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U. S. SHIPPING BOARD VICE CHAIRMAN DIES

Edwarn Clarence Plummer, 69, vice chairman of the shipping board, who died in Washington last night, was a distant cousin of Capt. Carlyle Plummer of 2735 Lakeshore drive, Mrs. Joe Corthel of 3001 Procter street and Mrs. Cott Plummer of 204 Allien place. He was the first cousin of Capt. O. S. Plummer, father of the late Capt. Cott Plummer, who was the first pilot in Sabine district.

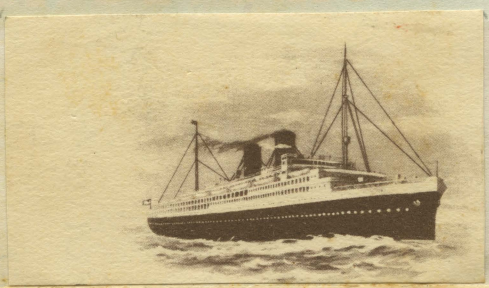
Dear Mrs. Mann:

Of Happy days in 'thirty six
Let this a mem'ry be;
When on a joyous trip we went
With Carlyle's family.

In June we sailed from Galveston
Upon the Seminole;
A most congenial bunch of six,
With New York as our goal.

There were Herbert and his father,
And Elizabeth made three;
Bertha was the fourth one,
Five and six were you and me.

The third day out we stopped and spent
The day at Miami;
We saw the home of Al Capone,
And also of John D.



Somewhere on the Gulf of Mexico
CLYDE-MALLORY LINES
S.S. "Seminole"
Thursday June 18

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Broad, breezy decks for relaxation.



This might well be Venice—but instead it's a gay Venetian Canal —in Miami.

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For Public Calamity Number One,
I'm putting Herbert in motion;
In getting water for a collection at school,
He fell in the Atlantic Ocean.

Two days more we northward sailed,
Then on Tuesday morning bright,
We woke and saw upon our left
An awe-inspiring sight.

A statue with a torch held high-
The emblem of the Free;
The symbol of the Rights of Man;
The Goddess of Liberty!

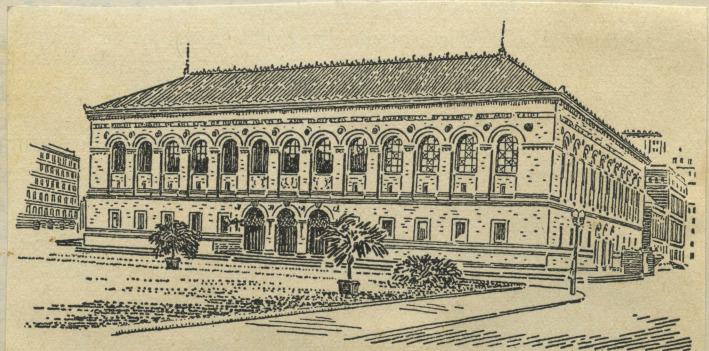


Photo by Signal Corps, U. S. A.

The Statue of Liberty

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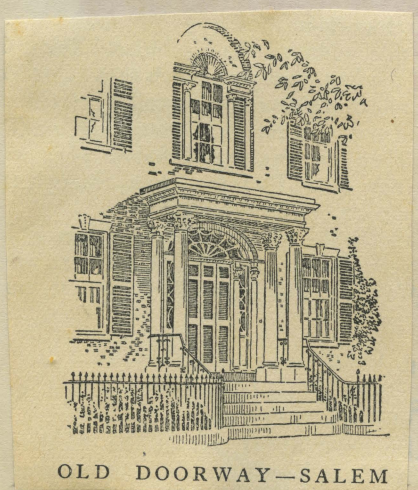
Herbert was on his way to school,
And just one day we spent
In seeing Little Old New York,
Ere he to Culver went.

Then on a boat we others sailed,
This time for Boston town-
The seat of culture,and the home
Of men of great renown.

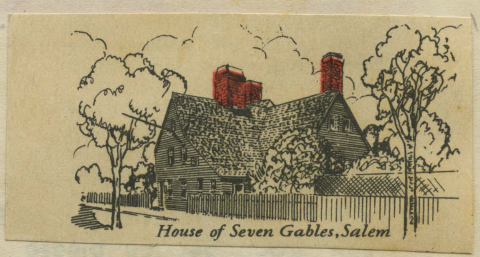
We walked on Boston Common,
We climbed the State House tall;
We went to Harvard College,
And we saw Faneuil Hall.

