

# MY TRIP ABROAD

Frank Bennett's  
Aunt Lucy  
Takes Him  
on a  
Grand Tour  
of Europe

August -  
September  
1930

A Journal by Frank I. Bennett, Age 16

Edited, Illustrated and Commented Upon by Michael Hall



## MY TRIP ABROAD

### August/September 1930

### Cast of Characters

**Frank Ira Bennett**, our diarist. A young man with blond hair and blue-green eyes who just turned sixteen. Curious, clever, a member of the legendary Camp Family of Ocala, Florida.

**Leta Camp Bennett Davis**, Frank's beautiful, blonde mother, now forty, divorced from Ira Fuller Bennett of Chicago, re-married to insurance company owner Norton Davis of Ocala. She is the third daughter and sixth of seven children of William Nelson Camp, a prominent man from Suffolk, Virginia, who moved to Ocala, Florida, and mined phosphate in Dunnellon. Her mother was Texana Gay Camp of Isle of Wight County, Virginia.

**Norton Davis**, Frank's stepfather, somber, gentlemanly, upstanding owner of D. W. Davis Insurance Company, Ocala, Florida.

**Aunt Lucy Camp Armstrong Moltz**, his mother's older sister, widow of wealthy shipping magnate George Ferguson Armstrong of Savannah, Georgia, now married to Carl Moltz, wealthy timber tycoon of Lake Toxaway, North Carolina. She is a rich, strong-willed woman of forty-seven who accompanied her father many times to Europe as he sold his phosphate as fertilizer to Belgian and German farmers.

**Lucy Junior**, Aunt Lucy and George Armstrong's daughter from Savannah, Georgia, and Lake Toxaway, North Carolina.

**Aline Ward**, Aunt Lucy's friend, a mystery woman. We know little about her.

and

First Class passengers and staff members on "Saturnia," the Italian Cosulich Line, and First Class passengers and staff members on the "Ile de France," the French Line.



# On Stage and Off Stage Characters

## A Photo Album



**Frank Ira Bennett**  
His passport photo  
He has just turned 16

**Leta Camp Bennett Davis**  
Frank's Mother  
Seen here as a young woman of 20



**Frank and his Mother**  
A formal photograph taken when Frank was a little boy and his mother was still married to Ira Fuller Bennett, circa 1917

**Ira Fuller Bennett**  
Frank's biological Father  
An offstage character



**Norton P. Davis**  
Frank's stepfather, an insurance broker in Ocala, Florida; the man Leta married after her divorce from Ira Bennett

**Aunt Lucy Camp Armstrong Moltz**  
Frank's aunt who took him on the Grand Tour. Seven years older than her sister Leta. By 1930, Lucy has buried her first husband George Ferguson Armstrong, given their Armstrong House to the City of Savannah to create Armstrong Junior College, and is married to Carl Moltz of Lake Toxaway, North Carolina.





**Lucy Armstrong known as Lucy Junior** is shown here with her mother Aunt Lucy and stepfather Carl Moltz. Lucy Junior is slightly older than her cousin Frank. She will marry within a year.



**Carl Moltz**

A photograph of Carl and Lucy Moltz long after Frank's Grand Tour. Carl Moltz made a fortune in timber and real estate in North Carolina. He was in New York in 1930 to meet the ocean liner that brought his wife, his stepdaughter Lucy Junior, the companion Aline Ward and sixteen year old Frank back to America.



A "timber tycoon" (a name also given to Camp Family members), Carl Moltz is shown here with his employees and the Moltz Lumber Company Shay Engine.

Moltz is at the far right with the group and in the enlarged (and fuzzy) crop.

Few photographs exist of Carl Moltz.



**George Ferguson Armstrong**, offstage character. Ferguson was Aunt Lucy's first husband, a man who earned his wealth from the Strachan (*pronounced "strawn"*) Shipping Company in Savannah. Their home, the Armstrong House, is on Forsyth Park at the corner of Bull and Gaston Streets.

Armstrong (1868-1924) is buried in Bonaventure Cemetery in Savannah in a vault with Aunt Lucy (1883-1970).



**Aline Ward.** This is the only photograph of his fellow travelers Frank included in his Grand Tour memorabilia. I can find no other photographs of or information about Aline. She's slim, tall and appears fashionable.

*Left to right:* Frank, Aunt Lucy, Aline Ward and Lucy Junior in front of the Caryatids in the Acropolis, Athens, Greece, 1930.



## Places Mentioned

### The Armstrong House, Savannah, Georgia



*Left:* The Armstrong House in Savannah was built for Aunt Lucy by her first husband George Ferguson Armstrong. After Armstrong died, Aunt Lucy and her daughter gave it to the City of Savannah to become a Junior College. When the College grew too big, antiques dealer Jim

Williams (who owned the Mercer House around the corner) bought it. He sold it to the law firm of Bouhan, Williams and Levy. It is from this office that firm member Frank (Sonny) Seiler represented Jim Williams in the famous murder trial that is chronicled in John Berendt's *Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil*.

The Armstrong House is seen in the film version of *Midnight/Good and Evil* and in the Gregory Peck/Polly Bergen/Robert Mitchum version of *Cape Fear*.

Frank often spoke of visiting Aunt Lucy in the Armstrong House as a little boy. He said he sat in his pajamas on the stairs and peered down at fancy parties.

Here's what the house looks like today as legal offices. And here's the staircase Frank talked about.



\* There's more about the Armstrong House in the Epilogue.





VIEW FROM FORSYTH PARK  
RESIDENCE OF MR. GEO. F. ARMSTRONG - HENRIK WALLIN ARCHITECT

View from Forsyth Park



MISS ARMSTRONG'S ROOM  
RESIDENCE OF MR. GEO. F. ARMSTRONG - HENRIK WALLIN ARCHITECT

Miss Lucy Junior's Room



DETAIL OF MAIN ENTRANCE  
RESIDENCE OF MR. GEO. F. ARMSTRONG  
HENRIK WALLIN ARCHITECT

Front Entrance, Colonnade and Dining Room



DETAIL OF COLONNADE & TERRACE  
RESIDENCE OF MR. GEO. F. ARMSTRONG - HENRIK WALLIN ARCHITECT



DINING ROOM  
RESIDENCE OF MR. GEO. F. ARMSTRONG - HENRIK WALLIN ARCHITECT



LIVING HALL  
RESIDENCE OF MR. GEO. F. ARMSTRONG - HENRIK WALLIN ARCHITECT

Left: This is what the "Living Hall" looked like soon after it was completed and initially furnished in 1917. Copies of these photographs were sent to me by F. W. "Sonny" Seiler, a senior partner in the firm of Bouhan, Williams & Levy, in appreciation for the copies of photographs of young Lucy and Leta Camp I sent him.





## Aunt Lucy's Hillmont, a chalet that became Greystone Inn, a B&B, Lake Toxaway, North Carolina

*Left:* Aunt Lucy's "Hillmont" as it looks today as the Greystone Inn. Again, Frank spent many summers visiting Aunt Lucy at Hillmont.

He was only two years old when a dam broke and the lake "went out." The lake disappeared and had to be returned after new configuration and construction.



At age sixteen Frank helped design the library at Hillmont. This "library" is now the most expensive suite in the Greystone Inn.

*Left:* The Library before a third renovation.

\* There's more about the Greystone Inn in the Epilogue.

## 910 East Fifth Street, Ocala, Florida



The William Nelson Camp House at 910 East Fifth Street, Ocala, is where Leta lived with Norton Davis and son Frank.

William Nelson and Texana Gay Camp had seven children. They were the prominent William Nelson Camp Family of Ocala, Florida.

Frank always referred to this house as "910."

*Right:* A young Leta Camp models a new dress while sitting on the front porch at "910." In October 2012, preservationists in Ocala are trying to save the house from demolition. At this writing, the future is uncertain.





## Michael's Introduction

A box of pamphlets, postcards, newspaper clippings and assorted travel documents lingered for nearly sixteen years in one of two closets in the entrance to the large room in my house that Pat Burdett's mother Adele named "The Ballroom."

This classic room with its spacious, before-you-enter-the-room closets is an add-on to the original house in Delray Beach that Frank and I purchased in 1994. Frank designed the addition, wanting to replicate the living room he designed in the early 1950's for his ranch-style home in Ocala, Florida.

I found Roy M. Simon, a Delray Beach architect, who respected Frank's wishes and didn't argue with him about details or designs. Simon recommended a builder from Boynton Beach who cared about the project and delivered a first-class product.

Frank's mandates for the new room included a high ceiling, a place for a working fireplace, a marble mantelpiece, and massive shelves on each of the north and south walls. He insisted upon two sets of French doors on the west wall, allowing light to change throughout the morning, afternoon and early evening.

Taking a scouting expedition to Atlanta, we found a white faux-marble mantle which Frank bought and shipped to Delray. Our friend Nick Skoulaxenos helped Frank find a crystal chandelier at Quality Lighting, a commendable Delray Beach lighting store on South Federal Highway. I took Frank to an auction at Bill Hood and Sons, also in Delray Beach, where he found the perfect light blue, deep pink, yellowish-green and beige rug in an exquisite design.



Once the auction began, he appointed me as the one to raise the paddle. He said he'd nudge me when I should bid. Nervous, I followed his nudges. Only one person bid against me. The other bidder stopped at the fourth call. Frank and I got a bargain considering the size (12x20) and perfect quality of this amazing rug.



The shelves were meant to display his grandfather's purchase of a Dresden Lamm dinner service for twelve including enormous platters and tureens, a gift Frank inherited from his mother. He also wanted to display



his Meissen porcelains and Venetian glass treasures collected over years of travel and search, and said our combined collection of Herend Rothschild Bird dinner service, and my cobalt blue

*Above right:* Gravy boat of Dresden Lamm.



Wedgwood Jasperware biscuit jars, teapots, jugs and pitchers should live on these shelves. “No books,” he proclaimed. “You’ve got plenty of space for them elsewhere.” I cheat a little. I keep my four volumes of Roddy McDowall’s personally autographed *Double Exposure* books there, and my novels by Virginia Sorensen, but otherwise it’s book-free.

Frank only lived to see the “ballroom” under construction, watching it grow block by block as he sat in his white boxer drawers in the shade of the patio. Uncharacteristically, he was pleased with its daily progress. Sadly, he didn’t make it long enough to see the room finished or painted or decorated or furnished. He checked out on New Year’s Eve 1996, at age 83, and left the details to me. But he left happy, knowing the “addition” was going to be a great success.

If you knew Frank, the set designer who knew color and “period” better than most stage designers in America, you can understand my terror of choosing the right color of paint and finding new furniture to complement *his* furniture. Being Frank, he watched from afar to make certain I found the right shade of what he had described as “English grey green.” (I bought at least ten Sherwin-Williams paint samples at five dollars a can, painted splotches all over the walls, and went in to see what they looked like at all times of day.) I must have done a good job because he didn’t rattle the chandelier.

From his whereabouts he helped me place the 12x20 rug exactly and precisely in the middle of the 18x26 room.



*Above:* The “ballroom” as it looks October 2012. The flash on my camera washed out the intensity of the color on the walls. The actual wall color is more grey-green than aqua. The color of the shelves is accurate.

If only I had quizzed him about the letters, telegrams, programs, playbills, postcards and souvenirs from his Grand Tour with Aunt Lucy! When he moved from Ocala to Delray Beach, a staggeringly difficult move that was made possible by the sterling help of my cousin George Sproul and our friend Nick Skoulaxenos, he stuffed his boxes of memorabilia into the garage – at first – and then I moved them into one of those “ballroom” closets to protect them from heat and silverfish.

Frank and I never examined those boxes together, but he told me about his Grand Tour on many occasions. When he and I traveled to Europe, he took me to many places he had visited,



including Naples and Pompeii, Athens, Budapest, Munich, Oberammergau, and King Ludwig's castle Neuschwanstein in Bavaria – but I never read his journal or examined his “box of memorabilia” until fourteen years after he was gone.

I don't know why. Perhaps it intimidated me, the expensive Cross greenish brown leather travel journal given to him by his kind and thoughtful aunt Miss Nina A. Camp.



Her name is embossed in gold on the fold-over cover. She never used it herself. Although a brilliant woman, Aunt Nina was often bedridden and couldn't travel. I hope he told her that he filled her travel journal with pages and pages of entries about his Trip Abroad!

*(For the record, Frank was born July 29, 1914. A Leo. The lion. Admire me. Stroke me. Do not argue with me for I am always right. For me, a Taurus, the bull, born May 16, 1940, this is dangerous. Lions attack bulls.)*

In early August 2012, I read the journal, every page of it, and examined the memorabilia. Items were turning yellow, tearing, falling apart. It was time for me to come to the rescue.

It took me weeks to decipher his tightly wrapped, sixteen-year-old pen-and-brown-ink penmanship. A few scribbled words never came to life. But they are minor.

I transcribed his “Aunt Nina Camp” journal, all fifty-six pages of it, written in brown ink. I used a black PaperMate Flair and sheets of scratch paper, then slowly typed it into my computer.

As I read, deciphered and copied, I took the Grand Tour with him, day by day, starting with the time he arrived at the Chatham Hotel in Manhattan with Aunt Lucy, Aunt Lucy's daughter Lucy Junior and the mysterious Aline Ward.

I discovered that the Chatham Hotel in Manhattan no longer exists. Once on Vanderbilt Avenue and 48<sup>th</sup> Street, built to coincide with the creation of Grand Central Station, the Chatham disappeared. So did the address “Vanderbilt Avenue and 48<sup>th</sup> Street.” The location no longer exists.

All the more reason to forge ahead.

As I worked, I shared his excitement, his passions, his champagne cocktails, his fascination with “Mimi” and “the beautiful boy,” his sixteen-year-old observations, and his teenage lack of adverbs and adjectives to describe what he had seen. I laughed when I read his descriptions of palaces and gardens as “lovely” or “pretty” or “attractive.” Lovely? He was witnessing magnificence!



If his collection of brochures and postcards didn't fully illustrate what he wrote, or if I needed more knowledge of the Thirties, or Geography, or wealthy aunts who married Savannah shipping millionaires and later married even richer Asheville timber tycoons, I went to the web, read accounts of times and places, and scanned pictures of things that approximate or expand his words.

But most of the graphics are from Frank's collection.

He had a camera, but his photographs are few and not very good. Fortunately many of his purchases remain. I have his postcards; a Greek drinking cup; two miniature silver chairs from Budapest; purchases of miniature stage furniture from Dresden; a Schumann dessert plate; and all of his brochures, tickets, booklets, programs, maps and souvenirs. You'll see these again:



Some of you take vicarious trips with me when I send you Picture Books of recent travels. Now I pass along to you a vicarious trip I took myself. Allow yourself to go back in time, when wealthy 1930 Americans, unaffected by Recession or Depression or Wall Street collapse, sailed away on luxury liners and visited the glories of Europe.

Before we go, I've included Nostalgia Pages to set the scene, set the tone. Take your time. Enjoy!

Michael Hall  
October 2012

# Information About Frank's Trip Abroad

Passport issued to Frank I. Bennett on May 28, 1930.  
Visa for Germany good for one year June 14, 1930 to June 14, 1931.

In Aunt Nina Camp's travel book ...

... in Frank's handwriting in lower case it says:

Property of  
Frank Bennett  
M. W. Saturnia  
Stateroom 312

---

... in upper case it says:

PROPERTY OF  
FRANK BENNETT  
S. S. ILE-DE-FRANCE  
STATEROOM 295

... on pages titled:

## **GOING**

August 16, 1930  
M. V. Saturnia  
Cosulich Line

## **RETURNING**

September 24, 1930  
S. S. ILE-DE-FRANCE  
French Line

## **ITINERARY**

August 15	New York, U.S.A.
August 16-29	At Sea
August 30	Trieste, Italy
August 31	En route Budapest, Hungaria
September 1-3	Budapest, Hungaria
September 4	En route Vienna, Austria
September 5-7	Vienna, Austria
September 8	En route Munich, Germany
September 9	En route Oberammergau, Germany
September 10	Oberammergau, Germany
September 11	En route Nurnberg, Germany*

\*Frank used the European spellings of Hungaria and Nuremberg



September 12	En route Nurnberg, Germany
September 13	Nurnberg, Germany
September 14	En route Dresden, Germany
September 15-17	Dresden, Germany
September 18	Berlin, Germany
September 19	En route Paris, France
September 20-23	Paris, France
September 24	En route Le Havre, France
September 25-29	At Sea
September 30	Landing at New York, U.S.A.
October 1	En route to Ocala, Fla.

#### **SIDE TRIPS**

August 25	Marseilles, France
August 26	Naples, Italy
August 28	Athens, Greece
August 30	Grottos and Caves Outside of Trieste, Italy
September 6	Schonbrunn, Vienna, Austria
September 15	Meissen, Germany
September 23	Versailles, France

#### **HOTELS STOPPED AT**

New York	Chatham
Trieste	Savoia
Budapest	Dunapalota
Vienna	Imperial
Munich	Regina Palast
Oberammergau	Ludwig H House
Nurnberg	Grand
Dresden	Bellevue
Berlin	Adlon
Paris	Royal Monceau

My  
TRIP ABROAD



# AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER 1930

As Frank sailed away with his Aunt Lucy in August 1930, here's what was happening around the world.



August 9, 1930

Betty Boop premieres in the animated film *Dizzy Dishes*



August 21, 1930

Her Royal Highness The Princess Margaret was born. *On this day Frank is spending his sixth day at sea.*



September 14, 1930

National Socialists win 107 seats in the German Parliament (18.3% of all the votes), making them the second largest party. *During this election, Frank is traveling from Nuremberg to Dresden. He never mentions anything political.*

## HIT SONGS OF 1930:



1. Ben Selvin, "Happy Days Are Here Again"



2. Harry Richman, "Puttin' on the Ritz"



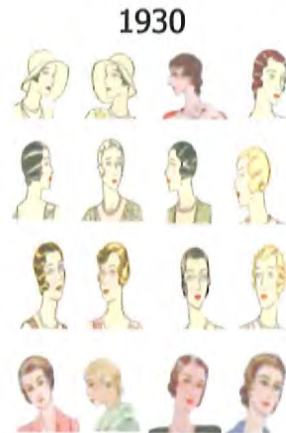
3. Duke Ellington, "Three Little Words"





4. Ruth Etting, "Ten Cents A Dance"

## FASHIONS OF 1930:



14.



Left:

Men are wearing coonskin coats.



**MOST POPULAR MOVIES OF 1930:**



*The Blue Angel* with Marlene Dietrich



*Morocco* with Gary Cooper and Marlene Dietrich



*Hell's Angels* with Jean Harlow



*Up the River*  
with Spencer Tracy,  
Claire Luce\* and  
Humphrey Bogart

*All Quiet on the Western Front*  
with Lew Ayres

\*Regarding the film *Up the River*: More than thirty years after it debuted, I brought Claire Luce to Ocala, Florida. She stayed in Frank's guest room at his home while she rehearsed and performed at the Ocala Civic Theatre in a bill of three one-acts. I called it *Three with Claire*.

Talk about nostalgia! Still beautiful, Claire Luce (not to be confused with the playwright and political figure Clare Boothe Luce who wrote *The Women*) enjoyed sitting at Frank's kitchen table, sharing multiple martinis and cigarettes, and reminiscing about her life. She was the first American actor to appear with the Royal Shakespeare Company in England. She starred opposite Fred Astaire in the Cole Porter musical *The Gay Divorce*\* and introduced the song "Night and Day" with him. Also on Broadway she earned acclaim as Curley's Wife in John Steinbeck's *Of Mice and Men*.



\*In London and New York, the stage musical was called *The Gay Divorce*, but Hollywood censors changed the Astaire/Rogers film title to *The Gay Divorcee*. According to those censors, a divorce can't be "gay," but a divorcee *can*.

Incidentally, the *Hasty Heart/Teahouse of the August Moon* playwright John Patrick, contributed to the *Up the River* script. It was his first screenplay.

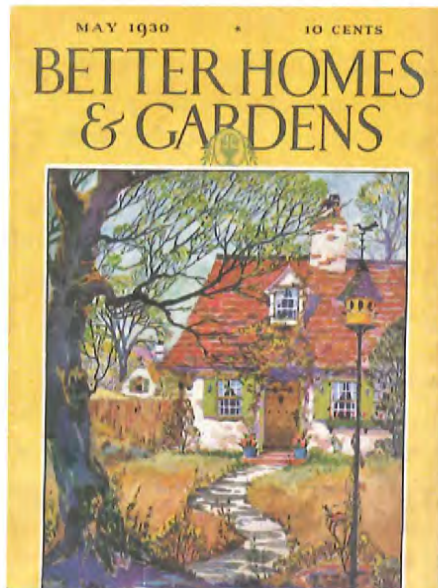
**Photo:** Claire Luce and Humphrey Bogart.





Also popular in 1930, Greta Garbo in *Anna Christie*.

## 1930's MEMORABILIA



**And contrasting images:** The serene cover of the May 1930 issue of "Better Homes & Gardens" juxtaposed with this newspaper headline of 1929, six months ago.





# Preparation for European Travel, May 1930

Frank's Aunt Lucy has invited him to join her, her daughter Lucy Junior and a companion named Aline Ward on a Grand Tour of Europe. Frank's mother Leta sends an urgent telegram to her sister Lucy Camp Armstrong Moltz who is still occupying the Armstrong House at the corner of Bull and Gaston Streets in Savannah. She needs information to secure Frank's passport. "PLEASE WIRE ME, COLLECT, IMMEDIATELY, NAME OF BOAT, DATE OF SAILING AND DEPARTURE PORT. STOP. NECESSARY FOR PASS PORT."

Form 1206-A

CLASS OF SERVICE DESIRED	
DOMESTIC	CABLE
DAY LETTER	DEFERRED
NIGHT MESSAGE	CABLE LETTER
NIGHT LETTER	WEEK END LETTER

Patrons should check class of service desired; otherwise message will be transmitted as a full-rate communication.

## WESTERN UNION

NEWCOMB CARLTON, PRESIDENT      J. C. WILLEVER, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

NO.	CASH OR CHG.
CHECK	
TI	

Send the following message, subject to the terms on back hereof, which are hereby agreed to


**Ocala, Florida, May 5th, 1930.**

**Mrs. Lucy Camp Moltz,  
corner Bull and Gaston St.,  
Savannah, Ga.**

**PLEASE WIRE ME, COLLECT, IMMEDIATELY, NAME OF BOAT, DATE OF SAILING  
AND DEPARTURE PORT. STOP NECESSARY FOR PASS PORT.**

**LETA CAMP DAVIS.**

*What shall I give? What shall I say?*



*Solve these perplexing questions*

**WESTERN UNION  
GIFT ORDERS**

*Ask for Booklet*

It all works out.



