I don't blame him.

Sunday, July 27, 1952

Picked up Nel & Aleida at 8—had coffee & departed for Switzerland at 8:30. Near Freiburg we stopped in a little town where we tried Blackforest wine & took some along with us. It was very warm. Nel forgot her ring there. Crossed the border around 3 pm & drove to Montreaux over Biel & Neuchatel. Stopped for coffee en route. Swiss Neuchatel wine also very good. Aleida phoned the German stube to ask about the ring but it was gone. The drive was beautiful—but quite tiring. Reached Grand Hotel des Alpes in Territet about 9. The rooms shown us were awful—iron beds & no running water & I asked the desk to find something nicer. They got rooms for us at the nearby Bristol Hotel—very nice with balcony overlooking

July 1952

Lac Léman (Lake Geneva)—with full pension complete with all taxes fr.22.50—or \$5.50—not bad. Fell in bed quite finished but very happy with our nice accommodations. The other dancers are not very pleased with their rooms or meals at the Grand Hotel.

Monday, July 28, 1952

Attended the first class of Kurt Joos. I was given a card marked “Journalistin” which allows me to visit all the classes. Aleida Montaijn played the music for Joos. The hotel made lunches for the 3 of us to take out & we drove up the mountain above us—8 kilometers to Caux, the town where Moral Rearmament – (Frank) Buckmann movement , carries on. We spread our blanket on a big hill overlooking the mountains, towns & lakes & ate lunch with a bottle of Macon red wine. Returned to town in time to watch the Chladek class, after which followed Mary Wigman which lasted 2 hours. Everyone was very happy & tired. Mary Wigman said we are all here to dance with a capital “D” & off she started, a bundle of energy which soon tired her—she is 65 years old. That evening I introduced myself to her & told her how wonderful it was to watch her teach. Went to bed early—quite tired. Aleida plays for Wigman also, as she has been doing for the past eight years. Wigman says she cannot teach without Aleida playing for her because Aleida understands so well the music needs for her lessons.

Tuesday, July 29, 1952

Watched Kreutzberg in the morning—a marvelously active man—not a hair on his head. We actually went up to Caux on this day in the mountains & on Monday we ate lunch at the hotel. I took notes on what the teachers said in their classes—with the hopes of writing some sort of story. Attended Jooss class again. Nel joined the Wigman class for the first time. Met Marion Yahr from Milwaukee & she said one should start right away in the classes to get the swing of it. I invited Wigman to have coffee at the tea-house across from the hotel & she did. I gave her greetings from Charles Baldwin & spoke of her Berlin prize. Then she told more about it. None here knew she had won a prize. She said it was the first she had ever received. With the 1000 DM she bought clothes, paid her Dr. bills and went to Sweden to teach—where she had been invited. Marion seems to take care of Wigman while she is here & they are very good & old friends. Also met Jerome & Mary Andrews & Katinka from Tel Aviv.

Wednesday, July 30, 1952

Spent the morning in my room trying to write the first draft of my “story”—slept 2 hours & then drove to Lausanne where I purchased a yellow filter for my Roliflex. Got back in time for the Wigman class. Nel has been up in the mountains by funicular with Aleida for lunch. After supper we drove round the lake to Evian—where we had a coffee and enjoyed the view of the towns lighted up like diamonds on the lake & mountains.

July 1952

Thursday, July 31, 1952

Drove to the beach for the first time. Sun bathed on the grass. Swam in the water which is clear and clean and blue and marvelous. Aleida introduced me to Jos & I took photos of them on the diving board. At the Wigman class I made photos of Wigman too—now I start to work really. Big meeting in the Grand Hotel—of all the dancers—a Philipino girl did a Philipine dance with sticks, another did a Persian dance—with bells. Katinka taught a Tel Aviv step, a French girl taught a Tchadisch (shoddish) & an American girl taught a California polka. I joined in a little with Nel. Wigman & Kreutzberg danced together to pep up the party. We left around 11. Had a coffee on the way home to our hotel.

(Sketch of Beach scene “Memorandum, July 11, 1952 Teschelling Midsland Holland”

August 1952

Friday, August 1, 1952

Made photos in the Kreuzberg class at 9 am & Nel introduced me to him later. Then to the beach again with our lunch bags. We will return in time for the Gladeck class & will make more photos.

After supper we took Wigman, Marion, Aleida, Nel to a little village up in the mountain valley to see the fires on the mountain top celebrating the Swiss 4th of July. Each town had a band marching in the street & the people carried orange lanterns. In the village of Collombey. Aleida bought wine & glasses to the car & we then joined the festivities. It was a lovely evening drive. Wigman told me of her first trip to Switzerland in '48 with Marion's help. I wrote of it the next day.

Saturday, August 2, 1952

Attended classes & rested --& in the evening—us 5---Wigman, Nel, Marion & Aleida, went to town to see “Annie got your gun”. I sat with Wigman in the front. It was funny to hear this western story in French—then to a café afterwards. Wigman gave out several good laughs at the ____ in the show.

Sunday, August 3, 1952

In the morning we went swimming & in the afternoon we drove up into the mountains with Mary Wigman, Marion, Aleida & Nel—a beautiful trip to Chateaux de Deux where we stopped for coffee & I made photos, then back through Chateau St. Denis—down to Vevey where we feasted on wine & cheese at the tavern on the water—back in time for a late dinner & an evening walk on the Quaix—unbelievably beautiful—found a sweet youth hostel almost under the railroad bridge.

Monday, August 4, 1952

Took my photos to the school today for the students to sign up for. Lunch in the hotel—afternoon rest—then back to selling pictures. In the evening I left the photos with Wigman & then Nel & I went in to Montreaux & spent our time at the Casablanca in the casino. A Dutch troupe was dancing in the floorshow & Nel knew 2 of the girls & arranged to swim with them on Wednesday. We gambled a little bit. I lost 4 francs & Nel won 18,- then lost 5—It was very pleasant sitting outside in the starlight with the music. It is always so hard to believe that I am so far away and having such a beautiful time. A note arrived from the Lincks in Bern, plus a photo by Walter of his new sculpture—he has become entirely abstract. Surprise!

Tuesday, August 5, 1952

August 1952

We were awakened at 6:30 this morning so that we could get to the 7:30 Zullick class which is held in the school gym in Montreaux. Marion Yahr came with us. The class is straight ballet & very hard on the girls' legs because Zullick uses men's forms so much—stretching the legs apart—Wigman warned Nel about that. I made some photos. Phoned Margrit Linck & they will come here Friday AM at 11. Now Nel & I are on the beach again—terribly tired. I take Wigman to the French consul for her Paris visa—at 3 this afternoon. At the consulate in Lausanne I asked them to send a telegram to Paris so that Wigman would not have to wait 4 weeks—They were very nice to her. I gave Yvonne Hagen's Paris address for Wigman & managed to get her back just a wee bit late for her 5 o'clock class at the Grand Hotel. In the car she told me of her life in the Russian Zone which I later wrote up before supper. Nel was ill in bed all day. In the evening I made an appointment with Kreutzberg to make photos of him tomorrow at 11 AM after his class.

Wednesday, August 6, 1952

Brought my finished class photo & negative orders to the photo shop—I think I will make a very little money & not lose any. At 11 AM Kreutzberg & Wigman came from their classes & I made photos in the hotel garden. Then a nice lunch in the hotel & to the beach with Aleida & Nel. There we met again the Dutch troupe & made photos of them. Nel found a 6 leaf clover & gave it to me.

