

# *Mariemont Preservation Foundation*

Transcript of Oral History Interview with  
MRS. ELIZABETH LIVINGOOD MCGUIRE  
(Youngest daughter of Charles J. Livingood)

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MRS. ELIZABETH LIVINGOOD MCGUIRE  
(Youngest daughter of Charles J. Livingood)

Mrs. Mcguire recounts details of her father's involvement with Mrs. Emery's affairs, and in the development of Mariemont. As a child she remembers the architects and John Nolen visiting their home, traveling abroad with her father on the occasion when he discovered the Tithe Barn at Calcot, England, and purchased the roof tiles for Mariemont Church. The Livingood family were very close to Mrs. Emery and she recalls summers spent at Mrs. Emery's estate in Newport, R.I., and visits to her Edgecliff home.

**INTERVIEWER'S NAME: Millard F. Rogers and Phyllis Hoffman**  
**DATE OF INTERVIEW: July 14, 1993**  
**PLACE OF INTERVIEW: 2853 Grandin Road, Cincinnati, Ohio**

*We are in the home of Elizabeth Livingood McGuire on July 14, 1993. We're here together, Phyllis Hoffman and Millard Rogers, Trustees of the Mariemont Preservation Foundation, and we are very grateful to you, Mrs. McGuire for this opportunity to have you share with us some of your recollections and wonderful memories of your father, Charles J. Livingood.*

MR: Let me just ask you if you could reminisce a little bit and give us some of your thoughts about your father, Mr. Livingood, and his work with the Village of Mariemont, which he was so instrumental in helping to found.

EM: I was a very small child but old enough to have an enormous curiosity. My father would disappear in the afternoons when he got back from the office, in his automobile driven by his wonderful companion and friend and chauffeur. It was a big open Packard, it was a very stately affair. I would say, "Daddy, where are you going, and can I come?", "No!" That was it "No." Then he would get in the car and he would say to the chauffeur, "Robert, go back to where we found the turtle." And so off they would go. The reason for this was that my father was being very careful not to let anyone know that Mary Emery was buying up an enormous quantity of farmland, one after the other. It was kept quiet.

MR: That was part of his code?

EM: Yes, but it was also very practical. If people talked there was going to be a big development out there, the prices for go up so much. And then he did find a turtle when he was walking around there one time and brought it home. But that was the code word, and Robert even didn't know

what it was all about. It was very peculiar - they'd go stomping around. My father did often say to my mother that he would be sorry to live on the western side of the City, because you have the sun in your eyes as you came into work and you had the sun in your eyes as you drove home. So he thought the ideal spot was east of the City. So that's why it was located where it was, I think, and after a good deal of thought and care.

Mrs. Emery and my father had talked about the possibility of doing this for a good many years, and finally it came to the point when they thought they could. They started planning - getting town planners, John Nolen. It was great fun because this collection of architects would come and stay with my mother and father for the weekend or whatever length of time it took them to go over the plans and see what they were going to be required to do.

MR: That's interesting. You mentioned that to me once before, that those architects would be in your home so you had that contact with some of them.

EM: Absolutely. And that was why I was very interested in young Mr. Walter Langsam's lecture at the Inn last month.

PH: And the beautiful part is that they had some women architects.

EM: Yes, they did! And I remember those two ladies, they were absolutely dear. As I remember them they were not young at the time, I considered them middle-aged, they were probably in their 30's. I can't remember their names.

MR: Lois Howe and Eleanor Manning. They did all of Denny Place.

EM: They were so delightful, and my father thought they were wonderful planners because they thought of everything, not only the physical features of the house, but the comfort and the conveniences - the woman's touch!

MR: We have a wonderful film that was put together from several older newsreels in the 1920's. One of the more interesting portions of that film from a newsreel, shows your father out on the site where the Mariemont Community Church was erected, pounding stakes into the ground, and then also directing the man with the mule and the plough, plough out the outline of the Church. But your father is standing there very elegantly in his Homburg.

