

reaching to the sky, and much ivy and wild
flowers, but not to much; the ground strewn
with daisies, and all about outside great
magnificent trees all in their just delicate
spring dresses. And we had the place to
ourselves. We had our lunch with us
and we stayed all day, which means until
light or nine which is when the sun sets.
It was one of those days that live forever
in memory.

The next day we went on to Winchester, and
had our first ride in an English train. Such a
funny little important train. We had the
compartments all to ourselves and traveled
over lovely tidy country with an occasional
bit of woodland. ~~We had an~~ An hour's ride
~~at the time~~. The name of the ship was the first
thing that drew us. Ye Olden Hostel of God-Beyot.
The funniest fragment of an Old maid "Miss Pimperley".

The Thackeray Hotel
52 Great Russell St.
London W.C.
May 8. 1922.

Bets my own:-

Here we are in London town! We
arrived this noon. Just a week after we
landed which doesn't seem possible at all for
we have seen so much and gotten so Englishified
that it seems as though it must be two weeks
instead of one. I have so much to tell you
I scarcely know where to begin. After lunch
to-day we went around to Pettus's where
I was lucky enough to find a letter. Bless
you. I suppose you are just about receiving
the first mail from the boat. That seems
utterly incredible. As you already know
we spent three and a half days at Southampton.
I may repeat myself, but I do want to
tell you so much. I shall write you a
long letter once a week in addition to postals

Things crowd each other out and just fresh impressions as so vivid and valuable.

Our first find at Southampton was Romsey Abbey. Part of it, I say old, probably eleventh century. There was an old door at the south side, most beautiful in its carvings with the lovely Romanesque columns all different the way they loved to make them. To the left of the door and at right angles to it on the wall of the south transept was a Norman Crucifix. These two, the door and the Crucifix were really the gems of the Abbey.

But oh I wish I could describe to you an English village! These adorable old old houses with redish tiled roofs all waving with age, sagging up to gables, nothing straight in any direction, moss and lichens all over the tiles. Little narrow crooked streets.

The Old walls ~~and~~ West Gate and Bar Gate at Southampton are relics of Roman days also.

Then on last day at Southampton was our big day. (The second day it rained. We took a long walk, read & wrote letters). We saw pictures of Netley Abbey we asked one shopkeeper the way. She told us and said "it's nothing but ruins". So get there we rode in the holiday one mile, Jimmy Trilley, all on the wrong side of the street of course, to the "Floating Bridge". None but the English would have given it its real name! It consisted of two pines pulled across by cables. On the other side we took a Ford motor ~~Beano~~ to the Abbey about three miles. (I had my camera). And there - simply heaven. The great Church and convent, roofless. There were awful gothic windows, pillars, and capitals

at Guildford at lunch time. We checked
our bags, put our night clothes in
the knapsack, had lunch and hit the
"broad highway" with singing hearts.
It is $4\frac{1}{2}$ to 5 miles to Cutenham. We
climbed a ridge where we had a wide
outlook over a beautiful valley.

By and by we heard a skylark and
saw him fly straight up, sing, and
float down. He was heavenly. Here let
me say we heard the first cuckoo in
the meadows of Winchester.

We wandered off into the woods
at either side of the road. I was hunting
for a primrose to send you. We saw
many that other passers by had but

was the "proprietress"! An old Tudor House
wrapped up in the sentimentality of the
"aniquie" in which nothing that we could
find had ever happened.

We walked over to the Cathedral before lunch
and found we were disappointed in it. In
the afternoon B. went for a walk and I to
sleep. ~~The next morning~~ In the evening we
bought some supper, put it in the knapsack
and set out for the country which we couldn't
find. Every inviting bit of wood or shady
bank was private. At last we ate by
the road side.