Thursday, August 7, 1952

Nel & I went in to Montreaux in the AM to buy gifts to bring home & a birthday gift for Aleida—finally settled on D'Orsay toilet water. Gave a lift back to Winter & another girl from the states. After lunch—Nel went to classes & I took Aleida & 2 others up in the mountains to Blonay again. The other 2 were Ellen Moore from Iowa—got her MA in dance at Wisconsin and Rosalie Marino from the Philippines. They were thrilled to get up in the mountains for a change. In the evening Chladek & Kreutzberg danced for the school. Chladek did negro spiritual recital & dance, beautiful to watch. Kreutzberg did 1 by Dvornig, 3 by Winston his accompanist. Some say he should stop dancing now—but I am glad to have seen him once. Nel helped me sort out all the photos until after midnight—It was a rainy miserable day except for some sunshine in the afternoon.

Friday, August 8, 1952

A most beautiful morning—though I miss my family after being away so long. Began selling the photos & by noon had enough to pay off the photo shop. Lincks phoned they would arrive in the afternoon. Hope to manage selling the rest of the photos. In the evening will be a school party. Lincks arrived with a French friend & we sat in the garden for about 2 hours. They invited us to visit them on Sunday AM. They left at 5 & I finished selling all the photos—made fr. 145. Bought a few more little gifts—the evening party was memorable. Sat at the same table with Yahr, Wigman, Kreutzberg & Winston. Students did take-offs on Chladek & Kreutzberg classes which were hilarious.

August 1952

Saturday, August 9, 1952

Aleida had coffee with us—then Nel went to the last Kreutzberg class. I had the photo shop enlarge 4 of my Wigman, Kreutzberg photos for Walter Linck who wants to sell them in Bern. Watched Chladek's last class. Mary Andrews showed me how to fun her Bolex movie camera & asked me to make movies of the Wigman class. I asked Wigman to please excuse my getting in her way before she began class. She told me that "You Ginny, can get in my way anywhere, anytime, always." She asked for my address & gave me hers. Nel & I shopped in the morning & went back to Montreaux again with Aleida to shop after the last Wigman class. Wigman told her students "she hoped we would all meet on this earth again next year" & many began to weep. In the evening we went to the Casino & gambled & lost—then sat in the café next to our hotel with Marion Yahr & Dorothy Madden from Maryland College. The DeSoto is in the garage for a new carburetor gasket. Aleida gave me a Mozart handkerchief & flower.

Sunday, August 10, 1952

Car was finally delivered at (:30 & we packed & left for Bern where we reached the Lincks at 11:30 for coffee. Made photos of Walter & his new metal sculpture – it is mobile , but original in design. In Wolfratshausen we stopped for wine & asked about Nel's ring—but it had not been returned. Just reached Karlsruhe in time for gas. (2 cans is enough for a Swiss trip). Ate sandwiches in the car & reached Frankfurt at 10 PM. Nel stayed in Pension Vorster where Aleida lives & we had one more cup of coffee & home in bed by 11 OM. Paul & everyone was asleep. I quickly got out Paul's swiss knife so that he would see it first thing in the morning. He was very pleased with his knife. At least I have given Paul a gift he is really happy with!

Monday, August 11, 1952

Geegee woke me up this morning. I was so surprised to see her looking at me. Phoned the RR about trains & then went to pick up Nel to bring her into town. Did my commissary shopping. Friedel said Paul gave her 5 DM a day for food (\$1.25) & never once went to the commissary. Met Nel at the Bahnhof & we took lunch at the Insel Café on the river. Then back for the 1:36 PM train. Once home, I phoned the Düsseldorf operations to tell Yvonne Georgi when Nel would arrive there at 5:21. I hope Georgi will tend to Nel's sick ear right away. At home I cleaned up my desk & sorted out negatives for enlarging. Paul phoned to say that Leo & family are all moving to California & we must sell the Mill street house & studio. Friedl & Carol went swimming. Paul is playing tennis. I do nothing much today except get used to being home.

Tuesday, August 12, 1952

Eline McKnight phoned this noon & took a taxi out to the apt. She is on her way to Berlin to get a new kindermädchen to take back to Paris. She's very pleased with her Paris home & hopes we'll visit

August 1952

soon. We had a good talk & she liked my writings about the Dance School & Wigman. She rested while I finished my story for Dr. Weidler & then we both went to see her & brought her back for supper. They are both pleased with Paul's new painting. Of gossip I learned that Hans Hartung has gone back to live with his first wife Else Bergman & Roberta (Gonzales) is left out for the time being. Greta Domnick has left her husband for a while. Charlotte said to me that she thinks I am in love. I replied that "I am never interested in anything without love." Paul came home just as I was leaving to put Eline on the train for Paris. Us 3 gals had a good old chat.

Wednesday, August 13, 1952

The day was uneventful—worked on my stories some more. Nel sent back my PX card & said she found a room & spent the evening watching rehearsals at the Düsseldorf opera house—all is well there, I guess. After being together with Nel for 40 days—it is not so easy to slip back into my home life—but I do manage & am happy with Paul & the kids. He comes home so late after tennis. I don't see enough of him. Norbert Kricke turned up from Düsseldorf & spent the evening talking to us. We all drank about 10 cups of tea. He still wants to go to the States. He's 29 & quite intelligent although he says many foolish things about art. He knew I had been to Düsseldorf twice & Holland & insists that I visit him when I go up to see Yvonne's (Georgi) "Four Temperaments" on Sept. 27. He doesn't think much of the opera Ballet—He saw it once in an Ice (?) Review & said it was terrible. I must see it for myself.

Thursday, August 14, 1952

Another uneventful day—though I finished my "Dance" writing—the one I hope to interest Dan DeLuce in. Paul should bring some of the photos home tonight--& I will show them to Weidler. When I arrived at Weidler, only her sister was there and she offered me a "bolle"(sp?). Charlotte was at the Amerika Haus for Paul Lutzier's colored slide lecture—so I got there at 9--& saw the last 3 slides—after which followed a silly discussion about art. Godo Remshardt took 2 of my Wigman photos to sell for me—also met a new American couple Irene & Edmund Pasinski who are interested in abstract art. Charlotte wishes to see me on Saturday for the translations Tom Tuck just got back from the states. Paul is so damn crazy about his tennis! But I am very happy that he is.

Friday, August 15, 1952

Phoned Max in Hofheim & spoke of the party for next Tuesday in the Red Room. Wrote a nice letter to Walter Manfred of the "Milwaukee Sentinel" about Marion Yahr. Then another letter to "Dance News" in NY. Also answered a letter from Mrs. Deter in Munich. She had bought a Bavarian landscape for 360 DM & wanted my opinion on price & value. I gave it to her.

Saturday, August 16, 1952

August 1952

Peter Hagen phoned and I invited him over in the evening. He also brought his friend Bruni Falcon and Robert Goldschmidt. We had a lovely evening together.

Sunday, August 17—no entry

Monday, August 18, 1952

Drove to Wiesbaden to meet Nel's train at 11:30 & bring her to Hofheim

Tuesday, August 19 —no entry

The night of the party at Hofheim—9 present—nice bowle. **Dr. Armamon?** played the piano beautifully. Nel danced several times—improvising beautifully to Dr's music & Friedle's brother, Dehnhardt sang French, German & Italian songs. Kurt danced with me and we had a jolly time.

