



Gratia A. Countryman and Family Papers.

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S.S. "CITY OF HAMBURG"

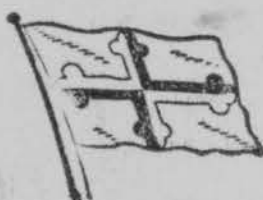
May, 16th, 1935

BALTIMORE MAIL LINE

JOSEPH E. LEE,
COMMANDER.

FAREWELL

DINNER



Caviar sur Canapes .

Iced Honeydew Melon .

Celery, Radishes, Sweet Gherkins, Queen & Stuffed
Olives .

Cream of Tomatoes . Consomme Brunoise

Fried Lemon Sole, Potatoe Salad, Brunswick Style .

Banana Fritters with Maple Syrup .

Calf's Head with Vinegrette Sauce .

Filet Mignon Fried Tomatoes .

Braised Maryland Turkey - Dressing - Cranberry Sauce

Cream of Cauliflower Fresh String Beans

Asparagus en Beurre .

POTATOES : Baked, Mashed, Parisienne & Candied Sweet

Hearts of Lettuce and Tomato Salad
Russian Dressing .

COMPOTE : Pineapple & Peaches .

Strawberry Shortcake Coupe a la Cardinal
Manhattan Ice Cream Petit Fours .

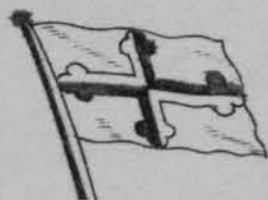
CHEESE : Edam Camembert Roquefort Bel Paese
Cream & American .
Toasted Crackers .

Fresh Fruit Bowl Mixed Nuts & Raisins

DEMI - TASSE .

①

BALTIMORE MAIL LINE



ON BOARD S. S.

Norfolk.

Thursday

May 9, 1935

My dear family.

I think I will write my first diary letter to you, repeating perhaps, but recording all that has happened since I left you standing on the platform. Your telegrams & letters together with many others reached us on board, and was a glad last reminder of you all.

When we arrived in Chicago, Wellington met us out on the train platform, and we checked our bags and all had breakfast together in the station. I telephoned later to Louise Montgomery, but she was out.

Then Clara Baldwin made connections with her nephews. Miss Jordan went shopping. Wellington and I went up to see the building where he works, and then to the Y.M.C.A. building where he lives very comfortably.

Then I went back to the A.H.A.

headquarters. When Mr. Jordan
also met us. and were taken
out to lunch with Mrs Russell
Mrs Beatty, Miss Vosper, and with
Mr Vitz of Toledo, who happened
to be there. We went to the Station
Courtyard, a very good & interesting Cafe.

We all gathered again at the
train where Mrs Bailey and her two
sons met us, and the four of us
started for Baltimore at 2.45 P.M.

As we passed through Indiana
& Ohio the country looked drenched
with rain. It looks like a wet
season. We passed over the
mountains in the night, except that
I woke up early among the hills
and saw the trees beginning to turn
green and the lovely dogwood in
full bloom on the hillsides.

We reached Baltimore about 8.00
and having had our breakfast on the
train, we took a taxi (or rather
two taxis) with our bags and left them
at

at the dock. We had such an intelligent taxi driver, that we decided to have him drive us about Baltimore for two hours or so.

He took us out to Fort McHenry with a beautiful view across the Bay through old Baltimore, with its rows and rows, street upon street of solid rows of houses built right up to the sidewalk. Passed the house where "Star Spangled Banner" was written while "the bombs bursting in air" ~~the~~ were lighting the sky from Fort McHenry. The driver took us

past fine old mansions, some historic, out into the new and very beautiful new suburbs, where gardens were in full bloom; azaleas, tulips, lilacs, pink & white dogwood, weigelas, broom, were all out at once. They said that we had arrived on their first lovely day and everything burst into bloom.

Marie would have loved the gardens.

After our nice long ride, we stopped at the new library building, and went all over it rapidly with Miss Moore who used to be at Duluth.

Then we went to lunch with her

and Miss Grace, who used to be
in the St Paul library. After doing
a little shopping in the 10 cent
store, we went again to the dock
and boarded "The City of Hamburg".

It is a small ship, which
carries a great deal of freight
and only 80 passengers. But our
stateroom is a large room, with
lots of light and air, easy chairs
writing desk, and bath. Just as
comfortable as can be. The whole
passenger section is compact
and delightful. Everybody travels
in the same class. A good
many children are on board. Our
steamer's chairs are on the sunny
side in a glassed in promenade.

After watching the boat pull
out, we unpacked & settled,
had a very good dinner and
went to bed early. We had
a great many flowers, packages
letters & telegrams. We sailed down
the Chesapeake in the night,
reaching Norfolk about 5:00 A.M.

This boat has an oil burner
no smoke - no cinders. Last
night we could scarcely feel
a motion.

Evidently they began packing early
this morning, and have been busily
loading freight all morning.
Great Cypress logs have been caught
with big derricks and lowered into
the hold. Bales of cotton and barrels
& boxes of all sorts have gone down
below.

Our party which was increased
by Alice Baldwin as we boarded
the ship yesterday, took a taxi
and drove in to look about
Norfolk, but the driver was
so slow and ignorant and his
old taxi so uncomfortable
that after driving about through
some of the residential streets
we came back to sit on our
own deck and watch them
loading.

We are trying now, to
acknowledge some of the many

Letters and Telegrams and gifts
which came on board, before
we leave the U.S. Knowing that
we shall have little time on the
other side. It took us more than
an hour to read all of our letters
and unpack our boxes and flowers.
Everybody was so thoughtful of us.

And now after a good
lunch and a large cargo on board
we are at last pulling out for
the last time. We are told that
the trip may be warm, passing
across the Gulf Stream in a southerly
course. At any rate, it is very
comfortable now.

With much love and a last
goodbye. Maria



City
of
Hamburg



Spray
from
our ship

L. J.
 A. B.
 E. B.
 Strang
 C. B.
 Fire
 drill



Mrs
Corwin
 L. J. in
 background



#2

BALTIMORE MAIL LINE



ON BOARD S. S.

Thursday.

My dear family

They tell us we can mail some letters on the boat, and that they will be put on a fast liner and get to you sooner. I suppose I should write a number of letters, but I have been and am very lazy.

I have taken a nap in the morning, and often in the afternoon and slept soundly all right. I should be rested for the high life of Madrid.

The days have passed with amazing rapidity. It doesn't seem possible that we reach France day after tomorrow.

Morning. We have had a very pleasant group of people, and the Purser is a very successful host in the way of entertainment.

On Sunday he read the Episcopal Service and in the evening at Mrs Wheeler's suggestion he asked me to speak which I did indifferently well. After that everybody called me by name.

Yesterday the Chief Engineer took us down into the bowels of the ship and ~~out~~ showed us all the wonderful mechanism which runs the boat. We went down as down till we were at the bottom, then followed the great shaft out to where it is attached to the propeller.

Then he took us through the kitchen and bakery and the big refrigerators where they stock milk meat & vegetables for

the Round Trip. The meals are
very good, and we haven't lost
a one.

But we cannot boast of the
weather. It hasn't been a bad
trip, but the seas are what the
log calls "rough seas." It rolls
and tosses more or less all the
time and sometimes considerably
more. I know Marie wouldn't
like it. The sun has been ^{out} once
or twice, but it has rained on
several days. Last night the
moonlight was beautiful, but
again it is raining today.

Early in the week we received
a radio-gram from Alice & Lee
Kellogg, just saying "Hello, goodbye".
They were on a steamship passing
ours, perhaps 200 miles north,
returning from Spain. ~~Also~~ We
answered it. Mrs Bailey
received two for Mother's day from
Dana & from Charles. We are
planning to send you one tomorrow.

It seems somewhat remarkable,
but we have had good radio
reception from both continents
all the way over. I suppose
it is due to the broadcast
apparatus on board and the
aerials. The radio news comes
and is posted every day. and
the ship seems to know where
every other ship is. and has reports
on icebergs sent out by the U.S.
Coasters every day. We are not
in line with icebergs, but of course
for the broadcasts. We are on
a much more southerly course.
But the radio communication
makes one feel more secure.
and the radio in the lounge seems
to connect us with home.

My, but this Atlantic Ocean is
a waste of waters. Here we have
been picking along for 8 days
without a change, surrounded by a
gray (occasionally blue) stretch

of unending, seemingly interminable
waters. We saw the first ships
this morning - the Berengaria at
a distance. We will probably
see more now that we are
headed north as nearer the
regular sea lanes.

Speaking again of the Purser,
one of his chief evening stunts
has been a horse racing event
in the smoking room. It
consists of six little wooden
horses that move along a
course, according to the
throw of dice. All of us
have engaged in reprehensible
gambling, taking a chance
on our favorite number. It
has made lots of merriment,
as everybody attends and roots
for his horse when it moves.

He has tried to stage
dancing, but not even the
young people have responded.

This morning is still rough, but much better. We sighted the light on the Adley Isles late last evening. We expect to land about 200 o'clock.

Presumably because it is a little too rough. No one has dressed very much even for dinner, but tonight is the Captain's dinner and tomorrow we will re-pack our boxes for an early landing Saturday morning.

We have had a bunch of interesting little children about the same age who race around merrily. Two have a Persian father and an American mother returning home to the Zehran.

Another self styled little red head travelling with her Aunt, is getting much discipline from the other children.

I met her alone this morning and I asked her where her playmates were. "They won't play with me" disconsolately. "What have you done to them" say I. "Oh, I was just trying to play a little trick, a very very little trick, and there was a misunderstanding".

Saturday morning. Well, we didn't pack yesterday. We were on the bridge in the morning. But right after dinner a hurricane struck us coming down from the North Sea. We were in the trough, & rolling furiously for about ten hours. Everything in the state room danced about. We played on deck for it was a gorgeous sight, until supper time.

No. 3.

Paris
Hôtel de Paris
Monday. Evening.