*I, the undersigned, Secretary of State of the United States of America, hereby request all whom it may concern to permit safely and freely to pass, and in case of need to give all lawful aid and protection to*

*Frank I. Bennett,*  
a citizen of the United States.

*The bearer is accompanied by his*  
*Wife,*  
*Minor children,*

*Henry C. Stimson*

Given under my hand and the seal of the Department of State at Washington, *May 28th* 1930

*Frank I. Bennett*  
*Signature of bearer*

*Description of bearer*

*Height* 5 feet 5 inches

*Hair* Blond

*Eyes* Grey

*Distinguishing marks or features*  
scar near ear

*Place of birth* Chicago Illinois

*Date of birth* July 29, 1914

*Occupation* Student

Five foot five, with blond hair, "grey" eyes and a "scar near ear," student Frank I. Bennett, born in Chicago on July 29, 1914, is granted a passport.

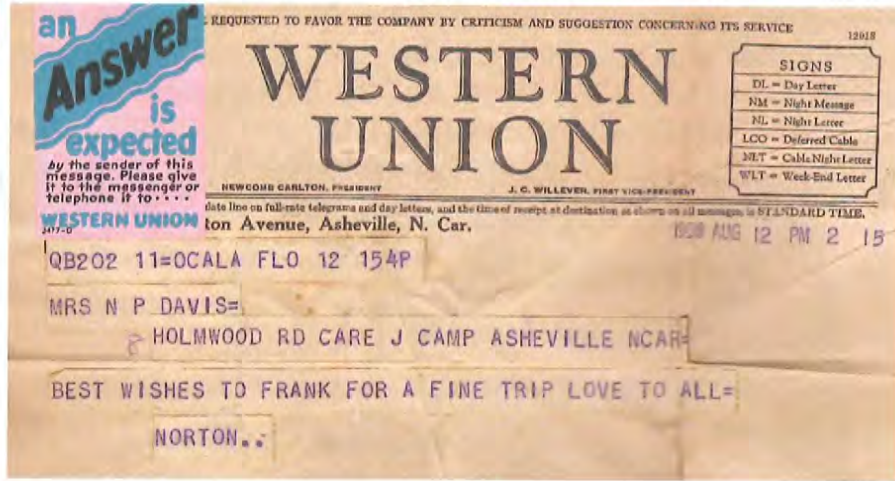




In August, Leta travels with Frank to Asheville, North Carolina, to visit her brother Jack Camp. On August 12 she receives a telegram from her husband Norton Davis who has remained in Ocala tending his insurance business. I don't know if the traveling foursome left

together for New York or separately from Asheville and Savannah.

“BEST WISHES TO FRANK FOR A FINE TRIP” he wires. “LOVE TO ALL.”



Although the young man is self-conscious about the “scar near ear” from an operation for “a wry neck,” he’s turning into a good-looking young man.

The group takes a train (or trains) to New York and checks into the Hotel Chatham on the west side of Vanderbilt Avenue between 48<sup>th</sup> and 49<sup>th</sup> Streets. Built to lure travelers who use Grand Central Station, the Chatham is a classy hotel.



LOBBY — HOTEL CHATHAM—NEW YORK CITY  
LOCATED IN THE GRAND CENTRAL ZONE.  
VANDERBILT AVE., 48TH TO 49TH STREETS BETWEEN MADISON AND PARK AVE.  
DIRECTION A. E. KIRBY AND J. H. PARIS.



Rooms started at six dollars a night. Expensive!





“Chatham Walk” was a popular tourist area with an outdoor restaurant. (The hotel and the address have disappeared. Redevelopment.)

BROADWAY AT LIBERTY ST. BROADWAY AT WARREN ST. BROADWAY AT THIRTEENTH ST. BROADWAY AT HERALD SQUARE. FIFTH AVENUE AT FORTY-FIRST ST.

**ROGERS PEET COMPANY**  
MEN'S & BOYS OUTFITTERS

FOLIO NEW YORK  
FRANK BENHARTZ 8/13/30  
CHATHAM HOTEL  
NY CITY

WHEN PAYING BY CHECK, IF CONVENIENT TO YOU, DO NOT RETURN THE BILL, BUT DETACH THIS PART AND ENCLOSE IT. YOUR CANCELLED CHECK WILL BE YOUR RECEIPT.

**ROGERS PEET COMPANY**  
ALL BILLS MUST BE PAID THE FIRST OF EACH MONTH AND NOT WHEN DUE  
ALL REMITTANCES SHOULD BE MADE TO 697 BROADWAY

	CHARGES	CREDITS	DAILY BALANCE
1 TIE	1 -		
1 TIE	1 -		
1 DOW TIE	1.50		
1 PR SUIT	1.50		
4 SHIRTS	12 -		
4 SHIRTS	14 -		
12 COLLARS	2.75		
6 COLLARS	1.50		
1 CAP	2.50		
1 HAT	5 -		
COAT & TRS	50 -		
URS	12 -		
SUIT	35 -		
SUITS KNICKERS	45 -		
2 PR SHOES	29 -		
1	13 -		
SLIPPERS	3.50		
2 PR TIES	3 -		
			233.25

#720 AUG 13 1930

ALL PAYMENTS RECEIVED DURING THE MONTH, AS WELL AS GOODS RETURNED, APPEAR UNDER "CREDITS" THE "DAILY BALANCE" IS THE NET AMOUNT DUE AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS EACH DAY, AND OF COURSE THE LAST ENTRY IN THAT COLUMN IS THE AMOUNT DUE FOR THE LAST DAY OF THE MONTH.

PURCHASES MADE ON THE LAST TWO BUSINESS DAYS OF EACH MONTH WILL BE CHARGED AND BILLED WITH THE FOLLOWING MONTH'S PURCHASES.



On August 13, Aunt Lucy takes her nephew to Rogers Peet, the superior men's clothing store at 16 East 42<sup>nd</sup> Street to purchase suitable clothes for the trip. The bill: \$233.28. Aunt Lucy pays.

His coat and trousers are the most expensive at \$50, perhaps being a “dress suit,” but his knickers are a hefty \$45 and a suit \$35. With four shirts, twelve collars, shoes, socks, slippers, ties, a cap and a hat, he's ready to conquer Europe.

\* Rogers Peet was immortalized in the song “Marry the Man Today” from Frank Loesser's *Guys and Dolls*.



Specific lyrics, **Guys and Dolls**:

Adelaide: Slowly introduce him to the better things; respectable, conservative, and clean  
Sarah: Reader's Digest!  
Adelaide: Guy Lombardo!  
Sarah: Rogers Peet!  
Adelaide: Golf!  
Sarah: Galoshes!  
Adelaide: Ovaltine!

(Rogers Peet closed in the mid 1980's, but the lyric is so appropriate to our picture book.)



Frank does not begin writing in his journal until he is on board ship on August 15, 1930, but six letters await in Cabin 312. From his mother, still visiting in Asheville:

Dearest Son:  
Just a note, dear, to wish you 'bon voyage'! I know you are going to have a marvelous time and you are certainly one lucky boy – which I am sure that you realize.

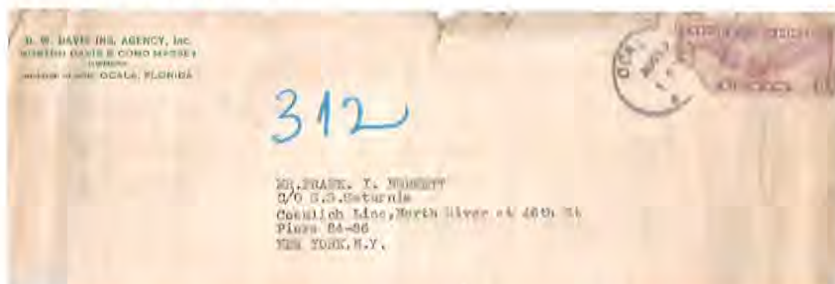
I didn't get any addresses to write to you except c/o American Express in Vienna and Paris so if you have any other and can let me know before you sail or when the Pilot comes ashore, please do so.

I hope you will write to me as often as you can or at least send me postcards for I am going to miss my big boy more than I can say – but I am so happy for you to have the trip and think it is so wonderful of Aunt Lucy to take you that nothing else matters. Do be as sweet and nice to her and also to Lucy Jr. and Aline as you can - for they all think you are such a nice boy and I want them to continue to.

With much love and best wishes for a marvelous trip for you all.

Devotedly, Mother

From his stepfather in Ocala, on Aetna Insurance/D.W. Davis Agency stationery, and in beautiful handwriting:



Dear Frank:

Mother just gave me your steamer address in New York and I thought I would give you an additional "send off." I wish we could both be

there to see you off in person,, but as that is impossible, a letter will have to suffice. My son, I want you to realize what an opportunity Aunt Lucy is giving you this summer 20.

and I want you to do everything in your power to show your appreciation. I know you will do this anyway but remember it all the time so you can make the trip enjoyable for everyone.

Sometimes it is hard to be the life of the party at all times but remember you must always try to think of others and it will not be so hard. That is where we get the most pleasure out of life. At your age it is hard to understand at times, but you will grow to realize it. This is not a lecture, I just wanted to mention it to you as you can think about it from time to time.

We both envy you your trip and know you will have a wonderful time. Don't worry about school as that can be made up easily and the trip will be ten times the education for that length of time.

Old man Muff\* is growing his hair nicely and behaving himself as he should. Hasn't slipped yet. Wish I could grow hair as easily as he does. No chance though.

I am rapidly getting the forest out away into the Cypress down on the river and in a couple of weeks should finish. Then will start filling in.

The marl\*\* that is underneath the surface is going to dry out hard as lime, I believe, so it will make a good foundation. Hope to have it looking a good deal differently when you get back.

Enjoy yourself to the fullest, and know we will all be waiting anxiously for your return. Give my love to all. Yours, Norton

\*Old man Muff is the family dog.

\*\*Marl is a calcium concentrate or lime-rich mud. Norton Davis must have worked on the Camp land holdings around Dunnellon.



There were also highly flirtatious letters waiting for Frank in Stateroom 312. They were from girlfriends Ruth F, Mary, Adelaide and Margaret, school chums or daughters of family friends. Filled with news about their last-minute summer vacations including Chautauqua, lakeside retreats in Florida and visiting relatives, their letters asked Frank not to forget them once he landed on foreign soil.

There was also a letter from his friend George Lloyd sent from Tampa. Lloyd begins with "I hope I have the honor of sending you the first air mail letter you ever got. If it is, you should keep it until we get famous - n'est-ce pas?" (He then tells Frank how to pronounce



the French. "Nes-pa," he writes.)

George Lloyd also talks about theater, attending plays and asks if Frank will see The Follies in New York or Paris. In a few years, George studied theater at Carnegie Institute of Technology in Pittsburgh. Frank wants to go there, too, or to the Yale Drama School, but it isn't in the cards. They stay friends, however, for many years.

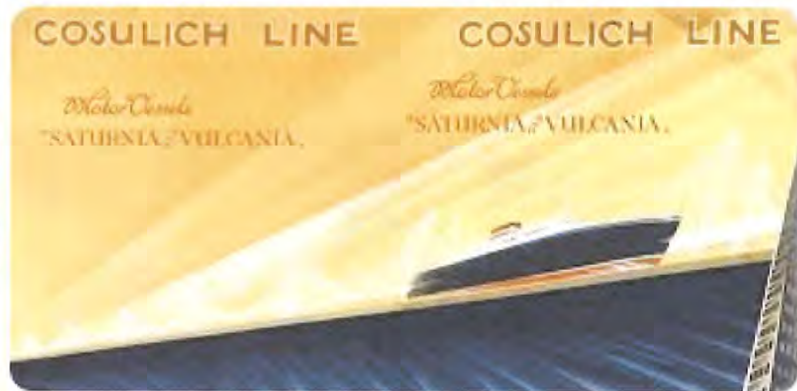
## The M. V. Saturnia, Cosulich Line



What a day it must have been when Frank spotted, boarded and then explored the luxurious Italian ship "Saturnia." Here are various postcards and pictures.



SUPER MOTOR VESSELS  
SATURNIA-VULCANIA  
TRIESTE-NEW YORK



The Saturnia and Vulcania were Italian ships based in Trieste. They advertised voyages that stopped several places on their way to and from that city on the coast of northeastern Italy.

The Saturnia, no doubt chosen by Aunt Lucy for its reputation for elegance and luxury, departs from New York to Trieste on August 15, 1930, seventeen days after his sixteenth birthday.





**Michael's research:**

The Saturnia was launched in 1927. It weighed 24,470 tons and its service speed was 19 knots, roughly 22 miles an hour.

In 1943, following the armistice with Italy, the Saturnia was taken over by the United States and converted into a troop ship. It became an American hospital ship that was also used for transporting military spouses and family members.

In 1947 it was sent back to Italy.

According to a website called "The Golden Age of Ocean Liners," the Saturnia was scrapped in Italy in 1966 after a 39 year run.

*Right:* One of several color plates in Nina Camp's travel journal "My Trip Abroad."







M. V. Saturnia – Ballroom

*First Class*



M. V. Saturnia – Smoking Salon

*First Class*

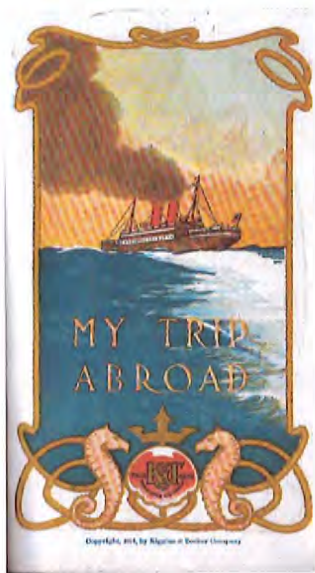
**And so the Journey and the Journal begin.**





# Frank's Journal

with pictures, illustrations  
and comments added by Michael Hall



Above: The Cross leather journal given to Frank by his aunt Nina A. Camp. Left: The first color plate in this journal.

Friday, August 15, 1930  
New York and New York Harbor

Left Hotel Chatham a little after eleven. Arrived at the dock and unloaded "the sixteen bags." Went on board and looked the ship over. Went and got my steamer-letters, then came up on deck again walked around and read the letters. The ship was lit up fit to kill. About 12:00 p.m. we started out, the tug tugging and the steamer churning. Soon away from the docks, we started down the Hudson. The trip had begun!?! Stayed on deck and looked out at the passing docks. Soon we passed the Statue of Liberty. She was hardly visible. I came down and went to bed after we saw this landmark.



Saturday, August 16, 1930

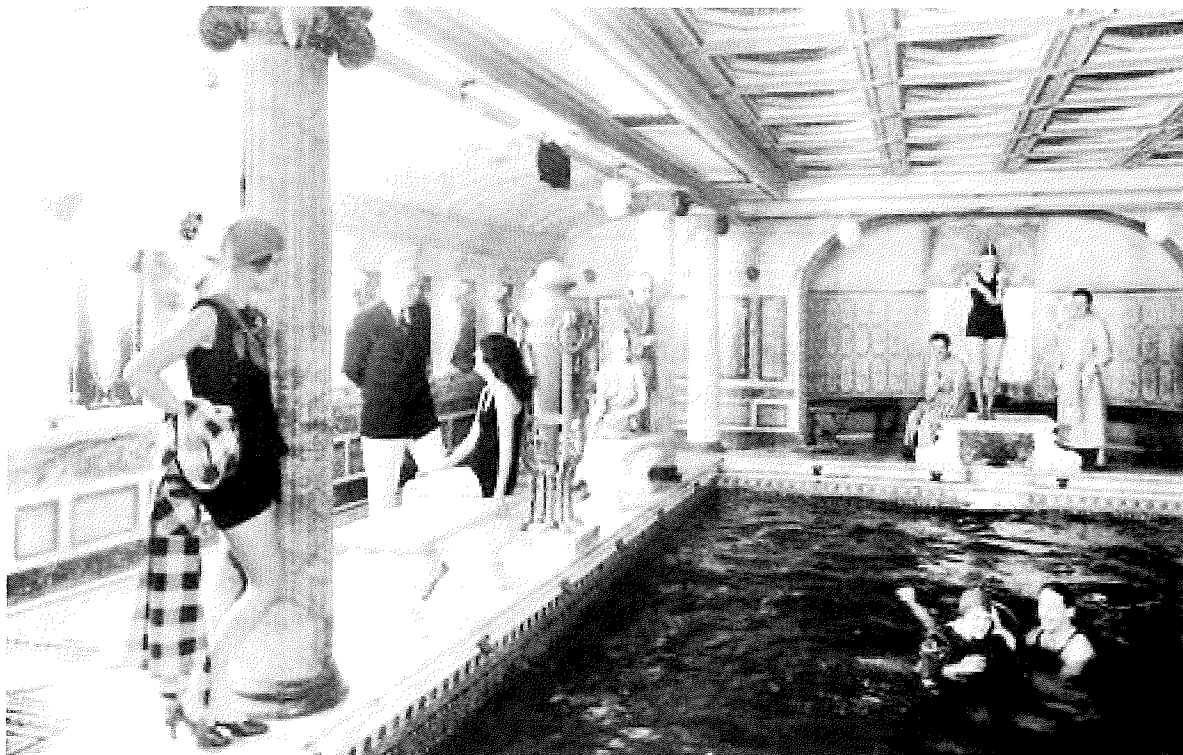
### First day out at sea

Arose fairly early this morning. Went up to Aunt Lucy's stateroom and had breakfast of "orange juice" and "cream of wheat" on the verandah. Later we settled down in steamer chairs on the deck. I started a mystery story. Have seen three or four other boats in the distance. Explored the "upper deck" to-day, and tried some of the sports with Aline. A young boy passed by who would be good company. I will meet him later. All the liquor you want – had wine for lunch and supper (dinner). Had a time getting into my dinner suit. After Aunt Lucy went to bed, Lucy, Aline and I went to the "bar" and had what Lucy calls "knock out drops" which really are.

Sunday, August 17, 1930

### Second day at sea

Aline came down this morning to see if I was up at 10 a.m. I had just arisen. She and Lucy thought the "knock out drops" had put me under but they hadn't. On deck again, walking and reading nothing much to do yet, haven't met any body. There is a little Italian I must meet. Her mother smiles at me often. Wine for lunch and coffee after. Lucy and I got champagne cocktails. Swimming, the boy referred to on the last page was there. I began to talk with him. As yet I don't know his name. Wine for dinner. After dinner the boy introduced me to his friend Nelson Howard. The boy and I walked and talked all evening. Last night he was drunk at the "horse race" and tonight he told me all about it. As yet I don't know his name. I haven't met the Italian girl. I think her name is Betty. *Below:* Swimming pool on the Saturnia.





M. V. Saturnia – Pompeian Swimming Pool  
 Monday, August 18, 1930  
 Third day at sea

*First Class*

The ocean is choppy this morning and the boat is rolling. I am not yet seasick. The boy's name I have found out is Richard Battle. We played a little "golf" this morning, also finished my mystery stories, not "story" as they turn out to be. Played ping-pong and then went swimming. Stayed in swimming most of the afternoon. Got dressed for dinner as usual. After dinner went out on deck and walked around. Went down second-class for a while and danced and talked with several other people. I thought I would have more fun tonight than I would have tomorrow night at the fancy dress ball. We will see. When I am about to go to bed it is about 2 o'clock. I guess I had better turn in now.

*Below: Saturnia's Social Room and Chapel, First Class*







SATURNIA  
First Class - Two-Berth Stateroom

Left: Saturnia, Two Berth Stateroom.

## Tuesday, August 19, 1930 Fourth day at sea

As yet I haven't gotten up on time for breakfast. To-day is the day of the "Ball." I haven't any costume and don't know what I will wear. Luncheon as usual. After dinner I was walking by Mrs. Maiullo with the purpose of having her introduce herself which

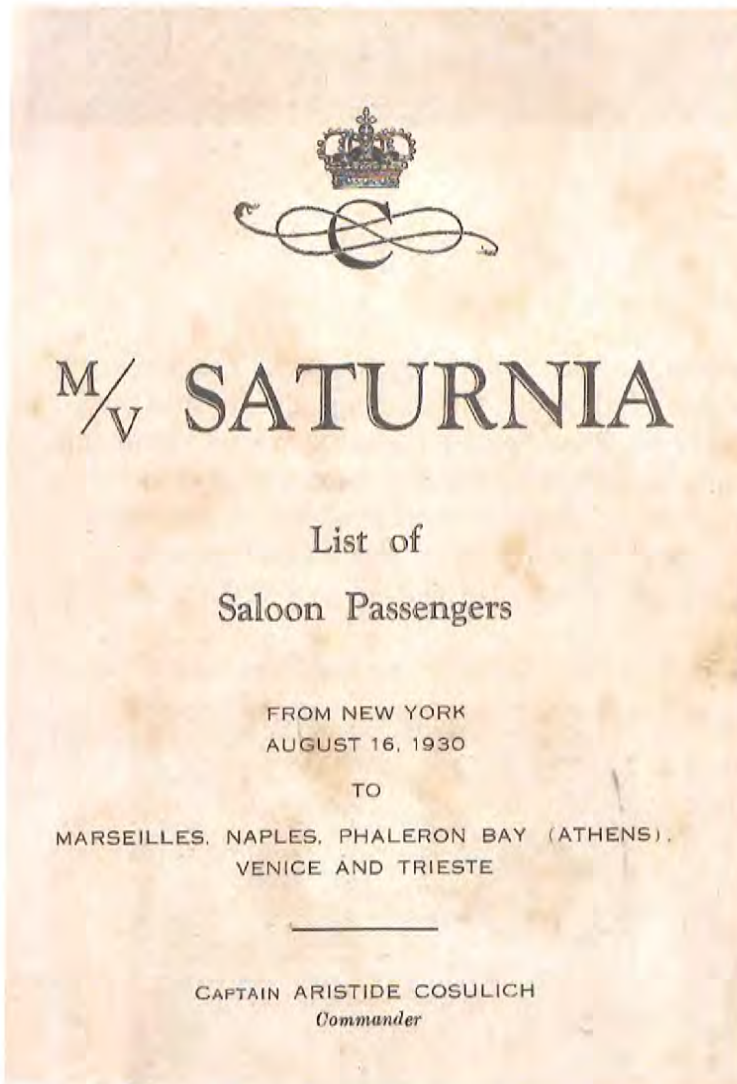
she did. Later her daughter came up and was introduced by her. Her name is "Betty" but she likes to be called "Mimi." I was also introduced to the Flannery sisters who are good friends of the Maiullos. I went swimming and to the movies this afternoon. While in swimming the Contesse Piero Venezze told me I swam like a fish. Had a good time swimming.