Thursday, August 21, 1952

Visited Alma DeLuce for several hours and told Wigman's story. Later she phoned that Dan was interested & would send one of his men to see her when she returns to Berlin. Reached Hofheim at 4 & stayed for supper. In the evening the Hoepffners made photos of Nel in black tricot—very good.

Showed my photos to the Frankfurter Illustrierte. They were not interested. Too much "hinter-grund" (*background*). They only want the finished product of the results of such a school—not the practice & rehearsals.

Friday, August 22, 1952

Took the children to Hofheim where we all had lunch. Visited the Hoepffners to say goodbye. They are off for Cagnes for 2 weeks & also saw the negatives of Nel which looked good. Then into town, dropped the kids at home & at 3:30 met Marylou Solms at Riccardo's. It was a nice reunion. Aleida Montaijn joined us there at 4:30-5:30. We took Nel to the Carlton where she met Cali for dinner. ML & Aleida & I stayed at the Palmgarten to talk a little more. We sent cards to Mary Wigman & Marion & to Helma. ML & I talked in the car a bit longer—then home by 7 and early to bed—good night's rest.

Saturday August 23, 1952

Took photo's of Paul's paintings—phoned Marion. Nel did not return there last night. Later in the day she phoned to ask me to come over which I did—brought Genie with me—we talked over many things which was quite a strain on us both. I returned early to attend a cocktail party at Alma's—because she expected Peter & Bruni—but they had car trouble & did not arrive. Paul came late from tennis. The other couple were **Don & wife Downs—AP writer for Dan**. He will be sent to Berlin to interview Wigman. Trouble is, he last covered the Olympics, told nice stories & also wrote up Bruni—but said childish simple writing---a pity that such a style must be used to sell & cover artists. It irritated me, but at the same time I am glad that Mary Wigman will be taken care of. I brought Nel into town again to have dinner with _____.(?)

August 1952

Sunday, August 24, 1952

This day began badly when Paul spoke rudely to me in front of Friedle—about my friends—I took the children with me—met Nel in town & drove out to Kronberg. We visited the castle & walked about the grounds—picking raspberries. Ended the day in Hofheim with tea. When we reached home, Paul was at the movies. I had asked him to go with me, but returned late after the way he had spoken in the kitchen in the morning.

Monday, August 25, 1952

Arrived early in Hofheim to spend my last hours with Nel before she would leave to return to the Düsseldorf opera to give some classes & then on to Amsterdam to open her school for the winter season. We ate lunch with a bottle of wine & then drove to the Wiesbaden Sud bahnhof just in time to catch the train at 2:14. At that moment we both had the impression that it would be the last time we would see one another. I hope this is not true. I then returned to Hofheim & visited with Max until 7 and then drove home & very early to bed—Max was writing a birthday letter to Hanna so I wrote a page for her, too. When I dated it, I realized that yesterday, the 24th, was my 12th wedding anniversary & Paul as well as I had forgotten. Not so good !!

Tuesday, August 26th, 1952

Mary Wigman wrote me a lovely letter from Vevery—her arm is still being treated by a doctor & she goes to Paris with Marion on Sept 1st—so the French visa did finally come through. Made a nice dessert & supper for Paul & we all dined together in style. And I invited Gustav Bauer over for the evening—it was pleasant to have him visit us again. He may go to South Africa because his friend Ande(sp?)—tells him to come—or he may get a good export job in Bonn—I told him of Chalotte Weidler's sister's interest in his new apt. on Sherman's str –if he does sail away on Dec. 12th. I mentioned that Paul & I will go to Venice in Sept., but Paul was not so keen—Alma asked me over tomorrow.

Wednesday, August 27th, 1952

Charlotte Weidler phoned & told me to wait for my answer from “Die Zeit” before sending my pictures to “Der Stern” in Hamburg. I told her about the apt. then got to Alma's just before 12—and we talked on until about 3 PM—we exchanged many good ideas, jokes & the like & she gave me an interesting book to read “the Sexual side of marriage” by MJ Exnor, MD. Then purchased little things for Genie's birthday party. Carol is busy making the invitations to give to the children in the neighborhood. Planned to see a Gary Cooper movie tonight at the WAC theatre. Asked Cali to go with me. Cali preferred to talk things out with me, so that we did until 10:30. She proved rather pleasant and the conversation was not as difficult as I had expected.

August 1952

Thursday, August 28th, 1952

Shopped at the British shop for presents for Genie's party with Carol—made a lovely dinner for two—two soldiers who are artists in Paul's section. It was a pleasant evening. One of the boys, Relane Keneps (sp?), was born in Riga, Latvia and is now an American—though still speaking with a thick accent—a very sweet fellow. The Russian's killed his parents. The other is Bernie Deitz, from New Jersey—a self-confident lad, married who had his own silkscreen business in NY before he was drafted. The 2 boys have a studio in the special service blg in Hoechst. Paul has seen their work and says it is quite good. Mrs. Charles Hikin (sp?) phoned. They have finished their travelling in Germany--& I invited them over for dinner on Saturday. Paul surprised me by bringing home a book which he told me to read. "Marriage & Morals" by Bertrand Russell—from the British bookshop.

Friday, August 29th, 1952

Paul came home early today because he left work to watch the tennis matches in town. The best players from all the Army outfits in Europe were in Frankfurt for the matches. We ended the afternoon in the Palmgarten with the children. There we met Dan DeLuce & I invited him to my dinner party for Saturday, too. The big "Victoria Regina" water lily was in full bloom in the hot house pool & I was so glad Carol could see the tremendous leaves—big enough to sit on. It came from Brazil a hundred years ago about.

Read the Russell book—very good—

Saturday, August 30, 1952

Spent all day in the kitchen with Friedle preparing a beautiful tongue dinner for the Aikens and the DeLuces—which I put on & served by myself, since Freidl left very early. The dinner party was a great success. I made Paul paint & frame & hang his new paintings so that there would be something new to exhibit to our guests. This was the Aikens' last day in Germany. They flew back to California the next day to his law professor job at Univ of California, Berkley. Dan admired my Wigman class photos & remarked he "didn't see why the Frankfurt Illunstrierte didn't use them"—they would have made a nice page. Strange, but we never spoke one word of politics the whole evening.

Sunday, August 31, 1952 GENIE'S 4TH BIRTHDAY

Washed my car

September 1952

Monday, September 1, 1952

Genie's birthday party was held today & she loved it. Paul got a beautiful big red wagon for her. I gave her new blue coveralls. Mother sent a sweater & books—8 kids in all—they played games, ate icecream & cake. Frank Friedman's little boy Daniel gave Genie records to which the children danced. Paul made an elephant with trunks. The kids pinned the trunk on the elephant. At last a change from the donkey & his tail. Today is Labor day so Paul is home.

Tuesday, September 2, 1952

Paul phoned me to go to a movie in the evening. Spent the day writing a long letter to Mary Wigman. The movie we saw was "Romo, the desert fox".—quite interesting & sympathetic. While walking about town before the show, we discovered the new theater in the zeil—

Wednesday, September 3, 1952

Went to the zeil theatre this nite to see a Norwegian film—which had won Cannes film prize. "Sie Tanzent nur eine Sommer"—she danced only one summer. A sweet story of young love. As in most Norwegian & Swedish films, it showed the girl in water, nude & lying in the grass nude with her lover—but nicely done. One goes down many steps into the cellar where the theater is—very attractive & modern. Wrote to N—

Thursday, September 4th, 1952—empty

Friday, September 5, 1952

Paul is not feeling well—a cold in his chest—so we stayed home today

Finally sat down with Carol & made her do her arithmetic homework—it makes me as tired as it does her—

Dropped in at Alma's to return her book. And loan her the Russell book—

Received a nice letter from Nel—Max phoned to see how we all are. I told her I'd come out on Sunday.

