



Before the trip we celebrated Christmas early with my parents. Smoot and I set up their tree for them. Lou came by for a visit.

### **My Journal, Scrapbook and Photos of Our Mystic - Washington trip Christmas 1971**

Having finished my Latin 324 Grammar project at 8:00 p.m. **Wed, Dec 22**, I scurried home to pack. Neon bought me 2 new pairs of shoes and a new purse as well as some fur-lined gloves. I washed my clothes and wrapped some last-minute Christmas gifts. And packed, finally, getting to bed around 12:30. I got up at 6 a.m. to finish some details. Neon and Dadders came by to get me at 7:30. We picked up Smoot at 10 till 8. The plane was a little late and took a long time to load. We got off at about a quarter of ten

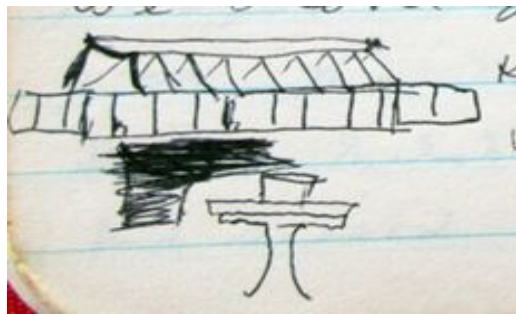


**Thursday, Dec 23** on a cold, but luckily fairly clear day. \*We sat in the tourist section of a green Braniff, just in front of the wing. I was surprised when Dr. William Scheick, my English 347 (Colonial Lit course I took in the summer of '71) professor appears and sat behind us. I said hello to him. He looked at me strangely. I said I had been in his English class during the summer. He looked so startled that all he could say was "I'm sorry ..."! I guess he meant that he was sorry he didn't remember me, but just couldn't get it out! He did wish us a happy holiday when he got off in New York!

The day before had been so foggy that planes had been unable to land or leave. When

we got in the air, we were surrounded by fog and it stayed foggy except for a few clear spots all the way to the Shenandoah Valley where the clouds finally completely broke. The Valley spread out before us beautifully. We could see the Appalachian Mountains and the Blue Ridge Mts (that really looked blue on the horizon). The Valley itself was split up into farms and mountains and rivers, the Shenandoah River being, of course the most beautiful feature. We started seeing the suburbs of Washington 20 miles or so before we got to Dulles International Airport. We sat in the plane while the Wash passengers got off. The airport looked huge even way out on the runway. Big mobile lounges come out to the plane and take the passengers back to the lounges in the terminal. The terminal was a huge open-looking building. We didn't get to go into it.

Kind of like that! Well, not exactly.



Drawing of terminal in journal

We had gotten breakfast before we got to Washington. We had a coke on the short hop on to New York. We went right up the East Coast and had beautiful views of lots of cities and geographical features, like Baltimore, several lakes and sounds. We flew in from the Atlantic side. The day was clear and we got a beautiful view of Land Island sound and downtown New York. We could just see Liberty Island and the Verrazano Narrows Bridge. [It's not in my journal, surprisingly, but I remember when I first saw New York City from the air, I turned to Smoot and said Mordor. I haven't really changed my mind about that city though it has indeed cleaned itself up from the early 70s.]

We landed around 2:00. Mr. Mitchell met us. Suzanne Mitchell Stanford, S' sister, had missed her flight out of Austin the night before, had driven to Dallas and flown to Newark. She took a helicopter from Newark to Kennedy International airport and was to get there at 2:30 so of course we waited for her.

We drove out of Kennedy and went through industrial and slum parts of New York. (Kennedy airport was huge. There were separate terminals for every 2 or 3 airlines. There weren't many people there when we got there. A cabby tried to get us to go to New Jersey!) All I can remember of the part of New York we passed thru was that there were rows and rows of houses that all looked the same and slummy businesses and industries. Mr. Mitchell talked to Suzanne the whole way back. I was getting worried that

we might be unwanted but that proved groundless. [Turned out Mr M couldn't hear us from the back seat from car noise so that's why he just talked to Suzanne. I asked Mrs M later about it.]

Mrs. Mitchell met us at the door. She was so nice and enthusiastic about our being there. She made me feel better. We took our stuff to our respective rooms and settled in a little. We got supper ready and waited for Ted. Ted got there from Washington at about 8. After dinner we played a game with dominoes. The were all stacked up by 4s and the object was to pull them out one by one without knocking them over. I was the one to topple the stack so I went upstairs and called Neon & Dadders to tell them I had arrived safely. Mr Mitchell had warmed up during dinner and was now very talkative and friendly.

The next morning was Christmas eve. [**Fri Dec 24**] We drove around the Mystic area for a while and got our Christmas tree and some firewood. We decorated the tree that night. It was put in the glassed-in sun porch. After dinner we played another game - this time 'Dictionary'. We made up definitions then the moderator would read the made-up definitions and the real one for the word she had chosen. The game was rather boring



but I suffered through it. [Even then I hated games!]

Lou had made the shirt that Smoot is wearing.

Christmas morning [**Sat Dec 25**] we opened our gifts. I got a perfume-soap-powder Aphrodesia set and a golf necklace and a stocking with a glasses case, ladybug clothes pin, handkerchief and candy from the Mitchells. I got 2 books, one on Roman and the other Egyptian mythology from Smoot. I got a very nice brown plaid shirt-coat from Ted and Suzanne (for the cold winds of W Virginia!) After the goody opening, we had lunch. Then Smoot and I drove around New London and he showed me all the places he had lived and been. Things had changed and looked a lot smaller!



Us with Suzanne & Ted; the Mitchell's house at 19 Gravel Street in Mystic; ducks on the Mystic River

**Sunday [Dec 26]** Ted & Suzanne left and we went to the Mystic Seaport.

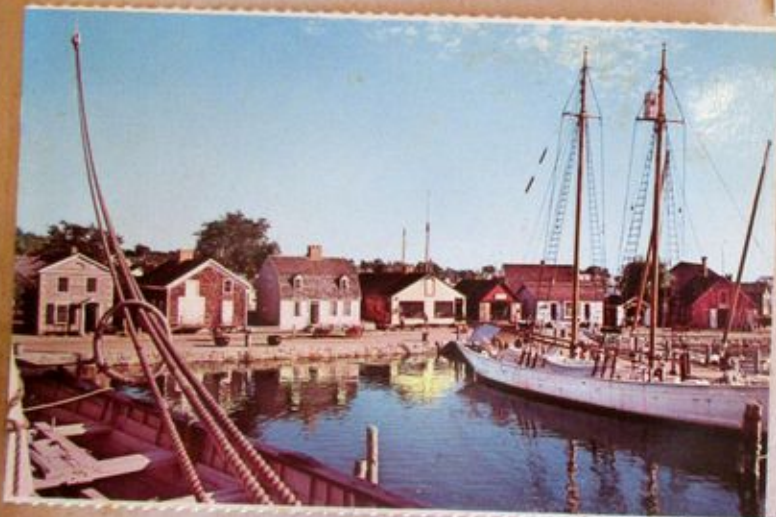
*The caption in my scrapbook said, Mystic Seaport – a seaport village that was made up of authentic 19<sup>th</sup> century and earlier buildings that have been moved to recreate and show what it was like in a quaint town of that period. Very interesting! We saw it on Dec 26.*



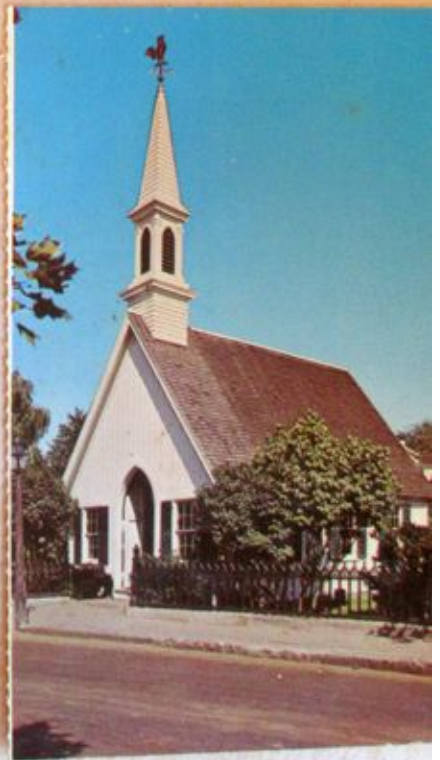
Me by an anchor and Smoot in front of the Charles W. Morgan



My  
New England  
Christmas 1971



Mystic Seaport -  
a seaport village that  
was made up of authentic  
19th century and earlier  
buildings that have been  
moved to recreate and  
show what it was like  
in a quiet town of that  
period. Very interesting!  
we saw it on Dec 26.







