“TO NEW YORK CITY WITH THE CATHEDRAL CHOIR,”
1939
June 5. The last day before a trip. Not like all the other trips. We are not packing up a camp out fit and cooking. I got my wave pressed in, and the little figure nails, and all new dresses. East and all expenses paid! Too perfect! If only Edward was with me. How nice he would look! How happy he would be! David is due to help with all the last things. If people would only stop coming in, if the tele phone would stop ringing, so might get things done. I am so tired.

Later: It is two o'clock. I am so tired. I must go to bed. The folks have gone home taking "Swettie." Edward's bird, David has gone with "Patsy." Mrs. Lord is all packed up for an early start in the morning. She is to come in emptying me!

So tired. So end.

June 6. It has always been "the Day of Days." The Day we started on a trip. 20 day trip. Started with over sixty people. But alone. The Day is perfect, cool and bright. The hours pass.

I am off for New York City.

Chicago! The old thrill—almost
the dark covered passage leading
from the train, the hurried train—the
cold mist underneath that is gone down
while in the union station.

Breakfast at the Hotel Sherman,
and afterwards a rehearsal with songs
and light and promise. Rain all
the after noon. We splashed about
seeing little, and arrived at
the station with all wearing, mid-

afternoon.

The beauty, the grandeur, the luxuriousness that day all about us all day was rarefied, and thrilling alike as an insignificance in the show rendered to the hearing of noble, to the smallest detail necessary for the first concert.

It came at five, at the cocktail hour, although it was pleasant to called the tea hour, so early it a bit out of a bound. I almost from the smell of cigarette, the tinkle of glasses, and through the head song only as an echo of other lives.

The concert over, every one fled to diversion, my mind full of Sunday evening, not in fact and in New York City.

June 12. Above this afternoon and evening.

This morning we went to see Cathedral, a seat of Church of God, Mrs. Rockerffel, Mrs. Cleveland, Mr. Astor. Our little black horse ride up by Art. to St. John the Divine. It is still wonderful, in a complete new and resplendent with promise. The River side where we visited the River side Church, new to me, and beautiful, particularly by the lovely light in its windows. Then returning we had a mere glimpse of St. Patrick's, Catholic, antebellum.

Of a visit to Radio City. The morning's entertainment at the music hall was more significant to the theatre itself; the immensity, the grandeur, the modernity. The huge building of Radio City spread down upon the spirit and heart one nothing to say, it is an expression of New York City in its 20th birthday. All other cities became petty.

We returned to the hotel in little wonder of duty and thinking.

June 14. Above this afternoon and evening.

This morning we went to see Church, a seat of Cathedral, Mrs. Rockerffel, Mrs. Cleveland, Mr. Astor. Our little black horse ride up by Art. to St. John the Divine. It is still wonderful, in a complete new and resplendent with promise. The River side where we visited the River side Church, new to me, and beautiful, particularly by the lovely light in its windows. Then returning we had a mere glimpse of St. Patrick's, Catholic, antebellum.
June 14. One cannot see the New York World's Fair, even if one goes out early and stays late, all day until 1:30 at night - not in a day! One merely gets a general idea. It covers 1,300 acres at 5 in white marble, vast, beautiful in the same manner as the Gothic cathedrals. Often, it seems clean and quiet, there being no crowds. A downpour of rain at noon made the area delightfully cool.

The clock struck eight early carrying them almost in farce bags! To the New York Central Station where we boarded the early train to be there early to climb into the Fair. By the time we arrived, the first wave is passing and the theme was "the English and Scotch share." It stands as a symbol of the Fair and of the future, this castle and market of "City of Tomorrow." The "English" in a garden 700 feet by 480 - the "Gothic" is an huge 600-foot hall, connected with the English by a ramp 60 feet above the ground. It is highly effective. White, shadows play around its massed structure. It seems to dominate the Fair, not alone in a structural sense, but in a spiritually symbolic sense as well.

June 13. An early day. We got up late. Breakfast at 9 o'clock. Went in to perform at 10. After lunch, Mrs. Rosborough and I went window shopping along Fifth Avenue.

Afternoon: Store in my room about this evening. Writing a little to Etta.

Evening: Home in my room alone this evening. Writing a little to Etta.

Such a lovely room. Such a quiet hotel. So, I think I shall soon stay at the Waldorf-Astoria!
June 16. At the Fair.

Oh, Edward, Edward! where are you?

These crowds, the noise and confusion, the end like coming and going — the meaninglessness of it all! This trying to see the Fair without you, dear Edward, it's like being in the world of old-time King day at the Fair in vehicle and lack little. The Choir Song three times. This kept me busy. From one appointment to the next.

Now home in this quiet room.

June 17. A little, jagged Choir rehearse: ran the Fair again this morning. The morning was hot, but it turned cool in the afternoon. Again the Choir sang three times. But to day I managed to see a little. The foreign exhibits are interesting. I think I shall remember long the American Whites, the fantastic, moving panorama of the high ways twenty years hence. (I could only realize that Edward could not live these twenty years — with me.)
June 16. Sunday. Packing this morning!!! We are leaving New York City in the morning for Washington, D. C. The New York City World’s Fair for us ended with a concert on the grounds close this noon. (I am glad it is over.) So it is good-bye to the World’s Fair. And good-bye to New York City.

June 19. Woke up a day in the city of Washington.

Good-bye to New York City feeling away. The sun is shining. New York feels like a new city to us. We have been in New York City feeling away from the rest of the country.

This new and unfamiliar way to travel: Philadelphia, Baltimore, no change, no anxiety getting out of the car window.

June 20. Good-bye to New York City feeling away from the rest of the country.

December 16. Good-bye to New York City feeling away from the rest of the country.

Washington, D.C.

I love this Continent of steel! Suddenly I remember it! We are in the old continent where Philadelphia and I stayed 25 years ago. There were Indians. We enjoyed seeing the capital building across the green. It was a day of the year.
wings of song! How glorious to see the year wake this way, with singing
at a great audience! With song--in the Nation's Capitol
with voices reaching to its dome,
prophets of new heights.

This lovely set of buildings--
the Congress Library. A whole
room devoted to Walt Whitman.

If I could have had access to this
collection of manuscripts in 1872 when
I read "Leaves of Grass" complete, and
found my first real delight in Whitman!

Leaving Washington - the glory
of wide city streets, twice my mind
to take in that view over all,
Washington fading away in the night,
we have started home.

June 20. On route, Washington to
Chicago via Pennsylvania.
This is the dead day - the
first anniversary. A month ago to
Running out of the gray rainy
morning into the clear sunshine
of the afternoon. The tawny green
landscapes of eastern Illinois. Pittsburgh
as we were at last near.
June 23. The old house-keeping routine seemed somewhat restored to-day for I spent Friday true to a schedule long established: a hard day, for it is always hard work. I cleaned all four porches, the basement, gave "Fancy" a bath, scrubbed and waxed the kitchen floor.

June 24. Saturday, and I tried to make it like other Saturdays! I finished the house by noon. Washed and went down town. Had a solitary lunch, acquired at the Journal, selected a frame for Edwards' photographs. Home mid afternoon. Having dinner at Jennie's for George and family who arrived from Spokane. Evening: Enjoyed a visit with George and Viola. Had one a sweet, pretty girl. The day -- too bad.

June 25. Sunday: Really did enjoy to-day, with David. He was here all day. We began the big task of sorting Edward's clothes. He is to have first choice. This was Edward's choice. This evening the relatives called after a day at Mrs. Harrington's. George's go on in the morning. All around a good day.