Saturday, September 6, 1952

Worked all morning with Carol on her homework again and then took her to children's movie at the WAC theatre from which she will walk home. Sent a letter to Nel—. Telephoned Frau Kiep to invite her to supper next Friday. She told me that her daughter Erika will be married again to a very nice man. And that Christa's eldest daughter will be married on Tuesday in Munich. So they are driving down for the wedding. Will visit her on Sunday. Peter Hagen phoned & I invited him & Bruni over for supper—had a

September 1952

pleasant talk for 2 hrs. Peter had just returned from France where he visited Yvonne in her lovely chateau in Brittany.

Sunday, September 7, 1952 HANNA'S BIRTHDAY

Alma phoned early in the morning to invite us over for coffee & brandy at 12:30 because Peter & Bruni would be there. We had a lovely time. Bruni was in fine form and impressed Dan with her beauty. The net result was that everyone will attend the opera next Friday & Peter will ask the Noonan's to come up for Bruni's debut in Madam Butterfly. Bruni is unhappy about the very old stage sets where she must sing in one spot through out the opera & Alma has invited us all for 11 PM supper party afterwards. Later in the afternoon I asked Alma to go with me to Kronberg with the children to visit Frau Kiep & she was delighted. We had a lovely tea party there—and Carol played with Gottlieb—a sweet turtle. Billy is still in Glion bei Montreaux & Christa is with him. He can't get an entry permit to Germany. We left in a cloudburst of rain—a lovely day behind us—I phoned Kurt to excuse my not arriving in Hofheim because of the rain.

Monday September 8, 1952

Nel phoned me this morning. Carol started off on her first day of school. She missed the noon bus and had to eat at school. Next she will buy a book of tickets & always eat at school

Tuesday September 9, 1952

Paul picked a fight with me deliberately about my always going “north” and wants me to stay home always. I asked him to look for the causes of our differences and take some blame on himself. He spoke of divorce quite seriously and neither of us slept very well that night. We both took each other quite seriously this time. Spent most of the day in bed—not feeling well at all.

Wednesday September 10, 1952

Sent a long letter to N explaining the difficulties here. And also wrote to sister Carol about my troubles and then visited with Alma. She is a wonderful woman and friend to talk with & I left with a much lighter heart. When I got home there was a message that ML Solms was waiting for me at Riccardo's so I totted out of the house again—Paul didn't like that much. Had a very nice visit with ML and was in fine spirits when I got home—had just enough time to fry an egg and go out with Paul to visit Gustav in his new apt at 62 Schumann Str. It was a nice enough evening—but we found ourselves talking about the war again which bores me now—we always talk the same subject with Gustav. Talked with the legal assistance advisor—Mr. Hitchcock (sp) to learn about what protection the wife gets over here—he told me.

September 1952

Thursday, September 11, 1952

Managed to do my shopping, but by noon I felt too ill and had to go to bed. I caught the head cold and sore throat that Paul has – spent the rest of the day in bed. At night Dr. Kiep phoned to tell me that Eugenie was ill & not able to come to dinner Friday night. I told him that was agreeable because I was in bed myself. Alma phoned to ask if the Noonan's were coming tomorrow & I gave her their phone number & invited them to stay over with us. Mrs. Schaeffer phoned to invite us for dinner next Wednesday. Paul is very sweet & friendly towards me. I don't understand that man. Letter from mother with the article about Wigman & Marion Yahr which the journal published in the Green Sheet –with photo. Very pleased.

Friday, September 12, 1952

Paul stayed home this AM to go to the dentist—so he was here when N. phoned me. I did not expect a call & Paul didn't like it naturally. He asked if she was in Hofheim or not. Later I phoned N. to explain my coldness on the phone & she was relieved I called her back. I am still ill in bed. 11PM supper party after the opera at the DeLuce's. Paul brought home letter from Dance Magazine, NY—they liked my material & will publish 3 photos & parts of text—a full page in October issue. DeLuce party a big success. Bruni sang beautifully—Alma said. Jean O'Malley, the Parks & Noonans all there. Jean invited me to lunch at press club next Wednesday. Tom invited us to drive to Italy with them—end of the month. Paul said “fine”. Genie Darcy came out in the evening & stayed overnight with us—had many laughs together before going out to the DeLuce's.

Saturday, September 13, 1952

Gini showed me an ad in the Herald Tribune office, a job at \$10,000 & up so we answered it together. Milton J. Stearns in Offenbach. It turned out to be an insurance selling job to the Armed forces. He made it sound easy except one would have to live & talk insurance 12 hrs a day, 7 days a week for 3 yrs without vacation to make that fortune. Name of the Co. is Security Insurance Company. Had some beers at the Insel café under the bridge & then put Gini on her train for Bad Godesberg. After supper Paul & I went into town to see “Kontiki” film but it was gone. I also lost Paul on the Kaiser strasse & got all mixed up with the whores walking my way back to our parked car—furious with Paul for losing me. Arranged to go to Hanau with Gini on Monday to make photos of her murals there. Judge White fined her \$1400 DM & loss of car for the mixup she was in. Appealed her case to Judge Clark & used her uncle's letter, the NY General to help. Letter from N today.

Sunday, September 14, 1952

This afternoon I took the kids to Hofheim for coffee at the Hoepffners —we had a lovely time & they showed me the photos they made on the Riviera and also those of N—which were wonderful. It was strange to see the prints after having watched N pose for them, so long ago. Later we visited Max & Kurt

September 1952

for a short time Strupka, their dog was put to sleep. He was too wild for the house and no good as a watch dog, and now her son is living in the house. Friedel & Marta cried & are furious. Marta will come in town this Friday with Madelin, Friedel & Dr. Amaman for coffee with us & then we will go to Erdhman's new night club where she sings—She is August Mack's daughter & sang in Hanna's gallery once.

Monday, September 15, 1952

Picked Gini up at the Bahnhof in the AM—then to the Px, commissary & home for lunch. Letter from Grafina Maerwald of “Die Zeit” in Hamburg—she used one photo of “Kreutzberg & students” but not my text. Also Strassburg returned 2 photos. In Hanau saw the EM Pioneer Club which Gini is decorating & then in the Argonne Kaserne Officer's Club started making flash photos of Gini's murals—made one photo & my camera jammed. Had to give up & return to Frankfurt. Left camera of photo Rham for repairs—also the retina II—& had some beers at the Kaiser Keller outdoors garden Café—took Gini to the Bahnhof—then home with a headache. Paul later took me to Betts to see the Australian movie called “Kangeroo” which (had) nothing to do with the title..Also it was interesting to see the Australian country scape.

Tuesday, September 16, 1952

Phoned Miss Bluhm & talked with Charlotte Weidler. She has a copy of “Die Zeit” with my photo in it. I asked her for supper on Friday. Forgot all about my appointments with the Hoepfnners. Now that Carol is home, I am sending a pattern of her foot to N because she can have better ballet shoes made there for half the cost in Germany—first we have coffee with Aleida & she goes with us to the Schauspiel Haus to introduce us to the Ballet meister, Herr Freud (sp?) .