# Mystic Seaport Pilot

MUSEUM MAP INSIDE

VOL. VII

PUBLISHED BY THE MARINE HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION, INCORPORATED  
NOVEMBER - DECEMBER 1971

NO. 5

## Need Help ? ?

**TELEPHONES:** Visitors wishing to locate pay stations may find them in the following areas: near the Information Buildings (P.), at the North and South parking lots, next to the Galley (N.), adjacent to the Stillman Building (No. 32) and in the Seamen's Inne (G.).

**FIRST AID:** If help is needed in an emergency, notify a Mystic Seaport Security Officer or Staff Member. Staff Members are identified by name badges.

**LOST SOMETHING? LOST and FOUND** articles should be reported to the Switchboard Operator in the Stillman House (Administration Building) (L.).

**VISITORS' AIDS:** Umbrellas, strollers and wheel chairs may be rented at both the North and South Information Buildings (P.). Travel information is also available upon request.

## Seaport Guide Book

The *Mystic Seaport Guide* book is available at the Seaport Store, Variety Store, Information Buildings, and at the main desk in the Stillman Building for 50 cents. All the exhibits at Mystic Seaport, buildings and ships alike, have been listed with precise descriptions and historical accounts, plus map.

## Museum Hours & Rates - Winter

Museum Hours... The exhibit buildings at Mystic Seaport are open daily from 9:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m. The grounds will close at 5:00 p.m.

Admission is \$2.50 for adults and \$1.00 for children six through fifteen years of age. Group admission rates are slightly lower. Members of The Marine Historical Association, Armed Forces personnel in uniform, and children under six are admitted at no charge. Mystic Seaport is open year round except Thanksgiving Day and Christmas Day. Please visit again SOON!

## Planetarium

(No. 39 on Map)

**PROGRAM DAILY AT 2:00 P.M.**  
(Exception: Sunday, December 19)  
Programs - 11:40 a.m., 12:20, 1:00, 1:40, 2:20, 3:00, 3:40, 4:20, 5:00, 5:40, 6:20 p.m.

### Topics

November 1 - December 18:  
*The Winter Sky*  
December 19 - 31: *The Star of Bethlehem*

The *Winter Sky* programs show the sky the way it will appear in the evening of the date of your visit. The lecturer will explain how to identify the bright stars and planets and their importance to the navigator at sea.

The *Star of Bethlehem*, presented during the Christmas season, attempts to date the birth of Jesus and then demonstrates some of the astronomical phenomena that could account for the "star" that was seen by the wisemen. Music appropriate to the holiday is woven into the text of the program.

Each program lasts about 30 minutes. Admission is 25 cents per person for those six years of age and older. Plan to arrive about 10 minutes before the time so your eyes may adapt to the dark. No one will be admitted after the show starts.

## Limited Time?

Be sure to see the following during your tour of Mystic Seaport:

No. 1	..... L. A. Danton
No. 7	..... Diorama
No. 30	..... Charles W. Morgan
No. 32	..... Stillman Building
No. 35	..... North Boat Shed
No. 41	..... Buckingham House

## Orientation and Movie

### DAILY AT

11:30 A.M. AND 1:30 P.M.

In the Aloha Meeting House  
(No. 36 on the map)

A 30-minute program, consisting of a slide lecture designed to acquaint the visitor with the museum, and an excerpt from the NBC-TV production "Down to the Sea in Ships," about man and the sea.

At 3 p.m. on *Saturdays, Sundays, and Holidays*, a special film will be shown. Check the sign in the Meeting House lobby for the title of the film to be shown that day.

It is suggested that if possible the visitor should take time to see this program at the beginning of the tour of Mystic Seaport.

### SMOKERS

Please Note

Positively  
**NO SMOKING**  
inside exhibit buildings  
or on board ships.

## Please Keep The Seaport Neat

The barrels on the Seaport streets, of the type used on whaling ships to carry whale oil, are placed there for your convenience. Please deposit litter, particularly film negatives, in these barrels to help keep Mystic Seaport neat for everyone.

## What You Should Know About . .

**INTERPRETATION:** In various exhibits there are *museum staff members* who are there especially to explain the exhibit, to answer questions and make your visit more interesting.

**GROUP VISITS:** Advance reservations are required for student, youth or adult groups. Information may be obtained from the Education Department, Group Services Reservation Desk, during museum hours, Monday through Friday, or by mail.

**WHERE TO EAT:** For your convenience there are picnic tables located next to the Variety Store (M.) at the south end of the museum grounds. Near the North Entrance Gate are the delightful restaurants of the Seamen's Inne (G.) See hours and dates when open listed below.

## SEAMEN'S INNE

Mystic Seaport  
Mystic, Connecticut 06355



WHALER ROOM, SCHAEFER TAP ROOM, SAILORS' LOUNGE

WHALER ROOM AND SCHAEFER TAP ROOM  
TUESDAY through SATURDAY: Luncheons 11:30 a.m. - 3:00 p.m.

Dinners 12:00 noon - 9:00 p.m.  
SUNDAY: Dinners 12:00 noon - 8:00 p.m.

SAILORS' LOUNGE - Business Men's Luncheon Buffet  
TUESDAY through FRIDAY: 11:30 a.m. - 2:00 p.m.

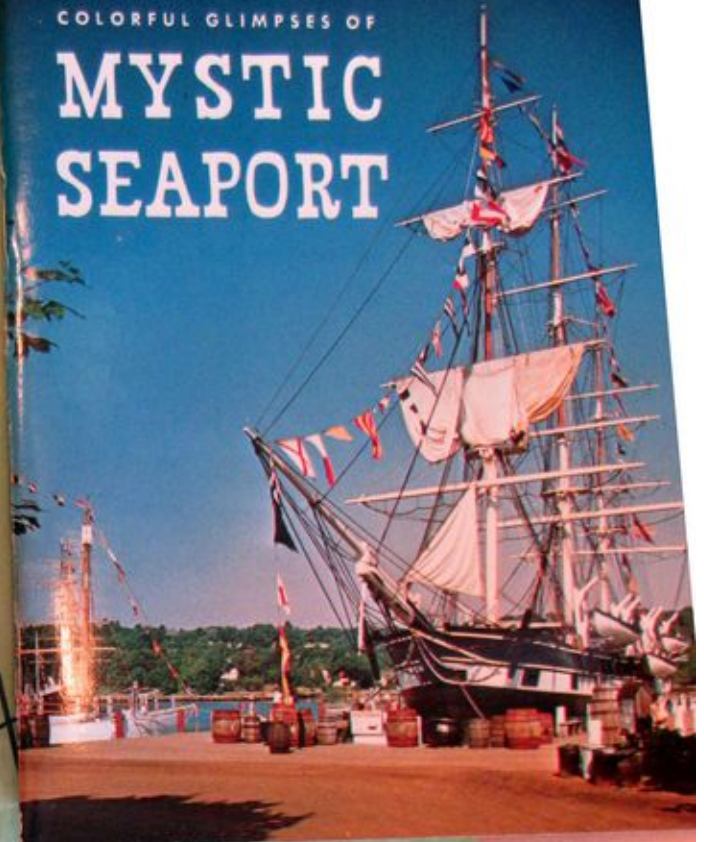
Cocktails  
TUESDAY through SATURDAY: 11:30 a.m. - 9:00 p.m.  
12:00 noon - 8:00 p.m.  
SUNDAY:

536-9640 - 536-9649



COLORFUL GLIMPSES OF

# MYSTIC SEAPORT



MA

MYSTIC  
SEAPORT  
STORES

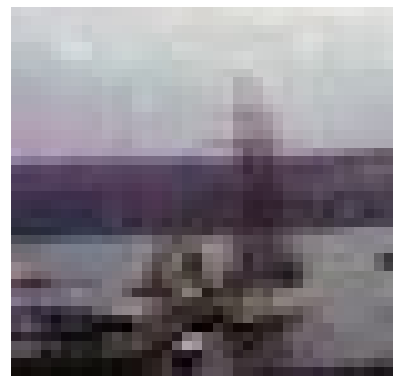
MYSTIC, CONNECTICUT



Smoot and I saw lots of interesting stuff like the Charles W Morgan, the last wooden whaler left. It was small! We saw the cooperage too. There was a fascinating and funny old man who had been a cooper in his youth who explained how barrels were made and used. (There were dismantled after being made and stacked on the ship until they were filled and used for ballast in the very bottom of the ship.)

We saw the diorama that showed a scale model of Mystic around 1860. Smoot's house was there and as lovely as ever! We went to the sailmakers and talked to the man who ran it. He had returned from vacation and was furious about the haphazard treatment the temp help had given the place. He explained how sails were made (of American cotton in small sections so they could be easy to replace. The sewed in a zig-zag line so the hold would be tight. An average sail-maker was supposed to be able to sew 65 feet of sail a day! There were sail-makers and coopers on every ship.)