One day we went to Salem,
And saw the House of Seven Gables;
We saw their china and their glass,
Their highboys and their tables.

We saw the secret stairway,
That led to the secret room,
Where one could hide if e'er accused
Of riding on a broom.

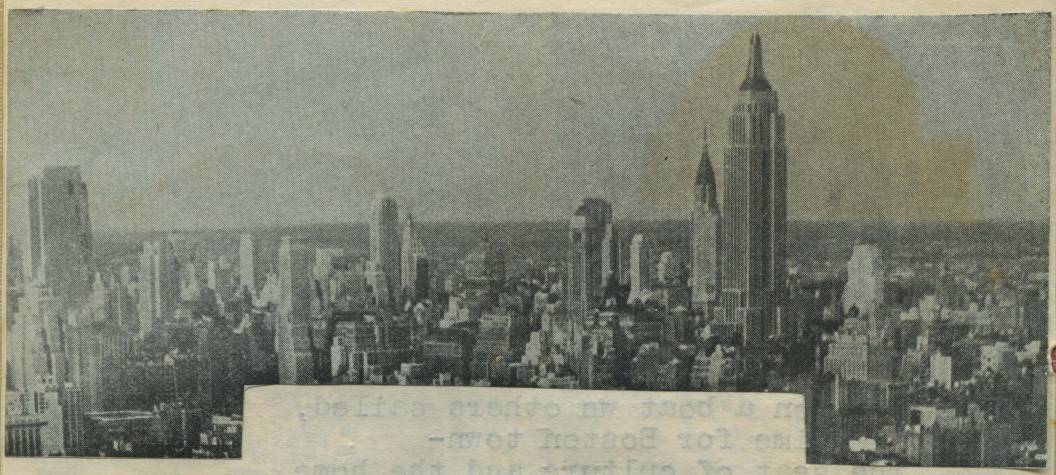


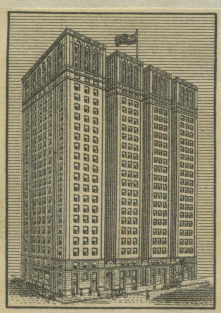
OLD DOORWAY—SALEM



House of Seven Gables, Salem

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HOTEL TIMES SQUARE

WILLIAM S. BROWN, Managing Director

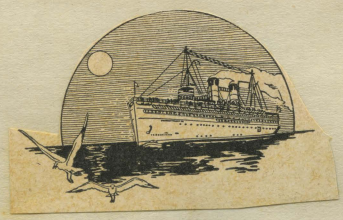
FORTY-THIRD STREET
WEST OF BROADWAY
NEW YORK CITY

LAckawanna 4-6900



TIMES SQUARE AT NIGHT

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And then we left old Boston,
"The home of the bean and the cod,
Where the Lowells speak only to Cabots,
And the Cabots speak only to God."

Then back unto Manhattan Isle-
Nine days of pure delight!
We tramped the Sidewalks of New York
From dawn till late at night.

We stopped at the Hotel Times Square,
And ate where e'er we chose;
We shopped along on bright Broadway,
For spoons and dolls and clothes.

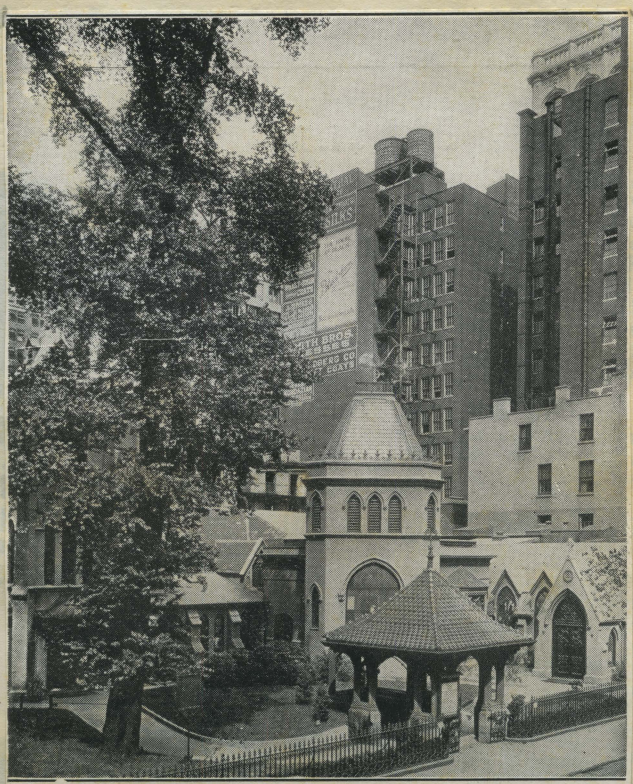
We rode upon the surface cars,
And on the two decked bus;
And in the taxis, where the fare
Seemed awful high to us.