Dear family

After our terrific storm at sea on Friday, and with little sleep Friday night, we were pretty tired when we landed still in a rough sea.

We had an hour or two after we went through the motions in the Customs house. A perfectly enormous Customs room & reception hall has been built since we landed before.

Some friends we met on the ship and ourselves had chocolate together in the magnificent R.R. station, glad enough to eat at a table that stood still.

We loved the scenery up to Paris especially up to Rouen, which seemed very familiar. It had been raining and squaring, and everything looked washed clean, apple & plum trees in bloom. It was still raining

when we reached Paris. The

Porter from the Hotel met the "Countryman party" at the train and saw that our numerous bags were transported safely to the Hotel de Paris.

Such a lot of bags as we have - fourteen, I think. Such a nuisance, takes one cab to transport the bags.

We had very lovely rooms assigned to us, and took our very late dinner in a very large dining room, with a very gay crowd, and a really good woman's orchestra.

Cook's man met us with our tickets to Madrid, and things were considerably muddled, which I won't stop to explain, but will explain later to Chandler & Schilling. Indeed

Cook's man made a mess of the tour, as everyone here at the Empress is soon about it. They seem to have sold us our tickets, and are then failing to furnish what they sold us. Probably it will get straightened out.

In Paris, we got up quite early Sunday morning and went over to the Madeleine. On the way we encountered a great parade. It was Joan D'Arc day, and all of France was celebrating it. It took hours and hours for it to pass. I hope I got a good picture. It was



Paris
Cordon of
Police
guarding
street
with
procession
on
Jeanne
D'Arc
day.



C.A.B. was
standing
on
steps
of
Madeline
taking
procession

great impression, Docters, Nurses,
Boy Scouts, School children etc.

We got off on a 11³⁰ train
for Madrid. Had ^a Chair ~~car~~
car to Irun on the border
where we changed to sleeping
cars after much confusion in the
Customs with our much baggage.
It was lovely country down through
France. We went down familiar
country, through Orleans, Blois
& Tours, catching a beautiful
view of Amboise, which I hope
we may return to see. After
leaving Bordeaux, we passed
through miles of pine trees
tapped for turpentine, like those
you saw in Georgia. We came
out on the ocean at Bayonne,
and Biarritz, where we saw the
red ball of the sun drop
down into the ocean, with
the blue hills of the Pyrenees
behind us. Two table d'hôte

Business were served on the train
right at our seats. But the
Sleeping Cars - well they were
funny, I climbed up on the
top shelf in a compartment car,
as I knew I should be thrown out,
but I wasn't, I even slept
pretty well. It was a rocky
road we came over, and when
we looked out this morning it was
certainly mountainous & rocky, with
here and there a few sheep or
herds of bulls, and tiny little
fields among the rocks; long
views over valleys.

We reached Madrid about
8:00 o'clock, and I can't write
any more tonight - It has been
a very long day. We have registered
as members of the Congress, but have
been assigned to the Hotel Nacional
instead of the Palace Hotel. -
Another mistake of looks. But
it is a nice Hotel. Mrs Bailey and
I paid extra and have a lovely big
room with bath. - and so goodnight -
Glad

41. MADRID. Puerta del Sol.





112. MADRID.

Palacio Nacional

«RAPIDE

#4.

Tuesday May 21
National Hotel
Madrid

My dear family.

This is really a pleasant hotel, but we have lost most of the Spanish words we brought with us, but they are very polite & helpful. The elevator men get out each time and bows us out of the elevator. A man stands at the revolving door and turns it for us. Our room has heavy shutters which are closed up tight by the maid each night and opened again by me. I'm going to have air, if it is cold. And hey! But it is cold, with no fire anywhere. Has been raining all day. We take a taxi to go up to the Palace Hotel for meetings only 3 blocks away. The Hotel Nacional is on the Paseo del Prado, and the Prado is almost across the street from us. A botanical

garden and park is just
across from us. The Pass
is just like Euclid Ave in
Ontario, a street on each side
with a park down the center
for pedestrians, with locust
trees on each side of the walk.

But the pedestrian walk all
over the streets - If I look out
in the morning from my room
there are women with donkey
carts, streetcars, two wheeled
carts, auto buses, pedestrians, and
twice, a flock of sheep, are mixed
up in the streets. I don't see
how the little donkeys can
amble along so oblivious to the
fast moving cars on all sides
of them. But they and their
owners pay no attention, and
the auto drivers do not seem
to be annoyed at all with them.

But I must go back to
yesterday (forgetting about
the time consumed with
Cooko.) In the afternoon
at 4⁰⁰ o'clock, we had our
first general session at the
big hall of the University. We
dram in a taxi through streets
and streets. Madrid is a
very big city and I don't think I
could ever find my way about.

We stopped at a narrow street
with crowded buildings like great
office buildings, and right in among
them was this big hall. We
couldn't hear very well, and the
photographers kept flashing light-
for pictures, just like home.

We heard our own Dr Bishop,
who is President, but the
others talked in Spanish. One
person spoke in a very enthusiastic
earnest way and we were told
that it was a very impressive

Paper by the man who is
leading the progressive movement
in education in Spain. ^{Ortega y Gasset}
^{Result of}

Our meals are quite
irregular, according to our ideas.
We get our breakfast about 8⁰⁰
consisting of coffee con leche, a
hard roll or two + marmalade.
Then back at 1⁰⁰ o'clock for
luncheon (almuerzo) which is
a full 4 or 5 course meal. Then
one is supposed to rest until
3⁰⁰ o'clock. Shops are closed.
Museums are closed. Everybody rests.

Well yesterday after the session
we came back and had tea at
6⁰⁰ o'clock. Then came the
great reception at the Palace.
It was indeed a grand affair,
but alas, it was held at 7⁰⁰
o'clock, and we were distinctly
told not to wear evening dress.
Anything held before 10⁰⁰ P.M. does not
expect evening clothes. So we went to

the reception in our evening clothes.
The Palace was an enormous affair
very ornate, but quite beautiful
with its halls, seemingly blocks'
long, brilliantly lighted, I couldn't
help but think how much more
beautiful the affair would have been
with beautifully dressed guests.
But the most grandest feature
was the Palace guards. They
were stationed throughout the
Court, in the Entrance, up the
Grand Staircases. Brilliantly
dressed guards, standing like
Statues.

We met our friends there for
the first time. When I saw
Monsieur Jisserant of the Vatican
library in his red robes, I went
toward him, as it was my
great pleasure to have him
detach himself and come forward
to greet me, calling me by name.

Our other foreign friends at Chicago were there and without exception called me by name. I think that was quite a feat of memory.

Of our Montreal visitors, only the Sournies from Derby are here. I have been with them off and on quite a bit.

Well, after seeing many pleasant friends at the reception and eating quite a delicious repast, we came home to our regular 10 o'clock dinner of several courses. And so finished our first day in Madrid - a long full hard day.

Today - Tuesday has also been full. We were told that there was to be an excursion to Toledo this afternoon. So we stood in line in the morning for our bus tickets. Then we were told that our passports had to be taken to the police headquarters personally, so we all



Castelar Square and Alcalá Street

Photo. Wunderlich



Madrid. - Prado Museum.

Photo by Moreno

tripped over there to the Seguridad,
I don't believe it was necessary, for
only a few others have done it.

Any way, I should have been in a
meeting and couldn't get there until
so late, that we all went over
to the Prado and had nearly
two hours there. Nearly all of the
fine Velasquez's which Marie
told me to see were gathered
in two rooms. We saw some

of the finest Goyas too, but
quite a number of rooms
were closed off. But we saw
enough for one day, and being
so near to us, we hope to go
back again.

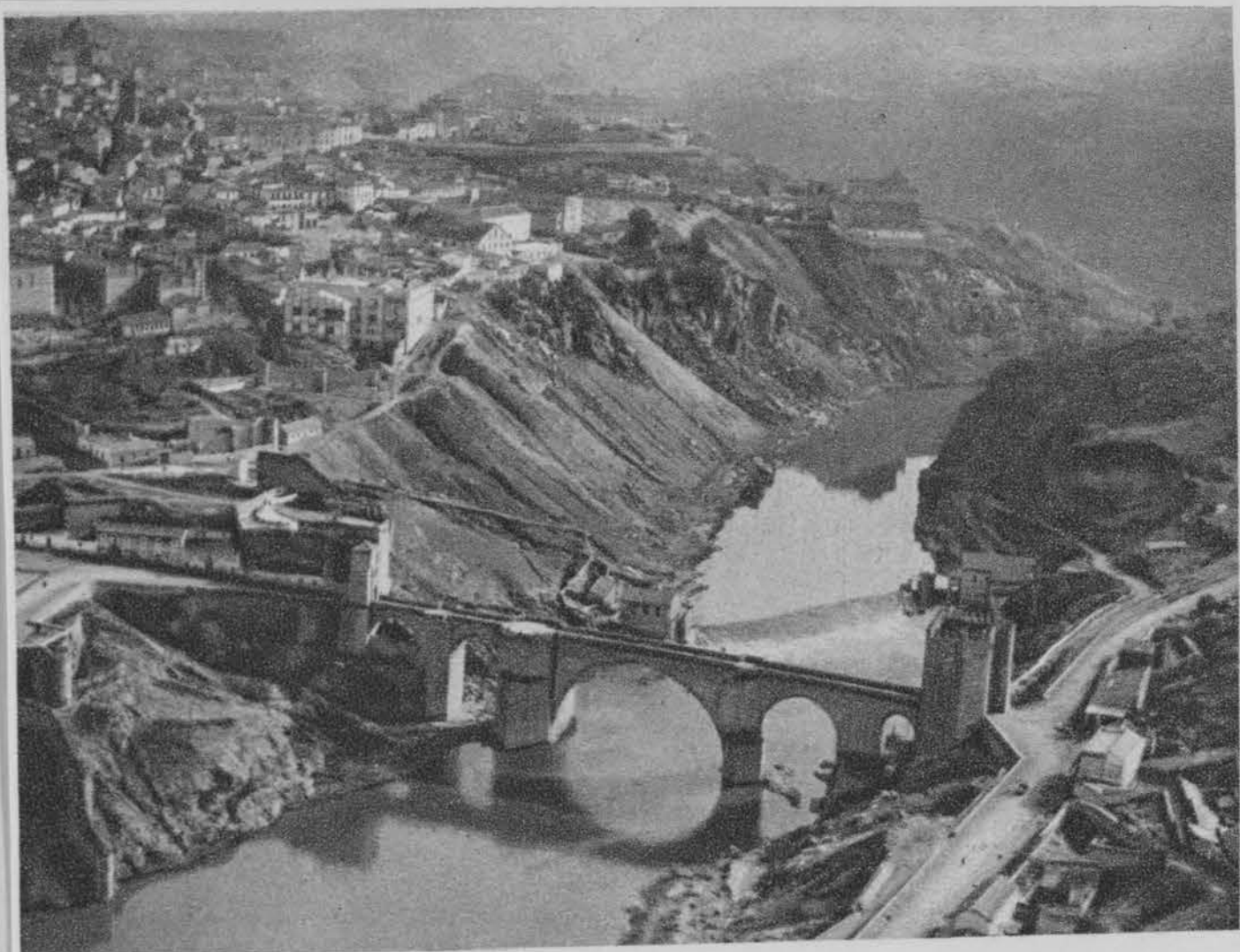
It is still very cloudy with
occasional showers, but it
didn't interrupt our excursion.

