

**SERIES 1 - TRAVEL  
JOURNAL ENTRIES,**

**BOX 1 FOLDER 30**

**“TO CHICAGO:  
‘THE CENTURY OF  
PROGRESS’,”  
1934**

~~296~~ 1934. To Chicago: "The Century of  
64. 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 some-  
times. Edward and I have come a  
long hard road since then.

We go to Chicago on a fine train -  
the Absarokee - I see some new  
cloths. . . . . Chicago!

Evening: En route. This is a very  
fine train. We sit in the library  
off the lounge. On our way to Chicago!  
The radio plays. The old familiar  
sound as the train glides over  
the rails, the traffic bells clang  
at the crossings, the lights against  
the night sky. It is all just  
as so many other journeys  
have been. Is it? . . . . . I think  
of Ward and his big dinner at  
the Y. W. C. A., of little "Irish" being  
put to bed. . . . . and of Chicago  
in the morning.

Oct. 11 Chicago Ill.

We arrived at 8:30, took a taxi to "The Stevens", registered, and found ourselves in our room in almost less time than it takes to write. A fine hotel, facing Lake Michigan, the largest hotel in the world with 3,000 rooms.

Once I found hotels - - - -

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

(The beautiful flags greeted us first.) In a three hour sight-seeing trip we covered the grounds first. That made dinner late and we were dead tired. We spent the afternoon visiting buildings, one after another, many of the exhibits I did not care for. The real treat of the day came when we visited "The Aquarium" just out side of the Fair grounds. It contains 800 fish, kept in natural environment. A fine building and worthy project. I went to our room, to a bath, and to bed.

Oct. 12 we spent a big day at the Fair. I think that I enjoyed best: the Travel Bldg., Gen Motors, the Hall of Religion, the Sine Bldg., the House of So-narrow. We found the Village a good deal of a fake. Like yesterday the end of the day brought the best treat: a visit to the Planetarium. The lecturer that explained the marvelous drama of the heavens with the stars above us, we will not forget. After dark we took a last ride on the Grayhound to see the beautiful color effects on the buildings at night. Then good-bye to the Century of Progress - forever. A last back ward look. A good dinner, and to our room for a quiet evening. - - - - -

We had visited another World's Fair. We would not have missed it for anything or would we see it again. It was not beautiful, but it was interesting. It was highly commercialized, full of

and modern. Every where there were glaring colors, harsh sounds, distorted lines. One looked in vain for beauty, for loveliness of landscaping, and all this was consistent with the age we live in. What has beauty, poise, dignity, grace to do with the modern age, the machine age? And this perfect consistency was the big thing (to me) of the whole Century of Progress. It was as ugly as the age we live in, and as interesting and as wonderful. Once at home we will forget the din, adjust our eyes after the glare, refresh ourselves from the reek of cigarette, and remember it all as "a bright pageant", a gorgeous panorama of the wonderful achievements that are, and the still more wonderful accomplishments yet to be. - - - - -

And after I had settled all this, properly pigeon-holed it all, I fell asleep.

Oct. 13. A whole day enjoying  
 down town Chicago: we window  
 shopped, jammed through dime stores -  
 looking for "little animals", visited  
 big department stores, old gun collect-  
 ion, old book stores, and finally  
 found our way to the fine big  
 book department of Marshall Field,  
 where Edward bought me a lovely  
 old book. Back to "The Stevens"  
 at 3:30, to rest, pack our grip,  
 get an early dinner.  
 Evening on the train, talking  
 of books and wath while reading  
 with a copy of Elrod of Lincoln.

Oct. 14. Sunday: Home from Chicago.  
 We arrived in Lincoln at 9:05.  
 The happiest event of the trip:  
 the love and devotion in little  
 Sissi's eyes when she saw us!  
 Welcome at home, and a nervous  
 and excited afternoon and evening.  
 It was good of David to go home  
 early and let us go to bed.  
 30-day Grandma would have been  
 ninety years old.