SERIES 1 - TRAVEL JOURNAL ENTRIES,

BOX 1 FOLDER 38
“TO PITTSBURG, KANSAS (two trips),”
1951, 1953
April 16. All the work for today I really 'cleaned up' work pretty well. See no reason why things can't move along without me for a few days. Grannie over brightly tonight. I am going to bed early.

April 19. Well, it is 4:30 P.M. and I want to go home. Now I can pack my suit case! It was a full day: left the job parliament about 11. Went shopping. Bought a while coal and a hat. Paid too much for both. Got my hair done. All set for Pittsburgh!!!

April 20. Four o'clock. It is "THE DAY OF DAYS"! It is a short trip but it is a trip!!! The nephews is travelling along over the gray April land scape. I had breakfast in the hotel. So I am on my way to Pittsburgh, Kansas.

Along the morning. I am also pg. This train stops too often at these uninteresting little mid-west towns. There is nothing to see.

Ah! What I was eating again! The Chicago grey and threatening rain. We are less than an hour from Kansas City. A big city will wake up any one! We drove on.

Kansas City 1:20 P.M. Here I must wait until 4:00 from my train to Pittsburgh. Took a good leisure walk.

4:00 P.M. Train leaves.
Pittsburg, Kansas, (Feb 20, 1900)

Surely a welcome! Margaret all smiles, Mother risen, gentle and warm as always, and I was there, was there glad to see me too. The lovely old house, the old chimney, "Tina", the well, nature's cook, a fire in the fire-place. I am really at the Big House with the Rising Household.

April 12. This day is just a little gray. After a dull breakfast, Margaret took me over to see the Rising Church. It is a nice church but too small for 17,000 people. There also many lovely seats in a 10 mile ride to the surrounding country with its dry rock fences and drift mines. Then the evening another fire in the fire-place. (Sure are good!) But I am early.

April 13. Sunday: Do church services, of course, and a second time 2nd day hearing Floyd's voice in the Chapel. The music was good. The theme to one of Margaret's Sunday was dinner whether we walk and a long walk after dinner. We walked instead of sleeping.

April 17. On ride of 50 miles another ride. Out to the station where Floyd rode, and qued the College. To the day were. Frieda came in in the evening and again we visited. Left home with Margaret.

April 17. On route. A lovely, bright, April morning. Travelling along toward Kansas City, there is a greening county side. It is a two brown man. Road by road have been said at the Big House. Fine guard in a fine old house. Back to our home and band to... ridge.

Kansas City, Missouri.

Arrived 10:00 A.M. A long day before me. Took a train to commercial centre, always get off when to see Woolworth's! Window catching fruits (a good route) at Mac's. Then to the Boisy Theatre to see "Bury Yesterday." Back to the Rising Church where I waited an hour for the Zeppelin. Come on, Su. Rather drive this big how win. Then to secure to be developing a cold tonight that...
April 24. All as usual. Some writing that.

April had been around "Rosie" quite to see

me. At school not work piled up for me.

The new staff member, Mr. Bell, came.

April 25. Cold and rainy. Began this job

of cutting labels. I can always cut labels

if my eyes can see it.

April 26. Storm this afternoon. Knew get these

"journal notes" up there and had just gone

so met relative at 4:30 this afternoon for

dinner.

Later: Such a nice time! met Marie and we

had dinner at "The Chef." All too much but

it was fun! We had a pleasant visit. Too

Marie's chief included those boys!

April 27. Quite warm spring day! It was

too hot for me. Came home dark and

this label - cutting is hard on my eyes.

April 28. Turned off the heat and brought up

the electric fan. Store about 86. So day

is enough summer for me! - - - - well, I

managed to do the regular 8:30 work, but

had interruptions. Had my anticipated talk

in my ear. Then the ground source and we

discussed the matter. - - - - now & do

soon the summer heat!
1953
To Pittsburg, Kansas

(The Post-Christmas Trip)

Jan 16. Bright, sunny morning. It is 9:00 A.M.

