

Ohan: You said that you always had breakfast together, how about dinner?

RCS: Yes, dinner also. If Dad was late coming home, we could have a snack in the kitchen to tide us over. We would sit down together in the breakfast room where we always had dinner. On Sunday nights, there would be cold fried chicken and sometimes gumbo. There was always a pan of cornbread with clabber over it, I don't know why. Mother loved buttermilk, I can't stand it. I can envision clabber coming out of the jar in the refrigerator. Actually they were ice boxes in the butler pantry. The ice man would come and put the ice in. There were crocks of milk and you could see the cream on top, gobs of it. It got scooped off and made into various and sundry things. We had our own butter and everything. I must have been four when Mabel came. I can remember riding the streetcar downtown to meet Dad or to go with Mother to tea parties at Pangburn's. They had a place where you could have sandwiches,

ice cream and cake and all sorts of things. It was a great thing to go downtown to Pangburn's. I don't have any recollections of the old Star Telegram Building being occupied. The only building I remember is the one at 400 West Seventh Street.

Ohan: So that was not the original location?

RCS: The original location was across from where Barber's Bookstore is, on the corner, on Eighth Street. There is a picture of it that Bror Utter did, it is hanging in the exhibition in the Bank of America.

Ohan: The streetcar line came up Camp Bowie?

RCS: Yes. You went down to the corner of Western and got on the streetcar and went to town. It was a great adventure. Mabel cleaned the house upstairs, Stanley cleaned the downstairs and cook took care of his area. Bill did the outside. In the Spring he burned off the grass which is a no no these days. I have happy early memories of lying on the grass in the backyard and watching the clouds, seeing who or what I could find. When you are by yourself, you make do and I didn't know any better. I made up games. I never felt lonely. I don't know when I learned to read. I didn't go to kindergarten per se. With an October birthday, I got a year ahead of myself. I started first grade at the age of six. I went over to North Hi-mount which was in that little community building south of Camp Bowie. It is still there, a little brick building. It was the first four grades.

Ohan: Was there a school district?

RCS: Yes, it was Fort Worth. Dad had made every effort to get this area incorporated. He had city water brought out, sewage and all that. I never knew any difference. I never knew where any septic tank was. From here over, going south, was all vacant land. There was a back driveway out of Dad's house. We closed it when the Rodgers family bought it. The Polks lived just east of that. There was a large piece of land there and they had a stable. They had a Pierce Arrow in which we used to sit and pretend that we were driving to all sorts of fascinating places. Imagination is glorious when you have time to use it. All that was vacant property and they had Amon's horse tethered out there. In heavy rains you could go down there and play and have dams because the water was running down pretty fast. Now we have that drainage ditch filled up with broken trees to keep trespassers out. It was full of wild flowers. It was a childhood place to wander and you didn't have to worry, but I'm sure that someone was watching out for me. You could really idle away the hours. I had a favorite peach tree up in which I could sit and read for hours once I had learned how to read. One day I looked down and there was a copperhead. I screamed loudly and someone came to my rescue. I sure stayed up in that tree. We had snakes that came up from the bottoms, mostly copperheads, not rattlers or cottonmouths. We had chicken snakes that came up to eat the eggs. I learned early to tell people where I was going.

There used to be what was called "due bills" that were used in lieu of money. Hotels and

resorts would advertise in the *Star Telegram* and instead of paying money, they gave you a "due bill." Dad would give these to Mother. She would take me with her up to Broadmore Hotel in Colorado Springs. They had entertainment for children and I remember riding an elephant. We would go and see old friends at the old Antlers Hotel. Mr. and Mrs. W.T. Waggoner, Sr. spent summers up there. When I was five Randall Davy did a portrait of me that I remember sitting for at the hotel. It is hanging over there. Yellow was not Mother's favorite color but for some reason I am in a yellow dress. I am surprised it isn't pink. Mother was so pretty and Dad adored her. He decked her out in beautiful things. She wore a size two and a half shoe, little tiny foot, she was barely five feet tall. When he would go New York, he would buy her lovely things, lingerie. I remember playing dress-up in her things. I quickly outgrew her shoes. My room alternated. I had the room at the top of the stairs which I had to vacate whenever we had a visitor and move over to Mother's dressing room. I would sit and watch her put on her make-up and was simply fascinated with everything she did. What I didn't know was that she went gray very early although I have no recollection of her being gray. She kept it dyed, starting with henna and finally ending up blond. She hated gray hair. We had a big sleeping porch out from there where we all slept in the summer because there was no air conditioning. It had southeast and west exposure with a big ceiling fan. During really hot weather, we could close up the house while it was still cool. We would gather in the breakfast room and we had a fan that blew over a tub of ice and that would help cool us off. I had a tricycle that I left at the curb one day and my Dad's secretary ran over it and ruined it.

Ohan: Katrine?

RCS: Yes, maybe that is where it all started. I didn't get a new one and I was not allowed to have a bicycle because Dad was afraid that I would get hurt. I never had roller skates. I was so over-protected that it took me a long time to get over it. Even as an adult, I was hesitant to do certain things because of fear. I more or less taught myself to swim but to this day, I don't like the water or sailing. When I was born, Dad told Amon that I was his little sister and that he had to look after me. That was fine for a while but not always. Later one when we had to take a dose of castor oil, he got a whipping if he didn't swallow it and I got \$5 which did not make for friendly relationships.

Those were the years during which Dad was a founding father for American Airline. In the Fall of 1936 Dad took a trip on Pan American's "China Clipper" and there was a big luncheon at the Fort Worth Club in anticipated celebration of his departure. He was so excited about it and I can remember Monsignor Nolan's saying the prayer and blessing for his safe return because this was quite an adventure. Dad had gone on the original Pan Am clipper trip to South America. I remember that Norman Chandler from the *Los Angeles Times* and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid whose husband was the publisher of the *New York Herald-Tribune* were on

the plane. The itinerary included going to Midway Island, Wake Island, Guam, Manila, Macao, Kowloon, and Hong Kong and then I guess came back the same way. I imagine we just trusted that Dad was going to be all right, no matter what and we would have been horribly shocked if anything had happened. There was a huge celebration when he got back and he brought back for mother some of the most beautiful clothes I have ever seen. He brought me some charms for a charm bracelet. He was made honorary mayor of Wake Island.

Ohan: How long was he gone?

RCS: Two or three weeks. He was back before his post cards got here and I am sure all of those must be in his archives. I don't remember not seeing them. It was exciting to have your Dad doing things like that.

I remember senior camp, Nakanawa, so well because Dad and Amon came up to see me. Amon was already in Culver Military Academy because he graduated in 1938 and went for three years, so he went in 1935. He and Dad were going somewhere because they motored up to Tennessee to see me and I had learned to paddle a canoe and to dock one which is not easy. I did learn to do that even though I wasn't very happy with the water and was not a very good swimmer. We were allowed to call home on Sundays and I had briefly told Dad that I had learned to paddle a canoe and to park it. I could hear Amon's voice in the background asking how I could get into a canoe, I was still over weight.

One of the nicest things about having him at Culver was that he wasn't around to torment me. It is natural for torment to exist between older bothers and younger sisters. I can remember how long it would take him to make me cry at the dinner table. Dad would finally send him away and make him quit. I had to do the same thing at this dinner table. I think that it is inherent in the beast. I remember when our cousin Gene Brooks was here. He was a little older than Amon and bigger, but Amon soon outgrew him. One time I went in and got those heavy wooden shoe trees out of Dad's closet and I started beating up on Gene Brooks for beating up my brother. I never got any credit for it. I have no idea how old I was.

When we would have to take castor oil, I would get five dollars but Amon would get a whipping if he didn't take it which did not make for great friendship. Amon used to sell me nickels for dimes because nickels were bigger, but when Dad found out about it he made him give them back. I don't remember if we have an allowance, I know we had lunch money which was a quarter every day. Amon was a great card player like my mother and father who loved to play cards. He was a very cautious gambler and to his dying day he bet on football games, always having something going. I remember that he had a weekly poker games with his friends and he had a cigar box which he would seal up. He had a certain amount of money with which he would gamble and all winnings went into the cigar box which was nailed closed and he couldn't get to the winnings if tempted. He usually won

Mother was lucky as the devil, she played roulette and, during those days when gambling was illegal, there was Fred Brownings out on the Dallas Pike. When that was closed down there was a place out on Jacksboro Highway she used to go and she took the daily racing form. This was the way she played the stock market and did very well. After Sheila was born, mother always took the numbers 8 and 21 for the roulette wheel because that was Sheila's birthday, and she would clean up, I have seen her. We took her to Las Vegas once and we had to load her up with Martinis because she didn't like to fly. We were leaving from Amon Carter Field and I guess we started with the Martinis when we got to Arlington. We had to put her on the plane with a wheelchair because she couldn't walk. She wouldn't sit next to the window, but we got her there and she had the time of her life. The first night, she must have stayed up all night and her elbows were raw from leaning on the green felt tables and we had to get huge Band-Aids to put on them. She adored it and when she left they sent a guard with her because she had so much cash on her. She and Dad used to play bridge a lot. In the house up on the hill as the front stairs came down there was an opening that looked into the living room and I could stand there peeking through without being seen. I could see the big card table in the middle of the living room and they were playing with Mr. and Mrs. Hott, he had something to do with the Chamber of Commerce. They would argue and I remember thinking that that couldn't be any fun and I never learned to play bridge.

I had no card sense at all and don't like to sit down that long. Dad and I played gin rummy until the world went level and we had an running account of how much I owed him or of how much he owed me. The evening I got married, we were playing gin rummy at the dinner table and he looked at the score and paid me as I got up to get in the car and go to the club to get married. We had a wonderful relationship.

There was an osteopath, Dr. Phil Russell, who came three mornings a week. We called him the rubbing doctor. This probably helped keep Dad's circulation going since he got no exercise except getting in and out of the car and pacing. The osteopathy table was at the end of the hall where the back stairs came up. Doc Phil was always there around 9:00 on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. If one of us had a cold or something he would help out with us. He was the one who prescribed the castor oil. Dad's other friend was Dr. Web Walker. He was an eye, ear, nose and throat doctor and I was terrified of him because I had awful ear aches and he would have to come and lance my ears. This was terribly painful. There were no antibiotics in those days. I finally outgrew them. I have pictures of birthday parties. Dad had a gentleman who worked for him, Holland Magendie, who had a daughter, Nenetta, named for my mother. She use to come over a lot. She was older than Amon and very pretty. She got into a lot of trouble because of being so pretty. Occasionally I was allowed to go over and spend the night at the Magendies. This was a great treat because Mrs. Magendie was a great cook and she knew how to play with children. I had no body at my

house who knew how to play. It took me a long time before I learned how to play. I look at my children and their father was wonderful with them but children do not learn how to play naturally. Until I went to school I didn't know how to jump rope, there wasn't anybody to learn it from.

Ohan: Who was at these birthday parties.

RCS: One was Hunter Barrett who is now my son's father-in-law. He lived in the big house where Mrs. Lowe used to live. It was originally built by the Waggoners and they sold it to the Barretts who sold it to Mrs. Jack Herbert. When she left Mrs. Irma Lowe took it. Diana Ross came. These were birthday parties before I went to school because there were no school friends except for Mary Adele Landreth who lived over where the Bill Davises live. She had come into the equation because of friendship and proximity. We later went to school together at North Hi-mount where the new school is. There weren't any children in the neighborhood. It was all old families. Mr. and Mrs. Morris Burney lived at the far end of Broad, the Bomars lived next door to them, and the Ryans lived next to them which is where the McNairs are now. Where the Emmett Murphys are now was a vacant lot which Dad owned and he sold it to J. C. Maxwell. The Rosses were across the street and the Lederers were next door. There were no young children that I played with. Before Prohibition Dad bought half of a liquor store and built a vault. He filled it up with goods and put the greenhouse on top as a decoy. It had no running water, heat, or anything. There were threats of kidnappings and I can remember Stanley's taking me to school. I was never allowed to go home and play with anybody for quite a while.

Ohan: Was there hostility between the governor and your father?

RCS: Yes, Mrs. Ferguson threatened all sorts of things, a very vociferous lady, I wouldn't even call her a lady.

Ohan: That is a very interesting time in Texas history.

RCS: Yes, it is. The newspaper had fought them all the way around. I remember there was a huge Hackberry tree at the corner of the driveway and the garage and, instead of a swing, it had a big tow sack filled with sand or straw. We could stand on that and swing. Before I got tall enough, I had to be lifted onto it. On the front porch we had porch swings, but I never had a swing set or athletic bars. That was all over at the Polks and we used to go through the hedge at night when it had cooled off and play on the trapeze bars, rings and things like that. My Mother never took me to school or picked me up. I have always remembered that. She took my brother but she never took me. She'd get me up and get me dressed if I needed help but then I went downstairs, had breakfast and was taken to school by the chauffeur and also picked up by the chauffeur. I made up my mind that if I ever had children I would not do that. I had a great collection of dolls. In those days little girls played with dolls. Long before I went to school I had lots of dolls and there was always a new one under the Christmas tree.

When the Quintuplets were born, I got five dolls, all reproductions of the Quintuplet babies.

Ohan: Do you still have that collection?

RCS: No, I wish I had kept them because I had some really lovely dolls. I had a Patsy doll which was the equivalent of the Barbie dolls. They were moveable and you could dress and undress them. Later on when I was in the third or fourth grade, to get back at my brother, I had a friend, Horace Mostello. He would come over with other children and he collected stamps. To get even with my brother, I gave him some of Amon's stamps. In retaliation, Amon took my favorite Patsy doll and threw her down on the stone porch out front and broke her to smithereens. This went on for a long time. Let's back track. Birthdays were just cake and ice cream—they were nothing like they are today. We had the radio and at night we listened to Amos and Andy. Mother had a radio in her room. Dad was gone a lot. Mabel was out with her friends. We would go to Mabel's room and listen to Amos and Andy. I would not listen to the scary programs. Amon was scared of the dark. His room was at the north end of the house. Gene had gone off to boarding school, and Amon would not go up by himself. I would do anything to keep from going upstairs and he would sit and wait for me. Amon's birthday was on the 23rd of December and then Christmas was two days later. Mother would hide his Christmas presents in different closets. Gene very maliciously would then show him where his presents were. I finally told Mother what he was doing and this might be why he went off to boarding school early. It was a happy time and I was like an only child.

