

**SERIES 1 - TRAVEL  
JOURNAL ENTRIES,**

**BOX 1 FOLDER 38**

**“TO PITTSBURG,  
KANSAS (two trips),”  
1951, 1953**

1951. To Pittsburg, Kansas. (Final trip.)

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April 16. At the We partment to-day I really "cleaned up" work pretty well. See no reason why things can't move along without me for a few days Jeanie over briefly to-night. I am going to bed early.

April 19. Well, it is 6:30 P.M. and David has gone home. Now I can pack my suitcase! It was a full day: left the We partment about ten. Went shopping. Bought a whole coal and a hal. Paid too much for both. Got my hair done. All set for Pittsburg!!!

April 20. En route. It is "the day of days"! It is a short trip but it is a trip!!! The Zephyr is travelling along over the gray April landscape. I had breakfast in the diner. So I am on my way to Pittsburg, Kansas.

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

At St. Joe I was eating again! The sky gray and threatening rain. We are less than an hour from Kansas City. A big city will wake up any one! It does me.

Kansas City. 1:20 P.M. Here I must wait until 4:00 for my train to Pittsburg. Took a good brisk walk,

careful not to lose sight of this big Union Station. The same old city but I can remember it but vaguely. (Edward + I had a nice little trip down here so many years ago.)

Pittsburg, Kansas. (Pop. 20,000)  
Such a welcome! Margaret all smiles, Mother Rising, gentle and sweet as always, and Lloyd - - well, he was glad to see me, too. The lovely old house, the good dinner, "Tiger", the well-mannered cat, a fire in the fire place. I am really at the Big House with the Rising household.

April 21. It has been a full day. After a late breakfast, Margaret took me over to see First Church. It is a nice church but too small for 17,000 members. This afternoon Lloyd took us for a 40 mile ride to see surrounding country with its dry rock fences and strip mines. Then this evening another fire in the fire place. (There are four!) And to bed early.

April 22. Sunday: No church services, of course. It seemed like old days hearing Lloyd's voice in the pulpit. The music was good, too. Home to one of Margaret's Sunday noon dinners. Wisher to wash and a long talk after wards. We talked instead of sleeping.

Got in the afternoon another ride. Out to the stables where Lloyd rides, and passed the College. So the day went. Friends came in in the evening and again we visited. Last hour with Margaret.

April 23. En route. A lovely, bright, April morning travelling along towards Kansas City, thru a greenish country side. It is a two hour run. Good-byes have been said at the Big House: fine friends in a fine old house. And I am home ward bound - - - richer.

Kansas City, Missouri.

Arrived 10:00 A.M. A long day before me. Took a bus to commercial center, always get off when I see Woolworth's! Window shopping. Lunch (a poor lunch) at Macy's. Then to the Roxy theatre to see "Born yesterday." Back to the Union Station where I waited an hour for the Zephyr. En route. Rather dead this six hour run. Then I seem to be developing a cold. State that. - - - - -

Shortly out of St. Joe. I was having a good dinner in the diner, and by the time I got back to my seat the sun was setting and the hours ahead did not seem too long.

Home. Taxical to 5215 Adams, about 10:00 P.M.

April 24. All as usual. Some evidence that Ward had been around. "Posie" glad to see me. At school met work piled up for me. See new staff member, Mr. Ball, there.

April 25. Cold and rainy. Began this job of cutting labels. I can always cut labels, if my eyes can take it.

April 26. Home this afternoon. Just got these "journal notes" up. Day and cool. I am going to meet Marie at 5:30 this afternoon for dinner.

Saturday. Such a nice time! met Marie and we had dinner at "The Chef." Ate too much but it was fun. We had a pleasant visit, too. Marie's chief interest - those boys!

April 27. The first warm spring day! It was too hot for me. Came home dead tired. This label-cutting is hard on my eyes.

April 28. Turned off the heat and brought up the electric fans. House about 60°. 30-day is enough summer for me! - - - - Well, I managed to do the regular Sat. work, but had interruptions. Had my anticipated talk to Mr. Carl. Then telephoned Leona and we discussed the matter. - - - - How I do hate the summer heat!

1953 To Pittsburg, Kansas.

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(The Post-Christmas trip.)

May 18. Bright, sunny morning. It is 9:00 A.M.

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

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. Ward here most of the afternoon.

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

It is 9:15 P.M. Jennie here all evening. We visited long. She loves her work but is working too hard.

Big day. I am tired.

May 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 as these days always are. So the

beauty shop this morning. Home by one.

Then called and the plumber to be called!

Well, I got over these troubles, packed my

suit case, and had supper at Nelson's. It

is eight o'clock now. I think I'll polish my

shoes and go to bed. I have looked up the

yellow cab number, what more can I do?

To Pittsburg, Kansas.

Mar. 20. En route . . . to Kansas City.

The "day of days" (after a sleepless night!) and at last I am on my way to Pittsburg. All goes well: I get up before the alarm went off, the yellow cab was on time, and now the Zephyr is making slow time across a gray landscape. Breakfast in the diner at eight was the usual pleasant diversion.

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

Stamburg, Iowa. 10:30 All these common place little towns of the middle west! But I love a train ride even when there is nothing to see.

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

1:00 P.M. Hearing Kansas City. And only five hours from Pittsburg!

Later: The first evening at "The Big House." Margaret and Lloyd met me, but Mother R. was not there. They had not let me know that she had been taken to the hospital at 6:00 A.M. the day before. The same lovely old house! So tired, so tired.

Mar. 21. We just get back from the hospital. Mother R. was not so well. I am anxious for her, very anxious. . . . Every minute has been wonderful to-day, but I am not un-

mindful of the fact that I should return home at once. Convention requires that. We will see as the days go.