I am going down to the bank to cash my government bond.

It is 1:00 P.M. Work just left. I have closed

the big deal. Feel like I had gone over Niagara
in a barrel! But happy!!!

It is 5:00 P.M. Going home most of the afternoon.

I emptied up my refrigeration and sent things
home with him.

It is 9:15 P.M. Played here all evening. We

visited long. She loves her work but is
working too hard.

Busy day. I am tired.

Jan 19. The last day before the trip to Pittsburg
has finally come! I believe I am as ready as
I can get before morning. It has been a
full day or three days always are. To the
beauty shop this morning. Home by one.

Then callers and the plumber in the called.

Well, I got over those troubles, packed my
suit case, and had supper at Nelson's. It
is eight o'clock now. I think till twelve my
shoes and go to bed. I have booked up the
yellow cab number. What more can I do?

To Pittsburg, Kansas

[Signature]
April 30, 1945

The day of Days! (After a sleepless night!)
and at last I am on my way to Pittsburgh. All
good works! I get up early, the alarm went off,
the yellow cab was on time, and now the weight
in making that first stop across a gray background.
Great luck in the three or eight tain was the usual
friendship dinner around.

We were in Omaha by 9:00 A.M.

St. Louis, 10:30. All that common feel
little town of the middle west! But I have a
dark side even where there is nothing to see.

It is 11:30. The Sun is shining now.

1200 P.M. Leaving Kansas City. Only one hour
from Pittsburgh!

2:00 P.M. Hearing Kansas City. A lot only give
hours from Pittsburgh!

Late: The last evening at "The Big Stone." "
Maccabi" and "Loys" will go, but Mother R.
was not there. They had not told me how to
she had been taken to the hospital at 6:00 A.M.
the day before. The same lovely old host.

Go in, go first.

April 31. We just got back from the hospital.
Mother R. was not so well. I am anybody
for hope very anxious. Today morning
I called upon Gen. J. I say, but I am not sure.

Mind out of the door that I should remain home
at once. Conventional require that. We will
see as the day goes.

May 3. Sunday. Sunday in the Big Rock of
the Big House. Very early. For church I tried
to leave my bed, but no time during Loys's
Sunday that bringing breakfast. Since we could
say my prayers. In the hospital for dinner
were eaten out and away Mother R. was
earily worse. The traveling difficult even
with the oxygen "Maccabi" stayed on at the
hotel with "Alum" Barney and I made sandwich
for dinner. It was a long evening waiting
for word from the hospital.

May 13. The day went with thoughts of Mother R.
was to be gone. A beautiful day, a day to be
joined with the joy of living, with assurance
of death. After lunch to the hospital.
Mother R. was very much worse. So much worse
that I left out. Mother R. went back to the
hospital with oxygen, while I spent the evening
with "Maccabi." We listened to "Maccabi's" good
music over radio, while many managed to
speak low with sobility. So and early
we ate our evening.

Midnight.

I awoke at midnight with the tele phone call
from the hospital. Heart with the half light
coming in. "Mother is very low." Mother...
and essayed heard and felt for the hospital al-
oue. I lay in the darkness. Mother Rising
was dying.

May 24. Four o'clock. was in the afternoon. I
had a day of waiting hourly. Prayed
with Mother R. at the hospital. We tried
to help with the routine housework in every
way - could Mother Rising know it more comfortably.
She had been only delayed. I was up by
noon and visited this afternoon in my room.
Took 2 mother well so well.

May 16. Spent the day with Mother R. at the
hospital. The suffering very great. I am glad
now that I can help. I can answer the door
at the telephone, wash dishes and make beds.

May 26. Mother Rising passed away at 7:45
this morn. They had just gotten to the
hospital and were with her. Mother came up to
my room and told me. -- -- -- for the last day
of mother's illness. The phone calls, cards.
I never have been so alone and relieved the family
as much as possible. -- -- -- mother Rising
is not coming back to him lovely room
down the hall.