I think I was four or five when Mother had an ectopic pregnancy and she nearly died. She was in St. Joseph's Hospital. Dr. Hook did not have entree to Cook Hospital which had been founded by Mrs. Cook for the working girls. The Beall Clinic took it over and no working girl ever saw the inside of it, it was so posh. Dr. Hook did not have privileges there and Mother was not admitted to Cook Hospital. Dad swore then and there that he would never have anything to do with Cook Hospital or the Cook family, and that has continued to this day. Mother left a twelve years lead trust to Children's Hospital and they got several million dollars which was spent on day to day expenses and there is nothing there to document her generosity. It was the Ft. Worth Children's Hospital that she had worked on and they merged the two. She went to St. Joseph's. I remember being taken to the hospital to say goodbye to her because they did not think she would live. I believe I was about four. It is a vague recollection. There were nuns. I had never seen a nun before. In those days they wore starched white habits. I remember being told later that the infection was so wide spread that they were going to do some sort of hot poultices that would scald. They were put across her abdomen. Whatever it was, maybe the good Lord, the infection was broken up and she recovered. She did not come home for six weeks. She brought Mrs. Ericson home with her. The fact that she was going to die did not compute. There were so many people around me. When she did come home she stayed in bed and when she came out for the first time I

remember her being held onto. Mrs. Ericson stayed a long time. We just lived through it. My dad was frantic. I do not remember his giving Amon or me any special attention—he was just so concerned about mother and his business. We lived through it. She was suddenly fine. In those days, if there was any affluence at all, mother wouldn't stay home. Dad would pay for her trips to New York. Her shoes had to be hand made. Her name was stamped in the shoe somewhere and her handmade French underwear also had her name embroidered on it. Once in New York trying to get credit, her only ID was her shoes. She didn't have to go as far as her underwear. I can remember having a tantrum downtown once and I was left to scream on the floor until my Mother threw some cold water in my face. I never did that again. I was spoiled. I was Daddy's baby and used to having my way. I was perfectly content. I remember the joy of learning to read.

I remember going to school at South Hi-mount. My first grade teacher's name was Miss Jones. My second grade teacher was Mary Herring. My third grade teacher was Mary Chute who later became principal of North Hi-mount. Miss Herring was the principal at the old South Hi-mount. We had moved over to Seventh Street while they were building the school. I started at South Hi-mount and then they moved the school down closer to the freeway. When it came over to 7th Street it was North Hi-mount. Camp Bowie was the dividing line. It was probably two years before we got into the main building. I know it was in the third grade that they discovered that I did not have much sight in my left eye. I had to get glasses. I went to Dr. Gatlin Mitchell whose granddaughter is married to Mark Johnson. He was in with Dr. Webb Walker. I used to get styes on my eyes and he would have to lance them. In first grade there were lots of rocks on the grounds. There were bases for girls' softball. We learned jump rope games and played jacks and sports. That is when I became interested in sports. My good friends were Nancy Graves who was our first librarian at the Amon Carter and Cynthia Brants and Mary Adele Landreth and Betty Jean Ficke and Roseanne and Bobby Pearson and Chuck Barrier. I've got pictures of all those people. We were taught phonetics. The joy of learning words came early. I learned fairly quickly. I remember in the second grade with Miss Herring listening to music on the record player during quiet time after recess when we had to put our head down. I do not remember any art until the third grade. Once I learned to read there were always plenty of books available. I do not remember shopping for books. I had Nancy Drew. My great-grandmother used to come visit and read Bible stories. I was the first granddaughter after six grandsons. We had to bring our own lunch to school. We always traded lunches. I do not remember what I had. Mary Adele had a governess who would arrive at noon with her hot lunch. I do not remember what we had to drink. Miss Conatser was my teacher in fourth grade. She later married and had a family. We went to visit her somewhere. Cynthia was already becoming an artist. She was totally ambidextrous. We were fascinated by that. Miss Conatser taught art. One of our projects was to do a mural

of the Ft. Worth skyline. The Blackstone Hotel was prominent. I cannot draw. Two of my friends got to do the Blackstone Hotel and I was so envious and wishing that I could do that. I had my glasses at that time to read and to go to the movies.

I was taking dancing lessons with Miss Elizabeth King. I was beginning to put on a little weight. I went to tap dancing lessons for exercises. Piano lessons were also taught there. Mother had found a music teacher on Clover Lane. I do not remember her name. I was taken and picked up. I had a joint lesson with a boy. This teacher was always late. One day, we had to wait longer than usual in the kitchen. She had just had the kitchen painted. In a thirty minute period, we played with the left over paint and did a lot of damage. Then we went on in to our lesson. She did not see it. She just called in to us in the kitchen. She had obviously called the office because the next morning my father said that he didn't know I was an artist. I explained to him that we always had to wait and the paint was just too tempting just sitting there. I am sure that he had to pay to have it redone, but I didn't have to go back to have anymore piano lessons with her. Then I started tap dancing lessons with Miss Elizabeth King. I went to Miss Barker for piano lessons. She was Dr. Barker's maiden sister. My friend, Virginia Honea, had moved into the house where the Tennysons now live. Mr. Honea was the Business Manager at the *Star Telegram*. Virginia was terribly talented, she could play by ear, and we were all jealous wrecks. She could go to musical comedies, come home, and play the music. She also took lessons and played just beautifully while I was struggling. I do have a good ear, that was one thing I learned. I quickly shifted to Miss Martin who was gentler because Miss Barker had a ruler and she would rap you on your knuckles if you kept hitting the wrong keys. I got mine rapped more than once, but I never did tell on her or maybe I did and that is how I got changed over. Tap dancing was lots of fun and she had teenage assistants who would make us practice certain steps until we learned them. Once a year Miss King had her students give a performance at the Worth Theatre. In those days the movie theatre had a man who played the organ. His name was Billy Muth. During intermission there was a musical performance. Once a year on a Saturday, all of Miss King's talented clients got to be in the chorus, we did no solos. The daughter of a very prominent Jewish family on the north side, the Dancigers, would come and put makeup on us. Her name was Baby Ruth, an only child of a typical Jewish mother. She would apply lipstick and rouge and it was fabulous. We would dance out on the stage. The finale was always the *Stars and Stripes Forever*. It was fun and glamorous being back stage. I must have been nine or ten and still dancing away. I took music lessons for years, probably until I went off to boarding school. We had a beautiful Steinway piano at home, it was a player piano that you put rolls in and I was enchanted. Mother had musical comedies and also classical music on it and I guess that is where I first heard classical music. They had a band at Arlington Heights when I went there. Stripling High also had a band. Backing up to the fourth grade, we had a woman, Miss

Boyle, who was not warm and fuzzy. We also had a male teacher, Wayne Stokes. We stayed an extra half year at North High Mount before we went to Stripling.

By that time I had started great friendships with Nancy Graves whose brother is the writer. I had my first crush on John Graves. I still think he hung the moon. Most of my friends did not have a brother like I did. There were Cynthia Brants, Nancy, Betty Claire Schmid, Mary Adele Landreth, and myself. We just sort of got to be the group and later on there was something of a ritual in going to town on Saturday and going to the Fort Worth Club and having lunch and going to the movies. Of course, I had a chauffeur and everybody would come to my house and he would take us, pick us up, and bring us home. Cox's was on the first floor of the Fort Worth Club Building and I was allowed to go in there and buy any record I wanted. They were 78's. Then we would go across the street to the Fair Store. Then we would go across the street north of Barber's Book Store to where the man sold stamps. I probably started collecting stamps in the fourth grade. You could go to Mr. Reimer's and buy a whole packet of stamps and then you bring them home and put them in albums. American stamps weren't particularly interesting, so it was always the foreign countries. I think that was a great way to learn geography because it is usually taught so poorly in schools. A friend of mine took geography in college and said that it was the most exciting course he had ever taken.

Ohan: I know the person who teaches it at TCU and he is fantastic.

RCS: It can be but I had to plow through it because it just wasn't very interesting. Being eye-minded, it would have been better if there had been something to see like the stamps. I have always thought a child should be encouraged to collect anything, be it rocks or whatever because it starts that process of inquisitiveness. We use to spend hours doing it. There wasn't much homework. I got good grades until I got to Stripling High School. Mathematics was my downfall. I had a man teacher who told me that my brother had done very well and he was sure that I would too. As a result, he spent little time helping me. Everybody assumed that I would do well with mathematics because of my other grades which were good. I would have been scorned if I had brought home anything but an A on a report card. I use to be in spelling bees. The first time I ever went in a car with a boy was with John Graves to Paschal to a spelling bee. My friendship with Jeanne Marie Polk who lived two doors over had started. Her brother George was the journalist and her sister Adelaide married William Fuller. She also had a sister Milbury and her baby brother was William Polk who taught at Harvard and is still writing about camel rides through the Sahara. He lived in the Frank Lloyd Wright house on the campus of the University of Chicago. Jeanne Marie and I almost drowned him one day on the nanny's day off. There was a fish pond at the end of the property and we pushed him into it. Fortunately it wasn't too deep. The period of fourth and fifth grades was a very happy time, no traumas or anything. We would go on the train to Los

Angeles and stay at the Ambassador Hotel while Mother looked for a house to rent for a month or six weeks during August. School didn't start until September because of the heat. When school was out in June I went bare foot for most of the summer. I never put shoes on except for some sandals. Mabel would go with us on the train and Stanley would drive the car out. There was always a servants' quarters in these houses we rented. I don't remember Dad ever coming out there with us.

The last house I remember was 910 Beverly Drive. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.'s mother lived next door. He and Joan Crawford were married at the time and they would come there. Will Rogers lived on the corner. We would go to the beach every day, drive down Santa Monica Boulevard until we got to the ocean. It was in the ocean that I really learned to swim. Polio was beginning and if you went in a pool you had to have argyrol drops in your nose and I didn't want any argyrol drops. That was the source of Mr. Alfred Barnes' wealth; he invented argyrol. It had silver nitrate in it and it burned. A law was passed making it mandatory that all newborns had to have silver nitrate drops instilled in their eyes because of syphilis. We would stay at the beach all day. Amon had boys in the neighborhood as friends. Mabel did not go to the beach. Mother would go. Aunt Loma lived out there and I had Phil and Gary, my cousins, to play with. Late one afternoon a huge dirigible went over the house and created a lot of excitement. Once my brother and cousins encouraged me to put beans up my nose. Of course they swelled up and I had to go to the doctor's to have them taken out. Charming episodes in my life. The Depression came and we didn't go anymore. We were just so free and able to go outside and do nothing. It was nothing like it is for children today. We made up our own games. I think I lived in a fantasy world in many ways. My great grandmother got me started on fairy tales and I loved them. I have a daughter and granddaughters who still love fairy tales. Children should be able to have fantasies.

I don't ever remember being lonely. I remember pouting because of not being able to do something. My father would say that someone was going to ride on my lower lip if it came out any further. I guess somewhere along the way mother and dad were having friction, but we never knew about it. It was kept in the bedroom or off premises. Amon caddied and learned how to play golf and he had a horse. It was different for boys. I didn't have a horse but I did finally learn how to ride because there was a cavalry post on Montgomery Street. Colonel Barnhart was the head officer there and he taught some of us girls to ride. Cynthia lived on a farm and her family had horses. I never was very comfortable on a horse. I had had "be careful" drummed into me so much, I guess I was afraid of falling off. I didn't learn to swim properly until I went to camp in 1935. I didn't like the water and I didn't pursue it, so I got really fat. When I went to camp in 1935 I was just five feet tall and weighed 145 pounds. When Dad and my brother came up to camp to see me, I was in a canoe and Amon wanted to know how I could even get into a canoe. I remember going to town and visiting

Dad's office. Sometimes after supper when Dad worked late, we would go downtown and go to the movies with him. He always liked to sit on the right side along the aisle. He didn't like to sit in the middle. He loved the movies. I was taken to New York when I was nine for a visit. I went up on the train with Mother and we stayed at the Ritz Carlton which was at Madison Avenue and 46th Street. I remember leaning out the window and seeing the Chrysler Building. The Empire State was not built until 1936. The elevators at the Ritz Carlton were lovely things, they smelled so good and were open framework.

Ohan: Your father had a suite there?

RCS: Not at that time, later on. Life was very simple and very happy. During the Depression all the banks closed and I don't know where Dad got the quarters he would give us for lunch money. Probably from the newspaper because he brought home handfuls of quarters so that we would have lunch money at school.

I was talking to a friend of mine from California who lived in New York during 1936 and he said it was memorable for them because it marked the completion of the Empire State Building. I told him that my only recollection of the Empire State Building was on a Pathé news reel which we saw in the movies on Saturday afternoons. My brother used to go earlier to the old Oasis Theater. That was when they had all the serials and I never got to go but he and his friends would go over there to the movies. You had to keep going back at a certain time to see whatever serial they were doing. The thing that I do remember was his talking about the *Last of the Mohegans*, which I was never able to get through even though I tried to read it two or three times, it just didn't compute.

Ohan: Why were you not able to go with him?

RCS: Because I was four years younger and he didn't want to be bothered with his baby sister. The latter probably being the main thing. He had four or five friends of his own age, all boys, in this neighborhood and there no other girls in the group, so I would have been in the way.

Ohan: Talk about your mother.

RCS: Now might be a good time to go back to Mother's side of the family. Mother was born Nenetta Wiess, she had no middle name. (Her first name is a combination of Aunt Nena and Aunt Etta.) When Granny Burton was divorced from Perry Wiess she had three young daughters. She married William Gary Burton who had a department store here called Burton and Peale. The girls took "Poppa Gary's" name. Mother was born in Texarkana. Then they moved to Beaumont. That's where the roots of the Wiess family were. Harry Wiess was Humble Oil. Texarkana was the home of Mother's grandfather, Stephen Djalmer Lary. He had a twin brother, O'Leary, who lived on the Arkansas side of Texarkana and grandfather lived on the Texas side. They were Irish immigrants. Grandmother was Emily Carpenter, a staunch Baptist lady. She was one of the founders of the Broadway Baptist Church. They married and had one daughter, Ethiel Lary and then she became Burton. My Mother was her

oldest child. There was my Aunt Olive and my Aunt Loma. When she married Poppa Gary she had another daughter, Emily who was sixteen years younger than my Mother. I have very few young recollections of my grandmother, but my great grandmother and great grandfather used to come and visit us. Since grandmother Lary had had six grandsons before I came, I was the apple of her eye. She was a wonderful lady, very stately. She wore high collars and dipped snuff. There used to be a big Hackberry tree between the properties here and every afternoon she would walk down and gather twigs. I was allowed to peel them so that she could use them to put her snuff in the side of her mouth. I don't know what she did with it because I never saw her spit. One time she was visiting and my brother had been put to bed for the night, but was upstairs crying. She began to get very edgy and said that she would like to go upstairs and rock him, but my father said, no, that he had to learn to go to bed at night. She told him that the child shouldn't cry that long and tried to tell my father that she knew more about raising children than he did; whereupon he said that he had seen the evidence of her child raising and that he didn't want that happening to his son. He was referring to my grandmother, Mrs. Burton.