We started in 6 or 7 auto buses -
nearly all of the Congress that
were foreigners. It was about
a 2 hour auto trip to Toledo.
Unfortunately for us, our bus had

a puncture about a mile
out, and we had to walk most
of that distance.

And how can I describe old
Toledo. All of its streets built for
foot passengers & donkey travel -
often not more than 8 feet wide.
The street that we entered up to
the Public Square was the only one
that could be traversed comfortably
with an auto. Winding, crooked
up and down hill. Cobble stone
streets. Perfectly fascinating. I
wished that we might stay.

We were taken to the wonderful
old Cathedral - a very large one. Which
has belonged alternately to Moors &
Christians. I was sorry it was so
cloudy as it made the interior very
dark. Mrs Bailey and I grew so tired
with our walk in, and then
around the Cathedral, that when the
Bishops & Osbourne suggested that we
go to the Hotel (a very comfortable one) and
have tea, we went, but we missed
Cervantes House & El Greco, but it
couldn't be helped. We had our dinner
at this hotel, I was with Mr. Somers, and
then drove back. So ends the Toledo day.



Partial View of Toledo and the Tagus.

Photo by Marín



World Librarians, in Spain, Hear Gratia Countryman

Special to The Journal

Madrid, May 22.—Gratia Countryman, Minneapolis librarian, told librarians of the world today how the United States spreads the gospel of books through its public schools.

The topic was one of interest to men and women gathered from all parts of the world in Spain where, until recently, only 51 of 5,000 municipalities boasted public libraries. Since the republic took over the government 100 new libraries have been started and circulating libraries have come into vogue.

But few of the countries represented by librarians, gathered under the auspices of the International Federation of Library Associations, has made such headway to unite its public libraries and its school systems as has the United States. That is why the committee stated that Gratia Countryman, pioneer librarian, was asked to tell the convention about this phase of library work.

No longer is the American school

library a box of books placed in one corner of the schoolroom for the haphazard use of pupils, Miss Countryman told her audience.

Miss Countryman spoke of American rural schools without library advantages and the schools which she has reached in Hennepin county through her use of book trucks and library stations. Her plea for more libraries and more trained librarians took into consideration the need of these children as well as of their contemporaries in the junior and senior high schools of the larger towns and the cities.

"In the new type of schools, the interests of the parents and community life are more and more considered," Miss Countryman said. "In it the child should live a normal happy life in touch with parents and teachers and the common interests in his social environment. Out of it he should come a thoughtful, self-disciplined, socially minded individual capable of further self-education. To produce this result is a joint enterprise of teacher and librarian in which the public librarian also shares."

3rd

Madrid
Wednesday

Dear girls -

This is the day that I
have been to meetings all day.
(except that all Spain closes up
from 1⁰⁰ to 3.30 or 4.00)

The Popular Library Section drew
people from all countries and it
was most interesting to have a
fine paper given in English by
a Russian woman from Moscow,
as one from China, and others
from Italy, Germany etc. I

believe 38 countries are
represented. You may be
interested to know how we
understand each other. There
was an unofficial interpreter,
a Mrs Weber who has charge
of the Children's literature in the
League of Nations Library. She

seems to understand a half
dozen languages. When a paper
was given in Italian for instance

She summarized the points quickly and gave it in French and in English, or if it was given in English, she summarized it and gave it in French & so forth. She was a perfect wonder and tied the speakers together. We seemed to know just what was being said. It was a most interesting experience, and when we closed, a very friendly understanding seemed to pervade the whole group. It is remarkable how the free popular library is taking root everywhere. In some ways they are already ahead of us.

Mrs. Helen Leroy was a charming woman, young and attractive. These European scholars & librarians speak several languages with fluency. They turn from one to another as they meet different people.

Well tonight, we had a chance to dress up. We were given tickets to the theater. As it began at 10.30

(2)

We had to have our dinner earlier - at 8.30. It took until 9.30 for that, it usually takes an hour both for luncheon and dinner, then we dressed up in evening dress, took a taxi in the pouring rain. It rains every day.

The theater was a large oval room, the seats on the ground floor were all on a level. Then the boxes rose in 5 tiers all around the room from the floor almost to the ceiling. The play was one of Lope de Vega's old plays, and was excellently done.

We enjoyed it very much. Reaching home about 10⁰⁰ P.M. These Spanish Towns are very queer. Matinees and bridge parties come about 6 or 7 o'clock, then dinner then a show or theater or party.

One does not wear evening dress unless it is after 9⁰⁰ P.M. The men of the Cuyeros Town seem

Much disappointed because they
could not wear evening dress.

Some of them having bought them
in purpose for this affair.

But all receptions are evidently
coming early.

Thursday -

More troubles today, this
time with our passports. We
bought only transit visas, and
were to get return transit visas
here at Madrid. It wasn't a
good idea. The Consul couldn't
get them for us, sent us to the
French Consul. He sent us to the
American Consul who gave us
a letter. Then we had to have
our photographs taken again.

Fortunately Clara B. had a letter
of introduction to a Miss Sweeney
and she went all around with us,
and promised to go after the
photographs tomorrow, take them
to the French Consul, and deliver
the passports to our hotel, which
we go to tomorrow.

I also had a letter to a Miss Martine, and it turned out that she and Miss Rooney work together in a girls school a residential school. They invited us out to their rooms for tea. This school & home for students ~~for~~ was started by the Gulicks of New York. and is maintained by Americans. A group of Smith girls and a member of the Smith College faculty are there each year. But mostly Spanish girl students are there. We had a delightful time but I feel like a wreck tonight and am going to bed early.

Friday This has been a great day. We had expected to go by train to Salamanca and stay over night, but Cooks changed and sent us down by bus. We had our breakfast in our rooms at 6:30 and boarded a bus

at 7.30 It was a fine
hours ride over a very
wild, rocky high country.
We crossed the Guadarrama
Range of mountains, snow covered,
and poor resorts and Sanatoriums
which ought to be delightful places
in summer. It was raining much
of the trip, but not enough to
obscure our view. One bus
broke down, but not ours this
time, so the passengers had to
be spread among the other
buses, crowding us considerably.
We passed through Avila,
and stopped outside to get a
good view of the old walled
city. ~~The walls~~ ^{The walls} are remarkably preserved,
having been repaired by Ferdinand
& Isabella. How old they are
I do not know. Just outside the
walls, a fair was taking place,
with flocks of sheep & cattle, and
the quaintest people, loaded
donkeys and bustle & strange voices
& dress & manners.



Women
washing
clothes
in pool.