We saw the rope-walk where a truly Yankee-ingenious rope-making machine was. It took thread and twisted it to strands and the strands to 3 big strands then the 3 big strands into varying size rope. Really fascinating. We looked through the Printers shop, an old bank, a blacksmith shop, a clock museum, a ship museum that had lots of old figure heads hanging on the wall. There were models of ships since Egyptian times to the clippers. We had a delicious lunch at the Seaman's Inn. I had a my first cup of clam chowder. It was yummy. The seafood platter was really good. The first time I really enjoyed a combination of seafood. We tried to see the Planetarium show that showed the sky as they think it would have looked on the first Christmas, but we missed it. We saw a house that have been built in 1690 called the Buckingham House. It was in surprisingly good shape and had some lovely antiques.. The beds were so small. All the furniture was small. I looked in the old church that had been moved there (most of the buildings had been moved there from places where they would have been destroyed). It was plain, but quietly spiritual.



Left & center, my photo and a recent image of Nathan Hale's school; right Coast Guard Bark Eagle

**Monday [Dec 27]** Mr. & Mrs. M, Smoot and I went to New London to arrange for our flight to Washington and then to Austin. We walked and drove around the city for a while. On the way we saw the old mill. I think it was one of the first built in Conn. Right next to it, the historical society had moved the little red school house where Nathan Hale taught. After straightening out the tickets we drove by the Conn College campus. It was a combination of old Ivy and modern prison. It was a girls' school when Suzanne went there. It's now coed. We also went by the Coast Guard Academy. It was very pretty and modern. There was a Bark Eagle (the training 3 masted sailing ship used by the CG) moored by the school. We also went by and saw the site of the British invasion of Groton, Fort Griswold. There was a bloody battle and the Americans finally lost. The Br commander was killed scaling the walls so a lower-ranked officer took over command. When the Amer commander surrendered his sword to the new commander, the British monster ran him through with it. Colonel Ledyer was the American commander. The battle was during the Revolutionary War, in 1782. All that was left were the earthworks. New London had surrendered without a fight and the men had gone over to the Groton side of the river to defend the fort. Benedict Arnold led the British troops that took New London.





Top -left, Granary Burying Ground, Boston; right, Mass State House. Bottom - left, Boston Commons, old houses, Park St Church spire; right, Old North Church, 1 if by land, 2 if by sea

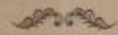
**Tuesday [Dec 28]** Smoot and I went to Boston. We got there about 11:00. We found the Commons and went to the tourist center there. We decided to walk the Freedom Trail that goes by 15 historic sites. The first stop was the new state house. It was a lovely building. We went to the archives museum downstairs and saw the charter of the Mass Bay Colony of 1628, the Constitution of 1780, Bradford's History of the Plymouth Plantation and old letters from Washington and other famous people and some treaties with the area Indians and a public, legal renouncing of the Salem witch trials that was passed in 1957. All very interesting.

Boston

Dec. 29, 1971  
We parked under  
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1 1/2 mile Freedom Trail.  
We thought it wouldn't  
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day walking it!

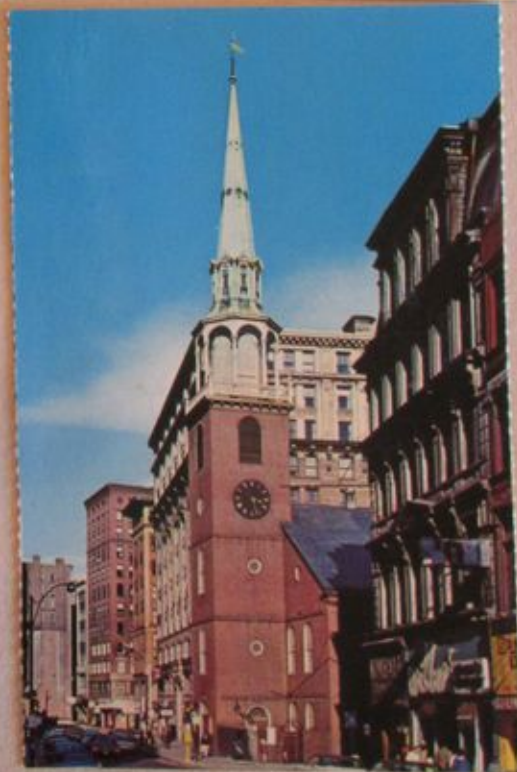
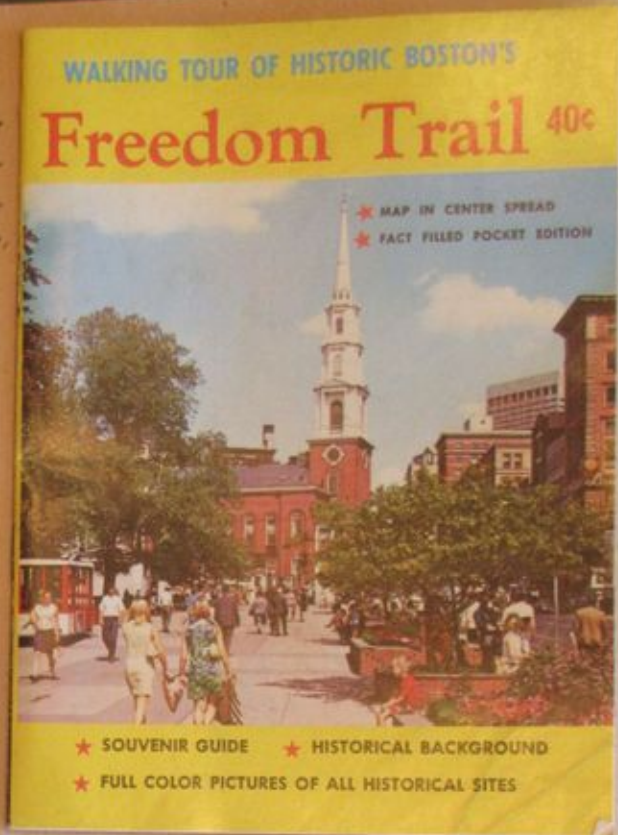


OLD SOUTH  
MEETING-HOUSE



BOSTON

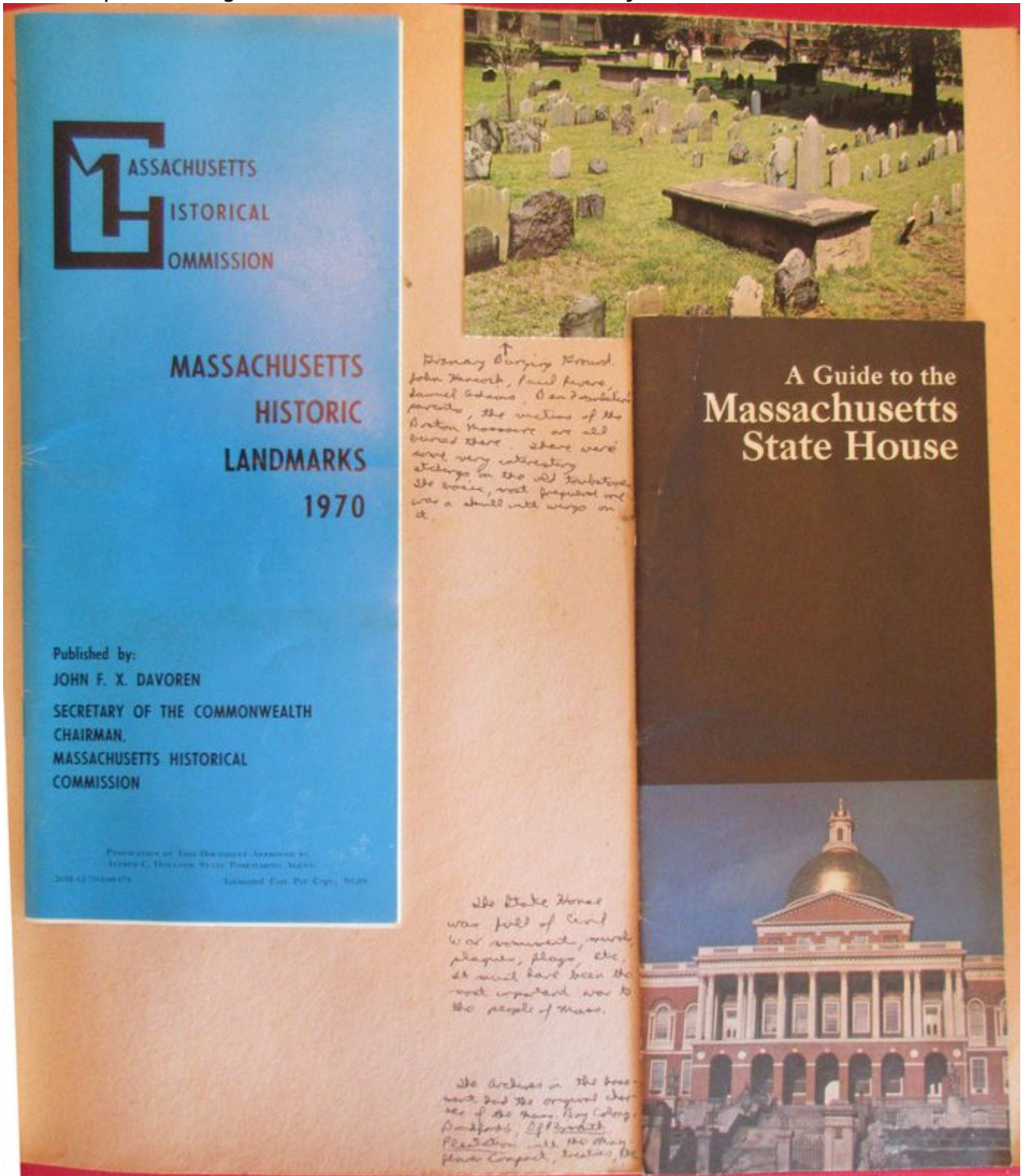
It was at the Old South Meeting House that the  
speech was given that started the Boston Tea Party!