After dinner I decided to go to the "Ball" as a "sheik." So I prepared with a sheet and a couple of scarves but the costume was a failure and I went in my lounging pajamas.

Later in the evening as Betty came in the door I asked her to dance but she said she would rather walk so we did, and talked about horses. Later she settled down at a table on the upper deck near her mother.

We sat there and talked for a good while. I finally decided I had better go to bed at 2:15 and started when the steward said someone was looking for me. It turned out to be Dick.

He said Mrs. Maiullo had motioned to him to get Betty and me away. I don't know if this is so. We talked a while and I got to bed at 3 a.m.



## LIST OF PASSENGERS

Armstrong, Miss Lucy	Elliott, Mrs. Maude Howe	*Armstrong, Miss Lucy
	Ellis, Mrs. John D.	
Battle, Mr. R.		*Battle, Mr. R
Bennett, Mr. Frank		*Bennett, Mr. Frank
Bixby, Mrs. Ellen Magnus	Ferguson, Mr. James L.	*Flannery, Miss Millicent
Boglione, Mr. Francesco	Flannery, Miss Millicent	*Flannery, Miss Marguerite
	Flannery, Miss Marguerite	
	Fox, Dr. Wm. Henry	
Callimachos, Dr. Denetrios		
Carton, Miss Mary	Gates, Dr. Caleb	
Carton, Miss Agnes	Gates, Mrs.	
Carpenter, Mr. C. L.	Geary, Mrs. E. B.	
Chambers, Mr. Frank W.	Glesenkamp, Mrs. Joseph A.	
Chesrow, Mr. David S.	Glesenkamp, Mr. J. A., Jr.	
Chipley, Mr. Hunt	Gilbert, Miss Clara C.	*Gilbert, Miss Clara C.
Chipley, Mrs.	Gilbert, Miss Helen	
Clark, Mrs. Mary B. C.	Golamis, Mrs. Yanoula	
Cornell, Mr. Milton L.		
Cramp, Comm. Walter		
Crook, Mr. Linton		
	Howard, Mr. Nelson R.	*Howard, Mr. Nelson R.
	Hull, Mrs. Lucia	
D'Alessandro, Mr. Louis	Hundley, Mr. E. E.	*Hundley, Mr. E. E.
D'Alessandro, Mrs.	Hyman, Mr. Robert H.	
Davis, Mr. Leslie A.		
Davis, Mrs.		
Davis, Miss Adele	Immerso, Mr. Giovanni	
Davis, Miss Aino T.		
Davis, Master Caleb W.		*Dipson, Mr. Nikitas
Dipson, Mr. Nikitas		*Dipson, Mrs.
Dipson, Mrs.		
Doree, Mme. Di Renzo	Jenkins, Mr. Alfred W.	

\*Battle, Dipson, Flannery, Howard – names other than Armstrong and Bennett that we will encounter in the next pages.

*Michael writes:* I cannot say how grateful I am that Frank kept all of these documents. Without the Passenger List, I could never identify names or spellings of First Class passengers. 29.



Kaplan, Miss Isabel  
Kenny, Miss Julia T.  
Kenny, Mr. Timothy J.  
Klemm, Mrs. Karl

La Monte, Miss F. R.  
Lyon, Mrs. Doree

Magnus, Miss Ruth  
Mann, Miss Evelyn  
Maiullo, Mrs. A.  
Maiullo, Miss Betty  
McCall, Mrs. G. H.  
McKinnon, Mr. Hugh  
Megrue, Mr. E. G.  
Megrue, Mrs.  
Morton, Mrs. M. L.  
Moltz, Mrs. L. M. C.

Olson, Mr. Sanford

Pellerano, Mr. Nicholas A.  
Pellerano, Miss P. L.  
Plunkett, Mr. C. Taylor  
Plunkett, Mrs.

Ransone, Mr. Eduardo  
Robbins, Mrs. Edward E.

Salama, Dr. Anis  
Sama, Mr. Manuel N.  
Sheehan, Dr. J. Eastman  
Sheehan, Mrs.  
Sheehan, Miss Peggy  
Somerville, Miss Esther  
Sorensen, Mr. Christian  
Sorensen, Mrs.  
Sorensen, Master Henry  
Sorensen, Miss Christiane  
and governess  
Sully, Mr. Wilberforce, Jr.

Talton, Mr. W. I.  
Tooliatos, Mr. Harry N.  
Tooliatos, Mrs.  
Tooliatos, Master S. H.

Vair, Mrs. J. S.  
Venezze, Countesse Piero

Walker, Mr. Winslow H.  
Ward, Miss Aline  
Wilson, Dr. Perrin T.  
Wilson, Mrs.  
Wister, Mrs. Langhorne H.

Yahr, Miss Marian  
Yahr, Miss Mabel

\*Mann, Miss Evelyn

\*Maiullo, Mrs. A.

\*Maiullo, Miss Betty

\*Talton, Mr. W. I.

\*Morton, Mrs. M. L.

\*Moltz, Mrs. L. M. C.

\*Venezze, Countesse  
Piero

\*Olson, Mr. Sanford

\*Ward, Miss Aline

\*You will see the names Maiullo, Mann, Talton, Venezze and Olson on these pages. Interesting that Mr. R. Battle (Dick), Mr. Nelson R. Howard, Mr. E. E. Hundley, Miss Evelyn Mann, Mr. W. I. Talton, Contesse Piero Venezze and Mr. Sanford Olson are all traveling alone, unless, like Frank, they are with people with last names other than their own. Miss Betty Maiullo is with her mother. Miss Clara Gilbert appears to be with her sister or maiden aunt. We never learn the age of the Flannery sisters.





*Above:* The Masquerade Ball, Tuesday, August 19, 1930. Frank, unhappy with his attempt to become a “sheik,” went in his “lounging pajamas.”

*Right:* Here he is in front of the American flag, young, eager, not camera-shy.

How I wish I knew if any of the people he talks about in his Journal are in the Masquerade Ball photo above.

Because Aline Ward was tall, I wonder if she is standing one row below Frank with what looks like a scarf tied loosely around her neck. Look right and you can get a glimpse of the woman I’m talking about in the bottom right corner of the second picture.

I doubt that Aunt Lucy or her daughter Lucy Junior attended the Ball.

Frank gave us no details about the event other than what transpired afterwards.





#### DISTANCES

Pier 86 N. R., New York, to Ambrose Light Vessel	22 Miles
Ambrose Light Vessel to Gibraltar	3172 Miles
Gibraltar to Marseilles	690 Miles
Marseilles to Naples	437 Miles
Naples to Messina	176 Miles
Messina to Phaleron Bay (Athens)	496 Miles
Athens to Venice	863 Miles
Venice to Trieste	66 Miles



#### MEMORANDUM OF LOG

Wednesday, August 20, 1930

Fifth day out at sea

The steward woke me up at 12:00 o'clock to-day. I got dressed just in time for luncheon. Had a game of ping-pong with Betty and the Flannerys. Swam with Betty and Miss Millicent Flannery. Went to the picture show and Betty came in and sat down beside me. After the show Betty and I went up on the sport deck and played deck tennis. Dinner at usual. Won 90 cents on the horse race. Betty and I went on the main deck. She started talking to an officer in Italian and talked until her mother came up and got her.

I hope her mother isn't mad at me. Met the Dipsons. They are Greeks. While sitting there I noticed that half of Aline's "Busom" was exposed. She had on a chiffon dress and the strap of her "Brziar" had broken. I nearly died laughing. She was clever about it and no one knew it except Lucy and me. I close tonight at a little after two.

Thursday, August 21, 1930

Sixth day out at sea

Again the steward had to wake me up. It was also 12:00 again. Had lunch and then went with Aunt Lucy. Listened to Mr. Olson and her talk, then I went swimming (an interesting swim), came out and then wrote in this book. Dressed for dinner and walked some more with Aunt Lucy. Clara came up and sat at a table with Betty and two Flannerys and played "Lucky." I lost at "Lucky." Betty has acted funny. I don't know whether it is a result of last night or not. Sat with the usual bunch. Lucy and Aline go to bed at 12:00. I pretend to. I go back up and walk around half the ship so that Betty can see me, then turn at the middle door and repeat for 3 or 4 times. I can be as snobbish as she. It is now 1:20.



Friday, August 22, 1930

Seventh day out at sea

The steward woke me up at 11:30 a.m. this morning. I was nearly famished before I got lunch today. After lunch I wrote a few letters. I went to the movie and then went swimming this afternoon. Got dressed for dinner and went up and found out that Aunt Lucy had hurt her leg. We all went on to dinner. After dinner I went up and had a long talk with her about all sorts of things until twelve, then I helped her get to bed. I then went up and saw the Cape St. Vincent's lighthouse and land!! It was about 12 p.m. until 1 a.m. that we saw it. I then started to bed but walked a little with Mr. Talton and then came to bed. It is now 2:30.



Left and Above: A map and photograph of Cape St. Vincent and Cape St. Vincent's famous lighthouse. web photos

Michael writes: No wonder Frank kept every journal and every letter he ever received. So did his mother.

## Frank Writes to His Mother

M. V. Saturnia  
Friday, August 22, 1930

Mrs. N. P. Davis  
8 Holmwood Road  
Asheville, N.C.  
U.S.A.  
c/o Jack Camp

Dearest Mother,

The weather has been fine and none of us have been sea-sick. The ocean has been as calm as a mill-pond. The boat is lovely and the food very good.



We have met a lot of people of all different races. There are some Greeks, a lot of Italians, and a good many Americans. However there are only about a third of the members of first class passengers that the boat can carry.

The first day out of New York we saw about four or five other boats and for several days we saw some of them and then lost all, but to-day a boat was sighted and it kept getting near and nearer and coming in our direction. It looked as if we were going to collide.

We found out that it was a French boat from South America. It came directly in front of us and we had to turn out of our course to avoid hitting it. They say the captain was awfully mad.

We see Gibraltar to-morrow at 11 a.m. and arrive at Marseilles at either 12 a.m. or 5 a.m. Monday so that we will either see the city at night or in the early dawn. We only stay there three hours. While we are in Naples, as we have a whole day there, we are going out to Pompeii. We will also go to Athens and Venice.

I don't know any other addresses to which you can write me as we won't be in any place more than a day or two.

You are all well I hope and aren't having any trouble with your eye now. With much love to you and the rest. Your devoted son, Frank



Saturday, August 23,  
1930  
First day in the  
Mediterranean

Got up at 9 this morning.

Went out to get Mr. Talton. Found him up and had breakfast with him. Went up on deck to see if we could see Gibraltar but it was too early, but saw some of the Spanish coast and African coast. About that time a heavy fog came up and we could see nothing. Later the fog lifted and we saw just what we thought was a big wreck on the coast, but it turned out to be Gibraltar. I took a picture of it and a passing steamer.

All day some of the coast was visible in the distance. Had lunch then went to the movie and swimming. Dressed for dinner and had a special dinner served us with a special menu with our name on it. Played "Lucky" after dinner and won \$4.60.

Later we went down to second class. Mr. Dipson, Mrs. Dipson, Lucy, Mr. Talton, Mr. Hundley, Mrs. Redfield\* and myself. Mr. Dipson ordered champagne. I drank about three small glasses, and about 12:20 Lucy, Mr. Talton and I came up. Lucy went to bed. Mr. Talton went back and I went out on deck. After awhile Mr. Olson, Mr. Howard and Dick all came out on deck, and the Italian boy. They all said I was drunk. Maybe I was but I knew all that happened to me.

They all went on the upper deck to get a drink and I went up but not to drink. Mr. Howard decided to give me some advice. I seemed drunk – and he did!\*\* Later Mr. Hundley and Mrs. Redfield and Mr. Talton came up. Mr. Hundley went off with Mrs. Redfield\*\*\* – I don't know where. Dick and I sat up there for a long time and talked. I don't think I was drunk yet.

- \* Mrs. Redfield is not on the Passenger List. An entertainer, maybe?
- \*\* Did what? Give young Frank some advice?
- \*\*\* Again, Mrs. Redfield! Mr. Hundley went off with her!

## Frank Writes to His Stepfather

On board M. V. Saturnia  
August 23, 1930

Mr. N. P. Davis  
Ocala, Florida  
U.S.A.

Dear D. D.,

We're almost there. We saw the Rock of Gibraltar yesterday and are to land to-morrow at Marseilles. I will sure be glad to get my feet on a little dry land. Of course we are on the water about a week more but we get off at three other place before we land.

The ship is a nice one and has all sorts of entertaining things on it. The swimming pool is very beautiful. I have been going in most every day. We have movies and all sorts of games so that you don't have time to be bored if you do all these things.

Lucy and I went down to the engine room yesterday and





looked it over. It is one of the new kind that is run by oil.

We have had nice weather all the way over, sun every day except one and perfectly calm weather so none of us have been seasick.

Don't work too hard down at the place clearing it out and not be able to build the house.

Tell Muff hello for me and tell him that I send my love to him and that if he keeps up his good behavior all summer that I will bring him something.

Yours devotedly, Frank

## Sunday, August 24, 1930 Second day in the Mediterranean

To-day I got up in time for lunch. No ill affects from last night. Had lunch and then wrote letters all after-noon. Dressed for dinner as usual. After dining I was walking around deck and Betty decided she wanted to "play with me again." Sat down and talked to them. Later, the other Miss Flannery came up and said they were giving Mrs. Maiullo's "boy friend" a party and invited me down. We all went down about 11:00 o'clock, that is Mrs. Maiullo, her "boy friend," Betty, the Miss Flannerys and myself. We had champagne and sandwiches and candy and cakes. Talked a good while and about 2:15 a.m. came down to bed. Went to sleep about 3 or 4 a.m.\* We get to Marseilles to-morrow morning about 5:00 a.m.

\* I have no idea what person on the ship they call Mrs. Maiullo's "boy-friend."

## Monday, August 25, 1930 Third day in the Mediterranean landing at Marseilles, France

Was to get up at 4:30 this morning but didn't.

Got up and looked out and saw the harbor of Marseilles. We took the taxi that was there and drove around Marseilles and saw the important buildings.





Then we went up on the hill to see the cathedral of –  
*(Frank left the name blank, but he must have meant Notre Dame de la Garde, a Catholic basilica built on the highest point in Marseilles.)*

It was lovely situated and very pretty.

*Left:* Postcard, Notre Dame de la Garde

*Right:* Postcard, Marseilles.

Came back to the boat and sailed about 8 a.m. Swam and saw the picture show this afternoon. Dressed for dinner as per usual. Talked with Miss Millicent Flannery for a good while. We played “Lucky” and I lost. Finally wound up by going to bed rather late.



Tuesday, August 26,  
 1930

Fourth day in the Mediterranean landing at  
 Naples, Italy



This morning we got up and looked upon Naples Harbor or Bay of Naples. Which was lovely.





We went ashore at 9 a.m. and drove straight out to Pompeii. We entered the city through the “gate of the sea” and then proceeded to the Temple of Apollo and the Basilica and into the Forum.



*Above:* Temple of Apollo and Basilica of Pompeii  
*Below:* The Forum with Vesuvius in the background



We left the Forum by the street of Abundance and went to the theaters, baths, several other temples, the bakery and one private house that is being restored.

*Left:* Theater at Pompeii under restoration.

*Right:* Portrait of a Couple in a private house.



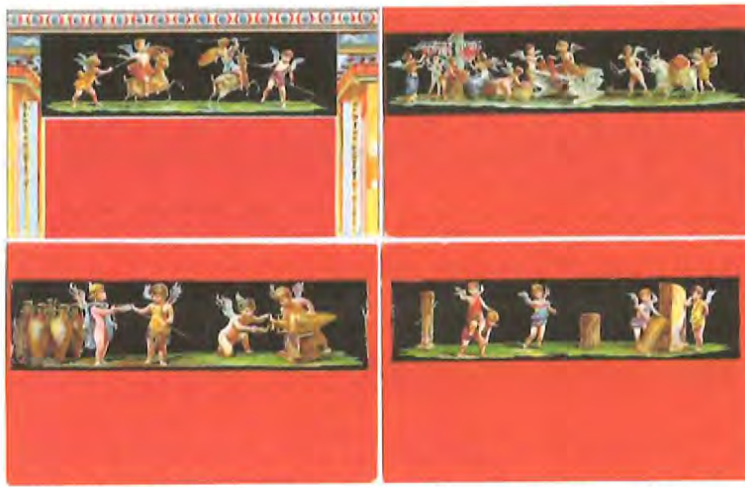
*Right:* Street of Abundance.

*Left:* The Bakery.



web photos this page and next





*Left:* Postcards from Pompeii.

After leaving there we went back to the Hotel and it was so hot. We could see of course the mountain of Vesuvius in the background the whole time.

After a rotten lunch, we drove back to Naples and drove to the Aquarium and saw the fish, then to other public buildings of interest.

We got to the boat about 3 p.m. after a very interesting day

*Right:* Postcard of the Aquarium in Naples.



Mimi decided that she wanted to go to the engine room and wanted me to go with her so I went. Didn't go swimming today. After dinner I played the horse races and won \$2.60.

Aline and I stayed up and watched Stromboli, a small island with a volcano on it. It would belch forth smoke and fire. About 2 a.m. the lights of the Strait of Messina came into view and we watched them for a half hour and then came down to bed. I am sure sleepy now. Good-night.

*Right:* Postcard of Stromboli, the crater.



## Wednesday, August 27, 1930 Fifth day in the Mediterranean

This morning the steward woke me up at 8 a.m. to close my porthole. I went back to sleep and slept til lunch time. This afternoon I went swimming with Mimi and stayed in quite late.



Dressed for dinner. After dinner I played the Lucky game and lost. Went up on upper deck with Aline to see if we could see any of Epiros. We were a little successful and saw a few lights and hills. Came down and sat around with the crowd and ate sandwiches. Most everybody on board had gone to bed but the crew, so we sang and Florence tapped a little and Mrs. Redfield sang some and Mrs. Morton\* played. I close at 2 a.m. tonight.

\* Mrs. Morton is a First Class passenger. I don't know about Florence.

## Frank Writes to His Mother

M. V. Saturnia  
August 27, 1930

Mrs. N. P. Davis  
910 East 5<sup>th</sup> Street  
Ocala, Florida  
U.S.A.

Dearest Mother,

We have been having a wonderful time since I last wrote to you.

We saw Gibraltar and got up at 4:30 a.m. so that we could see Marseilles. The next day we were in Naples which was lovely. Of course when we got to Naples we went straight out to Pompeii. We didn't stay as long there as I would have liked to as it was very warm and the ladies on the excursion were hot, but what I did see of it I thought very interesting.

Yesterday we were in Athens. Of course as soon as we got there we went straight to the Acropolis which was as marvelous as anything in the world could be. From the Acropolis we went to the Temple of Theseus which is certainly well preserved for its age.

We went to the stadium, part of which is the old Greek one. As Aunt Lucy wanted to do a little shopping we didn't see the Temple of Jupiter at close range. On the whole the shore excursions have been very nice but the only thing that is wrong is that you don't stay at a place long enough to see much. We were in Marseilles three hours, Naples seven, and Athens four.

I am sending you two pictures to see. Be sure and keep them in the dark as the light fades them.

I hope that you are well and taking good care of yourself and that your eye isn't troubling you any more. I wish you could be with us because I miss you more every day.

Tell papa hello for me. Much love. Your devoted son, Frank

*Michael writes:* He included these two photographs in the letter. On the next pages you will see sharper copies of the picture of the foursome in front of the Caryatids in the Acropolis.

These two photos have faded badly. They are now grey. I did my best to bring them back to life – and turn them back into sepia.



Saturday, August 28, 1930

Sixth day in the Mediterranean landing at Athens, Greece



*Above:* Postcard, The Parthenon.

This morning I got up rather early as we were supposed to land about 6 a.m. We went ashore in a “tender” to a port just outside of Athens called --  
*(Frank leaves this blank, but he means Piraeus.)*

The drive to Athens was short and very interesting. The Acropolis could be seen almost all the way out.



As soon as we got to Athens we went straight to the Acropolis. It was Marvelous.

There were many temples very well preserved. From there we went in town to the Temple of Athena which is the best preserved building I saw in Athens.

*Right:* Temple of Athena.



web photos above

*Michael writes:* Frank must have purchased a larger copy of the group's "Caryatids Photo" because it was in his memorabilia.

Frank is "suited up" despite the warm weather. Aunt Lucy has on an enormous hat. Aline is tall and elegant. Lucy Junior appears docile and quiet, which, if true, might evolve from being her adventurous mother's obedient daughter. This sepia treasure is a true "Camp Family" photograph.

There is an earlier photograph of Frank's mother and his Aunt Sallie as teenagers riding camels in Egypt while on a European trip with their father. A later photograph shows a middle-aged Aunt Lucy riding an elephant in India.



Here's the "Caryatids Photo" once more for closer inspection.

Today, as I write, I walked into one of those "before-you-enter-the-ballroom" closets hoping to find a huge folded drawing of The Saturnia. I couldn't find it. But there was a box marked, in my handwriting, **PERSONAL Cards and Correspondence Frank Bennett**

and I dragged it out of its corner. Lo and behold, it contained all the letters he wrote to his mother during his Grand Tour – she saved them, and he in turn saved them after her. The cardboard box held all of the postcards he bought on the European trip. Suddenly I no longer needed to search the web for illustrations of places he wrote about. They were in my house all along.



The cardboard box held all of the postcards he bought on the European trip. Suddenly I no longer needed to search the web for illustrations of places he wrote about. They were in my house all along.

## Frank's Postcards from Athens



Panorama of Athens



Temple of Jupiter





ATHÈNES.

Temple of Theseus



ATHÈNES.

Propylaea Acropolis



Monument of Philopappos



ATHÈNES.

Above: Theatre of Bacchus



ATHÈNES.

Column of Hadrian



ATHÈNES.

Above: Pericles



ATHÈNES.

