

# **REMEMBERING CLEM**

By Walter McClennen

## **ORIGINAL LETTERS COMPOSED BY CLEMENT SCOTT**

### **Clem Letters as a Young Man**

#### Credits:

All letters are from the Scott, Doty, Mueller Collection.

1107-22

SAMUEL W. PILLSBURY  
DUNSTER HOUSE, B-21  
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

12/7/36

Dear Mother & Dad:  
Now I am back at college. Things don't seem  
half as queer around here as they used to. I think  
it is partly getting used to it, but mostly  
getting a little more sleep. When you don't  
have quite enough sleep things get to  
looking queer and queer wherever you  
are. At one thing this certainly seemed a  
terrible place. I am sleeping now a lot more  
than the others - they seldom go to bed before  
12 but I just find I can put in as many  
hours a day as they can. The work is certainly  
interesting now, especially since machines are  
getting easier to use after laying off for four.

(Front)

no for five whole years. Well I guess I had  
better go to bed now. I will be back next  
weekend all right - it was /um last  
Sunday.

Love Clem.

(Back)

December 1936 - Clem at Harvard Business School.

mm-25

Dear Mother and Dad:

34a

August 23, 1937

Well here it is Monday again. I have just had lunch with peanut butter and jelly and lettuce sandwiches and chocolate ice cream and chocolate cake and I have sat out in the sun afterwards for a while discussing this and that and I have come up to my room for a few moments before going to my two oclock class and the view out across the bay is crisp and clear and a silver transport plane is hanging high up in the sky just in from the East and allin all it seems hardly a moment since I got into my car and drove away last May.

But one thing has happened; I have made a great discovery. I have found that it is more fun to work than to loaf!

Of course this is true only within limitations. It isn't true that all loafing is to be condemned but it is something to be taken in very small doses. For a long time I have half realized this fact but always the old idea that work is ~~not~~ to be avoided as much as possible has interfered with any real comprehension. Now at last after just sitting around the house all summer to come back and actually have to be at class at nine in the morning, to have assignments to study and to be able to go to bed at night with a sense of accomplishment seems wonderful. Vacation is over and instead of sorry I feel immensely glad. Of course that feeling is something quite apart from the fact that I feel very sad to leave the family so far away.

But it certainly is nice to have a day full of things to be done again; to hear some interesting lectures and to feel that you are really getting under way with some objective in view. It is Tuesday now and I suppose that Dad and Henrietta have gone down to New York to meet ~~him~~. I wish I could have stayed over longer and have seen him if only for a short time. I find Harold Bowman was right about the uselessness of getting back on time for I have done little or nothing these two days. It would have been perfectly all right to have arrived on Wednesday as far as studies are concerned. It merely would have cost us two dollars more to register but since he ~~was~~ working for five dollars a day he wanted to stay on. So far I have merely signed up for a lot of courses and begun a little studying and sat around and talked for hours and hours and hours. I have not returned to the efficiency of last spring by a long sight yet but I feel that I am on my way and that in about a week I ought to be there. The weather is absolutely perfect. In fact I haven't seen a cloud in the sky since we got here on Friday. It is just the perfect temperature in the daytime about seventy, and cools off in the night just as it does in the mountains. Well I should really mail this letter now to let you know that all is going so well.

love clem

PS Please let me know when and if you go up to Squam again so that I can write there.

August 1937 – Starting his second semester at University of California, Berkeley.

Dear Mother and Dad: ~~see 1000 edit~~ Thursday January 20, 1938 ~~see 11~~

Well here it is Thursday and I am already well in the routine of school work. The weather has been very rainy since I arrived but today is a beautiful and very clear so that I am going to take some movies. It was rainy or cloudy almost all the way out west so that I did not get a chance to take any movies and since I did not know anything about the exposures for the Leica I did not take anything with that either. But now I am going to get a little book over in the city which tells about exposures and so I will be able to begin using the Leica. I did take some pictures with my old camera on the way west.