The next morning I gleaned (I found a
pot and again) that King Arthur's Round
Table is still in Winchester! So we hunted
it up and found ourselves in the Great
Hall in which almost all the Kings of England

had some sort of historic meeting. It is a wonderful old building. Eight great windows contain the coats of arms of all Royal personages who had associations in the Hall. The arms are most beautiful stained glass. At one end of the Hall hangs the Round Table, with all the names of the 24 knights painted around the edge. It was repaired way back by Henry ~~VIII~~ and as far back as 1066 it was written about as the relics of Winchester. ^{My} I'd have always loved the tales of King Arthur so you will know with what a thrill of Romance I walked about that old place.

At home we bought some scones, cheese, ham, oranges and cyder and walked out to St Cross. It is an old pleasure of some kind. The old men were black and

Purple gowns and caps and "even then beg" by showing visitors about the historic spots. The old Church is lovely. We found some interesting bits of design in column decoration and floor tiles. We spent the afternoon wandering about and walked back to three acres some lovely meadows. There is a boys college at Winchester and we saw many of them playing cricket.

Bruce discovered on the way the town of Battenham, from which he plainly came many generations ago. So we decided to go, we left Winchester the next a.m. arriving

Hammer with (the most delightful part you
can imagine), through Victoria St. by
Westminster Abbey, Parliament Square. (where
the St. Gaudens Lincoln is) down Whitehall
to Trafalgar Square again, as to Liverpool
Station past St. Pauls, and a hundred
other wonderful buildings and back, then
home. Our first day in London over.

This morning we went over to the
Museum where my breath left me for
good for all the wonders we saw. We took
a general survey to day and will go
back for careful study later. The
Ancient Greek and Egyptian Sculptures
stand out most. Those marvelous
marbles for the Parthenon. Marvelous
Greek vases. Prints and drawings

could find none of our own. I am
so sorry for you would love it.

We crossed the ridge and descended
the other side into wonderful Surrey
country. We found Puttenham to be
one of the most charming villages we
have yet encountered. D. made some
sketches of it and we had supper at
the Jolly Farmer down. Here we found
it was $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles to Compton and as
it was a larger village we thought
we would go on in the lovely English
twilight and spend the night there.
Oh what a heavenly walk! Birds
singing everything bursting into
bloom, and the most marvelous great

at noon just as we left from our landing date.
It was a beautiful spring day, bright sun. There
the taxi we saw all sorts of familiar road marks
and we arrived at home before they all seem
to be together. The Hotel is right opposite
the British Museum. Think of it! we had lunch
then packed up and went over to Portico for
meat. Then we walked down to Trafalgar Square.
The great Nelson Monument has inspired me with
patriotism. It is so colossal! Pictures never make
the lions big enough nor the column high enough!
From there we took a bus and rode way out
past Hyde Park, Kensington Gardens, past through

trees with their leaves so tiny that
you can still see all the great structure
of the tree beneath. And all so quiet
and peaceful. When we reached Compton
we found no time and after making
numerous inquiries for lodgings, turned
ourselves back to the Jolly Farmer.
This time by moon light. Only to find
they were full and could not put us
up. So we telephoned into Guildford for
a taxi and at 11.30 arrived at the
Angel Hotel. A wonderful day, with a
two mile walk to boot. The next morning
we found an old Castle that seems
shrouded with mystery so little is
known about it. At eleven we took
the train for London, and arrived

Which we did study carefully. Then we
came out through the old Book rooms.
First paintings of the Bible. Shakespeare.
We couldn't hold any more so we came
right home. One or two rooms of such is
all one can hold.

I have just received a letter that
my new lens ~~has~~ been shipped and should
reach me in a day or two. I shall
pay it by check on the C. T. & Co. It
will be \$33.- Will you tell mother
what happened, how I lost the other
and have her see that there is enough
money to give check? I'll write her about
it if I haven't, I can't remember now

Whether I told her or not. I don't want
Auntie Marley to know unless mother
thinks it all right to tell her. The
lens ~~will~~ now be replaced so all is
well. And now dear here is a letter
for you! Now you can practise
typing and copy the best of it that's
public reading and give it to mother.

I have you with me so often in thought.
I want to do and share everything with
you. I miss of course more than I can
say, but I am happy in thinking of
all I can bring home to you, for oh
my dearest I do love you so greatly.

Laura.