Judge Lary had come to Fort Worth and he had read the law. In those days, you didn't have to go to law school. He set up an office over on the south side of town. I remember going over to see him once or twice. He was by himself, no law partner. As he got older he would come and visit us. He would always bring the boys licorice and I can't stand licorice. He didn't bring anything for me. He would stay in Amon's room while Amon got relegated to the sleeping porch. Mr. Pa, as we called him, wore union suits with the drop seat. We used to peer through the key hole to see if we could find out what his behind looked like. We never got caught doing that. He was a very handsome man with a stock of snow white hair. I think that that is the reason that Mark Johnson still has a head of hair, one gene. He was kind of gruff and would play with you for a short time. Granny Burton had moved to California because my Aunt Emily had gone to the Pasadena Playhouse, she thought she was going to be an actress. That was in the thirties. Granny Burton was staying at the Huntington Hotel in Pasadena and grandmother would go out there to visit. Granny's one great aspiration was for Emily to meet someone rich to marry. Emily was terribly spoiled. I think grandmother Lary was diabetic or something and she died out there. I remember their bringing her home for the funeral and crying, weeping. That was the first death that I had actually experienced. I had loved her dearly. Granny had had three daughters and then six grandsons. She lived over on Crestline. The house was torn down when the O.B. Leonards bought it. We spent many happy days over there. It had originally been the old Fort Worth Country Club. It was where Vernon and Irene Castle were supposed to dance a special performance when he was killed out at Hick's field during World War I. It was a huge house. Mr. and Mrs. Gladney lived down in the cottage. Sam Gladney was the nicest gentleman, but we were terrified of Mrs.

Gladney because she was huge and could hardly get through the door. Poppa Gary didn't leave her much in the way of finances, so she rented out a part of the house. She never wanted for anything because Dad helped her. Later, Amon and I gave her a charge account at the Bert and Steve Taxi Company. It was a fascinating house with a ballroom.

Ohan: It is a shame that they tore it down.

RCS: It had to come down. It was falling down. It was frame. Upstairs was a big porch that faced south with a swing. There was an old carriage house. It was just a wonderful place for kids. I grew up with boys, it was a while before I had a girl to play with. Of course, I was scorned by the boys who had no use for girls. Visiting the Polks was such fun because in the kitchen there was a marble-top table and their grandmother would make taffy and pour it out onto the table and we would pull it with our buttered fingers. Those are delightful recollections. It was a three-story house with a basement and George Polk lived in the bachelor quarters up on top. There was a laundry chute that went all the way down and we would wrap up in sheets and go sliding all the way down to the basement. Lois, the housekeeper, put a mattress at the bottom for us.

Amon was the oldest; then there was Phil Laughlin who was a year or so younger, he is still alive; then there was Ben Ames, Jr. who died of Leukemia in 1946; and then there was Perry Ames. I guess there were only four older cousins. Gary Laughlin was my age. We had such fun over there. Some of the Live Oak trees that we climbed are still there. Some are dead now from Oak Wilt. We had great childhoods free of worry. Granny didn't have much to do with us. Aunt Loma was the one looking after us and making up things for us to do. She was wonderful. She divorced my Uncle Phil and moved to California where she had a very glamorous boyfriend, Winfield Sheehan, a movie producer and we always heard tales of their glamorous life. Poppa Gary was a wonderful step parent to mother and the girls. He never adopted them but they did take his name. He was a great friend of my father's. He had a heart condition and died suddenly. I don't remember the funeral or any visitations to the house. I remember when the first Mrs. Burney died. We were all at the house on top of the hill watching the hearse drive to the cemetery. That was my first recollection of services like that, I was never taken to a funeral until I was lots older. I don't remember the first funeral I attended.

Granny was always traveling. She had one taxi driver that she hired and she would go down to Waco or Mineral Wells and he would spend the night. We would get these fabulous bills and Amon and I would split them. Amon finally had to limit her to Tarrant County because she would just take off. She never learned to drive a car. She and I really didn't have very much in common. She lived just up from the Connell Memorial Baptist Church. She had a little house and always went bare footed. She had the prettiest feet without a blemish. She never wore shoes that were too tight and always oiled them. You couldn't kiss her because

she always had cream on her face. She was a very handsome lady with beautiful skin which had never been exposed to the sun. She was also probably one of the most selfish ladies I ever knew. Her world pivoted around her. That was what Dad had meant when he made the comment about how she had been raised. After Poppa Gary died, she would spend the winters in New York where she had many friends. The ladies would go everywhere. They played cards, dined out and got all dressed up. She traveled with Aunt Emily trying to find her a prince but that never worked out. I remember when Aunt Emily made her debut. The assembly had its presentation down in the Texas Hotel in those days. Jane Chizum and I were the two flower girls. Granny never had flowers around the grounds of the house. There were some wild Irises on the back hill, Burton Hill. When she sold the house they found some Indian graves on the side and had to dig up a bunch of Indians. We used to find arrow heads. It upset her greatly to use her funds to remove the remains and put them in a cemetery somewhere else.

There again, life was very simple. I don't ever remember wanting for anything. As I grew out of my clothes, there were no extravagances. We had our own garden, milk and eggs. There was always enough food if Dad brought someone home for dinner. Once he brought home Lindberg and Amon was not home. He was down at the caddy shack on the river shooting craps and he caught hell for it.

Ohan: You father had a rather active public life in the 1930s. Do you remember any of his involvement?

RCS: In 1932, Dad had gone to the Democratic Convention to support John Garner for president. He had been Speaker of the House and was known as "Cactus Jack" from Uvalde. He was a very brusque ranch-type man, not handsome but with a stock of white hair. That was the convention at which Franklin Roosevelt was nominated and the paper supported him with Garner as the vice-president. He was vice-president for eight years, stepping aside, as he said, when he had had enough. Later, when I was in boarding school in Washington, they would send the limousine for me to go and visit Dad.

Elliot Roosevelt had fallen in love with Ruth Googins who was from a prominent family here and Dad sort of served as Cupid by keeping the Secret Service and press away from the romance. They got married and lived out at Dutch Branch Farm which Mr. Richardson bought when they divorced. That is the property where the Trinity Valley School is located. As a result of their marriage, Mrs. Roosevelt would come down a lot to visit her son and Ruth and I remember her as being a very nice lady. Of course, she was not a beautiful person to look at but she was so kind, so gentle and so fascinating that you didn't think about her having bad teeth, no chin, etc. After she had the automobile accident and had her teeth fixed when she was in her seventies I thought she looked very nice. She did have that funny way of speaking. The paper carried her column "My Day" for years, at least as long as she was in the

White House. I have a photo of her with my mother and father standing on the steps of an American Airline tri-motor Ford. They flew from Meacham Field to Love Field and mother knew that she wasn't going to like it so she had the chauffeur meet her and drive her home. I remember that Dad had felt for a long time that the property out at Big Bend National Park should be reserved and had gotten together with some land owners and everything was in place to accomplish this. However, Mr. Harold Ickes, Secretary of the Interior, wanted no part of it and kept turning it down saying that there was no money in the Interior Department's budget for the project. On one of Mr. Roosevelt's visits down here, Dad cornered him and told him that he had to do something about this, and Mr. Roosevelt overrode Mr. Ickes and that is how it became a National Park. There was a recent article on the Big Bend National Park citing its virtues and it is extraordinary. I have to say that I have never been out there, but there is a peak named for Dad. This article pointed out that there are more species of plants and birds there that are endangered than any other place in the United States. Also, they keep finding new things blooming there, like a variety of Marigold five or six years ago that nobody had ever seen. So it is a wonderful thing to have done and I don't think we have enough of them.

Ohan: What do you remember about the Centennial in 1936?

RCS: In 1936 the big thing around here was the Texas Centennial and Dad and a group of men had hired Billy Rose to do Casa Mañana, the Pioneer Palace and Jumbo which was in another building for a hundred days at a hundred dollars a day. There a lot of side shows, Sally Rand had something called a "Nude" Ranch instead of a Dude ranch. I met her one time and she did a Casa Mañana performance to which I did go. She danced with a great gossamer bubble and she did something with fans too but I don't think she did fans on stage. They also had shooting galleries with ducks going around. Edgar Hoover came down one time and Dad out-shot him every time.

Pioneer Palace had a stage above the bar and they had what they called the Rose Buds, each weighing about 250 pounds. They did some kind of a performance up there but I was never a witness to it, I wasn't even thirteen yet. There was great uproar in the newspaper because one of the Rose Buds excused herself from one of the performances and had a healthy baby. She hadn't even known that she was pregnant. I read about that in the newspaper. To a teenager Casa Mañana was fabulous. Paul Whiteman, the maestro, came down and when the performance began, the stage was in darkness. Then it lit up and Paul Whiteman with a lighted baton was over on one side conducting the orchestra playing the *Rhapsody in Blue*. Even though it was a hot night, the piece was chilling. The seats were in a semi-circle with tables and you could eat there and watch the performance. That was the first stage show I had ever seen, although I had been taken to a Ziegfield Follies in New York. They had Everett Marshall who sang with a beautiful baritone voice. Billy Rose had hired Dana Sueese to

write some music and she wrote the *Night Is Young and You Are So Beautiful* which Everett Marshall would sing to a fair lady.

Billy Rose had gathered a group of long-legged show girls and there was a young lady, Faye Cotton, who was from Borger, Texas. She wore a gold gown which was so tight she couldn't have worn anything under it, but then she became allergic to it and they had to line it with something. They also had a scene from *Gone With the Wind* in which all the show girls and chorus girls came out in these great costumes with hoop skirts and it was very impressive. There were all types of music, but I don't remember any other songs. They had imported the show, *Jumbo*, from New York and Jimmy Durante was originally in it and I don't even remember the story, aside from its having something to do with an elephant. It didn't go over too well.

Back at Casa Mañana, for the finale, the stage floated and it went back leaving a lagoon in front between the audience and the stage. They had water spouts going up with lights on it and it was really the most glamorous thing I had ever seen and I still remember it with great awe. On the nights that we didn't go, we would sit on the porch after supper and, if the wind was just right from the southeast, you could hear Everett Marshall singing. As a thirteen-year older I was very excited with it.

By that time the girls had given up stamp collecting and moved on to movie stars, writing off to get pictures and autographs of movie stars. Tyrone Power was the beaming light in our lives. I had been to camp the previous summer of 1935, the junior camp over in Mayland, Tennessee, which is up in the Cumberland Plateau and it is just beautiful. That is where I first saw Rhododendrons and huge, gorgeous plants with flowers that I had never seen before.

One of the reasons that I had been sent to camp was that I had begun to put on weight and, therefore, I was at the diet table the whole six weeks, but I didn't lose a pound because of snacking. In 1936 I went to senior camp which was across the lake from the junior camp and it was much more grown up. Our counselor was Frances Frye who later married Marshall Young here, who was a widower with four children. He was courting her at the time and there were no telephones in the cabins, even the bathroom was outside. When she thought we were all asleep, she would take the flashlight and go up to wherever the telephone was. She was obviously very much in love and had stacks of letters. She later told me that they were wonderful love letters. After she and Marshall were married they had a son.

Ohan: What do you remember about your father's art collecting?

RCS: Dad's friend, Will Rogers, had died in 1935 and in 1936 Dad bought his first major oil painting by Frederick Remington, *The First Lesson*. He had also bought nine Charlie Russell water colors from Niedringhaus in St. Louis. I know he had to borrow the money to do it and, since mother wouldn't let him bring them home, they were hanging in his suite of rooms at the Fort Worth Club in 10G, which is where I remember seeing them.

Ohan: Your parents were separated for a time in the 1930s. What do you remember about that?

RCS: Mother and Dad were separated in the 1937 period of time because it was before I went off to boarding school. She had become very restless and Dad was travelling a lot. She said that she couldn't take time to go with him but he would send her and my Aunts Lola and Emily and some friends off to New York on the train and put them up at the Ritz Carlton. They would have a shopping spree in New York for a week and then he would let them come home. He treated all these ladies to these trips. Dad moved out to the Fort Worth Club. When Amon and I would get a childhood disease like chicken pox, measles or mumps, Dad would move out because his mother had died when he was young and he had no clue as to what childhood diseases he had had and he was terrified of catching them. I don't blame him because as an adult it is no fun.

Because of the differences between my parents, Dad was living at the Club. It was really traumatic for me, particularly on Christmas Eve when he wasn't at home, he came Christmas morning. Amon was already in boarding school and it didn't make much difference to him, at least he never talked about it.

Ohan: So it was just you and your mother in the house?

RCS: Yes, and Mother would take trips and Mr. and Mrs. Deakins would move out to stay with me. Mabel, my black nanny, was there and Stanley was the cook, he had been the chauffeur. Alice Rainey came to cook and she began to look after Mother's Pekinese dog who loved Alice very much. Alice got sick and Stanley's aunt, Nanny Moore, did the laundry. Then Dad and Mother got back together and Mildred Scott came to cook. She had two sisters who were cooks and they were all famous for their cooking and all died without giving their recipes to anybody. They would never tell anybody their recipes.

Ohan: You said that your father came back home, when was that?

RCS: He was probably gone eight or nine months. They mended their fences and started over again. When the Wasson Pool came in Dad said that he had enough money for me to go off to boarding school. I think he realized that the situation at home was tense enough that he didn't want me under foot and wisely so. He had a friend, General Patrick Hurley, Secretary of War under Wilson, from Oklahoma, who had two daughters at Madeira and the next thing I knew Dad told me that I was going to school in Greenway, Virginia, which is outside of Washington. He thought it would be a nice place since the Hurley girls went there and I went sight unseen.

General Hurley and his wife lived in Leesburg where they had bought an old house. One daughter was a senior during my freshman year and Ruth, the younger daughter, was in my class. I will never forget when the uniforms arrived along with the summer reading. It was a book on Greek and Roman mythology and I stumbled through it. However, you couldn't read English poetry or even Shakespeare without it because you wouldn't know who they were

talking about. General Hurley outlived Dad because he came to pay his respects shortly after Dad died.

Ohan: What do you remember about your high school experience?

RCS: When I was thirteen years of age I went to Stripling High School and started Latin I. I can remember reading *Ivanhoe* which was the only literature we had, the rest of it was all grammar which I am grateful for. I was reading lots of Nancy Drew mystery stories and struggling with seventh grade math. I was at Stripling for only a short time because Arlington Heights was being built.

In 1937 I was at Arlington Heights High School. I took biology which I liked very much. For Latin we didn't have a very good teacher, she just didn't inspire you. By the time I got to Madeira the next year, I was in a class called Latin II Special B and I barely got through Caesar's campaigns. I never took any pleasure in it but I am grateful for it now because I know it is a wonderful foundation for vocabulary and for my French. Later on the botanical names for flowers would come very easily. The math teacher was just awful but he had my brother and Amon was very good at math. All he said to me was that he knew I would be a good student because my brother was so smart. He never could explain to me so that I could understand those "thought" problems as I call them--i.e. if something was going upstream at 6 mph and the current was flowing at 8 mph, how long would it take you to get somewhere. To this day I do not understand. Once I got into algebra, I was pretty good and I loved trigonometry. Geometry threw me completely and I don't know why because I am so eye-minded. I was a very good speller, we had had phonetics all the way through school, and I was in the spelling bees. I got to the senior ranks and they had the spell offs over at Paschal, it was Central High School in those days.

