

**SERIES 1 - TRAVEL
JOURNAL ENTRIES,**

BOX 1 FOLDER 33

**“TO THE HUMANE
(SOCIETY)
CONVENTION AT
MILWAUKEE,
WISCONSIN,”**

1937

1937. To the Human Convention at
Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Sept. 30. A little visit at the
"Shelter" late afternoon. Journé
helped me cut out a coat for
"Patsy."

Oct. 1. Marie to spend the day - Marie
& Billy - too much Billy - de-
cidedly too much! She is a year
old and toddles every where and into
everything - Self-expression! Made
more general disturbance in a day
than a little dog does in a year.
She take the dog, you take the
child. Both satisfied.

Oct. 2. Flying feet. The streets
crowded with foot-ball visitors.
Excitement in the air! For me not
foot-ball but Chicago!!! All at
yellers all morning being "made
beautiful", and came home after
lunch at the Y.W. to spend the
afternoon cooking for David.
at the "Shelter" a new man
began work to replace Gay. So
they change. Always had on
Edward.

Oct. 3. Sunday: The long day draws to a close. It is nine o'clock and at 11:45 we leave for Chicago. I am tired a little and thrilled a good deal! Waind is here to begin house-keeping. He will take us to the station. Off for Chicago and the Convention at Waukegan.

Oct. 4. Chicago!!!

Our beautiful silver Zephyr arrived two minutes late. We had slept but little, and had watched the gray dawn coming acrossed the autumn fields as our train like a long silver ribbon swept along at its unbelievable speed, of 70+ 80 miles an hour. So we arrived and were whisked in true taxi style to the Hotel Morrison. --- We spent the day in the shopping district: we walked miles, enjoyed shop windows, the noise, the traffic, the lovely things we see in a great city and our moment-arily initial purchase. We remembered

a little Irish Terrier at home and bought her a gay Scotch plaid blanket! We ate too much. We had better go to bed early.

Oct. 5. Waukegan, Wis.

(How long we have wanted to visit Waukegan!) We left Chicago about 9:30 and got here at 11:00. Put up at this beautiful old-fashioned hotel, the Hotel Pfister, head quarter for the Nat'l Humane Convention; lovely with its wide marble stair-case, its beautiful oil paintings, its lounge, its great chandeliers --- genuine and fine. The afternoon was filled quite to over-flowing with a long and comprehensive sight-seeing trip over the city and its environs. We saw much, learned a little about the city of Waukegan. Back to the hotel we dined for the banquet at 6:30. Having no formal gown, I nearly put on an extra dab of rouge! Some 400 attended.

It was a big success, not because of the abundant food and entertaining music, but because of the address of W. Preston Bradley of Chicago, who kept his listeners shouting with laughter as he drew home great truths. We have not heard so entertaining and inspiring a talk in many moons.

Oct. 6. Milwaukee.

Attending all the convention sessions to-day. Great talks by the well-known. It gives one large conception of a great field of human endeavor. All animal welfare to-day. - - - - - We have been walking down to the commercial center for our meals to-day and seeing something of Milwaukee's downtown. It is cool, and a little gray.

Oct. 7. The last day of the big convention here in Milwaukee. Things have been going at top

speed all day. But the afternoon session of open forum went slowly for me, perhaps because I was ready to go. At five o'clock the convention adjourned. It was all over. We could go home.

- - - - - At 6:15 we boarded the St. Lawrence for Chicago, another one of those new mill-a-minute trains. Just 75 minutes later we arrived in Chicago. Chicago! Best of all! Always.

Oct. 8. A big day in Chicago. We walked so many miles. We did so much "looking". We enjoyed the traffic, the rush, the noise, even the dirt. This morning we visited the Chicago "Shelter." The building is new, modern, convenient, up-to-date, but it is still the old pitiful story of the sick, the injured, the lost, the unwanted - - - I saw there the old look in a dog's eyes - - - God help the dear creatures! - - - - -

The afternoon went to seeing the beautiful things in Marshall Field's: books, pictures, art treasures, china, glass, silver, toys - - - one could spend days. We returned to the hotel at four, rested a while, packed our grips, and checked out. Arrived at the station the long red carpet had already been laid down along side of the Silver Zephyr waiting!

On the train: At what an unbelievable speed this train is going! We are literally rushing thru the night acrossed the miles; thru villages without a pause, over rivers, rushing, rushing on, on thru the darkness; glimpses of wet streets, twinkling lights - on - on - within dim lights, the huddled sleepers, the swaying curtains - on - on - thru the night.

Lincoln: 2:15 A.M.

Park Ave. sleepers.

There's 2444.