

**Diary of G.S. Fisher, circa 1942**

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## Our Trip to Georgia

Nothing was any farther from my mind than a trip to Georgia, but that very thing is happening at just this time.

All day Dorothy and I have been packing our bags, pressing our cloths, beautifying ourselves and running around after last minute articles to be squeezed into our bags.

It is about half past seven in the evening and we are leaving the house in Bert Young's limousine. Our cheering squad of two are on the piazza to see us off in all our glory. These two spectators are Genee Gay and Grandma Young. They both wished us a pleasant trip.

We left N. Abington Station at eight o'clock. While waiting for our train to Boston, daughter Helen and Jessie Cummings came in to visit and wait with us.

Nothing unusual happened on the trip into Boston except all curtains were ordered pulled down over the windows facing the ocean.

We arrived in the South Station at nine o'clock. We aren't doing anything but watching the other people walking around here and they are killing time until they have to get their trains too.

It is interesting to watch other people and make up stories about their lives or imagine were they are going too.

Dorothy is coming back with young Mr. Cowan. He is a very nice young minister and has done so much for the little Methodist Church in West Abington. He is a very close friend of Helen and Rip's. Mr. Cowan visited with us in the station, carried our bags onto the New York train, and sat to chat with us in the train until we departed. He is very likable chap and his absence is going to be greatly felt by all his friends.

I thought our New York train was never going to start. Now that we are really on the way, I can't get there quick enough. There are loads of people coming onto the train. I am wondering where everyone is going to sit and if anyone is headed the same place we are headed for. There are a great many servicemen on this train. They are fine looking fellows. The soldiers keep going through our train. They are a cheerful bunch of fellows.

It is just exactly eleven o'clock and our train is actually moving onward toward New York. A man just walked through the train with his arms loaded with pillows which you could rent for the trip for just a quarter.

I am too excited to know whether I want a pillow or whether I'm tired. Guess I'll wait awhile before I decide. I'm so afraid I'll miss something I don't want to shut mu eyes for one little second.

Two soldiers are sitting on stools near the door. There are no seats for the poor chaps but they certainly don't seem to mind.

Two other soldier boys have hoisted themselves up into a luggage compartment. They look comical all hunched up in that little space.

Here comes our pillow man again. When he got to the cubby holes where the soldiers are, one of them stuck his head out and said, "Hey, I want two pillows for my head". The pillow man got the two pillows ready to pass to the soldier when he laughed and suddenly pulled himself back into the cubby hole much as a turtle pulls in his head when he is frightened.

Everyone laughed at the frustrated pillow man. How much more interesting our trip would be if we could see the country while passing through it, but we have to have the darkness as well as the daylight. That is to make us appreciate the daylight when it does come.

Here is that pillow man again and the soldiers are trying to beat him down to fifteen cents but it is no go.

Here is the ticket man to take the first of our long strip of tickets. Right behind him is the coffee and ginger ale man. Boy do these fellows want to get hold of our money that Dorothy and I are guarding so closely. I'm almost sitting on my pocket book. I do so want to spend money in Georgia on souvenirs for everyone. It is such a temptation to want to buy when you see others doing it. I guess I'll be dying for a cup of coffee before I succumb to it. A train just flashed past our window and nearly frightened me out of my sleep. It must be one of those Dorset trains.

A man is walking through the trains now hollering "Coffee, sandwiches, and mmmmmmm mmmmmmm. This last is so slurred together no one could understand him but it must mean something good to eat as everyone is getting something from him.

I can feel myself weakening. It must be the coffee odor attacking my nostrils.

Just now the train is so jumpy it must be going over a bed of rocks. No one could sleep through this.

Dorothy says it is now ten minutes of twelve. We are both wide awake. Dorothy is eating a peach but I'm not even hungry yet.

I suppose everyone back home is sleeping peacefully in their beds.

We have just crossed our second trestle.

It is now twelve o'clock and we are now in Providence. We are quite low on the tracks and all the houses seem to be on a high embankment above us. The curtains are up a bit so I can peek out.

The poor pillow man comes staggering down the aisle with his load of pillows. He looks badly in need of one himself. Business is bad. No one is tired at quarter past twelve in Providence.

Right behind him is the ice cream man. Just fell from Grace, spending my first journey nickle on an ice cream. Hard as a rock. Have to hold it in my hand and chew it like a hunk of hardtack. Makes me think of a man biting off a chunk of BT tobacco only this juice is too delicious to spit out.

Here goes another one of our tickets.

Right along here we are passing over one trestle after another. Gives you a kind of shaking, quivery feeling.

The ginger ale man is coming along now and for him business is tops.

Just went over a very large bridge.

Here is our pillow man again and we have finally given in and they feel so good in our hands even if they are kind of lumpy and have felt the weight of a good many heads of all shapes and sizes and colors. Now perhaps we will enjoy a snooze but I doubt it.

We are now stopping at the Pennsylvania Station the only stop in N. York.

Here at this station we are losing a lot of our passengers. Amongst them are a lot of the soldiers and sailors.

**It is now 10 o'clock and in four more hours we will be in Washington.**

Have been trying to sleep, but I've never yet been able to sleep in a chair and it's too late to try now. I feel as though I was trying to sleep under the train instead of in it.

We are stopping at Newark, New Jersey. Just finished our ice cream that was hard enough to use an axe on.

It is now 6 o'clock and I've just had a hot cup of coffee through which a lump of sugar has been dragged and done its duty in fifty other cups probably. Well the coffee is piping hot for which I'm very grateful.

We have ridden under three bridges. Just passing through Darby, Pennsylvania. Have a relative here by the name of Crocker who has written a book on all our relatives. This is a very busy city all kinds of industries are represented here. Just past a General Electric Company plant.

We are so far below the streets we've not been able to see a single house. There are plenty of trees along here. What they lack in width they have in height and the leaves are tiny.

Other than having a few cat naps, I've been very much awake and want to see everything there is to see, woman's curiosity, the men would say. The houses along here are quite pretty and neat and built of white and red bricks. Some of the industries along here are the Eddystone Manufacturing Company, Durene Yarns, Ship Building Company and quite a few others I failed to get as we whizzed by them. Our train is passing through Chester, Pennsylvania. The houses

along here are close together and box like in their construction. It seems as though each little street has it's own individual church. Some look as though they were a hundred years old. There are whole blocks of houses along here that look exactly like some European houses I've seen in magazines.

There are hundreds of tanks of Texaco gasoline along here, never saw so many at one time before in my life.

The train is passing through a heavy fogg: Probably coming in from the ocean as we are on the shore line now. It is even chilly in the train and here it is August.

We can see men just leaving for work.

The fogg has lifted just long enough to allow us to see a great number of foundries. This place is Willmington, Delaware. Just saw a large shipment of carrier Pigeons on the station platform. Passed the Bethlehem Steel and the Remington Typewriter plants.

Friday morning and the sun is just beginning to come up. It looks beautiful. The houses along here are so close one could reach into his neighbors kitchen window and help himself to a hot cup of coffee or a hard boiled egg. Whichever was the handiest.

Each house has a tiny boxed in back yard. The soil looks red but gardens seem to flourish in it just the same. Dorothy has managed to get more sleep on this trip so far then I have. But I love to watch things as we ride along as they are different from the every-day things we see at home.

On the right of us is one of the largest fruit orchards I've ever seen.

We are crossing a bridge. On this little station was the sign Have de Grace whatever that means. I'm not up on French.

There are more groups of tiny houses along here. They look as though there was only one room in each of them.

We are crossing a large span of water. (Just passed the Edgewood Arsenal, Maryland.

Another bridge is ahead of us.

We were quite amazed at the first piece of camouflaging we've ever seen. It was remarkably done on and about an aeroplane plant. The tops and sides of the buildings were painted to represent a whole village. This was quite a sight. One of the men at the Stetson factory that has told Dorothy to look for it as he had seen it and said it was worth seeing. We are glad to didn't miss it.

Up ahead of us is a large trailor Camp. Never saw so many together before. It must be fun to live like that for awhile. If you get mad on on your next door neighbor you can just pack u your belongings, hitch up your trailor instead of your horse and find another piece of land.

Some of our soldier's are feeling foolish and providing quite a bit of entertainment for the rest of us.

One of the soldiers took a slipper from a foot of a young girl he has gotten acquainted, hooked the heel in his belt and went all through the train looking over all the women saying, "Looking for Cinderella, looking for Cinderella." He had everyone laughing at him.

There are very queer chimneys on the houses here and the houses are packed together like sardines in a can. We are going through a long tunnel in Baltimore.

Two soldiers have been having a great deal of fun with a sandwich some girl gave them. One is holding it up between his two thumbs and telling the other to cut it in half. The other soldier got a knife about a foot long to cut it but after arguing over which half each would have the first soldier pulled out a knife about one and one half inches long. We all got a kick out of it.

Most of the houses along the way are built of red bricks. There is so much red clay in this part of the country.

Well the pillowman is back and this time has parted us from our pillows. We hated to give them up.

The two soldierboys are fooling again. This time they are playing at soldering. One is supposed to be a buck private and the other a commanding officer. The commanding officer gave drill orders. They are comical. Just now the private was up against the door when it was pushed open and a sailor came in. The soldiers stepped aside quick and said "The Fleets in." Everyone laughed. The sailor looked kind of frustrated.

Well the train is pulling into the Union Station. Everyone is bustling into the station checking baggage and cleaning up in general. Well we checked our bags and went to the Ladies room.

Now we are sitting in a nice restaurant in Union Station waiting for our first breakfast since we've been on this trip.

A young waitress finally asked us, "Have you all been waited on?" Little did we know that we were going to hear this expression a lot when we got nearer Georgia. I guess our waitress is a Southern lassie. We got a splendid view of the Capital as we neared the Union Station.

[Photo of Union Station, Washington, D.C.]

