SERIES 1 - TRAVEL JOURNAL ENTRIES,

BOX 1 FOLDER 30
“TO CHICAGO:
‘THE CENTURY OF PROGRESS’,”
1934
1934. To Chicago: "The Century of Progress."

Oct. 10. It is the day of days again! And it is October. It is a perfect autumn day, golden sunshine and red leaves. We start for Chicago at 7:00 P.M. I am glad to go but not thrilled. I was thrilled four years ago when we started for Washington, but four years is a long time sometimes. To reach out and have come a long hard road since then.

We go to Chicago on a fine train - the Alexander - in a sound new coach. . . . . . . - Chicago!

Evening: The route. This is a very fine train. We sit in the library of the lounge. On our way to Chicago.

The radio plays. Here old familiar sounds on the train quiver over the rails, the staff is still long, at the crossings, the lights against the night sky. It is all just as so many other journeys have been. So it? . . . . I think of David and his big dinner at the Y.W.C.A., of little "Trick" being got to bed . . . . . and of Chicago in the morning.
Oct 11 Chicago, Ill.

We arrived at 4:30, took a taxi to "The Sherry", asked for, and found ourselves in our room in almost bare climate. We talked with a line host, having some trouble getting the largest hotel in the world with 3,000 rooms.

We packed our bags.

Off to the Century of Progress: the morning warm and bright.

(The beautiful flag greeted us first.) In a three-hour sightseeing trip we covered the grounds of the fair. Then we made dinner late at night and were back with the lights of the fair, we visited one after another, many of the exhibits did not care to. The real jewel of the day came when we visited "The Aquarium", just outside of the Fair grounds.

It contained sea fish, kept in natural environment. A fine building and worthy project. Stays in our room is a battle, and so ends.
We spent a big day at the Fair. I think that I enjoyed best the Travel Bldg., the Hall of Machines, the Hall of Religion, and the House of Tomorrow. We found the village a good deal of a bore. Like yesterday the end of the day brought the bustle that is a mark of the Planetarium. The author detests explain the marvelous dreams of the thinkers with the class above us, we will not forget. After dark we take a last ride on the train bound to see the latest and color effects on the buildings at night. Then good bye to the Century of Progress forever. A last, loud word back. A good dinner, and so on soon for a quiet evening.

we had visited another world! Fair we would not have minded is for anything a week we felt in again. It was not beautiful, but it was interesting. It was highly commercial, but nice.

and modern. Everything there was glimmer color, clarity sounds, painting lines. One looked in vain for beauty. In buildings of land and sea going, and all this was so sickly with the age we live in. What has beauty, speech, dignity, grace to do with the modern age, the machine age? And this world was so sickly was the thing (to me) of the whole Century of Progress. It was so ugly on the age we live in, and so interesting and so wonderful. Once at home we will forget the din, adjust our eyes after the glare, we feel on others from the neck of cigarettes, and remember it all as "a bright pageant," a gorgeous panorama of the world full of unbelievable sights, and the still more wonderful accomplishments yet to be.——

As again I had written all this,

writing pigeons-written in all, to

fell asleep.
Dec. 13. A whole day enjoying
sight seeing in Chicago, we visited
the field museum, Union Stock-
yards, the 'little animals', visited
big department stores, old gun collec-
tions, old book stores, and finally
and our way to the fine big
Where Edward bought me a lovely
old book. Back to "The Givena"
at 3:30, to real latest, an early dinner.
Evening on the train, talking
of books and books while reading
with a Mrs. Good of Lincoln.

We arrived in Lincoln at 9:05.
The happiest event of the trip:
the love and devotion in little
Emily's eyes when she saw us.
Unsure at home, and a warm
and exciting day noon and evening.
It was good to have to go home
early and let me go to bed.
20. Day mamma wrote have been
ninety years old.