SERIES 1 - TRAVEL JOURNAL ENTRIES,

BOX 1 FOLDER 33
“TO THE HUMANE (SOCIETY) CONVENTION AT MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN,” 1937
Sept. 30. A little visit at the "Shellie" late after noon. You milks helped me cut out a coat for "Paris."  

Oct. 1. Marie to spend the day—Marie & Billy—too much Billy—decidedly too much! She is a year old and toddles everywhere and into everything—self-expression! Made more general disturbance in a day than a little dog does in a year. I'll take the dog, you take the child. Both satisfied.

Oct. 2. Flying feel. The streets crowded with foot-ball visitors. Excitement in the air! For we had foot-ball last—Chicago!!! Up at millers all morning being "made beautiful," and came home after lunch at the Y.M. to spend the afternoon cooking for David. Cut the "Shellie" a new man bag am sure to replace "Eddy." So they change. Always hard on
Oct. 3. Sunday. The long day draws to a close. At 5:50 o'clock and at 11:45 we leave for Chicago.

On the train a little and without a good deal of wind. We will arrive at the station. Off for Chicago and the Convention at Wheaton.

Oct. 4. Chicago!!

Our beautiful silver Zephyr arrived two minutes late. We had a bag, but little, and left watchful the gray dawn creaping near as the autumn fields as our train like a long silver ribbon swept along at its unhesitating speed, at 70 to 80 miles an hour. So we arrived,

and were whisked in true eight style to the Hotel Washington. We spent the day in the shopping district. We worked little, enjoyed cheap windows, the noise, the lights, the lovely things we see in a great city and some moments of quiet without purchase. We
drank a little. Then returned at home and tomorrow, like a gay Scotch plaid blanket! We ate too much, we took little. Go to bed early.

Oct. 5. My dear one, we.

(Now long we have waited to write. My dear one!) We left Chicago about 9:30 and got here at 11:00. Put up at this beautiful old fashioned hotel, the Hotel Quadrant, head quarter for the Nat'l Agricultural Convention; lovely with its wide marble stair case, its beautiful oil painting, its bronze, its great chandelier--a genuine one of fire. The flight now was filled quiet to our pleasing with a long and complete leisure sight-seeing trip over the city and its environs. We saw much, learned a little about the city of Wheaton here. Eats to the hotel we dined for the banquet at 6:30. Growing no formal game, we nearly left an extra dish of sausages. Some 400 attended.
At was a big success, not because of the abundant food and wine, but because of the address of the Presiding Bishop of Chicago, which kept the listeners and speakers with laughter and made them leave quite justice. We have not heard so entertaining and inspiring a talk in many moons.

Attended all the Convention sessions to-day. Three paper by the man in black. At nine one paper on sessions of a great glee of human expression. The animal welfare talks to-day. We have been walking down to the commercial center for our meals to-day and seeing some things at Milwaukee's home store. It is large and a little gray.

At the last day of the big Convention here in Milwaukee. Things have been going all day.

October 15th. A big day in Chicago. We went to very many miles. We did a great "looking." We enjoyed the bazaar, the meal, the music, even the dirt. This morning we visited the Chicago "Shelley." The building is new, modern, convenient, all the latest, but it is still the old picturesque story of the sick, the in need, the lost. The man wanted to saw through the old books in a day's sleep — help the dead and wild.
The afternoon went to seeing the beautiful things in Marshall Field's: books, pictures, art treasures, china, glass, silver, toys etc. etc. etc. We returned to the hotel at 7 o'clock for a while. We left our grips, and walked out. We arrived at the station the long red car had already been laid down along side of the silver flag waiting.

On the train: At what an unbelievable speed this train is going! We are literally rushing through the night. We crossed the miles: these villages without a pause, over rivers, rushing, rushing on, on through the darkness; glimpses of well streets, twinkling lights – on – on – within dim lights, the huddled sleepers, the swaying curtain – on – on – thus the night.

Lincoln: 2:15 A.M.
Parkersburg: 3:00 A.M.