Mar. 22. Sunday: Sunday is the Big Day at the Big House. At early. For church I tried to look my best. Was so tired during Lloyd's sermon that Margaret sitting beside me could feel my nerves. So the hospital after dinner were washed and put away. Mother R. was surely worse. Her breathing difficult even with the oxygen. Margaret stayed on at the hospital. Helen Barnes and I made sandwiches for supper. It was a long evening waiting for word from the hospital.

Mar. 23. The day went with thoughts of Mother R. mostly. A bright beautiful day - a day to be filled with the joy of living not with apprehension of death. After lunch to the hospital. Mother R. was very much worse. So much worse that Lloyd and Margaret went back to the hospital after supper, while I spent the evening with Mary. We listened to Monday's good music over radio, while Mary managed to speak her mind admirably. So bed early all of us weary. Mid-night.

I awakened not with the telephone call from the hospital but with the hall light coming on. "Mother was very low." Margaret



and Floyd dressed and left for the hospital at once. I lay in the darkness. Mother Rising was dying.

May 24. Four o'clock now in the afternoon. It has been a day of waiting mostly. Friends are with Mother R. at the hospital. I've tried to help with the routine housework in every way I could. Mother slightly more comfortable. The doctor now only delayed. I was spent by noon and rested this afternoon in my room. Evening: Mother not so well.

May 25. Our thoughts with Mother R. at the hospital. Her suffering very quiet. I am glad now that I am here. I can answer the door and the telephone, wash dishes and make beds.

May 26. Mother Rising passed away at 7:45 this morning. Floyd had just gotten to the hospital and was with her. Margaret came up to my room and told me. . . . It has been a day of countless calls and telephone calls, but friends have taken over and relieved the family as much as possible. . . . Mother Rising is not coming back to her lovely room down the hall.

May 27. I came here to Pittsburg a week ago today - a week but a single thought. Not as Margaret and I planned. Company and

telephone calls all day. The significant call for me was Mrs. Spencer, millionaire friend of the family and of First Church. She had said she would to know me better after a passing introduction. She was very interesting. . . . After supper we went down to the mortuary to see Mother Rising in her casket. Quiet, serene, dignified, the misery of dying gone. Perhaps the peacefulness of death accounts for man's belief in immortality.

May 28. The day was beautiful, bright sunshine, and fast greening hills and lawns. The services were at 2:00 P.M. The ordeal of getting Mary to the church was not too difficult. The casket was open in the south annex, flowers all about. Organ music, no eulogy. Services were simple and direct with every possible ostentation omitted. It was what Mother R. would have wanted. . . . Friends were here most of the afternoon and evening. I got very tired.

May 29. Sunday: Palm Sunday. (I have come to regard it the Easter Sunday of the Methodist Church.) There were two services at First Church. I enjoyed the music especially. Floyd's sermon like the old days but he has gained in power, in ease and freedom of delivery. This new church has done much for him. It is loved and appreciated as he deserves. . . . at noon we called Leona.



again neighbor brought in the dinner. There was a little sit-up in company, but, of course, Mary always has company. (Some 2,000 calls each year.) Wall letter and Margaret + I visited.

Mar. 30. With the Williams coming Margaret was going full steam ahead all day. Washing, ironing, shopping for groceries, everything. I helped what I could but grew weary watching her tireless speed.

Mar. 31. At last Max goes! The month in which I planned to recover. A swift shower while we were at breakfast. The morning rainy and warm. I had my wave set this morning. Lloyd stopped by and brought me home. . . . An evening has come on it has turned cool. Margaret, Mary, and I will sit before the fire place and Margaret will read. We have a good book going.

April 1. The Williams will come tomorrow! The Big House must be spotless. Margaret is going like a cyclone from room to room. I was delighted when I found a slight trail of dust on top of an electric clock! Evening: Every household must have a bad moment once in a while. This evening this household did. ~~It was a very bad night and we were all very tired.~~

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April 2. 4:00 P.M. The house is spotless. The smell of roast ham comes from the kitchen. The big refrigerator is loaded with food. We have thawed out the big cake. What a lovely house it is, especially when the sun in the west floods the beautiful dining-room thru the big windows! So we wait for the company. Later: Leona and her "mom" had arrived when we got back from communion services at church. What shouting! All talking at once.

April 3. I fell a bit fogged to-day. Took a nap both morning and afternoon. Then would Leona and Margaret to visit. Short Service at church this afternoon. We had supper around the fire place in the reception-hall. Margaret read all evening.

April 4. A long ride this afternoon while Lloyd made calls. Seven calls at the hospital, a call on a woman whose son had gone to the penitentiary, thru the slum section of this town - if it may be called such here in this small city of 25,000. We saw many fine houses of old families who have made fortunes out of the now

empty coal mines. I do not care for so small a city but Pittsburg does have personality. So had tired - all of us.

April 5. Sunday: Easter Sunday. A gray day here in Pittsburg. It rained a steady down pour all morning. At church the usual orthodox sermon on immortality, but I found less dogmatic than many. Any of it I like me. But the music was lovely.

We were invited to the Spencers for dinner.

An old family, millionaires. There were six very guests. A very perfect dinner, served by a colored butler. The home was lovely with drawn shades and lighted. A glowing fire in the fire place. The atmosphere of the home one of ease and graceful simplicity. I shall long remember.

Evening. The last evening here in the Big House. We sat long before the fire place in the reception-room. My visit comes to an end. Margaret sober-faced. I've stayed too long but it did me good. So to-morrow I go home.

April 6. The long ride home. I did not get too tired. But 385 miles is a long pull. The morning gray, the afternoon sunny. A green landscape with gray trees. I shall remember <sup>Kansas</sup> Iowa State Uni. at Lawrence, home at 7:00 P.M.