EM: He always had a Homburg, he always had a black overcoat with a black velvet collar. *(Laughter)*

MR: The way he is standing in the middle of this field on a hill!

- EM: That's typical, that's typical! Oh, he was so pleased about the way the Church turned out. My mother and I were with him when we were in England one summer, visiting her cousins, and we saw an old tithe barn with a slate roof, and a sign (a very discrete little sign) said "For Sale". There was a nearby farmhouse, and my father said, "Oh, that's such a beautiful tile, I wonder if possibly that could be shifted to Ohio." We went in and there was a nice old farmer and my father said, "Are you really selling that tithe barn? Why are you doing that?" The farmer said, "Because it's falling down and I can't afford to have it propped up and rebuilt and so I'm going to take what I can get for the material in it." So my father said, "Would you consider selling me the slates?" "Yes, but where do you live and what will do with them." There was an awful lot there. My father said that he wanted to put them on a Church roof, a little Church in Ohio. The farmer was quire thrilled, he had never heard of Ohio, and he was such a nice man.
- MR: That is a wonderful story, because we have always heard where the tithe barn was and many of us have visited that little farm and tithe barn in Calcot. But you were right there on the site, that's wonderful! That's an amazing story!
- EM: When they arrived, when the slates came, they were just what he wanted. And that all worked out very well.
- MR: I think that story that you have told about the Calcot tithe barn, where you and your father were there and he bought the tiles, is interesting. Do you recall any other trips that you made with your father where he was discussing Mariemont, or had ideas of Mariemont, or any discussions he might have had with architects?
- EM: No. But I do remember though, that always when we went to England, we would go to Stoke Poges and my father loved that Church, and also loved Gray's Elogy, and whenever we went it was an occasion to go to Stoke Poges. I think that probably gave him the idea for the Church.
- MR: Because it is said that it follows the model, or at least the inspiration, of Stoke Poges as an English Parish church. That's a good example of that style of architecture.
- PH: He was always thinking, wasn't he. His mind must have been just going constantly. Everything he saw.
- EM: He was never ever bored.
- MR: Did he go out to Mariemont all during the construction. Certainly he was involved in the design and the planning, but he must have kept up with all of the construction, didn't he?
- EM: Yes, he did. He had his own ideas.

MR: And what about after the period too, when it was more or less completed, at least the Historic District. Did he continue his interest in it then as well?

EM: Yes, he always did, and he always felt very disappointed actually, when the Depression came along and it became necessary to sell individual lots so that they were bought by people who were more affluent than the ones that Mrs. Emery had hoped to help the most.

PH: Yes, you wonder what would have happened in Mariemont if the Depression hadn't come, because people did downsize in buying houses and I guess some of the apartment buildings did change.

EM: It's made it every bit as beautiful. But it was not exactly what she had intended or he had intended.

MR: So you think that they probably intended more of the group housing and more development to keep it mostly as rentals rather than a lot of development that proceeded in the Depression with the sale of individual lots?

EM: That's right. I think that's exactly what happened.

PH: Did he like to play golf? I was interested about the golf course that was laid out in Mariemont, and the boating area. He just thought of everything.

EM: I wonder what's happened to the golf course.

PH: That's the garden plot.

EM: Well that's a good use for it!

MR: That went under water in the 1937 flood.

When Mrs. Emery died in 1927, was the impact of her passing such that it affected very negatively the development of Mariemont? Was your father then having to rethink and redevelop plans for the Village, do you think?

EM: I think the plans for the Village were pretty well set and followed along very well. I think he would always be interested if a lot was sold and a private family were building a house. And I believe, is it still true?, that you have to submit the plans to a Mariemont Board?