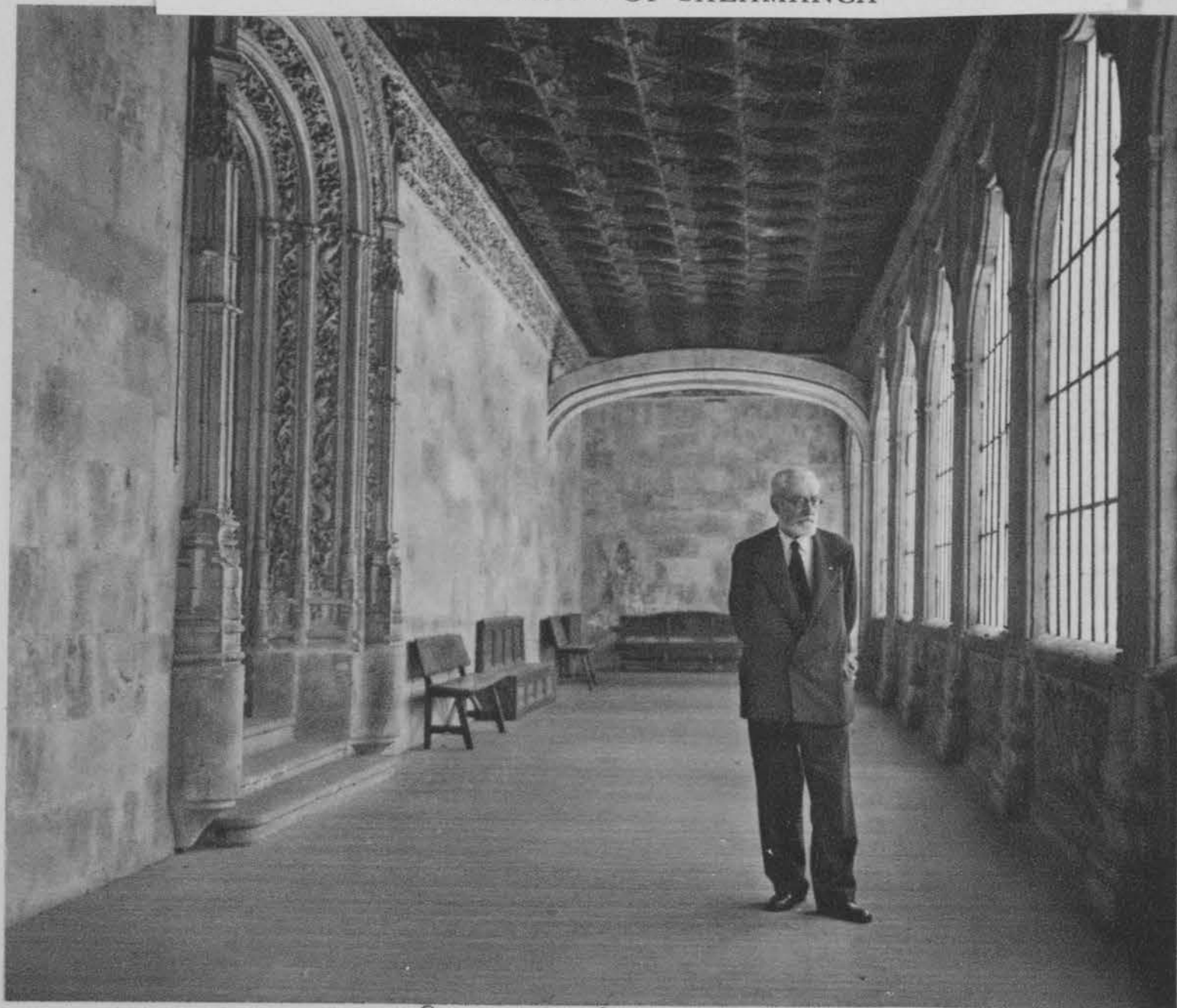
on way to
Salamanca



Avila. a walled city
near Salamanca
(dark, rainy day.)



UNIVERSITY OF SALAMANCA



Ugarmuno. Prof at Salamanca.

Bayonet Area, the road was
almost straight on level ground
through vineyard & pasture land.

• We saw Salamanca through the
mist
~~road~~ approached over a beautiful
old Roman bridge over the
Tormes river. We entered
a great square through an
arch. This square was
surrounded by very attractive
buildings all the same height
the same architecture, which

• gave a most pleasant effect
than our irregular sky line.
In the center was a large
open flower garden of blooming
fancies. Around the buildings
was a covered promenade, so
that one walked all around
the shops about the square
under cover. Everybody was

• doing just that, hundreds of
young men students, here at
Salamanca for examinations today.

For this is a very noted old University, Students - seemed to fill the whole promenade. For we arrived at lunch time and then were out - 7 - door restaurants all around. We got our lunch at the Gran Hotel, and then went with guides up to the University, through Class rooms, into their fine old library and down in the Courtyard, An old Assembly Hall with heavy log seats and heavy log writing desks, if you can call them that, were still preserved from the ancient days.

I won't try to describe the enormous Cathedral which we visited with a guide, nor the Province Hall where a dignitary welcomed us, nor the City Hall where we were again welcomed and seated in the Council chairs and served wine and bonbons.

We started home in pouring rain for a 15 mile bus ride and are now tired, We are.
Goodnight - G.A.B.

#6

Madrid
Saturday - May 25

Dear ones all

This is our lose day
in Madrid. For the first time
it ceased raining and we have
had a beautiful sunny day. Up
to this time we have lived in
our coats all the time. to meals
to meetings, & everywhere.

But today the whole feeling
of the city has changed. Every
body is out on the streets,
"Tomando del Sol."

This morning we went to
visit various libraries, - at least
the Congress did. We went only
to the Nacional Biblioteca -
Containing one million volumes,
30,000 of which are manuscripts.
Many beautiful ones were on
exhibition. Students were working
everywhere, the great reading
room seemed as full as our
Library of Congress. We were in

The Stockroom, which is large
light and very well arranged with
steel stocks. But our more
interesting conversation was with
the Inspector of the new travelling
library system. Three or four of us
took him all to ourselves. He
spoke English very well, and we
were much impressed by his spirit
and what he has done in 2 years.

From there we were taken to
a great publishing house - Calpe's.
The printing presses were busy
with a "great Spanish Encyclopedia."
We were allowed to go all over
the plant. Where the maps &
colored illustrations were being printed,
through all the processes until it
was bound. We were refreshed
here with wine and cakes - tho some
of us preferred lemonade which was
also served.

We were very tired by this time
and went back to our hotel for
lunch. Later we went back to
the Palace Hotel - where joyfully

We found 4 letters from home.

Also our corrected passport.

Which that dear Miss Sweeney
had left for us.

We decided to take a drive
about the city. We got a very
nice limousine taxi, and a
man who understood what we
wanted and we had a very
satisfactory drive about old
Madrid and the fine new streets
and modern buildings.

After that we thought we would
like to see the crowds, and
so there was a big flower show
in stalls along Castellano Avenue.
We went first up to the Embassy
tea room for tea and then
walked down past the flower
stalls through the crowds. That
Avenue is as wide as Summit
Ave at its widest. Everybody
was out on the sidewalks, rich
and poor, looking very happy like

a Holiday Crowd. Mr Bent
a big bouquet of flowers out to
Miss Sweeney who was so kind
to do. She says these crowds are
out every day & evening on food
days.

Well, we feel comparatively
well satisfied now to leave
Madrid, except that I would
like again to spend a day
in the Prado. It is one of the
best arranged galleries I have
ever seen. But so large that one
can enjoy but a small part of it
at once.

Our drive took us
through the great park El Retiro
which was directly across from
our hotel, but too large to see
without a car. For anyone who
could walk no better than I. The
flowers ~~have~~ ^{are} late in coming out,
but still they were lovely.

Well - goodbye Madrid, I don't
suppose we shall ever return to it.
And now we are off to Seville.

SEVILLA
TIPOS ANDALUCES - TRINI LA SALEROSA



H. Banning
Sevilla



BAILES ANDALUCES, EL VITO

SEVILLA

Sunday. Mr Lam Open

this whole day on the train.

I don't think much of their Train, if ours was first class, I don't know what 3rd class could be.

But the whole Congress was together and as we had gotten acquainted with members of them we had a jolly time visiting each other in the various compartments.

Much Spanish, German, Italian and English all mixed up together.

A very good Table d'Hôte dinner was served in 5 or 6 courses on the diner, but we were late getting in to Seville and had a mad scramble with porters, there weren't half enough to move us all. The bus to our hotel -

The Cristina, had gone by the time our bags had been

identified, so Mrs Bailey and I were shunted into a taxi with the mildest driver and went tearing through the town at break

neck speed. At any rate we
all arrived at a very nice
hotel, and proceeded as fast
as we could to our 10.30
dinner. Having had nothing since
11.30 a.m. when the first section
of diners went into the dining car.
It has taken us 10 hours to get
from Madrid; much of the time
it has been raining. We do hope
for a clear off.

I don't see why anyone would
want to read these letters.

They are written between 11⁰⁰ and
1⁰⁰ o'clock at night when I am
dead tired. There is no place
to sleep in these busy days, and not
much chance to rest or sleep.

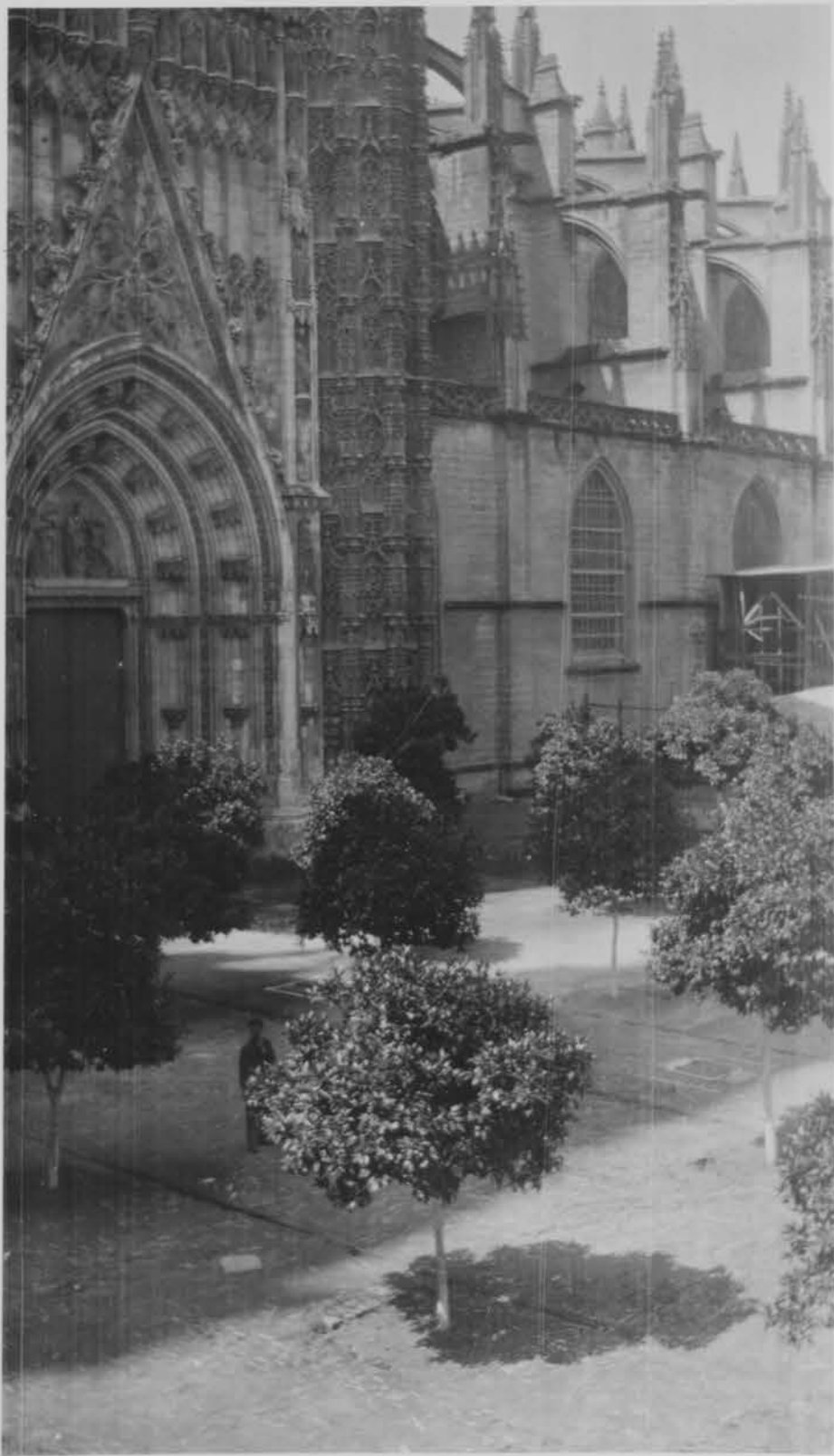
The Spaniards get along with
these hours, by resting in the
middle of the day. but we have
something important planned
for us every day. and don't want
to miss anything. We feel that we
are not seeing half enough as it
is.