This is the largest Station I've ever seen. There is a large fountain right in front of the station. There are loads of people all around here and I'm surprised at the number of negroes around here. In the ladies room the attendants were negroes. There were a number of negroe women and their babies asleep on the benches in the ladys' waiting room. It is fearfully hot here. Dorothy and I got rid of a lot of dust from traveling and prinkeded (?) up a bit.

We feel a little bit fresher. Now back to our breakfast in the South Station. It is cool in here so we are enjoying our breakfast to the utmost. We have a nice breakfast of oatmeal, corn muffins & juice, grapefruit and coffee. We took our time so we could really enjoy it.

[Photo of the Capitol at Night, Washington, D.C.]

The Capitol is grand. It's the first building we see as we come into Washington. It looks just as I've seen it in books and papers. How we'd love to be able to go into it and see the furnishings and everything. Well we've finished our breakfast and are now at the information bureau. Dorothy is getting advice about our Georgia train. The man told us what to do about getting around to see the sights in Washington as we have all day here. He told us to take one of the buses named "Cabin John" out in front of the Station and it would take us around to see these places.

Well we are in the bus and the driver looks an awfully lot like Arnold Reed, just as skinning (?) and seedy looking. We are sitting in the bus in front of the Capitol waiting for a bus load of people.

We are passing a number of Hotels among them being the Hotels Continental, Commodore, Capital and Park. They are immense Hotels. There are groups of soldiers everywhere, sitting, or marching and sightseeing. There are a group of pickaninnies at the base of the fountain in front of the Capitol and they are doing a thriving shoeshine business with the soldiers. We are going past the Bureau of Engraving & Printing. This is a Beautiful and impressive building.

[Photo of Bureau of Engraving & Printing, Washington, D.C.]

Passing the Large Washington Postoffice and the Hotel Carroll Arms. There is a sign along the street here that says Reserved for Senators and their secretaries. The Washington Monument stands ahead of us in the distance and like a giant finger points its majestic beauty high into the sky. All along here you can get glimpses of it looming way above the other buildings.

Photo of Washington Monument, Washington, D.C.

This is pure white marble. It is like everything else in Washington, beautiful and clean and peaceful.

We are now passing the Federal Housing building and the Federal Trade Commission Building.

[Photo of Department of Commerce, Washington, D.C.]

This has certainly been a place where things have been done. Must be one of the busiest places in Washington. Next is the Federal Building of Investigation. Have no picture of this building but it is just as impressive as the rest of them. One place I'd love to visit. This is where J. Edgar Hoover reigns supreme. I'm very interested in this place after listening to so many Crime Buster stories.

Now we are taking a taxi out to visit the Lincoln Memorial. Wouldn't have missed this for anything. It is about the most beautiful place we've been.

[Photo of Lincoln Memorial, Washington, D.C.]

We had to climb a good many steps to get up to the building itself. This is all pure white marble. It looks as though there wasn't even a tiny speck of dust on it anywhere. There are about thirty eight huge columns all around it. As you go through the doorway you are suddenly startled as you look up. There sits Abraham Lincoln in a chair in a serious thoughtful state. You can only stand and look you don't know what to say. This Monument is situated on high terraced ground and the views you get in every directions are grand. You have to see them to appreciate them. There is a body of water stretches out in front of the Monument and a long bridge spans the River ahead.

[Photo of Lincoln Memorial Bridge, Washington, D.C.]

A young fellow had the laugh on me when we were up here on the steps of the Monument. Dorothy asked me to take her picture and I was holding the camera upside down. He laughed and said "I guess you won't take any pictures that way." Well what about you taking it then, I asked "OK" he said and then found out there was no film in the camera. He told Dorothy he worked parttime in Washington, and went sight seeing too. The Washington Monument was reflected in the body of water in front of the Lincoln Memorial.

[Photo of Monument and Cherry Blossoms, Washington, D.C.]

Washington Monuments is seen from so many different places.

We are now visiting the Smithsonian Institute. It's impossible to describe everything we saw in this wonderful place. The first thing that greeted our eyes was the Spirit of St. Louis (Lindberg's plane) suspended from the ceiling. In a glass showcase right underneath were all the articles that Lindy took or were on his flight across the Atlantic. The plane itself after one glance at it makes you wonder how in the world he could ever make such a flight and actually land there in one piece. The plane is all patches and repairs. Lindy's clothes and cooking utensils, compass and charts and even a boy scout knife were in the case. Nearby are the planes that the Wright Brothers first flew. They are certainly odd looking things or certainly far inferior from the planes built today.

We are now looking at some of the first automobiles ever made. How they have improved on them today! I see one that looks like the one Grandpa Fisher first bought. It has no top to it and the whole thing is built very high. Auntie and Uncle Jet had a Stanley Steamer years ago. There is one of these in front of us. Near by is a Cadillac auto with an outside completely transparent. You can see the whole inside of the car. It is just as though it were all encased in glass. There is a grand stairway in this building with balconies all around where you can walk and look down on the floor below. We get a swell view of the Spirit of St. Louis from up here.

Next we went to look at the oldest and latest models of fire engines, steam engines, carts and bicycles. There is one three wheeled bicycle you would have to climb up on a step ladder to get into the seat of.

Next we are looking at materials and the way they are made and different sections are dyed. There are so many different colors that are used in the dying of one tapestry.

[Photo of New National Museum, Washington, D.C.]

Nearby is the First Cotton Gin. Mounted on a huge platform is the skeleton of a prehistoric Monster. There are so many smaller bones that make up the neck of this huge monster. It seems as though the body is twice as large as the elephants.

[Photo of Capitol, Washington, D.C.]

In special cases with a woodland background different animals were arranged in their natural haunts. From the largest bears down to the tiny little jungle deer like the ones Frank Buck brought back from one of his historical African Trips.

[Photo of Grand Staircase, Library of Congress, Washington, D.C.]

[Photo of Library of Congress, Washington, D.C.]

One case held a beaver family and showed just how they built their homes and damned up a brook with branches and clumps of swampy masses.

[Photo of Lincoln Memorial and Cherry Blossoms, Washington, D.C.]

[Photo of Archives Building, Washington, D.C.]

Another interesting exhibit was the many, many cases filled with every conceivable kind of glassware. They are all so grand, and some so fragile it just seemed if you breathed upon it, it would burst. They had separate cases for Bohemian, Venitian, (?) Majolica, thumb print and silver and pewter.

[Photo of Franklin D. Roosevelt, 32<sup>nd</sup> President of the United States]

Any woman who has a mania for beautiful dishes would be in her glory up here on this balcony walking around these cases. There are loads of people here admiring everything. There are guards stationed all over the place.

We are now looking into a case of all kinds of stone and rock formations. Some of these formations are grand.

[Photo of President's Mansion, Washington, D.C.]

There are such beautiful colors too. Some of them were taken from caves far under the ground. Years ago the inhabitants used to make all their dishes from these formations.

[Photo of United States Supreme Court, Washington, D.C.]

Other cases around here are filled with all sorts of shells and undersea things. There are some of the most beautiful shells and coral formations I've ever seen.

[Photo of Pan American Union, Washington, D.C.]

Some of the shells are huge and they looked as though they have been polished and polished hundreds of times.

[Photo of State, War and Navy, Washington, D.C.]

They are lustrous and have so many beautiful colors in them. There are all sorts of boxes and ornaments made with shells.

[Photo of Washington Cathedral, Washington, D.C.]

Jewel cases for women seems to be one of the favorite articles. Now we are looking into huge cases glass surrounded where homelike scenes are depicted.

[Photo of Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D.C.]

Beginning with the caveman. It showed the clothes they wore which were very few and made mostly of animal skins.

[Photo of U.S. Treasury, Washington, D.C.]

One caveman carried a huge club with which he killed the huge animals that roamed the earth in those times and he also protected his family and provided the food for his family by this club. When you see the size of the club you begin to realize the strength of these cavemen. They had huge bodies and arms and legs. There are such a great number of families shown in these cases right up to present time that it would take a good deal of time to write about them. One would have to see them to appreciate them.

Next we are looking at different styles the First Ladies of the White House used to wear. Some of the dresses must have taken hundreds of yards to make. Even if a woman were thin as a rail naturally these clothes would make her look like a hefty dame. Some dresses are of silk, taffeta, crinolines, and net(?) . Some of the hats they wore were huge clumsy arrangements while others looked like little flowery pancakes. Usually the ones with the tiny hats carried tiny parasols. These are so small you wonder what benefit the women derived from them, but I've often read where ladies used to use a parasol much the way they did a fan, to flirt with the man of their choice. In another part of this Smithsonian Institute you see all sorts of huge furniture that used to be in the White House years ago. There are suites (?) all gilded over and cushions had heavy coverings with beautiful flowers all over them. In the center of one of these rooms is a huge gilded piano that used to be in the white house. There are figures of men in the earliest styles up to the latest. One can't imagine a man now a days in a suit with lace trimmings and

some britches except in plays. Years ago that was the way they dressed and evidently they liked it as it pleased the ladies. They even wore their hair in two braids with ribbons on them.

There were whole cases of army uniforms with caps to match from the earliest times to the latter. Some clothes were so clumsy and ill fitting you wonder how a soldier would do a good job of fighting

There were also cases of guns and ammunition, also swords on display. One has only to look at these to realize how much man has improved on army equipment today. The first Flag was shown and the flags up to the present time.

We are now looking at the printing exhibit. This is very interesting and shows a whole paper laid out in print with the (blowas) pictures to illustrate the stories to go with them.

One could spend a whole day in this place and still not be able to see the whole of it as you would have to spend quite awhile with each exhibit. While looking at this exhibit I thought of Rip and wished he could have seen it too.

There was also a wonderful exhibit and scene on how we got our weather news and forecasts. How the moon and the ocean have a lot to do with it. Wish I had paid more attention to this as it was really remarkable.