- PH: You do if it's in the Historic District, then you must go before the Architectural Review Board, and then if they refuse, then you do have a chance to go before Council and give your reasons why you think whatever color you wish or whatever style you want to do to an historic building, what your reasons are, and then Council can say yes or no to that. But it does go before the Architectural Review Board.
- EM: So that no one with the best will in the world could build what they thought was a very beautiful contemporary aluminum and glass house.
- MR: The Zoning Code is quite strict in the Village of Mariemont, so it would be unlikely that something would be developed there that would be offensive to the look of the community. I think what you're referring though, earlier in the history of the Village when the Mariemont Company and then the Emery Memorial really controlled the development. Charles Cellarius, one of architects, was very much the Zsar of building and architecture in the Village, and he's probably the gentlemen you were referring to, who had so much to say about what went on there architecturally.
- EM: My father would be so pleased if he could see what trees have done, because those were cornfields. There were no trees.
- PH: I live on Fieldhouse Way which is right on the edge of Denny Place, and I have a darling neighbor who lives across the street, and she always tells me that my yard was filled with daffodils and violets before any houses were built there.
- EM: When Mrs. Emery died, my father got her head gardener, who was a wonderful Scotsman named Mr. Dorward, and his wife to come out here. (*Referred to also in Mrs. Virginia Conover's Oral History*). The plans for the streets were all done, but then you needed trees, and he supervised planting of the trees in Mariemont.
- PH: And the plan has continued. All along the tree lines we have new trees that have been planted there, but it's changed a little bit. I remember reading about Mariemont that every street had a special tree. And our street had Linden trees. But then they were replaced with oak trees, and I know where my family lived they had horse chestnuts all along Nolen Circle. They're still there - they're very hardy. But then they have found out haven't they, at the Square now, with the traffic and the exhaust, which trees can live with the pollution from the cars.
- EM: I'm surprised that those Elm trees and the end of the row past the Inn are still so beautiful.
- MR: Mrs. McGuire, you mentioned a minute ago that the architects had come and stayed with your family here in Cincinnati. Was John Nolen, the planner and designer of Mariemont, ever included

in that group. Do you ever remember his coming to the home too?

EM: Oh, yes. He was the first.

MR: He of course was the designer so he would have been in on the initial group.

EM: Oh yes, I do remember him visiting frequently.

MR: Did he come out and stay for any great periods of time and have to be out on the job supervising, or did he just come and go at frequent intervals?

EM: I honestly can't remember that well enough. I think he'd come for three or four days and would certainly go out to Mariemont most of the time with my father.

MR: He was such a wonderful choice for the planning because he was the international leader of town planning. Your father picked the very top person in the world to do that planning.

PH: I'm wondering too, according to what I have read, there was one railroad man who held out when they were buying the land for Mariemont. A railroad man who held out his last parcel of land and I'm wondering which piece of land that was.

EM: That must have been down where the steam plant was. Because the railway was on the river level and most of Mariemont was above.

I'm so happy that the Concourse is being restored.

MR: Yes. We're leading the restoration effort.

EM: I wish you could restore it to the part that never achieved the glory that my father had hoped for it, which was band concerts on summer evenings.

PH: I think people are sort of thinking that is a possibility.

EM: Wouldn't that be fun. Isn't there a band in Mariemont?

MR: We need to look into that. In the spring, the late spring of 1994, we are going to have it all restored and cleaned up and we will have a big event. We are getting all the wisteria trimmed and pruned, and the trees cut back so that you see that wonderful vista out over the Little Miami River and fields below.