By a fluke the ballet class was finishing at 5:30, not beginning, so we went to the Wein stube across the street & talked until 8 PM—an enjoyable talk with Aleida. Frau Freud teaches the younger class of 25 & accepted Carol—she yells at the kids awful—but the room is large & well equipped located on the 3rd floor of the schauspiel haus. Carol is the only American student. Class is 5:30-7 on Tuesday & Thursday. 20 DM a month.

Wednesday, September 17, 1952

Dinner at the Schaeffers at 7:15 PM.Lunch at Press club with Jean O'Malley 12 PM. Hanau in the afternoon for photos.

Lovely lunch with Jean—also met Jane Eustus, who works in personnel at the Consulate. She told me that Ann Yergi married a boy in Peewaukee. Reached home in time to find Charlotte Weidler here with Ferdinand Moeller of Koln. He is the dean of German art dealers & liked Paul's work immensely & wishes to show him next Spring. He has the best & most modern gallery in Germany. Gini Darce phoned. She would make her own photos in Hanau—so that is the end of that for a while. At the

September 1952

Schaeffers the Tucks were also there, a pleasant evening, but nothing of much interest—other than that Tuck does not expect to stay much longer because he is German born & the State Dept does not wish such personnel in Germany.

Thursday, September 18, 1952

Spent the day re-writing my dance story to send to the Louisville Courier with photos—attended the opening of the Bekker show at the Kunstkabinett—took Carol to her Ballet class—then visited Aleida until 7 when I brought Carol home. “Die Zeit” sent me a copy of their issue which had my photo of Kreutzberg & his students”

Friday, September 19, 1952

Charlotte Weidler for supper. Picked up Paul’s employment letter at AG, so that I can have my passport renewed soon to go to Italy with the Noonans. Paul brought Charlotte home for supper. Ate baked beans for the last time. At 7 the Hoepffner sisters, Friedel & Dr. Amaman (sp?) arrived & we talked until 9—when we took Charlotte home & the rest of us went downtown to the new night club in a cellar owned by Frau Erdman. It is a real cellar alright. Tables were wine barrels & stools were partly beer kegs. Only candlelight (a hot red wine with sugar) just as we were leaving at 10:30 the place had filled up. Home in bed by 11 PM. Some big night out. Marta gave me a lovely montage photo of N. Charlotte asked me to go to Darmstadt tomorrow for their annual s_____ (sp?)

Saturday, September 20, 1952

Picked Charlotte up at 10—her sister came too. The hall was packed & I took flash photos of Alexander Calder and Otto Bartning —architect—after the speeches—Hindemith (sp?) music, then lunch & up to the Matildenhohe to see the exhibition “Mensch und Technik” --mostly industrial art show & furniture-some very nice things plus a sweet new coffee shop. Was introduced to Calder who looked a little lost among all those Germans & other nationalities. Saw the Domnick’s , too. They looked fine. Stopped to visit Charlotte for a while before going home. She has a new job in Orleans—1 ½ hrs out of Paris & she goes there in 2 weeks.

Sunday, September 21, 1952 ---no entry

Monday September 22, 1952

The new PrimaFlex camera arrived by luftpost from Berlin & I paid the postman 290 DM. On opening it, one screw was broken which turns the mirror & I phoned Marta who asked me to come out at 5 to test it.

September 1952

I phoned N in the morning & the “4 Tempraments” she will see but not me. Marta tested the camera & it is alright except that the plunger is too short.

Tuesday, September 23, 1952

Got new plunger at the Photo Rhaum & also my tripod & other cameras. Took Carol to ballet & waited for her at Unterbrucke –uneventful day. Cavael phoned from galerie & Paul brought him home for supper. A pleasant evening & I invited him to stay with us. The Bunker hotel was so expensive. N phoned in the AM.

Wednesday, September 24, 1952

Cavael came over in the morning with his bag & then left—he saw Miss Bluhm & Gotz—Paul & I left early for a movie at night—“Scaramouch” (sp?) --so we did not see him that night when we came home.

Thursday, September 25, 1952

Thursday AM—had a long chat with Cavael over art questions & coffee. He told me all about the film he hopes to make—a concert with Beethoven, Bach & Mozart music & forms by Cavael. I believe he hopes Hanna will provide the money for this venture—so I wrote her about it. He & his wife have a kino in Garmisch which shows cowboy films & from this they live. He has not painted since January. Since they hate Garmisch, he is now looking for a new moviehaus in a small town up around here –to settle in. We told him to see Robert (Rolf?) Goldschmidt of Republic films. Took Carol to Ballet & picked her up later. The teacher yelled at her this time, so she feels noticed at last.

Friday, September 26, 1952

Brought my car to Schinau (sp?) at 7—to have the new gears put in which dad sent me. And stayed home all day. The house painters arrived & began washing down the bathroom & kitchen which will be green. The boss came & said he’d repair the broken bathroom window & after admiring the paintings—said he would give me a better than just yellow wall in the rest of the house—we shall see. Wrote a letter to Bob & Joan Hewetson –walked down to the garage with Genie—the transmission is out of the car.

Saturday, September 27, 1952

Paul took everyone with him down town today. Painters are here again. It’s raining & chilly. Hope my car comes back today alright & new again.

October 1952

Sunday, September 28-Thursday, October 2, 1952—no entries

Friday, October 3, 1952

Paul & I heard Bruni Falcon sing for the first time at the Schauspielhaus. She sang Desdemona in “Othello”—costumes & sets were nice & Bruni’s voice was beautiful. Peter was also there & we all went across the street afterwards for wine with Peter, Bruni & friend. I was so pleased that Bruni really does sing well—after all the plugging I have done for her without hearing a note! Carola Hammer is a fashion photographer.

Saturday, October 4, 1952

Went to the West End Hotel to visit Carola—see her photos & show her mine. She lives in Cagnes Sur Mer on the Riviera & knows my friends there.

Sunday, October 5- Monday October 6, 1952---no entry

Tuesday, October 7, 1952

Looked back in my book today to see how much gas I must take to Holland & I have written nothing. This time I shall take 3 cans Edith Jacobs is in town & will come for coffee at 10:30.

Wednesday, October 8, 1952 MY BIRTHDAY 37 YEARS OLD

After a hectic night trying to sleep on the couch & then on Paul’s mattress—morning finally came & I left the house at 9:30—Stopped at Aleida’s to give her the Montreaux negatives & hit the autobahn at 10:30. Took 9 gallons at BG. Reached Bad Godesberg at 12:30 & gassed up & was about to call on Joan Hewetson when Glory Bergson called to me from her balcony so I visited her instead & left at 2 PM—cleared the border at 4:45—arrived in Amsterdam at 10 of 7—but it took time to find my way at night. Nel is still teaching, but she had a bowl of meat ready for Hexi & a steak for me—but I am too tired to eat yet. Still have 2 jerry cans of gas in my car & 5 gals in the tank. My gears began slipping at the end of the trip. Took Hexi for a short & necessary walk & then returned to cook my steak. Nel was finished at 9. Another friend is staying here tonight, the wife of the dancer Alfred Moh (?) —the Danny Kay of Holland

Thursday, October 9, 1952

After a beautiful and good night’s rest—the day began. Took Hexi into Vomel park which she loved. Coffee at 11 with Fray Moh & a lovely dancer Lance from Düsseldorf opera ballet company. Phoned the

October 1952

museum & spoke to Mr. Meyer who told me to come tomorrow at 3 PM. Just now I am visiting in the studio while Nel is teaching. Nel says that Lona could be the best dancer in Europe if she would only work harder. She is only 16. After this we drive to Velsen & Haarlem for classes. Supper in a little restaurant in center of town—then to Velsen—where in a youth center Nel gave 4 classes starting with 4 yr olds—up to 16 years. She certainly is a remarkable teacher. A gentleman friend was waiting in his car to take Nel to Haarlem. Coffee in Haarlem & then to a very modern shirt factory upstairs in the cheerful canteen. Nel gave class to 20 factory workers—cute kids of 18 & 20 & very good & lively & then home by 10—raining. Read Mary Wigman's letter to N—which was beautiful. She said she had immediately noticed that N. was a DANCER & she should do more with it—not only think of her classes etc.