Scrapbook captions: Dec 29, 1971 We parked under the Commons and decided to walk the 1 1/2 mile Freedom Trail. We thought it wouldn't take too long so that we could see some other things, but we spent the whole day walking it. It was at the Old South Meeting House



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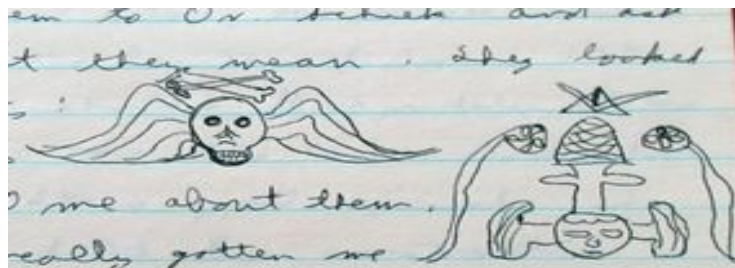


Captions Granary Burying Ground. John Hancock, Paul Revere, Samuel Adams, Ben Franklin's parents, the victims of the Boston Massacre are all buried there. There were some very interesting etchings on the old tombstones. The basic, most frequent one was a skull with wings on it. The State House was full of Civil War monuments, murals, plaques, flags, etc. It must have been the most important war to the people of Mass. The archives in the basement

*had the original charter of the Mass Bay Colony, Bradford's Of Plymouth Plantation with the Mayflower Compact, treaties, etc.*

We were struck most of all, out of all the things we saw in the State House and on the Commons, by all the Civil War monuments and memorials. I expected the Revolutionary War to have been the most important, most lauded, most remembered. But no, every other step in the State House was a painting, statue, flag, memorial or something that had to do with the Civil War (a little something was thrown in for WWI, II and Vietnam, a dribble for the Revolutionary War!). Almost every statue in the Commons commemorated some Civil War hero. There was a very interesting memorial at the front of the park to the white officers and black soldiers of some regiment. [The Robert Gould Shaw Memorial shows Gould-Shaw and his men of the 54th regiment of the Union Army. The 54th Regiment is the first all-volunteer African American unit in the US Army which was formed in 1863 during the American Civil War.] The inscription said something about the white officers risking their lives fighting along with men of a 'despised race' who had never fought before and perhaps could not be trusted to stand and fight. The inscription went on to say that the black men did fight bravely and proved themselves men to be proud of. That crack about the 'despised race' I'm surprised the NAACP hasn't noticed.

The next stop on the trail (the whole mile and a half was marked with red bricks in the sidewalks and red feet in the street!) was Park Street Church. Next to it was the Granary Burying Ground. It was full of fascinating old tombstones as well as the graves of some famous people, John Hancock, Samuel Adams (the old rabble-rouser), Paul Revere, Ben Franklin's parents and the victims of the Boston Massacre. I noticed the tombstones of a Thomas Cushing, thinking he might have been a relative, but remembered that our ancestral name was Cushman, not Cushing, that we're related to. There were lots of interesting old tombstones. I sketched 2 hoping to show them to Dr. Scheick and ask him what they mean. They looked like this



My drawing of tombstone images

I hope he can tell me about them. He has really gotten me interested in that period. The people who lived then were really human beings not Puritan monsters. The next step in the trail was Kings Chapel. It was a favorite of William & Mary and George III. It was the first Episcopal Church in Boston & became the first Unitarian Church in America. I



remember it esp because I dropped my camera right outside of it and broke the latch. We taped it back together. I sure hope it works. [It did.] Somehow we missed the next 2 sites, the block that marked the location of Amer's 1st public school- the Franklin statue. We saw the Old Corner Book Store next. It's a good example of the Old Salt Box construction of colonial buildings. Next we saw the Old South Meeting House where the Boston Tea Party was triggered. We saw a plaque on the site where Ben Franklin's boyhood home had stood. Then we went by the Old State House. It was filled with Colonial relics such as furniture, clothes, pictures, etc. A ring of cobblestones marked the site of the Boston Massacre.

The next thing we saw was what looked like an ancient dilapidated RR station but it turned out to be the famous (?) Faneuil Hall where many town meetings were held. We went by Paul Revere's Home, but it had just closed so all we could do was look in the windows. It looked like a typical New England home. Our next stop was the statue of Paul Revere and the Old North Church, where the famous 1 if by land, 2 if by sea lanterns were hung. It was squeezed in among a dirty Italian slum. All I can remember of the trip back was getting sick of the smell of dead fish and the sight of bloody raw meat. Every other building was a butcher shop! Bleah.

# Historical Guide

to

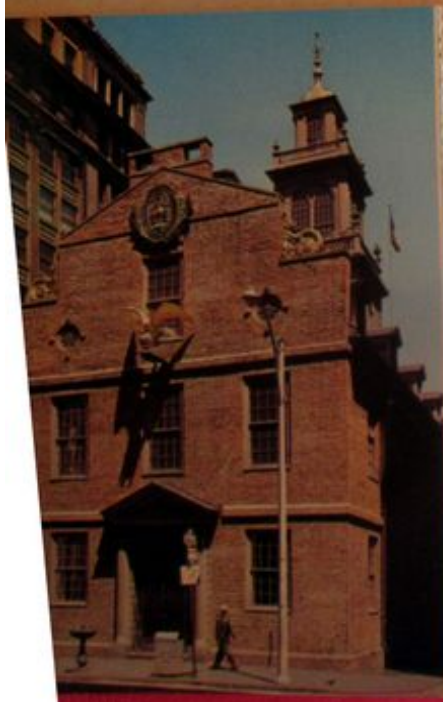
## KING'S CHAPEL



We, the congregation of King's Chapel, welcome you to our church and hope you enjoy your visit to this historic sanctuary where Bostonians have worshipped for more than two hundred years. This pamphlet will guide you as you walk through our sanctuary.

### THE NAME

King's Chapel was instituted in 1688 to serve the officers of the British Crown. As the first Anglican church in Puritan Boston it was highly unpopular. After the American Revolution because of anti-royalist sentiment it was called "Stone Chapel" for many years.



← The Old State House was full of antique furniture, clothes, paintings, domestic things. The Declaration of Independence was first read in Boston from its east balcony.

The Altar and plaques were given to King's Chapel by William and Mary. George III gave it some lush red cushions and vestments. It became the first Unitarian Church in America.



The Old State House was full of antique furniture, clothes, paintings, domestic things. The Declaration of Independence was first read in Boston from its east balcony. The [church] altar and plaques were given to King's Chapel by William and Mary. George III gave it some lush red cushions and vestments. It became the first Unitarian Church in America.



*Kings Chapel also T*



*Park Street Church*

*Kings Chapel and Park Street Church*

By the time we got back to the car I was frozen and aching all over, but I had had a good time. We got back home around 8. We had eaten lunch at all places but McDonald's! Well, it was close and we were hungry. We had turkey sandwiches and watched a TV



show on the Louvre. That night I called the Dalferes' to tell them where I was and what I was doing. they invited us down for the next evening and said we could spend the night if we wanted. We decided to do that then drive on to Hartford Thursday. I spent **Wed [Dec 29]** getting ready. Smoot helped his father work around the house then went to the Exchange and got a new rain coat. We called the Dalferes' again to tell them we were coming and would spend the night. We left around 4. We had a nice drive and Smoot had no trouble finding their house, a beautiful Greenwich, Conn mansion, really!