Left: Kerameikos Cemetery

Thursday, August 29, 1930  
Sixth day in the Mediterranean  
Continued



From here we went to the Stadium where the Olympic games were held in Ancient times and which has been restored and was used for the Olympic games recently. From there we drove around a little and went to a shop where Aunt Lucy bought some linens.

As soon as this was bought it was time to go back to the boat. We caught the last tender out to the boat. In the afternoon I went to the picture show and swimming with Mimi. Tonight I played "Lucky" and lost. Went to bed early so that I might get a good night's sleep.



*Above left:* Postcard of the Olympic field in Athens.

web photo

*Left:* Postcard of the Caryatids.

Friday, August 29, 1930  
Seventh day in the Mediterranean

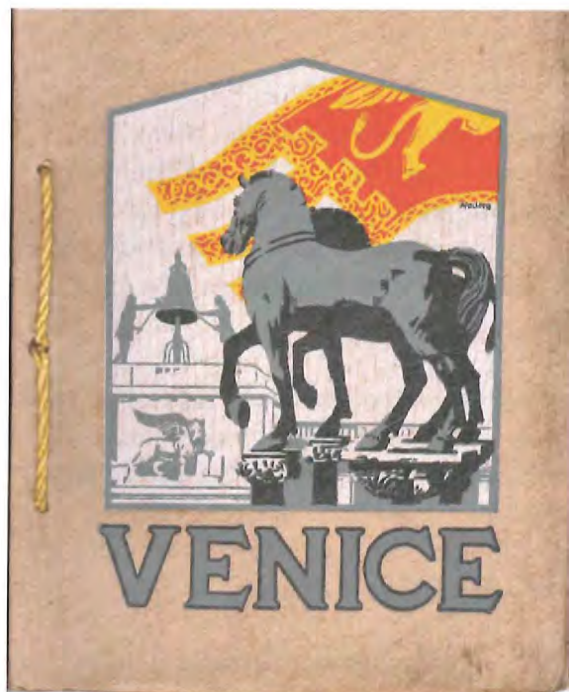
Got up in time for lunch to-day after "a good night's rest of about 11 or 12 hours." Went swimming again to-day for the last time on the boat. Tonight I didn't dress for dinner as it was the last night on board and no one did. After dinner I attached myself to Mimi – and Dick came and joined us. Later we all went down to the engine room. We had quite a time. I am going to bed early tonight as we get off in Trieste tomorrow at noon and see Venice at 8 a.m. from the boat.

Saturday, August 30, 1930  
Eighth day in the Mediterranean landing at Trieste, Italy

The steward woke me at seven. I got up and saw all of Venice I could which wasn't much.\*

\* Frank bought a booklet of photographs of Venice. I scanned several of them and put them on the next page. No wonder he was anxious to return to Venice in order to "see" it. I went with him in 1982 and we saw everything we could see in *three days*.

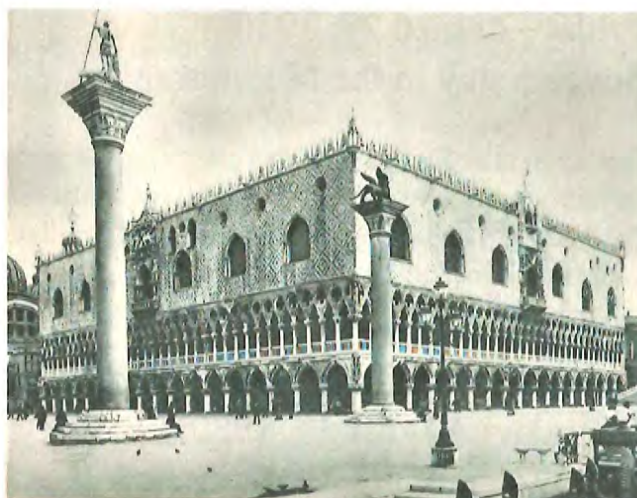




Il Ponte dei Sospiri. (Antonio Contino?).  
 Pont des soupis.  
 Die Seufzerbrücke.  
 The Bridge of Sighs.



Il Canal Grande col Ponte di Rialto.  
 Le Canal Grande et le «Ponte di Rialto».  
 The Canal Grande and the «Ponte di Rialto».



La Piazzetta del Palazzo Ducale e la Riva degli Schiavoni.  
 La «Piazzetta» le Palais Ducal et la Riva degli Schiavoni.  
 Die «Piazzetta» mit dem Dogenpalast und Riva degli Schiavoni.  
 The «Piazzetta» with the Ducal Palace and the Riva degli Schiavoni.



Panorama di Venezia dall'Isola S. Giorgio.  
 Vista von der Höhe de S. Giorgio.  
 View seen from the Mount of S. Giorgio.

Michael writes: When we were in Venice he bought two excellent Canaletto prints on canvas and promptly dropped them in the Canal as he got





out of a boat. I think he would have jumped into the canal if the gondolier hadn't stopped him. The gondolier fished out the treasures from the murky water and returned them to Frank unharmed. Back in Boca Raton, Frank framed them and used them in several stage sets.

*Left:* My postcard Grand Canal by Canaletto.



*Frank's Journal:*

Had early lunch and got off at 1 p.m. at Trieste, Italy. Our hotel was just across the street from the dock. We went out to the caves and grottos outside of Trieste this afternoon and went all through them. They were quite lovely. The ride back was also pretty with all the ships lighted up. Had a late dinner and went for a short walk along the waterfront then went to bed which was very nice after being away from land so long.



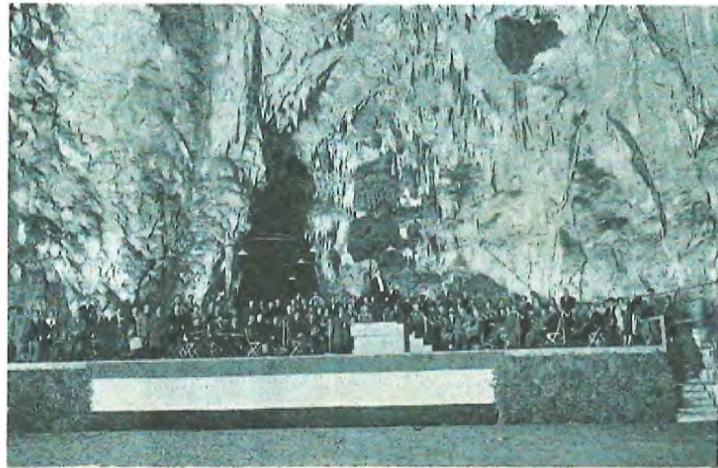
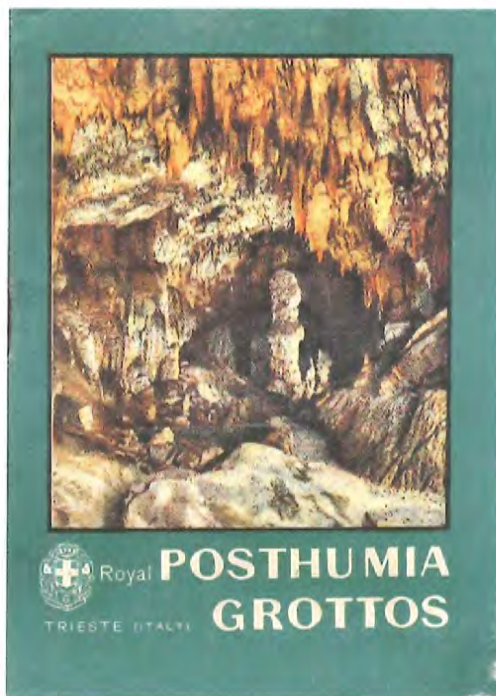
*Above:* Frank's brochure of Trieste.

*Above right:* Contemporary photo of the Savoia Hotel where he stayed in Trieste. web photo



*Right:* Postcard of old Trieste.





THE BIG GROTTO FOR CONCERTS.  
 (Photo taken on Sept. 1st, 1929 during the Grand Symphonic Concerts of the celebrated Maestro Pietro Mascagni).

*Left:* Frank's brochure of the grottos of Trieste.

*Above:* Brochure photo, concert in the grottos in 1929.

*Left:*  
 Postcard of  
 Trieste.



**Sunday, August 31, 1930**  
**Between Trieste, Italy and Budapest, Hungaria**

Arose at 7 a.m. this morning to catch the train to Budapest. Had breakfast on the train. Did nothing but watch scenery and sleep a little all morning. The train sure is funny, people stand everywhere and the compartments are very silly. Had lunch in the dining car. This sure is a long train ride. Fourteen hours. Watched scenery and slept all afternoon and read a little. Had



supper on the train too. I was sure glad to get it. Arrived at Budapest at twenty minutes till ten. Had a time getting the bags off the train. Took a taxi to the hotel and as soon as I got there I took a bath and went to bed.

Monday, September 1, 1930  
Budapest, Hungaria



*Above and below:* Luggage stickers.

*Right:* Postcard, exterior of Dunapalota Hotel.



Slept till ten a.m. this morning. Had breakfast in Aunt Lucy's room. The hotel is named the Dunapalota and is quite nice. Stayed upstairs all morning and went up on the roof garden for lunch. After lunch we came down to the room and they had a manicure while I hung up the "family wash" in my room.



We all went shopping later and ended up in an antique jewelry shop and I bought a couple of miniature silver chairs said to be over a hundred years old.

Had a late dinner and didn't get through till 10 p.m. We then all came to bed.

*Michael writes:* Budapest is where Frank began to enhance his collection of miniature furniture. Here is my photo of the silver chairs he bought. They are only 1½ inches tall. He bought the table later.

Frank always talked about his "stage" and the furniture and props he bought for it. Even in his teens he was designing sets and furnishing them. On the next page, more of my photographs of some of his collection of miniatures.







Backed by a framed copy of the photo in front of the Caryatids, here are those silver chairs plus two more he added later. Also a bookcase, sideboard, miniature candlesticks, tiny little Toby jugs and other items. I discovered them packed in cotton and placed in little boxes. (The rock far left is a geode.)

## Tuesday, September 2, 1930 Budapest, Hungaria

This morning we got up at seven o'clock a.m. and had breakfast in the room and were ready to go sight-seeing at 9 a.m. The first thing we went to see was the Parliament building. It was very beautiful and interesting and many beautiful paintings were in it.



*Above:* Frank's postcard of the Parliament building on the Danube and his postcard of Parliament, cropped by me to make a panorama.

We then went to see the "St. Stephen's Church" which is very lovely. From there we went to the Art Gallery which is built on the Roman and Greek style of architecture. We saw many 50.



paintings of many masters of old and then went in to see the collection of paintings of modern Hungarian painters, some of which were very good.



*Above:* Hungarian Royal Palace in 1930 and exterior of St. Stephen's Church.

We drove around to some of the various places and came back to the Hotel for lunch. After lunch we went to a swimming pool where they have electric waves. From here we went to the Royal Palace and saw many lovely rooms that are open to the public. We then drove up on a mountain and had refreshments and a grand view of the City. After this we came down to St. Margaret's Island on the middle of the Danube River and drove out on it. I close now to get ready for dinner. Lucy, Aline and I went out to some place in Buda for dinner and didn't get through till 10 p.m. Then went some place for coffee and came home to bed.



*Above:* Postcard of Budapest in 1930 and Map of St. Margaret's Island as connected to Buda and Pest by a bridge. *Below:* Postcards of Budapest 1930 and Baths in Budapest.



web  
photos  
this  
page

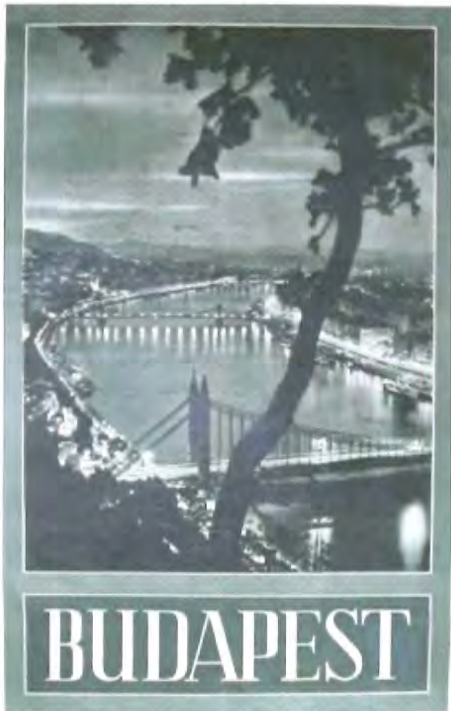


Wednesday, September 3, 1930  
Budapest, Hungaria



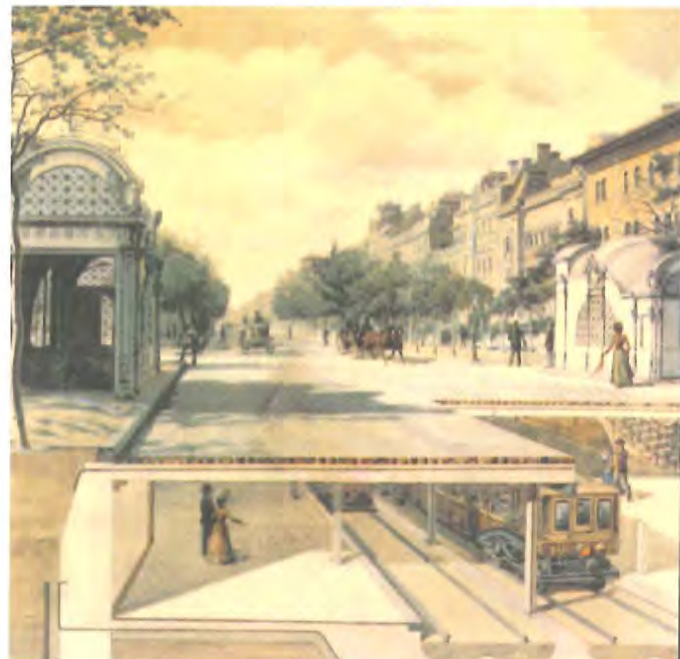
Above: Postcard, Fine Arts Museum in Budapest.

Left: The Franz Liszt Collection is in the Franz Liszt Academy of Music in Budapest.



Right: Cutaway drawing of the Budapest Underground, the second underground railway in the world, constructed 1894-1896.

Some web pages, some from Frank's brochures.

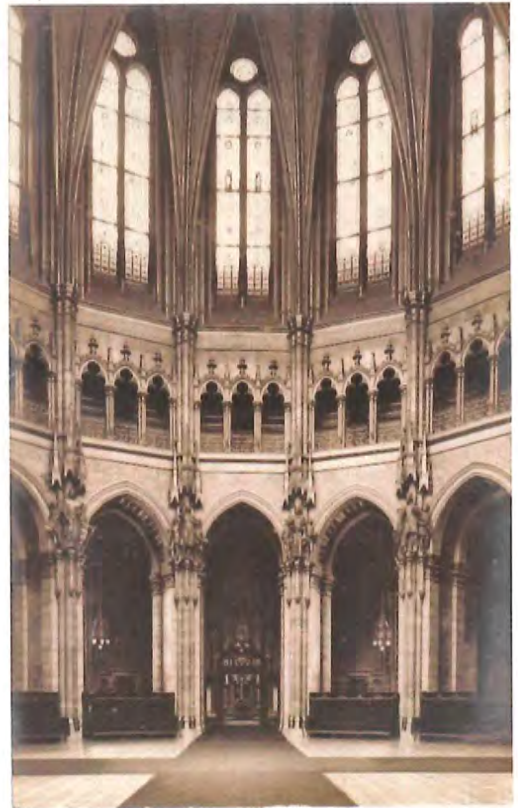




## Frank's Postcards of Budapest



*Clockwise:* Parliament, a staircase in Parliament, another staircase, Cupola Hall, an English-American restaurant, "The Conquest of Hungary" painting in Parliament and the House of Commons.



*Left:* American restaurant in Budapest.



## Thursday, September 4, 1930 Between Budapest, Hungaria and Vienna, Austria

Went shopping and packed all morning and afternoon at 4:30 p.m. caught the train for Vienna. It was a 4 and ½ hour ride. The scenery was very pretty but nothing unusual except for the flocks of geese and cattle. There was a funny little Hungarian man in our compartment and we talked to him some. The train is much nicer than the one we came to Budapest on, although it isn't marvelous. We arrived about 9 p.m. and came straight to our hotel, The Imperial, once the palace of a "duke." We went to bed.



Various web postcards and drawings of the Imperial Hotel in Vienna.

As Frank writes, The Imperial Hotel was once the home of a duke.

\* Hungaria, meaning the Kingdom of Hungary, is what many in the early Nineteenth Century called Hungary.



Friday, September 5, 1930  
 Vienna, Austria



We were up and out at 10 a.m. this morning. We spent most of our time shopping and then went to lunch. After lunch Aunt Lucy found a seed store and proceeded to “buy.” Lucy and I went to the Spanish riding academy to look at the horses. We then came to the hotel and got a car and drove all around the city and up on a hill to get a good view of it. We then came down and dressed for dinner and went to a show (partly in German) and came home to bed. P.S.

Bumped into Mimi and her mother in the American Express and later after the show saw her again in our hotel with Miss Mann.

web photo



DIREKTOR HUBERT MARISCHKA



Left: Pages of the program he kept from Theater An Der Wien. The picture at center is the director Hubert Marischka.



Postcard of Vienna.



# Saturday, September 6, 1930 Vienna, Austria

This morning we started out to see the country. We rode all morning in a car through the Viennese Woods outside of Vienna and stopped for lunch at place called *(he leaves this blank)*. After lunch we went to Schonbrunn, a palace outside of Vienna. It was pretty and some of the rooms were attractive.

We went to the gardens of Schonbrunn ... *(I cannot decipher the next few words, but something kept them from seeing very much – maybe it was fertilizer! – because then he writes)* ... over a lot of “ground” so we didn’t see many. But what we saw was very pretty. We came back to the hotel and Lucy, Aline and I went out to supper and came back to the hotel early to bed.

*Michael writes:* Sixteen-year-old Frank thinks “some of the rooms” at Schonbrunn “were attractive.” Typical of a designer, eh? At least typical of Frank!



Frank kept his English Guide and his and Lucy Junior’s tickets.



The panorama photo, photo of the gardens and two photos below are from the web.

He would have loved the red and gold room. And he certainly talked about the yellow/gold exterior.





## Frank's Postcards of Vienna

*Michael writes:* Two of Frank's postcards of Vienna are now so old they have separated – the picture has fallen away from the address side. For example:



What was once a postcard in one piece, time has un-glued the picture from the card.

This is Frank's postcard of the Reading Room in the Vienna National Library.

*Below:* The Great Hall of the National Library.



Interesting, this second postcard has remained intact but the picture takes up no more than three-quarters of the front side. The fourth "quarter" is blank.

Frank saved the torn clipping (*at right*) from an international newspaper.

What you can read is "...regal magnificence of the throne room of Empress Maria Theresa (1717-1780) in the Castle Schoenbrunn,\* Vienna, Austria, is revealed to the public after being closed for 150 years."

I'm certain Frank visited this throne room.

\* Schonbrunn is sometimes spelled Schoenbrunn with an "e" in the middle.





Sunday, September 7, 1930  
Vienna, Austria

This morning we arose “early” but not “early enough” to get everybody ready to go to St. Stephen’s Cathedral to hear the music. Aline and I went to the Royal Vaults and then to the art gallery. We went to lunch at an odd little place. As soon as we had gone from the garden into the house,\* the “really beautiful boy” came in and sat down near us. After lunch we saw the crown jewels and the priest robes and an exhibition of all sorts of things. We then came home. I went down to mail some letters and bumped into Mimi, Mrs. Maiullo and her boy friend and Miss Mann. While sitting there talking about the boy he walked in. I dressed and went to the opera called “Fidelio.” It was very wonderful. We came home and had some supper in my room and went to bed.

\* Frank refers to his hotels as “home.”



Stephansdom zu Wien.



Left and above: St. Stephen’s Cathedral exterior and interior. Below: The Imperial Treasury and Museum.



web photos  
Left: The crown jewels in Vienna.







Frank's program from *Fidelio* at the Opera. It contains a description of the story in English



**Fidelio.**  
 Text after Beethoven by J. Schottländer and G. F. Treussardt.  
 Music by L. van Beethoven.  
 First performance at the Theater an d. Wien, November 20th, 1805.

Act I. Leonore loves Margarine and entrusts her at last to listen to the suit, but Margarine has only Fidelio, her father's young assistant, in mind. Rocco, the warden of the prison, is willing to give his daughter to Fidelio. The Governor, Pizarro, comes in the prison, and Rocco hands him the letters that save arrival for him. Among them is one written by Pizarro that Don Fernando, the Minister, has been to inspect him and intends to come to the prison for a personal inspection. As a matter of fact, Pizarro has now been discharging in a substitutional character and is believed to be dead. But his true heart got out of the way by Pizarro, now Pizarro must see speedily, bid Pizarro and get Rocco to help him. Fidelio, Pizarro's wife Leonore in disguise, overhears the order.

Act II. In the subterranean dungeon, Pizarro interrogates there in relation he is startled by the noise that Rocco and Fidelio make in digging a grave for him. Fidelio in great agitation covertly observes the order, nevertheless her husband and conceal herself. Pizarro, who does not see Fidelio, raises his dagger against Pizarro. The faithful wife arrives forward to shield her husband and this saves her, breaking Pizarro with her pistol. At this moment the signal is heard that announces the Minister's arrival.

Change of scene. Leonore is front of the fortress. The Minister brings the King's order to liberate all the prisoners who have been wrongfully kept there. Pizarro, who is not on the list of the political offenders, is brought in fettered. Deeply indignant, the Minister recognizes in him his long lost friend. Pizarro now overrules the order Governor, who is chained and led off. In great jubilation Pizarro embraces his wife.



Far right: The back cover of the Opera program, an ad for beautiful 1930 dresses.

Below right: The Vienna Opera House in 1900. web photo

Michael writes: *Fidelio* is a German opera in two acts by Beethoven. It is his only opera. Leonore, disguised as a prison guard named "Fidelio," rescues her husband from death in a political prison.

I do not recall Frank ever mentioning *Fidelio*, but he often talked about *Eugene Onegin* which he saw years later when the Metropolitan Opera brought productions to the Fox Theatre in Atlanta.