RCS: When I went to the Madeira School for the last three years of high school, I was not considered a "strong" enough student to take American history. You had to have three years of history. I had World History and something else. In order to graduate, along with two or three other students there, they put together a course in Art History with the teacher who taught Ancient History. Her name was Miss Rotter. I will never forget her to my dying day because she opened a whole other world to me in the study of the history of art. We started with Greece, all of the western world, and we got as far as Napoleon. She took us into the Freer Gallery in Washington. The National Gallery didn't open until the year I graduated so I never was there until later. I remember walking into the Freer and seeing the great bronzes - lost wax technique, *cere perdu*. We went down to one of the study rooms where we were allowed to hold objects, jade and bronze for example. It was wonderful. I have never forgotten that jade is always cool. We were told about what civilization had accomplished in China. To make those bronzes by "lost wax" and the intelligence behind it. It was very

impressive to a seventeen year old. The Chinese developed the “lost wax” techniques which were later carried to Europe and used for bronze casting.

Ruth Hurley married a member of the International Council of the Modern Museum and they lived in Farmington, New Mexico. They lived in Greenwich first and had six or eight kids. Ruth was a tall, gorgeous girl and she dropped out Madeira. There were both day students and boarding students enrolled at Madeira and out of 150 students, only 30 of them were day students. There were a lot of embassy kids there. A German girl was there whose father was some high official under Hitler and in 1939 they were called home. Miss Madeira actually went to Germany in 1939 and visited them and when she came back she told us at assembly all that she had seen. She told us about Hitler’s popularity with the working class because it was the first time they had ever had vacations and were allowed to go to the beach.

She taught the Old Testament of the Bible which you took when you were a senior and it was misery for some of us. She had grown up in Washington and gone to Vassar and had not married until late in life. She married her best friend’s widower after her best friend died and had no children of her own. She was a remarkable lady and very much a Democrat thinking Mr. Roosevelt hung the moon. She was very liberal for her time and not a flagrant feminist, but always stressing that you could do anything that you put your mind to; that you were as educated as any man out there but not to flaunt it.

Ohan: Were you happy to be there?

RCS: Yes, and it was beautiful. It was gorgeous and I had a friend from here who was going there too, Mary Dell Landreth, a neighbor with whom I had grown up. My roommate was Betty Meek from Greenwich, Connecticut, whose father was Samuel Meek. Our room was on the first floor of South Dormitory and my bed was next to the door. We had these rain capes that looked like monks which were heavy wool that was rain repellent. We looked like I don’t know what going back and forth in the rain and I just wish that I had kept mine. As a matter of fact, I think I did but Katrine threw it out when she was cleaning closets.

Betty was a child who had always eaten nursery suppers, eating only once a week with her parents and she was the eldest of three or four children. She was very sloppy, dropping all her wet things on my bed instead of taking it on her side or hanging it up. I finally got so mad with her that I opened the window and threw her stuff out the window on the ground for which I got demerits but it was worth it. We are still fast friends.

I didn’t come home for Thanksgiving, it was Christmas when I came back for Christmas vacation. It was wonderful being back and seeing everybody and when we got back we had to start studying for exams which were right after Christmas break. I was so home sick that I cried and called Mother and Dad but they told me that if I finished that year I could stay home, but once I got through the first year it was fine and it didn’t matter. We use to have dances with just girls, men were not allowed on campus except for clean up crews and

chauffeurs. If a boy did come, you had to meet in the parlor up in the main building. Meals were served in the dining room at tables for six with a teacher or house mistress at each table. Sitting next to the teacher, I learned early on how to act at the table because she corrected with a table knife my sitting at the table with my elbows on the table. We were served by maids and there were bell maids who cleared the tables. The bell maids would also ring bells to get you up, to announce when classes were over, when to go to lunch or dinner and when to go to bed. You could hear it all over the place. There were black ladies who lived up on the third floor of the dormitory who came and cleaned up the place, you made your own bed, of course.

I graduated in 1941 when things were getting pretty tense because of the war, a lot of blacks left to go and work in the city. When I had left camp I was about five feet and weighed 145 pounds, being rather plump. At school I thought I was holding my own. When I went to college I grew to 5'5 ½" or I may have just straightened up.

Ohan: When did your brother stop calling you fat?

RCS: He was at the University of Texas and I had come home while I was a senior at Madeira and started dating a friend of his, one of his house mates. They had rented a house that year. Amon finished his junior year and went into the service in 1942 after Pearl Harbor and went to Fort Knox. Arthur Steel and I were dating and Arthur let it slip that Amon had a car at the university which you were not supposed to have. He had saved his money and was able to buy one. I used to tattle on him terribly just to get even, but I kept that to myself.

Ohan: To use when needed?

RCS: The occasion arose and I told him that I had known for some time that he had a car but had never said anything to Mother or Dad and that sort of solved the problem. We finally got to be great friends. I made some wonderful friends there. In the summer following the junior year they had the college board exams. I don't test well so I decided that I would find some place I could go that didn't make you take college boards and it ended up being Sarah Lawrence. There were six of us from my class that went and my roommate was from Madeira, Patricia Holton and we still keep in touch. It is surprising how strong those friendships were. My girls went off to boarding school, Kate reluctantly but she still has friends just like I did. I am so grateful for having gone because you learn what other people are like when you live with them. It makes a big difference. My first year there one of the house mistresses asked me if I was one of the "Chaaaataas" from Virginia and I had never heard Carter pronounced like that. I told her that I didn't think so. She was from West Virginia and they pronounced Carter Chaaaataa. You get use to all sorts of things. It was certainly a very happy time. We had one shopping day a month when you could go into Washington on the bus. You left at nine o'clock and the head chaperone's place there was at 2022 Street and is now a veterinary clinic, the building is still there. If your parents were in

town and you were going to spend some time with them, they had to go there to pick you up or a chaperone had to take you to wherever your parents were staying. Dad always stayed at the Mayflower, so one of the chaperones would deliver me to his door to him.

Ohan: It was very strict.

RCS: Yes, and you were allowed only on certain streets which consisted of an area of eight blocks. There were two movie houses on those streets, so you went to two movies at least. You had to be back at the chaperone's at five o'clock. We didn't do much shopping but we gorged on candy and chewing gum. We would sing going back on the bus. Everybody had to take choral which is the study of singing and of course I can't carry a tune in a basket. Early in the morning before you left for Christmas vacation, a group of choralers, made up of those girls who could harmonize would come around about five in the morning before light and sing Christmas carols. It was magical, they sang so beautifully. It was so much better than that damned bell.

There was a big Christmas tree in the living room of the main house and the night before we left for Christmas vacation there was singing and Miss Madeira would read two things: one was Bradford's *How Come Christmas?* which is censored now because it is all in Negro dialect, but I have a copy and the story is about how Santa Claus and baby Jesus got together, it is an enchanting story. Then she read the story of the *Gold Spider Webs* of which I have a copy and I read it to my grandchildren on Christmas Eve. It is the story of how the Christmas tree is all decorated and how all the creatures in the household came to see it came on Christmas Eve and it was all ready for the children with presents under it. Nobody invited the spiders to come to see it so the spiders petitioned baby Jesus to let them see the tree which He did and in so doing, they left webs all over it. When the Blessed Lord looked at the tree He realized that it was not very pretty and He turned all the spider webs into gold. It is a wonderful story.

There would be cider and doughnuts. All these were eastern traditions which I didn't know about.

Ohan: You were at Madiera when your parents decided to divorce.

RCS: Yes. In the fall of 1940 Mother decided that she was going to leave home. Dad had taken me to school and I was not aware of it. I had sneaked a little battery radio and one Sunday night I had accidentally gotten Walter Winchell and he broadcast the fact that Mother and Dad had split. That was the first news I had about it because nobody had told me and I was really upset. My roommate told Miss Tilghman, the house mistress on the floor, and the next morning I was called up to Miss Madeira's house for breakfast. In the meantime, I didn't hear anything from anybody at home, Mother or Dad. Miss Madeira was very soothing and I can still see her, she still had on her night dress and robe and she talked to me about why some people had problems. She told me that I must remember one thing: they got into this

all by themselves, before I was born and they had had all those years together, and that I was not a part of it anymore. She wanted me to remember that, whatever they wanted to do, they must leave me out of it and not involve me in anyway or put pressure on me to take sides. That was a good warning, but parents do that, I did it to my own children when their father left. It is just human nature or revenge, wanting them to know that you weren't the one who started it all.

Ohan: At that point, you Mother and Dad were living here by themselves?

RCS: Yes. What I didn't know was that Dad had moved to the end of the house in Amon's room. Amon was at the University of Texas and I don't know where he stayed when he came home. Mother was in the master bedroom and she just picked up and left.

Ohan: Did she stay here in Fort Worth?

RCS: No, she went to New York. Apparently, she had met a man with whom she thought she was in love but it turned out he was married to a devout Catholic who would not give him a divorce. That lasted a long time and she didn't move home until after Sheila was born in 1947. They were divorced in February of 1941 because when they came to graduation, she was involved in the divorce. Looking back, I did not know many people in school with divorced parents and I can remember feeling strange about it.

Ohan: Did one of them actually call you and tell you?

RCS: I don't remember, but I think Miss Madeira must have called Dad because Mother had already left and moved to New York. She had taken this man down to Austin and introduced him to my brother.

Ohan: So, Amon knew before you?

RCS: Yes, he knew about it for a long time.

Dad had known about this or anticipated it in advance. I never asked because I didn't think it was any of my business. That Christmas she wasn't at home and Mr. and Mrs. Deakins had moved to the house and were firmly implanted which was not to my liking.

Ohan: Were they there to stay now?

RCS: Yes, they stayed even when Dad was back. They were in the back apartment area which had been Amon's room, but they kept their little house which they call their "little shirttail" over on Mistletoe Avenue. Carl ran the Texas and Pacific Cold Storage which is the building on Lancaster, a huge building before you get to the post office. The trains would unload the things for cool storage and I can remember going in where they had onions and having to get out very quickly. They had refrigerated rooms where things were stored until the various grocery stores would pick them up. There were big delivery trucks that all headed in there and he was in charge of the whole operation of that whole structure and business which was owned by the T & P Railroad. They are looking at it now on the Lancaster Corridor Development as a place for condominiums or apartments because it has a lot of steel in it and

it would cost a fortune to tear it down. Apparently it has been preserved very well although it is not particularly a thing of beauty.

Ohan: It is definitely a landmark.

RCS: Yes. The Deakins moved in and there I was when I came home on the train after graduation. My graduation day was the first time in the twenty-five years since the school had been started that it rained. There was a natural amphitheater there and the girls walked down the hill in their white dresses carrying red roses and the people attending were sitting in chairs going up on the bank. It poured rain and we had to graduate in the gymnasium and I don't even remember who gave the graduation speech, I obviously wasn't impressed. Then we all went into town and I remember crying all the way into town. It was like cutting the umbilical cord. I had been accepted at Sarah Lawrence by that time and I hadn't applied any place else. So, I knew where I was going and Mother was living in New York. That was sort of a way of taking care of a situation in that I would see her all during the school year and come home here for all vacations which would ease that situation.

Ohan: So you were seventeen or eighteen when you started Sarah Lawrence?

RCS: I was seventeen when I graduated and eighteen the following October. Fort Worth still had only eleven grades and Madeira had twelve. Some of my friends who were just a little older than I were a year ahead of me in school. My graduating class would have been with Cynthia Brants, Betty Claire Schmid and Mary Dell.

That reminds me of something about the freshman year at Madeira's. There was a path that went down to what they called the Black Pond which was below the school. It wasn't really on the Potomac per se and it turned out to be a treasure of biological things. You were not allowed to go down there unless you signed out to go and were with somebody else. Dell was always a rebel and went down there and had picked up a couple of boys which she bragged about to me. I was concerned for her because you didn't know who they were, if they were tramps or what. She was having a great time and was planning to meet them again and do all sorts of things, including smoking which was absolutely forbidden. They would bring cigarettes and she was having a fine old time. Dell was tall and gawky and not all that attractive with big bones and she wore glasses. I think this was helping her self esteem. Her parents were friends and lived just around over there on Rivercrest Road.

I made a judgment and mentioned to one of the senior proctors that I thought she was getting into something that she couldn't handle and that I was concerned. She was my friend and I felt obliged to look after her. She was kicked out and many felt that I should have kept my mouth shut. I went to her mother and father and tried to explain my position to them, that I was sorry that she had been expelled but that she was my friend and I was afraid she would get into serious trouble. I'll never know if they accepted that or not. She was in my wedding and I was in hers, and I still see her around but we have never been terribly close since then.

That happened in the spring right before school let out. I was really ostracized by the student body, particularly my class, for being a tattletale.

That summer we went to Colorado Springs during the heat. At the first assembly at school that next fall it was suggested that I stay in my room because Miss Madeira spoke in my defense and told the whole student body that what I had done was a noble thing and that she would not countenance my being ostracized because the perils afoot down there could have been much worse. I was exonerated in the eyes of the student body. It gave you pause for thought, but to this day I still think that I did the right thing. Dell hated the school and didn't like anything about it, and I think she transferred to another school in the northeast. She married and everything was fine.

There was another thing that happened that first Spring. Miss Susan Coyle, the assistant head mistress, taught Latin although I never had her because she taught Cicero, third and fourth year Latin. She was a great aficionado of Mr. Jefferson and had taken all of his garden notes and identified all the wild flowers that he had at Monticello and found them on the property of Madeira, many of them down at Black Pond. So, we had three or four field trips down there that spring for the first plants, the arbutus came out first, and it was exquisite. I remember so well seeing that little pinkish flower underneath and of course you had to know what to look for because they sort of hide under rocks because they need the shade.

Ohan: Do you think your love for gardening began there?

RCS: Some of it is genetic but that is where I learned the Latin names because she insisted on that. It was a long time before I knew the common name of these plants. So I will be eternally grateful to her for that and I was able to tell her that.

I used to go back and see some of these teachers and, off campus, they would have cocktails and some even smoked. It was very interesting. I don't think Miss Madeira ever smoked but she did drink bourbon whiskey. After she had called my father on the carpet for allowing Mrs. Deakins to send me a very abusive letter my senior year, he placed in one of the drawers of my trunk two big packages which were very securely packed in brown paper. I had no idea what they were but I was told to deliver them to Miss Madeira when I got to school. I did not know until the day of graduation that they were two bottles of his finest, oldest bourbon, and she told me what they had been.

I graduated on the sixth day of June, came home and had a house party of three girls from school.

Ohan: Let's talk about the transition to the other school, Sarah Lawrence.