- EM: It's a hard project to cut that back low enough so you can see down there.
- PH: But you will be surprised how well that was constructed, because the beams are all in perfect condition and the original wisteria is still there.
- EM: It's just a beautiful spot.
- MR: You spoke a minute ago of Mrs. Emery's gardener, Mr. Dorward, that your father was able to bring into the Mariemont picture. Your memories are also vivid and important of Mrs. Emery. I remember, Mrs. McGuire, some years ago when I had the opportunity to interview you about her particularly, and you showed me some wonderful photographs of her estate in Newport, and family groups. Why don't you tell us a little bit about your memories of her and how you and your family used to go every summer to Mariemont, near Newport, didn't you?
- EM: We did, because my father would spend hours every day with Mrs. Emery from the very moment of his relationship with her. Because she was deluged, as you could well understand, by mail from all over the world, asking for help for this or that, and he had to help her pick and choose. I remember one case, because he could not prevent her from making a very sizable donation to a rest home for abused donkeys in Cairo. But she had made so many wonderful contributions all over the world that my father helped her with and would go to Europe every now and then to see how they were getting on. There was a home for working girls in Paris, that was like a YWCA, when there were none there then.
- PH: And that's when it was said that the money was given by a man of "X", no-one knew who she was.
- MR: She liked anonymity.
- EM: She never wanted any fame. But she wanted to be sure it was well kept. I remember going with my father to inspect this place a couple of times, and there was a wonderful directress named Madam ?Menyai? - a high necked collar around her neck and white hair, and she was so strict, that I'm sure everything was always \_\_\_\_\_. I don't know what's happened to that. Whether it's still going or not.
- MR: I was reading an article just recently in the National Trust magazine about the Army/Navy Club in Newport to which she gave, which has no longer any use as an Army/Navy Club but it's been converted into a low-cost housing for the homeless, and I think it's the kind of thing she would have like, because its serving humanity.
- EM: You mean Fort Adams and the training station are now longer part of Newport? It was a naval training station. They had a band concert every Wednesday afternoon, and Mrs. Emery always



went and she would take us with her, cleaned and scrubbed. We would sit with Mrs. Emery on the porch while this wonderful parade went on.

PH: What was Mrs. Emery like? Was she fun, or just quiet and reserved?

EM: She was very quiet. And she was very loving. And she was terribly lonely. And she loved children. She had lost her own, and so she was very good to my sister and brother and me.

MR: I've always felt that you three children became her children.

EM: I think in a way that was so.

MR: Because your father was so close to her.

EM: And she loved my mother, and my mother loved her. They got along beautifully. We grew up there in the summers and there was a farmhouse across the road from Mariemont. It was a wonderful old house, and we children thought it was heaven. We were right out in the country, near enough to the ocean so on the 4th of July you could hear the screams of delight coming out of the roller coaster as it went up to the top and then as it went down.

MR: And you went every summer to Newport as a child, didn't you with your parents?

EM: Yes, for many, many years.

MR: Did you accompany Mrs. Emery to Newport at that time, or did you go out separately?

EM: I think once or twice we'd go along, if she had extra space. She would always have a private car, a railroad car, so that she wouldn't have to change in Boston. The car was put onto a siding and then was picked up when the little local train started out for Newport. She took all of her staff with her - the cook and the butler, Jackson, and Sophie her own maid, and one or two others, I guess.

PH: Did she build Mariemont there?

EM: No she didn't. She bought it.

PH: So it was already named Mariemont when she bought it?

EM: I can't tell you whether it was named that or whether she named it or Miss Hopkins, I don't know. But she built, with Mr. Dorward, the garden. It was so beautiful. And that's the book I started to

tell you about, which I gave to the nature center place on the Reading Road. That's where the book is. I was so sorry afterwards as I became more and more interested in gardening myself, that I parted with that beautiful book.

MR: Was that the book that had photographs of her garden.

EM: Yes, in color.

MR: Also there's a published book called the Beautiful Gardens of America, which Mr. Langsam illustrated in his talk that you referred to earlier, and he had a photograph. In the frontispiece of that book was a shot in Mrs. Emery's wonderful flower gardens in Mariemont, Rhode Island.

EM: Oh! With big alleys of trees, hedges and \_\_\_\_\_. Mr. Dorward was very artistic, and in the method of those days, he had very formal gardens of annuals planted in rows. There was a rose garden, and there was a yellow garden and there was a white garden. All enclosed separately by great tall hedges. And then there was a rock garden and that was so exciting because in it they built a little pond, hauled in huge boulders, again with scoop shovels and mules. I think there was a team of about 20 Portuguese gardeners under Mr. Dorward's direction. There was a big, big Portuguese \_\_\_\_\_ near that part of Newport on the hill. I suppose they're still there, and they were all wonderful friends of ours.