One exhibit was of huge maps made of some kind of (pm ?)material on huge tables. It showed mountains, rivers, oceans and deserts. It was done in colors too.

Now we are taking a Bus into the business district to shop and see some more sights. Bought some postals and sent them to friends, also a few souvenirs to bring home to them. They want such prices on things. I see where we won't part with much of our money. We are now in Murphy's 5 and ten cent store. Bought a few souvenirs here, also had a sundie.

Washington is such a clean peaceful State. We have walked so much our feet burn terribly and my legs are swollen. Will be glad when we can sit down again. I guess old age is creeping on me and I can't take it. Should have taken a trip like this when I was younger. I'm glad I had a chance to take it before I was too old to appreciate it. We are now sitting in the Union Station, Washington, D.C. trying to keep cool and kill time until we get our train to Georgia.

It fearfully hot here even in the Station. The Station is loaded with colored people and white people. There are a great many service men here too. We are very tired and trying hard to keep awake.

Here we are at last at 5.30 in the Red Circle Food Shop o No. 1. Massachusetts, Avenue. We are trying to wait patiently for our supper. It is cool here but there are big flies and they bite like jungle mosquitoes. The waitresses are Southern lassies. Like to hear them talk. They are very slow on service here and we are both just about starved. This restaurant is only a little ways from the Union Station.

Our supper is very good and consists of rolls and squares of butter (with remember Pearl Harbor printed on my butter and Buy War savings stamps and Bonds on Dorothy's. We are having Fried Steak Halibut, French fried potatoes, creamed carrots, coffee and ice cream. Could enjoy it to the utmost if it wasn't for these devilish flies. Left tips for our nice little waitress.

Now we are headed back to the Union Station to get ready to take our train to Georgia.

There are a number of dark children having the time of their lives in the huge fountain in front of the station. People get a kick out of watching them and possibly they have a longing to be able to get in their too and get cooled off. From here at the Station you get a view of the Capitol and the Congressional Library. It is so clean and peaceful here and everyone seems to have time to take things easy so different from the dirty City of Boston with its hustle and Bustle.

Just went into a Cocktail Lounge to get cooled off while waiting for our train. Sat at a table and a negro waiter asked us what we wanted. Dorothy asked him if we could have a glass of orange juice. He came back and put a glass of orange juice on the table. We enjoyed this very much. Then the tall waiter came back and spoiled our fun. Slapped a check on the table – 60 cents for our measley orange juice and one saucer of potato chips. What did he think we were millionaires? Certainly didn't think we were dressed that snazzy. We decided we didn't want to see another cocktail lounge again until our first million had arrived. Perhaps 10 cents went for the orange and potato chips and 50 cents to Sambo.

We have now just taken our luggage from the compartments where they have been all this time. Now we are heading for the gates through which we will pass to get on the train for Georgia. Don't seem as though we have ever had to stand anything like this heat before. The crowd is terrific here. As for the crowd, I never saw anything like it. We are just like animals herded together into the stock cars going to the slaughter. We are packed so tightly together, it is impossible to wipe the sweat from our faces that is making us so uncomfortable. I can feel a stream of perspiration running down my back. There are both colored and white people amongst the crowd. Also mothers with babies and young children and people who look as though they had enough money to take them in more comfort than what we are going to get on this final lap of our journey. We are packed right up in a solid mass against the gate which is still closed. Everyone is pushing the one ahead of him regardless of the orders to stop pushing.

There is a good natured crowd here though in spite of the uncomfortableness of it all.

In front of me is a very refined Lady who is trying to stop people from pushing. She said "Please don't push, the gates aren't open yet so it doesn't do any good to get any nearer them". Just the same a little later when the gates started to open she said, "Well if everyone else is going to push I will have to," and she laughed. She is a very pretty woman and you would tell she is a well educated person.

I can feel someones dress suit case jabbing into my legs and something else in my back. We are being pushed right along through the gates and everyone is rushing for a seat. We will be lucky if we find any.

This is an awfull trail and is dirty, close and uncomfortable. We managed to get into a little compartment about large enough to seat six people comfortably

There is a troop train on the track near ours. It is packed with soldiers. One of the soldiers sitting at a window opposite ours motioned to us to open our window. I did and he began talking to us. He looked at Dorothy and asked what her name was but she wouldn't tell him. He would keep speaking to us. "Miss, he asked, what's your name and where do you live?" Dorothy told him near Brockton. He said he came from Somerville. I asked him where he was headed for and he said, "we don't know. They have put us on Twenty six different tracks and they don't know now whether they have us on the right one or not." He would look at Dorothy and sigh, "a study in borin." We told him that we going to Georgia to see my soldier son. He hollered to the other soldiers and said, "Hey fellows she has two sons in the army." I told him Richard was at Camp Gordon and he said he had never heard of the place.

Just at this time another passenger a man came into the compartment we were sitting in and the soldier hollered at him and said, "Hey you keep out of there we don't want you in there. That's only for womens." The man laughed and planked himself opposite us at the other window. A Mrs. Frank La" Susa was sitting at the other end of that seat too. I did not learn her name until just before we reached her station in S. Carolina. Then we exchanged addresses.

The soldier stuck his stocking feet out the window and said, "Look at that they don't even give us any shoes to wear."

He had a package of cigarettes in his hand and held them out to us to take one, but we said we didn't smoke. He hollered to the other guys and said, "What do you know they don't smoke". He held on unlighted cigarette in his mouth for quite awhile and then he turned to us and said, "Say Ladies have you any matches? It was just on the tip of my tongue to say no when I remembered a packet I'd taken from an ashtray on the table at the "Red Circle Food Shop." I said, "Went(?) a minute I've got a book of matches you can have" and fished it out of my pocketbook. Dorothy said that if my face wasn't red it should be for telling the boy I didn't smoke and then deliberately handing him a book of matches. He didn't make any remarks about it anyway.

The two trains are there on the tracks for quite awhile. We had quite a few minutes to talk with the boys. Some were eating reading or shaving. Our train is awfully dirty. It is so crowded there are soldiers and civilians standing in the aisles. Very few of the windows are open to let in what little air is available. Our compartment has acquired some more passengers. A mother and her young son on the opposite side, and a Jew salesman and his companion on our side.

The train is moving along now. It is a rickety train and jounces us around like two peas in a bucket.

We are now crossing the Potomac River. The water is very muddy as all the rivers seem to be as we go further along. We are now looking at part of a rainbow just above the Capitol. Just went through a long tunnel and the gas was terrible it made very choke and cough.

We are now in Alexandria, Virginia. The beautiful National Masonic Memorial is opposite our windows.

Now we are seeing how part of the rest of the world lives. Passing through a typical darky village. The huts (impossible to give them the name of homes, as they are the worst apology of a human abode I've ever seen. They are dirty and flimsy. The people themselves look something like their huts, dirty and dilapidated. The tracks are high above the streets. There are large coal yards to the right of us. We are now in Charlotte, North Carolina. Just passed a large Veterinary Hospital. Another darky village is right along the tracks, each house is built so close to the other it nearly touches it. There is a certain kind of trees along here that I've never seen before. It has large leaves like elephants ears.

Now passing a nice residential section right here and there is a negro village close by. I shouldn't think the white people would like that very well. The soil is like red clay down here but the gardens and shrubs and trees flourish so it must be beneficial to them. The green foliage against the red soil looks grand. A pretty combination of colors. Just past an Abbotori (?). Good thing our windows won't open easily.

We are passing through another little town. The houses are small and neat, built like beach cottages and the negro cabins everywhere are built more like dump squatters huts. The houses have no cellars. The soil here is like the Pennsylvania soil we noticed as we came through there. Just passed a Trailer Camp.

We bought ice creams from a train peddler. It was all soupy as though it hadn't been kept packed in ice or they didn't know how to make it.

We haven't seen any Virginia Mansions yet so will have to put two famous pictures in my book anyway.

Photo of Washington's Home, Mt. Vernon, VA.

We weren't fortunate enough to have seen them actually but trust they are as beautiful as they are pictured. Who knows we may really be able to see them sometime. It isn't impossible. We never has any idea of making a trip like this but here we are so I am beginning to believe anything is possible now.

Photo of Lee Mansion, Arlington, VA.

From articles I've read I know Virginia is a beautiful place. Just passed swiftly by some high red cliffs. They are quite pretty. Sometimes our train goes on tracks right through a town, then we are high above some. Not too high as there really are no very great heights (?) down here in the South.

Photo of Tomb of Unknown Soldier, Arlington, VA.

A couple of signs on a little station we just passed said Whites only then colored only. We are to see this a great deal in the South.

Just crossed another muddy river. The trees are beautiful along here and hang with Giant shrouds nearly touching the earth.

It's half past seven in the morning. We have freshened ourselves a little bit. Gotten rid of some of the dirty sweat covering us. It makes us feel a little better but we are still terribly tired. Couldn't sleep all night the train jumped around so. When I'd lay my head on the back of the seat it would go bumpy (?) bump. My legs are tired and swollen. Wish I could get hold of my good old hassock at home. These seats are so hard my rear end feels paralyzed. Everyone is trying hard to get a few winks of sleep. The man opposite me is huddled in an uncomfortable position sound asleep with his mouth wide open and looks like a dead person. He looks terrible and I guess that's why I snatch myself out of it when I get drowsy for fear I'll look like him.

The stout young woman has had a few winds and so has Dorothy and Mrs. La' Susa. The little Jew is trying to sleep too and his cane falls on the floor and wakes him up all the time. I guess pretty soon he will toss it out the window. His companion thinks he has found a found a soft pillow on my shoulder. I moved over once in awhile and let him down in a heap and he wakes up and give me a silly grin. The little Jew salesman has so much luggage it crowds us all and there is no place for me to put my tired, swollen feet. We will all be glad when he gets off the train.