Friday, October 10, 1952

Bought Hexi a new red collar & then a romp in the park. Georgi phoned to tell N. that Ria would arrive for the weekend & N is furious—a rather hectic morning. Then an elderly friend came for coffee—Heer Harry van Tussenbroek—who made a famous collection of fantastic dolls. Hexi & I did the shopping for lunch. Later Tussenbroek sent over the book on his collection. He is a strange old man with a high pitched voice—he was in a girl school until he was 19. Then was changed over to a male of sorts—by doctors.

At 3 I went to the Museum & asked to see Mr. Meyer & was shown the elaborate 16th century “office” He is graying, stoutish pleasant gentleman. He offered me a cigarette & then we began talking—he preferred in German. He hesitated to allow me to begin making photos until I showed him Sandberg's letter. Then he couldn't do enough & took me through the place & left me to go in my own way. I worked for 2 hours—shooting left & right—many students were handy for interest, too. However, a guard truly disturbed me at the entrance telling me how to take a shot & I left soon after—quite annoyed. Tonight I work on writing what I shot

Saturday, October 11, 1952

The day began with the passing of the first streetcar which rolled by below the French windows at 6—I am alone on the day bed in the living room. Then Nel brought me tea and the mail. Her gentleman friend Bicker sent us tickets for the theatre & a note that he would come for coffee at 11:45 & he arrived on the dot—except that Nel was out shopping & I had to entertain him. An extremely charming man—over 50—tall & handsome—delightful conversationalist. He offered to get my film developed quickly for me because he imports film supplies—a Bicker's island & Bickerstraad are named after his family. His wife is in Nel's “mother's class”. Nel started teaching at 1:30 & I went to the museum to shoot. Who should turn up but Bicker who carried my stuff & helped me for 2 hours & then invited me to tea in a nice old clubhouse on Vomelpark—where we talked a little more about ourselves—took a look at the film—all perfect—and parted. Took 6 shots in the Ballet school—Dinner of eel at the same restaurant as before—back by 9. When Ria & Eva joined us for the evening—played records until 1. Ria is staying for the night with Nel. Phoned Dr. Sandberg in the AM. Meet him Monday at 9:30.

Sunday, October 12, 1952

October 1952

Bicker phoned to ask if he could join us for a Sunday afternoon ride at 1:30. Combed Hexi on the balcony & washed the windows of my car—Meip, the first dancer of the Düsseldorf opera came for coffee with her mother & husband—loaded with jewelry—her mother owns 2 bars in the Hague. Then a quick lunch of sausage & Bicker arrived. We drove to the pine woods near Hilverssum where we got out & walked with Hexi for about an hour. It was beautiful being out in the fall colors—back in town again, Bicker invited us to tea in the old Amstel hotel on the river. Maurice Chevalier arrived while we were sitting in the lobby—a tall charming gray-haired man. At night we heard his program on the radio. Bicker lives in a house across the river from this hotel. He left us at 6 & we ate dinner in the fish restaurant next to the Opera haus—home early & to bed for a much needed rest—a beautiful music program on the radio.

Monday, October 13, 1952

Although a gray day, made photos of Sandberg at 9 in front of the museum & then in his attractive little office. His son, Sven Augustin was there too & took me into the cellar & store rooms for paintings. Made shots of the newly made depot & men doing things & also in the reproduction room which does a big business, a 100,000 gilden a year (\$30,000) just selling postcards etc. Mr Silliakus told me that he would make picture holders for me—he does it all himself. Also made shots of Sven's sister, Paula, with ceramics. Back to the studio--& Bicker appeared behind me in his car. & invited him in for coffee—Back to the museum at 12:45 for luncheon with Sandberg, also Nelly Van Doesburg (sp?) --in the coffee house across the street—delightful lunch & talk until 2 PM. Sandberg gave me plenty of information. Mrs. VanDoesburg & I exchanged addresses, looked at the “Echte & false” show again & then to the Fodor sp? Museum which Sandberg also directs—all modern shows there. This time of Dutch painters & sculptors—she is a lovely charming woman & lots of fun. Back to the studio for coffee & then Augustin phoned—met him at the museum—picked up my first photos—almost all good. Tea with Mr. & Mrs. Augustin in their very charming apt in an old house on a canal—tonight dinner with Duc & Joan at 9—it is a _____

Tuesday, October 14, 1952

Naturally the most charming, for me, event of yesterday—was meeting Mrs. Van Doesbug. Dinner last night with Duc & Joan was a beautiful chicken—home after midnight—very tired. This morning at 9—apt with Hans Jaffe—made photos in his pleasant office. He invited me for cocktails after 5—will meet him at the museum. Will drive Nel to Haarlem this afternoon & see the classes there for a while. Picked up my negatives which all turned out quite good, I think. Made color photos in Haarlem of the Montessori school. At the museum, Sandberg invited us into his office for a drink. And he showed me photos—then Jaffe took me to the corner coffee house & went to fetch his wife who teaches French—an attractive enough woman—quite tall who treated poor Jaffe terribly—not a big person at all & I disliked her—came back for a sandwich will pick up Nel soon—She remarked that if I plan to stay over in Godesberg I might as well stay another night here. We shall see.

October 1952

Wednesday, October 15, 1952

Did the shopping with Hexi in the morning—nice lunch—now Nel is teaching & I answered the phone a few times. The young man who is always writing to Nel, phoned this afternoon—nice voice—but he would not leave his name. Now I shall take Hexi out & do shopping for myself—phoned Frankfurt & talked with Friedle—all is well. Paul froze in Paris without his coat. He got home Monday night. I told Geegee that I would see her tomorrow after stopping in Godesberg at the Hewetsons. In the evening one of Nel's best friends came over for a short visit. Her name is Ruth, she works in the x-ray dept of a hospital & lives with a friend called Winnie. I had packed my bags during the day & was all set to leave the next morning. I did not use my spare gas cans until now because Nel had filled my tank twice for me.

Thursday, October 16, 1952

Left around 10—Nel had already started teaching a class—a lovely and lonely drive. Near Arnheim I stopped at a gas station & had one can put in the gas tank. Crossed the border without difficulty & drove straight on down to Bad Godesberg. Ate the sandwiches Nel had made & Hexi ate enroute, too. Joan was not in so went to Eleanor's. She seemed pleased to see me & we had a happy chat until around 6—she told me she had a falling out with Barbara, (now in the States) & also Sylvia (visiting in the States until Xmas) on their trip to Italy. Her husband is now chief of public affairs !! Took the ferry at Melheim—home by 9 PM. Paul gave me a wonderful welcome & was a little sheepish about his trip to Paris—He seemed much relieved when I told him I was happy he had such a good time.