### A Letter Arrives

Mr. Frank I. Bennett  
 c/o American Express, Vienna,  
 Austria August 21, 1930

Dearest Son:

Both your letters written in New York came and I was so happy to hear from you and about all the lovely things Aunt Lucy had gotten for you. You surely are a well dressed young man now. Wish I could see you. Get Lucy and Aline to take a picture of you





in your new suit and send it to me. Thanks for getting the basket of fruit for Aunt Lucy. I hope it was all right and that she liked it. Am glad you saw "Green Pastures" as everyone says it is so good – wish I had been with you.

I know you are having a wonderful time and hope you realize what a lucky boy you are. Be a nice sweet boy and do everything you can for Aunt Lucy and Lucy Jr. for they are the best things on earth to you. Do write me when you can for I miss you so terribly and think of you all the time.

I have had lots of trouble with my eye – it was very bad the first few days I was here but I went to an oculist and he helped it some – said I must find out what was causing the trouble and get rid of it – also ought to wear eye glasses all the time.

Had a blow the other day. Billy isn't going to give me any more money for he is as poor as the rest of us. My income is just about half what it used to be. Also some of my bonds are no good or at least can't pay the interest which may mean I'll lose the principal too. (\$4,000!) It never rains but it pours. I have felt pretty blue but that doesn't help any. Will just have to buckle down and economize with a vengeance – no more dresses, no more parties, no more any thing but the necessities of life. At least we won't starve and that's a lot to be thankful for, isn't it?

I am enjoying my visit here very much. Aunt Ivy and Uncle Jack are always so sweet to me. They want me to stay until about Sept. 10th but I have already told Norton to come for me about the first – so will go whenever he comes. They have asked him to stay for a week so I hope he will. Norton writes that he has gotten the place cleaned up a lot and that it is very pretty – also said Muff was fine and that when he gets loose now all he has to do is call him and he comes right in.

Hope you got our steamer letters. I am sorry that I can't write you more often – but have no idea where to send the letters. Let me know if you can.

Saw Carl on the street for a minute the other day and he had just gotten a cable from Aunt Lucy. I was so glad to have news of you. He hasn't been to see us yet but said he was coming. I hope he will have another message soon for I feel so far away from "my baby."

Give my love to Aunt Lucy, Lucy and Aline and keep lots for your own dear self. Write to me or send me a card as often as you can for I am pretty lonesome. With much love to my dear sweet son. Devotedly, Mother

P. S. The furs came and were lovely but I had to send them all back after I found out about my finances. Thank Lucy for seeing about them.

Monday, September 8, 1930  
Between Vienna, Austria and Munich, Germany

Got up early this morning sure enough. Had to catch the 7:40 a.m. train for Munich. We got off there! Had a very pleasant ride but I don't like train rides. Saw the last of Schonbrunn as





we went through the town, then got to Munich in the afternoon and went straight to the Regina Palast.

*Left:* Poster for Munich in 1930 and a postcard of the Regina Palast. web photos

Then took a walk around the city. I had supper at the hotel and went to a show afterwards. We were late for the show “you might know” so we were hissed at as we went in (for being late). The show was right good even if it was in German.

*Michael writes:* There wasn’t a playbill among Frank’s memorabilia for this German show. Being a Florida boy, Frank finds things “right good” if he really likes them.

## Tuesday, September 9, 1930 Between Oberammergau and Munich, Germany

Started out about 10 a.m. this morning in the car for Oberammergau. We soon got into the Bavarian Alps which are lovely. Saw many pretty little lakes nestled right up in the mountains. Got to Oberammergau in time to do a little shopping which included going to Anton Lang’s and buying a lot of pottery and then getting me a costume of the Bavarian Alps. By that time we had to go to supper at our “hotel.” After supper we went and got Anton and Alois Lang’s autographs. The manure pile under my window was so strong that I had to go into Aline’s room to sleep. We are staying at Ludwig Haser’s Landhaus.



Anton Lang  
in seiner Töpferwerkstätte  
Oberammergau

*Michael writes:*

Anton Lang (left) was a potter. He also appeared in the Oberammergau Passsion Play several times, first as Jesus and later as Prologue. In this postcard he is working in his pottery shop.



Alois Lang (left) was a woodcarver. He also appeared in the Passion Play, taking over the role of Jesus from his brother.

It is important to remember that the Passion Play only takes place every ten years. Aunt Lucy probably planned this Grand Tour to coincide with the end of the decade.



Frank's postcard of the Landhaus Ludwig Haser. It had a smelly manure pile near his window.



He or his Aunt Lucy purchased his costume of Bavarian lederhosen at a shop in Oberammergau. He kept this always, and loaned it to numerous theatrical productions of *The Boy Friend* and *The Sound of Music*.



Alpine hat. Later you'll read that Frank went in search of a feather for his hat.

*Left:* Here's what we're talking about! A model models lederhosen. And here's a picture of an

*Right:* Frank's lederhosen from Oberammergau in 1930 becomes a costume for actor Terry Madden in Frank's and my production of *The Boy Friend* at Highlands Playhouse, Highlands, North Carolina, July 1971.



Frank carefully packed away the shirt, stockings, scarf and lederhosen in his house in Ocala, re-packed them for summer stock in the western Carolina mountains, and let Terry wear them in Act Three for the carnival scene. Frank also brought the hat but Terry couldn't keep it on while dancing.

\* Terry and Kay Cortez (*above*) were Bobby and Maisie, the "Won't You Charleston With Me" couple.



# GERMANY OBERAMMERGAU 1930 PASSION PLAY 30



This map, carefully folded amongst Frank's collected Grand Tour items, shows the location of Oberammergau in Bavaria.

It is not far from Munich.

Later Frank will travel to Nuremberg, Dresden and Berlin.

Frank also kept everything from his visit to Oberammergau and the Passion Play.



May 21, 1930

Mid-Week Victrola

5

## THE PASSION PLAY AGAIN OPENS AT OBERAMMERGAU







THE BETRAYAL OF THE MASTER IN THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE: THE CHRIST Stands Amidst the Affrighted Soldiers After Judas With a False Kiss Has Pointed Him Out to His Enemies.

A DRAMATIC MOMENT IN THE LAST SUPPER SCENE: THE CHRIST, Played by Alois Lang, Rises With the Cup, While at His Right Johannes Lang as John the Beloved Disciple, Looks Up in Wonder and the Judas, Guido Mayer, Cowers Beneath the Master's Glance. (All Photographs on This Page by Times Wide World Photos.)



THE MOTHER SEEKS THE SAFETY OF HER SON: MARY, Represented by Anni Rutz, Pleads With Alois Lang as the Christ to Return Home, in the Passion Play as Presented Every Ten Years by the Bavarian Peasants at Oberammergau.



THE ACCUSATION OF THE HIGH PRIEST: SCENE in the Passion Play at Oberammergau as the Climax on Calvary Approaches.



THE SAVIOUR GIVES HIMSELF UP TO HIS FOES: CHRIST Being Fettered by the Roman Soldiers in the Garden of Gethsemane Scene of the Passion Play at Oberammergau, Germany.

## Wednesday, September 10, 1930 Oberammergau, Germany

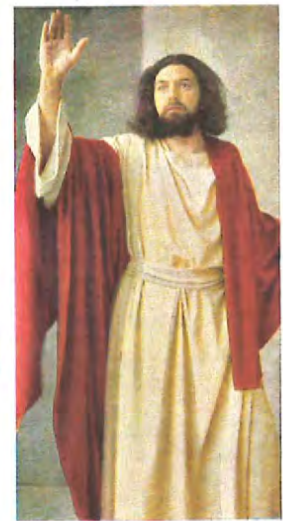
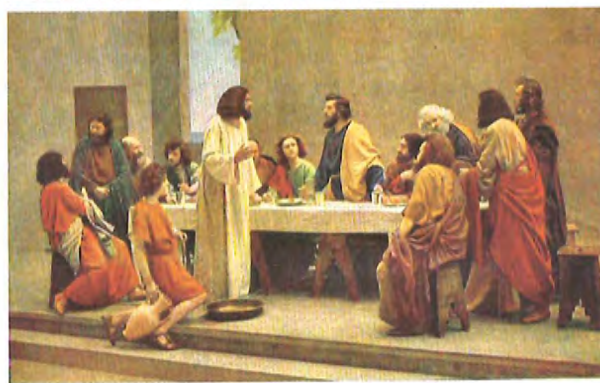
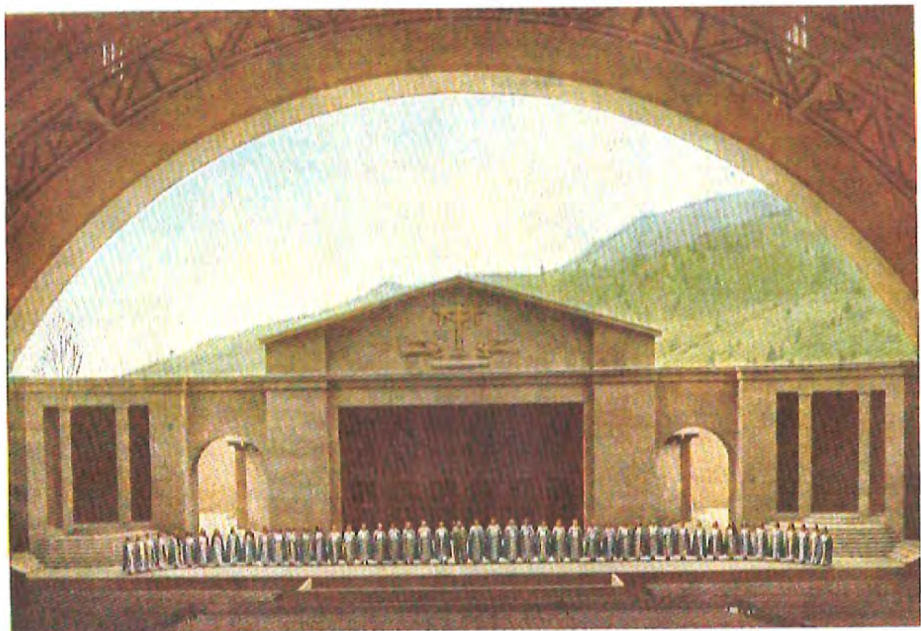
This morning we arose before seven o'clock and had breakfast at about seven thirty. We started out for the theater at twenty minutes of eight. The theater was quite large and the shape very attractive.

The play began promptly at eight o'clock. The play began with the triumphant entry into Jerusalem and went to the seizure of Jesus in the olive grove before lunch. We were all entranced and didn't even talk or wiggle much. It was not as cold as we expected and the four hours passed quite quickly. The tableaux were beautiful and the acting in the play was fine. *Right:* Photo of Anton Lang as Christ. When Frank saw the Passion Play, Anton Lang was playing the smaller role called Prologue and his brother Alois was Christ.



We went back to the house for lunch and at two o'clock we went back to the theater. The play then started with the condemnation by Pilate to the ascension. All afternoon was just as enjoyable as the morning. As soon as the play was over we all went home to supper. After supper we walked all over the town and went in a lot of different shops. We all went up to Alois Lang's house to congratulate him, and Aunt Lucy wanted to see about a set of figurines for Christmas decoration. We all then went back to the house and went to bed. I am still sleeping with Aline.





*Clockwise: Color Plates of Oberammergau, the Passion Play theater, Alois Lang as Jesus, The Last Supper, Anna Rutz as Mary and Anton Lang as Prologue.*





This book with its amazing color pages was printed specifically for the 1930 production.



Alois Lang has moved into the role of Jesus while Anton Lang plays "Prologue."



In one way or another, everyone in the little town of Oberammergau participates in the production.



Michael writes:

Here are Frank's autographed photos of Anton Lang and Alois Lang.

They are brothers. Anton Lang played Jesus in three consecutive productions. I could not discover if Alois Lang played Jesus more than once. He made his fame as a woodcarver.

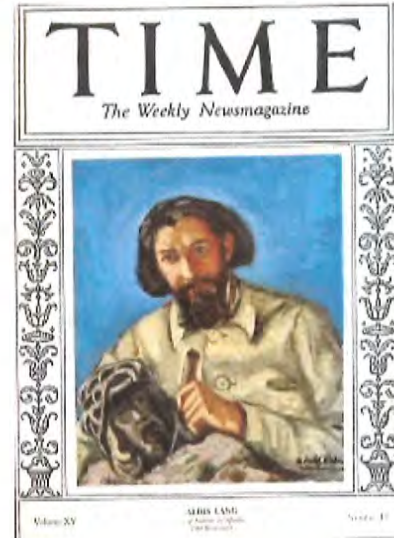


To Frank Bennett  
Anton Lang



To Frank Bennett  
Alois Lang  
32

Both brothers were featured on the front page of TIME, Anton Lang on December 7, 1923, and Alois Lang on May 12, 1930. web photos



Below is a flyer for Anton Lang's hand-made Art Pottery and Frank's postcard of the Anton Langhaus, an inn.

**ANTON LANG'S hand-made ART POTTERY**

from Oberammergau Bavaria

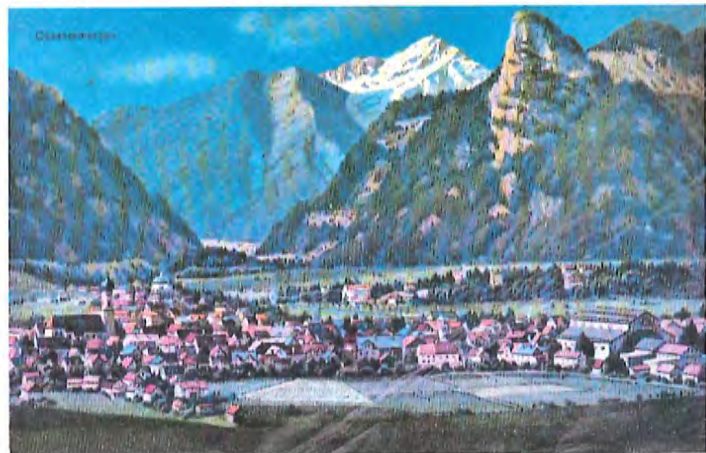
Vases, dishes, ash-trays, incense; plastic work, made to order

To be had in U.S.A. at the

Sold in U.S.A. at the

China Importing Co., 2570 Superior Ave. Cleveland, Ohio

Below: Frank's postcard of Oberammergau.





Thursday, September 11, 1930

Between Oberammergau, Germany, and Munich, Germany

Aline and I got up earlier than the rest and went to the church and to the theater to see the actors go in. I remained uptown to get a feather\* and was a little late getting back to the house – or rather just in time (9:00 a.m.) as they were ready to go – and almost got my head taken off.

We rode all morning and about 11:30 or 12:00 came to a castle we were to see. We got out of the car and took a Victoria\*\* up the hill to crazy Ludwig's II castle.\*\*\* It was rather nice especially the view.

*Right:* Frank's postcard of Hohenschwangau and King Ludwig's Neuschwanstein.

- \* He needed a feather for his Alpine hat.
- \*\* A Victoria is a horse-drawn carriage.
- \*\*\* The castle is Neuschwanstein in the village of Hohenschwangau.



We came down and had lunch and drove home.\* All the scenery was very pretty. We saw the lake where Ludwig II was drowned.\*\* Also Lucy and I went shopping for a beer mug and I was quite tired when we came in. Aline and I went out to supper then walked to the “night clubs” of Munich.

- \* “Home” meaning back to the Regina Palast in Munich.
- \*\* Ludwig may have been taken out on Lake Starnberg near Munich and murdered, then tossed overboard.



*Left:* The controversial King Ludwig II (web) and Frank's postcard of Schloss Neuschwanstein. I cropped it to make it fit this space. The castle sits atop a mountain.





*Michael includes two contemporary panoramic photographs from the web:*



*Michael writes:* Yes, I would agree with Frank that the scenery is “very pretty.” Many years later he and I went to Bavaria and visited four of Ludwig’s castles including the “fairy tale castle” of Neuschwanstein in Hohenschwangau. Frank’s favorite, however, was Herrenchiemsee, a mini-Versailles built on an island in the middle of the Chiemsee, Bavaria’s largest lake.



## Friday, September 12, 1930 Between Munich, Germany, and Nurnberg, Germany

Aline and I went out before Aunt Lucy and Lucy and went to the new picture gallery.\* We packed this morning and then took the train to Nurnberg. It was a two and a half hour trip. The whole time we felt like the train was going to jump the track. We arrived safely however.

We set out to see the town on foot and really saw a lot of quaint places and things. The city is really fascinating, so different from all the rest we have seen. We saw several old churches and the market square and the different principal fountains. After seeing quite a bit we went in a “joint” and had something to drink. We went back to the hotel and had dinner and then went to bed.

\* He might mean the Neue Pinakothek (neue meaning “new”) in Munich rather than the Alte Pinakothek (alte meaning “old”).



*Left: The Neue Pinakothek in the early 1900s.*



*Right: Edouard Manet’s*

*Luncheon in the Studio (1869) is there.*





*Michael writes:*  
Frank kept a ticket to the Alte Pinakothek, however, which means he visited both museums *or* only the Alte (old) Pinakothek.



*In Nuremberg:* Grand Hotel luggage tag.



*Above:* Some of Frank's many postcards of Nuremberg.



Saturday, September 13, 1930  
Nurnberg, Germany

This morning we got up to go on a sightseeing exposition. We started with the city of Nurnberg\* in which the "Iron Maiden" is now.\*\* The castle was very interesting at least what we saw of it. The deep well is also at the eastern part of the old moat.

We then went to see various houses – one of Anton (*he means Albrecht*) Durer and Hans Sachs\*\*\* and to the market place to see the clock and then home to the hotel for luncheon. After this we went to the museum and saw some very attractive old furniture and we all liked it so much that we went to a toy store where I bought some furniture for my stage.

We then started home and I bought a couple of etchings. We had supper and Aline, Lucy and I went out to see Nurnberg by night and had a wonderful time.

- \* Frank uses the German spelling Nurnberg for Nuremberg
- \*\* A machine of severe torture.
- \*\*\* Albrecht Durer, a famous artist
- \*\*\*\* Hans Sachs, a poet and writer

*Michael writes:* At the top of the September 13 page of the journal, in handwriting I cannot read clearly, he writes something like "We called on Mr. and Mrs. Ben's\* niece to-day and they have two very nice children. They were all very nice to us and would like (*my interpretation of the next several words*) us to see more of them if we could stay longer."

- \* I am certain he means Mr. and Mrs. Ben Rheinauer who lived in Ocala and owned Rheinauer's, an upscale clothing store. They were friends of the Camp family.



*Above:* The Iron Maiden. If you look to the left you can see the spikes that went into the victim.  
web photos



*Above:* Nuremberg Castle with its moat and deep well.





Self-portrait by Albrecht Durer. His house is at right. The rabbit is a famous painting by Durer.



Below and to the right is a portrait of Hans Sachs and a picture of what is called the Hans Sachs Gymnasium. web photos



Frank bought postcards in Nuremberg, at least a dozen of



them. They are so fragile that the pictures on the front have separated from the cards on the back, as if the glue that kept them together has dissolved and disappeared. Yes, just like his postcards of Vienna! But the pictures remain bright.

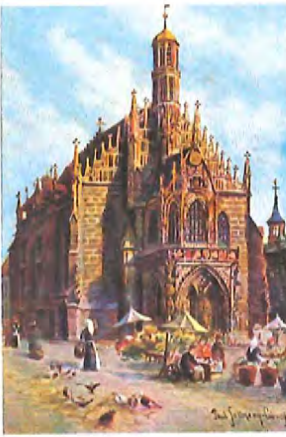
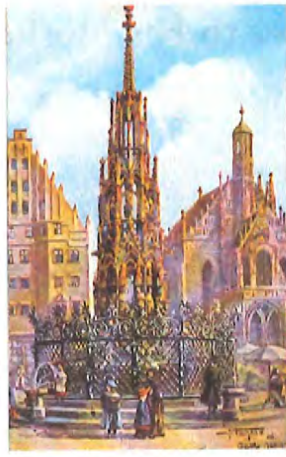
## Frank's Postcards of Nuremberg



In the section on Vienna, I scanned a picture of one of these "separated" postcards.







Die Nürnberger  
hängen Keinen —  
sie hätten ihn deun  
zuvor!

Der berühmte Raubritter  
**Eppelein von Gailingen**  
wurde im Jahre 1372 auf der Burg gefangen gehalten.  
Seinem letzten Wunsche entsprechend ließ man ihn  
nochmals sein Ross besteigen. Eppelein setzte nun mit  
mächtigem Sprunge über den Graben und enttraun da-  
durch der Befangenschaft. Sein Pferd hinterließ auf der  
Mauer deutlich die Spuren seiner Hufeisen. Im Jahre  
1381 wurde Eppelein wiederum gefangen u. hingerichtet.

The card at left and card below stayed intact. "Eppelein Gailingen" was a famous robber baron in the Middle Ages. The card below depicts a restaurant, the Goldenes Posthorn.





## Frank Writes a Letter to His Mother

Mrs. N. P. Davis  
910 East 5<sup>th</sup> Street  
Ocala, Florida  
U.S.A.

Sunday, September 14,  
1930  
on stationery from  
GRANDHOTEL  
NURNBERG

Dear Mother,



We are pushing on to Dresden this morning at 11:15. We have only been here a little over a day but have seen quite a good bit of the city. Of course we went to see the “iron maiden” and all the implements of torture.

The old castle is very interesting and especially the moat that seems to be all over Nurnberg. We went to the Germanic Museum and saw some paintings but of all the things I liked was the adorable little furniture just the right size for my stage.

We all thought the toy collection was so cute that we went to a toy shop right away and I got two sets of furniture for my stage – and the rest all bought something.

We will be in Dresden for about three days and will see a lot of the china making. As soon as we leave Dresden we will go up to Berlin for a day and then to Paris for about five or six days and then home.

I am enjoying the trip but as usual after being away for a while home will sure look mighty good to me. I will be glad to get to Paris so that I can hear from you about yourself and everything and everybody at home.

Much love to you and papa. Hoping you are both well. Much love your devoted Son.





*Photos on the previous page:* I took these two pictures of some of Frank's miniature furniture that live today in a cabinet. There is a tiny standing lamp or lantern, a tri-corner china cupboard with little cups and saucers and a milk pitcher sitting on the shelves, a triangular drop-leaf table that actually opens up, table and chairs with the typewriter, and a cabinet or commode with candlesticks and little candles. The photograph is Frank at the Caldwell fundraiser "Opal's Tea Party" with actor Carol Provonsha who played the title character in *Everybody Loves Opal*.

The second photo shows the silver furniture, a mahogany sideboard, a miniature bookcase and green glass candlesticks with tilting candles.