This train has an old one very dirty close and bumpy. There is no comfort to be found only in the Pullman train. The only part of that we will see is the dining car when we have our breakfast.

A little Station we just passed had signs for colored and for whites only on it. Just crossed another river and the river water is red and muddy.

Just passed another darky town. Each shanty has its own little garden. Saw a darky mammy milking her cow in the front yard. Everyone turns out to see the train. There are whole darky families. Tiny darky girls holding the baby in her arms. Sometimes whole families are out on the porch to see the train go bye. On the porches are railings that go all the way along the porch. All along the railing are pots and cans with all kinds of flowers in them. They certainly love plants and know how to make things grow. They are beautiful. All the houses seem to have privies in their front yards.

Haven't seen any cotton fields yet but one of the passengers said we would be seeing plenty of them soon.

The sun is grand here this morning. All the brooks are muddy like the rivers and they hardly move. Saw two of the loveliest little red colts. They look just like Vera's horse Litsan. They are so cute and frisky. It is so pleasant to sit here watching the countryside as we go by.

The red clay shows through the green foliage and it's positively beautiful.

There is a macadam road running along by the railroad tracks. It's the first decent road I've seen down in this section.

The Southerners are a very friendly people and we love to talk to them and hear them talk.

The churches are very long down here and far between. The colored women carry very large baskets of clothes on their heads. They don't hold onto them with their hands but hold their arms either on their hips or by their sides.

All the houses down here have no cellars so it is a general site to see large coal piles in their back yards.

We both feel very tired and untidy and sticky. We could do with a string of baths when we arrive in Georgia. All the negro families are busy except the grandmothers. They sit on the porch and rock back and forth in their favorite old rocking chairs. They all wave at the people on the trains as it speeds by.

At a crossing was a whole group of negroes waiting for a train to take them to a picnic. The roads here are as narrow here as they are at Martha's Vineyard. In fact the whole country down here resembles Martha's Vineyard. We are a great many miles from home and getting further all the time. I've always wanted a long ride on the train and not have to change every other thing but this is getting monotonous. (?) There is a vine that grows all along the banking and it is loaded with lovely red blossoms.

Just saw a darky driving one of them thar lazy old mules. I don't know which is the laziest looking the mule or the darky.

Just passed the first school house I've seen. There are plenty of beautiful pine trees hereabouts. The farmers down here stack the hay in cone shape stacks.

I don't know how many yellow signs I've seen all along the way that advise using 666 as a guard against colds. We don't see the countryside down here littered with all kinds of billboards as our part of the country. What a big lumber yard we are passing. What has a nicer scent than newly sawed lumber. Makes me think of the Mill down near Auntie's in West Hanover.

Seeing the trains go by seems to be a high light in the lives of the darkies down here, and even the babies are held up to see the trains go by. Darky eyes look as though they are ready to pop out of their heads.

Well we've lost two of our passengers and their luggage. Now we can stretch out. Oh, heck, wrong station and here they are back, bag and baggage. The little Jew found out it is a few stations farther on that he is supposed to get off at.

When he got off he asked one of our male passengers to push his bags out the window. The fellow gave him a dirty look and said, "the h--- I will". The Jew's companion helped him put the bags back again so here we are jammed together again like sardines in their cans. I was reading the foreign labels on the Jew's baggage and he has been to South America, Russia, and Egypt. He had four or five bags and suitcases an overcoat and a dirty quilt.

A little further on another man passenger opposite us got off the train so the little Jew went over there and threw his quilt and overcoat on the seat and stretched out as much as he could and slept until time to get off the train. We are taking turns walking up and down the corridor to exercise our legs from their cramped positions, and to get a drink of water. Saw some poor soldier boys curled in corners on the dirty floor of the train trying to sleep. We should stay at home and not monopolize the trains but let the soldiers have them and be able to ride in comfort.

Well the little Jew has finally left us also the young woman and her son. Now we can finish our ride in fairly good comfort. Wet my face cloth and got a lot of grime off my face, hands and neck. Have dirtied three handkerchiefs just wiping the sweat from my neck and face.

Well it is half past seven in the morning and we are eating our breakfast in the pullman. Had a nice breakfast, oatmeal, jam, toast and coffee. Everything is good, hot and tasty. We are eating and watching the countryside. We are seeing plenty of cotton fields but there isn't much cotton ripe yet. We can see spots of white here and there.

There are plenty of large vegetable gardens down this way. Got acquainted with a man on the train. He is a real Southerner. Sat with me and told me different places to be sure and see! His name is Paul Eubanks and he lives in Moduc, (?) S. Carolina. He is interesting and has traveled considerably. He said he had been to Boston too. He said to me, "Mrs. Fisher, seems to me you all ought to have some body to take you all around while you all are down here and spend some money on you all". I told him we were only going to spend a week here. He wanted me to write to him but I guess I'll forget him.

We are getting nearer to Georgia now and I'm tired but excited.

We are nearing Batesburg and that's where Mrs. La'Susa is leaving us. We are sorry to see her go. She is nice. We exchanged addresses and she asked us to visit her while we are here. She lives about 40 miles from the Adams. Don't imagine we will have a chance to get there.

Well the train is stopping at her station. Her husband met her and she stood by the tracks to wave goodbye to us. She has a nice young looking husband and they waved to us again before the train left.

We are crossing the Savannah River. When I've seen it on my map in the geography it never meant anything to me. Now it means a great deal. In crossing it we are getting nearer Richard.

Lot of negro cabins along the street near the railroad tracks and some of the white people live in homes not much better than the colored people. Quite often you see colored children caring for white children. The colored babies are real cute. Their little faces shine as though they had been polished with stove polish.

We are now pulling into the Georgia Station. It is larger than ours and there are signs in it on each end. They say for colored only and white only.

We are very tired now and it is going to be a relief for us when we arrive at Laura's House.

We weren't on the platform long wondering where Richard was when a nice looking girl walked up to us and said "Are you Mrs. Fisher and Dorothy?" We said we were and she said she thought we were because Richard looked like me. She told us to wait on the platform while she drove her car up nearer the Station. We all got into the front seat and sped away over the Savannah River to her home in So. Carolina which was really just across the river. We were to see a great deal of this River.

Laura drove us through the town. It is about as large as Quincy. There are nice department stores and all kinds of groceries. Also stores that cater to the colored people.

Richard and I went shopping one day and saw a colored woman buying makeup at the toilet counter. We got to laughing as we couldn't possibly see where makeup would improve her looks.

There were cages right on the sidewalk in front of the stores and these held chickens from which you could take your pick. Then the market man would take it into the store, kill it and pick it for you.

Then you would take it home and have some swell fried chicken. Saw a number of cases on the streets and these held guns of all sorts that you could buy. I guess each home had their own artillery for protection.

It is very pretty down here in Georgia. Everyone has plenty of azalias in their yards. Chinaberry trees gave a great deal of shade as they spread out like a huge umbrella.

Laura finally turned down a dirt road that led to their house. We gradually had to go up a slight hill and her house was up on top of that. They are all new houses up here. They are of the bungalow type and very pretty. The underpinning is of red brick and the steps are built very pretty of red brick. Their home is so pretty and the rooms are laid out so conveniently. The

house is white and has (?) vines crawling all around the red brick. It looks tiny but it has so many rooms and is cozy.

Photo of small house with car parked to the right.

There are a lot of Shrubs, flowers rose bushes and vines round the place. The front doorway is pretty and has a light on each side of it.

There is a cute little screened-in porch on the sunny side of the house. The front bedroom is Laura's room. It has venitian (?) blinds at the window. The room is as neat as wax. The furniture is all maple and arranged nicely. There is a large entry right off of Laura's room. The large heater is kept here and affords heat all around. In a little corner is the desk and telephone. Leading off this room are David's room, the bathroom and Mrs. Adam's rooms. Her room is large and pleasant as it has windows all along one side. It serves as a part-time sitting room too. We spent many pleasant hours here. Reading, sewing and talking. Mrs. Adams and I played Chinese Checkers when we were alone at night. She beat me all the time as she understood the game and I didn't. I guess I'm dumb as I didn't catch on too quickly.

Off Mrs. Adam's room is the cozy little kitchen it is so neat and attractive.

Here we lesisierly (?) ate our meals and gabbed away to our hearts content. You could get a nice view through the back door. They have a large backyard with chairs around. Just a little ways from the back porch there is a little circular garden. There is a stone there with a great big old Grandpa frog sitting on it and guarding the place from bugs and snakes.

Just in one corner of the yard is the garage where Laura keeps her car. There are plenty of shade trees around which makes the place more attractive.

On the back porch and all around it is a vine that grows so profusely it makes wonderful shade so you can sit out there too.

The front room is the first room you step into and it is beautiful. It is furnished with part modern and part imitation antique furniture. Laura had made a needlepoint picture and door stop.

There are always flowers in the vases and they scent the room up delightfully. There is a lovely cosy fireplace in the front end of the room. This is of red brick.

The dining room is a very attractive room too. There are plenty of windows to let the sun in. On the dining table the center piece is so pretty. It is a large shallow dish that has water in it and there is an alligator and in the other end is a picaninny. Then sometimes she has little glass swans for centerpieces.

When we got to the house and I went in the front door Richard grabbed me and lifted me up in his arms right off the floor. He is so strong now. I guess the work and training they get in the army has built him up grand. I felt like crying as I was so tired but I was so happy to see Dickie I

just hugged and kissed him. Then Mrs. Adams came in and I kissed her and Laura too. They were so glad to have us come. Mrs. Adams, "I am so glad you all could come as we knew how worried Dick was for fear you wouldn't".

Laura gave her room to us and we went in and took our traveling clothes off and put our things away. Then we went out into the living room to get acquainted.