Friday, October 17, 1952

Lots of birthday mail for me which had been delayed. Letter from Worcester Registrar of voters that I must write a special letter for permission to vote. Paul has sent in his vote for Stevenson. I hope my ballot comes in time. Eisenhower has now promised to go to Korea to stop the war. The man will stop at nothing to win this election. They say it will be a landslide in either direction. No one knows.

Saturday, October 18, 1952

Vicki (*Noonan*) called from Heidelberg—they came up later for supper--& also brought Thelma Noney (sp?) over. We went nightclubbing to Kurstanze (sp?) Erdmaus Keller (sp?) where we all met Bluhm, Schultze & the critic Wingler. Paul invited him over for next Thursday—Then we moved on to the “atelier club”—So Tom got a good taste of our local night life—which I'd never seen myself without their pushing us on. We parted with the plan to weekend in Heidelberg in 2 weeks. They must move to Stuttgart next month & work under Lovejoy. In bed at 130 +

October 1952

Sunday, October 19-Monday October 20, 1952 –no entries

Tuesday, October 21, 1952

Phoned Pucky Oppersdorf—she would like to see Carol's ballet class next week. Fixed Carol's new pink satin ballet toe shoes which her teacher said fit fine. Because of the 2 pair of shoes Nel has given Carol—she works hard at last & does as well as all the others in her class—I am very pleased.

Wednesday, October 22, 1952

Betty Knorr phoned me from Darmstadt to have lunch with her at the press club—but I couldn't do it because I had arranged to help Paul print my Amsterdam photos at noon time which I did. They are coming out fine.

Later Alma phoned to give us tickets she couldn't use for the Andor Foldes concert at Hessische Rundfunk—He played Mozart beautifully & I spoke to him & his charming wife later. Werner Eyk (sp?) directed his own compositions—quite modern & good—we walked hard at clapping to get him 3 encores. He is a tall gray-haired handsome man. Foldes is womanish, with glasses –nice fellow—a former Hungarian—now American. Phoned Cüppers & invited him for Thursday—He will pick up the Winglers

Hang pictures like mad—to get the house looking good. Spoke with N in the morning.

Thursday, October 23, 1952

Worked on photos again—did 40 in an hour & paid the girl who helped , 12 DM for 4 noon hours. At 5 I took Carol to her Ballet class & there met Aleida who introduced me to Herbert Freund ballet meister—who took us in his office & told me about the Ballet film he made in Munich with the Frankfurt Ballet company. Aleida & I continued our talk in the weinstrube until Carol arrived after class. Cüppers brought the Winglers for the evening—all went well I showed all my photos. Wingler remarked his surprise over Paul's development in painting. He asked for photos of us in our house to send to the CS Monitor for a story.

Friday, October 24, 1952

Up early & off to Strassburg with Paul & Carol to get 3 new tires for Paul's Renault a four hour drive—lovely with the fall colors—still on the trees & country side. Showed Carol the cathedral & bought some dolls. Paul picked up 2 American church ministers at the border & we brought them as far as the Heidelberg gas station. They had no money & said that God would provide for them. They work in the US Army camp around Munich. We provided the ride & some apples. Home by 9.

October 1952

Saturday, October 25, 1952

Visited Alma in the afternoon & showed her & Dan my photos. Dan had checked on Wigman's file in Berlin consulate. She must apply for another longer visa to have her case reopened, which I wrote to her. Cüppers came up & brought me tickets for the Picasso film tomorrow morning. Paul is sick in bed all day.

Sunday, October 26, 1952

Paul felt better today & we saw the Picasso film. The same I had seen a year ago at the film club. Paul was not impressed & thought it a dumb idea to see a movie in the morning. In the afternoon he made 2 watercolors & I took the kids to Hofheim. Showed Marta my fotos but she didn't invite me to Friedle's for coffee & so I went to Max & Kurt who were charming—stayed 2 hours & had tea & beer—home by 7 & made supper for us all—then to bed—a lovely day.

Hanna comes home between 15-20 November!!! On the 22nd, Nel's friend Duc & Joan drive to Germany & they asked me to find a nice place to stay on the Rhein.

Monday, October 27, 1952

Paul took my car today & I brought his to the garage. Phoned Dr. Mitchel for permission to make photo of Bruni Falcon on Wednesday, when she sings Othello again. I go to his office at 6:30 PM. Peter told us she has been invited to sing at Bayreuth's next summer.

Started writing Amsterdam museum text—later Paul said it was terrible.

Tuesday, October 28, 1952—no entry

Wednesday, October 29, 1952

Worked on museum text again—3rd rewrite. Had locks on car partly repaired. At 6 went to the OperHaus. Bruni was prompt & started shooting right away. Met Dr. Mitchel who okayed my presence in the wings & I made shots of Bruni & "Othello"—I tried but it was too dangerous to make shots at the end of an act—the drops fell too quickly & scared me plenty—finally the stage manager kicked me out anyway--& I made one last shot of Bruni in her dressingroom & fled. She has a wonderful voice. Paul was already at Bets Theatre when I got home & I joined him there to see "Ivanhoe".—quite a show. Paul is not feeling well these days—says he worries about money—doesn't make enough & hasn't saved enough.

Thursday, October 30, 1952

A beautiful day today. Washed me hair—worked on "text"—

October 1952

Betty Knorr phoned me & asked to come over for lunch. It was good seeing her again & we had a fine chat. She wants to buy my Hofer painting. We went down to the gallery later & there I met Una E. Johnson, curator of prints at the Brooklyn Museum. Invited her for lunch on Saturday. Betty & I stopped at Alma's for a while.

Friday, October 31, 1952

Hanged pictures most of the day. In the evening, Paul & I visited Gustav who wanted to show us his new furniture in his apt. We stayed off the recent War this time & instead talked politics & cars. Phoned Vicki Noonan & asked if we could bring Ms. Johnson with us for the weekend—will meet at the Hartung show in Mannheim at Probst.

Paul brought home my absentee ballot which I quickly marked & mailed in the hope it will reach Worcester in time to be counted on election day.

November 1952

Saturday, November 1, 1952

Rushed about getting things in order before noon & then picked up Una Johnson at the Metropol-Monopol hotel & brought her home for lunch—but first a little tour of the town to show the new 7 old building being done. We got on very well & she liked Paul's paintings. At 2:30 we hit the autobahn for Mannheim. We got there just in time & the Domnick's were more than pleased to greet us. The whole Hartung show at Probst was from their collection. Probst made a fine speech then almost fainted from the heat—spoke to Müller-Landau. Vicki invited the Domnick's to Heidelberg—where we all had coffee—Frau Greisbach who has a gallery there—was also present. It was pleasant tho dull at first. After supper the D's left & Tom talked on—ended the evening in Vicki's studio & Tom showed slides of Paris—we slept on the top floor—a little chilly. Mary___ from Bonn also there.

Sunday, November 2, 1952

A pleasant breakfast together & then a visit to Galerie Griesbach where Una bought a woodcut & Baumeister silkscreen—not with Paul's help. Una said she admired my taste & asked me to get a Hartung graphic & 2 Matare woodcuts. After lunch—we left for home & Paul will put Una on the train for Basel & Bonn. Reached home at 4. Paul started painting—he was mad to be away from it for so long. Later we saw an amusing comedy with Clifton Welt (sp?) & Ginger Rogers.

Alma phoned to invite us to dinner next Wednesday—for the Ander Folds & she wants to bring them here first to see the pictures & for cocktails.