Seville
Cathedral

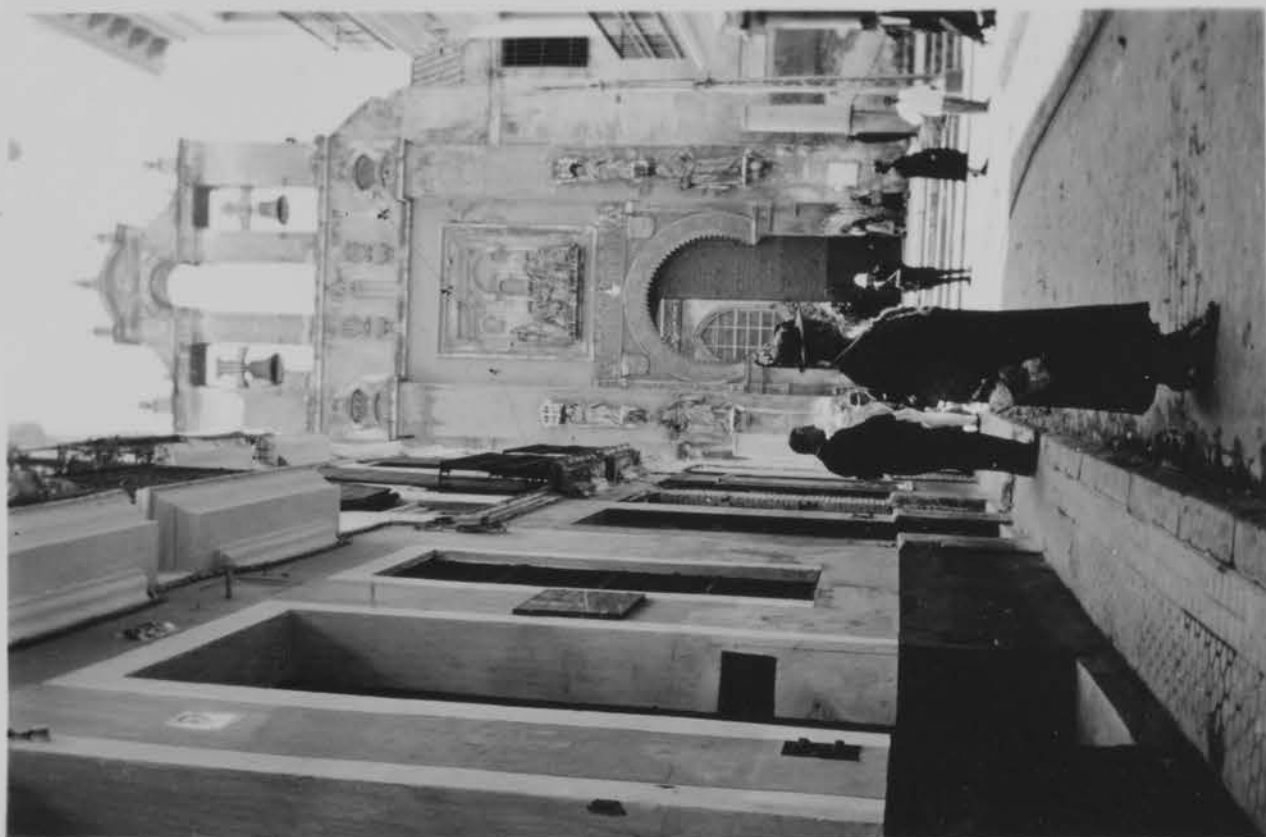


Beggars
on
porch
of
Cathedral.



n

Court
of
Oranges
at
Cathedral
Seville



Mrs Bailey
on street
before
Cathedral
gate.

Monday - a marvellous day in ~~my~~ Seville. I started to say old Seville, as it is that part that we have visited. But Seville is a fine center of industrial activity, with great ships coming up the Guadalquivir to her docks. - a city of 300,000. She exports olives & olive oil, tobacco in all forms, fruits and in fact there are important copper mines near by.

The cathedral is magnificent. It reminds me of Chartres more than anything else, except that these Spanish cathedrals place the high altar & choir stalls in the center. Mrs Bailey is so pleased with her first cathedral and they have been very beautiful. The stained glass here is very beautiful, with much lovely light blue glass which I don't remember elsewhere.

The Cathedral is very rich in treasures, and by the beautiful gold reliquaries for sacred objects, one realizes the treasure of gold ~~which~~ which once poured into Spain ^{from the Americas}. Indeed there is a tower near our hotel called the Torre del No. Christopher Columbus ^{is in the Cathedral} supposed to be buried here, and there is a large tomb for him. Over the corridor from the Giralda tower is the Chapter library which contains the library given them by Columbus' son, with many other valuable manuscripts and letters from Columbus. We had to look at them too hurriedly. In another building are all the Archives of the Indies.

But what I enjoyed most was the Alcazar, a very extensive and very beautiful old palace built by the Moors. It is in the same architecture



Gardens of the
Alcazar.





Donkeys
on
Seville
Streets.



I suppose, as the Alhambra
 We spent a number of hours
 wandering about it as the
 beautiful grounds. Later the
 same day we visited other
 old Moorish buildings - some
 of them private homes, but with
 exquisite stone carving and
 beautiful coloring and gardens.

This day has at last been
 warm and sunny and we have
 needed our coats for once.

The climate reminds me of
 California, palms, acacias, eucalyptus,
 lantana vines growing to the
 tops of our houses in heavy bloom. ~~Red~~
 Orange trees & nut trees.

Well, we closed the day ~~with~~
 with another interesting ^{evening} for
 we were invited to an Andalusian
 festival in one of the big houses.
 to which we went in full dress.
 The occasion was to show us
 the gay Spanish dances. The

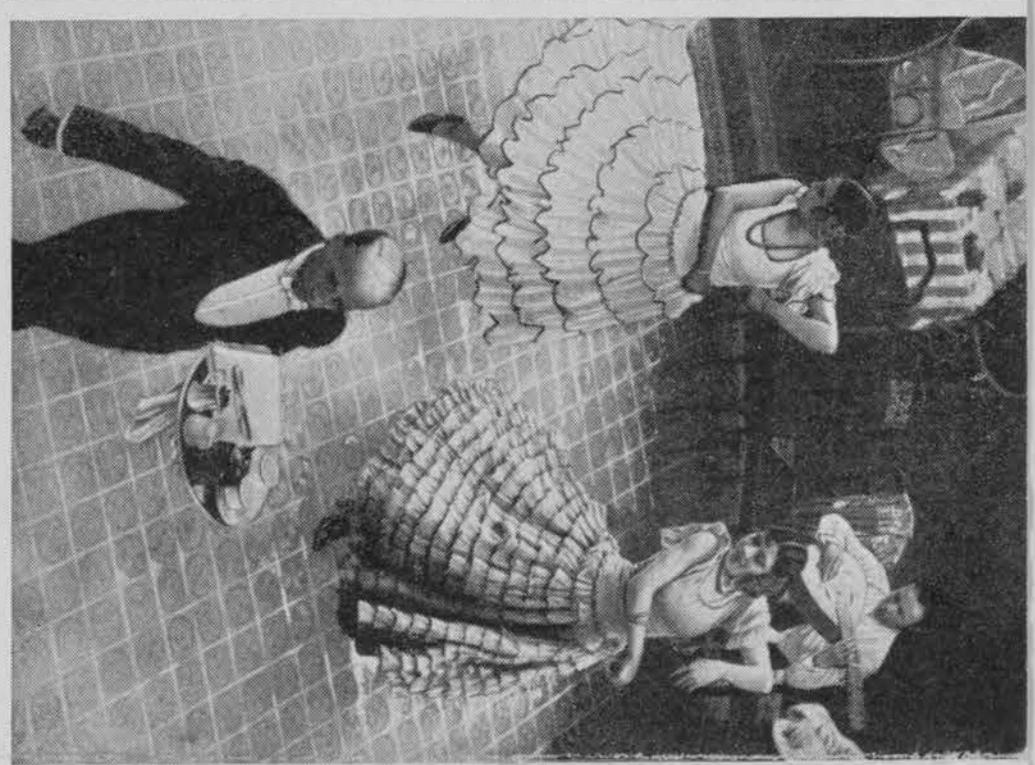
dancing girls were in their
National Costumes, and the
guests from Seville were also
in their gay Spanish ^{dresses} dances.
After the first dances, it became
a little monotonous. Several
gypsies gave us some Spanish
dances, but they all seemed
alike to me. It was very late
when we came home and the
day has been filled - It was cold

Tuesday { again in our evening dresses.
No sunny Spain here -

Today - or at least this
morning was spent in shopping
in the little shops on the Calle
del Sicares - the narrow little slit
of a street which is the best shopping
street. We have also gone again
by ourselves to the Cathedral & Alcazar.