RCS: I had made straight A's all my life here in the public schools and the highest grade I had on my first report card from Madeira was a C-. My father got on the telephone and read me the riot act, to think that he was spending eighteen hundred dollars a year to send me to school and I was not applying myself and was coming up with such grades. Well, I was in tears

anyway because I thought I was working very hard, but obviously I did not know how to study. I had never learned how to properly study. That summer before going to Madeira I had read Greek and Roman Mythology and one other book that we had had to read for English for summer reading. When I got to class and started reading Richard II, I was way over my head because I had never read anything but *Ivanhoe*. I was struggling with Latin, Algebra, ancient history, and beginning French which I loved.

The teacher Mademoiselle Annette was a very gracious lady and never spoke a word of English in the classroom or on the campus if she saw you. Taking those classes was really a load. We had French three times a week but everything else we had five days a week.

Classes started at 8:30 in the morning, we had lunch break, study halls in between, athletics, and study hall again from 5:00 to 7:00. After dinner you had study hall again from 8:00 to 9:00 and the homework was ample. Every weekend you had forty lines of memorizing and a 250-500 word theme assigned in class plus twenty words of vocabulary. We didn't have anything else to do.

Ohan: So, a C+ was good.

RCS: I was heart-broken because I thought I had worked so hard. That first year I finally got a couple B's, but I made only one A while I was at Madeira School.

Ohan: What was that in?

RCS: Chemistry. I did get a B+ in English under Miss McFadzean, a marvelous Scot lady. We froze to death in her classroom because she would open all the windows. She was dressed in heavy tweeds and we were in our little uniforms of gabardine dresses with shirts and ties and lyle stockings to keep our legs warm and oxfords. Spring and fall uniforms were green cotton rompers with a button-over skirt--charming. I wish that I had saved one but I didn't. I wrote Miss McFadzean's exam on a question about *Macbeth*, I filled up a whole blue book on it and got an A on the exam. However, we also did something called practical précis writing which was the hardest thing I ever did. You had to condense the meaning of a whole paragraph down to two or three sentences or as tight as you could get it. I had geometry my junior year which I barely passed. English that year was with a marvelous lady, Miss Anderson, who was so enthusiastic about what she was doing. We did a good bit of grammar but it was wedged in between literature. I have forgotten what the summer reading was, we always had two or three books to read and we would be tested on it when we got back to school. That year I went to New York with Dad for Thanksgiving and went to see Maurice Evans in *Richard II* which was my first Shakespeare on the stage.

Ohan: I always quote part of that to my class when I am doing that part of Western civilization.

RCS: It is just so wonderful and special. My second year of French was with Mademoiselle Dedieu instead of Mademoiselle Annette. She was a little bitty lady who always wore very high heels and always a black dress. We had a test, *petit dicté*, about every two or three weeks and she

would give us fair warning. She would aloud in French and you had to write down what you thought she had said. It was terrific discipline to write a language. We were always conjugating verbs, just constant repetition. We read wonderful fables in French and we memorized them. I didn't take world history because I wasn't a strong enough student. The junior year I had English, French, math, and biology. The lady who taught biology was so prim that she blushed at the very thought of mentioning the human reproduction system. I had learned to dislike frogs and toads when Amon used to bring them home from a nearby pond. He was always playing tricks on me. He would tell me to close my eyes and hold out my hands and then he put a handful of crawly worms in my hands. I still don't like to pick up a worm. In biology we first had worms which had been pickled and we were supposed to run our fingers up them and I wasn't going to do that. When we had a shopping day I bought some rubber gloves and I wore them to class. At first she wanted me to take them off, but I said that I could feel them through the rubber gloves so she allowed me to wear them. Then we had the frogs and they were big huge things. With gloved hands I cut into one and it was so full of eggs that I could see any other organs. I tried to scoop the eggs but I couldn't find anything in the frog. Somehow or other I managed to pass and I did enjoy biology. There was just enough botany in it that I got through. I knew that I would never be a biologist.

Senior year we had Miss McFadzean for English. Most of the teachers were either widows or maiden ladies, nobody had a husband that I know of. They had nothing else to do but dedicate themselves to us and teach us everything they could possibly cram into our heads. That year I also had French III with Mademoiselle Annette, chemistry, and history of art instead of American history which they conjured up for about five of us who were not strong students. I got mostly C's and a few B's.

Ohan: What did you get in the art history class?

RCS: I got a B+. We started out with the Chaldeans and went all the way up to Napoleon's reign and then we ran out of time. We were taken into a gallery of Eastern Art because Miss Guest, a friend of Miss Madeira, was a curator there and she came out and lectured to the whole school. Our class was taken there and down into one of the seminar rooms and she brought out jade for us to pick up and hold in our hands. This was so wise because jade is always cool and these were very hard stones which had been carved into beautiful objects for different purposes of household or for religious reasons. We learned about the collection of bronze vessels which is in that museum. She explained how it was done and that the Chinese had done it before anybody had. The science had been perfected in that civilization before it was ever adopted in Europe. It was just fascinating. That was the first time I had ever been in a museum because the National Gallery did not open until March of the year I graduated. We were all allowed to go see *Gone With the Wind* our senior year because there were special

performances in Washington. There was a concert series. I have no recollection of what I heard but in the fruit closet at school everybody had records. There was a lady from Baltimore who was training our ears. Before I left Madeira I knew all about Beethoven, not so much Bach, and the beginnings of Mozart. My first year at Sarah Lawrence I took a course in history of music.

Ohan: Just to sort of wrap up, you got a good foundation in Western art history up to Napoleon and an acquaintance with Eastern art and jade and music as well.

RCS: Just a terribly well rounded education, extraordinary. At the last Graduate Theological Union meeting a lady who was a tenured professor in religion at Harvard was talking about the fall off of women in the teaching profession of religion. I asked the question, "Did the decline in single sex education have anything to do with the lack of material going into the teaching of religion by women?" I don't know if she was the product of single sex education, but it caused a lively discussion around the table. I pointed out that I am a product of single sex education from the eighth grade through college. We all felt that we were very privileged because so much emphasis was placed on us and there was never any competition except within ourselves.

At Madeira School your grades were not published and there was no honor roll. It was just what you did for yourself and what you were capable of doing and what you aspired to. There was competition only if you were running for student government or something like that. There were never any grades at Sarah Lawrence so you were never comparing yourself with somebody else. Plus, you had magnificent educators drilling into you in a specific way and the same way that the boys had it at boys school. It is an arguable point, but I felt very privileged to have had the kind of professor and teachers that I did in those very formative years. I think it contributed a great deal to my self esteem and my ability to enjoy the diversity of things that are out there to enjoy.

When I used to go to New York I would go to Mass down on 38th Street and visit with Bishop Fulton Sheen and the subject of my membership in the church came up.

Ohan: He was based in New York?

RCS: Yes, at the time he was the head of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith which was a special commission and they met in Rome under the Holy Father which was an international

organization for the missions. He had come down here specifically as a fund raiser for the Society for the Propagation of the Faith and that is how it got going. He had his house at 38th Street and the offices of the Society were in the Empire State Building.

Ohan: What year was this?

RCS: This was 1963 because we were remarried in the Church in 1964 and that is when I became a Catholic. I did all the sacraments almost in one day. I was baptized, said my first confession and was married. I made my First Communion on September 5th. He came down and baptized Mark in 1960, so this goes back to the fifties.

Bishop Sheen had friends in the Vatican and the next thing we knew, we got a call from the bishop in Dallas telling us that the Rota had said there was no reason to go on with this any further, that it could be handled on a local basis. The Archbishop in San Antonio got into the act and got all the papers. The bishop in Dallas, Bishop Gorman, called and told us that we could go ahead and set a date for the wedding. In the meantime, unbeknown to me, mother and Bishop Gorman had gotten together and had agreed that we go over to Dallas to the bishop's chapel and be married. I put my foot down and said that I wasn't going to go Dallas. Monsignor Langenhorst was my confessor and he had given me my instructions. In canon law and since I was not yet Catholic I didn't have to abide by the bishop. It was my choice if I was going to do all this. Mother had never consulted me about what she had done, she just told me what she had done. I told her it was none of her business, this was my business.

In the meantime, I had a friend, another convert, who was coming down from Indianapolis who was going to be my godparent. We set it all up so that I could go to Saint Patrick's in the morning, be baptized and go to confession. They kept saying that I shouldn't make a big production out of this. The Carmelite nuns were over on Sunset Terrace and I called Mother Superior and asked if we couldn't get married in the Carmelite chapel. She agreed. This was all in September of 1964. When the bishop found out that I wasn't coming back to Dallas, he sent his ambassador to tell us that the papers had not arrived which would allow us to do all this. We needed these papers and I had felt that these papers would not have gotten up here from San Antonio in time.

I was just heart broken because we had all these plans, Bebe and granddad were having a dinner for us and all the children were coming. They were all so excited that their mother was coming into the Church. I felt very badly for everybody. So I told Lee that I was going to call the bishop and tell him that since he had backed off of this thing and said he can't do it, we would cancel the plans. Also, I would tell him that since he had done this, when we had the papers in our hands, Lee and I would fly to New York and be married by Bishop Sheen. Lee said that was fine, do whatever I wanted. So, in essence that is what I did. In about two hours, we had another phone call. It was Bishop Gorman and he said that under the circumstances he felt he could acknowledge these papers, that he knew all about them and all

they needed was a signature and so forth and so on and that it was all right to go on with our plans. So we went ahead and got married at the Carmelite Chapel, which was here in Fort Worth on Summit Avenue.

The Discalced Carmelites had come down here from Oklahoma City and had been invited into the diocese. So, they were looking for a house. I didn't know what a Carmelite nun was, I didn't have a clue. Father John Curley, a great Jesuit friend of ours from New Orleans, had told the nuns to call me. They had driven down here from Oklahoma City in an old Buick, there were 3-4 of them, in their heavy habits, like Franciscans. It was the hottest July day that you could imagine. We gave them lunch and then they wanted to go and look at possible sites for the monastery. We called up somebody and couldn't get him so we went over to the old Beall house on Sunset Terrace. It was for sale, but needed a lot of renovation. And for a group of nuns to move into a residential neighborhood was something. The lady next door threatened to go to court and said that they just couldn't do this.

Ohan: You would think it would be good to have nuns there.

RCS: Finally, they did prevail and the neighborhood was very pleased to have them there and they made plenty of friends. The lady next door, after the first year, realized they didn't have radios or things like that, and she would put her radio in the kitchen window and turn it up real loud when the news came on so that they could hear the news. She ended up leaving them her property and house. It was a wonderful gift.

But they outgrew it and that is when they looked for the property in Arlington. They are still having problems. The City of Arlington wants to do some things with right-of-way and the nuns don't have a very good lawyer. There is a book about the Carmelite Order. It's the whole history of where the Carmelite Order came from and the great Saint Theresa who reformed it and brought it up to snuff and also their history in this country. They are so devoted to Saint Joseph, the father figure. They take his statue outside and bury him until he answers their prayers. These women are terribly well educated and they have this tremendous faith.

I was thirty-eight years old when I was pregnant with Mark. Having made it to that stage, all sorts of things can go wrong, at least you think they can. So, I called Mother Maria and said that I was going to have this child and I needed her prayers. They were so excited, "they had never had a baby before." I used to go and visit. They have this room they called the speak room and if it is somebody they are very close to, they draw the curtains. Otherwise, they are behind the grill, which is their protection from the public so that they are not distracted. So I'd go over and we would chat. As soon as Mark was born, of course I called J. Lee to tell him he had a brother, and everybody else was there, I called the nuns to tell them that we had a very healthy nine-pound baby boy. When Mark was about two weeks old, Archbishop Sheen called and asked if my son would like to become a Christian that weekend and I said

sure. So we got all that done and I decided that I should take the baby over and show him to the nuns. I went into the speak room and there is a "turn" in which I thought I would put the baby so that they could all have a look at him. But, no male is allowed in the Carmelite cloister, so I had to show him to them outside in the speak room. Those are the rules. We had lots of laughs about that. They are marvelous ladies. All they do is pray. They also have to earn their living some way or other, so they make the altar breads.

Ohan Where are they in Arlington?

RCS: They are on Sublett Avenue. I'm not too sure, I've only been out there a couple of times and I have to have a map every time I go. It's quite beautiful, they have a lot of property which they bought, but the city has been whacking at this and whacking at that. They have had their problems. They do go out to the doctor. They have their infirmary but there are occasions when they have to be hospitalized.

One of the first things they had to do when they arrived was to go shopping for a refrigerator, a sewing machine, and telephone so I took them to Leonard Brothers. They had never seen an escalator. It was like having teenagers in a department store. They just had never seen anything like it before. Most of them had entered as novices when they were seventeen or eighteen. Mother Teresa who was the mother superior was an older lady at least in her sixties when she came down here. Their heavy habit were so heavy and it was hot as blazes in there. I suggested that they have air conditioning and she said that they would have to get special dispensation because it was something that was artificial. There is a classic story about a group of Carmelite nuns near Brussels. It was extremely cold and the Cardinal told them to have fires, but as penance for everybody's sins, they didn't light them. The Cardinal scolded them and the mother superior told him that they had the fires but he hadn't told them they had to light them. I thought their not having air conditioning was ridiculous because if you are so hot, I don't care how staunch you are, you can't properly pray and concentrate. So we got something going and they had to get special dispensation from the bishop, but it got done. It is like dealing in the Middle Ages. Air conditioning is natural in Texas.

Ohan: After you were married in 1946, where did you live?

RCS: When we moved back here in 1949 we moved in with my husband's parents. Having graduated from Notre Dame, Lee Johnson had to study before taking the Texas bar exam. He would go down to Austin and stay at a hotel and I would go down over the weekends. Lee took the bar exam in April and he had already gotten a job with Cantey Hanger. We were still living at the Johnson's. In the meantime we had found a house that was being built over on Washington Terrace which mother gave to us. It was a wonderful house and is still there. We also bought the corner lot next to it which made a great place for the children's playground and for flower gardens.

On the 14th or 16th of May we had a torrential rain and the levees broke down on the Trinity and Fort Worth was flooded. It rained for twelve hours straight. Somehow Lee managed to get downtown to work but by noon everybody downtown was stranded. The railroads put on cars and he went to T&P station, got on a train and they brought him out to the round house area. So we all drove over there to pick up our husbands. Fortunately Mrs. Johnson was an old timer and she had filled all the bathtubs with water. The next morning before all hell broke loose, I went over to the new house because we were gradually moving in, and filled those bathtubs with water and we were able to flush the toilets. This became increasingly necessary because we were without water for three days. I took Sheila over to Sam and Betsy Cantey's who lived in Westwood, they had well water. I took her over there to give her a bath, the first one in three days. The sun came out the next day and was a wonderful day but it was devastating to the people who lived north of Montgomery Ward. There was a bunch of apartments there and they were all flooded. Water came up to the second floor of the Montgomery Ward Building and the yuck that was left was full of chemicals and it was a mess. That was the reason that the Corps of Engineers was brought in later to clear and widen the canal and they took out all of the "meanders" and cut down a lot of trees along the river so that the water could flow straight through. The levees had broken because the water had gotten backed up. We all had to go and get Typhoid shots. It was really terribly inconvenient. Nobody could get to work who lived on the other side of town because there were no freeways in those days.