*Top – Mr. Dalferes in the snow; right, Mrs. Dalferes & me with the flowers Mother & Daddy had sent her. Below, Lelo, Mrs D's caregiver, with me and Smoot*

Mr. Dalferes hadn't gotten home yet so we talked to Mrs. Dalferes and Lelo until he did. She told us about her back operation, what life was like up there, how much things cost,

how Mr. D couldn't do all the handy-work around the house like all the young husbands on the block, how wonderful it was to have Lelo to help her but how expensive she was and how smothering she could be at times, how many nice people they had met, what clubs they had joined. She said she missed her home in New Orleans, but liked it in New England. She said Mr. Dalferes really liked it up there and was always silent when she mentioned moving back to New Orleans after he retired. Mr. Dalferes got there around 6:30. We talked for a while about Catherine and Gayle and then went out to eat at a very nice restaurant called 'Bon Est' or something like that. I had veal scallopini. It was yummy. After we came home we talked for a while then Mrs. Dalferes went to bed. This was just her 3rd outing since her operation, but she said she had really enjoyed herself. She looked great and seemed to be recovering amazingly fast. Mr D showed us his library, his book case that took 18 months to get to him in decent shape. He also showed us his neat 1/2 frame camera. He went to bed about 11:30 and we stayed up looking at the fireplace and talking.

Smoot slept in the den on the bed-couch. I slept upstairs in a beautiful Victorian style bedroom. Mr D woke me at 7:15 **[Thurs Dec 30]** to say goodbye and show me the snow. I had been wanting to see snow all holiday and instead I brought the Texas weather with me. That snow was the only falling stuff I saw except some yucky rain. He apologized for waking me up but I was glad he had. He got a picture of me in my nightgown with his coat on. I got a picture of him out in the snow. I went back to wake Smoot up to play in the snow with me but he wouldn't get up. I went back and slept until about 9:30. We had a nice breakfast. Lelo was scurrying around giving us anything we wanted. She is from Germany. She showed us her camel-hair blanket she had ordered from Germany. She was very nice. Everyone was so sweet to us. They are the epitome of Southern hospitality and graciousness. Mr D is so funny! He could make everything so funny. His presence automatically brightens and lightens the atmospheres of any conversation.



*Me in my nightgown and Mr D's coat; First Church on the Yale Green ; the Conn State House*

We left around 11:30 and went thru New Haven to see Yale. It was a very interesting campus. It is split into colleges and seems to be different campuses. It is Ivy-league

architecture. Very imposing and foreboding. It was cold, wet and new snow was everywhere. It was kind of beautiful in its desolate barrenness. The Commons [Green] was surrounded by churches and the campus and the old Post Office. We went thru the old graveyard next to Yale. It had a big Egyptian-style arch over the entrance, papyrus columns and all! All the very old tombstones were lined up against the wall. I guess they were moved to make way for the new cemetery. Some were really old, all were interesting. Next we went on to Hartford. We went to the State Capitol of Conn. There was a medieval arch in front of the drive to the capitol, a war memorial. The capitol itself was really weird. It was a combination of almost garishly ornate and Egyptian and Grecian. Hallways, stairs, gilt water fountains that don't work and of course, lots of Civil War memorials. We couldn't find any information on what to see in Hartford so looked at a map in the Capitol and struck out on our own. We found Mark Twain's home and went on a tour thru it. It was a gorgeous home, shaped like a steam side-wheeler with stenciled walls instead of wall paper, windows over the chimneys (the flues were slanted off to the side). The big Linotype machine that Twain lost his 1st fortune on was in the basement, but wasn't open to the public. They hope to have the house completely restored by 1974. [It was.] There were lots of clothes, furniture, pictures, etc of his family including his big, black bed where he wrote while leaning up against the foot of it. He finally broke the foot because he wrote that way contemplating the cherubs on the head of the bed.



Dec. 30.  
**Hartford**  
 We visited the Dalferes' Wed night  
 Dec 29. They took us out to dinner  
 then we talked about everything. Mrs. Dalferes  
 seemed to be recovering fine from her operation.  
 Mr. Dalferes was as usual, very nice and funny.  
 He got me up Thurs morning to say  
 goodbye and to see the snow! We went to New Haven to see Yale  
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The New Constitution Plaza



WELCOME TO THE  
**CONNECTICUT  
 STATE CAPITOL**

**State Capitol**



Published by  
 THE LEAGUE OF WOMEN VOTERS OF CONNECTICUT  
 and  
 THE LEGISLATIVE MANAGEMENT COMMITTEE  
 CONNECTICUT GENERAL ASSEMBLY  
 1971

*Dec 30, 1971 Hartford We visited the Dalferes' Wed night, Dec 29. They took us out to dinner then we talked about everything. Mrs. Dalferes seemed to be recovering fine from her operation. Mr. Dalferes was as usual very nice and funny. He got me up Thurs morning to say goodbye and to see the snow! We went to New Haven to see Yale and then we went on to Hartford.*



We went on a guided tour thru the Mark Twain house. It is shaped like an old steam side-wheeler, which he piloted down the Mississippi River. The walls are stenciled instead of papered. There are lots of interesting Twain memorabilia kept there including his famous



[illegible]

The brochure for an exhibit on 19<sup>th</sup> century costumes at the Twain house.



After the Twain house we went to Constitution Plaza that was ablaze with lights. All the trees were filled with little white lights. The fountain was flowing with lights. There were aluminum angels in the courtyard. The plaza was above the street, just a strollers plaza. Very pretty. We went back to Mystic after that, dead tired and cold but having seen a lot of interesting things and a delightful visit with the Dalfereses.

**Friday [Dec 31]** we lazed around the house getting ready for the New Years party. Smoot helped his father some more and I washed my hair and got ready. The party was at the Hess', retired Navy too. They were fixing up a 1773 farm house. It was a lovely old home. The party was held in the den downstairs that was originally the summer kitchen. There was a roaring fire that I really appreciated since I was in my short velvet dress. The young people there were nice, but quiet and shy so I spent most of the night talking to the older people. We talked about religion, education, history, youth, materialism, lots of things. Mrs. Thurston, the mother of one of the middle-aged ladies, was the most interesting person there. She had been thru Texas and we talked about that for a while.

Someone had commented on my 'cute' accent! I made sure that I helped carry food from the kitchen to the dean and also pass out glasses of champagne just before midnight. Mrs. Hess was so complimentary about my being so willing to help. She invited me to come back and see them. I think I made a rather favorable impression! I really enjoyed that party. The people were very nice and would listen to me like one of them. It makes one feel good to be treated like an intelligent human being! Both Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell seemed to have a good time too. Nancy (I don't remember her last name) asked if Smoot and I had plans. All I could say was no. (Mrs. Mitchell asked Smoot that same question about 3 times while we were there. I guess she hoped his answer would change but each time it was no.) All the people at the party were nice. Near the end of the evening there were some remarks by some of the men about Texas, the state and the football team. We had more champagne at midnight, then went home pretty soon after that. I was more tired than the adults.

**Saturday [Jan 1, 1972]** we spent the morning getting ready for the Mitchell's New Years Day party. For the past 2 years they had had blizzards but not this year. Darn! Many of the same people for the New Year's eve party were there but lots of new people. I watched Texas get trampled by Penn State in the Cotton Bowl and didn't feel very gregarious. I tried to mingle as much as possible. Mrs. Mitchell kept saying 'Isn't she darling!' whenever she introduced me to someone. She really made me feel welcome, almost Cinderella. About 60 people came to the party. It ran in 2 shifts from 3-5 and 4-6. There was so much food! She had ham, cheeses, cheese cookies, crackers, asparagus ladyfingers (yummy!), my Pralines I brought, some fruit squares, raw vegetables (carrots, celery, cucumbers, little onions) and some shrimp dip to go with them (also yummy). She also had managed to save some cut-out cookies that Smoot and I iced