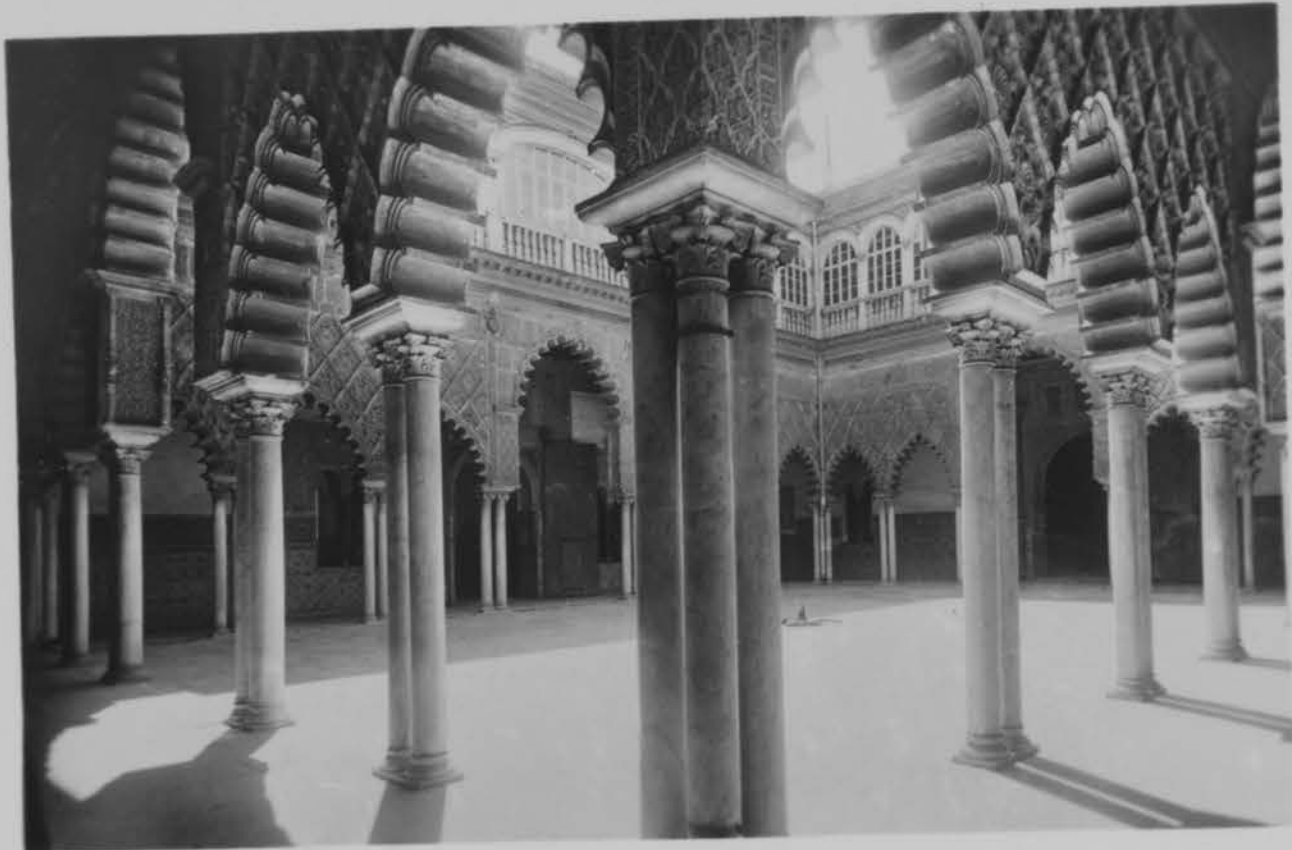
Mrs Bailey and I have given up
going to Granada. We would have had
to sacrifice our tickets and pay a lot
extra, but the chief reason is ~~that~~
because it is so hard a trip and we
are tired. Mrs Jordan will go alone.
G.A.B.

Sevilla. — Typical Dancing.

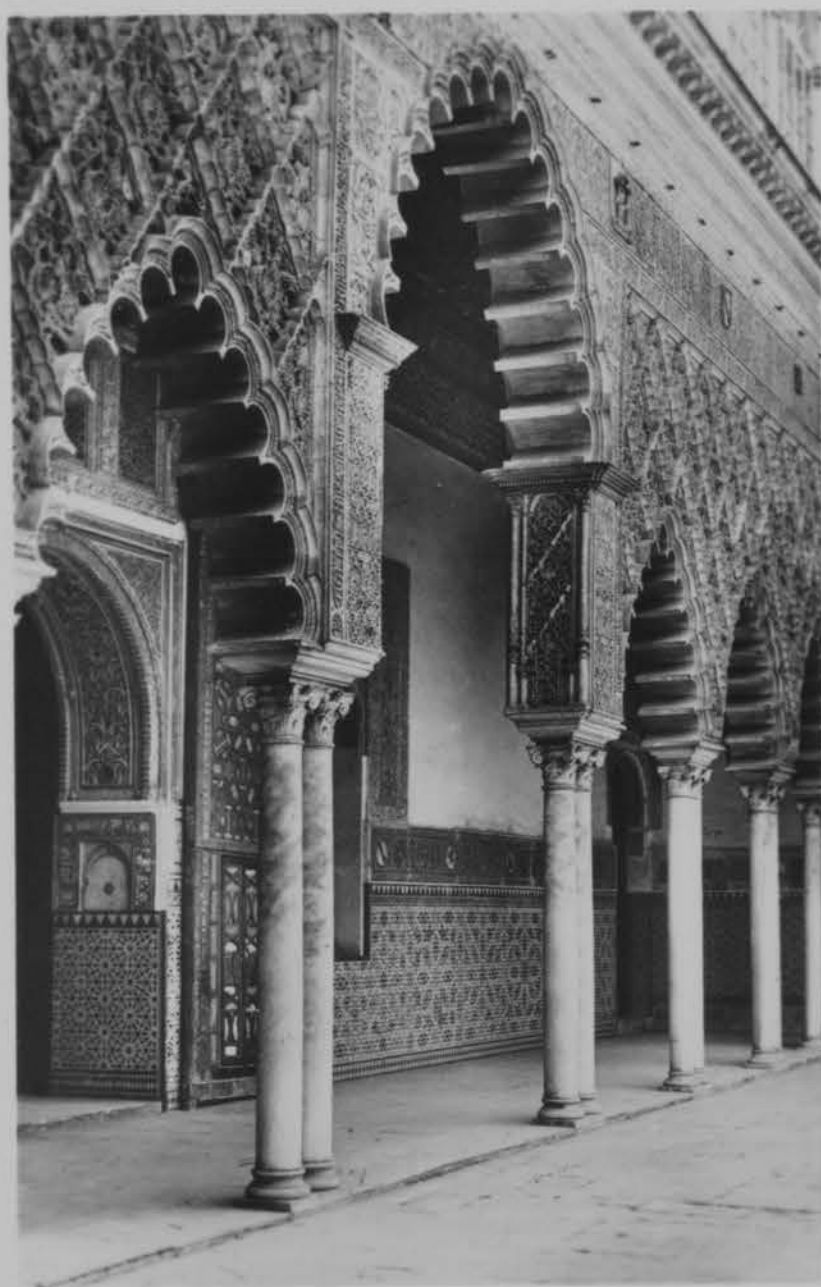


Calle Sierpes.

SEVILLA.



The Alcazar, Palace of the King





Today Morning
May 31.

My dear girls.

This is just a private letter
which I had hoped to get written
yesterday, but I was dead with sleep
last night and just couldn't.

We had such a lovely time in
Seville which I have written
about, but we really had a very
bad train trip to Barcelona.

If you have your map handy,
we came back through Cordova
and up to (Alcazar) which is nearly
back to Madrid, then on to
Valencia to Barcelona. But
the train was so dirty - only a
wee little closer for both men
and women, which didn't flush

and full price back to Barcelona

Just here the bus for Montserrat was
ready and we all boarded a very
comfortable bus and climbed a
very rocky high mountain over
a beautiful road, mostly in a
pouring rain. I'll learn the
details to my diary letters.

We have just returned to the
hotel, where I find your dear
Patricia's letter. Weren't you as
sweet to write to me. It almost
made me homesick.

I don't see why Mr. Boxall
killed my bull. My arrangement
with him ceased last November.
I only asked him to keep the
heifers for the 8 or 10 tons of
hay on the meadow. But I will
make other arrangements when
I get back and put the heifers

elsewhere.

My, but it does seem good
to hear from you. You dear home
jocks. I presume I will have
to wait now until Paris, but I
am so glad this one got to
Barcelona before we left.
We are going on to Carcassonne
tomorrow morning for over Sunday.
Marie will remember the dear
Cathedral there.

The Express closed yesterday
and the papers are beginning to
scatter today.

I'm so sorry I cannot write
you more personal letters, but
the diary needs a lot of
time and I cannot think ^{little} half
the things I would like to record.

I had a nice letter from Mrs. Black.
So I've heard from you all - but
nothing from Rosa or Custance. Do
you send them my letters.
Lovingly. Gab. & Elva B.

Mrs. Bartley doesn't say "look-it" she says "Oh dear"

We were 6 in each compartment
with no sleeping accommodations
except for a few ^{people}. The cost of a sleeper
to Barcelona was \$16⁰⁰ extra and
we hadn't engaged any. We
all slept what we could on
a rocking rough train sitting bolt
upright. We were not even
together in a party, in our compartment
were two men, and two other women
with Mrs Bailey and me. I really
slept some, but it was terrible.

The Country we passed through
the next morning was lovely, but
we did not arrive in Barcelona
until 4⁰⁰ P.M. - Traveling in
Spain is really very hard, unless
one breaks it at short intervals.

Miss Jordan separated from
us at Seville, and went to Granada.
We wanted to do so, But it was
a long hard trip, we had to ^{be} ~~had~~ to come
have had to give up our tickets and
pay full price for this extra trip

#7

Thursday - May 29.
Barcelona.