Ohan: Were the bridges washed out?

RCS: They weren't washed out but they weren't stable. Seventh Street Bridge was completely out. The bridges were fine because they were up high. It was memorable to put it mildly. Dad's water downtown was turned on first and we drove downtown to the Fort Worth Club to his room, 10G, to take baths and to shower. After a week it was marvelous. I guess we had bottled water, I don't remember. So, we survived the flood.

Ohan: How long did it take for the water to go down?

RCS: I think it went down pretty quickly but the debris it left behind took months to clear. In order to insure that this would never happen again, the city council brought in the Corps of Engineers. At that time we had the Fort Worth Water Board which was an annually elected group. Mr. Joe Hogselt was the founding father of that. It was to supervise the Trinity River and the water works which had been flooded. The Corps of Engineers came in pretty quickly and started up on University because Colonial Golf Course was under water and Forest Park animals drowned. That part was very low and all the trees clogged the river. It meandered and was very beautiful, but they had to go in there and straighten the river out so that excessive water went straight through to Dallas, or at least to the convergence. The Clear Fork flooded. The West Fork comes in and joins at the bluffs where the Court House is and

then the Elm Fork picks up and goes on to Dallas. They had cut down huge trees and it looked so barren that it sparked the motivation for the Streams and Valleys to repair the damage. In the meantime, the city had turned its back on the river, it was polluted, but that comes much later. We decided to reforest that whole area.

Ohan: If you all built that house in 1949, when did you build this house?

RCS: We moved in here in 1957. We had to add on to that house because of extra children. It started out as a three-bedroom house and we added a playroom, made the kitchen bigger and added a whole bunch of stuff. It was wonderful for the children because of that big corner lot. We had fenced it in and planted trees and I had a little green house. We had cats and dogs and Sheila had an Easter duck, Cinderella, that turned out to be a drake, but it was a wonderful watchdog. It wouldn't let anybody come near Sheila. After the flood, some group started taking pet ducks down to Trinity Park and there is now a duck crossing. We took Cinderella down to the park and deposited her there. She was a big beautiful white duck and we didn't have anymore ducks. One year my friend, Mrs. Windfohr, gave the children a donkey for Christmas. We kept him penned out on the corner lot. She gave us the male and we named him Robert. She gave my sister-in-law and her family the mare, Annie. They were Sicilian donkeys that Mr. Adolphus Busch in Saint Louis had brought over and started raising. They were miniatures. We had a cart made and I could drive the two-wheel cart with two of the children in it. The fool thing would never go over a grate, as many animals won't, but we couldn't use it to go to my mother-in-law's because she had a big drain across the driveway. I could drive this cart up and down Washington Terrace and all around Rivercrest. Lee Johnson looked after him, but we finally had a black gentleman, Louis Ivory, come to work for us and he took care of Robert, the yard and stuff. One morning we heard this god-awful sound and a wasp or bee had stung Robert and he learned that he could bray. That was the beginning of the end because he was so proud of finding his voice that he used it frequently. We finally had to find a home for Robert.

At that time the children's father was the president of the Park Board and we went to the zoo frequently. He was responsible for desegregating the zoo. At that time, black people were able to go to the zoo only one Sunday a month. We spent weekends at the zoo because it was a wonderful place for the children with the animals. You could take a picnic and there was the merry-go-round, it was wonderful even for birthday parties. I believe it was somebody who worked for us commented to us about the segregation. At the next meeting as president of the Park Board Lee said that had to stop. From then on there was no segregation whatsoever. There were no separate water fountains or separate anything and they went whenever they pleased.

Ohan: Do you know what year that was?

RCS: Probably 1954 or 1955. I am not sure. At that time Mr. Hamilton Hittson was the director of the zoo. Ham found out that both donkeys were for sale and he must have advertised because some man drove down from Oklahoma in his old Pontiac and drove up to our house at 1209 Washington Terrace and somehow loaded that donkey into the back seat, latched the cart onto a trailer and drove off. That was the last we saw of Robert but we did hear that he wanted to breed Robert who had not been properly gelded. I don't know what became of that. We also had rabbits and every kind of animal for the children. There was a sidewalk for them to learn to skate and ride bicycles. For J. Lee's third birthday on September 27, we had a birthday party for him out on the lawn as we usually did with ice cream and cake. His gift was a second-hand Electrolux vacuum cleaner because he was fascinated with plugging in just anything, and he had burned himself by putting hairpins into plugs. In those days you didn't have those little plastic protectors. He was so excited that he hardly went outside for his ice cream and cake. He was allowed to plug the thing into any plug in the house and he had to carry the thing around that they were heavy in those days. It was the canister type on wheels. I have wonderful pictures. Ferenc Berko, a wonderful photographer, he just died, had been hired by Walter Paepke in Aspen to do some photography, but in the spring and summer he would moonlight and he took some wonderful pictures of my children.

He would send you contact sheets and you would select the ones you wanted. All these pictures hanging here in this gallery are ones that he took. Fortunately they are all in black and white. There are some wonderful ones taken over on the old lot, there is one of Karen taken peeking through the fence slats looking as if she sees something and it is absolutely fabulous. There is another one of Kate all dressed up in a wonderful dress that mother had brought home from Paris in her white high top shoes just sitting blowing on something. They are just wonderful pictures.

Dad had remarried in 1947 and Minnie moved into the house at 1220 Broad Avenue. Stanley Moore had come to work for dad and mother before I was born, working as house man, chauffeur, and then he became a cook. He and Minnie were having some kind of problem and dad called before Christmas and asked if I would like to have Stanley come and work for me. Up to that point I was doing the cooking, learning on my own and had become pretty good. I gladly accepted and Stanley came and it was just wonderful because at that time I had three children. I also had my Mable who had been my nanny, because she and Minnie couldn't get along. I can understand how it would be difficult to have another woman's servants and it gave me extra hands around the house. We also had a wonderful nurse who came with Karen, Mrs. Blevins, and she stayed until Kate was two or three and then she retired. When mother and dad were divorced, in the early forties after Amon came back from the war, they gave Amon and me the property up there, all of it up there including this land about fifteen acres, there were three lots. Dad made us give Minnie a lot out of it which is

still empty because she had built a big garden on it. It was quite a transaction but in those days gift taxes were practically nothing. Dad had started a stamp collection for Amon and me and there was Amon's coin collection. I wasn't really interested in the two collections so Amon swapped with me, the land for the collections. He took the collections and I took all the land.

Lee and I had started talking about building another house because that one was no longer expandable and we had had another child and had outgrown it. So I went to Joe Pelich and we were going to build on the lot on Alta Drive where Mrs. Smith's house is. I wanted a one story house because I was tired of running up and down stairs so Joe designed a very nice house but it just did not suit us. In the meantime, Lee had left the law firm because his father had become president of the First National Bank and he went to the family business which was the Cicero Smith Lumber Company which had its chief offices in Fort Worth in the W.T. Waggoner Building. The lumber yards were all over West Texas and the nearest one was near Electra and there were a couple in Oklahoma just across the border. It was a family business and, frankly, Lee had no choice. He had told his father that he would do it before he consulted his mother and me. In a way, it was a good thing, but he had left his law career which he loved, he would have been a fabulous trial lawyer. His mother was so mad at his father that she didn't speak to him for two weeks. His father had simply called him up and said that Marshall Fuller had left and that if he was going to become the president Lee would have to do the family business. And he said, "Yes, sir."

Ohan: Is he still alive?

RCS: The children's father, Lee Johnson? Yes, he just turned 83. The move to Cicero Smith brought about a lot of other things. Dad recuperated and we just paid off Mr. Pelich, telling him that wasn't what we had in mind. This plot of land is so dear in my heart, this is where I grew up. My roots are down here in the garden rather than up there in the house. After Dad and Minnie were married, he leased the 1220 Broad property from Amon and me. In those days my husband had to join in because I was not a *femme sole*. A woman was still a chattel under Texas law. He had to co-sign every Division order. I didn't know any better, but I soon learned. Dad said that we could have it and took this piece of property out of the lease. We kept fudging about where the fence was going to go because Minnie was determined to put a fence up. The land slopes pretty much and I said that I didn't want to be hanging over the cliff down there. We were looking at a one story house which takes up more room, but we finally agreed where the property line would be. Then, she put up her fence. She spent a lot of money knowing that dad's life was shortened, contracting a lot of work while dad was still in the hospital. Even when he was dying she made lots of arrangements that the estate had to pay for. It was the joy of my life when I got to tear that fence down. According to the terms of the will, she could live in the house as long as she kept it up which she didn't.

Ohan: He owned the house and you owned the property?

RCS: I owned all the property and he leased the house. All he did was to keep it up, he didn't pay the taxes or the insurance.

Ohan: So, he had a separate agreement with you?

RCS: It was a separate lease done before he died. It was a warm day in 1954 and I can remember his walking down his driveway. He had already sold the lot next door to Joe Maxwell and there was a path coming down along a stone wall which is still there. He was frail but he came down and we agreed on the property line. He continued to recuperate, but had another heart attack and he died the following June.

Somewhere along the way, there was a marvelous magazine published by Fortune Time-Life called the Art and Architectural something and it was two volumes. It was the magazine of building, one was the civil architecture and the other was domestic architecture. Lee would bring these magazines home from the office and there was beautiful photography. We were talking about building a house and we kept seeing the houses of this man that we thought were fascinating, his name was Harwell Hamilton Harris, but he was in California. All these houses were up in northern California and he had done some notable houses for members of the faculty at Berkeley. He was also very involved in documenting the Pasadena architects Greene and Greene and the San Francisco architect Bill Würster. It turned out that Mr. Harris was the dean of the School of Architecture at the University of Texas and Lee was on the board of regents. He was on the board of regents from 1955 to 1961 and had been appointed by Governor Allen Shivers. I think we were the only husband wife to serve on the board because I was appointed by Governor Connelly from 1963 to 1969. We went to Austin and met Mr. Harris who then came up here and we walked the property on the hottest August day I can ever remember. I was belly button deep in Johnson grass and I came out full of chiggers, it was awful. This was after Dad died so it was August of 1955.

The process was fascinating. He was head of the school and got his students to do a model, a clay model of just the shape of the building and how he could envision it sitting on the property. He was very much a disciple of Louis Sullivan and Frank Lloyd Wright. We spent almost a whole year talking about how we lived, he wanted to know how we entertained, what we did with the children, were they close to us, did they eat with us, how much help we had in the kitchen, etc. As a result, he developed a whole philosophy of this house before he ever put anything down on paper. The first sketch was just a long horizontal piece of building and I would have had to roller skates to get from one end to the other. No stairs, no basement and no attic. We compromised in order to get the structure on the site. He had designed a house in Dallas for the Texas house of the year (*House Beautiful*) and it was built on the Fair Grounds. So, we went over to see that which gave us some concept of his work, having never visited any of his other houses and having seen only photographs. The entry court coming in

gives that sense of procession, walking into a space which has lower ceilings and turning into other areas where the ceiling goes up. It is like an adventure of being large and then a little bit smaller and the change in height was interesting. There were wide doors which were anticipatory of your having to have wheelchairs at some time. The house is built on a four foot module, everything coming out in even fours, timbers, sheet rock and brick, and nothing has to be cut.

It was truly an adventure for me, not knowing anything about architecture and having never built anything before. I had lived in my house growing up and the house over on Washington Terrace and we had rented a house in South Bend. Being in the lumber business, Lee had access to the timbers that went into this structure and there had been a long time family association with the Peavy Lumber Company in Shreveport. Bill Peavy and Lee Johnson literally picked out every major piece of pine that came into this house for the construction. It was pure heart wood and beautiful and there is still not a crack in the whole house. We decided on the cork floors and everything with as easy maintenance as possible with four children and the possibility of more. The Thomas S. Byrne Company was going to build it because they had done everything that I had ever known about. Mr. Byrne was still alive and a wonderful gentleman. Frank Sherwood was their chief person and he had known Mr. Harris at the university. He was assigned to the job for us and Joe Wynn was the foreman who was smart enough to look at the plans and the module and figure out what could be done on the job instead of putting it out for bid to somebody else which saved us a lot of money and time. We broke ground in August of 1956. We did not have a slab foundation. When they put out the string for where the house was going to be, it didn't look big enough, it is strange how that works. We went off for two or three weeks to Colorado because of the heat and it was astounding how quickly they had progressed. Those were the drought years. In 1953 or 1954 in order to keep the grass green, Dad had worked out a deal with Rivercrest Country Club to tap into their water source because their source was the Trinity River down here. I don't think there was a drop of rain during the whole construction which went very quickly and the four-foot module was marvelous. I remember telling Mr. Harris that I didn't like double hung windows because I didn't like seeing that bar across the top so he designed all these windows and you can see that there are no panes. Of course, now some of the mechanism is worn out and you can't get them up or down. The brick came from Wascomb County in East Texas and they have since closed it because they don't have anymore of the clay. I have a little storage of them set aside in case we ever need to replace them.

I had a whole notebook full of clippings of things that I thought I might like to have and the garden was always as much a part of it as the house and I wanted Thomas Church from San Francisco to do the garden. He had done some work for Mrs. Windfohr and she put me in touch with him. He had know Harwell on the West coast and he came down. Ordinarily, I

think that Mr. Harris would have designed a garden. Anyway, Tommy came down and looked at the site and the plans, and everything in the garden is in four foot modules except one set of stairs which he said that he just couldn't do. That all worked together. The house was finished in six months flat which is incredible when you look back on it. When we signed the contract, Mr. Harris said that there would be no change orders which is very wise. Once we agreed on the plans and the details, there would be no changes. We realized that things were proceeding so fast that we had money above what the labor was going to cost. We had signed a contract with Mr. Byrne for a certain amount. So we went back and changed some hardware and instead of having tile around the basins we put marble. These were simply changes in choices. We actually saved enough money on the contract to be able to build the tool house and garden house and to put in the garden walls. That was the other thing that Mr. Church did. Using concrete blocks for retaining walls he and Mr. Harris worked out an arrangement whereby a pigment was put in the concrete so that they were more in keeping with the color of the brick. It was not that awful gray stuff. We used the wrong side of the brick and a special mortar color that Mr. Harris calculated which gave it an entirely different look. The red wood that we used had a special stain. The house has stood up enormously well.

Ohan: Have you made changes internally.

RCS: Actually we did, there was a door off of this dining room that went into the pantry and we closed that up. We weren't using it and didn't need it. When we knew Mark was coming, Mr. Harris made two designs, one if he had been a girl, we would have had to cut through in Sheila's room and gone out that way, but when it turned out to be a boy we just extended the house to the south with a door in it because we realized that it would be too far away to get out the main entrance in case of fire. When we had teenagers who didn't want to associate with their younger siblings we extended the living room into a garden room. Since we were on a four-foot module, we simply flipped the north wall and made it an east wall and put a roof on it.