Both Dorothy and I were so tired we couldn't talk or keep awake so Mrs. Adams suggested we go to bed for a nap. We must have fallen asleep as soon as we got into bed. Oh, did that bed feel glorious to us after that dirty uncomfortable train. My poor tired legs and feet were so swollen and I had to let them hang down, there was no place to rest them in the train.

At first I couldn't go to bed until I made sure I'd find Richard there when I woke up.

We would have put Rip Van Winkle to shame if they hadn't awakened us about six o'clock. We got up and dressed and over our supper at the table that night we had a grand time getting better acquainted. Both Mrs. Adams and Laura are such delightful people. We got dressed then went for a ride and saw quite a bit of Augusta. Went to bed early and was so pleased that Richard could stay all night.

Mrs. Adams told Laura that the couch that was out back would have to be brought in so Richard started out after it. Laura says, "Dick don't you all bring that in alone, I'll help you" but Richard went right along. She said "Richard don't you all make me raise my voice to you all". Richard got to laughing and ran out the back door with Laura after him. She has a cute childish voice and that combined with her pleasant southern drawl gave us quite a lot of pleasure.

We got up early Sunday morning, had our breakfast and went to the Curtis Baptist Church. It is a large church. When we were going up the steps Mrs. Adams said that it was down these steps she fell and broke her leg. She has to walk with a brace on her leg all the time, but still she gets around real spry. We met a number of Mrs. Adams' friends and the Minister. He has a fine speaking voice and it carries all over the Church. The Church has a balcony in back. There was a good sized congregation there and some joined the church while we were there. One was a soldier boy.

They have a beautiful service flag in the front of the Church and it is completely covered with stars for the boys.

The Minister asked all visitors to remain seated while the congregation sang and to sign cards he had passed to us telling what Church we belonged to.

Laura stayed home to help Elizabeth get the dinner. It was worth coming home to. Southern fried chicken, rice, baked cauliflower, lemon meringue pie and iced tea. Everything tasted delicious. The table was arranged so pretty. The centerpiece was roses.

Elizabeth is the colored girl who helps Mrs. Adams. She is neat, a fine cook, and just about worships Mrs. Adams. Mrs. Adams makes clothes for Elizabeth some times and she is so pleased because of it.

She took care of Mrs. Adams through the long sickness. She makes delicious bisquits (?)and golden brown toast.

We sat down after dinner for a chat then went for a ride around Augusta. They pointed out places of interest to us.

One of the most important ones of course was Steeves eating place on the main street in Augusta as this was where David discovered my homesick boy sitting all by himself and probably longing for home. It makes a great lump come into my throat when I think of it and can picture him sitting there. Thank God for David Adams and his generous thought of some other soldier boy.

Went home and had a delicious lunch of some more of that grad Southern fried chicken.

Next morning Dorothy, Mrs. Adams, Richard and I had breakfast together. We laughed and talked for quite awhile there. Did the dishes, helped with the house work, wrote some cards and letters. Richard was able to stay all day and part of the evening. Said he thought he could get a pass to spend more time with us in the end of the week.

Elizabeth was hanging out that washing and Richard took her picture.

#### Photo of Elizabeth hanging wash

She was so pleased she put on her little cap and apron. One picture she was just picking up a large Turkish towel. Elizabeth is quite short and kind of plump. She is a good worker and very neat about her appearance. Her little apron doesn't show here in the picture.

While waiting to go to church on Sunday morning we listened to a Negro program called "Wings over Jordan". It was splendid the singing was so nice. Elizabeth was getting the cauliflower ready for dinner and she was so thrilled with the singing of her people. She has a good singing voice too.

Saturday night we ate at the Dixie Pig and had delicious Barbecue sandwiches and coke. It was delicious it was so hot. We sat out in the car to eat it. There was a lovely shady Chinaberry tree out there near us. A cute girl served us.

Sunday afternoon Laura took us out to Camp Gordon to get some of Richard's shirts. It is quite a ways out there. Met Richard's mess sergeant. Sergeant Chubby Holstein and I'll say he is Chubby. Dickie likes him very much and is sorry that they are sending him somewhere else.

Camp Gordon is a nice clean looking Camp. We rode along the old Tobacco Road that the book is written about. It is right here in Camp Gordon. Camp Gordon is such an immense Camp and has the largest parade ground of any in the country. Richard is a Corporal now and is a cook.

On the way back from Camp, Dorothy and Richard took some pictures by an old mill. They came out quite well. A number of Camp Gordon buses keep passing us. It makes me think a great deal of Martha's Vineyard down here. Some of the streets are narrow. The houses are near the streets and quite close together. They look more like beach cottages.

Went for a nice long ride and Laura and Mrs. Adams pointed out all the important places to us. The following are some of the places we saw. One of the oldest Bakeries in GA, Comsted Lake. All along the way Honeysuckle hangs over the highway. Just passed a lovely park where band concerts are held, also Pageants. There are quite a few nice Hotels and apartment houses along here.

Just passed the Military School from which David graduated. An Air base right here. Small buildings here where the non-commissioned officers live.

We have seen some real old colonial Mansions here but they are now neglected. A few have been kept in good condition. Just passed a Negro College.

Saw the University Hospital where Laura trained. One wing is devoted just to the negroes. There are some large stores down here like Jordan Marshes.

Went to bed around eleven. Bed looked good to us. This is the end of a perfect day. Imagine us sleeping under a Georgia sky.

We had real Georgia peaches for breakfast this morning. Elizabeth toasted the bread a golden brown and buttered it while it was hot.

On the way down to Georgia we saw plenty of mules. We saw two white mules. Some other places we saw down here in Georgia that are to be remembered are the Bon Air Hotel Hotel. Just saw an Arsenal that's been here since Civil War days. On the right is the Forest Hills Hotel where the Northern visitors always like to stay. We are passing the Daniel Field Augusta Airport. It has the longest runway I've ever seen. It looks like long metal mats. Camp Gordon buses keep passing us loaded with soldiers taking them to town or back.

You would think because of all the negroes down South you would see log Cabins, but they are a thing of the past now. Now passing the Station Hospital.

Just crossed a large river, and near it is a lovely waterfall. A large bird keeps flying around overhead and Mrs. Adams said it was a buzzard.

We are up on a high hill and the scenery is gorgeous.

A World's Fair bus just passed us. They are queer looking things.

Had a swell night's sleep and a grand breakfast. Wrote three long letters, basted Dick's shirts. Mrs. Adams and I had a regular gab fest. It is cloudy but comfortable. It is nice and cool here in Mrs. Adams' bedrooms. She has two plants in her windows that came from Florida. They have long slender shiny green leaves.

Richard came to summer but had to go back early. Last night at about ten o'clock Laura took us up to the highest point in Augusta. What a view from here you can see for miles around. Everywhere you look you can see hundreds of lights. Over in the distance is a factory and every window glows with light. The bridge below us over the river has lights on it and it looks like a brilliant string of beads.

Went shopping today for souvenirs to take home. It's so hard to do as I want to remember everyone and not much to spend on them.

It was very hot today but that did not make people stay at home. There were crowds out shopping.

Lots of planes go over in the night. Mrs. Adams said they teach a lot of night flying down here. They seem like guardian angels watching over us at night. It gives one a peaceful feeling.

Solomon the darky is out in the garden weeding and fixing up. He is slow but thorough. He is Elizabeth's brother. I said Hello and he grinned at me. He is like Step-in-Fitchit.

When we were eating dinner he pounded on the back porch. I said "What's he want Mrs. Adams" and she said "He wants his dinner." So she got it ready on a plate and took it to him. He ate it on the back porch.

Did some housework, finished Richard's shirts and washed my hair. Dorothy set it for me. Wrote two letters. Talked with Richard on the phone. He is on duty tonight and can't get in to visit with us but I feel so happy knowing he is near us just the same. So many mothers can't enjoy that privilege.

Dorothy is writing a whole mail sack of mail. We had some delicious homegrown figs that Mrs. Adams preserved. I love them and nearly make a glutton of myself when they are on the table. Mrs. Adams said that if I wanted to carry them home she would give me a jar of them. She did and would she be surprised at the number of people who had a sample of them. Little did she know that her own David would be one of them. Am sitting at the kitchen table writing a letter. A swell breeze coming in through the kitchen door.

Had some Georgia peas for dinner. When they are cooked they are good and a great deal like our shell beans.

David called his mother from Rhode Island. He talked with her and Laura and then asked to talk with Dorothy. Dorothy asked him if he had found any chickens down in Rhode Island. I'm beginning to think finding chickens is a hobby of David's.

His Mother told us a joke on David and Dick and the chickens. David and Dick went to town in the car and while riding along saw two cute chickens. David dared Richard to ask them to go for a ride. Dick wouldn't so David being the daring type pulled up along the curb and asked, Hello Girls would you like to go for a ride. They took one look and then the chickens ran like the dickens. We has a good laugh about that. Mrs. Adams said these were two little chickens whose Mother told them to beware the big bad wolves.

When I'm walking along the street I sometimes have to slow up for fear they will think I'm a freak down here. Everyone walks along so slow you would think they had all the time in the world.

Another grand night to sleep. So cool Mrs. Adams had to give us an extra blanket for our bed. She said to me, "Mrs. Fisher when you all tell them at home that you all had to have an extra blanket on your bed they will think you are fibbing."

When I went shopping today I called Richard's attention to a colored woman buying lipstick and face powder. I asked Dickie if she thought she was going to change color like a chameleon.

I wish we could see some of the scenery going home that we missed coming down.

There are a great many homes down here that have their piazzas almost right on the sidewalk. They won't have any cellars under them. The houses have hardly any space between them. It is quite hilly down here.

There are two kinds of Georgia peaches down here. One is delicious and as sweet as honey to the taste. The other is sweet, beautiful and fascinating to the male population. Saw quite a number of girls with that lovely shade of red hair that Mrs. Adams has and it is so pretty.