PH: Did you go on the railroad car with Mrs. Emery?

EM: Every now and then. I can't remember. Maybe once or twice.

PH: Otherwise you drove?

EM: No, we took a train too. It was before automobiles were that road worthy or that common. We had a horse and buggy there. She had her car with Singer, with her chauffeur, he always went along. And he was a perfect chauffeur with a waxed moustache, a high collar to his uniform, and black leather \_\_\_\_\_ with gauntlets.

MR: She would spend, and you would presumably spend, the same time every summer there, right from May until October and then return to Cincinnati.

EM: That's right,

PH: It must have been something to see the streetcar going through Mariemont from Delta Avenue, I believe.

MR: Over on the northern most side of Mariemont, Murray Avenue. Very close to the Ferris House,

EM: Yes, I do know Murray, between that and Madison.

I was so happy to hear that the wonderful cow barn is being saved. One of my father's dearest hopes was that that barn would always produce unpasteurized milk for the patients in the hospital.

PH: Everything had a plan.

MR: It's interesting to see the early photographs of Resthaven, the barn. It was out in the farmland. Now of course its in the middle of a residential section.

EM: What are they going to do with the barn?

MR: Right now the Maintenance Department of the Village uses it, for the storage of mowing machines. They're very cramped in the space and they'd like to have something else, and of course if we could come up with a different use for the building, I think we could preserve it as a wonderful landmark, an architectural landmark.

EM: Yes, it was such an attractive barn. And so was the hospital. I've forgotten who designed the hospital, but it was well done.

PH: That's going to be reopened now. St. Theresa's nursing home that will have full care and assisted care, and independent living there. We have seen the plans and the description of the rooms and the apartments. It will be very pleasant.

EM: It looks in perfect condition. It really was well built, all of those things were built to last.

PH: It must have been something for your dad to come out, and for you to come out, and look at all the houses going up. How exciting for you.

EM: Yes it was.

MR: I've often wondered what the excitement was in the City of Cincinnati when the announcement was made in April of 1923, with the ground breaking, you know that wonderful historic moment, that the photograph records. With Mrs. Emery holding the silver shovel. That was a great moment. Your father must have been [very proud].

EM: One of my father's happiest finds, he thought, was when he was in France one summer and saw at an art exhibit, where I can't remember, the statue group, the family statue. He saw that, and he

was simply enchanted by it. Somehow he got a photograph of it and sent it to Mrs. Emery, and said would that not be wonderful to have in one of the parks in Mariemont? And she cabled back, yes, yes! I don't know how they did it. I don't even know what the thing is made of. Is it stone. It must have come in pieces. It is really as charming as he thought it would be. I don't know if enough people see it and enjoy it.

PH: You'd be surprised the number of people who stop there and of course there is a sitting place there, and some people take their picnics and sit there, and eat in front of the family statue. You can see it as you go down Wooster Pike. It is quite prominent.

MR: That story shows how your father was always thinking of Mariemont, no matter where he was.

EM: That's quite true.

PH: How did he find the person in Chicago who helped buy up the land. Do you know anything about that? To keep people, as we were saying, unaware of what was happening.

EM: He had an agent.

PH: He had an agent in Chicago that would buy up some land and then there would be a quiet time when no land was being bought, so nobody would catch on and raise the prices, of course. And then more land would be bought. . And I loved reading about your dad. Everything said about your dad was of his honesty, that he was just so honest about everything and so bright, so careful of every detail.

EM: You're quite right. He was a wonderful father. Somebody said of him once, I think it was a friend in Mexico. At the time of his death, wrote and said to me "Your father had the gift of making others feel suddenly eager." Which was, I think, a very good description of him.