Ohan: So that is why that room is so large?

RCS: Yes. If Sheila came home with a beau or something, she could go in there. That's how we built the pergola out there to match the one that Tommy Church had designed as you come in for head-in parking. When Tommy flew here, I think he landed at Carter Field, he got off the plane dressed in his work khaki clothes and boots, and here I was expecting to sit down and talk about certain plants and certain trees. He and Mr. Harris sat at a table and they were placing the house on the lot and they had this big plat with wavy lines with numbers on it which I didn't realize showed the elevations above sea level. The elevation at 1220 is the exact level of the court house dome which gives you some concept of how you drop down into the Trinity basin and come back up. This house is the same elevation as the Ed Landreth

Auditorium at TCU. They kept shoveling these figures back and forth and it seemed like it took all day. I went to California to work with Tommy on the rest of it. They placed the house on the lot and the only mistake in the plans was that big oak as you come in front. It was supposed to be farther out in the driveway so that a car could pull in around it and let people out to come in this front door. It turned out that they planted it too close not leaving enough room. By that time it was too late to move it.

Ohan: What about the rocks on the hill, was that done later?

RCS: Yes, that was a different concept. The property up towards dad's was flat across. Minnie still had the area south of the present rock garden fenced. I had to deal with that fence. All the property was ultimately to go straight across into that area. I owned it but she still leased it. We moved in February of 1957 and in May it started to rain and it rained for forty days and forty nights. Lake Arlington filled up although it was supposed to take two or three years to fill. Every plant that Tommy put in up where the rock garden is presently drowned because dad's lot had been graded to drain into this area. It was just yucky clay and I can remember taking wads of it as a child and making things out of it. We had to cut a ditch along the way and put in big drain tiles to carry the water off which left us with this gully cut through. I had met Mr. Vernon Swanson who had done all that work. He was a tree man who had done some tree work for Mrs. Deakins and while we were living on Washington Terrace, he came and planted trees for us. He had no children of his own, but the children adored him. He had been a Seabee during World War II and learned his trade. He brought rocks in from Palo Pinto County and started the rock work for this part of the garden. Mr. Church had drawn the plans and up on the flat level which has the walk ways, he had done raised beds with red woods, but they got so splintery after ten years that we took them out. The idea was that you would be able to sit in them, but this became impossible when the splinters developed. You would snag your stockings on them or the children would come with huge splinters. They were beautiful things and were supposed to be treated every three years because the Texas sun is so hot. Each child had his or her own little plot as planned by Mr. Church. He felt that if I was up there working, then the children needed to be up there with me with their own little area. As a result, I think I have some children who like to garden. J. Lee planted peanuts one year and I had never seen a peanut grow. Each day he would go out to see if there were any and by the time it came to harvest them there were none because he had pulled them all up. It was a wonderful place for children to grow up. We moved in and I have been here happily ever since. Mr. Swanson was also involved in the planting at the Water Gardens and he did the planting at the museum.

Ohan: What was Archbishop Fulton J. Sheen's role in your artistic education and your personal life?

RCS: Another episode in my life was the visit with him. I am one of his converts. He was a marvelous and holy man. Clara Booth Luce was also his convert.

Ohan: I assume your first husband had something to do with your conversion.

RCS: Bishop Sheen had been coming here for a lecture series and Mrs. Johnson and my mother were involved in what ever it was and we were at a dinner party afterwards at the Texas Hotel or the Fort Worth Club. He was sitting at the end of the table and I was sitting there either watching him or listening to him, just totally mesmerized, his eyes were absolutely fascinating. At that time I was beginning to become interested in the Catholic Church. Lee had been married before and there was still a problem about our marriage in the Church. He was a born Catholic but he messed it up and he didn't go to a Catholic school. However, he went to Law School at Notre Dame. He had been married before and his mother and aunt had taken them down to St. Patrick's to try and get it tidied up. It took a bit of doing to untidy it. In any Catholic or Christian church, there has to be mutual consent and commitment from both parties to marry and he had never consented. His mother had told him that he was going to marry and he did. She later admitted it and he did too. That was the only reason we could get an "annulment." We had been married in 1946 and in 1964 we were able to marry in the Catholic Church, and I became a Catholic. I had been going to church for a long time, but could not join the church because they would kick me right back out.

Mrs. Johnson was a marvelous lady and she and I had been friends before I met her son. I felt that the nicest thing that I could do for her was to bring up my children in the Catholic Church. Sheila was getting ready to start kindergarten at Saint Alice over there on Camp Bowie. She would have been five, her birthday is August 21, 1947, so that would have been 1952 I think.

Ohan: You weren't living here yet?

RCS: Yes, we moved back in 1949.

Ohan: I mean in this house.

RCS: No.

Ohan: What were the circumstances of your trip to Europe with Bishop Sheen?

RCS: Bishop Sheen had tried to get mother to fly to Europe with him, but she wouldn't get on an airplane. So I said that I would go. In 1957 I flew to New York and got on a plane with Archbishop Sheen and his assistant, Father O'Meara. We went to Rome, Paris, Lourdes, and then to London. I walked off from four kids for three weeks. We had no schedule per se. I just went. In the middle of one night I got a call asking, "When are you coming home?" I had left Lee Johnson at home with four children but he had good household help and it was really just getting them to school and things like that. He was very sweet about it and I told him that I really didn't know, that we were going to London and I would send him a cable. The idea of a transatlantic call was fearsome to me at that point, I didn't know how and didn't want to know how.

The Pantheon was the first place he walked me into, and the cats--I had never seen so many

cats. One of the reasons that he wanted to go down there was that there are a lot of shops that have ecclesiastical vestments for sale on the side streets. Then you go down to Santa Maria Sopra Minerva, which is the only Gothic church in Rome.

Ohan: Was this a pilgrimage sort of trip?

RCS: It was in a way, but I had never been to Europe. Father O'Meara later became Bishop O'Meara. He had been to school at the American College in Rome and was as black Irish as they come. He had learned Italian in his first parish outside of St. Louis where he was born and was totally fluent. Father Edward O'Meara found us a car and we proceeded to sightsee. We went to Hadrian's Villa and all sorts of places and Father O'Meara still had priest friends there. We walked all over the city of Rome and had a wonderful time. Father Edward was the same age as my brother.

Archbishop Fulton Sheen was the head of the Propagation of the Faith, so I went as an observer somewhere in the Vatican and sat on benches with no backs. The meeting went on and on for three hours. There were cardinals there and all the speeches were in Italian or Latin so I was out in left field on that one.

Ohan: I imagine that just the sight was amazing.

RCS: It was just amazing. There was this wonderful lady named Anna Lea Lelli who was an archivist and she directed tours of Rome. I was assigned to her and a small group of tourists. It was mind-boggling to have that kind of intellect guiding you through Rome. We spent the entire day touring and I was mentally and physically exhausted. Her knowledge of antiquity was marvelous. Her father has also been an archivist so she knew it like the back of her hand. She took us to see the Apollo Belvedere and then to the Campidoglio to see the figure of Marcus Aurelius. From the back of the statue you could look down and see the old Rome. She told us all this history and where marble had been stolen/taken to build something else. Then there is the Santa Maria d'Aracoeli Church and we walked up those steps which I'll never forget. It was either in May or June and they were getting ready for the feast of the Holy Infant of Prague and the altars were decorated with the most beautiful tapestries that I have ever seen. Coming into that Chapel--Michelangelo had a hand in it somehow--was one of those moments in your life that you never forget.

Ohan: He changed those steps when he put in those elongated steps that go up to the Capitoline Hill.

RCS: Yes. That was an incredible moment. That church was the scene of a great devotion to the Holy Infant of Prague which is a noted statue, but I've never had a particular devotion to that one. It is not gaudy, but the costumes of this statue are changed by a whole group of "nannies" who look after him and take care of him. There was something magical about the chapel itself and its location. I don't know what was going on the day we were there, but behind Marcus Aurelius the banners were flying from the balconies. They were welcoming somebody or doing something. I close my eyes and can still see it.

Ohan: You were lucky because a few years ago they took down the Marcus Aurelius statue and put it inside. The last time I was there it was just a pedestal sitting there. I understand they now have a replica.

RCS: That glorious space.

Ohan: The whole space was designed around that.

RCS: I think all of my architectural yearnings were satisfied. I went to Saint Peter's and there was nothing like that too. That was a noble day in my life.

Ohan: I remember when I took an architectural history class, the professor told us that Mussolini actually finished that little square up there, that he was the one that finished Michelangelo's design for the pavement. It has those rings in it. Mussolini is the one who did that since Michelangelo left it unfinished as he did many things.

RCS: I met some very interesting people in Rome. At night we would gather together and the Archbishop had a great friend, Countess Waldeck, Rosie, who was Jewish and one of his converts. She had been married to a very prominent German publisher and she was in her family's house when things got scary. She told me the story of how terrifying it had been when the Gestapo came and smashed priceless collections. She had been sent to a Gymnasium instead of being set aside and taught how to make tea as women were in those days, and she was brilliant. She had married this man and he had shipped her out for her security. Later, she came to know Claire Booth Luce who was also one of the archbishop's converts and the ambassador to the Vatican. Rosie had gorgeous jewelry which she had been able to get out and her clothes were fabulous. She was short and roly-poly, with short cropped hair and wore these great small hats and huge pearl earrings one white and one black. When she walked into a room she knocked you dead and she was ten or fifteen years older than I. Every night we would all convene at my hotel. There was great camaraderie and I felt like a nincompoop, I didn't know anything.

Ohan: What happened to her husband.

RCS: I don't know if he survived the war, he was not Jewish and should have been all right. I don't know who Count Waldeck was. She had to earn her living by her wits. Later when she had moved to New York, she was really in penury and I use to send her a monthly check. When I would go up to visit my friend, Mr. Stevenson, I would spend a day with her. Although she was confined to bed, she wrote and read voluminously, contributing articles to different magazines--probably Catholic magazines, I don't remember. She was totally fluent in about six languages.

Ohan: I hope someone interviewed her. Is she dead now?

RCS: Yes, she died, perfectly content to go home to her maker. One of these days I want to get in touch with Claire Luce's secretary because she remembers a lot about Rosie since she was often at the embassy with Claire Luce. Also, Mrs. Luce had a place in Phoenix and Rosie

would go out there and these very intelligent Jesuits would be house guests. Mrs. Luce would accumulate all these intellectual elites around her. The last time I talked to her step-son, Hank, she had founded a Cistercian abbey in South Carolina. She endowed it and it is still running beautifully.

Ohan: It sounds like she had her own salon going on.

RCS: She obviously did and when she was made ambassador to the Vatican it was very apparent that this was a very intelligent woman. When she first met the pope, it must have been John XXIII, she was telling him all about her experience of conversion and pressing upon him certain things when he interrupted her and told her, "Mrs. Luce, I am a Catholic."

RCS: Obviously Bishop Sheen played a great part in my life. We spent that week in Rome and then we flew to Paris. In Paris he had a friend who was also one of his converts, the Baroness Gourgaud, and she must have been at least eighty. She was a tall, gaunt lady who was an American who had married a Frenchman and they lived in a wonderful chateau about thirty minutes outside of Paris. He stayed out there a couple of nights, I guess that is all he could take, and then he ran into another of his Catholic lady friends from San Francisco of the De Young family.

This was in May 1957. She put them up in a suite at the Ritz in Paris. I was staying at the Continental. We would meet every morning at different little churches for him to say Mass and one was San Roch who was the patron saint of dogs and it is a great center for music. Every time I go there, they are either rehearsing for a concert or having one. The first night in Paris the baroness took us to dinner at Tour d'Argent and the only thing she ate was asparagus which was green, not white. She had three orders of asparagus. That is where I saw them doing the special lamb. It was rare and they would put it in a wheel and take the juices out of it and make the sauce – it was just blood curdling. I have never had anything rare since.

We got to Paris and there was a shop on a corner where he use to buy fabric to have vestments made by a group of nuns somewhere in this country. They were the most beautiful things. I think that Bishop Sheen invested the little money he earned in these vestments. We took the night train to Lourdes where we spent three days. The train had wonderful little compartments in which you went to bed and the next morning you woke up and there you were. Sheen had promised the Bishop of Tarbes that he would come and preach. The sun came out but as you are up in the Pyrenees, even in late May, it is still quite cold. This was the first time I ever saw those Pyrenian sheep dogs, which are fascinating beasts.

I have never been so cold because I had not packed anything heavy since it was May and it was up in the Pyrenees. It was overcast when we got there. At the hotel, the only place that there was any heat was in the dining room and the foyer where you registered. The bedroom was icy cold. They had turned the heat off in other parts of building and the only place I could get warm was in the bed with down comforters. Fortunately I had packed galoshes because it

was raining. It was a wonderful feather bed and I would get into the bed just to get warm. Bishop Sheen had an appointment with the Bishop of Tarbes which was the diocese in which Lourdes sat. The first day I mostly stayed in bed to keep warm. We assembled in the heated dining room for dinner which was very pleasant. All I had to wear was a raincoat, no sweaters or anything.

The next morning we went over to the Basilica for the tour of Lourdes which was remarkable and we went to the train station to see them taking off the train the pilgrims who were going to be bathed in the waters. Bishop Sheen said Mass over there and Sunday he was going to say Mass and preach at the Basilica, but he couldn't think of the French word for bronze. We were walking down from the card shop to the enclave and he stopped a gentleman and had a great conversation to learn that the word is *airain*. I will never forget that. We spent that whole day just walking around Lourdes because it was so beautiful. He had some friends who lived outside of town who had a gorgeous Pyrenees dog and we visited them and had dinner. The woman had a wool shawl which she lent to me and I have never been so grateful. In those days women didn't wear pants and all I had were skirts and blouses, maybe a sweater or jacket. Then we went down to the grotto area for a candle light parade of all the pilgrims and they sang the Ave Maria and some other hymn, marching around carrying candles in a circle for about an hour. The main hymn was in Latin, but you heard every language known to man. It was a remarkable experience.