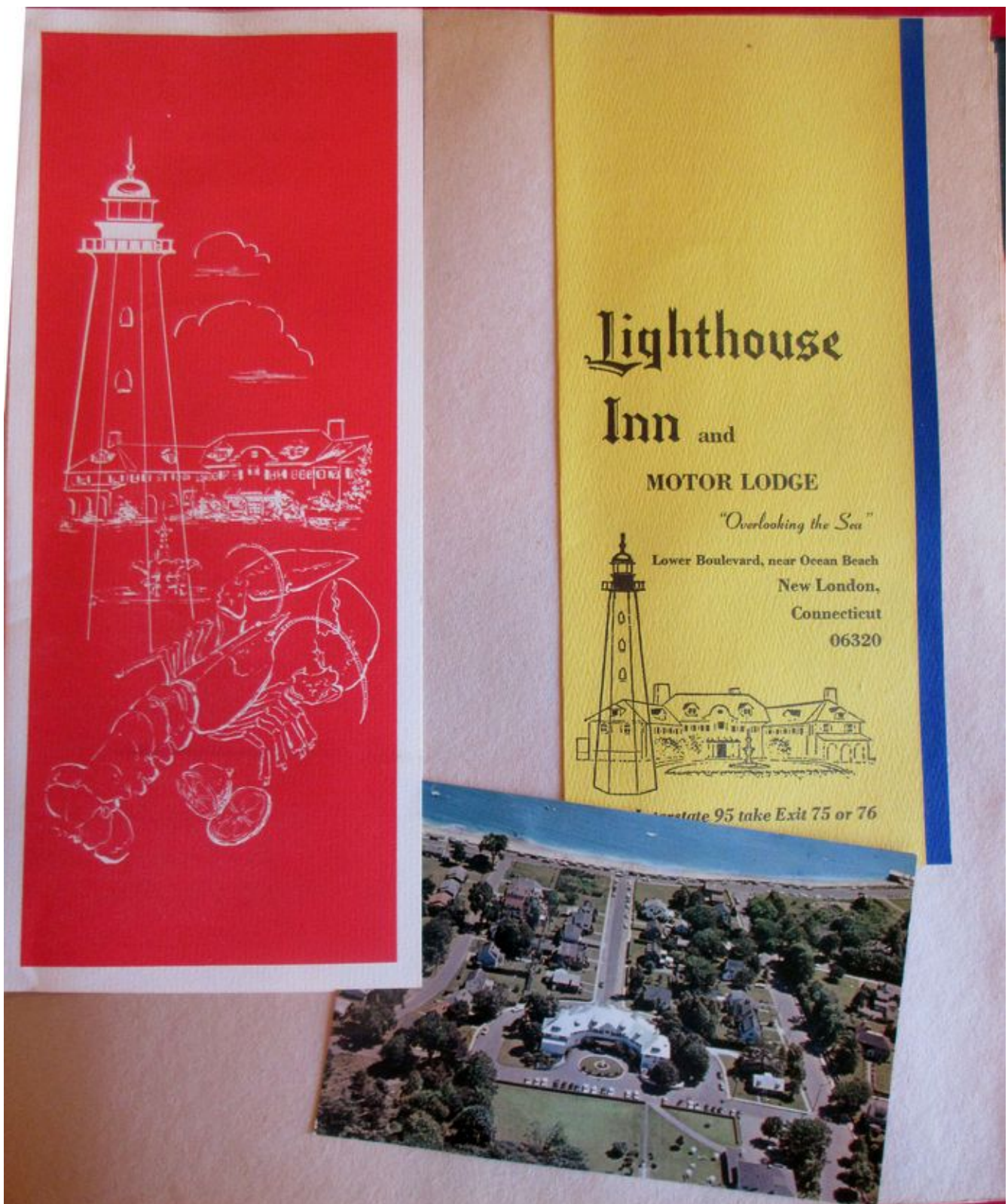
Christmas eve. Mr. Mitchell had made a hot rum punch that everyone seemed to like. I helped make up the non-alcoholic fruit punch. Seemingly everything went fine. I can't remember many of the names of the people I met. Mrs. Thurston, the Hesses, Nancy and her fat husband who kept asking if you needed a visa to go to Texas, were there from the N Y eve party. I met the Mayor of Leydger, the minister of the Episcopal Church the Mitchells go to, a young couple that go to R I Univ, the British Navy representative who lives in Mystic and his wife, a lady from Louisiana who was strange (she told me scare stories about how cruel her neighbors were to her because she was from the South and accused Mrs. Mitchell of not making the cheese cookies and having a dirty cat!) After the party we did the massive job of cleaning up and then rested and watched football the rest of the evening.

**Sunday [Jan 2]** we lazed around again. [And went to church.] I called Neon and Dadders to wish them a happy new year (a day late) and tell them when we were going to Washington and then on to Austin. We watched football again most of the day. Mrs. Mitchell called Rick & Lou to see how they were. Rick told Smoot that Kolache (my coolie loach) had died along with my 2 beautiful male guppies. He said he put Oscar in the 5 gallon. He had been looking sickish. They like our wine-making kit we gave them for Christmas as well as the Christmas tree we snuck over to their apt and put up for them. Smoot called Ted & Suzanne to tell them when we would get into Washington.



We all went to church on Sunday. The sermon was on the benefits of having a simple faith. ("Jesus loves me, this I know for the Bible tells me so.") in a very complicated, complex world of jargon and new concepts. That night we went to the Lighthouse Inn for seafood. It used to be a country estate but is now a fancy restaurant. I had baked filet of sole, yummy. The club walls were covered with strange paintings and rather nice portraits by some local artist.





Sunday night we went to the Lighthouse Inn. It had been a country estate, but was turned into a very nice restaurant. I had the baked filet of sole. It was very good. The bar was full of paintings that a local artist did. They were mostly grotesque collages of nude

women (Mona Lisa as a whole nude stabbing herself thru the breast, a nude with no head - appropriate, no head, no identity. She is just a body, not a human being) and some rather nice portraits (of girls of course).

**Monday [Jan 3]** Mrs Mitchell had to start back to school (2nd grade teacher) so Mr. Mitchell, Smoot and I drove over to Stonington, Conn. It is a little village founded by Dutch sailors. It is on a point so that nothing has grown up around it to exploit it. It is almost exactly like it was in the early 1800s when it was founded. All the houses are built right next to each other and almost up to the curb. Many rich people came down to it during the 30s and started restoring the old homes. There are all quaint and beautiful. We went into the bank that has the flag that was flown at the fort during the War of 1812. The town is really a beautiful community. After Stonington we went down to the beach to see the Atlantic Ocean (I had to 'dip my toe in it at least' according to Mr. Mitchell). I didn't dig my toe in but I did put my hand in it. It was cold!



Top left, me in the Mitchell's Mystic house kitchen. Then photos of us at the Atlantic Ocean. Smoot insisted the ocean come to him!

We could see Block Island and Fishers Island across Block Island Sound. We drove up thru the deserted resort town along the beach and looked at all the huge summer places that the rich keep there. Mansions! I'm afraid they are of another era tho, when the very rich had their townhouses and summer places and divided their time between them. Now the Rich-Rich jet around the world not bothering with the upkeep of big, old homes. Those homes are of a slower, more sedate time when taxes and the cost of servants were [not] thought of and the rich could sit and live out their wealthy, sometimes empty lives in Victorian splendor. After that side trip we drove around and looked at more countryside and more houses then on to Groton to get parts for Smoot's car at the Fiat dealership. Parts up North are surprisingly cheaper because there is more



competition. The Pit Stop in Austin can charge 20-30% over list price because they are the only ones in town. After that we went back home.



My lobster bib!

Monday night I treated everyone at the Harbor View Inn. I had my first lobster. It was interesting but good. [My memory is that when it came I said, 'It's looking at me!' and had trouble eating it.] Smoot had a lobster tray that was such a huge meal, even he couldn't eat it! It was all very fun and came out to \$30. A lot for me but worth it. The Mitchells had been so nice to me and showed me so many things. They thought it was so funny watching me attack my first lobster. They had to help!