Monday, November 3, 1952

Paul stayed home with a cold & to paint another good watercolor. ML Solms phoned—also Nel--& met ML for lunch at the gallery—Ate at Milau (sp?) restaurant—later picked up ML at 5 & brought her home to see Paul's new work which she loved---saw Gustav—will see him tomorrow—after I take Carol to Ballet class.

Attended the PTA dinner at the Casino—Carol's teacher, Mrs. Warton, is very nice. General Perry told us that when the peace treaty is signed, there will be changes & we should not show our annoyance. Early to bed.

Tuesday, November 4, 1952 ELECTION DAY

ML phoned. Will meet her for coffee at Ricardo's at 1:30. She wants to see my museum photos. At 5 picked Carol up at Brownies & brought her to Ballet class—after which I went to Gustav's & brought him where I met his housekeeper for the first time—a very nice elderly lady—then picked Carol up at 7—

November 1952

all evening we listened to the election returns—all night, too. By morning we realized Eisenhower had won. To my mind, he is not half the man Stevenson is. Ike promised “to go to Korea stop the war & clean out that mess in Washington”. It will be interesting to see him do all these things.

Wednesday, November 5, 1952

Will work on photos this noon if Paul’s car comes back from the garage in time. This evening the DeLuce’s will bring Andor Folds & his wife for cocktails—then we go to dinner at Alma’s. Folds is a concert pianist.

Thursday, November 6 –Monday December 1, 1952 –no entries

December 1952

Tuesday, December 2, 1952

Spent most of the day it seemed at the Gallery—finally sold the Renault for 2,000DM to a Herr Leopold from Russelsheim (sp?). Meanwhile Klaus Winter & his friend Bischoff arrived & I took them home after first taking Carol to Ballet.

Wednesday, December 3, 1952—no entry

Thursday, December 4, 1952

Hanna phoned at 8:30 . She returned last night from Berlin by plane, after midnight and found a room at the Savoy hotel. We arranged to meet Sunday in Hofheim. Spoke with Aleida who reserved tickets for me & the children this evening at 6 to hear the children's program at the theatre. Aleida made the music—for 40 parts.

Friday, December 5 – Wednesday, December 10, 1952—no entries

Thursday,, December 11, 1952

Noldi Rüdlinger arrived at my door at noon. It was lovely seeing him again & nothing has changed of importance.

Friday, December 12- Monday, December 15, 1952—no entries

Tuesday, December 16, 1952

Drove to Mannheim consulate to see modern puppet show: "Detached from the Ego" –by Erik Homann-Webau. Took Ursula Bluhm, Godo Remshardt & Frau Franck & another writer. This was Noonan's show—later to his home for party—drove home in snow storm from Heidelberg—got home at 4

Wednesday, December 17, 1952

N phoned this morning. She leaves Amsterdam on the 24th. Will arrive in Wiesbaden January 1 Paul got his new Volkswagen today.

Thursday, December 18-Monday, December 22,, 1952—no entries

Tuesday,, December 23, 1952

Marion Yahr from Milwaukee arrived & Aleida asked me to find a movie projector to show the film of Aleida's ballet. (her music) performed by the U of Texas. Phoned the Amerika Haus--& they kindly

December 1952

agreed for an 11 am appointment so met Aleida & Marion at the Frankfurter Hof--& then to Amerika Haus & saw the film—looked very good—Carol saw it too. Then home for luncheon—to which Hanna also came--. Later I met Marion again & took her to see Carol's ballet class & introduced her Herbert Freund, the ballet meister. Also did some PX & commissary shopping for eggs etc for Marion to take to Mary Wigman.

Wednesday, December 24, 1952 CHRISTMAS EVE

After fixing the tree & putting all the presents under it—Paul & I went to a movie—Bob Hope & when we got home, Carol was still awake waiting to open presents & we had to give in. She was delighted with everything. Paul was tickled pink with the new fur collar on his old tweed coat. Paul gave me a beautiful brown purse—it was a lovely Christmas eve.

Thursday, December 25, 1952

Genie is crazy about her new 2-wheeler bike. After a fine goose dinner, we drove to Hofheim later in the day & had a nice chicken supper there. And again the three trees in the Red room had their candles lit up for the children.

Friday, December 26, 1952 –no entry

Saturday, December 27, 1952 CAROL'S 10TH BIRTHDAY

Drove to Heidelberg with the kids late in the afternoon—were surprised to find Otto Ritschl & his wife also at Noonan's—nice turkey supper. Got home late at night. Invited Tom & Vicki to do New Years Eve with us. Carol came in on the train from Hofheim with Peter Stein & we had ice cream & cake for their luncheon with candles.

Sunday, December 28, 1952

Drove out to Bad Nauheim to visit Commander Bill Phillipson & his wife Dory & 3 kids—took mine with me Nice to see him again—he looked just the same. His wife is very nice & charming.

Monday, December 29, 1952

Hanna suggested we all go to the comedy “Loves of Four Majors” as a means to entertain the Noonan's for New years Eve--& then go to Hofheim later. So we quickly got tickets for us all. Phoned Vicki to tell her & she thought it sounded fine. Gustav phoned & invited us over for the evening. Pleasant time with red wine.

Tuesday, December 30, 1952

December 1952

Bruni gave me a card this morning allowing Carol & me to attend the final rehearsal for the “Merry Widow”—at 12:30. Since both cars are not here, we took the streetcar down. This will be an all afternoon affair & Carol will stay on for her ballet class.

INDEX

- Bauer, Gustav, 11, 29, 32, 43, 44, 47
Bluhm, Ursula, 34, 36, 40, 46
Brown, Margaret (Margaret Brown Gallery), 3
Calder, Alexander, 35
Cavael, Rolf, 36
Chladek, Rosalia, 22
DeLuce, Alma, 10, 12, 20, 21, 28
DeLuce, Alma and Dan, 30, 33, 45
Domnick, Greta and Ottomar, 27, 35, 44
Falcon, Bruni, 28, 37, 42
Foldes, Andor, 41, 45
Georgi, Yvonne, 15, 16, 26
Goldschmidt, Robert, 28, 36
Götz, Karl Otto, 36
Hagen, Peter, 21
Hartung, Hans, 27
Hoepffner, Marta, 20, 21, 28, 33, 35
Hovsepian, Leon, 4
Jaffe, Hans, 39
Johnson, Una, 43, 44
Joos, Kurt, 22
Kraft, Maxine, 29
Kreutzberg, Harold, 22
Kricke, Norbert, 27
Linck, Margrit and Walter, 25
Linck, Walter, 24, 26
McKnight, Eline, 27
Meyer, Otto, 38
Montajin, Aleida, 20, 21, 22, 24
Müller-Landau, Rolf, 44
Neumann, J.B., 7
Noonan, Vicki and Tom, 21, 33, 46, 47
Pasinski, Irene and Edmund, 27
Reich and Stolpe, 21
Remshardt, Godo, 27, 46
Ritschl, Dora and Otto, 47
Roos, Nel, 24
Rüdlinger, Noldi, 46
Sandberg, Willem J.H.B., 39
Schultze, Bernard, 40
Siegfried, Jean, 3
Snow Sewall, Edith, 3, 10
Solms, Marylou, 28, 32, 44
Vogel, Ilse-Margret, 7
Weidler, Charlotte, 20, 21, 27, 35
Wigman, Mary, 22, 24, 25
Wingler, Hans, 40, 41
Yahr, Marion, 4, 22, 24, 25, 26, 47