It does seem queer to be back again in the spring- and it does seem spring now all right. The grass is lovely and green; the flowers are out in many places; you can smell the damp earth when it rains; gentle breezes come in the open window with the smell of trees and grass; you can hear through the open window the sounds of people playing tennis out side. ~~But~~ But it makes me feel rather off balance somehow. It seems impossible that the ground is hard frozen at home with snow still on it, that the board walks creak with the cold when you walk on them, that people are going about with gloves and mufflers on and we have to close the garage door when we go out, that noses and ears and getting red on the policemen downtown and that skaters are thronging in Elizabeth Park, that the sun goes down early in the afternoon behind the bare branches of the tall elms, that windows are closed and steam heat is still on and that it feels good to come into the warm cosy house after the cold night air. That seems to me the greatest difference- the closed windows. For in the winter indoors and outdoors are strictly cut off from each other, but in the spring and summer they tend to merge together, the windows are left open and all the smells and sounds of the out of doors can invade the house. Another thing is that in the winter when you go out you have to bundle up and you go out for some definite reason and you hustle about when you are outside. In the spring you go out merely to loaf around and relax, you go out and sit in the sun and feel the gentle breezes and listen to the birds twittering. Well I hope that I have not made Dad too envious since I know that he does not admire the winter but I know that before long you will be down in the sunny land of Jamaica where it will be even warmer than it is here, where you will be able to sit in the shade of the palm trees and be fanned by colored boys.

I am sorry that I was such a lump while I was home; I seemed to sit around and do nothing at all. I think that I have done more during the five days that I have been here than during all the four weeks at home. There is a lot in getting started on the right foot, I don't seem to be very good at recovering after getting started on the wrong foot. I started the fall semester on the wrong foot after loafing around all summer at home and I did not really recover until several months had passed. And loafing around on the train was a bad beginning for the Christmas Vacation so that I loafed around all the rest of the vacation. Also the traditions at home that I have set up seem to be of loafing around so that it is much easier just to follow on the old traditions than to do something different. The traditions out here are doing things so that it would be just as hard for me to loaf around here as to do things at home. I don't think I have demonstrated to you very well that I am a reformed person and really am very sociable when I was home but next time I come home I will really demonstrate it, I hope.

When is it that Willy is coming? I guess Henrietta will be very glad to see him. I wish I could be there to see him too. Give him my best wishes when he arrives. I guess Henrietta will be down on the pier to meet him. Give my love to all the family including Nicky.

love clem. (over)

January 1938 – To mother and father with apologies for lack of success at “reforming.”

Today it has poured rain all day long, and the last patches of snow are melting away. Hartford will look very springlike when you get home. I have been working hard at my accounting, spending quite some time on my homework. I have just been to Mitchell's House, where we did a lot of work ("we" means all the boys) on making copies of Duck, and Mickey Mouse. Before long we may graduate to harder things.

All in the house, send their love,

Sincerely,

Clem



(this looks like an elephant I fear)

23 ATWOOD STREET  
HARTFORD, CONN.

mm-85

Dear Mother + Dad

Tues, Feb. 28, 1939

I hope that the weather has warmed up some since you wrote your letters. And I hope you are having plenty of sunshine.

Things are very quiet here. Mary spends most of her spare time trying to get me to eat a little more but to no avail. It is doing me good to stop stuffing for a while, and also it is economical. I think we are going to save money on food. I go to the A+P every day and I think I am becoming quite an experienced shopper. It is very nice to have Steve here even tho I only see him at noon.

February 1939 – To parents from Hartford – going through transition to work.

mm-86  
CLEMENT SCOTT, JR. 23 ATWOOD STREET HARTFORD CONNECTICUT

Dear Mother + Dad:

Monday.

June 19, 1940

Well here I am + I can hardly believe it is true. It is Monday morning + I am sitting on Betty + Willi's porch, looking out over the snow mountains. It is really almost unbelievable, just like Switzerland. I have been for a ride up in the mountains on a new horse Betty has on trial, named Fule. The views from up there are too wonderful for words. I have not seen the Grand Teton Mts. yet since when I drove in on Saturday thru the clouds all around. It was a very exciting drive over the pass, there was a lot of snow near the top, which had fallen in the morning. Betty + Willi had a hard time getting over in the morning. Saturday was a poor day all day but in the evening we were able to get glimpses of the mountains over to the east. Betty gave us a wonderful supper, and we walked around the ranch afterwards. On Sunday however it began to clear. In the morning I helped Willi and Andy + Wesley + the others on the horse, then we had a wonderful lunch, and then the sun came out ~~out~~ and we went down to the Browns and tried out their horse. The Browns are a very pleasant family, all wonderfully healthy and tanned looking. It was the first time on a horse for me for a long time, but though I bounced around I enjoyed it a lot. Then after supper we went for a walk in the foothills back to the ranch where the view is beautiful. We

(Front)

could look out over the opposite mountain with the led rays of the  
sun on them.