Dorothy and Laura were shooting darts in the moonlight at a target on the back of the garage just before David called. Mrs. Adams entertained me with David's famous exhibit of chickens. He is a second Florenz Ziegfeld. David has missed his calling and should be in Hollywood to show them how to pick them. He is a man of experiences. He like variety and lots of it. He could teach his buddies of few tricks of the trade.

Dorothy and Laura have gone to fill up the Post Office with Northern mail.

It seems as though all the babies in Augusta are out today. The little picaninny babies are cute too.

It is so hot today and would you be believe it. Whites Store Window was all arrayed in beautiful fur coats.

Have just seen one place where the water looks clear like the water up north. I guess the folks don't go swimming much in Georgia. All the water seems to be red. The drinking water has to go through a great filtering system before it's fit to drink. It tastes very good, and I should know as I've drank more water here then I ever did at home.

My legs have swollen again. Must be the heat.

Dorothy set my hair again today.

Had some of Mrs. Adams banana ice cream and it was swell.

Have been looking through David's Panama Scrap books he made while in Panama. Very interesting especially the variety of chickens. The scenery down there must have been something worth seeing. David has traveled quite a lot. He got some infection in his eyes while in Panama and had a great deal of trouble and pain from it. Was in the Hospital for sometime with it and has to wear dark glasses a great deal.

A lot of the roads down here are just dirt roads. There are very few macadam ones. Am going to take home samples of the soil to show the folks it's so different from our own.

There are a lot of pine, peach, fig and china berry trees down here.

The grass is very tough and wiry and hard to pull. It doesn't seem to be nice and green here as at home. It is almost spiky.

In the birdbath in the little circular garden guarded by Mr. Frog; a little bird is busily engaged in trying to splash all the water out of the bath.

Photo of Birdbath in little circular garden

There are petunias around the circular garden and near the fence.

Dorothy and Laura went to town to see a show at the outdoor theater. Mrs. Adams and I are here alone. She doesn't seem to mind but it makes me nervous just because I know there are so many negroes around here.

Mrs. Adams and I chatted, then she got a Chinese Checkers game out and played a few games and believe it or not she beat me every darn time.

Will have to buy a game and practice so I can lick her the next time.

I asked Mrs. Adams if she was afraid to stay alone in the house at night. And she said, "Well, I would be crazy to be afraid when I have so much protection." I asked what she meant and she said, "You all wait Mrs. Fisher and I'll show you why I'm not afraid". Then she proceeded to bring out all sizes and weight revolvers and guns to show me. From the tiniest for her purse to a regular size rifle. Then she told me that she was a crack shot as her husband and David had taught her how to shoot.

I wouldn't even dare to touch the darn things and they made me so nervous, I said, "Don't you think you'd better put them away." She laughed at me.

Got up early and weeded one of the flower beds until I nearly picked up a small wasps nest. They build them in amongst the grass. With a shiver up and down my back I brushed my hands off and got away from there. I guess the wasps were to numb with cold to bother to sting me.

Then Mrs. Adams called me to a breakfast of bacon and eggs, toast, preserved figs (oh boy), and that thar good old coffee.

Made my bed, ran the dry mop around, did some dusting.

Dorothy slept a little late. She was out kind of late. She is going to try to clean my white hat.

It's nice and cool today. Wonder if the folks at home miss us today. Am going to see my boy tonight. Hope the day passes quickly so I can see him so much sooner.

Laura has taught Dorothy a new Georgia trick. That is painting the legs with a brown stain to save on the stockings. What are they going to do next. First they paint their faces now it's their legs.

Weeding some more this morning. Made a con chowder for supper. Didn't make half enough I had been saying I would make some for them.

Soon as Laura came home from work she said, "Mrs. Fisher did you all make that stuff you all talked about?" I told her I had made a dish of it and it was in the frigidaire.

Everybody had about two dishes of it. There was only a tiny bit left. There was only a tiny bit for Richard and he had had no supper as he left Camp before they had supper. I felt terribly about it. Wish I hadn't eaten so much.

For dinner that noon we had deviled eggs, ham sandwiches, potato chips, cheese and crackers and ice tea. Helped with the dishes and wrote to Laura and Vera.

Dorothy and I and Richard walked out to get the bus at a filling station. A man picked us up and took us into town.

Dorothy had an invitation to have dinner with Rebecca. Richard and I painted the town red. Went through the stores, did a little shopping. Richard and I had dinner at Steaves where he first met David. We had a lunch and ice cream. Richard played the juke box. It was funny when he picked out one piece to be played some other one came out instead. We'd laugh to each other and say, "Well perhaps this will be the one we wanted." He wanted to play the ones I liked. We both got pretty tired going through the stores. Perhaps it was because of the heat as much as anything else. Had to wait a long time for the bus after we met Dorothy. Dorothy bought me a piece of needlepoint work. It is a pretty door stop with a girl on it in a hoop skirt.

That evening Laura taught me how to do it. It's such fascinating work. Laura is making needlepoint seat covers for the dining room chairs. They are lovely. All have beautiful flowers

on them. Richard did a little needlework. He did it all right as Laura demanded to see it and she said it was OK.

We went to Aiken for a grand ride. It was so interesting. Saw a lot of things and places I'll never forget. We were riding along and there was a high banking above the road. I asked Mrs. Adams what that was and she said it was a levy.

We passed a few cotton fields. Laura got out of the car and picked me a nice cotton bole that was about all opened. In one field of cotton a darky was picking cotton and had an old burlap bag hanging over his shoulder to put the cotton into as he picked it.

Dorothy said "Gee, I wonder if that Darky will let us take a picture of him. Mrs. Adams thought we should ask him first so Richard went over and asked him. He took a few long minutes to think it over first then he said, "Well, I reckon you all can take my picture." So he kept on picking and Richard snapped his picture and thanked him for posing.

Photo of "Moses" picking cotton

Way out in the cotton field was a great open barn under a huge china berry tree I guess this barn was there they baled the cotton up. Before Dorothy and Richard got into the car he took a picture of her picking cotton.

Photo of "Dorothy" picking cotton

Mrs. Adams told me it would be a wonder if she didn't get bitten by one of those bugs that hang around the cotton. We got some cotton that was open and some that were hard green buds.

There are lots of beautiful estates here that belong to the wealthy people who come down South in October. Some of the shrubbery around these is so high you can only see the tops of the houses. There are hundreds of magnolia trees down here.

What a heavenly sight it must be when they are in bloom. They have huge blossoms on them. Went over the Sand Bar Bridge. What a beautiful view you get from this bridge anyway you look. The River water is red and muddy. There is a small motorboat on the River.

Along the streets of Aiken are the cutest little hitching posts for horses. They are little darkies painted in bright colors and they have rings in them to fasten the horses to.

A truck just passed us with a few convicts in it. They are of the Georgia Chain gang and probably had been on some kind of roadwork. They had their striped prison suits on.

A lot of the negroes down here drive automobiles. Some of their cars are quite swell while others should be in the dump.

Aiken is one of the prettiest towns we have seen. It is so quaint.

On a corner we just past a young minister was walking up and down preaching to anyone who happened to be around. There were only about two people. The young minister seems so terribly serious.

Saw fields of beans, okra, fig and peach trees. They have cute little squash down here.

The roads are quite low and the banking go up so high on each side.

Some of the trees along the sidewalk are beautifully entwined with ivy vines. I got a vine to take home. These same vines grow around the houses down here.

There seem to be a lot of large stables down here. Saw some horses in the field. One looked just like Titian, Vera's horse. It was so cute. Bought a pretty plant to take home. Has large light green leaves with white spots on them.

We saw some beautiful plants in Aiken. They had leaves about four feet high. It had lavender plum like flowers. Richard took Dorothy's picture in front of them so you can get an idea how tall they are. They are cat tail plants.

Photo of Dorothy standing in front of plants

Coming back home there was the grandest moon I ever saw. First it showed way off in the distance over the hills. Then we were crossing a bridge and there in the sky above the other end of the river was the beautiful moon with a perfect reflection of it in the river below. It was such a wonderful sight. Once we were riding up a road that went quite high and at one time the moon seemed to be resting on the roadway above us waiting for us to reach the top.

When we came back down the bridge I looked through the back window of the car and there was the moon right in back of us. It was really thrilling to watch it. A real poet would make you picture it but I cannot.

Saw some negroes in a boat on the river fishing for cat fish as that is about the only kind they can catch.

Our last breakfast at the Adams was delicious.

Mrs. Adams' birthday is tomorrow.

There are a lot of mill worker's houses down here. They are so close together they almost touch each other. They are a great deal like beach cottages.

Past the drive-in theatre and it has a grand place for drivers to park in their cars.

Drove back to town. We stopped in front of Steaves and had a nice lunch brought out to the car. We all sat there and ate and watched everyone sauntering along. Many soldiers and their girls, civilians, and colored boys and girls arm in arm.

The young colored boys are quite dandies and like to dress in flashy suits. The colored girls dress in quite bright colors too.

On the way back home we stopped at an Ice Cream place and Richard bought ice cream cups. Instead of cones they were made in cup form. You could eat the crispy cups too. They were delicious.

Richard has been taking pictures of Elizabeth hanging up the washing. Richard took some pictures of Mrs. Adams and I together They came out pretty good. Then he took one of Laura standing in front of a bush. She is so cute with her posy in her hair.

Photo of Mrs. Adams and G. S. Fisher

Photo of Laura in front of bush

He and Laura were going into the house together and Dorothy said "wait a minute Richard, I want one of you and Laura to take home". Dickie grabbed Laura to him nice and tight while she giggled and squealed and this is the result of the struggle.

Photo of Richard and Laura

We went in and had dinner. And such a nice dinner, carrot salad, butter beans, pork chops, iced tea. For desert we had chocolate cookies with whipped cream spread over them and made up in layers and kept in the ice box to chill. It was delicious and reasonable.

