

Sunday

August 26, 1923.

Dearest Lib:-

You may know how near you are to me in thoughts because incidently and actually I write all my letters to you. It seems that way with both Dad and myself. We find ourselves saying "Well I will write a letter to Elisabeth." You will have to be our radio and broadcast as much or as little as you wish to.

With a thick gray wall of sky and now and then bursts of rain, like showers, it is possible to make one self see again that frightful day of Tuesday last that we will always remember and talk about as one experience of a life time but which we do not care to have repeated.

All other storms will ever be insignificant like this present thunder shower. It gave one such a deep grounded security in the staunchness of the ship and the seamanship of the officers. The old engineer told Dad that he'd never seen a ship so well handled the wheel absolutely under control and the course firmly held - only three "slips" as he said, one of which you will recal was at lunch when the dining room flew thru the air: The pantry tables filled with dishes which were all broken; no person seriously injured but many bruised and much furniture smashed. Dad said when I persisted in sticking to our cabin where the heat was awful that I was just like a cat refusing to leave home tho' a fire raged. Well - all was secure there and I was at least saved the bruise that Dad got on his foot when he slid out and back again on a wet deck. (He's having somewhat of a swollen ankle to nurse and keep elevated) One girl so very sea sick she could not close her port hole had her whole new outfit ruined by salt water that soaked trunks and suit-cases. Until last night people who had their trunks in the baggage room had to wear their "Typhoon clothes" as the baggage was in such disorder. Miss Hatch said she was afraid to look for a huge paper carton of personal belongings sent by friends to her people of the Central Siam Mission a day's R. R. journey N. of Bangkok. (She invited us to come to see her.) In fact we've quite lost "Face" with the missionary crowd because Dad is not "going out" to teach and offer his talents freely to their cause. However they are a very nice lot with some bright stars among them - children especially.

Mrs. Rupert Hughes continues the daily sensation in the dress line - never having been seen twice in the same confection. We've had some jolly talks furthered by the fact I knew of her as a young girl at school in Portland - the daughter of Marion Manola who later married John Mason an actor. Mrs. Hughes knew all the Portland celebrities and was engaged to a young man nephew of Tom. B. Reed whom I knew quite well. You should have seen her last evening slender and dark with henna'd hair, huge brown eyes, a diaphanous white dress with exquisitely cob web fine filet lace, panels embroidered, much floating scarfs and drapes and a silver and rhinestone hairband. She became it as well as the black of the evening before with a gorgeous

flowered shawl. Her things always float. She has a companion a Miss Renwick, a very sweet girl. They are going to Peking on Motion Picture Interests of some sorts. Mrs. Hughes has already invited us to see her there. In fact eastern hospitality must be proverbial for if we stayed along the route from China to Java we could spend Three years.

Tuesday night (28)

We helped Mr. and Mrs. Groenweld-Neyer (of Holland Schenectady and Senabagia, Java) to celebrate their third wedding anniversary. Mrs. G. Neyer is very pretty with ash blond hair a lovely skin and sings French songs with a well trained voice to her husband's piano. She looked lovely in green chiffon with coffee colored lace. Their little boy a round fat little blond has been really sea-sick. He's a little better sailor now.

You see I'm a grand mixer at last. Yesterday I found all about the mysterious family Smiths. Mrs. Claire Eugenia is an opera singer and has her empresario with her. He's also a curious Levantine named Flatto. There's an unassuming middle aged husband a tall tough son- by a former marriage and a bright boisterous young girl twelve or so. Claire Eugenia is bizarre but fun. Yesterday she was quite counting on seeing us all thru our trip as they go about the same route.

All this oddly matched crowd like Dad of course and he says I certainly have picked the entertaining ones. He gets all the improvement from sundry authropologists, electricians, business and professional men. His last find yesterday evening was a man selling Corning laboratory glass.

I've never said a word about the storm. It just surrounded me. I seemed just a part of it. Strangely enough I never seemed to think of danger from the water or I thought only of some ship's getting jig-jangled up in with us in our own particular storm center and I wouldn't have liked that! That the waves towered way above us I believed when the water crashed down the stairways. Dad di so want to get on that top deck to see them do it but the boys up there said it was just as impossible to see anything there as below. Some seaman said that the length of the boat helped us as it was long enough to outride the huge swells.

One knew when we reached the center for the boat held absolutely still in its translucent green walls of sea-water. Then the gale began from the opposite direction and the sea-wall was foam and spindrift but a wall.

Such wonderfully lovely days we've had since and best of all cool both in cabin and on deck.

And my hair is damp and curly. It feels good.

Mother.