MR: You mentioned earlier about the time that your father spent with Mrs. Emery, helping her with her affairs and managing things. I remember one time, I think you mentioned to me, that when Mrs. Emery was living in Edgecliff in East Walnut Hills, that every day he went there and in the morning he had to go over all the affairs and the plans for the day, and different things. That building is now gone, of course unfortunately, but I remember going through it, and there is a tiny little library or a den, just as you entered the main hall, I presume that's the little area, maybe, where they sat and talked, do you suppose?

EM: That was a little area that had green brocade on the walls and white woodwork, so that it was bright and light, and that was where some of the tiniest, smallest pictures in her collection were hung, like the \_\_\_\_\_. Also it was where the elevator came down from the second floor. It was

not an office, his office was upstairs in one of the bedrooms, I think. But he did that every day too in Newport.

PH: Was your father born in Cincinnati?

EM: No, he was born in Reading, Pennsylvania, and he came to Cincinnati because of his friendship with Sheldon Emery. They had been classmates at college and were great friends and Sheldon would visit my father's family in Reading on vacations, and he would come out here and visit the Emery's from time to time. They were very good friends. When Sheldon, and I can't remember - did he die first of the two boys?

PH: He died after Albert. Albert died in a sled riding accident when he was 15. Then Sheldon died of pneumonia, didn't he, when he was 23?

EM: I have a feeling, which may be quite wrong, that he was with his father in Egypt when he died. But I maybe wrong about that. Anyway, he and his father very close to each other, and there was Mrs. Emery with all of her family wiped away, and so my father, who had finished college and was casting around thinking he probably wanted to teach. He came out to see Mrs. Emery at the time of all this sadness as one would as a family friend, and he said "What can I do to help you?" And he told me she said, "Oh, Charlie if you could just stay around for a month or so and help me figure out what in the world to do. Look at all this correspondence that's coming in, look at all these decisions I have to make about the property, and the houses, and the leasing, and all of that, and I just don't know where to begin. Would you stay and help me?" And so he said yes he would gladly do what he could. And that's how it came about.

MR: What a wonderful relationship.

EM: He was sort of a surrogate member of the family in a way. One thing, I will say now in perfect honesty, he never took any credit for any of the wonderful things that she did. Which is right, that was what he wanted. It was her money, it was her inspiration, which he sometimes led her into, but he didn't want any credit for that.

PH: They always referred to each other didn't they - he always called her "Mrs. Emery" and she always called him "Mr. Livingood?"

EM: No, she called him Charlie.

MR: You had a very affectionate name for her, though, didn't you?

EM: Oh, "Guppie." My sister did that to her and I don't know how that came about, but she became

Guppie, to us and I think my father called her Guppie. My mother always called her Guppie. Her close friends like the \_\_\_\_\_, they all called her Guppie. I don't know, it just sort of \_\_\_\_\_.

PH: She always wore black, didn't she, and black bonnets?

EM: She had wonderful little black bonnets with feathers \_\_\_\_\_ and once or twice, if the weather was terribly hot, she wore a white serge dress with braid on it. They were all made in exactly the same way. She was very roly poly and very short. Once I think I saw her in a purple satin dress on some occasion, the symphony, or maybe the art museum, I don't remember. But I do remember being dazzled by the sight of Guppie in her deep purple satin dress down to below her ankles.

MR: When you were in Newport with her in the summer, did your parents, and your sister and brother and you, have to take meals with her every day, or were you "off the hook" sometimes.

EM: No, we didn't do that. I had to go every morning and collect my father's mail, which was delivered to the man named Charlie Carr who had a horse and wagon also belonging to Mrs. Emery's establishment, and he would drive into town to the post office, which didn't deliver out in the country, and pick up the mail for both houses, and take them up to Mariemont.

PH: There must have been a stack of mail to carry.

EM: Oh, bags of mail as I remember. Sunday night suppers - my mother and father were always expected to go. She often had guests and on Sunday evenings they would perhaps have somebody who would play the piano, who would sing. But we didn't have to go to meals.

MR: You weren't required to be on your best, well-scrubbed, behavior then!