By that time the movie *Song of Bernadette* had come out and everybody knew the story of the appearance of the Virgin Mary to the little peasant girl. Then we went back to Paris on the overnight train. Then Monsignor said that we had to go to Versailles so we took a train out there. It is overwhelming to say the least. At that time, the Hall of Mirrors was in the process of being restored. Mr. Rockefeller Sr. had put up the money to keep the place from falling apart after the Treaty for World War I was signed there. There was a guide there and he was standing in front of the room in which Marie Antoinette and her son had hidden with the hope of being able to escape. We were standing there looking at it and I suddenly realized that I understood every word the man was saying in French. This was a great revelation because I had not spoken any French since the early forties. I took Spanish at Sarah Lawrence in 1941. Father Edward did not speak any French at that point, he spoke Italian and some German. We got up early one morning, after Mass, and went down to the railroad station to watch as they brought these pilgrim patients off the trains. They are the sick and the dying and come from all parts of France and the world. The people who come with them are called brancardiers. They are the ones who carry the stretchers or wheel the wheelchairs and take them straight to the baths. They usually stay twenty-four hours and then are loaded back on the train. At night they have a candlelight procession. You are given a little candle with a piece of paper under it and you go round and round the cathedral while singing the hymn to

the Virgin Mary. It is one of the most moving things I have ever seen or participated in. It is nothing but solitude and beauty. Then you go down to where the people are dipped in the water where the apparitions were. The language Saint Bernadette spoke was interesting to me--*que yo soy immaculada concepcie*. It was a bit of Spanish and a bit of Basque and I don't know what else. That is the apparition in the mid nineteenth century when the Virgin said to the children, "I am the Immaculate Conception." It had just recently been proclaimed in Rome but had not had time to reach this little town in France. That was a memorable time for me.

When I got home I got in touch with Aline de Grandchamps who was teaching at TCU and began working with her. When I took French in school we read just children's books and I had never read an adult French novel. She would come here to the house and we would study at least two hours from 1957 to 1959 before Mark was born. I really polished the French and read lots of things. She was a declared atheist and we would argue back and forth. The French came back and the French will forgive you anything if you pronounce it correctly. While Bishop Sheen was a student at Louvaine, he wanted to polish his French. So, he and the seminarians would go to restaurants on the Left Bank where they could practice their French. The three of us went to one of these restaurants and it was an enchanting evening. We had about six wines and I could hardly walk home but fortunately there were taxis. One day while the bishop was in meetings, he sent Father Edward and me to the Louvre and told us not to look just at the *Mona Lisa*. He told us to look at all the paintings and be able to tell him that night what the reigning philosophy was at the time that they were painted. My philosophy training was not very good and I became absorbed in the aesthetics. Father Edward took that part of the assignment and we spent almost the entire day at the Louvre. You walk in through this dark and dismal entrance and when you go in, there is the *Winged Victory* and it is to die over. You walk up those steps and I was just goggle-eyed. That night we went to another restaurant to which I later took Karen and Mrs. Broderick. It was May and the ceiling would open and you have this gorgeous sky above. The food and wine were wonderful and the clothes I had taken with me were getting snug on me in the wrong places. Then we went to London. Father Edward O'Meara was originally from Saint Louis and had never been to London. He was my brother's age and had a sister exactly my age who later died tragically giving birth to her first or second child. The archbishop needed an assistant and the bishop of Saint Louis authorized Father Edward to leave his parish and become Bishop Sheen's secretary. There was a running feud between that bishop and the Cardinal in New York because the Cardinal was very jealous of Bishop Sheen's abilities and also felt that he was taking the cream off the top of the fund raising. Bishop Sheen had a tremendous following on the television and had also been on the radio. When a priest goes from one diocese to another he has to be given permission of the bishop of the diocese to which he is

going to have faculties. Therefore, when Father Edward went to work with Bishop, he could say Mass but could not hear confessions or administer any sacraments until he had the gift from the local bishop to have faculties in that diocese. The Cardinal in New York waited for month to do it, just to be ornery. Human beings are just human beings whether they are of the cloth or not.

I stayed at the Claridges. Bishop Sheen had some friends there with whom he stayed. After Bishop Sheen finished teaching at the Catholic University, every summer he would tear up all his notes and spend the summer in London at the British Library recreating his course of study. He took me there and showed me where Karl Marx had worked. He told me about one friend who had fallen away from the church and he finally just pushed her into the confessional, cleared it up right quick and she got back to the church. While the archbishop was saying Mass and everything, Father Edward would say Mass at a little Jesuit Church around the corner and I would go with him and then we would go back to Claridges and have breakfast.

Then the Archbishop took me into the British Museum Library where he had worked. Father O'Meara had been to the American College in Rome but not to Paris or London. We spent most of the time in Flynn's Bookstore, which I think, is the largest bookstore in the world. It was mind boggling. The bishop would always go and they would send cartons of books because he was a voracious reader. I had never seen anything like it, and I doubt that there is anything in this country like it. Every year while he was teaching at Catholic University, when he finished his course, he would tear up his notes and go back and outline his text for the next year.

Ohan: That was admirable. How much time did he have?

RCS: Well, he had three months, but I suspect that he also had a photographic mind. He went there and showed me where Lenin had sat and worked out all the details for the Russian Revolution. He also showed where Lenin had lived in London. I couldn't believe that I was doing all this at the age of thirty-four. And this was my first trip to Europe.

We went to Saint Ethelreda's which I think is the oldest Catholic Church in London that was not destroyed or taken over. We visited the site of Thomas More's house. We walked London and went through the history of the Reformation, who did what to whom. All of this was just rolling out of monsignor's mouth for our edification. The portraits of all these people were in the museums that we went to see. I wrote my mother every day because I knew she would keep the letters. I told her where I had been and whom I had seen and what have you. I might still have them in some old file. We spent one night at the airport in Paris because we were going to get a very early flight the next morning. We flew home from London.

Ohan: How many weeks was this?

RCS: Just three. He just walked my legs off. The only things I disagreed with him was telling an adopted child that he was adopted. He did not believe that you should ever tell them that they were adopted. I told him that I did not believe that that was the way you should do it. But he had his mind set and that was that. He could quote from the “Hound of Heaven,” by Francis Thompson, both Testaments, and all these people just out of the blue. That’s what made him so marvelous on television, he never had a script for his television programs. He outlined it in his mind and then he would stay on track. There's nothing like it before or after.

We took the TWA Constellation home and had an upper berth which meant you had to buy two seats. Flying East to West, it never got dark and I was too excited about getting home to sleep. The bishop always flew with TWA because he said it was “travel with angels,” but I think he probably got a pass and got to fly free. He was terribly peripatetic, just all over the place. He was not a large man but had a thin frame. His name had been John Fulton Sheen and he changed it to Fulton John because he thought it sounded better. This was in those days when he was doing a wonderful television show. He was on at the same time as Milton Berle and the bishop said, “It was either Uncle Miltie or Uncle Fulty.” The bishop told me that we would say goodbye on the plane because the press would probably be there and that would be best for all of us. They got off the plane first and then I went off later.

Ohan: What was your relationship with them after the trip?

RCS: From then on, I kept in close touch with Father O'Meara who stayed with the bishop and actually looked after him when he was ill. He succeeded the bishop as director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith and traveled all over the world. I have a picture of him in Africa.

I went up to see the archbishop and by that time Father Edward had moved into the 38th Street residence and the bishop was on East 66th Street in a small apartment. All of the royalties of the books he wrote went to the Propagation of the Faith so he had nothing to live on except a priest’s pension. This didn’t cover very much, so all his friends put into a fund to keep him comfortable during his last days.

RCS: In the Spring of 1978 I went to see him because he knew that I had been divorced and he was concerned about me. He had lived through a lot of turmoil with us and I had gone to him at one point with the problem of Lee’s drinking. On the way to his apartment I went into a shop on Lexington and bought him something that you put on the numbers of a telephone to enlarge them and he wouldn’t have to put on his glasses to dial a number. He was delighted. In Paris he would buy gorgeous fabric at a fabulous fabric shop, bring it back to the United States, and some nuns somewhere would make the most beautiful vestments I have ever seen. Happily those vestments were designed in such a way that one size fits all so that Monsignor O'Meara could wear them too. I’m not sure when he died.

That was quite a period of my spiritual life as well as education. A book came out *Skeletal*

Key to Thomas Aquinas and I told monsignor that maybe I should try that, but he said no, unless I had him or someone who was a great scholar at my elbow, to leave it alone. He never recommended reading Saint Augustine or anything like that. Instead he recommended other things like *Enthusiasm* which wasn't exactly beach reading. It was a history of all the heresies in the Catholic Church and it was fascinating. It was heavy reading and I never was very interested in heresies anyway.

Ohan: Did you read the whole book?

RCS: No, I couldn't quite make it through. When Luther tacked his proclamation up on the wall, he had the idea of cleaning up the act of some of the church, but he left his thesis totally abandoned. Calvin from Geneva, the son of a runaway nun or priest, inspired Calvinism in Scotland. This was far from what Luther had intended. Predestination and all that stuff. You might find *Enthusiasm* out at the Theological Seminary.

Ohan: TCU might have it.

RCS: My copy is out at the library of the Holy Family if it is still there. I had volumes of things that I knew I would never read again and I gave it to the library when they built the church out there.

Ohan: You talked about your experiences with the language in Yugoslavia and when you got back to Milan, you felt liberated.

RCS: Yes, it was like I understand every word in Italian. The Romance languages are so much a part of me although English is certainly not a Romance language. On a trip to Finland, I went to Mass and ordinarily the Mass would have been in Finnish, but out of respect to all of us they had the Mass in Latin which was marvelous. That was the intent of the Latin, everyone could understand what was going on. Walking through these places on my own was reminiscent of my first trip to Paris with Bishop Sheen. The old French churches and the Sorbonne. The figures of Abelard and Heloise. It was great. He had such a great knowledge of history. I remember a lot still.

Ohan: Did your trip with Bishop Sheen inspire you to return to Europe?

RCS: Yes. In 1959, I took three of the children, Sheila, J. Lee IV, and Karen to Rome for Easter holidays, and we had an audience with John XXIII. There were about ninety people in the chamber. Sheila's godmother, Mrs. Bess Broderick, went with us. We stayed at the Excelsior Hotel and toured Rome. I had this wonderful guide who had been my guide when I was there with Bishop Sheen. Her name was Anna Lea Lelli. She was a great archivist and historian for the Doria-Pamphili family who own the portrait of *Innocent X* by Velasquez. She was almost a member of their family as she had saved the life of the Prince when Mussolini sent his troops to arrest him. It is a wonderful story.

Mrs. Lelli had been my guide during my first visit to Rome in 1957. We started out in Rome with the Seven Hills. She said that was the best way to teach children. Sheila was twelve, J.

Lee was ten, and Karen was eight in 1959. They were good travelling ages. One day Miss Lelli got her assistant to take the children to the zoo and the park because they needed to stretch and relax. They would not eat pasta or drink the orange juice because it was Blood oranges and it was a funny color to them. All they wanted was a hamburger and, in those days, there were very few places in Rome that you could get a hamburger. It was a very successful trip, however, and we had a semi-private audience with the Holy Father. About three days before we left Fort Worth, my oldest son took himself to the barber and had a butch haircut. We had formed a semi-circle and the Holy Father came in with his white robes and red slippers. We were an American group and the Holy Father's assistant was an American. We each took our turn in going up and kissing his ring. When we went up to him, he reached up and kept rubbing Lee's head and turned to me and asked in French where he had gotten that haircut. I explained to him that my son had done it all by himself, that he knew that it was going to be hot in Texas that summer. He was a lovely man and has opened lots of doors to new things going on in the Vatican. I think in some ways he, like Pandora let many things out of the box.

That Holy Father was not as good a linguist as the present John Paul II. The American assistant would translate for us. The Pope's toe was sticking out from under his robe and he had red shoes on and he kept tapping his toe in rhythm--"ecco this" and "ecco that." It was fascinating to watch this small man, small and quite dumpy and well-fed. The holiness and the sense of humor with this great smile on his face were absolutely great; very awesome and I don't use that word very often. He had so much energy that it just poured out of him. His great love of humanity was extraordinary. It was a *sine qua non* audience with the Holy Father.

Ohan: How did Miss Lelli function?

RCS: She took certain tours for people she knew of, and I had written ahead and asked her to be good enough to make arrangements for my children and me to have a proper tour of Rome during the whole week we would be there.

Ohan: How did you get an audience with the pope.

RCS: That went through local resources. In those days the bishop was in Dallas. We had our veils. Even today, you cover your head over there. Even Mrs. Clinton put something on her head. Miss Lelli had been the archivist for the princely Doria Pamphili family. When I went this time, we had finished all the tours and Miss Lelli asked me if there was anything that I would like to see. I told her that I would like to see the Velasquez, *Innocent X*, who was a Pamphili pope. She told me that was the easiest thing in the world and explained to me that she was the archivist before her for this family. Her father had been the archivist and back in the 1930s when il Duce was going to kidnap the Prince. In the library of the Palazzo, there is a turn for books and she shoved him in there and closed it.

Ohan: What do you mean, a turn?

RCS: It was a storage space with a door, it was almost a secret door. There was a closet behind the books and, when it was turned, it looked like another book shelf. He had been in the library working when she shoved in there. The Blackshirts came and went everywhere, but they couldn't find him. She saved his life.

The children were at the zoo, so Miss Lelli took me to the Palazzo. The lighting is not the right way to light a masterpiece. We came up through the family chapel and there was this lovely salon. We walked down and there is this very small niche which you walk into and there is the *Innocent X*, the work that Velasquez was commissioned to do. The great painting at the Metropolitan is of Juan de Pareja who was his man servant and he practiced on doing the lace and so forth which were on the pope's robe. There was a lovely lady standing in this salon, arranging a big bowl of tulips. Miss Lelli introduced me to the Principesa. I recognized the tulips immediately because my mother grew them. They were Gudosnik tulips. It is multicolored in yellow and red, and is a glorious big garden tulip. I commented to her about that. Her English was so clipped that I thought she must have gone to school in England. Years later I was talking to Sir Geoffrey Agnew and he told me she was Scottish, of course she spoke English.

In the meantime, my oldest son Lee had taken a "sabbatical" from Stanford but he didn't get to go to Kabul, where he wanted to go. For six weeks we hadn't heard a word from him and on Christmas Day he called us from Vienna. He had managed to get there from the Near East and had a job working in a boarding house, sweeping up or whatever for his room and board. He called to let us know that he was all right. He was going to stay there. We were able to get in touch with him and tell him to meet me in Rome because I was carrying a very important letter to him from his father, telling him to get his "you know what" back home and get back in school and to quit the foolishness. This was in February of 1972.

My friend Mrs. Friedman's husband, Bayard, had enrolled in a six-week total immersion program for young executives at the Harvard Business School. Corky had never been to Europe and her children were all grown. She said that she would go with me, so we took out, flew to Rome and J. Lee IV met us at the airport. We spent I don't know how many days in Rome after the consecration in St. Peter's. We went to see lots of the sculpture in Rome. We took the bus from Rome to Florence via Assisi and look at all the Giotto's. Bartlett Hayes Jr., who later came on my Board at Amon Carter, was the current director of the American Academy. While we were in Rome, they had a lovely lunch party for us. The almond trees were just beginning to bloom in March and it was so pretty. Out in front of the Villa, they have these oak trees and the men trim them to look like umbrellas. The umbrella pine grows that way but the oaks don't. They get up inside of the tree and prune it from the top. I don't

know if they still do it, they may have come up with something newer. We were gone three weeks and ended in London.