

PATRICIA SCANLAN

- o Resident since about 1931
- o Eaton Student from 1934 to 1937

I first lived in Cleveland Park when I was a few months or perhaps as much as two years old. My parents lived in an apartment in Kalorama and rented this house during the summers, thinking it was cooler here ...and of course having a garden. They came here for about two summers, and then decided to buy the house.

At first there were no children my age near my house. Then a number of people from the Geological Survey bought, especially people with the Alaska Branch. Macomb playground where we played was somewhat different then. The fence was lower, and the slopes on the western and southern sides not so steep...gradual enough that even the youngest children could sled down them safely, and get halfway to the far end of the playground.

We also used to play near the little stream that runs along the northeast boundary of the playground, now fenced off. It was a lovely little spot -- low and moist, gentle water a few inches deep. One large tree beside the stream had a large hollow near the base where you could "hide" things. In the spring, we caught tadpoles in the little marshy spots or pools in the stream.

Some especially happy memories of mine are of playing at Rosedale, where the family, classmates at Eaton, taught me to ride a bicycle in front of the great old yellow barn that was there, let me play in their softball games, and showed me many of the beautiful things that were there then: grape arbor, greenhouse, and tennis court with tea house.

The children played together every day: softball; football; "army" (it was WWII); sharing of comic books; an on-going Monopoly game; or riding bicycles, tricycles, or rollerskating. We could play for a long time on 35th Street without a car going by. Kick the can was played almost every night on 35th Street in the summer. Girls played with dolls, dollhouses, paper dolls, and played dress-up. Thirty-fourth Street has always been a busy street, and seemed to be a rather big barrier to children. My little sister's best friend for years lived on Highland Place, but it was hard for them to spend the afternoon together because of having to cross 34th, which they were forbidden to do alone.

I think the neighborhood was pretty much built up the way it is now in the early '20s. I believe the houses in our part of Cleveland Park, Newark and 35th, were mostly built around 1920-1925. Certainly, to a child it seemed to be a well-developed neighborhood without a "new" look to it. The trees seemed as large then as now, although I can remember when the maples on 35th Street on the west side were small, and still had protective wooden cages around them.