Got dressed up and sat down to chat while we waited for the taxi man to come. Hated to leave but was also anxious to see what we could see different on our way home. Hated most of all leaving Richard behind. It hurt me really. Only hope we won't be separated long. Said good bye to Mrs. Adams and Elizabeth. Laura was going to try to see up at the station before we left on the train. I only hope she can make it.

The Georgia station is quite good size. There was a sign up at each end of the Station that said "For white only and for colored only."

We were settling in our seats watching for Laura. There were two soldiers right in back of us.

All of a sudden I heard one of them say "man, look at whose coming". He said it as though he were talking about something delicious to eat. You could almost hear him smacking his lips. I turned around to see what caused all this and to my delight, I saw it was Laura. She looked really delicious. She had a cute little summer suit piped with red. A red flower in her black hair. A bunch of large red cherries as a corsage. She looked like something delectable believe me. I don't wonder she pleased the soldier boy's eyes.

We went out near the tracks to be near the train. We are going to be able to get seats going home much easier than when we did coming down.

Visited with Laura and Dick until our train was ready to start. Richard put our things in for us. They stood outside until we started.

There is a heck of a big lump in my throat as I strain my eyes for a last glimpse of my son. Can't help wondering when I'll have the pleasure of seeing him again.

We are now moving on the first lap of our journey home.

There is a baby up ahead in the train and it's squalling like everything. Two young soldiers are trying to help the mother amuse it. Nearly every train we have been on in this trip has had a child in it.

We are now crossing the Savannah River. It is quite wide. The water is red and muddy. There are only cat fish to be caught there. The colored men go out in row boats to fish for them. We are now passing thru Hamburg.

#### Photo of Savannah River

The colored girls are walking along the streets carrying large bundles on their heads.

The people down here who live near the railroad tracks don't seem to mind the coal dust. All their windows are wide open.

There are a lot of chalk Cliffs along here. It's quite a pretty sight and off in the distance are the beautiful green pines acting as a background for the white chalk cliffs.

Along here the tracks are so low and the houses are way above us. Some of the homes along here look like dump squatters shacks made of pieces of discarded zinc. They live in anything down here. The soil looks like beach sand.

The negro girls carry very large bundles balanced on their heads and they don't hold onto them.

On all the piazza railings of the homes are loads of flower pots with a great variety of plants in them. They are pretty and so thrifty. Everyone loves flowers here. Every home has a lot of tall shrubbery around it. The roofs of the homes are galvanized sheets.

We are now passing such a beautiful lake and if it was up this way lots of people would have cottages around it but there are scarcely any around it.

Just saw a covered bridge over good clear water. The first covered bridge we've seen. A beautiful lake on the left. There are tiny little homes along here. Can't be more than two rooms to each. We are passing quite a few beautiful lakes along here, which we must have missed coming down.

Right along the railroad tracks is a pretty little brook winding it's way into the nearby woods. Just got a peep at the little brook again. All along the bankings on each side of the tracks there are lots of wild flowers with loads of orange colored blossoms on them

The wild ferns in the woods are nearer brown, then green like ours, still they are very pretty.

We pass quite a few corn fields, and cotton fields too. Some negroes have their cabins in the middle of their cotton fields.

Some of their homes are so frail they look as though they would collapse in a stiff wind. Great piles of cotton spread out in the sun to dry and bleach.

Too bad we couldn't see the azalea bushes in bloom. They are beautiful pink and white clusters. They are everywhere.

Darkies are all out in the hot sun picking cotton.

Another river and waterfall. Here is a narrow macadam road stretching over the hill. They don't believe in making them very wide. The negroe women hang the clothes all over the bushes to dry. The colored peoples homes are way out in the midst of fields.

Some peach orchards along here. A darkey out in the cotton field with a burlap bag over his shoulder into which he is putting the cotton he is picking.

As the train goes by the darky families are out on the steps or sitting in the open doorway and waving to the people on the train.

The cotton is packed in immense bales and bound tightly with rope.

Great fields of corn, beans and cotton right near here. They always said darkies were lazy but I've been seeing plenty of them working even the little ones.

There are two horses and a pig and chickens eating in the same yard.

When we first came down the cotton was green but now it is open and ready for picking. It looks so pretty. A great field of large green plants with the pretty white cotton showing everywhere amongst it like huge pure white gardenias. There are some fig and peach orchards along this part of the tracks.

I can see a buzzard flying low over the fields. See these ugly looking birds once in awhile. I suppose they are watching for some unsuspecting wild animal or bird to snatch away to their death.

Over in the distance amongst the trees I can see a Stately old Colonial mansion. How I would love to explore it. It would bring us back in imagination to the Civil War days. I can imagine seeing lots of people around the estate, and beautiful horses hitched to coaches or carryalls. The beautiful women in their crinoline gowns and the gentlemen in the knee britches and tight fitting jackets.

This is Ridge Spring, South Carolina.

There are a lot of cotton fields down here, and a tiny negro cemetery with old fashioned stones.

The negro girls down here don't let their hair get fuzzy and curly they comb it as straight as they can like page boy bob.

There is another cotton field with the whole family even the tiny piccaniney picking cotton.

Some of the prettiest lilies I've ever seen are growing here.

Above us is a hill on which a cotton field has been planted and I can just see the heads of the pickers as they move about.

Don't see any log cabins and had expected to. A darky is going by driving some mules. Thought mules were slow moving creatures but these are going like the dickens. Must be heading for home and the good old oats.

Was just thinking of the delicious meat loaf that Mrs. Adams made and baked in Campbell's tomato soup that hadn't been diluted. We get glimpses of the Savannah River once in awhile and it looks as though it was too lazy to move. Here is another station called Summerland.

The Stations seem to be quite close together here. Here is one named Leesville. Just passing a great long cotton field.

We are now having a lunch of orange tonic, Chocolate and cheese crackers. The soil along here looks just like beach sand. I can see darkies picking cotton way off in the distance.

Some of the white folks down here haven't any better homes then the darkies. The women wear sunbonnets. It's so long since I've seen a sunbonnet. I can remember when I was a little girl and wore them. They were grand for keeping the sun off your face. Especially when you went blueberrying. Other women wear great big green sun hats.

They all have burlap bags slung over their shoulders to put the cotton in. There are some shack like structures right along here and they are built like churches so I imagine they are the negro churches. The train seems to move faster going home then it did coming down.

What a large peach orchard. We are passing through Lexington, S. Caroline. There is a large dark grey bomber flying very low overhead.

All through this section the soil is like beach sand. There are a few log cabins here and some cute little houses built like Aladdin's houses. Some are brick half way and the rest painted white clapboards.

Just saw a pretty sight, six white ducks swimming along almost in line in a tiny pond.

There is a whole border of feather cat tail plants in that yard. They are beautiful and tall. They make you think of orchid ostrich plumes.

Seems to be a lot of tiny ponds in this little town. There are a great many negro cabins here and they wouldn't possibly have more than two rooms in them. Should think they might be quite crowded.

The weeping willows are the tallest I've ever seen. They look like beautiful veils.

Just crossed another river. This is Columbia, S. Carolina. Just saw a huge mud turtle sticking his head out of the mud in the river as though he wanted to see that huge animal (the train) roaring over his head.

The train is very crowded now.

We are passing through darkyville. I should think it would be sort of spooky here at night.

All the cabins are painted a dark red and backed up to each other.

The road here is made of bricks.

Everyone stops to watch the train go by. We are quite high now and the roadway is down below us. The soil along here on the banking is pretty shade of pink.

Quite a few log cabins along here now. We didn't see any of these going to Georgia so it must have been night time when we passed through.

Along here there are immense corn fields. Some of the fields have both corn and beans in them. The roads are just like cart paths in this section.

That's a funny sight. All the bushes and shrubs have washings draped over them and running around underneath are numerous little black pigs.

The prettiest trees down here are the China Berry and Crepe Myrtle. They are just beautiful and afford heaps of shade. This is Blythewood, South Carolina. Another little horse like Titian running around so frisky.

Just saw a dilapidated Colonial Mansion but it has lost it's right to the name of mansion. It has been neglected so long now it is just a broken down shack.

Just before we reached Georgia, Richard was supposed to go somewhere else as a cook, but the plans were changed for which I'm very grateful.

Now the soil is getting red again. All the houses along here are built upon red brick about two feet up from the ground.

We are passing through Winnesboro. There is a huge lumber yard and mill here. Saw a little yellow kitten out in the lumber yard and it made me think of Tipper. A little farther on is a large cotton field.

Now we are passing through Chester, South Carolina. Quite a few cotton fields along here and the cotton has opened up a lot more. You can see the large white gobs of cotton open like beautiful large white blossoms. It's really a beautiful sight but one has to really see it to appreciate it. There are quite a lot of negroe families picking the cotton. It must be very hot in the sun for them. There is a cotton mill right handy.

We are passing through a short tunnel.

Some more beautiful weeping willow trees. They are much taller then the ones up our way.

The fields have been plowed all along here and it seems strange to see red furrows instead of black.

We have just passed over two small rivers. This is Pineville, South Carolina.

Then Charlotte, S.C. where David and Richard had to go on maneuvers one time.

Just past a beautiful building, that the Masons erected of New Hampshire granite and it is about three hundred and fifty feet high. It is built on a hill that has been terraced.

We have passed another tough night on this train in which we had hardly any sleep. I just about ache all over. Bed is going to look mighty good to us and I'd like to be able to sleep for a week.

Now passing through Alexandria, Virginia. Lot of queer shaped houses here and they are built so close together. Lots of brick apartment houses with wooden sun porches built on.

We are now crossing the Potomac River and I guess it is one of the largest rivers down here.

#### Photo #4 of Potomac River

It looks lovely and peaceful and the shrubs and trees bordering on both it's sides make it a sight worth seeing.

