Dear Doctor Stetson.

Somewhere on the Pacific, two and a half days from Yokahama.

As you see we have really started. Our first ship, the Wilson, had an oil fire, the morning we were to start, so we were delayed a few days and transferred. If this is a fair sample, then trans-Pacific boats are most luxurious, with big cabins, (10 x 20 feet) electric lights and fans, private baths and so on. We have almost two hundred cabin passengers, including fifty missionaries, army officers, diplomats, business men, and a very few "mere teachers," a most interesting group taken altogether.

In general this has been a most blue, sparkling and pacific ocean. Excepting the first day or two we have worn our lighter clothing.

On Thursday last we had a real experience, one never to be forgotten, a genuine, oriential typhoon with all its trimmings. It came with surprising quickness, heralded only by a terrifying drop of the barometer of an inch and a half, and finally left us, after ten or twelve hours, with the same suddenness, in an almost calm and moonlit sea.

The solid weight of that hundred twenty mile an hour gale seemed incredible. The mountain like waves, of which we caught fleeting glimpses, waves reported to be
seventy five and more feet high, are beyond belief, but they did tower away above our topmost decks. The air was so filled with wind carried water that for the most part we could see nothing, often not even the bulwarks. We seemed to live in a gray green darkness, the plaything of absolutely invisible, shrieking forces. I was more impressed by the isolation from the whole outside world than by anything else.

Much damage was done to wood work, furniture, crockery, but the most serious injuries were a few broken bones.

It was terrifying, but we were too much interested to be afraid.