

**SERIES 1 - TRAVEL  
JOURNAL ENTRIES,**

**BOX 1 FOLDER 34**

**“TO NEW YORK CITY  
WITH THE  
CATHEDRAL CHOIR,”  
1939**

1939. To New York City with the Cathedral Choir 13

June 7. The last day before a trip. Not like all the other trips. I am not packing up a camp all filled and cooking. I got my wave pressed in, and I've pink finger nails, and all new dresses. East, and all expenses paid! How perfect - - - if only Edward was with me. How nice he would look! How happy he would be! Ward is here to help with all the last things. If people would only stop coming in, if the telephone would stop ringing, I 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 "Sweetie", Edward's bird. Ward has gone with "Patsy." My Lentz is all packed up for an early start in the morning. The old home is emptying up! So tired. So bed.

June 8. It has always been "the Way of Ways" - the way we started on a trip. So - day I start on a trip. With over sixty people - - - but alone. The day is perfect, cool and bright. The hours pass. I am off for New York City.

Evening: En route.

Off for Chicago. Our coach filled with the laughter and chatter of the choir girls above the old familiar sounds of the train: this sure and steady passage thru the night, the flicking lights by the way, rain on the car windows with jagged lightning in the distance. And beating against my heart: Edward is not with me. I am on a trip while he sleeps the ancient sleep of the centuries in quiet Wyuka. I saw twilight coming over the green, summer fields, and hurried on to Chicago.

June 9. Chicago, Ill.

Chicago! The old thrill - almost. The dark covered passage leading from the train, the hurried throng - all this multitude that is going somewhere in the main station. - - - Break fast at the Hotel Morrison, and afterwards a rehearsal with songs that lift and promise. Rain all the afternoon. We splashed about seeing but little, and arrived at the station wet and weary, mid-afternoon.

Saturday: En route over the New York Central to Albany. Leaving Chicago along the shores of Lake Michigan, I was glad for a glimpse of its gray waters, flecked with white caps. Then Gary, Indiana - I remember the camp trail - on thru green wooded landscape into Ohio, to Toledo, to Cleveland, night coming. This Swift Century making flying miles. At last the choir girls finished cold-creaming their faces and putting up myriads of curls, and the lights in our coach were at last out, and I was alone with myself - - - and desolation. ~~!!!~~ ~~!!!~~ ~~!!!~~ ~~!!!~~ ~~!!!~~!

June 10. En route. "The Robert Fulton" dam the Hudson River. We left Albany this morning. A perfect day for a boat trip, gray-blue, the waters of the Hudson quiet, the Catskills visible thru filtered sunshine. For me memories of another trip in 1914, and with us "Scottie" and a fair lady; even recalling that Edward picked flowers for her on the old Vassar campus, and she remarked how fine he was.

Golden days that make to-day gray.  
 How am I going to live thru the  
 grayness?

Evening: Waldorf-Astoria, New York  
City. At 6:30 the boat chugged  
 against the pilings and we got  
 off in a rain. And before we knew  
 it we were at the Waldorf-Astoria,  
 and having dinner at Elizabeth Flynn's.  
 So we arrived.

June 11. Sunday: A day of excitement.  
 The beauty, the grandeur, the lux-  
 urance that day all about us all  
 day was accepted, and thrust aside  
 as insignificant to the choir rehearsals,  
 to the pressing of robes, to the smallest  
 detail necessary for the first concert.  
 It came at five, at the cocktail  
 hour, although it was pleasantly  
 called "the tea hour". I sat thru  
 it oblivious of a sound. I shrank  
 from the smell of cigarettes, the  
 tinkle of glasses, and heard the choir  
 singing only as an echo of other  
 times.

The concert over, every one  
 fled to discussion, un mindful of  
 Sunday evening, not important in  
 New York City. - - - - - a group

of us visited Radio Center. The  
 evening's entertainment at the Music  
 Hall was insignificant to the  
 theatre itself: its immensity, its  
 grandeur, its modernity. The  
 huge buildings of Radio City  
 press down upon the spirit and  
 leave one nothing to say. It is  
 an expression of New York City in  
 its 20<sup>th</sup> century greatness. All  
 other cities become petty. - - - - -  
 We returned to the hotel in little  
 whirls of dust and threatening  
 rain.