My dear family

I did not write last night
as you will find later. But
before I leave Seville, I must tell
you of an adventure. Our whole
party of "congressista" were on a
drive to the University, and to the
home (almost a museum) of a
Conde and then to an old Moorish
home + gardens belonging to the Duke
of Alva, and were returning when
the wheel of our car caught in a
tram track and broke clean off,
and rolled away. The crowds
gathered for blocks and filled the
street. They came up to our windows
which we immediately closed. I
thought we would be mobbed. They
pressed their faces against the glass
frightful faces. One of our party
spoke Spanish and she said they
were saying most objectionable things.
Our driver soon stopped one of the
other cars + put part of us into it
and we continued our drive around
the parks and the South American
Exposition grounds which are most extensive.

Madrid was pretty full of beggars
but Seville is very over run with
them. They are professionals, and are
most insistent, they are on our
hotel steps morning noon & night.
They dog our footsteps all through
the Cathedral & Streets. Here in
Barcelona they are not so bad;
indeed I have not seen any yet.

Well after much planning and
loss of time we gave up Granada
Miss Jordan has taken the extra
trip, but the Congress came on
to Barcelona. We had reserved
1st class cars, with only room for
a few on sleepers which cost \$16.00
extra for a berth. Most of the
people chose compartments, but
we were crowded together, six in
a compartment. And sleeping was
difficult, sitting bolt upright. The
trains are rough and jolt badly, and
are very dirty. Toilet accommodations
are very scanty, men & women
together. But we got through
it. The country was beautiful when
we got about this morning. Southern

Spain is very productive and
they plant every scrap of
land, up hill & down to something.
Chiefly vineyards and olive trees.
but much grain & alfalfa.

Around Valencia there are many
orange groves, and they have
extensive irrigation systems and
grow much rice. This part of
Spain is very different from the
rocky country around Salamanca.

We came out on the Mediterranean
at Valencia and followed it
most of the way, through
Zaragoza and many resort
towns on the coast. It is a
beautiful combination of mountain
and sea, looks like the Riviera.
On most of the hills, is an old
fortress or castle, or watch tower,
full of history. I suspect,
We were late getting in to

Barcelona, but are in a very
fine hotel and have very nice room
and bath. We have been out
strolling about as the Spaniards do

And for a change on Town had a nice day. Our hotel is in the very center. The great Plaza de Catalunya is in front of us, a very wide Rambla on one side of us and another opening off the Plaza. On one side of the Plaza is old Barcelona with its narrow winding street, while on the other side is the more modern. We rambled down to the Cathedral, and the beautiful old buildings of the Province and city government. Barcelona is a most awake, busy bustling city. And doesn't really seem Spanish. The Catalans feel superior to the rest of Spain and are not co-operating very well with the Government. Well - after an early dinner, about 9:00 P.M. - We must turn in and make up our sleep.

Thursday.
Feel much better today. good bed
good bath and good meals. and the
sun shining.



BARCELONA - 42

Plaça de Catalunya i Passeig de Gràcia
Plaza de Cataluña y Paseo de Gracia

Zaprona

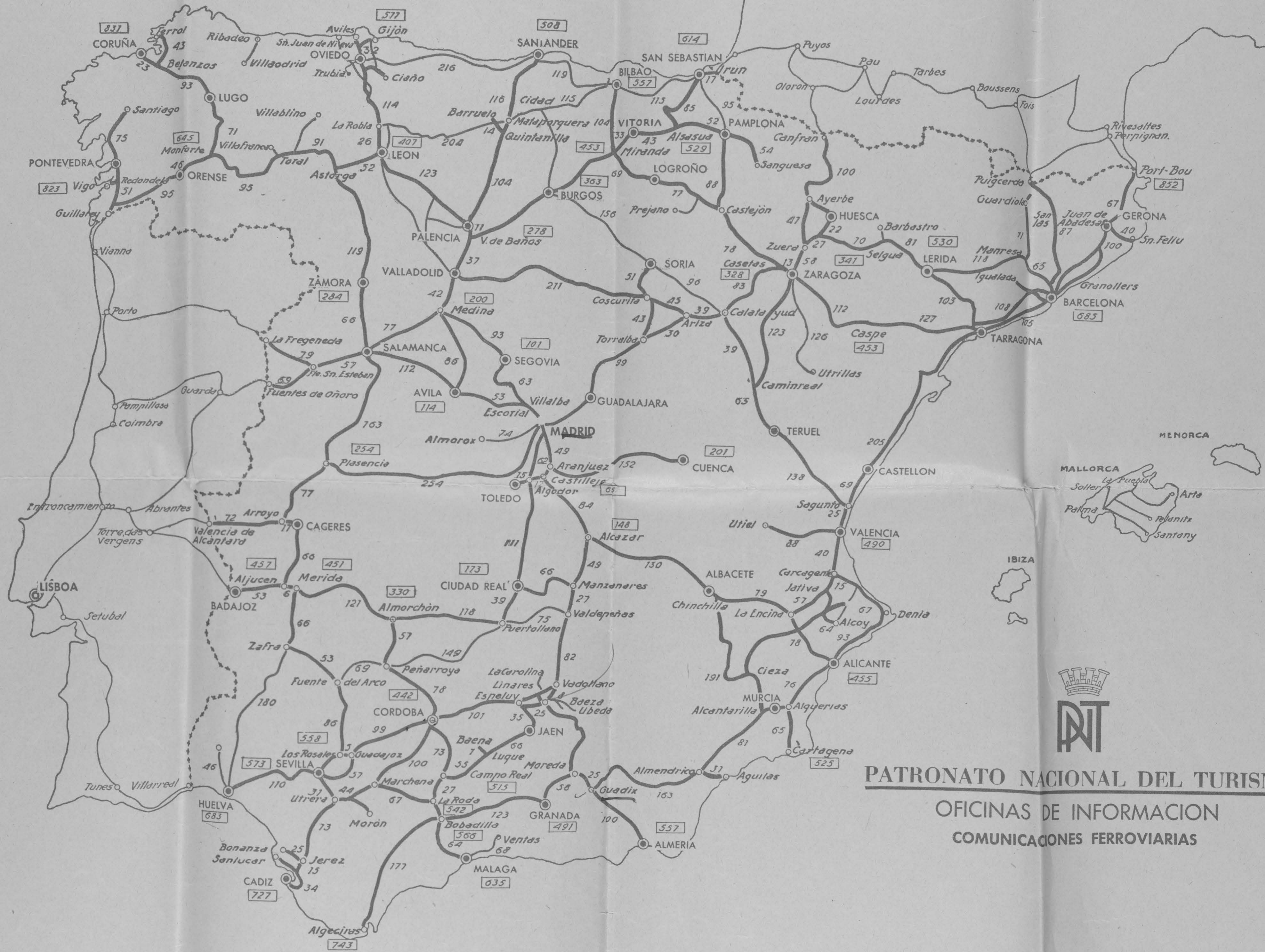


BARCELONA - 23

Rambla de les Flors

Rambla de las Flores

Zaragoza



PATRONATO NACIONAL DEL TURISMO
OFICINAS DE INFORMACION
COMUNICACIONES FERROVIARIAS



BARCELONA - 76

AVINGUDA 14 D'ABRIL

AVENIDA 14 DE ABRIL

AVENUE 14 D'AVRIL





BARCELONA - 40

CLAUSTRE DE L'ESGLÉSIA DE SANTA ANNA
CLAUSTRO DE LA IGLESIA DE SANTA ANA

Zerowitz

While the others were getting
their hair washed, Clara & I
I rambled across the Plaza,
saw the crowds going toward
an old church and followed
them. This is Ascension Day
and special services. So we
followed around into some old
cloisters, into a beautiful patio
and found a long old church
which hasn't been in sight. We
went in, but heard some lovely music
from ringing and a sweet toned organ.
Then we came out and saw our

American flag on the Consul's
office (I suppose) flying at half mast.

We wondered why, but Clara
believed that it was Memorial Day.
We wandered on down the broad
Rambla and unexpectedly came on

a beautiful flower market
reaching down both sides like
for a couple of blocks. We stopped
at almost every stand, the roses
lilies, sweet peas &c were so fragrant
and fresh.

Then we came back to Cook's and tried to straighten out another trouble. We had bought round trip tickets to Paris, but for some reason, we did not have tickets from Barcelona to Leerbere on the French border. Cook's agreed that we should have them, but we didn't. The office sent us down to the Francia Station, but the Interpreter said we must have to buy our tickets and put in a claim, which we have to do. We will soon be through with Cook's, thank goodness.

The last meeting of the Congress was held at 5:00 P.M. in the Hall of the Provincial Assembly of Catalonia, a very magnificent hall. Mr Bishop gave a masterly summary of the Congress, and we closed with a reception in the City Hall given by the Mayor & high-ups. Every woman was presented with a huge bouquet and we looked like a wedding procession, as we were shown about the old historic

rooms, and lovely courts and
patios. In one room which
was wonderfully lighted, the
walls and ceiling have been
decorated with scenes of the
overthrow of Constantinople by
the Catalans. It was very
interesting work by a modern
artist, in modern style, done
entirely in brown tones. I
couldn't get the artist's name
nor do I remember the historic
event. My library family will
have to do some reference work
for me.

Tomorrow a trip to Montserrat
is planned. And after another
drive about the city and a
walk down the Rambla among
the crowds, we will have to
have some more extra sleep.

We heard here of Jane Arancio's
death. Also that the Supreme Court
had decided against the N.R.A.,
and that the Senate supported the
President's veto of the bonus bill, but
no real news leaks through to us.

Saturday morning

I want to write of our trip
to Montserrat - but I will
have to leave this. We are
now on the train going into
France and I want to mail
this in Spain. We are picking
our way through the foothills of
the Pyrenees, and thanks be, the sun
is shining after our pouring
rain of yesterday.