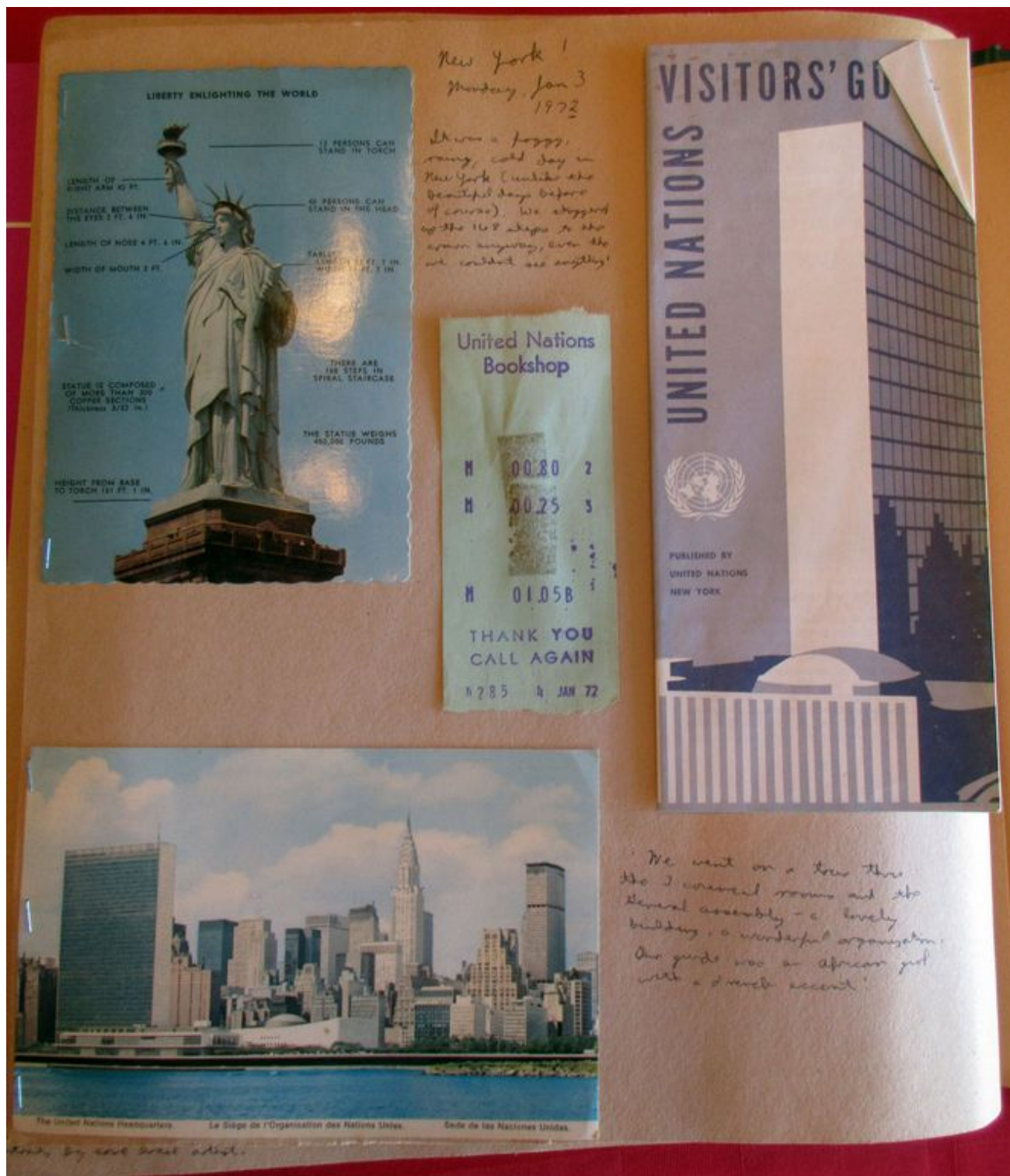
Monday, Jan 3. I treated Mr. & Mrs. Mitchell and Smoot to a dinner at the Harbor View restaurant in Stonington Village. I had my first lobster, good! It was fun for everyone to watch me pity the poor, big-eyed thing, then helplessly ask for assistance in breaking it up to eat. We all had a good time. I was glad I could pay back the Mitchells a little for all that they had done for me.

Earlier that day on our drive we went by the Univ of Rhode Island. It was a pretty campus, a combination of old, old agricultural school and modern Univ. the frats and sororities were in old, big New England houses. They were rally pretty. (Mrs. Mitchell had gotten a survey of sororities and frats. [Greek letters] Chi Omega was 1st in the nation for quality (# of chapters in upper half of sororities on each campus) and quantity. Her sorority, Delta Zeta was 2nd. A O Pi was 19th out of 21. Not so good. We have 98 chapters and grew 1% since 1960. Wow! Oh well, A D Pi lost 12% of tis membership since '60.)

**Tuesday [Jan 4]**, Mr. Mitchell , Smoot and I went to New York. We left about 9:00 a.m.. Our plane was to leave at 9:30 p.m.. We got to New York at about 11. We first went to see Grant's tomb, but it was closed. It was a huge memorial befitting the mania that the



North seems to have about the Civil War.



[My scrapbook says Mon Jan 3 but it was actually Tue Jan 4] New York! It was a foggy, rainy, cold day in New York (unlike the beautiful days before, of course). We staggered up the 168 steps to the crown anyway, even tho we couldn't see anything! We went on a tour thru 3 council rooms [of the UN] and the general assembly – a lovely building, a wonderful



*organization. Our guide was an African girl with a French accent. [Mr. M parked the car and we took the subway around NY}*



Mr. Mitchell and me in front of the Statue of Liberty; right, me in front of the UN

Next we went to the Statue of Liberty. The next tour was to leave at 1, since it was just 12:30, we went into the little snack bar and had lunch. The weather during the weekend and Mon was beautiful, but Tuesday was awful. It was raining and cold. The ferry was very rocky so we waited for it to disembark. Mr. Mitchell wasn't affected at all, he already had a good pair of sea-legs but we didn't. The trip over to Liberty Island was smooth. We could barely see the harbor as we pulled away from it. Half of the huge Twin Towers of the new Trade Center were covered with fog. We went almost all around the Island and landed at the back We went thru the Immigration display that the Dept of the Interior set up, then we went up the elevator to the sixth floor, the top of the pedestal. Then came the 168 little spiraling stairs to the crown. I was dead when I reached the top and what was worse, I couldn't see anything beyond one ship nearby in the harbor. There is supposed to be a beautiful view of the city from there but I didn't see it.

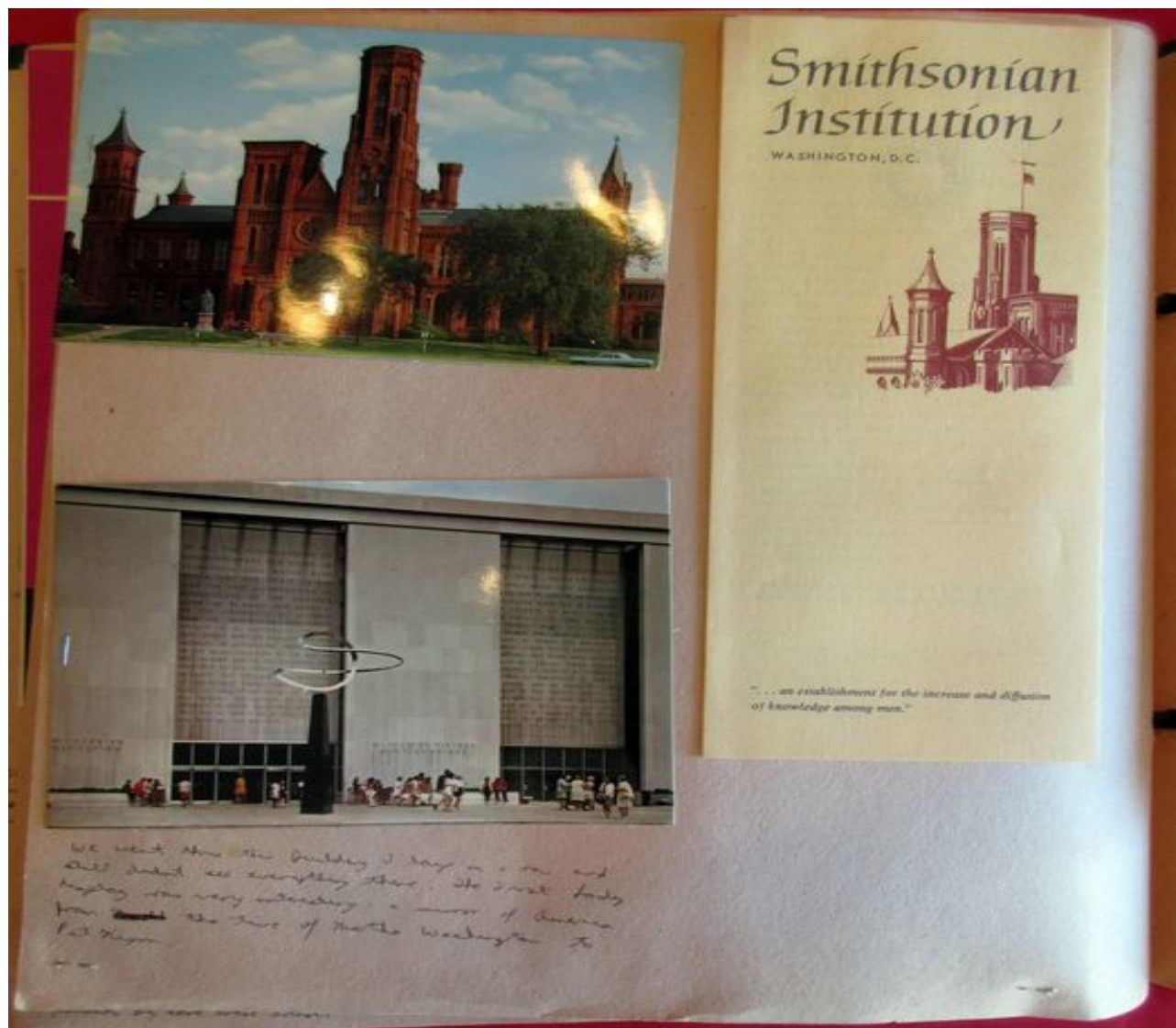
[End of journal. I wonder why I didn't finish it? Nothing about our trip to Washington, DC and visit with Ted & Suzanne. For that I have to rely on my scrapbook and photos.]  
Below, more from UN.