May 27. I came home to Pittsburgh a week ago
by train - a week that a bright thought - new
or anything and I planned. Company and

The phone calls all day. The significant calls
for me were Rev. Yenne, millionaire friend of the
family out of First Church. We had said she
would be here in the morning. After dinner we
went down to the hospital to see Mother Rising
in the evening. Quiet, serene, dignified, the
memory of dying gone. Perhaps the significance
of death accounts for most belief in immortality.

May 28. The day was beautiful. Bright sunshine
and cool, evening breeze and breeze. The flowers
were at 5:06 P.M. the order of getting
up was not too difficult. The
cooler were open in the South Annex, flowers
all about. Organ music, no hurry. Flowers
were simple and bright with every possible
ornament on it. I was with mother R.
while she was wanted. -- -- -- Friends were
blue work of the afternoon and evening. I got
very well.

May 29. Sunday. Palm Sunday. (I have come
to regard it the last Sunday of the Methodist
Church) There were two services at First
Church. I enjoyed the music especially.
Loyola's sermon that the old days and the
new gained in power, in ease and freedom
of playing. The new church has been made
for him. He is loud and enthusiastic on it.
Loyola - -- -- at noon we called George
again neighbor brought in the dinner. There was
a little set up in company, but of course, many
always how company. Some 1000 each each
year) with letter and margaret is divided.

John 30. With the Williams coming margaret
was going full steam ahead all day. Washing,
ironing, shopping few groceries, every thing. A
delayed until I could look over my reading watching
how the new speech.

John 31. Oh, La! maybe goy! The month in
which I seemed to recover.
A warm shower while we were at breakfast.
The morning rainy and warm. I had my
own eat this morning. I was just finished by and
brought me back. As evening has
come on it has turned cool. Margaret, Mary,
and I were just under this fine place and
Margaret will write. We have a good book
again.

April 1. The Williams will come tomorrow!
The big house must be open but Margaret is
going like a single into the room. I
was delighted when I found a light ball
of dust on top of an electric clock!
Morning: Every house bold must have a bed
moment once in a while. This morning, this
house bold did.

April 2. 4:00 P.M. The house is open. The
smell of roast beef comes from the seaside.
She big refrigerator is loaded with food.
We have shared all the big cake.
What a lovely house it is, especially when
the sun in the west spills the beautiful
dining-room thru the big windows!
So we wait for the company.
Let's pray and have "more that arrived
when we get back from community service
at church. What abouting! All talking at
once.

April 3. I fell a bit foggy this day. Took
a nap to the morning and after. Then
went to see and Margaret to visit. That
served at church this afternoon. We had
supper around the fine place in the reception
hall. Margaret and all evening.

April 4. A long ride this afternoon while
I kept under calls. Seven calls on the
days; likely a call on a woman who has
sent to the newspaper. She is the
干事 of this town— if it may be called
such here in this small city of 2600.
We saw many fine houses of old families
who have made fortunes out of the now
April 5, Sunday: Easter Sunday. A gray day. Fine in Pittsburgh. It rained all Sunday morning. At church, the usual orthodox sermon on immortality, but it didn't jar as many. Any of it, I think. But the music was lovely.

We were invited to the Spencer's for dinner. An old family, millionaire. There were sixteen guests. A very quiet dinner, served by a colored butler. The home was lovely, with drawn shades and lighted. A glowing fire in the fireplace. The atmosphere of the house was one of ease and peaceful simplicity. I shall long remember.

Evening. The last evening live in the Big House. I sat long before the fireplace in the reception room. My visit comes to an end, Margaret soberly said. I've stayed too long but it did me good. So tomorrow, I go home.

April 6. The long ride home. I did not feel too tired. But 385 miles is a long spell. The morning gray, the afternoon sunny. A quiet and serene with gray trees. I shall remember Kansas City again, at Lawrence, train at 7:00 P.M.