Cook's man met us at the
station and refunded part of this
ticket to Lersere, so I think we
are through with him.

#

Friday - May 31 -
Saturday June 1
(Had to write
the day after)

8

My dear family.

Everywhere the broom and
poppies are blooming profusely in
the fields. Sometimes a whole field
will be scarlet, and the landscape is so gay.

I have been impressed several times
with the difference which electricity has made
everywhere. When we were coming home
from Salamanca, it was dark when
we ~~came~~ started to come down the
mountain into the plain. Just as we
began the descent on the valley side.

One could see dozens of little villages
scattered over the plain, like
clusters of little stars. They were
fascinating in the darkness. Every one
of those little villages was electric-
lighted. There were no overhead wires
through the country, they must have
been carried underground, for the country
is not disfigured with poles, except
the high powered lines & telephone
lines on some roads.

Then again in Seville, the high altar
in the Cathedral, an enormous room
enclosed in marvellous iron grill
work with one whole side clear to the
ceiling a magnificent gold background

with very elaborate food figures
and ornamentation. They turned on
an encircling group of electric
lights for our benefit. That
beauty must have been practically
unknown before it was lighted. At
any rate there was no other lighting
that could possibly have revealed it.
And it was so in a number of places.

Today we have had a very
exciting experience. A visit to
Montserrat was planned greatly to our
delight. We started in very comfortable
big buses, for a long day's ride & back.

We were out about 15 miles,
when a cloud which we had
observed, just broke on us in a
cloudburst. The fields stood in
water. There was sharp lightning and
deafening thunder. An irrigation
canal just ahead of us washed
out the pavement and logs and
brush went sweeping with the
torrent across the road. Trucks
and buses & private cars were
all stopped & stuck in the mud.

We must have been there an
hour or so. We had a splendid
driver who was cautious. He
waited until the cars were pulled

out, and the Trucks had
established a pathway through
them we all voted to go on.

We were so glad we did, for
the whole climb up that mountain
was magnificent. We wound ~~ed~~
round cliffs and precipices, over-
looking beautiful valleys, something
like the Gaspé, except that
Montserrat is one great mountain
mass rising out of the plains
over 4000 ft high. On the top
or nearly so, on a steep in the
cliffs a monastery was built
centuries ~~years~~ ago. We had not supposed
that it could be reached except
by tram or funicular. And
expected to change when the bus
got part way up. But no, that
bus crept clear to the top on
a wonderfully quiet road. This
old monastery was thought to be
the place home of the Holy Grail
during the Middle Ages - or rather
the Church of St Cecilia a bit further
down, and the scene of Parsifal may
have been laid on the plateau of this
Church

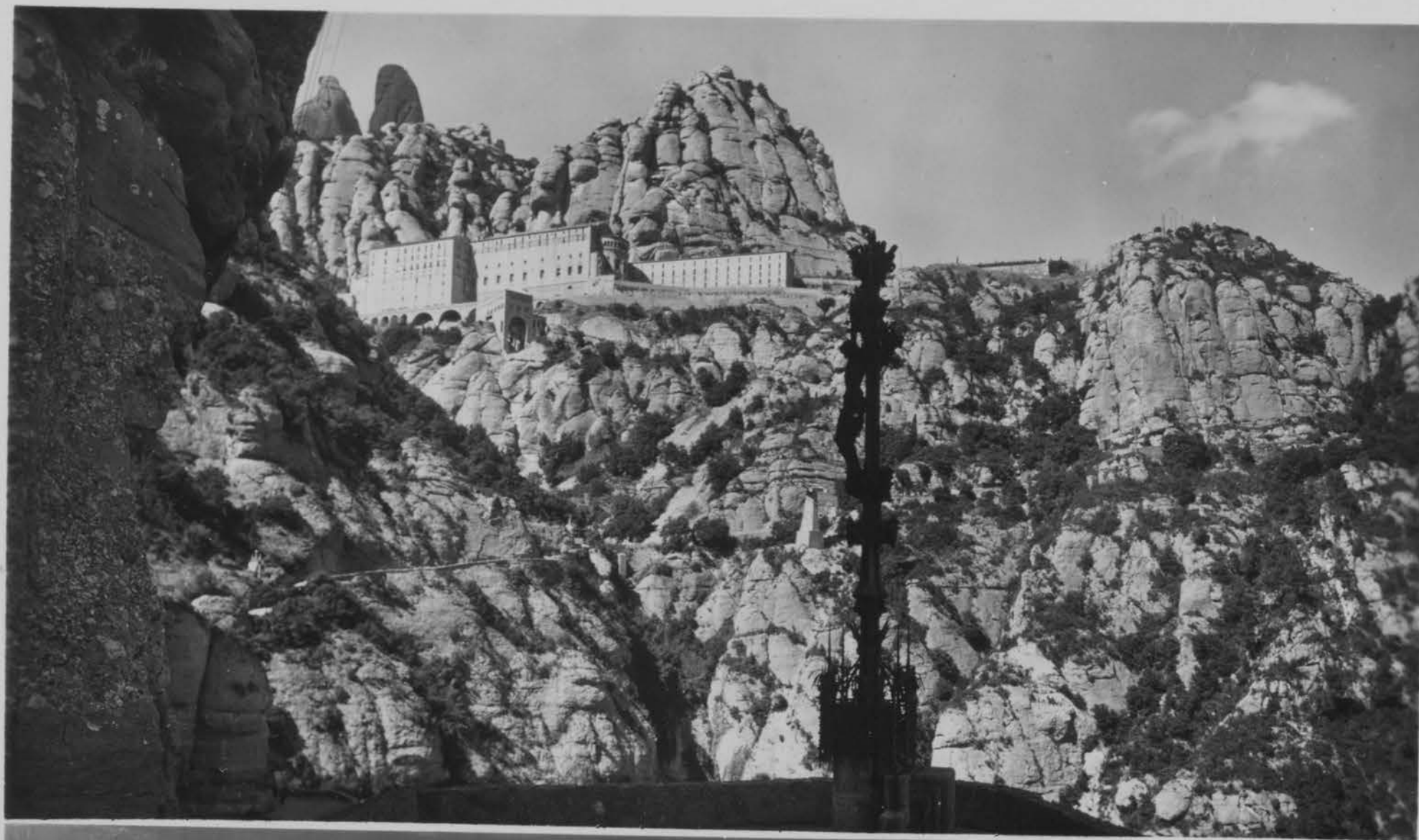
There is still a school of music at the monastery, and numbers of great musicians, they told us, had been trained there.

It is a marvellous place. Many books have been published there. They are now editing a very fine illustrated Bible, and printing it on their own presses away up there on that pinnacle.

The mountain is serrated, points and points of rocks, the serrations reaching away down the sides.

It looks inaccessible from every view point. It is however a pilgrimage, hundreds visiting it every year.

As a matter of fact, a good hotel is built on this steep of rock, and we had a full coursed luncheon there. With a miserable radio playing outrageous music in that sacred spot. The men were taken into the monks library, but the women couldn't go. The men reported that it was one of the most perfectly stocked reference library they had ever seen. Right up to date with every possible kind



Montserrat - 3

Santuario desde "Vía Rosario"

Zapana



MONTSERRAT - 35

Absis de la Basílica, nevado
Abside de la Basílica, nevado

Fot. Junqué, O. S. B.

of reference material in all languages. Carefully catalogued.

About 30 students live there carrying on their studies with these scholarly monks.

It rained softly most of the time we were there, but we were in the Cathedral visiting the wooden virgin which has been venerated here for a thousand years and is the reason for the pilgrimages - And visiting also the Museum of Palestinian and Biblical material which they have collected for their edition of the Bible.

The clouds puffed around, now lifting and showing the far down valleys, and again covering the peaks right near us. The driver ~~say~~ back was a breath-taking experience, but we had entire confidence in our good driver and not once did I try to put on the brakes to keep him. The day has been a high water mark in our travels. I wouldn't have missed it.

We took our dinner tonight at a nice little restaurant and then watched the crowds who promenade up the Ramblas. We are packing up tonight to leave Spain.

Carcassonne - Saturday June 1.

We are just crazy about this beautiful place.

We started early this morning, got to Carcassonne about noon and passed quickly through the customs as now we are in France.

The ride today was partly along the Mediterranean with the mountains on the other side. Here at Carcassonne the hills are still all around us, with the town lying in a valley.

We are in the Hotel de Cite, within the walls, with very nice rooms. We have been wandering around the little narrow streets and are glad to have the peace and quiet of this place. We need a little break in our travels as two days here will be restful. No radio here.



Carcassonne, France,
a walled city.



old well at Carcassonne
(Mrs Bailey)



Public washing place at-
Carcassonne



Inside of Carcassonne walls
Mrs Bailey and Miss Jordan

4

Carcassonne - Sunday.

It was so quiet last night after nine o'clock that it was almost oppressive after Barcelona. The Spanish Cities are terribly noisy.

This morning we went to church in the church of St Nazaire right next door to our Hotel, everything here is next door to everything else. The service was very enjoyable. It was a special day to St Jose. The Church was more than half full of children, and a band of soldiers came marching up the narrow streets into the Church and at the close played within the Church. It is an interesting old Church part Gothic, built in the 13 or 14 centuries, and half Romanesque built in the 11th + 12 centuries.

The windows are good, especially one representing the tree of life.

This afternoon we walked around the ramparts with a friend and could see off to the South the high snow-capped peaks of the Pyrenees. The views and

Coloring of the valley and of the tiled roofs below the walls are fascinating.

Miss Jordan came in on the Evening train after her trip to Granada.



Monday, June 3.

It has been a lovely day. We went down this morning to the town outside the walls. quite a large attractive town. We stopped about and ambled around & took a taxi back. Rambled about the outside walls and just played and enjoyed ourselves.

It has been so nice to take a long breath. It doesn't seem possible that we landed only two weeks ago Saturday.

We go on early tomorrow morning and instead of going to Tours which is not on the P. R. line, we will stop at Orleans, to see some Chateaux. Goodbye until next time. Gab