Sunday, September 14, 1930

Between Nurnberg, Germany and Dresden, Germany

We packed this morning and caught the 11:19 a.m. train for Dresden. The trip was uneventful and all more or less alike. However one must move on from place to place. We arrived in Dresden at about 7:40 p.m. and came straight to the hotel. We had supper in our room and inquired about opera for the nights we are to be here, so I guess we will see one before we leave Dresden. Every one was quite tired so we all went to bed about ten o'clock.

*Michael writes:* Yes, I guess one must "move on from place to place." Philosophical Frank.



*Left:* Postcard of the Hotel Bellevue.

*Michael writes:* Below is my picture of the Hotel Bellevue today. When I went to Dresden on a Martin Randall Tour in 2010, our group stayed next door at a modern Marriott. I walked by this building every day wondering what it was. It looked like a magnificent five-story estate. I took three photographs of it. While researching this book, I realized it was the Hotel Bellevue where Frank, Aunt Lucy, Lucy Junior and Aline spent several nights.



It's in an ideal location. It faces the River Elbe. Just a few feet away, a bridge takes you to the old part of Dresden – to the Zwinger art complex, the churches and cathedrals and the once-again glorious part of Dresden that was bombed mercilessly during World War II but has now been almost completely restored.



At the top of the page below, Frank writes: I guess the kids start school today.

Monday, September 15, 1930

Dresden, Germany

Aline and I went out this morning and did shopping and the picture gallery. I bought a lot more stuff for my stage and we saw the Sistine Madonna in the picture gallery. After lunch we went out to Meissen to the china factory. The things were lovely and so were the prices. However, I bought a small piece. We left the factory which was very interesting and went to see the castle which is supposed to have been built in the 14<sup>th</sup> century. It was all very interesting. We came home and had supper in my room and now I am going to bed.



*Above:* Panorama of Dresden looking toward the older part of the city.



*Left:* Part of the Zwinger, an arts complex that includes the art gallery, the opera house and other museums.

*Below:* The Sistine Madonna by Raphael.



*Above:* Meissen trademark.

*Center:* Meissen Cathedral.

*Below:* Meissen Porcelain Factory, now a museum.

web photos







*Left:* 1896 Postcard of Dresden Castle. web photo

Tuesday, September 16, 1930  
Dresden, Germany

This morning we (Aline and I) went to the toy store and stayed there quite awhile. We all got together and went driving in a Victoria\* through the Park and then to the Hygiene Exhibition\*\* and saw some of it. However the main thing we did was to eat.

\* Victoria: a light four-horse carriage with a collapsible hood, seats for passengers and an elevated driver's seat in front.

\*\* Hygiene Exhibition: The second International Hygiene Exhibition was held in Dresden in 1930 in a building which became the museum's permanent home. The museum is a "forum for science, culture and society," and one of Dresden's most visited attractions.

*Right:* Dresden miniature silver furniture. Frank purchased more of his silver treasures at the toy store mentioned above.



*Left and below:* Postcards of the 1930 Hygiene Exhibition. web photos





We then went to the Schumann china factory. Aunt Lucy bought a good bit and I bought a piece.\*



\* What Frank bought was a Schumann reticulated dessert plate 6 1/4 inches across. It has been in a kitchen cupboard for many years. I didn't know anything about it until, creating this book, I tried to decipher a word in his handwriting and finally realized it was "Schumann." I found pieces of Schumann on Ebay, then looked at this plate. Voila! It's a Schumann of the Dresden Flower pattern.

We then went to lunch and after lunch to some seed stores. We bought or rather Aunt Lucy bought all afternoon. We went home and had supper in the rooms and went to a show that was awful. The acting and make-up and scenery were terrible.\*



Altkönig Ulrich  
GASTSPIEL  
Johann Schöberl  
und Kammeringer  
Willy Thawitz  
**PAGANINI**  
Operette in 3 Akten von Paul Kaepler  
und Bela Jenbach  
Nach von Franz Lohrer  
Inszenierung Carl Fritsker / Musikalische Leitung: Heinrich Koenig  
Kreuzer / Titell: Gretzke Baum-Greiflig

\* Although this is a guess, the only Dresden theater program in his Grand Tour collection is from the Central-Theater Dresden of a production of the operetta *Paganini*. From the photograph of the violinist, it does look overwrought.

## Wednesday, September 17, 1930 Dresden, Germany

Lucy and I went to the picture gallery to see if we could find Aunt Lucy and Aline. We met with no success however and then went on to the "Green Vault."\*



*Left:* Rooms in the Green Vault in Dresden castle. The Vault is named after the malachite green painted columns and capitals in the first room.

web photos



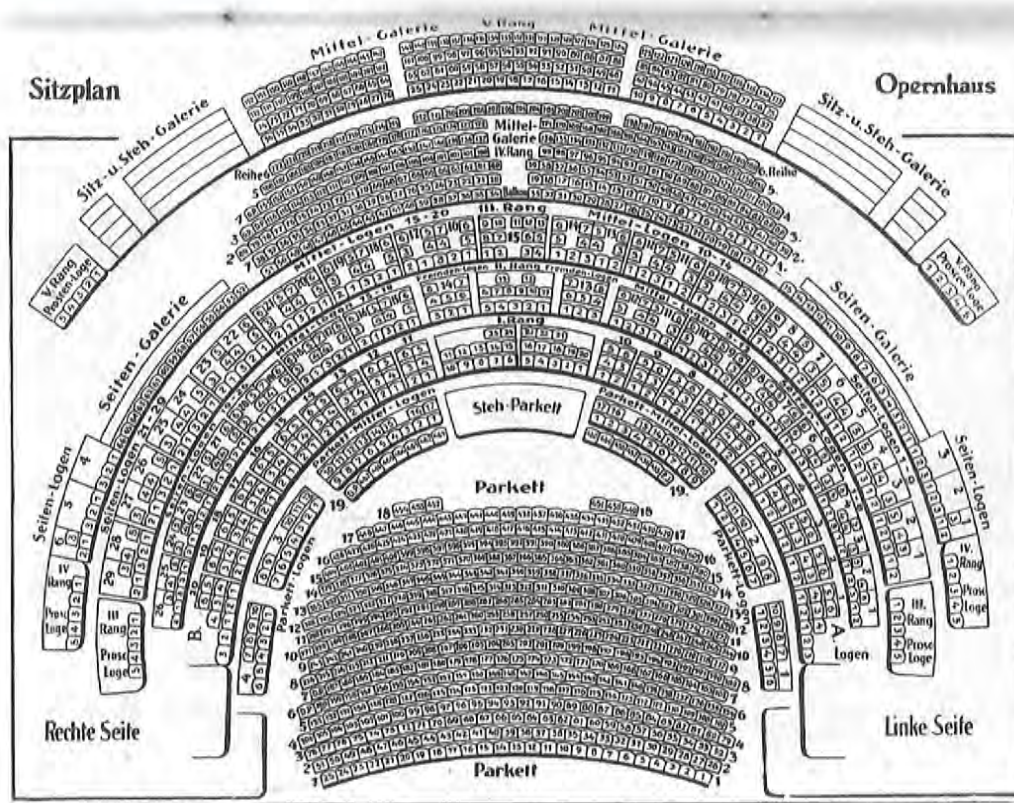
\* The Green Vault contains the largest collection in Europe of jewelry, goldsmith's art, objects made of amber and ivory, bronzes and other decorative items. It was founded in 1723 by Augustus the Strong. It is open to the public but requires timed admission.

We all got together here. We separated here and finally got together for lunch. After lunch we went to the Schumann china shop again to send some beer mugs of Lucy's. We then went again to the toy shop and I bought more stuff for my stage. We all came home to the hotel and got ready for the opera. We were a little late and the man put us in the "Royal Box" however after intermission he moved us. The opera was lovely and we all enjoyed it.\*

Right: The Dresden Opera House is part of the art and culture center called the Zwinger. web photo



\* Frank saw Mozart's *Cosi fan tutte*



Left: The lower section of the "Sitzplan." (There's a second diagram of higher balconies on another program page.) The "Royal Box" is center where it says "Steh-Parkett." Imagine!



Thursday, September 18, 1930  
Berlin, Germany

This morning we arose at fifteen minutes of seven to catch the train to Berlin. This can hardly be called a day in Berlin as we didn't get there till ten and left at ten. We went to the Hotel Adlon (most exclusive in Berlin? Europe?) We, or rather Aline, Lucy and I went out to see Berlin, however we ended up by shopping and going to lunch at an expensive restaurant. After this we had coffee and went to the hotel for Aunt Lucy. We all then got in a taxi and rode all over Berlin. Seeing all the interesting buildings and places. It is a very lovely city. We came back and had supper and caught the train. We had funny little rooms with a berth and tiny wash basin.



*Hotel Adlon, Berlin*



*On this page:* Frank's postcards of the Hotel Adlon and the Unter den Linden.

*Michael writes:* Not having reserved a room in an expensive hotel for the day only, it took me awhile to comprehend the journal entry above.



Obviously the group left Dresden at 6:45 a.m., arrived in Berlin at 10 a.m., checked into the Hotel Adlon where Aunt Lucy rested while the others shopped and lunched. With Aunt Lucy they took a taxi to explore the city. After supper they caught the overnight train to Paris.

Frank often spoke of the Hotel Adlon as very exclusive. What



a shame he didn't get to stay there a few days – or at least one night! I saw the Adlon when I was in Berlin a couple of years ago – it's near the Brandenburg Gate where the Wall used to be – and it's elegant.

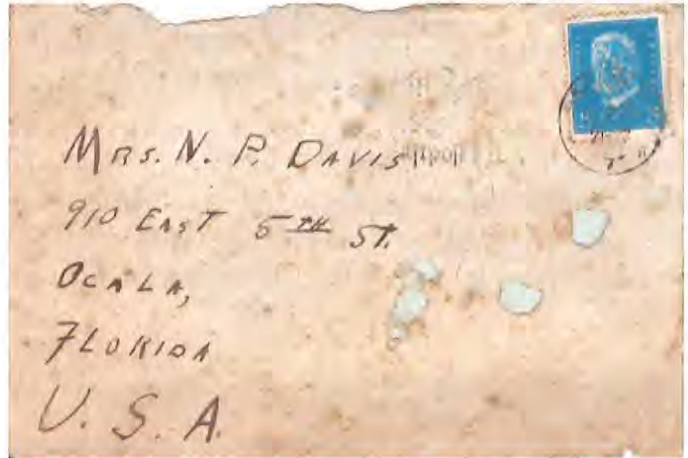
## Frank Writes to His Mother

Mrs. N. P. Davis  
910 East 5<sup>th</sup> Street  
Ocala, Florida  
U.S.A.

On hotel stationery  
Hotel Adlon Berlin  
Unter den Linden

Thursday, September 18, 1930

Dear Mother,



We were so busy in Dresden that I didn't have a chance to write to you. We had a very nice time there and it was a very charming place. We saw a musical comedy or operetta as they call them and an opera. The opera was very pretty and staged well but the operetta was hopeless.

We also went out to Meissen to the Meissen china factory and to the Lamm china factory in Dresden. We went through the china factory at Meissen and also the Meissen Castle, but we didn't have time to see the other factory because Aunt Lucy was too busy buying china. The Lamm china is what we have and I saw one piece in your design and several in Billy's.

I bought a lot of nice furniture in a toy store and some of the cutest little electric lighting fixtures that work on batteries. I have wall brackets, overhead lights, candles, table lights and floor lamps.

To-day we came to Berlin and are leaving to-night for Paris so this will be soon. It has been raining all day so that we haven't been able to see very much. All this morning from about 10:30 when we got here we spent in stores. I got some lovely blue velvet for a curtain. We spent the afternoon in riding around the city in a car seeing all the sights of Berlin. It really is a charming place with all its parks and squares. We are leaving for Paris to-night at 9:30. I hope I will have a lot of mail from you with news of home. Much love, Frank



*Left:*  
Furniture for  
his "stage."



I didn't enlarge these photographs of Frank's miniature furniture as I didn't want to make them look bigger than they are.



At far right, the little rug is 9 1/2 inches wide across and the little slippers at the edge of the rug are 1 1/2 inches long. On the prior page, a miniature typewriter sits on the table with a tiny pair of scissors in front of it. The miniature grandfather clock is little more than two inches high.



**A. Lamm - Dresden-A.**  
 Zinzendorfstraße 28  
 Telefon No. 28885  
 Producer of the „Real Dresden China“

Service Plates.	 Trade Mark <b>Dresden</b> Erected 1857	Bouillon Cups.
Dinner Sets.		Tea Cups & Saucers.
Cream Soups.		After Dinner Cups & Saucers.
Fruit Sherbets.		Minatures upon Ivory.
Name Cards.		Table Center Pieces.

== Please visit my little Porcelain Museum. ==

Above: Dresden Lamm from Ambrosius Lamm, crafted sometime between 1891 and 1914. Every time William Nelson Camp went to Europe, he purchased a set of porcelain china for one of his children. Leta's pattern is pictured here.



Above: Postcard of Berlin.



Friday, September 19, 1930  
Between Berlin, Germany and Paris, France

I stayed in bed this morning till ten o'clock. I slept very well on the train. We arrived in Paris a little after 2 p.m. and came straight to the hotel. By then Aunt Lucy had gone to the American Express and got our mail. I heard from Mother and Miss Flannery (of the boat) but not from Mary. Wonder what's happened.\*



Bumped into Mr. Olson there and all had a drink on the famous corner of the Imperial Hotel opposite the Opera. We came home and rested then dressed for dinner. After dinner we went and tried to locate the R. C. Camps with no success.\*\*



*Above and left:* Luggage sticker and (contemporary) front entrance of the Royal Monceau Hotel in Paris where they stayed. web photos

*Postcards:* Hotel Royal Monceau on Avenue Hoche, 1930.

The hotel is near the Arc de Triomphe.

*Below:* Champs Elysee leading to the Royal Monceau and the Arc de Triomphe.



HOTEL ROYAL MONCEAU - Avenue Hoche, PARIS







Below: The Royal Monceau was first-class. These are postcards. I changed them from sepia to “greyscale” to make them clearer. web photos

## Regarding the mail that Aunt Lucy picked up at American Express:

- \* You will discover later that Frank’s school friend Mary McKay of 706 Lake Weir Avenue, Ocala, was unable to write due to a swollen eye. When she finally penned a letter, it, along with notes from Frank’s friends Peggy and Mary Emma, was returned from Europe and forwarded to 901 East 5<sup>th</sup> Street, Ocala..
- \*\* His uncle and aunt, Robert Clifton Camp and Rebecca Anderson Camp, were in Paris at the same time as Aunt Lucy’s Grand Tour. They were joined by their children, Frank’s cousins Bob and Nancy Camp.



*Cross Creek  
Cookery*  
by  
Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings  
with drawings by  
Robert Camp

Robert “Bob” Camp became a well-known artist after attending school in Gstaad, Switzerland, and serving as an officer in the military. A friend of novelist Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings, Bob illustrated her book *Cross Creek*



*Cookery*. His paintings have been exhibited in major museums throughout New York and the United States. I knew Bob Camp and own three of his paintings.



Above right: Bob Camp and Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings signing copies of *Cross Creek Cookery*.

Nancy Camp (seen at left in a portrait painted when she was in Europe) wrote short stories that were published in well-known magazines. She studied in Switzerland and at the Sorbonne, and married playwright Richard Harranty who wrote a much-produced series of short plays called *Hope Is the Thing with Feathers*.



Their son Rory Harrity became an actor. He was the villain opposite Connie Francis in the Hollywood film *Where the Boys Are*, wrote a novel called *Customer's Man*, and appeared in television soaps. He died in 1974 in Switzerland at age 43. (Christopher Isherwood implies in his diaries that Rory lived hard and fast.) Frank inherited Rory's copy of Noel Coward's *Pomp and Circumstance* in which Coward wrote "To Rory from Noel. Press on!"



Rory had two sisters and two brothers.

web photo

## The mail that Aunt Lucy brought to Frank from American Express:

8 Holmwood Road  
Asheville, N.C.  
c/o J. Camp

Mr. Frank I. Bennett  
c/o American Express Co.  
Paris, France

August 31, 1930

Dearest Son:



I was so in hopes that I would have some word from you by now – but so far have only had your letters from New York written before you sailed – and the message Carl told me of from Aunt Lucy three days after you left. I expect he has heard from her – but he has not let me know, and altho he has been in Asheville several times he hasn't been out to see us. I called up the Battery Park today to see if he was here and had any news, but he wasn't there.

Surely hope that you have written to me and that I will get a letter soon for I am so lonesome without my boy, but I know you are having a wonderful time and that makes me happy.

I have had such a nice visit with Aunt Ivy and Uncle Jack – and altho my eye has been quite bad several times, I am feeling much better than when I left home. I had no idea I would be up here so long but they kept urging me to stay and it was hard for Norton to get away from the office before Sept. 1<sup>st</sup> so I decided to stay. I expect Norton on Tuesday, Sept. 2<sup>nd</sup> and he will be here several days, then we will drive home. I don't know whether we are going by way of Atlanta or not, but I am anxious to stop in Jacksonville so that Dr. Richardson can see my eye for I really have been quite worried about it. Then I would be glad to see Aunt Sallie and all her family.

There isn't much news to tell you for we don't do much. Go down town shopping (mostly window shopping for me now tho) then I take a walk nearly every day and we play cards and go to the movies at night – or just sit around.



Mank left last Wednesday in his car for Florida and Mrs. Hocker left on Thursday so our family seems small. We have been to several afternoon teas and one dinner party at the Arcade Roof. I have really enjoyed my visit, but will be glad to get home as I always am. Hope it won't be too cool to go swimming when I do get there, and can't imagine it will this early. Hope you are being a nice boy and doing everything you can for Aunt Lucy and Lucy and Aline.

You just can't even begin to realize how much I want to see you and how happy I will be to have you home once more. Much love to all and most for your dear self.  
Devotedly, Mother.

## Family Photos

*Right:* Photos in later years of Leta's brother Jack Camp and his wife Ivy. Leta was visiting Jack and Ivy at their Asheville "summer retreat" when she wrote the letter above.

They had three children, Jack Junior, Henry and Clarence II who was known as "Mank." Leta mentions Mank in her letter as the one who "left in his car for Florida."



## Back to the Mail

Sent by Adelaide Duval  
from Long Grove, Kentucky

Mr. Frank Bennett  
c/o the American Express Co.  
Paris, France

September 6, 1930

Dear Frank,

Life is one disappoint (sic) after another. Isn't It? I haven't even seen Bowling Green yet. And now that nasty Coach Smith is in Ocala. (*Indecipherable sentence about school teachers.*) We will go thru B. G. (*Bowling Green*) next Monday on our way home. When will you be home? It doesn't seem possible that school is almost here. I've had a swell time since I left home.

*She, being Adelaide Duval of 1105 Oklawaha Avenue, Ocala, goes on to write about her automobile trip to Kentucky via Savannah, Charleston and Charlotte – a city she loved best, probably because she watched burly men moving furniture in the new convention center.*

Pops and I went to see "All Quiet on the Western Front" the day before we arrived for





lunch at Hickory, N.C. where my Uncle Joe lives. I met a darling red-headed lifeguard at the pool. He is also an Eagle Scout but the family I really fell for was the Willards. They're cousins of Mr. Willard – first of Candler's – Coca-Cola people.

*She continues to gossip about people she met, including a girl who has a Pierce-Arrow roadster, the girl's brother who is "terribly cute but I didn't get to see him," and ends by writing "Love (if that is proper) if not omit" and signs her name Adelaide.*

Sent from 910 East 5<sup>th</sup> Street  
Ocala, Florida U.S.A.  
September 9, 1930



My darling Son,

I can only write a short note as I have bella donna in my eye again and I can hardly see to write at all. My eye began to get very bad the day I left Asheville and I had to ride all the way home with my eyes shut -- just couldn't stand the light. I stopped in Jax to see Dr. Richardson but he wasn't there so came on home to see if Dr. Clark could help me, as he told me eyes were his specialty. I am surely glad I did for he is giving me exactly the same treatment as Dr. Richardson, only better, for he has put me on a diet and gives me medicine to get rid of the poison.

*(She goes on to talk about the "poison," then says "if I could only go swimming it would help, but the glare is too much" and it's "too cool to go at night." The mention of "poison" made me remember when I went into Lake Weir my ears often hurt afterwards. We called it "Lake Weir Ear." Anyway, to continue her letter ... )*

Have seen several of your friends who asked about you. Mrs. Osborne is home altho I haven't seen them. I can hear them – the radio goes full blast day and night. Saw Aunt Sallie in Jax – they are all well except Billy. He has some stomach upset. Must stop. The old eye won't stand anymore. ... Tell Aunt Lucy I'll write to her as soon as I can. With much love for my precious son. Devotedly, Mother.

Sent from 910 East 5<sup>th</sup> Street  
Ocala, Florida U.S.A.  
September 12, 1930



Dearest Son,

Your second letter written on the trip just came and I was so happy to get it. Also the pictures of you and the rest of the party. I want to look at them all the time but don't guess I had better if they will fade.

*(She continues with news about her eye. The pupil is enlarged but the eye feels better. She has lost three pounds since she "can't eat sweets." Then she writes ...)*



I saw Mary McKay the other day and she asked about you. Said she had heard from you ... We have two grapefruit on our tree, our first ... Little Nina is cuter than ever. She comes to see me nearly everyday. Stella is settled in her new house which is very cute and seems perfectly happy. Carita is still at the Lake and fatter than ever. Must stop – the old eye has given out. Much love to all but most for your dear self. Devotedly, Mother.

## Family Photos



*Above:* 910 East 5<sup>th</sup> Street, Ocala, Florida, known as the William Nelson Camp House. After William Nelson Camp died in 1911, and family members scattered, Leta lived in her father's house with her son Frank and second husband Norton Davis. The house has seven bedrooms and five bathrooms. As of October 2012 the house still stands, but it is in danger of being torn down by an elderly (and wealthy) woman who owns it and is not interested in "preservation." The asking price is an astronomic \$900,000. Ocala's HOPS group, Historic Ocala Preservation Society, is concerned about the property but doesn't know how to convince the owner to keep the house intact.



Leta's eldest brother Clarence, known as "Uncle Buddy," married Nettie Harrell from Virginia. They had four daughters:

Stella, the tallest  
Nina, to her left, seated  
Nettie, to her right  
Carita, to her right, seated

Frank remained in contact with these cousins throughout his lifetime and theirs.



