

Oxford. Sept. 21, 1922.

collection of sundials that would make Mr. Bray very envious.

Some wonderfully interesting navigational maps, the first made of the English coast, + France and Spain, and all covered with pictures of what was found there; and hundreds of other things.

We went through Magdalen College. Saw the Chapel, a beautiful one. Instead of the usual altar, one fine picture and a marvelous sculptured screen reaching to the ceiling.

We went around the cloisters of this college and across the river to Addison's walk, which consists

Mother dear:-

Here we are, our last few days, instilling into ourselves a few of the traditions of English literature. You would love Oxford.

We are living at the University British American Club, where we have a large uncomfortable bed, and very good food. It is vacation, for which we are glad in many ways, for we can freely wander through all the colleges, which we rather hesitated in doing at Cambridge both out an escort though they all

seem to be wonderfully free to visitors.

We simply hated leaving London. It is a beautiful lovable city, and we had so many good times there.

Yesterday we visited the Bodleian Library. One enters it through a beautiful quadrangle, climbing old wooden stairs worn into grooves by many illustrations and non-illustrations feet. In one wing is the library itself, steeped in the atmosphere of the past; in another wing a sort of museum, which contains such

interesting relics. A chair made from the ship in which Drake sailed around the world. A sheet of Popynus on which was written in the second century verses of Stanzas edited; The copy of the Rubricist from which Tillyard made his translation. A first lotio of Shakspeare: a large case of Shelley's letters, and other relics; a whole series of Dante portraits; many fine portraits; a book written and bound by Queen Elizabeth as a child; a manuscript

prints I will have, but there is much
in my head that needs to be worked
out! I have seen some good
work over here, but nothing that
took my breath away, so to speak.
There is very little real work being
done, I take it, and I do truly
think the best is from America,
and from Germany. There were some
fine German things in the Professional
show. They were the best in that
show. Hope I can run into an
exhibition in New York now.

The best of wishes to all, only
a few more letters now.

Affectionately

Laura

of a path encircling an open meadow,
bordered with lovely trees. Fall
is almost in full glory here. The
hedges and ivy on most of
the buildings are a flaming
scarlet. The trees are turning and
the walk was strewn with horse
chestnuts. Just popped open with
the beautiful pattern lining of the
shells, gleaming in the sun.

A stray youth and maiden were
punting on the river, making
one realize the liveliness the scene
must picture in Spring.

This may give you a tiny idea
of the beauties of Oxford. Each
college (there are twenty three or more)

is a gem of architecture in itself.
There are two fine museums which
as yet we have not investigated.
Quantities of alluring book stores,
but fortunately our ^{most} fortunately
books are high, quite as high
as with us. which was a surprise
to me.

We are here till Saturday when
we go direct to St. Margaret's Bay,
near Dover, for our visit to F. R.
on Sunday, then straight to
Southampton. We get no more mail
till we reach the boat, so we
should have a goodly lot
then.

We arrive in Southampton on the 20th & going we call
of the clock to work at Netley Abbey, & pray for
sunshine.

Every body tells us the magazine is for decision than
the magazine is. I'm hoping. A week from to-day will
be on the water. We are both ready to turn ourselves
homewards, we ^{not} seen and done just about all we
can hold and lose both itching to get to work.
I haven't much to show for my summer, a half a
dozen things, maybe a few more, are all the exhibition