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We rode upon the sub-way,
We rode upon the El;
We knew we would get somewhere,
But just where 'twas hard to tell.

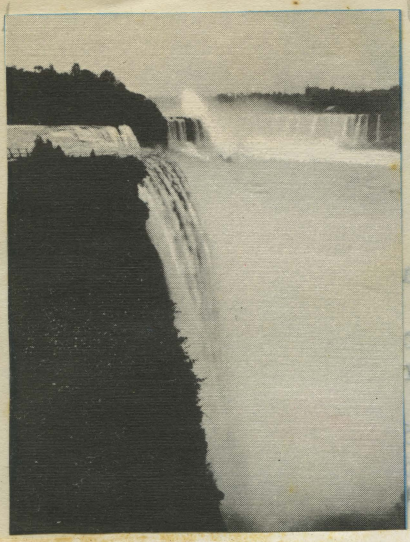
We journeyed up the Hudson,
And famed West Point did see;
That is,all of the party
Excepting only me.

We worshipped Sunday morning at
A shrine renowned from east to west;
The Little Church Around the Corner,
With its air of peace and rest.



The Little Church Around the Corner on the Downtown Trip

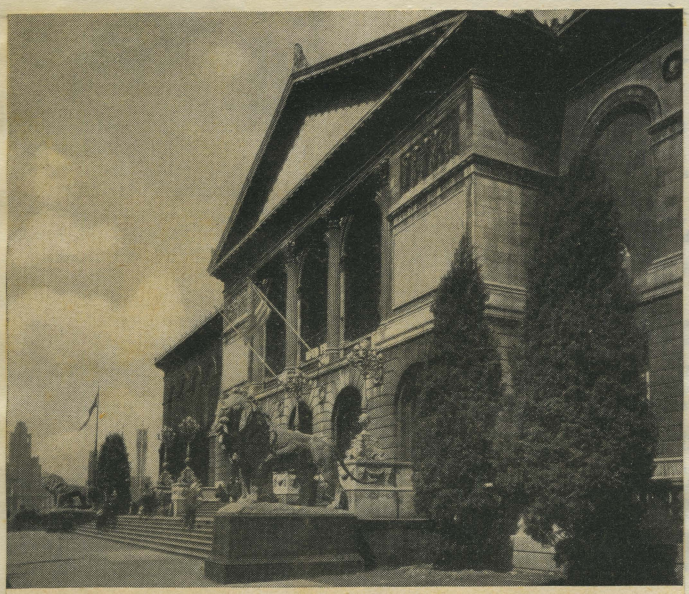
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THE
MIGHTY FALLS OF
THE NIAGARA



—ROCK OF AGES



15 — ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO
Grant Park at Michigan Avenue and Adams Street

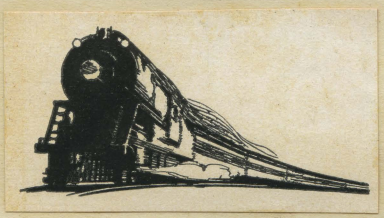


State Street



Chicago By Night

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Then on by train to Buffalo
To see The Falls,and then
We sailed upon another boat,
And stopped in Michigan.

Then from Detroit we went by train,
To the state where I was born,
Arriving in Chicago
Early Thursday morn.

But now our time was growing short,
Which we all thot a pity;
We only had two days in which
To see The Windy City.

When leaving Chicago no berths could we get,
So one state-room we all did share;
And with five of us,and all our bags,
There was no room to spare.



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Now on the train we southward sped,
And homeward we did turn;
For friends and old familiar scenes,
We suddenly did yearn.

We reached our homes on Sunday morn,
And all of us could say,
We were glad to be at home again,
Tho we loved our holiday.

In years to come you'll often think
Of this bright happy summer;
And of the party, don't forget
Your friend,

Elizabeth Plummer

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