June 12. Alone this afternoon and  
 writing.

This morning we went to see  
 churches, a sort of cathedral tour,  
 Mrs. Rosborough, Mrs. Euslow, & I.  
 An upper deck bus ride up 5<sup>th</sup>  
 Ave. to Saint John the Divine.  
 It is still wonderful in its comple-  
 ness and resplendent with promise.  
 At River Side Drive we visited  
 the River Side Church, new to me,  
 and beautiful, particularly the  
 lovely blue in its windows. Then  
 returning we had a mere glimpse  
 of St. Patrick's, Catholic, ancient,

and beautiful with its wide open doors and quiet call to worship in the heart of the greatest of cities. So the morning renewed memories and refreshed.

I've had a quiet afternoon.

Evening: To the Roxy Theatre with Mary Rosborough and Wanda. Got in late. As usual it is one o'clock and we are not to bed. One seems to fall into this night life easily!

June 13. An easier day. We got up late. Breakfast at ten o'clock. Went in to rehearsal at eleven. After lunch Mrs. Rosborough and I went window shopping down Fifth Avenue. The miles and miles and miles of sky scrapers in New York City! - - - - - The second concert at five o'clock. I am not impressed. The Choir is not giving its best, it's early. Well, if Mrs. Rosborough is not too unhappy - - - - -

Evening: Home in my room alone this evening. Writing a letter to Ella. Such a lovely room, such a quiet hotel. To think I should ever stay at the Wald of Astoria!

June 14. One cannot see the New York World's Fair, even if one goes out early and does not get in until 1:30 at night - not in a day! One merely walks all day and gets a general idea. It covers 1216 acres. It is ultra modern, vast, beautiful in this unfamiliar 20<sup>th</sup> century sense. Open, spacious, clean, there seems no crowds. A down pour of rain at noon made the air delightful. - - - - - The Choir set out early carrying their notes in paper bags! To the New York Central Station where we boarded the subway to be shot out to Flushing to the Fair. The first view is pleasing and startling: the "Tyrlos and Perisphere." It stands as a symbol of the Fair and of the Future, this subtle and mystical "City of Tomorrow." The "Tyrlos" is a slender 700 feet triangular pyramid; the "Perisphere" is a huge 200 foot ball, connected with the Tyrlos by a ramp 65 feet above the ground. It is truly spectacular. Vivid shadows play around its vast structure. It seems to dominate the Fair, not alone in a structural sense, but in a spiritually symbolic sense as well. - - - - -

We milled about the grounds all day, thru exhibit buildings with "ah" and "Oh", the mere glance that one gives the lovely man made things of a busy world. We stayed for the evening, too. The multi-colored lights beautiful on the fountains. The Aquacade show after wars in traveling. At last home on a crowded subway. And after all 1:20 in the morning is not late in New York City.

June 16. After the lovely concert in the "Hall of Religion" at the Fair yesterday, the Waldorf-Astoria appearance seems not so important. - - - - - We have taken life easy in our room all day. Mrs. Perslow cherishes well blistered heels. I will. Outside the sun shines and the day is perfect. Evening: Anxious to "do something" after a quiet day four of us - three Choir boys and I, walked down to the Chrysler Bldg. and went up to the top. Some seventy stories, a slender shaft into the blue of heaven. And below us the far reach of the lights of the city, a symphony of the night laid out before us.

June 16. At the Fair.

Oh, Edward, Edward! Where are you?  
~~Oh, Edward, Edward!~~ These crowds, the noise and confusion, the endless coming and going, the meaninglessness of it all! This trying to see the Fair without you!  
~~Oh, Edward, Edward!~~  
~~Oh, Edward, Edward!~~  
 Got back to the Waldorf at nine. Long day at the Fair in which I saw but little. The Choir sang three times. This kept us hurrying from one appointment to the next. Now home to this quiet room.  
~~Oh, Edward, Edward!~~  
~~Oh, Edward, Edward!~~

June 17. A tired, fagged Choir set out for 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 largest the General Motors, a fantastic, moving panorama of the high ways twenty years hence. (I could only weep that Edward could not live these twenty years - - - with me!)