*Left:* Leta's eldest brother Clarence Camp. Frank referred to him as "Uncle Buddy." On October 5, 2012, Clarence Camp was honored at a HOPS celebration of "the 100<sup>th</sup> Anniversary of the Camp family's Ocala Country Club," a building that served as the center of social activities in Ocala for several decades. Later, the building became home to the Pioneer Garden Club. Today it is a private residence.



*Michael continues:* while in Monaco on a tour in 2011, as our tour group was preparing to visit the Royal Palace, I heard one of the members introduce himself as Clarence Wigelsworth. My ears perked up. How could I not recognize that name! Frank often spoke of Stella Camp who married Clarence Wigelsworth. This fellow tourist was Stella and Clarence Wigelsworth's son! He and I talked of nothing but Ocala and Camp Family members throughout the south of France – and once again at the HOPS celebration in Ocala which I attended and so did he and his wife.

Now that you are completely confused about who's who in this family, here's a photograph of the William Nelson Camp Family, circa 1892-1893.



**Frank's Mother  
Leta**

**Frank's Aunt  
Lucy**

**His Aunt Sallie**

**His grandparents William & Texana**  
(They died before he was born)

**His Uncle "Cliff"  
Robert Clifford**

**Baby Billy**

**His Uncle  
Jack**

**His Uncle Clarence**  
known as "Uncle Buddy"



Sent from D. W. Davis  
Insurance Agency,  
Norton Davis and  
Cosmo Massey, Owners  
Holder Block, Ocala, Florida

Mr. Frank I. Bennett  
c/o American Express Co.  
Paris, France

September 13, 1930



Dear Skunk:

“Mom” and me have enjoyed your several letters and chafed at the delay at first in awaiting some word from our boy. We have just received your two pictures and “Mom” hasn’t let them get out of her sight since.

Aunt Lucy has written us how nice you have been to everyone and we are both glad to hear what we expected of you. However don’t let your hat get too small on account of it, but instead continue your special attitude so everyone will be glad you were on the trip. That spirit must be continually developed as it will pay you handsome dividends the balance of your life.

Your message to “Muff” was delivered and you should have seen him get on his feet and prick up his ears when your name was mentioned. You will have to make good on your promise to bring him something as he has not slipped a single time on his good behavior all summer. His winter coat is coming in fine and he looks like a decent dog once more. He also doesn’t object to his bath as much as he did. He has been going in by himself on Sunday afternoons at the place. Sits in the canal a good part of the time!

Have not done any work down there for the last two Sundays but hope to start again tomorrow. Think I will put up a small place at first, back of the train road so we can use that and take a little longer on the other as there will be plenty of work and filling in to do on the main location.\*

This letter should reach you several days before you sail for home as it should not require over five days from N.Y. to Paris. Am sending it air mail to N.Y. from Ocala.

Mom is suffering from her eye but the treatments of Dr. Clark are producing good results and it is a great deal better already. I believe it will recover more quickly this time than formerly.

Guess you will see Uncle Cliff and family in Paris and which will be fine for you as you will enjoy seeing them all and particularly Bob and Nancy.

“Mom” had a wonderful time with Uncle Jack and Aunt Ivy in Asheville and I also



enjoyed my several days there, even if it was short. It was warmer there than in Ocala, however, as I landed during a warm spell.

We just had a card from Aunt Nettie wanting to know where you would arrive in N.Y. as they wanted you to come home with them if possible. Guess they will be home though before you get back.

Must get this in P.O. before it closes so must stop. Best wishes to everyone and love to you on top.

Yours, D. D.

\* I still don't know what he's talking about regarding work "down there."

A postcard of Florence but mailed from Montreux, Switzerland:



FIRENZE - Palazzo del Podestà (Bargello).  
Hello Frank:  
Lots of ideas for landscape gardening in this beautiful town of Montreux - just left Italy - Florence was the real thrill of the trip - hope you saw it too. Money almost all gone.  
Sincerely,  
Millicent Flannery

MONTREUX  
5117  
LETTRE  
5  
MILICENT FLANNERY  
Mr Frank Bennett  
American Express  
Paris  
France

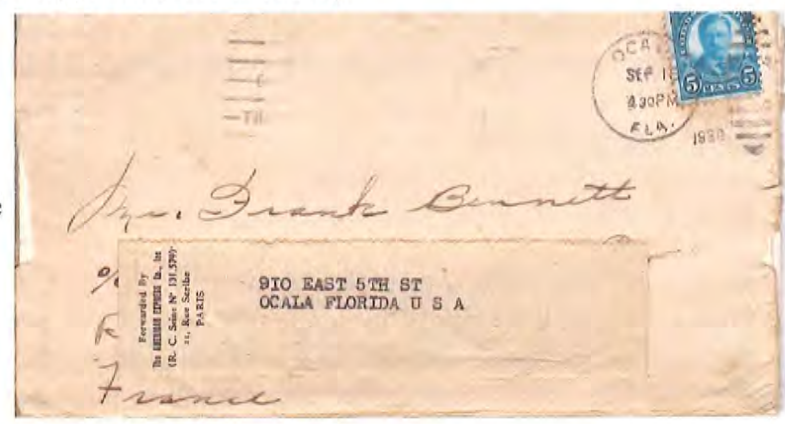
Hello Frank, Lots of ideas for landscape gardening in this beautiful town of Montreux. Just left Italy. Florence was the real thrill of the trip. Hope you saw it too. Money almost all gone. Sincerely, Millicent Flannery

Above: Palazzo de Podesta, Florence, Italy.

Sent from 706 Lake Weir Avenue Ocala, Florida U.S.A. to the American Express office in Paris, but forwarded to 910 East 5th Street, Ocala.

September 16, 1930

Dearest Frank,





I do hope you will forgive me for not writing sooner, but I do think that I have a good excuse. Well here it is. A week ago while I was asleep a spider – I think it was something like that – bit me on my left eye lid. It was swollen for a week and infected, and I don't know what all. I had to wear smoked glasses two weeks. I had a time. I could neither read nor write all of that time. So that is my excuse.

I certainly was glad to hear from you – although I did think that you had quite forgotten me.

Well, school started yesterday. I just hated for it to start.

I had a wonderful time at the Lake after I came home from Trenton. I met everyone down there then. The Ocala kids came down to Barnes' Beach most every Tuesday night. I know a good many new dance steps now. I guess you do too!

I know you are having a marvelous time now. I wish that you would come home though. I surely do miss seeing you at school, and all of the other times too.

It seems that visit to Trenton is horror stricken now. One of the boys I met and knew real well there was killed in an automobile accident about two weeks ago. He was only twenty and real good-looking too. He was crazy about Eliz. (sic) Wade and she was about him too.

Flora has gone to Stetson University in DeLand. She likes it. Johnny too. Our family is slightly decreasing. Thank the goodness.

I am down at Mary Emma's and Peggy is here too. I had supper with her and may spend the night. Peggy and Mary Emma said to tell you that they received your card and said thanks. They also said for me to give you their love. I guess I will have to stop and study. If I can.

Bye! Bye! Hope to see you soon. Peggy and Mary Emma are going to write a note to you. Lordy knows what it will be. Heaps of love. Mary.

P.S. XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX dozens of these from me until I see you again.

\* The prominent MacKay family in Ocala spells its last name MacKay, as in Florida governor Buddy MacKay. Mary McKay is not related.

Peggy added this note:

Dear Frank,

So you say you really miss the old gang. Well I don't believe it. School started yesterday and it seemed funny without you. I received your card. It was sweet of you to think of writing to little miss Me. I am glad you and Mary McKay are getting along fine together now. You and her (sic) seem to please each other very much. She really is a lovely girl.



It is impossible to write and lissen (sic) to radio at the same time. My love affairs are not so great right now. You must be tired of all this. Your old pal, Peggy F.

Mary Emma added this:

Frank ----- I sure was glad to hear from you. I know you are having a wonderful time over there with those French women. Oh! Yeah! Be good and hurry up and come home. Mary

Michael writes:

This picture collage is not part of the journey.

I'm not sure when it was taken and don't know the name of the young lady. But it seems appropriate to put it here following the delightful teenage scribbles of Peggy and Mary Emma, and, earlier, Adelaide.

This hand-made collage is among Frank's saved letters and pictures.

Whoever made it glued the young lady's pictures onto a torn-out sheet of brown scrapbook paper, added the collage frame (which looks hand-made) and then added the cut-out of young Frank in knickers. It's three-dimensional, and it's obvious the girl in the picture had a big crush on our world traveler.



Also in Frank's collection is a print of the photograph at the top of the collage above. It has turned shiny silver and will not copy adequately on my scanner. There are words written by hand on the bottom of this photo. Something about "Golf." But the other words are not readable with the exception of the final word that looks like "Chip."





*Left:*  
Postcard of  
Fort King Avenue,  
Ocala, Florida,  
late 1920's.

web photo



*Left:*  
My photograph of 8<sup>th</sup>  
Street in Ocala on a very  
sunny morning, October  
2012.



*Left:* Souvenir of Paris,  
1930.

web photo



Saturday, September 20, 1930

Paris, France

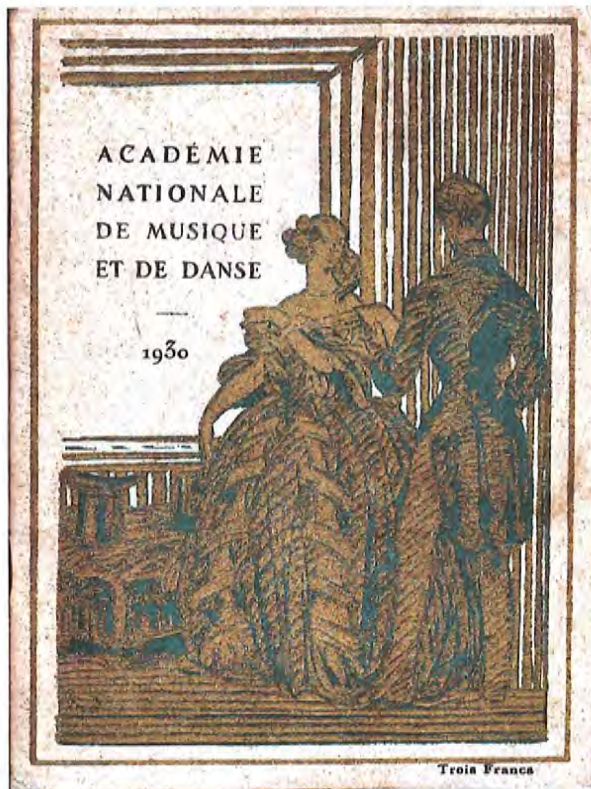
We went to the Bon Marche today and I spent my time buying presents for the family. We went to the R--- (*he leaves this blank, not remembering the name of the restaurant*) for lunch and then walked a little and then went back to the Bon Marche for the afternoon. I bought some more and then we returned to the hotel.



*Left:* Bon Marche. Escalators were invented in 1869. Harrod's installed them before 1900, but I cannot find when Bon Marche installed theirs. web photo

Frank's Journal:

We dressed and went down and had dinner. Mr. Olson came to dinner and went to the opera with us. The opera we went to is "Thais."



MASSENET Ph. X

Samedi 20 Septembre, à 20 h. 30 — 445<sup>e</sup> Représentation

Le Spectacle se terminera vers 23 heures 30

# THAIS

Opéra en 4 actes et 6 tableaux  
d'après le roman d'Anatole FRANCE  
Poème de L. GALLET

Musique de MASSENET

Thaïs . . . . . Mlle Mireille BERTHON  
Crobyle . . . . . Mmes Aimée MORTIMER  
Myrtaie . . . . . MANCEAU  
Alléine . . . . . Mlle MONTFORT

Chef d'Orchestre : M. Gabriel GROVLEZ

(Voir suite de la distribution page suivante)

*Left and above:* Program for Massenet's opera **Thais** presented by the Academie Nationale de Musique et de Danse at the Paris Opera House.





Left: The Paris Opera House.

All went well with me till the intermission at the third act and then I went out into the hall and had a vomiting spell and went home sick. I think it was the Hor-d (*he means hors d'oeuvres*) we had at lunch.

*Michael writes:* Leave it to Frank to get sick in the Paris Opera House. Some people are cursed with ruining perfect evenings. Frank was one of the cursed. He probably ate too many hors d'oeuvres, had too much to drink at lunch and got too excited before the Opera. This was a tell-tale sign of his life ahead. In future years, he developed an allergy to flowers even though he was a florist. He developed an allergy to scene paint even though he was a set designer. He fell off ladders and broke ribs. But he never lost his enthusiasm for travel, art and theater.

Sunday, September 21, 1930  
Paris, France

Stayed in bed after a rather bad night and finally got up for lunch time. We had luncheon in the Champs Elysee and went driving through the park and to the horse race at Longchamps. We came in and Lucy, Aline and I went to (*can't read the word, looks like "tea"*) at a Russian joint. We came back to the hotel and had dinner and went to see "Madame Pompadour" at the theater. Came back to the hotel to a good night's sleep after a very nice and good show.



CE PROGRAMME NE DOIT ÊTRE VENDU QU'À L'INTÉRIEUR DE L'HIPPODROME  
SOCIÉTÉ D'ENCOURAGEMENT POUR L'AMÉLIORATION DES RACES DE CHEVAUX EN FRANCE

### Courses au Bois de Boulogne

Union d'Automne. — Deuxième Journée. — Dimanche 21 Septembre 1930

LES COURSES SONT RÉSERVÉES À UN PROGRAMME DE JEUX ÉQUITÉS QU'À VEUX DE VOS PROPRIÉTAIRES  
LES PÉRIODES ÉCRIVAINES, LES AFFICHES SONT LES SEULES ÉCRIVAINES AUX TITRES D'AFFICHES DES PÉRIODES SONT RÉSERVÉES À UN  
ÉCRIVAINES DE 1 AN. SI ON VEUT VOUS FAIRE ÉCRIRE, EN 2 ANS, SI ON VEUT VOUS FAIRE ÉCRIRE, EN 4 ANS.

1<sup>re</sup> Course à 10 heures

**PRIX DE LA LOIRE (A Richemur)**

10,000 fr. plus 1,000 fr. d'appoints au gagnant et 500 fr. au second et 250 fr. au troisième. — Pour chevaux de 3 ans au moins, nés en 1927 et 1928. — Les chevaux de 3 ans au moins, nés en 1927 et 1928, sont admis à courir. — Les chevaux de 3 ans au moins, nés en 1927 et 1928, sont admis à courir. — Les chevaux de 3 ans au moins, nés en 1927 et 1928, sont admis à courir.

N°	Noms	Propriétaires	Entraîneurs	Cochers
1	Milou	M. de la Roche	M. de la Roche	M. de la Roche
2	La France	M. de la Roche	M. de la Roche	M. de la Roche
3	André	M. de la Roche	M. de la Roche	M. de la Roche
4	Le Magasin	M. de la Roche	M. de la Roche	M. de la Roche
5	Vashti II	M. de la Roche	M. de la Roche	M. de la Roche
6	Le Grand	M. de la Roche	M. de la Roche	M. de la Roche
7	Le Grand	M. de la Roche	M. de la Roche	M. de la Roche
8	Le Grand	M. de la Roche	M. de la Roche	M. de la Roche
9	Le Grand	M. de la Roche	M. de la Roche	M. de la Roche
10	Le Grand	M. de la Roche	M. de la Roche	M. de la Roche
11	Le Grand	M. de la Roche	M. de la Roche	M. de la Roche
12	Le Grand	M. de la Roche	M. de la Roche	M. de la Roche
13	Le Grand	M. de la Roche	M. de la Roche	M. de la Roche
14	Le Grand	M. de la Roche	M. de la Roche	M. de la Roche
15	Le Grand	M. de la Roche	M. de la Roche	M. de la Roche
16	Le Grand	M. de la Roche	M. de la Roche	M. de la Roche
17	Le Grand	M. de la Roche	M. de la Roche	M. de la Roche
18	Le Grand	M. de la Roche	M. de la Roche	M. de la Roche
19	Le Grand	M. de la Roche	M. de la Roche	M. de la Roche
20	Le Grand	M. de la Roche	M. de la Roche	M. de la Roche

Left and above: Frank's ticket and schedule for races at Longchamp.





THEATRE  
**MARIGNY**

Directeur - Louis VOLTERRA



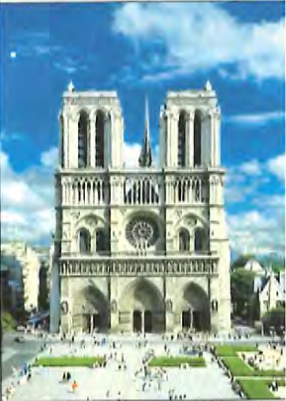
MAISON 1881

FRS. 27.

Left: Program for *Madame Pompadour*.

Monday, September 22, 1930  
Paris, France

To-day was a sightseeing day. We went out to the American Express and then to the Cathedral of Notre Dame which was very interesting and went into the bell tower and also up to the top of the tower.



NOTRE-DAME DE PARIS



Above: Notre Dame Cathedral and the Bell Tower.  
Left: The 1923 *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*



From there we went to the University of Paris and saw some of the exterior. We saw the exterior of the Pantheon and then went to see the Amphitheatre dating back to B.C. We then caught a Metro to the Plaza des Invalides and walked to the Rodin Museum of sculpture. I didn't care for Rodin's work.



Left and below: Sorbonne and Pantheon exteriors in Paris. web photos





*Right:* The Rodin Museum.  
*Below:* Frank's admission ticket.



*Michael writes:* In the 1980's Barbara Bradshaw and I escorted a group of Caldwell patrons on a trip to Paris, the Chateaux Country and, via the Orient Express, Venice. As we checked into a delightful boutique hotel in Paris, one of our elderly ladies fell and broke her wrist. Despite her fears, I took her to a French hospital (where she received excellent care) but, wanting to keep an eye on her, I missed out on the Chateaux tour. Instead, I took the Metro and stopped at the Rodin Museum. Like Frank, I didn't much care for Rodin's work!

*Frank's Journal:*

We then went back to the hotel and after lunch we went to get Mother's present and then to the Bon Marche. Jenny Harold came to see us at luncheon.

Tuesday, September 23, 1930  
Paris, France

Today was a full day. We went to the Louvre and wandered around and saw the paintings (as much as we could). From there we went to the Hotel des Invalides and Napoleon's Tomb. It wasn't open so we went to the Eiffel Tower and went all the way to the top. We had lunch on one of the landings.



*Above and left:* The Louvre circa 1930 with Winged Victory and the Mona Lisa. web photos





*Left:* Hotel des Invalides, a complex of buildings related to the military history of France. Louis XIV initiated the project as a home for the aged and for ailing soldiers.



*Right:* 1930's postcard of the Eiffel Tower. Also Napoleon's Tomb.  
*Above:* Inner courtyard of Versailles.

We went back to Napoleon's Tomb and saw it and then to the hotel uptown and to the station where we got the electric to Versailles. The place was quite pretty. We saw the room of mirrors where the peace treaty of 1914 was signed. We also saw the Big and Little Trianon and Marie Antoinette Village and Temple of Love and more of the fountain, then came back to the hotel.



*Left:* Hall of Mirrors.

all web photos this page



## Wednesday, September 24, 1930 Sailing from Le Havre

Arose early to-day to get ready and catch the boat train to Le Havre at 9 o'clock. We made it all right and got settled for the three hour ride. It passed very quickly and we were soon there. Porters were few and scarce and didn't want to attend our bags so I had to haul them down and give them to another "unwilling" outside. We got on and had lunch and I explored some in the afternoon. All my packages came all right. It is a very big boat.

## Thursday, September 25, 1930 First day out

To-day we arose rather late and Aunt Lucy stayed in bed all day. We went down to luncheon and spent the afternoon walking and sitting in steamer chairs. The ocean isn't as calm as we had coming over. We came down to dinner tonight (my dress suit still smells from the escapade at the opera) and then came up to bed. The boat is much larger than the Saturnia but not as nice. The main salon is vile as are the rest of the rooms.



*Michael writes:* Although the photograph of the First Class Salon above does not look inviting, the postcard of the Grand Salon looks rather colorful. I'm sure Frank's physical condition, caused by the violent Ocean, influenced his opinion of the Ile de France.

Frank and I once took a fourteen-day cruise throughout Caribbean Islands. We were guests of the ship, meant to entice theatergoers to join us as *paying* passengers. I was a poor sailor, seasick every night. The island tours were breathtaking, but I remember nothing about the boat. All I wanted to do was touch the earth. Frank felt nothing. Every night he brought me apples after he'd enjoyed a five-course dinner. I ate nothing but apples and lost ten pounds.

100.



*Left:* First Class Salon, Ile de France.

*Below:* Postcard of the Grand Salon.



web photos this page



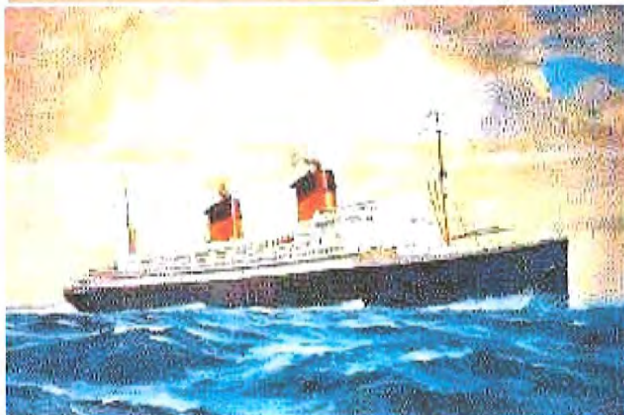
# Frank's Programs and Shipboard News Clippings from the Ile de France



## LIFE ON A SHIP OF THE French Line



PROGRAMME	
1. Beethoven et Liszt.....	LEO
(Ouvatures)	
2. Strauss Op. 16.....	LEO HIL
3. La Valse.....	LEO HIL
4. Boris Godounov.....	LEO HIL
(Ballet)	
5. Dans les Steppes de l'Asie Centrale.....	LEO HIL
6. Symphonie Inachevée.....	LEO HIL
(1 <sup>er</sup> Mouvement)	
At 10 P. M. in the GRAND SALON	
-:- DANCING -:-	





Friday, September 26, 1930  
 Second day out

I spent an awful night last night from the effects of my luncheon and dinner. I stayed in bed for most of the day. I did little but sleep and ate almost nothing. The Ocean is rougher than I have ever seen it. Much rougher than my days coming over. Aline is feeling it too. I sure hope I feel alright to-morrow.