In the bag from the UN I put the four letters Mother sent me during the trip. She told me about Madeline, Billy and Bev's visit and taking care of my cats, Spotty and Ritty Rat, the latter was at the vet because of illness.



These photos weren't in my scrapbook but they show white Ritty Rat and Squeaker. I don't remember if Spotty was a third cat or if it was another name for Squeaker.



We went through this building [Museum of History and Technology] 3 days in a row and still didn't see everything there. The First Lady display was very interesting – a mirror of America from the time of Martha Washing to Pat Nixon.





*On the Mall, in front of the capitol, the Lincoln Memorial, the Washington Monument*



*In front of the Capitol*





# washington

The Washington  
Monument

Washington, DC



Smoot decided to walk down  
the 898 steps for fun!



*Smoot decided to walk down the 898 steps for fun!*

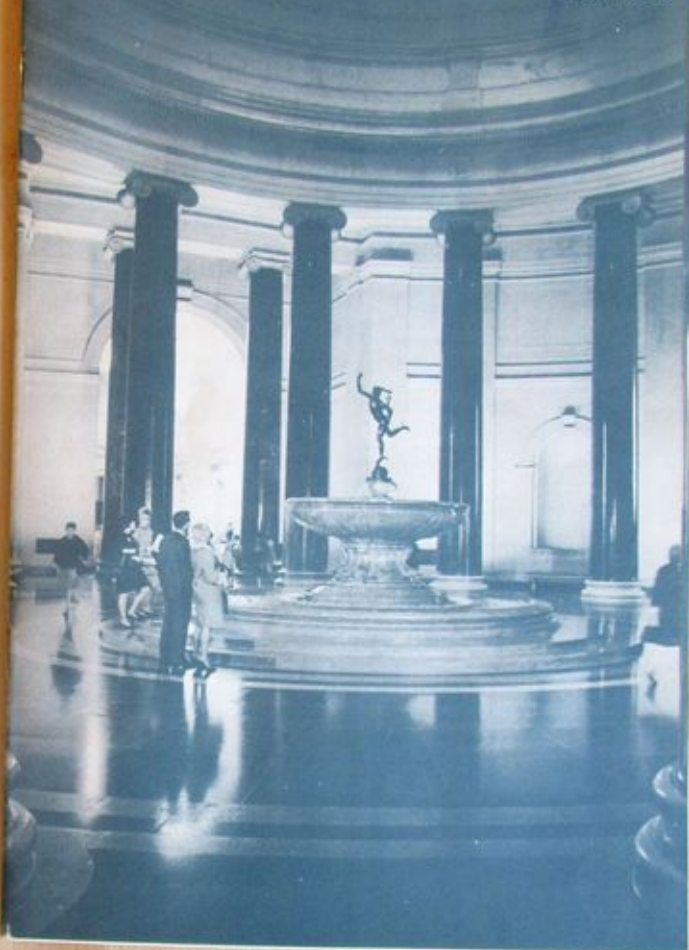


*A guide to* → THE  
NATIONAL  
MUSEUM OF  
NATURAL  
HISTORY &  
MUSEUM  
OF MAN

SMITHSONIAN  
INSTITUTION  
Washington, D. C.



A BRIEF GUIDE TO THE  
National Gallery of Art  
OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA • Washington, D.C.

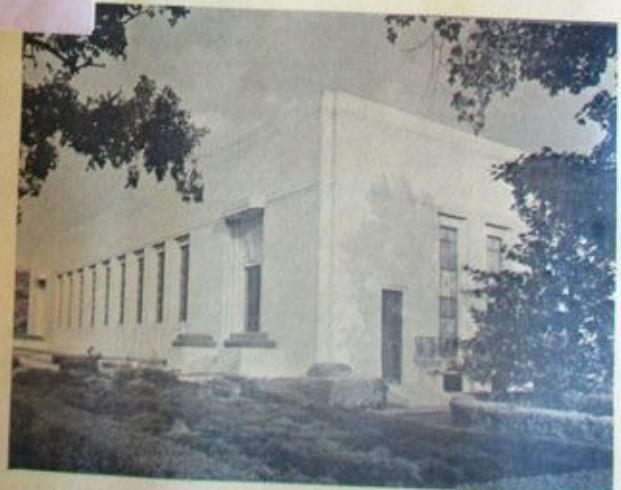




*some facts about the*  
LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

- Christmas Eve: 8 p.m.  
24 Christmas Holiday. Library closed.  
25 Christmas. Library closed.  
31 Holiday. Library closed.
- JANUARY
- 1 New Year's Day. Library closed.  
11 Lecture: "Shakespeare and the Poet" S. Schoenbaum. 8 p.m.  
16 Poetry Reading. Jane Cooper. 8 p.m.  
19 Exhibition: Elizabethan Motifs in N. Calder. Through February 29.  
22 Trustees Meeting. Library closed.  
30 Poetry Reading: An Evening of Canine

## THE FOLGER SHAKESPEARE LIBRARY

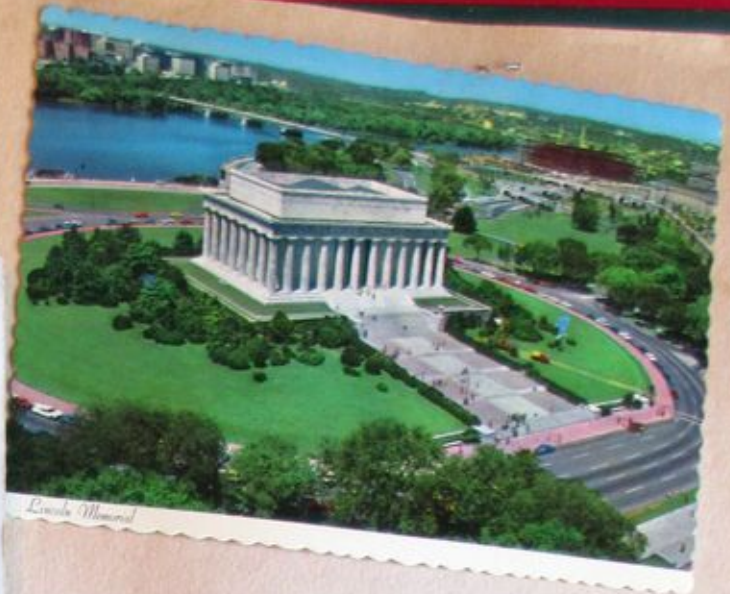




washington

## The Lincoln Memorial

Washington DC



Lincoln Memorial

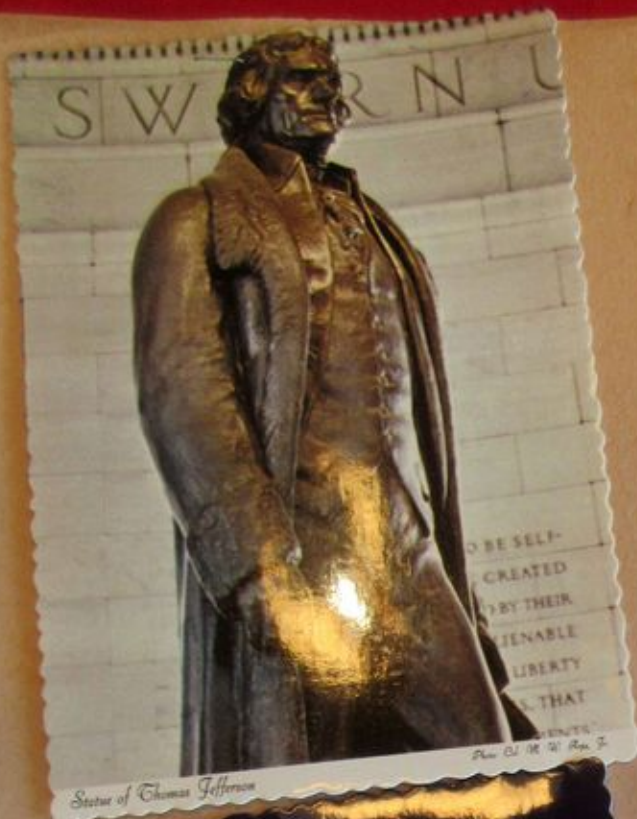
*The memorial was beautiful and awe-inspiring. He seemed to look down meditatively on the tourists below.*



Lincoln Statue

*The [Lincoln] Memorial was beautiful and awe-inspiring. He seemed to look down meditatively on the tourists below.*





Statue of Thomas Jefferson



Jefferson Memorial at Night





*We flew home to Austin.*



*And took down my parents' tree. A fun and very busy trip.*