

**SERIES 1 - TRAVEL
JOURNAL ENTRIES,**

BOX 1 FOLDER 23

**“EXCURSION TO
CHICAGO”
1927**

1927.

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1927. Excursion to Chicago.

May 29. Sunday: Chicago!!! A new journal but no time for reminiscences, vain regrets and desperate yearnings for the days to come. Only Chicago!

We arrived at 7:30 this morning.

A rather long night from 4:15 in the afternoon when Sarah and John saw us off; on a chair car and left train on hour of sleep. (But watching the dawn coming was wonderful!)

We were a bit tired but anxious to make our time count.

We registered at the Great Northern, cleared up, had our breakfast, and set out. In

our morning's tramp we soon discovered that Chicago had grown greatly in few years.

Along the river are dozens of marvelous buildings. All of that part of the city has entirely changed. We visited the

new Methodist church and the new Marion Hotel. After our lunch at a little grill, we

Took the Lake Shore drive where we met some Colorado folks who liked to fish, but having lived in Chicago told us many interesting things. We got back to Michigan Avenue about four and took a street car for the Municipal Pier, a new five million dollar project. At five thirty we went to the new Chicago Theatre. We were interested in the theatre not the play, but the play was good, the music wonderful, and the theatre which seats 5,000, very beautiful. After supper we spent an evening along Michigan Avenue watching hundreds of Sunday promenaders looking at the display windows of the exclusive shops all along the Avenue. So did rather early but so tired.

May 30. Chicago. Ill.
 Took our coffee and we were off. We spent the entire forenoon at the Chicago Art Institute. (We had forgotten how large it is.)

Had luncheon at noon, packed our grip, and took a bus to the new Field Museum of Natural History. We spent three hours, would have liked several days. It is wonderful. Back to the Avenue we got a glimpse of the parade, but spent most of our remaining time visiting the new Stevens Hotel. It is said to be the largest hotel in the world with 3,400 rooms. Its convention hall, banquet and dining-rooms are beautiful. We had no more time for sight-seeing and hurried to the depot, but at the station we discovered there is a difference between Standard Central time and Daylight Saving time (cursed on the Wilson war time rule!) It is an hour to wait for an special to Lincoln, Neb. We were soon on our way. Sliding along the rails out of Chicago. And again we watched twilight come over green fields from a dining-car window. Twilight and night.

May 31. En route: We are out of Omaha. Will we be better satisfied at home or more discontented after these two days in the great city of Chicago? Both perhaps. Life is like that.

Stone: It looks dirty, little, and ill kept. Our sky scrapers look like little boxes all up. Traffic appears a funeral procession. Everything seems to be all right. I am tired, and so sleepy.

June 1. So-day I caught up with things: the house, my father, and this journal. Edward left at four o'clock this morning to look at farms near Quincy, Iowa. He will be so tired!

June 2. Edward came in at one o'clock last night having driven 437 miles. I did not praise him! - - - I took mamma out to dinner and attended to a lot of tasks about town. Among things I closed my long-drawn-out account at the bank.