*Right:* Salle a Manger, the dining salon, Ile de France. Frank didn't see much of this on his first days at sea, but he kept the postcard!



Paquebot "ILE DE FRANCE", — Salle à Manger des 1<sup>ère</sup> classe  
 First Class Dining Room



SEAGOING DECORATION, TRADITIONALLY INSIGNIFICANT  
 ... scored a significant triumph in 1927 when the boldly original saloons of the new French liner Ile de France launched up Fifth Avenue, a new style, fast modern, whose commander is Italy's great seagoing Aristide Cavallotti. Italy, Mother of the Arts, sees it no harm to conceive a new decorative style for the sea and Gods & Devils, but *Il Duce's* emphasis is on technical progress—above all, speed.

*Left:* And if the colors of the seaboard decorations were anything like these, Frank got no relief for his upset stomach.

web photo

Saturday, September 27, 1930  
 Third day out

This morning I woke up feeling alright. We had luncheon down in the dining salon and went out on deck in the afternoon. We had exhibition prize fights and fencing and wrestling matches this afternoon in the main hall. Dressed for dinner (and the suit smells better) and then went to the concert afterwards. Roland Hayes (the Negro singer)\* sang and the first cellist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra played. We came home at intermission and went to bed.



\* Roland Hayes, a lyric tenor, was the first man of color to receive international acclaim as a concert artist. An American, he appeared throughout this country and across Europe. Obviously he was booked as a star on the Ile de France.





## Sunday, September 28, 1930 Fourth day out

We arose late and dressed and went up on the upper sport deck – the sunshine was lovely. The Ocean is quite calm, the calmest I have ever seen (we had two kinds of weather.)

After luncheon we played cards and had tea and then went to the movie. The movie was awful. The comedians Laurel and Hardy.

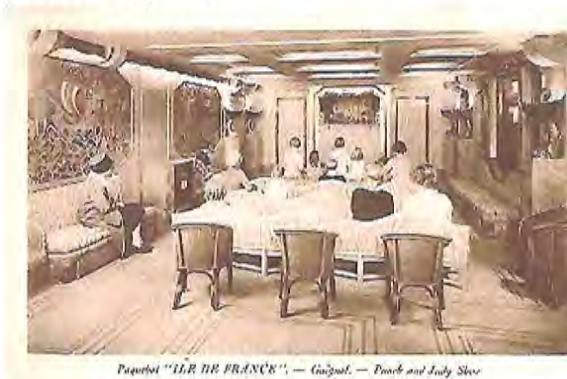


*Right:* Postcard of the  
Movie Salon

*Below:* Same Salon for  
“Punch and Judy”

We dressed for dinner and after dinner went out and listened to the concert. Came down and went quietly to bed as Aunt Lucy had already gone to bed and was asleep.

## Monday, September 29, 1930 Fifth day out



To-day we arose at 9, or 8 by our time, as they set the clock back an hour every night, but tonight they set it back two hours. We dock at 9:30 tomorrow. Good old America again!! Nothing unusual today. Breakfast in bed as usual and luncheon, Punch and Judy this afternoon and then tea and bridge again. We are packing now to go ashore in the morning. We went down and had dinner and then went to hear the orchestra play in the “Salon du The.” Came down at 9 o’clock and

went to bed. Aunt Lucy had already gone and was asleep.

## Monday, September 29, 1930 Landing at New York, USA

This morning I was awake at about 4 o’clock our time and 2 by the ship’s. We are at quarantine\* and stayed there until about 8 o’clock. We had breakfast in the dining room this morning and



then went up and looked around to see where we were. Ellis Island was near. We went in and were passed by the officials in the Grand Salon and then went on deck again and saw “Liberty” and Manhattan.



It was not long before we were at the French Line dock. It took 12 tugs to land us all working hard. As soon as we docked and they had gotten some of the baggage off, we got off. Then we had a time getting all our 24 bags, boxes and trunks together for the inspector to go through. (Lucy and I went under “M”\*\* with Aunt Lucy.)



We had no trouble getting our baggage “looked through” as that was all they did. We then came to the Hotel Chatham and put our bags in and Lucy, Aline and I went to Longchamps for lunch while Aunt Lucy and Uncle Carl had lunch in their room at the hotel. We went back to the hotel and then Aline and I went on a “shopping tour.” We went to (F.A.O.) Schwarz and I bought more toys.



\* I’m not sure “quarantine” is the right word, but they were waiting to be “passed.”

\*\* “M” for Aunt Lucy’s last name, Moltz

web photos

## Tuesday, September 30, 1930 Landing in New York, USA

We then went back up 5<sup>th</sup> Avenue and I went to Sak’s and Elizabeth Arden for presents, then to see the china man from whom I bought the dolls before I left. (*Meaning, I suppose, that he bought dolls for his “stage” before he left.*)



I then went back to the hotel to pack all my “new treasures.” It was soon time to leave and Uncle Carl took me to the station. We saw about the trunk and soon it was time to get on. After the train started I went in to “Supper” and about 8 o’clock I went to bed.

Wednesday, October 1, 1930  
En route to Ocala, Florida, USA

I slept very well except for waking up in the night. Almost 12 hours! Had breakfast and am reading “Girth Control.” Wish I were home.

*(He wrote four or five more words, but the ink ran out. All you can see is the faint scratch of the pen. None of these final words is legible.)*

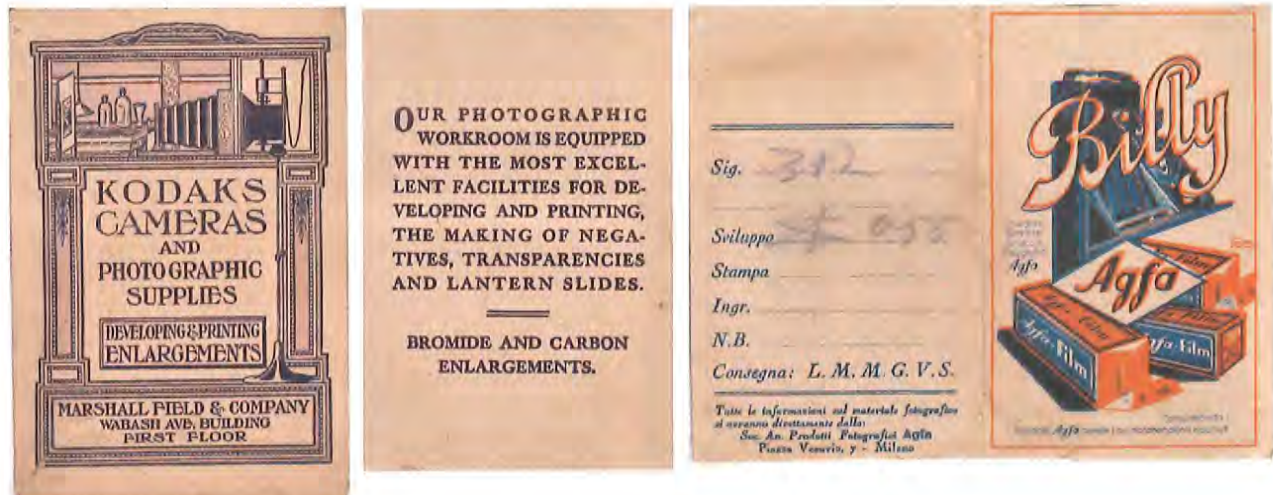
### Additions to the Travel Book

On the last page of Aunt Nina’s travel journal, Frank wrote the following in excellent penmanship:

#### Money Exchange

<u>Italy</u>	20 lira to the dollar and 100 centimes to the lira
<u>Austria</u>	7 schillings to the dollar and 100 groschen to the schilling
<u>Hungaria</u>	5 pengos to the dollar and 100 filler to the pengo
<u>Germany</u>	4 marks to the dollar and 10 pfennigs to the mark
<u>France</u>	25 francs to the dollar and 100 centimes to the franc

The book also contains several ink blotters tucked away in a sleeve. You can see that he used one of them frequently. The others appear untouched.



In another sleeve is a tiny envelope with small photographs. I found a Kodak film processing envelope among his souvenirs and realized that he did take a few pictures and had them developed on board ship.



## Frank's Photographs



*Left:* This must be Frank. He's wearing knickers – Aunt Lucy bought him a pair. Did someone take the picture with his camera? Is that one of the men he talks about on the M. V. Saturnia?



*Above:* From the deck of his ship, it appears he took a photograph of a tug boat pulling a larger boat to shore.

*Right:* A boat on the horizon. From the angle of the picture, it looks like Frank's boat is tipping left and right!



*Above left, right and on the next page:* Pompeii. The round shadow (at right) looks like Vesuvius. 106.



Right: Pompeii.

Below: Perhaps this is a photo of the grottos in Trieste.



Right: And this looks like passengers getting into a tender to go ashore.



And that's the extent of Master Bennett's photography!

### Frank's Gift List

Mother - handkerchiefs 75¢	with 400 fall 23.20	29.95
Mrs. Emma - handkerchiefs 1.00		1.00
Mrs. Emma - vanity case		2.00
Wing - handkerchiefs		2.00
Molly - "		50¢
Stella - "		50¢
Carita - "		75¢
Mrs. A. Miller - handkerchiefs		1.55
Lela - two rings		1.50
Arnt - dog		1.15
Aunt Millie		1.20
Farna - handkerchiefs 20¢		.20
Mary - vanity case		6.00
Ann - stick pin		1.10
Bertina - ear rings		1.00
Wooten - Day in New York		
Miss Mary - vanity case		2.00
Baby Mary - jumping toy		1.40
		<del>25.80</del>
		52.80

Yes, this is an example of his handwriting. He had all sorts of artistic talents, but penmanship wasn't one of them.

I've deciphered it on the next page.





## Frank's Gifts from His Trip Abroad

Mother - handkerchief .75 ----- pearls \$28.20	\$29.95
Mr. Dumas        "	.80
Mrs. Dumas - vanity case	2.00
Nina - handkerchief	.20
Nettie            "	.50
Stella           "	.40
Carita           "	.75
Aunt Nettie - handkerchief	1.55
Lela - two rings	1.50
Aunt Ivy	1.55
Aunt Millie	1.20
James - handkerchief	.80
Mary - vanity case	6.00
L ( <i>cannot decipher</i> ) stick pin	1.10
B ( <i>cannot decipher</i> ) ear rings	1.00
Norton - Buy it in New York	
Miss Lena - vanity case	2.00
Baby Nina - jumping dog	1.40
Total	\$25.80

*(After he bought pearls, he scratched out Total \$25.80 and added again)*

Total	\$52.80
-------	---------

Michael writes:

Some gifts he did not describe. Of the recipients, I don't know the names Mr. and Mrs. Dumas, Lela, James and the names that begin with L and B.

Miss Lena, however, is Miss Lena Ricketson, his drama teacher at Ocala High School who cast him in leading roles in the plays *The First Dress Suit* and Booth Tarkington's *The Trysting Place* in 1928-1929. He adored her.

Baby Nina, however, must be his relative Nina Camp Weeks who inherited the imposing three-story brick Camp house on 5<sup>th</sup> Street from her aunt, the woman who gave Frank the travel journal. At different times, "Big Nina" and "Little Nina," as Frank called them, lived a few doors east and across the street from 910 East 5<sup>th</sup> Street. That majestic brick house still stands. New owners or course.

I knew "Little Nina." When the Caldwell sponsored tour groups from Boca Raton to Ocala, "Little Nina" hosted two enormous cocktail parties for us, one in the brick house, and another in Bob Camp's mother's house which she had purchased after selling the "majestic" one. Bob Camp, the artist, attended the first party along with prominent members of Ocala society.



## Frank's Miniatures

As a teenager, Frank created his "stage" in a cardboard box. He changed the miniature furniture often, depending on the type of plays he chose to design.

I can relate to this. At the same age, I created little marquee posters for the movies I planned to produce. I had my own roster of players, invented my own movie titles, and cast my titles from my personal company of actors, sometimes borrowing actors from other people's studios. After creating about twenty of my own films, making posters with above- and below-title billing, I held my own Oscar ceremony. June Allyson and Van Johnson usually lost to Deborah Kerr and Montgomery Clift in the Best Actress and Actor categories, but my choices for supporting players were often a surprise even to me.

Is it any wonder Frank designed sets and I cast actors and directed plays? I met Frank in Ocala when I spent a summer-from-college moving Dorothy and Carl into their new house. I wandered into the Ocala community theater during its annual summer meeting. Although Frank and I were decades apart, we allowed our teenage aspirations to become realities. It was in Ocala that we began to work as designer/builder/prop man and actor/manager/director.

Here are more of my photographs of Frank's miniature furniture.



A highboy, a miniature cat and dog, a bar with a liquor bottle, glass and vase of flowers, a Remington typewriter on a table, and a Federal bookcase with miniature books. *Below*, tiny little objects, animals, and men in boats (one fishing for an orange salmon), all so tiny it took me a long time to move them onto a shelf, get them upright and photograph them.





*Right:* Here's the box filled with cotton where Frank kept them.



And here are some of his tiny porcelains. This cup and saucer isn't even an inch high!



*Left:* A gravy boat with its own plate and a stack of little blue-and-white dishes.



*Left:* This set of two cups and saucers, one plate (a second plate, not shown, has been glued back together) and a sugar bowl with lid has a picture of a little girl wearing a bright red skirt and being pulled in a cart by a dog.



*Left:* Tiny carved ivory animals include a camel and two elephants. Next to them, tiny little carved wooden animals, so small it is difficult to get them to stand up.

*Below:* His Dresden Lamm purchases when in Europe. (Lamm is Augustus Lamm, the artist who painted them. Lamm used a lamb and the word Dresden as his mark.) These two items



are small and delicate, especially the little basket-weave round dish with decorative flowers.



Here is Frank in 1980 with his hands on an antique typewriter featured in his set for *You Can't Take It With You*.

This photo by Linda Bannister celebrates the opening of Caldwell's second venue in the Boca Raton Mall. Of course the desk, chair, flower arrangement and waste basket were his, loaned to the theater.



## Epilogue

### A Little More About Aunt Lucy

There are articles and booklets written about Lucy Camp Armstrong Moltz. You can read about her by putting her full name into your browser. I intend to write more about her in picture books or stories yet to be created, but here are a few things that apply to the “before” and “after” of Frank’s trip abroad.

On June 22, 1922, when Frank is seven going on eight, Aunt Lucy sends him a postcard from Oyster Bay, New York, offering an invitation to visit her and Carl Moltz. Frank’s mother is divorced from his father, citing in 1920, if she followed Ira Fuller Bennett’s own written suggestions, “desertion, infidelity and mental cruelty.” She has married insurance man Norton Davis a year later. When Aunt Lucy’s postcard arrived, our young Frank is reeling from life’s ever-changing circumstances.



Master F. I. Bennett  
c/o Mrs. Norton Davis  
Ocala, Florida

Dearest Frank,

This is a picture of our little house and I hope you are coming to see us soon.  
Devotedly, Aunt Lucy.

I don’t know if he visited this “little” house in rich man’s Oyster Bay, but the invitation by itself must have been a comfort. To have an aunt who lets you escape reality is worth gold. *With my Aunt Pearl, who introduced me to travel, I know what I’m talking about!* And I do know that Frank spent many summers with Aunt Lucy in Lake Toxaway, North Carolina.



Here's another postcard that tells of Aunt Lucy's love for her daughter Lucy, for travel – and for her nephew Frank. The postcard was enclosed in an envelope I cannot find, but it was sent to him after his Trip Abroad. Here is Aunt Lucy with Lucy Junior and her daughter's new husband Walter Johnson. They're standing by the Atlantic Ocean on the southwest corner of France at Biarritz.



Dear Frank,

Here is a souvenir of Biarritz taken by the sea with our hotel in the background. With love to you and Mother.\*  
Aunt Lucy

\* "Mother" meaning Frank's mother. For the sake of their children and relatives, sisters Leta, Lucy and Sallie refer to each other as "Aunts" or "Mother."

1931

## Aunt Lucy Writes a Letter to Frank

Three months after the Trip Abroad, Aunt Lucy writes a letter to her nephew from the Moltz chalet.



"Hillmont"

Lake Toxaway, North Carolina  
January 4, 1931

Dearest Frank,

The days slip by so quickly I can scarcely realize that Xmas and New Year's have come and gone.

The towels you sen I was delighted to receive your sweet letter yesterday but felt ashamed of my self for not having written to you. t me were exquisite and match my new bath room perfectly. You were a darling to find them and send them to me. We also enjoyed the little record with yours and your mother's greetings. I failed to thank your mother for it and the delicious pecans.





She sent me so many things I could scarcely remember them all but appreciated each lovely gift.

I wish you were here now to help me with the Library. We will soon be ready for the interior. The windows will be finished this week, weather permitting. I am glad you have the drawing instruments for they will be a great help. We will have plenty to do next summer. I will have a busy spring for I hope to get everything in good shape for Lucy's wedding – early June I hope for the garden is prettiest then. I am sure you will like Walter for he is very artistic like you.

Please give your mother lots of love for me. I hope to be down early February to see you all.

With much love for you and Norton and many thanks for my lovely gift.

Your devoted Aunt Lucy

*Right:* Greystone Inn postcards  
1997.

*Below:* My photos, Greystone Inn,  
1997



*Michael writes:*

As it turns out, Frank *did* help Aunt Lucy with the interior of the Library. In 1997, when I visited Hillmont,



now the Greystone Inn, this glorious Library is The Presidential Suite. In 2012, the Greystone website says the Presidential Suite rents on Friday and Saturday nights for \$670 – each night! It's even more expensive if you request the "weekend package" which includes a champagne ride on the lake in a boat called "Miss Lucy." Frank would love that a room he helped create now costs a "bloody fortune."

## Aunt Lucy Types a Letter to Frank

"Hillmont"  
Lake Toxaway, North Carolina  
November 9, 1931

Dear Frank: –

It was quite a coincidence your letter was here when I returned from a visit to the Asheville school which I investigated with the view of sending you there.

I am certainly glad you are doing so well in your studies and am proud of your being on the honor roll for the last six weeks. I hope you can keep this up. Your work on the paper is also very good for you and I am glad for you to do this. It is of course necessary for you to have French and quite the thing for you to take it outside of school as you will have to have two years of two languages to enter Yale.

I have investigated several boys schools and think Asheville is the best place for you. Aunt Sallie and I were very much pleased with everything and everybody that we saw there. You will be near enough to me for us to see each other often and your Mother can come to see you now and then. The climate also will be easy for you to get accustomed to since you already have been and will be here so much.

It is most important for you to take your college board exams next June so that you will know just what you will have to do further study on. Your stand in these will determine your class at Asheville. It may be that you will need only one year in prep school before going to Yale but you may need another year and this we can tell better after your first effort at the college board.

I am as usual very busy with things about the place. Have just had the big farm bell put up, and the iron piece over the wall is set. Carl and I will be starting on the survey of the water line soon and the men are clearing the ground for the pond. It is all very interesting to me as you know and I am having as always a good time working.

I asked the head of the Asheville School, Mr. Bement, to write to you and also to the principal of your school and also asked Nina to see and explain everything to you and your Mother and to the principal so that no stone will be left unturned to prepare you

HILLMONT  
LAKE TOXAWAY  
NORTH CAROLINA

Nov. 9, 1931.

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I asked the head of the Asheville School, Mr. Bement, to write to you and also to the principal of your school and also asked Nina to see and explain everything to you and your Mother and to the principal so that no stone will be left unturned to prepare you for the situation ahead of you. I want you to have every advantage and feel confident that you will do your part in making it all a great success. You are ambitious as I am and we can help each other achieve.

With much love to you, your Mother and Horton, and hoping that I can get down to see all of you before long,

Devotedly,

Aunt Lucy



in the best possible way for the education ahead of you. I want you to have every advantage and feel confident that you will do your part in making it all a great success. You are ambitious as I am and we can help each other achieve.

With much love to you, your Mother and Norton, and hoping that I can get down to see all of you before long.

Devotedly, Aunt Lucy.



## Aunt Lucy Gets Her Wish, Sends Frank to Prep School

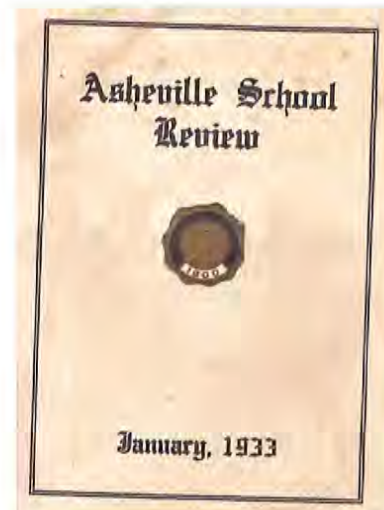
In 1932, after graduating from high school in Ocala, Frank began a one-year program at the Asheville School in North Carolina. He joined the track team and ran with skill and determination. He applied himself to his course work, especially English. (His handwriting improved.) Here is a class assignment he kept folded inside a copy of the Asheville School Review:

Frank I. Bennett  
Sept. 23, 1932

We find that you may divide all the world into two classes. There are the practical people whose actions are controlled by a definite end, and the poetic people who are lovers of the qualities of things. We see too that almost everyman even if he is practical has some poetic qualities for all people are at heart lovers of new experiences.

He also submitted poems to the Review. In the January 1933 issue, his poem "Moonlight" was accepted for publication:

All the world was bathed in a silvery glow  
That had an odd, supernatural, ghostly cast;  
All the lights around the place were low,  
And the scene was really too wonderful to last.  
Down in the garden the statues came to life,  
And the lilies in the pool raised their heads,  
While the flowers were lifted from the usual strife.  
As I stood in the walk my feet were turned to lead  
So surprised was I, I couldn't move from the spot.  
All the while I stood there I was wondering,  
Yes I wondered, wondered how strange my lot.  
I felt like a pirate bold a fairy place plundering,  
And then before my eyes the strange sight  
Faded, and I was left alone in the moonlight.



Frank Bennett, '32





Aunt Lucy and his mother Leta instilled in Frank a love for gardening, flowers and beautiful things.

Aunt Lucy, in particular, gave him an appreciation for travel. She gave him a desire to see and experience the world.

My favorite poem of his is a simple four line poem called “Dreamer.” It was centered at the bottom of a page in the Asheville School Review.

#### DREAMER

Have you ever wanted to wander  
To see different places and things,  
and your time to squander  
In the courts of kings.

–Frank Bennett, '33

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