We got back to the hotel late.  
 I was cold and tired.    
     -  
     !

June 18. Sunday: Packing this morn-  
 ing!!! We are leaving New York City  
 in the morning for Washington, D. C.  
 The New York City Wald's Fair for us  
 ended with a concert on the grounds  
 this afternoon. (I am glad it is over.)  
 So it is good-bye to the Wald of Astoria.  
 And good-bye to New York City.

June 19. Notes on a day in the city  
 of Washington.

Good-bye to New York City fading  
 away thru the mists of early morning.  
 This new and unfamiliar way to  
 travel: Philadelphia, Baltimore, no maps,  
 no anxious peering out of the car window  
 for a glimpse of a new city en route.  
 All who travel are not travellers.

Washington, D. C.

Now this Continent of Hotel! Suddenly  
 I remember it! It is the old Conti-  
 nental Hotel where Edward and I stayed  
 25 years ago. Here we enjoyed seeing  
 the Capital Building across the green  
 swamp as we ate dinner.

On a tour seeing Washington this  
 afternoon: A new and modern  
 Washington. All the old government-  
 buildings and all the grand new  
 buildings - evidence of this great  
 activities of Government feasting  
 upon this great American public.  
Memories, memories, memories.

On the fine new highway to old  
 Alexandria to Mount Vernon. The  
 same lovely view of the Potomac.  
 I saw it thru a mist of tears -  
 remembering. - - - On to Arlington  
 Heights with its host of silent  
 sleepers. A moment at the Tomb  
 of the Unknown Soldier. - - - To  
 the Lincoln Memorial - how wonder-  
 ful! Gray skies and long misty  
 shadows across the landscape. And  
 Washington Monument mirrored in the  
 gray waters, a perfect reflection. That  
 Edward has seen all this! How I  
 rejoice! He has enjoyed some of  
 the lovely things of earth. - - -  
 Nightfall coming. The city lights!

The Choir singing in the  
 Capital rotunda, their glorious voices  
 soaring to its great dome. Such  
 sweet and swell of melody! Such  
 loveliness of tone borne on the



wings of song! How glorious to end the year's work this way. Not singing to a great audience, but singing its song - - - in the Nation's Capital, with voices reaching to its dome, prophetic of new heights.

This lovely set of buildings - the Congressional library. A whole room devoted to Walt Whitman. If I could have had access to this collection of manuscripts in 1927 when I read "Leaves of Grass" complete, and found my first real delight in Whitman!

Leaving Washington - this glory of wet city streets, these myriad reflections that weave their own spell! 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 today. ~~the first anniversary, a month ago today.~~

Running out of the gray rains marking into the clear sunshine of the afternoon. The ever green landscapes of eastern states. Pittsburgh as we were at breakfast. (I

remember.) Indiana this afternoon will be in Chicago soon.

Mr. Rosborough & I have had a long conference making plans for next year, the Choir Vespers. So time rushes on! Time! Time without Edward!

Evening: On route out of Chicago. Home ward. This trip to New York City so soon over. When will I take a trip again?

June 21. Home. How dreadful to come home and not find Edward here! I could not stand it. I called Warr to come for me. Then had dinner at Harrison's this evening.

June 22. Warr came today. Brought little "Patsy" and stayed for dinner. It helped so much. Warr is all the family I have now. - - - This afternoon I went down town and got my first insurance check. Small indeed, but it is some security. How thankful I shall be for its certainty! I must begin to plan at once what I am to do. The time is not long. I must act now.

June 23. The old house - keeping routine seemed some what 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 "Patsy" 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. Wressed up and went down town. Had a solitary lunch, advertised at the Journal, selected a frame for Edward's photograph. Home mid after noon. Having dinner at Jennies, for George and family have arrived from Spokane. Evening: Enjoyed a visit with George and Viola. Nadene a sweet, pretty girl. The boy - - - too bad!

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