

we feel fine. Took my dose last night.
It is all such fun. Brenda had two
lovely baskets of fruit sent her which I
am enjoying. I have an enormous appetite,
and I have several letters and a book.

My pen is running dry and she tired
and ready for bed so, good night. Will
write much more every day.

This was written many years ago, so long ago in fact
that on reading it over I wonder now how I was felt
like that. Being sea sick again on my trip is
one thing. For you land the next day. But when
you have five long days to look forward to its
quite another matter! But, dear, your beautiful
letter was the greatest comfort to me and I have
read it many times. We have slept a great deal
and I only missed one meal in the dining room. B.
two. That's not so worse. But my head feels so

Some where in the Atlantic.
April 26. 1922. 8.40 P.M.

Be to my very dearest:-

Your precious steamer letter
was here waiting for me. How I love it! I
wish I could tell you how strongly I feel the
glory of your love. It will carry me through
any trials I may have to bear. Carry me
with courage and love, which would be hard
indeed to muster, if even I could, without
you.

It has been an exciting day. Our bags
and us left the house at ten thirty. We met
a fam of taxies at the Pier dock; once
inside and up on the dock level. There was
plenty of room, and everything so well
arranged and labeled that we quickly
found our places and and were aboard.
Shirley was with us, and Anna, who had

we were off. It has been a beautiful quiet sunny day. It has gone in awfully fast. I got out my hated undymat tin and decided I was meant to learn to use it and would find it best what I want to do with my prints.

The boat is so big! 2700 people. Think of it, there are all kinds in the second cabin. Many nice looking ones. Ben Carter is on ice as can be. The food is excellent. We have all the decks at the stern from around ships to explore and walk about on. There is a little noise outside our cabin that sounds just like the rails ticking off on a train. Right now we are beginning to go up and down at but not so far

gone to do some errands met us on board. We put our things in our state room and went up on deck. I began to see things to photograph. One looking down at the men loading the boat, all nicely spotted with sunlight. I had to put my camera outside the rails to get them out of the way, and what do you think happened? My front lens fell out and now lies in the New York harbor! For one agonized moment, I felt as though I were dead or something. Then I thought of you and accepted my fate, with a shake of hope. Set down and rode to Boston for another. After the girls went ashore, we saw them in crowd waving to us, and Marie Davis joined them. We waved back at both for a half hour or so and then the whistle blew and

funny and dizzy and queer. I'm beginning to wonder
if my mastoids make me larger than usual in
reckoning. Well enough of a tale of woe. He sailed
Tuesday noon, this is Friday Eve. and I begin to
take a little interest in life. He landed at
Cherbourg Sunday morning early and at Southampton
at noon. Then it will be over. This is one of the
very fastest boats that crosses. That may have
something to do with the way we feel. But it is
a relief to get it over with.

Our plans are still unsettled. He will look up
the Ford situation in Southampton. If successful
we may go right down to Devonshire and Cornwall
before we go to London. We have all our belongings
packed in four bags. My big one is heavy of course but
it is apparently easier to find someone to carry it
than to check a trunk.

We have invented a game. We have our English
currency, and we buy and sell each other things
demanding change. Etc. It is good fun and we

are learning our whereabouts. aim to take
charge of many matters in England. B. in
France. The divide each in two, much simpler
than joining over who paid this and that etc.

We find many rich Jesus in the first cabin. We
are satisfied here. Yesterday a doctor B. came
face to face with no less than Buckman in off.
poor man had probably come over to "our side"
to escape the crowd asking him to play.

I had several nice visits with the Kinschies.
She is a dear, and I feasted on her visits.

When you meet me in N.Y. we will explore the
city and make a whole set of prints of it. I
feel ready to do it, if I have company on the
way.

Write me how the Spring Exhibition was and if
by any wild chance it sold any thing. Hope I

did pay it with ease was 30% the better. To replace my time.
Don't tell anyone this for at least wait until the body is buried & buried it.
It would only be ~~one~~ as thing was to bother her.

B has just gone up in a clock 20 & 2 years old follows. All
close this with a few more words before we land.

Apr 30.

Yesterday was another day of horror. Dr.ugh and both of us
down & out. God. what a load & cast also to your disposition
opposites! To-day we have a really great day and our
spirits rise, we are seeing France and passing
many jolting boats. We land at noon to-morrow.

Another letter before long.

Your
dear