Today is perfect so far - not a cloud in the sky. This  
afternoon I am going to drive up to Jenny Lake with  
Retty where she is going to camp with her girl scouts for  
5 days.

Retty + Willi send their love - both are very  
busy, Retty with washing dishes etc. Willi up at the  
new house -

Sincerely,

Alm.

(Back)  
June 1940 - To parents while visiting sister Retty and Willi in Jackson, WY.

mm-89

'42

Camp Devens  
Mass

Jan. 17, 1942

Dear Mother:-

Arrived yesterday about three -  
good supper - good bed - got sworn  
into the army & got issued blankets,  
shirts, raincoat, towel. Spent  
most of time being counted along  
with 144 other men.

Love,

Alm.

January 1942 - Sworn into army, Camp Devens, Massachusetts.

Dear Mary,

March 7, 1942.

The big box of cookies just arrived. They certainly are good. Thank you very very much for sending them. It was very very nice of you to do it. We are still keeping busy down here. This morning we went out to a hillside near the camp and dug some fox holes. They are small holes in which you hide during fighting. This afternoon we had a class on how to use the compass. Then we went to the infirmary + were given an inoculation. We get inoculations almost every Saturday. But the last ones we have had didn't hurt much. We are having very nice spring weather here now. I forgot to tell you that I received the hair tonic all right. I sent home some civilian clothes the other day - my overcoat + my pajamas. I hear from mother very often. It must be nice for Betty to have her out there. Give my love to Catherine. Thanks again for the cookies.

Clem.

March 1942 - Army training, Camp Croft, South Carolina.

MM-106

Co. B 26 Tr. Bn.

INFANTRY REPLACEMENT TRAINING CENTER  
CAMP CROFT, S. C.

April 10

1942

Dear Mother,

Wow it is Saturday already. Time is going very fast, it seems. I am still working hard on radio. However yesterday I was K.P. so that I got in some more practice in dish-washing, mopping etc.

The K.P.s don't have to work so hard over here as they did in the 38th.

Saturday is a busy day here. There is an inspection ~~for~~ for which everything must be in perfect order. Beds must be made very neatly - I'm getting pretty good at that. The floor must be scrubbed, shoes shining, clothes hung neatly on the hooks. Everybody stands at attention while the inspecting officer walks by. Everybody is very silent & apprehensive. XX Well inspection is over now. It wasn't much today. They were mainly looking for shoes with holes in the soles. So instead of standing at attention we all lay down on our bunks & stuck our

(Front)

put out over the ends while the lieutenant  
walked by. A lieutenant doesn't seem  
quite such a high + mighty creature now.  
We realize that he gets ordered around by  
the Captain. And the Captain gets  
ordered around by the Major. We have a  
very good bunch of officers here. They  
are mainly selected I believe for their  
knowledge of radio. And they certainly  
know a lot. I guess you can keep  
learning about radio for years + years.  
Now we are falling out for the afternoon  
work, so I'll mail this.

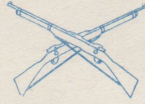
Love,

Clem.

(Back)

Daily Life in training camp - to his mother.

mm-131



U. S. INFANTRY  
CAMP CROFT, S. C.

June 2, 1942

Dear Mother,

This is a good hot day here. Thanks for the letter. I keep very busy now with all the things I do. It is something like life on a boat. You sit on the porch (the deck) and talk to your fellow-passengers, or else read, or else you go for walks around the ship. In the evenings you can play games or go to the movies. Sometimes you go to the bar (The PX) and have a few drinks.

It certainly is exciting to hear all of Marjorie's wedding plans, and to think that it will happen in less than two months. I still would like to know what would be a good wedding present for me to give her. I would like it to be something she will really like.

Love to Everybody,  
Clem

June 1942 – To mother from Camp Croft – recuperating from accident, no complaints; left hand writing now.