EM: Sundays, in Cincinnati, yes, because we always stopped to see her after Church, every Sunday. I don't know how it was arranged, but there were some Sundays when we all stayed for lunch, which was a long affair, we were not, as children, terribly thrilled to be there. (*Laughter*)

MR: It was probably a very formal luncheon.

EM: A very formal luncheon.

PH: Did you live very close.

EM: We lived on Baker Place, which is off Madison Road. It's really very close.

PH: Did Mrs. Hopkins have any children?

EM: She never married. She was a maiden lady as they said then, and a very charming one. I'm sure she had lots of beaux, but she was so dear and such fun.

PH: And did she live with Mrs. Emery at Edgecliff?

EM: At Edgecliff and also, reluctantly, at Mariemont in the summer.

MR: Another interesting thing about your father's wonderful relationship with Mrs. Emery. Although the tragedy of losing her husband and her two sons was enormous, that period of the last 20 years of Mrs. Emery's life, from about 1907 to 1927 when she died, that's the 20 years of her great philanthropy, and that's the period of your father's great involvement with her too. That's the founding of Mariemont, that's the establishment of all these gifts, and so forth. He was instrumental in helping steer her into all this wonderful philanthropy. She was a woman of great means, but she was also so very generous.

EM: When was the Emery Wing added to the Art Museum?

MR: It was actually started when she still alive, but it wasn't finished and opened until 1930. The reason for that is, I'm told, that there were two other wings that were built at the same time, one given by Mary Henna in memory of her parents, and one given by Herbert Greer French for his etchings, and that united three buildings together, which enclosed the big courtyard. But Mrs. Emery had promised the money in 1925, and her collection. She always promised her art collection to the Museum.

EM: I remember, I was just old enough I guess, to go to the grown up reception - they had a wonderful banquet in the gallery when it was finished and things were all hung and Mr. Warham, he was the Rookwood potter, and he was very artistic and loved doing nice arrangements for tables and things, and so he was given carte blanche to take anything he wanted in the Museum's collection of beautiful candelabra and bowls. He made a table that was the length of the gallery and I think it had red damask on it, and the most beautiful arrangements of fruit and flowers all the way down, Everyone dressed to their best, and it was an enormously impressive occasion.

MR: That's the time when your father was President of the Cincinnati Art Museum. He was very active with the Museum.

EM: Oh, he loved it. My father was perfectly enchanted with the idea of having some calling cards made with Charles J. Livingood, and then down in the corner, the President, Art Museum. Which was a wonderful entrée all over Europe. Wherever he wanted to go where he was not supposed to, he would flash that card and it would get him to all sorts of places.

My father, when he was a young man, I think just out of college, he wanted to hear the Rheingold which was being sung in Munich, and when he got there he found that yes indeed he was just in

time for the first performance of the Rheingold, but there was not a ticket to be had for love or money or anything. He was so disappointed and he went around and looked at the opera house on the outside the day of it, and he saw that there were large gentlemen in their shirt sleeves rolling barrels of beer up a sort of ramp, I guess, to the restaurant or the bar inside, and so my father thought, "That's my way in" and so he struck up an acquaintance with one of the men (my father spoke German very well) and he said "Oh, you have to be very strong to do that don't you? It's hard work?" "Oh, yes it's very hard work." My father said, "Let me try. I think I can do that. You sit down in the shade, and let me try." "Oh, I don't think you can do it. The barrel will roll back on you." My father said "Let me try." So he did, and he just never came out. It got him in. He stayed the day and enjoyed the opera enormously that night. He was very proud of that.

MR: Well, I'm afraid we've exhausted you for this time of interviewing. I don't want to outstay our welcome here with you.

EM: Well, you couldn't do that. I think that's about all I can tell you about Mrs. Emery, except that she was a dear, lonely, person.

MR: We appreciate this so much, Mrs. McGuire. It's been a very thoughtful and important time for all of us.

EM: Its been such a pleasure for me too.

Transcribed by Janet E. Setchell (September, 1996)(unedited)