We are passing the Jefferson Monument too and the beautiful Washington Gardens.

#### Photo #6 of Jefferson Monument

Believe me, there are so many grand things and places to see it really needs a months time to do right in.

We can see the beautiful Washington Monument in so many places jutting up high over everything else. It looks like a huge white finger pointing to the sky and urging us to look up at the beauty displayed in the clouds above us.

Can also get a nice view of the Capitol here. We are going through another tunnel now.

There has been a baby on every train we've been on it seems. We are now on the train for New York and it is quite a bit more comfortable. Am anxious to get there and meet Russell. Haven't

seen him for quite awhile. We have had a grand time all along the trip. We are now in Maryland. There are a great many streamlined trains around here.

We just passed Macy's large department store. The houses hereabouts are in blocks. There are no spaces between them. They are all about two stories high. And they are built of red brick.

We are going through a long tunnel now, and are now passing through another long one just after we left the Pennsylvania Station. This is a negro section here. They are building more railroads and bridges here.

Just past the airplane plant that was camouflaged. My what a large trailer camp. Never saw so many trailers at one time before.

We are passing over a large body of water but don't know what it is called.

Just passed a group of army tents. Then we saw the Edward Arsenal Maryland.

We are crossing another body of water. Nice houses along the shore of it. We are crossing the longest bridge yet.

We are now going through Perryville. There is red soil here but it is not as dark as that in Georgia. Another bridge to cross. Beautiful gardens here and they have so many red flowers in it. This little station had the name North East on it. It was a very tiny station. This is Elston, Maryland. Some long stables here. Very nice farms here with lots of cattle and horses.

This is Wilmington, Delaware. Saw the Bethlehem Steel plant. It's a very busy place. Shipbuilding plants and defense plants.

Just crossing another river. Quite a few mud scows out in the river.

There are hundreds of oil tanks here and some of them are spherical shape with spiral stairways leading up to the tops of them. The houses here look a great deal like London houses. This is Chester, Pennsylvania. All the homes along this river look as though they were copies from homes across the water.

Darby, Penn.

Plenty of church spires and tall buildings reaching way up into the sky.

Philadelphia, Penn.

Just saw a beautiful waterfall. America's first zoo is on the right of us. Just went under a covered bridge. This is a small river.

N. Philadelphia.

This is the last train stop in Philadelphia. Very old cemetery with those awfully blue grey stones. Passing the national Biscuit Company, a Bethlehem Steel Plant Yarn Factory. This is Frankfort Junction. Great many industries along here.

Crossing the Burlington Bristol Bridge.

The houses here are very narrow and close together. What a pretty lake and it has a tiny natural island out in the middle of it. This looks like an English village.

Patterson, New Jersey.

Another body of water, but instead of crossing it we followed along beside it. A lot of cement mixers here. We are passing Trenton, New Jersey and are crossing another bridge. Acme Rubber Products from here.

There are some colored girls in the end of the car talking so loud you can hear them back in Georgia.

These Weeping Willow trees are so beautiful they make you think of Joyce Kilmer's song "Trees".

Passing Monmouth Junction. Loads of blue morning glories growing everywhere down here.

Two rivers here separated just by some green trees. This station says Camp Kilmer on it. There is a new railroad track that runs out to Camp Kilmer from here.

Narrow two story houses everywhere in this town. Large abatori,(?) and the Standard Oil tanks.

Passing through South and North Elizabeth and Newark, New Jersey. We keep going over rivers all through these towns.

We are now in Newark.

WMCA Radio Station.

There are steep cliffs on each side of the racks and we can see the buildings very high above us. We are not going through the Lincoln Tunnel. We just got out at Grand Central Station. Now we are headed across the street to the Pennsylvania Hotel where we expect to meet Russell. We are right near the Empire State Building, which is the tallest building in New York.

#### Photo of Empire State Building

You can see it in all directions. It makes your neck ache to look up at it. It is marvelous what modern men have the ability to do in the line of construction work. There are a number of large Hotels around here. One is the Hotel New Yorker. We had a chop suey dinner in a little restaurant almost at the foot of the Empire State building. We saved the card they gave us.

Restaurant card from Chinese Village Restaurant

Who knows we may make return trip some day in the distant future. The chop suey was delicious and the tea piping hot.

After dinner we walked around and shopped in some of the stores. Went into Macy's that we had heard so much about. We each bought a pretty needlepoint picture to work on. Dorothy is having a glorious time poking around looking at the pretty dresses in Macy's.

We are trying to kill time until we meet Russell. Hope he can get here.

The elevators in Macy's make me think of the one's in the Mass. General Hospital. They go a little ways then they seem to drop a bit. It takes your breath away and seems as though your heart is in your throat.

We are now in the lounge of the Pennsylvania Hotel. It is grand here. There are comfortable seats for you to rest in and wait for anyone. There is a balcony all around. People keep walking here and there. There is a man who sits over the other side for awhile then walks around amongst the people. He seems to be watching everyone and studying them. I have sized him up and I believe he is a detective.

A little parade of bell hops marched down the lobby and stood at attention to receive cards then they were dismissed. This is the last day of our trip and it is misty and rainy. Dorothy wants to get some pictures of Russell but I'm afraid they won't come out good.

The Empire State building is very fascinating but I don't think I for one would care to go to the top of it. Who would ever think that any members of the Fisher family would be sitting in the Hotel lobby.

While resting here in the lounge I got acquainted with a wealthy widow who introduced herself as Mrs. Phail. She is a widow and I believe she is a lonesome soul and came into to just find someone to talk with her. She seemed so anxious to talk about herself so I kept still and let her ramble on. She has traveled all over the country. She said if we didn't have a place to stay to go to the Knickerbacker Hotel and say Mrs. Phail sent us. She misses her husband and seems to be at a great loss without him.

Watching the people coming in I saw Russell but at first I didn't recognize him. He was very tanned. I was so afraid he would miss us that I ran after him and hugged and kissed him. He looked so good to me I wanted to cry. He looks fine. The army has done him a lot of good. He makes me feel bad because he looks as though he was very unhappy.

Went to a little restaurant with Russell and had hamburgers and coffee. After we got through we went back to the Pennsylvania Hotel to take some pictures of Russell. Although there was a heavy mist the pictures came out quite good. Have some for my book to prove they weren't half bad. Am thankful they came out as well as they did. Russell seems taller and his shoulders look broader. He certainly is a grown man now.

Russell went over to the Penn. Station with us to get our bags and see us to our train for home. Well we are headed into the place to get our train for home. Got good seats. Russell took our bags to the station platform, dropped them and disappeared. I turned to look back and wave to him and he was gone. We have started on our way and are going through a long tunnel.

Lot of industrial places along here. Home of Dentyne Chocolates. The homes are long and narrow with vines covering them. Sklar fine Surgical Instruments are made in the factory we just passed. Homes are packed in close together on the right but nice apartment houses on the left. Homes are set out in block fashion built right up against each other.

We are now crossing Hell Gate Bridge. Most wonderful sight I ever have seen. We can look across the water and see the rest of the coaches to our train coming around a bend.

A large bomber just ahead of us, flying quite low.

National Gypson Products. Merral pianos made in these factories.

Miles of apartment houses way above the tracks. Quite a number of eight story apartment houses.

Crossing a small bridge. Sterile Surgical Dressings manufactured here.

This is New Rochelle.

The homes here seem to be quite dilapidated. Families sitting on the sidewalks as they have no place else to sit.

This is Mamoriereck,(?) then Rye, N.Y., Port Chester. Just past about twenty five weeping willows that were very tall.

Passing through a little French Village with lovely parks laid out like little islands. Ocean along here so the little Islands are surrounded with water, of course.

We are now crossing another bridge.

Passing through Riverside N.Y. and Old Greenwich,(?) N.Y. There is a search light high on water tower. Can see the ocean beyond.

Passing through Stamford, Connecticut. Could see the gilded dome in the distance. Rows of pretty houses along here and the tracks are down below them. We are following the coast line.

Passing through Darien. Just crossed another bridge.

It is getting too dark to write much in my little book now.

I guess we are missing quite a lot now. Lots of factories along here working late at night. The tracks are above the houses now, and can look down on the houses now. Passing through

Bridgeport. This is where Hazel was working at one time. Quite a few defense industries along here.

It is raining a bit and at the little station a stunning bridal couple got on our train.

Everyone seems to be getting a kick out of them.

The bride was sweet and dainty and she was looking all around for a seat. The soldier boys looked at her admiringly and I heard one of them say "She can sit in my lap, I wouldn't mind a bit." That got everyone giggling.

The groom came in, what a swell looker. The remarks of the soldiers had him so flabbergasted he was bumping into all the seats with his two suitcases. They made a stunning looking bride couple.

We are crossing another bridge now.

Another bridge had to be crossed too.

As we are still following the shore line, the conductor came through hollering pull down your curtains on this side everybody. Nothing to do now but try and catch some sleep. We are getting nearer Boston now.

Dorothy was asleep but the conductor came through hollering "show your tickets everybody," that scared her awake.

He looked at her and said doesn't she look terrible when she is asleep. She didn't, she looked pretty with her white skin and cheeks pink from sleeping.

Got into Boston about midnight then got right into a train that took us right to Braintree. Dorothy called Eddie Crane to see if he would come down and pick us up. He did of course. He is one swell guy. When we got home so tired we could fall asleep standing up we couldn't find a key to unlock the door, and everyone seemed to be dead to the world. There was nobody here with life enough to let us in.

Well we finally got in and I took time to get my pajamas out of the bag, shove the bag under the bed and then I fell into my good old bed with a feeling I'd like to sleep until next summer without any interruptions.

Well, this is the end of our wonderful trip but still there is no place like home.

When I'm an old grannie hobbling around with crutches and my fading eyesight too dim to read all this I'll still be able to picture it all in a dream I hope.

G.S.F.

