

Olga wishes to get an ampulla from the catacombs - to take home with her!

Dampfer "Konig Albert"

Norddeutscher Lloyd

Bremen

Sunday morning

May 6th

My dearest Mother,

First of all I must triumphantly tell you that we have all been present at every meal - & This does not mean that we haven't tossed up & down quite a good deal- The weather has been lovely- sunshine every day but one - & exquisite moonlight every night- The first three days I was glad to wear my flannel waist but since then have rejoiced in the wash ones - + have never used the sweaters capes + leggings etc, altho I've no doubt I shall be glad of them on the return trip.

My warm wrapper has ever a comfort thank you.

We have not changed staterooms - + I have been very glad of it for the single one has been most comfortable. The nice little german stewardess - with whom I dutifully talk german, calls me for my bath every morning + I finish it up with a fine "Brause" which reminds me of you. Then comes breakfast + a walk, so that I don't really settle down in my chair until ten o'clock. I have read all the [stalian?] books I brought. Lady [Banniou?] (which I'll mail back to you for Aunt Mattie - S. wouldn't care about it) Fabiola + Callista over again - + other odds + ends besides studying the Italian phrases book + Baedeker. So you see I've been busy + quite up to plenty of reading. The ship is so full, tho' you wouldn't know it,

that they are using the ladies' cabin, where you + Mary + I met Aunt M. + Olga on the sailing day - for a saloon. We were lucky enough to get seats there + so sit at a small table with only three others, a German woman + "husband" + son - very nice. So you see we never go below this deck - except sometimes to walk on the lower one. At first I thoroughly enjoyed the uninterrupted hours but by Thursday I was so tired of it. I [underlined] couldn't [underlined] read any more then began the diversions. On Friday morning we passed the [Irene?] on her way to you - + tempted to swim across + board her. Then, at about 9 o'clock we reached the Azores - the most exquisite dream lands you can imagine. I long to spend a summer there. They were like a glorified Capà l'Aigle - higher, steeper cliffs sheer down to the sea, with wonderful red + purple

+ orange + gray colorings - steep sloping vineyards - divided into checkerboard squares - + the mountains (with white cloud caps at first) rising just behind. One looked like Japan's Fuji(?) of dark lava-like stone with snow on top + rising straight out of the sea like this [drawing of mountain] - only steeper + sharper. There the enchanting white villages each with its little church - + each with a shining white line of houses leading out of it like a cord to the next. When we got close enough we could see occasionally a bright blue or red house - + some almost black ones- + best of all the most enchanting little straw thatched ones for the vineyard keepers - which I longed to transplant to 1820 Pine - We stopped at one town + a little launch came out to bring + to receive mail. Also brought a lovely

I am looking at [underlined] Africa [underlined] as I write this! Can look at Spain on the other end of the ship.

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basket of flowers which were distributed among the passengers so that for the rest of the day one [illegible] a tea rose, or a lily at every turn on deck. The captain took us out of our course to see the

largest island of all, + it was worth it! Such daring towers, one was dyked all across the front + had two fortresses with towers just like chessmen, at the corners - there were cliffs which made other cliffs sink into nothingness - + there great rocks rising sheer out of the sea which I don't think Gibraltar itself can outdo. They were quite far out, and it was fun to see a herd of goats scampering about

on top of one of them where there was grass. They were evidently put there + left there, as being a safe spot they couldn't escape from. You would have loved it all so. It was so fertile + such colouring! Yesterday stupidity reigned once more, until someone spied a whale which politely spouted right under our noses. Shortly after, the steerage raised a cry "Porpoise, porpoise" which brought every one running to see the school of them. The band was at the time enjoying itself and affecting everyone else with the most mournful music - so it was partly responsible I think for the cheers which greeted both whale + porpoises - shouts of laughter + enthusiasm. Now we feel we can peacefully wait until we reach Gibraltar to-morrow.

We have entirely cut loose from the [Bartent?] party + shall "tour" Gibraltar by ourselves. (carriages are .40 an hour for two people + .55 for three!-) So I'm afraid I shan't be able to find out those relationships for you. Tell the boys I made a mistake - Miss [Lymington?] is the lame girl - not Miss Gill who is here too. Tell them too that the steward plays a most fiendish tune on his horn to wake us - thrice the Etruria man ever dreamed of. Aunt M. made a mistake this morning + rose hours too early because they insist upon waking us first at crack of dawn with a hymn by the whole band (it being Sunday) - My pilot letter was cut short, Dear, in the midst of trying to thank

you for all you had done to start us off. You were so perfect about it all. I wanted to thank Grandmother + Aunt E. too, for their steamer letters. Aunt E. suggested that "my man might divvy" - she alluded to letters - did she mean the dreadful pun?- I long to know whether you feel any difference in breathing - what you decided about the [Camblos?] family + a thousand other things. And hope for letters before very long - after all I don't feel at all as though I were on the other side of the world. Home doesn't seem far away at all. Give the dear Boys lots of love + tell them I want to know how their exams go when they have them. Love to Grandmother + Grandfather too - + such lots for you - + take very good care of yourself. Dearest.
Your own loving.
Daughter.
I will write next from Naples.